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reast ;
o grow
f snow
le no show ;

most height,
white
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rils sprung,
thman flung
swung

the verge,
r the surge—

y crawled
ank appalled.

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fied,

e wing,
ering.

Not timely succor now to bring ;
No, furiously he tore
The shrieking wretch, who strove in vain
With one long hand to grasp his mane.
Eluding each dire stretch and strain,
The taunting fiend, with hellish pain

His whilom master wore.
And now the spray mists intervene
A welcome veil across the scene ;
And now they break—the cliff is clean.

That sight was seen no more.

And thus the region had relief ;
Thus vanished from the wilds the Thief.
Never again on Thorsfjeld's crest
Did he appear, or sheep molest.

His staff, preserved by Ola Brand,
Was long the wonder of the land.
No human blacksmith forged the bar ;
'Twas wrought beneath the earth afar.
If anyone save Brand alone
(Whose mastery now it seemed to own)
Did handle it, as men are prone,
It burned his fingers to the bone.
But greatest marvels pall at last,
And this strange relic of the past,