

Heading where winds and waters rave  
Around the cliff that guards his cave.

Fast in pursuit did Ola come,  
Urging his pony through the gloom,  
Though scarce the sturdy beast had need  
Of hand or voice to quicken speed ;  
And many a rough ravine they crossed,  
But soon the fleeing shape was lost—  
Enveloped in the murky white,  
Away it passed beyond their sight.

They reached a " gyll " both wide and deep ;  
Endless its length, its sides were steep,  
And drifted soft below.

The pony rose in headlong leap ;  
He touched, but footing could not keep,  
And man and horse, all in a heap,

Rolled back into the snow.  
Quickly arising, Brand espied  
A horse upon the farther side,

And, in the gully broad  
Deep sunk, he left his own to wait  
Till he returned, or extricate  
His wallowing bulk alone, by fate  
The Stranger he bestrode.