

And Shetland snows are quickly gone,
By furious sea-gales overblown.

The mountain slopes he thus explored
Northward, to where the surges roared,
When, rounding a projecting rock,
The pony swerved, with sudden shock,
And there the Thief before them stood,
His right hand grasped his iron rod
(The selfsame bar by Ola sent
Far through the summer firmament),
A struggling sheep was in his left,
Whose skull a recent blow had cleft.

Dropping his prey, with blackest scowl,
He raised his bolt and with a howl
At Ola sprang, whose iron hand
Received the blow, but took command
Of the grim weapon. Whirled on high,
The Dwarf still clung tenaciously,
Till dashed to earth, the horse's feet
Made his discomfiture complete.

Not thus might that dark life be sped ;
Instant he writhed him free and fled
Staffless. He seemed to fly as fast
As if with wings, before the blast,