

So gather your lance and rifle,
And speed to the purple pastures,
And seek ye the cave of silver
As you seek me for your bride.

I go, said Brok, right proudly;
I go to the purple pastures,
To seek for the cave of silver
So long as my life shall hold;
But when the keen Lapp arrows
Are fleshed in the heart that loves you,
I'll leave my curse on the woman
Who slaughtered Brok the Bold!

But Ilda laughed as she shifted
The Bergen scarf on her shoulder,
And pointed her small white finger
Right up at the mountain gate;
And cried, O my gallant sailor,
You're brave enough to the fishes,
But the Lappish arrow is keener
Than the back of the thorny skate!

The Summer passed, and the Winter
Came down from the icy ocean:
But back from the cave of silver
Returned not Brok the Bold;
And Ilda waited and waited,
And sat at the door till sunset,
And gazed at the wild Lapp mountains
That blackened the skies of gold.

I want not a cave of silver!
I care for no cave of silver!
O far beyond caves of silver
I pine for my Brok the Bold!
O ye strong Norwegian gallants,
Go seek for my lovely lover,
And bring him to ring my finger
With the round hoop of gold!

But the brave Norwegian gallants,
They laughed at the cruel maiden,
And left her sitting in sorrow,
Till her heart and her face grew old;
While she moaned of the cave of silver,
And moaned of the wild Lapp mountains,
And him who never will ring her
With the round hoop of gold!

FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

JOHNSON was probably in every tavern and coffee-house in Fleet Street. There is one which has taken his name, being styled, *par excellence*, "Doctor Johnson's Coffee-house." But the house he most frequented was the Mitre tavern, on the other side of the street, in a passage leading to the Temple. This same place was

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