

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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