

Hair black and shaggy, thick and long,

His master bore away.

Along the stormy ridges swept

Clean bare, the watchful Northman kept,

Though oft perforce the pony leapt

O'er hollows full of snow.

Fierce growled the blast, with growing wrath,

In eddying gusts around their path ;

They held the course with laboring breath,

They scarce could see to go.

So passed they on, o'er moor and bog,

Till, dimly through the rushing fog,

The bulk of Thorsfjeld loomed ;

And high above the windy jar

Rose the deep tones of ocean's war,

As through the Dorholm arch afar

The billows rolled and boomed.

The Thorsfjeld glens traversing round,

With care did Ola search and sound,

And many a buried flock he found,

Some dead, but most alive ;

For those small sheep are brave and stout,

The wintry storms they weather out ;

Roaming the treeless wilds about,

On heather shoots they thrive.