

That night the harvesters heard the sound
 Of a woman sobbing underground,
 And the voice of the Hill-Troll loud with blame
 Of the careless singer who told his name.

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Of the Troll of the Church they sing the rune
 By the Northern Sea in the harvest moon;
 And the fishers of Zealand hear him still
 Scolding his wife in Ulshoi hill.

And seaward over its groves of birch
 Still looks the tower of Kallundborg church,
 Where, first at its altar, a wedded pair,
 Stood Helva of Nesvek and Esbern Snare!

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JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE BELL OF ATRI

At Atri in Abruzzo, a small town
 Of ancient Roman date, but scant renown,
 One of those little places that have run
 Half up the hill, beneath a blazing sun,
 And then sat down to rest, as if to say,
 "I climb no farther upward, come what may,"—
 The Re Giovanni, now unknown to fame,
 So many monarchs since have borne the name,
 Had a great bell hung in the market-place,
 Beneath a roof, projecting some small space
 By way of shelter from the sun and rain.
 Then rode he through the streets with all his train,
 And, with the blast of trumpets loud and long,
 Made proclamation, that whenever wrong
 Was done to any man, he should but ring
 The great bell in the square, and he, the King,
 Would cause the Syndic to decide thereon.
 Such was the proclamation of King John.

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