

THE OLD MAN OF HOY.

THE Old Man of Hoy
 Looks out on the sea,
 Where the tide runs strong and the wave rides free ;
 He looks on the broad Atlantic sea,
 And the Old Man of Hoy
 Hath this great joy,
 To hear the deep roar of the wide blue ocean,
 And to stand unmoved 'mid the sleepless motion,
 And to feel o'er his head
 The white foam spread
 From the wild wave proudly swelling ;
 And to care no whit
 For the storm's rude fit,
 Where he stands on his old rock-dwelling—
 This rare Old Man of Hoy.

The Old Man of Hoy
 Looks out on the sea,
 Where the tide runs strong and the wave rides free ;
 He looks on the broad Atlantic sea,
 And the Old Man of Hoy
 Hath this great joy,
 To look on the flight of the wild seamew,
 With their hoar nests hung o'er the waters blue ;
 To see them swing
 On plunging wing,
 And to hear their shrill notes swelling,
 And with them to reply
 To the storm's war-cry,
 As he stands on his old rock-dwelling—
 This rare Old Man of Hoy.....

The Old Man of Hoy
 Looks out on the sea,
 Where the tide runs strong and the wave rides free ;
 He looks on the broad Atlantic sea,
 And the Old Man of Hoy
 Hath this great joy,
 To think on the pride of the sea-kings old—
 Harolds and Ronalds and Sigurds bold—
 Whose might was felt
 By the cowering Celt
 When he heard their war-cry yelling.
 But the sea-kings are gone,
 And he stands alone,
 Firm on his old rock-dwelling—
 This stout Old Man of Hoy.

But listen to me,
 Old Man of the Sea,
 List to the Skulda that speaketh by me :
 The Nornies are weaving a web for thee,
 Thou Old Man of Hoy,
 To ruin thy joy,
 And to make thee shrink from the lash of the ocean,
 And teach thee to quake with a strange commotion,
 When over thy head
 And under thy bed
 The rampant wave is swelling ;
 And thou shalt die
 'Neath a pitiless sky,
 And reel from thy old rock-dwelling—
 Thou stout Old Man of Hoy !

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

(From "*Lays of the Highlands and Islands.*")

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