

warm and high, The frost-flake gems the air! A - way, a - way, thro'

for - ests wide, Our course is swift and free! Warm ^{'neath} the snow the sapplings hide—

Warm 'neath the snow the sapplings hide, On its ice-crust firm step we.

The partridge with expanded crest,
Struts proudly by its mate;
The squirrel trims its glossy vest,
Or eats its nuts in state.

Quick echoes answer, shrill and short,
The woodcock's frequent cry—
We heed them not—a keener sport
We seek—my dog and I.

Far in the woods our traps are set,
In loneliest, thickest glade—
Where summer's soil is soft and wet,
And dark firs lend their shade.

Hurrah! a gallant spoil is here
To glad a trapper's sight—
The waria-clad marten, sleek and fair,
The ermine soft and white.

Away, away! till fall of eve,
The deer-track be our guide;
The antler'd stag our quarry brave,
Our park—the forest wide.

At night, the bright fire at our feet,
Our couch the wigwam dry—
No laggard tastes a rest so sweet
As thou, good dog, and I.