

On hands and knees will I buck it; with every
breath will I fight;

It's life, it's life that I fight for—never it
seemed so sweet.

I know that my face is frozen; my hands are
numblike and dead;

But oh, my feet keep a-moving, heavy and hard
and slow;

They're trying to kill me, kill me, the night that's
black overhead,

The wind that cuts like a razor, the whipcord
lash of the snow.

Keep a-moving, a-moving; don't, don't stumble,
you fool!

Curse this snow that's a-piling a-purpose to
block my way.

It's heavy as gold in the rocker, it's white and
fleecey as wool;

It's soft as a bed of feathers, it's warm as a
stack of hay.

Curse on my feet that slip so, my poor, tired,
stumbling feet;

I guess they're a job for the surgeon, they feel
so queerlike to lift.

I'll rest them just for a moment—oh, but to rest
is sweet;

The awful wind cannot get me, deep, deep
down in the drift."