

By horrid fate compelled to stay,
They yielded not to grim despair,
But bearded Winter in his lair;
Bravely building their snow house domes,
They settled into northern homes.
Lost to their ken is old Norway,
But cherished still in their memory.
The rising sun began the year;
Four months his rays shone full and clear;
A month he gave a milder light,
'Twi'x the long day and longer night.
For half the year Aurora's beams,
The moon's soft ray, and starry gleams,
Guided the hunter to his home,
Whene'er he chose afar to roam.
Foremost among his tribe and clan,
There lived a hardy little man;
His wife, renowned for spirit high,
Rejoiced in her large family:—
Four sturdy sons, four maidens brown,
Gathered in harmony around
Their fireplace, and together dwelt,
And love for one another felt.
One fateful day there came along
Six Iceland fishers, stern and strong.
The Esquimaux in terror fled
From spirits evil, so they said;
But meeting them with friendly mien,
The pigmies soon at ease were seen.
The giants more contented grew,