

Or was it only a notion? I'll shout, and maybe
they'll hear—

No! the wind only drowns me—shout till my
throat is raw.

“ The boys are all round the camp-fire wondering
when I'll be back.

They'll soon be starting to seek me, they'll
scarcely wait for the light.

What will they find, I wonder, when they come
to the end of my track—

A hand stuck out of a snowdrift, frozen and
stiff and white?

That's what they'll strike, I reckon; that's how
they'll find their pard,

A pie-faced corpse in a snowbank—curse you,
don't be a fool!

Play the game to the finish; bet on your very
last card;

Nerve yourself for the struggle. Oh, you
coward, keep cool!

“ I'm going to lick this blizzard; I'm going to
live the night.

It can't down me with its bluster—I'm not the
kind to be beat.