

And freeze, and lie down dying in the snow,  
Thinking of God, and warmth, and home, and love.  
But, when the Spring descended from above,  
To loose the bonds that bound the wintry sea,  
To melt its crystal prison gates, and free  
Its prisoners, hastily, anxious parties sailed,  
To rescue, whom to welcome they had failed,  
Wafted by prayers that they would all be back  
Before next Winter. Summer skies grow black,  
And turn to Winter's, but they still come not,  
And Summer comes again, but they come not,  
Nor any word of comfort do they hear ;  
But late in Autumn, weary ships appear  
From fruitless search, and tell a tale of woes  
And disappointments. Winter slowly goes,  
And speeds at Spring a large exploring fleet,  
The offering with which the people meet  
Their generous duty. Ere the Fall, a trace  
Kindles their hope, to put it out. The place  
Where they had wintered years before is seen,  
Yet, they know only that they there had been,  
Nor whither they had after gone they learn,  
But only, gently wrapped in snow, discern  
Three sailor's graves. As 'gainst a ship's side leap  
To climb it, welling waves, and upward sweep,  
And then, thrown down, and broken, flatly fall ;  
So, eagerly the swelling hearts of all  
Were lifted high, to be the more cast down.