

The city was forgot, and parki-skirted
We trod that leagueless land that once we
knew;
We saw stream past down valleys glacier-girted
The wolf-worn legions of the caribou.
We smoked our pipes, o'er scenes of triumph
dwelling;
Of deeds of daring, dire defeats we talked;
And other tales that lost not in the telling,
Ere to our beds uncertainly we walked.

And so, dear friends, in gentler valleys roaming,
Perhaps, when on my printed page you look,
Your fancies by the firelight may go homing
To that lone land that haply you forsook.
And if, perchance, you hear the silence calling,
The frozen music of star-yearning heights,
Or, dreaming, see the seines of silver trawling
Across the sky's abyss on vasty nights,
You may recall that sweep of savage splendor,
That land that measures each man at his
worth,
And feel in memory, half fierce, half tender,
The brotherhood of men that know the North.