

And what if the daughters of Albion be fair,  
With their soft eyes of azure, and tresses of gold !  
To the flow'rs of their meadows their charms I compare,  
They bloom in the sunshine, but shrink from the cold.  
But I, through the snow and the forest would guide thee,  
On the smooth frozen lake I would gambol beside thee,  
With thongs of the reindeer thy buskins would weave,  
And dress thy light meal as thou slumbers't at eve.

Nay, frown not, thou knows't that such moments have been,  
Tho' cruel as false, thou couldst calmly depart ;  
Thy comrade too truly has pictured the scene  
And my form—but thine own, it is drawn on my heart.  
Think not, in thy green isle, some fair one to woo,  
For with tempest and storm shall my vengeance pursue,  
My bidding at noonday shall darken the air,  
And the rage of my climate shall follow thee there.

But return, I have gather'd thee dainties most rare,  
The wild birds that soar, and the fish of the sea,  
The moose and the reindeer, the fox and the bear,  
In a snow-mantled grotto, I guard them for thee.  
How happy our long day of summer shall prove !  
And our long night of winter, when brightened by love,  
When the moon and the stars are abroad in the sky,  
And the brisk Northern meteors are blazing on high.

Return ! and the ice shall be swept from thy path,  
I will breathe out my spells o'er the land and the sea ;  
Return ! and the tempest shall pause in his wrath,  
Nor the winds nor the waves dare be rebels to thee !  
Spread thy canvass once more, keep the Pole-star before thee,  
'Tis constancy's type, and the beacon of glory ;  
By the lake, by the mountain, the forest and river,  
In the wilds of the north, I am thine, and for ever !

GREEN STOCKINGS."