

A few more days and nights have passed away—  
A few more breezes o'er and billows crossed.  
And they are wafted to the icy seas.  
In pursuit of their task a little band  
Must venture forth upon the frozen sea,  
To find some others who like them had gone  
To search for Franklin and his missing crew.  
Our Hero prays to be entrusted with  
This perilous work, and soon four men are found  
To brave with him the dangers of the task.  
Farewell! Farewell!  
Such were the parting words of those he left:  
They little dreamt it was a last farewell.  
As on they press, this little band do seem,  
Amid the bleak unvaried wilderness  
Of snow and ice, like solitary specks  
Upon the sandy deserts of the east,  
Or like the first few stars that timid peep  
From out the murky haze that sunset leaves.  
A breeze ere long arose; harmless it seemed,