

She stands by the door—so sweet and fair—
The mist clings to her golden hair.
Her eyes are turned to the mountain side,
And her heart is sad for a hunter's bride.

The sun will set with the close of day,
And the wind will drive the mists away,
But the hunter has slipped on the mountain side,
And all alone waits the hunter's bride.

She watches long, but he comes no more
Back to the old log shanty door.
He lies alone on the mountain steep,
And, alone, his bride is left to weep.

Far away on old England's shore,
She looks back on the year before
When she lived by the mountain side,
And she was once a hunter's bride.

She clasps his child close to her breast,
"Sleep, my little one, sleep and rest;
Some day we will meet and part no more,
And I'll be his bride as I was before."