

Slowly the anchors, creaking harsh, are weighed,
 Slowly the masts in snowy sails arrayed,
 Slowly the vessels swing before the wind,
 While hopeful farewell looks are thrown behind.
 How little deem those hearts, that nevermore
 Their eyes will meet their homes, and Britain's shore!
 How little reck they that that look'd farewell
 Is their last glance towards all they love so well!
 Against the ploughing prow the foam leaps high;
 Free towards the Frozen Sea the pennons fly;
 The sea-dog swells, a growling, foaming pack,
 Pursue the hunted ships, and course their track;
 With tireless strength, they run an endless race,
 Never fall back, yet ne'er complete the chase.

A month has passed since Orkney's headlands sank
 Beneath the blue horizon's misty bank,
 And, now, the dreary Arctic scenes they know,
 The icy cliff, the hushed expanse of snow.
 Unbroken silence, solitude sublime,
 Sit on the throne-like bergs, and rule that clime.
 A parting cheer is given, and one prow turns
 Back to the South, and the chill Arctic spurns,
 While o'er the heaven of each manly mind,
 The shadow of farewell, sad, soft, and kind
 Is shed; as when the setting sun from sight
 Withdraws, eve's tremulous, shrinking, mellow light
 Suffuses all the sky; prelude of night.