

*From Baffin Land to Barrow Strait  
The level ice-fields go,  
From Boothia Gulf to Minto Head  
The great bergs journey slow ;  
By ridge and shore, by cape and bay,  
By reefs the whalers shun,  
The bear and coast wolf seek their prey  
Where the blind sea ways run.*

*League upon league of frozen death  
The trackless barrens lie,  
Speechless beneath the north wind's breath  
And the shimmering flume on high ;  
Where, rank on rank, the cold green fires  
Blazon the purple night,  
And the grounded icebergs lifted spires  
Are steeped in ghostly light.*

*The small brown people dwell within  
Their carven igloo homes,  
Till the lost sun returns to melt  
The dark and rounded domes ;  
And again the bearded walrus dips  
Beneath the drifting floe,  
And the sleek gray seal affrighted slips  
From his bed upon the snow.*