

*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.*