

And in the wintry night,
When piercing cold the pine tree rends,
As when the mutt'ring thunder sends
 Us heralds of its might ;
When the crisp snow its mantle lends,
And thus from cruel death the partridge fends,

Ah! then my cabin holds
The trapper safe from every foe,
Tho' axe-hewn door sways to and fro,
 And slumber deep enfolds
This form, and tho' a tempest blow,
Nor ear nor eyes the wild commotion know.

Not thus they feel who lie
With shingled roof above their head,
And court coy sleep on downy bed,
 While bolt and bar defy
Aught that might o'er the threshold tread,
To break such rest as still to ease is wed.

And yet 'tis strange to think
That months have passed, and not one sound
From human lips my ear has found ;
 Yet glows each golden link
That heart to heart has firmly bound,
Till severed souls feel one the world round.