

The brothers pause, and peering down,  
Each grasps the other as he stands;  
The noble hounds will do till death  
What their life-saving law commands.

First one and then the other down  
That fearful steep, with shuddering  
cry,  
They creep, they cringe, they bound, they  
roll,  
And now on snow-slip swiftly fly.

The snow-slip takes a happy turn,  
And lands them on the icy sea,  
And sharp glad barkings upward send  
The tidings of their victory.

And thanks to GOD! the storm is past,  
The gentle moon gives out her light  
To guide their footsteps down each steep,  
And aid their swing from height to  
height.

They reach at length the sea of ice,  
Three dogs come bounding to their  
side:  
The fourth, brave Hector, where was he  
Hurl'd by the avalanche's slide?

Anxious and eager rush the dogs  
To where a face of hopeful glow  
And firm resolve, in death-like swoon,  
Peers upward from the open'd snow.

What dogs could do these dogs have done;  
Man's skill and care must do the rest;  
And sooner far than could be thought  
Their efforts with success were blest.

But other cares await them now:  
No sooner had they shown the man,  
Then, darting off with eager haste,  
The hounds to farther distance ran.

Hector they seek with whine and cries;  
They scratch the appalling mound of  
snow,

Which, loosen'd from the mountain-side,  
Had swept them with it down below.

Vain work for dogs! vain work for men!  
Thousands of tons of ice and snow,  
Heap'd up in one vast funeral pile,  
Poor Hector holds entombed below.

Alas! poor Hector! Gone for him  
Those scampers on the mountain's side,  
Where to lead men from height to height  
Still upward, was his joy and pride.