

When winter winds are piercing chill
and through the hawthorn blows the gale
with solemn feet i tread the peak
that overbrows the mountains vale

Redhorn; my doom!

Where twisted round the barren oak
the winter vine in beauty clung
and howling winds the stillness broke
the crystal icicle is hung

Redhorn; my doom!

But still wild music is abroad
pale, desert woods! within your crowd
and gathering winds, in hoarse accord
amid the vocal reeds pipe loud

High upon the land
on the highest (mountain) peak i hear
(the echoes of) the world profound.