

Northland Lyrics

The cycles of earth's years
Are phases in Thy dream
Unblurred by drift of tears,
Untouched of shade and gleam.

Yet of Thy will we are,
And children of Thy word
With every sun and star,
With every flower and bird.

Then grant we may not fail
From out Thy vision vast
When life's strong warders quail
Before death's icy blast :

But may we still aspire
To things unknown, unguessed,
More near the heart's desire
Than this poor body's quest.

TOASTS

Gentlemen ! comrades and friends,
We 'll forget our short purses, long woes —
We 'll all fill with port to the brim,
For I have some toasts to propose.

The ladies — old sweethearts and new —
The girls whom we once loved, and now :