

Northland Lyrics

At the time of the year when the pass is blue
And the spent leaf falls in the empty wood
Socobie put out on the merry river;
The brown blade lifted the white canoe —
The rapids shouted, the forests stood.

Down in the village the hearths were bright,
And the night frost gleamed in the after-grass,
And the farmers were homing up from the river,
When out of the star-mist, slender and white
A birch craft leapt and they watched it pass.

*Time falls — the frost falls — the great stars draw on.
What voice cries, "Farewell" to our Mother St. John?*

ESTRANGED

In my dreams I returned to my hills; for the life that
I left,
The life of my waking, was drear as the pipe of the
winds through a cleft
Of the mountains of old held sacred, but long of their
godhead bereft.

When pitiful sleep drew near, and laid cool hands on
my brow,
And kind dreams led me away, where my hills, like
a great ship's prow,