

Northland Lyrics

The joy of battle fierce and strong
Drifts through the deathly bars
While clash and swing of sword and song
Clang up among the stars,

And strange wild sagas of the North
Pulse fire through all my veins
As where across the sky go forth
The Weird Light's shaken skeins;

Then slowly, as my pipe burns low
Enchantments pale and fade,
Till, in the ash of long ago
The last dear ghost is laid.

THE DEEPS

In mind's subconscious waters black and vast
On which thought's lifting laboured spans are cast
What blind germs wait the mystic touch at last.

There, teeming, blind, below the coasts of dream,
The pregnant voiceless currents drift and stream,
With doom and dread and rapture in their gleam.

With here,—to bloom when I shall touch your hand,—
Through bourneless darkness drifting for no strand,
A scarlet magic seed from some far land.