

Northland Lyrics

Yea, brave his blood as yours or mine
And fit for better skill.
The devil's luck, Pierre! I know
The sights were fixed to kill.
To-night a bull-moose, plunging, dies
Beneath the comfortless, wide skies.

OLAF'S BOWMAN

Here is a rocky cave;
Where else could be fitter grave
For Wolfgof, Olaf's bowman,
Flower and soul of the brave.

Asleep on the rocky floor
He can hark to the ocean's roar,
And dream that the Vikings muster
Where the black tides tramp the shore.

Here in his Viking bed,
With his bow and spear at his head,
He will hark to the voice of the wind
And forget, for a while, he is dead.

The waves will reel on the shore,
And the seaweeds will cover his door,
And he'll lie with his head on his helmet
And his brave soul dreaming of war.