

Northland Lyrics

And he shall turn from that warm light
With still regret
That dreams were made not to endure,—
Nor to forget.

AT TWILIGHT

Out of the dusk, wind-blown and thin,
The shadowy woodboats gather in,
And twilight hushes the harbor's din,—
Sleep, little head, on my shoulder.

The gold lights wake through the evening grey
In the little village beside the bay,
And a few cold stars gleam far away,—
Sleep, little head, on my shoulder.

The sailor turns his face once more
Where his sweetheart waits at the opened door.
The lone light washes the wave-swept shore,—
Sleep, little head, on my shoulder.

Here where the dancing shadows swarm
Our driftwood fire is bright and warm;
Beyond our window wakes the storm.
Then sleep, little head, on my shoulder.