

Northland Lyrics

We know thy secret ! When the day grows dim,
Far from the homes that thou hast cheered so
long,
Thy chirping changes to a twilight hymn.
O Snow-bird, Snow-bird, wherefore hide thy song ?

O Snow-bird, Snow-bird ! —
Is it a song of sorrow none may know,
An aching memory ? Nay, too glad the note.
Untouched by knowledge of our human woe,
Clearly the crystal flutings fall and float.
We hear thy tender ecstasy, and cry :
“ Lend us thy gladness that can brave the chill ;
Under the splendours of the Winter sky,
O Snow-bird, Snow-bird, carol to us still ! ”

THANKSGIVING

When beechen leaves are brown
And barberries bright as coral,
Let us forget the frown
Of fate, and the longed-for laurel.

Come where the maples burn
In crimson and golden glory
That Earth may hold in her urn
The ashes of Summer's story.