

Northland Lyrics

They neither can annul
Nor make accurst
The light that through my skull
Sifts still, as first

It did, when in my eyes
(Which now are none)
It woke some dear surmise
Of joy begun,

And those black frosts that stir
In the deep wood
Told me without demur
That life was good,

TO THE LORD OF THE YEARS

This rolling sea of stars
Is dust before Thy breath
Whose pleasure makes or mars
The halls of life and death.

Thy least desire is heard
Beyond the vasts of space,
And being's core is stirred
At turning of Thy face.