

Northland Lyrics

No strange and lovely countries
Men venture far to view,
No power and gifts and glory
Are worth one heart-beat true;
Kinsfolk, kinsfolk,
My heart is all for you !

THE NIGHT'S COMFORT

I.

I think the power of dream
Is the power the spirit knows
Over the crushing of fate,
Over the grinding snows;
The strength of the Galahad-heart,
Stronger than barbèd spears —
The soaring of Chatterton
Beyond the beggarly years.

II.

I think the power of dream
Is subtle and fine like song —
Like essence of harvest fields
When harvest days are long;
Gold and strong and rare,
Healing the dreamer's brain —
Filling his shadowed heart
With softened laughter again.