

Northland Lyrics

With strangers from the realm Desire,
Beyond the gulfs of Doom,

Till all about me in the dusk
The silence is astir
With gleam of steel and breath of musk
And frankincense and myrrh,

While dream, adown the shifting breath
Of myth and love and war,
Lures from the hollow vault of death
Wild hearts that beat no more ;

And Roland's bugle, through the night
Sends forth its far weird fall
Where weltering and dense the fight
Goes over Roncevalles.

Joan of Arc, and Héloise,
Swan Helen, fatal star,
And Dante's deep-eyed Beatrice
Go through the dusk afar ;

King Arthur of the weary quest,
Excalibur in hand,
Flashes, where 'er is sorest prest
His lion-hearted band ;