

Northland Lyrics

ALIEN

Whom the great goddess once has kissed
Between the brows
His heart shall find no dwelling-place
Wherein to house.

The ragged mists shall be his roof
Where mountains loom,
And swirling winds about his face
With words of doom ;

The valleys when he walks therein
Are kind and warm,
Yet ever drift across his soul
Strange gusts of storm.

If weary, he shall stop beside
An opened door,
Dreaming, "This hearthstone is my goal,—
To wend no more."

A tumult as of snows adrift
Shall fill his ears,
His heart-strings feel the old-time lure
Adown the years,