

Northland Lyrics

THE WANDERER

Across the lawn the leaves are shed,
The roses mouldered in their bed,
And where their frosty shadows spread
The gaunt trees watch and sigh.

The moonlight, like a ghostly pall,
Casts its weird glamour over all,
Where the great house stands grim and tall
Beneath the lonely sky.

Down the long path his hurried tread
Rings like a voice among the dead,
While by his side a stealthy dread
Glides grinning like a gnome.

Her window, with a vacant stare,
Gazes across the garden square,
Only some marigolds are there
To greet the wanderer home.

A SECRET SONG

O Snow-bird, Snow-bird !
Welcome thy note when maple boughs are bare,
Thy merry twitter, thy emphatic call,
Like silver trumpets pierce the freezing air
What time the crystal flakes begin to fall.