

Northland Lyrics

He yielded to his whim
And died.

But when his heart had rest
Beneath the sod
There came to him this test
From God :

The one he loved in vain
To where he slept
Came through the Autumn rain,
And wept.

Then all his fancied peace
Returned to strife ;
He groaned for his release
To life.

AFTER

Though Death has claimed my dust
For the earth's need,
Lent me a while on trust
By flower and seed ;

Though Failure clutched me in
His iron hand
With that old look and grin
I understand ;