

## Northland Lyrics

For he was a poet, and lived in the gleam  
Of the wonderful deeds that he touched to fire;—  
How brave he was in his dream!

### KINSFOLK

Oh, fame may heap its measure,  
And hope its blossoms strew,  
And proud ambition call us,  
And honour urge us through —  
But kinsfolk, kinsfolk,  
My heart is all for you.

When stately halls are ringing  
With mirth and light and song,  
Among the mazy dances  
The forms familiar throng,  
And speak above the viols  
The voices loved so long.

When wandering far I visit  
Grey tower and haunted stream,  
Beyond the storied casements  
Those earliest hearth-fires gleam,  
And dear Canadian forests  
Grow dark around my dream.