

Northland Lyrics

The writer sat in his lamp-lit room —
Weary and sad the writer.
He heard the wind in the outer gloom —
It held a tang of the woodland bloom,
As it did when the world was brighter.
He lifted his eyes from the scribbled proofs;
He dropped the pen from his weary hand,
For somewhere he heard the clatter of hoofs —
Gallop-ing hoofs through a Summer land.
Nay, good writer, 't was but a dream —
The wind gone daft or thy nerves unstrung.
Nay, dear boy, it was but a trick
Of the Summer-wind, who is ever young.

SMOKE-WREATHS

These fading smoke-wreaths hold them all —
The dawns and dreams gone by,
The lights and shadows on the wall,
The gleams of open sky,
And all the vague, elusive things
That haunt the halls of life
With sense of vast o'ershadowing wings
And rumourings of strife.
How this small bowl of ruddy fire
Can people all the room