

Northland Lyrics

To him the night-winds whispered all the secrets of
the stars,

He was priest of all the joyous springs and of the
dying years.

So doff your hats, good gentlemen,
For hearts were made to bleed again.
With Archie gone, and all his rhyme,
Who 'll tell the world 't is April-time?

DARGAI RIDGE

Thank God I have in my laggard blood
The vim of the Englishman,
Which is second to none, from North to South,
Save the fire of the Scottish clan —
Save the blood of the lads who died
On the rocky mountain-side,
And went to the hell of the heated guns
As a lover goes to his bride.

The Ghoorkas laughed at the whining balls —
And they were of alien race.
The English drave at the smoking rocks
And their subalterns set the pace.
Oh the blood of the lads who fell
Where the valley lay a hell;