

Northland Lyrics

Of far ideals and clashing fierce desires,
I was as one struck blind by life's sweet light
And deafened by a myriad singing fires.

So was I glad when night's deep velvet rose
Closed over me and hid me from myself;
As on my northern hills the first soft snows
From grey skies brooding like an angel's wing,
Compassionate, where the last lorn maple glows,
Blot out all sad remembrances of Spring.

Æons it seemed the changing dreams went by
Sphinx-like, or smiling-eyed, or dim with tears,
While ages died along sleep's shaken sky
Where flashing lights of far-off battles streamed
And wind-swept clamors beat their way on high
Then fell on silence — and I knew I dreamed.

And then, across black solemn pools of fate,
Was it some cry of your wild heart to mine
That fading left the whole world desolate
And me sob-shaken with a vain desire,
As one who beats against a granite gate
On marshlands lonely in the sunset's fire?