

## Northland Lyrics

Bury him there where the winds in the pass  
Will cry him the dirges the sere cedars know.  
No tear will awake him of comrade or lass,  
Where we leave him to dream in the grass and the  
snow.

Only the flare of his singing red plume  
Like the flag of a hero will challenge the ford,  
Till the last great "To horse!" will blare over his  
tomb,  
And he'll lead us again with his hand on his sword.

## GREY GARRY

Grey Garry stood in the dusky stall —  
Grey Garry, dapple-grey Garry.  
He heard the birds, and the wind's footfall;  
He heard the sparrows flutter and call,  
Where the soft lights flush and tarry.  
He raised his head from the scented hay —  
He drew his lips from the yellow grain,  
For down the cool of the ending day  
He heard *his* laughter again.

Nay, Grey Garry, 't was but a dream —  
The wind gone daft or the trees unstrung.  
Nay, dear horse, it was but a trick  
Of the Summer-wind, who is ever young.