

Northland Lyrics

Re-wake the longing, and the dream
Of childhood's golden day.

Spirit of Spring, draw near, draw near,—
With leaf, and blossom, and the light
Unspeakable on plain and height,—
High-priestess of the year !

MARCH-WAKING

Before the dawn, when birds crouch close together,
A voiceless silvery stir the silence breaks ;
So through the greyness of this mid-March weather,
Something wakes.

No green has sprung between the withered grasses,
No blossom stars the roadside's mossy miles,
Yet from the fields the frozen bareness passes,
Something smiles.

Not yet, not yet the time of song's full cheering ;
Expectant silence all my heart entralls ;
Out of the woods and through the lonely clearing
Something calls.

BEYOND THE HILLS

The daffodils fling far the flag of Spring,
Their golden troop the garden-fortress fills,