

Northland Lyrics

The lifting of thine eyes
Stills them to rest.

My eager hands would grasp
Desires fond and vain;
On the far hills a voice
Wakes to restrain.

O thou unnamed, austere,
Make strong thy tyranny,
That I may never more
Long to be free;

Else let my spirit go,
Unconscious of a choice,
Blown on by shifting winds,
Deaf to thy voice,

Until my life goes by
In joys more sharp than pain,
A core of wild sweet fire
And April rain.

AT THE HEART'S CRY

Till the black-crimson petals of that night
Drew down to the gold vortex of strange dreams
My soul and body, wearied of the fight