

Northland Lyrics

The sere autumnal meadows rise
Smooth-sloping to the neutral skies ;
Far off the lonely night-hawk cries.

The world is sad and dark the night,
And I who ever loved the might
Of Nature, whether dull or bright,

Am lonelier, sadder, than the chill
Slow stream that wanders at its will
Through these grave meadows bare and still.

THE WIND-CRY

O weary wind, be still, be still ;
Such bitter woe is in thy cry ;
All the lost dreams of all the world
On thy dark wings go by.

Thou voice of heart-ache, let me rest !
Lo, thou hast gathered up the tears,
The sobs and manifold despairs,
Of earth's unnumbered years.

Art thou the voice of Nature's pain —
Or bearest thou, with dawning day,
The message of a lonely heart
Too many leagues away ?