

Northland Lyrics

Where thy tender voice is, bringing
Blessèd dreams and visions fair.
Kathaleena ! Kathaleena !

Kathaleena ! Kathaleena !
Ah return to those who call thee,
Come once more to us who wander
Through the ways thou leavest lonely,
Vales that wait for love and thee :
Let no stranger-lands enthrall thee,
Dream no foreign hearts are fonder
Than the heart that longs for only
Thy low voice. Ah come, Machree !
Kathaleena ! Kathaleena !

ROSEMARIE

Rosemarie plays in the firelight's blaze,
Her shadow is dark on the wall,
Her eyes are dim with a dream of him ;
(Ah how the storm-winds call.)

He will come to-night in the storm's despite,—
(Dark is the woodland way),—
She hears the beat of his horses' feet,
In her heart there is holiday.