

## Northland Lyrics

And dreamed at times of a mood sublimer —  
I send, this Autumn-tide.

Not quite a thinker nor quite a poet,  
Though touched with the whims of each;  
With much to learn and fain to know it,  
But never a thing to teach,

Except some rune of the gold leaves lying  
In the arms of the whispering frost,  
While under the stars the geese are flying  
And the frozen winds are tossed;

Or the far, sweet word of the Spring-winds calling  
Our brothers out of the sod,  
With the gold-bright drops of the Spring rain falling,  
And joy in the heart of God.

Poor scraps of dream from a heart world-weary,  
The rhymes you 'll find within;  
But take at their hands the message, dearie,  
Of love from your kith and kin;

And say to yourself when you see them after,  
There is one who is foolish and fond,  
Whose heart is moulded of tears and laughter  
And dust, and a dream beyond.