

Northland Lyrics

HAROLD

Up from the trodden sands lift his red plume ;
Shoot his maimed stallion, and sheathe his red
sword ;

Bury him there where the cliffs make a gloom
And the cedars hang desolate over the ford.

Helmet and cuirass and scabbard of steel,
Gauntlets and top-boots and clatter of spur,—
Dumb now the clashing from thigh-bone to heel,
And harmless as dragon-fly mocking them there.

Such a great fight there will never be more ;
Harold alone there, with pistols and sword,
Shooting them down where they rode to the shore,
Cutting them down where they rode from the ford ;

Twenty long minutes he held it, and then,
Shouting, came down from the pass overhead ;
He turned in his saddle to cheer on his men,
And the grey rocks that saw it were spattered with
red.

Bury him there where the waters swing by,
And the gloom of the mountain hangs over the ford ;
With his feet to the rock and his face to the sky,
And the grip of his hand on the hilt of his sword.