

Northland Lyrics

And that Blue Rose whose petals gleam
So richly by the paths of dream !

O Baby, let your wee hands keep
Some flowers when you come back from sleep.

THE MEN OF MY HEART'S DESIRE

Where are the men of my heart's desire ?
Of the British blood and the loyal names ?
Some are North, at the home hearth-fire,
Where the hemlock glooms and the maple flames,
And some are tramping the old world round
For the pot of gold they have never found.

Oh, leal are the men of my heart's desire —
Their fathers were leal in the days gone by —
And their blood is blithe with the subtle fire
The purple breeds, and their hearts are high,—
Poor, and gallant, and dear to me,
With a strong hand each, and a pedigree.

Good men are bred in the East and the West,
And ripe, true gentles in Boston town,
But the men of my blood to my blood seem best —
Who still hold the honour of Mitre and Crown.
Though empty their cellars and worn their attire,
These are the men of my heart's desire.