

Northland Lyrics

Thy graves lie bleak beneath the sun ;
In vain the silver rivers run
On their unending quest :
Strange grows this life, since death has won
Lips that our lips have prest.
O sad brown earth, we greet thee
For those who lie at rest !

SPIRIT OF SPRING

Spirit of Spring, draw near, draw near !
Let the glad voices of the brooks
Sing anthems out of shadowy nooks,
And adder-tongues appear.

Bid all thy sleeping kinsfolk wake,
The armies of the grass arise,
White violets open fairy eyes,
And crocus-flames outbreak.

Bring hope to souls that long have lain
In blank despair beside a tomb ;
Let every resurrection-bloom
Speak comfort unto pain.

In hearts where sordid cares hold sway
And world-love dulls the sacred gleam,