

Northland Lyrics

I, who love life, and have my work to do,
And joy to take, and little gift of rhyme,
Will leave it all for honour, at one thrust,
Before St. Paul's can see the dear sun climb.

O honour, let me curse the shape you take —
And love! I see a lady smile next week;
What matters it to her if he is dead
Who but this morning kissed her glowing cheek?

So here am I in my familiar chair,
And, else Clare slip, I sit for my last time.
Good-night, thou dear, far Devon—mother-face—
Good-night, poor laughter, finery, and rhyme.

THE NOVICE

O soul above my soul,
Who art myself and more —
The dream God gives to guide
From door to door,—

By thy averted brow
And wistful, grieved disdain
Teach thou this crying heart
To conquer pain.

When hungry passions wake
Wild tears within my breast