

Northland Lyrics

THE WIND IN THE GARDEN

A wind is astir in my garden
Who spills the rose to death.
I will not, will not hearken
The bitter thing he saith.

A sinister, strange intruder,
He chills my heart with fear;
Wrecked dreams and ruined visions
At his approach draw near.

By the dial's menacing finger
The sweet hours wither and fall,
And the shadows leer and whisper
Along the garden wall;

For they know the viewless stranger,
With colder eyes than dawn,
The rustle of whose footstep
Tells me that youth is gone.

AN AUTUMN NIGHT

The night is like a mystic dream;
Slim alders bend above the stream
Wherein the last faint daylights gleam.