

Northland Lyrics

Small voice that twitters like the birds,
Grey eyes that hold the light of stars,
Too sleepy we for tune or words;
Let down the dreamland bars!

THE GARDEN

A fairy lamb as white as snow
Through all your dreams shall come and go,
And you shall follow where he leads,
Through dusk-deep woods and blossomy meads,
To where a little garden stands
Laid out for you by fairy hands,
Set round with red-coned tamarack, —
Four walls to keep the great world back, —
With lovely avenues, whose shade
From eglantine and spruce is made,
With oread ferns in shady spots,
And shoals of blue forget-me-nots,
With rows of crimson hollyhocks,
And columbine, and spicy stocks,
And other, fairer blossoms known
To folk of childlike heart alone, —
The yellow lily whose romance
Grew not on any field of France,
One white, ethereal immortelle
From those lost woods we loved so well,