

Northland Lyrics

And still the Stream went murmuring
Of her own grief
Without a thought for Autumn Dream
And Falling Leaf.

HAUNTED

It is a weird that cries across black water,
And in my heart there is no rest at all,
But dim, unquiet dreams of ancient slaughter —
Spring, Summer, Fall.

Sometimes only the wind on the frosty reaches
With the low cry my heart has learned to know ; —
But in its voice that other voice beseeches
Through wind and snow.

Sometimes night, with the hush and the starry glamour,
Allures my feet to uplands far and lone ;
Over the dark horizon drifts a clamour
Of words unknown.

And then I dream it is my own soul calling
Through the blind urge of life's eternal deep,
Across the sobbing sound of spent dreams falling
On death and sleep.