

## Northland Lyrics

The grey and aching vision of the gate  
Wavered before him. With unuttered cry  
He shivered outward where the darkness leered.

### THE LOUP-GAROU

The song I heard at the river's bend,  
Mellowed across the foaming "rip,"  
That night in June when my pulses stirred  
To the dream my heart let slip,—  
This is all I remember now  
When the bees come back to the linden bough.

The song I heard and the face I saw  
While through the dusk I loping sped  
Like some grey wraith the winds might draw  
Across the sunset's red;—  
This is all I remember now  
When June has sweetened the linden bough.

I heard her scream as I passed the door,—  
The low log doorway where she stood;—  
It blended and passed with the rapid's roar  
As I plunged through the hollow wood;  
And my heart grows wild with the memory now  
When the bees are back on the linden bough.