

Northland Lyrics

The strong man out of his sleep will wake,
From dreams of child and wife,
To find his hair and his beard washed grey
With the bitter spume of the frozen spray,
And the dust at his lips that he may not pray.

I feel it cold at my heart to-night;
It creaks the stair and dims the light,—
A frozen breath before my sight.

TO AN OLD SHIP'S FIGURE-HEAD

You tasted the brine through the Viking years,
And gazed wide-eyed on the lifting flood,
With the measureless song of the sea in your ears —
Her pulse in your blood.

And now from the corner of this old room
You gaze wide-eyed at the curtain'd wall,
Where the wood-lice tick all day in the gloom,
And the shadows crawl.

Behind that forehead, all brown and scarred,
Do dreams of the wind-mad sea still move?
Dream on, for the harbor mouth still is barred
'Twixt you and your love!