

Northland Lyrics

Marie of the glowing gold hair
And Lalage of the white brow ;

Celeste, who was married last week,
Blithe Nell, whom I 'd marry to-day
If she would write " Yes " to my prayer
And the papers would give me more pay ;

The shopping-mad girls of New York —
The ladies of old Acadie —
The girls who are dearest to you
And the girl who is dearest to me.

Next ! The ladies whose love is true love —
Not a bubble, to break at a whim —
Our Mothers ! God bless them ! and here 's
Their health, to the stem from the brim.

Next ! The pens that we shake at the world
And butter our bread with — buy wine —
Your pen, and your pen, and your pen,
And your pen, and Will's pen, and mine.

They have 'stuck to us through '97,
And brought no more joy than gold-plate :
If we work for the things that we dream of
They will stick to us through '98.