

Northland Lyrics

Stood forth to the northern wastes, my heart remembers how.

With the dreams I returned to my hills — and they were not the same !

Yet the winds went by as of old, and the red spruce murmured her name,
And down bleak alleys of pine the sunset quivered in flame.

Then I opened my heart and cried to the hills to know
A touch of their ancient kinship, their solace of long ago.

But the voice of the wind grew strange, and a hush fell over the snow.

AUTUMN DREAM

I overheard the Wind to-day
Telling the Stream
The tragedy of Falling Leaf
And Autumn Dream ;

And when the Wind had finished it
He laughed and fled,
With never any thought of all
He left unsaid.