

Northland Lyrics

What worse could happen than to lie
Here in the valley leisurely,
To watch the clouds go drifting by,
And feel our powers grow faint and die
To one tame, weak monotony?

To see our mountain's shining gold
Gleam far above us height on height,
And know the comrades loved of old
Yearn from it vainly to behold
Our upward strife, our deeds of might?

Nay, — face the terrors of the way,
The rock-pierced torrent's angry roar,
Grim walls that blind the eyes of day,
Sharp, swift descents for feet that stray,
And awesome birds that swoop and soar.

Ah, better steadfast-eyed to scale
The awful hillside hand in hand,
For never yet without avail
Did one true striving soul assail
The barriers of the Mountain-land.

Rouse we our spirits to the race.
Friends! Brothers! From the walls above
Leans many an unforgotten face