

CLIFFS IN WINTER.



wind of the Norland!
O salty south foreland!
The Eagle of Winter is over the dunes:
The aquiline wings;
The wide-sweeping swings;
The Southland for song, and the Norland
for runes!

The wild weald for wonder!
The Norland for thunder!
The Aquiline Master is on the grey seas:
The trees bow before him;
The eagles adore him;
The hills are swept bare by the breath
of his breeze!

O wind of the brume!
O tang of the spume!
O health of the holly! O width of the
snow!

The cliffs are all bare
By the spell in the air;
The bluffs and the headlands are bared
by the blow!

Oh, short is the daytime
That leads on to maytime;
Intense is the hour of the reign of the
wind:

The Norland is Lord
Of the flood and the ford,
Unleashed are the snow-hounds, with
Odin behind.

He rules the wild lurchings
Where wolves have their searchings
For flesh in the snow in the pine-forest-
land;
Valhalla is here
As the death of the year
Lies over the seas and the grass and the
sand.

O hills of the Eagle,
Your bareness is regal!
The great Norland Eagle is over the
dunes!

He is here! He is here,
Vast, vibrant and sheer!
And the South songs are hushed in the
hammer of runes!