

HARP OF THE NORTH

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Harp of the North by Arthur Wentworth Hewitt

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ARTHUR WENTWORTH HEWITT

**HARP OF
THE NORTH**

Warp of the North

Garp of the North

BY
ARTHUR WENTWORTH HEWITT



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Harp of the North



THE WAYFARER.

One league, ten leagues, and a thousand, onward
into the night;

The lone, low hillsides darken, the stars are
wildly bright.

From the dimness of leagues beyond me, their
journeyings only begun,

The stars of the wearying thousands shine weariless
over this one.

For only one do we travel, where one by one in
the dark

From lone abysses of dimness each league has its
several spark.

'Twas one by one that we traveled the leagues
that behind us are past—

We walk but one in the present, and die in one
at the last.



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Who walks one step of the journey may not for-
ever turn back;

Who steps no foot of the journey must wither
and die in his track.

From the days of loves that will linger and
sweeten through all he aspires,

He must trample all he has cherished to stand
on the height he desires.

But the still, small voice of his Being will call
him away and afar

Where loom his delectable mountains, where
shines his delectable star;

Where ever, but ever beyond him, still ever he
knows he shall gain

The hills of his ultimate Being, the crown of
his ultimate pain.

Yet on through the leagues and the dimness, ah,
yet to the mountains above,

He will yearn with unquenchable longing and
throb with unhealable love;



Warp of the North

Still gleams, in the homeland behind him, the
hallowed, enhaloing light
As it shone when he left it forever, a vagabond
into the night.

Oh, long and homeless the journeys, and dim
the wild starlight gleam
Till pilgrims and strangers have crossed all
purple peaks of their dream
To the land where the light that darkened in the
dim, long journeys we trod
We shall greet for once and forever, the Un-
speakable Glory of God.