**90. My love dwelt in a Northern land**

My love dwelt in a Northern land,

A dim tower was his- (let op )

And far away the sand and gray- wash of the waves

Were seen the wo-ven forest boughs between:

And through the Northern summernight

The sunset died away-,

And herds of strange deer, silverwhite,

Came gleaming through the forest gray,

And fled like ghosts befo-re the day.

And oft, that month, we watch’d the moon,

And oft, that month, we watch’d the moon

Wax great and white o’er wood and lawn,

Wax great and white o’er wood and lawn,

And oft, that month, we watch’d the moon,

And oft, that month, we watch’d the moon,

Wax great and white o’er wood and lawn,

Wax great and white o’er wood and lawn,

And wane, with waning of the June,

And wane, with waning of the June,

Till, like a brand for battle drawn,

She fell, fell, she fell-, and flamed in a wild dawn.

I know not if the forest green

Still girdles round that castle gray-.

I know not if the boughs between

The white deer vanish ere the day-:

The grass above my love is green,

The grass above my love is green

His heart is colder than the clay,

Colder than the clay-, colder than the clay.