

West wind.

The years go by, but the days are
long to a hungry heart.

I was feeling content last night
before the wind arose,

A wind from the rainy west, tossing
the wet green boughs —

It called me and mocked me — it
filled my soul with a thousand woes.

O wind from over the sea, voice from
a dear land lost,

Why need you seek me here, waking
the old-time pain?

Sure my life is hard enough, there is
not much joy to spare —

My heart must break or follow if you
call me like that again.

6 wind from across the wave, wet with
the wild sea spray,
were I but free like you, I never would
ask to roam
From the darling land you left, and the
scent of the heath-clad hills!
Did you come to break my heart, dear
wind from the hills of home.

