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?

Shure 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.

O 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.