

Why do you sing of that wind, my sister?

That moaning, treacherous, cowardly thing

Bearing grief in its groaning cadence,

And killing joy with its deadly sting

Sing of the lively gales of spring time

Waking the birds and flowers to life

Scattering sunbeams over the landscape

Chasing care in their whirling strife

Sing of the cooling airs of summer

That glide from the hills the livelong day

Feeling like breaths from Heaven's threshold

When the sun is hot on the weary way.

Sing of the breeze that strong and steady

Drives o'er the sea the stately ships

Bringing the sailor home to his children

Or a sunny smile to his sweetheart's lip

Sing if you must of the roaring whirlwind

Raging in thunder along the deeps,

Carrying death in its fierce embraces

And waking this dull old world from sleep

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Aye even sing of the choking, scorching,
Poisonous, winds of the desert vast.
They have their use in God's Creation
Though dead and dead while their terrors last.

But sing no more of this graveyard-ling
Verse that lies in blank despair,
Turning the barb in the heart grief-wounded
Mocking the pain it seems to share.
