

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 line-long 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

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 tenors last.

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