Why do you sing of the 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 curling airs of summer

That glide from the hills the livelong day

Felling 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 skips

Bringing the sailor home to his children

In a sunny smile to his sweetheart’s lips

Sing if you must of the moaning whirlwind

Raging in thunder along the deep

Carrying death in its fires embraces

And waking this dull red world from sleep

Over

Aye even sing of the choking scorching

Poisonous, winds of the desert vast

They have their use in Gods Creation

Though daud and drear while their tenors last

But sing no more of this graveyard-loving

Verse that rises in blank despair.

Turning the barb in the heart grief-wounded

Mocking the pain it seems to share