

The Winds.

Over the hills the winds come proudly sweeping,
Tireless and strong they rush over land and sea,
On wild swift wing from mighty spaces leaping
Glad as gods are they, beautiful, fierce, and free.

To passionate hearts the rushing winds bring rapture,
To saddened earth-bound spirits a glad new birth;
No longer the lords of death men's souls shall capture,
The winds have lent their wings to the sons of earth.

To the god-like winds let men lift hopeful faces
No longer dulled with anguish or dimmed with tears,
And the winds will bear them far from the darksome places
Where desolate dead things hide in a mist of fears.

Fiercely singing, the wild winds leap from the dawning,
Tireless and strong they sweep over land and sea;
Whoso loves them shall ride on the wings of morning,
Glad as the winds are, passionate, proud, and free.
