

# The Four Winds

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In the winter, when the wind I hear  
I know the clouds will disappear  
For 'tis the wind who sweeps the sky  
And piles the snow in ridges high  
And piles the snow in ridges high, in ridges high

In spring, when stirs the wind I know  
That soon the crocus buds will show  
For 'tis the wind who bids them wake  
And into pretty blossoms break  
And into pretty blossoms, pretty blossoms break

In summer, when it softly blows  
Soon red I know will be the rose  
For 'tis the wind to her who speaks  
And brings the blushes to her cheeks  
And brings the blushes, brings the blushes to her cheeks

In autumn, when the wind is up  
I know the acorn's out its cup  
For 'tis the wind who takes it out  
And plants an oak somewhere about  
And plants an oak somewhere about, somewhere about