

The Four Winds

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