

Roses

Oh, wind of the spring-time, oh, free wind of May,

When blossoms and bird-song are rife;

Oh, joy for the season, and joy for the day,

That gave me the roses of life, of life,

That gave me the roses of life.

Oh, wind of the summer, sing loud in the night,

When flutters my heart like a dove;

One came from thy kingdom, thy realm of delight,

And gave me the roses of love, of love,

And gave me the roses of love.

Oh, wind of the winter, sigh low in thy grief,

I hear thy compassionate breath;

I wither, I fall, like the autumn-kissed leaf,

He gave me the roses of death, of death,

He gave me the roses of death.