



The south wind on the hill
And the west wind on the lea—
But better than these I love
The north wind on the sea.

For the north wind on the sea
Is fearless and elate;
The ocean, vast and free,
Is not more great.

On the hill the south wind laughs
Where the blue cloud-shadows flee;
The west wind takes the mead
With a ripple of glee;

But the north wind on the deep
Is the wind of winds for me;—
Spirit of dauntless life,
And Lord of Liberty!

WILLIAM SHARP.