

The Green Sheaf

THE WIND.

THOUGH east winds whirl and cloudland lowers
And wild wild waves are white with spray,
Oh who could seek to shun the showers,
Oh who would wish the wind away ?

After the rain we'll find fresh flowers,
The storm has left the leaves at play ;
Oh who could seek to shun the showers,
Oh who would wish the wind away ?

Evelyn Garnaut Smalley.

