

# 39. The Wind.

1. Oh, the North wind how he blows, Romp-ing down the street he  
2. Oh, the East wind brings us rain, Dash-ing 'gainst the win-dow

goes, In his play. And he brings an i - cy  
pane, Wet and cold. But tho' chill and wet he

blast From the snow-fields he has passed On his way.  
blow, Rain will make the flow-ers grow, Buds un - fold.

But the West wind from the plain, Brings dry weath-er back a - gain, Clear and  
 Oh, the Southwind soft and mild, Joy - ous as a lit - tle child At its

bright. Ov - er farm and field he goes, Ov - er  
 play, Brings the birds and flow-ers sweet Back a -

roll - ing prai - rie blows, Free and light.  
 gain their friends to greet, Hap - py day.