

Winds Of The Morning

Winds of the morning, whisper low,
Lingered you in the valley where
Sleeps my love of the Long Ago,
Under the pale green grasses there?

Tell me, winds of the morning, sweet,
There you paused in your gentle way,
Before you came to the city street,
To kiss the daisies that o'er her sway.

There, from there, all your fragrance rare
You gathered, winds of the morning, say;
Whisper low that you come from there
To cheer the heart of me today.

Winds of the morning, so cool and sweet,
Laden with fragrance; I know, I know
You have come from that deep retreat,
Where sleeps my love of the Long Ago.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)