

### Wind of Spring

Skipping gaily o'er the hills,  
Pausing in the trees,  
Herald of the season fair,  
Comes the soft spring breeze.

With it comes the pungent smell  
Of the soft brown earth,  
And the sound of rivulets  
Chuckling in their mirth.

Born on its wings of down  
Come notes of soft allure,  
Swelling from the happy breast  
Of winged troubadour.

Come, warm spring sun and vernal wind,  
To both of you I sing  
A blessing and a song of hope  
That to sad hearts you bring

A little cheer, and much less fear  
Of troubles here on earth,  
That you may be to weary souls  
A symbol of new birth.

—J. Alban McDonald, '35.