

Spring Wind **William Smyth**, March 09

The night is long and the gale is blowin'
The clouds are dark with rain
O'er the banks, the river's flowin'
Till the spring wind blows again

Though the ties that bind are frayin'
And the march to war begins
In my heart you'll all be stayin'
Till the spring wind blows again

When the spring wind blows and the sky is riven
With the warming flows of the winter's end
The truce we'll call and all's forgiven
When the spring wind blows again

Time to heal the wounds of autumn
Time to make amends
Raise the glass and all's forgotten
When the spring wind blows again

Out the door my Johnnie's flyin'
And off across the glen
To dance among the lambs and lions
When the spring wind blows again