

O WESTERN WIND, WHEN WILT THOU BLOW

Miles Efron

1

O western wind, when wilt thou blow
That the small rain down can rain?
Christ, that my love were in my arms
And I in my bed again!

Anonymous
16th Century

2

With what wind should I dry the sheets
She hung in the dry noon sun?
Bald thunder at dusk. Slow waking from a nap
To hear rain in the grass again!