

North Wind

Oh north wind why doth thou blow?
A dormant season where nothing may grow.
So strong in might as ancients foretold,
North wind will thou send fierceness of cold?

North winds have mercy upon us thee pray,
Your howl continues both night and day.
Northeaster's bite stretches far across land,
We beech thee oh LORD help thee make a stand.

Fresh fallen snow blankets earth,
A season that celebrates thy Saviors' birth.
Precious gifts were bestowed of royalty afar,
Following a sign, a bright shining star.

North wind we pleadth thee, spare thy sting,
Make short winter's cold and what it shall bring.
Teach thee thy ways of thy secret place,
Hide from thee no longer destiny's face.

North wind billowing spring to life,
No longer accepting wilderness' strife.
Bowing low to thy heavenly sound,
Thy sprit shall transcend and resound.

North wind we thank thee for lessons learned,
Fruitfulness in life's journey now earned.
Oh gift of life where will thou takest thee?
Send new winds to flow, for they shall set thee free.

Lora Rozkowski 2-9-08