

“THE BREEZE COMES FRESH”: BY GRACE  
STEELE HYDE TRINE



HERE'S a winding road, and a sharp turn  
As you near the top of the hill;  
The breeze comes fresh and you take deep breath,—  
The world seems hushed and still.  
The thrushes sing and the orioles flash,—  
You bare your head to the wind,  
You drop your cares, like a weary pack,

The city you left behind  
Seems far away,—and the clear sweet air  
That greets you over the rise  
Is not of earth—it cannot be  
It comes from the farthest skies!  
A mingled sweetness of hills and shore  
Fused into something rare,—  
Breath of the mountains, breath of the sea,  
Nectar—yet only air! . . .  
Now look you South where the cities are,  
And flowing swift between,  
Swept by the winds and washed by the tides  
And bordered by hills of green  
The storied, majestic Hudson goes  
To greet its Mother, the sea;  
A vision of beauty by day and night  
Far beyond Tappan Zee.  
Beauty of river, of hills and trees,  
Beauty of storm and of sun,  
Beauty of clouds and the hosts of the stars  
And joy in the heart of one!  
From farthest horizons I hear your call  
Mt. Airy, where winds blow free!  
Oh, what have you done to my gypsy heart,  
To my gypsy feet, and me!