

## THE WIND

by Robert Louis Stevenson

I saw you toss the kites on high  
And blow the birds about the sky;  
And all around I heard you pass,  
Like ladies' skirts across the grass—

O wind, a-blowing all day long,  
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,  
But always you yourself you hid.

I felt you push, I heard you call,  
I could not see yourself at all—

O wind, a-blowing all day long,  
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,  
O blower, are you young or old?  
Are you a beast of field and tree,  
Or just a stronger child than me?

O wind, a-blowing all day long,  
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

