

THE WILD WIND ELVES

'Tis the wind across the plain,
But, it seems to me again
Like a bunch of ragged elves
Making fun for themselves.

There seems about eight or ten,
Of these very busy men
As they beat against my shack
Running forward, running back.

Whistling, screeching, how they love
At the walls to push and shove,
They push and pull and grin,
And try so hard to enter in.

Listen now they've run away
But, I know they will not stay.
Soon they'll all come running back
To screech again around my shack.

There's a grainery open wide,
Wait until they get inside,
They'll blow and push and pull again
Till it breaks with the strain.

Then they all go whistling by
At some other thing to try,
A piece of paper, someones hat,
They blow at this, and pull at that.

When the mischief is all done,
And they're tired of their fun,
With a sigh they'll creep away
To come again another day.

/They'll lie hidden in the grass,
Little whispers as you pass,
Gently waving to and fro
The grass and flowers as they go.

You hardly know this gentle breeze,
Could be men as wild as these,
Who only just a while ago
Would only try to blow and blow.
