

The Wind

Someone tapped at the window pane a little while ago.
Someone runs around the house, and whistles loud and low.
Someone shakes the garden state, and climbs the garden wall.
Yet- when I say: "Who's that out there?"
It's nobody at all.

He's calling down the chimney now, with quite a noisy roar;
He's piping through the keyhole, and he's knocking on the door.

"Come in!"
"Come in!"

But no one comes.
I peep into the hall, and though I feel a puff of wind,
There's no one, no one there at all.-----