

# Wind On The Hill



By A. A. Milne [More A. A. Milne](#)

No one can tell me,  
Nobody knows,  
Where the wind comes from,  
Where the wind goes.

It's flying from somewhere  
As fast as it can,  
I couldn't keep up with it,  
Not if I ran.

But if I stopped holding  
The string of my kite,  
It would blow with the wind  
For a day and a night.

And then when I found it,  
Wherever it blew,  
I should know that the wind  
Had been going there too.

So then I could tell them  
Where the wind goes...  
But where the wind comes from  
Nobody knows.

# Waiting At The Window



By A. A. Milne [More A. A. Milne](#)

These are my two drops of rain  
Waiting on the window-pane.

I am waiting here to see  
Which the winning one will be.

Both of them have different names.  
One is John and one is James.

All the best and all the worst  
Comes from which of them is first.

James has just begun to ooze.  
He's the one I want to lose.

John is waiting to begin.  
He's the one I want to win.

James is going slowly on.  
Something sort of sticks to John.

John is moving off at last.  
James is going pretty fast.

John is rushing down the pane.  
James is going slow again.

James has met a sort of smear.  
John is getting very near.

Is he going fast enough?  
(James has found a piece of fluff.)

John has quickly hurried by.  
(James was talking to a fly.)

John is there, and John has won!  
Look! I told you! Here's the sun!

# The Moon



By Robert Louis Stevenson [More Robert Louis Stevenson](#)

The moon has a face like the clock in the hall;  
She shines on thieves on the garden wall,  
On streets and fields and harbour quays,  
And birdies asleep in the forks of the trees.

The squalling cat and the squeaking mouse,  
The howling dog by the door of the house,  
The bat that lies in bed at noon,  
All love to be out by the light of the moon.

But all of the things that belong to the day  
Cuddle to sleep to be out of her way;  
And flowers and children close their eyes  
Till up in the morning the sun shall arise.

# If I Were King



By A. A. Milne [More A. A. Milne](#)

I often wish I were a King,  
And then I could do anything.

If only I were King of Spain,  
I'd take my hat off in the rain.

If only I were King of France,  
I wouldn't brush my hair for aunts.

I think, if I were King of Greece,  
I'd push things off the mantelpiece.

If I were King of Norway,  
I'd ask an elephant to stay.

If I were King of Babylon,  
I'd leave my button gloves undone.

If I were King of Timbuctoo,  
I'd think of lovely things to do.

If I were King of anything,  
I'd tell the soldiers, "I'm the King!"