

The Windmill

A LITTLE toy windmill is turning,
Perched up on the roof of the shed,
Beyond it the sunset is burning,
And the limitless woods are outspread.

It knows not the winds that are blowing,
It asks not the clouds what they are,
While the gold of the sunset is going,
And over it looks out a star.

But alas for the hearts that are weary,
For as the night settles apace,
To the poor human spirit how dreary
And cold looks the starland of space.