LADY WIND

At night, when my Lady Wind comes by,
   She says, "Oh, sing for me, trees!"
And they sing "Oo-oo! Ooo-oo-oo!"
   When she fans with her lullaby breeze.

"Oo-oo-oo! Oo-oo-oo!"
   Then she rocks the birds in their nests,
While the little leaves join in the cradle song
   From the trunks to the tall tree crests.

"Oo-oo-oo! Oo-oo-oo!"
   And the stars look down to see
The sleeping birds in their rocking nests,
   Lady Wind, and a singing tree.

           —*Wilhelmina Seegmiller.*