

COLOPHON.

**L**ittle winds whistle  
Along the way  
The strong brown thistle  
Makes holiday.

Little winds whisper  
Through the trees,  
The sea-scent's crisper  
In the breeze.

Rose-leaves rustle  
    And poppy-leaves fall;  
Oak-boughs tussle  
    And rude rooks brawl.

Starlight's coming!  
    Evening thrills  
At the sea-winds' drumming  
    From the Hills.

For little winds whistle  
    From the sea,  
To bring the missel  
    New harmony.

And little winds muffle  
    Owl cries in the eaves,  
And little winds ruffle  
    The early sheaves.

Little wind! little wind! you  
    Are mine; I adore you:  
The sea is behind you,  
    The dawn is before you.