

THE WINDMILL Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Behold! A giant am I!
Aloft here in my tower,
With my granite jaws I devour
The maize, and the wheat, and the rye,
And grind them into flour.

I look down over the farms;
In the fields of grain I see
The harvest that is to be,
And I fling to the air my arms,
For I know it is all for me.

I hear the sound of flails
Far off, from the threshing-floors
In barns, with their open doors,
And the wind, the wind in my sails,
Louder and louder roars.

I stand here in my place,
With my foot on the rock below,
And whichever way it may blow
I meet it face to face,
As a brave man meets his foe.

And while we wrestle and strive
My master, the miller, stands
And feeds me with his hands;
For he knows who makes him thrive,
Who makes him lord of lands.

On Sundays I take my rest;
Church-going bells begin
Their low, melodious din;
I cross my arms on my breast,
And all is peace within.



THE WIND Robert Louis Stevenson

I saw you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass--
O wind, a-blowing all day long
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid,
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all--
O wind, a-blowing all day long
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you are so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?
O wind, a-blowing all day long
O wind, that sings so loud a song!



LOCAL POEM WRITTEN IN WILTON VILLAGE 1870

As I came over Crofton Hill
I there looked up and saw the mill,
Where Mr Barnes's flour is ground,
His man does always take it round.

But let us on our ramble stop
A moment at the Blacksmith's shop,
The owner is a Mr Rose,
Who each one in the village knows

POEMS ABOUT WINDMILLS AND THE WIND

O WIND, WHY DO YOU NEVER REST? Christina Rossetti

O wind, why do you never rest?
Wandering, whistling to and fro,
bringing rain out of the west,
from the dim north bringing snow?



WHO HAS SEEN THE WIND? Christina Rossetti

Who has seen the wind?
Neither I nor you:
but when the leaves hang trembling
the wind is passing through.
Who has seen the wind?
Neither you nor I:
but when the trees bow down their heads
the wind is passing by.