

## Wind On The Hill

*By A. A. Milne*

No one can tell me,  
Nobody **knows**,  
Where the wind comes from,  
Where the wind \_\_\_\_\_.

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

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

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

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

