

Wind On The Hill

by A.A Milne

No one can tell me,
Nobody knows,
Where the wind comes from,
Where the wind goes.

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

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

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

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



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Trace the poem in your neatest handwriting.

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Copy the poem in your neatest handwriting.

The page features a large central area with horizontal blue lines for handwriting practice. The background is a vibrant illustration of a hillside. At the top, a blue sky is filled with white clouds, brown leaves, and several birds in flight. A colorful kite with yellow, red, and green panels is flying on the right side. In the middle ground, a girl with brown hair, wearing a blue jacket, grey pants, and a black cap, stands on a green hillside, looking up and shielding her eyes from the sun. The bottom of the page is decorated with a border of colorful flowers, including white daisies and pink and yellow blossoms.