

## WHISPERS

Through the bright and starry sky  
Breezes softly steal,  
Whispering as they pass by  
Words of sweet appeal;  
Telling little secrets low,  
As they go their way,  
To the little leaves which blow,  
Making them seem gay;  
Oft I wonder what can be  
These dear thoughts they bring,  
And have listened carefully  
To their murmuring.  
I have asked both tree and wind  
But no heed they pay,  
And I'd give the world to find  
What those breezes say.  
Ask them just the same as I  
What their whispers mean,  
And they'll give you no reply,  
As has ever been;  
But they come each starlit night,  
With their murmurs low,  
Telling little secrets bright,  
Things we'll never know.