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It's only the wind

She would sit by her window and gaze out Down the road where her children had gone One by one they left seeking their fortune And left their old mother alone

Sometime late at night she would call me Sir did I here a knock at the door I would say it was only the wind man Just as I had told her before

It's only the wind Your children are not at the door It's only the wind The wind restless wind, nothing more

Sometime she would talk of her children Of her son and her doughter so fair She said they were much like the wild wind They sometime neglected to care

One night I heard somebady knocking But I saw as I went to the door She was there in her chair by the window Her eyes closesd in rest forever more

