

Whistle-down

Mildred J. Hill

For Carrie from Mildred.

Written May 28th 1912 for
Mr Sullivan's concert

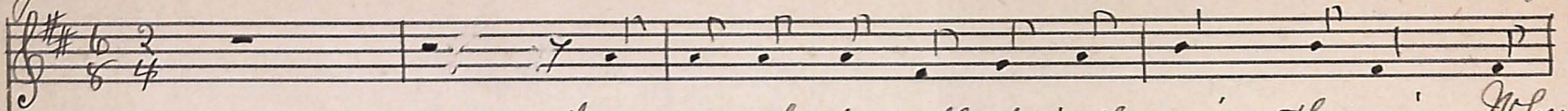
Legacy of Clara Sapin

SCHOOL OF MUSIC

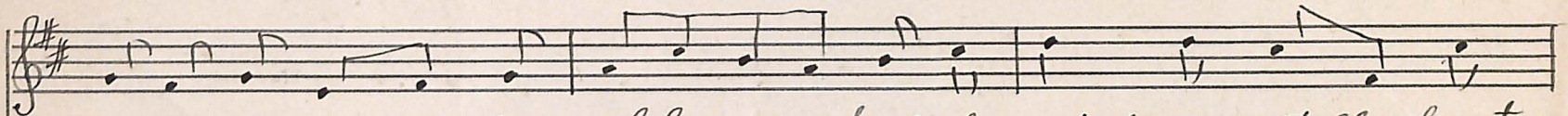
Thistle-down

Mildred Hill

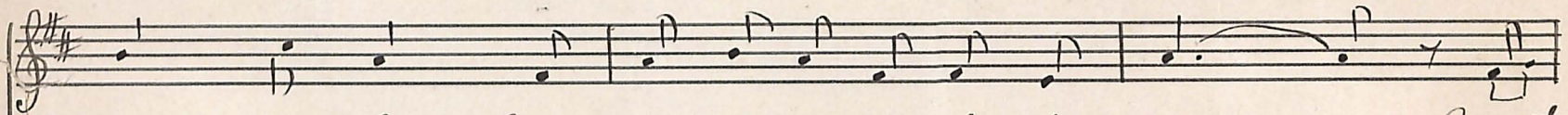
very slow.



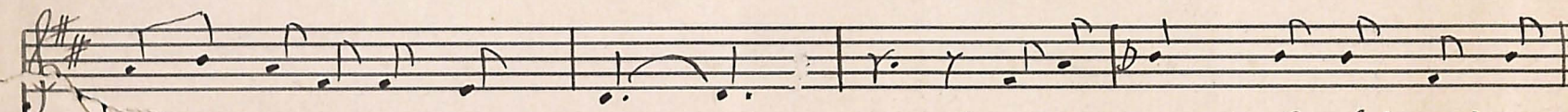
The this-tle down floats in the air, the air, When-



ev-er the soft wind blows; And the wind can tell just



where, just where, The feath-er-y this-tle-down goes — Just



where the this-tle-down goes.

And it tells the bird in a



single word, who whis-pers it low to the bee; And they

try to keep the mys-ter-y deep, And none of them tell it to

me — Lo me — to me.

But I know well though they nev-er will tell,

Where the this-tle-down goes when it says 'Fare-well' *eva* Fare-

Dying away.

well. It floats and floats a-way on the air,

And goes where the wind goes ev-ry ev-ry -

where.

pp
Long pause.

ppp