COMPLIMENTARY

**Songs by Mildred J. Hill**

- Legacies - Ethelwyn Wetherald ........................................... .50
- Cupid Swallowed - Leigh Hunt ........................................... .50
- Joy of the Morning - Edwin Markham .................................. .50
- With All My Heart - Grace M. Duffield ................................. .50
- When Birds Have Hushed - Anita Muldown Brown ...................... .50
- Secrets - Frederick Lawrence Knowles ................................... .50
- Thistledown - Anonymous .................................................. .50
- Slumber Moon - Wm. H. McCready ......................................... .30

**Chicago**
Clayton F. Summy Co. 64 E. Van Buren St.
Weekes & Co. London.
THISTLEDOWN.

The thistledown floats in the air,
Whenever the soft wind blows;
And the wind can tell just where
The feathery thistledown goes;
And it tells the birds in a single word,
Who whisper it low to the bees;
And they try to keep the mystery deep,
And none of them tell it to me.
But I know well though they never tell,
Where this thistledown goes when it says "Farewell."
It floats away on the air,
And goes where the wind goes—everywhere.

ANONYMOUS.
Always softly. (地区的)
The thistle-down floats in the

simile

air, the air, Whenever the soft wind blows;
And the

wind can tell just where, just where, The feath-er-y this-tle-down goes
Just

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where the thistle-down goes
And it tells the birds in a

single word, Who whisper it low to the bees;
And they

try to keep the mystery deep, And none of them tell it to

me, To me To me.
But

C.F.S.Co. 1867
I know well though they never will tell, Where the thistle-down

goes when it says, "Farewell," "Farewell," "Farewell," It

floats away on the air. And goes where the wind goes

everywhere. acci. p p p

"Farewell," "Farewell," "Farewell," It
A Thematic list of Copyright Songs
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SPRING
Words by EDITH HOPE KINNEY
Excitingly, with freedom

SING, O my dear, for the sweet of the year, When spring comes over the land.

SUMMER
Words by EDITH HOPE KINNEY
Joyfully, Gracefully

Phone, summer's whisper in the air,
Though birds go warbling on the wing
Calls lovers forth to woo;
In skies of azure blue,
To prove their lovers true.

AUTUMN
Words by EDITH HOPE KINNEY
With sombre coloring

Fading flow's and falling leaf;
Autumn winds are sighing;
Sombre sky and lonely sea,
Autumn winds--complaining;

WINTER
Words by EDITH HOPE KINNEY
Plaintively, With sombre coloring

But yesterday, but yesterday,
My heart was a snow-clad hill.

JOY OF THE MORNING
Words by EDWIN MARKHAM
About 96
I hear you, I hear you, I hear you, little bird,
Shouting a-swing, Shouting a-swing above the broken wall.

WITH ALL MY HEART
Words by WALTER E. SCOTT

1. These songs ever sing
And lives open to your sight,
When all the world's a way.

2. Through songs, so joyous, do we sing
The lives open to your sight,
When all the world's a way.