

To a Waterfowl

in memory of Mildred Whipple

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Text by William Cullen Bryant

Andante tranquillo

Whith-er midst fall - ing dew While glow the heav - ens with the last steps of day,

Far, through their ro - sy depth, dost thou pur - sue thy sol - i - tar - y way? There is a

Power whose care Teach-es thy way a - long the path - less coast, The
care Teach - es thy way a - long the path - less coast, The

des - ert and il - lim - it - a - ble air. Lone wan - der - ing, but not lost.
des - - - - ert and air. Lone, but not lost.

Thou'rt gone, the a - byss of heav - en Hath swal - lowed up thy form; yet, on my

To a Waterfowl

32 *mp* *p*

heart Deep - ly hath sunk the les - son thou hast giv - en, And shall not soon de -
sunk (hath sunk) the

38 *mp*

part. He who, from zone to zone, Guides through the bound - less sky thy cer - tain flight,

45 *f* *p*

In the long way that I must tread a - lone, Will lead my steps a - right.
Will___