The Piper on the Hill
(A Child's Song)

Dora Sigerson, poem
Mary Ann Joyce, music

Soprano

Alto

Tenor

Bass

Baritone

There sits a piper

There sits a piper

solo whistle

rit.

on the hill who pipes the live-long day,

and when he pipes both

on the hill who pipes the live-long day,

and when he pipes both

There sits a piper

solo whistle

rit.

on the hill who pipes the live-long day,

and when he pipes both

on the hill who pipes the live-long day,

and when he pipes both
loud and shrill, the fright-ened people say:

all whistle

"The wind, the wind is

The women hurry to the shore to

"Tis rising to a gale

blowing up, "Tis rising to a gale
watch some distant sail. The wind, the wind, the wind, the wind, is blowing to a gale.

Parts split so that 1/2 sing, 1/2 make wind-like sound.

But
when he pipes all sweet and low, the piper on the hill,

women go with laughter loud and shrill:
"Twill blow a gentle day." They gather on the meadow land to toss the yellow hay. The wind, the wind, the wind, the wind, the wind, the wind, the wind, the wind.