

In memory of my little neighbor,  
Lois Warner

# Cloud-Shadows

Katharine Pyle

James H. Rogers

*p*

wish I could ride on the shad-ows of clouds That drift a-cross the hill;

*rall.* *a tempo*

O - ver the mead-ow and out of sight They sweep so smooth and still.

*mp con anima* *pp* *mf*

O - ver the dai - sy field they passed, And not a dai - sy stirred; They

*slargando* *p* *a tempo*

moved like char-i-ots grand and slow, But nev-er a sound was heard.

*p* *molto tranquillo*

I wish I could ride on the shad-ows of clouds, Could

*ten.* *più lento* *molto rall.*

ride till, the jour - ney done, I'd find my-self at the end of the world, Where the

6

earth and the sky are one.