

The Mill.

FRANZ ABT. Op. 520. No. 7.

Moderately quick.

mf ***f***

1. There stands a mill in the
2. He pours in the grain, and the
3. The brook - let must flow on
4. The mill - er may tire of his

p staccato.

f

mea - dow ground, The wheels are al - ways turn - ing round, A - round, a -
 mill stones must Then grind it to powder as fine as dust; A - round, a -
 night and day, And ev - er a-round the wheel must play, A - round, a -
 work in - deed, But the brook-let slack - ens not its speed; A - round, a -

round, a - round, a - round, a - round. It clicks, and it clacks, and
 round, a - round, a - round, a - round. The best friend to the
 round, a - round, a - round, a - round. And if the brook should
 round, a - round, a - round, a - round; But still turns the wheel a -