Blow, Wind, Blow!

BLow, wind, blow!

And go, mill, go!
That the miller may grind his corn.

That the baker may take it, and into rolls make it, and send us some hot in the mom.
Blow, Wind, Blow!

Blow, wind, blow!

And go, mill, go!

That the miller may grind his corn.

That the baker may take it, And into rolls make it, And send us some hot in the morn.