

# Little Wing

**Elizabeth Mitchell**

All her friends call her Little Wing  
But she flies rings around them all  
She comes to town when the children sing  
And leaves them feathers as if they fall  
She leaves them feathers as if they fall

Little Wing, don't fly away  
When the summer turns to fall  
Don't you know some people say  
The winter is the best time of them all  
Winter is the best of all

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