LITTLE SONGS FOR LITTLE VOICES

ALFRED SCOTT GATTY

P (fol.)
Scott-Gatty
LITTLE ...
[1877]
VOL I.

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LITTLE SONGS

FOR

LITTLE VOICES

COMPOSED BY

ALFRED SCOTT GATTY

BOOK I.

Ent. Sta. Hall

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SCOTT-GATTY'S SONGS FOR CHILDREN.

TONIC SOL-FA EDITION.

Published in Numbers, price 2d. each.

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METZLER & CO., Ltd., 42, Great Marlborough Street, London, W.

LITTLE SONGS FOR LITTLE VOICES.

No. 1. OLD AND NEW.

Words by R. A. GATTY. Music by ALFRED SCOTT GATTY.

VOICE. PIANO.

Very slowly. *p* *p dim. rall. f* *p*

Low runs the sand, low burns the light, The a-ged year is dy-ing fast; When next the clocks have struck the night, His sink-ing spi-rit will be past. All ye who would behold him die, Come near, and take your last fare-well; For now a-cross the spangled sky A gold-en-headed me-teor fell.

mf *mf* *f* *dim. e rall.* *p* *dim. e rall.*

2.

Sad winds are moaning in the trees,
The weary night has ebbed away;
Dark clouds, uplifted by the breeze,
A misty winter's dawn display.
And as the murky shades disband,
In phantom vapours o'er the earth,
Time lifts again the running sand,
And ushers in the New Year's birth.

3.

So pass the Old, so come the New,
From death to life we ever turn;
The bright sun gathers up the dew
That lingers on the forest fern.
Fair hopes allay uneasy fears,
A calm succeeds each troubled wave,
Ah! could the New Year dry the tears
That glitter on the Old Year's grave.

No. 2. THE OLD AND NEW YEARS. 1870-1871.

A CAROL.

Words by A. GATTY, D.D. Music by ALFRED SCOTT GATTY

Allegro moderato.

VOICE. PIANO.

Go out, Old Year, so stain'd with blood; Come in, New Year, with peace and good; The wi - dow's and the or - phan's tear,

ff

O wipe a - way, thou com - ing year. Old Year, be - gone!

ff

New Year, re - call Peace . . . . and good-will to all.

2.

What scenes, Old Year, thy memories yield—
The dead upon the battle-field,
The leaguered town, the village burned,
The city starved, the throne o'erturned!
Old Year, begone, New Year, recall
Peace and good-will to all!

3.

Old Year, depart, and with thee go
All sounds and scenes of war and woe;
Come in, New Year, with heavenly peace,
And make this strife of nations cease!
Old Year, begone, New Year, recall
Peace and good-will to all!

No. 3. ROBIN! ROBIN!

Music and Words by ALFRED SCOTT GATTY.

Allegro moderato.

VOICE

PIANO

Dear lit - tle Rob - in perch'd up in a tree, Chirp-ing and hop-ping so hap - py and free; Come in, dear Rob - in, and play with poor me, Rob - in! Rob - in! play with poor me, Rob - in! Rob - in! play with poor me.

2.

I have been ill with a cold in my head,
Coughing, and sneezing, and tossing in bed;
Do you understand, Robin, what I have said?
Robin! Robin! what I have said?

3.

Doctor declares that I must not go out;
My throat is so sore I'm unable to shout,
So all I can do is to sit still and pout,
Robin! Robin! sit still and pout.

4.

Robin, dear Robin, if you it won't tease,
I should very much like to hear, if you please
A Robin like you give a very loud sneeze;
Robin! Robin! sneeze if you please.

5.

Very well, Robin, since you will not play,
I shall not with you one moment more stay;
Rude little Robin, do you hear what I say?
Robin! Robin! I wish you good-day!

Moral.

A good little moral I have to sing yet;
Don't expect more than you're likely to get,
And when you are poorly, don't be in a pet;
Never, never be in a pet.

No. 4. THE SPRING.

Words by R. A. GATTY. Music by ALFRED SCOTT GATTY.

VOICE. PIANO.

Allegro moderato. *p*

1. The hy - a -cinth and daf - fo - dil, Are
2. The sun has gone, the last warm ray Is

shin-ing in the bed; Untouch'd up-on the win-dow sill, The Ro-bin leaves his bread; Soft
fad-ing on the lea; The cro-cus clos-ing with the day, Ensnares the la - den bee. Pale

breez - es o'er the com-mon blow, The cop - ses bud a - gain; The streams are flush'd with
mists a - long the mea-dows lie, The bee - tle takes his flight; The black rooks wan-der

CHORUS.

melt-ing snow, And ear - ly fall - ing rain.
o'er the sky, And call the hour of night. } The cuc - koos and the thrush-es sing The

8va.

Spring! the Spring! The cuc - koos and the thrush-es sing The Spring! the Spring!

8va.

No. 5.

MAY-DAY

Words by R. A. GATTY. Music by ALFRED SCOTT GATTY.

Allegro.

VOICE.

PIANO.

May - day, May - day, bright - ly break - ing, Through the mists of

A - - pril show - ers, Let us from our slum - bers wak - ing,

f CHORUS.

Wel - come in thy hap - py hours. The Queen of May is

ff

here to - day, And gives us all a ho - - li - day.

ff

2.

Round the Maypole gaily singing,
Come and scatter wild Spring flowers;
Hark! the bells are loudly ringing
Peals of joy from village towers.
CHORUS.—The Queen of May, &c.

No. 6.

MAY-DAY SONG.

Words by R. A. Gatty. Music by Alfred Scott Gatty.

Voice.

Piano.

Allegro. *p*

1. Un - der the May - pole gay,
2. All round to - gether we go,

Mer - ri - ly danc - ing we; Lads here with las - ses play,
Mer - ri - ly danc - ing we; Blos - soms to each we throw,

O - ver the gras - sy lea, Lads here with las - ses play,
O - ver the gras - sy lea, Blos - soms to each we throw,

Last time only.

O - ver the gras - sy lea.
O - ver the gras - sy lea.

3.

Old folks are sitting by,
Merrily dancing we;
Bright shines the May-day sky,
Over the grassy lea.

4.

Faster as sunlight fades,
Merrily dancing we;
Heed not the evening shades,
Over the grassy lea.

No. 7 THE BURIAL OF THE LINNET.

Words by J. H. EWING. Music by ALFRED SCOTT GATTY.

Andantino.

VOICE. PIANO.

1. Found in the gar - den,—dead in his beau - ty. Ah! that a lin - net should

die in the Spring! Bu - ry him, com - rades, in pi - ti - ful

du - ty, Muf - fle the din - ner bell, So - lemn - ly ring.

2.

Bury him kindly—up in the corner;
Bird, beast, and gold-fish are sepulchred there.
Bid the black kitten march as chief mourner,
Waving her tail like a plume in the air.

3.

Bury him nobly—next to the donkey;
Fetch the old banner, and wave it about;
Bury him deeply—think of the monkey:
Shallow his grave, and the dogs got him out.

4.

Bury him softly—white wool around him,
Kiss his poor feathers—the first kiss and last;
Tell his poor widow kind friends have found him.
Plant his poor grave with whatever grows fast.

5.

Farewell, sweet singer! dead in thy beauty,
Silent through summer, though other birds sing,
Bury him, comrades, in pitiful duty,
Muffle the dinner-bell, mournfully ring.

No 8. CHILD'S GOOD-NIGHT.

Words by A. GATTY, D.D. Music by ALFRED SCOTT GATTY.

p Andante.

VOICE. PIANO.

Past eight o' - clock, and it's bedtime for dol-ly; Past eight o' - clock, and it's bed-time for me; Dol - ly must lie on my nice lit - tle pillow, Dol - ly and

CHORUS. *Slower.*

I are quite sure to a - gree. Good-night, papa! good-night, mamma! Good-night to all the rest; Good-night, mamma! Good-night, papa! I must love dol-ly best. Good-night! Good-night!

Slower

2. Nurse, put the light out, for I am so sleepy;
Shut your eyes, dolly, and give me a kiss;
Nursey, good-night, I shall see you to-morrow,
Call me and dolly, and mind you don't miss.
CHORUS.—Good-night, papa! &c.

No. 9.

A CHILD'S FANCY.

Words by EÔINÈIN.
(Reprinted by permission.)

Music by ALFRED SCOTT GATTY.

VOICE.

PIANO.

O lit - tle flow'rs, you love me so, You could not do with - out me; O lit - tle birds that come and go, You sing sweet songs a - bout me; O lit - tle moss, ob - serv'd by few, That round the tree is creep-ing, You like my head to rest on you, When I am i - dly sleep - ing.

2. O rushes, by the river side,
You bow when I come near you;
O fish, you leap about with pride,
Because you think I hear you.
O river, you shine clear and bright,
To tempt me to look in you;
O water-lilies, pure and white,
You hope that I shall win you.

3. O pretty things, you love me so,
I see I must not leave you;
You'd find it very dull, I know;
I should not like to grieve you.
Don't wrinkle up, you silly moss;
My flowers, you need not shiver;
My little buds, don't look so cross;
Don't talk so loud, my river.

4. I'm telling you I will not go,
It's foolish to feel slighted;
It's rude to interrupt me so,
You ought to be delighted.
Ah! now you're growing good, I see,
Though anger is beguiling:
The pretty blossoms nod at me,
I see a robin smiling.

5. And I will make a promise, dears,
That will content you, maybe;
I'll love you through the happy years,
Till I'm a nice old lady!
True love (like yours and mine), they say,
Can never think of ceasing,
But year by year, and day by day,
Keeps steadily increasing.

No. 10. THE THREE LITTLE PIGS.

Words and Music by ALFRED SCOTT GATTY.

VOICE.

PIANO.

A jol-ly old sow once liv'd in a sty, And three lit-tle piggies had she, And she wad-dled a-bout, say-ing "Umph! umph! umph!" While the lit-tle ones said "Wee! wee!" And she wad-dled a-bout, say-ing "Umph! umph! umph!" While the lit-tle ones said "Wee! wee!"

R.H.

rall.

2.

My dear little brothers," said one of the brats,
"My dear little piggies," said he,
Let us all for the future say 'Umph! umph! umph!'
Tis so childish to say 'Wee! wee!'"

3.

Then these little pigs grew skinny and lean,
And lean they might very well be; [umph!"
For somehow they *couldn't* say "Umph! umph!
And they *wouldn't* say "Wee! wee! wee!"

4.

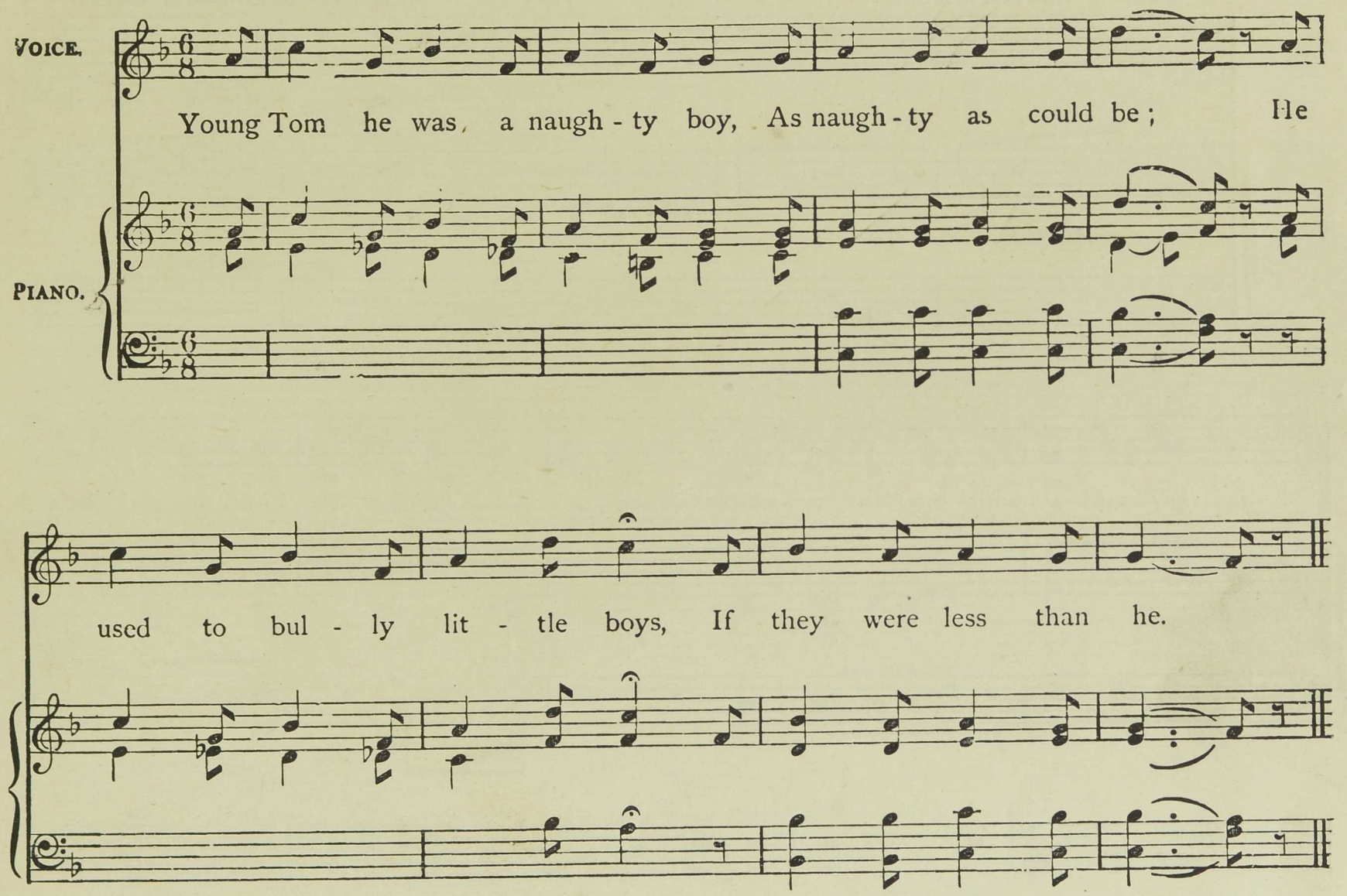
So after a time these little pigs died,
They all died of *felo de se;*
From trying too hard to say "Umph! umph! umph!'
When they only could say "Wee! wee!"

Moral.

A moral there is to this little song,
A moral that's easy to see; [umph!'
Don't try while yet young to say "Umph! umph!
For you only can say "Wee! wee!"

No. 11 NAUGHTY TOM.

Words and Music by ALFRED SCOTT GATTY.



2.

In Summer time, when boys did bathe
In ponds and streams with him;
He used to fill their little boots
With water to the brim.

3.

And then, if they began to cry,
He'd box their little ears;
And pinch their little rosy cheeks,
So damp and wet with tears.

4.

These little boys ne'er told their Ma'as,
Because they did not dare;
For Tom had said, that if they did,
He'd pull their curly hair

5.

But one fine day a great big man,
Came down to watch them swim,
And caught Tom filling all their boots
With water to the brim.

6.

He boxed Tom's ears, and pulled his hair
Till he did kick and scream;
And then he took him by the heels
And threw him in the stream.

Moral.

That naughty deeds will find you out,
Is the moral of my song;
But if you try to do what's right,
You never will go wrong.

No. 12. "WILL YOU WALK A LITTLE FASTER?"

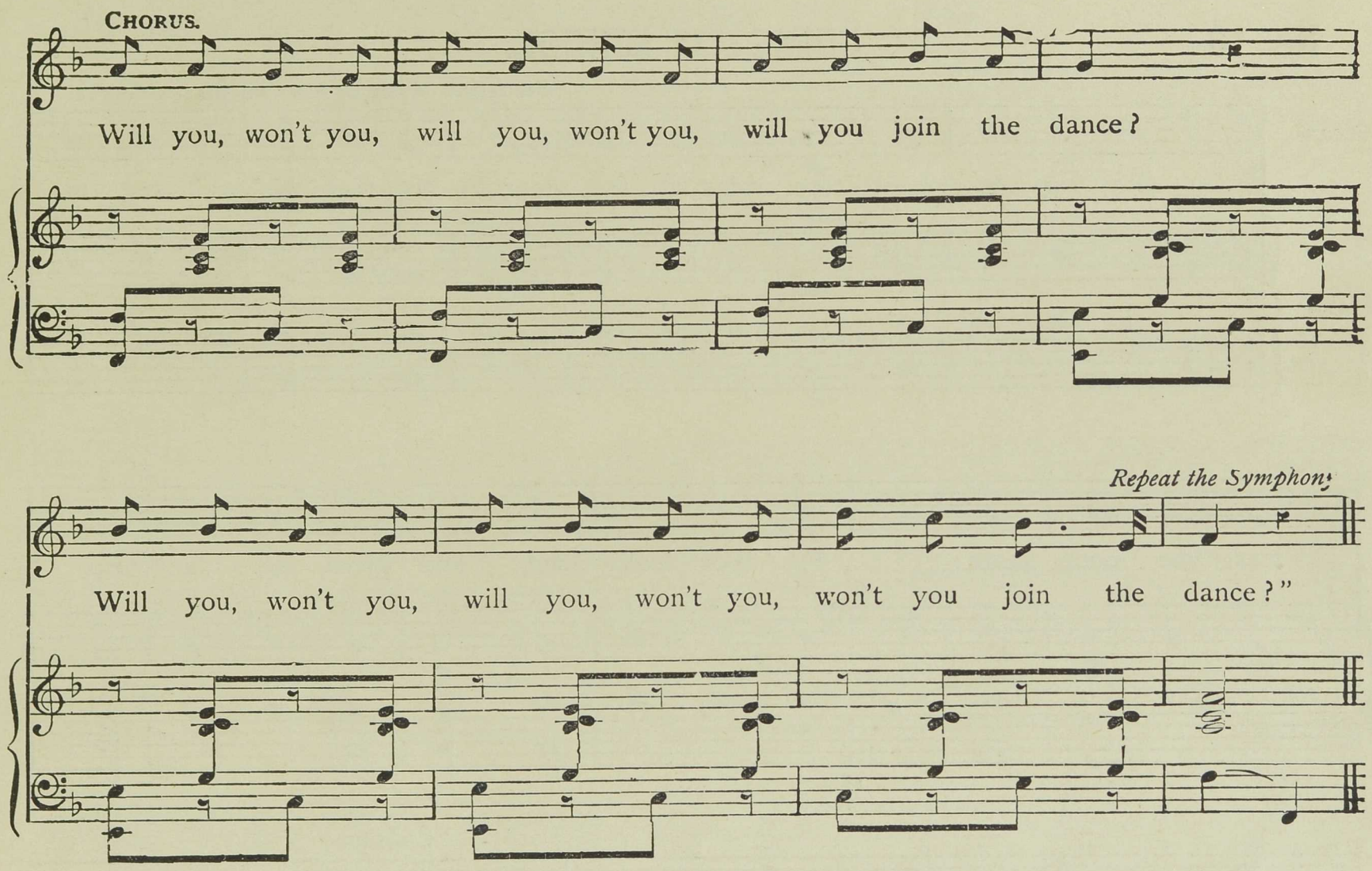
From "ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND."

Words by LEWIS CARROLL. Music by ALFRED SCOTT GATTY.

PIANO.

Allegro.

"Will you walk a lit - tle fas-ter?" said a whit-ing to a snail, "There's a por-poise close be - hind me, and he's tread-ing on my tail. See how ea - ger - ly the lob - sters and the tur - tles all ad - - vance, They are wait - ing on the shin - gle, won't you came and join the dance?



2.

"You can really have no notion how delightful it will be,
When they take us up and throw us, with the lobsters, out to sea!"
But the snail replied, "Too far, too far!" and gave a look askance—
Said he thanked the whiting kindly, but he would not join the dance.
Would not, could not, would not, could not, would not join the dance,
Would not, could not, would not, could not, could not join the dance.

3.

"What matters it how far we go?" his scaly friend replied;
"There is another shore, you know, upon the other side—
The further off from England, the nearer is to France—
Then turn not pale, beloved snail, but come and join the dance.
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance?"

No. 13. GOING TO SCHOOL.

Words and Music by ALFRED SCOTT GATTY.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Go - ing to school — the cab's at the door, Mo - ther is wait - ing to

kiss me once more; Fa - ther looks sad, and gives me a tip,

CHORUS.

Poor lit - tle Ma - ry is pout - ing her lip. Go - ing to school—

fa - ther, good bye; Take care of mo - ther, and don't let her cry.

2.

Going to school—I know it's "a bore,"
Oh! that the cab had not come to the door;
"Prog" in my box, and gold in my purse,
Things arn't so bad, but they might have been worse.
CHORUS.—Going to school, &c.

No. 14. THE SPARROW ON THE TREE.

Words and Music by ALFRED SCOTT GATTY.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Andante con molto espress.

p

1. "Come in, you naughty bird, The rain is pour - ing down, What will your mother do, If you sit there and drown? You are a ve - ry thoughtless bird, and ne - ver think of me," "I'm sure I do not care," said the spar - row on the tree.

2. "Come in, you naughty bird, I see you're ve - ry cold, So come in here at once, Or I shall have to scold. If you stay out I know you'll have 'Rheuma- tics' in the knee," "I'm sure I do not care," said the spar - row on the tree.

3.

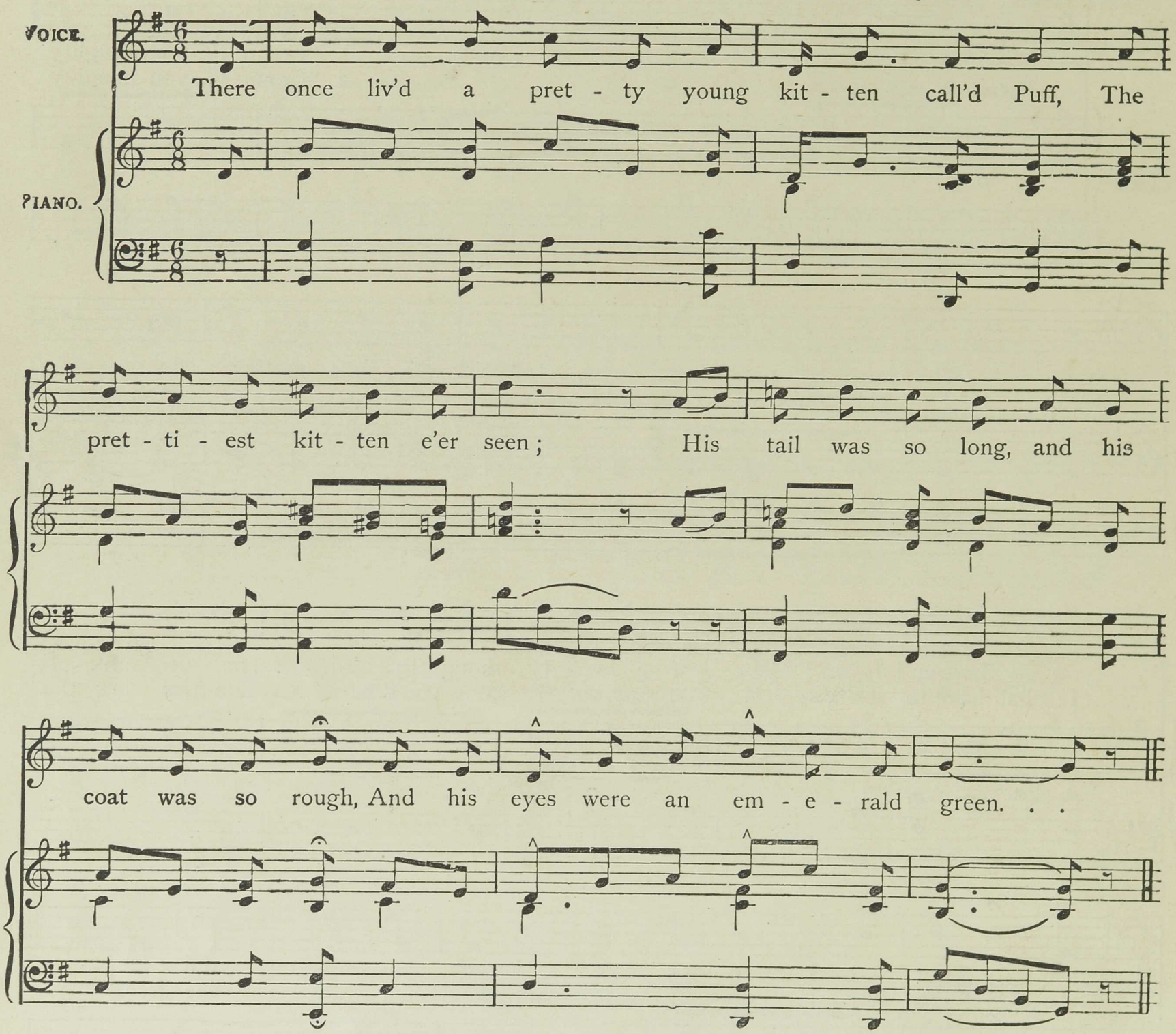
"Come in, my darling bird,
And sit by me in here,
I'll dry your little wings,
They must be wet, I fear;
Please come into this barn, my son,
And 'cuddle' close to me—"
But ne'er another word
Said the sparrow on the tree.

4.

The little bird was drowned;
The mother hung her head;
Next morning, as I passed,
I found her lying dead.
So never say, "You do not care,"
For "don't care," as you see,
Is certain to be drowned,
Like the sparrow on the tree.

No. 15. PUFF!

Words and Music by ALFRED SCOTT GATTY.



2.

But though he was pretty he grieved his mamma,
His manners to her were so gruff; [Ha!"
And whenever she'd scold him he'd laugh out "Ha!
Would that naughty young kitten called Puff.

3.

His mother one day said to her son and heir,
"I cannot now catch mice enough [care,"
"For us both;" but he answered, "I'm sure I don't
Did that naughty young kitten called Puff.

4.

His mother then said, "Oh how naughty you are;
"I really must give you a cuff;"
On this he showed temper, and scratched his mamma,
Did that naughty young kitten called Puff.

5.

Now growling most fiercely, and watching them fight,
Stood a French poodle covered with fluff;
And his feelings being shocked by this terrible sight,
He bit that young kitten called Puff.

6.

From this you can all see 'tis much better far
To avoid getting into a "huff;"
So never show temper or scratch your mamma,
Like that naughty young kitten called Puff.

No. 16.

THE POODLE.

Words and Music by ALFRED SCOTT GATTY.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Once there liv'd a lit - tle poo - dle with a coat as white as snow, And his mas - ter lov'd him dear - ly, and his mis - tress lov'd him so, That when - e - ver she was eat - ing, she gave him the nic - est bit, Till the poo - dle one fine morn - ing, had an ap - o - plec - tic fit.

2. "Oh my poodle! darling poodle!" his mistress then did cry;
"Oh my sweetest little Bow-wow-wow, for goodness' sake don't die!"
But the poodle gave a little yelp, and then he softly sighed,
Then wagged his fluffy little tail, and quietly he died.

3. Then she fretted, and she fretted, but all, alas, in vain,
So she made a vow she never would keep poodle dogs again;
But how weak is human nature, ere three months had gone past,
She had bought another poodle dog exactly like the last.

No. 17. SONG.

Words by R. A. GATTY. Music by ALFRED SCOTT GATTY.

p Andante.

VOICE.

Rain-drops pat - ter on the walks, Hea - vi - ly fall the show - ers;

PIANO.

p Andante.

Life - less droop the bro - ken stalks O - ver their scat - ter'd flow - ers;

Trem-bling tears the li - ly weeps, Fa-ded the ro - ses shi - ver,

O'er the wall the i - vy creeps; It will be green for e - ver. . .

CHORUS. *mf*

Ah, for sum - mer's pass - ing day! Ah, for the leaf - y bowers!

mf

Ah, for all so sweet and gay! Ah, for the sun - ny hours! . .

Cruelly the cold wind blows,
Pitiless storms are raining;
Gather not that ling'ring rose,
Last of the year remaining.

It shall bloom for you and me,
Cheering the days of sorrow;
Faithful sign of things to be,
And of a happy morrow.
CHORUS.—Ah, for summer's, &c.

No. 18. ABOVE THE SPIRE.

Words by R. A. GATTY. Music by ALFRED SCOTT GATTY.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Tell me why the swallows fly Up in - to the cloud - y sky? Why they ho - ver round the spire?

Wheel - ing low - er, wheel-ing higher, And a - gain their course re-peat - ing, Now ad - vanc-ing, now re - treat-ing, Till they in a cir - cling flight . . Soar for e - ver out of sight?

cres. *ff*

cres. *ff*

mf CHORUS.

Mo - ther make me wings to fly Like the swal - lows in the sky;

mf

f *p*

Danc - ing, glanc - ing up on high, Round the old church spire. . .

f *p*

2.

Summer swallows always go
When the bitter north winds blow,
And the heavy clouds are pouring,
Overflowing rivers roaring;
Racing down their pebbly courses
Like a troop of foaming horses,
Onward to the open sea,
Madly struggling to be free!

CHORUS.

Child, hereafter you shall fly,
Like the swallows in the sky;
Unknown lands there are on high,
Far above the spire!

No. 19. HIGH AND LOW.

Words by R. A. GATTY. Music by ALFRED SCOTT GATTY.

VOICE. PIANO.

Allegro moderato.

p

When the win - ter day is done, Soft - ly sinks the crim - son sun; In the gar - ments of a bride, Snow-clad sleeps the coun - try side, Star - tled from their froz - en lair, Wild fowl rise up in the air, Like an ar - row point they fly, Tra - vers-ing the lead-en sky.

mf *f* *mf* *f* *p* *p*

CHORUS. *f*

Homewards, home - wards, home-wards through the snow, While the Christmas bells are

Ped. *f* *p*

p dim. *mf*

ring- ing, While the Christmas waits are sing - ing, High and low! high and low!

p dim. *mf*

2.

Travellers pass up and down,
From the country, from the town;
Laden trains with Christmas cheer,
Plunging through the fog appear.
Snow-drifts choke the narrow ways,
Causing dangers and delays;
And the railway-signals loom,
Colouring the misty gloom.

CHORUS.

Homewards, homewards,
Homewards through the snow,
While the Christmas bells are ringing,
While the Christmas waits are singing,
High and low, high and low!

3.

Decked about the house are seen
Smiling sprays of evergreen;
Yule logs on the hearthstone roar,
Wild winds beat against the door;
Fond eyes at the frosted panes
Peer into the snowy lanes,
Watching for an absent form
Speeding homewards through the storm.

CHORUS *for this verse only.*

Homewards, homewards,
Homewards through the snow,
While the Christmas bells are ringing,
And a Peace to all are bringing,
High and low, high and low!

No. 20. THE SNOW-MAN.

Words and Music by ALFRED SCOTT GATTY.

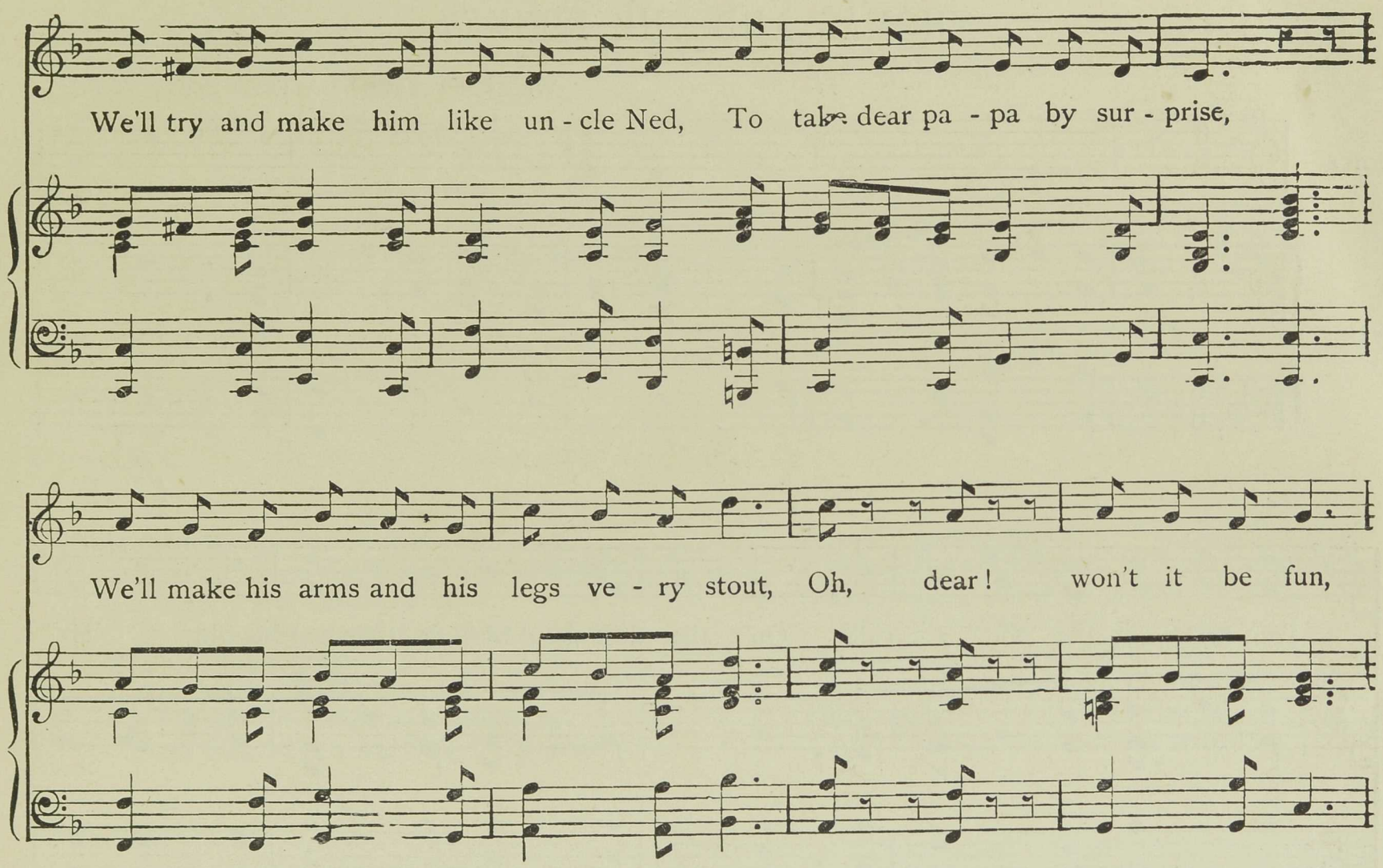
PIANO.

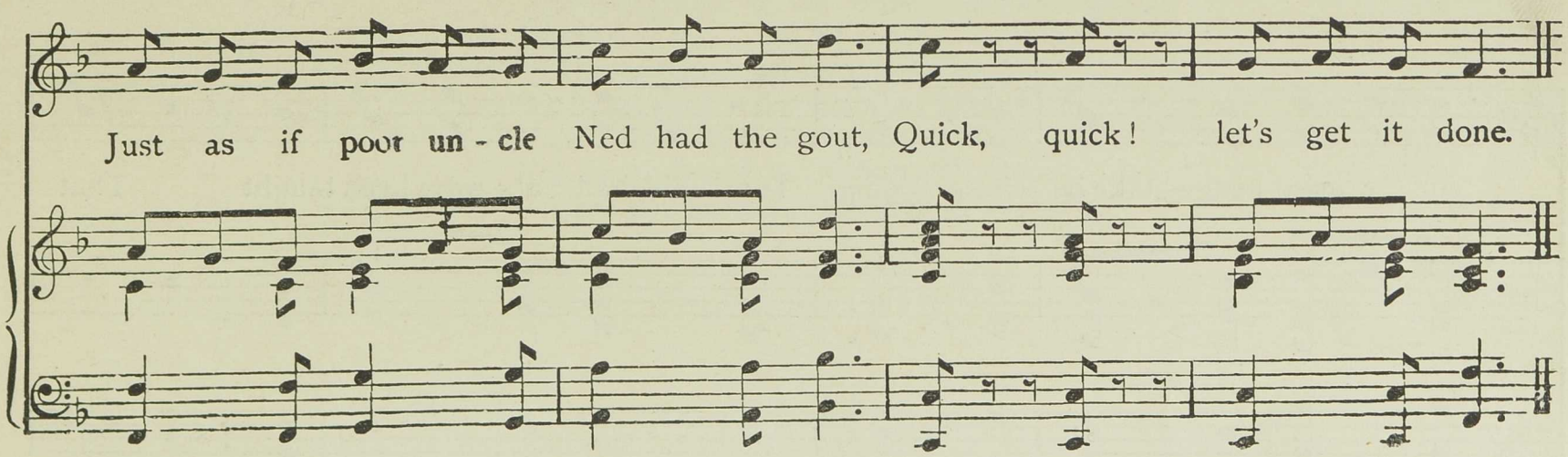
mf *Allegro.*

Come out, dear Dol - ly, and make a snow-man, Ha! ha! e - ver so big;

You must work, Dol - ly, as hard as you can, Ha! ha! dig, Dol - ly, dig;

You get the snow whilst I make his head, And pick me two stones for his eyes.





2.

Run in, dear Dolly, and fetch papa's hat,
Ha! ha! out of the hall;
Oh! what a pity we've made him so fat,
Ha! ha! 't wont fit at all.
Oh! Dolly, dear, how clumsy you are
You've knocked a great hole in the side
Of father's new hat, and here comes mamma,
So Dolly let's run and hide.
If, Dolly, mother should ask by and bye,
Ha! ha! how did you that?
Tell her we'll save all our pennies to buy—
Ha! ha! father a hat.

No. 21. THOMAS AND THE DONKEY.

Words and Music by ALFRED SCOTT GATTY.

VOICE

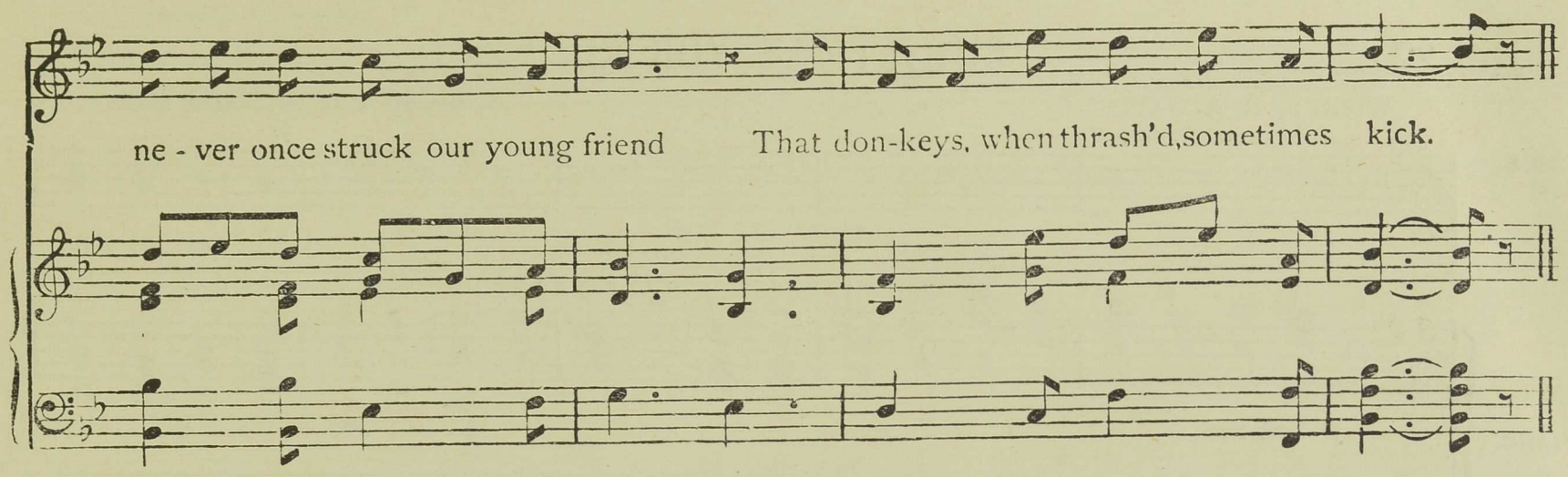
PIANO

When

Tom first went out for a ride On the don-key his fa-ther had bought, He

cut a great hedge-stake, be-cause Young Tom-mie had al-ways been taught That

don-keys of ev-e-ry kind Re-quired a good lot of stick; But it



2.

He sprang on the back of old "Ned,"
And off down the drive they both flew,
To keep in the saddle at all
Was all that young Tommie could do
But all things must come to an end,
And so our friend Tommie now found,
For "Ned" on a sudden drew up,
And then began smelling the ground

3.

Young Thomas thought—"Now is the time!
Who's master I'll soon let him know,"
And grasping the stick with firm hand,
He dealt the ass blow upon blow.
Old Edward stood all for a time,
He heard what young Thomas had said,
Then suddenly up went his heels,
And Thomas fled over his head.

4.

Young Tom, like all bullies when faced,
Was frightened, and daren't mount again,
But threw the great hedge-stake away,
And led Edward home by the rein.
So, boys, pray take warning from Tom,
And don't be too eager to pass
For much braver lads than you are,
Lest you have to giveway to an ass.

No. 22. CHRISTMAS VOICES.

Words by R. A. Gatty. Music by Alfred Scott Gatty.

Allegro moderato.

Voice. Piano.

p Soft Ped.

p

Voi-ces of the bel-fry height, Peal-ing forth your mer-ry chimes, Sound up-on the win-ter night,

cres. *f*

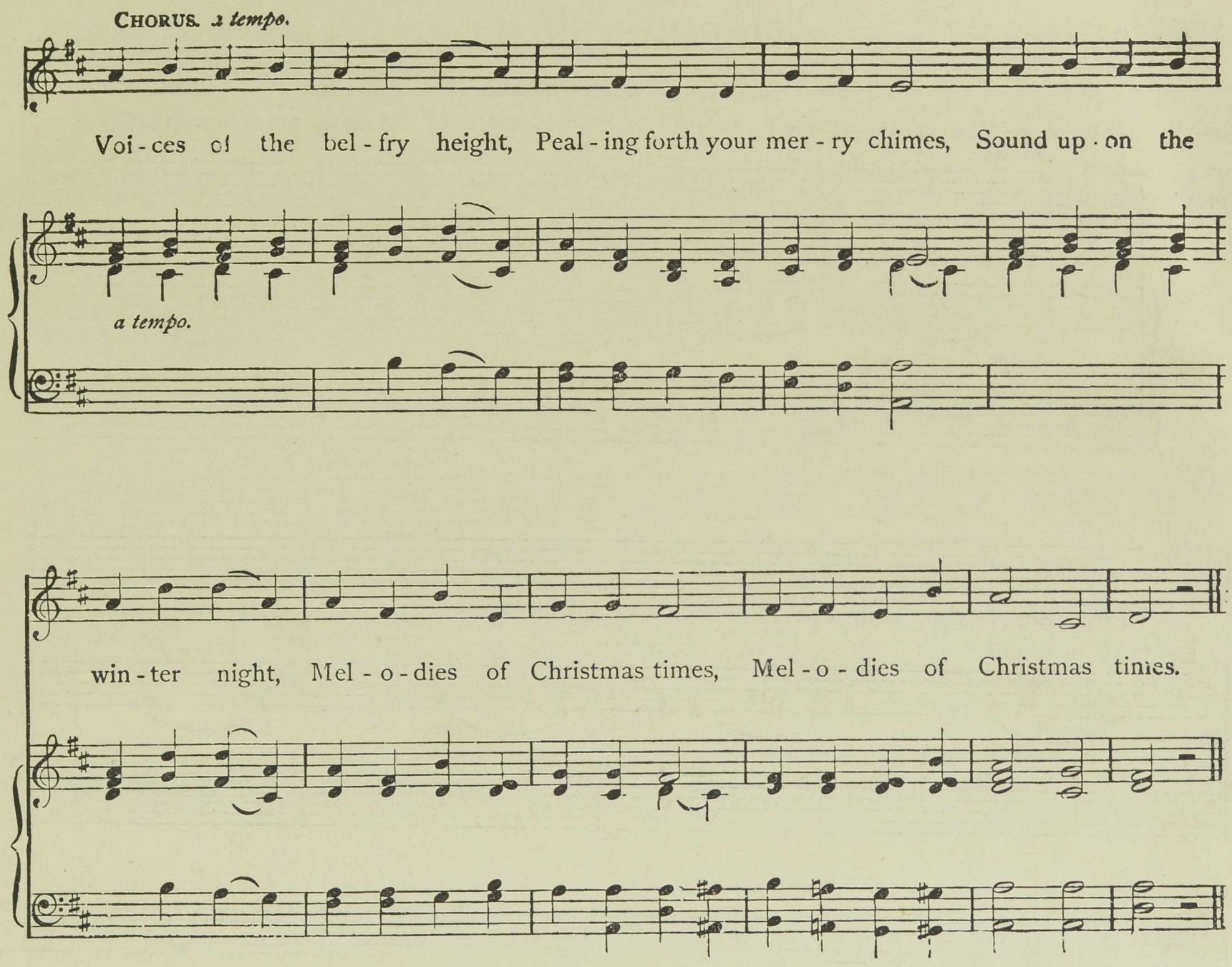
Mel-o-dies of Christ-mas times; As of old, the yule log bring, Bind the hol-ly

cres. *f*

mf *f ritard.*

round the hall; At the gate the minstrels sing Mes-sa-ges of peace to all.

mf *f ritard.*



2.

Voices of the Christmas morn,
  Calling to the sleeping West ;
Ere the crimson light is born,
  And the stars are gone to rest.
Wake the traveller who lies,
  Lost upon the frozen earth ;
Underneath the snowy skies,
  Dreaming of a Christmas hearth.

CHORUS.

Voices of the belfry height,
  Pealing forth your merry chimes,
Sound upon the winter night,
  Melodies of Christmas times

3.

Voices of the Christmas day,
  May your echoes never cease,
As the seasons pass away,
  Heralding a world's increase.
Through the mysteries of years,
  Stands alone the Truth divine ;
Through the clouds of darkest fears
  Starlike, will it ever shine.

CHORUS.

Voices of the belfry height,
  Pealing forth your merry chimes,
Sound upon the merry night,
  Melodies of Christmas times.

No. 23. "INFANT CHRIST."

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Words by Mrs. Alfred Gatty. Music by Alfred Scott Gatty.

Andante.

Voice.

Piano.

High and low, and rich and poor,

Lift the latch, and ope the door, Clear the way of dust and sin,

Let the King of Glo - ry in, Let the King of Glo ry in.

Chorus.

Nay, we dare not, He's too great; Comes, no doubt, in king - ly state;

Would not our poor ho-mage see, He so great— so lit - tle we,

ff

He so great, . . He so great, . . .

ff *mf* *ff* *mf*

p

He so great— so lit - tle we.

After last verse.

A - men.

f *p*

2

"But as King He comes not now,
Veiled, the crown upon His brow;
See Him here, of pomp despoiled,
See Him here a little child."

Is this so? then open wide
Gates and doors on every side,
Yet to this our Infant King,
Say what homage shall we bring?

3

"One, His love to great and small,
One, the homage due from all;
Sweet and easy is your part,
'Tis to take Him to your heart."

Blessed Christmas, when you bring
Royal child, and childlike King;
Grace be ours to do our part,
Take Him, take Him to our heart.

No. 24.

HYMN.

Words by A. GATTY, D.D.

Music by ALFRED SCOTT GATTY.

TREBLE.
ALTO
TENOR.
BASS.

FA - THER, hear Thy chil - dren When they cry to Thee,

Pray - ing night and morn - ing At their mo - ther's knee. A - men.

2.

Saviour, ever pleading
For the human race,
Plead for little children
At the throne of grace.

3.

Holy Spirit, filling
Human hearts with love,
Guide the little children
To their home above.

4

Father, Son, and Spirit.
Ever watch and keep,
Like a careful Shepherd,
These Thy little sheep Amen.

No. 25.

CHRISTMAS SONG—1871.

Words by R. A. GATTY.

Music by ALFRED SCOTT GATTY.

VOICE.

PIANO

Cold breaks the Christ-mas dawn, Deep snows are fall - ing, While on the

fro - zen lawn Voi - ces are call - ing, A - wake! a - wake!

CHORUS.

Peace and good - will to all, Each one is sing - ing; Good - will and

rall.

peace to all, Church bells are ring - ing; A - wake! a - wake!

rall.

2.

All meet to-day, but some
Alas! are sleeping;
And in another home
Christmas are keeping.
Asleep, asleep.

CHORUS.

Peace and goodwill to all,
Angels are bringing;
Goodwill and peace to all,
Hark! they are singing.
Awake! awake!

No. 26. CHRISTMAS BOXES.

Words by ALFRED GATTY, D.D

Music by ALFRED SCOTT GATTY.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Allegro moderato.

Come, let us sing a mer-ry song In welcome of a friend, Who ne-ver fails to vi-sit us At ev'-ry old year's end. A

CHORUS.

hol-ly crown we'll weave for him, And shout a jol - ly strain, For old Fa-ther Christ-mas, For old Fa - ther Christ-mas, For old Fa-ther Christ-mas Is here with us a - gain.

2. Come, give a cheer for one who brings
Kind presents to us all ;
He brings to parents back from school
Their children, great and small.
A holly crown, &c.

3. Mince pies, plum puddings, pleasant gifts
He brings the children, too ;
Snap-dragon, flaming in the dish,
Which makes them look so blue.
A holly crown, &c.

4. Sweet mem'ries of the past he brings,
As age recalls the day
When life was full of youth and hope,
And everything was gay.
A holly crown, &c.

5. And still more precious gifts he brings,
Whenever Christmas comes ;
Peace and goodwill, goodwill and peace
To Christian hearts and homes.
A holly crown, &c.

No. 27. NEW YEAR—1872.

Words by ALFRED GATTY, D.D.

Music by ALFRED SCOTT GATTY.

Andante.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Hark, the mer-ry bells are ring - ing, Just as if all men were glad;

Hark, the mum - mers gai - ly sing - ing, Just as if no heart was sad;

8va.

'Tis the New Year come, and bring - ing New e - vents, both good and bad;

rall.

All things change or dis - ap - pear, Day by day, and year by year.

rall.

2. In this world there's no abiding—
Youth advances, age decays;
Leaves are gone, and snow is hiding
All the often-trodden ways;
Cheated is the heart confiding
In a life where nothing stays.
With a hand of trembling fear
Do I touch this opening year.

3. Foolish mortal, fondly straining
On this earth thy raptured sight—
Upward look, for there remaining,
As at first, those orbs of light—
Sun, and moon, and stars, retaining
Unimpaired their radiance bright—
Testify, in accents clear,
Where there is no change of year

No. 28. NEW YEAR'S CAROL—1873.

Words by R. A. GATTY. Music by ALFRED SCOTT GATTY.

VOICE. PIANO

Ere the daybreak tints the snow With the morning light, One will come and one will go, Pass-ing in the night. At the threshold of the door Youth and age will meet: He who can re-turn no more Moves with weary feet.

CHORUS. *f* *dim. e rall.*

Speed, then, the wan ing year, Wel - come the new, Wel -come the new.

f *dim. e rall.*

2. By-and-by the bells will ring
With their changing chimes:
Voices far and near will sing
Songs of bygone times.

Old and young will meet again
With their smiles and tears;
Side by side are joy and pain,
As in former years.

CHORUS.—Speed, then, the waning year &c

No. 29

SUMMER DAYS.

Words by R. A. GATTY. Music by ALFRED SCOTT GATTY.

Andante.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Broad leaves, broad leaves, Now fill the chestnuts and limes,

Swal - lows, swal - lows, Build where the cle - ma - tis climbs

CHORUS. *piu lento.*

Sum-mer days! . . . Sum - mer days! Lit - tle chil - dren sing your praise

piu lento.

Sum - mer days! Sum-mer days!

rall.

rall.

2. Cowslips, cowslips,
Spring in the meadows around,
Blue bells, blue bells,
Far in the forests are found.

CHORUS.—Summer days! Summer days! &c.

3. Soft winds, soft winds,
Light fleecy clouds overhead;
Roses, roses,
Bloom on the graves of the dead.

CHORUS.—Summer days! Summer days! &c.

No. 30. CHRISTMAS—1873.

Words by R. A. GATTY. Music by ALFRED SCOTT GATTY.

VOICE. PIANO.

p *Andante.* *mf* *p*

The meadows gleam with hoar-frost white, The day breaks on the hill, . . The widgeon takes its ear - ly flight Be-side the fro-zen rill. From vil-lage stee-ples far a-way The sound of bells is borne, As one by one each crimson ray Brings in the Christmas morn.

cres - - - - - *cen* - - - - - *do.*

cres - - - - - *cen* - - - - - *do.*

CHORUS. *Rejoicingly.*

f *f*

Peace to all! the church bells say, For Christ was born on Christmas Day, Peace to all! the

church bells say, For Christ was born, For Christ was born, For

Christ was born on Christ - mas Day. Peace to all

p *p* *pp* 8va. 8va.

VERSE 2. *Andante. p*

Here some will those a - gain em-brace They hold on earth most dear, There

mf *p*

rall. . . . . . *a tempo.*

some will mourn an ab-sent face They lost within the year; Yet peace to all who smile or weep, Is

rall. . . . . . *a tempo.*

cres - - - - - - - - *cen* - - - - - - - - - *do. Chorus as in Verse* 1

rung from earth to sky; But most to those to-day who keep The feast with Christ on high.

cres - - - - - - - - *cen* - - - - - - - - - - - - *do.*

No. 31.

CHRISTMAS—1874.

Words by R. A. GATTY.

Music by ALFRED SCOTT GATTY.

VOICE.

PIANO.

The Au - tumn winds have blown a - stray The dead leaves of the year; The gar - den beds, so late - ly gay, Are emp - ty now and drear.

On - ly a lit - tle Christ - mas rose Un - folds its snow-white head;

Last in the fro - zen ground it grows, When all the flow'rs are dead. Then

CHORUS.

heigh - - ho! for the win - ter snow, While yule fires

bright are shin - - ing, And e - ver - green on the wall is

seen, With Christ - mas ro - - ses twin - - - - - ing. . . .

2.

The happy sounds of Christmas-tide
Are heard again by all;
Old customs of the country side,
With carols in the hall.
Bright hours! that pass like flowers away
Before the hearth is cold;
So swiftly each new Christmas Day
Is gathered with the old!

CHORUS.—Then heigho! for the winter snow, &c.

No. 32. NEW YEAR'S CAROL—1875.

Words by R. A. Gatty. Music by Alfred Scott Gatty.

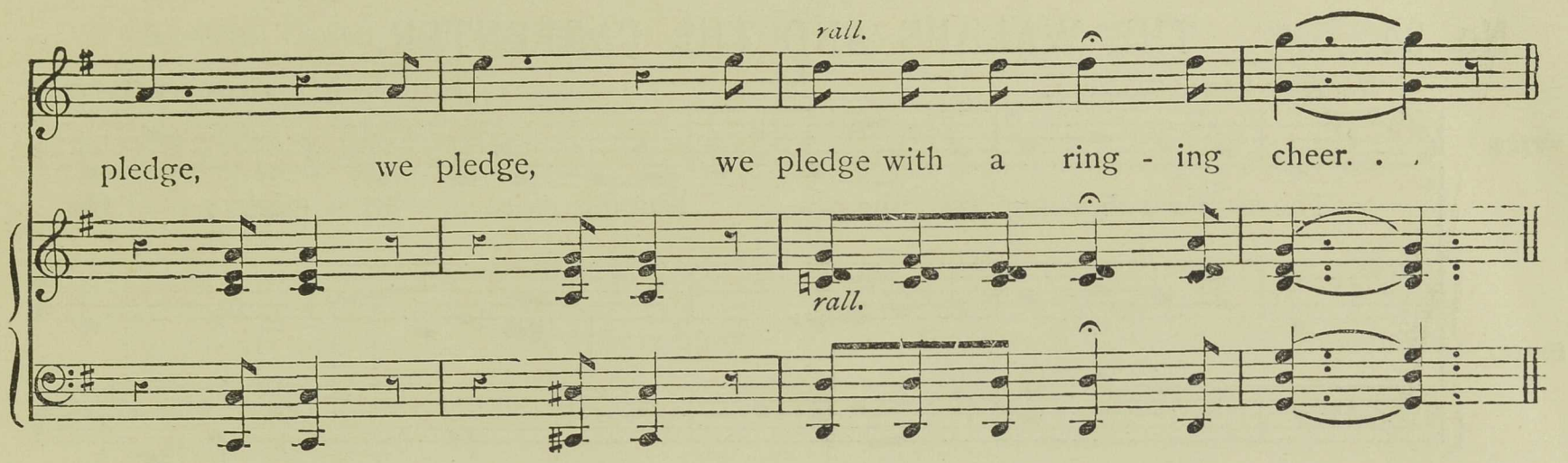
Voice.

Piano.

The chimes have struck, the year is dead, A sha-dow flits a - cross the wall; And ere the part - ing words are said, A stran-ger's step is in the hall. Bring in the guest, pre - pare the feast, Heap up the hearth with yule logs bright; While far a - cross the dis - tant East, The break - ing beams en - fold the night. A

Chorus.

toast, a toast, a toast to the new - born year . . We



2.

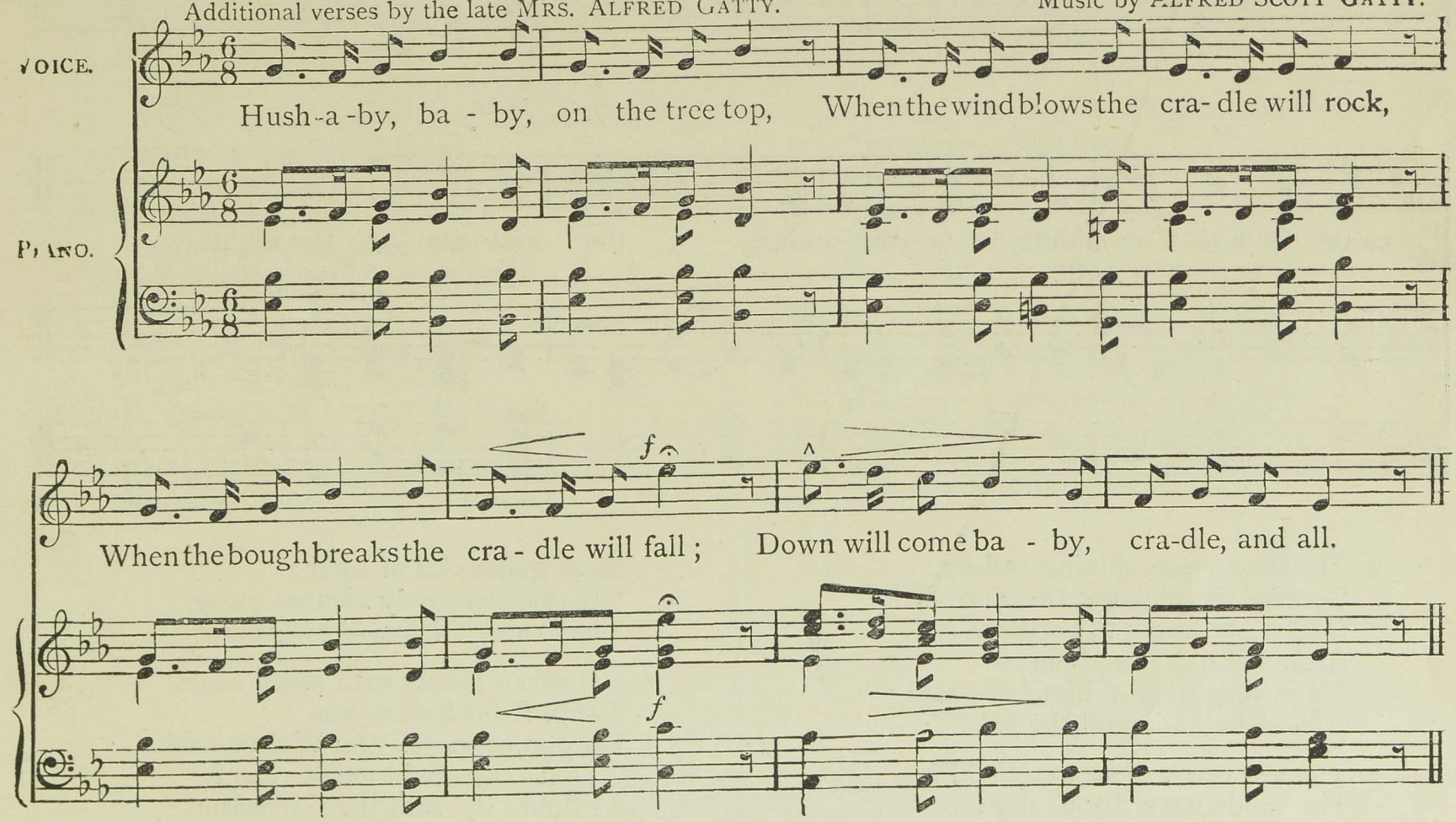
This year will many a change bring
Of joy and grief to rich and poor;
The Summer days will follow Spring,
Till Autumn stores her harvest floor;

Then once again the Winter blast
Will sweep across the surging sea
And what is now will be the past,
Lost in the great Eternity.
A toast to the new-born year
We pledge with a ringing cheer.

No. 33. NURSE'S SONG.

A NEW SETTING OF AN OLD SONG.

Additional verses by the late MRS. ALFRED GATTY. Music by ALFRED SCOTT GATTY.



2. Hush-a-by, baby, up in the sky,
On a soft cloud 'tis easy to fly;
When the cloud bursts the raindrops will pour
Baby comes down to mother once more.

3 Lullaby, father, evening is come,
When the sun sets 'tis time to be home
When the day dies, the day's work should end—
Lullaby, father, sleep is a friend.

4. Lullaby, mother, rest in your chair,
Grown are the babes who needed your care;
Weary is toil, but short is the day,
Happy the sleep that bears it away

No 34 THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER.

Words by LEWIS CARROLL. Music by ALFRED SCOTT GATTY.

VOICE. PIANO.

The Sun was shin - ing on the sea, Shining with all his might; He did his ve - ry best to make The bil - lows smooth and bright— And this was odd, be - cause it was The middle, the middle, the mid - dle of the night.

piu lento.

piu lento.

2. The Moon was shining sulkily,
Because she thought the Sun
Had no business to be there
After the day was done :—
"It is very rude of him," she said,
"To come and spoil the fun!"

3. The sea was wet as wet could be,
The sands were dry as dry;
You could not see a cloud, because
No cloud was in the sky :
No birds were flying overhead—
There were no birds to fly.

4. The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking close at hand;
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand :
"If this were only cleared away,'
They said, "it *would* be grand!"

5. "If seven maids with seven mops
Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose," the Walrus said.
"That they could get it clear?"
"I doubt it," said the Carpenter,
And shed a bitter tear.

6. "O, Oysters, come and walk with us!"
The Walrus did beseech—
"A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beach :
We cannot do with more than four
To give a hand to each."

7. The eldest Oyster looked at him,
But never a word he said :
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
And shook his heavy head—
Meaning to say he did not choose
To leave the oyster-bed.

8. But four young Oysters hurried up,
All eager for the treat ;
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
Their shoes were clean and neat—
And this was odd, because, you know,
They hadn't any feet.

9. Four other Oysters followed them,
And yet another four ;
And thick and fast they came at last,
And more, and more, and more—
All hopping through the frothy waves,
And scrambling to the shore.

10. The Walrus and the Carpenter
Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock
Conveniently low ;
And all the little Oysters stood
And waited in a row.

11. "The time has come," the Walrus said,
"To talk of many things :
"Of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—
Of cabbages—and kings—
And why the sea is boiling hot—
And whether pigs have wings !"

12 "But wait a bit," the Oysters cried,
"Before we have our chat ;
For some of us are out of breath,
And all of us are fat !"
"No hurry !" said the Carpenter—
They thanked him much for that.

13. "A loaf of bread," the Walrus said
"Is what we chiefly need,
Pepper and vinegar, besides,
Are very good indeed—
Now, if you're ready, Oysters dear,
We can begin to feed."

14. "But not on us !" the Oysters cried,
Turning a little blue,
"After such kindness, that would be
A dismal thing to do ;"
"The night is fine," the Walrus said,
"Do you admire the view ?"

15. "It was so kind of you to come !
And you are very nice !"
The Carpenter said nothing, but
"Cut us another slice :
I wish you were not quite so deaf ;
I've had to ask you twice !"

16. "It seems a shame," the Walrus said
"To play them such a trick,
After we've brought them out so far,
And made them trot so quick !"
The Carpenter said nothing, but
"The butter's spread too thick !"

17. "I weep for you," the Walrus said
"I deeply sympathize !"
With sobs and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size,
Holding the pocket-handkerchief
Before his streaming eyes.

18. "Oh, Oysters," said the Carpenter,
"You've had a pleasant run !
Shall we be trotting home again ?"
But answer came there none—
And this was scarcely odd, because
They'd eaten every one.

No. 35. PIG AND PEPPER.

Words from "Alice in Wonderland."
DUCHESS. *Agitato.*

Music by ALFRED SCOTT GATTY.

VOICE.

PIANO.

mp

Speak roughly, speak roughly, speak roughly to your lit-tle boy, Speak roughly, speak rough - ly, speak rough - ly to your lit - tle boy; Speak rough - ly to your lit - tle boy, And beat him when he sneezes; He on - ly does it to an - noy, Be- - cause he knows it teases, Be-cause he knows it teases.

(in which the Cook and Baby join).

Wow! wow! wow! Wow! wow! wow! Wow! . . .

For 2nd verse only as far as first double bar.

I'll speak se - vere-ly to my boy, I'll speak se - vere-ly to my boy, &c.

2.

I speak severely to my boy,
I beat him when he sneezes;
For he can thoroughly enjoy
The pepper when he pleases!

CHORUS.—Wow! wow! wow! &c.

No. 36.

CHRISTMAS—1875.

Words by R. A. GATTY. Music by ALFRED SCOTT GATTY.

VOICE. PIANO.

1. A ca - rol, ere the sands are run And Fa-ther Christmas pass'd a - way; Come,
2. Old emblems hang up - on the wall, With i - vy from the vil-lage spire; Old

chil-dren, leave the gam.es and fun, And sing with me the notes I play, While some one stir the
sha-dows pass a - long the hall, And ling - er by the Christmas fire. To - day is born the

Yule log o'er, And make the sparks fly clear and bright, For out up-on the snow-bound moor The
King of kings; Once more the an-cient sto - ry tells; While from without the storm-wind brings The

f

north wind brings a storm to-night.
ca - rols of a hun- dred bells. } Then ga-ther round with cheerful sound, To - ge-ther we will

rall.

sing; And chil-dren's hearts and children's tongues Shall praise the new - born King.

colla voce.