

Songs

by

Eugene Field

with  
Music  
by

Reginald  
de Koven

and  
others

H. W. A.



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P

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SONGS...  
1897




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SONGS OF CHILDHOOD

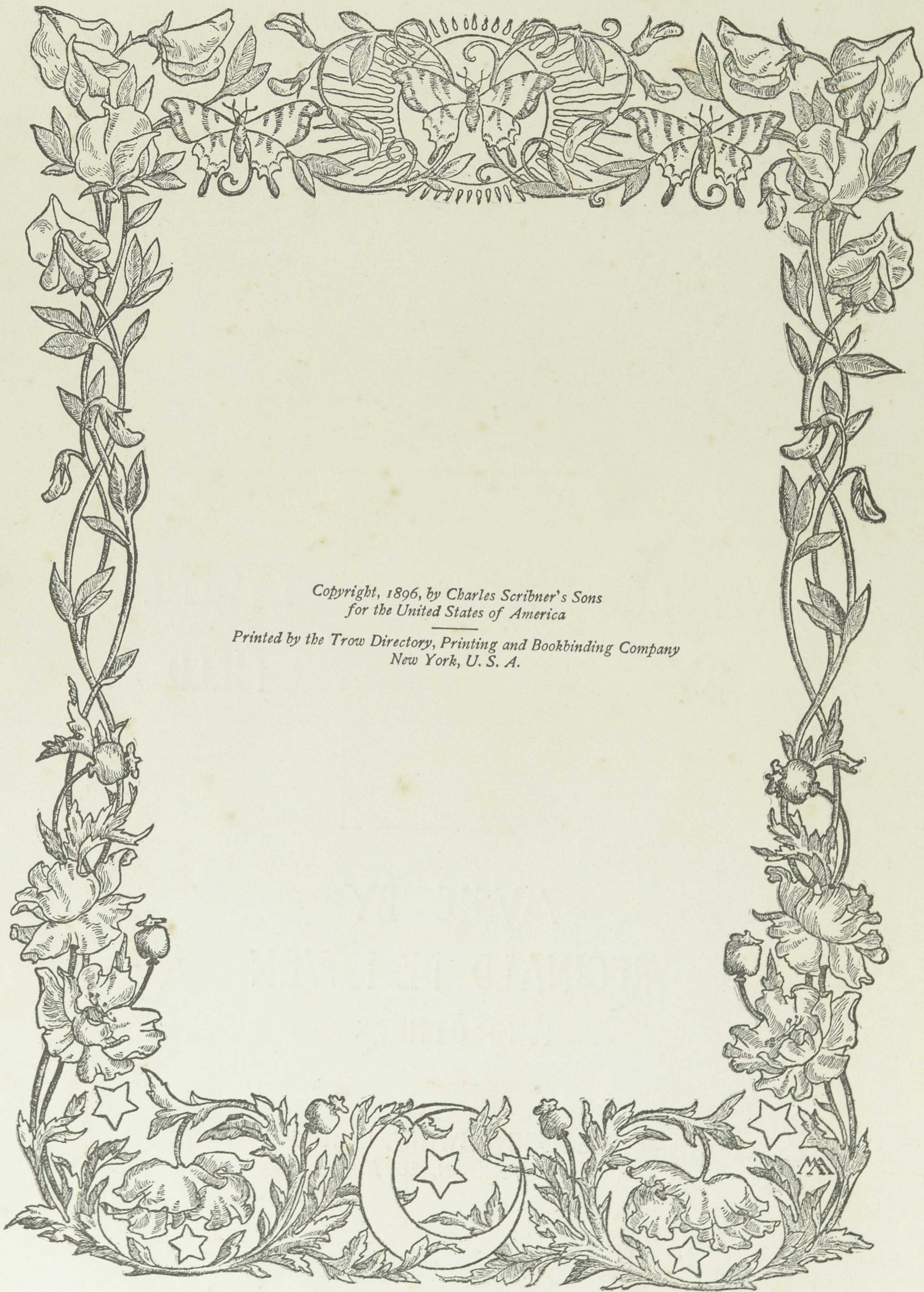
VERSES  
BY



EUGENE  
FIELD

MUSIC BY  
REGINALD DE KOVEN  
AND OTHERS

GEORGE NEWNES, LIMITED  
LONDON, 1897



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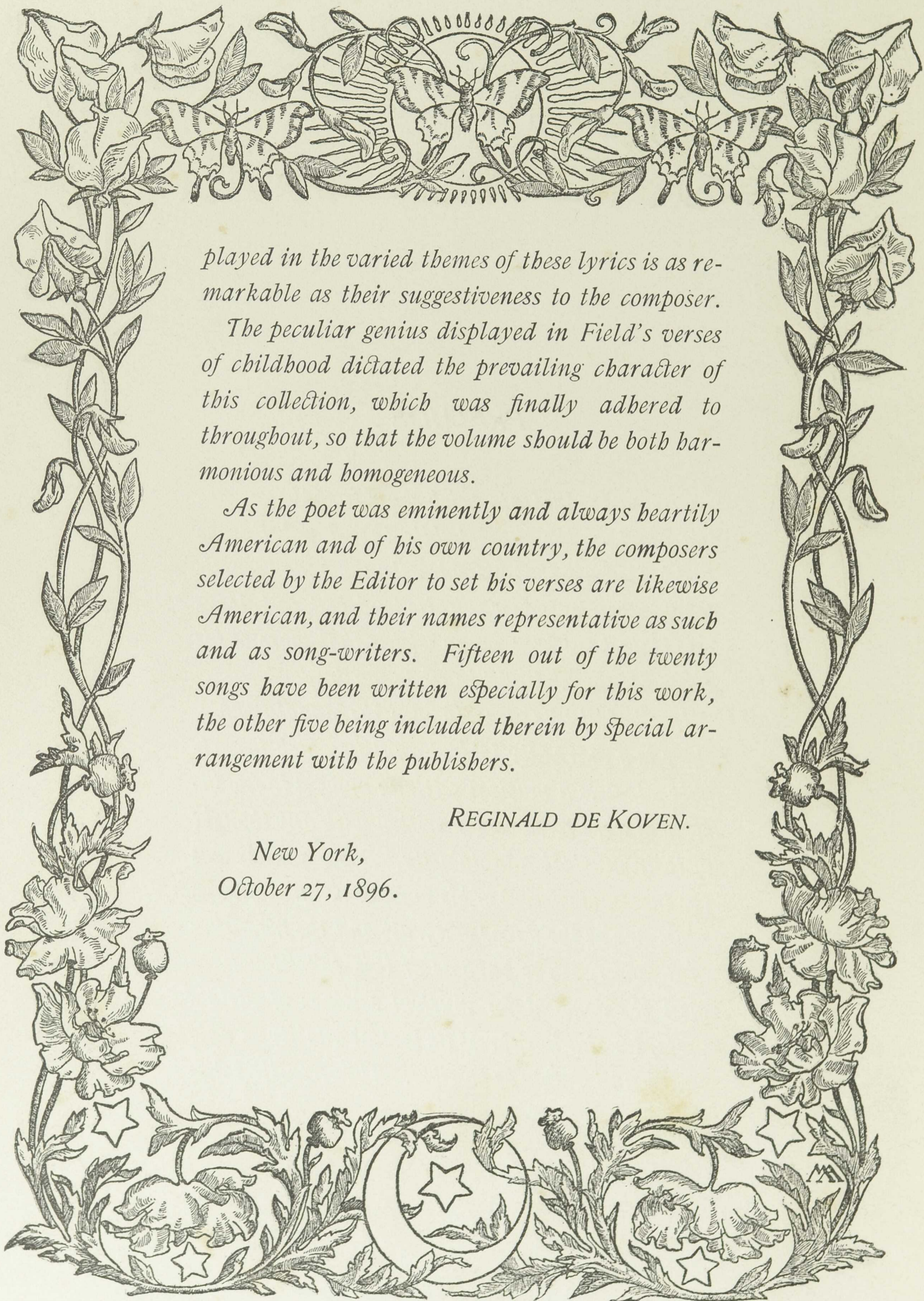


## PRELUDE

*Among the laments which arose from the sorrowing heart of the great public that loved Eugene Field, laments that his voice should have been silenced when its note was at its tenderest and clearest, there have been many wishes that more of his exquisite songs should be set to music.*

*In all of Field's verse, in even the broadly comic, there is a markedly lyrical quality which invariably suggests a musical setting; and yet in few instances were these verses written with any thought of their musical adaptability. This quality was the inevitable accent of his song, as natural and as necessary as the flavor of a fruit and the fragrance of a flower. The purpose of this collection is to meet the demand for musical settings of Field's verse, its aim to express its lyrical quality as naturally and simply as possible. The versatility dis-*





*played in the varied themes of these lyrics is as remarkable as their suggestiveness to the composer.*

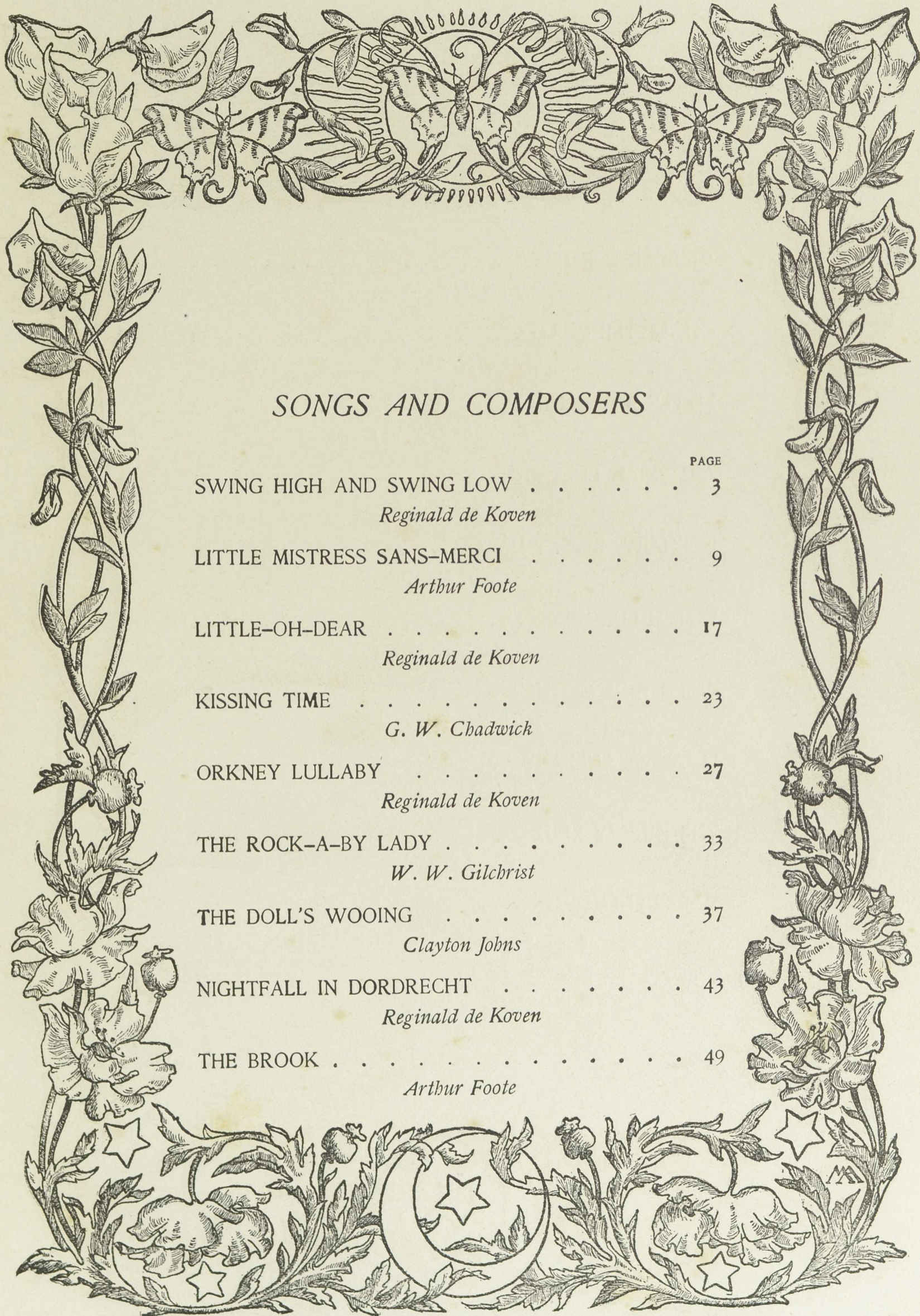
*The peculiar genius displayed in Field's verses of childhood dictated the prevailing character of this collection, which was finally adhered to throughout, so that the volume should be both harmonious and homogeneous.*

*As the poet was eminently and always heartily American and of his own country, the composers selected by the Editor to set his verses are likewise American, and their names representative as such and as song-writers. Fifteen out of the twenty songs have been written especially for this work, the other five being included therein by special arrangement with the publishers.*

REGINALD DE KOVEN.

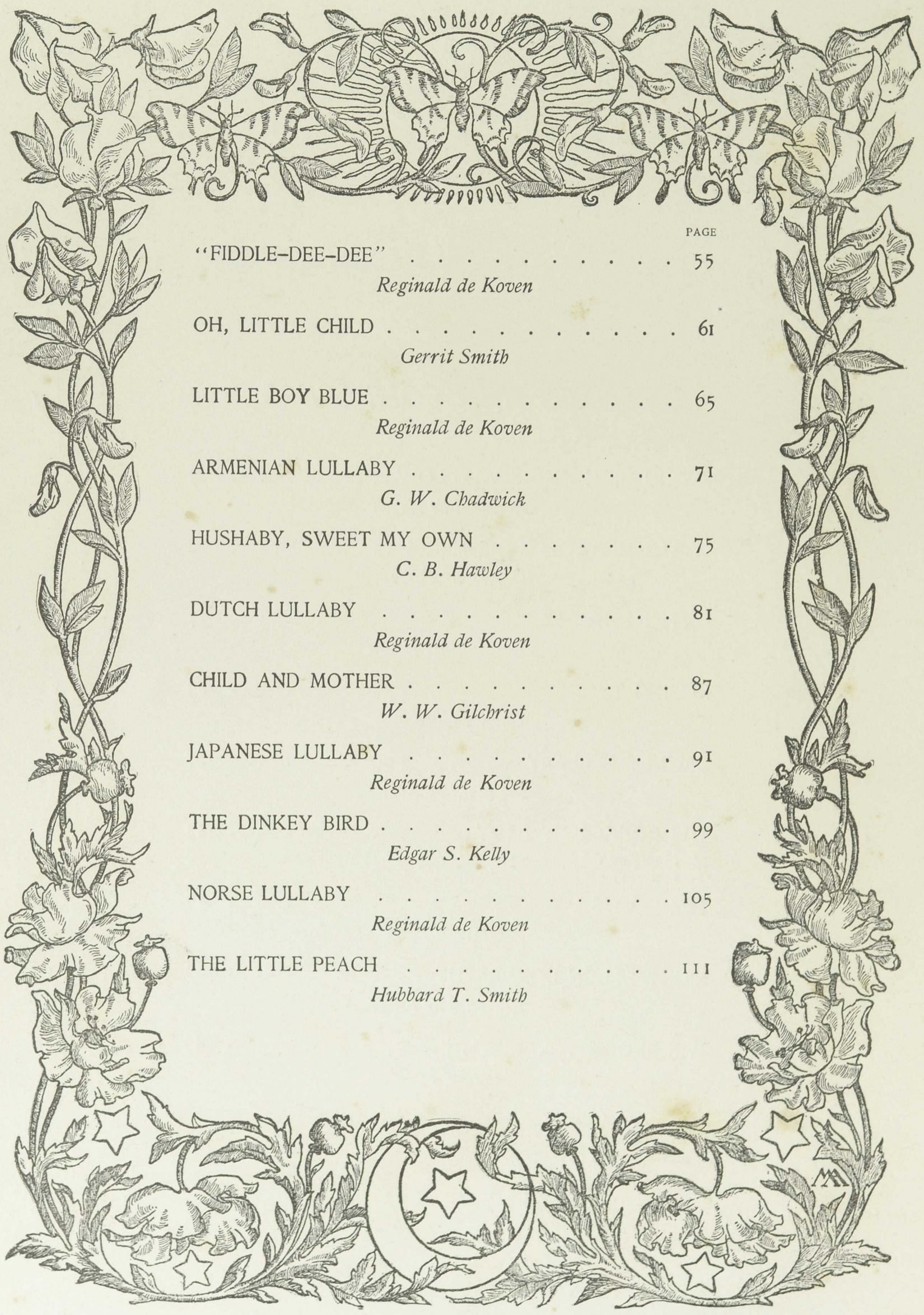
New York,  
October 27, 1896.



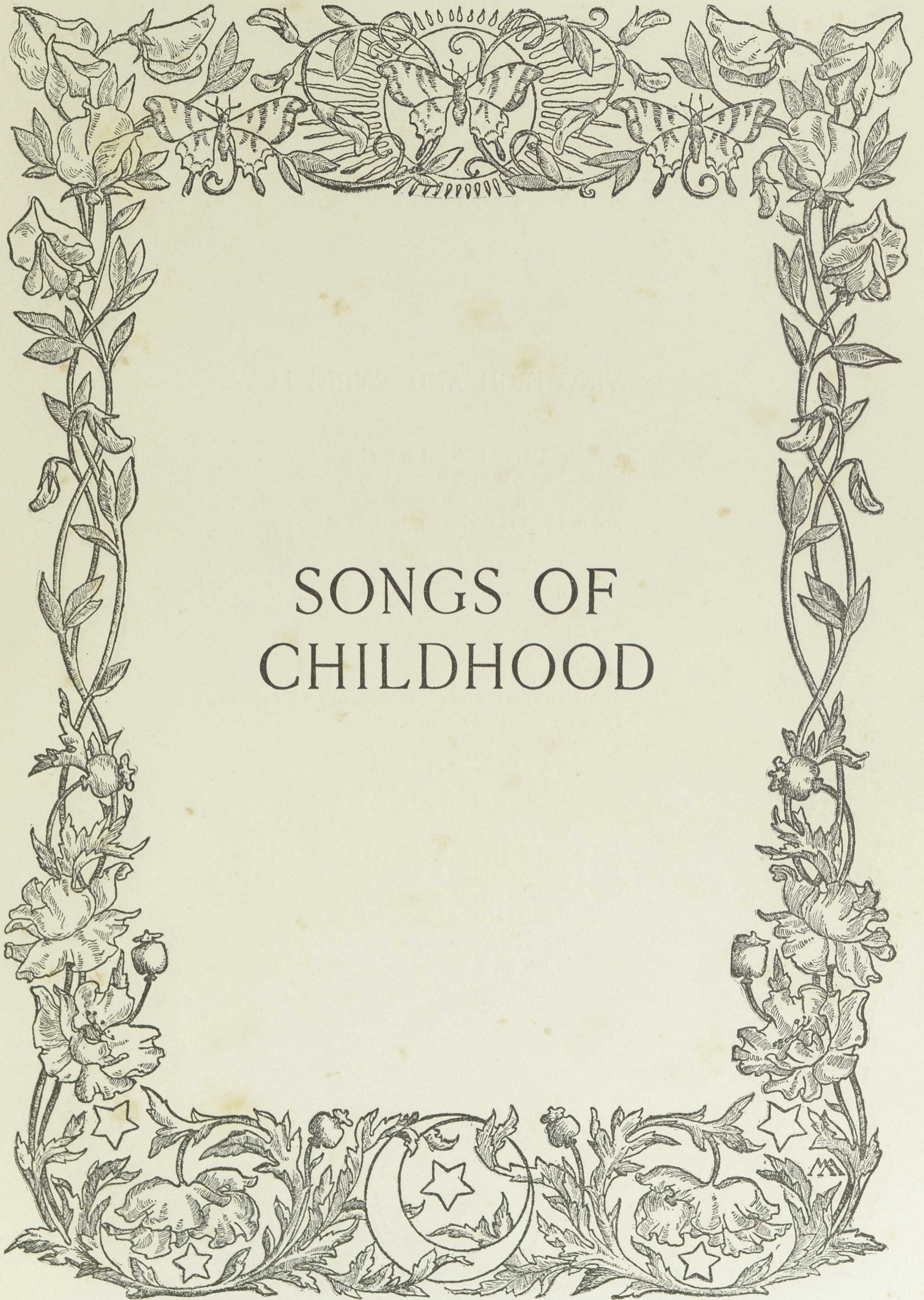


SONGS AND COMPOSERS

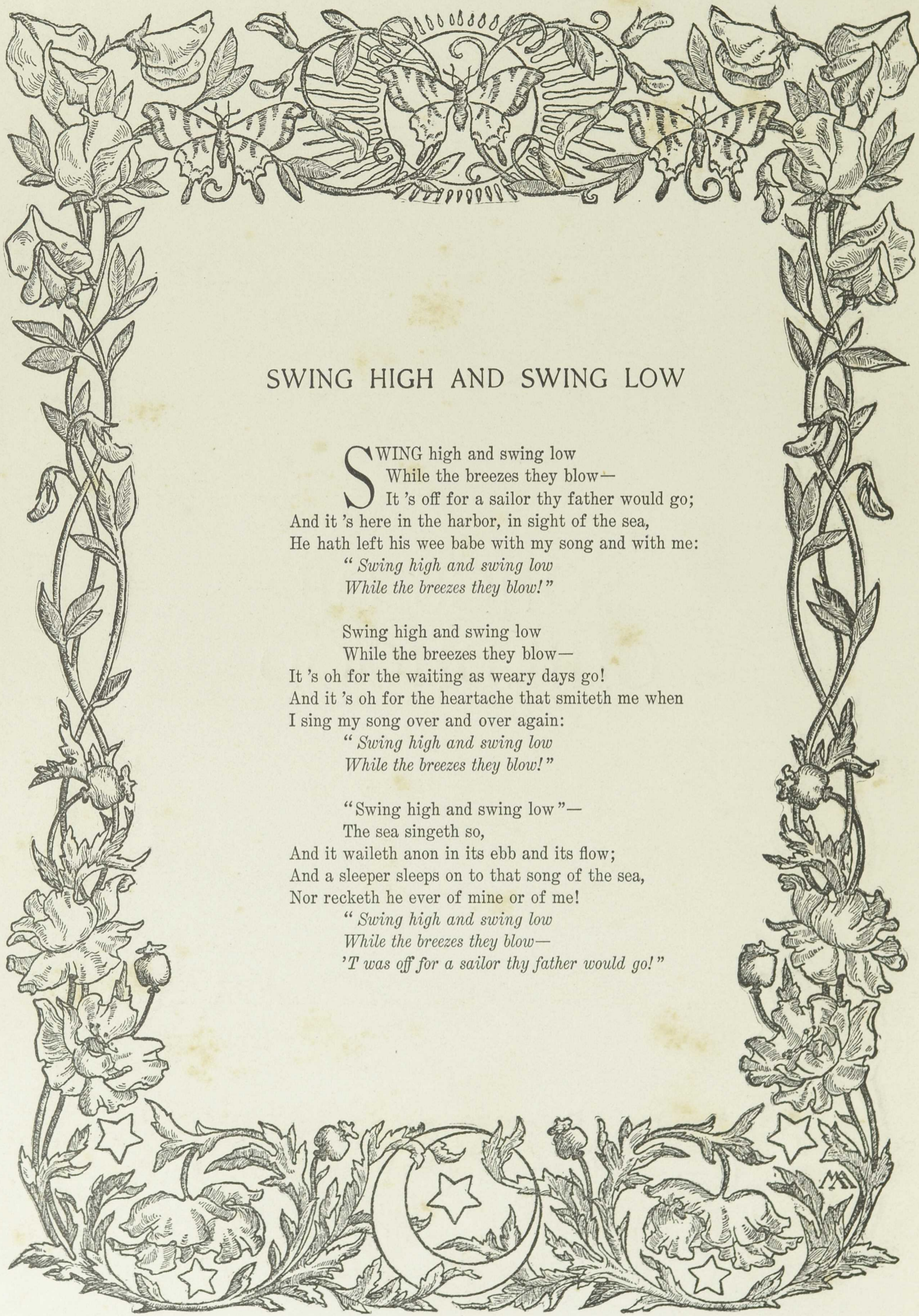
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SONGS OF  
CHILDHOOD



## SWING HIGH AND SWING LOW

**S**WING high and swing low  
While the breezes they blow—  
It's off for a sailor thy father would go;  
And it's here in the harbor, in sight of the sea,  
He hath left his wee babe with my song and with me:  
*"Swing high and swing low  
While the breezes they blow!"*

Swing high and swing low  
While the breezes they blow—  
It's oh for the waiting as weary days go!  
And it's oh for the heartache that smiteth me when  
I sing my song over and over again:  
*"Swing high and swing low  
While the breezes they blow!"*

*"Swing high and swing low"—*  
The sea singeth so,  
And it waileth anon in its ebb and its flow;  
And a sleeper sleeps on to that song of the sea,  
Nor reckoneth he ever of mine or of me!  
*"Swing high and swing low  
While the breezes they blow—  
'T was off for a sailor thy father would go!"*

# SWING HIGH AND SWING LOW

Music by REGINALD DE KOVEN, Op. 117, No. 2

*Allegretto moderato.*

*mf*

*Con spirito marcato il movimento.*

1. Swing
2. Swing



The piano introduction consists of two systems. The first system shows the treble and bass staves with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 6/8 time signature. The second system continues the piano accompaniment with a forte (*f*) dynamic. Pedal markings (*Ped.*) and asterisks (\*) are placed below the bass staff. The first vocal line begins with the lyrics: "high and swing low While the breez-es they blow ; Swing high, swing high, swing low, . . . . . It's

high and swing low While the breez-es they blow ; Swing high, swing high, swing low, . . . . . It's  
high and swing low While the breez-es they blow ; Swing high, swing high, swing low, . . . . . It's



The piano accompaniment for the first vocal line features a piano (*p*) dynamic. The bass staff provides a steady accompaniment with a key signature of two sharps and a 6/8 time signature.

*cresc.*

off for a sail - or thy fa-ther would go, Swing high, swing high, swing low, . . . . . And it's  
oh, for the wait-ing as wea - ry days go, Swing high, swing high, swing low, . . . . . And it's



The piano accompaniment for the second vocal line includes a *cresc.* (crescendo) marking. The bass staff continues with a key signature of two sharps and a 6/8 time signature.

*con sentimento.*

here in the har-bor in sight of the sea, Swing high, swing high, swing low, . . . . . He hath  
oh, for the heartache that smit-eth me when, Swing high, swing high, swing low, . . . . . I

*p con tenerezza.*

left his wee babe with my song and with me, Swing high, swing low, swing  
sing my song o - ver and o - ver a - gain, Swing high, swing low, swing

*rall.*

high, swing low, His babe with my song and with me. . . . .  
high, swing low, All o - ver and o - ver a - gain. . . . .

*colla voce.*

*a tempo.*

*f*  
Swing high and swing low,  
*a tempo.*

*ritard.*

*f con spirito.*

*Ped.*

\* *Ped.*

\*

Swing, while the breez - es they blow. It's off for a sail - or thy

*cres.*

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *cres.*

fa - ther would go. Swing high, swing high, swing low.....

*rall.* *a tempo.* *p* 1st verse.

*Ped.* \*

low.....

2d verse.

*f* *dim. e rall.*

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

high and swing low, The sea sing - eth so, Swing high, swing high, swing

*Poco Meno, p* *Poco sostenuto.*

low, . . . . . And it wail - eth a - non in its ebb and its flow; Swing

high, swing high and swing low, . . . . . A sleep - er sleeps on to that

*Placido.*

song of the sea, that song, that song of the sea, . . . . . Nor

*cresc.* *p* *con tenerezza.*

reck-eth he ev - er of mine or of me, Swing high, swing low, swing high, swing low, The



*rall.*

sea sing - eth so. ....

*colla voce.*

*a tempo.*

*ritard.*

*f con spirito.*

Swing high and swing low, Swing while the breez - es they blow, 'Twas

*a tempo Imo.*

*f*

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

*cres.* *rall.* *f a tempo.*

off for a sail - or thy fa - ther would go! Swing high, swing high, swing

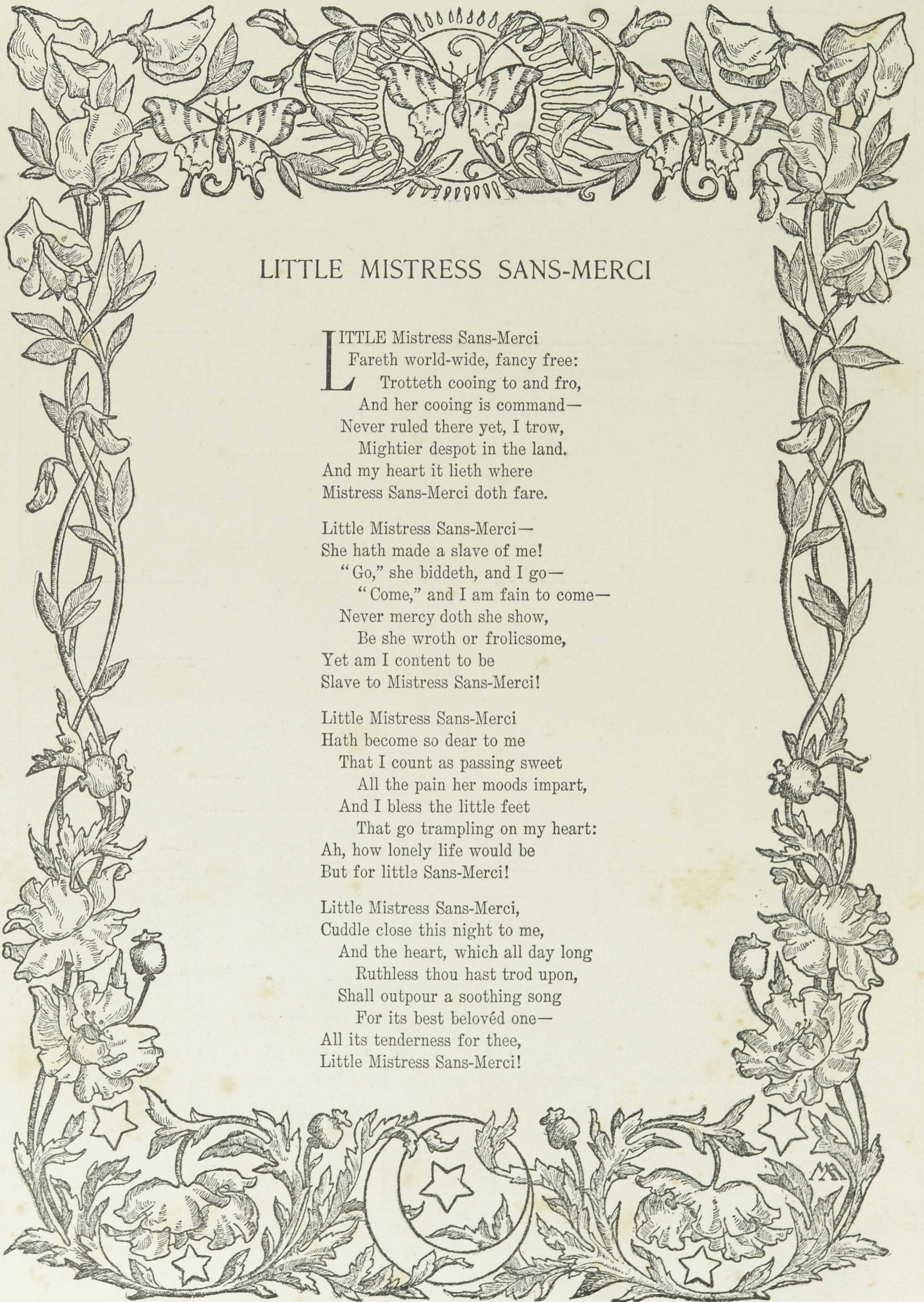
*cres.* *rall.* *f a tempo.*

*rall. e dim.* *pp*

low, ..... Swing high, ..... swing low. ....

*rall. e dim.* *ppp*

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*



## LITTLE MISTRESS SANS-MERCI

LITTLE Mistress Sans-Merci  
Fareth world-wide, fancy free:  
Trotteth cooing to and fro,  
And her cooing is command—  
Never ruled there yet, I trow,  
Mightier despot in the land.  
And my heart it lieth where  
Mistress Sans-Merci doth fare.

Little Mistress Sans-Merci—  
She hath made a slave of me!  
“Go,” she biddeth, and I go—  
“Come,” and I am fain to come—  
Never mercy doth she show,  
Be she wroth or frolicsome,  
Yet am I content to be  
Slave to Mistress Sans-Merci!

Little Mistress Sans-Merci  
Hath become so dear to me  
That I count as passing sweet  
All the pain her moods impart,  
And I bless the little feet  
That go trampling on my heart:  
Ah, how lonely life would be  
But for little Sans-Merci!

Little Mistress Sans-Merci,  
Cuddle close this night to me,  
And the heart, which all day long  
Ruthless thou hast trod upon,  
Shall outpour a soothing song  
For its best belovéd one—  
All its tenderness for thee,  
Little Mistress Sans-Merci!

# LITTLE MISTRESS SANS-MERCI

Music by ARTHUR FOOTE

*Not too fast.*

*pp*

*Senza Pedal.*

*cresc.*

*sf*

*dolce.*

1. Lit - tle Mis - - tress

*pp*

*p*

Sans - - Mer - ci Far - - - - eth world - - wide,

*Ped.* \*

fan - - cy free : Trot - teth coo - - ing to and

*Ped.* \*

fro, ..... And her coo - - ing is com - mand —

Nev - - - er ruled there yet, I trow, Might - - ier

*p*

des - pot in . . . . . the land . . . . . *espress.* And my

heart . . . . . it li - - - eth where Mis - tress Sans-Mer-

*poco mf*

- ci . . . . . doth fare . . . . .

*Animato. mf* *dim.*

Lit - tle Mis - tress Sans - Mer - ci . . . . . hath be - come so

*p*

dear to me, That I count as pass - ing sweet

All the pain her moods im - part, . . . . . And I

bless the lit - tle feet That go tram - pling

on my heart: Ah, how lone - ly life would be . . . . .

*espress.*

*molto cresc.* *f*

*Ped.* \*

*dolce.*

But for lit - tle Sans - - - Mer - ci !

*a tempo.* *poco*

*pp* *f* *sf*

*Ped.* \*

*p*

*cresc.* *sf*

*dolce.*

2. Lit - tle Mis - - tress

*pp*

*p*

Detailed description: This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line in G major, starting with a whole rest followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand melody and a left-hand bass line. The right hand begins with a piano (*pp*) dynamic, playing a series of eighth notes: G4, A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, F#5, G5. The left hand plays a simple bass line with chords. A crescendo hairpin is shown in the piano part.

Sans - - Mer - ci Cud - - - dle close this

*Ped.*

Detailed description: This system contains the third and fourth staves. The vocal line continues with a half note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a whole note C5. The piano accompaniment features a right-hand melody with a first ending bracket over the notes G4, A4, B4, C5. The left hand continues with chords. A *Ped.* (pedal) marking is present at the start of the system, and an asterisk (\*) is placed below the piano part.

night to me, And the heart, which all day

*Ped.*

Detailed description: This system contains the fifth and sixth staves. The vocal line has a half note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a whole note C5. The piano accompaniment features a right-hand melody with a first ending bracket over the notes G4, A4, B4, C5. The left hand continues with chords. A *Ped.* (pedal) marking is present at the start of the system, and an asterisk (\*) is placed below the piano part.

long Ruth - - less thou hast trod ... up - on,

Detailed description: This system contains the seventh and eighth staves. The vocal line has a half note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a whole note C5. The piano accompaniment features a right-hand melody with a first ending bracket over the notes G4, A4, B4, C5. The left hand continues with chords.



*p* *cresc.*

Shall out - pour a sooth - ing song . . . . . For its

*p dolce.*

best be - lov - - ed one, . . . . . All its ten - der - ness for

thee, . . . . . Lit - tle Mis - - tress Sans - - - - Mer -

*pp*

*una corda.*

- - ci! . . . . .



## LITTLE-OH-DEAR

SEE, what a wonderful garden is here,  
Planted and trimmed for my Little-Oh-Dear!  
Posies so gaudy and grass of such brown—  
Search ye the country and hunt ye the town  
And never ye 'll meet with a garden so queer  
As this one I 've made for my Little-Oh-Dear!

Marigolds white and buttercups blue,  
Lilies all dabbled with honey and dew,  
The cactus that trails over trellis and wall,  
Roses and pansies and violets—all  
Make proper obeisance and reverent cheer  
When into her garden steps Little-Oh-Dear.

And up at the top of that lavender-tree  
A silver-bird singeth as only can she;  
For, ever and only, she singeth the song  
"I love you—I love you!" the happy day long;—  
Then the echo—the echo that smiteth me here!  
"I love you, I love you," my Little-Oh-Dear!

The garden may wither, the silver-bird fly—  
But what careth my little precious, or I?  
From her pathway of flowers that in springtime upstart  
She walketh the tenderer way in my heart.  
And, oh, it is always the summer-time *here*  
With that song of "I love you," my Little-Oh-Dear!

# LITTLE-OH-DEAR

Music by REGINALD DE KOVEN

*Allegretto Gracioso.*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melody of eighth notes with accents, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment of eighth notes. The tempo is marked *Allegretto Gracioso* and the dynamic is *mf*.

The first system includes a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a rest followed by the lyrics "1. See what a won - der - ful gar - den is here,". The piano accompaniment is marked *p* and *poco rall.*. The dynamic for the vocal line is *mf*.

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes the lyrics "Plant - ed and trimm'd for my Lit - tle - Oh - Dear! Po - sies so gaud - y and". The piano accompaniment is marked *p* and *cresc.*. The dynamic for the vocal line is *cresc.*.

grass of such brown, Search ye the coun - try and hunt ye the town And

nev - er ye'll meet with a gar - den so queer As this one I've made for my

*f* *rall.*  
*colla voce.*  
*Ped.* \*

Lit - tle - Oh - Dear! Lit - tle - Oh - Dear! Lit - tle - Oh - Dear! As

*a tempo.* *p con tenerezza.* *rall.*

this one I've made for my Lit - tle - Oh - Dear!

*molto.* *a tempo.*  
*p colla voce.* *f*

*dim.*

*f Poco piu Allegro.*

2. Mar - i-golds white and but - ter-cups blue, Lil - ies all dab - bled with

*Semplice.*

hon - ey and dew, The creep - er that trails o'er trel - lis and wall,

*rall.* *a tempo. cresc.*

Ros - es and pan - sies and vi - o - lets, all Make prop - er o - bei-sance and

*cresc.*

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

rev - e - rent cheer When in - to her gar - den steps Lit - tle - Oh - Dear!

*colla voce.* *f*

*Tempo Imo.*

3. And

*f* *rall.* *p*

*Ped.* \*

*mf*

up at the top of a lav - en - der tree, A sil - ver bird sing - eth as

*p*

*cresc.*

on - ly can she; For, ev - er and on - ly, she sing - eth the song, "I

*cresc.*

love you, I love you," the hap - py day long. And oh, 'tis al - ways the

*f*

sum - mer time here with that song, "I love you," my Lit - tle - Oh - Dear!

*rall.* *a tempo.*

*colla voce.*

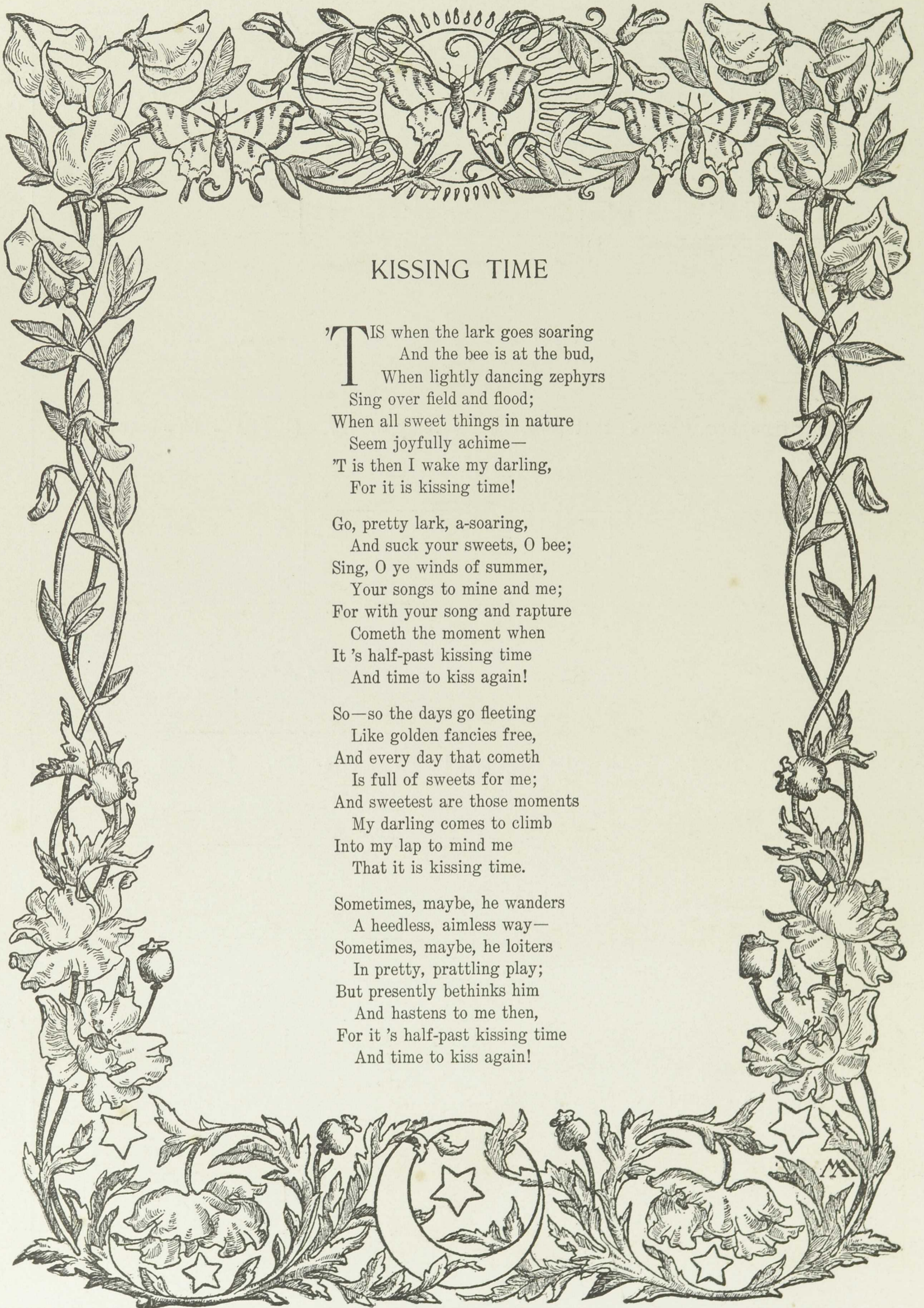
Lit - tle - Oh - Dear! Lit - tle - Oh - Dear! "I love you, I love you," my

*p con tenerezza.* *rall. molto.*

*p colla voce.*

Lit - tle - Oh - Dear!

*pp* *Perdendosi.*



## KISSING TIME

'TIS when the lark goes soaring  
And the bee is at the bud,  
When lightly dancing zephyrs  
Sing over field and flood;  
When all sweet things in nature  
Seem joyfully achime—  
'T is then I wake my darling,  
For it is kissing time!

Go, pretty lark, a-soaring,  
And suck your sweets, O bee;  
Sing, O ye winds of summer,  
Your songs to mine and me;  
For with your song and rapture  
Cometh the moment when  
It's half-past kissing time  
And time to kiss again!

So—so the days go fleeting  
Like golden fancies free,  
And every day that cometh  
Is full of sweets for me;  
And sweetest are those moments  
My darling comes to climb  
Into my lap to mind me  
That it is kissing time.

Sometimes, maybe, he wanders  
A heedless, aimless way—  
Sometimes, maybe, he loiters  
In pretty, prattling play;  
But presently bethinks him  
And hastens to me then,  
For it's half-past kissing time  
And time to kiss again!



# KISSING TIME

Music by G. W. CHADWICK

*Allegretto scherzando.*

Piano introduction in 2/4 time, marked *Allegretto scherzando*. The music features a treble and bass staff with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The treble staff begins with a triplet of eighth notes and continues with a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff provides a simple accompaniment.

1. 'Tis when the lark goes soaring And the bee is at the

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the first line of lyrics. The vocal line is in a treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in a grand staff. The piano part includes a piano (*p*) dynamic marking.

bud, When lightly dancing zephyrs sing

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the second line of lyrics. The vocal line is in a treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in a grand staff.

o - ver field and flood; When all things sweet in

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the third line of lyrics. The vocal line is in a treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in a grand staff.

na - ture Seem joy - ful - ly a - chime — 'Tis

then I wake my dar - - ling, For it is kiss - ing time!

*p*

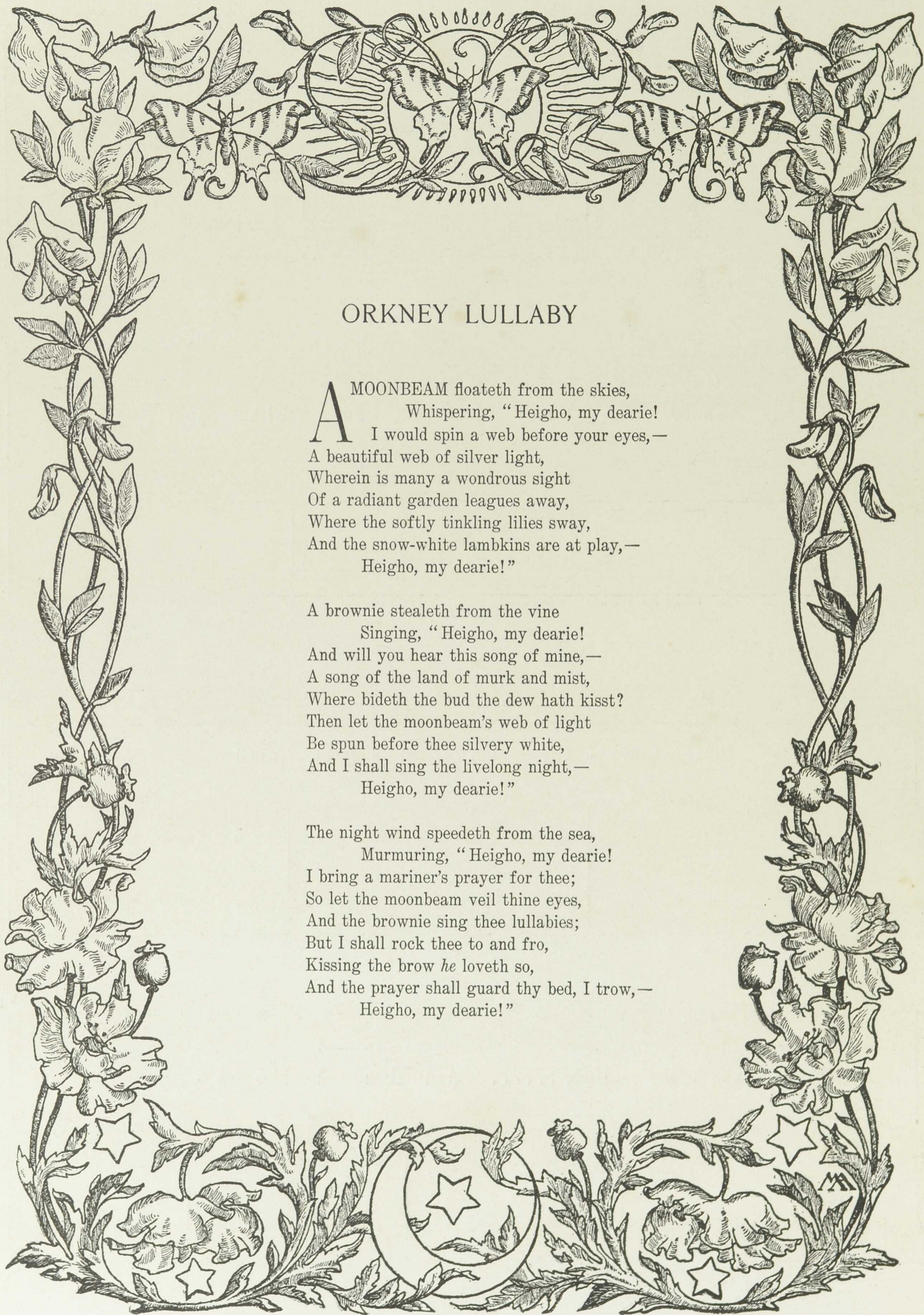
2. Go, pret - ty lark, a - - soar - - ing, And suck your sweets, 0

bee ; Sing, O ye winds of sum - mer, Your

songs to mine and me ; For with your song and

rap - ture Com - eth the mo - ment when It's

half - past kiss - ing time, . . . . . And time to kiss a - gain.



## ORKNEY LULLABY

A MOONBEAM floateth from the skies,  
Whispering, "Heigho, my dearie!  
I would spin a web before your eyes,—  
A beautiful web of silver light,  
Wherein is many a wondrous sight  
Of a radiant garden leagues away,  
Where the softly tinkling lilies sway,  
And the snow-white lambkins are at play,—  
Heigho, my dearie!"

A brownie stealeth from the vine  
Singing, "Heigho, my dearie!  
And will you hear this song of mine,—  
A song of the land of murk and mist,  
Where bideth the bud the dew hath kisst?  
Then let the moonbeam's web of light  
Be spun before thee silvery white,  
And I shall sing the livelong night,—  
Heigho, my dearie!"

The night wind speedeth from the sea,  
Murmuring, "Heigho, my dearie!  
I bring a mariner's prayer for thee;  
So let the moonbeam veil thine eyes,  
And the brownie sing thee lullabies;  
But I shall rock thee to and fro,  
Kissing the brow *he* loveth so,  
And the prayer shall guard thy bed, I trow,—  
Heigho, my dearie!"

# ORKNEY LULLABY

*Andantino gracioso.*

Music by REGINALD DE KOVEN

mf *dim.* *pp*

*con sentimento.*

1. A moonbeam floateth from the skies, Whisp'ring, "Heigho! my dear- ie! my dear- ie! I'd

*p* *sostenuto.* *dim.*

Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \*

spin a web be-fore your eyes, . . . . . A beau-ti-ful web of sil-ver light,

*poco animando.*

Ped. \* Ped. \*

Where-in is many a wondrous sight Of a radiant garden leagues away, Where the soft-ly tinkling

*pp* *pp*

*rall.* *a tempo.*

li - lies sway, Where the soft-ly tinkling lilies sway, And the snow white lambkins

*a tempo.*

*pp* *molto rall.* *mf*

Ped. \*

*rall.* *mf*

are at play, Heigh - o! heigh - o! heigh - o! my dear - ie.

Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \*

*pp* *molto rall.*

Where the snow white lamb-kins are at play, Heigh - o! my dear - ie!"

*pp*

*a tempo.*

*mf* *dim.* *pp*

*con sentimento.*  
*mf* *dim.*

2. A brownie stealeth from the vine, Singing, "Heigh-o, my dear - ie, my dear - ie! And

*p* *sostenuto.*

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

will you hear this song of mine, . . . . . A song of the land of murk and mist,

*poco animando.*

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

Where hides the bud the dew hath kiss'd, Then let the moonbeam's web of light Be spun before thee,

*pp*

*pp*

*rall.* *a tempo.*

silv'ry white. In the silver moonbeam's web of light I will sing to thee the

*a tempo.*

*pp molto rall.* *mf*

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

*rall.* *mf.*

live-long night, Heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh - o, my dear - ie!

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

*pp molto rall.*

I shall sing the live-long night, Heigh - o, my dear - ie!"

*pp*

*Poco agitato.* *mf Misterioso.* *cres.*

3. The night-wind speedeth from the sea, Murm'ring, "Heigh-o, my

*Marcato.* *f* *p* *cres.*

*dim.* *p* *Poco pressando.*

dear - ie, my dear - ie! I bring a mar'ner's pray'r to thee, . . . . . So let the

*p* *Poco pressando.*

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*



*cres.* *p*

moonbeam veil thine eyes, And the brownie sing thee lul - la-bies, But I shall rock thee to and fro,

*cres.* *p*

*dim.* *rall.* *Tempo I. p*

Kiss - ing the brow he lov-eth so, But I shall rock thee to and fro,

*dim.* *pp molto rall.* *p*

*Ped.* \*

*con sentimento.* *mf.*

And the pray'r shall guard thy bed I trow, Heigh-o, heigh - o, heigh - o, my dear - ie!

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

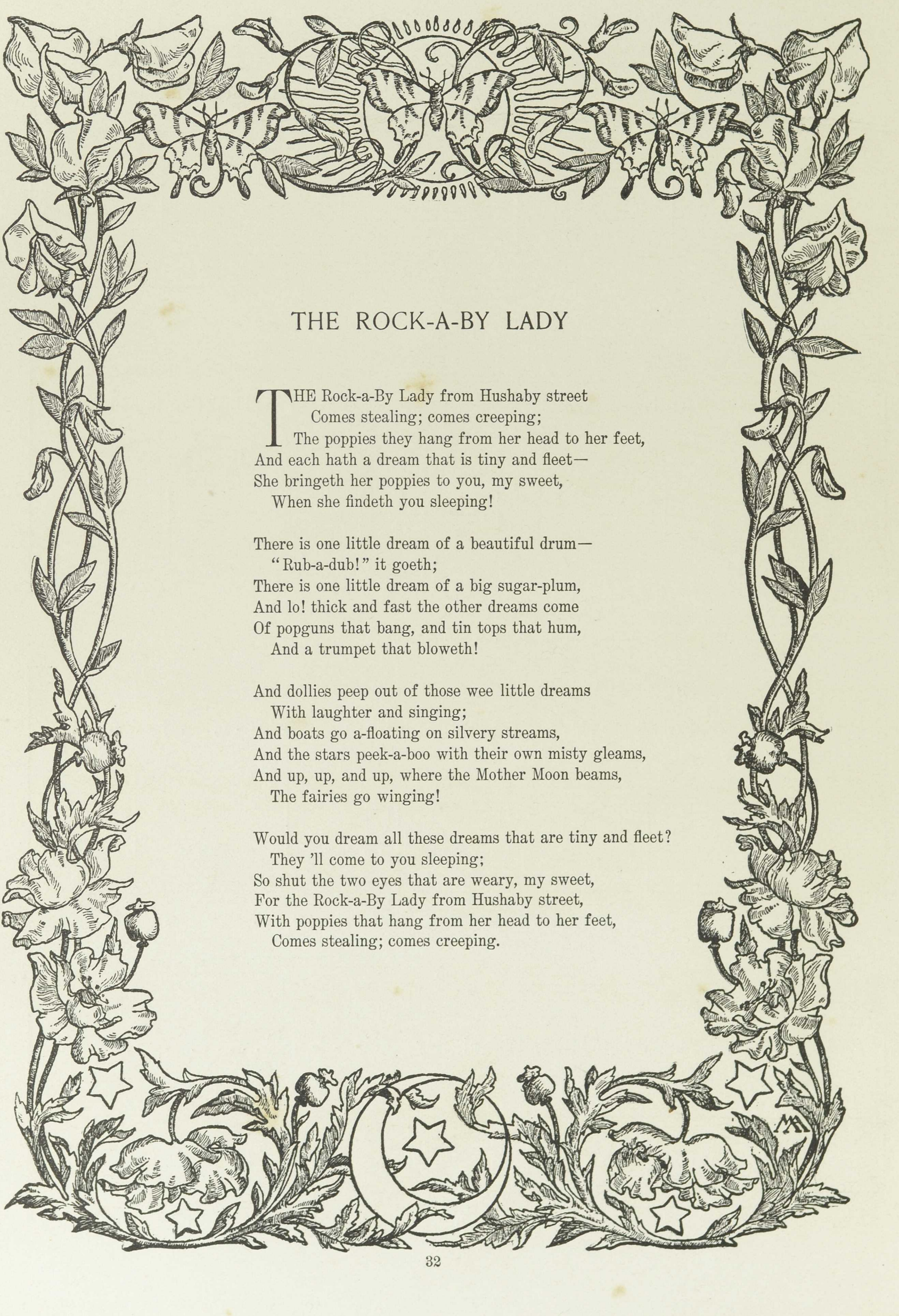
*rit.* *p molto rall.*

And the pray'r shall guard thy bed I trow, Heigh-o! my dear - - ie!" . . . . .

*sempre ritard.*

*colla voce.* *pp dim.* *ppp*

*Ped.* \*



## THE ROCK-A-BY LADY

THE Rock-a-By Lady from Hushaby street  
Comes stealing; comes creeping;  
The poppies they hang from her head to her feet,  
And each hath a dream that is tiny and fleet—  
She bringeth her poppies to you, my sweet,  
When she findeth you sleeping!

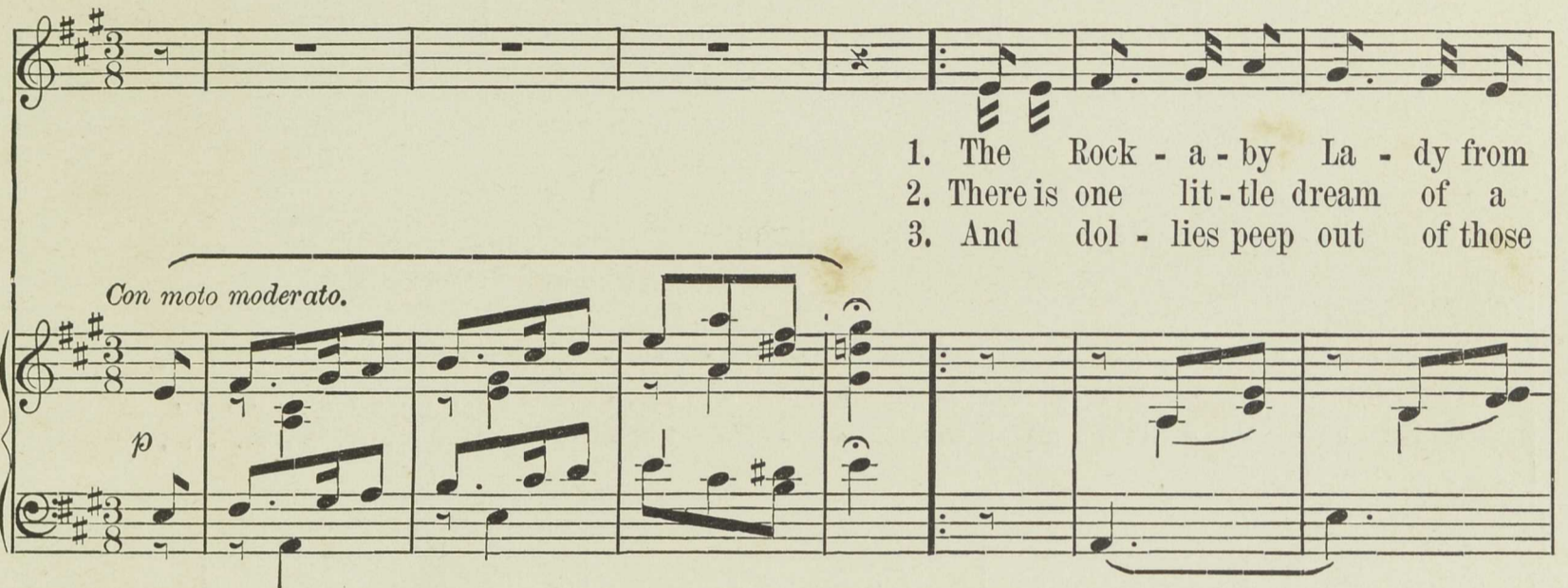
There is one little dream of a beautiful drum—  
“Rub-a-dub!” it goeth;  
There is one little dream of a big sugar-plum,  
And lo! thick and fast the other dreams come  
Of popguns that bang, and tin tops that hum,  
And a trumpet that bloweth!

And dollies peep out of those wee little dreams  
With laughter and singing;  
And boats go a-floating on silvery streams,  
And the stars peek-a-boo with their own misty gleams,  
And up, up, and up, where the Mother Moon beams,  
The fairies go winging!

Would you dream all these dreams that are tiny and fleet?  
They ’ll come to you sleeping;  
So shut the two eyes that are weary, my sweet,  
For the Rock-a-By Lady from Hushaby street,  
With poppies that hang from her head to her feet,  
Comes stealing; comes creeping.

# THE ROCK-A-BY LADY

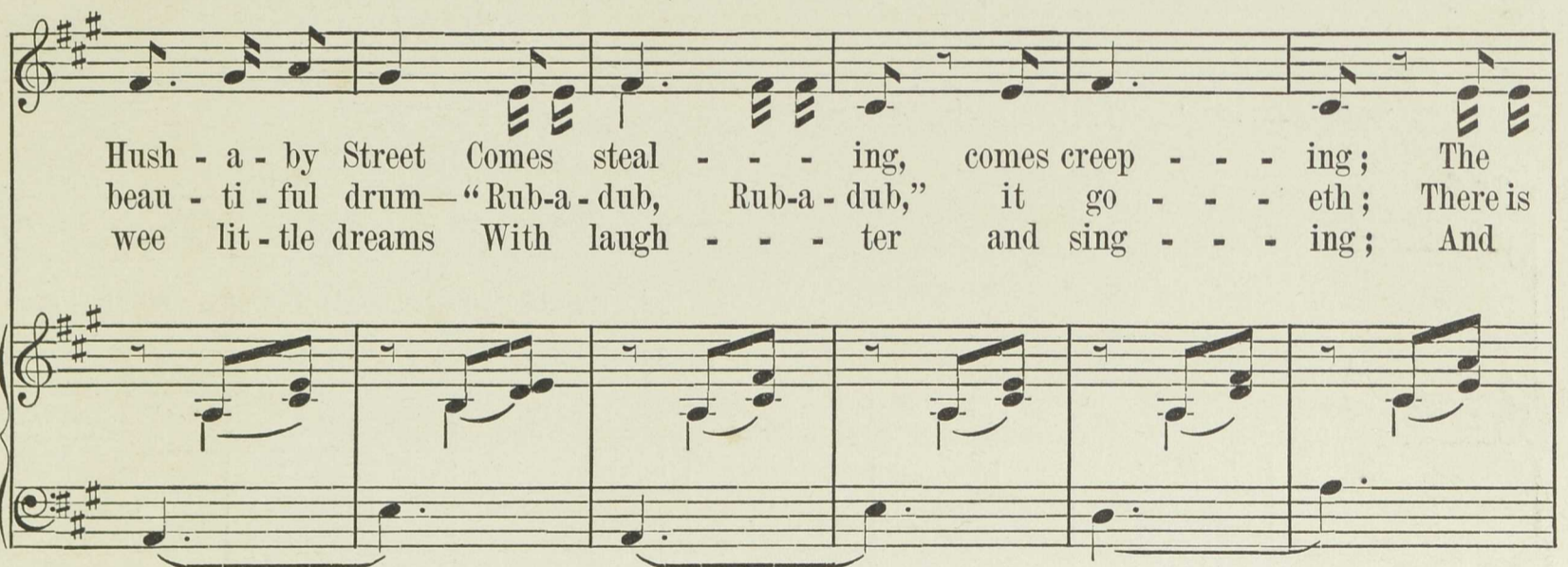
Music by W. W. GILCHRIST



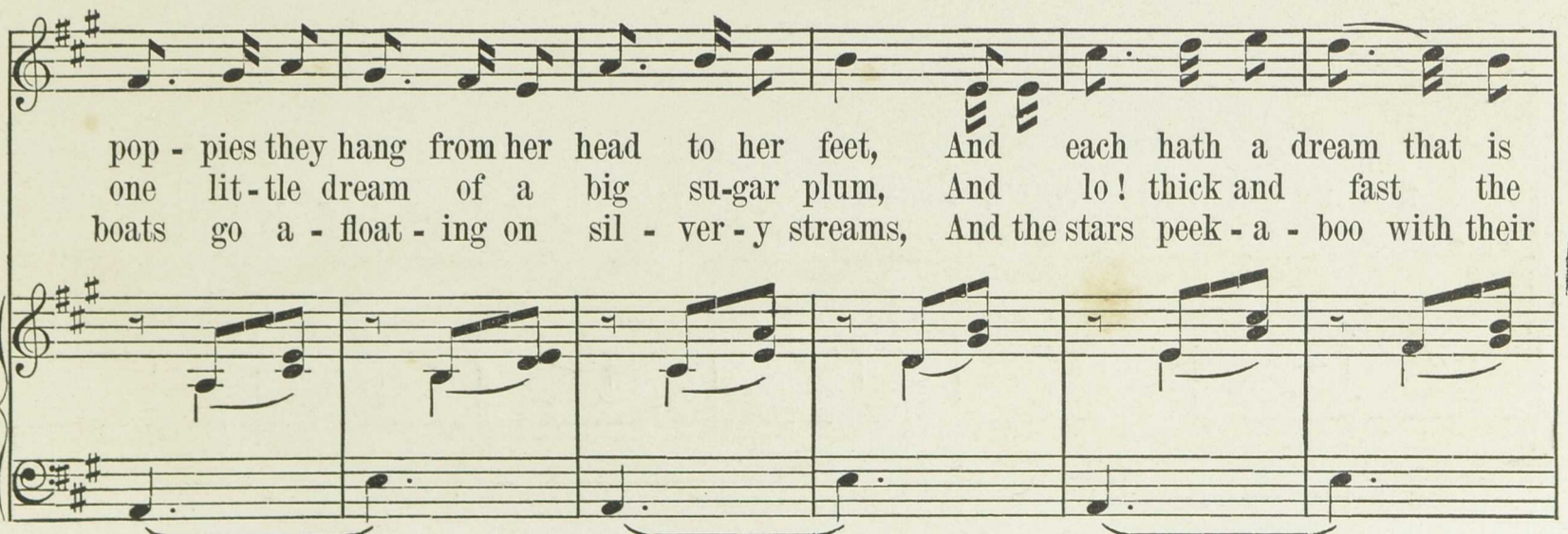
1. The Rock - a - by La - dy from  
2. There is one lit - tle dream of a  
3. And dol - lies peep out of those

*Con moto moderato.*

*p*



Hush - a - by Street Comes steal - - - ing, comes creep - - - ing; The  
beau - ti - ful drum—"Rub-a - dub, Rub-a - dub," it go - - - eth; There is  
wee lit - tle dreams With laugh - - - ter and sing - - - ing; And



pop - pies they hang from her head to her feet, And each hath a dream that is  
one lit - tle dream of a big su - gar plum, And lo! thick and fast the  
boats go a - float - ing on sil - ver - y streams, And the stars peek - a - boo with their

ti - ny and fleet, She bring - eth her pop - pies to you, my sweet, When she  
oth - er dreams come Of pop-guns that bang, and tin - tops that hum, And a  
own mist-y gleams, And up, up and up where the Moth - er-Moon beams, The

find - - - - eth you sleep - - - - - ing. . . . .  
trum - - - - pet that blow - - - - - eth! . . . . .  
fai - - - - ries go wing - - - - - ing. . . . .

*poco rall.*

4. Would you dream all these dreams that are

ti - ny and fleet? They'll come to you sleep - - - - ing; So

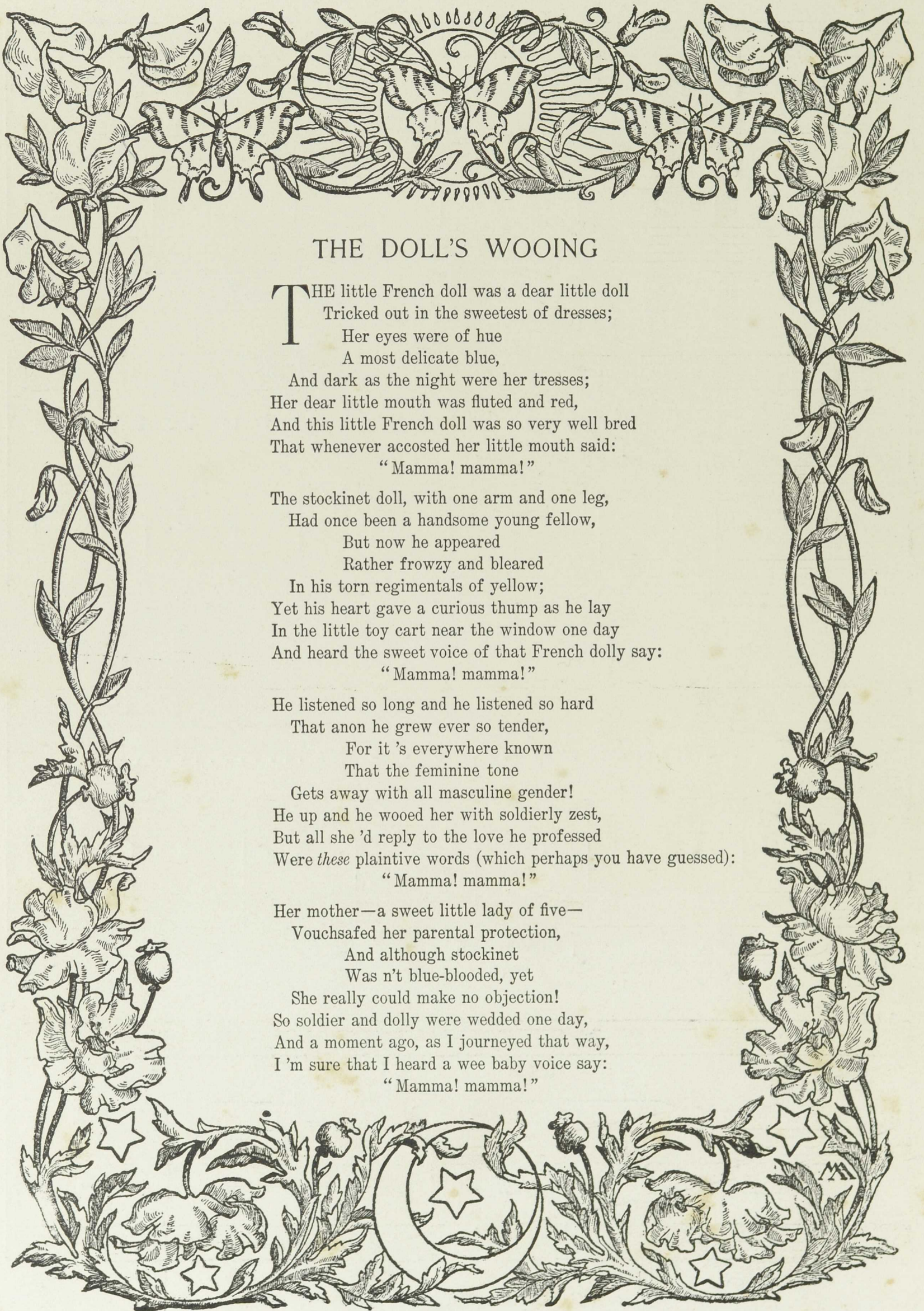
shut the two eyes that are wea - ry, my sweet, For the Rock - a - by La - dy from

Hush - a - by Street, With pop-pies that hang from her head to her feet, Comes

steal - - - ing, comes creep - - - ing. . . . .

*poco rall.*

*pp* *rall.*



## THE DOLL'S WOOING

THE little French doll was a dear little doll  
Tricked out in the sweetest of dresses;  
Her eyes were of hue  
A most delicate blue,  
And dark as the night were her tresses;  
Her dear little mouth was fluted and red,  
And this little French doll was so very well bred  
That whenever accosted her little mouth said:  
"Mamma! mamma!"

The stockinet doll, with one arm and one leg,  
Had once been a handsome young fellow,  
But now he appeared  
Rather frowzy and bleared  
In his torn regimentals of yellow;  
Yet his heart gave a curious thump as he lay  
In the little toy cart near the window one day  
And heard the sweet voice of that French dolly say:  
"Mamma! mamma!"

He listened so long and he listened so hard  
That anon he grew ever so tender,  
For it 's everywhere known  
That the feminine tone  
Gets away with all masculine gender!  
He up and he wooed her with soldierly zest,  
But all she 'd reply to the love he professed  
Were *these* plaintive words (which perhaps you have guessed):  
"Mamma! mamma!"

Her mother—a sweet little lady of five—  
Vouchsafed her parental protection,  
And although stockinet  
Was n't blue-blooded, yet  
She really could make no objection!  
So soldier and dolly were wedded one day,  
And a moment ago, as I journeyed that way,  
I'm sure that I heard a wee baby voice say:  
"Mamma! mamma!"

# THE DOLL'S WOOING

Music by CLAYTON JOHNS

*Poco Allegretto.*

1. The

This system contains the first four measures of the piece. It features a piano accompaniment with a treble and bass clef, and a vocal line starting with a treble clef. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 6/8. The piano part includes a 'C' time signature change in the second measure. The vocal line begins with a whole note on the G4 line.

lit - tle French doll was a dear lit - tle doll, Tricked out in the sweet - est of

*Non legato.*

This system contains the next four measures. The vocal line continues with eighth notes. The piano accompaniment is marked 'Non legato' and consists of block chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand.

dress - es; Her eyes were of hue, a most del - i - cate blue, And

This system contains the final four measures. The vocal line continues with eighth notes. The piano accompaniment continues with block chords and single notes.

dark as the night were her tress - - es; Her dear lit - tle mouth was

flu - ted and red, And this lit - tle French doll was so ve - ry well bred, That when -

- ev - er ac - cos - ted her lit - tle mouth said, "Mam - ma! Mam -

ma!"

2. The



Stock - i - net doll, with one arm and one leg, Had once been a hand-some young

fel - low; But now he ap - peared Rath - er frow - zy and bleared In his

torn reg - i - men - tals of yel - - low; Yet his heart gave a cu - ri - ous

thump as he lay in the lit - tle toy cart near the win - dow one day, And

heard the sweet-voice of that French dol - ly say : "Mam - ma ! Mam -

ma !" Her

*Sva.....*

moth-er — a sweet lit - tle la - dy of five — Vouch-safed her pa - ren - tal pro -

*Non legato.*

tec - tion, And al-though Stock-i - net was - n't blue - blood - ed, Yet she

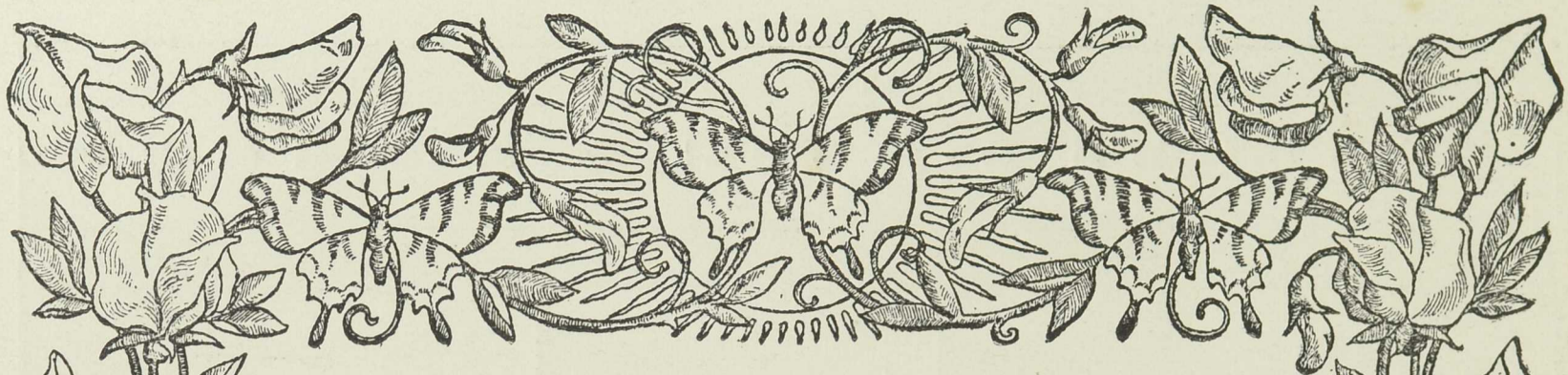
real - ly could make no ob - jec - tion! So sol - dier and dol - ly were

wed - ded one day, And a mo - ment a - go as I jour - neyed that way, I'm

sure that I heard a wee ba - by voice say, "Mam - ma! mam -

- ma!"

*Solo...*



## NIGHTFALL IN DORDRECHT

THE mill goes toiling slowly around  
With steady and solemn creak,  
And my little one hears in the kindly sound  
The voice of the old mill speak.  
While round and round those big white wings  
Grimly and ghostlike creep,  
My little one hears that the old mill sings:  
"Sleep, little tulip, sleep!"

The sails are reefed and the nets are drawn,  
And, over his pot of beer,  
The fisher, against the morrow's dawn,  
Lustily maketh cheer;  
He mocks at the winds that caper along  
From the far-off clamorous deep—  
But we—we love their lullaby song  
Of "Sleep, little tulip, sleep!"

Old dog Fritz in slumber sound  
Groans of the stony mart—  
To-morrow how proudly he 'll trot you round,  
Hitched to our new milk-cart!  
And you shall help me blanket the kine  
And fold the gentle sheep  
And set the herring a-soak in brine—  
But now, little tulip, sleep!

A Dream-One comes to button the eyes  
That wearily droop and blink,  
While the old mill buffets the frowning skies  
And scolds at the stars that wink;  
Over your face the misty wings  
Of that beautiful Dream-One sweep,  
And rocking your cradle she softly sings:  
"Sleep, little tulip, sleep!"



# NIGHTFALL IN DORDRECHT

Music by REGINALD DE KOVEN

*Allegretto Moderato.*

Introduction in 4/8 time, marked *f* and *p*.

1. The mill goes toil - ing  
2. The sails are reef'd, the

slow - ly around With stead - y and sol - emn creak,  
nets are drawn, And o - ver his pot of beer

And my lit - tle one hears in the  
The fisher a - gainst the

kind - ly sound, My little one hears in the kind - ly sound The voice of the old mill  
mor - row's dawn, The fisher a - gainst the mor - row's dawn So lus - ti - ly mak - eth

speak, The voice of the old mill speak. While round and round those  
 cheer, So lus - ti - ly mak - eth cheer ; He mocks the winds that

big white wings Grim - ly and ghost-like creep. . . . . My little one hears that the  
 dance a - long from the far off clam-'rous deep. . . . . But we, we love their

old mill sings : "Sleep, little tu - lip, sleep, lit - tle tu - lip, sleep," While  
 lul-la-by song of "Sleep, little tu - lip, sleep, lit - tle tu - lip, sleep," While

round and round the mill wings So grim and ghost - like creep, My  
 round and round the mill wings So grim and ghost - like creep, My

*cresc.*

lit - tle one, my lit - tle one, the old mill is a sing - ing, "Sleep, lit - tle tu - lip, sleep."  
 lit - tle one, my lit - tle one, the old mill is a sing - ing, "Sleep, lit - tle tu - lip, sleep."

*p*

*Tempo Imo.*

*f*

*p*

*mf*

3. A Dream - One comes to

*pp*

*p*

but - ton the eyes That wea - ri - ly droop and blink, While the old mill buffets the

*cresc.*

*Ped.* \*

*dim.* *p*

frown - ing skies The old mill buffets the frown - ing skies, And scolds at the stars that

*mf*

wink, And scolds at the stars that wink; Then o'er your face the

mist - y wings of that beautiful Dream-One sweep, . . . . And rock - ing your cradle she

*cresc.*

*poco pressando.* *rall. f*

soft - ly sings: "Sleep, little tu - lip, sleep, little tu - lip, sleep, While

*colla voce.* *rall.*



*mf a tempo.*

o'er your face the Dream-One her mist - y wings doth sweep. My

*a tempo.*

*cresc.*

lit - tle one, my lit - tle one, the old mill is a sing - ing, "Sleep, little tu - lip, sleep,

*cresc.*

*p*

*dim.*

sleep, sleep, sleep, little tu - lip, sleep." .....

*rall.*

*dim.* *e* *rall.* *al* *pp* *Fine.*

*ppp*

*Ped.*



## THE BROOK

I LOOKED in the brook and saw a face—  
Heigh-ho, but a child was I!  
There were rushes and willows in that place,  
And they clutched at the brook as the brook ran by;  
And the brook it ran its own sweet way,  
As a child doth run in heedless play,  
And as it ran I heard it say:  
“Hasten with me  
To the roistering sea  
That is wroth with the flame of the morning sky!”

I look in the brook and see a face—  
Heigh-ho, but the years go by!  
The rushes are dead in the old-time place,  
And the willows I knew when a child was I.  
And the brook it seemeth to me to say,  
As ever it stealeth on its way—  
Solemnly now, and not in play:  
“Oh, come with me  
To the slumbrous sea  
That is gray with the peace of the evening sky!”

*Heigh-ho, but the years go by—  
I would to God that a child were I!*

# THE BROOK

Music by ARTHUR FOOTE

*Moderato grazioso.*

1. I looked ..... in the

brook and saw ..... a face - ..... Heigh -

ho, ..... but a child was I!.....

*p* *cresc.* *f*

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

There were rush - es and wil - lows in that place, And they

*Ped.* \*

clutched at the brook as the brook ran by; And the brook it ran its

*Ped.* \*

own sweet way, As a child doth run in heed - less play, . . . . . And as it

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

ran I heard it say : . . . . . "Hast - en with me . . . . ."

*Animato.* *f* *Ped.* \*

*Sempre animato.*

..... To the rois - ter - ing sea ..... That is

This system contains the first two lines of music. The vocal line is on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The lyrics are "..... To the rois - ter - ing sea ..... That is". The piano accompaniment consists of two staves (treble and bass clefs). The right hand plays a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes, while the left hand plays a bass line with some rests. Pedal markings are present: a star symbol followed by "Ped." under the first and second measures of the piano part, and another star symbol at the end of the system.

wroth with the flame of the morn - ing sky!".....

This system contains the next two lines of music. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "wroth with the flame of the morn - ing sky!"..... The piano accompaniment features a dynamic shift from *f* (forte) to *ff* (fortissimo) in the second measure. Pedal markings include a star symbol followed by "Ped." under the first, second, and fourth measures of the piano part, and another star symbol at the end of the system.

*ritard* - - - - *al* - - - - *tempo.*

This system contains the piano accompaniment for the third line of music. The tempo markings *ritard* and *al tempo.* are placed above the staff. The dynamics are *mf* (mezzo-forte) and *p* (piano). The piano part features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in both hands.

*pp*

2. I look ..... in the brook and

This system contains the final two lines of music. The vocal line begins with the second ending, "2. I look ..... in the brook and". The piano accompaniment starts with a dynamic marking of *pp* (pianissimo). Pedal markings include a star symbol followed by "Ped." under the first measure of the piano part, and another star symbol at the end of the system.

see . . . . . a face — . . . . . Heigh - ho, . . . . .

*mf*  
*dim.*  
*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

. . . . . but the years go by! . . . . . The

*p*  
*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

rush - es are dead in the old - time place, And the wil-lows I knew when a

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

child was I. And the brook it seem-eth to me to say, As

*p*  
*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

ev - er it steal - eth on its way—..... Solemn-ly now, and not in

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

play:..... *p* *sempre dolce, espressivo.*  
 “Oh, come with me..... To the

*p rit. - al - - - tempo.* *meno mosso.* *sempre p*

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

slumb - rous sea..... That is gray with the peace of the eve-ning

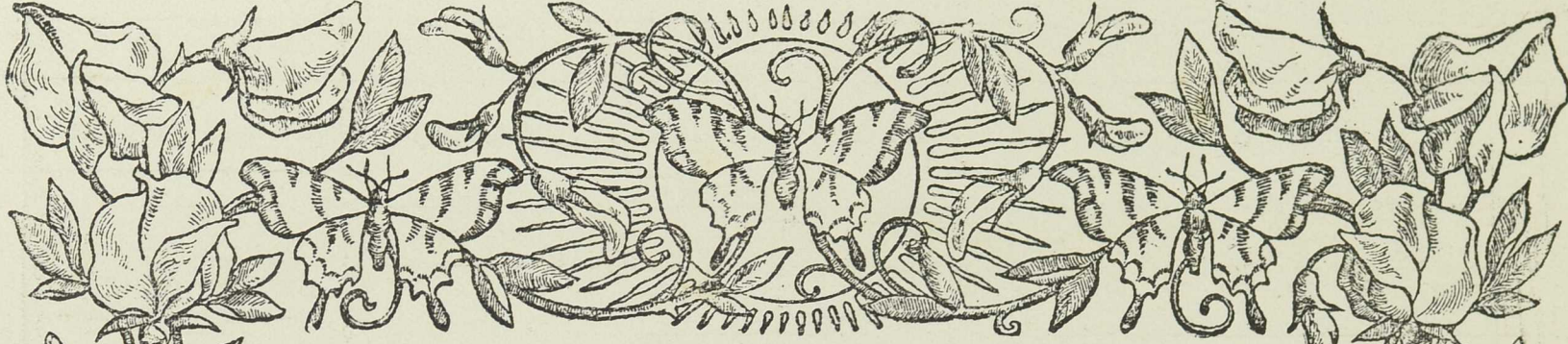
*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

sky!”.....

*Svu.....*

*ritard.*

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*



“ FIDDLE-DEE-DEE ”

THERE once was a bird that lived up in a tree,  
And all he could whistle was “ Fiddle-dee-dee ”—  
A very provoking, unmusical song  
For one to be whistling the summer day long!  
Yet always contented and busy was he  
With that vocal recurrence of “ Fiddle-dee-dee.”

Hard by lived a brave little soldier of four,  
That weird iteration repented him sore;  
“ I prithee, Dear-Mother-Mine! fetch me my gun,  
For, by our St. Didy! the deed must be done  
That shall presently rid all creation and me  
Of that ominous bird and his ‘ Fiddle-dee-dee ’ ! ”

Then out came Dear-Mother-Mine, bringing her son  
His awfully truculent little red gun;  
The stock was of pine and the barrel of tin,  
The “ bang ” it came out where the bullet went in—  
The right kind of weapon, I think you ’ ll agree,  
For slaying all fowl that go “ Fiddle-dee-dee ” !

The brave little soldier quoth never a word,  
But he up and he drew a straight bead on that bird;  
And, while that vain creature provokingly sang,  
The gun it went off with a terrible bang!  
Then loud laughed the youth—“ By my Bottle,” cried he,  
“ I ’ ve put a quietus on ‘ Fiddle-dee-dee ’ ! ”

Out came then Dear-Mother-Mine, saying: “ My son,  
Right well have you wrought with your little red gun!  
Hereafter no evil at all need I fear,  
With such a brave soldier as You-My-Love here!”  
She kissed the dear boy.

[The bird in the tree  
Continued to whistle his “ Fiddle-dee-dee ” !]



# "FIDDLE-DEE-DEE"

Music by REGINALD DE KOVEN

Allegro Gracioso.

*mf* *leggiero.* *f* *cresc.*

The first system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 2/4 time signature. The middle and bottom staves are a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The music begins with a rest in the top staff, followed by a melodic line in the middle staff and a bass line in the bottom staff. The tempo is marked 'Allegro Gracioso'. Dynamics include *mf*, *leggiero.*, *f*, and *cresc.*

*f*

The second system of music continues the piece. It features a treble staff with a melodic line and a grand staff with a bass line. The dynamics are marked *f*. The music is characterized by rhythmic patterns and melodic motifs.

*f* *ff* WHISTLE. *f*

The third system of music includes a treble staff with a melodic line and a grand staff with a bass line. The dynamics are marked *f*, *ff* WHISTLE., and *f*. The music features a prominent whistle-like melody in the treble staff.

1. There once was a bird that lived up in a tree,
2. Hard by lived a brave lit-tle sol - dier of four,

And  
That

*mf* *f*

The fourth system of music consists of a treble staff with a melodic line and a grand staff with a bass line. The dynamics are marked *mf* and *f*. The music concludes with a final melodic flourish in the treble staff.

*ff* WHISTLE.

all he could whis-tle was "Fiddle-dee - dee,"  
 wiert it - e - ra - tion re-pented him sore;

A  
 "I

*Deciso.* *cresc.* *poco rall.* *f*

ve-ry pro - voking un - mu - si-cal song, For one to be whistling the summer day long. Yet  
 prithee, Dear-Mother-Mine ! fetch me my gun, For, by our St. Di-dy, the deed must be done That shall

*Deciso.* *colla voce.*

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

al - ways contented and busy was he, With that vocal re - cur - rence of Fiddle-dee-dee.  
 presently rid all cre - a-tion and me of that ominous bird and his Fiddle-dee-dee."

*a tempo.* *colla voce.* *ff*

*Giocoso.* WHISTLE. *cresc.*

Fiddle-diddle-diddle-dee-dee.  
 Fiddle-diddle-diddle-dee-dee.

With that  
 Of that

vocal recurrence of Fiddle-dee - dee, Of fiddle-diddle-diddle-diddle-dee-dee, Of  
 om-inous bird and his Fiddle-dee - dee, His fiddle-diddle-diddle-diddle-dee-dee, His

*cresc.*

*ff*

fid-dle-diddle-diddle-dee - dee.  
 fid-dle-diddle-diddle-dee -

*1st verse.*

*rall.* *a tempo.*

*f*

- dee.

*2d verse.*

*leggiero.*

*ff*

3. The brave lit-tle sol-dier quoth nev-er a word, But he  
 4. Out came then Dear-Mother-Mine saying, "My son, Right

WHISTLE.

up and he drew a straight bead on that bird, And  
 well have you wrought with your little red gun; Here -

WHISTLE.

while that vain creature provok - ing - ly sang, The gun it went off with a hor - ri - ble bang! Then  
 - af - ter no e - vil at all need I fear With such a brave sol - dier as You - My - Love here." She

*Deciso.* *cresc.* *poco rall.* *Deciso.* *colla voce.*

loud laughed the youth, "By my Bottle," cried he, "I have put a quiet-us on Fiddle-dee-dee!"  
 kiss'd the dear Boy, but the Bird in the tree Con - tinued to whistle his "Fiddle-dee-dee!"

*a tempo.* *cresc.* *rall.* *a tempo.* *colla voce.* *f.*

*f Giocoso.* WHISTLE. *cresc.*

Fiddle-diddle-diddle-dee-dee!  
Fiddle-diddle-diddle-dee-dee!

I've  
Con -

put a qui - et-us on Fiddle-dee - dee, On fiddle-diddle-diddle-diddle-diddle-dee-dee! On  
- tinued to whistle his Fiddle-dee - dee, His fiddle-diddle-diddle-diddle-diddle-dee-dee! His

*cresc.*

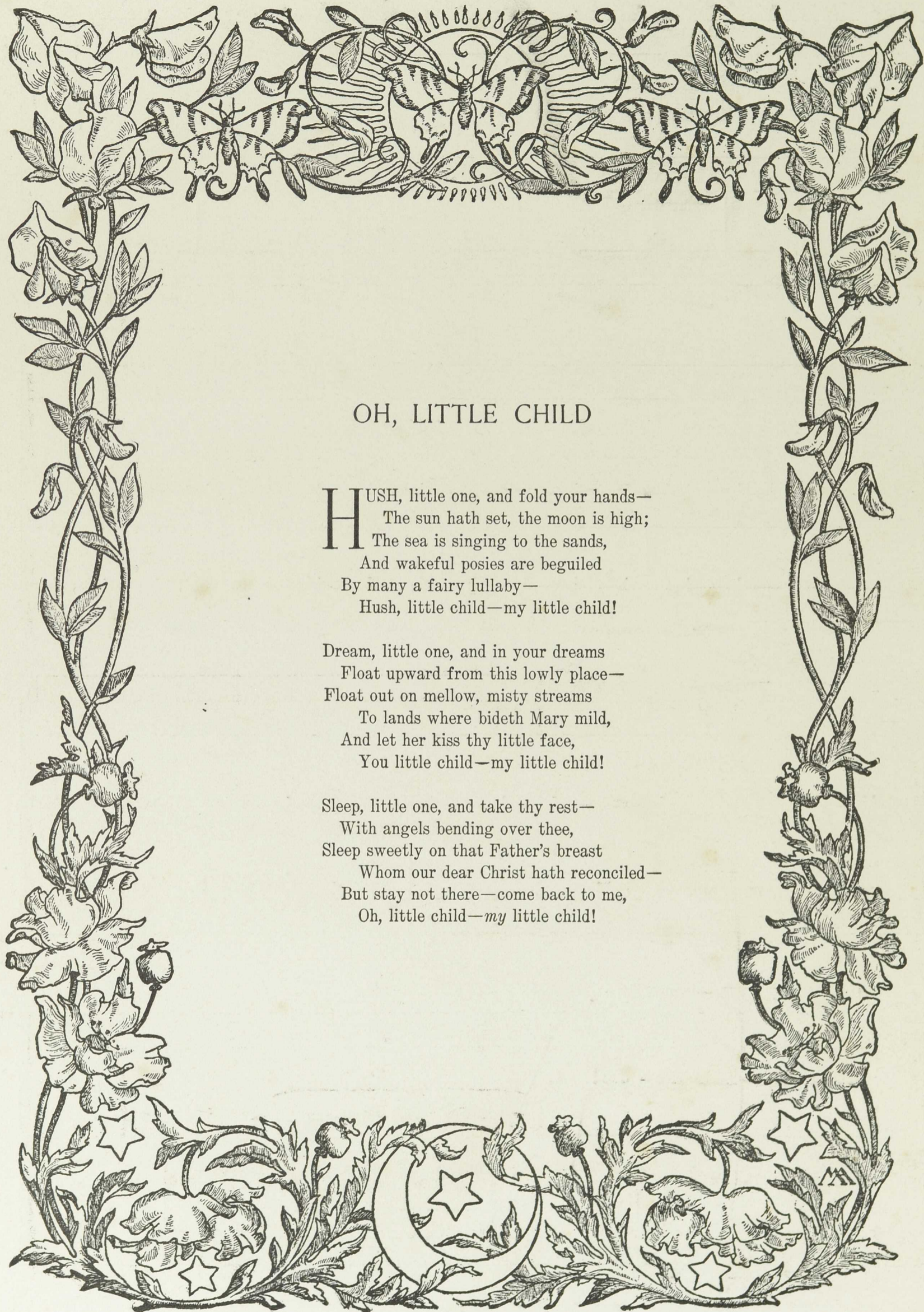
*3d verse.*

fid-dle-diddle-diddle-dee - dee!

*rall.* *a tempo.*

*Last verse. rall.*

fid-dle-diddle-diddle-dee - dee!



## OH, LITTLE CHILD

**H**USH, little one, and fold your hands—  
The sun hath set, the moon is high;  
The sea is singing to the sands,  
And wakeful posies are beguiled  
By many a fairy lullaby—  
Hush, little child—my little child!

Dream, little one, and in your dreams  
Float upward from this lowly place—  
Float out on mellow, misty streams  
To lands where bideth Mary mild,  
And let her kiss thy little face,  
You little child—my little child!

Sleep, little one, and take thy rest—  
With angels bending over thee,  
Sleep sweetly on that Father's breast  
Whom our dear Christ hath reconciled—  
But stay not there—come back to me,  
Oh, little child—*my* little child!

# OH, LITTLE CHILD

Music by GERRIT SMITH

*Molto moderato.*

1. Hush, lit - tle one, and

*mp*

fold your hands, The sun hath set, the moon is high ;

*poco riten.*

Hush, lit - tle one, and fold your hands, The sea is sing - ing to the sands, And

*colla voce.*

*Più mosso.*

wake - ful po - sies are be - guil'd By man - y a fai - ry lul - la - by ;

*Più mosso.*

*Meno mosso.* *poco ritenuto.*

Hush, lit - tle one, and fold your hands, Hush, lit - tle child, my

*of preceding.*  
*Meno mosso.* *ritard.*

lit - tle child, Lul-la-by, Lul-la-by, Lul - - - la -

*colla voce.*

*8: Tempo Imo.* FINE.

- by. 2. Dream, lit - tle one, and  
3. Sleep, lit - tle one, and

*mp*

in your dreams Float up - ward from this low - ly place;  
take thy rest With an - gels bend - - ing o - - ver thee,



*poco riten.*

Dream, lit - tle one, and in your dreams Float out on mel-low, mist - y streams To  
 Sleep, lit - tle one, and take thy rest, Sleep sweet - ly on that Father's breast, Whom

*colla voce.*

*Più mosso.*

lands where bid - eth Ma - ry mild, And let her kiss thy lit - tle face,  
 our dear Christ hath re - con-ciled, But stay not there—come back to me,

*Più mosso.*

*Meno mosso.* *poco ritenuto.*

Hush, lit - tle one, and fold your hands, Hush, lit - tle child, my

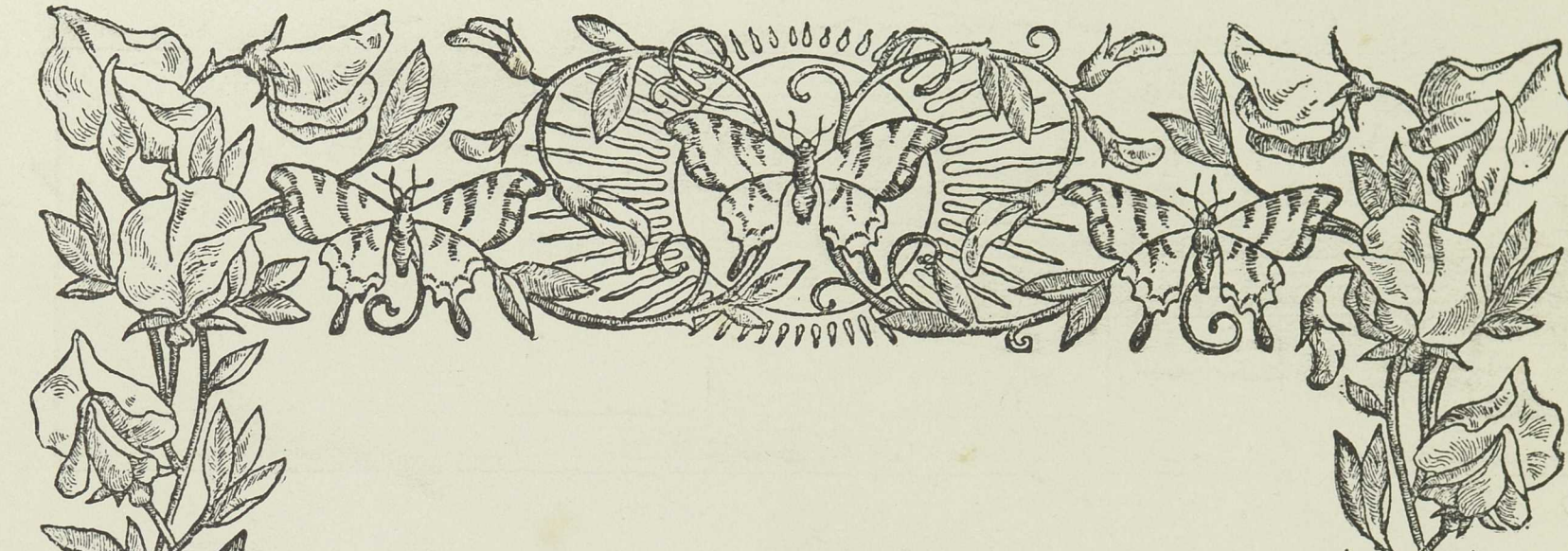
*colla voce.*

*of preceding.* *Meno mosso.* *ritard.*

lit - tle child. Lul-la-by, Lul-la-by, Lul - - - la -

*colla voce.*

*D. S. al Fine.*



## LITTLE BOY BLUE

THE little toy dog is covered with dust,  
But sturdy and stanch he stands;  
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,  
And his musket molds in his hands.  
Time was when the little toy dog was new,  
And the soldier was passing fair;  
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue  
Kissed them and put them there.

“Now, don’t you go till I come,” he said,  
“And don’t you make any noise!”  
So, toddling off to his trundle-bed,  
He dreamt of the pretty toys;  
And, as he was dreaming, an angel song  
Awakened our Little Boy Blue—  
Oh! the years are many, the years are long,  
But the little toy friends are true!

Aye, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,  
Each in the same old place—  
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,  
The smile of a little face;  
And they wonder, as waiting the long years through  
In the dust of that little chair,  
What has become of our Little Boy Blue,  
Since he kissed them and put them there.

# LITTLE BOY BLUE

Music by REGINALD DE KOVEN

The piano introduction consists of two staves in C major, 4/4 time. The right hand features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of quarter notes. A piano (*p*) dynamic marking is present at the beginning.

The first system includes a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and contains the lyrics: "1. The lit-tle toy dog is cover'd with dust, But stur-dy and staunch he stands; And the". The piano accompaniment continues with a similar rhythmic pattern, including a crescendo (*cres.*) marking.

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes the lyrics: "lit-tle toy sol-dier is red with rust, And his mus-ket molds in his hands. Time". The piano accompaniment features dynamic markings for crescendo (*cres.*), forte (*f*), and piano (*p*), and concludes with a piano-piano (*pp*) dynamic and a pedal (*Ped.*) instruction.

*con sentimento.* *rall.*

was when the lit - tle toy dog was new, And the sol - dier was pass ing

*p con sentimento.* *rall.*

*molto rall.*

fair; And that was the time when Lit tle Boy Blue

*molto rall.* *p*

*p* *mf Allegretto.*

Kiss'd them and put them there. For friends may fail, and the

*p* *mp*

*f*

world go wrong, But the lit - tle toy friends are true; . . . . . And

*f*

*rall.* *a tempo, con sentimento.*

lit - tle they care, tho' the years be long, They're wait - ing for Lit - tle Boy

*con molto espress.* *p*

Blue, . . . . . They're wait - ing for Lit - tle Boy Blue, . . . . .

*p* *colla voce.* *p*

*a tempo.*

2. "Now,  
3. Still

*p*

don't you go till I come," he said, "And don't you make a - ny noise!" So  
waiting for Lit - tle Boy Blue they stand, Each in the self - same place; Still a -

*cres.*

tod - dling off to his lit - tle bed, He dreamt of the pret - ty toys; And  
 - waiting the touch of a lit - tle hand, And the smile of a lit - tle face. And they

*f* *p*

*cres.* *f* *pp* *p*

*con sentimento.* *rall.*

as he was dream - ing, an an - gel song . . . A - wak - en'd our Lit - tle Boy  
 won - der, as wait - ing the long years through, In the dust of that lit - - tle

*p con sentimento.* *rall.*

*molto rall.* *f*

Blue. For the years are ma - ny, the years are long, But the  
 chair, What has be - come of Lit - tle Boy Blue Since he

*molto rall.* *f*

*p* *mf Allegretto.*

lit - tle toy friends are true; For friends may fail, and the  
 kiss'd them and put them there. For friends may fail, and the

*p* *mp*

world go wrong, But the lit - tle toy friends are true; . . . . . And

lit - tle they care, tho' the years be long, They're wait - ing for Lit - tle Boy

Blue, . . . . . Still wait - ing for Lit - tle Boy Blue, . . . . .

a tempo.



## ARMENIAN LULLABY

**I**F thou wilt close thy drowsy eyes,  
My mulberry one, my golden son,  
The rose shall sing thee lullabies,  
My pretty cosset lambkin!  
And thou shalt swing in an almond-tree,  
With a flood of moonbeams rocking thee,—  
A silver boat in a golden sea,—  
My velvet love, my nestling dove,  
My own pomegranate-blossom!

The stork shall guard thee passing well  
All night, my sweet, my dimple-feet,  
And bring thee myrrh and asphodel,  
My gentle rain-of-springtime;  
And for thy slumber-play shall twine  
The diamond stars with an emerald vine,  
To trail in the waves of ruby wine,  
My hyacinth-bloom, my heart's perfume,  
My cooing little turtle!

And when the morn wakes up to see  
My apple-bright, my soul's delight,  
The partridge shall come calling thee,  
My jar of milk-and-honey!  
Yes, thou shalt know what mystery lies  
In the amethyst deep of the curtained skies,  
If thou wilt fold thy onyx eyes,  
You wakeful one, you naughty son,  
You chirping little sparrow!



# ARMENIAN LULLABY

Music by G. W. CHADWICK

1. If thou wilt close thy drow - sy eyes, My  
2. The stork shall guard thee pass - ing well, All

*Andantino.*

*p*

mul - berry one, my gold - en son,  
night, my sweet, my dim - ple - feet,

The rose shall sing thee lul - la - bies, My  
And bring thee myrrh and as - pho - del, My

*cresc.* *f*

pret - ty, pret - ty cos - set lamb - - kin! And  
 gen - tle, gen - tle rain - of - spring - - time; And

thou shalt swing in an al - mond tree, With a  
 for thy slum - - - ber - - play shall twine The

*ral - - - len - - - tan - - - do.*  
 flood of moon - - beams rock - ing thee, A  
 dia - mond stars with an emer - ald vine, To

*più p* *ral - len - - tan - - - do.*

*a tempo.*

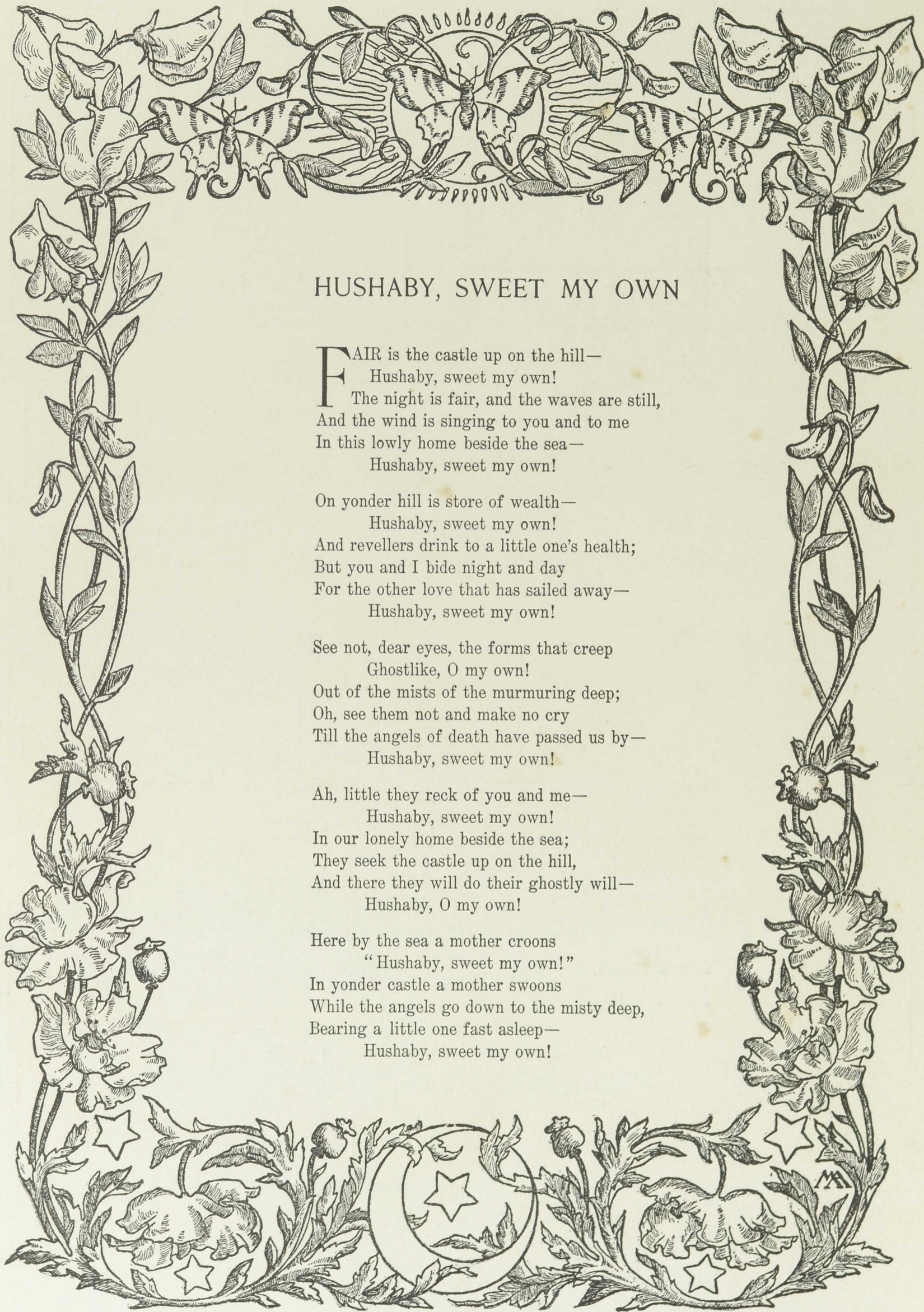
sil - - - ver boat in a gold - en sea, My  
trail in waves of ru - by wine My

*a tempo.*

vel - vet love, my nest - ling dove, My own pome - gran - ate -  
hya - cinth bloom, my heart's per - fume, My coo - ing lit - tle

blos - - - som.  
tur - - - tle.

*sf* *p*



## HUSHABY, SWEET MY OWN

**F**AIR is the castle up on the hill—  
Hushaby, sweet my own!  
The night is fair, and the waves are still,  
And the wind is singing to you and to me  
In this lowly home beside the sea—  
Hushaby, sweet my own!

On yonder hill is store of wealth—  
Hushaby, sweet my own!  
And revellers drink to a little one's health;  
But you and I bide night and day  
For the other love that has sailed away—  
Hushaby, sweet my own!

See not, dear eyes, the forms that creep  
Ghostlike, O my own!  
Out of the mists of the murmuring deep;  
Oh, see them not and make no cry  
Till the angels of death have passed us by—  
Hushaby, sweet my own!

Ah, little they reckon of you and me—  
Hushaby, sweet my own!  
In our lonely home beside the sea;  
They seek the castle up on the hill,  
And there they will do their ghostly will—  
Hushaby, O my own!

Here by the sea a mother croons  
“Hushaby, sweet my own!”  
In yonder castle a mother swoons  
While the angels go down to the misty deep,  
Bearing a little one fast asleep—  
Hushaby, sweet my own!

# HUSHABY, SWEET MY OWN

Music by C. B. HAWLEY

*Andante.*  
♩. = 54.

*mf* *p*

The first system of the score is a piano introduction. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8. The tempo is marked 'Andante' with a quarter note equal to 54 beats. The first staff begins with a melody in the treble clef, marked 'mf' (mezzo-forte). The second staff provides accompaniment in the bass clef, marked 'p' (piano). The music is in a 6/8 time signature and features a gentle, flowing melody.

*mf*

1. Fair is the cas - tle up - on the hill — Hush - a - by, sweet my own . . . . . The

*mf*

The second system of the score contains the first line of the vocal melody and its piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written in a treble clef and begins with the lyrics '1. Fair is the cas - tle up - on the hill — Hush - a - by, sweet my own . . . . . The'. The piano accompaniment is written in a bass clef and is marked 'mf' (mezzo-forte). The music continues with a similar melodic and harmonic style to the introduction.

night is fair and the waves are still, And the wind is singing to you and to me In this

The third system of the score contains the second line of the vocal melody and its piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'night is fair and the waves are still, And the wind is singing to you and to me In this'. The piano accompaniment continues in the bass clef, maintaining the 'mf' dynamic. The system concludes with a final chord in the piano part.

low - ly home beside the sea . . . . In this low - ly home beside the sea —

*rit.*

*rit.*

Hush - a-by, sweet my own . . . . . Hush - a-by, sweet my own . . . . .

*p* *a tempo.*

*p* *a tempo.*

Hush - - - - - a - by, Hush - a-by, sweet my own . . . . .

*p rit.* *a tempo.*

*a tempo.*

*mf*

2. On

*p* *mf*

yon - der hill is a store of wealth, Hush - a-by, sweet my own, . . . . . And

*mf*

rev - 'lers drink to a lit - tle one's health; But you and I bide night and day For the

oth - er love that has sailed a - way, For the oth - er love that has sailed a - way —

*rit.*

*pp*

*pp a tempo.*

Hush - a-by, sweet my own, . . . . . Hush - a-by, sweet my own, . . . . .

*pp a tempo.*

Hush - a - by, hush - a - by, hush - a-by, sweet my own.....

*p rit.*

*rit.*

*a tempo.*

*rit.*

3. Here by the sea a moth - er croons, "Hush - a-by, sweet my own"..... In

*p*

*rit.*

yon - der cas - tle a moth - er swoons While the angels go down to the mist - y deep,

*rit.*

*rit.*



*a tempo.* *dim. e rit.*

Bear-ing a lit - tle one fast a - sleep, Bear-ing a lit - tle one fast a - -

*a tempo.* *dim. e rit.*

*a tempo.*

- sleep. . . . . Hush - - a - by, . . . Hush - - a - by,

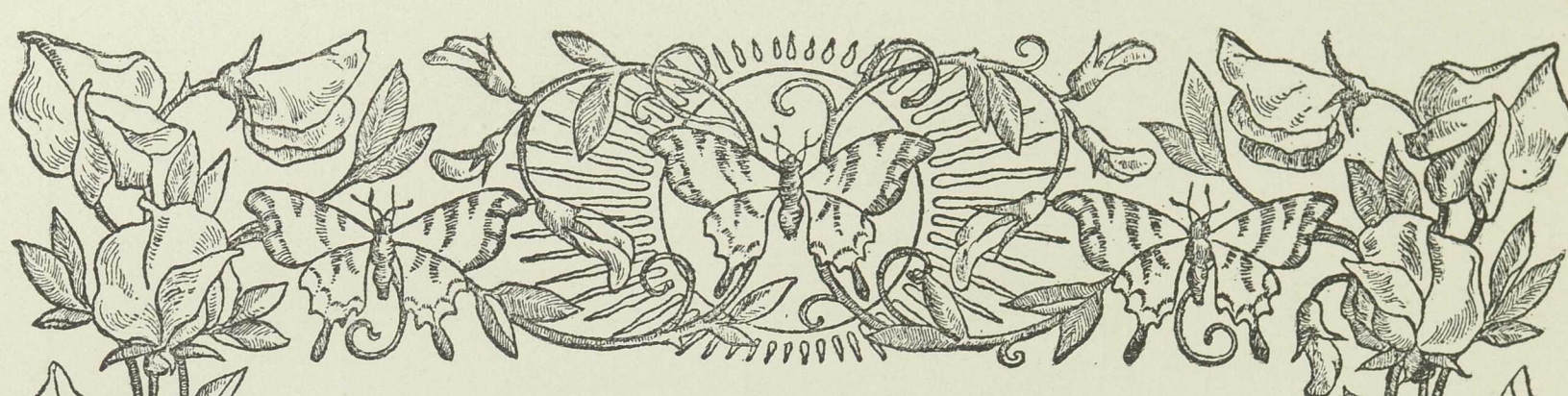
*ppp* *a tempo.* *cresc.*

*molto rit.*

Hush - - - a - by, hush - a-by, sweet my own. . . . .

*mf* *molto rit.* *dim.*

*rit.* *ppp*



## DUTCH LULLABY

WYNKEN, Blynken, and Nod one night  
Sailed off in a wooden shoe,—  
Sailed on a river of misty light  
Into a sea of dew.

“Where are you going, and what do you wish?”  
The old moon asked the three.

“We have come to fish for the herring-fish  
That live in this beautiful sea;  
Nets of silver and gold have we,”  
Said Wynken,

Blynken,

And Nod.

\* \* \* \* \*

All night long their nets they threw  
For the fish in the twinkling foam,  
Then down from the sky came the wooden shoe,  
Bringing the fishermen home;  
’T was all so pretty a sail, it seemed  
As if it could not be;  
And some folk thought ’t was a dream they ’d dreamed  
Of sailing that beautiful sea;  
But I shall name you the fishermen three:

Wynken,

Blynken,


And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,  
And Nod is a little head,  
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies  
Is a wee one’s trundle-bed;  
So shut your eyes while Mother sings  
Of wonderful sights that be,  
And you shall see the beautiful things  
As you rock on the misty sea  
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three,—

Wynken,

Blynken,

And Nod.



# DUTCH LULLABY

Music by REGINALD DE KOVEN, Op. 53, No. 1

*Andante giocoso.*

*f*

1. Wyn - ken and Blyn - ken and Nod one night Sailed off in a wood - en  
 2. Laughed the old Moon, and he sung a song As they rocked in a wood - en

*mf*

*p poco rall.* *f a tempo.*

shoe, . . . . . Sailed on a riv - er of mist - - y light  
 shoe, . . . . . The wind that sped them the whole night long

*p poco rall.* *f a tempo.*

*p* *f Animato.*

In - to a sea of dew..... "Oh, where are you go - ing,  
Ruff - led the waves of dew..... The lit - tle stars were the

What do you wish?" the old moon asked the three,..... We're  
Her - ring fish that swam the dew - y sea..... "Now

*poco rall.*

go - ing to fish for the her - ring fish That live in this beau - ti - ful  
cast your nets wher - ev - er you will," Cried the stars to the fish - er - men

*poco rall.*

*f*

sea, the sea, the sea.....  
three, the three, the three.....

*f* *marcato il movimento.*

Nets of sil - ver and gold have we For the fish who dwell in this  
 "Nev - er, nev - er a - feard are we!" So cried the stars to the

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

beau - ti - ful sea," Said Wyn - ken, Blyn - ken and Nod, . . . . . Said  
 fish - er - men three, To Wyn - ken, Blyn - ken and Nod, . . . . . To

*f* *a tempo.*

Wyn - ken and Blyn - ken and Nod. . . .  
 Wyn - ken and Blyn - ken and Nod. . . .

*f*

3. All night long their nets they threw For the fish in the twink - ling  
 4. Wyn - ken and Blyn - ken are two lit - tle eyes, And Nod is a lit - tle

*p poco rall.* *f a tempo.*

foam, . . . . . Then down from the sky came the wood - en shoe,  
 head, . . . . . The wood - en shoe that sailed the skies

*p* *f Animato.*

Bring - ing the fish - er - men home. . . . . 'Twas all so pret - ty a  
 Is a wee trun - dle bed. . . . . So shut your eyes while

sail it seemed As if it could not be, . . . . . And  
 moth - er sings Of wond - rous sights that be, . . . . . And

*poco rall.*

some folks thought 'twas a dream they'd dream'd Of sail - ing that beau - ti - ful  
 you shall see all the beau - ti - ful things As you rock on the mist - y

sea, the sea, the sea. . . . .  
 sea, the sea, the sea. . . . .

Shall I name you the fish - er-men three, That were sail - ing o - ver that  
 As you rock on the mist - y sea, Where the old shoe rocked all those

*marcato il movimento.*

beau - ti - ful sea? They're Wyn - ken, Blyn - ken and Nod, . . . . . They're  
 fish - er - men three, Wyn - ken, Blyn - ken and Nod, . . . . .

Wyn - ken and Blyn - ken and Nod. . . . .  
 Wyn - ken and Blyn - ken and Nod. . . . .



## CHILD AND MOTHER

**O** MOTHER-MY-LOVE, if you 'll give me your hand,  
And go where I ask you to wander,  
I will lead you away to a beautiful land—  
The Dreamland that 's waiting out yonder.  
We 'll walk in a sweet-posie garden out there  
Where moonlight and starlight are streaming  
And the flowers and the birds are filling the air  
With the fragrance and music of dreaming.

There 'll be no little tired-out boy to undress,  
No questions or cares to perplex you;  
There 'll be no little bruises or bumps to caress,  
Nor patching of stockings to vex you.  
For I 'll rock you away on a silver-dew stream,  
And sing you asleep when you 're weary,  
And no one shall know of our beautiful dream  
But you and your own little dearie.

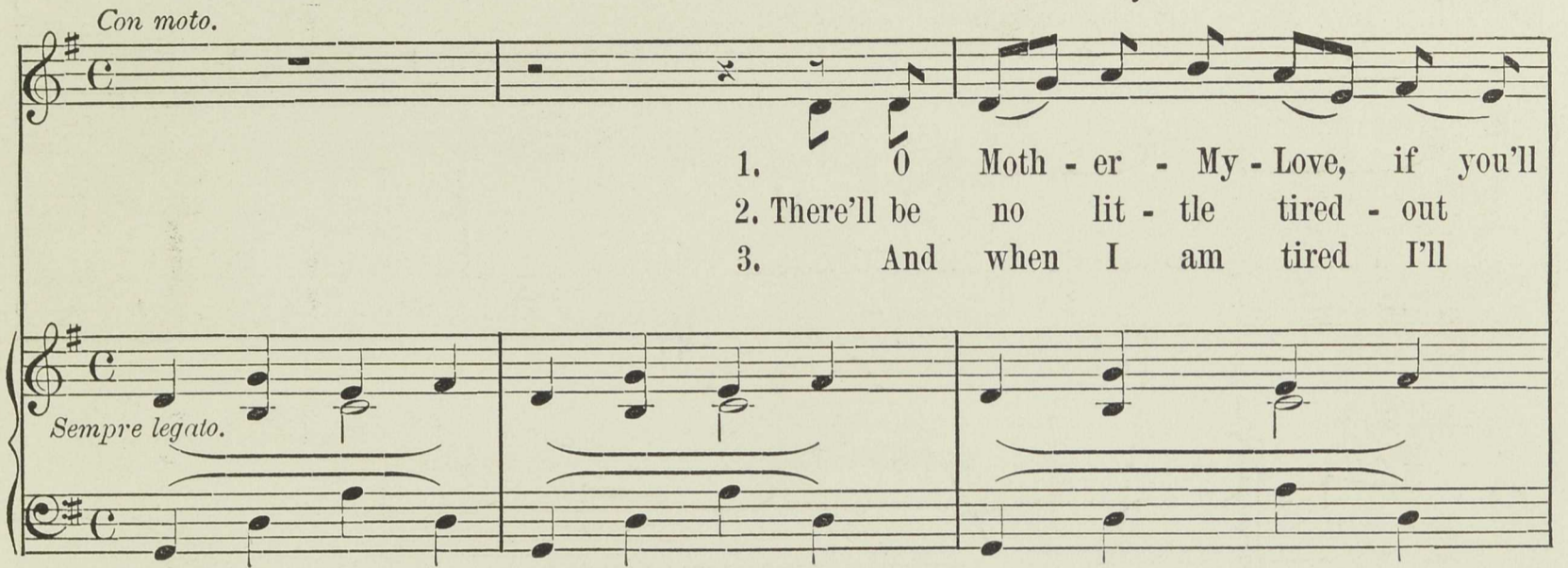
And when I am tired I 'll nestle my head  
In the bosom that 's soothed me so often,  
And the wide-awake stars shall sing in my stead  
A song which our dreaming shall soften.  
So, Mother-My-Love, let me take your dear hand,  
And away through the starlight we 'll wander—  
Away through the mist to the beautiful land—  
The Dreamland that 's waiting out yonder!



# CHILD AND MOTHER

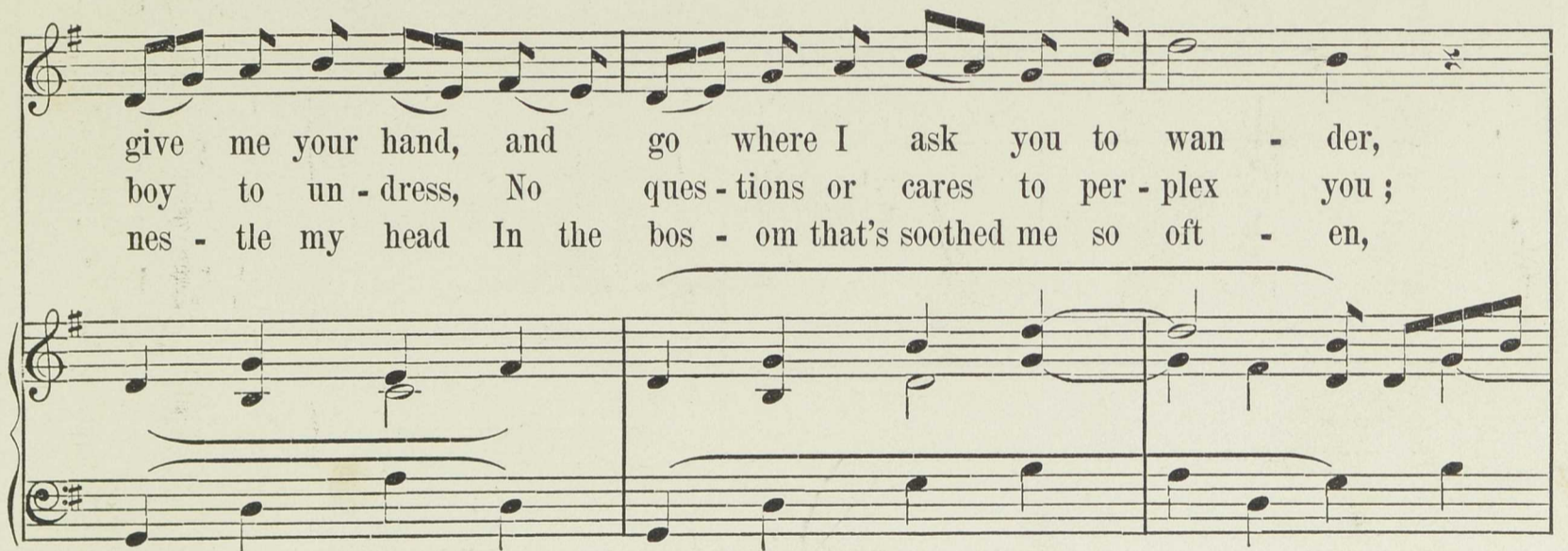
Music by W. W. GILCHRIST

*Con moto.*



1. O Moth - er - My - Love, if you'll  
2. There'll be no lit - tle tired - out  
3. And when I am tired I'll

*Sempre legato.*



give me your hand, and go where I ask you to wan - der,  
boy to un - dress, No ques - tions or cares to per - plex you ;  
nes - tle my head In the bos - om that's soothed me so oft - en,



I will lead you a - way to a beau - ti - ful land — The  
There'll be no lit - tle bruis - es or bumps to ca - ress, Nor  
And the wide a - wake stars shall sing in my stead A

Dream - land that's wait - ing out yon - der. We'll  
 patch - ing of stock - ings to vex you. For I'll  
 song which our dream - ing shall soft - en. So

walk in a sweet - po - sie gar - den out there Where  
 rock you a - way on a sil - ver - dew stream, And  
 Moth - er - My - Love, let me take your dear hand, And a -

moon - light and star - light are stream - ing And the  
 sing you a - sleep when you're wea - ry, And  
 - way thro' the star - light we'll wan - der A - -

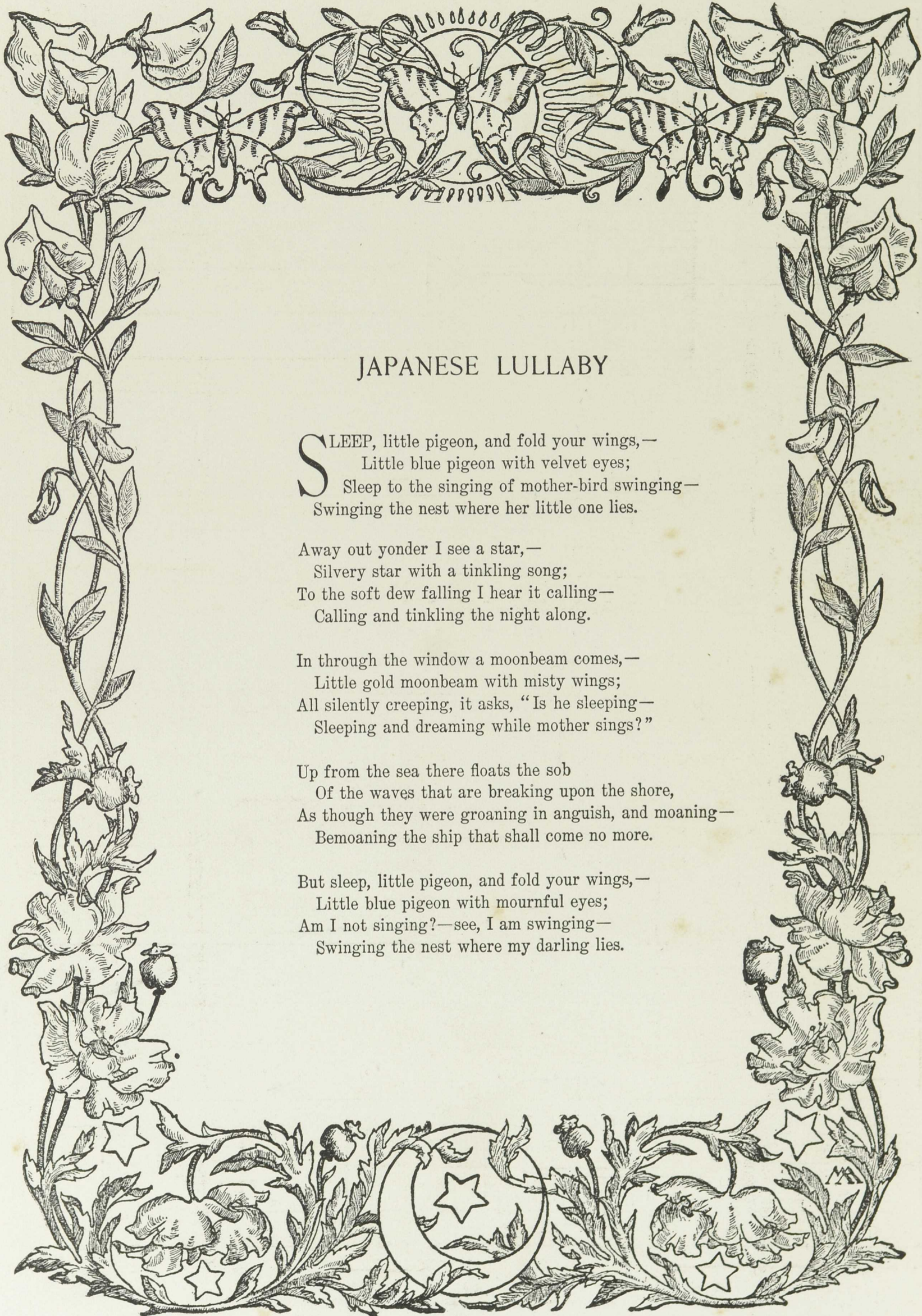
flow'rs and the birds are fill - ing the air With the  
 no one shall know of our beau - ti - ful dream, But  
 - way through the mist to the beau - ti - ful land — The

fra - grance and mu - sic of dream - - - - ing.  
 you and your own lit - tle dear - - - - ie.  
 Dream - land that's wait - ing out yon - - - - der.

*pp*  
*poco accel.*

1st and 2d verses. Last verse.

*rall.*



## JAPANESE LULLABY

SLEEP, little pigeon, and fold your wings,—  
Little blue pigeon with velvet eyes;  
Sleep to the singing of mother-bird swinging—  
Swinging the nest where her little one lies.

Away out yonder I see a star,—  
Silvery star with a tinkling song;  
To the soft dew falling I hear it calling—  
Calling and tinkling the night along.

In through the window a moonbeam comes,—  
Little gold moonbeam with misty wings;  
All silently creeping, it asks, “Is he sleeping—  
Sleeping and dreaming while mother sings?”

Up from the sea there floats the sob  
Of the waves that are breaking upon the shore,  
As though they were groaning in anguish, and moaning—  
Bemoaning the ship that shall come no more.

But sleep, little pigeon, and fold your wings,—  
Little blue pigeon with mournful eyes;  
Am I not singing?—see, I am swinging—  
Swinging the nest where my darling lies.

# JAPANESE LULLABY

Music by REGINALD DE KOVEN, Op. 53, No. 2

*Moderato.*

*f*

*p* *rit. e dim.*

*p* *Semplice.*

1. Sleep, lit - tle pig-eon, and fold your wings, Lit - tle blue pig - eon with

vel - vet eyes; So sleep to the sing - ing moth - er-bird swing - ing,

Swing - ing the nest where the lit - tle one lies, By the nest where her lit - tle one,

*placido.*

lit - tle one lies, By the nest where the lit - tle one lies.

*rall.*

*ten.*

*rall.*

Out a - way yon - der

*poco più mosso.*

*mf*

I see a star, Sil - ver - y star with a twink - ling song;

*legato.*

*p*

To the dew fall - ing I hear it call - ing, Call - ing and tink - ling the

night a - long, twink - ling star, twink - ling star,

Call - ing and tink - ling the night a - long, all night long.

*Tempo Imo.*

2. In through a win-dow a moon - beam comes, Lit - tle gold moon - beam with

mist - y wings; All si - lent - ly creep - ing, asks, "Is he sleep - ing?"

*cresc.*

Sleep - ing and dream - ing while moth - er - bird sings, Is he sleep - ing and dreaming while

*f placido. dim.*

*f*

*p legato.*

moth - er - bird sings, Is he dream - ing while moth - er - bird sings?"

*pp rall.*

*ten.*

*pp rall.*

Up from the sea there

*poco rubato.*

*mf*

*con tristezza.*



comes a sob of the waves that are break - ing up - on the shore, As

if they were groan - ing in an - guish and moan - ing, Be - moan - ing the ship that shall

come no more ; Break - ing waves, moan - ing waves,

Groan - ing in an - guish up - on the shore, on the shore. But

*Tempo Imo.*

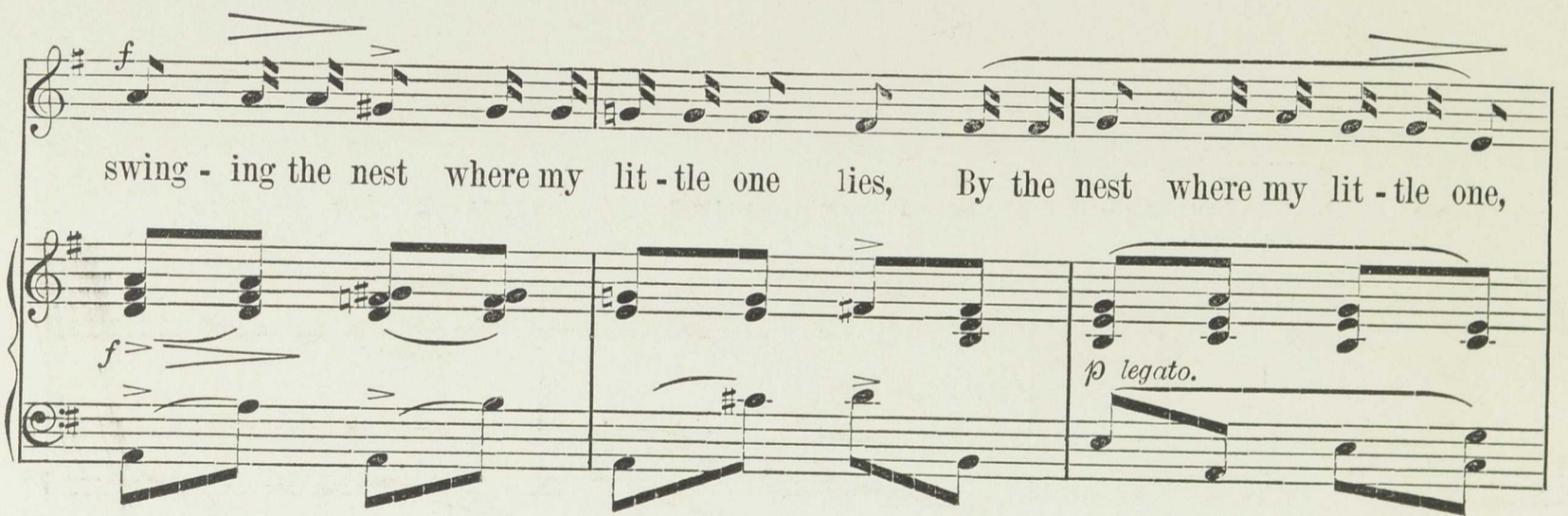
*p*  
sleep lit - tle pig-eon, and fold your wings, Lit - tle blue pig - eon with  
*cresc.*  
*p dolce.*



mourn - ful eyes, For am I not sing - ing, see I am swing-ing,  
*cresc.*



*f*  
swing - ing the nest where my lit - tle one lies, By the nest where my lit - tle one,  
*f*  
*p legato.*



*pp rall.*  
lit - tle one lies, By the nest where my lit - tle one lies.  
*ten.*  
*pp rall.*



*a tempo.*  
*p*

Sing - ing, swing - ing, Swing - ing the nest where my

*p a tempo.*

*poco a poco dim. e rall.*

lit - tle one lies; Sing - ing, sing - ing,

*colla voce.*

Swing - ing the nest where my lit - tle one lies, Lit - tle one lies,

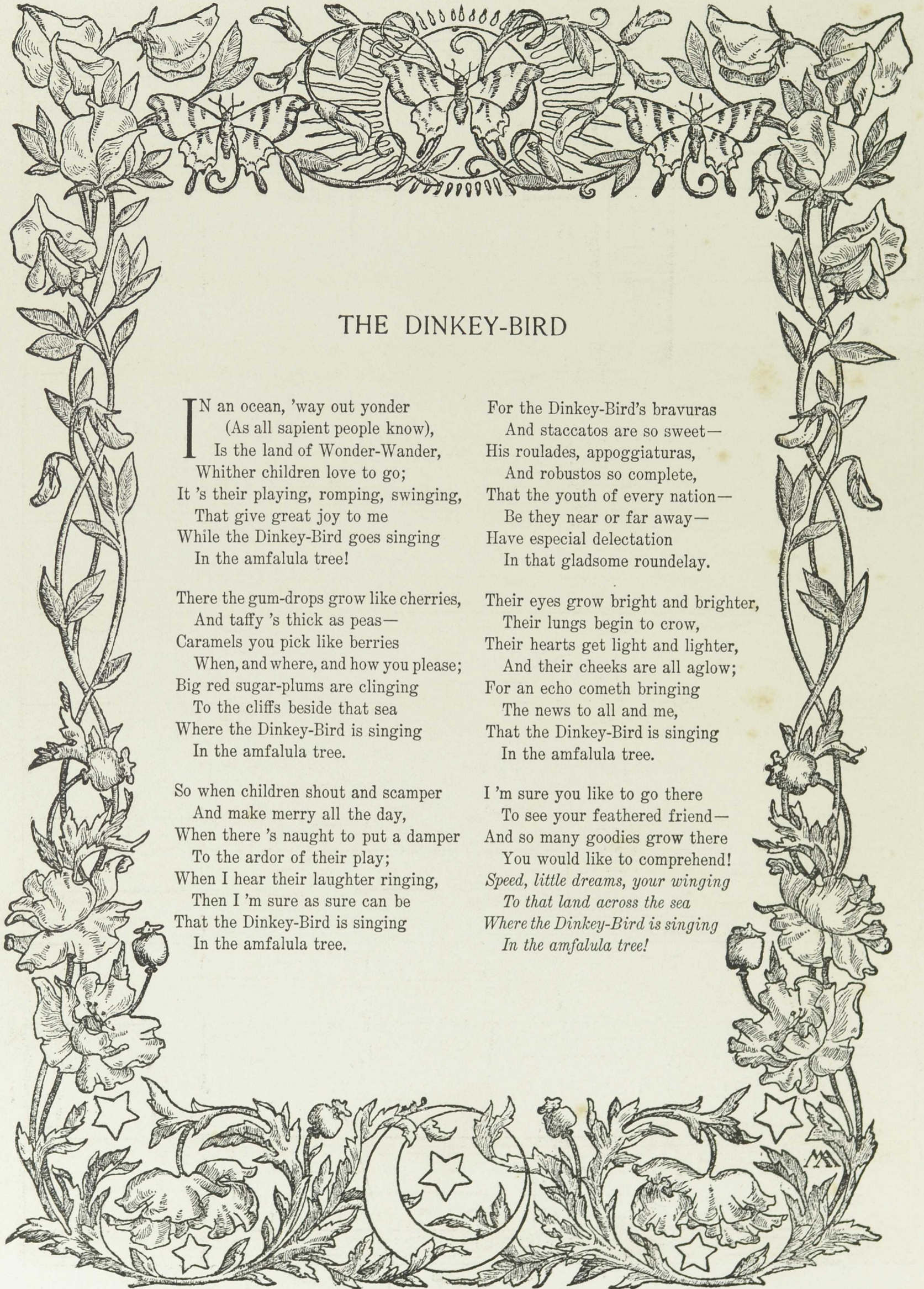
*pp*

*pp*

*ppp*

lit - tle one lies.

*ppp*



## THE DINKEY-BIRD

**I**N an ocean, 'way out yonder  
(As all sapient people know),  
Is the land of Wonder-Wander,  
Whither children love to go;  
It's their playing, romping, swinging,  
That give great joy to me  
While the Dinkey-Bird goes singing  
In the amfalula tree!

There the gum-drops grow like cherries,  
And taffy's thick as peas—  
Caramels you pick like berries  
When, and where, and how you please;  
Big red sugar-plums are clinging  
To the cliffs beside that sea  
Where the Dinkey-Bird is singing  
In the amfalula tree.

So when children shout and scamper  
And make merry all the day,  
When there's naught to put a damper  
To the ardor of their play;  
When I hear their laughter ringing,  
Then I'm sure as sure can be  
That the Dinkey-Bird is singing  
In the amfalula tree.

For the Dinkey-Bird's bravuras  
And staccatos are so sweet—  
His roulades, appoggiaturas,  
And robustos so complete,  
That the youth of every nation—  
Be they near or far away—  
Have especial delectation  
In that gladsome roundelay.

Their eyes grow bright and brighter,  
Their lungs begin to crow,  
Their hearts get light and lighter,  
And their cheeks are all aglow;  
For an echo cometh bringing  
The news to all and me,  
That the Dinkey-Bird is singing  
In the amfalula tree.

I'm sure you like to go there  
To see your feathered friend—  
And so many goodies grow there  
You would like to comprehend!  
*Speed, little dreams, your winging*  
*To that land across the sea*  
*Where the Dinkey-Bird is singing*  
*In the amfalula tree!*

# THE DINKEY-BIRD

Music by EDGAR STILLMAN KELLEY, from Op. 16

*Allegretto scherzando.*

*Sva.....*

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. It begins with a dynamic marking of *f* and contains a series of eighth-note chords. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, featuring a simple accompaniment of eighth notes and chords.

*Sva.....*

The second system of musical notation continues the piece with two staves. The upper staff maintains the treble clef, one sharp key signature, and 6/8 time signature, with eighth-note chords. The lower staff continues the bass clef accompaniment with eighth notes and chords.

*Sva.....*

The third system of musical notation features two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a one sharp key signature and 6/8 time signature, containing eighth-note chords. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, featuring a vocal line with the lyrics "dim in u en do." written below the notes.

*Sva.....*

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a one sharp key signature and 6/8 time signature, containing eighth-note chords. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, featuring a vocal line. The system concludes with a double bar line and a 2/4 time signature change, followed by a few final notes.

1. In an o - cean, 'way out yon - der (As all sa - pient peo - ple  
 2. So when chil - dren shout and scam - per And make mer - ry all the  
 3. Their eyes grow bright and bright - er, Their lungs be - gin to

know), Is the land of Won - der - Wan - der, Whith - er  
 day, When there's naught to put a damp - er, To the  
 crow, Their hearts get light and light - er, And their

chil - dren love to go ; It's their play - ing, romp - ing,  
 ar - dor of their play ; When I hear their laugh - ter  
 cheeks are all a - glow ; For an ech - o com - eth

swing - ing, That give sure great joy to me, While the  
 ring - ing, Then I'm sure as sure can be That the  
 bring - ing The news to all and me, That the

Dink - ey - Bird goes sing - ing in the am - fa - lu - la  
 Dink - ey - Bird is sing - ing in the am - fa - lu - la  
 Dink - ey - Bird is sing - ing in the am - fa - lu - la

tree ! There the gum - drops grow like cher - ries, And  
 tree. For the Dink - ey - bird's bra - vu - ras And stac -  
 tree. I'm sure you like to go there, To

taf - fy's thick as peas, Ca - ra - mels you pick like  
 - ca - tos are so sweet — His rou - lades ap - pog - ia -  
 see your feath - ered friend — And so man - y good - ies

ber - ries When, and where, and how you please ; When and  
 tu - ras And ro - bus - tos so com - plete, And ro -  
 grow there You would like to com - pre - hend, You would

*poco rit.* *mf* *a tempo.*

where and how you please. Big red sug - ar - plums are  
 - bus - tos so com - plete, That the youth - of ev - 'ry  
 like to com - pre - hend! Speed, lit - tle dreams your

*poco rit.* *a tempo.*

*mf*

cling - ing To the cliffs be - side the sea, Where the Dink - ey - Bird is  
 na - tion, Be they near or far a - way, Have e - spe - cial de - lec -  
 wing - ing To that land a - cross the sea Where the Dink - ey - Bird is

sing - ing, Where the Dink - ey - Bird is sing - ing In the am - fa - lu - la,  
 - ta - tion, Have e - spe - cial de - lec - ta - tion In that glad - some round - e -  
 sing - ing, Where the Dink - ey - Bird is sing - ing In the am - fa - lu - la

*p* *1st and 2d verses.*

tree, In the am - fa - lu - la tree!  
 - lay, In that glad - some round - e - lay.  
 tree, In the am - fa - lu - la

*p* *mf* *8va*



8va..... loco.

dim.

2/4

This system shows a vocal line with a dotted line indicating a change in articulation from *8va* to *loco*. The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the right hand and chords in the left hand. A *dim.* marking is present in the piano part. A time signature change to 2/4 occurs in the second measure.

3a verse.

tree !

8va.....

f

This system begins with a section marked *3a verse.* The vocal line has a dotted line above it. The piano accompaniment starts with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The right hand has a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes, while the left hand plays chords. The key signature is one sharp (F#).

8va.....

This system continues the piano accompaniment from the previous system, maintaining the rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the right hand and chords in the left hand.

8va.....

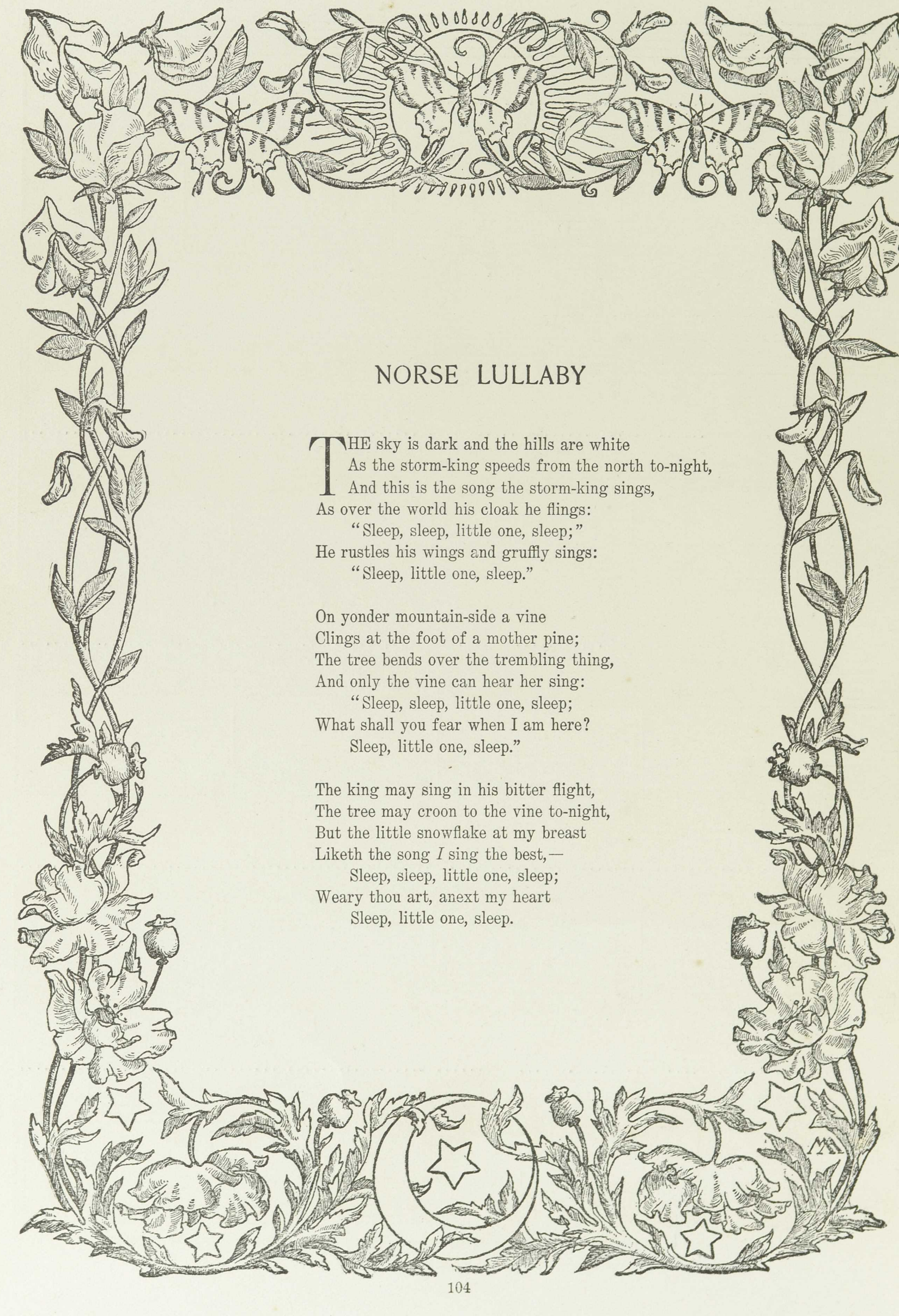
dim in u en do.

This system features a vocal line with a dotted line above it. The piano accompaniment includes the lyrics *dim in u en do.* The right hand has a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes, and the left hand plays chords. The *dim* marking is placed under the first measure.

8va.....

pp

This system continues the piano accompaniment, ending with a *pp* (pianissimo) dynamic marking. The right hand has a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes, and the left hand plays chords. The key signature is one sharp (F#).



## NORSE LULLABY

THE sky is dark and the hills are white  
As the storm-king speeds from the north to-night,  
And this is the song the storm-king sings,  
As over the world his cloak he flings:  
“Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep;”  
He rustles his wings and gruffly sings:  
“Sleep, little one, sleep.”

On yonder mountain-side a vine  
Clings at the foot of a mother pine;  
The tree bends over the trembling thing,  
And only the vine can hear her sing:  
“Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep;  
What shall you fear when I am here?  
Sleep, little one, sleep.”

The king may sing in his bitter flight,  
The tree may croon to the vine to-night,  
But the little snowflake at my breast  
Liketh the song *I* sing the best,—  
Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep;  
Weary thou art, anext my heart  
Sleep, little one, sleep.

# NORSE LULLABY

Music by REGINALD DE KOVEN, Op. 53, No. 3

*Allegretto.*  
*poco rubato.*  
*poco rall.*

*mp*  
1. The sky is dark, and the

*cres.*  
hills are white as the storm - king speeds from the North to - night, And

*cres.*

*poco pressando.*

*p* this is the song the storm - king sings, as *f* o - ver the world his

*rall.*

cloak he flings: *dolce.* *p* "Sleep, sleep, lit - tle one sleep." He

*marcato.*

rus - tles his wings, and gruff - ly sings: *p* "Sleep, sleep, *dim.*

*pp* lit - tle one, lit - tle one, lit - tle one, sleep, *Tempo I.* sleep."

*poco rall.*  
*sfz*

*mp*

2. On yon - der moun - tain side a vine

*p*

*cres.* *f* *p* *poco*

Clings to the foot of a moth - er - pine; The tree bends o'er the

*cres.* *p* *poco*

*pressando.* *f* *rall.*

tremb - ling thing, And on - ly the vine can hear her sing:

*pressando.* *f* *rall.*

*dolce.* *p* *marcato.*

"Sleep, sleep, lit - tle one, sleep; What shall you fear when I am here?"

*p* *dim.* *pp*

Sleep, sleep, lit - tle one, lit - tle one, lit - tle one, sleep,

*p* *dim.* *e rall.* *pp*

*Meno Mosso.* *mf*

sleep." 3. The king may sing in his bit - ter flight, And the

*mf*

*rall.* *Tempo I.* *dolce.*

tree may croon to the vine to - night, But the lit - tle snow - flake

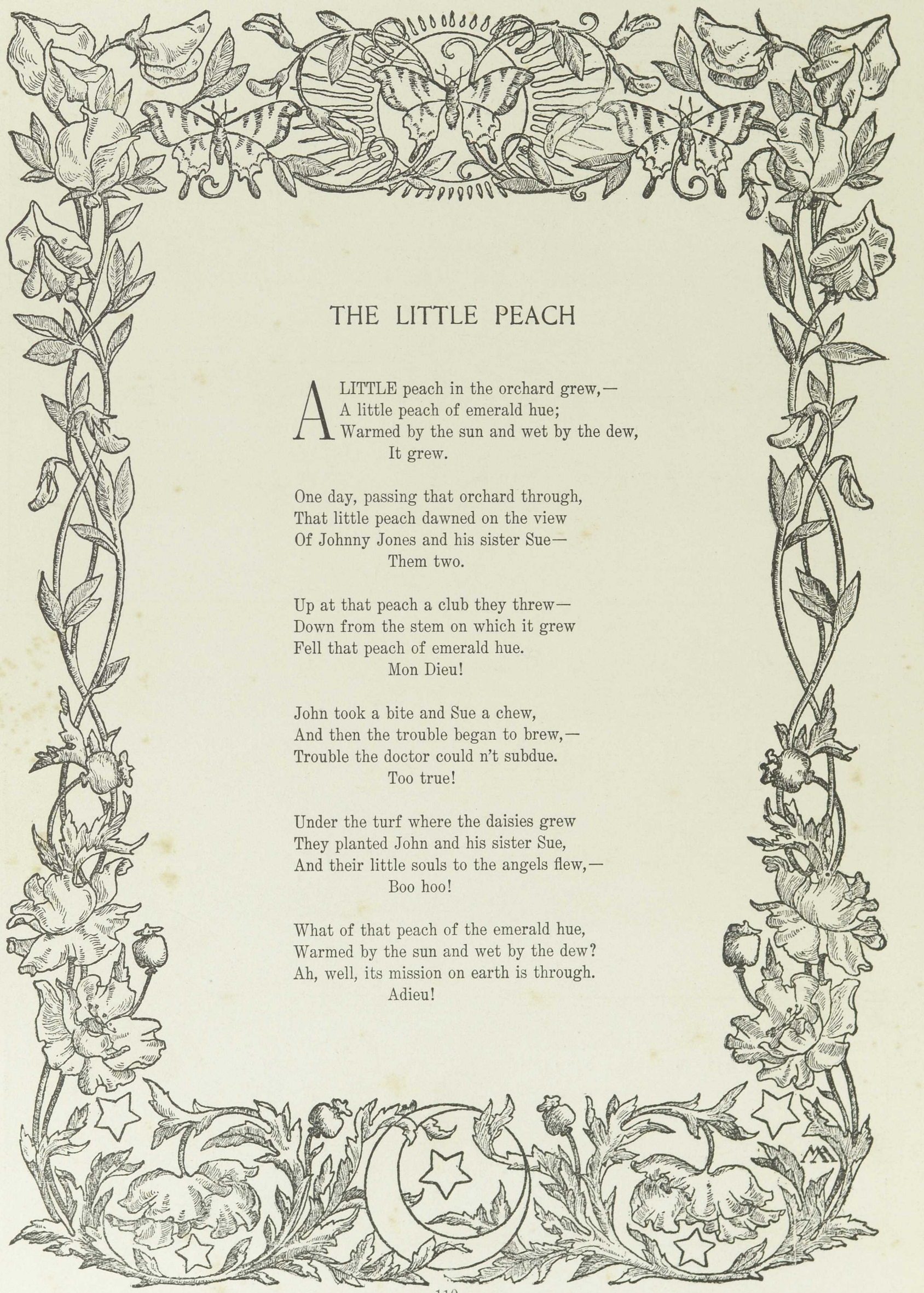
*rall.* *p*

at my breast Lik - eth the song I sing the best :

*dolce.* Sleep, sleep, lit - tle one, sleep ; Wea - ry thou art a - *poco*

*rall.* next my heart ; *p* *a tempo.* Sleep, sleep, *dim. e rall.* lit - tle one, lit - tle one,

lit-tle one, sleep, sleep. .... *pp*



## THE LITTLE PEACH

A LITTLE peach in the orchard grew,—  
A little peach of emerald hue;  
Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew,  
It grew.

One day, passing that orchard through,  
That little peach dawned on the view  
Of Johnny Jones and his sister Sue—  
Them two.

Up at that peach a club they threw—  
Down from the stem on which it grew  
Fell that peach of emerald hue.  
Mon Dieu!

John took a bite and Sue a chew,  
And then the trouble began to brew,—  
Trouble the doctor could n't subdue.  
Too true!

Under the turf where the daisies grew  
They planted John and his sister Sue,  
And their little souls to the angels flew,—  
Boo hoo!

What of that peach of the emerald hue,  
Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew?  
Ah, well, its mission on earth is through.  
Adieu!



# THE LITTLE PEACH

(LISTEN TO MY TALE OF WOE)

Music by HUBBARD T. SMITH

*Moderato.*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand starts with a series of chords in the treble clef, moving from a low register to a higher one. The left hand plays a similar chordal pattern in the bass clef. The music is marked with a forte 'f' dynamic. A trill 'tr' is indicated above a note in the right hand towards the end of the introduction.

1. A lit - tle peach in an or - chard grew, List - en to my tale of woe, A  
2. Now up at the peach a club they threw, List - en to my tale of woe, Down  
3. Un - der the turf where the dai - sies grew, List - en to my tale of woe, They

The vocal melody is written on a single staff in the treble clef. The piano accompaniment is on two staves. The piano part features a steady accompaniment of chords, with a piano 'p' dynamic marking. The lyrics are aligned with the vocal line.

lit - tle peach of em - 'rald hue, Warm'd by the sun and wet by the dew, It  
from the stem on which it grew, Fell the lit - tle peach of em - 'rald hue, Poor  
plant - ed John and his sis - ter Sue, And their lit - tle souls to the an - gels flew, Boo -

The vocal melody continues on a single staff. The piano accompaniment is on two staves, featuring a crescendo 'cres.' and a forte 'f' dynamic marking. The lyrics are aligned with the vocal line.

grew, It grew, . . . . . List - en to my tale of  
 John! Poor Sue! . . . . . List - en to my tale of  
 - hoo! Boo - hoo! . . . . . List - en to my tale of

woe, One day in pass - ing the or - chard through,  
 woe, Now she took a bite and John a chew,  
 woe. But what of the peach of em - 'rald hue,

List - en to my tale of woe, That lit - tle peach dawn'd  
 List - en to my tale of woe, And then the trou - ble be -  
 List - en to my tale of woe, That was warm'd by the sun and

on the view, Of John - ny Jones and his sis - - ter Sue, Them  
 - gan to brew, A trou - ble that the Doc - tor could - n't sub - due, Too  
 wet by the dew! Ah! well, its mis - sion on earth is through. A -

two,            them two, . . . . . List - en to my tale of woe.  
 true,            too true, . . . . . List - en to my tale of woe.  
 - dieu !            A - dieu ! . . . . . List - en to my tale of woe.

CHORUS.  
*With spirit.*

Hard tri - als for them two,            John - ny Jones and his

sis - ter Sue,            And the peach of em - 'rald hue,            That

grew,            that grew, . . . . . List - en to my tale of woe.

*ritard.*









