

SONGS FOR CHILDREN

WORDS BY
EDWARD LEAR, ESQ.

Nº 5, THE OWL & THE PUSSY-CAT.

MUSIC BY
MRS J. WORTHINGTON BLISS.
(MISS LINDSAY.)



Ent. Sta. Hall.

- Nº 1 THE ROBIN
- 2 THE DUCK
- 3 THE CUCKOO
- 4 THE FOX & THE HEN
- 5 THE OWL & THE PUSSY-CAT

- Nº 6 MRS BLUEBOTTLE FLY
- 7 THE DUCK & THE KANGAROO
- 8 THE DOG & THE COW
- 9 MR GORILLA AT HOME
- 10 THE OWL & THE COCKATOO

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THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT.

1

N^o 5.

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WORDS BY

SONGS FOR CHILDREN.

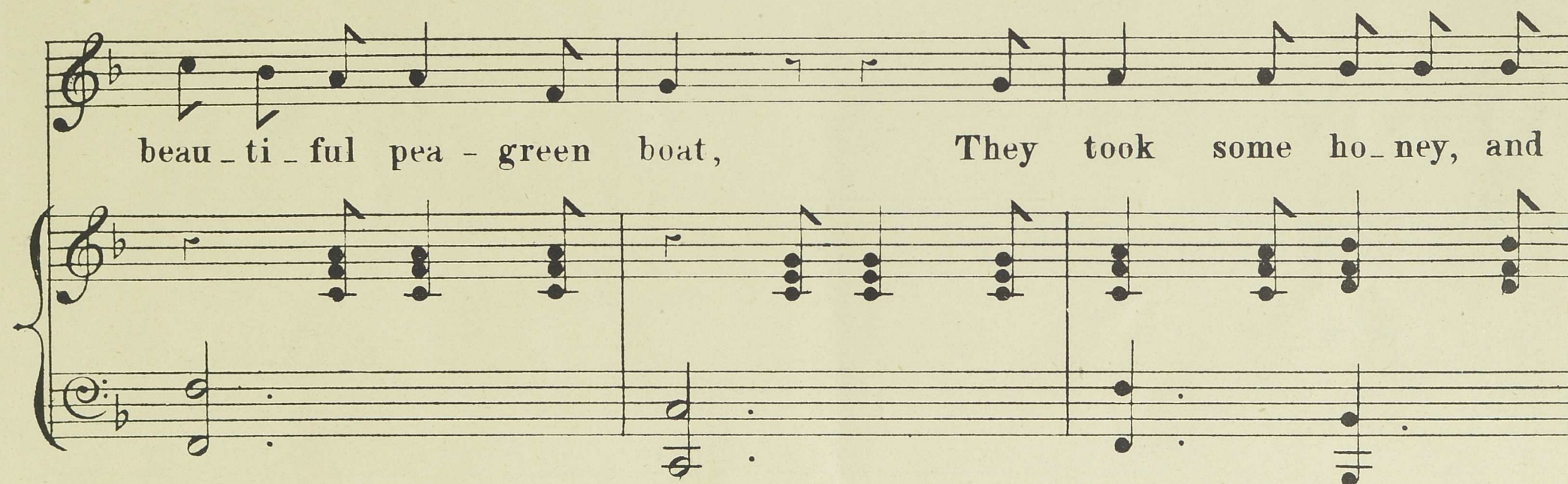
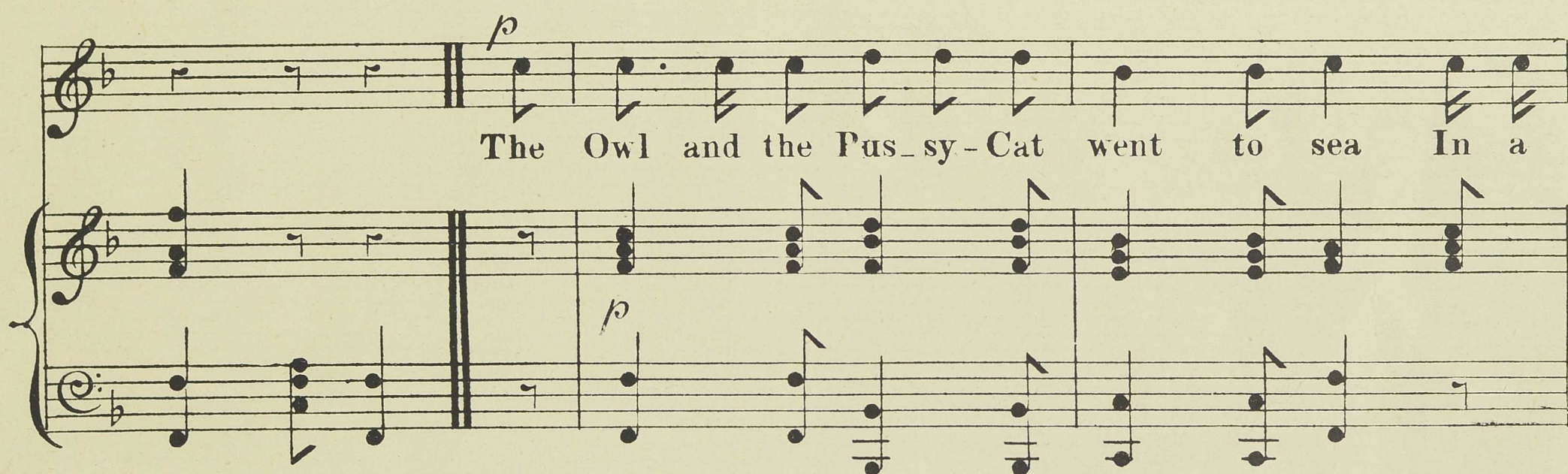
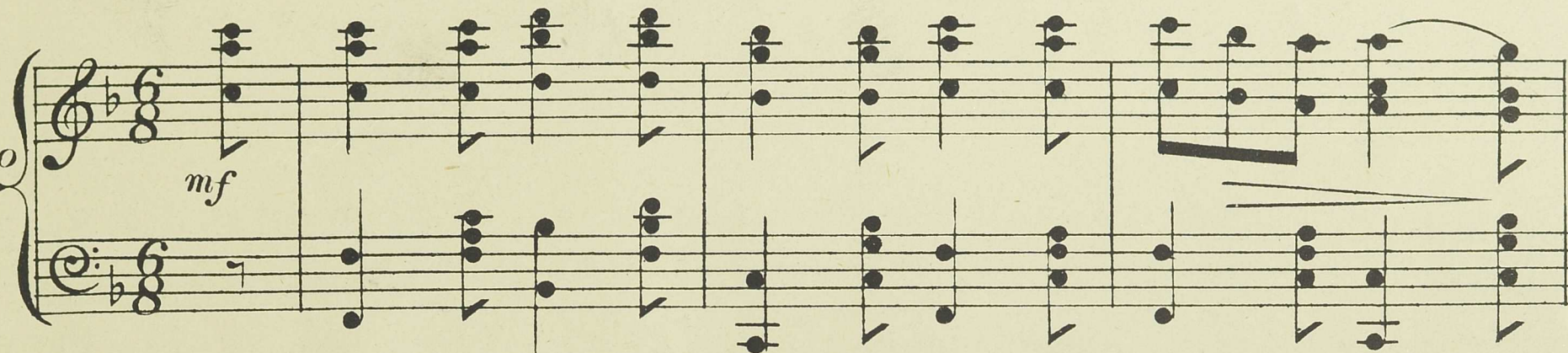
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EDWARD LEAR Esq.

MRS J. WORTHINGTON BLISS

(MISS LINDSAY.)

ALLEGRETTO
CON MOTO.



*
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the Author and Mr. Bush.)

(J.B.C&C^o 8488)

Sentimentally.

Owl look'd up to the stars a - - bove, And

p Colla voce

With feeling.

sang to a small gui - tar: "O love - - ly Pus - sy! O

alla guitare.

rall:

Pus - sy, my love! What a beau - ti - ful Pus - sy you are!"

Rall:

a tempo

mf

Pus - sy said to the Owl, "You

p

e - le - gant fowl! How charm - ing - ly sweet you sing! O

let us be mar-ried! too long we have tar-ried, But

rall:

what shall we do for a ring?"

a Tempo Imo

So they sail'd a-way for a

Rall:

year and a day, 'Till they came where the Bong - tree grows, And

With pathos.

there in a wood a Pig - gy - wig stood With a

rall:

ring at the end of his nose.

a tempo

Rall:

f

Interrogatively.

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shil-ling Your

mf

ring?" said the Pig-gy, "I will"— So they took it a-way, and were

Tempo. *Quickly.*

Tempo. *Cres: ed accel:*

mar-ried next day By the Tur-key who liv'd on the

hill. They dined up-on mince, and sli-ces of quince, Which they

*Solemnly and with expression.**Cheerfully.*

ate with a run - ci - ble spoon ; . . . And hand in hand, on the

f e con moto.

edge of the sand, They danced by the light of the moon, And

Con amore.

hand in hand on the edge of the sand, They

Rall:

danced by the light of the moon!

Rall: *sf*

J. B. CRAMER & CO.'S NEW SONGS.

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MEADOWSWEET.

WORDS BY
CLIFTON BINGHAM.

MUSIC BY
EDITH COOKE.

p Allegro moderato.

Meadow-sweet loved me long a - go, Meadowsweet was so

Meadowsweet loved me long ago,
Meadowsweet was so fair,
And O my heart it loved her so,
Down in the days that were!
But they told her that I had no heart,
Somebody came between;
Ah! Meadowsweet, they made us part,
Or happy we had been!

Compass. Compass. Compass.

In C. In D. In E flat.

THE LITTLE WELSH MAID.

WORDS BY
FREDERIC E. WEATHERLY.

MUSIC BY
JOSEPH L. ROECKEL.

Moderato.

As lone-ly he roam'd down the Pass of Llanber-is, From Lon -

As lonely he roam'd down the pass of Llanberis,
From London's wild uproar all weary and worn,
He met a sweet maiden with lips like the cherries,
And eyes bonny blue as the flowers of the corn.
He said "Pretty maid you are sweet, and I'm weary,
Then tell me your name, and where do you stay?
She looked in his eyes, and replied to his query
"Llanfairfechanpwlycrochantynygroes a day!"

Compass. Compass. Compass.

In E flat. In F. In G.

COME BACK TO ME.

WORDS BY
BASIL HOOD.

MUSIC BY
WALTER SLAUGHTER.

Andante con express.

Be - lov - ed, O my be - lov - ed - Be -

I love thee, and have lost thee,
Beloved, canst thou hear—
O leave me not alone—
I held thee, O so dear.
I counted thee mine own—
Beloved, come to me,
Say not I call in vain—
I only live for thee,
Come back, come back again.

Compass. Compass.

In E flat. In F.

THAT FIRST HOUR.

WORDS BY
CLIFTON BINGHAM.

MUSIC BY
REGINALD GROOME.

Andantino.

Be-fore you came the stars of heav'n were bright, And yet I

Living was dreaming, love an empty name,
This world a solitude before you came,
Living was dreaming, living was dreaming,
This world a wilderness before you came!

Compass. Compass.

In C. In E flat.

IN CUPID'S GARDEN.

WORDS BY
WILFRID MILLS.

MUSIC BY
GUY d'HARDELLOT.

p Moderato.

A - mid the ro - ses Cu-pid plays: Tread light - ly

Amid the roses Cupid plays:
Tread lightly down the garden ways;
And do not speak the while he sings,
Lest Love bethink him of his wings—
Oh! hearken to the tender lay
He sings that love abides alway;
This wanton boy so prone to range
Vows fondly love can never change!

Compass. Compass.

In C. In E flat.

THE EVERGREEN HOPE.

WORDS BY
ELPHINSTONE THORPE.

MUSIC BY
FRANK L. MOIR.

mf Andante.

'Tis a wea-ry while a-go, Ma - your - neen, Since the day I

There never was a place, at all, with Ireland to compare;
There never was a race, at all, to bate the Irish there,
There never was a face, at all, so sweet and fresh and fair
As the face of my colleen in Connemara!

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