

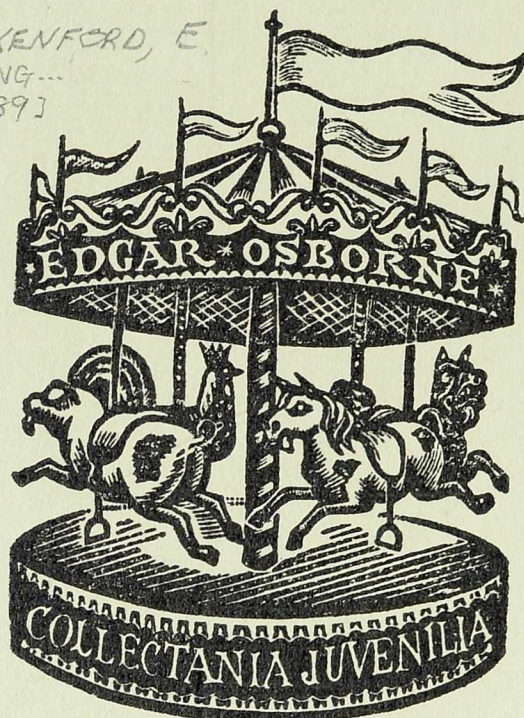


GRIFFITH, FARRAN }
OKEDEN & WELSH }

LONDON & SYDNEY.

Printed in Germany.

P.
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Beatrice Evelyn Corbett.

From her Godmother, Beatrice May Dwyer.

Dec: 18. /90.



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Songs for Children,*

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Mus. Doc.

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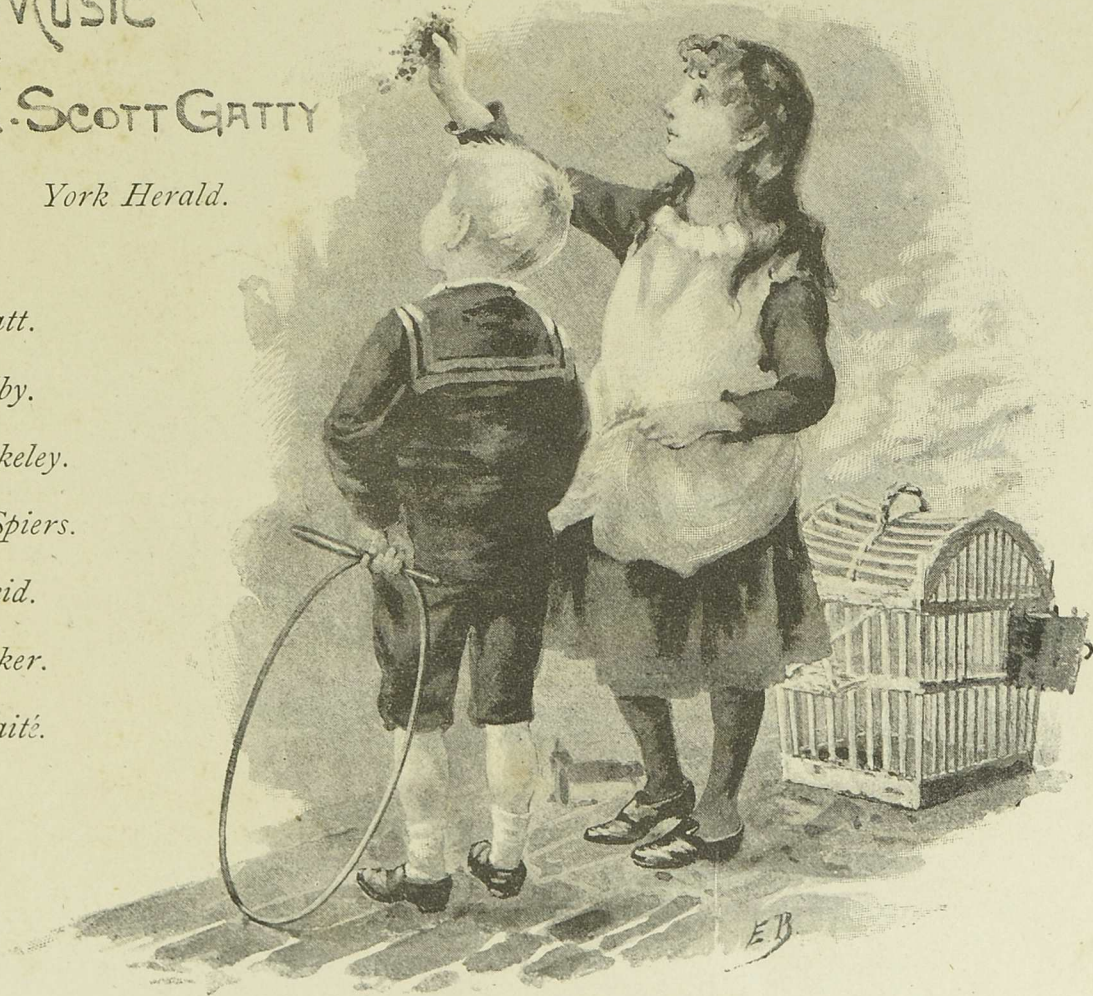
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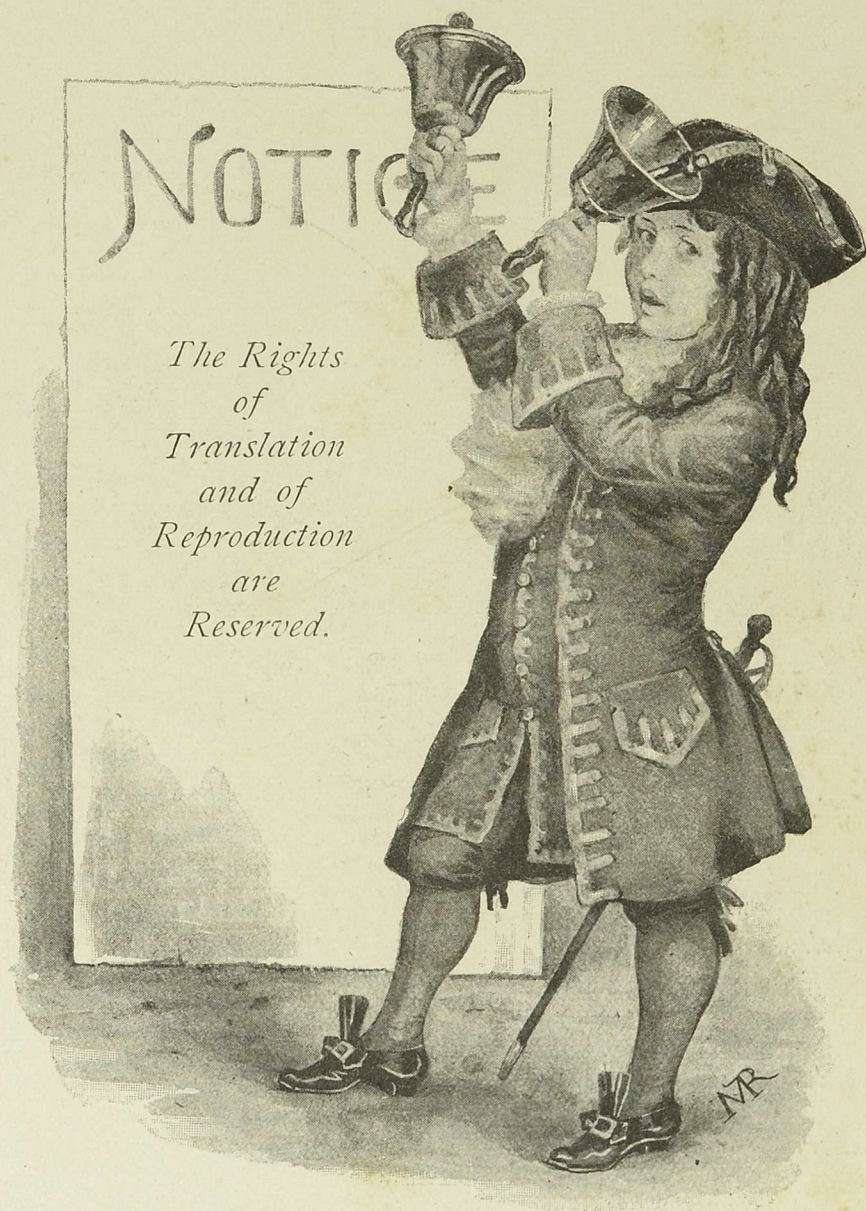
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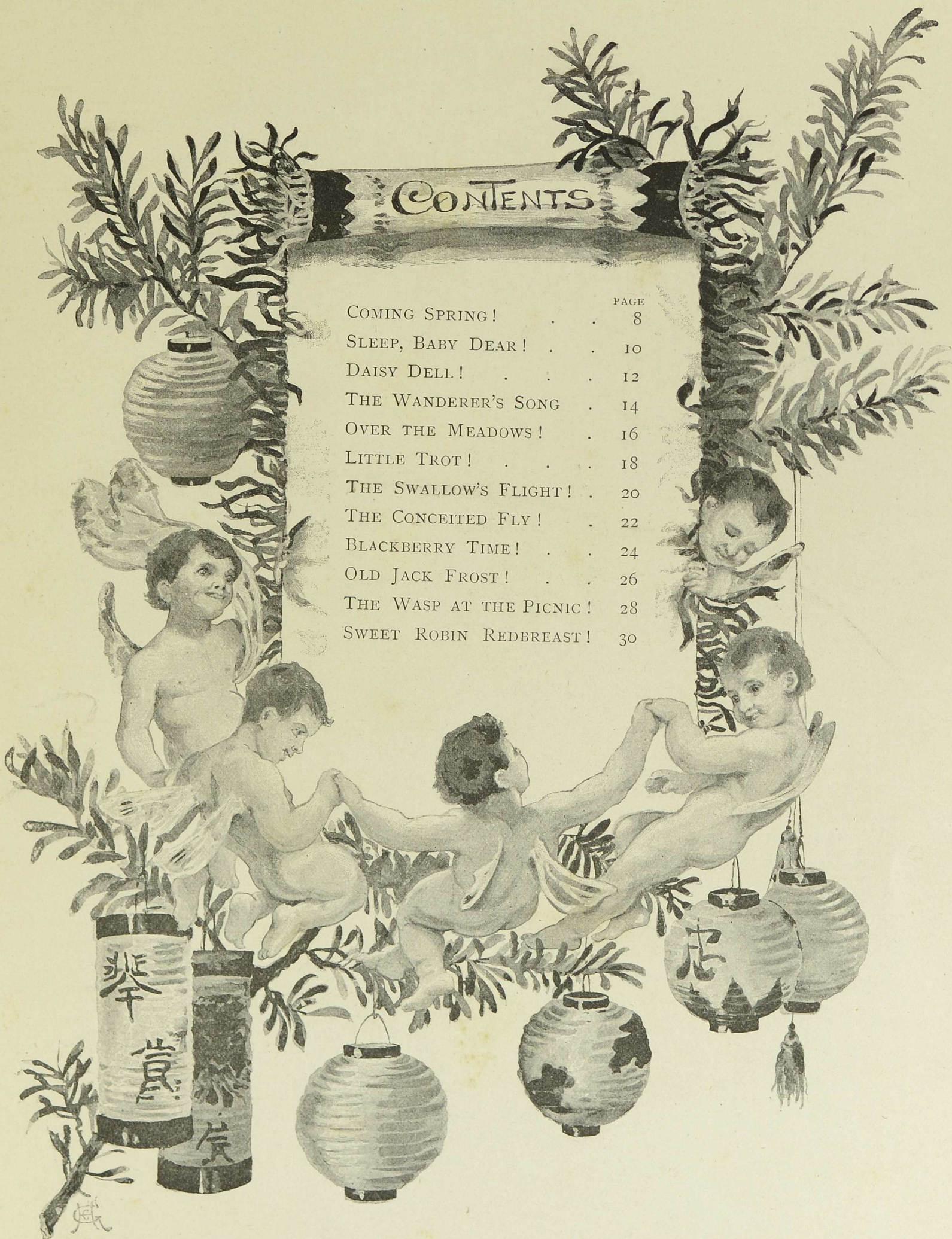






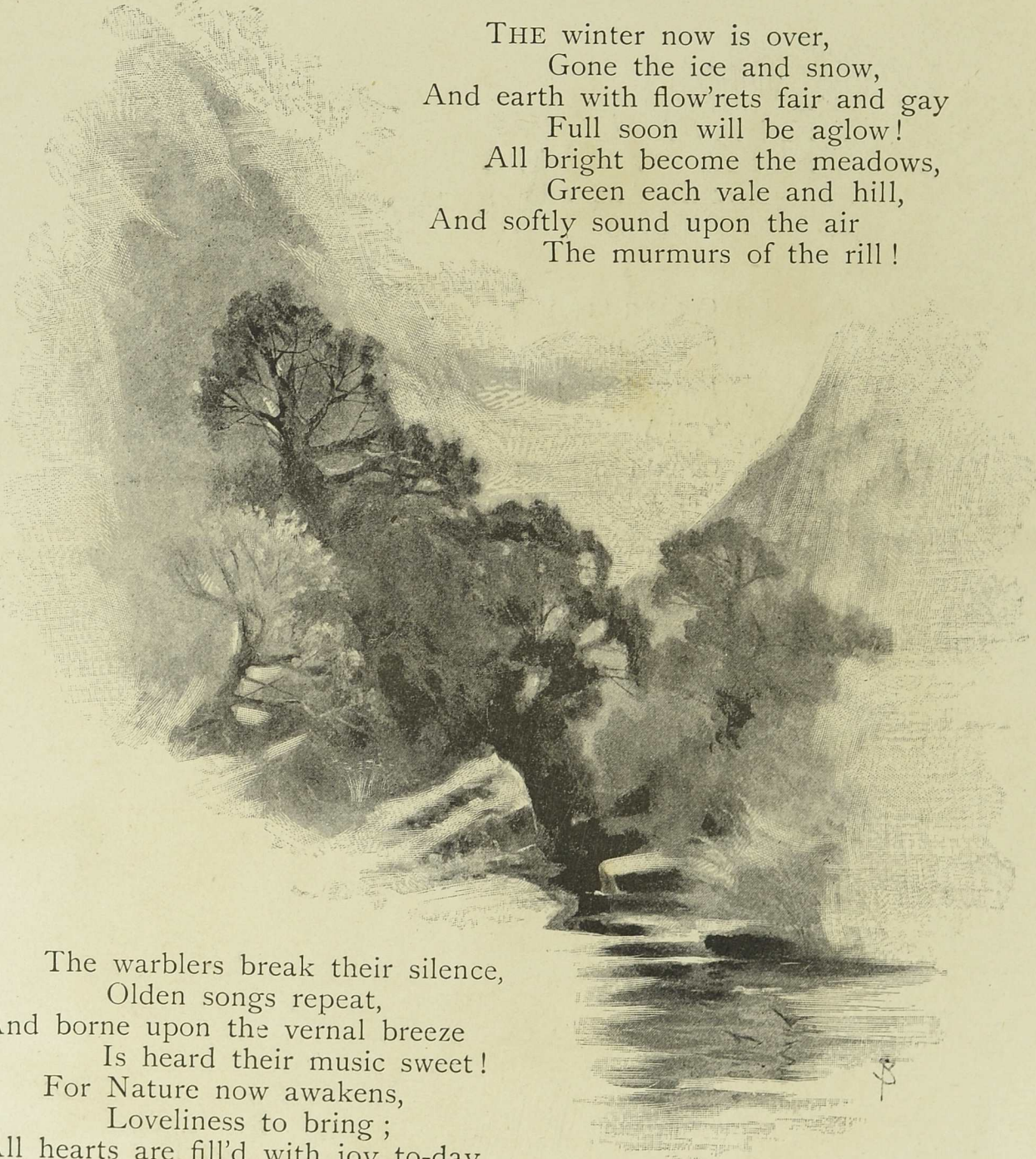
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Coming Spring!

THE winter now is over,
Gone the ice and snow,
And earth with flow'rets fair and gay
Full soon will be aglow!
All bright become the meadows,
Green each vale and hill,
And softly sound upon the air
The murmurs of the rill!



The warblers break their silence,
Olden songs repeat,
And borne upon the vernal breeze
Is heard their music sweet!
For Nature now awakens,
Loveliness to bring;
All hearts are fill'd with joy to-day,
And hail the coming Spring!

O sweet the hours of Spring time,
All is bright and fair,
And blossoms shed their welcome scent
Upon the balmy air!
Tho' Summer, Autumn, Winter,
Each their beauties bring,
The sweetest and the fairest days
Are those that come with Spring!



COMING SPRING.



Andante.

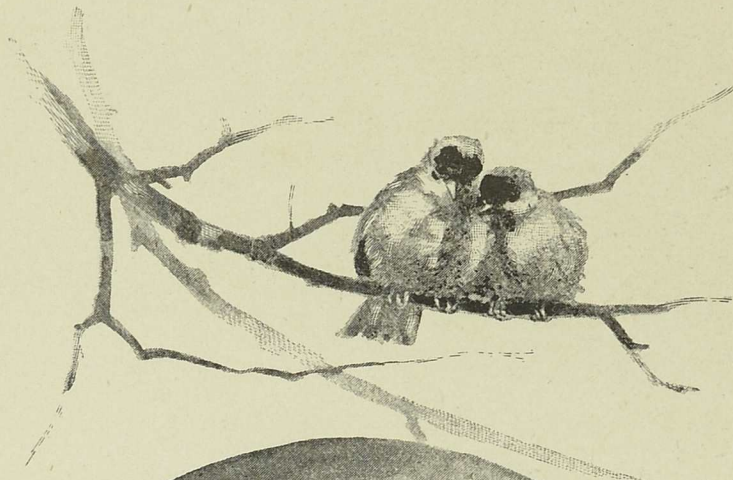
The win - ter now is o - ver,

Gone the ice and snow, And earth with flow'rets fair and gay Full soon will be a - glow! All bright be - come the

meadows. Green each vale and hill, And soft - ly sound up - on the air The murmurs of the rill!

D.C.

Sleep, Baby Dear !



SLEEP, sleep, O baby dear !
Close a while thy wee bit een,
Where the laughing glances peer,
And the heaven's blue is seen !
Sleep, sleep ! the birdies all
Now are hush'd and gone to rest,
And the ev'ning shadows fall
O'er their soft and mossy nest.
Sleep, O baby, sleep !



Sleep, sleep, O baby dear !
Till the dawning of the day,
When the stars all disappear,
And the moonbeams die away !
All the flow'rs their petals close,
Hide their colours fair to see,
Yielding them to sweet repose,
Till the morn shall waken'd be
Sleep, O baby, sleep !

Sleep, sleep, O baby, sleep !
Mother watches over thee ;
Till the rays of morning peep
Sweet may all thy dreaming be !

May the angels hover near,
Coming from the regions blest,
Safely guard thee, baby dear,
While thine eyes are clos'd in rest
Sleep, O baby, sleep !



SLEEP BABY DEAR

Andante.

Sleep, sleep, O ba-by dear! Close a while thy wee bit een, Where the laugh-ing glan-ces peer,

And the Heav'n's blue is seen! Sleep, sleep, the birdies all Now are hush'd and gone to rest, And the ev-'ning

rit. shadows fall O'er their soft and mos-sy nest *a tempo.* Sleep!..... *Lento.* sleep, O ba-by, sleep!...

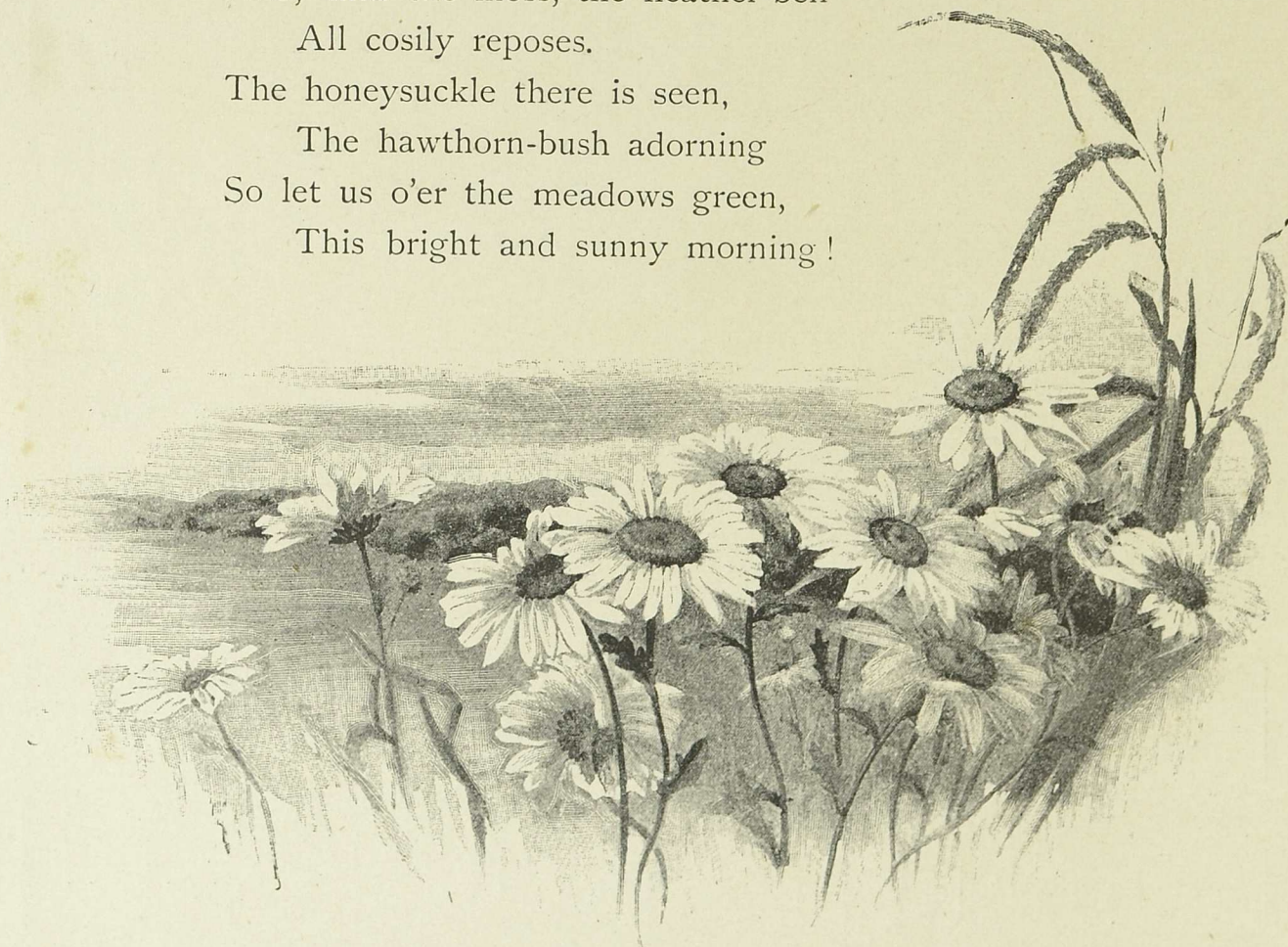
colla voce. *a tempo.* *Lento.*

Daisy Dell!

COME! let us haste to Daisy Dell,
This bright and sunny morning,
Where flow'rets that we love so well
Are all the banks adorning!
They wait us there, so sweet and fair,
Close clustering together,
And fragrance fills the balmy air,
This golden summer weather!

Come! let us haste to Daisy Dell,
With ready baskets laden,
Wherein the flow'rs a while shall dwell,—
Each little lad and maiden!
A show'r may come, and that, indeed
Would be a grievous pity,
For spoilt would be, not fit to see,
The flow'rs so sweet and pretty!

Come! let us haste to Daisy Dell,
Where bloom the briar-roses,
And, 'mid the moss, the heather-bell
All cosily reposes.
The honeysuckle there is seen,
The hawthorn-bush adorning
So let us o'er the meadows green,
This bright and sunny morning!





DAISY DELL.

Daisy Bell

Allegro con Spirito



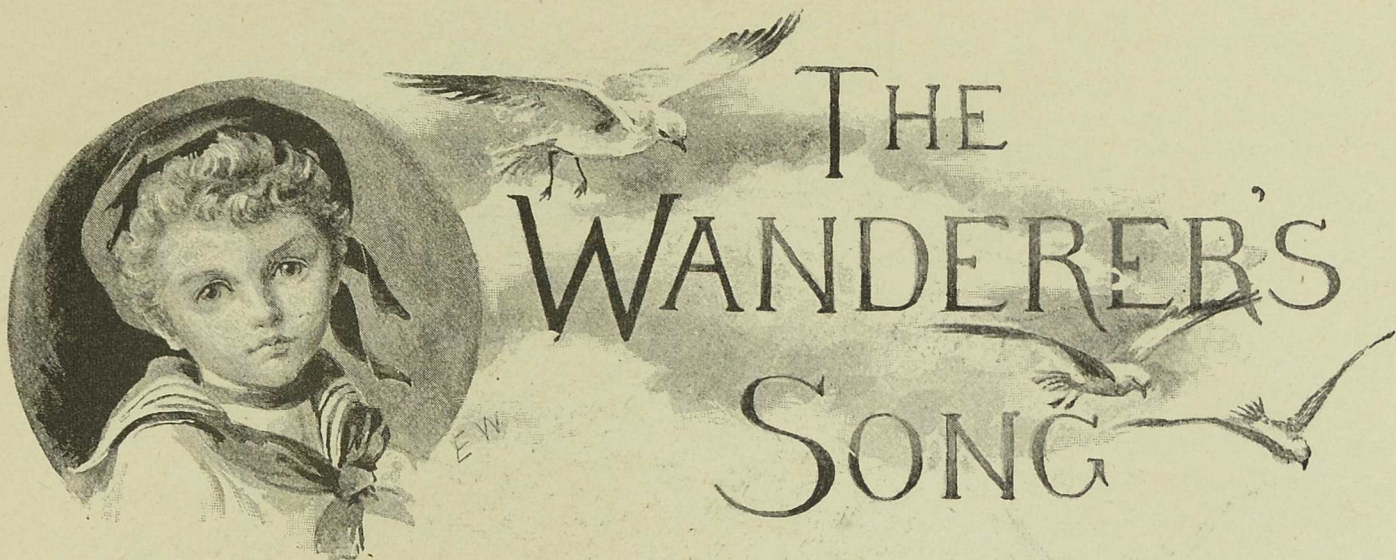
The Wanderer's Song.

THRO' sunny climes
I wander,
'Neath skies for
ever blue,
Where flow'rets clothe
the vale and hill
With ev'ry lovely hue!
But dearer were the cowslips,
And daisies on the lea,
Around my home, than flow'rs like
these
Can ever be to me!
For night and day, where'er
I roam,
My thoughts fly back to the
dear old home!



I gaze upon the mountains,
Where purple vineyards spread,
And olive-groves, whose branches weave
A canopy o'erhead!
But dearer were those hillocks
Whereon I often play'd,
And sweeter far the scented limes
That cast their welcome shade.
For night and day, where'er I roam,
My thoughts fly back to the dear
old home!

I watch the mighty rivers
Flow onward to the sea,
And pine to hear the streamlets purl
That flow afar from me!
Tho' scenes of perfect beauty
Should sweet content impart,
There is, amid such loveliness,
A void within my heart!
For night and day, where'er I
roam,
My thoughts fly back to the dear
old home!



8a. *loco.* Thro' sun - ny climes to wan - der, 'Neath

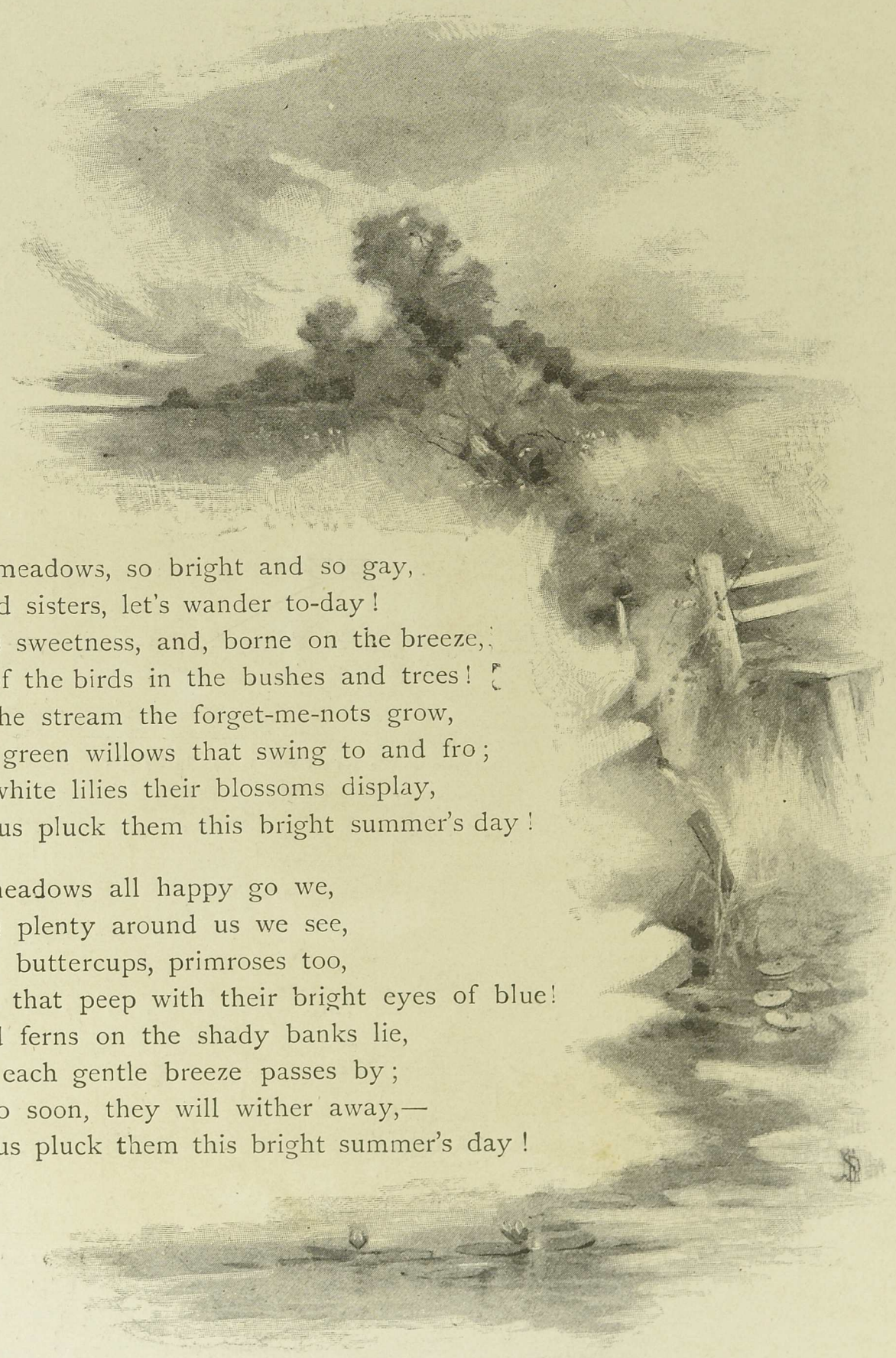
skies for ev - er blue, Where flow'rets clothe the vale and hill With ev - 'ry love - ly hne! But dear - er were the

cow - slips And dai - sies in the lea, Aroun - d my home, than flow'rs like this can ever be to me For

night and day, wher - e'er I roam My thoughts fly back to the dear old home!

colla voce *rall.* *colla voce* *D.C.*

Over the Meadows!

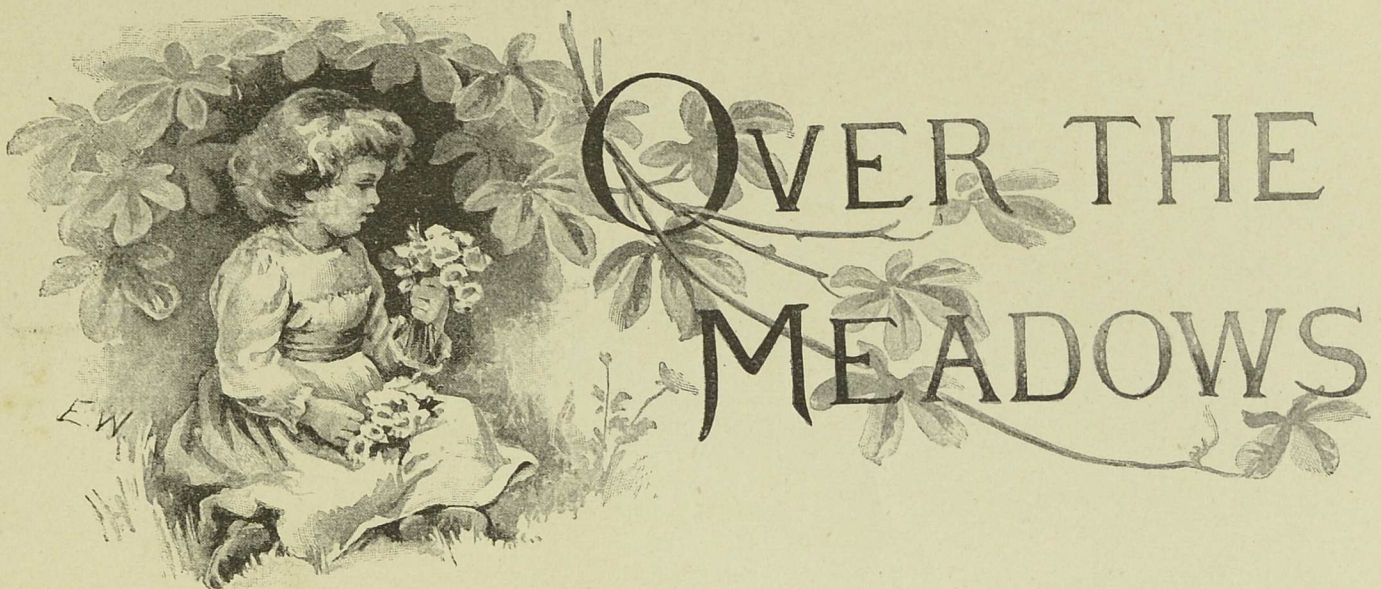


OVER the meadows, so bright and so gay,
Brothers and sisters, let's wander to-day!
All there is sweetness, and, borne on the breeze,
The song of the birds in the bushes and trees!
Down by the stream the forget-me-nots grow,
'Neath the green willows that swing to and fro;
There the white lilies their blossoms display,
Come! let us pluck them this bright summer's day!

Over the meadows all happy go we,
Flow'rets in plenty around us we see,
Daisies and buttercups, primroses too,
And violets that peep with their bright eyes of blue!
Grasses and ferns on the shady banks lie,
Waving as each gentle breeze passes by;
Soon, O too soon, they will wither away,—
Come! let us pluck them this bright summer's day!



OVER THE MEADOW.



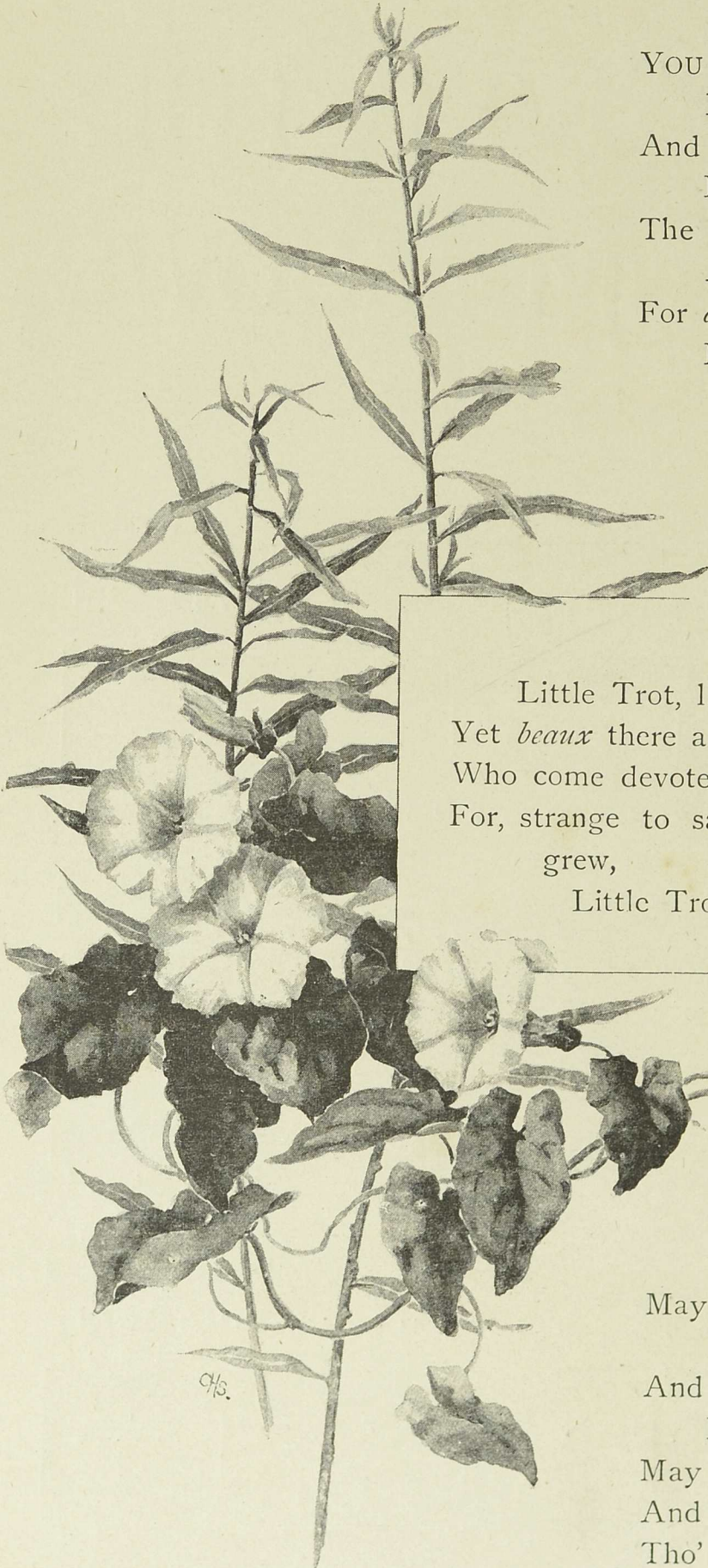
Allegro Moderato.

O-ver the meadows, so bright and so gay, Brothers and sis-ters, let's wander to-day! All there is sweetness and

borne on the breeze Songs of the birds in the bushes and tree Down by the stream the for-get-me-nots grow; Neath the green wil-lows that

swing to and fro!.... There the white li-lies their blossoms dis-play Come! let us pluck them this bright summer day!

Little Trot!



YOU look so snug in your cosy cot,
Little Trot, little Trot!
And happy indeed must be your lot,
Little Trot, little Trot!
The Queen of the cradle now are you,
And reign like a regular despot too,
For *all* your bidding at once must do,
Little Trot, little Trot!

O must your babyhood be forgot,
Little Trot, little Trot?
Now bibs and tuckers and bows
are not,

Little Trot, little Trot?
Yet *beaux* there are, and a-many too,
Who come devotedly courting you,
For, strange to say, you a maiden
grew,
Little Trot, little Trot!

May joy and happiness light your ways,
Little Trot, little Trot,
And love be present thro' all your days,
Little Trot, little Trot;
May bliss the paths of your future fill,
And life flow smooth as the crystal rill;
Tho' wedded, we all must call you still
"Little Trot," "little Trot!"



LITTLE TROT.

Little Trot!

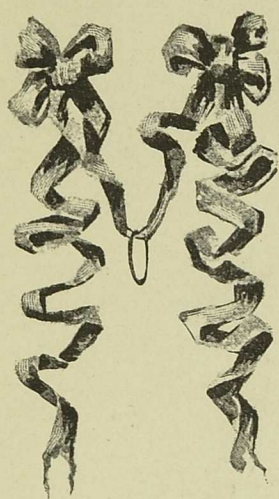
Allegro.

Yon look so snug in your co-sy cot; Little Trot! Little Trot! And hap-py in-deed must

be your lot; Little Trot! Little Trot! The Queen of the cradle now are you, And reign like a re-gu-lar

ritard. . . . *A tempo Primo.*
des-pot too For all your bid-ding at once must do Little Trot! Little Trot!

colla voce. *A tempo Primo* *f*



The Swallow's Flight!

O SWALLOW, swallow, fly not yet!
Summer has not pass'd away!
You the time of year forget,
See! the flow'rs are bright and gay!
Softly blows the gentle breeze
'Neath the skies of azure blue,
And the leaves upon the trees
Still retain their vernal hue!
O swallow, swallow, fly not yet!
You the time of year forget!
'Tis too soon to fly away,
Stay, O pretty swallow, stay!



O swallow, when the leaflets fall,
Carpeting the flow'rless lea,
And the songsters, one and all,
Hush their tender melody,
Then 'tis time for you again
O'er the ocean wide to wing,
Coming back when hill and plain
Glow with glories of the spring!
O swallow, swallow, fly not yet
You the time of year forget!
'Tis too soon to fly away,
Stay, O pretty swallow, stay





THE SWALLOW'S FLIGHT.

SWALLOW FLIGHT



Allegro Moderato.

p
O swallow, swallow fly not yet Summer has not pass'd a way

p
You the time of year for-get See the flow'rs are bright and gay Soft-ly blows the gen-tle breeze

cres. *ritard.* *Piu moto*
'Neath the skies of a-zure blue And the leaves up-on the trees Still retain their ver-nal hue O swallow, swallow

cres. *f* *colla voce.* *p*
fly not yet You the time of year forget 'Tis too soon to fly a-way Stay O pretty swallow, stay.

Allegro Moderato. *p*
fly not yet You the time of year forget 'Tis too soon to fly a-way Stay O pretty swallow, stay.

D.C.

The Conceited Fly!

"BUZZ! buzz! buzz! buzz!"
He was a most conceited fly,
And deem'd himself important;
I truly cannot tell you why,
But only that he oughtn't!
He whirr'd his wings in flippant style,
Around the room progressing,
And *other* flies would grin and smile,—
An act to him distressing!

"Buzz! buzz! buzz! buzz!"
He turn'd up what he term'd his nose,
And scorn'd their vulgar laughter;
And, tir'd at last, he sought repose
Upon a dusty rafter.
How long he slept I cannot tell,
But, liking to provoke him,
The other flies set up a yell,
And suddenly awoke him!



"Buzz! buzz! buzz! buzz!"
He rubbed his eyes, demanded who
Had dared disturb his slumbers?
And forthwith at his fellows flew,
Regardless of their numbers!
But, O alas! his flight was short,
He should have flown much wider,
For he within a web was caught,
And—*swallow'd by a spider!*

C.H. Spiers



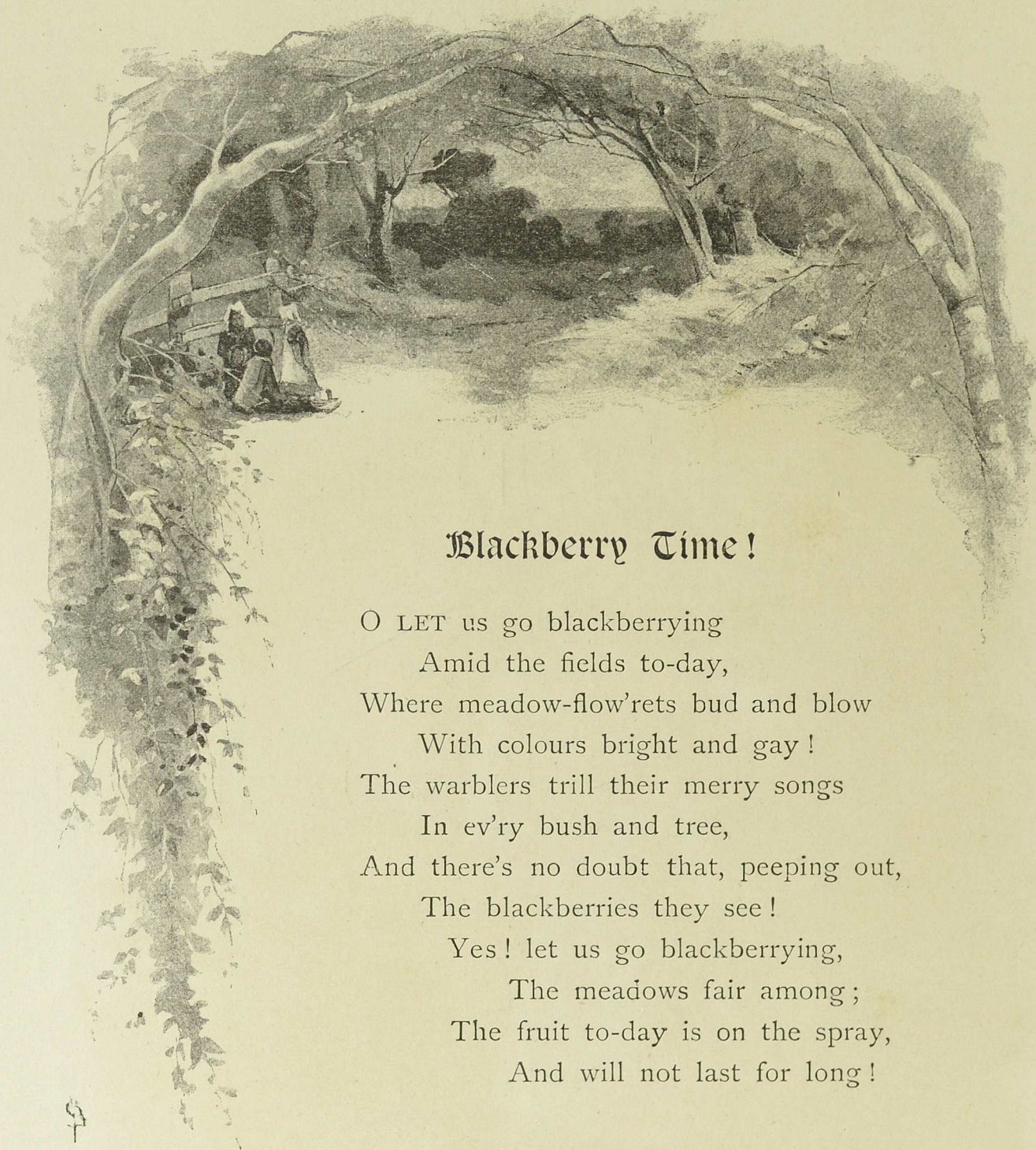
Buzz! Buzz! Buzz! Buzz! He was a most con-

-ceit-ed fly And deem'd him-self important I tru-ly cannot tell you why But

on-ly that he ought't! He whirr'd his wings in flippant style Around the room pro-

-gressing, And o-ther flies would grin and smile An act to him distressing!

leuto.



Blackberry Time!

O LET us go blackberrying
Amid the fields to-day,
Where meadow-flow'rets bud and blow
With colours bright and gay!
The warblers trill their merry songs
In ev'ry bush and tree,
And there's no doubt that, peeping out,
The blackberries they see!
Yes! let us go blackberrying,
The meadows fair among;
The fruit to-day is on the spray,
And will not last for long!

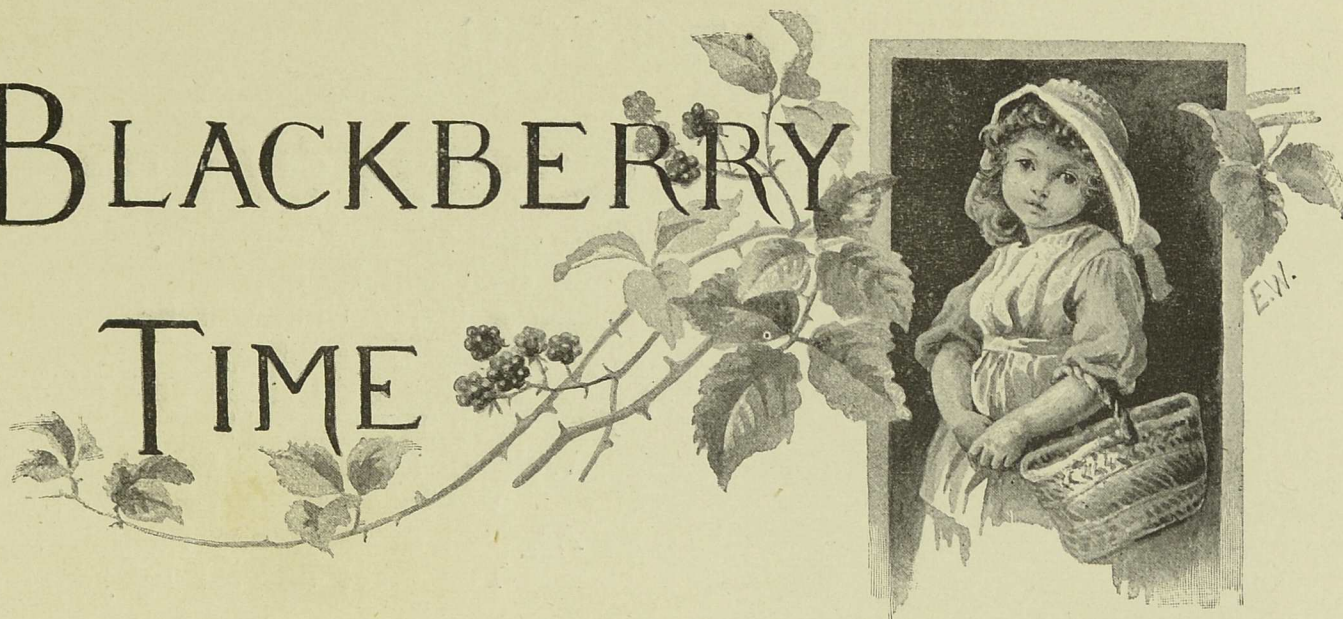
O let us go blackberrying,
And not one hour delay,
For many others search the fields
Upon a sunny day!
To find the glossy fruit all gone,
It would a pity be!

So come along, with laugh and song,
Across the spreading lea!
Yes! let us go blackberrying
The meadows fair among;
The fruit to-day is on the spray
And will not last for long!



BLACKBERRY TIME.

BLACKBERRY TIME



Con spirito.

O let us go black-ber-ry-ing Amid the fields to-day Where meadow flowers bud and blow With colours bright and

mf

ritardl.

gay! The warblers tune their merry songs In ev'ry bush and tree And there's no doubt that peeping out, The blackberries they see! Yes!

ritardl.

a tempo.

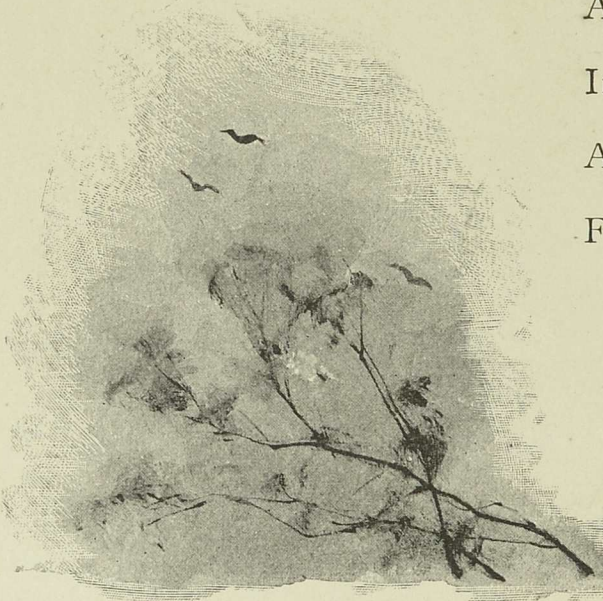
let us go black-ber-ry-ing The meadows fair among; The fruit to-day is on the spray, And will not last too long!

a tempo.

colla voce.

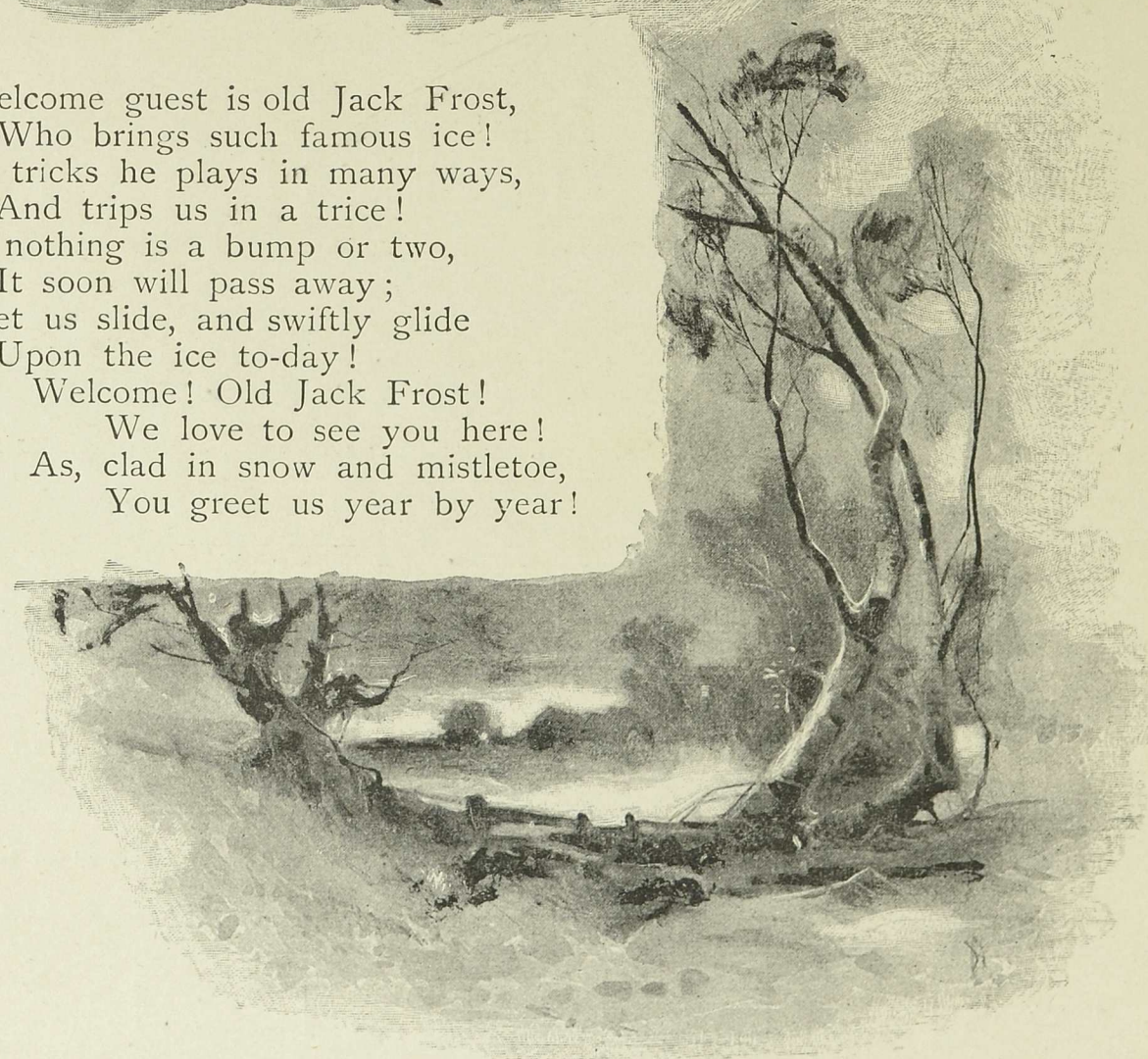
rit.

Old Jack Frost!



A WELCOME give to old Jack Frost,
Who once again is near;
In garb of snow and mistletoe,
Full soon will he appear!
And then a merry time will be
For ev'ry girl and boy,
For side by side we'll skate and slide,
And ev'ry hour enjoy!
Welcome! Old Jack Frost!
We love to see you here!
As, clad in snow and mistletoe,
You greet us year by year!

A welcome guest is old Jack Frost,
Who brings such famous ice!
Tho' tricks he plays in many ways,
And trips us in a trice!
Still nothing is a bump or two,
It soon will pass away;
So let us slide, and swiftly glide
Upon the ice to-day!
Welcome! Old Jack Frost!
We love to see you here!
As, clad in snow and mistletoe,
You greet us year by year!





Allegro Moderato.

A wel - come give to old Jack Frost Who once a - gain is near; In garb of snow and

mis - tle - toe, Full - soon he will ap - pear. And then will be a mer - ry... time For ev - 'ry girl and

boy For side by side, we'll skate and slide And ev - 'ry honr en - joy! Welcome, welcome, old Jack Frost! We

love to see you here For clad in snow and mis - tle - toe You greet us year by year!

fall.

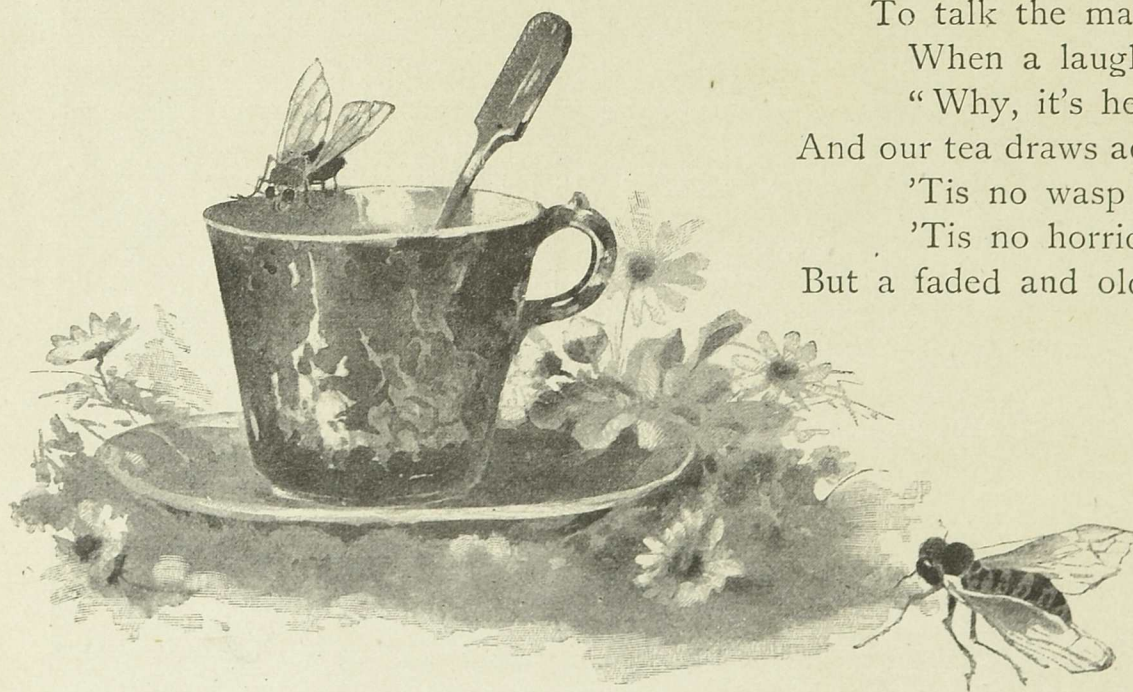
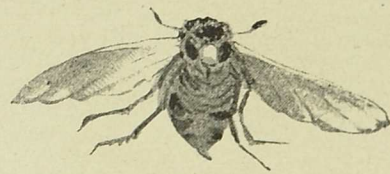
colla voce.

The Wasp at the Pic-nic!



MERRILY, merrily went the day,
And all were jocund-hearted!
Cheerily, cheerily passed away
The hours, too soon departed!
When a cry went forth,
Half in fun, half in wrath,
"Oh! a leaf-covered bough pray bring us
'Tis a wasp! 'Tis a wasp!
'Tis a horrid, horrid wasp!
And he looks as he wished to sting us!"

Speedily, speedily o'er the lea,
The boys and girls were flying!
Greedily, greedily he and she
For place of safety vying!
'Twas a wond'rous scare,
As there rang thro' the air
All the shrieks from their lips accruing,—
" 'Tis a wasp! 'Tis a wasp!
'Tis a horrid, horrid wasp!
And he still, oh! he's still pursuing!"



Tardily, tardily came there peace;
They ventur'd from their cover!
Warily, warily, at their ease
To talk the matter over!
When a laugh went up,
"Why, it's here, on the cup!
And our tea draws adown its throttle!
'Tis no wasp! 'Tis no wasp!
'Tis no horrid, horrid wasp!
But a faded and old bluebottle!"



THE WASP AT THE PICNIC.

THE WASP

AT THE

PICNIC



Vivace.

Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, went the day And all were jo-und heart-ed!

Cheerily, cheerily passed a-way The hours too soon de-part-ed! When a cry went forth, Half in fun, half in wrath, Oh! a

ritard.

leaf-covered bough pray bring us 'Tis-a wasp! 'tis a wasp! 'Tis a horrid horrid wasp! And he looks as if he wish'd to sting us.

ritard.

Sweet Robin Redbreast!

SWEET robin redbreast! Dear robin redbreast!
Well we love to see you here,
Singing in the snow!
Sweet robin redbreast! Dear robin redbreast!

Tho' the day be cold
and drear,
Still your carols flow!
Pretty little thing! merrily
you sing!
Hopping to the window-
sill,
There to trill your lay!
Do not, do not fear closer to
draw near,
Love for you all hearts must fill,
Ever and a day!

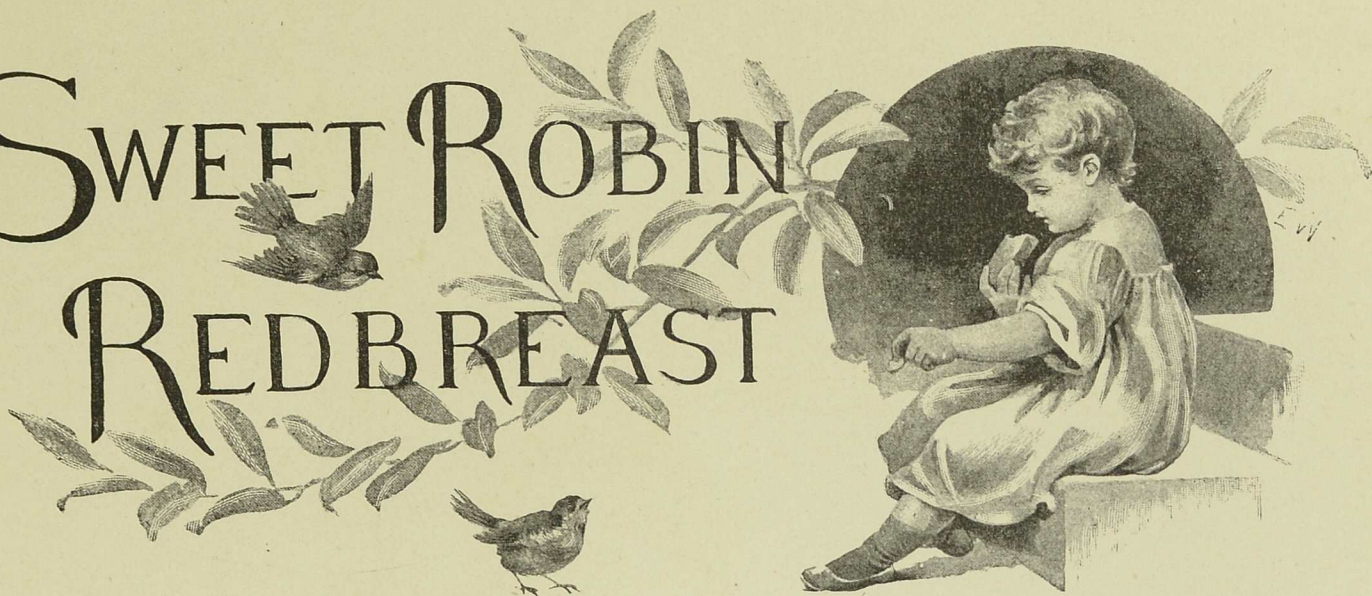
Sweet robin redbreast! Dear robin redbreast!
You alone to us remain
When the summer dies!
Sweet robin redbreast! Dear robin redbreast!
We with you, and not in vain,
Ever sympathise!
Pretty little thing! merrily you sing!
Knowing that we love you well
As you trill your lay!
Come, then, nearer still, to the window-sill,
Hunger we will soon dispel,—
Come! and ev'ry day!





SWEET ROBIN REDBREAST.

SWEET ROBIN REDBREAST



Andante.

Sweet Ro - bin Red - breast! Dear Ro bin Red - breast Well we love to see you here, Sing - ing in the snow:

Sweet Ro - bin Red - breast! Dear Ro bin Red - breast Tho' the day be cold and drear, Still your car - ols flow!

Pret - ty lit - tle thing! mer - ri - ly you sing! Hop - ping on the win - dow sill, there to trill your lay!

Do not, do not fear Clos - er to draw near Love for you all hearts must Till... Ev - er and a day!...

a tempo.

Sweet Ro - bin Red - breast! Dear Ro bin Red - breast! well we love to see you here... Sing - ing in the snow!



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