

SONGS OF CHILDHOOD

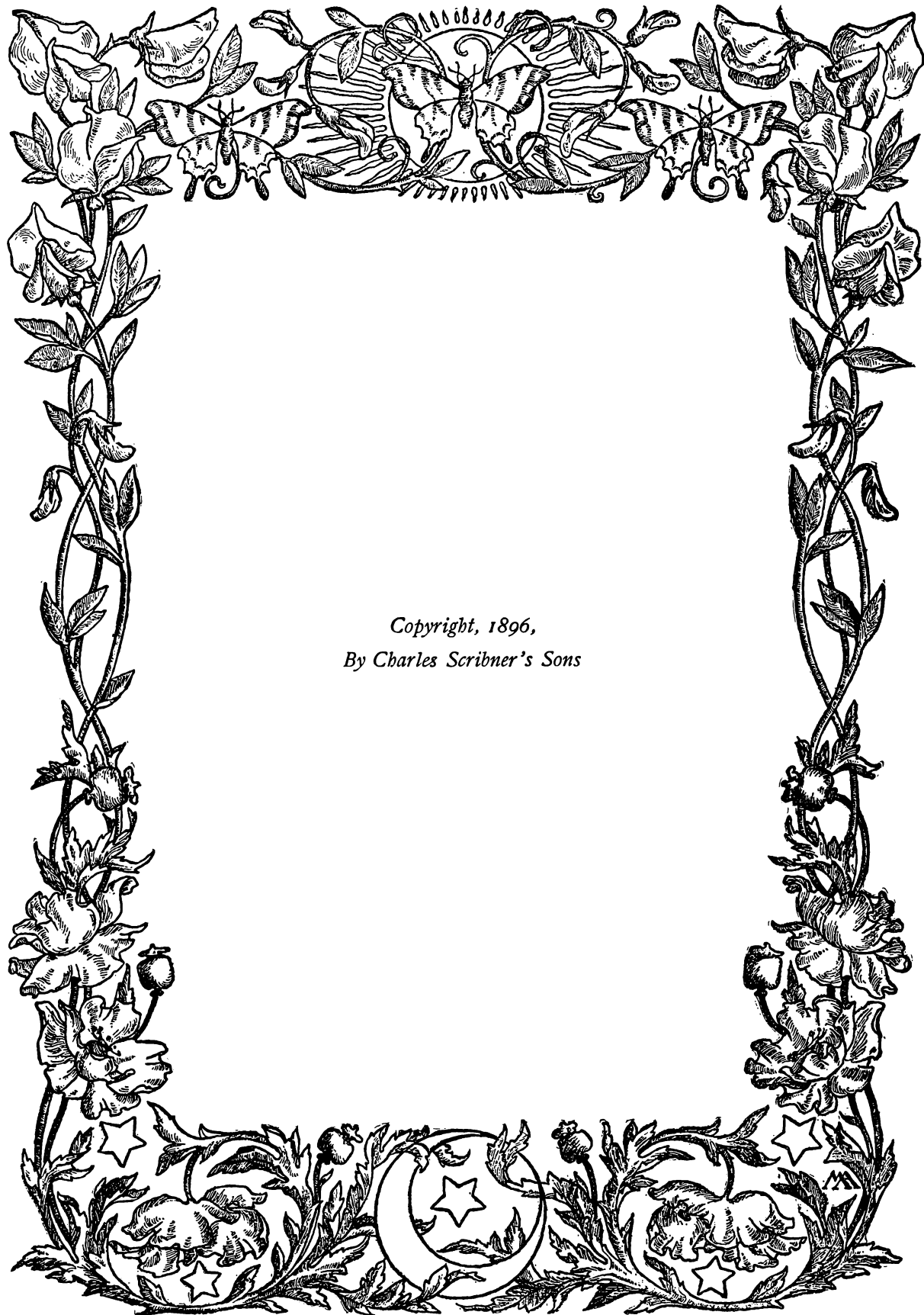
VERSES
BY



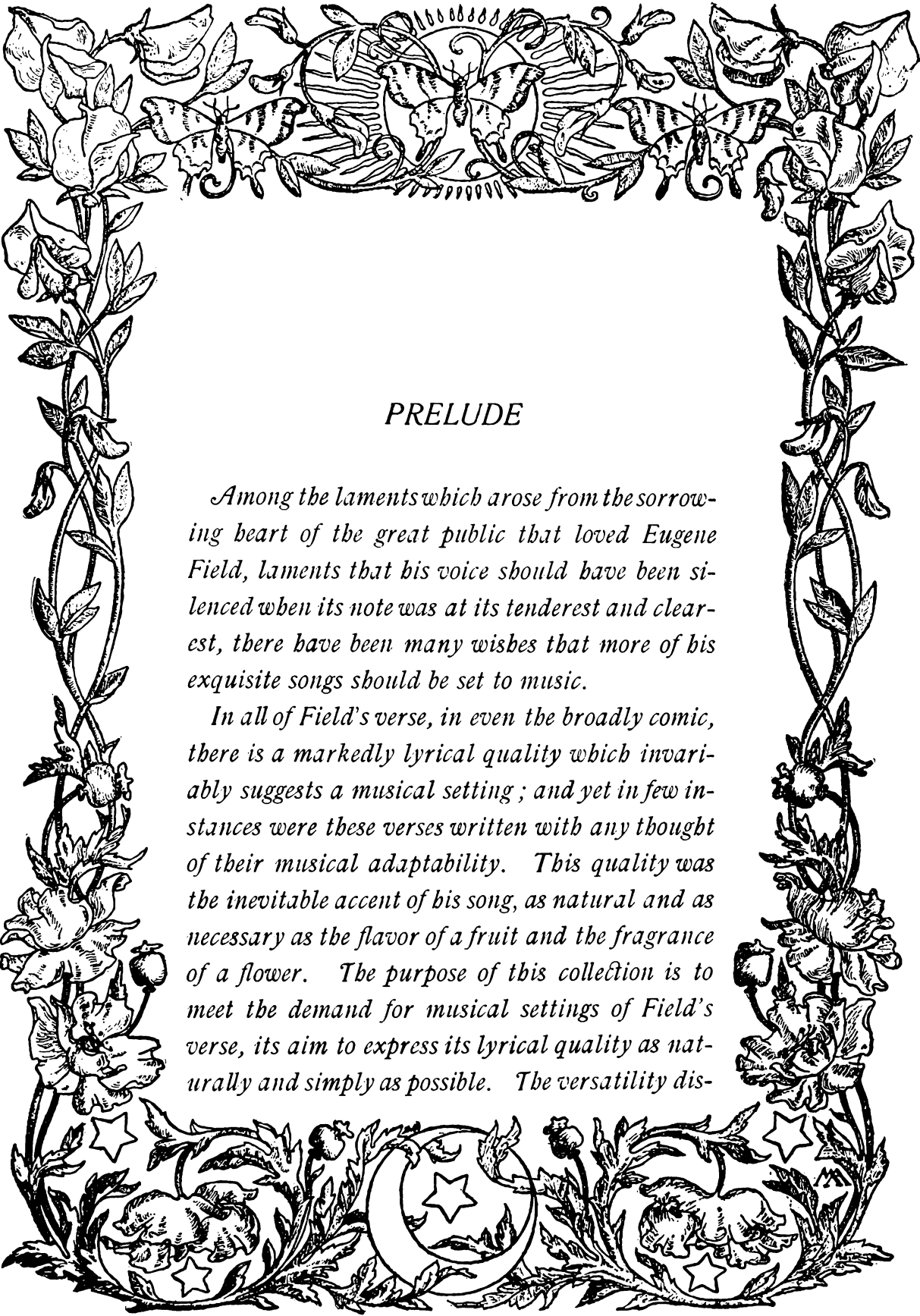
EUGENE
FIELD

MUSIC BY
REGINALD DE KOVEN
AND OTHERS

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
NEW YORK ~ 1897



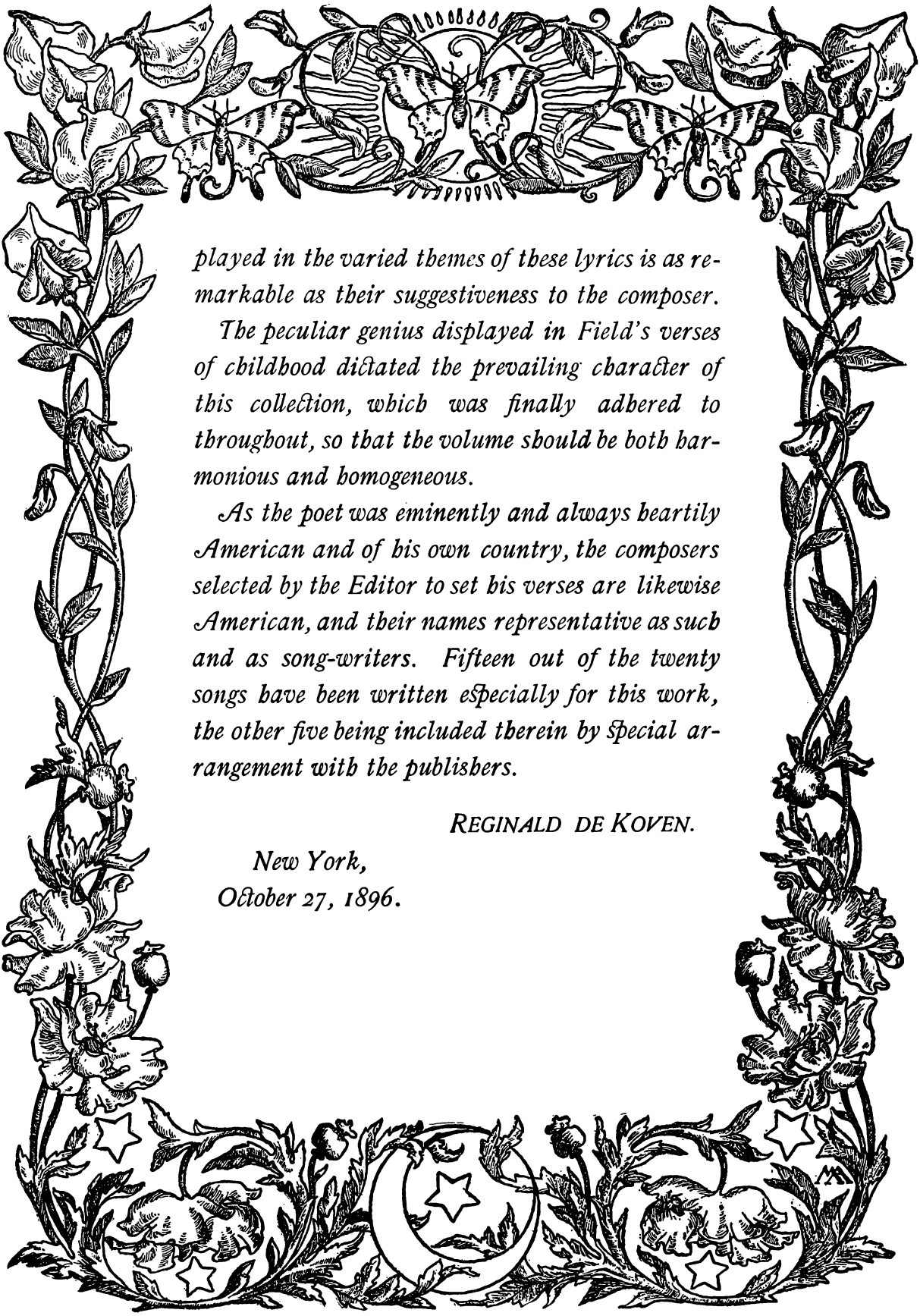
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PRELUDE

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-



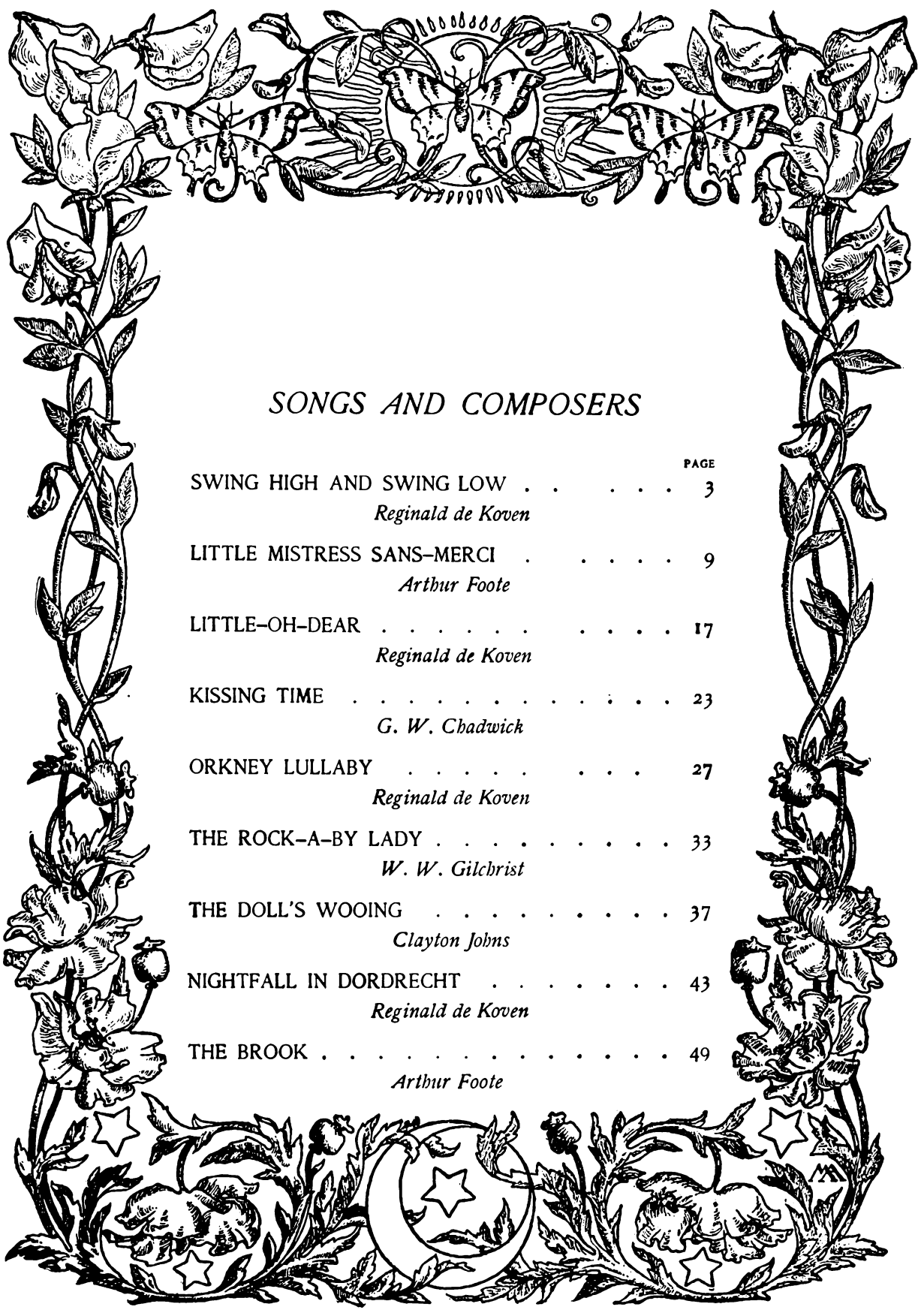
played in the varied themes of these lyrics is as remarkable as their suggestiveness to the composer.

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.

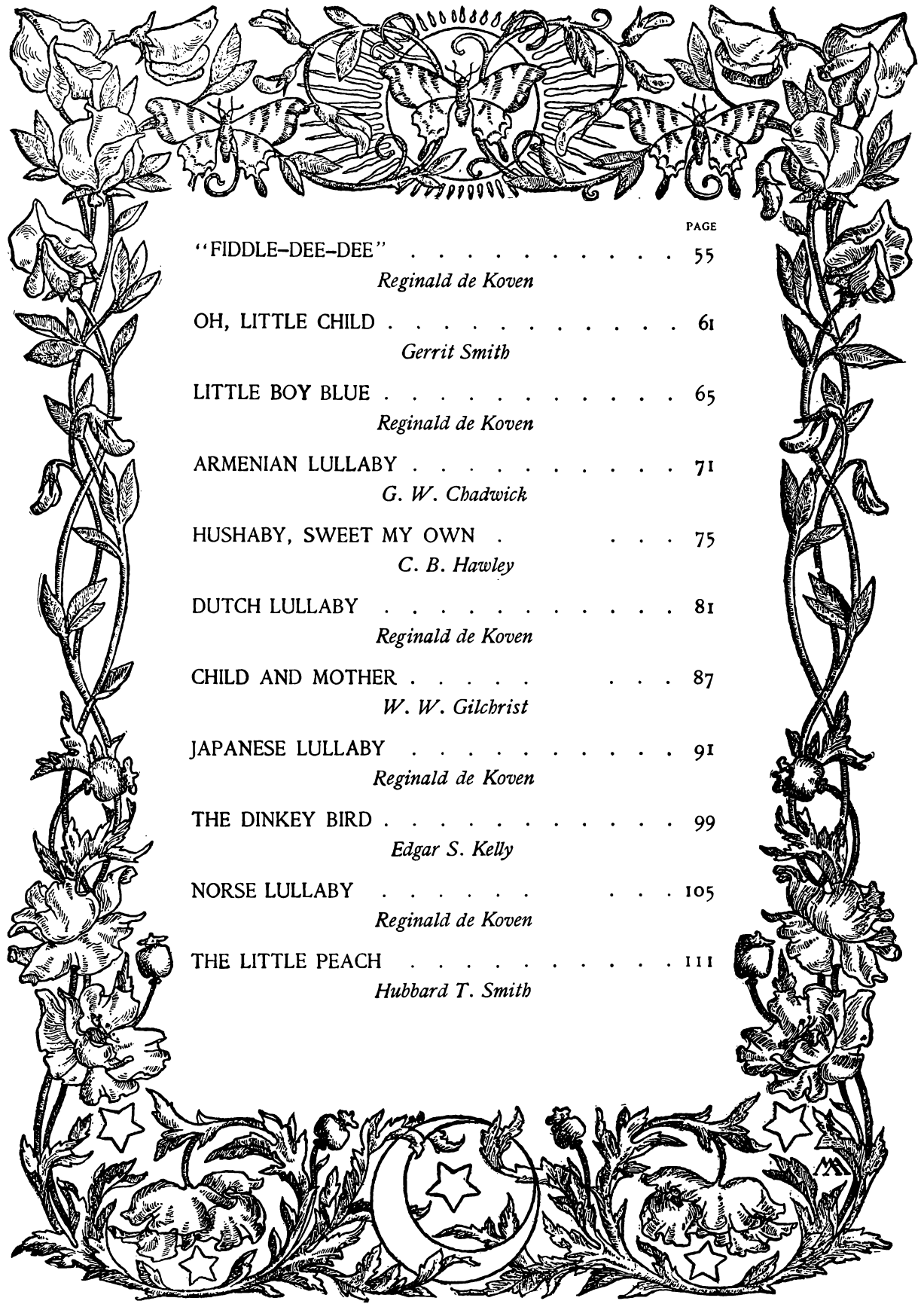
REGINALD DE KOVEN.

*New York,
October 27, 1896.*

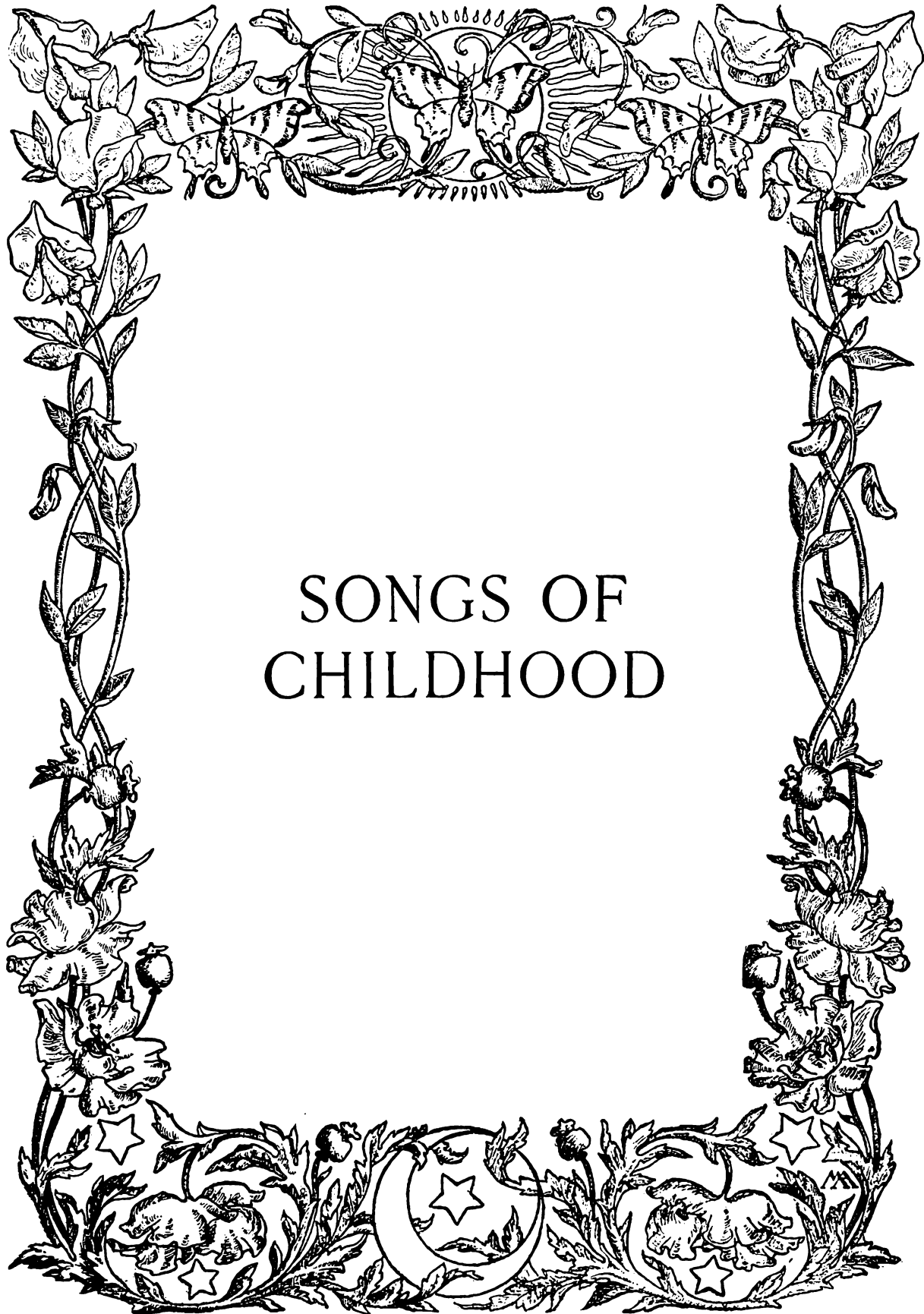


SONGS AND COMPOSERS

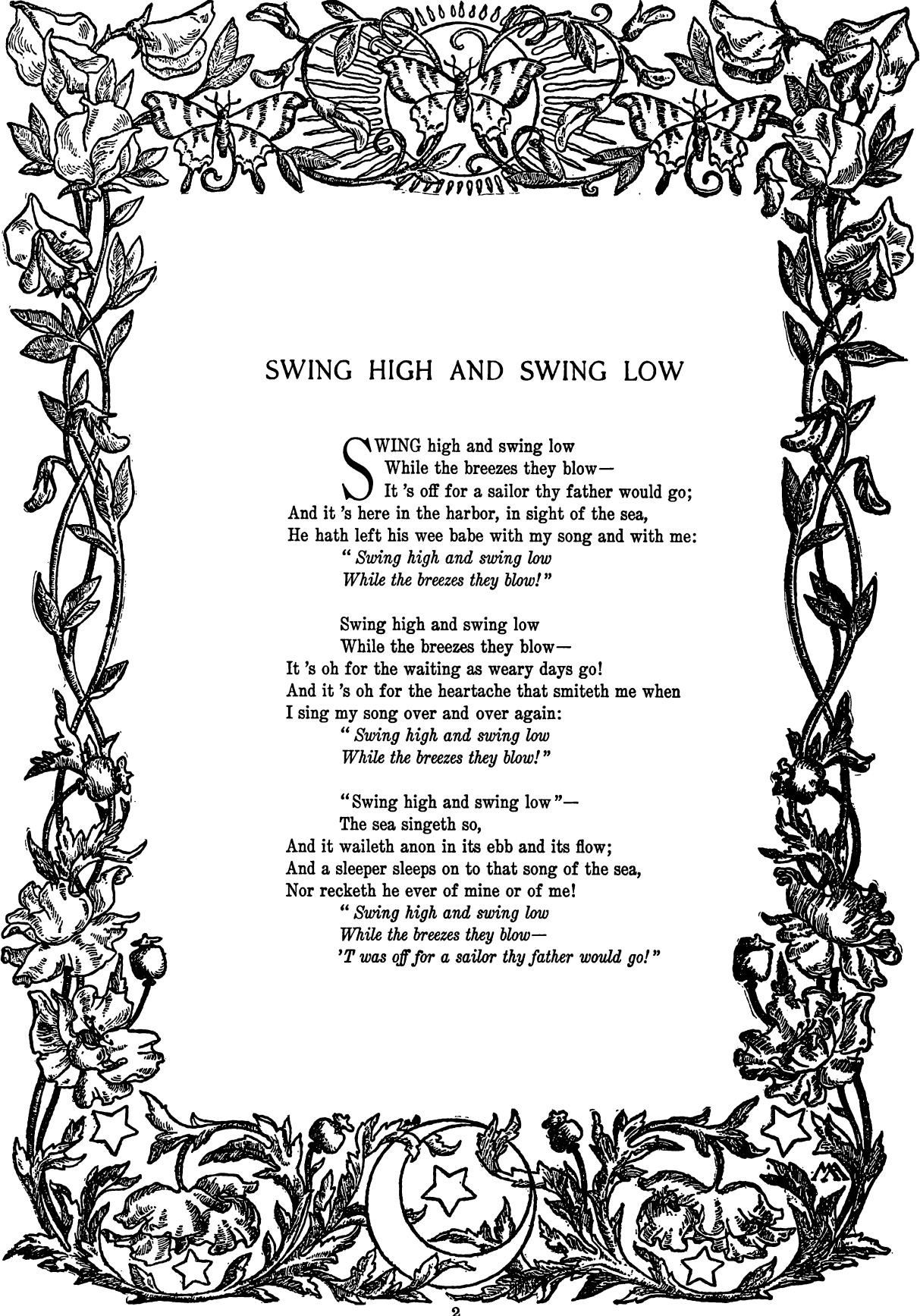
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SONGS OF CHILDHOOD



SWING HIGH AND SWING LOW

SWING 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

f

Ped. * *Ped.* *

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

p

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

cresc.

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

p con tenerezza.

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.* *

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

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

Ped. *

2d verse.

low.....

3. Swing

f *dim. e rall.*

Ped. * *Ped.* *

Poco Meno, p

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

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.*

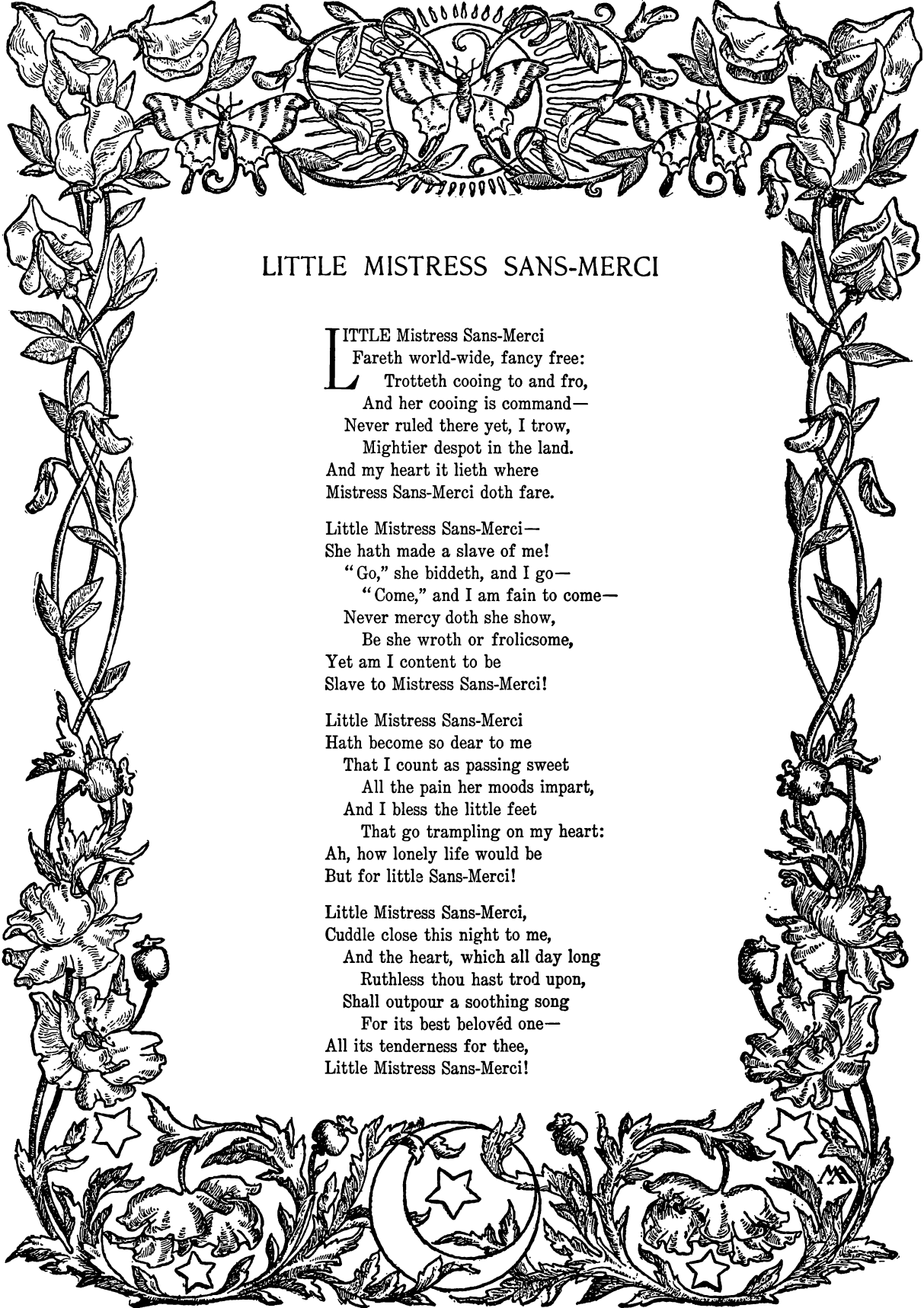
rall. e dim. *pp*

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

ppp

rall. e dim.

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 beloved 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

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in 3/4 time, key of D major. The first system of five measures is marked 'pp' and 'Senza Pedal.'. The second system of five measures is marked 'cresc.' and 'sf'. The vocal melody enters in the third system, marked 'dolce.', with the lyrics '1. Lit - tle Mis - - tress'. The piano accompaniment for the vocal entry is marked 'pp' and '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

espress.

des - pot in the land, And my

pp *espress.*

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

mf *poco mf* *p*

- ci doth fare.

mf

pp

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

espress.

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

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

Sans - - Mer - ci

Cud - - - dle close this

night to me,

And the heart, which all day

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

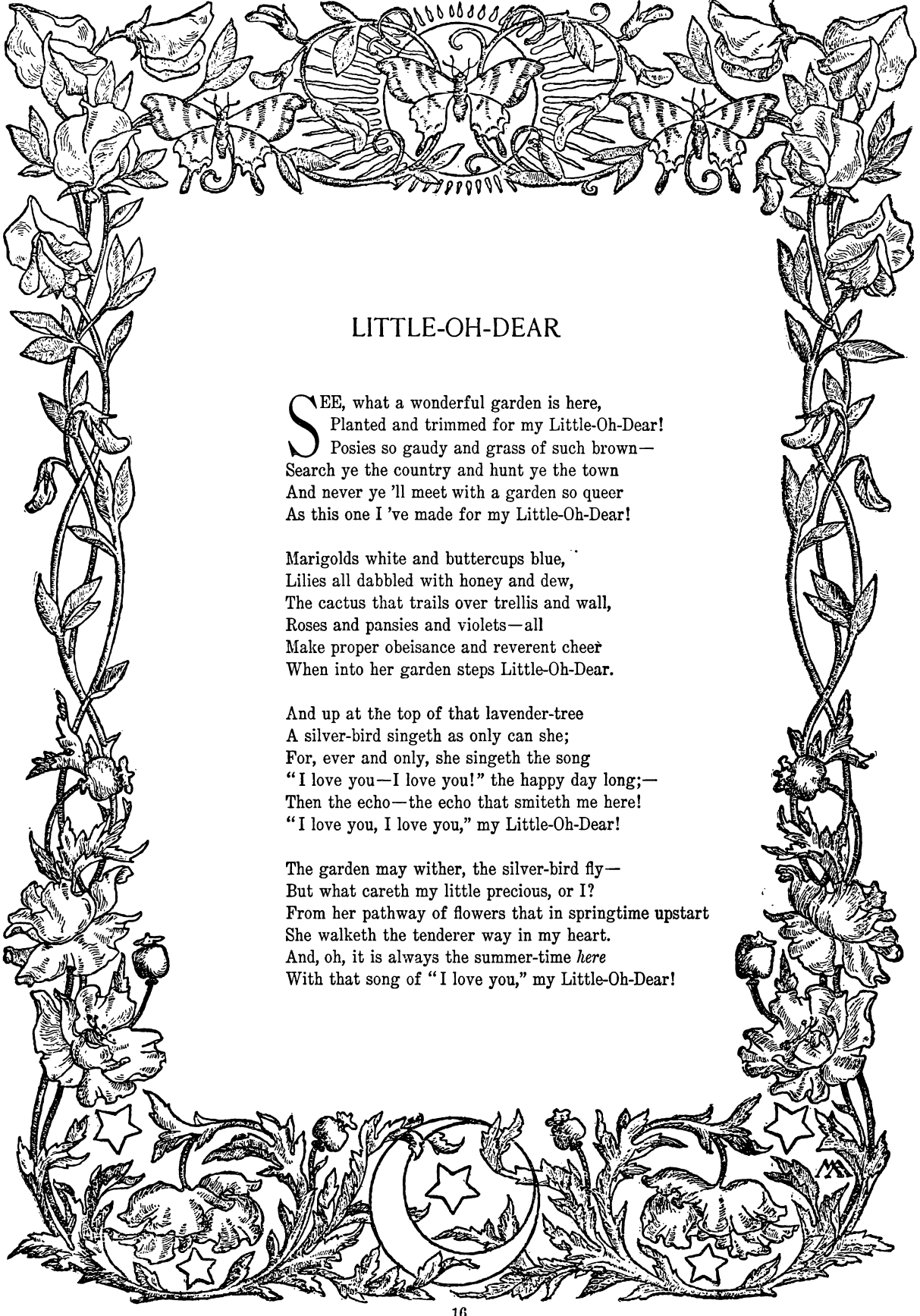
p Shall out - pour a sooth - ing song For its *cresc.*

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

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.

mf

The piano introduction consists of two staves in 6/8 time. The right hand features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto Gracioso' and the dynamic is 'mf'.

mf

1. See what a won - der - ful gar - den is here,

p poco rall.

p

The first line of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line begins with a 'mf' dynamic. The piano accompaniment starts with a 'p' dynamic and a 'poco rall.' instruction. The lyrics are '1. See what a won - der - ful gar - den is here,'.

cresc.

Plant - ed and trimm'd for my Lit - tle - Oh - Dear! Po - sies so gaud - y and

cresc.

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes a 'cresc.' (crescendo) instruction. The lyrics are 'Plant - ed and trimm'd for my Lit - tle - Oh - Dear! Po - sies so gaud - y and'.

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.*

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

a tempo. *p con tener-za.* *rall.*

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

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

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.

f *p* *rall.*

3. And

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.

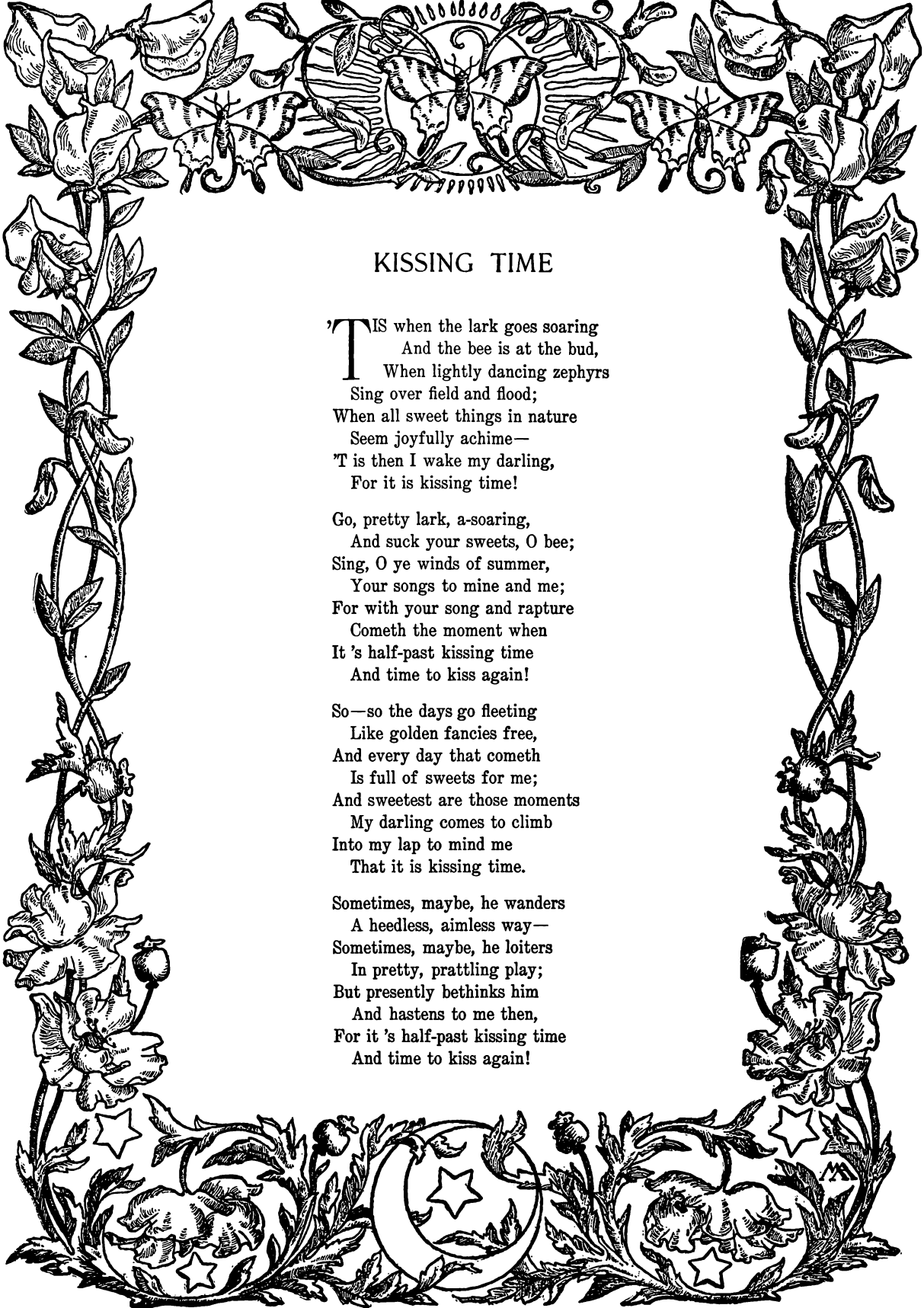
p con tenerezza. *rall. molto.*

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

p colla voce.

Lit - tle - Oh - Dear!

Perdendosi. *pp*



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!

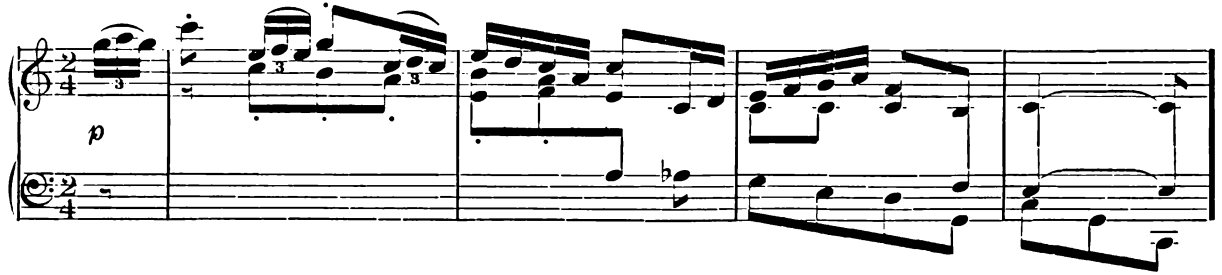
So—so the days go fleeting
Like golden fancies free,
And every day that cometh
Is full of sweets for me;
And sweetest are those moments
My darling comes to climb
Into my lap to mind me
That it is kissing time.

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.



The piano introduction is in 2/4 time, marked *Allegretto scherzando* and *p* (piano). It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a triplet of eighth notes (G4, A4, B4) followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment with eighth and sixteenth notes.



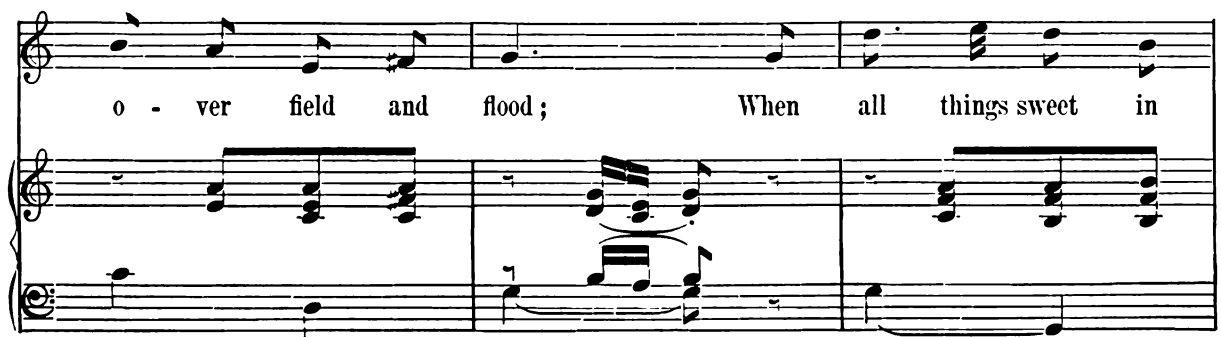
1. 'Tis when the lark goes soaring And the bee is at the

The vocal line is in treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in bass clef. The piano part continues with a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.



bud, When lightly dancing zephyrs Sing

The vocal line continues in treble clef. The piano accompaniment in the bass clef features more complex chords and moving lines. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.



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

The vocal line continues in treble clef. The piano accompaniment in the bass clef maintains the rhythmic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal 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, O

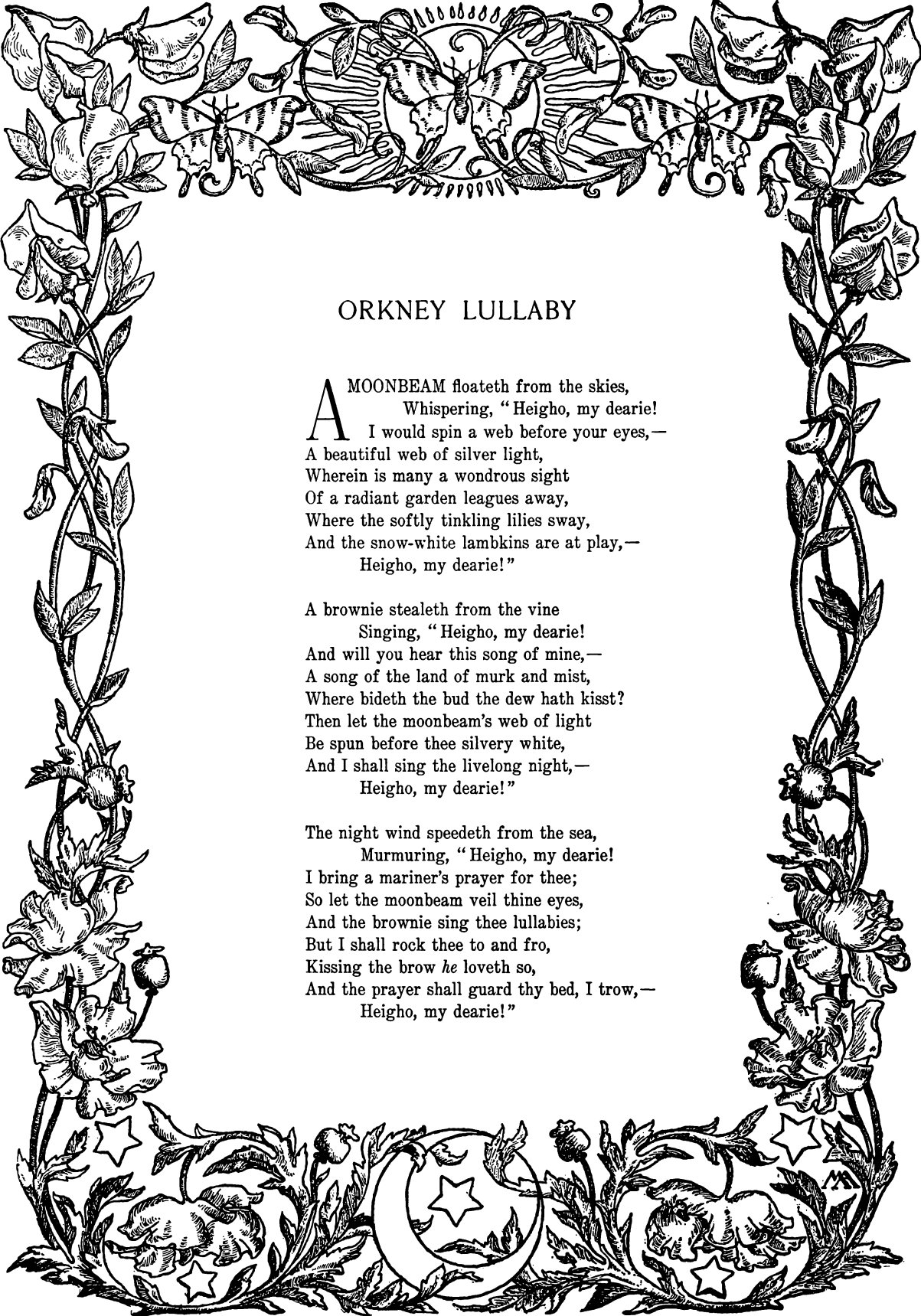
p

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

The piano introduction consists of five measures. The right hand features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. Dynamics include *mf*, *dim.*, and *pp*.

con sentimento.

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

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The piano part includes a *p* dynamic and a *sostenuto.* marking. Pedal points are indicated with *Ped.* and asterisks.

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

The second line of the song continues the vocal and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a *poco animando.* marking. Pedal points are indicated with *Ped.* and asterisks.

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

The third line of the song concludes the vocal and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a *pp* dynamic. Pedal points are indicated with *Ped.* and asterisks.

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
 2. A brownie stealeth from the vine, Singing, "Heigh-o, my dear - ie, my dear - ie! And
p *sostenuto.*
Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *dim.*

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. *

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.* *

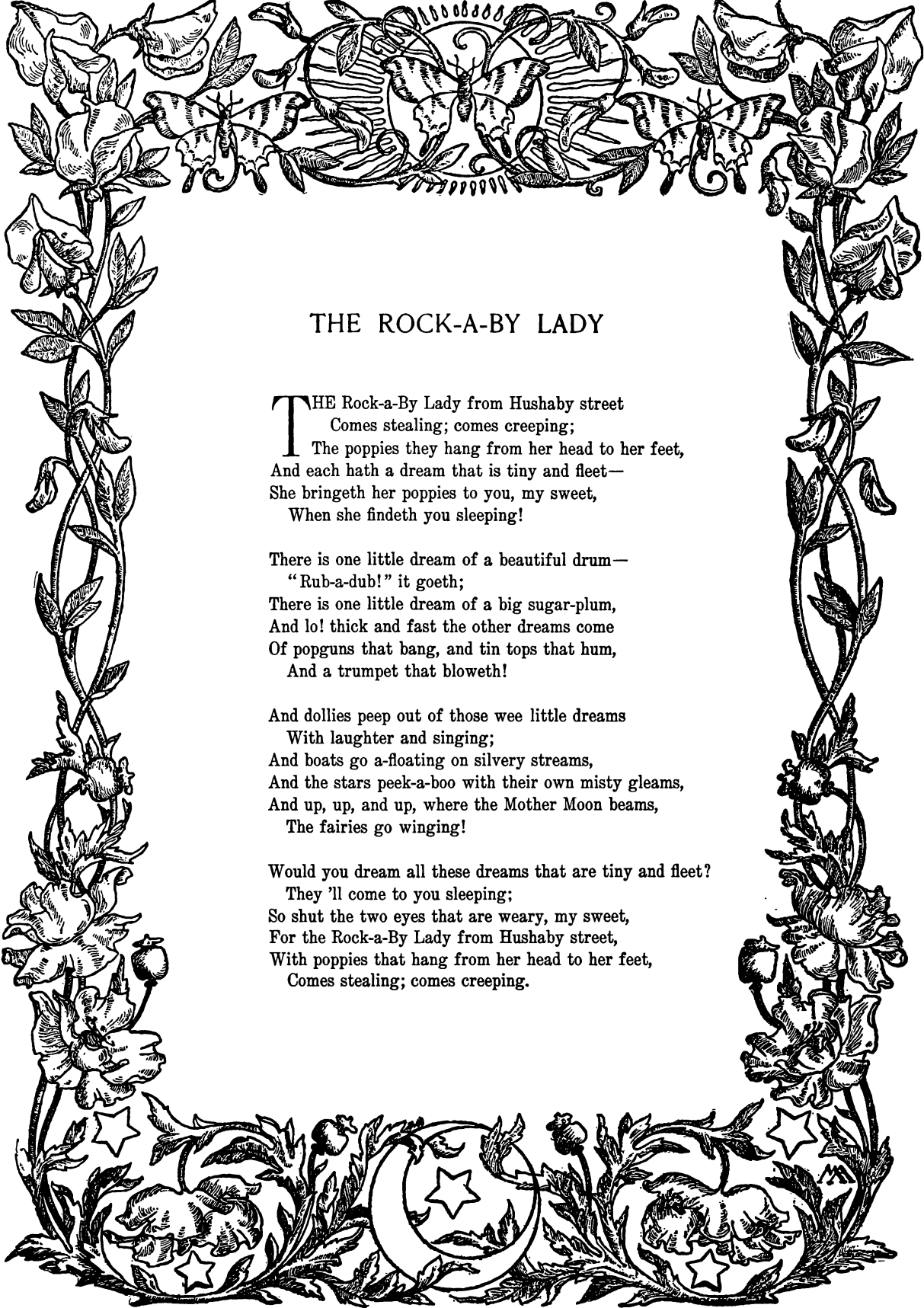
rit. *p molto rall.*

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



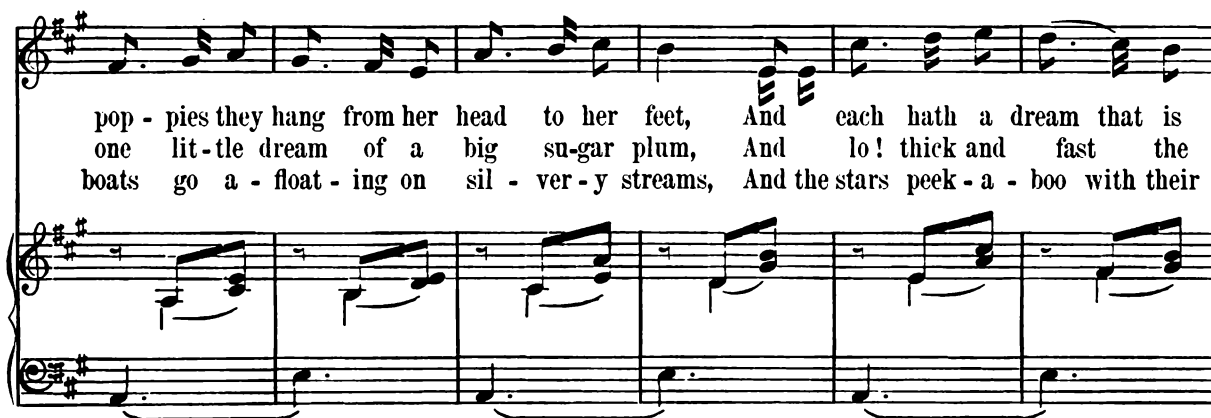
1. The Rock - a - by La - dy from
2. There is one lit - tle dream of a
3. And dol - lies peep out of those

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 rull.

4. Would you dream all these dreams that are

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

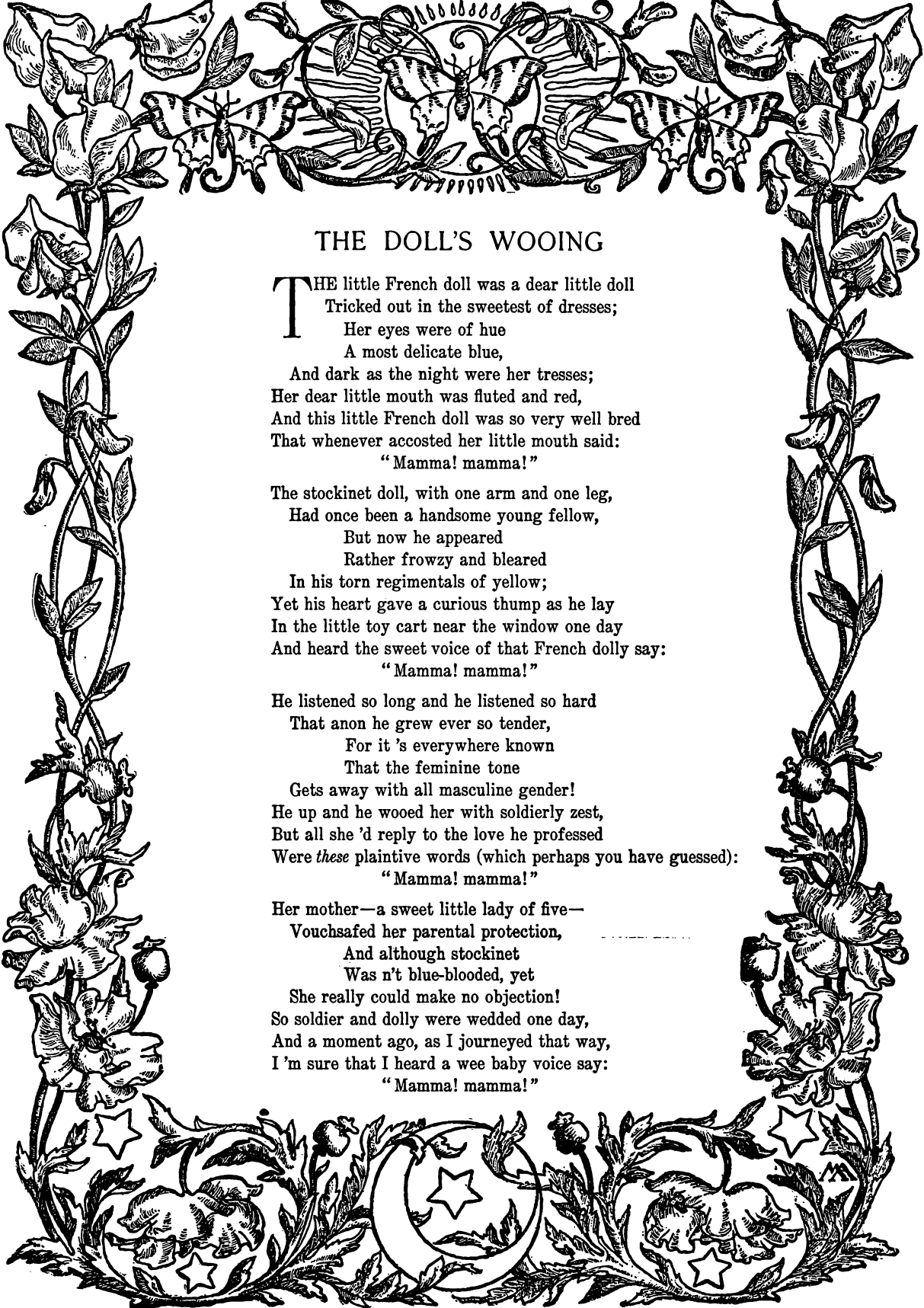
shut the two eyes that are wea - ry, my sweet, For the Rock - a - by La - dy from

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. The vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a half note B4. The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes in the right hand and a steady bass line in the left hand.

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

Non legato.

This system contains measures 5 through 8. The vocal line continues with eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment is marked *Non legato* and consists of block chords in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand.

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

This system contains measures 9 through 12. The vocal line continues with eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment remains in block chords in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand.

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

8va.....

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

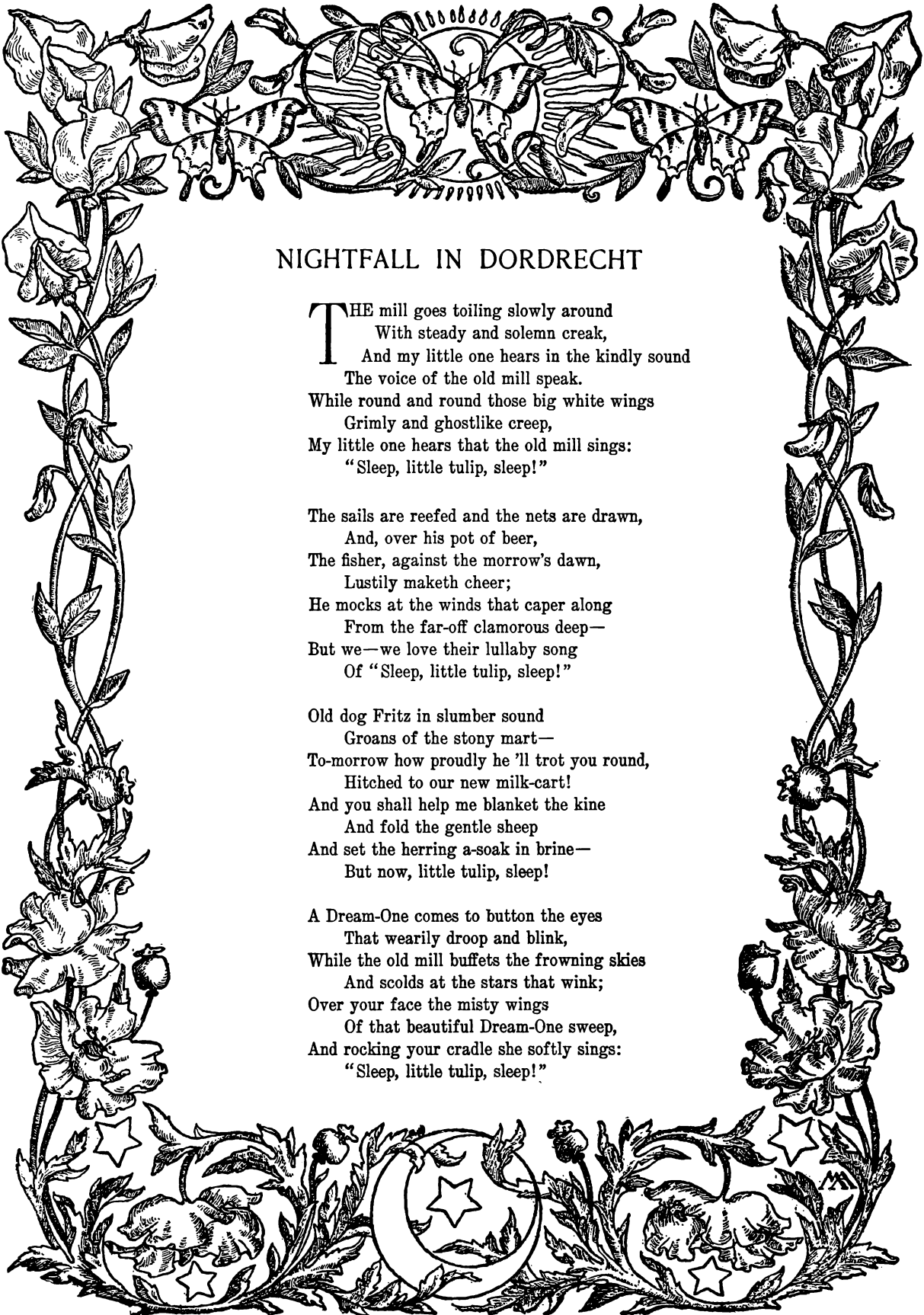
real - ly could make no ob - jec - tion! So sol - dier and dol - ly were

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!"

8va...



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.

Piano introduction in G major, 4/4 time. The right hand features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include *f* (forte) and *p* (piano).

First vocal entry with piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a half rest followed by the melody. The piano accompaniment continues with eighth-note patterns. Dynamics include *mf* (mezzo-forte) and *pp* (pianissimo).

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

Second vocal entry with piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues the melody. The piano accompaniment features a crescendo leading to a final flourish. Dynamics include *cres.* (crescendo) and *Ped.* (pedal).

slow - ly around With stead - y and sol - emn creak, And my lit - tle one hears in the
nets are drawn, And o - ver his pot of beer The fisher a - gainst the

Third vocal entry with piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues the melody. The piano accompaniment features a decrescendo. Dynamics include *dim.* (decrescendo) and *p* (piano).

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."

cresc. *p*

Tempo Ino.

f *p*

mf

3. A Dream - One comes to

pp *p*

cresc.

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

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 cra-dle 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.

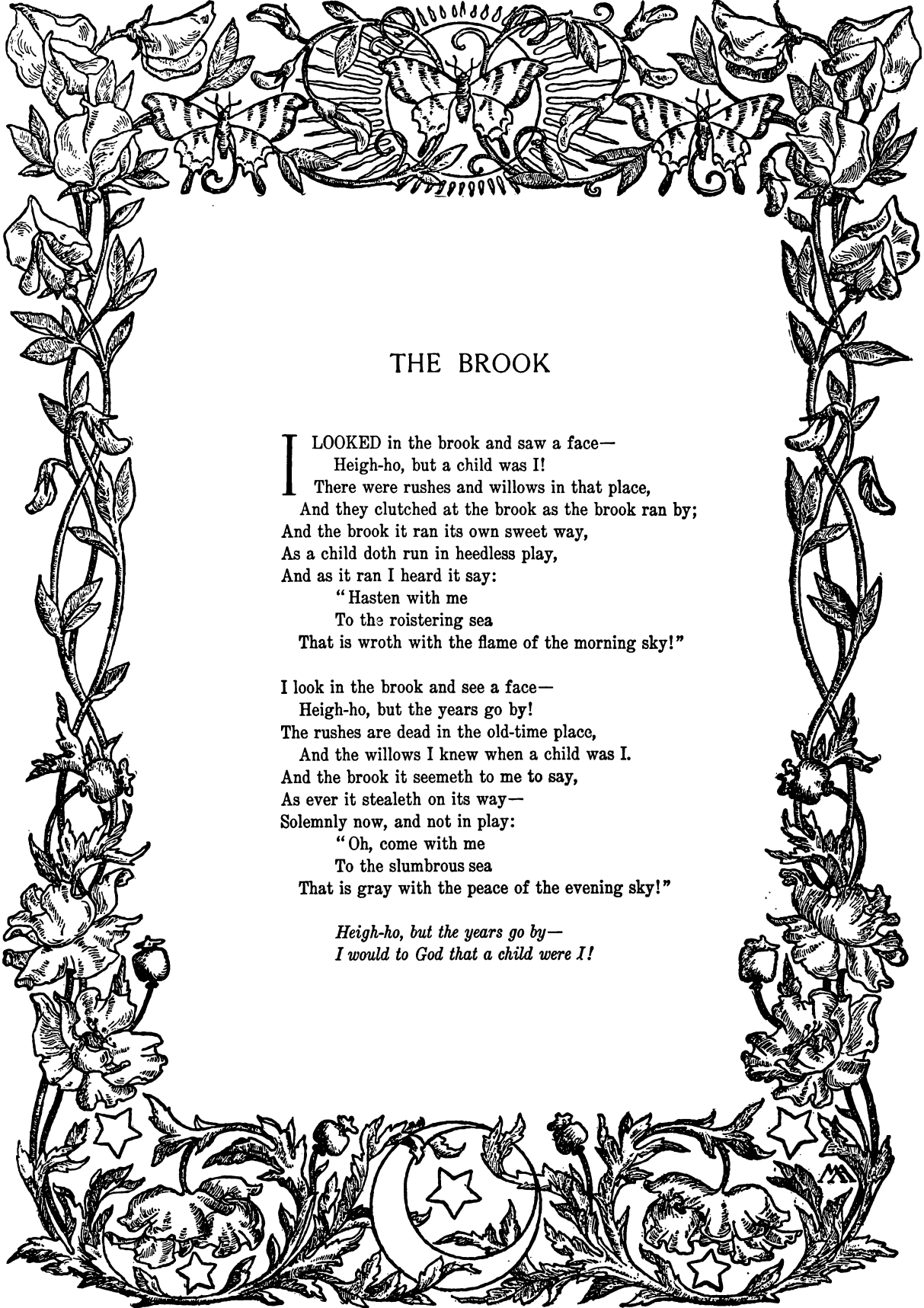
rall.

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

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

Moderato grazioso.

brook and saw a face— Heigh -

- ho, but a child was I!

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

dolce.

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

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

Animato.

p *f*

Ped. *

Sempre animato.

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

** Ped. * Ped. **

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

f ff

*Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. **

ritard al tempo.

mf p

pp

2. I look in the brook and

pp

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

p *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

p

Ped. * *Ped.* *

play :..... "Oh, come with me..... To the

p *sempre dolce, espressivo.*

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

Ped. * *Ped.* *

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

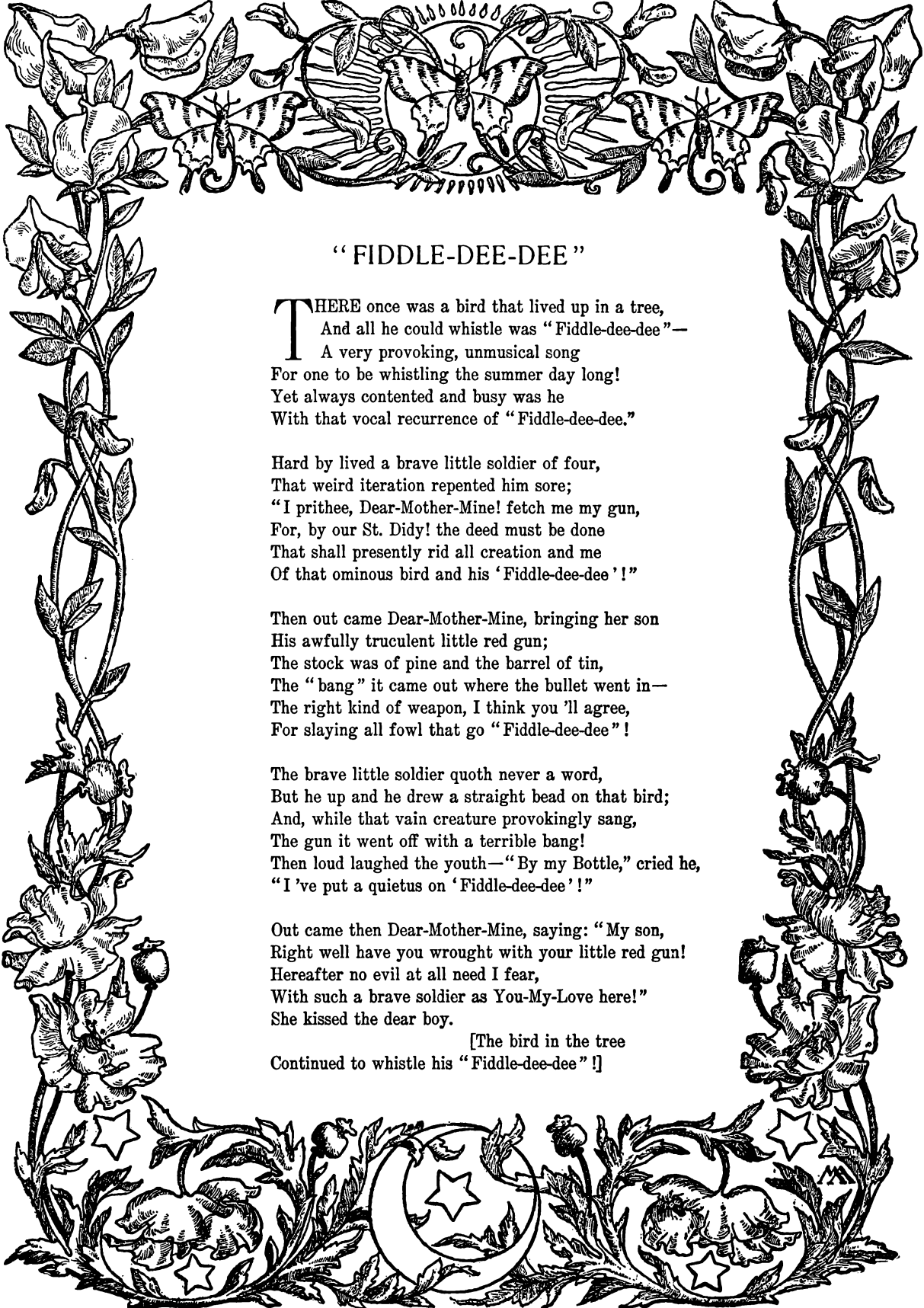
Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

sky !".....

8va.....

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. Diddy! 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 *leggero.* *f* *cresc.*

The first system of the musical score for 'Fiddle-Dee-Dee' is in 4/4 time with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). It features a piano introduction with a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a series of eighth notes, while the bass staff provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes. Dynamic markings include *mf* (mezzo-forte), *leggero.* (light), *f* (forte), and *cresc.* (crescendo).

ff

The second system continues the piano introduction. The treble staff features a more complex melodic line with slurs and ties. The bass staff continues with a steady accompaniment. A dynamic marking of *ff* (fortissimo) is present.

ff WHISTLE.

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

mf

The third system contains the vocal melody and lyrics. The treble staff has a key signature change to one sharp (F#) and a time signature change to 2/4. It includes a whistle section marked *ff* WHISTLE. The lyrics are: "1. There once was a bird that lived up in a tree, And 2. Hard by lived a brave lit-tle sol-dier of four, That". The piano accompaniment in the bass staff begins with a dynamic marking of *mf* (mezzo-forte).

ff WHISTLE.

all he could whis-tle was "Fiddle-dee - dee," A
 wierd it - e - ra - tion re-pented him sore; "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
 prithe, 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.* *ff*

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.*

Giocoso. WHISTLE. *cresc.*

Fiddle-diddle-diddle-dee-dee, With that
 Fiddle-diddle-diddle-dee-dee, Of that

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

leggiere.

f

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

f *WHISTLE.*

mf *f*

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

f *p* *WHISTLE.*

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

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

f *Giocoso.* WHISTLE. *cresc.*

Fiddle-diddle-diddle-dee-dee ! I've
Fiddle-diddle-diddle-dee-dee ! Con -

ff

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

cresc.

3a verse.

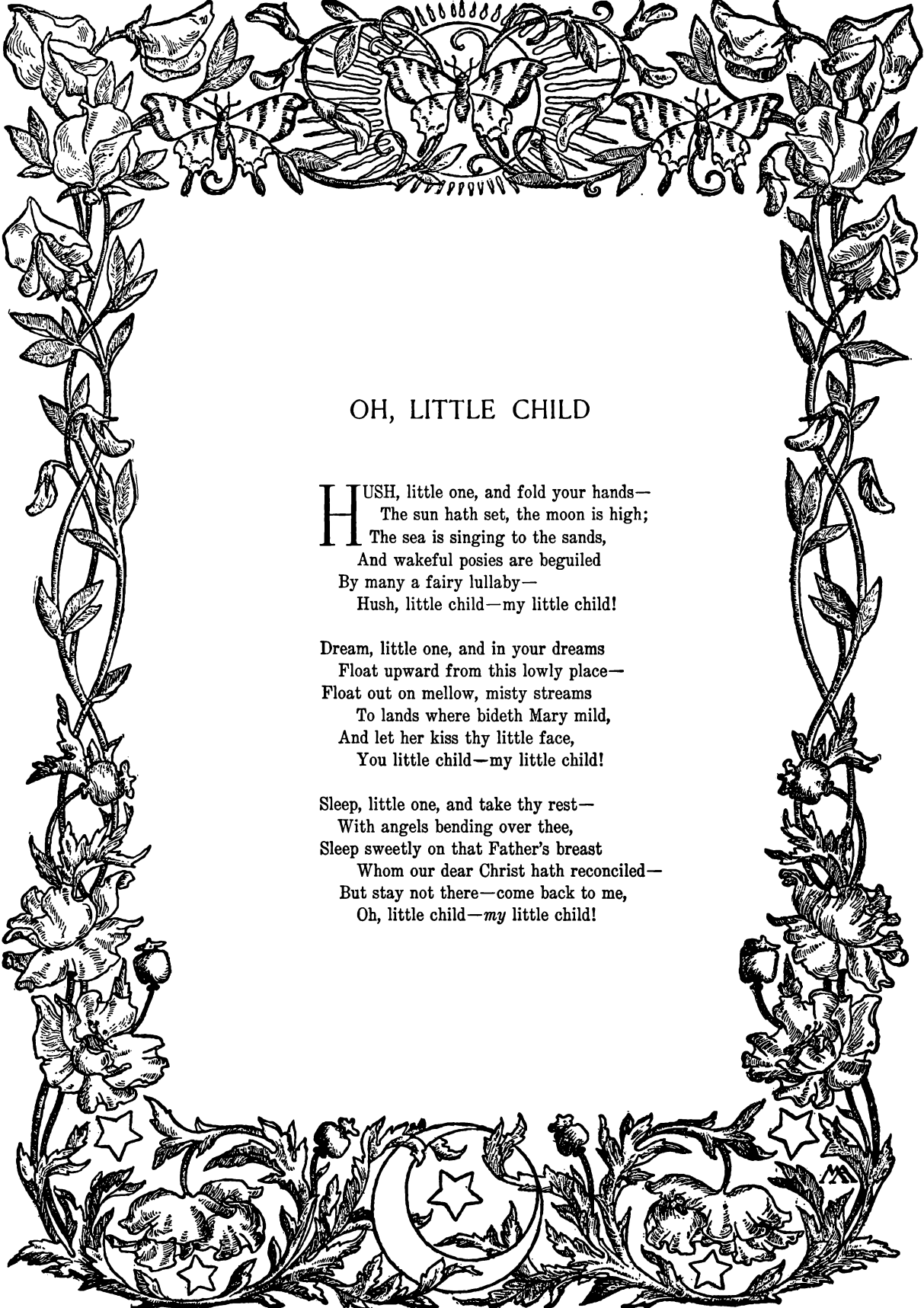
fid-dle-diddle-diddle-dee - dee !

rall. *a tempo.*

Last verse. rall.

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

ff



OH, LITTLE CHILD

HUSH, 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

colla voce.

of preceding.
Meno mosso. *ritard.*

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

p *colla voce.*

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

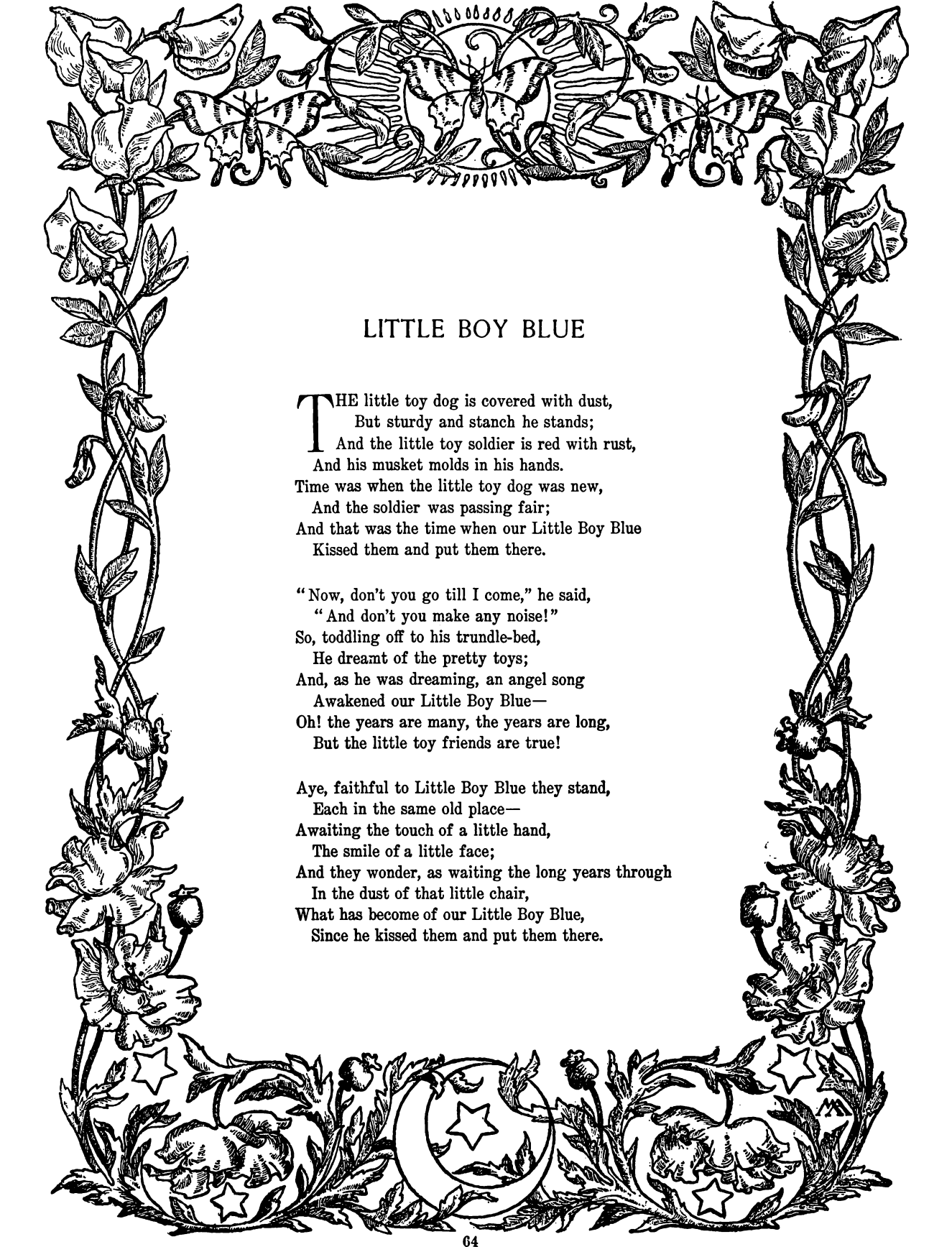
colla voce.

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



1. The lit - tle toy dog is cover'd with dust, But stur - dy and staunch he stands ; And the

The first system of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The melody is in a simple, folk-like style. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes. The system ends with a crescendo (*cres.*) marking.

lit - tle toy sol - dier is red with rust, And his mus - ket molds in his hands. Time

The second system of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment includes a crescendo (*cres.*) and a fortissimo (*f*) marking. The system ends with a piano (*pp*) marking and a *Ped.* (pedal) 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

a tempo.

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

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 *m.f. 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

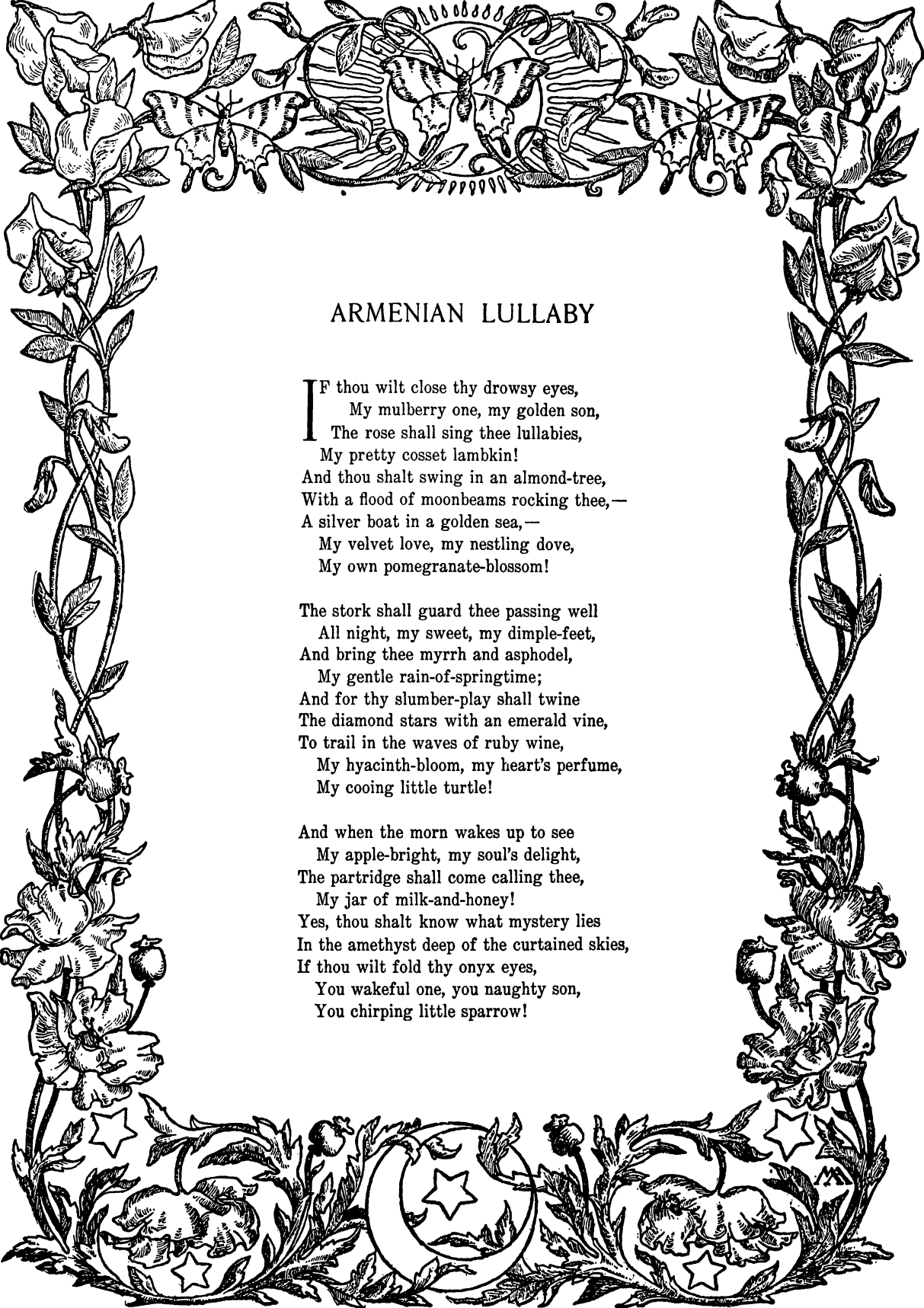
lit - tle they care, tho' the years be long, They're wait - ing for Lit - tle Boy

rall. *a tempo, con sentimento.*

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

con molto espress. *p* *colla voce.* *p*

a tempo. *p* *pp*



ARMENIAN LULLABY

IF 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

This system contains the first two lines of the vocal melody and the beginning of the piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats and a 3/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment is in bass and treble clefs. The tempo is marked 'Andantino' and the dynamic is 'p' (piano).

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

This system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment features a prominent bass line in the left hand.

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

cresc. *f*

This system concludes the piece. The piano accompaniment includes a crescendo marking and a forte 'f' dynamic. The system ends with a final chord in the piano and a fermata on the vocal line.

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.

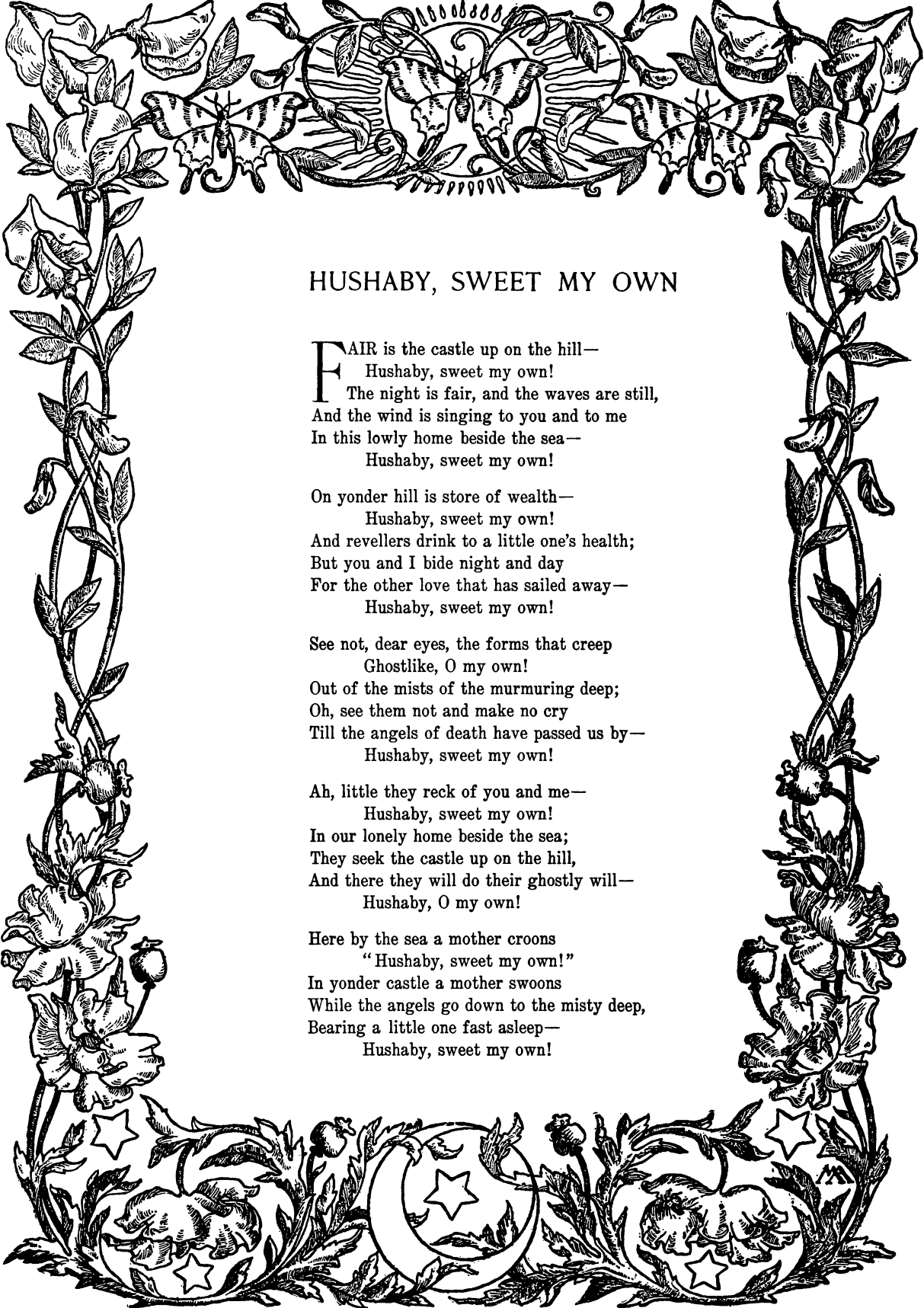
sil - - - ver boat in a gold - en sea, My
trail in waves of ru - by wine My

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*

mf

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

mf

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

mf

rit.

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

p a tempo.

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

p a tempo.

p rit. a tempo.

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

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

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

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,

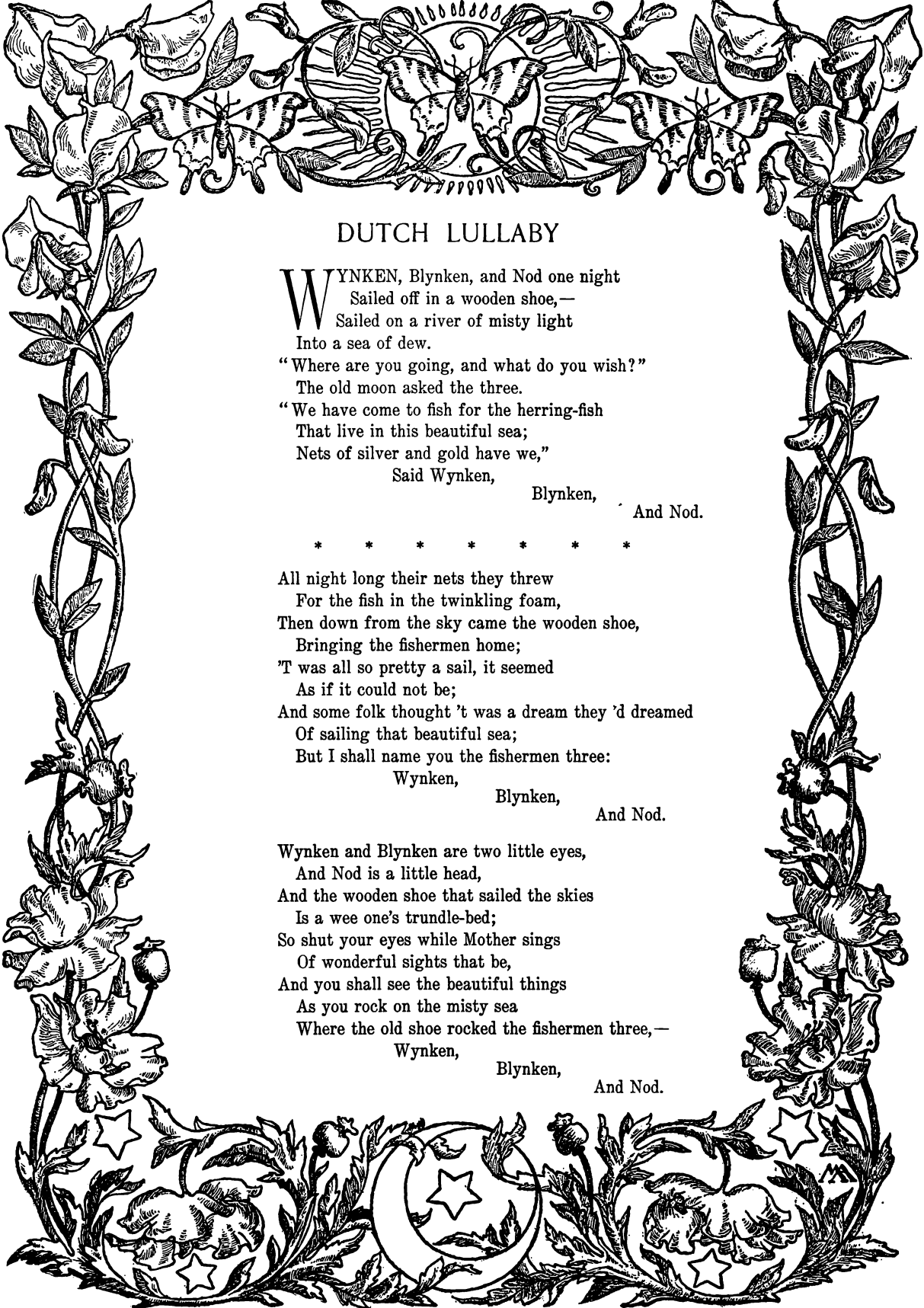
ppp *a tempo.* *cresc.*

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.

marcato.

p *f*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords in a descending sequence, while the left hand plays a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes. The tempo is marked 'Andante giocoso' and the dynamics range from piano (p) to forte (f).

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

The vocal melody is written on a single staff with two lines of lyrics. The piano accompaniment is on two staves below. The tempo is 'Andante giocoso' and the dynamics range from forte (f) to mezzo-forte (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.*

The vocal melody continues on a single staff with two lines of lyrics. The piano accompaniment is on two staves below. The tempo is 'Andante giocoso' and the dynamics range from piano (p) to forte (f).

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

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

marcato il movimento.

f

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

rall.

f

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

f a tempo.

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

mf

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 poco rall. *f a tempo.*

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

p *f Animato.*

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

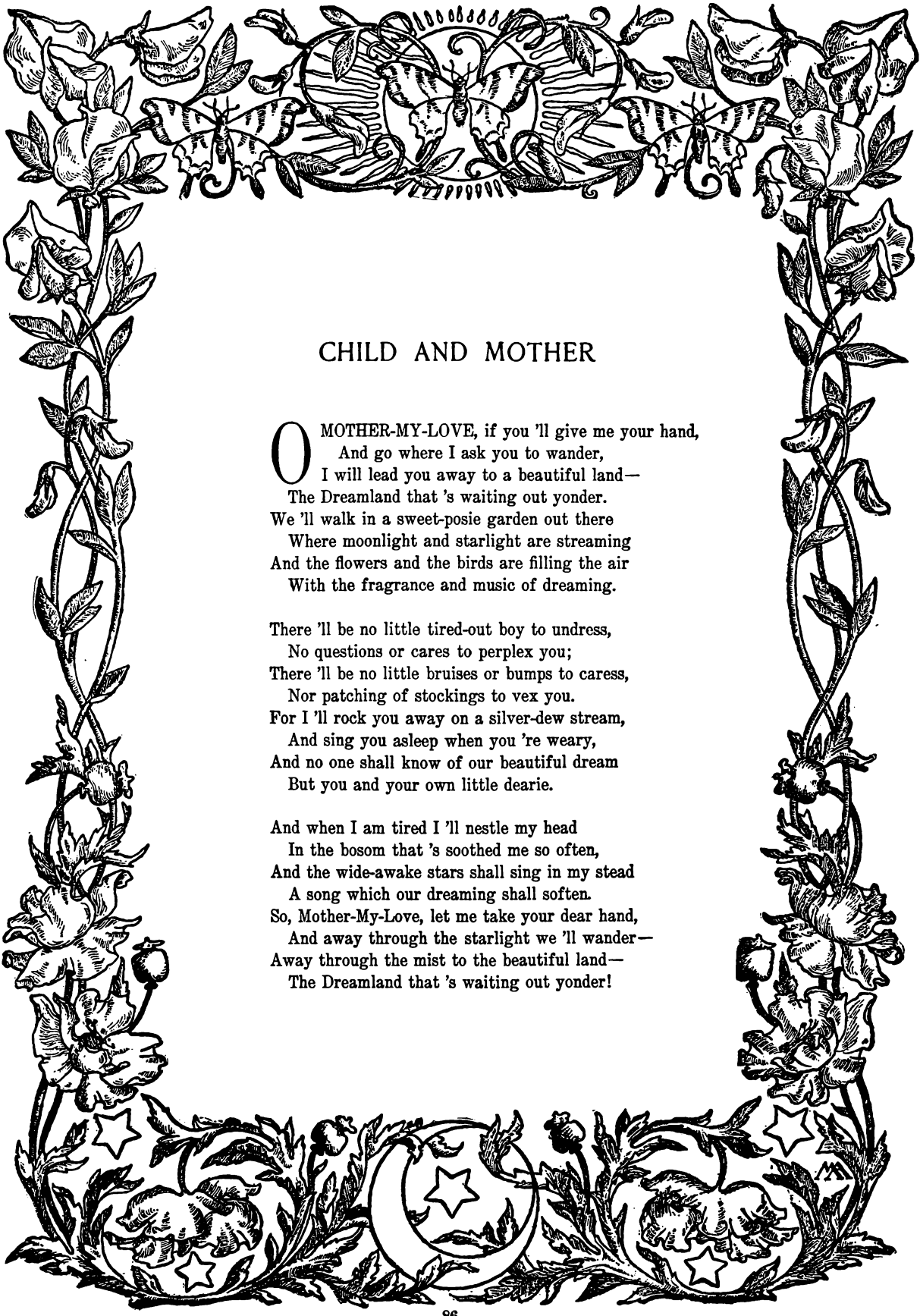
poco rall.

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,
rall.

Wyn - ken and Blyn - ken and Nod.
Wyn - ken and Blyn - ken and Nod.
f a tempo. *p rall.* *pp*



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.

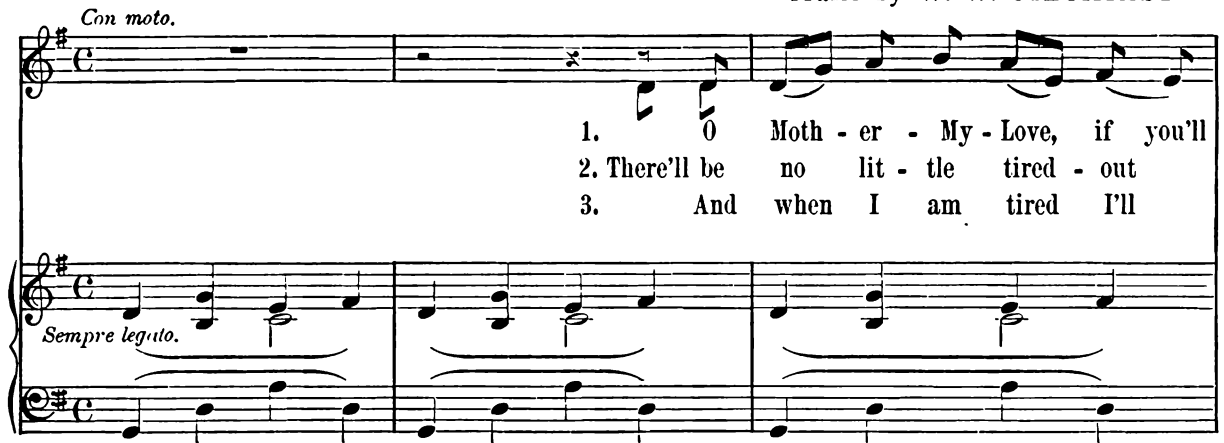
There 'll be no little tired-out boy to undress,
No questions or cares to perplex you;
There 'll be no little bruises or bumps to caress,
Nor patching of stockings to vex you.
For I 'll rock you away on a silver-dew stream,
And sing you asleep when you 're weary,
And no one shall know of our beautiful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

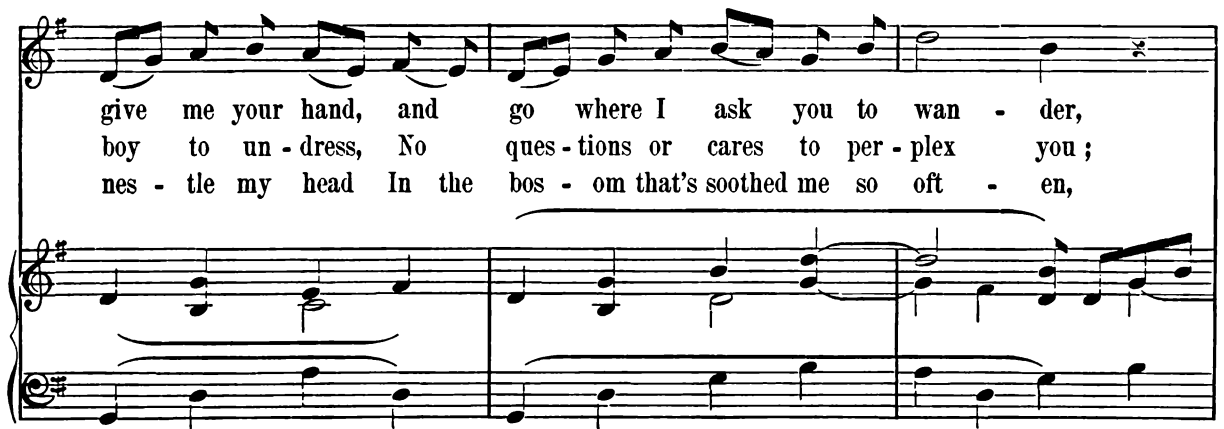
Music by W. W. GILCHRIST

Con moto.

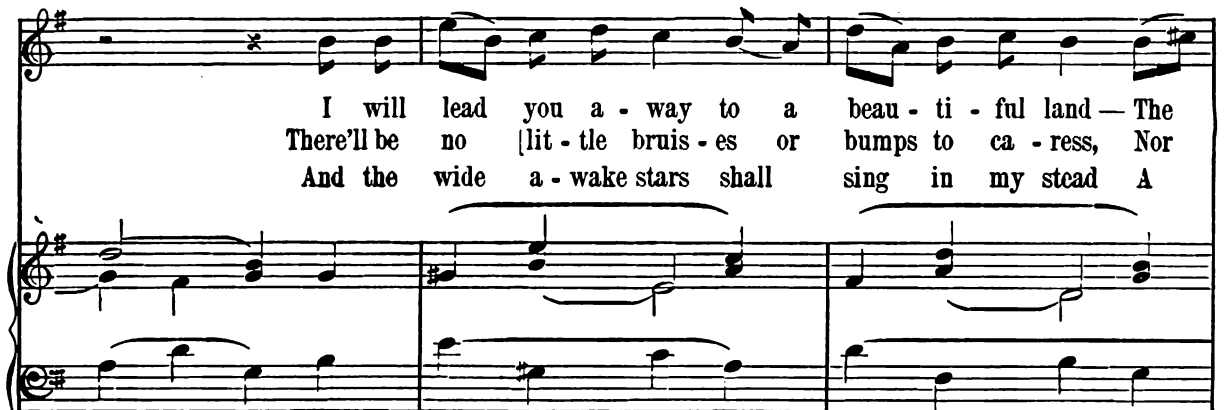


1. O Moth - er - My - Love, if you'll
2. There'll be no lit - tle tired - out
3. And when I am tired I'll

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 bruise - 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 . .

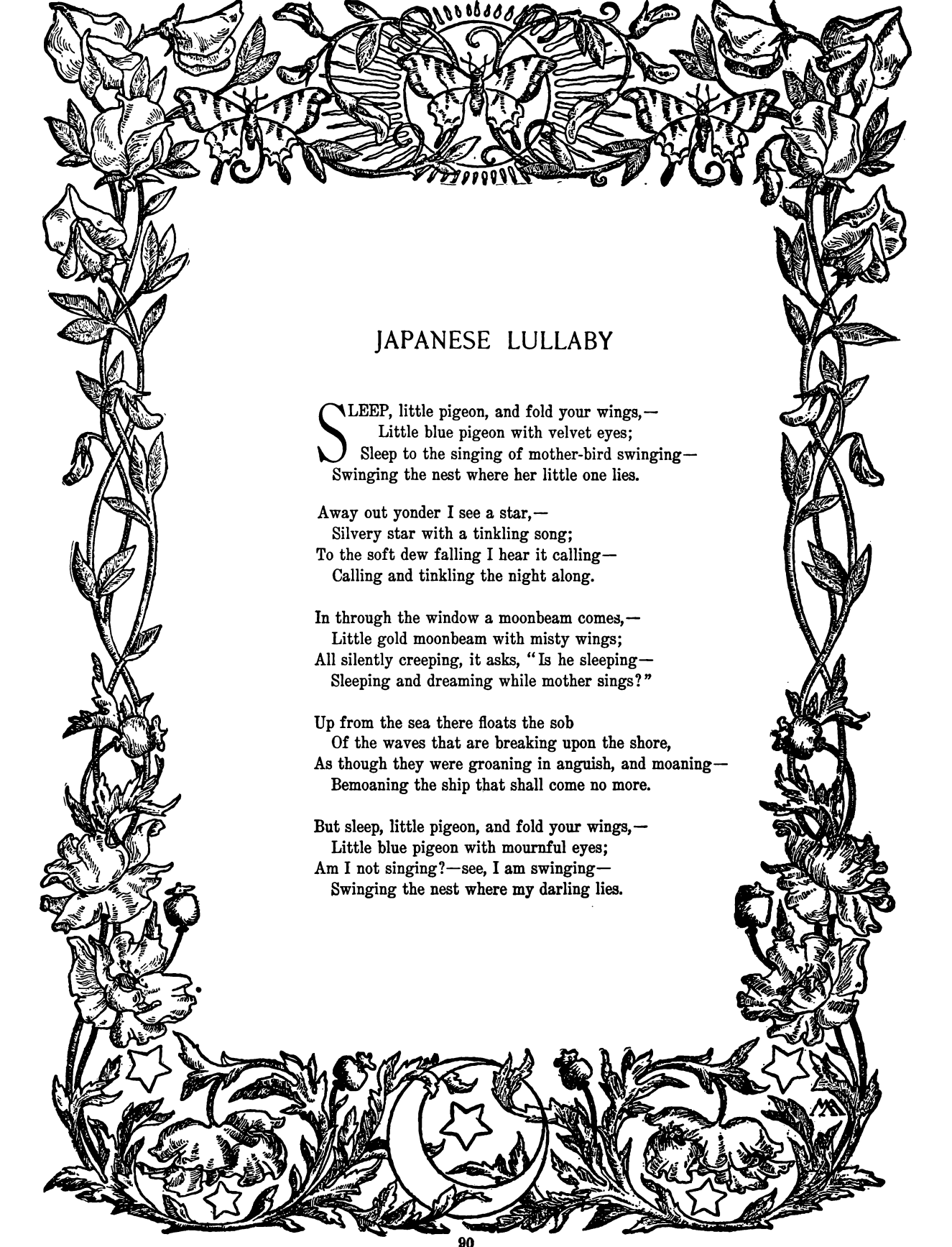
flow'rs and the birds are fill - ing the air With the
 no one shall know of our beau - ti - ful dream, But
 - way through the mist to the beau - ti - ful land — The

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. *rall.* *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.

The first system of musical notation for the piano accompaniment. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The music begins with a forte (f) dynamic. The right hand plays a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a simple harmonic accompaniment of quarter notes.

The second system of musical notation. It continues the piano accompaniment. The right hand features a melodic line with some grace notes. The left hand continues with a steady accompaniment. The system concludes with a piano (p) dynamic marking and a 'rit. e dim.' (ritardando and diminuendo) instruction.

The third system of musical notation, which includes the first line of the vocal melody. The vocal line is written in the treble clef and begins with a piano (p) dynamic. The lyrics are: "1. Sleep, lit - tle pig-eon, and fold your wings, Lit - tle blue pig - eon with". The piano accompaniment continues in the grand staff below, marked with a piano (p) dynamic and the instruction "Semplice".

The fourth system of musical notation, which includes the second line of the vocal melody. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "vel - vet eyes; So sleep to the sing - ing moth - er - bird swing - ing,". The piano accompaniment continues in the grand staff below, maintaining the simple harmonic texture.

placido.

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

placido.

rall.

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

ten.

rall.

mf

Out a - way yon - der

poco più mosso.

mf

legato.

p

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

cresc. *f* *p*

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

mp. *p* *pp*

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

rall. *rall.*

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

Tempo Imo. *f* *mf*

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

cresc.

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

f placido. dim.

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

f *p legato.*

pp rull.

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

ten. pp rull.

poco rubato. *con tristezza.*

Up from the sea there

mf

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.

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

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

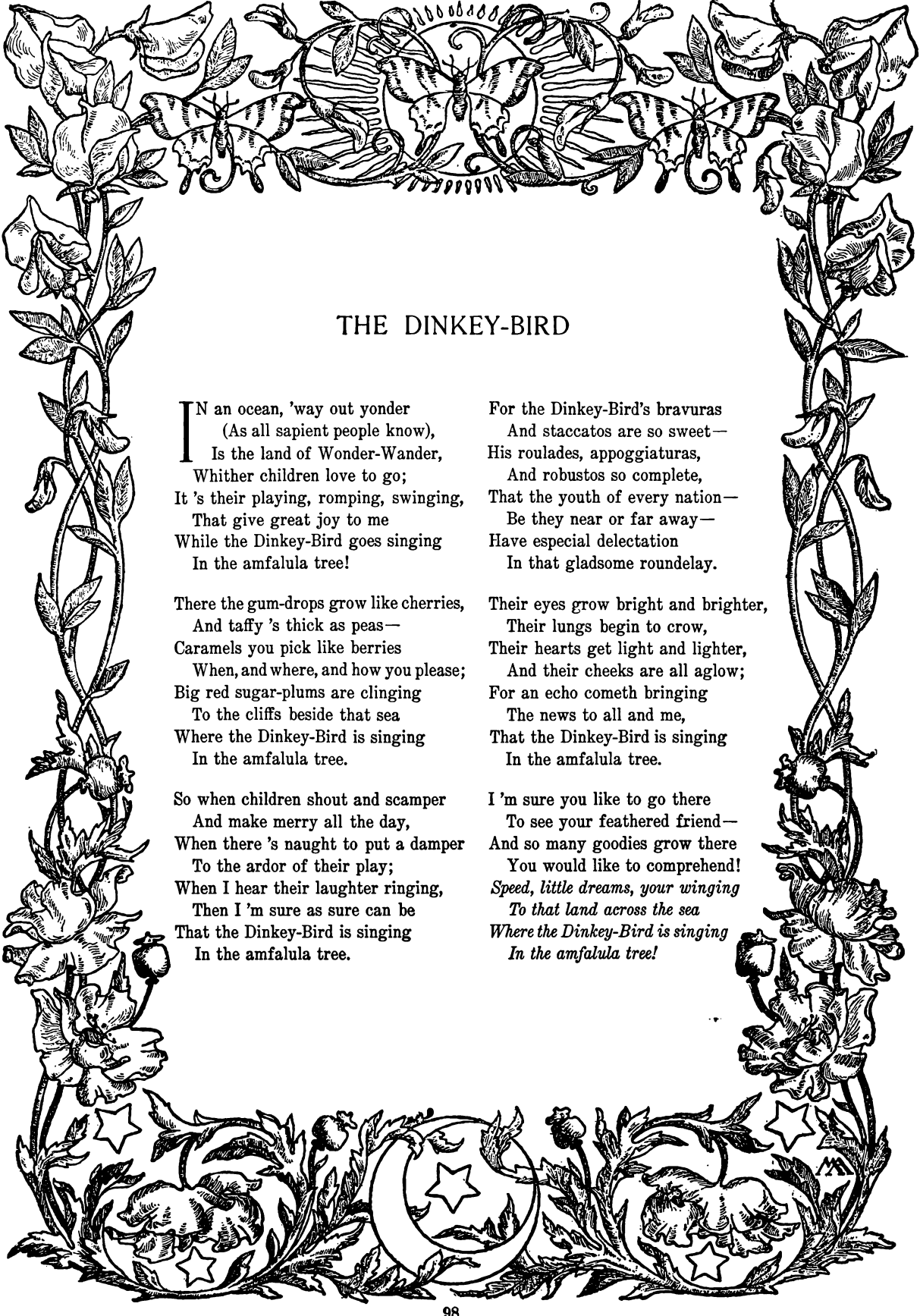
Swing - ing the nest where my lit - tle one lies, Lit - tle one lies,

pp

ppp

lit - tle one lies.

ppp



THE DINKEY-BIRD

IN 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.

8va.

The first system of musical notation for 'The Dinkey-Bird'. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The time signature is 6/8. The music is marked with a forte 'f' dynamic. The right hand plays a continuous eighth-note melody, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

8va.

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The right hand's eighth-note pattern remains consistent, and the left hand's accompaniment continues with similar harmonic support.

8va.

The third system of musical notation. It includes vocal-like lyrics 'dim in u en do.' written below the right-hand staff. The music continues with the same melodic and harmonic patterns.

8va.

The fourth system of musical notation. It concludes the piece with a final cadence. The right hand ends with a few notes, and the left hand provides a final harmonic support. The system ends with a double bar line.

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

mf

know), Is the land of Won - der - Wan - der, Whith - er
 day, When there's naught of 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 great joy sure to me, While the
 ring - ing, Then I'm sure as joy 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..... loco.

dim.

3a verse.

tree !

8va.....

f

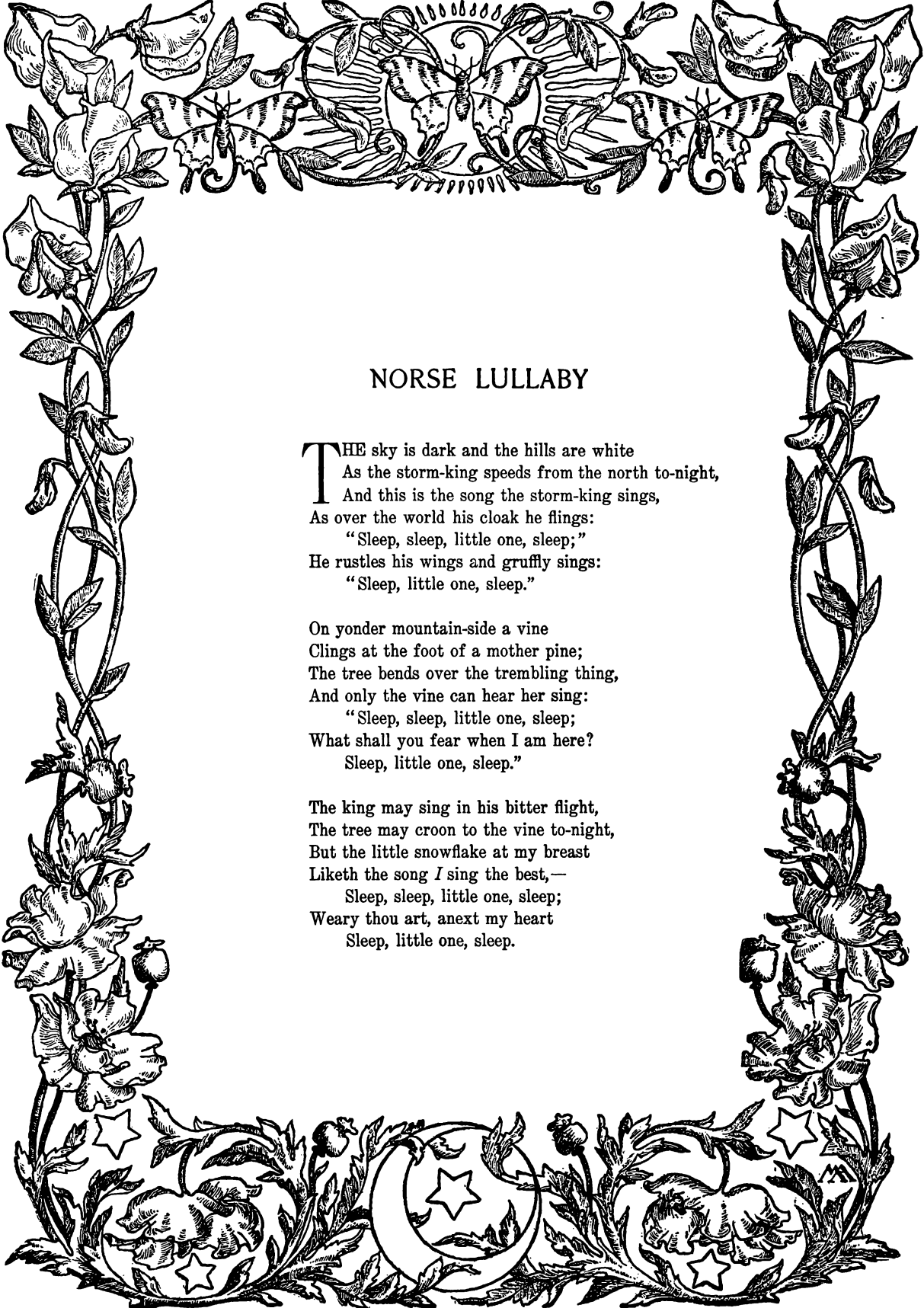
8va.....

8va.....

dim in u en do.

8va.....

pp



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 o - ver the world his

p *poco pressando.* *f*

rall. *dolce.* *p*

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

rall.

marcato. *p* *dim.*

rus - tles his wings, and gruff - ly sings: "Sleep, sleep,

marcato. *sfz* *sfz* *p* *dim. e rall.*

pp *Tempo I.*

lit - tle one, lit - tle one, lit - tle one, sleep, sleep."

pp *f*

poco rall.

mp

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

p

cres.

f

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

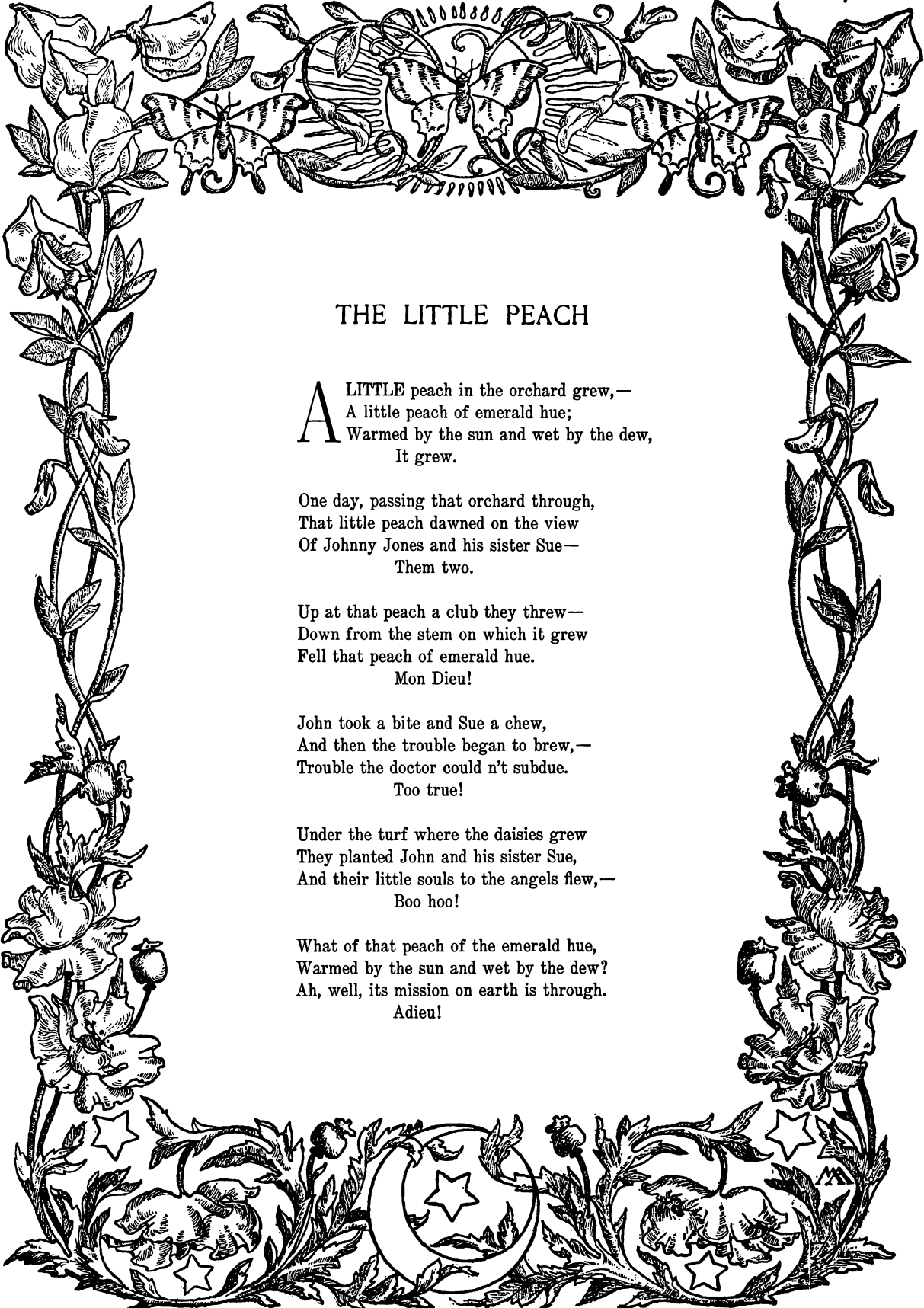
rall. *p*

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. *p a tempo.* *dim. e rall.* *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.



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 piano accompaniment for the first verse is in 2/4 time, marked *p* (piano). It features a simple harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes in both hands.

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 piano accompaniment for the second verse is in 2/4 time. It includes a crescendo (*cres.*) and a forte (*f*) dynamic marking. The accompaniment continues with chords and single notes in both hands.

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

p *mf*

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,

p

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 -

cres. *f*

