SHOCK-HEADED PETER

Cycle for
Soprano, Baritone and Piano

by

HERBERT HUGHES

METZLER

147286

SHOCK-HEADED PETER

Cycle for
Soprano, Baritone and Piano

by

HERBERT HUGHES

		PAGE
I.	The Story of Cruel Frederick (Duet)	1
II.	The Story of Little Suck-a-Thumb (Soprano)	17
III.	The Dreadful Story about Harriet and the Matches (Duet) ...	24
IV.	The Story of Augustus who would not have any Soup (Baritone) ...	45
V.	The Story of Fidgety Philip (Finale)	54

Verses selected from the famous book
by arrangement with
George Routledge & Sons, Ltd.

Price 5/- net

METZLER & CO. (1920) Limited
(Established 1788)
142, CHARING CROSS ROAD
LONDON, W.C. 2

Printed in England

No. 1.

THE STORY OF CRUEL FREDERICK.

DUET.

Here is cruel Frederick, see!
A horrid, wicked boy was he;
He caught the flies, poor little things,
And then tore off their tiny wings;
He killed the birds, and broke the chairs
And threw the kitten down the stairs;
And oh! far worse than all beside,
He whipped his Mary till she cried.

The trough was full, and faithful Tray
Came out to drink one sultry day;
He wagged his tail and wet his lip,
When cruel Fred snatched up a whip,
And whipped poor Tray till he was sore,
And kicked and whipped him more and more;
At this, good Tray grew very red,
And growled and bit him till he bled.

So Frederick had to go to bed;
His leg was very sore and red.
The Doctor came and shook his head,
And made a very great to-do,
And gave him nasty physic, too.

But good dog Tray is happy now;
He has no time to say "Bow-wow!"
He seats himself in Frederick's chair
And laughs to see the nice things there;
The soup he swallows, sup by sup
And eats the pies and puddings up.

No. 2.

THE STORY OF LITTLE SUCK-A-THUMB.

SOPRANO SOLO.

One day Mamma said, "Conrad, dear,
I must go out and leave you here;
But mind, now, Conrad, what I say,
Don't suck your thumb while I'm away.
The great tall tailor always comes
To little boys that suck their thumbs,
And ere they dream what he's about,
He takes his great sharp scissors out
And cuts their thumbs clean off—and then,
You know, they never grow again."

Mamma had scarcely turned her back,
The thumb was in, Alack! Alack!
The door flew open, in he ran,
The great, long, red-legged scissor man.
Oh dear! Oh dear! the tailor's come
And caught out little Suck-a-Thumb.
Snip! Snap! Snip! the scissors go,
And Conrad cries out, "Oh! Oh! Oh!"
Snip! Snap! Snip! They go so fast,
That both his thumbs are off at last.

Mamma comes home; there Conrad stands,
And looks quite sad, and shows his hands—
"Ah!" said Mamma, "I knew he'd come
To naughty little Suck-a-Thumb."

No. 3.

THE DREADFUL STORY ABOUT HARRIET AND THE MATCHES.

DUET.

It almost makes me cry to tell
What foolish Harriet befell.
Mamma and Nurse went out one day
And left her all alone at play;
Now on the table, close at hand,
A box of matches chanced to stand,
And kind Mamma and Nurse had told her
That, if she touched them, they should scold her.
But Harriet said, "Oh, what a pity!
For when they burn, it is so pretty;
They crackle so, and spit, and flame;
Mamma, too, often does the same."

The pussy-cats heard this,
And they began to hiss,
And stretch their claws
And raise their paws;
"Me-ow," they said, "Me-ow, me-o,
You'll burn to death, if you do so."

But Harriet would not take advice,
She lit a match—it was so nice!
She jumped for joy and ran about,
And was too pleased to put it out.

The pussy-cats saw this
And said, "Oh, naughty, naughty Miss!"
And stretched their claws
And raised their paws;
"'Tis very, very wrong, you know,
Me-ow, me-o, me-ow, me-o,
You will be burnt, if you do so."

And see! Oh, what a dreadful thing!
The fire has caught her apron-string;
Her apron burns, her arms, her hair;
She burns all over, everywhere.

Then how the pussy-cats did mew—
What else, poor pussies, could they do?
They screamed for help, 'twas all in vain
So then they said, "We'll scream again;
Make haste, make haste, me-ow, me-o,
She'll burn to death; we told her so."

So she was burnt, with all her clothes,
And arms, and hands, and eyes, and nose;
Till she had nothing more to lose
Except her little scarlet shoes;
And nothing else but these was found
Among her ashes on the ground.

And when the good cats sat beside
The smoking ashes, how they cried!
"Me-ow, me-oo, me-ow, me-oo,
What will Mamma and Nursie do?"
Their tears ran down their cheeks so fast
They made a little pool at last.

No. 4.

THE STORY OF AUGUSTUS WHO WOULD NOT HAVE ANY SOUP.

BARITONE SOLO.

Augustus was a chubby lad;
Fat ruddy cheeks Augustus had;
And everybody saw with joy
The plump and hearty healthy boy.
He ate and drank as he was told,
And never let his soup get cold.
But one day, one cold winter's day,
He screamed out, "Take the soup away!
Oh, take the nasty soup away!
I won't have any soup to-day."

Next day, now look, his body shows
How lank and lean Augustus grows!
Yet, though he feels so weak and ill,
The naughty fellow cries out still—
"Not any soup for me, I say;
Oh, take the nasty soup away!
I won't have any soup to-day."

The third day comes; oh, what a sin!
To make himself so pale and thin.
Yet, when the soup is put on table,
He screams as loud as he is able—
"Not any soup for me, I say;
Oh, take the nasty soup away!
I won't have any soup to-day."

Look at him, now the fourth day's come!
He scarcely weighs a sugar plum;
He's like a little bit of thread,
And on the fifth day, he was—dead!

No. 5.

THE STORY OF FIDGETY PHILIP.

DUET.

"Let me see if Philip can
Be a little gentleman;
Let me see if he is able
To sit still for once at table."
Thus Papa bade Phil behave,
And Mamma looked very grave.
But fidgety Phil,
He won't sit still;
He wriggles
And giggles,
And then, I declare,
Swings backwards and forwards
And tilts up his chair.

Fie, the naughty restless child
Growing still more rude and wild,
Till his chair falls over quite.
Philip screams with all his might,
Catches at the cloth, but then
That makes matters worse again.
Down upon the ground they fall,
Glasses, plates, knives, forks and all.

Where is Philip, where is he?
Soaked from head to foot with tea,
Cloth and all are lying on him;
He has pulled down all upon him!
What a terrible to-do!
Dishes, glasses, snapt in two!
Here a knife and there a fork!
Philip, this is cruel work.
Table all so bare, and ah!
Poor Papa and poor Mamma.

SHOCK-HEADED PETER.

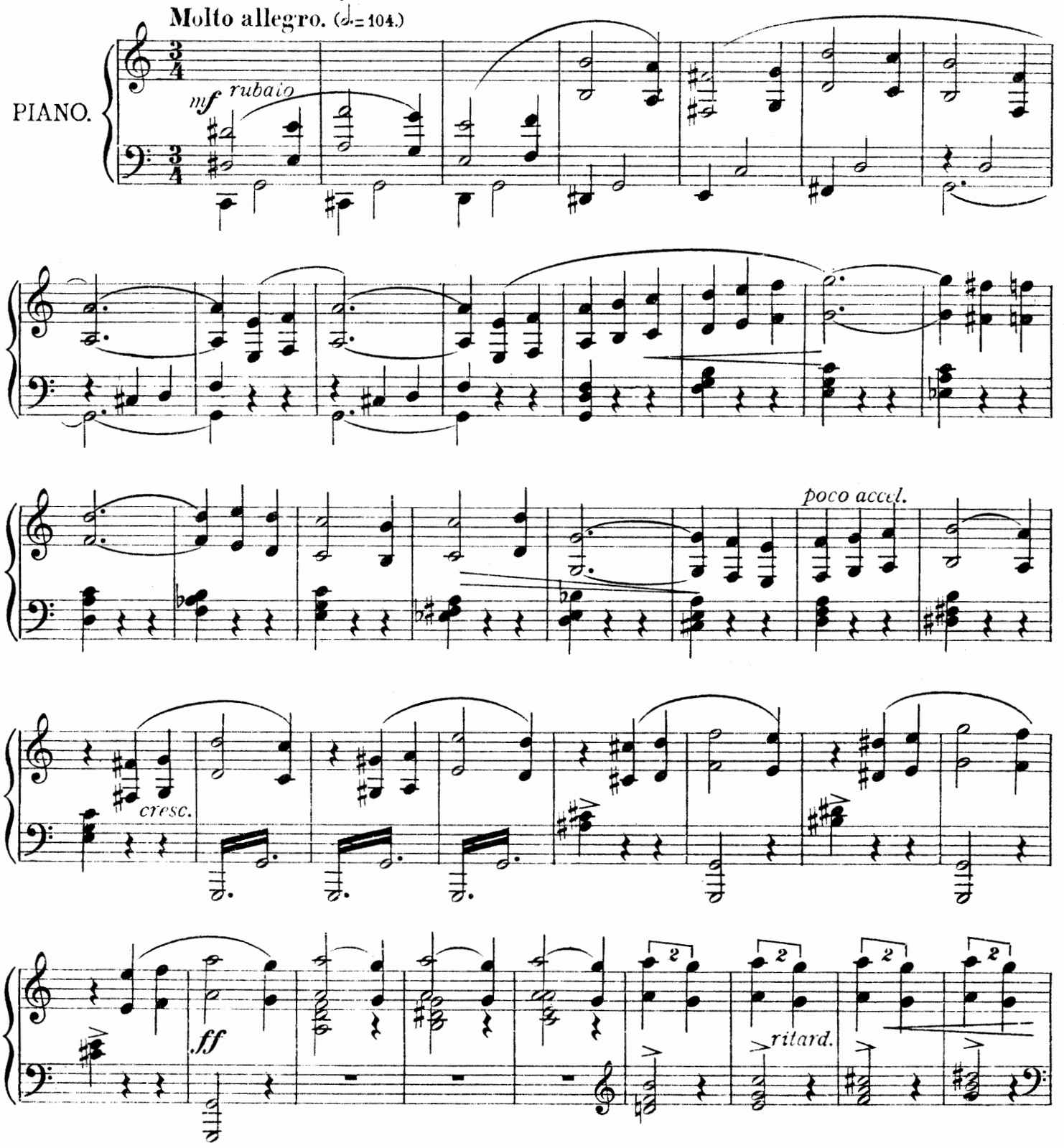
I.

The Story of Cruel Frederick.

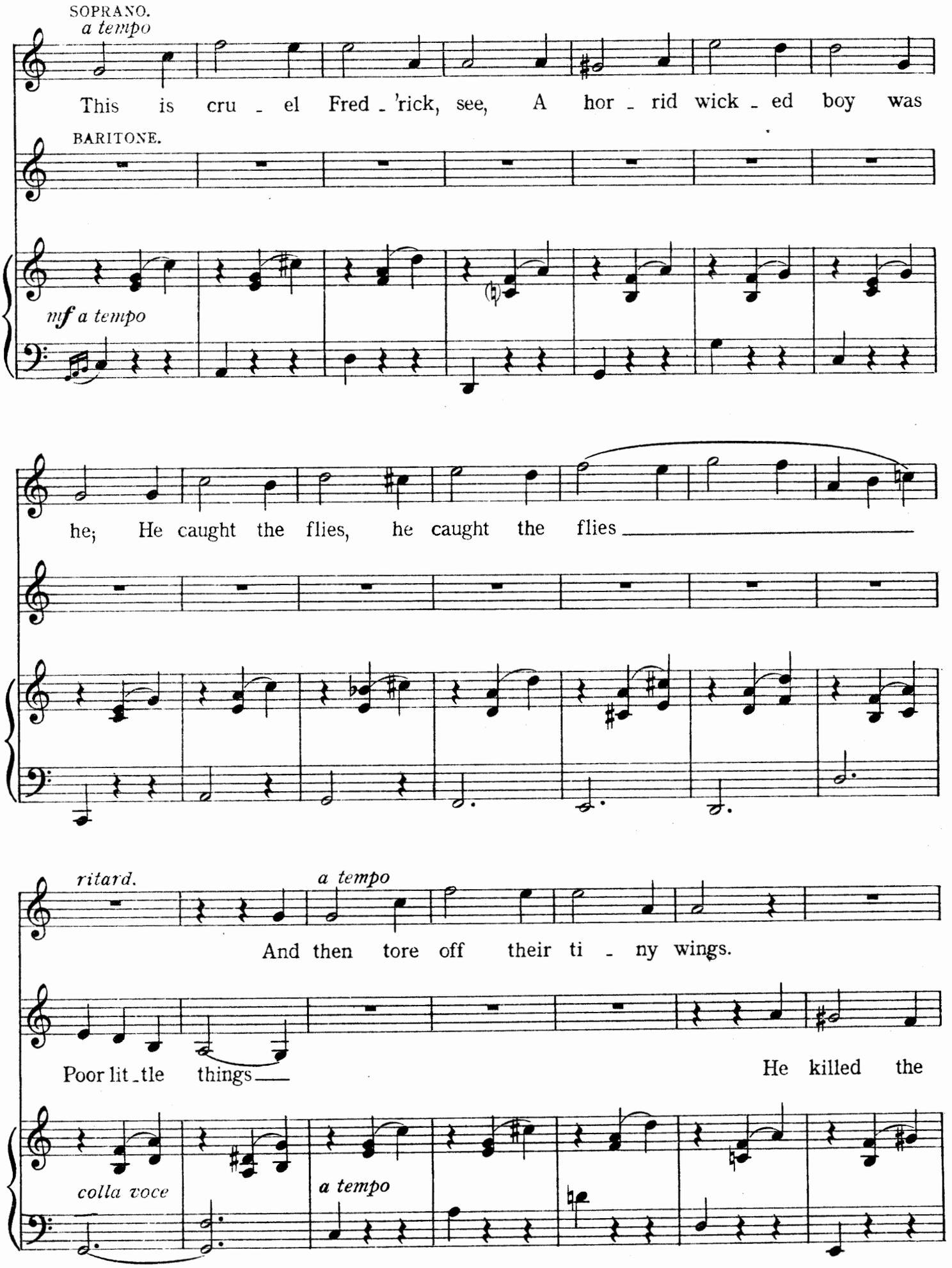
DUET.

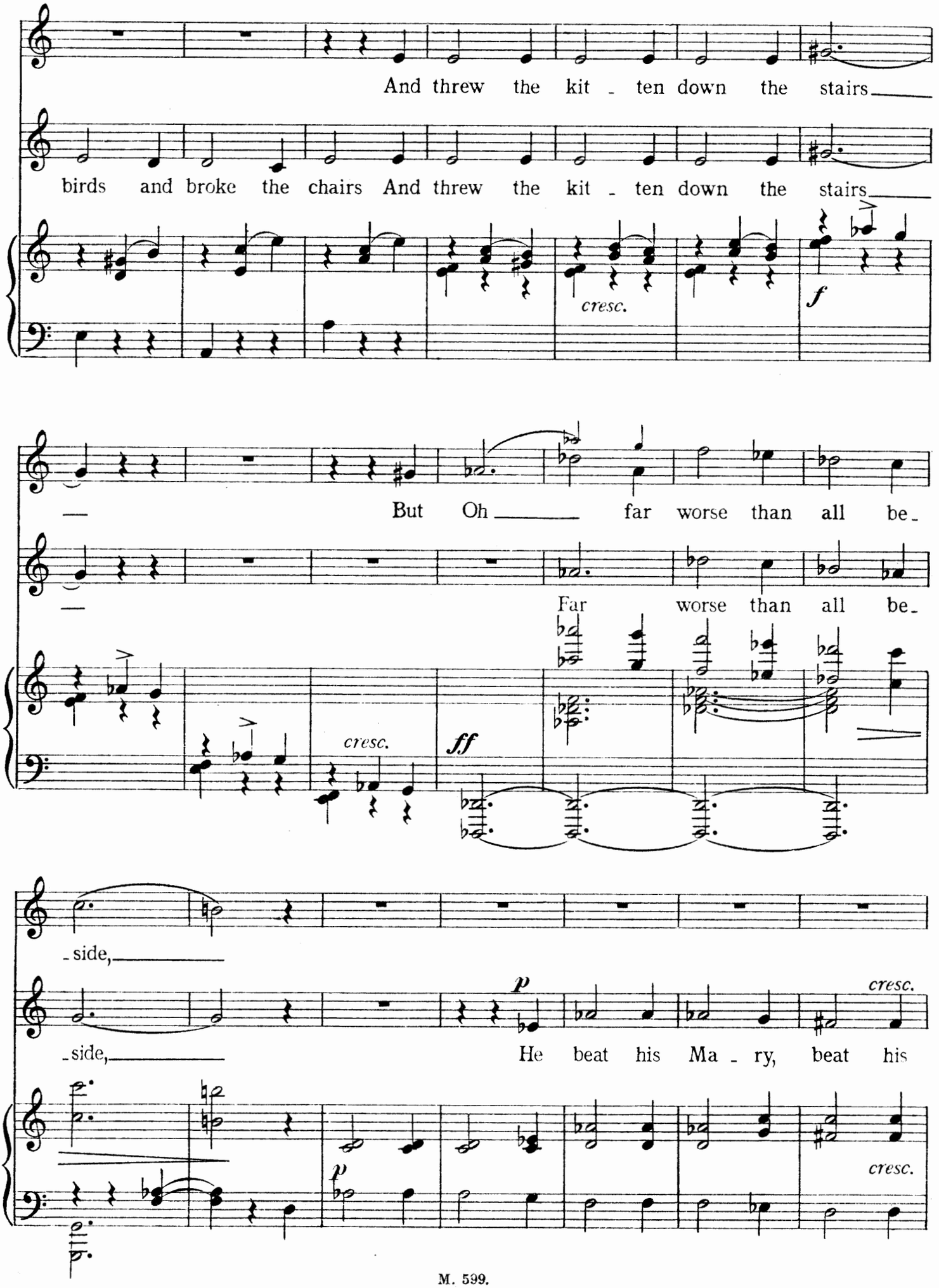
Introduction.

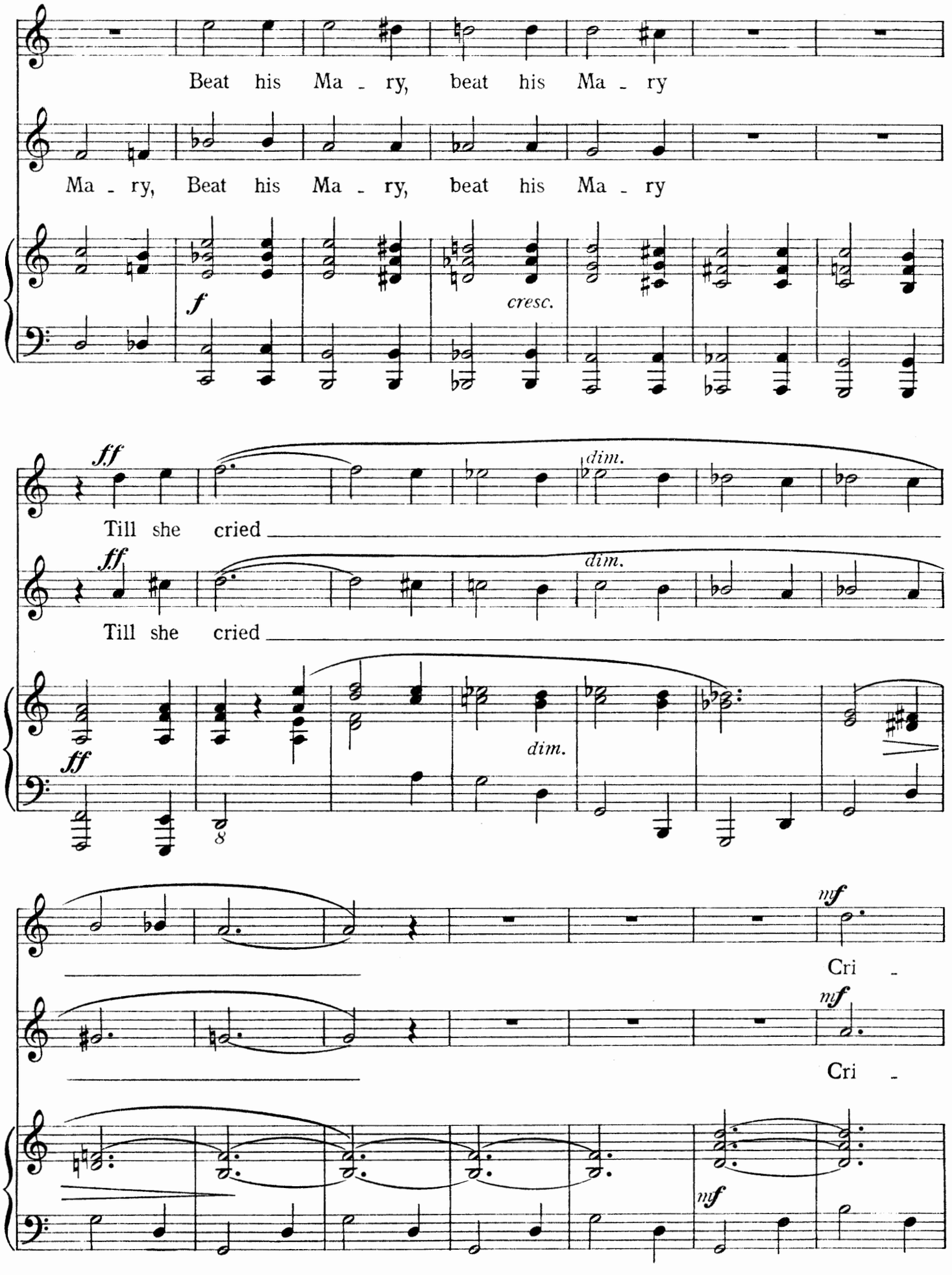
HERBERT HUGHES.

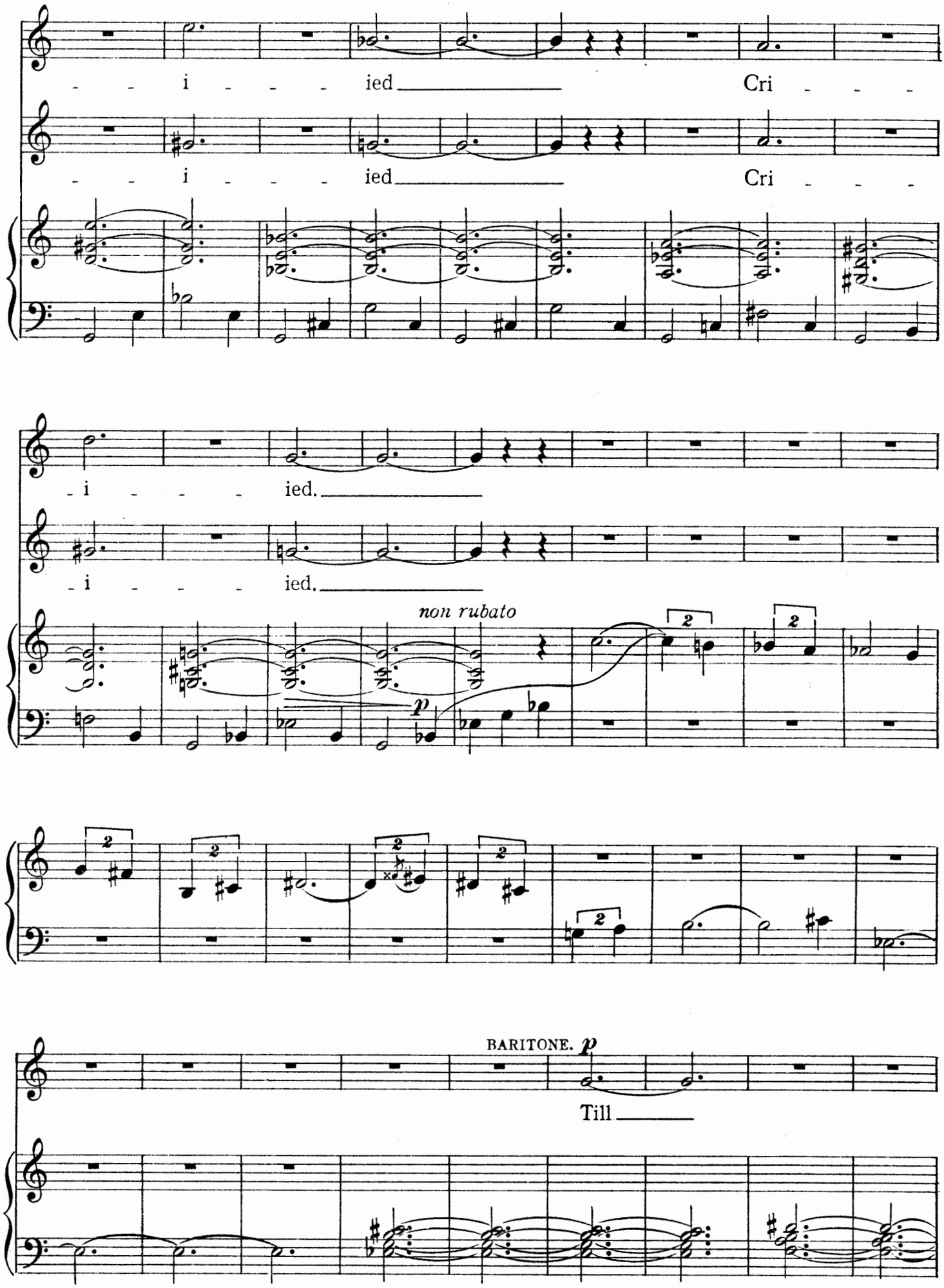


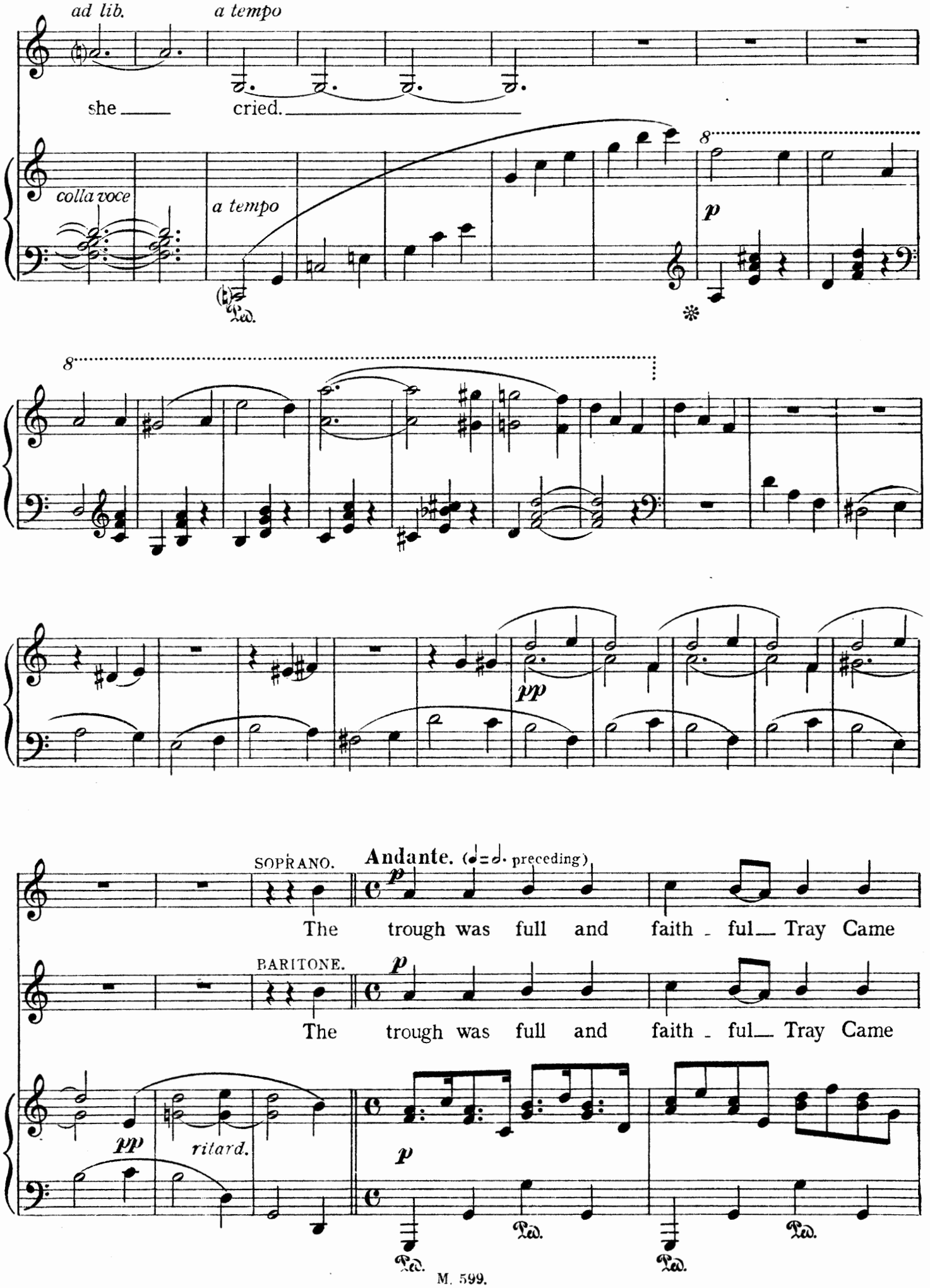
Copyright, 1921, by Metzler & Co (1920) Ltd.

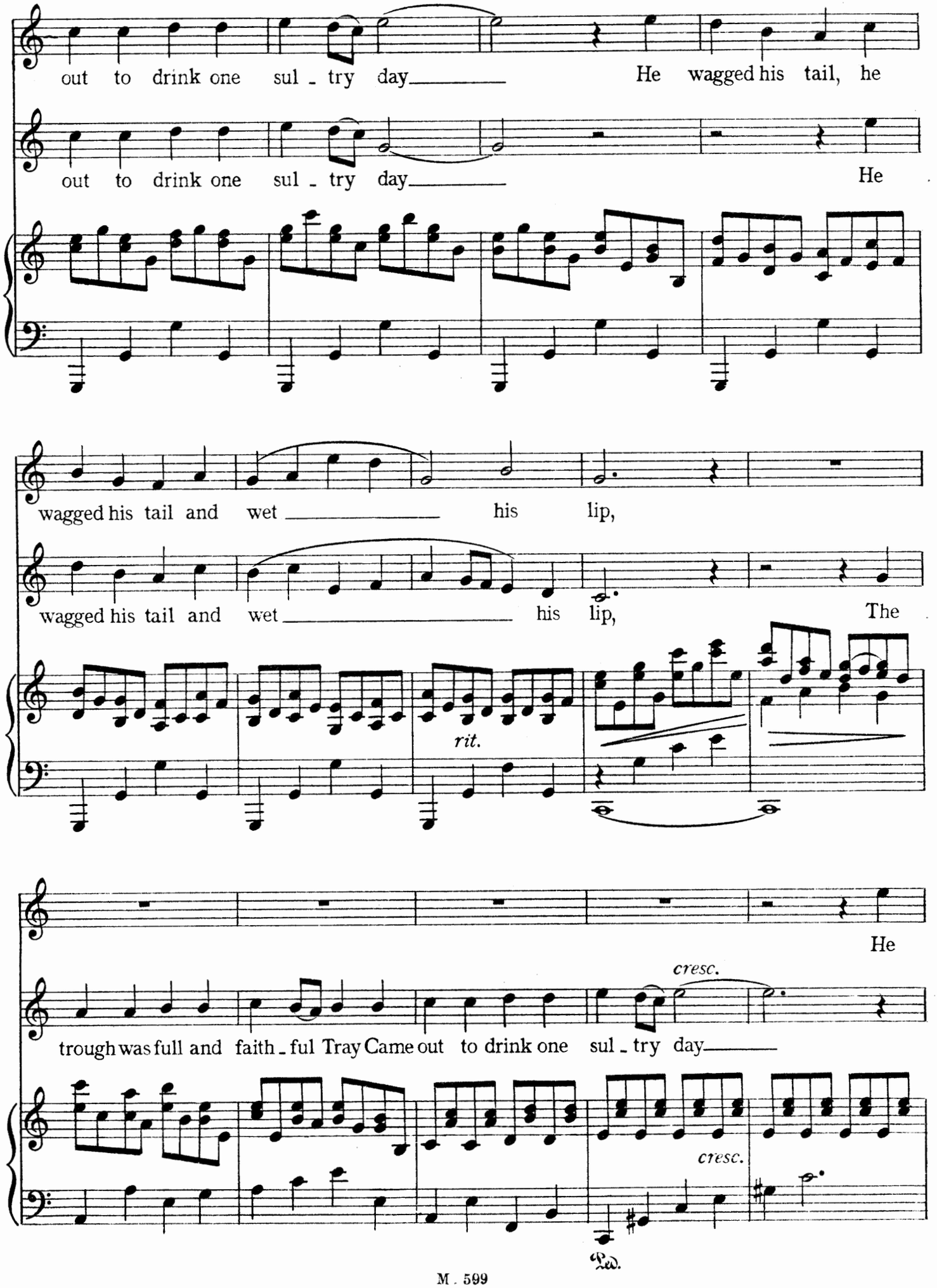

SOPRANO.
a tempo
This is cru - el Fred - 'rick, see, A hor - rid wick - ed boy was
BARITONE.
mf a tempo
he; He caught the flies, he caught the flies
ritard.
a tempo
And then tore off their ti - ny wings.
Poor lit - tle things
He killed the
colla voce
a tempo

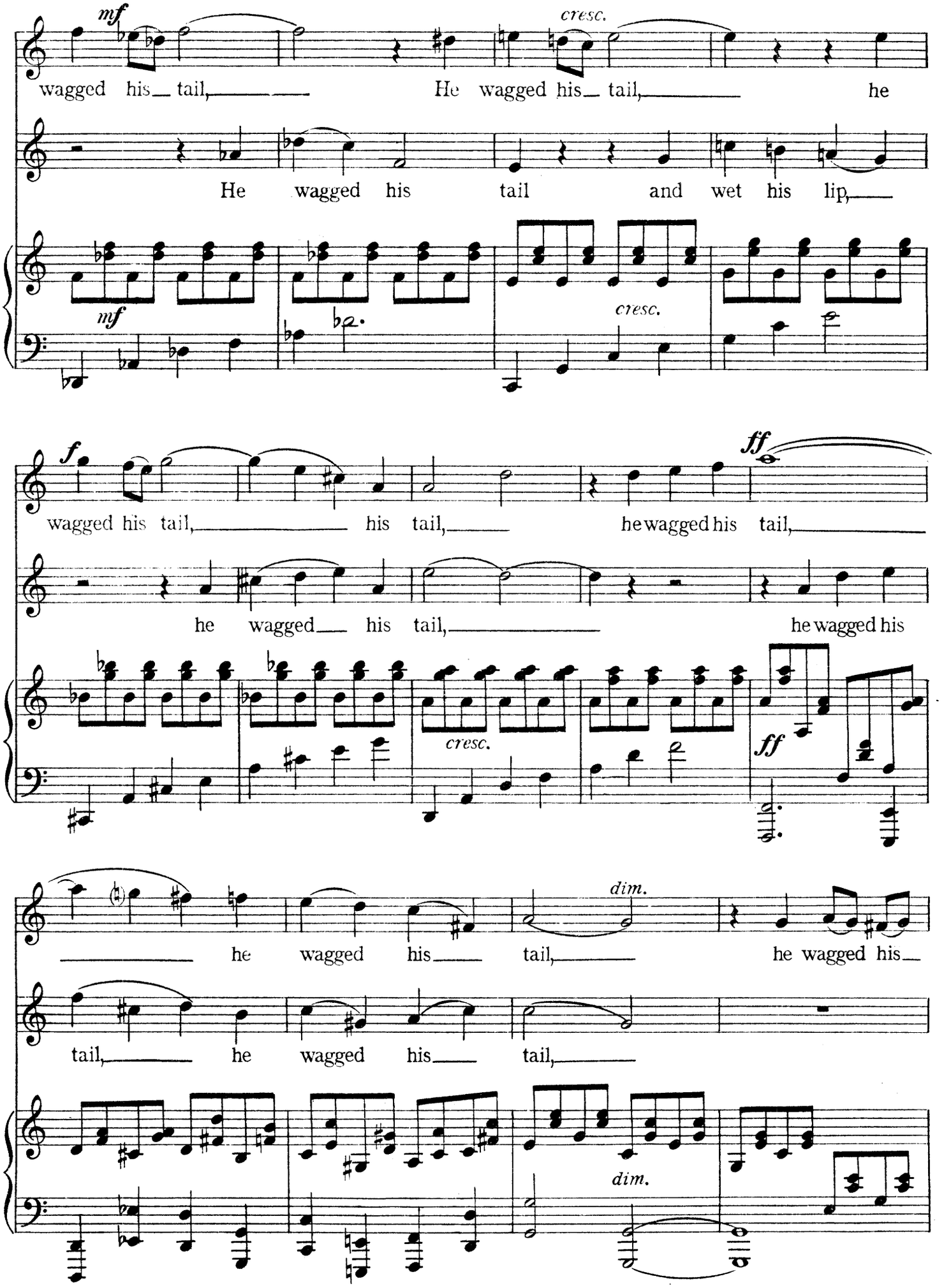

And threw the kit - ten down the stairs
birds and broke the chairs And threw the kit - ten down the stairs
cresc.
f
But Oh far worse than all be-
Far worse than all be-
cresc.
ff
-side,
-side,
He beat his Ma - ry, beat his
p
cresc.
p
cresc.

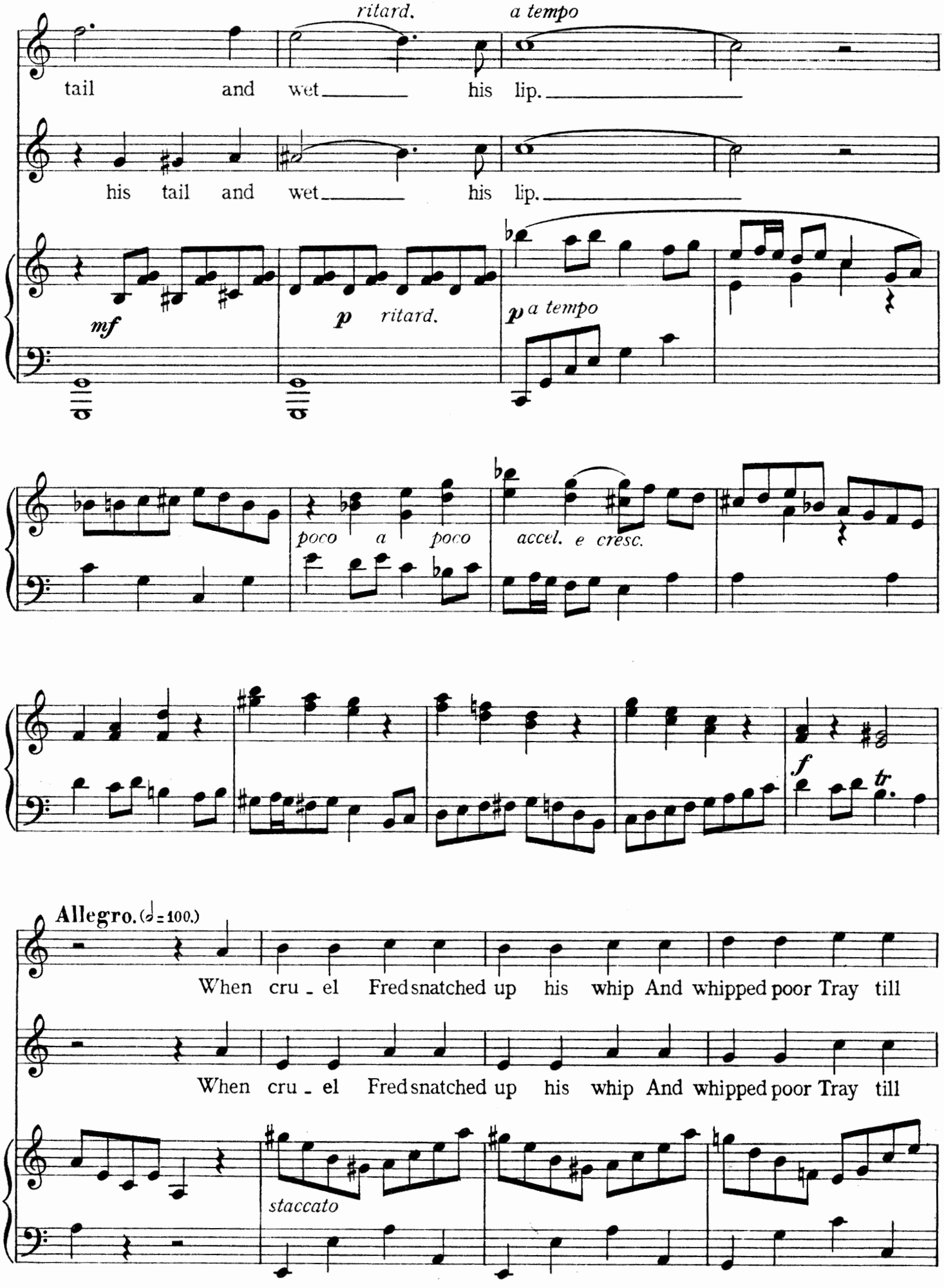

Beat his Ma - ry, beat his Ma - ry
Ma - ry, Beat his Ma - ry, beat his Ma - ry
f
cresc.
ff
dim.
Till she cried
ff
dim.
Till she cried
ff
dim.
8
mf
Cri -
mf
Cri -
mf

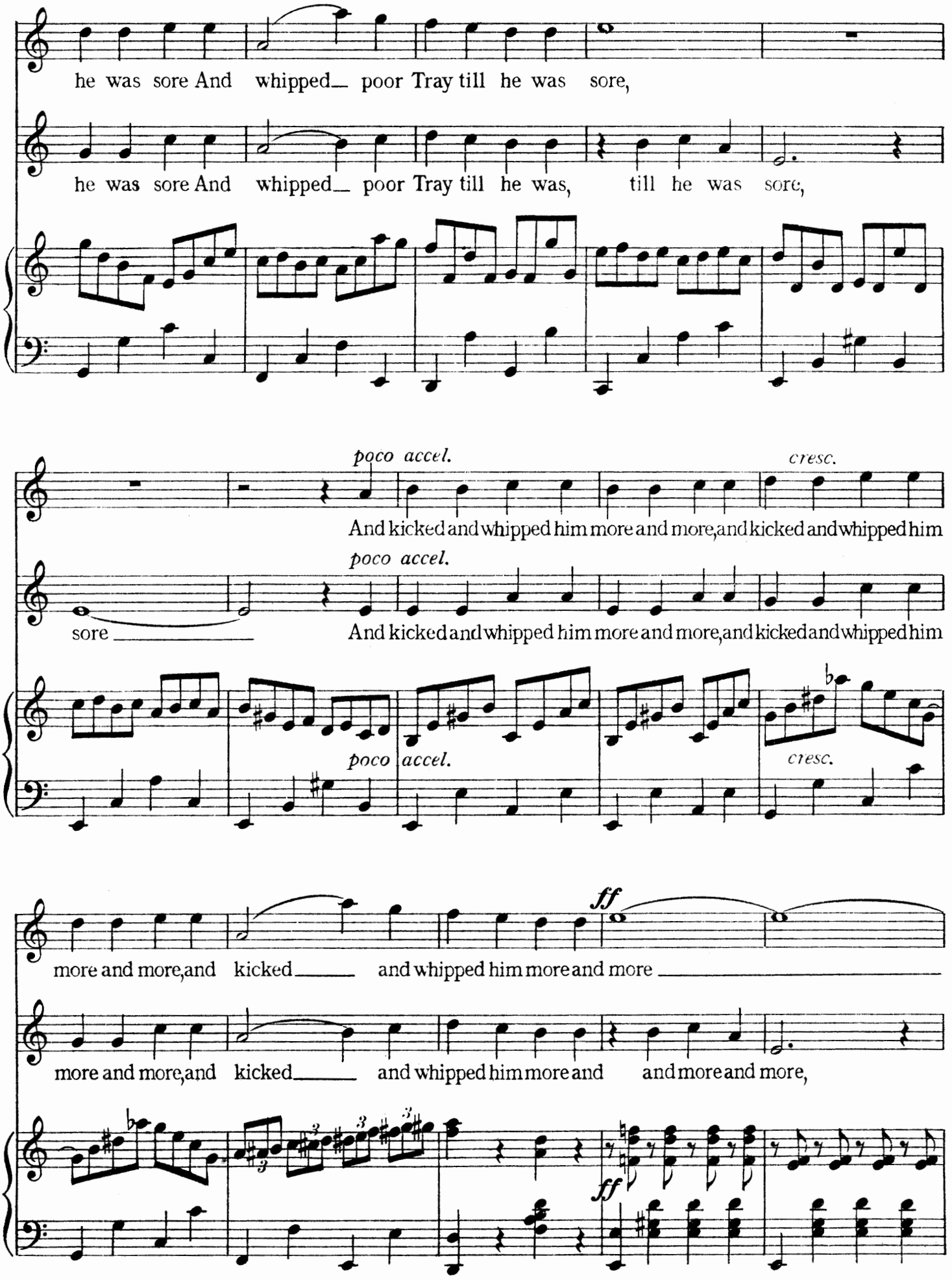

- - i - - - - ied
Cri - - -
- - i - - - - ied
Cri - - -
- i - - - - ied.
- i - - - - ied.
non rubato
p
2
BARITONE. p
Till

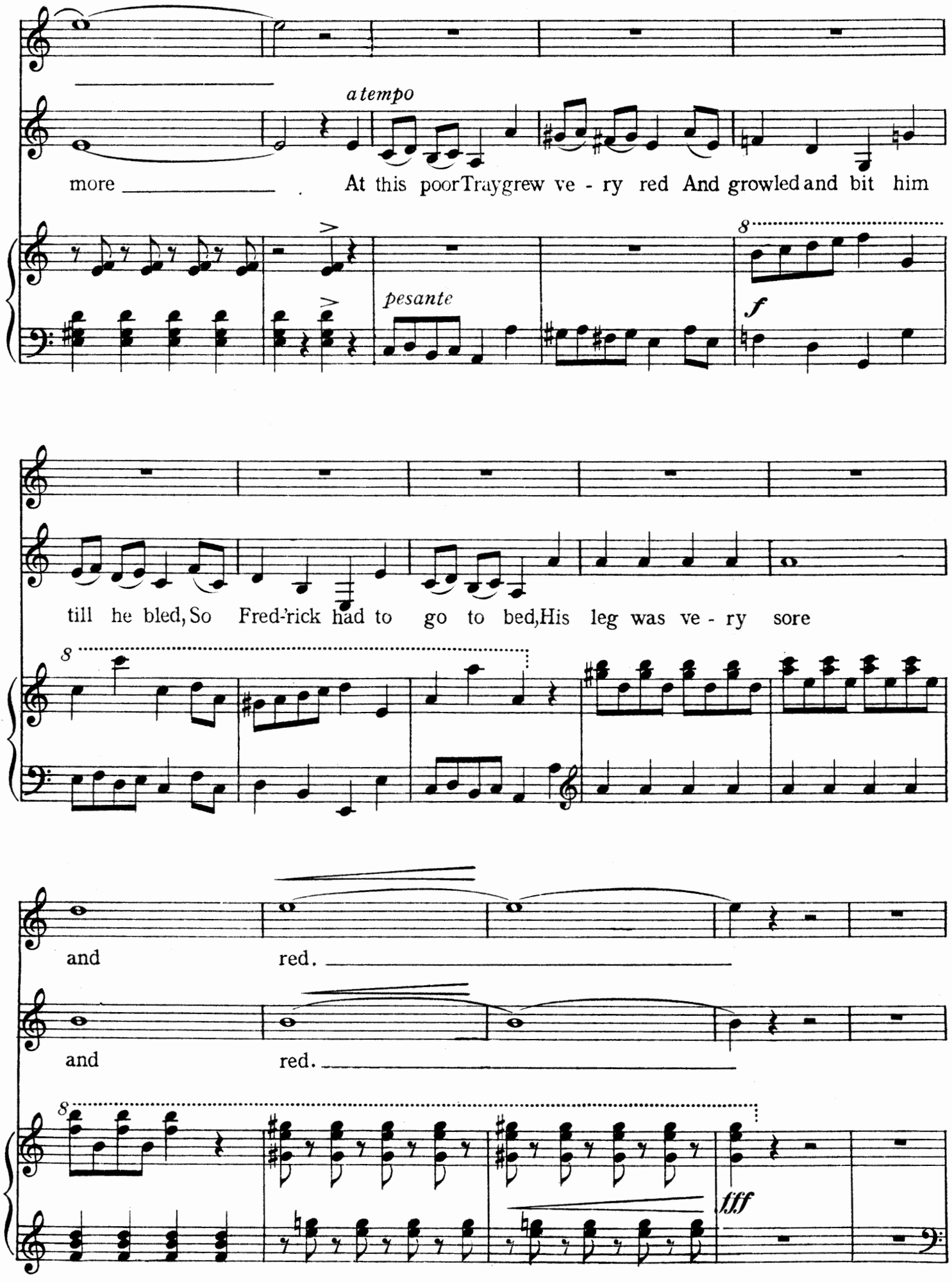

ad lib.
a tempo
she
cried.
colla voce
a tempo
Ped.
8
p
pp
SOPRANO.
Andante. (♩=♩. preceding)
p
The trough was full and faith - ful Tray Came
BARITONE.
p
The trough was full and faith - ful Tray Came
pp
ritard.
p
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

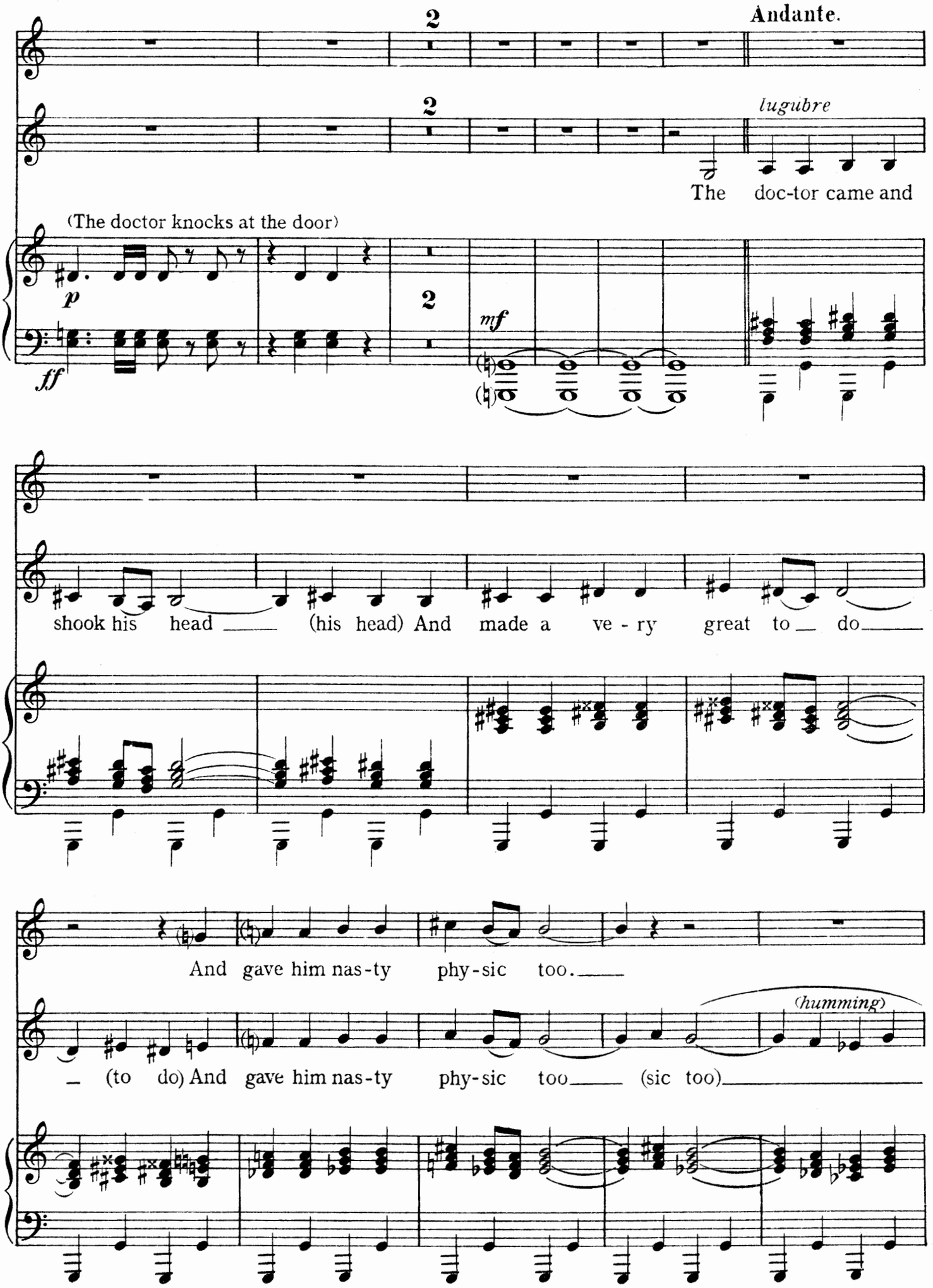

out to drink one sul - try day
He wagged his tail, he
out to drink one sul - try day
He
wagged his tail and wet
his lip,
wagged his tail and wet
his lip,
The
rit.
He
trough was full and faith - ful Tray Came out to drink one sul - try day
cresc.
cresc.
Ped.

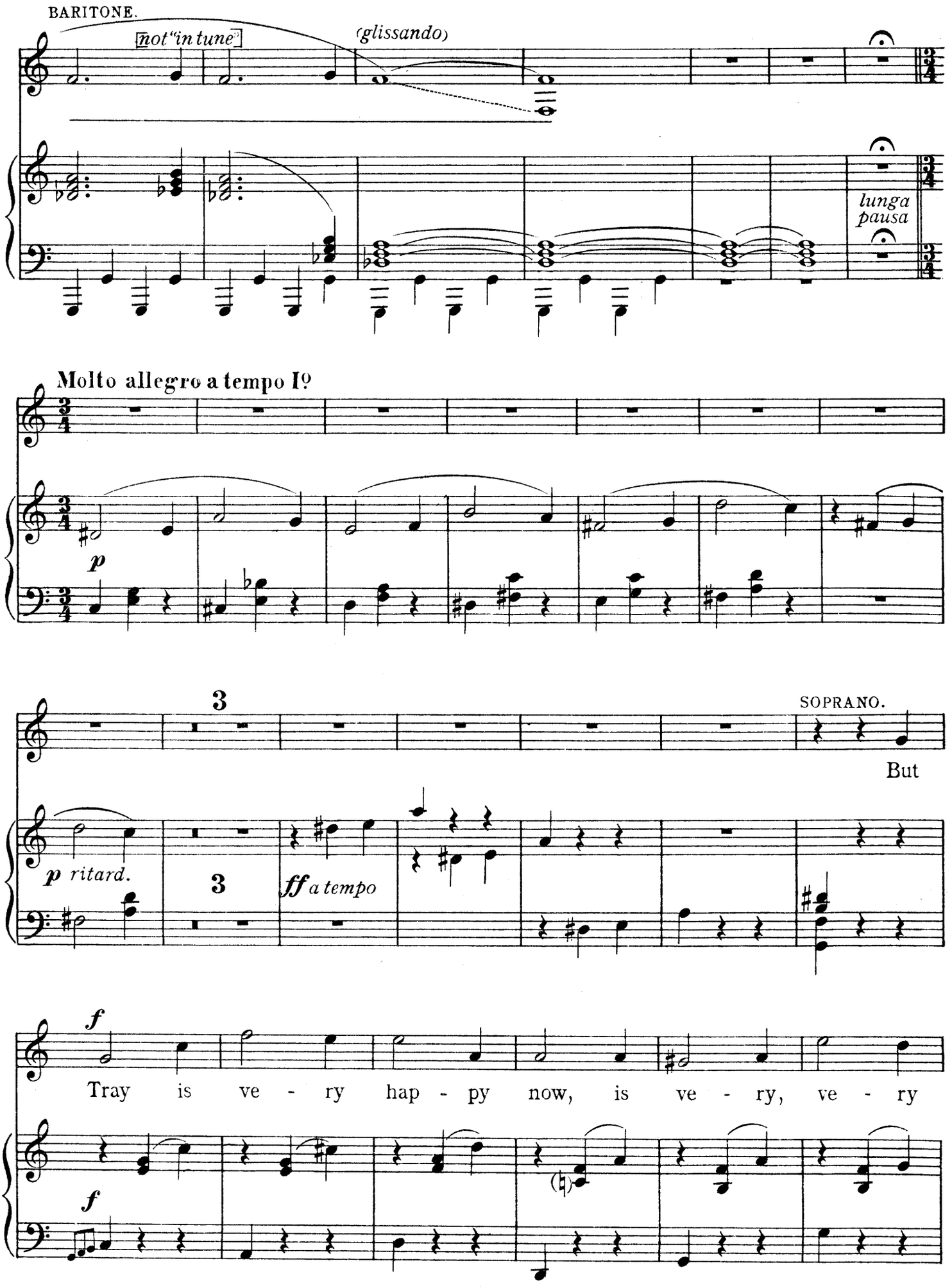

mf
cresc.
wagged his tail, He wagged his tail, he
He wagged his tail and wet his lip,
mf
cresc.
f
ff
wagged his tail, his tail, he wagged his tail,
he wagged his tail, he wagged his
cresc.
ff
dim.
he wagged his tail, he wagged his
tail, he wagged his tail,
dim.

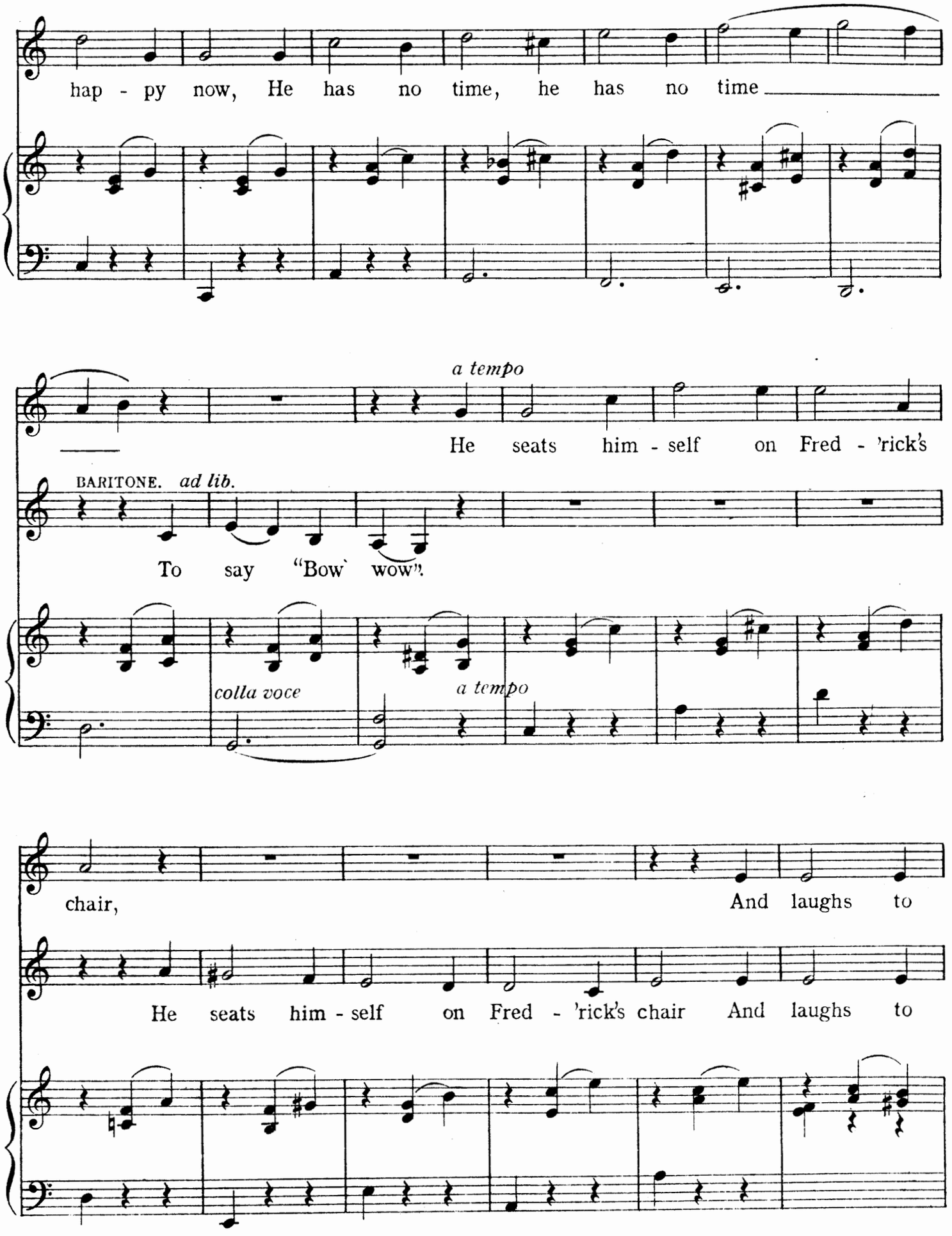

ritard.
a tempo
tail and wet his lip.
his tail and wet his lip.
mf
p ritard.
p a tempo
poco a poco
accel. e cresc.
f
tr.
Allegro. (♩= 100.)
When cru - el Fred snatched up his whip And whipped poor Tray till
When cru - el Fred snatched up his whip And whipped poor Tray till
staccato

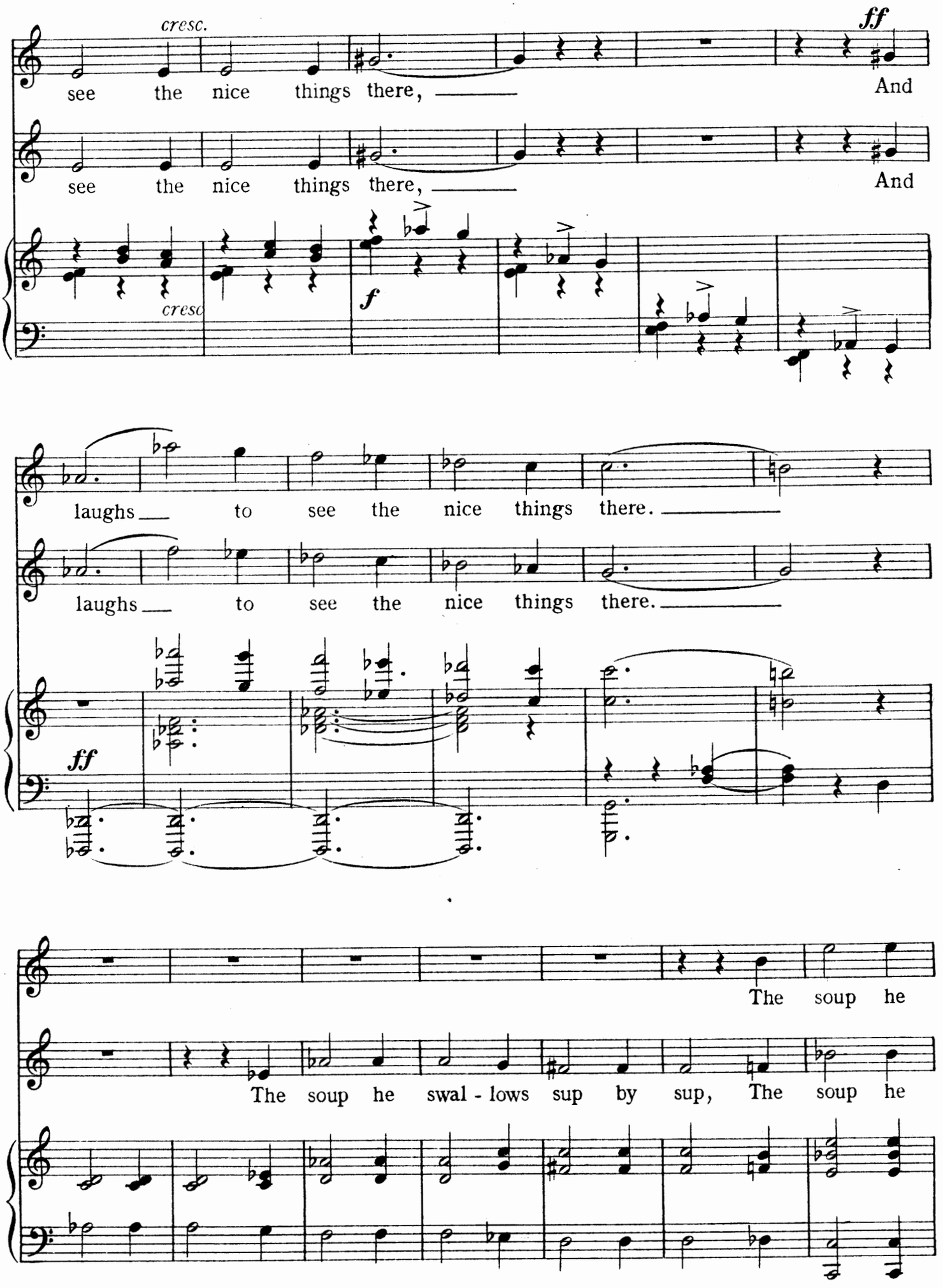

he was sore And whipped poor Tray till he was sore,
he was sore And whipped poor Tray till he was, till he was sore,
poco accel.
cresc.
And kicked and whipped him more and more, and kicked and whipped him
sore
poco accel.
And kicked and whipped him more and more, and kicked and whipped him
poco accel.
cresc.
ff
more and more, and kicked and whipped him more and more
more and more, and kicked and whipped him more and and more and more,
ff

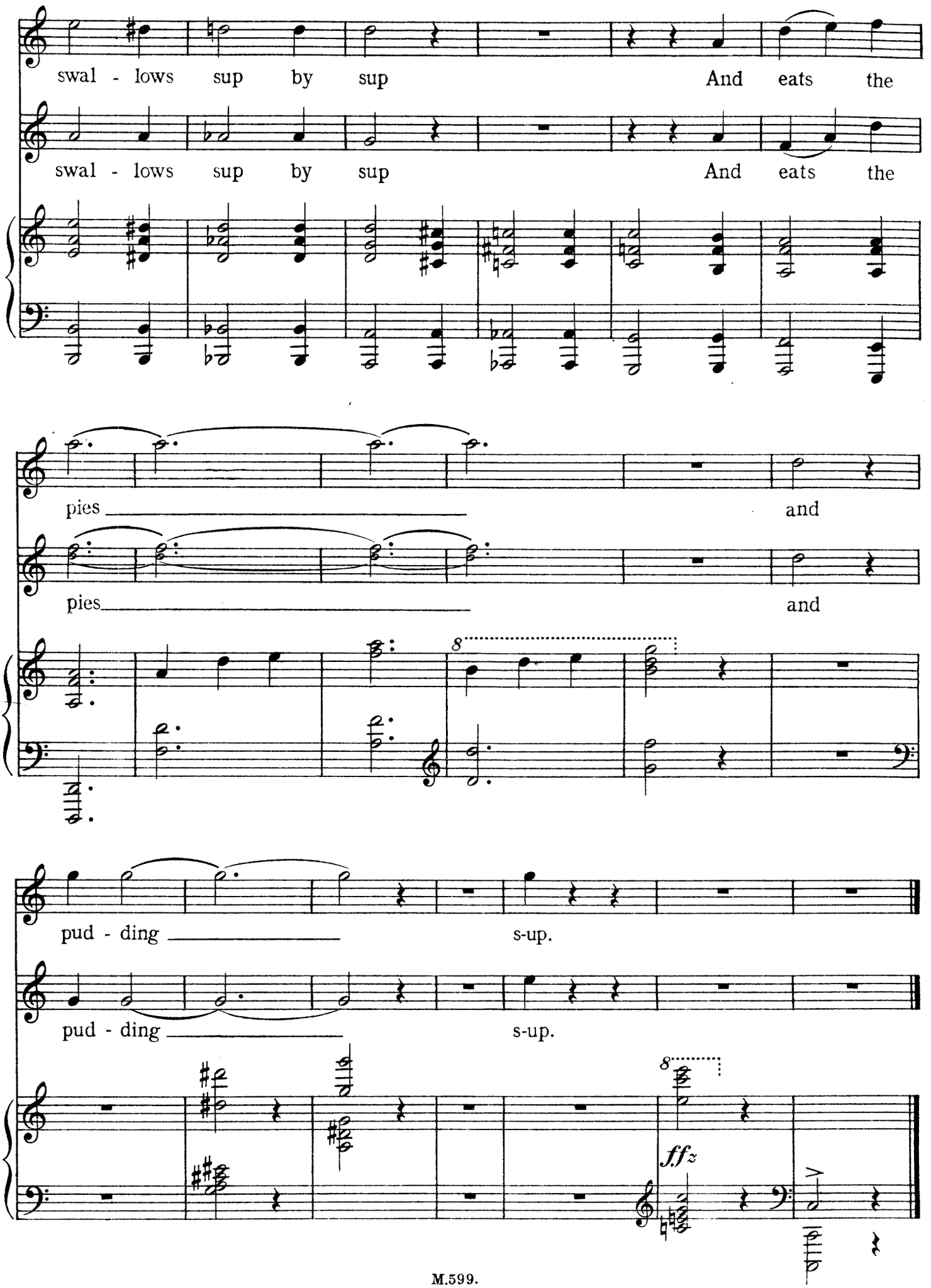

a tempo
more
At this poor Tray grew ve - ry red And growled and bit him
pesante
f
till he bled, So Fred-rick had to go to bed, His leg was ve - ry sore
and
red.
and
red.
tff


Andante.
lugubre
The doc-tor came and
(The doctor knocks at the door)
p
ff
mf
shook his head (his head) And made a ve - ry great to do
And gave him nas-ty phy-sic too.
(humming)
(to do) And gave him nas-ty phy-sic too (sic too)


BARITONE.
not "in tune"
(glissando)
lunga pausa
Molto allegro a tempo Iº
p
3
SOPRANO.
But
p ritard.
3
ff a tempo
f
Tray is ve - ry hap - py now, is ve - ry, ve - ry
f

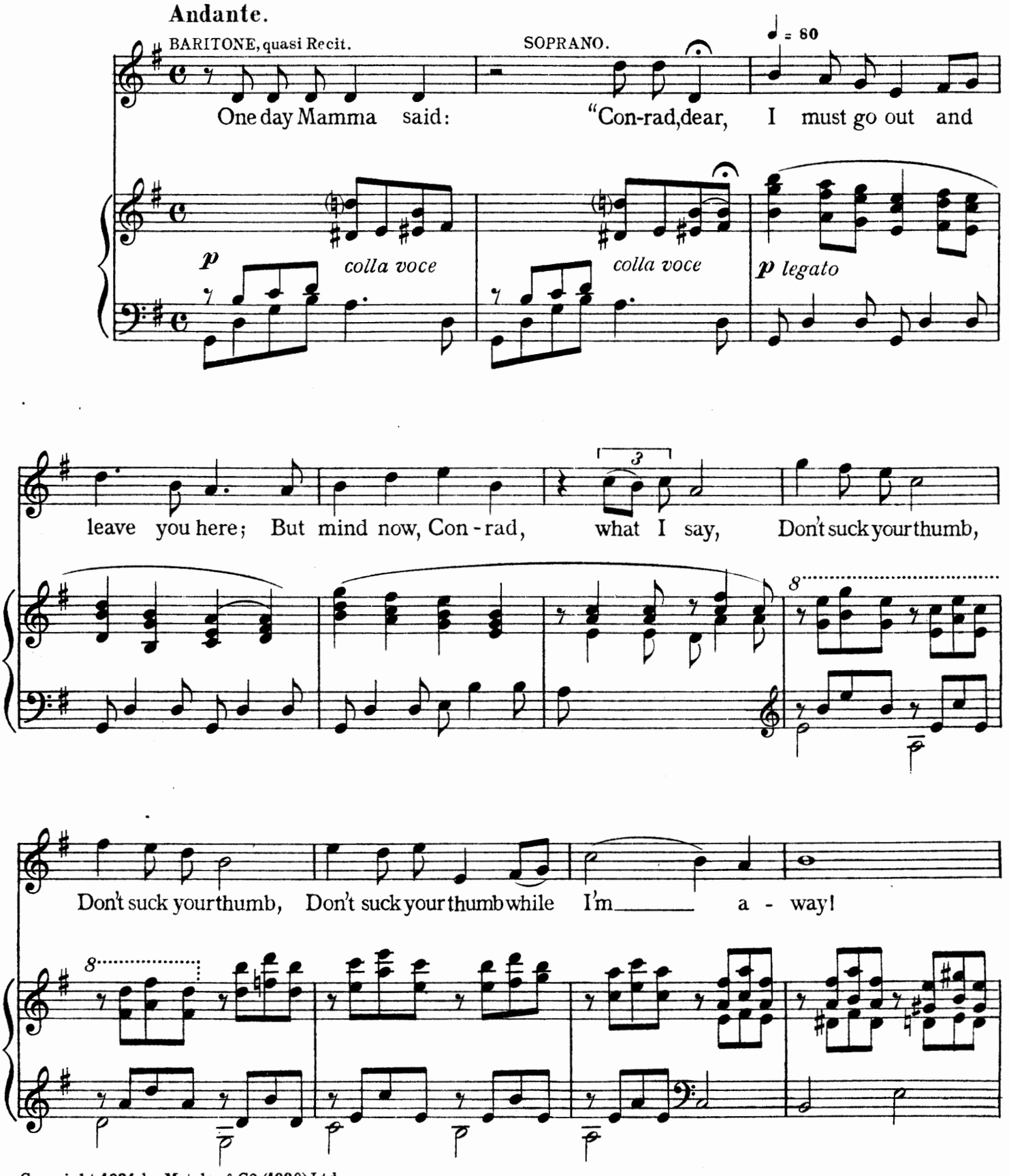

hap - py now, He has no time, he has no time
a tempo
He seats him - self on Fred - 'rick's
BARITONE. ad lib.
To say "Bow wow".
colla voce
a tempo
chair,
And laughs to
He seats him - self on Fred - 'rick's chair And laughs to


cresc.
ff
see the nice things there, And
see the nice things there, And
cresc
f
laughs to see the nice things there.
laughs to see the nice things there.
ff
The soup he
The soup he swal - lows sup by sup, The soup he

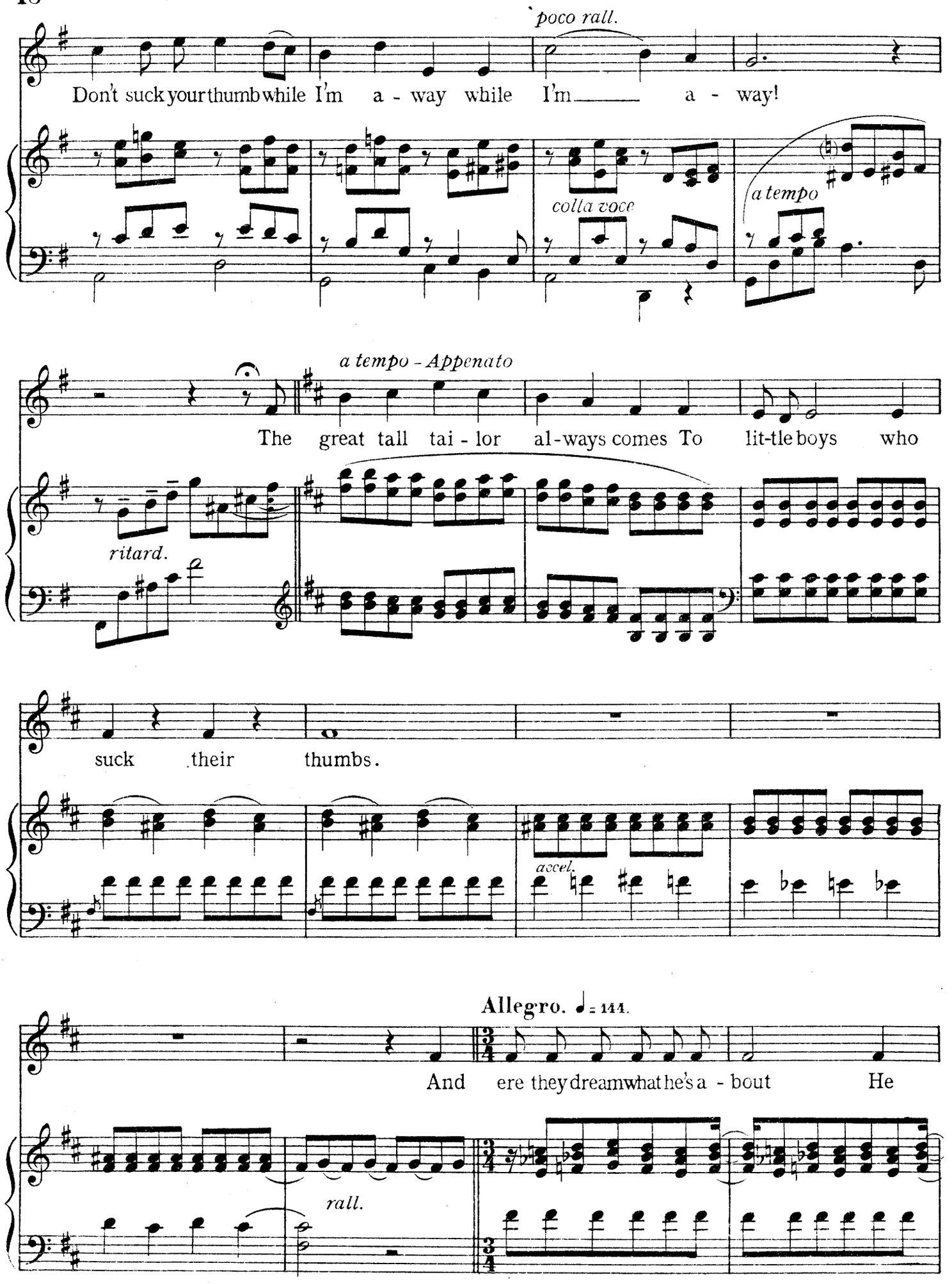

swal - lows sup by sup And eats the
swal - lows sup by sup And eats the
pies and
pies and
8
pud - ding s-up.
pud - ding s-up.
8
ffz

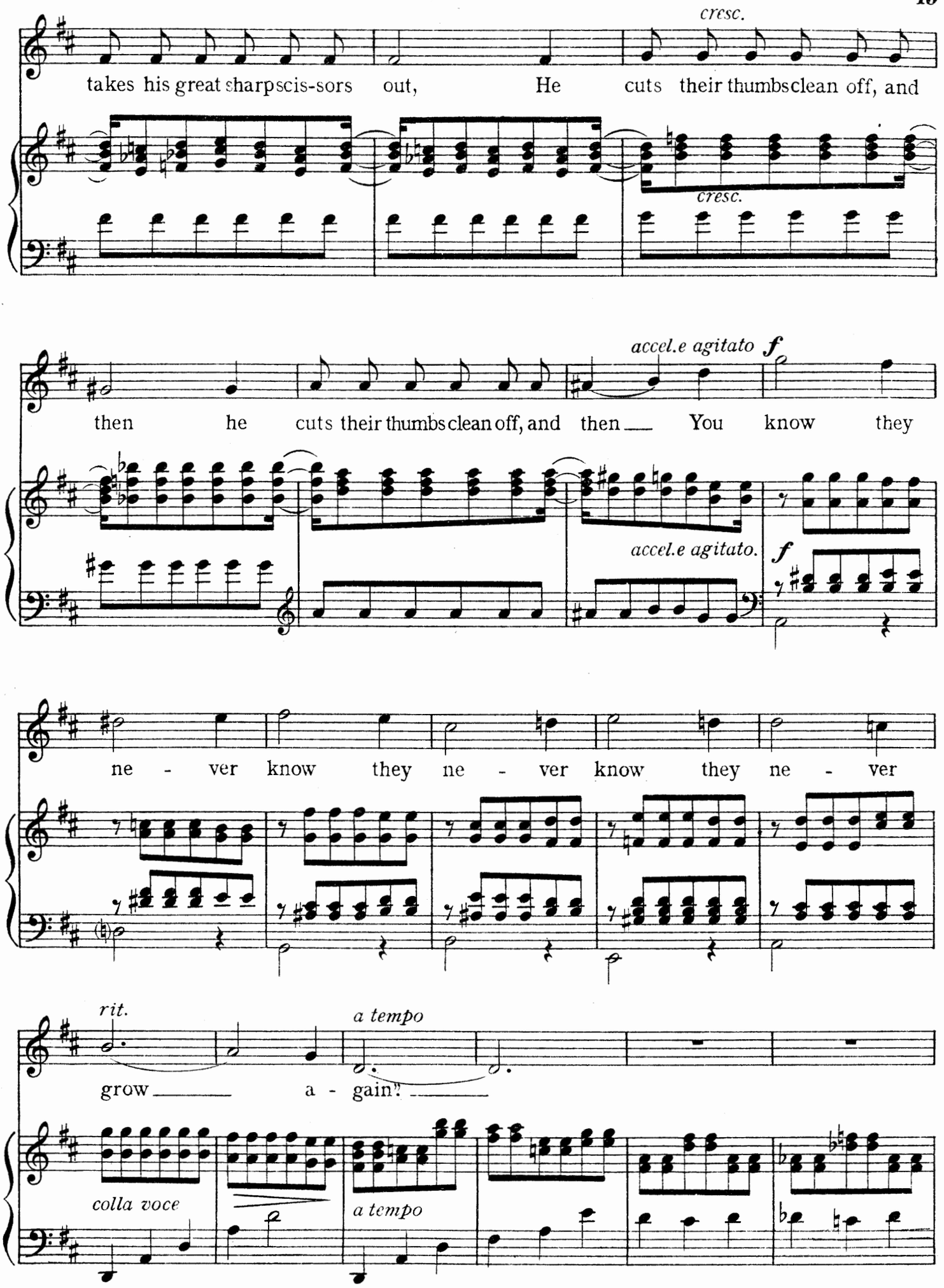
II.
The Story of Little Suck-a-thumb.

SOPRANO SOLO.



Copyright 1921, by Metzler & Co (1920) Ltd.


poco rall.
Don't suck your thumb while I'm a - way while I'm ____ a - way!
colla voce
a tempo
a tempo - Appenato
The great tall tai - lor al-ways comes To lit-tle boys who
ritard.
suck their thumbs.
accel.
Allegro. ♩= 144.
And ere they dream what he's a - bout He
rall.


cresc.
takes his great sharp scis-sors out, He cuts their thumbs clean off, and
cresc.
accel.e agitato f
then he cuts their thumbs clean off, and then You know they
accel.e agitato.
f
ne - ver know they ne - ver know they ne - ver
rit.
a tempo
grow a - gain!
colla voce
a tempo

Tempo I.

Mamma had scarcely turned her back, The

rit.

p

ad lib.

thumb was in, A - las! A - lack!

Allegro.

The

colla voce

Ped. ✻

f

door flew o-pen in he ran The great long red-legged scis-sor man. Oh

cresc.

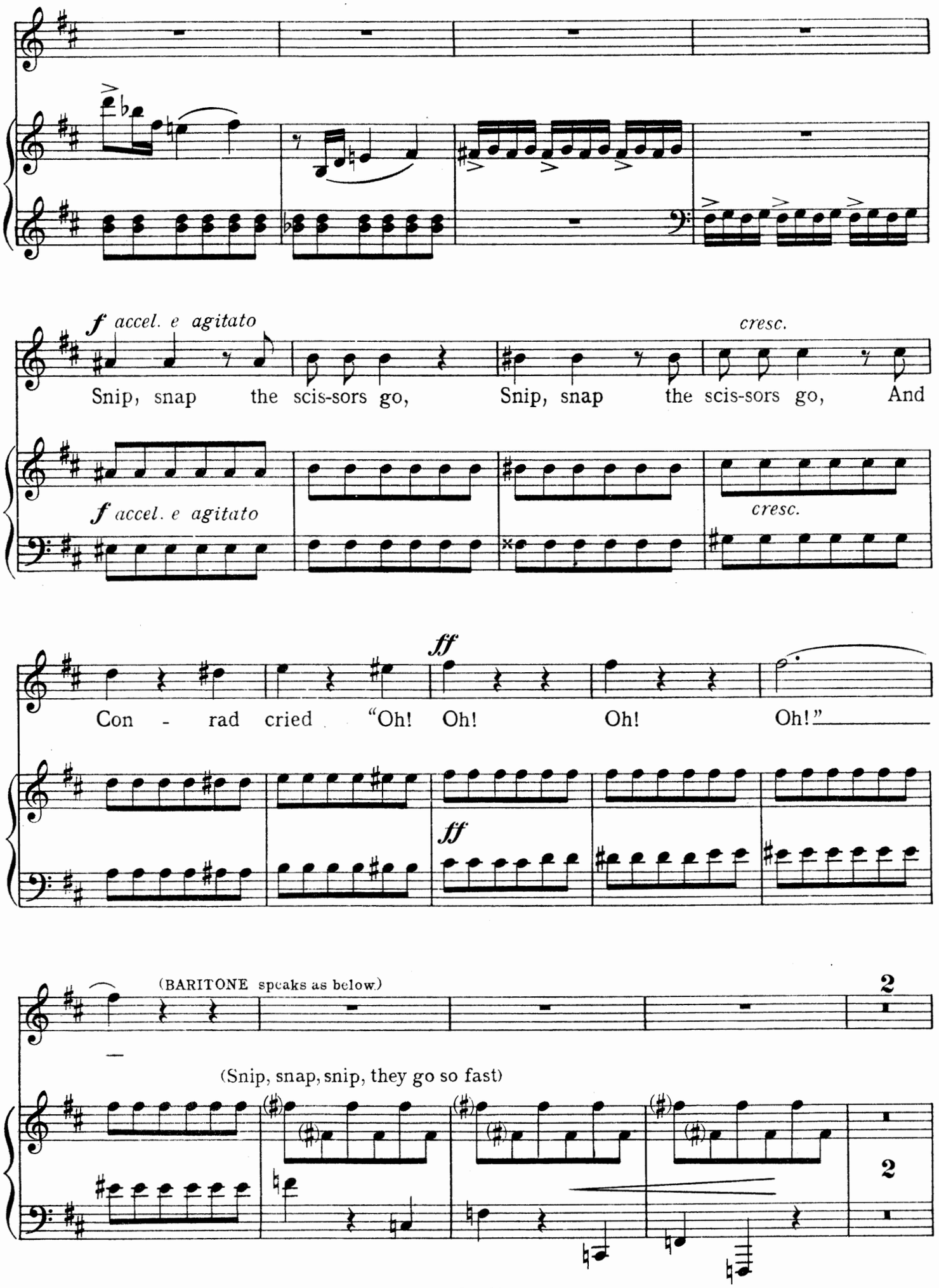
mf

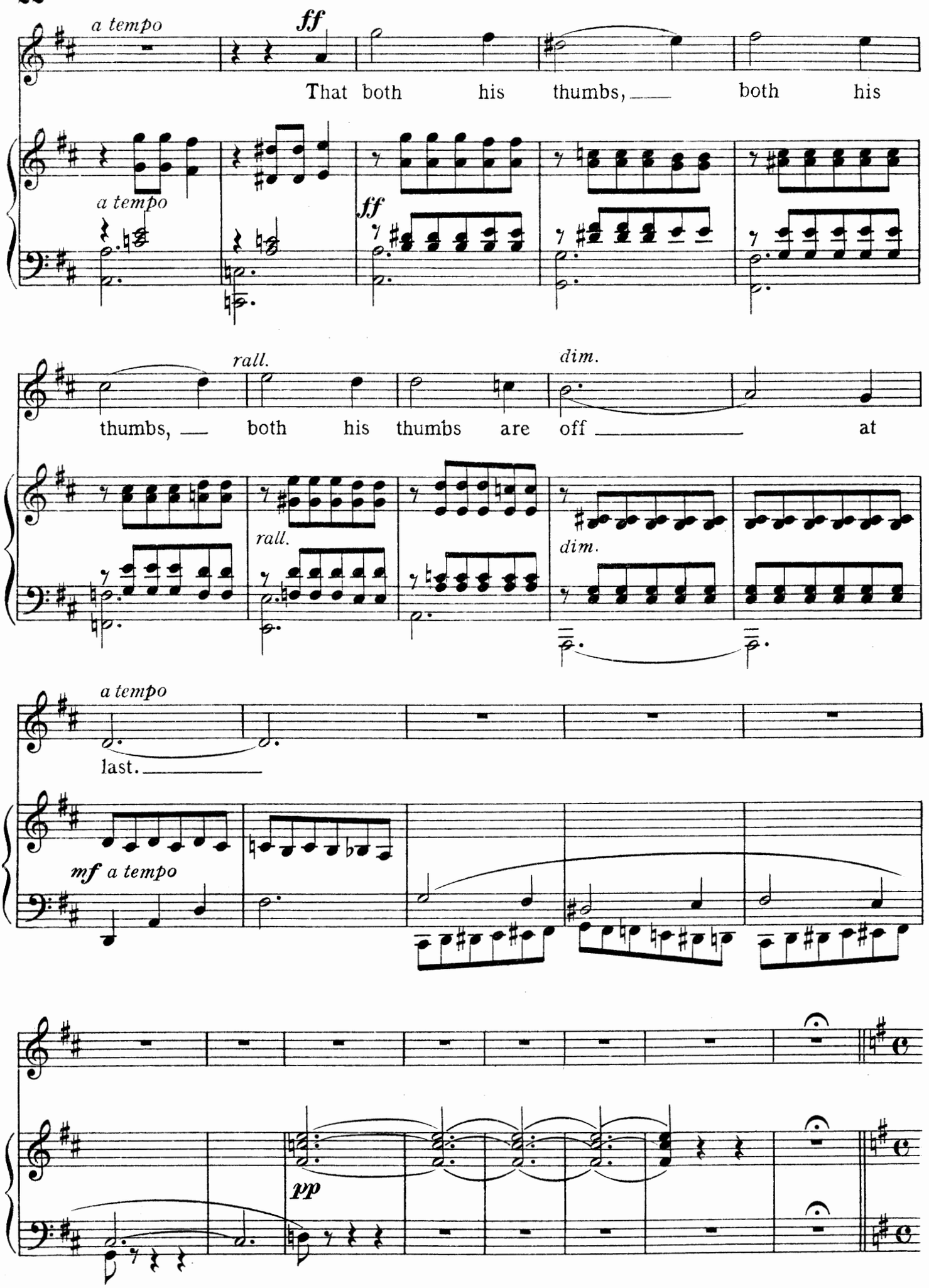
cresc.

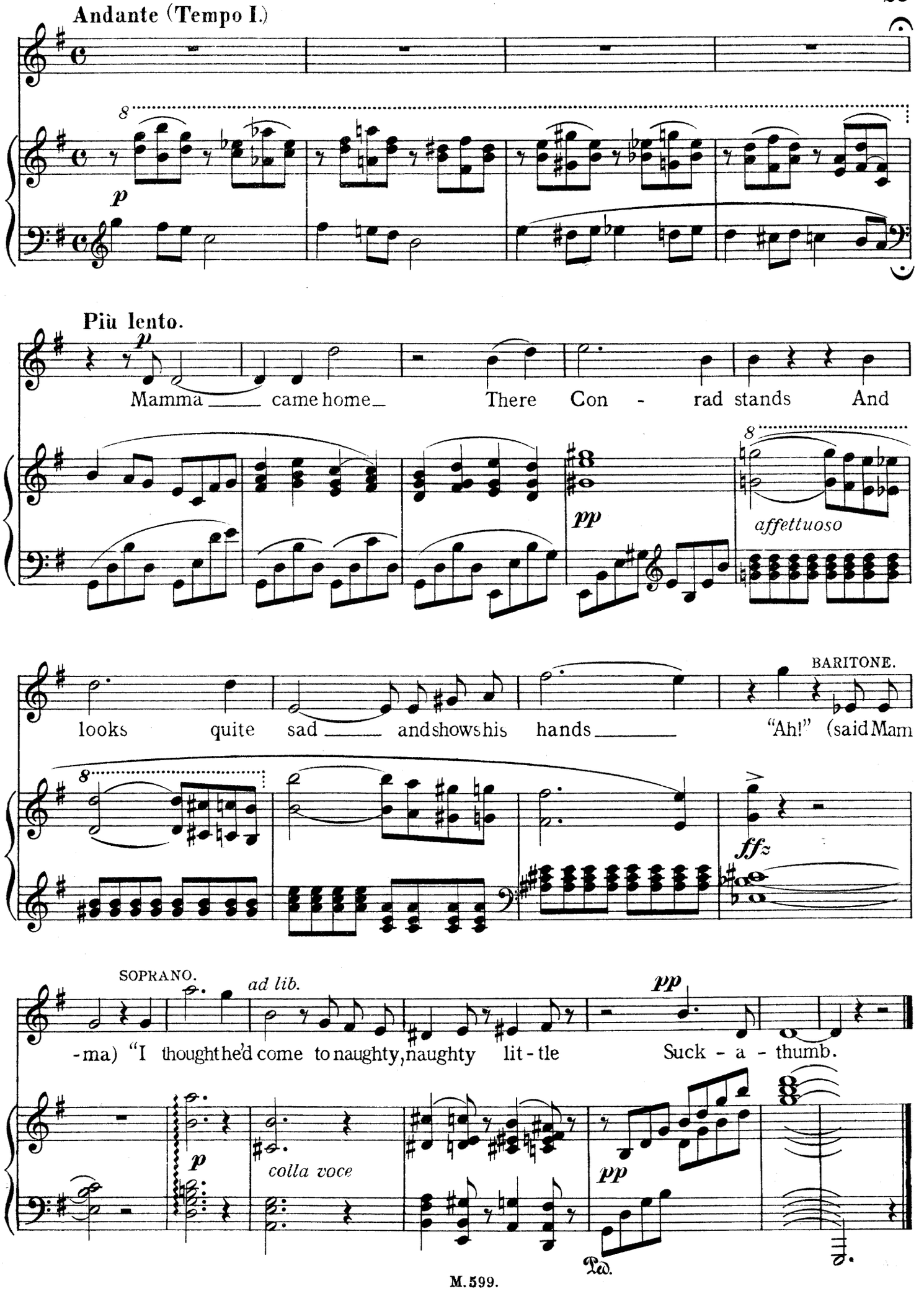
dear, O dear, the tail-or's come And caught out lit-tle Suck-a-thumb.

f

f


f accel. e agitato
cresc.
Snip, snap the scis-sors go, Snip, snap the scis-sors go, And
f accel. e agitato
cresc.
ff
Con - rad cried "Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!"
ff
(BARITONE speaks as below)
2
(Snip, snap, snip, they go so fast)
2


a tempo
ff
That both his thumbs, both his
a tempo
ff
rall.
dim.
thumbs, both his thumbs are off at
rall.
dim.
a tempo
last.
mf a tempo
pp


Andante (Tempo I.)
p
Più lento.
p
Mamma ___ came home_ There Con - rad stands And
pp
affettuoso
looks quite sad ___ and shows his hands ___ "Ah!" (said Mam
BARITONE.
fffz
SOPRANO.
ad lib.
-ma) "I thought he'd come to naughty, naughty lit - tle Suck - a - thumb.
pp
p
colla voce
pp
Ped.

III

The Dreadful Story about Harriet and the Matches.

DUET.

Andante moderato. ♩= 88.

ff 8va bassa

mf

f 8va bassa

dim.

mf

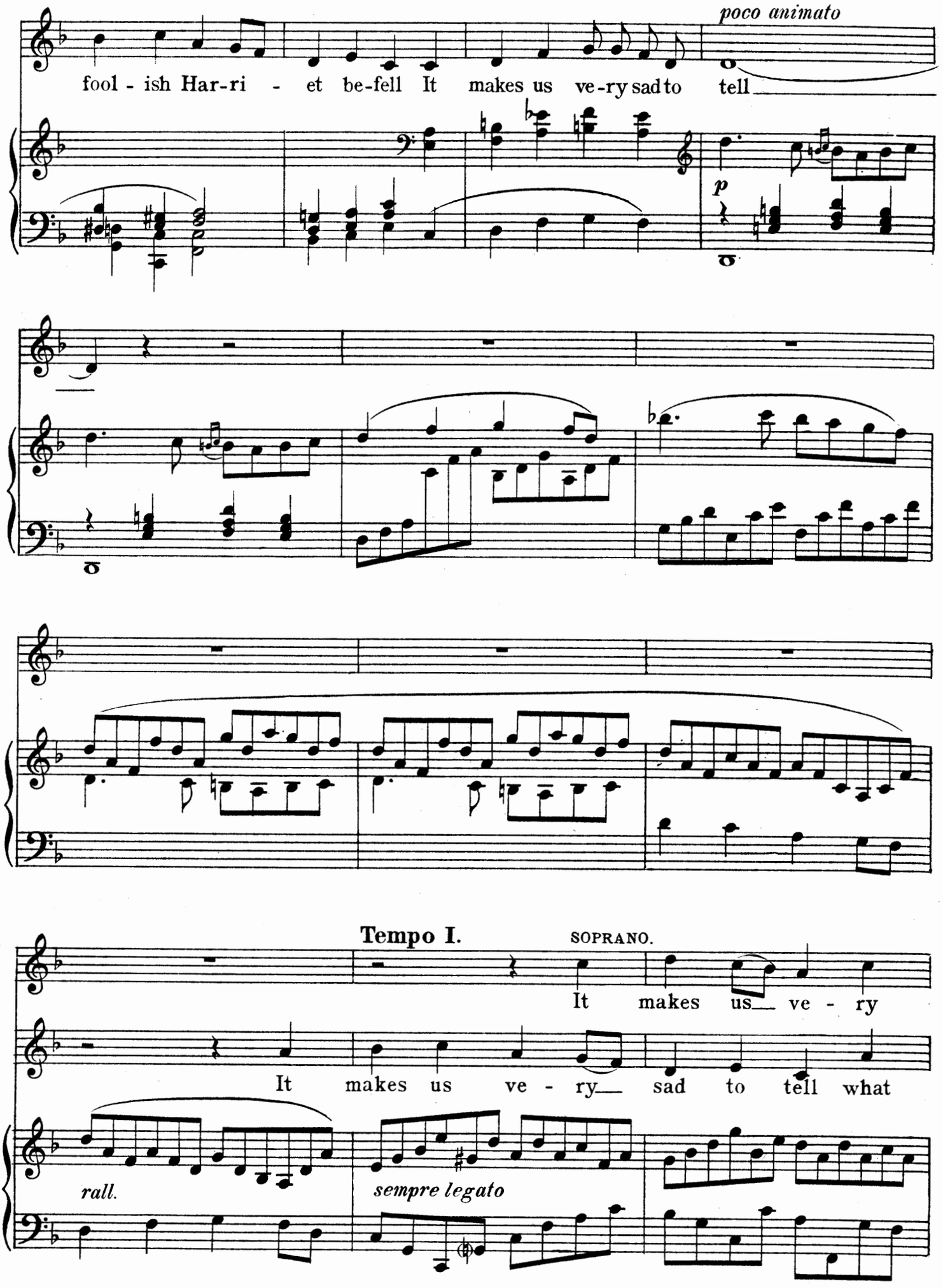
mf BARITONE.

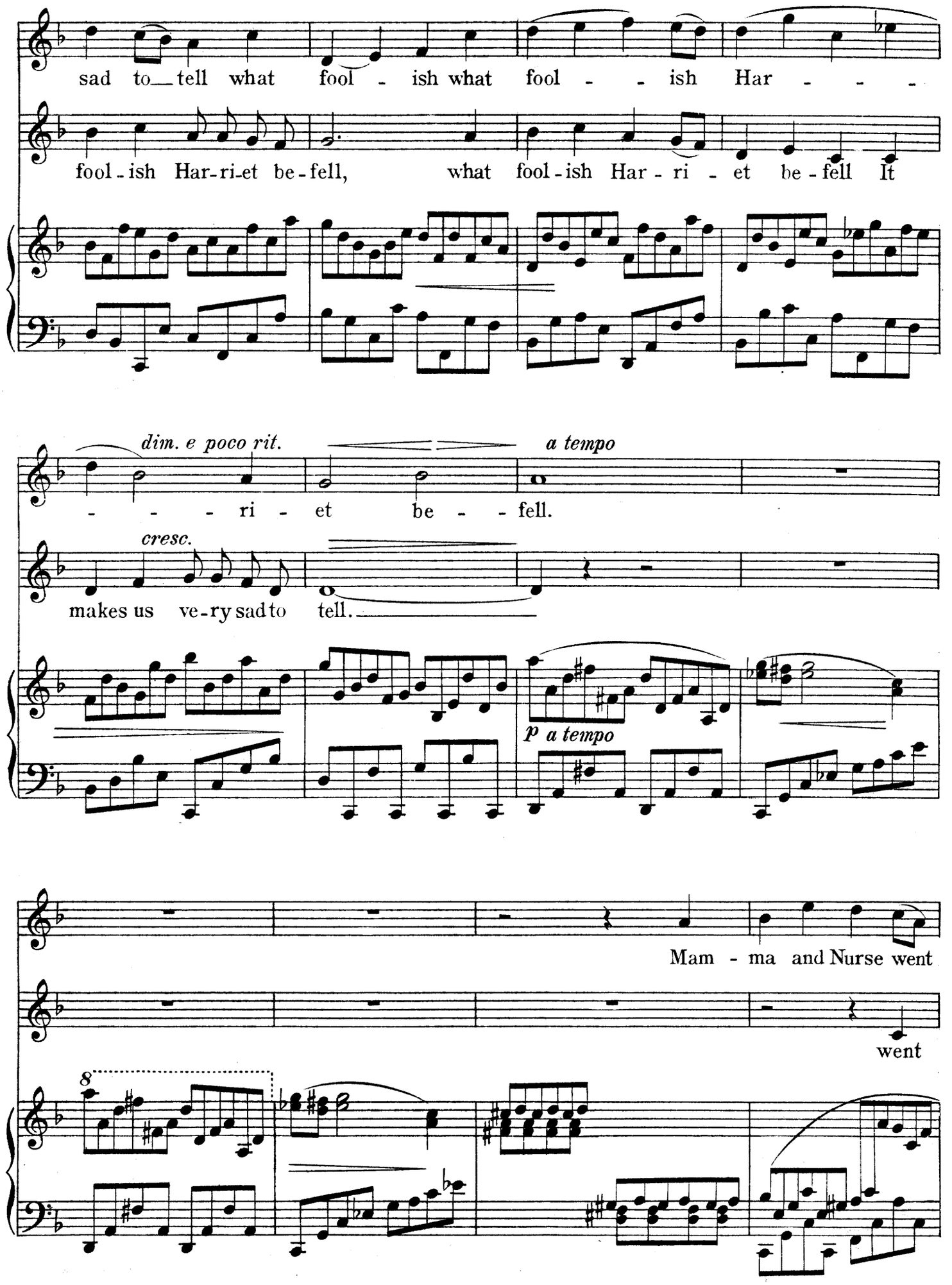
It makes us ve - ry—

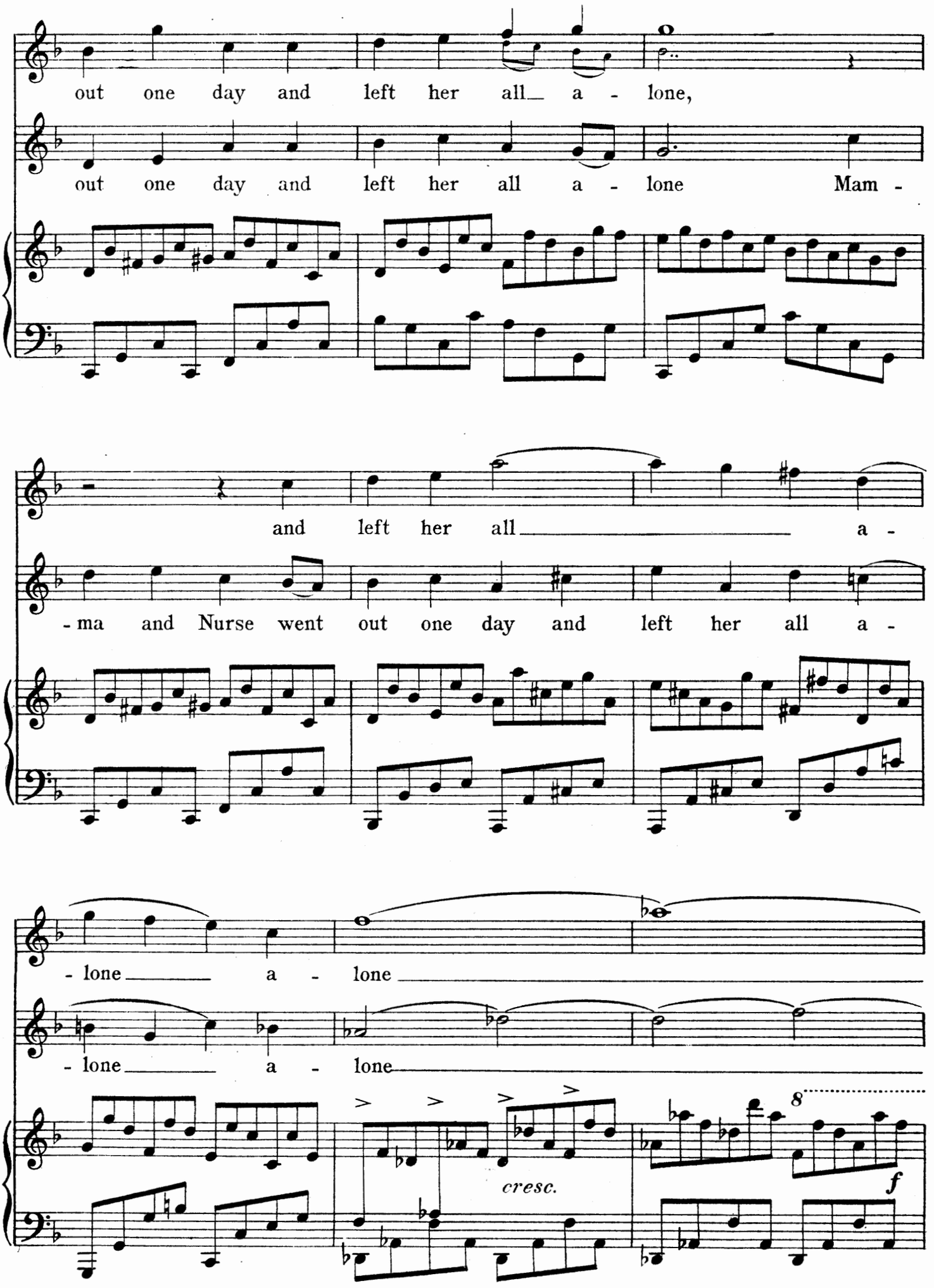
mf

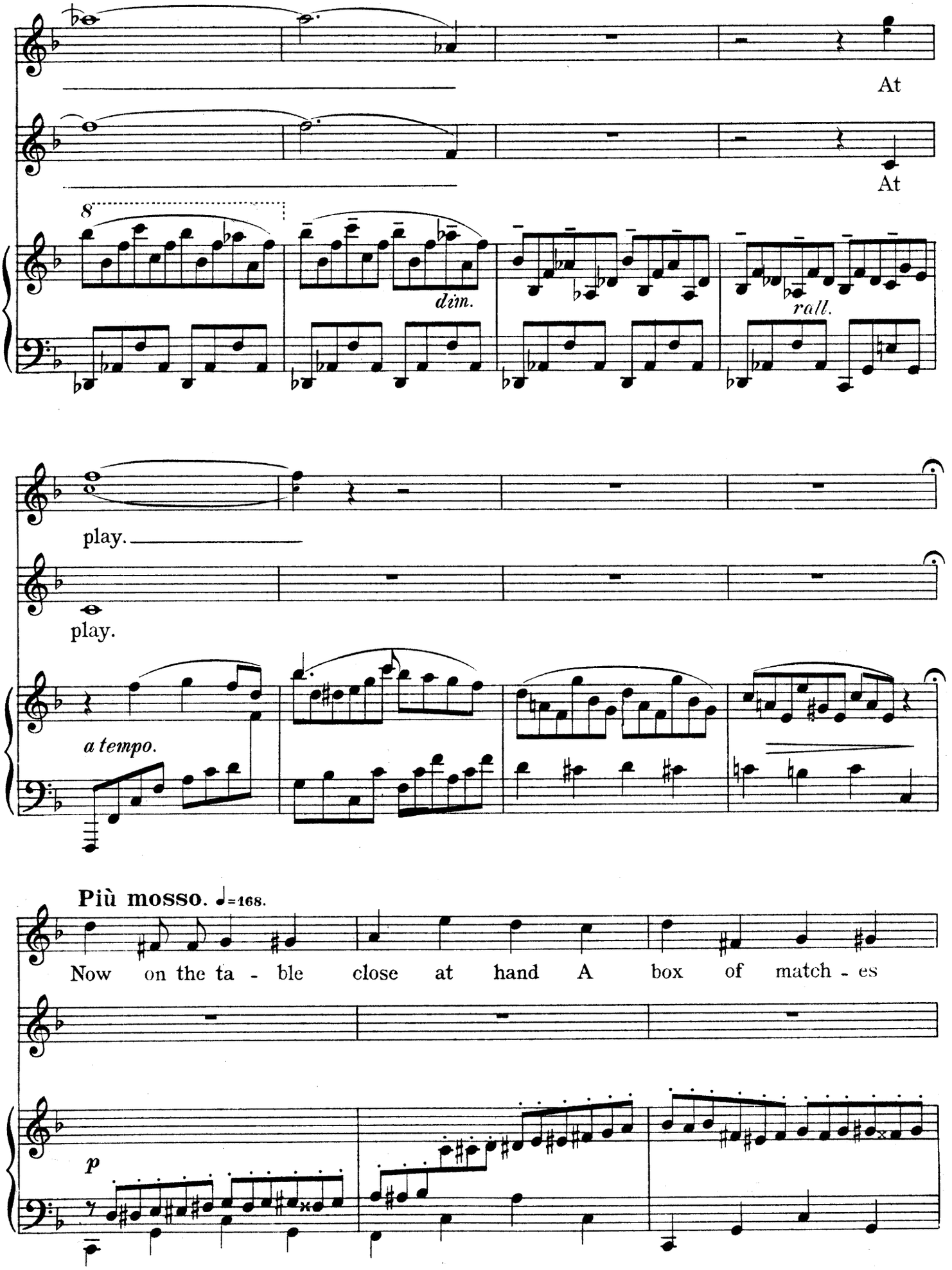
sad to tell what fool - ish Har - ri - et be - fell What

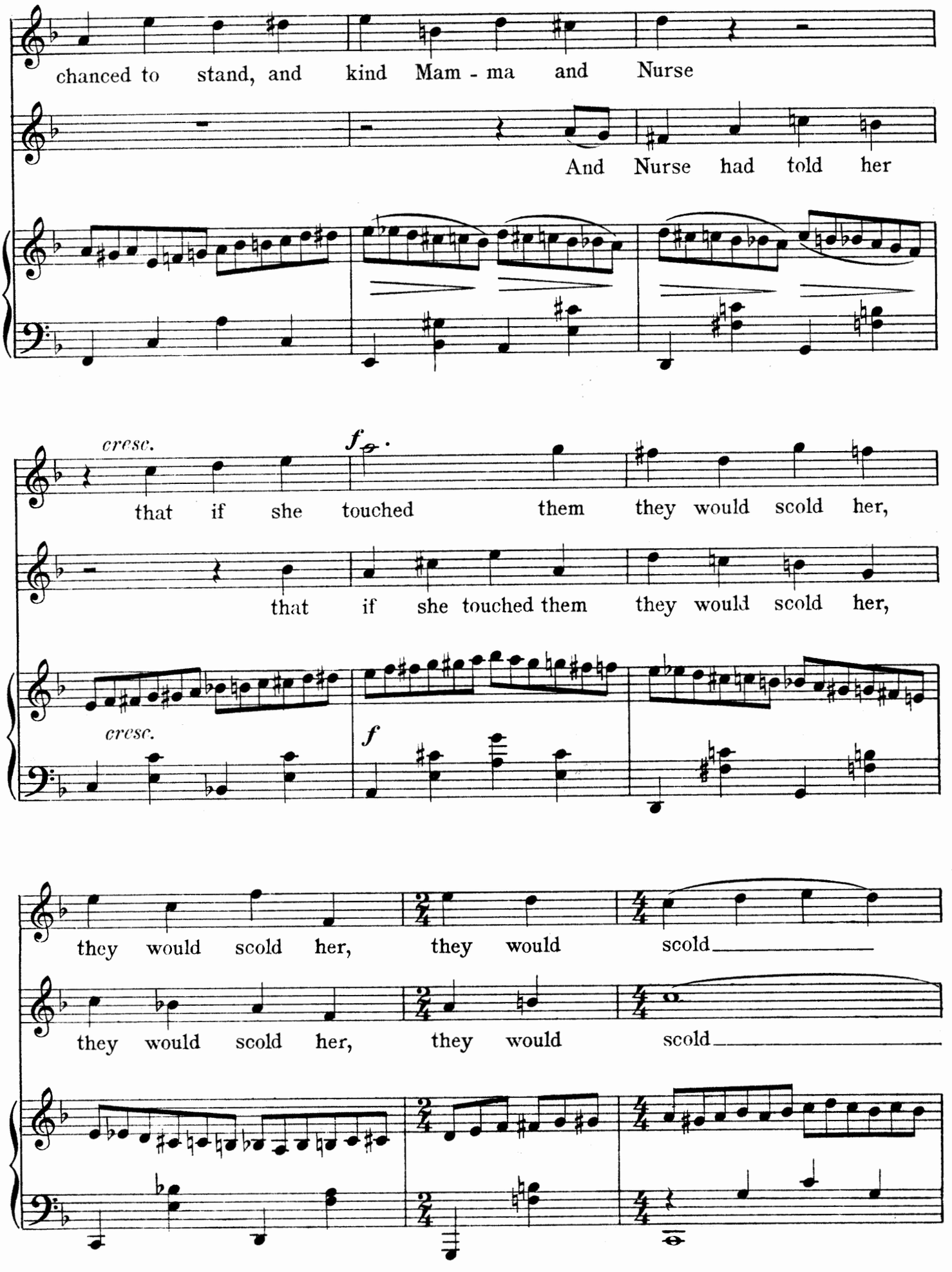
Copyright 1921, by Metzler & Co., (1920) Ltd.

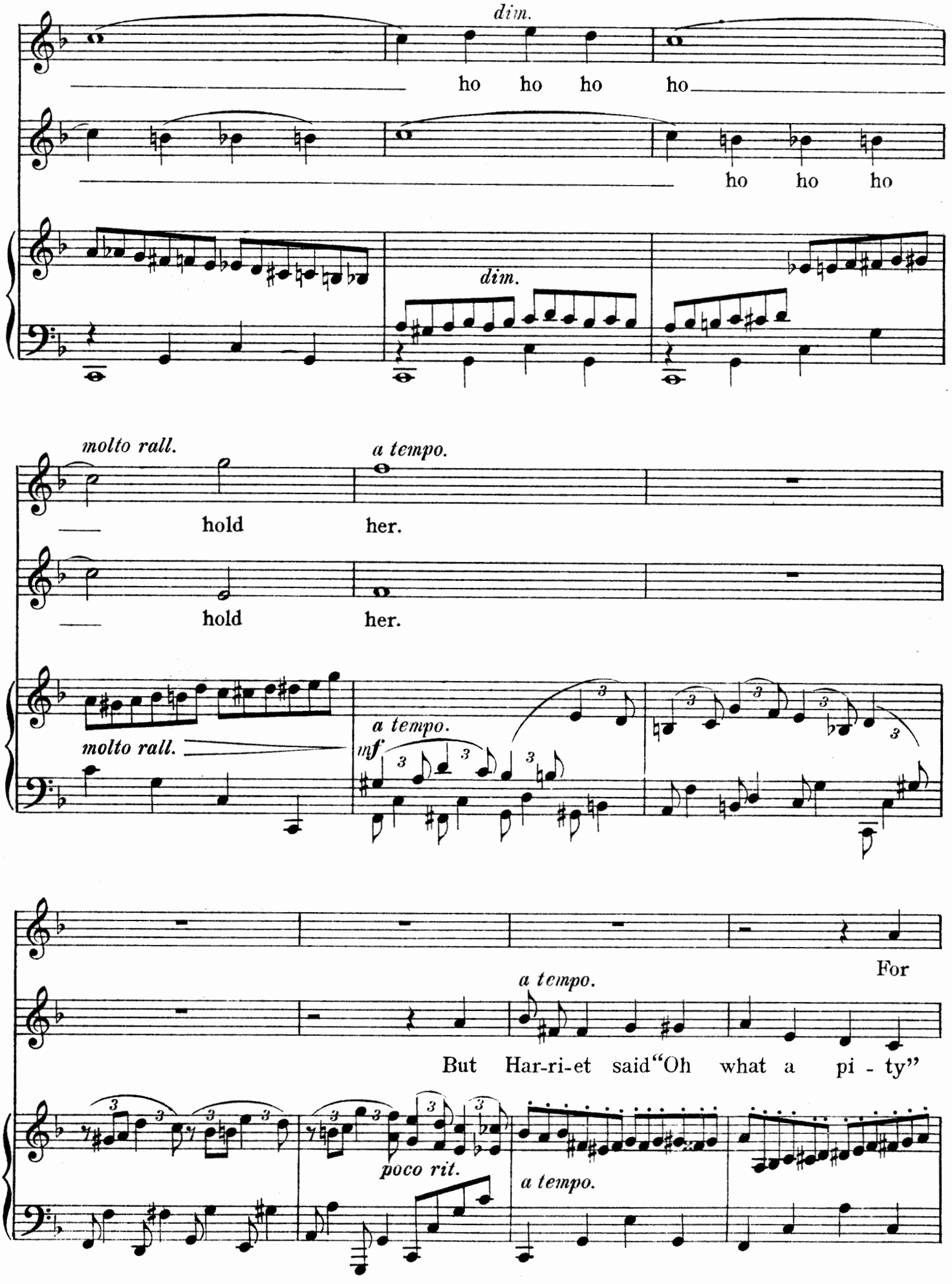

poco animato
fool - ish Har-ri - et be-fell It makes us ve-ry sad to tell
p
Tempo I.
SOPRANO.
It makes us ve - ry
It makes us ve - ry sad to tell what
rall.
sempre legato

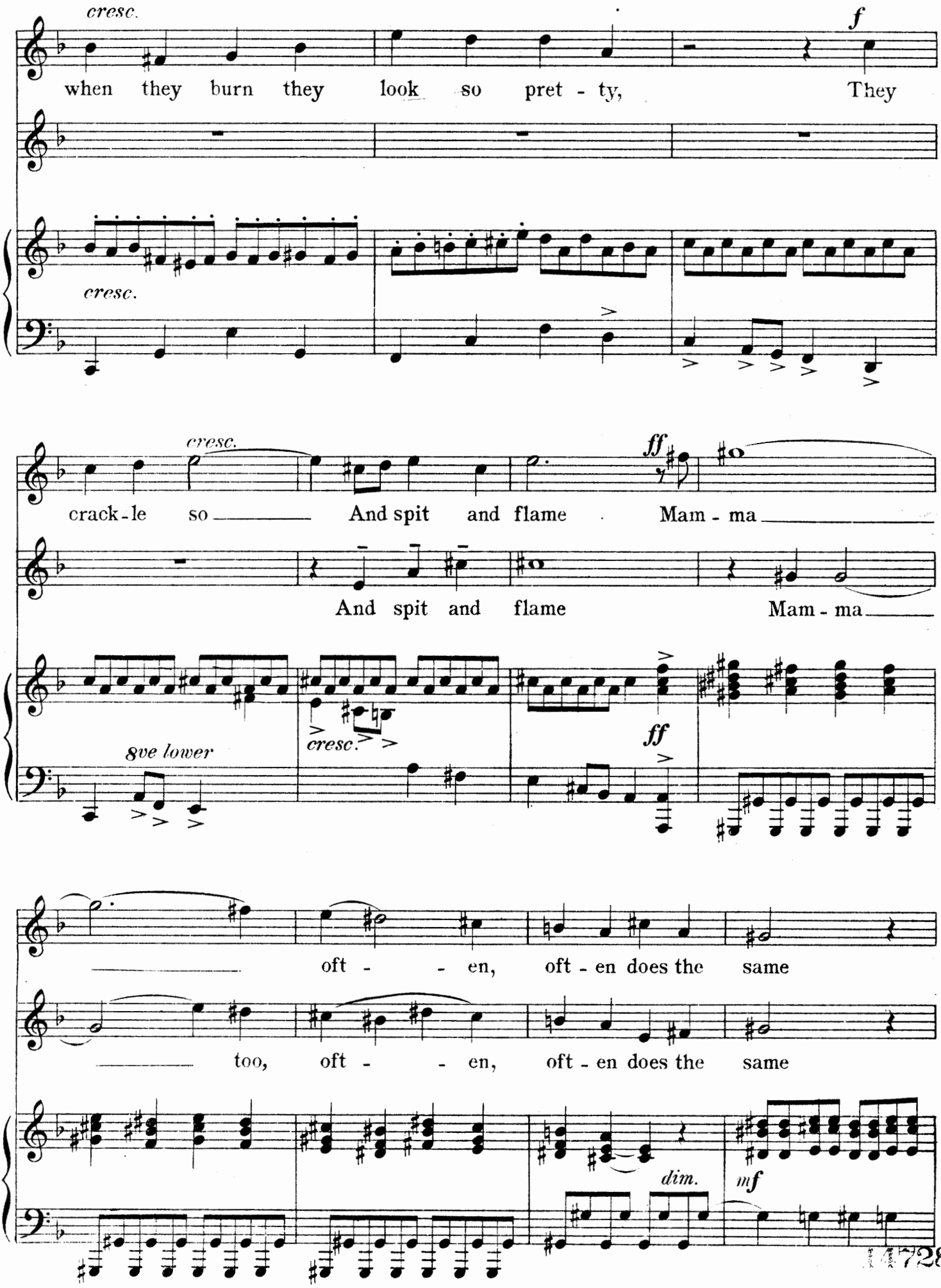

sad to tell what fool - ish what fool - - ish Har - - -
fool-ish Har-ri-et be-fell, what fool-ish Har - ri - et be-fell It
dim. e poco rit.
a tempo
- - - - ri - et be - - fell.
cresc.
makes us ve-ry sad to tell.
p a tempo
Mam - ma and Nurse went
went
8


out one day and left her all a - lone,
out one day and left her all a - lone Mam -
and left her all a -
- ma and Nurse went out one day and left her all a -
- lone a - lone
- lone a - lone
cresc.
8
f

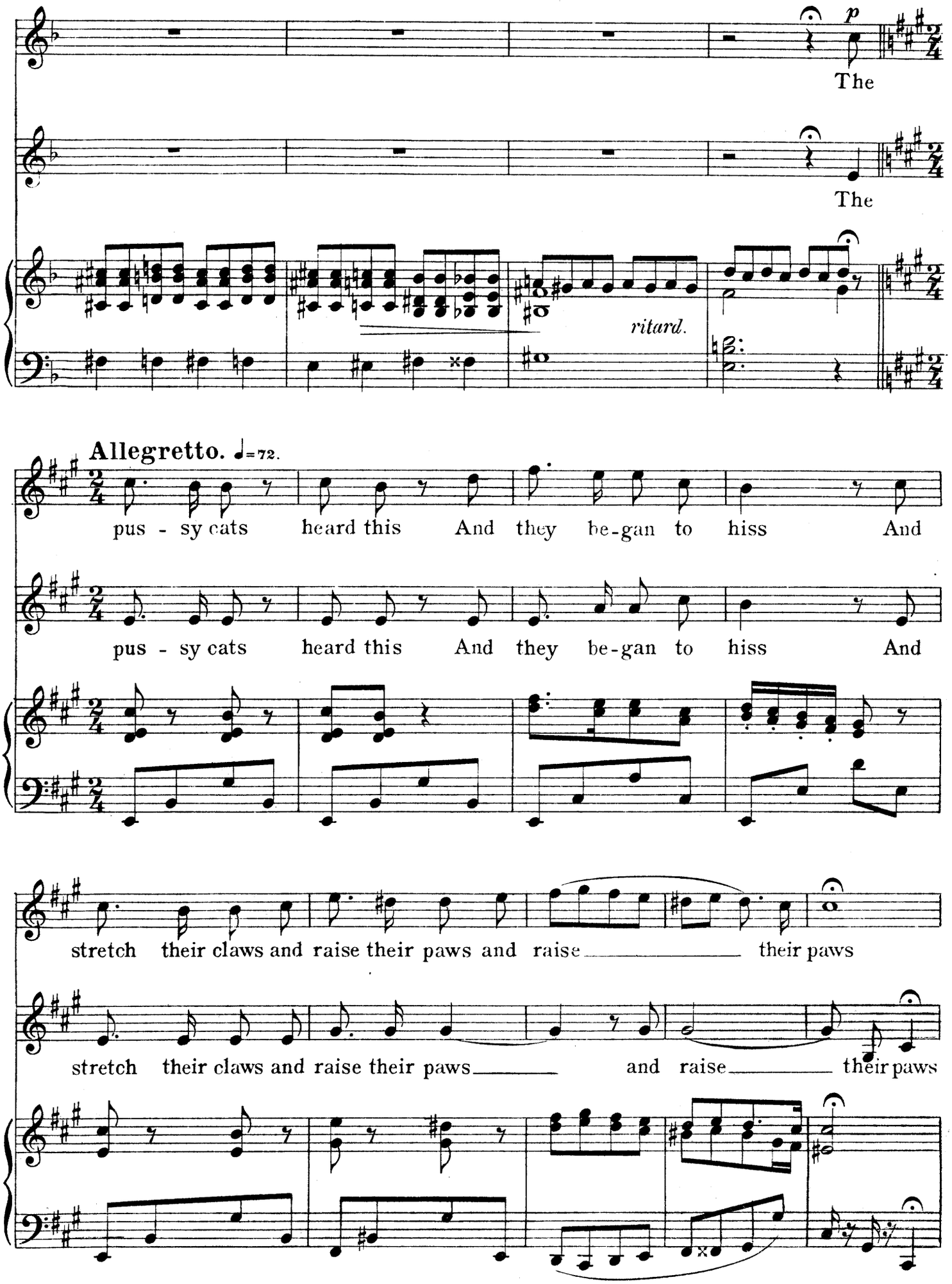

At
At
8
dim.
rall.
play.
play.
a tempo.
Più mosso. ♩=168.
Now on the ta - ble close at hand A box of match - es
p

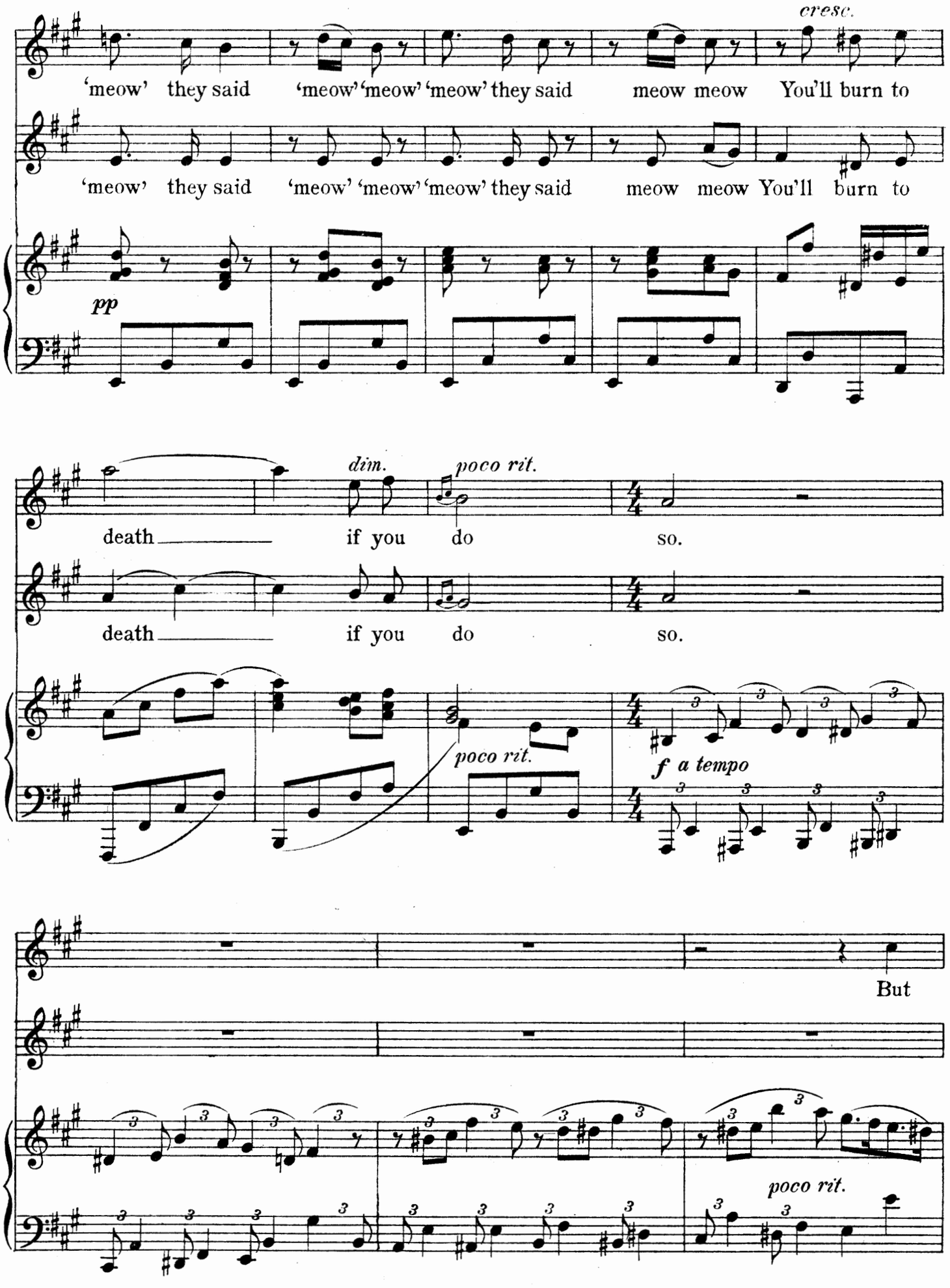

chanced to stand, and kind Mam - ma and Nurse
And Nurse had told her
cresc.
f
that if she touched them they would scold her,
that if she touched them they would scold her,
cresc.
f
they would scold her, they would scold
they would scold her, they would scold

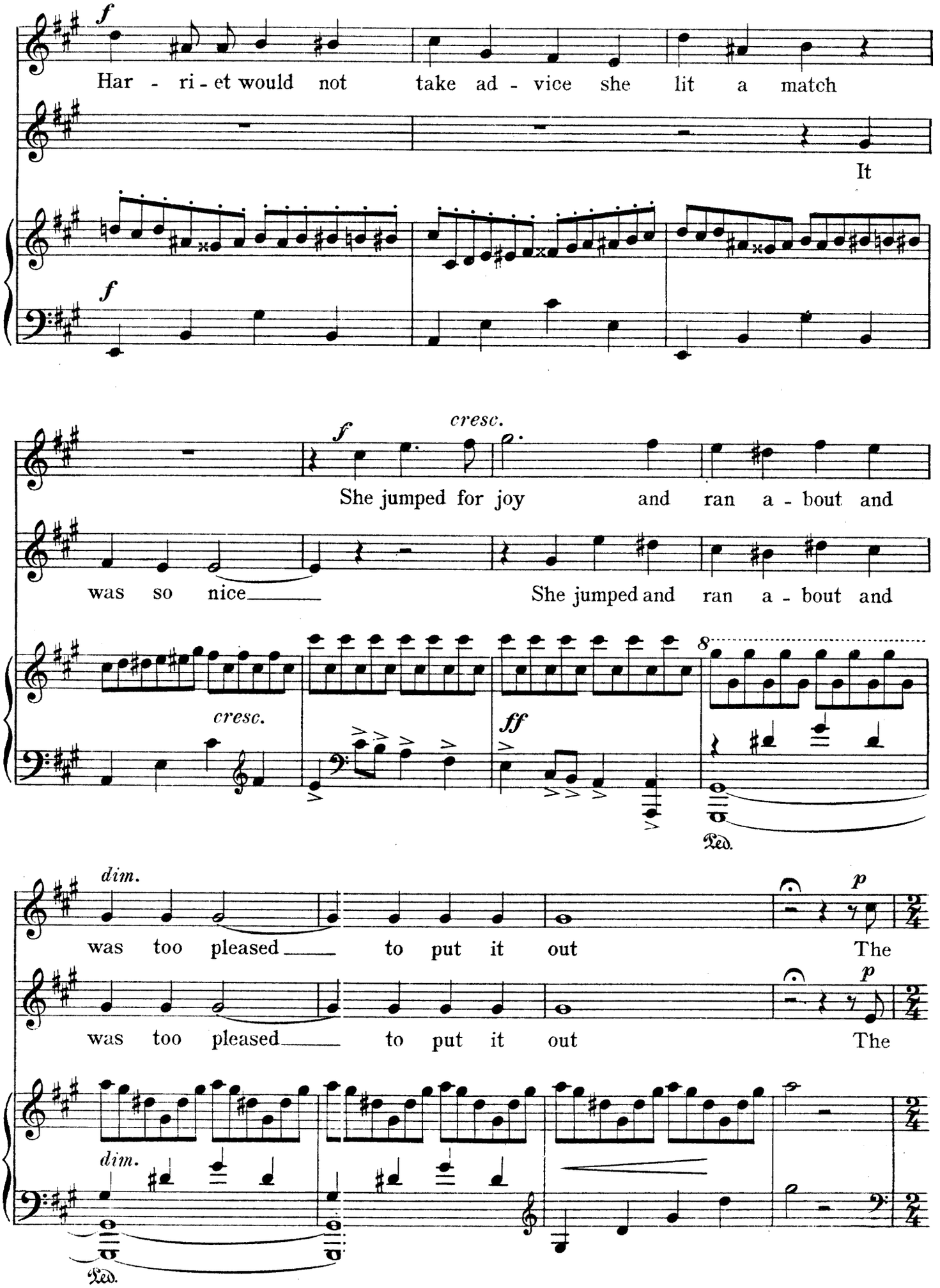

dim.
ho ho ho ho
ho ho ho
dim.
molto rall.
a tempo.
hold her.
hold her.
molto rall.
a tempo.
mf
For
a tempo.
But Har-ri-et said "Oh what a pi - ty"
poco rit.
a tempo.

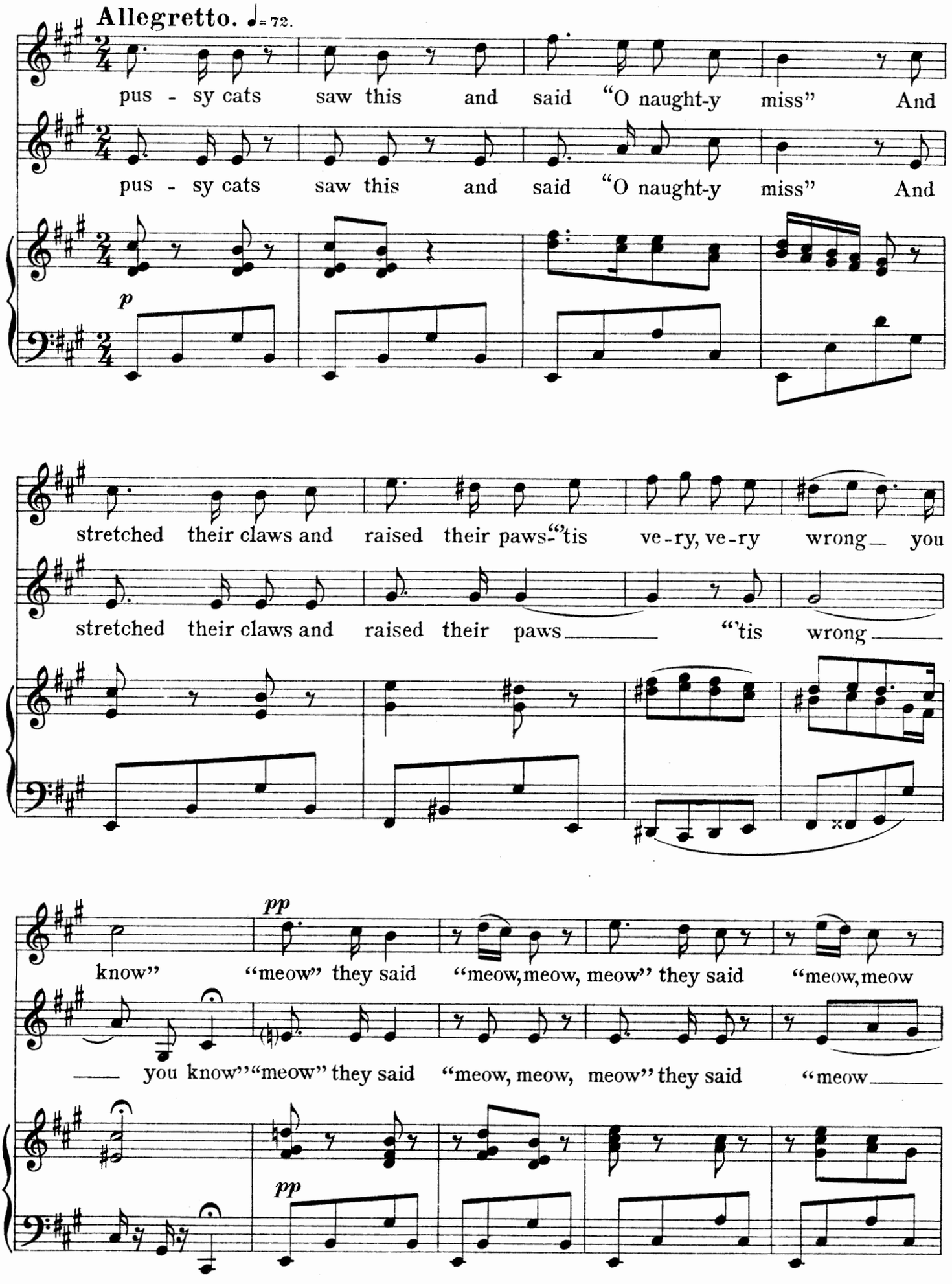

cresc.
f
when they burn they look so pret - ty, They
cresc.
cresc.
ff
crack - le so And spit and flame Mam - ma
And spit and flame Mam - ma
8ve lower
cresc.
ff
oft - - en, oft - en does the same
too, oft - - en, oft - en does the same
dim.
mf

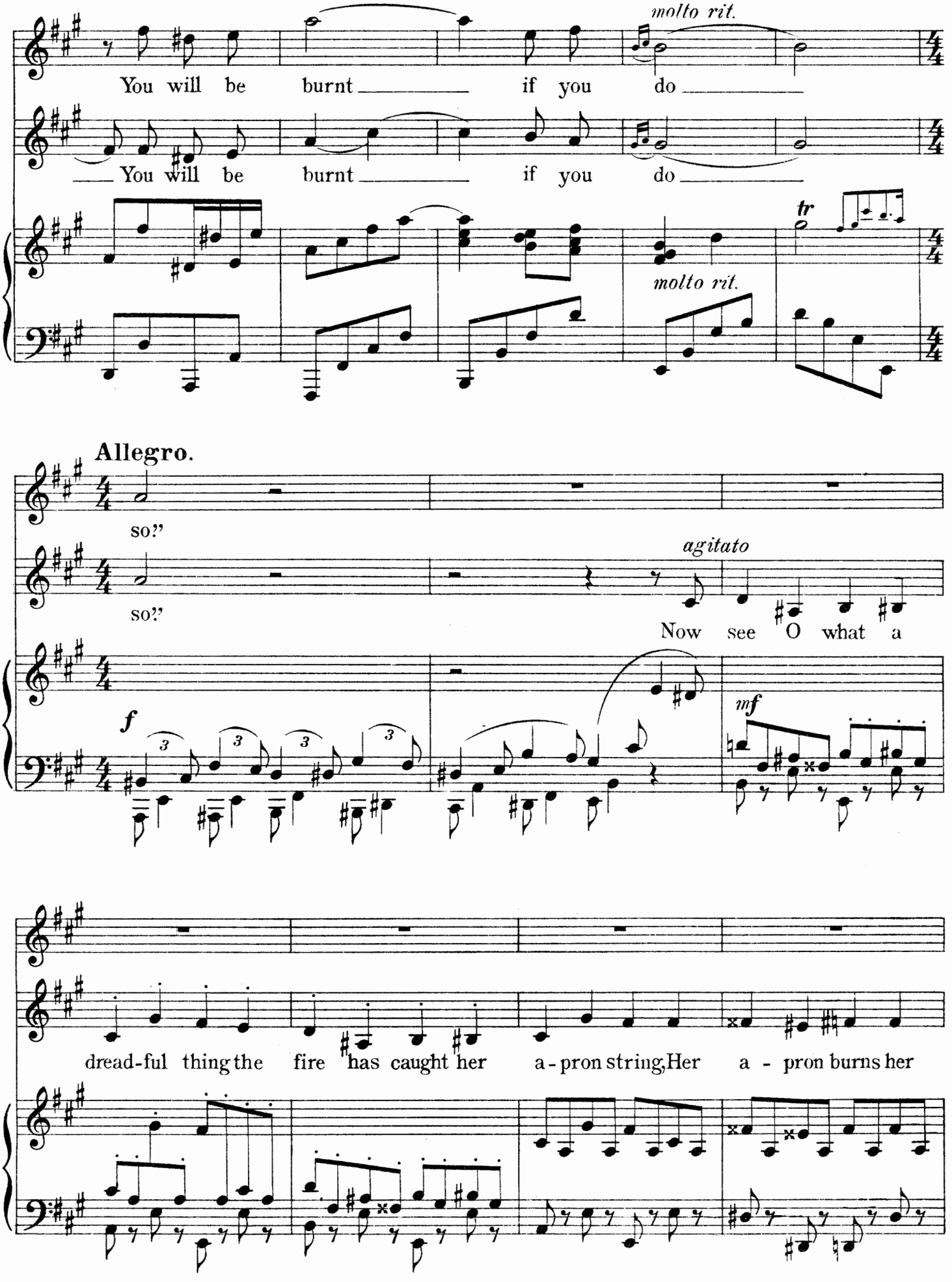
147286

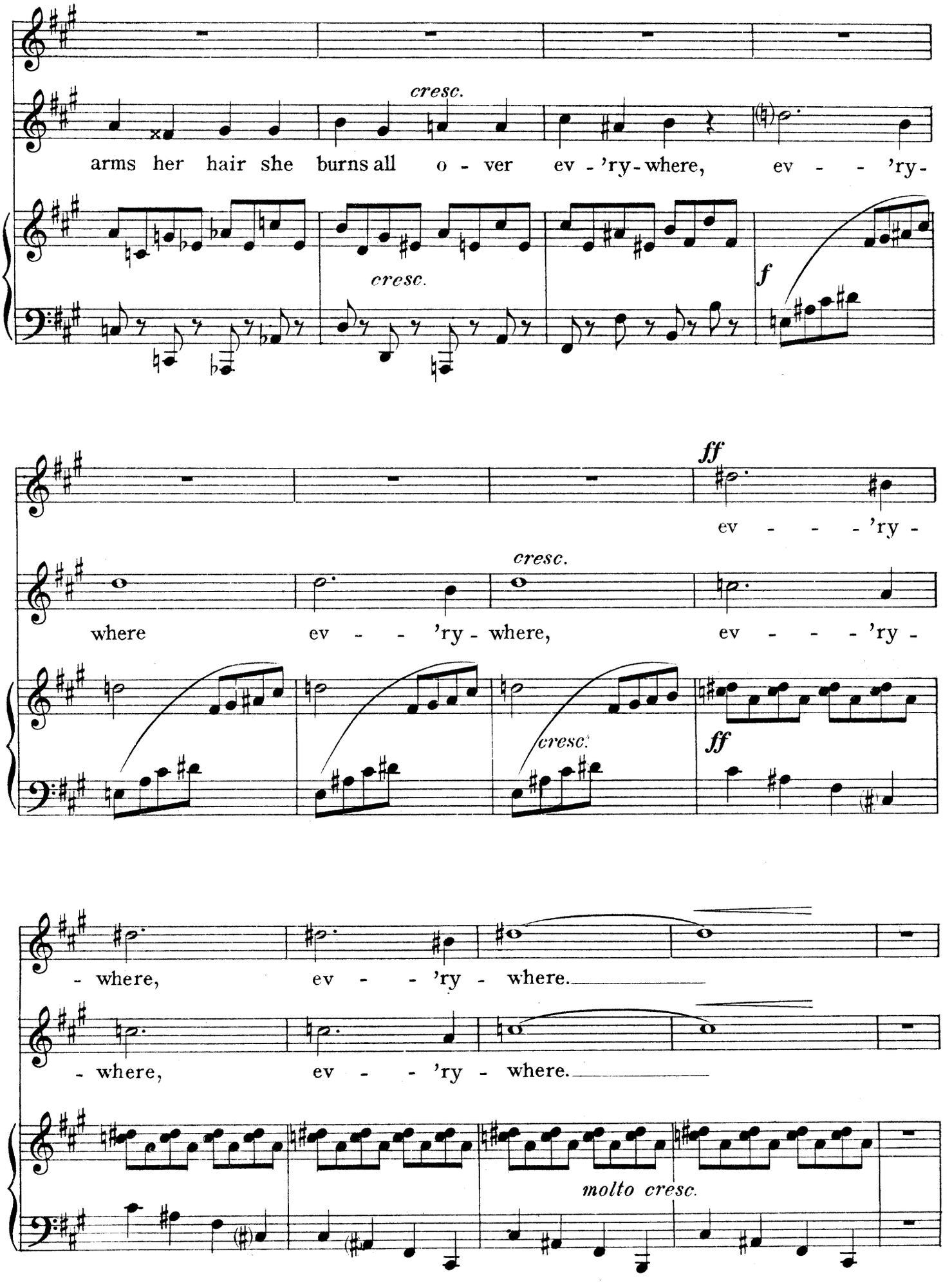

p
The
The
ritard.
Allegretto. ♩=72.
pus - sy cats heard this And they be-gan to hiss And
pus - sy cats heard this And they be-gan to hiss And
stretch their claws and raise their paws and raise their paws
stretch their claws and raise their paws and raise their paws


cresc.
'meow' they said 'meow' 'meow' 'meow' they said meow meow You'll burn to
'meow' they said 'meow' 'meow' 'meow' they said meow meow You'll burn to
pp
dim.
poco rit.
death if you do so.
death if you do so.
poco rit.
f a tempo
But
poco rit.


f
Har - ri - et would not take ad - vice she lit a match
It
f
cresc.
She jumped for joy and ran a - bout and
was so nice
She jumped and ran a - bout and
cresc.
ff
8
Ped.
dim.
p
was too pleased to put it out The
was too pleased to put it out The
dim.
Ped.

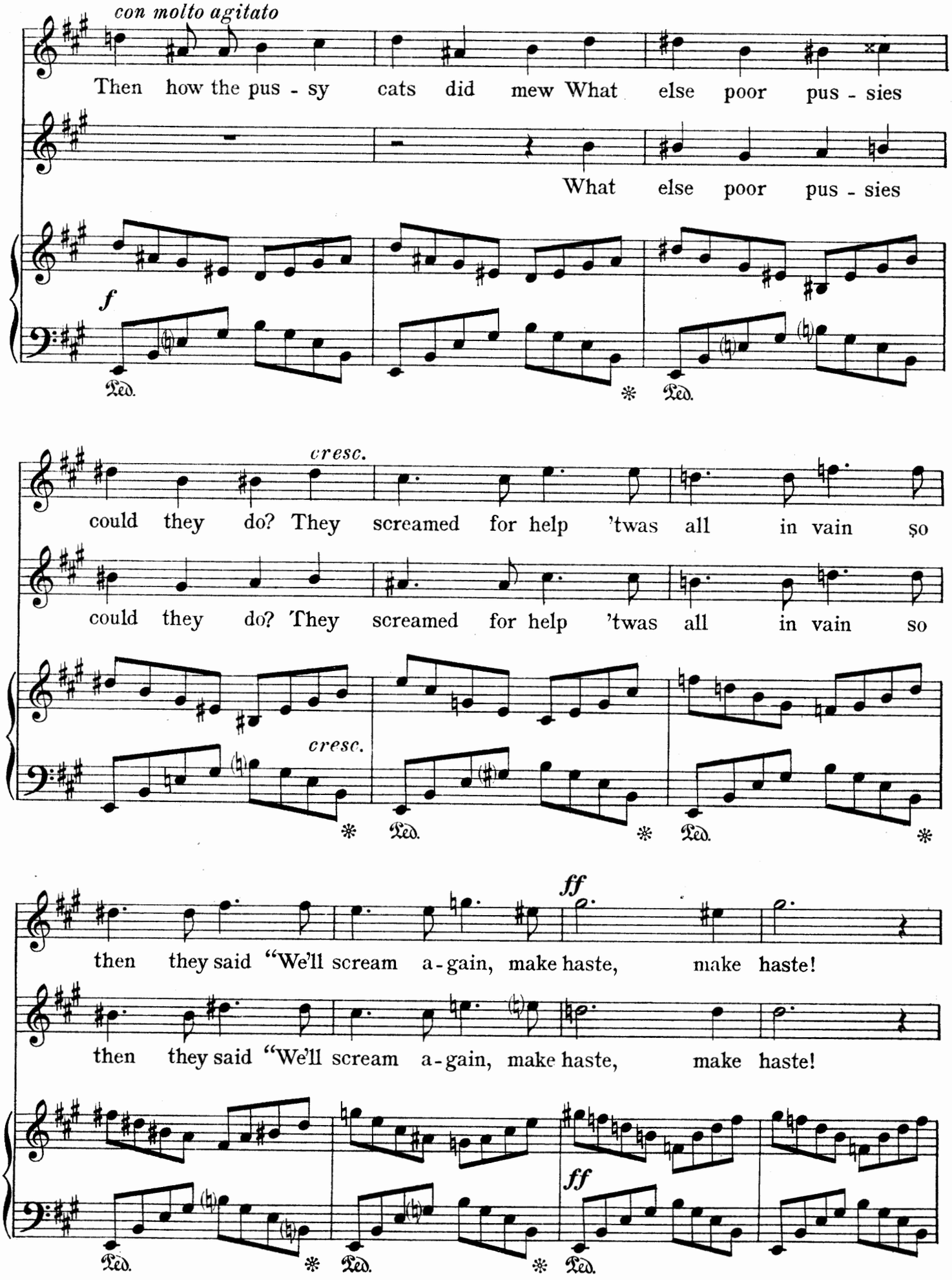

Allegretto. ♩= 72.
pus - sy cats saw this and said "O naught-y miss" And
pus - sy cats saw this and said "O naught-y miss" And
p
stretched their claws and raised their paws "'tis ve-ry, ve-ry wrong you
stretched their claws and raised their paws "'tis wrong
know"
pp
"meow" they said "meow, meow, meow" they said "meow, meow
you know" "meow" they said "meow, meow, meow" they said "meow
pp

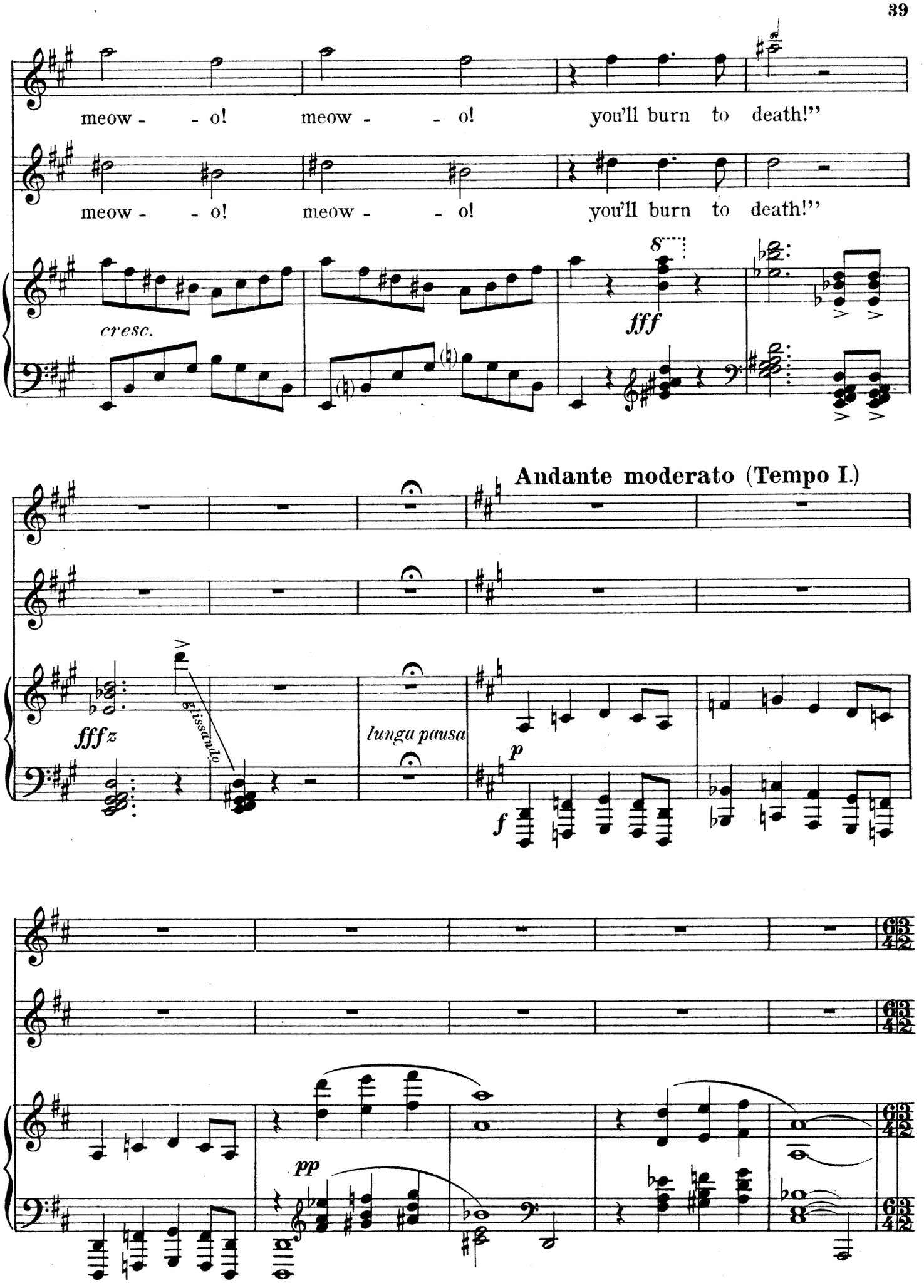

molto rit.
You will be burnt if you do
You will be burnt if you do
tr
molto rit.
Allegro.
so?"
so?"
agitato
Now see O what a
f
mf
dread-ful thing the fire has caught her a-pron string, Her a - pron burns her

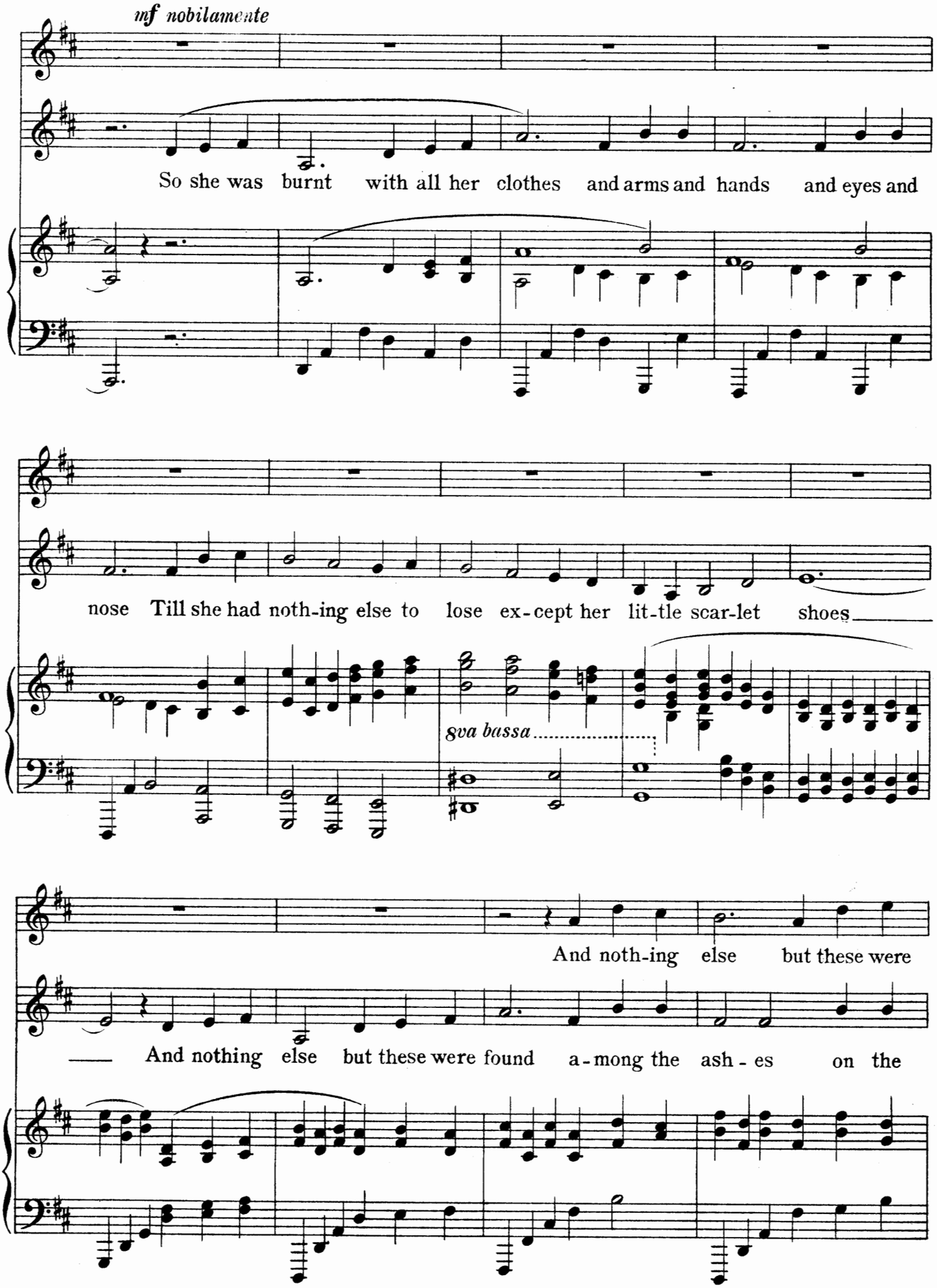

cresc.
arms her hair she burns all o - ver ev - 'ry - where, ev - - - 'ry -
cresc.
f
ff
ev - - - - 'ry -
where ev - - - 'ry - where, ev - - - - 'ry -
cresc.
cresc.
ff
- where, ev - - - 'ry - where.
- where, ev - - - 'ry - where.
molto cresc.

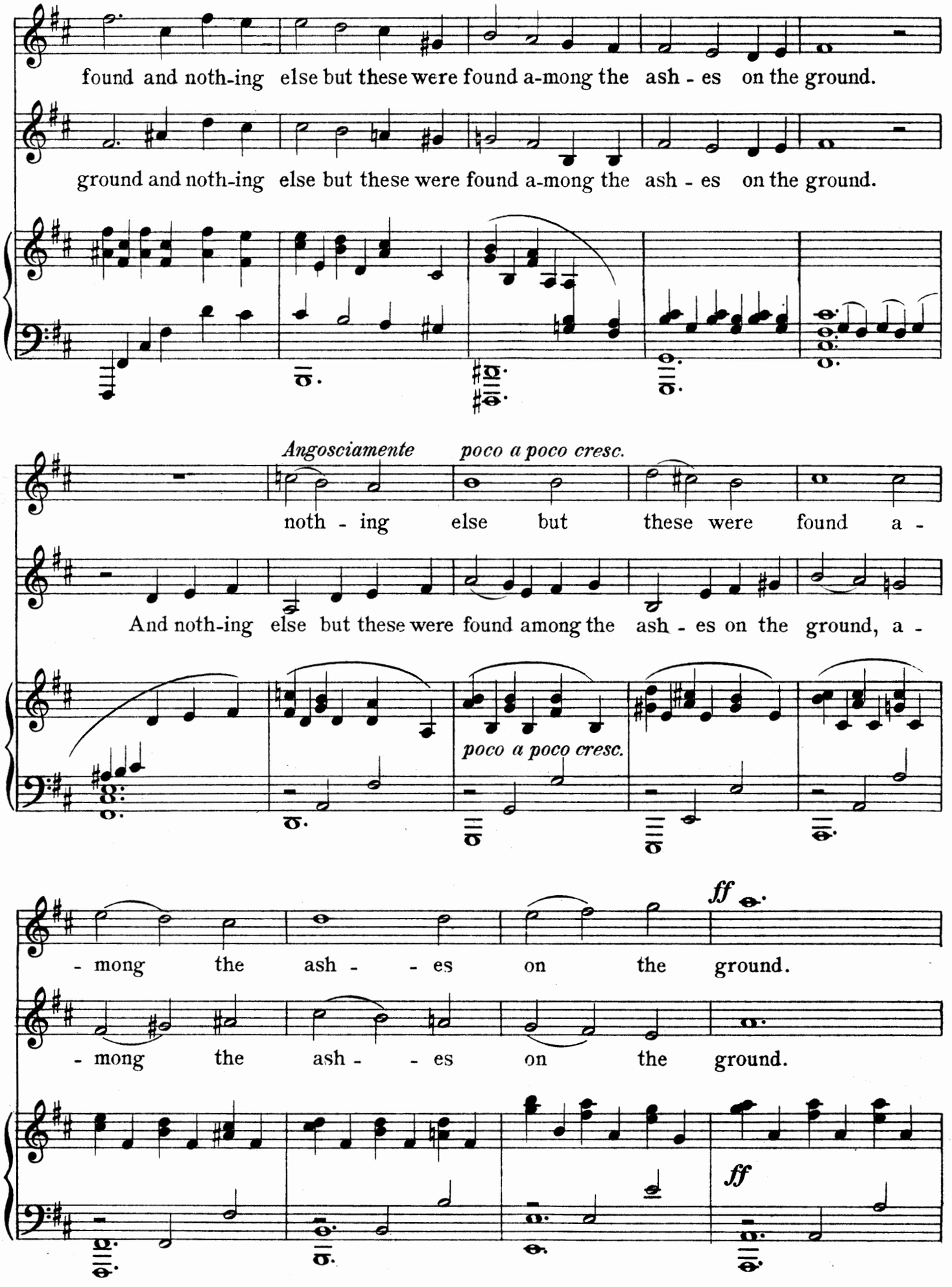
Più mosso.

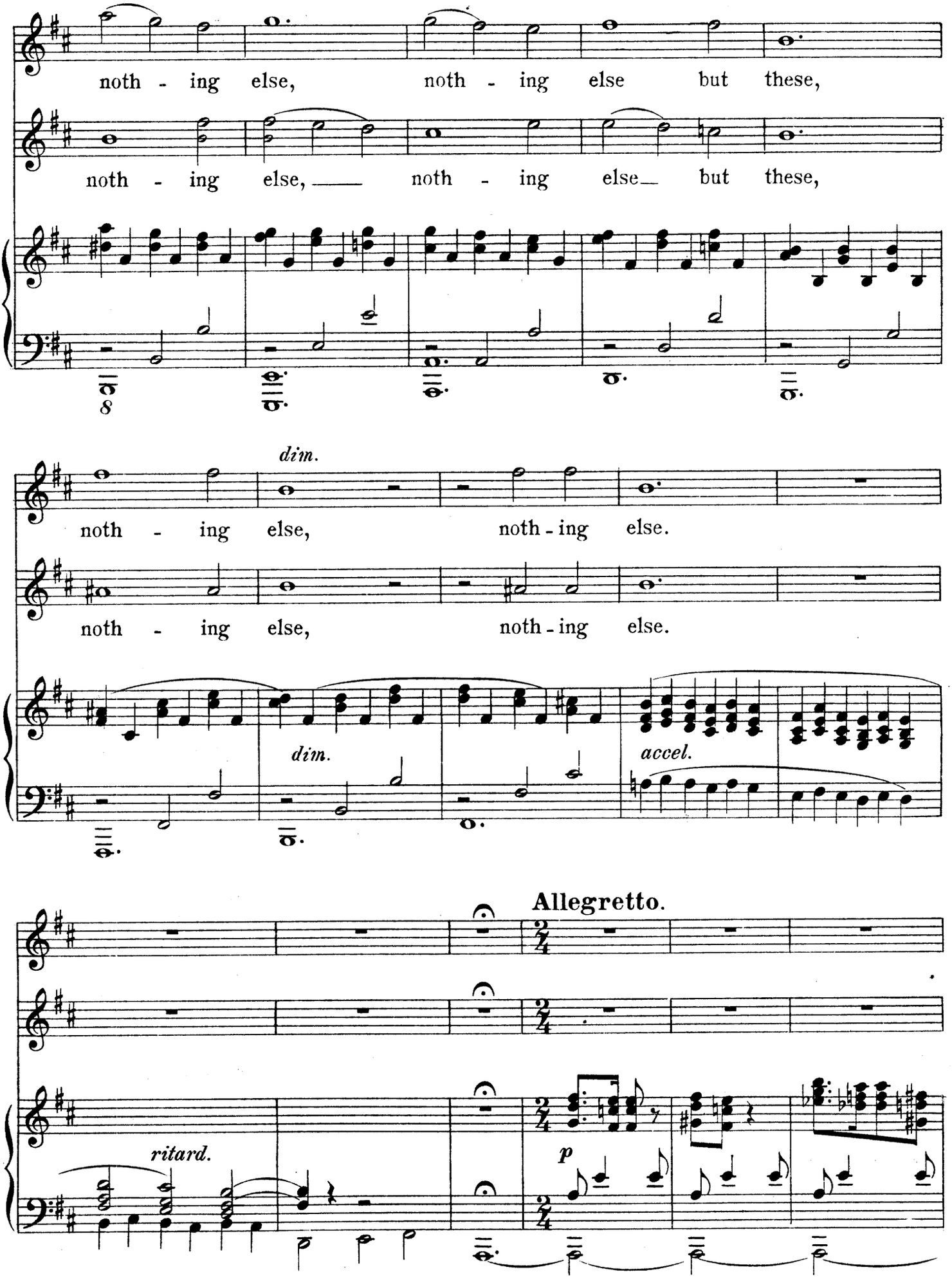
con molto agitato

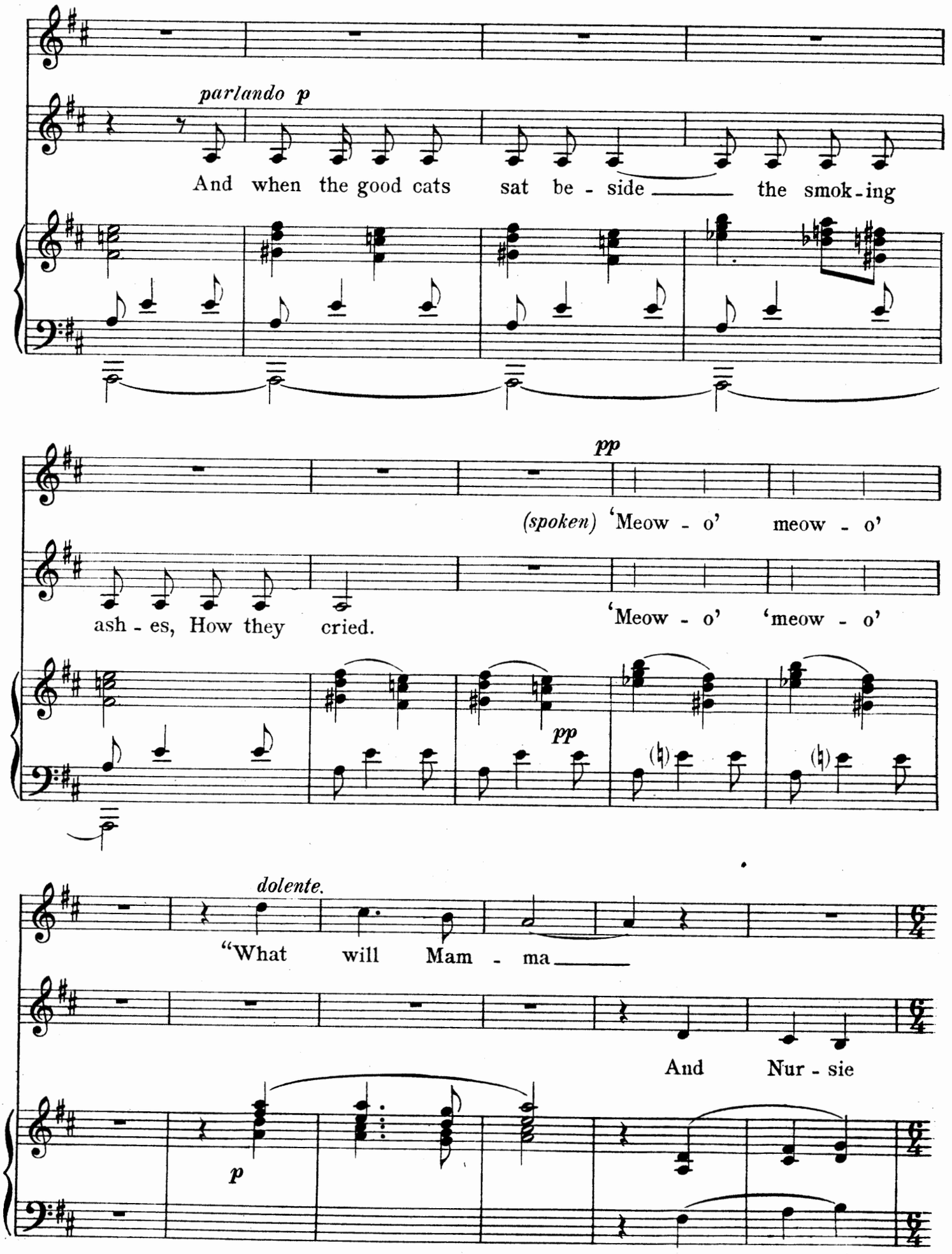


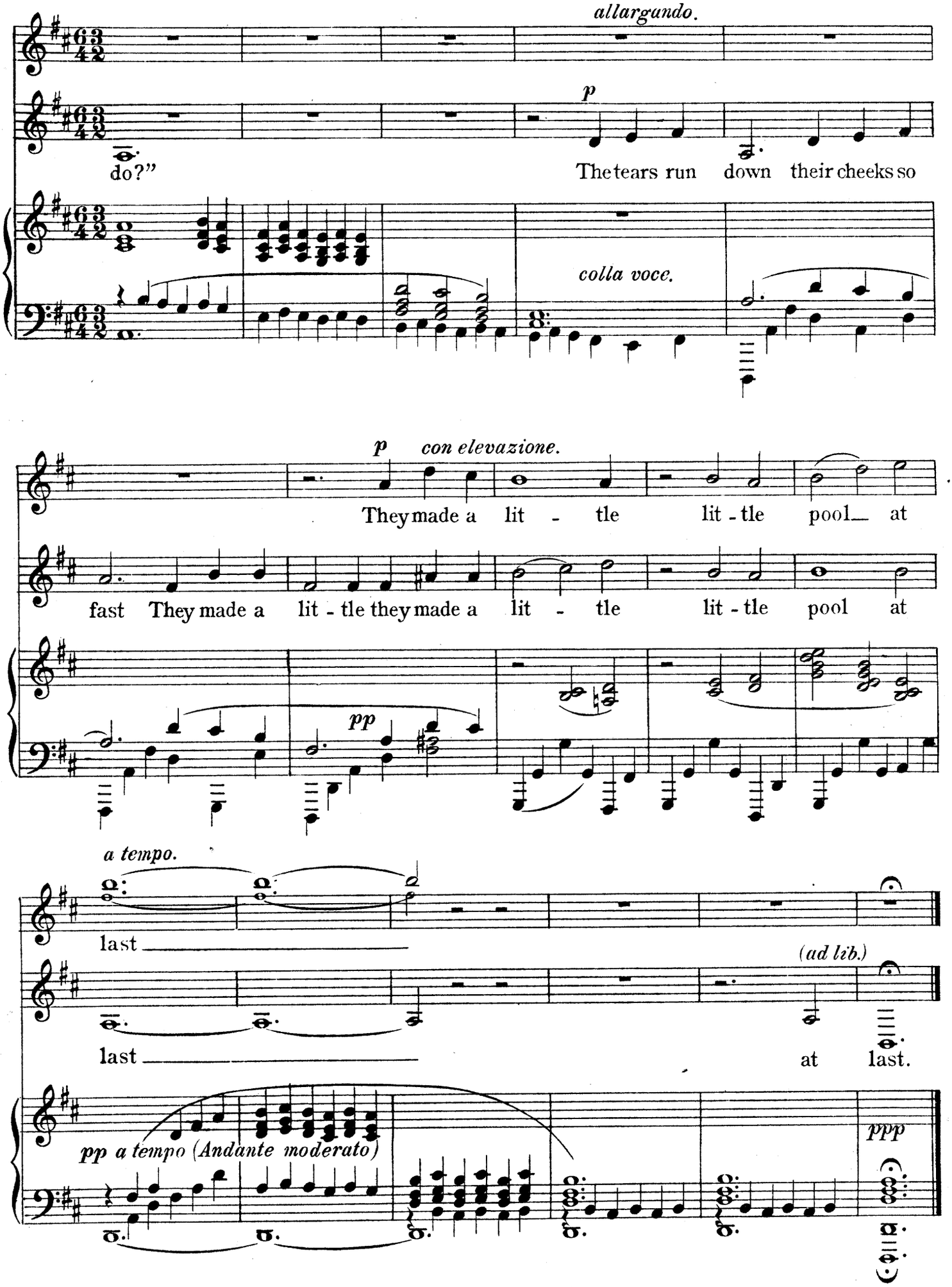

meow - - o! meow - - o! you'll burn to death!"
meow - - o! meow - - o! you'll burn to death!"
cresc.
fff
8
Andante moderato (Tempo I.)
fffz
glissando
lunga pausa
p
f
pp


mf nobilamente
So she was burnt with all her clothes and arms and hands and eyes and
nose Till she had noth-ing else to lose ex-cept her lit-tle scar-let shoes
8va bassa
And noth-ing else but these were
And nothing else but these were found a-mong the ash-es on the


found and noth-ing else but these were found a-mong the ash - es on the ground.
ground and noth-ing else but these were found a-mong the ash - es on the ground.
Angosciamente
poco a poco cresc.
noth - ing else but these were found a -
And noth-ing else but these were found among the ash - es on the ground, a -
poco a poco cresc.
- mong the ash - - es on the ground.
ff
- mong the ash - - es on the ground.
ff


noth - ing else, noth - ing else but these,
noth - ing else, noth - ing else but these,
8
dim.
noth - ing else, noth - ing else.
noth - ing else, noth - ing else.
dim.
accel.
Allegretto.
ritard.
p

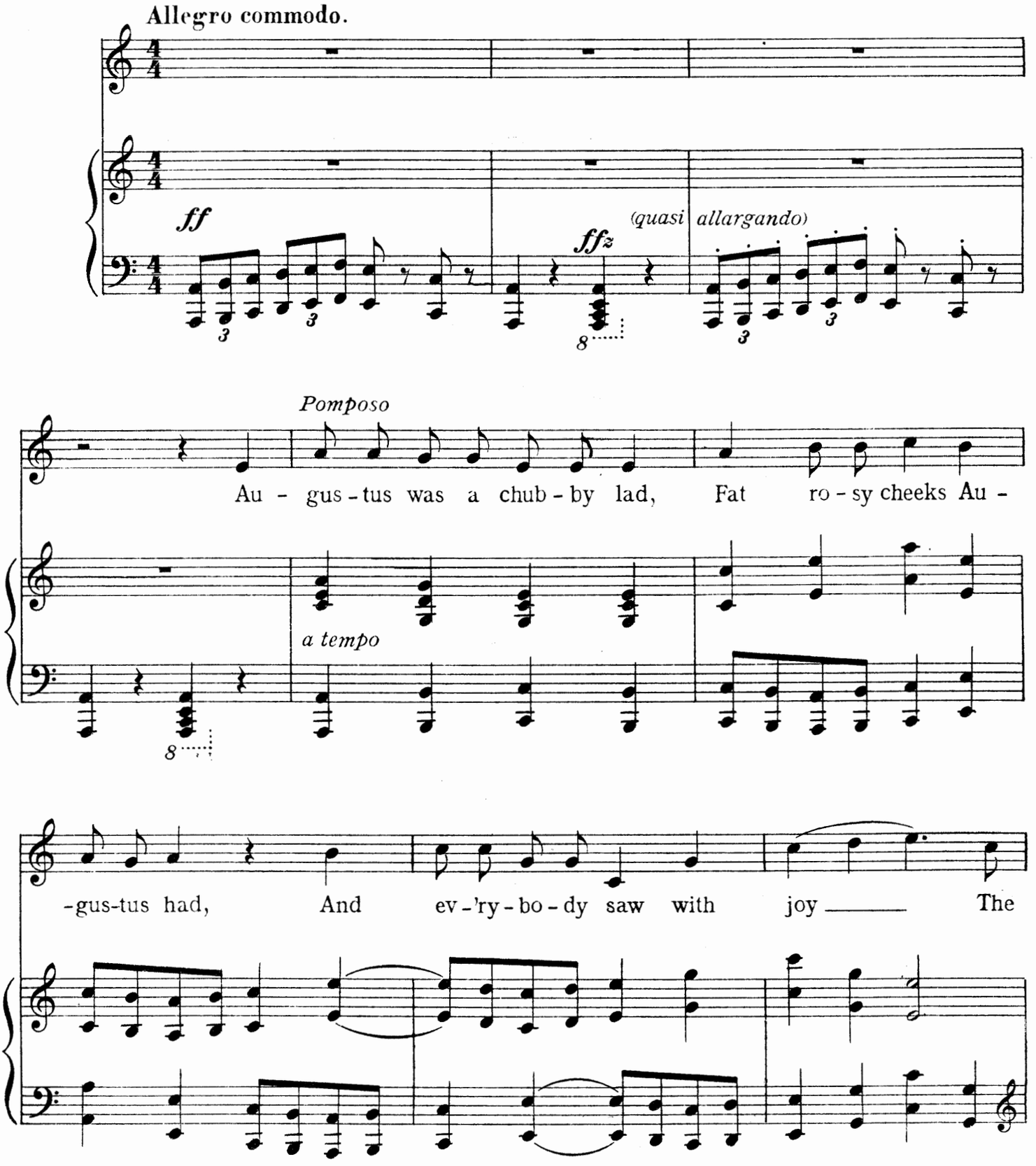

parlando p
And when the good cats sat be - side the smok - ing
pp
(spoken) 'Meow - o' meow - o'
ash - es, How they cried.
'Meow - o' 'meow - o'
pp
dolente.
"What will Mam - ma
And Nur - sie
p


allargando.
p
do?"
The tears run down their cheeks so
colla voce.
p con elevazione.
They made a lit - tle lit - tle pool at
fast They made a lit - tle they made a lit - tle lit - tle pool at
pp
a tempo.
last
(ad lib.)
last
at last.
pp a tempo (Andante moderato)
ppp

IV.

The Story of Augustus who would not have any Soup

BARITONE SOLO.



Copyright 1921, by Metzler & Co (1920) Ltd.

plump and health-y, heart - - - y boy.

He

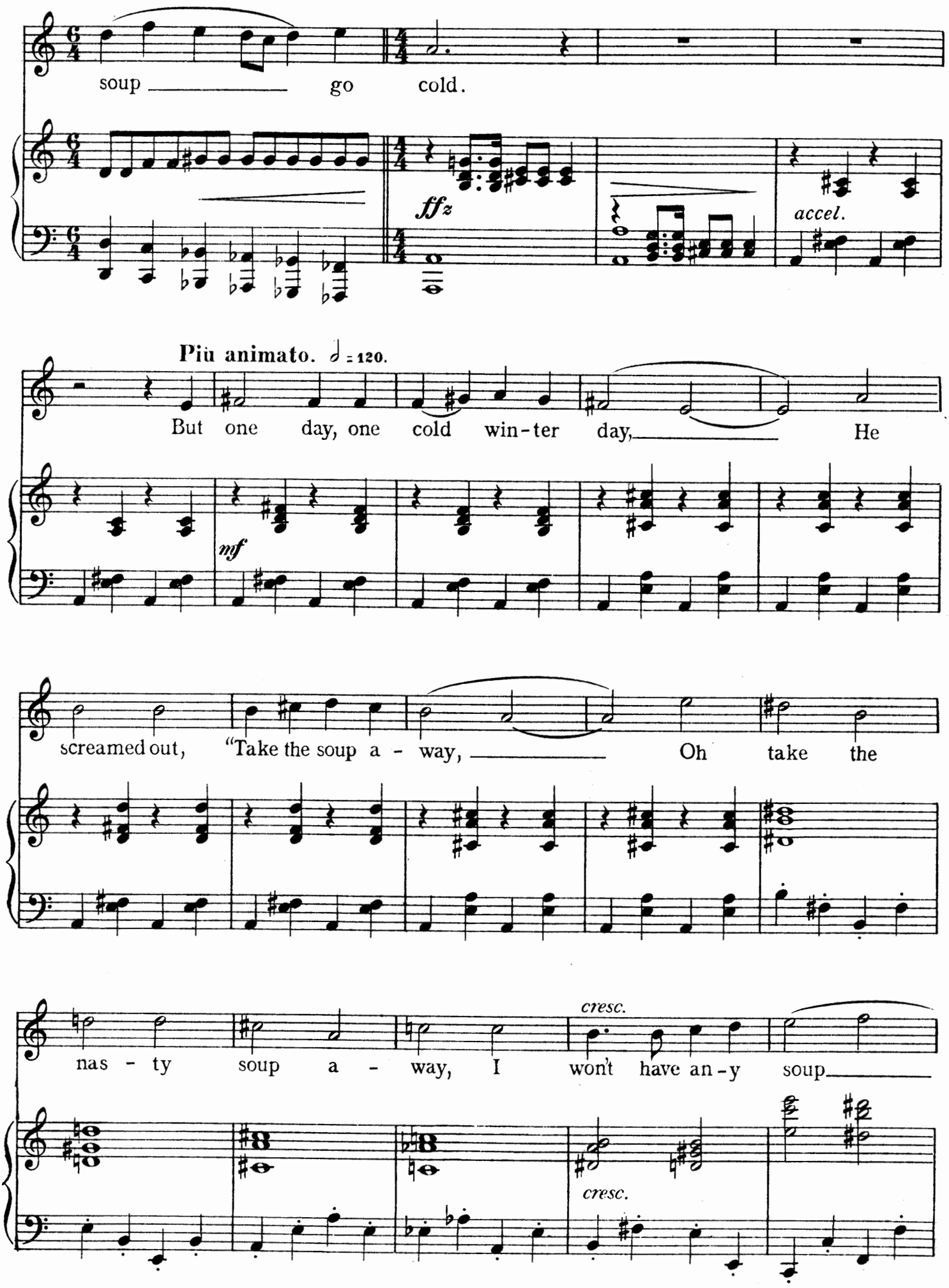
(quasi allargando)

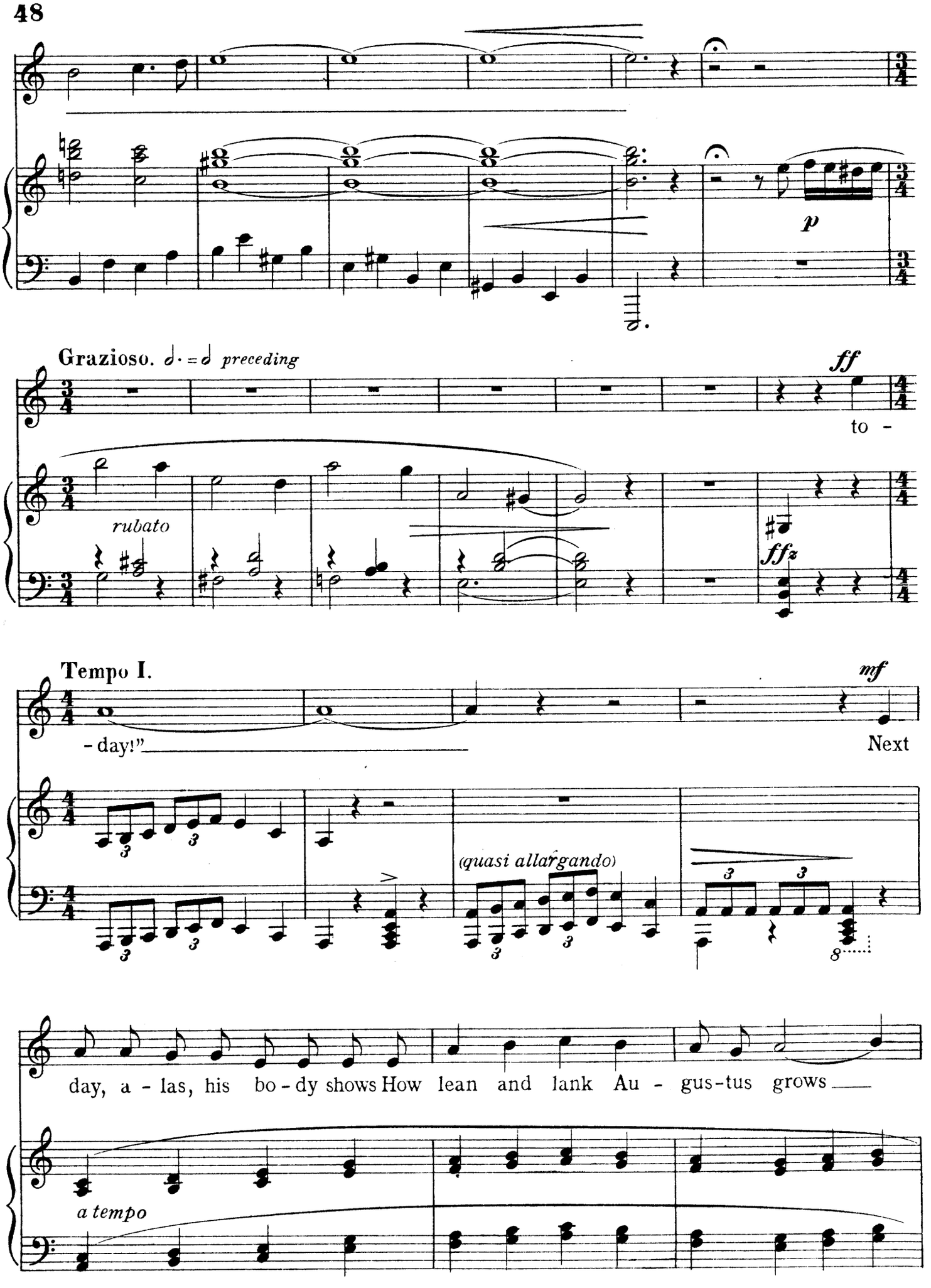
a tempo

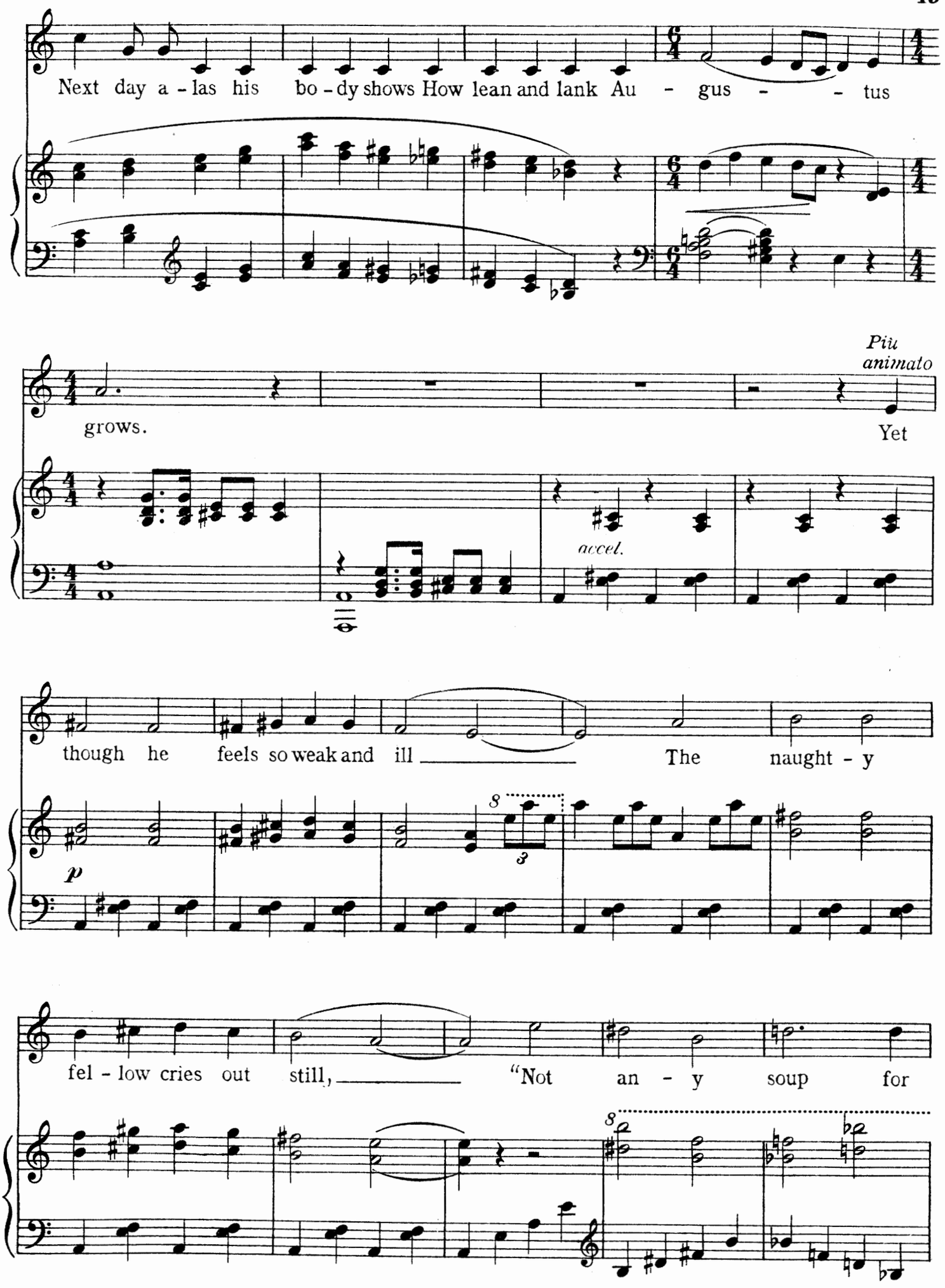
ate and drank as he was told, And nev-er let his soup go cold, He

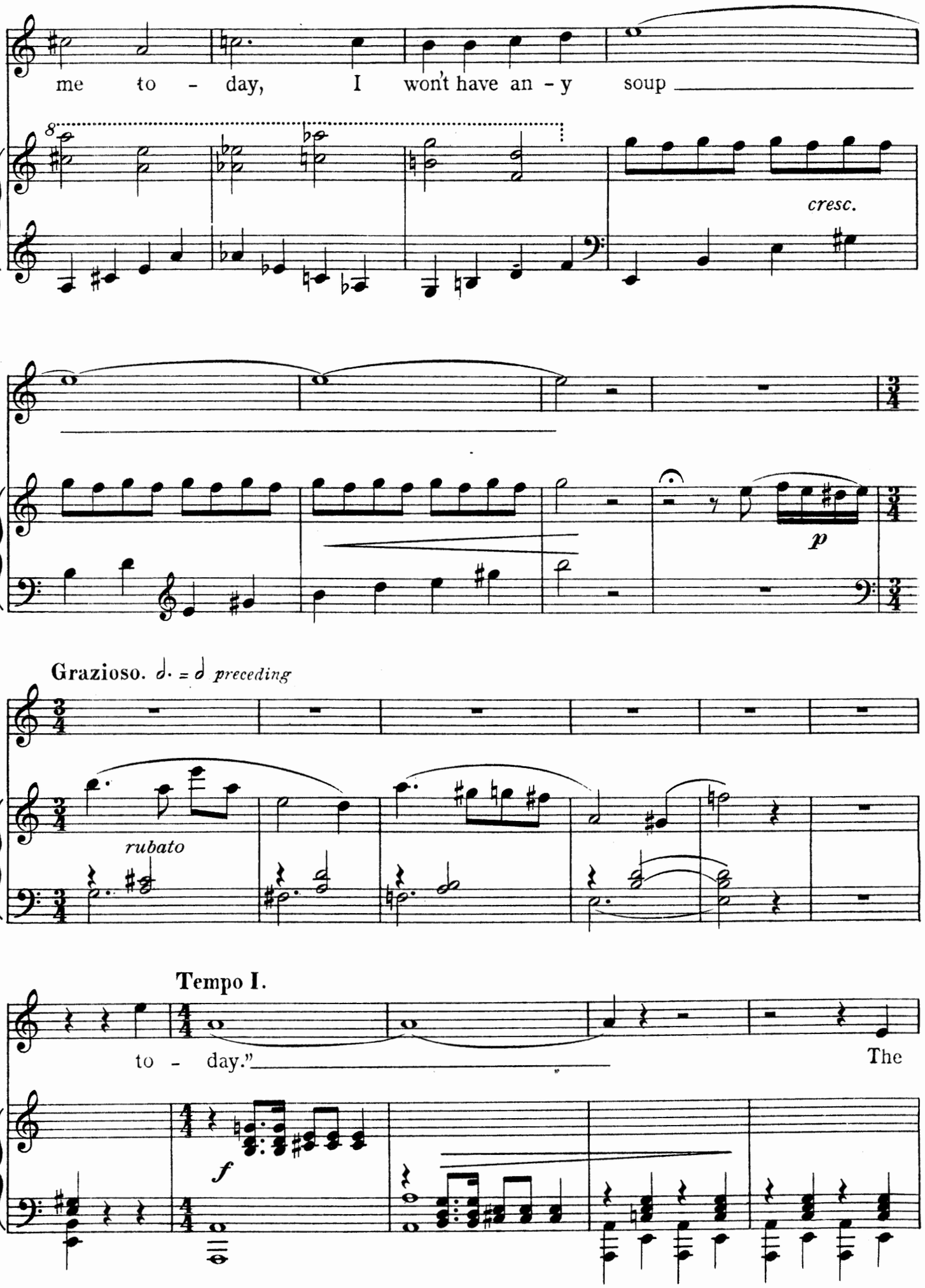
ff

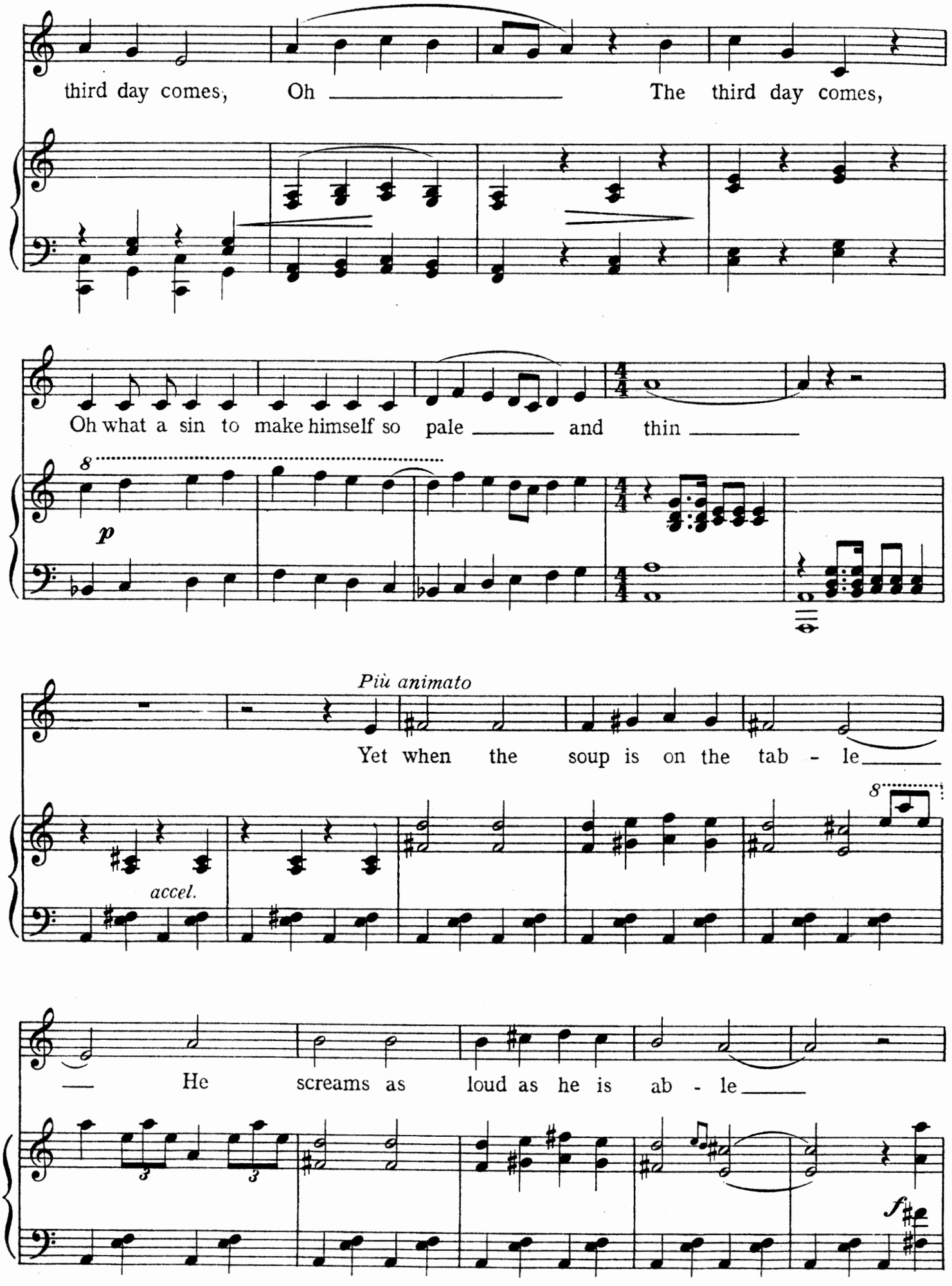
ate and drank as he was told, And nev - er let his

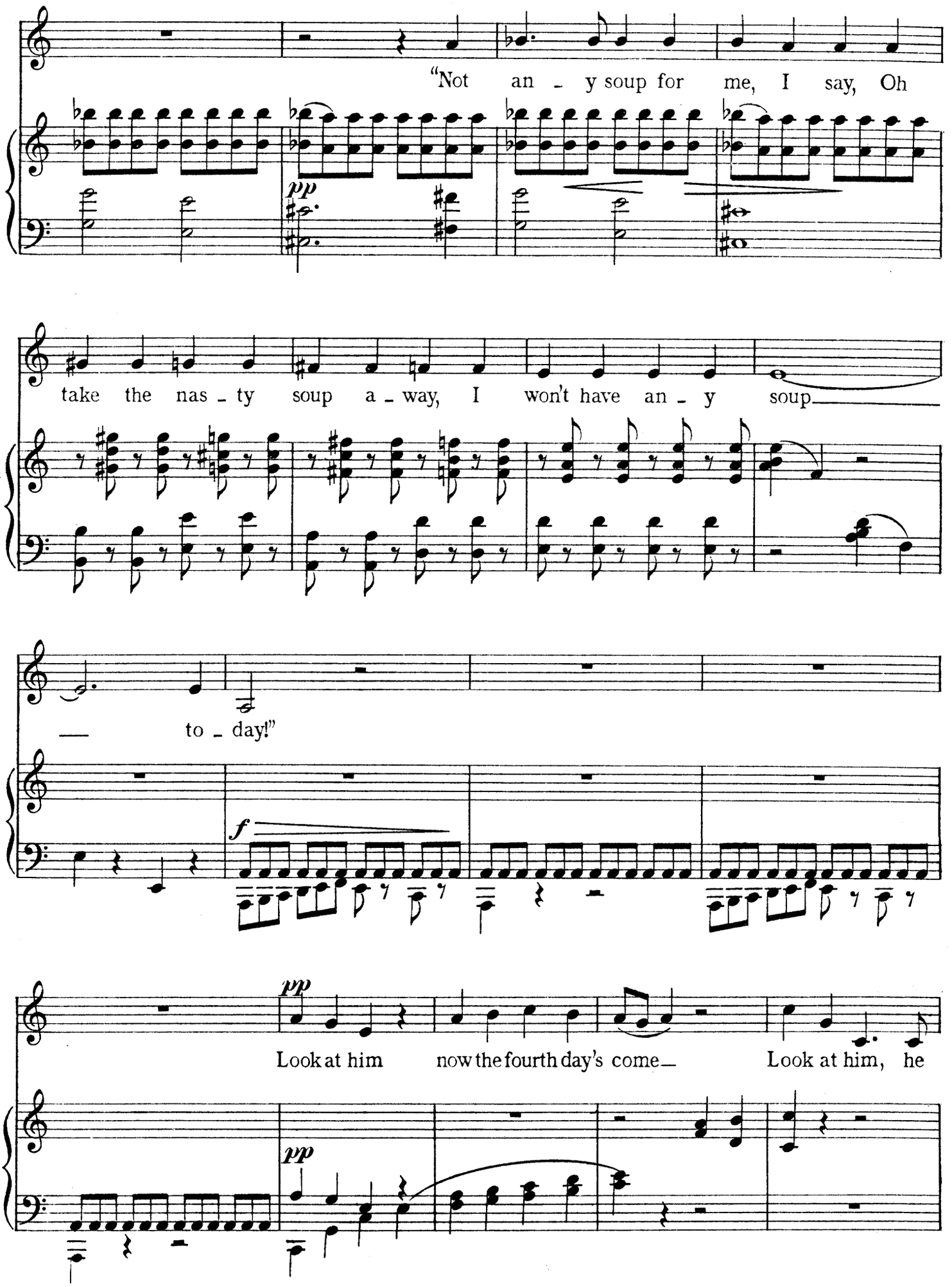

soup go cold.
ffz
accel.
Più animato. ♩ = 120.
But one day, one cold win-ter day, He
mf
screamed out, "Take the soup a - way, Oh take the
cresc.
nas - ty soup a - way, I won't have an-y soup
cresc.

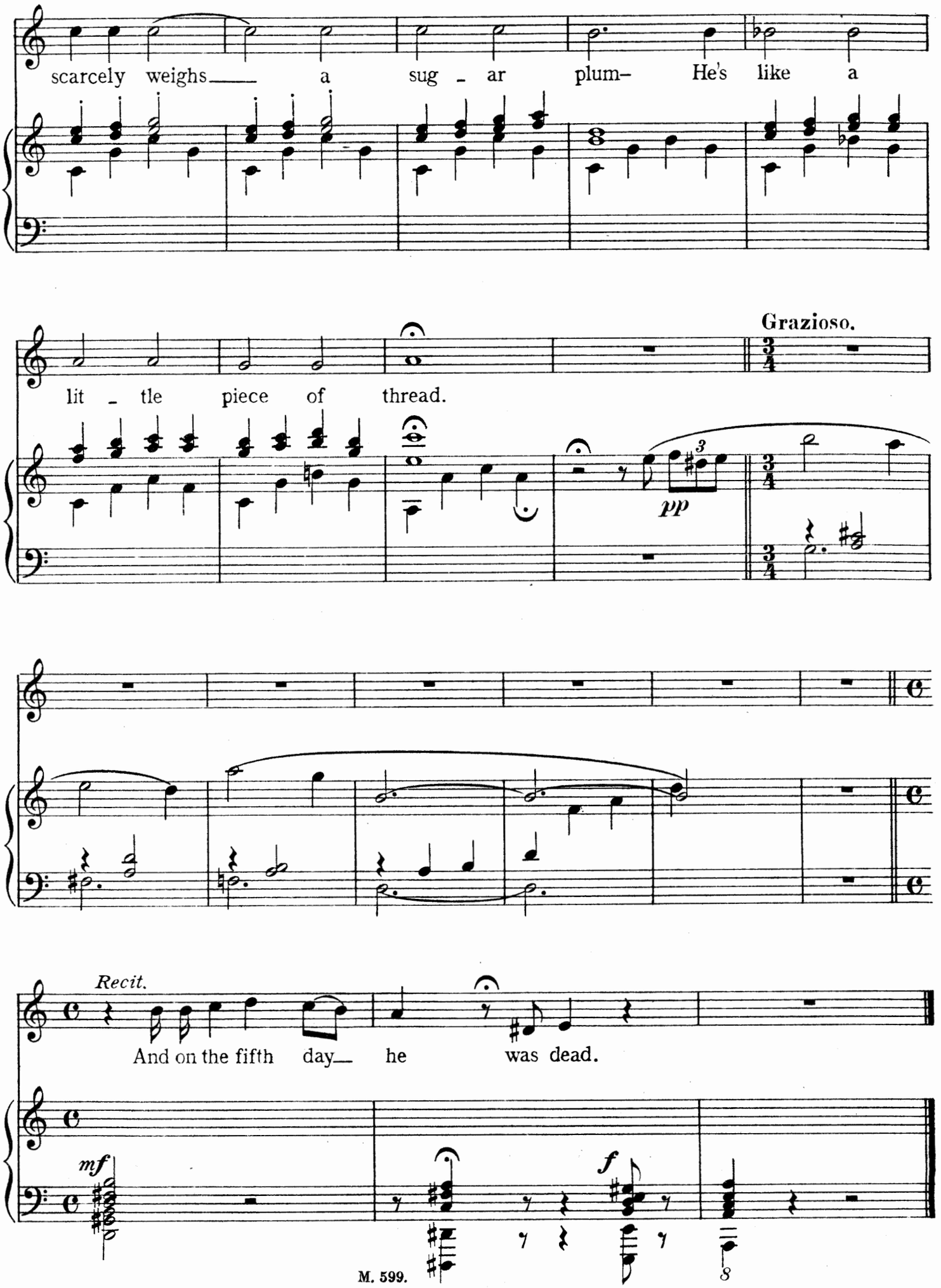

p
Grazioso. ♩· = ♩ preceding
ff
to -
rubato
ffz
Tempo I.
mf
- day!"
Next
(quasi allargando)
day, a - las, his bo - dy shows How lean and lank Au - gus-tus grows
a tempo


Next day a - las his bo - dy shows How lean and lank Au - gus - - tus
grows.
Più animato
Yet
accel.
though he feels so weak and ill
The naught - y
p
fel - low cries out still,
"Not an - y soup for


me to - day, I won't have an - y soup
cresc.
p
Grazioso. ♩. = ♩ preceding
rubato
Tempo I.
to - day."
The
f

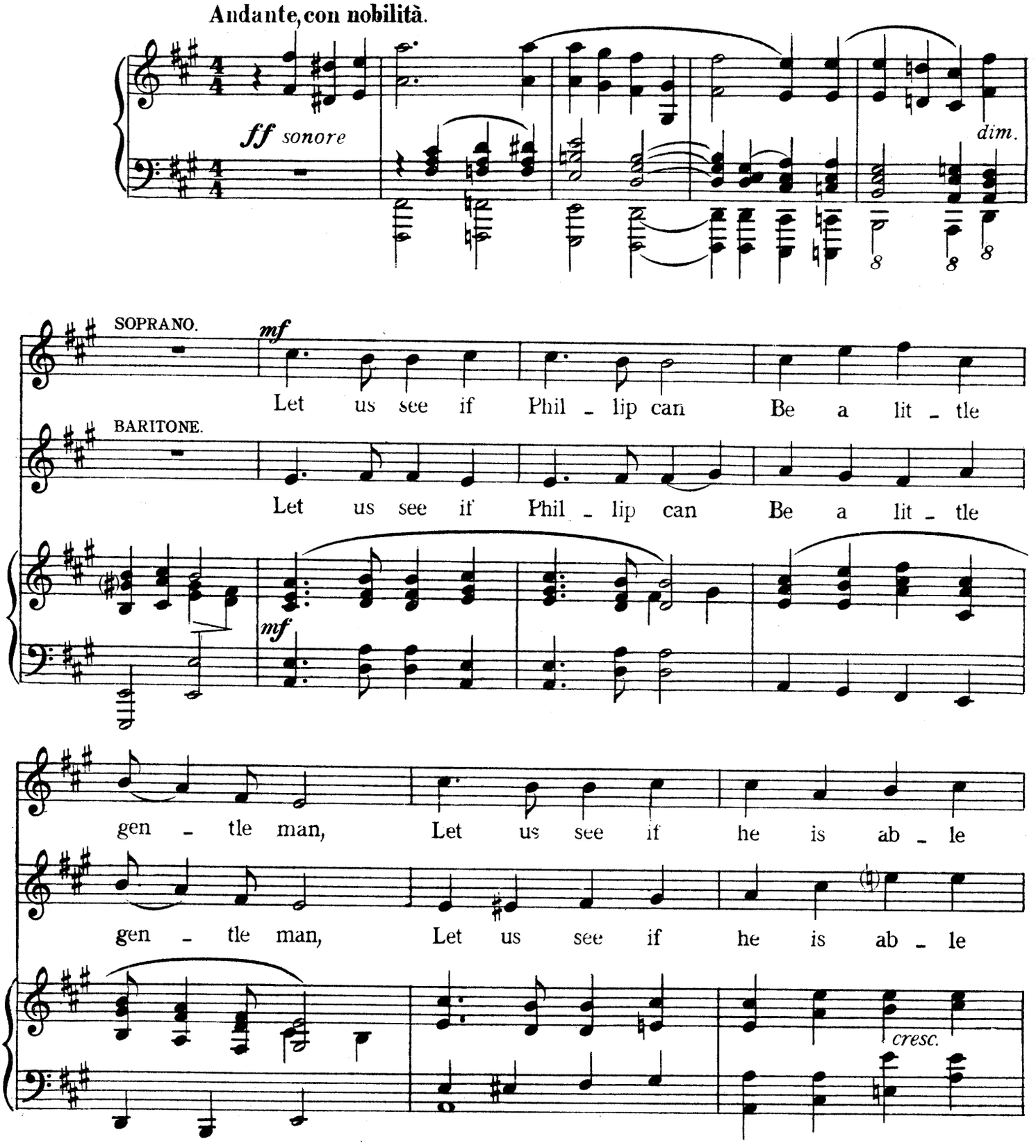

third day comes, Oh The third day comes,
Oh what a sin to make himself so pale and thin
p
Più animato
Yet when the soup is on the tab - le
accel.
8
He screams as loud as he is ab - le
3
3
f


"Not an - y soup for me, I say, Oh
pp
take the nas - ty soup a - way, I won't have an - y soup
to - day!"
f
pp
Look at him now the fourth day's come— Look at him, he
pp

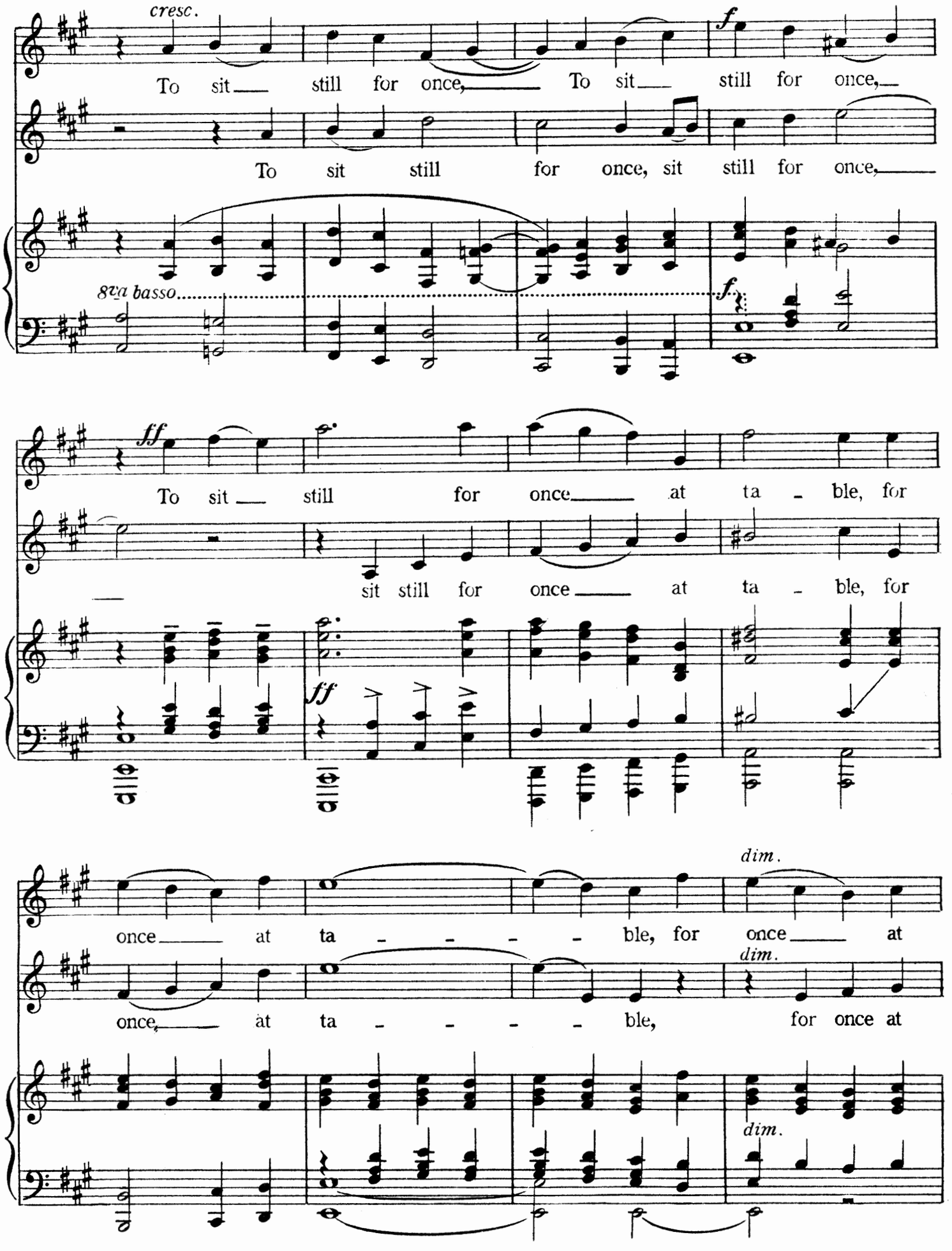

scarcely weighs a sug - ar plum– He's like a
lit - tle piece of thread.
Grazioso.
pp
Recit.
And on the fifth day he was dead.
mf
f

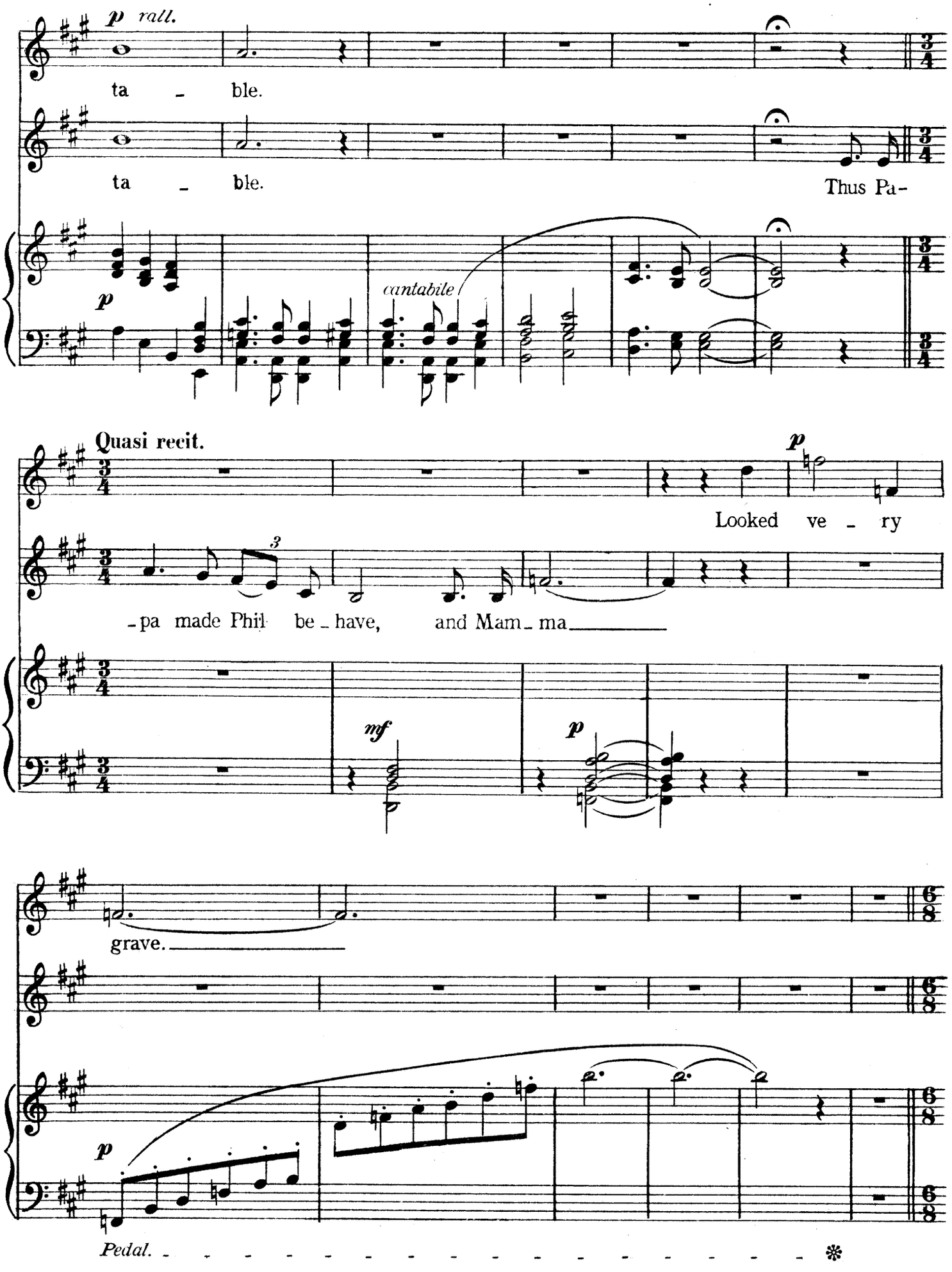
V.
The Story of Fidgety Phillip.

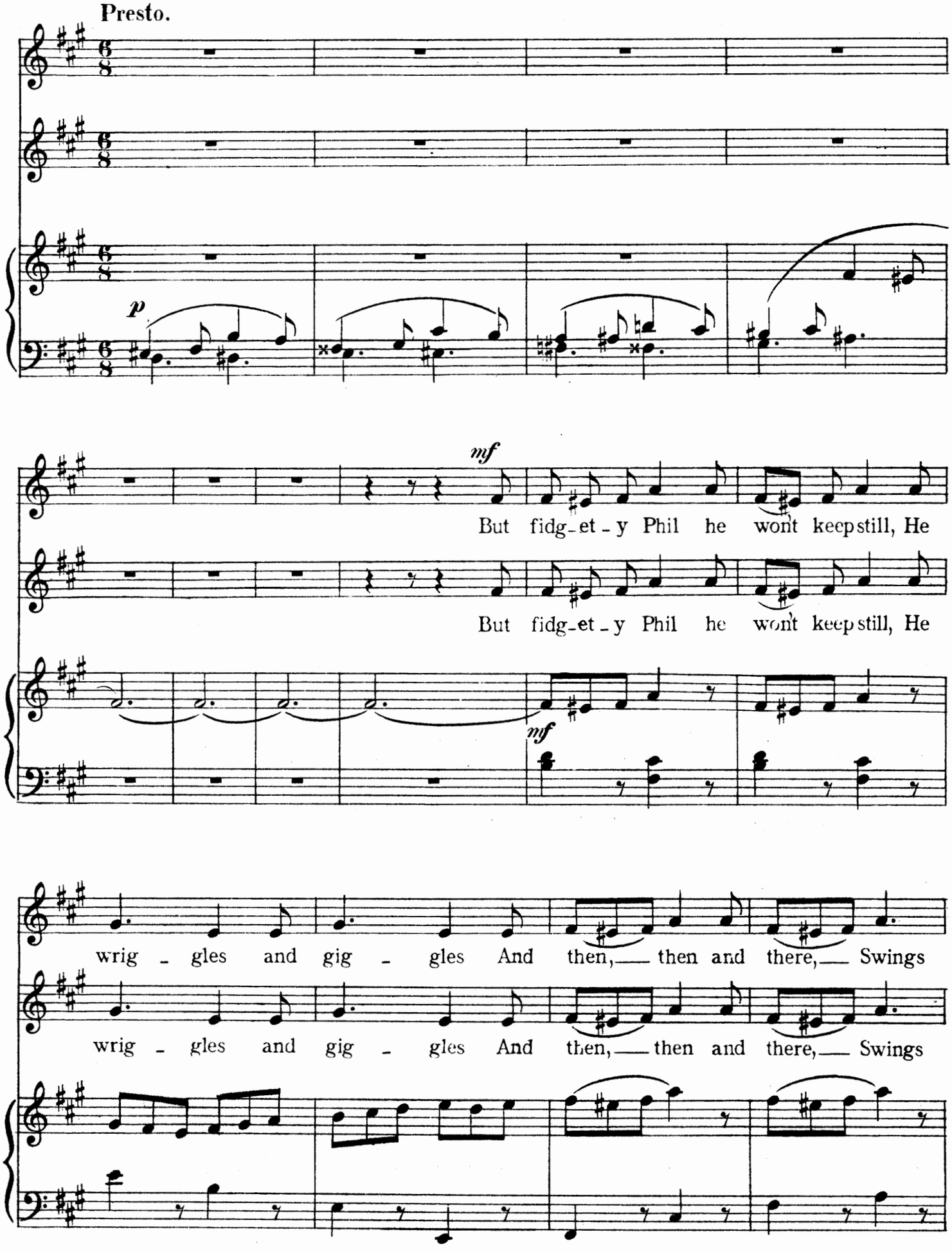
FINALE.

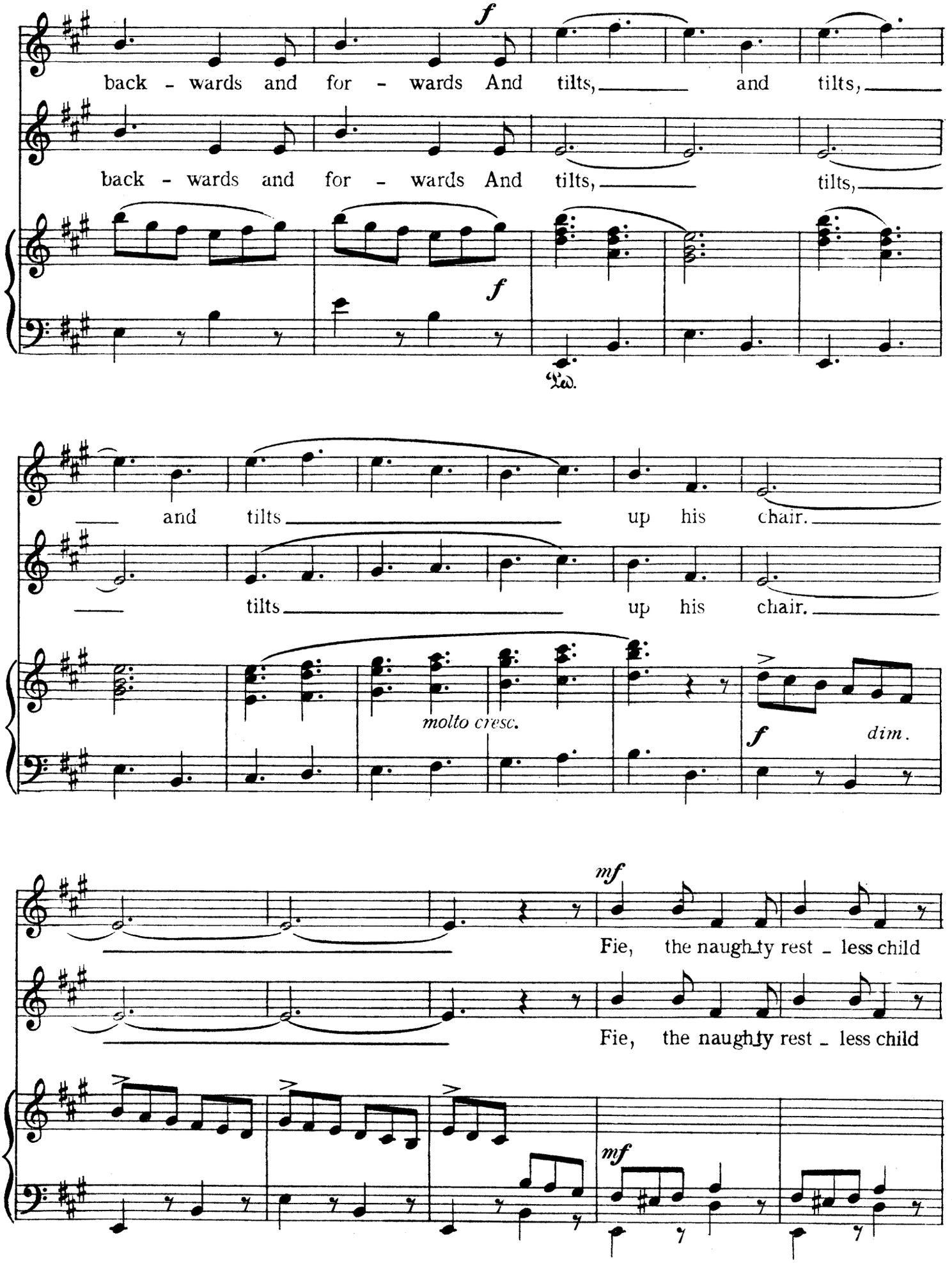


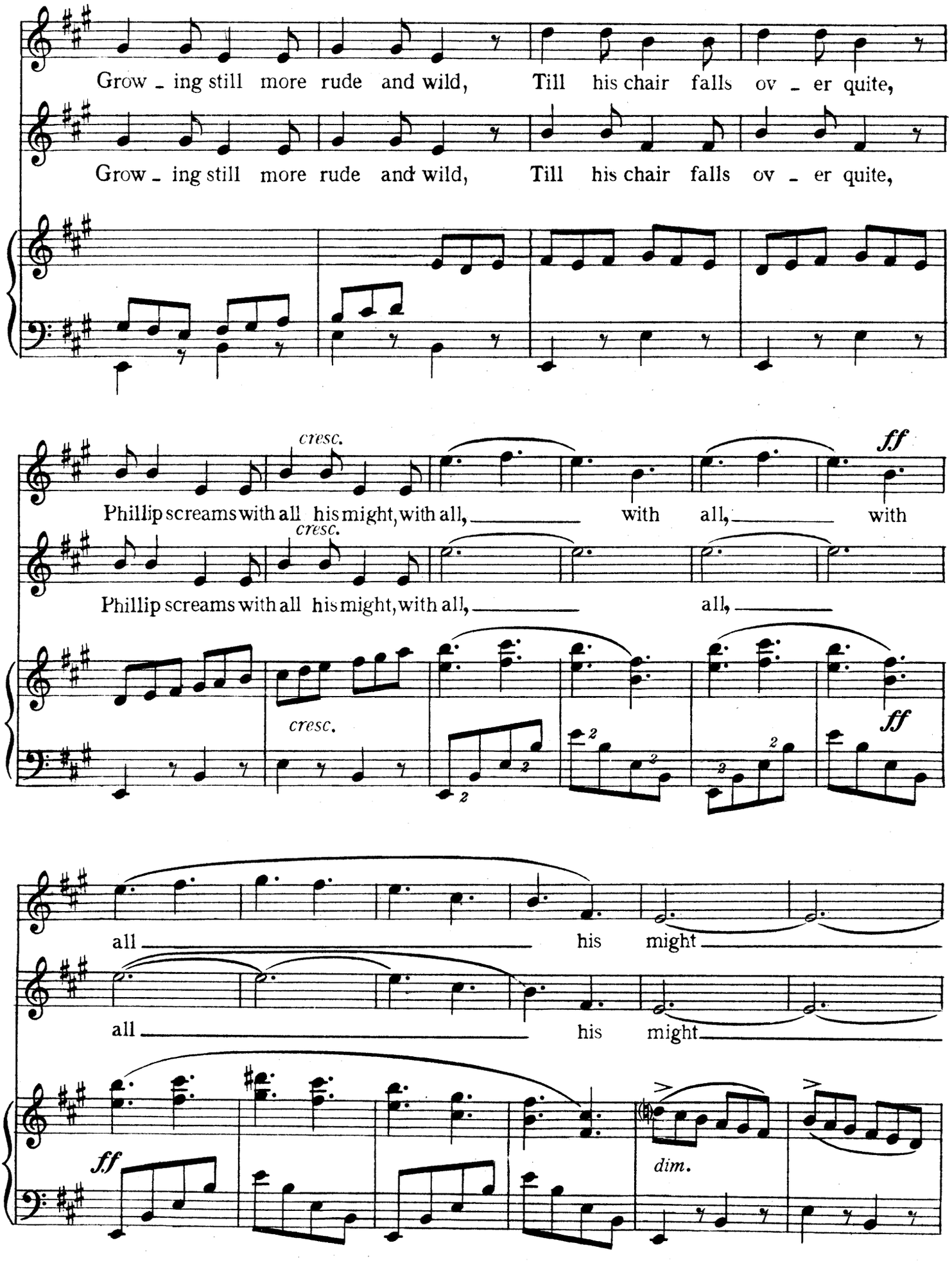
Copyright, 1921, by Metzler & Co. (1920) Ltd.

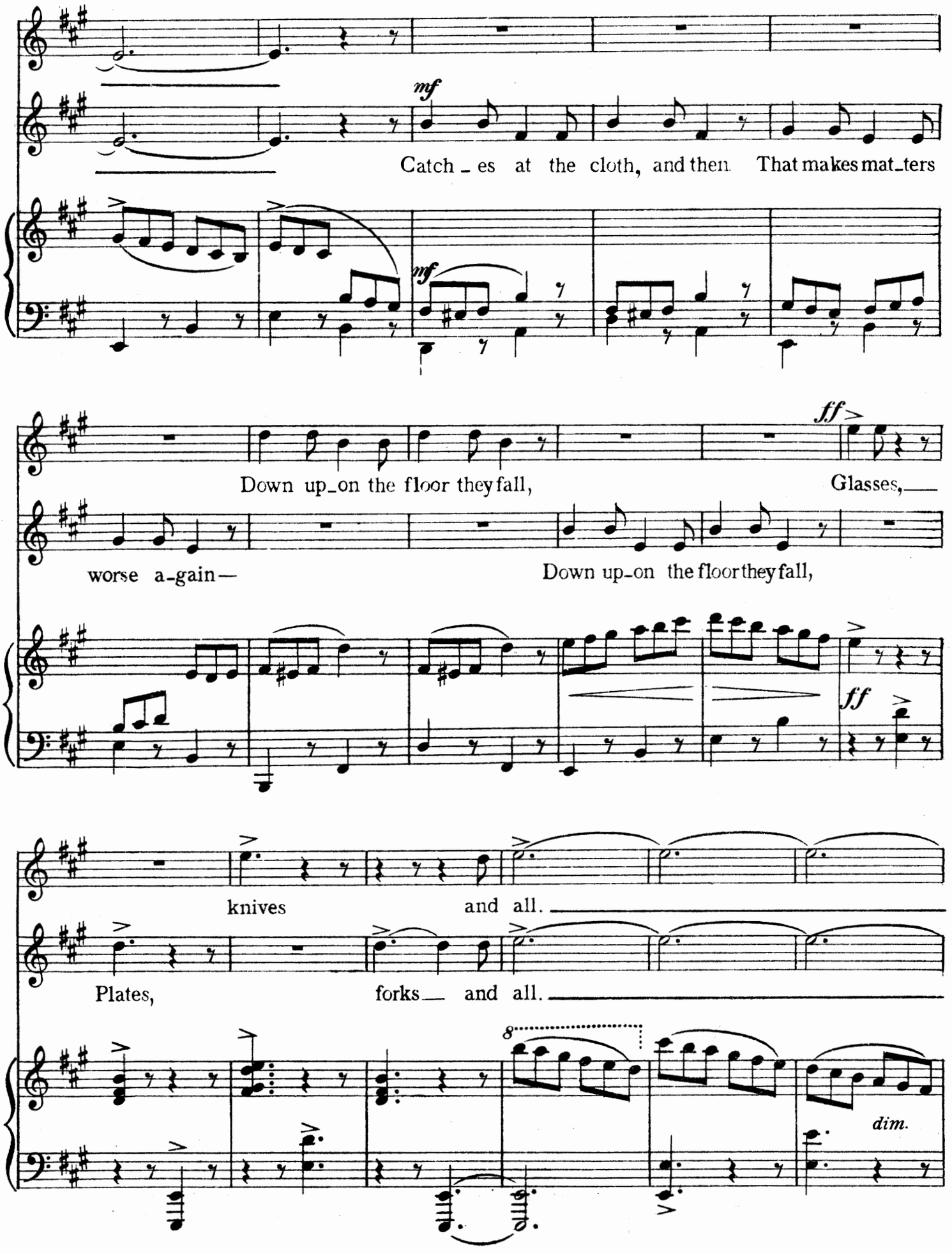

cresc.
To sit still for once, To sit still for once,
To sit still for once, sit still for once,
8va basso
f
ff
To sit still for once at ta - ble, for
sit still for once at ta - ble, for
ff
dim.
once at ta - - - - ble, for once at
dim.
once, at ta - - - - ble, for once at
dim.

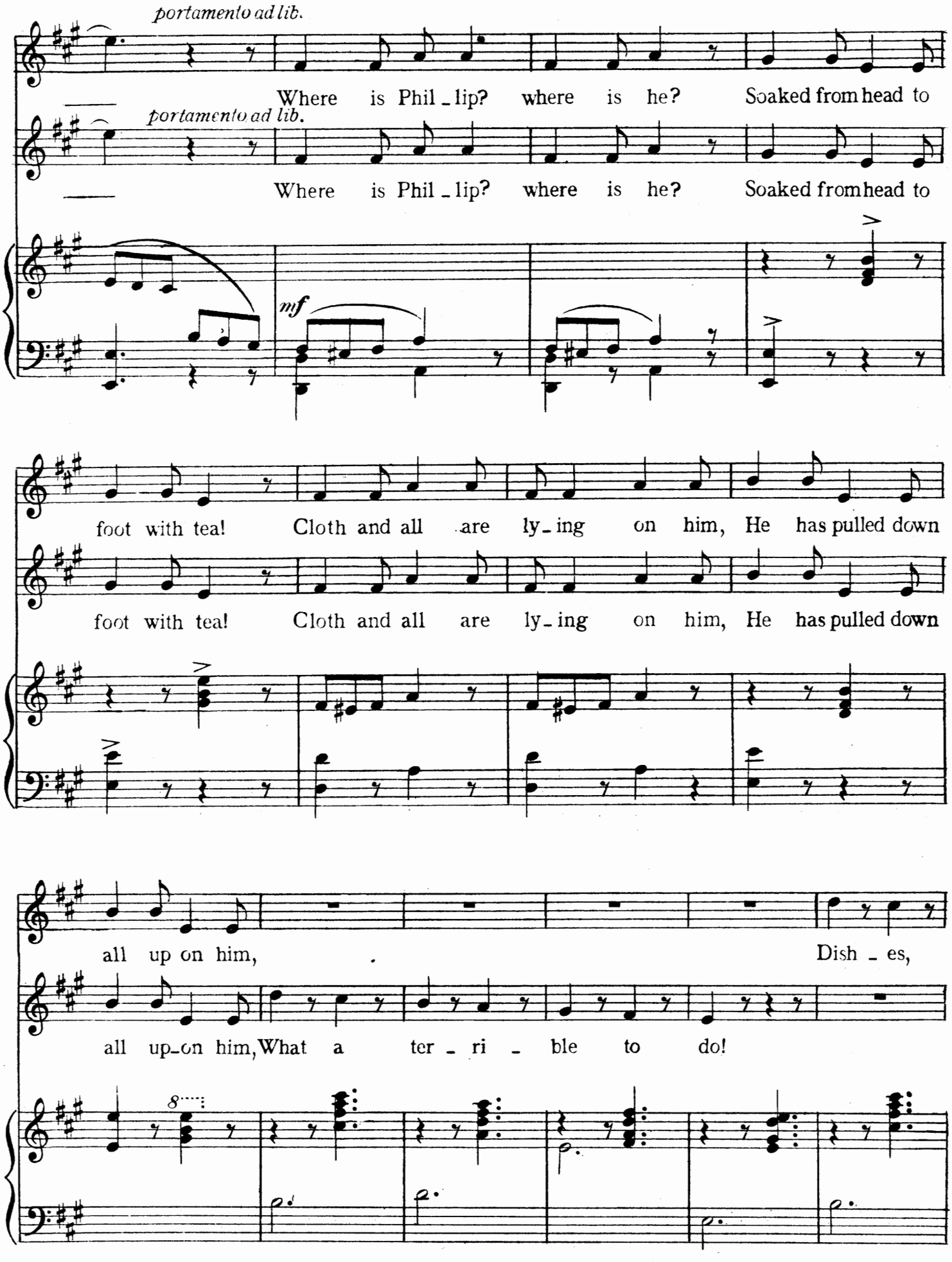

p rall.
ta - ble.
ta - ble.
Thus Pa-
cantabile
Quasi recit.
Looked ve - ry
-pa made Phil be - have, and Mam - ma
mf
grave.
Pedal.

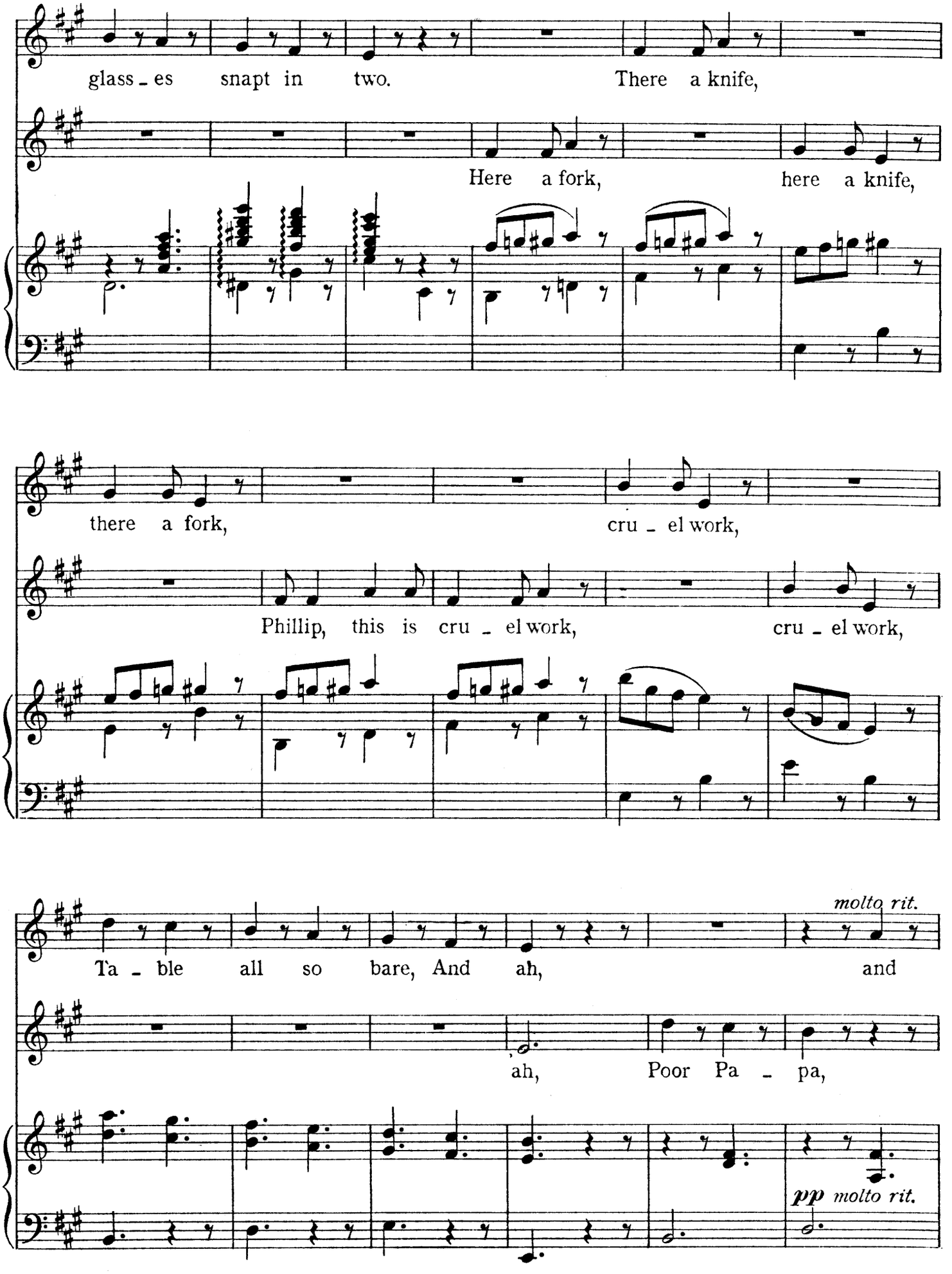

Presto.
p
mf
But fidg-et-y Phil he wont keep still, He
But fidg-et-y Phil he wont keep still, He
mf
wrig-gles and gig-gles And then, then and there, Swings
wrig-gles and gig-gles And then, then and there, Swings

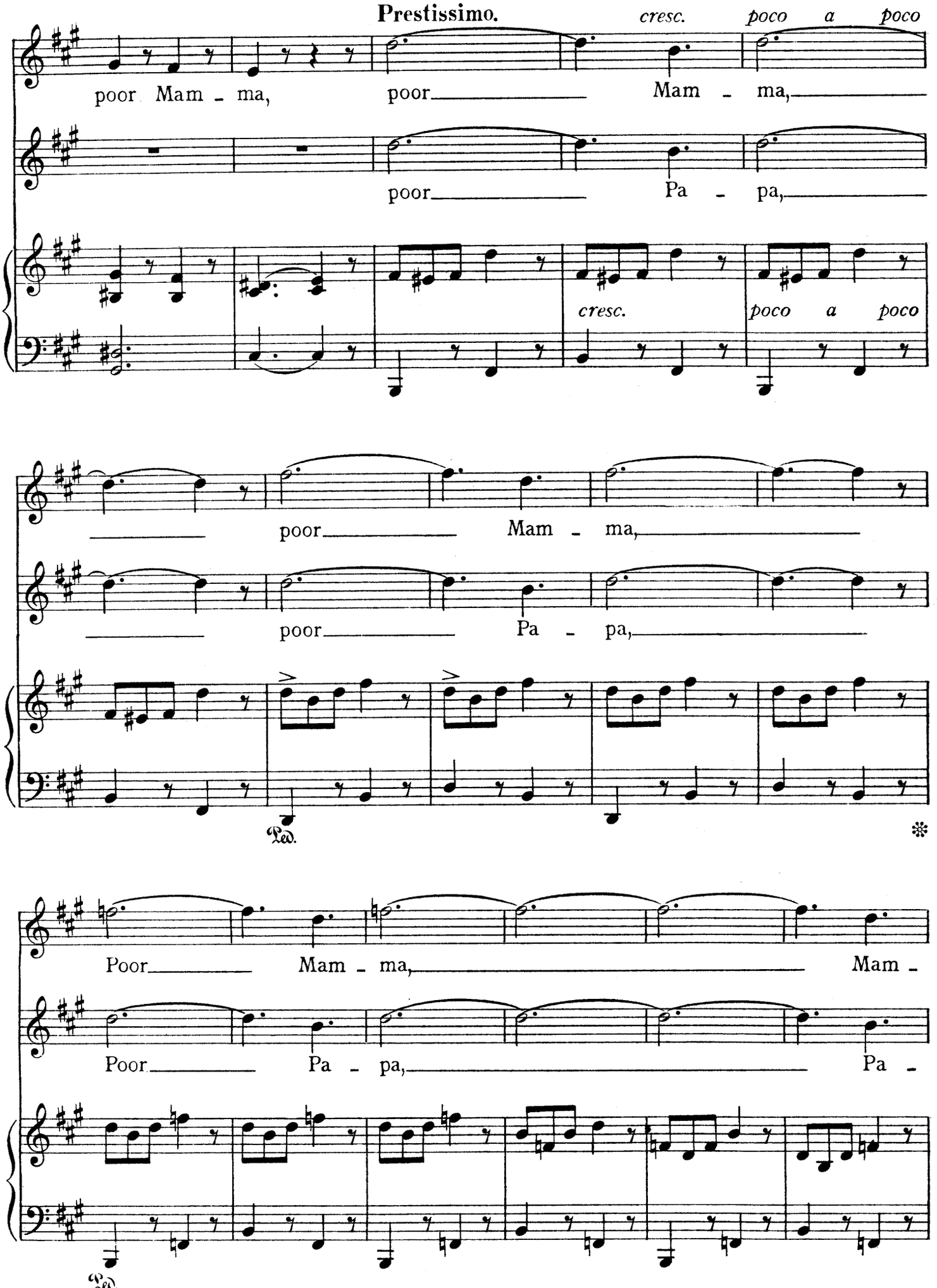

back - wards and for - wards And tilts, and tilts,
back - wards and for - wards And tilts, tilts,
f
f
Ped.
and tilts up his chair.
tilts up his chair.
molto cresc.
f
dim.
mf
Fie, the naughty rest - less child
Fie, the naughty rest - less child
mf

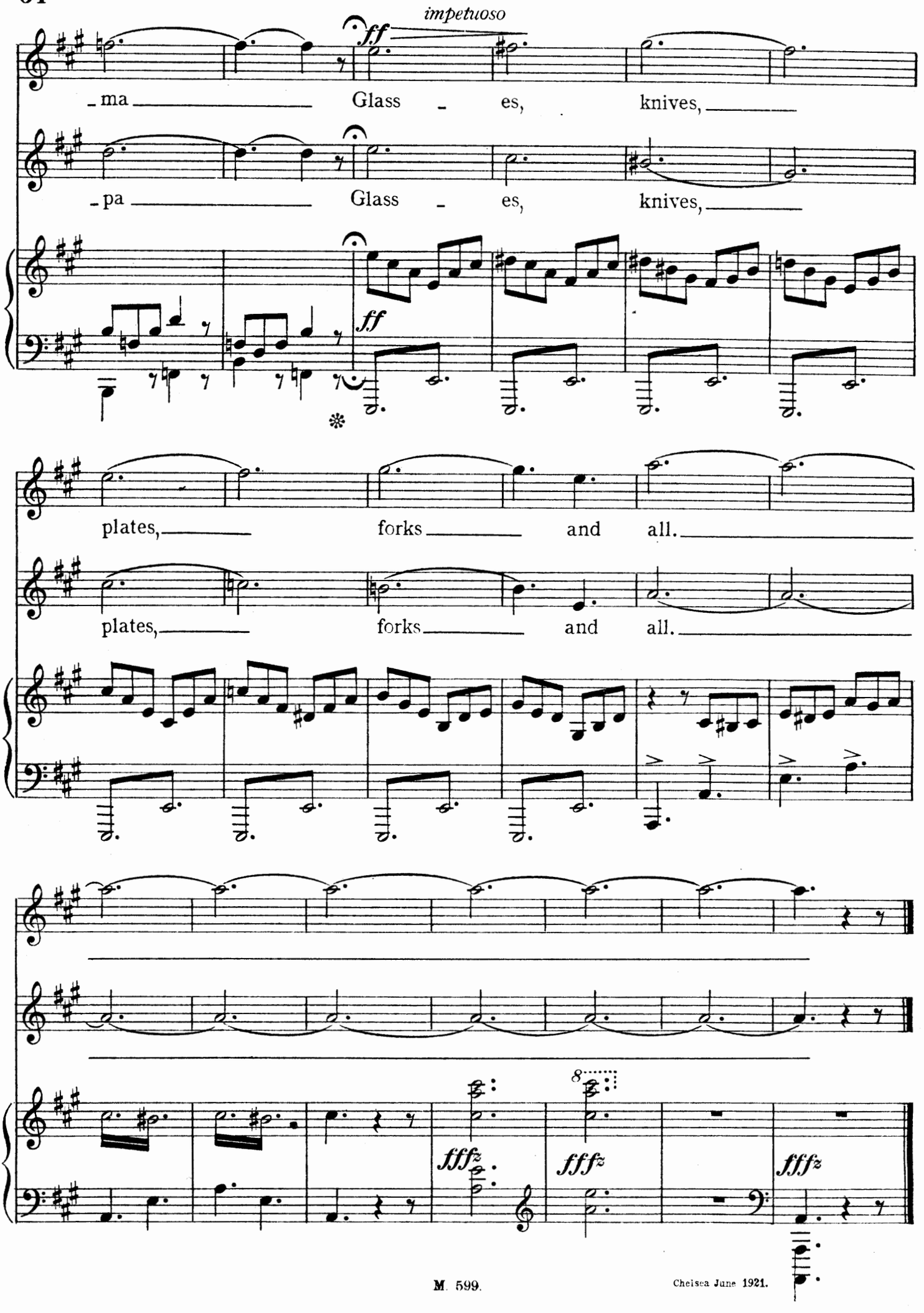

Grow - ing still more rude and wild, Till his chair falls ov - er quite,
Grow - ing still more rude and wild, Till his chair falls ov - er quite,
cresc.
ff
Phillip screams with all his might, with all, with all, with
cresc.
Phillip screams with all his might, with all, all,
cresc.
ff
all his might
all his might
ff
dim.


mf
Catch_es at the cloth, and then That makes mat_ters
mf
ff
Down up_on the floor they fall, Glasses,
worse a_gain— Down up_on the floor they fall,
ff
knives and all.
Plates, forks and all.
8
dim.


portamento ad lib.
Where is Phil - lip? where is he? Soaked from head to
portamento ad lib.
Where is Phil - lip? where is he? Soaked from head to
mf
foot with tea! Cloth and all are ly - ing on him, He has pulled down
foot with tea! Cloth and all are ly - ing on him, He has pulled down
all up on him, Dish - es,
all up - on him, What a ter - ri - ble to do!
8


glass - es snapt in two. There a knife,
Here a fork, here a knife,
there a fork, cru - el work,
Phillip, this is cru - el work, cru - el work,
molto rit.
Ta - ble all so bare, And ah, and
ah, Poor Pa - pa,
pp molto rit.


Prestissimo.
cresc.
poco a poco
poor Mam - ma, poor Mam - ma,
poor Pa - pa,
cresc.
poco a poco
poor Mam - ma,
poor Pa - pa,
Ped.
Poor Mam - ma, Mam -
Poor Pa - pa, Pa -
Ped.


impetuoso
ff
ma
Glass
es,
knives,
pa
Glass
es,
knives,
ff
plates,
forks
and
all.
plates,
forks
and
all.
8
fffz
fffz
fffz