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E. JAQUES-DALCROZE

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CHILDREN SONGS

Op. 42.

VOICE PART ONLY

OLD NOTATION

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

ENGLISH WORDS BY R. H. ELKIN.

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E. JAQUES - DALCROZE

# Children's Songs.

English words by R. H. Elkin.

Op. 42.



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## I.

## The tiny little house.

English Version by  
R. H. Elkin.

Text, Music and arrangement  
for the stage by  
E. Jaques - Dalcroze.

*Allegretto.*

3



1. There's a ti - ny house I
2. Let us ring the ti - ny
3. In it lives a ti - ny
4. And she sings a lit - tle



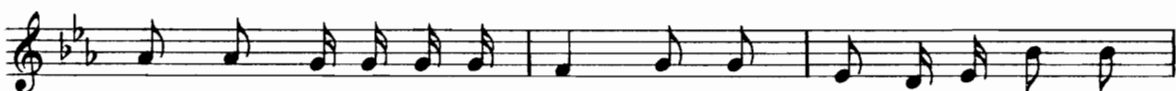
know: Like this, like this, From its ti - ny  
bell: Like this, like this, En - ter the small  
girl: Like this, like this, Mer - ry are her  
song: Like this, like this, Play - ing with her



chim - ney, smoke is ri - sing so: Like this, like  
cham - ber, wip - ing our feet well: Like this, like  
eyes and gold - en is her curl: Like this, like  
lit - tle dol - ly all day - long: Like this, like



this; In the ti - ny mead - ow stands a ti - ny tree, There's a ti - ny  
this; See the lit - tle ta - ble, pia - no and what - not, All the lit - tle  
this; Dain - ti - est of a - prons, ti - ni - est of frocks, Ti - ny lit - tle  
this; Come on, dol - ly dar - ling, It is time for bed, Come a - long to



fount - ain in the gar - den wee. Tra la la la la la la  
chairs and co - sy lit - tle tot. Tra la la la la la la  
slip - pers, ti - ny lit tle socks. Tra la la la la la la  
dream - land, lit - tle slee - py - head. Tra la la la la la la



la la, Ev' - ry - thing you see in this house is wee.  
la la, Ev' - ry - thing you see in this house is wee.  
la la, Ev' - ry - thing you see in this house is wee.  
la la, Ev' - ry - thing you see in this house is wee.

English Version by  
R. H. Elkin.

# Dear Lady Snow.

Text, Music and arrangement  
for the stage by  
E. Jaques - Dalcroze.

Moderato.



1. Dear La - dy Snow, dear La - dy Snow, a - wake, a - wake! Dear
2. Dear La - dy Snow, dear La - dy Snow, you're queen to - day! Dear
3. Dear La - dy Snow, dear La - dy Snow, your reign is o'er! Dear



La - dy Snow, dear La - dy Snow, a - wake, a - wake! The wind - ows are watch - ing  
La - dy Snow, dear La - dy Snow, com - mence your sway! Come shake out your pil - lows  
La - dy Snow, dear La - dy Snow, go home once more! The ten - der green's break - ing



all thro' the town, Watch - ing to see the snow - flakes come down. Don't you  
till the down flies, Drive your white lamb - kins out from the skies; Let your  
forth thro' the snow, Spring's in the air, all hearts are a - glow. Don't you



see the flow'r's are fad - ed and dead, The fire is crack - ling gai - ly in - stead, Oh in -  
mills grind out your corn in - to flour, Send frost - ed su - gar down in a show'r, Till the  
see the hedge is tint - ed with green, The tim - id vio - let soon will be seen, Oh in -



deed 'tis plain, Winter's here a - gain! Dear La - dy Snow, dear La - dy  
earth's wrapt quite in a mant - le white! Dear La - dy Snow, dear La - dy  
deed 'tis plain, Winter's off a - gain! Dear La - dy Snow, dear La - dy



Snow, a - wake, a - wake, Dear La - dy Snow, dear La - dy Snow, a - wake, a -  
Snow, you're queen to - day, Dear La - dy Snow, dear La - dy Snow, en - joy your  
Snow, your reign is o'er. Dear La - dy Snow, dear La - dy Snow, go home once



wake! Coo coo coo coo coo coo coo coo coo coo coo coo coo coo coo coo, Just like pig - eons  
sway! Coo coo coo coo coo coo coo coo coo coo coo coo coo coo coo coo, Just like pig - eons  
more! Coo coo coo coo coo coo coo coo coo coo coo coo coo coo coo coo, Just like pig - eons



cir - cling round in their flight, Send us your snow flakes so soft and white...  
cir - cling round in their flight, Send us your snow flakes so soft and white...  
sett - ling down for the night. Now let them slum - ber, your snow flakes white...

## III.

English Version by  
R.H. Elkin.

## The little Bee.

Text, Music and arrangement  
for the stage by  
E. Jaques-Dalcroze.

Allegretto.

1. The bees. Mer - ry lit - tle bee, good  
2. The bee. La - dy Rose, I crave your  
3. The flower. Lit - tle Bee, so sweet your  
4. The bee. Dear - est sist - ers, see my

morn - ing. See at last the day is dawn - ing, Such a  
pleas - ure, May I buy some of your treas - ure? Be as  
plead - ing Take the su - gar you are need - ing, High - er  
hon - ey, All col - lect - ed with - out mon ey! Bet - ter

big bee you have grown, You can fly out quite a - lone. Spread your  
kind as you are fair, Find a lit - tle drop to spare. All a -  
up your bask - et lift, Take my hon - ey as a gift. Spread your  
su - gar can't be bought, Tis the ver - y fin - est sort. Oh what

wings, my dear, and fly a - way, And gath - er and  
lone I've come this wear - y way, To gath - er, yes,  
wings, my dear, and fly a - way, And take home, yes  
hap - pi - ness to fly this way, And bring home, and

Chorus.  
gath - er sweet hon - ey all the live - long day! Buzz, —  
gath - er sweet hon - ey all the live - long day! Buzz, —  
take home the hon - ey you have got to - day! Buzz, —  
bring home the hon - ey I have got to - day! Buzz, —

— Buzz — Lit - tle bee, we real - ly nev - er, Buzz, — Buzz — Thought you

would have been so clev - er, Fly - ing round with so much zest, Beg - ging

ev' - ry flow'r to give you Buzz — of its best!

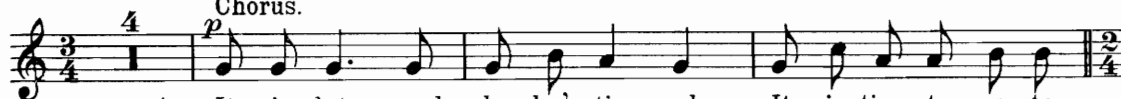
English Version by  
R. H. Elkin.

# Baby's Bedtime.

Text, Music and arrangement  
for the stage by  
E. Jaques-Dalcroze.

*Andante.*

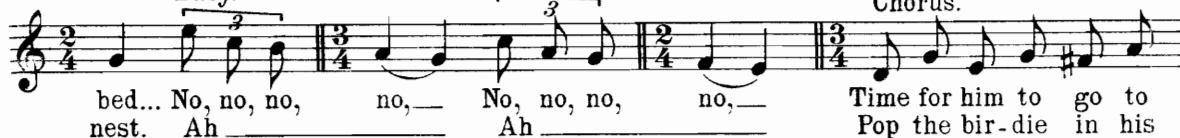
Chorus.



1. It is late, and ba-by's tir-ed, It is time to go to  
2. Look at him, he's sleep-ing sound-ly, Pop him in his lit-tle

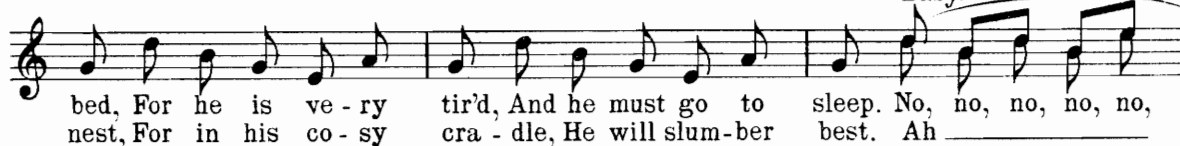
Baby.

Chorus.



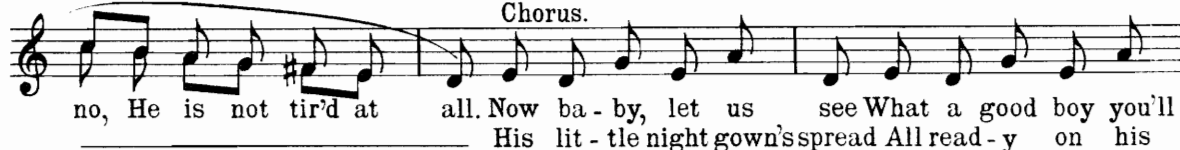
bed... No, no, no, no, No, no, no, no, Time for him to go to  
nest. Ah Ah Pop the bir-die in his

Baby.



bed, For he is ve-ry tir'd, And he must go to sleep. No, no, no, no, no,  
nest, For in his co-sy cra-dle, He will slum-ber best. Ah

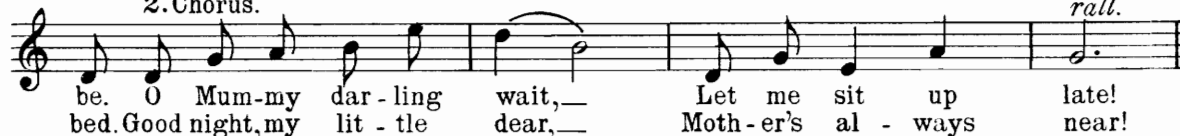
Chorus.



no, He is not tir'd at all. Now ba-by, let us see What a good boy you'll  
His lit-tle night gown's spread All read-y on his

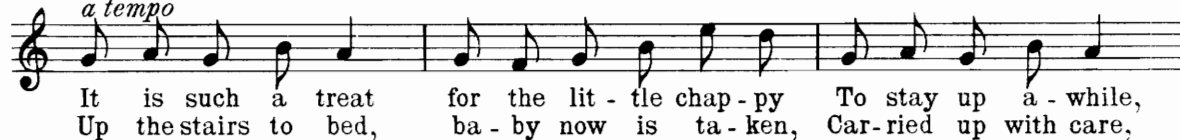
1. Baby.

2. Chorus.

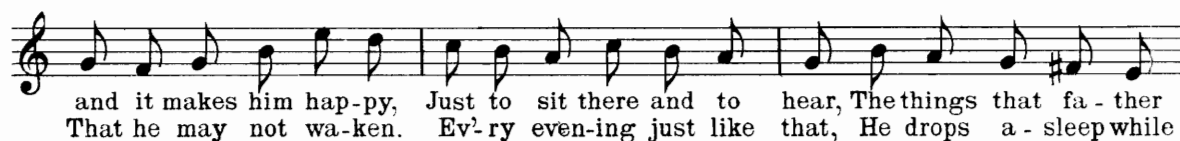


be. O Mum-my dar-ling wait, Let me sit up late!  
bed. Good night, my lit-tle dear, Moth-er's al-ways near!

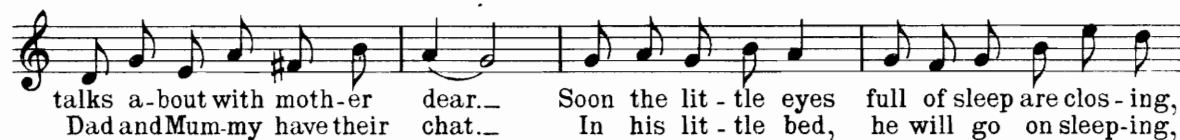
Chorus.  
*a tempo*



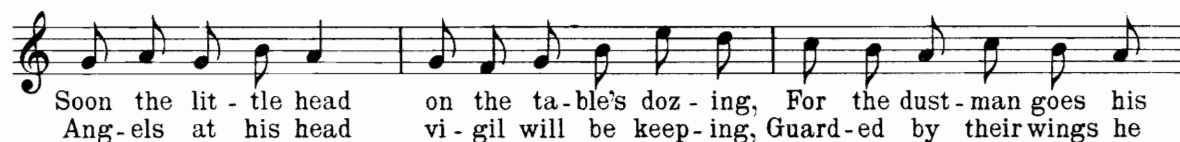
It is such a treat for the lit-tle chap-py To stay up a-while,  
Up the stairs to bed, ba-by now is ta-ken, Car-ried up with care,



and it makes him hap-py, Just to sit there and to hear, The things that fa-ther  
That he may not wa-ken. Ev-ry even-ing just like that, He drops a-sleep while



talks a-bout with moth-er dear. Soon the lit-tle eyes full of sleep are clos-ing,  
Dad and Mum-my have their chat. In his lit-tle bed, he will go on sleep-ing,



Soon the lit-tle head on the ta-ble's doz-ing, For the dust-man goes his  
Ang-els at his head vi-gil will be keep-ing, Guard-ed by their wings he



round, Shut-ting child-ren's eyes in slum-ber sound.  
lies, Dream-ing hap-pi-ly of Pa-ra-dise.

# The Mice's Revenge.

English Version by  
R. H. Elkin.

Text, Music and arrangement  
for the stage by  
E. Jaques-Dalcroze.

*Moderato molto.*      The Mice.      §

1. We are such ti - ny mice, And we  
not at all a - fraid, Tho' we  
jump with joy and pride, So we

squeak, and we squeak. We rum-mage here, we rum-mage there, We  
squeak, tho' we squeak. We rum-mage here, we rum-mage there, We  
squeak, so we squeak. We rum-mage here, we rum-mage there, We

1-3. nib - ble here, we nib - ble there, The dain - ti - est meal In safe

cor - ners we steal, squeak, squeak, squeak, squeak We're

lit - tle mice so gay, With ti - ny snouts of grey! *Fine.*

The Cat.      A      The Mice.

Miaow, Miaow! Oh! the cat! 'tis the naugh - ty  
Miaow, Miaow! Oh! the cat! 'tis the naugh - ty

The Cat.

cat! Take to your heels, quick let's be run - ning. Miaow,  
cat! Her paw a ti - ny mouse is stun - ning. Miaow,


The Mice.

Miaow! Oh! the cat! 'tis the naugh - ty  
Miaow! Oh! the cat! we will be a -



1. The Cat.
2. The Mice.


2. The Mice.



cat, The foe whom all mice should be shun - ning. Chil - dren  
venged For she is bad and full of cun - ning. We are

cease your false a - larm! I have nev - er wished you  
full of an - ger fierce, With our tails her eyes we'll

**B**



harm! pierce, Miaow, Squeak, miaow, squeak, miaow, squeak, I beg you, be - were de -

lieve me, Miaow, miaow, miaow, miaow, Your hat - red does  
ceiv - ing, Squeak, squeak, squeak, squeak, You thought us be -

grieve me, Miaow, miaow, miaow, miaow, miaow, miaow. Go on with your  
liev - ing! Squeak, squeak, squeak, squeak, squeak, squeak. Now we've got you

game, Play on just the same, I am not  
flat, { Mas - ter Pus - sy - cat! And we have

stir - ring, Now my eyes I'll close, While I take a doze, Gent - ly  
caught - you! We are far too wise, To be trapp'd by lies, As we've

The Mice.

pur - taught - ring. you. Squeak, squeak, squeak,

squeak, Squeak, squeak, squeak, squeak, 2. We're  
3. We

## VI.

## Baby's Ride.

English Version by  
R. H. Elkin.

Text, Music and arrangement  
for the stage by  
E. Jaques - Dalcroze.

**Moderato.** 7 **The Chorus.** %

Oh, is not our ba - by  
luck - y; Sit - ting up gai - ly He rides out  
dai - ly; For moth - er en - joys wheel - ing her  
duck - y Down the street In his pram so  
neat; And he thinks it a treat. — And while moth - er is  
walk - ing, To ba - by she's al - ways talk - ing, And he  
thinks it is such a treat, In his pram so  
neat To ride down — the street. —

8

## The Mother.



1. Look, ba - by dear, at the bush - es, All is  
 2. Look, ba - by dear, at the wa - ters, Shin - ing  
 3. Look, ba - by dear, at the Heav - ens, Oh so



green, do you see? Leaves and blos - soms; grass\_ and  
 white, do you see? They have come from high moun - tain  
 blue, do you see? From the sky where He\_ is



rush - es, Where the win - ter snow used to  
 quar - ters, Flow - ing down to join with the  
 liv - ing, God is watch - ing ba - by and



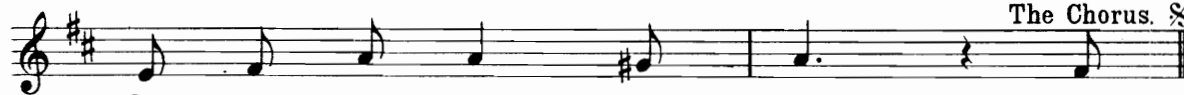
be. For spring-time is now re - turn - ing, The  
 sea. They once were a bubb - ling ed - dy, Most  
 me. There an - gels of won - drous beau - ty, Are



snow has all gone a - way, And ev' - ry  
 an - xious to rush a - head, But now they're  
 sing - ing sweet songs of love, Let us be



lit - tle flow'r is yearn - ing Now to  
 flow - ing calm and and stea - dy, Sleep - ing  
 good and do our du - ty, And some



dress up in col - ours gay. Oh,  
 sound in their riv - er bed. Oh,  
 day we shall fly a - bove. Oh,

The Chorus. ♫

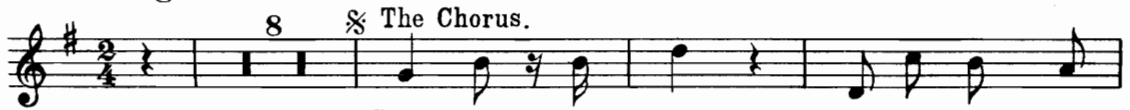
# VII.

## Playing at Trains.

English Version by  
R. H. Elkin.

Text, Music and arrangement  
for the stage by  
E. Jaques-Dalcroze.

*Allegretto moderato.*



1. Let's play at trains, for a lit - tle  
2. See what we've brought, in our bas - ket  
3. Hur - rah! at last, we have reached our



change. Let this arm-chair stand for an en - gine: stun-ning!  
here. Cake and ac - id drops and some grapes are in it.  
home. Don't for-get your lug - gage, it would be sil - ly.



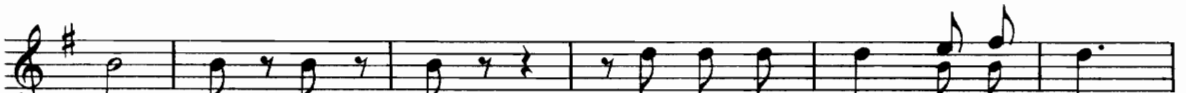
Now, for the car - riage, four chairs we'll ar - range, And  
And one whole bot - tle of best gin-ger - beer. Now  
Get your-selves ti - dy with clothes-brush and comb. Now



we will be the pas - sen - gers run - ning. First our  
let us take a nap for a mi - nute. Tick - ets  
pop your jack - ets on, for its chil - ly. Now get



tick - ets we'll buy; Chink, chink, chink, A cor - ner seat let us  
Sir, if you please; Clip, clip, clip, I al - so want to see  
out of the train; Quick, quick, quick. Dear mo - ther, we're back a -



try. puff, puff, puff, The whis - tle screams: off we fly. \_\_\_\_  
these clip, clip, clip, Now we can rest at our ease. \_\_\_\_  
gain. mbf, mbf, mbf, The en - gine starts off a gain. \_\_\_\_



Tsh, tsh, tsh, tsh, tsh, tsh, tsh, tsh,

1.2. Now we're off at last, We have left the  
3. Now it's off at last, It has left the

tsh, tsh, tsh, tsh, tsh, tsh, tsh, tsh, tsh, tsh, tsh, tsh, tsh, tsh, tsh, tsh,

ci - ty, Woods and mea-dows look so pret-ty As the train is  
ci - ty, Woods and mea-dows look so pret-ty As the train is

tsh, tsh, tsh, tsh, tsh, tsh, tsh, tsh, tsh, tsh, tsh, tsh, tsh, tsh, tsh, tsh,

fly - ing past. What fine speed we're mak - ing, Ev' - ry re - cord  
fly - ing past. What fine speed it's mak - ing, Ev' - ry re - cord

tsh, tsh, tsh, tsh, tsh, tsh, tsh, tsh, tsh, tsh, tsh, tsh, tsh, tsh, tsh, tsh,

break - ing! Six - ty miles an hour, not less, In our grand ex - press!  
break - ing! Six - ty miles an hour, not less, In our grand ex - press!

tsh, tsh, tsh, tsh,

# VIII.

## The Visit.

English Version by  
R. H. Elkin.

Text, Music and arrangement  
for the stage by  
E. Jaques - Dalcroze.

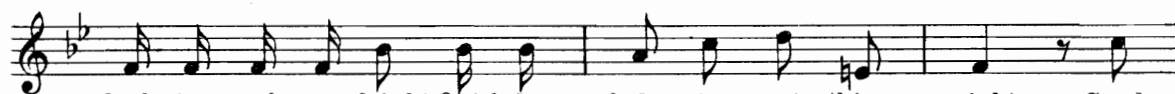
*Allegretto.*



1. Ding, ding, ding, ding. There's the  
2. Ding, ding, ding, ding. Let me



bell! a vi - si - tor, I guess! And the room in such a mess! And I'm  
make you com - for - ta - ble, so! And now dear, I want to know, If you



look - ing such a fright, Quick - ly help to put things right. Good  
have good news to tell? Are the chil - dren all quite well? Yes,



*The Visitor.*  
morn - ing my dear, What a treat to see you here! 'Tis a - ges since you called and  
thanks, they're al - right, All but one who is not quite; He suffers with his head and



*The Lady.*  
that you might be ail - ing I in - deed be - gan to fear. My  
has to stay in bed, And I sat up with him all night! My



*The Visitor.* *Together.*  
dear - est! Oh my dear - est! What with hus - band and chil - dren and  
dear - est! Oh my dear - est! What with hus - band and chil - dren and



*The Visitor.*  
ser vants, There's so much to see to, That the day slips a - way,  
ser vants, There's so much to see to, That the day slips a - way,



*Together.*  
And there is no time to go out cal - ling! There's so much to see to,  
And there is no time to go out cal - ling! There's so much to see to,



There's so much to see to, It real - ly is some - thing ap - pal - ling!  
There's so much to see to, It real - ly is some - thing ap - pal - ling!

## IX.

English Version by  
R.H. Elkin.

## "The Omelette?"

Text, Music and arrangement  
for the stage by  
E. Jaques-Dalcroze.

*Moderato.* *mf* *%*

Bak - ing and fry - ing, Tra la la, bak - ing and fry ing

Are ve - ry try - ing, Tra la la, ve - ry try - ing! There's no den -

y - ing! Yet I'm af - raid That ev'ry maid Ought to learn how, ought to learn how,

Omelettes are made. Tra la la la la la tra la la la la la la

*2 Fine.*

Yes, ev' - ry maid Ought to learn how, Om'lettes are made.

1. Co - ver your frock with an a - pron, Like an ex - pe - ri - enced  
2. If you would have your dish ea - ten, Let the four eggs be well  
3. Next add some but - ter dis - creet - ly, In the pan let it melt  
4. Now you have ta - ken such trou - ble, Don't let it burn, fold it

ma - tron. Now put some wa - ter and flour in - to a pot;  
bea - ten, Till they are light as the snow and just as stiff;  
fleet - ly. When it has reached boil - ing point (but not be - fore)  
dou - ble; Let a clean dish from the rack quick - ly be got,

Stir in some milk till the whole mix - ture be hot. Four new laid eggs (yolk  
Then mix the snow with the rest all in a jiff. Now add of su - gar  
Pour in your ome - lette and stir as you pour. See that your fire's not  
Serve up your ome - lette in haste while it is hot. And at the ta - ble

and white.) One, two, three, four! see? that's al - right!  
a mite. One, two, three, four! see? that's al - right! Bak - ing and  
too bright. One, two, three, four! see? that's al - right!  
to - night, They will all say look! that's al - right!

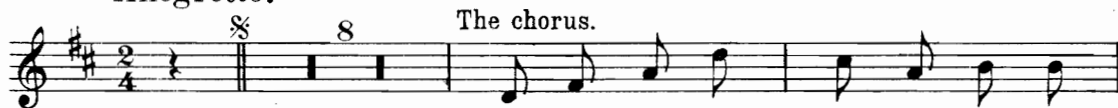
## X.

## The good little girl's reply.

English Version by  
R. H. Elkin.

Text, Music and arrangement  
for the stage by  
E. Jaques-Dalcroze.

*Allegretto.*



1. Pa-rents of - ten are re - peat - ing  
2. Pa-rents of - ten are en - treat - ing  
The little girl. 3. If you real - ly love your mo - ther



Lis - ten pray, what we say! You will be  
Lis - ten pray, what we say! You are so  
Do be good, as you should! Try to be -



ve - ry ill some day, Too ma - ny sweets you're  
care - less at your play, In spite of our en -  
have as mo - dels would, And save her all this



eat - ing! Mind you don't eat too much  
treat - ing. Don't go out with - out your  
bo - ther! Ev' - ry time you stain your

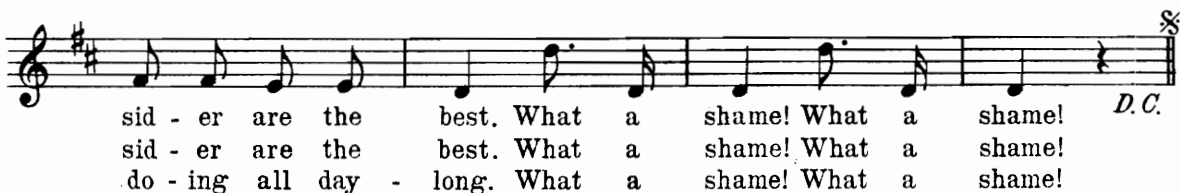
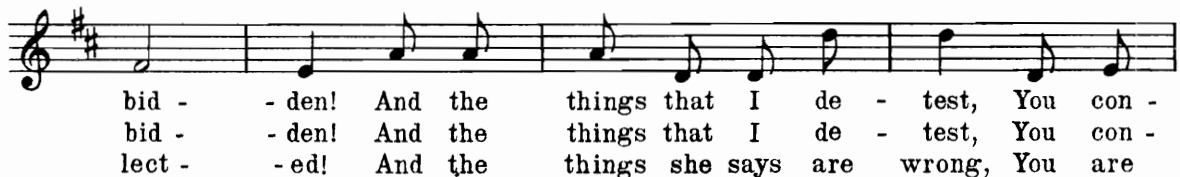
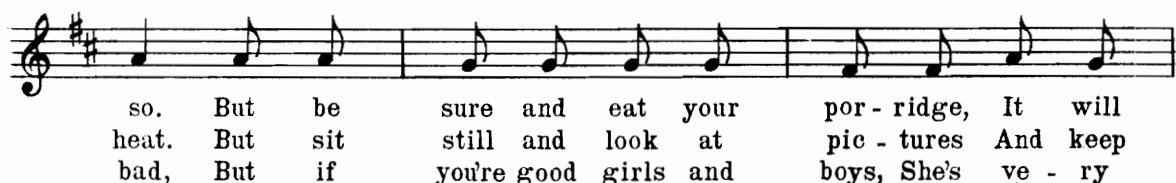
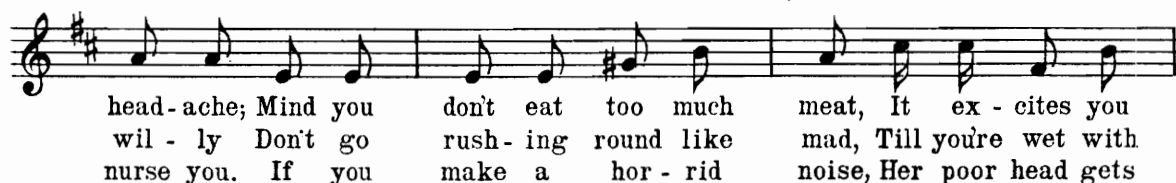
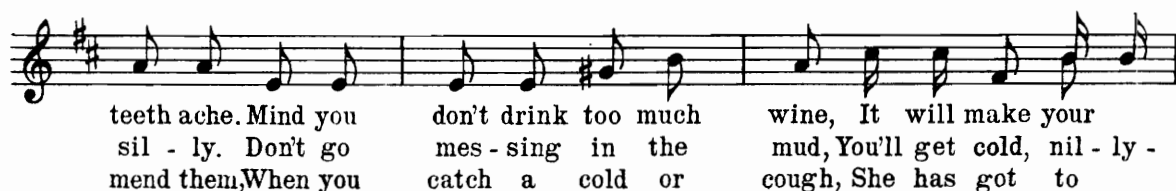


fruit, You will get a stom - ach - ache! And don't  
coats, When it's damp and chil - - ly. Don't go  
clothes, She has got to wash them, When you



eat too ma - ny sweets, They will make your  
slid ing down the stairs, It is ve - ry  
tear them in - to holes, She has got to





D. C.

# XI.

## "Skipping"

English Version by  
R. H. Elkin.

Text, Music and arrangement  
for the stage by  
E. Jaques-Dalcroze.

*Allegretto.*

8 % The chorus.



1. In your hand take up your skirt,
2. Up as high as she can go,
3. Now let ev' - ry - - bo - dy try



To pre - vent your trip - ping; If you fall, it  
Like a bird she's fly - ing. Do not hold the  
Who's the fin - est skip - per. See if you can



will not hurt, In your hand take up your skirt:  
rope too low, Up as high as she can go:  
reach the sky. Now let ev' - ry - - bo - dy try:



One, two, three, Be a - lert, And you'll suc - ceed in  
One, two, three, Oh hal - lo! Up - on the ground she's  
One, two, three, Jump up high! Don't lose your lit - tle



skip - ping!  
ly - ing! Oh well done! Oh well done! Don't you think it  
slip - per!



fun? Tra la la la, tra la la la la la la la la la



la, tra la la la, tra la la la la la la la la.

## XII.

## The story of Johnny.

English Version by  
R. H. Elkin.

Text, Music and arrangement  
for the stage by  
E. Jaques-Dalcroze.

Moderato.



1. Fal - la - la - la - la - la - la, fal - la - la. Lit - tle John - ny  
2. Fal - la - la - la - la - la - la, fal - la - la. Now some lit - tle  
3. Fal - la - la - la - la - la - la, fal - la - la. John - ny worse and



school-ward is strut-ting, Fal - la - la - la - la - la - la, fal - la - la.  
girls he is teaz - ing, Fal - la - la - la - la - la - la, fal - la - la.  
wild - er is grow-ing, Fal - la - la - la - la - la - la - la, fal - la - la.



Fal - la - la - la - la - la - la, fal - la - la. Sat - chel on back, ca - pers he's  
Fal - la - la - la - la - la - la, fal - la - la. Pul - ling their hair, pinching and  
Fal - la - la - la - la - la - la, fal - la - la. And with bad tricks he's o - ver -



cut - ting, In - to the passers - by blind-ly but - ting. Fal - la - la -  
squeez-ing, Such bad be - ha-viour's most un - pleas-ing! Fal - la - la -  
flow - ing; In - to the win-dows stones he is throw-ing! Fal - la - la -



la-la-la-la, fal-la - la. Hi there! you boys, who's for a game? Fal-la-la-la,  
la-la-la-la, fal-la - la. Wa-ter he spies, great is his joy; Fal-la-la-la,  
la-la-la-la, fal-la - la. Bob-by appears, sei-zes our friend; Fal-la-la-là,



fal - la - la - la. Hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, School is for -  
fal - la - la - la. Splash, splash, splash, splash, splash, splash, Soaks him-self  
fal - la - la - la. For - ward march! for - ward march! March off to



got; Oh what a shame! Fal - la - la - la - la - la - la - la, fal - la - la!  
through, Oh naugh ty boy! Fal - la - la - la - la - la - la - la, fal - la - la!  
prison, That is the end! Fal - la - la - la - la - la - la - la, fal - la - la!

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