

FOLK-SONGS
AND OTHER SONGS
FOR CHILDREN

EDITED BY
JANE BYRD RADCLIFFE-WHITEHEAD

\$2.50

BOSTON
OLIVER DITSON COMPANY
NEW YORK CHICAGO
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BY JANE BYRD RADCLIFFE WHITEHEAD

PREFACE

The following collection originated in the idea of acquainting children of the new world with some of the songs which in the old world have kept their hold on the affection of the people for a long time — folk-songs, chiefly — which, because of their simplicity and naïveté must appeal particularly to the young. In some cases the words of foreign love songs have been replaced by simple English ones, but the melodies have been kept intact.

The childhood of the race is now recognized as a source of light on the psychology of the child, and eminent American educators, like President Stanley Hall of Clark University, and Professor John Dewey of Chicago, have proved beyond doubt that the old methods of teaching must be modified, and that the way of a child in learning a subject is very different from the way of a man. The child learns individual concrete facts, whereas the man wants to grasp the logic of a subject or to fit the facts to it. This principle should be applied in the teaching of music.

Most folk-songs which have kept their place for even a few generations have qualities which render them suitable for children. Although every folk-song is originally the work of an individual, it is always of such a character as to appeal to the imagination of simple folk. Sometimes, as in the case of the "Marseillaise," we know who was the originator of the melody, which owing to its character was at once adopted by a nation, or a part of a nation, as its own, but in many cases the original source cannot be traced.

In America, if we except the negro and Indian melodies, some college songs, and a few others, we can hardly be said to have as yet any folk-songs.

Whether this is due to lack of time, to unsettled conditions, and the restlessness of American life as inimical to an indigenous art is an interesting question. What influence the perpetual influx and admixture of German, Slavic, and Italian blood is to have on the national life as expressed in music, the future alone can reveal. At present we must gather from the old world those simple songs naïve with perpetual youth which have been consecrated by the spontaneous feeling of a people.

Out of this fragrant, old-time garden the editor has gathered this volume, including at the same time a few simple melodies and child songs not out of keeping with the plan of offering to mothers, teachers, and lovers of children, music that is simple and child-like in its appeal.

The Editor.

FOLK-SONGS AND OTHER SONGS FOR CHILDREN

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ENGLISH SONGS

1

THE HUNT IS UP

Words ancient

Ascribed to WILLIAM GRAY (1537)

(Musician to King Henry VIII)

Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney

Somewhat quickly

VOICE

1. The hunt is up, the hunt is up, And
2. The east is bright with morn - ing light, And
3. The hor - ses snort to be at the sport, The

PIANO

mf

it is well - nigh day, And Harry, our King, is
dark - ness it is fled, The mer - ry horn wakes
dogs are run ning free, The woods re - joice at the

gone hunt - ing, To bring his deer to bay.
up the morn, To leave his i - dle bed.
mer - ry noise Of hey! tan - ta - ra, tee! tee!

f

COME, LASSES AND LADS

OLD MELODY (17th Century or older)

Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney

Lively

VOICE

PIANO

mf *f*

1. Come, lass - es and lads, get leave of your dads, And a -
 2. Then aft - er an hour they went to a bow'r, And
 3. "Good - night" says Har - ry, "Good - night" says Ma - ry, "Good -

way to the May - pole hie, For ev - 'ry fair has a
 played for ale and cakes, And kiss - es, too, un -
 night" says Dol - ly to John, "Good - night" says Sue to her

sweet - heart there, And the fid - dlers stand - ing by, For
 til they were due, The lass - es held the stakes. The
 sweet - heart Hugh, "Good - night" says ev - 'ry one; Some

p *mf*

Wil - ly shall dance with Jane, And John - ny has got his
girls did then be - gin To quar - rel with the
walked and some did run; Some loi - tered on the

Joan, To trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it,
men, And bid them take their kiss - es back, And
way, And bound them - selves by kiss - es twelve, To

Trip it up and down, To trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it,
give them their own a - gain, And bid them take their kiss - es back, And
meet the next hol - i - day, And bound themselves by kiss - es twelve To

Trip it up and down. D.S.
give them their own a - gain.
meet the next hol - i - day.

BEGONE, DULL CARE!

Word founded on a
Song of the 16th Century

OLD TUNE (17th Century)
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney

Cheerfully

VOICE

PIANO

p

p

1. Be - gone, dull Care! I
2. Too much care will

prith - ee be - gone from me, Be - gone, dull Care, You and
make a young man turn gray, And too much care will

mf

I will nev - er a - gree. Long time hast thou been tar - rying here And
turn an old man to clay. My wife shall dance and I will sing, So

mf

fain thou wouldst me kill, But i' faith, dull Care, Thou
merri - ly pass the day, For I hold it one of the wis - est things To

f

dim.

ne'er shalt have thy will.
drive dull care a - way.

mf

dim.

D.S.

WHEN ALL THE WORLD IS YOUNG

CHARLES KINGSLEY

THOMAS WHARTON

Briskly

VOICE

1. When all the world is young, lad, And all the trees are green; And

PIANO

mf

ev - 'ry goose a swan, lad, And ev - 'ry lass a queen. Then

hey! for boot and horse, lad, And round the world a - way; Young

blood must have its course, lad, And ev - 'ry dog his day.

Slow: sad

mp

2. When all the world is old, lad, And all the trees are brown, And

all the sports are stale, lad, And all the wheels run down: Creep

home and take your place there, The halt and maimed a-mong: God

grant you find one face there You loved when all was young!

THE JOLLY MILLER

OLD AIR (Early 18th Century)
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney

Rather fast - gaily

VOICE *mf*

1. There was a jol - ly mil - ler once Lived
2. I live by my mill, she is to me Like

PIANO *mf*

on the riv - er and Dee, _____ He worked and sang from
par - ent, child and wife! _____ I would not change my

morn till night, No lark more blithe than he. _____ And
sta - tion For a - ny oth - er in life. _____ No

this the bur - den of his song For ev - er used to
 law - yer, sur - geon, doc - tor Ev - er had a goat from

be. _____ "I care for no - bod - y,
 me, _____ "I care for no - bod - y,

no, not I, And no - bod - y cares for me."
 no, not I, And no - bod - y cares for me."

ARTHUR OF BRADLEY

TUNE: "ROGER DE COVERLY"
(17th Century or older)

Gaily

VOICE

mf

1. Geor - gy could thrash a drag - on well, Bac - chus emp - ty a flag - on well;
2. Eyes the old mill - er's daugh - ter has Soft as stars in the wa - ter, as
3. Ar - thur her tongue cared nought a - bout, When her guin - eas he thought a - bout,

PIANO

fp

Launce - lot a straw would fight a - bout, Send - ing foes to the right a - bout;
Bright as her fa - ther's guin - eas are; When we gaze we but nin - nies are;
Think - ing what grist the mill - er got, Firm his heart as a pil - lar got,

sf

Guy was strong in bat - tle too, He was the dread of cat - tle too;
Tho' her eyes can light - en us, She has a tongue to fright - en us;
He kept on per - sist - ing so; Dol - ly left off re - sist - ing so;

Yet I'll sing no more of them, One I know worth a score of them;
 Like the mill 'tis clat-ter-ing; Sets one's teeth all a-chat-ter-ing;
 Soon the mill-er's daugh-ter, she Felt as weak as pump-wa-ter, she

Cae-sar, Pom-pey, Hec-tor, were dolts to Ar-thur of Brad-ley,
 All are scared by Dor-o-thy, all but Ar-thur of Brad-ley,
 Vowed that none should mar-ry her, None but Ar-thur of Brad-ley,

Oh! fine Ar-thur of Brad-ley, Ar-thur of Brad-ley, oh!

OH! DEAR, WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?

OLD TUNE
(Time of King Henry VIII)

Fast

VOICE

Oh! dear, what can the mat - ter be?

PIANO

mf

Dear! dear! what can the mat - ter be? Oh! dear,

what can the mat - ter be? Joha-ny's so long at the fair. _____

Fine

Fine

1. He prom-ised he'd buy me a fair-ing should please me, And
 2. He prom-ised he'd bring me a bas-ket of po-sies, A

then for a kiss, oh! he vow'd he wouldtease me, He prom-is'd he'd bring me a
 gar-land of lil-ies, a gar-land of ro-ses, A lit-tle straw hat, to set

D.S. %
 bunch of blue rib-bons, To tie up my bon-ny brown hair. And it's
 off the blue rib-bons, That tie up my bon-ny brown hair. And it's
 %

JOHN PEEL

T. N. GRAVES (1820)

OLD HUNTING SONG
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney

With spirit

VOICE

PIANO

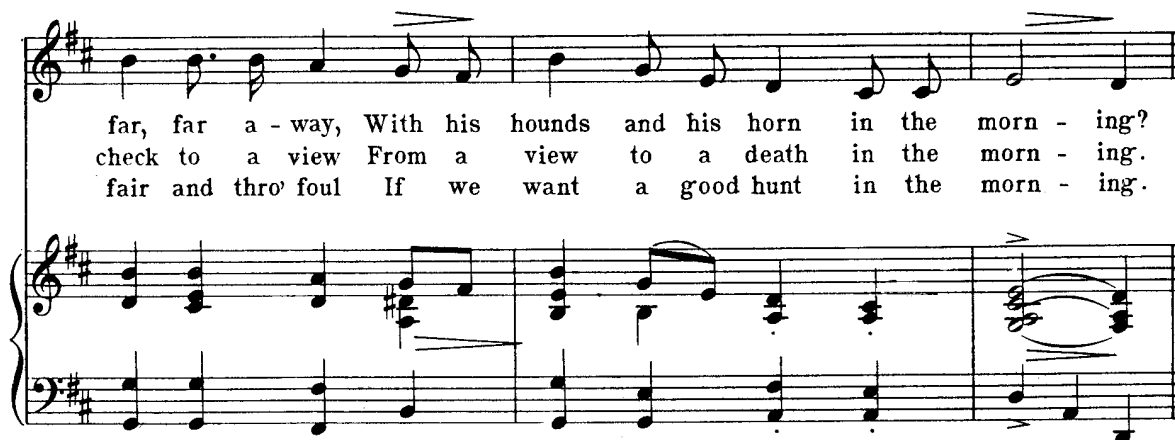
ff

mf

1. D' ye ken John Peel, with his coat so gay, D' ye
 2. Yes, I ken John Peel and — Ru - by too,
 3. Then here's to John Peel from my heart and soul, Let's

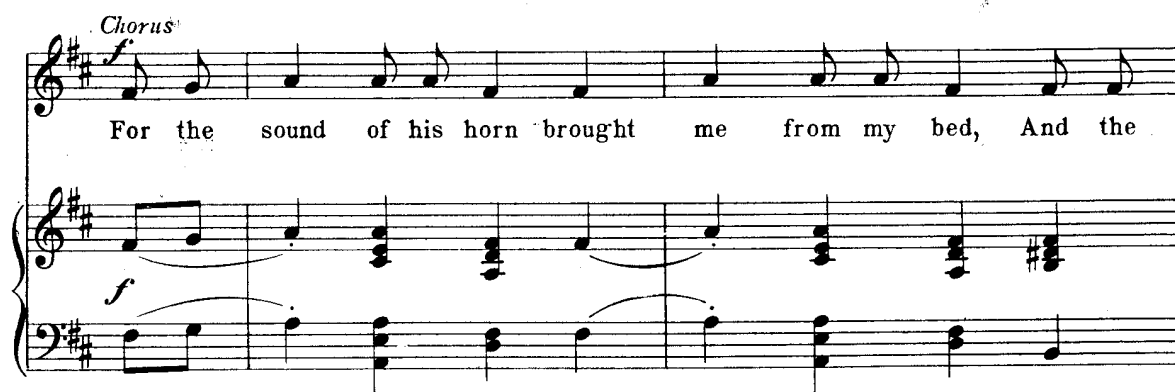
mf

ken John Peel at the break of the day, D' ye ken John Peel when he's
 Ran-ter and Ringwood, Bell-man and True, From a find to a check, from a
 drink to his health let's — fin - ish the bowl, We'll follow John Peel thro' —



far, far a - way, With his hounds and his horn in the morn - ing?
check to a view From a view to a death in the morn - ing.
fair and thro' foul If we want a good hunt in the morn - ing.

Chorus



For the sound of his horn brought me from my bed, And the



cry of his hounds which he oft-times led; Peel's "view hal-loo" would a -



wa - ken the dead, Or the fox from his lair in the morn - ing.

LORD LOVELL

OLD TUNE
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney

Quickly

VOICE

mf

1. Lord Lov - ell he stood at his cas - tle gate, A -
 2. "Oh, where are you go - ing, Lord Lov - ell", she said, "Oh,
 3. La - dy Nan - cy she died as it might be to - day, Lord

PIANO

mf

p

comb-ing his milk - white steed, And by came La - dy Nan - cy Bell To
 where are you go-ing" said she. "I'm go-ing, my dear La - dy Nan - cy Bell, Strange
 Lov - ell he died to - mor - row; And out of her bos - om there grew a red rose And

p

wish her lov - er good speed, speed, speed, To wish her lov - er good speed.
 coun - tries for to see, see, see, Strange coun - tries for to see?
 out of Lord Lov - ell's a briar, briar, briar, And out of Lord Lov - ell's a briar.

cresc.

f

4.

They grew, and they grew, till they reached the Church top,
 And then they couldn't grow any higher;
 And there they entwined in a true lover's knot,
 Which true lovers always admire, mire, mire,
 Which true lovers always admire.

THE THREE RAVENS

17

OLD BALLAD (16th century)

Moderate time

OLD AIR

Arr. by Arthur Somervell

VOICE

PIANO

1. There were three ra-ven's
2. Be - hold! a - las, in

sat on a tree, Down - a - down, hey down, hey down: They were as black as
yon green field, Down - a - down, hey down, hey down: There lies a knight slain

they might be, With a down; — And one of them said to his mate
un - der his shield, With a down; — His hounds lie down be - side his feet, So

“Where shall we our break-fast take?”
well do they their mas - ter keep. With a down, derry, derry, der-ry down, down.

D.S. 3d verse

mf

3. His faith - ful hawks so
4. She lift - ed up his

mf

near him fly, Down - a - down, hey down, hey down. No
ghast - ly head, Down - a - down, hey down, hey down. And

bird of prey dare ven - ture nigh, With a down: _____ But
kissed his wounds that were so red, With a down: _____ She

see! there comes a - fal - low doe, And to the knight she
bur - ied him be - fore the prime, She died her - self e'er

p

3d verse

straight doth go, With a down, der - ry der - ry,
E'en - song time, With a down, der - ry der - ry, der - ry down, down.

4th verse

der - ry down, down. —

rall.

THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL

*) L. MACNALLY (1780)

JAMES HOOK (1746-1827)
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney

Rather fast

PIANO

p *scherz.*

1. On Rich-mond Hill there lives a lass, More bright than May - day
 2. Ye zeph - yrs gay that fan the air, And wan - ton thro' the
 3. How hap - py will the shep - herd be Who calls this nymph his

morn, — Whose charms all oth - er maids sur - pass, A
 grove, — Oh, whis - per to my charm - ing fair, "I
 own! — Oh, may her choice be fixed on me! Mine's

rose with-out a thorn.
 die for her I love." This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet, Has
 fixed on her a - lone.

won my right good will,— I'd crowns re-sign to call thee mine, Sweet

cresc. *f*

lass of Rich-mond Hill. Sweet lass of Rich-mond Hill, Sweet

mf *p*

lass of Rich-mond Hill, I'd crowns re-sign to call thee mine, Sweet

f ad lib. *f colla voce*

lass of Rich-mond Hill.—

a tempo *p* *scherz.* *D.S. %*

SWEET AND LOW

ALFRED TENNYSON

JOSEPH BARNBY

Rather slow ($\text{♩} = 100$)

VOICE *pp*

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern
 2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee

PIANO *pp*

sea, ——— Low, lōw, breathe and blow,
 soon, ——— Rest, rest on moth - er's breast,

p Wind of the west - ern sea. ——— *mf* O - ver the roll - ing
 Fa - ther will come to thee soon. ——— Fa - ther will come to his

wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon and blow,
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west,

Blow him a - gain to me, — While my lit - tle one,
Un - der the sil - ver moon, — Sleep, my lit - tle one,

while my pret - ty one sleeps. —
sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep. —

HOME, SWEET HOME

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE (1792-1852)

Sir H.R. BISHOP (1786-1855)

Rather slow, but not dragging

VOICE

1. 'Mid pleas - ures and pal - a - ces though we may
2. An ex - ile from home splen - dor daz - zles in

PIANO

p

roam, Be it ev - er so hum - ble, there's no — place like
vain, Oh, give — me my low - ly thatched cot - tage a -

home. A charm — from the skies seems to hal - low us
gain! The birds — sing - ing gai - ly that came — at my

mf *p*

there, Which, seek — thro' the world, is ne'er met with else -
call, Give me them — with the peace of mind dear-er than

where. Home! home! — sweet, sweet
all. Home! home! — sweet, sweet

home! There's no — place like home, — there's no place like home.
home! There's no — place like home, — there's no place like home.

MY OLD FRIEND JOHN

J. LEGGE

E. LAND

Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney

In moderate time

VOICE *mf*

1. 'Tis for - ty years, my old friend John, Since
 2. There's glad - ness in re - mem - brance, John, Our
 3. I need not then re - mind thee, John, Of

PIANO *mf*

you and I were young; Bird - nest - ing thro' each
 friend - ship has been true: In all the weal and
 days long past and o'er; The flow'r, the nest, the

for - est glen, What mer - ry mer - ry lays we've sung. We
 woe of life No change that friend - ship knew. We've
 hum - ming bee, For us will charm no more. And

p

climbed the rug - ged moun - tain - side, And
missed some loved ones one by one, Since
our frail forms are fad - ing fast, We

p

culled the bright - topp'd heath - er. ——— Me - thinks it seems but
first we trod the heath - er, ——— And now there's but sweet
could not bound the heath - er, ——— As hand in hand, with

yes - ter - day Since we were boys to - geth - er.
mem - 'ry left, Since we were boys to - geth - er.
glad - some hearts We did, when boys to - geth - er.

f *Poco più mosso*

Since we — were boys, mer - ry, mer - ry boys, Since
 Since we — were boys, mer - ry, mer - ry boys, Since
 When we — were boys, mer - ry, mer - ry boys, When

we were boys to - geth-er. — Me - thinks it seems but
 we were boys to - geth-er. — Un - al - tered is our
 we were boys to - geth-er. — Yet ma - nya tran - quil

ff *rall.* *risoluto*

yes - ter - day, Since we were boys to - geth - er.
 friend - ship, John, Since we were boys to - geth - er.
 year, friend John, May find us still to - geth - er.

SCOTTISH SONGS

29

*THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST

1st verse from *Skein Manuscript* (1620)

2^d and 3^d verses by Mrs. COCKBURN (1765)

FOLKSONG

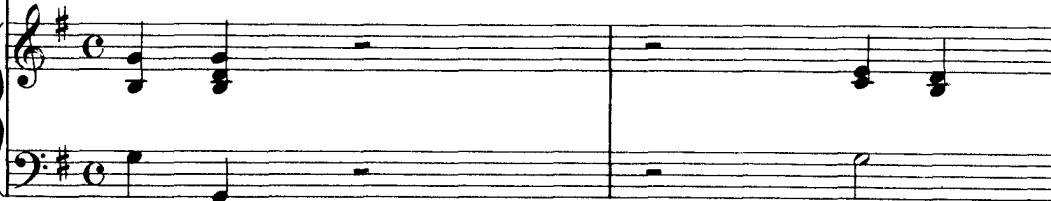
Sadly

VOICE



1. I've heard them lilt - ing at the Ewe milk - ing
 2. I've seen the smil - ing Of for - tune be-guil - ing, I've
 3. I've seen the for - est A - dorn'd at the fore - most Wi'

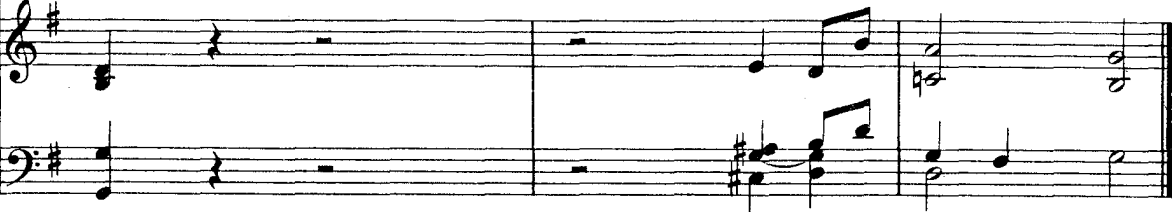
PIANO




Lass-es a - lilt - ing be - fore-dawn of day. Now there's a moan-ing on
 tast-ed her pleas-ures and felt her de-cay. Sweet was her bless-ing, And
 flow'rs o' the fair - est baith pleas-ant and gay. Sae bon-nie was their blooming Their




il - ka green loan - ing, The Flow'rs of the For - est are a' wede a - way.
 kind her ca - ress - ing, But now they are fled, they are fled far a - way.
 scent the air per - fum - ing, But now they're with-er'd and a' wede a - way.



*The flowers of the forest are the young men who died in the battle of Flodden Field, 1513. This melody was played at Queen Victoria's funeral, 1900.

OH, CHARLIE IS MY DARLING

JAMES HOGG (1770-1835)

OLD MELODY

Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney

Briskly and with spirit

VOICE

Oh, Char-lie is my dar-ling, my

PIANO

mf *f* *mf*

dar - ling, my dar - ling, Char - lie is my dar - ling, The

cresc.

young Che - va - lier.

f *p*

{ 1'Twas on a Mon - day morn - ing, Right
2. As Char - lie he came up the gate His
3. Then il - ka bon - nie las - sie sang, As

MERRY MAY THE KEEL ROW

BORDER SONG

JAMES HOGG (1770-1835)

Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney

Rather fast

VOICE

mf

1. As I came down the Can - on - gate, the Can - on - gate, the
 2. He wears a blue bon - net, blue bon - net, blue

PIANO

mf

Can - on - gate, As I came down the Can - on - gate I
 bon - net, A snaw - white rose up - on it, A

heard a las - sie sing. Oh,
 dim - ple in his chin. And } mer - ry may the

keel row, the keel row, the keel row, Oh,

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are 'keel row, the keel row, the keel row, Oh,'. The piano accompaniment is in grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of one flat. It features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand.

mer - ry may the keel row, The ship that my love's in.

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'mer - ry may the keel row, The ship that my love's in.' The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

Mer - ry may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row, Oh,

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line begins with a repeat sign and the lyrics 'Mer - ry may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row, Oh,'. The piano accompaniment includes a dynamic marking of *mf* (mezzo-forte) at the beginning.

mer - ry may the keel row, The ship that my love's in.

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics 'mer - ry may the keel row, The ship that my love's in.' The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord.

SKYE BOAT SONG

(Jacobite)

HAROLD BOULTON

OLD HIGHLAND ROWING MEASURE

Arr. by Malcolm Lawson

With animation and well accented

VOICE

PIANO

§ Chorus to begin, and after each verse

Speed, bon-nie boat, like a bird on the wing, On-ward! the sail - ors

cry; Car - ry the lad that's born to be King

rit *last time only* *Fine* *ff*

O - ver the sea to Skye.

1. Loud the winds howl,
2. Tho' the waves leap,
3. Ma - ny's the lad

rit. *cresc.* *Fine* *ten.* *ten.*

loud the waves roar, Thun - der - clouds rend the air;
soft shall ye sleep, O - cean's a roy - al - bed.
fought on that day Well the clay - more could wield,

ten. *ten.*

rit. *D.S.*

Baf - fled our foes stand by the shore, Fol - low they will not dare.
Rocked in the deep, Flo - ra will keep Watch by your wear - y head.
When the night came si - lent - ly lay Dead in Cul - lod - en's field.

rit. *D.S.*

4.
Burned are their homes, exile and death
Scatter the loyal men;
Yet ere the sword cool in the sheath
Charlie will come again.

BONNIE LADDIE, HIGHLAND LADDIE

JAMES HOGG (1770-1835)

OLD TUNE (about 1650)
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney

Quickly

VOICE

PIANO

mf

1. Where ha'e ye been
2. When he drew his
3. Geor - die sits in

mf

p

a' the day, Bon - nie lad - die, — High - land lad - die?
gude braid-sword, Bon - nie lad - die, — High - land lad - die,
Char - lie's chair, Bon - nie lad - die, — High - land lad - die,

p

mf

f

p

Saw ye him that's far — a — way, — Bon - nie lad - die, —
Then he gave his roy - al — word, — Bon - nie lad - die, —
But I think he'll no — bide — there, — Bon - nie lad - die, —

High-land lad - die? On his head a bon - net__ blue,
 High-land lad - die; Frae the field he ne'er__ would flee,
 High-land lad - die; Char - lie yet shall mount the__ throne,

The first system of the musical score for 'Highland Lad'. It features a vocal melody in G major (one flat) and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The piano accompaniment has a forte (*f*) dynamic in the second measure. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

Bon - nie lad - die, — High - land lad - die, Tar - tan plaid and
 Bon - nie lad - die, — High - land lad - die, Wi' his friends would
 Bon - nie lad - die, — High - land lad - die, Weel ye ken it

The second system of the musical score. The vocal melody continues with a mezzo-piano (*mp*) dynamic in the first measure and a forte (*f*) dynamic in the third measure. The piano accompaniment has a mezzo-piano (*mp*) dynamic in the first measure and a forte (*f*) dynamic in the third measure. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

High-land trew, Bon-nie lad - die, — High-land lad - die.
 live__ or__ dee, — Bon-nie lad - die, — High-land lad - die.
 is__ his__ own, — Bon-nie lad - die, — High-land lad - die.

The third system of the musical score. The vocal melody starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic and ends with a double bar line and repeat sign. The piano accompaniment has a piano (*p*) dynamic in the first measure and a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic in the third measure. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. Above the vocal staff, the text "D.C. after last verse" is written.

*ANNIE LAURIE

Words by WILLIAM DOUGLAS (about 1700)
Revised and third verse added by Lady John Scott

Melody by LADY JOHN SCOTT
Arr. by J. B. Wekerlin

Rather slowly (♩=80) *p*

VOICE

PIANO

mf *rit.* *pa tempo*

1. Max -
2. Her -
3. Like -

wel - ton braes are bon - ny, Where ear - ly fa's the -
brow is like the snaw-drift, Her neck is like the -
dew on the gow - an ly - ing Is the fa' of her fair - y -

poco rit. *a tempo*

dew, _____ And it's there that An - nie Lau - rie Gied
swan; _____ Her face it is the fair - est That
feet; _____ And like winds in sum - mer sigh - ing, Her

poco rit. *a tempo*

*) Annie Laurie, daughter of Sir Robert Laurie, first baronet of Maxwellton, was born Dec. 16, 1682

me her prom - ise true. Gied me her prom - ise
e'er the sun shone on. That e'er the sun shone
voice is low and sweet. Her voice is low and

true, Which ne'er for-got will be; }
on, And dark blue is her e'ee } And for
sweet, And she's a' the world to me;

bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie I'd lay me doon and

1st & 2d D.C. last verse
dee. dee.

a tempo *pp*

Ad. *

GIN A BODY MEET A BODY

OLD MELODY

Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney

Very moderately

VOICE

p

1. Gin a bod-y meet a bod-y Com-in' thro the rye, Gin a body kiss a bod-y,
 2. Gin a bod-y meet a bod-y Com-in' frae the well, Gin a body kiss a bod-y,
 3. Gin a bod-y meet a bod-y Com-in' frae the toun, Gin a body greet a bod-y,

PIANO

p

cresc.

Need a bod-y cry? Il - ka las-sie has her lad-die, Nane they say ha'e I; Yet
 Need a bod-y tell? Il - ka las-sie has her lad-die, Nane they say ha'e I; But
 Need a bod-y gloom? Il - ka las-sie has her lad-die, Nane they say ha'e I; But

p

cresc.

poco rit. *a tempo*

a' the lads they smile at me, When com-in' thro the rye.
 a' the lads they smile on me, When com-in' thro the rye.
 a' the lads they lo'e me well, And what the waur am I?

p *poco rit.* *a tempo* *mf* *p*

4.
 In the train there is a swain
 I dearly lo'e mysel';
 But whaur his hame, or what his name
 I dinna care to tell.
 Ilka lassie has her laddie,
 Nane they say ha'e I;
 Yet a' the lads they lo'e me well,
 And what the waur am I?

THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND

POPULAR MELODY
Arr. by Charles Forteyn Manney

Andantino *p*

VOICE

1. Oh, where, tell me
2. Oh, where, tell me

PIANO

where is your High-land lad-die gone? Oh, where, tell me where is your
where did your High-land lad-die dwell? Oh, where, tell me where did your

mf *cresc.*

High-land lad-die gone? He's gone wi' stream-ing ban-ners, Where no - ble deeds are
High-land lad-die dwell? He dwelt in bon - nie Scot-land, Where blooms the sweet blue

dim.

done; And it's oh, in my heart I — wish him safe at home.
bell; And it's oh, in my heart I — lo'e my lad - die well.

LOCH LOMOND

(The Bonnie Banks of Loch Lomond)

*) TRADITIONAL SCOTTISH MELODY

Arranged by Malcolm Lawson

With much feeling, and rather slow

VOICE

1. By— yon bon-nie banks, and by
2. 'Twas there that we part - ed in
3. The— wee bird - ies sing and the

PIANO

yon bon - nie braes, Where the sun shines bright on Loch
yon sha - dy glen, On the steep, steep side o' Ben
wild flow - ers spring, And in sun - shine the wa - ters are

Lo - mon', Where me and my true love Were
Lo - mon', Where in pur - ple hue The
sleep - in', But the brok - en heart it kens Nae

*) Lady John Scott has stated that she and Sir John picked up both words and air from a poor little boy who was singing in the streets of Edinburgh.

ev - er wont to gae, On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks of Loch
Hie - land hills we view, And the moon com-ing out in the
sec - ond spring a - gain, Tho' the wae - fu' may cease frae their

Brisker

Lo - mon' }
gloam - ing. } Oh! ye'll tak' the high-road and I'll tak' the low- road, And
greet - in' }

cresc. *rit.*

I'll be in Scot-land a - fore ye, But me and my true love will

a tempo *rit.*

nev-er meet a-gain On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks of Loch Lo - mon'.

A HIGHLAND LAD MY LOVE WAS BORN

ROBERT BURNS (1759 - 1796)

OLD AIP. "The White Cockade"

Quickly, with animation

PIANO

1. A — High - land lad my — love was born, The
 2. Wi' his phil - a - beg an' — tar - tan plaid, And
 3. They ban - ished him be - yond the sea, But

Low - land lads he — held in scorn, But he still was faith - fu' —
 gude clay - more down by his side, The — la - dies' hearts he —
 ere the bud was — on the tree, A - down my cheeks the —

cresc.

cresc.

to his clan, My gal-lant braw John High-land-man!
 did tre-pan, My gal-lant braw John High-land-man!
 pearls— ran, Em-brac-ing my John High-land-man! } Sing

hey, my braw John High-land-man! Sing ho! my braw John

High-land-man! There's no' a lad in a' the lan' Was

match for my John High-land-man!

4.

But oh, they caught him at the last,
 And bound him in a dungeon fast,
 My curse upon them, ev'ry one,
 They've hanged my braw John Highlandman!

'ROY'S HORSE ENJOYS A GALLOP

Words adapted by HERVEY WHITE

OLD HIGHLAND AIR

Allegretto

VOICE

mf

Roy's horse en-joys a gal-lop,

PIANO

sf *sf* *mf*

mf

Roy's horse en-joys a gal-lop, Oth - er nags may pace and trot, But

Roy— likes to ride a-gal-lop.

1. They leave the barn at ear - ly morn, They
2. Hills rise and fall, the wild birds call, They
3. Down by the sea, a-long the lea, The

^{*)} The original words, "Roy's wife of Aldivalloch" are by Mrs. Grant of Carron (1745-1814)

climb the slope be-yond the pas-ture, The lev-el plain like fields of grain, In-
rest a-while in green lanes shad-y, The spring-time sun in-vites them on, The
sand is beat-en by the wa-ter, The hor-se's hoofs, like rain on roofs, Beat

vites them on a lit-tle fast-er.
gen-tle horse steps like a la-dy. } Roy's horse en-joys a gal-lop,
home-ward now with mer-ry pat-ter.

Roy's horse en-joys a gal-lop, Oth-er nags may pace and trot, But

Roy— likes to ride a - gal - lop.

D. S. $\text{\$}$

D. S.

AND WE'RE A' NODDIN'

Author of words unknown

OLD AIR

Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney

Moderato

VOICE

p

And we're a' nod - din',

PIANO

p

The first system of the musical score. The voice part is on a single staff with a treble clef, starting with a whole rest followed by a half note 'And', a quarter note 'we're', a quarter note 'a'', and a half note 'nod - din'', ending with a quarter rest. The piano accompaniment is on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The right hand starts with a half note chord, followed by a half note chord, and then a half note chord. The left hand starts with a half note chord, followed by a half note chord, and then a half note chord. The tempo is marked 'Moderato' and the dynamics are 'p' (piano).

nid, nid, nod-din', And we're a' nod - din' at our house at hame.

The second system of the musical score. The voice part continues with a half note 'nid', a half note 'nid', a half note 'nod-din'', a half note 'And we're', a half note 'a'', a half note 'nod - din'', a half note 'at', a half note 'our house', and a half note 'at hame.', ending with a quarter rest. The piano accompaniment continues with a half note chord, followed by a half note chord, and then a half note chord. The dynamics are 'p' (piano).

1. Gude e'en to ye kim-mer, And are ye a - lane? O

2. Oh, sair hae I fought, Ear' an' late did I toil, My

3. When he knocht at the door I kennt weel his rap, And

The third system of the musical score. The voice part starts with a repeat sign, followed by a half note 'Gude', a half note 'e'en', a half note 'to ye', a half note 'kim-mer,', a half note 'And', a half note 'are', a half note 'ye', a half note 'a - lane?', and a half note 'O'. The piano accompaniment starts with a repeat sign, followed by a half note chord, a half note chord, and a half note chord. The dynamics are 'p' (piano).

rit

come and see how blithe we are, For Ja - mie he's cam' hame, And
bairn-ies for to feed and clad, My com-fort was their smile! When I
lit - tle Ka - tie cried a - loud "My Dad-die, he's come back!" A

espress

oh, but he's been lang a - wa', And oh, my heart was sair, As I
thocht on Ja - mie far a - wa', And o' his love sae fair, A
storm gaed thro' my anx - ious heart, As thocht-ful - ly I sat, I

rit

sab-bit out a lang fare-weel, May - be to meet nae mair.
bod - in' thrill cam' thro my heart, We'd may - be meet a - gain! } Noo we're
rase, I gazed, fell in his arms, And burst-ed out an' grat!

f a tempo *D.S. %*

a' nod-din', nid, nid, nod-din', And we're a' nod-din' at our house at hame.

f a tempo *D.S.*

*)CALLER HERRIN'

LADY NAIRNE (about 1790)

FOLKSONG

VOICE *p*

Who'll buy cal - ler her - rin'? They're bon-nie fish and hale-some far - in',

PIANO *p*

The first system of the musical score features a voice part and a piano accompaniment. The voice part is written on a single staff in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time, starting with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The lyrics are 'Who'll buy cal - ler her - rin'? They're bon-nie fish and hale-some far - in',. The piano accompaniment is written on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) and also starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic. It features a simple harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines in both hands.

Buy my cal - ler her - rin', New drawn frae the **)Forth.

The second system continues the musical score. The voice part continues with the lyrics 'Buy my cal - ler her - rin', New drawn frae the **)Forth.'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same harmonic style, providing a steady accompaniment for the voice.

1. When ye were sleep-ing on your pil - lows, Dreamt ye aught o' our puir fel-lows,
 2. An' when the creel o' her-rin' pass - es, La - dies clad in silks and la - ces,
 3. Noo, nee-bor wives,come,tent my tell - in', When the bon-nie fish ye're sell - in',

The third system of the musical score contains three verses of lyrics. The voice part is written on a single staff and includes a repeat sign at the beginning of each line. The piano accompaniment is written on a grand staff and also includes a repeat sign at the beginning of each line. The lyrics are: 1. When ye were sleep-ing on your pil - lows, Dreamt ye aught o' our puir fel-lows, 2. An' when the creel o' her-rin' pass - es, La - dies clad in silks and la - ces, 3. Noo, nee-bor wives,come,tent my tell - in', When the bon-nie fish ye're sell - in',.

*) Caller = fresh

**) Forth = ariver in Scotland

Dark-ling as they face the bil-lows, A' to fill our wov-en wil-lows.
 Gath-er in their braw pe-lis-ses, Toss their heads, and screw their fa-ces.
 At a word be aye your deal-in', Truth will stand when a' things fail-in'.

Buy my cal-ler her-rin', They're bon-nie fish and hale-some far-in',

Buy my cal-ler her-rin', New drawn frae the Forth. Cal-ler her-rin', Cal-ler her-rin'.

colla voce

THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMIN'

Verses written in 1715

OLD MELODY (16th century)

Lively

VOICE *mf*

PIANO *p* *mf*

The Camp-bells are com - in', O -

ho, O - ho! The Camp-bells are com - in', O - ho, O - ho, The

cresc.

Camp - bells are com - in' to bon - nie Loch Lev - en, The

cresc.

ff

Camp - bells are com - in', O - ho, O - ho!

Fine

Fine

mf

1. Up - on the Lo - monds I lay, I lay, Up -
 2. The great Ar - gyle, he goes be - fore, He
 3. The Camp - bells they are all in arms, Their

cresc.

on the Lo - monds I lay, I lay, I look - ed down to
 makes the can - nons and guns to roar, Wi' sound o' trump - et,
 loy - al faith an' truth to show, Wi' ban - ners rat - tling

cresc.
f

D. S. al Fine

bon - nie Loch Lev - en, And saw three bon - nie perch - es play.
 pipe and drum, The Camp - bells are com - in', O - ho, O - ho!
 in the wind, The Camp - bells are com - in', O - ho, O - ho!

AULD LANG SYNE

First verse traditional
2nd and 3rd verses by ROBERT BURNS

OLD MELODY

Moderate time, and with dignity mf

VOICE

PIANO

1. Should auld ac-quaintance
2. We twa hae run a -
3. We twa hae pai - delt

be for-got, And nev - er brought to mind? Should auld ac-quain - tance
bout the braes, And pu'd the gow - ans fine, We've wan-der'd mo - ny a
in the burn Frae morn - ing sun till dine, But seas be - tween us

be for-got, And days o' lang syne.
wear - y foot, Sin' auld lang syne. } For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang
braid hae roard, Sin' auld lang syne.

syne, We'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.

D.S. mf p *D.S.*

IRISH SONGS

55

FATHER O'FLYNN

OLD AIR

Arr. by C. Villiers Stanford

Lively Solo

VOICE

1. Of priests we can of-fer a charm-ing va-ri-e-ty, Far re-nown'd for

PIANO

f *p*

larn-in' and pi-e-ty, Still I'd ad-vance ye wid-out un-pro-pri-e-ty

Chorus

Fa-ther O' Flynnas the flow'r of them all. Here's a health to you, Fa-ther O' Flynn,

mf *f* *f*

*Slain-té and slain-té, and slain-té a-gin; Pow'r-ful-est preach-er and

tin-der-est teach-er, And kind-li-est crea-ture in ould Do-ne-gal.

*Pronounced "Slawnts," meaning "Your health!"

Solo

2. Och! Fa-ther O' Flynn you've the won-der-ful way wid you, All ould sin-ners are
3. And tho' quite a-void - in' all fool-ish fri-vol - i - ty, Still at all sea-sons of

wish-ful to pray wid you, All the young chil-der are wild for to play wid you,
in - no-cent jol - li - ty, Where was the play-boy could claim an e - qual - i - ty

You've such a way wid you, Fa-ther, a - vick! *) Still, for all you've so
At com - i - cal - i - ty, Fa-ther, wid you? Once the Bish - op looked

gen - tle a soul, Gad, you've your flock in the grand - est con - trol;
grave at your jest, Till this re - mark set him off wid the rest:

*) A term of endearment

Checking the cra-zy ones, Coaxing on-ais-y ones, Lift-ing the la-zy ones on with the stick.
 "Is it lave gai-e - ty all to the la-i - ty, Can-not the Cler-gy be I-rish-men too?"

Chorus

Heres a health to you, Fa-ther O' Flynn, Slain - té and slain - té and

slain - té a - gin, Pow'r-full-est preach-er and tin-der - est teach-er, And

kind - li - est crea - ture in ould Do - ne - gal._____

THE LITTLE RED LARK

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES

OLD AIR

Arr. by C. Villiers Stanford

VOICE

mf

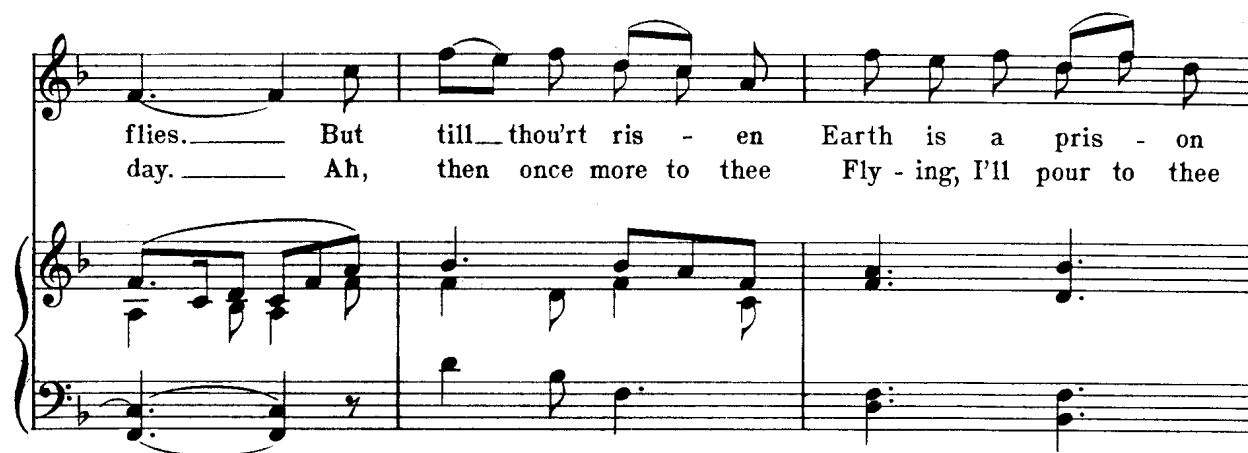
1. Oh, swan of slen-der-ness,
2. The dawn is dark to me,

PIANO

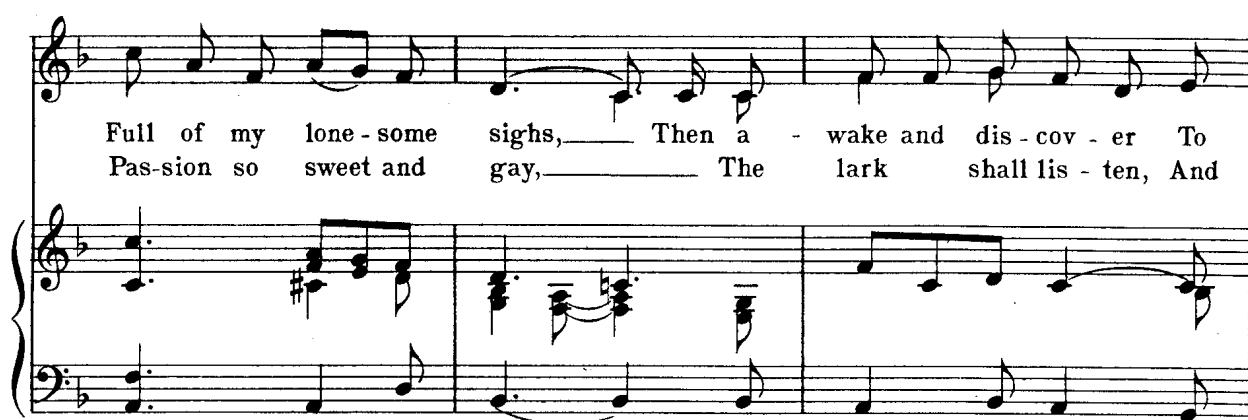
p *pp*

Dove of ten-der-ness, Jew-el of joys,— a-rise! The
Hark, oh, hark to me, Pulse of my heart; I pray! And

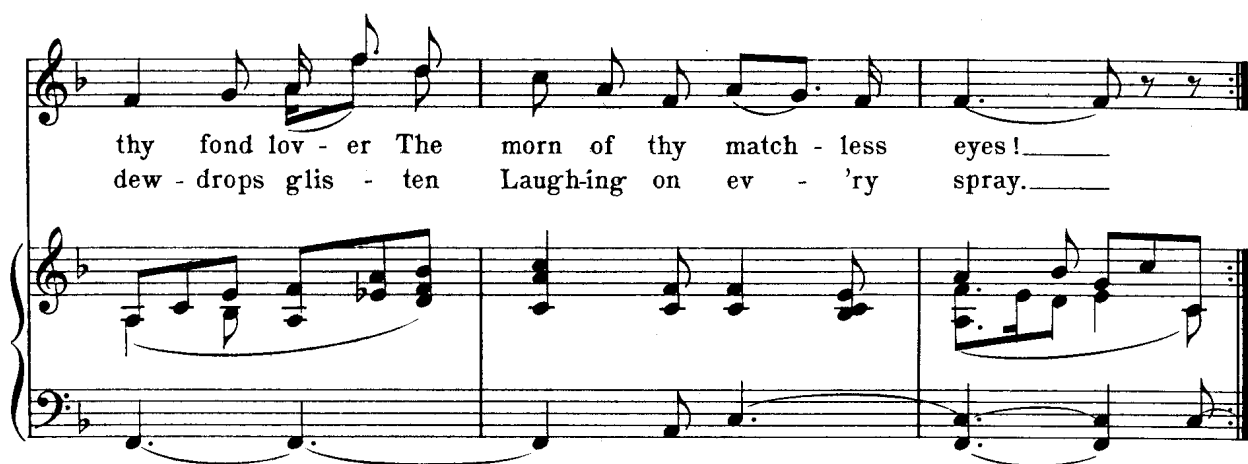
lit-tle red lark, Like a soar-ing spark Of song, to his sun-burst
out of thy hid-ing With blush-es glid-ing, Daz-zle me with thy



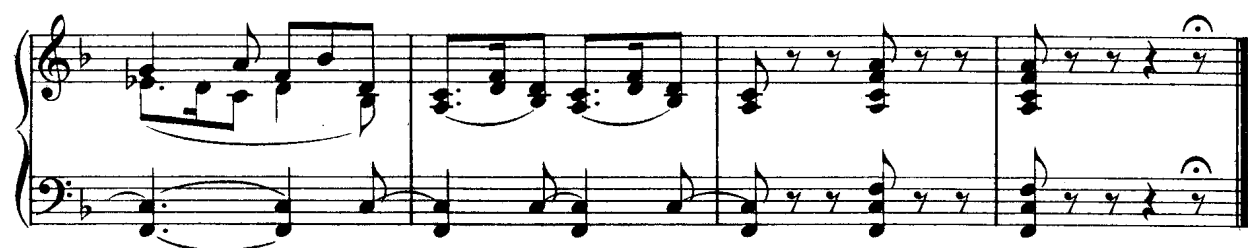
flies. But till thou'rt ris - en Earth is a pris - on
day. Ah, then once more to thee Fly - ing, I'll pour to thee



Full of my lone - some sighs, Then a - wake and dis - cov - er To
Pas - sion so sweet and gay, The lark shall lis - ten, And



thy fond lov - er The morn of thy match - less eyes!
dew - drops glis - ten Laugh - ing on ev - 'ry spray.



THE LOW-BACKED CAR

SAMUEL LOVER (1797-1868)

OLD MELODY
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney

Gaily

VOICE

1. When first I saw sweet Peg-gy, Twas on a mar - ket
 2. Sweet Peg-gy round her car, sir, Has strings of ducks and
 3. I'd rath - er own that car, sir, With Peg - gy by my

PIANO

mf

day, A low - backed car she drove, and sat Up -
 geese, But the scores of hearts she slaugh - ters By
 side, Than a coach - and - four, and gold ga - lore, And a

on a truss of hay: But when that hay was
 far out - num - ber these. While she a - mong her
 la - dy for my bride. For the la - dy would sit fore -

bloom - ing grass, And decked with flow'rs of spring, No
 poul - try sits, Just like a tur - tle - dove, Well
 ninst me, On a cush - ion made with taste, While

flow'r was there that would com-pare With the bloom-ing girl I
 worth the cage, I do en-gage, Of the bloom-ing God of
 Peg-gy would sit be-side me, With my arm a-round her

sing. As she sat in the low-backed car, The
 Love! While she sits in her low-backed car, The
 waist, As we drove in a low-backed car, To be

man at the turn-pike bar Nev-er asked for the toll, But just
 lov-ers come near and far, And en-vy the chick-en That
 mar-ried by Fa-ther Ma-her Oh, my heart would beat high At her

rubbed his ould poll, And looked af-ter the low-backed car.
 Peg-gy is pick-in', As she sits in the low-backed car.
 glance and her sigh, Tho' it beat in a low-backed car.

THE MINSTREL BOY

THOMAS MOORE (1779 -1852)

OLD MELODY
Arr. by J. B. Wekerlin

Rather slowly (♩ = 56)

VOICE

PIANO

mf *p*

1. The
2. The

min - strel boy to the war is gone In the
min - strel fell! but the foe - man's chain Could not

ranks of death you'll find him; His
bring that proud soul un - der; The

fa - ther's sword he has gird - ed on, And his
harp he loved nev - er spoke a - gain, For he

wild tore harp slung be - hind him. And
its chords a - sun - der;

"Land of song" said the war-rior bard, "Tho' all the world be - trays thee, One
said "No chains shall sul - ly thee, Thou soul of love and bra - ver - y! Thy

sword at least thy rights shall guard, One
tones were made for the pure and free, They shall

faith - ful harp shall praise thee"
nev - er sound in sla - ver-y!"

D.C.

THE FOXHUNT

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES

OLD BALLAD
Arr. by C. Villiers Stanford

VOICE *Quickly, with spirit*

PIANO *f*

mf

1. The first morn - ing in March in the year thir - ty - three, There was
 2. When they start - ed bold Rey - nard, he faced Till - a - more, Thro'
 3. With the hounds at his heels ev - 'ry inch of the way, He

p

frol - ic and fun in our own coun - try; The King's Coun - ty hunt o - ver
 Wick - low and Ark - low a - long the sea - shore; There he brisked up his brush with a
 led us by sun - set right in - to Ros - crea; Here he ran up a chim - ney and

sf

mead - ows and rocks Most no - bly set out in the search of a fox.
 laugh, and says he, "Tis might - y re - fresh - ing; this breeze from the sea."
 off of the top, The rogue he cried out for the hun - ters to stop

Chorus

Tal - ly - ho! } hark a - way! Tal - ly - ho! hark a - way! Tal - ly -
 Tal - ly - ho! }
 From their loud)

ho! hark a-way, my boys, a - way! hark a-way!

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

THOMAS MOORE (1779-1852)

OLD MELODY (17th century)
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney

Slowly, with expression

VOICE

PIANO

mf *p* *mf*

p

1. 'Tis the
2. I'll not
3. So—

last rose of sum - mer, Left bloom - ing a -
leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the
soon may I fol - low, When friend - ships de

lone; All her love - ly com - pan - ions Are
stem, Since the love - ly are sleep - ing, Go
cay, And from love's shin - ing cir - cle, The

fad - ed and gone; — No — flow'r — of her
 sleep — thou with them. — Thus — kind — ly I
 gems — drop a - way! — When — true — hearts lie

mf

kin - dred, No — rose - bud is nigh, — To re -
 scat - ter, Thy — leaves — o'er the bed, — Where thy
 with - ered, And — fond — ones are flown, — Oh, —

rit *p*

a tempo

flect back — her blush - es, Or — give — sigh for
 mates of — the gar - den, Lie — scent - less and
 who would — in - hab - it This — bleak — world a -

a tempo

sigh. —
 dead. —
 lone. —

p *pp*

D. S. %

D. S.

COCKLES AND MUSSELS

OLD TUNE

Lively
mf

VOICE
In Dub-*lin's* fair cit- y where girls are so pret-ty 'Twas there I first

PIANO
mf

met with sweet Mol- ly Ma - lone: She drove a wheel - bar-row through

streets broad and nar- row, Sing-ing "Cock-les and mus-sels, a - live, all a - live!"

Refrain
A - live, a - live oh!_ a - live, a - live oh!_ Sing-ing "Cock-les and

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is on a single staff with a treble clef, and the piano part is on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/8. The tempo/mood is marked 'Lively' and the dynamic is 'mf' (mezzo-forte). The lyrics are: 'In Dub-*lin's* fair cit- y where girls are so pret-ty 'Twas there I first met with sweet Mol- ly Ma - lone: She drove a wheel - bar-row through streets broad and nar- row, Sing-ing "Cock-les and mus-sels, a - live, all a - live!"'. The refrain section is marked 'Refrain' and includes the lyrics: 'A - live, a - live oh!_ a - live, a - live oh!_ Sing-ing "Cock-les and'.

p Slower

mus-sels a - live, all a - live!" She died of the "fa-ver" and noth-ing could

save her, And that was the end of sweet Mol - ly Ma - lone: But her

ghost drives a bar-row through streets broad and nar-row, Sing-ing "Cock-les and

Refrain
mf Faster

mus-sels a - live, all a - live!" A - live, a - live oh!_ a -

live, a-live oh!_ Sing-ing "Cock-les and mus-sels, a - live, all a - live!"

MY LOVE'S AN ARBUTUS

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES

OLD MELODY
Arr. by C. Villiers Stanford

Not too slowly

PIANO

The piano introduction is in 3/4 time, marked 'Not too slowly' and 'PIANO'. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a whole note chord (F4, A4, C5) followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff begins with a half note chord (F3, A2, C3) followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piece concludes with a final whole note chord (F4, A4, C5).

pllegato

1. My — love's an ar - bu - tus By the
2. But tho' rud - dy the ber - ry And —

The first system of the song features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in bass clef. The tempo is 'Not too slowly'. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are: '1. My — love's an ar - bu - tus By the' and '2. But tho' rud - dy the ber - ry And —'. The piano accompaniment includes a 'legato' marking.

bor - ders of Lene, So — slen - der and —
snow - y the flow'r That — bright - en to -

The second system of the song continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'bor - ders of Lene, So — slen - der and —' and 'snow - y the flow'r That — bright - en to -'. The piano accompaniment continues with a 'legato' marking.

shape - ly In her gir - dle of green. And I
geth - er The — ar - bu - tus bow'r, Per -

The third system of the song concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'shape - ly In her gir - dle of green. And I' and 'geth - er The — ar - bu - tus bow'r, Per -'. The piano accompaniment continues with a 'legato' marking.

cresc.

meas - ure the pleas - ure Of her eye's sap - phire
fum - ing and bloom - ing Thro' sun - shine and

cresc.

dim.

sheen By the blue skies that spar - kle thro' the
show'r, Give me her bright lips and her

dim.

rall.

soft branch - ing screen.
laugh's pearl - y dow'r.

rall. *a tempo* *p*

pp

A - las, fruit and

pp

blos- som Shall lie dead on the lea, And Time's jeal - ous

rall. fin - gers Dim your young charms, Ma - chree. But un - rang - ing, un - *a tempo cresc.*

f chang - ing You'll still cling to — me, Like the ev - er - green *dim.* *p*

leaf to the ar - bu - tus tree. *dim.*

GERMAN SONGS

73

MEETING (Gaudeamus igitur)

OLD STUDENT'S SONG
English words by Hervey White

OLD MELODY (about 1750)

Solemnly

VOICE

Gau - de - a - mus i - gi - tur Ju - ve - nes dum su - mus;
 1. Sing the song we love to sing, Sing the song of greet - ing,
 Sing till all the ech - oes ring, Joy - ous - ness re - peat - ing.

PIANO

Post ju - cum - dum ju - ven - tu - tum, Post mo - les - tam se - ne - ctu - tem,
 Song we sang when we were young - er: Song will sing when age grows strong - er.

Nos ha - be - bit... hu - mus, Nos ha - be - bit... hu - mus.
 Glad - some song of meet - ing, Glad - some song of meet - ing.

2.

Welcome all the day shall bring,
 Welcome joy and sorrow,
 Welcome duties, welcome care,
 Welcome hope tomorrow.
 While we sing we care not whether
 Toil is hard, we are together;
 We can courage borrow,
 We can courage borrow.

THE FIR TREE

(O Tannenbaum)

AUGUST ZARNACK (1819)
Translated by Edward Thatcher

FOLKSONG (1799)

In moderate time

VOICE

mf

1. O for - est fir, O for - est fir, Thy
 2. The night - in - gale, the night - in - gale, His
 3. The val - ley stream, the val - ley stream, It

PIANO

mf

heart is true for ev - er, O for - est fir, O
 song is for the sea - son! The night - in - gale, the
 danc - es but a meas - ure, The val - ley stream, the

mf

for - est fir, Thy heart is true for ev - er. In
 night - in - gale, His song is for the sea - son! He
 val - ley stream, It danc - es but a meas - ure, Runs

p

sum - mer days the leaf - lets grow, Yet
stays till shin - ing sum - mer dies, When
full and strong in times of rain, Thro'

smile on green thro' win - ter snow. *mf* O for - est fir, O
au - tumn comes a - way he flies. The night - in - gale, the
dust - y days goes dry a - gain. The val - ley stream, the

for - est fir, Thy heart is green for ev - er.
night - in - gale, His song is for the sea - son.
val - ley stream, It danc - es but a meas - ure.

THE LORELEY

(Die Lorelei)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

FRIEDRICH SILCHER
(1789-1860)

In moderate time

VOICE

1. I know not what it may be -
2. Up - on the heights is
3. The boat - man up - on the

PIANO

p

to - ken, That I such sad - ness know, — A
seat - ed A maid - en won - drous fair, — Her
wa - ters Is held in long - ing dread, — He

leg - end of by - gone a - ges, It haunts me, nor will it
gold - en ar - ray — is shin - ing, She combs her gold - en
sees not the reef — be - fore him, Sees but the height o - ver -

go. The air is cool, day is wan - ing, And
 hair. With comb of gold she combs it, And
 head. The bil - lows sur-round - ing en - gulf him, Till

gent - ly flows the Rhine, The rays of de - part - ing
 sings a won - drous song; In ca-dence so strange - ly
 boat and boat-man are gone; And this with her art - ful

sun - light, The moun - tain heights en - shrine.
 haunt - ing The sound is borne a - long.
 sing - ing The Lo - re - ley hath done.

THE MILLER'S FLOWERS

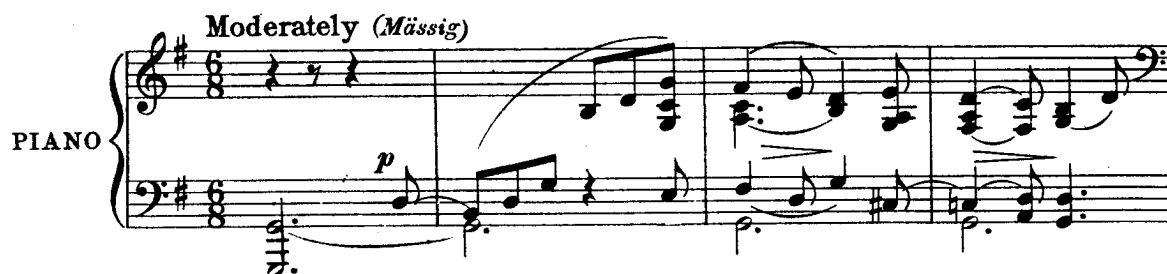
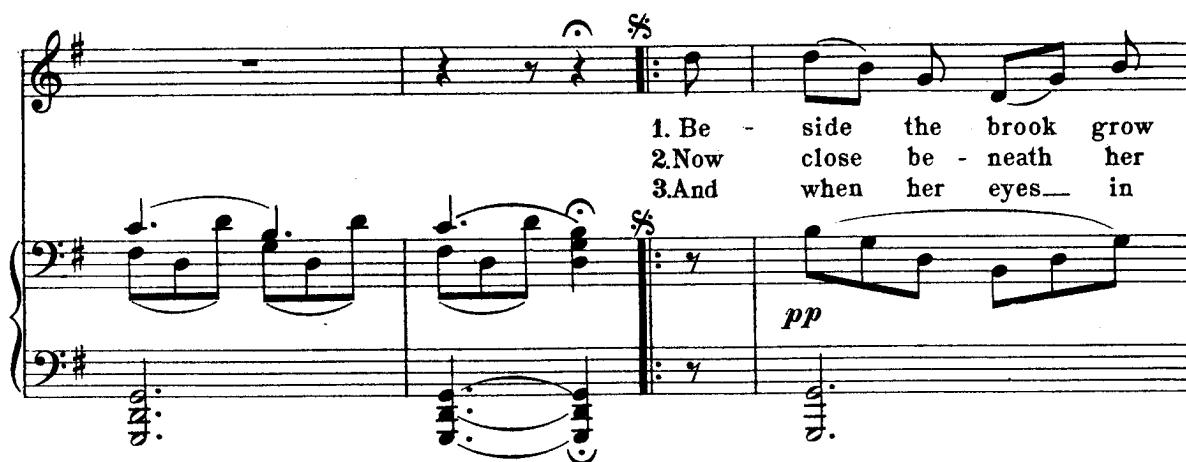
(Des Müllers Blumen)

WILHELM MÜLLER (1794-1827)

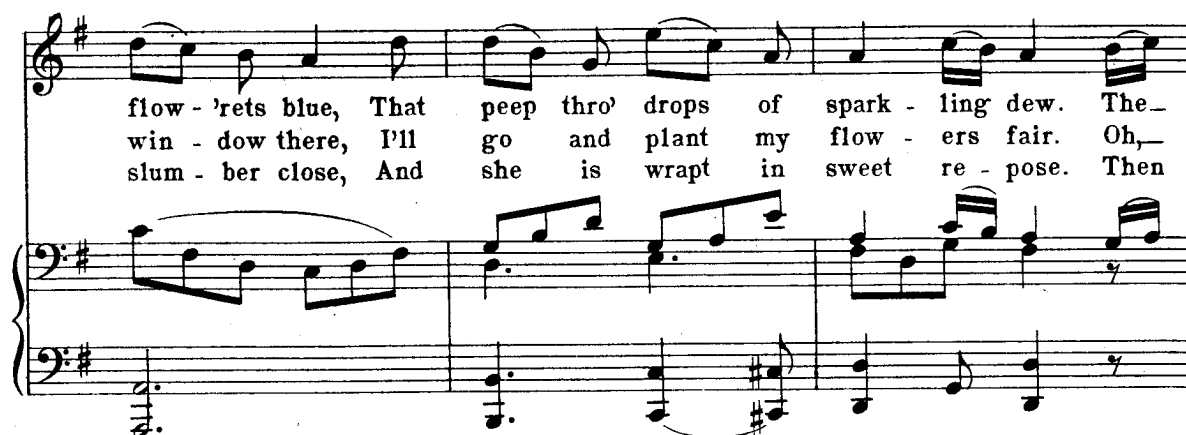
FRANZ SCHUBERT, Op. 25, No. 9
(1797-1828)

Moderately (*Mässig*)

PIANO

1. Be - side the brook grow
2. Now close be - neath her
3. And when her eyes— in



flow - 'rets blue, That peep thro' drops of spark - ling dew. The—
win - dow there, I'll go and plant my flow - ers fair. Oh—
slum - ber close, And she is wrapt in sweet re - pose. Then



mil - ler holds the brook - let dear, My dar - ling's eye is
call to her when still - ness reigns, When slum - ber all her
whis - per from your lone - ly spot In dreams to her "For -

blue — and clear. So they — are
soul — en — chains. Full well — ye
get — me not? Yes, then — you

pp

mine, these flow — ers, So they are
know my mean — ing, Full well ye
have — my mean — ing, Yes, then you

cresc.

mine, — these flow — ers. *Fine*
know — my mean — ing. *Fine*
have — my mean — ing.

D.S.

MORNING

(Steh' nur auf, du Schweizerbu')

English words by Hervey White

TYROLEAN FOLKSONG (1822)

In moderate time

VOICE

mf

1. Come a - wa - ken, a - wa - ken, my lit - tle Boy Blue, Don your
2. It is time to be work - ing, the morn - ing is bright, Birds and

PIANO

mf

kir - tle, and strap on your horn. For the roos - ter just crew "Cock-a -
bees long have been on the wing. All the crea - tures of night hide a -

doo - dle - doo' And the cow's call - ing too with a faint hun - gry "Moo," And the
way out of sight, And the folk of the light work with all of their might, While Boy

geese and the chick - ens are cack - ling for you, And the pigs are a - squeal - ing for corn.
Blue lies a - drows - ing in sad la - zy plight, He a - lone now re - fus - es to sing.

HOW CAN I LEAVE THEE?

81

(Ach, wie ist's möglich dann)

Thüringian Folksong

FRIEDRICH KÜCKEN (1810-1882)

Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney

Rather slowly

VOICE

1. How can I leave thee, dear, And leave my
2. Blooms in a sha - dy spot, Sweet blue for -

PIANO

heart thus here? Thou art that heart's best love, All else a - bove:
get - me - not; Laid on that heart of thine, For - get not mine!

Thou dost pos - sess my soul, Thou dost each thought control,
Tho' hope and flow'r may die, Still rich in love am I,

No love this heart hath known, But thine a - lone.
True love, as thou shalt see, Dies not in me.

rall.

rall.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked 'Rather slowly'. The score consists of five systems of music. Each system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are in English, with the German title '(Ach, wie ist's möglich dann)' at the top. The piano part features arpeggiated chords and flowing lines. The vocal part has a melodic line with some phrasing slurs. The score ends with a double bar line and a 'rall.' (rallentando) marking.

HEDGE ROSES

(Heiden-Röslein)

JOHANN WOLFGANG von GOETHE (1749-1832)
Translated by C.F.M.FRANZ SCHUBERT, Op. 3, No. 3
(1797-1828)

Gracefully

VOICE

1. Once a boy a rose es - pied In the hedge-row
 2. Said the boy "I'll gath - er thee, In the hedge-row
 3. Un - dis-mayed he plucked the rose, In the hedge-row

PIANO

pp

bloom - ing; Fresh and young, the morn - ing's pride, Think - ing not her
 bloom - ing." Said the rose "My thorns you'll see, Pain - ful will the
 bloom - ing, Vain - ly she la - ments her woes, Vain - ly doth her

charms to hide, All the air per - fum - ing, } Wild rose, lit - tle
 end - ing be Of your rash pre - sum - ing." }
 thorns op - pose, Gone her sweet per - fum - ing.

cresc. *pp rall.*

a tempo

wild rose red, In the hedge-row bloom - ing.

a tempo

PEACE OF NIGHT

83

G. SCHERER

(Frieden der Nacht)

Translated by Elizabeth M. Traquair

CARL REINECKE

(1824 -)

Moderate time

VOICE

PIANO

p

The sun has long de - part - ed, The day to night doth yield; And

peace, so still and ho - ly, Broods o - ver house and - field. To wear - ied eye-lids

pp

gen - tly The night brings sweetest sleep, And in each lit - tle cham - ber Gods

mf

poco rit. an - gel watch doth keep. *p* He - lulls with song so gen - tle The babe to sweet re -

a tempo

poco rit. *p* *a tempo*

pose; *pp* A - non the chords are si - lent, The wear - ied eye - lids close. *rit.*

pp *rit.*

LADYBIRD

(Marienwürmchen)

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 79, No 14
(1810 - 1856)

Not fast (*Nicht schnell*)

VOICE

1. Come, La - dy - bird, and seat your - self Up -
2. Go, La - dy - bird, fly home, fly home, 'Tis
3. Fly, La - dy - bird, now fly a - way A -

PIANO

p *fp*

on my hand, up - on my hand; Be sure I will not
all on fire, your chil - dren cry So sore - ly, oh, so
cross the hedge, a - cross the hedge, The neigh - bors will not

fp

harm you, No, I'll not harm you! I
sore - ly, Cry, cry so sore - ly! The
harm you, No, They'll not harm you! They

fp

ten. *ten.* *fp* *fp*

will not harm you, pret - ty dear, Show your pret - ty wings and
 cun - ning spi - der spins them in, La - dy - bird, make haste; fly
 will not harm you, pret - ty dear, Show your ti - ny wings and

nev - er fear, Ti - ny wings so gay and
 in, fly in, To your chil - dren cry - ing
 nev - er fear, Give them all a cheer - y

pret - ty.
 sore - ly.
 greet - ing.

GREETING

(Gruss)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799 - 1856)
Translated by Harvey Worthington Loomis

FELIX MENDELSSOHN, Op. 19, No 5
(1809-1847)

Not slow

PIANO *p*

1. Soft - ly cour - ses thro' my soul, Love - li - est of
2. On - ward speed thee to the house, Where the flow'rs are

chim - ing; Float a - broad, thou ti - ny song,
spring - ing, Then, if thou a rose shouldst spy,

Wrought of spring-time rhym - - ing.
Greet her with thy sing - - ing.

SOLDIER SONG

(Soldatenlied)

HOFFMANN von FALLERSLEBEN
Translated by C.F.M.

WILHELM TAUBERT
(1811-1891)

In march time

VOICE

1. A dap - ple grey horse, A bright shin - ing gun, A
2. A brave sol - dier lad Is my lit - tle Dan, He
3. So bu - sy is he That day soon has fled, Then

PIANO

p *sf*

strong wood - en sword; Now sport has be - gun. t r r r dum, t r r r dum, t r r r
march - es so straight Keeps step like a man. t r r r dum, t r r r dum, t r r r
sleep gives com - mand "Come, com - rade, to bed." t r r r dum, t r r r dum, t r r r

p

dum te dum te dum, t r r r dum, Now sport has be - gun.
dum te dum te dum, t r r r dum, Keeps step like a man.
dum te dum te dum, t r r r dum, "Come, com - rade, to bed?"

TWO STARS

(Ländler)

AUSTRIAN FOLKSONG
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney

Not fast

VOICE *mf*

1. Two stars are in the heav - en, La - la - la - la - la -
2. Two but - ter - flies in the gar - den, La - la - la - la - la -

PIANO *mf* *legato*

la, Two stars are in the heav - en, La - la - la - la - la -
la, Two but - ter - flies in the gar - den, La - la - la - la - la -

p

la. } La - la - la - - la - la - - la - la -
la. }

p

la - la - la - la - la - la, la - la.

THE MILL

(In einem kühlen Grunde)

89

JOSEPH von EICHENDORFF (1788-1857)

Translated by Dean Farrar

FRIEDRICH GLÜCK (1814)

Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney

Rather slowly

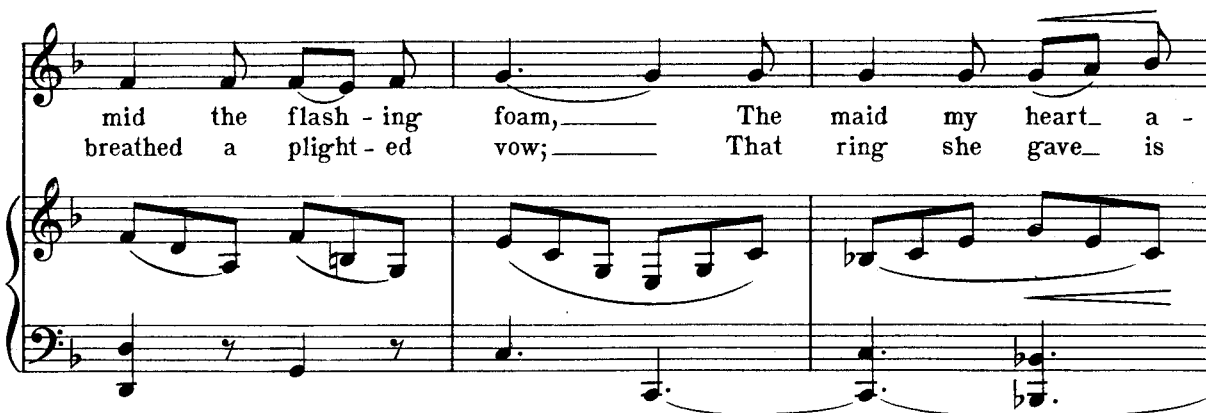
VOICE

1. Where loud the mill wheel roar - eth A -
2. She gave a true love to - ken, She

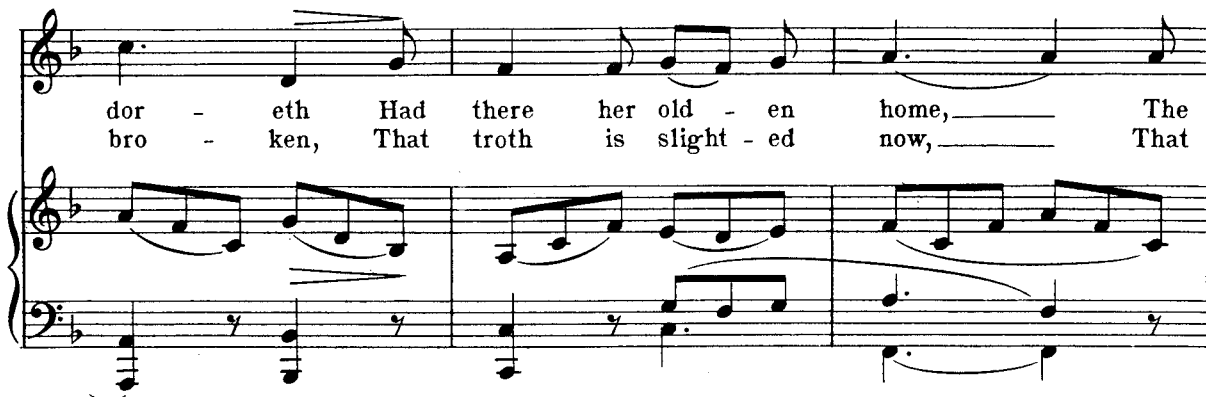
PIANO



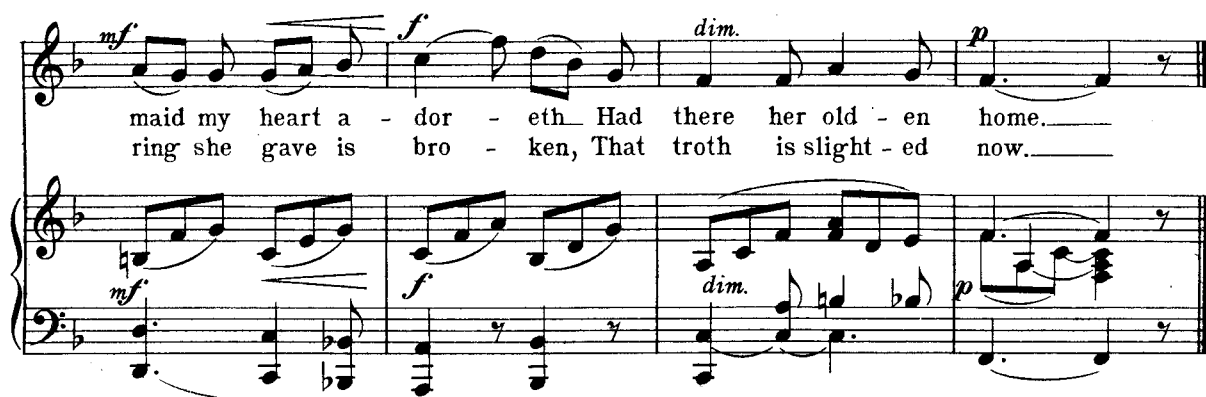
mid the flash - ing foam, The maid my heart a -
breathed a plight - ed vow; That ring she gave is



dor - eth Had there her old - en home, The
bro - ken, That troth is slight - ed now, That



maid my heart a - dor - eth Had there her old - en home,_____
ring she gave is bro - ken, That troth is slight - ed now._____



MY TROOPER

(Mein Schatz ist ein Reiter)

English words by Edward Thatcher

FOLKSONG (1828)

Quite fast

VOICE

PIANO

mf

1. Oh,
2. Blue
3. He's

here is my troop - er, my troop - er so fine: The
eyes and brown hair, and a dim - ple in chin, Oh,
plant - ed a gar - den, and says it is mine, All

horse is the Kai - ser's, the troop - er is mine. } Tra - la -
such a fine troop - er there nev - er was seen.
full of for - get - me - nots, strung in a line.

la - la - la - la, Tra - la - la - la - la, Tra - la - la -

The first system of the musical score features a vocal melody in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The vocal line consists of eighth and quarter notes, with a triplet of eighth notes at the end. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

la - la, tra - la - la - la - la, tra - la - la - la - la, Tra - la - la -

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes a triplet of eighth notes and a half note. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

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

The third system concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes a triplet of eighth notes and a half note. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand. The system ends with a double bar line.

THE GOOD COMRADE

(Der gute Kamerad)

LUDWIG UHLAND (1787-1862)

Translated by Dean Farrar

FOLKSONG (1825)

In march time

VOICE

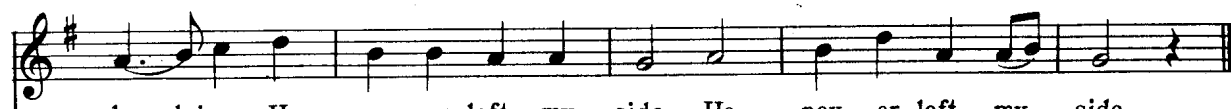


1. I had a lov-ing com - rade, My glo - ry and my pride.
 2. Swift, swift the bul-let whiz - zes; On whom shall fall the blow?
 3. His hand he faint-ly stretched me, But ah! I might not stay!

PIANO




A - mid the war drums sound - ing, While heart and pulse were
 Ah — me! my heart be - reav - ing, Its — fier - y pas - sage
 "No — time for sighs or weep - ing, God — take thee in his

bound-ing, He nev - er left my side, He nev - er left my — side.
 cleav - ing, The bul - let laid him low, The bul - let laid him low.
 keep - ing, Fare - well, dear lad, for aye, Fare - well, dear lad, for — aye."



FRENCH SONGS

BY THE MOON'S PALE LIGHT

(Au clair de la lune)

93

Translated by C.F.M.

JEAN BAPTISTE de LULLY (1632-1687)
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney

Andante non troppo

VOICE

1. "At thy door I'm knock - ing By the moon's pale light.
2. Pier - rot cried in an - swer, By the moon's pale light.

PIANO

pp

Lend a pen, I pray thee, I've a word to — write.
"In my bed I'm ly - ing, Late and chill the — night.

Gut - tered is my can - dle, Burns my fire no more.
Yon - der at my neigh - bor's Some one is a - stir,

cresc.

For the love of Heav - en O - pen now the — door."
Fire is fresh - ly kin - dled, Get a light from her."

pp

MY NORMANDY

(Ma Normandie)

Translated by George Gould

Words and Music by
FRÉDÉRIC BÉRAT (1800-1855)

Andante

VOICE

1. When our cold hopes show buds a - gain, — And
 2. Nor glac - iers born on Al - pine heights — Nor
 3. When fires of ar - dent youth burn low — And

PIANO

p

sul - len win - ter south - ward flies: When
 boats that swim the calm la - goons, Nor
 dreams de - light the pen - sive mind; When

frost is gone, and sun and rain — Con -
 glo - ries of It - al - ian nights, — Nor
 loves tran - scend - ent fe - ver - glow — Has

tend a - long the A - pril skies. When
sil - ver spells of trop - ic moons Can
passed and left con - tent be - hind. Then

sostenuto
na - ture all grows green and soft On vel - vet field and
charm me like the fra - grant morn, When gilds the sun the
will I sing a part - ing song To set my roam - ing

dolce

leaf - y tree, While ex - ile swal - lows veer a -
hills and sea That fringe the coast where I was
spir - it free, Where the great break - ers boom a -

loft, — 'Tis then I love — my — Nor - man - dy.
born, — The dear, dear shore — of — Nor - man - dy.
long — The dear, dear cliffs — of — Nor - man - dy.

DUKE MARLBOROUGH

(Malbrough s'en va-en guerre)

*VERY OLD MELODY

Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney

Not fast

VOICE

1. To — fight the French in Flan - ders, mi - ron -
 2. But — he'll re - turn at East - er, mi - ron -
 3. Now — Whit - sun - tide is o - ver, mi - ron -

PIANO

p

ton, mi - ron - ton, mi - ron - tai - na, To —
 ton, mi - ron - ton, mi - ron - tai - na, But —
 ton, mi - ron - ton, mi - ron - tai - na, Now —

fight the French in Flan - ders Duke
 he'll re - turn at East - er, When
 Whit - sun - tide is o - ver, And

*) Was sung by the Crusaders

under Godfrey de Bouillon

Fine

Marl - bo - rough has gone. — Duke Marl - bo - rough has
all the wars are done. — When all the wars are
still he does not come. — And still he does not

D.C. with following stanza

gone, — Duke Marl - bo - rough has gone. —
done, — When all the wars are done. —
come, — And still he does not come. —

4.

His lady wife has mounted,
Mironton, etc.

His lady wife has mounted
Into her tower on high.

5.

She sees her page approaching,
Mironton, etc.

She sees her page approaching
In sable habit clad.

6.

"The news that now I bring you,
Mironton, etc.

The news that now I bring you
Will make your eyes to weep."

7.

"In battle fell Duke Marlborough,
Mironton, etc.

In battle fell Duke Marlborough,
He now is in the grave."

WHEN I WAS SHEPHERD

(Lorsque j'étais petit)

OLD FRENCH FOLKSONG

Rather quick

VOICE

PIANO

mf

When I was shep - herd, shep - herd, Oh,

ver - y small in - deed, They sent me up the moun - tain My

nim - ble lambs to feed. The wolf came there to dine, Ate

p

up the fat - test three, "My old gray glut - ton fine, please

save the skin for me?" *f* John G. Nole, I love your sing-ing,

Your pret - ty fol - de - rol de rol, John G. Nole, I

love_ your_ sing-ing Your pret - ty fol - de - rol - rol - rol. rol - rol - rol.

1. *D. C.* 2. *D. C.*

FAIR GABRIELLE

(Charmante Gabrielle)

English version by C.F.M.

Words and Music ascribed to
HENRY IV (1600)
Arr. by O. H. Lange

Andante

VOICE

1. Fair Ga - bri - elle — my heart is pierced through by
2. Deign but to share — with me the fair crown my

PIANO

dolce
p

love's keen-est dart, Yet at the call — of glo - ry to
val - or hath won, My heart would of - fer all that it

cresc.

arms I soon must de - part. O cru - el fate, which bids me from
hath to thee — a - lone. Cru - el the part-ing de - creed by — re -

cresc.

thee to fly, — Ease thou the pain of lov - ing — or let me die.
lent-less fate, — Life is too short to har - bor a love so great.

p

I RODE AWAY TO MANDALAY

101

(Je m'en allay à Bagnolet)

Translated by Edward Thatcher

FOLKSONG

VOICE *Moderato* *mf*

1. I rode a - way to Man - da -
 2. I rode a - way our gar - den
 3. I rode back to our house a -

PIANO *mf*

lay, And found a mule that dug a - way, To plant his
 round, And there a crim - son cat I found, That cleaned his
 gain, And there I met a smil - ing wren. That cocked his

car - rots ear - ly.
 gai - ters rare - ly.
 hat so queer - ly.

My Mag - de - lon, I

love you so, I've lost my sen - ses near - ly!

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 6/8. The tempo is marked 'Moderato' and the dynamic is 'mf'. The score is divided into three systems. The first system contains the first three lines of the song, with the piano part providing a harmonic accompaniment. The second system continues the lyrics, with the piano part featuring some melodic lines. The third system concludes the song with the final line of lyrics, 'love you so, I've lost my senses nearly!', and the piano part ending with a final chord.

THE CLEAR COOL POND

(Les trois princesses)

English adaptation by George Gould

OLD FOLKSONG

Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney

Rather soft; with spirit.

VOICE

1. Down by the old farm - house - (Hur - ry, hur - ry, lit - tle
 2. There swim lit - tle fish - es, - (Hur - ry, hur - ry, lit - tle
 3. Quick now through the sed - ges, - (Hur - ry, hur - ry, lit - tle

PIANO

mf *p*

duck - lings!) Down by the old farm - house There's a clear, cool
 duck - lings!) Just to suit your wish - es, In the clear, cool
 duck - lings!) Grow - ing round the ed - ges Of the clear, cool

pond. Clear, cool, bright pool, Clear, cool, bright
 pond. Clear, cool, bright pool, Clear, cool, bright
 pond. Clear, cool, bright pool, Clear, cool, bright

pool. There's a clean, cool pond. _____
 pool. In the clean, cool pond. _____
 pool. Of the clean, cool pond. _____

THE RETURN

(Le Retour)

103

English words by George Gould

MARIE ANTOINETTE

(Queen of France 1755-1793)

In moderate time

VOICE

Sail - or, tell me, o - ver the o - cean Have you

PIANO

seen the tru - est of men? Did his frank eyes claim your

friend-ship? Is he soon com - ing home-ward a-gain? Our threads of

p dolce

life Strong - ly en - twine, I hold his heart - strings,

mf

He holds mine, — I — hold his heart-strings, He holds mine. —

THE SHEPHERD MAIDEN

(Il était une bergère)

English adaption by Phoebe Lyde

OLD TUNE

Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney

Moderato

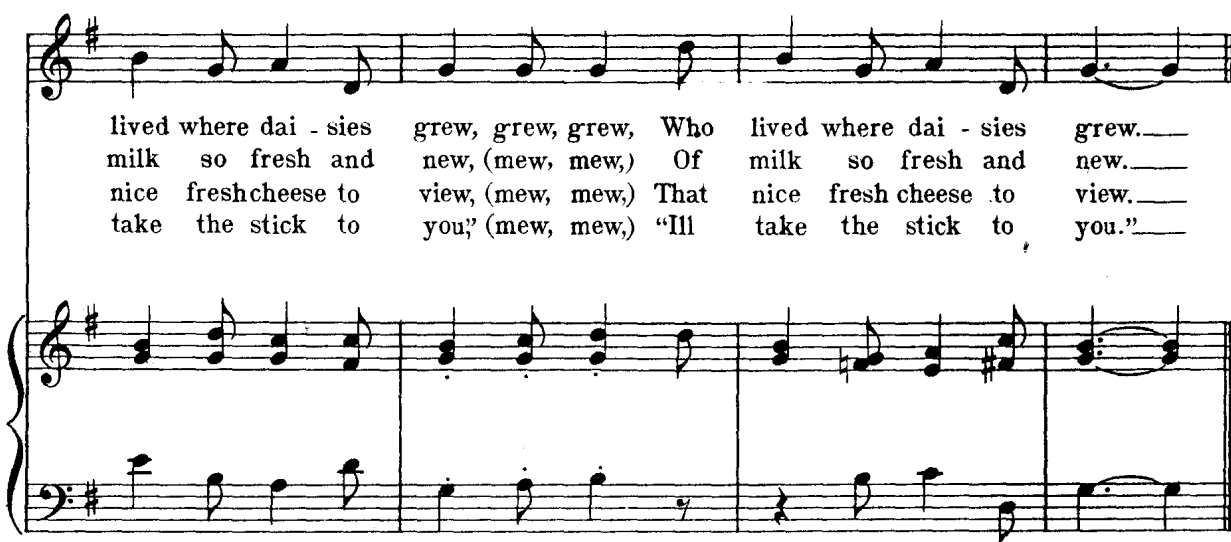
VOICE

1. There was a lit - tle maid - en,
 2. She made a cheese one morn - ing,
 3. Her cat came sly - ly creep - ing,
 4. "If once your paw comes near it,"

(Sing mew, mew, mew, and

PIANO

how d'ye do,) There was a lit - tle maid - en, Who
 She made a cheese one morn - ing Of
 Her cat came sly - ly creep - ing, That
 "If once your paw comes near it, I'll



lived where dai - sies grew, grew, grew, Who lived where dai - sies grew.____
 milk so fresh and new, (mew, mew,) Of milk so fresh and new.____
 nice freshcheese to view, (mew, mew,) That nice fresh cheese to view.____
 take the stick to you,' (mew, mew,) "Ill take the stick to you."____

5.

'Twas not his paw came near it -
 (Sing mew, mew, mew, and how d'ye do.)
 'Twas not his paw came near it
 His chin he put right through (mew - mew.)
 His chin he put right through!

6.

Across his back in anger
 (Sing mew, mew, mew, and how d'ye do.)
 Across his back in anger
 The stick she broke in two - (mew - mew)
 The stick she broke in two.

7.

"Papa, my heart is breaking"
 (Sing mew, mew, mew, and how d'ye do.)
 "Papa, my heart is breaking,
 My cat I almost slew" (mew - mew)
 "My cat I almost slew."

8.

"Give him some milk, my darling,"
 (Sing mew, mew, mew, and how d'ye do.)
 "Give him some milk, my darling,
 Give me a kiss then, too." (mew - mew)
 "Give me a kiss then, too."

HE THAT WILL NOT WHEN HE MAY

(J'ai un long voyage à faire)

Translated by Edward Thatcher

FOLKSONG

In moderate time

VOICE

mf

1. Must I ride so long a jour - ney, Who will go for
 2. Finds the doors all shut and bolt - ed, En - ters by the
 3. Good - day one, Good - day an - oth - er; Good - day, Beau - ty

PIANO

mf

me so far? Pret - ty bird goes gai - ly fly - ing
 win - dow bar. Hum - bly greets three la - dies spin - ning,
 that you are. Lov - er sends me here to tell you

Where love's house and gar - dens are. _____
 One a - mong them like a star. _____
 Don't for - get him when he's far. _____

Refrain

p

Vi - o - let doub - le, doub - le, doub - le, vi - o - let doub - le, fa - la - la!

p

Vi - o - let doub - le, doub - le, doub - le, vi - o - let doub - le,

1. & 2. *last verse*

fa - la - la! fa - la - la! Lov - ers who can

not take troub - le They may stay just where they are.

THE CITY RAT AND THE COUNTRY RAT

English version anonymous

FOLK SONG

Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney

Rather fast

VOICE

1. Once a rat who loved the ci - ty Asked a
 2. Good the roast was found on eat - ing, Naught was
 3. Qui - et all, they left their cov - er, Coun - try
 4. "In my barn I eat at lei - sure, Noth - ing

PIANO

p

coun - try rat to dine, In a fash - ion neat and
 want - ing in the least; But at ev - 'ry mer - ry
 rat was dumb with fright; Ci - ty rat said to the
 will dis - turb us there; Fare you well! If you have

pret - ty On some scrapes of pig - eon fine.
 meet - ing Some - thing will dis - turb the feast.
 oth - er, "Come and let us fin - ish quite!"
 plea - sure, You have al - so fear and care."

Fine

mf

On a Tur - key car - pet rare Nice - ly
 Sud - den - ly they hear a noise As of
 "Thank you, no, I've got e - nough; Roy - al

mf

were the cov - ers laid; I will leave you to im -
 some one at the door; Soon the coun - try rat was
 though the feast you made! Don't be vexed, but come to -

mf

ag - ine What a jol - ly meal they made.
 run - ning, Ci - ty rat was off be - fore.
 mor - row Out to me" the rus - tic said.

D.C.

D.C.

YOUTH HAS GONE

(Plus ne suis ce j'ai été)

Words ascribed to
CLÉMENT MÉROT (1495)
Translated by George Gould

*FOLKSONG

Andante

VOICE

1. Youth has— gone, and nev - er I no - ticed,
2. Age can— come, I nev - er shall mur - mur,

PIANO

Gone— like a wel - come pass - ing friend. Ev - er I
Sol - dier, time - hon - ored and set free; Ear - nest and

dreamed a - bout— my— pleas - ures, Pleas - ures that
splen - did was— my— serv - ice, Tri - umphs are

*This air was used by Händel for his set of variations known as "The Harmonious Blacksmith."

nev - er seemed to end. O Love, to you my
end - ed now for me. So Love, to you my

youth was giv - en; On your high al - tars.
youth was giv - en; On your high al - tars.

burned its flame. Ah! though things more worth be in
burned its flame. Ah! could I this earth change for

heav - en, All be - side on earth is tame.
heav - en, I'd live life o - ver just the same.

COME, AURORA

(Viens, Aurore)

Verses ascribed to HENRI IV

Translated by C.F.M.

OLD AIR (16th century)

Arr. by O.H. Lange

Allegretto

VOICE

1. Come, Au - ro - ra, I im - plore thee, Bring me
 2. She is fair be - yond com - par - ing, Gold - en
 3. Lis - tning to her voi - ce's mu - sic Night - in -

PIANO

p

joy and hap - pi - ness. Not more ro - sy is thy
 curls her brow a - dorn; While her eyes with spark - ling
 gales for - get their song. And the shep - herd's pipe is

dawn - ing, Than my love - ly shep - herd - ess. Not more
 glanc - es Shame the bright - est star of morn. While her
 si - lent, When the sound is borne a - long. And the

ro - sy is thy dawn - ing Than my love - ly shep - herd - ess.
 eyes with spark - ling glanc - es Shame the bright - est star of morn.
 shep - herd's pipe is si - lent, When the sound is borne a - long.

SCANDINAVIAN SONGS

TWILIGHT MUSING

113

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSSEN

(NORWEGIAN)

HALFDAN KJERULF

Translated by Aubertine Woodward Moore

(1815-1868)

Rather slowly

VOICE

1. The King's daugh-ter sat in her loft-y bow'r, A
 2. The King's daugh-ter sat in her loft-y bow'r, The
 3. The King's daugh-ter, up in her loft-y bow'r, Heard

PIANO

mf *p*

boy piped a lay at the foot of the tow'r. Be still, lit-tle boy, ah! have
 mu-sic was hushed at the foot of the tow'r. Oh! pipe once a - gain, gen-tle
 mu-sic once more at the foot of the tow'r. She bit-ter-ly moaned, as the

cresc.

done with your lay, It fet-ters my thoughts, and they'd soar far a -
 boy, your sweet lay, Give wings to my thoughts, for they'd soar far a -
 eve-ning drew nigh, "My heart it is heav - y, I can - not tell

cresc.

p *after last verse*

way, When the sun goes down...
 way, When the sun goes down...
 why," And the sun went down...

dim. e poco rit. *a tempo* *p*

THE FIRST PRIMROSE

(Mit einer Primula veris)

From the Norwegian of J. PAULSEN
by F. Corder

(NORWEGIAN)

EDVARD GRIEG
(1843 -)

Allegretto dolcissimo (Not too fast)

VOICE

O take, thou love - ly child of spring, This

PIANO

Spring's first ten - der flow - er. De - spise it not, that

la - ter on Fair ro - ses June will show - er. The

sum - mer has its gold - en charm, In au - tumn hearts are

gay, — But Spring is love - li - er than all, The

poco rit time of Love and play. — *pp* *a tempo* For thee and me, O

dear - est maid, The light of Spring is glow - ing; Then

mf take the flow'r and rap-ture yield, Thy heart on me be - stow-ing. *dim. e poco rit* *p*

FARMYARD SONG

(NORWEGIAN)

English words adapted by
HERVEY WHITEEDVARD GRIEG, Op. 61, No. 3
(1843-)

Allegro leggiero

p Gaily

VOICE

PIANO

1. Come, chick, chick, chick, chick - ie, Come, old roos - ter,
2. The_ foun - tain is splash - ing, Come pick up this

too: The_ Bim - bo is_ call - ing, is_ call - ing to
corn: The_ fil - ly is_ neigh - ing, way_ out by the

you: Come, big Tur - key gob - bler, Come duck - ie, old
barn: Go off, you big dog - gie, I hear a wee

wob - bler, You tum - ble so slow, Tip down on your toe. Come,
frog - gie, Go off! hunt him up, Take with you your pup. I'm_

pp ten. *ten.* *rit.* *a tempo*

pp *rit.* *a tempo*

Red. * *Red.*

doves, with your coo - ing, Leave off love and woo - ing, Come
feed - ing the chick - ens, These are not your pick - ings, The

eat this big crumb: Don't pick at my thumb. I love you
big folks are gone, We're play - ing a - lone, Come all, come

all, I love you so dear - ly. Shoo! Gob - bler, you up - set me
all, We're birds of a feath - er, Come all, we are birds of a

near - - ly.
feath - - er.

pp

SOUNDS OF SPRING

(NORWEGIAN)

Translated by C. F. M.

FOLKSONG

In moderate time

VOICE

1. When the spring is seen — Robed in ten - der green,
 2. When the spring re - turns, — When love ar - dent burns,

PIANO

p

On the fields new life be - stow - ing; When in leaf - y wood —
 Hold - ing hearts in chains en - dur - ing, Then go not a - lone —

p

Sweet - est songs are heard, And the balm - y breeze is blow - ing.
 Where the trees make moan, To their ver - dant thick - ets lur - ing.

Then at mid - night when the moon is shin - ing bright,
 Lis - ten not where elves are danc - ing in a ring,

Gai - ly dance the fair - ies by the sil - v'ry light.
 By their mag - ic they'll en - chant thee while they sing.

When the spring is seen Robed in ten - der green,
 When the spring re - turns, When love ar - dent burns,

On the fields new life be - stow - ing.
 Hold - ing hearts in chains en - dur - ing.

BRAVE OF HEART

(SWEDISH)

FOLKSONG

Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney

Sturdily

VOICE

1. Brave of heart and war-riors bold, Were the Swedes from time un-told,
 2. Song of ma-nya thou-sand year Rings thro' wood and val-ley clear,

PIANO

Breasts for hon-or ev-er warm, Youth-ful strength in he-ro arm!
 Pic-ture thou of wa-ters wild, Yet as tears of mourn-ing mild.

p

Blue eyes bright Dance with light For thy dear green val-leys old;
 To the rhyme Of past time Blend all hearts and lists each ear,

p

North! thou gi-ant limb of earth, With thy friend-ly home-ly hearth.
 Guard the songs of Swe-dish lore, Love and sing them ev-er-more.

f *rall.*

f *rall.*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo/style marking is 'Sturdily'. The piano part features a consistent accompaniment of eighth-note chords in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand. The lyrics are in English, with two verses. The score includes dynamic markings such as *mf*, *p*, and *f*, and a *rall.* (rallentando) marking towards the end. The piece concludes with a final chord in the piano part.

POLISH AND RUSSIAN SONGS

121

KRAKOVIAK (No 1)

Words adapted

POLISH NATIONAL DANCE

Lively

VOICE

mf

Mix a pan-cake, stir a pan-cake, Toss it in the

PIANO

mf

pan, the pan;— Catch it if you can, you can;— Eat it here be -

side me. Mix the pan-cake, stir the pan-cake, Pop it in the

pan, And I'll sit be - side you.

p

THE MAIDEN'S WISH

(POLISH)

Translated by F. W. Rosier

FRÉDÉRIC CHOPIN
(1810-1849)

Not too fast (♩. 112)

VOICE

PIANO

mf

1. Were I the sun, so
2. Were I a bird - ling,

p

cresc. *p*

high in heav - en soar - ing, On - ly on thee should my
high in heav - en sing - ing, Joy to thy heart my song

cresc. *p*

friend - ly rays be pour - ing. Not on the for - est green,
should be ev - er bring - ing. Not on the for - est green,

marcato

Not on the fields se - rene, But in the lit - tle win - dow;
 Not on the fields se - rene, But in the lit - tle win - dow;

There would I all my friend - ly rays be pour - ing,
 Were I a bird - ling, there would I be sing - ing,

Were I the sun, so high in heav - en soar - ing.
 Joy to thy heart my songs should e'er be bring - ing.

D. S.

KRAKOVIAK

(No 2)

Words adapted

POLISH NATIONAL DANCE
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney

Lively

VOICE

mf

Hand in hand dan-cing, Tra - la - la - la - la - la - la,

PIANO

mf

Out and in gai - ly, Tra - la - la - la - la - la - la!

f

Heel and toe fast - er, Now *p* light - er than a feath - er:

mf

Lilt - ing to the mu - sic, Oh, hand in hand to - geth - er.

LOVELY MINKA

125

(Schöne Minka)

Translated by C. F. M.

FOLKSONG (*Little Russia*)

In moderate time

VOICE *p*

1. To the war the Cos-sack goes, Bids his love a fond good-bye.—
 (He) 2. "Do not wring those fair white hands, Weep no tears of grief for me;—

PIANO *p*

(He) "Now, my trust - y steeds, your fleet - est, Let me see you fly!"
 From the war, be - decked with hon - ors, I'll re - turn to thee?"

(She) "Wait, oh, wait, my Cos-sack brave, See, thy sweet-heart weeps for thee,
 (She) "Noth-ing in the world I sigh for, Noth - ing want, but on - ly thee,

When thou art in for - eign lands, Wilt thou think of me?"
 All may go, if my be - lov - ed Still is true to me."

THE NIGHTINGALE

(RUSSIAN)

Translated by C. F. M.

A. ALABIEFF
(1802-1852)

Slowly and with expression

PIANO

Piano introduction in D major, 2/4 time. The music is marked 'p' (piano) and 'Slowly and with expression'. It features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand, with some triplets and slurs.

Vocal entry and piano accompaniment for the first system. The vocal line is in D major, 2/4 time, marked 'p' (piano). The piano accompaniment is in the same key and time, marked 'p' (piano). The lyrics are:

1. Night - in - gale, O night - in - gale,
2. When my lov - er went from me,
3. Thro' the night for - lorn I weep,

Vocal entry and piano accompaniment for the second system. The vocal line is in D major, 2/4 time. The piano accompaniment is in the same key and time. The lyrics are:

Song out - pour - ing thro' the vale.
"Take this - gold - en ring" said he.
Wear - y watch till dawn I keep.

Vocal entry and piano accompaniment for the third system. The vocal line is in D major, 2/4 time. The piano accompaniment is in the same key and time. The lyrics are:

Ah, for - sake me not so soon,
"Think of me, while far a way;
And my ring! A - las, the day!

Thou — my joy, my on — ly boon!
 Faith — ful is my heart — for aye!"
 From — my fin — ger slipped — a — way.

Night — in — gale, O night — in — gale,

Song — out — pour — ing thro' — the vale.

p D.S.

FLICKER, FLICKER, FIRE-SPRITE

(Der rothe Sarafan)

(RUSSIAN)

English words by HERVEY WHITE

NICOLAI ALEXEJEWITCH TITOFF
(1801-1876)

Not too fast

VOICE

Flick-er, flick-er, fire - sprite, Burn bright-er till I

PIANO

see Pix-ies dark-ling, fair-ies bright Peer out and beck-on me.

Flick-er, flick-er, fire - sprite, Burn bright-er till I see —

Pix-ies dark-ling, fair - ies beck-on, beck-on me. Flick-er, flick-er,

fire-sprite, Burn bright-er till I see — Pix-ies dark-ling, fair-ies

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment is in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are: "fire-sprite, Burn bright-er till I see — Pix-ies dark-ling, fair-ies". The music features eighth and sixteenth notes in the vocal line and chords with eighth notes in the piano accompaniment.

beck-on, beck-on me. Child, O child, you're dream-ing Tis noth-ing but the

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "beck-on, beck-on me. Child, O child, you're dream-ing Tis noth-ing but the". The piano accompaniment includes a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The music continues with similar rhythmic patterns.

flames, Fair-ies are but seem-ing, Pix-ies emp-ty names,

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "flames, Fair-ies are but seem-ing, Pix-ies emp-ty names,". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and eighth notes.

Child, O child, you're dream-ing Tis noth-ing but the flames.

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics: "Child, O child, you're dream-ing Tis noth-ing but the flames." The piano accompaniment includes a crescendo (*cresc.*) marking. The system ends with a final chord.

mf

Fly - ing fan - cies are more real Than facts that dul - ly

rit.

plod, Spir-its that I see and feel Are thoughts come straight from

espress.

rit.

a tempo

God. Fly - ing fan - cies are more real Than thoughts that dul - ly

p a tempo

p

plod, Spir-its that I see and feel Are thoughts come straight from God.

p

ITALIAN SONGS

FUNICULI, FUNICULA

131

EDWARD OXENFORD

LUIGI DENZA

Quick and lively

VOICE

1. Some think _____ the world is
2. Ah - me! _____ 'tis strange that

PIANO

made for fun and frolic, _____ And so do I!
some should take to sighing, _____ And like it well!

f Chorus *Solo*

_____ And so do I! _____ Some think _____ it well to
_____ And like it well! _____ For me, _____ I have not

be all melancholic, _____ To pine and sigh,
thought it worth the trying, _____ So cannot tell!

Chorus *Solo*
f *p*

— To pine and sigh; — But I, —
 — So can - not tell! — With laugh, —

— I love to spend my time in sing - ing — Some joy - ous
 — with dance and song the day soon pass - es, — Full soon is

Chorus *Solo*

song, — Some joy - ous song; — To
 gone: — Full soon is gone; — For

set — the air with mus - ic brave - ly ring - ing —
 mirth — was made for joy - ous lads and lass - es —

Chorus

Is far from wrong! Is far from wrong!
To call their own! To call their own!

Solo

Lis - ten, lis - ten, Ech-oes sound a - far, Lis - ten,
Lis - ten, lis - ten, Hark the soft gui - tar! Lis - ten,

lis - ten, Ech-oes sound a - far! Fu-ni - cu - li, fu - ni - cu - la, fu - ni - cu - li, fu - ni - cu -
lis - ten, Hark the soft guitar! Fu-ni - cu - li, fu - ni - cu - la, fu - ni - cu - li, fu - ni - cu -

la! Ech-oes sound a - far, Fu-ni - cu - li, fu - ni - cu - la! la!
la! Hark the soft gui - tar, Fu-ni - cu - li, fu - ni - cu - la! la!

Repeat as chorus
Small notes ad lib.

SANTA LUCIA

(NEAPOLITAN)

English words by
THEO. MARZIALS

T. COTTRAU

Rather slowly

VOICE

1. See where the star of eve Beams gen - tly yon - der,
2. See, see, how fair it is, There in mid - o - cean,

PIANO

p

See where from wave to wave Soft breez - es wan - der!
Rocked by the sil - ver waves With gen - tlest mo - tion.

Far down the sil - ver track Twi - light is fall - ing,
All sunk in peace and rest, All sweet - ly dream - ing,

Far, oh! so far a - way, Sweet songs are call - ing.
Now thro' the deep - ning night Moon - light is stream - ing.

f più moto

Come, then, ere night is dark, Come to my bound-ing bark,
 Come, then, ere night is o'er, Come leave the nois - y shore,

f più moto

p

San - ta — Lu - ci - a, San - ta Lu - ci - a!
 San - ta — Lu - ci - a, San - ta Lu - ci - a!

p

f

Come, then, ere night is dark, Come to my bound-ing bark,
 Come, then, ere night is o'er, Come leave the nois - y shore,

f

p

San - ta — Lu - ci - a, San - ta Lu - ci - a!
 San - ta — Lu - ci - a, San - ta Lu - ci - a!

p

THE SEA BREEZE

(Marianina)

English words by
HERVEY WHITE

FOLKSONG

In moderate time

VOICE

1. There's a fair - y fly - ing
2. O'er the land she flies a -
3. Quick she darts up o - ver

PIANO

p *mf*

o'er the sea, Light and air - y as a
long the grass, Leaves and flow'rs are gay to
moun - tains high, All the clouds are gath -'ring

bird is she, All the waves leap up and
see her pass. All call out to stay the
in the sky. Fast they fol - low with a

call in glee, "Ma - ria - ni - na, fly no
 fleet - ing lass, "Ma - ria - ni - na, be a
 mer - ry cry, "Ma - ria - ni - na, come from

more. Dance with us a - mid the war, Be a wave and dance to
 flow'r, Dance with us through-out the hour, For we feel your mag - ic
 far, Why not tar - ry where you are, Dance with us and be a

shore. Ma - ria - ni - na, Ma - ria -
 pow'r. Ma - ria - ni - na, Ma - ria -
 star. Ma - ria - ni - na, Ma - ria -

ni - na, Be a wave and dance for ev - er - more."
 ni - na, Dance with us, and be a lit - tle flow'r."
 ni - na, Dance with us, a twin-king, glanc-ing star."

ROWING

(La notte è bella)

P. GUGLIELMO

In barcarole tempo

PIANO *pp* *dim.*

Yeo ho! Our boat is rid - ing, — O'er

pp

wa - ters smooth 'tis glid - ing. — Oh, hear the wave-lets rip - pling, — Cool

blows the gen - tle breeze, Soft the shad - ows of the trees.

p a little faster

Light breez-es blow, Calm wa-ters flow, Swift oars are row - ing,

leggiero

row - ing free. So— sing-ing low, on - ward we go,

pp

O - ver the calm sum - mer sea. O'er— the gen - tle sum - mer

Tempo I dolce ten.

pp e legato

sea, — The sum - mer sea.

morendo

ORIOLES

(O yi caroli)

English words adapted by
HERVEY WHITEFOLKSONG
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney

With spirit *mf*

VOICE

1. Sing - ing in the breez - es where the
2. Or - ange col - ors in the sun, light

PIANO *mp*

tree - tops flow - er, Sing - ing all the mer - ry morn - ing ev - 'ry
flash - ing feath - er, Gleam - ing blos - soms in the tree - tops flaunt to -

hour — Nest a - rock - ing like a cra - dle by a moth - er,
geth - er; Look! there comes a cat a - crawl - ing, now be wa - ry,

White eggs ly - ing in a clus - ter, none such oth - er.
No! a boy has sent her squawl - ing, sing, my dear - ie.

p
O - ri - oles are we, O - ri - oles are we,

p

cresc.
O - ri - oles are we a - sing - ing, hap - py as can be,

cresc.

mf
O - ri - oles are we, O - ri - oles are we,

mf

cresc.
O - ri - oles are we a - sing - ing, hap - py as can be. —

cresc. *p*

THE DAIRY

(La Luisella)

English words adapted by Hervey White

FOLKSONG
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney

Not too slowly; joyously

VOICE

PIANO

1. Down by the brook's green
2. Be - neath the elm - trees
3. Here from my hill - top

turn - ing, There stands the milk - white dai - ry, There
tow'r - ing, Close where the brook is run - ning, The
view - ing, Down on my win - some Ma - ry, With

lives my blue - eyed Ma - ry, Sing - ing the live - long
tin pans range a - sun - ning, Ma - ry has washed to -
ac - cents soft and wa - ry, Sing I my roun - de -

day. Come luck, come gold, my churn - ing, Come
day. Come white, come bright, my scour - ing, Come
lay. Come luck, come love, my woo - ing, Come

cresc.

cresc.

cool and sweet, my yel - low but - ter,
 clean and sweet, my sil - ver plat - ter,
 forth, O gen - tle fear - some daugh - ter,

p
 Sings the rip - pling laugh - ing wa - ter, Work is but grown - up
 Sings the rip - pling laugh - ing wa - ter, Work is but grown - up
 Sings the rip - pling laugh - ing wa - ter, Love is but grown - up

f
 play, — play, — Sings the rip - pling laugh - ing wa - ter,
 play, — play, — Sings the rip - pling laugh - ing wa - ter,
 play, — play, — Sings the rip - pling laugh - ing wa - ter,
p

Work is but grown - up play.
 Work is but grown - up play.
 Love is but grown - up play.
p
 Fed. *

WORK

(O sanctissima)

English words adapted by
GEORGE GOULD

SICILIAN FOLKSONG
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney

Slowly

VOICE

1. Hon - est work_ earns_ pleas - ure aft - er,
2. Sing the cho - rus, sing with glad - ness,

PIANO

cresc.

Let your work be well be - gun.
Let your voi - ces sound as one.

cresc.

f

p

Ear - nest_ toil brings joy - ous_ laugh - ter,
Health_ and_ youth are foes_ to_ sad - ness,

p

f

Time_ to_ play_ when_ work is done.
Time_ to_ play_ when_ work is done.

SPANISH SONGS

145

REGIMENTAL MARCH

Words adapted by HERVEY WHITE

SPANISH MILITARY MARCH

Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney

In march time

VOICE

f *3*

1. Come in the ranks, keep the step in mer-ry march, Come in the
2. Look at the crowds from a-far they come and come, Keep-ing the

PIANO

f *3* *2* *3*

ranks, keep the step in mer-ry march. Hark, hark, the drums are beat-ing,
step to the sound of fife and drum. See, see, the ban-ners swing-ing,

sf

sf

Haste, haste, the time is fleet-ing, Shout! shout! the col-or's greet-ing, Rah!
Hark, hark, the bells one ring-ing, Shout! shout! the cho-rus sing-ing, Rah!

f

March! march! all the peo-ple are re-joi-cing, March! march!
Bang! bang! Hear the guns and crack-ers pop-ping, Bang! bang!

this is hol - i day. Red white and blue, blend a - new in
 Hear the boom - ing guns. Shout and be gay; break the ranks and
 stripes and stars, Glor - ious In - de - pen - dence day!
 dance and sing, This is In - de - pen - dence day!

THE SWALLOW

Words adapted by HERVEY WHITE

MEXICAN FOLKSONG
Arr. by Gerard Barton

VOICE
 Where are you go - ing, lone - ly lit - tle swal - low? Your wings are
 PIANO
 wear - y, you have flown so far. I too am lone - ly, would that I might

fol - low Your flight to where my friend and loved ones are. This bleak lone

land, it can - not lift my sor - row: My bar - ren

heart is dead and dry with pain. Come back, dear bird, come back a - gain to

mor - row, Tell me of those I ne'er shall see a - gain.

POMONA

Words adapted by HERVEY WHITE

SPANISH DANCE

With life

VOICE

Hark, to our sing-ing sweet flow'rs bring-ing, Here to the dance we

PIANO

rall. *a tempo*

come: Lift up our voi - ces, all earth re - joi - ces, How can our lips be

dumb? Hark, to our sing-ing sweet flow'rs bring-ing, Here to the dance we come:

a tempo

Lift up our voi - ces, all earth re - joi - ces, How can our lips be dumb?

For the rose is red, and the wheat is gold, And the pale stream flows:

rall.

a tempo

And the wild bird sings Till the deep wood rings for the joy it knows.

rall.

a tempo

For the rose is red, and the wheat is gold, And the pale stream flows:

rall.

a tempo

And the wild bird sings Till the deep wood rings for the joy it knows.

LA CACHUCHA

Words adapted by GEORGE GOULD

SPANISH DANCE
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney

With spirit

VOICE

Sing - ing_ and_ sway - ing, Now step - ping, now slid - ing,

PIANO

Mu - sic is play - ing in time with the glid - ing; Cas - ta - nets

clash - ing the meas - ures are guid - ing, Bright col - ors_ flash - ing il -

lu - mine the dance. Ad - van - cing, re - treat - ing, The foot - steps are

p

p

mf

mf

fleet - ing, Part - ing, now meet - ing, With loft - i - est greet - ing.

Here is— no— ra - cing nor swift diz - zy turn - ing, State - ly— the—

pa - cing, all ha - sti - ness spurn - ing, Haugh - ty, — but — tell - ing of

ten - der - est yearn - ing, Calm but — com - pel - ling sways on - ward the dance.

BIRDS' DUET

English words by HERVEY WHITE

SPANISH SONG

Not slowly
mf BOYS

VOICE Jay! jay! jay! calls out the blue jay You sing "cheep" while we sing

PIANO *mf*

p GIRLS *mf*

"jay." Cheep!cheep! cheep! be-gin the lin-nets, Lis-ten what we have to

p *mf*

mf BOYS

say. Caw! caw! caw! comes back the an-swer From the throat of black Jim

mf

p GIRLS *mf*

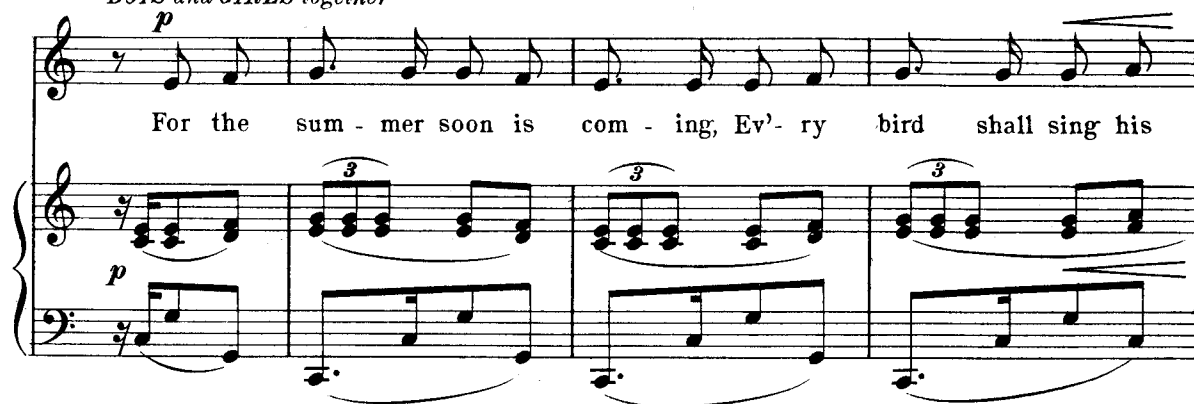
crow. Chirp!chirp! chirp! re-peat the rob-ins, Hop-ping, hop-ping on the toe.

p *mf*

BOYS and GIRLS together

p

For the sum - mer soon is com - ing, Ev' - ry bird shall sing his

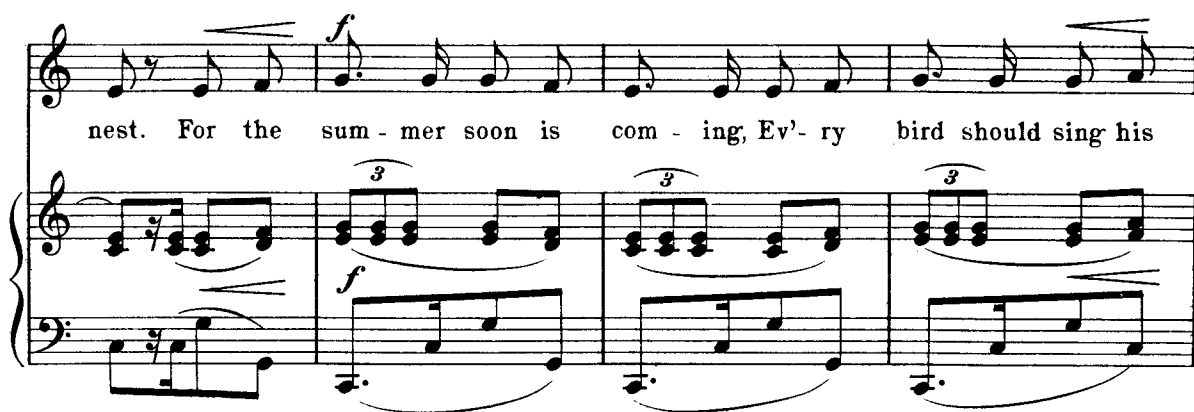


best; Keep the woods and mead - ows hum - ming, Each one bu - sy at its

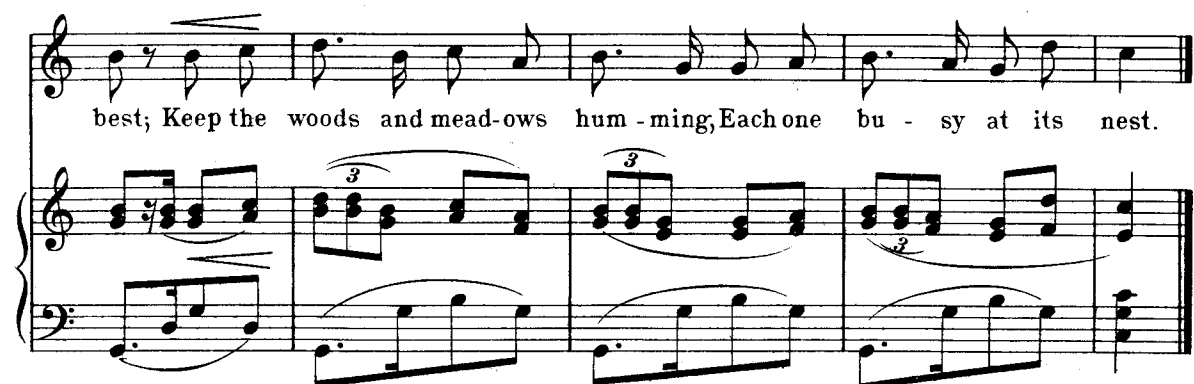


f

nest. For the sum - mer soon is com - ing, Ev' - ry bird should sing his



best; Keep the woods and mead - ows hum - ming, Each one bu - sy at its nest.



REMEMBRANCE

English words by GEORGE GOULD

A. SALEZA

Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney

Not slowly; with expression

PIANO *p*

dim.

p

1. Heav - y on my wear - y sens - es — Hangs the scent of trop - ic
 2. Should I long to break the fet - ters — Fruit - less were the fond en -

flow - ers, — While my thoughts are wan - d'ring far, — While my
 deav - or; — Na - ture al - ways claims its own, — Na - ture

mf

thoughts are wan - d'ring far. — To the vio - lets of the north - land, —
 al - ways claims its own. — And my soul will see its mag - net, —

mf

mp

— To its per-fumed spring-time hours, — Near the faith-ful po-lar
 — Thro' all chan-ges true for ev-er, — Till the fi-nal trump-et's

star, — Near the faith-ful po-lar star. — To its per-fumed
 blown, — Till the fi-nal trump-et's blown. — Thro' all chan-ges

spring-time hours — Near the faith-ful po-lar star, — To its
 true for ev-er, — Till the fi-nal trump-et's blown, — Thro' all

per-fumed spring-time hours — Near the faith-ful po-lar star.
 chan-ges true for ev-er, — Till the fi-nal trump-et's blown.

f *mf* *p* *pp* *D. S.*

THE DOVE

(La Paloma)

English words anonymous

SEBASTIAN YRADIER

Rather fast

VOICE

1. The day _____ that I left my home for the roll - ing
 2. And when _____ I come home, from Ni - na to part no

PIANO

sea. I said _____ Moth - er dear, oh, pray to thy God for
 more, To rest _____ with my moth - er dear on my na - tive

me!" And ere _____ we sailed I
 shore, A - dieu _____ to the ship

went a fond leave to take _____ Of Ni -
 where often with chang - ing mind, _____ I've laughed

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked 'Rather fast'. The score consists of four systems of music. Each system has a voice part on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass). The lyrics are written below the voice staff. The piano part features a rhythmic accompaniment with triplets and chords. The lyrics are: '1. The day _____ that I left my home for the roll - ing', '2. And when _____ I come home, from Ni - na to part no', 'sea. I said _____ Moth - er dear, oh, pray to thy God for more, To rest _____ with my moth - er dear on my na - tive', 'me!" And ere _____ we sailed I shore, A - dieu _____ to the ship', 'went a fond leave to take _____ Of Ni - where often with chang - ing mind, _____ I've laughed'.

— na, who wept as if her poor heart would break. “Ni - na, if I should
— and I’ve wept as veered the light chang - ing wind. Then comes the day, the

die and o’er o’-cean’s foam _____ Soft - ly a white dove
hap - py and bless - ed day, _____ Chas - ing all sad - ness,

on a fair eve should come. _____ O - pen thy lat - tice, dear - est, for it will
sor - row and care a - way, _____ Ni - na so fair, all smiles will be by my

be _____ My faith - ful soul that lov - ing comes back to thee!”
side! _____ Ni - na so dear will be my own blush - ing bride! _____

Oh! a life on the sea! Sing-ing joy-ous and free, Ah!—

The first system of the musical score features a vocal melody and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written on a single staff with a treble clef, containing four measures of music. The lyrics are placed below the notes. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, treble and bass, with a grand staff brace on the left. It features triplet patterns in the right hand and a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand. The key signature has one sharp (F#).

we're go-ing, None are so gay as we!

The second system continues the musical piece. The vocal melody and piano accompaniment follow the same pattern as the first system, with triplet figures and eighth-note accompaniment. The lyrics are aligned with the vocal notes.

Oh! a life on the sea! Sing-ing joy-ous and free, Ah!—

The third system repeats the first system's musical and lyrical content. It includes the same vocal melody, piano accompaniment, and lyrics.

we're go-ing, None are so gay as we!

The fourth system repeats the second system's musical and lyrical content. It concludes the page with the same triplet patterns and eighth-note accompaniment.

SONGS OF PATRIOTISM

159

AMERICA (God save the King)

Words adapted by *SAMUEL F. SMITH*
(1808 1895)

(ENGLISH)

HENRY CAREY
(1685 - 1743)

With dignity

VOICE

mf

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
 2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze And ring from all the trees
 4. Our fa - thers! God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

PIANO

mf

Of thee I sing. Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
 Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
 Sweet free-dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake, Let all that
 To Thee we sing, Long may our land be bright With free-dom's

f

pil-grims' pride From ev - 'ry moun - tain - side Let free-dom ring.
 tem-pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
 breathe par-take; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
 ho - ly light, Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

ff

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER

(AMERICAN)

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY
(1779-1843)

SAMUEL ARNOLD
(1740-1802)

Con spirito

VOICE

1. Oh! say, can you see by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so
 2. On the shore dim - ly seen thro' the mist of the deep, Where the
 3. And where is that band who so vaunt - ing - ly swore. Mid the
 4. Oh! thus be it ev - er when free - men shall stand Be -

PIANO

mf

proud - ly we hail'd at the twi-light's last gleam - ing, Whose stripes and bright
 foe's haugh - ty host in dread si - lence re - pos - es, What is that which the
 hav - oc of war and the bat - tle's con - fu - sion, A home and a
 tween their loved home and the war's des - o - la - tion; Blest with vic - t'ry and

stars thro' the per - il - ous fight, O'er the ram - parts we watch'd, were so
 breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con -
 coun - try they'd leave us no more? Their blood has wash'd out their foul
 peace, may the heav'n-res - cued land Praise the Power that hath made and pre -

gal-lant-ly stream-ing; And the rock-ets' red glare, the bombs burst-ing in
ceals, half dis-clos-es? Now it catch-es the gleam of the morn-ing's first
foot-steps pol-lu-tion; No ref-uge could save the hire-ling and
served us a na-tion. Then con-quer we must, when our cause it is

air, Gave proof thro' the night, that our flag was still there!
beam, In full glo-ry re-flect-ed, now shines in the stream:
slave From the ter-ror of flight or the gloom of the grave.
just, And this be our mot-to: "In God is our trust."

Oh! say, does that star-span-gled ban-ner yet
Tis the star-span-gled ban-ner oh! long may it
And the star-span-gled ban-ner in tri-umph doth
And the star-span-gled ban-ner in tri-umph shall

wave, O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
wave, O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
wave, O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
wave, While the land of the free is the home of the brave!

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

(AMERICAN)

JULIA WARD HOWE (1819-

AIR, "JOHN BROWN'S BODY"

Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney

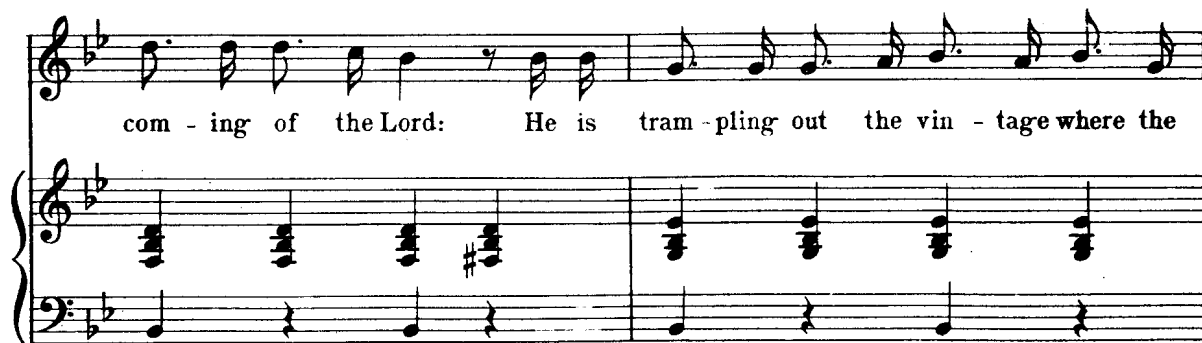
VOICE *In march time* *mf*

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the

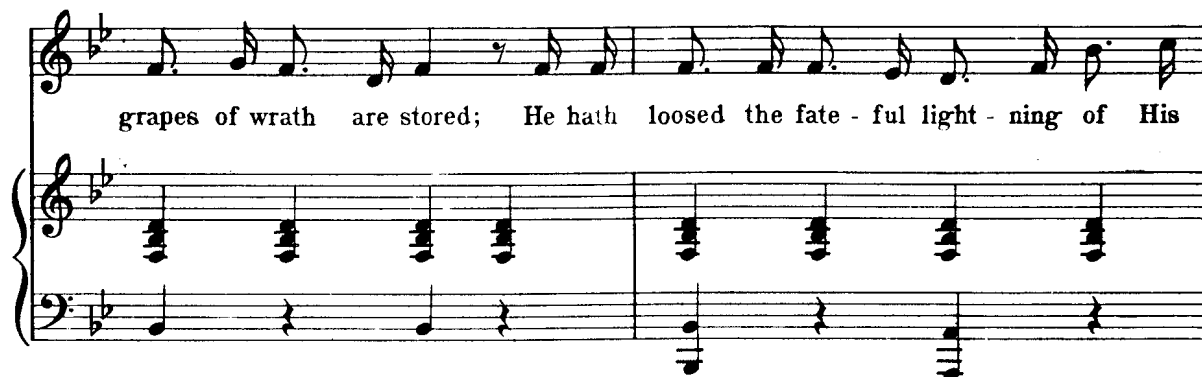
PIANO *mf*



com - ing of the Lord: He is tram - pling out the vin - tage where the



grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the fate - ful light - ning of His



ter - ri - ble swift sword. His truth — is march - ing on.



Refrain

Glo - ry! Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah!

Fine

Glo - ry! Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march - ing on.

Fine

2. I have seen Him in the watch - fires of a
 3. I have read a fier - y gos - pel writ in
 4. He has sound - ed forth the trump - et that shall
 5. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies Christ was

hun - dred cir - cling camps, They have build - ed Him an al - tar in the
 bur - nish'd rows of steel: "As ye deal with my con - tem - ners, so with
 nev - er call re - treat; He is sift - ing out the hearts of men be -
 born a - cross the sea, With a glo - ry in His bos - om that trans -

eve - ning dews and damps; I can read His right - eous sen - tence by the
 you my grace shall deal; Let the He - ro born of wo - man crush the
 fore His judg - ment seat: Oh, be swift, my soul, to an - swer Him! be
 fig - ures you and me: As He died to make men ho - ly let us

Refrain

dim and flar - ing lamps: His day — is march - ing on.
 ser - pent with his heel, Since God — is march - ing on.
 ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God — is march - ing on.
 die to make men free, While God — is march - ing on.

Refrain

DIXIE'S LAND

(AMERICAN)

165

Words and Music by
DAN. D. EMMETT
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney

With spirit.

VOICE

PIANO

f *p*

1. I —
2. Old —
3. His —

wish I was in de land ob cot - ton, Old times dar am
Mis - sus mar - ry — "Will - de - weab - er," Wil - lium was a
face was sharp as a butch - ers cleab - er, But dat did not

p

not for - got - ten, Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a -
gay de - ceab - er; Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a -
seem to greab 'er Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a -

f

p

way! Dix - ie Land. In — Dix - ie Land whar —
 way! Dix - ie Land. But — when he put — his —
 way! Dix - ie Land. Old — Mis - sus act - ed de

I was born in Ear - ly in one frost - y morn - in'. Look a -
 arm a - round'er He smild as fierce as a for - ty pound - er. Look a -
 fool - ish part — And died for a man dat broke her heart. — Look a -

f

way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land.
 way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land.
 way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land.

Refrain

f *3*
Den I wish I was in Dix - ie, Hoo - ray! Hoo - ray! In —

mf
Dix - ie Land I'll took my stand, To lib' an' die in Dix - ie, A -

way, A - way, A - way down south in Dix - ie, A -

way, A - way, A - way, down south in Dix - ie. *D. C.*

MARCH OF THE MEN OF HARLECH

(WELSH)

OLD TUNE (1468)

Arr. by J. B. Wekerlin

Tempo di Marcia

VOICE

1. Men of Har-lech, march to glo-ry, Vic-to-ry is hov'-ring o'er ye,
2. Thou who no-ble Cam-bria wrong-est, Know that Free-dom's call is strong-est,

PIANO

Bright-eyed free-dom stands be-fore ye, Hear ye, not her call?
Free-dom's cour-age lasts the long-est End-ing but with death.

At your sloth she seems to won-der, Rend the slug-gish bonds a-sun-der!
Rock-y steeps and pass-es nar-row Flash with spear and flight of ar-row.

marcato il basso

Let the war-cry's deaf'-ning thun-der Ev-'ry foe ap-pall!
Who would think of death or sor-row? Death is glo-ry now!

mf with energy

Ech - oes loud - ly wak - ing, Hill and val - ley shak - ing,
See they now are fly - ing! Dead are heap'd with dy - ing!

mf

f

Till the sound spreads wide a - round, The Sax - on's cour - age break - ing. Your
O - ver might hath tri - umph'd right, Our land to_ foes de - ny - ing, Up -

f

rit.

foes on ev - 'ry side as - sail - ing For - wards press with heart un - fail - ing,
on their soil we nev - er sought them, Love of_ con - quest hith - er brought them,

rit.

a tempo

Till in - va - ders learn with quail - ing, Free - men nev - er yield.
But this les - son we have taught them "Cam - bria ne'er can yield!"

a tempo

ff

THE WATCH ON THE RHINE

(Die Wacht am Rhein)

(GERMAN)

*Translated by Natalia Macfarren*CARL WILHELM
(1815-1873)

In march time

VOICE

1. Like gath - bring thun - der spreads a cry, Like
 2. The tid - ings flash through mil - lion hearts, From
 3. While through my veins the life is poured, As
 4. Pro - claim the vow from shore to shore, Let

PIANO

clash of arms when bat - tle's nigh, The Rhine, there's dan - ger to the
 mil - lion flam - ing eyes it darts: Our val - iant sons, in dan - ger
 long as I can hold a sword, No stran - ger shall our land de -
 ban - ners wave and can - non roar, The Rhine! the love - ly Ger - man

Rhine: Who'll shield it from the foe's de - sign.
 strong, Will guard our hal - low'd stream from wrong! } Dear
 spoil, No foe - man des - e - crate our soil.
 Rhine, To keep it, Ger - mans all com - bine.

Fa - ther - land, no fear be thine, Dear Fa - ther - land, no

This system contains the first line of the song. The vocal melody is on a treble clef staff with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It features a series of eighth and quarter notes with accents. The piano accompaniment is on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of two flats. It consists of chords and moving lines in both hands, with some triplets in the right hand.

fear be thine. Stead - fast and true we guard our Ger - man

This system contains the second line of the song. The vocal melody continues with a forte (*f*) dynamic marking and a crescendo hairpin. The piano accompaniment also features a forte (*f*) dynamic marking and a crescendo hairpin. The key signature remains two flats.

Rhine, Stead - fast and true we guard our Ger - man Rhine.

This system contains the third line of the song. The vocal melody begins with a fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic marking and includes accents. The piano accompaniment also starts with a fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic marking. The system concludes with a double bar line. The key signature remains two flats.

A SAFE STRONGHOLD

(Ein' feste Burg)

(GERMAN)

English version by THOMAS CARLYLE

MARTIN LUTHER
(1483-1546)

VOICE

1. A safe strong - hold our God is still, A
 2. By force of arms we noth - ing can, Full
 3. And were this world all dev - ils o'er And
 4. God's word, for all — their craft and force, One

PIANO

trust - y shield and — weap - on: He helps us clear from
 soon were we down - rid - den. But for us fights the
 watch - ing to de - your — us, We lay it not to
 mo - ment will not — lin - ger. But spite of hell, shall

ev' - ry ill That hath us now o'er - tak - en.
 prop - er man, Whom God Him - self hath bid - den.
 heart so sore Not they can o - ver - pow'r — us.
 have its course 'Tis writ - ten by His fin - ger.

mf

The an - cient prince of hell Hath ris'n with
 Ask ye who is this same? Christ Je - sus
 And let the prince of ill Look grim as
 And though they take our life, Goods, hon - or,

mf

pur - pose fell; Strong mail of craft and pow'r He wear - eth
 is His name. The Lord Sa - ba - oth's Son. He and no
 e'er he will, He harms us not a whit; For why? His
 chil - dren, wife, Yet is their prof - it small; These things shall

f

in — this hour. On earth is not his — fel - low.
 oth - er one Shall con - quer in the — bat - tle.
 doom is writ — A word shall quick - ly — slay — him.
 van - ish all — The city of God re - main - eth.

WE PRAISE THEE, LORD

(RUSSIAN)

J. FRANK

ALEXIS von LVOFF
(1799-1870)

Maestoso

VOICE

1. We praise Thee, Lord, — with ear - liest morn - ing -
 2. Thy Chris - ten - dom — is sing - ing night and
 3. Thy Name su - preme, — Thy king - dom in us

PIANO

ray; We praise Thee with the glow - ing light of day.
 day "Glo - ry to Him, the might - y God for aye,
 dwell, Thy will con - strain and feed and guide us well:

mf *cresc.*

All things that live and move, by sea and land, For
 By whom, through whom, in whom all be - ings are!" Grant
 Guard us, re - deem us in the e - vil hour; For

mf *cresc.*

ff

ev - er — read - y at Thy serv - ice stand.
 us to — ech - o on the song a - far.
 Thine the — glo - ry, Lord, and Thine the power.

THE MARSEILLAISE

(La Marseillaise)

(FRENCH)

175

Arr. by FRANÇOIS GUERIN

Written on the night of April 24, 1792

Words and Music by
ROUGET DE L'ISLE

Allegro marziale

VOICE

1. Ye sons of France a-wake to glo - ry, Hark, hark, what
2. With lux - u - ry and pride sur - round - ed, The vile in -
3. O Lib - er - ty! can Man re - sign - thee? Once hav - ing

PIANO

myr-iads bid you rise. Your chil - dren, wives and grand - sires
sa-tiate des-pots dare, Their thirst of gold and power un -
felt thy gen-'rous flame, Can dun-geons, bolts and, bars con -

hoar - y, Be-hold their tears and hear their cries, Be-hold their
bound - ed, To mete and vend the light and air. To mete and
fine thee? Or whips thy no - ble spir - it - tame? Or whips thy

tears and hear their cries: Shall hate-ful ty-rants mis-chief-
vend the light and air. Like beasts of bur-den would they-
no-ble spir-it tame? Too long the world has wept, be-

breed-ing, With hire-ling host, a ruf-fian band, Af-
load us; Like Gods, would bid their slaves a-dore; But
wail-ing That false-hood's dag-ger ty-rants wield, But

fright and des-o-late the land, While peace and lib-er-ty lie
man is man and who is more, Then shall they long-er lash and
free-dom is our sword and shield, And all their arts are un-a-

bleed-ing? } To arms, to arms, ye brave, Thà-
goad us? }
vail-ing.

veng - ing sword un - sheath! March on! march on!

All hearts re - solved On vic - to - ry or

death. March on! march on! All hearts re -

solved On vic - to - ry or death!

RIEGO'S HYMN

(SPANISH)

Words adapted by GEORGE GOULD

NATIONAL AIR (about 1820)

Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney

In march time

VOICE

Our coun - try is call - ing Her sons to her side: In

PIANO

death, or as vic - tors With her we'll a - bide.

1. The fires of fierce in - va - sion Are flam - ing thro' the
 2. Our fa - thers faced the foe - men Who crossed the heav - ing
 3. Then has - ten to de - fend her From hosts of the in -

moun - tains. They red - den rocks and foun - tains With their un - love - ly
 wa - ter, Thro' cen - tu - ries of slaugh - ter They drove them home a -
 va - der; A slave they would have made her, We'll prove that she is

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in a single melodic line with lyrics underneath. The piano part consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) with accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The score is divided into four systems. The first system includes the tempo marking 'In march time'. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system introduces three verses of lyrics. The fourth system concludes the piece with the final line of lyrics.

light. Our hearts need no per - sua - sion, From ev - 'ry hill and
gain. From days of pike and bow - men And knights with shield and
free! No yield - ing, no sur - ren - der! But for - ward, surf - like

f *martellato*

val - ley The sons of Spain will ral - ly, And
ar - mor, No con - quer - or could harm - her, Or
dash - ing, Till free - dom's fires are flash - ing From

hur - ry to the fight. } Our coun - try is call - ing Her sons to her
bow the heart of Spain. }
moun - tain top to sea. }

ff

side In death, or as vic - tors With her - we'll a - bide.

rit. *D.S.*

AUSTRIAN NATIONAL HYMN

(Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser)

Original words by
LAURENZ LEOPOLD HASCHKA
English words by C.F.M.

FRANZ JOSEF HAYDN
(1782-1809)

Poco adagio

VOICE

1. God pre - serve our no - ble na - tion, Bless our ru - lers good and
2. O - ver bloom - ing fields and meadows, Our do - main ex - tends a -

PIANO

great; Might - y peo - ple, free, u - nit - ed, We thy glo - ry cel - e -
far; Of our State the no - blest pil - lars Right - eous - ness and mer - cy -

brate! Love shall keep us un - di - vid - ed, Loy - al to our sov - 'reign
are. Free - dom o - ver all ex - tend - ed Beams ef - ful - gent as a -

state, Love shall keep us un - di - vid - ed, Loy - al to our sov - 'reign state.
star, Free - dom o - ver all ex - tend - ed Beams ef - ful - gent as a star.

CAROLS

GOOD KING WENCESLAUS

(OLD ENGLISH)

Words by Dr. NEALE

Traditional

Briskly

VOICE

1. Good King Wen-ces-laus look'd out, On the Feast of Ste-phen, When the snow lay
 2. Hith-er, page, and stand by me, If thou know'st it tell-ing, Yon-der peas-ant,
 3. Bring me flesh and bring me wine, Bring me pine logs hith-er. Thou and I will

PIANO

round a-bout Deep and crisp and e-ven. Bright-ly shone the moon that night Though the frost was
 who is he? Where and what his dwell-ing! Sire, he lives a good league hence Un-der-neath the
 see him dine When we bear them thith-er. Page and mon-arch forth they went, Forth they went to-

cru-el, When a poor man came in sight Gath-ring win-ter-fu - - el.
 moun-tain: Right a-gainst the for-estfence. By Saint Ag-nes' foun - - tain.
 geth-er, Through the rough winds wild la-ment And the bit-ter weath - - er.

4.
 Sire, the night is darker now,
 And the wind blows stronger;
 Fails my heart, I know not how,
 I can go no longer.
 Mark my foot-steps, good my page,
 Tread thou in them boldly,
 Thou shall find the winter's rage
 Freeze thy blood less coldly.

5.
 In his master's step he trod,
 Where the snow lay dinted,
 Heat was in the very sod
 Which the Saint had printed.
 Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
 Wealth or rank possessing,
 Ye who now will bless the poor
 Shall yourselves find blessing.

THE FIRST NOWELL

(OLD ENGLISH)

Traditional

Steadily

VOICE

mf

1. The first Now - ell the An - gel did
 2. They look - ed up and saw a
 3. And by the light of that same
 4. This star drew nigh to the North -

PIANO

mf

say, Was to cer - tain poor shep - herds in fields as they
 star, Shin - ing in the East be - yond them
 star. Three wise men came from coun - try
 west. O'er Beth - le - hem it took its

lay. In fields where they lay keep - ing their
 far. And to the earth it gave great
 far. To seek for a King was their in -
 rest; And there it did both stop and



sheep On a cold win-ter's night, that was so deep.
light, And so it con-tin-ued, both day and night.
tent, And to fol-low the Star wher-ev-er it went.
stay, Right o-ver the place where Je-sus lay.

Chorus
ff



Now - ell, Now - ell, Now - ell, Now -



ell, Born is the King of Is-ra-el.

5.
Then entered in those wise men three,
Full reverently upon their knee,
And offered there in his presence
Their gold and myrrh and frankincense.
Chorus

6.
Then let us all with one accord
Sing praises to our Heavenly Lord,
That hath made heaven and earth of naught
And with his blood mankind hath bought.
Chorus

THE MANGER THRONE

(ENGLISH)

W. C. DICKS

C. STEGGALL, Mus. Doc.

Not slow

VOICE

1. Like sil - ver lamps on a dis - tant shrine, The
 2. Nev - er fell mel - o - dies half so sweet As
 3. The stars of heav'n still shine as at first, They

PIANO

stars are spark - ling bright; The bells of the cit - y of
 those which fill the skies, And nev - er a pal - ace shone
 gleamed on this won - der - ful night, The bells of the cit - y of

God ring out For the Son of Ma - ry was born to - night. The
 half so fair, As the Man - ger bed where our Sav - iour lies. No
 God peal out, And the An - gels' song still rings in the height, And

gloom is past, and the morn at last Is com - ing with o - rient light.
 night in the year is half so dear, As this which has end - ed our sighs.
 love still turns where the God - head burns Hid in flesh from flesh - ly sight.

WHEN CHRIST WAS BORN

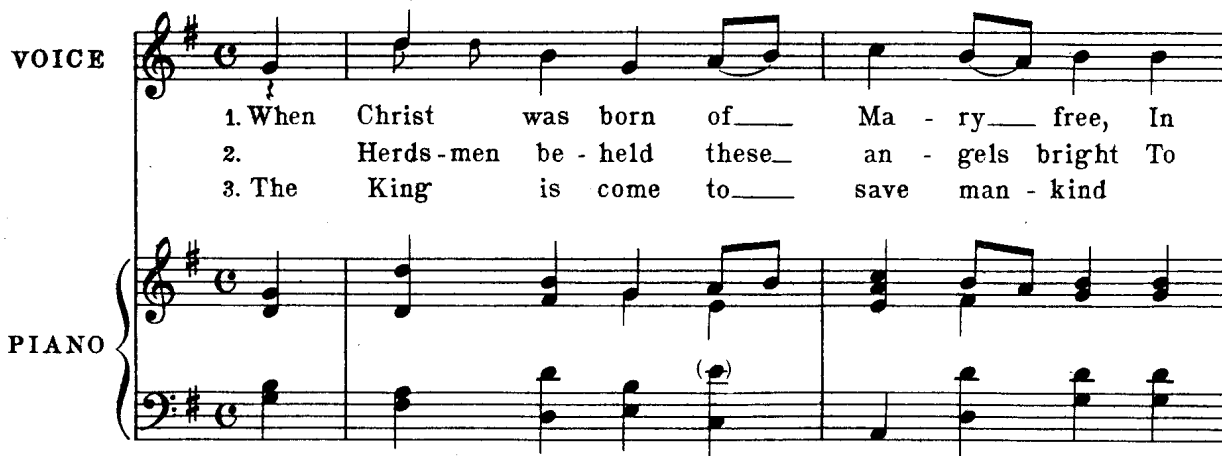
(ENGLISH)

Words from Harleian Mss

A. H. BROWN

In moderate time

VOICE



1. When Christ was born of Ma - ry free, In
 2. Herds - men be - held these an - gels bright To
 3. The King is come to save man - kind

PIANO



Beth - le - hem, that fair cit - ie, An - gels sang there with
 them ap - pear - ing with great light. Who said "God's Son is
 As in Scrip - ture truths we find, There - fore this song we



mirth and glee, "In ex - cel - sis Glo - ri - a"
 born to night In ex - cel - sis Glo - ri - a"
 have in mind, "In ex - cel - sis Glo - ri - a"

Chorus

ff

In ex-cel-sis Glo-ri-a, In ex-cel-sis Glo-ri-a,

ff

In ex-cel-sis Glo-ri-a, In ex-cel-sis Glo-ri-a.

THE THREE KINGS OF ORIENT

(AMERICAN)

Words and music by
J. H. HOPKINS

Slow and measured

VOICE

1. We three Kings of O-ri-ent are: Bear-ing gifts, we
2. Born a King on Beth-le-hem's plain, Gold I bring to
3. Frank-in-cense to of-fer have I, In-cense owns a
4. Myrrh is mine, its bit-ter per-fume Breathes a life of

PIANO

p

trav-erse a-far, Field and foun-tain, moor and moun-tain,
crown Him a-gain, King for ev-er, ceas-ing nev-er,
De-i-ty nigh. Pray'r and prais-ing, all men rais-ing,
gath-er-ing gloom; Sor-r'wing, sigh-ing, bleed-ing, dy-ing,

Chorus

Fol - low - ing yon - der star.
 O - ver us all to reign.
 Wor - ship Him, God most high.
 Seald in the stone - cold tomb.

O Star of won - der,

Star of night, Star with roy - al beau - ty bright, West - ward lead - ing,

still pro - ceed - ing, Guide us to Thy per - fect light.

5

Glorious now behold Him arise,
 King and God and sacrifice,
 Alleluia, Alleluia,
 Earth to the heav'ns replies.

Chorus

STILLY NIGHT, STARRY AND BRIGHT!

(Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht!)

Original words by JOSEF MOHR

(GERMAN)

FRANZ GRUBER (1818)

English version by Dean Farrar

Slowly
VOICE *mf*

1. Still - y night! star - ry and bright! All is calm,
 2. Ho - ly night! star - ry and bright! Shep-herds first
 3. Star - ry night! still - y and bright! Son of God,

PIANO *mf dolce*

Vig - ils keep, On - ly the ho - ly and hum - ble pair,
 heard the strain, Heard the an - gels' glo - rious song,
 fair as morn, Beams the love i' Thy face di - vine!

In - no-cent boy, — so heav'n - ly fair, Sleep, in the si - lence,
 Ech - oing loud — and clear — and long, "Christ in the man - ger
 Now doth the Sun — of mer - cy shine, "To us a Son — is

sleep, — Sleep, in the si - lence, sleep. —
 lain, — Christ in the man - ger lain? —
 born, — To us a Son — is born? —

NURSERY SONGS

THE THREE LITTLE KITTENS

(ENGLISH)

189

NURSERY RHYME

Moderately

VOICE

mf

1. There were three lit - tle kit - tens Put
2. These three lit - tle kit - tens They
3. Go, go, naugh - ty kit - tens, And
4. These three lit - tle kit - tens They

PIANO

mf

on their mit - tens, To eat some Christ - mas pie.
lost their mit - tens, And all be - gan to cry.
find your mit - tens, Or you shan't have a - ny pie.
found their mit - tens, And joy - ful - ly they did cry.

p

Mew, mew, mew, mew, mew, mew, mew.

p

5
"Oh granny dear!
Our mittens are here,
Make haste and cut up the pie!"
Purr-rr, purr-rr, purr-rr.

OLD KING COLE

(ENGLISH)

OLD SONG (16th century)

Boldly

VOICE

Old King Cole was a mer - ry old_ soul, And a

PIANO

f

mer - ry old soul was he; He_ called for his pipe, And he

called for his bowl, And he called for his fid - dlers_ three.

Ev - 'ry fid - dler he had a fine fid - dle, A

The first system of the musical score for 'The Fiddler'. It features a vocal melody in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are 'Ev - 'ry fid - dler he had a fine fid - dle, A'.

ver - y fine fid - dle had he, Then

The second system of the musical score. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics 'ver - y fine fid - dle had he, Then'. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines in both hands.

twee, twee-dle dee twee-dly dee, went the fid-dler, Then twee, twee-dle dee twee-dly

The third system of the musical score. The vocal melody includes the lyrics 'twee, twee-dle dee twee-dly dee, went the fid-dler, Then twee, twee-dle dee twee-dly'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady rhythm.

dee, went the fid - dler, And so mer - ry we'll all be.

The fourth and final system of the musical score. The vocal melody concludes with the lyrics 'dee, went the fid - dler, And so mer - ry we'll all be.'. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord in the right hand and a sustained note in the left hand.

LITTLE MAN AND MAID

(ENGLISH)

NURSERY SONG

Rather fast

VOICE



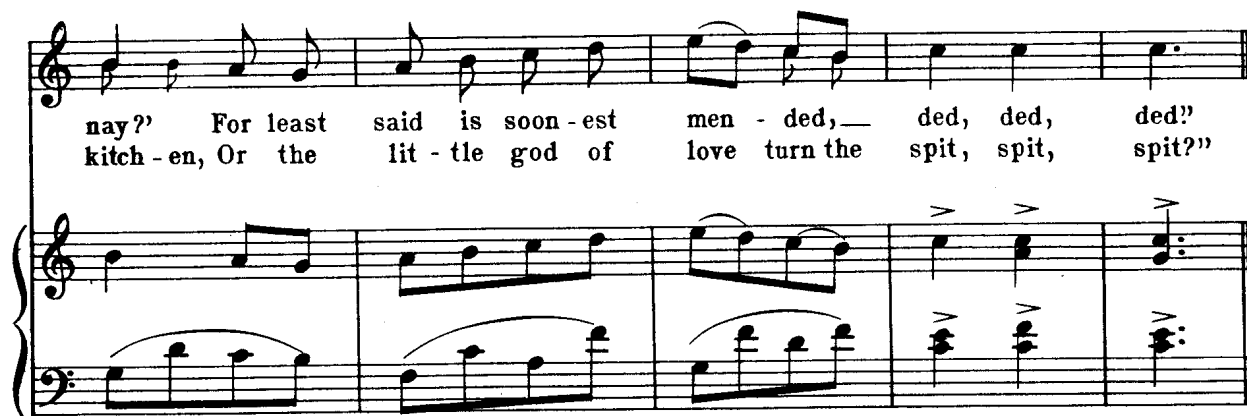
1. There was a lit - tle man And he wou'd a lit - tle
 2. The lit - tle maid re - plied (Some say a lit - tle

PIANO



maid, And he said "Lit - tle Maid, will you wed, wed,
 sighed,) "But what shall we have to eat, eat,

wed? I have lit - tle more to say Than will you, yea or
 eat? Will the love that you're rich in Make a fire in the



nay?" For least said is soon-est men - ded, — ded, ded, ded?"
kitch - en, Or the lit - tle god of love turn the spit, spit, spit?"

LAVENDER'S BLUE

(ENGLISH)

TRADITIONAL NURSERY RHYME

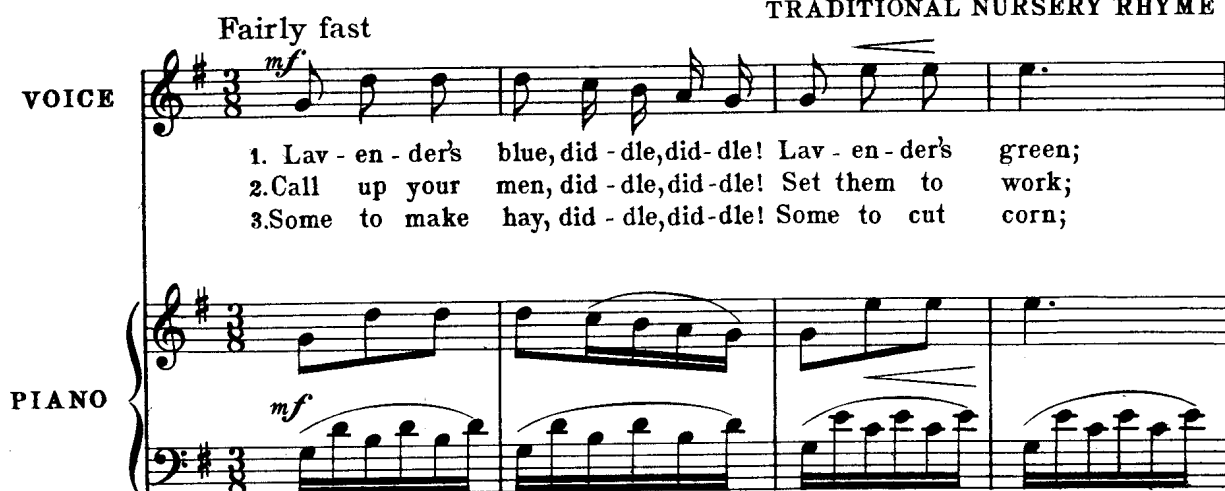
Fairly fast

VOICE

1. Lav - en - der's blue, did - dle, did - dle! Lav - en - der's green;
2. Call up your men, did - dle, did - dle! Set them to work;
3. Some to make hay, did - dle, did - dle! Some to cut corn;

PIANO

mf



last verse rall.

When I am King, did - dle, did - dle! You shall be queen.
Some to the plough, did - dle, did - dle! Some to the cart.
While you and I, did - dle, did - dle! Keep our - selves warm.



THE LOST CHICKEN

(GERMAN)

Written for the children of
Robert and Clara Schumann

JOHANNES BRAHMS

Con moto

VOICE

1. Oh! poor chick - a - bid - dy, where's she gone?
 2. Oh! poor chick - a - bid - dy, where's she gone?
 3. Oh! poor chick - a - bid - dy, where's she gone?
 4. Come, my chick - a - bid - dy, back to me,

PIANO

All a - lone! Where's my chick - a - bid - dy gone, gone, gone?
 All a - lone! Where's my chick - a - bid - dy gone, gone, gone?
 All a - lone! Where's my chick - a - bid - dy gone, gone, gone?
 See, see, see, All day long I've looked for thee!

Have you seen my lit - tle chick - a - bid - dy?
 Don't be an - gry, dar - ling moth - er!
 Thro' the town in tears I'm roam - ing,
 Moth - er dear, we must en - tice her.

My poor head grows faint and gid - dy.
 I'll soon run and buy an - oth - er.
 Here's my poor lost chick - a - bid - dy com - ing.
 With some crumbs or some - thing ni - cer.

Oh! poor chick - a - bid - dy, where's she gone?
 Oh! poor chick - a - bid - dy, where's she gone?
 Oh! poor chick - a - bid - dy, where's she gone?
 Come, dear chick - a - bid - dy, come to me,

All a - lone! Where's my chick - a - bid - dy gone, gone, gone?
 All a - lone! Where's my chick - a - bid - dy gone, gone, gone?
 All a - lone! Where's my chick - a - bid - dy gone, gone, gone?
 See, see, see! Such a feast I have for thee!

BAA! BAA! BLACK SHEEP

(ENGLISH)

NURSERY DITTY

Fairly fast

VOICE *mf*

"Baa! Baa! Black sheep, have you an - y wool?" "Yes, kind

PIANO *mf*

Fine

Sir, I've three bags full; One for my mas - ter, and

D. C. al Fine

one for my dame, But none for the lit - tle boy that lives down the lane.

D. C. al Fine

*LUCY LOCKET

(ENGLISH)

The music ascribed to Dr. ARNE
(1710 -1778)

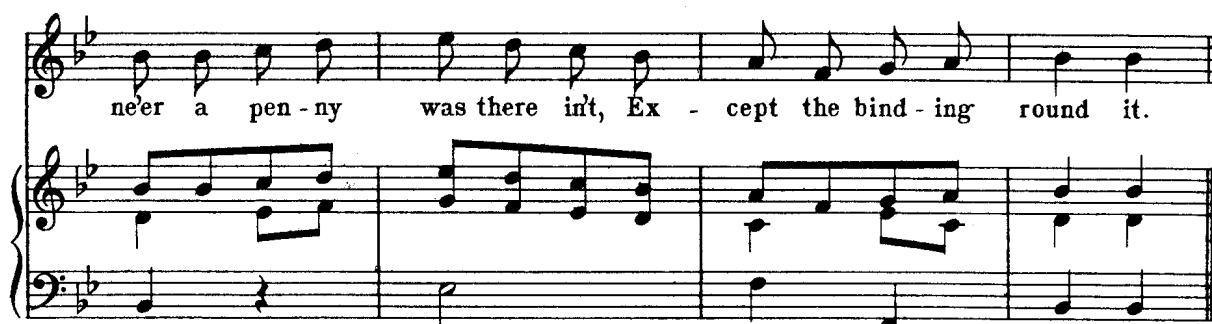
In moderate time

VOICE

Lu - cy Lock - et lost her pock - et, Kit - ty Fish - er found it: But

PIANO *mf*

*)The prototype of "Yankee Doodle"



neer a pen - ny was there in't, Ex - cept the bind - ing round it.

SWALLOW, GOOD BYE

English words by
EDWARD THATCHER

(Liebchen, adel)

GERMAN FOLKSONG

Moderately slow

VOICE



1. Swal-low, good bye! Why must you fly?
2. Swal-low, don't go! Stay through the snow,

PIANO



June of an - oth - er year, You'll find me wait - ing here,
Snow-flakes you'll love to see, Fall - ing so mer - ri - ly,



Swal-low, good bye! Why must you fly?
Swal-low, don't go! Stay through the snow.

THE LITTLE COCK-SPARROW

(IRISH)

English nursery rhyme

OLD IRISH AIR: "Garryowen"

Lively

PIANO

The piano introduction is in 6/8 time, marked 'Lively'. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a forte (f) dynamic and a half note G4, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff provides a steady accompaniment with eighth notes. The piece concludes with a piano (p) dynamic and a half note G4.

1. A — lit - tle cock-spar-row sat on a high tree, A —
 2. A — naugh - ty boy with a bow — and ar - row, A —
 3. For this lit - tle cock-spar-row would make a nice stew, For this
 4. "Oh, — no" says cock-spar-row, "I won't make a stew, Oh, —

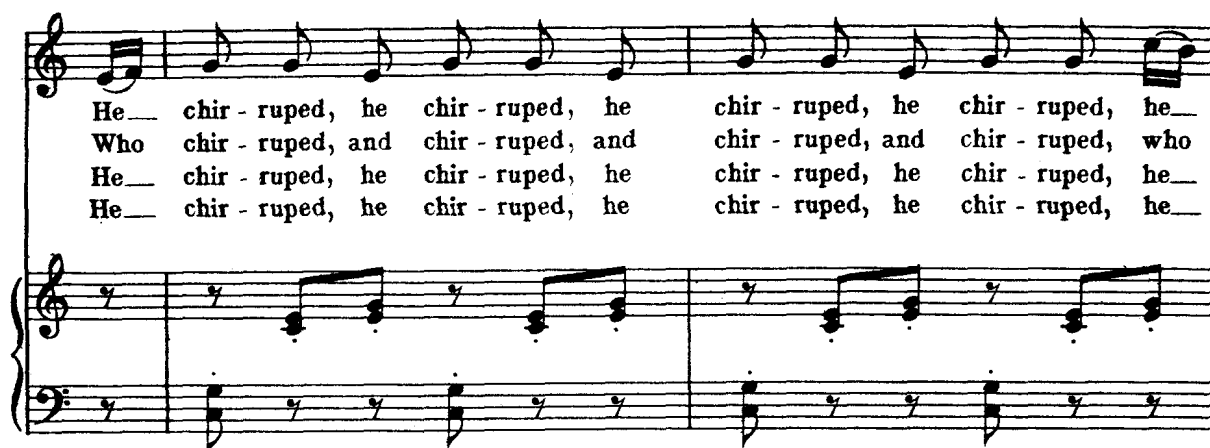
The first system shows the vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the first verse. The vocal line is in treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in bass clef. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The system ends with a repeat sign.

lit - tle cock-spar-row sat on a high tree, A — lit - tle cock-spar-row sat
 naugh - ty boy with a bow — and ar - row, A — naugh - ty boy with a
 lit - tle cock-spar-row would make a nice stew, For this lit - tle cock-spar-row would
 no" says cock-spar-row, "I won't make a stew, Oh, — no" says cock-spar-row, "I

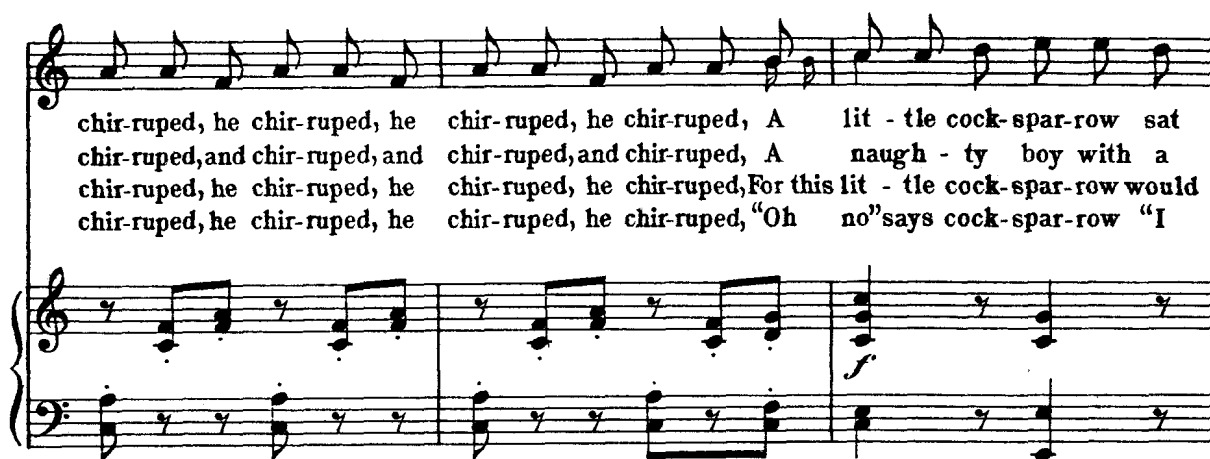
The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the second verse. The piano part maintains the same eighth-note accompaniment. The system ends with a repeat sign.

on a high tree, And he chir-ruped, he chir-ruped so mer - ri - ly.
 bow — and ar - row, De - ter-mined to shoot this lit - tle cock-spar-row.
 make a nice stew, And his gib - lets would make a nice lit - tle pie too.
 won't make a stew," And he flutterd his wings and a - way he flew.

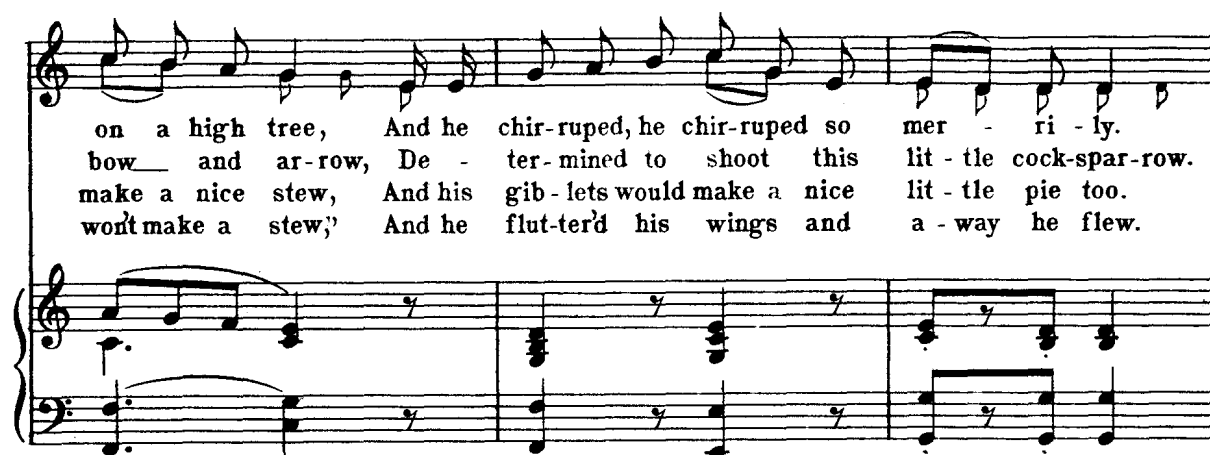
The third system shows the vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the third verse. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The system ends with a repeat sign.



He__ chir - ruped, he chir - ruped, he chir - ruped, he chir - ruped, he__
 Who chir - ruped, and chir - ruped, and chir - ruped, and chir - ruped, who
 He__ chir - ruped, he chir - ruped, he chir - ruped, he chir - ruped, he__
 He__ chir - ruped, he chir - ruped, he chir - ruped, he chir - ruped, he__



chir-ruped, he chir-ruped, he chir-ruped, he chir-ruped, A lit - tle cock-spar-row sat
 chir-ruped, and chir-ruped, and chir-ruped, and chir-ruped, A naugh - ty boy with a
 chir-ruped, he chir-ruped, he chir-ruped, he chir-ruped, For this lit - tle cock-spar-row would
 chir-ruped, he chir-ruped, he chir-ruped, he chir-ruped, "Oh no" says cock-spar-row "I



on a high tree, And he chir-ruped, he chir-ruped so mer - ri - ly.
 bow__ and ar-row, De - ter - mined to shoot this lit - tle cock-spar-row.
 make a nice stew, And his gib - lets would make a nice lit - tle pie too.
 won't make a stew," And he flut - ter'd his wings and a - way he flew.



D.S.

THE MULBERRY BUSH

(ENGLISH)

OLD NURSERY TUNE

Lively

VOICE

Here we go round the mul-berry bush, the mul-berry bush, the

PIANO

mf

mul - berry bush: Here we go round the mul - berry bush, All

on a frost - y morn - ing. This is the way we clap our hands,

This is the way we clap our hands, This is the way we

clap our hands, All on a frost - y morn - ing.

THE GARDEN

201

SPANISH CHORAL GAME
Arr.by Katherine Lee Bates

With spirit

VOICE

PIANO

The gar-den of our house, it is the fun-niest gar-den yet, For

when it rains and rains and rains, The gar-den it is wet; And now we

bow, Skip back and then ad - vance, For who know how to make a bow

Know how to dance. A B C A B C D E F G H I J, If your
C A B C K L M N O P Q, If you

1. wor-ship does not love me Then a bet-ter bod-y may. A B
2. think you do not love me I am sure I don't love you.

IN THE SPRING

(Sur le pont d'Avignon)

OLD FRENCH NURSERY SONG

In moderate time

VOICE *mf*

In the spring, how they sing, Danc-ing gai-ly, danc-ing

PIANO *mf*

Fine

gai-ly, In the spring, how they sing, Danc-ing gai-ly whilst they sing.

Fine

D.C.

The gen-tle-men do this way, Then a-gain do that way.

D.C.

Directions. While saying "The gentlemen do this way" the children imitate a gentleman's bow and resume the song — continuing by repeating names of trades: shoemakers, laundry-maids etc., whose gestures they imitate.

LULLABIES

SOFTLY SLEEP THOU

(Schlafe, schlafe, holder, süßer Knabe)
(GERMAN)

203

Poet unknown
Translated by C. F. M.

FRANZ SCHUBERT, Op. 98, No. 2
(1797-1828)

Slowly

VOICE

1. Soft - ly sleep - thou, my be - lov - ed treas - ure,
2. Were thy slum - ber, in the grave's dark shad - ow,
3. Slum - ber, slum - ber, in thy down - y - cra - dle,

PIANO

pp

Gen - tly rock'd - by moth - er's lov - ing hand.
Still should guard - thee there thy moth - er's arm;
Moth - er soft - ly sings a lul - la - by.

Rest, and peace - ful, hap - py dream - ing May'st thou find - in
All good wish - es, heart's fond yearn - ing Keep thee safe - from
Soon thou'lt wak - en, warm and ro - sy, When the sun - is

child-hood's slum - ber - land.
ev - 'ry pain and harm.
shin - ing in the sky.

O CAN YE SEW CUSHIONS

(HIGHLAND SCOTCH)

TRADITIONAL MELODY
Arr. by Malcolm Lawson

Slowly *In a crooning fashion* **p**

VOICE

PIANO

p and very smooth

1. O
2. Now
3. Sing

can ye sew cush - ions And can ye sew sheets, And
hush - a - baw, lam - mie, And hush - a - baw, dear, Now
bal - la loo, lam - mie, Sing bal - la - loo, dear, Does

can ye sing bal - la - loo when the bairn - ie greets? And
hush - a - baw, lam - mie Thy min - nie is here. The
wee lammie ken That its dad - die's no' here? Ye're

hie and baw bird - ie, and hie and baw lamb. And
wild wind is rav - in', Thy min - nie's heart's sair, The
rock - in' fu' sweet - ly On mam - mie's warm knee, But

cresc.

dim.

hie and baw bird - ie My bon - nie wee lamb.
 wild wind is rav - in', But ye din - na care.
 dad - die's a - rock - in', Up - on the saut sea.

dim.

A little quicker

Heigh O! Heugh O! what'll I do wi' ye? Black's the life that

armonioso

dim.

I lead wi' ye; Mo - ny o' ye, lit - tle to gie ye,

pp *rit.* *3rd time Fine* *1st and 2nd time D.C.*

Heigh O! Heugh O! what'll I do wi' ye?

pp *rit.* *3rd time Fine* *1st and 2nd time D.C.*

O HUSH THEE, MY BABY

(LOWLAND SCOTCH)

SIR WALTER SCOTT

CLARA MACIRONE

In moderate time

VOICE

1. O hush thee, my ba - by, Thy sire is a
 2. O fear not the bu - gle Though loud - ly it
 3. O hush thee, my ba - by, The time soon will

PIANO

knight, Thy moth - er a la - dy, Both love - ly and
 blows, It calls but the ward - ens That guard thy re -
 come, When thy sleep shall be bro - ken By trump - et and

cres - - - *cen* - - - *do*
 bright. The woods and the glens From the tow'r which we
 pose; Their bows would be bend - ed, Their blades would be
 drum; Then hush thee, my dar - ling, Take rest while you

see; They all are be - long - ing, Dear ba - by, to
 red, Ere the step of a foe - man, Draws near thy
 may, For strife comes with man - hood, And wak - ing with

thee.)
 bed. } O ho - ro, i - ri - ri, ca - dul gu
 day. }

rall.

colla voce

lo, O ho - ro, i - ri - ri, ca - dul gu lo.

GUARDIAN ANGELS

(Kinderwacht)

(GERMAN)

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 79, No. 21
(1810-1856)

Simply

VOICE

1. When chil - dren lay them down to sleep, Two
2. But when they wake at dawn of day, The

PIANO

p

cresc.

an - gels come, their watch to keep, Cov - er them up,
two bright an - gels go a - way; Rest from their work of

cresc.

p

safe - ly and warm, Ten - der - ly shield them from
care — and love, For God — Him - self keeps —

ev - 'ry harm.
watch a - bove.

CRADLE SONG

209

(Wiegenlied)

KARL SIMROCK

(GERMAN)

JOHANNES BRAHMS, Op. 49, No 4

***Translated by Arthur Westbrook*

With gentle motion

VOICE

1. Lul-la - by and good night! With
2. Lul-la - by and good night! Those

PIANO

p

ro - ses be - dight; Creep in - to thy bed, There pil - low thy
blue eyes close tight, Bright an - gels are near, So sleep with-out

head. If God will thou shalt wake, When the morn - ing doth
fear. They will guard thee from harm, With fair dream-lands sweet

break, If God will thou shalt wake, When the morn - ing doth break. D.C.
charm, They will guard thee from harm, With fair dream-lands sweet charm.

D.C.

SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP

(Schlaf, Kindlein, schlaf)
(GERMAN)*Words from*
"Des Knaben Wunderhorn"
*Translated by Elizabeth Prentiss*POPULAR LULLABY
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney

With gentle motion

VOICE

PIANO

p

1. Sleep, ba - by,
2. Sleep, ba - by,
3. Sleep, ba - by,

sleep, — Thy fa - ther watch - es his sheep; — Thy
sleep, — The large stars are — the sheep; — The
sleep, — The Sav - iour loves — His sheep, — He

moth - er is shak - ing the dream - land tree, And down falls a lit - tle
lit - tle stars are the lambs, I guess, And the bright moon is — the
is the Lamb — of God on high, Who for our sakes came

dream on thee, Sleep, ba - by, sleep. —
shep - herd - ess, Sleep, ba - by, sleep. —
down to die! Sleep, ba - by, sleep. —

dim.

dim.

Red.

DREAM-BABY

211

(Schlaf in gute Ruh')

English words by E.Thatcher

GERMAN LULLABY
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney

Slowly and softly

VOICE

1. Now, my ba-by, now! Peace is on thy brow.
2. There, my dar-ling, there! Sweet the eve-ning air.

Peace the stars shed down on thee; Soft the peace en-fold-eth thee.
Soft the breeze comes o'er the plain, Swing-ing blue-bells aft-er rain.

What those twin-ing bands shall sev-er, What this heart can trou-ble ev-er?
Who those fair-y bells is ring-ing, Who comes tramp-ing, call-ing, sing-ing?

While I watch that star-lit brow, Now, my ba-by, now!
Shall he find a jew-el rare? There, my ba-by, there!

LITTLE COSSACK

(RUSSIAN)

POPULAR LULLABY
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney

In moderate time; not slow

VOICE

1. Sleep, ah, sleep, my dar - ling
2. All too soon wilt thou be

PIANO

ba - by, Su, su, lul - la - by;
learn - ing Of a war - rior's life;

See, the moon is watch - ing
With the gun, and pranc - ing

o'er thee, Peace - ful - ly on the high.
war - horse Mov - ing to the strife.

mf

Thou shalt hear a won - drous
Sad - dle, bri - dle, all my

p *mf*

sto - ry, Close each wake - ful eye,
ba - by Shall have by - and - bye,

mf

And a song as well I'll
Now, my dar - ling, thou must

mf

p

sing thee, Su, su, lul - la - by.
slum - ber, Su, su, lul - la - by.

p *pp*

Ed.



DORMI

(Sleep, sweet babe)

Mediaeval Latin words
 English words by Samuel Taylor Coleridge

(CHILEAN)

POPULAR LULLABY
 Arr.by Charles Fonteyn Manney

VOICE *Rather slowly* *p Tenderly*

Dor - mi Je - su, ma - ter
 Sleep, sweet babe, my cares be -

PIANO *mf* *p*

ri - det _____ Quae tam dul - cem sum-mum vi - det, _____
 guil - ing, _____ Moth - er be - side thee is smil - ing, _____

Si non dor - mis, ma - ter plo - rat _____
 If thou sleep not moth - er mourn - eth, _____

In - ter fi - la can-tans o - rat. _____
 Sing - ing as her wheel she turn - eth. _____

Dor - mi Je - su, blan - du - le!
Sleep, dar - ling, ten - der - ly,

This system contains the first vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment is in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The melody is simple and lyrical, with a final half-note rest.

Blan - de ve - ni, som - nu - le
Come, slum - ber, balm - i - ly,

This system contains the second vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues the melody from the first system. The piano accompaniment features a more active bass line with eighth-note patterns.

mf
Dor - mi Je - su, blan - du - le!
Sleep, dar - ling, ten - der - ly,

This system contains the third vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic marking. The piano accompaniment also starts with *mf* and includes a fermata over the final chord.

mf *dim.*
Blan - de ve - ni, som - nu - le.
Come, slum - ber, balm - i - ly.

This system contains the fourth vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with *mf* and includes a *dim.* (diminuendo) marking. The piano accompaniment also features a *dim.* marking and ends with a fermata.

Red.

DODO, BABY, DO

(Dodo, l'enfant, do)

English version by C.F.M.

OLD FRENCH LULLABY
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney

Slowly and softly throughout

VOICE

PIANO

p

Do - do,

ba-by, do, Soon my pet to sleep will go. Do - do, ba-by, do, Soon my pet to

sleep will go. *mf* Yon - der by the ro - ses, See, the white hen do - zes,

mf

She will have a wee chick for you, *poco rall.* If you sleep as good chil-dren do. *p a tempo* Do - do,

un poco marcato *poco rall.* *a tempo*

pp morendo Lit-tle chick is sleeping, Do - do, slum-ber, ba-by mine.

morendo *pp dolce* *rit.* *ppp*

ROUNDS, CATCHES AND PART-SONGS

217

HAVE YOU HEARD THE NEWS?

(CATCH)

(Very slowly until all the parts have entered, then quicken to Allegro)

1 Have you heard the news, the lat - est news? Tis dread - ful to re - late.

2 A - las! A - las! and well-a - day! a - las!

3 What news? What news? Tell us quick our fate! a - las!

4 Sad news! Sad news! a - las! Sad news!

5 The Dutch, the Dutch, the Dutch have ta - ken Hol - land.

SCOTLAND'S BURNING

(CATCH)

1 Scot - land's burn - ing, Scot - land's burn - ing,

2 Pour on wa - ter, pour on wa - ter,

3 Fi - re! fi - re! fi - re! fi - re! fi - re! fi - re!

GOOD NIGHT

(ROUND)

1 Good - night to you all, and sweet be your sleep:

2 May an - gels a - round you their si - lent watch keep:

3 Good - night, good - night, good - night, good - night.

SUMMER IS A-COMING IN

(CANON)

OLD ENGLISH (13th century)
Arr. by Gerard Barton

Rather slowly and smoothly

1st VOICE

Sum - mer is a - com - ing in: — Loud - ly sing Cuck -

2nd VOICE

Sum - mer is a -

PIANO

oo. Grow - eth seed, and blow - eth mead, and

com - ing in: — Loud - ly sing Cuck - oo.

spring - eth wood a - new, Sing Cuck - oo!

Grow - eth seed, and blow - eth mead, and spring - eth wood a - new.

Ewe - bleateth aft - er lamb, Lowth aft - er calf the cow:
Sing Cuc - koo! Ewe - bleateth aft - er lamb, Lowth

Bul-lock start-eth, Buck to fern goth, Mer-ry sing Cuc - koo!
aft - er calf the cow: Bul-lock start-eth, Buck to fern goth,

Cuc - koo, Cuc - koo, Mer-ry sing Cuc - koo,
Mer-ry sing Cuc - koo! Cuc - koo, Cuc - koo,

Mer-ry sing Cuc - koo!
Mer-ry sing Cuc - koo, Mer-ry sing Cuc - koo!

WHITE SAND AND GRAY SAND

(ROUND)

1 White sand and gray sand,

2 Who'll buy my white sand?

3 Who'll buy my gray sand?

CHAIRS TO MEND!

(CATCH)

1 Chairs to mend, old chairs to mend,

2 Mack - er - el, new mack - er - el,

3 Old rags, a - ny old rags, take

Rush or cane - bot-tom'd old chairs to mend, old chairs to mend, New

new mack - er - el, new mack - er - el.

mon-ey for your old rags, a - ny hare skins or rab-bit skins.

THREE BLIND MICE

(ROUND)

1 There blind mice,

2 See how they run!

3 all ran aft - er the farm - er's wife, Who

Three blind mice,
See how they run!
cut off their tails with a carving knife: Did you

Three blind mice,
See now they run! They
ev - er see such a thing in your life as

AT SUMMER MORN (ROUND)

1 At sum-mer morn the mer-ry lark Her-alds in the day.—
2 At e-ven-tide sad Phil-o-mel Breathes her plain-tive lay.—
3 War-bling sweet-ly All—her grief a-way.—

MY DAME HAS A LAME TAME CRANE (ROUND)

1 My dame has a lame tame crane,
2 My dame has a crane that is lame,
3 Pray, gen-tle Jane, let my crane that is lame
4 Eat, and come home a - gain.

OH, WHO WILL O'ER THE DOWNS SO FREE

(Two-Part Song)

R.L. PEARSALL
(1795)

In moderate time

1st VOICE

1. Oh, who will o'er the downs so free, Oh,
 2. I saw her bow'r at twi - light gray, 'Twas
 3. I prom - is'd her to come at night, With

2nd VOICE

PIANO

who will with me ride, Oh, who will up and
 guard - ed safe and sure; I saw her bow'r at
 com - rades brave and true, A gal - lant band, with

fol - low me To win a bloom - ing bride? Her
 break of day, 'Twas guard - ed then no more! The
 sword in hand, To break her pris - on through. I

cresc.

fa - ther he has lock'd the door, Her moth - er keeps the key: But
 var - lets they were all a - sleep, And none was near to see The
 prom - is'd her to come at night, She's wait - ing now for me, And

ff

nei - ther door nor bolt shall part My own true love from me.
 greet - ing fair that pass - ed there, Be - tween my love and me!
 ere the dawn of morn - ing light, I'll set my true love free,

last verse only *rit*

And ere the dawn of morn - ing light, I'll set my true love free!

rit

DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES

(Two-Part Song)

BEN JONSON (1573-1637)

OLD ENGLISH AIR (Date uncertain)
 Edited by W.A.F.

Very smoothly and rather slow

VOICE

PIANO

p

1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, And I — will pledge with
 2. I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, Not so — much hon - 'ring,

pp

mine, — Or leave a kiss with - in — the cup, — And
 thee — As giv - ing it — a hope that there It

I'll not ask for wine; The thirst that from the
could not with-ered be; But thou there-on did'st

soul doth rise Doth ask a drink di-vine;
on-ly breathe And send'st it back to me;

But might I of Jove's nec-tar sip I would not change for
Since when it grows and smells, I swear, Not of it-self but

1. thine. 2. thee.

FRIAR JOHN

(CANON)

OLD FRENCH

In moderate time

1st VOICE

Are you sleep-ing, are you sleep-ing, fri - ar John, fri - ar

2nd VOICE

Are you sleep-ing, are you

PIANO

John? Ring the bell for mat-ins, ring the bell for mat-ins, ding ding

sleep-ing, fri - ar John, fri - ar John? Ring the bell for

Fine *D.S.*

dong, ding ding dong. Are you sleep-ing, are you sleep-ing, fri-ar

mat-ins, ring the bell for mat-ins, ding ding dong, ding ding dong. Are you

Fine *D.S.*