

SUNG BY  
MR GREGORY HAST.

# THE CUCKOO

( WORDS BY WORDSWORTH )

AND

# THE BOUGH OF MAY

( WORDS BY T. E. BROWN )

## TWO SONGS

( From "Songs of Nature" )

MUSIC BY

**H. WALFORD DAVIES**

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*To M. G. M.*

## **The Cuckoo.**

While I am lying on the grass  
Thy twofold shout I hear;  
From hill to hill it seems to pass,  
At once far off and near.

Though babbling only to the vale  
Of sunshine and of flowers,  
Thou bringest unto me a tale  
Of visionary hours.

O blessed bird! the earth we pace  
Again appears to be  
An unsubstantial, faery place,  
That is fit home for Thee!

(Three stanzas from WORDSWORTH.)

# THE CUCKOO.

## Song.

Words by  
WORDSWORTH.

Music by  
H. WALFORD DAVIES.

*Allegro leggiero.* (♩ = about 92.)

VOICE.

PIANO.

*pp*

*mp*  
While I am ly - ing on the grass Thy

two-fold shout I hear; — From hill to hill it seems to

pass, — At once far off and near. —

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

*p* *poco rit.* *pp a tempo*

Though bab - bling on - ly to the

*mf* *p*

vale Of sun-shine and — of flowers, — Thou bring-est un - to me a

*And.* \*

tale — of vis - ion-ar - y hours. —

*p rit.* *a tempo*

*pp rit.* *espress.* *a tempo*

*meno p*

O bless - ed

*espress. e cresc.*

bird! the earth we pace A - gain, a - gain — ap - pears to be An -

*cresc.*

*f*

*p*

un - sub - stan - tial fae - ry place — That is fit home — for

*f*

*p*

*pp*

Thee!

*L.H.* *R.H.*

*ped.* *ped.*

*To T. M.*

## The Bough of May.

I bended unto me a bough of May,  
That I might see and smell:  
It bore it in a sort of way,  
It bore it very well.  
But, when I let it backward sway,  
Then it were hard to tell  
With what a toss, with what a swing,  
The dainty thing  
Resumed its proper level,  
And sent me to the devil.  
I know it did—you doubt it?  
I turned, and saw them whispering about it.

T. E. BROWN.

# THE BOUGH OF MAY.

## Song.

Words by  
T. E. BROWN.

Music by  
H. WALFORD DAVIES.

**Allegretto.** (♩ = about 108.)

**VOICE.**

**PIANO.** *pp*

*rit.* *mf* *a tempo*

I bend - ed un - to me a

*p a tempo*

*rit.*

*f* *rit.*

*Teo.* *\* Teo.*

bough of May, \_\_\_\_\_ That I might see and smell: It

*Teo.* *\* Teo.*

bore it in a sort of way, It bore it \_\_\_\_\_ ve - ry well.

*p*

But, when I let it

*pp* *mf* *f* *sf*

back - ward sway, \_\_\_\_\_ Then it were hard to tell With what a

*f*

*Red.* \* *Red.* \* *Red.* \* *Red.* \*

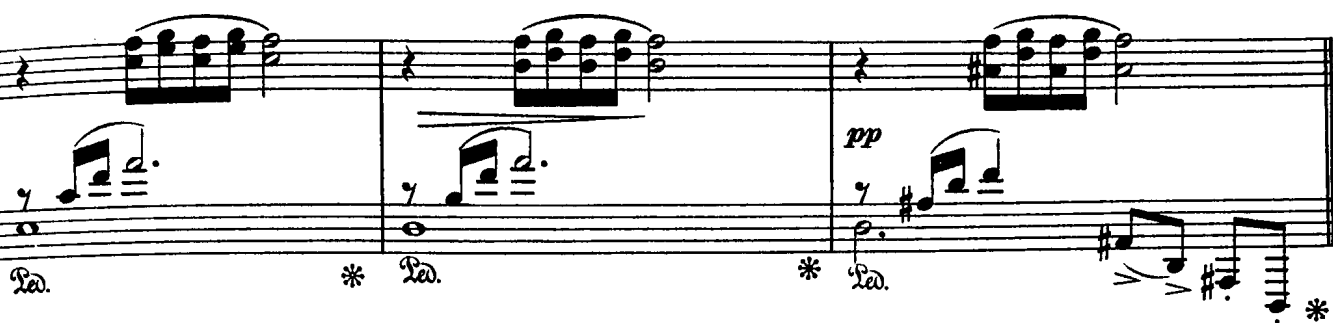
toss, with what a swing, The dain-ty thing Re - sumed \_\_\_\_\_ its proper

*dim.*

*Red.* \* *Red.* \* *Red.* \* *Red.* \* *Red.* \* *Red.* \*



le-vel, And sent me to the de-vil.



*rit.* *a tempo ed espress.*

I know it did, I know, I know it did—

*pp rit.*

*a tempo*

— you doubt it? I turned, (parlando) *pp* and saw them whis - per - ing a - bout it.

*pp rit.*

*pp*

*ppp*