FOLK-SONGS
AND OTHER SONGS
FOR CHILDREN

EDITED BY
JANE BYRD RADCLIFFE-WHITEHEAD

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CHICAGO
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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In some cases the words of foreign love songs have been replaced by simple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 rest-
lessness 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.
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ENGLISH SONGS

THE HUNT IS UP

Ascribed to WILLIAM GRAY (1537)
(Musician to King Henry VIII)
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney

Words ancient

Somewhat quickly

1. The hunt is up,____ the hunt is up,____ And
   it is well-nigh day.____ And Harry, our King, is
2. The east is bright with morning light,____ And
   darkness it is fled.____ The merry horn wakes
3. The horses snort to be at the sport,____ The woods rejoice at the
   dogs are running free,____ The woods rejoice at the
   gone hunting; To bring his deer to bay.
   up the morn, To leave his idle bed.
   merry noise Of hey! tan-tara, tee! tee!
COME, LASSES AND LADS

OLD MELODY (17th Century or older)
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney

Lively

1. Come, lasses and lads, get leave of your dads,
   And a

2. Then after an hour they went to a bow'r,
   And

3. "Good-night" says Harry, "Good-night" says Mary, "Good-

way to the May-pole
played for ale
night!" says Dolly to John,

hie, For e'ry fair has a and cakes, And kisses, too, un-
says Dolly to John, "Good-night" says Sue to her

sweet heart there, And the fiddlers standing by;

sweet heart Hugh, "Good-night" says e'ry one; Some
Willy shall dance with Jane, And Johnny has got his girls did then begin To quarrel with the walked and some did run; Some loitered on the

Joan, To trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it, And bid them take their kisses back, And men, And bound themselves by kisses twelve, To

Trip it up and down, To trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it, give them their own again, And bid them take their kisses back, And meet the next holiday And bound themselves by kisses twelve To

Trip it up and down, give them their own again, meet the next holiday.
BEGONE, DULL CARE!

Word founded on a
Song of the 16th Century

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

Cheerfully

VOICE

PIANO

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

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I will never agree. Long time hast thou been tarrying here And
turn an old man to clay. My wife shall dance and I will sing; So

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
dim.

never shalt have thy will. drive dull care a way.

dim.

D.S.
WHEN ALL THE WORLD IS YOUNG

CHARLES KINGSLEY

Briskly

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

THOMAS WHARTON
Slow: sad

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

1. There was a jolly miller once
   Lived
2. I live by my mill, she is to me
   Like

on the river
parent, child
and wife!

He worked and sang from
I would not change my
morn till night, No lark more blithe than he
station For any other in life.

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this the burden of his song For ever used to
lawyer, surgeon, doctor Ever had a groat from
be, me, "I care for nobody,
no, not I, And nobody cares for me."
ARThUR OF BRADLEY

TUNe: "ROGER DE COVERLY"

(17th Century or older)

Gaily

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,

Laun- ce- 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,

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;

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Yet I'll sing no more of them, One I know worth a score of them;
Like the mill 'tis clatter ing, Sets one's teeth all a chatter ing;
Soon the miller's daughter, she Felt as weak as pump water, she

Caesar, Pompey, Hector, were dolts to Arthur of Bradley,
All are scared by Dorothy, all but Arthur of Bradley,
Vowed that none should marry her, None but Arthur of Bradley,

Oh! fine Arthur of Bradley, Arthur of Bradley, oh!

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OH! DEAR, WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?

OLD TUNE

(Time of King Henry VIII)

Fast

Voice:
Oh! dear, what can the matter be?

Piano:

Dear! dear! what can the matter be? Oh! dear,

what can the matter be? Johnny's so long at the fair.

Fine

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1. He promised he'd buy me a fairing should please me, And
then for a kiss, oh! he vow'd he would tease me, He promis'd he'd bring me a
bunch of blue ribbons, To tie up my bonny brown hair. And it's

2. He promised he'd bring me a basket of posies, A
garland of lilies, a garland of roses, A little straw hat, to set
off the blue ribbons, That tie up my bonny brown hair. And it's

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JOHN PEEL

T. N. GRAVES (1820)

OLD HUNTING SONG
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney

With spirit

VOICE

PIANO

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

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 finish the bowl, We'll follow John Peel thro'

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

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 halloo" would a-

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

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LORD LOVELL

OLD TUNE
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney

Quickly

VOICE

1. Lord Lovell he stood at his castle gate, A-
2. "Oh, where are you going, Lord Lovell," she said, "Oh,
3. Lady Nancy she died as it might be to-day, Lord

combing his milk-white steed, And by came Lady Nancy Bell To
where are you going?" said she. "I'm going, my dear Lady Nancy Bell, Strange
Lovell he died to-morrow; And out of her bosom there grew a red rose And

wished her lover good speed, speed, speed, To wish her lover good speed—
countries for to see, see, see, Strange countries for— to see—
out of Lord Lovell's a brier, brier, brier, And out of Lord Lovell's a brier—

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.

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THE THREE RAVENS

OLD BALLAD (16th century)

Moderate time

VOICE

1. There were three ravens
2. Behold! alas, 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?" With a down, derry, derry, der - ry down, down.

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3. His faithful hawks so
4. She lifted up his

near him fly,
ghastly head,
bird of prey dare
kissed his wounds that
ven·ture nigh, With a
were so red, With a
down:
down:
But
She

down, hey down. No
down, hey down. And

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

straight doth go, With a down, der- ry der- ry, der- ry down, down.
Fen - song time, With a down, der- ry der- ry, der- ry down, down.

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THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL

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

Rather fast

1. On Richmond Hill there lives a lass, More bright than Mayday

2. Ye zephyrs gay that fan the air, And wanton thro' the

3. How happy will the shepherd be Who calls this nymph his

morn,—Whose charms all other maids surpass, A

grove,—Oh, whisper to my charming fair, "I

own!—Oh, may her choice be fixed on me! Mine's

rose without a thorn.
die for her I love." This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet, Has

fixed on her alone.

\* Written for Miss Tanson who lived at Richmond Hill, Yorkshire.

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

lass of Richmond Hill. Sweet lass of Richmond Hill, Sweet

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

lass of Richmond Hill.
SWEET AND LOW

ALFRED TENNYSON

Rather slow (♩=100)

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the western sea,
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Father will come to thee soon,

Voice:

Piano:

Low, low, breathe and blow,
Rest, rest on mother's breast,

Wind of the western sea, father will come to thee soon.

Father will come to his
waters go, Come from the dying moon and blow,
babe in the nest, Silver sails all out of the west,

Blow him again to me, While my little one,
Under the silver moon, Sleep, my little one,

while my pretty one sleeps.
sleep, my pretty one, sleep.
HOME, SWEET HOME

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE (1792-1852)

Rather slow, but not dragging

1. ’Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
   Be it ever so humble, there’s no place like home.

2. An exile from home splendor dazzles in vain,
   Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!

Sir H.R. BISHOP (1786-1855)

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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! home! home! sweet, sweet
all. Home! home! 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

In moderate time

E. LAND
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney

1. 'Tis forty years, my old friend John, Since you and I were young;
   Bird-nesting thro' each forest glen, What merry merry lays we've sung.
   We woe of life No change that friendship knew. We've

2. There's gladness in remembrance, John, Our relationship has been true: In all the weal and
   The flower, the nest, the humming bee, For us will charm no more. And

3. I need not then remind thee, John, Of days long past and o'er; The flower, the nest, the

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climbed the rugged mountain side, And missed some loved ones one by one, Since our frail forms are fading fast, We
culled the bright-topped heather. Me-thinks it seems but first we trod the heather, And now there's but sweet
could not bound the heather, As hand in hand, with yesterday Since we were boys together.
memory left, Since we were boys together.
glad-some hearts We did, when boys together.
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-ny a tran-quil
yes-ter-day,
friend-ship, John,
year, friend John,
May find us still to-geth-er.

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**SCOTTISH SONGS**

1st verse from Skene Manuscript (1620)
2nd and 3rd verses by Mrs. Cockburn (1765)

---

**THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST**

1. I've heard them lift ing at the Ewe milk ing
2. I've seen the smil ing Of for tune beguil ing, I've
3. I've seen the for est A - dorned at the fore most Wi'

---

*Gently*

1. Lasses a - lift ing be fore dawn of day. Now there's a moan ing on
2. tast ed her ple a sures and felt her de cay. Sweet was her bless ing, And
3. flow rs o' the fair est baith pleas ant and gay. Sae bon nie was their blooming Their

---

4. Il ka green loan ing, The flow rs of the For est are a' wede a way.
5. kind her ca ress ing, But now they are fled, they are fled far a way.
6. scent the air per fum ing, But now they're with erd 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, 1901.*

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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
dar-ling, my dar-ling; Char-lie is my dar-ling, The
young Che-va-lier. (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

PIANO

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MERRY MAY THE KEEL ROW

JAMES HOGG (1770-1835)

BORDER SONG
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney

Rather fast

VOICE

1. As I came down the Canon-gate, the Canon-gate, the
2. He wears a blue bonnet, blue bonnet, blue

PIANO

Canon-gate, As I came down the Canon-gate I
bonnet, A snow-white rose upon it, A

heard a lassie sing. Oh, And merry may the
Keel row, the keel row, the keel row, Oh,

Merry may the keel row, The ship that my love's in.

Merry may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row, Oh,

Merry may the keel row, The ship that my love's in.
SKYE BOAT SONG
(Jacobite)

HAROLD BOULTON

OLD HIGHLAND ROWING MEASURE
Arr. by Malcolm Lawson

With animation and well accented

VOICE

PIANO

§5 Chorus to begin, and after each verse

Speed, bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing, Onward! the sailors cry;

Carry the lad that's born to be King
O - ver the sea to Skye.

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

loud the waves roar,     Thunder-clouds rend the air;
soft shall ye sleep,     Ocean's a royal bed.
fought on that day       Well the clay-more could wield,

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

4.

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

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BONNIE LADDIE, HIGHLAND LADDIE

JAMES HOGG (1770–1835)
OLD TUNE (about 1650)
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney

Quickly

VOICE

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

PIANO

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,

Saw ye him that's far away,  Bon-nie lad-die,
Then he gave his royal word,  Bon-nie lad-die,
But I think he'll no bide there,  Bon-nie lad-die,

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Highland laddie? On his head a bonnet blue,
Highland laddie; Frae the field he ne'er would flee,
Highland laddie; Charlie yet shall mount the throne,

Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie, Tartan plaid and
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie, Wi' his friends would
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie, Weel ye ken it

Highland true, Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.
live or dee, Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.
is his own, Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

This PDF courtesy of Art Song Central - The singer's resource for free sheet music - www.ArtSongCentral.com
Words by WILLIAM DOUGLAS (about 1760)
Revised and third verse added by Lady John Scott

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

Rather slowly (d=80)

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

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

poco rit. a tempo

dew, And its there that An- nie Lau- rie Gied
swan; Her face it is the fairest That
feet; And like winds in sum- mer sigh- ing, Her

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

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me her promise true.  Gied me her promise true,

e'er the sun shone on.  That e'er the sun shone on,

voice is low and sweet.  Her voice is low and sweet,

true,  Which ne'er for-got will be;

on,  And dark blue is her e'e;

sweet,  And she's a' the world to me;

And for

bonnie Annie Laurie I'd lay me doon and

D.C. last verse

dee.
dee.

a tempo
GIN A BODY MEET A BODY

Very moderately

OLD MELODY
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney

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

Need a bod-y cry? Il-ka lass-ie has her lad-die, Nane they say ha'e I; Yet
Need a bod-y tell? Il-ka lass-ie has her lad-die, Nane they say ha'e I; But
Need a bod-y g'loom? Il-ka lass-ie has her lad-die, Nane they say ha'e I; But

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?

In the train there is a swain
I dearly lo'e mysel';
But whaur his name, 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

Andantino

1. Oh, where, tell me where is your High-land lad-die gone?
2. Oh, where, tell me where is your High-land lad-die dwell?

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

High-land lad-die gone? He's gone wi' stream-ing ban-ners, Where no-ble deeds are done; And it's oh, in my heart I wish him safe at home.
High-land lad-die dwell? He dwelt in bon-nie Scot-land, Where blooms the sweet blue bell; And it's oh, in my heart I lo'e my lad-die well.

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LOCH LOMOND
(The Bonnie Banks of Loch Lomond)

Traditional Scottish Melody
Arranged by Malcolm Lawson

With much feeling, and rather slow

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

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.

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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 cea - se frae their

Brisker

Lo - mon!; Lo - mon!; Oh! y' ll tak' the high-road and I' ll tak' the low-road, And
gloom - ing, gloom - ing. (gloom - ing, gloom - ing.)
greet - in', greet - in',

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

a tempo

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)

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-ish'ed him be-yond the sea, But

Low-land lads he held in scorn, But he still was faith-ful

gude clay-more down by his side, The ladies' hearts he

er the bud was on the tree, A down my cheeks the

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to his clan, My gallant braw John Highland-man! 
did tre-pan, My gallant braw John Highland-man! 
pearls ran, Em-brac-ing my John Highland-man!

hey, my braw John Highland-man! Sing ho! my braw John

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

coll'a voz cresc. 

match for my John Highland-man!

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

Roy's horse enjoys a gallop,
Roy's horse enjoys a gallop, Other nags may pace and trot, But

Roy likes to ride a gallop.

1. They leave the barn at early morn, They
2. Hills rise and fall, the wild birds call, They
3. Down by the sea, along the lea, The

*) The original words, "Roy's wife of Aldrinkoch" are by Mrs. Grant of Carron (1746-1814)
climb the slope beyond the pasture, The level 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 horse'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-j oys a gal-l o p, home-ward now with mer-ry pat-ter.

Roy's horse en-j oys a gal-l o p, Oth-er nags may pace and trot, But

Roy likes to ride a gal-l o p.
AND WE'RE A' NODDIN'

Author of words unknown

OLD AIR
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney

Moderato

And we're a' nod-din',

nix, nid, nod-din', And we're a' nod-din' at our_house at hame.

1. Gude e'en to ye kim-mer, And are ye a_lane? O_
2. Oh, sair hae I fough, Ear' an' late did I toil, My_
3. When he knocht at the door I kennt veel his rap, And_

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come and see how blithe we are, For Jamie 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!"

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

espress

rit

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

rit

f'a tempo

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

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"CALLER HERRIN'"

LADY NAIRNE (about 1750)  

VOICE

Wh'll buy caller her-rin? They're bon-nie fish and hale-some far-in',

PIANO

Buy my caller her-rin', New drawn frae the ""Forth.

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

*) Caller = fresh  
**) Forth = a river in Scotland

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Dark-ling as they face the bil-lows, A' to fill our wov-en will-ows.
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 fall-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

D. S.
THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMIN'  

Verses written in 1715

OLD MELODY (16th century)

Lively

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

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

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

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

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

bon-nie Loch Lev-en, And saw three bon-nie perches 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

Moderate time, and with dignity

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

be for-got, And nev-er brought to mind? Should auld ac-qua-ni-
tase, And pu'd the gow-ans fine, We've wan-derd 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.
IRISH SONGS

FATHER O'FLYNN

OLD AIR
Arr.by C.Villiers Stanford

Lively
Solo

VOICE

1. Of priests we can offer a charming variety, Far renowned for

Piano

larnin' and pi-e-ty, Still I'd advance 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,

*Slain-te and slain-te, and slain-te again; Pow'r-full-est preacher and

*Pronounced "Slawt"; meaning "Your health."

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2. Och! Fa-ther O' Flynn, you've the won-der-ful way wid you, All o'uld sin-ners are
3. And the quite a-void-in' all fool-ish fri-vo-ly, 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, Wherewas 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 crazy ones, coaxing onaisy ones, lifting the lazy ones on with the stick.

"Is it lave gaiety all to the laiety, Can-not the Clergy be Irishmen too?"

Chorus

Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn, Slainte and slainte and

slainte a-gin, Pow'r-full est preacher and tender est teacher, And

kindliest creature in ould Donegal.
THE LITTLE RED LARK

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES

OLD AIR
Arr. by C. Villiers Stanford

1. Oh, swan of slenderness,
2. The dawn is dark to me,

Dove of tenderness, Jewel of joys, arise!
Hark, oh, hark to me, Pulse of my heart, I pray!

And

little red lark, Like a soaring spark Of song, to his sunburst
out of thy hiding With blushes gliding, Dazzle me with thy

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flies. But till thou'rt risen Earth is a prison
day. Ah, then once more to thee Flying, I'll pour to thee

Full of my lonesome sighs, Then awake and discover To
Passion so sweet and gay, The lark shall listen, And

thy fond lover The morn of thy matchless eyes!
dew-drops listen Laughing on every spray.
THE LOW-BACKED CAR

SAMUEL LOVER (1797-1868)
OLD MELODY
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney

1. When first I saw sweet Peg-gy, Twas on a mar-ket day,
   A low-backed car she drove, and sat Up-goose,
   But the scores of hearts she slaugh-ters By-side,
   That a coach and four, and gold ga-lor-e, And a

2. Sweet Peg-gy round her car, sir, Has strings of ducks and far out-num-ber these. While she a-mong her
   on a truss of hay. But when that hay was la-dy for my bride. For the la-dy would sit fore-

3. I'd rather own that car, sir, With Peg-gy by my bloom-ing grass, And decked with flow'rs of spring; No
   poultry sits, Just like a tur-tle-dove, Well
   ninst me, On a cush-ion made with taste, While
flow'r was there that would compare With the blooming girl I
worth the cage, I do engage, Of the blooming God of
Peggy would sit beside me, With my arm around 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 turnpike bar Never asked for the toll, But just
lovers come near and far, And envy the chicken That
married by Father Maher Oh, my heart would beat high At her

rall. a tempo p rall. a tempo p
rubbed his ould poll, And looked after the low-backed car.
Peggy is pickin', 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

VOICE

Rather slowly \( \frac{4}{4} \)

PIANO

The minstrel boy to the war is gone
The minstrel fell but the foe
man's chain Could not

In the ranks bring of death you'll find him;
His proud soul under;
The father's sword he has girded on:
And his harp he loved never spoke again,
For he

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wild tore its chords behind him.

"Land of song" said the warrior bard, "Tho' all the world betrays thee! One said "No chains shall sully thee, Thou soul of love and bravery!" Thy sword at least thy rights shall guard, One They shall

faithful harp shall praise thee!

D.C.
THE FOXHUNT

OLD BALLAD
Arr.by C. Villiers Stanford

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES

VOICE

Quickly, with spirit

PIANO

1. The first morning in March in the year thirty-three, There was
2. When they started bold Reynard, he faced Till a more, Thro'
3. With the hounds at his heels every inch of the way, He

frolic and fun in our own country; The King's County hunt over
Wicklow and Arklow along the sea-shore; There he brisked up his brush with a
led us by sunset right into Roscrea; Here he ran up a chimney and

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meadows and rocks Most nobly set out in the search of a fox.
laugh, and says he, "'Tis mighty refreshing, this breeze from the sea;"
off of the top, The rogue he cried out for the hunters to stop

Chorus

Tally-ho! Tally-ho!
Hark a-way! Tally-ho! hark a-way! Tally-
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

1. 'Tis the
2. I'll not
3. So_

last rose of summer,
leave thee, thou lone one,
soon may I follow,

Left blooming a
To pine on the
When friendships de

I lone;
All her lovely companions Are
stem,
Since the lovely are sleeping, Go

cay,
And from love's shining circle, The

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

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,

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

sigh dead lone.

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In Dublin's fair city where girls are so pretty
'Twas there I first met with sweet Molly Malone:
She drove a wheelbarrow through streets broad and narrow,
Singing "Cockles and mussels, alive, all alive!"

Refrain
Alive, alive oh! alive, alive oh!
Singing "Cockles and
mussels alive, all alive!" She died of the "fever" and nothing could save her, And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone. But her ghost drives a barrow through streets broad and narrow, Singing "Cockles and mussels alive, all alive!" Alive, alive oh! alive, alive oh! Singing "Cockles and mussels, alive, all alive!"
MY LOVE'S AN ARBUTUS

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES

OLD MELODY
Arr. by C. Villiers Stanford

Not too slowly

PIANO

1. My love's an arbutus
By the borders of Lene,
So slender and shape-ly
In her gir-dle of green.

2. But tho' ruddy the berry
And snowy the flow'rl
That bright-en to-
gather The ar-bu-tus bower, Per-

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measure the pleasure Of her eye's sapphire
fuming and blooming Thro' sunshine and

sheen, By the blue skies that sparkle thro' the shower,
Give me her bright lips and her

soft branch-ing screen.
Laugh's pearly dow'r.

A-las, fruit and
blossom Shall lie dead on the lea, And Time's jealous

fingers Dim your young charms, Ma-chree. But un-rang-ing, un-

changing You'll still cling to me, Like the ever-green

leaf to the ar-bu-tus tree.
GERMAN SONGS

MEETING

(Gaudamus igitur)

OLD STUDENTS SONG

English words by Hervey White

OLD MELODY (about 1750)

Solemnly

VOICE

Gaudamus igitur, juvenes dum sumus;
Sing the song we love to sing, Sing the song of greeting,
Sing till all the echoes ring, Joyousness repeating.

PIANO

Post iucundum iuvenotum, Post molles tam senectutem,
Song we sang when we were younger, Song will sing when age grows stronger.

Nos habebit humus, Nos habebit humus.
Gladsome song of meeting, Gladsome song of meeting.

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

In moderate time

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

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

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

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summer days the leaflets grow, Yet
stays till shining summer dies, When
full and strong in times of rain, Thro'

smile on green thro' winter snow. O forest fir, O
autumn comes away he flies. The nightingale, the
dusty days goes dry again. The valley stream, the

forest fir, Thy heart is green for ever.
nightingale, His song is for the season.
valley stream, It dances but a measure.

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THE LORELEY
(Die Lorelei)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

FRIEDRICH SILCHER
(1799-1860)

In moderate time

1. I know not what it may be-
2. Upon the heights is
3. The boatman upon the

token, That I such sadness know, A
seated A maiden wondrous fair, Her
waters Is held in longing dread, He

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

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The air is cool, day is waning, And
With comb of gold she combs it, And
The billows surrounding engulf him, Till

Gently flows the Rhine, The rays of departing
Sings a wondrous song; In cadence so strangely
Boat and boatman are gone; And this with her artful

Sunlight, The mountain heights enshrine.
Haunting The sound is borne along.
Singing The Loreley hath done.
THE MILLER'S FLOWERS
(Des Müllers Blumen)

WILHELM MÜLLER (1794-1827)

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

Moderately (Mässig)

1. Beside the brook grow
2. Now close beneath her
3. And when her eyes in

flowrets blue, That peep thro' drops of sparkling dew. The
window there, I'll go and plant my flowers fair. Oh,
slumber close, And she is wrapt in sweet repose. Then

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blue and clear.
soul en-chains.
get me not?

mine, these flowers,
know my meaning,
have my meaning,

mine, these flowers,
know my meaning,
have my meaning,

So they are
Full well ye
Yes, then you

So they are
Full well ye
Yes, then you

Fine

Fine

D.S.
MORNING
(Steh' nur auf, du Schweizerbu')

English words by Hervey White

In moderate time

TYROLEAN FOLKSONG (1822)

VOICE

1. Come awa - 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

kirt - le, and strap on your horn. For the roo - ter just crew 'Cock-a-
bees long have been on the wing. All the crea - tures of night hide a-
doo - dile - doo,' And the cow's calling 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?

(Ach, wie ist's möglich dann)

Thüringian Folksong

FRIEDRICH KÜCKEN (1810-1882)

Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney

Rather slowly

1. How can I leave thee, dear,
   And leave my heart thus here?
   Thou art that heart's best love,
   All else above:
   Get me not; Laid on that heart of thine,
   For - get not mine!

2. Blooms in a shady spot,
   Sweet blue for -
   Thou dost possess my soul,
   Thou dost each thought con - trol,
   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.

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HEDGE ROSES
(Heiden-Röslein)

JOHANN WOLFGANG von GOETHE (1749 - 1832)
Translated by C.F. M.

FRANZ SCHUBERT, Op. 3, No 3
(1797 - 1828)

Gracefully

1. Once a boy a rose es pied
   In the hedge row
2. Said the boy "I'll gather thee,
   In the hedge row
3. Undismayed he plucked the rose,
   In the hedge row

Piano

bloom ing; Fresh and young; the morn ing's pride,
   Thinking not her
bloom ing; Said the rose "My thorns you'll see,
   Painful will the
bloom ing; Vainly she laments her woes,
   Vainly doth her

End ing be Of your rash presum ing;
   Wild rose, little
Thorns op pose,
   Gone her sweet presum ing.

Charms to hide, All the air perfum ing;
   Wild rose, little
wild rose red, In the hedge row bloom ing.
PEACE OF NIGHT
(Frieden der Nacht)

G. SCHESTER

Translated by Elizabeth M. Traquair

CARL REINECKE

Moderate time

VOICE

The sun has long de-part-ed, The day tonight doth yield, And

PEACE, so still and ho-ly, Broods o-ver house and field. To wear-i ed eye-lids

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

an-gel watch doth keep. He falls with song so gen-tle The babe to sweet re-

pose; A-non the chords are si- lent, The wear-i ed eye-lids close.

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LADYBIRD
(Marienwürmchen)

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op.78, No.14
(1810–1856)

Not fast (Nicht schnell)

1. Come, Lady-bird, and seat yourself Up-
2. Go, Lady-bird, fly home, fly home, 'Tis
3. Fly, Lady-bird, now fly away A-

on my hand, upon my hand; Be sure I will not
all on fire, your children cry So sorely, oh, so

cross the hedge, across the hedge, The neighbors will not

harm you, No, I'll not harm you! I
sorely, Cry, cry so sorely! The
harm you, No, They'll not harm you! They

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will not harm you, pretty dear, Show your pretty wings and
cunning spider spins them in, Lady-bird, make haste; fly
will not harm you, pretty dear, Show your tiny wings and

never fear, in, fly in, Tiny wings so gay and
never fear, Give them all a cheerful

pretty.
sorely.
greeting.

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GREETING
(Gruss)

HEINRICH HEINE (1797-1856)
Translated by Harvey Worthington Loomis

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

Not slow

1. Softly courses thro' my soul,
   Loveliest of
   chiming;

2. Onward speed thee to the house,
   Where the flow'rs are
   springing,
   Float abroad, thou tiny song,

   Then, if thou a rose shouldst spy,

   Wrought of spring-time rhyming.
   Greet her with thy singing.

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SOLDIER SONG
(Soldatenlied)

HOFFMANN von FALLERSLEBEN
Translated by C.F.M.

WILHELM TAUBERT
(1811-1894)

In march time

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

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
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."

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TWO STARS
(Ländler)

AUSTRIAN FOLKSONG
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney

Not fast

1. Two stars are in the heaven, La-la-la-la-la-la-
2. Two butterflies in the garden, La-la-la-la-la-

la, Two stars are in the heaven, La-la-la-la-
la, Two butterflies in the garden, La-la-la-la-

La-la-la-la-la-la-la-

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THE MILL
(In einem kühlen Grunde)

JOSEPH von EICHENDORFF (1788-1857)
Translated by Dean Farrar
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney

Rather slowly

VOICE

1. Where loud the mill wheel roareth A-
2. She gave a true love token, She

mid the flashing foam, The maid my heart a-
breathed a plighted vow; That ring she gave is

dorest Had there her olden home, The
broken, That troth is slighted now, That

maid my heart adorest Had there her olden home.
ring she gave is broken, That troth is slighted now.

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MY TROOPER
(Mein Schatz ist ein Reiter)

English words by Edward Thatcher

FOLKSONG (1828)

VOICE

Quite fast

PIANO

here is my trooper, my trooper so fine: The
eyes and brown hair, and a dimple in chin, Oh,
planted a garden, and says it is mine, All

horse is the Kaiser's, the trooper is mine.
such a fine trooper there never was seen.
full of forget-me-nots, strung in a line.

Tra-la-

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THE GOOD COMRADE
(Der gute Kamerad)

LUDWIG UHLAND (1787-1862)
Translated by Dean Farrar

FOLKSONG (1828)

In march time

VOICE

1. I had a loving comrade, My glory and my pride.
2. Swift, swift the bullet whizzes; On whom shall fall the blow?
3. His hand he faintly stretched me, But ah! I might not stay!

PIANO

Amid the war drums sounding, While heart and pulse were
Ah me! my heart bereaving, Its fier y pas sage
"No time for sighs or weeping, God take thee in his

Bounding, He never left my side, He never left my side.
Keeping, 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)

Translated by C.F.M.

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

Andante non troppo

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.

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,

For the love of Heav-en O-pen now the door."

Fire is fresh-ly kin-dled, Get a light from her."

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MY NORMANDY
(Ma Normandie)

Translated by George Gould

Words and Music by
FRÉDÉRIC BÉRAT (1800-1855)

1. When our cold hopes show buds again,
   And

2. Nor glaciers born on Alpine heights
   Nor

3. When fires of ardent youth burn low
   And

sullen winter southward flies:
When
boats that swim the calm lagoons,
Nor
dreams delight the pensive mind;
When

frost is gone, and sun and rain
Con-
glories of Italian nights,
Nor
loves transcendent fever glow
Has

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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-t'en guerre)

*VERY OLD MELODY
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney

Not fast

1. To fight the French in Flanders, miron-
2. But he'll return at Easter, miron-
3. Now Whitsun-tide is over, miron-

mony, miron-tn, miron-tai-na, To-
mony, miron-tn, miron-tai-na, But-
mony, miron-tn, miron-tai-na, Now-

fight the French in Flanders Duke
hell. re-turn at Easter, When
Whitsun-tide is over, And

*) Was sung by the Crusaders
under Godfrey de Bouillon

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Marlborough has gone.  Duke Marlborough 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 Marlborough has gone.
done,  When all the wars are done.
come,  And still he does not come.

4.
His lady wife has mounted,
Mironet, etc.
His lady wife has mounted
Into her tower on high.

5.
She sees her page approaching,
Mironet, etc.
She sees her page approaching
In sable habit clad.

6.
"The news that now I bring you,
Mironet, etc.
The news that now I bring you
Will make your eyes to weep."

7.
"In battle fell Duke Marlborough,
Mironet, 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

When I was shepherd, shepherd, 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

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up the fatted three, "My old gray glutton fine, please

save the skin for me." John G. Nole, I love your singing,

Your pretty folderol de rol, John G. Nole, I love your singing Your pretty folderol rol rol rol.
FAIR GABRIELLE

(Charmante Gabrielle)

English version by C.F.M.

Words and Music ascribed to HENRY IV (1600)

Arr.by O. H. Lange

Andante

1. Fair Gabrielle my heart is pierced through by love's keenest dart,
2. Deign but to share with me the fair crown my valor hath won,
   Yet at the call of glory to arms I soon must depart. O cruel fate which bids me from
   My heart would offer all that it hath to thee alone. Cruel the parting decreed by re-

   thee to fly. Ease thou the pain of loving or let me die.
   Life is too short to harbor a love so great.
I RODE AWAY TO MANDALAY
(Je m'en allay à Bagnolet)

Translated by Edward Thatcher

FOLKSONG

1. I rode away to Mandalay, And found a mule that dug away,
   To plant his garden round, And there a crimson cat I found,
   That cleaned his gain, And there I met a smiling wren. That cocked his

2. I rode away our garden lay,
   My Magdeleon, I love you so, I've lost my senses nearly!
   I love you so, I've lost my senses nearly!
   I love you so, I've lost my senses nearly!
   I love you so, I've lost my senses nearly!
   I love you so, I've lost my senses nearly!

3. I rode back to our house a lay.
   I love you so, I've lost my senses nearly!
   I love you so, I've lost my senses nearly!
   I love you so, I've lost my senses nearly!
   I love you so, I've lost my senses nearly!
   I love you so, I've lost my senses nearly!
THE CLEAR COOL POND

(English adaptation by George Gould)

OLD FOLKSONG
(Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney)

Rather soft; with spirit.

1. Down by the old farm-house—
   (Hur-ry, hur-ry, lit-tle
duck-lings!)

2. There swim lit-tle fish-es,—
   (Hur-ry, hur-ry, lit-tle
duck-lings!)

3. Quick now through the sed-ges—
   (Hur-ry, hur-ry, lit-tle
duck-lings!)

   There's a clear, cool
duck-ling,)
   In the clear, cool
duck-ling!)
   Of the clear, cool

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

   There's a clean, cool pond.
   In the clean, cool pond.
   Of the clean, cool pond.
THE RETURN
(Le Retour)

English words by George Gould

MARIE ANTOINETTE
(Queen of France 1785–1793)

In moderate time
Sail or, tell me, over the ocean Have you
seen the truest of men? Did his frank eyes claim your
friendship? Is he soon coming home-ward again? Our threads of
life Strongly entwine, I hold his heart-strings,
He holds mine, I hold his heart-strings, He holds mine.

THE SHEPHERD MAIDEN
(Il était une bergère)

English adoption by Phoebe Lyde

OLD TUNE
Arr.by Charles Fonteyn Manney

Moderato

1. There was a little maiden,
2. She made a cheese one morning,
3. Her cat came slyly creeping;
4. "If once your paw comes near it,"

(Sing mew, mew, mew, and)

There was a little maiden, Who
She made a cheese one morning Of
Her cat came slyly creeping, That
"If once your paw comes near it, I'll

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lived where daisies grew, grew, grew, Who lived where daisies grew.
milk so fresh and new, (mew, mew,) Of milk so fresh and new.
nice fresh cheese to view, (mew, mew,) That nice fresh cheese to view.
take the stick to you, (mew, mew,) "I'll 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

In moderate time

1. Must I ride so long a journey, Who will go for me so far?
2. Finds the doors all shut and bolted, Enter by the window bar.
3. Good-day one, Good-day another; Good-day Beauty that you are.

Pretty bird goes gaily flying, 
Humbly greets three ladies spinning, 
Lover sends me here to tell you 

Where love's house and gardens are. 
One among them like a star. 
Don't forget him when he's far.
Refrain

Vi-o-let dou-b-le, dou-b-le, dou-b-le, vi-o-let dou-b-le, fa-la-la!

Vi-o-let dou-b-le, dou-b-le, dou-b-le, vi-o-let dou-b-le,

[1. & 2.]

fa-la-la! fa-la-la! Lovers who can

not take trou-b-le They may stay just where they are.
THE CITY RAT AND THE COUNTRY RAT

Rather fast

1. Once a rat who loved the city Asked a
   country rat to dine, In a fashion neat and
   wanting in the least; But at ev'ry merry
   rat was dumb with fright; City rat said to the
   will disturb us there; Fare you well! If you have

2. Good the roast was found on eating; Naught was
   meeting Some thing will disturb the feast.
   other, "Come and let us finish quite!"

3. Quiet all, they left their cover, Country
   pleasure, You have also fear and care;

4. "In my barn I eat at leisure, Nothing
   pretty On some scrapes of pigeon fine.
   Fine

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On a Turkey carpet rare
Suddenly they hear a noise
"Thank you, no, I've got enough; Royal

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

again What a jolly meal they made.
running, City rat was off before.
morrow Out to me" the rustic said.

D.C.

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YOUTH HAS GONE
(Plus ne suis ce que j'ai été)

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

Andante

1. Youth has gone, and never I noticed,
2. Age can come, I never shall murmur,

Gone like a welcome passing friend. Ever I
Soldier, time-honored and set free; Earnest and

dreamed about my pleasures, Pleasures that
splendid was my service, Triumphs are

°FOLKSONG

This air was used by Händel for his set of variations known as "The Harmonious Blacksmith."
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never seemed to end. O Love, to you my
ended now for me. So Love, to you my
youth was given; On your high altars
youth was given; On your high altars
burned its flame. Ah! though things more worth be in
burned its flame. Ah! could I this earth change for
heaven, All beside on earth is tame.
heaven, I'll live life over just the same.
COME, AURORA
(Viens, Aurore)

Verses ascribed to HENRI IV
Translated by C. F. M.

Arr. by O. H. Lange

Allegretto

1. Come, Aurora, I implore thee, Bring me joy and happiness. Not more rosy is thy
2. She is fair beyond comparing, Golden curls her brow adorn; While her eyes with sparkling
gales forget their song. And the shepherd's pipe is
dawning, Than my lovely shepherdess. Not more glances Shame the brightest star of morn. While her
silent, When the sound is borne along. And the
rosy is thy dawn ing Than my lovely shepherdess,
eyes with sparkling glances Shame the brightest star of morn.
shepherd's pipe is silent, When the sound is borne along.

OLD AIR (16th century)
SCANDINAVIAN SONGS
TWILIGHT MUSING

RJÖRNSTJERNER JØRNSSEN
(NORWEGIAN)
Translated by Aubertine Woodward Moore
HALFDAN KJERULF
(1815–1865)

Rather slowly

1. The King's daughter sat in her lofty bow'r, A
2. The King's daughter sat in her lofty bow'r, The
3. The King's daughter, up in her lofty bow'r, Heard

boy piped a lay at the foot of the tow'r. Be still, little boy, ah! have
music was hushed at the foot of the tow'r. Oh! pipe once again, gentle
music once more at the foot of the tow'r. She bitterly moaned, as the
done with your lay, It fetters my thoughts, and they'd soar far a-
boy, your sweet lay, Give wings to my thoughts, for they'd soar far a-
evening drew nigh, "My heart it is heavy, I cannot tell
way, When the sun goes down...
way, When the sun goes down...
why," And the sun went down...

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THE FIRST PRIMROSE
(Mit einer Primula veris)

From the Norwegian of J. PAULSEN (NORWEGIAN) by F. CORDER

EDVARD GRIEG (1843 - )

Allegretto dolcissimo (Not too fast)

O take, thou lovely child of spring, This

Spring's first tender flower. Despise it not, that

later on Fair roses June will shower. The

summer has its golden charm, In autumn hearts are
gay, But Spring is lovelier than all, The

time of Love and play. For thee and me, O

dearest maid, The light of Spring is glowing; Then

take the flow'r and rapture yield, Thy heart on me bestowing.
FARMYARD SONG
(NORWEGIAN)

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 81, No. 3

English words adapted by HERVEY WHITE

Allegro leggiero

1. Come, chick, chick, chick, chick - ie, Come, old rooster,
2. The_ fountain is splashing, Come pick up this

too: The_ Bimbo is_ calling, is_ calling to

corn: The_ filly is_ neighing, way_ out by the

you: Come, big Turkey gobbler, Come duck - ie, old

barn: Go off, you big doggie, I hear a wee

wobbler, 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_
doves, with your coo-ing, Leave off love and woo-ing, Come
feeding 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.
SOUNDS OF SPRING
(NORWEGIAN)

Translated by C.F.M.

In moderate time

1. When the spring is seen, Robed in tender green,
2. When the spring returns, When love ardent burns,

VOICE

On the fields new life bestowing; When in leafy wood
Hold ing hearts in chains enduring; Then go not alone

Sweetest songs are heard, And the balm-y breeze is blowing,
Where the trees make moan, To their verdant thickets lureing.

PIANO

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Then at midnight when the moon is shining bright,
Listen not where elves are dancing in a ring,

Gaily dance the fairies by the silvery light.
By their magic they'll enchant thee while they sing.

When the spring is seen, Robed in tender green,
When the spring returns, When love ardent burns,

On the fields new life bestowing.
Holding hearts in chains enduring.
BRAVE OF HEART
(SWEDISH)

FOLKSONG
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney

1. Brave of heart and warriors bold,
2. Song of many a thousand year
Wore the Swedes from time untold,
Rings thro' wood and valley clear,

Breasts for honor ever warm,
Picture thou of waters wild,
Yet as tears of mourning mild.

Blue eyes bright
To the rhyme
Dance with light
Of past time

North! thou giant
Guard the songs of
Limb of earth,
Swedish lore,

With thy friendly
Love and sing them
Home-ly hearth.
Ev-er-more.
Mix a pancake, stir a pancake, Toss it in the pan, the pan; Catch it if you can, you can; Eat it here beside me. Mix the pancake, stir the pancake, Pop it in the pan, And I'll sit beside you.
THE MAIDENS WISH
(POLISH)

Translated by F. W. Rosier

FRÉDÉRIC CHOPIN
(1810-1849)

Not too fast (\( \text{\textit{L. 112}} \))

VOICE

PIANO

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

high in heav - en soaring, On - ly on thee should my
high in heav - en singing, Joy to thy heart my song

friend - ly rays be pour - ing: Not on the for - est green,
should be ev - er bring - ing: Not on the for - est green,
Not on the fields serene, But in the little window;
Not on the fields serene, But in the little window;

There would I all my friendly rays be pouring;
Were I a birdling, there would I be singing,

Were I the sun, so high in heaven soaring.
Joy to thy heart my songs should e'er be bringing.

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KRAKOVIAK
(No. 2)

POLISH NATIONAL DANCE
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney

LIVELY

Hand in hand dancing, Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la,

Out and in gaily, Tra-la-la-la-la-la!

Heel and toe faster, Now lighter than a feather:

Lifting to the music, Oh, hand in hand together.

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LOVELY MINKA
(Schöne Minka)

FOLKSONG (Little Russia)

Translated by C. F. M.

In moderate time

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;

VOICE

PIANO

(He) "Now, my trust-y steeds, your fleet-est, Let me see you fly!"
From the war, be-decked with honors, 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, Will thou think of me?"
All may go, if my be-lov-ed Still is true to me,"

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THE NIGHTINGALE
(RUSSIAN)

Translated by C.F.M.

A. ALABIEFF
(1808-1852)

Slowly and with expression

1. Nightingale, O nightingale,
2. When my lover went from me,
3. Thro' the night forlorn I weep,

Song outpouringthro' the vale.
"Take this golden ring" said he.
Wear y watch till dawn I keep.

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

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Thou, my joy, my only boon!
Faithful is my heart for aye!

From my finger slipped away.

Nightingale, O nightingale,

Song outpouring through the vale.

D.S.
FLICKER, FLICKER, FIRE-SPRITE
(Der rothe Sarafan)

English words by HERVEY WHITE
Not too fast

VOICE

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

PIANO

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

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

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

Child, O child, you're dream-ing Tis noth-ing but the flames.
Flying fancies are more real
Than facts that dully plod,
Spirits that I see and feel
Are thoughts come straight from God.

Flying fancies are more real
Than thoughts that dully plod,
Spirits that I see and feel
Are thoughts come straight from God.
ITALIAN SONGS
FUNICULI, FUNICULA

EDWARD OXENFORD

Quick and lively

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

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

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!

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Chorus

To pine and sigh;  
So cannot tell!

Solo

But I,  
With laugh,

I love to spend my time in singing  
Some joyous

with dance and song the day soon passes,  
Full soon is

Solo

Chorus

song;  
Some joyous song;

gone;  
Full soon is gone;

To

For

set the air with music bravely ringing  
Mirth

was made for joyous lads and lasses
**Chorus**

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

**Solo**

Listen, listen, Echoes sound afar, Listen,
Listen, listen, Hark the soft guitar! Listen,

lis-ten, Echoes sound afar! Funi-cu-li, Funi-cu-la, Funi-cu-li, Funi-cu-
lis-ten, Hark the soft guitar! Funi-cu-li, Funi-cu-la, Funi-cu-li, Funi-cu-

la! Echoes sound afar, Funi-cu-la, Funi-cu-la! la!
la! Hark the soft guitar, Funi-cu-la, Funi-cu-la! la!

Colla voce

Repeat as chorus
Small notes ad lib.
SANTA LUCIA
(NEAPOLITAN)

English words by
THEO. MARZIALS

T. COTTRAU

Rather slowly

1. See where the star of eve. Beams gently yonder,
2. See, see, how fair it is. There in mid-ocean,

See where from wave to wave Soft breezes wander!
Rocked by the silver waves With gentlest motion.

Far down the silver track Twilight is falling,
All sunk in peace and rest, All sweetly dreaming,

Far, oh! so far a-way Sweet songs are calling.
Now thro' the deep-hing night Moon-light is streaming.

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Come, then, ere night is dark,
Come to my bounding bark,
Come, then, ere night is o'er,
Come leave the noisy shore,

Santa Lucia,
Santa Lucia!
Santa Lucia,
Santa Lucia!
THE SEA BREEZE
(Marianina)

In moderate time

f

1. There's a fairy flying
2. O'er the land she flies a-
3. Quick she darts up over

The sea,
long the grass,
mountains high,

Light and airy as a
Leaves and flow'rs are gay to
All the clouds are gath'ring

bird is she,
see her pass.
in the sky.

All the waves leap up and
All call out to stay the
Fast they follow with a
call in glee,

fleet ing lass,

mer ry cry,

more. Dance with us a mid the war, Be a wave and dance to

flowr, 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

powr. 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 flowr:

ni na, Dance with us, a twin-king, glanc ing star?
ROWING

(La notte è bella)

P. GUGLIELMO

In barcarole tempo

Yeo ho! Our boat is riding,

Over waters smooth his gliding.

Oh, hear the wave-lets rippling,

Cool blows the gentle breeze, Soft the shadows of the trees.
p a little faster

Light breezes blow, Calm waters flow, Swift oars are rowing,

leggero

rowing free. Singing low, onward we go,

pp

Tempo I dolce

Over the calm summer sea. Over the gentle summer

ten.

pp e legato

sea, The summer sea.
ORIOLES
(O yi caroli)

FOLKSONG
Arr.by Charles Fonteyn Manney

English words adapted by HERVEY WHITE

With spirit

1. Sing-ing in the breezes where the
tree-tops flow-er,
hour-
gather;
White eggs ly-ing in
No!

2. Or-age col-ors in the sun, light
flash-ing feath-er,
Nest a-rock-ing like a cra-dle by a moth-er,
look! there comes a cat a-crawl-ing,

light
gather-
look!

light

light

light

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O - ri - oles are we, O - ri - oles are we,
O - ri - oles are we a - sing - ing, hap - py as can be,
THE DAIRY
(La Luisella)

English words adapted by Hervey White

FOLKSONG
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney

Not too slowly; joyously

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

turning, There stands the milk-white dairy, There
towering; Close where the brook is running, The
tviewing; Down on my winsome Mary, With

lives my blue-eyed Mary, Singing the life-long
tin pans range a sunning, Mary has washed to-
acents soft and wary, Sing I my round-de-

day. Come luck, come gold, my churning, Come
day. Come white, come bright, my scouring, Come
lay. Come luck, come love, my wooing, Come
cool and sweet, my yellow butter,
clean and sweet, my silver platter,
forth, O gentle feature some daughter,

Sings the rippling laughing water,
Sings the rippling laughing water,
Sings the rippling laughing water,

Work is but grown-up play,
Work is but grown-up play,
Love is but grown-up play.
WORK
(O sanctissima)

SICILIAN FOLKSONG
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney

English words adapted by
GEORGE GOULD

VOICE

1. Honest work earns pleasure after,
2. Sing the chorus, sing with gladness,

PIANO

Let your work be well begun.
Let your voices sound as one.

Earnest toil brings joyous laughter,
Health and youth are foes to sadness.

Time to play when work is done.
Time to play when work is done.

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SPANISH SONGS

REGIMENTAL MARCH

In march time

1. Come in the ranks, keep the step in merry march, Come in the ranks, keep the step in merry march.

2. Look at the crowds from afar they come and come, Keeping the step to the sound of fife and drum. See, see, the banners swinging,

Haste, haste, the time is fleeting; Shout! Shout! the color's greeting; Rah! Hark, hark, the bells one ringing; Shout! Shout! the chorus singing; Rah!

March! March! all the people are rejoicing; March! March! Bang! Bang! Hear the guns and crackers popping; Bang! Bang!

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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

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follow Your flight to where my friend and loved ones are. This bleak lone

land, it cannot lift my sorrow. My barren

heart is dead and dry with pain. Come back, dear bird, come back again to

morrow. Tell me of those I never shall see again.
With life

Hark, to our singing sweet flow'rs bring-ing; Here to the dance we come:

Lift up our voices, all earth re-joices, How can our lips be dumb?

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

Lift up our voices, all earth re-joices, How can our lips be dumb?
For the rose is red, and the wheat is gold, And the pale stream flows:

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

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

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

Sing-ing and sway-ing, Now step-ping, now slid-ing,

Music is playing in time with the glid-ing; Cas-ta-nets

clash-ing the meas-ures are gui-ding, Bright col-or s flash-ing il-

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

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fleeting, Parting, now meeting, With loftiest greeting.

Here is no racing nor swift dizzy turning, State-ly the-

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

tenderest yearning, Calm but compel-ling sways on-ward the dance.
Not slowly

BOYS

Jay! Jay! Jay! calls out the blue jay You sing “cheep” while we sing

GIRLS

“Jay!” Cheep! Cheep! Cheep! Begin the lin-nets, Listen what we have to say. Caw! Caw! Caw! comes back the answer From the throat of black Jim

BOYS

crow. Chirp! Chirp! Chirp! Repeat the rob-ins Hop-ping, hop-ping on the toe.
BOYS and GIRLS together

For the summer soon is coming, Ev'ry bird shall sing his best; Keep the woods and meadows humming, Each one busy at its nest. For the summer soon is coming, Ev'ry bird should sing his best; Keep the woods and meadows humming, Each one busy at its nest.
REMEMBRANCE

English words by GEORGE GOULD
Arr.by Charles Fonteyn Manney

Not slowly; with expression

1. Heavy on my weary senses—Hangs the scent of tropical flowers,
   While my thoughts are wandering far,
   To the violets of the northland,
   And my soul will see its magnet,

2. Should I long to break the fetters—Fruitless were the fond endeavors;
   Nature always claims its own,
   Nature always claims its own,
   Nature always claims its own—
To its perfumed spring-time hours,
Near the faithful polar star,
Thro’ all changes true for ever,
Till the final trumpet’s blown.

To its perfumed spring-time hours,
Near the faithful polar star,
Thro’ all changes true for ever,
Till the final trumpet’s blown.
THE DOVE
(La Paloma)

English words anonymous

SEBASTIAN YRADIER

Rather fast

VOICE

1. The day that I left my home for the rolling
2. And when I come home, from Nina to part no

PIANO

sea.
more,

I said Mother dear, oh, pray to thy God for
To rest with my mother dear on my native

me!
shore,

And ere we sailed I
A dieu to the ship

went a fond leave to take
where often with changing mind,

Of I've laughed

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—na, who wept as if her poor heart would break. “Ni-na, if I should
— and I've wept as veered the light changing wind. Then comesthe 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-penthy lat-tice, dear-est, for it will
sor-row and care a-way, ______ Ni-na so fair, all smiles will be by my

be side! ______ My faith-ful soul that loy-ing comesth back to thee!
Ni-na so dear will be my own blus-hing bride!
Oh! a life on the sea! Sing-ing joy-ous and free, Ah!

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

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

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

AMERICA
(God save the King)

Words adapted by SAMUEL F. SMITH
(ENGLISH)

HENRY CAREY
(1885 - 1743)

With dignity

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty,
2. My native country, thee, Land of the noble free,
3. Let music swell the breeze And ring from all the trees
4. Our fathers! God! to Thee, Author of liberty,

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

pilgrims' pride From every mountain side Let freedom ring.
templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that above.
breathe par-take; Let rocks their si-lence break, The sound pro-
ho-ly light, Pro- tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

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THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER

AMERICAN

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY  
(1779–1848)

SAMUEL ARNOLD  
(1740–1802)

Con spirito

1. Oh! say, can you see by the dawn’s early light, What so
proudly we hail’d at the twilight’s last gleaming, Whose stripes and bright
stare through the perilous fight, O’er the ramparts we watch’d, were so

2. On the shore dimly seen thro’ the mist of the deep, Where the
foe’s haughty host in dread silence repos’es, What is that which the
breeze, O’er the towering steep, As it faithfully blows, half con-
havoc of war and the battle’s confusion, A home and a
country they’d leave us no more? Their blood has wash’d out their foul
between their loved home and the war’s desolation; Blessed with victory and
peace, may the heav’n-rescued land Praise the Power that hath made and pre-

3. And where is that band who so vauntingly swore. Mid the

4. Oh! thus be it ever when free-men shall stand Be -
gal-ant-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-step's pol-u-tion; No re-fuge could save the hire-ling and
served as a na-tion. Then con-qu'rar we must, when our cause it is

air, Gave proof thro' the night, that our flag was still there!
beam, In full glo-ry reflect-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!

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BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC
(AMERICAN)

JULIA WARD HOWE (1819-)

AIR. "JOHN BROWN'S BODY"
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney

In march time

1. Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord: He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword. His truth is marching on.

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2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a
3. I have read a fiery gospel writ in
4. He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall
5. In the beauty of the lilies Christ was
hundred circling camps, They have built Him an altar in the
burnished rows of steel, “As ye deal with my con-
never call retreat; He is sifting out the hearts of men be-
born across the sea, With a glory in His bosom that trans-
evening dews and damps, I can read His righteous sentence by the
you my grace shall deal; Let the Hero born of woman crush the
fore His judgment seat: Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be
figures you and me: As He died to make men holy let us

dim and flaming lamps: His day is marching on.
serpent with his heel, Since God is marching on.
ju-bilant, my feet! Our God is marching on.
die to make men free, While God is marching on.

Refrain

Refrain

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DIXIE'S LAND

(AMERICAN)

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

With spirit.

1. I--
2. Old--
3. His--

wish I was in de land of cotton, Old times dar am
Missus marry "Will de weaber," William was a
face was sharp as a butchers cleaber, But dat did not

not forgotten, Look away! Look away! Look a--
gay December, Look away! Look away! Look a--
seem to grab her Look away! Look away! Look a--

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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 smil’d as fierce as a for-ty pound’er. Look a-
fool-ish part. And died for a man dat broke her heart. Look a-

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.

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Den I wish I was in Dix-i-e, Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray! In-

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

way, A-way, A-way down south in Dix-i-e, A-

way, A-way, A-way, down south in Dix-i-e.
Tempo di Marcia

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,

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-ders!
Rock-y steeps and pass-es nar-row Flash with spear and flight of ar-row.

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!
Echoes loudly waking, Hill and valley shaking,
See they now are flying! Dead are heap'd with dying!

Till the sound spreads wide a-round, The Saxon's courage breaking: Your
Over might hath triumph'd right, Our land to foes denying, Up-
foes on ev'ry side assail ing Forwards press with heart un-failing,
on their soil we never sought them, Love of con quest hither brought them,

Till invaders learn with quailing, Free men never yield.
But this lesson we have taught them "Cambria ne'er can yield!"
THE WATCH ON THE RHINE
(Die Wacht am Rhein)
(GERMAN)
CARL WILHELM
(1815-1872)

Translated by Natalia Macfarren

1. Like gathering thunder spreads a cry, Like
clash of arms when battle's nigh, The Rhine, there's danger to the
2. The tidings flash through million hearts, From
million flaming eyes it darts: Our valiant sons, in danger
long as I can hold a sword, No stranger shall our land de-
3. While through my veins the life is poured, As
banners wave and cannon roar, The Rhine! the lovely German
4. Proclaim the vow from shore to shore, Let
Rhine: Who'll shield it from the foe's design.
strong, Will guard our hallowed stream from wrong!
spoil, No foeman desecrate our soil.
Rhine, To keep it, Germans all combine.

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Fatherland, no fear be thine, Dear Fatherland, no fear be thine. Steadfast and true we guard our German Rhine, Steadfast and true we guard our German Rhine.
A SAFE STRONGHOLD
(Ein' feste Burg)
(German)

English version by THOMAS CARLYLE

MARTIN LUTHER
(1483-1546)

1. A safe stronghold our God is still, A
2. By force of arms we nothing can, Full
3. And were this world all devils o'er And
4. God's word, for all their craft and force, One

trusty shield and weapon: He helps us clear from
soon were we downriden. But for us fights the
watching to devour us, We lay it not to
moment will not linger. But spite of hell, shall

every ill That hath us now overtaken.
proper man, Whom God Himself hath bidden.
heart so sore Not they can overpower us.
have its course 'Tis written by His finger.

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The ancient prince of hell Hath ris'n with
Ask ye who is this same? Christ Jesus
And let the prince of ill Look grim as
And though they take our life, Goods, honor,

purpose fell; Strong mail of craft and pow'r He wear-eth
is His name. The Lord Sab-a-th's Son. He and no
e'er he will, He harms us not a whit; For why? His
child-ren, wife, Yet is their prof-it small; These things shall

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

1. We praise Thee, Lord, with earliest morning ray; We praise Thee with the glowing light of day.

2. Thy Christian kingdom is singing night and day. "Glory to Him, the mighty God for aye,"

3. Thy Name supreme, Thy kingdom in us dwell, Thy will constrain and feed and guide us well:

All things that live and move, by sea and land, For By whom, through whom, in whom all beings are!" Grant Guard us, redeem us in the evil hour; For

Thine the glory, Lord, and Thine the power.
THE MARSEILLAISE
(Le Marseillaise)
(FRENCH)

Arr. by FRANÇOIS GUERIN

Written on the night of April 24, 1792
Words and Music by ROUGET DE L'ISLE

Allegro marziale

1. Ye sons of France a-wake to glory, Hark, hark, what
myr-iads bid you rise.

2. With luxury and pride surround, The vile in-
sa-tiate des-pots dare,

3. O Lib-er-ty! can Man re-sign thee? Once hav-ing
felt thy gen-rous flame,

hoar-y, bound-ed,
fine thee?

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

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tears and hear their cries: Shall hate ful tyrants mischief
vend the light and air. Like beasts of burden 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 ho ods dag ger tyrants 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
fre dom is our sword and shield, And all their arts are un a-

bleed ing? goad us? To arms, to arms, ye brave, Tha-
veng-ing sword un-sheath! March on! march on!

All hearts re-solved On vic-to-ry or
dea-th. 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
Our country is calling Her sons to her side:

In death— or as victors With her we'll abide.

1. The fires of fierce invasion Are flaming thro' the

2. Our fathers faced the foe—men Who crossed the heaving

3. Then hasten to defend her From hosts of the in-

mountains. They red—den rocks and foun—tains With their un-love—ly

water, Thro' centuries of slaugh—ter They drove them home a-

va—der; A slave they would have made—her, We'll prove that she is
light. Our hearts need no persuasion, From every hill and
gain. From days of pike and bow-men And knights with shield and
free! No yielding, no surrender! But forward, surf-like

valley The sons of Spain will rally. And
armor, No conqueror could harm her, Or
dashing, Till freedom's fires are flashing From

burry to the fight.
bow the heart of Spain) Our country is calling Her sons to her
mountain top to sea.

side In death, or as victors With her we'll abide.
1. God preserve our noble nation, Bless our rulers good and great; Mighty people, free, united, We thy glory celebrate!

2. O'er blooming fields and meadows, Our domain extends a state, Love shall keep us undivided, Loyal to our sovereign state. Free-dom o-ver all ex-ten-ded Beams ef-ful-gent as a star.
CAROLS
GOOD KING WENCESLAUS
(OLD ENGLISH)

Words by Dr. NEALE

Traditional

1. Good King Wenceslaus look'd out, On the Feast of Stephen, When the snow lay
2. Hither, page, and stand by me, If thou know'st it telling, Yonder peasant,
3. Bring me flesh and bring me wine, Bring me pine logs hither. Thou and I will
round about Deep and crisp and even. Brightly shone the moon that night Though the frost was
who is he? Where and what his dwelling! Sire, he lives a good league hence Underneath the
see him dine When we bear them thither. Page and monarch forth they went, Forth they went to-
cruel, When a poor man came in sight Gather winterfuel.
mountain: Right against the forest fence. By Saint Agnes' fountain.
gather, Through thorough winds wild lament And the bitter weather.

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 shalt 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

1. The first No - well 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 -

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

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sheep On a cold winter's night, that was so deep.
light, And so it continued, both day and night.
tent, And to follow the Star wherever it went.
stay, Right over the place where Jesus lay.

Chorus
Now-ell, Now-ell, Now-ell, Now-ell,
Now-ell, Born is the King of Israel.

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.

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

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THE MANGER THRONE
(ENGLISH)

W. C. DICKS

C. STEGGALL, Mus. Doc.

Not slow

VOICE

1. Like silver lamps on a distant shrine, The
2. Never fell melodies half so sweet As
3. The stars of heav'n still shine as at first, They

PIANO

stars are sparkling bright; The bells of the city of
those which fill the skies, And never a palace shone
gleamed on this wonderful night, The bells of the city of

God ring out For the Son of Mary was born to-night. The
half so fair, As the Manger bed where our Saviour lies. No
God peal out, And the Angels' song still rings in the height, And

gloom is past, and the morn at last Is coming with orient light.
night in the year is half so dear, As this which has ended our sighs.
love still turns where the God-head burns Hid in flesh from fleshly sight.
WHEN CHRIST WAS BORN
(ENGLISH)

Words from Harleian Mss

A. H. BROWN

In moderate time

1. When Christ was born of Mary free, In
2. Herds-men beheld these angels bright To
3. The King is come to save mankind

VOICE

Bethlehem, that fair city, Angels sang there with
them appearing with great light. Who said "God's Son is
As in Scripture truths we find, Therefore this song we

mirth and glee, "In excelsis Gloria!"
born to night In excelsis Gloria!"
have in mind, "In excelsis Gloria!"

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THE THREE KINGS OF ORIENT

(AMERICAN)

Words and music by
J. H. HOPKINS

Slow and measured

1. We three Kings of Orient are: Bearing gifts, we
crown Him again,
traverse afar,
Deity nigh.

2. Born a King on Beth-lehem's plain, Gold I bring to
Field and fountain, moor and mountain,
King for ever, ceaseless weary,
Pray'r and praising, all men raising,

3. Frankincense to offer have I,
Incense owns a
Gather ing gloom;
Sor'wing, sigh ing, bleeding, dy ing,

4. Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume Breathes a life of
Following yonder star,
Over us all to reign.
Worship Him, God most high.
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.

Star of night, Star with royal beauty bright, Westward leading,

still proceeding, Guide us to Thy perfect light.

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

Chorus

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STILLY NIGHT, STARRY AND BRIGHT!

(Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht!)

Original words by JOSEF MOHR  
GERMAN  
FRANZ GRUBER (1818)

Slowly

1. Still-y night! star-ry and bright!  
2. Ho-ly night! star-ry and bright!  
3. Star-ry night! still-y and bright!  

All is calm,  
Sheep-herds first  
Son of God,  

Piano

Vig-il's keep,  
heard the strain,  

On-ly the ho-ly and hum-ble pair,  
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,  
Ech-oo-ing loud and clear and long,  

Sleep, in the si-lence,  
"Christ in the man-ger"  

Now doth the Sun of mer-cy shine,  
To us a Son is  

sleep,  
Christ in the man-ger  
lain,  
born,  
To us a Son is  

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NURSERY SONGS
THE THREE LITTLE KITTENS
(ENGLISH)

1. There were three little kittens
   Put on their mittens, To eat some Christmas pie.

2. These three little kittens
   lost their mittens, And all began to cry.

3. Go, go, naughty kittens, And find your mittens, Or you shan’t have any pie.

4. These three little kittens
   found their mittens, And joyfully they did cry.

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

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

Purr-rr, purr-rr, purr-rr.

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OLD KING COLE

(ENGLISH)

OLD SONG (16th century)

Boldly

VOICE

Old King Cole was a merry old soul, And a

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

called for his bowl, And he called for his fiddlers three.
Every fiddler he had a fine fiddle,
Then
twee, tweedle dee tweedly dee, went the fiddler, Then twee, tweedle dee tweedly dee, went the fiddler, And so merry we'll all be.

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LITTLE MAN AND MAID
(ENGLISH)

Rather fast

VOICE

1. There was a little man And he wo'd a little maid, And he said, "Little maid, will you wed, wed,
2. The little maid replied (Some say a little what shall we have to eat, eat,

PIANO

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

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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)

Fairly fast

TRADITIONAL NURSERY RHYME

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

[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.

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THE LOST CHICKEN
(GERMAN)

Written for the children of
Robert and Clara Schumann

Con moto

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

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

Have you seen my little chick-a-biddy?
Don't be angry, darling mother!
Thro' the town in tears I'm roaming,
Mother dear, we must entice her.
My poor head grows faint and giddy.
I'll soon run and buy another.
Here's my poor lost chick-a-biddy coming.
With some crumbs or something nicer.

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

All alone! Where's my chick-a-biddy gone, gone, gone?
All alone! Where's my chick-a-biddy gone, gone, gone?
All alone! Where's my chick-a-biddy gone, gone, gone?
See, see, see! Such a feast I have for thee!
BAA! BAA! BLACK SHEEP

(ENGLISH)

Fairly fast

VOICE

"Baa! Baa! Black sheep, have you any wool?"
"Yes, kind

NURSERY DITTY

Fine

Sir, I've three bags full;
One for my master, and

one for my dame, But none for the little 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

Lucy Locket lost her pocket, Kitty Fisher found it: But

*The prototype of "Yankee Doodle"

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SWALLOW, GOOD BYE
(Liebchen, ade!)  

English words by EDWARD THATCHER  

Moderately slow

GERMAN FOLKSONG

VOICE

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

PIANO

June of another year, You'll find me waiting here,
Snowflakes you'll love to see, Falling so merrily,

Swallow, good bye!  Why must you fly?
Swallow, don't go!  Stay through the snow.
THE LITTLE COCK-SPARROW
(IRISH)

English nursery rhyme

OLD IRISH AIR: "Garryowen"

Lively

PIANO

1. A little cock-spar-row sat on a high tree, A
2. A naughty boy with a bow and arrow, A
3. For this little cock-spar-row would make a nice stew, For this
4. "Oh, no" says cock-spar-row, "I won't make a stew, Oh,

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

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 - terd his wings and a - way he flew.

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He chirruped, he chirruped, he chirruped, he chirruped, he
Who chirruped, and chirruped, and chirruped, and chirruped, who
He chirruped, he chirruped, he chirruped, he chirruped, he
He chirruped, he chirruped, he chirruped, he chirruped, he

chirruped, he chirruped, he chirruped, he chirruped, A little cock-sparrow sat
chirruped, and chirruped, and chirruped, and chirruped, A naughty boy with a
chirruped, he chirruped, he chirruped, he chirruped, For this little cock-sparrow would
chirruped, he chirruped, he chirruped, Oh no! says cock-sparrow "I

on a high tree, And he chirruped, he chirruped so merrily.
bow and arrow, Determined to shoot this little cock-sparrow.
make a nice stew, And his giblets would make a nice little pie too.
won't make a stew; And he fluttered his wings and away he flew.
THE MULBERRY BUSH
(ENGLISH)

OLD NURSERY TUNE

Lively

Here we go round the mulberry bush, the mulberry bush, the
mulberry bush: Here we go round the mulberry bush, All
on a frosty morning. 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 frosty morning.

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THE GARDEN

With spirit

The garden of our house, it is the fun-ni-est 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

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

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IN THE SPRING
(Sur le pont d'Avignon)

OLD FRENCH NURSERY SONG

In moderate time

In the spring, how they sing, Dancing gaily, dancing

Fine

gaily, In the spring, how they sing; Dancing gaily whilst they sing.

Fine

The gentlemen do this way, Then again do that way.

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.

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LULLABIES

SOFTLY SLEEP THOU
(Schlaf, schlaf, holder, süszer Knabe)
(GERMAN)

POET UNKNOWN
TRANSLATED BY C.F. M.

FRANZ SCHUBERT, Op.98, No. 2
(1797-1828)

Slowly

VOICE

1. Softly sleep thou, my beloved treasure,
2. Were thy slumber, in the grave’s dark shadow,
3. Slumber, slumber, in thy downy cradle,

Piano

Gently rock’d by mother’s loving hand.
Still should guard thee there thy mother’s arm;
Mother softly sings a lullaby.

Rest, and peaceful, happy dreaming May’st thou find in
All good wishes, heart’s fond yearning Keep thee safe from
Soon thou’lt wake, warm and rosy, When the sun is

Childhood’s slumber land.
ev’ry pain and harm.
shining in the sky.

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O CAN YE SEW CUSHIONS
(HIGHLAND SCOTCH)
TRADITIONAL MELODY
Arr. by Malcolm Lawson

In a crooning fashion

1. O
2. Now
3. Sing

Can ye sew cushions And can ye sew sheets, And
Hush-a-baw, lam-mie, And hush-a-bow, dear, Now
Bal-la-loo, lam-mie, Sing bal-la-loo, dear, Does

Can ye sing bal-la-loo when the bairnie greets? And
Hush-a-baw, lam-mie Thy minnie is here. The
Wee lammie ken That its daddie's no here? Ye're

Hie and baw bird- ie, and hie and baw lamb. And
Wild wind is ravin', Thy minnie's heart's sair, The
Rock-in' fu' sweet-ly On mam-mie's warm knee, But
Hie and baw birdie My bonnie wee lamb.

Wild wind is ravin', But ye dinna care.

Dad-die's a-rockin', Up on the saut sea.

A little quicker

Heigh O! Heugh O! what'll I do wi' ye? Black's the life that

Armonioso

I lead wi' ye; Mo-ny o' ye, lit-tle to gie ye,

Pp

3rd time Fine 1st and 2nd time D.C.

Heigh O! Heugh O! what'll I do wi' ye?
In moderate time

O hush thee, my baby, Thy sire is a knight,

O fear not the bugle Though loudly it blows,

O hush thee, my baby, The time soon will come,

Thy mother a lady, Both love and bright.

It calls but the wardens That guard thy pose;

When thy sleep shall be broken By trumpet and drum;

The woods and the glens From the tower which we pose;

Then hush thee, my darling, Take rest while you

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see; They all are belonging, Dear baby, to
red, Ere the step of a foe-man, Draws near thy may, For strife comes with manhood, And waking with

rall. thee, bed, day. O horo, iri-ri, cadul gu

colla voce

lo, O horo, iri-ri, cadul gu lo.

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GUARDIAN ANGELS
(Kinderwacht)

GERMAN

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op.79, No. 21
(1810-1856)

1. When children lay them down to sleep,
   Two

2. But when they wake at dawn of day,
   The

an - gels come, their watch to keep,
Cover - er them up,
two bright an - gels go away;
Rest from their work of

safely and warm,
Ten - derly shield them from
care and love,
For God Him - self keeps

ev'ry harm.
watch a - bove.
CRADLE SONG
(Wiegenlied)
(GERMAN)

KARL SIMROCK

"Translated by Arthur Westbrook

JOHANNES BRAHMS, Op.48, No.4

With gentle motion

1. Lul-la-by and good night! With those
2. Lul-la-by and good night! Those

VOICE

ro-ses be-dight; Creep into thy bed,
blue eyes close tight; Bright angels are near,

PIANO

There pil-low thy
So sleep with-out

head. If God will thou shalt wake,
They will guard thee from harm,

If God will thou shalt wake,
With fair dream-lands sweet

D.C.

break, If God will thou shalt wake,
With the morn-ing doth break.

D.C.

charm, They will guard thee from harm,
With fair dream-lands sweet charm.
SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP
(Schlaf, Kindlein, schlaf)
(GERMAN)
POPULAR LULLABY
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney

With gentle motion

1. Sleep, baby,
2. Sleep, baby,
3. Sleep, baby,

sleep, Thy father watches his sheep; Thy
sleep, The large stars are the sheep; The
sleep, The Saviour loves His sheep, He

mother is shaking the dream-land tree, And down falls a little
little 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, baby, sleep.
shepherdess, Sleep, baby, sleep.
down to die! Sleep, baby, sleep.
DREAM-BABY
(Schlaf in gute Ruh')

English words by E. Thatcher

GERMAN LULLABY
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney

Slowly and softly

1. Now, my baby, now! Peace is on thy brow.
2. There, my darling, there! Sweet the evening air.

Peace the stars shed down on thee; Soft the peace enfold-eth thee.
Soft the breeze comes o'er the plain, Swing-ing blue-bells after rain.

What those twining bands shall sever, What this heart can trou-ble ever?
Who those fairy bells is ring-ing, Who comes tramp-ing, call-ing, sing-ing?

While I watch that starlit brow, Now, my baby, now!
Shall he find a jewel rare? There, my baby, there!

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In moderate time; not slow

1. Sleep, ah, sleep, my darling
2. All too soon wilt thou be

baby, Su, su, lullaby;
learning Of a warrior's life;

See, the moon is watching
With the gun, and prancing

o'er thee, Peacefully on high.
warhorse Moving to the strife.
Thou shalt hear a wondrous
Sad - dle, bri - dle, all my
sto - ry, Close each wake - ful eye,
baby Shall have by - and - bye,
And a song as well I'll
Now, my dar - ling, thou must
sing thee, Su, su, lul - la - by.
slum - ber, Su, su, lul - la - by.

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DORMI
(Sleep, sweet babe)
(CHELIEAN)

Mediaeval Latin words
English words by Samuel Taylor Coleridge

POPULAR LULLABY
Arr.by Charles Fonteyn Manney

Rather slowly

Dor - mi Je - su, ma - ter
Sleep, sweet babe, my cares be -

ri - det
Quae tam dul - cem sum - mum vi - det,
guil - ing,
Mother be - side thee is smil - ing,

Si non dor - mis, ma - ter plor - 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.
DODO, BABY, DO
(Dodo, l’enfant, do)

OLD FRENCH LULLABY
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney

English version by C.F.M.

VOICE

Slowly and softly throughout

PIANO

ba-by, do, Soon my pet to sleep will go. Do-do, ba-by, do, Soon my pet to

sleep will go. Yon-der by the roses, See, the white hen do-zes,

She will have a wee chick for you, If you sleep as good children do. Do-do,

Lit-tle chick is sleeping, Do-do, slum-ber, ba-by mine.

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ROUNDS, CATCHES AND PART-SONGS
HAVE YOU HEARD THE NEWS?
(CATCH)

(Very slowly until all the parts have entered, then quicke to Allegro)

Have you heard the news, the latest news? 'Tis dreadful to relate.

Alas! Alas! and well-a-day! alas!

What news? What news? Tell us quick our fate! alas!

Sad news! Sad news! alas! Sad news!

The Dutch, the Dutch, the Dutch have taken Holland.

SCOTLAND'S BURNING
(CATCH)

Scotland's burning, Scotland's burning,

Pour on water, pour on water,

Fire! fire! fire! fire! fire! fire! fire!

GOOD NIGHT
(ROUND)

Good-night to you all, and sweet be your sleep:

May angels around you their silent watch keep:

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

Summer is a-coming in: Loudly sing Cuckoo.

2nd VOICE

Summer is a-

PIANO

oo.

Growth seed, and bloweth mead, and coming in: Loudly sing Cuckoo.

springeth wood anew, Sing Cuckoo!

Growth seed, and bloweth mead, and springeth wood anew.
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, any old rags, take

Rush or cane-buttom'd old chairs to mend, old chairs to mend, New
new mack-er-el, new mack-er-el.

money for your old rags, any hare skins or rabbit skins.

THREE BLIND MICE

(ROUND)

1. There blind mice,
2. See how they run!
3. all ran after the farmer's wife, Who

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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
ever see such a thing in your life as

AT SUMMER MORN
(ROUND)

At summer morn the merry lark Heralds in the day.

At eventide sad Philomel Breathes her plaintive lay.

Warbling sweetly All her grief away.

MY DAME HAS A LAME TAME CRANE
(ROUND)

My dame has a lame tame crane,
My dame has a crane that is lame,
Pray, gentle Jane, let my crane that is lame
Eat, and come home again.

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OH, WHO WILL O'ER THE DOWNNS SO FREE

(=Two-Part Song=)

In moderate time

R.L. PEARSALL

(1790)

1st VOICE

1. Oh, who will o'er the downs so free, Oh,
2. I saw her bow'r at twilight gray, 'Twas
3. I promised her to come at night, With

2nd VOICE

who will with me ride, Oh, who will up and

guarded safe and sure; I saw her bow'r at

comrades brave and true, A gallant band, with

PIANO

follow me To win a blooming bride? Her

break of day, 'Twas guarded then no more! The

sword in hand, To break her prison through. I

This PDF courtesy of Art Song Central - The singer's resource for free sheet music - www.ArtSongCentral.com
father he has lock’d the door, Her mother keeps the key: But
varlets they were all a-sleep, And none was near to see The
promise’d her to come at night, She’s waiting now for me, And

neither door nor bolt shall part My own true love from me.
greeting fair that pass’d there, Between my love and me!
ere the dawn of morning light, I’ll set my true love free,

And ere the dawn of morning light, I’ll set my true love free!
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

PIANIC

1. Drink to me only with thine eyes, And I will pledge with
mine, Or leave a kiss within the cup, And

2. I sent thee late a rosy wreath, Not so much hon'ring,
thee As giving it a hope that there It
I'll not ask for wine; the thirst that from the could not withered be; But thou there-on didst
soul doth rise Doth ask a drink divine; only breathe And send'st it back to me;

But might I of Jove's nectar sip I would not change for Since when it grows and smells, I swear, Not of it self but

thine. thee.
FRIAR JOHN
(CANON)

In moderate time

1st VOICE
Are you sleeping, are you sleeping, friar John, friar

2nd VOICE
Are you sleeping, are you

RING THE BELL FOR MAT-INS, RING THE BELL FOR MAT-INS, DING DING

RING THE BELL FOR MAT-INS, RING THE BELL FOR MAT-INS, DING DING

DONG, DING DING DONG. ARE YOU SLEEPING, ARE YOU SLEEPING, FRIAR

DONG, DING DING DONG. ARE YOU SLEEPING, ARE YOU SLEEPING, FRIAR

FINE

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