

THE BOSTON SCHOOL MUSIC SERIES
COMPILED FOR AND ADOPTED BY THE
PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF BOSTON

No. 1A

FIFTY
ROTE SONGS

FOR GRADES I, II AND III

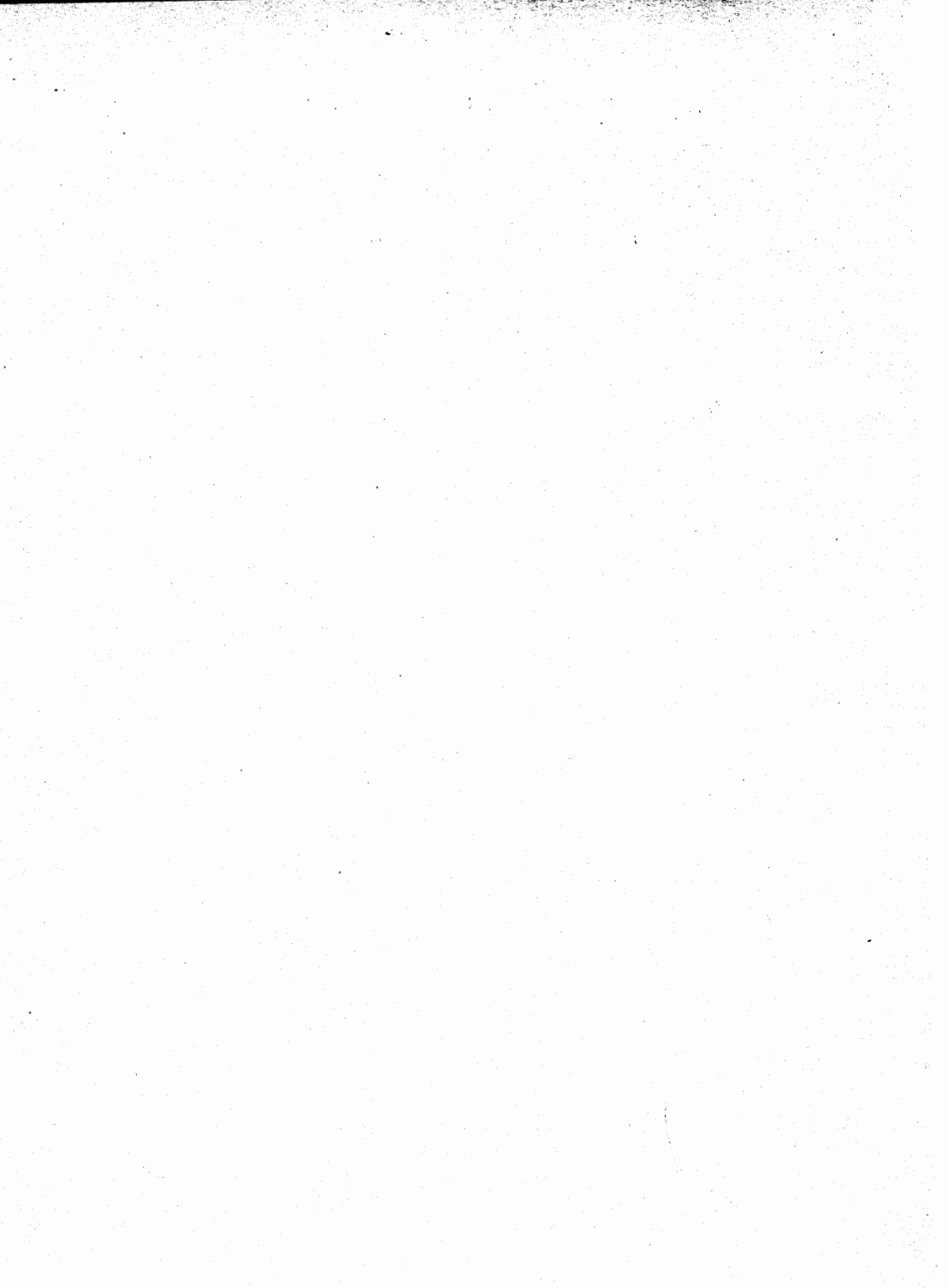
PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF THE SCHOOL COMMITTEE OF THE CITY OF BOSTON



THE BOSTON MUSIC COMPANY

26 AND 28 WEST STREET, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS





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No. 1A

FIFTY
ROTE SONGS

FOR GRADES I, II AND III

COLLECTED AND EDITED BY
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MEMBERS OF
THE ADVISORY COMMITTEE ON MUSIC



PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF THE SCHOOL COMMITTEE OF THE CITY OF BOSTON



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THE SCHOOL COMMITTEE OF THE CITY OF BOSTON

PREFACE

The songs in this volume have been selected for the purpose of awakening and cultivating the musical taste of young children. It is obvious that some such *actual* musical experience should precede instruction *about* music, and it is believed that a continuance of rote singing of beautiful songs (and none other) for two and one-half years will facilitate rather than retard instruction in sight singing.

This book contains only a part of the Rote Songs which are being prepared for the first three grades. Books containing fifty songs for each of the first three grades are in course of preparation.

In teaching these songs we recommend the following method of procedure :

1. The teacher should first sing one verse of the song.
2. The children should then be directed to beat time, clap their hands or march while the teacher sings the same verse again. This rhythmic movement must be in exact time, and the teacher is urged to perfect it as far as possible before proceeding to the next stage.
3. The teacher should then sing the first line of the song, afterwards asking the children to sing it with her ; then the second, and so on.
4. When the first verse has been learned, the second should be taken up. Any attempt to give expression by loud and soft, ritards, etc., should be postponed until the whole song is thoroughly learned.
5. These songs are spontaneous, simple and natural, and the use of excessive "expression" and of frequent rhythmic irregularities should be avoided.

The Assistant Directors and the Assistants in Music under the supervision of the Director of Music, will give the grade teachers the necessary instructions for vocal drill (tone production), breathing, enunciation, and the treatment of monotones.

Should the keys of these songs prove to be too high or too low for certain grades, the teacher is at liberty to change them.

The grade of each song is indicated by a Roman numeral after the title.

The children in the first grade are to sing only the first grade songs.

The children in the second grade are to sing the second grade songs and, in addition, the first grade songs with the exception of Numbers 1, 2, 5, 7, 8, 12, and 14.

The children in the third grade are to sing the third grade songs and, in addition, all songs in grades 1 and 2 marked as follows : (*)

The Editors wish to express their thanks to Mr. E. C. Schirmer of the Boston Music Co. for his valuable assistance in their investigation of the originals of these songs.

FIFTY SONGS

FOR


ROTE SINGING

No. 1 The Little Ducks.—I

Words by Nathan Haskell Dole

Old French Song

Moderato



1. Ma - ma! see, the ti - ny ducks— On the bank the
old hen clucks! Ma - ma! tell me, what's the mat - ter
That she keeps up such a clat - ter? She is
run - ning to and fro, While the duck - lings pad - dling go!

2

Darling, she can't understand
Why they swim off from the land ;
She's afraid the water'll hurt them ;
Into chicks she can't convert them ;
So she hurries up and down
Calling to them not to drown ;

After this song has been learned by all the children, one group may sing the first verse, and another the second.

No. 2

Sleep, Baby, Sleep.— I

Old Song

Slowly

1. Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Our cot - tage vale is deep; The lit - tle lamb is



on the green, With snow - y fleece so soft and clean, Sleep, ba - by, sleep!

2

Sleep, baby, sleep!

I would not, would not weep;

The little lamb he never cries,

And bright and happy are his eyes,

Sleep, baby, sleep!

3

Sleep, baby, sleep!

Near where the woodbines creep;

Be always like the lamb so mild,

A sweet, and kind, and gentle child,

Sleep, baby, sleep!

4

Sleep, baby, sleep!

Thy rest shall angels keep;

While on the grass the lamb shall feed,

And never suffer want or need,

Sleep, baby, sleep!

No. 3

I Saw Three Ships.— I

Old Song

Moderato

1. I saw three ships come sail - ing by, Sail - ing by, Sail - ing by; I



saw three ships come sail - ing by, On New Year's day in the morn - ing.

And what do you think was in them then,
 In them then, in them then,
 And what do you think was in them then,
 On New Year's Day in the morning ?

Three pretty girls were in them then,
 In them then, in them then,
 Three pretty girls were in them then,
 On New Year's Day in the morning.

And one could whistle, and one could sing,
 The other could play on the violin ;
 Such joy there was at my wedding
 On New Year's Day in the morning.

No. 4

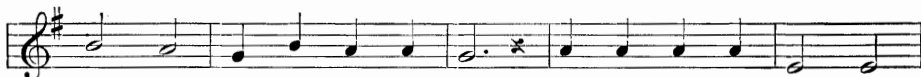
* Good Pierrot.—I

Translation by Nathan Haskell Dole

French Folk Song



Good Pier-rot, be-friend me In the moonshine bright! Your quill - pen oh



lend me So that I may write. Blown out is my can - dle,



My fire will not go, Turn the big door han - dle, Let me in, Pier - rot!

Moonbeams all things lighting,
 Pierrot crossly said : —
 "I've no pen for writing,
 I am snug in bed.
 Go and ask your neighbor,
 Go to her instead ;
 She is at her labor
 Making loaves of bread."

No. 5

My Pony.—I

Words by Nathan Haskell Dole

German Folk Song



1. Hop! Hop! Hop! Reins I will not drop! Po - ny, you must gal-lop fast - er,



If you want to please your master; He'll not let you stop:—Hop! Hop! Hop! Hop! Hop!

2

Hop! Hop! Hop!
From the long hill top
To the pasture-gate and tear back.
Breathless rider riding bare back.
Now I think I'll stop!
Hop! Hop! Hop! Hop! Hop!

No. 6

The Bridge of Avignon.—I

Translated by William B. Snow

Old French Song



On the span fair - ies ban, We're all danc - ing, pranc - ing,



danc - ing: On the span fai - ries ban, Wee folks danc-ing maid and man.



The handsome lords do *this* way, And a - gain do *this* way.
La - dies fair do *this* way, And a - gain do *this* way.

This song may be divided between groups of children. Appropriate movements or gestures may be used to accompany the words "The handsome lords" etc. The music of that part of the song should be sung more slowly and with free rhythm.

No. 7. The Little Boy and the Sheep.— I

Jane Taylor

Old French Song

Moderato



1. La - zy sheep, pray tell me why In the pleas - ant fields you



lie, Eat - ing grass and dais - ies white, From the morn - ing till the



night; Ev - 'ry thing can some-thing do, But what kind of use are you?

2

Nay, my little master, nay,
Do not serve me so, I pray;
Don't you see the wool that grows
On my back to make your clothes?
Cold, ah, very cold you'd be,
If you had not wool from me.

3

True it seems a pleasant thing
Nipping daisies in the spring;
But what chilly nights I pass
On the cold and dewy grass,
Or pick my scanty dinner where
All the ground is brown and bare.

4

Then the farmer comes at last,
When the merry spring is past;
Cuts my woolly fleece away
For your coat in wintry day;
Little master, this is why
In the pleasant fields I lie.

This song may be divided among groups of children.

No. 8

The Nut-Tree.—I

Old Song

Briskly

I had a lit - tle nut - tree, Noth - ing would it bear

But a sil - ver nut - meg And a gold - en pear. The King of Spain's daughter

Came to vis - it me, And all for the sake Of my lit - tle nut - tree.

No. 9

* The Old Man.—I

German Folk Song

pp With spirit

Wil - ly, Wil - ly, Will, The old man's com - ing;

Wil - ly, Wil - ly, Will, What brings he here? Wil - ly, Wil - ly, Will, Nice

su - gar can - dy, Wil - ly, Wil - ly, Will, For you, my lit - tle dear.

2

Willy, Willy, Will,
The old man's coming;
Willy, Willy, Will,
What else has he?
Willy, Willy, Will,
Such pretty playthings,
Willy, Willy, Will,
A pocket full for thee.

3

Willy, Willy, Will,
What more I wonder?
Willy, Willy, Will,
A good stout cane;

Willy, Willy, Will,
Some boy's been crying,
Willy, Willy, Will,
He'd best not cry again.

4

Willy, Willy, Will,
My Will's a darling;
Willy, Willy, Will,
Ne'er cries he'll find;
Willy, Willy, Will,
He'll keep his caning,
Willy, Willy, Will,
For boys who will not mind.

The first four measures of each verse of this song should be sung almost in a whisper.

No. 10

The Open Fire.— I

Words by Nathan Haskell Dole

Old French Song

Moderato

1. When the wind blows cold and damp, When the sea - fogs prowls a -
bout, Ma - ma lights the par - lor lamp And she shuts the dark - ness -
out. Tra la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la.

2

Papa lays the driftwood sticks
Underneath the walnut logs :—
Pretty soon the red flame licks
All around the iron dogs.
Tra la la la la la la.

3

Then we watch the embers form
Glowing castle, crumbling dome :
What care we for fog or storm,
Sheltered in the cosy home ?
Tra la la la la la la.

No. 11

The Fairy Ring.— I

Words by Nathan Haskell Dole

Old Lithuanian Song

Moderato

1. Down thro' the pine-woods quiet glades in - vite you ; Green branches whisper :—
"Fai - ry foot come danc - ing !" Mer - ry sun-beams light - ly glanc - ing
Show the paths that wild grapes cov - er ; Noth - ing will af - fright you.

2

Yet there at midnight gather tiny dancers ;
They form a circle, whirl with elfin laughter ;
Twinkling fire-flies hurry after ;
Big-eyed owls above them hover ;
Mocking echo answers.

3

If you should come there in the morning early,
You'd see the grass-blades whispering together—
On the wood path many a feather ;
Rings of mushrooms you'd discover
Where the dew is pearly.

No. 12 * Sunset on the River.—I

Nathan Haskell Dole

Slavonic Folk Song

Slowly



Rose, Flaming glows, At twilight's close Where broad and deep the riv-er flows;



Blue Shadows, too, Make pictures true As if the bush-es downward grew.

2

Dream

Figures gleam

Along the stream

Like dancing fairies light they seem.

They

Flit away :

"Good bye" they say,

Daughters of Night to parting Day.

This is a "modal" song, and the whole step between f and g in the last measure should be strictly observed.

No. 13 The Shepherdess.—I

Translation by William B. Snow

Old French Song

With animation



She who's fair-est in my sight I'll pre-sent for your de-light.



Un-der Lon-don Bridge we'll send her, Lead-ing all her lamb-kins



ten-der; Shepherd maid-en, lead them home, Home a-gain, no lon-ger roam.

This song may be adapted to game form.

No. 14

* The Little Dustman. — I

German Folk Song

Slowly

1. The flow - 'rets all sleep sound - ly Be - neath the moon's bright ray, They
 nod their heads to - geth - er And dream the night a - way.
 The bud - ding trees wave to and fro, And mur - mur soft and low.
 Sleep on! Sleep on, sleep on, my lit - tle one.

2

The birds that sang so sweetly
 When noonday sun rose high,
 Within their nests are sleeping,
 Now night is drawing nigh.
 The cricket as it moves along
 Alone gives forth its song.
 Sleep on! sleep on, sleep on, my little one.

3

Now see, the little dustman
 At the window shows his head,
 And looks for all good children,
 Who ought to be in bed.
 And as each weary pet he spies
 Throws dust into its eyes.
 Sleep on! sleep on, sleep on, my little one.

4

And ere the little dustman
 Is many steps away,
 Thy pretty eyes, my darling,
 Close fast until next day.
 But they shall ope at morning's light
 And greet the sunshine bright.
 Sleep on! sleep on, sleep on, my little one.

No. 15

* Winter.—I

Words by Nathan Haskell Dole

Bohemian Folk Song

Moderato



1. All the win - ter long the trees are bare ;



Not a green leaf flut - ters a - ny - where ;



Winds from i - cy re - gions blow ; Down the hill side drifts the snow ;



Crows and squir - rels ask for scraps of bread ;



One would think the riv - er fro - zen dead !

2

Yet the trees are dreaming as they stand ;

Rosy buds are ready to expand ;

When the first Spring breath is felt

All the ice and snow will melt ;

Full of life the river'll rise and flow ;

There'll be food for squirrel and for crow ;

The teacher is urged to prevent any irregularity in the beat during the pauses indicated by the rests. Strict time may be preserved by the use of some simple motion in the rhythm indicated by the small notes.

No. 16

The Tall Clock.—I

Words by Nathan Haskell Dole

German Folk Song

With animation



1. Clock up-on the land-ing, How old are you pray? How long have you been



stand-ing At work night and day,—With pen-du-lum swing-ing, Your



hands turn-ing round, Your bell a-ring-ing With sil-ver-y sound?

2

Once a week they feed you—

I've seen how 'tis done!

I'm learning now to read you—

Five, four, three, two, one!

Papa says the sun sets

And rises by you—

That's why everyone sets

His watch by you, too!

No. 17 *The Lord is my Shepherd.—I

James Montgomery

Netherlands Folk Song

Slowly



1. The Lord is my shep-herd, no want shall I know: I feed in green



pas-tures, safe fold-ed I rest; He lead-eth my soul where the



still wa-ters flow, Re-stores me when wand'ring, Re-deems when op-pressed.

2

Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,

Still follow my steps, till I meet Thee above;

I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod,

Through the land of their sojourn, Thy kingdom of love.

No. 18

Santa Claus. — I

Words by Nathan Haskell Dole

Old German Song

Lively



1. What clat-ters on the roofs With quick im-pa-tient hoofs? I think it must be



San - ta Claus! Hark! Old San - ta Claus—He's in his load-ed sledge!

2

I wonder what he brings,
What heaps of pretty things,
And how he gets them down the flue.

Hark!

Down through the flue
Just where the stocking hang!

3

'Tis cold as cold can be,
Yet I should like to see
If Santa Claus is dressed his best.

Hark!

Dressed for his ride,
His ride around the world.

4

I guess I'll dare to peep,
He'll think me sound asleep;
Why there he is with heaps of toys!

Hark!

Yes, heaps of toys;
Yes, there is Santa Claus.

No. 19

Song of Praise. — I

Words by Nathan Haskell Dole

Old English Song

Moderato



Lord, we thank Thee for the light—Sun - ny day and star - ry night;



For our par - ents and our friends, And for all Thy mer - cy sends.

No. 20

* America. — I

Samuel Francis Smith



1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,



Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the



Pil - grims' pride, From ev - 'ry moun - tain side, Let free - dom ring.

2

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

3

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light,
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

No. 21

* Star and Planet.—II

Nathan Haskell Dole

English Folk Song



How should I a plan - et know From an - y oth - er star?



By its con - stant stead - y glow In the skies a - far.

2

Other stars are twinkling bright
And they never change;
Planets move from night to night
As through space they range.

No. 22

The Robin.—II

Old Song



1. There came to my win - dow one morn - ing in spring A



sweet lit - tle rob - in, she came there to sing; The tune that she sang it was



pret - ti - er far Than an - y I heard on the flute or gui - tar.

2

Her wings she was spreading to soar far away,
Then resting a moment seemed sweetly to say:—
“Oh happy, how happy the world seems to be,
Awake, dearest child, and be happy with me.”

No. 23

* The Holiday. — II

Words by Nathan Haskell Dole

Old French Song

Moderato

1. One morn - ing ear - ly Fra-grant was the air: The dew - drops
 pearl - y Spar-kled ev - 'ry-where, And light clouds cur - ly Prom-ised t'would be
 fair. Tra la la la, Tra la la - la la, Tra la.

2

'Twas perfect weather
 For an outing gay;
 We rode together
 On the load of hay,—
 In such high feather,
 Singing all the way,
 Tra la la, etc.

3

The pine grove shaded
 Rustic seats and swings;
 The small boys waded,
 Tried their swimming wings;
 The young girls aided
 With the picnic things.
 Tra la la, etc.

4

And then day ended
 With the homeward ride;
 Our voices blended
 As the sunset died;
 The full moon splendid
 All things glorified.
 Tra la la, etc.

No. 24 A Frog He Would A-wooing Go.—II

English Folk Song

Moderato

1. A frog he would a-woo-ing go, Heigh-ho, says Ro-ley. A frog he would a-woo-ing go Wheth-er his moth-er would let him or no, With a. Ro-ley, Po-ley, Rò-ley and Po-ley, Heigh-ho, says An-thon-y Ro-ley.

2

He saddled and bridled a great black snail,
And rode between the horns and the tail.

3

So off he set with his opera hat,
And on the way he met with a rat.

4

They rode till they came to Mousey Hall,
And there they both did knock and call.

5

"Pray, Mrs. Mouse, are you within?"
"Oh yes, sir, here I sit and spin."

6

Then Mrs. Mouse she did come down
All smartly dressed in a russet gown.

7

She had not been sitting long to spin,
When the cat and the kittens came tumbling in.

8

The cat she seized Master Rat by the crown,
The kitten she pulled Miss Mousey down.

9

This put Mr. Frog in a terrible fright;
He took up his hat and he wished them "Good night."

10

And as he was passing over the brook
A lily white duck came and gobbled him up.

11

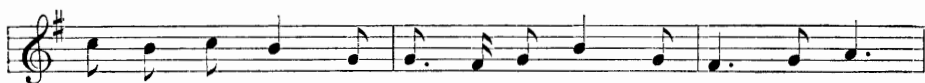
So there's an end of one, two, and three,
The Rat, the Mouse, and little Froggy.

No. 25 Where are You Going to?—II

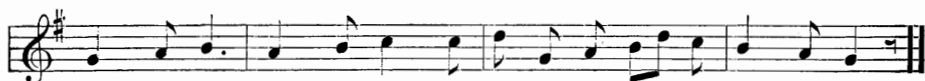
Old Song



1. "Where are you going to, my pret - ty maid? Where are you going to,



my pret - ty maid?" "I'm go - ing a - milk - ing, Sir," she said,



"Sir," she said, "Sir," she said, "I'm go - ing a - milk - ing, Sir," she said.

2

"May I go with you, my pretty maid?

May I go with you, my pretty maid?"

"You're kindly welcome, Sir," she said,

"Sir" she said, "Sir," she said,

"You're kindly welcome, Sir," she said.

3

"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?

What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"

"My face is my fortune, Sir," she said,

"Sir," she said, "Sir," she said,

"My face is my fortune, Sir," she said.

4

"Then I can't marry you, my pretty maid,

'Then I can't marry you, my pretty maid."

"Nobody asked you, Sir," she said,

"Sir" she said, "Sir," she said,

"Nobody asked you, Sir," she said.

This song may be divided between groups of children.

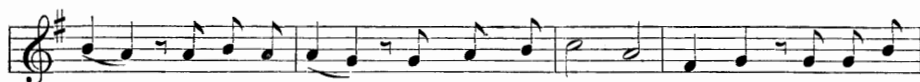
No. 26

* Ladybird. — II

German Folk Song

Moderato

1. Sweet lit - tle la - dy - bird, rest a - while, Come rest a



while up - on my hand, And naught shall there a - fright thee! I'll treat thee



well and set thee free, If thy bright wings thou'lt spread for



me, Those wings, those love ly wings de - light me.

2

Poor little ladybird, fly away,
Thy home's on fire, thy children all
In piteous tones are crying;
The cruel spider lingers here,
Fly, fly away or much I fear
Thou'lt find, thou'lt find thy children dying.

3

Dear little ladybird, pray return
To me once more, to me once more;
The sky is bright above thee,
Thy house is safe, thy children well,
So thou can'st all thy fears dispel,
And dearly, and dearly do I love thee.

English Folk Song

Moderato

1. O Rob - in - a - Thrush he mar - ried a wife, With a
hop - pe - ty, mop - pe - ty mow, now; She proved to be the
plague of his life, With a hig jig jig - ge - ty,
ruf - fe - ty pet - ti - coat, Rob - in - a - Thrush cries mow, now!

2

She sweeps the house but once a year;
The reason is that the brooms are dear.

3

She milks her cows but once a week,
And that's what makes her butter sweet.

4

Her cheese when made was put on the shelf,
And it never was turned till it turned of itself.

5

It turned and turned till it walked on the floor,
It stood upon legs and walked to the door.

6

It walked till it came to Banbury Fair,
The dame followed after upon a grey mare.

7

This song it was made for gentlemen,
If you want any more you must sing it again.

No. 28 * The Old Folks at Home.—II

Adapted from Stephen Foster

Stephen Foster

Moderato

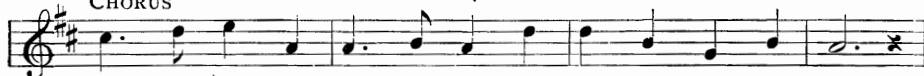


I. } Way down up - on the Swa - nee riv - er, Far, far a - way,
All up and down the whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam,



There's where my heart is turn - ing ev - er, There's where the old folks stay.
Still long - ing for the old plan - ta - tion, And for the old folks at home.

CHORUS



All the world is sad and drear - y, Ev - 'ry - where I roam,



O! how my heart grows sad and wea - ry Far from the old folks at home.

2

All 'round the little farm I wandered
When I was young,
Then many happy days I squandered,
Many the songs I sung.
When I was playing with my brother,
Happy was I,
O! take me to my kind old mother,
There let me live and die.

(CHORUS)

3

One little hut among the bushes,
One that I love,
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,
No matter where I rove.
When will I see the bees a-humming,
All 'round the comb?
When will I hear the banjo tumming,
Down in my good old home?

(CHORUS)

English Folk Song

Moderato

1. I saw a ship a - sail - ing, A - sail - ing on the sea! And



oh! it was all la - den With pret - ty things for thee! There were



com - fits in the cab - in, And ap - ples in the hold, And the



spread - ing sails were made of silk, And the masts were made of gold.

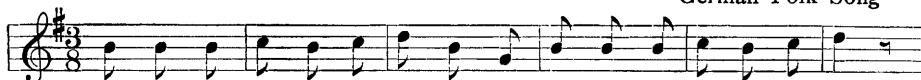
2

The four and twenty sailors
 That stood between the decks,
 Were four and twenty white mice
 With chains about their necks;
 The captain was a little duck
 With a packet on his back,
 And when the ship began to move,
 The captain cried, "Quack! Quack!"

No. 30

* The Nightingale. — II

German Folk Song



1. Look at that beau-ti-ful sing-ing bird, Sing-ing up-on the fir-tree.



Sure-ly it must be the night-in-gale! What oth-er bird can it be?

2

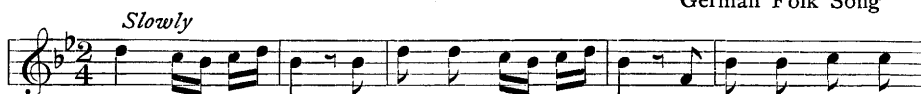
No, my love, that is no nightingale,
Some other bird it must be;
Nightingales sing on the hazel boughs,
Never upon a fir-tree.

One group of children may sing the first verse, another group the second.

No. 31

* Cradle Song. — II

German Folk Song



1. Sleep, ba-by, sleep. Thy fa-ther tends the sheep, Thy moth-er shakes the



ap-ple-tree And down comes all the fruit for thee. Sleep, ba-by, sleep.

2

Sleep, baby, sleep.
'Tis heaven sends us sheep.
The little stars are lambkins white,
The moon she tends them all the night.
Sleep, baby, sleep.

3

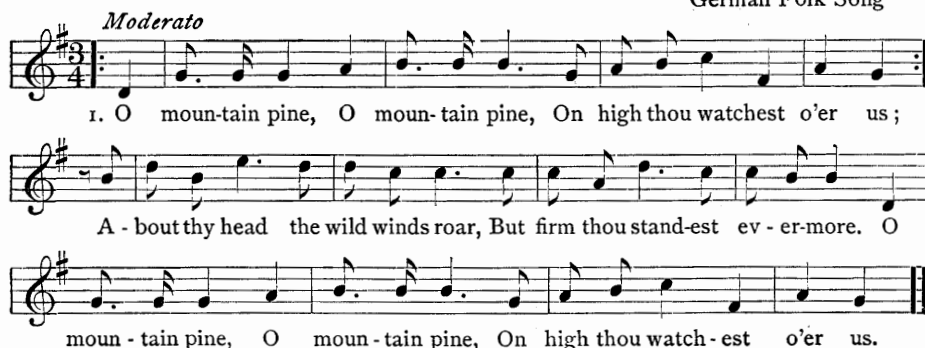
Sleep, baby, sleep.
And you shall have a sheep,
And he shall have a golden bell,
And play with baby in the dell.
Sleep, baby, sleep.

No. 32

* The Pine Tree.—II

German Folk Song

Moderato



1. O moun-tain pine, O moun-tain pine, On high thou watchest o'er us;
A-bout thy head the wild winds roar, But firm thou stand-est ev-er-more. O
moun-tain pine, O moun-tain pine, On high thou watch-est o'er us.

2

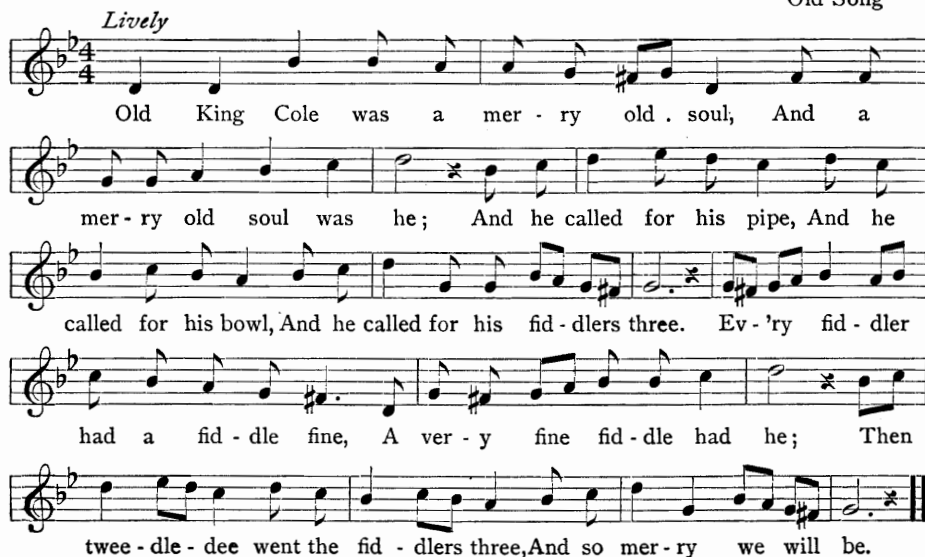
O mountain pine, O mountain pine,
How faithful art thou ever.
Thou art as green in winter's snow
As in the summer's richest glow.
O mountain pine, O mountain pine,
How faithful art thou ever.

No. 33

Old King Cole.—II

Old Song

Lively



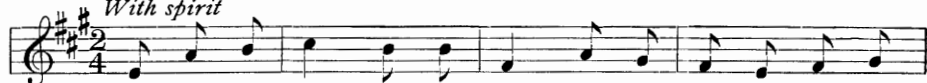
Old King Cole was a mer-ry old soul, And a
mer-ry old soul was he; And he called for his pipe, And he
called for his bowl, And he called for his fid-dlers three. Ev-'ry fid-dler
had a fid-dle fine, A ver-y fine fid-dle had he; Then
twee-dle-dee went the fid-dlers three, And so mer-ry we will be.

No. 34

* The Clouds.—II

Words by Nathan Haskell Dole

Old French Song

With spirit

1. They sail, they sail, through the blue—Ti - ny clouds like boats on



high; Each takes a breeze for a crew—Fast they trav - el down the



sky! First comes one and then comes two; Rac - ing, how they scud and



fly, You won't see them by and by Though you strain your eyes to



spy And won - der what they will do When they van - ish out of



view:—If we could fly—you and I—We would chase them—let us try!

2

They sail, great clouds—fast they sail—

They are monsters in the air;

I see one there like a whale;

There's another like a bear;

There's a lion with a tail;

He is leaping to his lair—

Is he running from a hare?

There's a monkey—no, a pair;

And there's a boy with a pail,

And a windmill in a gale—

And clouds in crowds—see them change

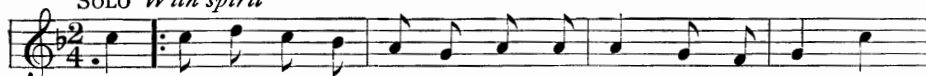
Into shapes immense and strange.

No. 35

* Butterflies. — II

Nathan Haskell Dole

French Folk Song

SOLO *With spirit*

1. What pret - ty wings you flut - ter, But - ter - flies, But - ter - flies! Please



take me up there with you, Let me with you rise! What with you rise!

CHORUS



Ay, pret - ty wings we flut - ter, But - ter - flies, But - ter - flies! You



have no wings to float on — No, you can - not rise! Ay! can - not rise!

2

SOLO: What lovely things you look at,

Butterflies, Butterflies!

Bright flowers and trees you look at

When you sail the skies!

CHORUS: Ay, lovely things we look at,

Butterflies, Butterflies!

Yet — you see more than we see —

You have bigger eyes!

3

SOLO: You fly across the river,

Butterflies, Butterflies!

You learn of distant places

You become so wise!

CHORUS: We do not like the river —

Butterflies, Butterflies!

Winds try to drown us in it —

Take us by surprise!

4

SOLO: You with the clouds run races,

Butterflies, Butterflies!

Oh, what delight to wander

Through the sunny skies!

CHORUS: Those clouds you think are pretty,

Butterflies, Butterflies!

Are wet and chilly vapor —

Caught by them one dies!

This song may be adapted to game form.

No. 36

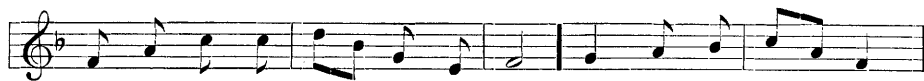
* Early One Morning.—II

Nathan Haskell Dole

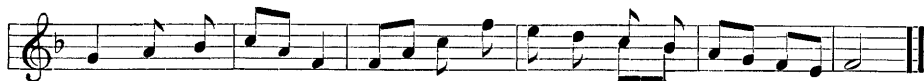
English Folk Song

Moderato

1. Ear - ly one morn - ing, be - fore the sun had ris - en, I heard a



blue - bird in the fields gay - ly sing: "South winds are blow - ing,



Green grass is grow - ing— We are the her - alds of the mer - ry Spring."

2

One Autumn afternoon, just as the sun was setting,

I heard a bluebird on a tree pipe a song:—

"Farewell! we're going;

Cold winds are blowing;

But we'll be back before very long."

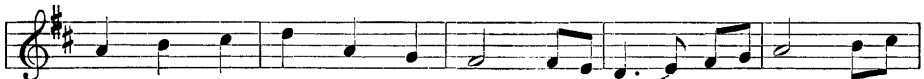
No. 37

Carol. The First Noel.—II

Traditional Melody

With spirit

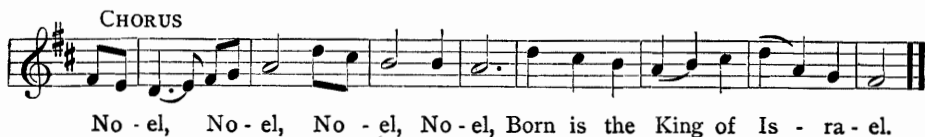
1. The first No - el the An - gel did say, Was to cer - tain poor



shep - herds in fields as they lay; In fields where they lay



keep - ing their sheep On a cold win - ter's night that was so deep.



2

They looked up and saw a Star
Shining in the East, beyond them far,
And to the earth it gave great light,
And so it continued both day and night.

(CHORUS)

3

And by the light of that same Star,
Three Wisemen came from country far,
To seek for a King was their intent,
And to follow the Star wherever it went.

(CHORUS)

4

This Star drew nigh to the north-west,
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,
And there it did both stop and stay,
Right over the place where Jesus lay.

(CHORUS)

5

Then entered in, those Wisemen three,
Full reverently upon their knee,
And offered there, in His presence,
Their gold, and myrrh, and frankincense.

(CHORUS)

6

Then let us all with one accord,
Sing praises to our Heavenly Lord,
That hath made Heaven and earth of nought,
And with His Blood mankind hath bought.

(CHORUS)

No. 38

Loch Lomond.—III

Scotch Folk Song

Moderato

1. By yon bon-nie banks, and by yon bon-nie braes, Where the



sun shines bright o'er Loch Lo - mond; Where me and my true love were



ev - er wont to gaze, On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks of Loch Lo - mond.

2

O, ye'll take the high road, and I'll take the low road,
 And I'll be in Scotland before you;
 But me and my true love will never meet again,
 On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.

No. 39

My Old Kentucky Home.—III

Words adapted from Stephen Foster

Stephen Foster

Moderato

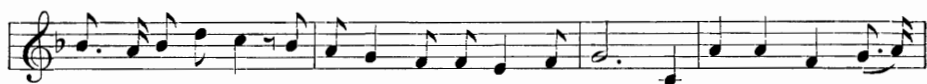
1. The sun shines bright in the old Kentuck-y home, 'Tis summer, the fields are



gay; The corn-top's ripe and the mea-dow's in the bloom, While the



birds make mu - sic all the day. The young folks roll on the



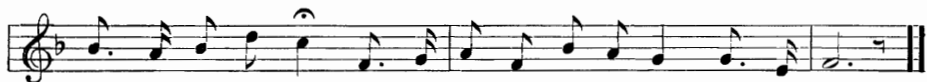
lit - tle cab-in floor, All mer - ry, and hap-py, and bright; By'm-bye hard times come a -



knock-ing at the door, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night ! Weep no more, my



la - dy, O weep no more to - day; We will sing one song for the



old Ken-tuck-y home, For the old Ken -tuck-y home far a - way.

2

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon,

On the meadow, the hill, and the shore ;

They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,

On the bench by the old cabin door.

The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,

With sorrow where all was delight ;

The time has come when faithful friends must part,

Then my old Kentucky home, good-night !

(CHORUS)

No. 40

The Wild Rose.—III

German Folk Song

Moderato



In the wood a boy one day Saw a wild rose



grow - ing; There so fresh and bright it lay,



He would bear the prize a - way In its beau - ty glow - ing.



Pret - ty, pret - ty, red, red rose In the for - est grow - ing.

2

Said the boy: "I'll pluck thee now,

Rose in forest growing."

Said the rose: "I'll sting, I vow,

Make thee think of me, I trow,

When thy tears are flowing."

Pretty, pretty, red, red rose

In the forest growing.

3

Yet the wild boy plucked the rose,

In the forest growing,

From his hand the red blood flows,

All his tears full well he knows,

Cannot stay its flowing.

Pretty, pretty, red, red rose

In the forest growing.

No. 41

Auld Lang Syne.— III

Robert Burns

Scotch Air



1. Should auld ac-quain-tance be for-got, And nev-er brought to mind? Should



auld ac-quain-tance be for - got, And days of auld lang syne? For



auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne, We'll



take a cup of kind - ness yet, For auld lang syne.

2

And here's a hand, my trusty friend,
 And give us a hand of thine;
 We'll take a cup of kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.
 For auld lang syne, my dear,
 For auld lang syne,
 We'll take a cup of kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.

No. 42 The Harp that once through Tara's Halls. — III

Thomas Moore

Irish Air

Moderato



1. The harp that once through Ta - ra's halls The soul of mu - sic shed, Now



hangs as mute on Ta - ra's walls As if that soul were fled. So



sleeps the pride of for - mer days, So glo - ry's thrill is o'er; And



hearts that once beat high for praise Now feel that pulse no more.

2

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives.

No. 43 The Merry Sportsman. — III

German Folk Song

Lively



1. The sports-man hies him thro' the wood And glad - ly seeks his home a -



gain, With dog and gun, But birds not one! With dog and gun, But



birds not one! For no sport, for no sport, No sport he's had since day be - gun.

“My little dog is ever near
 When through the leafy glades I roam,
 My heart beats high
 When he is nigh,
 My heart beats high
 When he is nigh;
 To guard me, to guard me,
 Or guide me on, in safety home.”

No. 44 The Meeting of the Waters. — III

Thomas Moore

Irish Air

Slowly

1. There is not in the wide world a val - ley so sweet, As that
 vale in whose bo - som the bright wa - ters meet; Oh! the
 last rays of feel - ing and life must de - part, Ere the
 bloom of that val - ley shall fade from my heart, Ere the
 bloom of that val - ley shall fade from my heart.

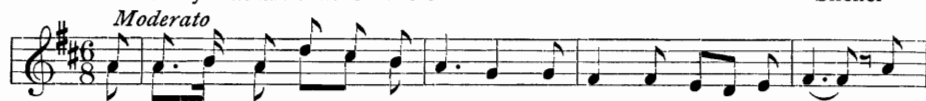
Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
 In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
 Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,
 And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace,
 And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

No. 45

The Lorelei. — III

Translation by Nathan Haskell Dole

Silcher



1. I know not what means the sad feel - ing That swells with - in my breast:—An



an - cient leg - end ap - peal - ing Dis - turbs and gives me no rest. The



air is cool; day is end - ed And calm - ly flows the Rhine; The



moun - tain - tops ris - ing splen - did In twi - light glo - ry shine.

2

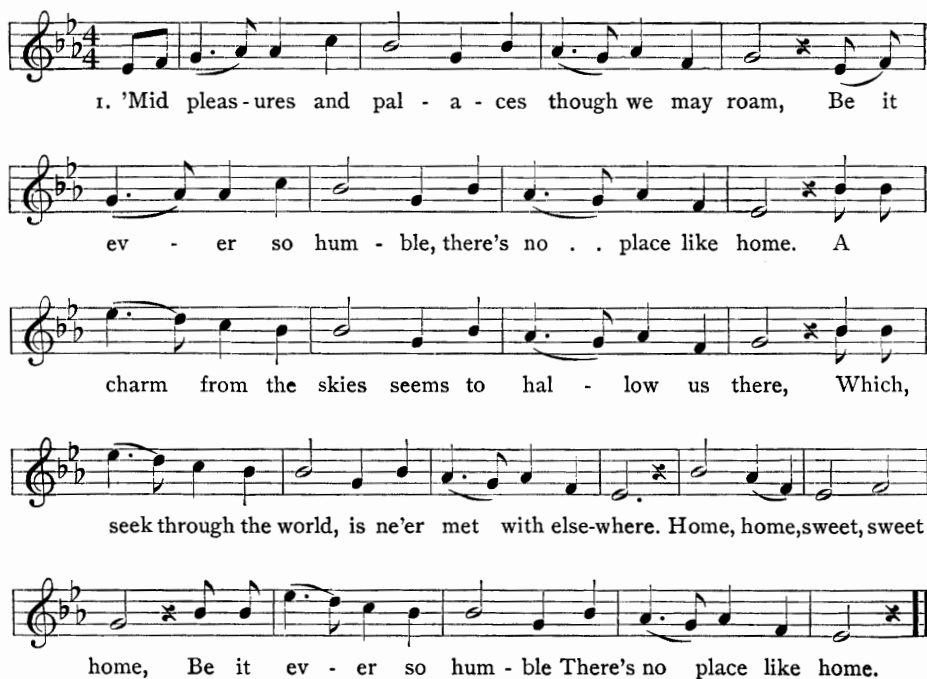
From yonder peak there gazes
A maiden sweet and fair;
Her jeweled raiment blazes;
She combs her golden hair;
She combs with a comb bright and golden
And sings a thrilling lay—
A song that is wild and olden
To charm a man's heart away.

3

The fisherman dreamily gliding
Is caught by the lure of love;
He sees not the sharp rocks hiding,
He sees but the heights far above.
The boat by the billows is broken
And the gallant boatman is drowned—
And this is the Witch-maiden's token
When her songs at evening sound.

No. 46 Home, Sweet Home.—III

John Howard Payne



1. 'Mid pleas-ures and pal - a - ces though we may roam, Be it
ev - er so hum - ble, there's no . . place like home. A
charm from the skies seems to hal - low us there, Which,
seek through the world, is ne'er met with else-where. Home, home, sweet, sweet
home, Be it ev - er so hum - ble There's no place like home.

2

I gaze on the moon as I tread the dear wild,
And feel that my mother now thinks of her child,
As she looks on that moon from our own cottage door,
Through the woodbine whose fragrance shall cheer me no more.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There's no place like home,
Oh, there's no place like home.

3

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
The birds singing gaily, that came at my call;
Give me them, and that peace of mind, dearer than all.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There's no place like home,
Oh, there's no place like home.

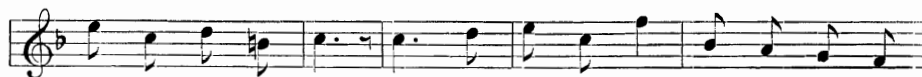
No. 47

Morning Song. — III

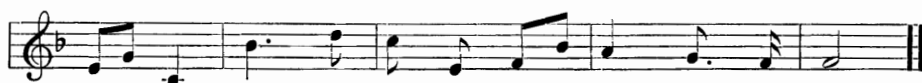
English Folk Song



Thou true God, a - lone Who doth reign a - bove us, Hear this morn-ing prayer



Which be - gins our day. Thou, up - on Thy throne, Thou dost ev - er



love us, We are in Thy care; Bless us, we pray.

No. 48

Evening Hymn. — III

Welsh Air



{ God, that mad - est earth and heav - en, Dark - ness and light;
 { Who the day for toil hath giv - en, For rest the night;



May Thine an - gel - guard de - fend us, Slum - ber sweet Thy mer - cy send us,




Ho - ly dreams and hopes at - tend us, This live - long night.

No. 49

Carol. Silent Night. — III

Michael Haydn

Slowly



1. Si - lent night, Ho - ly night, All is calm,
all is bright Round yon Vir - gin Moth - er and child,
Ho - ly In - fant, so ten - der and mild; Sleep in Heav - en - ly
peace, Sleep in Heav - en - ly peace.

2

Silent night, Holy night,
Shepherds quake at the sight,
Glories stream from heaven afar,
Heavenly hosts sing Alleluia;
Christ the Saviour is born,
Christ the Saviour is born.

3

Silent night, Holy night,
Son of God, love's pure light
Radiant beams from Thy holy face,
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth.

No. 50 Carol. Good King Wenceslas.—III

With spirit

Traditional Melody

CHORUS



1. Good King Wen - ces - las look'd out On the feast of Ste - phen,



Where the snow lay round a - bout, Deep and crisp and e - ven;



Bright - ly shone the moon that night, Though the frost was cru - el,



When a poor man came in sight, Gath'ring win - ter fu - el.

2

SOLO: "Hither, page, and stand by me,
If thou know'st it telling,
Yonder peasant, who is he?
Where and what his dwelling?"

SOLO: "Sire, he lives a good league hence,
Underneath the mountain;
Right against the forest fence,
By Saint Agnes' fountain."

3

SOLO: "Bring me flesh, and bring me wine,
Bring me pine logs hither;
Thou and I will see him dine,
When we bear them thither."

SOLO: Page and monarch forth they went,
Forth they went together;
Through the rude wind's wild lament,
And the bitter weather.

A separate group of children may take the solo parts.

SOLO: "Sire, the night is darker now,
 And the wind blows stronger;
 Fails my heart, I know not how,
 I can go no longer."

SOLO: "Mark my footsteps, my good page;
 Tread thou in them boldly;
 Thou shalt find the winter's rage
 Freeze thy blood less coldly."

CHORUS: In his master's steps 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.

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