SONGS OF CHILDHOOD

VERSES BY
EUGENE FIELD

MUSIC BY
REGINALD DE KOVEN
AND OTHERS

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
NEW YORK — 1919
PRELUDE

Among the laments which arose from the sorrowing heart of the great public that loved Eugene Field, laments that his voice should have been silenced when its note was at its tenderest and clearest, there have been many wishes that more of his exquisite songs should be set to music.

In all of Field's verse, in even the broadly comic, there is a markedly lyrical quality which invariably suggests a musical setting; and yet in few instances were these verses written with any thought of their musical adaptability. This quality was the inevitable accent of his song, as natural and as necessary as the flavor of a fruit and the fragrance of a flower. The purpose of this collection is to meet the demand for musical settings of Field's verse, its aim to express its lyrical quality as naturally and simply as possible. The versatility dis-
played in the varied themes of these lyrics is as remarkable as their suggestiveness to the composer.

The peculiar genius displayed in Field's verses of childhood dictated the prevailing character of this collection, which was finally adhered to throughout, so that the volume should be both harmonious and homogeneous.

As the poet was eminently and always heartily American and of his own country, the composers selected by the Editor to set his verses are likewise American, and their names representative as such and as song-writers. Fifteen out of the twenty songs have been written especially for this work, the other five being included therein by Special arrangement with the publishers.

REGINALD DE KOVEN.

New York,
October 27, 1896.
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SONGS OF CHILDHOOD
SWING HIGH AND SWING LOW

S

WING high and swing low
While the breezes they blow—
It's off for a sailor thy father would go;
And it's here in the harbor, in sight of the sea,
He hath left his wee babe with my song and with me:
"Swing high and swing low
While the breezes they blow!"

Swing high and swing low
While the breezes they blow—
It's oh for the waiting as weary days go!
And it's oh for the heartache that smiteh me when
I sing my song over and over again:
"Swing high and swing low
While the breezes they blow!"

"Swing high and swing low"—
The sea singeth so,
And it waileth anon in its ebb and its flow;
And a sleeper sleeps on to that song of the sea,
Nor recketh he ever of mine or of me:
"Swing high and swing low
While the breezes they blow—
'Twas off for a sailor thy father would go!"
SWING HIGH AND SWING LOW

Music by REGINALD de KOVEN, Op. 117, No. 2

Allegretto moderato.

Con spirito marcato il movimento.

1. Swing
2. Swing

high and swing low While the breezes they blow; Swing high, swing high, swing low, ...... It's
high and swing low While the breezes they blow; Swing high, swing high, swing low, ...... It's

off for a sail - or thy father would go, Swing high, swing high, swing low, ...... And it's
oh, for the waiting we weary days go, Swing high, swing high, swing low, ...... And it's

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here in the harbor in sight of the sea, Swing high, swing high, swing low,........

Oh, for the heartache that smil-eth me when, Swing high, swing high, swing low,........

He hath

left his wee babe with my song and with me, Swing high, swing low, swing

sing my song o-ver and o-ver a-gain, Swing high, swing low, swing

high, swing low, His babe with my song and with me........

high, swing low, All o-ver and o-ver a-gain........

Swing high and swing low,
Swing, while the breezes they blow. It's off for a sail—or thy father would go. Swing high, swing high, swing low.

low, 

3. Swing high and swing low, The sea sing-eth so, Swing high, swing high, swing
low, ....... And it wait - eth a - non in its ebb and its flow; Swing

Placido.

high, swing high and swing low, ....... A sleep - er sleeps on to that

Placido.

song of the sea, that song, that song of the sea, ....... Nor

con tenerenza.

reck - eth he ev - er of mine or of me, Swing high, swing low, swing high, swing low, The
Swing high and swing low, Swing while the breezes they blow, Twas
off for a sailor or thy father would go! Swing high, swing high, swing
low, Swing high, swing low.
LITTLE MISTRESS SANS-MERCi

LITTLE Mistress Sans-Merci
Fareth world-wide, fancy free:
  Trotted cooing to and fra,
  And her cooing is command—
Never ruled there yet, I trow,
  Mightier depeet in the land.
And my heart it lieth where
Mistress Sans-Merci doth fare.

Little Mistress Sans-Merci—
She hath made a slave of me!
"Go," she biddest, and I go—
  "Come," and I am fain to come—
Never mercy doth she show,
  Be she wroth or frolicsome,
Yet am I content to be
Slave to Mistress Sans-Merci!

Little Mistress Sans-Merci
Hath become so dear to me
  That I count as passing sweet
All the pain her moods impart,
  And I kisse the little feet
That go trampling on my heart!:
Ah, how lonely life would be
  But for little Sans-Merci!

Little Mistress Sans-Merci,
Cuddle close this night to me,
  And the heart, which all day long
Ruthless thou hast tred upon,
  Shall outpour a soothing song
For its best beloved one—
All its tenderness for thee,
Little Mistress Sans-Merci!
LITTLE MISTRESS SANS-MERCİ

Music by ARTHUR FOOTE

Copyright, 1896, by Charles Scribner's Sons.
Sans-Merci Far-neath world-wide,

fancy free: Trot-eth coo-ing to and

fro, And her coo-ing is com-mand-

Never ruled there yet, I trow, Might-ier
Lit - tle Mis - tress Sans - Mer - ci, hath be - come so dear to me, That I count as pass - ing sweet
All the pain her moods im - part, And I bless the lit - tle feet That go tram - pling
on my heart: Ah, how lonely life would be......

But for little Sans-Merci!
2. Little Mistress

Sans - Mer - ci

Cudd - le close this

night to me,

And the heart, which all day

long Ruth - less thou hast trod... upon,
Shall out-pour a soothing song,............. For its
best beloved one,............. All its tenderness for
thee,............. Little Mistress Sans Mer-
el!.............
LITTLE-OH-DEAR

S
EE, what a wonderful garden is here,
Planted and trimmed for my Little-Oh-Dear!
Posies so gaudy and grass of such brown—
Search ye the country and hunt ye the town
And never ye'll meet with a garden so queer
As this one I've made for my Little-Oh-Dear!

Marigolds white and buttercups blue,
Lilies all dabbled with honey and dew,
The cactus that trails over trellis and wall,
Roses and pansies and violets—all
Make proper obeisance and reverent cheer
When into her garden steps Little-Oh-Dear.

And up at the top of that lavender-tree
A silver-bird singeth as only can she;
For, ever and only, she singeth the song
"I love you—I love you!" the happy day long;—
Then the echo—the echo that smiteth me here!
"I love you, I love you," my Little-Oh-Dear!

The garden may wither, the silver-bird fly—
But what careth my little precious, or I?
From her pathway of flowers that in springtime upstart
She walleth the tenderer way in my heart.
And, oh, it is always the summer-time aye
With that song of "I love you," my Little-Oh-Dear!
LITTLE-OH-DEAR

Allegretto Grazioso.

Music by REGINALD DE KOVEN

1. See what a wonderful garden is here,

Planted and trimmed for my Little-oh-dear! Posies so gay and

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Grass of such brown, Search ye the country and hunt ye the town And
never ye'll meet with a garden so queer As this one I've made for my

colla voce.

Lit - tle - Oh - Dear! Lit - tle - Oh - Dear! Lit - tle - Oh - Dear! As

colla voce.

Lit - tle - Oh - Dear!
f Poco più Allegro.

2. Marigolds white and buttercups blue, Lil-ies all dabbled with
Semplice.

honey and dew. The creep-er that trails o'er trellis and wall,

Roll.

Roses and pansies and violets, all Make prop-er obeisance and

a tempo. cresc.
reverent cheer When into her garden steps Little Oh Dear!

Tempo Inn.

3. And

up at the top of a lavender tree, A silver bird singeth as

only can she; For, ever and only, she singeth the song, "I
love you, I love you," the happy day long. And oh, 'tis always the

summer time here with that song, "I love you," my Little Oh, dear!

Little Oh, dear! Little Oh, dear! "I love you, I love you," my

Little Oh, dear! Perdido.
KISSING TIME

This when the lark goes soaring
And the bee is at the bud,
When lightly dancing zephyrs
Sing over field and flood;
When all sweet things in nature
Seem joyfully achime—
"Tis then I wake my darling,
For it is kissing time!

Go, pretty lark, a-soaring,
And suck your sweets, O bee;
Sing, O ye winds of summer,
Your songs to mine and me;
For with your song and rapture
Cometh the moment when
It's half-past kissing time
And time to kiss again!

So—so the days go fleeting
Like golden fancies free,
And every day that cometh
Is full of sweets for me;
And sweetest are those moments
My darling comes to climb
Into my lap to mind me
That it is kissing time.

Sometimes, maybe, he wanders
A heedless, aimless way—
Sometimes, maybe, he loiters
In pretty, prattling play;
But presently bethinks him
And hastens to me then,
For it's half-past kissing time
And time to kiss again!
KISSING TIME

Music by G. W. CHADWICK

Allegretto scherzando.

1. Tis when the lark goes soaring And the bee is at the bud,
   When lightly dancing zephyrs sing o'er field and flood;
   When all things sweet in

Copyright, 1890, by Charles Scribner's Sons.
1. Nature seem joyfully a-chimes—Tis

then I wake my darling, For it is kissing time!

2. Go, pretty lark, a-soaring, And suck your sweets, 0
bee; Sing, o ye winds of summer, Your

songs to mine and me; For with your song and

rapture Cometh the moment when It's

half-past kissing time, ..... And time to kiss again.
ORKNEY LULLABY

A moonbeam floateth from the skies,
Whispering, "Heigho, my dearie!
I would spin a web before your eyes,—
A beautiful web of silver light,
Wherein is many a wondrous sight
Of a radiant garden leagues away,
Where the softly tinkling lilies sway,
And the snow-white lambkins are at play,—
Heigho, my dearie!"

A brownie stealeth from the vine
Singing, "Heigho, my dearie!
And will you hear this song of mine,—
A song of the land of muck and mist,
Where bideth the bud the dew hath kisst?
Then let the moonbeam's web of light
Be spun before thee silvery white,
And I shall sing the livelong night,—
Heigho, my dearie!"

The night wind speedeth from the sea,
Murmuring, "Heigho, my dearie!
I bring a mariner's prayer for thee;
So let the moonbeam veil thine eyes,
And the brownie sing thee lullabies;
But I shall rock thee to and fro,
Kissing the brow he loveth so,
And the prayer shall guard thy bed, I trow,—
Heigho, my dearie!"
ORKNEY LULLABY

Andante grazioso.  

Music by REGINALD de KOVEN

1. A moonbeam floateth from the skies, Whisp'ring, "Heigho! my dear-ie! my dear-ie! I'd spin a web before your eyes, ........ A beautiful web of silver light, Where-in is many a wondrous sight of a radiant garden leagues away, Where the softly tinkling

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N-lies sway, Where the soft-ly tinkling lilies sway, And the snow white lambkins sway, are at play, Heigh-o! heigh-o! heigh-o! my dear i-e.

Where the snow white lambkins are at play, Heigh-o! my dear i-e!
2. A brownie stealth from the vine, Singing, "Heigh-o, my dear- ie, my dear- ie! And

will you hear this song of mine, .......... A song of the land of murk and mist,

Where hides the bud the dew hath kiss'd, Then let the moonbeam's web of light Be spun before thee,

silv'ry white. In the silver moonbeam's web of light I will sing to thee the
live-long night, Heigh-o, Heigh-o, Heigh-o, my dear-ie!

I shall sing the live-long night, Heigh-o, my dear-ie!"

3. The night-wind speedeth from the sea, Murm'ring, "Heigh-o, my dear-ie! I bring a mar'ner's pray'r to thee, . . . . . So let the
moonbeam veil thine eyes, And the brownie sing thee lul-lablies, But I shall rock thee to and fro,

Kiss-ing the brow he loveth so. But I shall rock thee to and fro,

And the pray’r shall guard thy bed I trow, Heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh-o, my dear-ie!

And the pray’r shall guard thy bed I trow, Heigh-o! my dear-ie!
THE ROCK-A-BY LADY

The Rock-a-By Lady from Hushaby street
Comes stealing; comes creeping;
The poppies they hang from her head to her feet,
And each hath a dream that is tiny and fleet—
She bringeth her poppies to you, my sweet,
When she findeth you sleeping!

There is one little dream of a beautiful drum—
"Rub-a-dub!" it goeth;
There is one little dream of a big sugar-plum,
And lol! thick and fast the other dreams come
Of popguns that bang, and tin tops that hum,
And a trumpet that bloweth!

And dollys peep out of those wee little dreams
With laughter and singing;
And boats go a-floating on silvery streams,
And the stars peek-a-boo with their own misty gleams,
And up, up, and up, where the Mother Moon beams,
The fairies go winging!

Would you dream all these dreams that are tiny and fleet?
They 'll come to you sleeping;
So shut the two eyes that are weary, my sweet,
For the Rock-a-By Lady from Hushaby street,
With poppies that hang from her head to her feet,
Comes stealing; comes creeping.
THE ROCK-A-BY LADY

Music by W. W. GILCHRIST

1. The Rock-a-by Lady from
2. There is one little dream of a
3. And doles peep out of those

Hush-a-by Street Comes stealing, comes creeping; The
beautiful drum—"Rub-a-dub, Rub-a-dub," it goeth; There is
wee little dreams With laughter and singing; And

peepies they hang from her head to her feet, And each hath a dream that is
one little dream of a big sugar plum, And lo! thick and fast the
boats go a-floating on silvery streams, And the stars peak-a-boo with their

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tiny and fleet, She bring-eth her pop-pies to you, my sweet, When she
other dreams come Of pop-guns that hang, and tin-tops that hum, And a
own mist-y gleams, And up, up and up where the Moth-er-Moon beams, The

find-eth you sleep-ing.
trum-pet that blow-eth!
fai-ries go wing-ing.

4. Would you dream all these dreams that are

tiny and fleet? They'll come to you sleep-ing; So
shat the two eyes that are wea-ry, my sweet, For the Rock-a-by Lady from Hush-a-by Street, With poppies that hung from her head to her feet, Comes stealing, comes creeping, 

55
THE DOLL'S WOOING

The little French doll was a dear little doll
Tricked out in the sweetest of dresses;
   Her eyes were of hue
   A most delicate blue,
And dark as the night were her tresses;
Her dear little mouth was fluted and red,
And this little French doll was so very well bred
That whenever accosted her little mouth said:
   "Mamma! mamma!"
The stockinet doll, with one arm and one leg,
Had once been a handsome young fellow,
   But now he appeared
   Rather frowzy and bleared
   In his torn regimentals of yellow;
Yet his heart gave a curious thump as he lay
In the little toy cart near the window one day
And heard the sweet voice of that French dolly say:
   "Mamma! mamma!"
He listened so long and he listened so hard
   That anon he grew ever so tender,
   For it 's everywhere known
   That the feminine tone
   Gets away with all masculine gender!
He up and he woed her with soldierly zest,
   But all she 'd reply to the love he professed
Were these plaintive words (which perhaps you have guessed):
   "Mamma! mamma!"
Her mother—a sweet little lady of five—
   Vouched for her parental protection,
   And although stockinet
   Was n't blue-blooded, yet
She really could make no objection!
So soldier and dolly were wedded one day,
   And a moment ago, as I journeyed that way,
I 'm sure that I heard a wee baby voice say:
   "Mamma! mamma!"
THE DOLL'S WOOING

Music by CLAYTON JOHNS

Poco Allegretto.

1. The little French doll was a dear little doll, Tricked out in the sweetest of
dresses; Her eyes were of hue, a most delicate blue, And
dark as the night were her tresses; Her dear little mouth was

fluted and red, And this little French doll was so very well bred, That when-

ever accosted her little mouth said, "Mamma! Mamma!"

2. The
Stockinet doll, with one arm and one leg, Had once been a handsome young fellow; But now he appeared rather frowzy and bleared in his torn regimentals of yellow; Yet his heart gave a curious thump as he lay in the little toy cart near the window one day. And
heard the sweet-voice of that French doll say: "Mamma! Mamma!"

mother—a sweet little lady of five—vouchsafed her parental protection. And although Stockinet wasn't blue-blooded, yet she
really could make no objection! So soldier and dolly were

wedded one day, And a moment ago as I journeyed that way, I'm

sure that I heard a wee baby voice say, "Mamma! mamma!"
NIGHTFALL IN DORDRECHT

The mill goes toiling slowly around
With steady and solemn creak,
And my little one hears in the kindly sound
The voice of the old mill speak.
While round and round those big white wings
Grimly and ghostlike creep,
My little one hears that the old mill sings:
"Sleep, little tulip, sleep!"

The sails are reefed and the nets are drawn,
And, over his pot of beer,
The fisher, against the morrow's daws,
Lustily maketh cheer;
He mocks at the winds that caper along
From the far-off clamorous deep—
But we—we love their lullaby song
Of "Sleep, little tulip, sleep!"

Old dog Frits in slumber sound
Groans of the stony mart—
To-morrow how proudly he'll trot you round,
Hitched to our new milk-cart!
And you shall help me blanket the kine
And fold the gentle sheep
And set the herring a-soak in brine—
But now, little tulip, asleep!

A dream—One comes to button the eyes
That wearily drop and blink,
While the old mill buffets the crowning skies
And scolds at the stars that wink;
Over your face the misty wings
Of that beautiful dream—One sweep,
And rocking your cradle she softly sings:
"Sleep, little tulip, sleep!"
NIGHTFALL IN DORDRECHT

Music by REGINALD de KOVEN

Allegretto Moderato.

1. The mill goes toiling
2. The sails are reef'd, the

slowly around With steady and solemn creak, And my little one hears in the
nets are drawn, and over his pot of beer The fisher against the

kindly sound, My little one hears in the kindly sound The voice of the old mill
morrow's dawn, The fisher against the morrow's dawn So lustily maketh

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speak, The voice of the old mill speak. While round and round those
cheer, So lusti-ly mak-eth cheer; He mocks the winds that

big white wings Grim-ly and ghost-like creep. . . . My little one hears that the
dance a-long from the far off cham-rous deep. . . . But we, we love their

old mill sings: "Sleep, little tu-lip, sleep, lit-tle tu-lip, sleep," While
lull-a-by song of "Sleep, little tu-lip, sleep, lit-tle tu-lip, sleep," While

round and round the mill wings So grim and ghost-like creep, My
round and round the mill wings So grim and ghost-like creep, My
little one, my little one, the old mill is singing, “Sleep, little tulip, sleep.”

3. A Dream one comes to

but - ton the eyes that wea - ri - ly droop and blink, While the old mill buffets the
frowning skies the old mill buffets the frowning skies, and soilds at the stars that
wink, and soilds at the stars that wink; then o'er your face the
misty wings of that beautiful Dream one sweep,..... And rocking your cradle she
softly sings: "Sleep, little tulip, sleep, little tulip, sleep, while
o'er your face the Dream-one her mist-y wings doth sweep. My
lit-tle one, my lit-tle one, the old mill is a sing-ing. "Sleep, little tu-lip, sleep,
sleep, sleep, little tu-lip, sleep." . . . . . . . .

Ped.
THE BROOK

I looked in the brook and saw a face—
Heigh-bo, but a child was I!
There were rushes and willows in that place,
And they clutched at the brook as the brook ran by;
And the brook ran its own sweet way,
As a child doth run in heedless play,
And as it ran I heard it say:
"Hasten with me
To the roistering sea
That is wroth with the flame of the morning sky!"

I look in the brook and see a face—
Heigh-bo, but the years go by!
The rushes are dead in the old-time place,
And the willows I knew when a child was I
And the brook it seemeth to me to say,
As ever it stealseth on its way—
So solemnly now, and not in play:
"Oh, come with me
To the slumberous sea
That is gray with the peace of the evening sky!"

Heigh-bo, but the years go by—
I would to God that a child were I!
THE BROOK

Music by ARTHUR FOOTE

Moderato grazioso.

1. I looked ........... in the brook and saw ........... a face ......... Heigh-

---

-ho, ...................... but a child was I! ...........

Copyright, 1896, by Charles Scribner's Sons.
There were rushes and willows in that place, And they

clutched at the brook as the brook ran by; And the brook it ran its

own sweet way. As a child doth run in heedless play, And as it

ran I heard it say: "Hasten with me..."
To the roistering sea

That is wroth with the flame of the morning sky!

ritard

2. I look in the brook and
see a face Heigh ho

but the years go by!

rushes are dead in the old-time place, And the willows I knew when a child was I. And the brook it seemeth to me to say, As
ever it steal - eth on its way....... Solemn-ly now, and not in

play:.......... "Oh, come with me....... To the

slumb - rous sea......... That is gray with the peace of the evening

sky!".................
"FIDDLÉ-DEE-DEE"

THERE once was a bird that lived up in a tree,
And all he could whistle was "Fiddle-dee-dee"—
A very provoking, unmusical song
For one to be whistling the summer day long!
Yet always contented and busy was he
With that vocal recurrence of "Fiddle-dee-dee."

Hard by lived a brave little soldier of four,
That weird iteration repented him sore;
"I prithee, Dear-Mother-Mine! fetch me my gun,
For, by our St. Didy! the deed must be done
That shall presently rid all creation and me
Of that ominous bird and his 'Fiddle-dee-dee'!"

Then out came Dear-Mother-Mine, bringing her son
His awfully truculent little red gun;
The stock was of pine and the barrel of tin,
The "bang" it came out where the bullet went in—
The right kind of weapon, I think you'll agree,
For slaying all fowl that go "Fiddle-dee-dee"!

The brave little soldier quoth never a word,
But he up and he drew a straight bead on that bird;
And, while that vain creature provokingly sang,
The gun it went off with a terrible bang!
Then loud laughed the youth—"'By my Bottle," cried he,
"I've put a quietus on 'Fiddle-dee-dee'!"

Out came then Dear-Mother-Mine, saying: "My son,
Right well have you wrought with your little red gun!
Hereafter no evil at all need I fear,
With such a brave soldier as You-My-Love here!"
She kissed the dear boy.
[The bird in the tree
Continued to whistle his "Fiddle-dee-dee"!]

54
"FIDDLE-DEE-DEE"

Music by REGINALD de KOVEN

1. There once was a bird that lived up in a tree,
And
2. Hard by lived a brave little soldier of four,
That
all he could whistle was "Fiddle-dee-dee,"

wierd it - e - n - tion repented him sore;

A

"I

very pre - voking un - mu - si - cal song, For one to be whistling the summer day long. Yet

prithee, Dear-Mother-Mine! fetch me my gun, For, by our St. Bi - dy, the deed must be done That shall

Deciso.

cresc.

poco rall.

Deciso.

cresc.

poco rall.

Deciso.

cresc.

poco rall.

Deciso.

cresc.

poco rall.

Deciso.

cresc.

poco rall.

Deciso.

cresc.

poco rall.

Deciso.

cresc.

poco rall.

Deciso.

cresc.

poco rall.

Deciso.

cresc.

poco rall.

Deciso.

cresc.

poco rall.

Deciso.

cresc.

poco rall.

Deciso.

cresc.

poco rall.

Deciso.

cresc.

poco rall.

Deciso.

cresc.

poco rall.

Deciso.

cresc.

poco rall.

Deciso.

cresc.

poco rall. 
Vocal recurrence of Fiddle-dee-dee, of fiddle-diddle-diddle-diddle-dee-dee-dee.

Fiddlin' bird and his Fiddle-dee-dee, his fiddle-diddle-diddle-diddle-dee-dee-dee-dee.

Cresc.
3. The brave little soldier quoth never a word,
4. Out came then Dear-Mother-Mine saying, "My son,

up and he drew a straight bead on that bird,
well have you wrought with your little red gun;

while that vain creature provok-ingly sang, The gun it went off with a horri-ble bang! Then
af-ter no e vil at all need I fear With such a brave sol-dier as You-My-Love here." She

loud laughed the youth," By my bottle," cried he," I have put a quiet-us on Fiddle-dee-dee!"
kiss'd the dear boy, but the Bird in the tree Con- tinued to whistle his " Fiddle-dee-dee!"
Fiddle-diddle-diddle-dee-dee!
Fiddle-diddle-diddle-dee-dee!
I've
Con-

put a qui - et ns on Fiddle-dee - de, 0n fiddle-diddle-diddle-diddle-diddle-dee-dee! 0n
-tined to whistle his Fiddle-dee - de, His fiddle-diddle-diddle-diddle-diddle-dee-dee! His

cresc.

fiddle-diddle-diddle-dee - de!

Last time, roll.

fiddle-diddle-diddle-dee - de!
OH, LITTLE CHILD

HUSH, little one, and fold your hands—  
The sun hath set, the moon is high;  
The sea is singing to the sands,  
And wakeful posies are beguiled  
By many a fairy lullaby—  
Hush, little child—my little child!

Dream, little one, and in your dreams  
Float upward from this lowly place—  
Float out on mellow, misty streams  
To lands where bideth Mary mild,  
And let her kiss thy little face,  
You little child—my little child!

Sleep, little one, and take thy rest—  
With angels bending o'er thee,  
Sleep sweetly on that Father's breast  
Whom our dear Christ hath reconciled—  
But stay not there—come back to me,  
Oh, little child—my little child!
OH, LITTLE CHILD

Music by GERRIT SMITH

1. Hash, lit-tle one, and
fold your hands, The sun hath set, the moon is high;

Hush, lit-tle one, and fold your hands, The sea is sing-ing to the sands, And
wake-ful pos-ses are be-guil’d by mar-y a fa-i-ry lull-a-by;
Hush, little one, and fold your hands, Hush, little child, my

little child, Lullaby, Lullaby, Lullaby.

Fine.

2. Dream, little one, and
3. Sleep, little one, and

in your dreams Float upward from this lowly place;
take thy rest With angels bending over thee,
Dream little one, and in your dreams float out on mel-low, mist - y streams To
Sleep, lit - tle one, and take thy rest, Sleep sweet - ly on that Father's breast, Whom

lands where bid - eth Ma - ry mild, And let her kiss thy lit - tle face,
our dear Christ hath re - con-ciled, But stay not there—come back to me,

Hush, lit - tle one, and fold your hands, Hush, lit - tle child, my
LITTLE BOY BLUE

THE little toy dog is covered with dust,
   But sturdy and stanch he stands;
   And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
   And his musket molds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new,
   And the soldier was passing fair;
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
   Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,
   "And don't you make any noise!"
So, toddling off to his trundle-bed,
   He dreamt of the pretty toys;
And, as he was dreaming, an angel song
   Awakened our Little Boy Blue—
Oh! the years are many, the years are long,
   But the little toy friends are true.

Aye, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
   Each in the same old place—
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
   The smile of a little face;
And they wonder, as waiting the long years through
   In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue,
   Since he kissed them and put them there.
LITTLE BOY BLUE

Music by REGINALD de KOVEN

1. The little toy dog is cover'd with dust, But sturdy and staunch he stands; And the little toy soldier is red with rust, And his musket molds in his hands. Time

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was when the little toy dog was new, And the soldier was passing

fair; And that was the time when Little Boy Blue

Kiss'd them and put them there. For friends may fail, and the

world go wrong, But the little toy friends are true; And
lit-tle they care, tho' the years be long, They're wait-ing for Lit-tle Boy

Blue, . . . . . . They're wait-ing for Lit-tle Boy Blue, . . . .

2. "Now,
3. Still

don't you go till I come," he said, "And don't you make a-ny noise!" So wait-ing for Lit-tle Boy Blue they stand, Each in the self-same place; Still a-
ted-dling off to his lit-tle bed, He dreamt of the pret-ty toys: And
wait-ing the touch of a lit-tle hand, And the smile of a lit-tle face. And they

as he was dream-ing, an an-gel song... A-wak-en'd our Lit-tle Boy
won-der, as wait-ing the long years through, In the dust of that lit-tle

Blue. For the years are ma-ny, the years are long, But the
chair, What has be-come of Lit-tle Boy Blue Since he

lit-tle boy friends are true; For, friends may fail, and the
kiss'd them and put them there. For friends may fail, and the

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world go wrong. But the little toy friends are true;.... And

lit - tle they care, tho' the years be long, They're wait - ing for Lit - tle Boy

Blue.... Still wait - ing for Lit - tle Boy Blue....
ARMENIAN LULLABY

If thou wilt close thy drowsy eyes,
My mulberry one, my golden son,
The rose shall sing thee lullabies,
My pretty conset lambkin!
And thou shalt swing in an almond-tree,
With a flood of moonbeams rocking thee,—
A silver boat in a golden sea,—
My velvet love, my nestling dove,
My own pomegranate-blossom!

The stork shall guard thee passing well
All night, my sweet, my dimple-feet,
And bring thee myrrh and asphodel,
My gentle rain-of-springtime;
And for thy slumber-play shall twine
The diamond stars with an emerald vine,
To trail in the waves of ruby wine,
My lycanthro-pom, my heart’s perfume,
My cooing little turtle!

And when the morn wakes up to see
My apple-bright, my soul’s delight,
The partridge shall come calling thee,
My jar of milk-and-honey!
Yes, thou shalt know what mystery lies
In the amethyst deep of the curtained skies,
If thou wilt fold thy onyx eyes,
You wakeful one, you naughty son,
You chirping little sparrow!
ARMENIAN LULLABY

Music by G. W. CHADWICK

1. If thou wilt close thy drowsy eyes, My
   mulberry one, my golden son,
   The rose shall sing thee lullabies, My
   And bring thee myrrh and asphodel, My

2. The stork shall guard thee passing well, All
   night, my sweet, my dimple feet,
   And bring thee myrrh and asphodel, All

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pretty, pretty cos-set lamb-kin!
And
gen-tle, gen-tle rain-of-spring-time;
And

 thou shalt swing in an al-mond tree,
With a
for thy slum-ber-play shall twins
The

flood of moon-beams rock-ing thee,
A
dia-mond stars with an emer-ald vine.
To
silver boat in a golden sea, My
trail in waves of ruby wine My

velvet love, my nestling dove, My own pomegranate
hyacinth bloom, my heart's perfume, My cooling little

blossom.
turtle.
HUSHABY, SWEET MY OWN

Fair is the castle up on the hill—
Hushaby, sweet my own!
The night is fair, and the waves are still,
And the wind is singing to you and to me
In this lowly home beside the sea—
Hushaby, sweet my own!

On yonder hill is store of wealth—
Hushaby, sweet my own!
And revelers drink to a little one's health;
But you and I hide night and day
For the other love that has sailed away—
Hushaby, sweet my own!

See not, dear eyes, the forms that creep
Ghostlike, O my own!
Out of the mists of the murmuring deep;
Oh, see them not and make no cry
Till the angels of death have passed us by—
Hushaby, sweet my own!

Ah, little they reck of you and me—
Hushaby, sweet my own!
In our lonely home beside the sea;
They seek the castle up on the hill,
And there they will do their ghostly will—
Hushaby, O my own!

Here by the sea a mother croons
"Hushaby, sweet my own!"
In yonder castle a mother swoons
While the angels go down to the misty deep,
Bearing a little one fast asleep—
Hushaby, sweet my own!
HUSHABY, SWEET MY OWN

Music by C. B. HAWLEY

I. Fair is the castle upon the hill—Hush-a-by, sweet my own....... The night is fair and the waves are still, And the wind is singing to you and to me. In this

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yon-der hill is a store of wealth, Hush-a-by, sweet my own, . . . . And

rev-lers drink to a lit-tle one's health; But you and I bide night and day For the

oth-er love that has sailed a-way, For the oth-er love that has sailed a-way—

pp a tempo.

Hush-a-by, sweet my own, . . . . Hush-a-by, sweet my own, . . . .
Hush - a - by, hush - a - by, hush - a - by, sweet my own.....

3. Here by the sea a mother croons, "Hush - a - by, sweet my own"..... In

yonder castle a mother swoons While the angels go down to the misty deep,
Bearing a little one fast asleep, bearing a little one fast asleep.

Hush-a-by, hush-a-by, sweet my own, hush-a-by, hush-a-by.
DUTCH LULLABY

WYNKEN, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe,—
Sailed on a river of misty light
Into a sea of dew,
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring-fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we,"
Said Wynnken, Blynken, And Nod.

* * * * * * * * *
All night long their nets they threw
For the fish in the twinkling foam,
Then down from the sky came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home;
'T was all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be;
And some folk thought 't was a dream they 'd dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea;
But I shall name you the fishermen three:
Wynnken, Blynken, And Nod.

Wynnken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed;
So shut your eyes while Mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock on the misty sea
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three,—
Wynnken, Blynken, And Nod.
DUTCH LULLABY

Music by REGINALD de KOVEN, Op. 53, No. 1

1. Wynn-ken and Blyn-ken and Noel one night
   Sailed off in a wooden

2. Laughed the old Moon, and he sung a song
   As they rocked in a wooden

shoe,........ Sailed on a river of misty light
shoe,........ The wind that sped them the whole night long

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Into a sea of dew........... "Oh, where are you going,
Ruffled the waves of dew........... The little stars were the

What do you wish?" the old moon asked the three........... We're
Herring fish that swam the dewy sea........... "Now

going to fish for the herring fish That live in this beautiful
cast your nets wherever you will," Cried the stars to the fishermen

sea, the sea, the sea...........
three, the three, the three...........
Nets of silver and gold have we for the fish who dwell in this
"Never, never afraid are we!" So cried the stars to the

beautyful sea," Said Wynken, Blynken and Nod,...... Said
fishermen three, To Wynken, Blynken and Nod,...... To

Wynken and Blynken and Nod,......
Wynken and Blynken and Nod,......

3. All night long their nets they throw for the fish in the twinkling
4. Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes, And Nod is a little
foam, ......... Then down from the sky came the wooden shoe, head, ......... The wooden shoe that sailed the skies

Bring-ing the fish-er-men home, ......... Twas all so pret-ty a
Is a wee trun-dle bed, ......... So shut your eyes while

sail it seemed As if it could not be, ......... And
moth-er sings Of wond-rous sights that be, ......... And

some folks thought 'twas a dream they'd dream'd Of sail-ing that beau-ti-ful, you shall see all the beau-ti-ful things As you rock on the mist-y
Shall I name you the fisherman three, That were sailing over that
As you rock on the misty sea, Where the old shoe rocked all those
beautiful sea? They're Wynken, Blynken and Nod,..... They're
fishermen three, Wynken, Blynken and Nod,.....
CHILD AND MOTHER

Mother-My-Love, if you'll give me your hand,
And go where I ask you to wander,
I will lead you away to a beautiful land—
The Dreamland that's waiting out yonder.
We'll walk in a sweet-posie garden out there
Where moonlight and starlight are streaming
And the flowers and the birds are filling the air
With the fragrance and music of dreaming.

There'll be no little tired-out boy to undress,
No questions or cares to perplex you;
There'll be no little bruises or bumps to caress,
Nor patching of stockings to vex you.
For I'll rock you away on a silver-dew stream,
And sing you asleep when you're weary,
And no one shall know of our beautiful dream
But you and your own little dearie.

And when I am tired I'll nestle my head
In the bosom that's soothed me so often,
And the wide-awake stars shall sing in my stead
A song which our dreaming shall soften.
So, Mother-My-Love, let me take your dear hand,
And away through the starlight we'll wander—
Away through the mist to the beautiful land—
The Dreamland that's waiting out yonder!
CHILD AND MOTHER

Music by W. W. GILCHRIST

1. O Moth-er-My-Love, if you'll
2. There'll be no lit-tle tired-out
3. And when I am tired I'll

give me your hand, and go where I ask you to wan-der,
boy to un-dress, No ques-tions or cares to per-plex you;
nes-tle my head In the bos-om that's soothed me so oft-en,

I will lead you a-way to a beau-ti-ful land—The
There'll be no lit-tle bruis-es or bumps to ca-ress, Nor
And the wide a-wake stars shall sinz in my stead A

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Dream-land that's waiting out wonder,
patching of stockings to vex you.
song which our dreaming shall soften.

We'll
For I'll
So

walk in a sweet posie garden out there
rock you away on a silvery dew stream.
Mother-My-Love, let me take your dear hand,
And

moonlight and starlight are streaming
sing you asleep when you're weary,
way thro' the starlight we'll wander

And the
And
A
flow'rs and the birds are filling the air With the
no one shall know of our beautiful dream, But
way through the mist to the beautiful land— The

fragrance and music of dream— ing,
you and your own little dear— ie,
Dream-land that's waiting out you— der.
JAPANESE LULLABY

SLEEP, little pigeon, and fold your wings,—
   Little blue pigeon with velvet eyes;
Sleep to the singing of mother-bird swinging—
   Swinging the nest where her little one lies.

Away out yonder I see a star,—
   Silvery star with a tinkling song;
To the soft dew falling I hear it calling—
   Calling and tinkling the night along.

In through the window a moonbeam comes,—
   Little gold moonbeam with misty wings;
All silently creeping, it asks, "Is he sleeping—
   Sleeping and dreaming while mother sings?"

Up from the sea there floats the sob
   Of the waves that are breaking upon the shore,
As though they were groaning in anguish, and moaning—
   Bemoaning the ship that shall come no more.

But sleep, little pigeon, and fold your wings,—
   Little blue pigeon with mournful eyes;
Am I not singing?—see, I am swinging—
   Swinging the nest where my darling lies.
JAPANESE LULLABY

Music by REGINALD de KOVEN, Op. 53, No. 2

Moderato.

1. Sleep, little pigeon, and fold your wings, little blue pigeon with velvet eyes; So sleep to the singing mother-bird swinging,

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Swing - ing the nest where the lit - tle one lies,  By the nest where her lit - tle one,

lit - tle one lies,  By the nest where the lit - tle one lies.

Out a - way yon - der

I see a star,  Sil - ver - y star with a twinkle - ling song;
To the dew falling I hear it calling, Calling and tinkling the night along, twinkling star, twinkling star,

Calling and tinkling the night along, all night long.

Tempo Inn.

2. In through a window a moonbeam comes, Little gold moonbeam with
mystic wings; All silently creeping, asks, "Is he sleeping?"

Sleeping and dreaming while mother-bird sings, Is he sleeping and dreaming while

mother-bird sings, Is he dreaming while mother-bird sings?"

Up from the sea there
comes a sob of the waves that are breaking upon the shore, As

if they were groaning in anguish and moaning, bewailing the ship that shall
come no more; Breaking waves, moaning waves,

Groaning in anguish upon the shore, on the shore. But
sleep little pigeon, and fold your wings, Little blue pigeon with

mournful eyes, For am I not singing, see I am swinging,

swinging the nest where my little one lies, By the nest where my little one,

little one lies, By the nest where my little one lies.
Sing - ing, swing - ing, Swing - ing the nest where my
poco a poco dim. e rall.
lit - tle one lies; Sing - ing, sing - ing,
Swing - ing the nest where my lit - tle one lies, Lit - tle one lies,
lit - tle one lies.
THE DINKEY-BIRD

In an ocean, 'way out yonder
   (As all sapient people know),
Is the land of Wonder-Wander,
Whither children love to go;
It’s their playing, romping, swinging,
That give great joy to me
While the Dinkey-Bird goes singing
   In the aminala tree!

There the gum-drops grow like cherries,
   And taffy’s thick as peas—
Caramels you pick like berries
When, and where, and how you please;
Big red sugar-plums are clinging
To the cliffs beside that sea
Where the Dinkey-Bird is singing
   In the aminala tree.

So when children shout and scamper
   And make merry all the day,
When there’s naught to put a damper
   To the ardor of their play;
When I hear their laughter ringing,
Then I’m sure as sure can be
That the Dinkey-Bird is singing
   In the aminala tree.

For the Dinkey-Bird’s bravuras
   And staccatos are so sweet—
His roulades, appoggiaturas,
   And robustos so complete,
That the youth of every nation—
   Be they near or far away—
Have especial delectation
   In that gladsome roundelay.

Their eyes grow bright and brighter,
   Their lungs begin to crow,
Their hearts get light and lighter,
   And their cheeks are all aglow;
For an echo cometh bringing
   The news to all and me,
That the Dinkey-Bird is singing
   In the aminala tree.

I’m sure you like to go there
   To see your feathered friend—
And so many goodies grow there
   You would like to comprehend!
Speed, little dreams, your winging
   To that land across the sea
Where the Dinkey-Bird is singing
   In the aminala tree!
1. In an ocean way out yonder (As all sa-pient peo-ple
2. So when children shout and scam- per And make mer-ry all the
3. Their eyes grow bright and bright-er, Their lungs be-gin to

know),
day,
crow,

the land of
When there's naught to
Their hearts get light and light-er,

Wan-der, Whith-er
put a damp-er, To the

children love to go; It's their play-ing, romp-ing,
ardor of their play; When I hear their laugh-ter
cheeks are all a-glow; For an echo com-eth

swing-ing,
ring-ing, Then I'm sure as sure can be
bring-ing The news to all and me,

That give great joy to me, While the
That the
That the
Dinky Bird goes singing in the am-fa-lu-la
Dinky Bird is singing in the am-fa-lu-la
Dinky Bird is singing in the am-fa-lu-la

There the gumdrops grow like cherries,
And taffy's thick as peas,
Caramels you pick like cactus are so sweet—
His ravishes ap-peal to
see your feathered friend—
And so many goodies

Berries When and where, and how you please;
When and tumbras And robustos so complete,
Grow there You would like to comprehend,
You would

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where and how you please, Big red sugar plums are
bus tos so complete, That the youth of ev'ry
like to comprehend! Speed, little dreams your

clinging To the cliffs beside the sea, Where the Dink-ey-Bird is
motion, Be they near or far away, Have especial deli-
winging To that land across the sea Where the Dink-ey-Bird is

singing, Where the Dink-ey-Bird is singing In the am-fa-lu-la;
ta-tion, Have especial deli-ta-tion In that glad-some round-
singing, Where the Dink-ey-Bird is singing In the am-fa-lu-la

Ist and 3d verses.

- lay, In that glad-some round-e-lay.
tree, In the am-fa-lu-la tree!
tree, In the am-fa-lu-la

Son....
NORSE LULLABY

The sky is dark and the hills are white
As the storm-king speeds from the north to-night,
And this is the song the storm-king sings,
As over the world his cloak he flings:
"Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep;"
He rustles his wings and gruffly sings:
"Sleep, little one, sleep."

On yonder mountain-side a vine
Clinging at the foot of a mother pine;
The tree bends over the trembling thing,
And only the vine can hear her sing:
"Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep;
What shall you fear when I am here?
Sleep, little one, sleep."

The king may sing in his bitter flight,
The tree may croon to the vine to-night,
But the little snowflake at my breast
Liketh the song I sing the best,—
Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep;
Weary thou art, anext my heart
Sleep, little one, sleep.
NORSE LULLABY

Music by REGINALD DE KOVEN, Op. 53, No. 3

1. The sky is dark, and the hills are white as the storm - king speeds from the North to - night, And

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this is the song the storm-king sings, as over the world his cloak he flings: "Sleep, sleep, little one sleep." He rustles his wings, and gruffly sings: "Sleep, sleep, little one, little one, little one, sleep, sleep."
2. On yon-der moun-tain side a vine

flings to the foot of a moth-er-pine: The tree bends o'er the
trem-bling thing. And only the vine can hear her sing:
“Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep; What shall you fear when I am here?

Sleep, sleep, little one, little one, little one, sleep.

Meno Mosso.

sleep.”

3. The king may sing in his bitter flight, And the

tree may croon to the vine to-night, But the little snowflake
at my breast Lik - eth the song I sing the best:

Sleep, sleep, lit - tle one, sleep; Wea - ry thou art a -

next my heart; Sleep, sleep, lit - tle one, lit - tle one,

lit-tle one, sleep, sleep......
THE LITTLE PEACH

A little peach in the orchard grew,—
A little peach of emerald hue;
Warm’d by the sun and wet by the dew,
It grew.

One day, passing that orchard through,
That little peach dawned on the view
Of Johnny Jones and his sister Sue—
Them two.

Up at that peach a club they threw—
Down from the stem on which it grew
Fell that peach of emerald hue.
Mon Dieu!

John took a bite and Sue a chew,
And then the trouble began to brew,—
Trouble the doctor could n’t subdue.
Too true!

Under the turf where the daisies grew
They planted John and his sister Sue,
And their little souls to the angels flew,—
Boo hoo!

What of that peach of the emerald hue,
Warm’d by the sun and wet by the dew?
Ah, well, its mission on earth is through.
Adieu!
THE LITTLE PEACH

LISTEN TO MY TALE OF WOE

Music by HUBBARD T. SMITH

Moderato.

1. A little peach in an orchard grew, Listen to my tale of woe, A
down

2. Now up at the peach a club they threw, Listen to my tale of woe, They

3. Under the turf where the daisies grew, Listen to my tale of woe, They

little peach of emerald hue, Warm'd by the sun and wet by the dew, It
fled the little peach of emerald hue, Poor
planted John and his sister Sue, And their little souls to the angels flew, Boo.

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grew,            It grew,            List - en to my tale of
John!           Poor Sue!           List - en to my tale of
-hoo!           Boo - hoo!          List - en to my tale of

woe,            One day in pass - ing the or - chard through,
woe,            Now she took a bite and John a chew,
woe,            But what of the peach of em - rald hue,

List - en to my tale of woe, That lit - tle peach dawn'd
List - en to my tale of woe, And then the trou - ble be -
List - en to my tale of woe, That was warm'd by the sun and

on the view, Of John - ny Jones and his sis - ter Sue, Them
-began to brew, A trou - ble that the Doc - tor, could-n't sub - due. Too
-wet by the dew! Ah! well, its mis - sion on earth is through. A -
two, them two, ....... Listen to my tale of woe.
true, too true, ........ Listen to my tale of woe.

CHORUS.

With spirit.

Hard tri- als for them two, Johnny Jones and his

sister Sue, And the peach of emerald hue, That

That grew, that grew, ....... Listen to my tale of woe.
Eugene Field

with
Music
by
Reginald de Koven
and
others.