SHOCK-HEADED PETER

Cycle for
Soprano, Baritone and Piano

by

HERBERT HUGHES

METZLER
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Verses selected from the famous book
by arrangement with
George Routledge & Sons, Ltd.

Price 5/- net

METZLER & CO. (1920) Limited
(Established, 1788)
142, CHARING CROSS ROAD
LONDON, W.C. 2

Printed in England
No. 1.

THE STORY OF CRUEL FREDERICK.

DUET.

Here is cruel Frederick, see!
A horrid, wicked boy was he;
He caught the flies, poor little things,
And then tore off their tiny wings;
He killed the birds, and broke the chairs
And threw the kitten down the stairs;
And oh! far worse than all beside,
He whipped his Mary till she cried.

The trough was full, and faithful Tray
Came out to drink one sultry day;
He wagged his tail and wet his lip,
When cruel Fred snatched up a whip,
And whipped poor Tray till he was sore,
And kicked and whipped him more and more;
At this, good Tray grew very red,
And growled and bit him till he bled.

So Frederick had to go to bed;
His leg was very sore and red.
The Doctor came and shook his head,
And made a very great to-do,
And gave him nasty physic, too.

But good dog Tray is happy now;
He has no time to say "Bow-wow!"
He seats himself in Frederick's chair
And laughs to see the nice things there;
The soup he swallows, sup by sup
And eats the pies and puddings up.

No. 2.

THE STORY OF LITTLE SUCK-A-THUMB.

SOPRANO SOLO.

One day Mamma said, "Conrad, dear,
I must go out and leave you here;
But mind, now, Conrad, what I say,
Don't suck your thumb while I'm away.
The great tall tailor always comes
To little boys that suck their thumbs,
And ere they dream what he's about,
He takes his great sharp scissors out
And cuts their thumbs clean off—and then,
You know, they never grow again.''

Mamma had scarcely turned her back,
The thumb was in, Alack! Alack!
The door flew open, in he ran,
The great, long, red-legged scissor man.
Oh dear! Oh dear! the tailor's come
And caught out little Suck-a-Thumb.
Snip! Snap! Snip! the scissors go,
And Conrad cries out, "Oh! Oh! Oh!"
Snip! Snap! Snip! They go so fast,
That both his thumbs are off at last.

Mamma comes home; there Conrad stands,
And looks quite sad, and shows his hands—
"Ah!" said Mamma, "I knew he'd come
To naughty little Suck-a-Thumb."
THE DREADFUL STORY ABOUT HARRIET AND THE MATCHES.

DUET.

It almost makes me cry to tell
What foolish Harriet did.
Mamma and Nurse went out one day
And left her alone at play;
Now on the table, close at hand,
A box of matches glanced to stand,
And kind Mamma and Nurse had told her
That, if she touched them, they should scold her.
But Harriet said, "Oh, what a pity!
For when they burn, it is so pretty;
They crackle so, and spit, and flame;
Mamma, too, often does the same."

The pussy-cats heard this,
And they began to hiss,
And stretch their claws
And raise their paws;
"Me-ow," they said, "Me-ow, me-ow,
You'll burn to death, if you do so."

But Harriet would not take advice,
She lit a match—it was so nice!
She jumped for joy and ran about,
Azl was too pleased to get it out.

The pussy-cats saw this
And said, "Oh, naughty, naughty Miss!"
And stretched their claws
And raised their paws;
"'Tis very, very wrong, you know,
Me-ow, me-ow, me-ow, me-ow,
You will be burnt, if you do so."

And see! Oh, what a dreadful thing!
The fire has caught her apron-string;
Her apron burns, her arms, her hair;
She burns all over, everywhere.

Then how the pussy-cats did mew—
What else, poor pussies, could they do?
They screamed for help, 'twas all in vain
So then they said, "We'll scream again;
Make haste, make haste, me-ow, me-ow,
She'll burn to death; we told her so."

So she was burnt, with all her clothes,
And arms, and hands, and eyes, and nose;
Till she had nothing more to see
Except her little scutlet shoes;
And nothing else but these was found
Among her ashes on the ground.

And when the good cats sat beside
The smoking ashes, how they cried!
"Me-ow, me-ow, me-ow, me-ow,
What will Mamma and Nurse do?"
Their tears ran down their cheeks so fast
They made a little pool at last.
No. 4.

THE STORY OF AUGUSTUS WHO WOULD NOT HAVE ANY SOUP.

BARITONE SOLO.

Augustus was a chubby lad;
Fat ruddy cheeks Augustus had;
And everybody saw with joy
The plump and hearty healthy boy,
He ate and drank as he was told,
And never let his soup get cold.
But one day, one cold winter's day,
He screamed out, "Take the soup away!
Oh, take the nasty soup away!
I won't have any soup to-day."

Next day, now look, his body shows
How lank and lean Augustus grows!
Yet, though he feels so weak and ill,
The naughty fellow cries out still—
"Not any soup for me, I say;
Oh, take the nasty soup away!
I won't have any soup to-day."

The third day comes: oh, what a sin!
To make himself so pale and thin.
Yet, when the soup is put on table,
He screams as loud as he is able—
"Not any soup for me, I say;
Oh, take the nasty soup away!
I won't have any soup to-day."

Look at him, now the fourth day's come!
He scarcely weighs a sugar plum;
He's like a little lot of thread,
And on the fifth day, he was—dead!

No. 5.

THE STORY OF FIDGETY PHILIP.

DUET.

"Let me see if Philip can
Be a little gentleman;
Let me see if he is able
To sit still for once at table."
Thus Papa bade Phil behave,
And Mamma looked very grave.
But fidgety Phil,
He won't sit still;
He wriggles
And giggles,
And then, I declare,
Swings backwards and forwards
And tilts up his chair.

Fie, the naughty restless child
Growing still more rude and wild,
Till his chair falls over quite.
Philip screams with all his might,
Catches at the cloth, but then
That makes matters worse again,
Down upon the ground they fall,
Glasses, plates, knives, forks and all.

Where is Philip, where is he?
Soaked from head to foot with tea,
Cloth and all are lying on him;
He has pulled down all upon him!
What a terrible to-do!
Dishes, glasses, m apt in two!
Here a knife and there a fork!
Philip, this is cruel work.
Table all so bare, and ah!
Poor Papa and poor Mamma.
SHOCK-HEADED PETER.

I.
The Story of Cruel Frederick.

DUET.

Introduction.
Molto allegro. (Q=104)

HERBERT HUGHES.

Copyright, 1921, by Metzler & Co. (1922 Ltd.)
M. 599.
SOPRANO.  
a tempo

This is cruel Fred'rick, see, A horrid wicked boy was

BARITONE.

mf a tempo

he, He caught the flies, he caught the flies

ritard.  a tempo

And then tore off their tiny wings.

Poor little things—— He killed the

colla voce  a tempo

M. 599.
And threw the kitten down the stairs
birds and broke the chairs And threw the kitten down the stairs

But Oh far worse than all be-

Far worse than all be-

side,

side,

He beat his Mary, beat his
Beat his Mary, beat his Mary
Mary, Beat his Mary, beat his Mary

Till she cried
Till she cried

Cri
Cri

M. 599.
Soprano. \textit{Andante, (\textit{él}-\textit{prendre})}

\textit{The trough was full and faithful. Tray came}

Baritone.

\textit{The trough was full and faithful. Tray came}

M. 599.
out to drink one sultry day. He wagged his tail, he

wagged his tail and wet ______ his lip,

wagged his tail and wet ______ his lip, The

trough was full and faithful Tray came out to drink one sultry day.
wagged his tail, he wagged his tail, he

He wagged his tail and wet his lip,

he wagged his tail, he wagged his tail, he

he wagged his tail, he wagged his tail,
Allegro (d=100)

When cruel Fred snatched up his whip And whipped poor Tray till
he was sore And whipped poor Tray till he was sore,

he was sore And whipped poor Tray till he was, till he was sore,

poco accel.

And kicked and whipped him more and more, and kicked and whipped him

poco accel.

And kicked and whipped him more and more, and kicked and whipped him

poco accel.

And kicked and whipped him more and more, and kicked and whipped him

more and more, and kicked and whipped him more and more,

more and more, and kicked and whipped him more and

more and more,

M. 599.
At this poor Tray grew very red And growled and bit him

till he bled, So Fredrick had to go to bed, His leg was very sore

and red.

and red.
(The doctor knocks at the door)

The doctor came and shook his head. (His head) And made a very great to do.

And gave him nasty physic too.

(to do) And gave him nasty physic too (sic too).
Molto allegro a tempo I

But

Tray is very happy now, is very, very

M.599
hap - py now, He has no time, he has no time.

a tempo

He seats him - self on Fred - rick's

daritone. ad lib.

To say "Bow' wow?"

colla voce a tempo

chair, And laughs to

He seats him - self on Fred - rick's chair And laughs to

M. 599.
see the nice things there, And
see the nice things there, And

laughs to see the nice things there.
laughs to see the nice things there.

The soup he swallows sup by sup, The soup he

M. 599.
swallows sup by sup
And eats the
swallows sup by sup
And eats the
pies
and
pies
and
pudding
s-up.
pudding
s-up.

M.599.
The Story of Little Suck-a-thumb.

SOPRANO SOLO.

Andante.

One day Mamma said: "Con-rad, dear, I must go out and

leave you here; But mind now, Con-rad, what I say, Don't suck your thumb,

Don't suck your thumb, Don't suck your thumb while I'm away!
Don't suck your thumb while I'm away while I'm away!

a tempo - Appenato

The great tall tailor always comes to little boys who suck their thumbs.

Allegro, \( \frac{4}{4} \)

And ere they dream what he's about He
takes his great sharp scissors out, He cuts their thumbs clean off, and

then he cuts their thumbs clean off, and then You know they never know they never know they never

grow again?

colla voce a tempo
Tempo I.

Mammah had scarcely turned her back, The

Allegro.

Ad lib.  thumb was in, A - las! A - lack!

The
colla voce
cresc.

doors flew open, in he ran The great long red-legged scissor man. Oh

mf
cresc.

f
dear, O dear, the tailor's come And caught out little Suck-a-thumb.
Snip, snap the scissors go,
Snip, snap the scissors go,
And

Conrad cried "Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!"

(BARITONE speak as below)

(Snip, snap, snip, they go so fast)
That both his thumbs, both his thumbs, both his thumbs are off at last.
Andante (Tempo I.)

Piu lento.

Mamma came home. There Conrad stands And

Soprano, ad lib.  pp

-Haritone.

looks quite sad and shows his hands "Ahi" (said Mam

-ma) "I thought he'd come to naughty, naughty lit- tle Suck-a-thumb.

M. 599.
III
The Dreadful Story about Harriet and the Matches.
DUET.

Andante moderato. 1 ss.

It makes us very sad to tell what foolish Harriet befell

Copyright 1921, by Metzler & Co., (1926) Ltd.
foolish Harriet be-fell It makes us very sad to tell

Tempo I. soprano.

It makes us very

It makes us very sad to tell what

rall. sempre legato

M. 599.
sad to tell what foolish what foolish Harriet be-fell, what foolish Harriet be-fell it

dim. e poco rit.                   a tempo

- - - - - - -
Harriet be-fell.

makes us very sad to tell.

Mamma and Nurse went

M. 599.
out one day and left her all alone.

out one day and left her all alone Mam-

and left her all a-

ma and Nurse went out one day and left her all a-

-lone alone

-lone alone

\textit{cresc.}

M. 599.
At

At

Più mosso. \( \frac{3}{16} \hspace{1cm} \)

Now on the table close at hand A box of matches

M. 599.
chanced to stand, and kind Mamma and Nurse

And Nurse had told her

that if she touched them they would scold her,

that if she touched them they would scold her,

cresc.

they would scold her, they would scold

they would scold her, they would scold

M. 599
M. 599.
when they burn they look so pretty,
They

and spit and flame Mam-ma

And spit and flame Mam-ma

See lower

often, often does the same

too, often, often does the same

M. 599.
Allegretto. \( \frac{d}{4} \)-\( \frac{72}{4} \).

Pus-s-y cats heard this
And they be-gan to hiss
And

Pus-s-y cats heard this
And they be-gan to hiss
And

Stretch their claws and raise their paws
And raise their paws
And

Stretch their claws and raise their paws
And raise their paws
And

M. 599.
'meow' they said 'meow' 'meow' 'meow' they said meow meow You'll burn to

pp

din. poco rit.

deoth if you do so.

deoth if you do so.

f a tempo

But

M. 599.
Harriet would not take advice she lit a match

It

cresc.

She jumped for joy and ran about and was so nice——

She jumped and ran about and

cresc.

dim.

was too pleased—— to put it out

The

was too pleased—— to put it out

The

dim.

M. 599.
Allegretto. \( \frac{72}{4} \)

Pussy cats saw this and said "O naughty miss!"

Pussy cats saw this and said "O naughty miss!"

P

Stretched their claws and raised their paws, "tis very, very wrong—

You know? "Meow" they said "Meow, meow, meow! they said "Meow, meow, meow!"

M. 599.
You will be burnt if you do.

You will be burnt if you do.

Allegro.

so!

agitato

so!

Now see O what a
dreadful thing the fire has caught her apron string. Her apron burns her.
arins her hair she burns all over ev'rywhere, ev'rywhere, ev'rywhere.
Then how the pussy cats did mew
What else poor pussies

Could they do? They screamed for help 'twas all in vain so

Then they said "We'll scream again, make haste, make haste!"
meow-o! meow-o! you'll burn to death!!

meow-o! meow-o! you'll burn to death!!

Andante moderato (Tempo I.)

M. 599.
So she was burnt with all her clothes and arms and hands and eyes and

nose Till she had nothing else to lose except her little scarlet shoes.

And nothing else but these were

And nothing else but these were found among the ashes on the

M. 599.
found and nothing else but these were found among the ashes on the ground.

ground and nothing else but these were found among the ashes on the ground.

And nothing else but these were found among the ashes on the ground, a-

among the ashes on the ground.
Nothing else, nothing else but these,
Nothing else, nothing else but these,

Dim.
Nothing else, nothing else.
Nothing else, nothing else.

Dim. Accel.

Allegretto.

Ritard.
parlando \( p \)

And when the good cats sat beside the smoking

\( pp \)

(sпoken) 'Meow - o' meow - o'

ashes, How they cried. 'Meow - o' 'meow - o'

dolente.

"What will Mamma"

And Nursie

M. 599.
allargando.

do?

The tears run down their cheeks so

colla voce.

They made a little pool at

fast They made a little they made a little pool at

a tempo.

last

(last.)

pp a tempo (Andante moderato) at last.

M. 599.
IV.
The Story of Augustus who would not have any Soup
BARITONE SOLO.

Allegro commodo.

Pomposo
Augustus was a chubby lad, Fat rosy cheeks Augustus had, And everybody saw with joy The
plump and healthy, hearty boy.

ate and drank as he was told, And never let his soup go cold, He

ate and drank as he was told, And never let his
soup  go cold.

Piu animato.  $\frac{d}{2} = 120.$

But one day, one cold winter day, He screamed out, "Take the soup away, Oh take the nasty soup away, I won't have any soup."
Grazioso. \( \overline{\text{d}} = \text{d preceding} \)

\( f f \) to

rubato

Tempo I.  \( \text{mf} \)

- day!"

(quasi allargando)

\( \text{day, alas, his body shows} \) How lean and lank Augustus grows

\( \text{a tempo} \)

M. 599.
Next day alas his body shows How lean and lank Augustus grows.

Yet though he feels so weak and ill The naughty fellow cries out still, "Not any soup for

M. 599.
me to-day, I won't have any soup

cresc.

Grazioso. \( \text{d} = \text{d preceding} \)

rubato

Tempo I.

to-day."

The

M. 599.
third day comes, Oh ___________ The third day comes,

Oh what a sin to make himself so pale ______ and thin_____

Piu animato

Yet when the soup is on the table ______

accel.

He screams as loud as he is able ______

M.599.
"Not any soup for me, I say, Oh

take the nasty soup away, I won't have any soup.

to day!"

Look at him now the fourth day's come— Look at him, he

M. 599.
scarcely weighs a sugar plum—He's like a

little piece of thread.

And on the fifth day he was dead.
V.
The Story of Fidgety Phillip.

FINALE.

Andante, con nobiltà.

Let us see if Philip can be a little
gen - tle man.

Copyright, 1921, by Metzler & Co. (1920) Ltd.
M. 669.
To sit still for once, To sit still for once,
To sit still for once, sit still for once.

To sit still for once, at table, for
sit still for once, at table, for

once at table, for once at
dim.
Thus Pa-

Quasi recit.

Looked ve-

-pa made Phil  be  have,  and Mam ma

grave.

Pedal.

M. 599.
backwards and forwards And tilts, and tilts,

and tilts up his chair.

tilts up his chair.

mollo cresce.

dim.

Fie, the naughty restless child

Fie, the naughty restless child
Growing still more rude and wild, Till his chair falls over quite,
Growing still more rude and wild, Till his chair falls over quite,

Phillip screams with all his might, with all,
Phillip screams with all his might, with all,

all
all

all
all

his might
his might

M. 599
Catch-es at the cloth, and then That makes mat ters

Down up-on the floor they fall, Glasses,
worse a-gain—

Down up-on the floor they fall,

knives and all.

Plates, forks and all.

M. 599.
portamento ad lib.

Where is Philip? where is he? Soaked from head to foot with tea! Cloth and all are lying on him, He has pulled down all up on him.

Dishes, all up on him, What a terrible to do!

M. 598.
glass-es snapt in two.
There a knife,

Here a fork, here a knife,

there a fork, cruel work,

Phillip, this is cruel work, cruel work,

Table all so bare, And ah, and

ah, Poor Papa,
impeccoso

Glasses, knives,
Glasses, knives,

plates, forks and all.
plates, forks and all.