FLEMISH FOLK-SONGS

With English Words

Adapted from the Flemish

By

ADRIAN ROSS,

The Music by

JAN BROECKX.

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($1.00);

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## Flemish Folk-Songs

english words adapted by
adrian ross.

Music by
Jan Broeckx.

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This book is dedicated,
in ever affectionate remembrance,
to my dear Mother.

J. B.
FLEMISH

FOLK-SONGS
FLANDERS, THE LAND WE LOVE!
(Vlaandren, dierbaar Land!)

English words adapted by ADRIAN ROSS.
From the Flemish of FRANS LIÈKENS.

FOLK-SONG.

Music by JAN BROECKX.

Tempo di marcia. (con anima).

1. What
2. What
3. Ring

song is this that sounds and swells from all the lofty towers, The
sings the river wide and deep that rolls across the plain, Where
out, ye belfries, clear and loud, A song of better times, Our

music of a thousand belfs above this land of ours? Oh
pleasant Flanders lies asleep, green fields and golden grain? The
hearts shall yet be glad and proud As are the Flemish chimes—The

Copyright 1915 by Boosey & Co.
land of love, it is for thee The song of coming.
river sings, "Oh, Flemings, hear! Be free again, and..."
folk that foesmen... would enslave Shall rise and conquer,

victory! shake off fear!" Flemings, rise again And break thy chain Our

strong and brave!

Largo.

Flan-ders! Flan-ders, heart and hand, For the we stand, Fa-ther-

a tempo.

land!

a tempo.
A PRAYER FOR MY COUNTRY
(Vaderlandsch Gebed)
PATRIOTIC SONG.

English words adapted by
ADRIAN ROSS.
From the Flemish of
LAMBERT LAMBERTS.

Music by
JAN BROECKX.

Con forza. \( \mathcal{d} = 88 \text{-} 72 \)

When all the streams are high above the shores, And far the foam is
When come the storm, and all the forests crash Before the snow and
When cruel foes in all their grimarray Our peaceful fields have

tossed, And when the flood in thunder roars "Now all is lost, is
frost; Or when the leaping lightnings flash That all is lost, is
crossed, And booming cannon seem to say "Now all is lost, is
lost! Then pray I for my country—"O God, stretch out Thy hand, Save our land, Save our land, Save and help our Father-land!"
THEY CANNOT KILL THE SOUL.
(Ons denken dooit men niet.)

English words adapted by
ADRIAN ROSS.
From the Flemish of
JAN PEETERS.

FOLK-SONG.

Music by
JAN BROECKX.

Espressivo e sostenuto.

1. When clouds above us tower
   As dark as Winter's storm,
   For all their deadly power,
   Our hearts are strong and warm!

2. If want and woe beset us
   With hunger's bitter chill,
   And fickle friends forget us,
   Our hearts remember still!

3. One steadfast hope we cherish
   When all but hope is gone,
   Though men may fall and perish,
   Yet man will still live on!

And through the storm wind's

Still through the age be-

N. 3877.
MARCHING SONG.
(Marschlied.)

CHILD'S SONG.

English words adapted by
ADRIAN ROSS.

From the Flemish of
TH. COOPMAN.

Music by
JAN BROECKX.

Con allegrezza (—about 84)

Would you
Would you
Would you

be a pro-per sol-dier? Learn to march and learn to...
be a pro-per sol-dier? Ne-ver grum-ble, ne-ver
be a pro-per sol-dier? Du-tys all you have to

fight; Keep in line and mind your dress-ing; Step in
fret; Keep your eyes on where you're go-ing. That is
do; Think of that and not of glo-ry, Then you'll

S. 8077.
time with left and right!
where you're bound to get!
have the glory too!

So it's done, so it's done,
Don't you care, don't you care,
Heart and hand, heart and hand,

All your feet come down like one!
Step it out and you'll be there!
All are for your Fatherland!

So it's done, so it's done,
Don't you care, don't you care,
Heart and hand, heart and hand.
MARCHING SONG.
(In three voices.)

CHILD'S SONG.

English words adapted by
ADRIAN ROSS.

From the Flemish of
TH. COOPMAN.

Con allegrezza. (c= about 84)

Music by
JAN BROECKX.

1st Voice.

Would you be a pro-per... soldier? Learn to
Would you be a pro-per soldier? Ne-ver
Would you be a pro-per soldier? Du-ty's

2nd Voice.

Would you be a pro-per... soldier? Learn to
Would you be a pro-per... soldier? Ne-ver
Would you be a pro-per... soldier? Du-ty's

3rd Voice.

march and learn to
fight; Keep in line and mind your
grumble, ne-ver fret; Keep your eyes on where you're
all you have to do; Think of that and not of

march and learn to
fight; Keep in line and mind your
grumble ne-ver fret; Keep your eyes on where you're
all you have to do; Think of that and not of

dress-ing, Step in time with left and
go-ing, That is where you're bound to
glo-ry Then you'll have the glo-ry

dress-ing, Step in time with left and
go-ing, That is where you're bound to
glo-ry, Then you'll have the glo-ry

M. BÖTZE
right!
get!
too!
right! So it's done,
get! Don't you care,
too! Heart and hand,
So it's done,
Don't you care,
Heart and hand,

All your feet come down like one!
Step it out and you'll be there!
All are for your Fa-ther-land!
All your feet come down like one! So it's done,
Step it out and you'll be there! Don't you care,
All are for your Fa-ther-land! Heart and hand,
All your feet come down like one! So it's done,
Step it out and you'll be there! Don't you care,
All are for your Fa-ther-land! Heart and hand,

So it's done, don't you care,
Heart and hand,

So it's done, don't you care,
Heart and hand,

So it's done, don't you care,
Heart and hand,

H. B. EB.
A SAILOR SONG
(Scheepsjongenslied)

English words adapted by
ADRIAN ROSS

From the Flemish of
TH. COOPMAN

For three voices
FOLK-SONG

Music by
JAN BROECKX

Giocoso \((\text{=104:108})\)

1st Voice

"What ho! my lads!" says
Then come, and off we
Let lubbers stop at

2nd Voice

"What ho! my lads!" says
Then come, and off we
Let lubbers stop at

3rd Voice

Jan, The jolly sailor-man; It's... not the way for
are To foreign lands a far-.... Amer-i-ca, Aus-
home, Our way's a-cross the foam; And... all of you Are

Jan, The jolly sailor-man; It's... not the way for
are To foreign lands a far-.... Amer-i-ca, Aus.
home, Our way's a-cross the foam; And... all of you Are

N.B. This song may also be performed by three voices without accompaniment, or one voice with accompaniment.
boys to stay On land all day!
-tra-li-a Et cet- e-ra! To sea——
bold and true, So join our crew!

boys to stay On land all day:
-tra-li-a Et cet e ra! To
bold and true, So join our crew!

To sea——

To sea——

Yo

sea with me,
To sea with me, Yo

with me,
To sea with me,
ho! yo ho! The winds do blow! Yo ho! yo - ho!

Yo ho! yo ho! The winds do blow!

Largo sostenuto.

winds do blow! ho! Yo ho! The winds do blow!

a tempo.

molto rit.

winds do blow! ho! Yo ho! The winds do blow!

Largo sostenuto.

winds do blow! Yo ho! yo ho! The winds do blow!

a tempo.

molto rit.

H. 8877.
THE FAIR.

(Kermislied.)

FOLK SONG.

English words adapted by
ADRIAN ROSS.

From the Flemish of
H. NELIS.

Music by
JAN BROECKX.

Allegretto scherzando.

1. The day of the Fair, the fun of the Fair; We're jolly just for
2. And then, the sailor kisses his girl; The fiddler scrapes his
3. And when the hour is getting late, The sailor takes his

one... day; And all of the sailors come rolling home; And
fiddle... And to... and from... and round they go, And
lady... Along the lanes, along the dykes, Or
girls dressed up like Sunday!
Then don't we blow the
up... and down the mid-
die!
So take your girl... a-
an... y... where that's sha-
- dy!
He puts... his arm a-

Tempo I.

mer-ry fife, And
set... the beer a-
flowing? With song and dance and
about the Fair, Be-
fore... the o-
thers get... her; And she'll love you... a
round her waist, And
then there's talk and laugh-
ter; And what they say... and

drink and chat, We keep the Fair-
time go-
ing!
So
day or two, And what can man... want bet-
ter?
So
why they laugh— Per-
haps I'll tell... you af-
ter!
So
Piú vivo.

sip it and trip it and skip - pip-pip: Oh! what a chatter and clat - ter!

Piú vivo.

Tempo I.

Fair-time is but once a year, A glass or two won't mat -

Fair-time is but once a year, A dance or two won't mat -

Fair-time is but once a year, A kiss or two won't mat -

Vivo.

Tempo I.

- ter!
- ter!
- ter!

V. F077.
MY LOVER IS A JOLLY BOY.
(Mijn vrije is een kerelken.)

English words adapted by
ADRIAN ROSS.
From the Flemish of
EENEST DE WEERT

FOLK-SONG.

Music by
JAN FROECKX.

Allegretto moderato. ($ \approx 96$) $mf$

1. My lover is a jolly boy, He laughs from dawn to dark;
   He whistles all the day for joy. Like

2. My lover is a jolly boy, The best that's ever been,
   His eyes are full of love and joy. His

3. My lover is a jolly boy, So merry and so gay.
   And I shall almost die of joy. To

any merry lark.

The neighbours often whisper, When he goes out with
heart is true and clean.

A hundred pretty maidens Look after him and
marry him one day.

For when I think about him My heart is gay and

\[ \text{K. 8877.} \]
me. But oh! I feel so happy, And so, he says, does he! But
pining. But I'm his only sweetheart, And all his heart is mine! But
glad. And won't the earth be heaven With my own laughing lad! And

poco rit. à tempo.

espressivo. rit. à tempo

ch! I feel so happy, And so, he says, does he!
I'm his only sweetheart, And all his heart is mine!
won't the earth be heaven With my own laughing lad!

poco rit. à tempo.

rit. à tempo

last time.

mf à tempo. D molto staccato. pp

M. 8872.
THE LITTLE MAID.
(Van't Maagdeken)

English words adapted by
ADRIAN ROSS.
From the Flemish of
JAN BRÖECKX.

FOLK-SONG.

Moderato.

Tempo I.
dolce.

1. A little maid there

was about here, She had no father or mother dear, No sister fond, no

brother too-What was the little maiden to do?

Tempo I.
dolcissimo.

N. 8877.
1.
A little maid there was about here,
She had no father or mother dear,
No sister fond, no brother too—
What was the little maiden to do?

2.
She had to serve a stingy old wife,
And work all days and all her life;
She never sang or danced or played,
And no one loved the little maid.

3.
She had to earn her morsel of bread,
So early up, so late to bed;
And when the sun in spring-time shone,
She wished that she was dead and gone.

4.
One day a fine young fellow came by
With eyes as blue as April sky;
He saw her once, he saw her twice,
They thought each other, Oh! so nice!

5.
So now her life is nothing but joy
With hearth and home and a baby boy—
She's just as glad as she can be—
The maid is now a wife, you see!
THE BLACKSMITH'S SONG.
(Het lied van den Smid.)

FOLK-SONG.

English words adapted by
ADRIAN ROSS.
From the Plecta of
FRANS LINKENS.

Music by
JAN BROEKX.

Allegretto.  a tempo.

Vivo.

1. The blacksmith in his
2. A maiden sat and

smithy, He sang from dawn to dark;
listened, All day the song she heard;
His little heart was

Tempo I.

hammer, As brightly as the spark;
beating In time to every word--

R. 4877
3. Said she, "Oh, neighbour blacksmith, Teach me your pretty song!" Said he, "My girl, with pleasure, I'll teach you all day long! So sing, my sweet, my tock a tock a tock, I'll give the beat, a knock, a knock, a knock; It needs the hammer's bang— The song the merry blacksmith sang!"

4. The little maid was married, The blacksmith was the man; And now you'll hear their children A-singing all they can; And while they sing their tock a tock a tock, The hammers ring, a knock, a knock, a knock! They're shouting, all the gang, The song the merry blacksmith sang!"
THE GIANTS.
(Antwerp Fair.)
(Reuzegom.)

English words adapted by
ADRIAN ROSS.

FOLK-SONG.

From the Flemish of
FRANS LIEKENS.

Music by
- JAN BROECKX.

\textit{Giacoso} \( \left( \approx 104-112 \right) \)

Oh, can't you hear the chiming bells. How loud and long they
An-ti-go-nus is with his wife, She's just as big as
And after them there comes the Whale, His mouth is o - pen

are!
To-mor-row through the town will ride The gi - ants in their
he.
They look a-round as if to say, "Now, who's so grand as
wide,
And lit-tle Cu - pid with his bow, A qui-ver by his

E. 8077.
And then the drum.
Goes rum-tum-tum.
And we shall sing,
"The side!"

Gi-ants come!
Here the Gi-ants come!
Here the Gi-ants come!

Tempo I.
EVENING BELLS.

(Avondklokkje.)

FOLK SONG.

Music by

JAN BROECKX.

English words adapted by
ADRIAN ROSS.

From the Flemish of
FRANK LIEBENS.

Semplice \( \textit{\textsuperscript{48-44}} \)

\begin{align*}
\text{The bells of evening} \\
\text{The bells of evening} \\
\text{The bells of evening} \\
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
\text{softly sound, The} \\
\text{softly sound, The} \\
\text{softly sound, The} \\
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
\text{hour has come for resting, The} \\
\text{land lies still to listen, And night is coming,} \\
\text{smiling stars that love us in endless march go} \\
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
\text{cross the ground Through trees where birds are nesting.} \\
\text{robed and crowned With clouds and beams that glitter,} \\
\text{round and round, And keep their watch above us!} \\
\end{align*}

H. SUTTON.
gentle evening, hide away Our weariness and sorrow, And

mollo espressivo

let our hearts forget today, Until we wake tomorrow!

Tempo I.

2. The
3. The
JURIAN'S JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD.
(Jurriaan's reize rondom de wereld.)

FOLK-SONG.

English words adapted by
ADRIAN ROSS.

From the Dutch of
H. TOLLENS.

Music by
JAN BROECKX.

Allegretto (p - 84)

Solo.

I thought I'd go to foreign lands, To see the people yonder, I
In Greenland all the folk were glad To greet a stranger rover They
America I travelled thro' It's not a land of roses; The

tutti

took my stick between my hands, Around the world to wander! We
filled my glass with all they had, Until it just slopped over! And
people there are just like you, But talk right thro' their noses! You
think that was really an excellent plan, So tell us your travels, do tell, Jurian! We where did you go when you finished your can? Do tell us, we're waiting, Say on, Jurian! And seem to be really a wonderful man, Tell what adventures you had, Jurian! You

think that was really an excellent plan, Tell us, Jurian where did you go when you finished your can? Say now, Jurian seem to be really a wonderful man—Go on, Jurian

4.

In India then I called upon The great Mogul at Delhi; He told me all his teeth were gone, He lives on soup and jelly! That's not very nice for so wealthy a man— It's most interesting, go on, Jurian! That's not very nice for so wealthy a man— Go on, Jurian!

5.

I've seen the folks the whole world round, The whites, the blacks, the yellow; They're pretty much like you, I've found, They're just as silly fellows! You'd better have ended before you began, You've shocking bad manners, we think, Jurian! You'd better have ended before you began— Shut up, Jurian!
A LOVE-SONG.*
Folksong.

English words adapted by
ADRIAN ROSS.
From the Flemish of
ERNEST DE WEERT.

Music by
JAN BROECKX.

Moderato.

Poco piu vivo. rallentando.

1. A merry little gold-finch comes
2. There grows a little flower, A

out today to sing. Among the budding branches, His
violet of blue. It shines from out the meadow Like

**"A Love-Song" as a four-part Song, S.A.T.B, Price two pence.**
The carol of the Spring! I stand below and listen, His heaven peeping through! I stand and look upon it, So

Poco rilard.

Song is sweet and fine. It does not help my tender, so divine. Oh, flower, there's a

Poco rilard

Ritensuto.

Sorrow. The love that makes me pine.

Maiden, With sweeter eyes than thine.

Ritensuto.

Tempo I.
3. The
4. For
a Tempo.

poco più vivo.
rallentando.

ripples of a brook - let across the meadow glance, Where-
in the mer - ry spring-time, I have a win - ter heart,...

...in the sighing breezes The feather'd rushes dance... As
heart so full of sor - row it sighs and pines a - part... The
I am idly sitting The water glows like Spring can give no gladness To such a heart as

wine... The brook, the reeds are merry... I mine... Ah, come to me, my darling... And

wait without a sign... love will bloom and shine...

3rd Verse. 4th Verse.
IN THE STEEPEL.
(In den Toren.)

CHILD'S SONG.

English words adapted by
ADRIAN ROSS.
From the Flemish of
H. VAN TICHELEN.

Music by
JAN BROECKX.

Largo \( \left( \text{d=about 60} \right) \)
\( \text{f con forza.} \)

Up in the steeple That

lit - tle dark cell, That's for the peo - ple Who ring the big bell!

Up in the steeple is sit - ting a man, Ring - ing to peo - ple As
loud as he can! Up in the steeple there booms the big bell,

All of the people can hear it quite well! Climb up the steeple, my

brave little man, ring to the people—You may... if you can!

ff a tempo.
MAN-IN-THE-MOON.
(Janneke Maan.)

CHILD'S SONG.

English words adapted by
ADRIAN ROSS.

From the Flemish of
H. VAN TICHELIN.

Music by
JAN BROECKX.

Allegretto giocoso (♩= 88 – 96)

1. I look'd up into sky-land,
2. He had a great big bundle,

after afternoon;

-nough for two or three;

i
saw a merry fellow, The
I was staring at him, He

laughing— Man—in—the—Moon!
laugh'd out— "Come up to me!"

3.
"I'm coming up," I told him, And then I couldn't see him,
I jumped, but all in vain; A cloud came by so soon—
He nearly burst with laughing, Why won't you go on talking,
And chuckled— "Try it again!" You stupid— Man—in-the—Moon?

4.

H. 8877.
EVENING.
(Avond)
CHILD'S SONG.

English words adapted by
ADRIAN ROSS.
From the Flemish of
H. VAN ZICHELEN.

Music by
JAN-BROECKX:

Semplice. (♩= about 48)

con sentimento.

Oh! night-in-gale,.....
Oh! sil-ver star,.....
Oh! vil-lage chime,

a tempo.

Down the dale,..... It's so dark and grow-ing late!
Up so far,..... Through the bran-ches throw your ray,
Ring the time,..... Some-one's at the gate to-night;

rit.
Tempo I.

I'm so lonely, Sing on only
Shine on yonder While I wander,
She will meet me, Smile to greet me—

Till... I find our
Point... me out my
Then... I'm home and

gar - den gate!
home - ward way!
all.... is right!
TWEEDLEDEE!
(Karrekill.)

CHILD'S SONG.

Music by
JAN BROECKX.

English words adapted by
ADRIAN ROSS.

From the Flemish of
EDWARD DE KEYSER.

Allegretto capriccioso.

In the sunny days of Maytime, By the river side was
Jack-y Cook is very greedy. Bird-ies eggs he likes the
Jack-y Cook is very angry, So he jumps in from the

And I heard a birdie singing, Where the reeds are growing
best, So he comes around the meadows. Looking out to find a
side, All to get among the rushes Where the little birdies
high. Would you know what he was saying? Well, you needn't ask a
next! There he hears the little birdie—"Now, says he, "we won't be
hide! So we into a hole goes Jack-y. But he struggles to the

-again, All the day the merry birdie Sings and
long, I can tell where you are nest-ing, By your.
shore, And the lit-tle bird is laugh-ing As he

sings the same re-frain—
mocking lit-tle song—

sings his song once more—

Tweedle
-dee, dee, dee, You can't see, see, see! Tweedle-dee, Tweedledee, You can't see, you can't see! Tweedle-dee, dee, dee, Follow me, me, me,

But you can't catch me!

[Music notation]

Poco rit.

Jack-y
THE BLACKSMITH.
(Van den Smeder.)

CHILD'S SONG.

Music by
JAN BROECKX.

English words adapted by
ADRIAN ROSS.
From the Flemish of
IL. VAN TICHELAN.

Pesante. ($\approx 92 - 100$)

1. I
2. The...
3. And...

I am the jolly blacksmith, I hammer and the anvil, What weary work they so I blow the furnace, I put the iron

flame; The forge is dark and smoky, The made! And long I took to learn them, And in, And then I take my hammer, And
forge is dark and smoky, My face is just the same!
long I took to learn...them, Before I knew my trade.
then I take my hammer And beat it thick and thin!

Though face and hands are
But if you work the way, I'll

black as night, My head is clean, my heart is white! My head is best you can, You'll be a merry blacksmith man! You'll be a tell you what— You strike the iron while it's hot! You strike the
clean, my heart is white! My head is
er - ry black - smith man! You'll be a
i - ron while it's hot! You strike the

12th & 2nd Verses. for finish.

1. The
2. And
DOLLY'S BYE-BYE.
Poppenmoedertje.
CHILD'S SONG

Music by
JAN BROECKX.

English words adapted by
ADRIAN ROSS.
From the Flemish of
JAN VERTERS.

Moderato.

Dolly, Mummy's said,
Now, you mustn't cry,

Time to be in bed—
Now the sun is low,
To sleep you go—

Shut your little eye,
If you wake, you know,
I'll slap you, so!

Do— do— do—
Now the sun is low, Do—
Do— do— do—
If you wake, you know, Do—

H. 8875.
do! Mummy's sleepy too, Can-not play with you.

But she'll rock you so, And to and fro-

-do! Yes, she'll rock you so. Do - do!
THE SHOEMAKER.
(De Pekker.)

CHILD'S SONG.

English words adapted by
ADRIAN ROSS.
From the Flemish of
LAMBERCHT LAMBERCHTS.

Music by
JAN BROECKX.

Giocoso.

1. Making boots and shoes to measure, Tapping in the little
2. Farmers, children, lords and ladies, boots and slippers, one and
3. Money's good when I can find it, If you're rich, I won't re-

nails, That's a work that's just a pleasure, That's a trade that ne-
all- Fitting every foot my trade is, None too big, and none too
fuse; If you're poor, you needn't mind it, Keep your pence and take your
fails!
small! When it's blowing, When it's snowing, I'll be working
shoes!

snug and warm, Laughing at the winter storm—Tip, tap, tip, tap!

Who's for shoes? Tip, tap, tip, tap! Who's for shoes?

1st & 2nd Verse | last verse Vivo.
THE LITTLE HORSEMAN.

(Het Ruiterken)

CHILD'S SONG.

Music by:

JAN BROECKX.

English words adapted by

ADRIAN ROSS.

From the Flemish of

LAMBRECHT LAMBRECHTS.

Allegro vivo, (d = about 142)

A lla Marcial.

1. If good Santa Claus will but
2. I'll get one if dear Santa
3. I'll ride to the hunt through the

bring me a horse, You'll see how I'll take it and
Claus is so kind, And then I will gallop through:
wood and the field, I'll ride to the war, and I

ride it, of course! I'll ride it, of course! You'll
weather and wind, Through weather and wind! You'll
never will yield! I never will yield! I'll

M. 6077.
see how the pebbles will sparkle and fly, Right
see such a dust up high over the roofs, And
trumpet the call of the charge through my hand, And

over the houses and into the sky! Gee
hear like the thunder the sound of the hoofs! Gee
fail if I must, for the cause of my land! Gee

up! Gee up! Gee up! Gee up! Gee up! Hi! Gee

1st & 2nd Verses.

up!

2. I'll

3. I'll

last time.
THE CANARY.
(Van't Kanarievogelken)

CHILD'S SONG.

English words adapted by
ADRIAN ROSS.
From the Flemish of
LAMBRUTCX LAMBRUCHTS.

Music by
JAN BROECKX.

Allegretto amabile. (about 88)

1. I
2. But
3. have a little yellow bird,
   We call him just Fi-fi;
   And

bought a penny whistle once
   To teach him how to sing,
   And

when I'm feeling gay and glad,
   I sing just like Fi-fi;
   And

when he sees me coming in,
   He says "Good day" to me!
   He's

new he sings from mora till night
   In spite of ev'ry thing!
   And

Father strokes my head and says, "Another bird for me!"
   And

H. 897. 
al-ways ve-ry sweet to me, Be-cause he is so sly; He's
when I'm feel-ing in the damps, He sings, "Now don't you cry!" And
Mo-ther says she thinks it quite The sweet-est song she's heard.-- And

fond of su-gar, ve-ry fond, And so, of course, am I! He's
then I wipe my tears a-way, And laugh, I don't know why! And
so I go on sing-ing still, Like my ca-na-ry bird! And

Lento.

fond of su-gar, ve-ry fond, And so, of course, am I!
then I wipe my tears a-way, And laugh, I don't know why!
so I go on sing-ing still, Like my ca-na-ry bird!

Vivo.
THE SAILOR BOY.
(Het Matroosje.)

CHILD'S SONG.

English words adapted by
ADRIAN ROYSS.

From the Flemish of
LAMBRECHT LAMBRECHTS.

Music by
JAN BROECX.

Allegretto leggero. (d - 112 - 120)

1. Oh, aren't you fine, my little
2. Oh, aren't you fine, my little
3. Oh, aren't you fine, my little

fei-low, There's none that looks so gay and glad.
fei-low, Your sailor's cap is snug and warm,
fei-low, With Belgium's flag to fly above, It's gay with

sail-or's kit on, hel-lo! And you're a jol-ly sail-or
sail-or's kit on, hel-lo! And you're a jol-ly sail-or
gales begin to bel-low You'll sing your chanty through the
red and black and yel-low, And they're the colours that we

a tempo.

M. 8877.
lad! Then come aboard, we're off to gather—And
storm! Then come aboard and take your chances, And
love! Then come aboard, the wind is blowing, And

all are smart and all are true—The wind is fair and fine the
bring your bow and fiddle too—Afloat, a shore then's fun and
Belgian boys are all the crew—And round the world the flag is

wea-ther, And you're a bon-ny boy in blue!
dan-ces For every bon-ny boy in blue!
ge-ing A bove the bon-ny boys in blue!
GRANNY'S PANCAKES.
(Grootjes Koekebak.)

CHILD'S SONG.

English words adapted by
ADRIAN ROSS.

From the Flemish of
LAMBERCHT LAMBERCHT.

Music by
JAN BROECKX.

Allegretto leggiero. (♩ about 108)

1. Oh, when it's Granny's pancake day, The
2. The butter bubbles up and sings, It
3. So Granny piles the pancakes high, A

children come from far a-way. And then her bright eye
tells such lots of lovely things; There's sugar by... the
pillar reaching to the sky, The children come a-
twinkles, Her cheeks go into wrinkles! She

plateful- Oh, aren't the children grateful! They
round there, There's nothing to be found there! And

laughs as loudly as she can, And then she takes her
eat the pancakes burning hot- Who minds a burn? for
still they vanish as they come, There isn't left a

frying-pan; And tosses pancakes in it, A
they do not- They never want to cry off, Un-
single crumb, And nothing in... the house is For

N. 6997.
dozen in a minute! They dance around her
til their buttons fly off! They dance around her
greedy little mousies! They dance around her

in a ring, And lick their fingers as they sing—
in a ring, And lick their fingers as they sing—
in a ring, And lick their fingers as they sing—

Tempo 1.
nice.

There's nothing anyone can make so fine as Granny's pannycake. That's what...

calando.

...they have in Paradise?

calando.

Tempo I.

s. 5977.
TO SEA!
(Op Zee)

CHILD'S SONG.

Music by
JAN BROECKX.

English words adapted by
ADRIAN ROSS.

From the Flemish of
EDWARD DE KEYSER.

Moderato.

I sent a little ship away To sea!

My little ship she sailed away From land!

She had a little sail or gay So free!

And on the deck the sail or gay Could stand.

The ship had got a little mast, And with the wind she

The wind was fair, the wind was strong And bore the little
3. My little ship, it's sad to say
   Got wet—
   And then the little sailor gay
   Upset!
My ship, she gave a roll or two,
And down she went with all her crew—
Ah, woe! ah woe!
For upside down we go!

4. No more my ship will sail away
   To sea!
No more you'll see my sailor gay,
   So free!
The paper boat went down with him,
The man was lead and couldn't swim—
Yo ho! yo ho!
And so they've gone below!
LITTLE BROTHER'S LULLABY.
(Jongens Wiegelied.)

CHILD'S SONG.

English words adapted by ADRIAN ROSS.
From the Flemish of EDWARD DE KEYSER.

Music by JAN BROECKX.

Andante.

The Old Next

boys are laughing and play-ing, But I'm just wanting to weep; For
Grann-ie gave me a pen-ny, Green apples now are so cheap— I'll
Sun-day week it is fair-time, With shows and ev - er - y thing— Oh,

here at home I am stay - ing To put the baby to sleep—
give you ev - er so ma - ny, If you'll just drop off to sleep!
you shall have such a rare time, I'll take you up in a swing!
Bye, bye my baby-kin, bye,.......... Why won't you shut your eye?

Bye, bye, my sister-kin, bye; Bye, bye,........ my baby-kin

I'll give you all of my money,
When Mother's money is spent—
I'll buy the monkeys, so funny,
The circus horses and tent—
Bye, bye etc.

I'll give you my skipping-robe too,
And all my marbles to keep—
I'll make you bishop and pope too,
Oh, baby, go to sleep!
Bye, bye etc.
I KNOW A LITTLE CORNER.
(Ik ken een rustig plekje.)

CHILD's TWO-PART SONG.

English words adapted by
ADRIAN ROSS.
From the Flemish of
TH. GODMAN.

Music by
JAN BROECKX.

Tranquillo e con sentimento. (\( \frac{69}{76} \))

1. I know a little
2. I know a little

1. I know a little
2. I know a little

dolcissimo.

corner, A place that's truly mine;
corner That I can always find;
corner, A place that's truly mine;
corner That I can always find;
Where I am always happy, And if I've any trouble,
Where I am always happy, And if I've any trouble,
The sun will always shine! I leave it all behind,
The sun will always shine! I leave it all behind,
And if the rain is falling, Or
And all the little children They
winds are white with snow,
love that corner so,
It's always
For that's the

warm and cozy, The dearest spot
home of Mother, The dearest spot
warm and cozy, The dearest spot
home of Mother, The dearest spot

know!
know!

Tempo L
THE LITTLE WHITE BIRD.
(Het Sneeuwwit Vogeltje.)

CHILD'S SONG.

English words adapted by
ADRIAN ROSS.

From the Flemish of
LAMBECHT LAMBECHTS.

Music by
JAN BROECKX.

Allegretto (d = 66 – 60)

Oh little bird, white as snow
Up.
I want you then to settle there Be-
Then come and sit upon the bough Out -
-on the bend-ing bough, I wish that you would
-side the well, you'll see-
-side the school-room door,

Where Gran-ny's sit-ting
And tell me what she's

fly and go To Gran-ny's cot-tage now-
in her chair, And give good-day from me-
do-ing now, And ev-'ry thing, and more!

It's by the ri-ver, just a-cross, The on-ly
It's Gran-ny's birth-day just to-day, So whis-per
Then stay un-til the sky is red, And stars be-

W. S. Y.
Tempo I.

moss That grow - ing on the tiles, The moss up
pray She'll live a hun - dred years, An - o - ther
bed And cry my - self to sleep I'll dream of

- on the tiles! -
hun - dred years! her
in sleep! Tempo I.
BED-TIME.
(Avondliedje.)

CHILD'S SONG.

English words adapted by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
JAN BROECKX.

From the Flemish of
TH. COOPMAN.

Molto tranquillo. (♩ 60–69)

1. When the dusk is falling,
2. Stars come out in heaven,

All the bells are calling, "Come away,... leave your play,...
Clocks are striking seven—Come upstairs, say your prayers
Books and toys must lie by, Now it's time for bye-bye—Go to bed...
Mother says 'Goodnight!' then, Blowing out the light, then—Mind you keep...

Sleep-y head, All night long!
Sound asleep All night long!
A CHRISTMAS CAROL.
(Kerstvisioen.)

CHILD'S SONG.

English words adapted by
ADRIAN ROSS.
From the Flemish of
LAMCRECHT LAMBRECHTS.

Semplice.

Music by
JAN BROECKX.

1. There came an Angel down from
2. There came an Angel down from
3. There came an Angel down from.

Heaven—heaven—Heaven
Heaven—A-round the hum—ble Man—ger
Heaven—The stars re—joiced and sang a.

mysterioso.

stee—ple.
fly—ing—above him; 
Ho—san—na!
Ho—san—na!
Ho—san—na!
There came an Angel down from Heaven
There came an Angel down from Heaven
There came an Angel down from Heaven,

Tempo I.

And said, "The Lord is born, ye people!"
And round the Crib were roses lying!
And God gave peace to all that love Him!
APRIL SHOWERS.
(Lenteregen.)
TWO-PART CHILD'S SONG.

English words adapted by
ADRIAN ROSS.
From the Flemish of
TH. COOPMAN.

Music by
JAN BROECKX.

Allegretto ($= about 58$)

Fit - ter, pat - ter, A - pril show - ers,
Fit - ter, pat - ter, A - pril show - ers,

a tempo.

Down from o - ver - head,
Down from o - ver - head,

rit

N. 5677.
a tempo.

Patter through the cherry blossom On the

Patter through the cherry blossom On the

a tempo.

garden bed—

garden bed—

vivo molto più moto e leggero.

Tempo I.

Fall upon the

Tempo I.

molto rit. subito. mf
Fall upon the little
lit - tle flow - ers, Peep - ing from the
flow - ers, When we're play - ing in the or - chard,
ground, When we're play - ing in the or - chard,

Danc - ing all a - round!
Danc - ing all a - round!
Patter on us, April raindrops, Softly

as we go

We are like the
THOU ART MY ONLY ONE.
(Gij zijt mijn Wonnekind.)

English words adapted by
ADRIAN ROSS.
From the Flemish of
FRANS LIKKENS.

Con anima (\textit{d=92-96})

\textit{mf con sentimento.}

\begin{align*}
\text{ Thou art my only one, } &\text{ My child, my chosen lover; } \\
\text{That clouds can never cover! }
\end{align*}

Music by
JAN BROECKX.
Thou art my peace and rest. From all earth's jar- ring

p molto leggiero.

poco rit.

voices, My heart with - in my breast. At

poco rit.

thought... of thee re - joi - ces!

Tempo I.

mf poco animato.

rit.
Thou art my only one,
My child, my chosen lover; Thou art my
summer sun. That clouds can never cover!

Sweeter than dews that fall. To kiss the fainting

p molto leggiero.
flowers— Thou art my world.

my all— And all the

world is ours...
Andante tranquillo ($d=48$)

I love thee so, I

(con molto sentimento)

long for thee, I sorrow for thy sake; Never another
love for me, Al tho' my heart... should break....... a tempo piu mosso.

Abi, when thy hand is laid on

H. 8877.
mine, I speak thy name in love,

Those eyes of thine that on me

shine Make me like God above!

rit. a tempo.