A BOOK OF BALLADS
FOR FEMALE VOICES

Part Songs and Unison Songs
For use in
Intermediate Schools, High Schools, Preparatory Schools, Girls' Schools and Glee Clubs

Texts by
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Music by
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Preface

This book has been prepared with a view to supplying material interesting for programs, as well as suitable for use in the school-room.

For teaching purposes, it is hoped that the part-songs, and especially the examples of canon form, may prove valuable.

Jessie L. Gagnon
After C. D. Riley
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Oh Hollyhock

Gracefully

Oh

Oh

hol·ly·hock so

slim and tall, You
give your-self such airs and

hol·ly·hock re-
mem-ber this: The
mod-est mien of Mis-tress

hol·ly·hock so

slim and tall, You
give your-self such airs and

hol·ly·hock re-
mem-ber this: The
mod-est mien of Mis-tress

grac·es! Rem-
mem-ber pride must
have a fall, Oh

Clo·ver. Has
won for Bum·ble
bee a kiss, Oh

grac·es! Rem-
mem-ber pride must
have a fall, Oh

Clo·ver. Has
won for Bum·ble
bee a kiss, Oh

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Hol-ly-hock so slim and tall, Co-quet-ting by the gar-den
Hol-ly-hock re-mem-ber this; You think her but a weed I

Hol-ly-hock so slim and tall, Co-quet-ting by the
Hol-ly-hock re-mem-ber this; You think her but a

Hol-ly-hock so slim and tall, Be-witch-ing in your silks and lae-es. Oh
Garden wall, Be-witch-ing in your silks and lae-es. Oh

Hol-ly-hock so slim and tall, You give your-self such airs and graces.
Hol-ly-hock re-mem-ber this; The mod-est mien of Mis-tress Clo-ver.
Hol-ly-hock so slim and tall, You give your-self such airs and graces.
Hol-ly-hock re-mem-ber this; The mod-est mien of Mis-tress Clo-ver.
So softly, but distinctly and carefully

Bubble, bubble, gurgle, gurgle, over pebbly bottom bright,

Slipping, shining, twirling, twining, Twinkling in the morning light,

Quickly going, onward flowing, dashing into shady pool;

Tinkle, wrinkle, dimple, simple, mountain brooklet, clear and cool.

Bubble, bubble, gurgle, gurgle, over pebbly bottom bright,

Slipping, shining, twirling, twining, Twinkling in the morning light,

Quickly going, onward flowing, dashing into shady pool;

Tinkle, wrinkle, dimple, simple, mountain brooklet, clear and cool.

Tinkle, wrinkle, dimple, simple, mountain brooklet, clear and cool.
When my ship comes in

ALICE C.D. RILEY

DOROTHY GAYNOR BLAKE

Oh! Oh!

Oh! Oh!

The moon! I pray!

Leaves the far enchanted strand, and drop her anchor soon.

See: beautiful sea, stretching beyond has - ten to port,
She's been a-sailing far, far, far,
morning, night and noon,
and bring to me my wish or three, from the Land behind the moon.

You've been a-sailing far, far, far,
morning, night and noon,
Oh bring to me my wish or three, from the Land behind the moon.
Queen Ann's Lace

D. G. Blake

Oh Queen Ann, Queen Ann, Who would not be queen, To
Oh Queen Ann, Queen Ann, Now your lace turns brown, And

Oh Queen Ann, Queen Ann, Who would not be queen, To
Oh Queen Ann, Queen Ann, Now your lace turns brown, And

have such pret-ty par-a-sols with stems and ribs of green? What
lo, the pret-ty par-a-sols are shut and fold-ed down? Yet

have such pret-ty par-a-sols with stems and ribs of green? What
lo, the pret-ty par-a-sols are shut and fold-ed down? Yet

fair - y wove the film - y web, that shields thy roy-al face, The
still the slen-der ribs are bent, with such a fair - y grace, They

fair - y wove the film - y web, that shields thy roy-al face, The
still the slen-der ribs are bent, with such a fair - y grace, They
purling, whirling meshes of the Queen Ann's lace. Such a pretty
mind me of the beauty of the Queen Ann's lace.

parasol, Such a winsome grace, Just the sort of canopy to
parasol, Such a winsome grace, Just the sort of canopy to

shade a royal face. Money could not buy it, None would dare to
shade a royal face. Money could not buy it, None would dare to

try it, The green and ivy filigree of Queen Ann's lace.
try it, The green and ivy filigree of Queen Ann's lace.
The Saucy Dandelion

Gaily

Little Dand- li- on lass, In the
Never mind, she seems to say, In her

Little Dand- li- on lass, In the
Never mind, she seems to say, In her

green of way-side grass, Beck-on-ing to all who pass, Shout-ing
smil-ing saucy way, I'll at least en-joy to-day, I'll at

green of way-side grass, Beck-on-ing to all who pass, Shout-ing
smil-ing saucy way, I'll at least en-joy to-day, I'll at
joy to all who pass. 
least enjoy today.

Saucy blossom you are bold, 
When at last my silver sphere,

Joy to all who pass. 
least enjoy today.

Saucy blossom you are bold, 
When at last my silver sphere,

Flaunting then your head of gold. 
Vanishes then far from here. 
Think you, you will

Flaunting then your head of gold. 
Vanishes then far from here. 
Think you, you will
[Musical notation]

ne'er grow old, Little Daisy lass?

Man-y blossoms shall appear, I'm content, she seems to say.
Bon-fire

Pile the branches, pile them high, Rake the dead leaves where they lie!
Acrid smoke in nostrils stings Merrily the fire sings.

Call the boys and girls together, In the chill October weather,
Shadow-like we'll dance about it, Laugh our joy, and sing and shout it.

Bon-fire! Bon-fire! Let us make a bon-fire!
The Minstrel Cricket

Lightly

Cricket, cricket on the hearth, Oh your song is good to
Cricket, cricket on the hearth, Pipe, oh pipe your cheery

Cricket, cricket on the hearth, Oh your song is good to
Cricket, cricket on the hearth, Pipe, oh pipe your cheery

hearth! Telly! Tell of sim-ple joys and mirth—
hearth! Telly! Pipe the sim-ple joys of earth—

Tell of sim-ple joys and mirth—
Pipe the sim-ple joys of earth—

hearth! Telly! Tell of sim-ple joys and mirth—
hearth! Telly! Pipe the sim-ple joys of earth—

Tell of sim-ple joys and mirth—
Pipe the sim-ple joys of earth—
Common things we all hold dear,
In your simple home-ly way,
Some are born for jour-neys
Larks may soar in to the sky,

Calling folk a broad to roam,
Some are born a broad to roam

You are satisfied to try To keep them safe at home,
Crick-ct you and I will hide Us safe by hearth and home.

without retard
Oh Butterfly

Spread thy glorious, gorgeous wings, Oh butterfly!
Kiss the cheek of every flower, Oh butterfly!

Spread thy glorious, gorgeous wings, Oh butterfly!
Kiss the cheek of every flower, Oh butterfly!

fly! Oh butterfly!
fly! Oh butterfly!

wings, Oh butterfly! Oh butterfly!
flower, Oh butterfly! Oh butterfly!
See the swaying blos-som swings Oh but-ter-fly! Oh but-ter-fly!
Drink the sweetness of the hour Oh but-ter-fly! Oh but-ter-fly!

On the scented sum-mer fly! Oh but-ter-fly!
Up the slant-ing sun-beams fly! Oh but-ter-fly!

With-out ef-fort, with-out care, Ev-er up and up on high,
Ev-er up and up on
Spread thy wings so wondrous fair,  
Lost at last against the sky,  
Oh—butterfly! Oh—butterfly!  
Oh—butterfly! Oh—butterfly!  

CHORUS

Dip—ping, tip—ping, sip—ping here and there,  
Sip the scented

sweet—ness ev—ery—where! Fly!  
Fly!  
But—terfly! Oh

But—terfly! Oh good—bye!  
Good—bye!  
Bye!
A May-Day Revel
Part I

CHORUS of MAIDENS: Young May is here!

Young May is here! How
Young May is here! Young

Young May is here! How
Young May is here! Young

Does she dare So slim, so trim and girl-ish fair And
May is here, So neat, so sweet, so all-com-plete, And

Does she dare So slim, so trim and girl-ish fair And
May is here, So neat, so sweet, so all-com-plete, And

FINIS
Part II

SOLO May Queen

Come, ev'ry little creep-ing thing, Come out! Come out!

Come ye, that fly on lil-ting wing, Come out! Come out!

Brook-lets dance and bird-lings sing, Fair-ies dance in a fair-y ring,

Ev'ry lea-ly liv-ing thing, Come out! Come out!
CHORUS

Then lift the may-pole, lift it high, With shout and laugh and merry

Then lift the may-pole, lift it high, With shout and laugh and merry

Then lift the may-pole, lift it high, With shout and laugh and merry

cry, Come, crown the love-ly Queen of May, For

cry, Come, crown the love-ly Queen of May, For

cry, Come, crown the love-ly Queen of May, For
Queen of May make holiday. Come, crown the lovely Queen of May.

Fine

May, come, crown the Queen of May.

Fine

May, come, crown the Queen of May.

Fine

May, come, crown the Queen of May.
Part III

May-pole dance

D. S. at Fine
A Greedy Bumble Bee

bumble bee, he crept into a foxglove bell one day,
And kick'd his leg and shook his head And buzzed an angry bum,

suck'd up all the honey dew, in a most pigish way.
He oh the shocking things he said, But out he could not come.
sucked and sucked and sucked, did he, Till he grew so stout, This
kicked and kicked and kicked, did he, And bent the fox's glee tops, Till

greedy, greedy bumble bee, just couldn't get him out. So
free at last that bumble bee, Flew off as mad as hops.

ENVOY

when some tid-bit sweet you see, Be think you of his plight, Re-

member greedy bumble bee, and curb your appetite.
Chinese Firecracker

ALICE C. D. RILEY

Vivace, with much spirit

The fire-cracker, he wears a coat, a
The fire-cracker, he

...scarlet coat so trim, And long-tailed
wears a coat so trim, And long-tailed

...The fire-cracker, his coat and

queue, that seem to make a chino-man of
queue, that seem to make a chino-man of

...queue seem to make a chino-man, seem to make a chino-man. O
him. And oh! his brothers look so
fire-cracker!

calm, as on a braided string they hang, What
brothers look so calm, as on a braided string they hang, What
Oh! his brothers look so calm, What

fun to take a piece of punk and make these
fun to take a piece of punk and make these
fun to take a little piece of punk and make a Chinese, a
Chinamen go bang! bang! bang! bang! bang! bang! bang! bang! bang!

Sputter, sputter, stutter! Cough and sneeze, This

Sputter, sputter, stutter! Cough and sneeze, This

Lee Hung Chang, This Lee Hung Chang.

Lee Hung Chang, This Lee Hung Chang.

Lee Hung Chang, This Lee Hung Chang.
tat-tle, What's all this tit-tle tat-tle,
tat-tle, What's all this tit-tle tat-tle,
I tat-tle, What's all this tit-tle tat-tle, I really fear,
I really fear, You're prone to idle
I really fear, You're prone to idle
prat-tle, You're prone to idle prat-tle, You're prone to idle prat-tle.
prat-tle, You're prone to idle prat-tle, You're prone to idle prat-tle.
My Ain Countrie

Like a Folk-Song

I would visit distant lands, And sail the boundless
I would travel far and wide, To distant lands I'd

sea, I'd cross the great Sa-ha-rab sands, And
roam, But when I wish a place to bide, I'll
room through Italy, I'd catch a glimpse of

turn my face toward home, And then my heart shall

sunny Spain, Fall many sights I'd see, Be-

be at rest, And there shall ever be, The

fore mine eyes behold again, My Ain, My Ain Coun-

wonted spot I love the best, My Ain, My Ain Coun-

trie.
REFRAIN

Ain Coun-trie, My Ain Coun-trie, How-

er-er far a-broad I roam, Yet still I'll be re-mem-ber-in' My

Ain Coun-trie, My Ain Coun-trie, my home.
The Dream-a-ling Tree

Andantino

Rose-tint-ed palms curled as
Moist lit- tle ring-lets of

rose-pet-els blow, Down-drooping lids white as down-drift-ing snow,
bright burnished gold, Treas-ure of love, all my arms can en -fold,

Off into Dream-land my ba-by must go, Off to the Dream-a-ling
Love just as much as my heart well can hold, All from the Dream-a-ling
REFRAIN

Tree: There will be rips for thee, Bubble-dreams light.

Bubbles go sway-ing low, swing-ing all night, Pull down a Dream-a-ling

bub-ble so bright, Off from the Dream-a-ling Tree,

Dream-a-ling, Dream-a-ling Tree.
The Fountain

Allegro

toss the water on high, on high, I spread my

Allegro

drink the clouds as they sail on high, The midnight

drink the clouds as they sail on high, The midnight
mirror beneath the sky, I laugh and shout as my
stars on my bosom lie, I kiss them both as I

waters sing, And merrily splash out a ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling.
gaily sing, And merrily splash out a ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling.
gaily sing, And merrily splash out a ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling.
gaily sing, And merrily splash out a ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling.
Heave ye-ho Laddies!

With life

heave ye-ho Laddies! So gai-ly to-geth-er we ride, we
heave ye-ho Laddies! The tem-pest is shriek-ing Oh hé, Oh

ride, One eye on the reef and one eye on the weath-er, we
hé, The sails are close-reefed and the cord-age is creak-ing, Oh
Glide, we glide. Now haul in the main sheet and he. Oh he! The spume of the wave hisses

Tight-en the jibe. Old ocean is pounding away at her ribs. Then while in our wake. All hands to the oars, if the harbor we'd make. Then

Heave ye-ho Laddies, so gayly together we ride, we ride. Pull for the shore of the port we are making. Oh he! Oh he!
My Lady Mist

The uncertainty of the key represents the haziness of the mist.

Softly and legato

My Lady Mist in

Across the hills

My Lady Mist in

Across the hills

Softly and legato

gown of gray. From seaward steals her inland way, To
then she creeps, In canyons dark she sleeps and sleeps, En-
gown of gray. From seaward steals her inland way, To
then she creeps, In canyons dark she sleeps and sleeps, En-
greet the new on - com - ing day, My La - dy Mist, My
wrapt in mys - t'ry from the deeps, My La - dy Mist, My

La - dy Mist. She sweeps a - cross the marsh - es low, Where
La - dy Mist. The mock - ing - bird trills forth her lay, The

all the reed - y grass - es grow, And not the faint - est
sun leaps up, and lo! 'tis day, But she has gone her

all the reed - y grass - es grow, And not the faint - est
day, But she has gone her
Zephyrs blow, My Lady Mist, My Lady Mist.

She has gone her silent way, My Lady Mist, My Lady Mist.

Lady Mist, My Lady Mist.
O June!

O lovely June! We give thee royal greeting, O Queen of Month in regal dower clad, Splendors like thine are ever rare and fleeting,

Give us the smile of thine eyes so glad, Fragrant the
ten - drils, ten - drils of thy tress - es, Scents all the air with

sum - mer per - fumes sweet, Ten - der thy lips and ripe for sweet ca -

ress - es, A mil - lion blos - sons spring be - neath thy feet, O love - ly

June, O love - ly June!
Bob White

The grain lies yellow, the nuts are brown, the

crops are ripe, all And through the clear September air, I

hear the Bob White call.
hear his call; his reedy call.

Oh bring thy sickle and come a-field,

Gather the store that the earth doth yield, Swing it lustily to and fro, A

harvesting o'er the hills we go.
A Strip of Bunting

With earnestness

'Tis just a strip of bunting. All red and white and blue, And yet it stands for every thing. That's good and brave and
died, To float its stars, where loyalty And freedom shall a-

vue. For liberty, equality, A conscience let-
bide. Oh may we keep its purity, Without a spot or

free, And not a single serf-man bound To cringe and bend the knee. Oh
stain, And may we ever loyal to The stars and stripes remain, O!.
REFRAIN

star-spa-ngled ban-ner, Oh red, white and blue. To

the-ee sur al-le-giance And vows we re-new. We

ple-dge all our va-i-or And feal-ty to thee, Oh

ster-spa-ngled ban-ner Of sweet lib-er-ty.
Queen Winter

Andantino

Queen Winter lets fall her

Andantino
gracefully

mystical veil, Her moon-misty veil of snow; So

hiding her face, All wan and pale, Out over the world she'll go...
Silently spreading her laces all night, Trailing its frost-patterns jewelled and white, She

shakes out her hair, her star-span-gled hair, Then, oh! Queen Winter is fair, she is fair, Then, oh! Queen Winter is fair, so fair!
Dragon Fly

Allegretto

Drag-on fly, you I
Drag-on fly, you I

Allegretto

Drag-on

spy, Dart-ing here, dart-ing there, Swift as light, drag-on
spy, Flashing blue, flashing green, Oh your wings, drag-on
fly, you I spy, Dart-ing here, dart-ing there, Swift as
fly, you I spy, Flashing blue, flashing green, Oh your
fly, You are cleaving the air, Wings of gauze, all fly.
With rare jewels a-shen, Emerald green, sapphire light, dragon fly, You are cleaving the air, Wings of wings, dragon fly, With rare jewels a-shen, Emerald gleam, Like a rainbow a-beam, Precious jewels they seem, Dragon blue, Cloth of gold, silver too, All to decorate you, Dragon gauze all a-gleam, Like a rainbow a-beam, Precious jewels they seem, sapphire blue, Cloth of gold, silver too, All to decorate you, Dragon fly, Dragon fly.
Dragon fly, Dragon fly.
seen, Dragon fly. you, Dragon fly.
November

Not too fast

Purple hazes brooding, down between the hills,
Wild rice in the marshes, like a lake of gold,

Purple hazes brooding, down between the hills,
Wild rice in the marshes, like a lake of gold,

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Ice that chokes the voices, voices of the rills,
Promise of December, held in chilling cold,

Wild geese shrilly honking, as they southward fly,
Just a few stray snow-flakes from the wintry sky,

Shadows sit huddled against the evening sky.
Wild geese shrilly honking, as they southward fly,
Waltz tempo

Oh give me a dull November day, With the wild fowl flying, flying. With mist on the marsh, when the rushes sway, And the old year dying, dying.
ing. Oh give me a nip in the clear cold air, And the

plain-tive wind a-sigh-ing, The might-y trees of the

for-eat bare, And the wild geese fly-ing, fly-ing.
With spirit

Ring

Ring

out ye bells, Ye Christ-mas bells, Your sil-ver tongue for ev-er tells The
out ye bells, Oh ring ye then, No tongue can tell, no hand can pen The

new-born hap-pi-ness, that swells The heart of Chris-ten-dom. In
peace on earth, good will to men, He brought to Chris-ten-dom. So

Beth-léem man giv on the hay, Soft cra-dled with his moth-er, lay The
Christ-mas bells shall ev-er ring, And Christmas car-ois glad shall sing, Be-

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Christ-child, that first Christmas day, The Lord of Christendom,
cause each Christmas tide shall bring The Christ to Christendom.

Chime ye bells a-ringing, ringing, Chime while heavenly hosts are singing,
Chime ye bells a-ringing, ringing, Chime while heavenly hosts are singing,

Christ is born, is born today, Christ is born today.
Christ is born, is born today, Christ is born today.
The Christmas Story

With reverence

Just a mother and a child,

In a lowly manger,

Yet, the angels singing,

Yet the stars in heaven stood still,

Shouted peals of holy joy,

For the Sent the
new-born strange
ring,

To the cradle
peace on earth,
good-

in the hay,
will to men,
Wise men, gifts come bring,
'Tis the Christ-
mas sto-

ing,
O'er the flocks on Beth-
leams plain,
And a-round that mas-
ger, still

An-
gel hosts come sing-

Hang
a cloud of glo-

ry.
Evening Hymn

The day is done, fast falls the night below, And
Oh doubt my soul, obey the Lord's command, And

Fast thee in the hollow of His hand, Cast all thy burden
Veil the afterglow, Sweet silence steals a
Shadows

bread, and all unguess'd, She sootheth the rest- less, weary soul to rest,
there, will roll a way, New-born thou mayst begin another day,

rest thee in the hollow of His hand, Cast all thy burden
Veil the afterglow, Sweet silence steals a
Shadows

bread, and all unguess'd, She sootheth the rest- less, weary soul to rest,
there, will roll a way, New-born thou mayst begin another day,
Refrain

Rest, weary heart, take now thy full of rest, And put thy trust in

Rest, weary heart, take now thy full of rest, And put thy trust in

Rest, weary heart, take now thy full of rest, And put thy trust in

God, For He knows best. No need hast thou, a guarding watch to

God, For He knows best. No need hast thou, a guarding watch to

God, For He knows best. No need hast thou, a guarding watch to

keep, He giveth His beloved children sleep.

keep, He giveth His beloved children sleep.

keep, He giveth His beloved children sleep.
Ideals

In strict time

A wind-mill and a weath-er-vane lived ver-y close to-geth-er, The

wind-mill worked the barn-yard pump, the vane fore-told the weath-er. The
busy wind came by one day, and set the wind-mill flying, With

rust of In-si-ness the vane was borne, and he fell crying: "Why

must I spend my life," cried he, "In twist-ing and in turn-ing, When
I, to spread my wings and fly aloft, am always yearning. "How can you be content, my friend, to spend your life in whirling. While

up above, the cloud-ships sail, their great white wings unfurling?" The

windmill had no time to talk, at pumping he was busy. And

\textit{rit. un poco}
hummed and hummed, and whirled and whirled, un­til the vane grew dis­ay. The
wind broke off the la­sy vane, by most per­sis­tant blow­ing, The
wind­mill nev­er stopped, but kept in­du­tri­ous­ly go­ing.
The Land of Make-Believe

Moderato

Oh come, and steal away with me, to the land of make-believe,

Where wishes come true, And you do the things you like to do, The
world is made to suit just you, In the land of
world is made for you, In the land of
make-believe, The beautiful, wonderful land, The
make-believe, The beautiful, glorious, wonderful land, The
land of make-believe, Do bubbles burst and
land of make-believe, Do bubbles burst and fade away, And spill out all your rainbow dreams? Do
fade away, And spill your rainbow dreams? Do
fan·cies fair, with which you play, Turn wrong·side out, and
fan·cies fair, with which you play, Turn wrong·side out, and

show their seams? Do smiles go crooked, the zig·zag ways, Do
show their seams? Do smiles go crooked, the zig·zag ways, Do

laughs turn into sobs and tears, Do all the weeks and months and
laughs turn into sobs and tears, Do weeks and months and

days Add up a se·ber sum of years? Oh
days Add up a se·ber sum of years? Oh
days Add up a sum of years? Oh
come, and steal a way with me, to the land of make-believe, of make-believe, Where wishes every one cometrue, And you do the things you like to do, The world is made to suit just you, In the land of
make-believe. The beautiful, wondrous land, The
make-believe. The beautiful, glorious, wondrous land, The

land of make-believe. Do skies look black, and
land of make-believe. Do skies look black, and

winds blow cold, Do fashions change and friends forget? Does
winds blow cold, Do all your friends forget? Does

all the wealth of summer’s gold, A tone not winter’s
all the wealth of summer’s gold, A tone not winter’s
chill and wet? Have birds forgotten The lilting tune They sang when all the world was gay, Have you forgotten to tune your throat to singing, and the month of May? Oh tune your throat to singing, and the month of May? Oh come, and steal away with me, to the land of make-believe, of
make-believe, Where wishes ev'ry one come true, And you
make-believe, Where wishes ev'ry one come true, And you

Where wishes ev'ry one come true, You
do the things that you like to do, The world is made to suit just
do the things you like to do, The world is

you, In the land of make-believe, The
made for you, In the land of make-believe, The

made for you, In the land of make-believe, The
beautiful, wonderful land, The land of make-believe.
beautiful, glorious, wonderful land, The land of make-believe.

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