THE "LITTLE FOLKS"

ALBUM OF MUSIC.
THE "LITTLE FOLKS"
ALBUM OF MUSIC.

A Collection of Songs and Rhymes.

WITH MUSIC

BY

J. W. ELLIOTT, J. M. BENTLEY, Mus.D.,
AND OTHER COMPOSERS.

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The "Little Folks",

ALBUM OF MUSIC.

The Rule of the Road.

Allegro moderato. $d=108$. 

Voice.

The art of good driving’s a paradox, quite, Tho’ custom has prov’d it so long; If you
go to the left, you’re sure to go right, If you go to the right, you go wrong.
A Song of Three Children.

Music by the Rev. H. G. Bonavia Hunt, Mrs. B.

1. Three children sliding on the ice upon a summer's day,
   As it fell out, they all fell in, The rest they ran away.

2. Now had these children been at home,
   Ten thousand pounds to one penny, They had not all been drowned.

3. You, parents, that have children dear,
   If you will have them safe abroad, Pray keep them safe at home.

VOICE.

Piano.
A KING WENT A-HUNTING.

Allegro moderato.

Music by J. W. Elliott.

A king went a-hunting at Beigate, And wished to leap o-ver a high gate; Says the owner, "Go round, With your horse and your hound, For you ne-ver shall leap o-ver my gate."
Pease Pudding Hot.

Re-written and Composed by J. M. BENTLEY.

Voice.

1. Pease - pudding hot,
2. Some like it hot,
3. Who'll have a lot,
4. Plate for lit-tle Dot,
5. Pease - pudding hot,

Pease - pudding cold,  Pease - pudding in the pot,  E - leven days old.
Some like it cold,    Some like it in the pot,    E - leven days old.
Who'll have a few,   Who'll have it in the pot,   E - leven days stew.
Plate for Har - ry bold,  Tom - my has it  in the pot,  E - leven days old.
Pease - pudding cold, Pease - pudding in the pot, E - leven days old.

Piano.
"TO MARKET! TO MARKET!"

Allegro Moderato.

Music by J. W. Elliott.

Voice.

To market, to market, a gallop, a trot, To buy some meat to put in the pot;

Threepence a quarter, fourpence a side, If it had n't been killed, it must have died.
WHICH is the way the ladies go, the ladies go, the ladies go?
Which is the way the ladies go, the dainty ladies go?
A-nim, a-nim, a-nim, a-nim.
And that's the way they go.

Which is the way the gentlemen, the gentlema, the gentlemen,
Which is the way the gentlemen, the gentlemen do go?
A-trot, a-trot, a-trot, a-trot,
And that's the way they go.

Which is the way the hunters go, the hunters go, the hunters go?
Which is the way the hunters go, the leaping hunters go?
A-galop, a-galop, a-galop, a-galop,
And that's the way they go.
Rhymes about Riders.

Re-written and Composed by J. M. Bentley.

1. (Gently.) Which is the way the ladies go, the ladies go, the
dain-ty la-dies go? A-nim, a-nim, a-

troil, a-troil, And that's the way they go

2. (Faster.) Which is the way the gentlemen, the gentlemen, the
gen-tle-men do go? A-trot, a-trot, a-
gallop, a-gallop, And that's the way they go

3. (Very fast.) Which is the way the hunters go, the hunters go, the
sun-ter- go? Which is the way the hun-ter-s go, the

Piano.
ONE'S NONE:
A NURSERY RHYME.

**Set to Music by J. W. Elliott.**

**Voice.**

\[ \text{mp Allegretto Moderato.} \]

One's none; Two's some; Three's a many; Four's a penny;

\[ \text{Piano.} \]

Five's a little, little hundred.
MULTIPLICATION.

Voice: Mul-ti-pli-ca-tion is vex-a-tion, Di-vi-sion is as bad.
Voices sing: The Rule of Three doth puzzle me, And prac-tice drives me mad.

Piano: Much in-dig-na-tion is vex-a-tion, Ill temper is as bad.

When folks fall out, and frown and pour, It of-ten makes me sad.

Music by J. W. Elliott.
JACK SPRAT:

Tempo di Valse.

Music by J. W. Elliott.

Voice:

Jack Sprat would eat no fat, His wife would

eat no lean; .......... So you see, be-

tween them both, They kept the plat-ter clean..........
A Rhyme of the Wind.

Andante con moto  \( \frac{\text{dotted quarter notes}}{\text{quarter notes}} \)

Music by J. W. Elliott.

VOICE.

At Brill on the Hill, The wind blows shrill, The cook no meat can dress;.... At

Stow in the Wold, The wind blows cold,— I know no more than this;....

PIANO.
A Strange Little Bird.

Once I saw a little bird come hop, hop, hop. So I cried, "Little bird, will you stop, stop, stop?" And was going to the window to say, "How do you do?" But he shook his little tail and away he flew.
King Arthur's Pudding.

Music by J. M. Bentley.

1. When good King Arthur ruled this land, He was a goodly
2. A bag-pudding the King did make, And stuffed it well with
3. The King and Queen did eat thereof, And noble men be-

King; He stole three pecks of barley meal To make a bag-pudding;
And in it put great lumps of fat, As big as my two
side; And what they could not eat that night, The Queen next morn-ing

-ding, To make a bag-pudding........................................
thumbs, As big as my two thumbs....................................
fried, The Queen next morn-ing fried.................................
Moderato con moto.

When V and I together meet, They make the number

Six, complete; When I with V doth meet once more, Then

'tis they Two can make but Four; And when that V from

I is gone, A- last poor I can make but One.
The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts,
All on a summer's day;
The Knave of Hearts, he stole the tarts,
And took them clean away,
Fa la la, fa la, la la la la,
And took them clean away.

day; The Knave of Hearts, he stole the tarts, And took them clean a-
sore; The Knave of Hearts brought back the tarts, And vow'd he'd steal no

- way, Fa la la, fa la la la la la la, And took them clean a - way.
more, Fa la la, fa la la la la la la, And vow'd he'd steal no more.
Neddy Bray.

Andante quasi Allegretto. \( \text{\#} = 112. \)

Music by J. W. Elliott.

Faster.

VOICE.

\( \text{cres.} \)

I had a little donkey, his name was Neddy Bray, I lent him to a schoolboy to ride one ho-ly-day: He

\( \text{ritard ad lib.} \)

switched him, he lashed him. He rode him far a-way, I'll ne-ver, ne-ver lend a-gain My dear old Neddy Bray.

\( \text{\# sostenuto. colia voce.} \)

\( \text{\# sostenuto. colia voce.} \)
Little Boy Blue.

Allegretto con moto.  

Music by J. W. Elliott.

Voice:

Lit-tele boy blue, come, blow your horn! The

Sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn.
Where's the boy that looks after the sheep? He's under the hayrick,

...fast asleep...
Bye, my Baby Bunting.

Harmonised by the Rev. H. G. Bonavia Hunt, Mus.B.

1. Bye, my baby bunting, Father's gone a-hunting;
2. Bye, my baby bunting, Father's home from hunting;

Gone to bring a rabbit-skin, To wrap his baby bunting in.
He has brought a rabbit-skin, To wrap his baby bunting in.
A Pretty Little Girl.

Music by J. W. Elliott.

Voice.

Allegretto.

A pretty little girl in a round-eared cap, I met in the streets to-ther day; She gave me such a thump That my heart it went bump: I thought I should have fainted a-way, I thought I should have fainted a-way!

Piano.

Allegretto.

Fast. legato.

ritard. ad lib.

Slower. ritard.

Tempo I mo.

p colla voce. p

poco rit.
The North Wind.

Music by J. M. Bentley.

Voice.

The north wind doth blow, And we shall have snow, And

Piano.

What will the robin do then, poor thing? He'll sit in a barn, To

rall.

keep himself warm, And hide his head under his wing, poor thing!
**LAVENDER'S BLUE.**

_Song by J. W. Elliott._

**Allegretto.**

**Voice.**

La-ven-der's blue, did-dle, did-dle, La-ven-der's green;

When I am king, did-dle, did-dle, You shall be queen.

Apples are red, diddle, diddle: apples I sing;
When I am queen, diddle, diddle, you shall be king.
HECTOR PROTECTOR.

Allegretto moderato.  

Music by J. W. ELLIOTT.

Voice.  

Hec- tor Pro- tec- tor was dressed all in green; Hec- tor Pro-

Piano.  

Stnc.

-tor was sent to the Queen; The Queen did not like him, No

more did the King, So Hec- tor Pro- tec- tor was sent back a- gain.
The Little Grey Mare.

**Voice.**

1. John Cook he had a little grey mare, Hee, haw, hum; Her
2. John Cook was riding up Shoot-er's Bank, Hee, haw, hum; The
3. John Cook was riding up Shoot-er's Hill, Hee, haw, hum; The
4. The saddle and bridle were laid on the shelf, Hee, haw, hum; If you

**Chorus.**

legs were long, and her back was bare, her back was bare, her mare she be-gan to kick and to prank, to kick and to prank, to
mare she fell down and made her will, and made her will, and want any more you may sing it your-self, you may sing it your-self, you may

**Chorus.**

back was bare, kick and to prank, With a hee, haw, hee, haw, hee, haw, hum.
made her will, sing it your-self,

*To finish.*

Restate without pausing.
The Children from Babyland.

Re-written and Composed by J. M. Bentley.

1. Here comes a woman from Babyland, from Babyland.
2. One can brew, the other can bake, the other can bake.
3. One can sit in the garden and spin, in the garden and spin.

From Babyland, From Babyland, With three small children
Other can bake, the other can bake, Another can make a fine

In her hand—Pray, ma'am, will you take one
Pretty round cake—Pray, ma'am, will you take one

Bed for a king—Pray, ma'am, will you take one
In?... Pray, ma'am, will you take one in?...
Little Jack-a-Dandy.

Music by J. W. Elliott.

Voice.

Allegro moderato. \( \frac{3}{4} \)

Little Jack-a-Dandy Wanted sugar-candy, And

Piano.

fairly for it cried; But little Billy Cook Who

rallentando. a tempo, f

always reads his book, Shall have a horse to

ten. a tempo.

ride, sostenuto.

\( \text{R.H.} \) pp

staccato.
Little Bo-peep.

Music by CHARLES BASSETT.

1. Little Bo-peep has lost her sheep, And can't tell where to find them;
2. Little Bo-peep fell fast asleep, And dreamt she heard them bleating; But

Let them alone and they will come home, And bring their tails behind them,
when she awoke she found it a joke, For still they all were bleating.
3. Then up she took her little crook, Determined for to find them; She

found them indeed, but it made her heart bleed, For they'd left their tails behind them.
Old King Cole.

Chorus: J. M. BENTLEY

Old King Cole was a

merry old soul, And a merry old soul was he; He called for his pipe, and he called for his glass, And he

called for his Fiddlers three—
called for his Harpers three—
called for his Flinsticks three—
called for his Tambourines three—
called for his Drummers three—

1. Tweedle, tweedle, dee, said the Fiddlers, Tweedle, tweedle, tweedle, dee.
2. Twang, twang, twang, said the Harpers, Twang, twang, twang, twang, twang.
3. Tootle, tootle, toote, said the Flinsticks, Tootle, tootle, tootle, tootle, tootle.
4. Tuck, ta, ta, ta, said the Tambourines, Tuck, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta.
5. Jingle, jingle, jingle, said the Drummers, Jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle.
6. Chang, chang, chang, said the Tambourines, Chang, chang, chang, chang, chang.
7. Double, double, dub, said the Drummers, Double, double, double, double, dub.

There's none so rare as can compare With the sons of harmony.

* When practicable three voices should personate each set of Instrumentists, in action as well as tune.
1 In verse 1, Fiddlers alone; in verse 2, Harpers and Fiddlers; in verse 3, Flinsticks, Harpers, and Fiddlers; in verse 4, Trumpeters and all that have preceded them; and so on to the end.
Little Chicken.

Andante con moto.

Voice.

Music by J. W. Elliott.

Little chicken went a-picking, Pick'd a barley-corn,

Piano.

Tumbled down and broke his crown, And lost his barley corn.

Oh, my chicken, pretty chicken, running to and fro,
When you find a barley-corn, don't go and lose it so.
**Merry are the Bells.**

_A Jingle._

_Music by J. M. Bentley._

1. **Merry** are the bells, and **mer-ry** do they ring, **Merry** too am I, and
2. **Waddle** goes your gait, and **hol-low** are your hose, **Nodle** goes your pate, and
3. **Merry** have we met, and **mer-ry** have we been, **Merry** let us part, and

**Merry** will I sing; With a **mer-ry, mer-ry** sing-song, **hap-py, gay, and free; And a pur-ple** is your nose; With your **mer-ry, mer-ry** sing-song, **hap-py, gay, and free; And your mer-ry meet a-gain; With our **mer-ry, mer-ry** sing-song, **hap-py, gay, and free; And our**

**Merry, merry** ding-dong, happy let us be!
**Merry, merry** ding-dong, happy let us be!
**Merry, merry** ding-dong, happy let us be!
As I Walked by Myself.

Andante quasi allegretto.

Music by J. W. Elliott.

Voice:

1. As I walked by my-self, And talked to my-self, My-
2. As I walked by my-self, And talked to my-self, A

Piano:

self said up to me, Look to thy self, Take

soft voice said to me, Care not for self, Think,

crem.

care of thy self, For no bo dy, no bo dy, no bo dy cares for thee.

not of thy self, For some bo dy, some bo dy, some bo dy cares for thee.
A Song of the Owl.

Allegretto.

Voice.

1. Of all gay birds I e'er did see, The Owl's the fairest

Piano.

bird to me; For all day long she sits on a tree, And

when night comes a-way flies she, a-way...... flies she.
A Swarm of Bees.

Music by J. M. Bentley, Mus. D.

Voice.

Piano.

1. A swarm of bees in
2. A swarm of bees in
3. A swarm of bees in
May, in May, in May, A swarm of bees in
June, in June, in June, A swarm of bees in
July, in July, in July, A swarm of bees in

May is worth a load of hay,
June is worth a silver spoon,
July is never worth a fly.
Ladybird! Ladybird!

With Music by J. M. Bentley.

1. Ladybird! Ladybird! fly away home, The field mouse has gone to her

2. Ladybird! Ladybird! fly away home, The glow-worm is lighting her

3. Ladybird! Ladybird! fly away home, The fairy bells tinkle a

rest

The daisies have shut up their sleepy red eyes. And the

lamp

The dew's falling fast, and your fine speckled wings will be

far

Make haste, or they'll catch you and harass you fast. With a

bees and the birds are at rest

So ladybird! ladybird!

wet with the close clinging damp

So ladybird! ladybird!

cob-web, O bear's car

So ladybird! ladybird!

fly away, fly away, ladybird, fly away home

fly a-way, fly a-way, ladybird, fly a-way home
THE PET CANARY.

Music by J. W. ELLIOTT.

Allegretto.

Voice.

Mary had a pretty bird, With feathers bright and yellow;

Piano.

In Sences.

Slender legs—upon my word, He was a pretty fellow; The

cres.

sweetest notes he always sung, Which much delighted Mary; And

near the cage she'd ever sit To hear her own canary.
Cock Robin's Roundelay.

Voice: Andante, \( \textit{d}=60 \), \textbf{p} Sostenuto.

Cock Robin got up early, At the break of day, And went to Jenny's window, To sing a roundelay. He sang Cock Robin's love, To the pretty Jenny Wren, And when he got un-

Piano: \textit{cres.}\textit{ad lib.} \textit{a tempo.}

- to the end, Began it all again.
My Dapple Gray.

A VERSION OF "NEDDY BRAY."  Music by J. M. BENTLEY.

1. I had a little pony, His name was Dapple Gray; I lent him to a lady, To ride a mile away: My Dapple, Dapple Gray, My Dapple, Dapple Gray.

2. She whipp'd him, she slash'd him, She rode him thro' the mire; I would not lend my pony now, For all the lady's hire; My Dapple, Dapple Gray, My Dapple, Dapple Gray.
Blow, Wind, Blow.

Music by Arthur Carnall, Mus. B.

Not too fast.

Blow, wind, blow! and go, mill, go! That the miller may grind the corn; That the baker may take it, And into rolls make it, And send us some hot in the morn.
A Song of Kindness.

Music by J. W. Elliott.

Voice:

Andante grazioso. \( \mathbf{\text{P}} \)

Be kind, little children, To those who are poor, And never against sorrow And want shut the door; Be

Piano:

\( \mathbf{\text{Legato}} \)

kind and be gentle To those who are old; For dearer is kindness, And better than gold.
THE SUNBEAM.

Words by M. L. ELLIOTT.
Music by J. W. ELLIOTT.

Allegretto con moto.

ey pret-ty sun-beam, I have tried To catch you all the day,

But when I'm near you go and hide, Or run some o-ther way.

There, do not dance so very fast
You're playing with the sun;
Say will you come to me at last,
And let us have some fun.
Oh, Sunbeam, now you are unkind,
To lead me such a chase;

You're gone again, and I can't find
Your secret hiding-place.
You might come back and say good-bye;
Then what do you think I'd do?
Why, set a cunning trap, and try
To catch and keep you too.
The Woodland Stream.

Words by George Bennett.

Music by J. M. Bentley.

Tinkle, tinkle, stream. Twin-kle, twin-kle, tinkle In the dim-ple, O'er your pebbly bed; Wim-ple, wim-ple, where the flow-ing. But no more a rill; Grow-ing, grow-ing, grow-ing. Wi-der, sun-ny beam; While your banks are gold-en With the king-cup's branch-es spread; While a-mid the bush-es Finch-es warble deeper still; Fresh and bound-ing o-ver, In the shade or bloom, And each fern un-fold-en Waves a prince-ly plume. gray, And the speckled thrush-es Car-ol through the day. son, Till in yon-der ri-ver You to o-cean run.
Will you Ride on my Pony?

Allegretto con moto.  

Music by J. W. Elliott.

Voice.

"Will you ride on my pony?" a fairy said; "His mane is white, and his body it's red; His tail is yellow, his feet are green, Oh, the sweetest pony that

Piano.

f poco lento.
a tempo. \( m^p \)

ever you've seen! And will you catch my pony?" she said. "He's there in a stable of

gold and red; His corn's all honey, his drink's all dew; He's just the pony, my sweet, for you.
The Lost Kitten.

Words by A. CAPEL SHAW.  Music by the Rev. H. G. BONAVIA HUNT, Mus.B.

1. Nel- lie had a lit-tle kit-ten, Full of fun and play,
And she loved it very de- ar-ly, But it would not stay;
Forth in- to the night it wan- dered, From its home a-way....

2. For her lit-tle pet the maid-en Hunt-ed far and wide,
Here and there and ev- ry-where To find it vain-ly tried;
Then, her heart with sor-row la-den, Bit-ter-ly she cried, But

And she loved it very de- ar-ly, But it would not stay;
Forth in- to the night it wan- dered, From its home a-way....

Heed-less Kit-ten, fool- ish Kit-ten, Thus to go a-stray,
soon she found an-o- ther Kit-ten, And her tears were dried.

f a tempo.  dim.  f a tempo.  p, rall.  dim.  dim.  colar voice.
The Glow-worm.

Music by J. M. Bentley.

1. Once a little Thro' the wood-y
   boy was stray-ing lanes by night, And be there, its
   stood to won-der What could shed such daz-ling light, When some green leaves

2. He a mo-ment slam-ber ba-nished, Glad he hastes to view the sight; But in vain, a-
   see with sor-row, Hopes which seem most bright to-night, Fade and die up-


4. Thus through life we las't 'tis van-ished, Where art thou, my glow-worm bright?
   - on the mor-row, Like that pret-ty glow-worm bright.
"I'm an Owl."

Words by M. L. Elliott.
Allegretto moderato.

Music by J. W. Elliott.

1. I'm an owl, and I sit in my ivy nest, And I blink or not, as to me seems best; I'm a bed and cot, I'm off for the night, 'tis a way I've got, I

2. I'm an owl, and I beg to say, My day is night, and my night is day. Flap my wings, and with a scrunch I cry, "Hurrah! a jolly old bird am I."

See (ad lib.)
A Cradle Song.

Words from Little Folks.

Music by J. W. Elliott.

Andante sostenuto.

1. Singing softly, humming low, Murmur gently, carol slow,
2. Chant of dappled, rippling stream, Wavy lines of sunlight gleam,

Breathe with breath of downy snow, Lal-la-la-la-lally.
Glitter all with dainty beam, Lal-la-la-la-lally.

3. Melody be hushed and still, Drowsy grow the laughing rill, Nightingales sing from the hill, Lal-la-la.

Ped.
Boys Make Men.

Music by Philip Phillips.

1. When you see a ragged urchin Standing wistful in the street,

With torn hat and kneeless trousers, Dirty face, and bare red feet,

Pass not by the child unheedful, Greet him with a smile, and then,

Mark my words, he'll not forget it. For remember, boys make men.
The Fifth of November.

Words from "Little Folks' Black and White Painting Book."
M.M. = 60. Vivace.

Music by CHARLES BASSETT.

1. Oh, the fifth of November In days that have fled!
   Oh, how well I remember The sparks that were huge, and so bright!
   Oh, the rockets up-going With blazing of fifth, and its ways!
   Oh, tho' bright be December, And merry its sped!

2. Oh, the bonfires so glowing, So huge, and so bright!
   Oh, Guy Fawkes blowing About in the days, The fifth of November I always remember, And sing to its head!

3. Oh, hurrah for November, The sixth, and its ways!
   Oh, the bonfires so glowing, So huge, and so bright!
   Oh, hurrah for November, The sixth, and its ways!
**Little Blue Eyes.**

Words from "Little Folks."

Andante con moto. \( \text{f}=132 \)

Music by J. W. Elliott.

1. Oh little blue eyes, canst thou tell What softens o'her eyes so, When
2. Oh little blue eyes, is it fair Thou shouldst be Love's completely? From
3. It is because thy looks re-call Our loving Saviour's teaching? Who

on thy gen-tle face they dwell, Which all be-hold-ers prize so? Some fa-iry charm must
rose-bud mouth to made a lit-tle gold-en hair, Love's set to mu-sic sweet-ly! And all who chance thine
dwell in thee, Our wea-ry hearts be-guil-ing, For ev-ry soul smiles in-ward-ly To
trust, and love, Must all our ac-tions lea-ven, For child-like souls a-lone shall prove The

see those blue eyes in his heart, "God bless thee!" fade-less joys of hea-ven.
"The Bat and the Mole."

Words by W. G.  
Music by J. W. ELLIOTT.  
Allegretto con moto.

Voice.

"Let us see, let us see," says the Mole to the Bat; "With all my soul," says the Bat to the Mole, "Let us see, let us see."
The New Moon.

Words by E. FOLLEN.  
Music by J. M. BESTLEY.

Dear no - ther, how pret - ty the moon looks to - night,  
1. She was
2. If I were up there with you and my friends, I'd
3. I'd call to the stars to keep out of the way,  
4. And there we would stay in the beau - ti - ful skies,  

ne - ver so cu - h - ning be - fore,  
Her two lit - tle horns, are so
rock in it nice - ly, you'd see;  
I'd sit in the mid - dle, and
through the bright clouds we would roam;  
And there I would rock till the

sharp and so bright,  
I hope she'll not grow any more
hold by both ends,  
Oh, what a mon - ey candle (would be)
dawn of the day,  
And see where the pret - ty moon goes
see the sun rise,  
And on the next rain - bow come home.
An Orchard Song.

Words by G. Bennett.  Music by J. M. Bentley.

O the apples fresh and rosy, Swaying downward all the time.
1. Pack away, then, we're not stinted, Such a rare dessert we'll enjoy.
2. Now we've done our garden duties, Sister Lucy, let us
3. Bought; smelling sweet as any posy, That in field or garden spread.
Gaither those the sun has tinted, Rose set brown and streaked with gold.
What a basket full of beauties, Every one is quite a lord.

Voice.

Piano.
Album of Music.

grows. They're not so rich and juicy
You may peep, dear little linnet, Twitteering on the topmost show.
Apples round and round we're singing, Cherry cheeks, and ripe and

wall; For our party, sister Lucy, We can take enough for spray. We shall leave you in a minute, Then you'll peck and feast a sweet; See what dainties we are bringing. For our garden party

all, Lucy, Lucy, sister Lucy, We can take enough for way, Linnet, Linnet, little Linnet, You can peck and feast a treat: Apples, apples, fresh and rosy, Cherry-cheeked, and ripe and

all.............
way...........
sweet !........
"Up and Down."


1. Up and down, Up and down, On dear father’s knee,...... No
2. Up and down, Up and down, On dear father’s knee,...... I'll

wear - er of a gold - en crown Can half so hap - py be.......
trot, and trot, and trot to town, And buy a cake for tea.......
Robin Redbreast.

Solo. Lively.  

1. Lit-tle bird, with bo-som red,  
2. Well re-paid if I but spy  
3. Come, my fea-ther'd friend, a-gain!

Welcome to my hum-ble shed;  
Doubt not, lit-tle

Pleas-ure in thy glan-cing eye;  
See thee, when thou'st

Well thou know'st the bro-ken pane;  
Ask of me thy

though there be,  
But I'll cast a crumb to thee.

dai-ly store;  
E-ver wel-come to my door.

Chirp, chirp, chirp, chirp,  
But I'll cast a crumb to thee.

Chirp, chirp, chirp, chirp,  
Chirp, chirp, chirp, Plume thy breast and wipe thy bill.

Chirp, chirp, chirp, chirp,  
Chirp, chirp, chirp, E-ver wel-come to my door.
**Little Tom Taylor.**

Words from "The Little Folks Painting Book."

*Music by Charles Basset.*

**Voice.**

Music:

Humorously. Met. \( \frac{q}{40} \).

Lit-tle Tom Tay-lor Sat on a rail, or A

Piano:

post that ran out from the shore; Fast flew a big bird, A

Ioud splash was heard, And Tom-my wa; seen there no more, seen there no more, And

Tom-my was seen there no more.
The First Letter.

Words from Little Folks.

Voice.

Andante con moto.

1. Sitting at the table there, Tracing every word with care, Little Totty's writing;
2. To Mam-a, as is most right, Her first letter she will write, Every effort making;

Piano.

Pressing close her rosy lips, As her pen in ink she slips,
Thanking her in loving way, For the care that every day

Loving words in dating.

She of her is taking.
The Owl's Advice.

Words from "The Little Folks Painting Book."  
Music by Chas. Bassett.

Voice.  
"I want to look wise," said Maud one day; "I want to look clever and wise!"  
"Oh! oh!" said the owl, as he sat on a spray, And
Album of Music.

blinded as in solemn surprise; "You had better by far re-

main as you are, And learn to be clever and wise!" Then

echoed the birds as they sat in a row, "You hear, you hear what he says, You

hear what he says, you'd better, you know, Just learn to be clever and wise."
Our Cow.

Words by K. F. W.
Andante con moto.

Music by J. W. Elliott.

VOICE.

Our cow is so pretty, And so useful, too, We call her "Good Jem," She's black as my shoe. Her skin to the touch Is softer than silk, I

PIANO.
can't tell you how much she gives us of milk. And the milk we can make into cream, if we please, or pudding, or cake, or butter, or cheese. You'd like to see Susan A milk-log our cow! Then put your thick shoes on, and come with me now.
A Nutting Song.

Words from the "Little Folks' Painting Book.

With spirits.

Music by CHARLES BAYLIS.

1. Oh, but the nuts are so brown in the wood.
2. Oh, but the nuts are so ripe on the tree.
3. Oh, but the nuts are so high on the bough.
4. Oh, but the nuts were so brown in the wood.

Out in the wood, the glad autumn wood—And the children have trooped forth in

Out in the wood, the glad autumn wood—And the children have trooped home in

rollicking mood, Some clad in tip-top, and some clad in hood,

clusters to see, And fat little hands clasp the branches with glee.

quietes mood. Some of them fretful and some of them good.

After the nuts so brown in the wood, After the nuts so brown.

Seeking the nuts so ripe on the tree. Seeking the nuts so brown.

All of them laden with nuts from the wood, Laden with nuts so brown.
"Good-bye, Good-bye."

Words by Matthias Barr.  
Music by J. M. Bentley.

1. "Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye," Say the little birds, one and all,...... Ere they
2. "Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye," Small home we have lov'd so long,...... We will

VOICE.

Piano.
flutter away at break of day From their home on the tree top tall.... "Good-
think of you and our parents true Where ever we sing our song.... "Good-
bye, goodbye," Ere over the hills and far away, Ere over the hills and
bye, goodbye," And over the hills and far away, And over the hills and

rall.

far away We fly, we fly, we fly.... we fly....

rall. a tempo.
The Queer Little Pair.

Words and Music by CHARLES BASSETT.

M.M. = 80. Humorously.

1. A little old man had a little old horse, That
2. The little old man would start early at morn, To
3. One day the old man, coming home a bit late, In his
4. For never had he been treated like this, All the

Voice.

very little work could do; Both were blind in an eye, and had
haste ather freely used his stick, When they came to a hill the old
years that his master he had known; The old horse, tho' dismayed at such

Piano.

staccato.
legs all a-way. Such a queer little pair were the two. Oh! as to
horse would stand still, And go up only when the man got down. Oh! as to
treatment, soon obeyed, And once quite for-got his usual trick. Oh! as from
broke his old heart, And the old man was left to trudge alone. Oh! as to

mar-ket, they would go— Gee-up! gee-hi! gee-
mar-ket he did go— Gee-up! gee-hi! gee-
sostenuto.

wo!— How the people would stare, at the queer little pair, And
wo!— The people would stare, who re-mem-bered the pair, And
staccato.

cry, Gee-up! gee-wo!
cry, Gee-up! gee-wo!
A Game of Ball.

Words by E. F. W.  
Allegro moderato, con spirito.  
Music by J. W. Elliott.

VOICE:

Piano:

Come, play-mates all, a game of ball I ask you to en-
joy; They're right who say, without his play, Jack's al-
ways a dull, dull boy. Come, play-mates all, a game of ball, Come, come, come, come!
READING PUSSY A LESSON.

Words from Little Folks. Music by J. W. Elliott.

Moderato.

VOICE.

Oh, Pus-sy, will you tell me why At all the pretty

birds you fly? The lit-tle birds that sing so sweet, You sure-ly would not catch and eat.

PIANO.

For you are ever kindly fed,
Each day with nicest milk and bread,
And always at my dinner too
I save a lovely bit for you.

At night you sleep so warm and snug
Before the fire upon the rug,
While little birds (as I've been told)
Are often perished with the cold.

All in the bitter frost and snow
They fly so cheerful to and fro,
And scarcely even dare to come
And see if we can spare a crumb.

Now pussy, dear, attend to me,
And never, never cruel be;
Oh, do not harm the weak and small,
For that's not being good at all.

My dear mamma, so kind and true,
Has often said that we should do
To others as we wish that they
Would do to us from day to day.
Going a Maying.

**Voice:**
The sky is blue as baby's eyes, It is the sweet spring-time now, The hawthorn bowers, and bloom, and flowers Are in their golden prime now; So let's enjoy this sunny day Thro' lanes and woodlands straying, Come Kate and Fred, Come Kate and Fred, and Luce and Ned, And let us go, And let us go, And let us go a maying.

**Piano:**

3. Of all the year we love the best
The gay and merry May-time;
And soon will come the busy hum
Of sweet and salubry hay-time.
Then his away and seek the woods,
Where blooming wreaths are swaying.

Come, Kate, &c.
Lullaby.

Words by Mrs. J. Stafford Bush.  
Music by J. Gordon Saunders, Mus. B.

1. Lambs are in the fold,
Birds are in the nest,
Rest, my baby, rest.

2. Sleep, my little one,
Night is coming on,
Curtains, soft and warm,
Now the light has gone away,

In thy cradle bed,
Then mother's hand has spread.
Close to mother while they sleep; And the little
All good mothers kneel and pray; Each one asks, in

birds which sing, Hide beneath their mother's wing: Like a lamb in
ac - cents mild, Angel-guardians for her child; And the angels

fold, Like a bird in rest,—Now that night is com - ing
watch, Though the mothers sleep,—Rest thee, thee, my lit - tle

on,—Rest, my ba - by, rest.............
one, Sleep, my ba - by, sleep.............
Work and Play.

Words from "Little Folks' Black and White Painting Book." MM. = 64.

Music by Charles Basset.

1. When you're at school, re-

2. Then you will find, if you
3. But when out of school, you may vary the rule, And play then, if you are willing; For
4. Most truly we say, "All work and no play" Is a motto without any reason, Yet

never be playing! Let all your thoughts be
make up your mind, Study is pleasant: Never forget, you'll

where it ought, Never from study straying,
always regret Time that is spent un

ne-ga-ble advice, it scar-cess-ly is wise, E-very young head to be fill-ling.
both work and play are good in their way, Each in due time and season.
Christmas Bells.

Words by W. G.

Music by J. W. ELLIOTT.

Andante con moto.

1. What say the bells to thee,
2. What say the bells to thee,

Rob - in, my dear? Say they not mer - ri - ly,
Rob - in, my dear? Say they not cheer - i - ly,

Christmas is near? Say they not mer - ri - ly, Christmas is
Happy new year? Say they not cheer - i - ly, Happy new

1st time. 2nd time.
Thoughts.

Words by Matthias Barr.  
Music by Charles Bassett.

1. Let your thoughts, what 'er they be,  
   Be but thoughts of  
   kindness;  
   Bitter thoughts in you or me.

2. If an evil thought arise  
   Ever in your  
   bosom;  
   Crush it out, if you are wise.

3. Grains of sand are tiny things  
   But they make the  
   mountains;  
   Feathers make the eagle's wings.

4. Evil thoughts, that have their way,  
   Make a life of  
   sorrow;  
   Bring us grief and care to-day.

Show our human blindness.  
Nip it in the blossom.  
Water drops the fountains.  
Shame and want tomorrow.

dim.

rall.
Little Kate Carey.

Moderately fast and with humour.

Words and Music by CHARLES BASSETT.

1. One day her aunt Mary Gave little Kate Carey A box full of pictures and rhymes, And
2. Old rhymes by the hum-de-dy—Oh! if ten she wondered if all the strange things could be true,—But

A - mused and de-light - ed, And yet half af fright - ed. She could not turn from it a - way; But

some quite a - mused her, While o - thers con - fused her, And one al - most scared her at times, one most at - tract - ing. Al - though quite dis - tract - ing. Was that which I now sing to you. I "Oh! now she is el - der. And grows somewhat bold - er, Quire fear - less she hums this quaint lay."

lit - tle Miss Muf - fet, She sat on a tuft - et, Eat - ing of curds and whey,..... A -

long came a spi - der, And sat down be - side her, And frightened Miss Muf - fet a - way.....
A Song of a Kitten.


Our kitten sure must happy be, Most happy, as it seems to me; For

when other pleasures fail, She finds amusement in her tail.
And round and round our Kitty goes, Dancing so lightly on her toes, Yet

staccato.

all the while, poor silly elf, She's only following after sell.
In Kid's amusement we may see, A type of frail humanity; For

round and round we mortals turn, Yet self we never can discern.
The Dolls' Tea Party.

Words by M. L. Elliott.
Allegretto moderato.

Music by J. W. Elliott.

Come, Dollies, here, and sit by me, We'll make believe to be at tea; I've got some biscuits and a bun, So really we can have such fun. You
must keep still, and quiet sit, Not asking for a single bit; At

meals, mamma won't have a word, For children must be seen, not heard.

Now fold your little hands, and wait
Till I put something on each plate;
I'll pour you out your cups of tea,
And then you can begin with me.

Come, Nursery dear, and bring the tray,
And just pretend to clear away;
For now my little girls are fed,
I'll kiss and take them off to bed.
Happy May.

1. Happy May, blithe and gay, Brother, sister, come and play,

In the meadows, on the hill, By the brook that turns the mill.

Yellow cups and daisies white, Sweetly blooming,

Fresh and bright. Happy May, blithe and gay, Come, O come a-way.
Two Little Old Dames.

Words by JOHN LINTON.  
Music by ARTHUR CARNALL, Mus. B.

1. Two little old dames I know,  
   I wonder what their names are!  
   Nat-ty, and bright, and very polite;  
   These two funny old dames are.

2. And sharp enough too are they,  
   You'll say so when you've seen them;  
   Al-though 'tis said they've one little head,  
   And one little eye between them.

3. And though they say they're poor,  
   One's simply made of tin, dears;  
   I'm sure you know them, isn't it so?—  
   Miss Nee-dee and little Miss Fin, dears.

Voice.

Not too slow.

Piano.
A Brave little Singer.

Words by Emily Huntington Miller.

Music by J. M. Bentley.

1. The rain patters fast, and the wind hurries by, Where the sunshine is lost in the cloud-covered sky; But the robin, he sings as he sits on the tree, For a brave little singer, a brave little singer, A brave little singer is he.

2. The swallows have fled where the summers are fair, Where the breath of the roses is sweet in the air; But the robin, he loves the old home by the lea, For a true hearted singer, a true hearted singer, A true hearted singer is he.

3. He hears the swift drops patter soft on the pane, And the leaves in their cradles talk lone to the rain; There are echoes of mirth in his caroling free, For a wise little singer is he.

4. He knows how the daisies will blow on the hill, And the sheep will go cropping the pastures at will; So he laughs at the storm as he sits in the tree, Oh, a wonderful singer is he.
Tommy's Adventure

Words and Music by J. M. Bentley.

Voice.

1. When Tommy was walking one fine summer's day, Some
2. They seem to say, "Tommy, come, climb up the tree, And
3. So Tommy was tempted to climb up the tree, To
4. The bough it did break, and oh! how he did bawl, For
5. So Tommy said he would steal apples no more; His

Piano.
Cherry-ripe apples he saw in his way, saw in his way.
Gather some cherry cheeks, one, two, or three, one, two, or three,
Gather the apples so pleasant to see, pleasant to see,
Down tumbled Tommy, the apples and all, apples and all,
Clothes were in tatters, and he was so sore, he was so sore,

Saw in his way, Some cherry-ripe apples he saw in his way.
One, two, or three, And gather some cherry cheeks, one, two, or three.
Pleasant to see, To gather the apples so pleasant to see.
Apples and all, For down tumbled Tommy, the apples and all.
He was so sore, His clothes were in tatters, and he was so sore.
The Bonny Wild Flowers.

Words from the "Little Folks' Nature Painting Book."

M.M. = So. Graciously, but with animation.

Music by CHARLES BASSETT.

**Voice.**

1. Sing hey! sing ho! For the flowers that blow in field and in
2. You may boast of the blooms, With their rich perfumes, That live in the
3. So sing hey! sing ho! For the flowers that blow in field and in

**Piano.**

wood where so - e - ver we go! The bon - ny wild flowers..... Of
hot - house, or glad - den your rooms! You may look with de - light On a
wood where so - e - ver we go! The bon - ny wild flowers..... Of

* Notes with tails downwards for verse 2.
Nature's bowers, That are loved by the sunshine, and kissed by the showers! The bonny wild flowers...... Of Nature's bowers, That are sight! All these may be fair. And give proof of your care, but they loved...... by the sunshine, and kissed by the showers! overlay children's love, with Nature's wild. Give me some of the showers; Sing hey! sing ho! For the flowers that blow, Sing hey! for the bonny wild flowers......
The Sliders.

Words by George Bennett. Music by J. M. Bentley.

O how pleasant it is when the snow's on the ground, And the icicles hang on the

caves all a-round, O'er the white winter carpet our way to pursue. Tho' our

noses are2ipped by Jack Frost till they're blue...

2. When we come to the pond with the jolly long slide,
How we'll laugh at the cold, and the shivering kettle,
While we glide like the train on the smooth iron rail,
When it whistles along all express with the mail.

3. As no danger is there, we can fear no mishaps;
We will slide till we glow from our shoes to our caps;
And we'll stay till the stars twinkle out overhead, Then we'll bie away home to our supper and bed.

Fred.
Dick, y Wren sits in a tree,
Sing-ing blithe as

blithe can be;
While with-in the down-y nest

All his lit-tle fledg-lings rest.
Little "Snow."

Words by M. L. Elliott.
Andante quasi allegretto.

Music by J. W. Elliott.

VOCAL:

Piano.

I'm a lit-tle white kit-ten so soft, I sleep on some hay in the loft.

I do, I do, I've one lit-tle song very sweet, To posses a musi-cal treat,

Called "Mew."

2 They tell me that "Snow" is my name,
Cos I'm white, and in winter I came;
Just so.

But when burning summer is here,
So melting—now won't it seem queer
With Snow?

3 I'm a sensible mite of a thing,
Though I play with a cork and some string,
Well, well,
The thought that popped into my head,
As I curled myself up in my bed,
I'll tell.

4 Supposing I really wore snow,
And the warmth of a bright summer's glow
Did come?

Well, then I should certainly go
Into nothing but water, you know,
And run.

5 You'll say I'm an odd little cat,
At a fancy so funny as that
To fly.

But if "Little Folks" are with me,
That's all that I care for,—'ye see?
Good-bye!
The Butterfly's Song.

Words by M. L. ELLIOTT.

Music by J. W. ELLIOTT.

1. I'm a rest-less lit-tle thing, Al-ways, al-ways on the wing, Through the sum-mer sky. To ev'ry flower I give a kiss, First to that one, then to this; Then a-
2. I am drest in col-ours bright, Crim-son, yel-low, blue, and white, Dazz-ling to be hold; I dance so gai-ly in the glade, Catching sunbeams ere they fade In-to way, then a-way I fly.

3. Ah! this life of sum-mer gloe, Like all earth-ly va-ni-ty, Swift-ly does it fly: Then heed the warning that I give, Don't waste precious hours, and live A use-less, a use-less But-ter fly.
Christmas Comes but Once a Year.

Words by W. G. \(\text{Allegretto,}\)  
Music by J. W. Elliott.

\textbf{Voice.}\ 
Angels come, but once a year, \(\text{Many a blessing}\) bring; \(\text{Angel tones we seem to hear,}\) \(\text{Softly to shep-herds}\) sing.

\textbf{Piano.}\
The Little Star.

Words from "Little Folk's." 
Musik by J. W. Elliott.

Voices. 

1. Mam-ma, I want that lit-tle star That's shin-ing in the sky, But it is up so 
2. I want it for my very own, To be with me at night; It would be nice when 
3. And then, mamma, I might be told About that home so far, And if on harps of 

Piano. 

very far, I cannot reach so high. 4. My child, while in this home below, Be patient, good, and 
shining gold. The an-gels play up there.

cres. 
true, Then at the last you'll surely know what an-gels say and do; And, like that star whose 
cres. 

light pours down, You (when this life is past), With is your Heav'nly Father's crown, Will shine a star at last.
**A Christmas Carol.**

**Words by JULIA GODDARD.**

**Monotone.**

1. Long time a-gone the angels sang A song of joy, of peace, and love, A song of glory to the world From Heaven above; 2. Long time a-gone the eastern skies Glowed with a wondrous shin-ing star, That guided to the Holy Babe, Kings from afar, watch by night, The Christmas song goes on, and makes, Earth's path way bright. 3. "Peace on the earth!" the angels sang. To shepherds keeping And still its music lingers on. And jubilant at its glorious light still lingers on. Amongst the stars in 'Glory to God!' the angels sang; Oh, earth, awake, the

**Music by J. W. ELLIOTT.**

Christmas time, We hear the echo of its notes In Christmas chime. Christmas skies; We read there, as in glit'tring scroll, Of Magi wise. song to sing: "Glory to God, and to His Son, The new-born King!"
Trusting Ever.

Words by JANE DIXON
Music by J. GORDON SAUNDERS, Mus.D.

The prophet was weary of wandering far, But faith shone within him as clear as a star; Around him spread
All lonely looked Cherith:  
The sun had gone down,  
And night gazed on twilight  
With ominous frown;  
Dark spirits were tuning  
The harp of the wind,  
That wailed like a token  
Of woe to mankind.  

The faith of Elijah  
Glowed steadfastly on,  
Though his feeble flesh fainted,  
And comfort seemed gone;  
He watched for the ravens,  
And swift through the air  
They flew to the desert,  
And nourished him there.

Oh, children of sorrow,  
Long shaken by fears,  
"Be careful for nothing,"  
And smile through your tears;  
Have faith in the ravens!  
The Father of all  
Still hears his own people,  
And answers their call.
Good-Night.

Words by J. G. Watts.  
Music by J. Gordon Saunders, Mus. D.

Good-night, my dear, good night, In pleasant slumber close  
Thine eyes with love so bright; 'Tis true they should repose, They

Good-night, good-night, Good-night, Good-night, Good-night, Good-night.

Good-night, my dear, the prayer  
Thine infant lips just spake,  
Borne on the evening air,  
Its way to heaven shall take,  
And God will love thee there.

Good-night.  

Good-night, and nothing fear:  
When thou art fast asleep,  
Angels, unseen, draw near,  
A careful watch to keep,  
That nought may harm thee, dear.

Good-night.