TO MY SISTER
NORAH

FOUR CHILD SONGS

1. A GOOD CHILD
2. THE LAMPLIGHTER
3. WHERE GO THE BOATS?
4. FOREIGN CHILDREN

WORDS BY
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

MUSIC BY
ROGER QUILTER

PRICE 3/6 NET.

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FOUR CHILD SONGS.

I.
A GOOD CHILD.

I woke before the morning, I was happy all the day,
I never said an ugly word, but smiled and stuck to play.

And now at last the sun is going down behind the wood,
And I am very happy, for I know that I've been good.

My bed is waiting cool and fresh, with linen smooth and fair,
And I must off to sleep again, and not forget my prayer.

I know that, till to-morrow I shall see the sun arise,
No ugly dream shall fright my mind, no ugly sight my eyes,

But slumber hold me tightly till I waken in the dawn,
And hear the thrushes singing in the lilacs round the lawn.

II.
THE LAMPLIGHTER.

My tea is nearly ready and the sun has left the sky;
It's time to take the window to see Leerie going by;
For every night at tea-time and before you take your seat,
With lantern and with ladder he comes posting up the street.

Now Tom would be a driver and Maria go to sea,
And my papa's a banker and as rich as he can be;
But I, when I am stronger and can choose what I'm to do,
O Leerie, I'll go round at night and light the lamps with you!

For we are very lucky, with a lamp before the door,
And Leerie steps to light it as he lights so many more;
And O! before you hurry by with ladder and with light,
O Leerie, see a little child and nod to him to-night!
III.
WHERE GO THE BOATS?

Dark brown is the river,
Golden is the sand,
It flows along for ever,
With trees on either hand.

Green leaves a-floating,
Castles of the foam,
Boats of mine a-boating—
Where will all come home?

Or go to the river
And out past the mill,
Away down the valley,
Away from the hill.

Away down the river,
A hundred miles or more,
Other little children
Shall bring my boats ashore.

IV.
FOREIGN CHILDREN.

Little Indian, Sioux or Crow,
Little frosty Eskimo,
Little Turk or Japanese,
O! don't you wish that you were me?

You have seen the scarlet trees
And the lions over seas;
You have eaten ostrich eggs,
And turned the turtles off their legs.

Such a life is very fine,
But it's not so nice as mine;
You must often, as you tend,
Have weared not to be abroad.

You have curious things to eat,
I am fed on proper meat;
You must dwell beyond the foam,
But I am safe and live at home.

Little Indian, Sioux or Crow,
Little frosty Eskimo,
Little Turk or Japanese,
O! don't you wish that you were me?

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

FOUR CHILD SONGS.

I.

A Good Child.

Words by
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Music by
ROGER QUILTER.

Op. 5. No. 1

Allegro con grazia. (q: 1/10)

VOICE.

mf

I woke before the

PIANO.

Con Ped.

morn-ing, I was hap-py all the day,

I nev-er said an

ug-ly word, but smiled and stuck to play,

but smiled and stuck to
And now at last the sun is going down behind the wood,
And I am very happy, for I know that I've been good.

My bed is waiting cool and fresh, with linen smooth and fair,
And
I must off to sleep again, and not forget my prayer, and

not forget my prayer. I know that, till to-

morrow I shall see the sun arise, No ugly dream shall

fright my mind, no ugly sight my eyes, But
slumber hold me tightly till I waken in the dawn, And hear the thrushes singing, and hear the thrushes singing in the lilacs, the lilacs round the lawn.
II.
The Lamplighter.

Words by
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Music by
ROGER QUILTER
(Op. 5, No. 2)

Allegro semplice. (d. 112)

My tea is nearly ready and the sun has left the sky,
It's time to take the window to see Lee-rie going by;
For

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Every night at tea-time and before you take your seat, With lantern and with ladder he comes posting up the street, comes poco rit. a tempo

posting up the street... Now poco rit. a tempo mp

25553
Tom would be a driver and Maria go to sea, And

My pa-pa's a banker and as rich as he can be; But

I, when I am stronger and can choose what I'm to do, O
Lee-rie, I'll go round at night and light the lamps with you, and

light the lamps with you!

For

we are very lucky, with a lamp before the door, And
Lee-rie stops to light it as he lights so many more; And

O! before you hurry by with ladder and with light, O

Lee-rie, see a little child and nod to him to-night, and

nod to him to-night!
III.

Where go the Boats?

Words by
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Music by
ROGER QUILTER.
(Op. 8, No. 3.)

Andantino quasi allegretto. 

VOICE.

PIANO.

Dark brown is the river, Golden is the sand. It

flows along for ever, With trees on either hand.

(Original Eng.)

21553

Copyright, SCXIV, by Chappell & Co. Ltd.
Green leaves a-floating, Castles of the foam,

Boats of mine a-boat ing— Where will all come home?

On goes the river And

out past the mill, Away down the valley, A-
Away down the hill, away down the river, a hundred miles or more,
Other little children shall bring my boats ashore.
IV.
Foreign Children.

Words by
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Music by
ROGER QUILTER.
(Op. 5, No. 4.)

(Allegro. (4/4)

VOICE.

Piano.

Little Indian, Sioux or Crow,

Little frosty Eskimo. Little Turk or Japanee,

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O! don't you wish, O! don't you wish that you were

You have seen the scarlet trees

And the lions over seas; You have eaten ostrich eggs, And

turned the turtles off their legs.
Such a life is very fine, But it's not so nice as mine: You must often, as you trod, Have weared not to be abroad. You have curious things to eat, I am fed on proper meat; You must dwell beyond the foam, But
I am safe and live at home.

Little Indian, Sioux or Crow, Little frosty Eskimo, Little

Turk or Japanee, O! don't you wish, O! don't you wish that

you were me?
NEW SONGS BY
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GO, LOVELY ROSE.
(Poem by EDMUND WALLER)

Tend her. But that winter's time and snow,
That shaggy hour, when death's stern voice
How sweet and fair she seemed to be.

In E (Composed B-Bb), F (E-F), and G (D-G).

O, THE MONTH OF MAY
(Poem by THOMAS DUMMER)

Ah, the month of May, the month
Of joy, of light, of gladness, glee.

In B (Composed B-Bb) and F.

THERE BE NONE OF BEAUTY'S DAUGHTERS.
(Poem by BYRON)

There be none of Beauty's daughters,
With a

In B (Composed B-Bb), C (E-B), and G (D-G).

FAIRY LULLABY.
(Poem by ROGER QUILTER)

Close those eyes in silence sweet,
While the opened arms she

In G (Composed C-G), A (B-F), and B (D-G).

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