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.

CASSELL, PETTER, GALPIN & CO.:

LONDON, PARIS & NEW YORK.

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THE "LITTLE FOLKS" ALBUM OF MUSIC.

The Rule of the Road.

Allegro moderato. ♩ = 108. *Music by J. W. ELLIOTT.*

VOICE. *mp* *cres - - cen - - do.* *f*

The art of good driving's a pa - ra-dox quite, Tho' cus - tom has prov'd it so long; If you

PIANO. *p* *cres.* *fz* *f*

go to the left, you're sure to go right, If you go to the right, you go wrong.

B

A Song of Three Children.

Music by the Rev. H. G. BONAVIA HUNT, Mus.B.

VOICE.

1. Three chil - dren sli - ding on the ice Up - on a sum-mer's
 2. Now had these chil-dren been at home, Or sli - ding on dry
 3. You, par - ents, that have chil - dren dear, And you, too, that have

PIANO.

day, As it fell out, they all fell in, The rest they ran a - way.
 ground, Ten thou-sand pounds to one pen - ny, They had not all been drowned.
 none, If you will have them safe a-broad, Pray keep them safe at home.

p rall.

A KING WENT A-HUNTING.

Music by J. W. ELLIOTT.

Allegro moderato.

PIANO. *mf* *pp*

mf *f*

A king went a-hunt-ing at Rei-gate, And wished to leap o-ver a high gate; Says the

own-er, "Go round, With your horse and your hound, For you ne-ver shall leap o-ver my gate."

fz *fz* *fz*

Pease Pudding Hot.

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

VOICE.

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

PIANO.

Pease - pud - ding cold, Pease - pud - ding 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 - pud - ding cold, Pease - pud - ding in the pot, E - leven days old.

 A musical staff for the piano part, showing a melody in 2/4 time. The notes are: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F#4, E4.

“TO MARKET! TO MARKET!”

Allegro Moderato.

Music by J. W. ELLIOTT.

VOICE.

p *cres.*

To market, to market, a gal-lop, a trot, To buy some meat to put in the pot;

PIANO.

p *cres.* *fz*

Threepence a quar - ter, fourpence a side, If it had-n't been killed, it must have died.

fz

RHYMES ABOUT RIDERS.

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 gentlemen, 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.

VOICE.

1. (*Gently.*) Which is the way the la - dies go, the la - dies go, the
 2. (*Faster.*) Which is the way the gen - tle - men, the gen - tle - men, the
 3. (*Very fast.*) Which is the way the hun - ters go, the hun - ters go, the

la - dies go? Which is the way the la - dies go, the
 gen - tle - men, Which is the way the gen - tle - men, the
 hun - ters go? Which is the way the hun - ters go, the

dain - ty la - dies go?..... A - nim, a - nim, a -
 gen - tle - men do go?..... A - trot, a - trot, a -
 leap - ing hun - ters go?..... A - ga - lop, a - ga - lop, a -

- nim, a - nim, And that's the way they go.....
 - trot, a - trot, And that's the way they go.....
 ga - lop, a - ga - lop, And that's the way they go.....

ONE'S NONE;

A NURSERY RHYME.

Set to Music by J. W. ELLIOTT.

mp Allegretto Moderato.

VOICE.

One's none; Two's some; Three's a ma - ny; Four's a pen - ny;

PIANO.

mp

fz

Five's a lit - tle, lit - tle hun - dred.

fz ten.

fz

8

MULTIPLICATION.

Allegro. ♩ = 104. *Music by J. W. ELLIOTT.*

VOICE.

mf

Mul - ti - pli - ca - tion is vex - a - tion, Di - vi - sion is as
 Much in - dig - na - tion is vex - a - tion, Ill temper is as

PIANO.

mf

bad ; The Rule of Three doth puz - zle me, And Prac - tice drives me mad.
 bad ; When folks fall out, and frown and pout, It of - ten makes me sad.

ten. *fz*

JACK SPRAT.

*Tempo di Valse.**Music by J. W. ELLIOTT.*

VOICE. *Jack Sprat would eat no fat, His wife would*

PIANO.

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

- tween them both, They kept the plat - ter clean.....

A Rhyme of the Wind.

Andante con moto. ♩=66 Music by J. W. ELLIOTT.

VOICE. *mf* *cres.*
At Brill on the Hill, The wind blowsshrrill, The cook no meat can dress;..... At

PIANO. *mp* *cres.*

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

fz *dim.*

A Strange Little Bird.

Music by J. W. ELLIOTT.

Allegretto moderato.

VOICE. *p*

Once I saw a lit - tle bird Come hop, hop, hop, So I

PIANO. *p*

cried, "Lit - tle bird, will you stop, stop, stop?" And was

ritard. *Faster.*

go - ing to the win - dow To say, "How do you do?" But he

f *ritard.* *a tempo.* *p*

p

shook his lit - tle tail And a - way he flew.

cres. *ten.* *p*

King Arthur's Pudding.

Music by J. M. BENTLEY.

VOICE.

1. When good King Ar - thur ruled this land, He was a good - ly
 2. A bag - pud-ding the King did make, And stuffed it well with
 3. The King and Queen did eat there - of, And no - ble - men be -

PIANO.

King; He stole three pecks of bar - ley - meal To make a bag - pud -
 plums; 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

f >
 - ding, To make a bag - pud - ding.....
 thumbs, As big as my two thumbs.....
 fried, The Queen next morn - ing fried.....

V and I.

Music by J. W. ELLIOTT.

Moderato con moto.

VOICE. *mf*

When V and I to - ge - ther meet, They make the num - ber

PIANO. *mp*

Six, com - plete; When I with V doth meet once more, Then

più lento. *p*

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

p *Sostenuto.*

pp *ritard.*

I is gone, A - las! poor I can make but One.

pp *ritard.*

The Knave of Hearts.

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 la,
And took them clean away.

Music by J. M. BENTLEY.

VOICE.

1. The Queen of Hearts, she made some
2. The King of Hearts called for the

PIANO.

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. ♩=112. *cres.* *Music by J. W. ELLIOTT.* *Faster.*

VOICE.

I had a lit-tle don-key, His name was Neddy Bray, I lent him to a school-boy To ride one ho-li-day; He

PIANO.

p. *ten.*

cres. *Slower.* *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 Ned-dy Bray.

fz *f* *p sostenuto.* *colla voce.*

D

Little Boy Blue.

Allegretto con moto.

Music by J. W. ELLIOTT.

VOICE. *mf* Lit - tle boy blue, come, blow your horn!..... The

PIANO. *mf* *p* *mf*

sheep's in the mea-dow, the cow's in the corn.....

pp

mf *cres.* *p*

Where's the boy that looks af - ter the sheep? He's un - der the hay - rick

mf *p*

dim.

fast a - sleep.....

pp *p* *mf*

Bye, my Baby Bunting.

Harmonised by the Rev. H. G. BONAVIA HUNT, Mus.B.

VOICE.

1. Bye, my ba - by bunt - ing, Fa - ther's gone a - hunt - ing;
 2. Bye, my ba - by bunt - ing, Fa - ther's home from hunt - ing;

PIANO.

rall - en - tan - do.

Gone to bring a rab - bit - skin, To wrap his ba - by bunt - ing in.
 He has brought a rab - bit - skin, To wrap his ba - by bunt - ing in.

colla voce.

A Pretty Little Girl.

Music by J. W. ELLIOTT.

Allegretto.

VOICE. *Allegretto.*

A pret - ty lit - tle girl in a

PIANO. *Allegretto.*

round - eared' cap, I met in the streets t'o - ther day ; She

sos. *fz* *legato.*

ritard. ad lib.

gave me such a thump That my heart it went bump ; I thought I should have faint - ed a -

Slower. *ritard.*

- way, I thought I should have faint - ed a - way!

Tempo 1mo.

colla voce. *p* *poco rit.*

The North Wind.

Music by J. M. BENTLEY.

VOICE. *f* *p*

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

PIANO. *f* *p*

what will the ro - bin do then, poor thing? He'll sit in a barn, To

keep him - self warm, And hide his head un - der his wing, poor thing!

rall.

LAVENDER'S BLUE.

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

VOICE.

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

PIANO.

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.

Music by J. W. ELLIOTT.

Allegretto moderato.

VOICE.

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

PIANO.

Stac.

- tec - 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.

E

The Little Grey Mare.

CHORUS.

J. M. BENTLEY.

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

PIANO.

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,
 made her will,
 sing it your-self,

With a hee, haw, hee, haw, hee, haw, hum.

Repeat without pausing.

The Children from Babyland.

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

VOICE.

1. Here comes a wo - man from ba - - by - land, from
 2. One can brew, the o - ther can bake, the
 3. One can sit in the gar - den and spin, in the

PIANO.

ba - by - land, from ba - - by - land, With three small chil - dren
 o - ther can bake, the o - ther can bake, An - o - ther can make a
 gar - den and spin, in the gar - den and spin, An - o - ther can make a fine

in pret - ty her hand ;— 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?.....

in?..... Pray, ma'am, will you take one in?.....

Little Jack-a-Dandy.

Music by J. W. ELLIOTT.

Allegretto moderato. ♩=132.

VOICE. *mf*

Lit - tle Jack - a - Dan - dy Wan - ted su - gar - can - dy, And

PIANO. *mf*

fair - ly for it cried ; But lit - tle Bil - ly Cook Who

p

fz *p*

ral - len - tan - do. a tempo. f

al - ways reads his book, Shall have a horse to

ten. *a tempo.*

ride. *sostenuto.*

fp *R.H.* *pp*

stac.

Little Bo-peep.

Music by CHARLES BASSETT.

Met. ♩ = 60. mf

VOICE.

1. Lit-tle Bo-peep has lost her sheep, And can't tell where to find them;
 2. Lit-tle Bo-peep fell fast a-sleep, And dreamt she heard them bleat - ing; But

PIANO.

mf

f

Let them a-lone and they will come home, And bring their tails be-hind them.
 when she a-woke she found it a joke, For still they all were fleet - ing.

f

Resolutely.

3. Then up she took her lit - tle crook, De - ter - mined for to find them ; She

*dolorously.**rall.*

found them in - deed, but it made her heart bleed, For they'd left their tails be - hind - them.

Old King Cole.

CHORUS. J. M. BENTLEY

SOLO.*

SEMI-CHORUS.†

FULL CHORUS.

* When practicable *three voices* should personate each set of Instrumentalists, in action as well as tone.

† In verse 1, Fiddlers alone; in verse 2, Harpers and Fiddlers; in verse 3, Flutists, Harpers, and Fiddlers; in verse 4, Trumpeters and all that have preceded them; and so on to the end.

Little Chicken.

Andante con moto. *Music by J. W. ELLIOTT.*

VOICE. Lit - tle chick - en went a - pick - ing, Pick'd a bar - ley - corn,

PIANO. *ten.*

Tum - bled down and broke his crown, And lost his bar - ley 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.

VOICE. *f*

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

PIANO. *f*

mer-ry 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

cres.

mer-ry, mer-ry ding-dong, happy let us be!
 mer-ry, mer-ry ding-dong, happy let us be!
 mer-ry, mer-ry ding-dong, happy let us be!

PED

As I Walked by Myself.

Music by J. W. ELLIOTT.

Andante quasi allegretto.

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 uh to me,..... Look to thy-self, Take
 soft voice said to me,..... Care not for self, Think,

sos.

cres. *f* *ritard..... dim.* *p*

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.

cres. *fz* *fz ritard.* *p*

A Song of

the Owl.

Allegretto. *p* *cres.* J. W. ELLIOTT.

VOICE. 1. Of all gay birds I e'er did see, The Owl's the fair - est

PIANO. *p* *cres.*

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

when night comes a - way flies she, a - way..... flies she.

f *8va.* *ffz*

8

A Swarm of Bees.

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

VOICE.

PIANO.

Ped.

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
Ju - ly, in Ju - ly, in Ju - ly, A swarm of bees in

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

May is worth a load of hay.
June is worth a sil - ver spoon.
Ju - ly is ne - ver worth a fly.

Ped. *f* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

Ladybird! Ladybird!

With Music by J. M. BENTLEY.

VOICE.

1. La - dy - bird! la - dy - bird! fly a - way home, The field mouse has gone to her -
 2. La - dy - bird! la - dy - bird! fly a - way home, The glow-worm is light - ing his
 3. La - dy - bird! la - dy - bird! fly a - way home, The fai - ry bells tin - kle a -

PIANO.

rest ;..... The dai - sies have shut up their sleep - y red eyes, And the
 lamp ;..... The dew's fall - ing fast, and your fine spec - kled wings Will be
 - far ;..... Make haste, or they'll catch you and har - ness you fast, With a

bees and the birds are at rest..... So la - dy - bird! la - dy - bird!
 wet with the close cling - ing damp..... So la - dy - bird! la - dy - bird!
 cob - web, to O - be - ron's car..... So la - dy - bird! la - dy - bird!

fly a - way, fly a - way, La - dy - bird, fly a - way home.....

THE PET CANARY.

Music by J. W. ELLIOTT.

Allegretto.

VOICE.

Ma - ry had a pret - ty bird, With fea - thers bright and yel - low;

PIANO.

In 8ves.

Slen - der legs— up - on my word, He was a pret - ty fel - low; The

cres.

sweet - est notes he al - ways sung, Which much de - light - ed Ma - ry; And

cres.

near the cage she'd e - ver sit To hear her own ca - na - ry.

Cock Robin's Roundelay.

Music by J. W. ELLIOTT.

Andante. ♩ = 60. p Sostenuto.

VOICE. *Andante. ♩ = 60. p Sostenuto.*

PIANO. *p*

Cock Ro-bin got up ear-ly, At the break of

day,..... And went to Jen-ny's win-dow, To sing a roun-de-lay..... He

sang Cock Ro-bin's love, To the pret-ty Jen-ny Wren,..... And when he got un-

to the end, Be-gan it all a-gain.

ritard. ad lib. a tempo.

sos. ten. mp p pp e rall.

8ves.....

8ves.....

My Dapple Gray.

A VERSION OF "NEDDY BRAY."

Music by J. M. BENTLEY.

PIANO. *Galop to introduce each verse.*

1. I had a lit - tle po - ny, His name was Dapple Gray; I lent him to a
2. She whipp'd him, she slash'd him, She rode him thro' the mire; I would not lend my

PED. * PED. * PED.

Tenderly.

la - dy, To ride a mile a - way: My Dapple, Dapple Gray, My Dapple, Dapple Gray.
po-ny now, For all the la-dy's hire; My Dapple, Dapple Gray, My Dapple, Dapple Gray.

* PED. * *Tenderly.*

Blow, Wind, Blow.

Music by ARTHUR CARNALL, Mus. B.

Not too fast.

VOICE. *Blow, wind, blow !..... and go, mill, go !..... That the*

PIANO.

mil - ler may grind the corn ;..... That the ba - ker may take it, And

in - to rolls make it, And send us some hot in the morn.....

A Song of Kindness.

Music by J. W. ELLIOTT.

Andante grazioso. ♩ = 104.

VOICE.

Be kind, lit-tle children, To those who are poor, And ne'er against sorrow And want shut the door; Be

PIANO.

p legato.

kind and be gen-tle To those who are old; For dear-er is kind-ness, And bet-ter, than gold.

mf f

mf f

THE SUNBEAM.

Words by M. L. ELLIOTT.

Music by J. W. ELLIOTT.

Allegretto con moto.

cres.

VOICE. *p* You pret-ty sun-beam, I have tried To catch you all the day, But

PIANO. *p* *cres.*

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

dim.

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.

VOICE.

PIANO.

tin - kle, Lit - tle wood - land stream, Twin - kle, twin - kle, twin - kle In the
dim - ple, O'er your peb - bly bed ; Wim - ple, 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 war - ble
deep - er still ; Fresh and bound - ing e - ver, In the shade or

dim. e rall.
bloom, And each fern un - fold - en Waves a prince - ly plume.
gay, And the spec - kled thrush - es Ca - rol through the day.
sun, Till in yon - der ri - ver You to o - cean run.
dim. e rall.

Will you Ride on my Pony?

Allegretto con moto.

Music by J. W. ELLIOTT.

VOICE. *mp*

"Will you ride on my po-ny?" a fair - y said; "His mane is white, and his

PIANO.

f poco lento.

bo - dy it's red; His tail is yel-low, his feet are green, Oh, the sweet-est po - ny that

f fz

a tempo. mp

ev-er you've seen! And will you catch my po-ny?" she said. "He's there in a sta-ble of

mp

f *Animato.*

gold and red; His corn's all hon-ey, his drink's all dew; He's just the po-ny, my sweet, for you.

f

The Lost Kitten.

Words by A. CAPEL SHAW.

Music by the Rev. H. G. BONAVIA HUNT, Mus.B.

VOICE.

1. Nel - lie had a lit - tle kit - ten, Full of fun and play,
2. For her lit - tle pet the maid - en Hunt - ed far and wide,

PIANO.

And she loved it ve - ry dear - ly, But it would not stay;....
Here and there and ev - 'ry - where To find it vain - ly tried;....

dolce.
Forth in - to the night it wan - dered, From its home a - way,....
Then, her heart with sor - row la - den, Bit - ter - ly she cried, But

f a tempo. *dim.* *p rall.*
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.* *colla voce.*

The Glow-worm.

Music by J. M. BENTLEY.

VOICE.

1. Once a lit - tle
 2. He a mo - ment
 3. Ear - ly morn sees
 4. Thus through life we

PIANO.

boy was stray - ing Thro' the wood - y lanes by night, And he there, its
 stood to won - der What could shed such daz - zling light, When some green leaves
 slum - 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 -

cres.

light dis - play - ing, Saw a pret - ty glow - worm bright.
 hid it un - der, And shut out that glow - worm bright.
 - las! '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.

Music by J. W. ELLIOTT.

Allegretto moderato.

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. I'm an owl, and I sit in my
2. When good "Little Folks" are in

i - - vy 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

p staccato.

whim - si - cal bird, and I beg to say, My day is night, and my night is day.
flap my wings, and with screech I cry, "Hur - rah! a jol - ly old bird am I."

cres. f p
cres. fz pp

I'm an owl!.....
I'm an owl!.....

ff ffz
ffz f ff tremolo. ffz

8ves. (ad lib.).....

A Cradle Song.

Words from LITTLE FOLKS.

Andante sostenuto.

Music by J. W. ELLIOTT.

VOICE.

1. Sing-ing soft-ly, humming low, Mur-mur gen-tly, ca-rol slow,
2. Chaunt of dappled, rippling stream, Wa-vy lines of sunlight gleam,

PIANO.

pp *p* *ten.*

ritard. ad lib. pp

Breathe with breath of downysnow, Lul - la-lul-la-lul-la - by.
Glinting all with dainty beam, Lul - la-lul-la-lul-la - by.

pp *p* *dim. pp ritard.*

PED. *

p *poco cres.*

3. Me-lo-dy be hushed and still, Drowsy grow the laughing rill, Nightingales sing from the hill, Lul -

p *ten.* *poco cres.*

PED. * PED. *

rit. ad lib. *pp*

- - la-lul-la-lul-la - by, Lul - la-lul-la-lul-la - by.....

p *pp*

PED. *

1

Boys Make Men.

Music by PHILIP PHILLIPS.

The Fifth of November.

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

M.M.=60. *Vivace.*

Music by CHARLES BASSETT.

VOICE. *f*

1. Oh,..... the fifth of No-ven-ber In
 2. Oh,..... the bon-fires so glow-ing, So
 3. Oh,..... hur-rah for No-ven-ber, The

PIANO. *f*

days..... that have fled! Oh,..... how well I re-mem-ber The squibs that were
 huge,..... and so bright! Oh,..... the rockets up-go-ing With bla-zes of
 fifth,..... and its ways! Oh,..... tho' bright be December, And mer-ry its

mf *cres.*

sped ;..... Those nights in No-ven-ber, As the sparks from each em-ber Flashed bright o-ver
 light,..... While we crackers were throw-ing At old Guy Fawkes blowing A-bout in the
 days,..... The fifth of No-ven-ber I al-ways re-mem-ber, And sing to its

mf *cres.*

f

head! Oh,..... the fifth of November In days that have fled!.....
 night! Oh,..... the bon-fires so glowing, So huge, and so bright!.....
 praise! Oh,..... hur-rah for November, The fifth, and its ways!.....

f

"The Bat and the Mole."

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

VOICE. *mp*

"Let us see, let us

PIANO. *mp*

cres. *f*

see," says the Mole to the Bat; "With all my

cres. *f*

dim. *p*

soul," says the Bat to the Mole, "Let us see, let us see."

dim. *p*

The New Moon.

Words by E. FOLLEN.

Music by J. M. BENTLEY.

VOICE.

p

1. Dear mo - ther, how pret ty the moon looks to - night, 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, Lest
 4. And there we would stay in the beau - ti - ful skies, And

PIANO.

p PED. *

ne - ver so cun - 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
 we should rock o - ver their toes ;..... And there I would rock till the
 through the bright clouds we would roam ;..... We'd see the sun set, and we'd

PIANO.

PED. * PED.

sharp and so bright, — I hope she'll not grow a - ny more.....
 hold by both ends, Oh, what a bright cra - dle 'twould 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.....

PIANO.

* PED. *

An Orchard Song.

Words by G. BENNETT.

Music by J. M. BENTLEY.

VOICE.

1. O the ap - ples fresh and ro - sy, Sway-ing down - ward all the
 2. Pluck a - way, then, we're not stint - ed, Such a rare des - sert we'll
 3. Now we've done our gar - den du - ties, Sis - ter Lu - cy, let us

PIANO.

boughs ; Smell-ing sweet as a - ny po - sy, That in field or gar - den
 spread ; Ga - ther those the sun has tint - ed, Rus - set brown and streaked with
 go ; What a bas - ket full of beau - ties, Ev - ry one is quite a

J

grows. Tho' they're not so rich and jui - cy As the peach-es on the
red. You may peep, dear lit - tle lin - net, Twitt'ring on the top-most
show. Ap - ples round and sound we're sing - ing, Cher - ry checked, and ripe, and

wall ; For our par - ty, sis - ter Lu - cy, We can take - e - nough for
spray, We shall leave you in a min - ute, Then you'll peck and feast a -
sweet ; See what dain - ties we are bring - ing For our gar - den par - ty's

all, Lu - cy, Lu - cy, sis - ter Lu - cy, We can take e - nough for
- way, Lin - net, lin - net, lit - tle lin - net, You can peck and feast a -
treat : Ap - ples, ap - ples, fresh and ro - sy, Cher - ry-cheeked, and ripe, and

all.....
- way.....
sweet !.....

PED. * PED. *

“Up and Down.”

Words by W. G.

Allegretto moderato.

Music by J. W. ELLIOTT.

VOICE.

1. Up and down, Up and down, On dear fa - ther's knee,..... No
2. Up and down, Up and down, On dear fa - ther's knee,..... I'll

PIANO.

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.

Music by J. M. BENTLEY.

SOLO. *Lively.*

VOICE.

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!

PIANO.

Wel - come to my hum - ble shed; Doubt not, lit - tle
Plea - sure 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.
ate thy fill, Plume thy breast and wipe thy bill.
dai - ly store; E - ver wel - come to my door.

CHORUS.

Chirp, chirp, chirp, 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.

Ped.

Little Tom Taylor.

Words from "The LITTLE FOLKS Painting Book."

Music by CHARLES BASSETT.

Humorously. Met. $\text{♩} = 90$.

VOICE.

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

PIANO.

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

loud splash was heard, And Tom-my was seen there no more, seen there no more, And

Tom - my was seen there no more.

The First Letter.

Words from LITTLE FOLKS.

Andante con moto.

Music by J. W. ELLIOTT.

poco cres.

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. Sit - ting at the ta - ble there, Tra - cing ev - 'ry
2. To Mam - ma, as is most right, Her first let - ter

p *ten.* *poco cres.*

word with care, Lit - tle Tot - tie's writ - ing;
she will write, Ev - 'ry ef - fort mak - ing;

p *ten.* *p*

Press - ing close her in ro - sy lips, As her pen in ink she dips,
Thank - ing her in lo - ving way, For the care that ev - 'ry day

p *cres.* *mf* *p* *cres.* *mf*

Lov - ing words in - dit - ing.
She of her is tak - ing.

p *p*

The Owl's Advice.

Words from "The LITTLE FOLKS Painting Book."

Music by CHAS. BASSETT.

VOICE. *M. = 90.* *mf*

"I want to look wise," said Maud one day; "I want to look cle-ver and

PIANO. *mf*

wise!" "Oh! oh!" said the owl, as he sat on a spray, And

blinked as in so-lemn sur - - prise; "You had bet - ter by far re -

- main as you are, And learn to *be* cle - ver 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 bet-ter, you know, Just learn to *be* cle-ver and wise."

Our Cow.

Words by K. F. W.

Andante con moto.

Music by J. W. ELLIOTT.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Our cow is so pret - ty, And so use - ful, too, We call her "Good Jet - ty," She's

black as my shoe. Her skin to the touch Is soft - er than silk, I

cres.

can't tell you how much She gives us of milk. And the milk we can make In - to

cream, if we please, Or pud-ding, or cake, Or but-ter, or cheese,—You'd

ritard. *a tempo.*
like to see Su - san A - milk - ing our cow? Then put your thick shoes on, And
fz *ritard.* *ten. f a tempo.*
in 8ves

come with me now.
mf
PED. *

A Nutting Song.

Words from the "Little Folks' Painting Book."
With spirit.

Music by CHARLES BASSETT.

VOICE. *f* *<*

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—

PIANO. *f*

mf *f*

Out in the wood, the glad au-tumn wood—And the chil-dren have trooped forth in
Up in the tree, the green ha-zel tree—And bright lit-tle eyes smile the
Up on the bough, the hea-vy-branch'd bough—And short lit-tle arms can-not
Out in the wood, the glad au-tumn wood—And the chil-dren have trooped home in

mf *f*

rol-lick-ing mood, Some clad in tip-pet, and some clad in hood,
clus-ters to see, And fat lit-tle hands clasp the branch-es with glee,
get them, I trow! "By hook or by crook" they are reach-ing them now,
qui-et-er mood, Some of them fret-ful and some of them good,

f

Af-ter the nuts so brown in the wood, Af-ter the nuts so brown.....
Seek-ing the nuts so ripe on the tree, Seek-ing the nuts so brown.....
Reach-ing the nuts so high on the bough, Reach-ing the nuts so brown.....
All of them la-den with nuts from the wood, La-den with nuts so brown.....

“Good-bye, Good-bye.”

Words by MATTHIAS BARR.

Music by J. M. BENTLEY.

VOICE.

1. “Good-bye, good-bye, good - bye,” Say the lit - tle birds, one and all,..... Ere they
 2. “Good-bye, good-bye, good - bye,” Small home we have lov’d so long,.... We will

PIANO.

flut - ter a - way at break of day From their home on the tree - top tall.... "Good-
think of you and our pa-rents true Wher - ev - er we sing our song.... "Good-

- bye. good-bye," Ere o - ver the hills and far a - way, Ere o - ver the hills and
- bye. good-bye," And o - ver the hills and far a - way, And o - ver the hills and
8va.. *8va..*

rall.
far a-way We fly, we fly, we fly,..... we fly.....
rall. *a tempo.*

The Queer Little Pair.

Words and Music by CHARLES BASSETT.

M.M. $\text{♩} = 80$. *Humorously.*

VOICE.

1. A lit - tle old man had a lit - tle old horse, That
 2. The lit - tle old man would start ear - ly at morn, To
 3. One day the old man, com - ing home a bit late, In his
 4. For ne - ver had he been treat - ed like this, All the

PIANO.

staccato.

very lit - tle work could do; Both were blind in an eye, and had
 jog to the mar - ket town; When they came to a hill the old
 haste ra - ther freely used his stick, The old horse, tho' dis - mayed at such
 years that his master he had known; But they soon were to part, for it

ad lib. a tempo.

legs all a-wry, Such a queer lit-tle pair were the two. Oh! as to
 horse would stand still, And go up on-ly when the man got down. Oh! as to
 treat-ment, soon o-beyed, And for once quite for-got his us-ual trick. Oh! as from
 broke his old heart, And the old man was left to trudge a-lone. Oh! as to

colla voce, a tempo.

mar-ket } they would go— Gee - - up! gee - - hi! gee -
 mar-ket } he did go— Gee - - up! gee - - hi! gee -
 mar-ket }
 mar-ket }

sostenuto. sf

- wo!— How the peo-ple would stare, at the queer lit-tle pair, And
 - wo!— The peo-ple 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 K. 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 -

f con spirito.

- joy; They're right who say, with - out his play, Jack's al - ways a dull, dull

ten.

boy. Come, play - mates all, a game of ball, Come, come, come, come!

ff

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 pret - ty

PIANO. *p*

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

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 cheerless 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.

Words by G. BENNETT.

Music by J. M. BENTLEY.

VOICE.

The sky is blue as ba-by's eyes, It is the sweet spring-

PIANO.

time now, The haw-thorn bowers, and bloom, and flowers Are in their gold-en prime now; So

let's en-joy this sun-ny day Thro' lanes and woodlands stray-ing, Come Kate and Fred, Come

PED.....

Kate and Fred, and Luce and Ned, And let us go, And let us go, And let us go a may-ing.

ff accel.

2. The bonny birds are on the wing
From early morn till even;
And, soaring high, the lark would try
To catch some strain from heaven.
While round the meads so fresh and bright
The milk-white lambs are playing.
Come, Kate, &c.

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 balmy hay-time.
Then hie 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.

VOICE.

1. Lambs are in the fold,
2. Sleep, my lit - tle one,

PIANO.

Birds are in the nest,..... Night is com - ing on,..... Then
In thy cra - dle bed;..... Cur - tains, soft and warm,.... Thy

rest, my ba - by, rest. All the lit - tle lambs do keep
mo - ther's hand has spread. Now the light has gone a - way,

Close to mo - ther while they sleep; And the lit - tle
All good mo - thers kneel and pray; Each one asks, in

birds which sing Hide be - neath their mo - ther's wing: Like a lamb in
ac - cents mild, An - gel - guard - ians for her child; And the an - gels

fold, Like a bird in nest,— Now that night is com - ing
watch, Though the mo - thers sleep,— Rest thee, then, my lit - tle

rit. on,— Rest, my ba - by, rest.....
one, Sleep, my ba - by, sleep.....

2nd verse.

Work and Play.

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

Music by CHARLES BASSETT.
mf

VOICE.

1. When you're at school, re -
2. Then you will find, if you

PIANO.

f *mf* *mf*

mem-ber this rule,— Work, and ne-ver be play-ing! Let all your thought be
make up your mind, Stu-dy is plea-sure tru-ly: Ne-ver for-get, you'll

where it ought, Ne-ver from stu-dy stray-ing.
al-ways re-gret Time that is spent un-du-ly.

3. But when out of school, you may va-ry the rule, And play then, if you are will-ing; For
4. Most tru-ly we say, "All work and no play" Is a mot-to with-out a-ny rea-son, Yet

sa-ges ad-vise, it scarce-ly is wise E-ver young heads to be fill-ing.
both work and play are good in their way, Each in due time and sea-son.

Christmas Bells.

Words by W. G.

*Andante con moto.**p*

Music by J. W. ELLIOTT.

VOICE.

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,

Christ - mas is near? Say they not mer - ri - ly, Christ - mas is
Hap - py new year? Say they not cheer - i - ly, Hap - py new

1st time. 2nd time.

near? year?

Thoughts.

Words by MATTHIAS BARR.

Music by CHARLES BASSETT.

Met. ♩ = 72 mf

VOICE.

1. Let your thoughts, what - e'er they be, Be but thoughts of
 2. If an e - - - vil thought a - rise E - ver in your
 3. Grains of sand are ti - ny things, But they make the
 4. E - vil thoughts, that have their way, Make a life of

mf

PIANO.

kind - ness; Bit - ter thoughts in you or me.....
 bo - som, Crush it out, if you are wise,.....
 moun - tains; Fea - thers make the ea - gles' wings,.....
 sor - row, Bring us grief and care to - day,.....

cres.

dim.

Show our hu - man blind - ness.
 Nip it in the blos - som.
 Wa - ter - drops the foun - tains.
 Shame and want to - mor - row.

dim. p rall.

Little Kate Carey.

Moderately fast and with humour.

Words and Music by CHARLES BASSETT.

VOICE.

1. One day her aunt Ma-ry Gave lit-tle Kate Ca-rey A book full of pic-tures and rhymes, And
2. Old rhymes by the hun-dred,—Oh! of-ten she won-dered If all the strange things could be true,— But
3. A-mused and de-light-ed, And yet half af-fright-ed, She could not turn from it a-way; But

PIANO.

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

lit-tle Miss Muf-fet, She sat on a tuf-fet, 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..... *mf* *dim.*

A Song of a Kitten.

—votgw—

Words by W. G.

Music by J. W. ELLIOTT.

PIANO. *staccato.*

p

Our kit - ten sure must hap - py be, Most hap - py, as it seems to me; For

poco ritard.

when all o - ther plea - sures fail, She finds a - muse - ment in her tail.

colla voce.

And round and round our Kit - ty goes, Danc-ing so light - ly on her toes, Yc:

cres.

staccato.

cres.

all the while, poor sil - ly elf! She's on - ly follow - ing af - ter self.

ritard. ad lib.

p

p

a tempo.

In Kit's a - muse - ment we may see, A type of frail hu - man - i - ty; For

sostenuto.

rall

round and round we mor - tals turn, Yet self we ne - ver can dis - cern.

colla voce. *f*

f staccato.

The Dolls' Tea Party.

Words by M. L. ELLIOTT.
Allegretto moderato.

Music by J. W. ELLIOTT.

VOICE.

p *cres.* *p*

Come, Dol-lies, here, and sit by me, We'll make be-lieve to be at tea; I've

PIANO.

p *cres.* *p*

mf *p*

got some bis-cuits and a bun, So real-ly we can have such fun. You

p *mf*

cres.

must keep still, and qui - et sit, Not ask - ing for a sin - gle bit; At

p

ral - len - tan - do.

meals, mam - ma won't have a word, For chil - dren must be seen, not heard.

rall.

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, Nursey 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.

Music by PHILIP PHILLIPS

Allegro.

Two Little Old Dames.

Words by JOHN LINTON.

Music by ARTHUR CARNALL, Mus. B.

VOICE.

1. Two lit - tle old dames I
2. And sharp e - nough too are
3. And though they say they're

PIANO.

know, I won - der what their names are! Nat - ty, and bright, and
they, You'll say so when you've seen them; Al - though 'tis said they've
poor, One's sim - ply made of tin, dears; I'm sure you know them,

ve - ry po - lite, These two lit - tle fun - ny old dames are,
one lit - tle head, And one lit - tle eye be - tween them, Al -
is - n't it so?—Miss Nee - dle and lit - tle Miss Pin, dears, I'm

Nat - ty, and bright, and ve - ry po - lite, These two lit - tle fun - ny old dames are.
- though 'tis said they've one lit - tle head, And one lit - tle eye be - tween them.
sure you know them, is - n't it so?—Miss Nee - dle and lit - tle Miss Pin, dears.

A Brave little Singer.

Words by EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Music by J. M. BENTLEY.

VOICE.

1. The rain pat - ters fast, and the wind hur - ries by, Where the sun - shine is lost in the
2. The swal - lows have fled where the sum - mers are fair, Where the breath of the ro - ses is

PIANO.

cloud - co - vered sky; But the ro - bin, he sings as he sits on the tree, For a brave lit - tle
sweet in the air; But the ro - bin, he loves the old home by the lea, For a true heart - ed

sing - er, A brave lit - tle sing - er is he.....
sing - er, A true hearted sing - er is he.....

PED. * PED. *

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 Tom-my was walk-ing one fine sum-mer's day, Some
 2. They seem to say, "Tom-my, come, climb up the tree, And
 3. So Tom-my was tempt-ed to climb up the tree, To
 4. The bough it did break, and, oh! how he did bawl, For
 5. So Tom-my said he would steal ap-ples no more; His

PIANO.

cher - ry - ripe ap - ples he saw in his way, saw in his way,
ga - ther some cher - ry cheeks, one, two, or three, one, two, or three,
ga - ther the ap - ples so plea-sant to see, plea-sant to see,
down tum - bled Tom-my, the ap - ples and all, ap - ples and all,
clothes were in tat - ters, and he was so sore, he was so sore,

saw in his way, Some cher - ry - ripe ap - ples he saw in his way.
one, two, or three, And ga - ther some cher - ry cheeks, one, two, or three."
plea-sant to see, To ga - ther the ap - ples so plea-sant to see.
ap - ples and all, For down tum - bled Tom-my, the ap - ples and all.
he was so sore, His clothes were in tat - ters, and he was so sore.

The Bonny Wild Flowers.

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

M.M. ♩=80. Gracefully, 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 per - fumes, That live in the
 3. So sing hey! sing ho! For the flowers that blow In field and in

PIANO.

f

mf

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

mf

* Notes with tails downwards for verse 2.

Na - ture's bowers, That are loved by the sun - shine, and kissed by the
gar - den that's bright With each hue that the rain - bow can bring to your
Na - ture's bowers, That are loved by the sun - shine, and kissed by 'he

showers! The bon - ny wild flowers..... Of Na - ture's bowers, That are
sight! All these may be fair, And give proof of your care, But they
showers! The bon - ny wild flowers..... Of Na - ture's bowers. That are

loved..... by the sun - shine, and kissed by the showers!
can - not..... with Na - ture's wild chil - dren com - pare! } Sing hey! sing
loved..... by the sun - shine, and kissed by the showers! }

ho! For the flowers that blow, Sing hey! for the bon - ny wild flowers!.....

The Sliders.

Words by GEORGE BENNETT.

Music by J. M. BENTLEY.

VOICE. *O how pleasant it is when the snow's on the ground, And the i - ci - cles hang on the*

PIANO.

accel. *ff*
eaves all a-round, O'er the white win-ter car-pet our way to pur - sue..... Tho' our

accel. *ff a tempo.*

no - ses are nipped by Jack Frost till they're blue.....

FED. *

2.

3.

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

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 hie away home to our supper and bed.

Dicky Wren.

Words by GEORGE BENNETT.

Music by J. M. BENTLEY.

VOICE.

PIANO.

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.

VOICE. *pp*

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

PIANO. *pp Sempre staccato.*

loft, I do I've one lit - tle song ve - ry

poco cres. *pp*

PED.:

sweet, To pus-sies a mu-si-cal treat, Called "Mew."

cres. *p*

PED. * PED. *

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 *were* 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,—d'ye see?
Good-bye!

The Butterfly's Song.

Words by M. L. ELLIOTT.

Allegretto.

Music by J. W. ELLIOTT.

VOICE.

1. I'm a rest - less lit - tle thing, Al - ways, al - ways on the wing, Through the
 2. I am drest in col - ours bright, Crim - son, yel - low, blue, and white, Dazz - ling
 3. Ah! this life of sum - mer glee, Like all earth - ly va - ni - ty, Swift - ly

PIANO.

slower. *ritard.* *faster.*

sum - mer sky. To ev - ry flower I give a kiss, First to that one, then to this; Then a -
 to be - hold; I dance so gai - ly in the glade, Catching sunbeams ere they fade In - to
 does it fly: Then heed the warning that I give, Don't waste precious hours, and live A

way, then a - way I fly.....
 sha - dows, to sha - dows cold.....
 use - less, a use - less But - ter - fly.....

mf *cres.* *p* *p*

Christmas Comes but Once a Year.

Words by W. G.

Allegretto.

Music by J. W. ELLIOTT.

VOICE. *mf* *fz*

Christ - mas comes but once a year, Ma - ny a bless - ing

PIANO.

bring - ing; An - gel tones we seem to hear, Soft - ly to shep - herds

p

sing - ing.

cres.

The Little Star.

Words from "LITTLE FOLKS."

Music by J. W. ELLIOTT.

Andante sostenuto.

VOICE.

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 ve-ry own, To be with me at night; It would be nice when
 3. And then, mamma, I might be told A-bout that home so fair, And if on harps of

PIANO.

p *cres.*

ve-ry far, I can-not reach so high. 4. My child, while in this home be-low, Be pa-tient, good, and
 left a-lone To have that pret-ty light.
 shin-ing gold The an-gels play up there.

pp *pp*
 - cen - do.

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

cres. *mf*

f *rall-en-tan-do.* *Adagio.*
 light pours down, You (when this life is past), With-in your Heav'nly Father's crown, Will shine a star at last.

f *colla voce.* *fz*

A Christmas Carol.

Words by JULIA GODDARD.

Moderato.

Music by J. W. ELLIOTT.

VOICE.

1. Long time a - go the an - gels sang A song of joy, of
2. Long time a - go the east - ern skies Glowed with a won - drous
3. "Peace on the earth!" the an - gels sang, To shep - herds keep - ing

PIANO.

peace, and love, A song of glo - ry to the world From Heaven a - - bove;
shin - ing star, That guid - ed to the Ho - ly Babe, Kings from a - - far.
watch by night, The Christ - mas song goes on, and makes, Earth's path - way bright.

And still its mu - sic lin - gers on, And, ju - bi - lant at
Its glo - rious light still lin - gers on A - mongst the stars in
'Glo - ry to God!' the an - gels sang; Oh, earth, a - wake, the

Christ - mas time, We hear the e - cho of its notes In Christ - mas chime.
Christ - mas skies; We read there, as in glit - t'ring scroll, Of Ma - gi wise,
song to sing: "Glo - ry to God, and to His Son, The new - born King!"

Trusting Ever.

Words by JANE DIXON.

Music by J. GORDON SAUNDERS, *Mus.D.*

VOICE. §

The prophet was wea-ry of wan-der-ing

PIANO. §

far, But faith shone with-in him as clear as a star; A-round him spread

si-lence her sha-dow-y shroud, Yet thro' it there glimmer'd one rose-colour'd cloud, Yet

thro' it there glimmer'd one rose-colour'd cloud.....

For finish.

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.

VOICE. *8*

Good-night, my dear, good night, In plea-sant slum-ber

PIANO.

close Thine eyes with love so bright; 'Tis true they should re - pose, They

riten. *tempo.*

op'n - ed ere 'twas light.... Good - night, good - night, Good -

- night, my love, good - night; Good-night, my love, good - night, *8*

8 For finish.

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.