

DEDICATED TO
MRS. DYMOND.

TWELVE SONGS

FROM

THE MONTHS,

A Pageant,

Poetry by Christina Rossetti,

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Music by

C. A. RANKEN.

Ent. Sta. Hall.

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THE SONG OF JANUARY.

WORDS BY
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

MUSIC BY
CATHARINE A. RANKEN.

ANDANTE LENTO.

VOICE. *p* Cold the day and cold the drift-ed snow,

PIANO. *p*

pp Dim the day un-til the cold dark night, Here Ro-bin redbreast's

ritard. *mf Allegretto.*

welcome to a crumb, And nev - - er trou-blesome:

ritard. Ro-bin, why don't you come and fetch your crumb?

colla voce.

Scherzando.

Here's but-ter for my hunch of bread, And su-gar for your

p *leggiero.*

crumb; Here's room up-on the hearth-rug, If you'll on-ly

f

come. In your scar-let waist-coat, With your keen bright

p *più f*

eye, Why are you loit'-ring? Wings were made to

p

ritard. *a tempo.* 3

fly! . . . Make haste to break - fast, Come and fetch your

ritard. *a tempo.*

crumb, For I'm as glad to see you, As you are glad to

a piacere.

come. For I'm as glad to see you, As you are glad to

colla voce.

come.

a tempo. *tr. m. m.* *ritard.*

RANKEN (C.A.) N° 1. The song of January.

D N° 2178.

THE SONG OF FEBRUARY.

Andantino.

VOICE. *p*
O you, you lit_tle

PIANO. *p*

won_der, come-come in, You won-der-ful, you wool-ly soft white

mf
lamb: You panting mother ewe, come too, And lead that tott'ring

mf



f

twin Safe in: Bring all your bleating kith and kin, Except the horn-y ram.

p

The lamb - kin . .

tott'ring in its walk With just a fleece, with just a fleece to

wear; The snow - drop drooping on . . . its stalk So

RANKEN (C.A.) N^o 2. The song of February.

D N^o 2179.

slen-der,— Snow-drop and lamb, a pret-ty pair, Bra-ving the

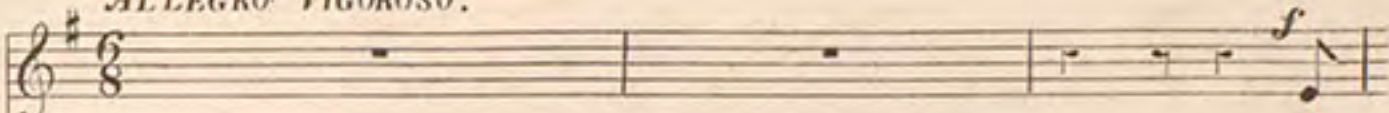
cold... for our... de-light, Braving the cold... for

our... de-light, Both white, Both...

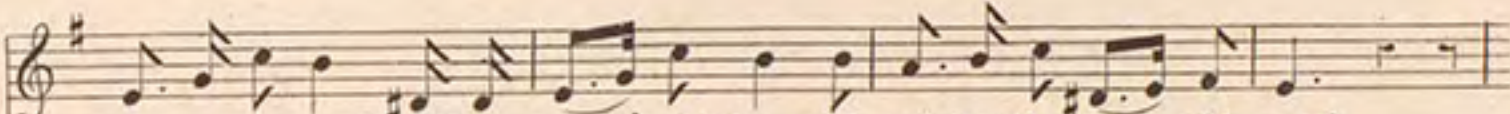
ten-der. Both white, Both ten-der.

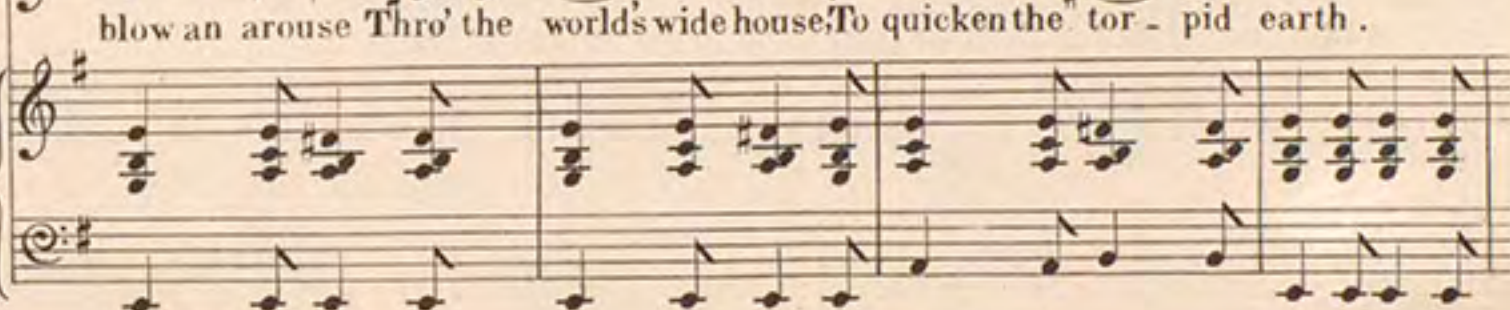
THE SONG OF MARCH.

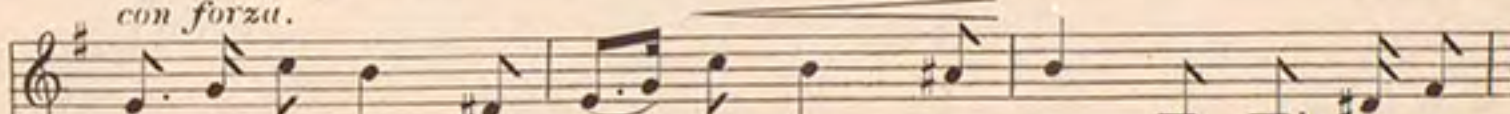
ALLEGRO VIGOROSO.

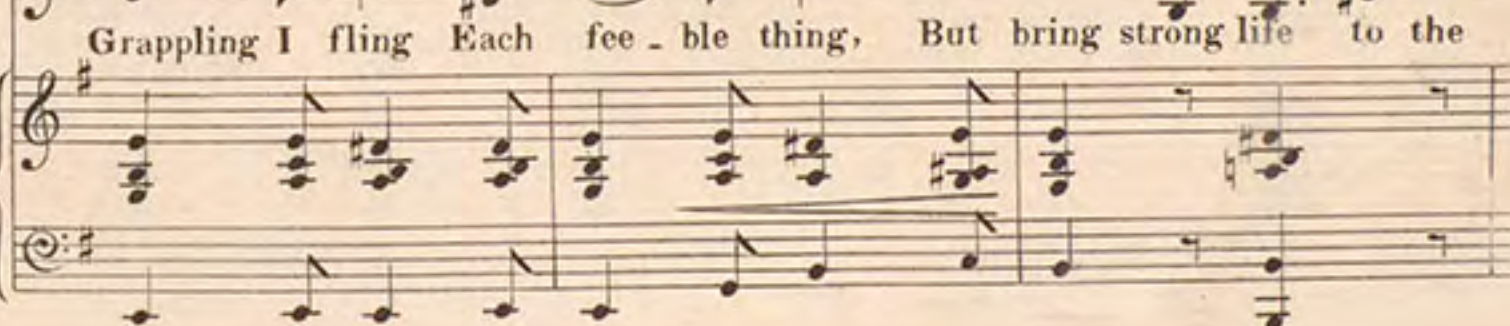
VOICE. 

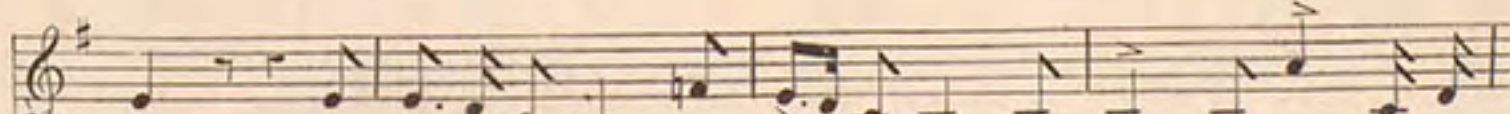
PIANO. 

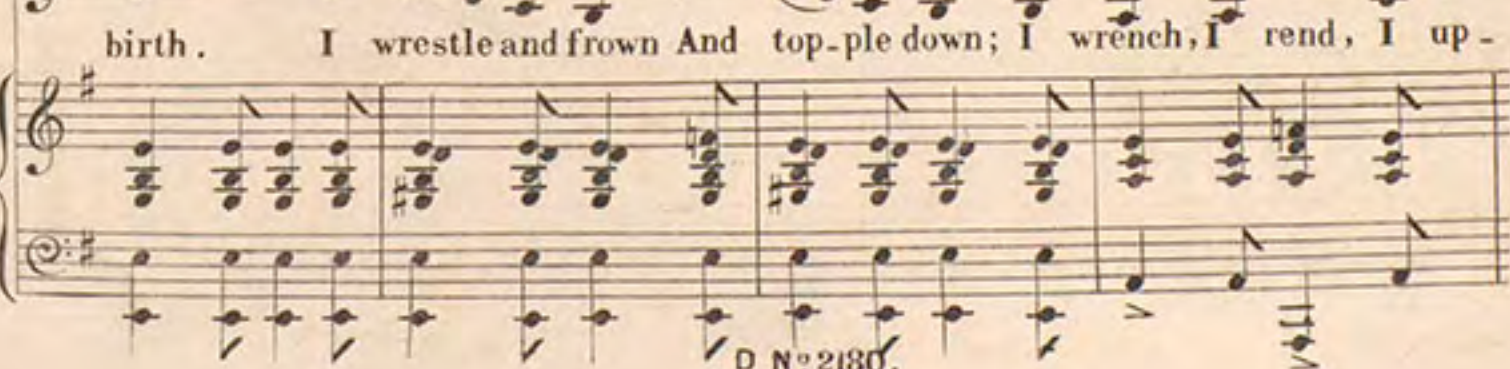

 blow an arouse Thro' the world's wide house, To quicken the tor - pid earth.



con forza.

 Grappling I fling Each fee - ble thing, But bring strong life to the




 birth. I wrestle and frown And top - ple down; I wrench, I rend, I up -



- root; Yet the vi-o-let Is born where I set The sole of my fly-ing
foot. And in . . my wake Frail
wind-flow'rs quake, And the cat-kins pro-mise fruit. I drive
o-cean a-shore With rush and roar, And he can not say me

may: *p* My harp-strings all Are the fo-rests tall Making mu-sic when I

play. And as others perforce, So I on my course Run and needs must

run, . . With sap on the mount And buds past count And rivers and clouds and

sun, *ritard* With seasons and breath And time and death, And all that has yet be-
colla voce.

f a tempo.

gun . . . I blow an a - rouse Thro' the world's wide house, To

colla voce. *f a tempo.*

con forza. *ff*

quicken the tor - pid earth. Grappling I fling Each fee - ble thing, But

f *ff*

bring strong life to the birth, But bring . . . strong life, . . . strong

a piacere.

life to the birth.

colla voce. *ff a tempo.*

THE SONG OF APRIL.

MODERATO. (Scherzando e leggiero.)

VOICE.

PIANO.

p Pretty little three Sparrows in a tree,
ritard *a tempo.*
cres *cen* *do.*
 Light up - on the wing; Tho' you cannot sing You can chirp of Spring:
ritard *mf*
 Chirp of Spring to me, . . Sparrows from your tree. Nev - er mind the
ritard *mf*
 showers, Chirp a - bout the flow - ers While you build a nest:

Straws from east and west, Fea-thers from your breast, Make the snug-gest

ritard. rit. p a tempo.

bow'rs In a world of flowers. You must dart away From the chosen spray,

ritard. p a tempo.

cres - cen - do

You in-tru-sive third Extra little bird; Join th'unwedded herd!

ritard

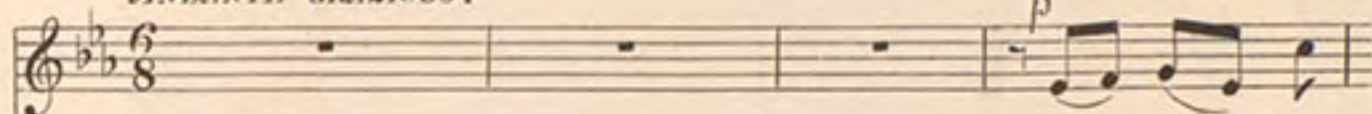
These have done with play, . . . And must work to day. . .

rit

THE SONG OF MAY.

ANDANTE GRAZIOSO.

VOICE.

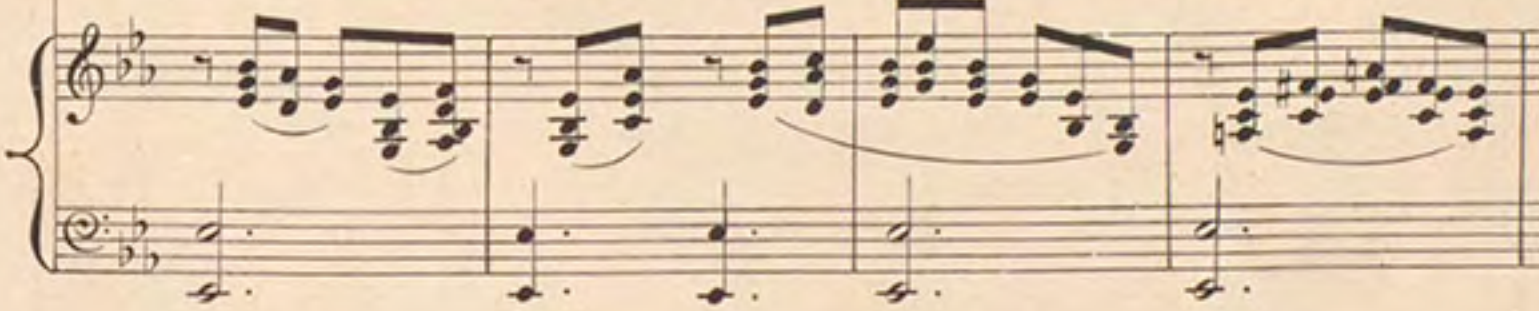


The world and

PIANO.



I are far too full of bliss To think or plan or



toil or care;

The sun is waxing.



D Nº 2182.

14

strong, . . The days are wax-ing long, And

all that is, Is fair. And all that is, Is

fair.

Here are my buds . . . of lil - y and of rose, . . . And

The musical score is for a song titled "The Days are Waxing Long". It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The tempo and dynamics are marked as *mf a tempo*. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and ornaments. The lyrics are: "strong, . . The days are wax-ing long, And all that is, Is fair. And all that is, Is fair. Here are my buds . . . of lil - y and of rose, . . . And". The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment consists of a right hand and a left hand. The right hand often plays chords and moving lines, while the left hand provides a steady bass line. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and ornaments. The lyrics are: "strong, . . The days are wax-ing long, And all that is, Is fair. And all that is, Is fair. Here are my buds . . . of lil - y and of rose, . . . And".

here's my namesake blos - - som may; And from a

wa - t'ry spot See here's for - get - me - not, With all that blows To

f *ritar - -*

ritar - -

day Hark to my

p

a tempo.

p

dan - - do.

lin - nets from the hed - ges green, Blackbird and lark and

thrush . . and dove, *f* And ev'-ry night-in-

- gale And cuck-oo tells its tale,

p And all they mean *rit.* Is love. *a piacere.* And all they

colla voce.

mean Is . . . love.

THE SONG OF JUNE.

TRANQUILLO.

PIANO:

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of eighth notes, starting on a middle C and ascending stepwise. The left hand plays a single note, a half note below the middle C, which serves as the bass note for the right hand's melody.

The first vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note on a middle C. The lyrics are "The sun does all my long day's work for". The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a single note in the left hand.

The second vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note on a middle C. The lyrics are "me, Rais-es and ri-pens ev'-ry thing; I". The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a single note in the left hand.

The third vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note on a middle C. The lyrics are "need but sit be-neath a leaf-y tree And". The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a single note in the left hand.

D. N. 2183.

watch and . . . sing. Or if I'm lull'd by

rit. *f* *p* *a tempo.*

rit. *p* *a tempo.*

note of bird or bee, Or lull'd by noontide's

rit. *a tempo.*

si - lence deep, I need but nes - tle down beneath my tree And

rit. *a tempo.*

rit. *pp*

drop a - - - sleep

rit. *pp*

THE SONG OF JULY.

ALLEGRETTO.

VOICE. *mf*

Blue flags, yellow flags, flags all freckled, Which will you

PIANO. *mf*

take? yel-low, blue, speckled! Take which you will, speckled, blue,

Agitato.

yel-low, Each in its way has not a fellow. The roar of a storm sweeps

f trem.

up From the east to the lu - rid west, The dark'ning sky, like a

cup, Is fill'd with rain to the brink; The sky is pur-ple and

fire, Blackness and noise and un-rest; The earth, parch'd with de-

-sire, O-pensher mouth to drink. Send forth thy thunder and

fire, Turn o-ver thy brim-ming cup, O

sky, ap-pease the de-sire Of earth in her parch'd un-

- rest; Pour out drink to her thirst, Her

fam-ishing life lift up; Make thyself fair as at

first, With a rainbow for thy crest. Have

RANKEN (C.A.) N° 7. The song of July.

D N° 2184.

Più lento.

done with thun-der and fire, O sky with the rain-bow crest; O

p *Più lento.*

earth, have done with de-sire, Drink, drink, and drink

mf

mf

deep, and rest. Drink, drink, and drink deep, and

ritard.

colla voce.

rest

dim e ritard al fine. *pp*

Red.

THE SONG OF AUGUST.

ANDANTINO.

VOICE. *p*

Wheat sways heav-y, oats are air-y,

PIANO. *p*

Bar-ley bows a grace-ful head, Short and small.

shoots up ca-na-ry, Each . . . of these is some-one's bread;

rit.

f a tempo. *rit.*

Bread for man or bread for beast, Or at ver-y least A bird's savour-y.

f a tempo. *rit.* *colla voce.*

feast.

a tempo. *rit.*

p a tempo.

Men are breth'-ren of each o - ther, One in flesh and

one in food; And a sort of fos - ter bro - ther Is the

lit - - ter, or the brood, Of that folk in fur . . .

of . . . fea - ther, Who with men to - ge - ther, Breast the wind and . .

wea - ther . Breast . . the wind . . the wind and wea - ther .

ad lib.

colla voce.

a tempo.

THE SONG OF SEPTEMBER.

ANDANTE CON TENEREZZA.

VOICE. *p* My song is half a

PIANO. *p*

sigh. . . . Because my green leaves die; *mf* Sweet are my fruits, but

mf

rit. *p a tempo.* all . . . my leaves are. . dy-ing; And well may Autumn sigh, And

rit. *p a tempo.*

ritard. well may I And well may I Who watch the sere leaves

ritard.

fly-ing. *p* My leaves that fade and fall, . . . I

mf note you one and all; I call you, and the Au - tumn wind is *ritard.*

p a tempo. call-ing, La - menting for your fall, And for the pall And

ritard. for the pall . . . You spread on earth in falling.

THE SONG OF OCTOBER.

ALLEGRETTO GIOJOSO.

PIANO: *f*

mf

Crack your first nut and light your first

mf

rit.

fire, Roast your first chest-nut crisp on the bar; Make the logs

spar - kle, stir the blaze high - er, Logs are as cheery as sun or as

f

star, Logs we can find wher-ev - er we are. Logs we can

a piacere.

find wher-ev - er we are.

colla voce. *f a tempo.*

p

Spring one soft

rit. *p*

day will o-pen the leaves, Spring one bright day will lure back the

flow'rs; Nev - er fan - cy my whistling wind grieves, Nev - - er

fan - cy I've tears in my show'rs; Dance, nights and

days! and dance on, my hours! Dance, nights and

a piacere,
days! and dance on, my hours!

colla voce. *f a tempo.* *ritard.*

THE SONG OF NOVEMBER.

ANDANTE MOLTO TRANQUILLO.

PIANO. *p*

The earth lies fast a - sleep, grown tired Of

all that's high or deep; There's nought de - sired and

nought required Save a . . . sleep .

ritard:

p

I rock the cradle of the

earth, I lull her... with a sigh; And

p molto rit.

know that she will wake to mirth By and

p molto rit.

bye.

THE SONG OF DECEMBER.

TEMPO DI GAVOTTE.

PIANO. *p*

p

I - vy and priv - et dark as night, I weave with hips and

mf

haws a cheer - ful show, And hol - ly for a

mf

p

beau - ty and de - light, And milk - y mis - tle - toe. While

D N^o 2189.

high a - bove them all I set Yew - - twigs And

p

Christmas ro - ses pure and pale; Then Spring her

mf

mf

snowdrop and her vi - - o - let May keep, so sweet and

ritard.

ritard.

frail; May keep each mer - ry sing - ing bird, Of all her hap-py

p a tempo.

p a tempo.

birds that sing - ing build: For I've a car - ol

which some shepherds heard Once in a win - try field. Once,

Once in a win - try field.

FINALE.

