60

To my Wife and Children

Seventeen Lyrics

from

Sing-Song

By Christina Rossetti

Set to Music by

Sidney Homer

Op. 19

J. WILLIAM SOWERWINE
340 RIVERSIDE DRIVE
NEW YORK 25, N. Y.

High *Low*

Price, $1.25 net

New York : G. Schirmer

Boston : Boston Music Co.

MUS

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SEVENTEEN LYRICS FROM "*SING-SONG*"

(CHRISTINA ROSSETTI)

PART I

[1]

Eight o'clock;
The postman's knock!
Five letters for Papa;
  One for Lou,
  And none for you,
And three for dear Mamma.

[2]

  Baby cry—
  Oh fie!—
At the physic in the cup:
  Gulp it twice
  And gulp it thrice,
Baby gulp it up.

[3]

Dead in the cold, a song-singing thrush,
Dead at the foot of a snowberry bush,—
Weave him a coffin of rush,
Dig him a grave where the soft mosses grow,
Raise him a tombstone of snow.

[4]

Love me,—I love you,
  Love me, my baby;
Sing it high, sing it low,
  Sing it as may be.
Mother's arms under you,
  Her eyes above you;
Sing it high, sing it low,
  Love me,—I love you.

[5]

'Kookoorookoo! kookoorookoo!'
  Crows the cock before the morn;
'Kikirikee! kikirikee!'
  Roses in the east are born.

'Kookoorookoo! kookoorookoo!'
  Early birds begin their singing;
'Kikirikee! kikirikee!'
  The day, the day, the day is springing.

[6]

Boats sail on the rivers,
  And ships sail on the seas;
But clouds that sail across the sky
  Are prettier far than these.

There are bridges on the rivers,
  As pretty as you please;
But the bow that bridges heaven,
  And overtops the trees,
And builds a road from earth to sky,
  Is prettier far than these.

[7]

In the meadow—what in the meadow?
Bluebells, buttercups, meadowsweet,
And fairy rings for the children's feet
  In the meadow.

In the garden—what in the garden?
Jacob's-ladder and Solomon's-seal,
And Love-lies-bleeding beside All-heal
  In the garden.

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[8]

The dog lies in his kennel,
  And Puss purrs on the rug,
And baby perches on my knee
  For me to love and hug.
Pat the dog and stroke the cat
  Each in its degree;
And cuddle and kiss my baby,
  And baby kiss me.

[9]

Lie abed,
Sleepy head,
Shut up eyes, bo-peep;
  Till day-break
  Never wake:—
Baby, sleep.

WILLIAM SOWERWINE
90 RIVERSIDE DRIVE
W YORK 25, N. Y.

[10]

Mix a pancake,
Stir a pancake,
  Pop it in the pan;
Fry the pancake,
Toss the pancake,—
  Catch it if you can.

PART II

[1]

Who has seen the wind?
  Neither I nor you:
But when the leaves hang trembling,
  The wind is passing thro'.

Who has seen the wind?
  Neither you nor I:
But when the trees bow down their heads,
  The wind is passing by.

[2]

Dancing on the hilltops,
  Singing in the valleys,
Laughing with the echoes,
  Merry little Alice.

Playing games with lambkins
  In the flowering valleys,
Gathering pretty posies,
  Helpful little Alice.

If her father's cottage
  Turned into a palace,
And he owned the hilltops
  And the flowering valleys,
She'd be none the happier,
  Happy little Alice.

[3]

A pocket handkerchief to hem—
  Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear!
How many stitches it will take
  Before it's done, I fear.

Yet set a stitch and then a stitch,
  And stitch and stitch away,
Till stitch by stitch the hem is done—
  And after work is play!

[4]

A motherless soft lambkin
    Alone upon a hill;
No mother's fleece to shelter him
  And wrap him from the cold:—
I'll run to him and comfort him,
    I'll fetch him, that I will;
I'll care for him and feed him
  Until he's strong and bold.

[5]

    Lullaby, oh lullaby!
Flowers are closed and lambs are sleeping;
    Lullaby, oh lullaby!
Stars are up, the moon is peeping;
    Lullaby, oh lullaby!

While the birds are silence keeping,
(Lullaby, oh lullaby!)
Sleep, my baby, fall a-sleeping,
Lullaby, oh lullaby!

[6]

Hurt no living thing:
Ladybird, nor butterfly,
Nor moth with dusty wing,
Nor cricket chirping cheerily,
Nor grasshopper so light of leap,
Nor dancing gnat, nor beetle fat,
Nor harmless worms that creep.

[7]

Minnie and Mattie
And fat little May,
Out in the country,
Spending a day.

Such a bright day,
With the sun glowing,
And the trees half in leaf,
And the grass growing.

Pinky white pigling
Squeals through his snout,
Woolly white lambkin
Frisks all about.

Cluck! cluck! the nursing hen
Summons her folk,—
Ducklings all downy soft,
Yellow as yolk.

Cluck! cluck! the mother hen
Summons her chickens
To peck the dainty bits
Found in her pickings.

Minnie and Mattie
And May carry posies,
Half of sweet violets,
Half of primroses.

Give the sun time enough,
Glowing and glowing,
He'll rouse the roses
And bring them blowing.

Don't wait for roses,
Losing to-day,
O Minnie, Mattie,
And wise little May.

Violets and primroses
Blossom to-day
For Minnie and Mattie
And fat little May.

J. WILLIAM SOWERWINE
340 RIVERSIDE DRIVE
NEW YORK 25, N. Y.

PART I

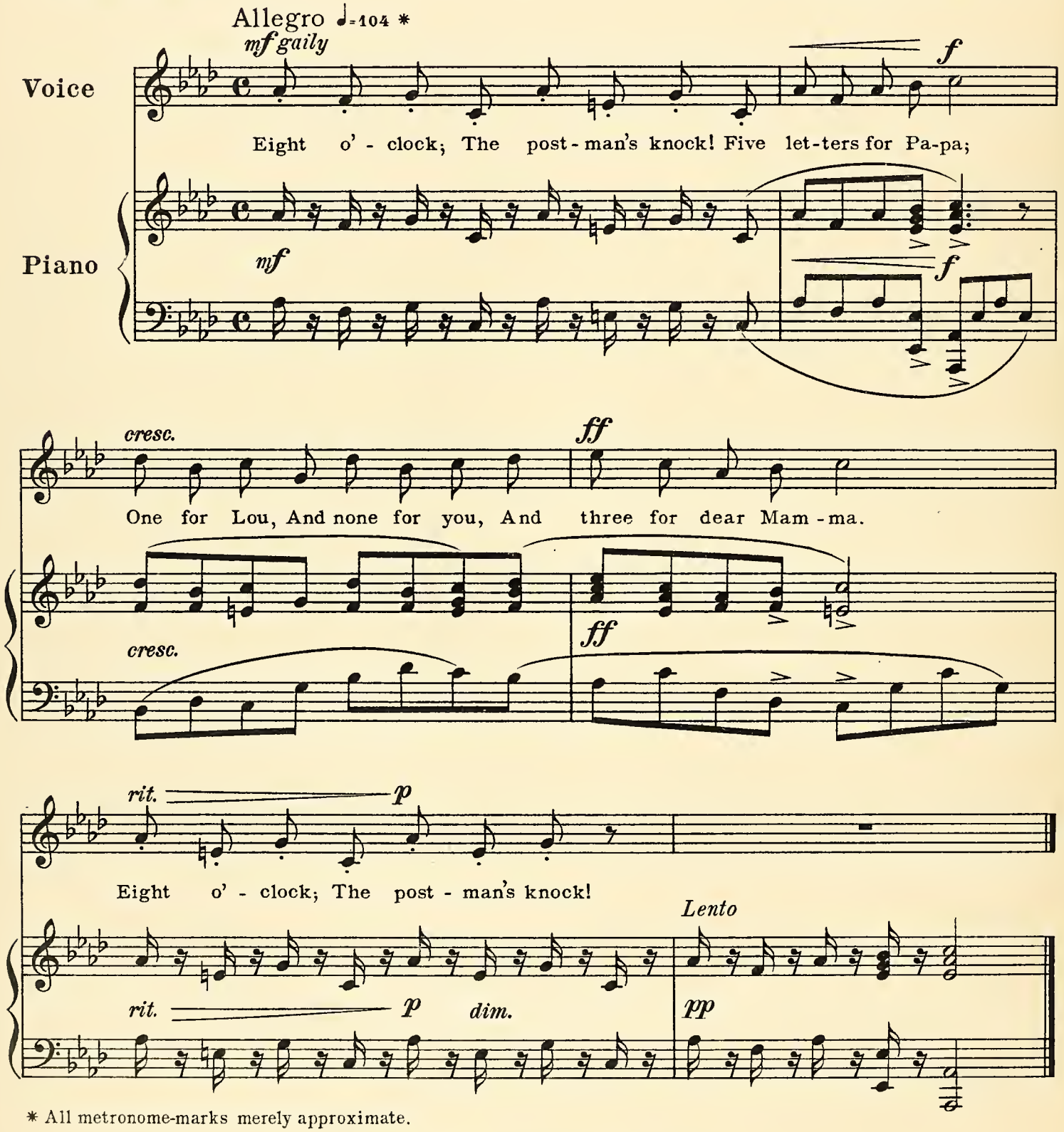
Seventeen Lyrics from "Sing-Song"

PART I

1. "Eight o'clock; the postman's knock!"

Poems by
Christina Rossetti

Sidney Homer, Op. 19



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2. "Baby cry – Oh fie!"

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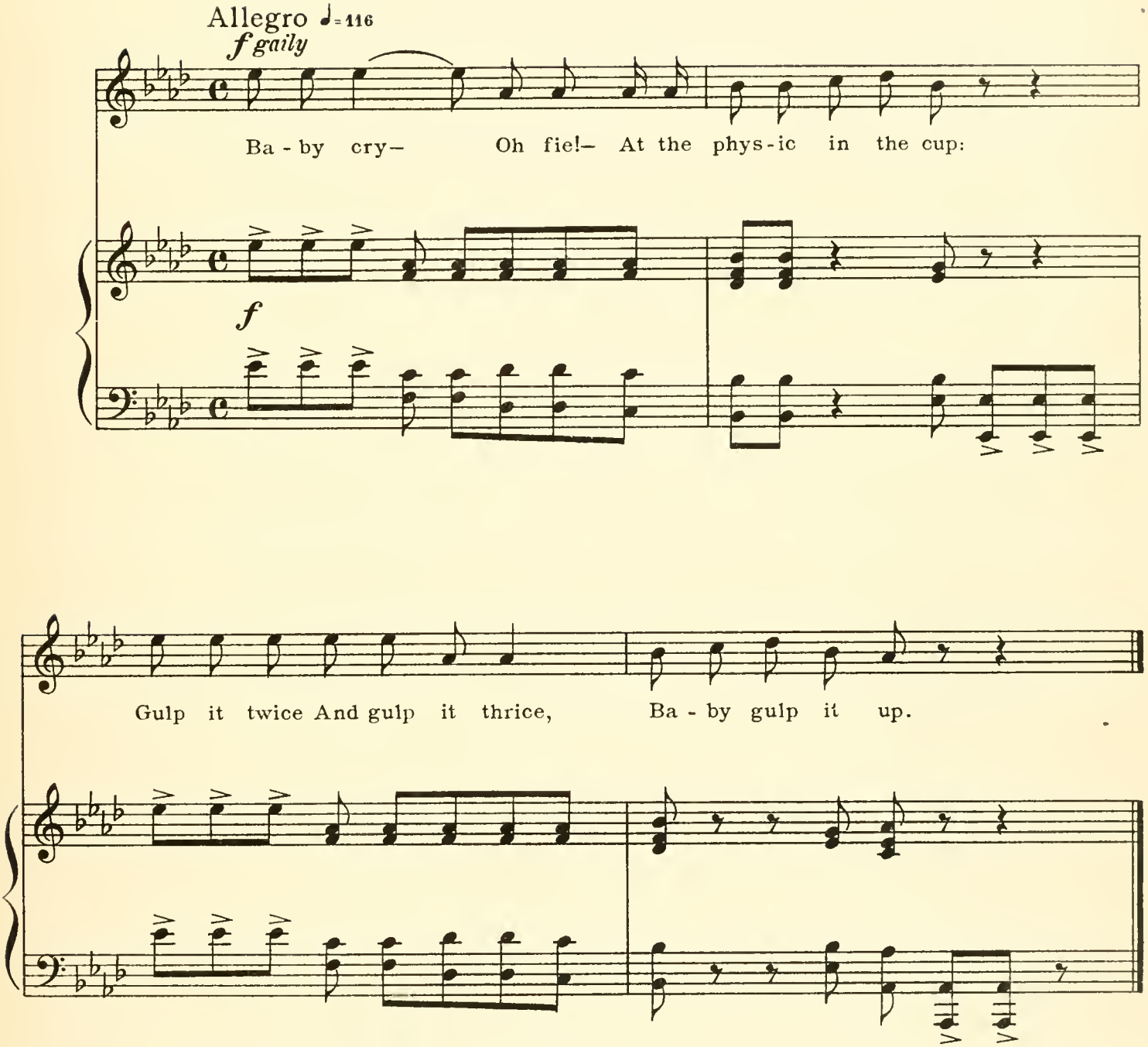

PART I

3. "Dead in the cold, a song-singing thrush"

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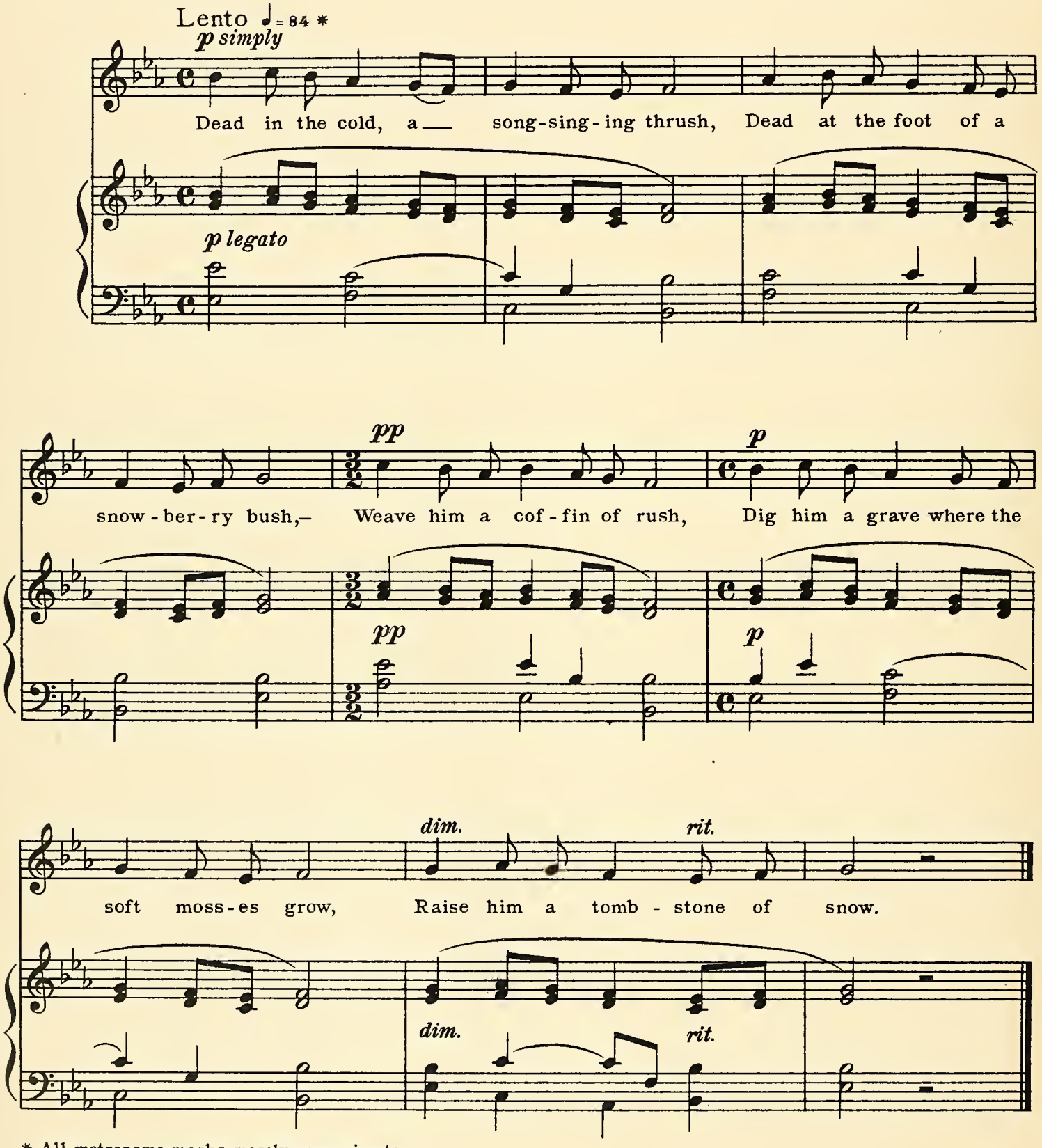

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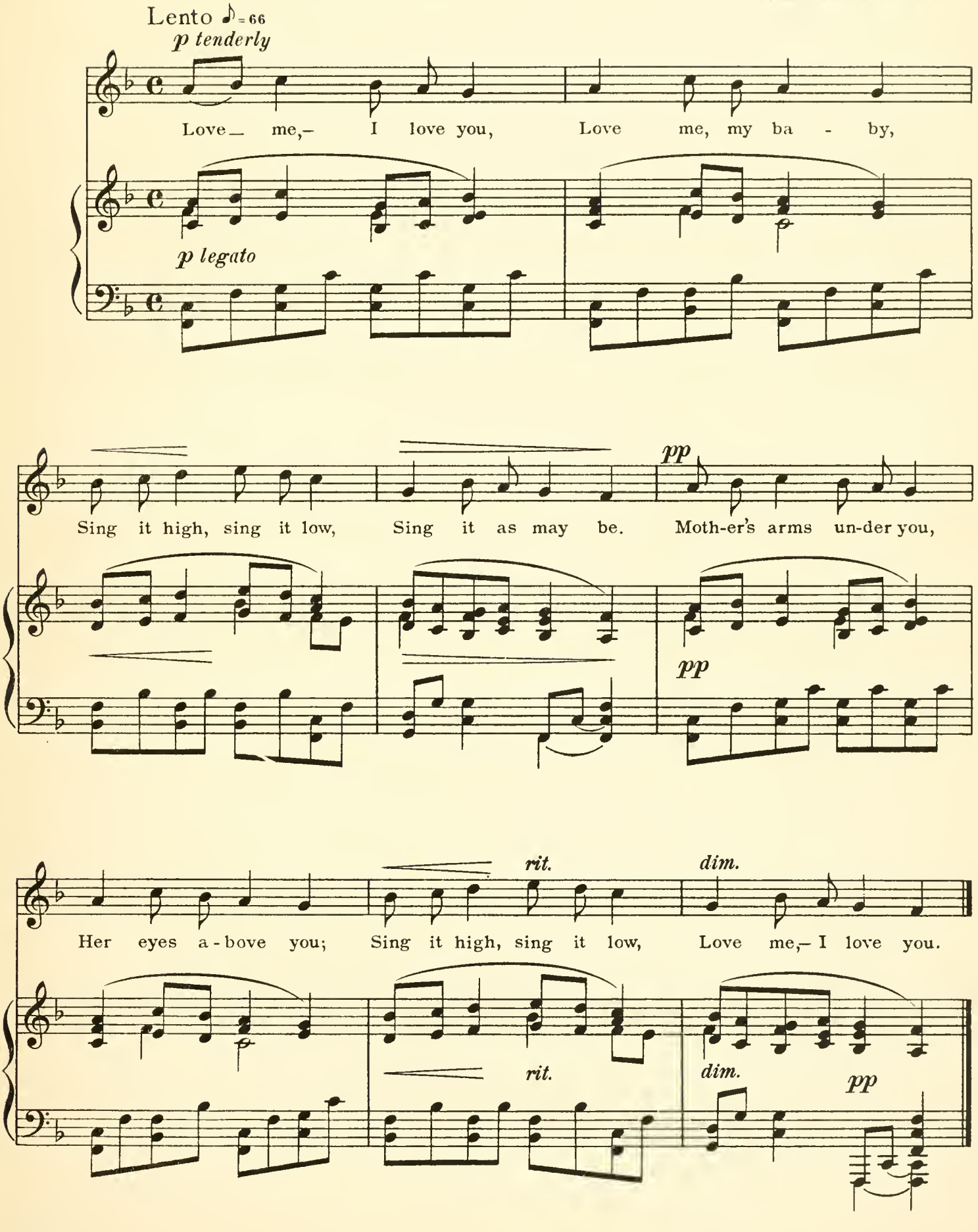
4. "Love me,–I love you"



PART I

5. "Kookoorookoo! Kookoorookoo!"

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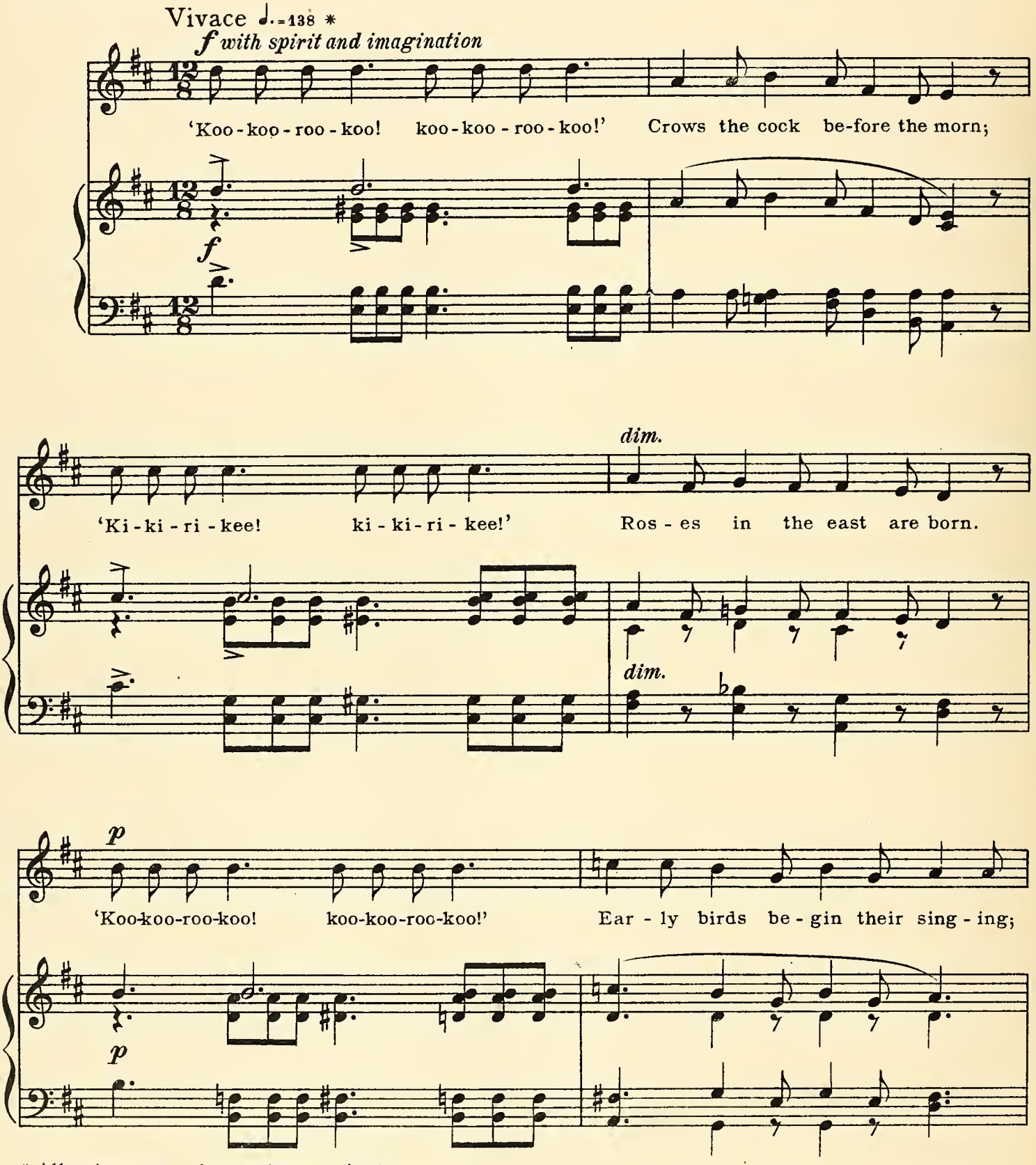
Sidney Homer, Op. 19



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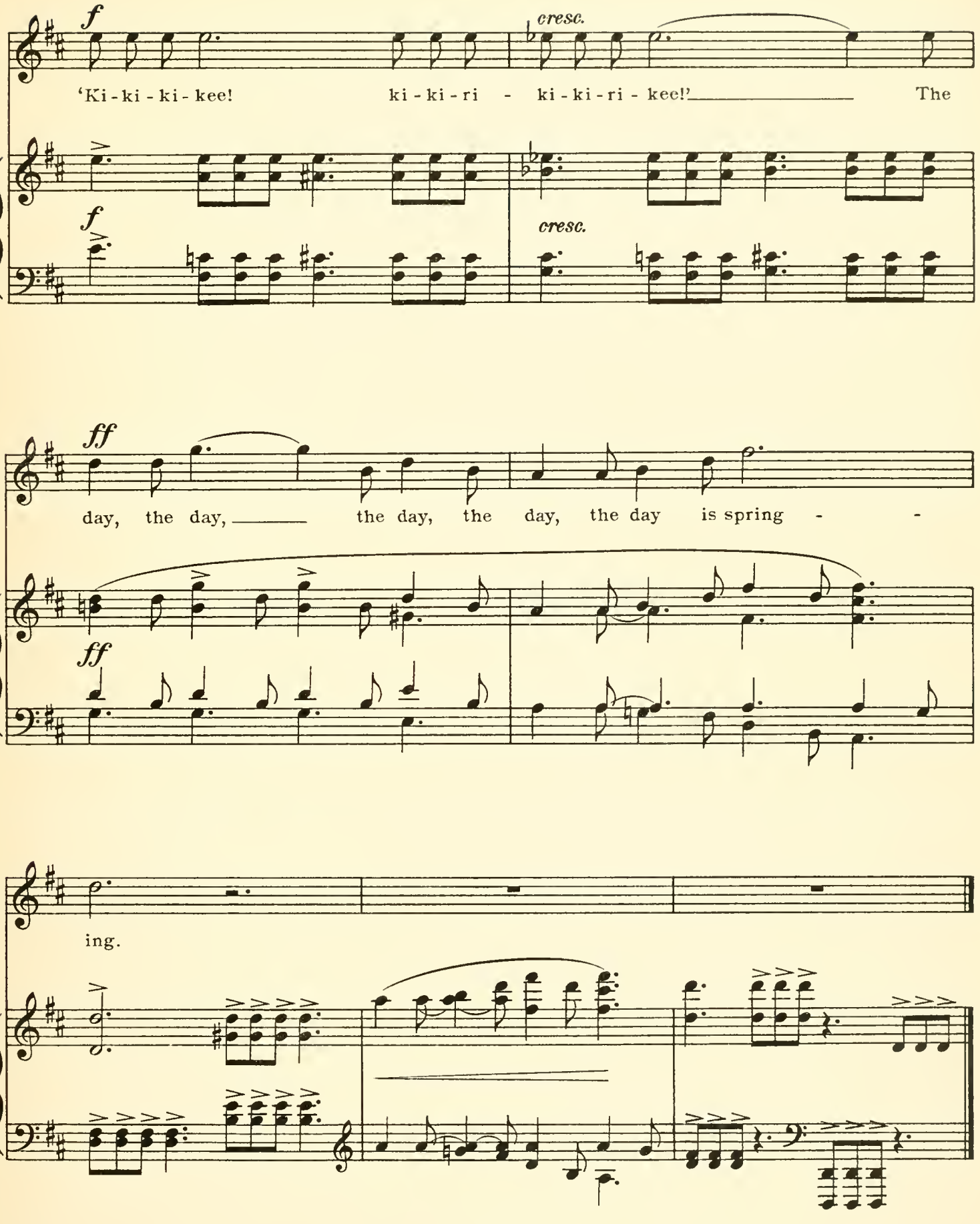
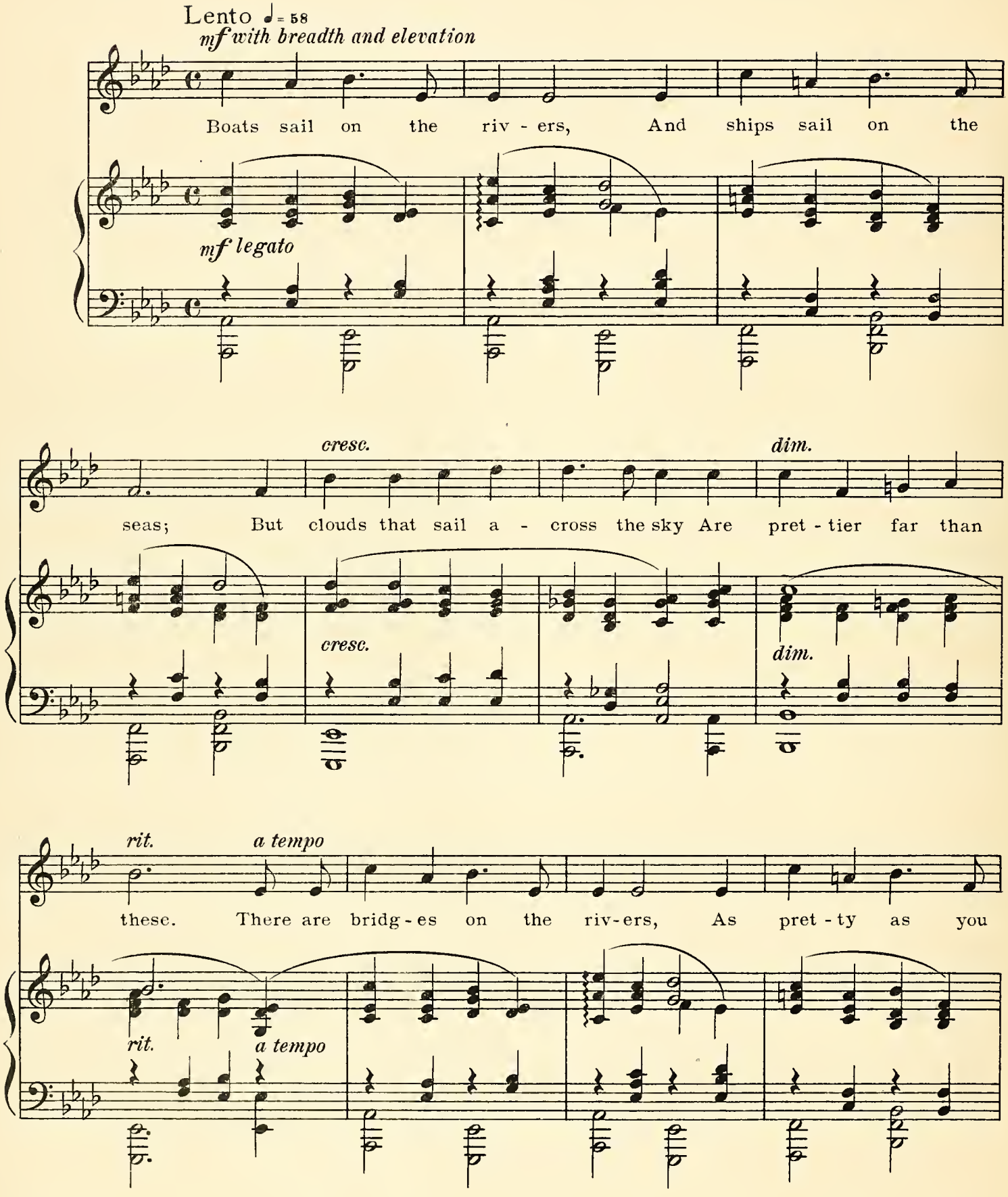
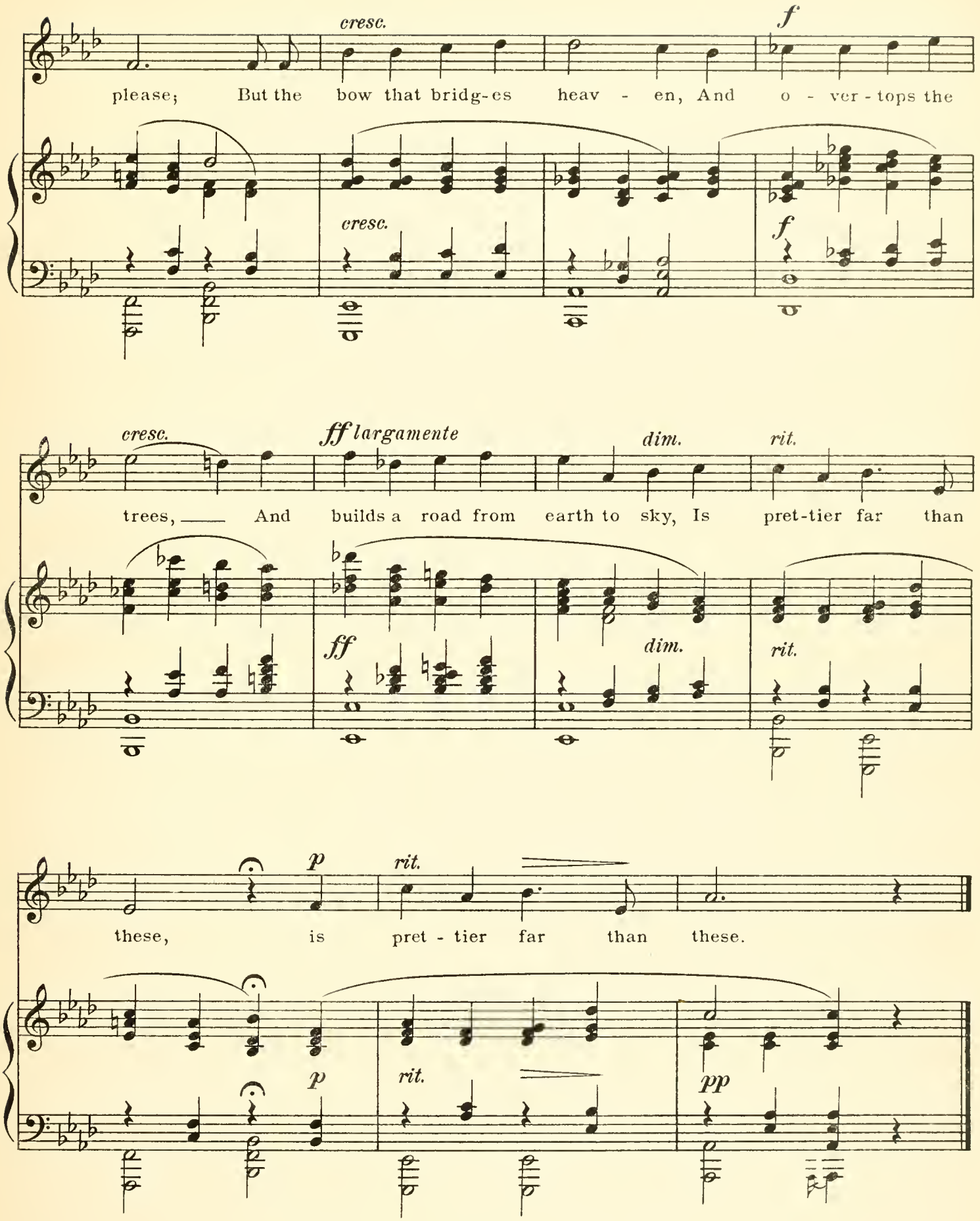

f
cresc.
'Ki - ki - ki - kee! ki - ki - ri - ki - ki - ri - kee!' The
f
cresc.
ff
day, the day, the day, the day, the day, the day is spring - -
ff
ing.

6. "Boats sail on the rivers"





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7. "In the meadow–what in the meadow?"

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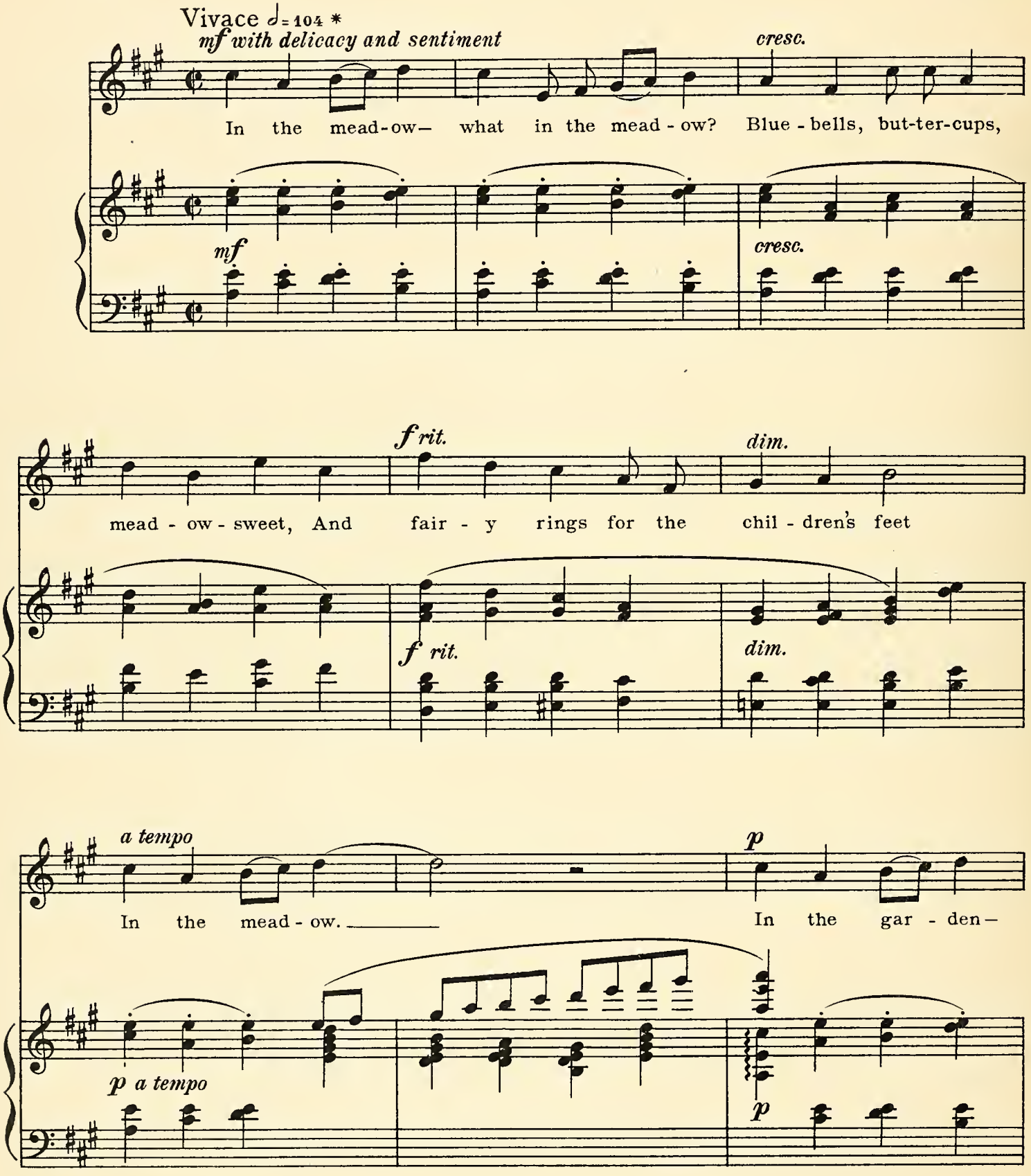
Sidney Homer, Op. 19



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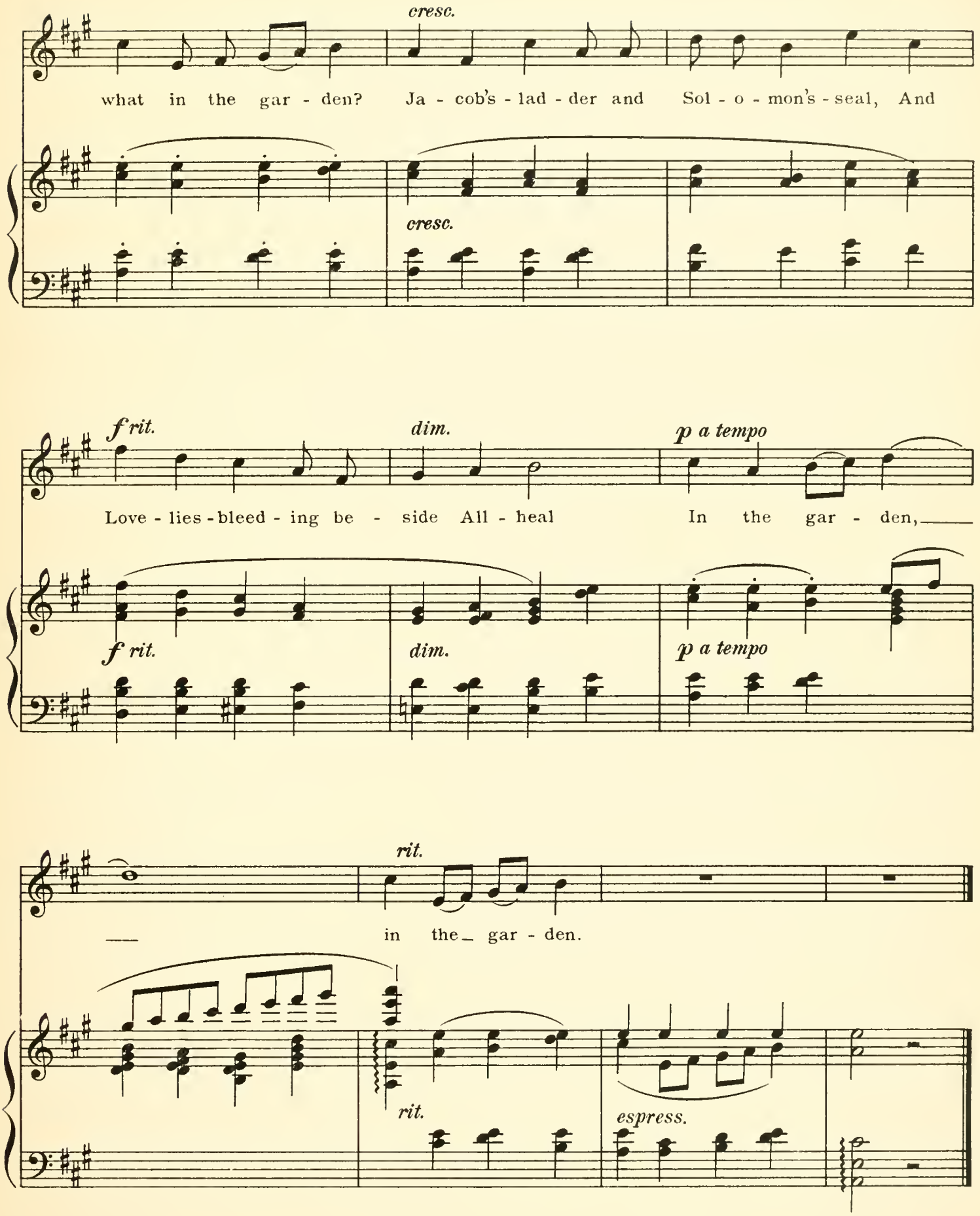
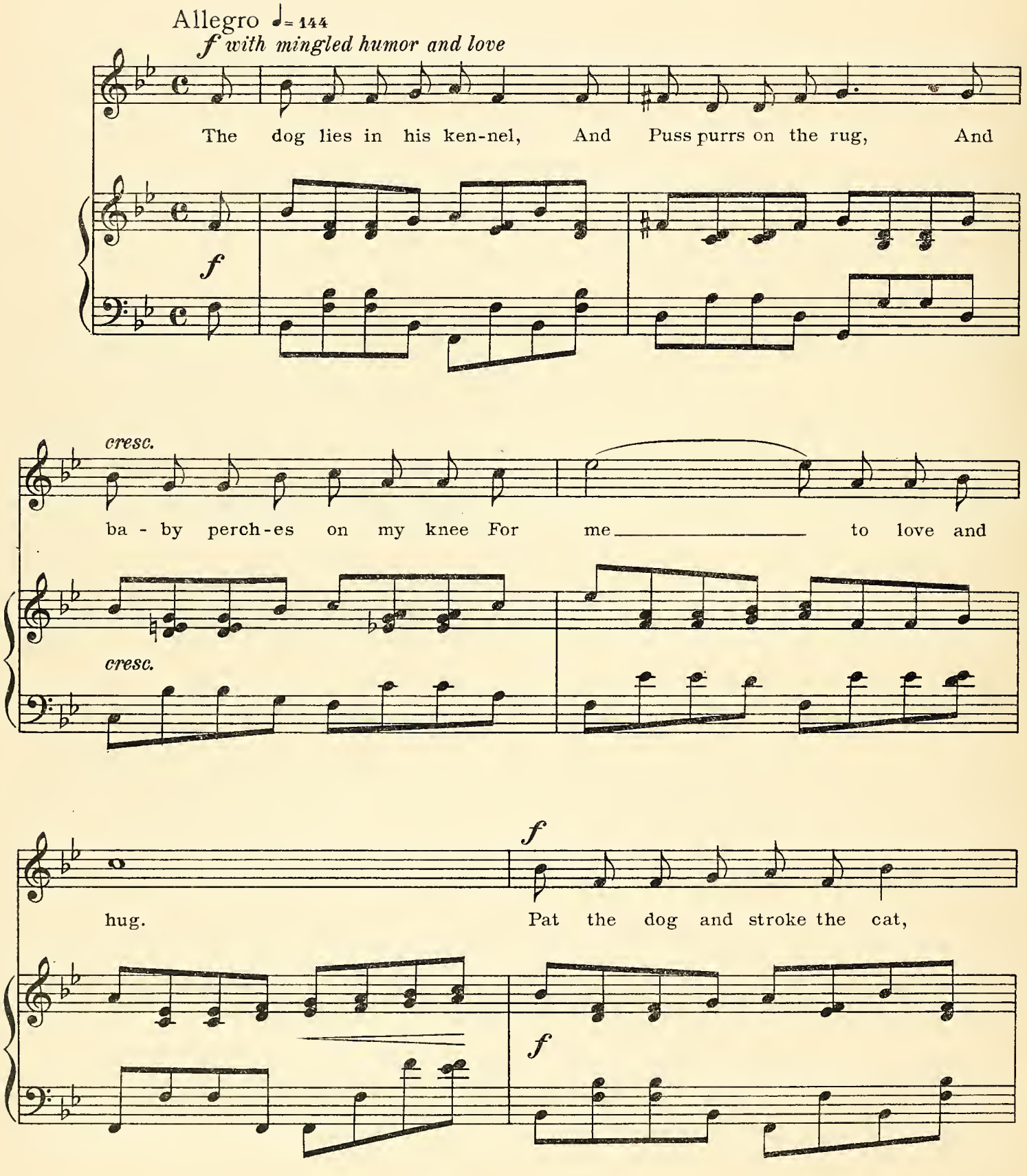
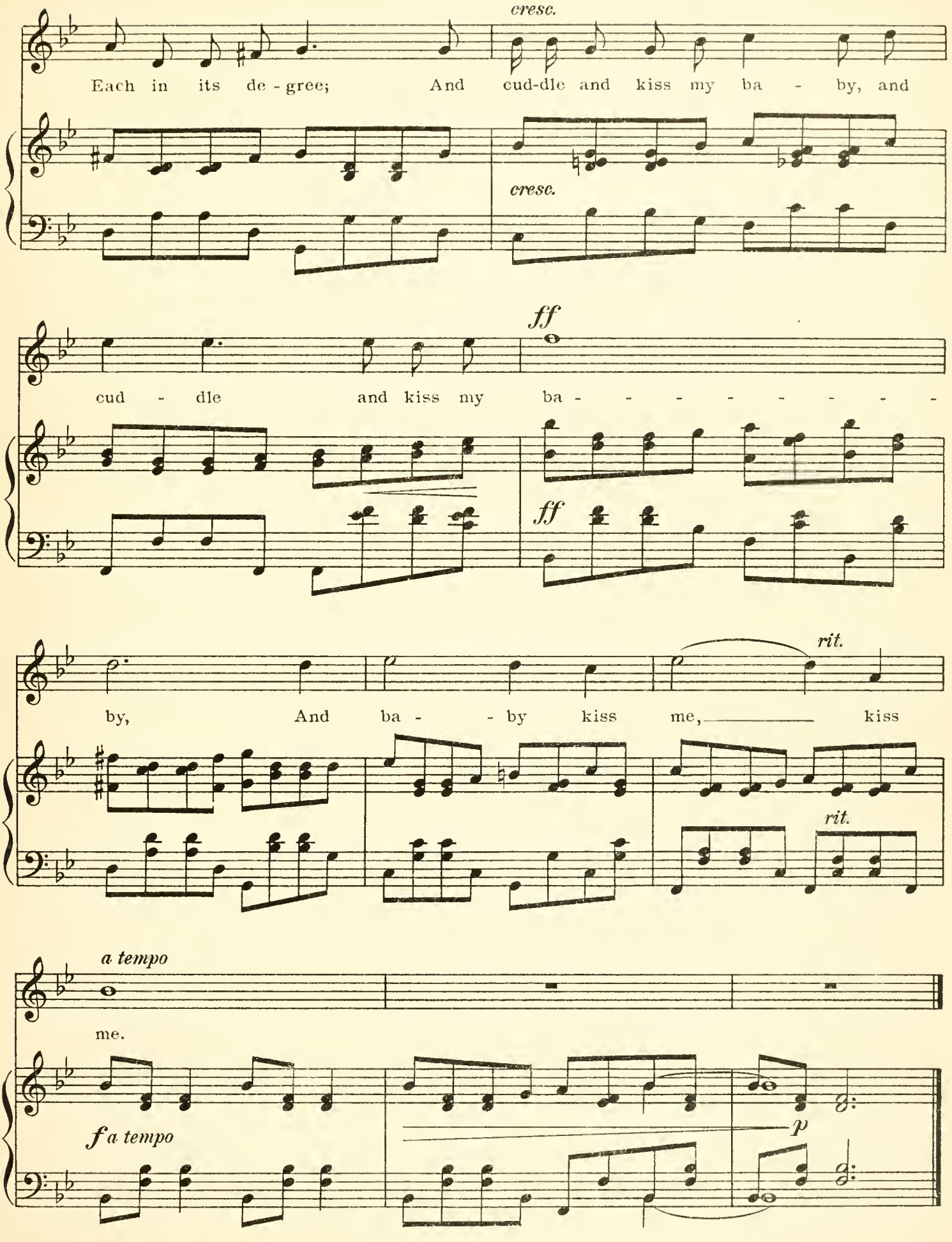

cresc.
what in the gar - den? Ja - cob's - lad - der and Sol - o - mon's - seal, And
cresc.
f rit.
dim.
p a tempo
Love - lies - bleed - ing be - side All - heal In the gar - den,
f rit.
dim.
p a tempo
rit.
in the gar - den.
rit.
espress.

8. "The dog lies in his kennel"

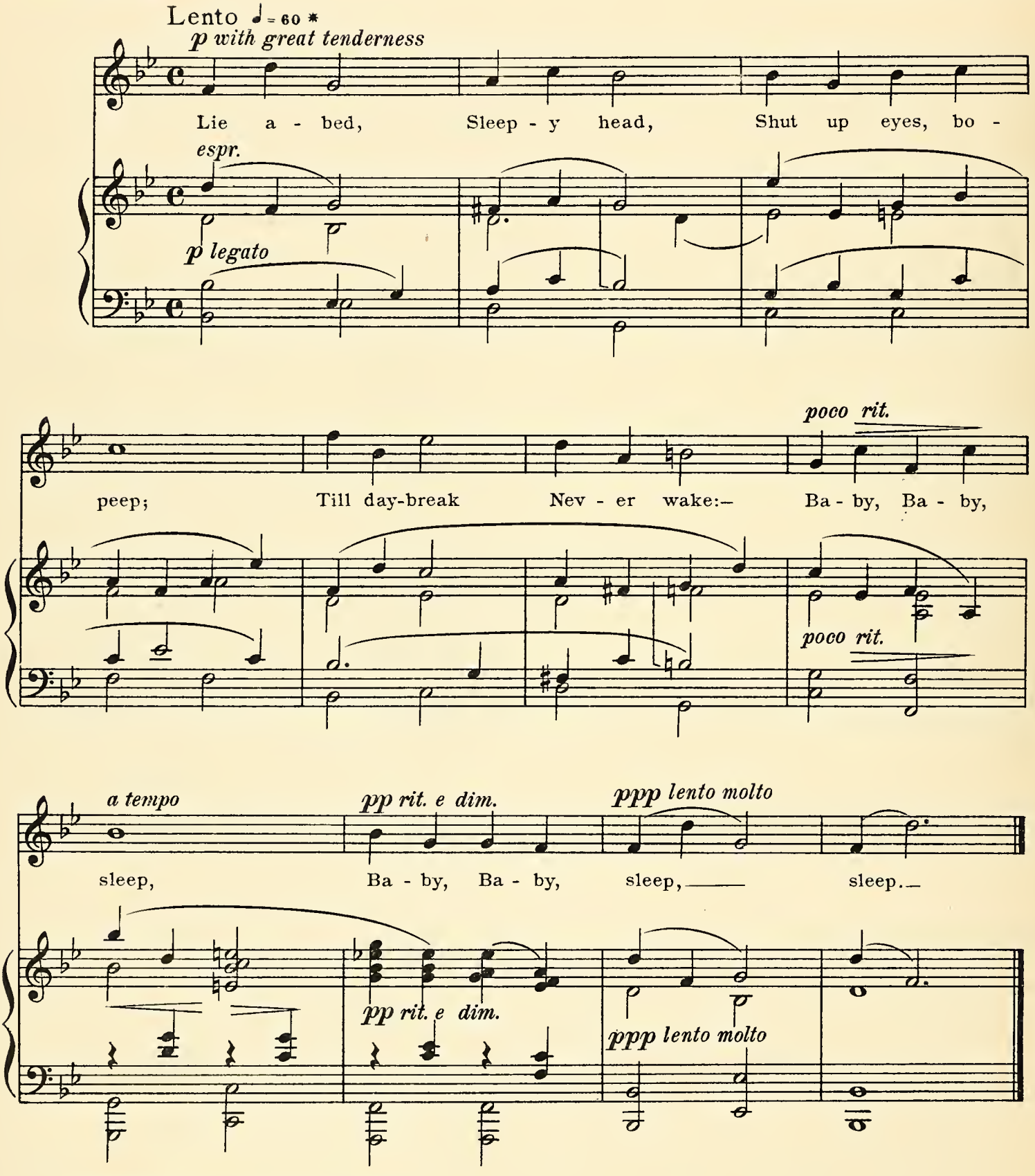



cresc.
Each in its de - gree; And cud-dle and kiss my ba - by, and
cresc.
ff
cud - dle and kiss my ba - - - - - - - - -
ff
rit.
by, And ba - - by kiss me, kiss
rit.
a tempo
me.
f a tempo
p

9. "Lie abed, sleepy head"

Poems by
Christina Rossetti

Sidney Homer, Op. 19



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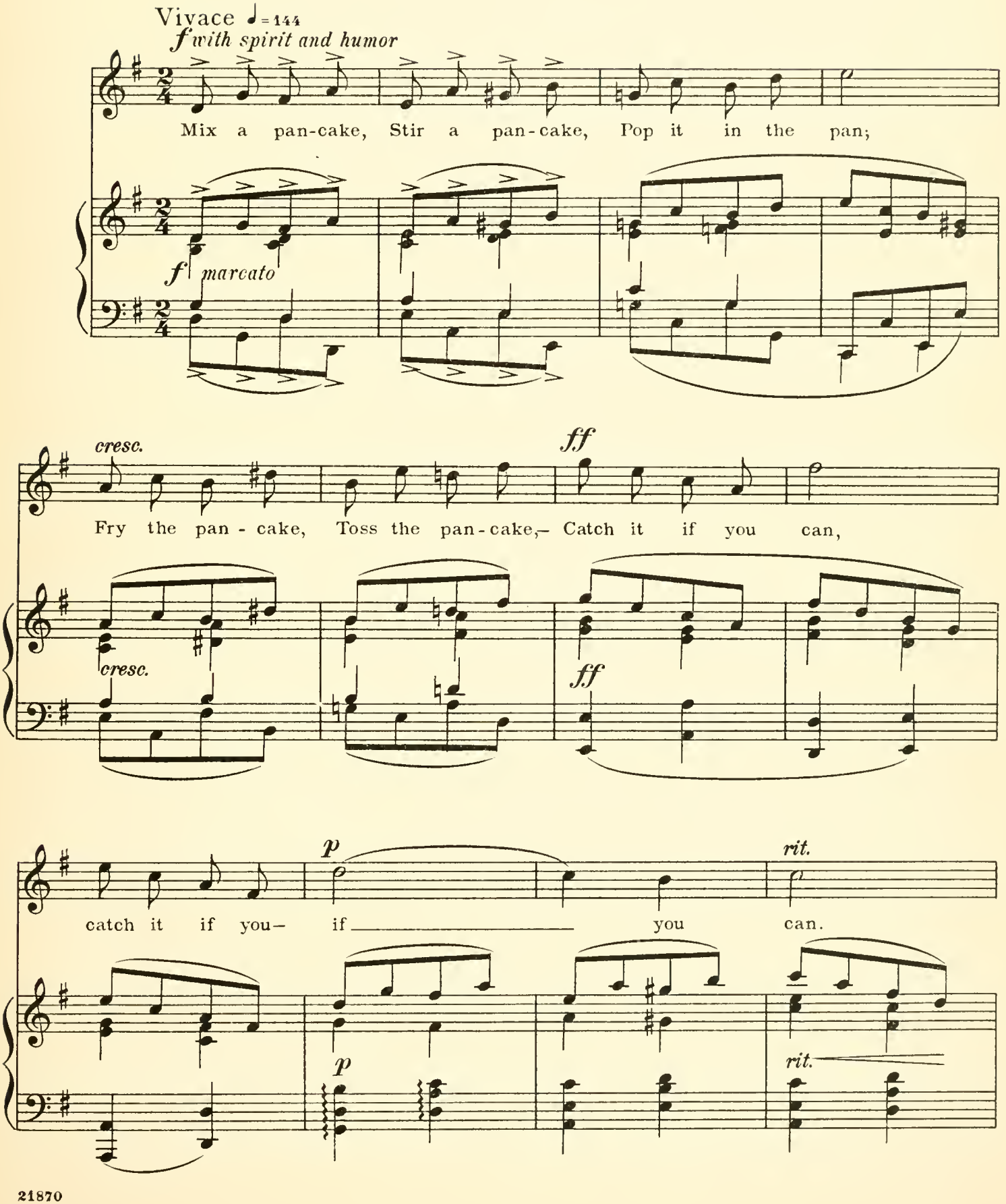
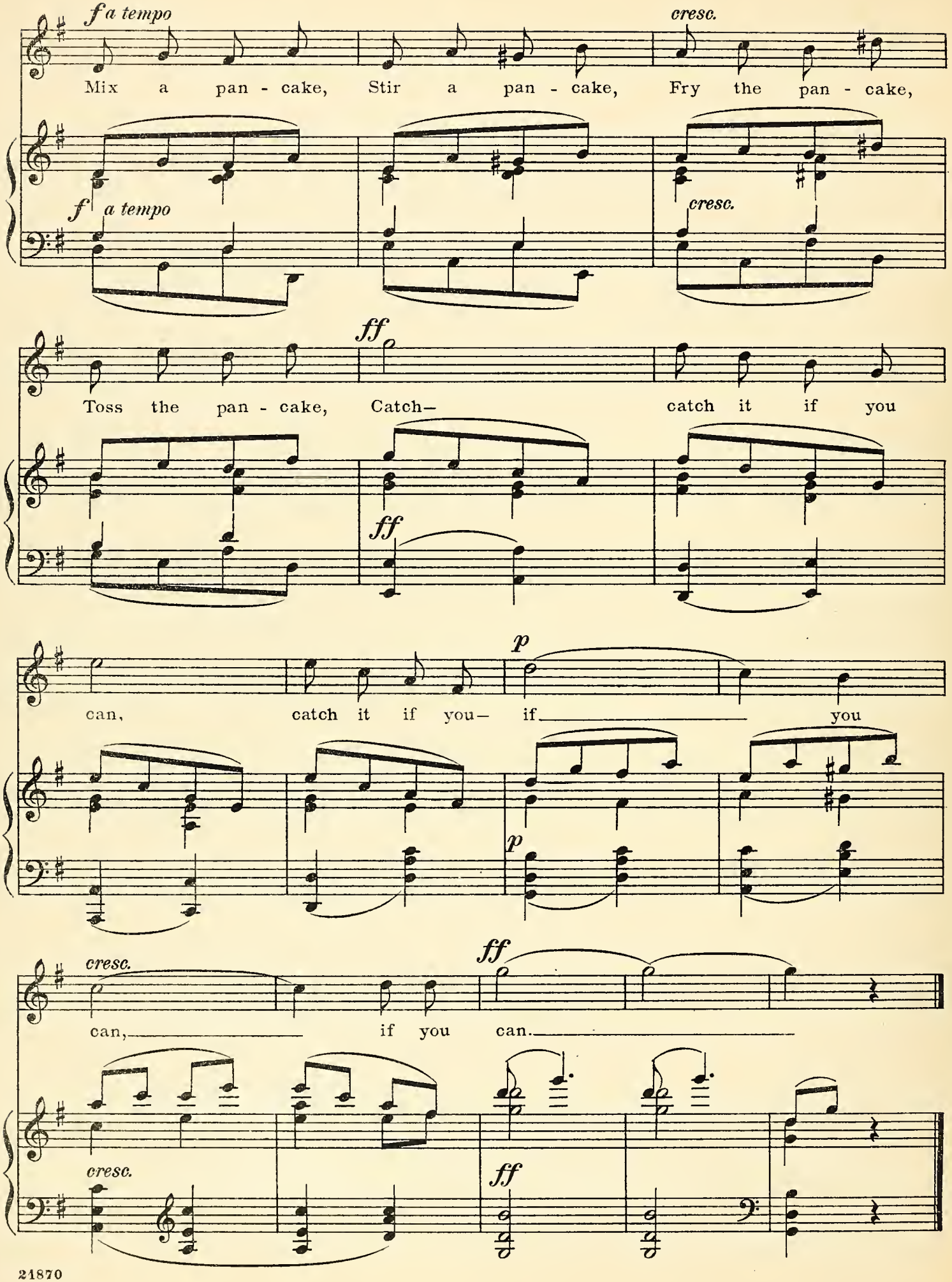
10. "Mix a pancake, stir a pancake"




f a tempo
cresc.
Mix a pan - cake, Stir a pan - cake, Fry the pan - cake,
f a tempo
cresc.
ff
Toss the pan - cake, Catch— catch it if you
ff
p
can, catch it if you— if you
p
cresc.
ff
can, if you can.
cresc.
ff

PART II

Seventeen Lyrics from "Sing-Song"

PART II

1. "Who has seen the wind?"

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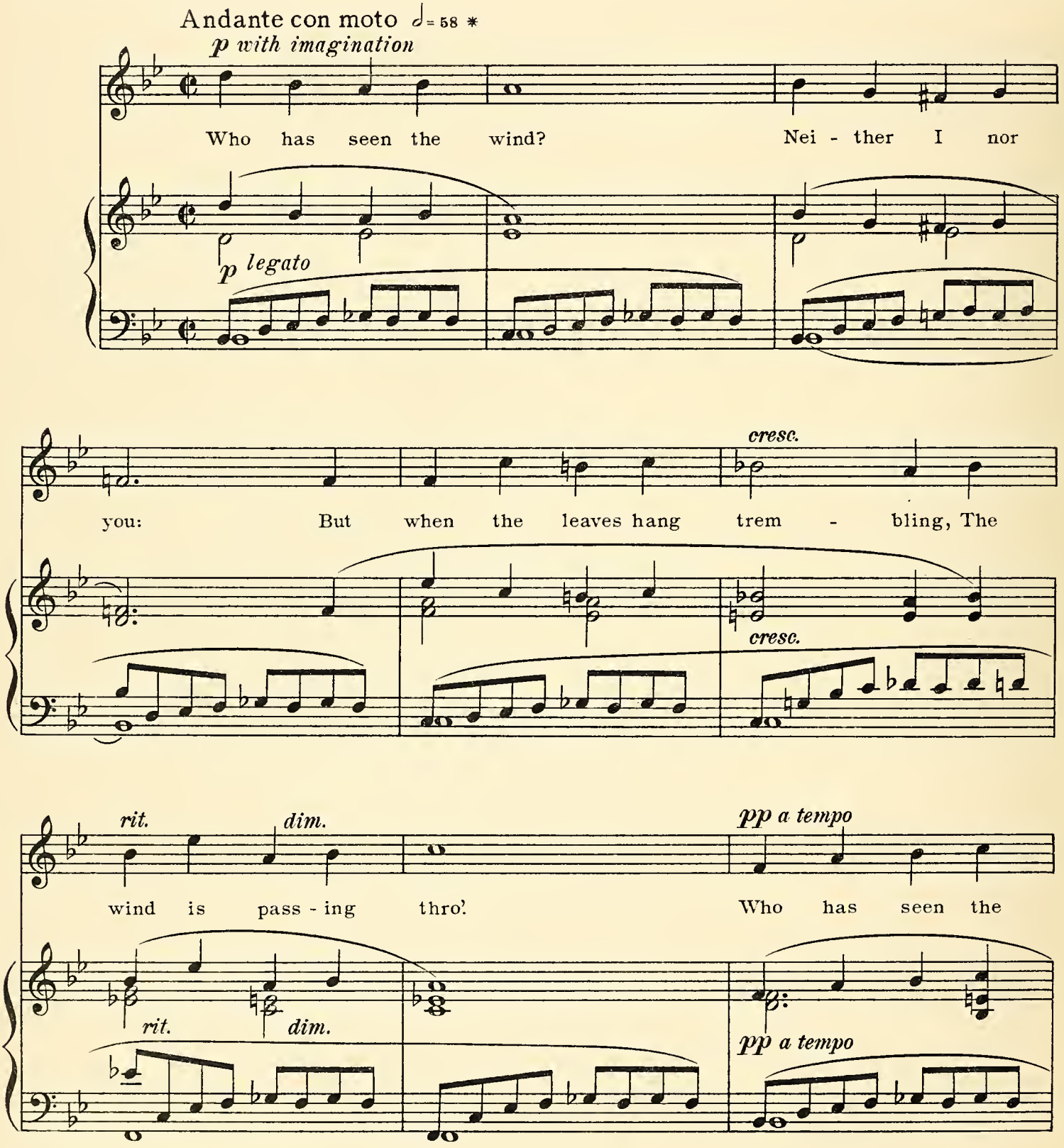
Sidney Homer, Op. 19



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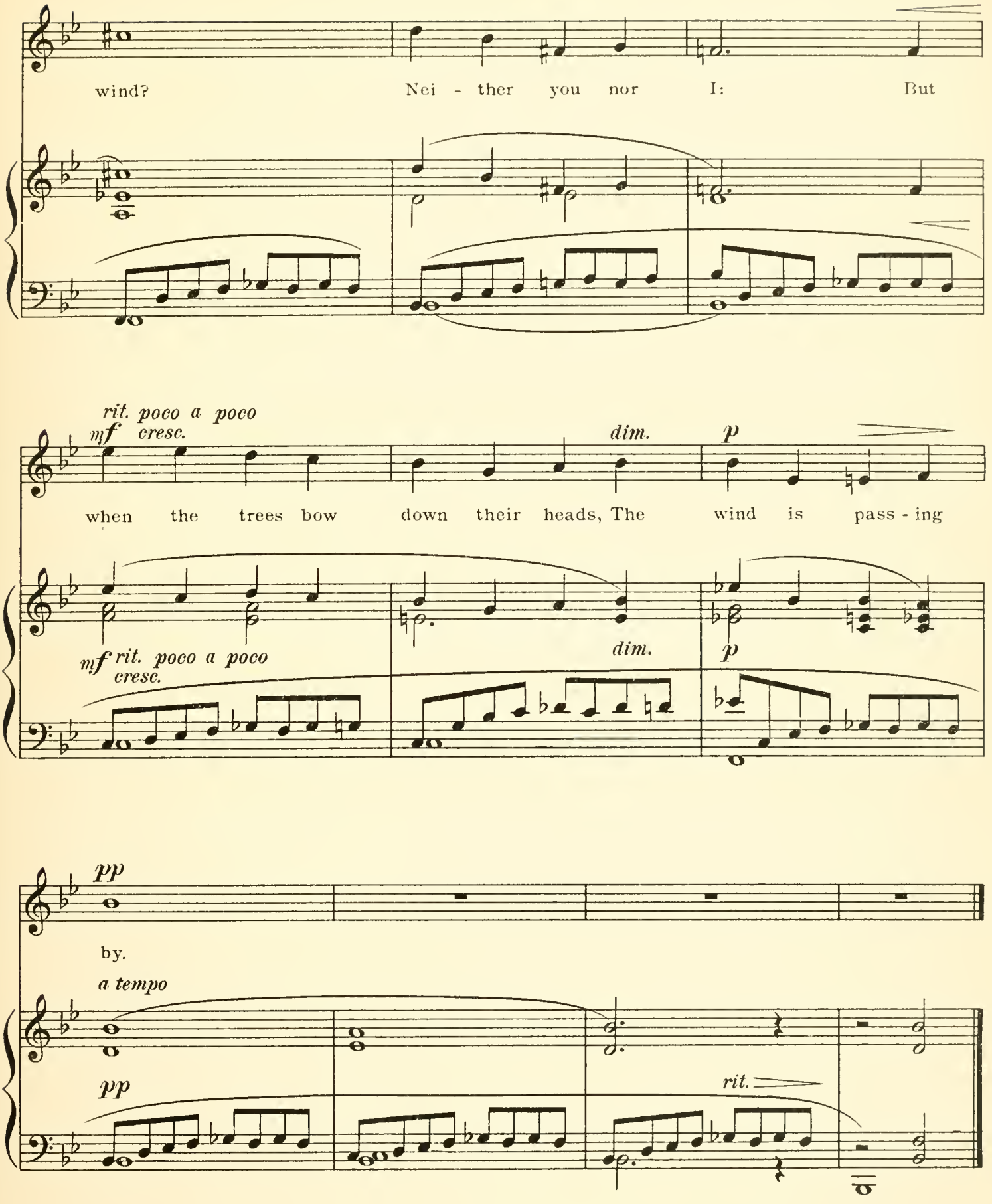
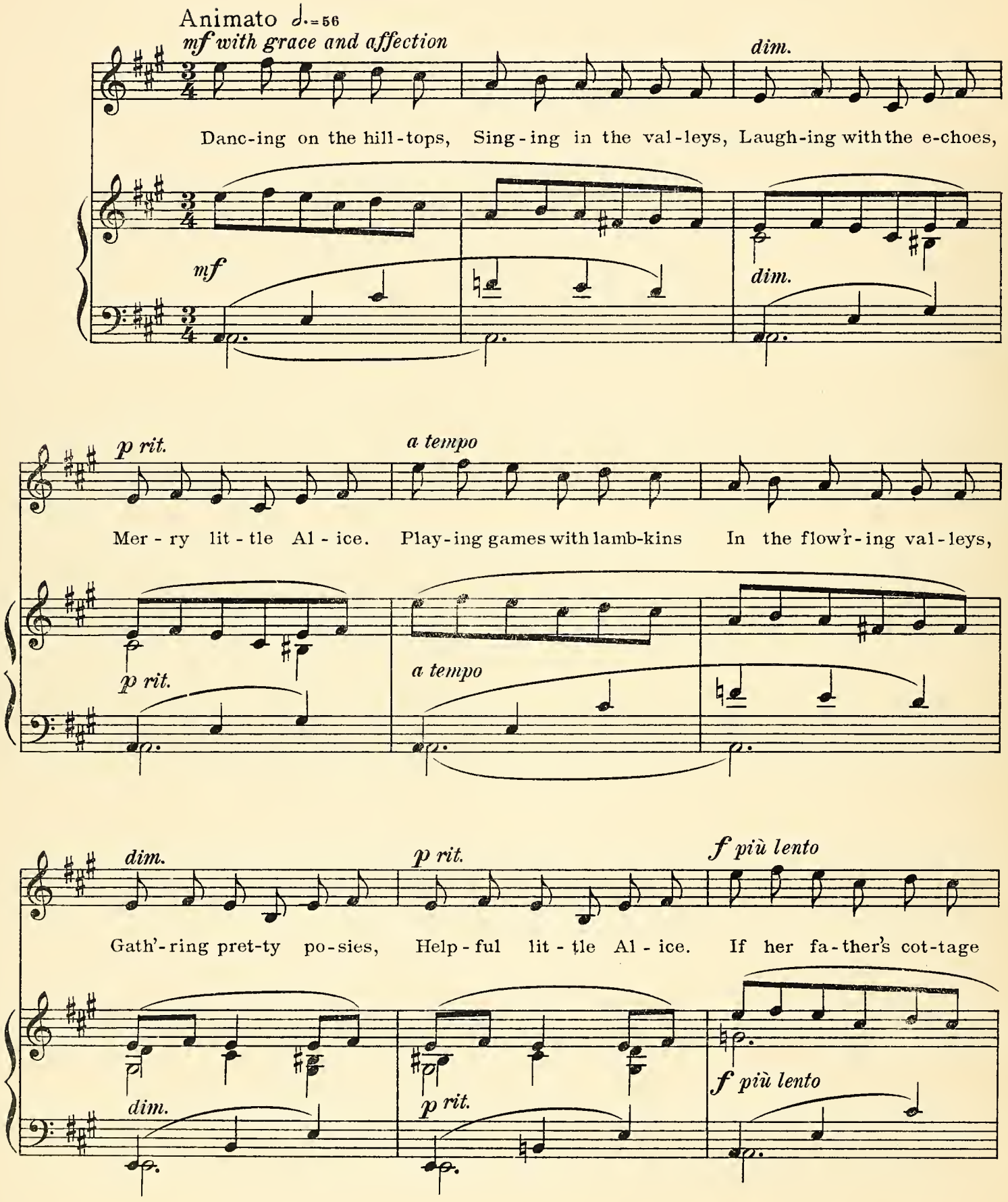
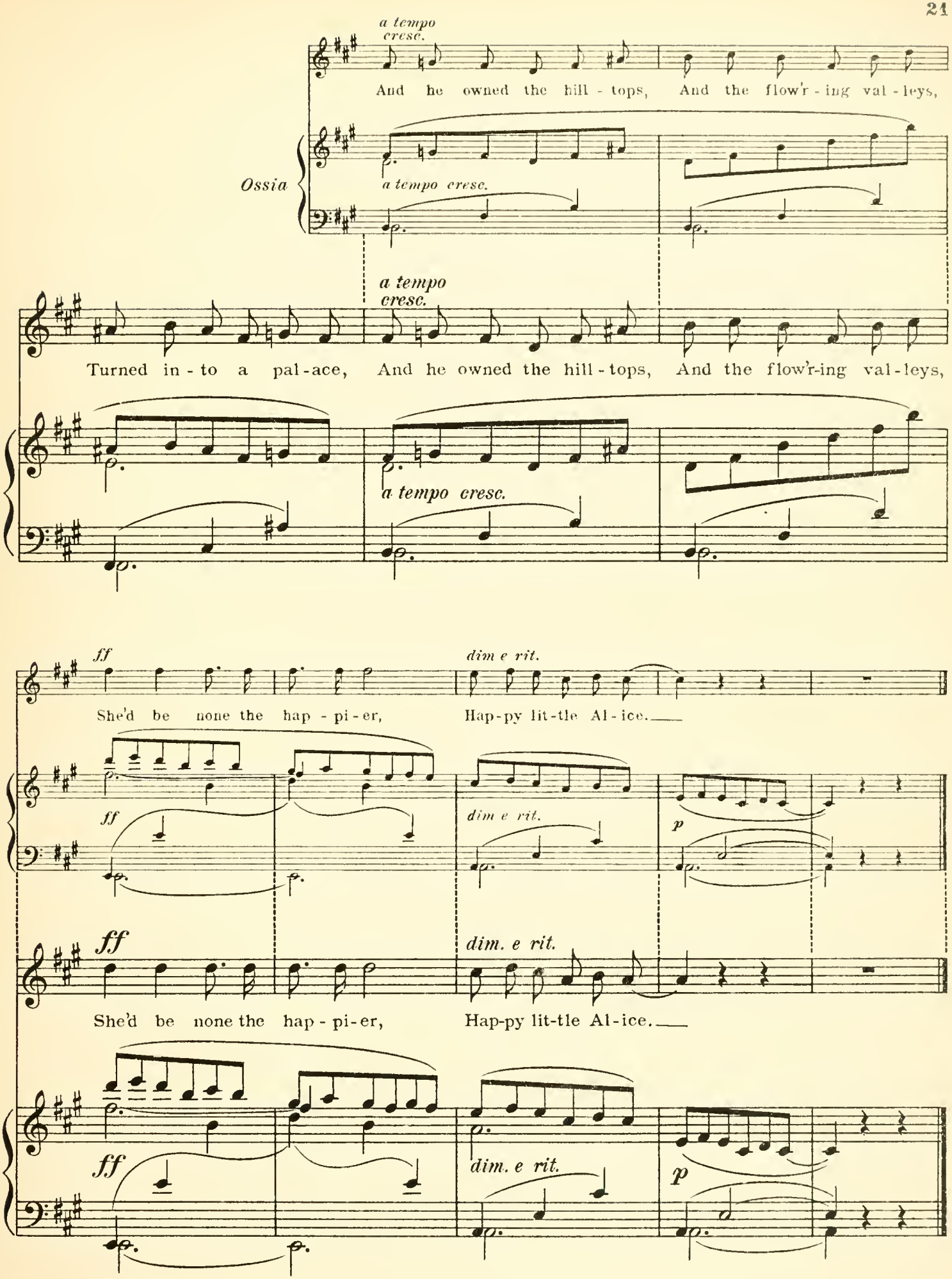

wind? Nei - ther you nor I: But
rit. poco a poco
mf cresc.
dim.
p
when the trees bow down their heads, The wind is pass - ing
mf rit. poco a poco
cresc.
dim.
p
pp
by.
a tempo
pp
rit.

2. "Dancing on the hilltops"




a tempo
cresc.
And he owned the hill - tops, And the flow'r - ing val - leys,
Ossia
a tempo cresc.
a tempo
cresc.
Turned in - to a pal - ace, And he owned the hill - tops, And the flow'r-ing val - leys,
a tempo cresc.
ff
dim e rit.
She'd be none the hap - pi - er, Hap-py lit-tle Al - ice.
ff
dim e rit.
p
ff
dim. e rit.
She'd be none the hap - pi - er, Hap-py lit-tle Al - ice.
ff
dim. e rit.
p

3. "A pocket handkerchief to hem"–

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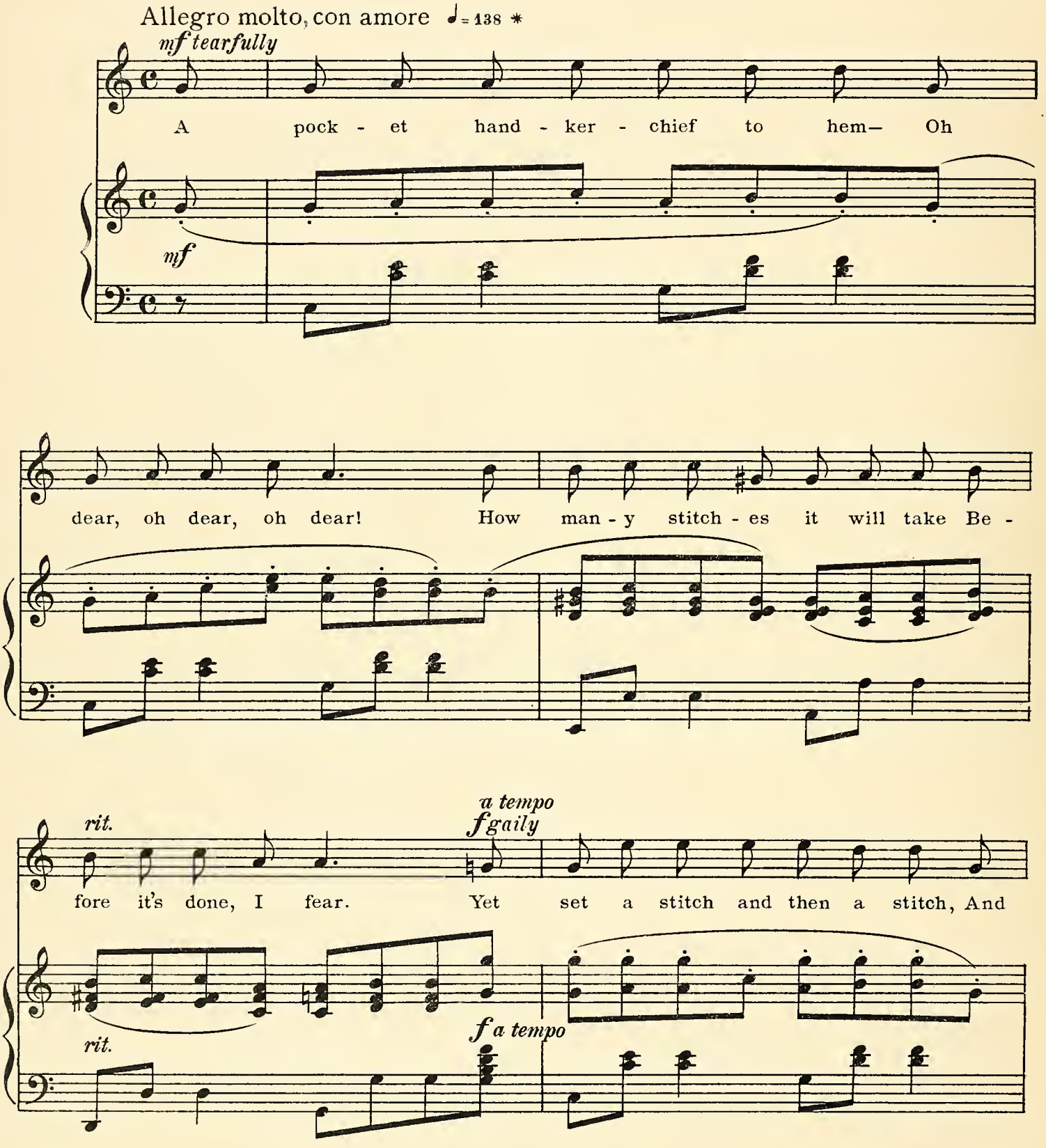
Sidney Homer, Op. 19



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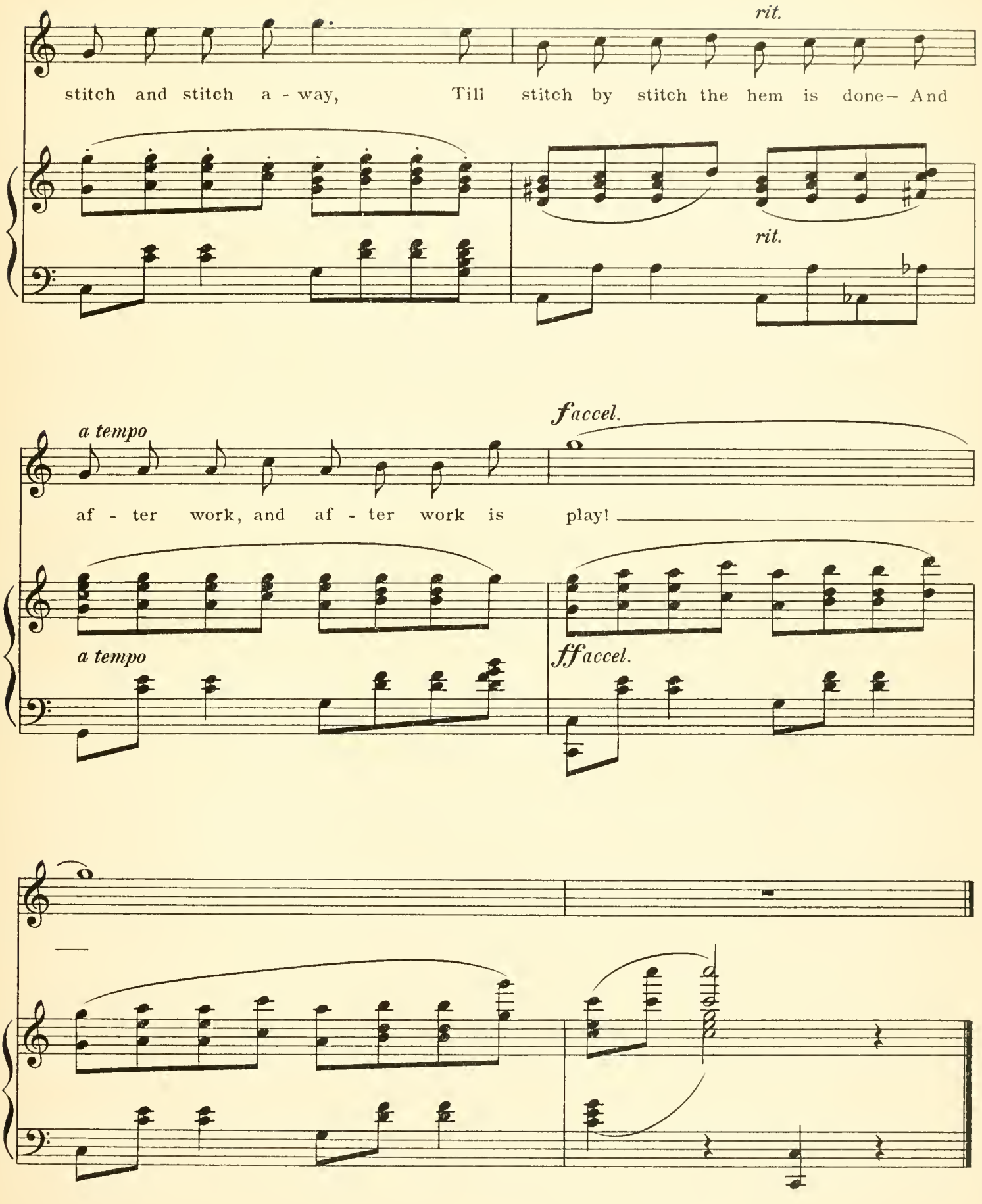
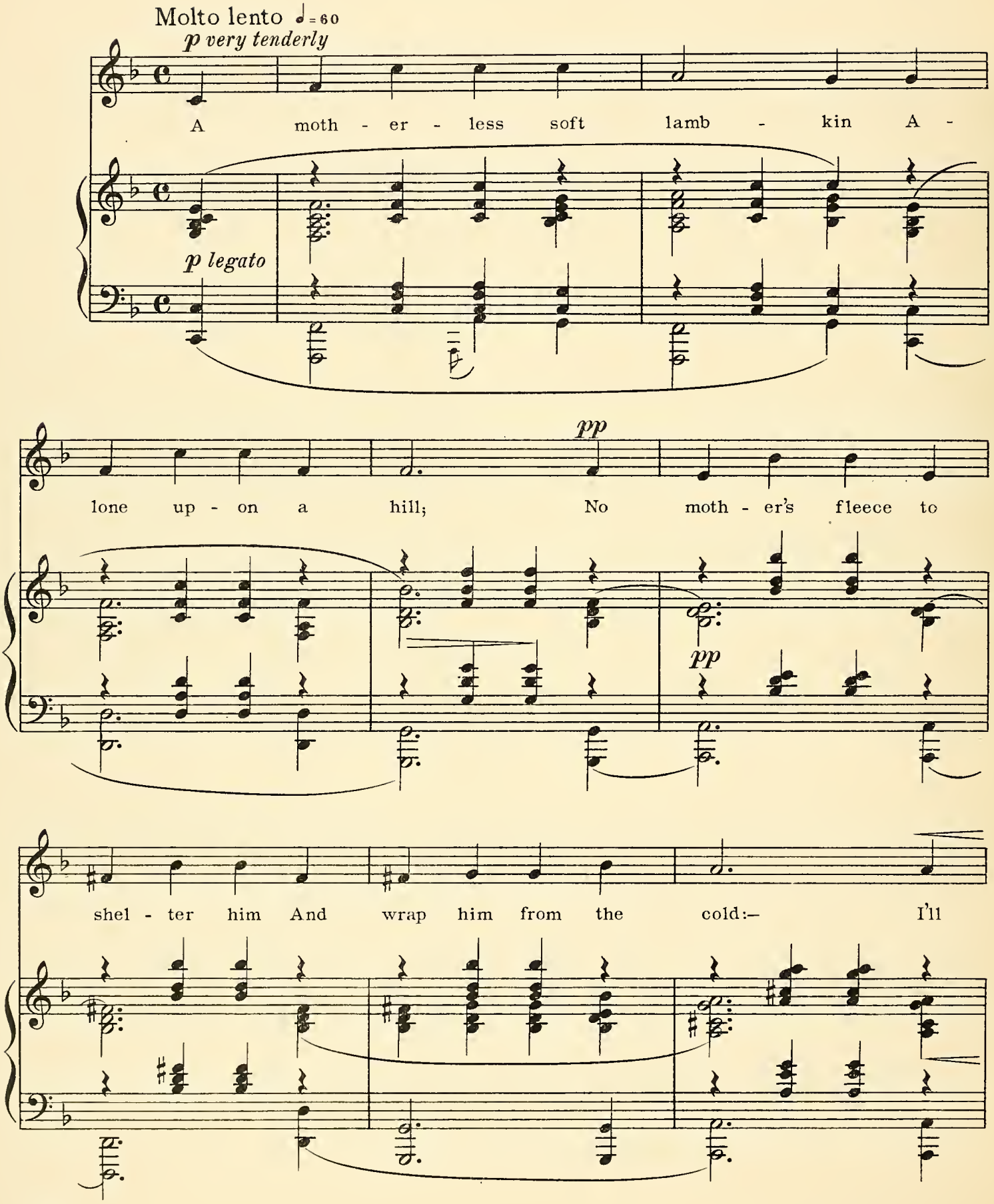
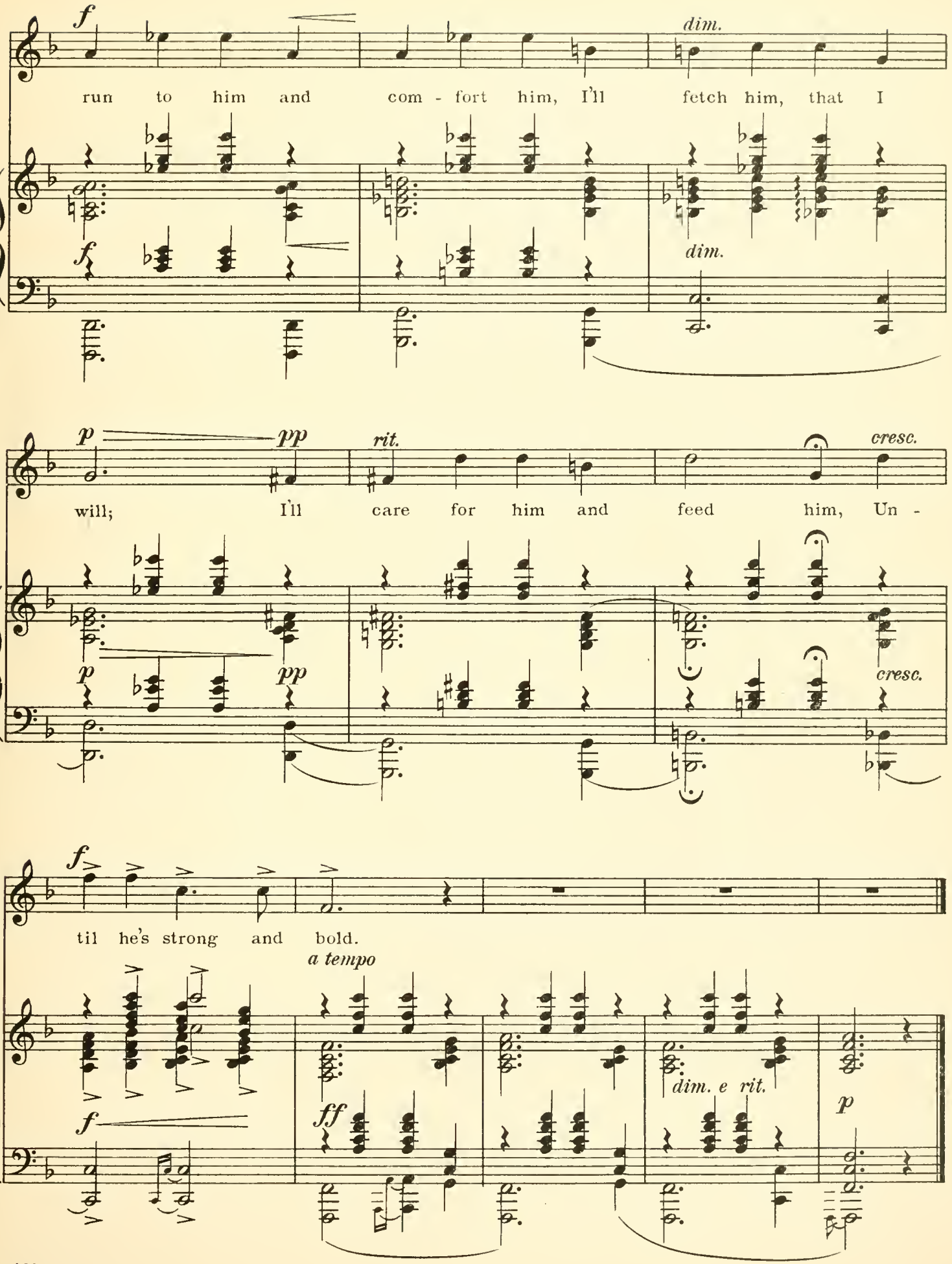

rit.
stitch and stitch a - way, Till stitch by stitch the hem is done— And
rit.
a tempo
faccel.
af - ter work, and af - ter work is play!
a tempo
ffaccel.

4. "A motherless soft lambkin"




f
dim.
run to him and com - fort him, I'll fetch him, that I
f
dim.
p
pp
rit.
cresc.
will; I'll care for him and feed him, Un -
p
pp
cresc.
f
til he's strong and bold.
a tempo
f
ff
dim. e rit.
p

PART II

5. "Lullaby, oh lullaby!"

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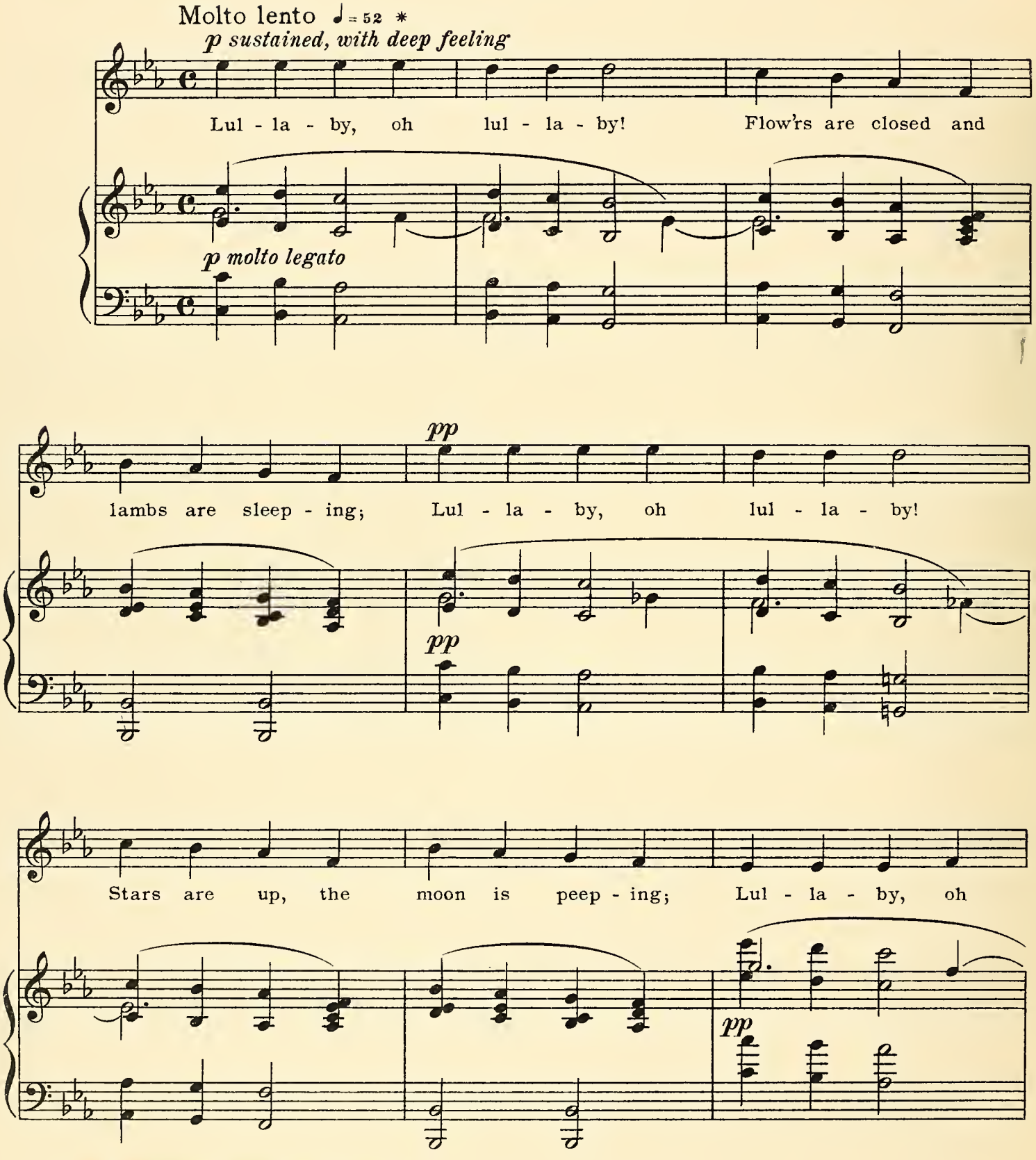

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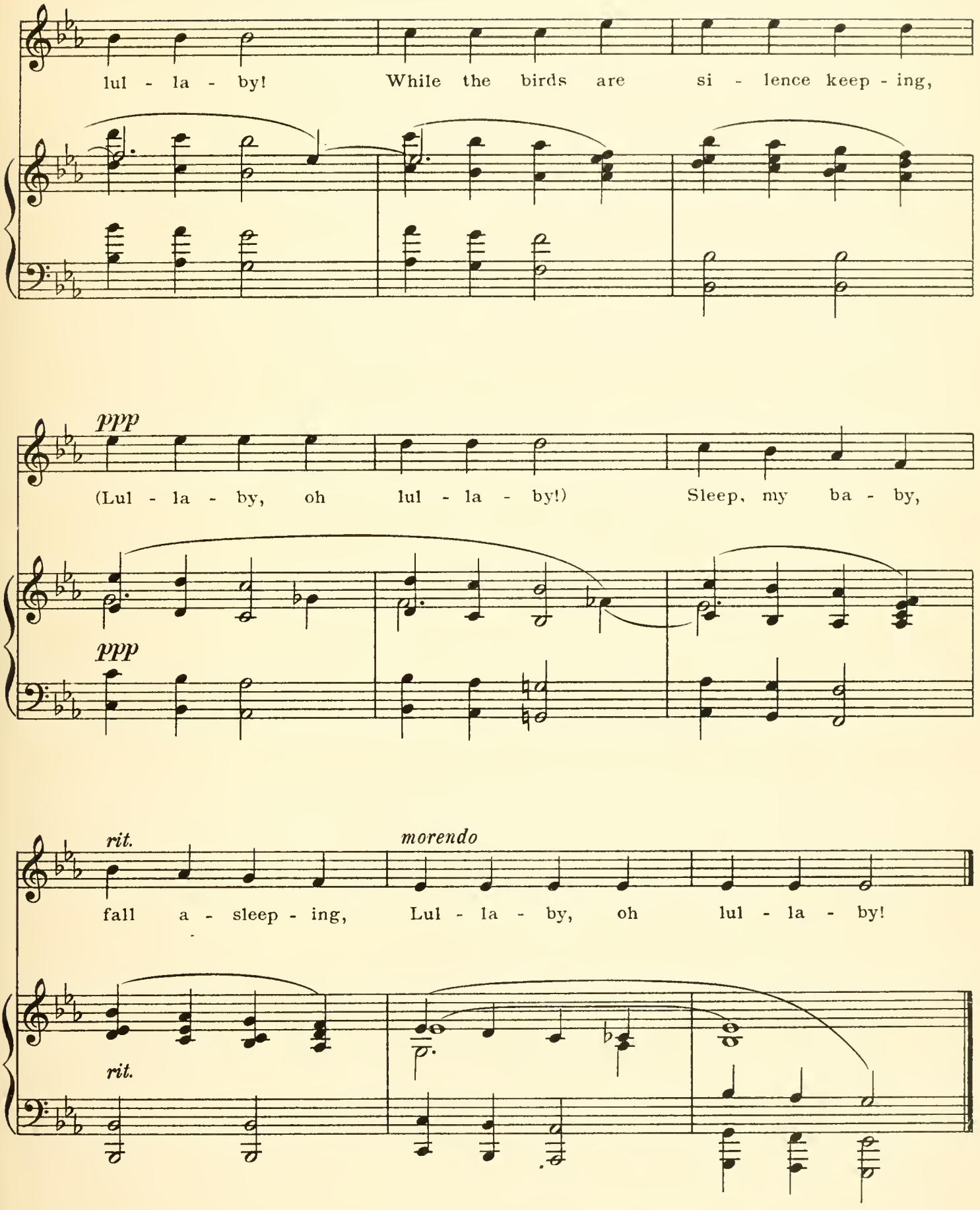
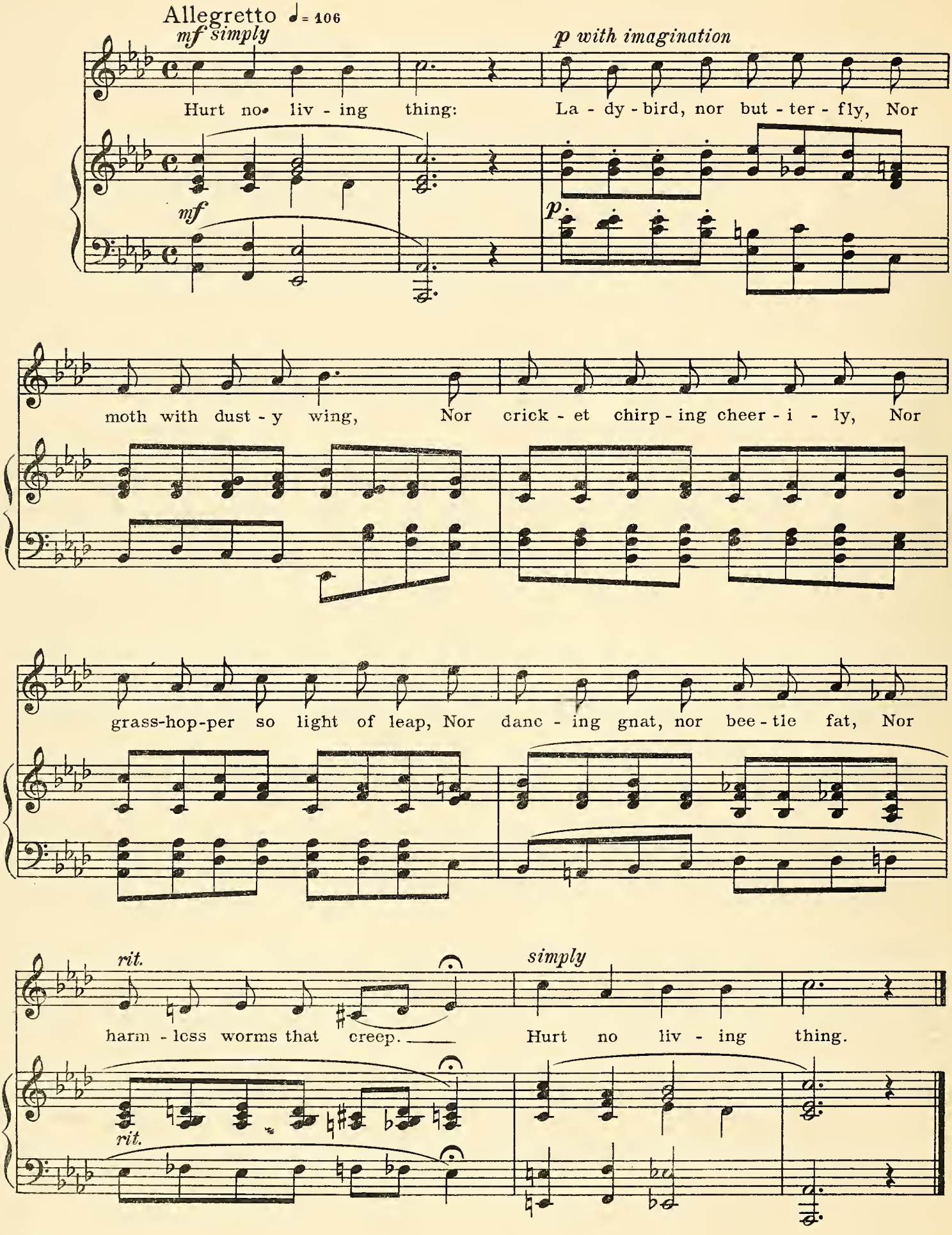

lul - la - by! While the birds are si - lence keep - ing,
ppp
(Lul - la - by, oh lul - la - by!) Sleep, my ba - by,
ppp
rit.
morendo
fall a - sleep - ing, Lul - la - by, oh lul - la - by!
rit.

6."Hurt no living thing"



7. "Minnie and Mattie and fat little May"

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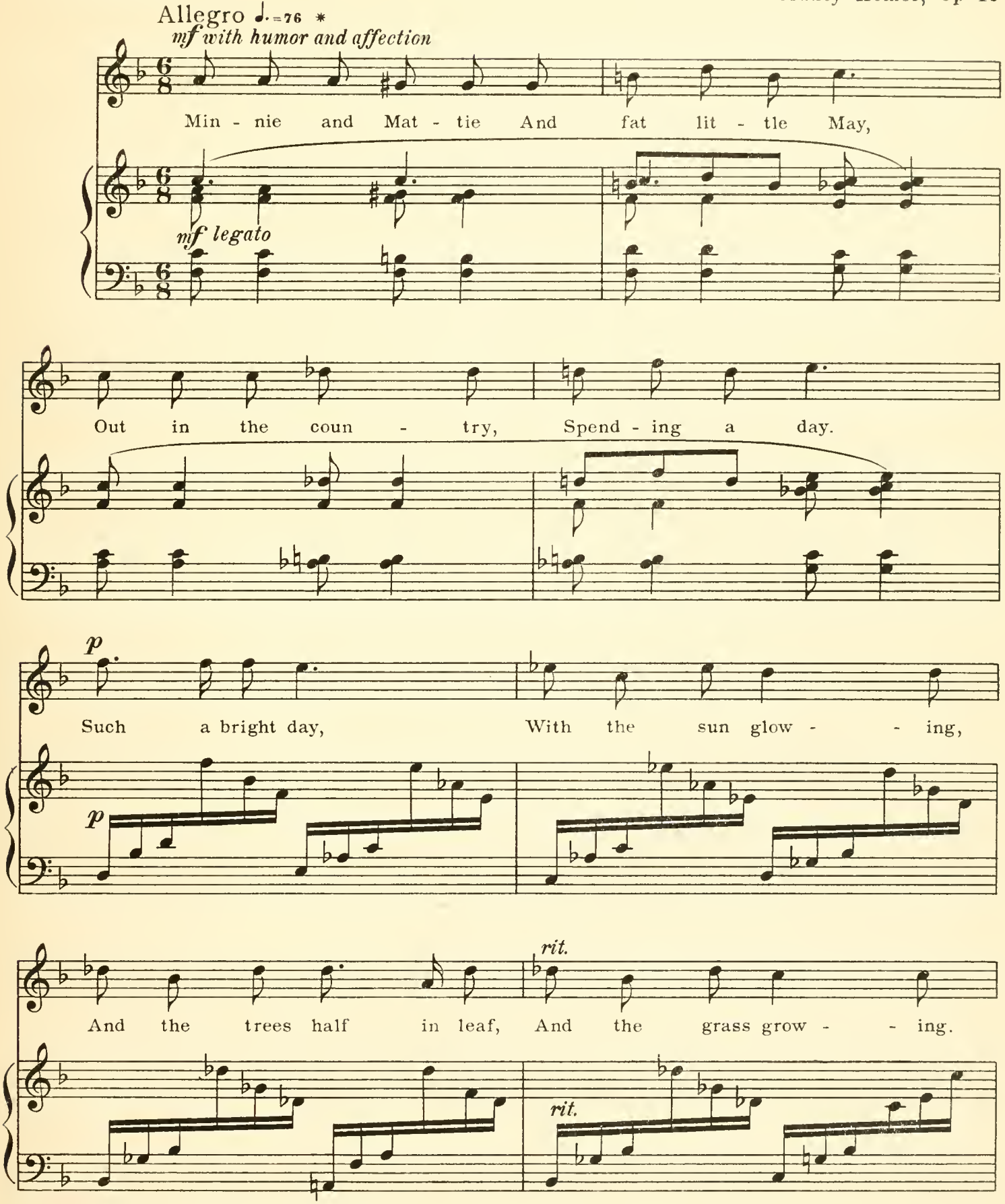
Sidney Homer, Op. 19



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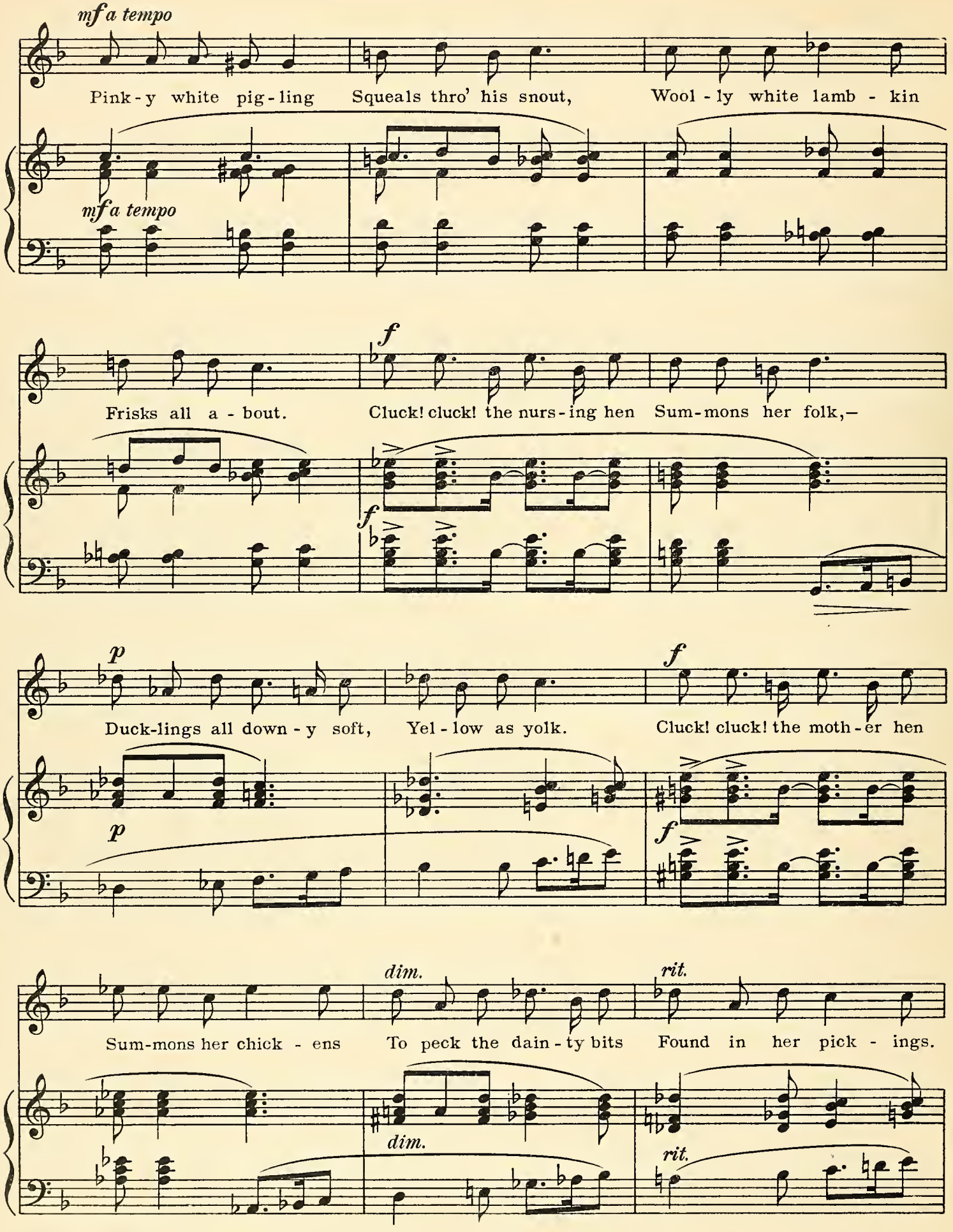
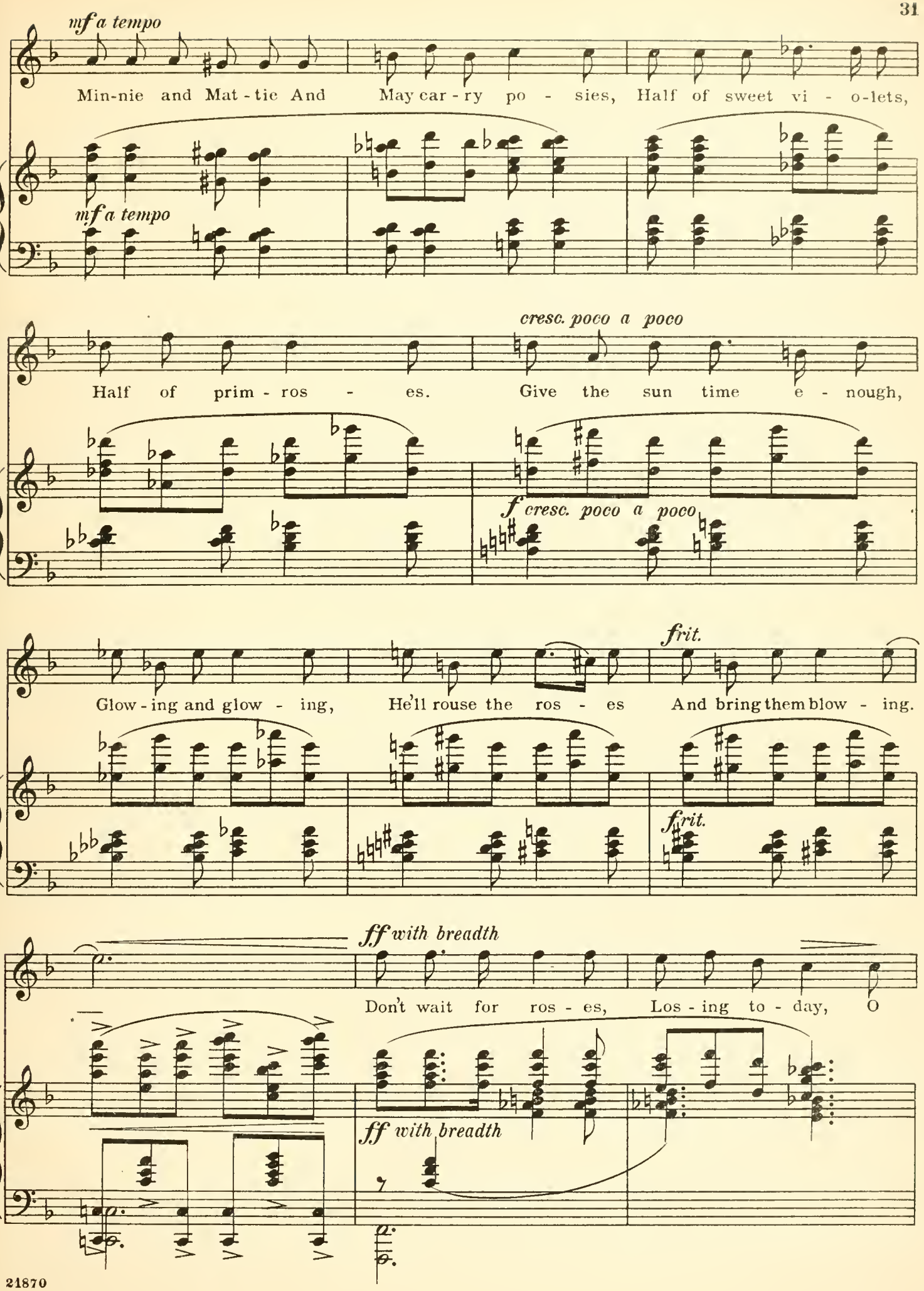
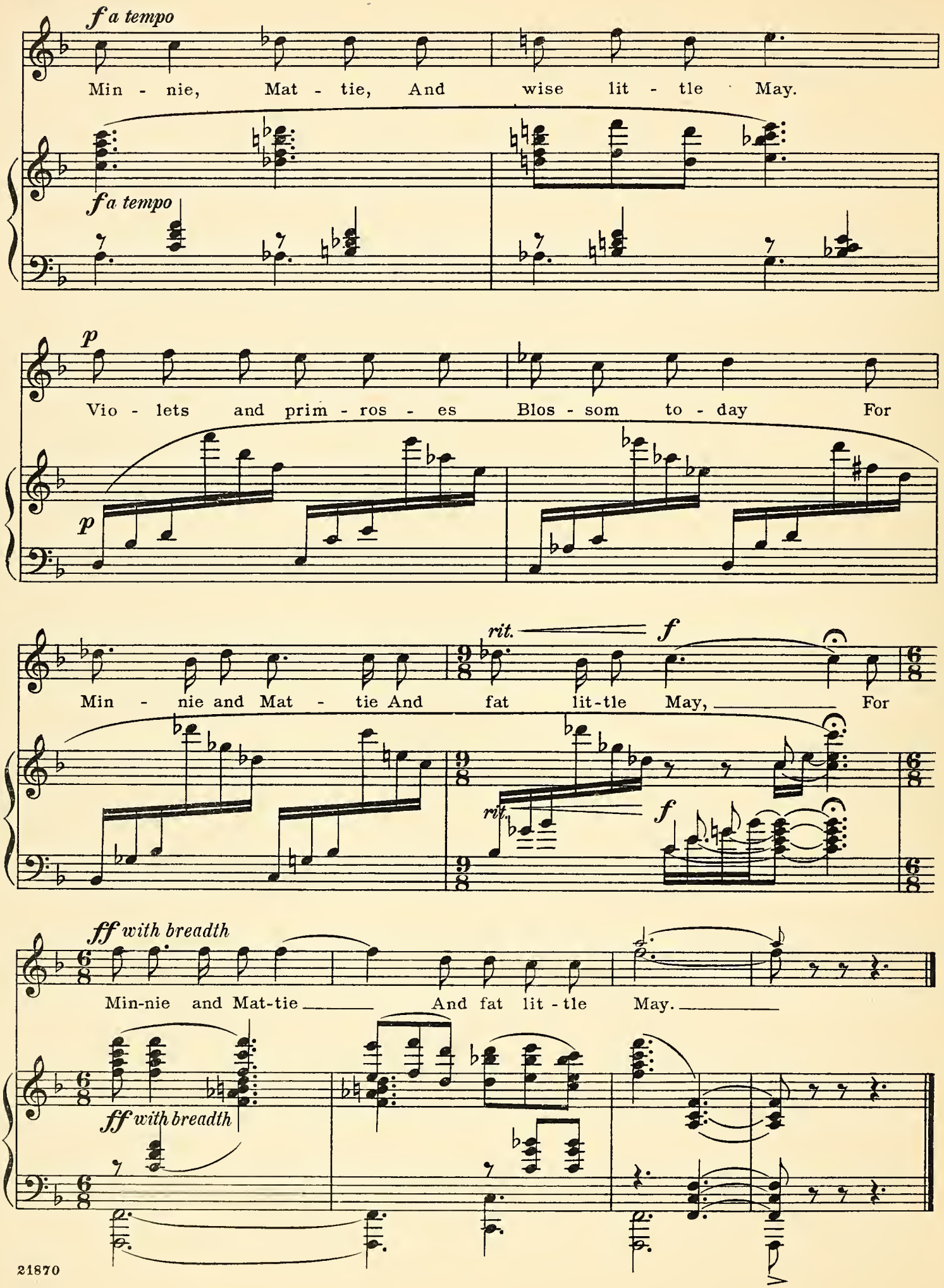

mf a tempo
Pink - y white pig - ling Squeals thro' his snout, Wool - ly white lamb - kin
mf a tempo
f
Frisks all a - bout. Cluck! cluck! the nurs - ing hen Sum - mons her folk,–
f
p
Duck-lings all down - y soft, Yel - low as yolk. Cluck! cluck! the moth - er hen
f
p
f
dim.
rit.
Sum-mons her chick - ens To peck the dain - ty bits Found in her pick - ings.
dim.
rit.

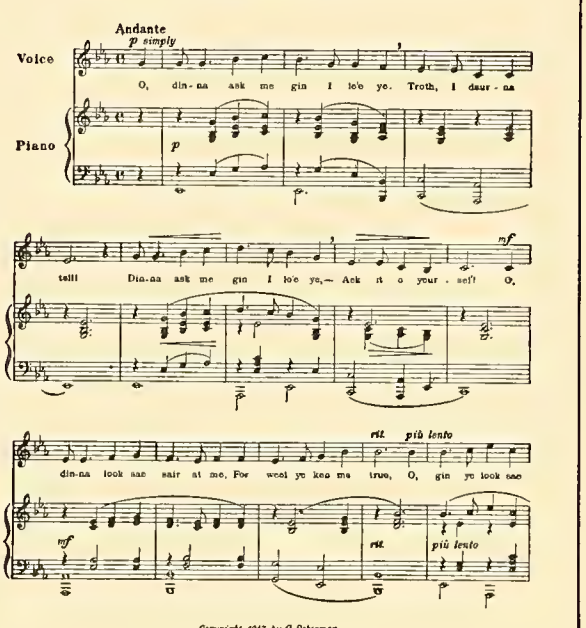

mf a tempo
Min-nie and Mat-tie And May car-ry po-sies, Half of sweet vi-o-lets,
mf a tempo
cresc. poco a poco
Half of prim-ros-es. Give the sun time e-nough,
f cresc. poco a poco
frit.
Glow-ing and glow-ing, He'll rouse the ros-es And bring them blow-ing.
frit.
ff with breadth
Don't wait for ros-es, Los-ing to-day, O
ff with breadth


f a tempo
Min - nie, Mat - tie, And wise lit - tle May.
f a tempo
p
Vio - lets and prim - ros - es Blos - som to - day For
p
rit.
f
Min - nie and Mat - tie And fat lit-tle May, For
rit.
f
ff with breadth
Min-nie and Mat-tie And fat lit - tle May.
ff with breadth

THREE SCOTCH POEMS

By Sidney Homer

"Dinna ask me"



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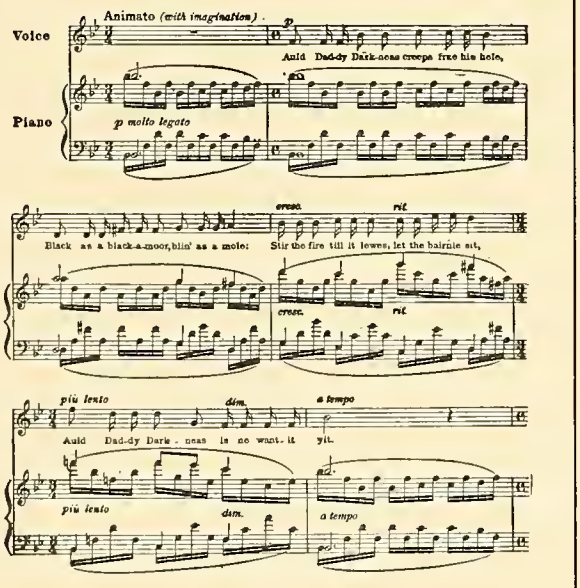
Auld Daddy Darkness



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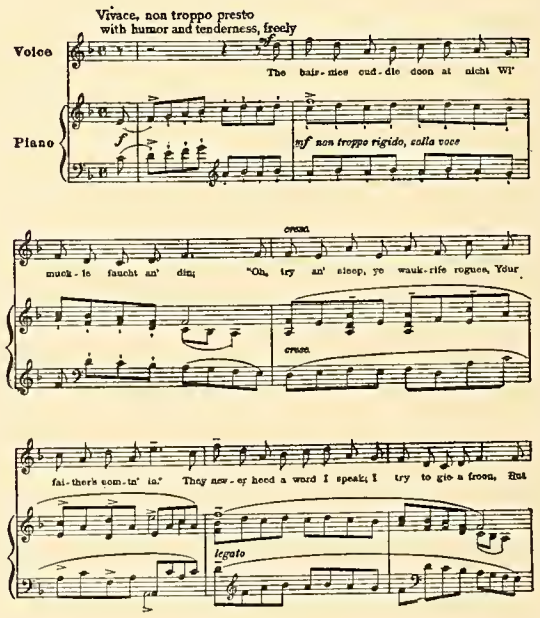
Cuddle Doon



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