33519

TO MY LITTLE LESLIE.

MORE DAISIES,

NEW

SONGS OF CHILDHOOD,

FOR

FOUR SOLO VOICES:

(SOPRANO, CONTRALTO, TENOR, AND BARITONE OR BASS)

WITH PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENT.

THE WORDS BY

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON,
M. BETHAM EDWARDS, W. B. RANDS,
J. H. EWING, HARRIET TROWBRIDGE,
AND
LORD HOUGHTON.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY

LIZA LEHMANN.

PRICE FIVE SHILLINGS.
($2.00.)

BOOSEY & Co.,
295, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.
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(For the convenience of Concert-givers Messrs. Boosey and Co. have issued the complete set of words of "More Daisies" at 1d; but, so far as the Publishers are concerned, they have no objection to intending Concert-givers printing the words in their programmes.)

THE Contents of "More Daisies" make no claim to forming a Song-Cycle, or complete work. They were written with a view to supplying Singers, taking part in performances of "The Daisy-Chain," with a choice of little pieces in the same spirit, from which to choose a fresh "Daisy," instead of merely repeating, in the event of some number being encored. They are really "ENCORE SONGS FOR THE DAISY CHAIN."

LIZA LEHMANN.

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MORE DAISIES.

I.—UP INTO THE CHERRY TREE

(QUARTETTE.)

UP into the cherry tree
Who should climb but little me?
I held the trunk with both my hands
And looked abroad on foreign lands.

I saw the next door garden lie,
Adorned with flowers, before my eye,
And many pleasant places more
That I had never seen before.

I saw the dimpling river pass
And be the sky's blue looking-glass;—
The dusty roads go up and down
With people tramping into town.

If I could find a higher tree
Farther and farther I should see,—
To where the grown-up river slips
Into the sea among the ships,—

To where the roads on either hand
Lead onward into Fairyland,
Where all the children dine at five,
And all the playthings come alive.

(*From "A Child's Garden of Verses."*)

R. L. STEVENSON.

(*By kind permission of Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.*)

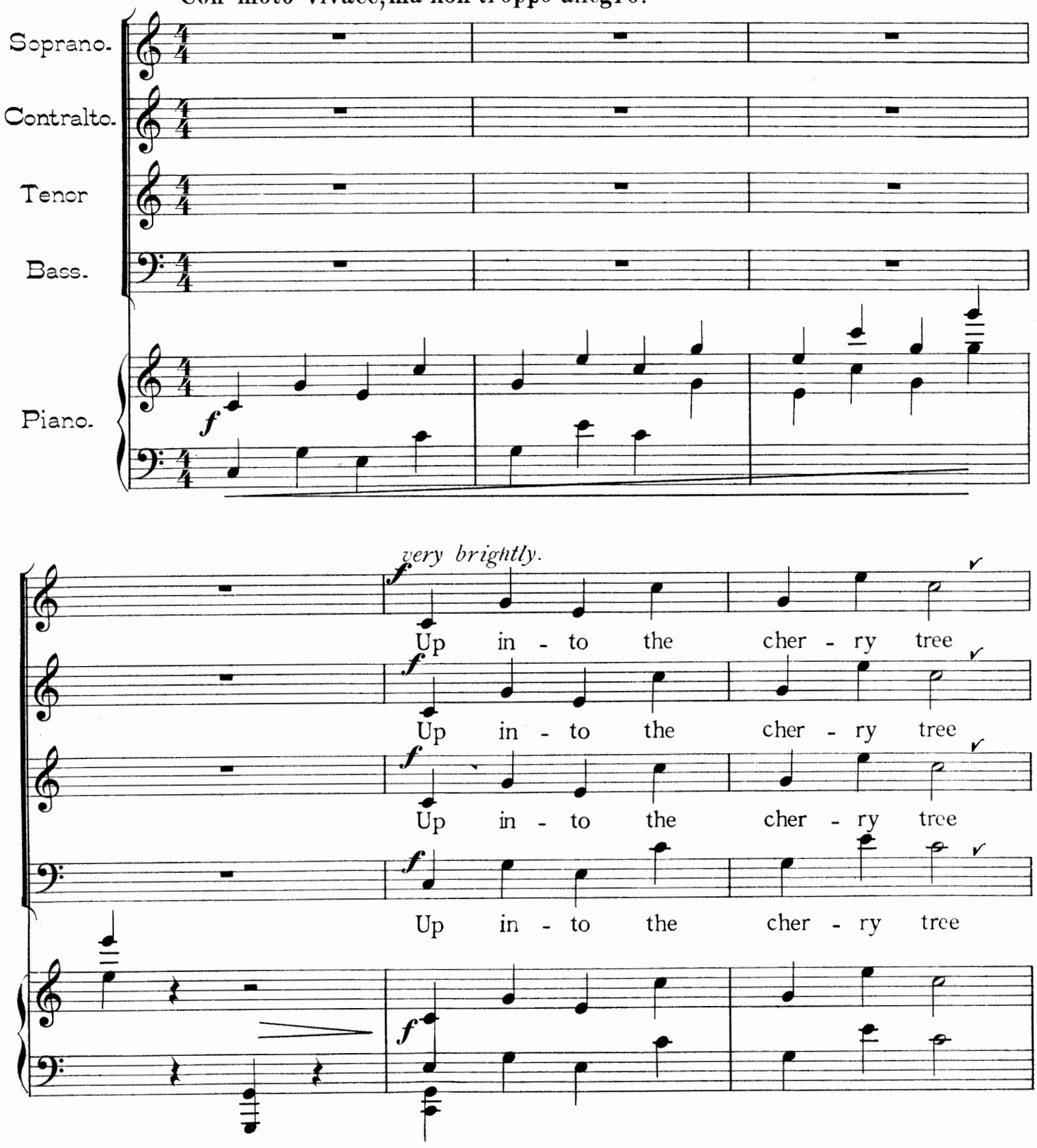
I.
Up into the Cherry Tree.

(Quartette.)

Words by
R. L. STEVENSON.

Music by
LIZA LEHMANN.

Con moto vivace, ma non troppo allegro.



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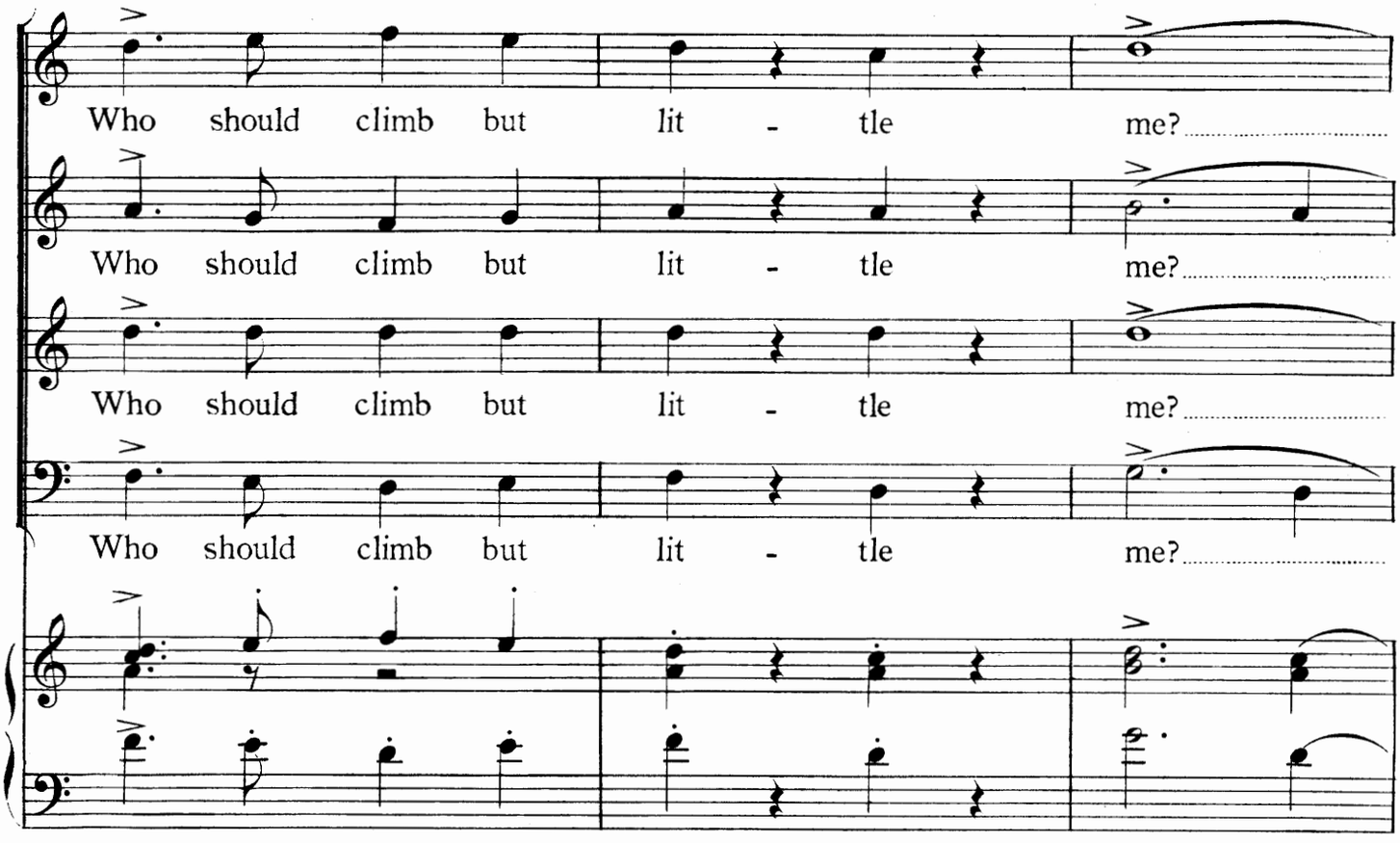
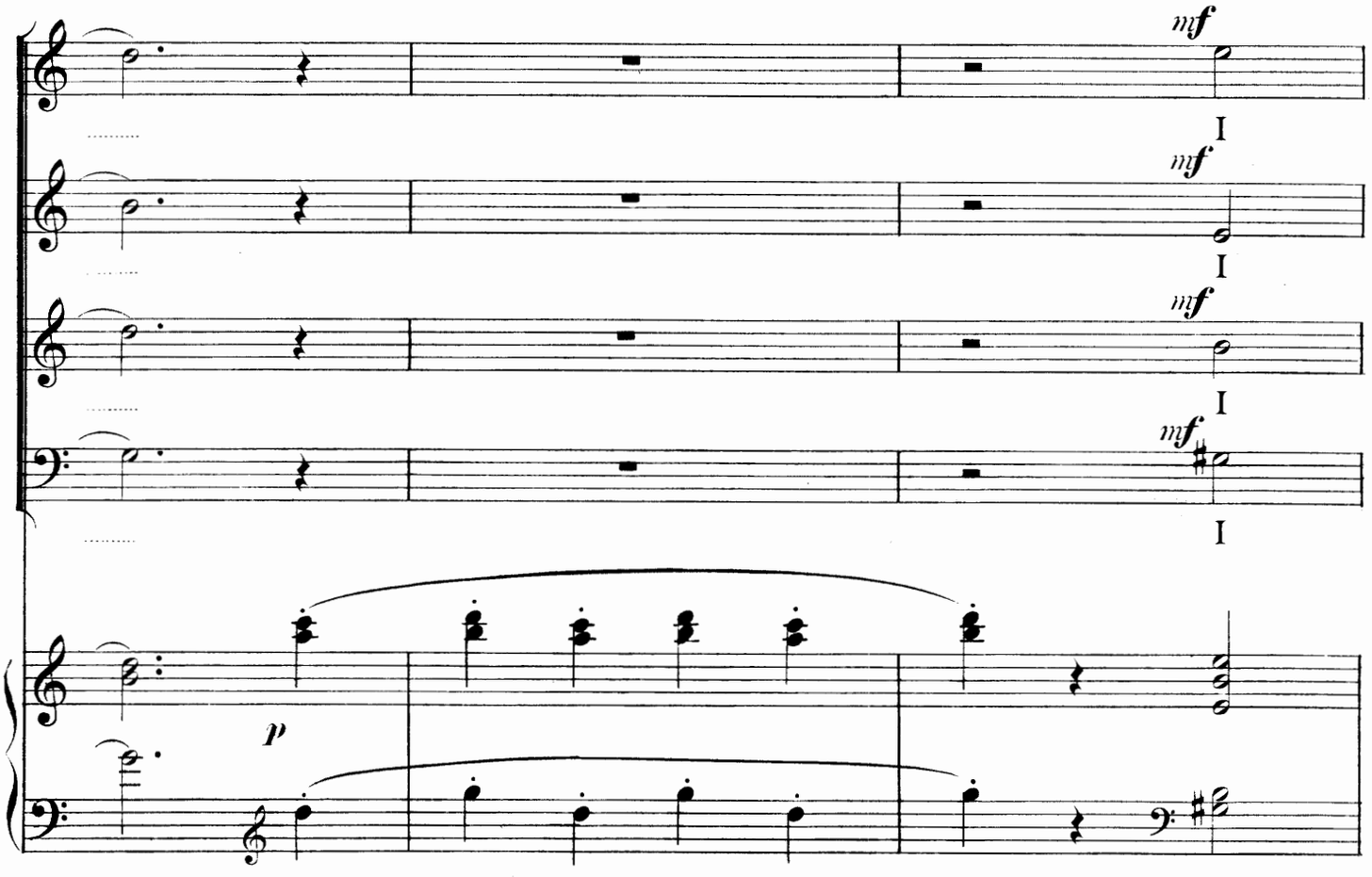

Who should climb but lit - tle me?
Who should climb but lit - tle me?
Who should climb but lit - tle me?
Who should climb but lit - tle me?


mf
I
mf
I
mf
I
mf
I
p

held the trunk with both my hands And look'd a - broad on

held the trunk with both my hands And look'd a - broad on

held the trunk with both my hands And look'd a - broad on

held the trunk with both my hands And look'd a - broad on

dim.

leggiero.

fo - reign lands

fo - reign lands.

fo - reign lands.

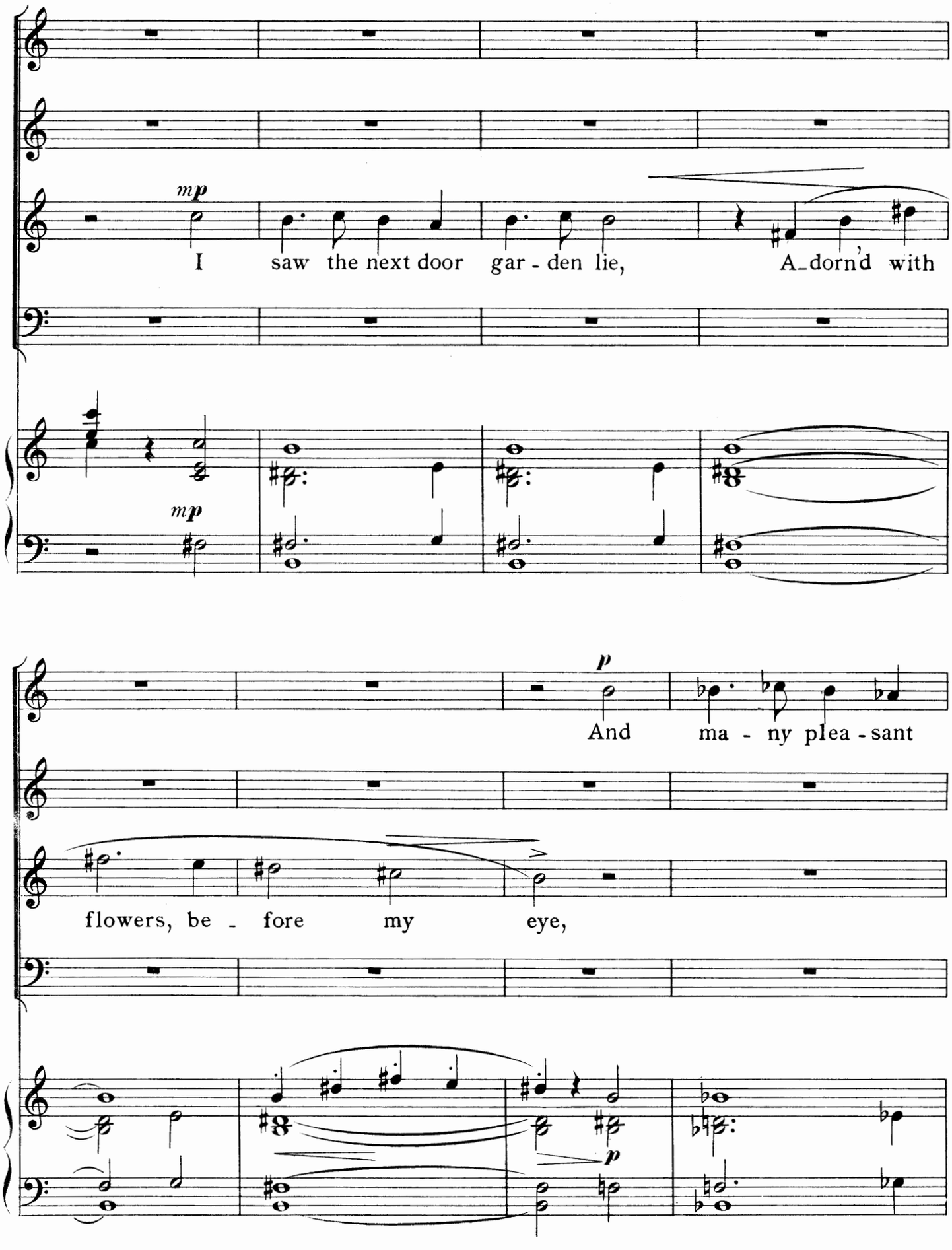
fo - reign lands.

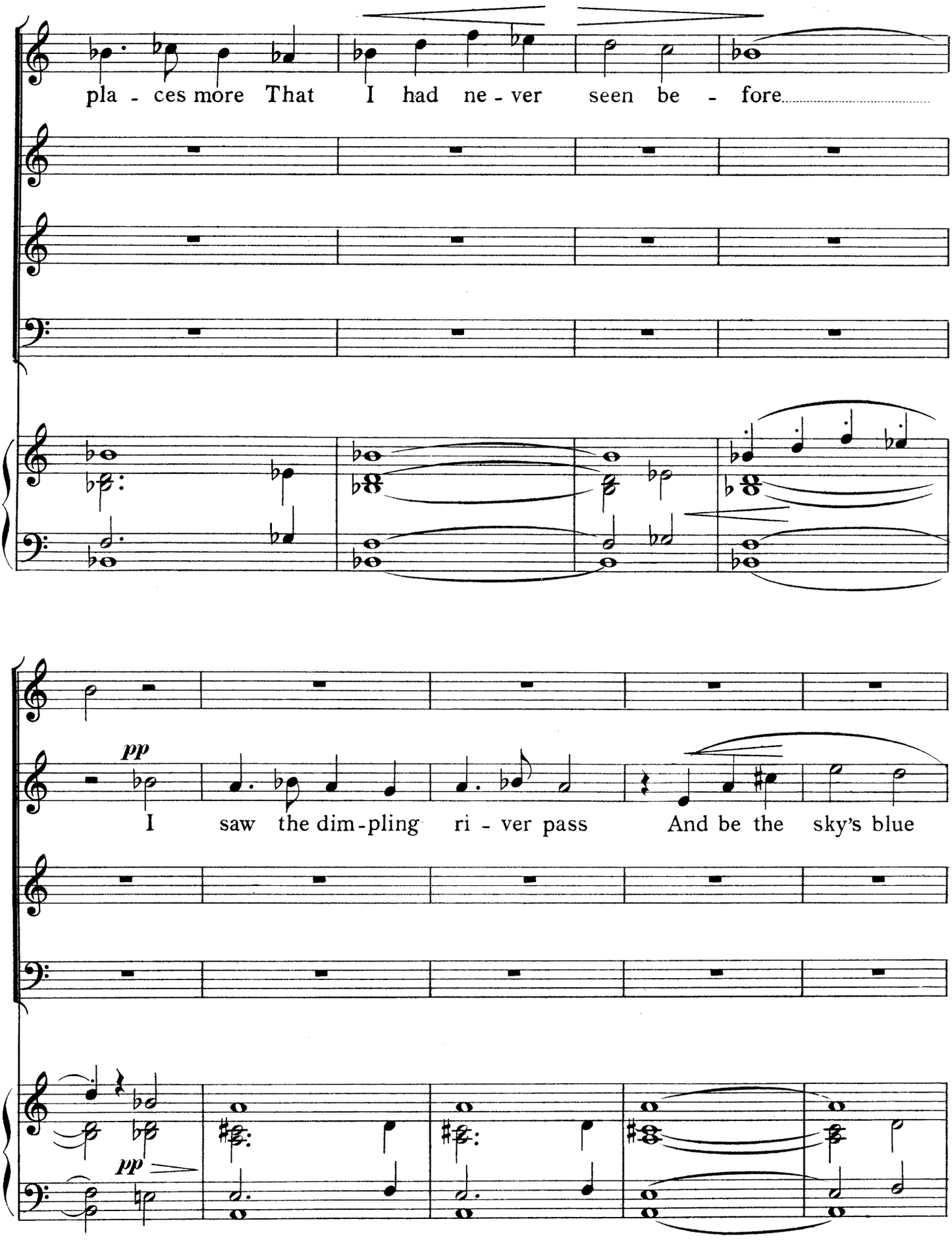
L. H.

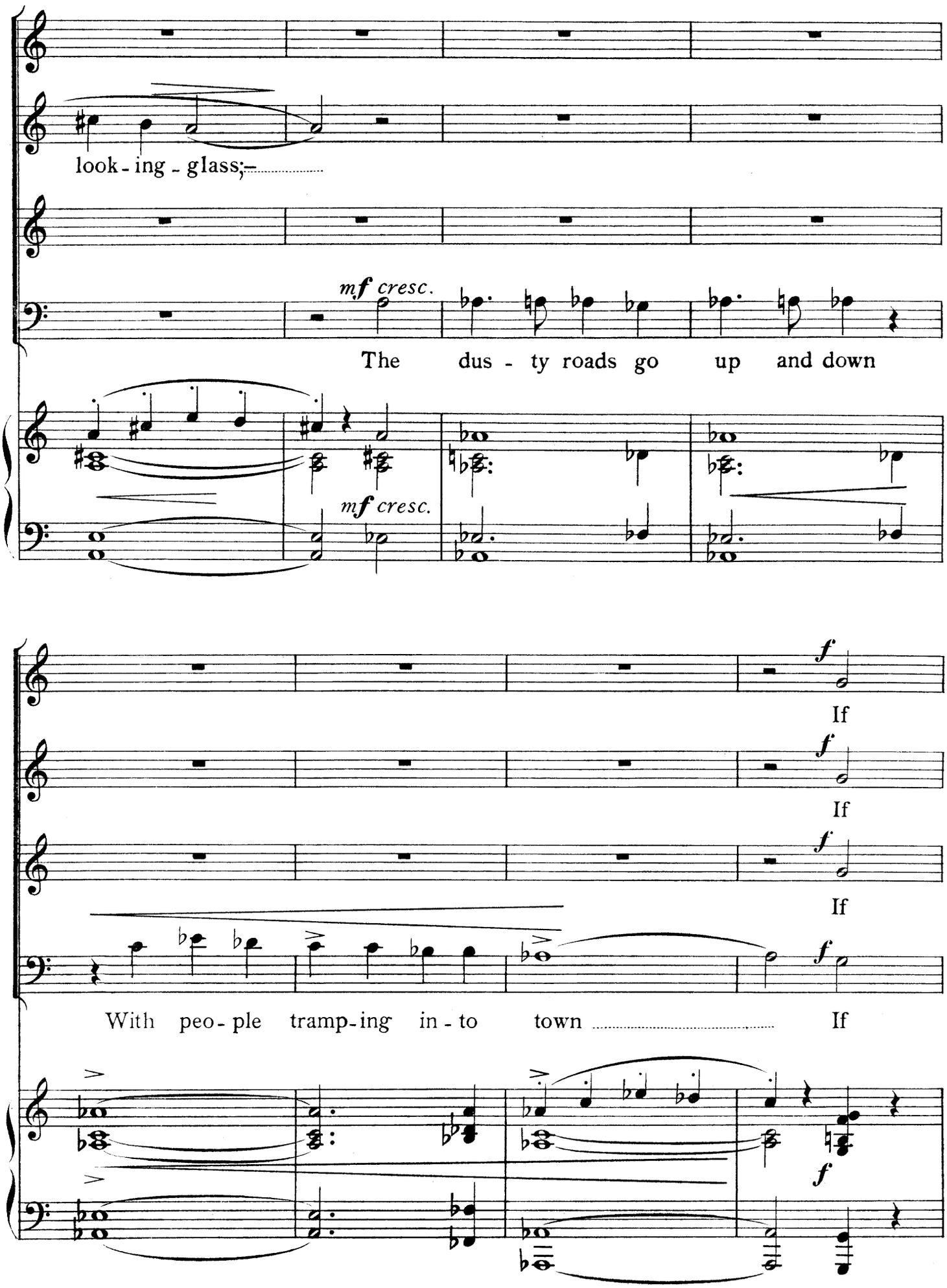
p

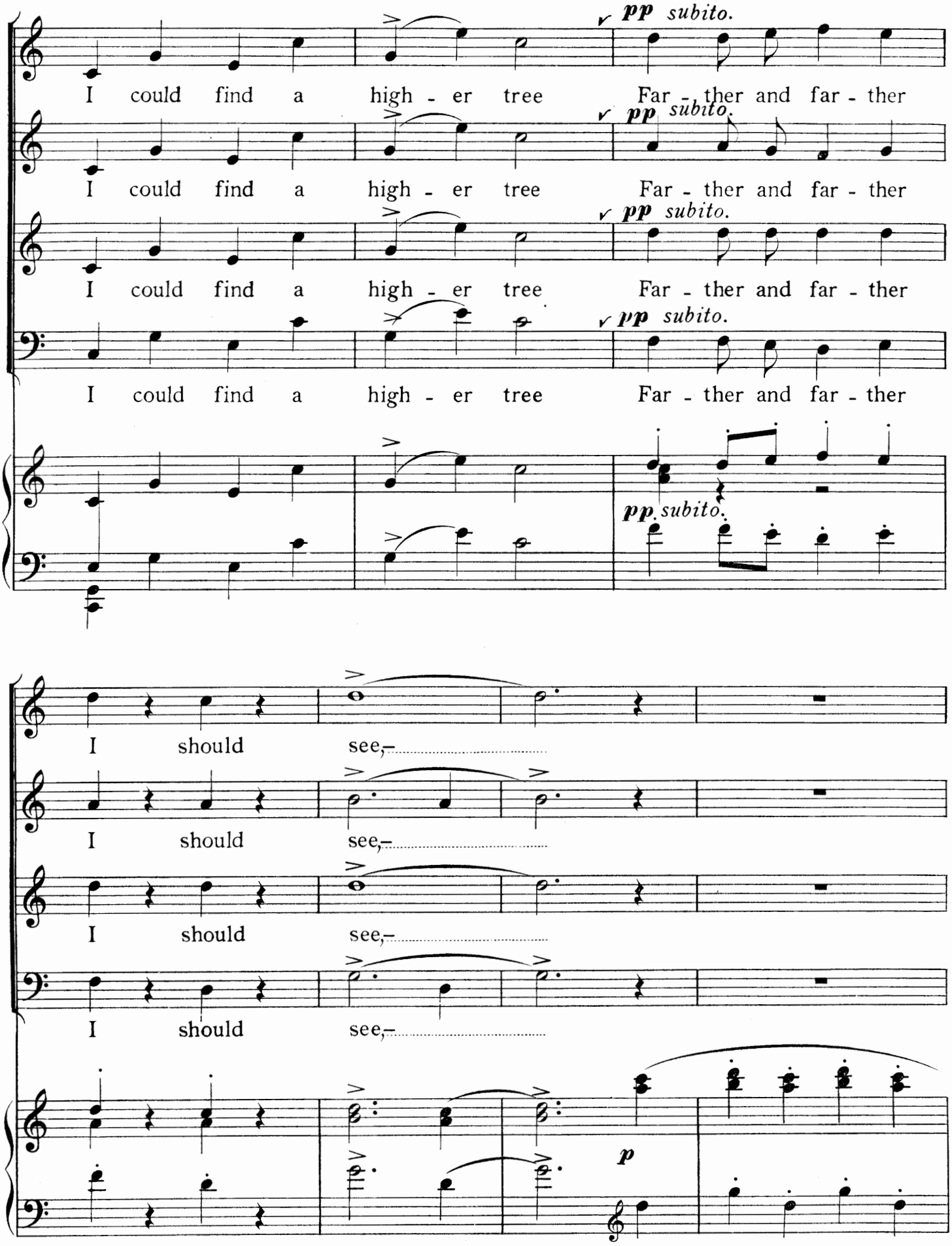
* If the Quartette is sung at the proper tempo there should be just time to sing this group for the turn.

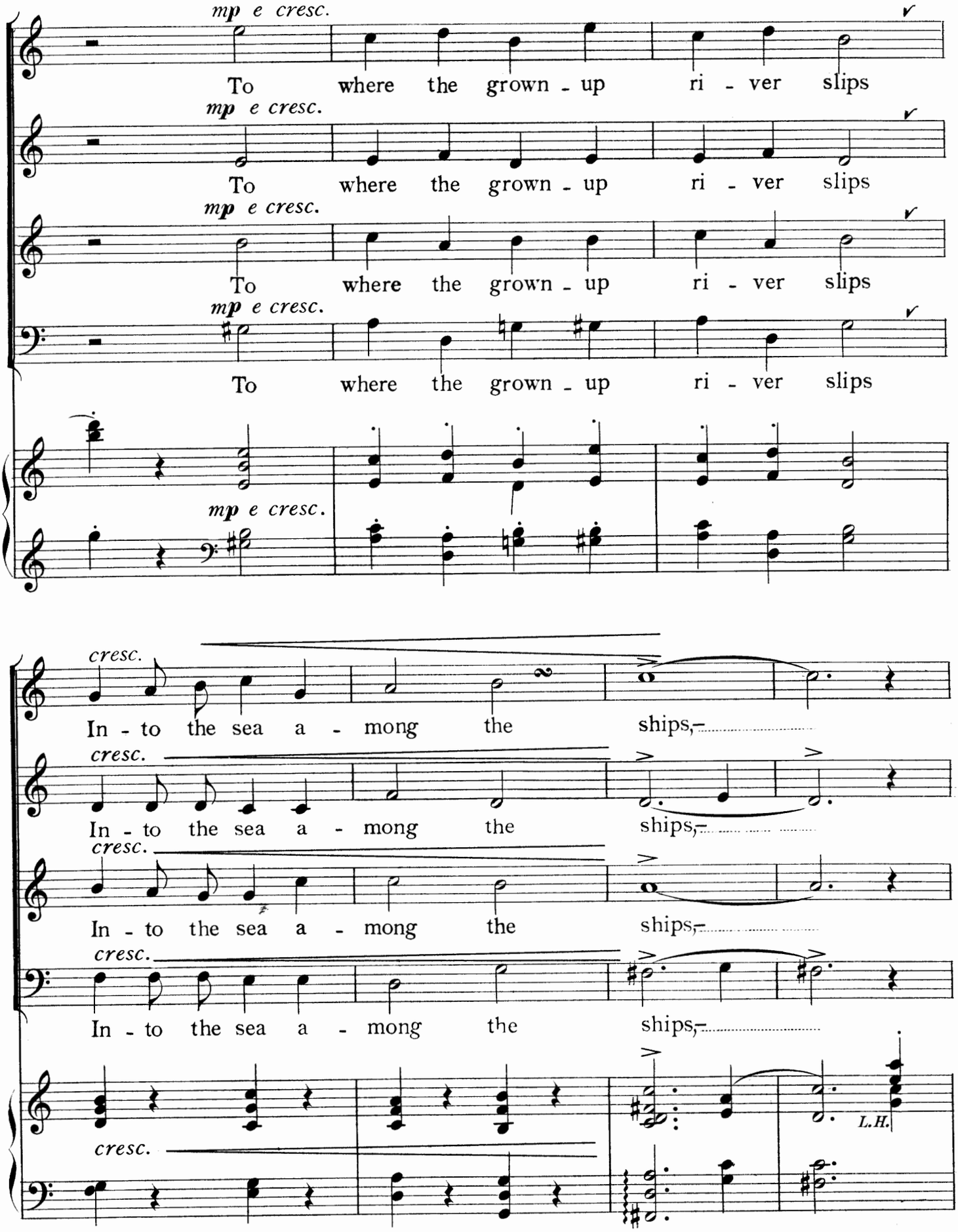
fo - reign

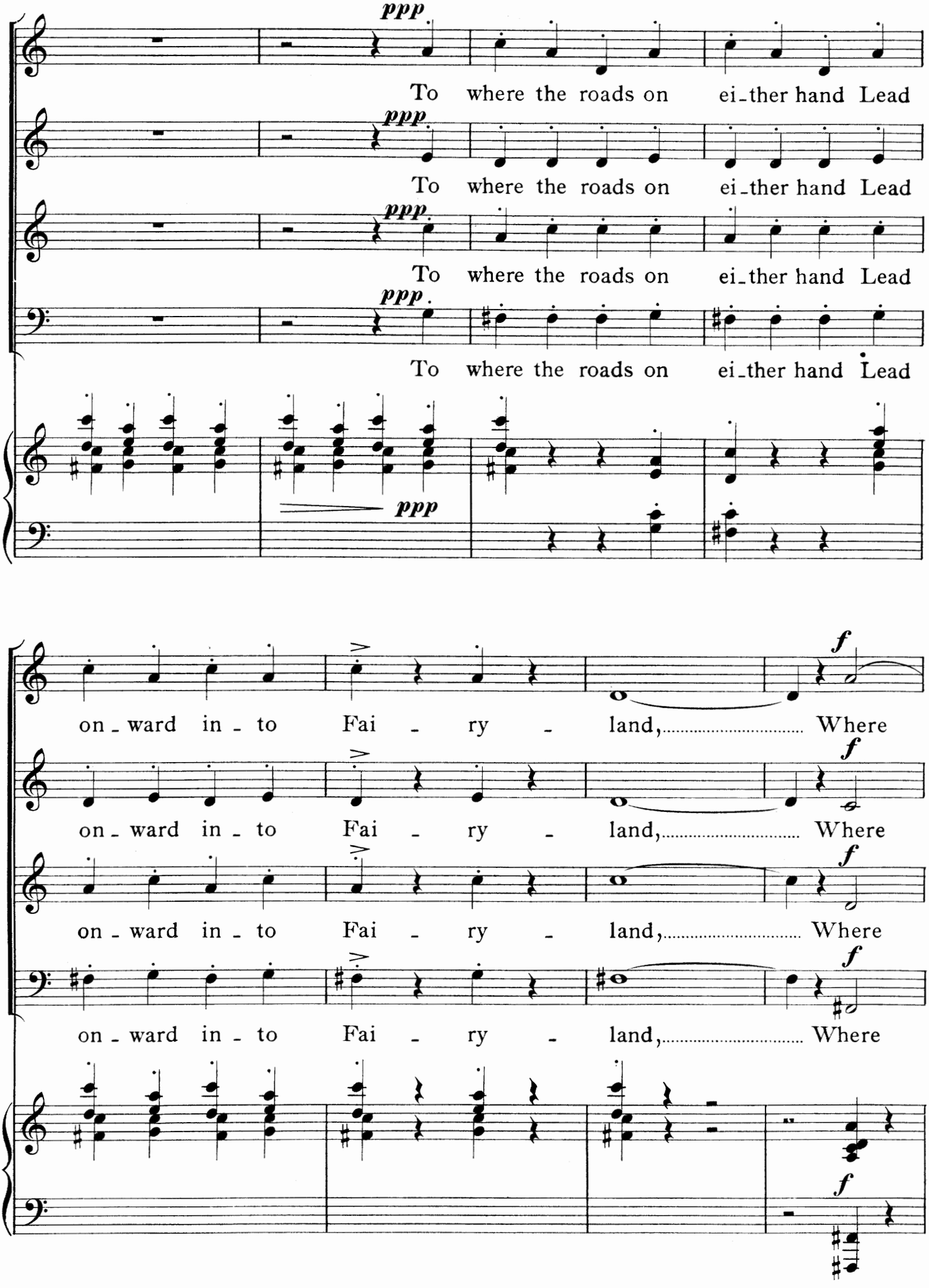

mp
I saw the next door gar - den lie, A_dorn'd with
mp
p
And ma - ny plea - sant
flowers, be - fore my eye,
p

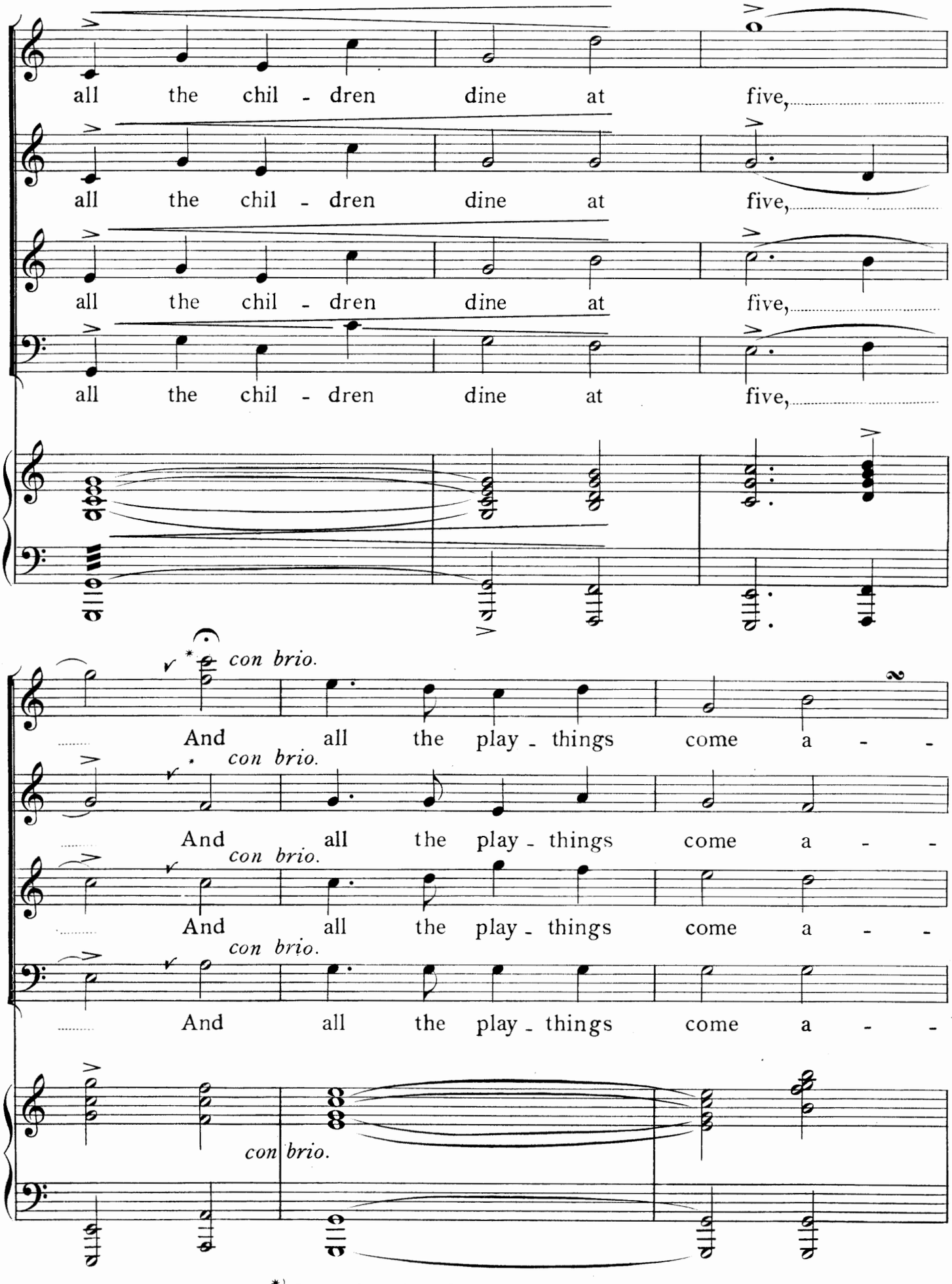

pla - ces more That I had ne - ver seen be - fore
pp
I saw the dim-pling ri - ver pass And be the sky's blue
pp


look - ing - glass;—
mf cresc.
The dus - ty roads go up and down
mf cresc.
f
If
f
If
f
If
With peo - ple tramp - ing in - to town
If
f
f

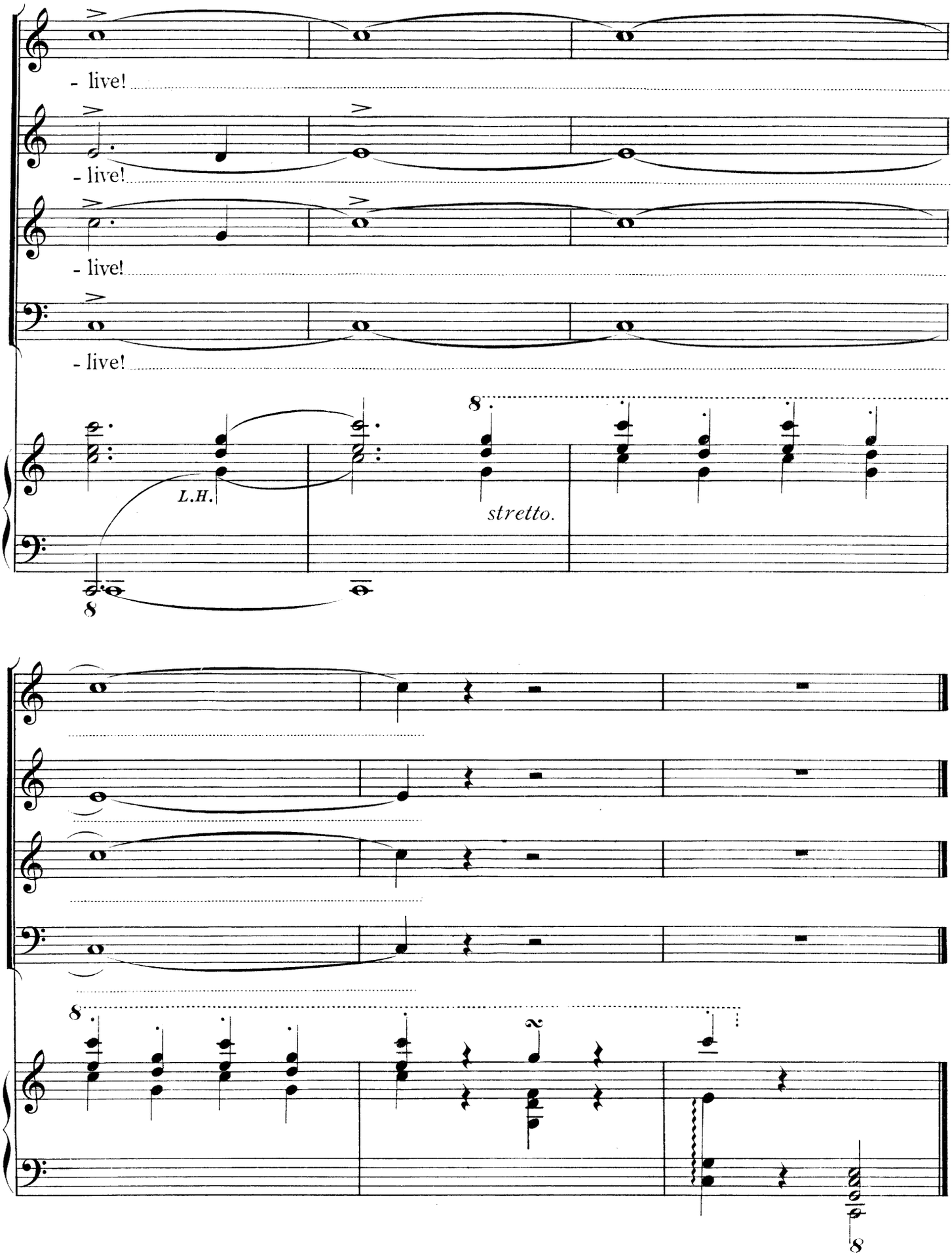

pp subito.
I could find a high - er tree Far - ther and far - ther
I could find a high - er tree Far - ther and far - ther
I could find a high - er tree Far - ther and far - ther
I could find a high - er tree Far - ther and far - ther
pp subito.
I should see,
I should see,
I should see,
I should see,
p


mp e cresc.
To where the grown - up ri - ver slips
mp e cresc.
To where the grown - up ri - ver slips
mp e cresc.
To where the grown - up ri - ver slips
mp e cresc.
To where the grown - up ri - ver slips
mp e cresc.
cresc.
In - to the sea a - mong the ships,
cresc.
In - to the sea a - mong the ships,
cresc.
In - to the sea a - mong the ships,
cresc.
In - to the sea a - mong the ships,
L.H.
cresc.


ppp
To where the roads on ei-ther hand Lead
ppp
To where the roads on ei-ther hand Lead
ppp
To where the roads on ei-ther hand Lead
ppp.
To where the roads on ei-ther hand Lead
ppp
f
on-ward in-to Fai-ry-land, Where
f
on-ward in-to Fai-ry-land, Where
f
on-ward in-to Fai-ry-land, Where
f
on-ward in-to Fai-ry-land, Where
f



*) *Only make a pause here if the high C is sung.*


- live!
- live!
- live!
- live!
L.H.
stretto.

II.—A MORAL.

(GOOD AND BAD CHILDREN)

(BARITONE OR BASS.)

CHILDREN, you are very little,
And your bones are very brittle;
If you would grow great and stately,
You must try to walk sedately.

You must still be bright and quiet,
And content with simple diet;
And remain, through all bewild'ring,
Innocent and honest children.

Happy hearts and happy faces,
Happy play in grassy places,—
That was how, in ancient ages,—
Children grew to kings and sages.

But the unkind and the unruly,
And the sort who eat unduly,
They must never hope for glory—
Theirs is quite a different story!

Cruel children, crying babies,
All grow up as geese and gabies,
Hated, as their age increases,
By their nephews and their nieces.

(From "A Child's Garden of Verses.")

R. L. STEVENSON.

(By kind permission of Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.)

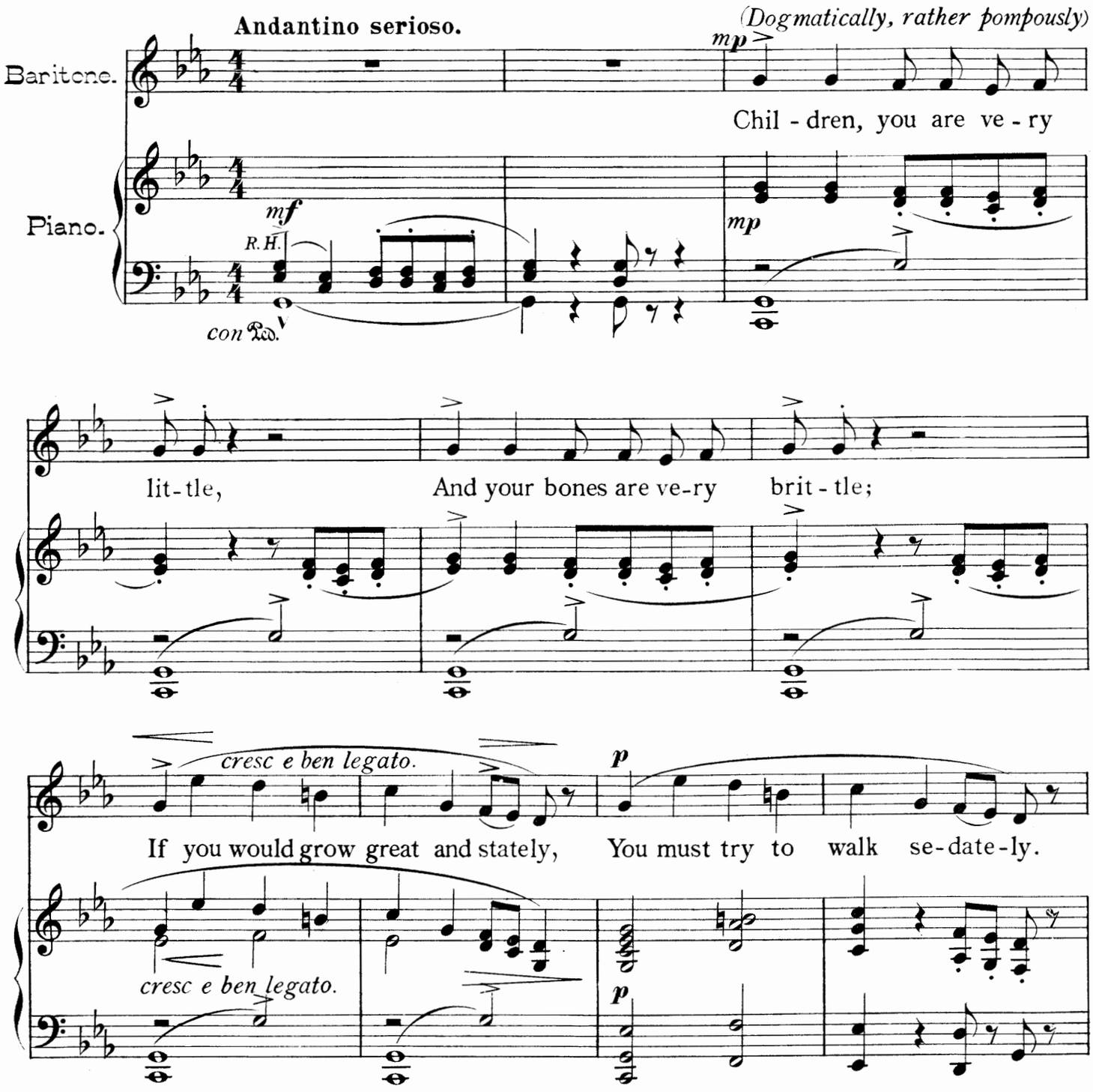
II.

A Moral.

(Good and Bad Children.)

Words by
R. L. STEVENSON

Music by
LIZA LEHMANN.



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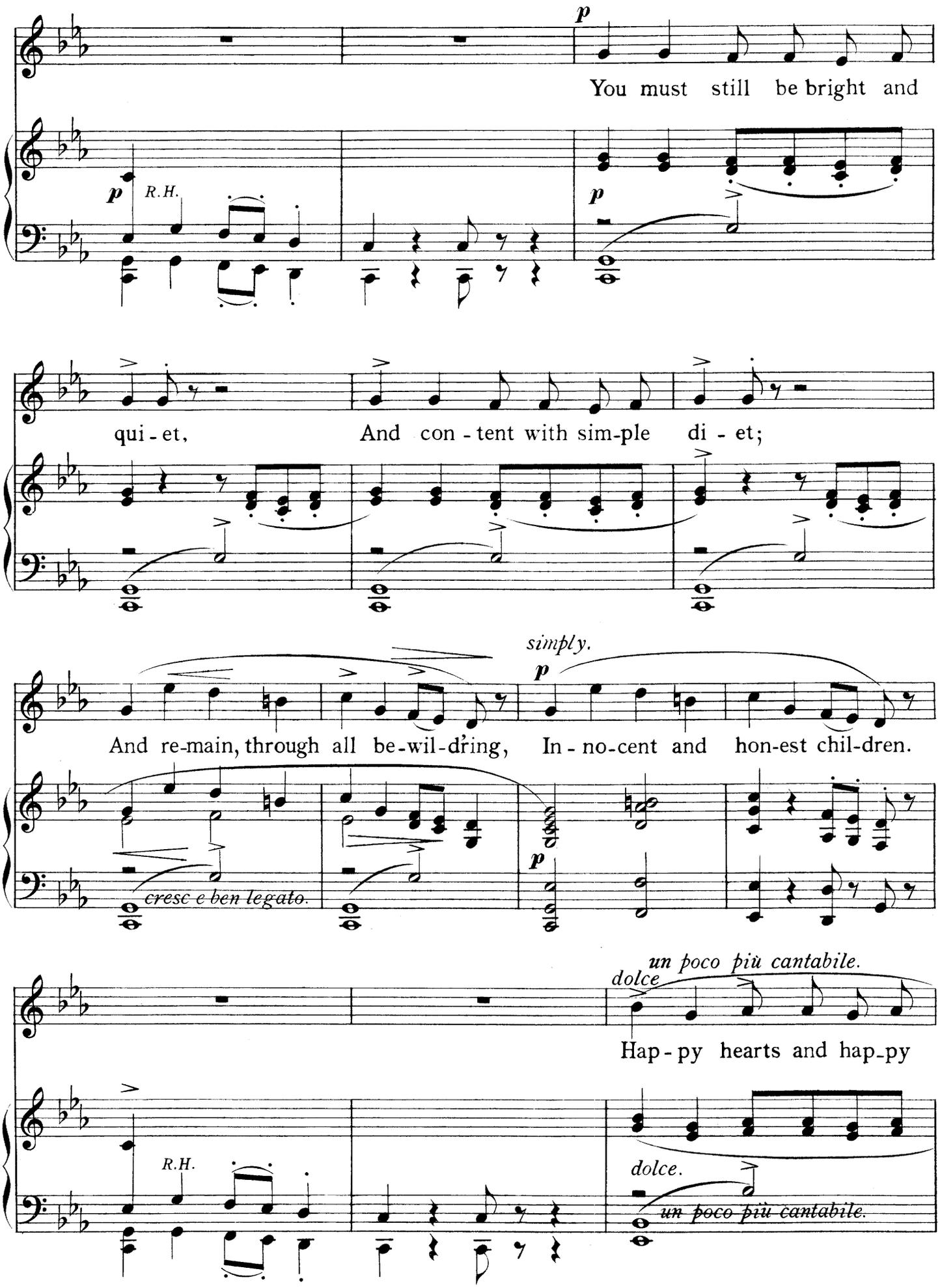
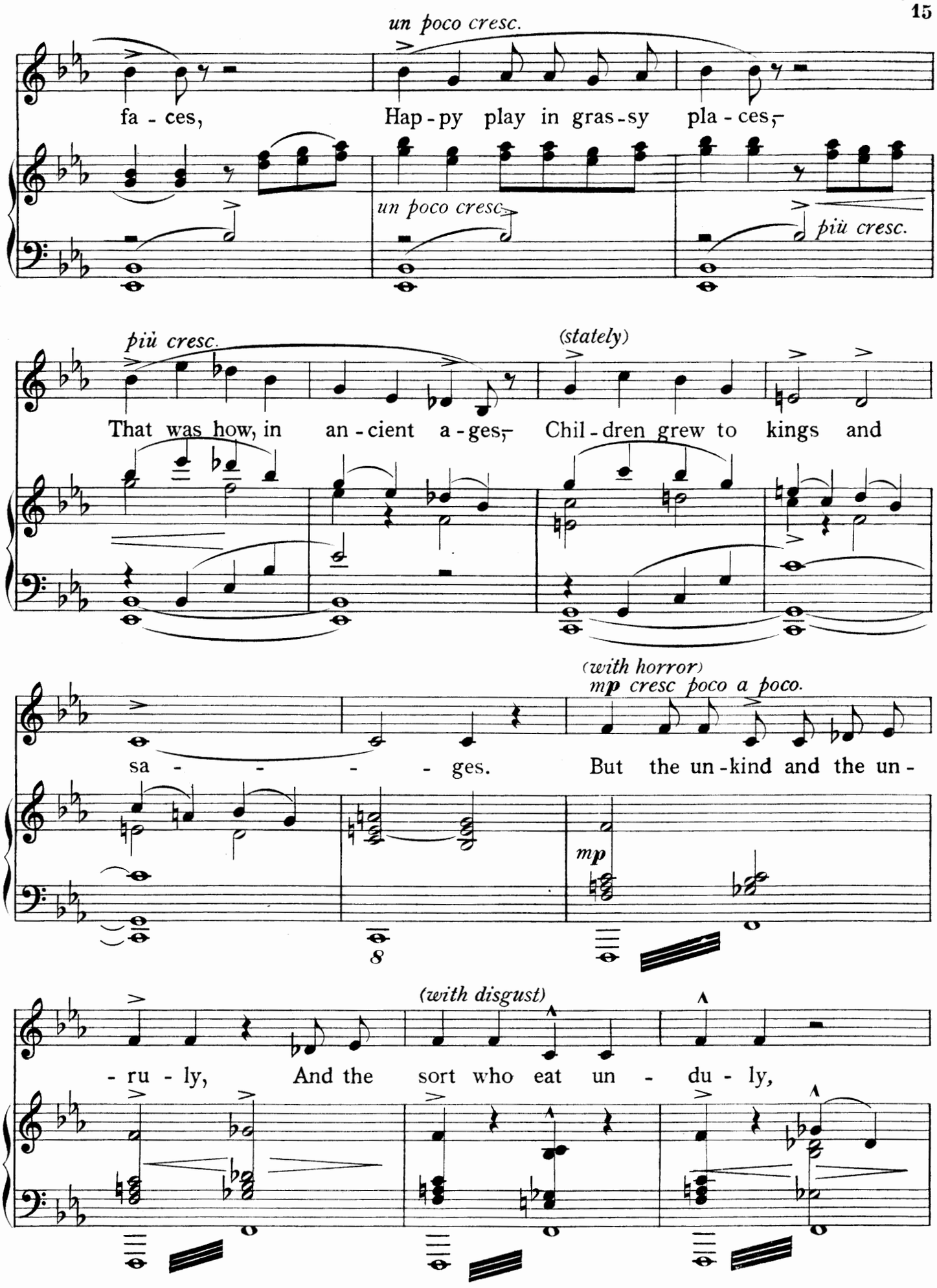
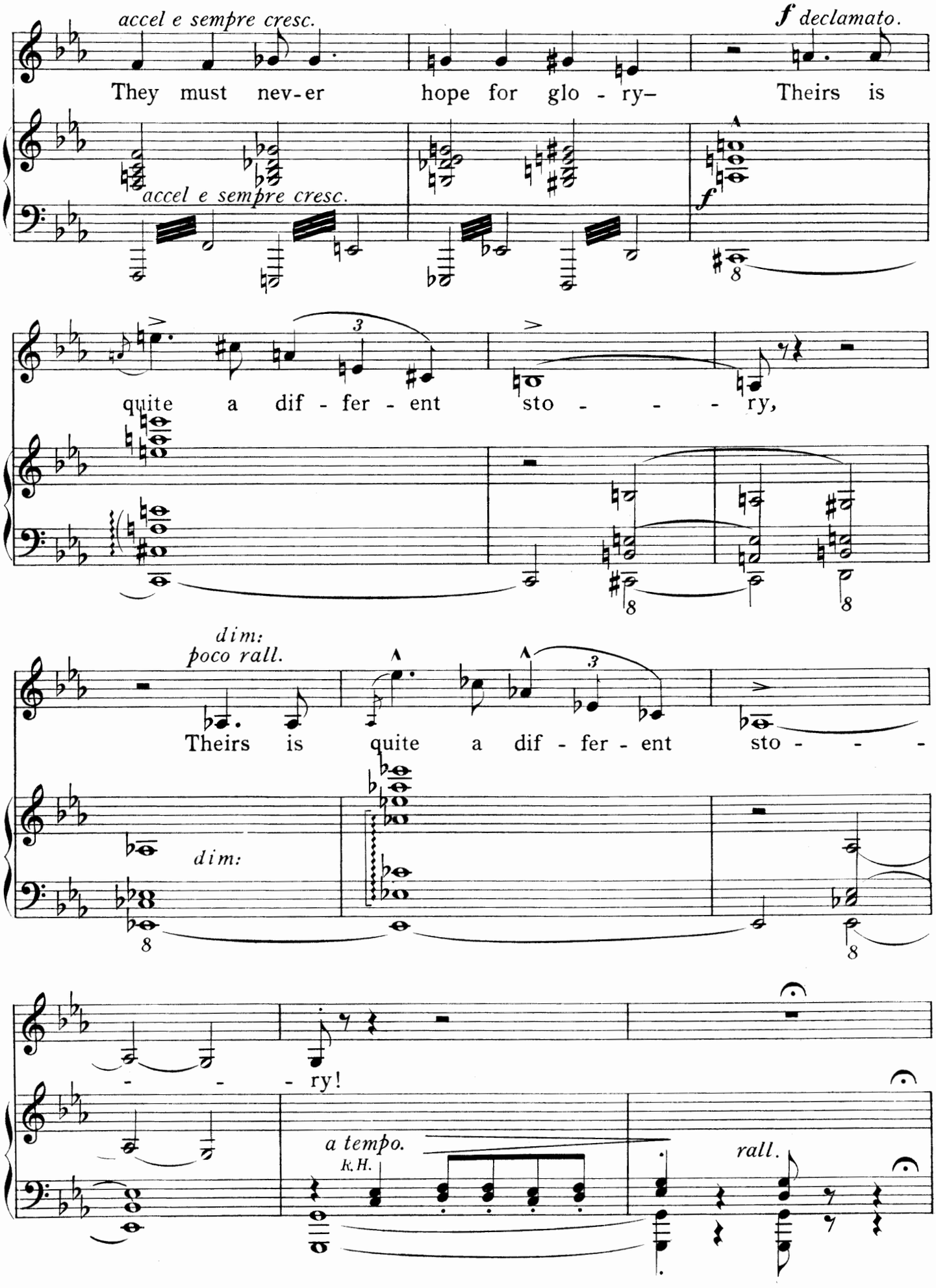

p
You must still be bright and
p R.H.
p
qui - et, And con - tent with sim-ple di - et;
simply.
p
And re-main, through all be-wil-dring, In - no-cent and hon-est chil-dren.
cresc e ben legato.
p
un poco più cantabile.
dolce
Hap - py hearts and hap_py
R.H.
dolce.
un poco più cantabile.


un poco cresc.
fa - ces,
Hap - py play in gras - sy pla - ces,
un poco cresc.
più cresc.
più cresc.
(stately)
That was how, in an - cient a - ges, Chil - dren grew to kings and
(with horror)
mp cresc poco a poco.
sa - - - - - ges. But the un - kind and the un -
mp
8
(with disgust)
- ru - ly, And the sort who eat un - du - ly,


accel e sempre cresc.
f declamato.
They must nev-er hope for glo - ry– Theirs is
accel e sempre cresc.
f
quite a dif - fer - ent sto - - - - ry,
dim:
poco rall.
Theirs is quite a dif - fer - ent sto - - -
dim:
- - - ry!
a tempo.
K.H.
rall.

(sotto voce impressively)

Primo tempo.

pp

Cru - el chil - dren, cry - ing ba - bies, All grow up as geese and

Primo tempo.

pp

L.H.

ga - bies, Ha - ted, as their age in - crea - ses,

f

By their ne - phews— and their nie - ces.

f

sf

R.H.

fulminato rapido.

8

sf

8

III.—For Good Luck.

(Going a-Maying.)

(Soprano.)

Little Kings and Queens of the May,
If you want to be,
Every one of you, very good,
In that beautiful, beautiful, beautiful wood,
Where the little birds' heads get so turned with delight
That some of them sing all night:
Whatever you pluck,
Leave some for good luck!

Picked from the stalk or pulled by the root,
From overhead or from underfoot,
Water-wonders of pond or brook—
Wherever you look,
And whatever you find,
Leave something behind:
Some for the Naiads,
Some for the Dryads,
And a bit for the Nixies and Pixies!

Little Kings and Queens of the May, &c.

(From "A First Poetry Book," M. A Woods.)

J. H. Ewing.

(By kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.)

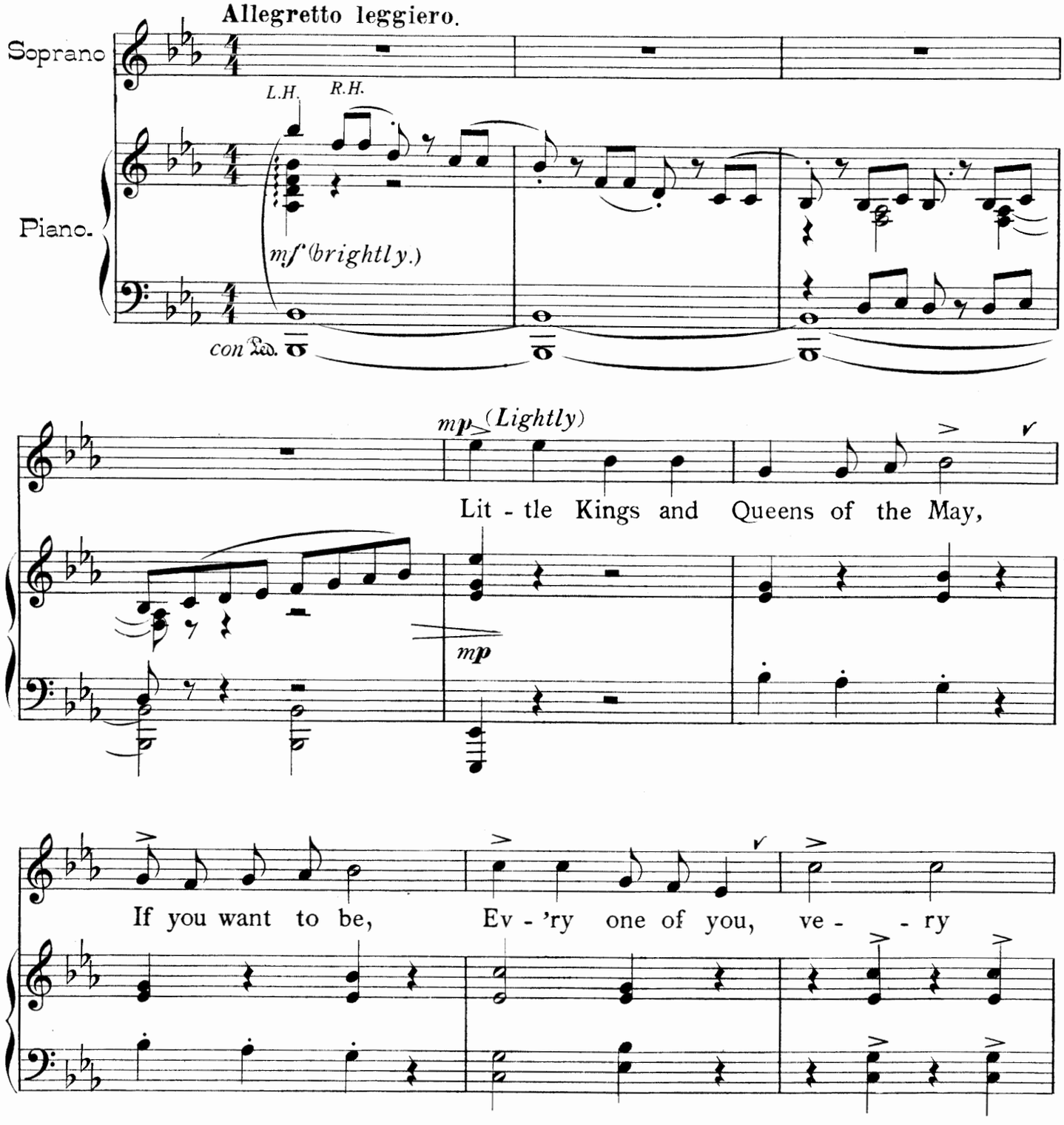
III.

For Good Luck.

(Going a-Maying.)

Words by
J. H. EWING.

Music by
LIZA LEHMANN.



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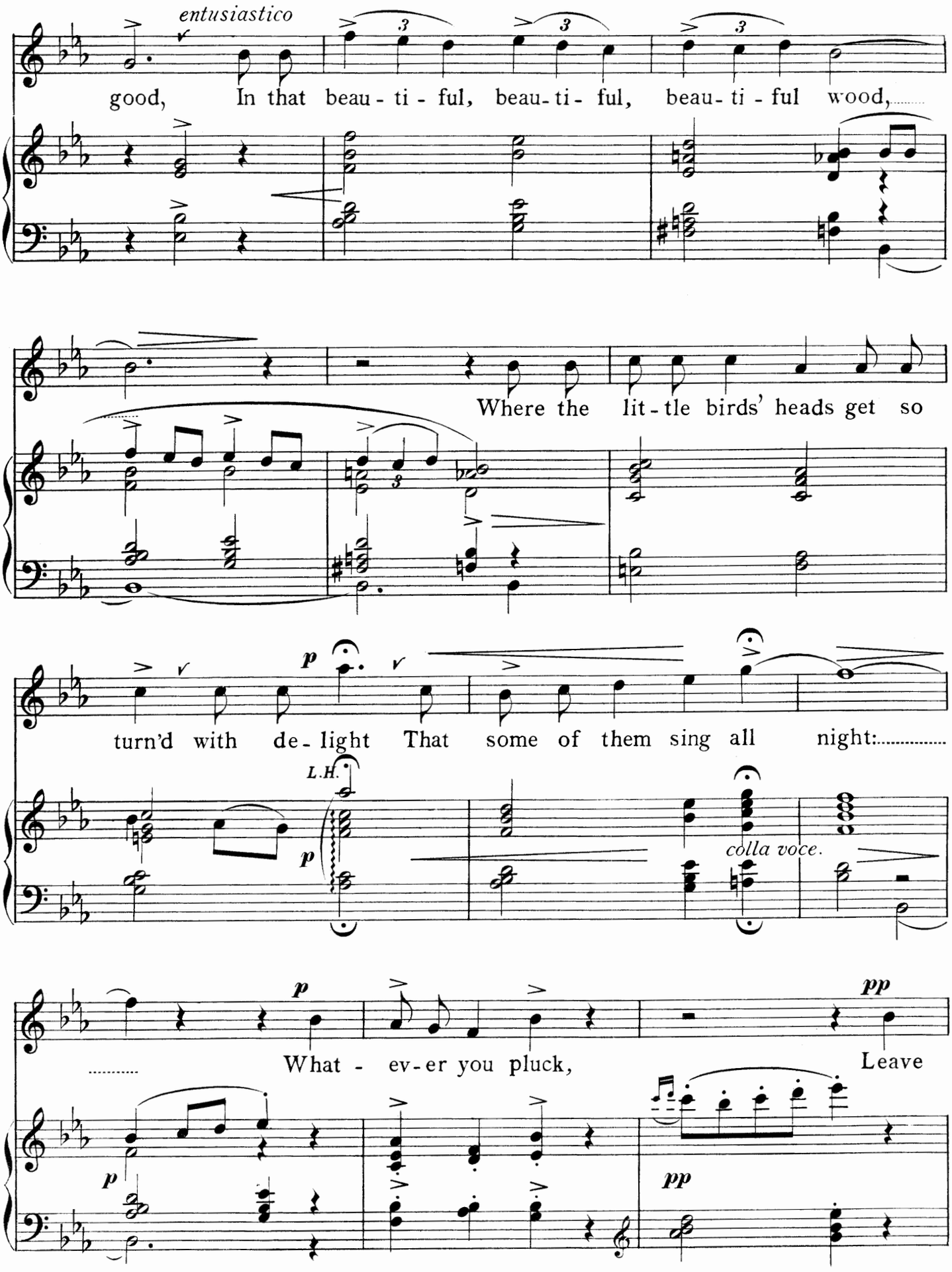
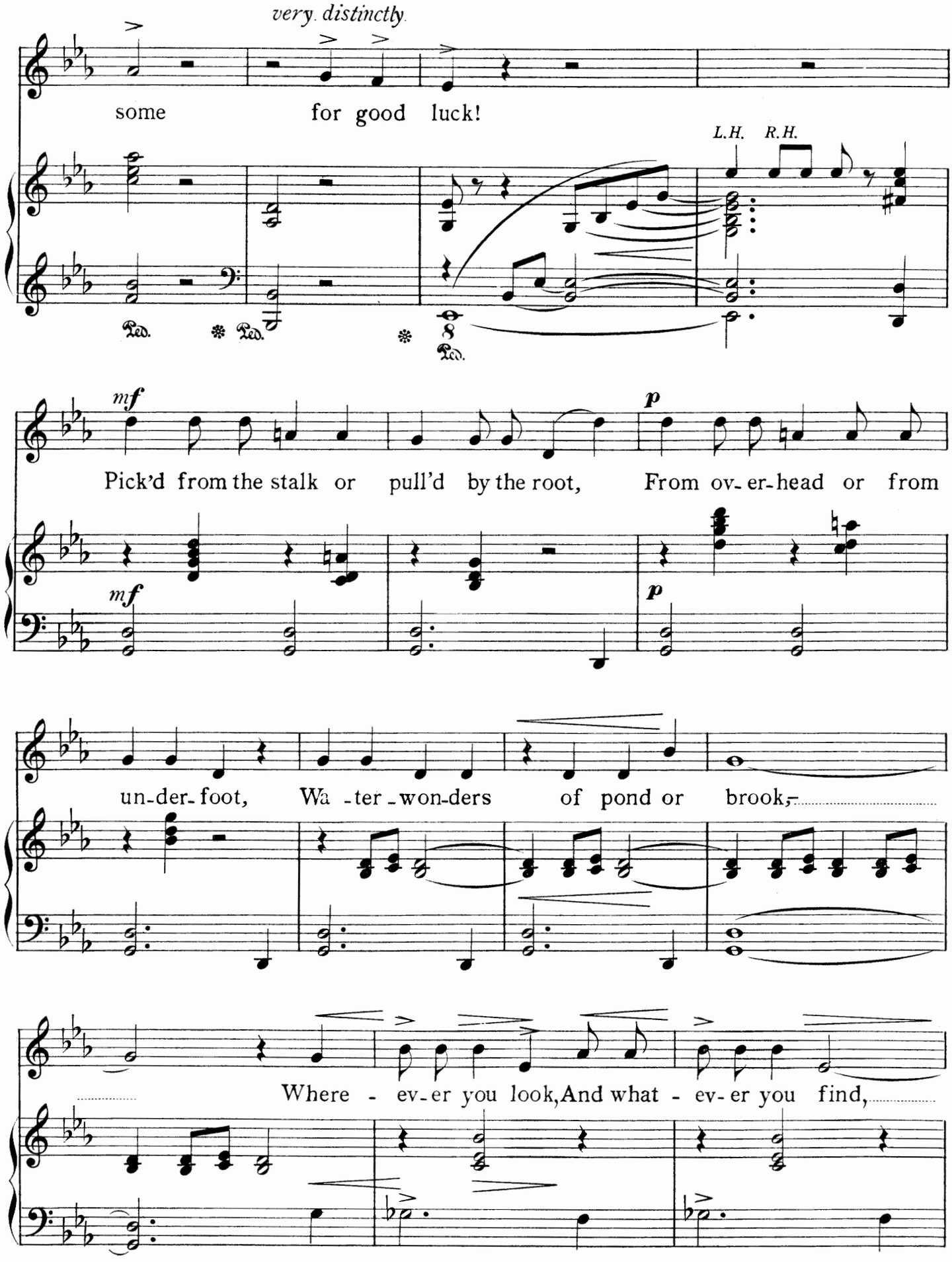
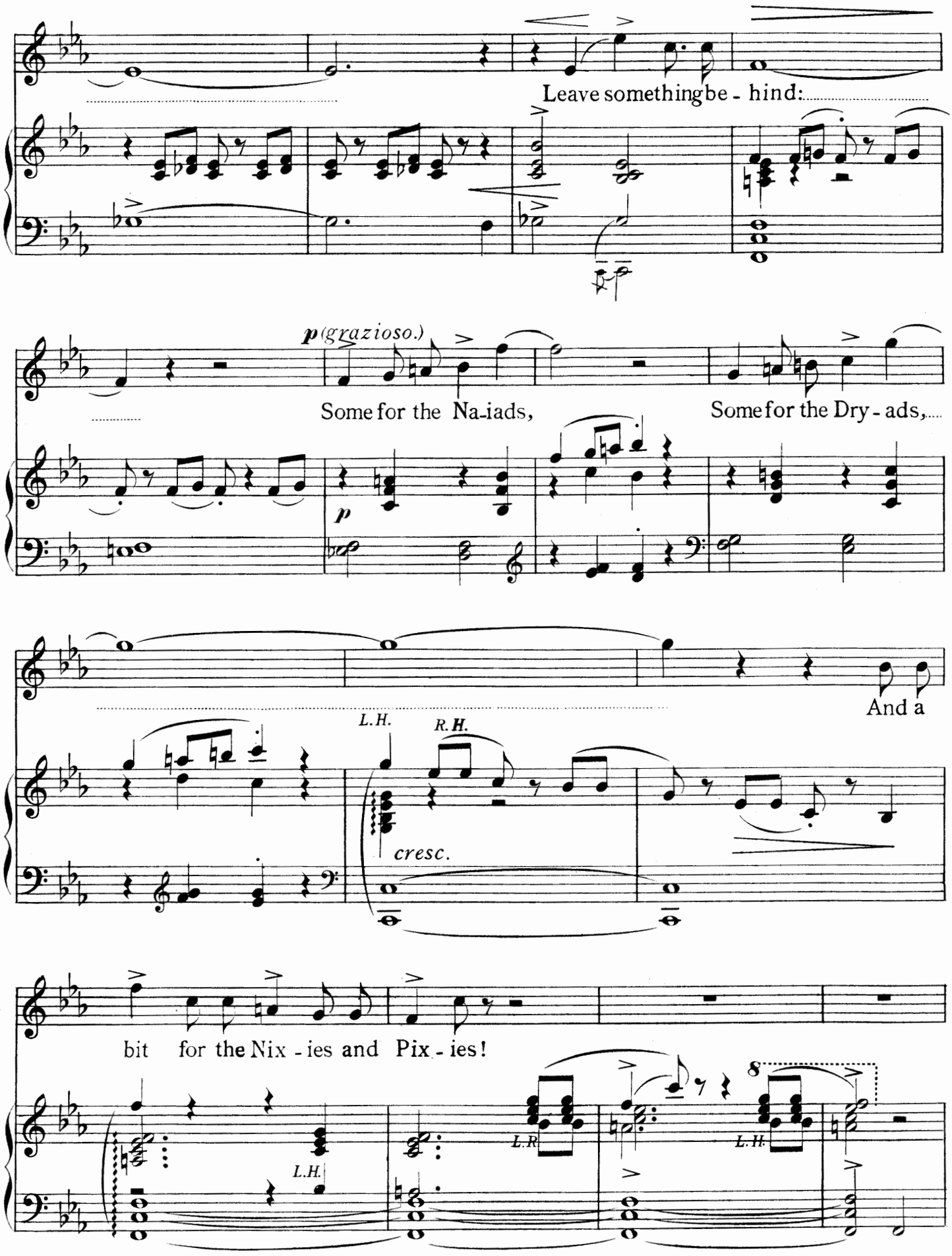
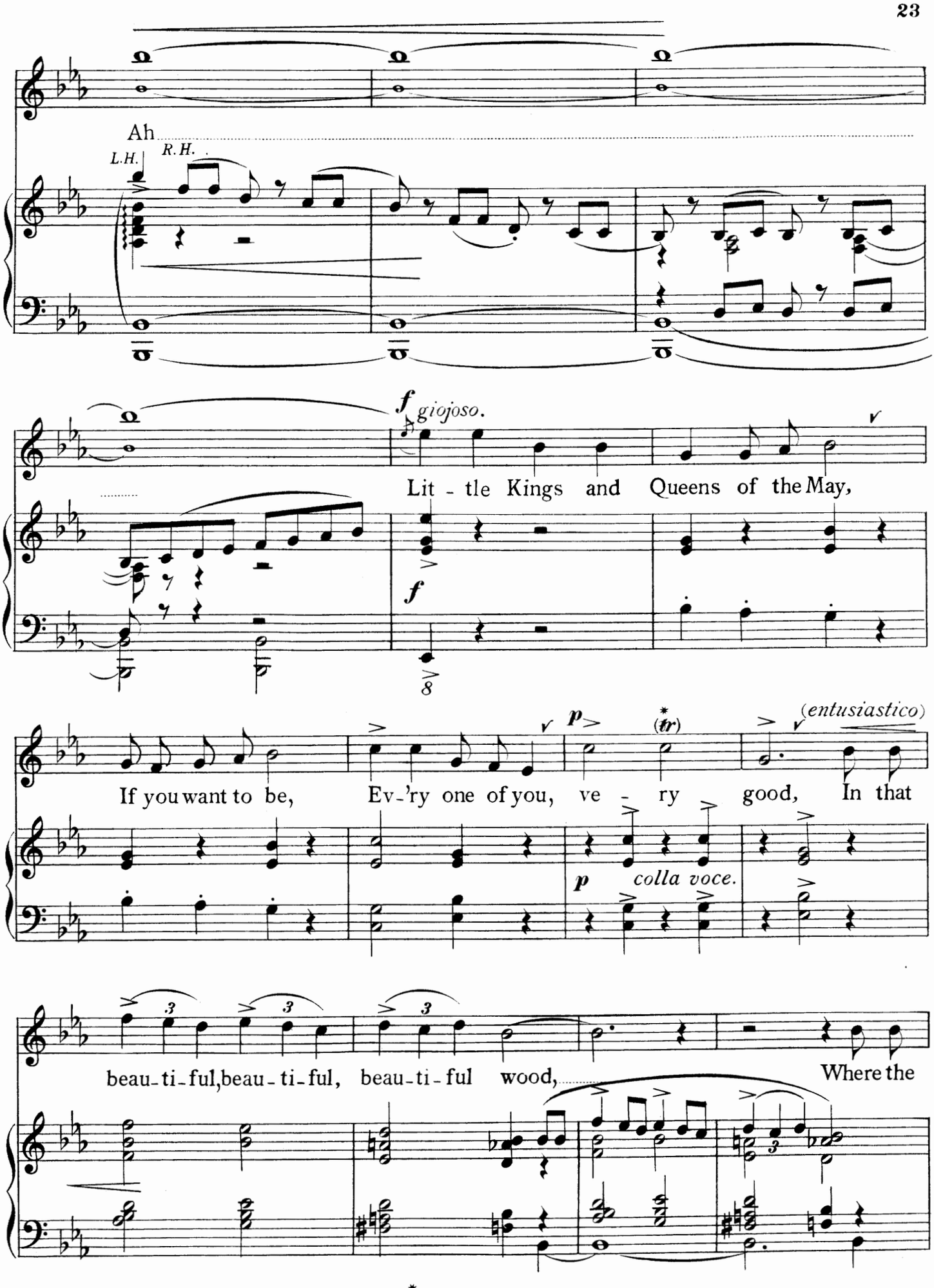
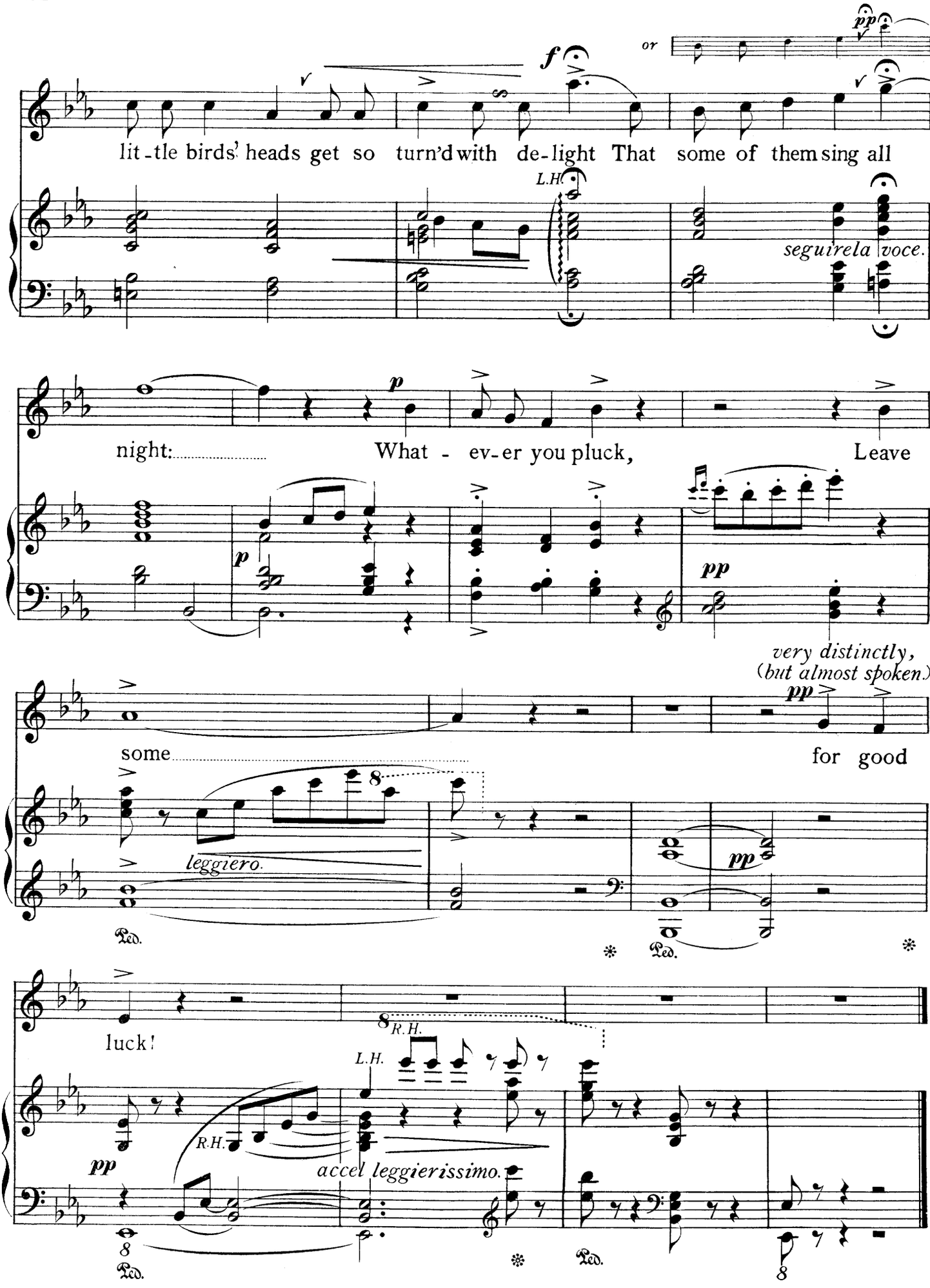

entusiastico
good, In that beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful wood,
Where the lit - tle birds' heads get so
turn'd with de - light That some of them sing all night:
L.H.
colla voce.
What - ev - er you pluck, Leave


very distinctly.
some for good luck!
L.H. R.H.
Ped. Ped. Ped.
mf
Pick'd from the stalk or pull'd by the root, From ov-er-head or from
p
mf
p
un-der-foot, Wa-ter-won-ders of pond or brook;
Where - ev-er you look, And what - ev-er you find,


Leave something be - hind:
p (grazioso.)
Some for the Na-iads,
Some for the Dry - ads,
p
And a
L.H.
R.H.
cresc.
bit for the Nix - ies and Pix - ies!
L.H.
L.R.
8
L.H.



*Shake optional.


or
lit-tle birds' heads get so turn'd with de-light That some of them sing all
L.H.
seguirela voce.
night:
What - ev-er you pluck,
Leave
very distinctly,
(but almost spoken.)
some
for good
leggiero.
luck!
R.H.
L.H.
R.H.
accel leggierissimo.
Ped.

IV.—Good-Night and Good Morning.

(Contralto.)

A fair little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see,
Then smoothed her work and folded it right,
And said, "Dear work, good-night! good-night!"

Such a number of rooks flew over her head,
Crying "caw! caw!" on their way to bed,
She said, as she watched their curious flight,
"Little black things, good-night! good-night!"

The tall pink foxglove bowed his head,
The violet curtsied and went to bed,
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said on her knees her favourite prayer.

And while on her pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more till again it was day,
And all things said to the beautiful sun,
"Good morning! good morning! our work is begun."

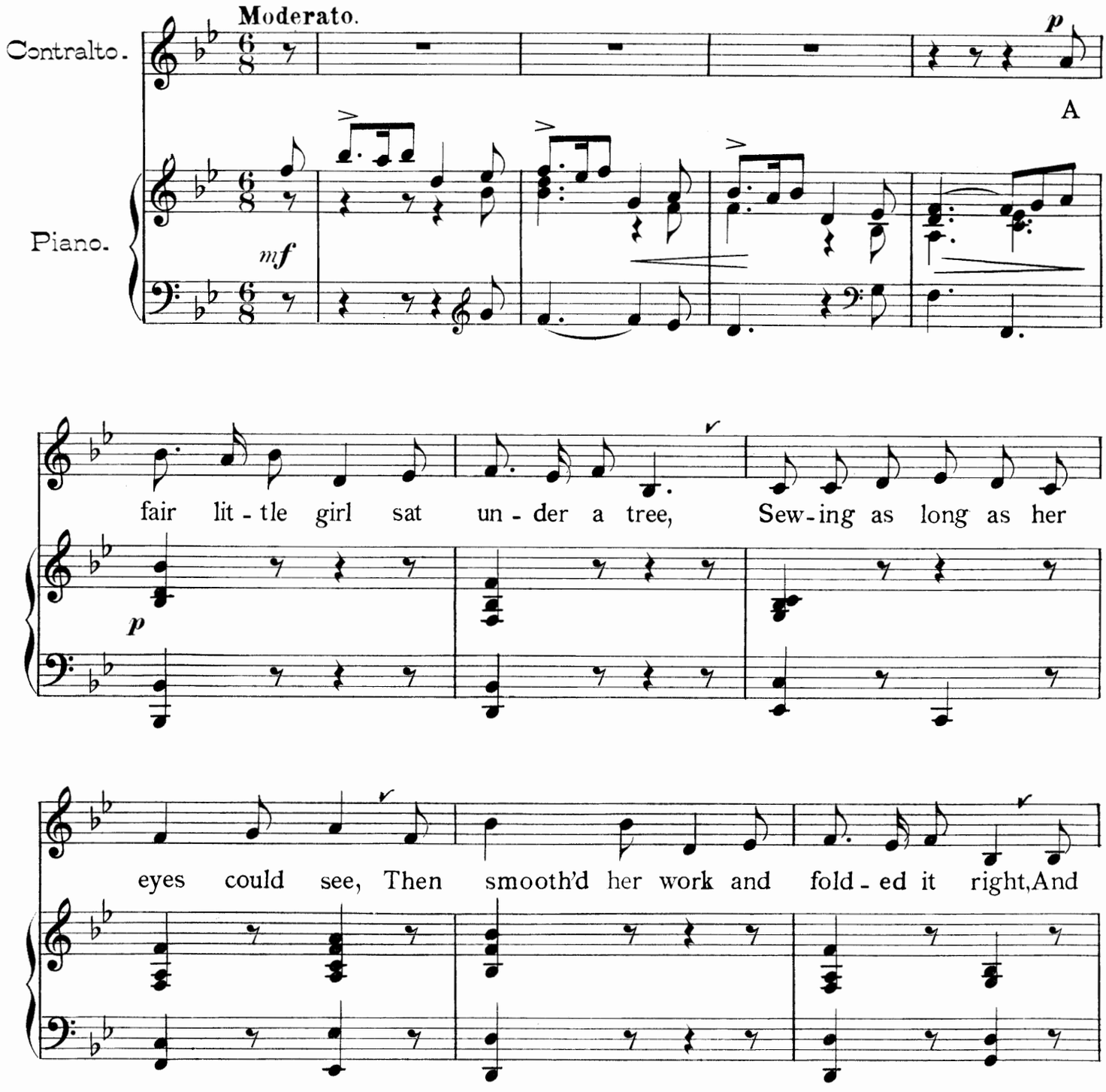
Lord Houghton.

IV.

Good-night and Good-morning

Words by
LORD HOUGHTON.

Music by
LIZA LEHMANN.



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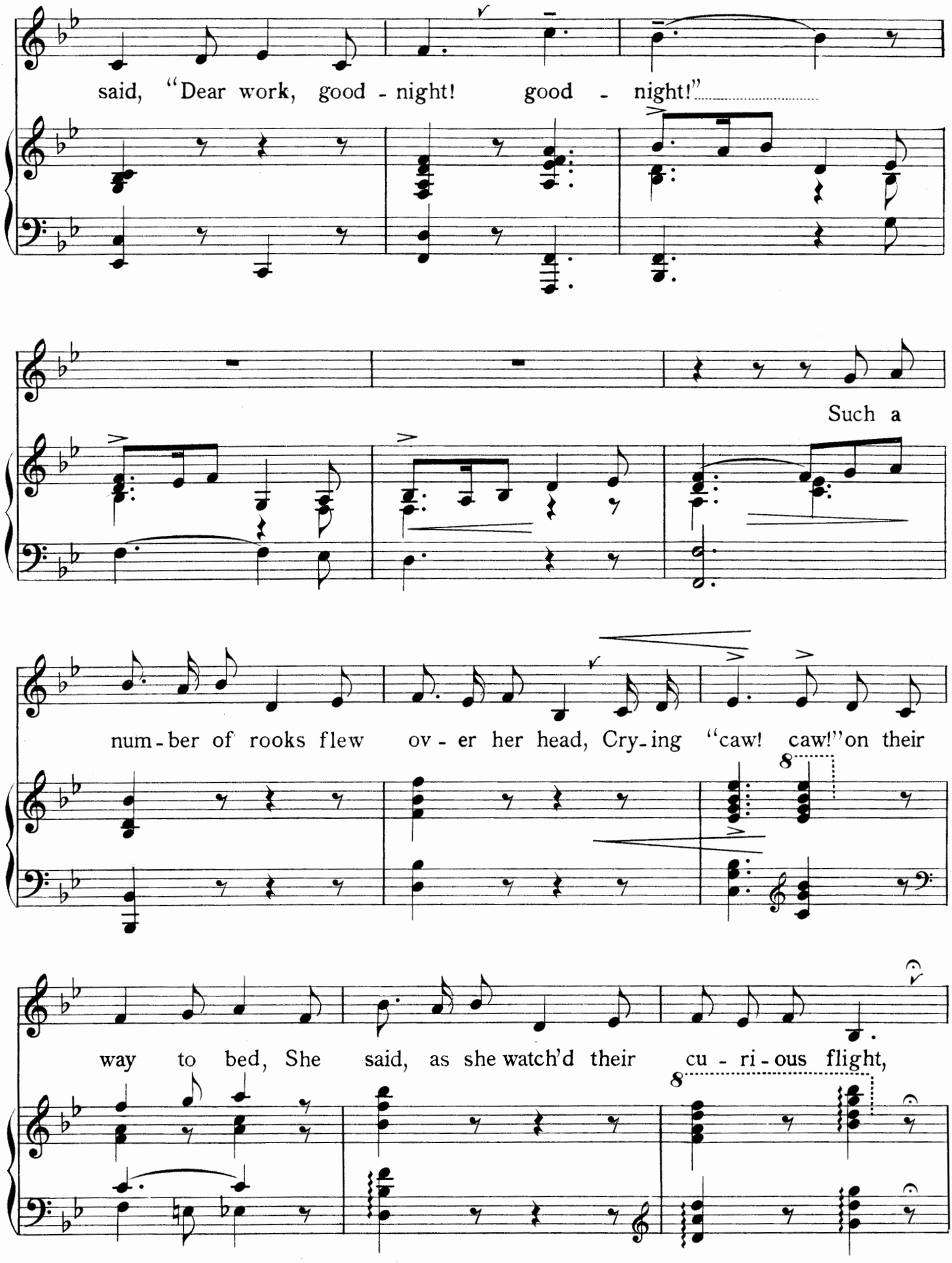
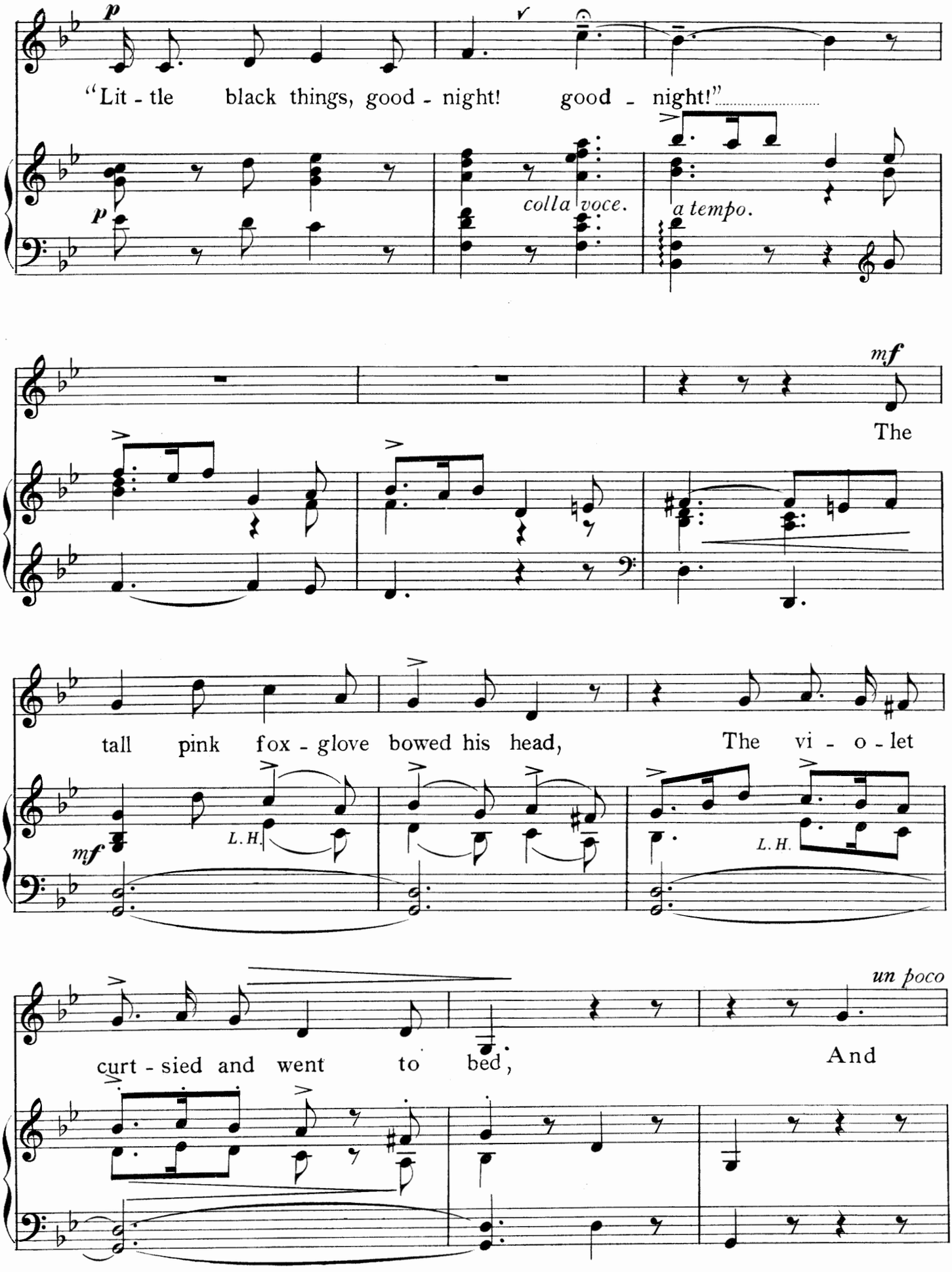
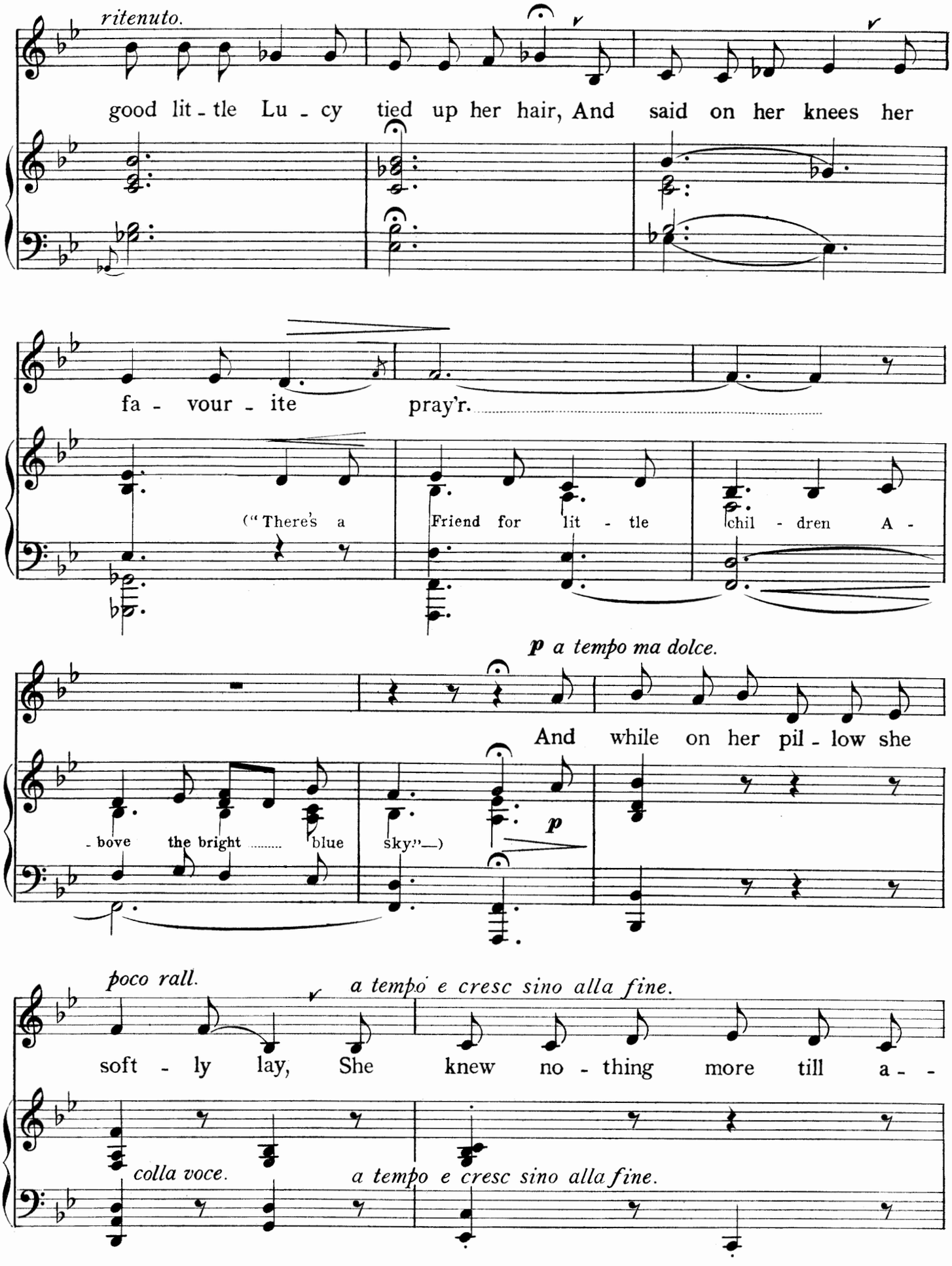
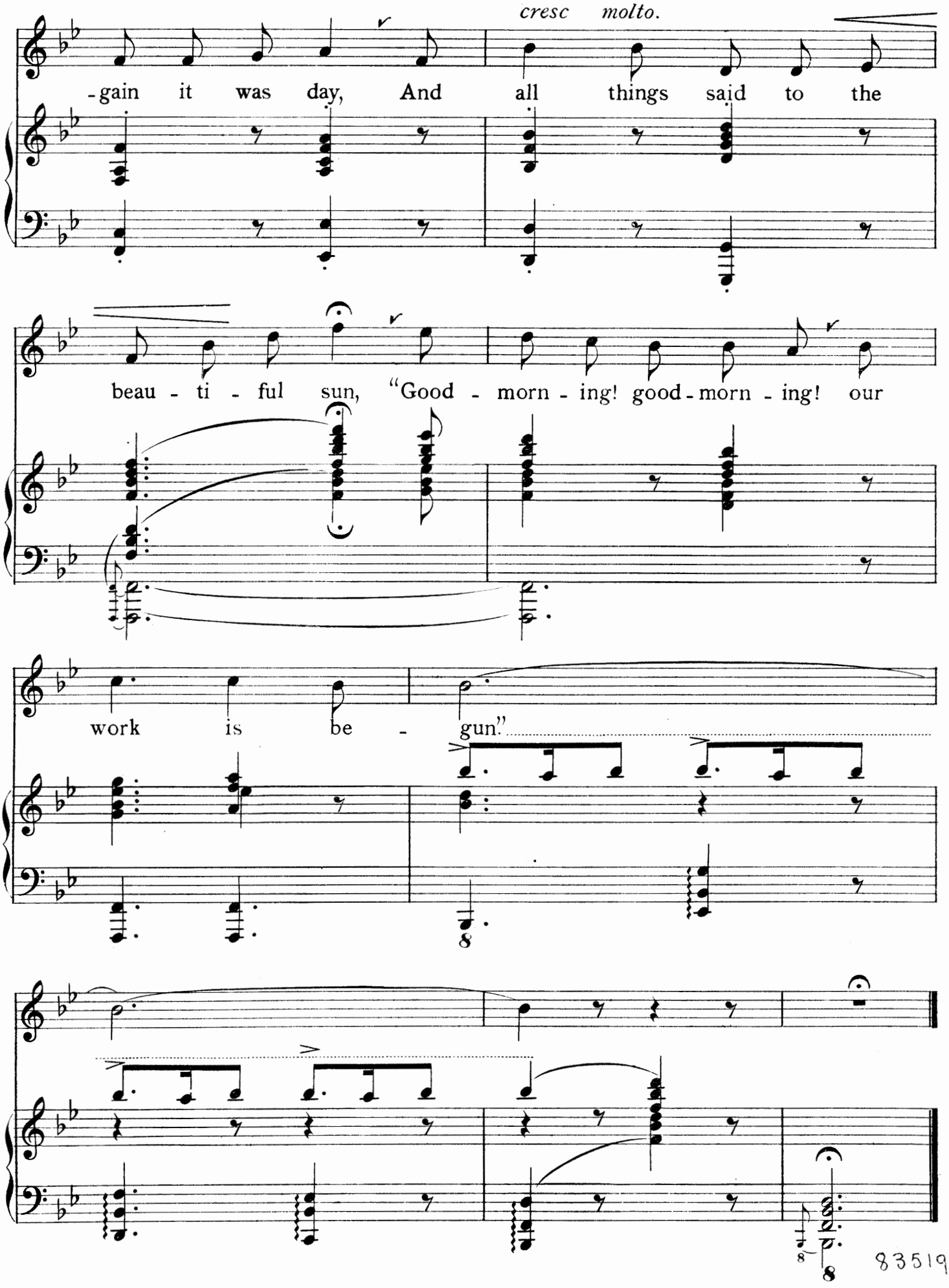

said, "Dear work, good - night! good - night!"
Such a
num - ber of rooks flew ov - er her head, Cry - ing "caw! caw!" on their
way to bed, She said, as she watch'd their cu - ri - ous flight,


p
"Lit - tle black things, good - night! good - night!"
colla voce.
a tempo.
mf
The
tall pink fox - glove bowed his head, The vi - o - let
mf
L.H.
L.H.
un poco
curt - sied and went to bed, And


ritenuto.
good lit - tle Lu - cy tied up her hair, And said on her knees her
fa - vour - ite pray'r.
("There's a Friend for lit - tle chil - dren A -
p a tempo ma dolce.
And while on her pil - low she
- bove the bright blue sky.")
p
poco rall.
a tempo e cresc sino alla fine.
soft - ly lay, She knew no - thing more till a - -
colla voce.
a tempo e cresc sino alla fine.


cresc molto.
-gain it was day, And all things said to the
beau - ti - ful sun, "Good - morn - ing! good - morn - ing! our
work is be - gun."

83519

V—Every Night my Prayers I say.

(Tenor.)

Every night my prayers I say,
And get my dinner every day;
And every day that I've been good
I get an orange after food.

The child that is not clean and neat,
With lots of toys and things to eat,
He is a naughty child, I'm sure,—
Or else his dear papa is poor.

(*From "A Child's Garden of Verses."*)

R. L. Stevenson.

(*By kind permission of Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.*)

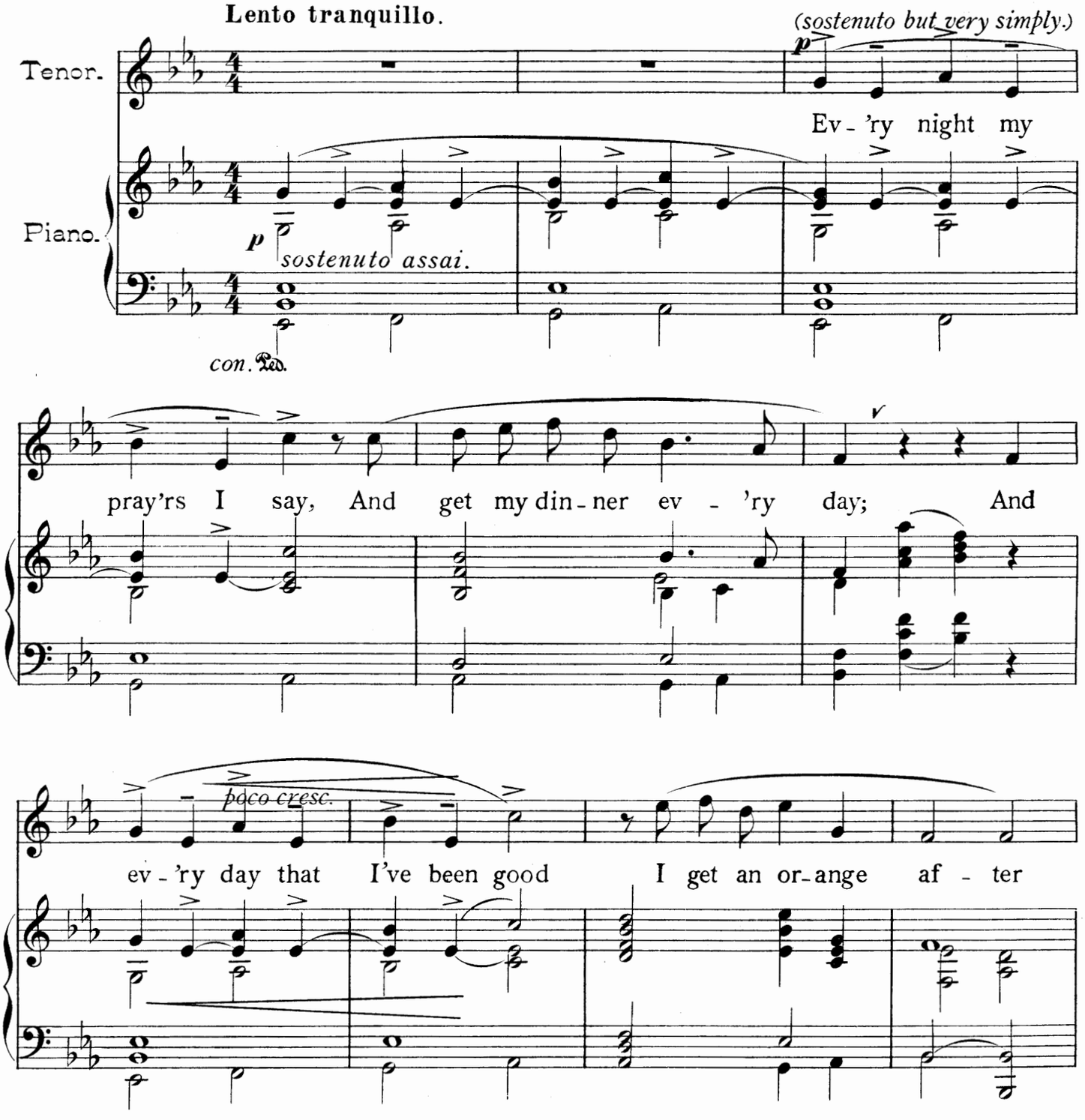
V.

Every Night my Prayers I say.

(System.)

Words by
R. L. STEVENSON.

Music by
LIZA LEHMANN.



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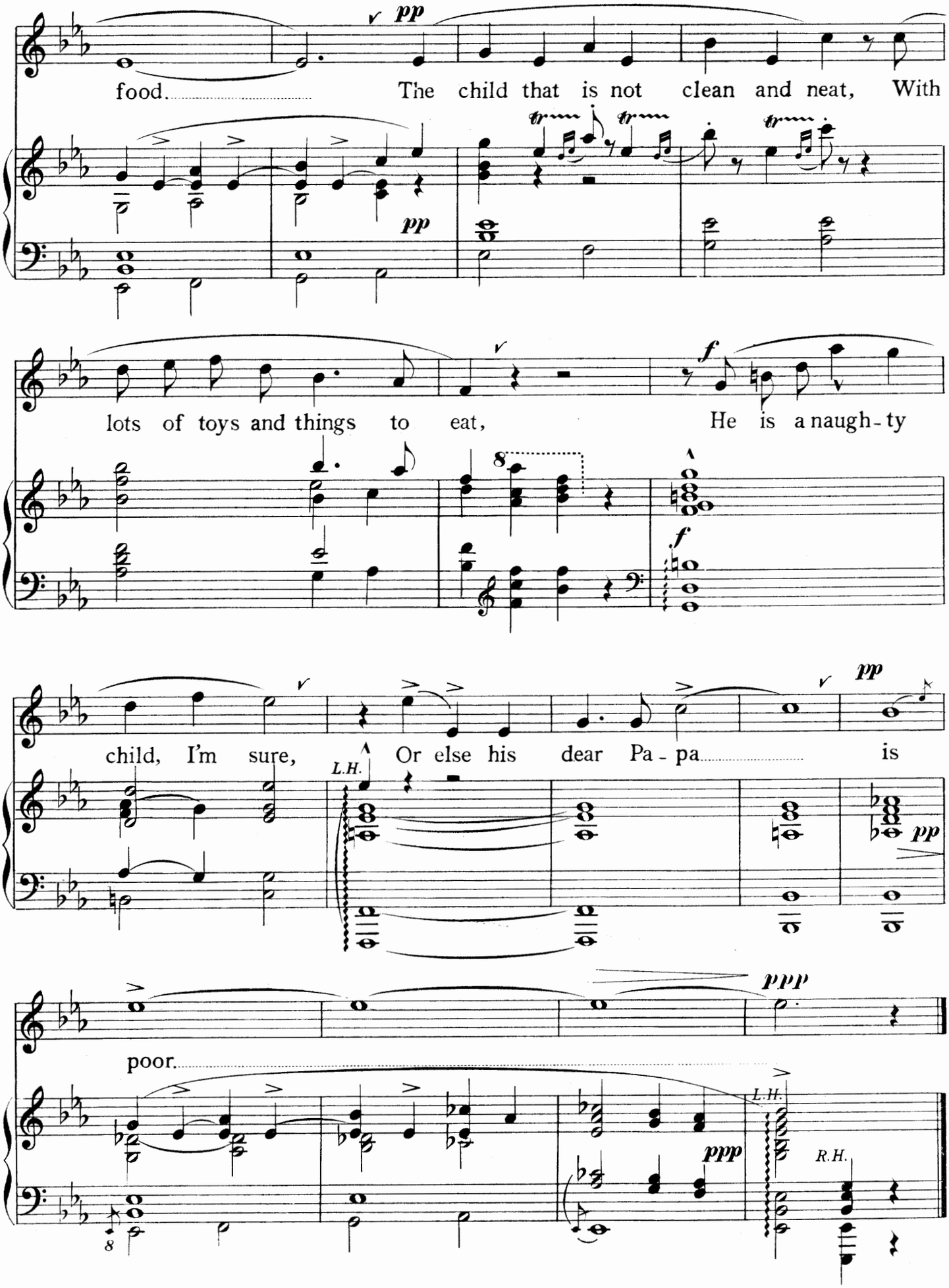

pp
food. The child that is not clean and neat, With
pp
lots of toys and things to eat, He is a naugh-ty
f
f
child, I'm sure, Or else his dear Pa-pa is
L.H.
pp
pp
poor.
ppp
ppp
L.H.
R.H.

VI.—In Dreamland.

(Duet and Ensemble.)

"Oh, tell me pretty Alice, oh tell me, I pray—
Where have you wandered this mid-summer day?"

"I have been travelling in a far-away land,"
Pretty Alice replied, with a wave of her hand.

"But I see no dust on your white silken hose,
And your gown is as fresh as the wild pink rose."

"In that far-away country all highways are clean
As the silvery sands, and all valleys are green."

"But your step is so light and so merry your smile,
How can you have travelled so many a mile?"

"The brooks they have help'd me, the birds with their wings
The bees and the blossoms and numberless things."

All { "The brooks they have helped her, the birds with their wings,
The bees and the blossoms and numberless things."

Harriet Trowbridge.

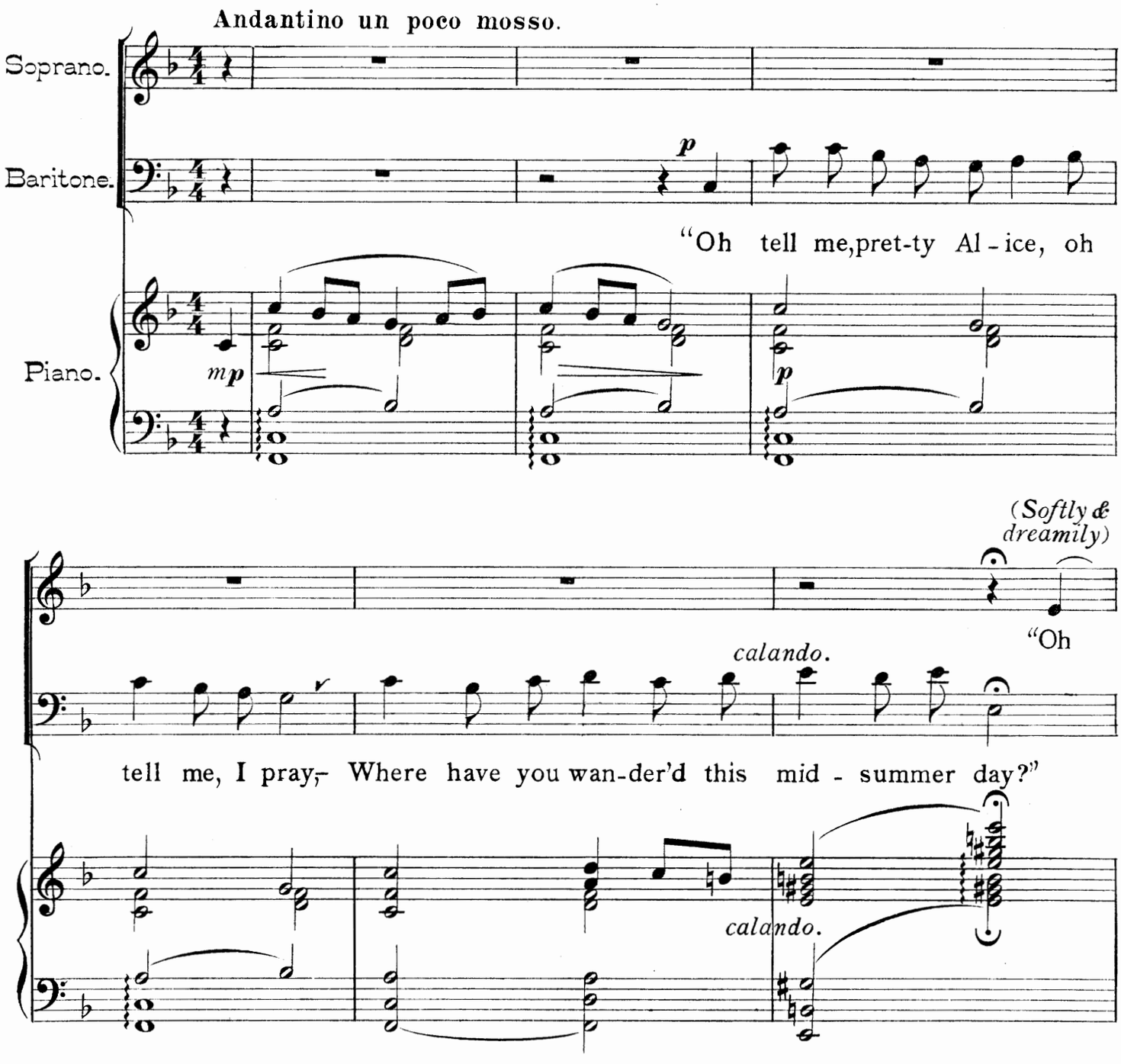
VI.

In Dreamland.

(Duet & Ensemble.)

Words by
HARRIET TROWBRIDGE.

Music by
LIZA LEHMANN.



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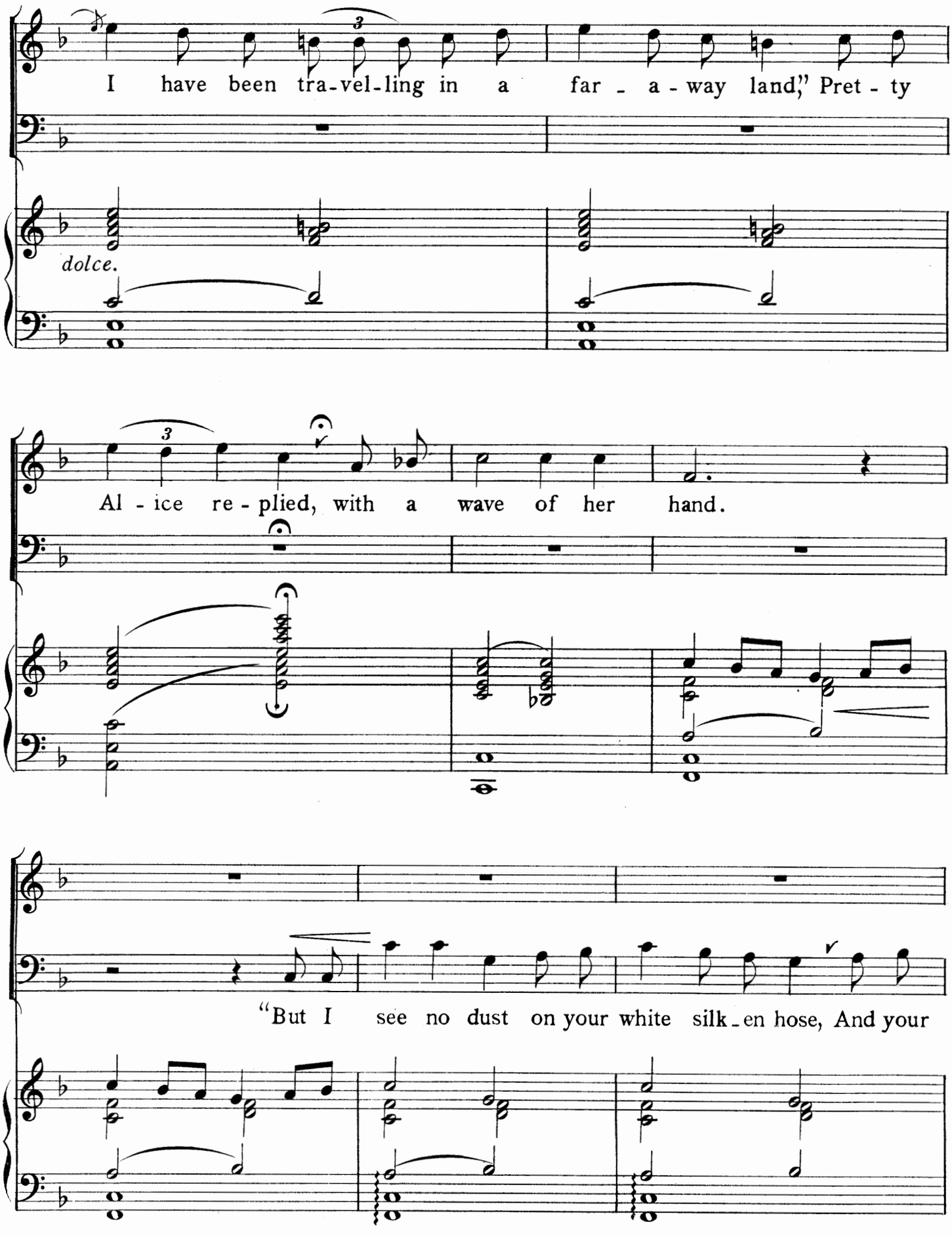

I have been tra-vel-ling in a far - a - way land," Pret - ty
dolce.
Al - ice re - plied, with a wave of her hand.
"But I see no dust on your white silk - en hose, And your

a tempo.
p *(dreamily, but a little brighter than before.)*

calando.

"In that far - a-way coun - try all

gown is as fresh as a wild pink rose!"

calando.

p

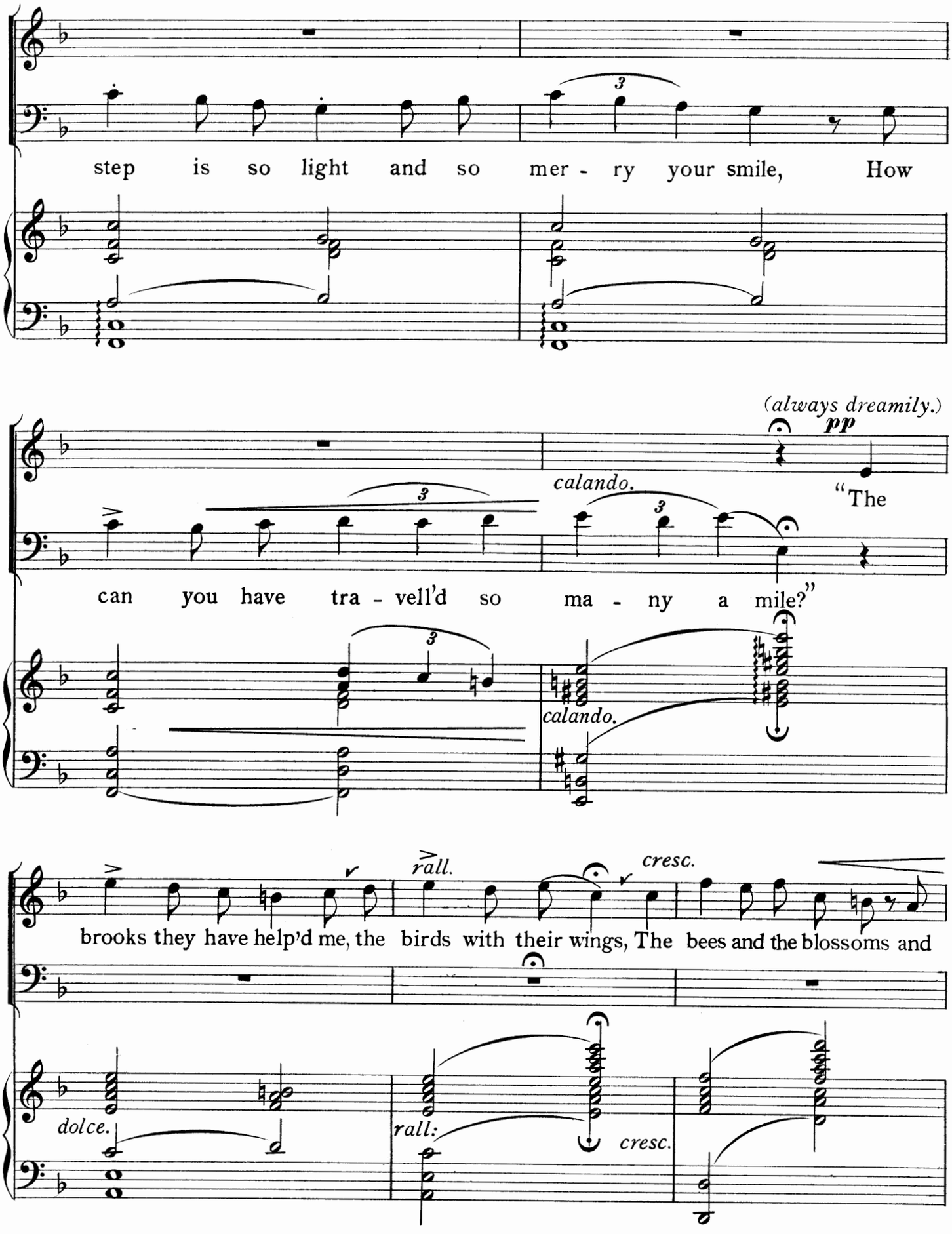
high - ways are clean As the sil - ve - ry sands, and all

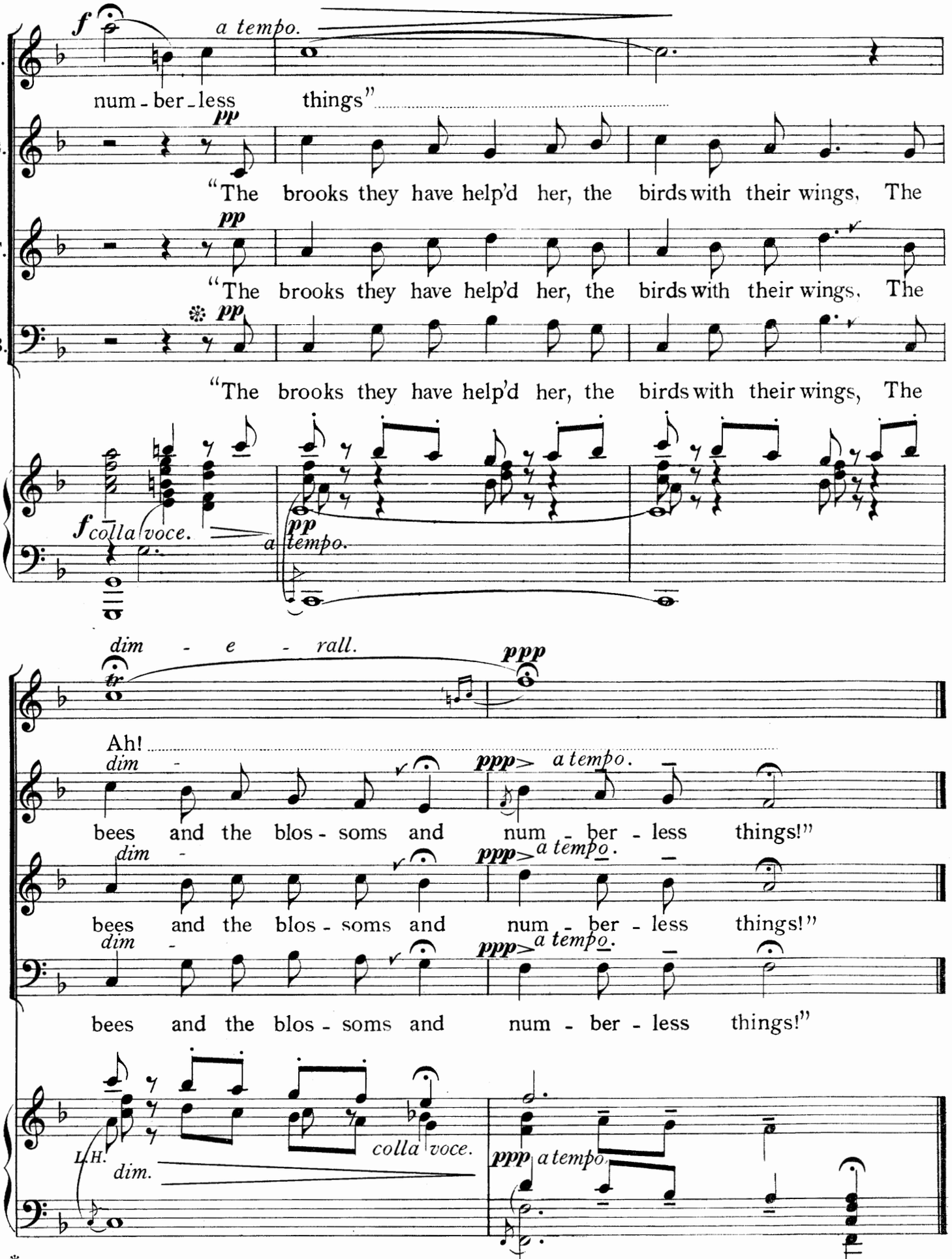
val-leys are green!"

cresc:

"But your

cresc:


step is so light and so mer - ry your smile, How
(always dreamily.)
pp
calando.
"The
can you have tra - vell'd so ma - ny a mile?"
calando.
brooks they have help'd me, the birds with their wings, The bees and the blossoms and
rall.
cresc.
dolce.
rall:
cresc.



* If this number is ever sung as a Duet by Sop^{r} and Baritone alone, the Baritone should from here sing the Cont^{r} part instead of his own.

VII.—THE CUCKOO.

(SOPRANO.)

THE Cuckoo sat in the old pear-tree.
"Cuckoo!"
Raining or snowing, naught cared he.
"Cuckoo!"

The Cuckoo flew over a house-top nigh.
"Cuckoo!
Dear, are you at home, for here am I?
Cuckoo!"

"I dare not open the door to you,
Cuckoo!
Perhaps you are not the *right* Cuckoo.
Cuckoo!"

"I *am* the right Cuckoo, the *proper* one;
Cuckoo!
For I am my father's only son.
Cuckoo!"

"If you are your father's only son—
Cuckoo!—
The bobbin pull tightly,
Come through the door lightly,—
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!"

(From Lilliput Lyrics.)

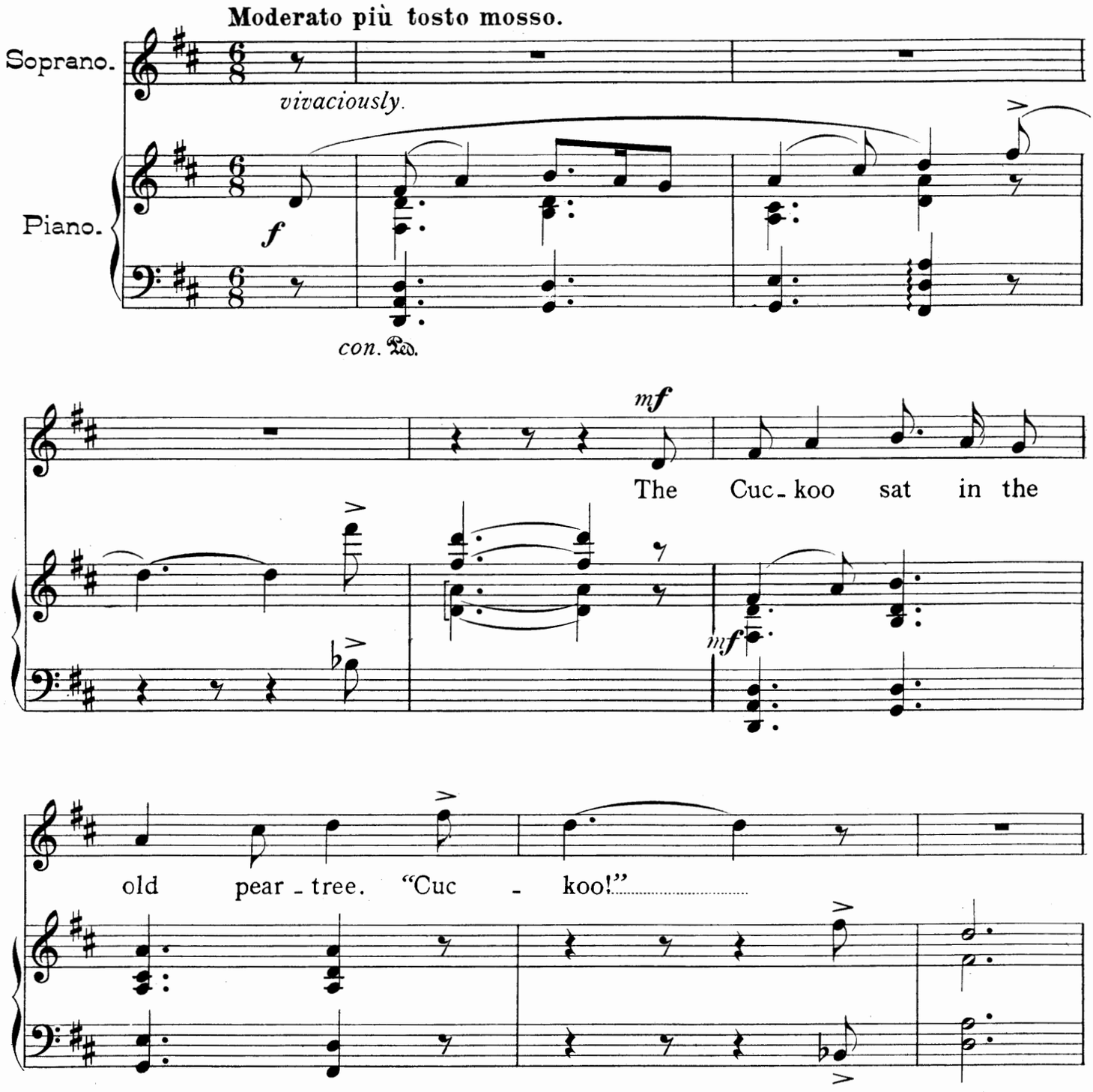
W. B. RANDS.

(By kind permission of Mr. John Lane.)

VII.
The Cuckoo.

Words by
W. B. RANDS.

Music by
LIZA LEHMANN.



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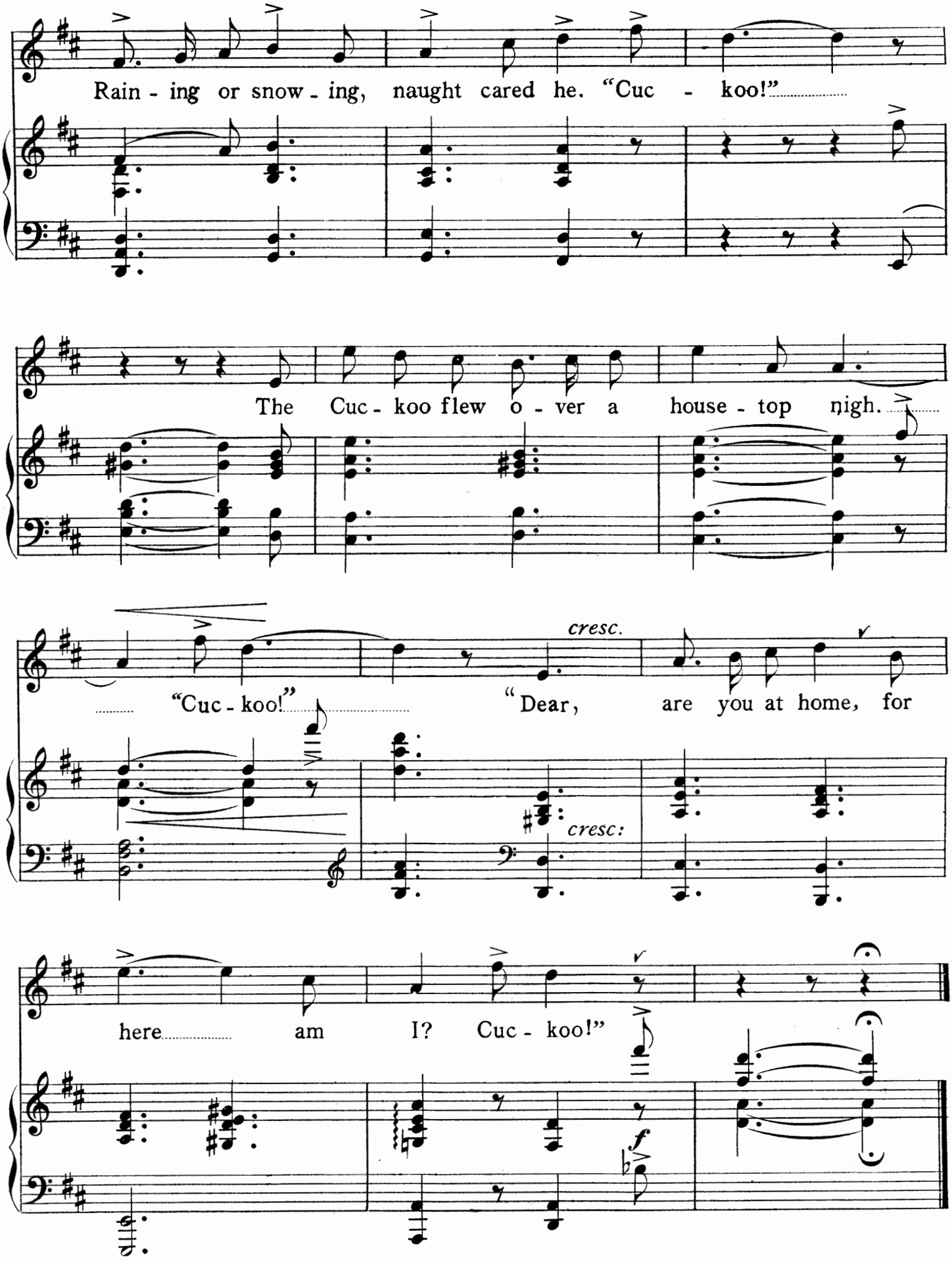
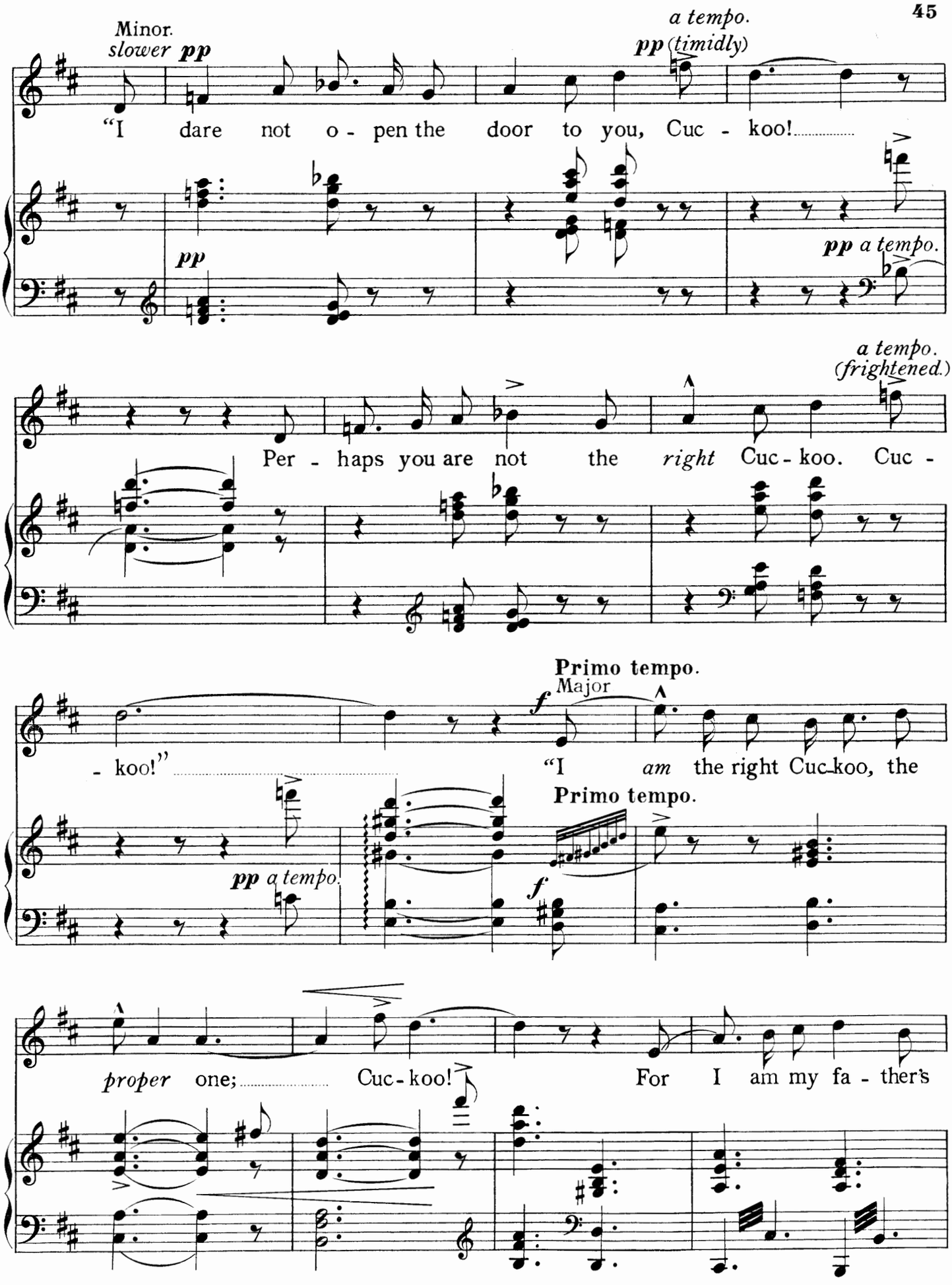
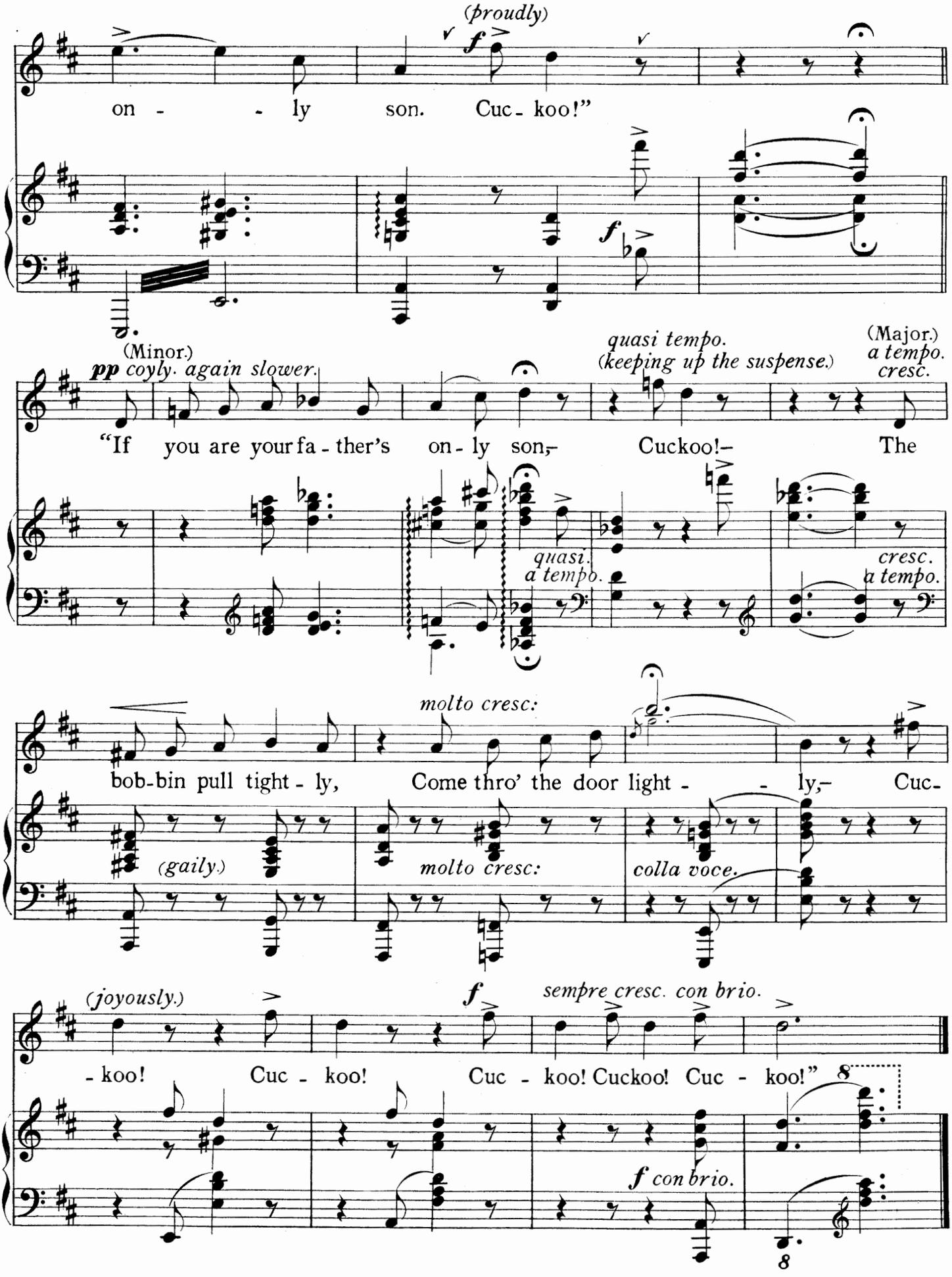

Rain - ing or snow - ing, naught cared he. "Cuc - koo!"
The Cuc - koo flew o - ver a house - top nigh.
"Cuc - koo!"
"Dear, are you at home, for
cresc.
cresc:
here am I? Cuc - koo!"
f


Minor.
slower pp
"I dare not o - pen the door to you, Cuc - koo!
a tempo.
pp (timidly)
pp
pp a tempo.
a tempo.
(frightened.)
Per - haps you are not the right Cuc - koo. Cuc -
- koo!"
Primo tempo.
Major
f
"I am the right Cuc-koo, the
Primo tempo.
pp a tempo.
f
proper one; Cuc - koo!
For I am my fa - ther's


(proudly)
on - - ly son. Cuc - koo!"
(Minor.)
pp coyly. again slower.
"If you are your fa - ther's on - ly son,-
quasi tempo.
(keeping up the suspense.)
Cuckoo!-
(Major.)
a tempo.
cresc.
The
quasi.
a tempo.
cresc.
a tempo.
molto cresc:
bob-bin pull tight - ly,
Come thro' the door light - - ly,-
Cuc-
(gaily.)
molto cresc:
colla voce.
(joyously.)
f
sempre cresc. con brio.
- koo!
Cuc - koo!
Cuc - koo! Cuckoo! Cuc - koo!"
8
f con brio.
8

VIII.—MARCHING SONG.

(BARITONE OR BASS.)

BRING the comb and play upon it,
Marching, here we come!
Willie cocks his highland bonnet,
Johnnie beats the drum.

Mary Jane commands the party,
Peter leads the rear;
Fleet in time, alert and hearty,
Each a grenadier!

All in the most martial manner
Marching double-quick;
While the napkin like a banner
Waves upon the stick!

Here's enough of fame and pillage,
Great commander Jane!
Now that we've been round the village,
Let's go home again.

(From "A Child's Garden of Verses.")

R. L. STEVENSON.

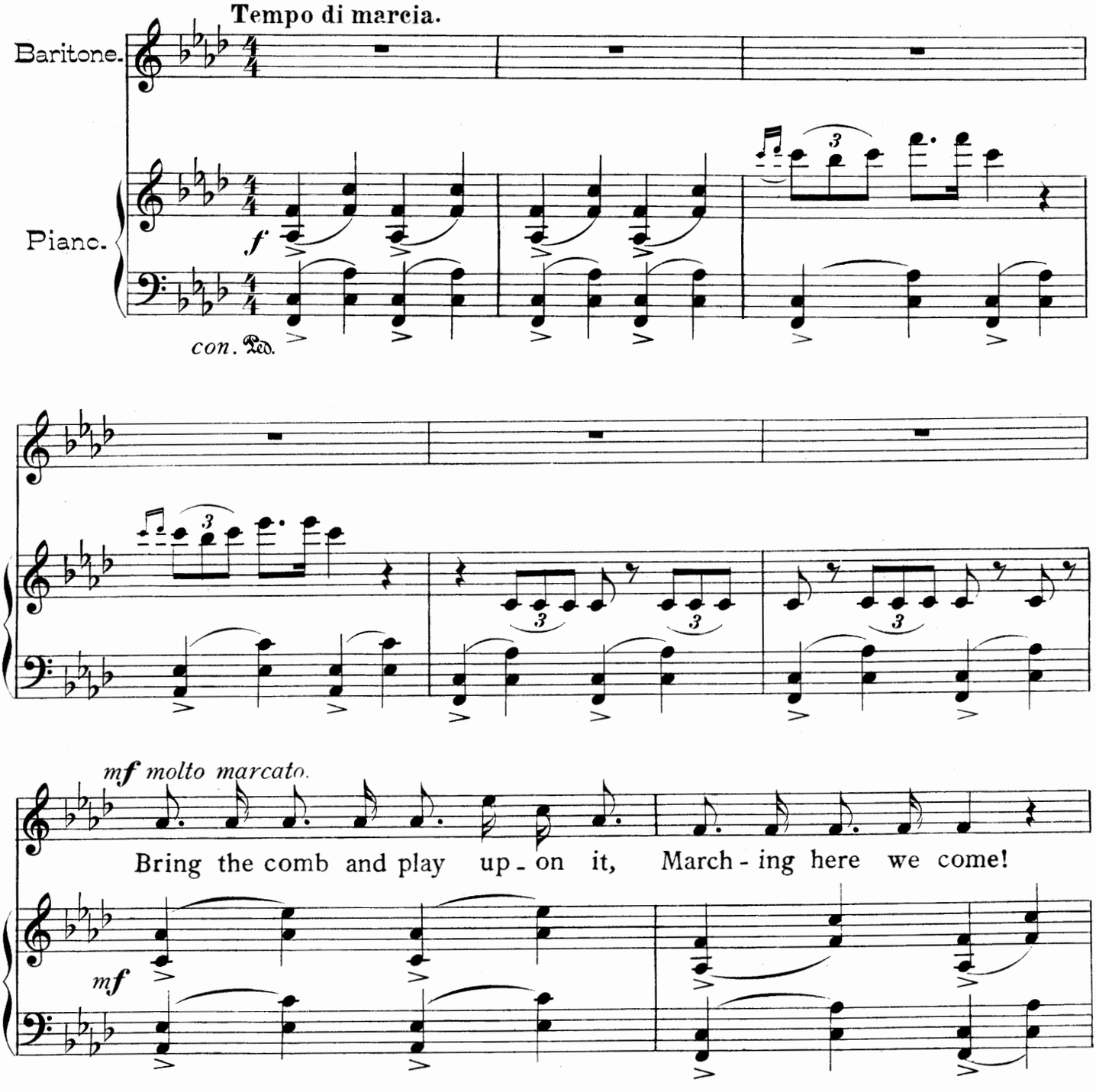
(By kind permission of Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.)

VIII.

Marching Song.

Words by
R. L. STEVENSON.

Music by
LIZA LEHMANN.



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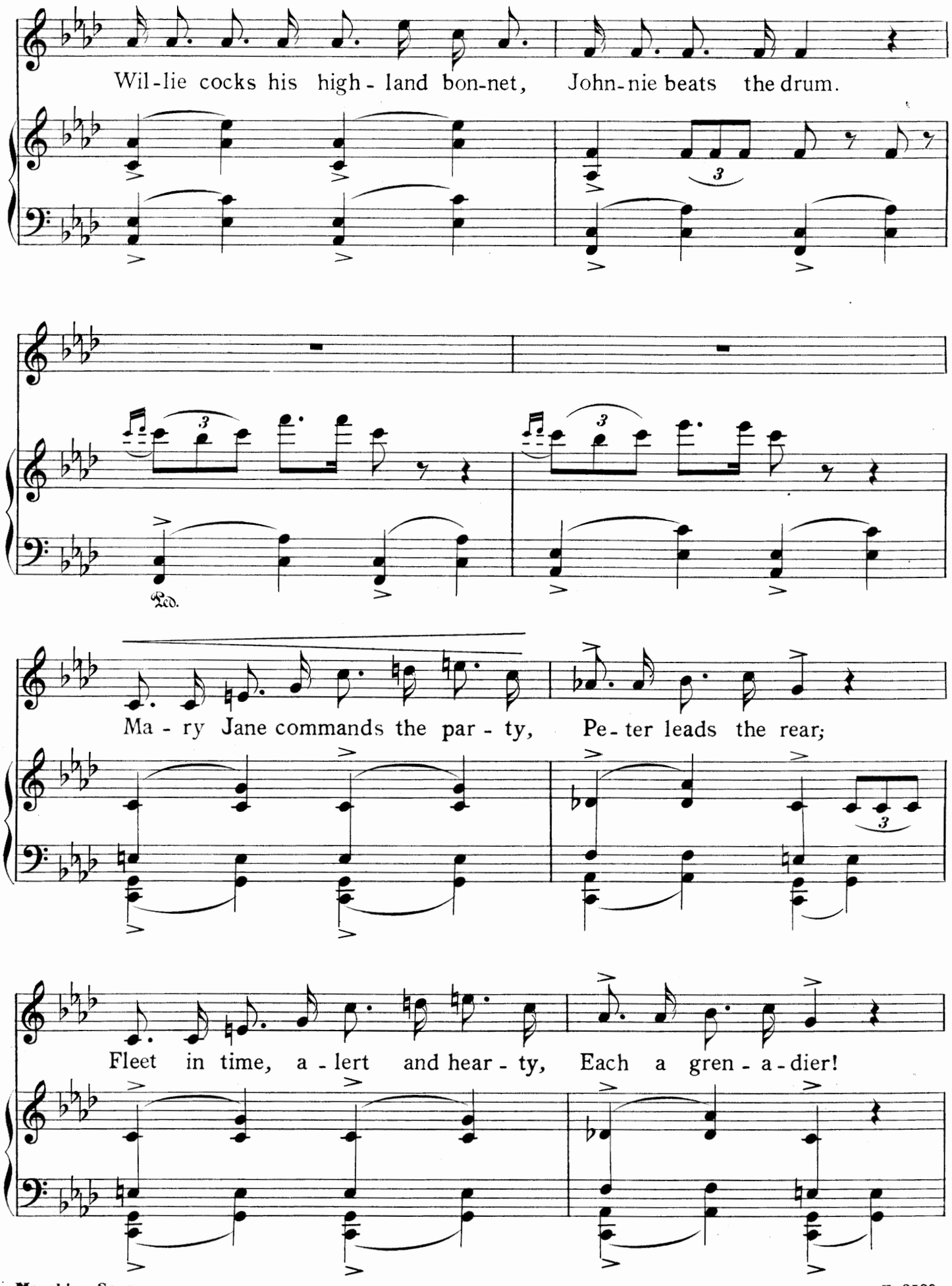
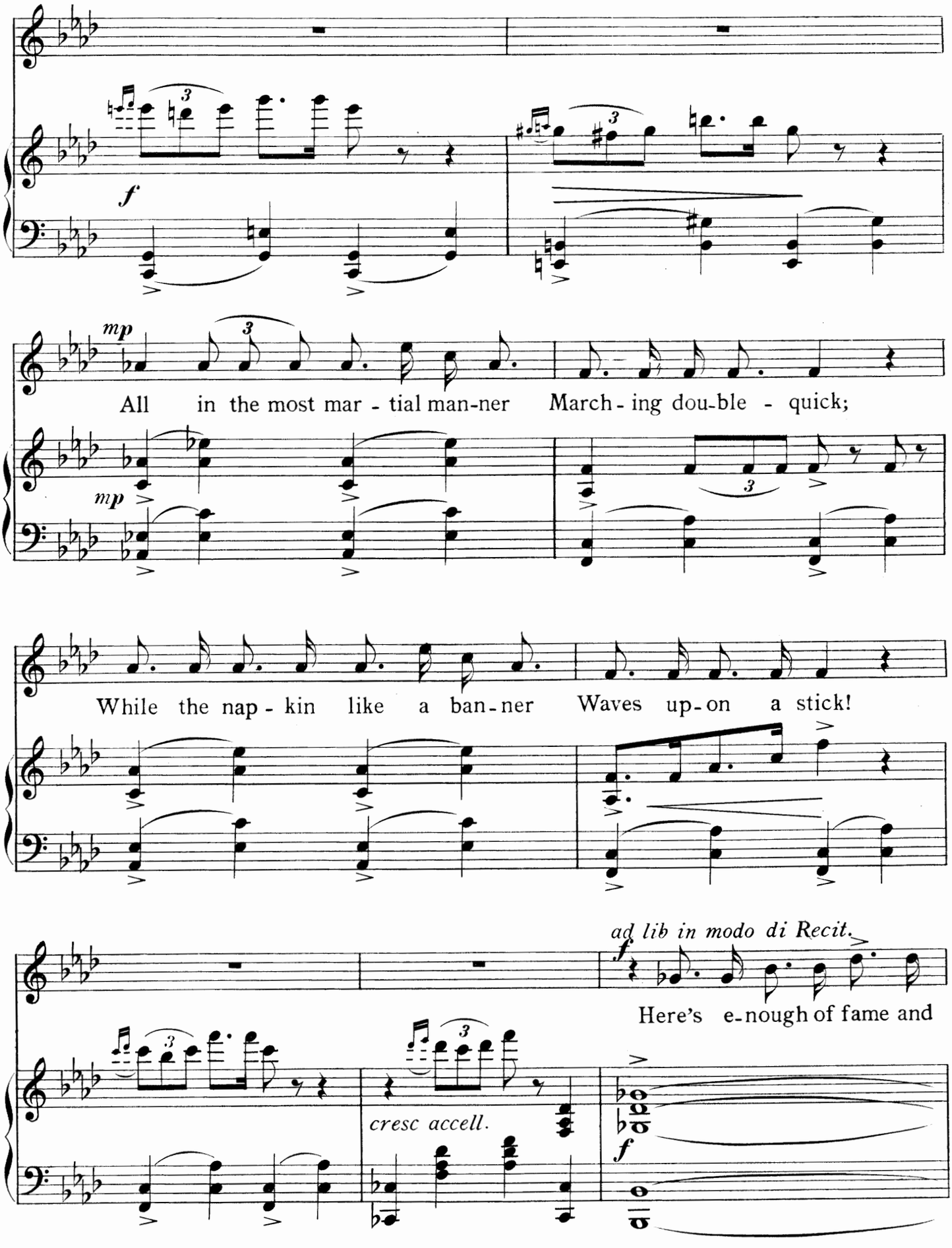
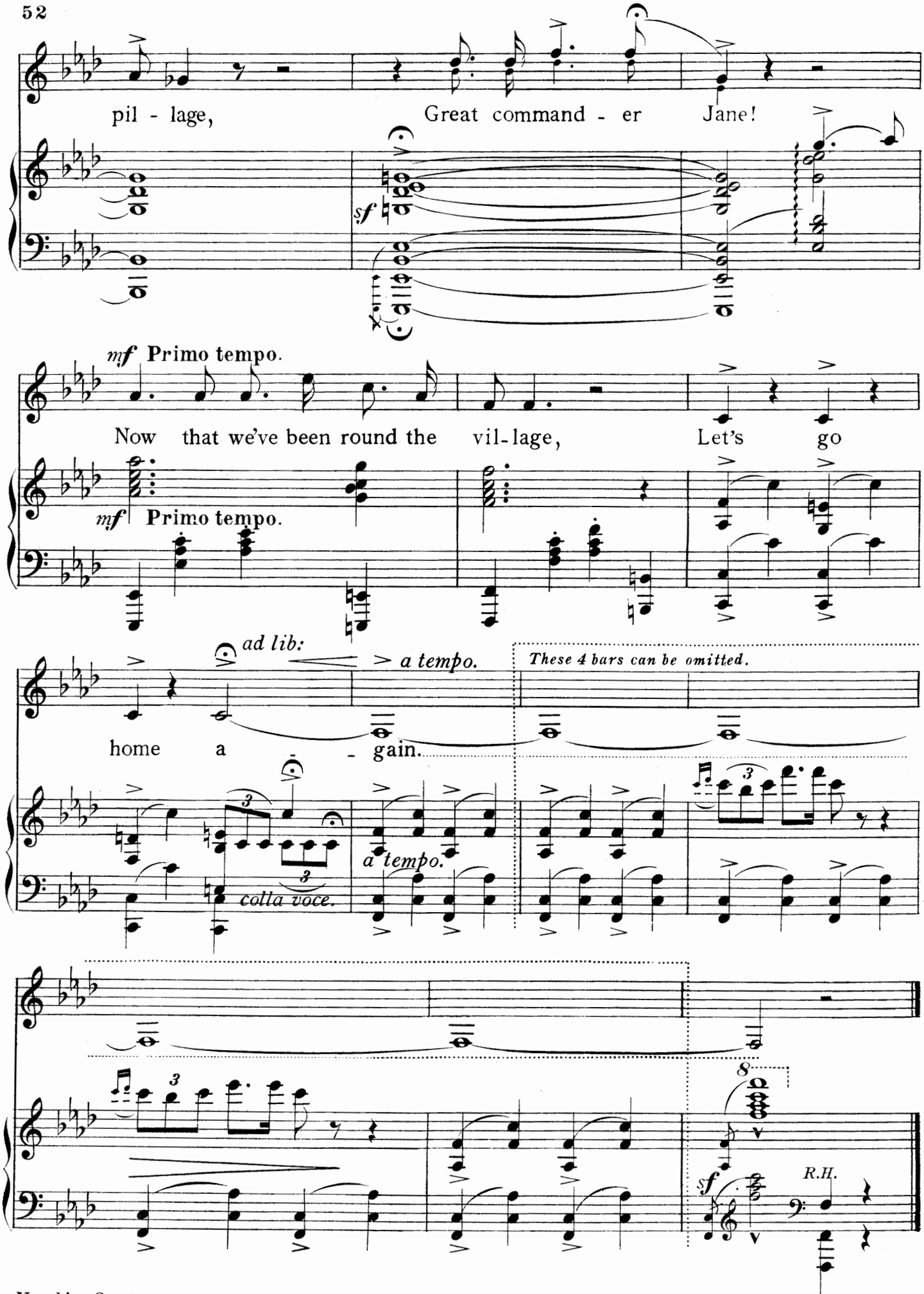

Wil-lie cocks his high-land bon-net, John-nie beats the drum.
Ped.
Ma-ry Jane commands the par-ty, Pe-ter leads the rear;
Fleet in time, a-lert and hear-ty, Each a gren-a-dier!


f
mp
All in the most mar - tial man-ner March - ing dou-ble - quick;
mp
While the nap - kin like a ban - ner Waves up - on a stick!
ad lib in modo di Recit.
f
Here's e-nough of fame and
cresc accell.
f


pil - lage,
Great command - er
Jane!
sf
mf Primo tempo.
Now that we've been round the vil-lage,
Let's go
mf Primo tempo.
ad lib:
a tempo.
These 4 bars can be omitted.
home a - gain.
colla voce.
a tempo.
8
sf
R.H.

IX.—My Shadow.

(Contralto.)

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow,—
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller, like an India-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.

. . . . . .

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me, and was fast asleep in bed.

(From "A Child's Garden of Verses.")

R. L. Stevenson.

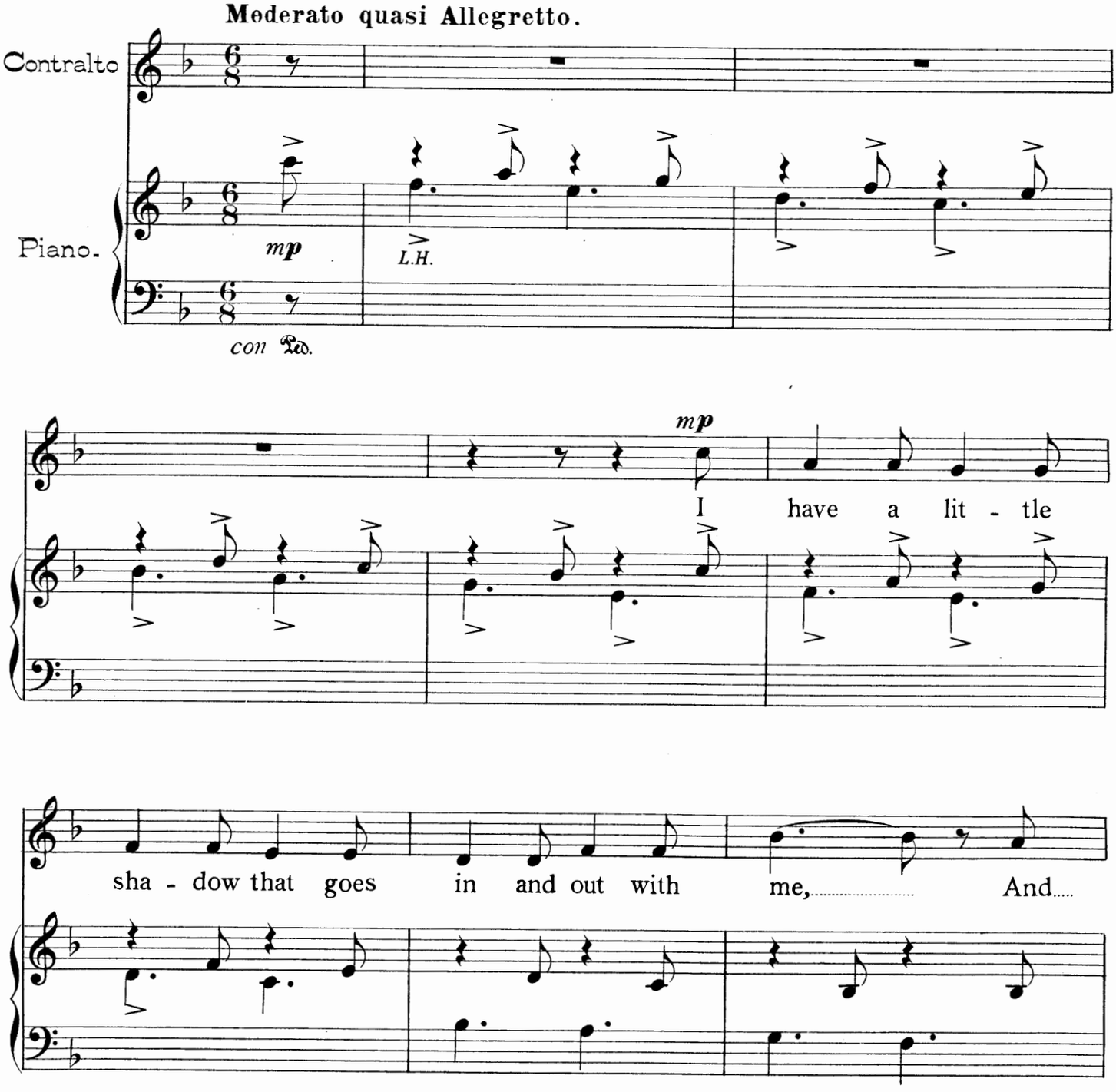
(By kind permission of Messrs Longmans, Green & Co.)

IX.

My Shadow.

Words by
R. L. STEVENSON

Music by
LIZA LEHMANN.



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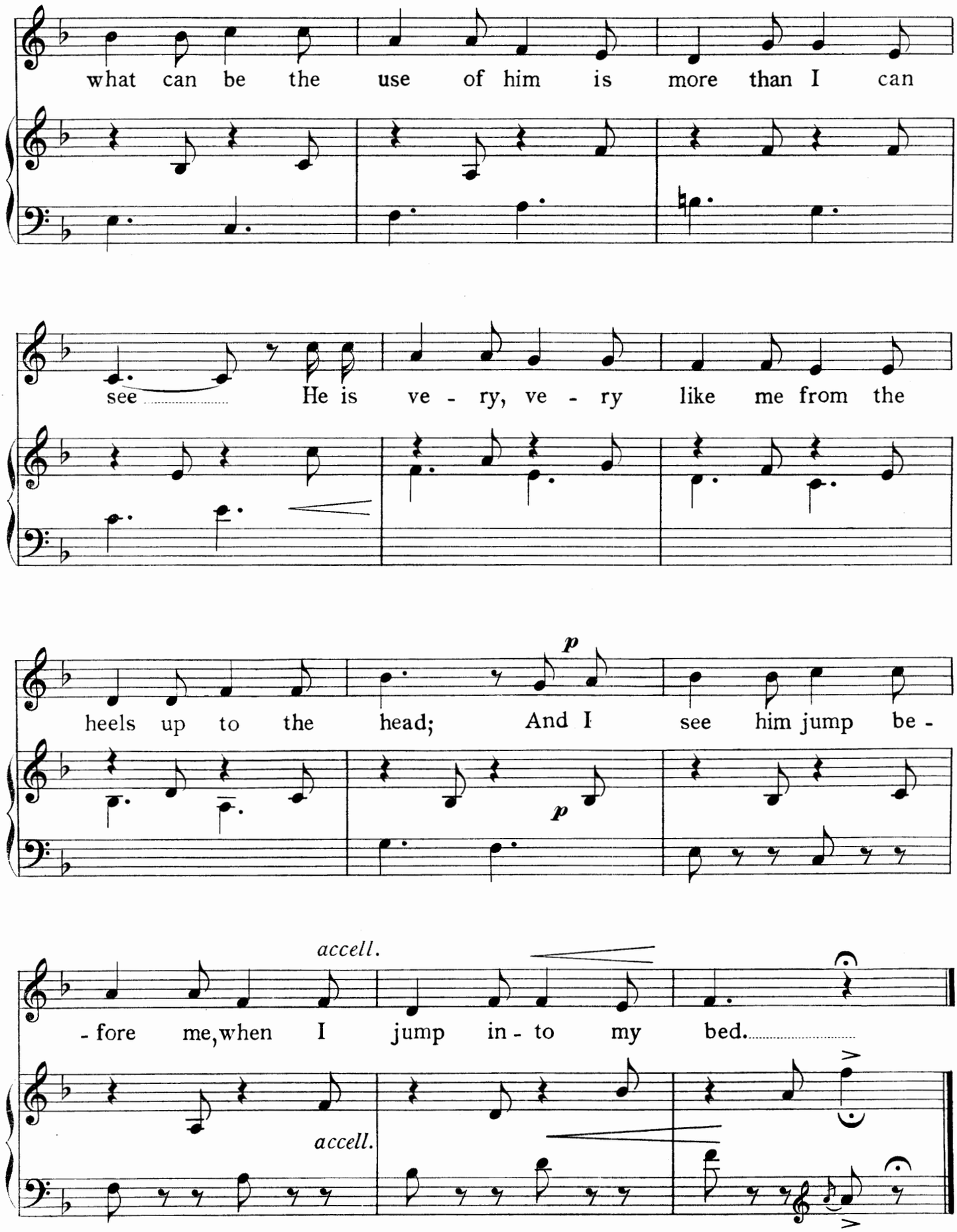
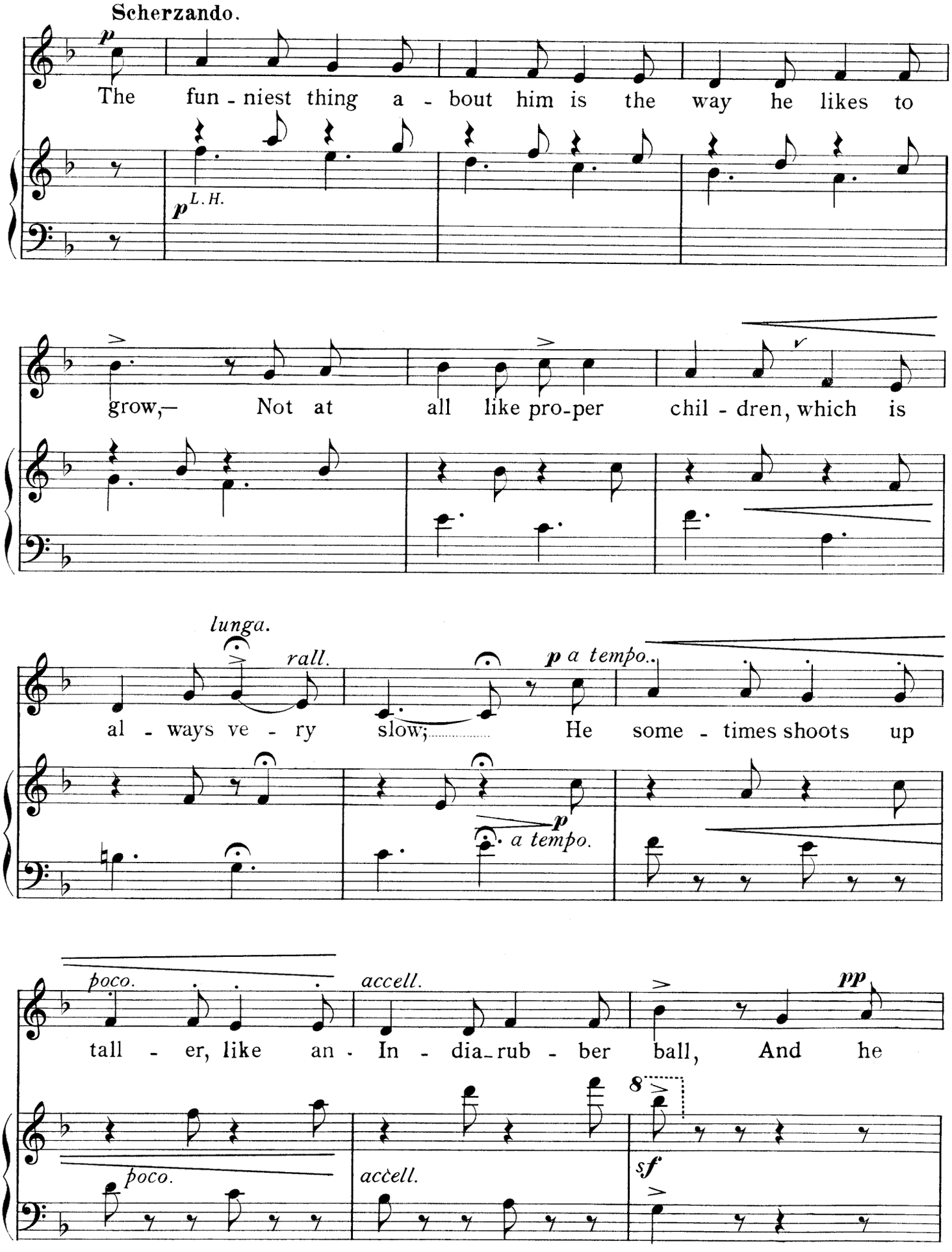
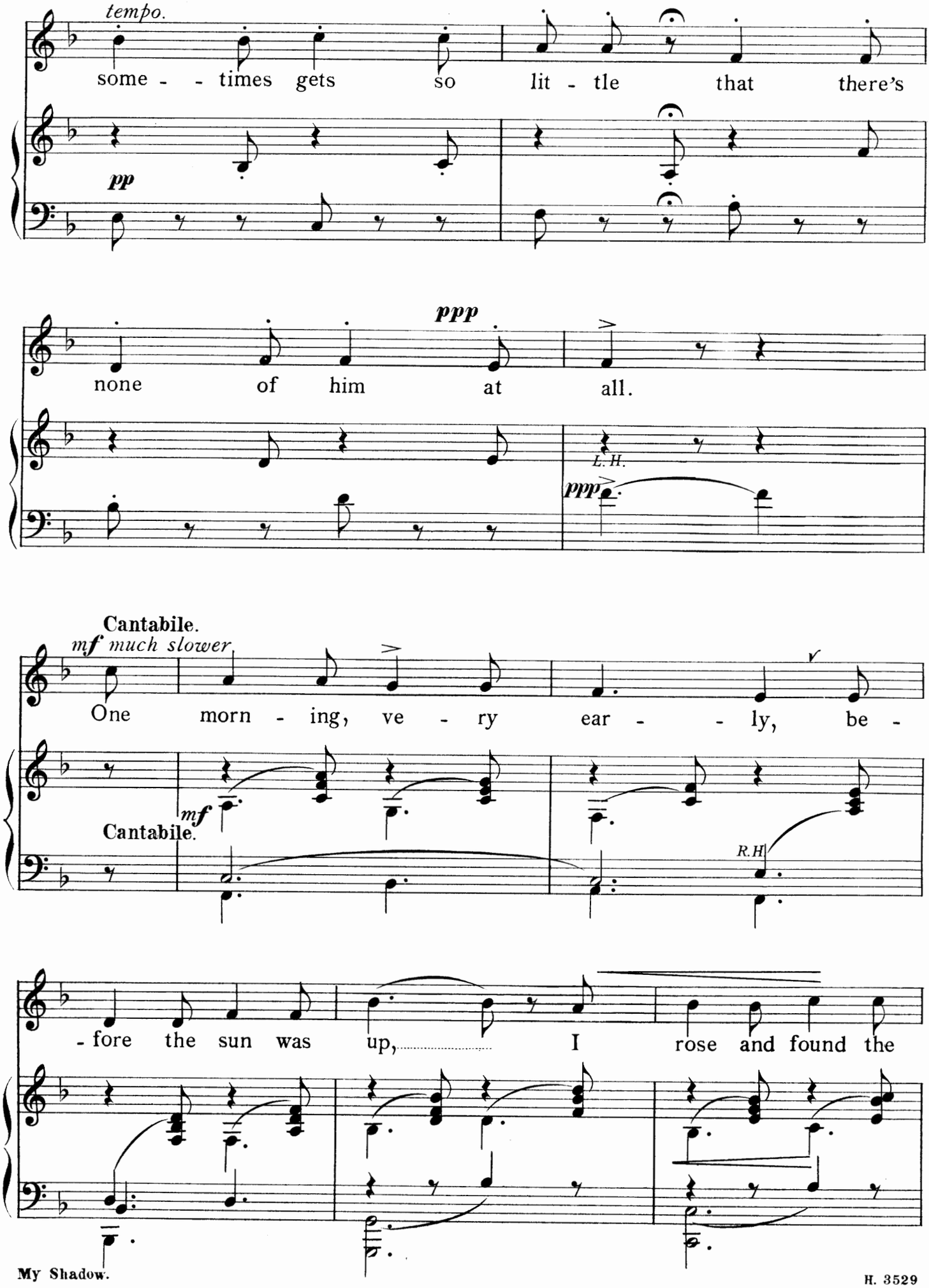
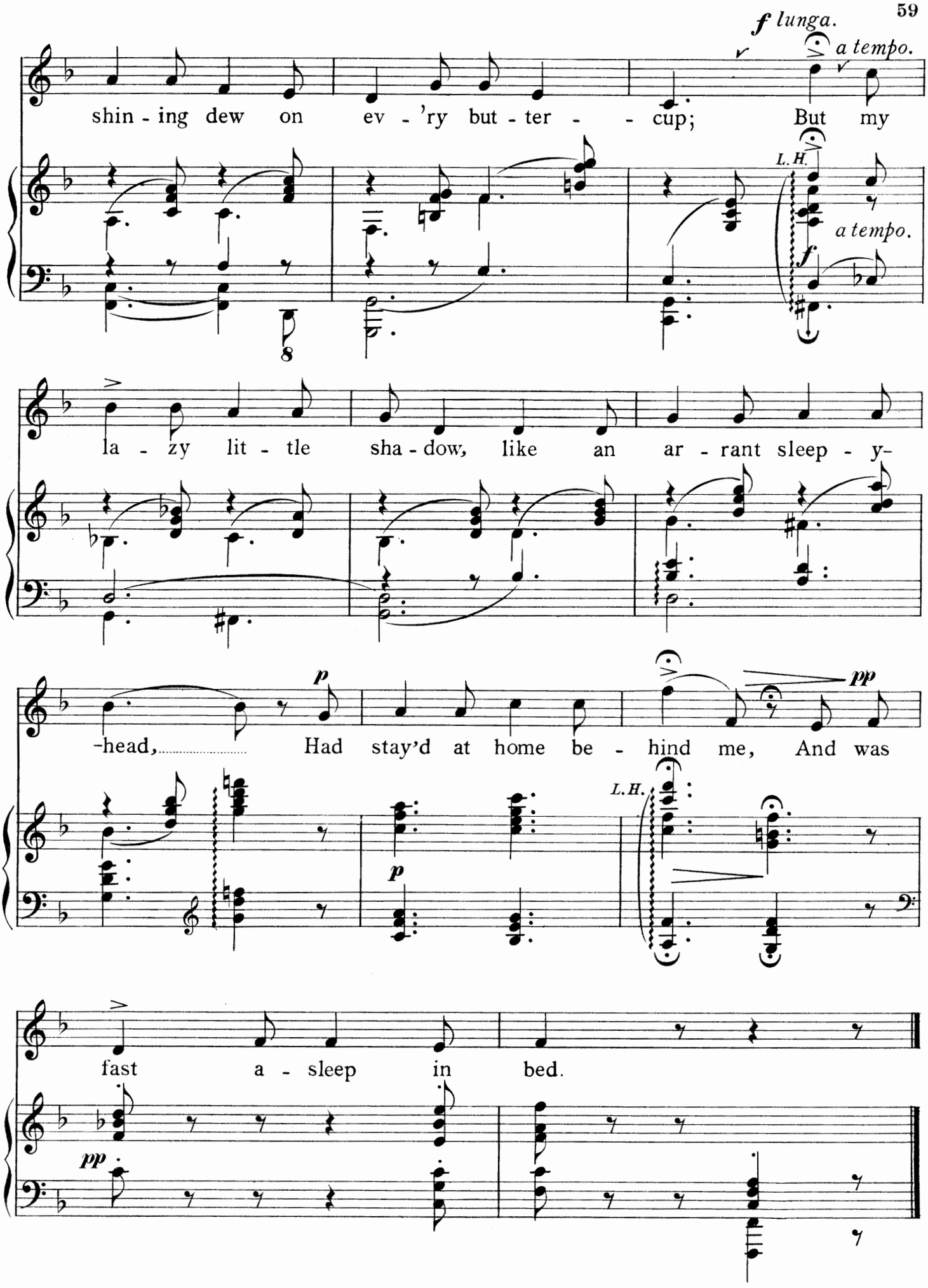

what can be the use of him is more than I can
see He is ve - ry, ve - ry like me from the
heels up to the head; And I see him jump be -
p
p
accell.
- fore me, when I jump in - to my bed.
accell.


Scherzando.
p
The fun - niest thing a - bout him is the way he likes to
p L. H.
grow,— Not at all like pro-per chil - dren, which is
lunga.
rall.
al - ways ve - ry slow;
p a tempo.
He some - times shoots up
p
a tempo.
poco.
accell.
pp
tall - er, like an - In - dia-rub - ber ball, And he
poco.
accell.
8
sf


tempo.
some - - times gets so lit - tle that there's
pp
ppp
none of him at all.
L. H.
ppp
Cantabile.
mf much slower
One morn - ing, ve - ry ear - - ly, be -
mf
Cantabile.
R. H.
- fore the sun was up, I rose and found the


f lunga.
a tempo.
shin - ing dew on ev - 'ry but - ter - - cup; But my
L.H.
a tempo.
f
la - zy lit - tle sha - dow, like an ar - rant sleep - y-
-head, Had stay'd at home be - hind me, And was
p
pp
L.H.
fast a - sleep in bed.
pp

X.—THE CAPTAIN. (MY SHIP AND I.)

(TENOR.)

OH it's I that am the captain of a tidy little ship,
Of a ship that goes a-sailing on the pond;
And my ship it keeps a-turning all around and all about;
But when I'm a little older I shall find the secret out—
How to send my vessel sailing on beyond.

For I mean to grow as little as the dolly at the helm,
And the dolly I intend to come alive;
And with him beside to help me, it's a-sailing I shall go,
It's a-sailing on the water when the jolly breezes blow,
And the vessel goes a divie-divie-dive.

Oh it's then you'll see me sailing through the rushes and the reeds,
And you'll hear the water singing at the prow;
For beside the dolly sailor I'm to voyage and explore,
To land upon the island where no dolly was before,
And to fire the penny cannon in the bow.

(From "A Child's Garden of Verses.")

R. L. STEVENSON.

(By kind permission of Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.)

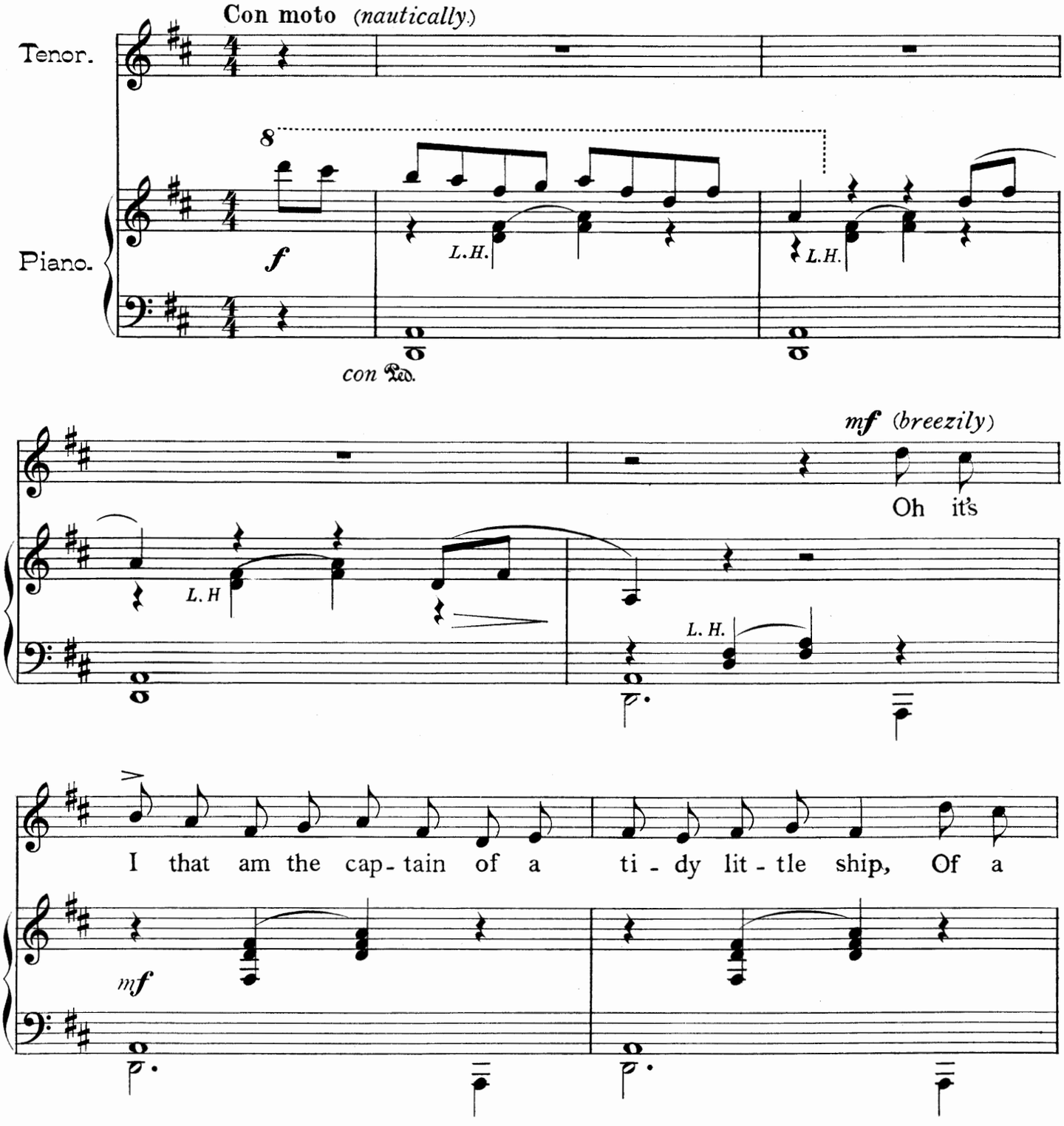
X.

The Captain.

("My Ship and I")

Words by
R. L. STEVENSON.

Music by
LIZA LEHMANN.



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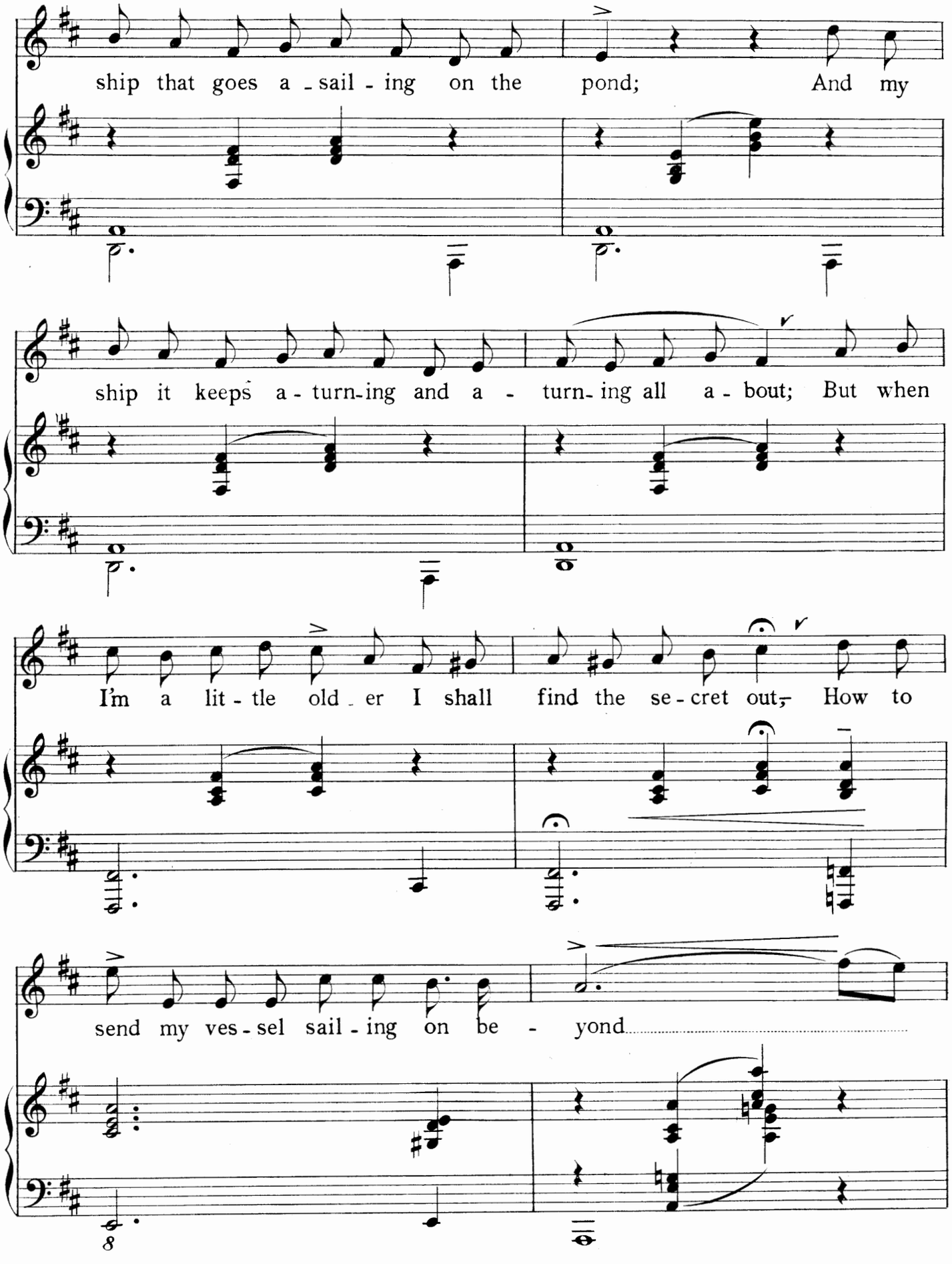
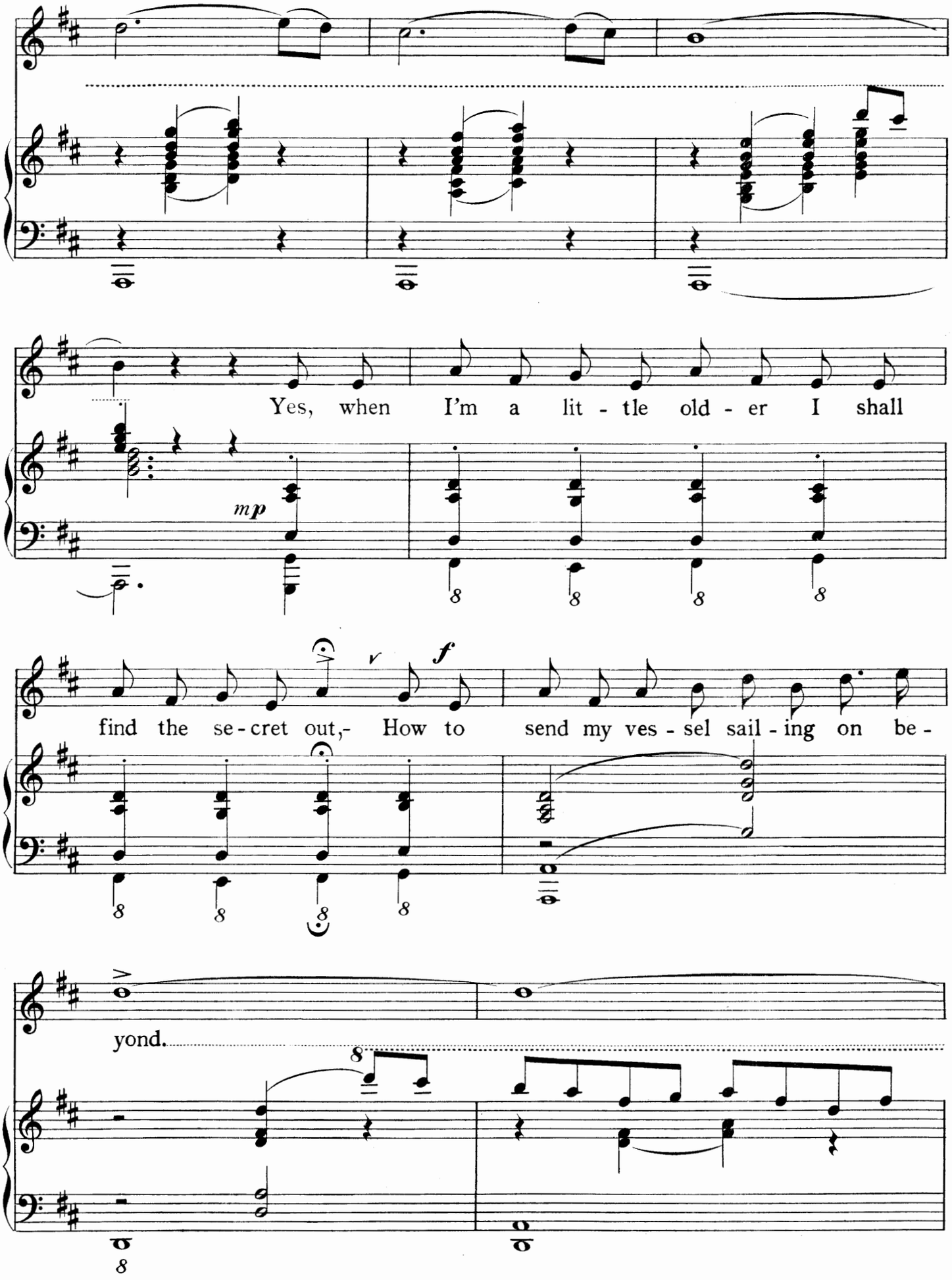
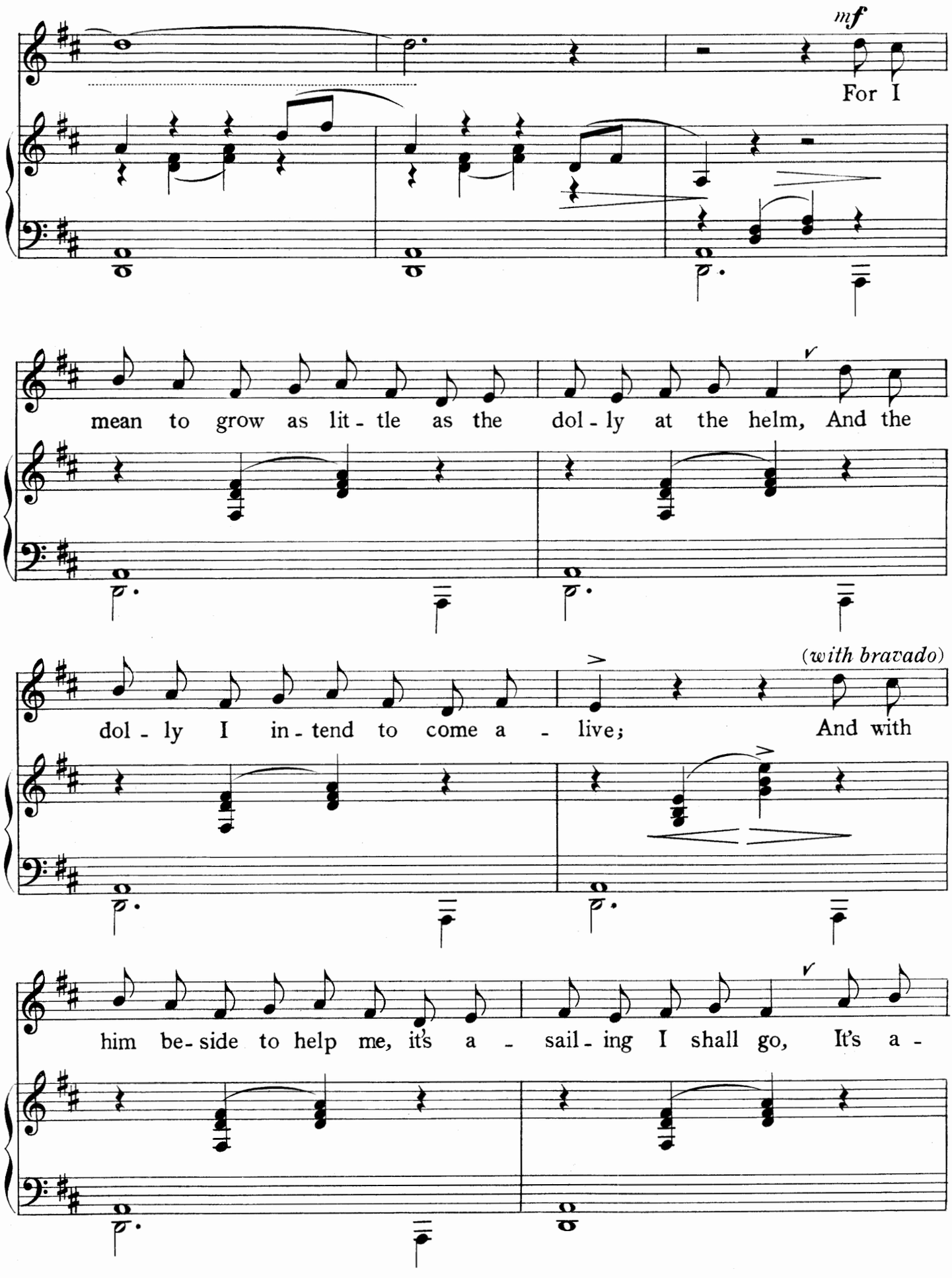
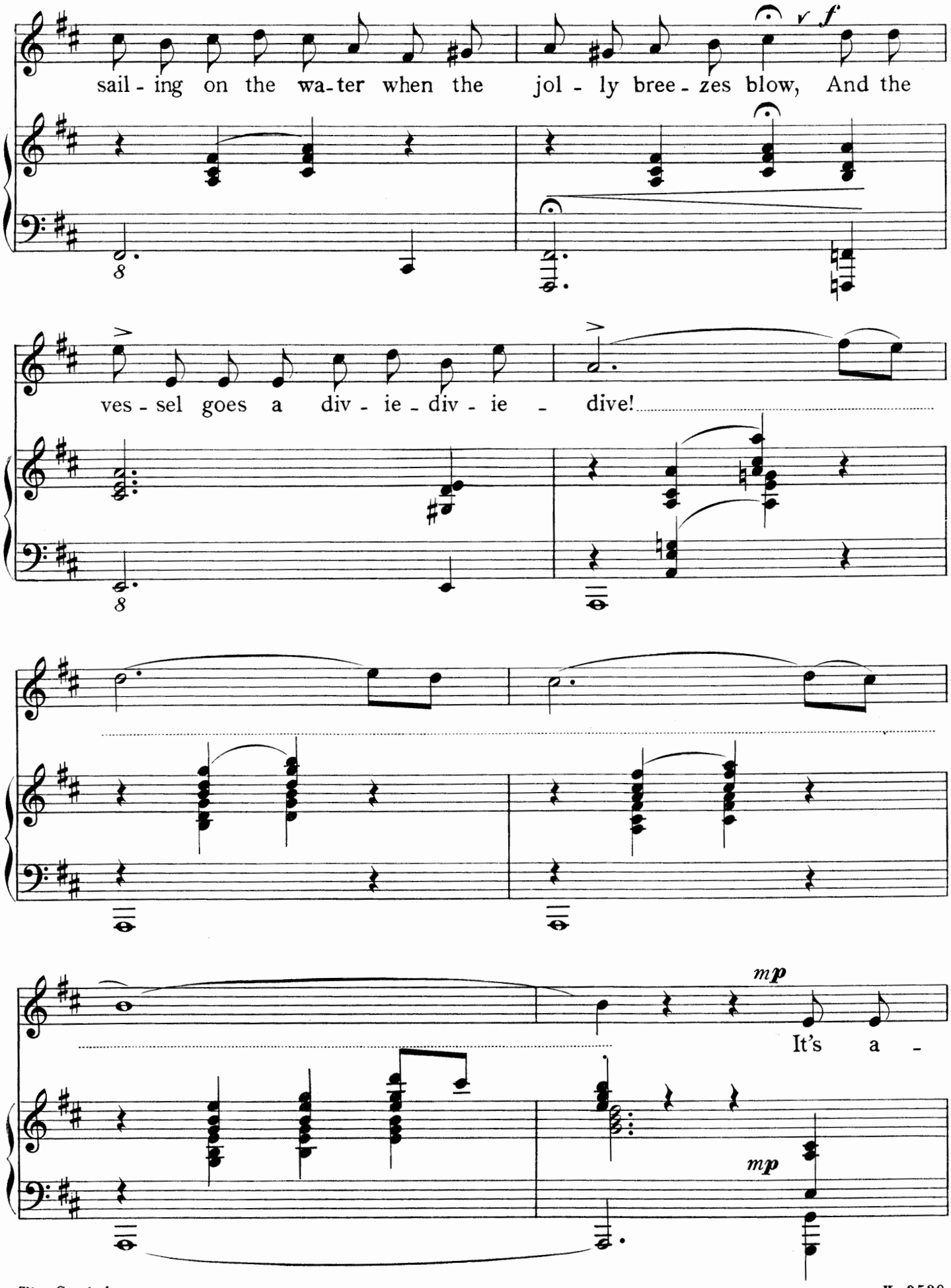
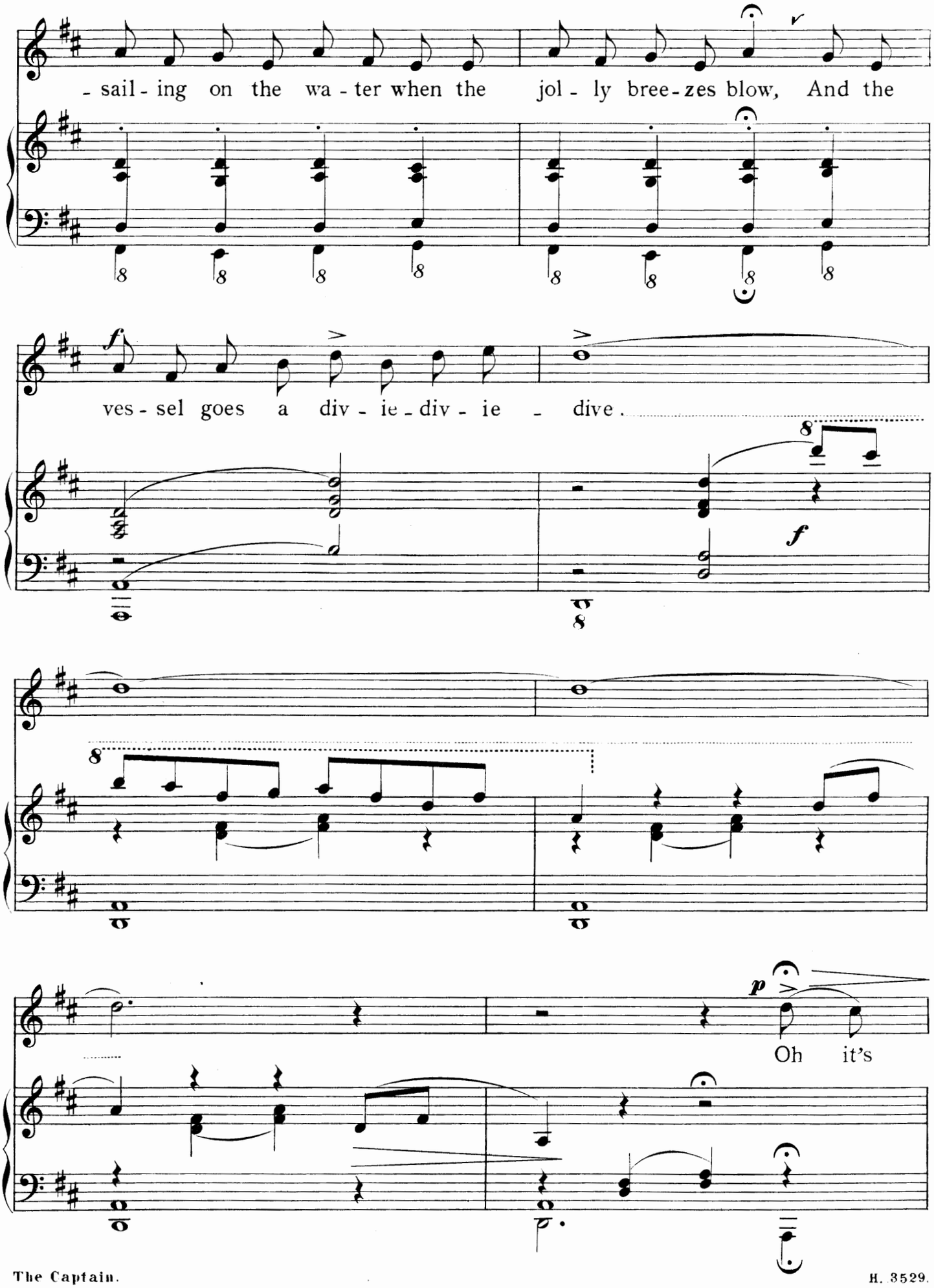
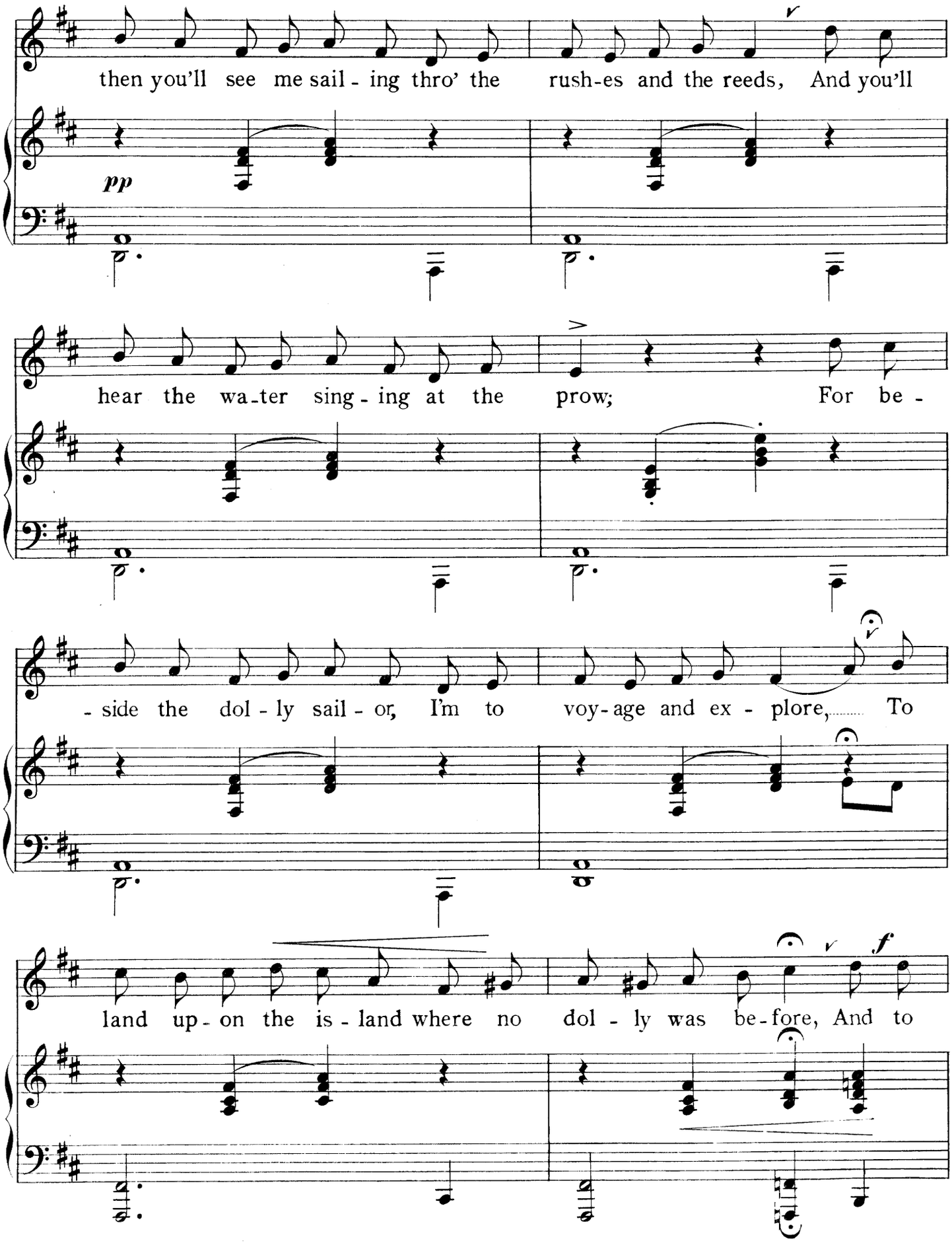

ship that goes a - sail - ing on the pond; And my
ship it keeps a - turn-ing and a - turn- ing all a - bout; But when
I'm a lit - tle old - er I shall find the se - cret out, How to
send my ves - sel sail - ing on be - yond

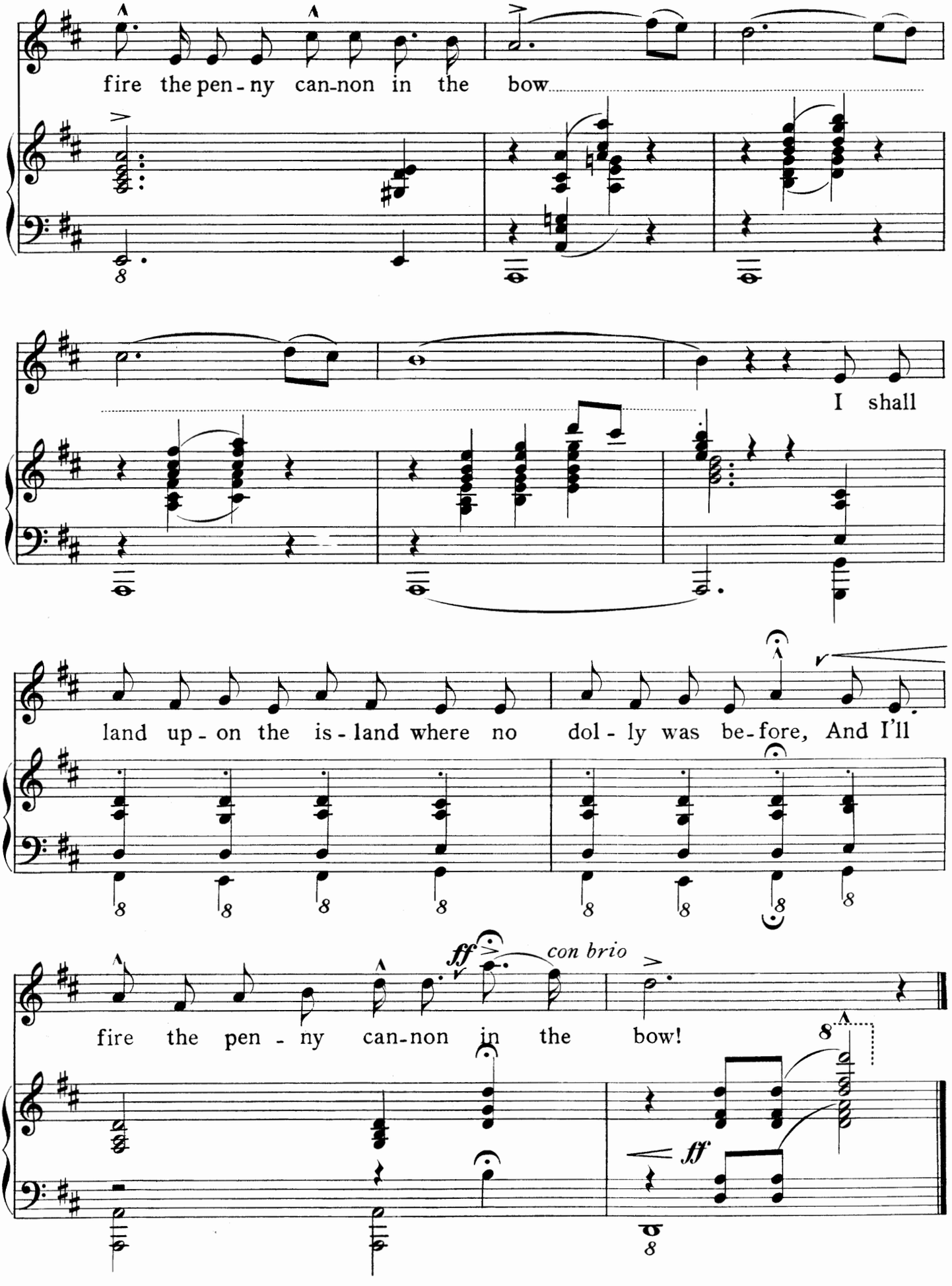

Yes, when I'm a lit - tle old - er I shall
mp
find the se - cret out,- How to send my ves - sel sail - ing on be -
r
f
yond.
8


mf
For I
mean to grow as lit - tle as the dol - ly at the helm, And the
(with bravado)
dol - ly I in - tend to come a - live; And with
him be - side to help me, it's a - sail - ing I shall go, It's a -


sail - ing on the wa-ter when the jol - ly bree - zes blow, And the
r f
ves - sel goes a div - ie - div - ie - dive!
mp
It's a -
mp


- sail - ing on the wa - ter when the jol - ly bree - zes blow, And the
ves - sel goes a div - ie - div - ie - dive.
Oh it's


then you'll see me sail - ing thro' the rush-es and the reeds, And you'll
pp
hear the wa-ter sing - ing at the prow; For be -
- side the dol - ly sail - or, I'm to voy-age and ex - plore, To
land up - on the is - land where no dol - ly was be-fore, And to
f


fire the pen - ny can-non in the bow
I shall
land up - on the is - land where no dol - ly was be - fore, And I'll
ff
con brio
fire the pen - ny can-non in the bow!
8
ff

XI.—A Child's Prayer.

(Quartette.)

God make my life a little light,
Within the world to glow—
A tiny flame that burneth bright,
Wherever I may go.

God make my life a little flower,
That bringeth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although its place be small.

God make my life a little song,
That comforteth the sad,
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the singer glad.

M. Betham-Edwards.

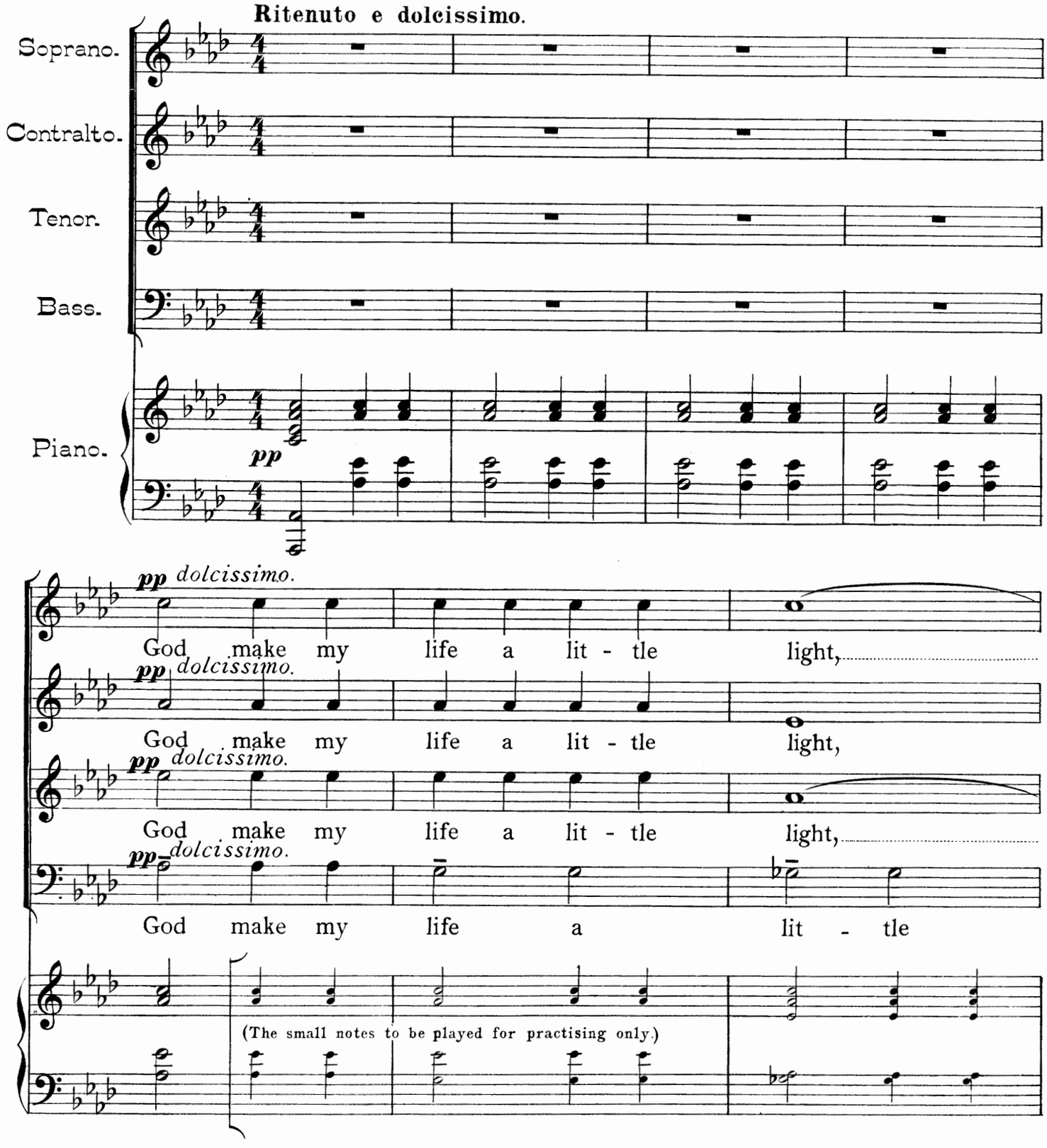
XI.

A Child's Prayer.

(Quartette.)

Words by
M. BETHAM EDWARDS

Music by
LIZA LEHMANN.



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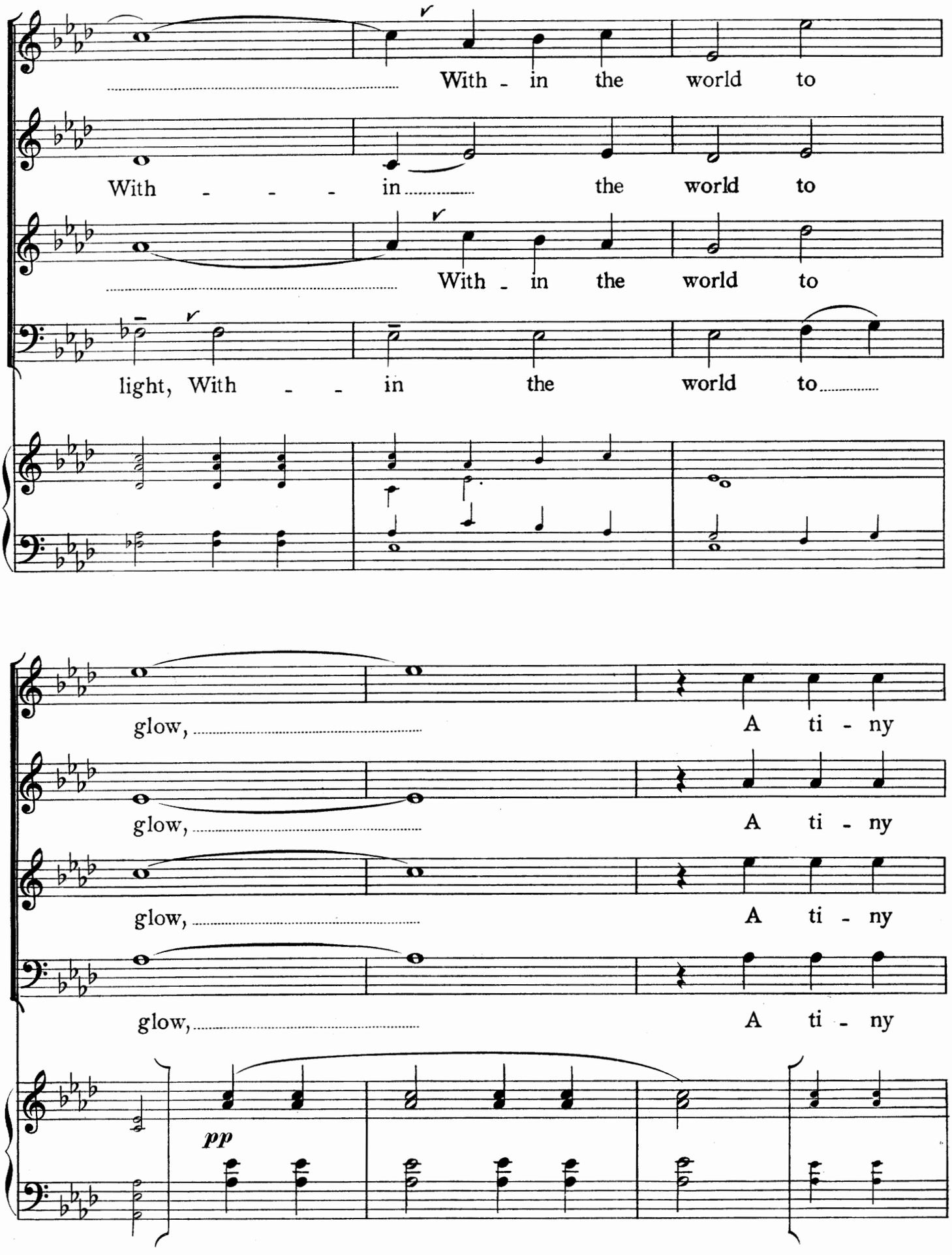
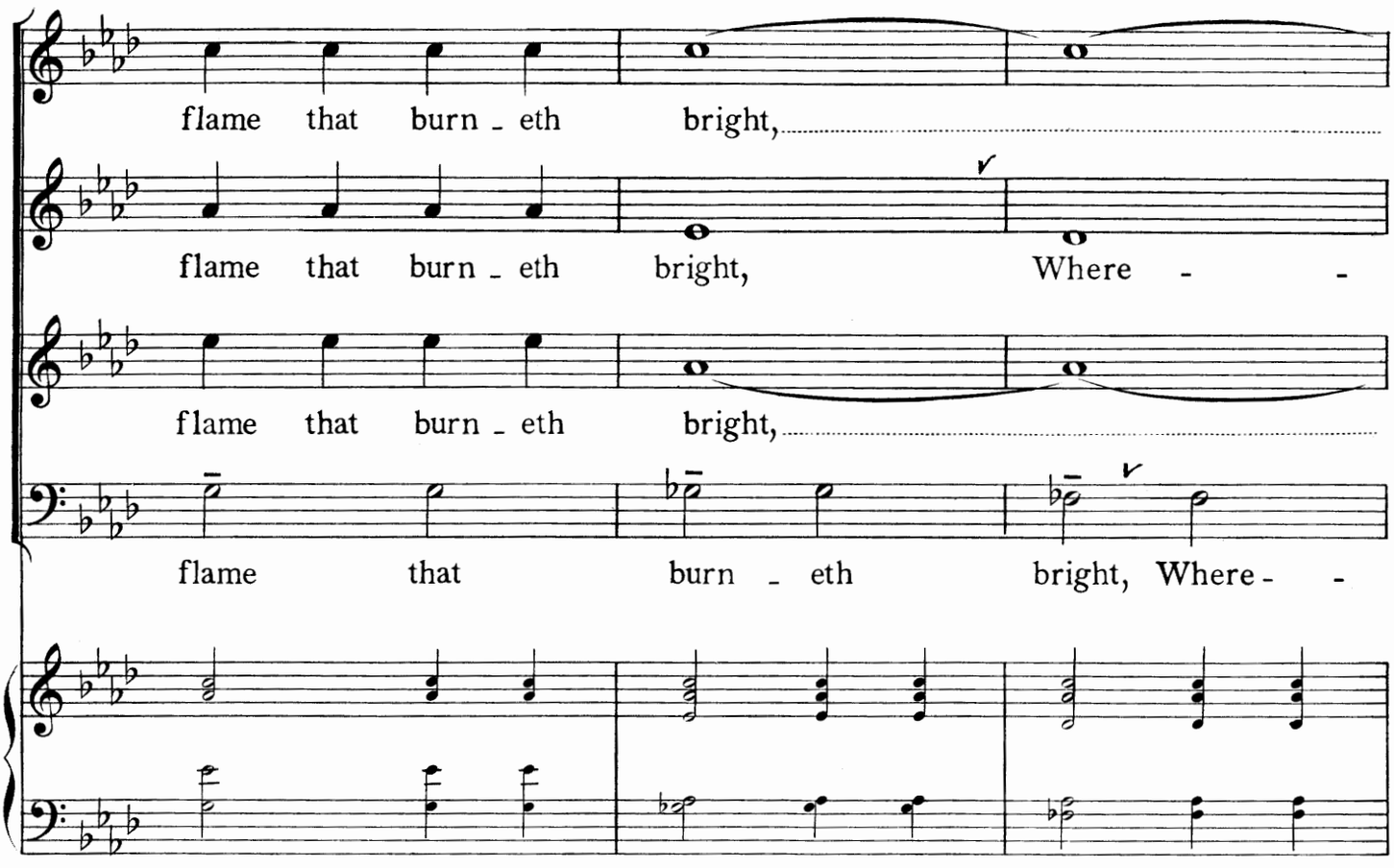
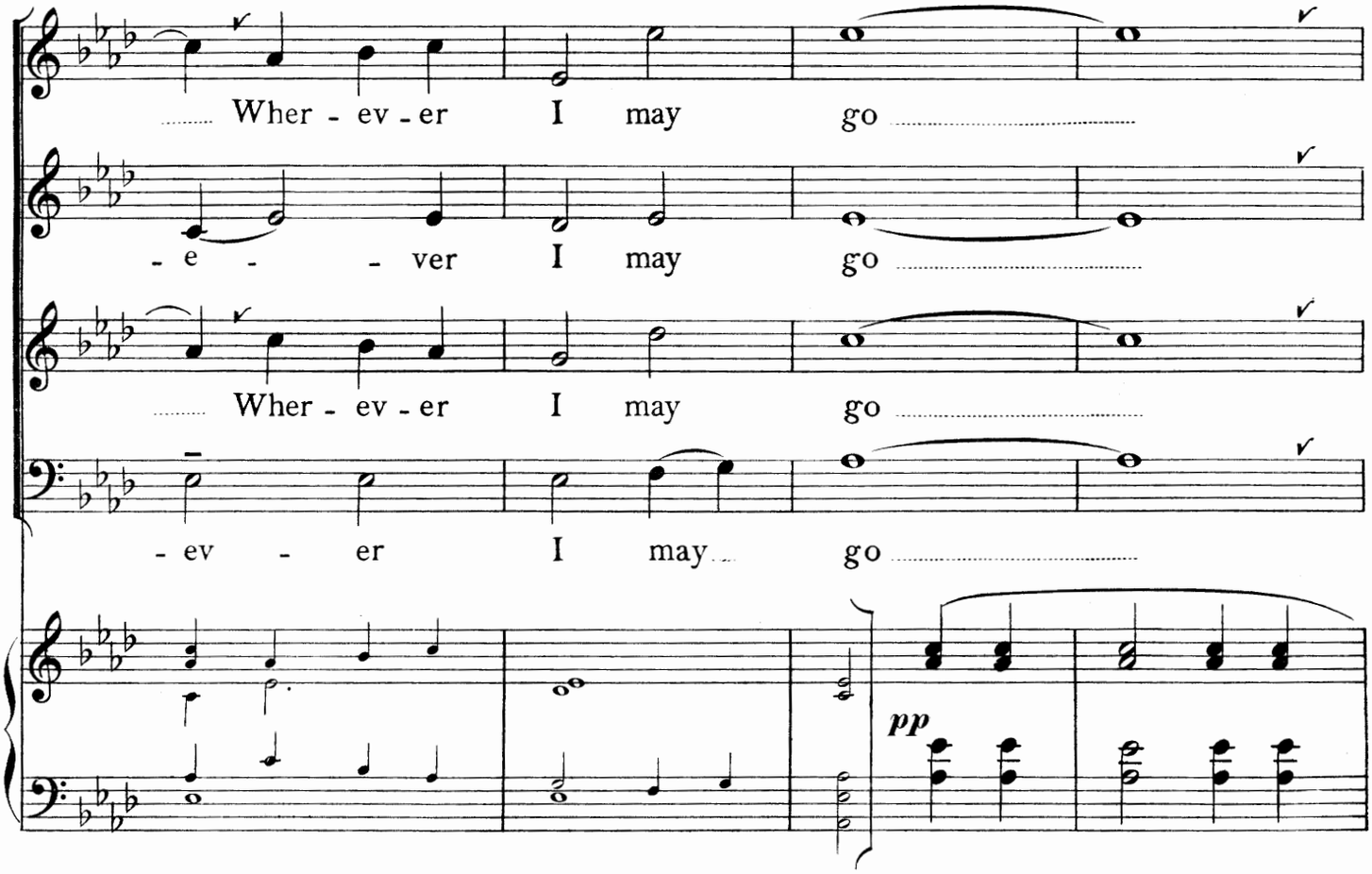
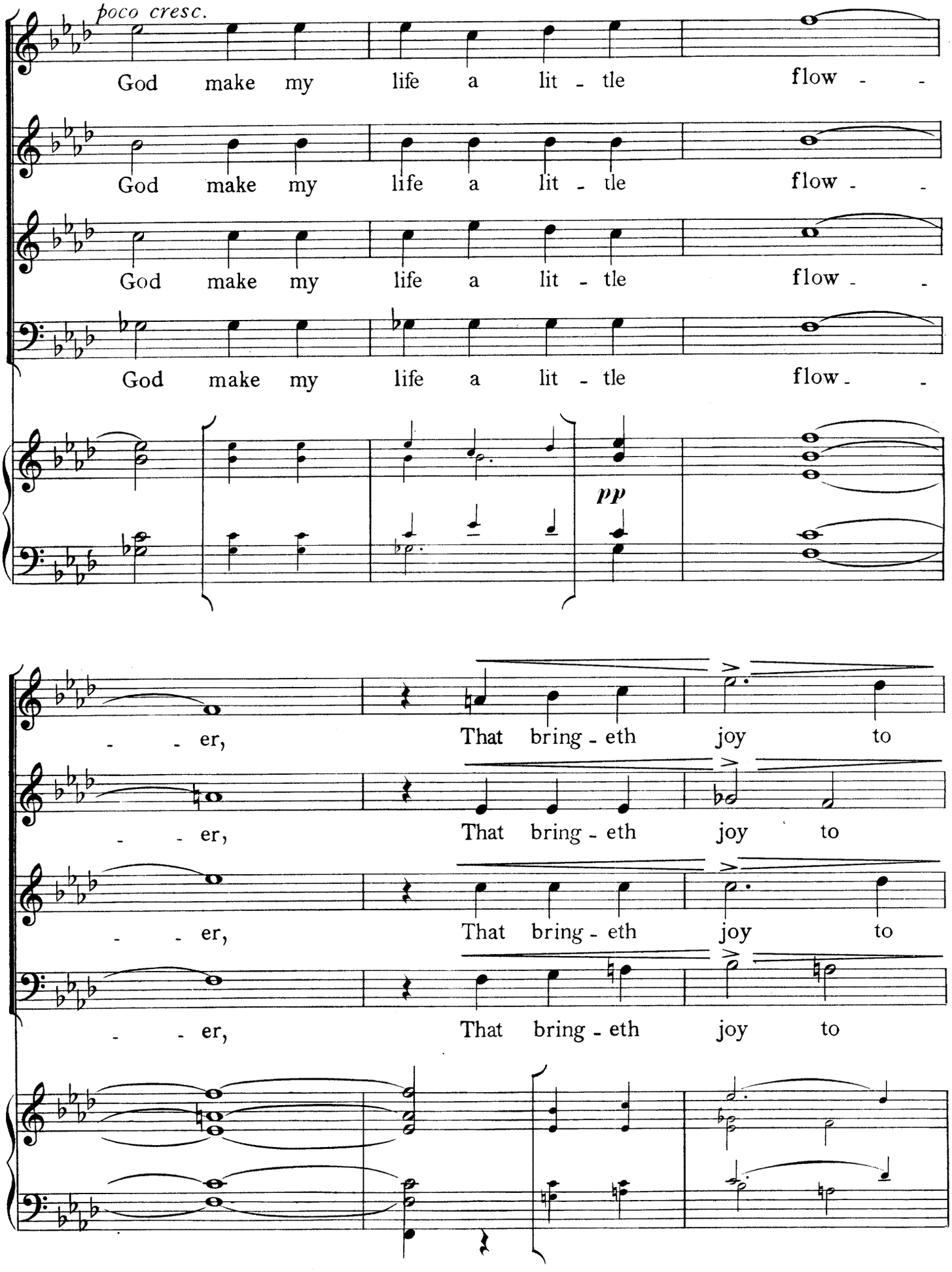
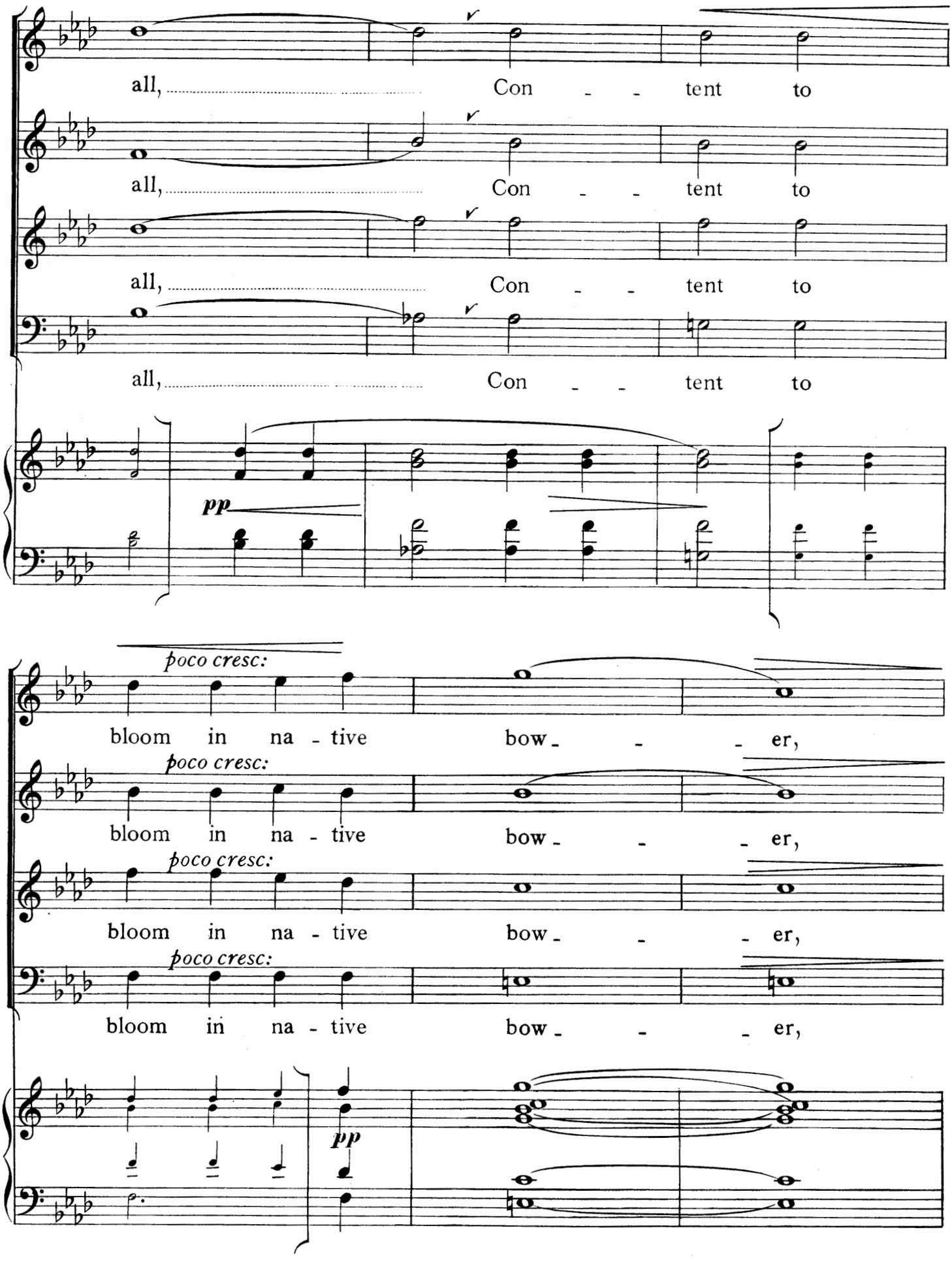
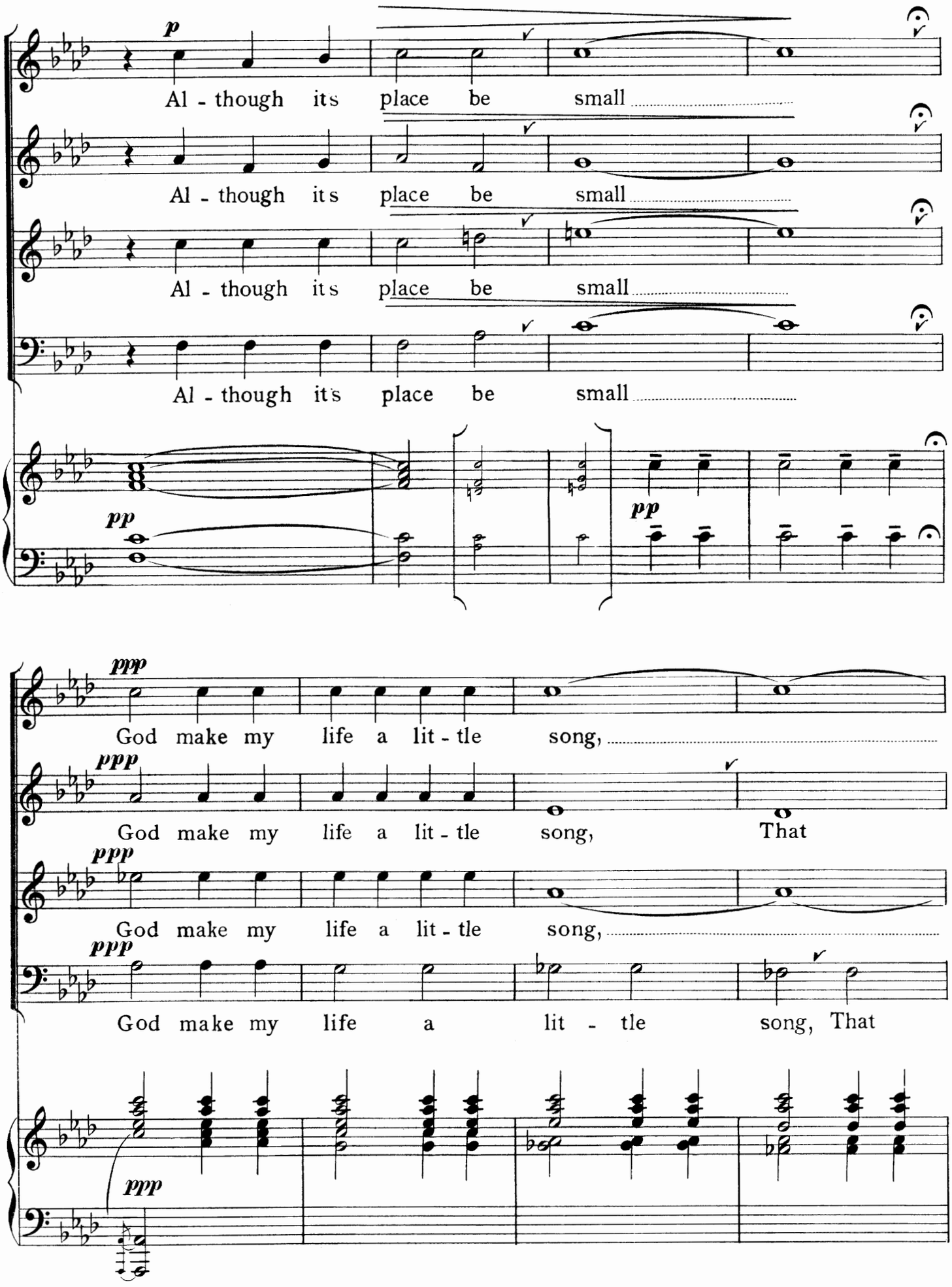

With - in the world to
With - - - in the world to
With - in the world to
light, With - - in the world to
glow, A ti - ny
glow, A ti - ny
glow, A ti - ny
glow, A ti - ny
pp

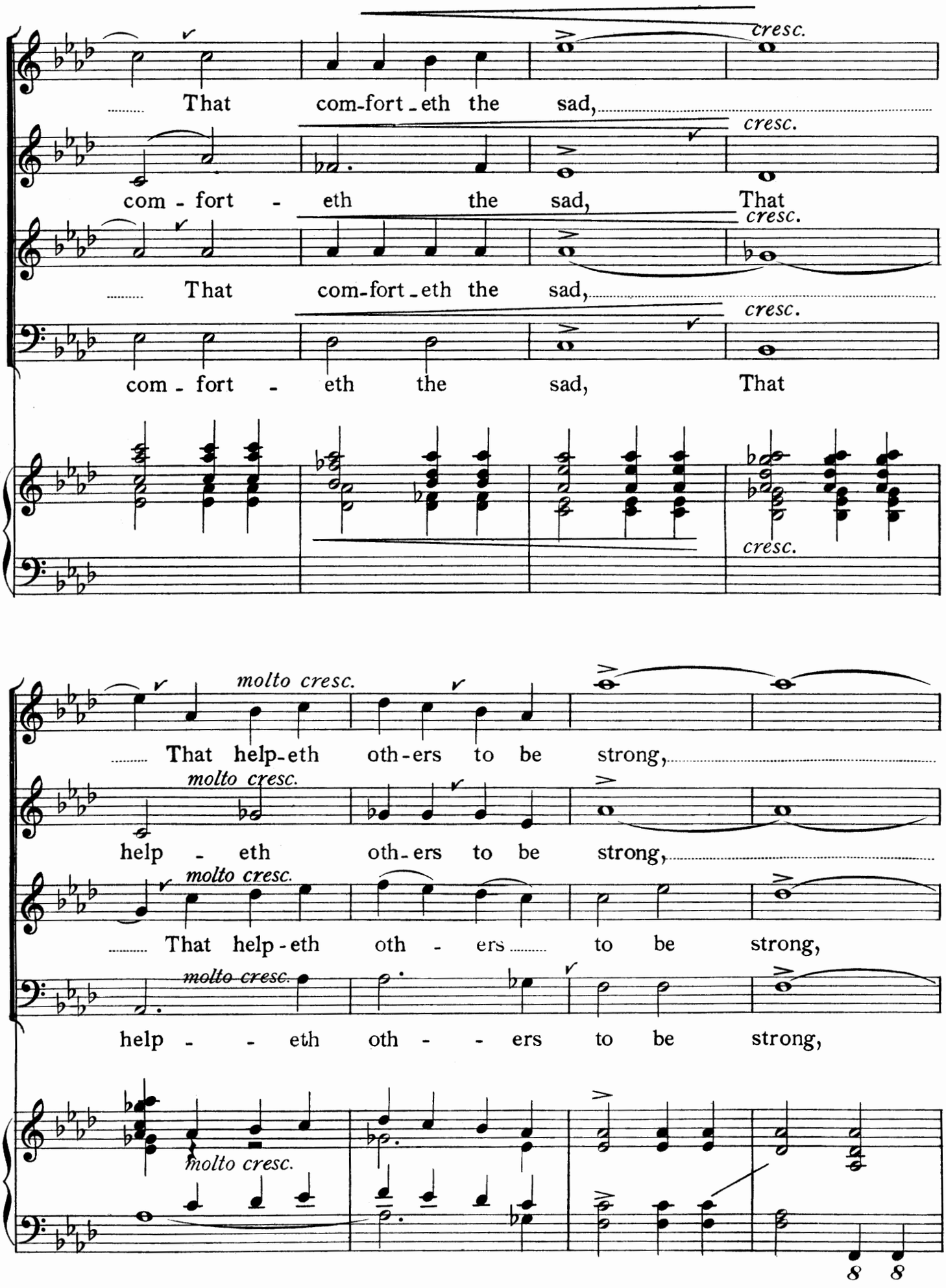

flame that burn - eth bright,
flame that burn - eth bright, Where - -
flame that burn - eth bright,
flame that burn - eth bright, Where - -

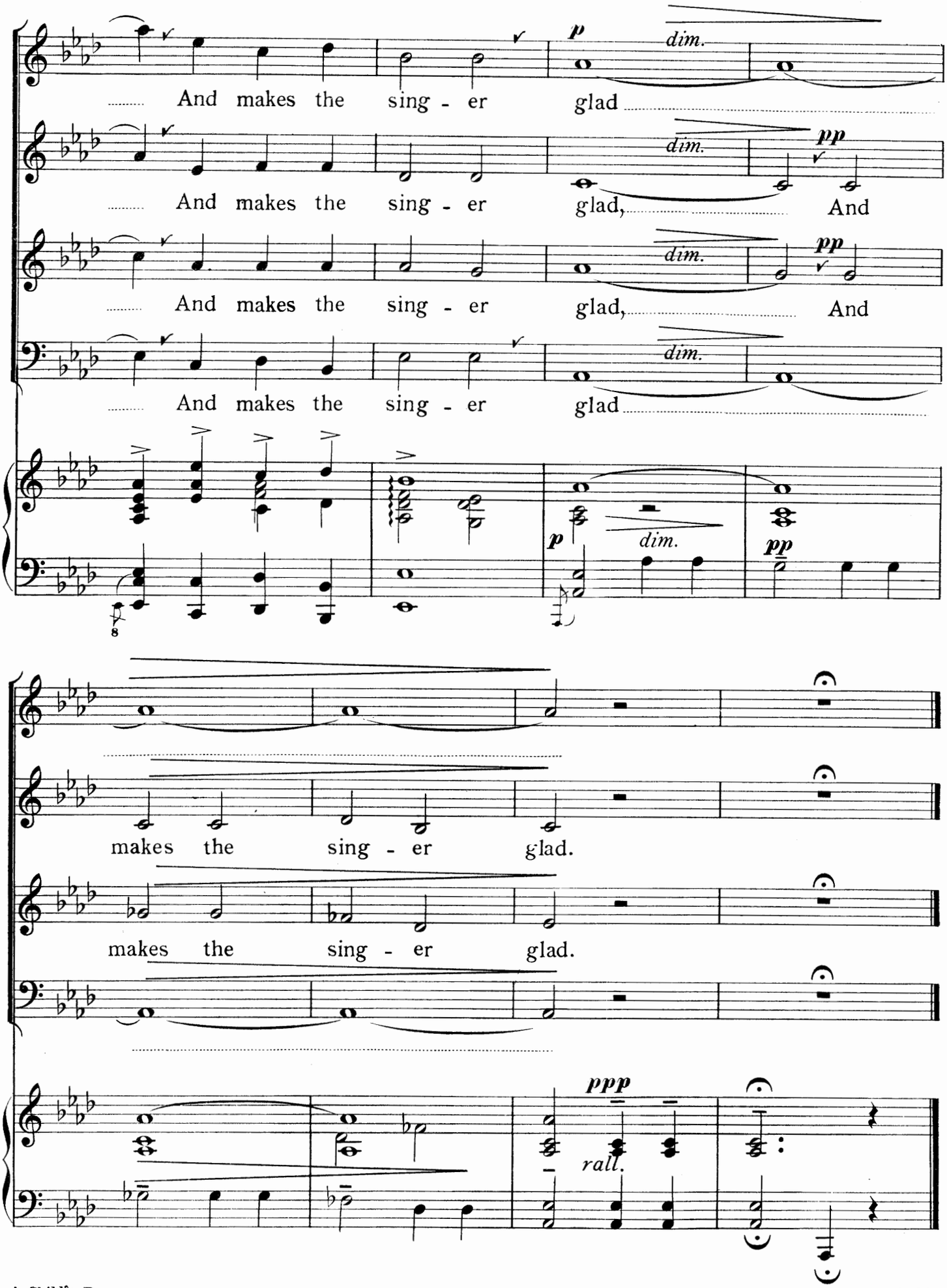

Wher - ev - er I may go
- e - - ver I may go
Wher - ev - er I may go
- ev - er I may go
pp


poco cresc.
God make my life a lit - tle flow - -
God make my life a lit - tle flow - -
God make my life a lit - tle flow - -
God make my life a lit - tle flow - -
pp
- - er, That bring - eth joy to
- - er, That bring - eth joy to
- - er, That bring - eth joy to
- - er, That bring - eth joy to


all, Con - - tent to
all, Con - - tent to
all, Con - - tent to
all, Con - - tent to
pp
poco cresc:
bloom in na - tive bow - - - er,
poco cresc:
bloom in na - tive bow - - - er,
poco cresc:
bloom in na - tive bow - - - er,
poco cresc:
bloom in na - tive bow - - - er,
pp


p
Al - though its place be small
Al - though its place be small
Al - though its place be small
Al - though its place be small
pp
pp
ppp
God make my life a lit - tle song,
ppp
God make my life a lit - tle song, That
ppp
God make my life a lit - tle song,
ppp
God make my life a lit - tle song, That
ppp


cresc.
That com-fort-eth the sad,
com-fort-eth the sad, That
That com-fort-eth the sad,
com-fort-eth the sad, That
molto cresc.
That help-eth oth-ers to be strong,
help-eth oth-ers to be strong,
That help-eth oth-ers to be strong,
help-eth oth-ers to be strong,
8 8


And makes the sing - er glad
And makes the sing - er glad, And
And makes the sing - er glad, And
And makes the sing - er glad
dim.
p
pp
makes the sing - er glad.
makes the sing - er glad.
ppp
rall.

SUPPLEMENT.*

XII.—Fairy Chimes.

(For any Voice.)

You cannot count the blue-bells
  That are upon the heath,—
The ferns are tall and stately,
  The bells hang underneath;
But I can count the tassels
  As big as flowers of clover
That hang on baby's curtain,
  The curtain that hangs over.

And when I rock the cradle
  The tassels swing and swing,
And they make fairy music,
  And baby hears them ring:
Ding-dong in the morning,
  And in the evening, too,
Rhyme, chime, in fairy-time,
  Baby, dear, for you.

(*From Lilliput Lyrics.*)

W. B. Rands.

(*By kind permission of Mr. John Lane.*)

*Not to be included if the entire contents of "More Daisies" are performed. End with Quartette

XII.

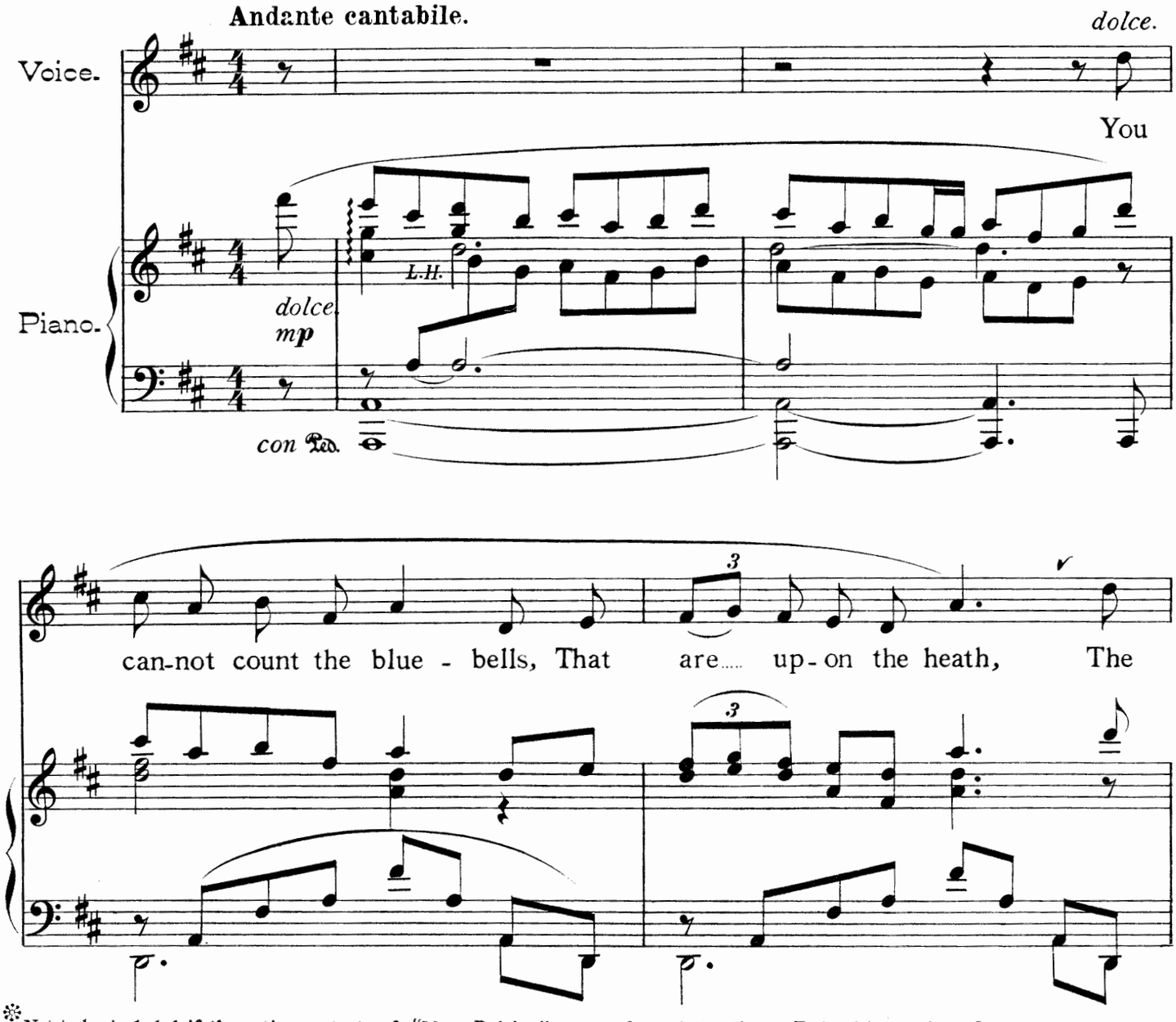
*SUPPLEMENT

Fairy Chimes.

(FOR ANY VOICE.)

Words by
W. B. RANDS.

Music by
LIZA LEHMANN.



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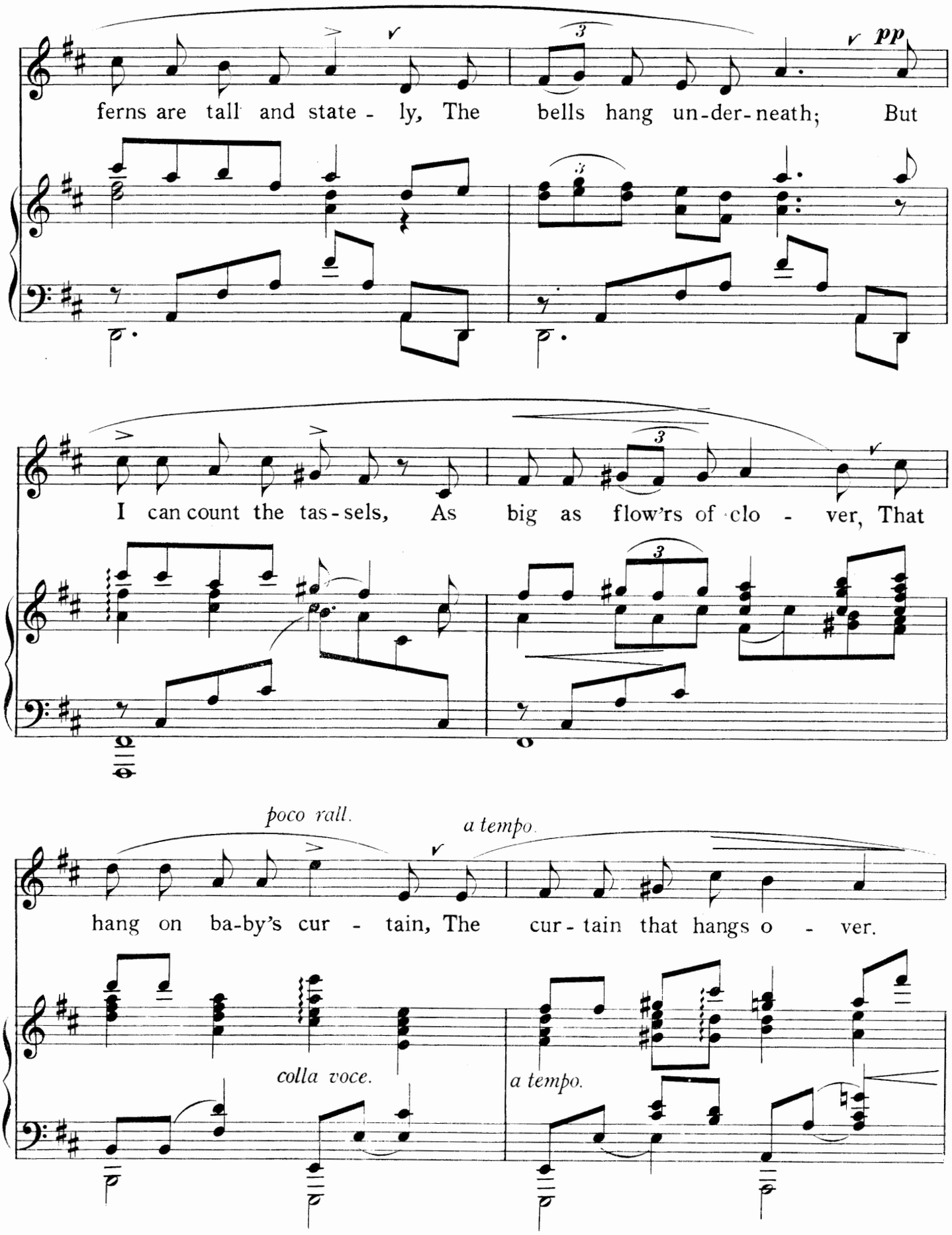
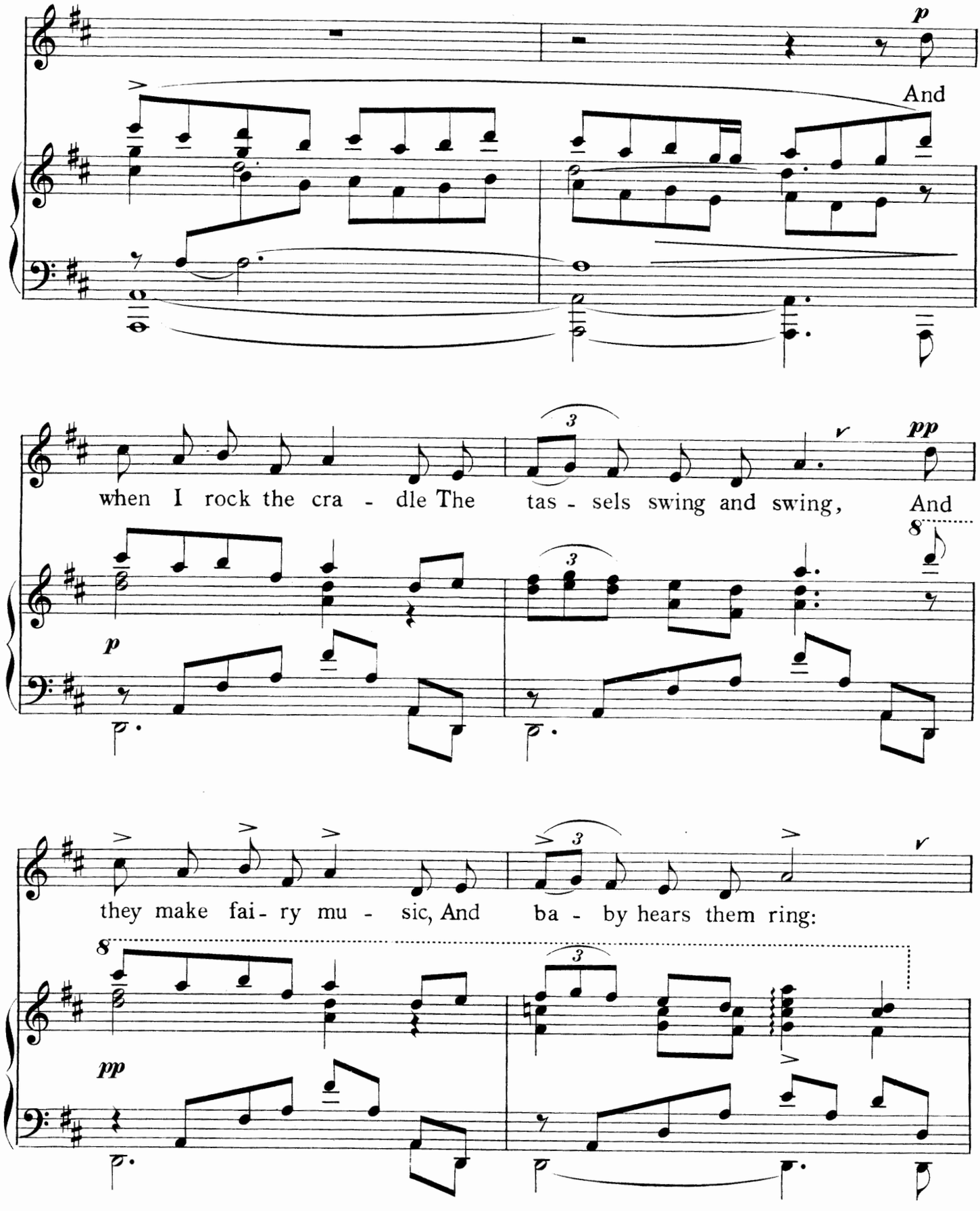
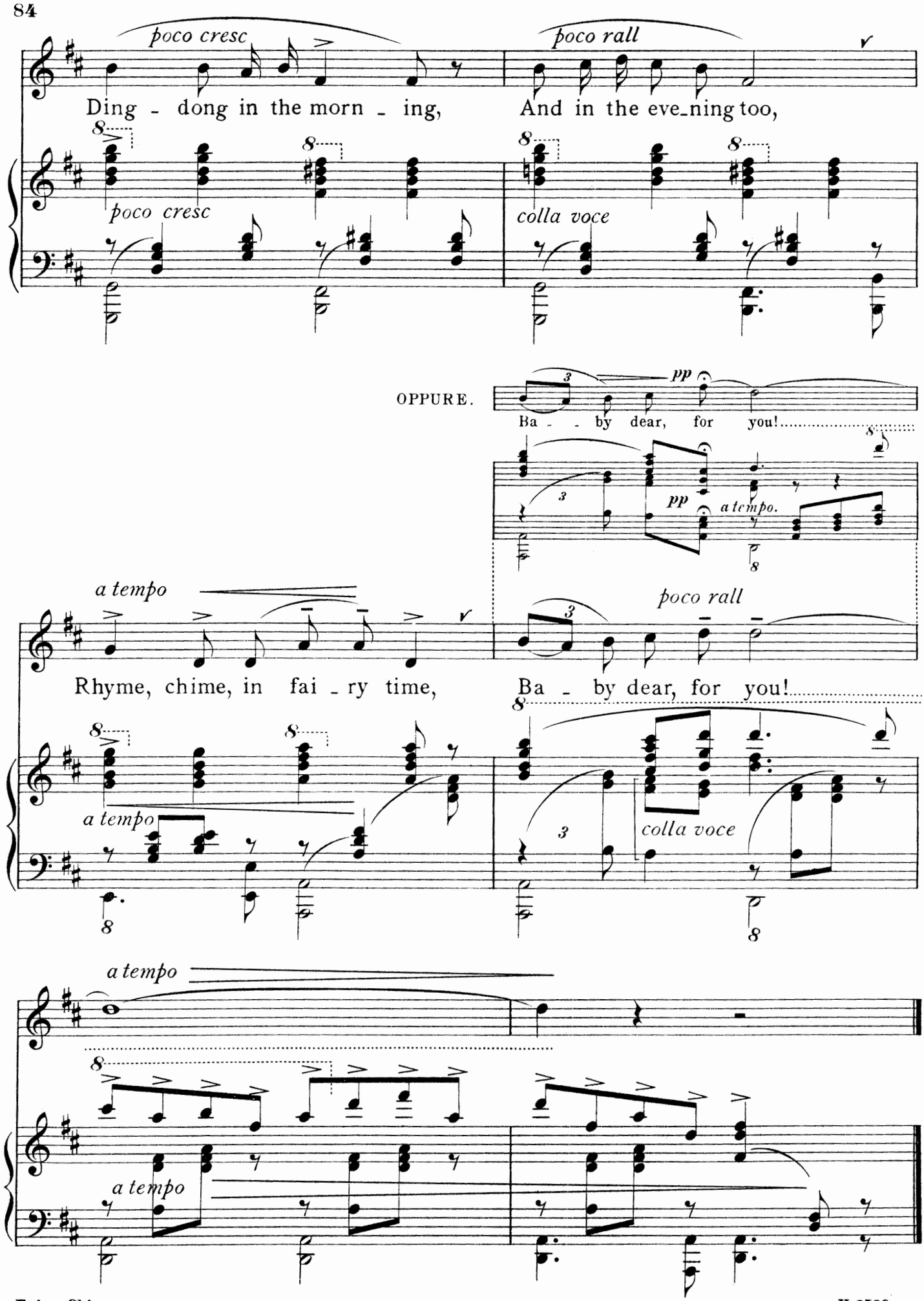

ferns are tall and state - ly, The bells hang un-der-neath; But
pp
I can count the tas-sels, As big as flow'rs of clo - ver, That
poco rall.
a tempo.
hang on ba-by's cur - tain, The cur-tain that hangs o - ver.
colla voce.
a tempo.


p
And
when I rock the cra - dle The tas - sels swing and swing, And
pp
p
they make fai - ry mu - sic, And ba - by hears them ring:
pp


poco cresc
poco rall
Ding - dong in the morn - ing,
And in the eve-ning too,
poco cresc
colla voce
OPPURE.
pp
Ba - - by dear, for you!
pp
a tempo.
a tempo
poco rall
Rhyme, chime, in fai - ry time,
Ba - by dear, for you!
a tempo
colla voce
a tempo
a tempo

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