

Grace Wassall

TEN SONGS

WORDS BY

Josephine Preston
Peabody



The Masterpiece 5

Concerning Love 4

Cakes and Ale 4

The Busy Child 5

The Journey 5

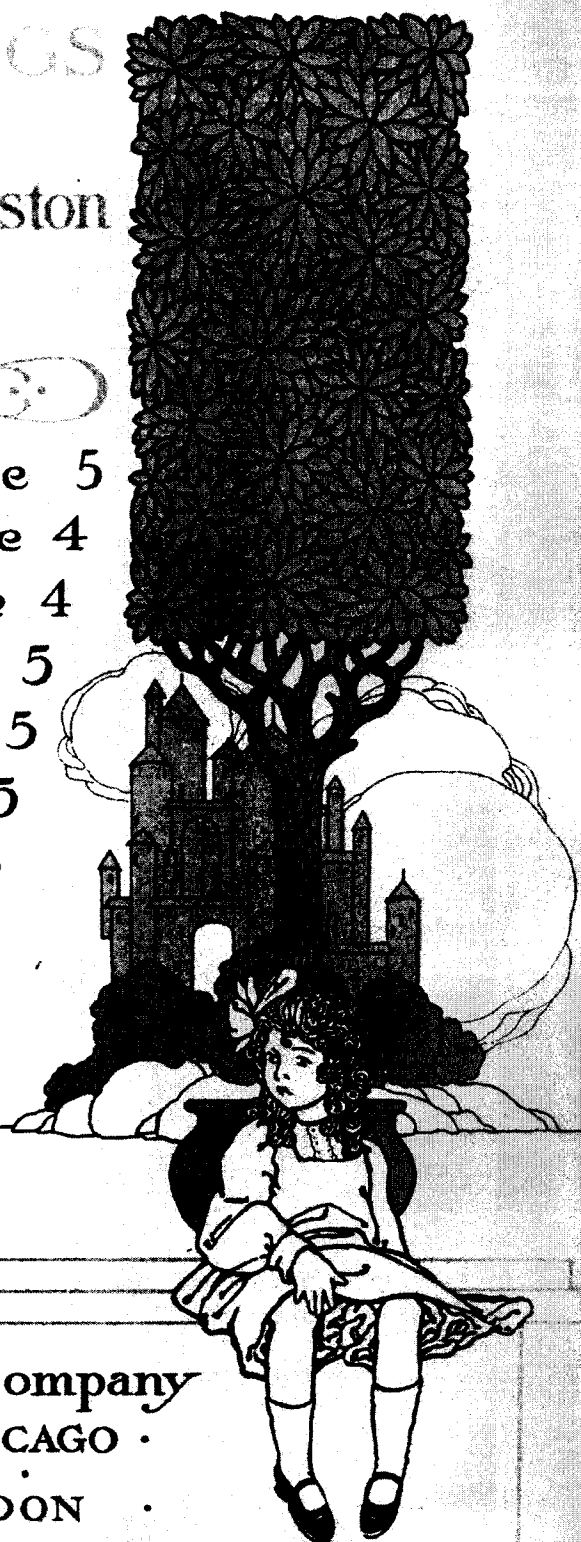
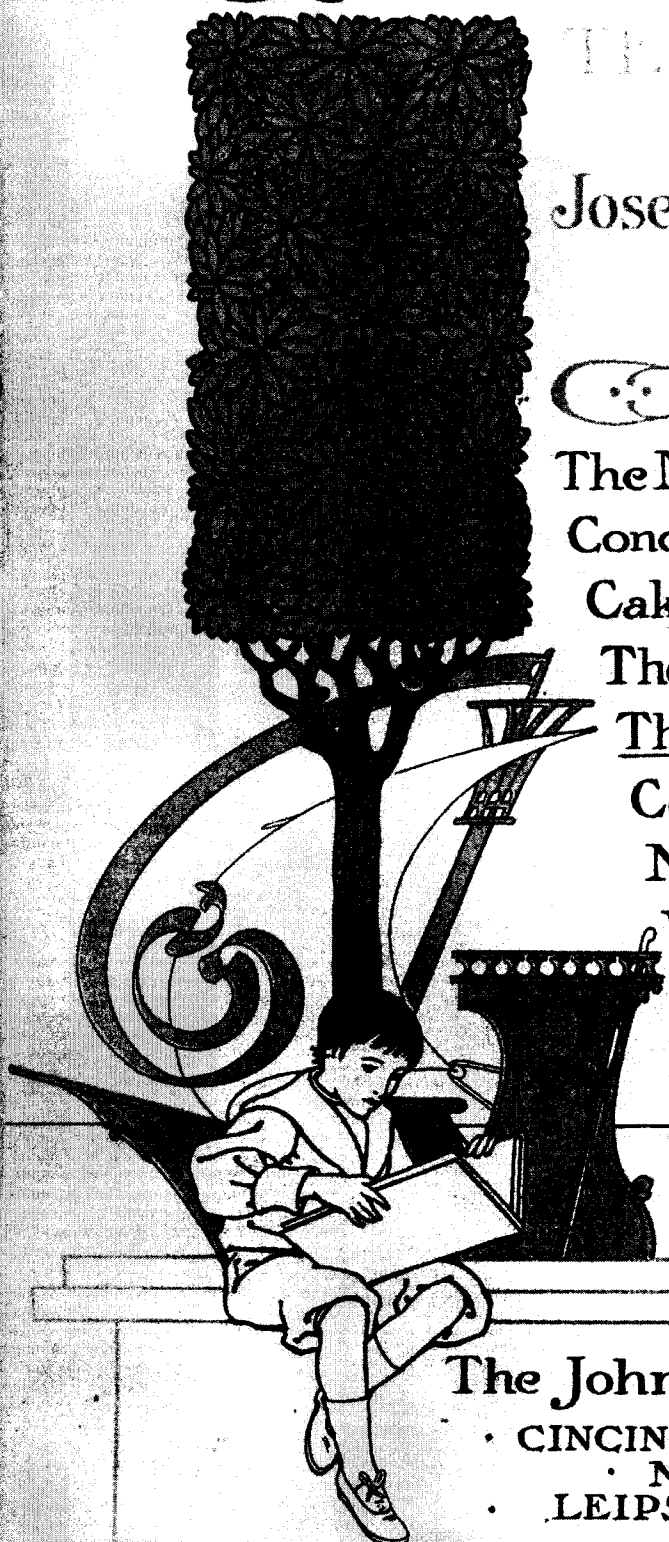
Cow Bells 5

Mystic 5

Windy 4

Early 5

Late 4



The John Church Company

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The Journey.



JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY.

GRACE WASSALL.

Vivace.

sempre più presto

I

mf

nev - er saw the hills so far, And blue, the way the pic - tures are; And

mf

flow - ers, flow - ers, grow - ing thick, But not a one for me to pick! The

rit

rit

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a tempo

land was run-ning from the train, All blur - ry through the win - dow-pane; And

a tempo

then it all looked flat and still, When up there jumped a lit - tle hill! I

f poco più mosso

saw the win-dows, and the spires, And spar-rows sit - ting on the wires, And

f poco più mosso

fenc - es run - ning up and down; And then we cut straight through a

town. I saw a Val - ley, like a cup; And

ponds that twin-kled, and dried up. I count-ed mead-ows that were burnt; And

there were trees, and then there weren't! We crossed the brid-ges with a roar, Then

hummed the way we went be-fore, And tun-nels made it dark and light, Like

rit

o - pen-work of day and night; Un - til I saw the chim - neys rise, And

molto rit *a tempo*

lights and lights and lights, like eyes. And when they took me through the door, I

molto rit *a tempo*

f sempre rit marc.

heard it all be - gin to roar. I thought, as far as I could see, That

f sempre rit marc.

ev - ry - bod - y want - ed me!

V *f*