THE

JUVENILE SONGSTER,

by

A. E. DAVISON

Preston.
The Juvenile Songster,
Consisting of Thirty-five
Cheerful and Moral Songs.
Set to appropriate Music,
and Designed for
Children, Schools & Private Families.

By
Lowel Mason.

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ADDRESS.

The object of this little work is to furnish a collection of songs adapted to the circumstances and capacities of children. Both music and words will be found to be very simple, and of such a character as experience has proved interesting to those for whom they are designed.

A few of the melodies have been selected from German works, mostly from those of Naegeli, who has been styled the apostle of musical education, and a few are common or popular tunes.

Great care has been taken to preserve purity of sentiment in the poetry, some of which has been imitated from the German, and written expressly for the work. Every piece is believed to be of such a character, as is at once calculated to please the mind, and to improve the heart.

The arrangement of the music is such, that while it answers for the Piano Forte, it may in most cases be sung in one, two, or three equal parts: the base part being sung an octave higher than written. To all the children in the kingdom, this little work, designed at once for their amusement and their instruction, is dedicated

by their sincere friend

LOWEL MASON.
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AROUSE UP YE SLEEPERS.

A-rouse up ye sleepers, the morning has come, The sun has awaked the insects soft hum;

The sheep to the fields go, The men to the meadow, And all to their labor till daylight grow low.

O lose not the brightest of morning's young beams. The beauties of nature are sweeter than dreams. Your downy bed leaving, Go forth till the evening. Its fragrant in breathes and the night world is still.
BEFORE ALL LANDS IN EAST OR WEST.

Allegro.

Before all lands in east or west, I

love my native land the best, With God's best gifts 'tis

teeming; No gold nor jewels here are found. Yet

men of noble souls abound, And eyes of joy are
2

Before all tongues in east or west,
I love my native tongue the best,

Though not so smoothly spoken,
Nor woven with Italian art:
Yet when it speaks from heart to heart,

The word is never broken.

3

Before all people east or west,
I love my countrymen the best,

A race of noble spirit:
A sober mind, a generous heart,
To virtue trained, yet free from art,

They from their sires inherit.

4

To all the world I give my hand,
My heart I give my native land.

I seek her good, her glory;
I honor every nation's name,
Respect their fortune and their fame.

But I love the land that bore me.
MARY'S LAMB.

Allegro.

Mary had a little lamb, Its fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went, The lamb was sure to go;
He followed her to school one day—That was against the rule, It
made the children laugh and play, To see a lamb at school.

2

So the teacher turned him out.
But still he lingered near,
And waited patiently about,
Till Mary did appear;
And then he ran to her, and laid
His head upon her arm,
As if he said—I'm not afraid—
You'll keep me from all harm.

3

What makes th' lamb love Mary so?
The eager children cry—
'O Mary loves the lamb, you know;
The teacher did reply;—
And you each gentle animal
In confidence may bind,
And make them follow at your call,
If you are always kind.
THROUGH THE BUSHY FIELDS TO RUN.

Allegretto.

Through the bushy fields to run, And to see the pleasant sun, And

Soft twilight, Through the meadows and the grove, With my

Soli.

Nimble feet to rove, Is my delight, Is my delight.

Coro.

From the lofty hill to see
Sky serene and rolling sea,
   And clouds of white;
And some pretty song to sing
While I hear the echoing ring,
   Is my delight.

When so happy and so gay
Mongst the lovely flowers I stray,
   All fair and bright;
Then to pluck a rose for my
Fresh and sparkling with the dew,
   Is my delight.

In the bower of shady trees,
Shaken by a gentle breeze,
   When fades the light,
Little Robin there to hear,
Singing praises without fear,
   Is my delight.
Cheerily, cheerily, sound the merry strain, Happily, happily,

now we meet again, Here we stand, Here we stand, Who at home has dared to stay,

Who has loiter'd by the way? And who for idle play, Do we miss from our band,

Cheerily, cheerily, sound the merry strain,
Happily, happily, now we meet again,
All are here; ¶:
All who love the morning's prime,
All who feel the worth of time,
So we'll sound the merry chime,
All are here! All are here!
THE PEAR TREE.

Out in a beautiful field, there stands a pretty pear-tree, pretty pear-tree with leaves: What is there on the tree? A very
prety branch: Branch on the tree, Tree in the ground,

2
Solo 1.
What is there on the branch? What is there in the nest?

Solo 2.
A very pretty bough:

Coro.
\{Bough on the branch, \\
\}Branch on the tree, \\
\}Tree in the ground, \\
Out in a beautiful field, &c.

3
Solo 1.
What is there on the bough? What is there in the egg?

Solo 2.
A very pretty nest:

Coro.
\{Nest on the bough, \\
\}Bough on the branch, \\
\}Branch on the tree, \\
\}Tree in the ground, \\
Out in a beautiful field, &c.

4
Solo 1.
What is there on the bough? What is there in the egg?

Solo 2.
A very pretty bird:

Coro.
\{Bird in the egg, \\
\}Egg in the nest, \\
\}Nest on the bough, \\
\}Bough on the branch, \\
\}Branch on the tree, \\
\}Tree in the ground, \\
Out in a beautiful field, &c.
AULD LANG SYNE AT SCHOOL.

Andante.

Shall school acquaintance be forgot And never brought to

mind? Shall school acquaintance be forgot And days of lang

syne? For auld lang syne at school, For auld lang
We oft have run about the fields
And culled the flowers fine;
We'll never forget these hours, when they
Are auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, &c.

We oft have cheer'd each other's task,
From morn till day's decline,
But memory's night shall never rest
On auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, &c.

Then take the hand that now is warm,
Within a hand of thine;
No distant day shall lose the grasp
Of auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, &c.
"No, my child the splendor of those stars is given,
Like the hues of flowers; By the Lord of heaven.

"Mother, if I study,
Sure he'll let me know
Why those stars he lighted
O'er our earth to glow?"

"Child, what God has finished
Has a glorious aim;
Thine it is to worship,
Thine to love his name!"
How beautiful the morning when summer days are long; O
we will rise betimes and hear the wildbird's happy song—For
when the sun pours down his ray the bird will cease to sing; She'll
seek the cool and silent shade, And sit with folded wing.

Up in the morning early—Up in the morning early,
Tis nature's gayest hour; And we will bound abroad
While pearls of dew adorn the grass, And fill our hearts with melody,
And fragrance fills the flowers—And raise our songs to God.
I am a cuckoo, my name is cuckoo, the children call me cuckoo.
And should you ever forget my name, I'll always tell you.

Cuckoo, when winter comes the woods are my home.
In summer I sing in the meadows.
This lives the cuckoo, his mate the cuckoo, and all the little cuckoos.
Oft we wander to thy brink,
Faint and thirsty from our play;
And we gather as we drink,
Strength and vigor for the day.

Many joys to thee we owe,
Silver fountain, cool and clear,
In thy cheerful stream we throw
Every care and every fear.

Often on thy border green,
Plucking flowers, we sit and rest;
When we rise, ourselves are seen,
Pictured on thy glassy breast.

We are passing, like thy wave,
Onward to our final home:
We shall slumber in the grave,
But there is a heaven to come.
Across the lake, through bush and brake, resounds the bugle horn,
O'er hill and vale, the echoes sail, and through the waving corn.
The sky is clear
The flowers appear
On every side so gay,
The brook flows by,
So merrily
Along its pebbly way.
The bugle horn, &c.

The echoes flow
As we go
Through forest vale and lawn;
And far and near,
Again we hear
The winding bugle horn.
The bugle horn, &c.
Our youthful hearts for learning burn, A-
To science now our steps we turn, A-

Away, away to school;
Away, away to school;
Farewell to home, and

Choir:

all its charms, Farewell to love's paternal arms; A.
2

Behold! a happy band appears,
   Away, away to school.
The shout of joy now fills our ears,
   Away, away to school.
Our voices ring, our hands we wave,
Our hearts rebound with vigor brave,
   Away to school, away to school,
   Away, away to school.

3

No more we walk, no more we play,
   Away, away to school,
In study now we spend the day,
   Away, away to school.
United in a peaceful band,
We're join'd in heart, we're join'd in hand,
   Away to school, away to school,
   Away, away to school.
'Tis dawn, 'tis dawn, 'tis dawn, The rosy light is breaking; To song the birds are waking, And starry heads are streaking A long the verdant lawn. 'Tis dawn, 'tis dawn, 'tis dawn. The
Tis noon, 'tis noon, 'tis noon,
Blue rise the hills before me,
Blue smiles the azure o'er me,
And radiant blossoms pour me,
The balmy breath of June.
'Tis noon, &c.

'Tis night, 'tis night, 'tis night,
The world now hushed and still,
Dim towers the shadowy hill,
Earth's guardian spirits fill
Their ways with softer light.
'Tis night, &c.
THE GARDEN.

from the German.

Andantino.

We'll gather the lily and jessamine fair,
And twine them with roses to garland our hair.

3

We'll cull all the sweetest to make a bouquet,
To give to our teacher this warm summer day.

4

Then hie to our school room with joy and with glee.
And sing our sweet ballads, so happy are we.
If ever I see, On bush or tree, Young birds in a pretty nest, I must not, in my play, Steal the birds away, To grieve their mother's breast.

My mother, I know, Would sorrow so, Should I be stolen away, So I'll speak to the birds In my softest words, Nor hurt them in my play.
The pleasant Spring has come again, The pretty birds are here; The grass grows in the gentle rain, And buds and flowers appear And buds and flowers appear. I love to see the
And well I know the cold deep snow.
And winter storms are past;
Now merrily to school I'll go,
Nor fear the chilling blast.
I love the sun the gentle wind,
And bird, and flower, and bud,
And well I love my teacher kind,
But best I love my God.
Sleep baby! sleep! Our cottage vale is deep
The little lamb is on the green
With snowy fleece, so soft and clean. Sleep, baby! sleep!

Sleep, baby! sleep!
I would not, would not weep;
The little lamb he never cries,
And bright and happy are his eyes.

Sleep, baby! sleep!
Near where the woodbines creep
Be always like the lamb, so mild,
A sweet, and kind, and gentle child:

Sleep, baby! sleep!
Thy rest shall angels keep:
While on the grass the lamb shall feed,
And never suffer want or need.

Sleep, baby! sleep!
Skies are bright above thee,
Peace and quiet love thee,
    Tranquil little dell;
In thy fragrant bowers
Twining wreaths of flowers,
    Love and friendship dwell.

May our spirits daily
    Be like thee, sweet valley,
    Tranquil and serene;
Emblem to us given
    Of the vales of heaven,
    Ever bright and green.
CHILDREN GO TO AND FRO.

Semi Chorus of small scholars.

Lively.

Children go to and fro, In a merry, pretty row;

Footsteps light, Faces bright, 'Tis a happy, happy sight;

Swiftly turning round and round, Do not look upon the ground;

Follow me, Full of glee, Singing merrily,
Full Chorus.

Singing merrily, merrily, merrily, singing merrily, merrily, merrily, Follow me, full of glee, singing merrily.

2

Birds are free,
So are we,
And we live as happily;
Work we do,
Study too,
Learning daily something new;
Then we laugh, and dance, and sing;
Gay as birds or any thing.
Follow me, &c.

3

Work is done,
Plays begun,
Now we have our laugh and fun;
Happy days,
Pretty plays,
And no naughty ways;
Holding fast each other's hand,
We're a cheerful happy band.
Follow me, &c.
SUMMER SONG.

1. Come, come, come, The summer now is here. Come, come, come, The summer now is here.

2. Come, come, come, The summer now is here. Come, come, come, The summer now is here.

3. Come, come, come, The summer now is here. Come, come, come, The summer now is here.

4. Come, come, come, The summer now is here. Come, come, come, The summer now is here.

Come out among the flowers, And make some pretty bowers.
Cull the sweetest posies, The violets and roses.

Come, come, come, The summer now is here.
Come, come, come, The summer now is here.

Come, come, come,
The summer now is here,
Come ramble in the bushes,
And hear the merry thrushes.
Come, come, come,
The summer now is here.

Come, come, come,
The summer now is here,
1. Gush-ing streams and foun-tains,
Now the glad sun breaking
Pours a golden flood;
Deepest vales awak-ing
Echo "God is good?"

2. Morn a-mid the moun-tains! Lovely sol-i-
tude!
Murmur, "God is good!" "God is good!"

3. Hymns of praise are ring-ing
Through the leafy wood-
Song-sters sweetly sing-ing
Warble "God is good!"

4. Wake, and join the chorus,
Man, with soul endued!
He whose smile is o'er us,
God, oh God is good.
Each heart beats high
And gleams each eye,
At every welcome tone:
Like mist that flies
From morning skies,
All sorrow now is gone!

How bright the trees;
How fresh the breeze!
How golden bright the day;
The sparkling rill
Goes murmuring still,
Through woodlands far away:

Oh, sweet the sound
When woods around
Have heard the pealing horn;
From bush and brake
The echoes wake,
And hail the welcome morn!
Haste thee, winter, haste away,
Let me feel the spring-tide ray;
Let the fields be green again;
Quickly end thy dreary reign.

Haste thee, winter, haste away,
Far too long has been thy stay.

Haste thee, winter, haste away,
Let the spring come, bright and gay;
Let thy chilling breezes flee,
Dreary winter, haste from me.

Haste thee, winter, haste away,
Far too long has been thy stay.
Now the summer days are past, pleasant fruits and painted flowers; hear the cold and cheerless blast.

Whistling through the leafless bowers, silent is the insect him. Now the wintry time has come.
Silent is the insect hum, Now the wintry time has come.

2
Short and gloomy are the days;
Oft the storm roars round our dwelling;
How the snow fills up the ways!
List the winds, of sorrow telling;
Telling of the shivering poor,
O what hardships they endure!

3
Come around the pleasant fire,
See how sprightly it is burning!
Evening lights the tall church spire;
All are to their homes returning:
Let us try to spend it well,
Till we hear its closing bell.

4
Soon the spring of life will end:
Fast our youthful days are flying!
To the grave our footsteps tend,
Where the frozen snows are lying,
Father when our age is past,
O receive our souls at last.
HOW SWEET 'TIS TO PLAY.

from the German.

Allegretto.

How sweet 'tis to play,
In the green fields in May,
Beneath the tall trees,
Or after school hours,
To pluck the sweet
How, how to look
In the murmuring brook,
And hear its soft sound.
How happy are we!
How nimble and free
We run o'er the ground.

Now gone is the light,
Quickly comes the dark night,
All still is the vale:
We'll go to our rest,
Nor wake till red-breast
Renews his soft tale.
PLEASURES OF INNOCENCE.

Coro from the German.

**Allegretto.**

Bliss is hov'ring smiling every

**Soli.**

where, Hov'ring o'er the verdant mountain,

Smiling in the glassy fountain,
Bliss is hov'ring smiling ev'rywhere.

2

Innocence unseen is ever near;
In the tall tree top it lingers,
In the nest of feathered singers;
Innocence unseen is ever near.

3

Pleasure echoes—echoes—far and near;
From the green bank deck'd with flowers,
Sunny hills and pleasant bowers;—
Pleasure echoes—echoes—far and near.

4

Up—and weave us now a flowery crown;
See the blossoms all unfolding,
Each its beauteous station holding;—
Up—and weave us now a flowery crown.

5

Go ye forth and join the May-day throng;
Sings the Cuckoo by the river,
In the breeze the young leaves quiver;—
Go ye forth and join the May-day throng.
COME SOUND THE MERRY TABOR!

Solo or Duet.

Allegro.

Come sound the merry tabor! sound The call to sport and play. She comes, she comes with garlands crown'd, The golden Queen of May! Come, sound the merry tabor! sound The call to sport and play! She
She clothes the groves in glittering green,
    She smiles on hill and plain;
And mantling all her paths is seen,
    A rosy blooming train.
Then sound the merry tabor, &c.

3
Her gentle breath inspires the air,
    And breathes soft music round,
It gives the flowers a fragrance fair,
    The groves a silvery sound.
Then sound the merry tabor, &c.

4
She strows her flowers along the heath,
    And up the mountain side,
A glittering carpet spreads beneath,
    And fairy footsteps glide.
Then sound the merry tabor, &c.

5
Beneath her soft enchanting hand,
    Old wrinkled care retires;
She mildly moves her magic wand,
    And harmless joy inspires.
Then sound the merry tabor, &c.
HAIL! ALL HAIL! THOU MERRY MONTH OF MAY.

from the German.

Hail! all hail! thou merry month of May!

We will hasten to the woods away A-

among the flowers so sweet and gay; Then a-way to hail the
merry, merry May, The merry, merry.

May,
Then a way to hail The

merry, merry month of May.

Hark! hark! hark! To hail the month of May,
How the songsters warble on the spray!
And we will be as blithe as they,
Then away, to hail, &c.
When the dawn is faintly breaking, From his slumbers lightly waking, While the world is still in deep repose, Forth the gay Postillion goes, Forth the gay Postillion goes: To the stall with speed he
See his steeds now proudly prancing,
Through the city gates advancing,
While the rising sun's all gliding rays,
Over mount and valley blaze:
Up and down the hills they fly,
Now the plains before them lie.
Click, clack, click, &c.

Then when night comes faintly darkling,
And the peaceful stars are sparkling,
Lo the goal is near—the glad steeds bound,
Soon the rattling streets resound:
Now the post horn pours its blast,
While the sounding lash falls fast.
Click, clack, click, &c.
WILD WOOD FLOWERS.

Flowers wild wood flowers In a shelter'd dell they grew; I hurried along and I chanced to spy This small star flow'r with its silv'ry eye; Then this blue daisy peep'd up its head, Sweetly this purple
orchis spread, I gather'd them all for you; I gathered them all for you; All these wild wood flowers, Sweet wild wood flowers. All these wild wood flowers.
2. Flowers, lovely flowers—In the garden we may see; The rose is therewith her ruby lip,
Pinks the honey-bee loves to sip, Tulips, Tulips gay as a butterfly's wing, Mary-golds rich as the
crown of a king, rich as the crown of a king; But

none so fair to me, But none so fair to me. As these

wild wood flowers, Sweet wild wood flow'rs. As these

wild wood flowers, Sweet wild wood flow'rs.
Awake! Awake, 'tis dawn, The night the night has gone; And now comes day, with golden ray. And now comes day, with golden ray. Rise, and come
The birds, the birds now sing,
And meadows, meadows ring;
With joyous sound, repeats twice.
Of praise around, repeats twice.

Sister awake, with joy arise,
Shake drowsy sleep from off your eyes.

Awake! awake, 'tis dawn,
The night, the night has
And now comes day, repeats twice.
With golden ray, repeats twice.

Rise, and come forth, on nature gaze,
Nor idly waste your precious days.
Evening winds are breathing
Through the forest green,
Crimson clouds are wreathing
In the sky serene.

See the stars appearing
All around so bright,
Emblem ever cheering
Of eternal light.