№1 - Mezzo Soprano

№2 - Soprano

To
Blanche Marchesi

BIRD SONGS.

THE WOODPIGEON
THE YELLOWHAMMER
THE STARLING
THE WREN
THE OWL

THE WORDS BY

A. S.

THE MUSIC BY

LIZA LEHMANN

Price $1.50 net

Boosey & Co
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NEW YORK

"THE WOODPIGEON."

Words by
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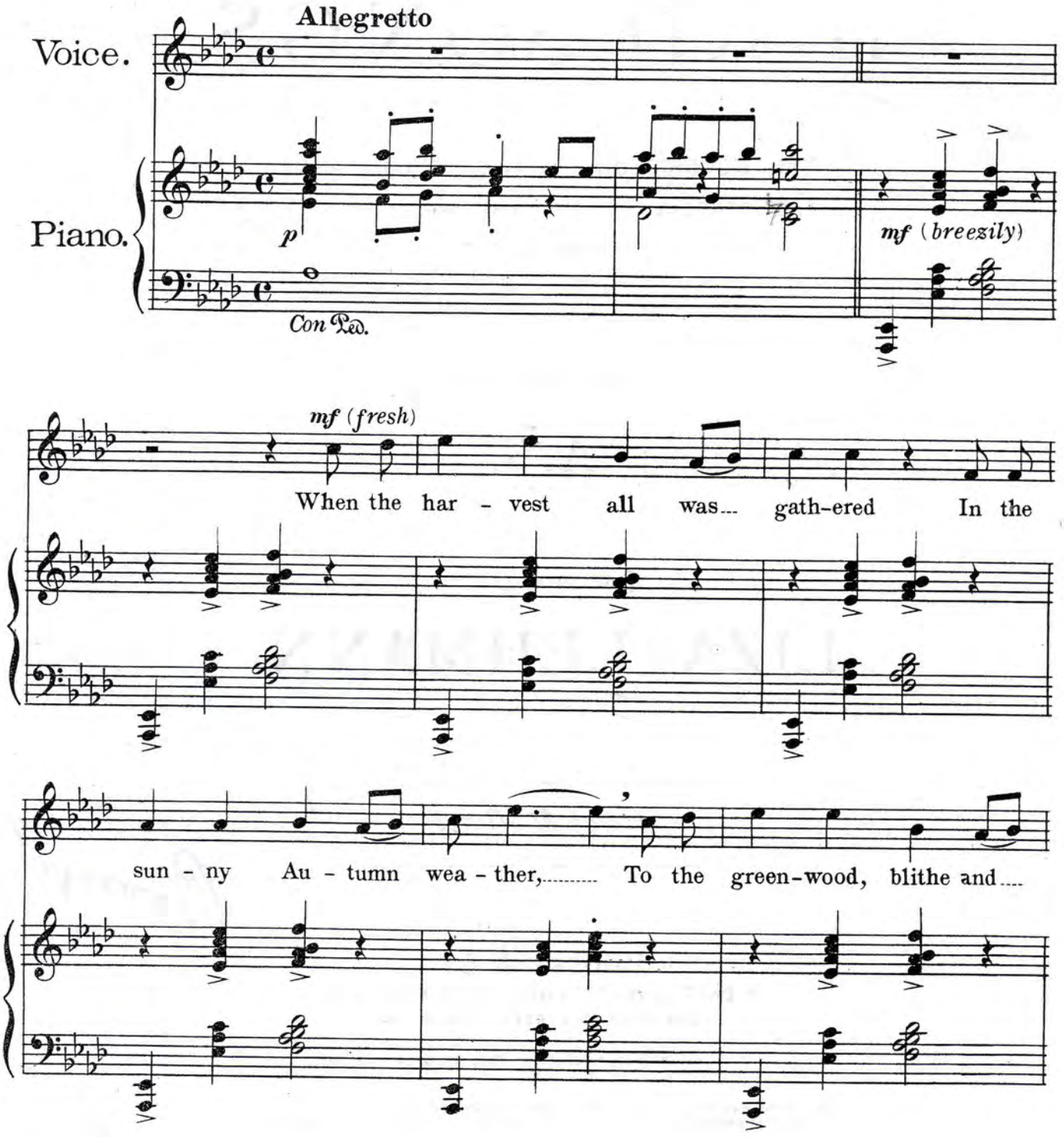

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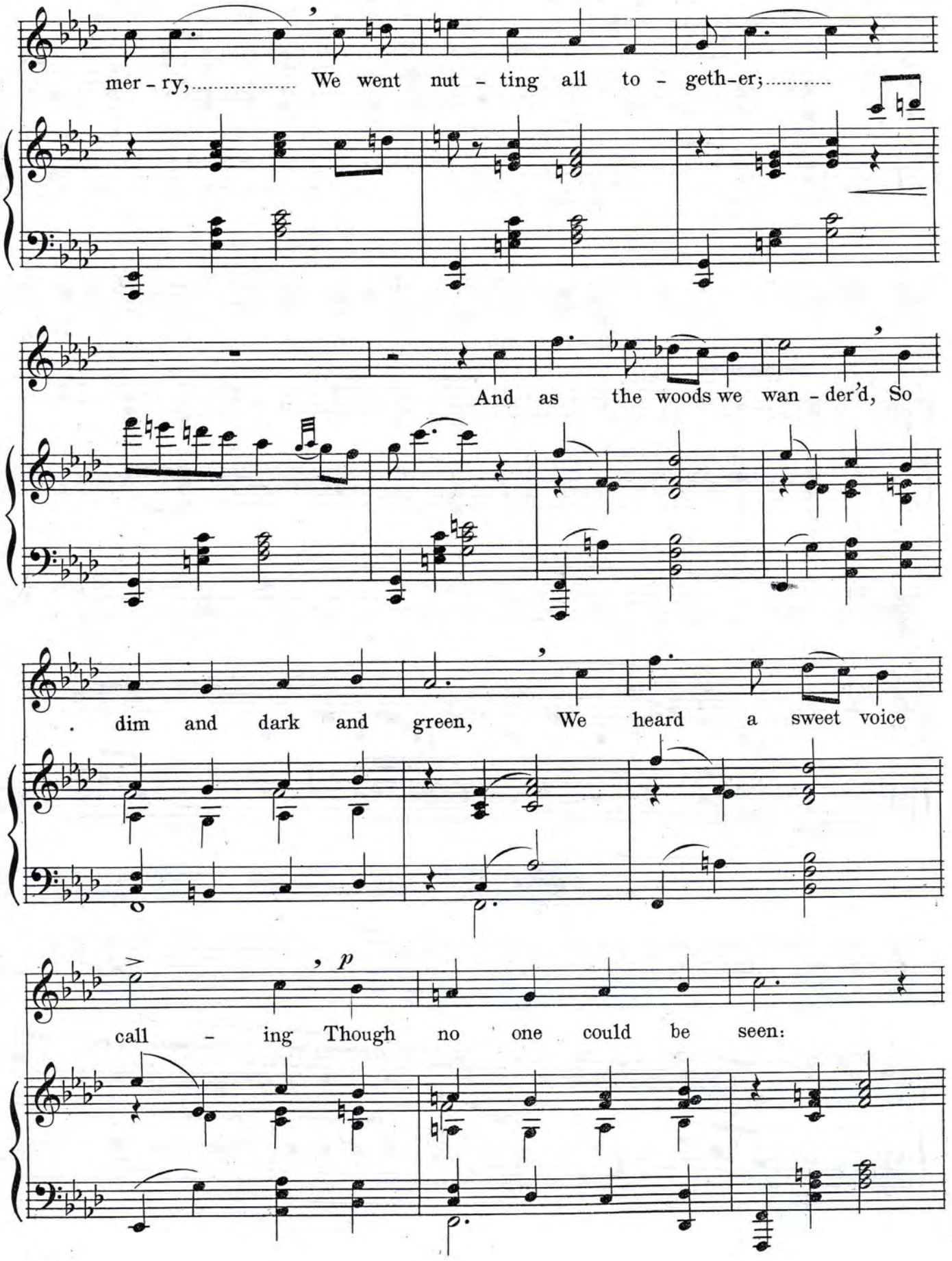
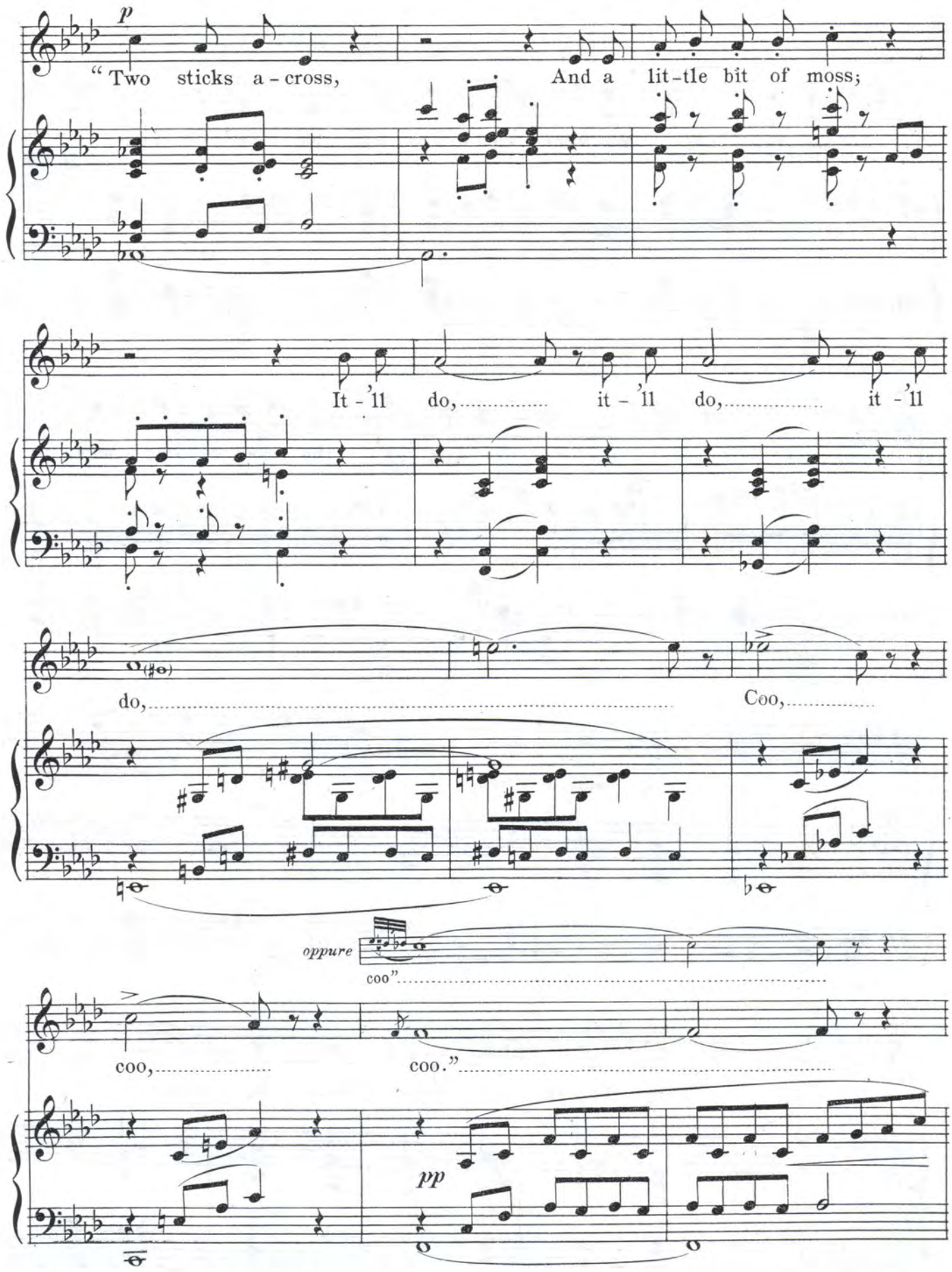
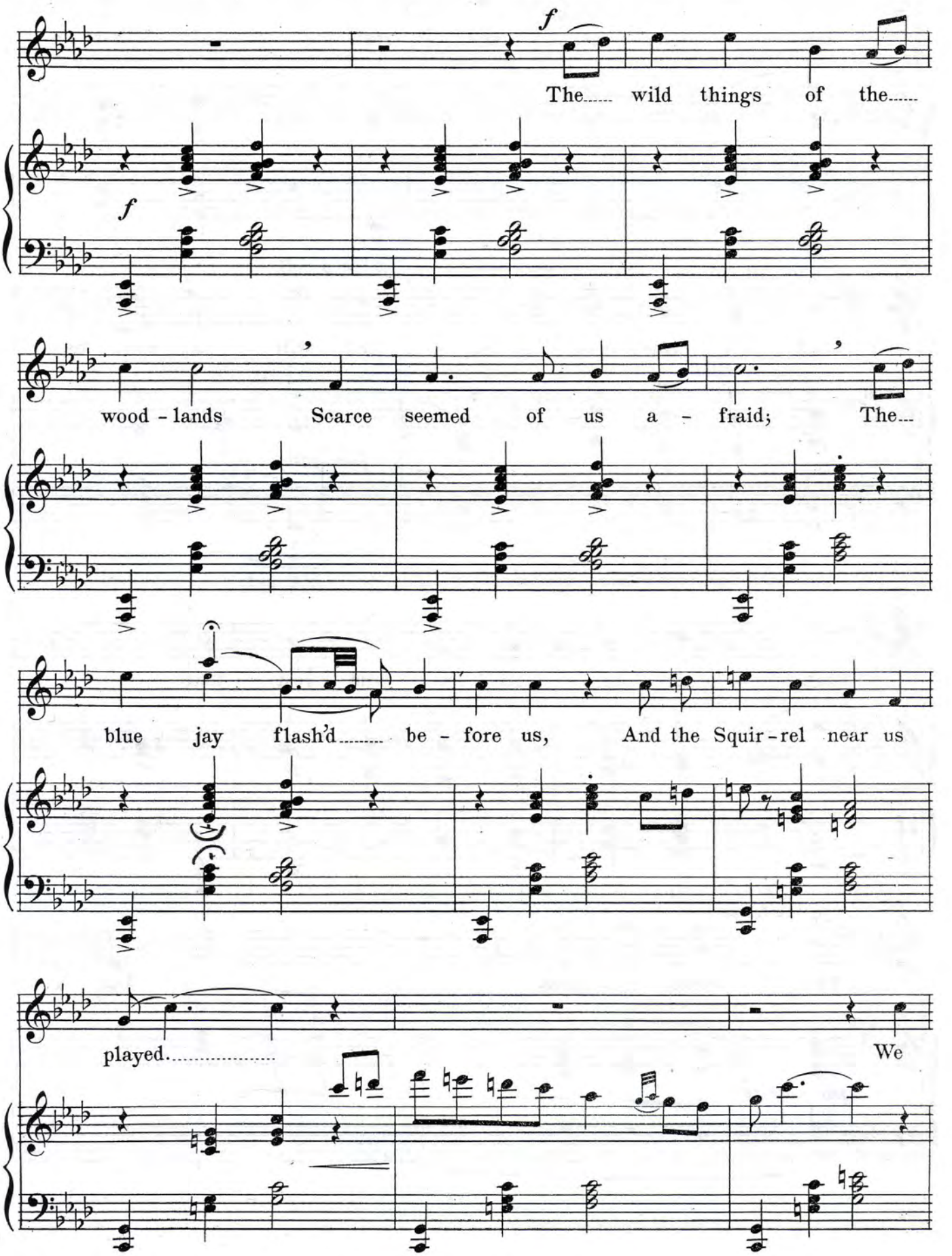
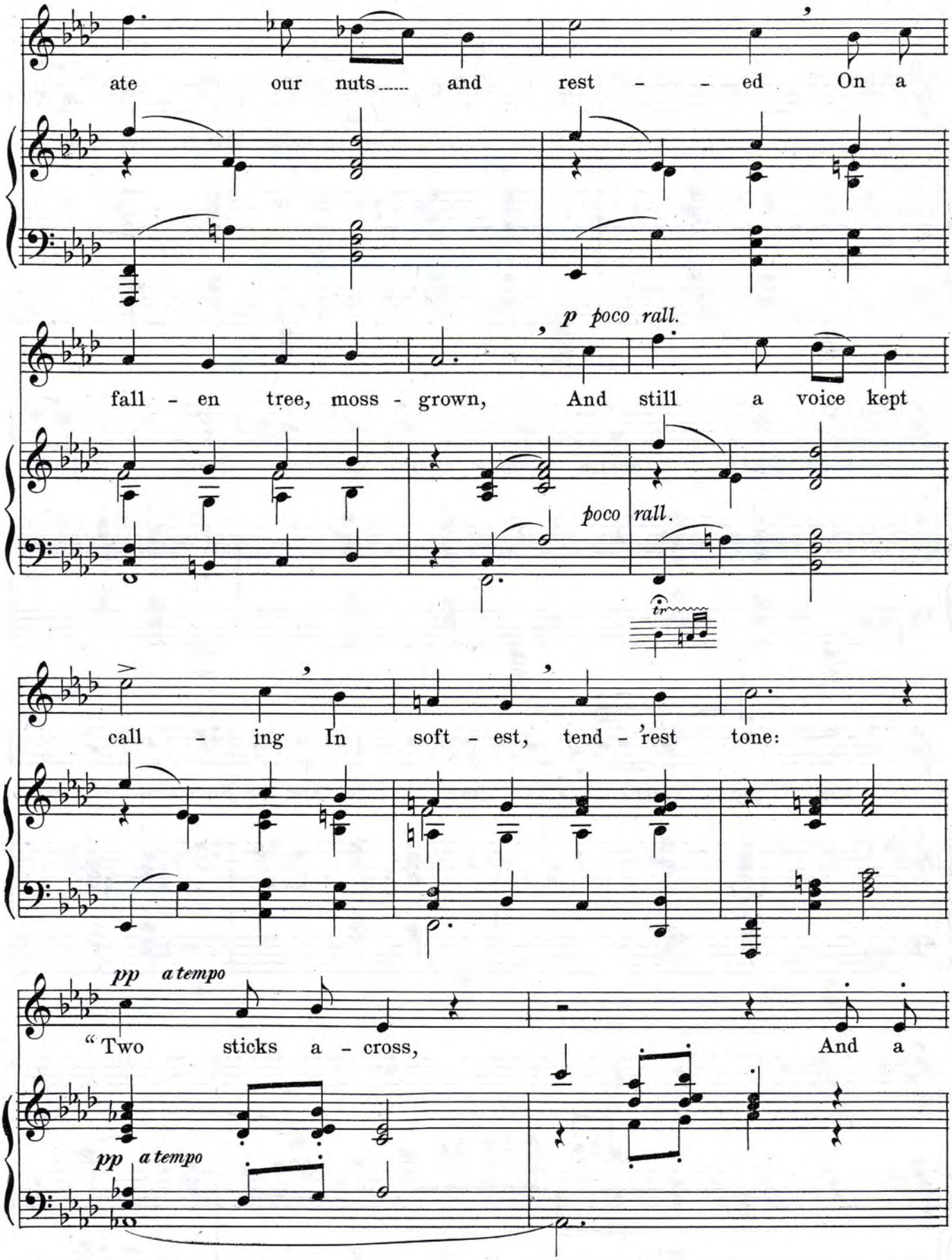
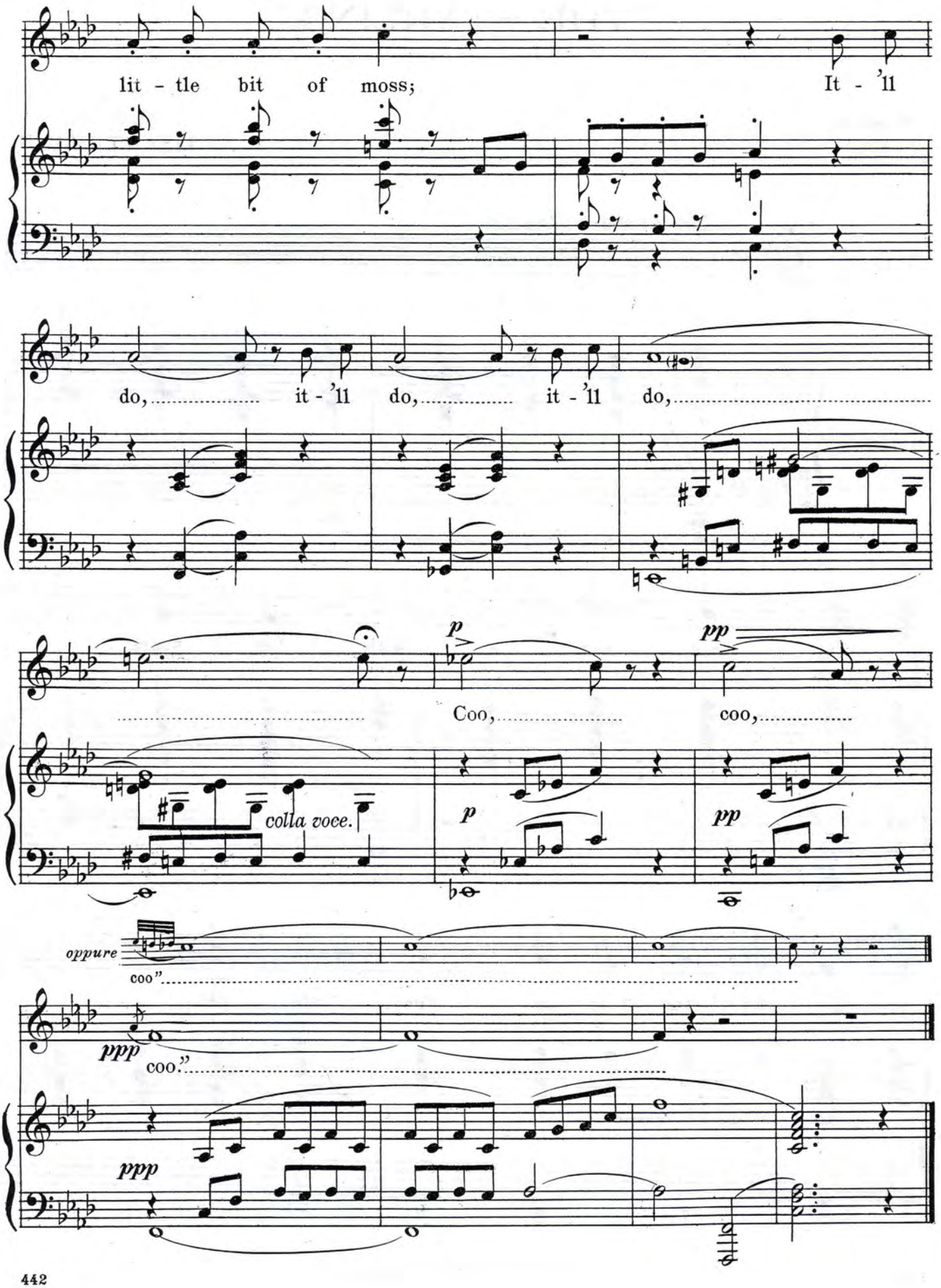

mer - ry, We went nut - ting all to - geth-er;
And as the woods we wan - der'd, So
. dim and dark and green, We heard a sweet voice
p
call - ing Though no one could be seen:


p
"Two sticks a - cross, And a lit - tle bit of moss;
It - 'll do, it - 'll do, it - 'll
do,
Coo,
oppure
coo"
coo,
coo."
pp


f
The..... wild things of the.....
f
wood - lands Scarce seemed of us a - fraid; The...
blue jay flash'd..... be - fore us, And the Squir - rel near us
played.....
We

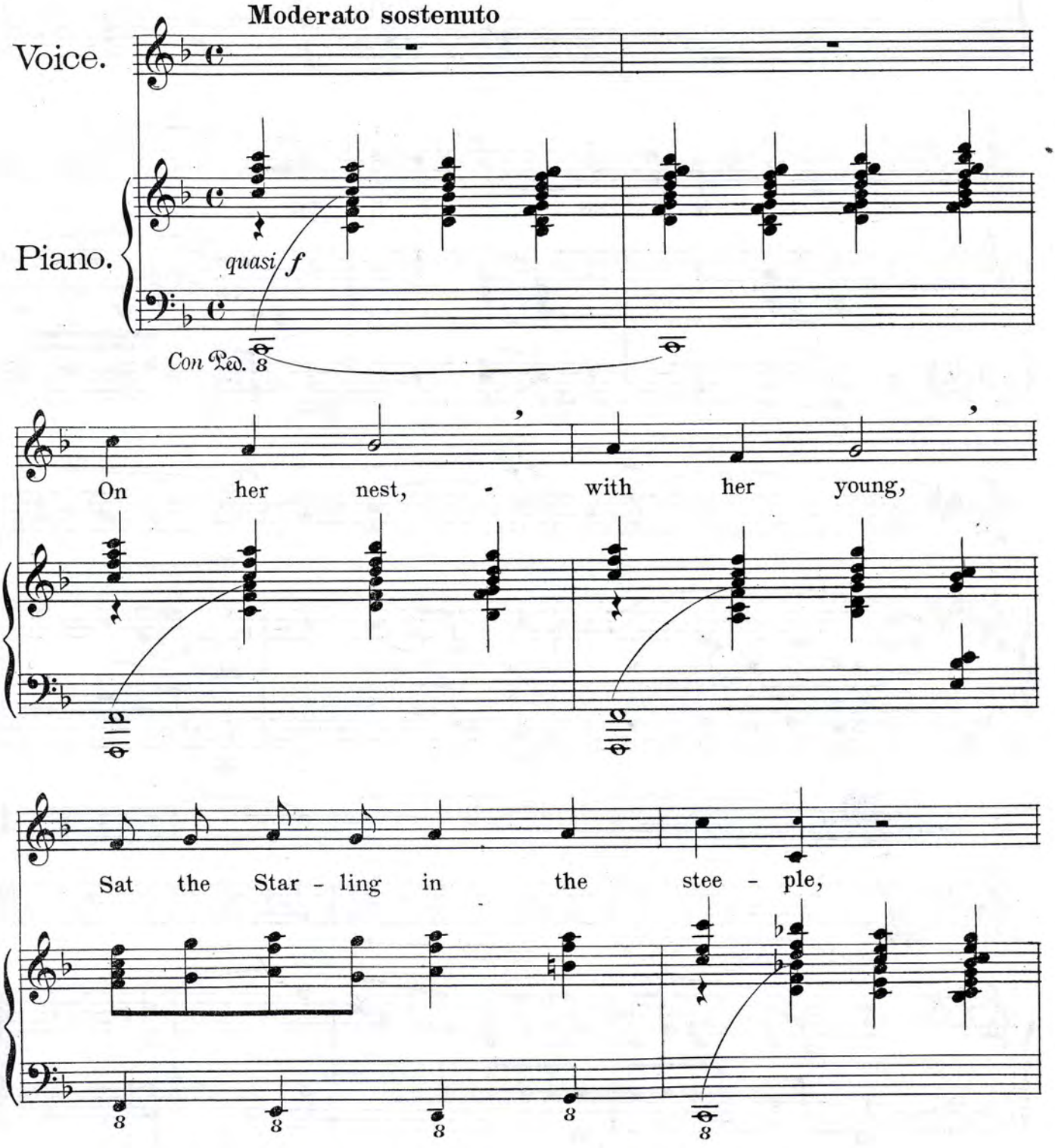

ate our nuts..... and rest - - ed On a
p poco rall.
fall - en tree, moss - grown, And still a voice kept
poco rall.
tr
call - ing In soft - est, tend - 'rest tone:
pp a tempo
"Two sticks a - cross, And a
pp a tempo


lit - tle bit of moss;
It - 'll
do, it - 'll do, it - 'll do,
Coo, coo,
colla voce.
p
pp
oppure
coo"
ppp
coo."
ppp

"THE STARLING."

Words by
A.S.

Music by
LIZA LEHMANN



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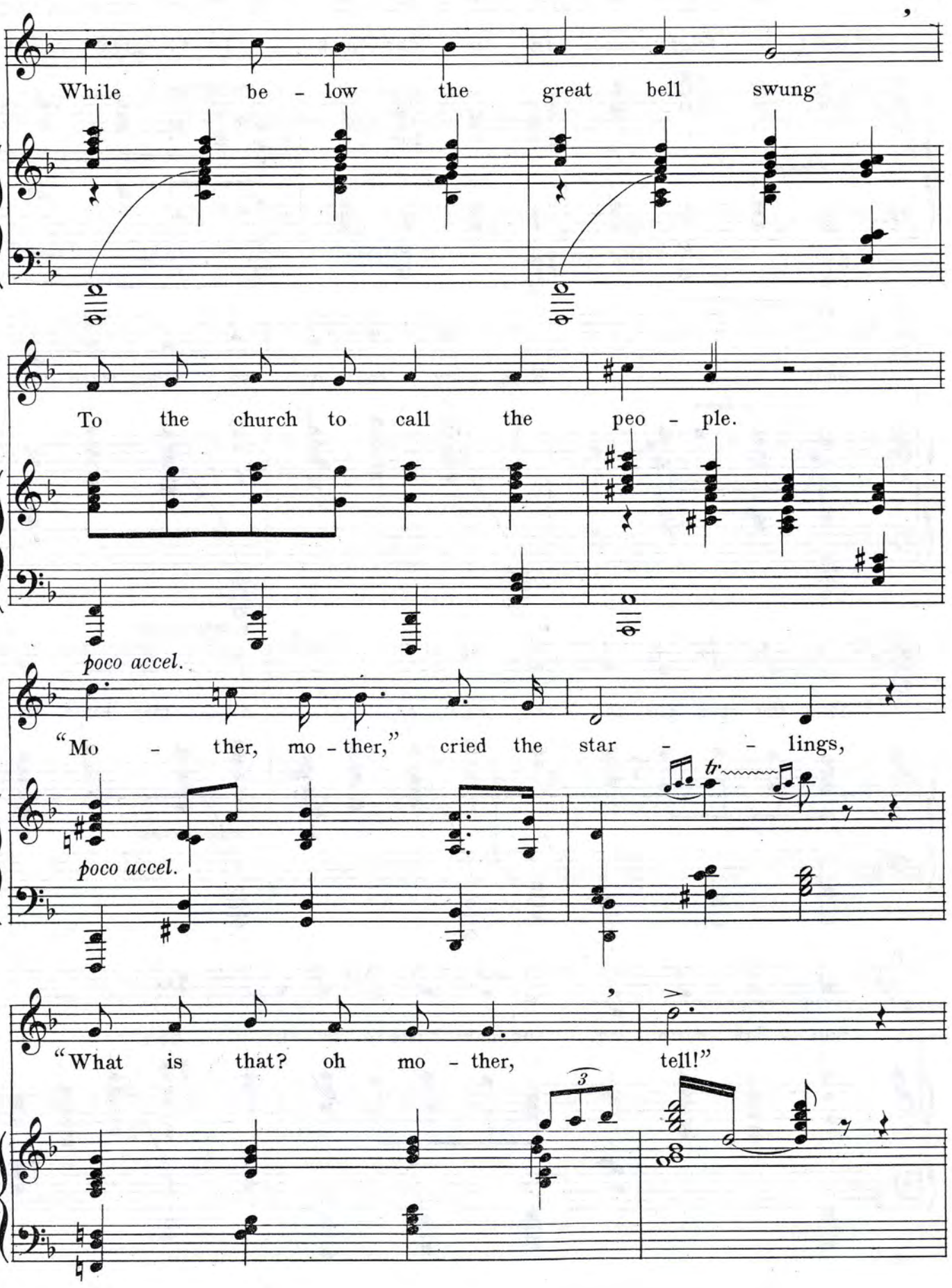
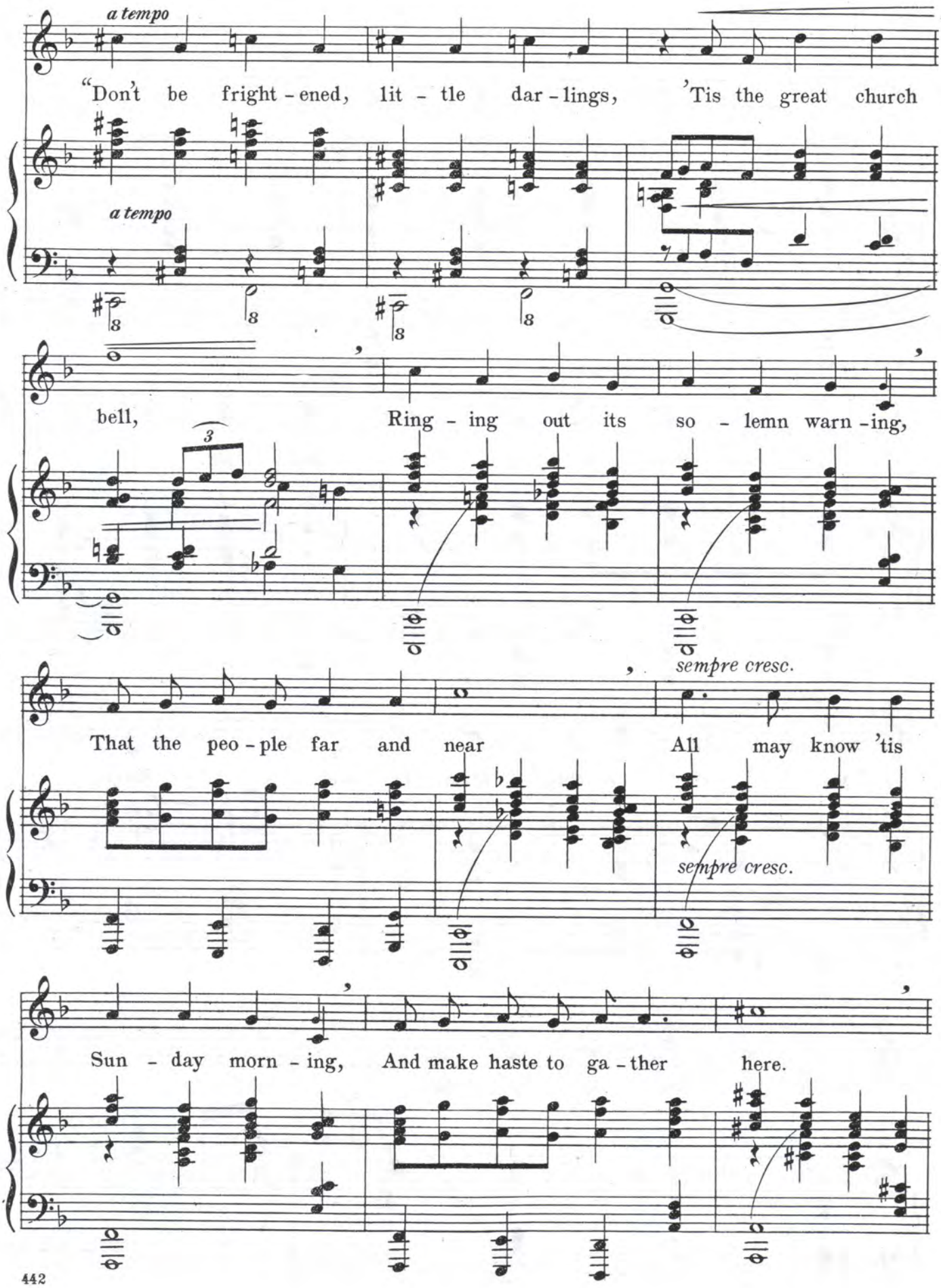
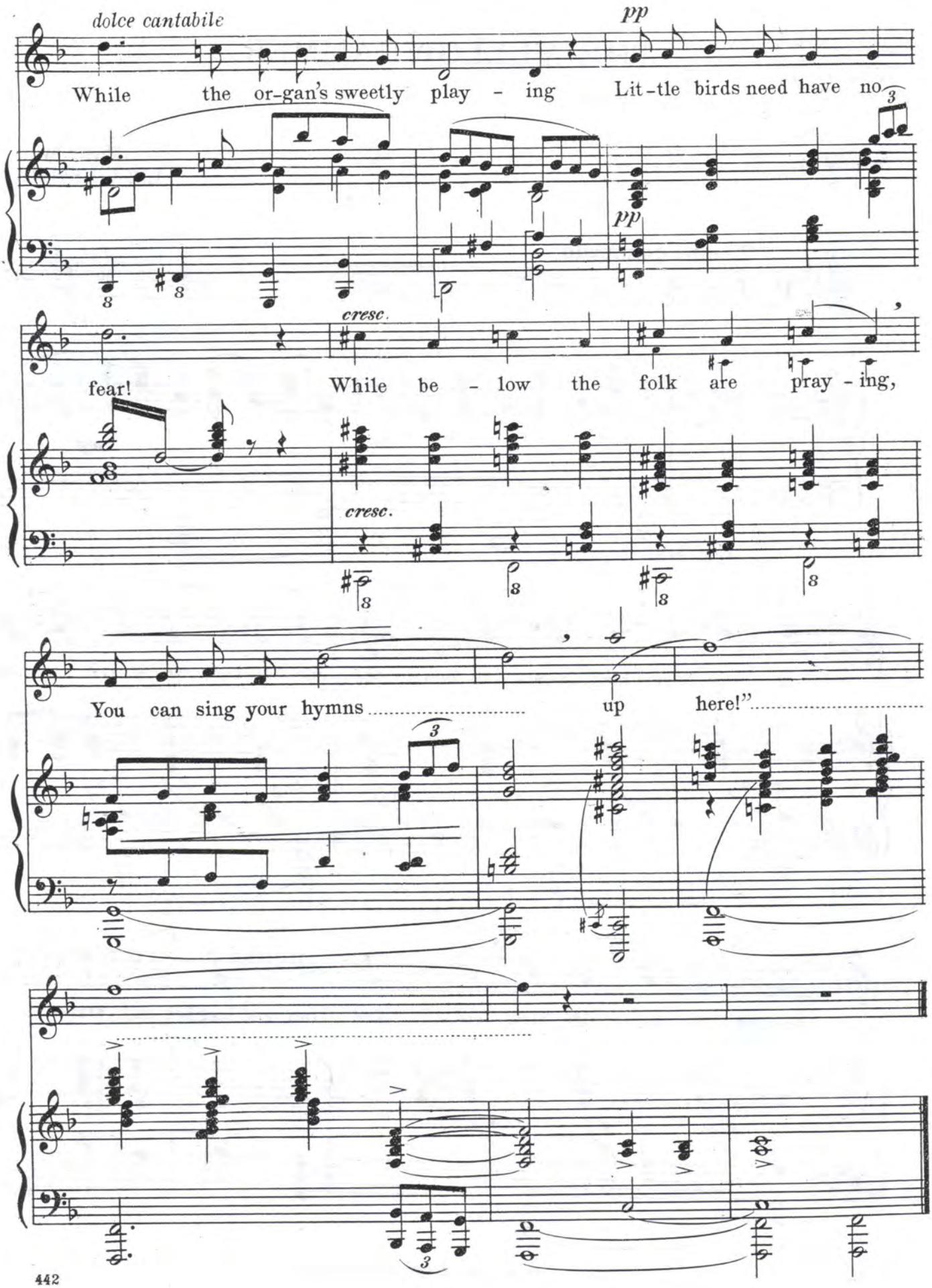

While be - low the great bell swung
To the church to call the peo - ple.
poco accel.
"Mo - ther, mo - ther," cried the star - - lings,
poco accel.
tr
"What is that? oh mo - ther, tell!"
3


a tempo
"Don't be fright - ened, lit - tle dar - lings, 'Tis the great church
a tempo
bell, Ring - ing out its so - lemn warn - ing,
3
sempre cresc.
That the peo - ple far and near All may know 'tis
sempre cresc.
Sun - day morn - ing, And make haste to ga - ther here.

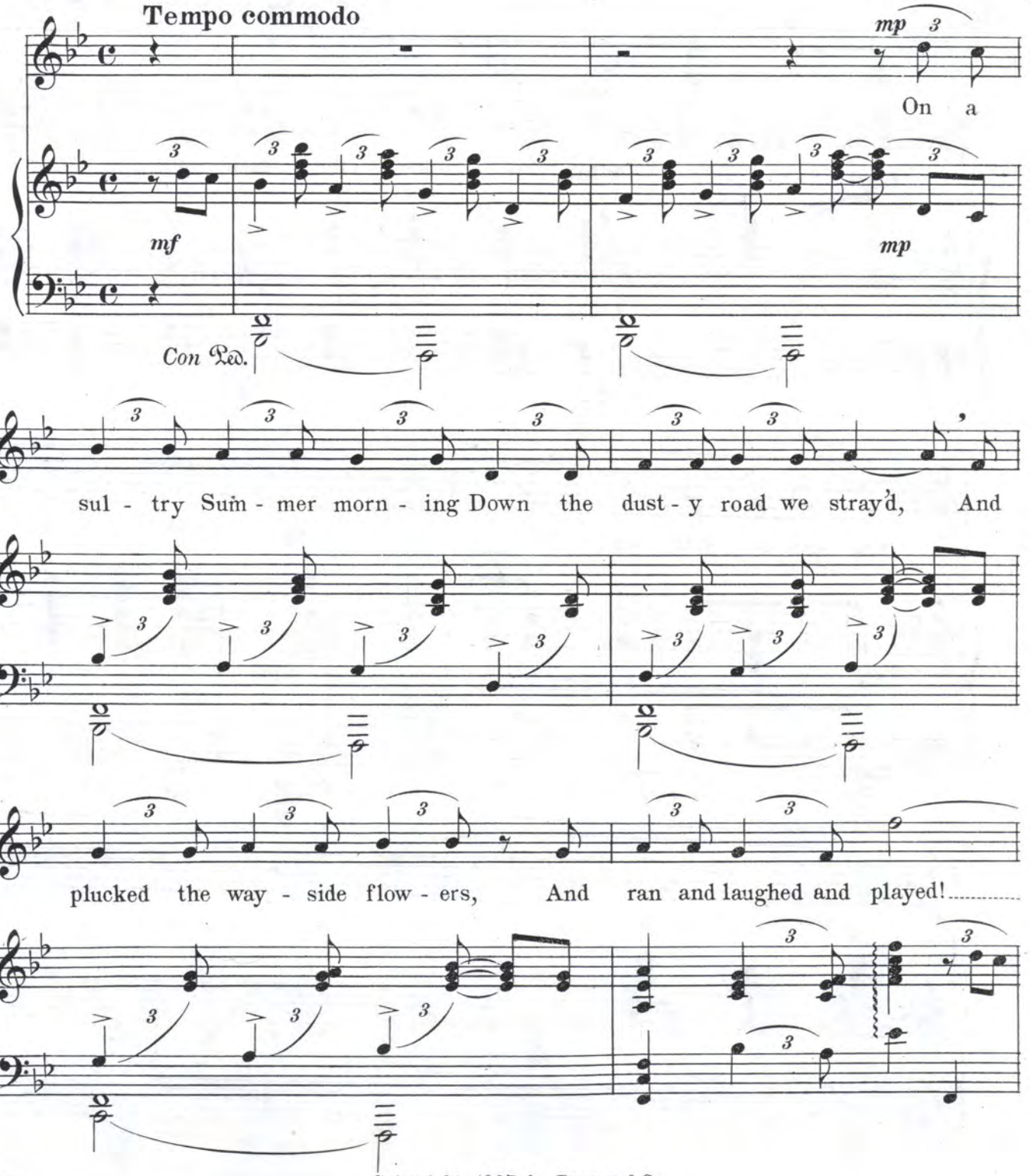

dolce cantabile
pp
While the or-gan's sweetly play - ing Lit-tle birds need have no
pp
cresc.
fear! While be - low the folk are pray - ing,
cresc.
You can sing your hymns up here!"

WILHELM FOERSTER
144 East 86th Street,
New York, N. Y.

THE YELLOWHAMMER.

Words by
A.S.

Music by
LIZA LEHMANN



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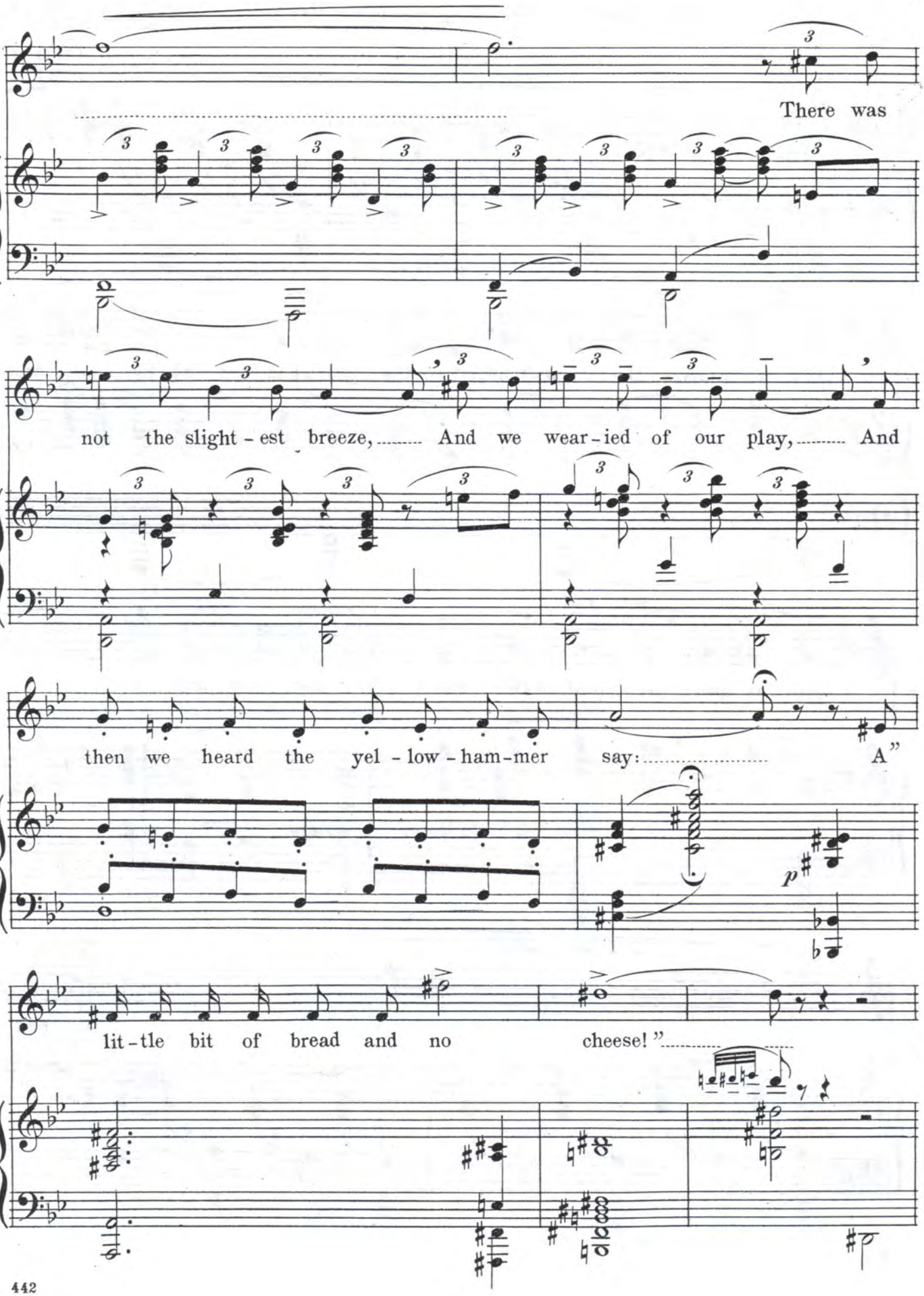
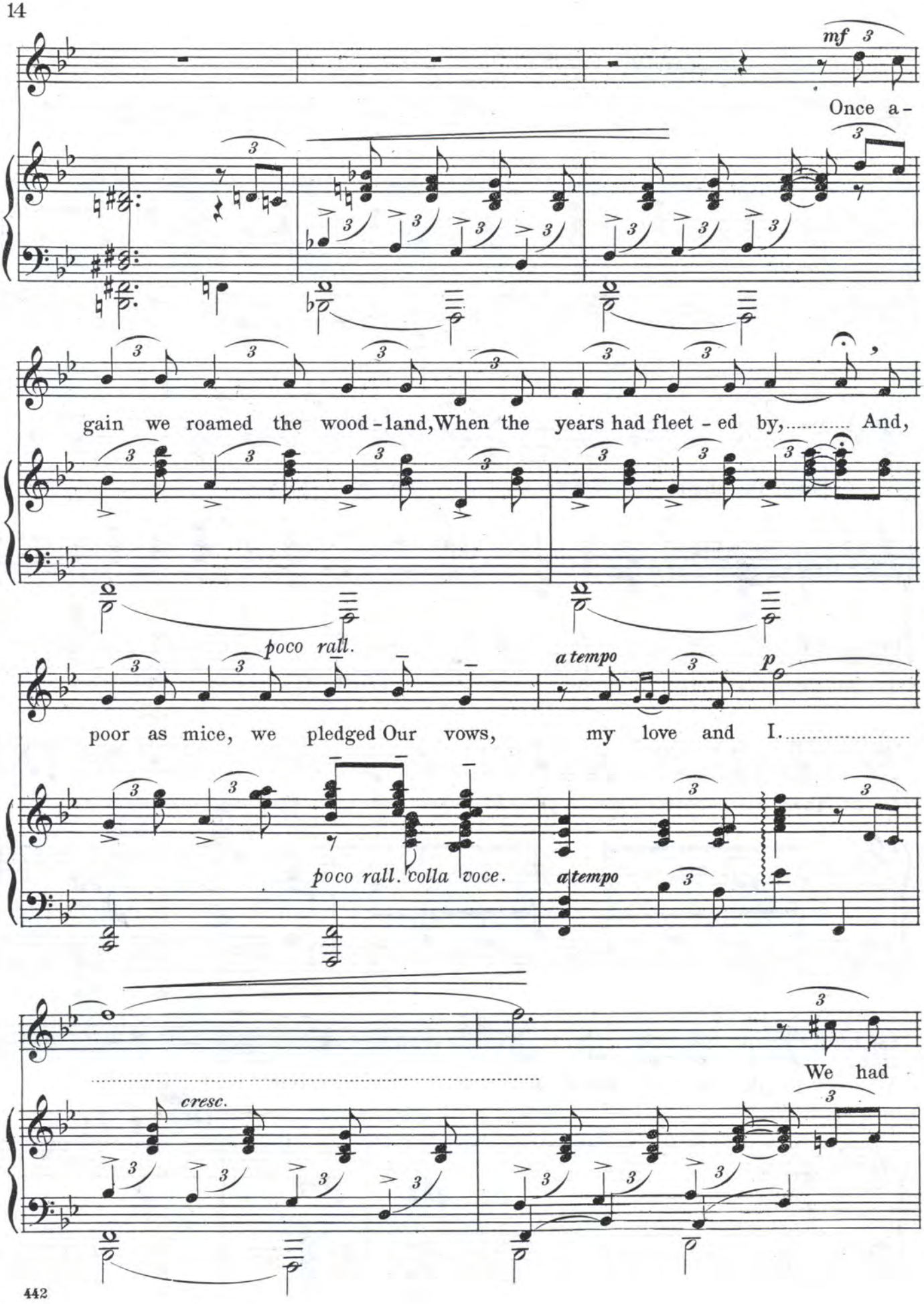
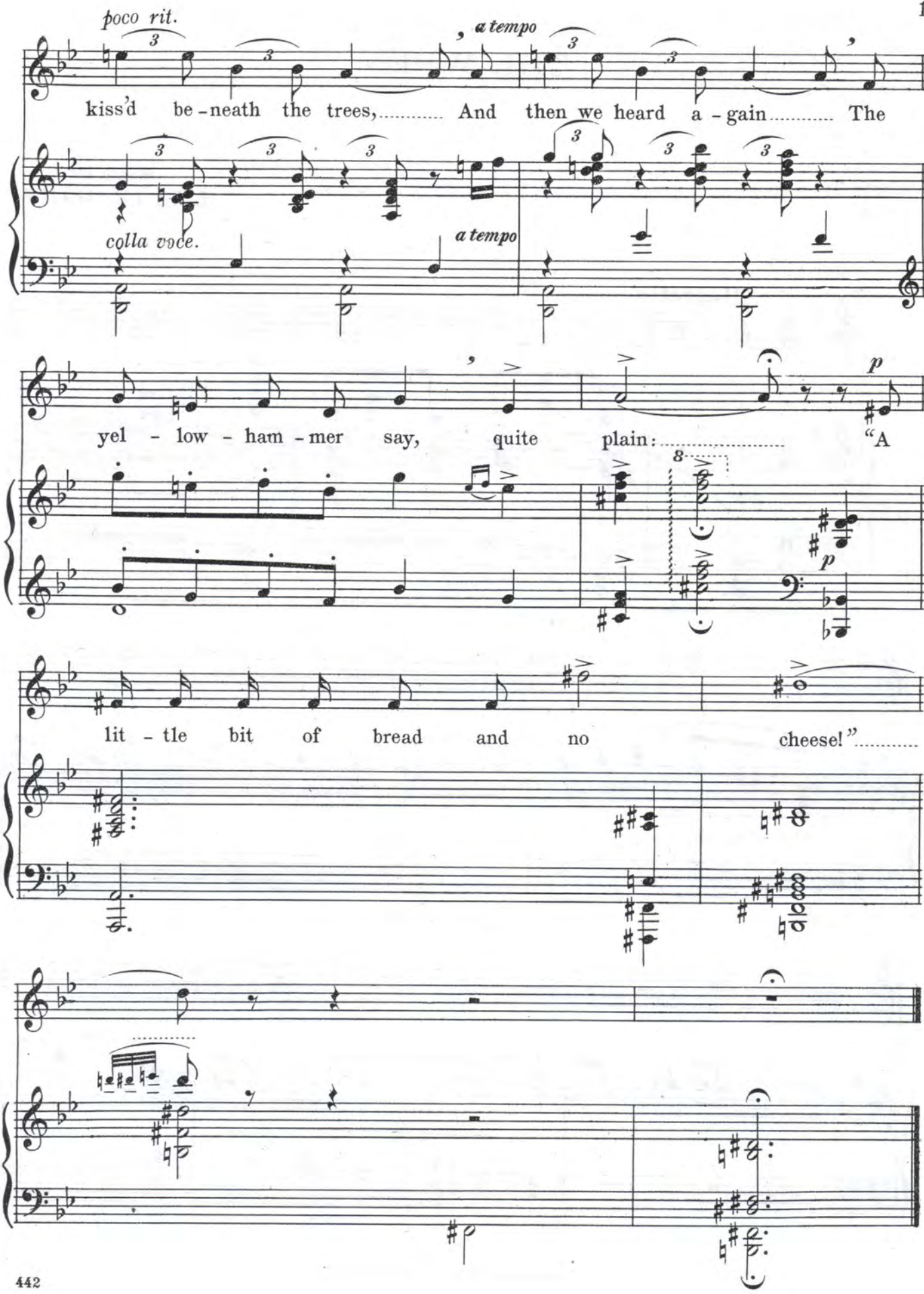

There was
not the slight - est breeze, And we wear - ied of our play, And
then we heard the yel - low - ham - mer say: A"
p
lit - tle bit of bread and no cheese!"


mf
Once a-
gain we roamed the wood-land, When the years had fleet-ed by, ... And,
poco rall.
a tempo
p
poor as mice, we pledged Our vows, my love and I. .....
poco rall. colla voce.
a tempo
We had
cresc.


poco rit.
a tempo
kiss'd be - neath the trees, And then we heard a - gain The
colla voce.
a tempo
yel - low - ham - mer say, quite plain: "A
p
lit - tle bit of bread and no cheese!"

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THE WREN.

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A.S.

Music by
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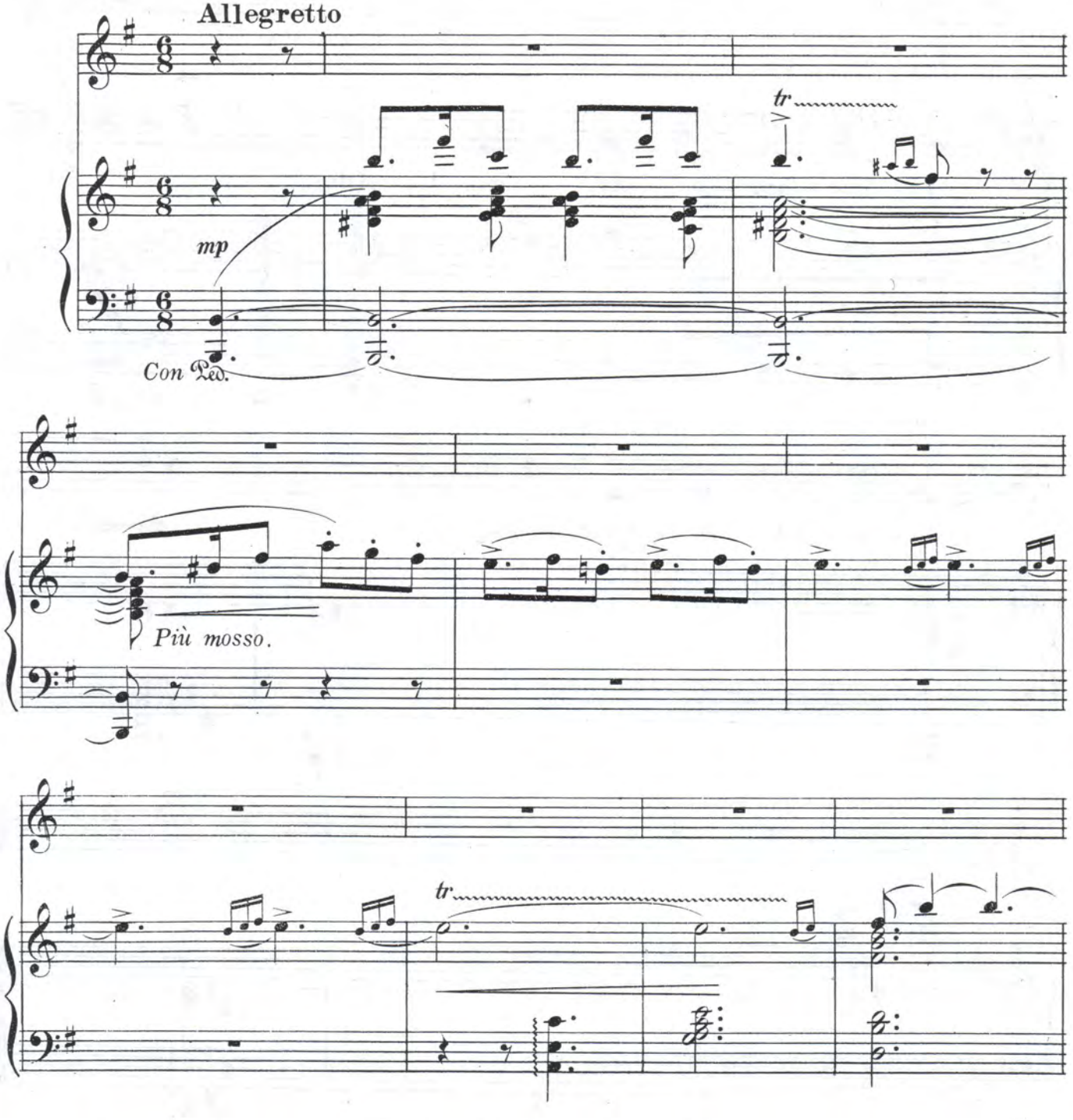

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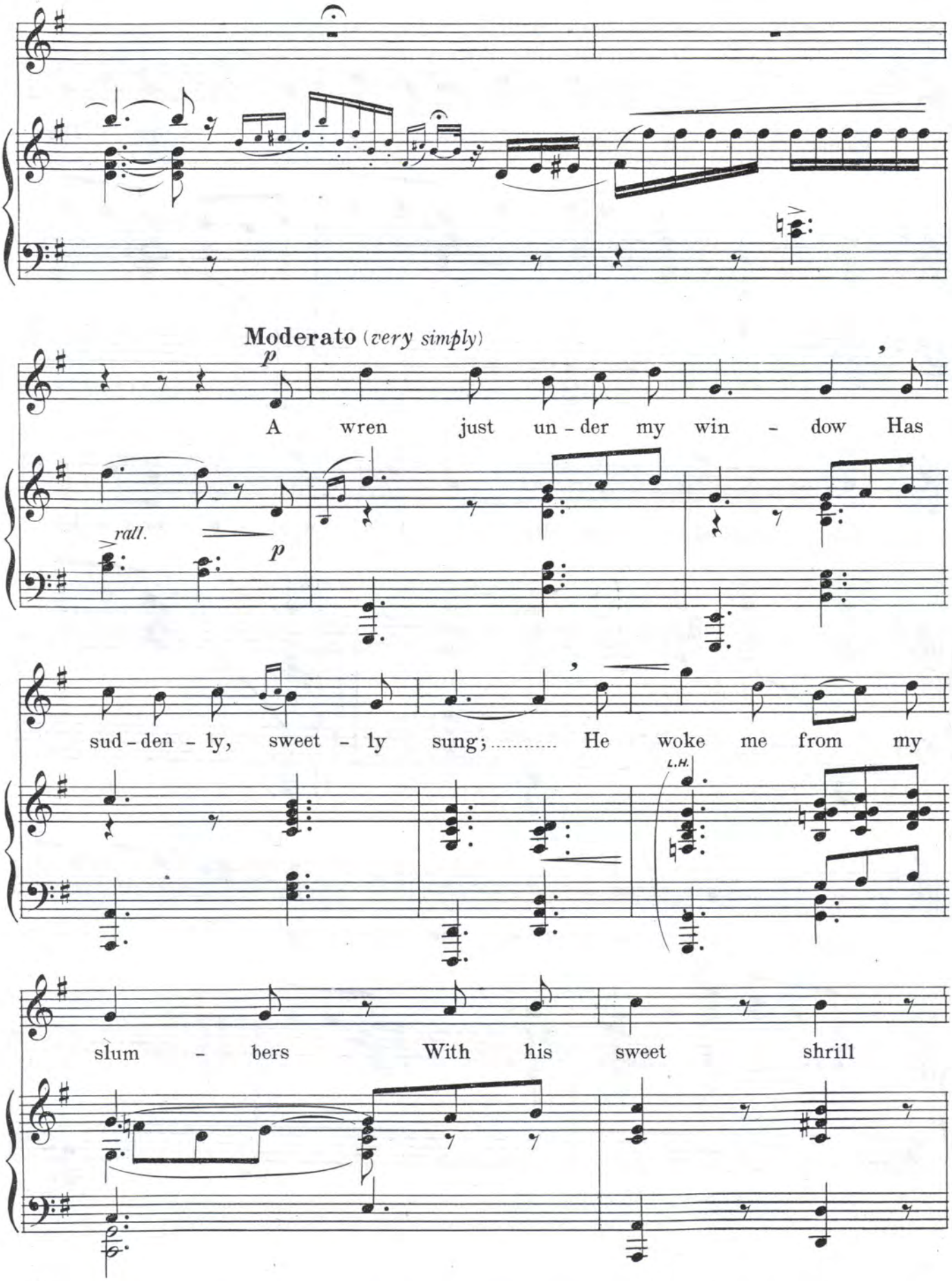
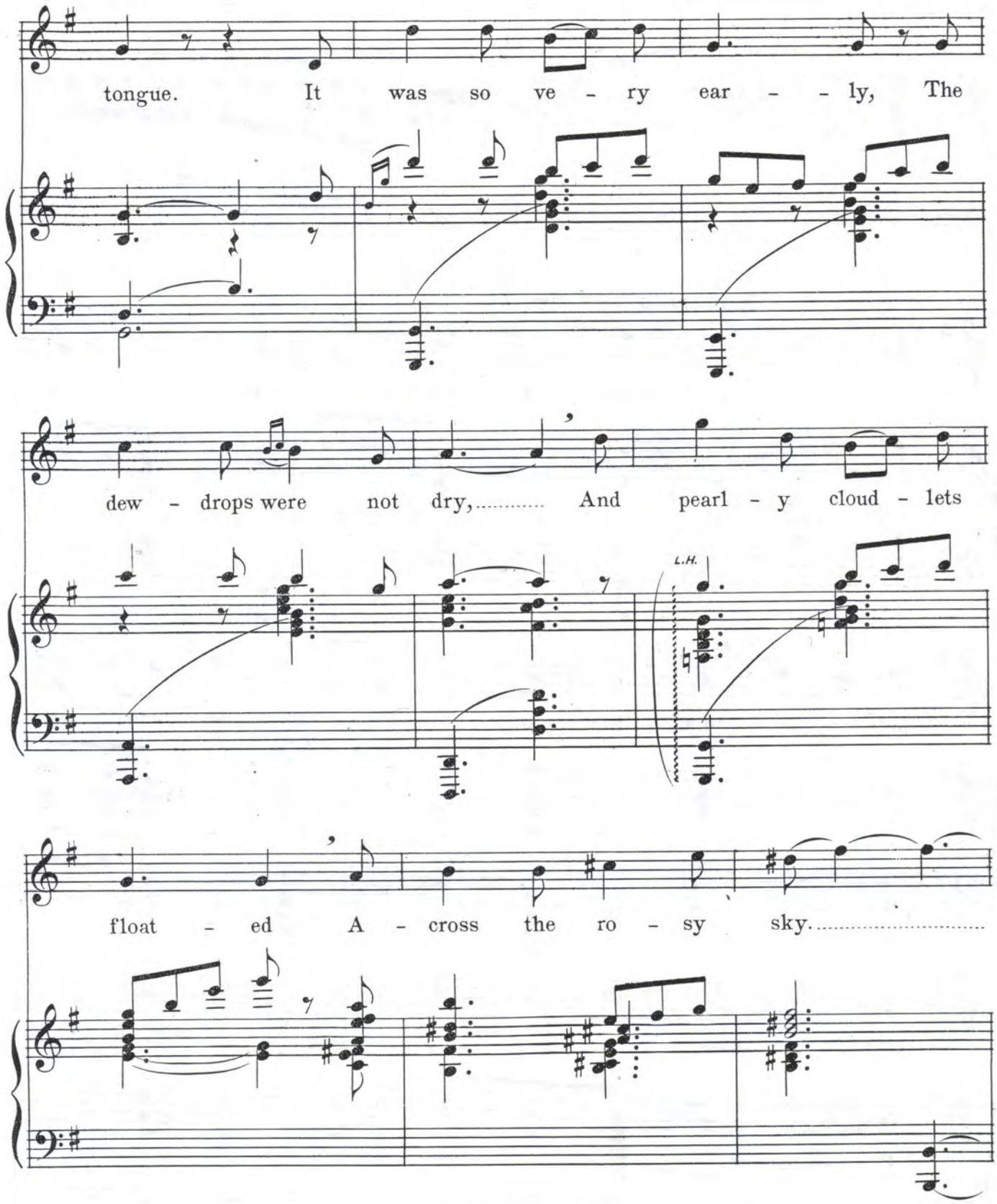
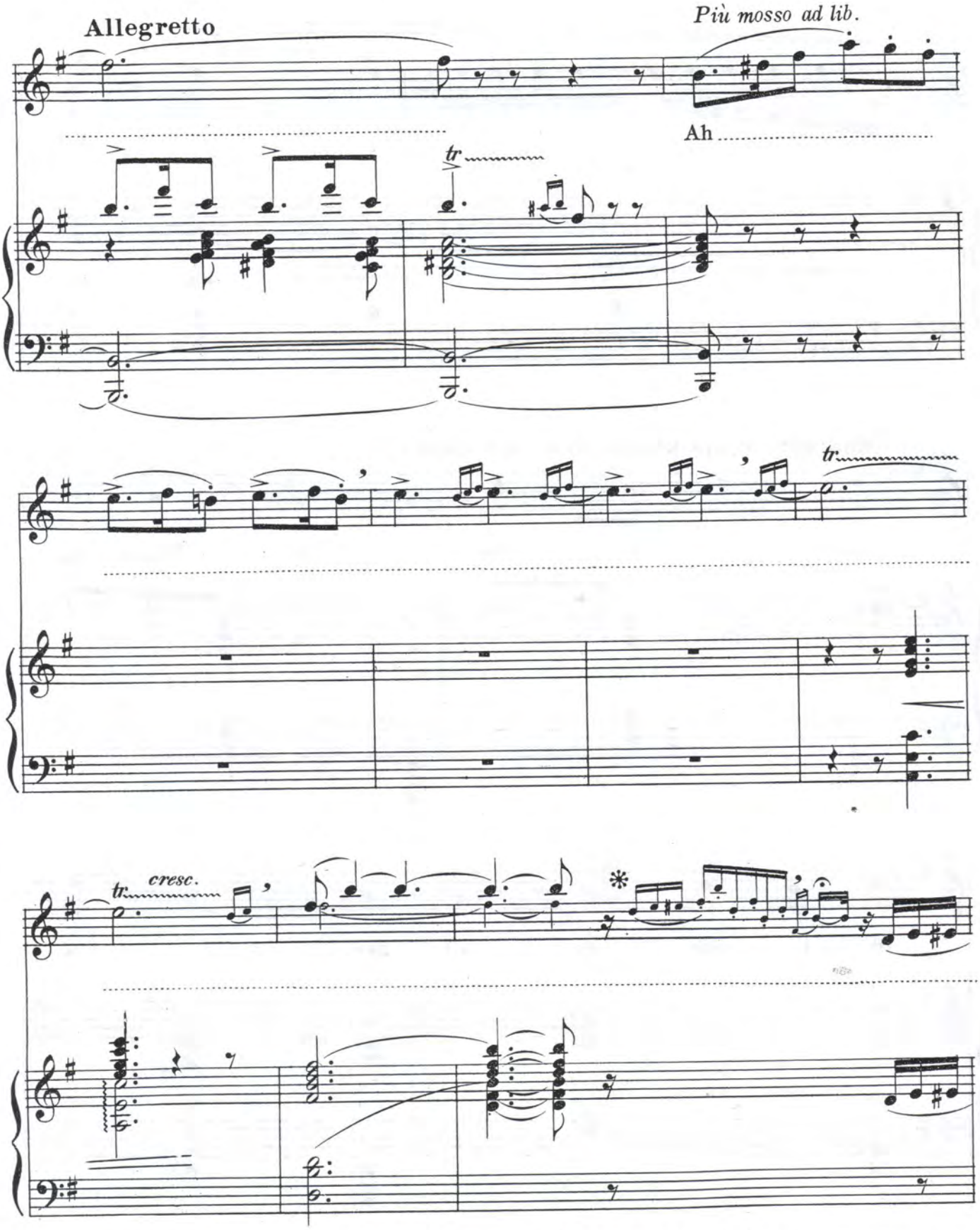
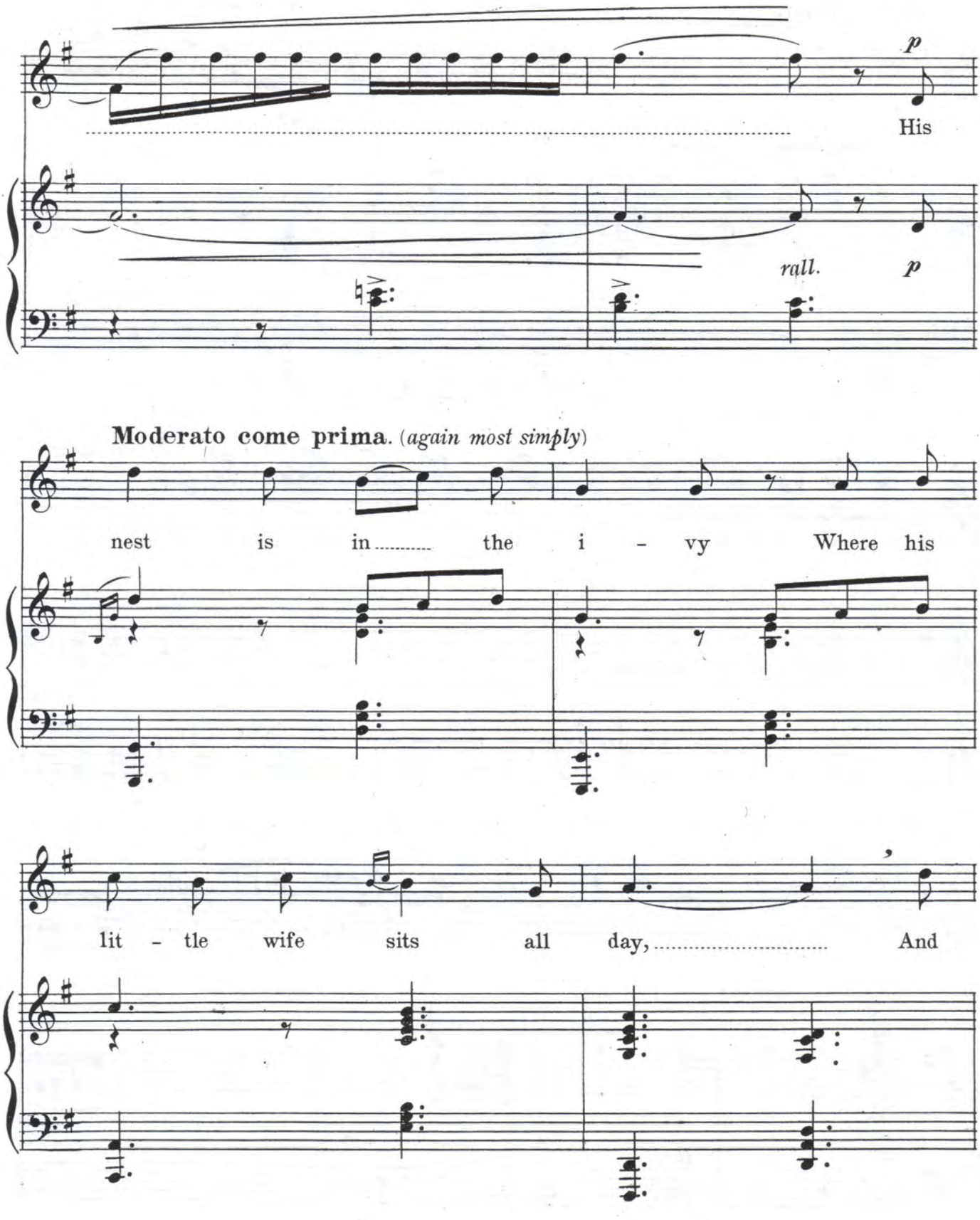
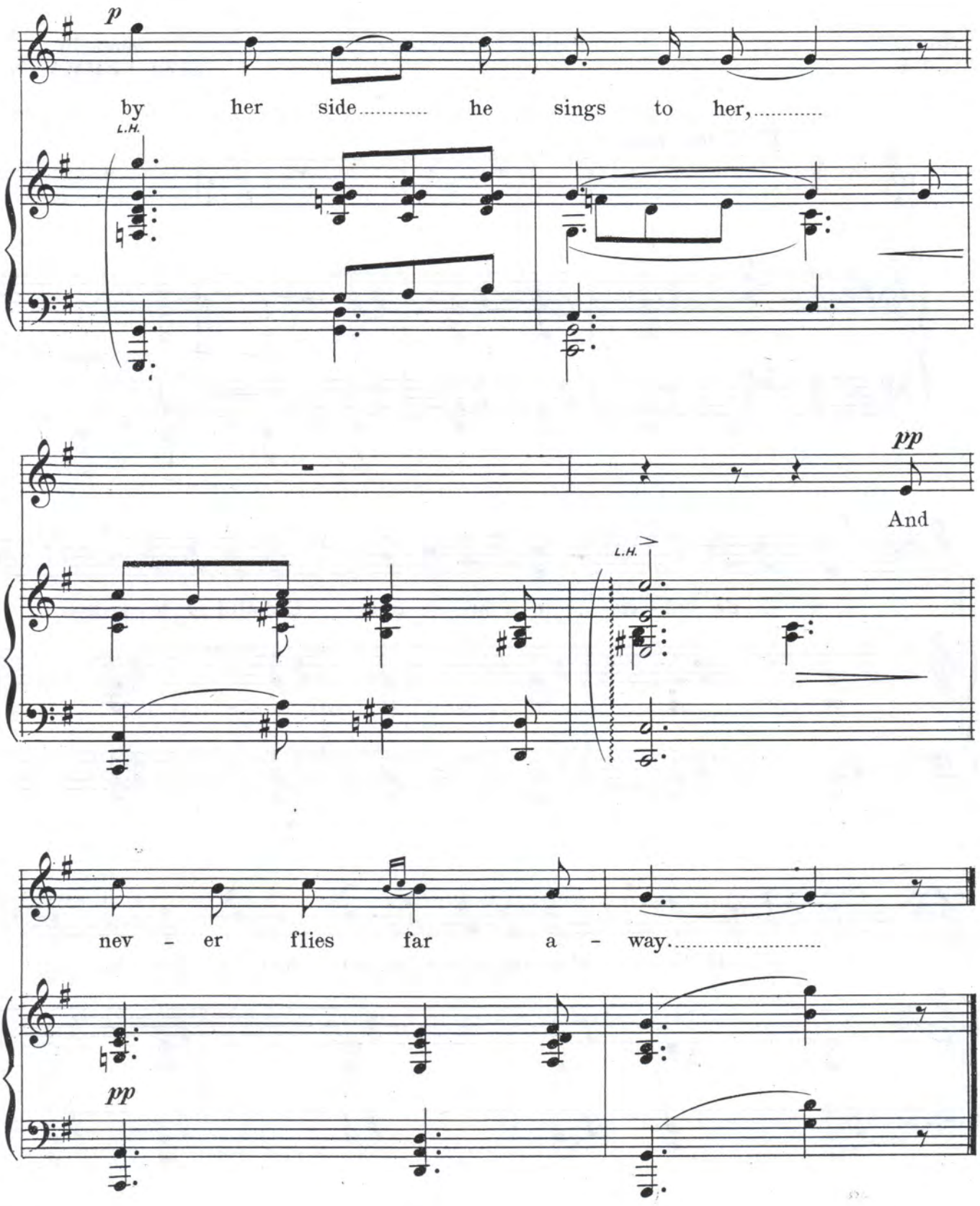

Moderato (very simply)
p
A wren just un - der my win - dow Has
rall.
p
sud - den - ly, sweet - ly sung; ..... He woke me from my
L.H.
slum - bers With his sweet shrill


tongue. It was so ve - ry ear - - ly, The
dew - drops were not dry,..... And pearl - y cloud - lets
L.H.
float - ed A - cross the ro - sy sky.....



* Omit this passage if desired. If it is omitted however, omit it also in symphony of song.

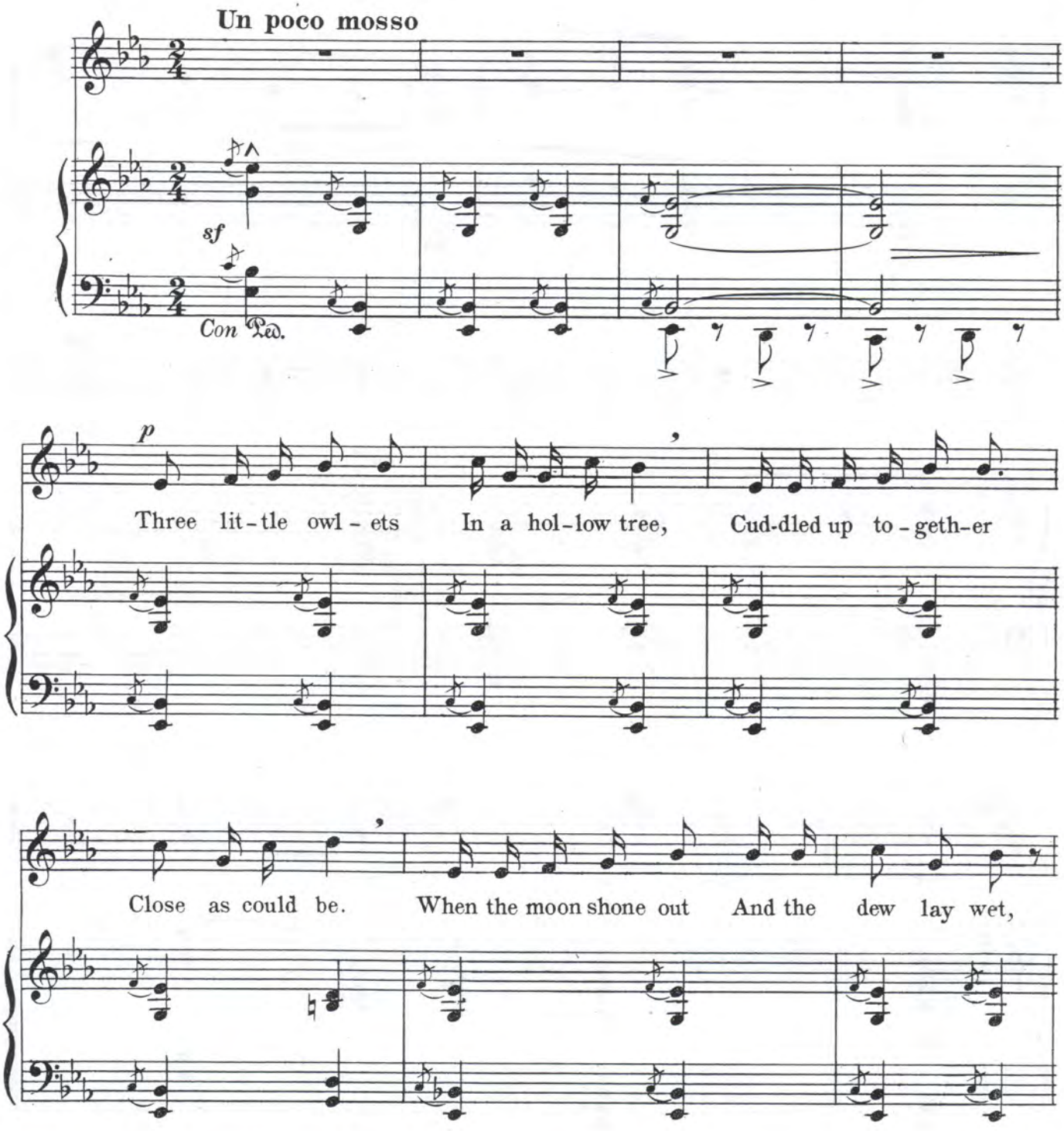

p
His
rall.
p
Moderato come prima. (again most simply)
nest is in the i - vy Where his
lit - tle wife sits all day, And


p
by her side..... he sings to her,.....
L.H.
pp
And
L.H.
nev - er flies far a - way.....
pp

THE OWL.

Words by
A. S.

Music by
LIZA LEHMANN.



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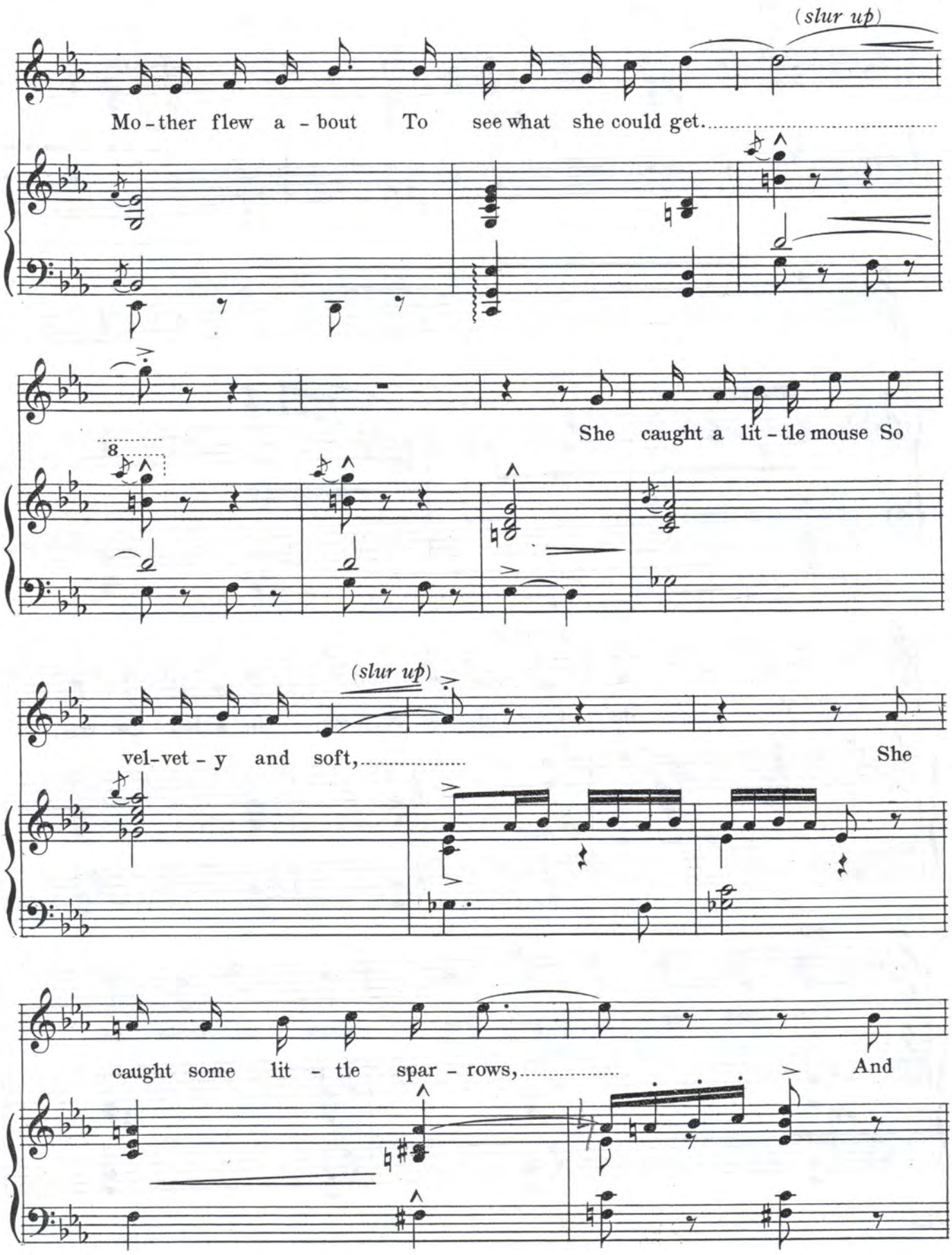
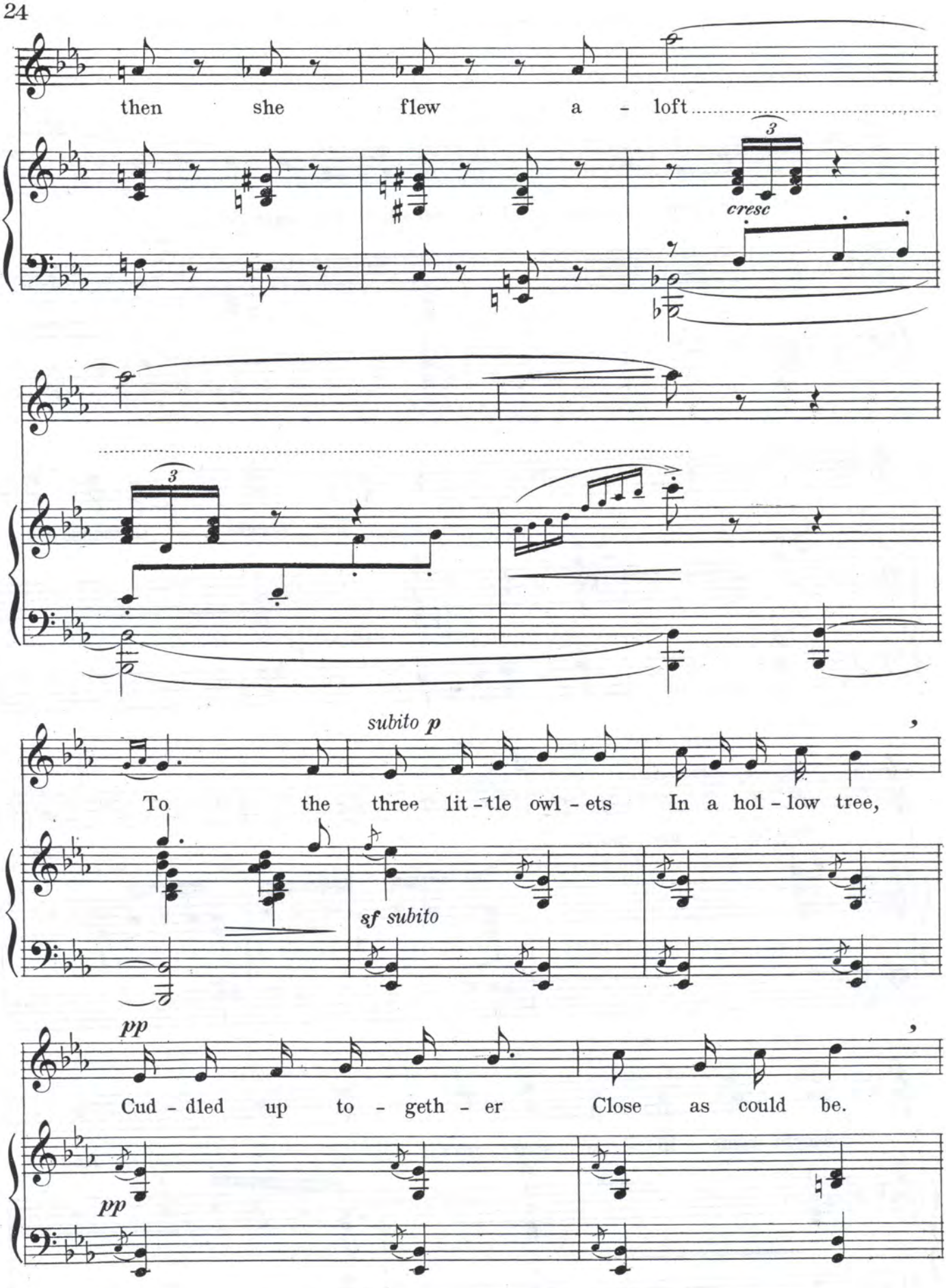
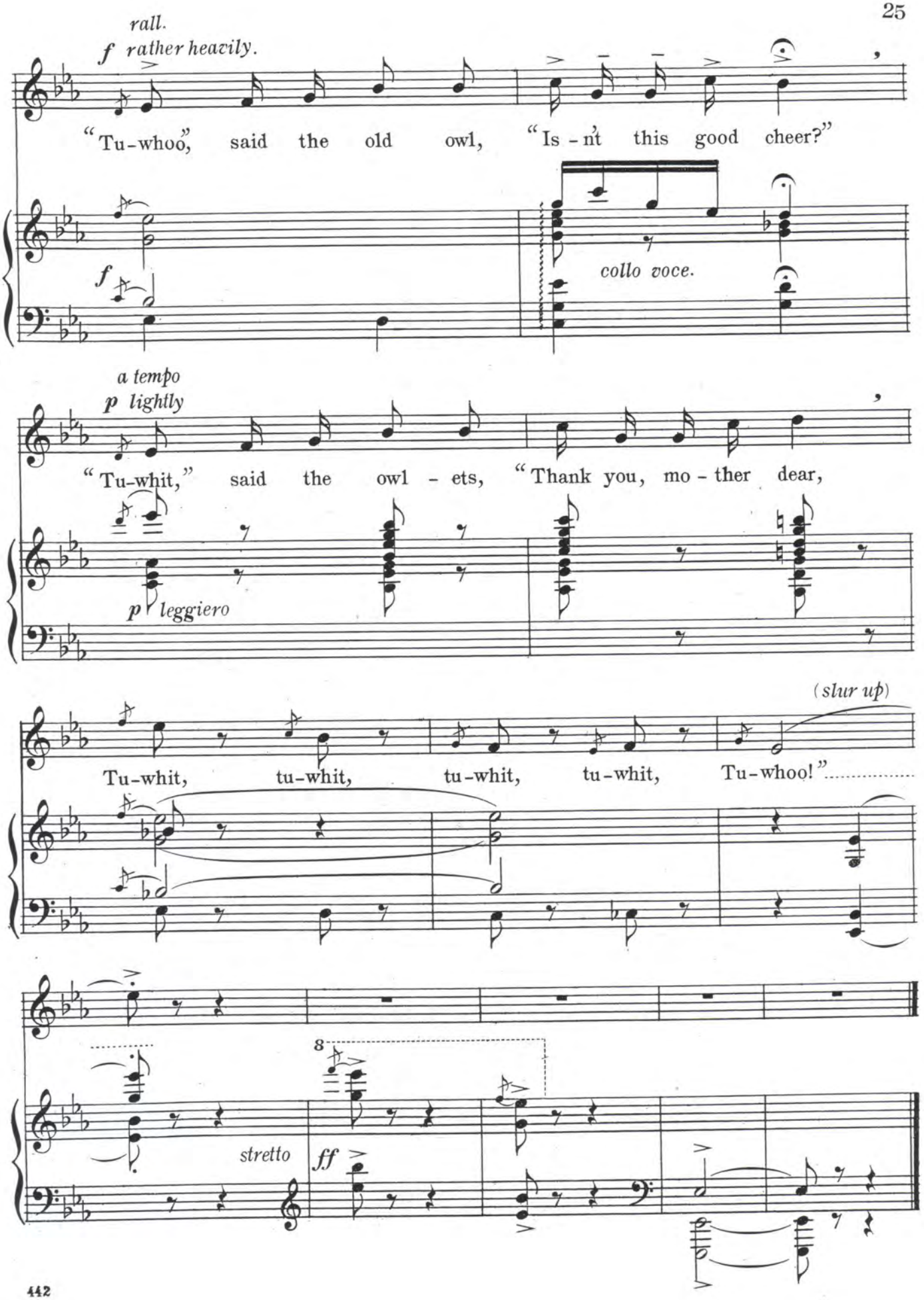

(slur up)
Mo-ther flew a-bout To see what she could get.
She caught a lit-tle mouse So
(slur up)
vel-vet-y and soft,
She
caught some lit-tle spar-rows,
And


then she flew a - loft
cresc
subito p
To the three lit - tle owl - ets In a hol - low tree,
sf subito
pp
Cud - dled up to - geth - er Close as could be.
pp


rall.
f rather heavily.
"Tu-whoo," said the old owl, "Is-n't this good cheer?"
f
collo voce.
a tempo
p lightly
"Tu-whit," said the owl-ets, "Thank you, mo-ther dear,
p leggiero
(slur up)
Tu-whit, tu-whit, tu-whit, tu-whit, Tu-whoo!"
8
stretto
ff