



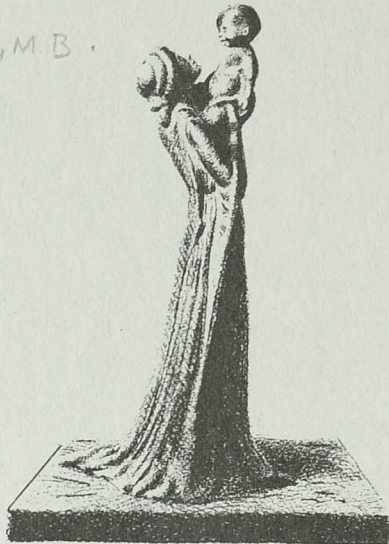
A DAY IN
A
CHILD'S LIFE



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DAY...
[1881]



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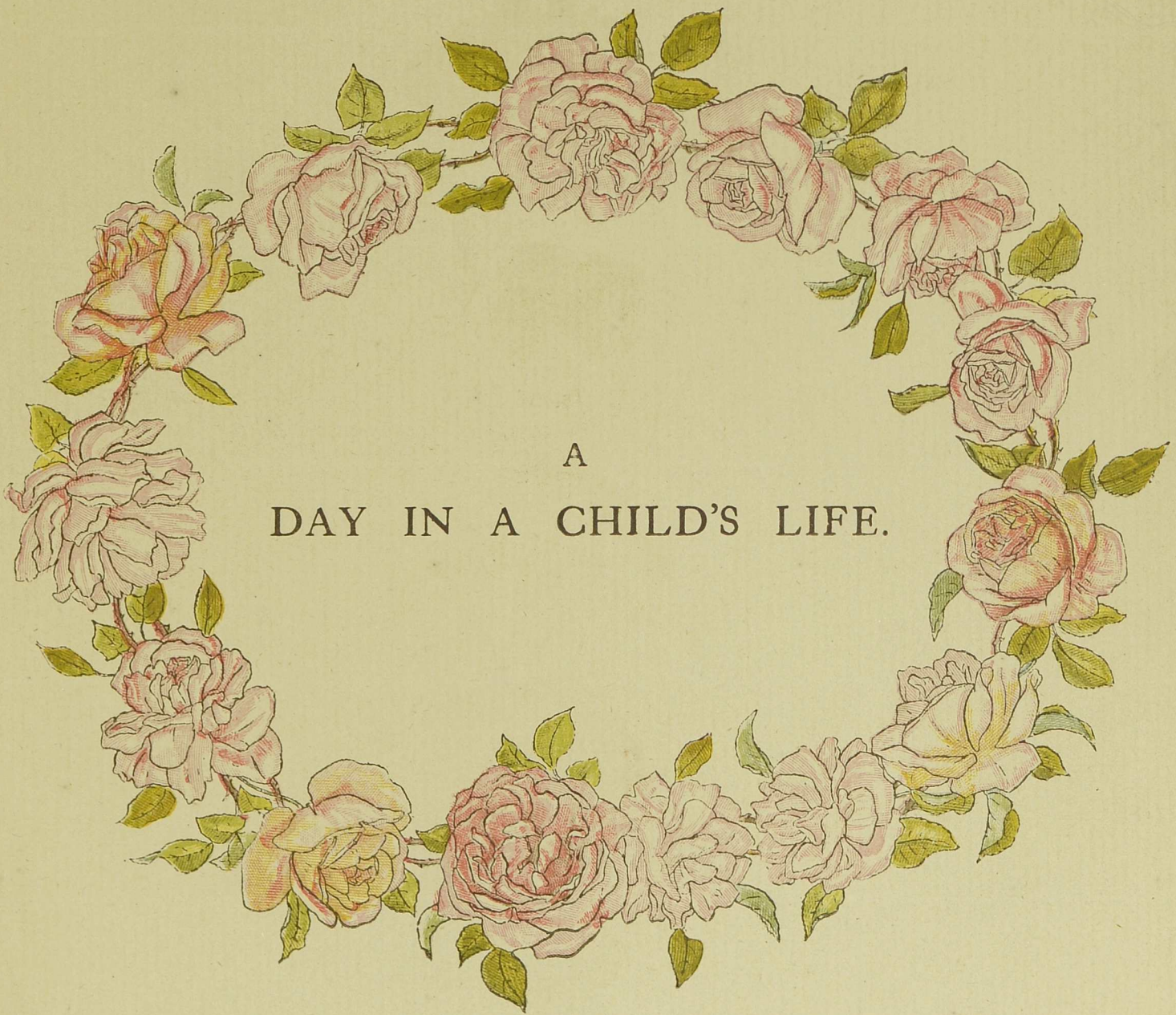
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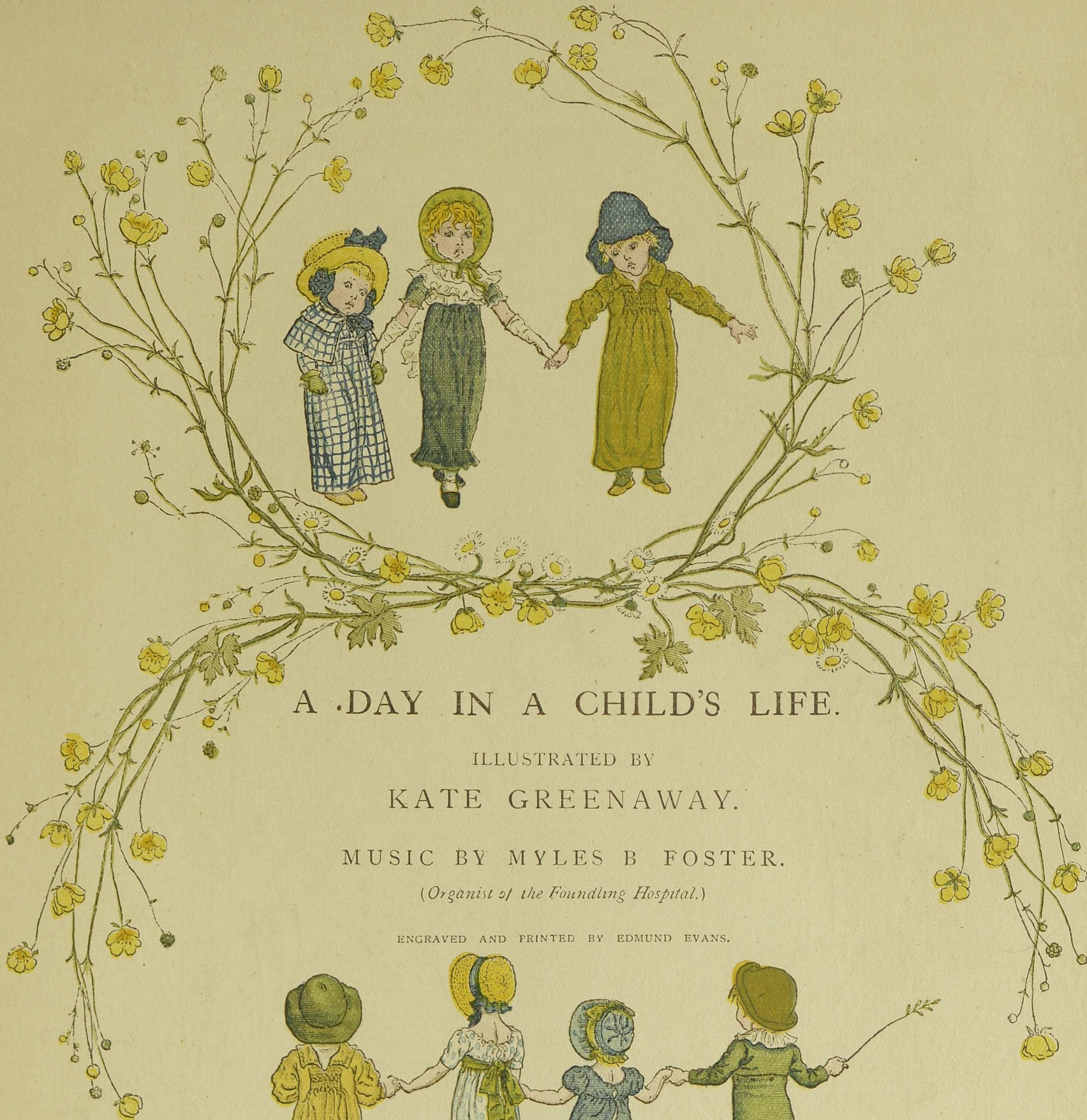


A
DAY IN A CHILD'S LIFE.









A .DAY IN A CHILD'S LIFE.

ILLUSTRATED BY
KATE GREENAWAY.

MUSIC BY MYLES B FOSTER.

(Organist of the Foundling Hospital.)

ENGRAVED AND PRINTED BY EDMUND EVANS.



LONDON:
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<i>Waking</i>	<i>A. Marryat.</i>
<i>The Lesson</i>	<i>Anon.</i>
<i>Playtime</i>	<i>W. Hamilton.</i>
<i>Grace before Meals.</i>	<i>Herrick.</i>
<i>Song of a Doll</i>	<i>Charles Kingsley.</i>
<i>A Romp</i>	<i>M. B. Foster.</i>
<i>Tired.</i>	<i>Somerville Gibney</i>
<i>Child's Prayer</i>	<i>M. L. Duncan.</i>
<i>Sleeping</i>	<i>Anon.</i>





No. 1.

WAKING.

Brightly.

1. Wake up! the sun is shi-ning Up - on the win-dow - pane, And hark! the noi - sy

spar-rows Are wide a - wake a - gain; Each lit - tle bud and blos-som Has lift-ed up its head To

R.H.



1st time. Last verse.

greet the pleasant sunshine, While you are still in bed!

R.H.

The sun himself has risen
 To call them, long ago ;
 And he has tried to wake you
 This last half-hour, you know.

The merry little sunbeams
 Have travelled—oh, so far !
 Have crept between the shutters,
 In spite of bolt and bar.

'Twas time, indeed, to wake you,
 At last they seemed to think ;
 And shot their golden arrows
 Through every hole and chink.

And when the door was opened,
 And Mary came at last,
 Your eyes were almost blinded,
 They fell so thick and fast.

Then wake, and, like the flowers,
 Lift up each sleepy head ;
 It is too bright a morning
 To waste it all in bed.





No. 2.



THE LESSON.

In slow mazurka time.

1.) A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V
2.)

PED. * PED. * *simile.*

W X Y Z.....

1. Let - ters twen - ty - six you see In this Al - pha - bet to be ;
2. Let - ters twen - ty - six we see In this Al - pha - bet to be ;

Children to repeat in Chorus to words of verse 2.

Try and sing them all to me, And then your les son's said.
We have sung them per - fect - ly, And now our les - son's said.





No. 3.

PLAYTIME.

In march time.

1. March, march a-way! March, march a-way! To the play-ground lead the way: All our les - sons now are past, -

In march time.

rather slower.

In time.

Left foot first, and not too fast: Oh, 'tis nice, each sun-ny day, Thus to en-joy our - selves in play!

rather slower.

In time.



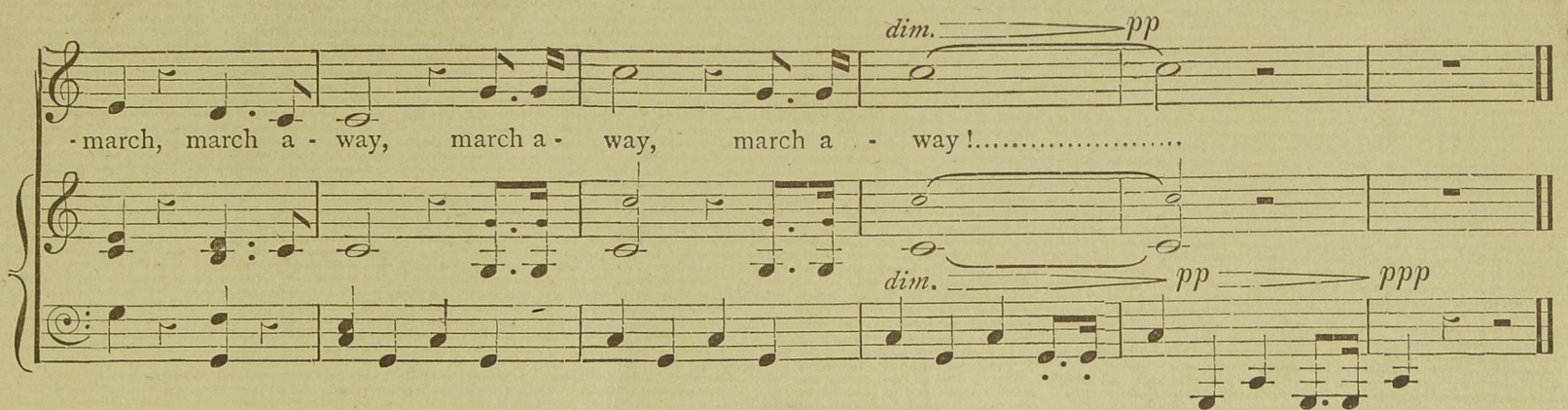
We'll no an - gry looks be - tray, But mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly march, march a - way! But mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly



- march, march a - way, march a - way, march a - way!.....

dim. *pp*

dim. *pp* *ppp*



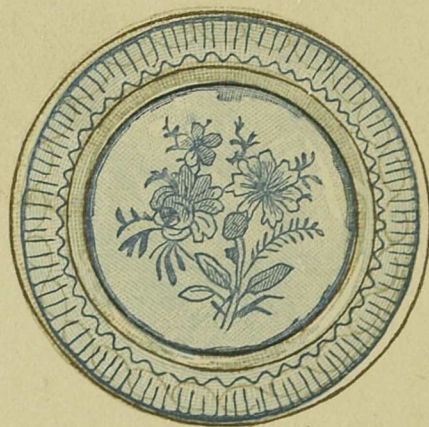


No. 4.

GRACE BEFORE MEALS.

Adagio non troppo.

1. Here, a lit - tle child, I stand, Heav - ing up my ei - ther hand; Cold as pad-docks
though they be, Here I lift them up to Thee, For a ben - i - son to fall On our meat and
on us all. A - men, A - - - men.....

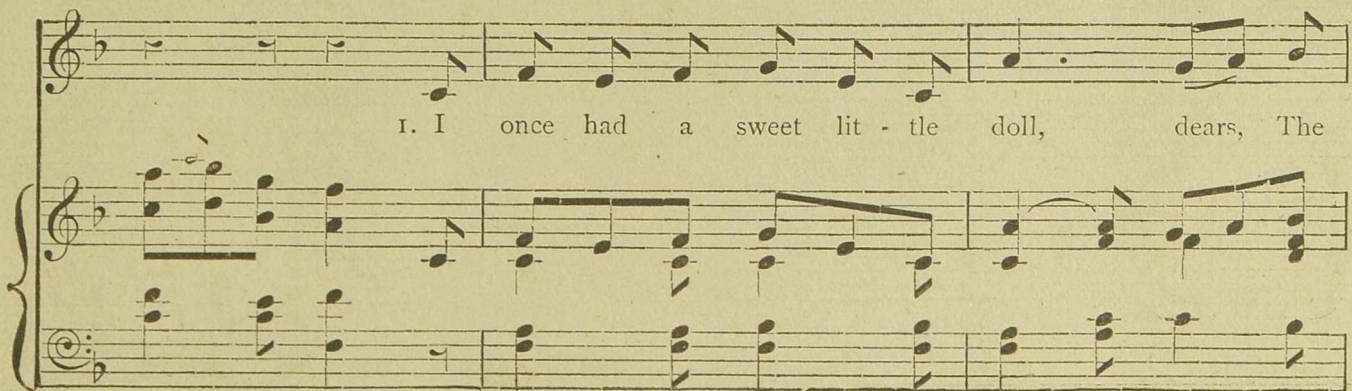
The musical score is written in common time (C) and consists of three systems. Each system includes a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are printed below the vocal line. The first system covers the first two lines of lyrics. The second system covers the next two lines. The third system covers the final line of lyrics and ends with a double bar line. The piano accompaniment features chords and moving lines in both hands.



No. 5.

A SONG OF A DOLL.

Con espressione.



pret - ti - est doll in the world ;..... Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears, And her

hair was so charm - ing - ly curled :..... But I lost my poor lit - tle doll, dears, As I

played on the heath one day,..... And I cried for her more than a week, dears, But I

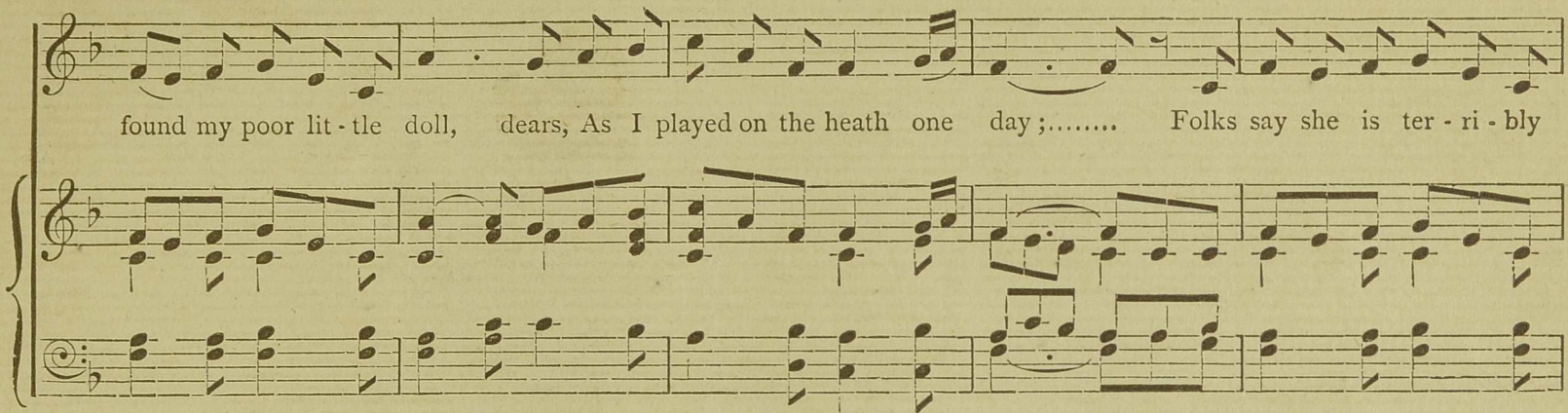
ne - ver could find where she lay,..... I ne - ver could find where she lay.....

ad lib.

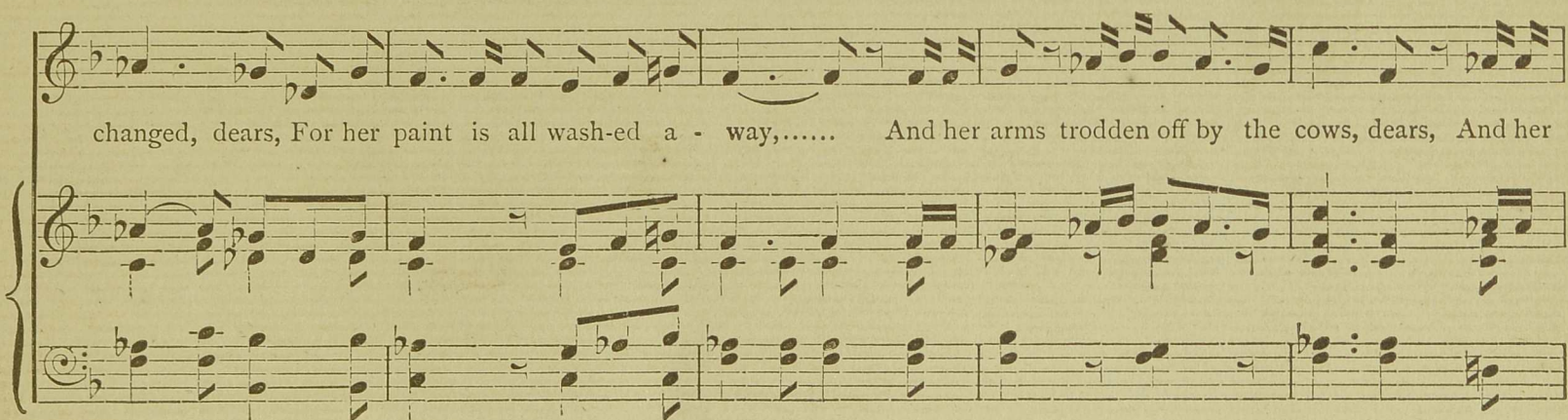
colla voce.

2. I

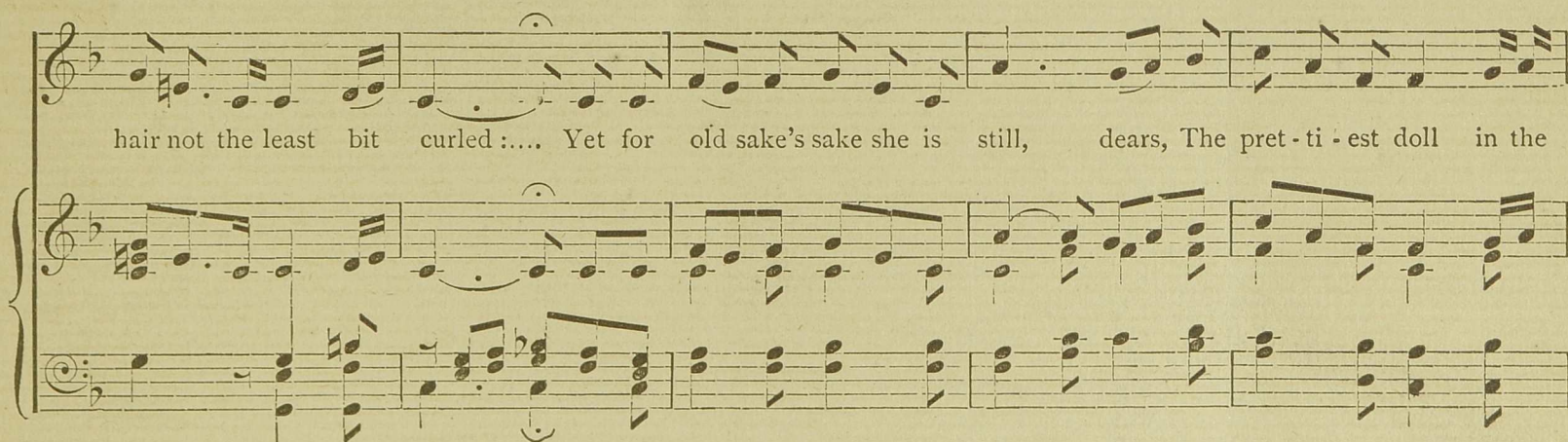
found my poor lit - tle doll, dears, As I played on the heath one day ;..... Folks say she is ter - ri - bly



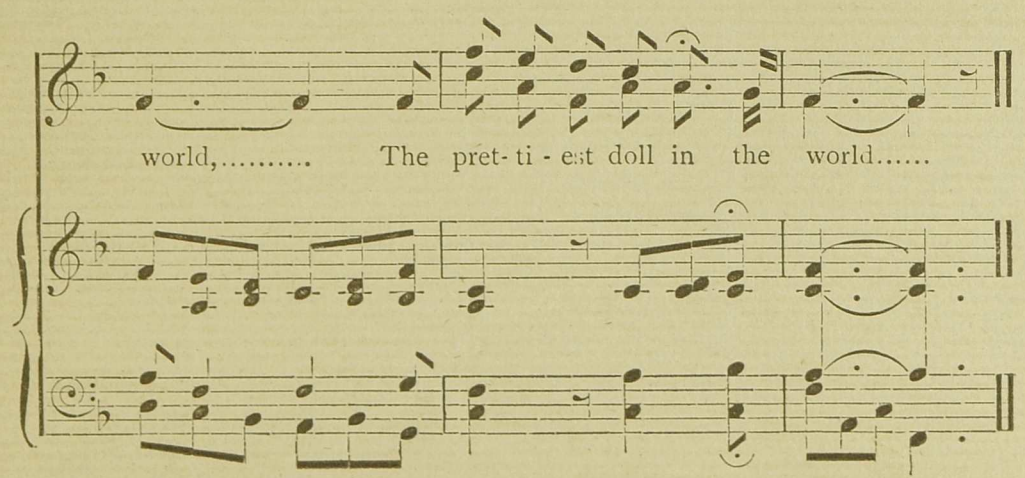
changed, dears, For her paint is all wash - ed a - way,..... And her arms trodden off by the cows, dears, And her



hair not the least bit curled :.... Yet for old sake's sake she is still, dears, The pret - ti - est doll in the



world,..... The pret - ti - est doll in the world.....

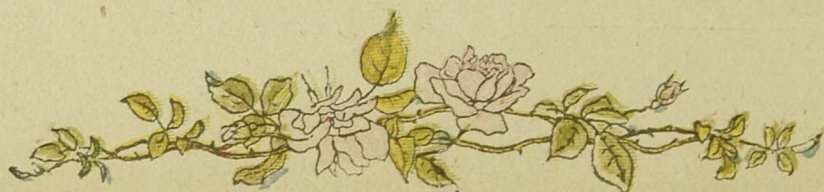




No. 6.

A ROMP.

As fast as you will.







No. 7. *Grazioso.*

T I R E D.

1. Oh, I'm so sleepy, I'll lie down to rest Here in the sun; Soon will he go to his

bed in the west, Day will be done. Oh, I'm so sleepily! s-l-e-e-p-y!

PED.

Soft is the grass, with the moss peep-ing through, Just like my bed;

By degrees, slower and more sleepily. *p dim. pp Adagio.*
 Dai-sies are ga-zing up in-to the blue, O-ver my head. Oh, I'm so

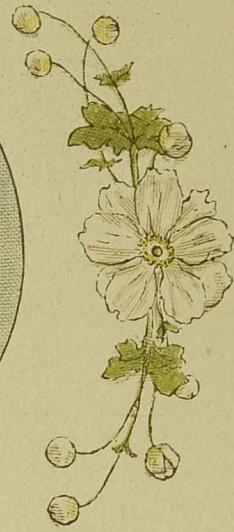
Slower by degrees, with the voice. *p dim. pp pp Adagio.*

Falls asleep.
 slee

ppp

Both Pedals.





No. 8. *Andante non troppo.*

CHILD'S PRAYER.

1. Je - sus, ten - der Shep - herd, hear me, Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to - night; Thro' the dark - ness
 2. Let my sins be all for - giv - en, Bless the friends I love so well; Take me, when I

be Thou near me, Watch my sleep till morn - ing light : Je - sus, hear me ! hear me, ten - der
 die, to hea - ven, Hap - py there with Thee to dwell :

Shep - - herd !





No. 9.

SLEEPING.

1. Lul-la-by, lul-la-by, ba-by dear, Take thy rest with-out a fear;
 2. Lut-la-by, lul-la-by, gone is the light, Yet let not darkness my ba-by fright,
 3. *pp* May thy small dreams no ill things see, Kind heaven keep watch, my babe, o'er thee,

p

R. H. *p* *cres.* *dim.*

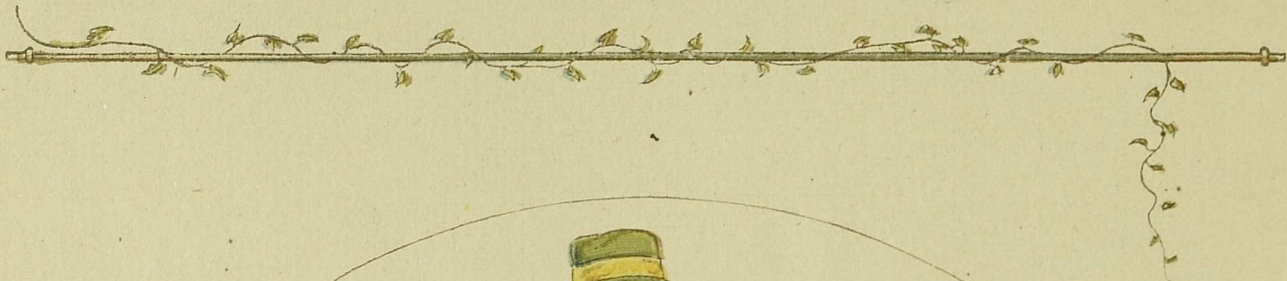
Qui-et sleep, for mo-ther is here,.... E-ver wake-ful, e-ver near,
 Mo-ther is with her a-mid the night;.... Then soft-ly sleep, my heart's de-light,
 Kind an-gels bright thy guard-ians be,..... And give thee, smil-ing, to day and to me,

p *sfp*



rall.

E - - ver wake - ful, e - ver near. Lul - la - by, lul - - la - by !
 Then soft - ly sleep, my heart's de - light. Lul - la - by lul - - la - by !
 And give thee, smil-ing, to day and to me. Lul - la - by, lul - - la - by !









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RACQUET COURT, FLEET STREET, E.C.



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