LOW VOICE. HIGH VOICE.

FIVE FAIRY BALLADS

SWEET BABY BUTTERFLY | BIG LADY MOON

ALONE WITH MOTHER | THE STARS

FAIRY ROSES

The Words by

KATHLEEN EASMON

The Music by

S. COLERIDGE-TAYLOR.

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Five Fairy Ballads.

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FIVE FAIRY BALLADS.

SWEET BABY BUTTERFLY.

SWEET Baby Butterfly,
I love to see you flutter by
High o'er my head,
With soft white wings outspread.

I love to chase you round about,
Which is great fun, without a doubt,
And I know you do not mind,
For I am just a Baby too,
And so you see 'twould never do
For me to be unkind.

And shall I whisper this to you,
The laughing wind doth chase me too,
To make me run,
While flow'rs enjoy the fun.

ALONE WITH MOTHER.

THE time we like the best of all
Is when the shadows creepy crawl,
One after another;
When the golden sun sinks down in the west,
And the tired birdie flies home to its nest,
And we're left alone with mother.

Then the story fairies silently creep,
And over her big armchair they peep,
One after the other;
And she tells us the wonderful things they say
Of fairy countries so far away,
When we're left alone with mother.

BIG LADY MOON.

I CAN see you up on high,
Big Lady Moon!
Sweetly shining in the sky,
Big Lady Moon!
Is it 'cos you're glad I'm here?
Like to feel that I am near?
That you shine so bright and clear?
Big Lady Moon!

Hark! I hear my nursie calling,
Big Lady Moon!
For she says the dew is falling,
Big Lady Moon!
So you see I'll have to go,
I hope you won't be lonely though,
'Cos I love you ever so,
Big Lady Moon!

THE STARS.

WEE brown baby, lookin' upwards
At de wondrous Heav'n afar,
Sees de stars all shinin' brightly,
Sort of wonders what dey are.
Says her mudder,
"De departed in dat distant home above
Thro' dem holes are always peepin'
At de folks on earth dey love."

Wee white baby, pointing upwards
Tiny fingers to the sky,
Sees the stars and asks her mother,
"Did Dod put dem dere and why?"
Says her mother,
"Those, my darling, are the lights of heav'n above
Cheering onward weary pilgrims,
And teaching them that God is Love."

FAIRY ROSES.

FAIRY Roses, in the noontide,
When the sun shines warm and bright,
Nestle snugly close together,
Shut your pretty eyes so tight,
For you must be tired of dancing,
Dancing through the moonlight night.

Fairy Roses, while you're sleeping,
All around the fairies creeping
Silent watch are ever keeping,
Fairy Roses, while you're sleeping.

Fairy Roses, don't be frighten'd
When you hear that murm'ring sigh;
'Tis the night wind that, dream-laden,
Whispering, passes by,
Bringing dreams of fairyland
From the bright blue sky.

Fairy Roses, now you're dreaming,
Dreaming of lands far away,
Where, beside the sparkling waters,
Happy children laugh and play;
Fairy Roses, go on dreaming,
Dreaming through the golden day.

Fairy Roses, etc.

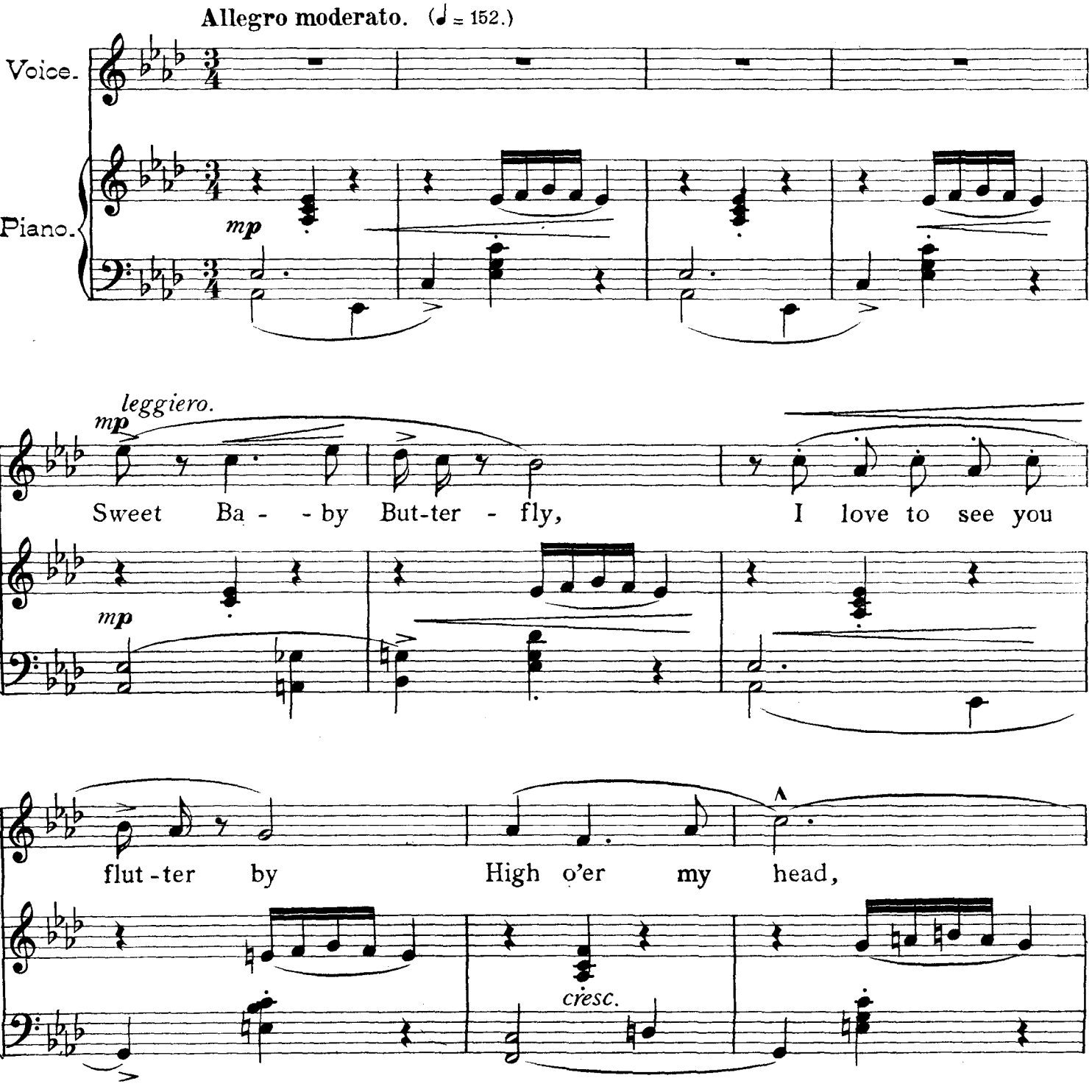
KATHLEEN EASMON.

I.

Sweet Baby Butterfly.

Words by
KATHLEEN EASMON.

Music by
S. COLERIDGE-TAYLOR.



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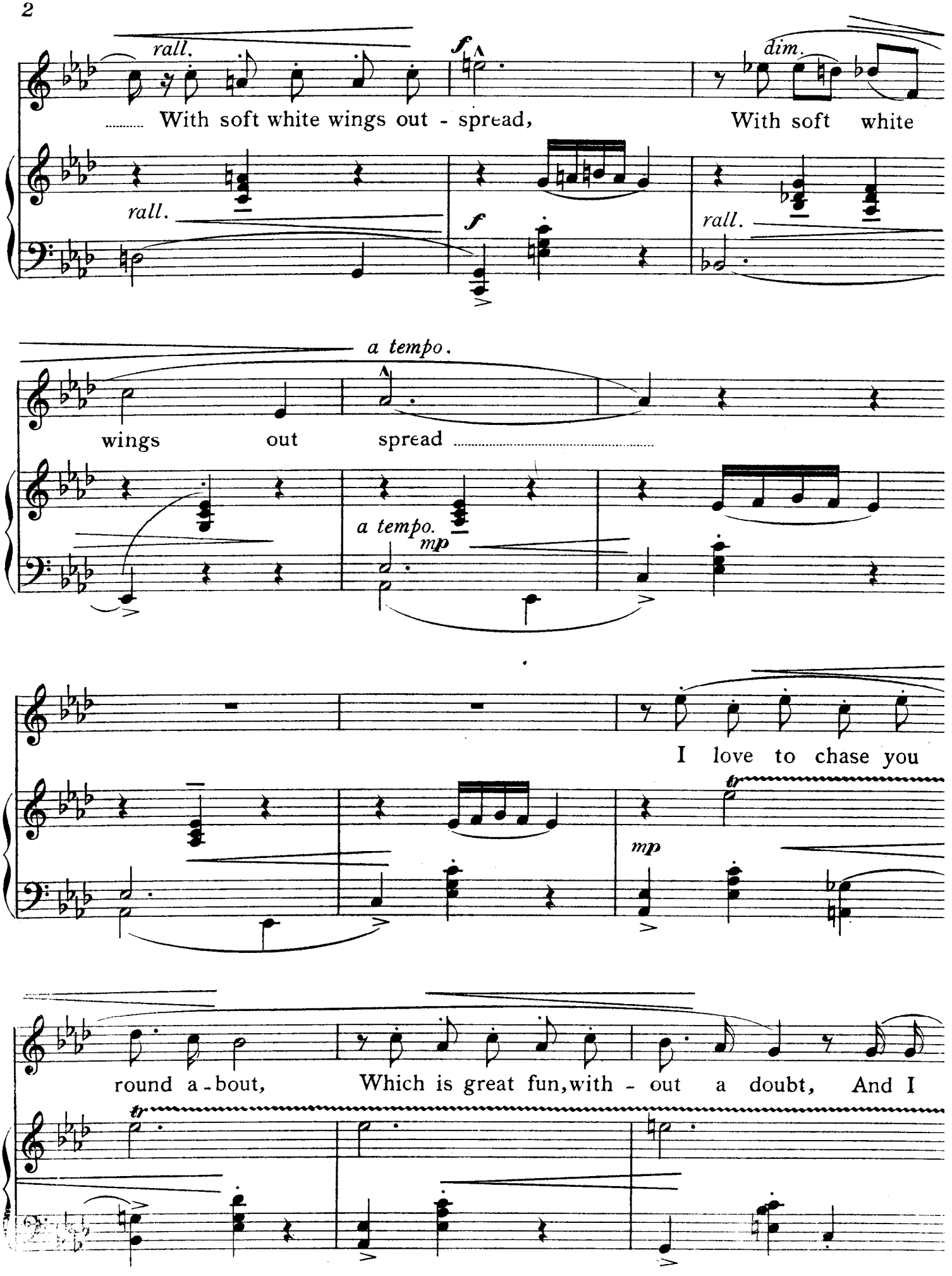
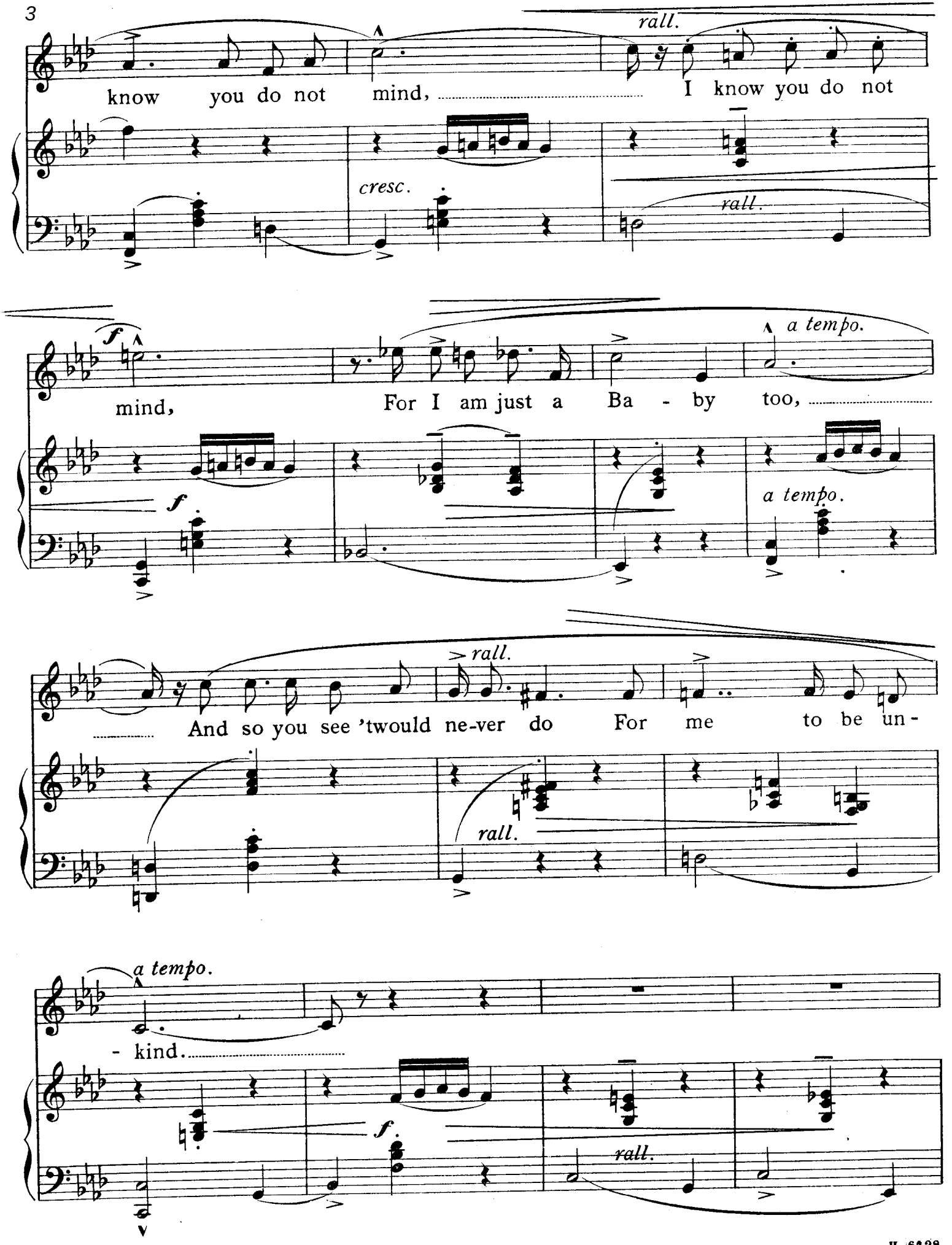
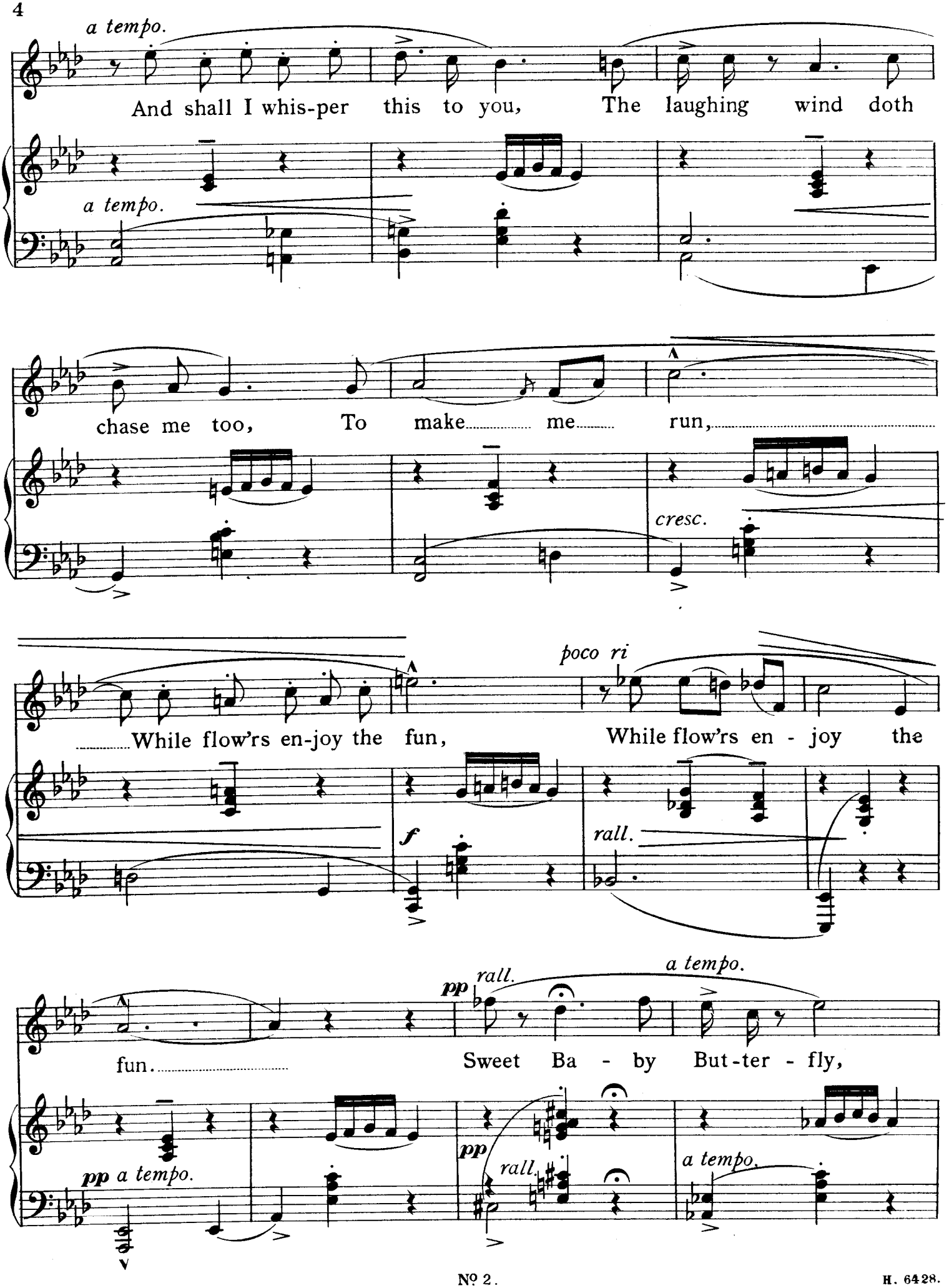
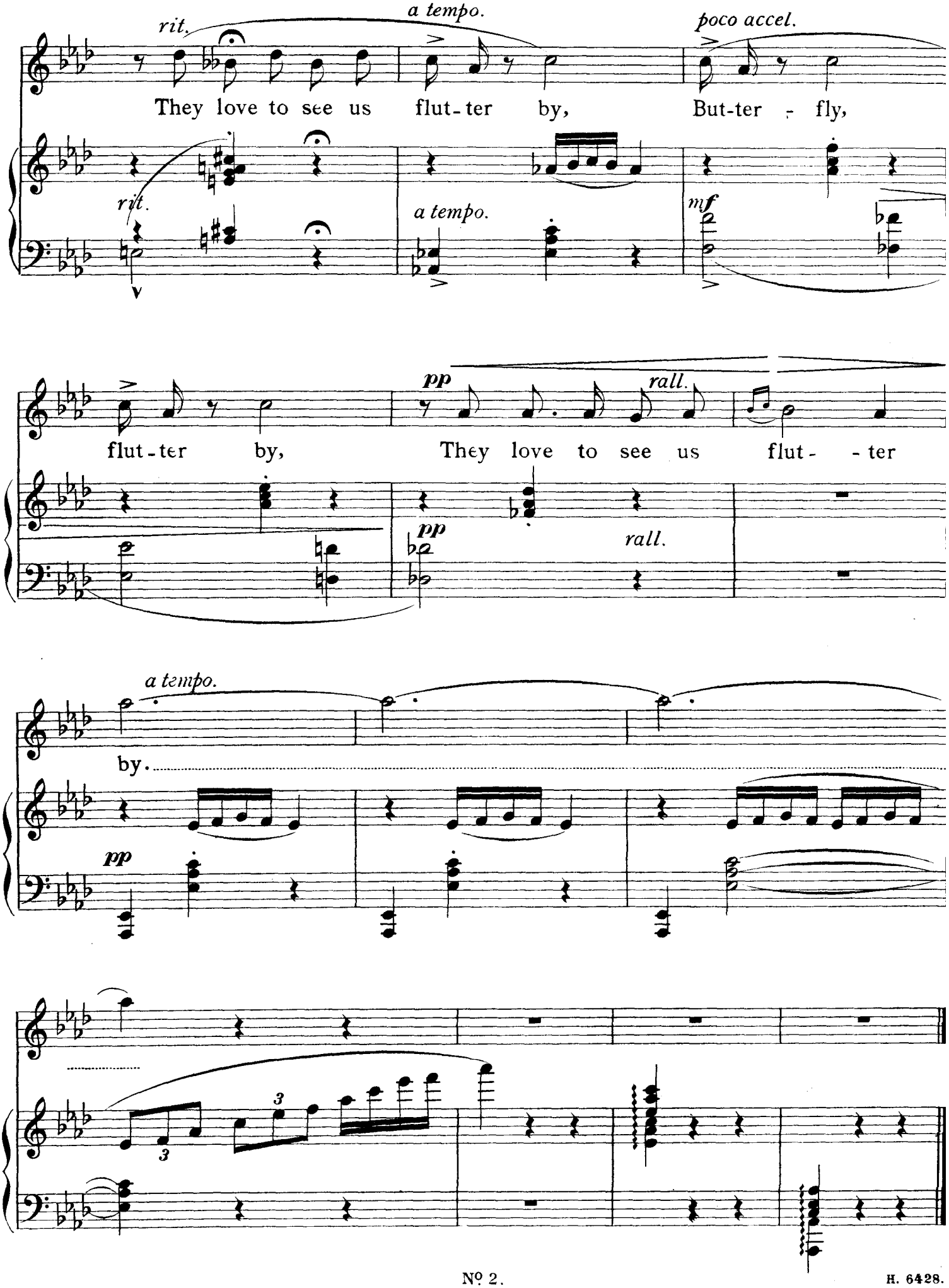

rall.
f
dim.
With soft white wings out - spread,
With soft white
rall.
f
rall.
a tempo.
wings out spread
a tempo.
mp
I love to chase you
mp
round a - bout,
Which is great fun, with - out a doubt, And I


know you do not mind,
rall.
I know you do not
cresc.
rall.
mind,
For I am just a Ba - by too,
a tempo.
a tempo.
And so you see 'twould ne-ver do For me to be un-
rall.
rall.
a tempo.
- kind.
rall.

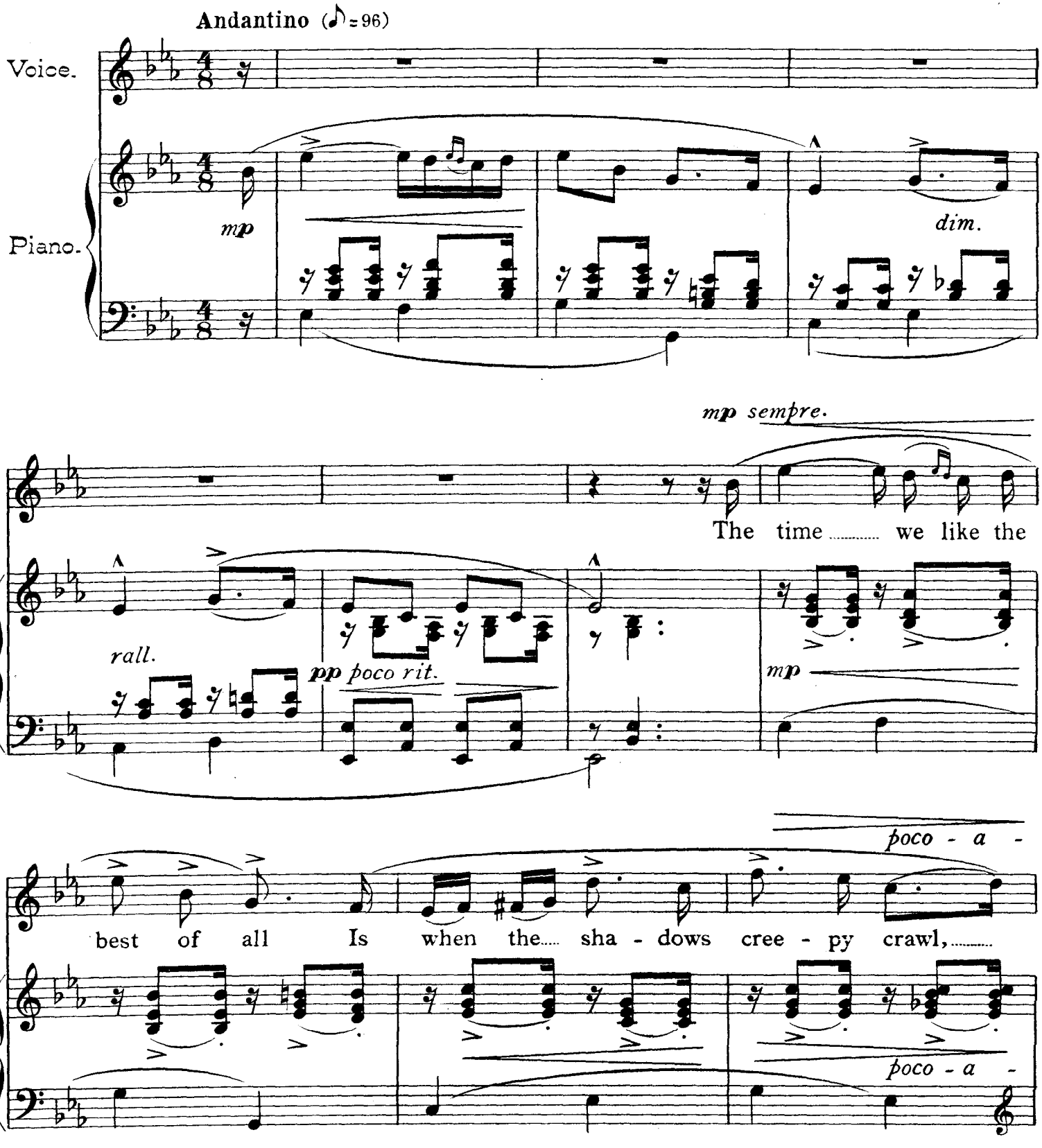

a tempo.
And shall I whis-per this to you, The laughing wind doth
a tempo.
chase me too, To make me run,
cresc.
While flow'rs en-joy the fun,
poco ri
While flow'rs en - joy the
f
rall.
fun.
pp
rall.
a tempo.
Sweet Ba - by But-ter - fly,
pp a tempo.
pp
rall.
a tempo.


rit.
a tempo.
poco accel.
They love to see us flut-ter by, But-ter - fly,
rit.
a tempo.
mf
flut-ter by,
pp
rall.
They love to see us flut- - ter
pp
rall.
a tempo.
by.
pp
3
3

II.
Alone with Mother.

Words by
KATHLEEN EASMON.

Music by
S. COLERIDGE-TAYLOR.



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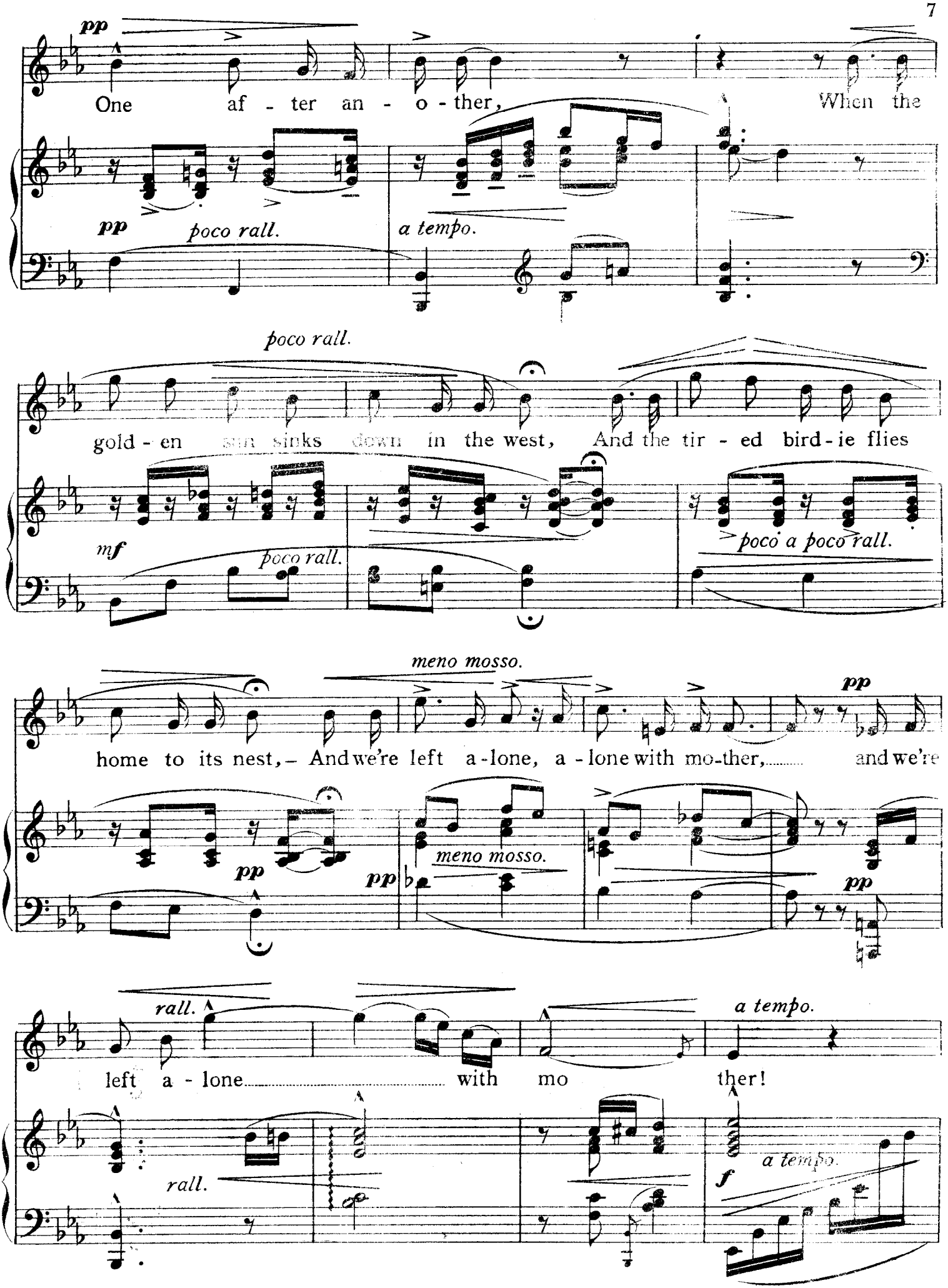
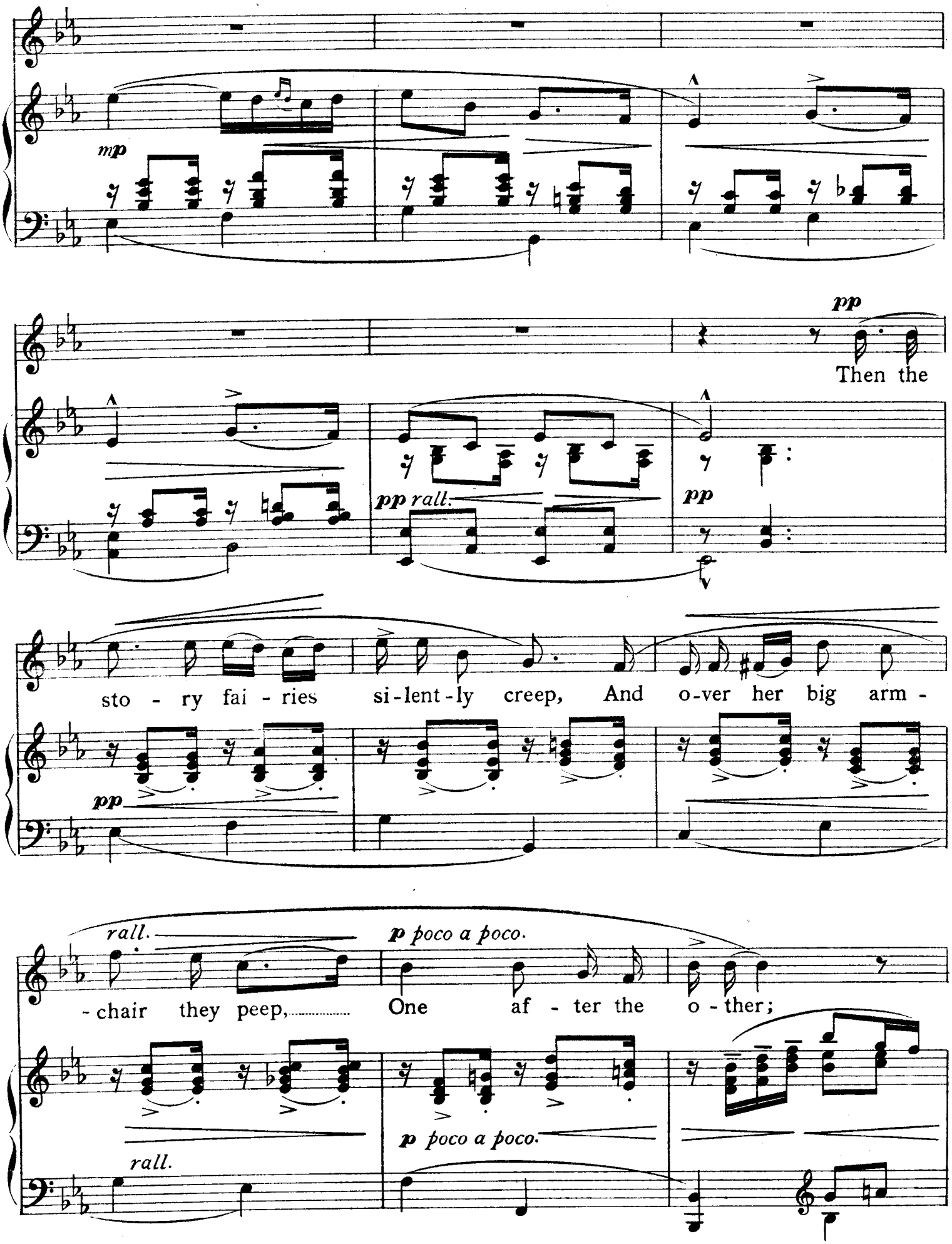
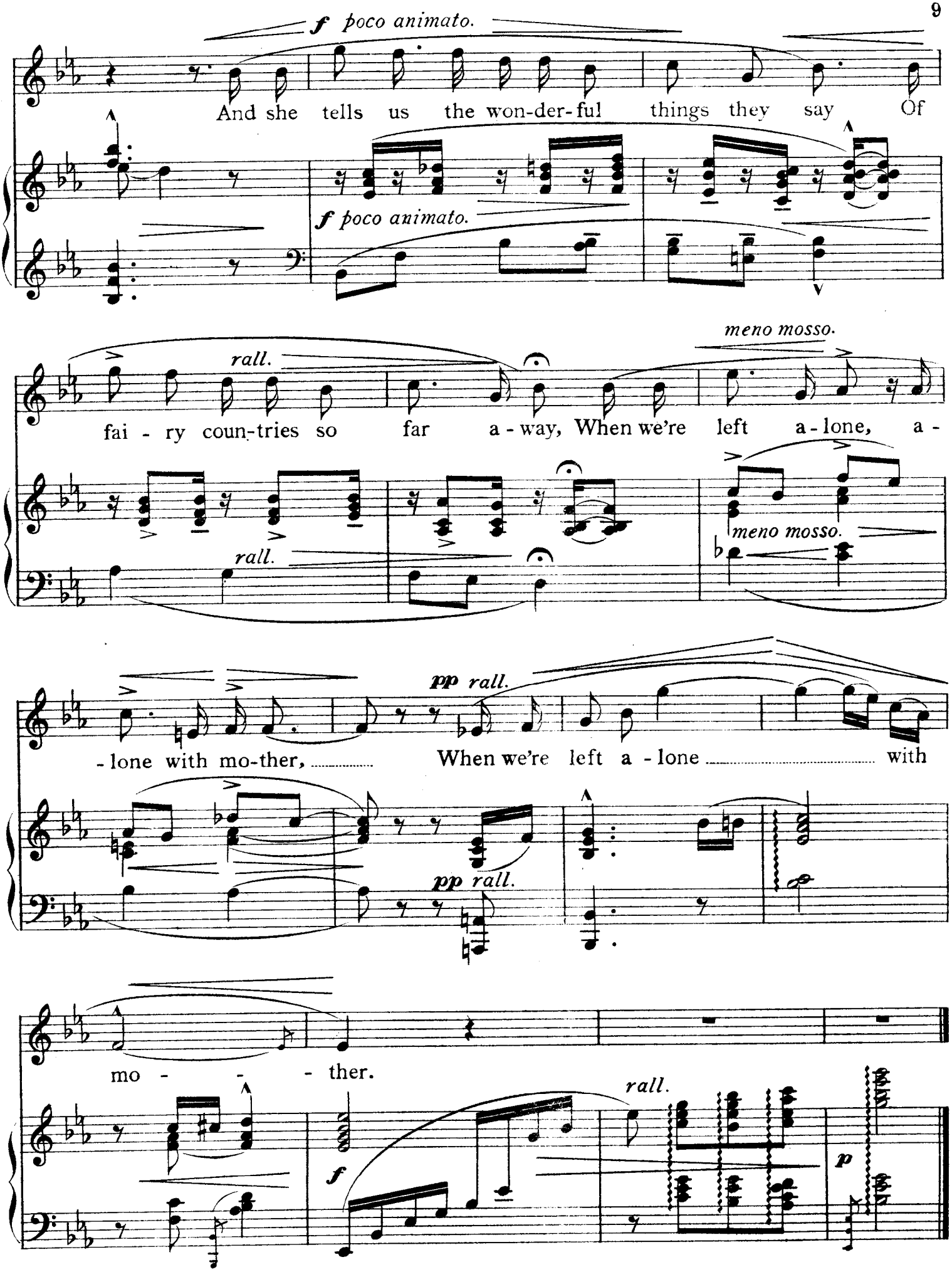

pp
One af - ter an - o - ther,
When the
pp
poco rall.
a tempo.
poco rall.
gold - en sun sinks down in the west,
And the tir - ed bird - ie flies
mf
poco rall.
poco a poco rall.
meno mosso.
pp
home to its nest, – And we're left a - lone, a - lone with mo-ther,
and we're
pp
pp
meno mosso.
pp
rall.
a tempo.
left a - lone
with mo
ther!
rall.
a tempo.
f

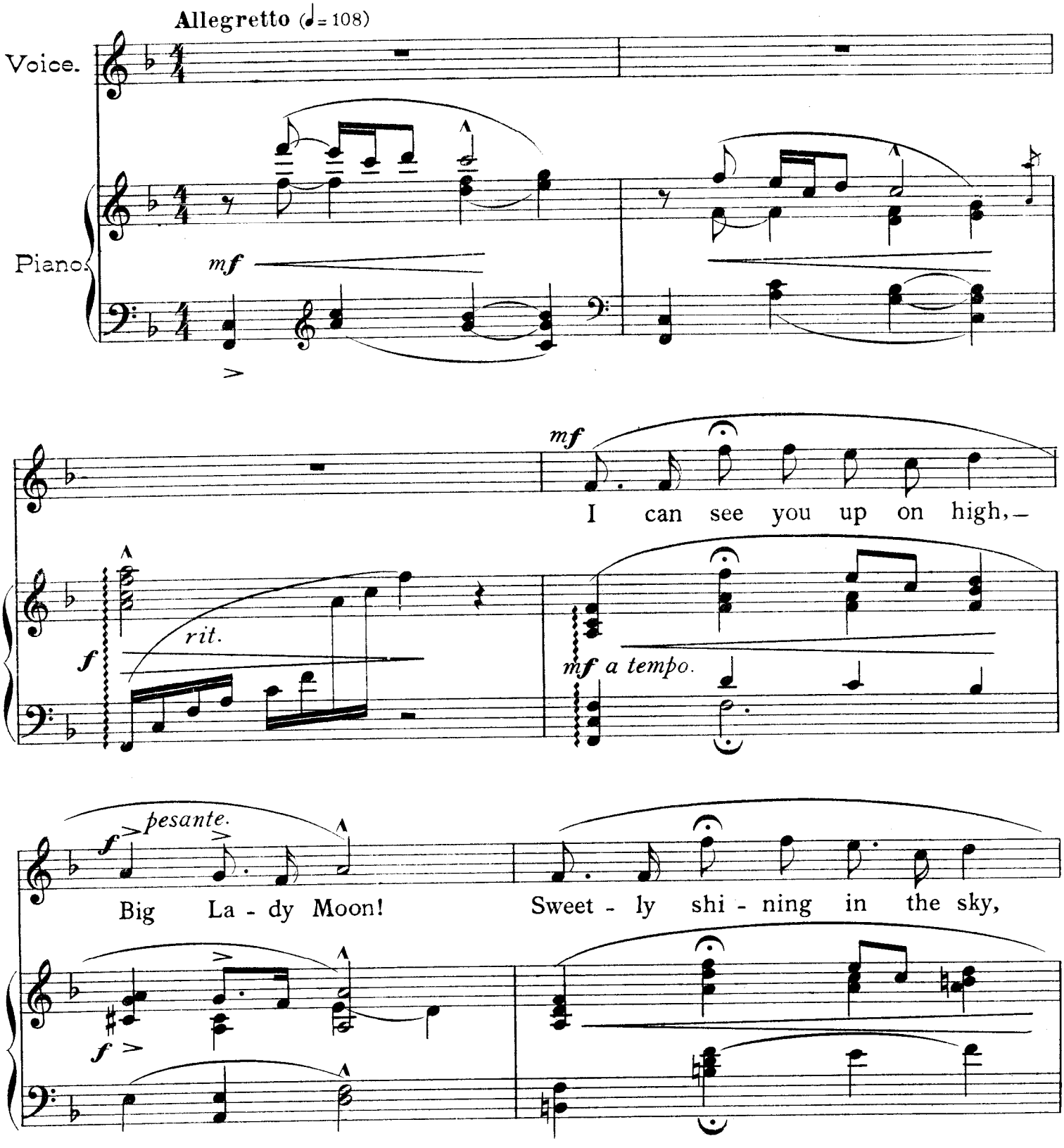

mp
pp
Then the
pp rall.
pp
sto - ry fai - ries si-lent-ly creep, And o-ver her big arm -
pp
rall.
p poco a poco.
- chair they peep, One af - ter the o - ther;
p poco a poco.
rall.


f poco animato.
And she tells us the won-der-ful things they say Of
f poco animato.
rall.
meno mosso.
fai - ry coun-tries so far a - way, When we're left a - lone, a -
rall.
meno mosso.
pp rall.
- lone with mo-ther, When we're left a - lone with
pp rall.
mo - - - ther.
rall.
f
p

III.
Big Lady Moon.

Words by
KATHLEEN EASMON.

Music by
S. COLERIDGE-TAYLOR.



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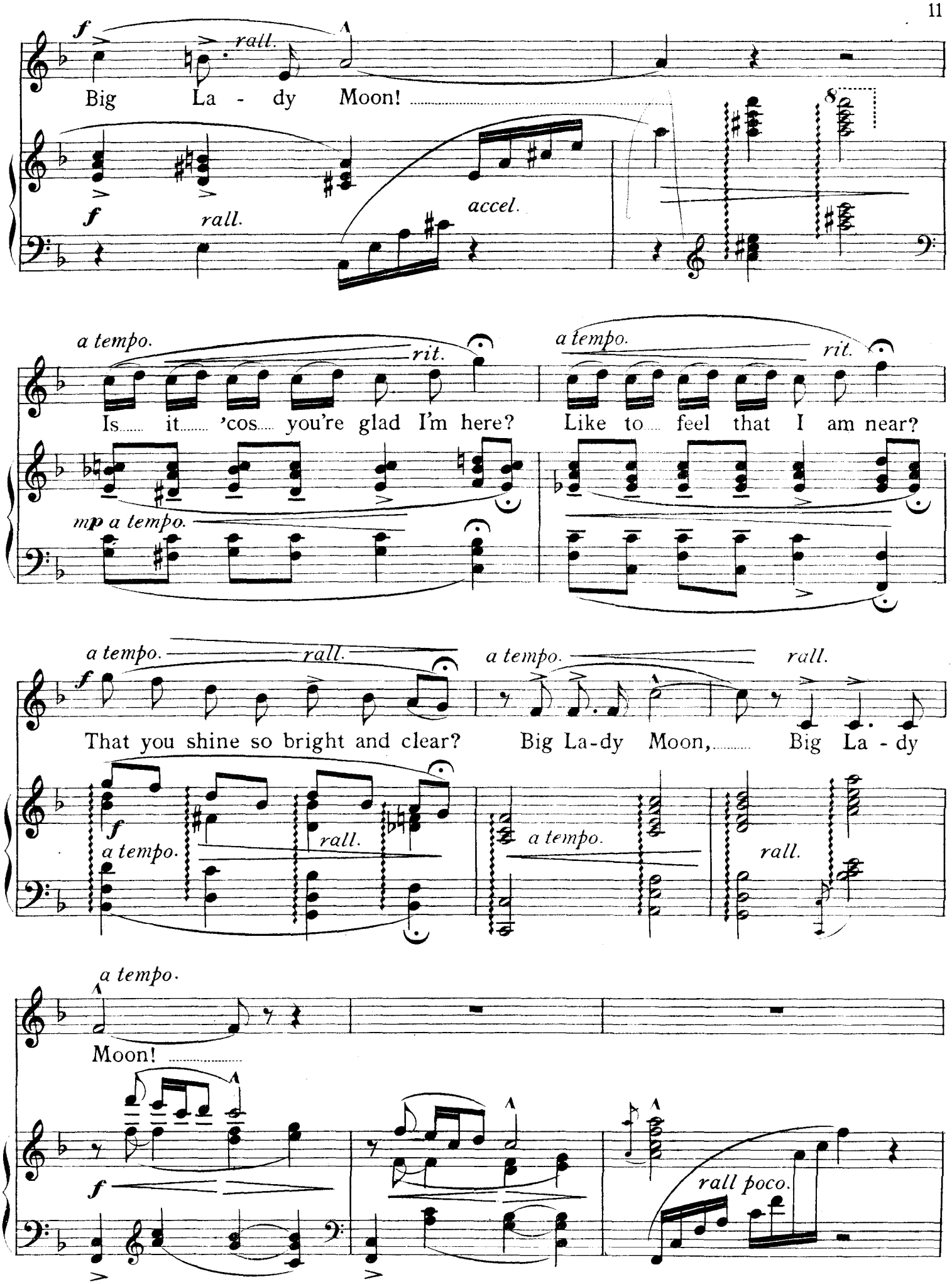
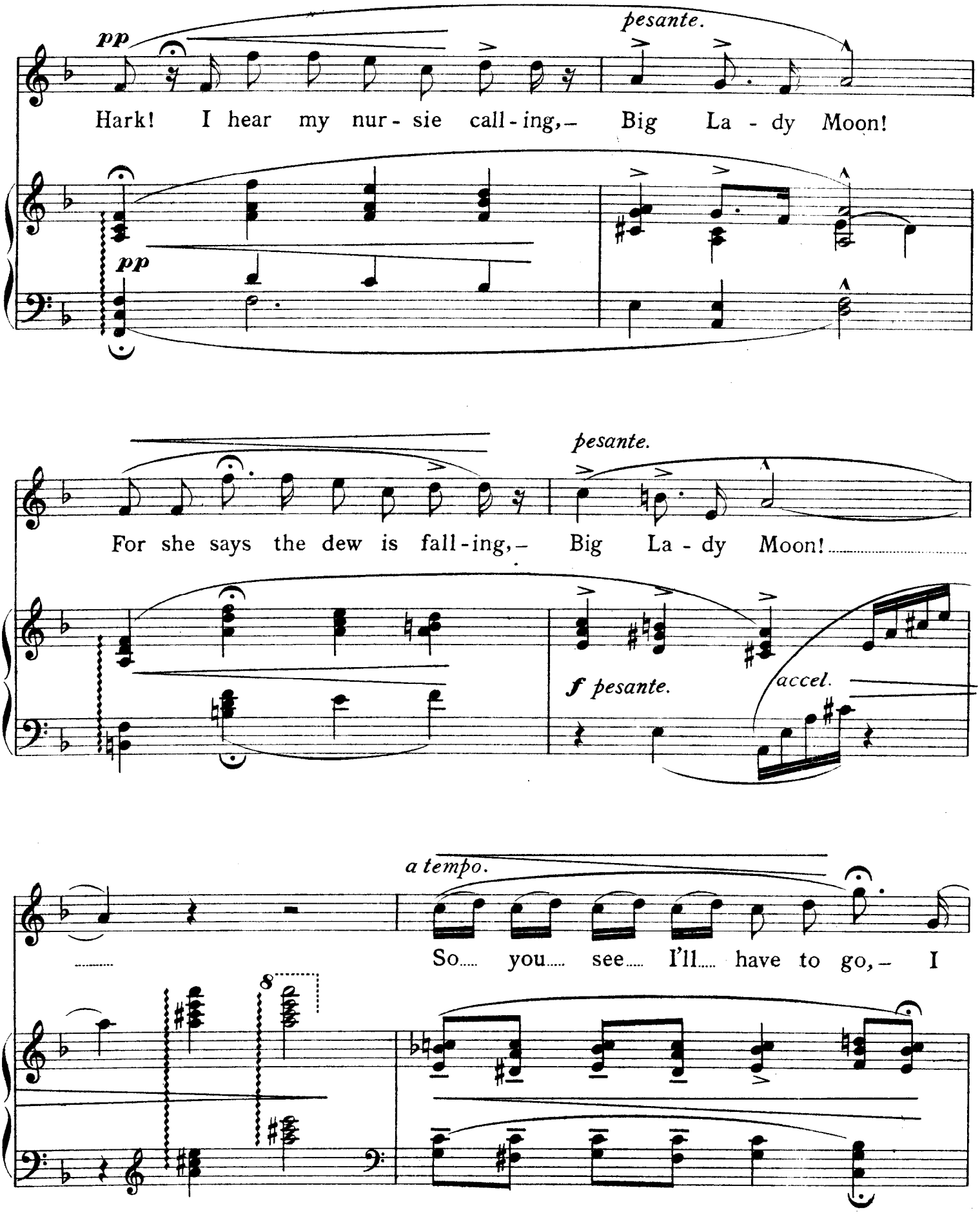
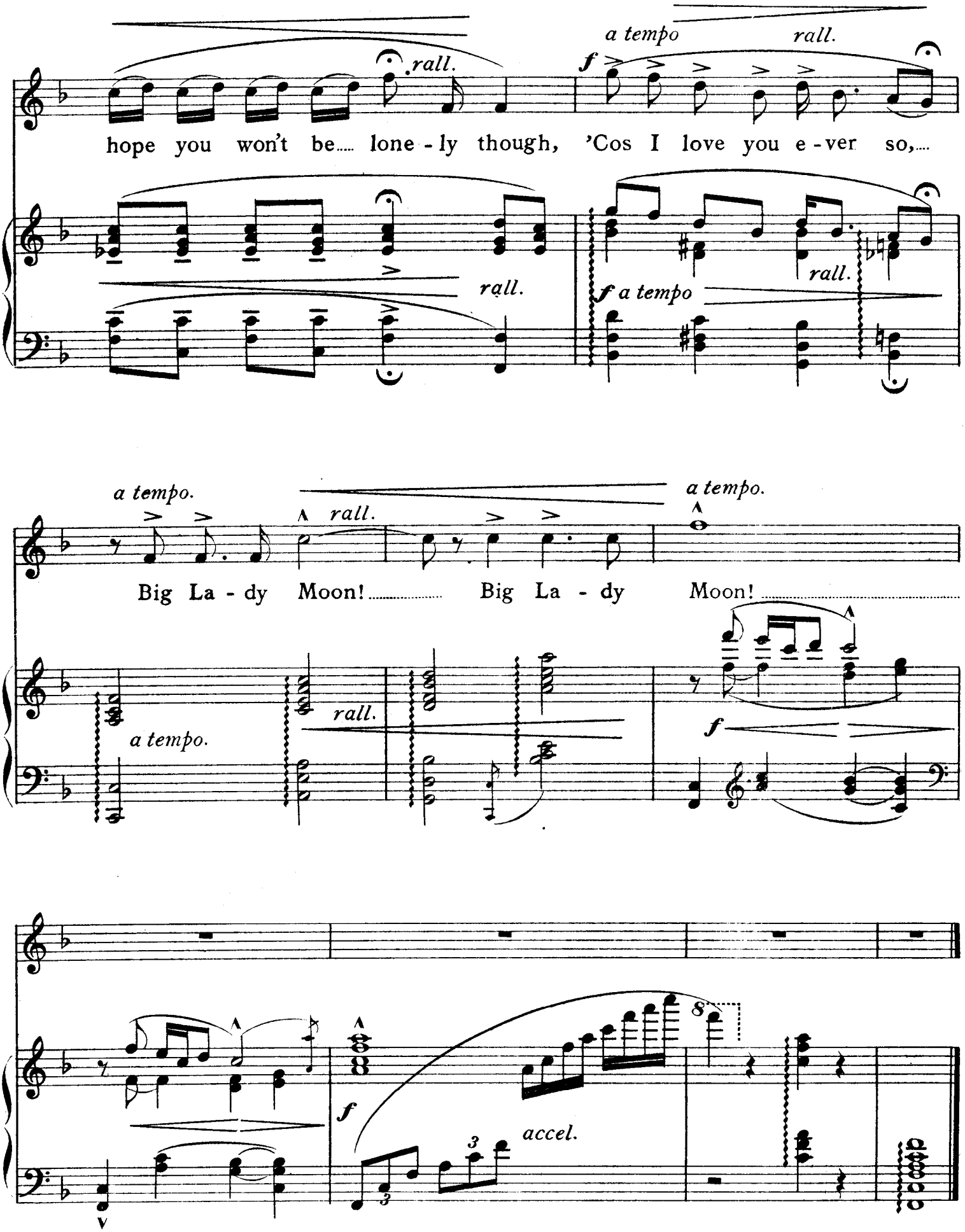

f
rall.
Big La - dy Moon!
f
rall.
accel.
8
a tempo.
rit.
Is it 'cos you're glad I'm here?
mp a tempo.
a tempo.
rit.
Like to feel that I am near?
a tempo.
rall.
That you shine so bright and clear?
f
a tempo.
rall.
a tempo.
rall.
Big La-dy Moon, Big La - dy
f
a tempo.
rall.
a tempo.
rall.
Moon!
f
rall poco.

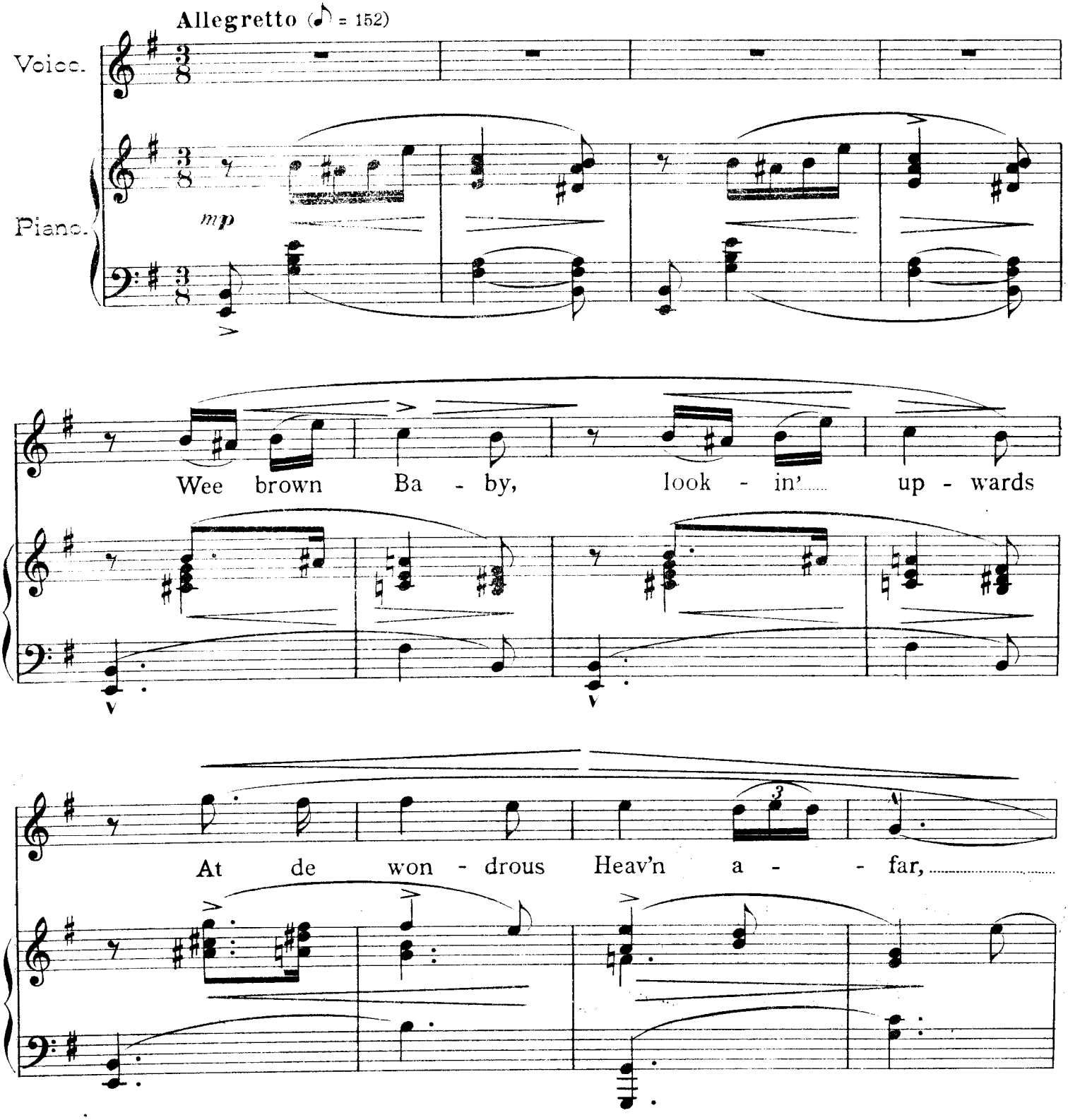

pp
pesante.
Hark! I hear my nur - sie call - ing,– Big La - dy Moon!
pp
pesante.
For she says the dew is fall - ing,– Big La - dy Moon!
f pesante.
accel.
a tempo.
So.... you.... see.... I'll.... have to go,– I
8


a tempo
rall.
rall.
hope you won't be..... lone - ly though, 'Cos I love you e - ver so,....
rall.
f a tempo
rall.
a tempo.
a tempo.
rall.
Big La - dy Moon! ..... Big La - dy Moon! .....
a tempo.
rall.
f
f
accel.
8
3
3

IV.
The Stars.

Words by
KATHLEEN EASMON.

Music by
S. COLERIDGE-TAYLOR.



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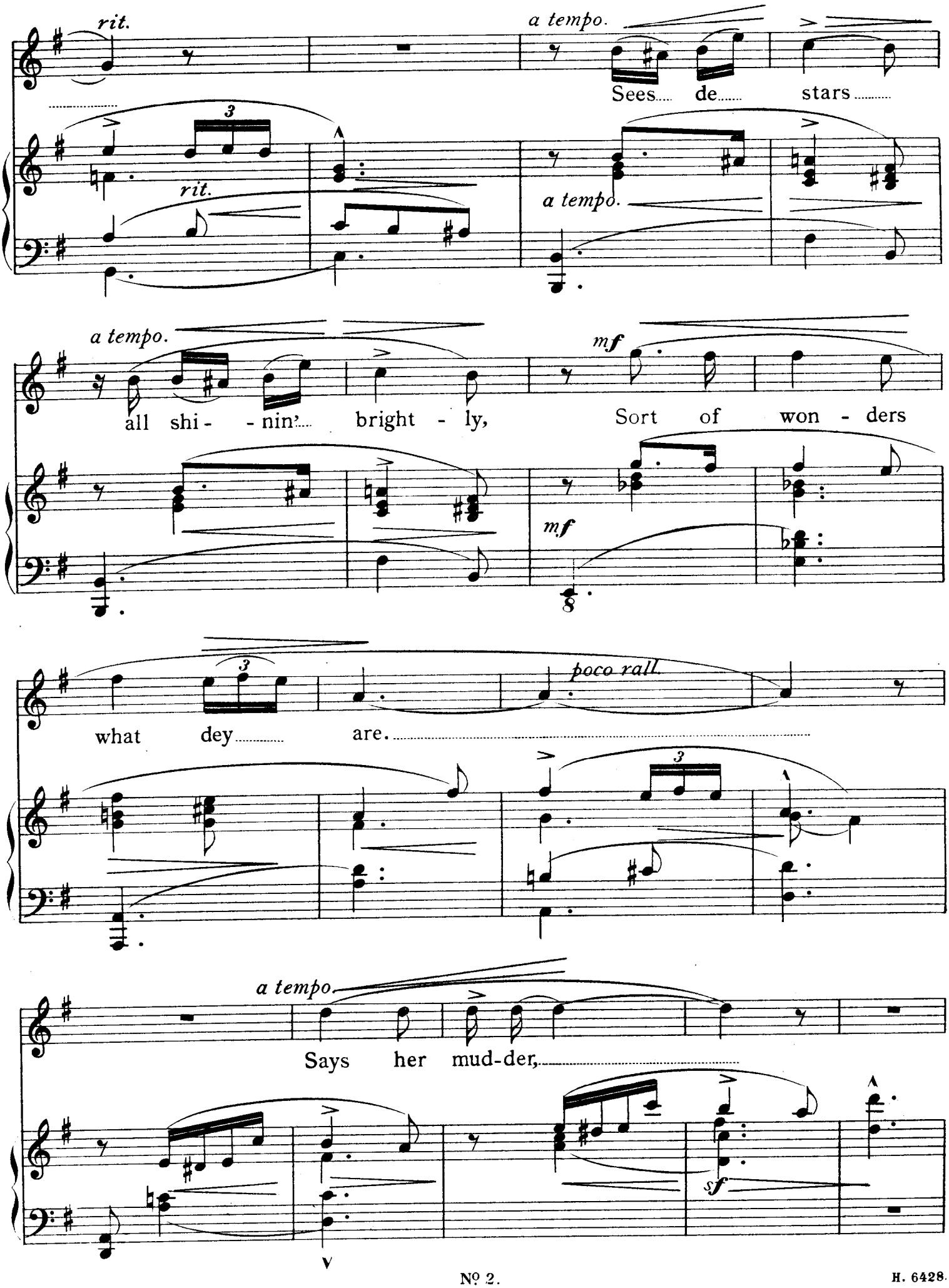
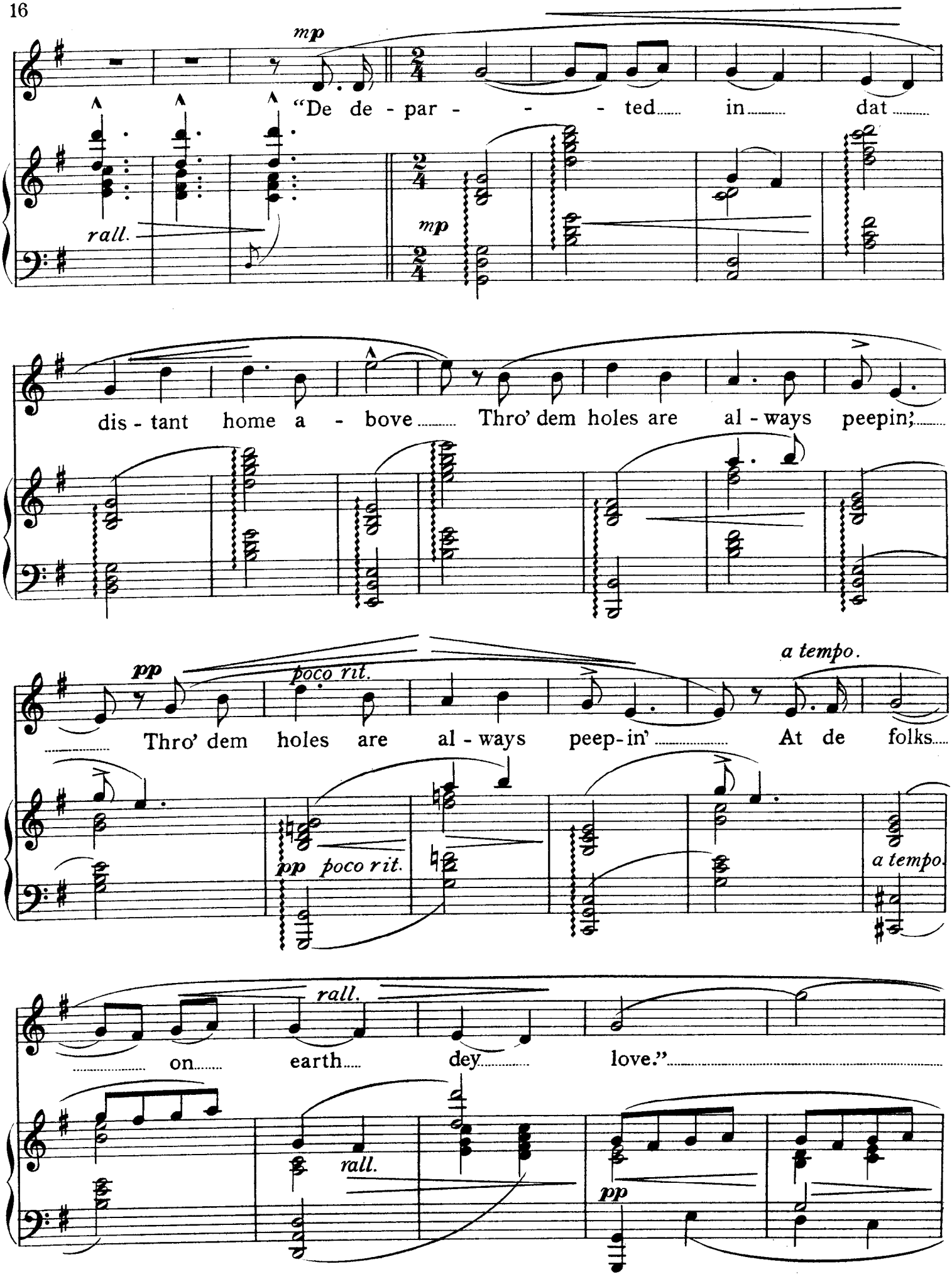
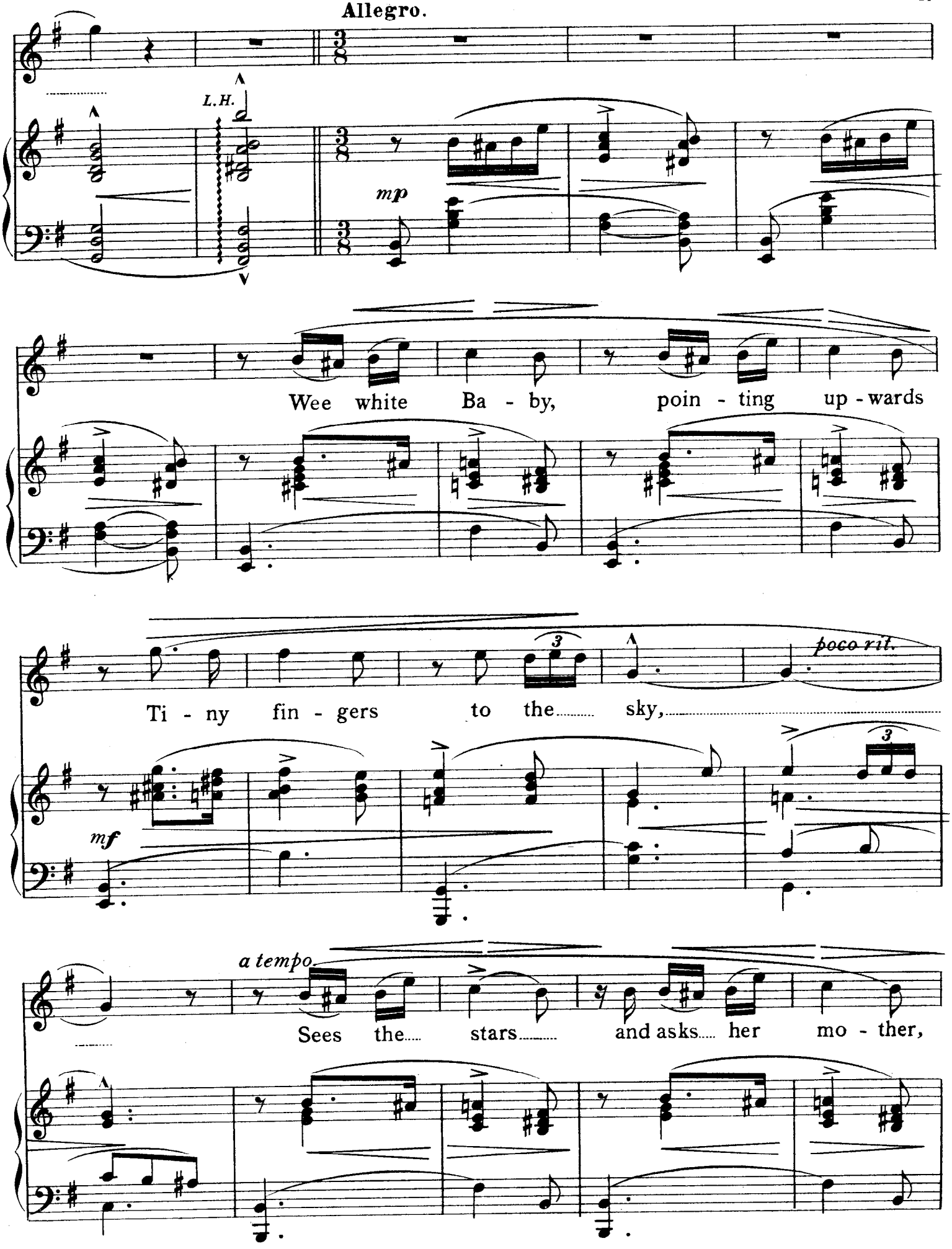
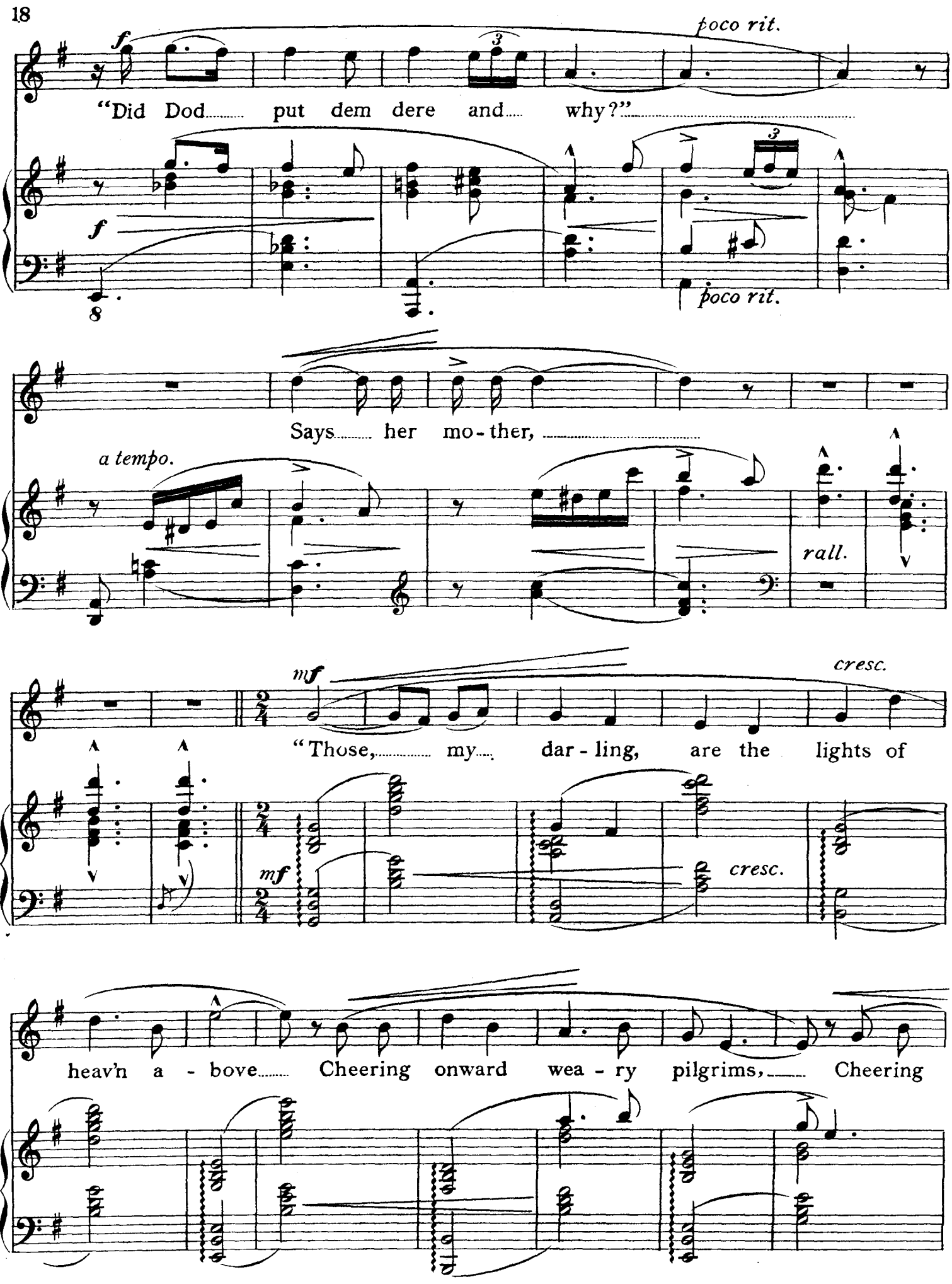
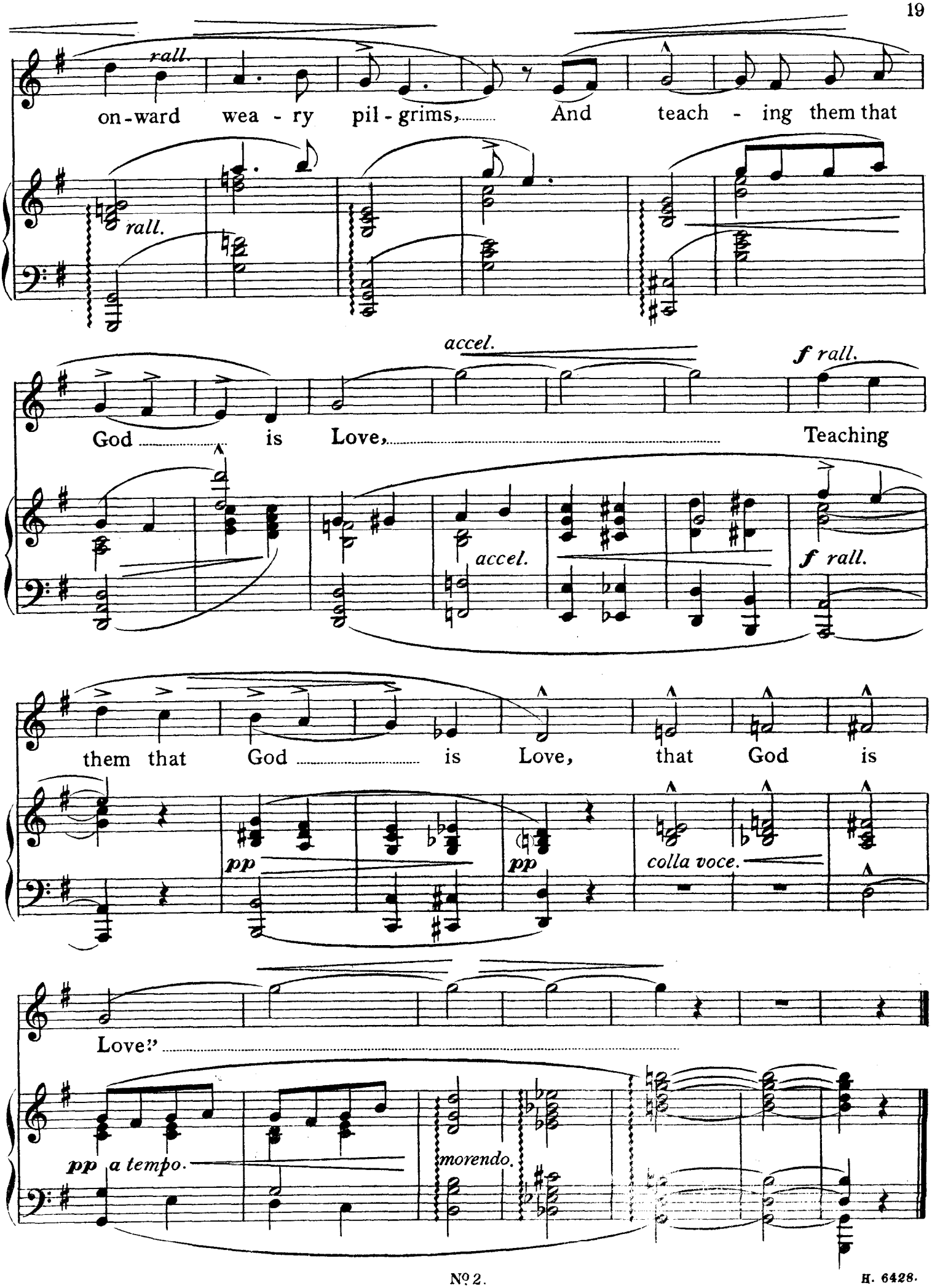

rit.
a tempo.
Sees de stars
rit.
a tempo.
a tempo.
mf
all shi - - nin' bright - ly, Sort of won - ders
mf
poco rall.
what dey are.
a tempo.
Says her mud-der,
sf


mp
"De de - par - - - ted in dat
rall.
mp
dis - tant home a - bove Thro' dem holes are al - ways peepin',
pp
poco rit.
a tempo.
Thro' dem holes are al - ways peep - in' At de folks
pp poco rit.
a tempo.
rall.
on earth dey love."
rall.
pp


Allegro.
L.H.
mp
Wee white Ba - by, poin - ting up - wards
Ti - ny fin - gers to the sky,
poco rit.
mf
a tempo
Sees the stars and asks her mo - ther,


poco rit.
"Did Dod..... put dem dere and..... why?".....
poco rit.
Says..... her mo-ther, ...
a tempo.
rall.
"Those,..... my..... dar-ling, are the lights of
cresc.
heav'n a-bove..... Cheering onward wea-ry pilgrims,..... Cheering

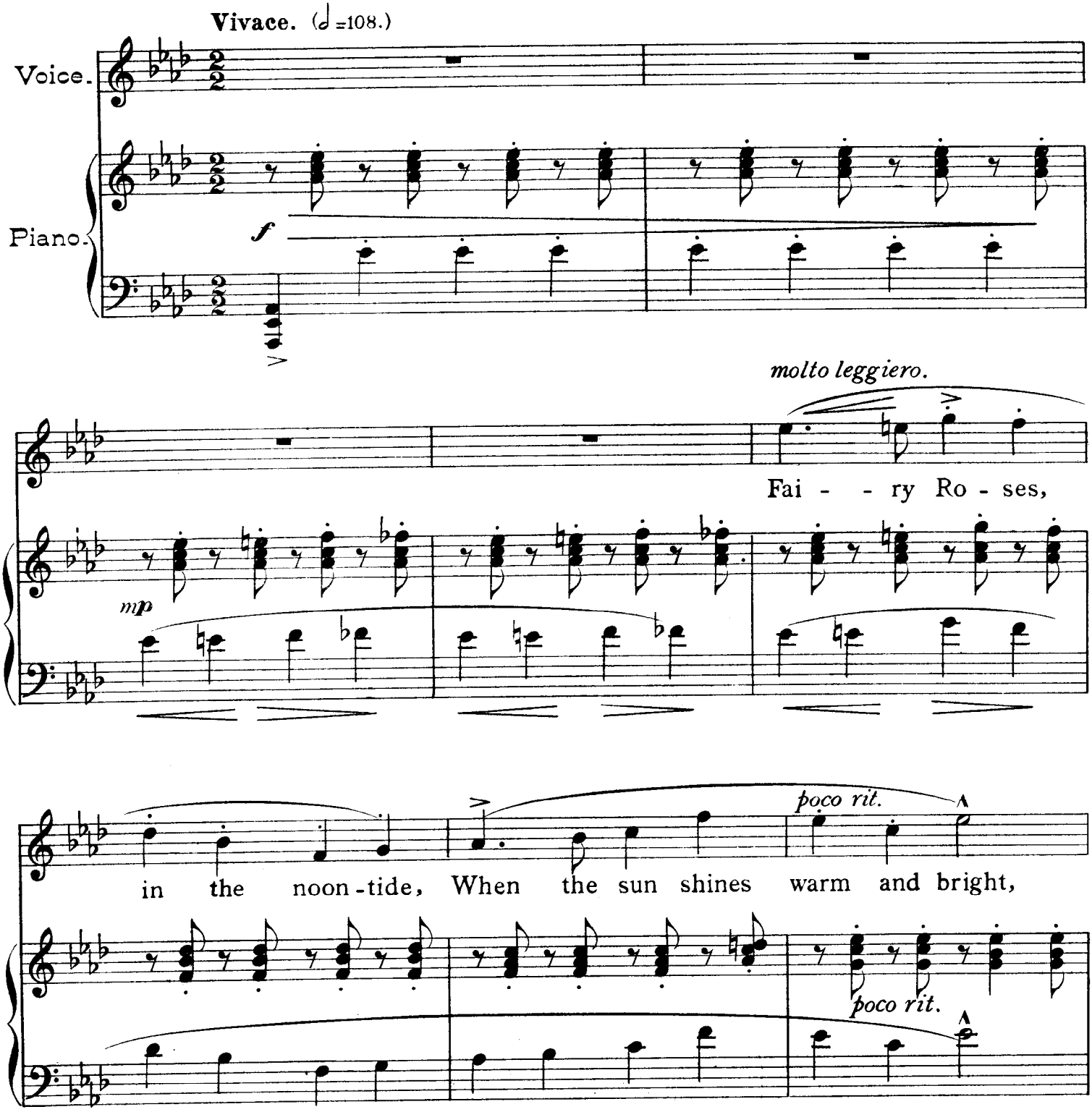

rall.
on-ward wea - ry pil - grims, And teach - ing them that
rall.
accel.
f rall.
God is Love, Teaching
accel.
f rall.
them that God is Love, that God is
pp
pp
colla voce.
Love."
pp a tempo.
morendo.

V.

Fairy Roses.

Words by
KATHLEEN EASMON.

Music by
S. COLERIDGE-TAYLOR.



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a tempo.

Nes - tle snug - ly close to - ge - ther, Shut your pret-ty

poco rit. *a tempo.*

eyes so tight, For you must be tired of dan - cing,

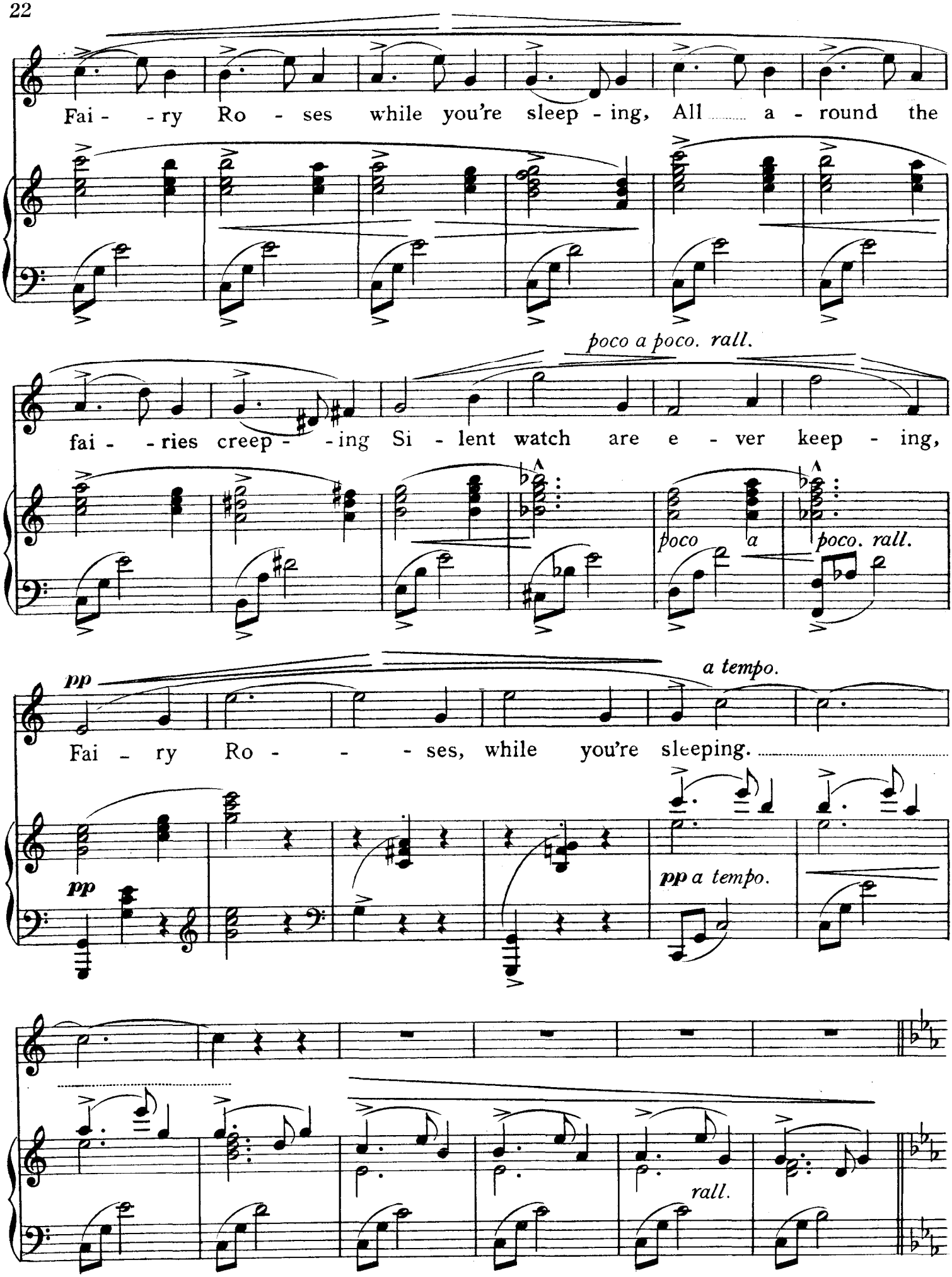
poco rit.

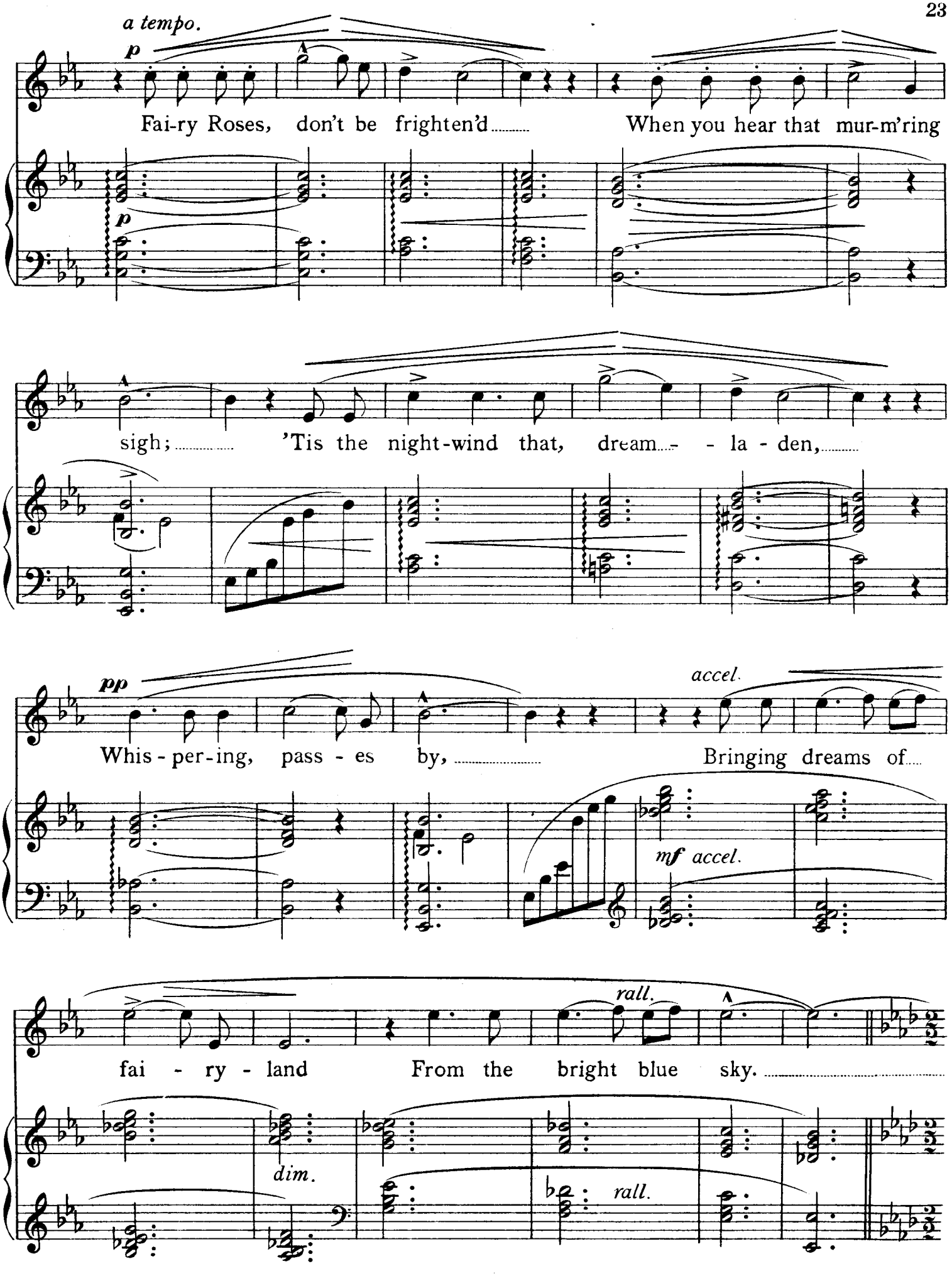
Dan - cing through the moon - - light night.

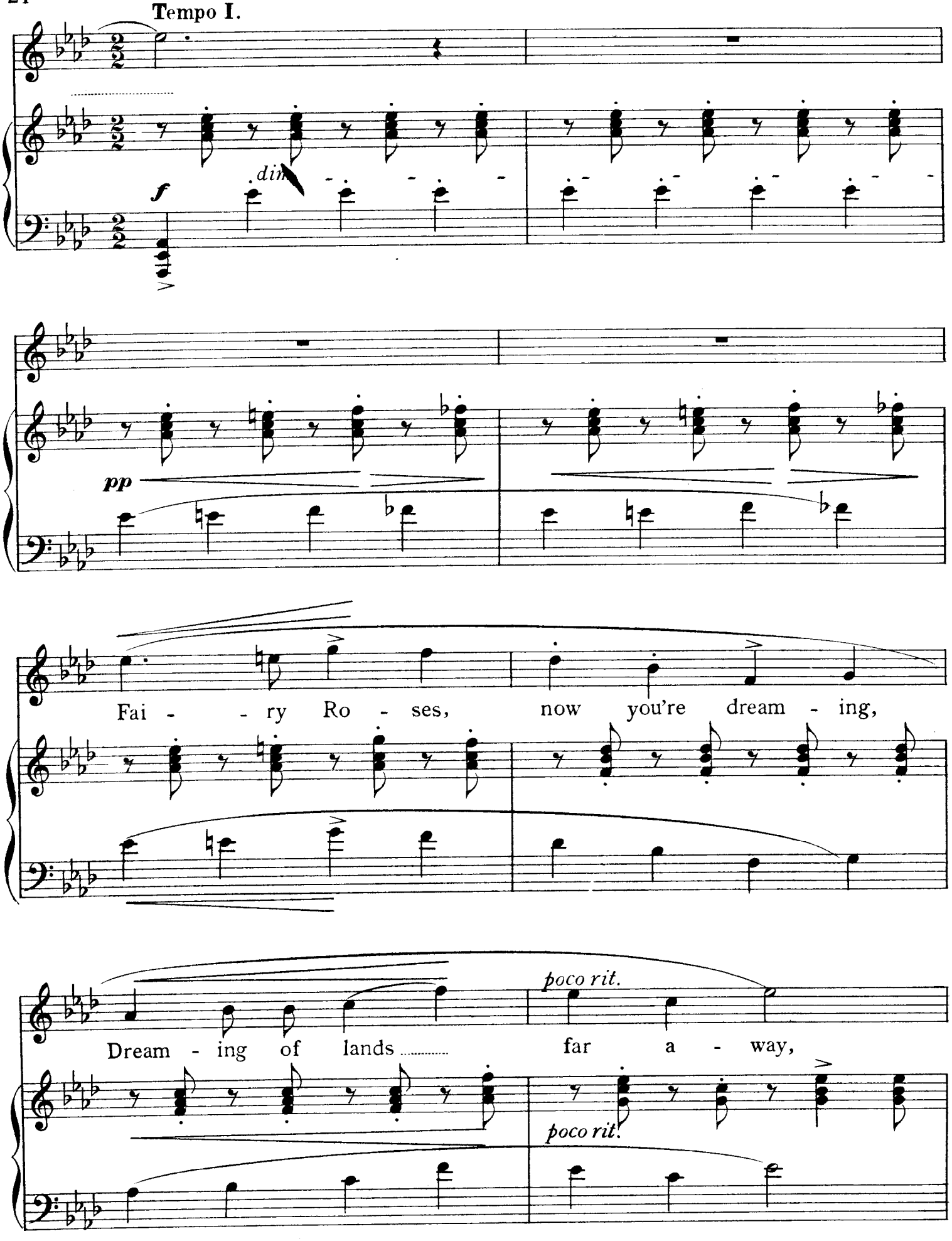
rall.

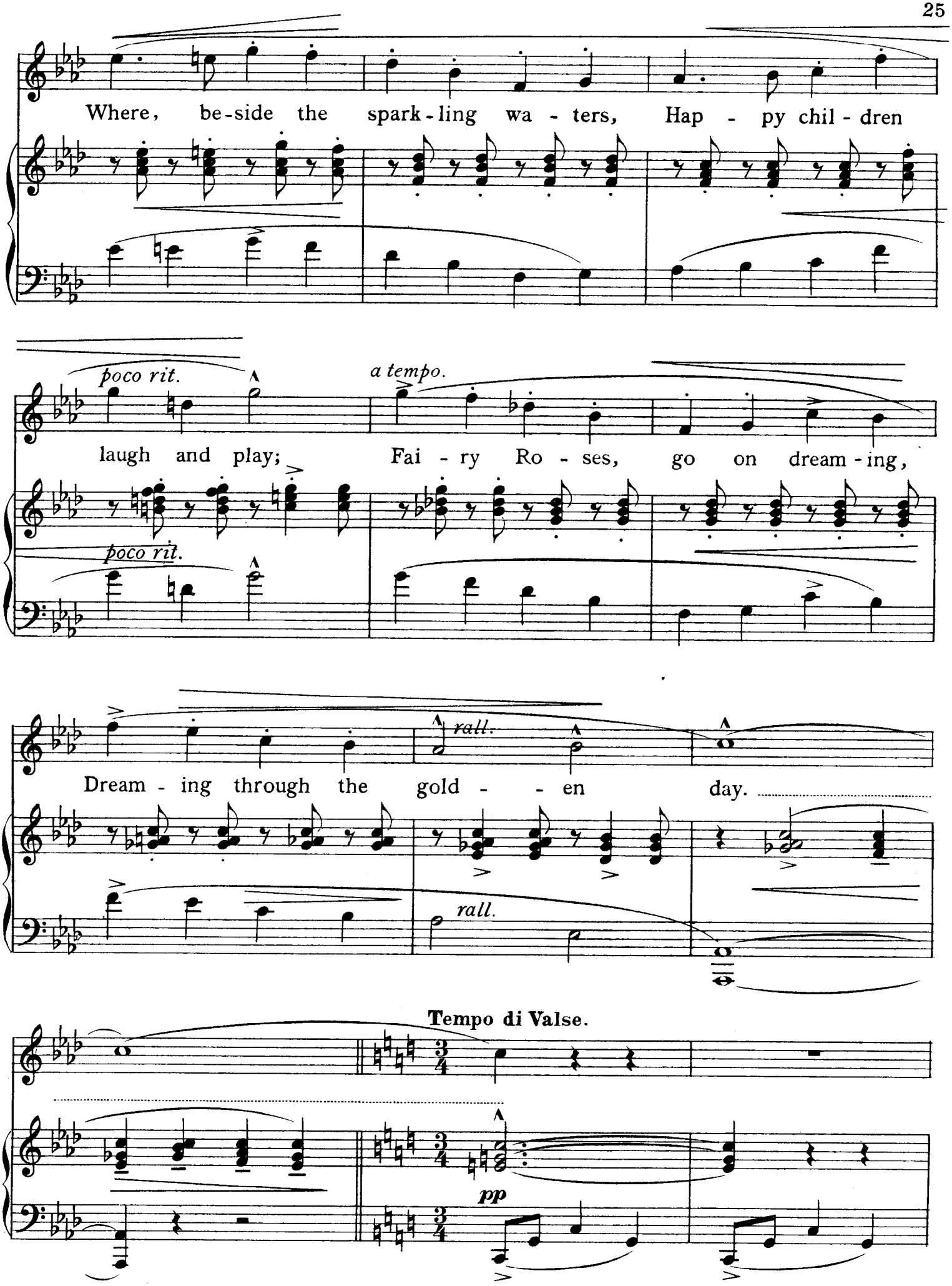
Tempo di Valse. (♩ = 152.)

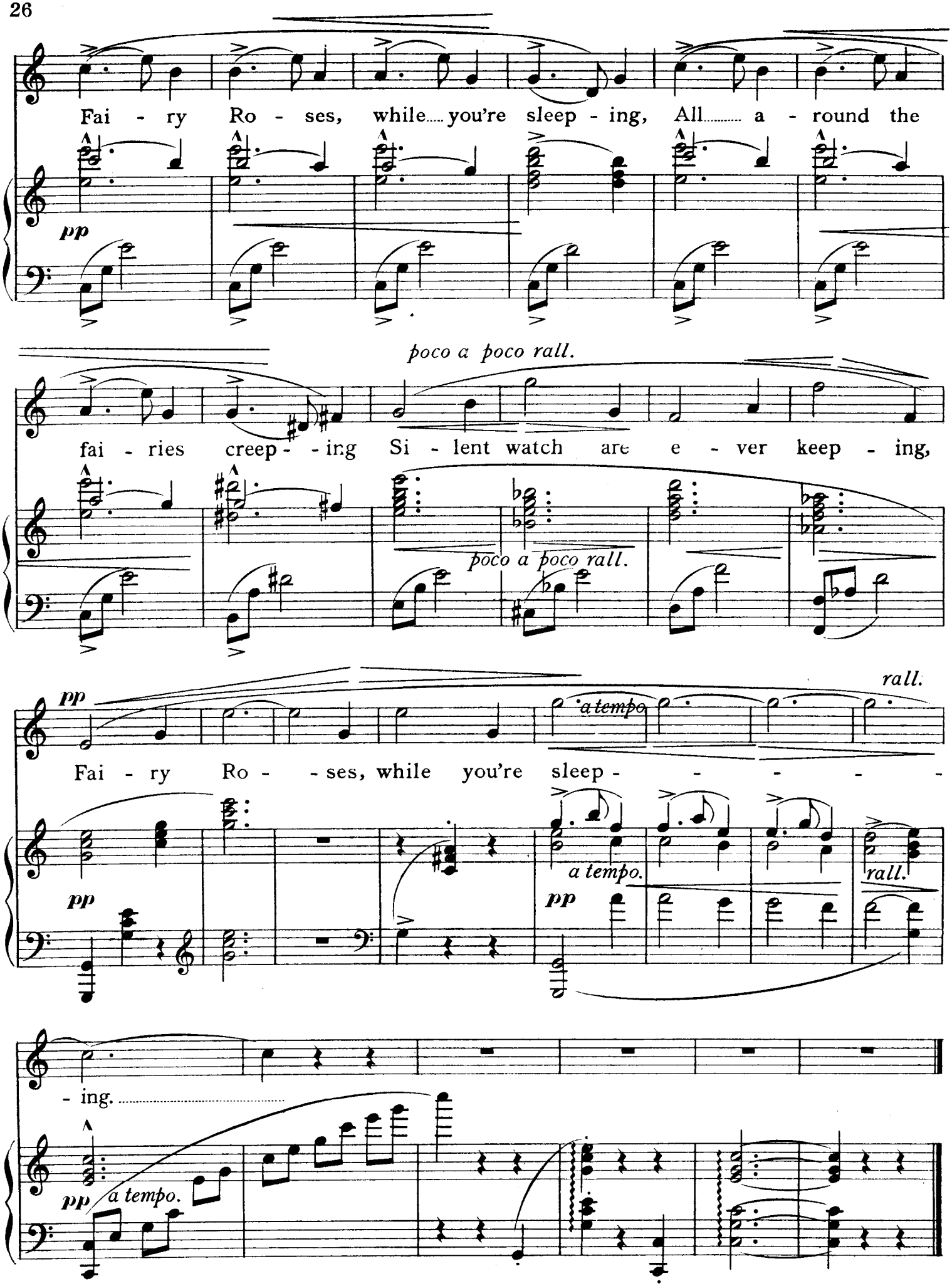
pp


Fai - - ry Ro - ses while you're sleep - ing, All a - round the
poco a poco. rall.
fai - - ries creep - - ing Si - lent watch are e - ver keep - ing,
poco a
poco. rall.
pp
a tempo.
Fai - ry Ro - - - ses, while you're sleeping.
pp
pp a tempo.
rall.


a tempo.
p
Fai-ry Roses, don't be frighten'd When you hear that mur-m'ring
p
sigh; 'Tis the night-wind that, dream - - la - den,
pp
Whis - per-ing, pass - es by, Bringing dreams of
accel.
mf accel.
fai - ry - land From the bright blue sky.
rall.
dim.
rall.


Tempo I.
dim.
f
pp
Fai - - ry Ro - ses, now you're dream - ing,
poco rit.
Dream - ing of lands ..... far a - way,
poco rit.


Where, be-side the spark-ling wa - ters, Hap - py chil - dren
poco rit.
a tempo.
laugh and play; Fai - ry Ro - ses, go on dream - ing,
poco rit.
rall.
Dream - ing through the gold - - en day.
rall.
Tempo di Valse.
pp


Fai - ry Ro - ses, while you're sleep - ing, All a - round the
pp
poco a poco rall.
fai - ries creep - - ing Si - lent watch are e - ver keep - ing,
poco a poco rall.
rall.
pp
a tempo.
Fai - ry Ro - - ses, while you're sleep - - - - - -
pp
a tempo.
pp
rall.
- ing.
pp
a tempo.