

On Children The piper's song

William Blake

Rudolf Werther

Allegretto

mf

3

3

3

sfz

5

Pi - ping down the val - ley wild, pi - ping songs of plea-sant glee, on a cloud I saw a

3

3

8

child, and he laugh-ing said to me:

sfz

3

3

f

p

12

"Pipe a song a-bout a lamb!" So I piped with mer - ry cheer.

pp

3

3

3

A child sleepeth

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

Rudolf Werther

Andante, tenderly

p

How he slee-peth! ha-ving drun ken Wea-ry child-hood's man-dra-gore,—

6

From its pret - ty eyes have sun - ken Plea - sures, to make

11

room for more... Slee-ping near the wi-thered

pp dolce

16

nose-gay, which he pulled the day be - fore.

* MS has Db

Nurse's song

William Blake

Rudolf Werther

Allegretto moderato

When the voi - ces of chil-dren are heard on the green And laugh - ing is heard on the

5

hill, My heart is at rest wi - thin my

11

breast And ev'-ry- thing else - is still.

The little boy lost

William Blake

Rudolf Werther

Andante *p*

Fa - ther, fa - ther, where are you

6 *rit.*

go - ing? O do not walk so

dim. *morendo* *pp* *p*

13 *p*

fast! *f* Speak, fa-ther, speak, to your lit-tle boy!

19

Or else I shall be lost!

f *dim.*

The little boy found

William Blake

Rudolf Werther

L'istesso tempo

The lit - tle boy lost in the lone-ly fen

8 **rit.**

led by the wand'-ring light _____ be-gan to cry. _____

15 **a tempo**

But God e-ver nigh ap-pear'd like his fa - ther in white, He kissed the

p espr., legato

Song

Alfred Noyes

Rudolf Werther

Simple

p

What is there hid in the heart of the rose, Mo - ther - mine?

p legato

pp

8

p

Ah, who knows, who knows, who knows? _____ A man that died on a lone-ly hill May

mf

p

13

tell you, per-haps, but none o- ther will, Lit - tle child, lit - tle child.

mf

p

19 **rit.** **a tempo**

What does it take to make a rose, Mo - ther - mine?

pp dolce, legato

A cradle song

William Blake

Rudolf Werther

Very slow, tenderly

Sweet dreams form a shade O'er my love-ly in-fant's head.

legato, dolce

sim.

Sweet dreams of plea-sant streams By hap-py si-lent moo-ny_ beams.

Sweet_ sleep with soft_ down weave thy brows an in-fant crown.

Sweet sleep, An-gel mild,_ Ho-ver_ o'er my_ hap-py_ child.

rit.

A dream

William Blake

Rudolf Werther

Slow and delicate

pp

Once a dream did weave a shade O'er my an - gel-guar-ded bed,

7

That an en-met lost its way Where on grass me-thought I lay.

12

Trou-bled, wil-dered, and for-lorn, Dark, be-nigh-ted, tra-vel-worn,

17

O-ver ma-ny tan - gle spray, All heart broke, I heard her say:

* MS unclear - Editor added *bb* in the RH