

**NATURAL MUSIC  
COURSE. MELODIC  
THIRD READER**

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Natural Music Course. Melodic Third Reader by Frederic H. Ripley & Thomas Tapper

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**FREDERIC H. RIPLEY & THOMAS TAPPER**

**NATURAL MUSIC  
COURSE. MELODIC  
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*Natural Music Course*

MELODIC  
THIRD READER

BY

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MELODIC THIRD READER

W. P. ♪

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## FREEDOM.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE,  
Translated by ELIZABETH M. TRAUQUAIR.  
*Merrily and with full tone.*

CARL REINECKE.

*softly.*

1. A boy once caught a tom - tit gay, hm, hm, so, so. And  
 2. He laughed a - loud in sil - ly glee, hm, hm, so, so. Put  
 3. The bird flew high and sang for joy, hm, hm, so, so, And

*as at first.*                      *softly.*                      *slower.*

in a cage he put his prey, hm, hm, so, so, hm, hm, so, so.  
 in his hand right clum - si - ly, hm, hm, so, so, hm, hm, so, so.  
 laughed to scorn the stu - pid boy, hm, hm, so, so, hm, hm, so, so.

Mel. Third Ed.

(8)

## SUNBEAMS.

MILDRED TRAVERS ANDERSON.

DANIEL PROTHEROE.

*mf*

1. Evr - y pret - ty morn - ing,  
 2. They are bits of sun - shine,  
 3. 'Tis be-cause the sun - beams

*Moderato allegretto.*

When the sun is high, Ti - ny lit - tle sun-beams Come from out the  
 And they dance all day, But you ne'er can catch them, For they flit a -  
 At the close of day Go to make the sun - sets, And then fade a -

sky, Ti - ny lit - tle sun-beams Come from out the sky.  
 way, But you ne'er can catch them, For they flit a - way.  
 way, Go to make the sun - sets, And then fade a - way.

*p*

Mel. Third Ed.



## THE PRIMROSE.

AGNES GODFREY GAY.

CÉSAR MALAN.

1. From hill - side, field and hol - low The win - ter snows have fled,  
2. Oh, pret - ty yel - low prim - rose, First her - ald of the spring,

The sil - ver brook runs bab - bling, Blue skies are o - ver - head;  
You tell us, bright-eyed flow'r - et, The cold has tak - en wing;

The south wind calls the rob - in, The lark sings from the sky,  
And from your gold - en gob - let Up - turned to catch the sun,

And where the sun lies warm - est There blooms the prim - rose sky.  
With sound of bus - y dron - ing, The bees sip, one by one.

Mel. Third Ed.

## THE WONDERFUL WEAVER.

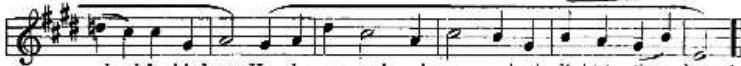
W. C. LEVEY.

*With animation.*

1. There's a won - der - ful weav - er high up in the air, And he weaves a white
2. Oh! with fin - est of la - ces he decks bush and tree: On the bare, flint - y
3. But this won - der - ful weav - er grows wea - ry at last; And the shut - tle lies



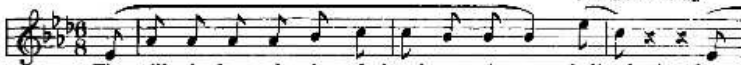
man - tle for cold earth to wear. With the wind for his shut - tle, the  
mead - ows a cov - er lays he. Then a quaint cap he pla - ces on  
i - dle that once flew so fast, Then the sun peeps a - broad on the



cloud for his loom, How he weaves, how he weaves, in the light, in the gloom! I  
pil - lar and post, And he chan - ges the pump to a grim, si - lent ghost! I  
work that is done; And he smiles, "I'll un - rav - el it all, just for fun!"

## THE MILL WHEEL.

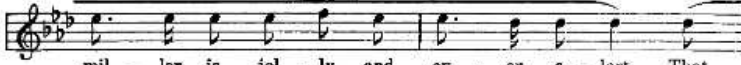
German Folksong.



1. The mill wheels are clapping; the brook turns them round, clip, clap! By
2. How bus - y the wheels are in turn - ing the stone, clap, clap! And



day and by night is the grain be - ing ground, clip, clap! The  
grind - ing so fine - ly the grain we have grown, clip, clap! The



mil - ler is jol - ly and ev - er a - lert, That  
bak - er the flour for the bak - ing will use, And



we may have bread and be glad like a bird, clip, clap, clip, clap, clip, clap!  
make us a roll or a cake if we choose, clip, clap, clip, clap, clip, clap!

Mel. Third Ed.

## QUEEN MAB.

THOMAS HOOD.

1. A lit-tle fair-y comes at night, Her eyes are blue, her hair is brown, With  
 2. But when a bad child goes to bed, From left to right she weaves her rings, And  
 sil-ver spots up-on her wings, And from the moon she flut-ters down. She  
 then it dreams all thro' the night Of on-ly ug-ly, hor-rid things! This  
 has a lit-tle sil-ver wand, And when a good child goes to bed She  
 child will then a-wake and weep, And wish the long, black gloom away: But  
 waves her wand from right to left, And makes a cir-cle round its head. .  
 good ones love the dark, and find The night as pleas-ant as the day. .

## WHISTLE THEM AWAY.

MARY A. DENNISON.

J. BARRETT.

1. Have you a - ny pet - ty cares, boys? Whis-tle them a-way, There's  
 2. 'Tis strange how soon friends gath - er A - bout a cheer-ful face; That  
 3. Then as you climb life's hill, boys, Put mu - sic in your toil; Turn  
 not - ing cheers the spir - its Like a mer - ry round - e - lay. No  
 smil - ing eyes and lips count more Than beau-ty, wealth, or grace; But  
 to your trai - tor tri - als, boys, A whis - tle for a foil; Be  
 mat - ter for the heart-aches, Neath silk or hod-den gray, For the  
 I have seen it tried, boys, When trou - ble comes to stay, The  
 stead - fast in the right, boys, What-e'er the world may say, Temp -  
 sake of those who love . you, Just whis - tle them a - way.  
 brave heart leaps to work, and strives To whis - tle it a - way.  
 ta - tions nev - er con - quer those Who whis - tle them a - way.

Met. Third Ed.