John Frandsen

SEVEN SILLY SONGS

(anonymous English and American verses)

for mezzo soprano and guitar

1) Drinking Song
2) Gypsies in the Wood
3) The Turtle-Dove
4) Wishful Thinking
5) My Apple Tree
6) All the Pretty Little Horses
7) Promenade

Feb. 1987

duration: 12 min.

commissioned by Nordisk Konservatorieråd

COME, landlord, fill the flowing bowl
Until it doth run over;
For to-night we'll merry merry be,
To-morrow we'll be sober.

The man who drinketh small beer
And goes to bed quite sober,
Fades as the leaves do fade
That drop off in October.

But he who drinks just what he likes
And getteth half-seas over,
Will live until he dies perhaps,
And then lie down in clover.

The man who kisses a pretty girl
And goes and tells his mother,
Ought to have his lips cut off,
And never kiss another.

MY mother said that I never should
Play with the gypsies in the wood,
The wood was dark; the grass was green;
In came Sally with a tambourine,
I went to the sea—no ship to get across;
I paid ten shillings for a blind white horse;
I up on his back and was off in a crack,
Sally, tell my Mother I shall never come back.

'OH! don't you see the turtle-dove
Sitting under yonder tree
Lamenting for her own true love?
And I will mourn for thee, my dear,
And I will mourn for thee.'

'If you must suffer grief and pain,
'Tis but for a little while;
For, though I go away, I'll return again,
If I row ten thousand mile, my dear,
If I row ten thousand mile!'

'Ten thousand mile is very far
For me to bide alone
With a heavy, heavy sigh, and a bitter, bitter cry;
No one to hear my moan, my dear,
No one to hear my moan.'

'I may not stay your grievous moan,
Your pain I may not ease;
Yet I will love but thee alone;
Till the streams run from the seas, my dear,
Till the streams run from the seas!'

'The tides shall cease to beat the shore,
The stars fall from the sky;
Yet I will love thee more and more
Until the day I die, my dear,
Until the day I die.'

'Then let the seas run dry, sweetheart,
The rocks melt in the sun,
Yet here I will stay, nor ever from thee part,
Till all my days are done, my dear,
Till all my days are done!'

I WISH I were a
Elephantiaphus
And could pick off the coconuts with my nose
But, oh! I am not,
(Alas! I cannot be)
An Elephanti-
Elephantiaphus.
But I'm a cockroach
And I'm a water-bug,
I can crawl around and hide behind the sink.

I wish I were a
Rhinoscerèeacus
And could wear an ivory toothpick in my nose.
But, oh! I am not,
(Alas! I cannot be)
A Rhinoscōri-
Rhinoscerèeacus.
But I'm a beetle
And I'm a pumpkin-bug,
I can buzz and bang my head against the wall.

I wish I were a
Hippopōpotamus
And could swim the Tigris and the broad Gangès.
But, oh! I am not,
(Alas! I cannot be)
A hippopōpo-
Hippopōpotamus.
But I'm a grasshopper
And I'm a katydid,
I can play the fiddle with my left hind-leg.

I wish I were a
Levilevïathan
And had seven hundred knuckles in my spine.
But, oh! I am not,
(Alas! I cannot be)
A Levi-ikey-
A Levi-ikey-mo.
But I'm a firefly
And I'm a lightning-bug,
I can light cheroots and gaspers with my tail.

IF you don't like my apples,
Then don't shake my tree;
I'm not after your boy friend,
He 's after me.

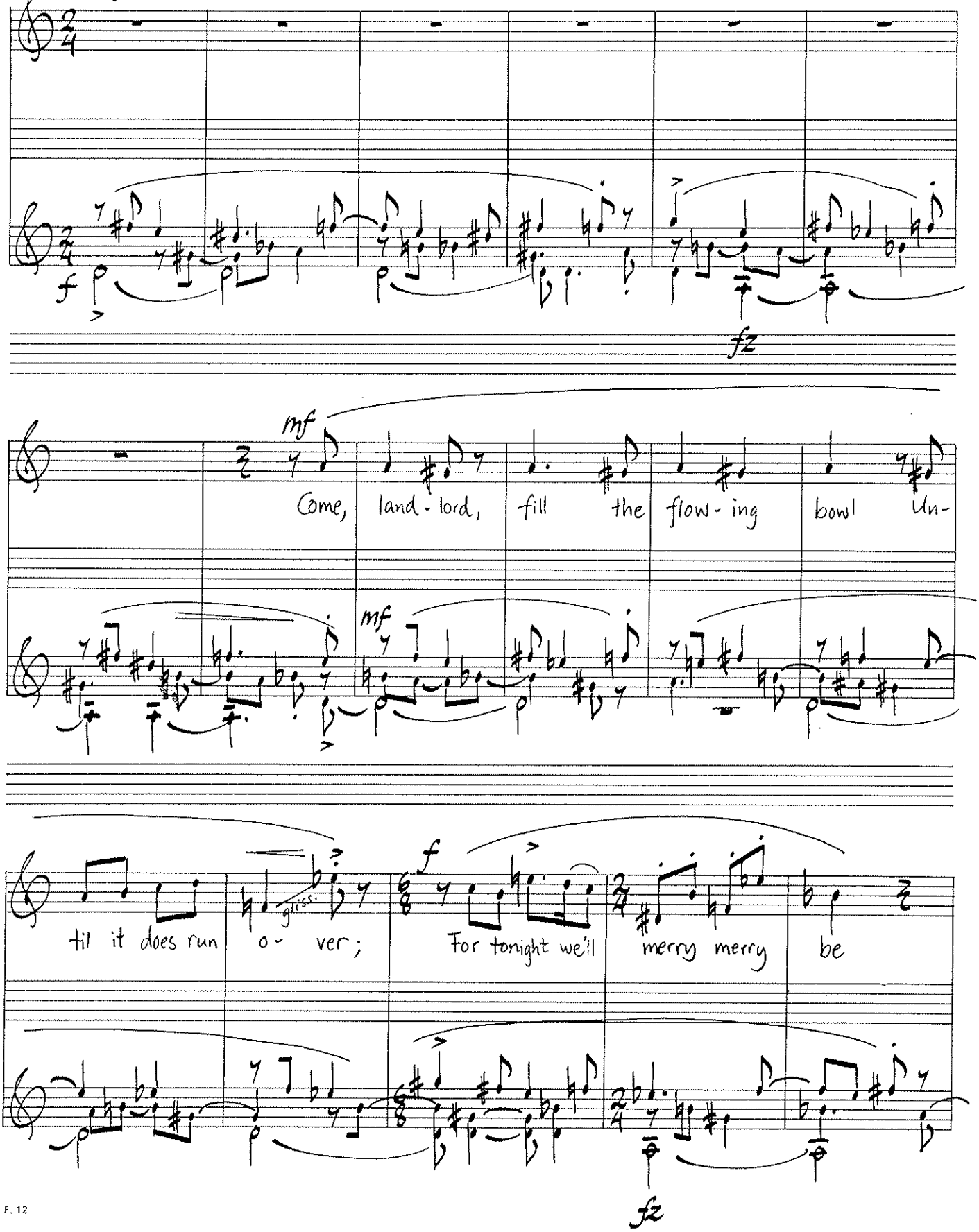
HUSHABY,
Don't you cry,
Go to sleepy, little baby,
When you wake,
You shall have,
All the pretty little horses—
Blacks and bays,
Dapples and grays,
Coach and six-a little horses.
Hushaby,
Don't you cry,
Go to sleepy, little baby.

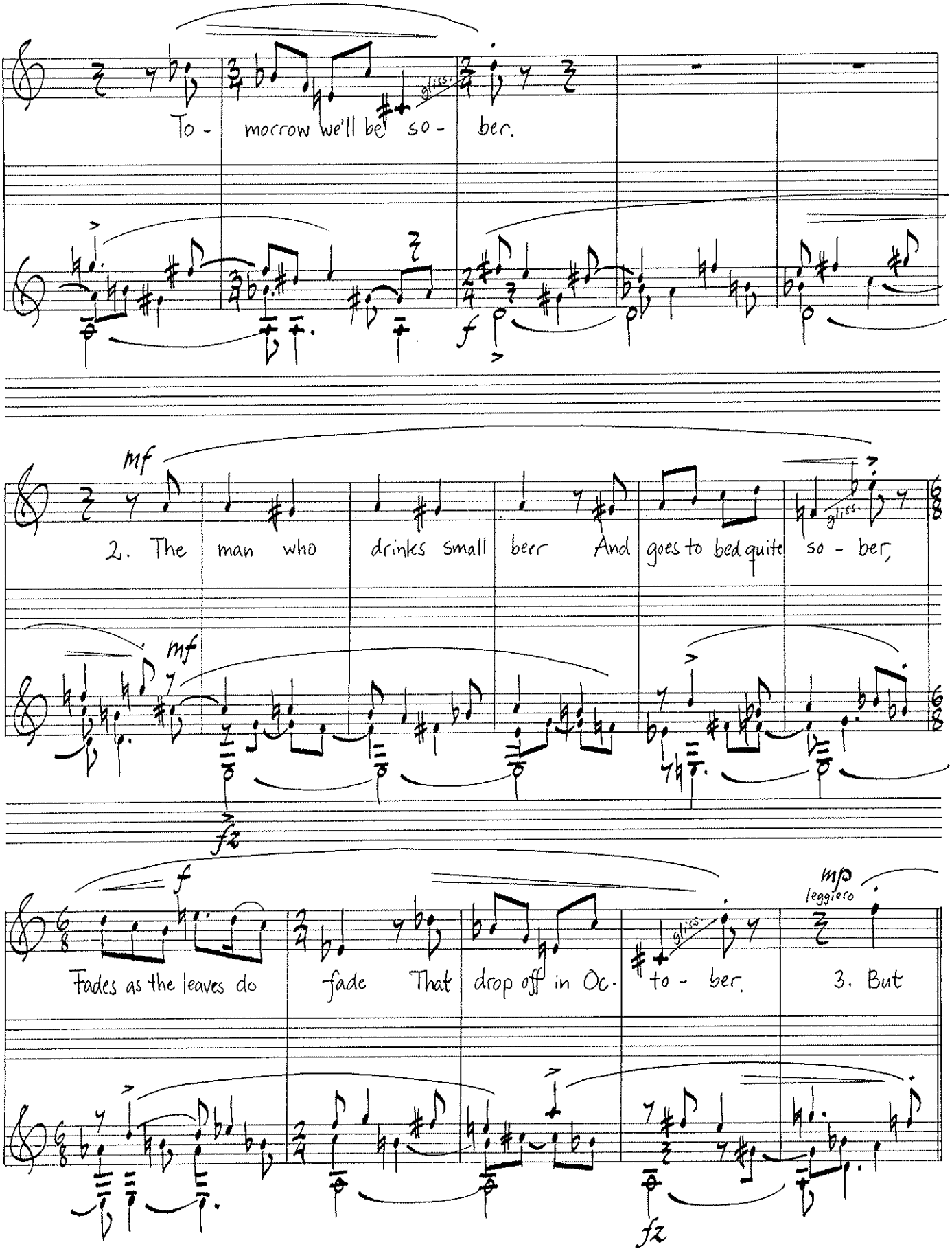
Hushaby,
Don't you cry,
Go to sleepy, little baby,
Way down yonder
In de medder
There's a po' lil lambie,
De bees an' de butterflies
Peckin' out its eyes,
De po' lil thing cried, 'Mammy!'
Hushaby,
Don't you cry,
Go to sleepy, little baby.

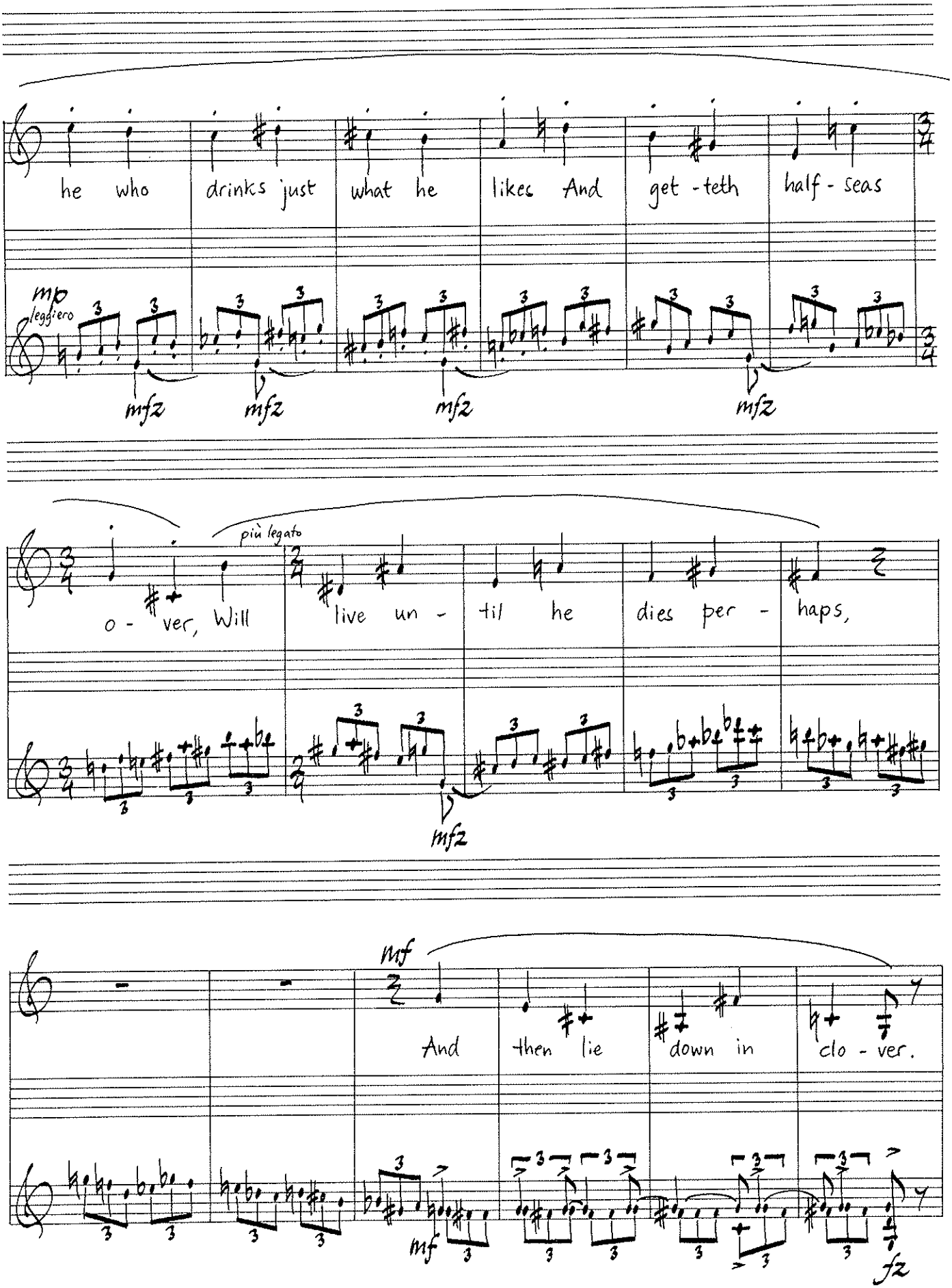
Three young rats with black felt hats,
Three young ducks with white straw flats,
Three young dogs with curling tails,
Three young cats with demi-veils,
Went out to walk with two young pigs
In satin vests and sorrel wigs;
But suddenly it chanced to rain,
And so they all went home again.

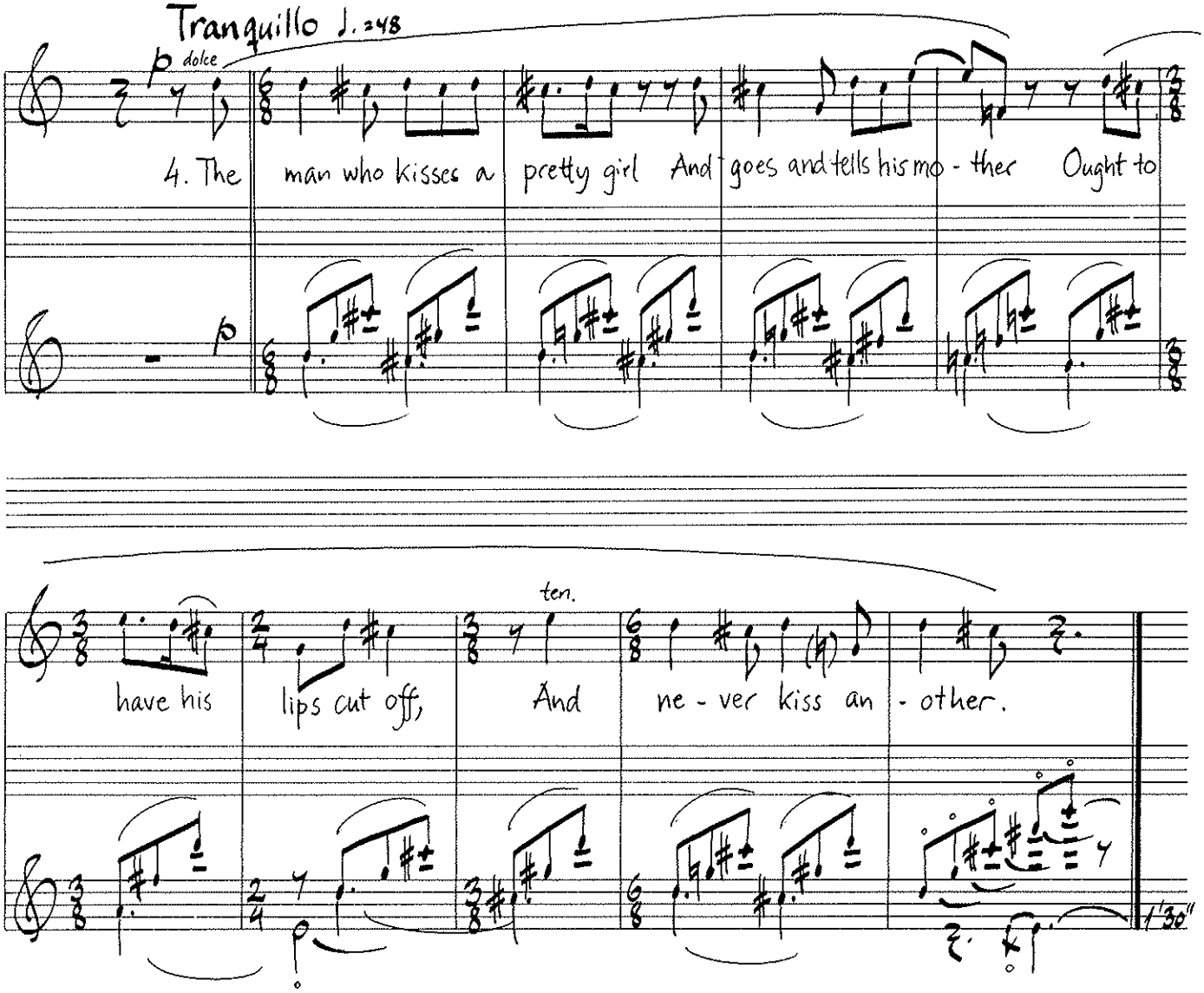
DRINKING SONG

Allegro fluente ♩ = 96

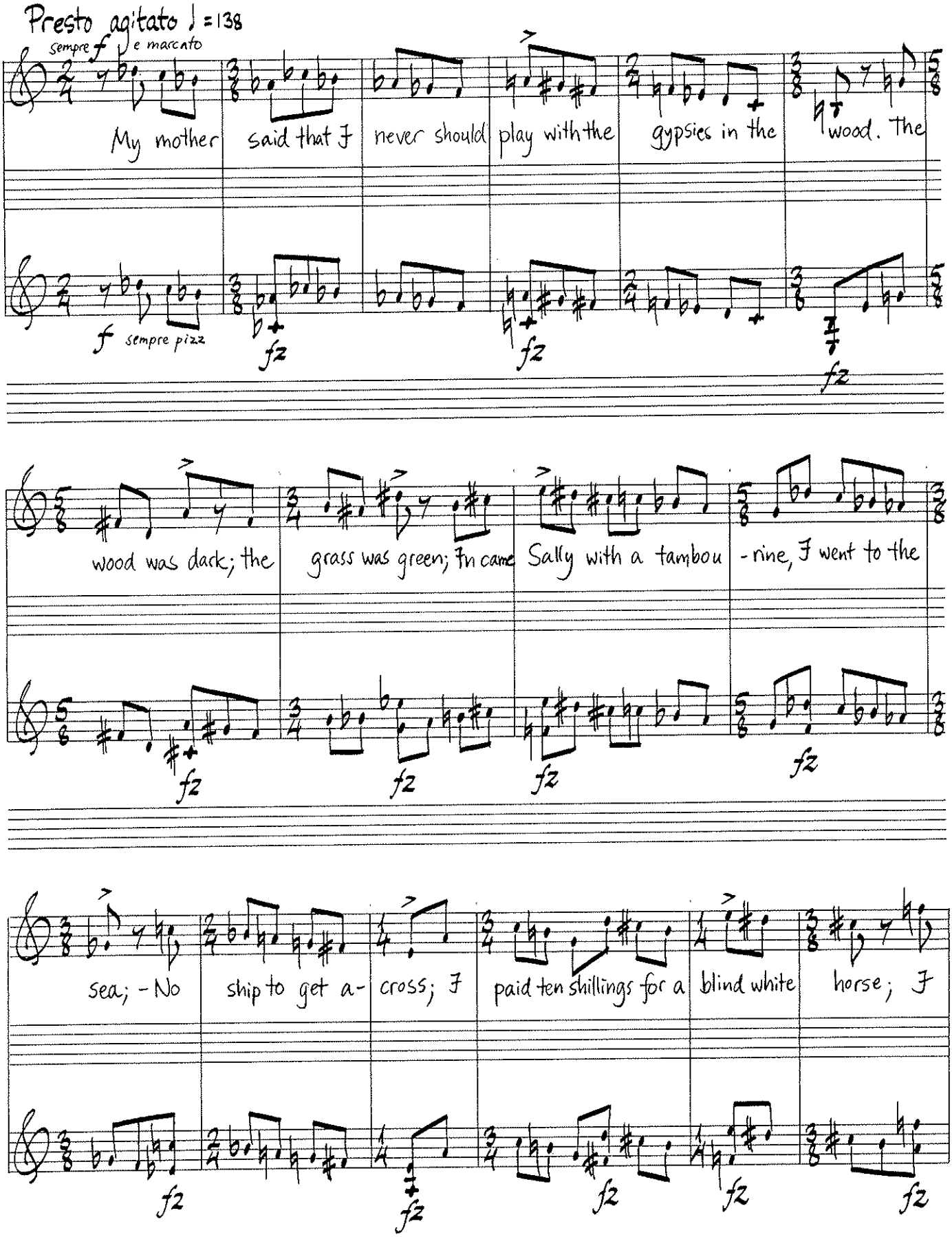


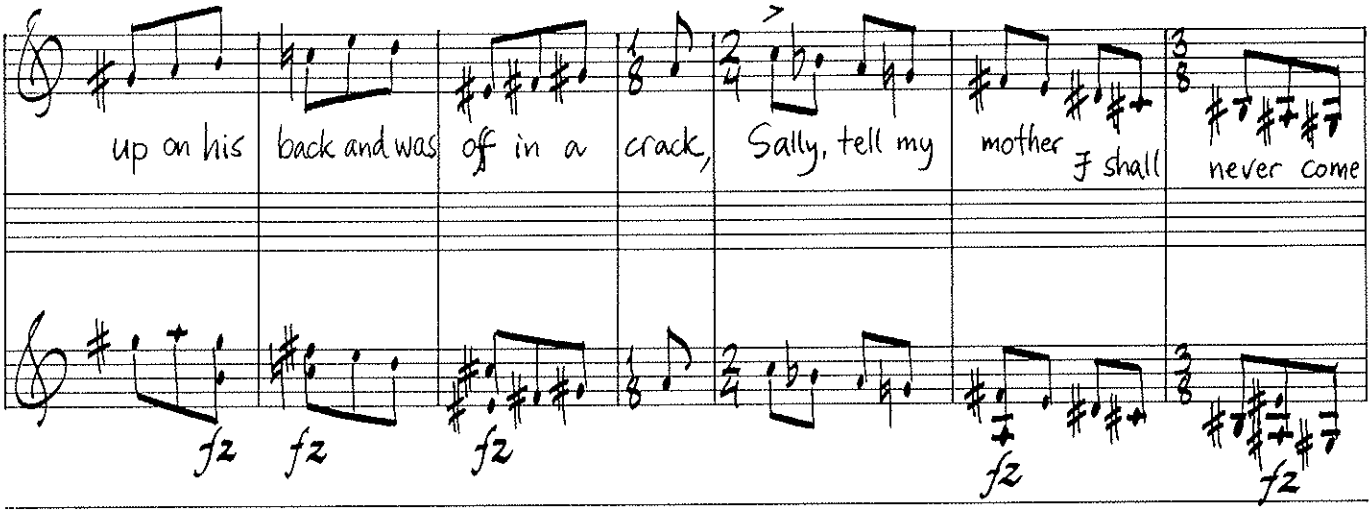

To - morrow we'll be so - ber.
gliss.
f
mf
2. The man who drinks small beer And goes to bed quite so - ber,
mf
fz
f
Fades as the leaves do fade That drop off in Oc-
gliss.
to - ber.
mp
leggiero
3. But
fz

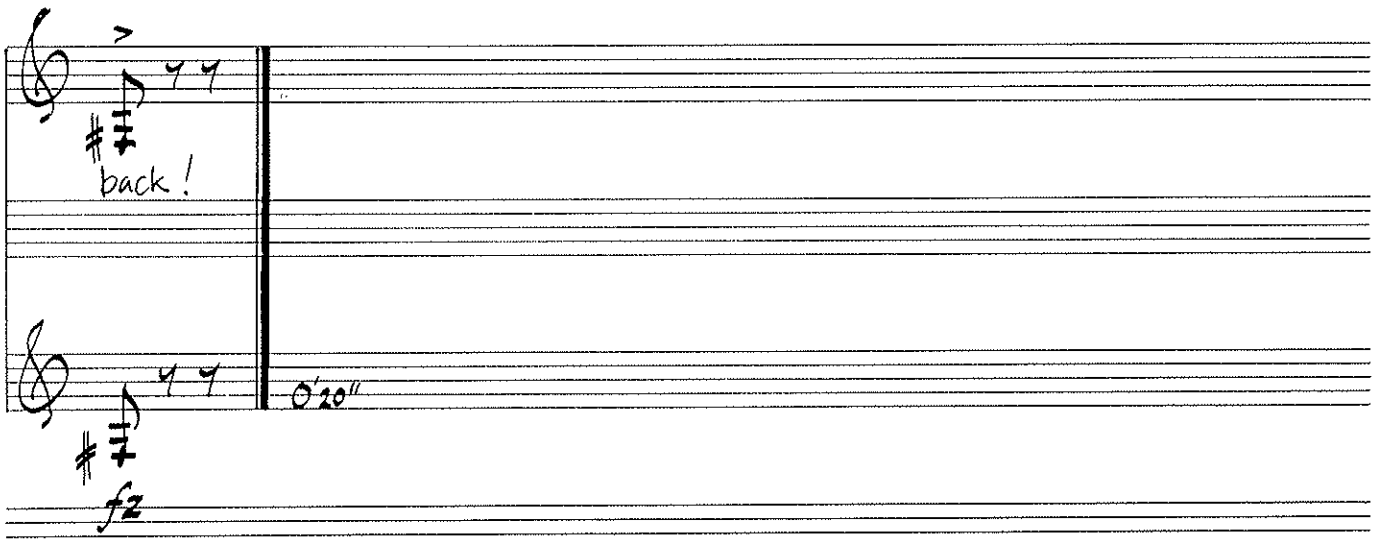

he who drinks just what he likes And get - teth half - seas
mp leggiero
mfz
mfz
mfz
mfz
più legato
o - ver, Will live un - til he dies per - haps,
mfz
mf
And then lie down in clo - ver.
mf
fz


Tranquillo ♩.=48
p dolce
4. The man who kisses a pretty girl And goes and tells his mo - ther Ought to
p
ten.
have his lips cut off, And ne - ver kiss an - other.
1'30"

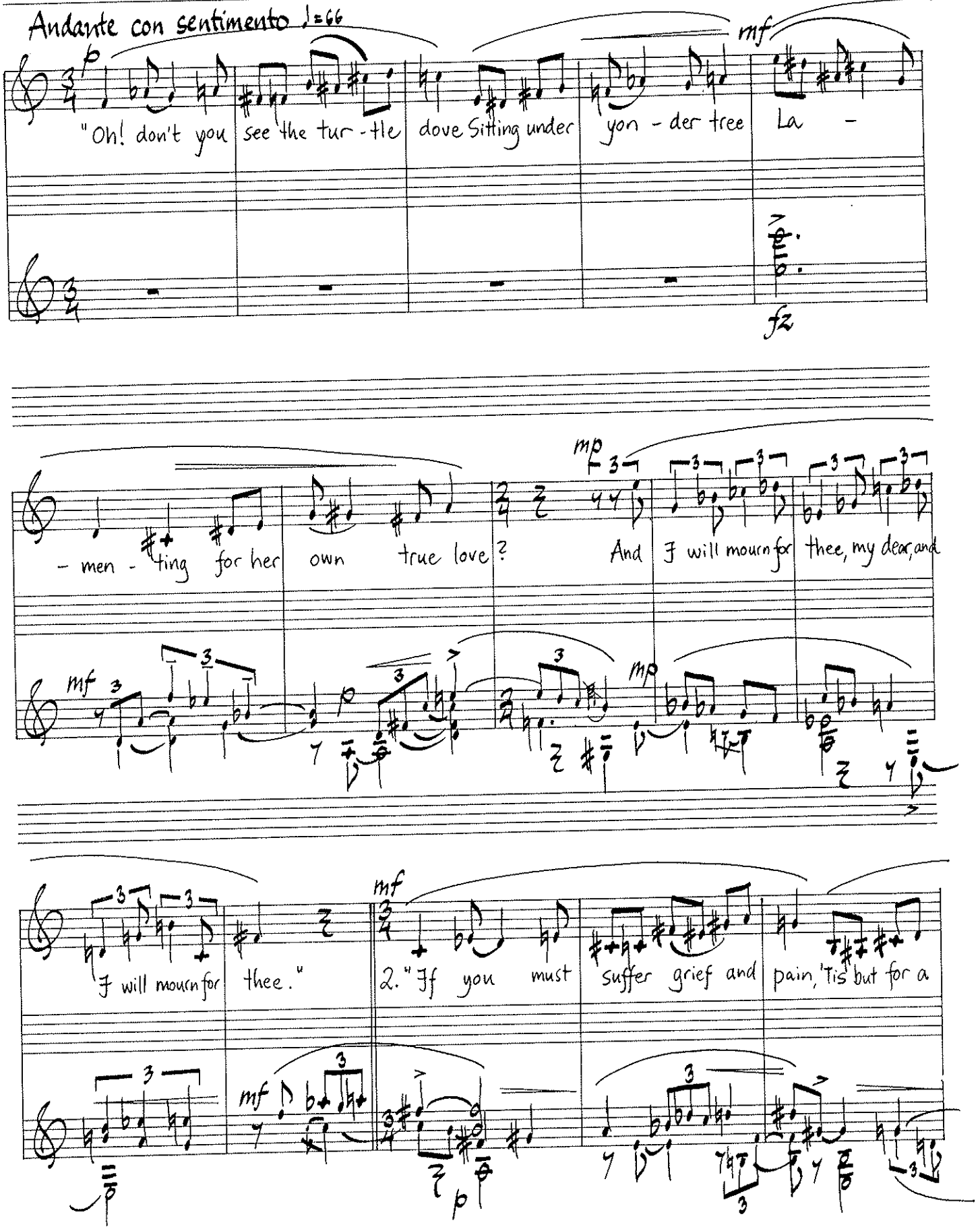
GYPSIES IN THE WOOD

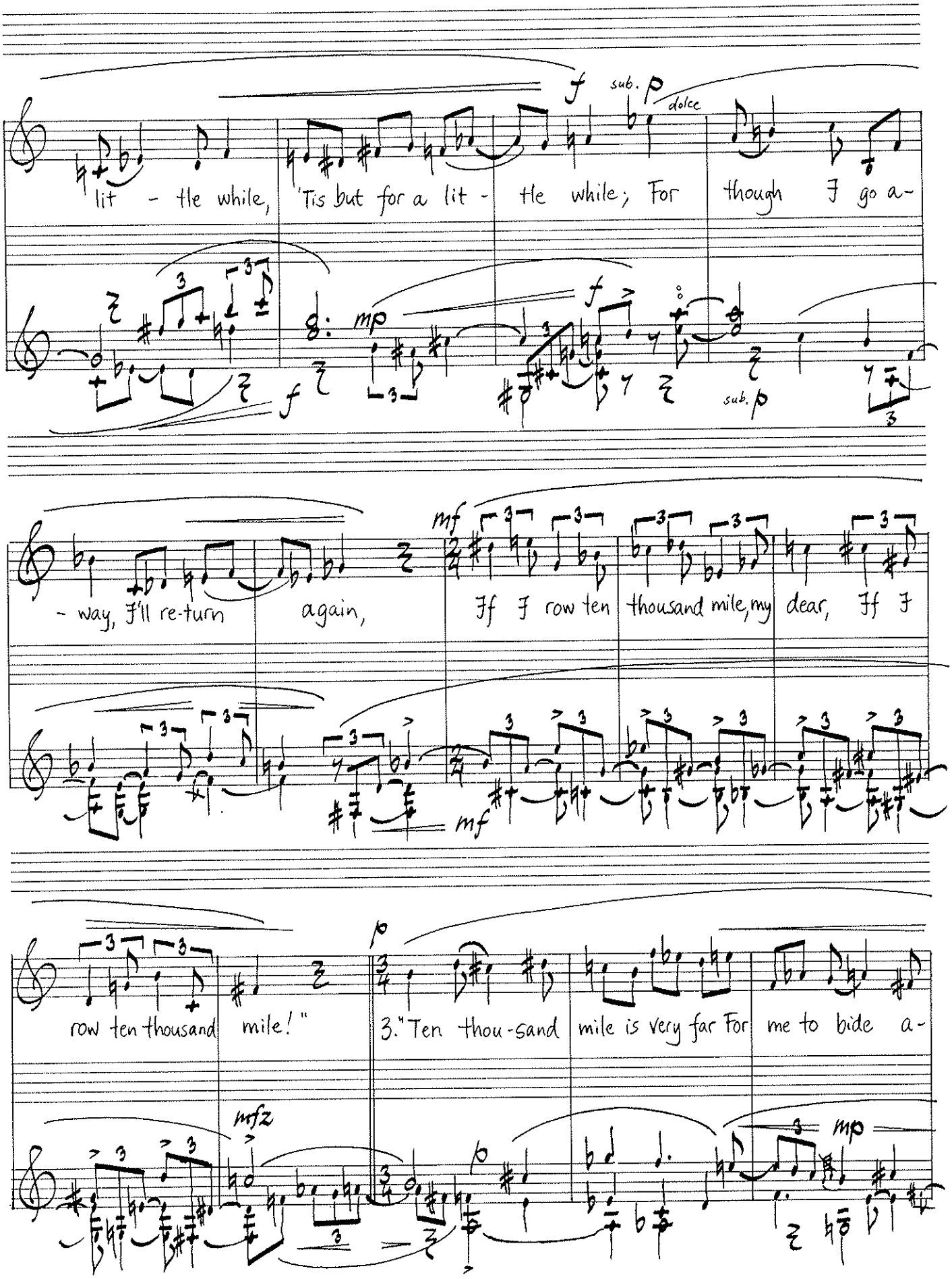


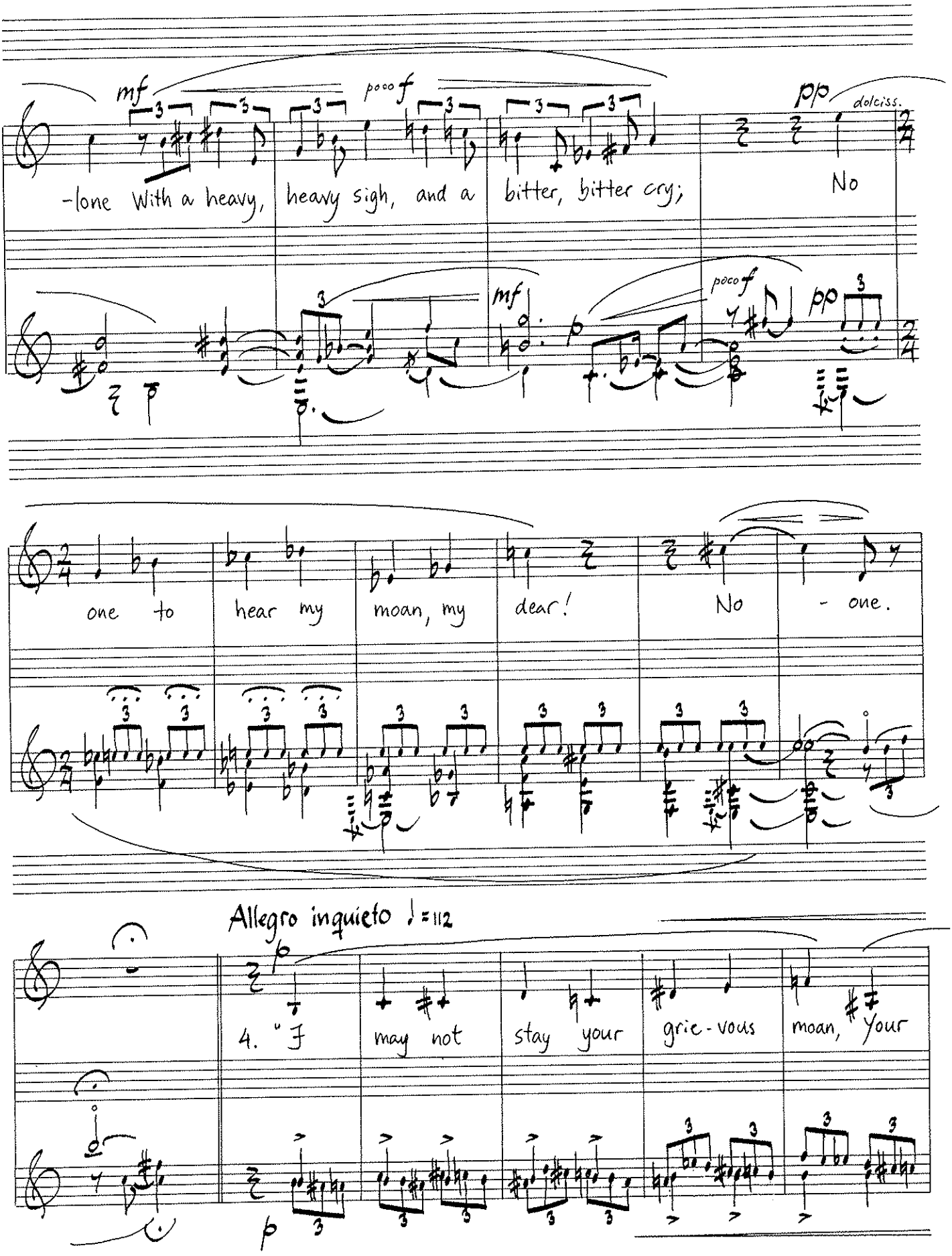

up on his
back and was
off in a
crack,
Sally, tell my
mother
I shall
never come
fz
fz
fz
fz
fz

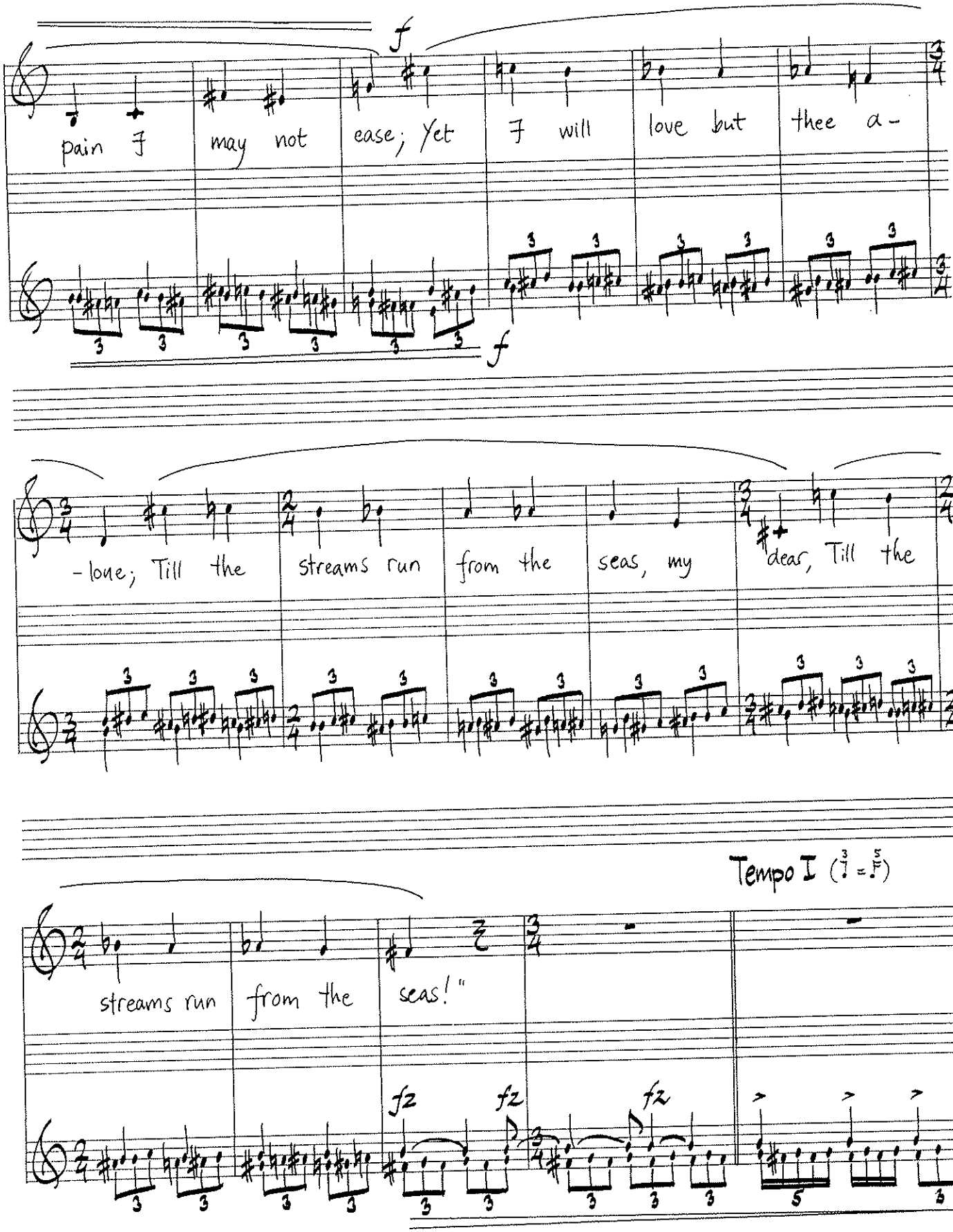

back!
0'20"
fz

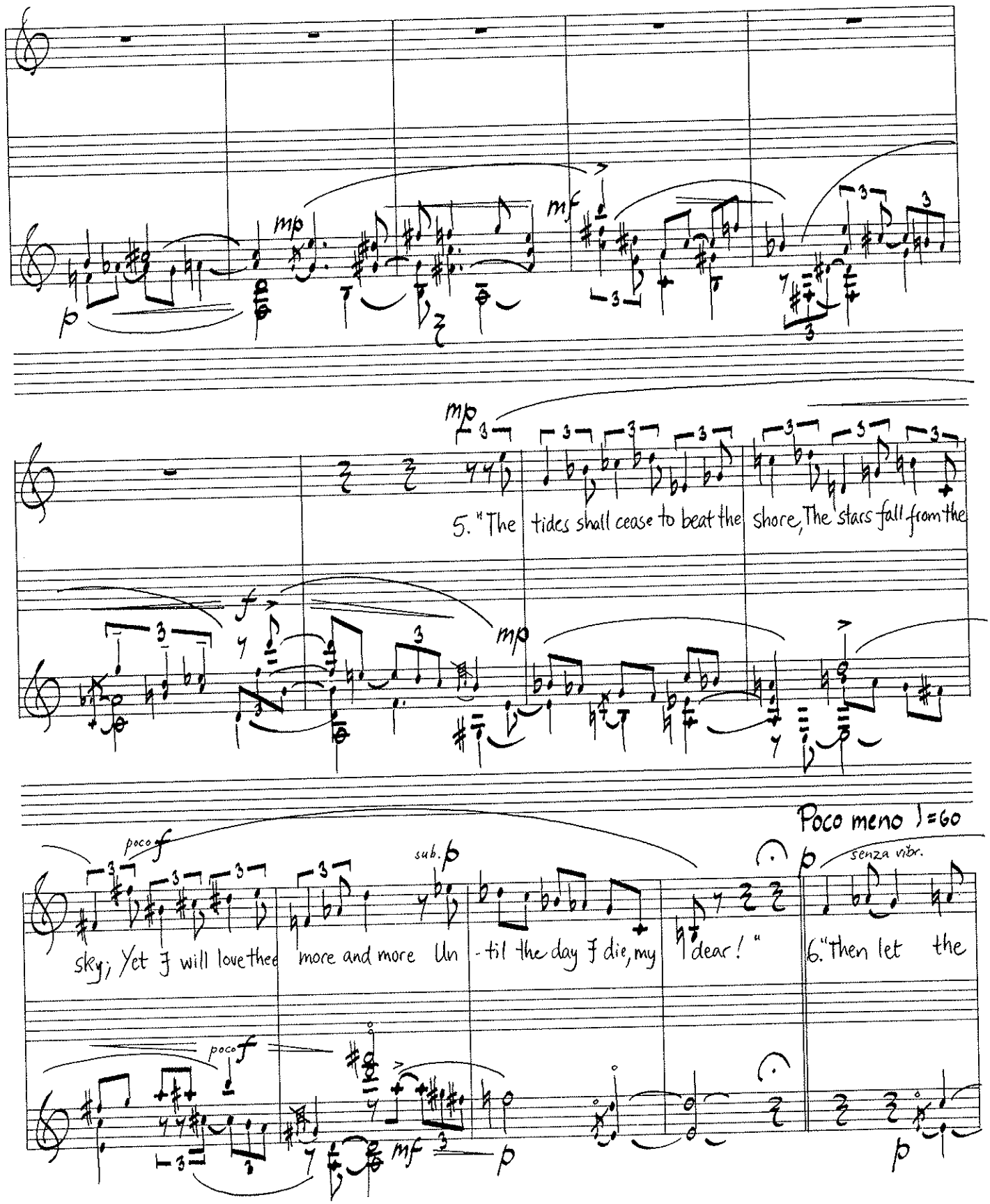
THE TURTLE-DOVE

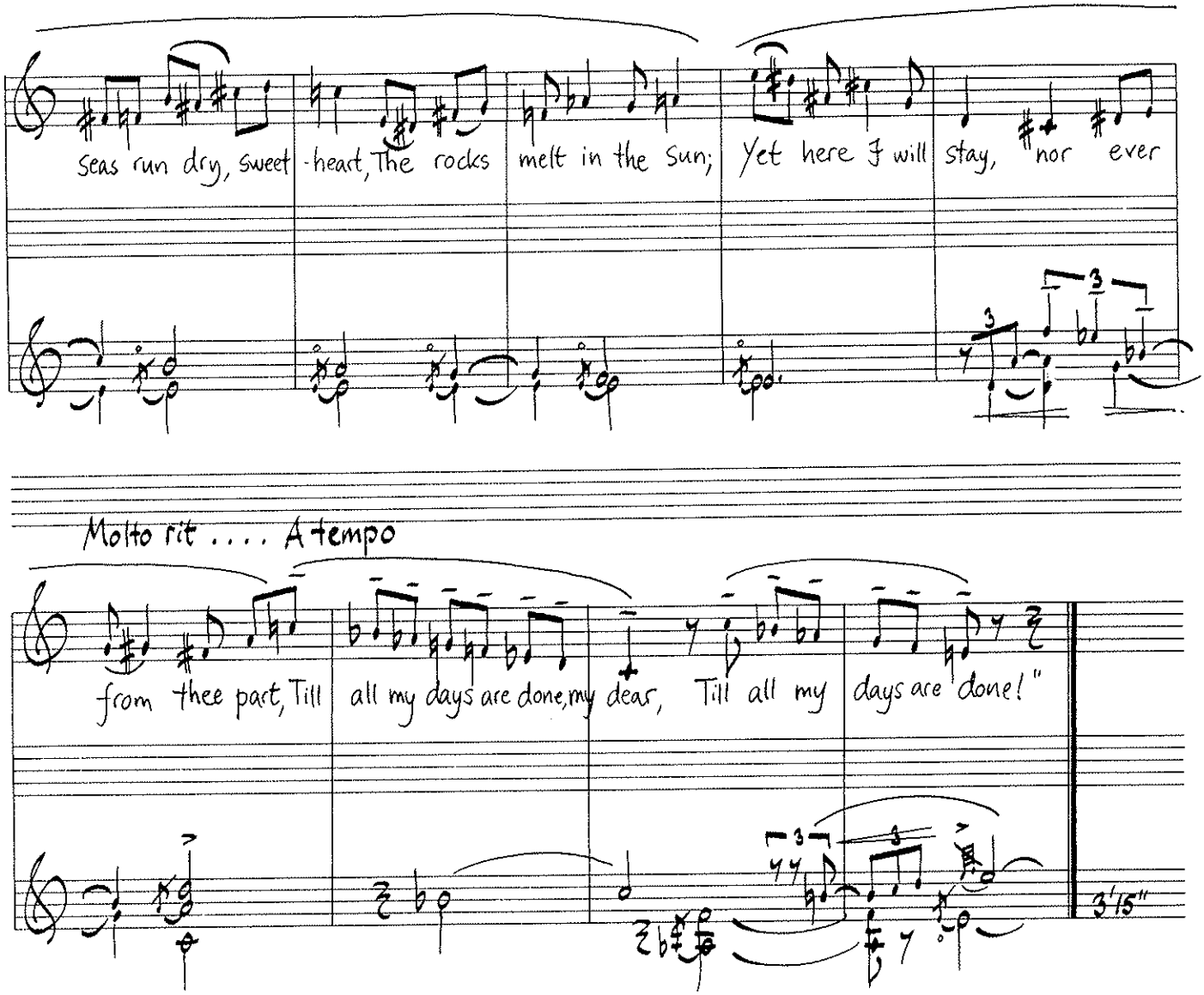


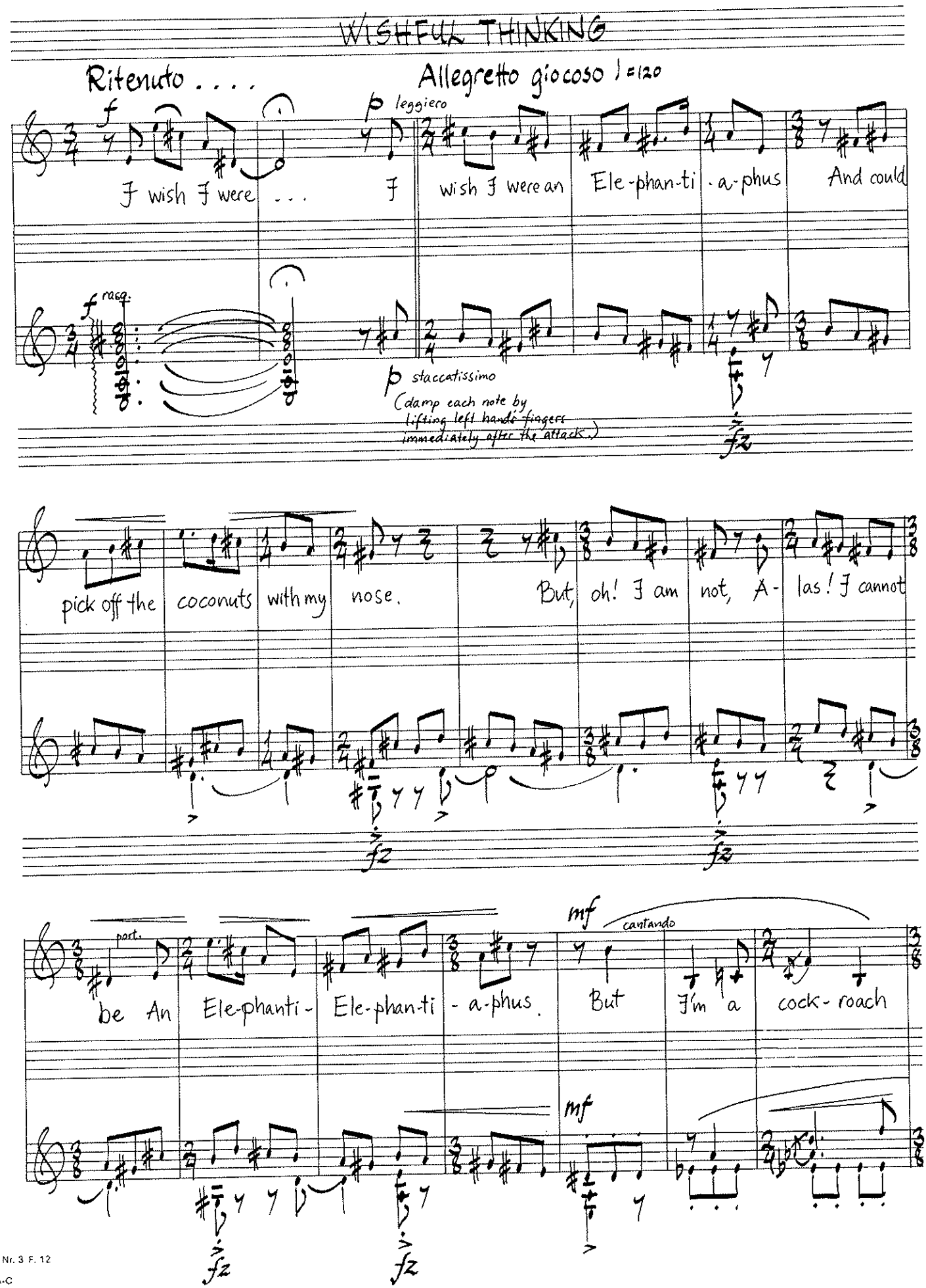

lit - tle while, 'Tis but for a lit - tle while; For though I go a-
sub. p dolce
sub. p
- way, I'll re-turn again,
mf
If I row ten thousand mile, my dear, If I
row ten thousand mile!"
mfz
3. "Ten thou-sand mile is very far For me to bide a-
mp

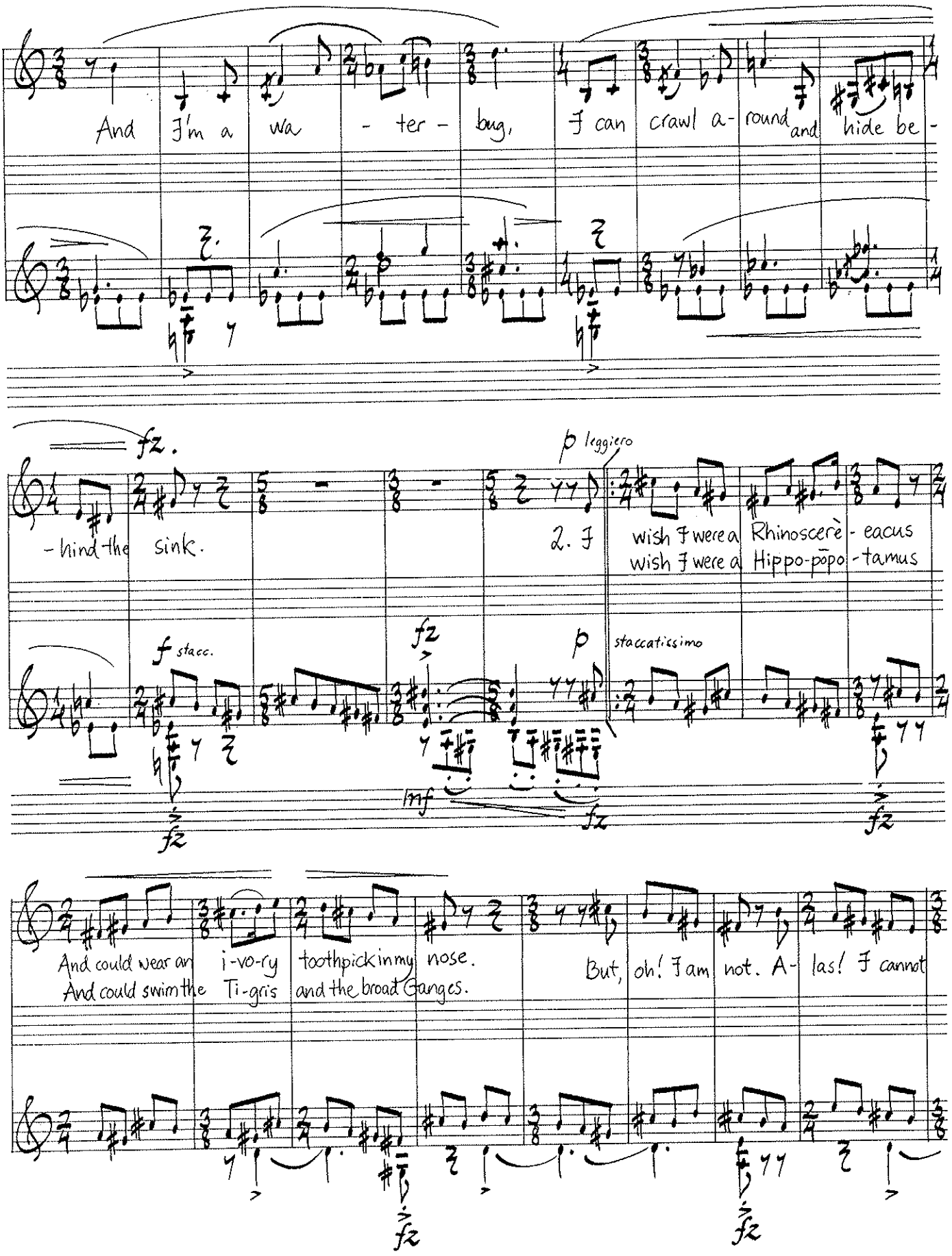

mf
poco f
pp
dolciss.
-lone With a heavy, heavy sigh, and a bitter, bitter cry; No
mf
poco f
pp
one to hear my moan, my dear! No - one.
Allegro inquieto ♩=112
4. "I may not stay your grie-vous moan, Your
p

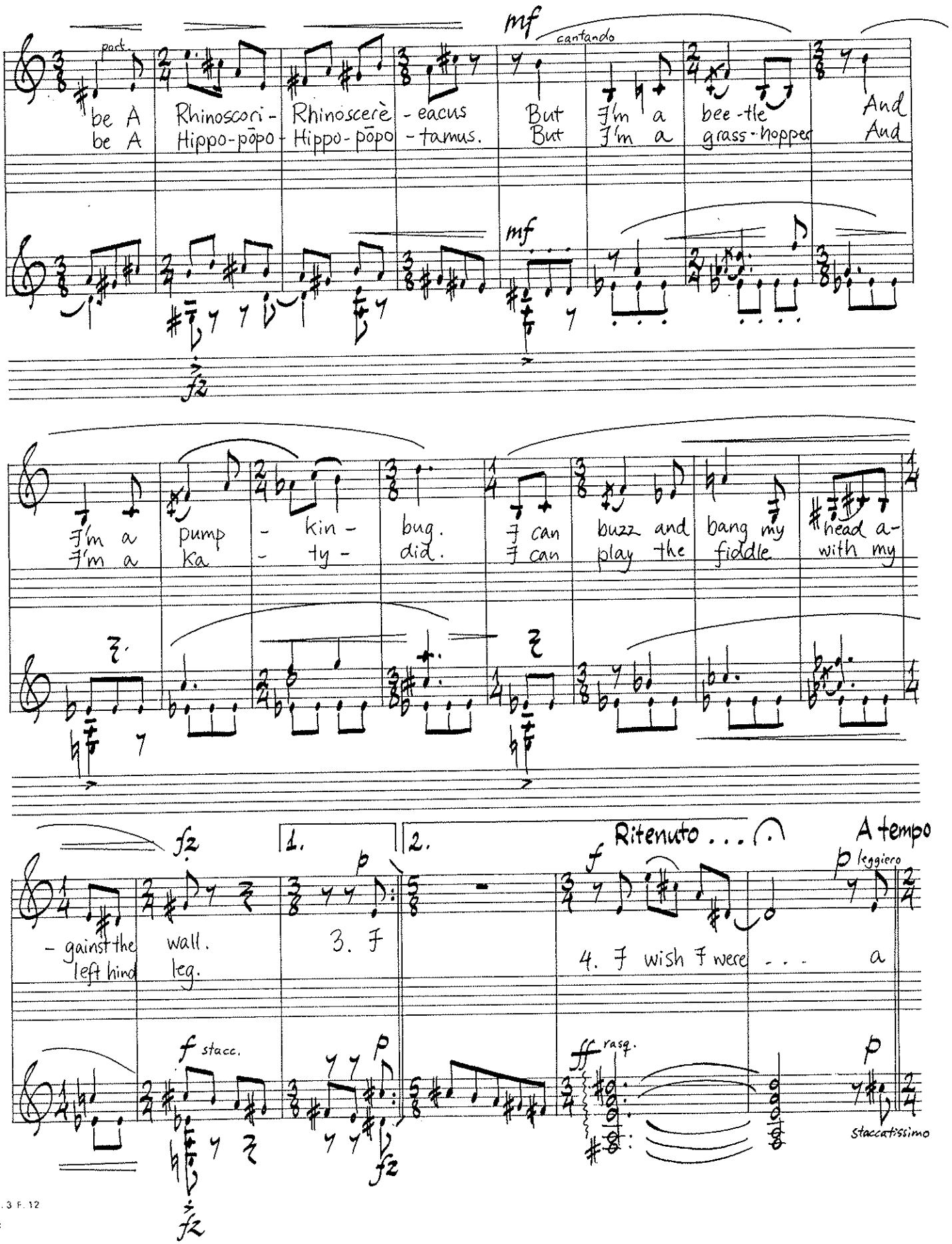

f
pain I may not ease; Yet I will love but thee a-
f
-lone; Till the streams run from the seas, my dear, Till the
Tempo I
streams run from the seas!"
fz fz fz

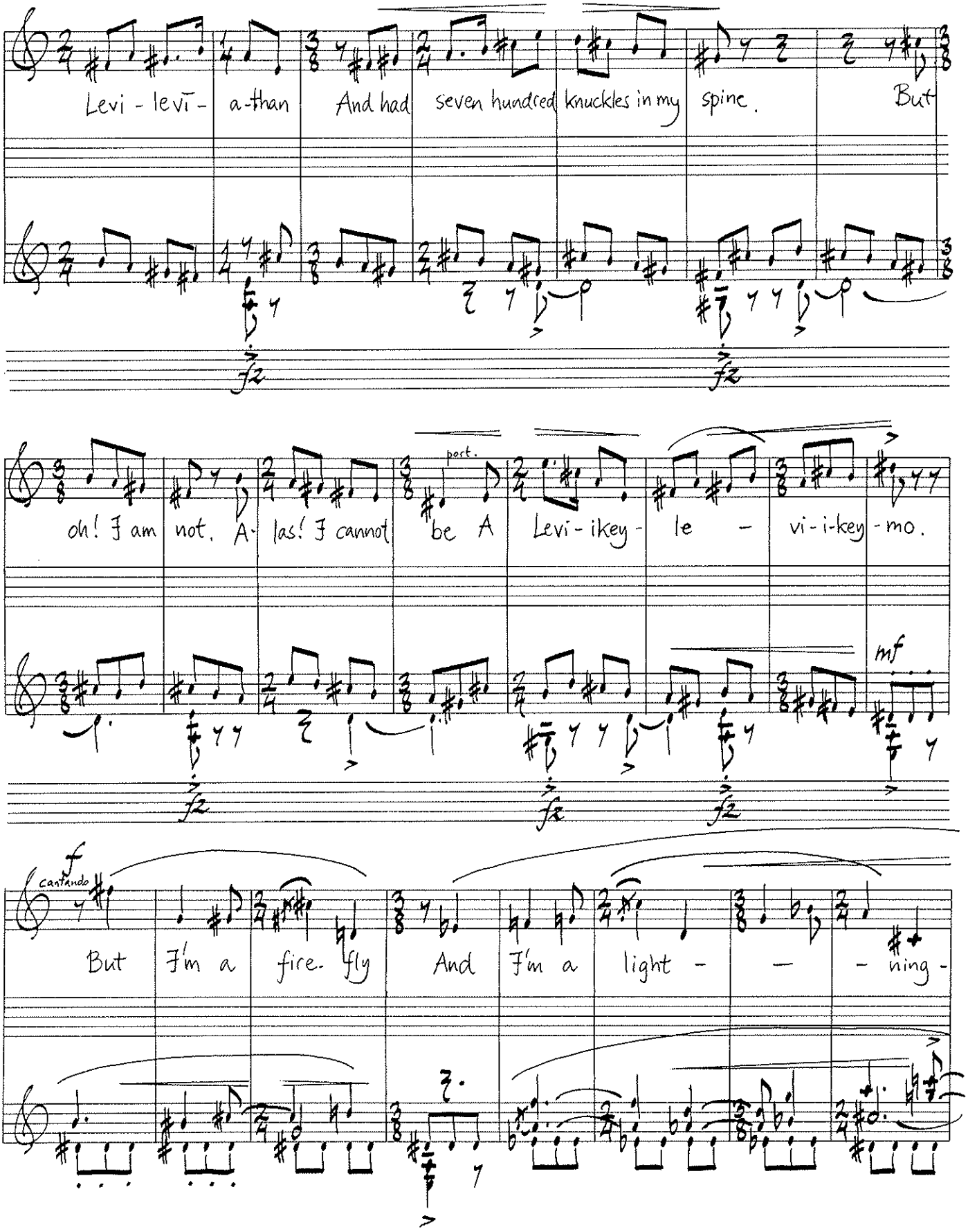

mp
mf
mp
5. "The tides shall cease to beat the shore, The stars fall from the
f
mp
Poco meno ♩=60
poco f
sub. p
sky; Yet I will love thee more and more Un - til the day I die, my
dear!"
p
senza vibr.
6. "Then let the
poco f
mf
p
p

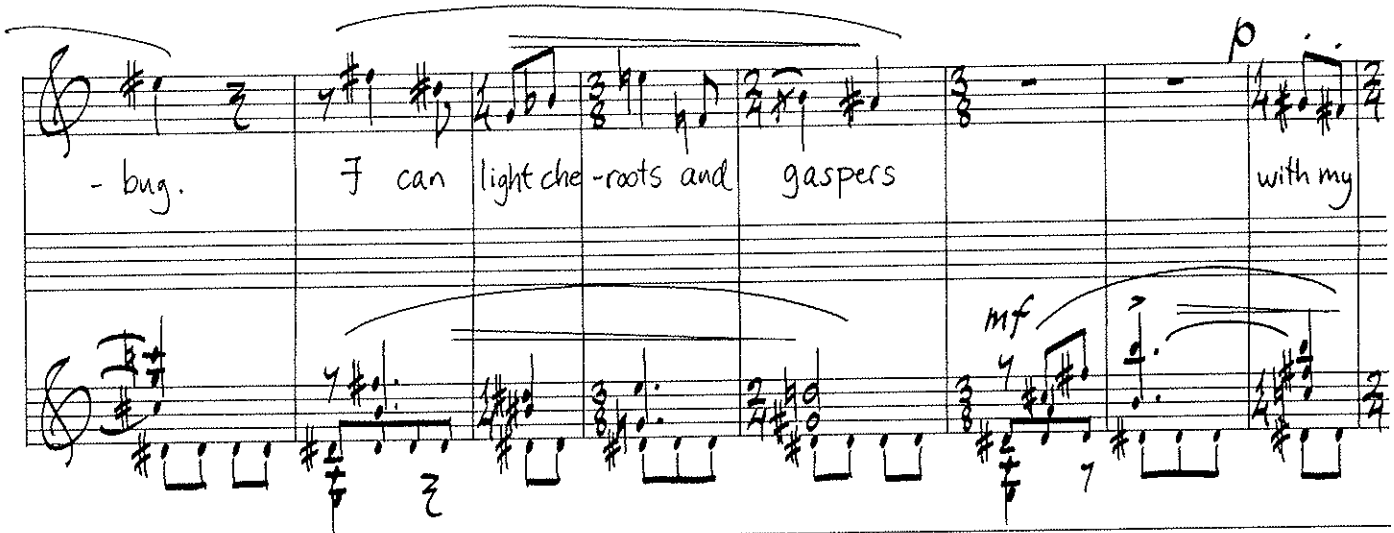

Seas run dry, sweet - heart, The rocks melt in the sun; Yet here I will stay, nor ever
Molto rit .... A tempo
from thee part, Till all my days are done, my dear, Till all my days are done!"
3'15"

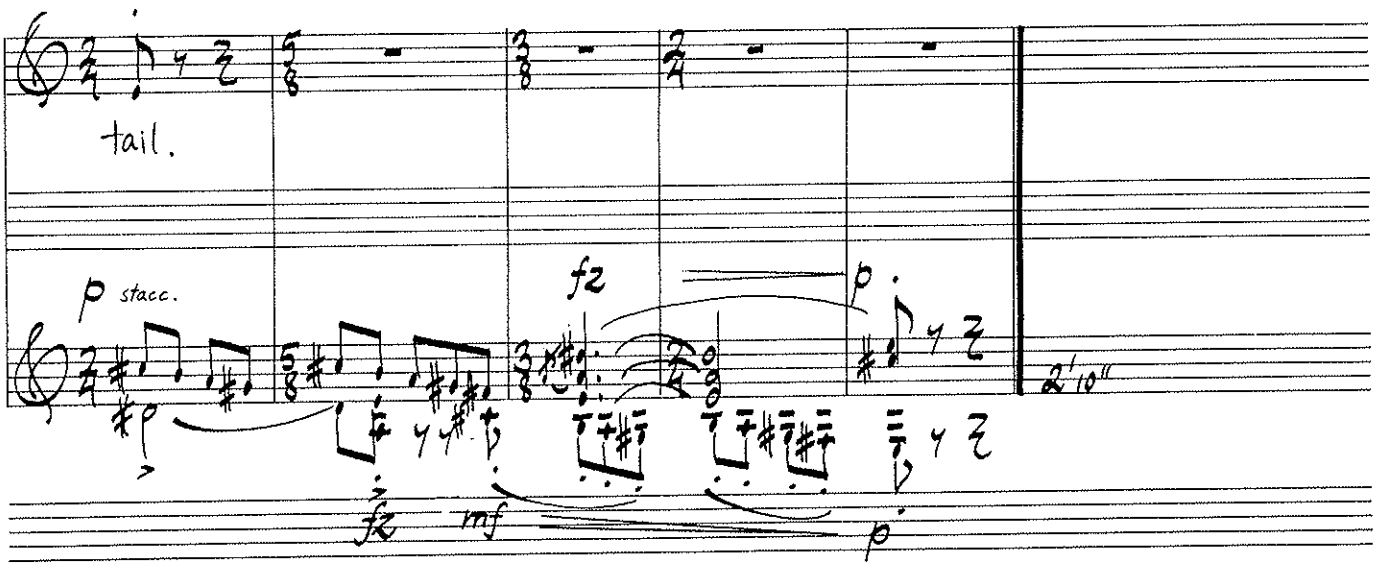

WISHFUL THINKING
Ritenuto . . . .
Allegretto giocoso ♩=120
f
p leggiero
I wish I were . . . I wish I were an Ele-phan-ti-a-phus And could
f rasg.
p staccatissimo
(damp each note by lifting left hand fingers immediately after the attacks.)
fz
pick off the coconuts with my nose. But, oh! I am not, A-las! I cannot
fz
fz
port.
be An Ele-phanti- Ele-phan-ti - a-phus.
mf cantando
But I'm a cock-roach
mf
fz
fz


And I'm a wa - ter - bug, I can crawl a- round and hide be-
fz.
-hind the sink.
2. I
wish I were a Rhinoscerè - eacus
wish I were a Hippo-pōpo - tamus
p leggiero
f stacc.
fz
p
staccatissimo
inf
And could wear an i-vo-ry toothpick in my nose.
And could swim the Ti-gris and the broad Ganges.
But, oh! I am not. A- las! I cannot


mf
cantando
be A
be A
Rhinoscori-
Hippo-pōpo
Rhinoscerè
Hippo-pōpo
-eacus
-tamus.
But
But
I'm a
I'm a
bee-tle
grass-hopper
And
And
mf
I'm a
I'm a
pump
Ka
-kin-
-ty-
bug.
did.
I can
I can
buzz and
play the
bang my
fiddle
head a-
with my
fz
1.
2.
p
-gainst the
left hind
wall.
leg.
3. I
4. I wish I were . . . a
Ritenuto . . .
A tempo
p leggiero
f stacc.
ff rasg.
p
staccatissimo


Levi - levī - a-than And had seven hundred knuckles in my spine. But
fz fz
oh! I am not. A- las! I cannot be A Levi - ikey - le - vi - i - key - mo.
port.
fz fz fz
mf
f
cantando
But I'm a fire- fly And I'm a light - - - ning -


- bug.
I can light che-roots and gaspers
with my
p
mf


tail.
p stacc.
fz
mf
fz
p
2'10"

MY APPLE TREE

Andante con moto ♩= 76

p senza vibr. (like a child)

If you don't like my ap - ples, Then don't

p sempre lasciare vibrare

shake my tree. I'm not af - ter

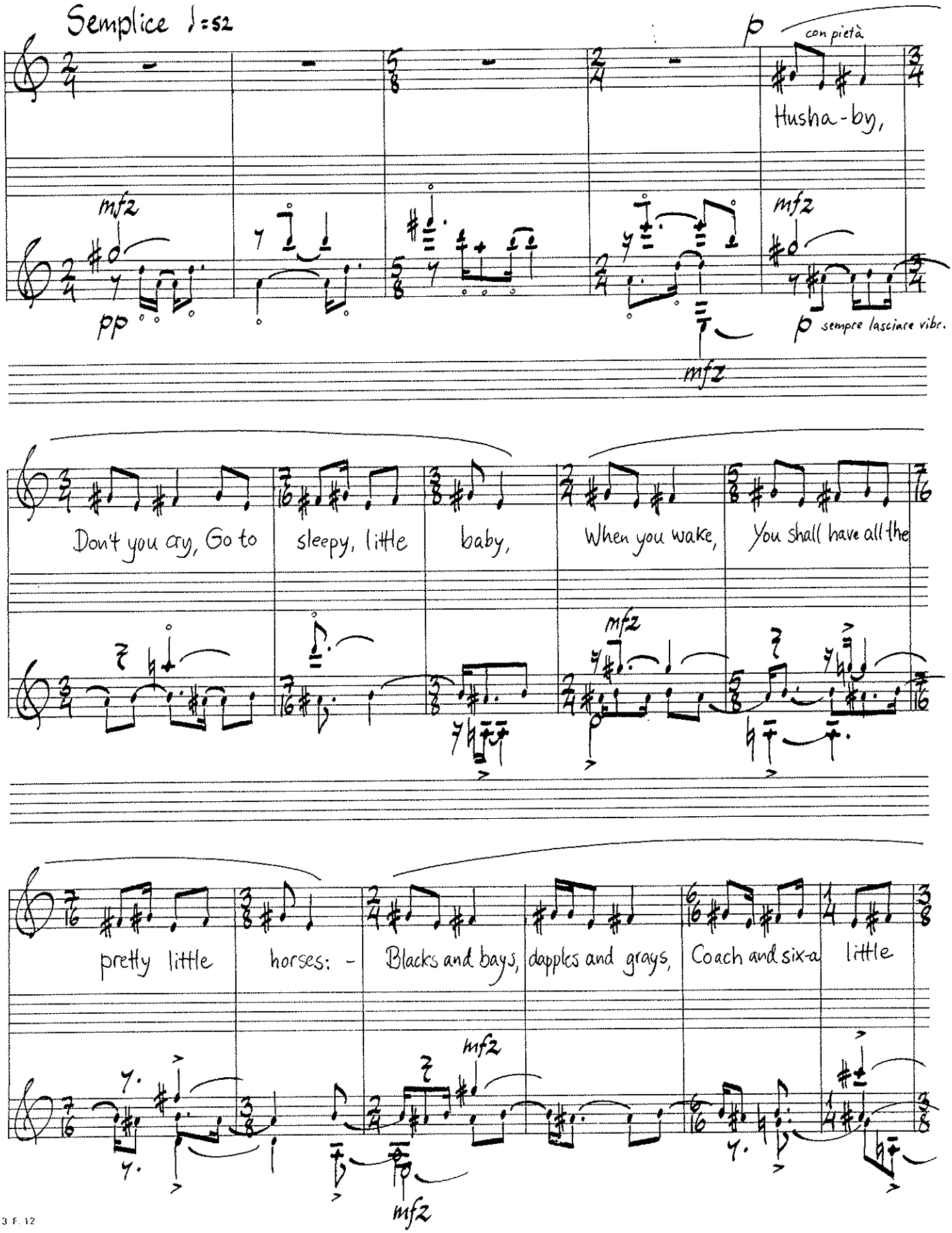
your boy friend, He's af - ter me.

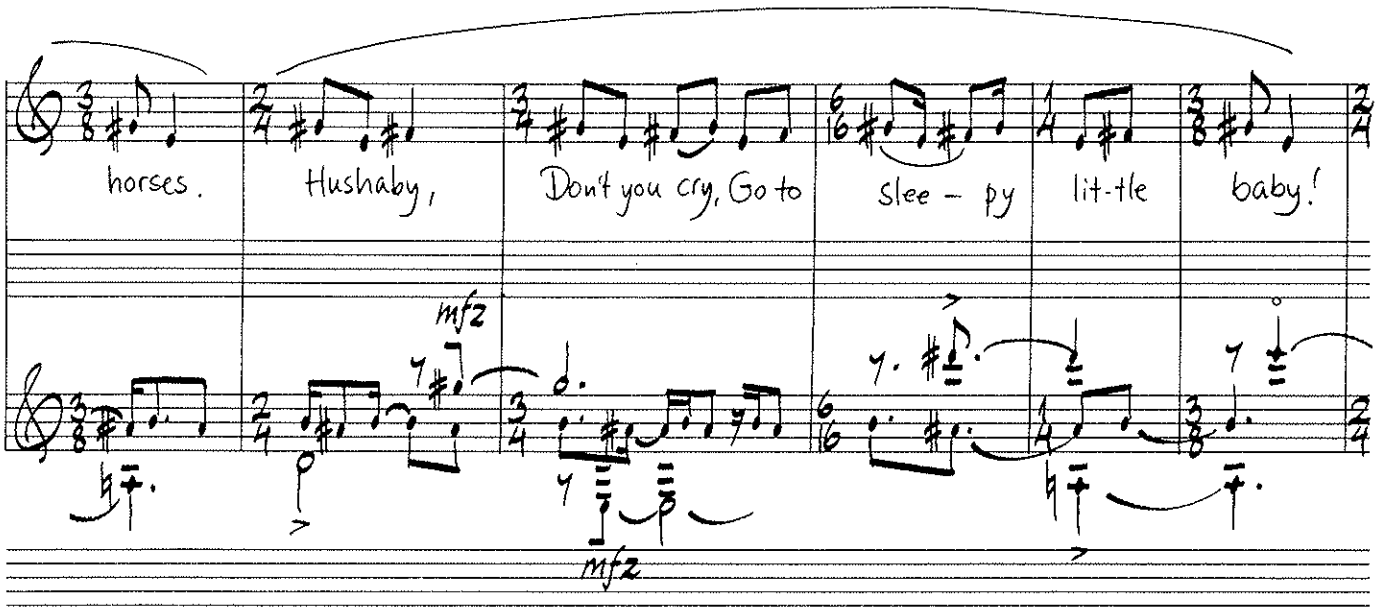
(senza rit.)

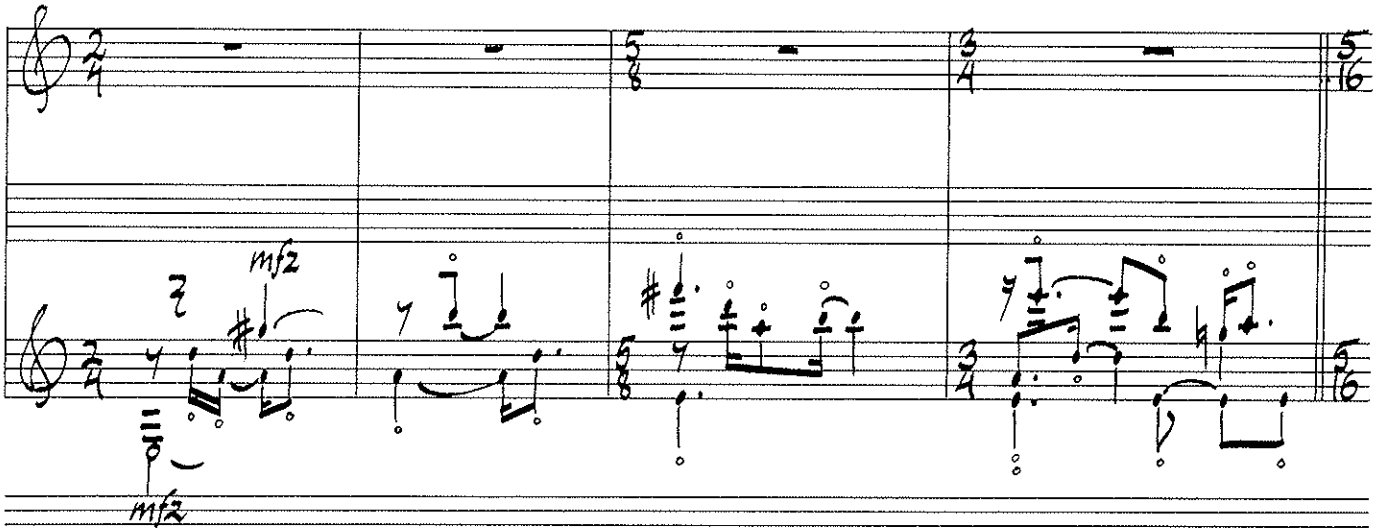
* (damp!)

0'20"

ALL THE PRETTY LITTLE HORSES

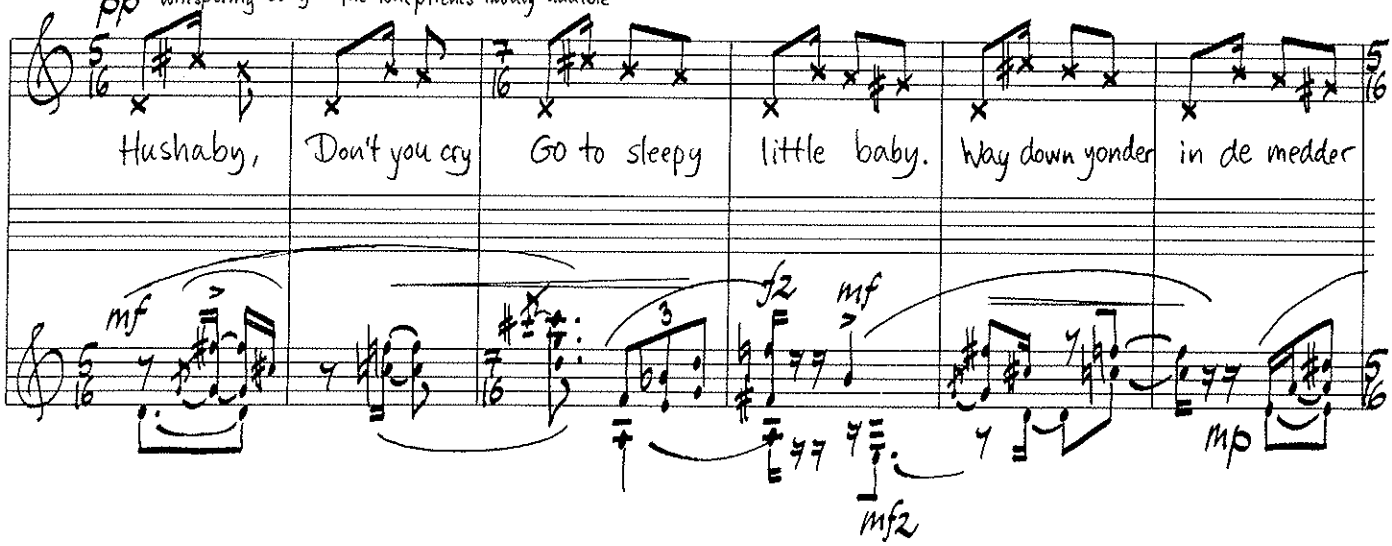


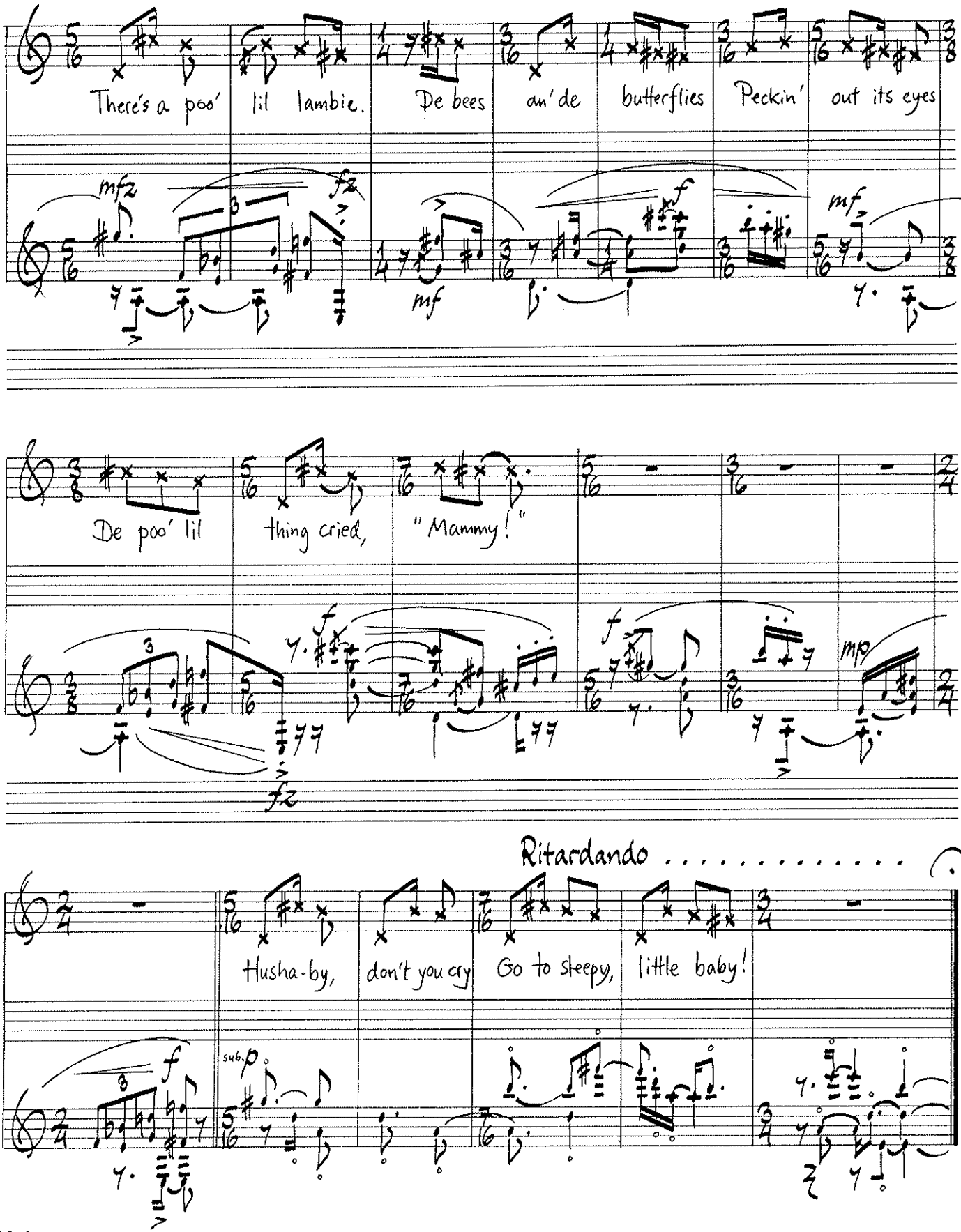




Stesso tempo

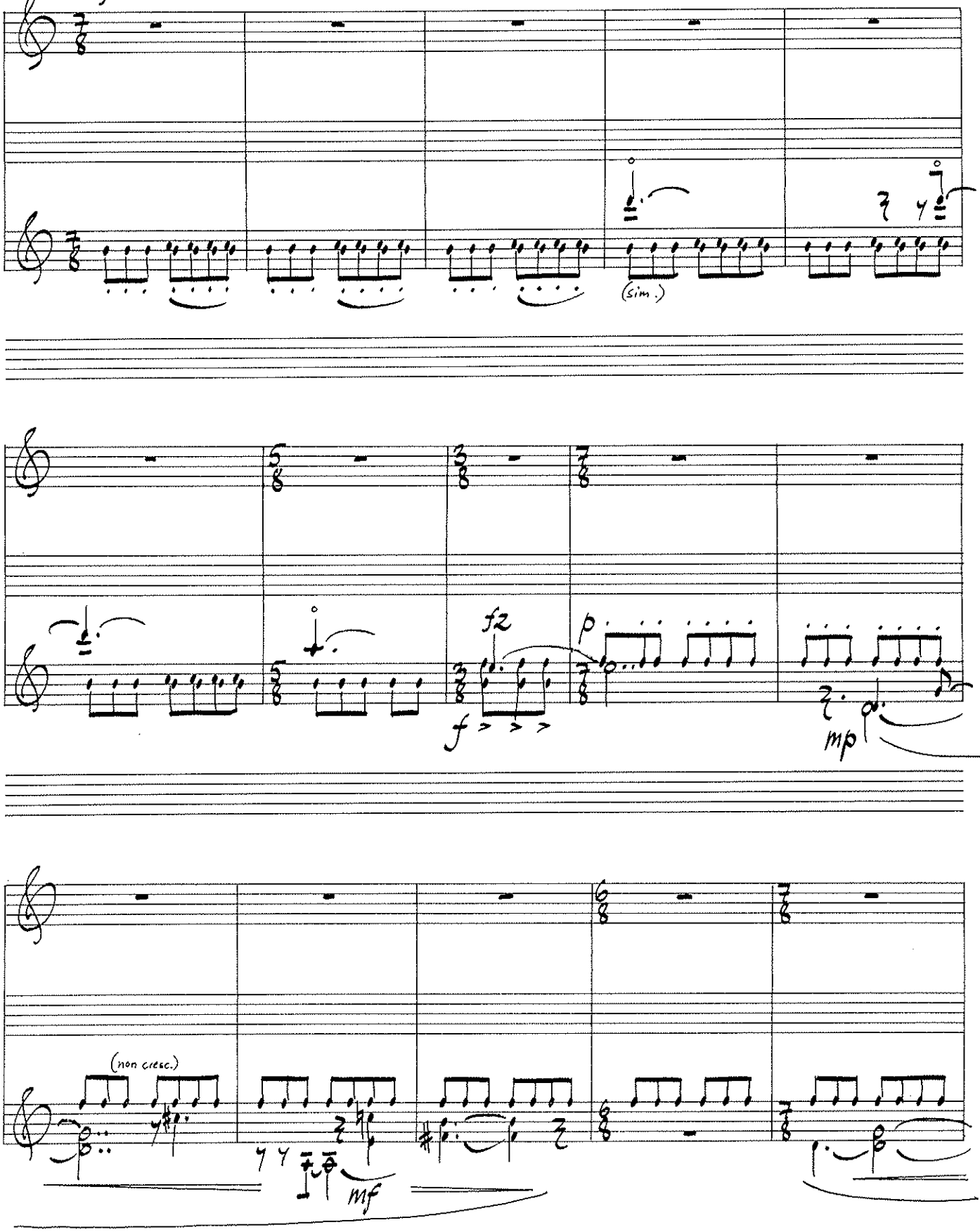
pp "whispering song" - the tonepitches hardly audible

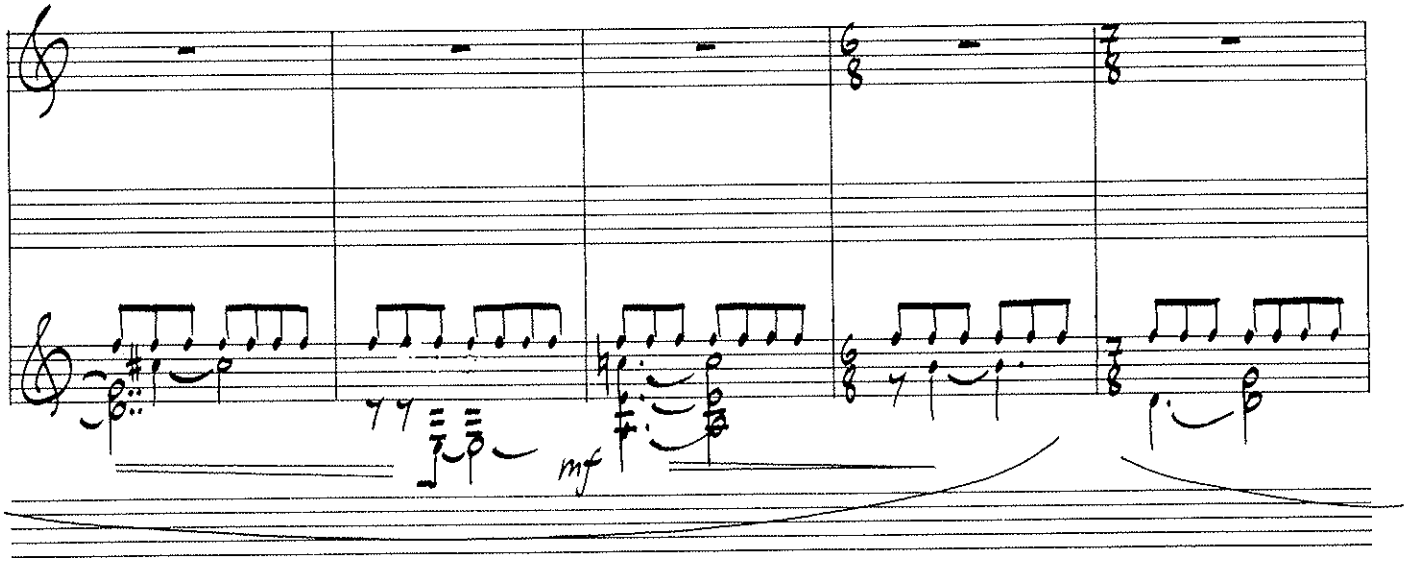


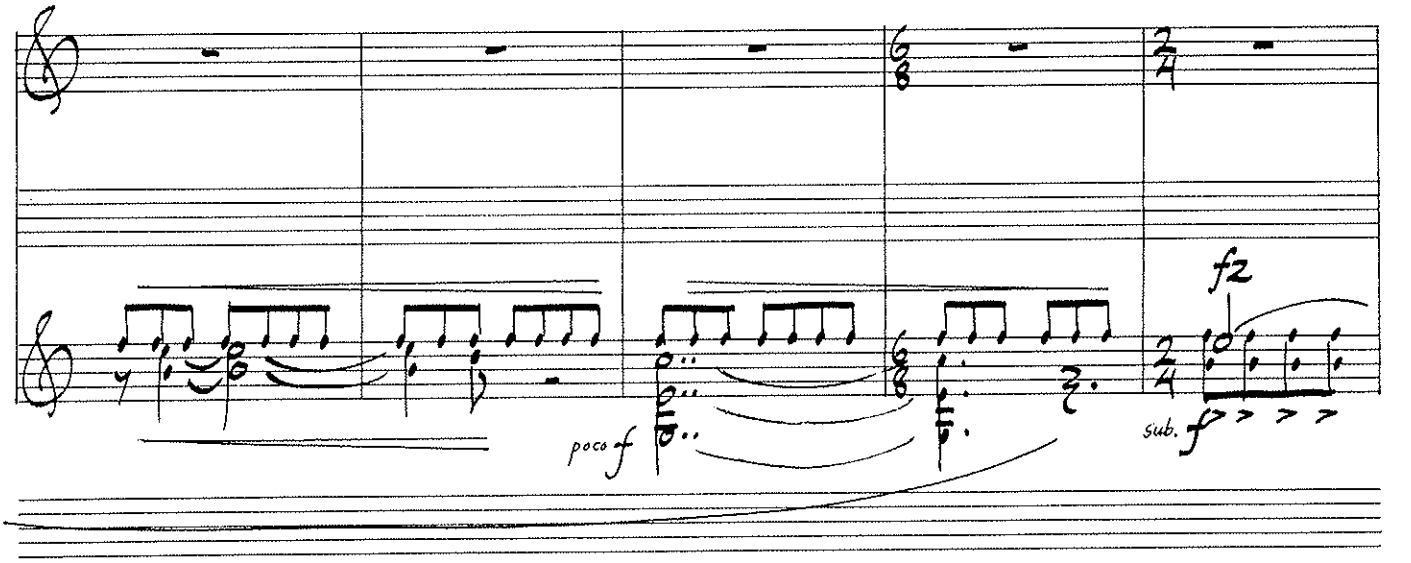

There's a poo' lil lambie.
De bees an' de butterflies Peckin' out its eyes
De poo' lil thing cried, "Mammy!"
Ritardando
Husha-by, don't you cry Go to sleepy, little baby!
1'40"

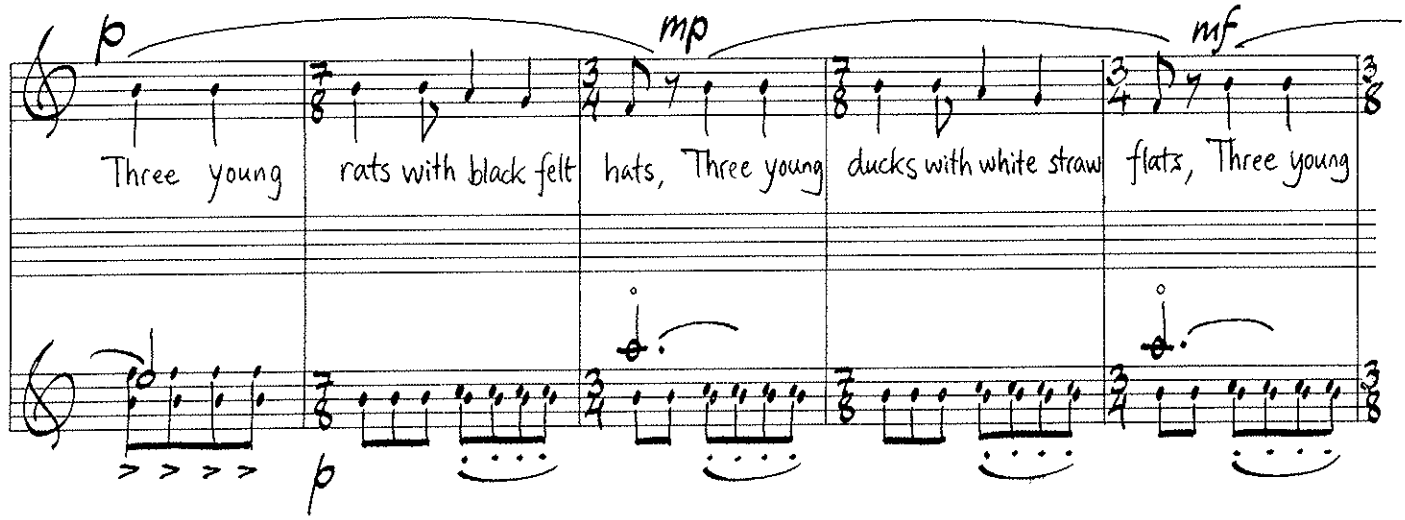
PROMENADE

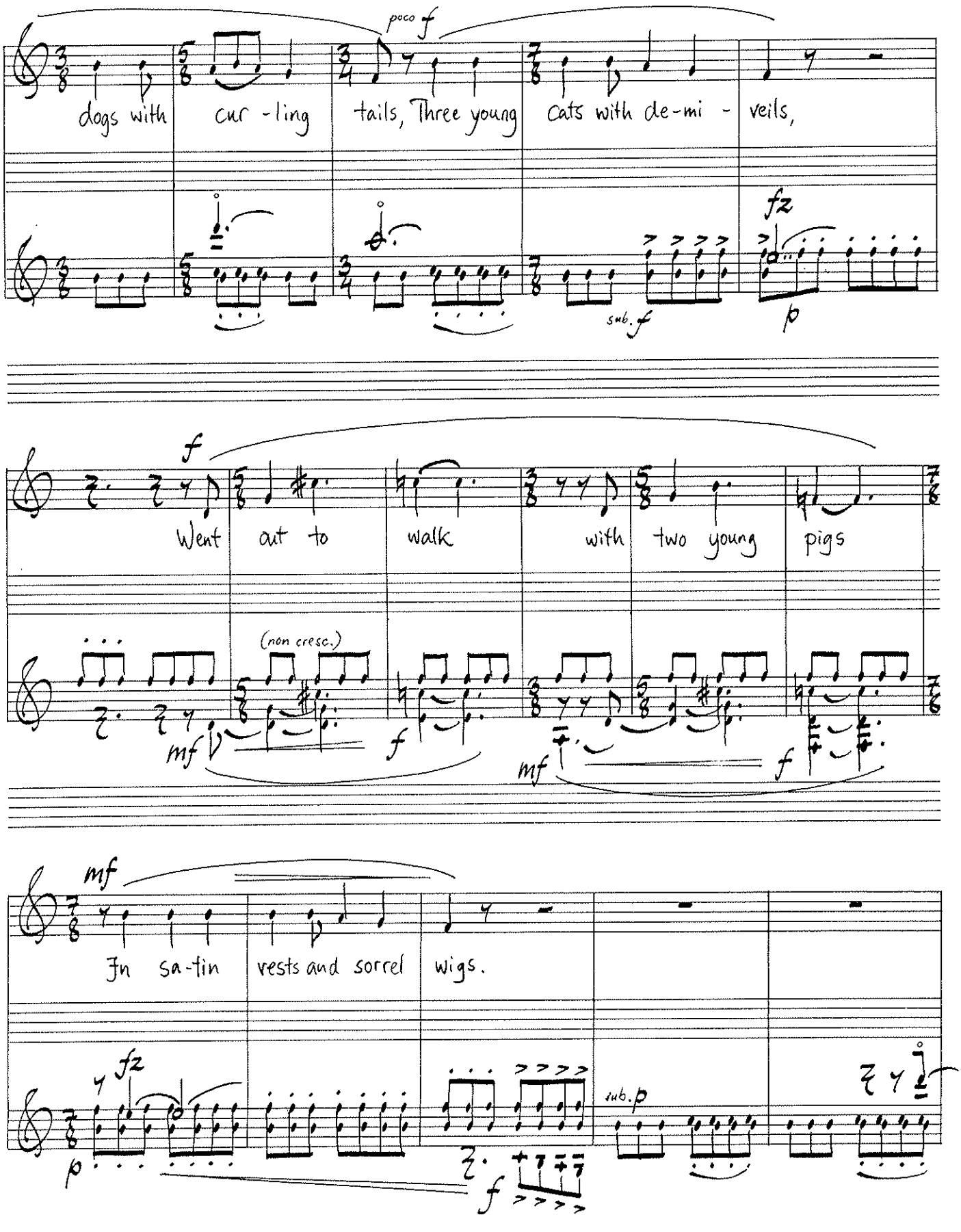
Allegro vivace ♩= 152

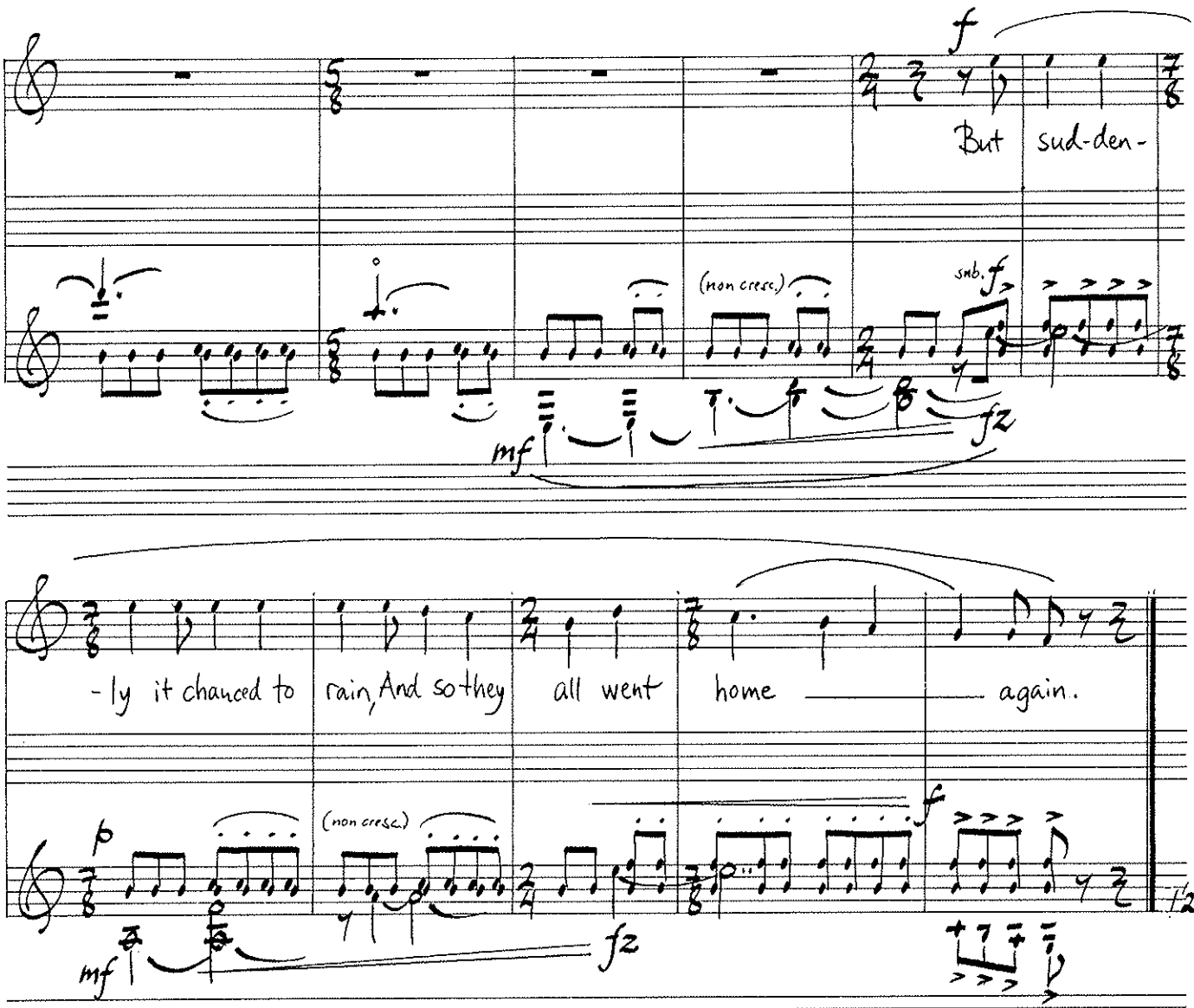



mf


poco f
fz
sub. f


p
mp
mf
Three young rats with black felt hats, Three young ducks with white straw flats, Three young
p


poco f
dogs with cur - ling tails, Three young cats with de-mi - veils,
fz
sub. f
p
f
Went out to walk with two young pigs
(non cresc.)
mf
f
mf
f
mf
In sa-tin vests and sorrel wigs.
fz
p
f
sub. p



John Frandsen
26.2.87