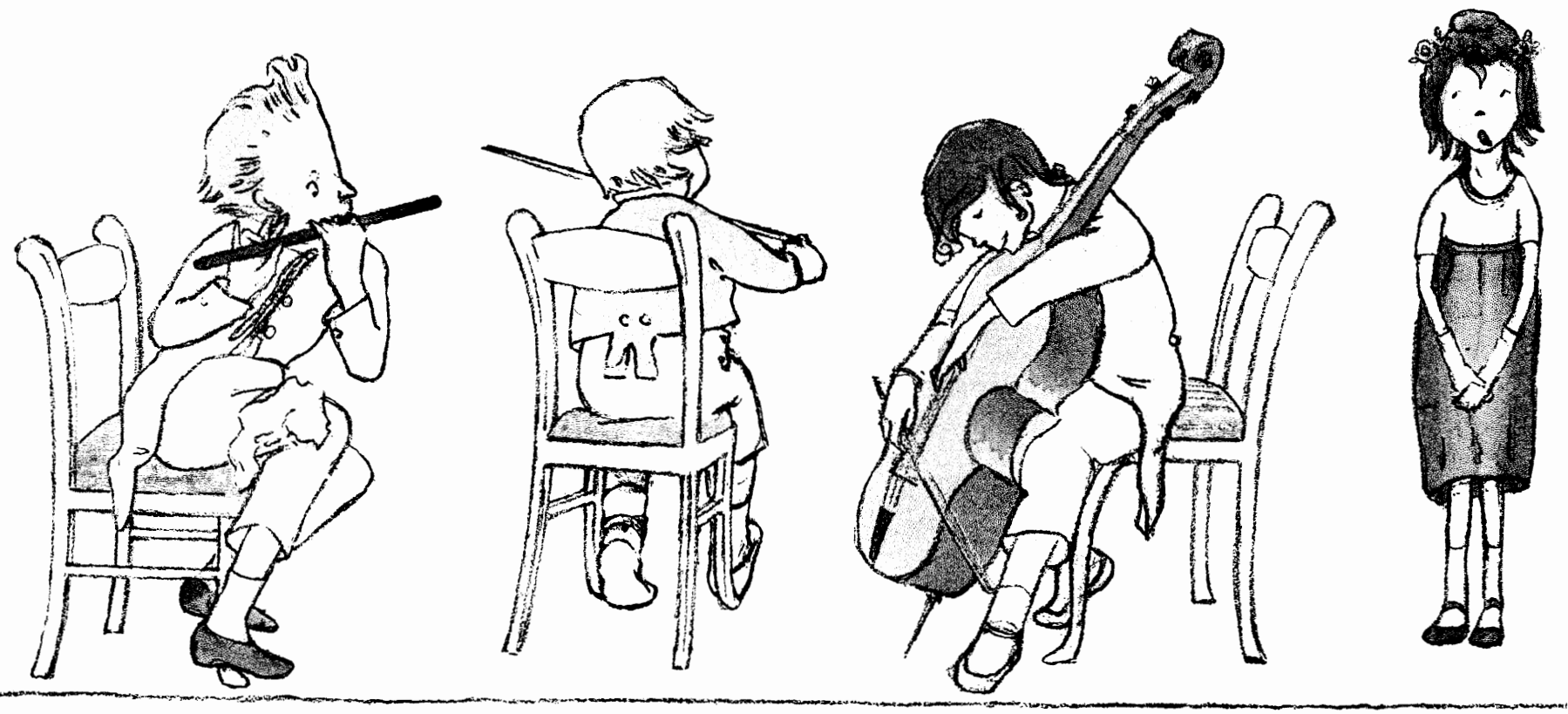
Improving Songs for Anxious Children

Words, Music and Pictures

By JOHN & RUE CARPENTER



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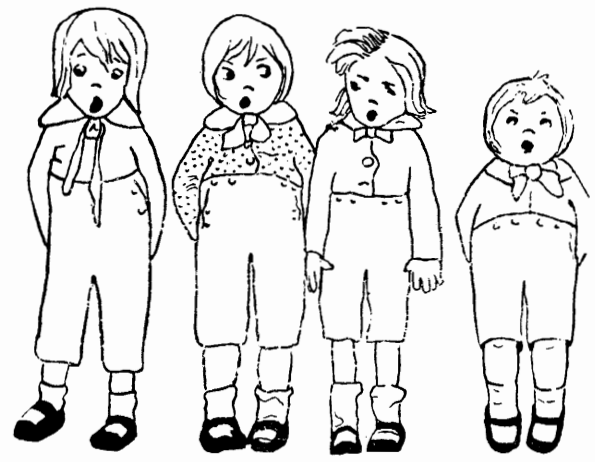
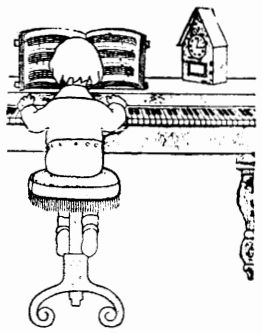
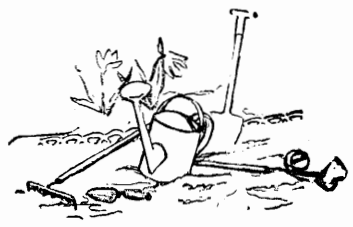
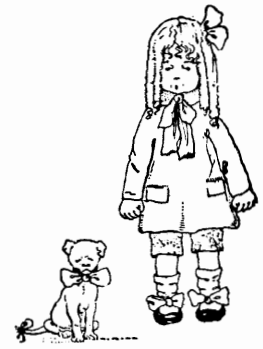


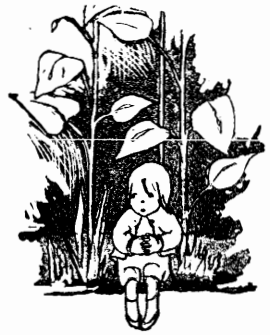
THE NAMES OF THE SONGS

I STOUT

II  PRACTISING

III  FOR CARELESS CHILDREN

IV  RED HAIR

V  THE LIAR

VI A WICKED CHILD

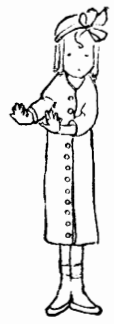
THE NAMES OF THE SONGS

VII SPRING

X WAR

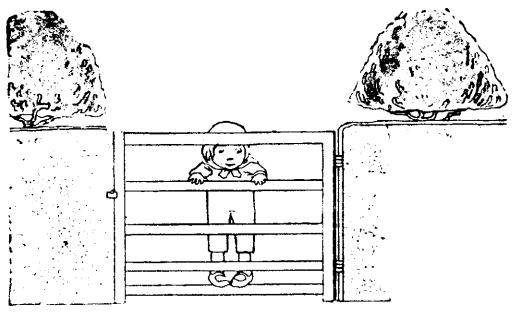
VIII MARIA,—GLUTTON

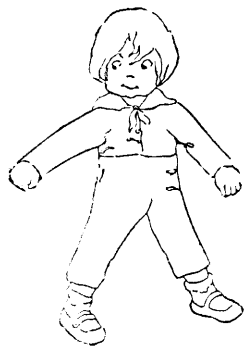
XI VANITY

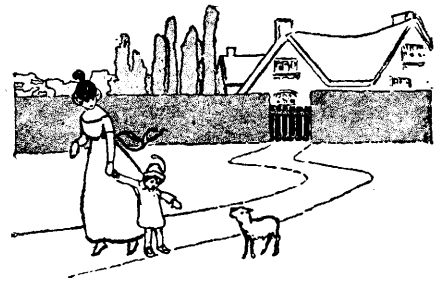
IX  GOOD ELLEN

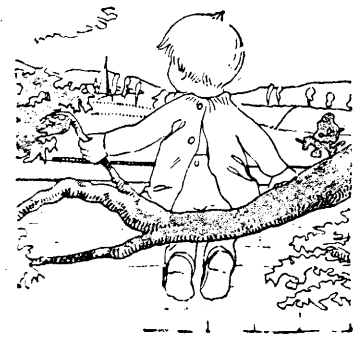
XII HUMILITY

THE NAMES OF THE SONGS

XIII  A PLAN

XIV  BROTHER

XV  MAKING CALLS

XVI  CONTEMPLATION

XVII WHEN THE NIGHT COMES

I

Stout

Alas, I am a heavy child,
A very heavy one;
I can not do the fearful things
That other boys have done.

I try to caper on the green,
I try to skip and run,
But all my buttons they burst off,
And leave my clothes undone.

It is a very wretched thing
To be so fat a child,
To have to merely sit about,
And yet to feel so wild.

I

STOUT

J.A.C.

Heavily. (♩. = 69)

f

A - las, I am a

heav - y child, A ver - y heav- y one; I can - not do the fear - ful things That oth - er boys have

done. I try to gam - bol on the green, I

f

try to skip and run, But all my but - tons they burst off, And leave my clothes un - done.

It is a ver - y wretch - ed thing To be so fat a child, To

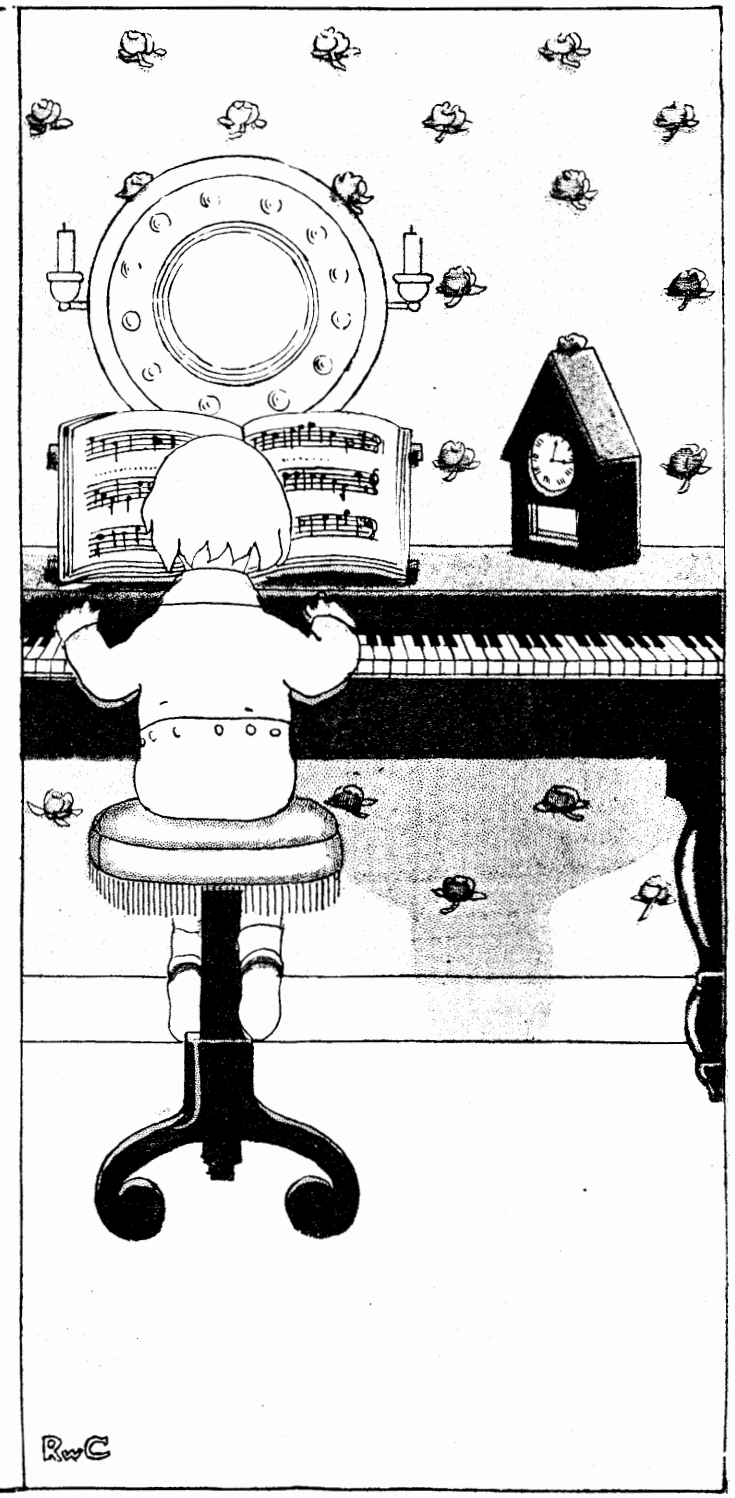
have to mere - ly sit a - bout, And yet to feel so wild.

II

Practising

What's the use of practising,
For little boys like me?
It never does me any good,
As far as I can see.

I play my scales both up and down,
I make my fingers sore,
And when I'm through I play my scales
No better than before.



II

PRACTISING

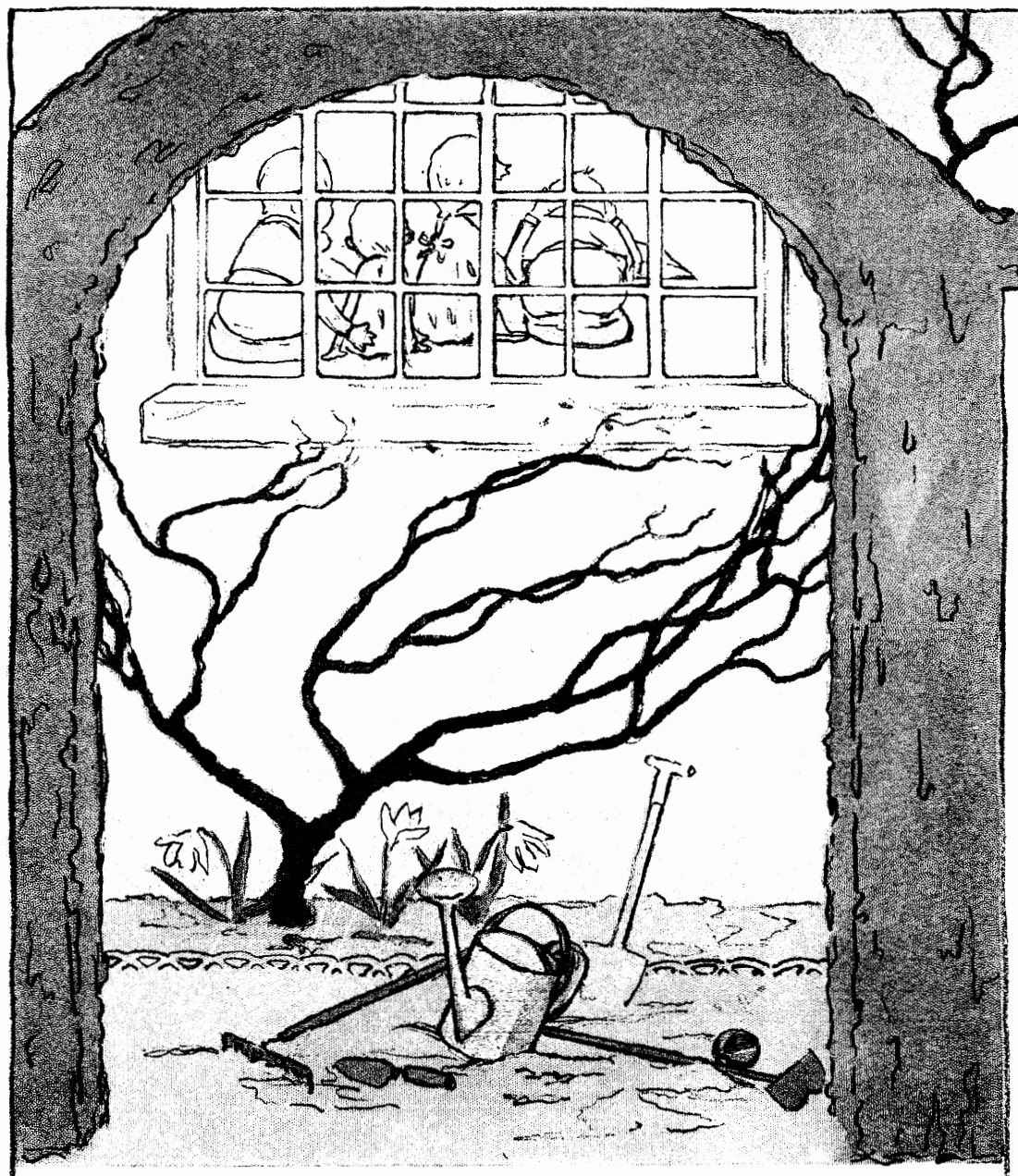
J. A. C.

Slowly and painfully

What's the use of prac - tis - ing, For lit - tle boys like me? It nev - er does me

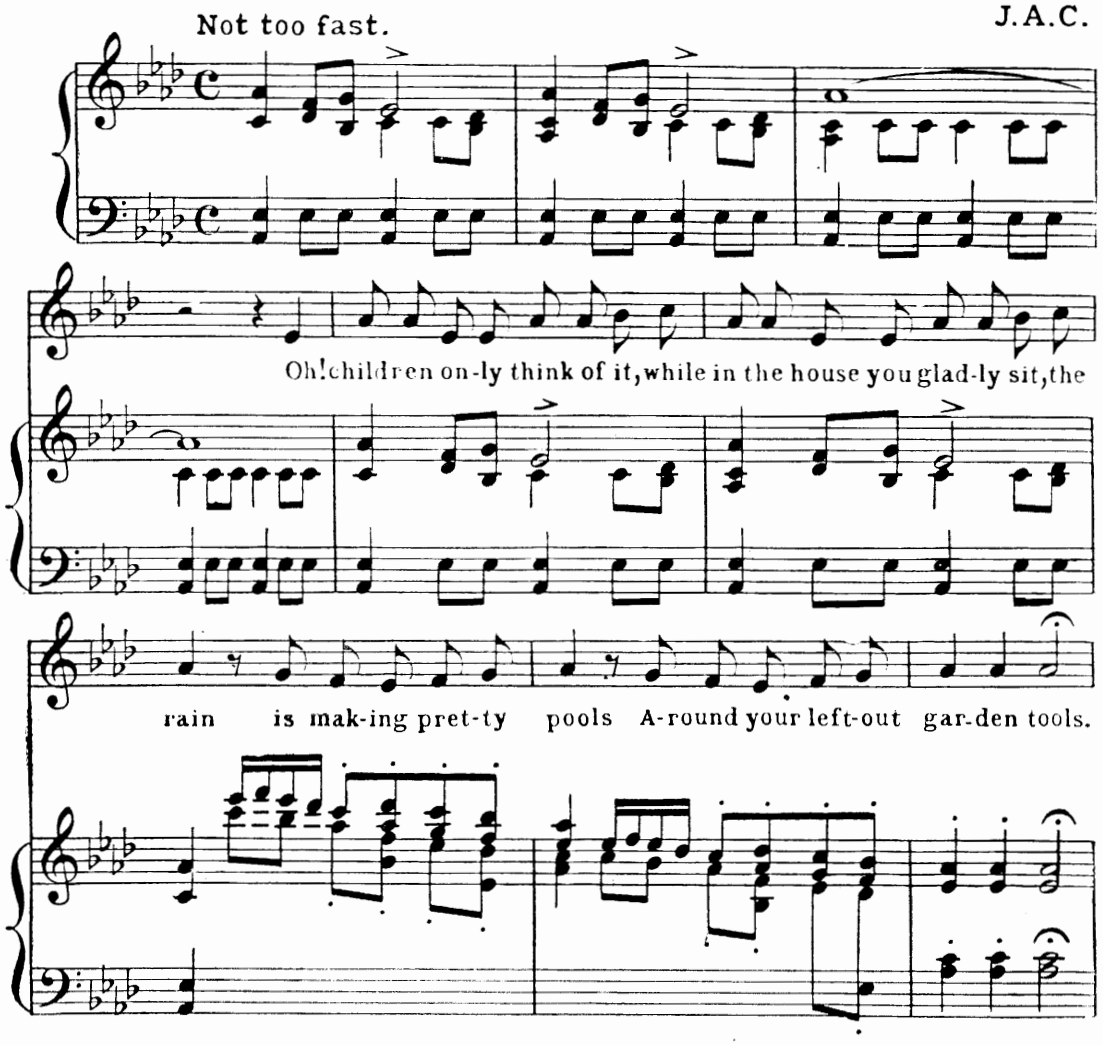
an - y good, As far as I can see. I play my scales both up and down, I make my fin - gers sore, And

when I'm through I play my scales No bet - ter than be - fore.



III

FOR CARELESS CHILDREN



To - mor - row, when the sun is hot, you'll look a - bout and find them not. You'll

ritard.

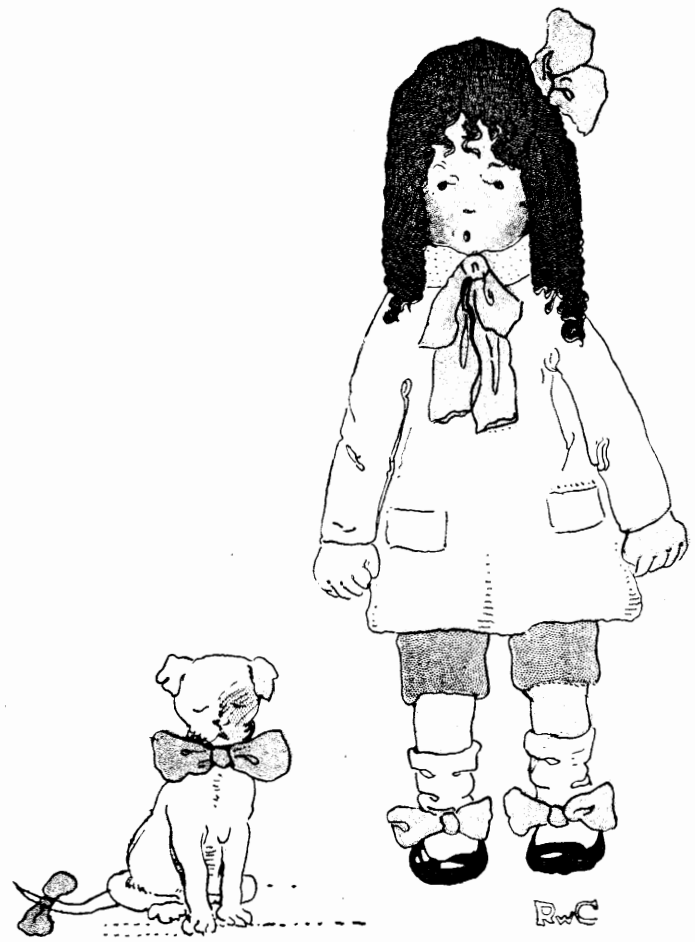
un - der-stand more plain-ly then that care-less boys make sil - ly

men!

IV

RED HAIR

J. A. C.

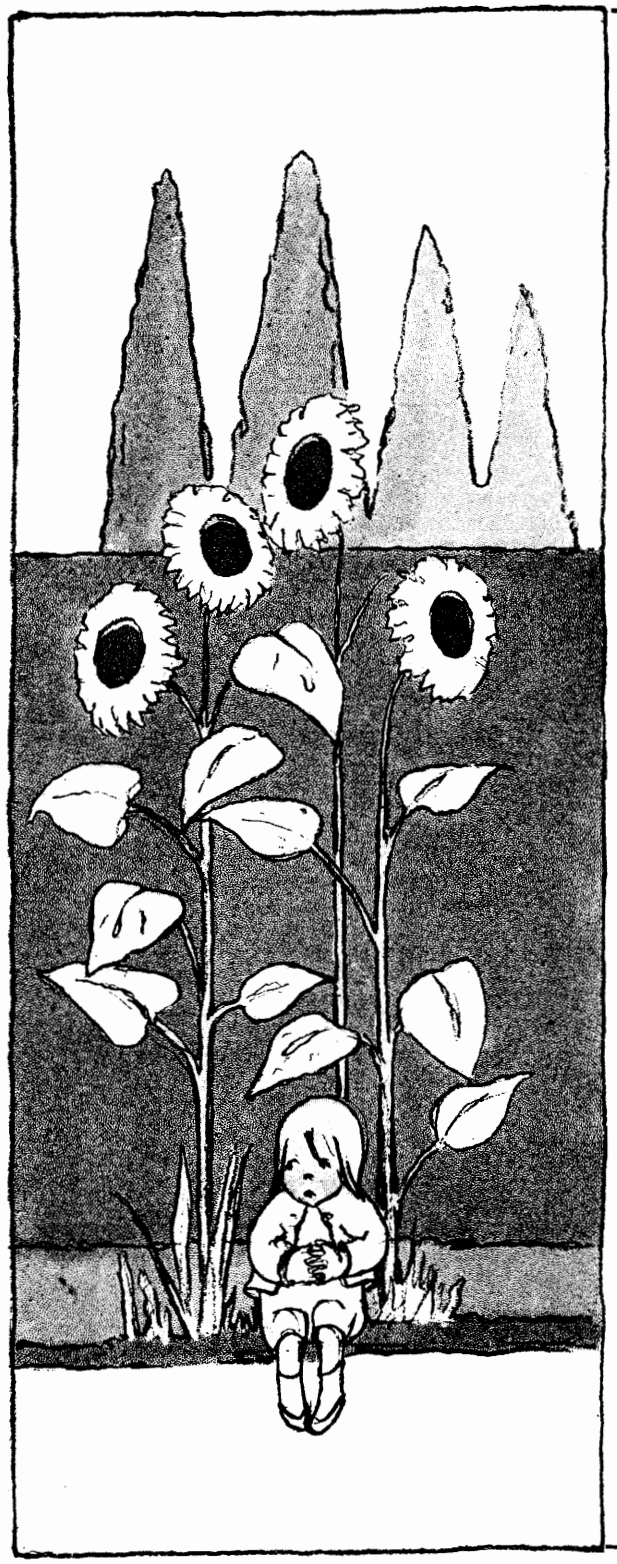


Petulantly

I wish I knew a sea of ink Where I could dip my

head To make it all a pleas - ant black, In - stead of hor - rid red.

I wish I had a pot of glue To put up - on these curls, To make me be like oth-er boys And not like sil-ly girls.—



V

THE LIAR

J. A. C.

Slowly. (♩= 96)

I've done a ver - y fright-ful thing, A thing too bad to tell, I've told a hor-rid. hor-rid lie, And now I don't feel well. I took a pas-ty from a shelf, I ate it all a - lone, I

nev - er no - ticed how it went Un - til it was quite gone. And

when my moth - er she came in And asked me, did I eat it, I an - swered, "No!" quite loud and clear, And

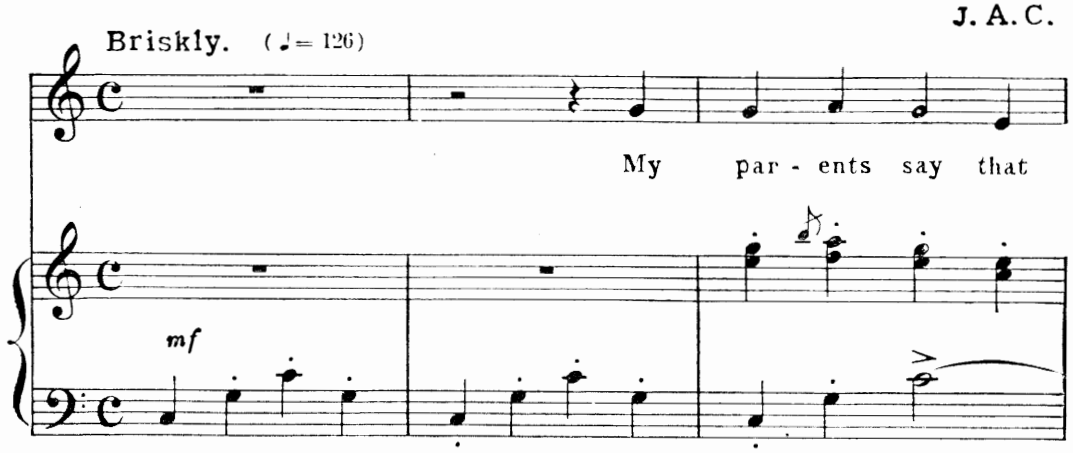
then I did re - peat it. And now I have come far out here, My bod - y bent with pain, That

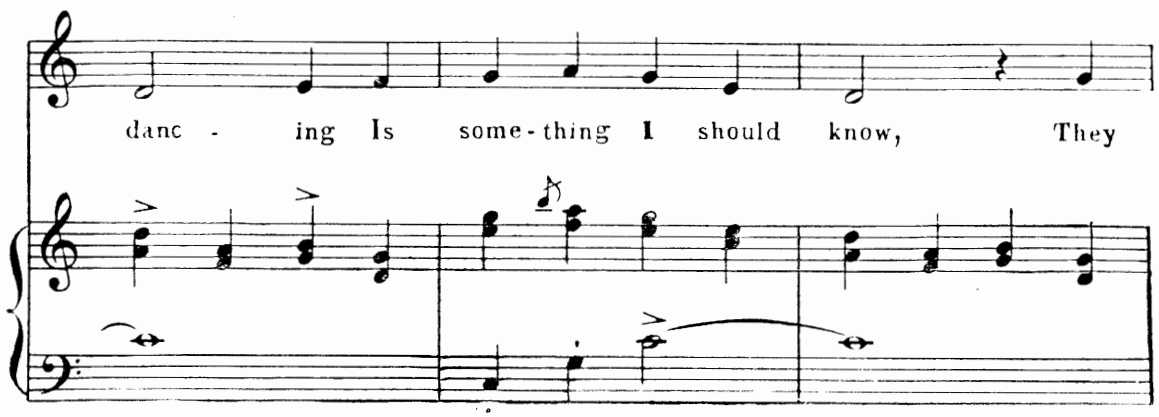
lie it stands and glares at me With all its might and main!

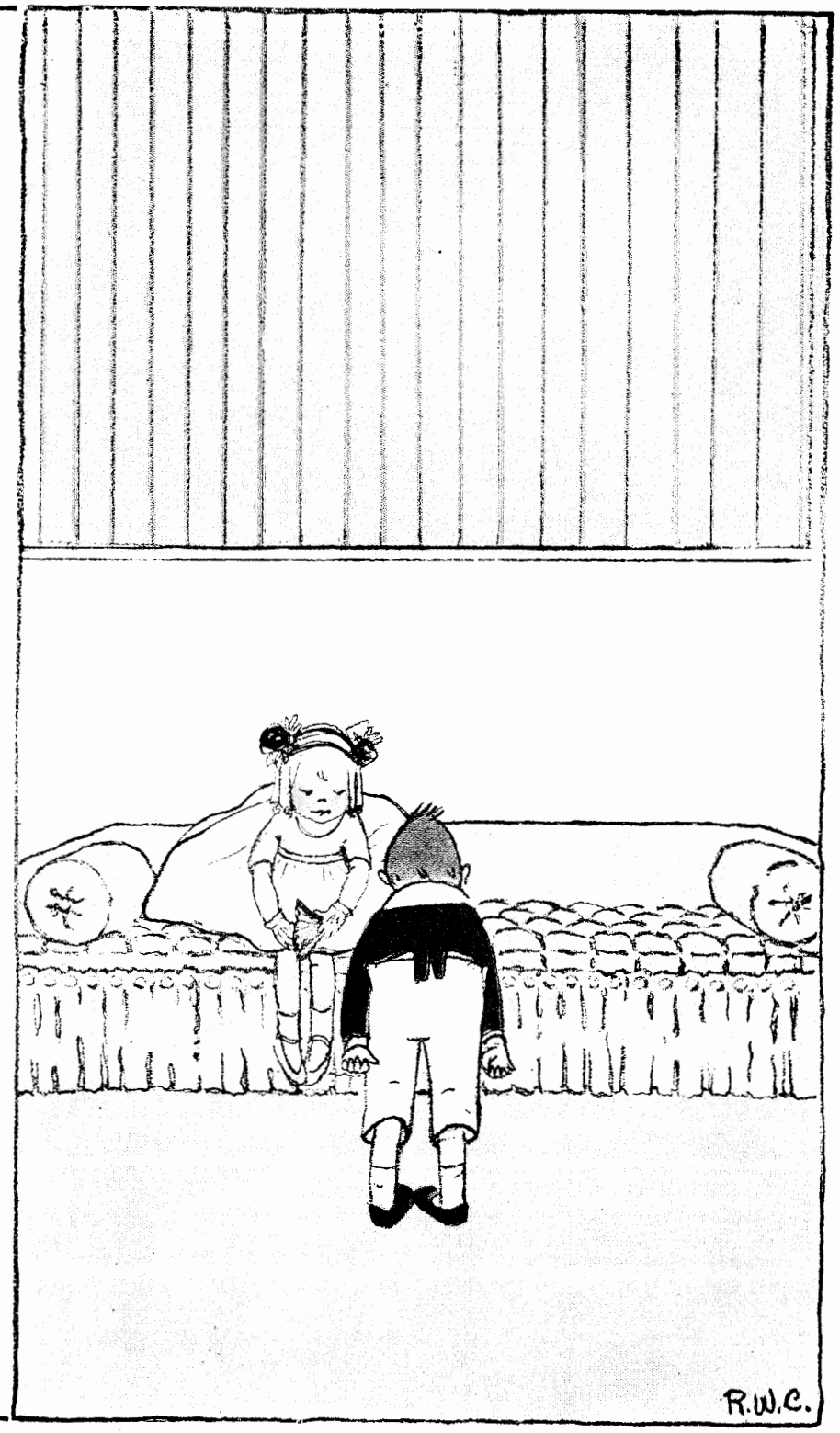
VI

A Wicked Child

J. A. C.







lead me to a slip-p'ry hall To learn to be a beau. I wear a vel - vet

jack - - et, A wan and gloom - y smile, And while I'm learn - ing waltz - ing,

My par - ents I re - vile.

VII

Spring

I wander far and unrestrained,
Myself set free, my fields regained,
When in the spring the south winds sing,
And I by birds am entertained.

VII

SPRING

J. A. C.

In Pastoral Mood. (♩ = 168)

p

ritard.

wan - der far _____ and un - re - strained, _____ My-

a tempo.

self set free, _____ my fields re - gained, When

ritard.

in the spring the south winds sing,

a tempo.

And I by birds am en - ter - tained.

(♩= ♩)

pp

VIII

MARIA,—GLUTTON

J. A. C.

Morbidly. (♩= 132)

f

Ma -

ri - a sits in her high chair, And eyes her food with ea - ger stare.

She quick-ly eats up all that's there, Then asks for more with pas-sion.

When once she's fin - ished with her meal,

Ah, then her sloth she doth re - veal, She falls a - sleep with

ear - nest zeal, In most out - ra - geous fash - ion.

IX

Good Ellen

Oh, little Ellen never did
A naughty thing all day,
She never said an ugly word
To sisters at their play.

And when, alas! these little ones
(Far worse than many boys)
Came running up to push her down
With horrid shouts and noise,

This lovely child rose up again,
And said, with mild surprise,
"Oh, children, you should never let
Your angry passions rise."

IX

GOOD ELLEN

In Moral Tone.

J. A. C.

Oh, lit - - - tle El - - len nev - - - er did A naugh - ty thing all day, She nev - - - er said an ug - - - ly word To sis - ters at their play.

Fast and loud.

And when, a - las! these lit - tle ones (Far worse than man- y boys,) Came run-ning up to push her down With

hor - rid shouts and noise,

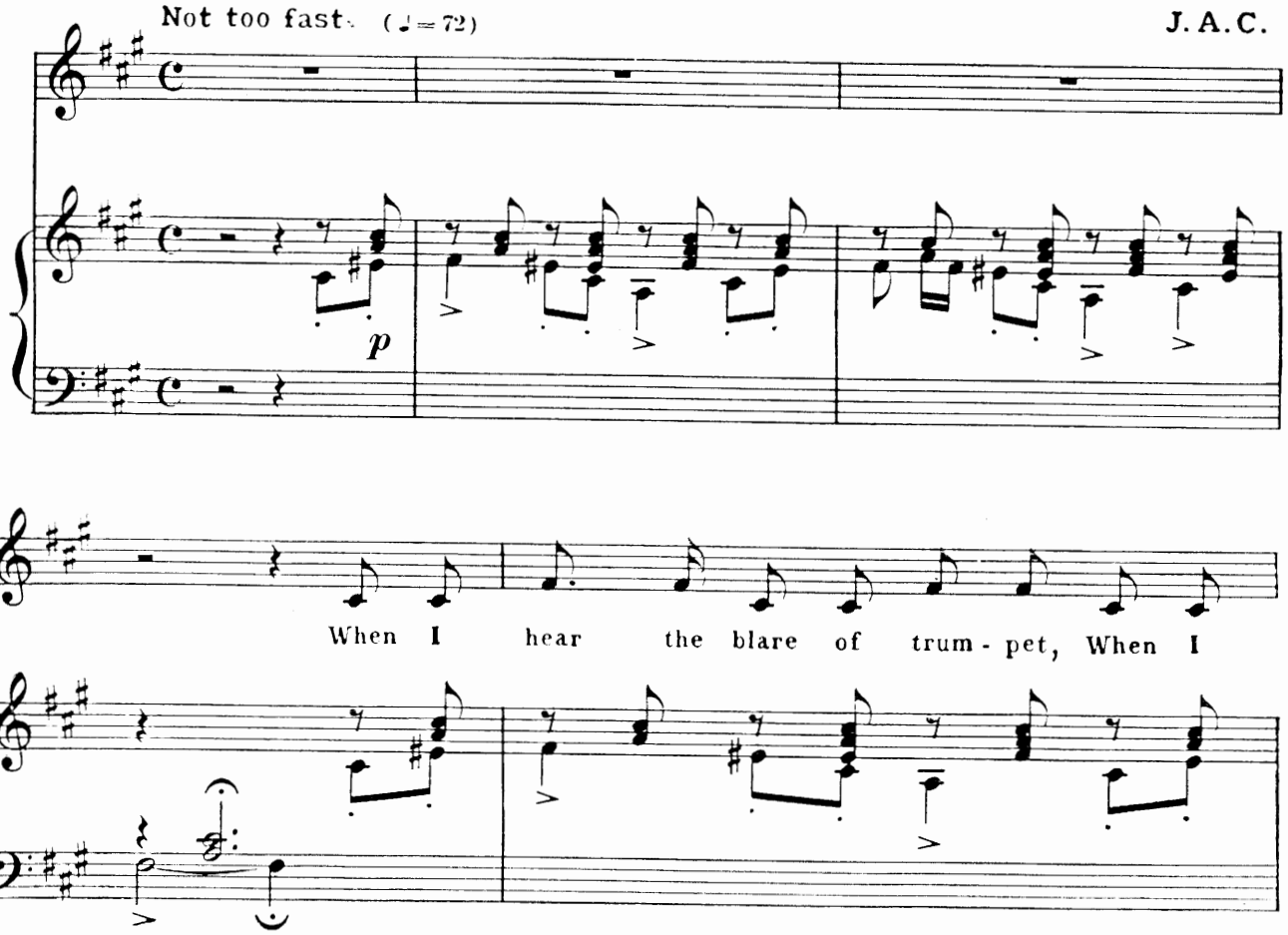
This love - - ly child rose

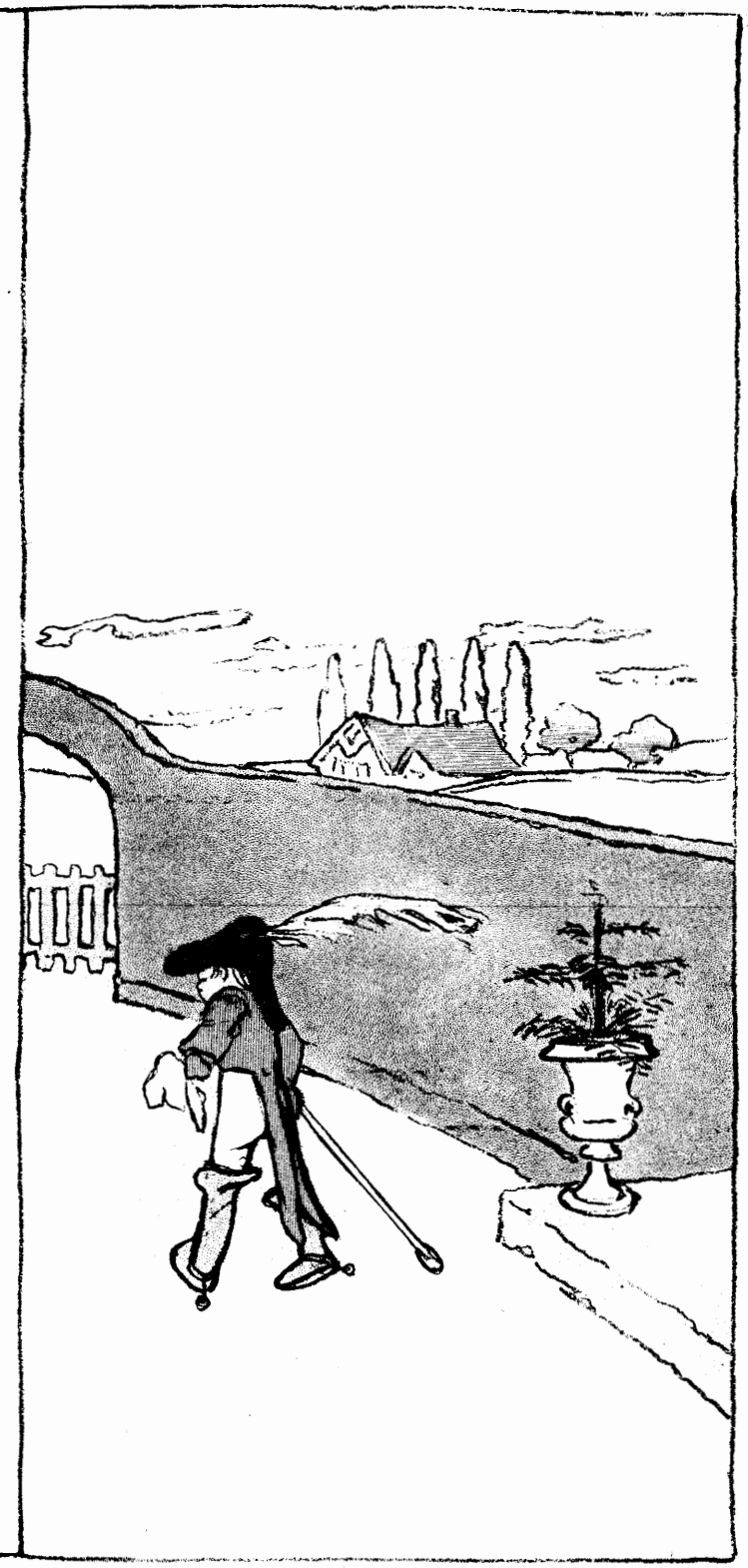
up a - gain, And said, with mild sur - - prise, Oh, chil - - dren,

you should nev- - - - er let Your an - gry pas - sions rise.

X

WAR





83901

hear the roll - ing drum, Then I know the band is play - ing, Then I know that war has come. I sa -

lute my weep - ing moth - er And I bid the cook good - bye, As I buck - le on my ar - mor, And me -

an - - der out to die.

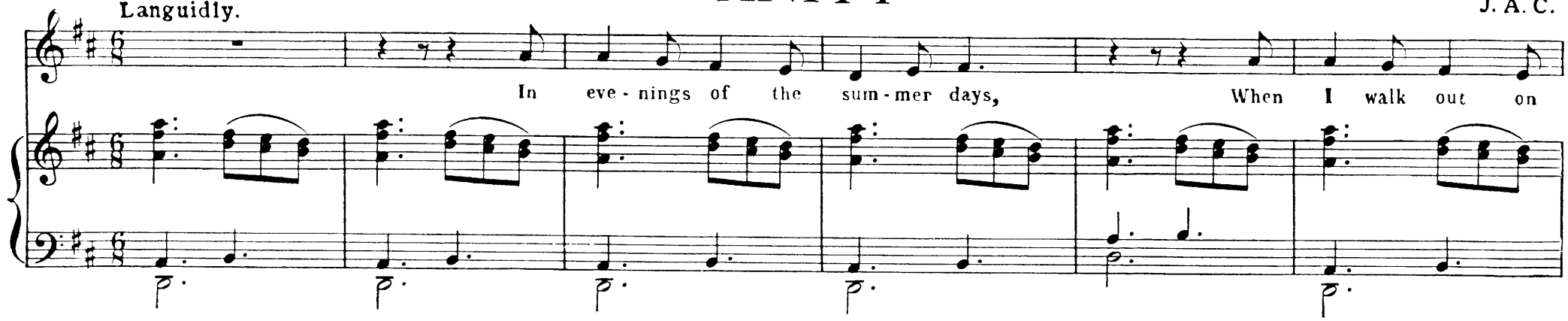
pp

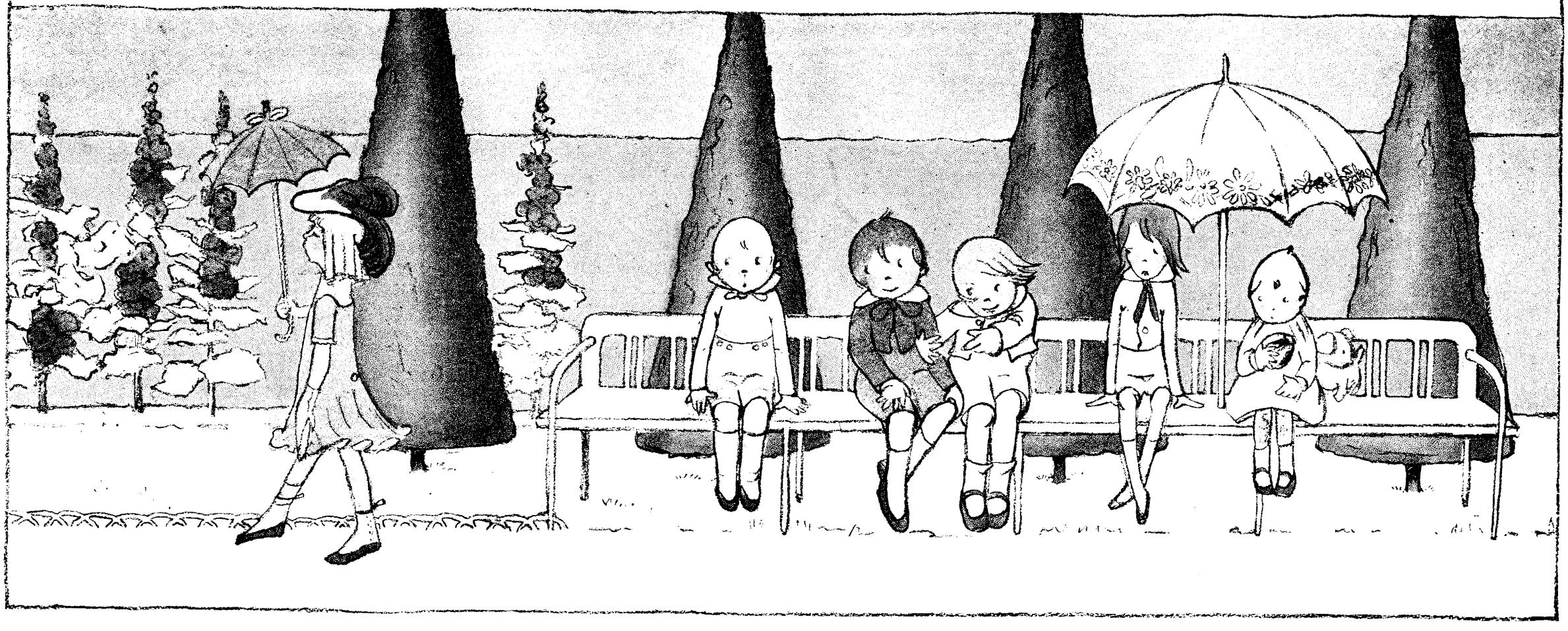
XI

VANITY

Languidly.

J. A. C.





our high-ways In my new dress, I must con-fess, The lit-tle boys quite

stop their plays, — And swal-low fast in mild a-maze. I

ritard.

pass them by with down-cast eye, In eve-nings of the sum-mer days. —

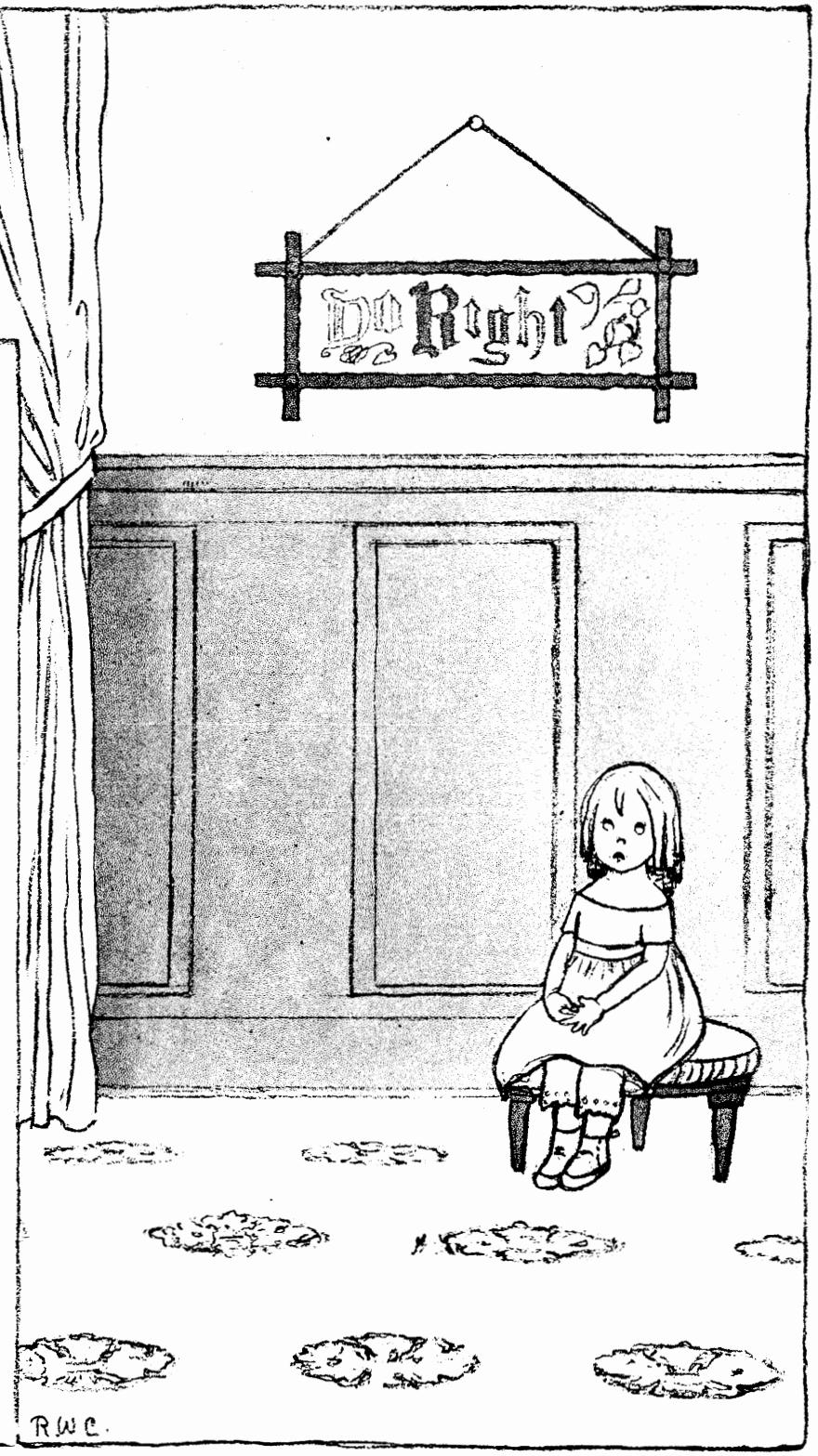
a tempo.

XII

Humility

My nature it is very wild,
I am a little sinful child,
I know that I must better be,
And live by Faith and Charity.

But, oh! to live by these alone,
I must wait until I'm grown.
I'm not important now at all,
Nor yet shall be till I've grown tall.



XII

HUMILITY

J. A. C.

Slowly and without display. (♩=72)

My na - ture it is ver - y wild, I

mf *p* ritard. *a tempo.*

am a lit - tle sin - ful child, I know that I must bet - ter be. And live by Faith and

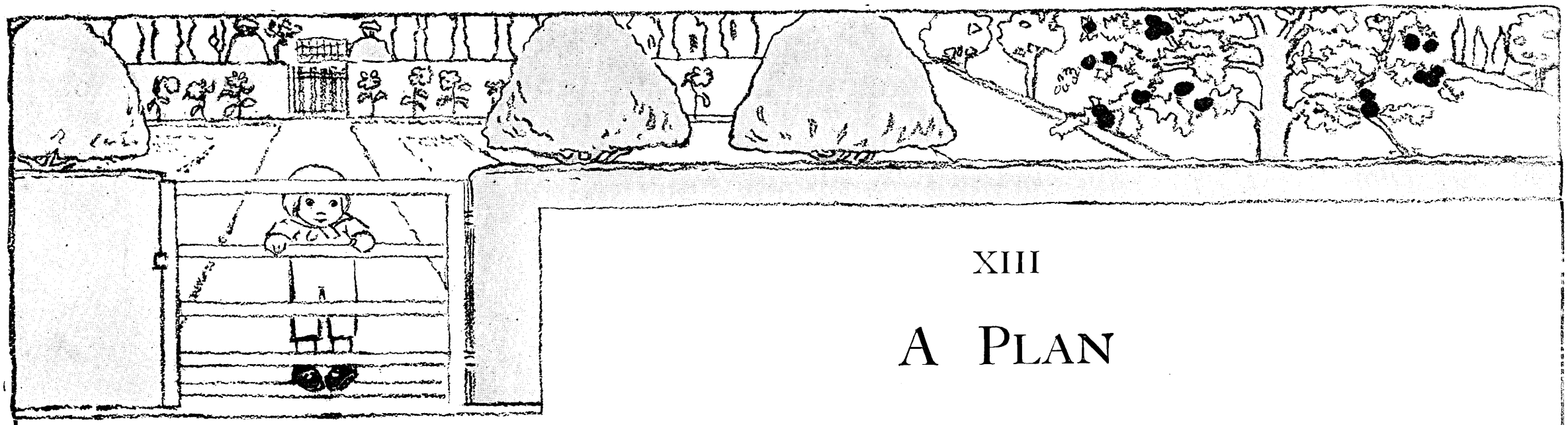
Char - i - ty. But,

ritard.

oh! to live by these a - lone, I must wait un - til I'm grown. I'm not im - por - tant

a tempo.

now at all, Nor yet shall be till I've grown tall.



XIII

A Plan

J. A. C.

Loud and manfully

When I'm a big man then I'll buy me a gun, And a

f

horse and a sad-dle and whip, I'll jump on his back and give him a whack, And a - way from my mother I'll skip. Sing

hey sing ho, for a bad lit - tle boy, And a - way from my moth-er I'll skip ——

I'll gal - lop and gal - lop a - way and a - way To the place where the In - di - ans live, And

may. be I'll roam and I'll nev-er come home: What a fright to my mother I'll give Sing ho, for a bad lit-tle boy, What a fright to my mother I'll

give. —

mf

Mysteriously

But then when it's dark, and the wind starts to blow, And the

p

Slowly

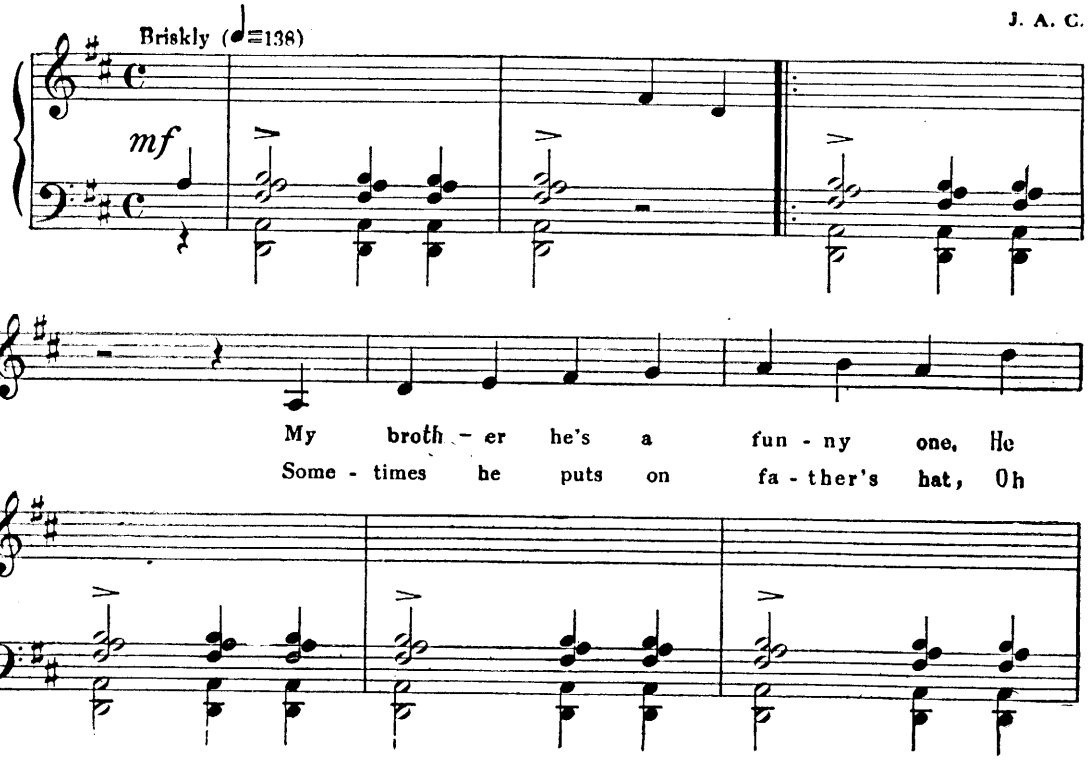
ghosts and the gob - o - lings call, I guess if I stayed, that I'd be kind o' 'fraid, And I'd want dear mamma af-ter

all. Sing ho for a good lit - tle boy, Sing hey, sing ho, for a good lit - tle boy. —

XIV

BROTHER

J. A. C.



makes me laugh the whole day long, With all his fun - ny ways. I'm
how I have to laugh at that, And roll up - on the floor. Then

glad he lives so ver - y near, Right in this house, he's al - ways here To play a - way the days.
he pre - tends to be a cow, And wags his head to show me how A cow can gnash and roar.

He goes and puffs his cheeks far out, And then be - gins to

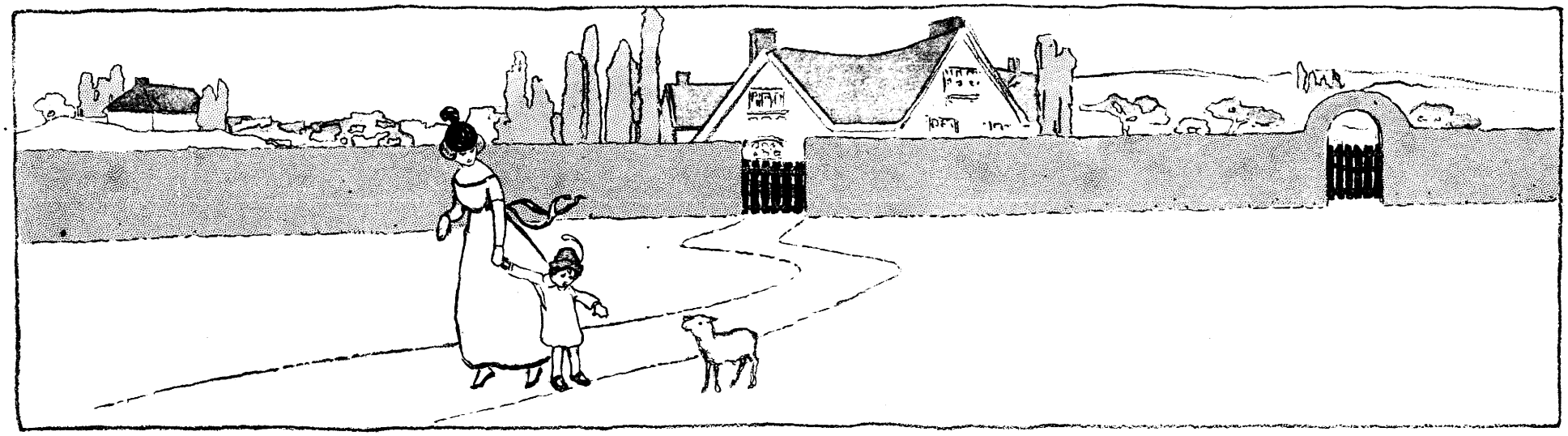
strut a - bout, Un - till I al - most die. I real - ly do be - lieve that he Is

fun - ni - er far than I could be, Though years and years I'd try, though years and years I'd

Much slower

try.

p Briskly, as before



XV
MAKING CALLS

J. A. C.

Drearily (♩=92)

The most un-pleas-ant thing to do, Of all unpleasant things I know, Is mak-ing calls with dear mamma; I nev-er seem to want to go. The

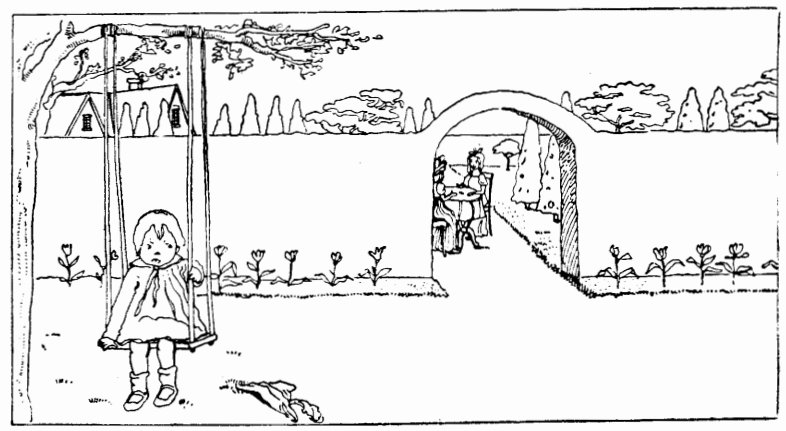
Slowly

la-dies look so ver-y old; They nev-er seem to un-der stand How a lit-tle boy gets tired, When he's tak-en by the hand And led past all the

things for tea, Set out up-on a pleasant ta-ble, Towards the swing out in the sun, And have to swing and not be a-ble Once to stop un-til too late; They

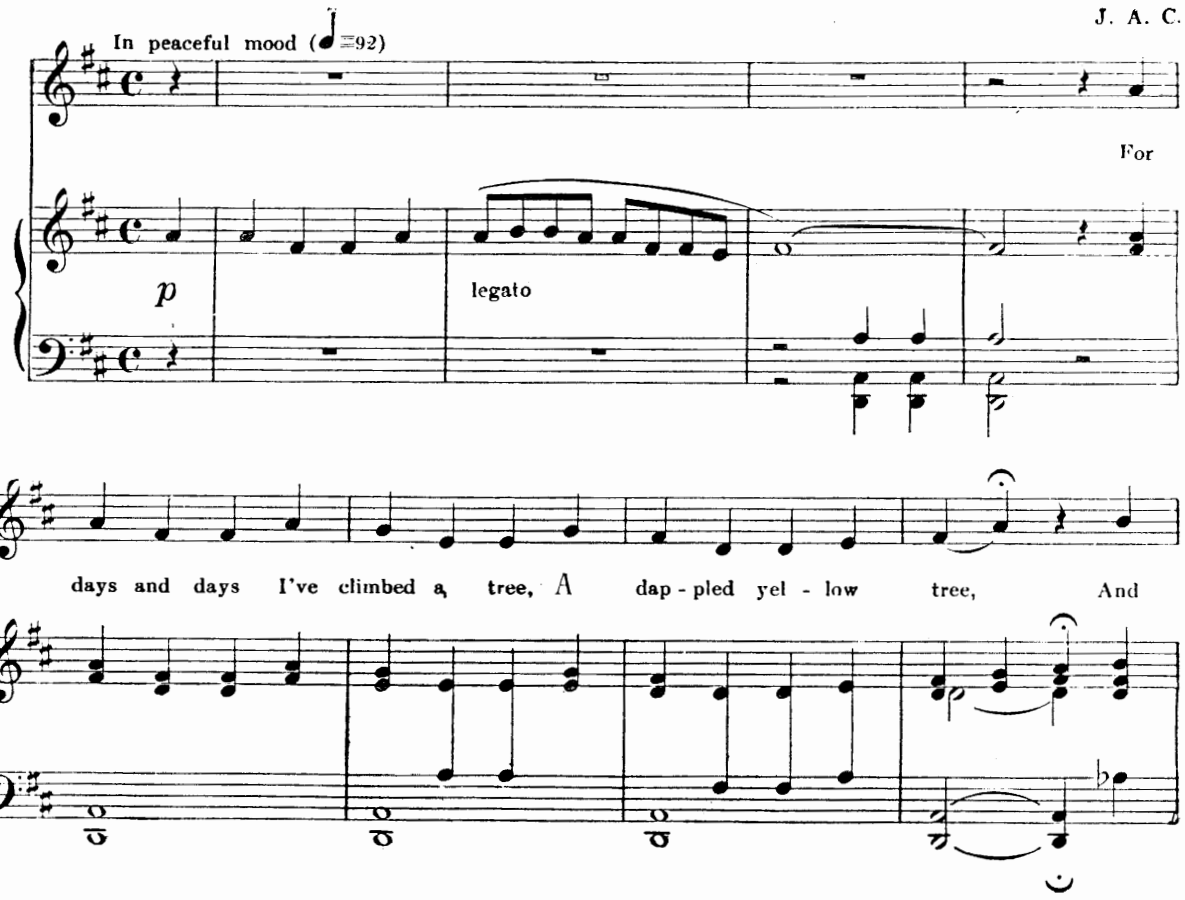
nev-er seem to stop and think How hun-gry lit-tle boys can get, And while they talk and eat and drink, I have to swing and swing and swing, My

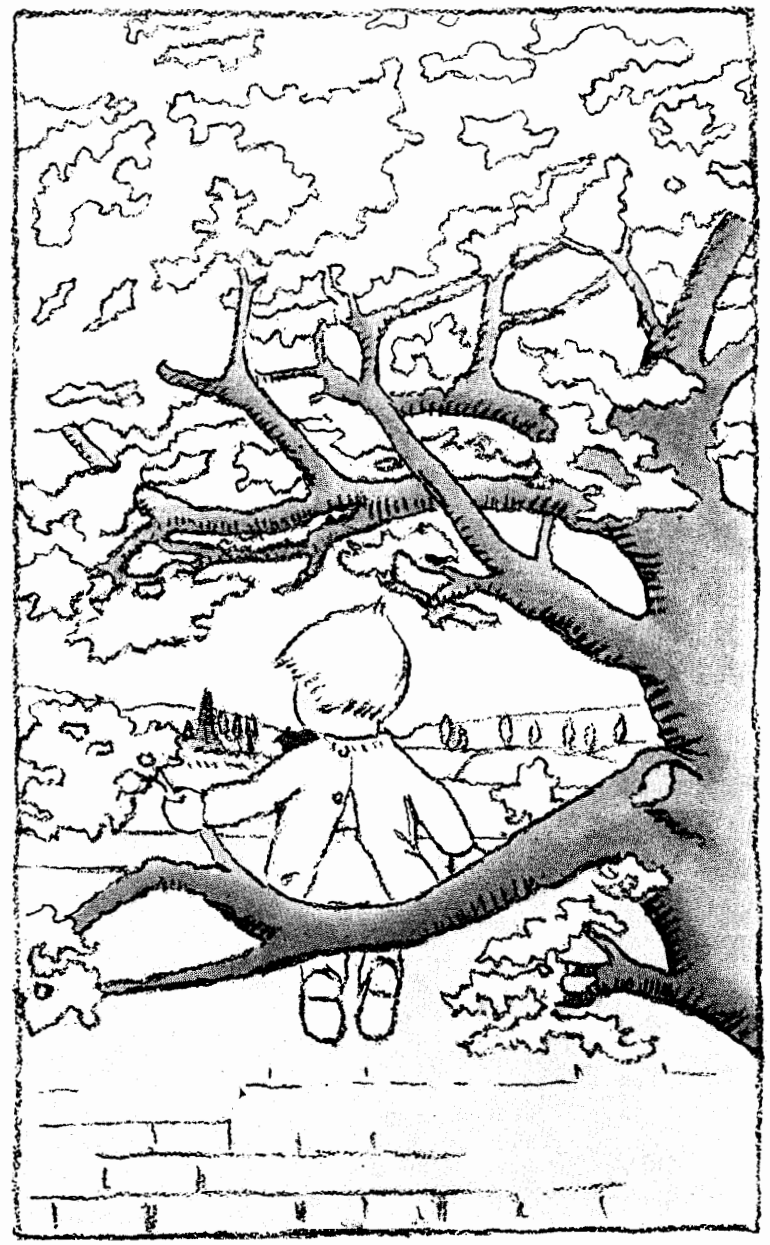
stomach awful empty, too! Oh! what a waste of af-ter-noon, When there are nicer things to do!



XVI

CONTEMPLATION





looked a - broad at man - y things I've al - ways wished to see. I see the green and gen - tle fields, All

bound - ed in with hedge. And shin - ing riv - er swim - ming through The rush - es on his edge.

And lit - tle sheep who play all day. I

mf *p*

watch them as they run; — While far a - way the roofs of town Are shin - ing in the sun. I

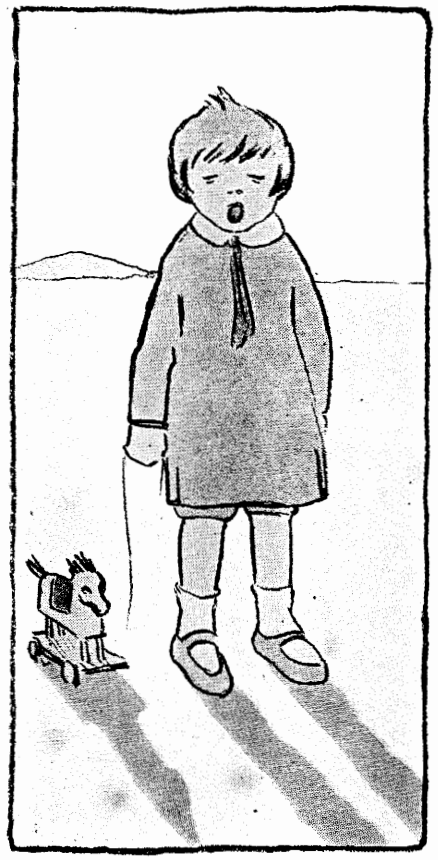
think it's ver - y nice, to sit So high and look so far. How ver - y large the world is! How

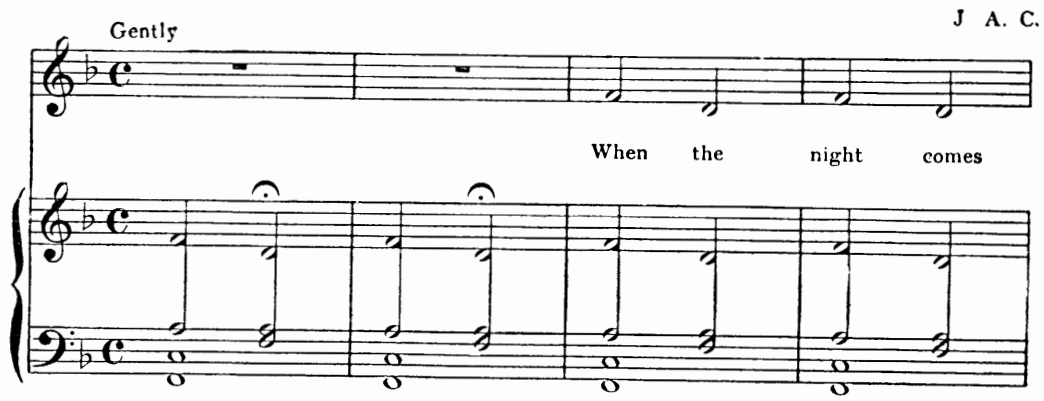
man - y things there are!

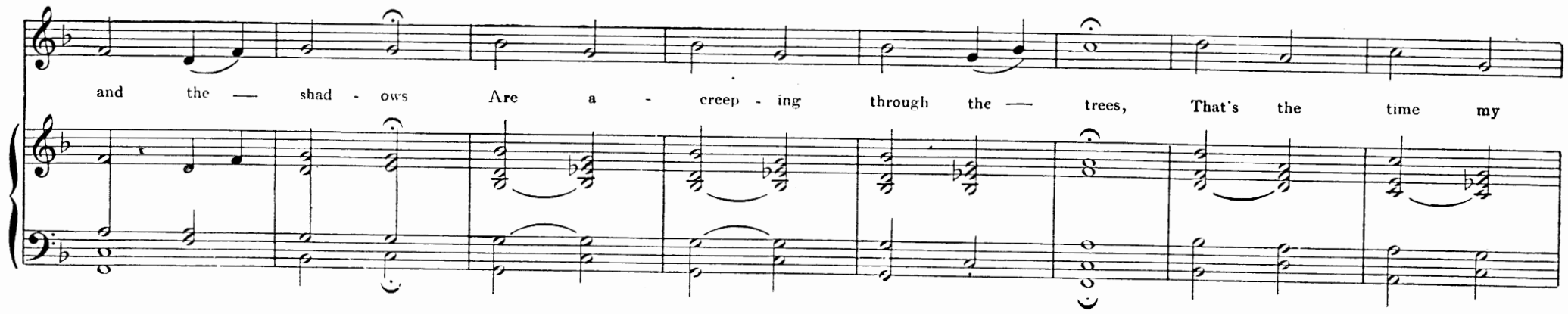
p

XVII

When the Night Comes







moth – er —— holds me, Rocks me gen – tly on her knees. And she

sings a lit – tle —— boy – song, Of the ships that go to —— sea, And I

want to cry a —— lit - tle, 'Cause she is so good to me.

p

pp