IN YOUNGSTERLAND

Fourteen little songs for little singers

by

MANA-ZUCCA

In Youngsterland

Fourteen jolly rhymes, set to pretty tunes

By

MANA-ZUCCA

With illustrations by

Caroline Thurber

Price $1.50, net

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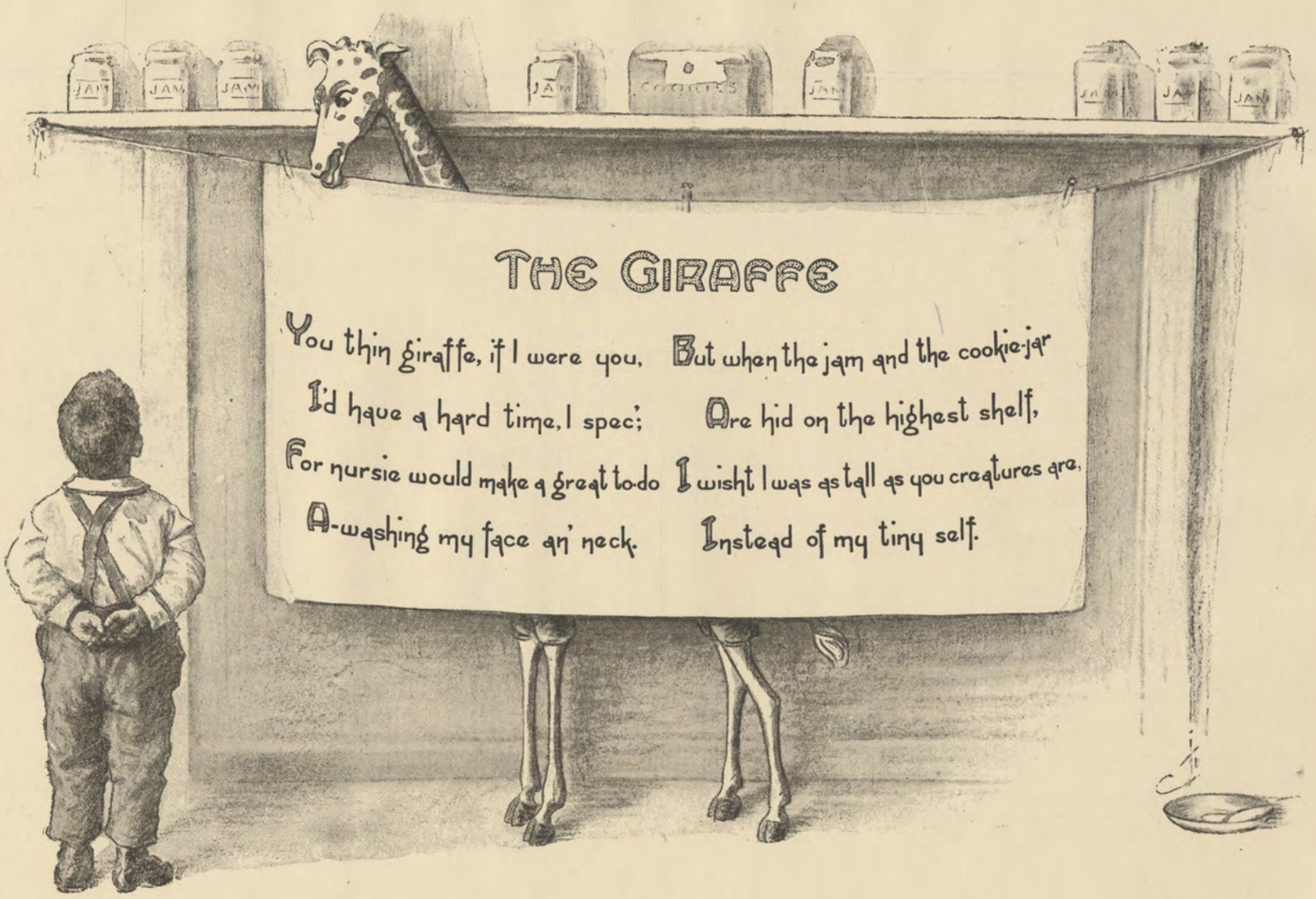


The Giraffe

You thin giraffe, if I were you,
I'd have a hard time, I spec';
For nursie would make a great to-do
A-washing my face an' neck.

But when the jam and the cookie-jar
Are hid on the highest shelf,
I wisht I was as tall as you creatures are,
Instead of my tiny self.

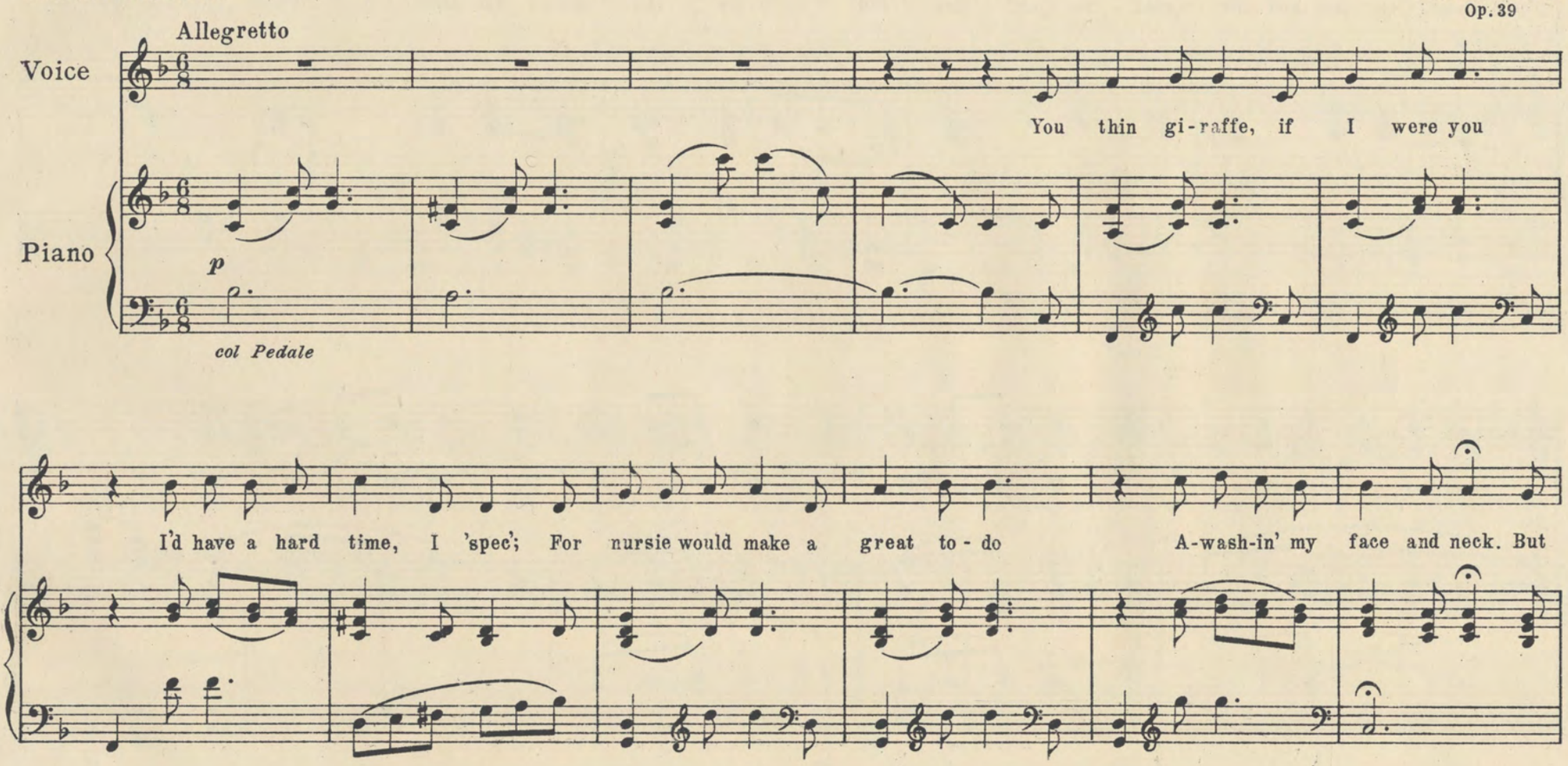
I

To Mme Marie Rappold

The Giraffe

BURGESS JOHNSON

MANA-ZUCCA
Op. 39



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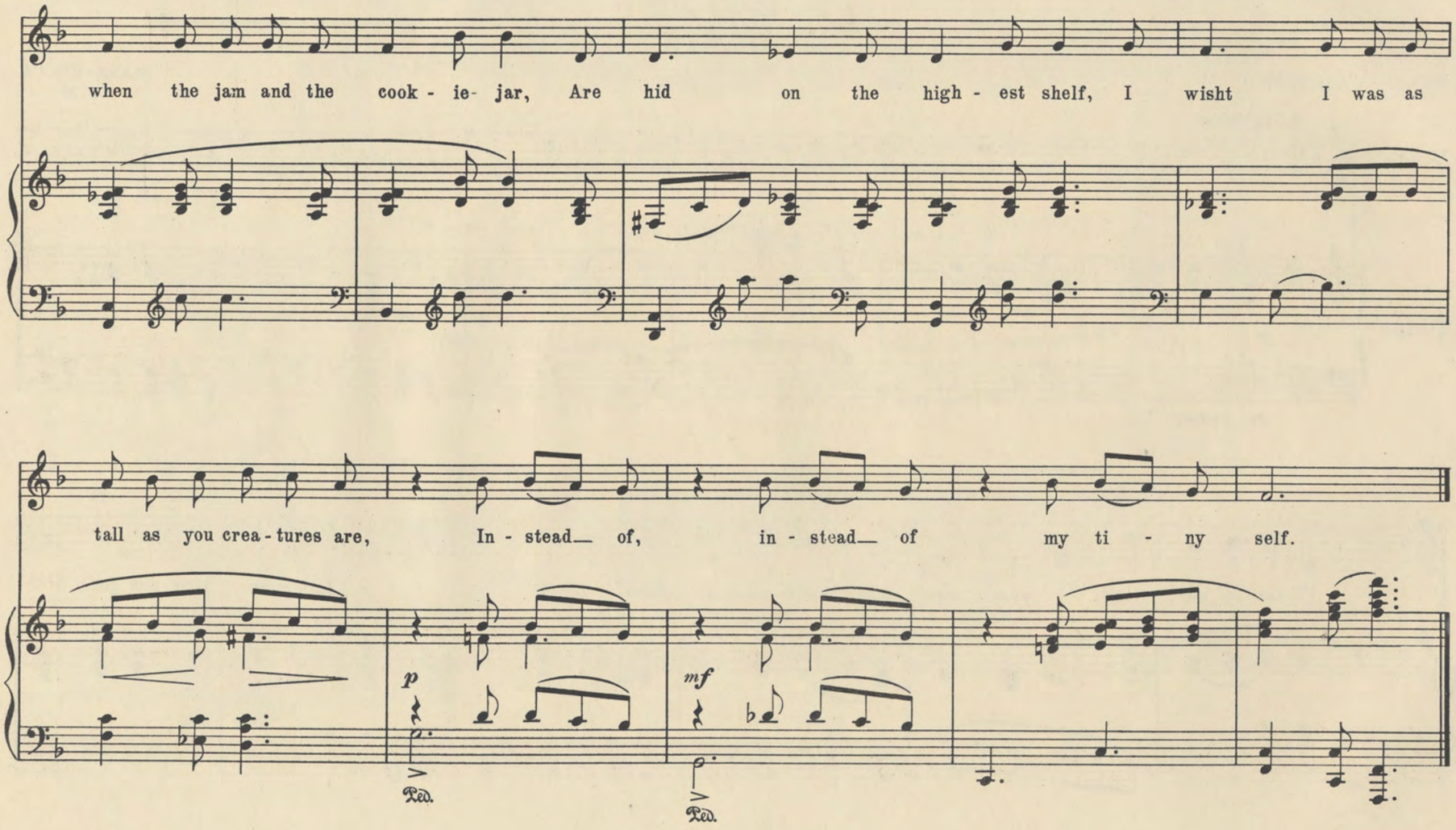

when the jam and the cook - ie- jar, Are hid on the high - est shelf, I wisht I was as
tall as you crea - tures are, In - stead— of, in - stead— of my ti - ny self.
p
mf
Ped.
Ped.

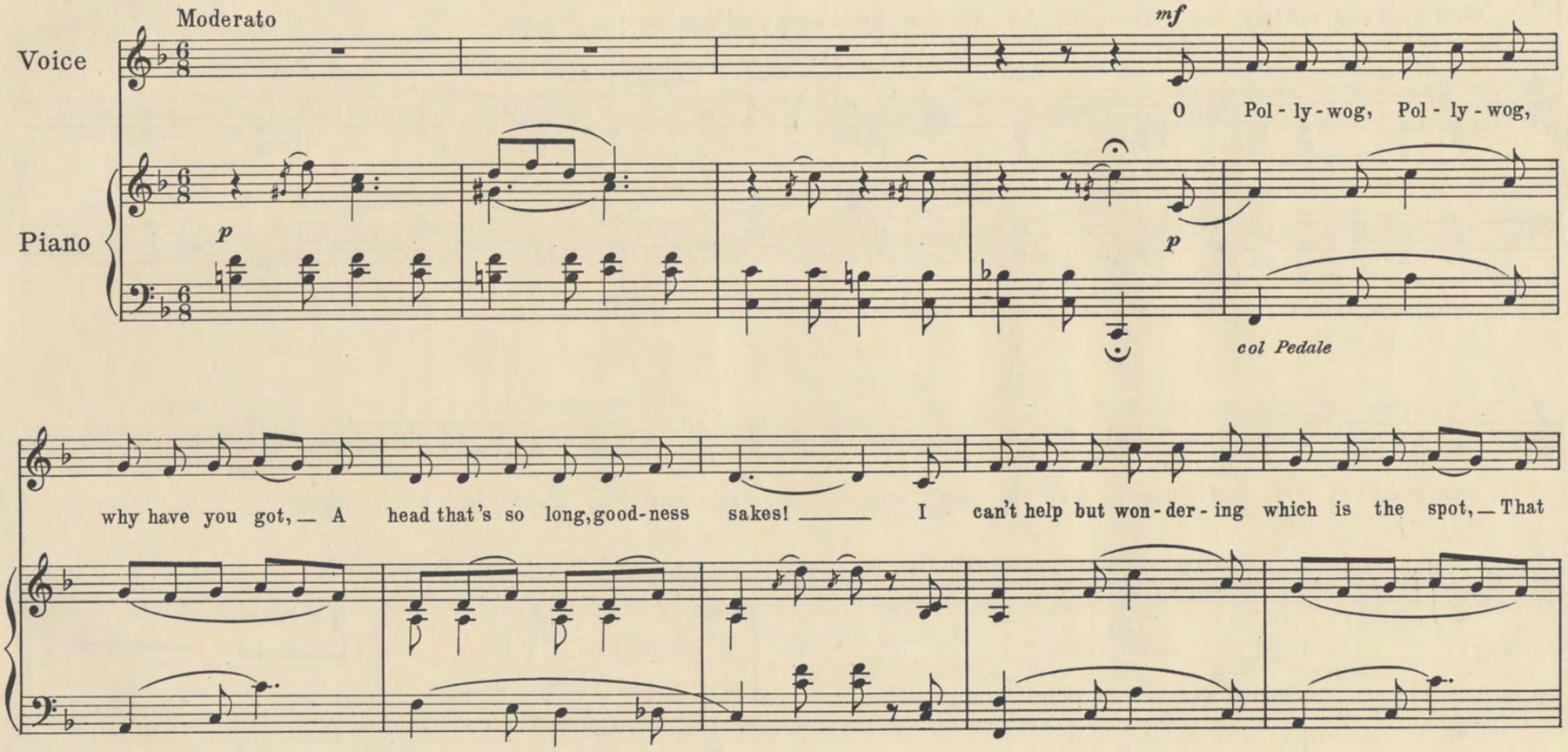
II

To Harold

The Polly-wog

JOHN HARWOOD BACON

MANA-ZUCCA



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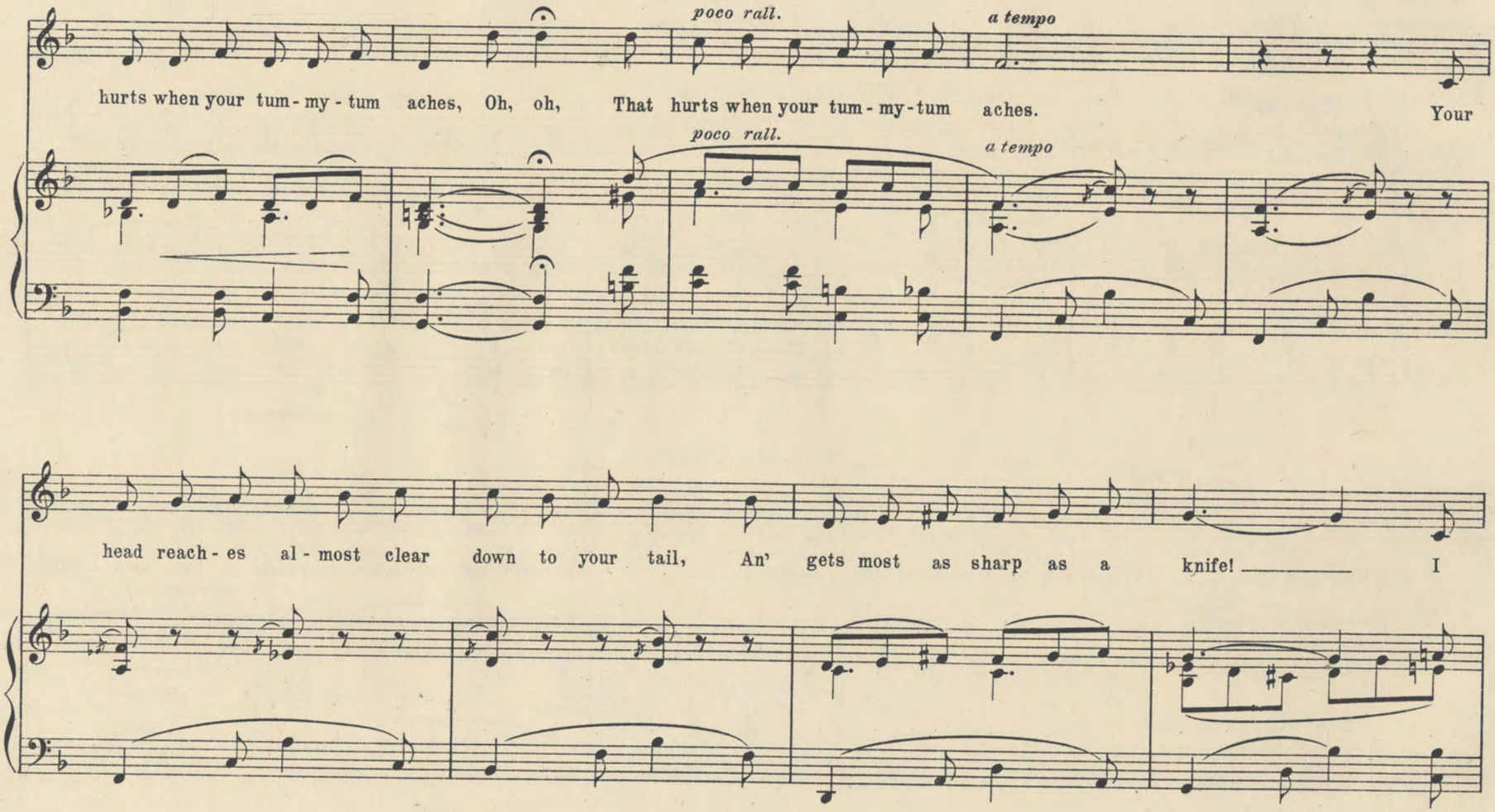
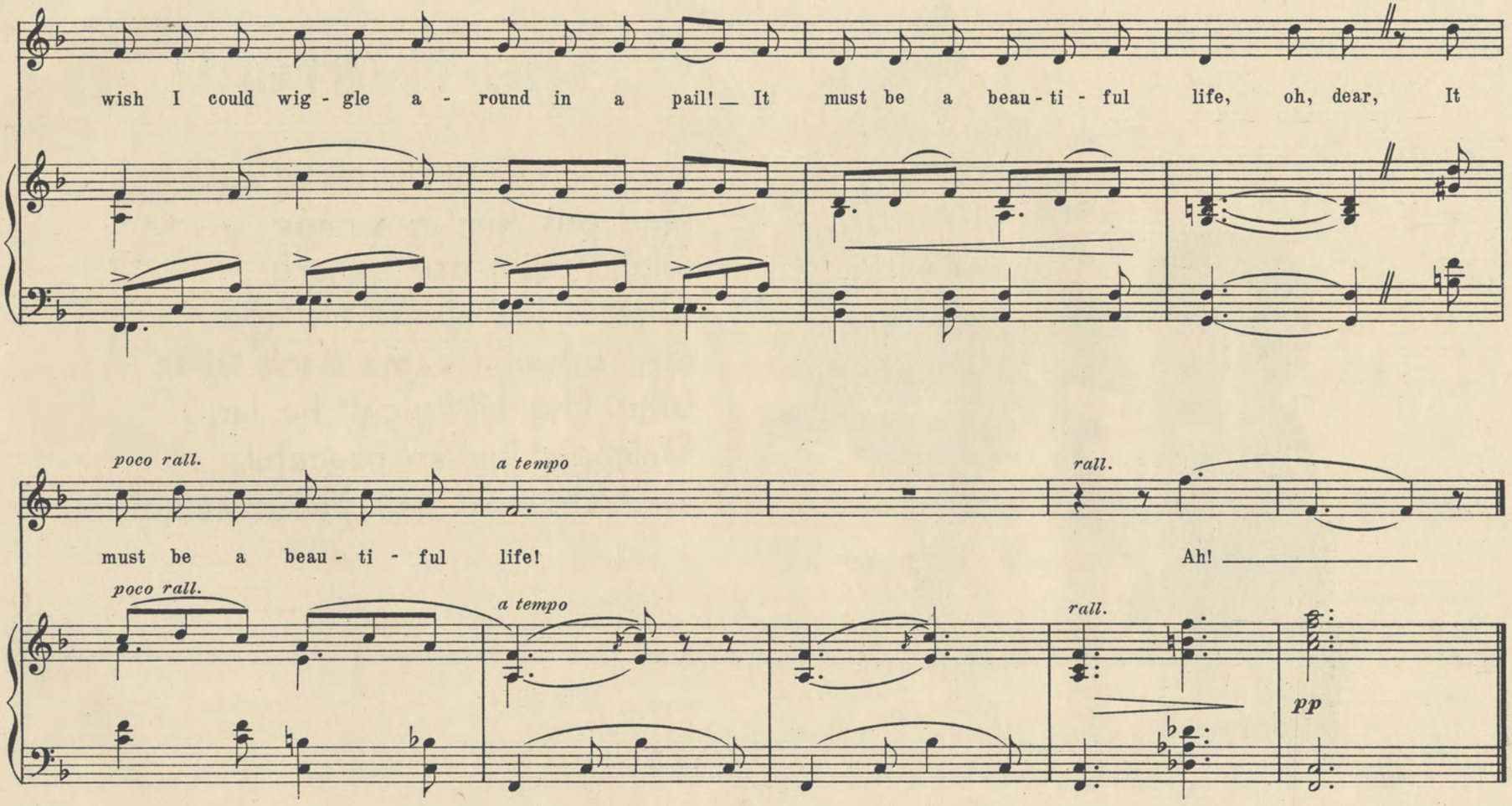

poco rall.
a tempo
hurts when your tum - my - tum aches, Oh, oh, That hurts when your tum - my - tum aches. Your
poco rall.
a tempo
head reach - es al - most clear down to your tail, An' gets most as sharp as a knife! I


wish I could wig - gle a - round in a pail! It must be a beau - ti - ful life, oh, dear, It
poco rall.
a tempo
rall.
must be a beau - ti - ful life!
Ah!
poco rall.
a tempo
rall.
pp

The Mystery

I took our little kitty-cat
And put him in a cage
Along with our canary
Who is jus' about his age.
An' when I came back later,
Why, the kitty-cat he lay
Asleepin' jus' so peaceful,
And the bird had flew'd away!

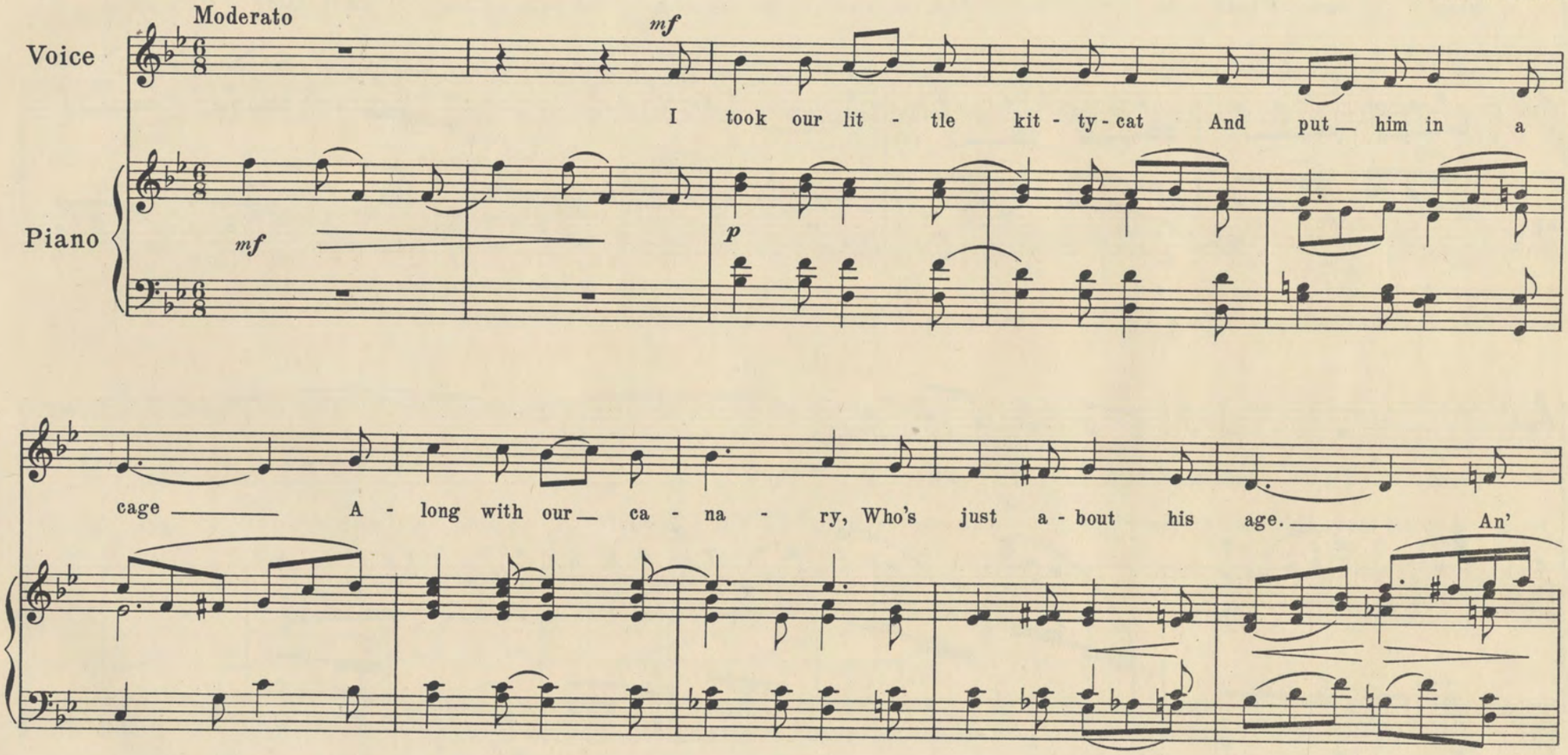
III

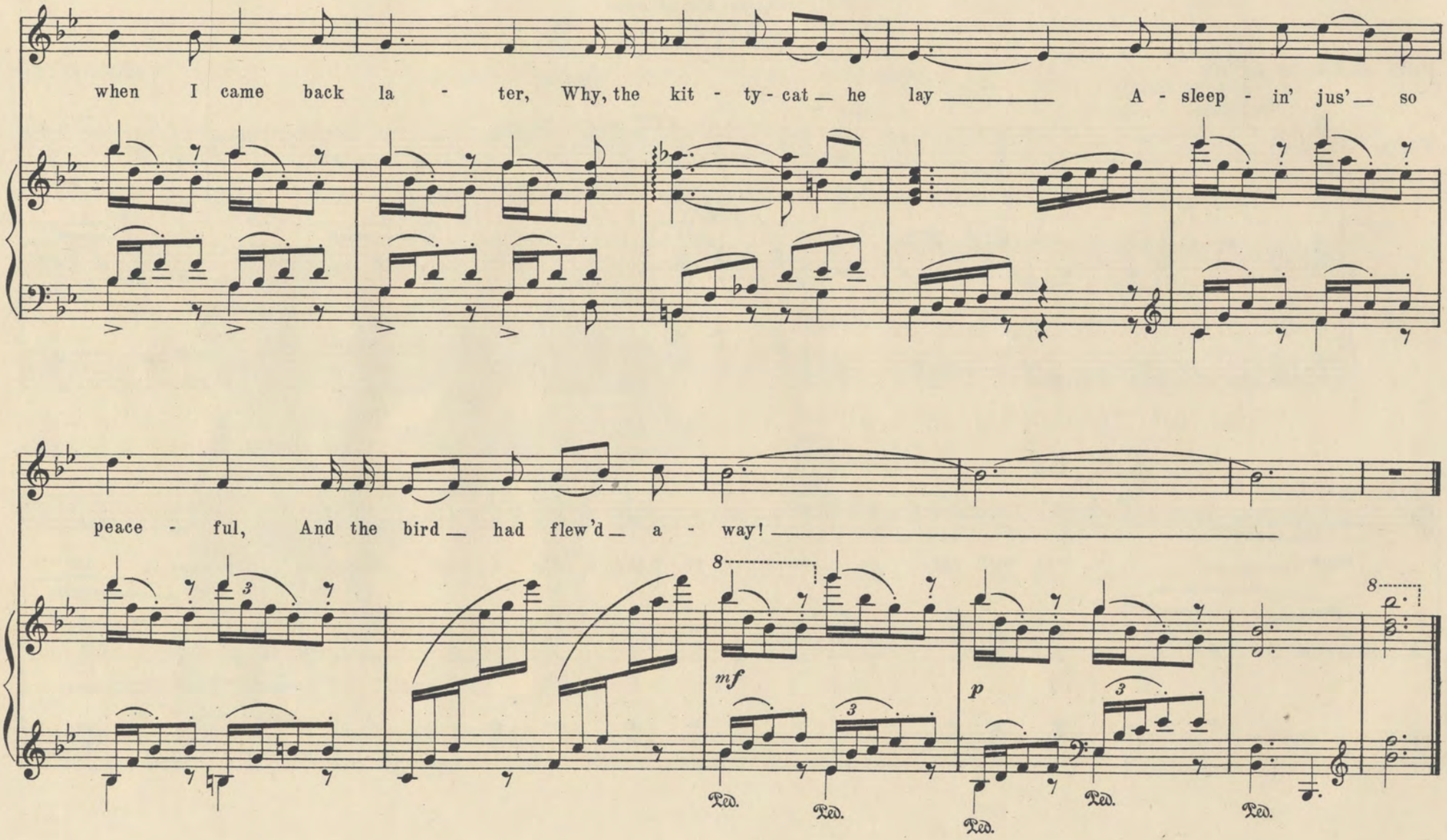
To Constance Muriel Hope

The Mystery

JOHN HARWOOD BACON

MANA-ZUCCA




when I came back la - ter, Why, the kit - ty - cat he lay A - sleep - in' jus' so
peace - ful, And the bird had flew'd a - way!
mf
p
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

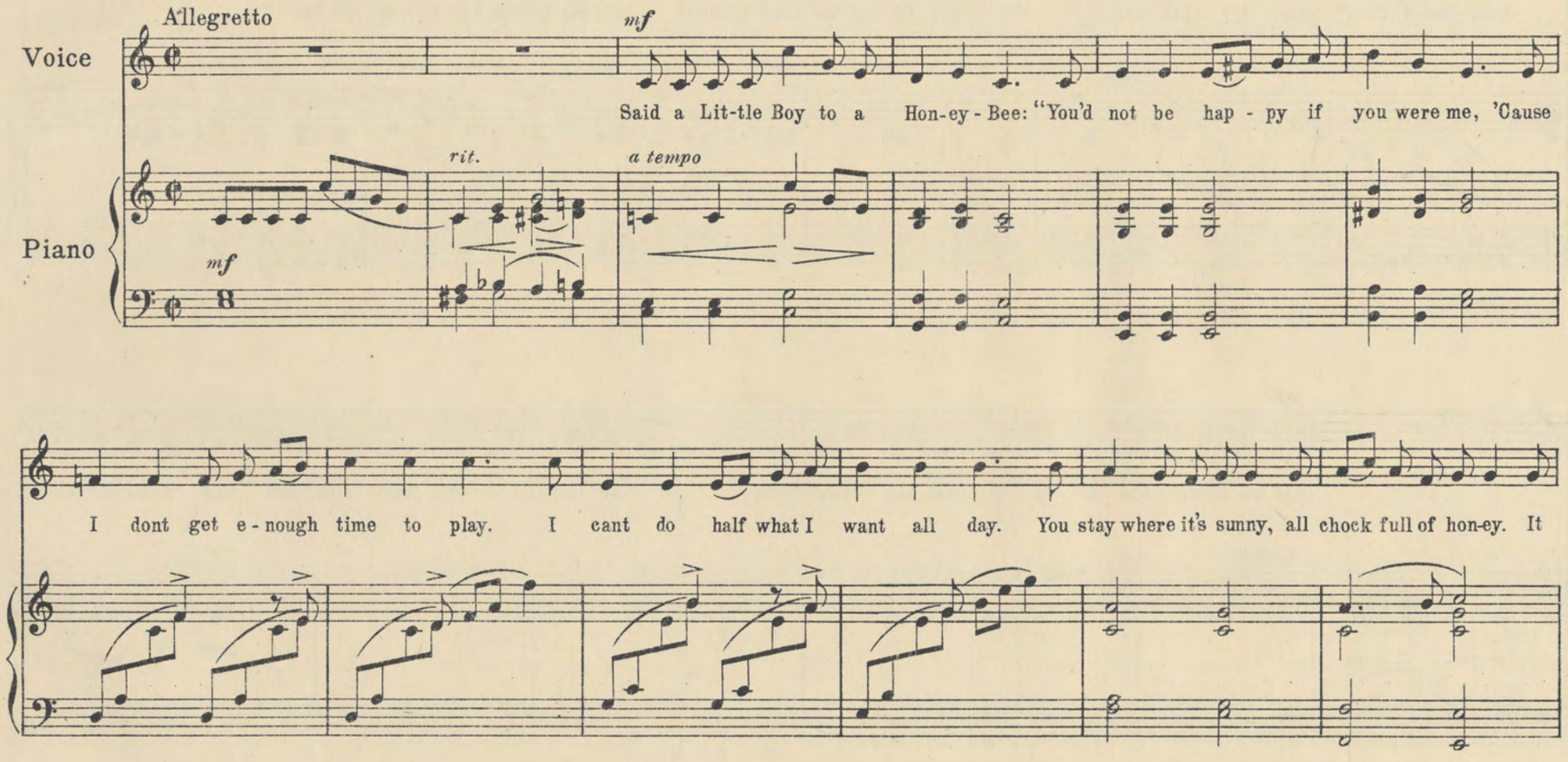
IV

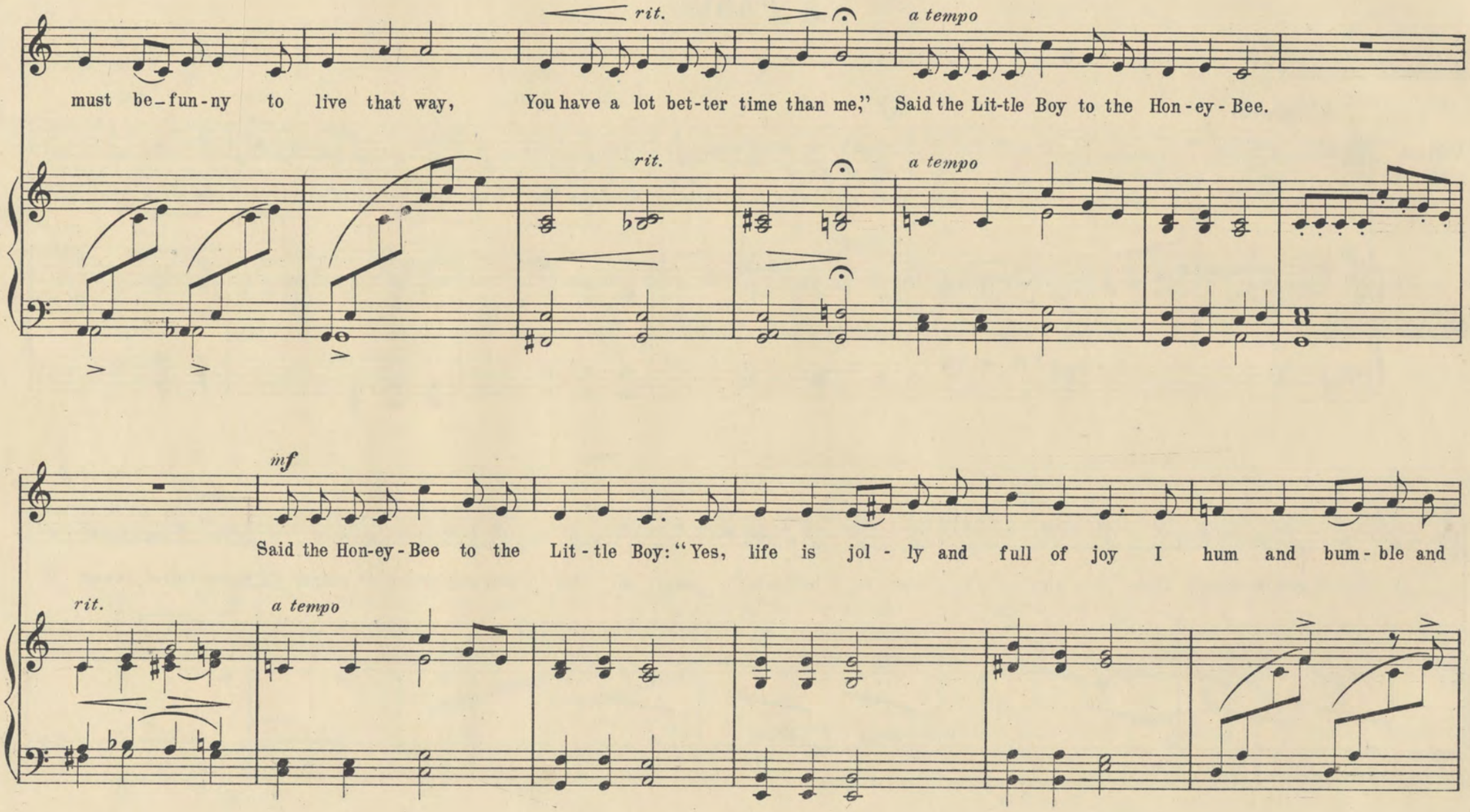
To Geraldine Farrar

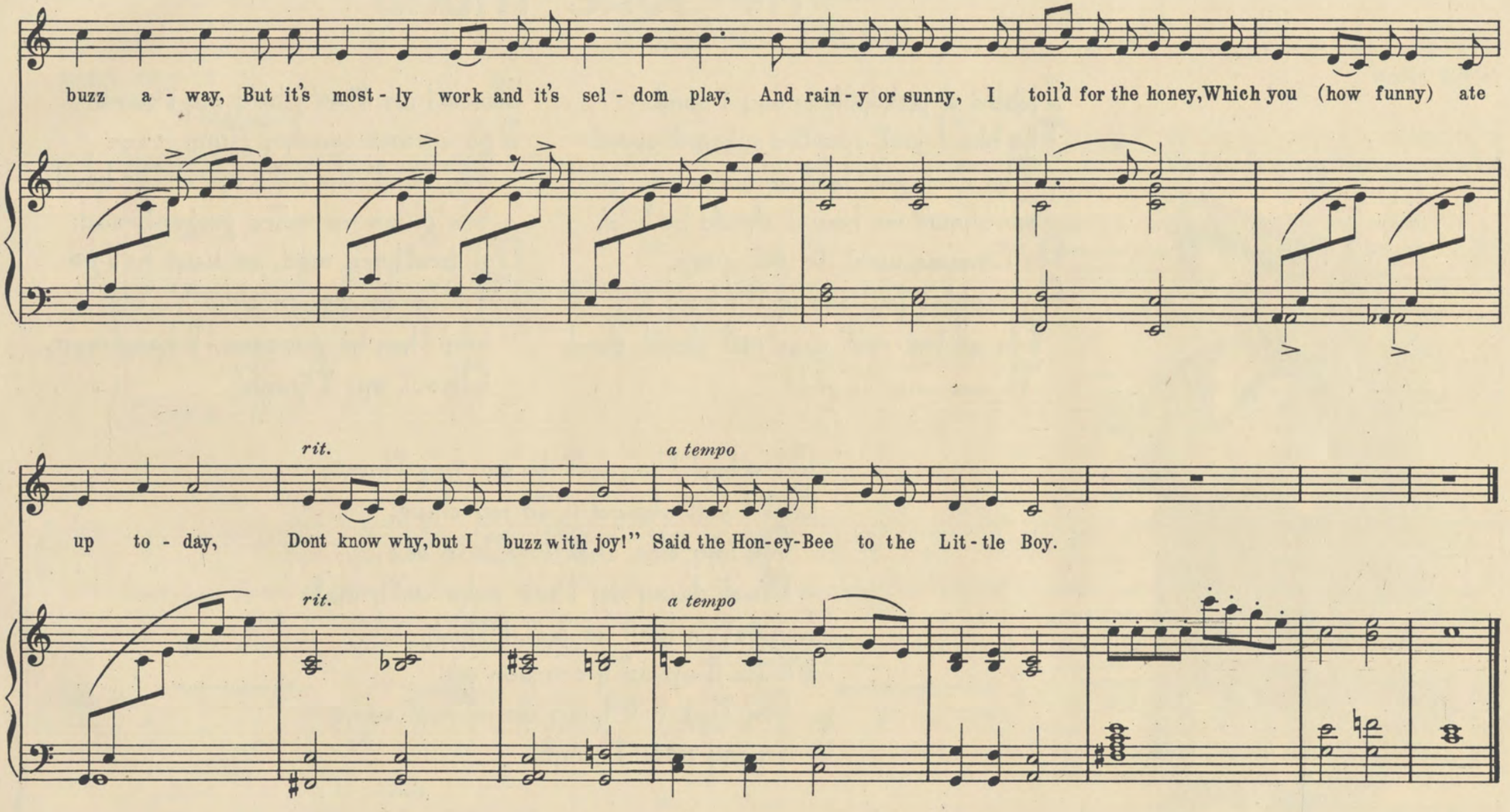
A Fable

BURGESS JOHNSON

MANA-ZUCCA




rit.
a tempo
must be-fun-ny to live that way, You have a lot bet-ter time than me," Said the Lit-tle Boy to the Hon-ey-Bee.
rit.
a tempo
mf
Said the Hon-ey-Bee to the Lit-tle Boy: "Yes, life is jol-ly and full of joy I hum and bum-ble and
rit.
a tempo


buzz a - way, But it's most - ly work and it's sel - dom play, And rain - y or sunny, I toil'd for the honey, Which you (how funny) ate
rit.
a tempo
up to - day, Dont know why, but I buzz with joy!" Said the Hon-ey-Bee to the Lit - tle Boy.
rit.
a tempo

My Sore Thumb

I jabb'd a jack-knife in my thumb –
The blood just spurted when it come!
  The cook got faint, an' nurse she yell'd
  An' show'd me how it should be held,
An' Gran'ma went to get a rag,
An' couldn't find one in the bag;
  An' all the rest was just struck dumb
  To see my thumb!

Since I went an' jabb'd my thumb
I go around a-lookin' glum,
  An' Aunt, she pats me on the head
  An' gives me extra ginger-bread;
But brother's mad, an' says he'll go
An' take an axe, an' chop his toe:
  An' then he guesses I'll keep mum
  About my thumb!

At school they ast to see my thumb,
But I just show'd it to my chum,
  An' any else that wants to see,
  Must divvy up their cake with me!
It's gettin' well so fast, I think
I'll fix it up with crimson ink,
  An' that will keep up int'rest some
  In my poor thumb!

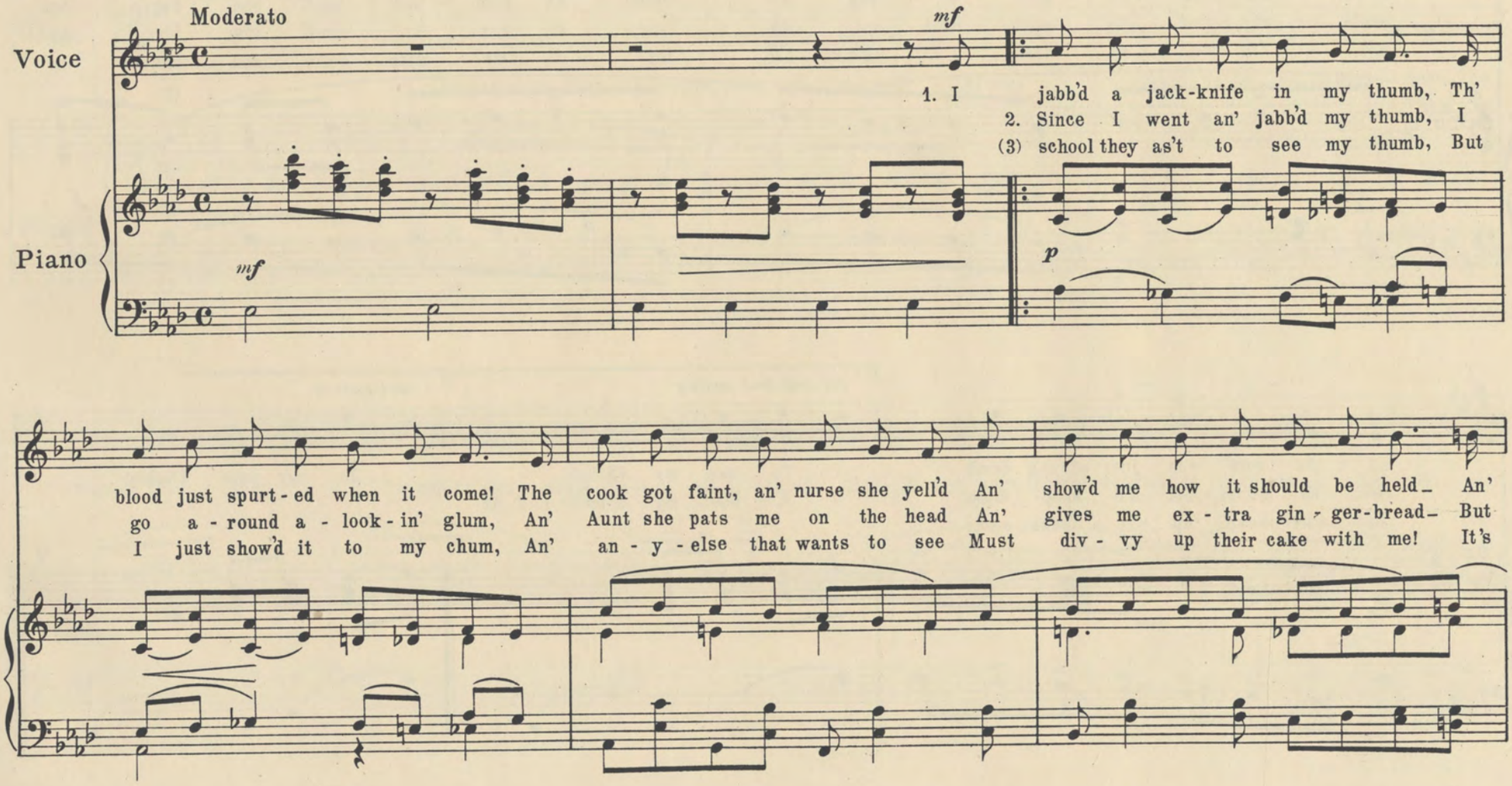
V

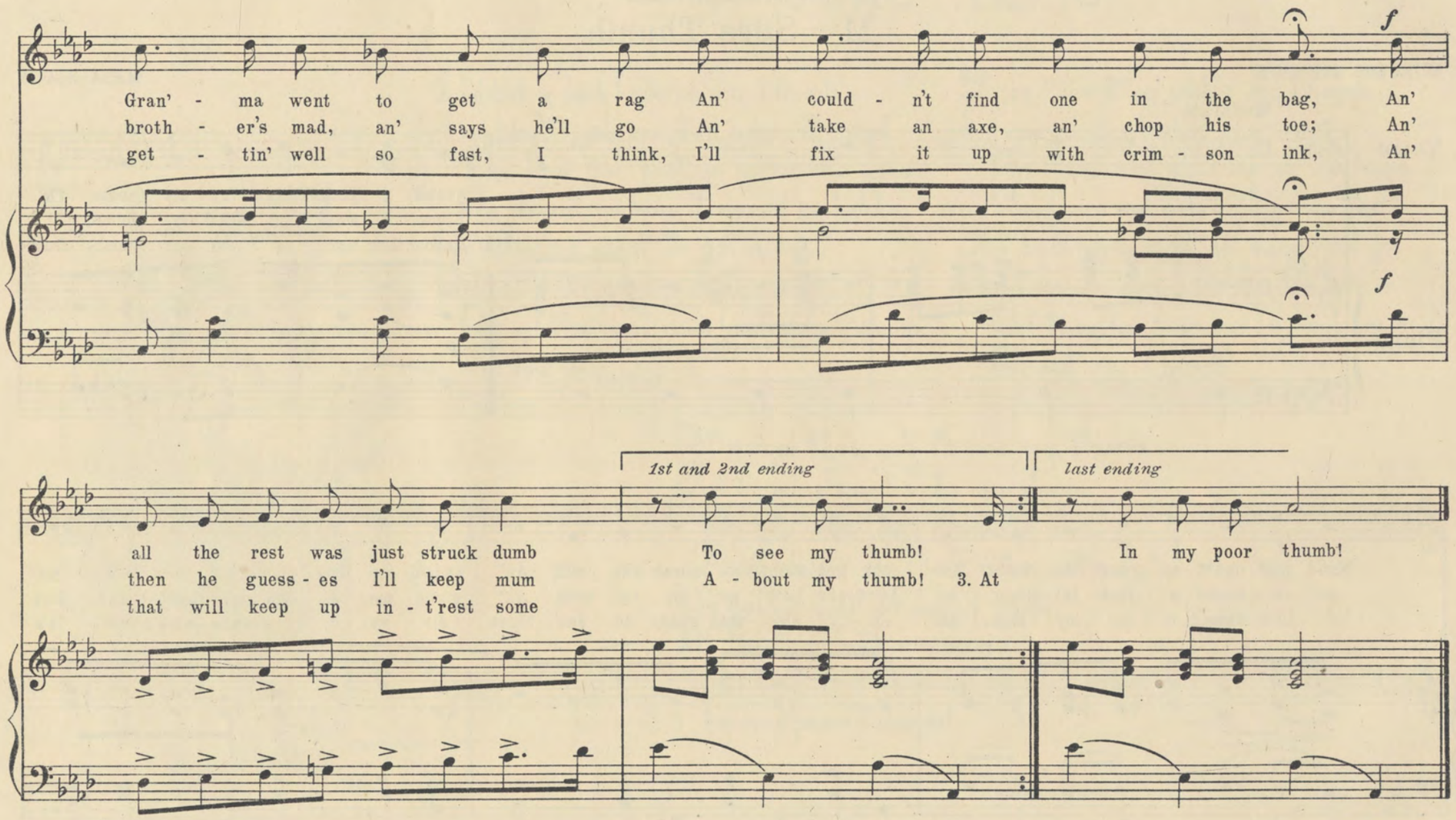
To John Charles Thomas

My Sore Thumb

BURGESS JOHNSON

MANA-ZUCCA




Gran' - ma went to get a rag An' could - n't find one in the bag, An'
broth - er's mad, an' says he'll go An' take an axe, an' chop his toe; An'
get - tin' well so fast, I think, I'll fix it up with crim - son ink, An'
f
f
1st and 2nd ending
last ending
all the rest was just struck dumb To see my thumb! In my poor thumb!
then he guess - es I'll keep mum A - bout my thumb! 3. At
that will keep up in - t'rest some

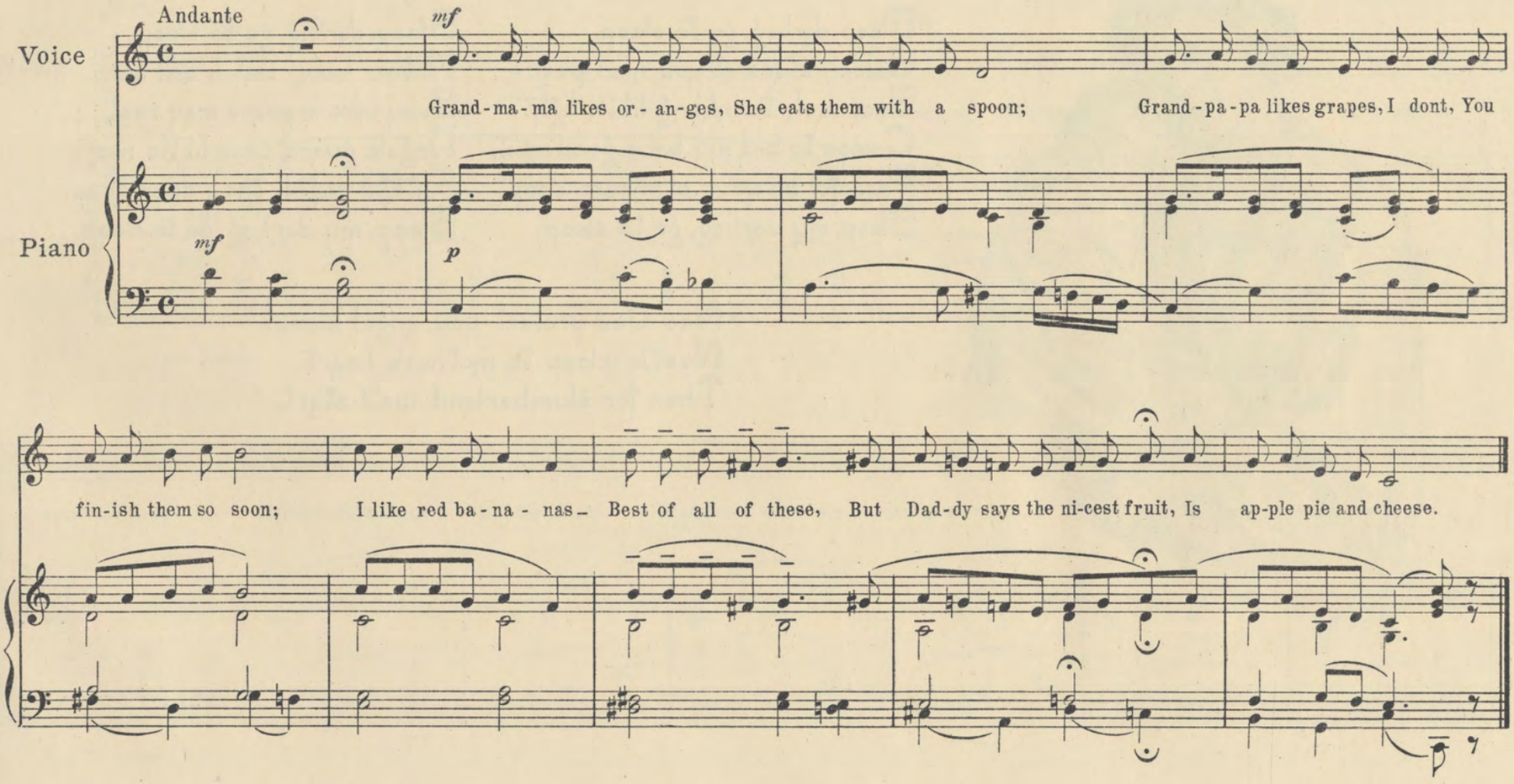
VI

To Rosa Ponselle

The Nicest Fruit

JOHN HARWOOD BACON

MANA-ZUCCA



B.M.Co.5930 comp.

Sleep, My Darling

Sleep, darling, go to sleep,
Golden stars at you now peep -
See, each twinkling little light
Comes to bid my babe good-night,
Peaceful be your slumbers deep,
Sleep, my darling, go to sleep.

Sleep, darling, go to sleep,
Mother loving watch will keep,
Baby mine in peace may rest,
Angels guard your little nest,
Faithful watch they ever keep,
Sleep, my darling, go to sleep.

May God protect you, angel sweet,
Nestle close to mother's heart,
Then for slumberland we'll start.

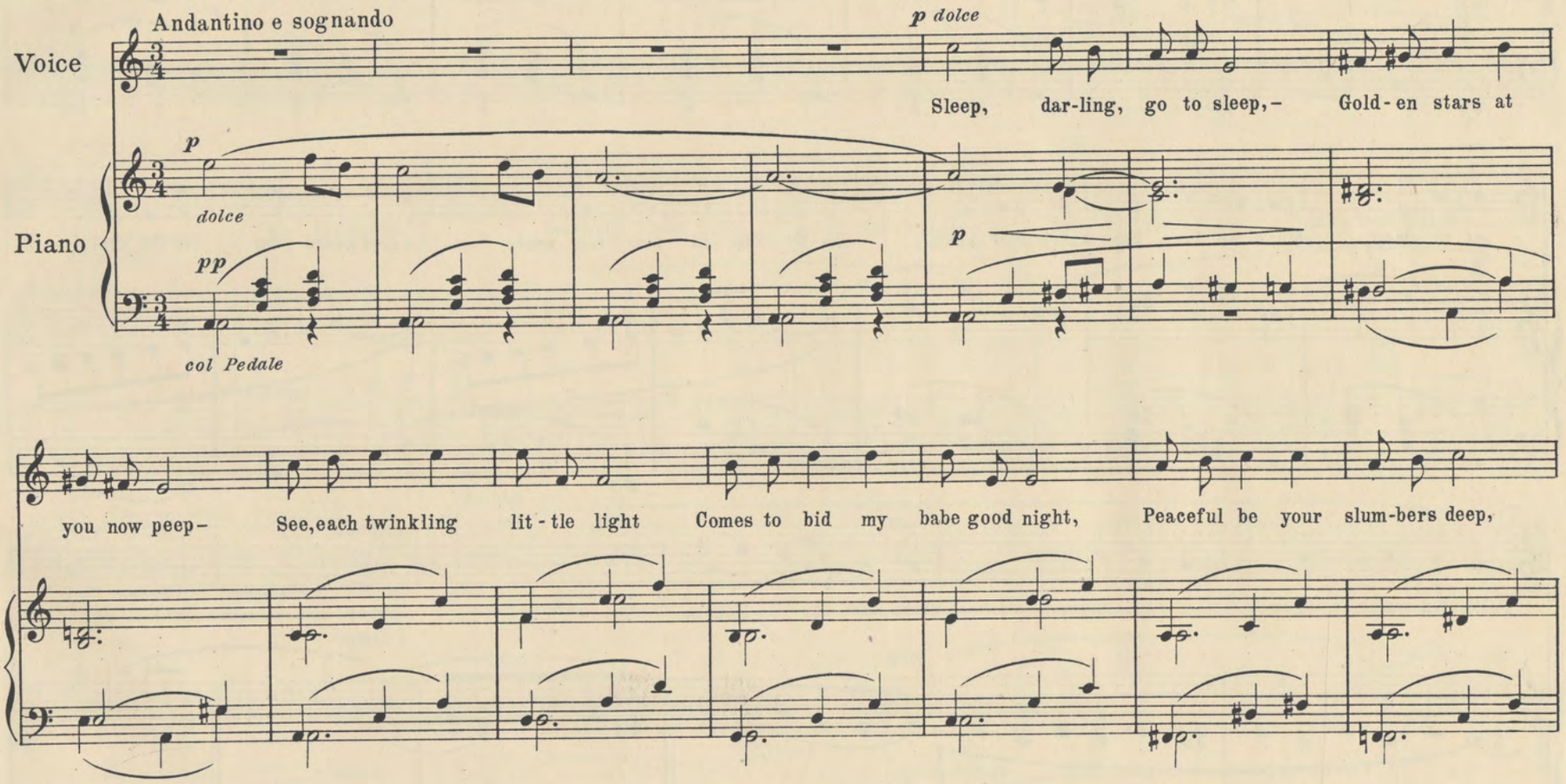
VII

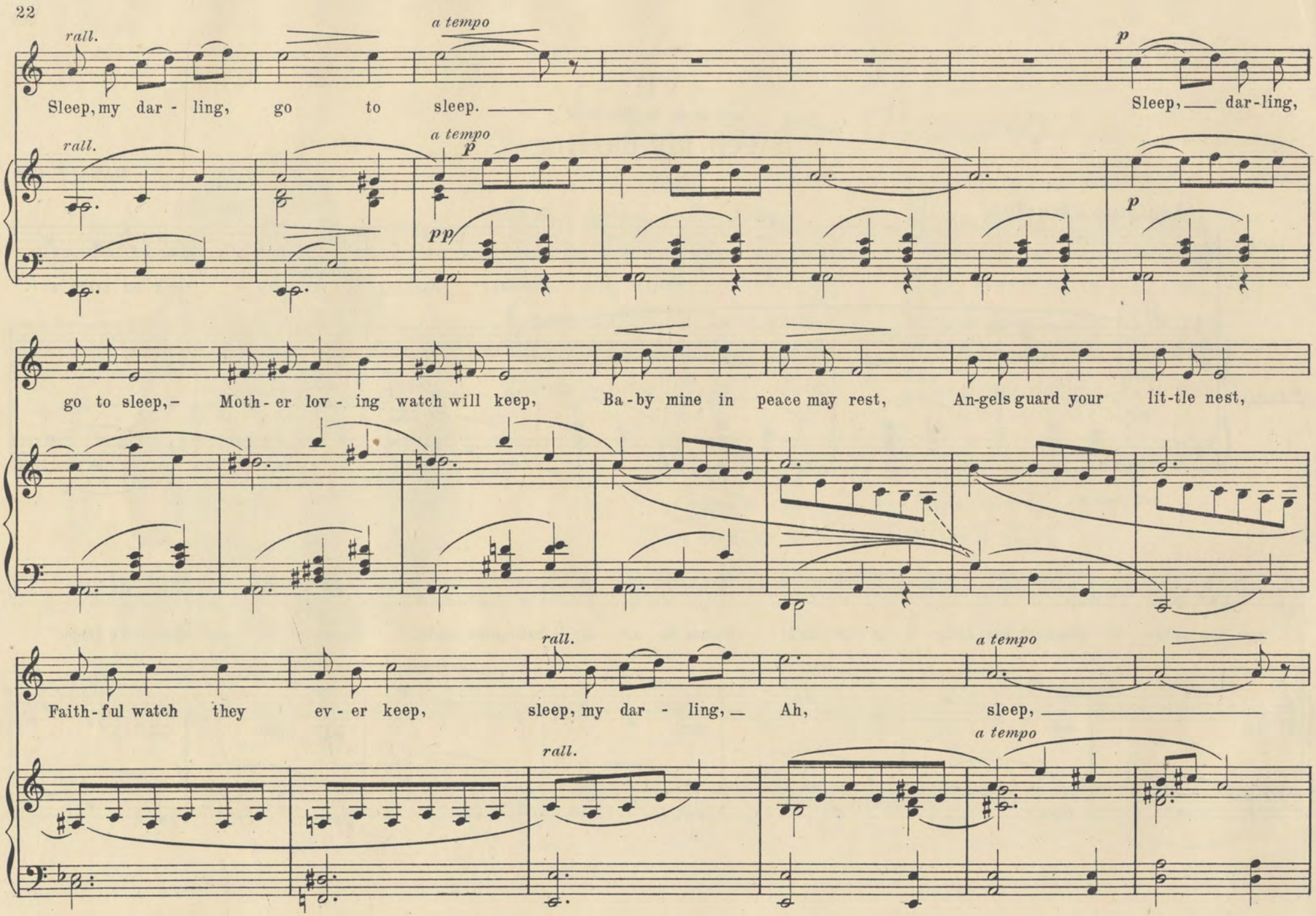
To Mme Galli-Curci

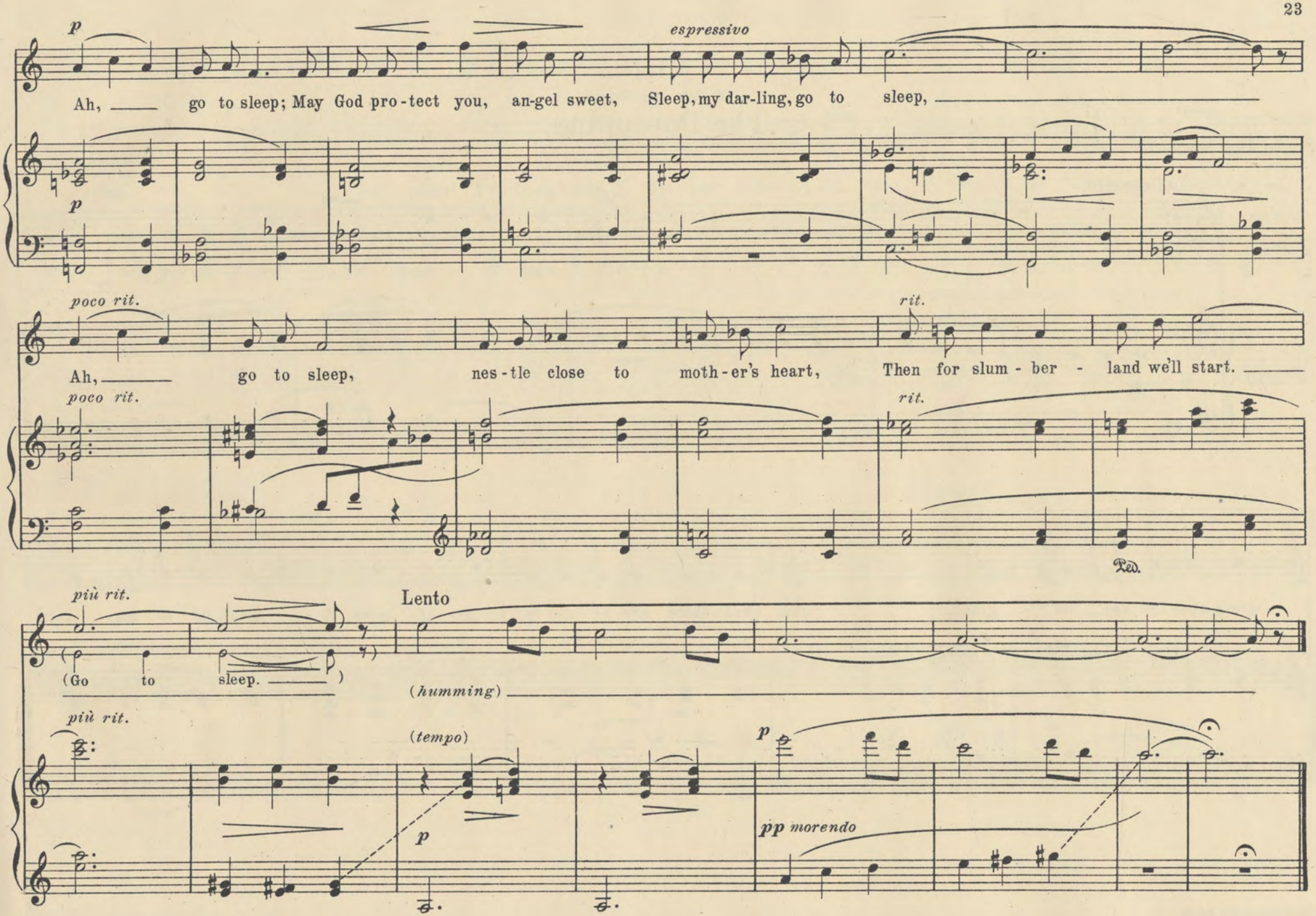
Sleep, my darling

ELSIE JEAN

MANA-ZUCCA




rall.
a tempo
p
Sleep, my dar - ling, go to sleep.
Sleep, dar-ling,
rall.
a tempo
p
pp
p
go to sleep,– Moth - er lov - ing watch will keep, Ba - by mine in peace may rest, An-gels guard your lit-tle nest,
Faith - ful watch they ev - er keep,
rall.
sleep, my dar - ling,
Ah,
a tempo
sleep,
rall.
a tempo


p
espressivo
Ah, go to sleep; May God pro-tect you, an-gel sweet, Sleep, my dar-ling, go to sleep,
p
poco rit.
rit.
Ah, go to sleep, nes-tle close to moth-er's heart, Then for slum-ber - land we'll start.
poco rit.
rit.
Ped.
più rit.
Lento
(Go to sleep.)
(humming)
più rit.
(tempo)
p
p
pp morendo

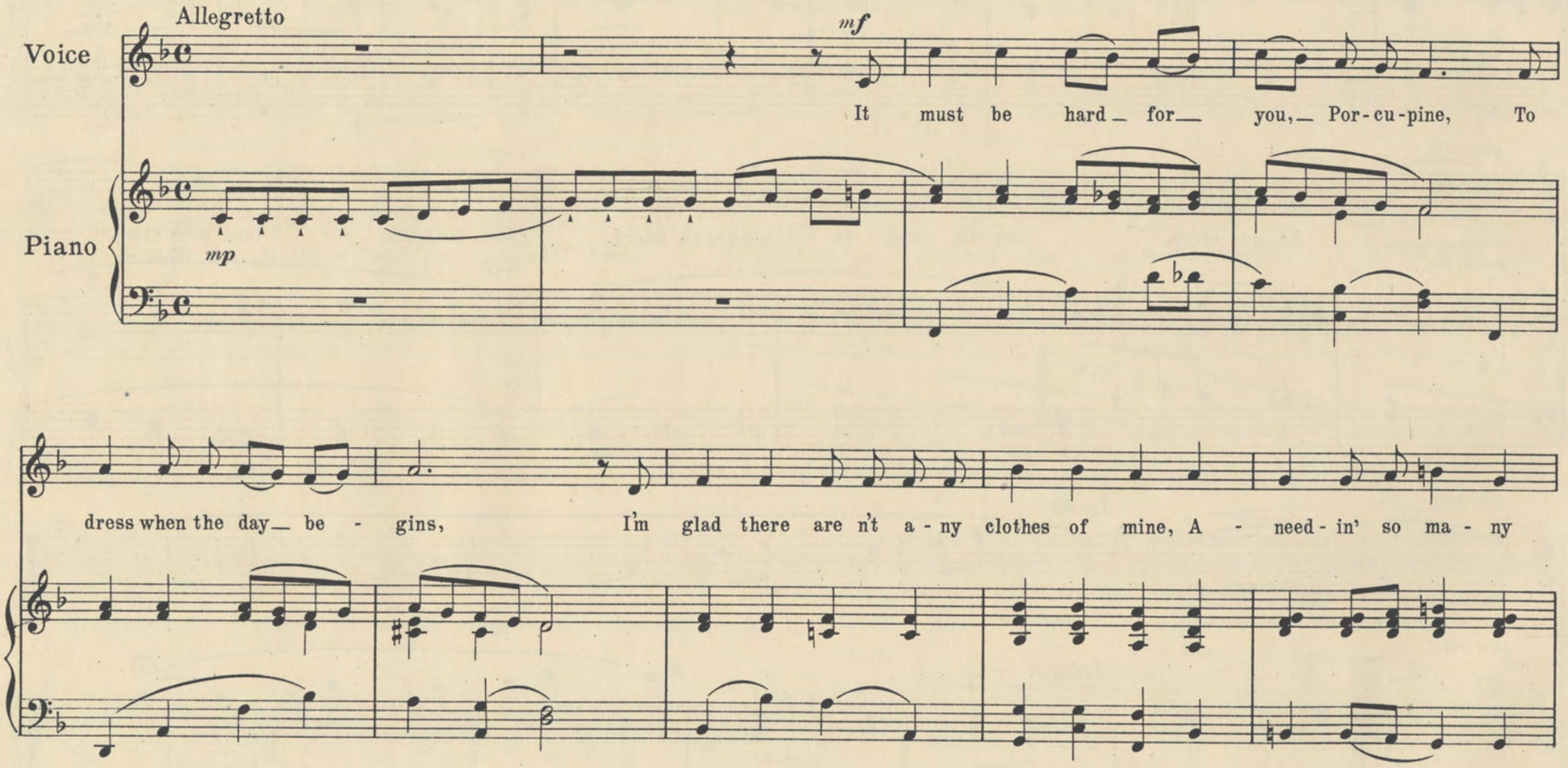
VIII

To Peter de Bruyn

The Porcupine

BURGESS JOHNSON

MANA-ZUCCA



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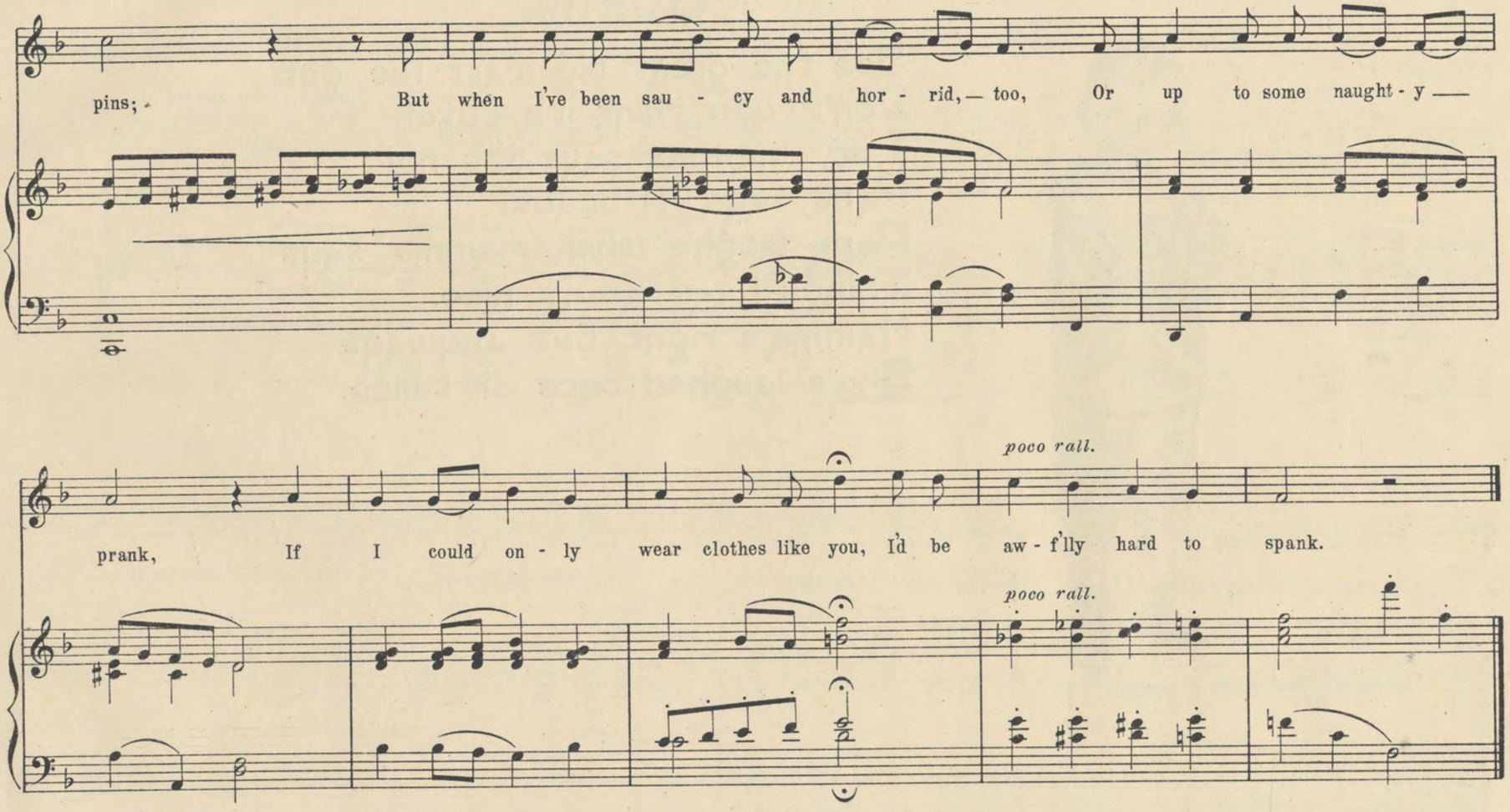

pins; But when I've been sau - cy and hor - rid, — too, Or up to some naught - y —
poco rall.
prank, If I could on - ly wear clothes like you, I'd be aw - f'lly hard to spank.
poco rall.

GOSSIP

See the great big wart I've got!
Don't you think it's cute!
I do - mamma says it's not;
Papa says "A beaut!"
Papa laughs when mamma says
Things I say aren't nice.
Mamma's right, but anyways
She's laughed once or twice.

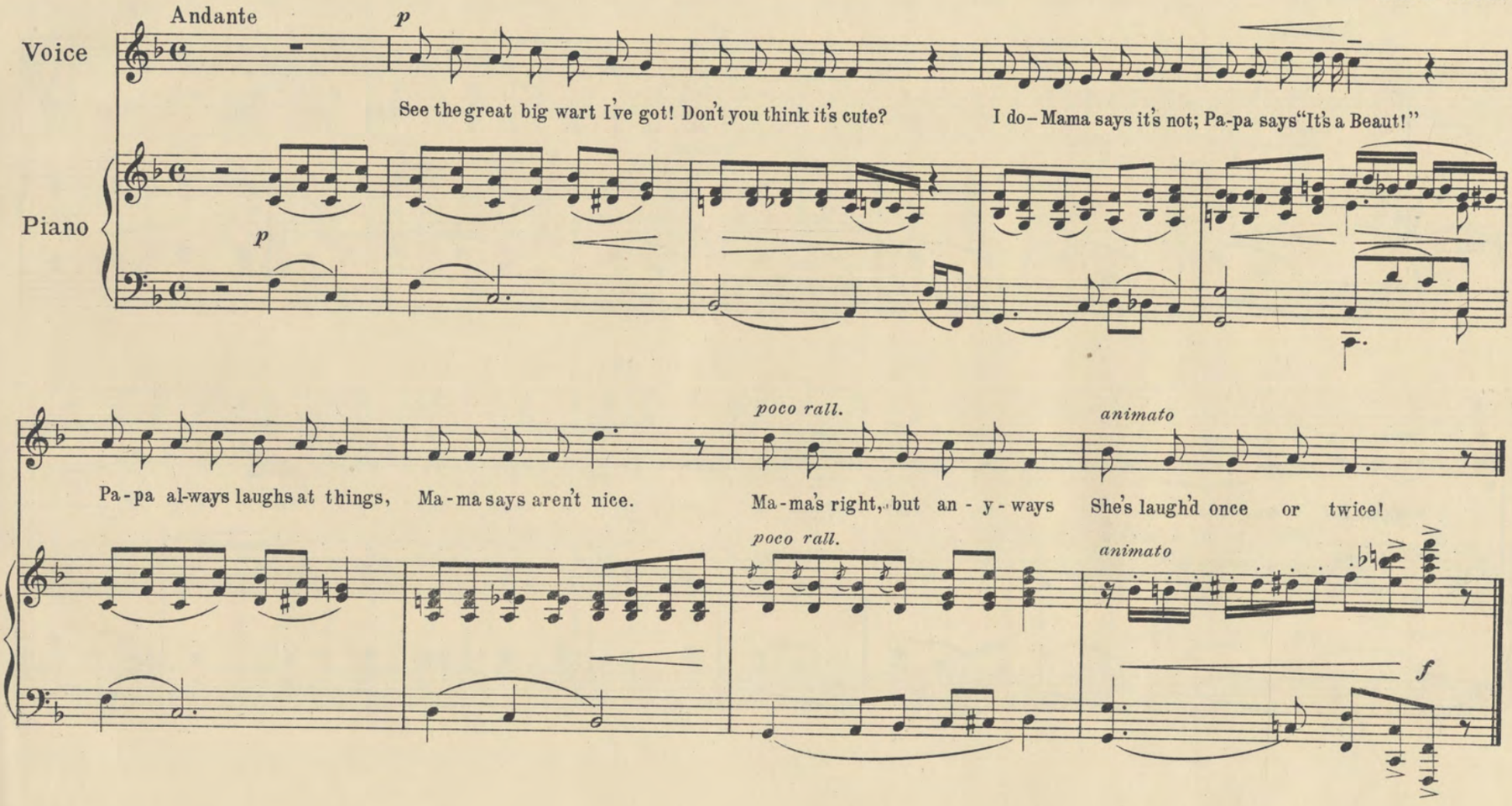
IX

To Florence Easton

Gossip

JOHN HARWOOD BACON

MANA-ZUCCA



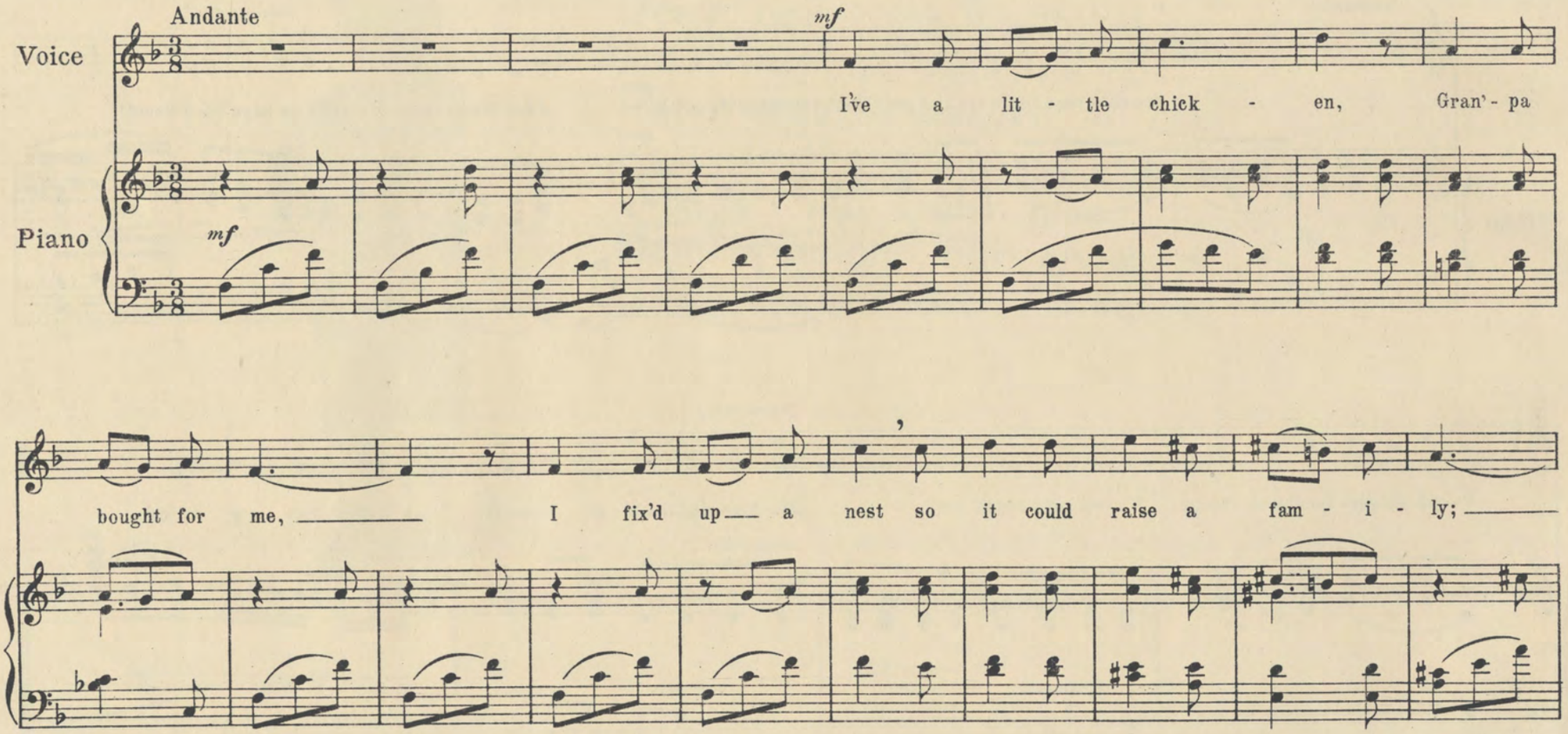
X

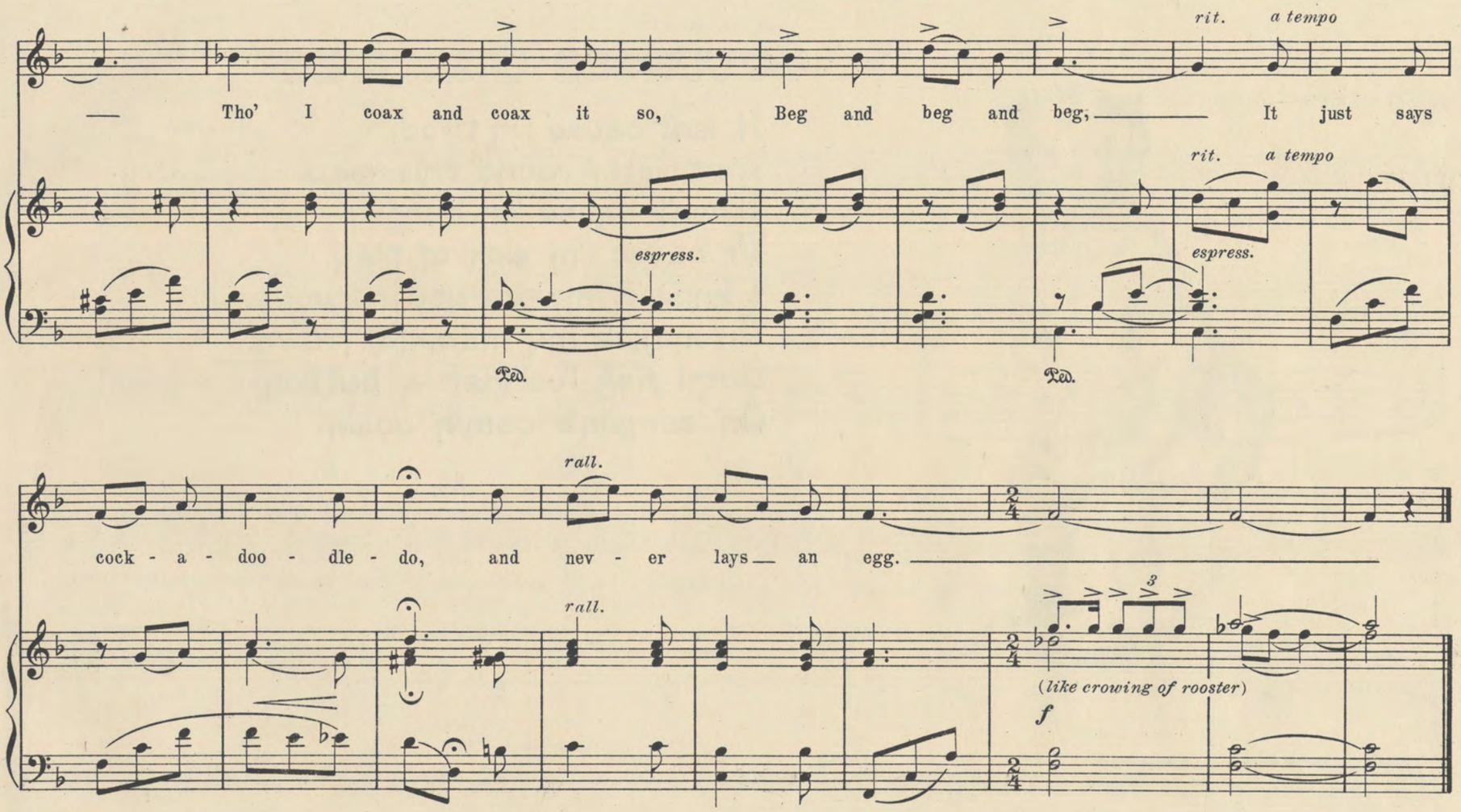
To Rosa Raisa

The Disappointment

JOHN HARWOOD BACON

MANA-ZUCCA




rit.
a tempo
— Tho' I coax and coax it so, Beg and beg and beg, — It just says
rit.
a tempo
espress.
espress.
Ped.
Ped.
rall.
cock - a - doo - dle - do, and nev - er lays — an egg. —
rall.
3
(like crowing of rooster)
f

Goodness Gracious

It isn't 'cause I'm tired,
I'm twistin' round this way.
It isn't 'cause I'm hungry,
Or 'cause I'm sick of play.
I know it makes you nervous,
An' makes my mamma frown;
But I *fink* I've lost a button,
An' sumpin's comin' down!

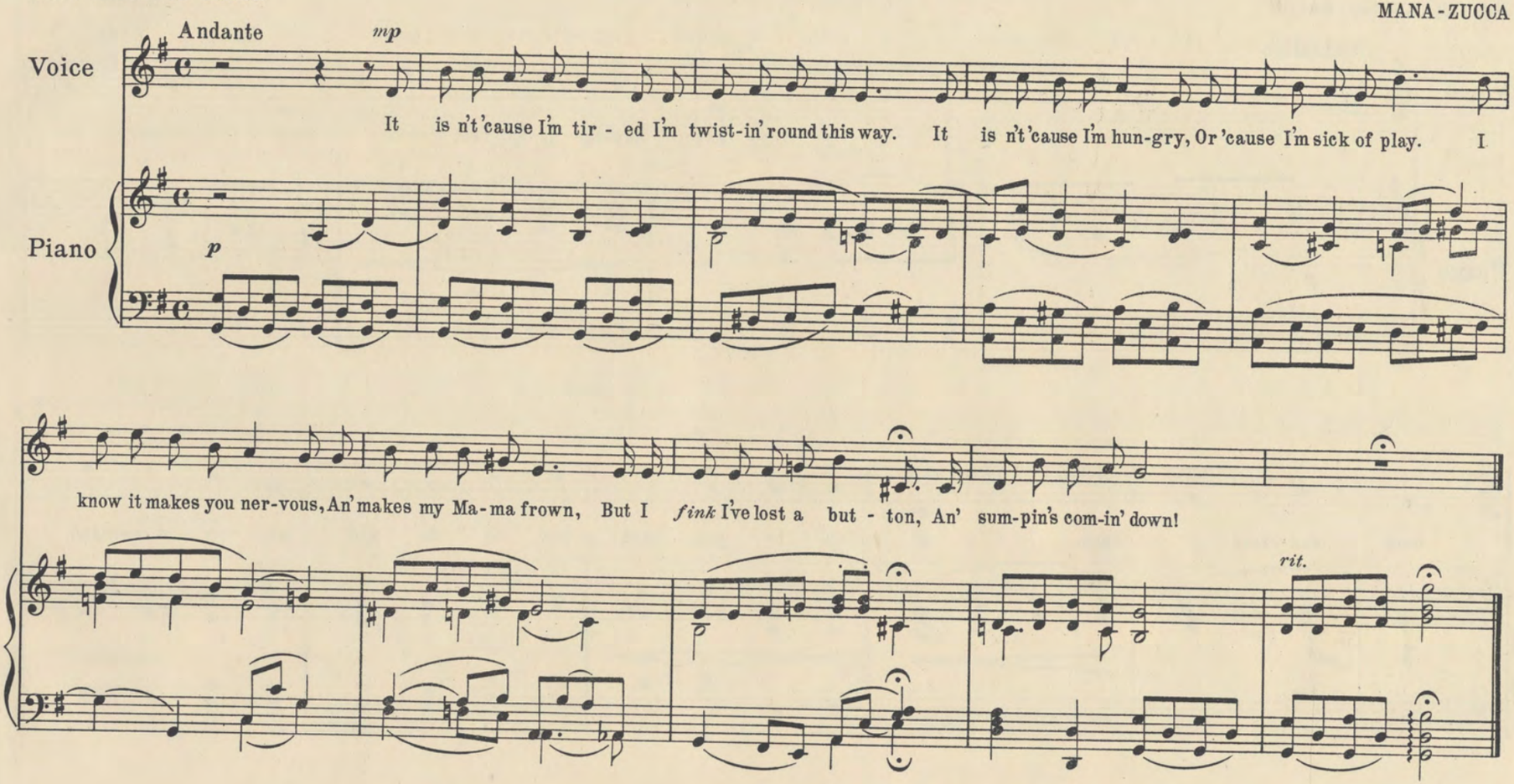
XI

To Fanny Hurst

Goodness Gracious

JOHN HARWOOD BACON

MANA-ZUCCA



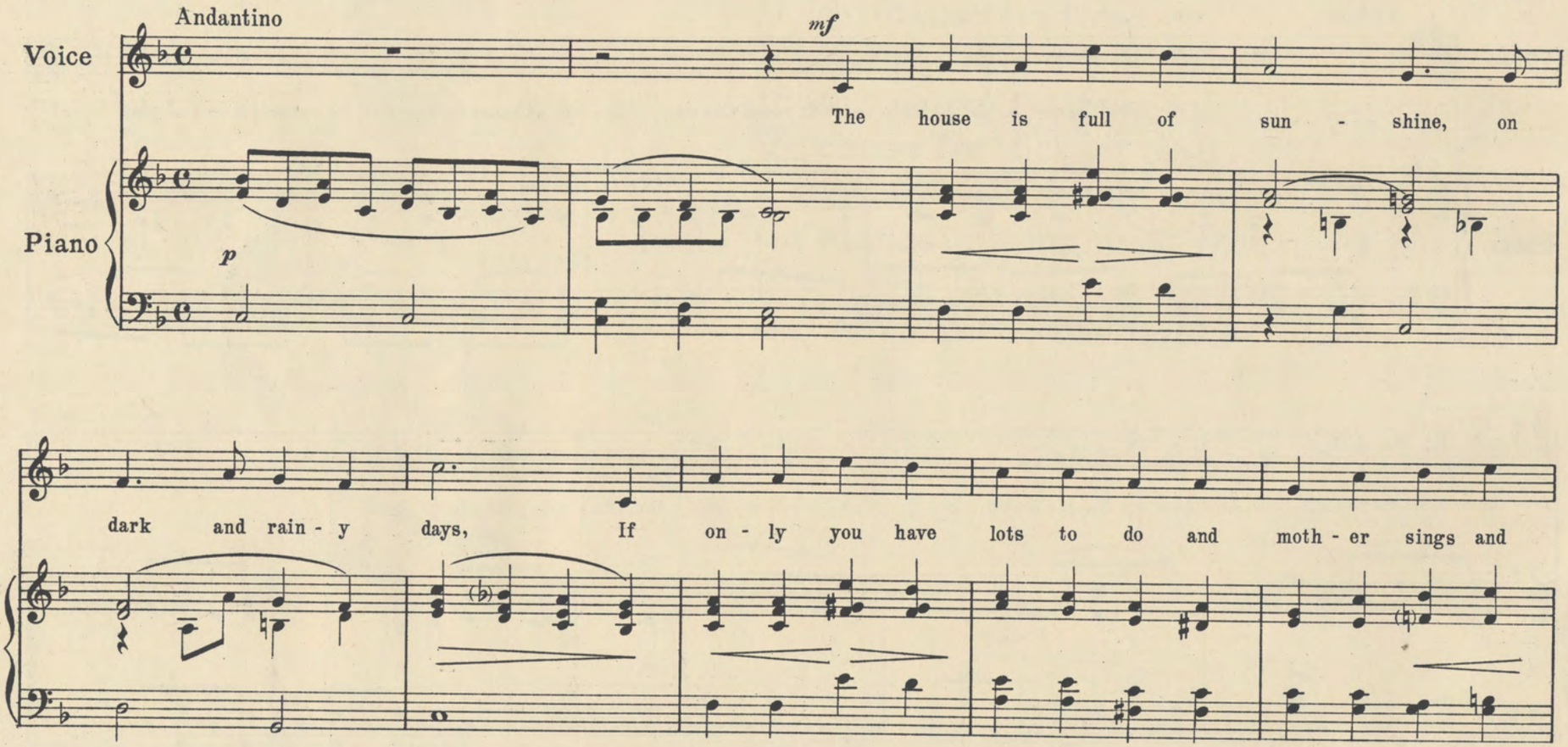
XII

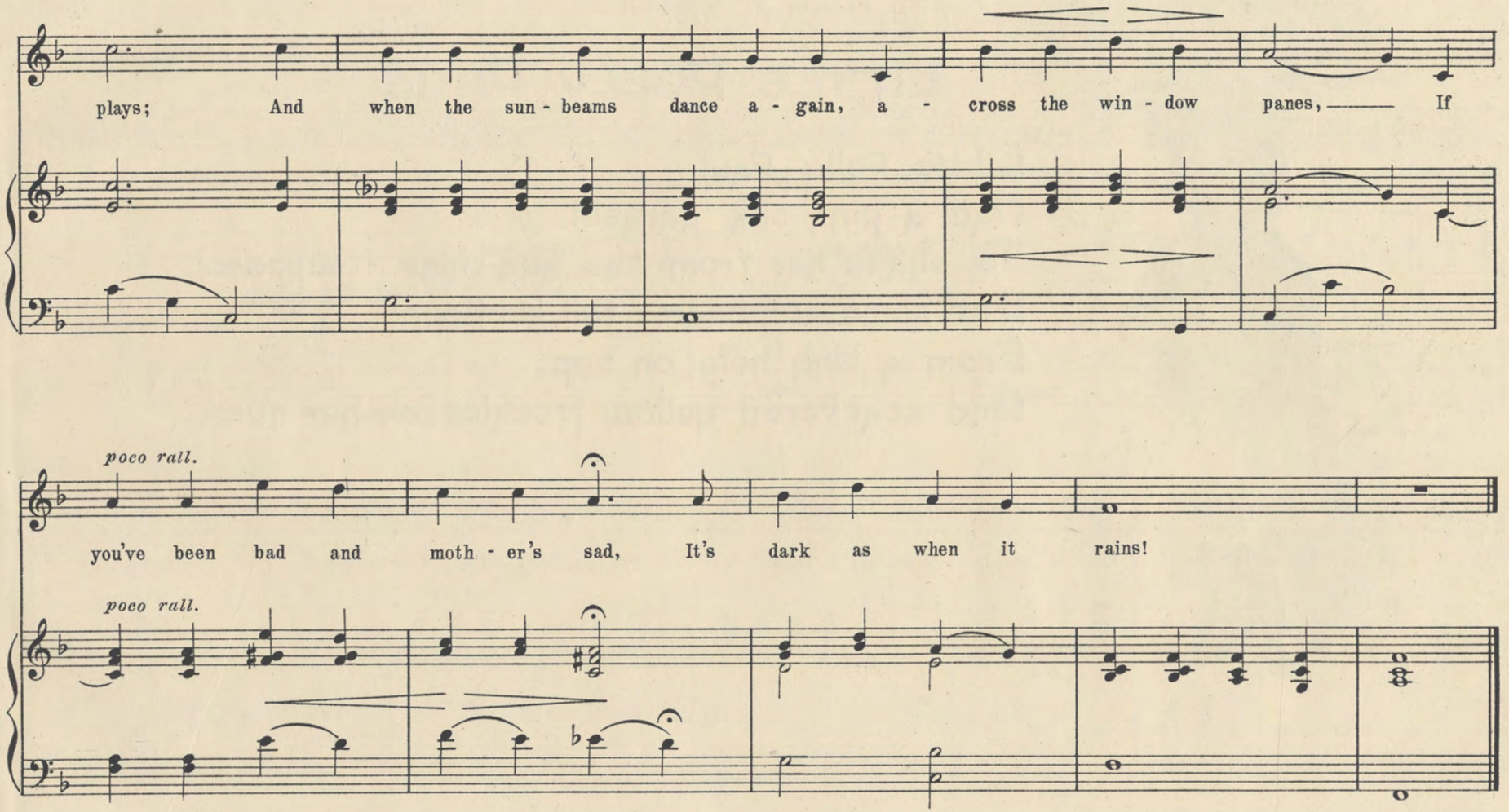
To Mme. Margaret Matzenauer

It all depends

JOHN HARWOOD BACON

MANA-ZUCCA




plays; And when the sun - beams dance a - gain, a - cross the win - dow panes, If
poco rall.
you've been bad and moth - er's sad, It's dark as when it rains!
poco rall.

Little Polly Paul

Little Polly Paul
Had a pink silk parasol,
To shade her from the sun-shine, I suppose;
But some sun-beams fell, kerflopp!
From a tiny hole on top,
And scattered yellow freckles on her nose.

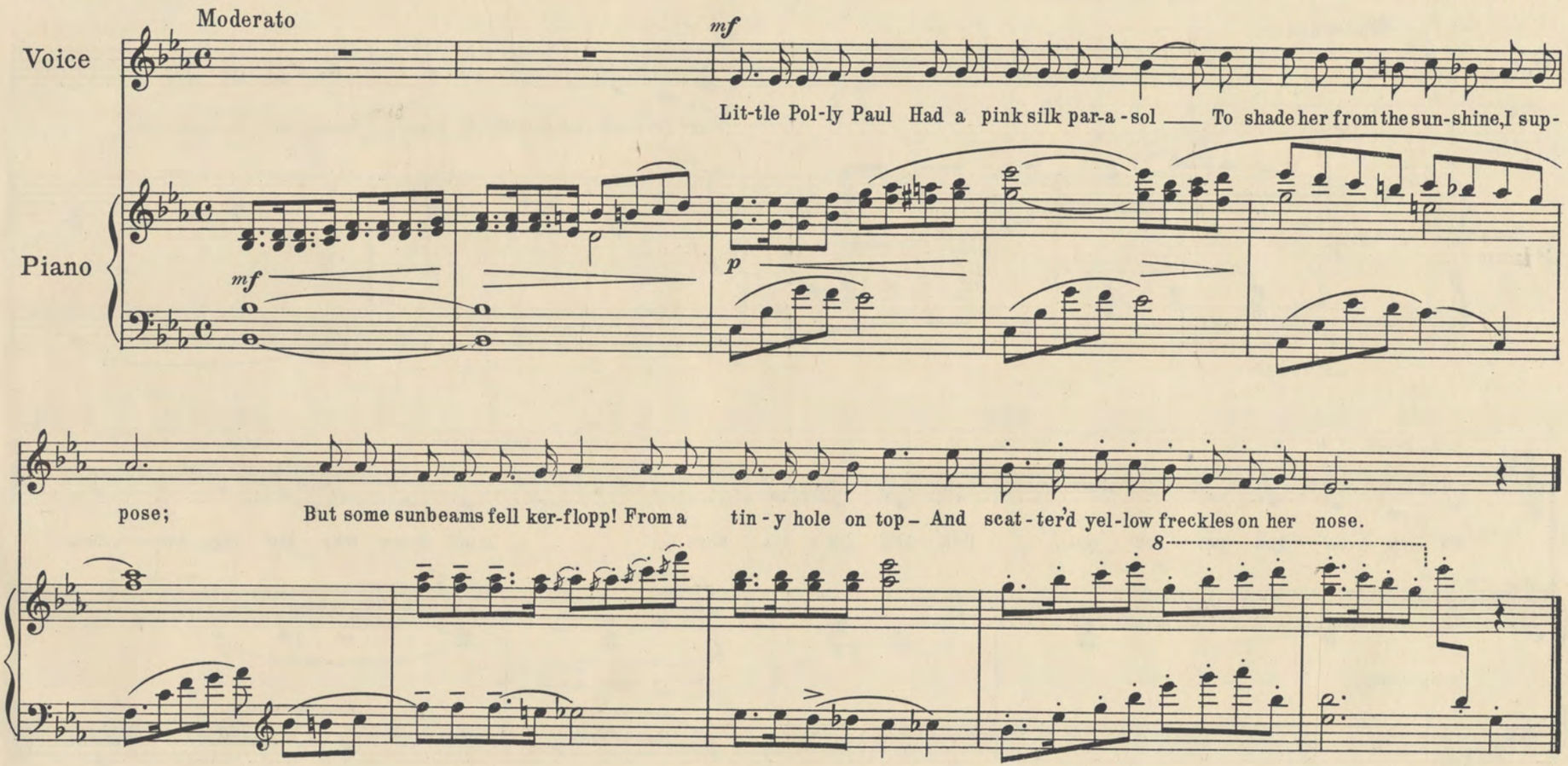
XIII

To Mme. Hulda Lashanska

Little Polly Paul

MABEL LIVINGSTON FRANK

MANA - ZUCCA



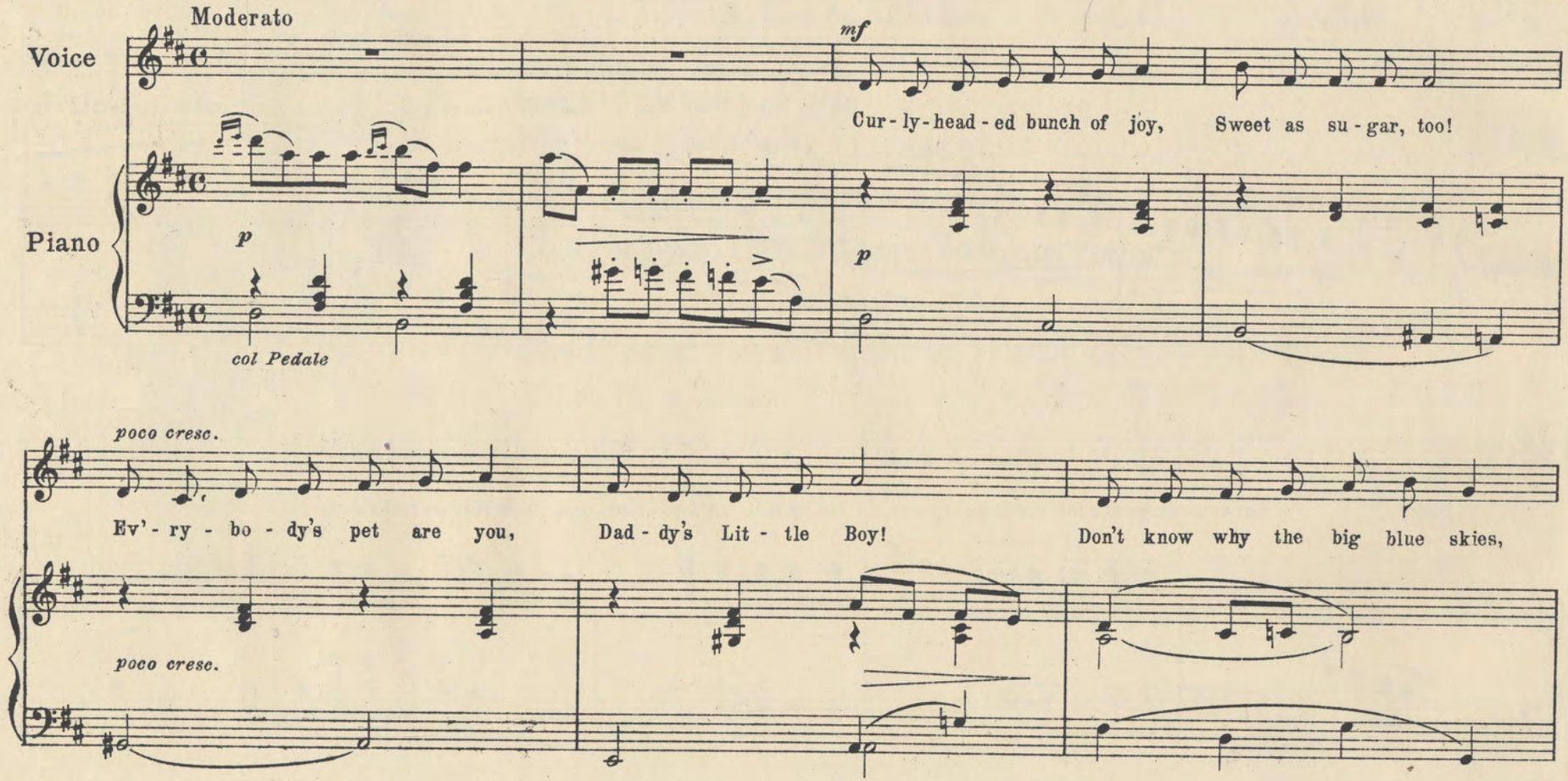
XIV

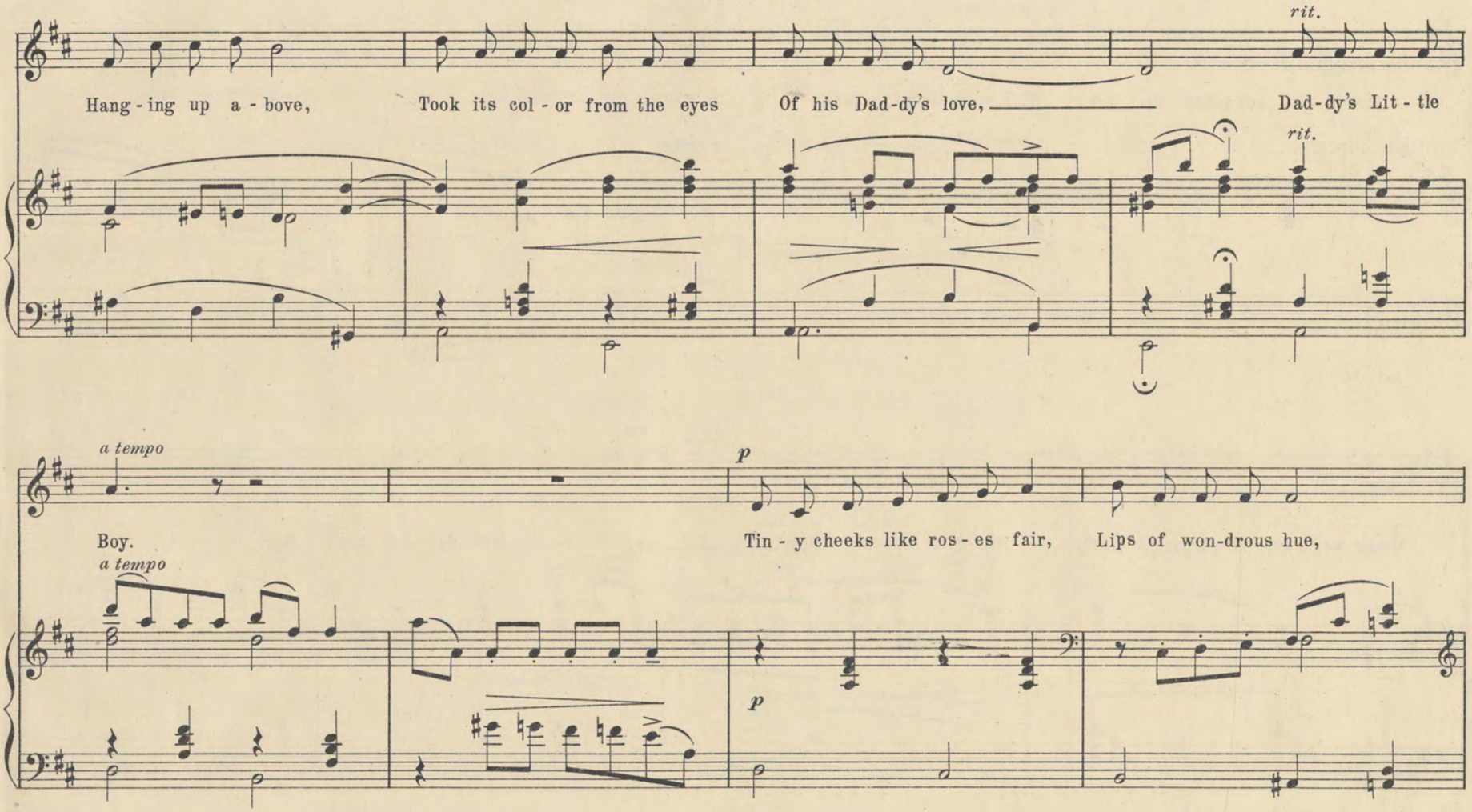
Dedicated to Mr. Andres de Segurola

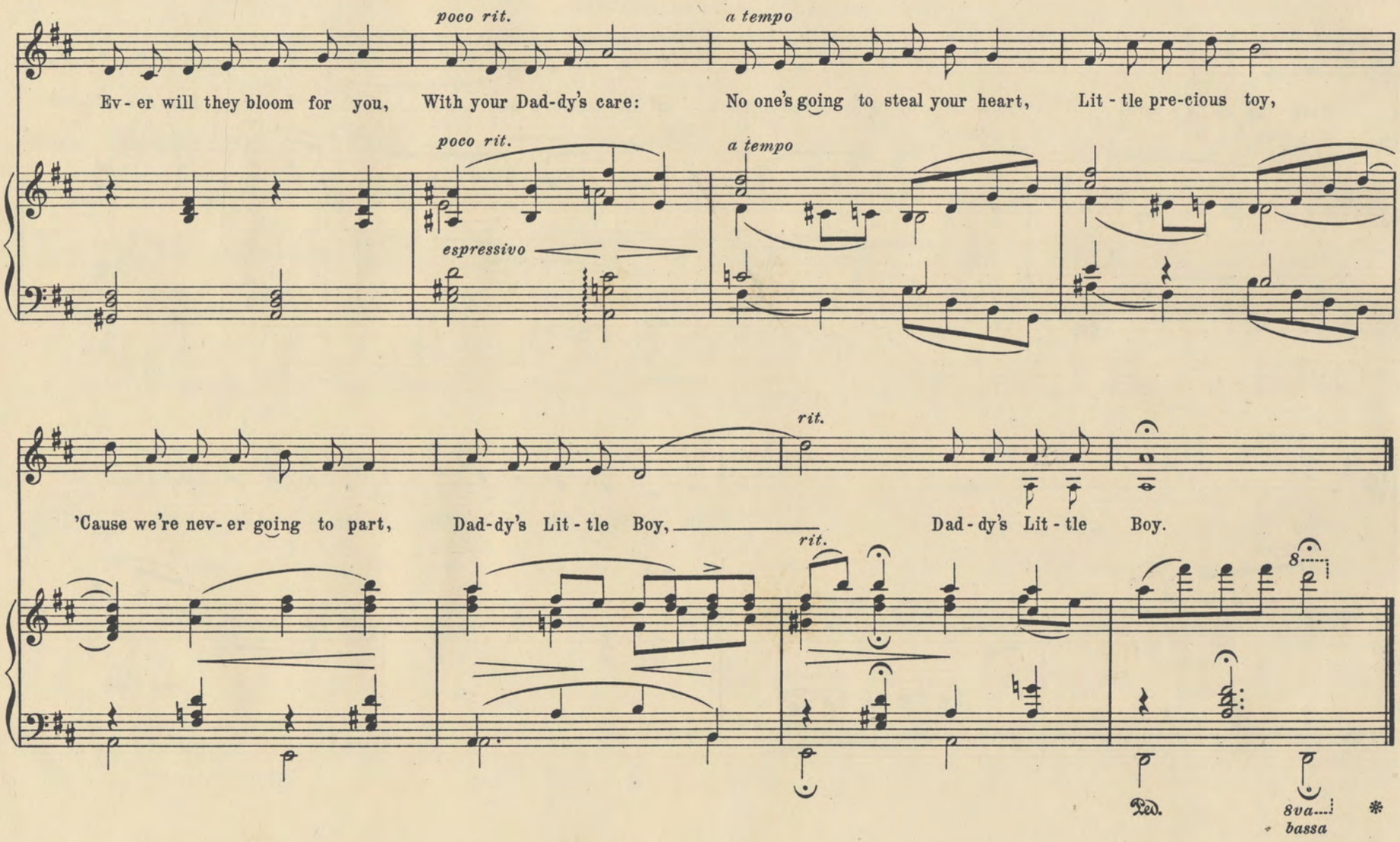
Daddy's Little Boy

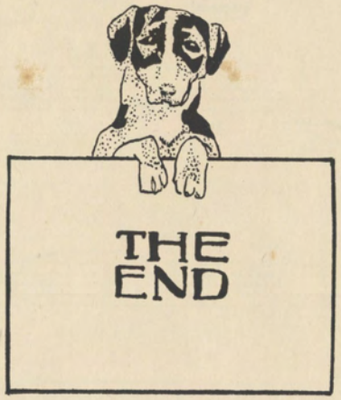
ARTHUR TROOSTWYK

MANA-ZUCCA




rit.
Hang - ing up a - bove,
Took its col - or from the eyes
Of his Dad-dy's love,
Dad-dy's Lit - tle
rit.
a tempo
p
Boy.
Tin - y cheeks like ros - es fair,
Lips of won-drous hue,
a tempo
p


poco rit.
a tempo
Ev - er will they bloom for you, With your Dad-dy's care: No one's going to steal your heart, Lit - tle pre-cious toy,
poco rit.
a tempo
espressivo
rit.
'Cause we're nev - er going to part, Dad-dy's Lit - tle Boy, Dad - dy's Lit - tle Boy.
rit.
8
Ped.
8va
bassa


THE
END