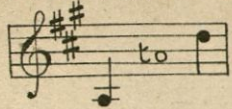
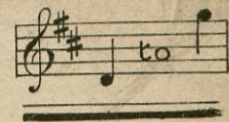


N^o 1 IN A



N^o 2 IN C

1050
N^o 3 IN D



INSCRIBED TO
H. Plunket Greene.

WHEN CHILDHER PLAYS

* SONG *

THE WORDS,

From "Betsy Lee" (Foc's'le Yarns,)

BY

T. E. BROWN,

Set to Music

BY

H. WALFORD DAVIES.

PRICE 2/ NET

BOOSEY & C^o

295, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

9, EAST 17TH STREET,
NEW YORK.

AND

384, YONGE STREET,
TORONTO.

THIS SONG MAY BE SUNG IN PUBLIC WITHOUT FEE OR LICENSE.
THE PUBLIC PERFORMANCE OF ANY PARODIED VERSION, HOWEVER, IS STRICTLY PROHIBITED.

COPYRIGHT 1907 BY BOOSEY & C^o

WHEN CHILDER PLAYS.

Now the beauty of the thing when childher plays is
The terrible wonderful length the days is.
Up you jumps, and out in the sun,
And you fancy the day will never be done;
And you're chasin' the bum-bees hummin' so cross
In the hot sweet air among the goss,
Or gath'rin' blue-bells, or lookin' for eggs,
Or peltin' the ducks with their yalla legs,
Or a climbin' and nearly breakin' your skulls,
Or a shoutin' for divilment after the gulls,
Or a thinkin' of nothin' but down at the tide,
Singin' out for the happy you feel inside.
And when you look back it's all like a puff,
Happy and over and short enough.

T. E. BROWN.

*From "Betsy Lee" (Fo'c's'le Yarns).
(By kind permission of Messrs Macmillan & Co.)*

WHEN CHILDHER PLAYS.

Words by T. E. BROWN.
(from "Betsy Lee" Fol's'le Yarns.)*

Music by
H. WALFORD DAVIES.

Allegro leggiero.

VOICE.

PIANO. *p*

p a piacere.

Now the

pp

colla voce.

a tempo.

beau - ty of the thing when childher plays is The ter - ri - ble won - der - ful length the days is.

a tempo.

* By kind permission of Messrs. MacMillan & Co
Copyright 1907 by Boosey & Co

(sf)

Up you jumps, and out in the sun, And you fan_cy the day will

sempre leggierissimo.

ne_ver be done; And you're chas_in' the bum_bees hum_min' so cross In the

hot sweet air a_mong..... the goss, Or

pp

pp

poco a poco cresc.

ga_ther_in' blue_bells, or look_in' for eggs, Or a pelt_in' the ducks wi' their

poco a poco cresc.

When childher plays.

yal - la legs, Or a climb - in' and near - ly break - in' your skulls, Or a

shout - in' for div - il - ment af - ter the gulls, Or a

think - in' of noth - in', but down at the tide

Sing - in' out for the hap - py you feel in - side.

When childher plays.

p
And

pp *p sempre.*
when you look back it's all a puff, Hap-py and o-ver and
pp *colla voce.*

short e-nough..... *poco rit.*
pp

a tempo.