

\$2.75



Artistic Director & Editor Joshua Pedde Curriculum Coordinator & Editor Leeann Starkey



Sing-Song

Selections from Sing-Song: A Nursery Rhyme Book by Christina Rossetti

$SSA\ a\ cappella$

January cold desolate;	3
Where innocent bright-eyed daisies re,	7
The peacock has a score of eyes	9
Who has seen the wind?	12
Boats sail on the rivers,	14
Is the moon tired? she kees to pale	17
Lullaby, h lull by!	20

 $\label{eq:continuous} This arrangement: \\ @ 2023 Indianapolis Children's Choir - ICC1023$

Lyrics:

Christina Rossetti, Sing-Song: A Nursery Rhyme Book. London: George Routledge and Sons, 1872.

Boston: Robert Brothers, 1872.

London and New York: Macmillan, 1893.

London: Macmillan, 1904.

Baton Rouge & London: Louisiana State University Press, 1986

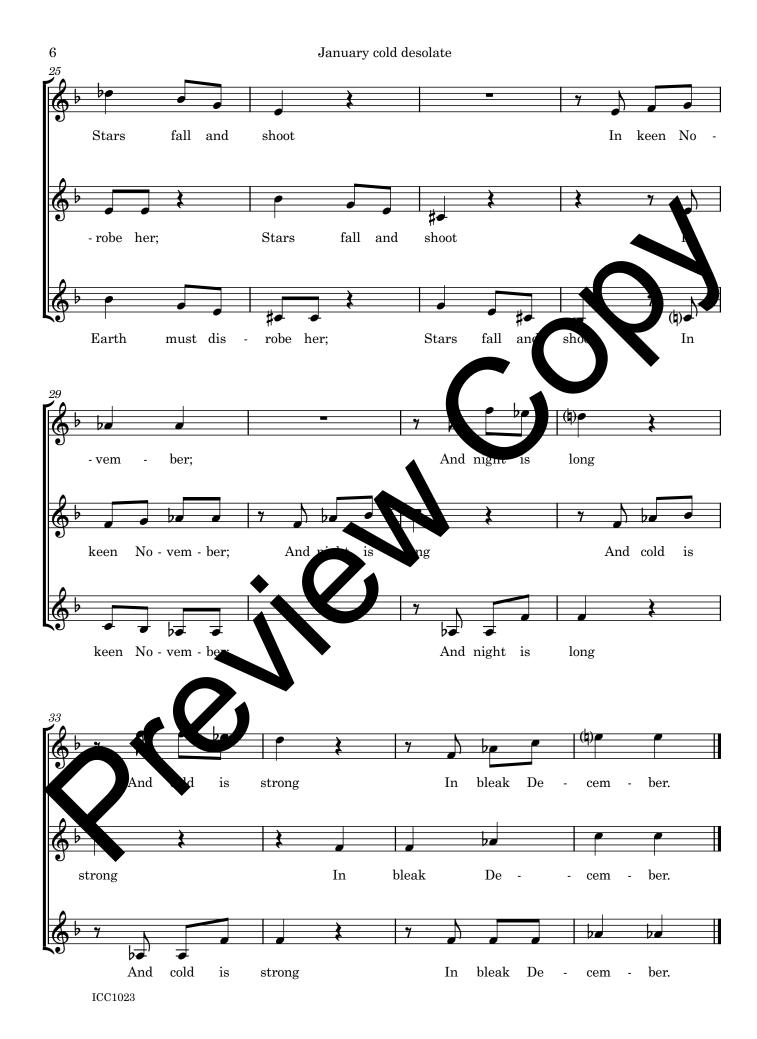
Copyright law requires customers to purchase as many digital copies as will be used. We depend on our customers' honesty to pay our composers and keep producing music.

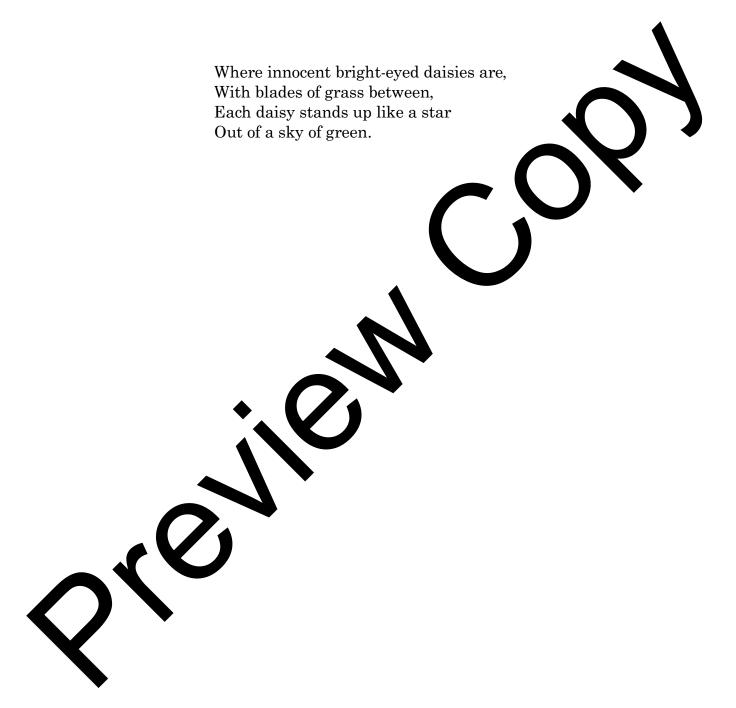
January cold desolate; February all dripping wet; March wind ranges; April changes; Birds sing in tune To flowers of May, And sunny June Brings longest day In scorched July The storm-clouds fly Lightning torn; August bears corr September fruit; In rough Octo Earth must dis Stars fall and vember; At is long 1d is trong leak December.

January cold desolate









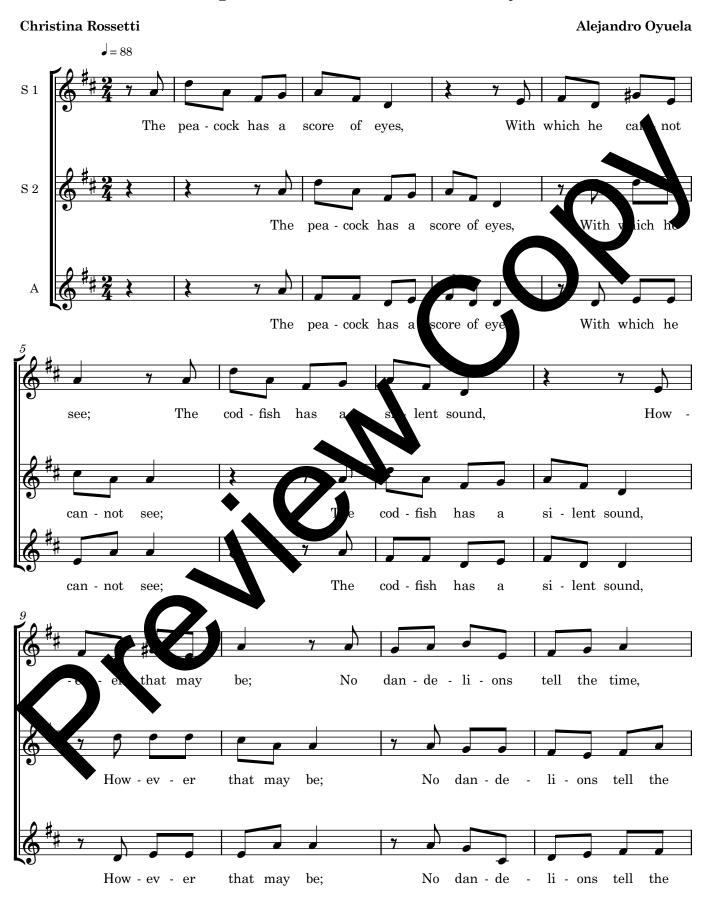
Where innocent bright-eyed daisies are



The peacock has a score of eyes, With which he cannot see; The cod-fish has a silent sound, However that may be;

No dandelions tell the time,
Although they turn like classical Cat's-cradle does not hold the cat,
Nor foxglove fit the fox.

The peacock has a score of eyes





Who has seen the wind?

Neither I nor you:
But when the leaves hang trembling
The wind is passing thro'.

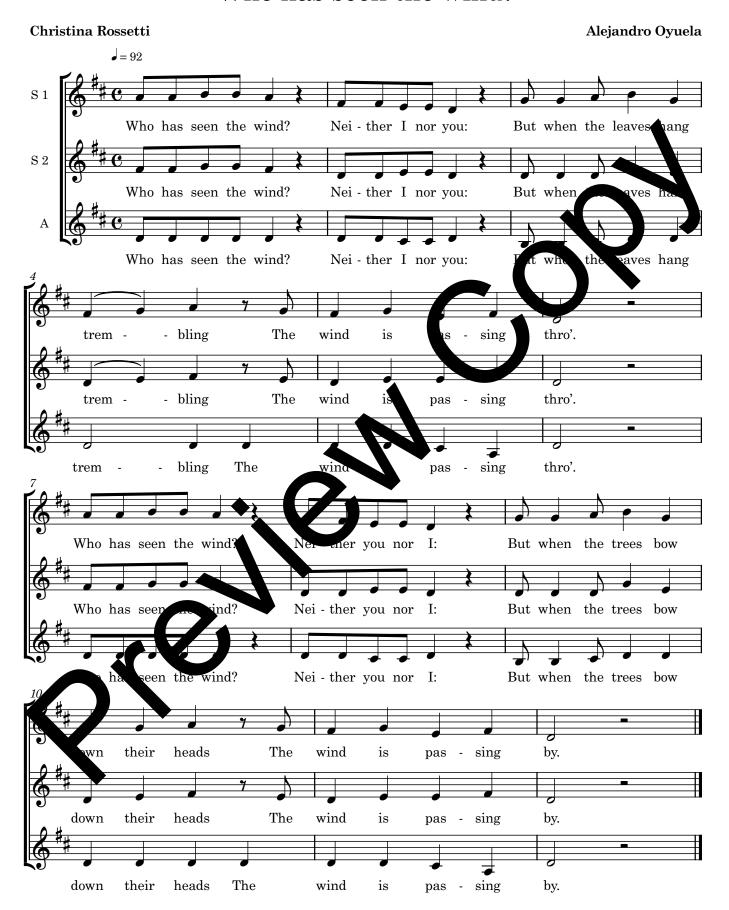
Who has seen the wind?

Neither you nor I:

But when the trees bow down their heads.

The wind is passing by.

Who has seen the wind?



Boats sail on the rivers,
And ships sail on the seas;
But clouds that sail across the sky
Are prettier far than these.

There are bridges on the rivers,
As pretty as you please;
But the bow that bridges heren,
And overtops the trees,
And builds a road from earth p sky,
Is prettier far than these.



Boats sail on the rivers



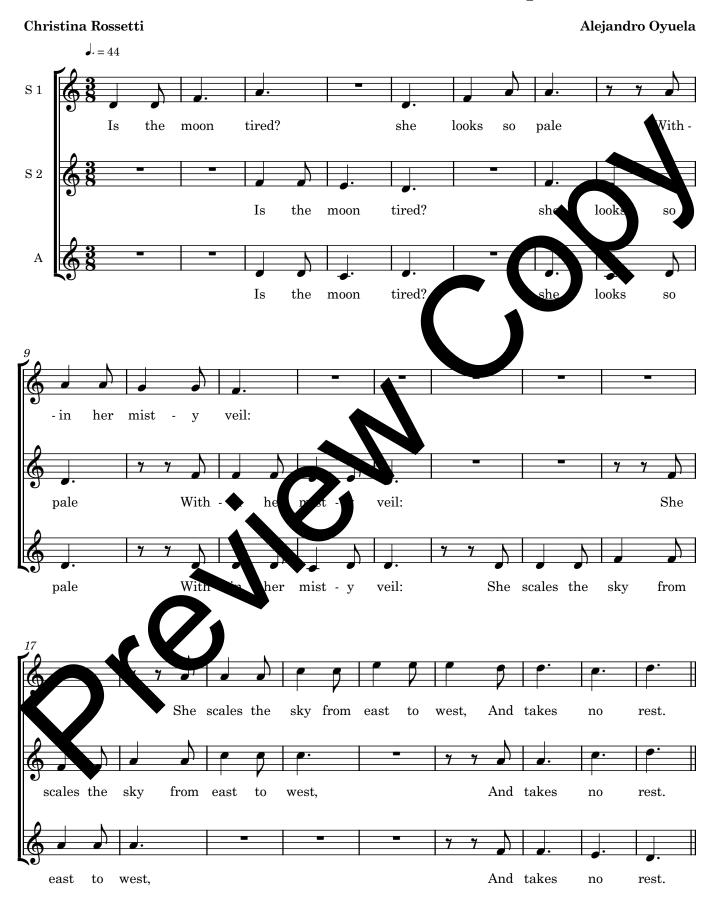


builds a road from earth to sky, Is pret-ti-er far than these.

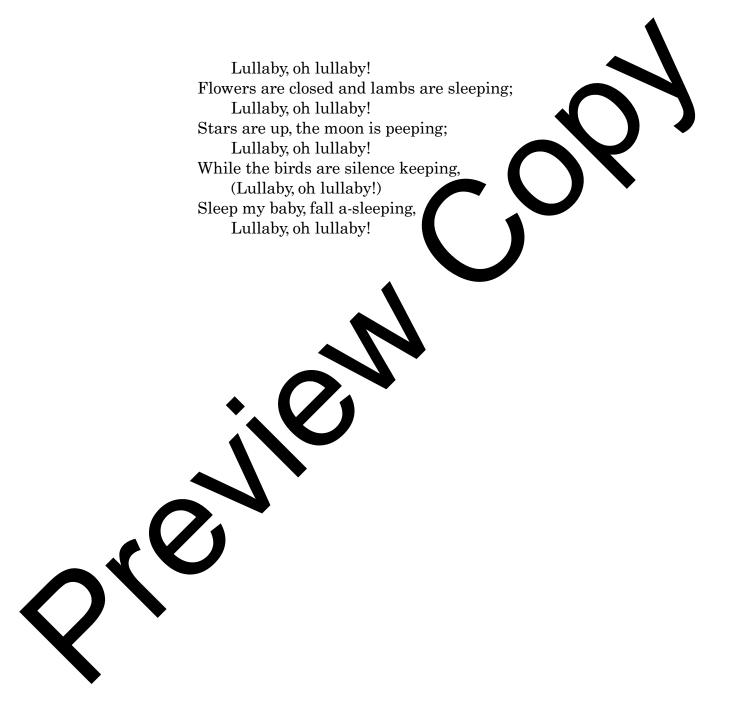
Is the moon tired? she looks so pale Within her misty veil: She scales the sky from east to west, And takes no rest.

Before the coming of the night The moon shows papery white Before the dawning of the day She fades away.

Is the moon tired? she looks so pale







Lullaby, oh lullaby!



