

Low Voice.

High Voice.

OLD FURNITURE.

Words by
ETHEL BERNARD KELLY.

Musie by
CLAUDE ARUNDALE.

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Claude Arundale

1. "UNDER THE HAMMER."

1.

"Ladies and gentlemen, hark to my call,
See my old furniture, bargains for all,
Note that old cradle propped up by the wall,
What! you've no babies? The cradle's too small!
That doesn't matter, good people here,
You can fill it with roses agrowing.

2.

Lot ninety-one is a fine rocking chair,
Lot seventeen is that spinning wheel there,
Open your purses, see what you can spare,
Look at this Toby jug, isn't he rare?
If you won't toast him in brimming beer
You can fill him with flowers ablowing.

3.

And if you want one bargain more
Just over there, Lot seventy-four,
That old spinet, behind the door,
Not scratched nor worn.
The hour grows late,
Don't hesitate,
No time to wait!
The hammer falls! It's going ...! going ...!! gone !!!"

Ethel Bernard Kelly.

UNDER THE HAMMER.

(AUCTIONEER'S SONG.)

Words by
ETHEL BERNARD KELLY.

Music by
CLAUDE ARUNDALE

Marziale con moto. ♩ = 152

ff

f

"La - dies and gen - tle - men, hark to my call,

mf well marked all through

See my old fur - ni - ture, bar - gains for all;

f

Note that old cra - dle propped up by the wall, What! you've no ba - bies? The

cra - dle's too small! That does - n't mat - ter, good

peo - ple here, You can fill it with ro - ses a grow -

ing.

Lot nine - ty one is a fine rock - ing chair,

mf

Lot se - ven - teen is that spinning wheel there,

f

O - pen your pur - ses, see what you can spare,

mf

Look at this To - by jug, is - n't he rare?

If you won't toast him in brimming beer You can fill him with flow-ers a -

blow - ing.

p

a little quicker

And if you want one bar - gain more Just

a little quicker

o - ver there, Lot se - ven - ty - four, That old spin - et, be -

hind the door, Not scratched nor worn. The

hour grows late, Don't hes - i - tate, No time to wait! The

rall.

ham - mer falls! It's go - ing! go - ing !! gone !!!

ff a tempo

2. OLD FURNITURE.

1.

When I buy old furniture and set it in its places,
Round my room I seem to see such anxious little faces,
Men with powdered periwigs and maids in silks and laces.

2.

When I play my old spinet and set its cadence ringing,
Then I hear a mother-voice some simple ballad singing,
By the cradle, which I fill with flowers of each day's bringing.

3.

Little hands I cannot see set wheel and distaff flying,
Close beside the Rocking chair I catch a gentle sighing,
Proving though the lover sleeps his love is still undying.

* * *

I cannot see these Shadow Folk yet I have a feeling
When I buy old furniture it's just as bad as stealing.

Ethel Bernard Kelly.

After "UNDER THE HAMMER."



OLD FURNITURE.

Words by
ETHEL BERNARD KELLY.

Music by
CLAUDE ARUNDALE.

Allegretto. $\text{♩} = 120$

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto' with a quarter note equal to 120 beats per minute. The piano accompaniment starts with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic. The first system shows the piano introduction. The second system begins the vocal melody with the lyrics 'When I buy old fur - ni - ture and set it in its plac - es,'. The piano accompaniment continues with a piano (p) dynamic. The third system continues the vocal melody with the lyrics 'Round my room I seem to see such anx - ious lit - tle fa - ces,'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same piano (p) dynamic. The score is written in a clean, professional style with clear notation for notes, rests, and dynamics.

mf

When I buy old fur - ni - ture and set it in its plac - es,

p

Round my room I seem to see such anx - ious lit - tle fa - ces,

Men in powdered per-i-wigs and maids in silks and la - ces.

rall.

Men in powdered per-i-wigs and maids in silks and la -

rall.

ces.

f a tempo

rall.

When I play my old spin-et and set its cad-ence ring - ing,

rall.

much slower

Then I hear a moth - er - voice some sim - ple bal - lad sing - ing.

much slower *rall.*

a tempo

By the cra - dle, which I fill with flow'rs of each day's bring - ing.

a tempo

rall. *ten.*

By the cra - dle, which I fill with flow'rs of each day's bring -

rall. *ten.*

- ing.

f a tempo

p

Lit - tle hands I can - not see set wheel and dis - taff fly - ing,

p

rall.

Close be - side the rock - ing chair I catch a gen - tle sigh - ing,

rall.

a tempo

Prov - ing though the lov - er sleeps his love is still un - dy - ing.

a tempo

rall.

Prov - ing though the lov - er sleeps his love is still un - dy -

- ing. *very much slower*

f a tempo *rit.*

I

can - not see these Sha - dow Folk yet I have a feel - ing

very much slower and well marked

When I buy old fur - ni - ture it's just as bad as steal -

rall. e dim.

rall. e dim.

- ing.

a primo tempo *pp*

3. THE ROCKING CHAIR.

1.

I can see you sitting there
 In the Granny Rocking chair,
 Dressed in rose brocaded poplin with your hair like driven snow,
 And each pretty, powdered, curl
 Sets my pulses in a whirl,
 As they used to, when I loved you, just a hundred years ago.

2.

I can see your kerchief rise,
 And the wonder in your eyes,
 As the traffic sings a louder tune outside our Cottage door,
 And again I kneel and pray
 That you will not say me nay
 Don't forget you whispered "Certes" when I asked you once before.

3.

Little lady of the past
 You have chained my heart so fast
 I cannot shake the fetters off so lightly laid I know,
 And I love to haunt this room
 Where as bride, and I as groom
 We found all the golden gladness of a hundred years ago.

Ethel Bernard Kelly.

After "OLD FURNITURE."



THE ROCKING CHAIR.

Words by
ETHEL BERNARD KELLY.

Music by
CLAUDE ARUNDALE.

Gracefully. $\text{♩} = 66$

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in G major, 4/4 time, marked 'Gracefully' with a tempo of 66 beats per minute. The piano part features a gentle rocking motion in the right hand and a steady bass line in the left hand. The vocal melody enters in the second system with the lyrics 'I can see you sit-ting there In the Gran-ny Rocking chair, Dressed in'. The tempo is marked 'ten.' (tender). The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes. The third system continues the vocal line with 'rose bro-caded pop-lin with your hair like driven snow, And each pret-ty, powdered, curl Sets my'. The tempo is marked 'rall.' (rallentando). The piano part provides harmonic support. The fourth system concludes the vocal phrase with 'pulses in a L.H. whirl, As they used to, when I loved you, just a hundred years a-go.' The tempo is marked 'a tempo' (return to original tempo). The piano part ends with a final chord.

I can see you sit-ting there In the Gran-ny Rocking chair, Dressed in

rose bro-caded pop-lin with your hair like driven snow, And each pret-ty, powdered, curl Sets my

pulses in a L.H. whirl, As they used to, when I loved you, just a hundred years a-go.

I can see your kerchief rise, And the

won - der in your eyes, As the traf - fic sings a loud - er tune out -

- side our cottage door, And a - gain I kneel and pray That you will not say me nay Don't for -

- get you whis - pered "cer - tes" when I asked you once be - fore. Lit - tle

a tempo *ten.*

la - dy of the past You have chained my heart so fast I can not shake the fetters off so

a tempo *ten.*

rall. e dim.

light.ly laid I know, And I love to haunt this room Where as bride, and I as groom We found

rall. e dim. *LH.*

ten. molto rit.

all the gold - en glad - ness of a hun - dred years a

ten. molto rit. *LH. go.*

mf a tempo

4. "THE TOBY JUG."

1.

My old Toby Jug could tell such a tale

Fal-a-lal, lal-a-la!

Of fun and festivity, cakes and of ale,

Fal-a-lal, lal-a-la!

He sits on the shelf looking mightily glum,

I've filled him with roses, he's meant to hold rum,

Fal-a-lal, fal-a-lal, lal-a-lal la!

2.

Yet somehow I thought when I saw him to-day

Fal-a-lal, lal-a-la!

I caught a sly twinkle as if he would say,

Fal-a-lal, lal-a-la!

"You may make me a fool in the broad day-light-

But what of the fun I have at night."

Fal-a-lal, lal-a-lal, lal-a-lal, la!

3.

"For soon as you trot to your snug little bed,

Fal-a-lal, lal-a-la!

Then back come the people you talk of as dead,

Fal-a-lal, lal-a-la!

They toss all your posies out in a bunch

And they toast me right royal in a bumper of punch."

Fal-a-lal, lal-a-lal, lal-a-lal, la!

* * *

And that's what my old Toby Jug seems to say

With a sly little twinkle in his eyes of grey.

Ethel Bernard Kelly.

After "THE ROCKING CHAIR."

Allegretto.



THE TOBY JUG.

Words by
ETHEL BERNARD KELLY.

Music by
CLAUDE ARUNDALE.

Very lively. $\text{♩} = 104$

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in 6/8 time, marked 'Very lively' with a tempo of 104 beats per minute. The piano part features a lively melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand, with a forte (ff) dynamic. The vocal part enters with the lyrics 'My old To - by Jug could tell such a tale,'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady rhythm, featuring chords and moving lines. The vocal part continues with 'Fal - a - la!, lal - a - la! Of fun and fes - tiv - i - ty,'. The piano part provides a rhythmic foundation with chords and moving lines. The vocal part concludes with 'cakes and of ale, Fal - a - la!, lal a la! He'. The piano part continues with a final flourish.

My old To - by Jug could tell such a tale,

Fal - a - la!, lal - a - la! Of fun and fes - tiv - i - ty,

cakes and of ale, Fal - a - la!, lal a la! He

rall.

sits on the shelf look-ing might-i-ly glum, I've filled him with ro-ses, he's

mf *rall.*

f vivo

meant to hold rum, Fal - a - lal, lal - a - lal, lal - a - lal, lal - a - lal,

vivo

Fal - a - lal, lal - a - la! Yet some-how I thought when I

saw him to day Fal - a - lal, lal - a - lal la! I

artfully

caught a sly twin_kle as if he would say, Fal - a - lal, lal - a - lal

rall.

lal! "You may make me a fool in the broad day - light, But

rall.

a tempo

what of the fun I have at night." Fal - lal - a - lal, lal - a - lal

a tempo

lal - a - lal lal - a - lal Fal - a - lal, lal - a - lal "For

sadly and much slower

soon as you trot to your snug lit - tle bed, Fal - a - la, la - a - la,

much slower

Then back come the peo - ple you talk of as dead,

Fal - a - la, la - a - la, They toss all your pos - ies

f

out in a bunch And they toast me right roy - al in a bumper of punch. "Fal -

vivo

lal - a - lal, lal - a - lal, lal - a - lal, lal - a - lal, Fal - a - lal, - a - lal

vivo f

slower

la ————— And that's what my old To-by Jug seems to say With a

ff

slower

f

very merrily.

sly lit - tle twinkle in his eyes , of grey. —

ff Presto

5. THE OLD CRADLE.

1

Little battered cradle, rocking through the night,
What is that you're holding full of dear delight?
Nothing more than roses, red, and gold, and white.

2.

I can hear your rockers tapping through the gale,
What is that within you, wee, and warm, and frail?
Nothing but some lilies gathered in the dale.

3.

Little battered cradle why at 'dawn' of day
Does your rocking falter.....hush.....and die away?
But the little cradle will never, never say.

Ethel Bernard Kelly.

THE OLD CRADLE.

Words by
ETHEL BERNARD KELLY.

Music by
CLAUDE ARUNDALE.

Moderato tranquillo. (♩ = 56.)

mf

Lit - tle bat - tered cra - dle, rock - ing through the night,

p

What is that you're hold - ing full of dear de - light?

rall.

Noth - ing more than ros - es, red, and gold and white.

rall

a tempo f

I can hear your rock - ers

tap - ping through the gale, What is that with - in you, wee, and warm, and

frail? Noth - ing but some lil - ies gathered in the

dale. gath - ered in the dale.

p

Lit - tle bat - tered cra - dle why at dawn of day

p a tempo

Does your rock - ing fal - ter - hush - and die a - way?

ten. ten.

rall. poco a poco e dim.

But the lit - tle cra - dle will nev - er, nev - er

rall. poco a poco e dim.

say.

mf a tempo primo

6. THE SPINNING WHEEL.

"For a faire maide with her wheel can spin
sorrows as well as stuffes."

(Inscription on an old Spinning Wheel.)

What are you weaving, Rosaleen,
As you spin in the sunset gold? •
"I am weaving a cloak for my gallant knight
To shelter him from the cold."
Yet well do you know, fair Rosaleen,
As you sit at your little wheel
You are weaving a web of your golden hair,
A web that is made of steel.

What are you weaving, Rosaleen,
As you spin in the sunlight gay?
"I am weaving a garment of silver sheen
To wear on my wedding day."
Yet well do you know, sweet Rosaleen,
You will fashion a brave brocade
But the pattern you weave is his broken heart
The price he has gladly paid.

Weave him a mantle of daisy chains
Or a shroud of thorns and rue,
For well do you know as you sit at your wheel
He will wear what is spun by you.

Ethel Bernard Kelly.

After "THE OLD CRADLE."



THE SPINNING WHEEL.

"For a faire maide with her wheel can spin
sorrows as well as stufes."

Words by
ETHEL BERNARD KELLY.

(Inscription on an old Spinning Wheel.)

Music by
CLAUDE ARUNDALE.

Tempo di Valse. ♩ = 66

f

"What are you weav - ing, Ros - a -

p

- leen, As you spin in the sun - set gold?" "I'm

weaving a cloak for my gal-lant knight To shelter him from the

cold, To shelter him from the cold."

rall.
(b)

Yet well do you know, fair Ros-a-leen, As you sit at your

p a tempo

lit-tle wheel You are weaving a web of your gold-en

molto rit.

molto rit.

hair, A web that is made of steel.

a tempo

f

"What are you weav - ing, Ros - a - leen, As you spin in the

p

sun - light gay?" "I'm weav - ing a gar - ment of

f

p

sil - ver sheen To wear on my wed - ding day." Yet

cres.

well do you know, sweet Ros - a - leen, Will fash - ion a brave bro -

cres.

rall. p

- cade But the pat - tern you weave is his bro - ken heart, The

rall. p

price he has glad - ly paid.

a tempo crescendo

rall.

a tempo primo

Weave him a man - tle of dai - sy chains Or a shroud of thorns and

mf a tempo primo

rall. *molto rit.*

rue, _____ For well do you know as you sit at your wheel He will



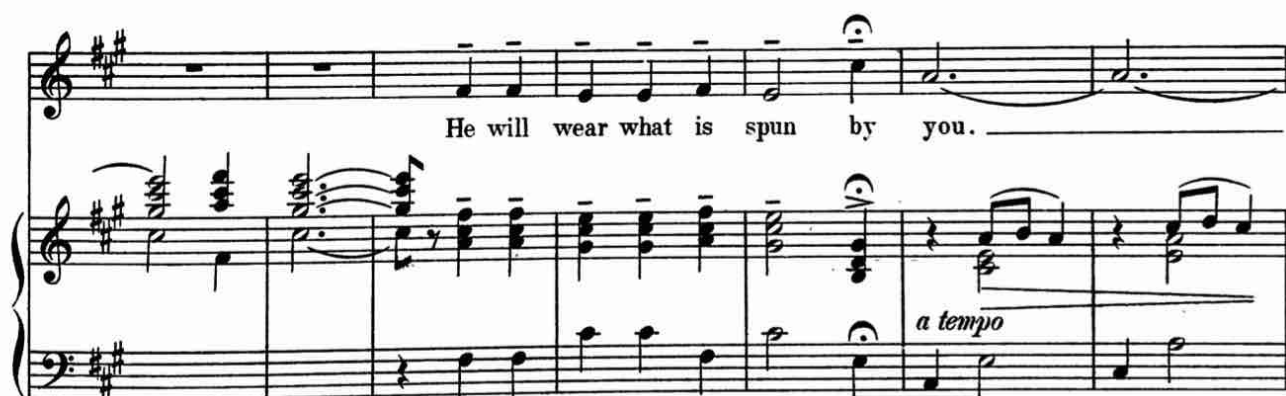
wear what is spun by you. _____

a tempo *rit.*



He will wear what is spun by you. _____

a tempo



8

pp



7. THE SPINET.

1.

Play on me tenderly for many voices,
 Hushed now to rest, have wakened me to song,
 Time slips away more merry music bringing
 But to the past sweet harmonies belong.

2.

Touch me with care, my keys are frail and broken
 I was not built for Tarantella bold,
 If you would wake the melody within me
 Tune me to sing some Minuet of old.
 Ah.....
 Play me with pity for my strings vibrating
 Long for the touch of little hands grown cold.

Ethel Bernard Kelly.

After "THE SPINNING WHEEL."



THE SPINET.

Words by
ETHEL BERNARD KELLY.

Music by
CLAUDE ARUNDALE.

Slow Minuet time. $\text{♩} = 80$

f

The piano introduction is in 3/4 time, key of D major. It consists of four measures. The right hand features a series of chords and a melodic line with eighth notes. The left hand plays a steady bass line of eighth notes. The first measure has a forte (*f*) dynamic marking.

Play on me ten - der - ly for ma - ny voi - - ces,

mf

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The piano part consists of chords and a bass line. The dynamic marking is mezzo-forte (*mf*).

Hushed now to rest, — have wakened me to song,

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes some chromatic movement in the right hand.

Time slips a - way — more mer-ry mu-sic bring - - ing But to the

past — sweet harmon-ies be - long.

Daintily.

Touch me with care, my keys are frail and bro - ken

I was not built for Tar-an-tell - a bold, If you would

wake the mel-o-dy with in me Tune me to sing— some

Min_u-et of old. Ah, ah, ah, *very lightly*

Ah Ah Ah Play me with pit-y for my strings vi- *molto rall.* *pp*

bra-ting Long for the touch of lit_tle hands grown cold. *rall. e dim.*

LOW VOICE.

HIGH VOICE.

THE LAND OF THE ALMOND BLOSSOM.

WORDS BY
Herbert J. Brandon.

MUSIC BY
Claude Arundale.

Contents:-

- * N° 1. WHEN SPRING AND CHERRY BLOSSOM COME..
- * 2. ENOSHIMA.....
- 3. A HILL IN YOKOHAMA.....
- 4. THE GEISHA'S SONG.....
- * 5. TWO LITTLE FEET.....
- * 6. PRAYERS.....

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Moon Magic.

A Cycle of Five Fairy Fantacies.

WORDS BY

Nancie B. Marsland.

Music
by *Claude Arundale.*

Contents:-

- * N^o. 1. UP IN THE SKY.....
- 2. WHITE BIRDS.....
- 3. MY FAIRY GOD-MOTHER.....
- 4. ALMOND BLOSSOMS.....
- * 5. TEARS THAT CHILDREN SHED..

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