

COME UP, COME IN WITH STREAMERS!



By CARL DEIS



Price, 60 cents net

HAROLD FLAMMER
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NEW YORK CITY
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C

Come up, Come in with Streamers!

**Verses from
"The Lord of Misrule"
Alfred Noyes

Music by
Carl Deis

Allegro con brio (♩ = 112)

Voice

Piano

mf *f*

con Ped.

Come

up, come in with stream - ers! Come in with boughs of may! — Come

sfz *mf*

up and thump the sex - ton, And car - ry the clerk a - way. Now

*"On May days the wild heads of the parish would choose a Lord of Misrule, whom they would follow even into the church, though the minister were at prayer or preaching, dancing and swinging their may-boughs about like devils incarnate!"

Old Puritan Writer

**Poem used by permission of the author (Copyright, 1911, by Frederick A. Stokes Company)

skip like rams, ye moun - tains, Ye lit - tle hills, like sheep! ——— Come

up and wake the peo - ple That par - son puts to sleep.

Come

up, come in with stream - ers! Come in with boughs of may! ———

knows but old Me - thu - se - lah May hob - ble the greenwood way? If

Bet - ty could kiss the sex - ton, - If Kit - ty could kiss the *clerk, - Who

knows how Par - son Prim - rose Might blos - som in the dark?

Come up, come in with

*"On May days the though the ministe.

**Poem used by perm

stream - ers! Come in, with boughs of may! — Now by the gold up -

on your toe You walked the prim-rose way. Come up, with white and

crim - son! O, shake your bells and sing; Let the porch bend, the

poco allargado
f
colla voce

pil - lars bow, Be - fore our Lord, the Spring! —

a tempo
a tempo
p

55787

f *maestoso*

Your God still walks in E - den, be - tween the an - cient

cresc. *f* *maestoso*

trees. — Where Youth and Love go wad - ing thro' *sway - ing flow - 'ry

con spirito

seas. And this is the sign we bring you, be - fore the dark - ness

con spirito

ff

fall, — That Spring — is ris - en, is ris - en a -

mf *ben marcato* *cresc.*

*Original poem reads "through pools of primroses"

gain, That Life — is ris - en, is ris - en a -

gain, That Love is ris - en, is ris - en a - gain, and

grandioso *piu maestoso*

grandioso *piu maestoso*

Love — is Lord — of all.

a tempo

a tempo

allargando

fff

Dreams

Lyrics by
William Hillman

Music by
Bryceson Treharne

Delicately and not too slowly

Voice

Piano

Dream

... just grief should break thy heart;

There is no truth, no life, no

* Two keys in common
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Pickaninny

Lyrics by
H. B. Owen

Music by
Bryceson Treharne

In a moderate time, with great feeling

Voice

Piano

Wost yuh come out, Pick - a - nin - ny? Li - 'l nig - gah, don't say

no Ah - ve so aw - ful lone - some, hon - ey,

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