

To Miss Jane D. Wilson.

Two Songs

Words by

CHAS. KINGSLEY.

MUSIC BY

E. W. NEVIN.

I once had a sweet little doll, dears.
When all the world is young lad.



BOSTON

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I ONCE HAD A SWEET LITTLE DOLL, DEARS.

Words by Rev. Charles Kingsley.

Music by E.W. Nevin.

Moderato.

The piano introduction consists of two systems of music. The first system is a single treble clef staff with a 6/8 time signature and a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). It begins with a repeat sign and contains a few notes. The second system is a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with a 6/8 time signature and a key signature of three flats. It starts with a repeat sign. The first measure is marked *mf*. The second measure is marked *Simply*. The third measure is marked *dim.* The piano part features a simple, rhythmic accompaniment with some melodic lines in the treble clef.

Distinctly.

The first system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in a treble clef with a 6/8 time signature and a key signature of three flats. It contains two lines of lyrics: "1. I once had a sweet lit - tle doll, dears, The" and "2. I found my poor lit - tle doll, dears, As I". The piano accompaniment is in a grand staff with a 6/8 time signature and a key signature of three flats. The piano part provides a steady accompaniment for the vocal line.

The second system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "pret - ti - est doll in the world; Her cheeks were so pink and so" and "played in the heath one day; Folks say she is ter - ri - bly". The piano accompaniment continues in the grand staff with a 6/8 time signature and a key signature of three flats. The final measure of the piano part is marked *dolce*.

white, dears, And her hair was so charm-ing - ly curled. But I
 changed, dears. For her paint is all washed a - way. And her

lost my poor lit - tle doll, dears, As I played in the heath one
 arm trod-den off by the cows, dears, And her hair not the least bit

day, And I
 curled, Yet for

cried for more than a week, dears, But I ne-ver could find where she
old sakes sake she is still, dears, The lov-li-est doll in the

dolce

lay I cried for more than a week, dears, But
world, For old sakes sake she is still, dears, The

poco rit. 1. 2.

nev-er could find where she lay. world.....
lov-li-est doll in the

poco rit. *a tempo* *rit. molto*

End.