



1. The Island where Babies Grow

THERE'S an island way off in the seas

Where babies grow mostly on trees;
It's the jolliest fun
To swing in the sun,
But they have to look out how they sneeze,
They might break themselves off
With a sneeze or a cough,
And tumble down flop on their knees.

And when the skies darken and wail,
When the breezes turn into a gale,
There's a terrible dropping,
And flopping and hopping—
In fact, little babies just hail!

They lie on the ground in a pile,
And people come, after a while,
But they quickly pass by
The babies that cry
And pick up the babies that smile—
They even take twins if they smile.



2. Where Kitty-cats hang in a Row

THERE are trees where the Kitty-cats grow;

They hang by their tails in a row;
If they happen to fall
They don't mind it at all,
For they land on their feet, as you know.

The fish swim around in the sky,
With polly-wogs woggling by,
While frogs hop around
On the clouds, to the sound
Of the lobsters devouring mince-pie.

The birdies all swim in the sea
And the wasp and the bumbling bee;
If you dangle a worm
With a wiggly squirm
You might catch a chick-a-dee-dee.
It's strange, but the apples and pears
Live in houses with carpets and chairs.

They go rolling around
With a rollicking sound,
And come bumping and thumping down-stairs.

FUNNYLAND

Four Nonsense Rhymes

by ALBERT W. SMITH

Set to Music for a Medium Voice

by JAMES S. FORD



1. The Island where Babies Grow
2. Where Kitty-cats hang in a Row
3. The Polar Ball Six Months Long
4. The Land of the Puppy-dogs



EACH FIFTY CENTS

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G. Schirmer, Jr.

THE BOSTON MUSIC CO.

CHARLES WOOLHOUSE, London ALLAN & Co., Melbourne

3. The Polar Ball that was Six Months Long

THEY gave a ball in the Arctic Zone,
And they danced on the frozen sea.
The North Wind played on a big trombone,

And the tones he played would melt a stone,
But they mustn't melt ice, or he
Would have slashed up the sea and lowered the tone;

Imagine a ball in the Arctic Zone
On a muddy, slushy sea!

A Polar Ball is a lengthy thing;
The nights last six months there.
They dance, from fall to early spring,
The two-step, waltz and the Highland fling,
Utterly free from care.
They eat ice-cream, which they have to blow
To cool it off, for it burns them so,
And they all drink liquefied air.

The whalloping whales came floundering through

A hole in the icy floor;
And the seals all came, and the caribou,
The old musk-ox, and the reindeer, too,
And many, many more.

They all joined feet and flippers and fins,
And danced 'round the Pole where the world begins

With sport and bellow and roar.

The Pole stood still as they all danced by,
Sorely against his will;
But if he should move just the wink of an eye

The world would wobble and things would fly,

And the Oceans would surely spill.
So he heaved a sigh and took a brace
And held himself hard in his proper place;
And the old world wags on still.



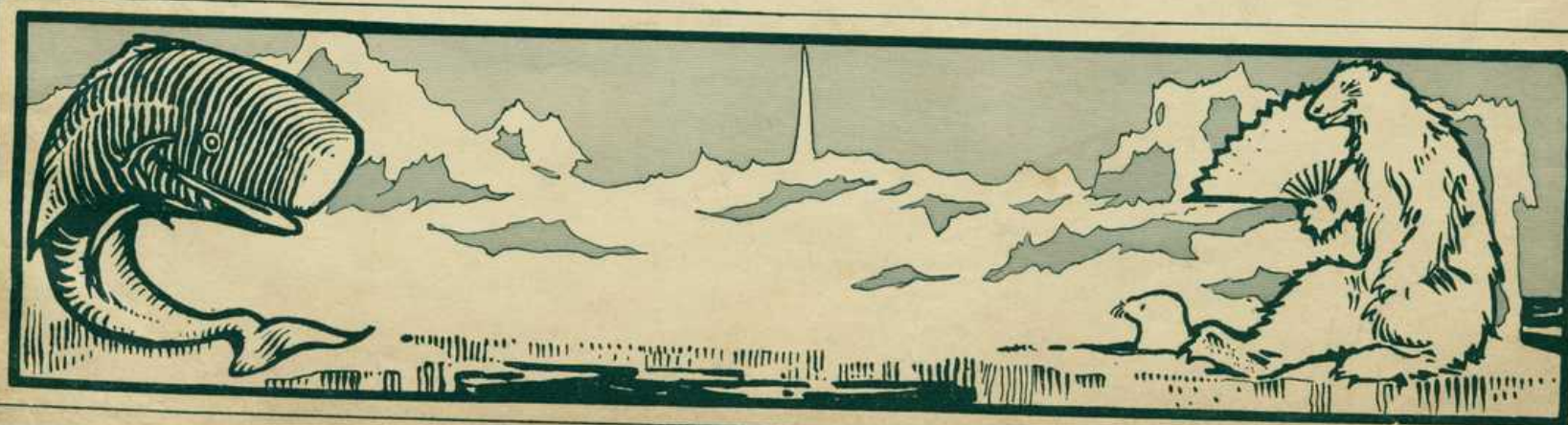
4. The Land of the Puppy-dogs

THERE was once a puppy-dog tree
That people came miles just to see,
But the bark was so loud

That it scattered the crowd
And it rattled the isles of the sea.
Oh, the rickety isles of the sea!
It frightened the king!

And the troublesome thing
Was cut down by a royal decree.
Whenever dogs grow now at all
They are puggy and awfully small.

They grow on a vine
Like a squash, and they whine,
Although they can't possibly fall.



The Polar Ball that was Six Months Long.

ALBERT W. SMITH.

JAMES S. FORD.

Tempo di Polka.

The piano introduction is in 4/4 time, key of D major. It begins with a treble staff containing four measures of whole rests. The bass staff starts with a half note D4, followed by eighth notes E4, F#4, G4, A4, B4, C5, and D5. The melody in the bass staff is marked *mf* and *cresc.* It features a series of eighth-note chords and single notes, ending with a half note D5. The final measure of the introduction is marked *dim.*

1. They gave a ball in the Arc - tic Zone, And they danced on the froz - en
2. A - po - lar ball is a length - y thing, The nights last - six months

The first system of the song features a vocal melody in the treble staff and piano accompaniment in the bass staff. The piano part is marked *p* and consists of a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

sea. The North wind play'd on a big Trom-bone, And the tones he played would
there; They dance from fall till - ear - ly spring, The two-step, waltz, and the

The second system continues the song. The vocal melody in the treble staff is accompanied by the piano accompaniment in the bass staff. The lyrics continue below the vocal staff.

melt a stone But they must'nt melt ice, or he Would have slash'd up the sea — and
High-land fling, — Ut-ter-ly free from care. They eat ice-cream-which they

lowered the tone, Im - a - gine a ball in the Arc - tic Zone, On a mush-y slush - y
have to blow, To cool it off, for it burns them so, And they all drink li-qui-fied

sea.
air.

3 The whal-lop-ing whales came flound'ring through A hole in the ic - y
4 The Pole stood still as they all danc'd by, Sore-ly a-against his

floor; And the seals all came and the car - i - bou, The
will. But if he should move just the wink of an eye, The

old musk - ox — and the rein - deer, too, And ma - ny, ma - ny
world would wob - ble and things would fly, And the Oceans would sure - ly

more. They all join'd feet and flip - pers and fins, And
spill. So he heaved a sigh and took a brace, And

danc'd round the Pole where the world be - gins, With spout and bellow and roar.
held himself hard in his prop - er place, And the old world wags on still.

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Low Voice D }

Frank L. Stanton.

Sigmund Landsberg.

With simplicity.

Voice. Rain - y day don't

Piano. *And.* * *And.* * *And.* *

come ter stay: Dry yo' eyes, my hon - ey! Win' 'll blow de

And. * *And.* *simile*

piu rit. a tempo

clouds a - way: Dry yo' eyes, my hon - ey! Way up yan - der

piu rit. a tempo

And. 5 5 5 *

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God keep you, Love!

Published for
High Voice E } 60¢
Medium Voice D }
Low Voice C }

Edward Oxenford.

Edward Broome.

Andante espressivo.

Voice. God keep you, love, wher-e'er you go Up-on the

Piano. *p*

land or sea May bless-ings on your path-way flow.

rall. *a tempo* *mp*

And life be sor - row free.

rall. *a tempo*

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Daisies.

Published for
High Voice C } 50¢
Low Voice A }

Bliss Carman.

Charles Fonteyn Manney
Op. 15, No. 1.

Allegro ma non troppo e con spirito.

Voice. Over the shoulders and slopes of the dune, I saw the white daisies go

Piano. *p*

allargando

down to the sea, A host in the sun-shine, an ar-my in June, The

colla voce

rit. *a tempo*

peo-ple God sends us to set our hearts free!

rit. *a tempo* *mf*

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Toujours. Fidelity.

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High Voice D } 50¢
Low Voice B }

Ch. Grandmougin.

Charles Fonteyn Manney
Op. 15, No. 3.

Andante espressivo.

Voice. Mais n'es-pè-rez pas que mon â-me s'ar-ra-che à ses â-pres deu-
But nev-er hope that I can con-quer The flame which my bo-som de-

Piano. *cantando*

leurs, vours, Et se dé-pou-ille de sa flam-me Comme le prin-temps
Or leave to per-ish my af-fec-tion, As does the spring-time

f appass. *p* *p dolce*

rall.

de ses fleurs. all its flow'rs.

dol. *rall. fesspress.* *rit.* *mp*

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