

# **HOLIDAY SONGS FOR YOUNG VOICES**

**for Solo Voice or Unison Voices and Piano**

**Lyrics from  
*The Days We Celebrate* (1940)  
edited by R. H. Schauffler**

**Music by  
BRUCE TRINKLEY**

- 1. April Played a Joke**
- 2. I Meant To Do My Work Today**
- 3. Lost Children**
- 4. Moose Thanksgiving**

## **April Played a Joke**

Poem by Annette Wynne (fl. 1919-1922)

*April played a joke –  
    she showed the best of weather  
And all the little flowers came  
    tripping out together,  
Very airy, very small, dressed  
    in summer laces;  
Suddenly she nipped them all  
    and chilled their dainty faces.*

*April, April, what a way!  
What a wicked joke to play!  
What if the flowers got frightened so –  
They turned about and would not grow –  
It would be your fault, O April, dear,  
Please, don't play that game again this year!*

## **I Meant To Do My Work Today**

Poem by Richard Le Gallienne (1869-1947)

*I meant to do my work today  
    But a brown bird sang in the appletree,  
And a butterfly flitted across the field,  
    And all the leaves were calling me.*

*And the wind went sighing over the land,  
    Tossing the grasses to and fro,  
And a rainbow held out its shining hand –  
    So what could I do but laugh and go?*

## **Lost Children**

Poem by Arthur Guiterman (1871-1943)

*A little boy named Ben  
    Had a hole in his stocking  
    That was positively shocking  
And big enough for ten;  
    And it grew and it grew  
    Till the little boy fell through,  
And he never was heard of again!*

*A little boy named Paul,  
    No, I think his name was Bertie,  
    Was, (excuse me please) so dirty  
That while running through a hall  
    Where there wasn't any light  
    He got so mixed up with Night  
That they can't ever see him at all!*

*A little girl named Cis  
    Was so late to school each morning  
    (Though they gave her every warning)  
That the lazy little miss  
    Cannot possibly be found  
    Though they've searched for miles around,  
For she's back several years before this!*

## **Moose Thanksgiving**

Poem by Dorothy Brown Thompson (1896-1994)

*Thanksgiving night  
    When all is still*

*A mouse creeps soft  
    Across the sill,*

*And finds a crumb --  
    The very least  
Wee fraction of  
    The greater feast;*

*Then placidly  
    His whiskers cleans,  
And feels the things  
    Thanksgiving means.*