Wee Fiddle Moon

Words by
Edith Mac Donald Graham

Music by
Leon Abbott Hoffmeister

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With swinging motion (c. J = 76)

I'll play a tune on a wee fiddle moon,

Creep-in' up the evenin' sky; A round little tune that'll

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end too soon, Float-in' up the evenin' sky. Then

sway you low and sway you high A creep-in' up the evenin' sky.

I'll find a bow where lush rush-es grow Down by the river's
singing, A lithe little bow that'll sweep to and fro. Where

thistle downs are clinging. Oh, sweep you high, an'

tsweep you low, Creep-in' up the eveh-nin' sky.
ben ritmato

I'll pick a note from a

mock-in' bird's throat.

Close where the aspens

pp delicato

shiver.

Some sweet little note that'll
flutter and float
Up where the moon-beams quiver.
Oh, ten.

sing every note,
every little note, Creepin' up the evening sky.
To Tito Schipa

Phyllis

Text by PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR

Music by RAYMOND EARLE MITCHELL

Moderato

Voice

Piano

p grazioso

Phyllis, ah, Phyllis, my life is a gray day, Few are my

p a tempo

years, but my griefs are not few, Ever to youth should each

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