

## "SONGS AND THINGS MUSICAL"

"For here are the songs of long ago,  
That father and mother sang, you know.  
Their fathers and mothers and grandparents too,  
Sang these selfsame songs..I wonder, do you?"

Our family has always been a singing family. The piano and other musical instruments always held a special place at our house. I can remember Mom at the piano. Her songs were often filled with pathos. She'd learned to play on the huge rosewood piano grandpa brought from St. Louis by wagon. People came from miles around just to take a look at it and to have she and her sisters play for them. Dad used to sing 'Round One Window Tidy-o', 'Old Dan Tucker', and other folk songs which today's authorities tell us were brought with other customs and traditions when the early settlers came to the mid-west.

Mema believed in singing to her babies, as did her mother and her mother before that. One sad, sad song she sang, I've taken the trouble to include on the following pages. Its chorus, we remembered, but some of the stanzas were forgotten. Not long ago I ran across the complete song in 'Early American Literature'. I was glad because a million bitter Hudgens tears have been shed as Mem sang the sad song of 'The Babes in the Woods'.

Dad and mother attended the World Fair in St. Louis in 1902. There they bought several pictures for the house. Among them was 'Babes in the Woods'. I have it today, and my children are as fond of the picture as were my brothers and sisters. Words and music for the song are on the following pages. Give it a try! Take your handkerchief with you, if you are a sentimentalist. Of course, nobody could summons up the kind of wail, Bertie Fly had mastered.



## THE BABES IN THE WOODS

MY dear you must know,  
That a long time ago  
Two poor little children,  
Whose names I don't know,  
Were stolen away  
On a fine summer day,  
And left in the woods  
I've heard people say.

### Chorus

Pretty babes in the woods,  
Sweet babes in the woods,  
Have you ever heard,  
Of the babes in the woods?

And when it was night,  
So sad was their plight,  
For the sun went down,  
And the moon gave no light.  
They sobbed and they sighed,  
And they bitterly cried,  
And the poor little things,  
They lay down and died.

### Chorus

And when they were dead  
The robin so red,  
Brought strawberry leaves and  
over them spread...  
And all the day long,  
The branches among,  
They sang to them softly,  
And this was their song.

### Chorus

Pretty babes in the woods,  
Sweet babes in the woods,  
So hard was the fate,  
Of the babes in the woods.



