



THREE SCOTCH POEMS

THE MUSIC BY
SIDNEY HOMER

Op. 33

I

DINNA ASK ME

High in G \flat

* Low in E \flat

II

AULD DADDY DARKNESS

High in B \flat

* Low in G

III

CUDDLE DOON

High in F

* Low in E \flat

Price, each 60 cents *net*

** Indicates Original Keys*

E

E

New York · G. SCHIRMER · Boston

AULD DADDY DARKNESS

Auld Daddy Darkness creep frae his hole,
Black as a blackamoor, blin' as a mole:
Stir the fire till it lowes, let the bairnie sit,
Auld Daddy Darkness is no wantit yit.

See him in the corners hidin' frae the licht,
See him at the window gloomin' at the nicht;
Turn up the gas licht, close the shutters a',
An' Auld Daddy Darkness will flee far awa'.

Awa' to hide the birdie within its cosy nest,
Awa' to lap the wee floers on their mither's breast,
Awa' to loosen Gaffer Toil frae his daily ca',
For Auld Daddy Darkness is kindly to a'.

Steek yer een, my wee tot, ye'll see Daddy then;
He's in below the bed claes, to cuddle ye he's fain;
Noo nestle to his bosie, sleep and dream yer fill,
Till Wee Davie Daylight comes keekin' owre the hill.

JAMES FERGUSON (1808-1886)

Auld Daddy Darkness

James Fergusson
(1808 - 1886)

Sidney Homer. Op. 33, No. 2

Voice *Animato (with imagination)* *p*

Auld Dad-dy Dark-ness creeps frae his hole,

Piano *p molto legato*

Black as a black-a-moor, blin' as a mole: Stir the fire till it lowes, let the bairnie sit,

cresc. *rit.*

cresc. *rit.*

più lento *dim.* *a tempo*

Auld Dad-dy Dark - ness is no want - it yit.

più lento *dim.* *a tempo*

p

See him in the cor-ners hid-in' frae the licht, See him at the window gloom-in' at the night;

p

cresc. *rit.*

Turn up the gas - licht, close the shutters a, An' Auld Daddy Darkness will flee far a -

cresc. *rit.*

a tempo
dim. *pp*

wa' A - wa' to hide the bird - ie with-in its co - sy nest, A -

a tempo
dim. *pp*

wa' to lap the wee floers on their mith - er's breast, A -

cresc. *rit.* *mf* *piu lento*
 wa' to loos-en Gaf-fer Toil frae his dai-ly ca', For Auld Daddy Darkness is kind-ly to

dim. *pp* **Moderato**
 a. Steek yer een, my wee tot, ye'll see Dad-dy then; He's

in be - low the bed - claes, to cud - dle ye he's fain; Noo

rit.
nes - tle to his bo - sie, sleep and dream yer fill, Till

rit.

Lento
pp
wee Da - vie Day - licht comes keek - in' owre the hill.

pp

