Dedicated to

The Countess of Shrewsbery

Living Poems

Words by
H. W. Longfellow

Music by
Arthur Sullivan

London

11 July 1874
Allegretto non tropo vivo

Voice

Pianoforte

Come to me, 0 ye children! For I hear you at your play. And the questions that per-
played me Have vanished quite away. The o-cean's fa-ntom

windows, that look towards the sun, where

thoughts are sing-ing swal-lows, And the brooks of mor-ning

run. In your hearts are the birds and
Sunshine, in your thoughts the brook lets flow. But in mine is the wind of autumn and the first fall of the snow.

Come to me, O ye children, come to me.
Ah! what would the world be to us, if the children were no

more? We shou'd read the De-vout be-neath us. Woe than the dark de-

car. What the leaves are to the for-est, with

light and air for food, Ere their sweet and ten-

a
juices have been hardened into wood,

That to the world are children, though then it feels the

glow of a brighter and summer clime than reached the

Trunks lie low. Come to me, ye children! And
whisper in my ear, what the birds and the winds are singing in your

sunny atmosphere. For what are all our contrivings, and the

wisdom of our books, when compared with your care-less, and the

gladness of your Coeks? Ye are
better than all the ballads that ever were sung or

said; For ye are living poems, and all the rest are

dead. Ye are better than all the ballads that

ever were sung or said; For ye are living
poem, and all the rest are dead. Come to

one, 0 ye children, come to 0 ye children, come to