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Come Up, Come in with Streamers!

Carl Deis

Alfred Noyes

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G. P. Highmore

Third Edition

Come up, Come in with Streamers!



By CARL DEIS



Price, 60 cents net

Made in the U. S. A.

HAROLD FLAMMER
INCORPORATED

NEW YORK CITY
NEW YORK

Come up, Come in with Streamers!

**Verses from
"The Lord of Misrule"
Alfred Noyes

Music by
Carl Deis

Allegro con brio (♩ = 112)

Voice *f*
Come

Piano *mf* *f*
con Ped.

up, come in with stream - ers! Come in with boughs of may! — Come

mf up and thump the sex - ton, And car - ry the clerk a - way. *mf* Now

*"On May days the wild heads of the parish would choose a Lord of Misrule, whom they would follow even into the church, though the minister were at prayer or preaching, dancing and swinging their may-boughs about like devils incarnate."
Old Puritan Writer

**Poem used by permission of the author (Copyright, 1915, by Frederick A. Stokes Company)

skip like rams, ye moun - tains, Ye lit - tle hills, like sheep! Come

f

up and wake the peo - ple That par - son puts to sleep.

mf

Come

p *mf* *mf*

up, come in with stream - ers! Come in with boughs of may! Who

p *p*

knows but old Me - thu - se - lah May hob - ble the greenwood way? If

pp

Bet - ty could kiss the sex - ton, If Kit - ty could kiss the *clerk, Who

mf

knows how Par - son Prim - rose Might blos - som in the dark?

pp

Come up, come in with

mf

*Pronounce "clark," like wise on page 2

stream - ers! Come in, with boughs of may! — Now by the gold up -

on your toe You walked the prim-rose way. Come up, with white and

poco allargado
 crim - son! O, shake your bells and sing; Let the porch bend, the
colla voce

a tempo
 pil - lars bow, Be - fore our Lord, the Spring!
a tempo *p*

f *maestoso*
 Your God still walks in E - den, be - tween the an - cient
cresc. *f* *maestoso*

trees, — Where Youth and Love go wad - ing thro' *sway - ing flow - 'ry

con spirito
 seas. And this is the sign we bring - you, be - fore the dark - ness
con spirito

ff
 fall, — That Spring — is ris - en, is ris - en a -
mf *ben marcato* *cresc.*

144 c
 *Original poem reads "through pools of primroses"

gain, That Life — is ris - en, is ris - en a -

grandioso gain, That Love is ris - en, is ris - en a - gain, and *piu maestoso*

Love — is Lord — of all. *a tempo*

allargando

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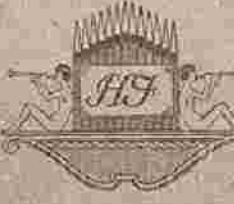
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