

# Grace Wassall

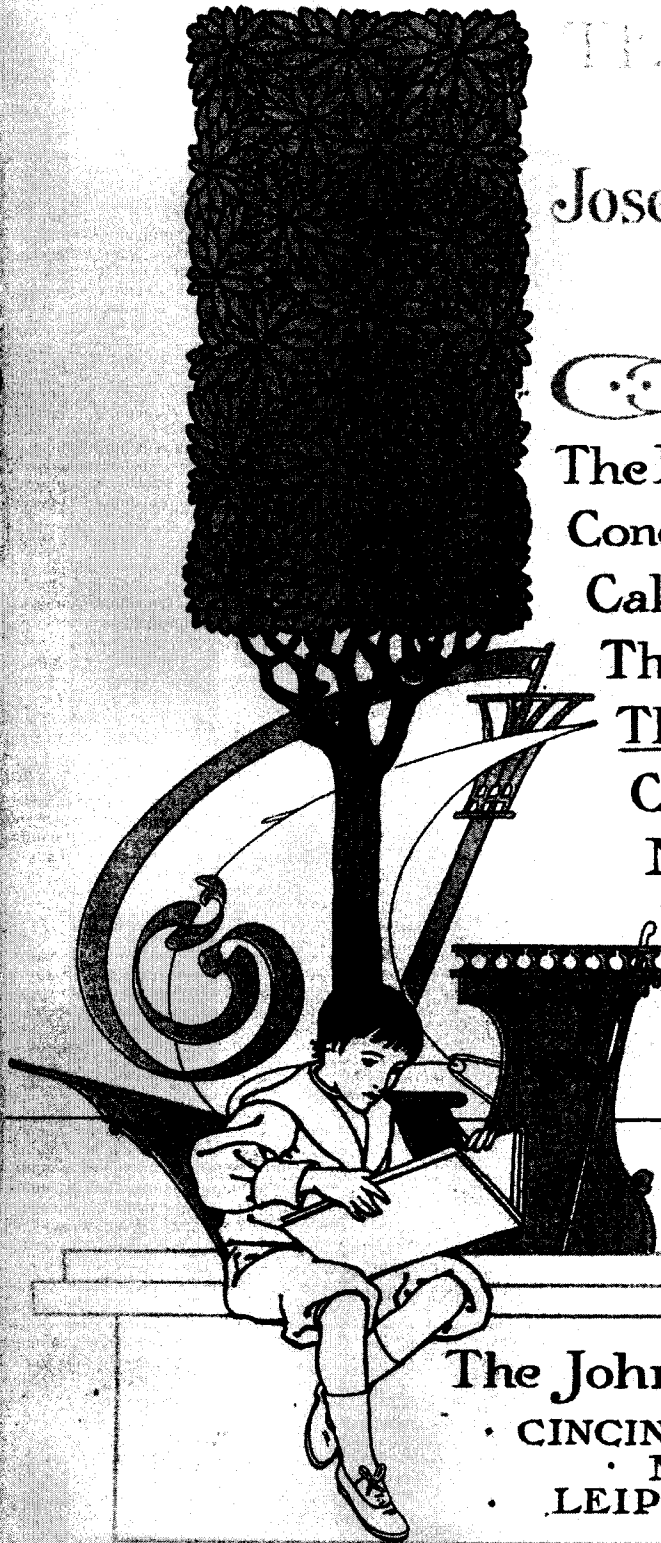
TEN SONGS

WORDS BY

Josephine Preston  
Peabody



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# The Journey.



JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY.

GRACE WASSALL.

Vivace.

*sempre più presto*

I

*mf*

nev - er saw the hills so far, And blue, the way the pic - tures are; And

*mf*

*rit*

flow - ers, flow - ers, grow - ing thick, But not a one for me to pick! The

*rit*

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*a tempo*

land was run - ning from the train, All blur - ry through the win - dow - pane; And

*a tempo*

then it all looked flat and still, When up there jumped a lit - tle hill! I

*f poco più mosso*

saw the win - dows, and the spires, And spar - rows sit - ting on the wires, And

*f poco più mosso*

fenc - es run - ning up and down; And then we cut straight through a

town. I saw a Val - ley, like a cup; And

ponds that twin-kled, and dried up. I count-ed mead-ows that were burnt; And

there were trees, and then there weren't! We crossed the brid-ges with a roar, Then

hummed the way we went be-fore, And tun-nels made it dark and light, Like

*rit*

o - pen-work of day and night; Un - til I saw the chim - neys rise, And

*molto rit* *a tempo*

lights and lights and lights, like eyes. And when they took me through the door, I

*molto rit* *a tempo*

*f sempre rit marc.*

heard it all be - gin to roar. I thought, as far as I could see, That

*f sempre rit marc.*

ev - ry - bod - y want - ed me!