

SM2707

# Song Of The Little Mouse

English Lyric by  
EDWARD A. PAULTON

Music by  
JEAN BRIQUET and ADOLF PHILIPP

Moderato

PIANO *mf*

The piano introduction is written in 2/4 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass line uses chords and single notes. The dynamic marking is mezzo-forte (mf).

VOICE

Once a lit - tle mous - ie dwelt In a home be - neath a floor,  
Ver - y strange it is how few Draw the in - fer - ence that's meant,

The first system of the vocal part shows the melody for the first two lines of lyrics. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand.

She was tim - id and she felt A - fraid to leave her own front door.  
This ap - plies, dear girls, to you On jour - neys of dis - cov - ry bent.

The second system of the vocal part continues the melody for the next two lines of lyrics. The piano accompaniment remains consistent with the previous system.

She'd been warned a - bout a cat, Tho - mas Fe - line, by the by,  
You're the fool - ish lit - tle mice, Purr - ing cats con - ceit - ed men,

The third system of the vocal part concludes the melody for the final two lines of lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues to support the vocal line.

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She had seen him on a mat And he took her eye.  
Tell - ing you you're sweet, you're nice, And they mean it, then!

Sleek and gen - tle in his coal black fur, He seemed  
Love they breathe un - dy - ing, truth they vow What's so

harm - less judg - ing from his purr. She ad - mir - ing thought it safe to  
plain - tive as a soft meow - ow! Sure - ly with such looks as theirs they

ven - ture near, His style dis - pelled her fear.  
can't de - ceive! Oh no! And you be - lieve.

CHORUS

Oh fool- -ish mous-ie! You've your - self to blame! A

cat is al - ways at the same old game! His

moves he wont an - nounce, He sleeps and then he'll pounce, Tho'

cheep-cheep-cheep you run, he'll rare - ly miss his aim!

D. C.