

In Memory of
my beloved little Grand-daughter
ELEANOR JANE WILSON

ÉTUDE RÉALISTE

A BABY'S FEET
A BABY'S HANDS
A BABY'S EYES



Words by
ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

Music by
ELEANOR EVEREST FREER

ETUDE REALISTE.

1.

A baby's feet, like sea-shells pink,
Might tempt, should Heaven see meet,
An angel's lips to kiss, we think,—
A baby's feet!

Like rose-hued sea-flowers toward the heat
They stretch and spread and wink
Their ten soft buds that part and meet.

No flower-bells that expand and shrink
Gleam half so heavenly sweet
As shine on life's untrodden brink.
A baby's feet.

2.

A baby's hands, like rosebuds furl'd,
Whence yet no leaf expands,
Ope if you touch, though close upcurl'd,
A baby's hands.

Then, even as warriors grip their brands
When battle's bolt is hurl'd,
They close, clench'd hard like tightening bands.

No rose-buds yet by dawn impearl'd
Match, even in loveliest lands,
The sweetest flowers in all the world,—
A baby's hands.

3.

A baby's eyes, ere speech begin,
Ere lips learn words or sighs,
Bless all things bright enough to win
A baby's eyes.

Love, while the sweet thing laughs and lies,
And sleep flows out and in,
Lies perfect in them Paradise.

Their glance might cast out pain and sin,
Their speech make dumb the wise,
By mute glad god-head felt within
A baby's eyes.

Algernon Charles Swinburne.

ETUDE RÉALISTE.

3

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

ELEANOR EVEREST FREER

Op. 27, No. 8.

Andante.

A ba - by's

feet, like sea-shells pink, Might tempt, should Heav - en see

meet, An an - gel's lips to kiss, we think,

rall A ba - by's feet. *a tempo* Like rose-hued sea - flow'rs toward the

poco rall

heat They stretch and spread and wink their ten soft buds that part and meet.

No flow'r-bells that ex - pand and shrink Gleam half so

a tempo

heav - en - - ly sweet, As shine on life's un - trod - den

poco rall

brink A ba-by's feet.

ppp *pp* *a tempo*

A ba - by's hands, like rose - buds
A ba - by's eyes, ere speech be -

furl'd, Whence yet no leaf ex - pands, Ope if you
gin, Ere lips learn words or sighs, Bless all things

touch, tho' close up curl'd, A ba - by's hands. Then e'en as
bright e-nough to win A ba - by's eyes. Love, while the

rull
war - riors grip their brands When bat - tle's bolt is hurl'd, They close, clench'd
sweet thing laughs and lies, And sleep flows out and in, Lies per - fect

a tempo

hard like tighten-ing bands. No rose - buds yet by dawn im -
 in them Par - a - dise. Their glance might cast out pain and

pearl'd Match, ev - en in love - li - est lands, The sweet - est
 sin, Their speech make dumb the wise, By mute glad

poco rall sin' al Fine.

2nd Verse.

D. S. $\frac{3}{4}$

flow'rs in all the world - A ba - by's hands. _____
 god - head felt with -

D. S.

3rd Verse.

in A ba - by's eyes. _____

pp