



DAPrint Edition

#20822

MAVES

Three Children's Songs

Children's Voices
& Percussion

Poems by Kay Maves

Program Notes

These works were written primarily to be used as classroom teaching pieces for grade school music classes and/or for children's choral performances. They have been performed in public by choirs at various levels. They have even been programmed as novelty works by college groups. It may be useful to have the melody doubled by an instrument to help with the rather difficult intervals.

Premieres: March 1966, Raleigh NC, in the Raleigh public school system series, conducted by the composer. These works was first published by The (now defunct) American Book Company: in their New Dimensions in Music series © 1970.



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GARGOYLE

Gargoyles perch by day on the rooftops,
With frozen stone smiles,
and long, lolling mouths ajar,
no movement,
no sound
'til dark,
and then

GARGOYLE !

Ziping, slipping
thru the night air !
Laughing, leering
tearing thru the quiet air !
Scaring cats,
chasing bats
'til dawn.

When each one flits to his roof top,
and stares with his cold stone eyes
at the busy streets
thru the long bright day,
And knows that night will come
When

GARGOYLE !

Ziping, slipping
thru the night air !
Laughing, leering
tearing thru the quiet air !
Scaring cats,
chasing bats

Reeling, spinning,
shrieking, grinning,

GARGOYLE !

THE UNICORN

Most unique
Is the Unicorn;
A horse of sorts,
he has one horn—

Right in the middle of his forehead !

Poor Unicorn, Alas !
One horn he has; Alas !
It has no use, no use whatever.
It will not do to scratch,
to dig, to swat a fly;
It sits there to disguise,
I guess,
his left eye from his other.

Eye ?
Yes !

If you were he,
you'd find that horn quite irritating.
To know one eye, was hid from the other
would be infuriating !

Eye ?
Of course !

Most unique
Is the Unicorn;
A horse of sorts,
he has one horn—

Right in the middle of his forehead !

ROWS ARE STRANGE

Rows are
strange.
Quite odd.
No scale?
NO !
What ?
A ROW !
A scale ? NO !
Odd...
Quite strange
are rows.

Rows are
strange.
Quite odd.
No scale !
A ROW ?
A what ?
No scale ?
NO !
Odd...
Quite strange
are rows.