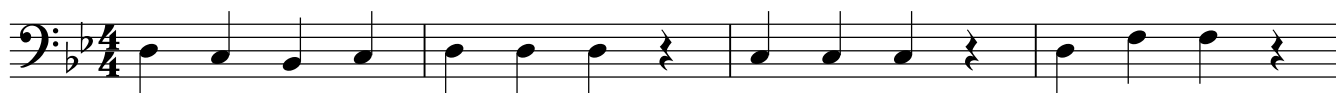


Trombone Baritone

Mary Had A Little Lamb

Sarah Josepha Hale (1830)

Lowell Mason



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Ma-ry had a lit-tle lamb, lit-tle lamb, lit-tle lamb,
Ma-ry had a lit-tle lamb, whose fleece was white as snow.
And e-ve-ry-where that Ma-ry went, Ma-ry went, Ma-ry went,
and e-ve-ry-where that Ma-ry went, the lamb was sure to go.

It fol-lowed her to school one day school one day, school one day,
It fol-lowed her to school one day, which was a-gainst the rules.
It made the chil-dren laugh and play, laugh and play, laugh and play,
it made the chil-dren laugh and play to see a lamb at school.

And so the tea-cher turned it out, turned it out, turned it out,
And so the tea-cher turned it out, but still it lin-gered near,
And wait-ed pa-tient-ly a-bout, pa-tient-ly a-bout, pa-tient-ly a-bout,
And wait-ed pa-tient-ly a-bout till Ma-ry did ap-pear.

"Why does the lamb love Ma-ry so?" Love Ma-ry so? Love Ma-ry so?
"Why does the lamb love Ma-ry so," the ea-ger chil-dren cry.
"Why, Ma-ry loves the lamb, you know." The lamb, you know, the lamb, you know,
"Why, Ma-ry loves the lamb, you know," the tea-cher did re-ply.