THE

Progressive Music Series

FOR BASAL USE
IN PRIMARY, INTERMEDIATE, AND GRAMMAR GRADES

BY

HORATIO PARKER
Late Dean of the Department of Music, Yale University

OSBOURNE MCNATHY
Director of the Department of School Music, Northwestern University

EDWARD BAILEY BIRGE
Professor of Public School Music, Indiana University

W. OTTO MIESSNER
Director of the Department of Music, State Normal School, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

PRIMARY SONG BOOK
FOR
SIGHT READING

SILVER, BURDETT AND COMPANY
BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO
FOREWORD

THE PRIMARY SONG BOOK provides attractive melodies to supplement the sight-reading songs in Book One, Progressive Music Series. The melodies are printed by phrases for the purpose of training the children to think phrase-wise and to make easier individual recitations by phrases.


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THE PROGRESSIVE MUSIC SERIES

PRIMARY SONG BOOK

PART ONE: CLASSIFIED SONGS FOR SIGHT READING

Chapter I: Melodies Based upon the Tonic Chord

Good Day

(T. M. I, p. 286)

Virginia Baker

W. Otto Miessner

The flowers are smiling and nodding "Good Day,"

The birds sweetly sing in the dawning,

"Oh, how do you do? We're glad to see you."

Dear flowers and birdies, Good Morning.
Who Am I?
(T. M. I, p. 286)

Ann and Jane Taylor

Joseph Haydn, Arr.

1. Who am I that shine so bright
2. When the sun is gone, I rise
3. Little child, consider well

With my pretty yellow light,
In the very silent skies;
Who this simple tale doth tell;

Peeping thro' your curtains gray?
And a cloud or two doth skim
And I think you'll guess it soon,

Tell me, child, I pray.
Round my silver rim.
For I am the Moon.
Buttercups and Daisies

Mary Howitt

Edward B. Birge

1. Buttercups and daisies,
2. While the trees are leafless

Oh, all the pretty flow’rs,
And while the fields are bare,

Com’ing in the spring-time
Buttercups and daisies

To tell of sunny hours.
Will spring up here and there.
Ding, Dong

Ding, dong! Ding, dong! Bells are ringing clear.

Ding, dong! Ding, dong! Sounding far and near.

Holiday Fun

1. Happy children out at play,
2. Up and down the fields they run,

On a summer holiday,
Laugh and shout and have their fun,
See them gayly tripping,
Till the sun descending,
Through the meadows skipping.
Tells them day is ending.

Spring Song

From Nature in Verse

L. Howard Whitmore

1. "A-wake," said the sunshine; "Tis time to get up;
2. "A-wake," call the streamlets; "We've lain here so still,

A-wake, pretty daisy and sweet buttercup;
And now we must all go to work with a will;

A-wake for the sunshine is calling!
A-wake for the streamlets are calling!"
Chapter II: Melodies Based upon the Tonic Chord with Neighboring Tones

The Farmer in the Dell

OLD SINGING GAME *

(T. M. I, p. 287)

1. The farmer in the dell,
2. The farmer takes a wife,

The farmer in the dell,
The farmer takes a wife,

Heigh, oh, for the derry, do,
Heigh, oh, for the derry, do,

The farmer in the dell.
The farmer takes a wife.

3. The wife keeps the house, etc.
4. The man milks the cow.
5. The cow gives the milk.
6. The maid skims the milk.

*Additional stanzas in Teacher's Manual, Volume I.
The Dandelion

Aletha B. Phillips

1. You're a jolly, jolly little fellow,
   In your cap so bright;
   Gayly dancing yonder in the meadow,
   Just a little gypsy sprite.

2. You're a sleepy, sleepy little fellow,
   Nodding in the sun.
   Soon you'll change your crown of golden yellow,
   Put your fluffy night-cap on.
A Cat-Land Law
(T. M. I, p. 288)

From The Christian Commonwealth

French Folk Song

1. Pussy caught a mouse for dinner,
2. "Cats should be polite," said Pussy;

But the mouse was wise and old.
"I will wash without delay."

"Wait a bit," he said to Pussy,
Loosed her claws and in a jiffy

"Surely you have oft been told
Wise old Mousie ran away."
That in Mouse-land there's a law
Very vexed, poor Pussy said,
That pronounces it disgrace
"Mouse-land laws would work disgrace.

To begin to eat your dinner
This shall be the law in Cat-land-

Ere you go and wash your face."
After dinner wash your face."
The Jolly Miller
(T. M. I, p. 288)

English Folk Song

1. There was a jolly miller and he lived by himself;

As the wheel went round he made his wealth;

One hand in the hopper, and the other in the bag,

As the wheel went round he made his grab.

2. O Sandy he belongs to the mill,
   And the mill belongs to Sandy still,
   O Sandy he belongs to the mill,
   And the mill belongs to Sandy.
On A Stormy Day

Maude M. Grant

1. I like my big umbrella,
2. I like my long white leggings,

My coat and my rubber too,
My muff and my sweater blue,

And when it's wet and stormy
And always when it's snowing

I use them, I do.
I wear them, I do.

Danish Folk Dance
The Fire
(T. M. I., p. 289)

Laura E. Richards
Horatio Parker

Crick-ley, crick-ley, I am the fire!

Crick-ley, crick-ley, cree!

Flick-er-ing, flack-er-ing, high-er and high'r,

What is so pleas-ant to see?

The Flag We Love

Virginia Baker
French Folk Song

Here's the flag we love; It is red, white and blue!
To this flag so dear Let us all be true!

The Bird Soaring

Will Earhart

Great bird, strong bird, high in the air,

Sailing, soaring far from me there;

I would go like you to the sky,

In the sunshine ever to fly.
The Vowels

Jonathan Swift

1. We are little airy creatures,
2. We are little airy creatures,
3. We are little airy creatures,

La, la, la, la, la, la!
La, la, la, la, la, la!
La, la, la, la, la, la!

All of dif'rent voice and features,
All of dif'rent voice and features,
All of dif'rent voice and features,

La, la, la, la, la, la!
La, la, la, la, la, la!
La, la, la, la, la, la!
One of us in glass is set,
Third one you may see in tin,
If the fifth you should pursue

One of us you'll find in jet;
And the fourth a box within;
It can never fly from you;

We are little airy creatures,
We are little airy creatures,
We are little airy creatures,

La, la, la, la, la, la, la!
La, la, la, la, la, la!
La, la, la, la, la, la!
My Kite and I
(T. M. I, p. 290)
Seymour Barnard

1. Up where my kite is sailing,
   Far distant in the blue,
   Oh, I would fly As straight and high;
   Just as my good kite can do.

2. Down where my top is spinning
   I've friends with whom to play,
   And here's my bread, My home and bed;
   I will fly some other day.
Chapter IV: Recurring Diatonic Figures, Varied

Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star

Jane Taylor

Old Song

1. Twin - kle, twin - kle, lit - tle star,
2. When the blaz - ing sun is gone,

How I won - der what you are;
When he noth - ing shines up - on,

Up a - bove the world so high,
Then you show your lit - tle light,

Like a dia - mond in the sky.
Twin - kle, twin - kle, all the night.

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The Robins' Nest

(T. M. I, p. 290)

Virginia Baker

Bohemian Folk Dance

Swing-ing high, 'Neath the sky.
You must rest, In the nest.

Four wee bird-ies there I see,
Back-ward fly to reach your home;

Soon they'll learn to fly.
Home is always best.
Baby robins, have no fear,

Father, mother, both are near.

Wee, brown things Spread your wings,

Follow, follow, birdies dear.

**Knock at the Door**

Old English Game

Knock at the door; peep in; Pull the latch and walk in.
Hush My Dear

Isaac Watts

Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber;

Holy angels guard thy bed;

Heav'nly blessings without number

Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe, thy food and raiment,
House and home, thy friends provide;
All without thy care or payment,
All thy wants are well supplied.

New Year's Eve

Seymour Barnard

1. Oh, awake to hear, Thro' the midnight so clear,
2. Now the Old Year is gray, And he totters away;

All the whistles and bells That greet the New Year!
"Good old fellow, fare well, Fair journey," we say.
Dance Around

Jean Bassett

Danish Folk Dance

1. Clip, clap, come_ dance with me,
2. Hip, hop, a_ round we swing,

'Tis_ fun to be As_ gay as we.
All_ in a ring And_ gay-ly sing.

Clip, clap, come_ dance with me,
Hip, hop, a_ round we swing,

Come_ join our dance to- day.
We_ like to dance this_ way.
In May Time

Genevieve Fox

1. Round and round we go, with a hey, ho, ho!
2. Bring us blossoms gay with a hey, ho, hey!

Our May-pole we will twine with streamers gay.
To strewn as we go dancing o'er the green.

In and out we go, with a hey, ho, ho!
Bring us flow'rs of May, with a hey, ho, hey!

'Tis May, 'tis glad May Day.
To deck our May Day Queen.
1. Hollyhocks so straight and tall,
   Plant beside the garden wall.

2. Here within these sunny beds,
   Daffodils shall raise their heads,

3. Every month shall have its flow'rs,
   In this garden plot of ours,

   Where the winding pathways go
   While the violets shall be
   From the time the crocus comes

   Let the fragrant roses blow.
   Shaded by the old oak tree.
   To the last chrysanthemums.
The Pleasant Day

Mrs. Eliza Lee Follen

Adolf Weidig

1. Come, my children, come away,
   For it is a pleasant day.
   Little children, come with me,
   Birds and brooks and posies see.

2. Get your hats and come away,
   For it is a pleasant day.
   Bring the hoop and bring the ball;
   Come with happy faces all.

3. Let us make a merry ring,
   Talk and laugh and dance and sing.
   Quickly, quickly come away,
   For it is a pleasant day.
Pussy-Cat, Pussy-Cat

Mother Goose

Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, where have you been?
I've been to London to visit the Queen.
Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, what did you there?
I fright-en'd a little mouse un-der her chair.

The Poor Little Robin

Old English Rhyme

The north wind doth blow, And we shall have snow,
And what will poor Robin do then, poor thing?

He'll sit in the barn And keep himself warm,

And hide his head under his wing, poor thing!

The Ponies

From the French

French Singing Game

1. Trot to town, trot to town, On a little pony brown.
2. Canter back, canter back, On a pony that is black.
3. Thro'the day, thro'the day, Ride a pony dap-ple gray.
4. But at night, but at night, Always ride a pony white.
Everyday Treasure

Genevieve Fox

Alice Tegner

1. Two maids went to walk One fair summer day,

2. Two maids went to walk One cold winter day,

Found gold, shining gold All along the way.

Found gems, shining gems All along the way.

Found a golden treasure, More than you could measure;
Sparkling diamond bangles, Glittering diamond span-gles;

Dandy-lion treasure, All along the way.
Sparkling diamond bangles, All along the way.
Who Knocks?
(T. M. I, p. 292)

Abbie Farwell Brown

1. (Loudly) Rap, rap, rap! "Who is at the knock-er?"
2. (Softly) Tap, tap, tap! With a gen-tle fin-ger,

Rap, rap, rap! "Any one at home?"
Tap, tap, tap! "Any one at home?"

O-pen, o-pen! two are rapping, Greed-y-Pig and Mock-er!"
O-pen, o-pen! two are tapping, Joy and Kindness lin-ger!"

Rap, rap, rap! "No, you can-not come!"
Tap, tap, tap! "Sure-ly, you may come!"

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The New Moon

(T. M. I, p. 293)

Virginia Baker

Horatio Parker

Shining on high
Up in the sky,

Like a bright air-ship
The New Moon sails by.

Good Morrow

Louise Ayers Garnett

Irish Folk Song

1. I’m glad I am living, the day is so fine,
2. Good mor-row, good mor-row, dear fat Mis-ter Earth,

The trees love to blossom, the sun loves to shine,
You’re look-ing so hap-py and round-ed with mirth!
The river is dancing between its green banks
O too-ra-la-loo-ra, O too-ra-la-loo

For that's always the way that a river gives thanks!
I am glad I am I, and I'm glad You are You!

O-ka-lee

Julia W. Bingham

Danish Folk Dance

1. "O-ka-lee! O-ka-lee!" Hear the blackbird's shrill call!

It is he! It is he! In the meadow grass tall.
Can you see? Can you see? Like a flash he's away!
Dollies' Washing Day
(T. M. I, p. 293)

F. A. Weatherly

French Folk Song

1. Rub away and scrub away,
2. Get the soap and get the blue,

This is dollies' washing day.
We must scrub them thro' and thro'.

They're invited out to night;
First themselves and then, with care,

We must get them clean and white.
All the little clothes they wear.
But to wash when one is waiting

Really is exasperating.

Rub away and scrub away,

This is dollies' washing day.

But to wash when one is waiting

Really is exasperating.

Rub away and scrub away,

This is dollies' washing day.
Swinging Song

Anna M. Pratt

Laure Collin

1. Oh! hear our laugh-ter ring-ing, Mer-ri-ly we are sing-ing,
2. As fast as fountains flow-ing, Swifter than breezes blow-ing,
3. Then downward see us glid-ing, Care-ful-ly we are guid-ing,
4. Oh! hear our laugh-ter ring-ing, Mer-ri-ly we are sing-ing,

As gay-ly we are swing-ing, Learning like birds to fly.
Still up-ward we are go-ing, Try-ing to touch the sky.
As back-ward we are slid-ing, Leaving the trees so high.
As gay-ly we are swing-ing, Learning like birds to fly.

Ants and Bees

(T. M. I, p. 234)

Clinton Scollard

Horatio Parker

Ants and bees are bu-sy things,

Nev-er seem to stop and play.
I should think sometimes they'd like
Just to have one holiday.

Bird's Cradle Song

Alice C. D. Riley

(T. M. I, p. 294)

L. M. Gottschalk

1. Twilights deep lull to sleep
2. Crescent moon, softly croon

Bird and birdling in the nest.
Lullaby of blue and gold.

Folded wings, bough that swings,
While they keep fast asleep

Lightly rocking all to rest.
Sheltered safe from wet and cold.
Looby, Looby

English Singing Game

1. Dance Looby, Looby, Looby, Dance Looby, Looby, light,

Dance Looby, Looby, Looby, Dance Looby, Looby, light.

Put your right hand in, Put your right hand out,

Shake yourself a little bit, And turn yourself about.

2. Put your left hand in.
3. Put your right foot in.
4. Put your left foot in.
The Soldiers

Louise Ayers Garnett

French Folk Song

Of the fingers on each hand,
I'm the Captain in command.
When I call on them to hurry,
You should see the way they flur-ry.
When I ask them to keep still,
They obey their Captain's will.
Chopsticks

Ella Broes van Heekern

W. Otto Miessner

1. One little chop-stick waiting for his rice;
2. Three little chop-sticks never will agree;
3. Five little chop-sticks out on pleasure bent;
4. Sev'n little chop-sticks watch them as they fly;
5. Nine little chop-sticks count them as they stand;

Two little chop-sticks find it very nice.
Four little chop-sticks happy as can be.
Six little chop-sticks wonder where they went.
Eight little chop-sticks see if you can try.
Ten little chop-sticks five on either hand.

Song of the Noisy Children

Seymour Barnard

Folk Song

1. O the children of Holland are fair,
2. Now the Indian children are red,
3. For American children are we,
And of wood are the shoes that they wear;
And in moccasins softly they tread;
And as lively as children can be;

And if we were to use The same kind of shoes
But if we were to use The Indians' shoes
So, as much as we'd choose To blame or excuse

We couldn't be quiet if we should choose;
And try to step softly as we should choose,
Our clattering, patterning, noisy shoes,

It's lucky we're not over there.
We fear we'd be noisy instead.
'Tis we who are noisy, you see!
Evening Hymn
(T. M. I, p. 295)

R. Heber and R. Whateley
W. H. Monk

God that madest earth and heaven,

Darkness and light;

Who the day for toil hast given,

For rest, the night,

May Thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This live-long night.

Night Song

Louise Ayers Garnett

Mother, good night, Father, good night,

Sweet dreams come drifting down On wings soft and bright.
Daddy Long-Legs

Old Rhyme

English Folk Song

Dad-dy, Dad-dy Long-Legs, Where have you laid your eggs?

In the grass Where we pass? Old Dad-dy Long-Legs.

Little Bo-Peep

(T. M. I, p. 296)

Mother Goose

J. W. Elliott

1. Lit-tle Bo-Peep has lost her sheep,
2. Lit-tle Bo-Peep fell fast a-sleep,
3. Then up she took her lit-tle crook,

And can’t tell where to find them;
And dreamt she heard them bleating;
De-ter-mined for to find them;
Leave them alone, and they'll come home,
When she awoke, 'twas all a joke—
What was her joy to see them nigh,
Wagging their tails behind them.
Ah! cruel vision so fleeting.
Wagging their tails behind them.

Mow the Oats

1. Mow, mow the oats, Who shall do the binding?
2. Bind, bind the sheaves, Who shall do the threshing?

I've a little partner But I cannot find him.
When the work is over Then I'll surely get him.
The Flowers I Love

Aletha B. Phillips

1. I love the sunny golden rod,
   All wet with sparkling dew;
   I love the blue-fringed gentian,
   And purple as ters, too.

2. I love the golden buttercup,
   And white-rimmed daisy too;
   But best I love the violet
   Beside the brooklet blue.
Playfellows
(T. M. I, p. 296)

Alice C. D. Riley

C. Gurlitt

1. O wave of the sea, Creep closer to me
2. Your foam-fingers reach Far over the beach;

Across the silver sand.
At hide-and-seek you play.

Come fill up the well I've dug with this shell
But when I make bold Your fingers to hold:

I'm holding in my hand.
You always run away.
Night and Morning
(T. M. I., p. 297)

Louise Ayers Garnett

French Folk Song

1. Bread and milk for you, Bread and milk for me,
   2. Nice hot stir-a-bout, Nice hot stir-a-bout,

O how good to eat, sir!
O how good to eat, dear!

Don't go smacking your lips too bus-i-ly,
Such a breakfast as kings and little ones

Smile and give it a stir.
Give a wel-com-ing cheer.
Break the bread in slowly,
Do not be too speedy,

O you really poorly!
Do not act too greedy,

Drink it merrily, Drink it cheerfully
Then your appetite, With each happy bite,

And, like pussy, purr.
Soon will disappear.
The Cricket

Cricket, cricket, with your fiddle,
Stop your tune and tell your riddle.

When the summer days are past,
Where do you hide from winter's blast?

Yankee Doodle

Yankee Doodle came to town a-riding on a pony,
Stuck a feather in his hat and called it Macaroni.

John Peel

Old English Song

1. Do ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay,
2. For the sound of his horn bro’t me from my bed,

Do ye ken John Peel at the break of day,
And the cry of his hounds, which he oft-times led,

Do ye ken John Peel when he’s far, far a-way
John Peel’s hal-loo would a-wak-en the dead

With his hounds and his horn in the morn-ing.
Or the fox from his lair in the morn-ing.
The Talkative Clock

Julia W. Bingham

1. When each day the sun-beams creep-ing
2. When at noon in school we're seat-ed,
3. When at night down stairs I'm stay-ing,

Through the win-dow, find me sleep-ing,
Morn-ing les-sons all com-plet-ed,
Read-ing sto-ry books or play-ing,

Hear the cheer-ful bed-room clock;
Listen to the school-room clock;
Then I hear the kitch-en clock;

"Time to rise, Tick, tick, tock!
"Time to eat, Tick, tick, tock!
"Go to bed, Tick, tick, tock!

Laure Collin
Time to rise,  Tick, tick, tock!
Time to eat,  Tick, tick, tock!
Go to bed,    Tick, tick, tock!

Dear Don

Minnie L. Upton
Chr. Schunder

1. Dear Don is our dog-gie, the fi-nest and best,
2. He loves us all dear-ly and helps all he can;
3. He takes Ba-by Sis-ter to walk when it’s fair,
4. We would-n’t know how to keep house were he gone,

A shag-gy old fel-low with snow-y white vest.
He brings home the pa-per as well as a man.
And guards her so proud-ly, with ten-der-est care.
Our work-fel-low, play-fel-low, hel-per, dear Don!
Maypole Song
(T. M. I, p. 296)

Louise Ayers Garnett

Narcisa Freixas

Round and round the May-pole dancing

Swing the laughing lad and lass,

Merry feet so lightly prancing

Scarce ly touch the green ing grass.

Little buds are brightly glancing
Where the happy children pass.

The Wizard
(T. M. I, p. 299)

Clinton Scollard

Old English Air

When all the fields are clothed in white,

There is a wizard works at night,

Till every pane is crissed and crossed:

That wizard is jolly Jack Frost!
My Pansy Bed

(T. M. I, p. 299)

Dora H. Stockman

W. Otto Miessner

1. I planted purple pansy seed,
2. And when I went a-picking them,

Pansy seed, pansy seed,
Picking them, picking them,

I planted purple pansy seed,
And when I went a-picking them,

In little garden spaces.
Found rows of baby faces.
The Birthday

Abbie Farwell Brown

Swedish Folk Dance

1. Come, let us wish a happy birthday,
2. Queen, you shall be this happy birthday,

Full of gladness, Without sadness.
We obey you, Honor pay you.

Come, let us make a merry mirth-day,
Queen, you shall be this merry mirth-day,

Make a merry mirth-day. Whose happy birthday?
On this merry mirth-day. Your happy birthday!
Morning Song

1. The sun is rising out of bed,
And in the east the sky is red,
Then up and wake each sleepy head,
So early in the morning.

2. The light is clear on hill and lea,
The birds are loud on every tree,
Then haste and rise and come with me,
So early in the morning.
'Tis shame to dream the hours away,  
With pleasant sights and sounds to spare,

When all the world is bright with day,  
With hearts alert and free from care,

And Nature calls to work or play,  
We'll out and drink the wholesome air,

So early in the morning.  
So early in the morning.
Jack-o'-Lanterns

Meta Olmes

(T. M. I., p. 300)

Charlotte M. Collins

1. Fiercely now we stare at you,
Roll our eyes of fiery hue;
Jack-o'-lanterns we!
Our mouths are grinning widely, so,

2. Baked in pies we are so nice,
Children like a great big slice;
Jack-o'-lanterns we!
But if they see us out at night
And ghos-tly bright our fa-ces glow.
They'll sure-ly have an aw-ful fright.

Boo-o-o-o-o!
Boo-o-o-o-o!

Forward

Sarah H. Parshley

1. For-ward; for-ward; sol-diers must not lag;
2. Stars and stripes, we hail them with a song;

See, on the breeze floats our coun-try's flag!
We will sa-lute as we march a-long!
In China

Seymour Barnard

Folk Song

1. In China, in China, the land of Cathay,
2. In China, in China, in China, 'tis said,

When night comes in China, why, here it is day;
Your feet point up our way while down is your head;

It's day when it's night and it's night when it's day,
You walk on your feet but you stand on your head,

It's night time in day time in distant Cathay.
Oh, thus go the people in China, 'tis said.
Sleigh-Bells
(T. M. I, p. 300)

Meta Olmes

1. Jingle, jingle, jingle, Bells across the snow,
2. Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, Music in the air,

Jingle, jingle, jingle, Ringing as we go;
Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, Sounding every where;

See the horses prancing, See the children dancing,
See the snowflakes falling, Hear the snowbirds calling,

Sleigh-bells ring so merrily across the snow.
Sleigh-bell music tinkle through the frosty air.
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