STORY PLAYS
FOR LITTLE CHILDREN
With Music, Finger Plays, and Rhythms

MARY LEORA HALL
SARAH ELIZABETH PALMER
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BY
MARY LEORA HALL
AND
SARAH ELIZABETH PALMER

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Story Plays
INTRODUCTION

The story plays presented in this book are suggestive rather than prescriptive. The musical tones, phrases and rhythmic pieces, combined with rhymes make for an intelligent interest in music, and its spontaneous interpretation.

Rhyme or music may be separated from the story play and used independently, as indicated in the Table of Contents; also the music as instrumental pieces may be played to the children for rhythm work.

These short plays combine the beginnings of two arts, the drama and music. The subjects, of interest to children in the kindergarten or higher grades, are developed through group action and musical interpretation; the parts played by many children, in small or larger groups, instead of individual actors. This grouping frees the children from self-consciousness and encourages the most timid child to take part; thus tending towards the progress of the entire class rather than the conspicuousness of one child.

Lines are quickly learned by the group, and as the verses are short and followed by rhythmic action without words, the plays may be woven together with no drill work.

Stories told with musical accompaniments afford a pleasing variety in the story hour. After presenting the story with the rhythms, the children may dramatize it, the rhythms accompanying the action.

The finger plays are the simplest means of self-expression. The forms and activities chosen aim to develop skill of fingers, and to encourage an equal use of both hands. The music which in some cases is used in connection with the finger plays, not only develops the sense of rhythm but also leads to the good habit of listening.

We wish to acknowledge the use of four finger plays adapted from work done by the students of The Cleveland Kindergarten Training School.

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S. E. P.
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STORY PLAYS
FOR LITTLE CHILDREN
WITH MUSIC, FINGER PLAYS, AND RHYTHMS
STORY PLAYS

SANTA CLAUS'S SHOP

Group I. Children representing toys performing each part, as words and rhythm indicate.

- Tin Soldiers: stand in line marching.
- Jack-in-the-box: sitting on heels; high jumping, raising arms with each spring.
- Monkey-on-a-stick: arms raised above head, climbing an imaginary stick; raising right and left arms alternately; jumping lightly on right and left foot in unison with arm action.
- Guns: erect; clapping hands in unison.

Group II (or Circle) speak the words with musical accompaniment:

SANTA'S SHOP

Mysteriously

They say on Christmas Eve. The toys of Santa's shop Begin to talk and walk about as though they'd never stop. Tin
soldiers go a-marching, And out the jacks will hop, The
monkeys scamper up their sticks And all the guns go pop! But
when the big round sun Peeps through the window-pane, These
funny little Christmas folk Go fast a-sleep again.
ELIZABETH AND HER DOLLS

Elizabeth. A little girl five years old, or older, presents her dolls.

Other children are:

- The Dancing Doll:—stands on a box.
- The Little Girl Doll:—sits in a chair.
- The Little Boy Doll:—wears a hat.

Elizabeth speaking:

This is my pretty pink Polly,
And every one sees at a glance
That she is no commonplace dolly;
When I wind up this box, see her dance!

(Elizabeth winds box.)

Doll dancing:

Elizabeth speaking:

This is my little girl doll,
The one that I like to hold;
She has long curly hair,
And a new rocking-chair,
She will sit in it when she is told.
Elizabeth rocking the chair and humming:

Elizabeth speaking:

This is my little boy doll,
He turns his head this way and that;
He likes to go out for a walk,
That is why I have put on his hat.

(Elizabeth winds doll.)

Doll walking:
ANIMAL ACTIVITIES

Group I. Children represent Barnyard folk performing each part, as words and rhythm indicate.
- Kittens creep.
- Bunnies hop.
- Horses trot.
- Boshy-Cows step slowly.

Group II (or Circle) speak the words with musical accompaniment.

Creep-ing, creep-ing, creep-ing, creep-ing, Comes the Kit-ty Cat. But

Bun-ny with the great long ears Jumps like that!

Trit-i-ty trot, trit-i-ty trot, Horses a-gal-iop-ing too!

Step o-ver step, step o-ver step, Bos-ty Cow’s com-ing; “Moo-oo!”

Note: This rhyme may be used as a finger play.
Use the right hand for the first two movements and the left hand for the last two.
FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

POPPING CORN

Group I. Children represent kernels of corn in popper, (may be within Circle).

Group II (or Circle) standing, pop the corn.

Speaking:--

We are shaking our corn-peppers over the fire,
And soon like a queer little sprite
With a jump and a hop
And the funniest pop
Each kernel of corn will turn white.

Group II continue action with rhythm:

Rhythmically

Group I. Popping of the kernels.

Snappy
Note: — This rhyme may be used as a fingers play.

Shaking the corn-popper. Action: — same as described under Group II.

Popping of the corn. Action: — hands closed, palms up, fingers of each hand (two or more at a time) spring up and back to palm in time with rhythm.
FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

TRADESMEN

Carpenters | Standing in center of group.
Farmers    | Sitting on either side.
Shoemakers |                      
Tailors    |                      

Chorus of Tradesmen sung by all:—

\begin{align*}
\text{Working-men are we, And we all agree We will please you if we can,}
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
\text{Won't you come and see? Oh, working-men we, And we all agree}
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
\text{We will please you if we can. Oh, ho! Good workmen we.}
\end{align*}
Carpenters sing, using movements as words indicate,

**THE SONG OF THE CARPENTERS**

*Vigorously*

0 we are the car- pen- ters, rap - a - tap - tap. Who
0 we are the car- pen- ters, rap - a - tap - tap, We

build the house for you; Plan-ing the boards,
drive the long nails through; Plan-ing the boards,

Saw-ing the boards, Bor-ing the holes right through.
Saw-ing the boards, Build-ing the house for you.
Farmers sing The Song of The Farmers:--

THE SONG OF THE FARMERS

With rhythm

Oh, I plow and sow, I reap and mow; With a

haw, gee, whoa, to the mill I go; As the wheels turn round My

what is ground In-to flour, or how could the children grow?
Shoemakers speaking:—

This little window you look through
To see the cobbler make a shoe:
"Good morning, sir! How do you do?"
The Cobbler asks, "Some work for you?"

Shoemakers interpreting rhythm:—
FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

Tailors speaking (action indicated by words):—

The Tailor always knows
As carefully he sews,
That he must measure well his cloth,
Or who will buy the clothes?
Skillfully he presses
Trousers, coats, and dresses;
Snip, snap, snip, he cuts by rule.
The Tailor never guesses.

All march away singing The Chorus of the Tradesmen, Page 17.
THE BLACKSMITH

Group I. Fireman and his horse (one or more). { Each in his place awaits the particular rhythm which tells him when it is time to go to the blacksmith's shop.

Mounted Policeman (one or more). Tradesman and his horse (one or more).

The tradesman and the fireman drive their horses with ribbons or reins, adding to the effectiveness of the game, and the joy of the children.

Group II (may be within Circle). Three or more blacksmiths working at their trade.

Group III (or Circle) speaking:

The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

(From The Village Blacksmith, Longfellow)

The tradesman drives to the shop to get a shoe for his horse.

Trotting

The fireman drives his horse to the shop for a shoe.

Galloping
The mounted policeman rides his imaginary horse to the shop.

Group III sing the following chorus to the blacksmiths while the horses are being shod:

*Blacksmith, strong the arm that keeps your anvil ringing,
Cling, clang, cling, we love the song the anvil sings:
Blacksmith, hard the hand that sets your bellows swinging,
Cling, clang, cling, O loud and clear the anvil rings.

Each man (or group) in turn rides home as he recognizes the rhythm by which he came to the shop.

*For the music of the song, use the first eight measures (repeated) of The Anvil Chorus from II Traviata.
WHEELS

Group I. Children represent a windmill (one or more).

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Two children stand back to back.} \\
\text{Arm action:— up and down, each child} \\
\text{extending his arms in a straight line.}
\end{align*}
\]

The mill-fans turn with the rhythm of The Song of the Wheels. ("An Old Irish Folk Dance," Page 25.)

Group II (or Circle) speaking:

The Dutchman sets his mill-fans high
To catch the breezes blowing;
They pump the water, grind the corn,
And keep his mill wheels going.

Group II using motions sing The Song of the Wheels:

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Sewing-machine: hands together, palms touching, pointing forward; rotary motion from front to back.} \\
\text{Engine-wheels: rotary arm action close to side.} \\
\text{Scissors-man’s wheel: right hand upon hip; rotary motion of left arm from front to back: treadle, left foot with rhythm.} \\
\text{Hand-organ wheel: left hand upon hip; rotary action of arm from front to back: body bending slightly forward.}
\end{align*}
\]
THE SONG OF THE WHEELS

Oh, little wheels turning help mother to sew: And

engine-wheels turn or the trains will not go. The scissors-man treads and his

wheel turns just so; The organ-man's wheel plays the tunes we all know.

Rhythm and action without words.

Tra la la
THE KNIGHTS (In three parts)

This play requires an understanding of Froebel's Mother Play, "The Five Knights."

PART I. The mother's song of welcome to the knights (verse 1) is followed by an
impromptu dialogue between the knights and the mother, according to "The Knights and the
Good Child."

The knights ask for the good child, bid him strive to become a knight and promise to
visit him some day.

The knights gaily ride away (verse 2).
Gal-loping, gal-loping, cling, cling, Tell, Sir Knights, the news you bring.
Gal-loping, gal-loping, cling, cling, Brave the Knight who serves the King.

PART II. The knights come again but in place of the song of welcome, a minor strain in the music indicates the disobedience of the child and the sorrow of the mother.

There is no dialogue and the knights respecting the mother's silence turn their horses homeward and slowly ride away.

The knights turn and walk their horses away
PART III. The mother’s song of welcome to the knights (verse 1) who have come for the good child, is followed again by a conversation between the mother and the knight. Shaking her head the mother with laughing refusal hides the imaginary child and explains to the knights that he still needs her love and care. Following this the knights and the mother play the Peek-a-boo Game. The knights ride away. (Verse 2.)

Knights riding into the village

Mother’s song

Toot, toot! toot, toot! toot, toot!

1. Gal-lor-ing, gal-lor-ing,
2. Gal-lant and fear-less the

(Bugle call?)

In galloping time

cling, cling, Welcome Knights who serve the King,
Knights ride home, Over hills afar they come,
Gallop, gallop, cling, cling, Tell, Sir Knights, the news you bring.
Gallop, gallop, cling, cling, Brave the Knight who serves the King.
STORY PLAYS

PEEK-A-BOO GAME

The knights come a-riding But baby is hiding,

Peek-a-boo, peek-a-boo, peek! They look here and there And

everywhere, Peek-a-boo, peek-a-boo, peek!
FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

MY SOLDIERS

Group I. Two companies of soldiers, A and B, stand facing each other, shoulder to shoulder, and respond to commands given by Group II.

Group II (or Circle) speaking:—

Of these sturdy little soldiers
I'm the captain every day;
Now watch them when they hear commands
How quickly they obey.

In line, soldiers all!
About, A and B!
Face! march to tents — Turn, marching in single file.
As one company.

Quarter wheel, Company A!
Quarter wheel, Company B!
Companies A and B salute,
One, two, three!

Group II turn and follow Group I all marching in line singing:—

Hur-rah! hur-rah! our ban-ners wave, The red, the white, the blue,
And
Hur-rah! hur-rah! tr-r-r-r-rum, In line we keep in step,
And
Hur-rah! hur-rah! good sol-diers all, We march as sol-diers do,
And

With vigor

ev-er to our Coun-try's flag, O sol-diers, we'll be true.
to the beat-ing of the drum March hep-hep-hep.
to the mu-sic of the horn We keep in time, too-too!

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Rhythm following verse 1. Waving imaginary flags.

lightly

Rhythm following verse 2. Beating imaginary drums.

like a drum

Rhythm following verse 3. Blowing imaginary bugles.

With a strong ringing touch
FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

CHILDREN FROM MANY LANDS

A little Dutch girl (one or more). Action: "Trip-trap," stamping right left, right left. "Flip-flap," arms above head, swing quickly from right to left.

Speaking: --

"Tru-trap, trip-trap," say the little Dutch shees.
"Flip-flap," snap the sails at sea:
"Hush-a-bye baby," the Dutch cradle rocks,
And mother hums drowsily.

The little Dutch girl humming, rocks a real or an imaginary cradle.

"Slap kinja slap," little Dutch cradles rock.
A little Japanese girl (one or more) tells of Japan, with characteristic action.

Speaking:—

"Oh, oh, oh," we say in Japan;  
That means, "Good morning," you know.  
We are courteous always to you in Japan,  
And bow to the floor, just so.

We take you to ride in a jinricksha,  
A cookey takes you in Japan,  
You raise a gay parasol over your head,  
And carry a Japanese fan.  
As you're riding along, by the side of the road  
Houses like this you will see;  
Stop for awhile, we know how in Japan  
To serve you a good cup of tea.

Houses like this
An Indian boy (one or more) sings:

I am an Indian boy, I would show to you Sweet

Rhythmically

Grasses and reeds And pretty bright beads In my birch canoe. Oh,

At the beginning of the staccato movement use imaginary paddles rhythmically with the music.

Hear the dipping, dipping, dipping As I paddle my canoe;

Staccato
How I love the drip-ping, drip-ping Of the wa- ter deep and blue.

Repeat Cradle Rhythm, the children all performing at the same time: The little Dutch girl rocks her cradle, the Japanese girl uses her fan and the Indian boy paddles his canoe.

Simple costumes add to the effectiveness of this play.
FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

THE BIRD'S NEST

This game is primarily for kindergarten children.

Group I. Children play the part of birds, interpreting rhythms for hopping and flying as they build their nest. (One or more nests.)

Group II (or Circle) speaking:—

"Chirp, chirp-chee-ree," the father bird sings
As he swings to and fro in a tree;
He sings to the mother bird sitting close by:
"Let us build a warm nest, chirp-chee-ree, safe and high."
And she answers him, "Chirp, chee-ree,
A nest for our babies three!"

Group I. The birds build their nest.
Group II speaking:

"Chirp, chirp-ree!" the father bird sings,
    As he swings to and fro in a tree;
He sings to the mother bird sitting close by:
"Let us teach our three babies to hop and to fly!"
    And she answers him: "Chirp, chee-ree,
Chirp, chirp-chirp, chee-ree."

Group I. The father and mother bird interpreting the rhythms, teach the little ones to hop and to fly.

Note: — By repeating and rearranging these motives, (flying and hopping) the children may be taught to listen for the characteristics of each. Play the music for the flying lighter and a little faster than the other.
Group I. Children represent a boat (one or more).

\{ Two children face to face, sit upon the floor clapping each other’s hands. \\
\{ Action: — forward and back. \\

Group II have real or imaginary shovels and pails.

Speaking:

To the shore with our baskets we go:  
We have shovels and pails  
And our pretty white sails  
Will catch the warm breezes that blow.

Fill pails with sand: boats rock.
FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

PLAY OF THE SEASONS

Three groups of children form a semicircle.

Group I stands in the center.

Groups II and III sit on the floor on either side of Group I.

Group IV does not appear until time for action.

Group I speaking:—

Gay autumn leaves flutter down from the trees
All brown, red and yellow aglow;
They seem to be sleeping
So quiet they’re keeping,
But watch them when frosty winds blow;
Away they go twirling,
A-dancing, a-whirling,
Away with the breezes they go.

Group I interpret rhythm representing the whirling and dancing of leaves.

Action:—arms extended, whirl and dance on tiptoe, falling to floor in relaxed position (leaves sleeping).
Leaves asleep

Frosty Winds Blow
Ped. * Ped.*

Dance of the Leaves
The leaves blow far away out of sight.

Group II stand speaking:—

The wind calls to the flowers
As he whistles on his way,
The flowers nod their pretty heads:

"We’re sleepy, sir!" they say.

Group II interpret rhythm representing flowers drooping in the fall.

Action:—heads nodding, gradually relax body at close of rhythm (leaves sleeping).
Group III stand speaking:

"Let us take a nap."
Some caterpillars said;
Then they slowly looked about
And tuckied themselves in bed.

Group III interpret rhythm representing caterpillars making cocoons.
Action:—sitting on heels, moving slowly forward.

Group I come back running lightly, singing:

The snowflakes come down softly, Calling
Group I singing: —

from my window sill: "Come out and make a snow-man and go sliding down the hill."

A snow fight may follow

Simply

I tucked a little brown seed in bed. But
Group II. Flowers awake during song. Children slowly rise, each placing his hands together forming a cup-shaped blossom.

Group I speaking:

Now the caterpillars awake
To find they are close by,
And each one to another says:
"Why you're a butterfly!"

Group III interpret rhythm representing butterflies among the flowers.
Action:—arms extended, moving them rhythmically up and down, hands touching above the head, imitating the wings of the butterfly.
The arm movement continues through the dance and while the children stop as butterflies among the flowers.

The music is for a skipping step.
Group III return to places, resting.

Group I speaking:—

Underneath the apple trees
When the bees are humming,
We know they sing of fragrant flowers,
And summer time a-coming.

Group IV interpret rhythm representing the flying and buzzing of the bees among the flowers.
Action:—hands in armpits: arms moving up and down.
The children all stand and march away singing:

*With spirit*

Oh, ho! oh, ho! to the park we'll go! And there as we play in the grass today The earliest flower who'll see? Who'll hear the first chirp, chee-ree? Chee-ree, chee-ree, chee-
ree, chee-ree, The rob-in's first chip, chee-ree.
Billy Boy lived on a farm with his father and mother. One day he said, "I think I will go to the meadow to see Billy Goat and my friend the Red Cow." Now around this field was a high board fence which he must climb.

Up, up, up, up, up, up, up, up he went to the top and there near by was the friendly Red Cow eating grass.

Smoothly

Busy Cow is calling: "Moo, moo - oo - oo:

Wont' you have some milk, Oh, do, do - oo - oo."
"Thank you very much. I've just had my breakfast—but here's a red apple for you."
The Red Cow said she didn't care if it was right after breakfast, she never refused apples.
By this time Billy Goat had spied Billy Boy and pell-mell over to the fence he came and
bunted his head three times against it which meant: "Hello! Billy Boy." "Hello! Billy
Goat," replied Billy Boy, "but you nearly knocked me off the fence."
"Anyhow I think I had better be climbing down," so

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\[ \text{Down, down, down, down, down, down, down, he jumped.} \]
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"Now I think I'll run around the barn two times," said Billy Boy. So off he scam-
pered.
Before he had gone around once, he heard his father's whistle,
and Billy Boy answered right off quick,

His father was just riding into the yard on his new pony, and asked:
"Want a ride, Billy Boy?" What do you think Billy Boy said?
He scrambled up in front of his father on the saddle and off they went at a brisk gallop.
They were still galloping when they heard mother's voice from the back porch

Father, Billy, Dinner.

and both together they answered,

All right, we're coming.
Rob and Joe lived in the country on a farm.

"Just the day to go nutting," said Rob, one bright, frosty morning in the autumn. "Let's take old Dobbin and ride horseback down the road to the chestnut-trees and look for nuts."

Soon both boys were on Dobbin's back and were (I) galloping out of the yard.

"Good-by, mother," they called as she waved to them from the side door. She watched them as they went farther and farther, till they were out of sight around the curve in the road.

It was not far to the chestnut grove, and the boys were glad to see that Jack Frost had opened the bars and that the shiny nuts were just ready to drop.

"I'll climb the tree," said Joe, "and give it a good shake that will send the nuts popping out of their prickly houses."

Off went Joe's coat and (II) up, up, up, he climbed. With a hard (III) shake, shake, shake, how the (IV) nuts did rattle down! (IIIa) He shook again and (IVa) more nuts fell.

(IIIb) "Once more, called Rob from the ground, and after a last (IIIb) shake (V) Joe scrambled down.

(VI) "Oh, what fun!" said the boys, as they ran about putting the nuts into the basket. There were so many that their small basket was full and their pockets too, and still there were many left on the ground.

"What shall we do?" said Rob.

"Let's leave them in a pile under the tree, and come back after them tomorrow with a sack."

"All right," said Joe.

So they (I) climbed on to Dobbin's back, and were soon within sight of the house. And there was mother on the porch watching for them.

Now, no sooner had the boys left their pile of nuts on the ground than Squirrel Gray, up in a near-by tree, became very much (VII) excited. "How fine!" he thought. So he scampered down to the ground and filled his cheek-pockets, then up he ran; down — and up, down — and up. Rob and Joe would have been very much surprised to see how fast their nuts went up into the squirrel's hole.

(VIII) A pair of blue jays lived over in the orchard by the house where Rob and Joe lived. They were out nutting too. Over the fields and the trees they came flying, and espied the pile of chestnuts.

"Isn't it lucky," they said, "that we came today?" And they began eating the nuts; not many, however, for they were soon frightened away by a hungry pig which came (IX) grunting along.
"Umph, umph! very fine to have chestnuts all gathered." He ate, and he grunted, and he ate some more; till even a pig had had enough.

Early the next morning (I) Rob and Joe started off on Dobbin’s back. Around the curve in the road they galloped and to the chestnut-trees they came. But what had happened? Where were the nuts?

"Well, anyway, they’re gone," said Joe.

"But then, there are more up in the tree; and I’m going to be the one to shake them down this time," said Rob.

(II) So up went Rob, and he (III) shook, shook, shook, and (IV) the nuts came pattering down. He (IIIa) shook some more; and (IVa) there was another shower of nuts.

(IIIb) "Hold on," called Joe, "don’t shake any more."

(V) So down Rob climbed. (VI) And then such a running around to fill up the sack!

Squirrel Gray, up in the neighboring tree, blinked his eyes and said, "By my bushy tail, but don’t boys work fast when they want to!"

But Rob and Joe did not hear him or even see him, for they were busy tying their sack and getting it up on Dobbin’s back.

(I) "There they go," said the blue jays from the big elm tree by the bridge.

"Umph," grunted the pig in the ditch by the road. "I believe I saw those boys yesterday."

"Oh, here they come," said the boy’s mother as she saw them ride into the yard. "It surely looks as if they had enough chestnuts this time."

**Note:** This story is told as any other, the rhythms supplementing it from time to time as the numbers indicate. It is often necessary and most effective for the story-teller to pause while the rhythm is finished.

**Rhythms Accompanying the Foregoing Story**

**Rhythm I. Galloping, With strong accent**

 Explicit musical notation follows, depicting the galloping rhythm with strong accent as per the story's instructions.
FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

II. Climbing.  III. Shaking the tree.  IV. Nuts falling.


VI. Gathering the nuts.

VII. The Squirrel.
One frosty night the Brownies gathered around the fairy ring to dance until the cock should crow. The old Man in the Moon smiled down upon them, and then long Brownie shadows danced too.

They set the brown leaves rustling underneath the old oak tree, until Gray Squirrel whisked his tail, and Robin Red-breast ruffled his feathers and popped his head from under his wing, to see what in the world was happening this calm and frosty night.

(Brownie dance and Cock-crowing.)
Then all was still, but Brownie caps were nodding. "We'll help the farmer and help his wife," whispered the Brownies as they tumbled over, under and through the rail fence on their way to the orchard. Up and down, up and down they climbed the old trees, until the farmer's apples were stored away in barrels in the cellar.

(Brownies climbing fences and trees.)
“Come have a ride,” neighed old Dobbin nosing at the barnyard gate, then he trotted off with the Brownies on his back.

Over the hill, over the creek, around the pond, past the barn he jogged, until the Brownies tumbled off—right by the fence near the back door of the farmer’s house.

Trotting:

In the kitchen, one Brownie baked cookies, one cakes, and one apple pies. Others ran to the sitting-room to do the mending.
There was cutting, sewing, and pressing, too, making a coat for the farmer and a gown for his wife. And just as the sweeping was about done, the baby awoke!

Rock-a-baby, baby, someone is near...

Brownies are watching, there's nothing to fear; Under and over your pillow they peep, Nobody knows Brownies rock you to sleep.
A-tiptoe they came to the well. They pumped the clear spring water, and made rolls of yellow butter, churning the cream to the old song of the dasher.

Come butter come, come butter come; Peter's waiting at the gate

Rhythmically and not too slowly

For a nice butter-cake, Come butter come, come butter come.

But when the butter came
The cock began to crow!
And then away the Brownies ran
Where Brownies always go.
(Crowing of the cock and Brownie dance.)

The crowing of the Cock wakened the farmer's wife and she could scarcely believe her eyes! The coats, dresses and clean house were wonderful to look upon; who could have done it!

But when she came into her kitchen and saw the Brownie faces cut in the tops of the apple pies, then she knew.

The farmer learned the secret, too. Walking through the cornfield, he saw pictures upon his pumpkins of smiling faces with big round eyes!

"O-ho!" he explained to the ears of corn, "Hallowe'en and the Brownies; I might have known!"

And to the laughing faces
On the pumpkins, then he said;
"A-ha! When Brownies dance away
They leave a smile, instead."

Tip-toe dance.
STORY PLAYS

CLIMBING THE STEPS

Climbing up the steps we go,
Do-mi-sol-do.

Slowly down the steps we go,
Do-sol-mi-do.

One long step and up we go,
Do-do, do-do.

Up and down and up we go,
Do-do-do, do-do-do.

Do-mi-sol-do

Note: — The children sing the syllable names.

MY PIANO

Here stands a piano four keys in a row,
I'll play you a tune, "Do-mi-sol-do."

Note: — This short rhyme ending in the notes of the tonic chord, offers children an opportunity to form short sentences and create simple melodic phrases.

In place of the syllable names (do-mi-sol-do), sentences of four words may be supplied; for instance, "Sweet roses grow," "I love the snow." The children may then express the sentence in music, each one singing the melody the words suggest to him.
FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

THE SWISS CLOCK

A pretty little house hangs high upon the wall,
And each hour of the day with much ado,
A bird flies out to say: "I know the time of day,

Cuck - oo,  cuck - oo,  cuck - oo!

"Cuckoo!"

THE BELL

Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong do bell, Ding dong, ding dong, the time I tell.
STORY PLAYS

BIRD PUZZLES

The following bird-calls afford opportunities for interesting tone work. They may be given by the teacher as puzzles, and, when learned, by the children themselves. Some calls may be used in the game of “Hide and Seek”; the children playing the game as birds, calling and answering in the notes of some bird until the hidden one is found.

Who says, “Who, who, who, who?” (The Great Horned Owl)

Who says, “Cheer up and be Chee-ree chee-ree!” (The Robin)

Who says, “Hear me, hear me.” (The Bluebird)

Who says, So here we go, So here we go, (The Yellow-bird or American Goldfinch)

Who says, “I am Bob-white, Polite Bob-white (The Quail)

Who says, “You can’t see me Up in the tree.” (The Meadow Lark)

Oh I’m a good carpenter, rap-a-tap-tap,
I’ve a nest in a tree close by,
I wear a black coat and a pretty red cap,
Now tell me what bird am I? (The Red-headed Woodpecker)

Note:—The bird-calls are adapted in part from “Wood Notes Wild” by Simeon Pease Cheney.
A MORNING PRAYER

Father, mother, brother, sister, (Naming the fingers.
Baby, in this way
Say: "I thank Thee, Heavenly Father,
For Thy love to-day."

A MORNING HYMN

Heaven-ly Fa- ther, bless thy chil- dren, Help each one, we pray,

To be lov-ing, to be kind and help-ful through the day.
STORY PLAYS

BED TIME

A drowsy wee head is nodding,
A pair of blue eyes are blinking,

Pink toes peeping through
The little worn shoe
Are ready for bed, I'm thinking.

A SLEEPY SONG

Fold the short dress
For the Sandman is coming;
Rock-a-bye baby,
His lullaby humming.

\[\text{Fold the dress}\]
There's a funny little man, in a funny little house,
And right across the way,
There's another little man in another little house,
And they play hide-and-seek all day.

One funny little man through his window peeps,
Sees no one looking, then softly creeps
Out of his door, he comes so slow,
Looks up and down, and high and low,
Then back into his house he goes.

Then the other little man through his window peeps,
Sees no one looking, then softly creeps
Out of his door, he comes so slow,
Looks up and down, and high and low,
Then back into his house he goes.

Sometimes these little men forget to peep,
And out of their doors they softly creep,
Look up and down, and high and low,

See each other, and laugh, ho! ho!
Then back into their houses go.
STORY PLAYS

SAILING BALLOONS

Thumbkins, Pointer, Tallman,
Goldman, Weeman, all men
Make a small balloon.
Thumbkins, Pointer, Tallman,
Goldman, Weeman, all men
Make a small balloon.

Place them in a row
The two in one — blow!
Hear the balloon man cry,
"I've small ones, dark and light ones,
Large and pretty bright ones,
Balloons! who'll come and buy?"

Sailing the balloons. Raise arms above the head sailing the large and small finger balloons.
FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

DOLLS

Here is a doll fast asleep in her cradle,

This is her chair, and here is her table:

Open these cupboard doors wide and you'll see

Her cups and her saucers, and wee pot of tea.
STORY PLAYS

THE SQUIRREL

Down the nuts come dropping, dropping,
Who is in the tree
Running up and down and scolding?
"Chick, chick-chick, chee-ree."

THE BUNNY

Once there was a Bunny
And a green, green cabbage head;
"I think I'll have some breakfast,"
This little Bunny said.
So he nibbled, and he nibbled,
Then cocked his ears to say:
"I think this is the time
I should be hopping on my way."
FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

THE PIGEON HOUSE

Open these doors and the pigeons fly through,
Over the house-tops till daytime is done;

At sunset they talk to each other, "Coo-oo,"

Till they fall fast asleep, one by one.

A BIRTHDAY WISH

Hold up a candle and wish a good wish,
Wish, — one, two, three, — blow!
Harold is five years old to-day,
Wish him the best wish you know.
STORY PLAYS

BIRDS ON A WIRE

Here are two tall telegraph poles
Between them a wire is strung;
Two little birdies flying by
Hopped on the wire and swung;
To and fro, to and fro,

Hopped on the wires and swung.

COUNTING

A little ball, a larger ball,

A great big ball I see;
Now let us count the balls we've made,
One, two, three.
FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

COUNTING THE CHICKENS

How many chickens has good Mother Hen?

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten.
“Cluck, cluck, cluck, come, come, come” calls Mother Hen;
“One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten.”

ADDITION

Mr. Duck and Mrs. Duck and the little ducklings three
Make two and three are five ducks, in one happy family.
Said Mr. Duck to Mrs. Duck: "The water's fine, I see,
We'll go a-swimming; you and I and our ducklings, one, two, three.

We'll go a-swimming; you and I, and our ducklings, one, two, three.”
STORY PLAYS

JUMPING THE STICK

Come, Rover, jump over the stick,

Jump two sticks, jump three sticks, well done;

Now this one makes four, and here is one more,

Five sticks and you're over each one.
FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

BROWNIE

This is Brownie's big dog-house,
Inside is Brownie's bed.

This is Brownie's pan of milk,
And now he may be fed.

Brownie wears this collar,
With his name upon it, too.

Take this stone and toss it,
He will bring it back to you.
A kitten is fast asleep under the chair,
And Donald can't find her, he's looked everywhere;

Under the table, and under the bed,

He looked in this corner, and then Donald said:

"Come Kitty, come Kitty, this milk is for you!"

And out came the kitty, calling, "Me-e-w."
Rhyme spoken with musical accompaniment and rhythmic swinging of the hands.

This is the bell the old Bos-sy-Cow wears Through the fields as she wanders along.

You always can tell Where she is by the bell That tinkles a ding-a-ding-song.
"How easily you talk
And how stately is your walk;"
Said a kind old duck one day:
"But how gracefully you swim,"
Turkey Gobbler answered him;
And one walked, — one swam away.

TURKEY GOBBLER

When Turkey Gobbler's walking out
What do you think he talks about?

"Gobble, gobble, gobble."
It doesn't matter what you say
He'll answer you the same queer way;
"Gobble, gobble, gobble."
FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

THE BRICKLAYER

The Bricklayer comes in a short white coat,
Or his head is a round white hat.
In one hand he carries a trowel, in one
A mortar-board square and flat.
He raises his ladder and climbs up high
In every kind of weather;
And calling out, "Mortar! Come, boy, be spry!"

He plasters the bricks together.

THE BLACKSMITH

Trit-ti-trot, trit-ti-trot,
A shoe for your horse, sir, you say?
And the Smith with his hammer, and iron red-hot,
Anvil and forge, makes a shoe on the spot.

"How much shall I pay you? Good day."
Trit-trot, trit-trot and away,
Trit-trot, trit-trot, home to-day.
CHRISTMAS TOYS

Here is an engine that runs on this track:
It whistles, "Toot-too!" and then it runs back.

Engine on the track.

A Bunny sits here on a shelf in the shop:
Press this rubber ball and Bunny will hop.
Hop, hop-hop, away he will hop!

Press this rubber ball  Away he will hop!

This pretty balloon I will blow up for you,
'Twill collapse with a whistle: "w-h-e-w!"

Balloon  Collapse with the whistle.
Tom Thumb sat on the edge of his mother's pudding-bowl
To watch the busy mixing of the batter;

Now no one saw him slip and in the pudding roll,
But Mistress Thumb cried: "What can be the matter?
My pudding is possessed, see it hopping in the pot!"
And out the open door she quickly threw it;

When out jumped little Tom, from the pudding, boiling hot,
For a scrubbing in his teacup, well he knew it.
"Take this barleycorn," once an old witch said,
"And plant it with care in your garden bed.
It is no common seed, you'll see what you'll see;"
And a wonderful plant the seed grew to be.

A plant with a bud that was closed to the top,
'Till a mother kissed it — then open, pop!

And there sat a dear little girl inside;
Now we all know where the fairies hide.
FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

THE ANT VILLAGE

Here is an ant village, keep very still,
We may see the ants coming out of their hill.

One ant goes to work, he's a mason of skill;
One goes to market, and one goes to mill.

This ant goes across to her neighbor's doorsill,
But finding her busy, goes back to her hill.
And this one is coming, the store room to fill
Of her next-door neighbor, because she is ill.

Now it is night, and the village is still.
Each little ant is asleep in his hill.
STORY PLAYS

THE GREENHOUSE

This is a greenhouse where bright flowers grow.
Open the doors, and here in a row

Tulips and roses and all kinds of posies
Say: "Come buy a blossom for some one you know."

RAINING

Here are little Jim and Jane, going for a walk;
Soon the gentle rain comes down, and stops their friendly talk.
In the house the children run, and to the window pane;
But everywhere the children look, is rain, rain, rain!
Now the sun comes out again, and out come Jim and Jane,
Going for another walk, happier for the rain.

rain, rain, rain!
FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

THE CHECKERED WINDOW-PANE

I've a checkered window-pane

I close the blinds at night,
And in the morning, open them
Because I love the light.

THE MOON

The Man in the Moon sails a golden boat;
Sometimes we look up in the sky,
And, after a while with a beam and a smile,
The Man in the Moon sails by.

The Man in the Moon sails by.