Songs of the Child-World.

Words by Alice C. D. Riley,

Kindergarten Thought by Helen A. Lloyd,

Music by Jessie L. Gaynor.

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Preface. (a)

In this book of songs for little children there is an effort to lead kindergartners into a use of such songs as reflect the ideals of universal truths which the kindergarten aims to present to the child by means of stories, songs, pictures and games.

Froebel’s “Mother Play Book” has furnished the standard of thought and we have tried to discriminate carefully in the song pictures here given in order that the child may sing of ideal experiences and may grow into a love of harmonious living at the same time that he grows in love of harmonious sounds.

Carlyle tells us that “All deep things are song, x x x Poetry is musical thought, x x x See deep enough and you see musically; the heart of nature being everywhere music, if you can only reach it.”

With the three-fold force of Music, Poetry and Thought, we have worked together, hoping to add to the power for good which lies in songs to the culture and advancement of little children towards musical seeing and finally to lead them into harmonious being, until the music of the spheres shall be within them and thus

“Make life death and that vast forever,
One grand, sweet song.”

HELEN A. LLOYD.

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Preface. (b)

The gratifying recognition accorded by the public to a previous issue of songs for little folks has led the composer to undertake the writing of the songs in this little book for use in Kindergarten and Primary work.

Realizing the necessity of harmony between the thought of the song and the music, we have worked together in their production in order that the text and the music might add each to the other.

Understanding as we do the innate fondness of children for rich harmonies we have given special attention to the harmonization of the melodies, and although it is occasionally necessary for children to sing without accompaniment yet such a lack is to be deplored, as the accompaniment often serves as the rhythmic expression of the thought. Children perceive rhythm before they do melody: and the cultivation of this perception is essential to any musical education. It has been our earnest endeavor to make the rhythm of music and words so fit the idea to be expressed that the child shall be trained to the recognition and consciousness of the rhythm that sways all nature.

In the trade songs we have found it necessary to deal with the primitive forms of the various trades since to think of the modern methods of production is to leave all poetry far behind. As will be seen, the Nature songs occupy a large portion of the book. It is gratifying to us to realize the almost infinite scope of music and verse in this direction, for in the study, appreciation and love of nature the child’s heart is opened and made responsive to the higher things of life.

JESSIE L. GAYNOR.

ALICE C. D. RILEY.
Index of Songs.

These songs are grouped according to an outline for program work in the Kindergarten, based upon the ethical relations of man to Family life, the Industrial world, the State, and the Church universal.

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1. This is moth-er, kind and ten-der, Lov-ing all the chil-dren dear.
2. This is broth-er, brave and mer-ry, Grow-ing up so straight and tall.
3. This wee fin-ger is the ba-by, Dearest, sweet-est, best of all.

This is fa-ther, strong and faith-ful, His kind smile is full of cheer.
This is sis-ter, gay and hap-py, Play-ing with her dearest doll.
Here you see the hap-py fam-il-y, All its mem-bers great and small.
2. The Fingers' Lullabye.

You dear little thumb go to sleep, go to sleep. And you pointing finger too.

You third finger tall, nod your drowsy head, While the fourth finger hides from view. Tuck the baby close in his tiny crib, Then
sing a sweet lullaby, And ev'ry finger great and small To the
land of Nod will hie. Then rock-a-bye baby up on the tree-top,

When the wind blows the cradle will rock, When the bough bends the

cradle will fall, Down will come baby and cradle and all.
3. The Birds’ Nest.

1. There’s a wee little nest in the old oak tree, Safe and high, Safe and high;
   There are three tiny eggs blue as blue can be, Like the sky, Like the sky,
   When the wind rocks the boughs there they safely rest, Rock-a-bye, Rock-a-bye,
   There are dear mother bird keeps them warm ‘neath her breast, ‘Neath her out spreading wings safe the three hungry mouths to be filled when they cry, There are three baby birds to be blue eggs can rest; There’ll be three little birds in the tiny nest, Bye and bye, Bye and bye.

2. There are three baby birds in the wee, wee nest, Up so high, Up so high;
   When the wind rocks the boughs there they safely rest, Rock-a-bye, Rock-a-bye, There are
4. The Land of Nod.

1. Oh, do you know of the Land of Nod, That
   lies in the sea of sleep? There is off in the place where the
   big moon sails, And the stars play hide and seek.

2. Oh, the way to get to this Land of Nod, Is
   on the Dream-ship bright, And you float past the clouds and the
   big round moon, Wafted on by breezes light.

3. Oh, the things they do in the Land of Nod, Are as
   queer as queer can be. And I'd like to tell you a-
   bout them all, But I always forget, you see.
5. The Baby's Toys.

1. Where did you come from, pretty ball, lying soft and round in my hand?
2. Where did you come from, iv'ry ring, Tell me where you grew, I pray?
3. Where did you come from, my tin horn, With your shining surface bright; I came from the sap of the rubber tree, That grows in a tropic land.
4. Thus works the world for baby dear, Making all his pretty toys, And all try to do their elephant bold, In a forest far away.
mine so deep, Far, far from the sun's warm light.
very best, To add to the baby's joys.
6. The Little House - wife.

1. Oh, Mon-day's Dolly's wash-ing day, So bring out the lit-tle rub, The bas- ket new, the wee board too. Then rub and rub and
2. Oh, Tues-day's Dolly's iron-ing day, The tin-ny irons well heat; And smooth each pre tty lit-tle dress, So dain-ty and so broom; And soon with care-ful will-ing hands, We'll sweep the dus-ty eat; Some fresh, light loaves of wheat-en bread, Some cook-ies round and
3. Oh, Fri-day's Dolly's sweep-ing day, So bring out the lit-tle rub. Now hang the clothes on the line, Out in the sun-shine bright. We've nest. Then hang it on the wood-en rack, So care-ful-ly to air, Now room. And ev-ery speck of dust and dirt, We'll quick-ly drive a way, Well sweet. And now our week-ly work is done, Good house-wives all are we, The
4. Oh, Sat-ur-day is bak-ing day, For Dolly dear must washed our lit-tle Dolly's clothes, All sweet and clean and white. Dolly's ward-robe neat and clean, Will show a house-wife's care. make the house with or-der shine, For Fri-day's sweep-ing day. house is clean a bove, be-low, The cup-boards full, you see.
7. The Song of Iron.

1. Sing a song of iron in a mine so deep,
2. Works with spade and shovel busy all the day,

Where the mighty mountain guarding watch doth keep,
Nev - er sees the sun-light not a sin - gle ray.

Down must go the misers in the
We should thank the miner, you will

ground so damp,
Each one with his pick-ax and his titty lamp,
all a - gree,
For his wea - ry la - bor down where none can see.
8. Song of the Loaf of Bread.

1. See the busy farmer working in the field,
2. See the busy sower casting forth the seed,
3. See the busy miller grinding wheat to flour,

That the earth may for us of her bountiful yield. See the patient horses
Planting for a harvest against a time of need. See the yellow wheat-heads
See the mill-wheel turning with the water power. Make the soft white flour

turning row on row, Flowing up the furrows back and forth they go.
shining in the sun, Full of heavy kernels ripened every one.
in a loaf of bread, So that all the hungry with it may be fed.

1. Cling! clang! goes the blacksmith's hammer, Cling! clang! how the anvil rings, As he shapes the.
2. Look! look! see the sparks fly upward, Hark! hark! hear the bellows blow, See the mighty curving horseshoe, Hear the song the blacksmith sings, Blow bellows, Heat i-ron, Burn my fire a brawny blacksmith, Hear his blows now fast now slow.

blazing bed, Strike hammer, Ring anvil, Shape the i-ron while 'tis red. Cling! clang!

10. The Little Shoemaker.

1. There's a little wee man in a.
2. He puts his needle in.

Little wee house, Lives over the way you see,
And he sits at the window and in and out,
His thread flies to and fro,
With his tiny awl he sews all day,
Making shoes for you and me.
A-rap a-taptap, A-rap a-taptap, Hear the hammer's tit-tat-tee.
A-rap a-taptap, A-rap a-taptap, Making shoes for you and me.

accompaniment staccato.
Songs of the Wool.

II. (1) The Happy Lambkins.

1. The lambkins frisk and the lambkins play, On the slope of the sunny hill, And they nibble the grass so green and sweet. And they drink from the rippling rill.

2. But when they all to___ sheep have grown, With their thick coats warm and white, They'll be led some day to the edge of a brook, Loudly bleating in their fright.

3. And there strong men will___ wash their wool, While in old sheep's back. And this is the song they'll sing.
12. (II.) Song of the Shearer.

Oh, we are the shearmen big and strong, And we sing as we work away,

While we shear the wool from the old sheep's back, Through the long bright summer day.

Click! sing the shears, and a click-click-click, As they clip his coat so fine,

As we shear the wool from the old sheep's back in the happy summer time.
13. (iii) Spinning the Yarn.

1. Whirr! whirr! whirrrgoes the spinning wheel, Round round
2. Fast-er and fast-er a-round flies the spin-dle, Stead-i-ly, stead-i-ly,

round in its flight, Spinning the wool threads that cling to the spin-dle,
treads mother's foot, Smooth-ly and e-ven-ly fills the big bob-bin,
Into a yarn that is fleecy and white.

While all her strength to the treading is put.

Whirr! whirr! whirr goes the spinning wheel, Tread, tread,

Steady and slow. Thus we will make all the wool from the lambs,

Into a yarn that is white as the snow. white as the snow.
14. (iv) Grandma's Knitting Song.

1. Dear Grand-mamma is knitting with her fluffy ball of

3. Now the happy task is finished every stitch and thread and

yarn, And her needles are so slender and so bright.

seam, Has been fashioned by those loving hands with care.

She is knitting for the baby a wee shirt to keep him

And the wool the old sheep gave us has by all this work been
warm, And the shining needles dance from left to right.
changed, To a dainty shirt for baby dear to wear.

2. Click! sing the needles as they pull the yarn along, And the shining points the faster dance and sing.
Softly click, click clicking over under and around, As the stitches into order fast they bring.

D.C. at Fine.
15. The Target Maker.

1. I've come to buy a target, sir, And how much must I pay?
2. The bulls eye you must paint with gold, The next ring must be red,
3. Then make the outer circle white, An easy mark to hit,
4. A penny for the smooth round board, With painted circles fair,
5. A penny for the braces firm, Of iron strong and stout,

It must have five big colors bright and gay.
Then blue and black in order come, Exactly as I've said.
Now tell me how much I must pay, When you have finished it?
A penny for the price is just, who circles round, That must be done with care.
The price is just, who can't pay, Must surely go without.

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16. The Target Game.

1. In a target round with my circles fair, Painted gold and red and blue, Bring your bow so strong, Bring your arrow straight, Can you shoot the bull's eye through?
2. Mark the distance well, take a careful aim, Firmly hold the curving bow, Pull with all your might on the good stout cord, Let the arrow swiftly go.


Christmas Songs.

17. A Letter to Santa Claus.

1. Dear Santa Claus come down the chimney tonight, Be sure that you do not forget, You will find us all tucked in our beds snug and tight. Each doll that can wink, And a hopeful gift to get.

2. Dear Mother would like a new ring, I think, And Father a new book you know, While Sister just longs for a watch that will really go. Leave it to you, Some skates or a drum and kite.

3. The Baby must have a new bonnet of blue, And a rattle of silver so bright, As for me, dear Old Santa, I
18. Merry Christmas.

1. Merry Christmas now is here, Hap-piest day of all the year,
   Ev-ry face with smiles is bright,
   Merry, merry Christmas, Merry, merry Christmas, glad and gay.

2. Santa Claus once more has come, Has for broth-er brought a drum,
   Ev-ry heart with joy is light.
   And a doll for sis-t-er Sue,
   Merry, merry Christmas, Merry, merry Christmas, glad and gay.

3. E-ven ba-by dear is gay, Full of fun and full of play,
   What did San-ta bring to you?
   Merry, merry Christmas, Merry, merry Christmas happy day.

   Merry, merry Christmas, Merry, merry Christmas, glad and gay.

   Merry, merry Christmas, Merry, merry Christmas, glad and gay.

   Merry, merry Christmas, Merry, merry Christmas happy day.
19. The Legend of the Christmas Tree.

1. A little fir-tree in a forest grew, So straight and tall, And stretched his branches toward the summer sky, Bent o'er all, And me, If you toil and grow both strong and tall, A good tree, Thou best, His roots pushed hardown, his branches up, Nor paused to rest, And

2. "My dear child, the mother tree replied, Hark well to growing there close to his mother's side, And filled with wonder at her shall be worthily a good ship's mast, To help her weather every when at last he sought his well earned play, The snows of winter o'er the

3. All through the summer grew the little tree, His very height he cried, Oh mother, why ever up whatever be tide? storm and blast, Hold every rope and sail so taut and fast!" forest lay, The north wind shook his branches all the day.
Then came the woodman with his gleaming ax,
And cut him down,
And took him to the noisy distant mart,
The busy town.
At last within a city mansion bright,
He stood with dainty sweets and gifts bedight,
A flash with many a tiny candle's light.

And now the fir-tree's quickly pulsing heart,
Was full of glee,
For happy fate had chosen him to be,
A Christmas-tree.
And there with little children clustering 'round,
Where Christmas joy and Christmas gifts abound,
The little fir-tree had his mission found.

20. Christmas Carol.

1. Once unto the shep-herds, Seet-ed on the ground, Came a heav-ly vis-ion,
   Glo-ry shone a-round. And the shep-herds listen-d,
   mess-age, Spread the news a-far. Listen to the an-them

2. Go ye to the man-ger, Light-ed by the star. Joy-ful is the
   Heard the an-gels say, "Christ is come to save you, Christ is born to-day,"
   That the an-gels sing, "Christ is born a-mong you, Christ our Heav'n-ly King."
Songs of the State Relationship.

21. Our Flag.

1. Wave our bonne\-ny flag on high, Hur-rah!  
2. Span-gled is the bright blue field, Hur-rah!  

float its bright folds to the sky, Hur-rah! Oh the  
we will neer to tyrant yield, Hur-rah! Wave the  

flag that's brave and true, Is the Red and White and Blue, That's the  
glo-rious ban-ner high, From its folds let free-dom fly, Let your  

flag for me, for you, Hurrah!
voices swell the cry, Hurrah!

hail to the Flag! The bonny, bonny Flag! With its

stars in a field of blue. Oh! long may it wave o'er the

free, and the brave, 'Tis the Flag for me, for you.

1121833
22. Marching Song.

Left! left! listen to the music,

March! march! forward soldiers all, Beat! beat!

hear our gallant drummer, Blow! blow! hear the bugle call.

23. Rub-a-dub-dub.

A - rub-a-dub-dub, A - rub-a-deb-dub, We're soldiers brave and
true. The band shall play and the flag shall wave, "Tis the

red, the white, the blue, A - rub - a - dub - dub, A -
rub - a - dub - dub, We're marching as we sing, The

bugles blow and the banners wave, And our voices ring.
24. We March Like Soldiers.

1. We march like soldiers straight and tall, Sing tra la la la la la la la la. And as we march let one and all, Sing tra la la la la la la la.

2. We fly like birds round the room, Sing tra la la la la la la la. And as we fly let one and all, Sing tra la la la la la la la.

12535-61
25. The Five Knights.

PART I.

ALL.

Gal-lop-ing, gal-lop-ing glad and gay,

Five brave knights ride here to-day, Their steeds are strong and their arm-brongh bright, And

plumed is the head of each gallant knight, Tell us, Sir Knights why

come ye here, Ye true, brave knights, who know not fear? We
KNIGHTS.
Alla marcia.

come to seek a lovin' child, With ha-py heart and man ner mild, For we

search the world both far and near, To find a child who is good and

MOTHER.
dear. Sir Knights, my child is good and true, But I can-not spare my child to

you, I need his love, his ha-py smile, Oh leave him yet a lit - tle while.
ALL.

PART II.

Gal-l-op-ing gal-l-op-ing far a-way,
Ride the knights on their

Gal-l-op-ing gal-l-op-ing glad and gay,
Five brave knights ride

home-ward-way,
The sun-beams flash on their hel-mets bright,
And

here to-day,
Their steeds are strong and their ar-mor bright,
And

gay is the heart of each gal-lant knight.
Tell us, Sir Knights,—why

plumed is the head of each gal-lant knight.

KNIGHTS.

come ye here—Ye true, brave knights who know not fear?—We
Tempo di marcia.

MOTHER.

come to seek a lovin' child
With happy heart and manner mild,
For we search the world both far and near
To find a child who is good and dear.

Sir slowly.

Knights, my child is cross to-day,
You cannot see him, I grieve to say.

KOE. Knights.

Slowly, sad ly we ride away,
For duty calls and we cannot stay.

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brighter and faster.

still seek a child who is good and kind, We are sure if we search such a child we'll find.

PART III.

Bugle.

Animato

MOTHER.

Hark! hark! the bugle calls, Ride the knights this way;

They seek a child so good and dear, They've come for you to day. Sir
Knights I cannot lose my child. Spare him to me, I pray.

elsewhere on your knightly quest, I need my child today. Our

hearts are glad, oh loving child, To find you good and true, We'll

ride this way again some day, For the world has need of you. Now quickly

Agitato.
KINHTS.

hide in mother's arms, My child so good and dear. Ah now we see
'tis very plain, The darlings hiding here. We

Tempo primo.

lightly into the saddle spring, The drum beats roll and the bugles ring, We'll

wave farewell to you today, And home-ward so gai-ly we'll ride a-way.
Songs of the Church
or the Universal Relationship.


Lord, we thank thee for this day,
For these hours of
work and play,
For the shining sun above,
For thy great and tender love.

Help us Lord thy will to do,
Make us loving, kind and true.
Amen.
1. The quiet Sabbath morn is here, And pealing forth so loud and clear,
The chimes of church-bell reach the ear. Ding! Dong! Ding!

2. As to the church we take our way, The bells' deep voices seem to say,
Come worship God this holy day. Ding! Dong! Ding!

3. The quiet church is hushed in prayer, We bow the head while waiting there, And softly falls the golden light
Thro' arching windows high and bright.
28. Easter Song.

1. The happy birds with joy will sing On Easter Morn, On
2. Each blade of grass that upward springs On Easter Morn, On

Easter Morn. The lilies fair their bells will ring On Easter Morn. The
Easter Morn. To waiting hearts a message brings On Easter Morn. The

winter's cold and snows are past, New life, new hopes are come at last, On
life that buds in flower and tree, Will bring new hopes to you and me, On

Easter Morn, On Easter Morn, On Easter Morn.
Easter Morn, On Easter Morn, On Easter Morn.
29. Oh Wide, Wide World

1. Oh big round world, Oh wide wide world, How wonderful you are. Your
   oceans are so
   flow'r and leaf and
   glorious sun, the
   ver - y deep, Your
   tree and bud, In
   shinin' stars, Up
   hills reach up so
   colors gay, are
   in the heavens so
   far.

2. So man - y love - ly blossoms bloom, Up - on your am - ple
   And
   And
   And
   And
   And
   And
   And
   And
   And
   And
   And
   And

3. Dear lit - tle child the God a - bove, Made me as well as you, The
   Down thro' your val - leys, wide and green, Such
   And
   on your great sky - reach - ing hills, Such
   have you real - ly, real - ly lived, For
   riv - er wide, the
   reach - ing hills, Such
   and a day?
   forest for - ests grow.
   has some work to do.
II. The Water.

30. Pit-a-pat.

1. Pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, Fall the tiny rain-drops,
   Plashing oh so lightly on the window pain,
   While the thirsty earth with gladness drinks her fill,
   Pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat,

2. Ev'ry leaf, ev'ry flower, Bids the rain-drops welcome,
   Hear there voices calling, 'Tis a summer shower 'Tis the falling rain.
   Washing ev'ry petal, filling ev'ry brook and ev'ry tiny rill.
   Pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, drip, drip, drop,

Pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, drip, drip, drop,

Pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, drip, drip, drop.

Blow, blow, blow your shining bubbles, Float, float, float your fairy things,

Filling all the air with rainbows, Floating on your sunbeam wings...

Look, look, see the lovely colors, Up, up in the air they go,

Fairy birds of light imprisoned in the shining cage we blow.
32. The River.

CHILD. 1. River, river, tell me pray,

RIVER. 2. Dearest child, I may not wait,

3. I must water all the fields,

4. So I rush and hasty on,

Where you come to meet me, Roll ing swiftly

Mountain snow steps feed me, I must hasten

All the flowers growing, Thus the earth her

Nor a moment tardy, Safely to the

on your way, Pause a while and greet me.

or be late, For the tasks that need me.

har vest yields, As I'm onward flowing.

waiting see, Lad enships I carry.
33. The Fountain.

1. Hear the splashing of the fountain,
2. See the tiny fishes darting,
3. This must be a fairy palace.

See the mist of falling spray,
Underneath the waterfall,
Where the water fairies play,
Dancing all the laughing water, happy as a child at play,
Water lilies, see the rushes straight and tall,
__

Hear the voice of the pure white
See the pure white

laughing water, happy as a child at play.
water lilies, see the rushes straight and tall.
34. The Sailor.

1. I'm a merry sailor lad, Ye ho! And my
   ship's a gallant craft, Ye ho! Clean and
   life is free and glad, Ye ho! For I
   shining fore and aft, Ye ho! And she

2. Oh, my
love the foaming crest, Tossed up on the billow's breast, Knowing neither pause nor rest,
rides the rolling wave, Firm and steady, true and brave, All her precious freight to save,
Ye-

ho! ho! Then it's heave - ho! when the north winds blow, And the

waves dash fierce and high. Oh, the life that's glad and free, Is a

life up-on the sea, For it never knows a sorrow nor a sigh.
35. The Fishes.

1. See the tiny fishes dart, To and fro, to and fro,
2. Let me hold you in my hand, Little fish in the brook,
3. To your hands we cannot come, Little friend kind and dear,

Like a gleaming ray of light, Swift they go, swift they go.
At your shining silver scales, Let me look, let me look.
Here we're happy, safe and free, Leave us here, leave us here.

In the babbling brook they play, Darting near and then away,
I will very careful be, You need have no fear of me,
We must in the water stay, Cannot with the children play,
36. Boating Song.

Melody by MAMIE RING.

1. Light-ly our boat is rock-ing, rock-ing, Out on the river's breast.
2. Slow-ly our boat is float-ing, float-ing, Down where the willows grow.

Soft-ly the oars are dip-ping, dip-ping, In-to the wave's white crest.
Gent-ly our boat is drift-ing, drift-ing, Bright rip-ples past us flow.
37. Dance of the Rainbow Fairies.

1. We are fair-ies from fair-y land, hap-py and gay, And our
dress-es are made from the moon's sil-ver ray, Our wings are of gauze late-ly
washed by the dew, And flash from their tods ev-ry bright rain-bow hue.

2. So we dance on the dew-drops and on the lake's breast, On the
rain-bow that curves o'er the wa-ter-falls crest, But forth rides the sun in his
char-iot on high And home all the bright rain-bow fair-ies must fly.
III. The Air.

38. The Wind Mill.

1. The wind-mill is whirling away up so high, He plays with the breeze that goes frolic-ing by, He cares not from whence come these whirls and he whirls in this frolic-some way, For he pumps wa-ter clear from the breez-es so gay.

2. But you must not sup-pose that his life is all play, As he well at his feet, And gives all the barn-yard a drink cool and sweet.
39. The Wind.

1. Oh, the North wind how he blows, Romping down the street he goes, In his playful pane, Wet and cold. And he brings an icy blast. From the snow-fields he has passed. On his way.

2. Oh, the East wind brings us rain, Dash-ing against the win-dow. But tho' chill and wet he blow, Rain will make the flow-ers grow, Buds un-fold.
But the West wind from the plain, Brings dry weather back again, Clear and bright.
Oh, the Southwind soft and mild, Joyous as a little child At its play,
0-ver farm and field he goes, 0-ver roll ing prairie blows, Free and light.
Brings the birds and flowers sweet Back again their friends to greet, Happy day.
IV. The Light.

40. The Light Bird.

1. Oh, pretty bird of colored light, Why do you fly a-
2. From the great sun I come to you, From the great sun on
3. But in my flight I must not stay, While shines the sun on

way? You are so lovely, gay and bright,
high. I turn to orange, red and blue,
high, I must to flow'ry and field away,

Rest from your never ceasing flight, I'd love with you to
Glowing with ev'ry rainbow hue, As round and round I
Open the blossoms to the day, So little one good-
play, I'd love with you to play.
fly, As round and round I fly.
bye, So little one good.

light bird now has flown away, It will not in the fingers stay, 'Tis

made of sunshine warm and bright, This pretty bird of light.
41. Greeting to the Sun.

1. Good morning to you, glorious sun, You bring the morning light;
   You pale the moon and stars from view And drive away the night.

2. You wake every little bird That sleeps upon a tree;
   You open all the flower buds, Their golden hearts to see.
   Their golden hearts to see.

3. You wake all the children too And seem to each other happiness.
   "Rise, dearest child, I bring to you Another happy day."
   Another happy day?"
42. The Moon Boat.

The silver moon is floating, floating up so high; there's a
gay crew out boating, boating in the sky. The

moon's bright prow it dips and tips, As o'er the clouds she slips, she stips, For the

silver moon is floating, floating in the sky.
43. My Shadow.

1. I've a funny little playmate, Who lives upon the wall, Some-
2. He grows so very quickly, This playmate dear of mine, That he
times he's very, very short, Sometimes he's very tall. But the
grows clear to the ceiling, Without taking any time. For

funniest thing about him, As I think you will agree, Is that when I run away from him, He shoots up straight and tall, Does this

when I stand quite close to him, He looks so much like me. funny little friend of mine, My shadow on the wall.
44. The Rainbow.

CHILDREN.

1. Oh, arch of glory curving there on high, Whence cam'est thou? Oh,
2. Art thou the butterfly of heavenly fields, Oh love-ly bow? Then

RAINBOW.

lovel-y vision lighting all the sky, What mean'est thou? I
ev'ry heavenly flower that fragrance yields, Must love thee so. Oh,

come, oh child, from broken rays of light, I promise thee a clear and peaceful night, A
no, my child, I shine that all may see How sweet a messenger of God to be A

smiling morn to greet thy waking sight, Oh, little one, oh, little one.
heav'nly messenger of hope to thee, Oh, little one, oh, little one.
Songs of the Seasons.

45. The Leaves' Party.

1. The leaves had a party one Autumn day, And invited the
North Wind bold; They put on their dresses of crimson and
brown, With their borders splashed with gold.

2. At first they danced to a merry tune, But the North Wind
whirled them round; And tossed them roughly to and
from, Till they fell upon the ground.

3. And when kind old Dame Winter came, She pitied the
tired leaves so; She laid them gently on the
grass, And covered them over with snow.
46. Harvest of the Squirrel and Honey Bee.

CHILD.

1. Oh, bus- y squirrel with shin- ing eyes, And bush- y tail so round,
   Why do you gath- er all the nuts, Which fall up- on the
day? The flow'rs are danc- ing with the breeze, I'm sure you've time for

2. Oh, bus- y, bus- y hon- ey- bee, Why la- bor all the ground? I must pre- pare for win- ter's cold, My har- vest I must play. I can- not stop to reap, For when Jack Frost the
   For- est claims, With- in my hole I keep.
   But gath- er in my win- ter's stores, Sweet honey from the flow'rs.

Squirrel.

Honey-Bee.
47. Farewell to the Birds.

1. Oh, little birds! oh, pretty birds!
2. Dear little child, we cannot stay,

Why do you fly away?
From winter's storms we flee,

The leaves have fall'n, the
But when the summer

flowers are gone, I wish that you would stay.
calls us back, We will return to thee.
48. Thanksgiving Song.

1. Swing the shining sick-le, Cut the ripened grain, Flash it in the sunlight, Swing it once again.
2. Pick the rosy apples, Pack away with care, Gather in the corn ears, Gleaming everywhere.
3. Loud-ly blows the north wind Through the shivering trees, Bare are all the branches, Full- en all the leaves.

Tie the golden grain heads, Now the fruits are gathered, Gathered is the harvest.

Into shining sheaves, Beautiful their colors as the autumn leaves.
All the grains are in, Nuts are in the attic, Corn is in the bin.
For another year, Now our day of gladness, Thanksgiving day is here.
49. Jack Frost.

1. Oh, Jack Frost is a merry little elf; And a merry little elf is
2. He paints with glee on every window pane, Things very, very fine to
3. Oh, Jack Frost plays so many, many tricks, He is so very pert and

He calls for his coat, And he calls for his brush, And he
see, A mountain high And a lake close by And a
bold He pinches the cheeks And he tweaks the nose And he

calls for his paint-pots one, two, three, And he calls for his paint-pots three.
mighty forest tree, tree, tree, And a mighty forest tree.
turns us blue with cold, cold, cold, And he turns us blue with cold.
50. Tracks in the Snow.

Do you see these tiny tracks in the snow?

Don't you wonder what they are, where they go? I think a Bun-ny Rab-bit white, Has hopped across the snow last night, Oh! what funny little tracks in the snow!
51. Sleighing Song.

1. Jingle, jingle, ring the bells, Snow is on the ground, The horses prance, the
2. Jingle, jingle, ring the bells, Happy throngs dash by, The air is full of

sleigh bells ring, Hark the merry sound!
noisy shouts, See the cutters fly!

Jingle, jingle, jingle, on the frosty air,
Jingle, jingle, jingle, sleigh-bells everywhere.

Jingle, jingle, hear the merry cry,
Jingle, jingle, jingle, see the sleighs dash by.
52. Snow Flakes.

1. Airy, fairy snowflakes, Fluttering
   in the air Whirling 'round in
   from the sky Did you leave your
   blanket white

2. Dainty, dancing snowflakes, Falling
   circles, Lighting everywhere.
   cloud homes, Floating there on high?
   seedlets, Through the winter night.

3. Cover hill and valley With a
   warm the little
53. New Year's Day.

New Year's day is coming, First of all the year,
Bring ing joy and

Listen to the music of the chim ing bells,
Joy ful is the

Gladness to the children dear,
Story that their peal ing tells,
How with love and kind ness,

Spreading far and near,
Joy ful ly the tidings, New Year's day is here.
Might y deeds are done,
While they spread the tidings, New Year has begun.
54. Robin Red-Breast.

1. Rob-in, rob-in red-breast, Hop-ping in the snow, Don't you wish 'twas
   summer when the roses blow? Rob-in, rob-in red-breast,

2. Rob-in, rob-in red-breast, Hop-ping there so gay, Wake us with your
   greet-ing at the break of day; Rob-in, rob-in red-breast,

Chill, the spring-winds blow, Don't you feel the cold, dear, Out there in the snow?
Summer now is here, Share its sweetness with us, Rob-in, Rob-in dear.
1. "Oh, the tree loves me" sang the tiny flower, "For he
shades me all the day, From the sun's fierce heat or the
nest on his mighty arm Is fastened safe, and my

gives me blossoms sweet. Then the sun shines warm on his

pelt ing rain And content at his feet I stay."

babies rock In their cradle safe from harm."
laden boughs Till the ripe fruit drops at my feet."
56. Spring Song.

1. When the fuzzy pussy willows bud up on the willow tree,
   And the tender green of grass-blades covers hill and dale and lea;

2. When the violet and the crocus lift to heav’n their love-ly heads,
   When the little seeds push up-ward from their warm and earth-y beds;

When the little birds return-ing trill with joy and gai-ly sing,
When the lily of the valley all her chime of bells doth ring,

Then our hearts are full of glad-ness, For we know that it is spring.
Then our hearts are full of glad-ness, For we know that it is spring.
57. The Birth of the Butterfly.

1. Caterpillar come from thy tiny egg On the dewy leaf so green, The
flowers are a-bud, the birds are come, It is time thou abroad wert seen.

2. Caterpillar sleep in thy coon's fold In thy snug and silk-en bed. The
winds may blow, the rain-drops fall, Not a drop shall touch thy head.

Caterpillar grow for thy summer task Every busy hour shall fill; The
Butterfly creep from thy brown co-coon, Spread thy love-ly silk-en wings;

flowers are a-waiting thy second birth Then do thy work with a will.

Every blossom bright, Every garden flower To thee a welcome brings.
58. The Butterfly.

1. Butterfly, butterfly, blithe some and gay,
   Sipping the flow'rs o'er the way.
2. Flit, pretty creature from flo'wer to flo'wer,
   Filling with pleasure the long summer hour,

Spread thy wings to the breeze that blow,
Painted with tints from the shining rainbow.

Smell every perfume and sip every sweet.
59. The Dandelion.

Lightly and gaily.

Dande-lions, Dande-lions, Like gold-en stars are you,

Shin-ing in the meadow-grass and spark-ling, with the dew.

Did you shine up yon-der, dears, All the long night thro' And

then come danc-ing down with the sun, Because the chil-dren all love you?
60. Little Yellow Dandelion.
The Pussy Willow.

1. Little yellow dandelion, Growing in the grass;
2. Little Pussy Willow, Budding on the tree;

With your head of shining gold, Merry little lass.
When we see your fuzzy coats, Blithe and gay are we.

When your pretty hair turns white, Pray what will you do?
For we know that spring has come, When you first appear.

Will you plant a hundred more Flowers as bright as you?
Know that soon the blue-bird's call Joyfully we'll hear.
61. The Violet.

Tender little violet, Coming in the spring;

Happy hopes of summer to our hearts you bring.

Your delicious perfume Scenting all the air,

Guides us where you're hiding In the woodland fair.
62. **Daffy-down-dilly.**

Dear little Daffy-down-dilly, First flow'r of the spring,

Dancing away with the breezes, Gladness and sunshine you bring,

Dar'ing the cold of the March winds, Braving the frosts and the snows,

Filling the woods with your glory, Loveliest flow'r that blows.
63. The Tulips.

Gold and crimson tulips, Lift your bright heads up; Catch the shining dew-drops In your dainty cups.

If the birds see you, When they're flying by, They will think a sunset dropped from out the sky.
64. The Fly.

See the fly buzzing by,
Let us watch him you and I,
Six small legs,
wings of gauze,
Does he never, never pause?
How he flits and flies around
Till a sunny spot is found,
Now he crawls upon the pane,
Soon he'll fly away again,
Little busy buzzing fly,
We must say to you, good-bye.
65. The Bumble Bee.

1. Zoom, Zoom, Zoom, drones the bumble bee,
   2. Striped is his body with black and with yellow,

   Zoom, Zoom, through the garden he flits.
   Swiftly he darts on his delicate wings.

   Sounding his drum with a slow drowsy cadence,
   And as he gathers his winter's provision,

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As from the flowers sweet honey he sips.
Hear the monotonous song that he sings.

Zoom, Zoom, Zoom, drones the humble bee,
Zoom, Zoom, Zoom, drones the humble bee,

Zoom, Zoom, Zoom.
Miscellaneous.

66. Song of the Kitchen Clock.

Tick - tock, tick - tock, Hear the song of the kitchen clock,

To and fro the pendulum swings, Loud the sound of the brass gong rings,

One, two, three, four, clear is his voice as in days of yore;
Five, six, seven, eight, his face is bright and his hands point straight;

Nine, ten, eleven, twelve, Noon has come, 'tis the hour of twelve;

Tick - tock, tick - tock, Hear the song of the kitch - en clock.
67. The Tea Kettle.

1. The tea-kettle's singing a song to-night (Just lend a listening ear) As he sits down close to the fire so bright. And this is the song you'll hear.

2. Steam is the name of this giant bold. He does his work with a will, And though he is strong he is very old. Hark the tea-kettle's singing still.

hum bubb-ble, bubb-ble, bubb-ble, hum. There's a giant in me hid.

hum bubb-ble, bubb-ble, bubb-ble, hum. See him lift the lid.
68. The Owl.

There's a wise old owl in the tree, in the tree, And he sits quite still all the day.
And his big round eyes stare at you and at me In a most surprising way.

But when all the world goes to sleep at night And there isn't a single ray of light, Mister Owl wakes up, spreads his wings for flight, To hoots the owl in the tree.
69. Mr. Rooster and Mrs. Hen.

Min-ter Rooster wakes up ear-ly in the morn-ing And

when the first bright sun-beam he es-pies, He flaps his wings and shakes out all his

feath-ers, Then with a ring-ing voice this warn-ing cries:
(Crow.)

You must wak-en too. Mistress

Hen then one eye o-pens And her sleep-y chicks she wakes And while

scrach-ing for their break-fast, Listen to the sound she makes.

Took - took - took - took - too - too. took - took - took - too - too.
79. The Cat's Cradle.

1. I am making a fine cat's cradle
   For

2. She'll rub her soft head on my shoulder
   And

scur little Pussy Grey
   And when I have it
purr her glad thanks to me,
   For Pussy has fine

finished, I wonder what she'll say
   As any one can see.
71. A Recipe for a Valentine.

A piece of card-board white, A bit of paper lace, A
wreath of flowers round a smiling little face;

gen- tle word of love, That's love so sweet and true,

telling best it can how dearly I love you.
72. Mistress Doh and her Neighbors.

Words and Music by JESSIE L. GAYNOR.

Doh lives here in a wee little house And Ray lives right next door; Then

Me comes next whose dearest friend is Fah the last of the four;

Fah stays always close to Me And Me to Ray does say, "Well

go to visit Mistress Doh, This bright and sunny day."
Close to Doh, on the other side, Lives Te her next door neighbor,

Then comes Lah a woe-ful chap, Then Soh so strong and a-ble.

Soh goes quick-ly back to Lah And Lah walks in-to Te's house, And

all these neigh-bors, near and far, Go to call at Miss-tress Doh's house.
73. A Little Vocal Lesson.

Children, children, let me see, Can you softly sing to me,

Lah-ace. Let your tones be sweet and true, Singing as the

birdies do, Lah-ee-oo. Lift your voices, lightly sing,

Let your tones so gaily ring. Tra-la-la-la-la-la.
74. See-Saw.

A rhythmic exercise for waist muscles.

See-saw, see-saw, Up and down we go,

See-saw, see-saw, Swing-ing high and low.

See-saw, see-saw, Gai-ly now we play,

See-saw, see-saw, Happy all the day.
75. Choosing a Game.

1. Little feet and lips be quiet,
2. Little feet and lips be quiet,

Now your fingers fold this way,
While we form a circle here,
Then let Norman dear,
Choose the game that we shall play.

Choosing at table.
Choosing for circle.
12535-61
76. Guessing Game.

We will blind Jam-ies eyes, We will blind Jam-ies eyes. Then

round and round the cir-cle so, While one child hides the rest will go, Now,

Jam-ie, look a-round and say Which child has left our ranks to-day, O

Jam-ie can you say?
77. Winding the Clock.*

Round, round, wind the clock, Hick-o-ry, dick-o-ry, dick-o-ry dock, Round, round,

stead-y and slow, This is the way that the key must go, One, two, wind true,

Three, four, turn it once more, Five, six, the long hand to fix, Seven, eight, you

must not be late, Nine o'clock finds us here, Read-y to greet all our playmates so dear,

* Marched in snail form.

125:55 - 81
78. Dancing Game.

(Children should stand in two rows face to face and should dance as in the Virginia Reel.)

(After an old country dance.)

1. I've come to choose you from the rest, So give your hand to me - oh,
2. Then dance so gai - ly down the row, Step soft - ly, quick - ly, light - ly,

Heel and toe, a - way we go, We'll trip to one, two, three - oh.
Back un - to your plac - es go, And bow your thanks po - lite - ly.
79. The Brownies.

slacato.

1. Hiss! Hiss! be still, en tip-toe now ad-ance, We're come to have a mer-ry Brownie's
dance, We will form our cir-cle here, Stepping light-ly, for we fear We may
true, And we dance the live-long night, Van-ish with the mor-ning light, Hid-ing
wak-en all the sleeping world, per-chance. We will form our cir-cle here, Stepping
safe from mort-al vis-ion and from you. And we dance the live-long night, Van-ish

light-ly for we fear We may wak-en all the sleeping world, per-chance.
with the mor-ning light, Hid-ing safe from mort-al vis-ion and from you.
80. The Giants.

We'll play we're giants tall, As tall as tall can be, And

when we reach clear up to the sky, The sun, moon and stars we'll see; We'll

bump our heads against the clouds, Our hands we'll stretch so high That we'll

feel the points of the tiny stars, That hang up in the sky.
81. The Froggies' Swimming School.

1. Oh, have you seen the swimming school, Where the frog-gies learn to swim? It's
   They love to dive from off the bank In - to the wa-ter's spray.

   down where wa- ter lil - ies crowd The cool pond to the brim; And
   love to splash the wa - ter, Play - ing leap-frog all the day. They

   there on sum - mer af - ternoons The frog - gies learn to swim.
   rest up - on a lil - y-pad When tired out with their play. And
82. Call to the Circle.

Put your feet upon the line,
And your little hand in mine,
And see how quiet we can be.
83. The Pop-corn People.

1. They are having a merry party, The queer little pop-corn folk, From the way that they dance and scamper, You would think it all a joke.

2. When they come to this merry party, They are dressed in the plainest way, And they gaily dance over the fire, Like the Brownies at their play. These dear little-pop-corn folk, These queer little-pop-corn folk.

3. Then they suddenly pop so gaily, And each little dress turns white, But still these queer little people Dance away with all their might.
84. Drop the Handkerchief.

Let us form a circle here, Once around then stop; Then we'll

choose our [Dorothy] The handkerchief to drop. Round and round the circle

run, Then drop at some child's feet, Now to your place so quickly run, Like deer so fleet.
85. Rhythm Game.

1. I will hold my right hand so, I will
2. I will place my right foot so, I will
3. I will close my right hand so, I will
4. I will draw a circle so, I will

hold my left hand so, Bow-ing first to the right and
place my left foot so, Sway-ing first to the right and
close my left hand so, I will spread my fingers
draw a circle so, Then I’ll loud-ly, loud-ly

then to the left, Trip-ping light-ly as we go.
then to the left, Trip-ping light-ly as we go.
wide a part, Then I’ll twirl them light-ly, so.
clap my hands, Then I’ll clap them soft-ly, so.
86. Welcome Song.

1. Dear child, we welcome you to day,
2. I thank you little children all,

Empty has been your place,
For your kind words to me,

And we are glad to
And I am also

see again Your bright and smiling face.
glad again My playmates dear to see.
87. Good bye. (i)

Now our work is ended for another day,

Put away so neatly, now we've time for play—So good-bye, dear

children, may the Lord above, Guard us while we're absent with his tender love.
88. Good bye. (II)

Good-bye, dear friends, we must away, Our

work is done, 'tis time for play; Sleep well thro' out the

com-ing night, We'll greet you with the morn-ing light.
89. Morning Greeting.

From an old Russian Air.

Greet-ing to you, chil-dren dear, On this hap-py morn-ing bright,

Night is gone, the stars are hid, We are glad to see the light.

90. Birthday Greeting.

Nor-man's birth-day now is here, He has passed an-oth-er year,

So we wish him joy to-day, Let him lead us in our play.
Gift Songs.

91. Ball Games.

The Bell. I'm the big church-bell in the steeple high, Far___
The Bird. I'm a little bird in my tiny nest, On the
The Butterfly. I'm a butter-fly, on my love-ly wings I___
The Pendulum. I'm a pendulum and I swing, I swing, To and

up in the sky, you see, When they pull the rope back and forth I swing, Ring-ing
branch of the old oak tree, I have three wee eggs 'neath my breast so warm, They're eas
float o'er the gar-den flow'rs, And I sip as I flit from the roses' lip, Thro' the
fro in the big hall clock, Not a moment's rest ei-ther day or night, But must

one and two and three, Ring-ing ding, dong, ding.
blue as blue can be, Here we rock so free.
laz-y sum-mer hours, Thro' the sweet, bright hours.
sing a tick-tick-tock, Sing-ing tick-tick-tock.
92. Frog and Horse.

1. Oh, a little frog in a pond am I, a-hop-i-ty, hop-i-ty hop; I can
   jump so far, I can jump so high, A-hop-i-ty, hop-i-ty hop. So I
   sit on a lily pad high and dry, And I watch the fishes as they swim by, Then
   splash, how I make the water fly, A-hop-i-ty, hop-i-ty, hop.

2. Oh, a gallant horse big and strong am I, a-gal-loup, a-gal-loup, a-trot; And I
   arch my neck and my head hold high, A-gal-loup, a-gal-loup a-trot. Like the
   wind that blows o'er the plains near by, With my rider bold I can swiftly fly, And my
   hoofs beat time on the road so dry, A-gal-loup, a-gal-loup a-trot.
93. Dictation Exercise with the Blocks.

Let us all be quiet and let \{Gertrude\} place \{her\} blocks.

Let us all be quiet and let \{Norman\} place \{his\} blocks.

And when \{she\} has them placed just right, We'll clap our hands with all our might, We'll clap our hands for \{her\}.
Occupation Songs.

94. Weaving.

Over one, under one, Push the needle's tip,

Over one, under one, Pull the paper strip;

Over one, under one, Merry we go,

Over one, under one, Weave the bright mat so.
95. Sewing Song.

Melody by CHARLOTTE PETTIBONE.

We are sewing, sewing, sewing, for a little while,

while, We are sewing, sewing, sewing, for a little while.

96. Norman's Work is finished.

Norman's work is finished, See him standing there;

All is done so neatly, All so smooth and fair.

Melody by GRACE MOORE.

1. I have a pretty little card, So
dainty and so white,

2. Now, little fingers, go to work, So
nimble you must bend, My pretty card I'll

tinted yarn, A needle sharp and bright.
neatly sew, To give to some dear friend.
Hand Plays.

98. The Clapping Song.

1. Let your hands so loud-ly clap, clap, clap, Let your fin-gers brisk-ly
2. Swift-ly roll your hands so wide a-wake, Let your fin-gers brisk-ly
3. Let us climb the lad-der, do not fall, Till we reach at last the

snap, snap, snap, Then fold your arms and qui-et be, and qui-et be.
shake, shake, shake, Then fold your hands and shut your eyes and qui-et be.
steep-le tall, Then fold your hands and shut your eyes and qui-et be.
99. Mother’s Knives and Forks.

Words from an old nursery rhyme.

These are mother's knives and forks, And

this is mother's table, This is mother's

looking glass, And this is the baby's cradle.
Musical Commands.

100. We'll stand up straight.

We'll stand up_straight like_gal-lant sol-diers all, With
heads e-rect and lis-tening ear, We will wait the bu-gle call.

101. Let us all be quiet.

Let us all like lit-tle mice, qui-et, qui-et be.
Let us all like lit-tle mice, qui-et, qui-et be.