SONGS
OF THE
CHILD-WORLD
No. 2
Words by
ALICE C. D. RILEY,
MUSIC by
JESSIE L. GAYNOR.

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Preface.

The gratifying reception accorded by the public to the "Songs of the Child World" No. 1, and the many assurances which we have received from every quarter of their unique adaptation to the needs of both teacher and child, have led us to offer to the public this second volume.

Our experience and observation lead us to believe that songs dealing with the various phases of nature are not only most attractive to the child but also most stimulating to his imagination and we have therefore endeavored to make the nature side of the present work very broad in its scope.

The fact remains, however, that a large proportion of Kindergarten pupils are city children to whom a wide acquaintance with nature is impossible; and as the child's education must unfold from his environment, we have endeavored to supply songs which deal with the interrelationships of civilized society both in the home and the outside world. It must, however, be considered that there are many experiences in the life of a great city which are so involved or so forced away from the conditions of nature as to make their simple expression in any art form almost impossible.

We have given much attention to motion songs, realizing that action, properly directed in play, is the basis of education.

We have earnestly endeavored to make these songs true not only to the lines and color of each picture presented but also to its underlying and characteristic rhythm, hoping thus to lead the child to a comprehension of the unity of nature.

JESSIE L. GAYNOR.

ALICE C. D. RILEY.
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1. Moon Phases.

Brightly.

1. The full moon's face is big and round, And he smiles the live-long night, And he looks very gay as he sails along, In a sil-ver-y sea of light.

2. The wan- ing moon is thin and wan, For a wea-ry moon is he, And he lies on the rim of the even-ing sky, Just as sleep-y as he can be.

8. But the moon that the chil-dren love the best, Is the ba-by moon so new. That he looks like a wee, lit-tle slit in the sky With the sun-light shin-ing through.
2. Good Morning!

Brightly.

Good morn-ing! Good morn-ing! We bid you good morn-ing! We wak-en-ed so
ear-ly to wel-come the sun. With smiles we will greet you, With hap-pi-
meet you. All glad that an-oth-er long day has be-gun. Good morn-ing! Good
morn-ing! Good morn-ing! Good morn-ing dear friends to you.
3. Evening.

Quietly.

Far o-ver the west - ern hills, Cloud birds pass. All pur-ple their sha-dows lie On the grass. Now home-ward the plow-man goes, While the light Pales slow-ly be-hind the hills, Fades from sight.
4. Autumn.

Breezily.

Heigh-ho! heigh-ho! how the winds blow!

Come with the leaves for a frolic;— Heigh-ho! heigh-ho!

how the winds blow! Over the hills let us
Rolling
Red is the sumach and bronze is the oak,

Under the leaves hide the wee Brownie folk. Heigh- ho! heigh- ho!

How the winds blow! Heigh- ho! heigh- ho! heigh- ho!
5. Mr. Wind and Madam Rain.

Lustily.

1. Mr. Wind came roaring over the hill, Oh
2. Then down came gentle Madam Rain, A

ho-ho-ho-ho! laughed he, And he bent and twisted the
pit-a-pat-pat, sang she, And she soothed the trembling

shaking trees, And he whirled the big wind-mill; And he
flow'rs to sleep, And silenced the rustling grain; And
chas'd a - far _ the fly - ing leaves, O - ho - ho - ho! laugh'd
dim-pled the face of the lake so deep, A - pit - a-pat - pat! sang

ne. O - ho - ho! I'm the bold North Wind, I
she. A - pit - pat - pat! I'm the gen - tle Rain and I

love to blus - ter and blow, _ And I shake the hills with my
love the flow - ers, sang _ And the bab - bling brook and the

might - y laugh, O - ho - ho - ho! O - ho!
fresh green grass, A - pit - a-pat - pat! sang _ she.
6. Coasting.

joyfully.

Oh, what fun, what jolly fun! In the winter weather,

With our sleds to climb the hill, Trudging up together;

Then a shove, a little run, And sliding down you go, With

little shrieks of laughter, To the plain below.
7. The Snowman.

With motion.

The snow-man stands o'er on the lawn, And his two coal black eyes

Have in them such a funny look Of wonder and surprise.

The old black hat upon his head, Makes him look quite young and gay,

But when the sunshine comes again, I fear he'll melt away.
8. Skating.

Lively.

Oh, hurry quick, the ice is thick, Get ready in a staccato.

trice; We’ll tramping go a-cross the snow, To skate upon the ice.

And all our mates on shining skates, Skim quickly to and
fro, Oh, hurry quick the ice is thick, And we must skating go.

One, two, skating we go, One,

two, shouting O-ho, And hurrah for the ice, And hur-

rah for the snow, And hurrah for the ice, O-ho!
Breezily.

I'm a weather vane—o, And I live o-ho! On the top of a steeple high,— And I'm pointing so where the breezes blow, As around and around I fly. So

light-ly I whirl, And I twist and I twirl, And when-

ev-er you wish to see Wheth-er East or West Blow the

breez-es best, You can al-ways de-pend on me.
10. World Wonders.

1. Look up! Look up and tell to me What wonders over-
   head you see, An arch of blue, white clouds a-float, The big and blazing
   sun, And after dark the shining stars That step out one by one.

2. Look round! Look round and tell to me What wonders round a-
   bout you see, A carpet green, great noble trees With leaves a swaying
   mass, And flowers sprinkled ev'rywhere Like stars among the grass.

3. Look down! Look down and tell to me What wonders 'neath the
   sod you see, The soft warm earth, the sleeping seeds Wrapped in their cov-
   ets brown, And all the hungry root-lets that Go pushing, pushing down.
Flowers.


Simply and tenderly.

Oh, you buttercups, yellow buttercups shining

down there in the grass, Do you each one hold shining

drops of dew For the fairy folk who pass?
12. Cat-tails.

Con moto.

Oh, we wear brown vel-vet jack-ets in the Fall, And we
grow up so slen-der straight and tall, For we're cat-tails 0 In the
marsh-lands low; And we wear brown vel-vet jack-ets in the Fall.

Daintily.

1. Little Miss Daisy lives in the grass,
2. Little Miss Daisy's cousin Sue,

Her cap frills are as white as snow,
But black-eyed Susan's very gay.

And wears a yellow cap always,
She nods a greeting so and so.

flow-er-luss
cous-ins
doo

Her cap frills are as white as snow,
But black-eyed Susan's very gay.

And wears a yellow cap always,
She nods a greeting so and so.

Galy.

Oh, the morning-glo-ry bells are swing-ing, ring-ing,

swing-ing, ring-ing un-der my case-ment high.

Purple bells and white ones, pink-ly blush-ing bright ones,
Pealing forth their music to the morning sky. If you're peeping
Dew-drops shining

When the world is sleeping, You may catch them creeping up to
On the satin lining, Tendrils all a turning as the

Greet the sun, Fairy bells a shaking, Twisted buds a waking,
Chiming swells, Elf in shapes a dancing, Through the leaves a glancing,

Blossoms all a quaking, Lovely, every one,
Silver chimes entrancing, Morning glory bells. Oh the

Fine.

Gracefully.

The milkweed pods are ripe and brown, Wide open are their doors, And milk-seed babies lie asleep Upon the shining floors. Oh, wake and stretch your satin wings And spread them out to
dry, For very soon the breeze will come And you will have to

Waltz tempo.

fly, Then fly a-way, milk-weed, milk-weed seeds,

Spread out your satin wings, For you and
all your sister seeds Can fly like living

Then fly away, milkweed, milkweed seeds,

Now your wings are dry, Then have your play for

you must stay In the dark earth by and by.
16. Poppies.

Dreamily.

Sleep-y poppies, red and white, Why a nod-ding

keep? You should wait un-til the night, E'er you nod to

sleep. Gold-en wheat-heads whis-per low Lul-la-bies so

sweet. Breezes rock you to and fro Downthere in the wheat.
17. The Sweet-Pea Ladies.

Daintily.

Sweet pea white, sweet pea pink, Sweet peas purple and shaded,

Nod their bonnet frills at me, Frills all fresh or faded. Oh,

sweet pea ladies, all in a row, How nice it must be to have bonnets that grow, And

a tempo.

then they all become you so, Sweet pea, sweet pea ladies.
18. Water-Lilies.

Gaily.

Open cups of dazzling white, Shining hearts of gold,

Like a treasure chest unLocked, When the buds unfold.

Strange to think your hidden roots, Searching in the mud, Should

find such pearly petals, For a water-lily bud.
Birds, Insects and Animals.

19. The Bobolink.

Sprightly.

The _bob-o-link_ is a _jolly_ bird, And a _jolly_ bird is he._ A _mother-o-link_ has this _bob-o-link_, And his _chick-y-o-links_ are three. The _bob-o-link_, he...
wears a knob. All black and white is he. The mother-o-link has a
gown of brown and grey the babies three, The bob-o-link has a
merry song, A merry song has he, But
when his babies try to sing They just say Chee! Chee! Chee!
20. The Crow.

1. An old black crow flew o'er the corn,
2. The crow grew brave and down he flew,
3. Up flew the crow that summer morn,

"Caw! Caw!" said he. And he was sad and quite forlorn.
"Caw! Caw!" said he. Then side-wise looked. "And who are you?"
"Caw! Caw!" said he. The scarecrow answered, "Caw! Caw!" said he. For down below, the juicy corn..."

The little dog says bow-wow-wow! The pussy cat says meow! The big cock crows while softly lows The gentle bosmy cow.
22. The Frog.

Allegretto.

1. If I were a little frog, frog, frog, And
2. If I could jump so high, high, high, And

sat on a big round log, log, log, Out where the winds blow

catch a buzzing fly, fly, fly, Out in the blazing

cool, Out where the winds blow cool,
sun. Out in the blazing sun.

bask in the sun and I'd blink, blink, blink, But I can't say what I'd

shut my eyes to a crack, crack, crack, I'd count the spots on my
think, think, think, If I fell in the big, black pool, If I
back, back, back, And I'd jump in the pond for fun, And I'd

fell in the big black pool, Now frog-gies all can
jump in the pond for fun.

swim you know, Which sim- pli- fies the mat- ter so, I'd

meno mosso. a tempo.
like to lie out on a log, If I were just a speck-led frog.

meno mosso. a tempo.

Moderato.

Ding dong, Ding dong! Hark, 'tis the stroke of

Grand-father's clock, Ding dong, Ding dong! Grave-ly it sings its

slow tick tock, Tick tock! Ding dong! Tick tock! Ding dong!
Hark! it is twelve o'clock.

'Sh! the midnight chime, and silent lies the slumbering house.

'Sh! there's not a sound except the squeaking of a mouse.

Come wee mouse with coat of gray, Madam Cat has gone a way.
Come and nibble, frisk and play, Come little creeping mouse.

Hickory Dickory Dock The mouse ran up the clock

The clock struck one, and down he ran,

Hickory Dickory Dock!

Andante.

1. Oh, moth of the night, You love but the light,

2. Oh, moth of the night, Your wings are so white,

Shimmering, shining out there in the dark, And you and your sisters search
Fluttering softly the dark garden thro', The lamps and the lanterns are

out every spark, Oh, moth of the night, of the night.
shining for you, Oh, moth of the night, of the night.
25. Lady Bug.

Quietly.

Red and speck-led lady bug, Are your children safe and snug?

Did you leave them very well? Lady bug, why won't you tell?

Tempo di Waltz.

Up and down this blade of grass, Pray why do you
roam?—Don't you think your children are Needing
you at home?—Now you stop and gently wave
Feelers to and fro,—Hurry and
make up your mind, It is time to go.

D.C. at Fine.
26. Lullaby.

Tenderly.

Sleep, little bird, in your downy nest,

Sleep, little seed, in your pod,

Sleep, little worm, in your silk cocoon,

Seek the land of nod.
Close your eyes and forget a while

Frost and wind and rain

Sleep until the shining sun

Wakens you again
27. Awakening.

With motion.

Wake, little bird, and draw your head.

Out from beneath your wing.

Shake your feathers in the sun.
Sing, wee birdling, sing!

Spread your wings and do your best, Dear little bird, to fly,
Till we see you like a speck in the big blue sky.
28. Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow.

Chatty.

Mistress Sparrow pert and perk-y, with your manners quick and jerk-y, Oh! you scold and sput-ter so! Hope-ping in the gut-ter, O! Where-fore — Mistress
Sir Cock Sparrow your chit-chatter, is a busy noisy chatter, and your dark cravat and collar Must have cost at least a dollar.

Did they, Mister Sparrow?
29. Milking Time.

Who is at the meadow bars, Softly, softly

lowing, When the sun is in the west, Slowly home-ward

go-ing. Moo! Moo! Slowly home-ward
going; Bring the milking-pail and stool, From the shaded dairy cool, For the foaming milk is flowing, flowing,

Moo! Moo! Moo! Moo!

For the foaming milk is flowing, flowing.
30. The Pigeon.

Simply.

Little gray pigeon with your pink, pink toes, What

lovely tints you wear, Little gray pigeon with your

rainbow breast. And your eyes like jewels rare.

Little gray pigeon with your soft coo-coo, A
low and tender call, Little gray pigeon your
murmuring note is the sweetest one of all.

31. Piggie Wig and Piggie Wee.

Quaintly.

Piggy-wig and Piggy-wee Were little pigs together, Said

Piggy-wig to Piggy-wee, "Tis very pleasant weather," Said
Pig-gy-wig to Pig-gy-wee, "I think 'tis time for dinner, For

tho' I'm not a big pig yet, I'm a hungry young beginner!"

Eee! squealed Pig-gy-wig, And Eee! squealed the other, For

Pig-gy-wee protested he was as hungry as his brother.
32 The Wood-pecker.

Gracefully.

Oh, his pretty head is brilliant red, His cloak is black and white, And his home you'll see in a hollow tree. If you mark his rapid flight, Hr-r-r-r! he knocks all day, As he picks and peeks the tree. Hr-r-r-r! tis wood-pecker gay, Such a busy bird is he.
The Family Relation.

33. The Language Lesson.

Gracefully:

When we wake up we say good-morning, Good-morning, Good-

morn-ing. When we wake up we say good-morn-ing, To-

all the friends we meet. But if we lived a-

Were we in Ger-man-

14597
cross the sea In La Belle France, you'd say to me "Bon y next day. Then "Guten morgen," you would say, Yes, jour, mon cher ami, Bon jour, mon cher ami." that is what you'd say, Yes, that is what you'd say.

34. Pussy.

Simply.

1. Pussy has a cozy home, A basket in the barn; And
2. Mother Pussy purrs and purrs As if to say, You see These
there she keeps her kittens three All safe and snug from harm, Blue kittens are the prettiest In all the world to me. And

eyes just opened to the light, Fur coat as soft as silk, And when she looks up in my face And questions me with "mew"? I

appetites all ready for A saucer full of milk, could not have the heart to say They were not nice, could you?
35. Some Lullabys.
(For Finger Play.)

Not too slow.

Chickens. Oh, this is the little chicken coop, Where the wee chicks go at night, Its roof a-slant for the pelt ing rain, And its slats all snug and tight. And when the mother soft-ly clucks As their
Birds. Oh, this is the little swing-ing nest, In the tree-top up so high, Where baby birds swing and rock, And
Kittens. Oh, this is the basket nice and round, And — padded soft as silk, Where baby kittens frisk and play, And — look at the bright blue sky. And when the mother soft-ly peeps As their
drink the warm new milk. And when the mother soft-ly purrs To —
lullaby she sings, The little chicks go snuggling in, And
lullaby she sings, The little birdlings snuggle down, And
hush their baby cries, They snuggle in her soft, warm fur, And
hide beneath her wings, And hide beneath her wings,
hide beneath her wings, And hide beneath her wings,
close their baby eyes, And close their baby eyes.

Hush abyaby and a cluck, cluck, cluck, My babies, go to sleep, Oh,
Hush abyaby and a peep, peep, peep, My babies, go to sleep, And
Hush abyaby and a purr, purr, purr, My babies, go to sleep, Oh,

sleep and dream and wake again When morning sunbeams peep,
sleep and dream and wake again When morning sunbeams peep,
Songs for Special Occasions.

36. Christmas Carol.

Not too fast.

1. In a low-ly man-ger on the fra-grant hay,

2. From the East the wise men jour-ney from a far,

3. Knelt in ad-o-ra-tion, of-fered gifts of gold,

Long a-go a ba-by with his moth-er lay,
Led a-cross the des-ert by a blaz-ing star,
Of their long, long jour-ney and the star they told,
While the sin-ple shep-herds

cra-dled on her arm,
where the ba-by lay,
came to kneel and pray,
Long-ing there to keep him safe from ev'-ry harm,
Cra-dled with his moth-er in the fra-grant hay,
Near the Christ-child's manger that first Christmas day.
37. Christmas Joys.

Joyfully.

Holly wreaths are shining, Christmas bells are

p staccato.

chiming, And carols floating on the air, With a

tra-la-la, and a tra-la-la, And Christmas kindness

nf

p
everywhere, with a tra-la-la-la! There's frolic and fun and
Christmas mirth, and blazing logs upon the hearth; with
Christmas candles shining, and a tra-la-la! And a tra-la-la! And
Christmas bells a chiming, with a tra-la-la-la-la.
38. Christmas Secrets.

1. The air is full of mystery, and
secrets are a-wing,
And if you happen on one,
don't you tell a single thing, And perhaps we've something hiding for each

2. Then Santa Claus will fly a-round with
heav-y laden sleigh,
And down the chimneys has-ten
in his usual happy way, Oh, he brings such loads of presents to the
loved one dear, For Christmas day is coming and will
children dear, And Christmas day is coming and he'll

sooon be here. Tra-la-la-la-la, Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la, For
sooon be here. Tra-la-la-la-la-la, Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la, For

Christmas day is coming and will soon be here.
Santa Claus is coming and will soon be here.
39. The New Year.

Gladly.

1. Christmas joys are over, New Year’s day is past,
2. Pages white and spotless, as a drift of snow,

And we gladly greet you, little friends, at last;
We have had our frolic, we have
We will see what progress Easter tide may show;
Let us work and study, let us

had our play, let’s begin our lessons with a will today;
play and sing, and we’ll see what good things this New Year will bring.
40. The First Thanksgiving Day.

1. The golden grain was gathered all,
   Maize, the nuts and the fruits of fall,
   When our Pilgrim fathers
   God above, Gave thanks for the care of man and beast,
   That first Thanksgiving day.

2. The Indians came to show good will,
   Smoke peace pipes and forget to kill,
   And the Pilgrims prayed to
   Thanks for His mercy and His love, That
   That first Thanksgiving day.

3. Oh, man-y a day has passed since then,
   When the year rolls around again
   To this day of feast in the
   Gave a feast Of thanks for our mercies all.

But
Gaily and rather lively.

Saint Valentine's Day will soon be here, So help me now to

plan Some val-en-tines for loved ones dear, Sent by the let-ter-

man. Some pa-per lace the page to grace, A pret-ty verse or
two, And arrows fleet and nosegays sweet, For get-me-nots of blue,
A string of hearts and broken barts, And little love-knots true, 'Tis thus I send, my dearest friend, A valentine to you.
42. Why Mr. Gobbler changed
his tune.

1. A turkey gobbler lived within a barn-yard, so I'm
2. And when the Autumn came again, and little flakes of
3. One day he saw the pumpkins made in nice Thanksgiving

told, And wished the other fowl to think him very brave and
snow Began to flit and scurry when the cold Northwind did
pies, A thought of wondrous cunning dawned upon this gobbler

bold, So he spread his tail into a fan and strutted up the
blow, This turkey gobbler, plump and proud, he sang the same old
wise, He hit him in a corner with his head beneath his

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walk And ev'ry now and then this tur-key gob-bler would talk:
tune That he had been a sing-ing since the ver-y first of June:
wing And had you stopped to lis-ten there you might have heard him sing:

Refrain: 1st & 2nd verses.
Gob-ble-gobble-gobble-gobble! Gob-ble-gobble-gobble-gobble!

PP (In strict time.)

Pray just look at me. Gob-ble-gobble-gobble-gobble!
Gobble-gobble-gobble! Who more fine could be.

Refrain. for 3rd Verse.

Gobble-gobble-gobble! Gobble-gobble-gobble!

P (dolefully)

Don't you look at me. Gobble-gobble-gobble-gobble!

Gobble-gobble-gobble! I'm thin as I can be.
Trades and Occupations.

43. The Postman.

In the rain or in the sunshine, In the winter through the snow,
On his round the busy postman, With his letter bag must go. Mister Postman, Mister Postman,
You have brought us one, two, three, There's a big one, There's a wee one, Oh, I hope it is for me!
44. Sweeping and Dusting.

March tempo.

1. Don your cap and apron, Take your willing broom,
Open all the windows, In the dusty room;
Move the chairs and tables, Cover all the books,
Sweep in all the corners, Dust in all the nooks.

2. Now the sweeping's over, We will dust the room,
Wipe off every dust-speck, Brought forth by the broom;
Put the chairs and tables, Each in proper place,
Till the room is smiling, With its wont-ed grace.
(With a big motion.)
45. The Electric Light.

Moderato.

1. A big and bright electric light Lived
   up in a tower tall,
   glass, Against the azure evening sky.

2. One night, when he awoke, he saw A
   cross the heavens high, A shining ball that hung a-
   tall the silver circle hung. And

3. But high and higher in the heavens, The
   held new comer swung, Until above the tower.
   This

All day he seemed a globe of

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birds flew by, and fleecy clouds came floating o'er his filled him with a great surprise, "Up on my word," said light below seemed dim and pale, The night it shone like

head, He slept by day and glowed by night When the he, "He thinks himself as big as I, Who noon, "I send you greeting, friend," said he, "Are

world was all a bed, can this fellow be?"

you the Lady Moon?"
46. The Flagman.

Moderato.

In a round little house by the shining track, A-

lone by night and day, The careful watchman-

ever stands To guard the crossing way. The gates he lifts, or
lets them down, As trains go rushing by; At

night the ruby lanterns shine, By day the red flags fly.

più mosso accel.

Ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, Oh, look out! Be-ware!

mf più mosso accel.
Ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, Pray you have a care.

Ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, Sound a- larm a-gain.

Ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, See, here comes the train.
**47. The Ragman.**

**Moderato.**

1. Rumbling down the alleys, Driving through the street, Any day the
2. Give him all the pieces, All the scraps and rags, All the empty
3. For your scraps of iron, Pennies he will pay, Nothing need be

---

**rit. ad lib.**

Ragman You may chance to meet, Rags, old iron! Rags, old iron!
Bottles, All the sacks and bags.
Wasted, Nothing thrown away.

---

**colla voce.**

Hear the ragman say, Rags, old iron! Rags, old iron! As he drives this way.
48. The Mill.

Not too slow.

1. Down by the wa - ter stands the mill, And the
wheel turns round and round;

2. The hop - per drinks the gold - en grain And
whirr the mill stones go,

The foam - ing wa - ter

Until at last we

churns and churns As the wheat to flour is ground,
see the flour As white as driven snow.

Oh, the
mill-stones turning, And the waters churning, And the
bubbles laugh and gurgle as they dance down hill, Oh, the miller's dusty, but his
voice rings lusty, As he grinds the flour in the old, old mill.
49. The Street Car.

With life.

1. If on the street you chance to meet a car bound for the city, To
   walk-ing go so far and slow would surely be a pity. So
   take the car and ride a-far past all the shops and people, While

2. Within you find folk cross or kind, the fat man with his paper, The
   lady neat, the baby sweet, the boy who cuts a caper. The
   little girls with pretty curls, the woman with a basket, And
rings the gong-ding-dong, ding-dong, like church bells in a steeple.
each his fare holds out with care, when e'er the guard shall ask it.

Dong, dong! ding-ding-dong! Look out! Have a care!

Dong, dong! ding-ding-dong! Clear the track out there!
50. The Telephone.

Moderato.

1. Hel-lo, Cen-tral! Hel-lo, Cen-tral! Give me the Gro-cery Store, For we're
out of flour, and with-in an hour I wish to have some more. Hel-
want to eat some ten-der meat, I want the Butch-er's shop. Hel-

2. Hel-lo, Cen-tral! Hel-lo, Cen-tral! Give me the Butch-er's shop, For we
(Tempo as before.)

lo, Mis-ter Gro-cery-man! Send me some-thing nice,
lo, Mis-ter Butch-er-man! Have you an-ny fish?
Crackers and a piece of cheese, and a pound of rice.
Golden salmon, perch and trout; Such a dainty dish!

Send some lettuce crisp and green, sugar, spice and flour;
Bacon, just the proper kind for to frizzle brown;

Mister Grocery-man, be sure you send them in an hour.
Mister Butcher-man, be sure you write my order down.
51. The Telegraph.

Allegretto.

1. Click-a-tick-a-tick, sang the telegraph wires, And a
2. Click-a-tick-a-tick, hurry up, be quick, And a

Click-a-tick-a-tick-a-tick, And speeding o'er the waiting wires, His
Click-a-tick-a-tick-a-tick, And far above on sturdy poles, The

tones rang sharp and quick; For many a tale had he to tell, To people far a-
clust'ring wires hang thick, And swiftly o'er all that shining path, So all the loving

way, And be the message sad or glad, He sang his song all day.
words. A fly-ing hith-er, thith-er, like A flock of lit-tle birds.
Action Songs.

52. Boating.

1. The little stream goes laughing by, As tho' it wished to
2. "I'll show you where the lily-cups Are shining pearl'y

say, "Oh, why not come and bring your boat And have a row to-
white, I'll show you where the little fish All go to sleep at

day? Come dip your oars and see them flash, When lift-ed to the
night; I'll show you where the cat-tails stand, And wav-ing rush-es
sun, Oh, come away with me today, For boating is such play, Oh, why not come and bring your boat, And have a row to fun. Then pull away, pull away, Lightly we row,
with rocking motion.

Pull away, pull away, Boating we go. Then pull away, pull away,

Lightly we row, Pull away, pull away. Boating we go.
53. Feather Game.

**Note.** When the song is finished the piano repeats the music of the refrain while the children blow a feather dropped into the circle, trying to see how long they can keep it suspended in mid-air.

**Moderato.**

Toss a feather in the air, Then blow, then blow.

See how long you'll keep it there, Then blow, then blow. Like a bird now see it fly, Up and up and up so high. 'Twill come drifting by and by, Then blow, then blow.
54. Boating.
No 2.

Quietly.

1. See the ripples in the water as we gently float down the
li-ly-padded river in our tiny boat. Oh, the
ri-pples in the shal-lows play, And bend-ing willows swing and sway, As we're
row-ing down the river in our tiny boat. Then

2. Oh, our oars flash in the sun-shine as they softly dip, And a-
long the si-ent cur-rent now we gen-tly slip. Oh, the
li-ly-cups are lying there A-shine with gold and jew-els rare, And our
oars flash in the sun-shine as they softly dip. Then
Sturdy swing.

pull, lads, pull away! Our dipping oars well swing,— As we

boating go for a jolly row, A boating song well sing;— Then

pull, lads, pull away, Our dripping oars well swing,— As we

boating go for a jolly row, A boating song well sing.
55. The Ball.

Lively.

Oh, who wouldn't be a bounding ball and
gi-biff-bang! 'Gainst the wall, 'Gainst the wall,
If you
want to go a flying high or low sping-spang! Be a
Ball! Be a ball! For it's fun to travel fleetly, and it's fun to travel fast, and it's fun to see the tree tops seem to go a skimming past; And if you want a jump when you arrive at last, Be a ball! Be a ball!
56. Bubbles.

Lightly.

1. Did you ever blow a bubble, A glorious, gleaming bubble,
   An opalescent bubble Full of color bright and gay?

2. Did you ever see the fairy, Slender, dainty, light and airy,
   With a gicle steps and weary, As he paints the bubbles fair; All his colors from the rainbow, That is why they glint and
tightly, All its colors shining brightly, As the breezes with it play. Blow gleam so, That is why he is so spry, Painting bubbles in the air.

softly, Blow lightly, Then quickly shake them free, Soft colors gleam brightly, A wonder ball you see. Blow softly, Blow lightly,

Then quickly shake them free, Soft colors gleam brightly, A wonder ball you see.
57. Salute to the Flag.
(Marching Song.)

NOTE. It is suggested that one be appointed color-bearer to stand in a conspicuous place while the rest march by, saluting the flag as they pass.

Steady rhythm.

Ob, bring the fife and bring the drum, And then fling the colors high in air, Sa-

bring the colors too; The banner with the stars and stripes, The

lute with shout and song; The white it stands for purity, The

red, the white, and blue. Then roll the drum and shrill the fife, And

red for courage strong. The stars that glitter there aloft, In

let the banner fly. We'll all salute our ben-ny flag, As

field of azure blue, A mes-sage bear of loyalty, To
we go marching by, So we go marching like soldiers

every heart that's true, May the flag forever wave, O'er a nation free and brave, So we go marching like soldiers true.
58. Prism Game.

NOTE. Three children are chosen for the prism and form a triangle with clasped and uplifted hands. Each of the other children is given a scarf of some primary color and they march under the uplifted hands after the manner of "London Bridge." As they emerge on the other side they skip about fluttering the scarfs and at the end they can be grouped in the order of the rainbow colors.

Waltz tempo.

Three shining sides of glass have I, A prism

in the sun, 
And when a sunbeam flashes

by, Right thro' me he may run. 
See flitting
59. A Set of Games.

NOTE. These games are intended to develop the senses of sight and hearing, and also knowledge of direction. The first verse is to be used to form the circle in any case.
round as seems the big full moon, Which sometimes doth appear.

Mary, close your eyes and stand Within the circling ring,

Mary, stand within the ring. At color search we'll play,

Mary, stand within the ring. And let your pointer show

listen carefully and tell Which of your friends doth sing.

Color you must show us which We name to you today.

Which direction do you think The wind will blow.

Note. Mary stands with closed eyes while the ring circle about her, a child designated by the teacher sings and Mary guesses who sang.
60. The Swing.

Quietly.

Out in the garden hangs the swing, Beneath the maple tree,

There merry shouts and laughter ring, We're gay as gay can be.

We sweep up to'ards the
blue, blue sky, Then quickly down we go,

feel like little birds that fly, When swinging high and low,

Swing high, swing low, Up and down we go,

We touch the leaves of the

* Take a full swing with both arms regarding carefully the ritard at the close.

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Maple trees, As we're swinging to and fro.

Oh, swing high, swing low,

Like little birds we fly, Then gently sway the

while we play At letting the "old cat die"
61. The Stepping Stones.

Quietly.

1. Three big white stepping stones over the brook,
2. Swiftly the brooklet goes murmuring by,

One, two, step, step, into the depths of the clear water look.
One, two, step, step, blue dragonfly.

One, two, step, step.
Bright eyes look up at you laughing with fun, Over the stepping stones
Hid in the pool is a big speckled trout, Watching the dragonfly

lightly you run, All the white pathway a-
darting about, We'll cross the stones and per-

shine in the sun, Step, step, step.
haps he'll come out, Step, step, step.
62. The Top.

Not too fast.

Spinning top, lightly spin,

P with a humming effect.

Ever whirling, ever twirling, Round, round,

on the ground Spinning, spinning - o.

no ritard.
While you thus on tip-toe stand, Whirling here beneath my hand, Can you stop, spinning top,

While you're spinning—O?
63. Good-bye.

Simply.

1. The hours have sped on golden wings, While
2. And now the happy day is done, So

in the circle here. We've worked and sung and
fast the moments fly. Until another

gaily played With all the children dear.
morning dawns, Dear little friends, Good-bye!