GAYNOR'S
SONGS FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

TEXT BY
NELLIE BRENNAN

MUSIC BY
DOROTHY GAYNOR BLAKE

AND

JESSIE L. GAYNOR

PRICE $1.00

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Preface

It is often difficult for little children to remember the words of a song. Hence, a song with two or three stanzas is not of practical usefulness.

Miss Brennan, a teacher of experience, has sought to avoid this difficulty by making these songs of one stanza. She has succeeded in making each one complete in itself and the text is of great variety.

Practical experience showed a need for the short-song and we hope therefore that this book may have a usefulness in the Kindergarten and Primary grades.

Jessie L. Gaynor
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Gaynor's
SONGS FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

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NELLIE BRENNAN

Music by
JESSIE L. GAYNOR
DOROTHY GAYNOR BLAKE

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Gaynor's
SONGS FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

Little Squirrel

NELLIE BRENNAN

A little squirrel, soft and furry,

Lives within this hollow tree; His tail is long and

brown and bushy, His eyes are bright as bright can be.

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A Squirrel's House

NELLIE BRENNAN

In a tree near our house is a squirrel's

home, And three baby squirrels are there tucked away.

I saw six bright eyes as they peeped from the nest, "We're

waiting for father" they all seemed to say.

2925
Wistfully

Oh trees, won't you be very cold,

When you

have no leaves at all;
When the north winds blow and

blow
And shake your branches tall?

Autumn

NELLIE BRENNAN

JESSIE L. GAYNOR
Slowly

I know that Summer is gone And Winter's

Drawing nigh Just over my window a

Robin is singing "I'm going South, good-bye!"
Jack Frost

NELLIE BRENNAN

Crisply

See Johnny's ears and Mary's nose and

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some-one's pinched our girl-ie's toes. Oh what's the mat-ter? Some one knows. Who

spoken

Who? who?

is it round a-teas-ing goes? Jack Frost.
Snow-Flakes

NELLIE BRENNA R  JESSIE L. GAYNOR

With tripping movement

Like brownies and fairies they're dancing, The

snow-flakes, now here, and now there. I should think they'd grow dizzy from

whirling and whirling a-round and a-round in the air.
My Snowman

NELLIE BRENnan  JESSIE L. GAYNOR

Marcato

Oh, Mis-ter Snow-man, you make me laugh,

You and your lit-tle hat! You have to run when the

sun sees you. Ha! Ha! Did you know that?
My Dream

NELLIE BRENNAN

JESSIE L. GAYNOR

Slowly

Last night I dreamed of Fairy land
And this morning, when my mother called, I

fairies all at play They gaily sang
thought I still was there For in the night soft

round me skipped And begged that I would stay
snowflakes white Had fallen everywhere
Jack O' Lantern

NELLIE BRENNAN

DOROTHY GAYNOR BLAKE

To scare some folks on Halloween, I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll hide behind this pumpkin-head And then I'll shout Bop hoo!
A Brownie

NELLIE BRENNAN

DOROTHY GAYNOR BLAKE

Misteriously

I'd like to be a Brown-ie to-night, And

wear a funny cap; I'd skip about as Brownies do And

on the window tap, tap, tap, And on the window tap.
Thanksgiving Dinner

NELLIE BRENNAN

DOROTHY GAYNOR BLAKE

With life

Bring out the cake and plum pudding And

cookies with raisin eyes. The turkey with

lots of good dressing And mince-meat and pumpkin pies.  

2925
Thanksgiving Day

NELLIE BRENNA N DOROTHY GAYNOR BLA KE

To-mor-row will be Thanks-giv-ing day, Thanks-
giv-ing day, Thanks-giv-ing day; To-mor-row will be Thanks-
giv-ing day, The jol-li-est day of the year.

2925
Thanksgiving Cake

NELLIE BRENNAN

As tho' stirring a cake
This is the way mother mixes a cake And

13

stirs it 'round and 'round. She drops in the raisins And

cur-riants quite thick And bakes it till it is well browned.
My Cake

I like to watch mother making a cake, She

stirs it this way, see? If I'm good and don't bother her

while she's at work, She makes a wee one for me.
Christmas Bells

NELLE BRENNAN

JESSIE L. GAYNOR

Lively

Jingle, jingle, jingle, Out upon the air,

Jingle, jingle, jingle, Christmas everywhere;

Jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle,

Jingle, jingle, jingle, Christmas everywhere.
Merry Christmas

NELLIE BRENNA\N DOROTHY GAYNOR BLAKE

Andantino

Light the Christmas candles, Hang

16

up the Christmas green; And make this merry

Christmas, The merriest ever seen.
Santa

Gaily

Who's this fat little jolly old man With

heard as white as snow, Who creeps down the

chimney so sly-ly And off just as sly-ly does go?
Santa's Coming

NELLIE BRENNAN

Fast

Reindeer prancing over the snow,

Up hill, down hill, dashing we go;

Sleighbells tinkling, sleighbells jingling,

Santa's coming. Ho! ho! ho!

JESSIE L. GATNOR
A Christmas Letter

NELLIE BRENNAN

DOROTHY GAYNOR BLAKE

This is my stocking, dear Santa, That's hanging just over here.

Please fill it quite full, dear Santa, For I want so much this year.
A Valentine

NELLIE BRENNAN

Tenderly

My little friend, that you may know I'm

thinking of you today; I send this dainty

little card To tell what I would say.
Forget-me-not

NELLIE BRENNAN

JESSIE L. GAYNOR

Sweetly

This little flow'ry so modest and sweet,

Flower of heav'ns own blue; Plucked from its home in the

glass at my feet, Tells of my friendship for you.
The Bunny’s Eggs

NELLIE BRENNAN

JESSIE L. GAYNOR

The Bunny lays such pretty eggs All

red and pink and blue, Now if you tried, dear

mother hen, Could not you do this too?
Poor Little Rabbit

NELLIE BRENnan

Sympathetically

Poor little Rabbit without any tail, I feel so sorry for you,

When you see the squirrel's bushy and long

Don't you wish for a big tail too?
Playing Soldier

NELLIE BRENAN

March Time

Come let us get our soldier caps and

24

all a-marching go, One play the drum and

one the fife And one the bugle blow,
We will stand up very, very straight as
really soldiers do, And carry high a-

above our heads, the flag, red white and blue.
Our Flag

NELLIE BRENNAN

In two-step time

Oh beautiful flag of colors bright, Of

25

red and white and blue; Oh beautiful flag of

stars and stripes, To you we will be true.
Marching Song

A la March

The bands are playing, the flags are flying. Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

To the tune of the fife and the drum we are stepping. Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
A Little Bird's Song

NELLIE BRENNAN

Not too fast

A dear little bird has a nest in the tree, He's

singing so sweetly to baby and me; He
tells us how happy he is up so high And

says he'll teach baby and me how to fly.
What the Birdies say

NELLIE BRENNAN

Moderato

I'll tell you what the birdies say

When flying high from tree to tree.

A tiny bird once told me this And I'll tell you what he told
me.

He said, we sing of trees and flow'rs,

Of

sun-shine and of skies so blue,

We sing a song of

hap-pi-ness
And want to make you hap-py too.
Peep-peep

NELLIE BRENNAN

Simply

But yes-ter-day the speck-led hen had

8eight eggs in her nest, But peep, peep, peep, I

need not tell I'm sure you know the rest.
Mother Hen and Mr. Fox

NELLIE BRENNAN

JESSIE L. GAYNOR

"I know, Mr. Fox, you're very sly,
And up to many tricks, I've heard of you said Miss--

hen "but you'll not get my chicks."
Your Garden

NELLIE BRENNER

Gaily

If you want a garden, Come bring your rake and hoe; Your seeds must have the April rain Or they will never grow.

JESSIE L. GAYNOR
The Wind

As fast as the words can be spoken well
Of all the funny, funny tricks the wind did ever play,
I think this was the funniest he played the other day. He saw a funny little boy go running off to school And snatched his wee boy's funny cap and tossed it in a pool.
A Pussy Family

NELLIE BRENNAN

Gracefully

A family of soft gray pussies

Lives in a tree near our house. I don't know what they live on. For they've never caught a wee mouse.

JESSIE L. GAYNOR
Pussy Willows

NELLIE BRENNAN

With a swing

Pussy Willows, take off your hoods, 'Tis
time to lay them away; Hurry or you'll

not be the first To wish Spring a happy, 'Good day.'

2925
The Blue-Bird's Call

NELLIE BRENNAN

Brightly

Come bring your rope and marbles Your

Jessie L. Gaynor

kite and bat and ball; How

do I know that Spring is here? I

heard a blue-bird's call.
A Rainy Day

NELLIE BRENNAN

Crisply

'Tis raining, raining, raining, Feel the

drops on our faces blow! 'Tis fine to be out when 'tis

rain-ing It makes flowers and children grow.

JESSIE L. GATNOE
The Rain

NELLIE BRENNAN

DOROTHY GAYNOR BLAKE

Lightly

What's tapping, tapping, tapping on the window-pane, So softly tapping,

Tapping? 'Tis our friend, the rain.
The Rainbow

NELLIE BRENnan

JESSIE L. GAYNOR

Gaily

We are the sunbeams shining out so bright,

We are the raindrops sparkling in your light. Come

let us play together As happy as can be, And

make the pretty rainbow that children love to see.
Mother's Bouquet

Let us pick these pretty flowers
And make a big bouquet;
Violets and May-flow'rs sweet,
Oh, what will mother say?
Butterflies

NELLIE BRENNAN

DOROTHY GAYNOR BLAKE

With the motion of flying
Oh we are gay butterflies flitting a-

bout as happy as happy can be.

Co-coons make good beds for the cold winter days,
But now we are glad to be free.
Swinging

NELLIE BRENNAN

JESSIE L. GAYNOR

Swing, swing, up so high,

Up, up, till we reach the sky; Down, down,

down so low, Up, down and then up we go.
Raking

NELLIE BRENAN

Keep time to action

This is the way we rake the grass,

DOROTHY GAYNOR BLAKE

Out, in, so.

This is the way we rake the grass

While the merry mowers mow.

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2925
Feeding the Birds

NELLIE BRENNA

Gracefully

father is bringing a worm, just see, Who

43

wants it? Which of you four? Come, open your mouths. And
down goes the worm. And he'll fly away for some more.

off he flies
Birdie's Lesson

NELLIE BRENNAN

With strong accent

Come bird- ie, my bird- ie to moth - er, Just

spread your wee wings and try. One flut- ter and then an-

oth - er, This worm you may have when you fly.
Playing Birdies

NELLIE BRENNA

JESSIE L. GATNOR

Flying, Arms down on 2nd of each measure
feet run the quarters notes

Let's play we are bird-ies and fly a-way

South, For win- ters cold is near,

Now back to the north let us fly a-

gain, For Spring, yes Spring is here.
Baby's Horse

NELLIE BRENNAN

JESSIE L. GAYNOR

Keep time to the swing of the foot horse

Baby's horse is daddy's foot, He rides and rides each night.

Some time the horse goes very fast, But baby holds on tight.
Shaking hands

NELLIE BRENNAN

Very simply and quietly

Al ways give your right hand

When a friend you meet,

Shake his hand most kindly When a friend you greet.
I'm six years old

Simply

I'm six years old, And oh, so big I can

reach up this high; When you were only

six years old, Were you as tall as 1?
Driving

NELLIE BRENNAN

Keep time to the trotting of the pony

I like to drive my pony Oh-

49

ho! it is such fun. "Get up!" I say quite

kindly, And off he starts to run.
My Doggies House

NELLIE BRENNAN

DOROTHY CAYNOR BLAKE

Keep time to stroke of the hammer

I'm building a house for my doggie,

50

Pound, pound, pound! I'm driving the nails quite neatly.

Pound, pound, pound!

2925
Clap Hands

NELLIE BRENNA N

DOROTHY GAYNOR BLAKE

As fast as baby can clap

Baby likes to clap his hands,

Clap, clap, clap, clap; Such wee fat hands they

make no noise, clap, clap, clap.
Mousie and Kittie

NELLE BRENNAN

Not fast

Here comes Mous- ie run- ning soft- ly,

52

Here comes Kittie creep- ing so.

Mous- ie fools sly Mis- tress Kittie

And in- to his wee, wee hole does go.
Let's make a Circle

NELLIE BRENNAN

Marcato

Let's make a circle, big and round.
Next, place the right hand on the hip.
And must be round you know;
Now let us bow most to the ground.

Now the left hand, so;
All to the right must turn about.

Now up again, just so;
Then up again, just so.

Running, let us go,
Now running, let us go.

rit.
Peek-a-Boo

NELLIE BRENNAN

Sing ad lib. with pauses for action of the game

Baby's gone, Where is he?

54

Peek-a-boo! Now I see. Gone again.

where, oh where? Peek-a-boo! I found him there.
Boat Song

NELLIE BRENNAN

DOROTHY GAYNOR BLAKE

*Time the Melody to the Rocking of the boat*

Gently the boat is rocking, rocking,

Rocking on the bay; gently the boat is

rocking, rocking, softly the breezes play.
The Blacksmith

NELLIE BRENNAH

DOROTHY GAYNOR BLAKE

*Keep time to stroke of hammer*

Hear the Blacksmith's hammer keeping time.

One, two, One, two, He strikes the iron when it is red.

And makes the horse a shoe.
Good-Night

NELLIE BRENNAN
Very tenderly

BABY dear
MOTHER dear
FATHER dear

Good-night, little friend, Good-night to you! A

57

HAPPY good-night we say, With

smiles on our faces, Kind thoughts in our hearts, We'll go

singing and skipping away.

2925
Good-Morning

NELLIE BRENNAN

Gaily

Little friends, good-morning, good-morning to you To

one and to all we say "How do you do?" O

let us all be happy and cheerful today In

all that we do and all that we say.
The Sunbeam's Kiss

Can you guess what woke me this morning?

'Twas a sunbeam's kiss on my forehead,
That called to me to arise.
Sunshine

JESSIE L. GAYNOR

With life

The sunshine bids us happy be, This

glorious morning bright; It shines for you, it

shines for me, And warms us with its light.
The Sun

NELLIE BRENNAN

DOROTHY GAYNOR BLAKE

Andantino

Each morning the sun lights the eastern sky, each evening lights the west;

A happy "good-morning" it seems to call, And "good-night," as it goes to rest.
The Sun's Game

NEILLIE BRENNAN         DOROTHY GAYNOR BLAKE

Crisply

The sun is playing peek-a-boo

In and out, all day;

He hides behind a big black cloud,

Then out he jumps, so gay.
The Man in the Moon

With vigor

O man in the moon, it must be lots of fun To

live in the big blue sky; I like to see your

jolly, jolly face When in my bed I lie.
The Happy Child

NELLIE BRENNAN

Gaily

Every body loves the child who

64

has a cheerful smile, He makes the world the

brighter seem, Like sunshine all the while.
My Puppy

NELLIE BRENNAN

JESSIE L. GAYNOR

Lively

My puppy is as soft as silk
And round as any ball,
He looks so funny when he runs
In answer to my call,
In answer to my call.
Mother Tabby

NELLIE BRENNAN

With expression

Dear Moth - er Tab - by, Why purr so loud?

And moth - er Tab - by, Why look so proud?

Do I see them? Yes I do. Do I see them? Yes I do.

And I hear them mew, mew, mew.
Simply

Dog-gie says "bow-wow,"

Kitty says "mew!" Bird-ie says

"peep, peep!" and Ba-by says "goo!"
With a vim

Says the red-topped roost-er "cock-a-doo-dle-doo!"

"Quack, quack" his friend the duck.

The tur-key gobble, gob-ble,

gobble, gobble, calls, And Mis-tress hen cluck, cluck?
My Dolly

Graciously

I have a dolly Whose eyes are blue, And whose

hair is curly brown. She wakes as soon as I

pick her up, And sleeps when I lay her down.
A broken Doll

NELLE BRENAN

78

Oh dear! my poor dolly has broken her head, Oh dear! Oh what shall I do?

I'm sure that you know how a mother must feel to see such a sight, don't you?
Grandma's Spool

NELLIE BRENNAN

Lively

Oh you little Kitty-cat with paw of silver gray, What have you done with Grandma's spool, Come tell me now, I say.

JESSIE L. GAYNOR
A Riddle

Very evenly

Who is it has a big round face And

hands with work to do? Who

has so feet and yet must run all

day and all night through?

After singing children should guess the answer
The Birthday Song

NELLIE BRENNAN

Gaily

The birthday candles now we'll light,

One for every year. Then Mother will cut the birthday cake,

You'll have a piece don't fear.
With life
Here comes the post-man with his pack, it's
heaped up high, just see!
He's passing letters all around, I
hope there's one for me.
The Tidy Children

NELLIE BRENNAN

JESSIE L. GATNOR

Not too slow

Let us put away our books as tidy

75

as can be, So in the morning

when we come, Each thing in place we'll see.
Our Baby

NELLIE BRENNAN

So you can rock to it

JESSIE L. GAYNOR

We have a baby at our house, His

eyes are big and blue; He has no hair

on his head And all he can say is

"goo - goo - goo - goo - goo."

2925
Playing with Baby

NELLIE BRENNAN

JESSIE L. GAYNOR

Playfully

Here are baby's eyes so blue,

This is baby's little nose; Baby has no

hair you see, Where are baby's ten pink toes?
A Lullabye

NELLIE BRENNAN

JESSIE L. GAYNOZ

Gently

The little stars are shining, The

birdies sleep in the nest; The little flowers are

nodding, So baby too, must rest.
Sleepily

Go to sleep my baby, Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye;

Go to sleep my baby, Hush-a-bye, bye.
Story Time

Gracefully

Tell me a story, Grandmother dear,

"Little Boy Blue" or "Bo-peep!"

These are the ones that I like best of all,

Stories of woolly white sheep.

rit.  a tempo
The Sandman

NELLIE BRENNAN

DOROTHY GAYNOR BLAKE

Brightly

Here comes the Sand-man with his bag

His

sand he soon will throw

Then little children

all will nod And off to sleep will go.
The Stars' Good-night

NELLIE BRENNAN

JESSIE L. GAYNOR

Each night from my bed I watch the stars,
They seem to know me too,
I think I hear them softly call, "Good-night, sweet dreams to you."