

Children's Songs and Games



Oats and Beans

Music Arranged by William J. Quinn.

Along with Sam Watson, down in Mexico,
First comes a kiss, second comes a cat.
Third comes Frank with a white straw hat.
He takes her on his knee, he says, "Do you
love me?"
"Oh, yes; I love you. There's nothing in this
world
To part our love in two."

At times some of the boys whose names
are repeated by the weaker sex are in-
veigled into the game. They have a re-
luctance to join the girls for fear their
companions will dub them "sissie," but
if they can enter the pastime with prop-
riety they do so and are rewarded with
kisses. The following lines are generally
repeated:

Oats and beans and barley grows
'Tis you nor I and nobody knows.
So open the ring and choose her in
And kiss her when you get her in.

When the boy has chosen his inamorita
and imprinted a caress on her willing lips
both stand with hands clasped and the
song continues:

Now you're married and must obey,
You must be true to all you say,
So if together all your life
We pronounce, pronounce you man and wife.

The following song is rendered with ges-
ticulations. Out of consideration for the
feelings of the young lady in the center
of the ring the name of her lover is not
revealed. His initials are, however, and
the bystanders are of necessity compelled

to guess the identity of the happy indi-
vidual. It is one of the prettiest composi-
tions in the collection of children songs
and runs like this:

Water, water the wild flowers,
Growing up so high,
We are all young ladies, excepting Annie
Rooney.

She's the youngest flower,
Fie for, fie for shame,
Turn your back and tell his name.
E. H. is a nice young man,
He comes to the door with his hat in his hand,
He asks if Miss Annie is in.
No, she's neither in nor she's neither out,
But she's up in the parlor walking about.
Down she comes all dressed in silk,
A rose on her bosom as white as milk,
She pulls off her glove and shows him her ring.
To-morrow, to-morrow the wedding will begin.

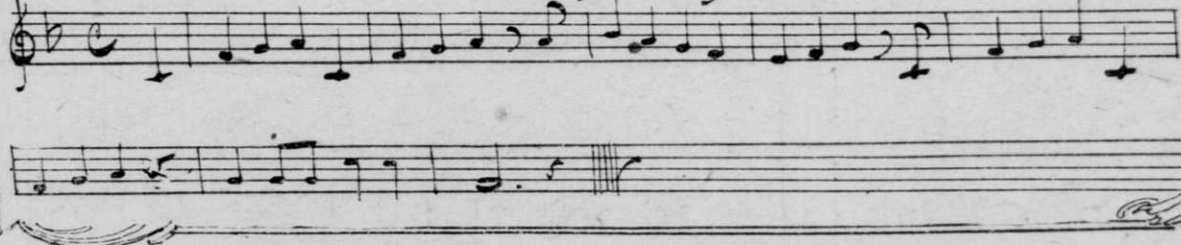
All the girls having been the center of
attraction during the rendition of the
foregoing songs, they play "ring around
the rosy," which calls forth more action.
To the following lines they revolve and at
the proper moment halt and squat down
before the one inside the circle can tag
them:

Ring around the rosy,

"Annie, will you walk"



Three sailors



Rain, rain high and the winds blow cold
And the storm is gathering to and fro;
And Mayzie Jackson says she'll die,
Die for a fellow with a roguish eye.

The strains of this childish song filled
the air. It could be heard above the din
of clanging street car bells and passing
trucks.

A half dozen "tykes" just out of school
were engaged in play and they looked as
contented as house cats. They were re-
volving round a little girl, whose large
black eyes sparkled with pride at the
homage accorded her. The street was
crowded with pedestrians and many of
them paused in their hurry and scurry to
the marts of trade to listen to the sweet
voices raised in joyous song. A feeling
of sympathy was depicted on the faces of
many of the auditors. Fond recollections
of their own childhood returned to them.
Like a panorama the early years of their
own life passed before their eyes. If you
have never had the infinite pleasure of
listening to these rhymes, you have missed
an experience which is as delightful as
any one could desire. The songs are
peculiarly the property of the children of
the poorer classes. To hear them prop-
erly sung, one needs only to pass through
any of the small streets of an afternoon
and their ears will drink in the tuneful
songs.

Whence these songs originated is lost
in dim obscurity. Suffice it to say they
have been handed down through suc-
ceeding generations and will never die
out. They are the rightful property of
the children and nothing can dispossess
them of ownership. Half of them do not
know the meaning of the verses, but this

does not prevent their getting as much
enjoyment out of the games as the initi-
ated.

"Let's play ring," cried a frolicking
maid. Within a minute every child with-
in the sound of her voice rushes toward
her and the game is soon under way. All
join hands and the leader starts the fun
by choosing Kitty Casey to stand in the
center of the ring, while her companions
revolve round her and sing. Strange as
it may seem the children have imbibed
enough knowledge about "love" from
their elders that each not only has a beau
but has thoughts of being united to the
lad of their choice when they have reach-
ed womanhood. Each child also knows
in whose keeping her companion's little
heart is and in their games the fortunate
youth's name is heard with frequency.
Kitty Casey having been selected to
grace the center of the ring, the leader
starts an appropriate song and all quickly
join in.

Down in the meadow where the green grass
grows
There stands Kitty Casey as sweet as a rose.
She sings—she sings, she sings so sweet;
Go out, Nat Wilson, and kiss her sweet.
He kisses her, he loves her, he buys her a
ring;

A wedding in the church and a gay gold ring.
Oh, Kitty, oh, Kitty, you ought to be ashamed
To marry a boy who will soon be a man;
But he works for his Kitty as hard as he can.
Oh, doctor, oh, doctor, can you tell
What will make poor Kitty well?

She is sick and ready to die,
And that would make poor Nattie cry;
But Nattie, Nattie, don't you cry,
For you'll be married on the Fourth of July.

As will be observed in the foregoing
lines, the unknown author of them, while
not a poet of high order, knew how to
please the children, because he ends the
verse with promises of future happiness.
The song being concluded, Kitty Casey
joins hands and Mayzie Jackson takes
her station in the ring. It does not mat-
ter whether Mayzie's hands and face are
daubed with smirches of mud, because her
companions well know she has attended a
cooking school in a back lot and has
learned the recipe for making mud pies.
Mayzie has a "fellow" and is as proud as
any little lady in the land. When his
name is heralded, Miss Jackson's blushes
can be discerned through the dirt which
be grimes her face, but this is lost on her
companions, who are busily engaged in
singing the following verse:

Rain, rain high and the winds blow cold
And the storm is gathering to and fro
And Mayzie Jackson says she'll die,
Die for a fellow with a roguish eye.
She is handsome, she is pretty;
She is the belle of San Francisco city.
She has a loved one, one, two, three;
Please do tell me who he'll be.
Freddie Cohen says he'll have her;
All the boys are fighting for her.
Let them all say what they will,
Freddie Cohen will have her still.

Mayzie's love story having been told to
her satisfaction, she returns to her old
place in the revolving circle and Sadie
Watson is chosen to the place of honor.
Without delay Sadie hears the following
news:

All the boys in our town lead a happy life,
Excepting Frankie Walker, and he wants a
wife.
A wife he shall have, a-courting he shall go,



"HERE COMES
FOUR SAILORS
ETC."