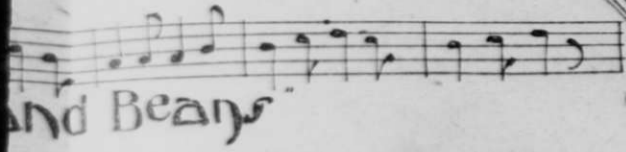


Songs and Games



Beans

Composed by William Quinn.

... of the happy indi-
... of the prettiest composi-
... of children songs
... and flowers.
... ladies, excepting Anne
... flower.
... me.
... I tell his name.
... ing mar-
... or with his hat in his hand.
... his is in.
... nor she's neither out.
... parlor walking about.
... dressed as silk.
... ne white as milk.
... ve and shows him her ring.
... w the wedding will begin.
... ving been the center of
... the rendition of the
... they play "ring around
... calls forth more action.
... lips they revolve and at
... nt halt and squat down
... side the circle can tag
... ay.

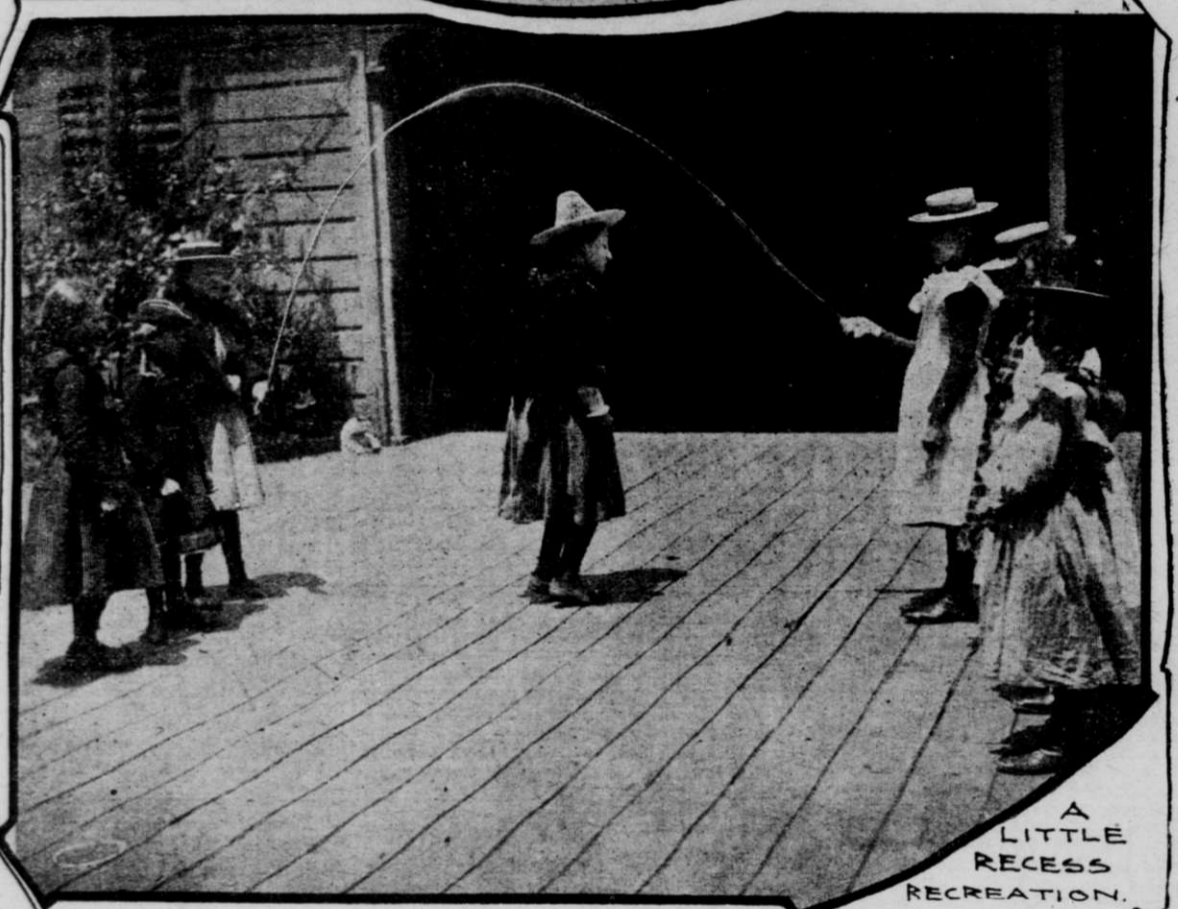
Pocket full of pory,
Ashes, ashes,
All fall down
and
Charlie on the water, Charlie on the sea,
Charlie may catch a blackbird
But can't catch me.

Tiring of this pastime, they take up one that does not call forth so much energy. The bunch of merry maids stand with backs against a house. One of their number sets the ball a-rolling by facing them at a distance of three feet, and to the following tune marches back and forth and sings:

Leader—
I've come to see Miss Jenny Jones, Miss Jenny!
Jones, Miss Jenny Jones,
I've come to see Miss Jenny Jones,
And how is she to-day?
Chorus—
Washing.
Leader—
I'm very glad to hear it, to hear it,
I'm very glad to hear it,
And how is she to-day?
Chorus—
Ironing.
Leader—
I'm very glad to hear it, to hear it,
I'm very glad to hear it,
And how is she to-day?
Chorus—
Sick.
Leader—
I'm very sorry to hear it, to hear it,
I'm very sorry to hear it,
And how is she to-day?
Chorus—
Dead.
Leader—
I'm very sorry to hear it, to hear it,
I'm very sorry to hear it,
To hear it to-day,
What shall we bury her in, bury her in,
What shall we bury her in,

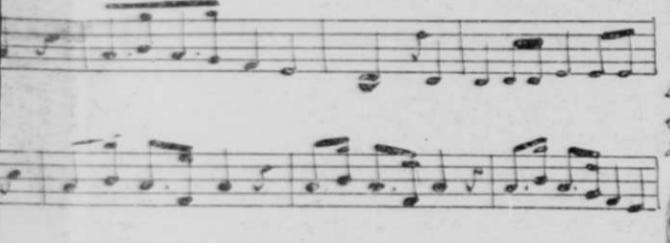


AN EXCITING GAME OF "JACKS."

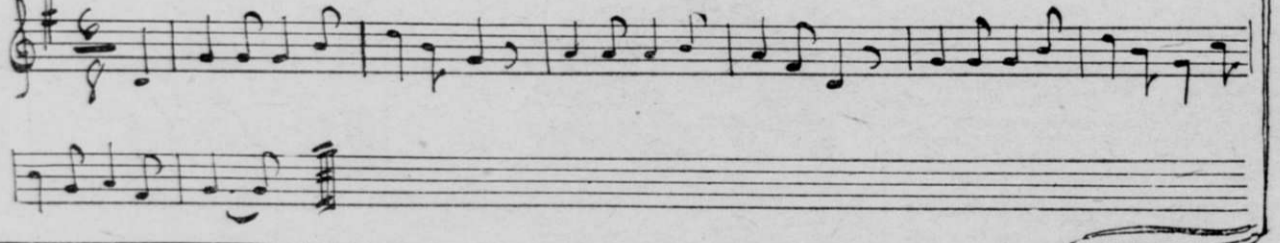


A LITTLE RECESS RECREATION.

you walk



"Jennie I. Jones"



COMES SAILORS ETC."

Bury her in to-day?
Chorus—
White.
Leader—
White is for babies, for babies, for babies.
White is for babies,
And it won't do.
Chorus—
Red.
Leader—
Red is for firemen, for firemen, for firemen.
Red is for firemen,
And it won't do.
Chorus—
Black is for dead people, for dead people
Black is for dead people,
And that will do.
Leader—
I dreamt I saw her ghost last night, her ghost
last night.
I dreamt I saw her ghost last night,
Behind the kitchen door.

As soon as she utters the last sentence the leader romps away with her companions at her heels. The one who first catches her is permitted to join her in singing the long verse. The game continues until they tire or a fond mother calls one of them to go on an errand or to supper. Another pretty song sung by the children when playing this game is the following:

Leader—
Mayzie, will you walk?
Mayzie, will you talk?
Mayzie, will you walk with me?
Mayzie—
No.
Leader—
I will give you a golden light
To decorate your bed at night.
Mayzie, will you walk?
Mayzie, will you talk?
Mayzie, will you walk with me?

Mayzie, will you walk with me?
Mayzie turns up her little nose and declines to be bribed. Whereupon the leader tries again:
I will give you a golden spoon
To feed your baby in the afternoon.
Mayzie, will you walk?
Mayzie, will you talk?
Mayzie, will you walk with me?
The tempting offer has little effect on Mayzie, and again she spurns the tempter. The latter retains hope of victory, and continues:
I will give you a golden chair
To sit in the garden and take fresh air.
Mayzie, will you walk?
Mayzie, will you talk?
Mayzie, will you walk with me?
The tempted, being but human, begins to falter and weakly answers in the negative. This only spurs the siren on to her goal, and she sings:
I will give you a golden carriage
To go to the church and then get married.
Mayzie, will you walk?
Mayzie, will you talk?
Mayzie, will you walk with me?
The leader tires of offering such costly gifts for the privilege of walking and talking to Mayzie, so she stakes all on the throw and when she imparts the following information to the tempted, victory crowns her efforts and a ray of sunshine has entered her young life:
I will give you the key to heaven
To count the angels eleven by eleven,
Mayzie, will you walk,
Mayzie, will you talk,
Mayzie, will you walk with me?
Mayzie—Yes.

Of the many songs they sing and the games they play the following is most popular with the children. Three of them face as many more who, standing against the wall and with these words on their lips, march to and fro:
Here come three sailors, three by three,
To court your daughter, Anna Lee.
May we have a lodging here, here, here?
Chorus—No!
Here come three firemen, etc.
No!
Here come three soldiers, etc.
No!
Here come three kings, three by three
To court your daughter, Anna Lee.
May we have a lodging here, here, here?
May we have a lodging here?
Chorus—Yes! Here's my daughter, safe and sound,
And in her pocket are twenty pounds,
And on her finger is a diamond ring,
And she is fit to marry a king.
The kings do not see that way. The repeated rebuffs they received at the outset have angered them and with great sarcasm, they warble:
Here's your daughter, safe and sound,
And in her pocket there's not a pound,
And on her finger is a dirty brass ring,
And she's not fit to marry a king.
These last remarks create an unfavorable impression. Instantly there is a stampede. The "kings" are chased by the "mothers" and when all are captured the game starts again.
Thus it is that children enjoy life. There is not a cloud to dim their vision and not a care in the world. Who would not be a child again?
LOUIS LEVY.