

CHILD SONGS

for Sabbath School and Day School

by

J. O. and IRA LONG.



15c a Copy; \$1.50 a Dozen

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1939

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Hymn
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Child Songs.

No. 1.

Speak Kind Words.

E. E. L.

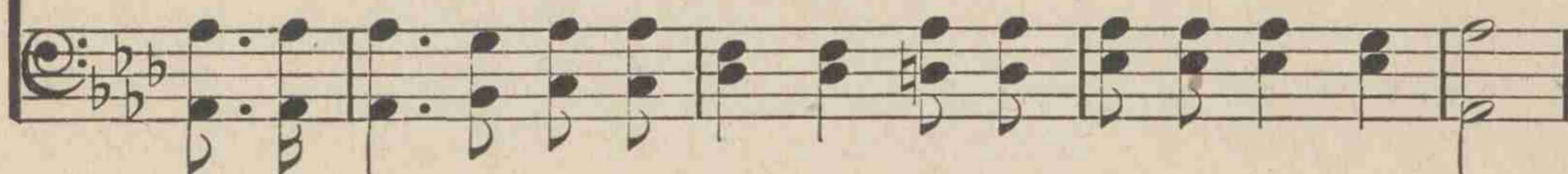
J. Owen Long.



1. Do you know a heart that hun - gers For a word of love and cheer?
2. Nev - er think kind words are wast-ed; Bread on wa - ter cast are they,



There are man - y such a - bout us; It may be that one is near.
And it may be we shall find them Coming back to us some day;—



Look a-round you: if you find it, Speak the word that's needed so,
Com - ing back when sore-ly need - ed, In a time of deep dis-tress;
need-ed so,
of deep distress;



And your own heart may be strengthened By the help that you be - stow.
So, my friend, let's give them free - ly,—Gift and giv - er God will bless.



No. 2.

Line Up.

G. L. Shirley.

G. L. Shirley.



1. We are working to-day for the Church of God, We are loy-al and
2. See, the har-vest is ripe and the fields are white, Be a win-ner of
3. Let your business for Christ in the Church be-gin, He will strengthen you



true the work to do; Ev-'ry-bod-y take arms for the Mas-ter King;
men, the work be-gin; Do not loi-ter a-way, make a start to-day,
there and you will thrive; 'Tis a school-ing worth while for the Christian child—



CHORUS.



Broth-er, line up, there is a place for you.
Fight-ing the en-e-my of Crime and Sin. We are En-deav-ors,
Chris-tian En-deav-ors keep the Church a-live.



work-ing to-geth-er For the Church and Kingdom—save our fallen broth-er;



We are Endeavors, marching together, Helping some brother take the Cross of Christ.



No. 3.

Happy, Happy Sunbeams.

Ira Long.

(To my pupils at Melrose, Va.)

Ira Long.
Harrisonburg, Va.



1. We are lit - tle sun - beams, Shin - ing all the day;
2. We are lit - tle sun - beams, Light - ing up God's earth;
3. We are lit - tle sun - beams, Sent from heav'n a - bove,



With our love and laugh - ter Bright - 'ning all the way.
Driv - ing out the sad - ness, Fill - ing hearts with mirth.
Where there's bright-ness ev - er, Where God reigns in love.



CHORUS.



Happy, happy sunbeams, shining bright, Happy, happy sunbeams, day or night,



We are tell-ing of God's won-drous love, And the hap-py home a - bove.



No. 4.

I Will Watch.

J. O. L.

2nd and 3rd verses by Ira Long.

J. Owen Long.



1. I am but a lit - tle child, Yet I would like to be
2. Let my feet be swift to run, To do Thy bless - ed will;
3. Let my lips speak words of cheer, Of kind - ness, truth and love;



A faith - ful work - er, Lord, What work is there for me?
Give me grace that I may e'er The Gold - en Rule ful - fill.
Let me point the er - ring ones To Christ the King a - bove.



CHORUS.



I will watch and work and pray, I will la - bor ev - 'ry day;
I will watch and work and pray,



I will watch and work and pray, I will show the lost the way.
I will watch and work and pray,



No. 5.

A Ray of Sunshine.

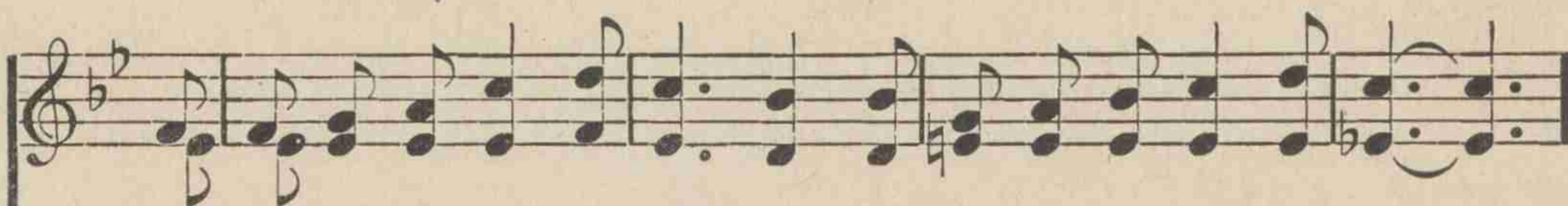
(MOTION SONG.)

J. O. L.

J. Owen Long.



1. A beau-ti - ful ray of sun-shine, Shone ¹down so warm, so bright,
2. It paint-ed the sum - mer flow - ers, ⁴A - long the sun - lit way,
3. It brought forth a song from ⁶rob - in, A song of hope and love;



It ²scattered the clouds of dark - ness And fill - ed the room with light.
Cheered many a ⁵heart in sor-row,—That sun-beam so bright, so gay.
'Twas on - ly a ray of sun-shine, Sent down from the ⁷Lord a - bove.



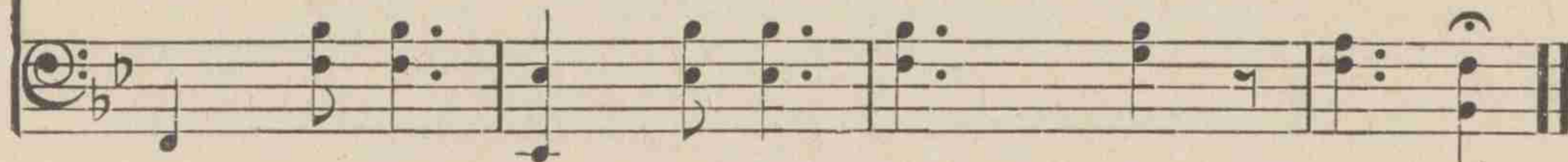
CHORUS.



On - ly a ray of sun - shine, Cheers ³us a - long life's way;



Bright-ens the day,—cheers up the way,— On - ly a ray of sun - shine.



MOTIONS:—1. Downward sweep of the arms. 2. Throw hands outward. 3. Lay hands on breast.
4. Point along the way. 5. Place hand over heart and bow head. 6. Point to tree-tops. 7. Point up.

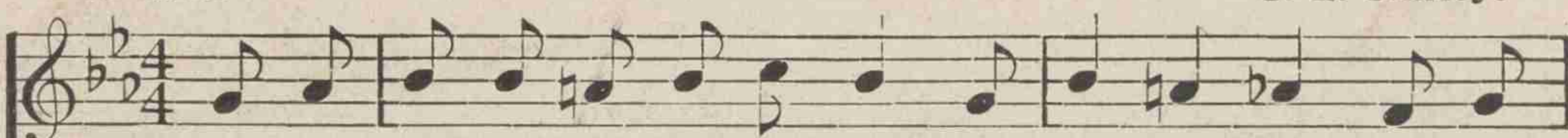
SUGGESTION:—A good effect can be produced by having a girl sing the song as a solo while a number of very small children make the motions.

No. 6.

Do You Hear the Birdies?

G. L. S.

G. L. Shirley.



1. Do you hear the bird-ies sing-ing their songs of love? 'Tis a
2. You will hear them in the morn-ing, at noon and night; You will
3. In the sum-mer they are sing-ing, up in the trees; In the



mes-sage they are chanting to God a - bove; Ev-'ry one is trill-ing,
hear them when it's gloomy and when it's bright; Cheer up, boys and girls, and
win - ter they are hunt-ing a - mong the leaves; Bus - y lit - tle chil-dren



will you not join and sing, Ring-ing the prais-es of Christ the King?
do not for-get to bring Prais-es to Je - sus, the Christ and King.
will do just what they plan, Bring-ing a mes-sage wher-e'er they can.



CHORUS.



Can you not hear them calling for you? Listen! they're chirping, "Never get blue!"



Ev-'ry boy and girl will join and sing, Ringing a message for Christ the King.



No. 7.

'Tis Mother's Day.

(To my mother, Mrs. Lydia Martz.)

H. C. Osceola Martz.

J. Owen Long.



1. A - wake, all ye chil-dren, 'tis beau - ti - ful May, The zeph - yrs are
 2. In life's ro - sy morn - ing, our feet prone to stray, When moth - er so
 3. In lands far a - way you were tempt - ed to roam; On this of all



mur-m'ring, "'Tis Moth - er's Day!" The lark's in the mead - ow, the
 kind - ly point - ed the way To paths straight and nar - row, to
 days re - turn to your home; Tho' oth - ers smile cold - ly, and



bee's on the wing, To moth - er, dear moth - er, our prais - es we sing.
 man - sions a - bove, O who can e'er fath - om a moth - er's true love?
 friends prove un - true, Your moth - er is faith - ful—she's still lov - ing you.



CHORUS.



In mer - ry May, on Moth - er's Day, The heart with love is well - ing;



With hap - py voice we all re - joice, As Mother's love we are tell - ing.



No. 8.

Be a Sunbeam.


(PRIMARY SONG.)

Ada Moore.

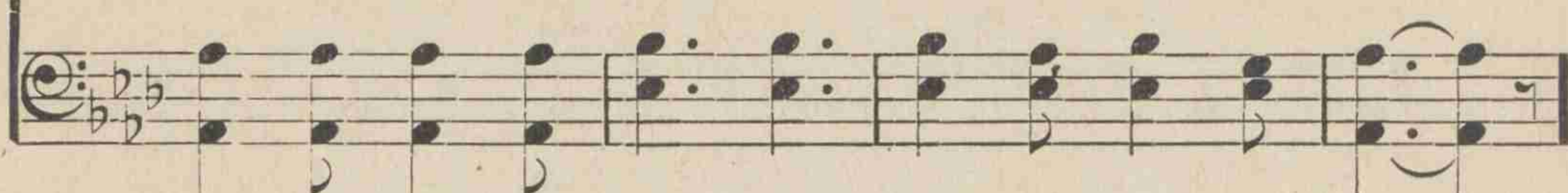
J. Owen Long.



1. Be a lit - tle sun - beam, Send - ing forth a ray,
 2. Be a lit - tle sun - beam, In your lit - tle class,
 3. Be a lit - tle sun - beam, Keep - ing paths a - glow,
 4. Be a lit - tle sun - beam, Shin - ing for the sad,

Cheer - ing hearts in sor - row, Mak - ing glad the day.
 Ev - er bright and cheer - ful As the mo - ments pass.
 Where - so - e'er you jour - ney In this world be - low.
 Driv - ing back the shad - ows, Mak - ing oth - ers glad.



CHORUS.



Be a sun - beam, Shin - ing ev - 'ry day;
 Be a lit - tle sun - beam, ev - 'ry day;




Be a sun - beam, Light - ing up the way.
 Be a lit - tle sun - beam.



No. 9.

For Mother's Sake.

J. O. L.

J. Owen Long.



1. Be good, for moth-er's sake, boys, For she was just - ly good,
2. Be true, for moth-er's sake, boys, For she was al - ways true,
3. Be pure, for moth-er's sake, boys, Her mem - o - ry hold dear;



And taught you by ex - am - ple, As thought-ful moth-ers should.
And fol - lowed near the Sav - ior, As she would have you do.
Guard well your words and ac - tions, As if she still were near.



CHORUS.



Be men, for moth-er's sake, boys, Be stead-fast—nev - er sway;



Hold dear the name of moth - er, Re - vere it ev - 'ry day.



No. 10.

Willing Workers.

Ira Long.

(MISSIONARY.)

J. Owen Long.

1. Will-ing lit - tle work-ers we, Work-ing for our King, God and life to
 2. Ho - ly Bi - bles we would send To all hea-then lands, For they're calling
 3. We would tell of Je-sus' love, How He saves from sin; We would have the

CHORUS.

all man-kind, We would glad-ly bring.
 for them now, With their out-stretched hands. Pennies bright, dol - lars too,
 hea-then know, And this life be - gin.

Help us, O please do! We'll re-joice, God will show'r Blessings rich on you.

No. 11.

Pennies Bright.

J. O. L.

(PRIMARY SONG—MISSIONARY.)

J. Owen Long.

1. Bus - y work - ers now are we, Bus - y ev - 'ry day;
 2. Just a pen - ny ev - 'ry day, Giv - en for the right,
 3. Let us bring to God our tithes, Clasp the out-stretched hands,

Gath-'ring up the pen - nies bright To send far a - way.
 Will en - cour - age some poor soul, Lead Him to the light.
 Do our best to save the lost In the hea-then lands.

Pennies Bright.

CHORUS.



Pen - nies bright, give them light, In the for - eign land;

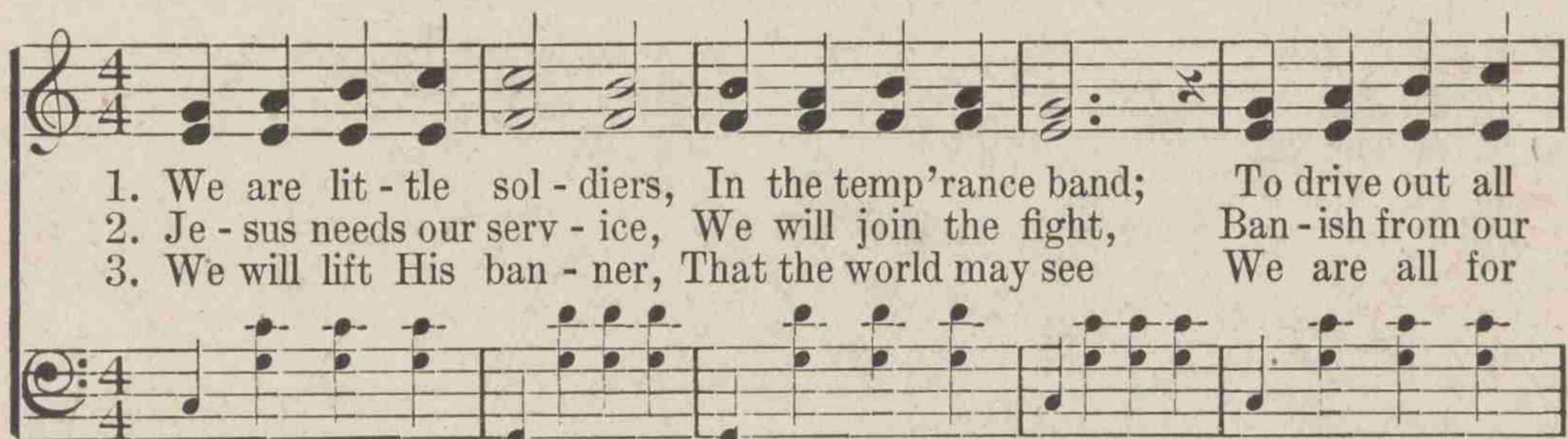
Save the lost, spare no cost, Is the Lord's com - mand.

No. 12. We Are Temperance Soldiers.

J. O. L.


(PRIMARY SONG—TEMPERANCE.)

J. Owen Long.



1. We are lit - tle sol - diers, In the temp'rance band; To drive out all
 2. Je - sus needs our serv - ice, We will join the fight, Ban - ish from our
 3. We will lift His ban - ner, That the world may see We are all for

CHORUS.



e - vil We will lend a hand.
 bor - ders Now the whis-ky blight. We are temp'rance soldiers brave, Try-ing
 Je - sus And true lib - er - ty.

hard our State to save; All A - mer - i - ca we crave, For God and Right.
 For God, for God and Right.

No. 13.

Sunday.

J. Owen Long.

Emory S. Peck.

UNISON.



1. Sun-day's the day to go to church, To wor-ship and a - dore;
2. Sun-day's the day to go to church, To hear the Ho - ly Word;
3. Sun-day's the day to go to church, To lay our work a - side;



Where we may meet the "King of Kings," Who reigns from shore to shore.
To med - i - tate on things di - vine, And learn more of the Lord.
To meet with friends who serve the Lord, And in His love a - bide.



CHORUS.



Sun-day's the day of ho - ly rest, I hear the Gos - pel say:



"Seek ye the Lord and ye are blest, Re - mem - ber the Sab - bath day."



Secular.

No. 14.

Monday.

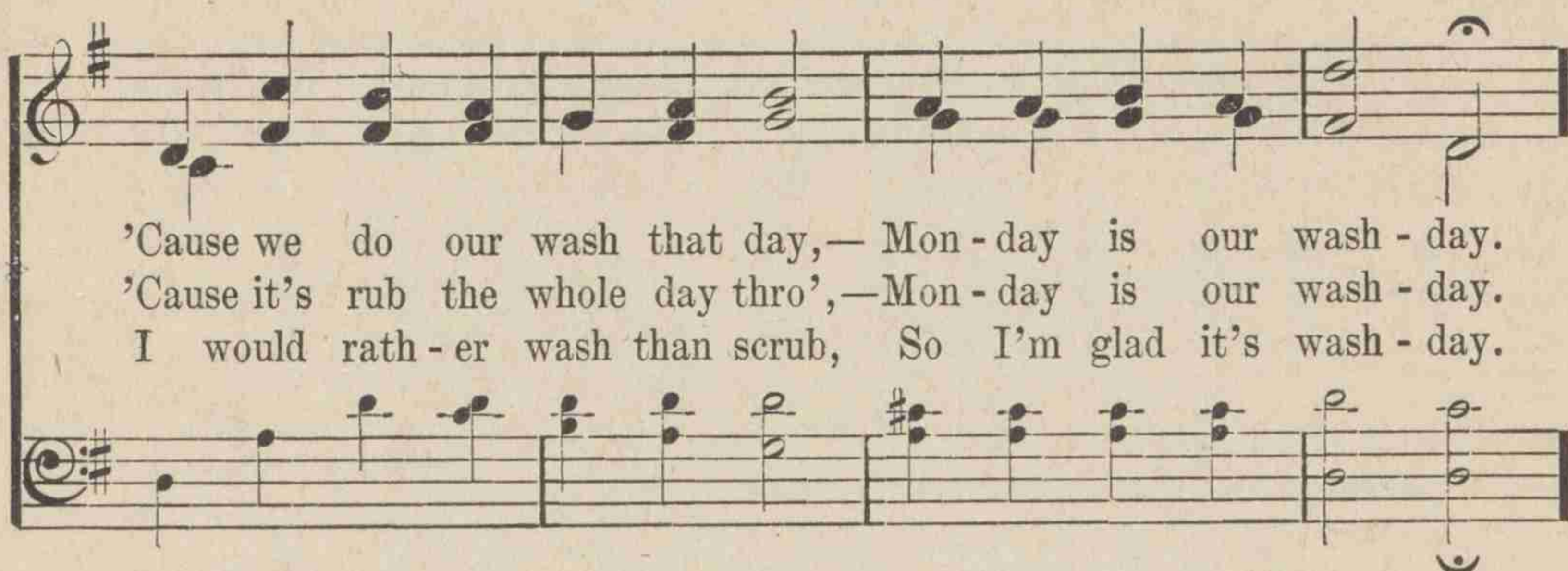
(MOTION SONG.)

J. O. L.

J. Owen Long.




1. Mon-day is a bus-y day, So I hear my Ma-ma say,
2. Ma-ma says that Monday's blue, Pa-pa says he hates it, too,
3. But I love to rub and rub In this lit-tle ce-dar tub;



'Cause we do our wash that day,—Mon-day is our wash-day.
'Cause it's rub the whole day thro',—Mon-day is our wash-day.
I would rath-er wash than scrub, So I'm glad it's wash-day.

CHORUS.



M - O - N - D - A - Y - day, Mon-day is our wash-day;
M - O - N - D - A - Y - day, Mon-day is our wash-day.

NOTE:—This song can be made very effective by having the children who render it have their tubs and rubbers on the platform and go through the motions of washing, etc., as the song indicates.—J. O. L.

No. 15.

Tuesday.

(MOTION SONG.)

J. O. L.

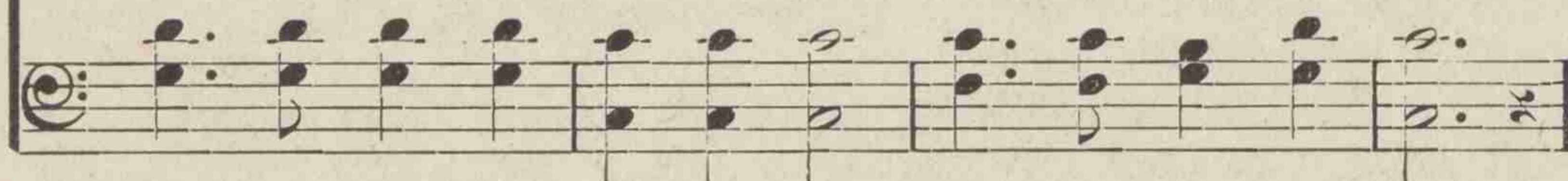
J. Owen Long.



1. Tues - day is the iron - ing day, And I'm glad it's so;
2. Tues - day is the ²iron - ing day, Ear - ly at our task,
3. Ev - 'ry ³iron must pol - ished be, And the ⁴heat just right!



For our ¹dol - lies need their clothes, Need them bad, you know.
With a read - y will - ing hand, I will iron this bask.
Then we'll fin - ish ev - 'ry - thing, Fin - ish long 'fore night.



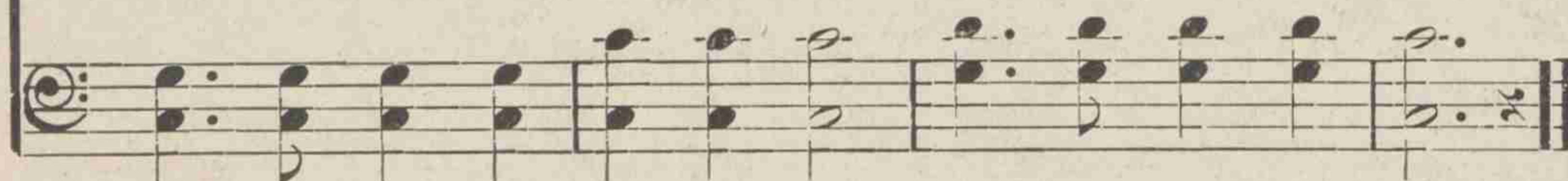
CHORUS.



²Tues - day is a bus - y day, But we will not shirk;



Ev - 'ry ²wrin - kle must come out,—That's the way to work.



MOTIONS:—1. Shake out clothes for ironing. 2. Iron, or make motions of ironing. 3. Look at iron. 4. Spit on fingers and test iron.

SUGGESTION:—If convenient have irons and ironing-boards, also clothes, and have the children go through the process of ironing.

No. 16.

Wednesday.

Ira Long.

Ira Long,
Harrisonburg, Va.

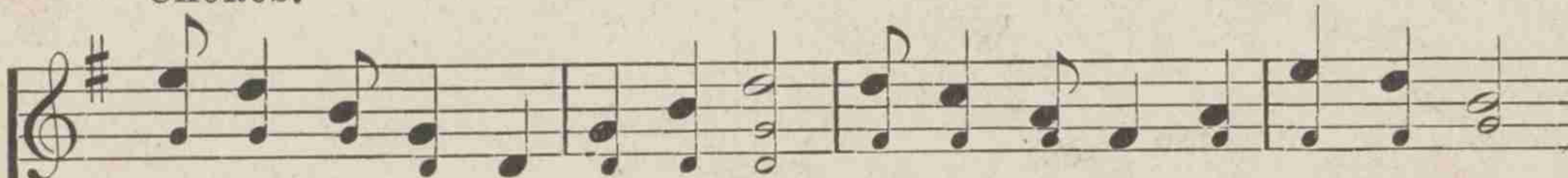
1. Wednesday is our patch-ing day, We must patch our dol - lies' clothes;
2. Wednesday is our fix - ing day; We must sew the but - tons on,
3. Wednesday, too is darn-ing day, We must darn and patch and sew;



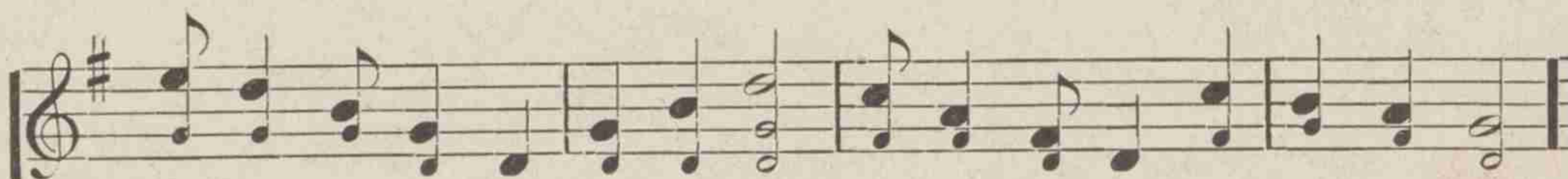
How we lit - tle moth-ers work, None but moth - er knows.
 And we work from ear - ly morn Till the day is gone.
 But we love our dol - lies so, It is joy, you know.



CHORUS.



Patching and darn-ing all the day, Bus - y as bees the live-long day;



Work-ing for dol - lies is our play, Glad-ly we're working while we play.



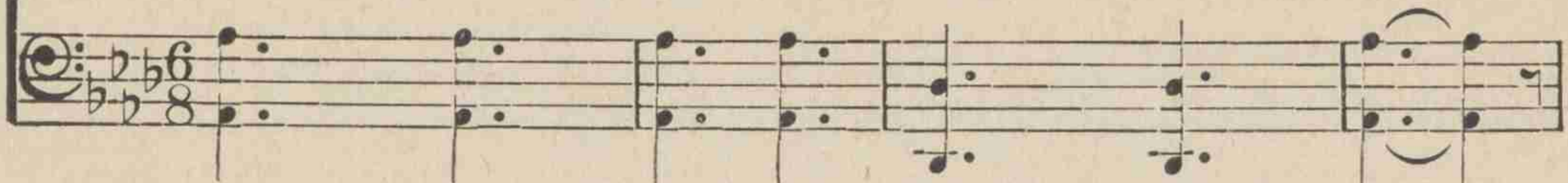
No. 17.

Thursday.

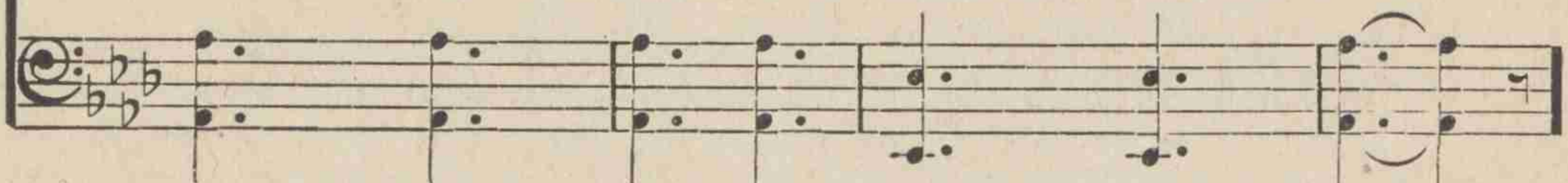
Ira Long.

Ira Long,
Harrisonburg, Va.

1. Thurs-day we get up ear - ly, Hur-ry and do the chores;
 2. Soon we are dressed up nice - ly, Powdered our face and arms,
 3. All the day long we vis - it, Call - ing on friends so dear;



Then we have break-fast o - ver, Till it is light out doors.
 And with the sweet-est per - fume We are then clothed with charm.
 Nev - er re - turn - ing home-ward, Till the night shades are near.



Thurs - day we ¹hus - tle, Do - ing up the work;
 Thurs - day we hus - tle, Pow - d'ring ³face and arms;
 Thurs - day we hus - tle, See - ing ⁵friends so dear;



Thurs - day we ²hus - tle, Noth - ing do we shirk,
 Thurs - day we hus - tle, Show - ing ⁴off our charms.
 Thurs - day we hus - tle, Smil - ing ⁶there and here.



MOTIONS:—1. Tramp, tramp, tramp, as if walking fast. 2. Same as in No. 1. 3. Using right hand as if dusting powder in left, and then rub on face and arms. 4. Posing now right, now left, as if confident of charms. 5. Turn and face each other, smiling and tossing the head. 6. Smiling on one side of the audience and then the other.

No. 18.

Friday.

Ira Long.

J. H. Ruebush.



1. Fri - day is our bak - ing day, We must ear - ly rise;
2. Fri - day is our bak - ing day, Break-fast means hot bread;
3. Fri - day is our bak - ing day, Morn - ing, noon and night;



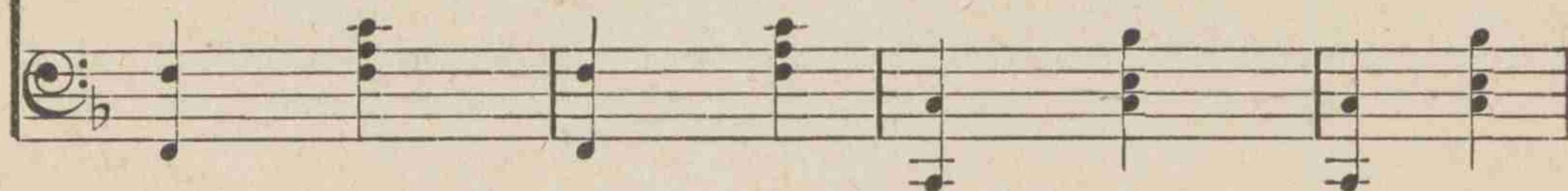
For we make so man - y loaves, Tarts and cakes and pies.
Dad must have his bis - cuits done, Then he jumps from bed.
We must watch and la - bor too, That our bread be right.



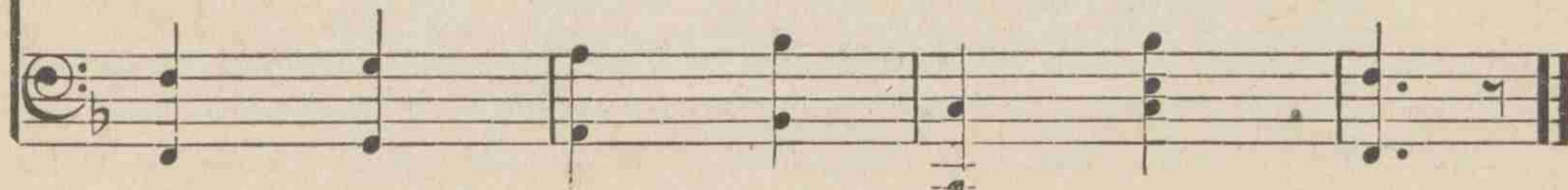
CHORUS.



Fri - day is our bak - ing day, We must ear - ly rise,



For we make so man - y loaves, Tarts and cakes and pies.



No. 19.

Saturday.

J. Owen Long.

G. L. Shirley.



1. On Sat - ur - day we clean up house, We wash and wipe the chairs:
2. On Sat - ur - day we clean up house, We wash the win - dow - panes,
3. On Sat - ur - day we clean up house, We have things spick and span;



We dust out ev - 'ry car - pet rug, And wash down both the stairs.
And mop up ev - 'ry pol - ished floor, Re - mov - ing all the stains.
We love to see the work done right, And do it right we can.



CHORUS.



On Sat - ur - day we sweep and dust, We're bus - y as can be:



We must have ev - 'ry - thing done up For Sun - day, don't you see?



NOTE:—When used as a motion song, let the children go through the motions of house-cleaning, as the words suggest.

No. 20.

Beautiful Arbor Day.

J. O. L.

J. Owen Long.



1. 'Mid sun-shine and flow-ers this hap - py day, We tru-ly will move all the
2. These trees we have planted will surely grow, Because we have tramp'd them with
3. Our plant-ing is fin-ished, our work is done, So come along, comrades, to



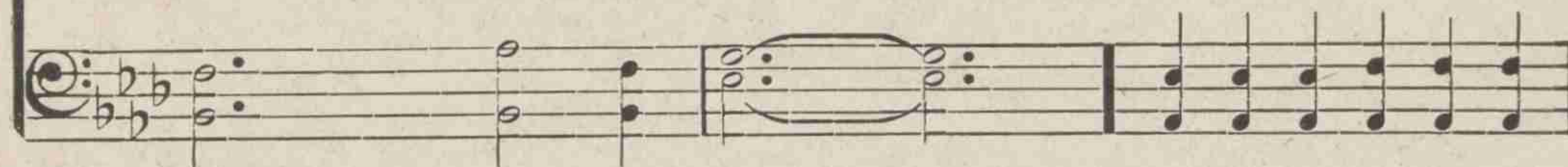
sod a - way, And plant us a tree in the month of May, On this
heel and toe; And that is the way to plant, as you know, On a
skip and run; 'Tis pleas-ant to la - bor, but we need fun On a



CHORUS.



beau - ti - ful Ar - bor Day..... Hail! hail!



Ar - bor Day, Beau - ti - ful, beau-ti - ful Ar - bor Day; Hail!



hail! Ar - bor Day, Beau - ti - ful Ar - bor Day.



No. 21.

Hail! Beautiful Flag.

J. O. L.

J. Owen Long.

Con spirito.

Hail, beautiful flag, Hail, beautiful flag, Hail, beautiful flag of lib - er - ty!

Hail, beautiful flag, Hail, beautiful flag, Hail, beautiful flag of lib - er - ty!

All voices in Unison.

1. Proud-ly float o'er land and sea, Em-blem of sweet lib - er - ty;
2. For this flag our fa-thers fought; By their life's blood it was bought;
3. O'er the free for ev - er wave, Star-ry ban-ner of the brave;

Prais - es now we ren - der thee, O glo - rious flag!
Won-drous vic - t'ries you have wrought, O glo - rious flag!
God thy hues e - ter - nal gave, O glo - rious flag!

CHORUS. Parts.

Beau-ti-ful flag, Beau-ti-ful flag, Beau-ti-ful flag of lib-er - ty.
Beautiful flag, Beautiful flag, Beautiful flag, 3

NOTE:—The use of flags will add much to the song.

No. 22.

George and His Hatchet.

(INTERMEDIATE SONG.)

J. O. L.

J. Owen Long.



1. George Wash-ing-ton was a spright-ly lad, 'Cause the his-t'ry tells us so;
2. His fa-ther bought a hand-y axe, And he had it paint-ed red,
3. His fa-ther heard that hack, hack, hack, And he peep'd a-round so sly;



How he fool'd his dad, his wise old dad, Is a thing we want to know.
 So George went out to try his luck, On a tree he tho't was dead.
 Just then George said, "She's down at last, She is down, and that's no lie."



CHORUS.



With His lit - tle shin - ing hatch - et he did hack, hack, hack;



He did hack some at that tree; With his lit - tle shin - ing



hatch-et he did hack, hack, hack Down his fa - ther's cher - ry tree.



NOTE:—If used as a class song, let the boys carry hatchets, and hack where song indicates.

No. 23.


Something Every Day.

(A SCHOOL SONG AND PLAY.)

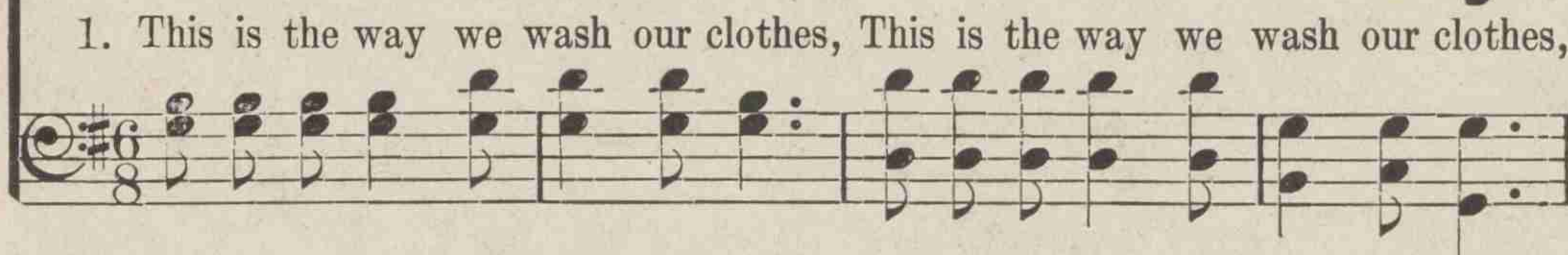
This song is to be memorized, and played during the recreation period. Form a circle and march around. Stop—break the circle—make the motions. Form circle and take up the march.

Folk Song, as sung by Mrs. Maggie D. Long.
Arr. by J. O. L.

MONDAY.



1. This is the way we wash our clothes, This is the way we wash our clothes,




This is the way we wash our clothes On ev - 'ry Mon - day morn - ing.



This Interlude may be whistled by the boys, while the girls sing Tra la.



Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,




Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la.



TUESDAY.

- 2 This is the way we iron our clothes,
On every Tuesday morning.

WEDNESDAY.

- 3 This is the way we patch our clothes,
On every Wednesday morning.

THURSDAY.

- 4 This is the way we comb our hair,
On every Thursday morning.

FRIDAY.

- 5 This is the way we tie our shoes,
On every Friday morning.

SATURDAY.

- 6 This is the way we clean the house,
On every Saturday morning.

SUNDAY.

- 7 This is the way we go to church,
On every Sunday morning.

MOTIONS:—1. As if washing clothes. 2. As if ironing clothes. 3. Sewing on a patch. 4. As if combing hair. 5. Bend over and tie shoe. 6. Motion as if sweeping and dusting. 7. Take partner's arm and march off.

No. 24.

Glimbing Knowledge Hill.

J. O. L.

J. Owen Long.



1. We are climb-ing Knowl-edge Hill, Climb-ing up, climb-ing up;
 2. Tho' our pro-cess may be slow, Climb-ing up, climb-ing up;
 3. Let the slug-gard fall be-hind, Climb-ing up, climb-ing up;



We are climb-ing Knowledge Hill, With a heart-y, heart-y will.
 Tho' our pro-cess may be slow, On-ward, up-ward still we go;
 Let the slug-gard fall be-hind, We are *hus-tlers*—not his kind:

*Harmony.*

We are rest-less—can't stand still, Climb-ing Knowl-edge Hill.
 Leav-ing now the plains be-low,—Climb-ing Knowl-edge Hill.
 All who seek may knowl-edge find If they climb the Hill.



CHORUS.



Climb-ing, climb-ing, climb-ing up, Climb-ing Knowl-edge Hill;
 Climb-ing, climb-ing up;



Climb-ing, climb-ing, climb-ing up, Climb-ing Knowl-edge Hill.



No. 25.

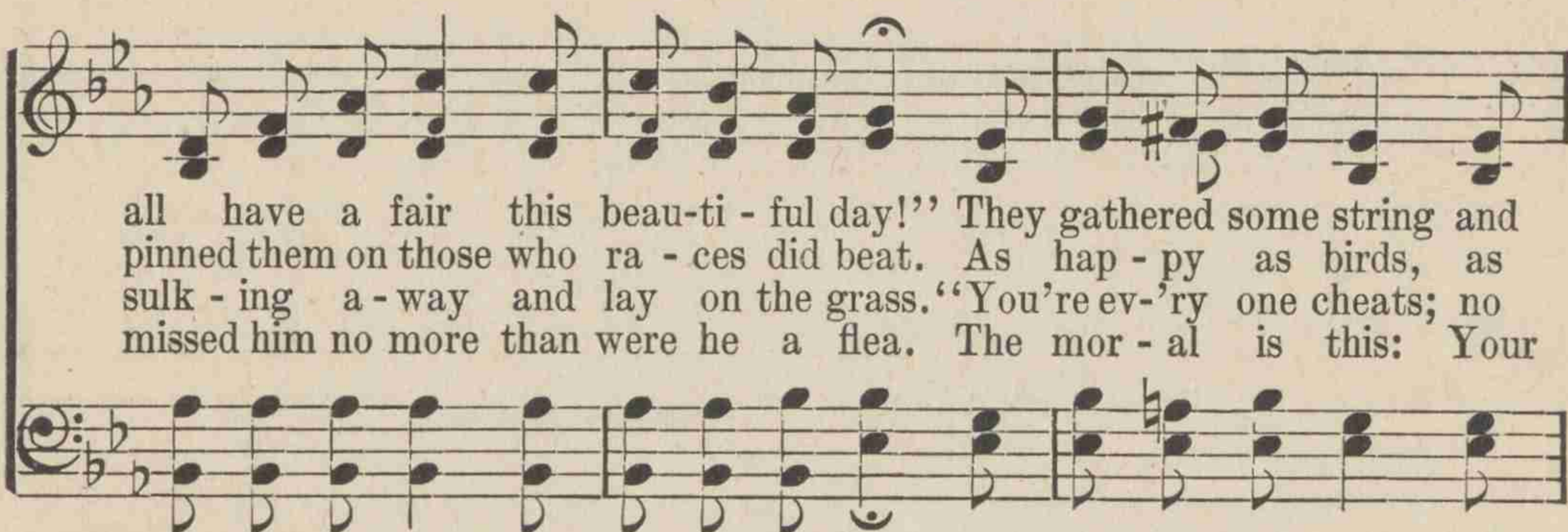
The School Children's Fair.

Ira Long.

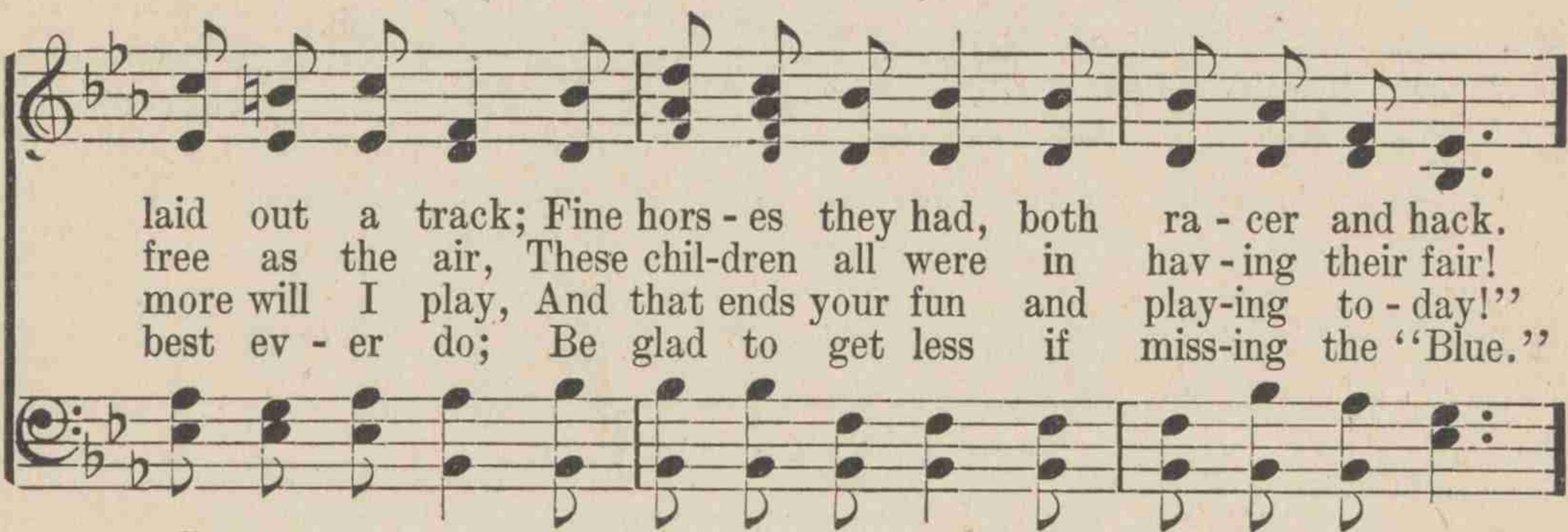
To my pupils at Melrose, Va.

Ira Long.
Harrisonburg, Va.


1. The school chil - dren all went skip - ping to play, "Let's
2. The las - sies so fair made rib - bons so neat, And
3. But one lit - tle lad who lost in his class, Went
4. But off they all sped with laugh - ter and glee, And



all have a fair this beau - ti - ful day!" They gathered some string and
pinned them on those who ra - ces did beat. As hap - py as birds, as
sulk - ing a - way and lay on the grass. "You're ev - 'ry one cheats; no
missed him no more than were he a flea. The mor - al is this: Your



laid out a track; Fine hors - es they had, both ra - cer and hack.
free as the air, These chil - dren all were in hav - ing their fair!
more will I play, And that ends your fun and play - ing to - day!"
best ev - er do; Be glad to get less if miss - ing the "Blue."

CHORUS.



Ev - 'ry - bod - y's go - ing; hur - ry up, folk! Jump a - board the



Jit - ney, if you are broke; Hur - ry, Han - nah, hur - ry!

The School Children's Fair.

Hur - ry up, Gus! Here she comes—I-oo - ga! Jump on the 'bus!

No. 26.

Boost Good Roads.

Ira Long.

J. Owen Long.

1. Oh, I love a good road When I have to walk;
2. Oh, I love a good road When I'm driv - ing, too;
3. Oh, I love a good road, In a dan - dy car,

It's the best com - pan - ion, Tho' it can - not talk.
Af - ter wad - ing knee - deep You would love it too.
Glid - ing swift - ly on - ward, And with - out a jar.

CHORUS.

So, Dad, help to boost For good roads thro'-out our state;
Be - gin to boost, be - gin to boost, en - tire state;

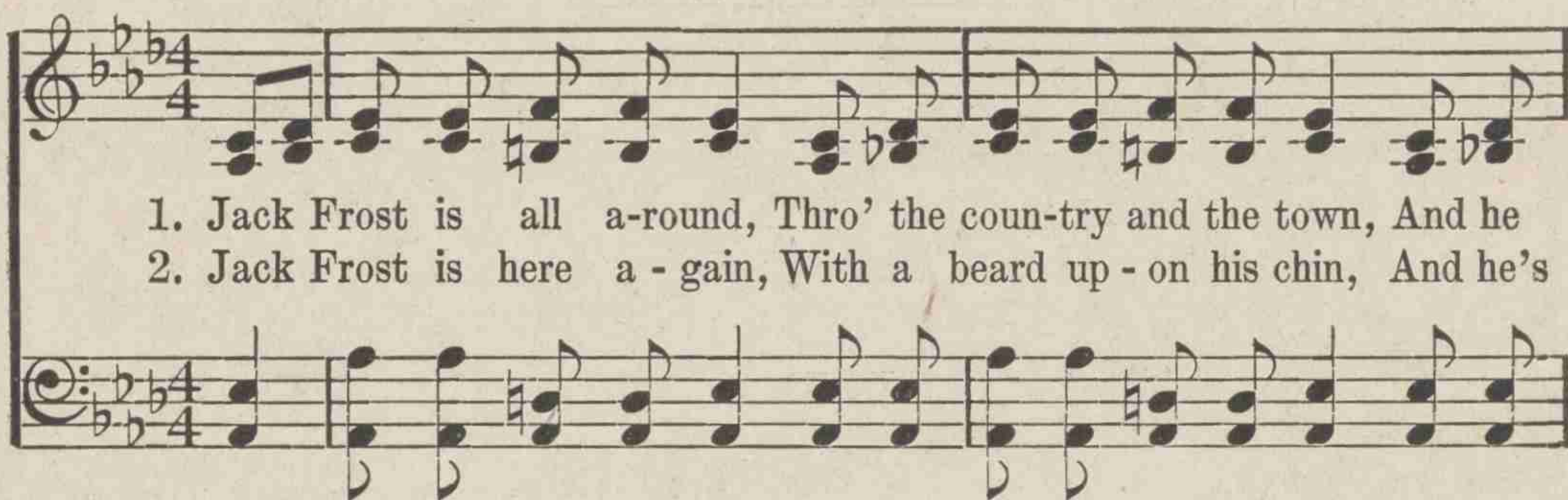
And, Dad, please be-gin,— Please be-gin,—no lon-ger wait.
Be - gin to boost, be - gin to boost, lon - ger wait.

No. 27.

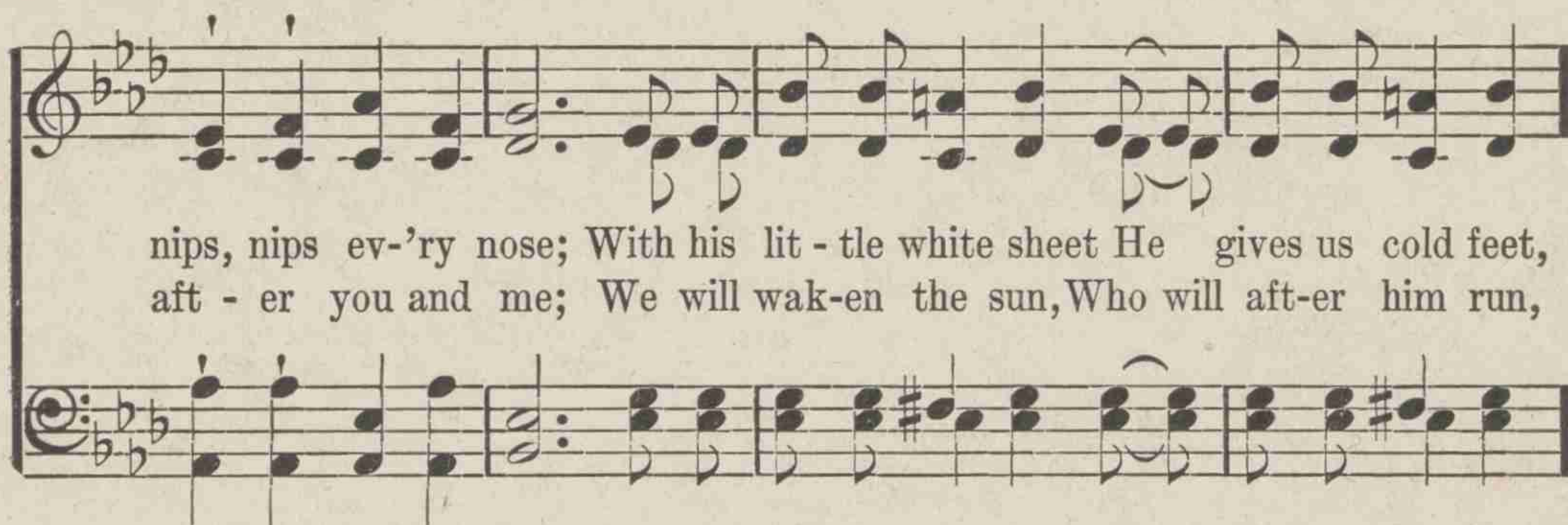
Jack Frost.

J. O. L.

J. Owen Long.

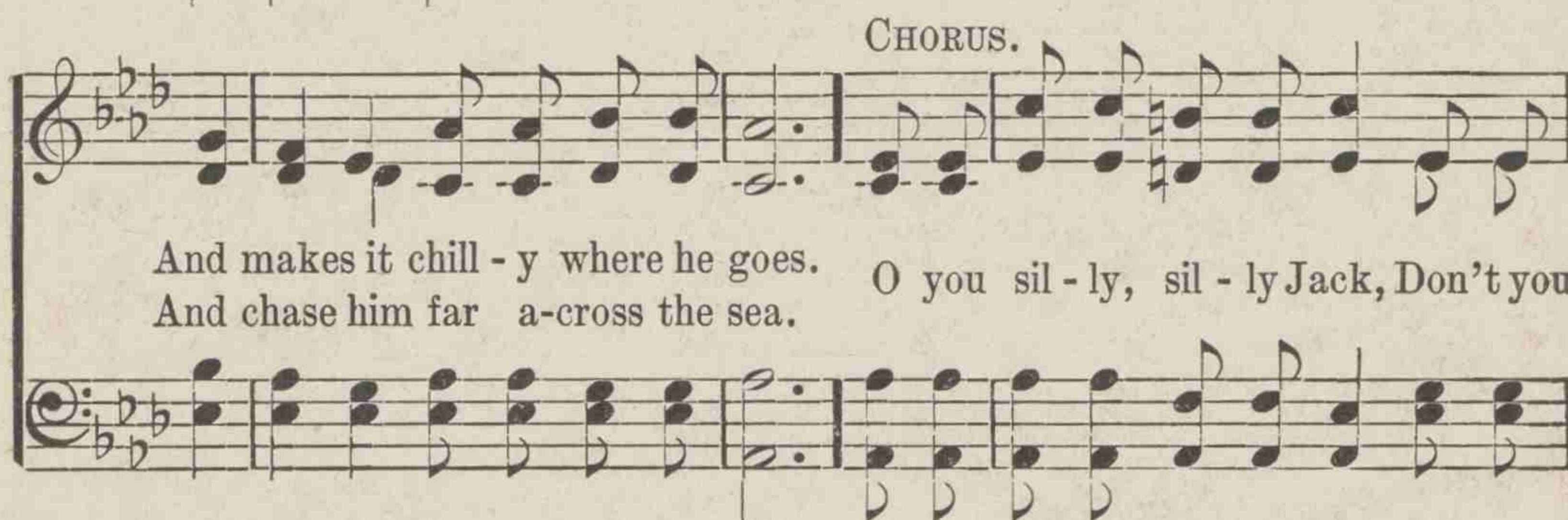


1. Jack Frost is all a-round, Thro' the coun-try and the town, And he
2. Jack Frost is here a - gain, With a beard up - on his chin, And he's




nips, nips ev-'ry nose; With his lit - tle white sheet He gives us cold feet,
aft - er you and me; We will wak-en the sun, Who will aft-er him run,

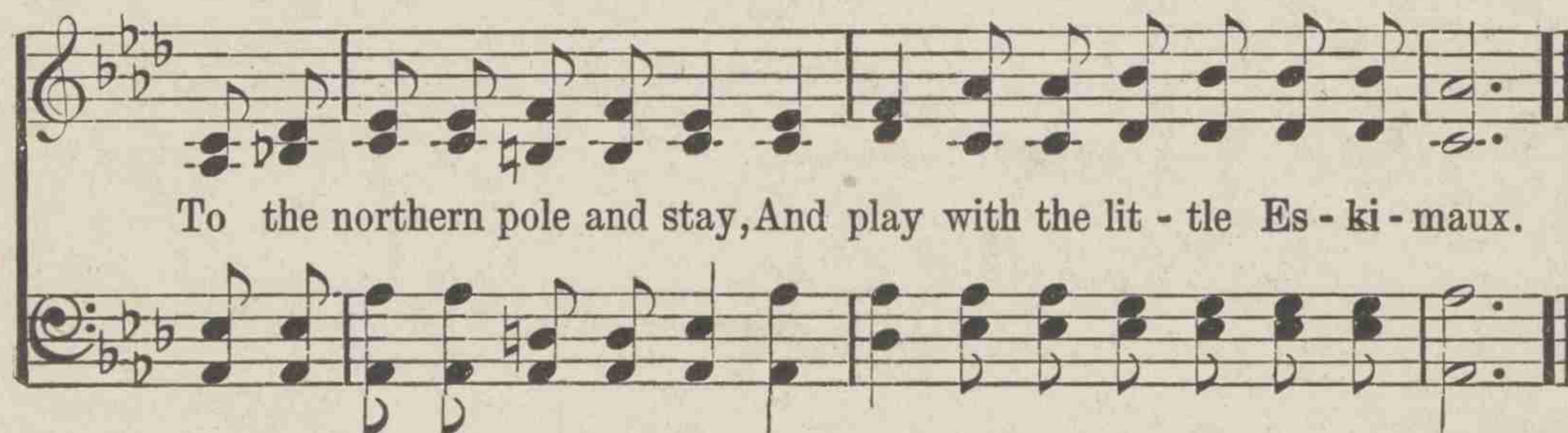
CHORUS.



And makes it chill - y where he goes. O you sil - ly, sil - ly Jack, Don't you
And chase him far a-cross the sea.



ev-er come back To tick-le, tick-le of my toes, But hie your-self a - way



To the northern pole and stay, And play with the lit - tle Es - ki - maux.

No. 28.

The Farmer Boy.

J. O. L.

J. Owen Long.

Unison.

1. O the farm - er boy is gay, And he whis - tles night and day,
2. He's a health - y, wealth - y lad, Al - ways jol - ly, nev - er sad;

*Parts.**Unison.*

Mer - ri - ly whis - tles the same tune. In the ear - ly, ear - ly morn
Mer - ri - ly whistling the same tune. Tho' his face is some - what tanned,

Parts.

He's at work a - mong the corn, Mer - ri - ly whis - tling this glad tune:
He's the best man in the land, And he still whis - tles this glad tune:

CHORUS. (*Whistle.*)

No. 29.

We Come To-day.

(PATRONS' DAY.)

Ira Long.

J. Owen Long.



1. We come to-day a debt to pay, Of grat-i-tude to pa-rents dear,
2. We come to-day with hap-py lay, For earth's best gift to children here:—
3. We come to-day, and well we may, For mother taught our lips to pray,



Whose love and care our sor-rows soothe, And wipes a-way the fall-ing tear.
Our pa-rent's love and ten-der care Brings heav-en to us ver-y near.
And led us in the heav'nly way That leads to God's e-ter-nal day.



CHORUS.



Our Fa-ther dear, who lives a-bove, We thank Thee for our parents' love,



And pray that we may reach yon shore, To dwell in bliss for-ev-er-more.



No. 30.

A Sleigh Ride.

J. O. L.

J. Owen Long.



1. A - way we go, o'er the ice and snow, In our own lit - tle sleigh;
2. A - way, a - way, o'er the snow to - day, Our sleigh does swift - ly glide;



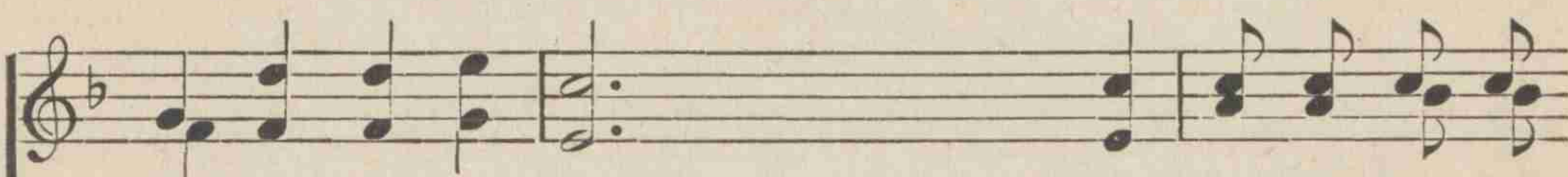
We've hors - es two, and our sleigh is blue, And mer - ry is the day.
Now what care I if the snow does fly, So you are by my side!



CHORUS.



Then jin - gle, jin - gle, jin - gle go the mer - ry bells, As we



swift - ly glide a - way; Then jin - gle, jin - gle,

And jin - gle, jin - gle, jin - gle,



jin - gle goes the mer - ry bells, Mak - ing mu - sic all the day.



No. 31.

The Quarrel.

(DIALOGUE AND SONG.)

(A dialogue and song for a boy and girl from the Junior grades.)

J. O. L.

J. Owen Long.

HELEN—I don't like boys, I tell you, I don't like boys, I say!
HARRY—I don't like girls when ug - ly Like you, my lit - tle sis;
BOTH—I want a {boy} for play-mate, A jol - ly {boy} like you;
{girl}

They're ug - ly, mean and naugh - ty And al - ways in the way.
If you were on - ly "big - ger," I'd pom - mel you like this.
A {boy} that's grand and no - ble, So faith - ful, good and true.
{girl}

They don't know how to do things, They don't know how to play;
Your hair looks just like pig - tails Done up in rib - bons blue;
We won't fall out o'er tri - fles; For - give, for - get, I say;

I don't want them a - bout me, So hus - tle out my way.
I don't like an - y - bod - y That looks and acts like you.
We'll be the best of play-mates, For - ev - er from this day.

THE QUARREL.

A dialogue and song for a girl and boy from the Junior grades. Helen comes on the stage carrying a large doll. May wear hat. Hair plaited, hanging down her back.

HELEN—Come, Harry, let's play with my new doll.

HARRY—Why, Helen! we're too large to play with dolls. Nobody but kids play with dolls these days.

HELEN—When you go visiting you must play with such things as your playmates wish to play with.

HARRY—Well!—I won't play with anybody that plays with dolls.

The Quarrel.

HELEN—If you can't play with what I want you to play with, you can go right straight home, do you hear me?

HARRY—Oh, I guess I won't go home until I get good and ready. You're not my boss.

HELEN—You are mean! I don't like you any more. Go away from me.

[Helen sings first verse of song.]

HARRY—Now you just listen and I'll tell you what I think of you, and it won't take me but a minute.

[Harry sings second verse of the song.]

[Helen cries while Harry sings the last part of the verse.]

HARRY—Please don't cry, Helen, you know I was only fooling with you.

HELEN—Go away and let me alone!

HARRY—Come, Helen, forgive me and let's make up and be the same good friends that we have always been.

HELEN—You said my hair looked like pig-tails. (Boo-hoo!)

HARRY—But it doesn't, Helen. You know I was only fooling to see what you would do. You hair is beautiful and I like you awfully well.

HELEN—So my hair doesn't look like pig-tails, and do you really like me?

HARRY—Yes, Helen! and now let's forgive and forget, and be the same good friends that we have always been.

HELEN—Harry, I forgive you! *[Takes his hand while they sing the third verse together.]*

N. B.—The more real the song is acted the better will be the effect. Suitable gestures should be suggested by the leader.—J. O. Long.

No. 32.

Swinging.

J. O. L.

(AUDUBON.)

J. Owen Long.



1. Swing-ing in the tree - top Is a rob - in bird; Sad-dest lit - tle
2. Once he had a help-mate, Hap-py all the day, But some naughty
3. Now he is so lone - ly, Swing-ing there a - lone, 'Cause they killed his



CHORUS.



sto - ry That you ev - er heard.
school-boys Did his help-mate slay. Swing-ing, swing-ing, Swing-ing
help - mate, And destroyed his home.



there a - lone,... Swing-ing, swing - ing, With-out friends or home.



No. 33.

Hail to the Lovely Fall.

Ira Long.

(To my pupils at Melrose, Va.)

Ira Long.
Harrisonburg, Va.



1. All hail to the love - ly, love-ly fall, The ver - y best time of all the year!
2. All hail to the love - ly, love-ly fall, The chil-dren are skipping off to school;
3. All hail to the love - ly, love-ly fall, The beau-ti - ful leaves are red and gold:



The chestnuts and nuts have fall-en down, The rich-est of blessings now are here.
With nev-er a care to trouble the heart Of pu-pils who al-ways mind the rule.
With apples and grain and health and peace, God's blessings to us can-not be told.

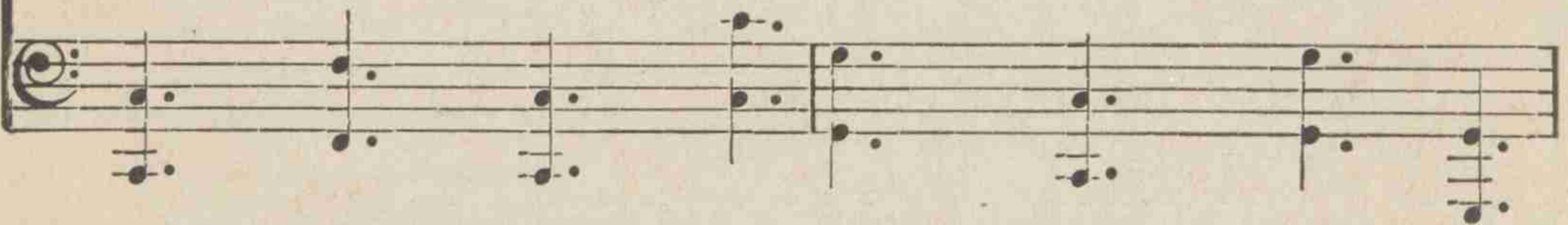


CHORUS.

Hail, all hail!.....



Hail to the beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful day! Autumn days beau-ti-ful, bright and clear!



Hail, all hail!.....



Hail to the beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful fall! Hail to the best time of all the year!



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