









# MARCHING PLAYS

FOR HOMES, KINDERGARTENS  
AND PRIMARY SCHOOLS.

By

Grey Burleson.



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MAKING READY FOR THE BUTTERFLY PLAY.



# MARCHING PLAYS

DESIGNED FOR LITTLE CHILDREN AT HOME

With Suggestions to Mothers  
for their further use in connection with  
Stories, Pictures, and Drawing Lessons

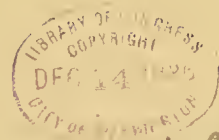
By  
GREY BURLESON  
"

Music by  
FRANK E. SAVILLE and KATE L. BROWN

Over a Hundred Helpful Pictures, Vignettes, etc., from Drawings by  
L. J. BRIDGMAN

BOSTON  
ALPHA PUBLISHING COMPANY

1896



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239 Congress Street, Boston.

TO  
ALL LITTLE CHILDREN  
AND  
THEIR MOTHERS  
AND  
THEIR TEACHERS



## AUTHOR'S NOTE.

THE author offers these Marching Plays to mothers as a pleasant means of both playing and talking with their little children. The Plays are based on the happy fact that the child during its first years would like to have its mother as its playfellow and companion, and naturally chooses her in preference to all others; and on that other fact that the young child's favorite diversion is found in well-known little action-plays and make-believes. The capacity for "taking part" develops at a surprisingly early age. All through babyhood the interest continues unabated in the doings of the five little toes that become "five little pigs," in the horseback ride on the knee, "trot, trot, to Boston to buy a loaf of bread," in pat-a-caking the perennial little cake and tossing it into the oven. Where is the mother who does not rely upon these immortal little plays to amuse her baby?

But while in the Marching Plays the primary interest appeals to the playing, imagining, make-believe faculty, they are designed also to strongly interest the child in animals, their habits and feelings; for when once little children are convinced that animals have many feelings in common with themselves, there will spring up a sense of kinship which will hold them back from treating dumb creatures unkindly. The interest in a few animals thus awakened may easily be broadened by the mother's talks into a general interest in natural history, and also into a very decided taste for nature-studies.

The magazines and photograph dealers and art stores afford excellent pictures, in addition to those given with the Plays, to illustrate the life of the animals, and it is believed that mothers will enjoy making a collection of such pictures for each Play, also collections of good stories about the animals, and descriptions of them. "Famous Pets," by Eleanor Lewis, is a good reference-book for mothers, in connection with the Plays, being a nearly complete guide to the pets celebrated in history and literature. It contains many pictures and stories calculated to interest children, and to serve as subjects for entertaining folks. The fact that the wise and noble and great of all ages have considered animals worthy of their affection and companionship will not be without its good influence upon the child-mind.

The larger pictures of the collection made might very advantageously be framed simply and hung low on the walls, in easy range of the children's eyes; the smaller ones kept loose for the children to take in their hands. A little standing blackboard on which the child can be encouraged to draw the animals will be of service in training the eye and the hand, and afford much entertaining occupation. In going from

## AUTHOR'S NOTE.

“Dobbin-Colt” to a “A Flock of Sheep,” the mother should put away all the horse pictures and horse stories, and have about only the sheep stories and sheep pictures ; and so with all the Plays.

A Play should be played until the child becomes familiar with it and can take its part with ease. The mother may sing her verses to the music, or she may simply recite them. The spirit of playing and “joining in,” will soon impel the children to sing or recite theirs also. The mother should at first sing or recite the children’s parts with them, just as she will show them and train them how to “march” aright, and to make the gestures gracefully.

Kindergartners and Primary teachers who may wish to vary their usual exercises with games more freely active will find these Marching Plays very pleasing for the purpose, and very popular with the children.

GREY BURLESON.

# LIST OF MARCHING PLAYS.

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I.

DOBBIN-COLT.

II.

A FLOCK OF SHEEP.

III.

THE LIONS.

IV.

THE HAPPY HEN.

V.

THE COUNTRY CATS.

VI.

THE BIG NIGHT BIRDS.

VII.

THE HOUSE MOUSE.

*LIST OF MARCHING PLAYS.*

VIII.

THE WILD HARE.

IX.

THE SHEPHERD DOG.

X.

THE ROBINS.

XI.

THE BUTTERFLIES.

XII.

THE GOING OF THE SWALLOWS.



# MARCHING PLAYS.





# Dobbin-Colt.





## SUGGESTIONS FOR PLAYING "DOBBIN-COLT."

THE pictures of the Play show in detail the movements of the mother, teacher or leader, as well as those of several children taking part. If there is more than one little Dobbin, the children should be trained to make all gestures, all movements in perfect time. The insistence upon this will not spoil their enjoyment ; on the contrary, the sense of doing all in order and in concert gives a child pleasure ; by this means too, during the merriest playing the child's mind becomes habituated to direction and to obedience.

In connection with the first verse, it will add to the child's comprehension of the Play if there is a previous talk about the food of the horse. Many a town child has never seen a horse out of harness roaming loose in the pasture, and does not know that some horses feed on grass eating it direct from the ground in summer, and that all eat hay in winter ; much less that hay is dried grass. Certainly many town children know nothing of the fascinating scenes of hay-making.

The fact that like a little child a little colt likes to stay close beside its mother, and again like a child likes to run off and play, and then, like a child, return to its mother, will lead children to see that the little creature has some of the same feelings that they have themselves ; mother and child, as they look at the pictures, may talk about this before the Play.

In the third verse, the gradual rising on tiptoe and raising the hands higher and higher to show stages of growth is a pretty movement to practice, also pretty to see when made in perfect time. This early training to move in unison is not without its importance in after life, as when the coöperation of individuals becomes needful in various undertakings.

To give the outward sign of obedience, in the fourth verse, is also valuable to the child. A pretty movement when there is but one Dobbin, is for the child to clasp its hands and the mother to lead him by the bridle thus formed, as a horse is led.

To render the fifth verse still more interesting, take the children into a blacksmith's shop to see the shoeing of a horse. Take care to explain that the substance of the hoof is such that the horse feels no pain when the shoe is nailed to its hoof.

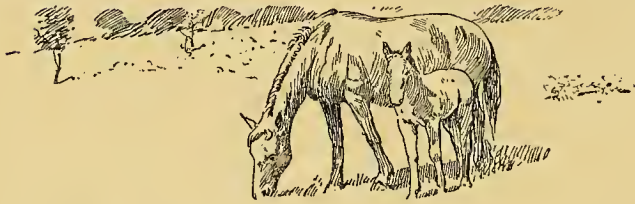
For the sixth verse, have books on a table that in passing each child may take one, as a "load," bearing it merrily along in the gallop or trot.

If now and then, in the spirit of play, a sudden neigh or whinny startles your ear, or a horse unexpectedly refuses to be "caught" and canters away, or even the whole band throw up their heads and heels and gallop off in a mad frolic, don't frown, or forbid, but gently conclude that a few independent studies of the horse may have been going on.

Fine pictures of horses can be found among photographs of paintings by Landseer and Rosa Bonheur. The famous horseback picture by Velasquez of the little Spanish boy-prince, Charles Balthazar, son of Philip IV., is a favorite with children. Large copies, suitable for framing, can be had at the photograph dealers.

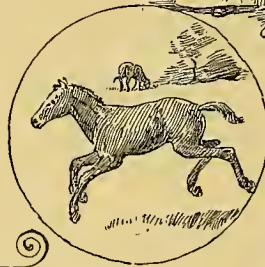
## DOBBIN-COLT.

DOBBIN is a baby colt!  
By his mother's side he stays;  
Through the grassy pasture land  
Slowly close beside her strays.



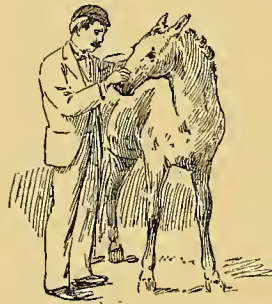
Teacher and  
class advance  
slowly.

Dobbin is a playful colt!  
Prancing off on twinkling feet,  
Circling back he gaily comes;  
Hear his flying small hoofs beat!



Rise and rise on tiptoes.

"Grow  
and  
grow."



Child next teacher  
skips down front of  
class, up behind and  
around teacher back  
to starting point —  
Others follow in order



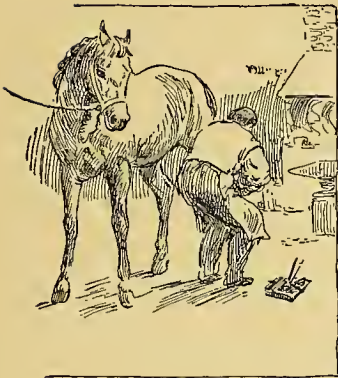
Dobbin is a handsome colt!  
See him grow, and grow, and grow!  
And a master's voice and hand  
Dobbin-colt has learned to know.

Dobbin is a model colt!

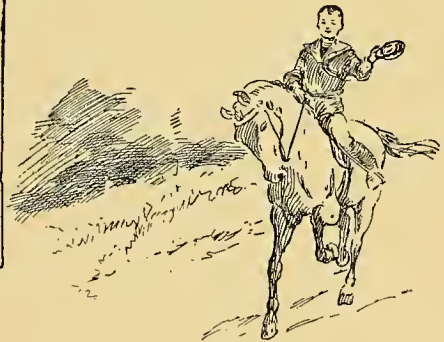
See him bend his arching head,  
Take the guiding bridle on,  
From the grassy field be led.



Children bend,  
then follow teacher  
around room.



Dobbin is a wond'ring colt!  
But, obedient to do  
What he's bid, he lifts his foot  
For the shining iron shoe.



Dobbin is a well-trained colt!

With his load he speeds away —  
Every creature trained and strong  
Likes to work as well as play.

## DOBBIN COLT.

Words by GREY BURLESON.

Music by KATE L. BROWN.

*Briskly.*

1. Dob - bin is a ba - by colt! By his moth - er's side he stays,  
 2. Dob - bin is a hand - some colt! See him grow and grow and grow,  
 3. Dob - bin is a wand - 'ring colt! But o - be - di - ent to do

Through the gras - sy pas - ture land, Slow - ly close be - hind her stays.  
 And a mas - ter's voice and hand Dob - bin colt has learned to know.  
 What he's bid, he lifts his foot For the shin - ing i - ron shoe.

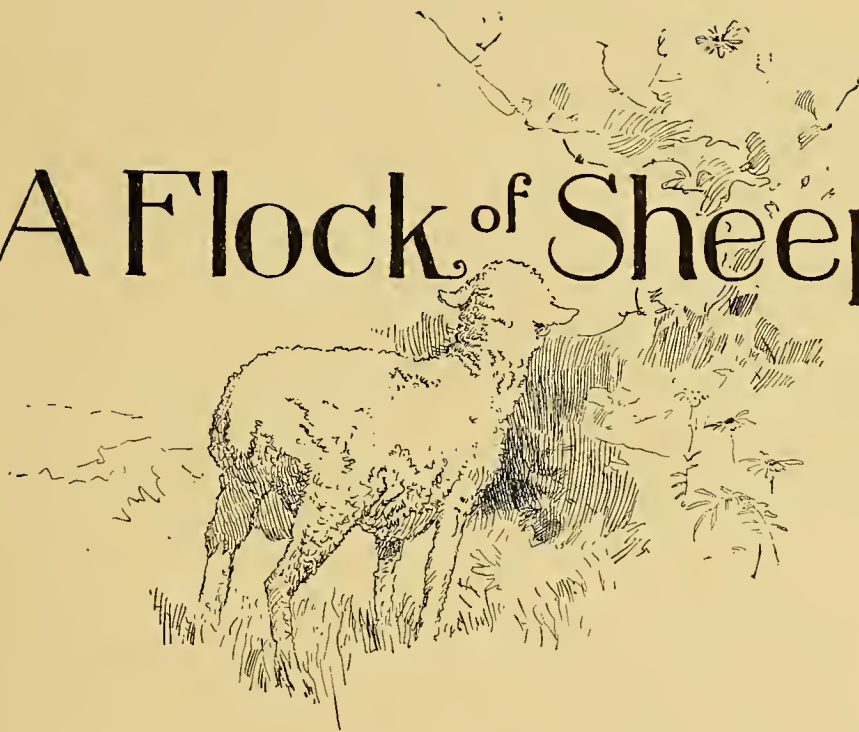
*Trotting measure.*

Dob - bin is a play - ful colt! Prancing off on twinkling feet,  
 Dob - bin is a mod - el colt! See him lift his arch - ing head,  
 Dob - bin is a well - trained colt! With his load he speeds a - way —

Cir - ling back he gai - ly comes, Hear his fly - ing, small hoofs beat!  
 Take the guid - ing bri - dle on, From the gras - sy field be led.  
 Ev' - ry crea - ture trained and strong, Likes to work as well as play.



# A Flock of Sheep.





## SUGGESTIONS FOR PLAYING "A FLOCK OF SHEEP."

NOT all country children have seen sheep, and few town children, though the latter may have spent their vacations in farming regions. Sheep are not kept on every farm, like horses and cows. So it is important to get reliable pictures of sheep before trying the Play. Those with the Play are good but small. Among magazine pictures easy to find, those by Monks are very true to American sheep. The photograph of Rosa Bonheur's "Changing Pasture" is fine for framing.

Children should be told in the general talk before playing, that sheep go at large in pastures and feed on grass, and like the horse eat hay in winter. Show them pictures of lambs, the babies of sheep. Interest them in realizing that their own winter gowns and coats are made from the warm wool of sheep. Show pictures of sheep-shearing. Secure, when you can, a lock from a fleece of wool; the wool of merino sheep is beautiful to look at.

The Play calls for several children — a "flock" of the child's playmates will gladly come in upon invitation — and particularly amuses little ones, because it places the mother, or teacher in several funny positions; it is always delightful to a child to see a grown person really at "play." Also they like to wear the little sheep-bells. The bells are more easily shaken into tinkling if worn upon the wrist. Some educators object to any accessories, and urge that the child's imagination is better exercised by singing the refrain "Hear the sheep-bells tinkle!" But it is well to consider instances of the natural action of the child-mind. In spontaneous child-play, as in "playing house," the little one does not seat itself on the open floor, but creeps under the table where it has roof and walls, or with shawl and chairs builds itself a tent.

The mother, as "leader," or head of the flock, wears a large bell. In general talk the children are told that all animals that go in flocks and herds have a "leader" whom they recognize, follow and obey. Like people, the sheep provide for their safety by submitting to a governor. This gives the child the feeling that "government" is a general and natural and good thing, and so its mind takes an easy step into the established order of things.

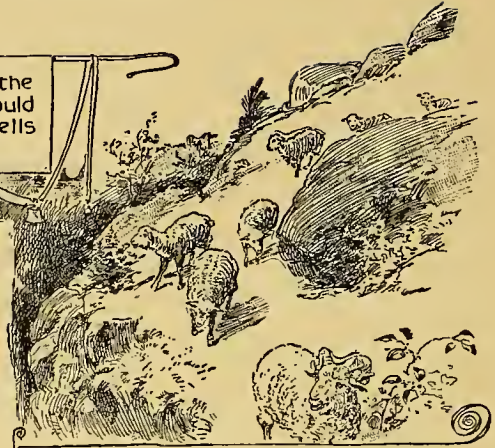
In the third verse the mother steps up on a stool or hassock to look about for danger; this amuses the children. In some of her talks the mother says, "Everybody enjoys the thought of being a leader. But a leader must have his thoughts all the time on those he leads. He must watch for danger and warn them, and take them out of its reach, or in some other way protect them and save them."

The final scamper, the mother's jump over the imaginary wall, and the general shaking of the bells combine to further make the exercise a genuine "play." Yet a lesson in courteousness may be drawn from the "crowding," concerning the kindly restraint of little elbows and hands.

Now and then, as a special diversion, and at a given signal, at the end of the third verse the children may be permitted a chorus and a confusion of "ba-a's," but never unnaturally loud or noisy, or approaching burlesque.

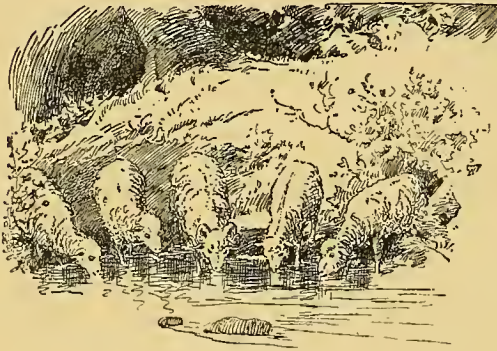
# A FLOCK OF SHEEP.

In this play the children should wear little bells on ribbons.



**D**OWN the hilly pasture,  
Over ledge and rock,  
By the winding sheep-path  
Come the woolly flock.  
*Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle —*  
Hear the sheep-bells tinkle!

Children follow teacher, single file, slowly, in winding line.



In the vale they gather  
At the silver rill ;  
Back they nibbling clamber  
Up the sunny hill.

*Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle —*  
Slow the sheep-bells tinkle!



All pause in semicircle, bend heads, drink from hollowed palms, then follow teacher back, bending and moving heads from side to side as if cropping grass

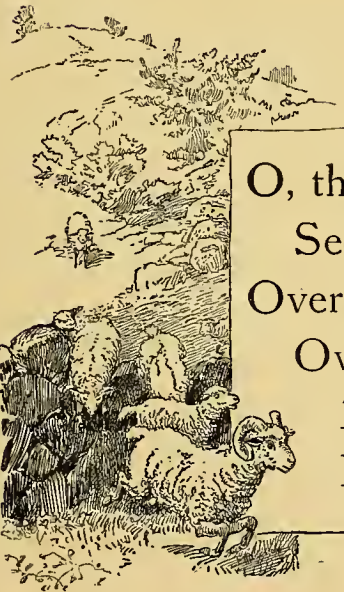
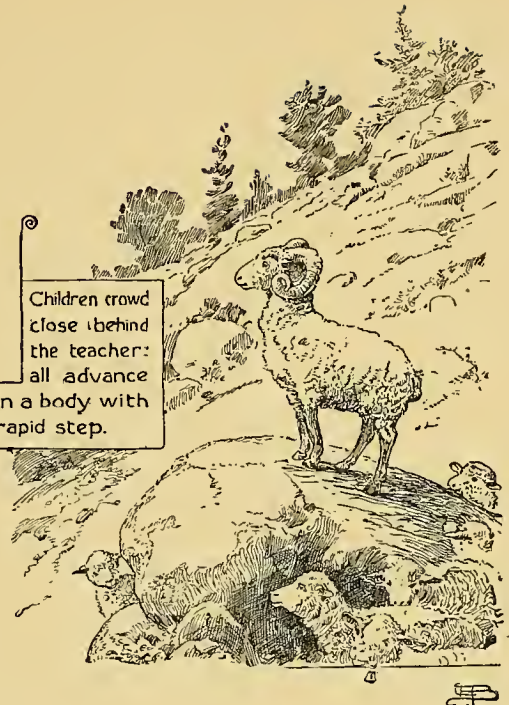
Hist! a panic-signal!

Crowding close they fly  
With their fleecy leader  
Down the hillside high.

*Tinkle-tinkle-tinkle* —  
Fast the sheep-bells tinkle!

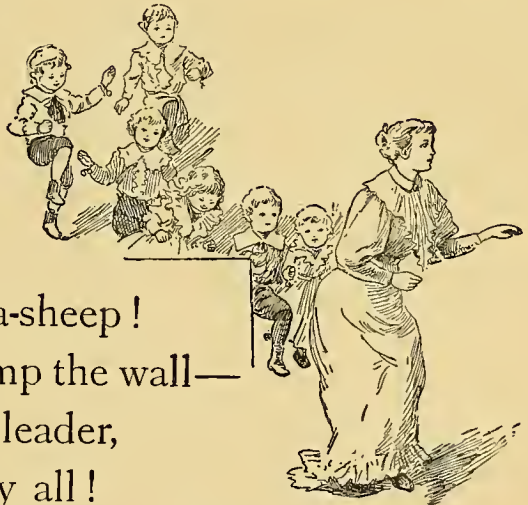


Children crowd close behind the teacher: all advance in a body with rapid step.



O, the silly baa-sheep!  
See them jump the wall —  
Over goes the leader,  
Over go they all!

*Tinkle! tinkle-tinkle!*  
How the sheep-bells tinkle!



In marching the teacher takes a sudden skip and high step, children the same in concert.

In marching the teacher takes a sudden skip and high step, children the same in concert.

## A FLOCK OF SHEEP.

Words by GREY BURLISON.

Music by KATE L. BROWN.

1. Down the hil - ly pas - ture, O - ver ledge and rock, By the wind - ing  
 2. In the vale they gath - er, At the sil - ver rill, Back they nib - bling  
 3. Hist! a pan - ic - sig - nal! Crowding close they fly, With their fleec - y  
 4. O, the sil - ly baa - sheep! See them jump the wall— O - ver goes the

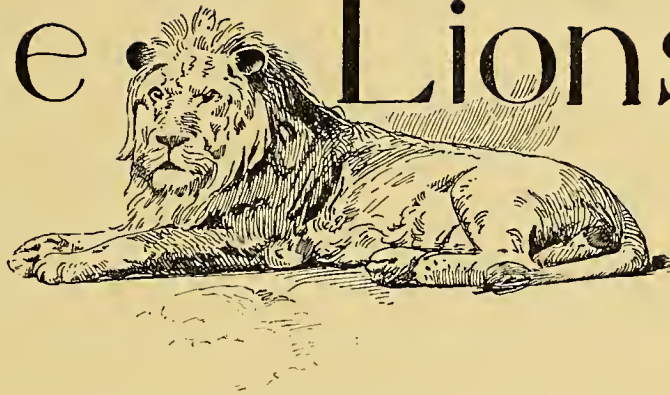
sheep path, Come the wool - ly flock. By the winding sheep path,  
 clam - ber Up the sun - ny hill. Back they nibbling clam - ber  
 lead - er, Down the hill - side high. With their fleec - y lead - er,  
 lead - er, O - ver go they all. O - ver goes the lead - er,

## (SHEEP-BELL CHORUS.)

Come the wool - ly flock. Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, Tinkle, tinkle, tink! Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,  
 Up the sun - ny hill. Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, Tinkle, tinkle, tink! Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,  
 Down the hillside high. Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, Tinkle, tinkle, tink! Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,  
 O - ver go they all! Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, Tinkle, tinkle, tink! Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,

Tinkle, tinkle, tink! Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, Tinkle, tinkle, tink! Hear the sheep-bells tinkle!  
 Tinkle, tinkle, tink! Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, Tinkle, tinkle, tink! Slow the sheep-bells tinkle!  
 Tinkle, tinkle, tink! Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, Tinkle, tinkle, tink! Fast the sheep-bells tinkle!  
 Tinkle, tinkle, tink! Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, Tinkle, tinkle, tink! How the sheep-bells tinkle!

# The Lions.







## SUGGESTIONS FOR PLAYING "THE LIONS."

TO set the lion vividly before the eyes of the children, in all the majesty of his form, but depicting his habit of solitude instead of his habit of slaughter, there is no picture better than the small etching by Herbert Dicksee which shows a lion drinking at a river bank. To show, also without slaughter, something of the dread which lions inspire in all things living, get the admirable photograph of the painting of a family of lions, by William Strutt; this photograph is known as "Watching for Stragglers."

The Play is largely designed to serve the mother as a Natural History lesson, a lesson which also shall make one or two valuable moral impressions. It affords a good means of giving children an idea of the striking differences that exist among animals, if chosen to follow "A Flock of Sheep," and vividly impresses them with the extreme that lies between the most terrible of the wild animals, and the gentlest of the domestic animals.

Each verse and each movement is intended to call attention to some characteristic of the lion, in contrast to traits of the sheep. The lion's preference for darkness, his active life in the night, his liking for solitude, his powerful and terrifying voice, his terrible strength, the awful dread of him felt by the other animals, his untiring pursuit when once on the chase, all are strikingly unlike the traits of sheep — their preference for high, open, sunny pastures, their fondness for feeding and living together in flocks, their trust in their leader, their gentle, timid, appealing voices, and their peaceful look and manner.

The mother will talk of these differences, telling the children that probably they never will see lions in their natural free state, and that a Lion Play is given that they may easily imagine them and perceive how unlike they are to all useful animals, and why it is that they are hunted and destroyed. She will tell them that all the useful animals sleep at night, that most of the useful animals live on grass and grain and roots, and that they enjoy the society of their kind, and readily accept masters, and like to be sheltered and protected; also that the kingly lion is incapable of becoming useful in any form.

She will naturally draw from the lion's character a little lesson on the evil that power unaccompanied by kindness generally becomes; and she will impress on her little listeners the fact that power which is so exerted as to excite only fear and dread will be destroyed sooner or later; and that great strength of any kind when not used for kind and useful purposes is of no value. Even a grand appearance which inspires terror, is not admired. The majestic-appearing King of Beasts when at large is universally destroyed as quickly as possible.

But the knowledge of the ugly evil of the life of the lion is not allowed to remain in the child's mind with depressing effects; the impressions of the animal's cruelty pass away, as they should, during the action of the Play which at the close takes a very merry and amusing form in the chase and laughing capture of the mother or teacher.

# The Lions



(Teacher sings.)

THE lions shun the sun !  
All day, asleep,  
Deep in the thicket's shade  
The lions keep.

Heads  
drooped,  
eyes closed,  
hands on  
knees.



(Teacher sings.)

'Tis in the dark midnights  
The lions wake ;  
All silent and alone  
Their way they take.



March  
forward  
slowly  
in line,  
diverging.



March  
down to the  
end of the room,  
heads held high.  
Sing with  
emphasis.



(Teacher sings.)

Awake, at night they seek  
The river-shore ;

(Children join in.)

And all the desert vast  
Shakes with their roar.





(Children sing.)

The lions, they are kings!  
 They make the law!  
 Yea, every creature fears  
 The lion's paw!

Turn,  
 sing, right  
 arms lifted  
 like imperious  
 paws.



(Teacher sings.)

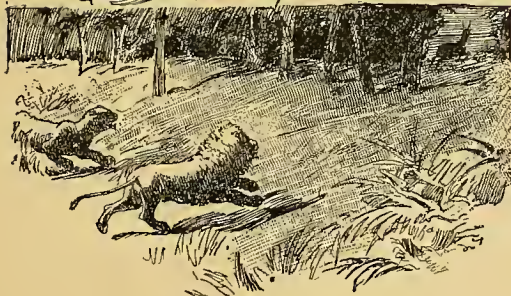
The lions never tire!  
 With tossing mane  
 They bound along  
 The moonlit plain.

March  
 around the room  
 rapidly, tossing heads,  
 pursuing teacher, or  
 mother, who "falls  
 in at the right  
 point, keeping  
 in advance.



(Children sing.)

They never, never tire  
 They speed away  
 And follow, follow on,  
 And take the prey!



March  
 around the room  
 again. "Take the  
 prey" by over-  
 taking and sur-  
 rounding the  
 teacher, or  
 mother.

## THE LIONS.

Words by GREY BURLESON.

Music by F. E. SAVILLE.

*1st verse softly.*

1. The li - ons shun the sun! All day, a - sleep, Deep in the thick-et's  
 2. A - wake, at night they seek The riv - er-shore; And all the des - ert  
 3. The li - ons nev - er tire! With toss - ing mane They bound a - way a -

*faster.*

shade The li - ons keep 'Tis in the dark mid-nights The li - ons  
 vast Shakes with their roar! The li - ons, they are kings! They make the  
 long The moon - lit plain. They nev - er, nev - er tire! They speed a -

*accel.*

wake; All si - lent and a - lone Their way they take!  
 law! Yea, ev - 'ry crea - ture fears The li - on's paw!  
 way And fol - low, fol - low on, And take the prey.

The  
Happy  Hen.



## SUGGESTIONS FOR PLAYING "THE HAPPY HEN."

THIS Play will be specially liked by the mother who has but "one chicken"—one child of the true nursery age. However, its phrasing can be changed, easily, to admit a whole brood into the marching. "Chick" readily becomes "chicks," and "chicken" "chickens,"—all required changes will no doubt suggest themselves to the mother's pencil.

Also she may make other simple alterations that shall cause the watchfulness and tender care of the mother-hen to be still more distinctly felt by the child, since "I" and "my" may be substituted for "she" and "her" at pleasure. Thus, at the outset, instead of "Now here comes a Hen," the opening line may be sung, "O, I am a Hen." Doubtless with many little ones the make-believe, the personification, would be more certain and complete.

For this purpose lines in the second verse may read, "My chicken and I," "I scan heaven and earth," "All's well," says this hen." Additional changed readings may be worded thus: "See! quickly I run;" "I scratch up the ground;" "My chicken's soft chirp;" "We sip from the dew;" "We lift up our heads;"

"Now homeward I go,  
With my chick close behind,  
A glad mother-hen  
With a most happy mind."

The Play, when used, will be seen to inspire graceful gestures and striking movements, but altogether easy and natural and full of the play spirit. Little children will particularly enjoy the chances for "peeping." Those who have never seen baby chickens will have no difficulty in imagining the plump, caressable little creatures from looking at the pictures which illustrate the Play. Good farmyard pictures, of a large size, are to be readily found in magazines, notably in the German periodicals. Much of the fun of the marching, however, will depend on the mother—on the naturalness with which she cranes her head, darts about, and sings her crow-crows. There may be an improvised chorus between the verses, of crowings, cluckings, and peepings.

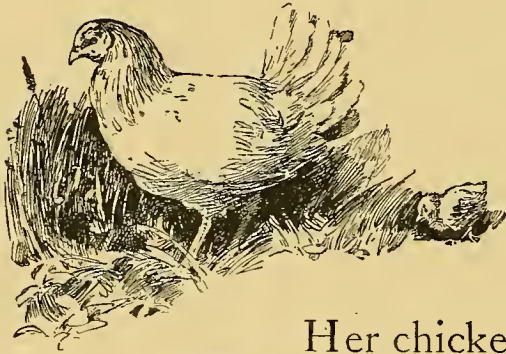
Indeed, it is well to interest the children in the fact that hens seem to come near possessing a language, and talk with one another, and that this may be studied by anyone who has a chance to observe a hen with her chickens. The hen has several distinct calls: "Come here to me, quick!" "A hawk! danger! hide!" "Going to rain! come in!" "Come! come! come! here's something good to eat!" The chickens understand her perfectly.

Also call the child's attention to the facts that a hen seems as loving, and the chickens as loving, as a human mother and her children; that when allowed to go with her chickens she provides food for them as carefully as the human mother gets meals for her family; also that hens are so easily impressed by kind tones and gentle handling that, anxious mothers though they are, nervous and easily alarmed, they will permit their chickens to be picked up and petted, without a protest.

## The Happy Hen.

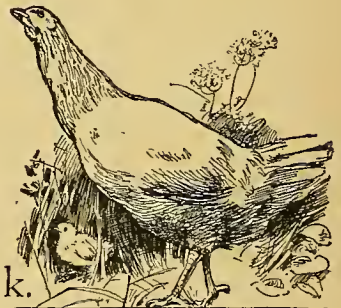
O, HERE comes a Hen  
 With a most happy mind,  
 Her one little chick  
 Close a-walking behind.  
 The morning is warm  
 And the sun is on high,  
 No hawk to be seen  
 In the blue summer sky.

Slow circuit of room, mother singing,  
 child now and then uttering happy peeps.



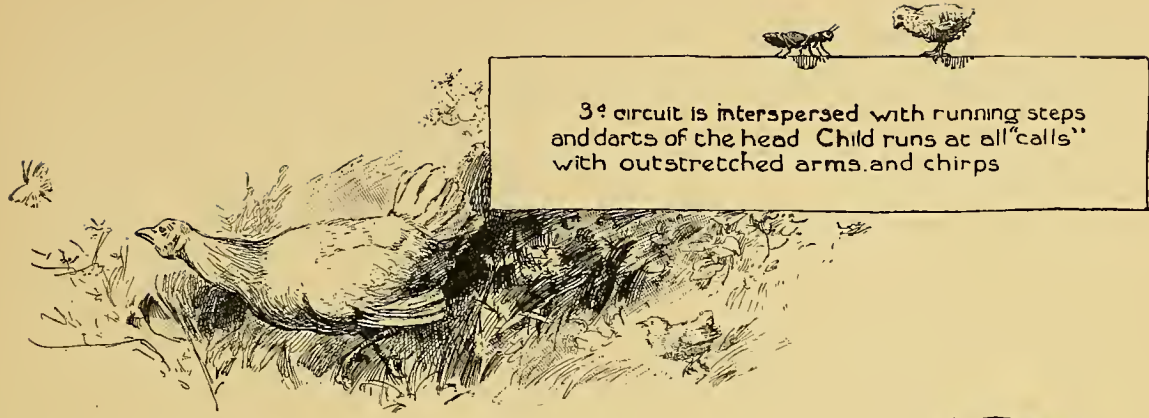
Her chicken and she  
 Are out for a walk;  
 "Craw, craw, kr-kr-craw,"  
 And "Peep," goes the talk.

She scans heaven and earth,  
 High a-craning her head;  
 "All's well!" says the Hen,  
 "My chick shall be fed."



In 2<sup>nd</sup> circuit mother  
 often pauses, anxiously  
 craning her head about,  
 scanning sky for hawks,  
 "Peeps" and "Craws" at  
 pleasure, in the singing.





Now quickly she runs,  
 Darting here, darting there,  
 For bugs in the grass  
 Or a fly in the air;  
 She calls to her chick  
 As she scratches the ground,  
 And the chicken's soft chirp  
 Is the loveliest sound!



They sip from the leaves  
 The bright drops of the dew,  
 And lift up their heads  
 Ever thankfully too.  
 Then homeward she goes,  
 And her chick close behind,  
 This dear Mother Hen  
 With a most happy mind.

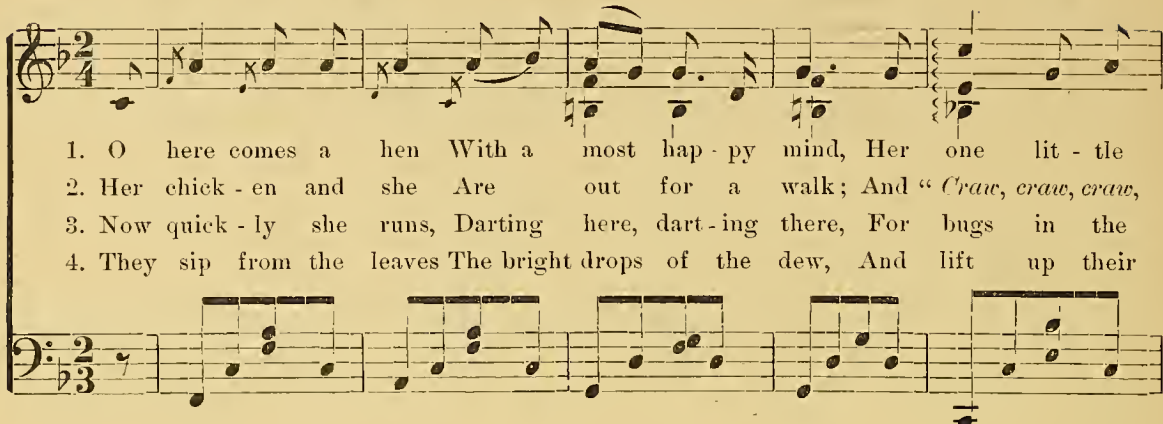


In the 4th circuit, side by side they sip from hands, uplifting heads at each swallow Finish circuit, child walking behind mother.

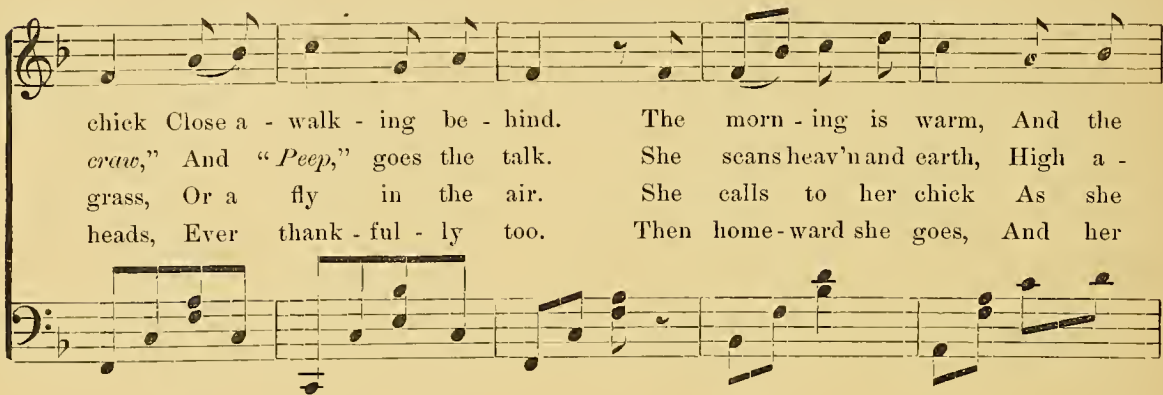
## THE HAPPY HEN.

Words by GREY BURLESON.

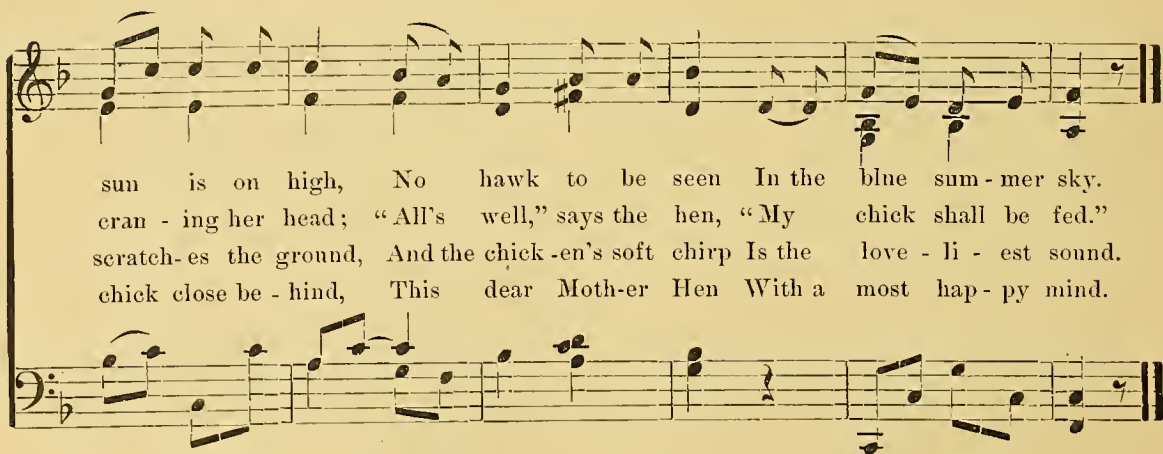
Music by F. E. SAVILLE.



1. O here comes a hen With a most hap - py mind, Her one lit - tle  
 2. Her chick - en and she Are out for a walk; And "*Craw, crawl, crawl,*  
 3. Now quick - ly she runs, Darting here, dart - ing there, For bugs in the  
 4. They sip from the leaves The bright drops of the dew, And lift up their



chick Close a - walk - ing be - hind. The morn - ing is warm, And the  
*crawl,* And "*Peep,*" goes the talk. She scans heav'n and earth, High a -  
 grass, Or a fly in the air. She calls to her chick As she  
 heads, Ever thank - ful - ly too. Then home - ward she goes, And her



sun is on high, No hawk to be seen In the blue sum - mer sky.  
 cran - ing her head; "All's well," says the hen, "My chick shall be fed."  
 scratch - es the ground, And the chick - en's soft chirp Is the love - li - est sound.  
 chick close be - hind, This dear Moth - er Hen With a most hap - py mind.

The  
Country  
Cats.





## SUGGESTIONS FOR PLAYING "THE COUNTRY CATS."

THE little ones who have taken part in the Lion Play will perhaps be surprised when told that the lion and the house-cat belong to the same family: that the dread lion is a cat as truly as little pussy by the fireside, and can purr!

Though children are acquainted with cats, the bright tabbies in Louis Wain's pictures and the exquisite pussies of Henrietta Ronner, will give them a new interest in the familiar animals, a new respect for them. These may be found in the magazines and the large foreign illustrated papers for the last five years, and there is at least one beautiful book entirely devoted to the lovely Ronner cats, published by the Century Company.

The mother can make these pictures of handsome, well-kept cats serve a good purpose in her general talk before the Play is tried, showing the children the difference between the cat protected, and the cat neglected as they all have seen it scudding in haste and fear along a street in town. She has the opportunity here to create in the tender mind of the child an indignation regarding various practices,—such as providing no sleeping place for the house cat, but turning it out of the door at night to find one for itself in the street or elsewhere, and leaving it to provide its own food and shelter during the summer absence of the family. She can, too, express her wonder—cause for wonder it truly is—that many town boys should consider a cat in the street as fair game for frightening, and for cruel treatment, while country boys very rarely treat a stray cat unkindly. She will point out that while many family cats are treated with all attentions and become beautiful creatures, the lives of ordinary town cats are full of hardships and many of them become, from mere lack of humane care, skulking, fighting, shabby outcasts, markedly afraid when they meet an urchin; also that any ownerless cat seems doomed to persecution.

She may tell them that it is for such reasons that the "country cat," by contrast, seems the happy type of cat—playful, gamboling, climbing, racing, the true natural cat who yet is tame and home-loving and companionable. She will do an act of justice in teaching that the cat is *not* an ungrateful, treacherous creature, as is often said, but on the contrary fond of caresses, purring at the very sound of her name, and as affectionate and attached as the dog, and she should collect some of the many stories of the long journeys which cats, when given away, take to get back to their former homes.

Train the little ones to "march," in this Play, with a soft, quick, easy step, noiseless but not stealthy, and without wriggling.

The wise mother will also encourage any original play-impulse, and suggest also pretty additions to the Play. Sometimes, at the close, she will let the little ones curl themselves on rug or cushions as nearly like cats as possible, and "purr" as long as they like. They may take a fancy, too, to tumble and roll on the carpet, like the country cats in the fragrant catnip, and she may end the frolic, at last, with a soft clapping of her hands, and a merry "Scat! Scat!" sending them away laughing and happy.



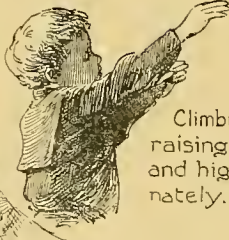
## The Country Cats.

The mother or teacher may sing or recite the verses, the children joining in the refrains of pit-a-pats and purrs. The hand movements are made while marching.

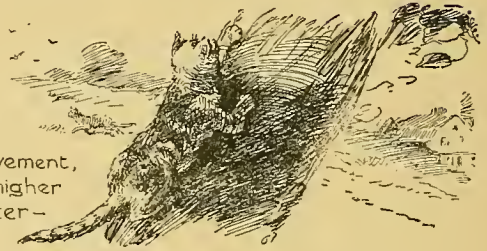
WE happy Country Cats,  
We think our lot the best  
Of all the beastie-folk,  
And pity all the rest.

We've miles of grass just right  
For cushioned kitty-feet,  
All velvet-soft to suit  
A kitty scudding fleet.

*Pit-i-pat, pit-i-pat!*



Climbing movement,  
raising arms higher  
and higher alter-  
nately.



And barky trees, where cats  
Can climb, and sharpen claws,  
And fright the foolish birds  
With harmless *me-a-aws!*  
And leafy garden-beds  
Lie round us everywhere —  
'Tis naughty little cats  
That go and tumble there!

Rolling  
movement,  
hands  
revolving  
about  
each other  
in  
front.



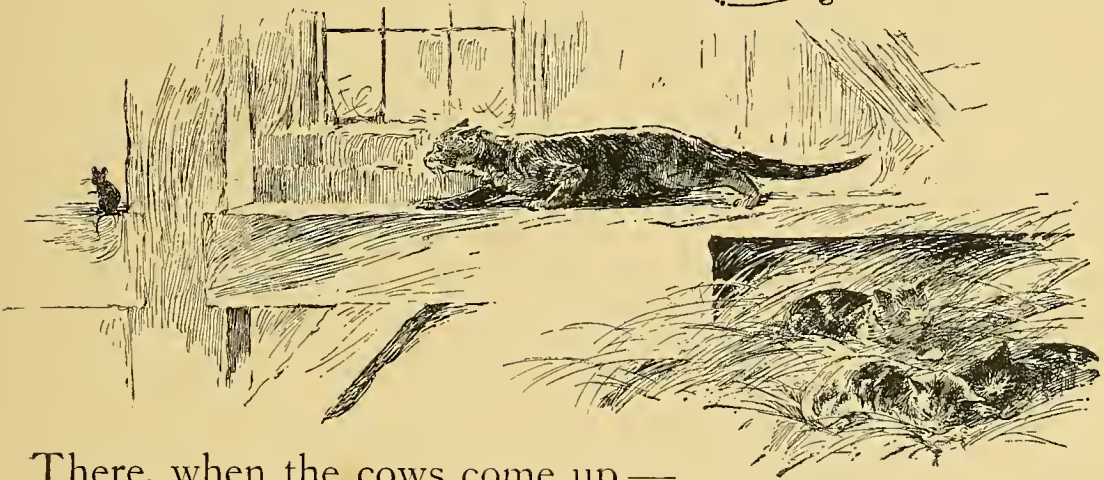
*Pit-i-pat, pit-i-pat!*

And, O, the country nights!  
 A cat can travel far  
 And come and go all safe  
 By light of moon and star.  
 But best the dusky barn!  
 With mice, and mows of hay,  
 Where any cat can climb  
 And sleep the day away.

*Purr-purr-purr, purr, purr!*



Creeping movement of fingers, the hands held well forward.



There, when the cows come up —  
 O, listen, cats in town!  
 We hear in great milk-pails  
 The milk go streaming down!  
 And there on winter nights,  
 Deep in her haymow nest,  
 The peaceful Country Cat  
 Knows well her lot is best!

*Purr-purr-purr, purr, purr.*

At end, children in seats, head bent, arms folded, to imitate cats curled up in hay.









The

# Big Night Birds.





## SUGGESTIONS FOR PLAYING "THE BIG NIGHT BIRDS."

**A**S a rule, few children will be able to see live owls. They can, however, in many places, be taken to see stuffed owls in bird-stores and in Natural History Museums. They also can see excellent pictures of owls in Grant's "Our Common Birds, and How to Know Them," in which the soft, fluffy featheriness peculiar to the owl is well shown, also the markings of the feathers. When practicable, procure a stuffed owl to stand on mantel or bracket, for the Play. The owl is an easy bird to draw on the little blackboards, also with crayons on paper. When an owl's feather can be had, encourage the children to try to draw it, with its markings.

This Play is popular with children. It appeals strongly to the child's imagination. With much of the same kind of pleasure with which it listens to fairy stories, the child realizes that there is a great bird that flies silently about in the night-time a very different one from the small birds it is accustomed to see—the cheerful birds of the sunshine and the daytime, such as robins and sparrows.

Also, the Play abounds with true play-opportunities. Children enjoy the *tu-whit*, *tu-who* refrains, and always sing them well, greatly amused at the effect. They like, also, to wear the disks and horns, especially if they are not allowed to have them at any other time. A mother who has leisure may make disks of chicken feather; sometimes the real owl-feathers may be had at taxidermists. She may twist the children's own locks into "horns;" a braided horn tied with a ribbon pleases any very little "owl."

It adds to the pleasure of the Play to have papa or some other visitor present whom the mother addresses as she "points" to the owls while she sings.

Sometimes the mother may darken the room and have a large lighted shaded lamp to serve as a "moon," to better create a night effect.

Sometimes, for second verse, she can arrange to have the owls march in behind parted curtains, and stand between them as in a hollow tree, if the window has draperies.

The third verse affords a good exercise for the practice of noiseless stepping and movement. The singing or reciting should be soft and low.

In the fourth verse the mother may sometimes precede the little owls with their slow-waving arms, her own joyous soaring movements impressing on them the contrast between sunshiny, light-loving natures and gloomy ones.

Sometimes, while she sings the last verse, the children may slowly circle about the room and then away to their hollow-tree nests between the curtains, instead of going to seats. This gives an amusing little tableau where there are two or three windows, and at each two or three children to peer out.

The mother will do well to prepare a short natural history talk for the Play, each time taking a different member of the owl family. She will not find the time lost, even from a personal pleasure point-of-view, that she spends in libraries searching for interesting information for these talks with her children.

## THE BIG NIGHT BIRDS.

BEHOLD the round-eyed Owls!  
 The puffed-up feathery birds  
 That cry out in the night  
 And speak these two odd words:  
*Tu-whit, tu-whoo! tu-whit, tu-whoo!*

Mother recites or, sings, each verse; children  
 sing *tu-whit* refrain. A pair of big disks to  
 surround the eyes, adds much to the pleasure of  
 the "owls"; easily made of common crimped paper.  
 A pair of tufts, to stand up like the feather "horns"  
 of certain species, may also be worn.



1.

Children march with mother behind  
 pointing at them and singing.



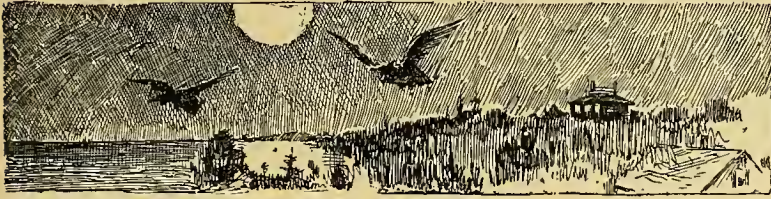
2.

Children stand, arms pressed  
 close to side, eyes closed, should-  
 ers drawn up; mother behind,  
 pointing.



Light scares these big-eyed birds;  
 They go and hide all day;  
 They sit in hollow trees;  
 Disturbed, they hiss and say:  
*Tu-whit, tu-whoo! tu-whit, tu-whoo!*

But out they fly at night ;  
 They come round many a house ;  
 All noiselessly they sail,  
 A-watch for mole or mouse.  
*Tu-whit, tu-whoo! tu-whit, tu-whoo!*

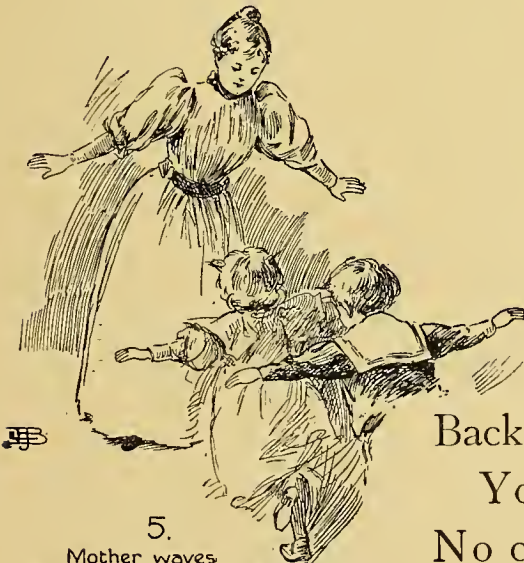


3.  
 Children slowly circle room  
 arms stretched out wide,  
 heads inclining forward,  
 mother behind, pointing.



They never fly for joy,  
 And soar about the sky ;  
 They sail, and pounce, and sail —  
 These Owls with their strange cry :  
*Tu-whit, tu-whoo! tu-whit, tu-whoo!*

4.  
 Children circle room as  
 before ; mother behind,  
 tiptoe, joyous, with tos-  
 sing, soaring, wavering  
 arm movements.




5.  
 Mother waves  
 her arms backward repeated-  
 ly. Children circle away to  
 their seats, arms extended  
 horizontally as before, repeating  
 refrain until seated.

Back to your hollow tree,  
 You birds that have no song  
 No child would like to be  
 An Owl for very long.  
*Tu-whit, tu-whoo! tu-whit, tu-whoo!*

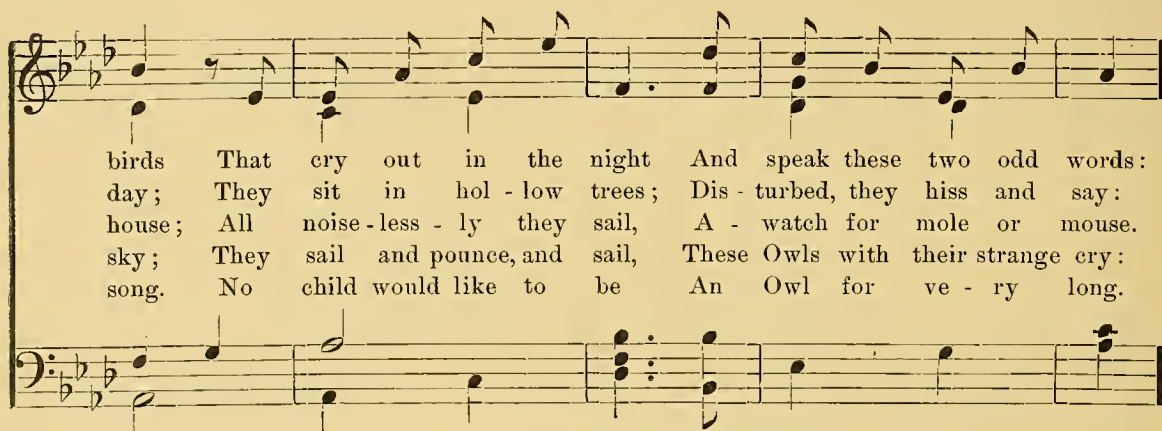
## THE BIG NIGHT BIRDS.

Words by GREY BURLESON.

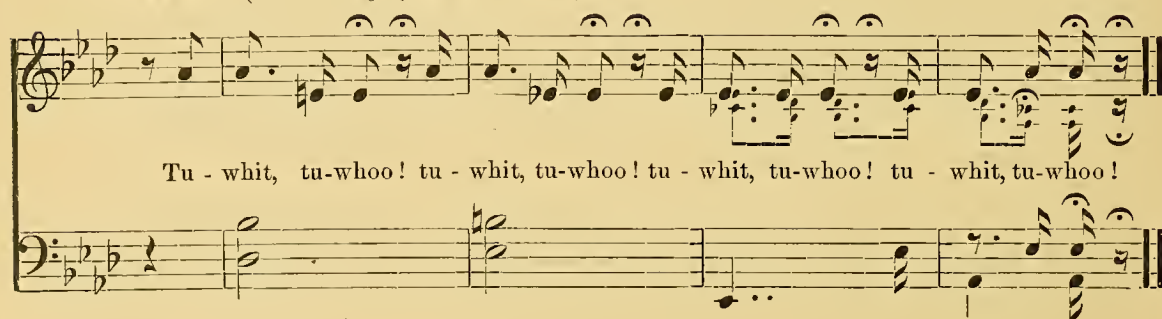
Music by F. E. SAVILLE.



1. Be - hold the round - eyed Owls! The puffed - up feath - ery  
 2. Light scares these big - eyed birds; They go and hide all  
 3. But out they fly at night; They come round many a  
 4. They nev - er fly for joy, And soar a - bout the  
 5. Back to your hol - low tree, You birds that have no



birds That cry out in the night And speak these two odd words:  
 day; They sit in hol - low trees; Dis - turbed, they hiss and say:  
 house; All noise - less - ly they sail, A - watch for mole or mouse.  
 sky; They sail and pounce, and sail, These Owls with their strange cry:  
 song. No child would like to be An Owl for ve - ry long.

REFRAIN. (*To be sung after each verse.*)


Tu - whit, tu - whoo! tu - whit, tu - whoo! tu - whit, tu - whoo! tu - whit, tu - whoo!



The House Mouse







## SUGGESTIONS FOR PLAYING "THE HOUSE MOUSE."

**I**N this Play long parts are given the child to sing. However, the children's verses are of a nature to catch hold upon both memory and fancy. It will prove that even the youngest of the "mice" can readily remember all the mouse choruses and will sing them "with expression," with smiling roguery.

In the marching for the second verse the children should be encouraged to give with the greatest sense of free, smiling play, yet still in complete unison, the rush, the scamper, the scurry, the sudden stop, and the sudden perfect silence called for by the words. To secure this effective unison of movement some careful training and drill will be needful, but the practicing will prove one of the enjoyments of the Play. The gay chorus after the moment of silence is strikingly effective.

The easy old-fashioned hippity-hop step, familiar to children everywhere, is advised, for the sake of order, form, concerted, regulated movement. Some pretty dancing-step may be taught for the "dancing in a round" while singing the third chorus; then the circle breaking into pairs, the children may have a second round of hippity-hop — this is charming for the little ones when there is a piano so that the notes may be struck for the merry feet. The accompaniment for the entire Play may be played upon a guitar, banjo, violin, mandolin. The greatest liberty of varying is recommended to the mother. As example, the music for last line of first verse, "*Of fleeing elfin Feet,*" may be repeated without the words, on the mandolin or piano, with a light echo-like effect. In short no opportunity should be neglected to make an unexpected change. Sometimes, as a particular pleasure and surprise, a tray of candies, and nuts and tiny cakes may be placed on a little table, and the children may sing the chorus of the last verse, merrily skipping by, each taking a bon-bon as they pass. Many new little features, for each and all of the Plays will occur, from time to time, to the mother's fancy.

One intention of this Play is to root out and destroy the very common and very foolish fear of a mouse which often causes terror with children. Many of the considerations proper to adults need not be forced on the child-mind. In making a collection of pictures for this Play exclude those of mice in a trap, no matter how well drawn and true to life. Good pictures of mice are rare. Procure, if possible, a photograph of the mice painted in fresco by Raphael in the Loggia of the Vatican. They are wonderfully real.

If the actual mouse can be shown, call attention to the exquisite soft gray fur, the dainty, tiny, pink claws, the bright eyes, the pretty, graceful, slender head. Speak of its confiding disposition when tamed and petted. Tell the children of the tamed mice in Aldrich's "Story of a Bad Boy." Tell Æsop's fable of the mouse that liberated the netted lion. There are many stories of prison-mice that have become the pets and companions of solitary captives, and there are curious true stories of singing mice, and mice that learn music, and mice that have been seen to dance.

## THE HOUSE MOUSE

*(Mother, or teacher sings :)*

SOMETIMES a child at night  
Awakes from slumber sweet,  
And seems to hear the step  
Of fleeing elfin feet.

*(Child sings :)*

'Tis I, the merry Mouse,  
The little bright-eyed Mouse  
That dwells within the house !  
'Tis I ! 'tis I ! 'tis I !

<sup>1</sup>  
A child comes lightly about the  
room with hippity-hop step



*(Mother sings :)*

A rush as of a troop !  
A scamper in the walls !  
A scurry in the floors !  
Then perfect silence falls.

*(Children, pausing, sing :)*

'Tis we, the merry Mice !  
'Tis we, the frolic Mice  
All scudding in a trice !  
'Tis we ! 'tis we ! 'tis we !

<sup>2</sup>  
Several children come out and  
hippity-hop about swiftly and gaily.



(Mother sings :)

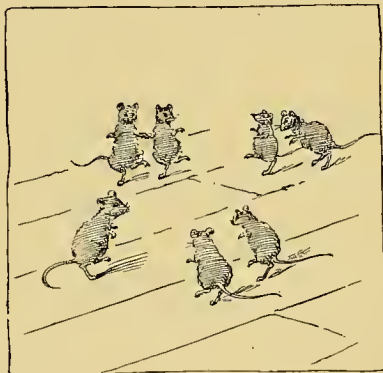
A merry sprite it is !  
 Yet children fear the Mouse,  
 The Mouse that joys like them  
 To dwell within the house !

(Children sing, joining hands, dancing in a round :)

We do ! each merry Mouse,  
 Each little tricky Mouse ;  
 We like the cosey house,  
 We do ! we do ! we do !



3  
 Children hippity-hop around  
 in pairs, joyously.



(Mother sings :)

And dainty is the Mouse !  
 What children like, it eats !  
 It chooses grains and fruits,  
 And has a tooth for sweets.

(Children sing, dancing in a round :)

Then do not fear the Mouse,  
 The dainty merry Mouse  
 That shares your cosey house ;  
 O, no ! no, no ! no, no !



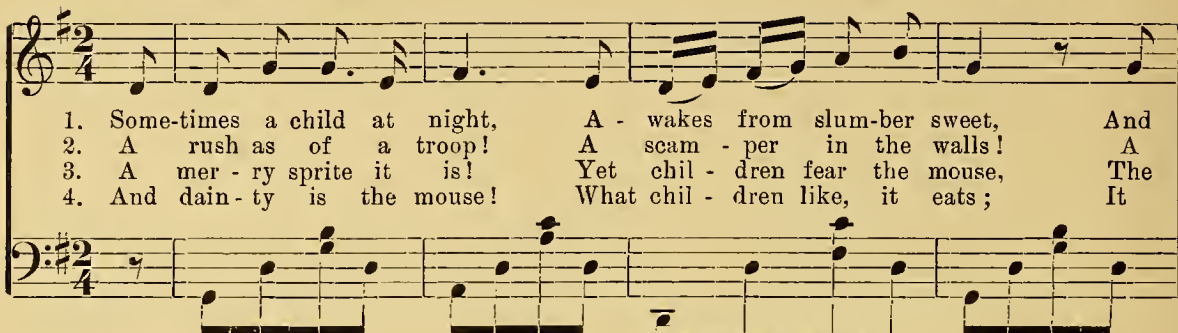
4  
 Children hippity-hop about  
 gently.



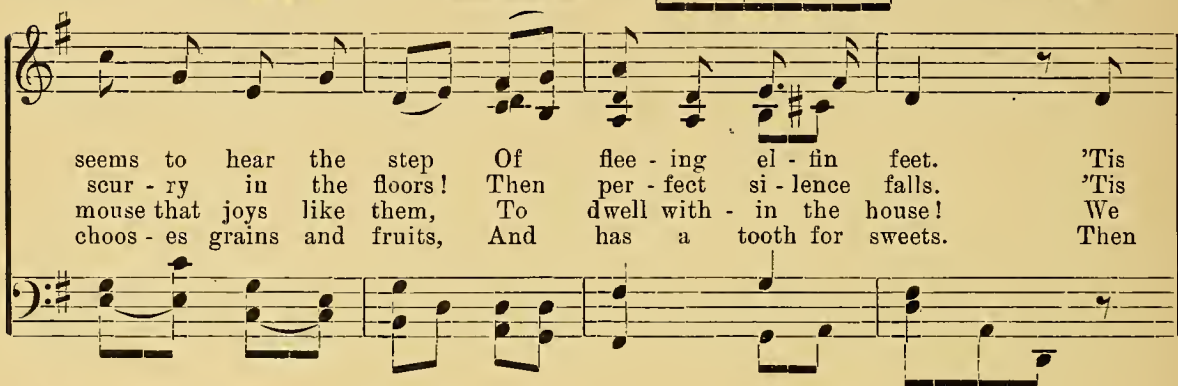
## THE HOUSE MOUSE.

Words by GREY BURLESON.

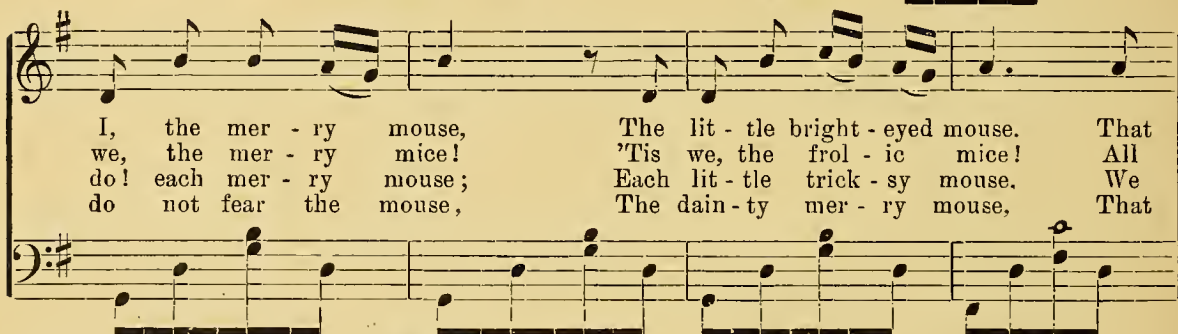
Music by F. E. SAVILLE.



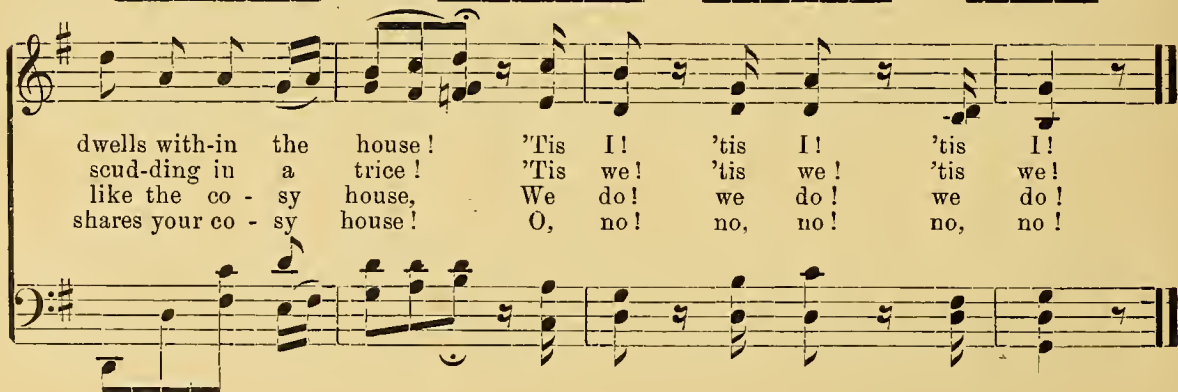
1. Some-times a child at night, A - wakes from slum-ber sweet, And  
 2. A rush as of a troop! A scam - per in the walls! A  
 3. A mer - ry sprite it is! Yet chil - dren fear the mouse, The  
 4. And dain - ty is the mouse! What chil - dren like, it eats; It



seems to hear the step Of flee - ing el - fin feet. 'Tis  
 scur - ry in the floors! Then per - fect si - lence falls. 'Tis  
 mouse that joys like them, To dwell with - in the house! We  
 choos - es grains and fruits, And has a tooth for sweets. Then



I, the mer - ry mouse, The lit - tle bright - eyed mouse. That  
 we, the mer - ry mice! 'Tis we, the frolic mice! All  
 do! each mer - ry mouse; Each lit - tle trick - sy mouse. We  
 do not fear the mouse, The dain - ty mer - ry mouse, That



dwells with-in the house! 'Tis I! 'tis I! 'tis I!  
 scud-ding in a trice! 'Tis we! 'tis we! 'tis we!  
 like the co - sy house, We do! we do! we do!  
 shares your co - sy house! O, no! no, no! no, no!



# The Wild Hare





## SUGGESTIONS FOR PLAYING "THE WILD HARE."

THE long ears of the hare are commonly spoken of as "rabbit ears," and though the truth is that rabbits have much smaller ears than hares, the two creatures differ so little to the common eye that rabbits are called hares, and hares are mistaken for rabbits. The hare is the stronger and swifter. Both creatures have the divided upper lip — George MacDonald calls them "three-lipped." His poem about rabbits, entitled "A Child's Make-Believe," which gives the thoughts of a little boy making believe himself a rabbit, will be good to read to children as it is true to the wild hare's life, excepting that the hare does not burrow. It can be found at the libraries in the bound volume of *Wide Awake* for 1883 (Dec.— June), for which magazine it was written. Among the most faithful of the smaller pictures of the hare, is the one in Chambers' Encyclopedia; and the one drawn by Albert Dürer, when a boy.

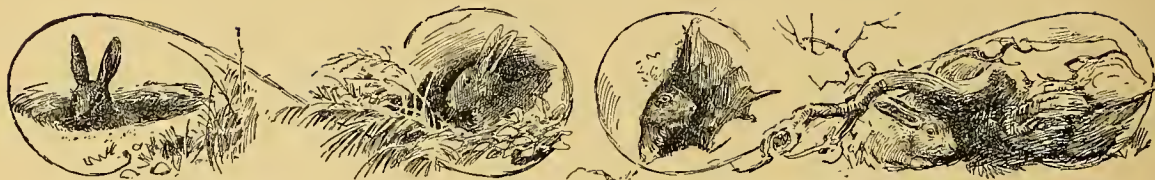
Both the Play and MacDonald's poem emphasize the facts that the hare, like nearly all wild animals, has a place, a spot, that it considers home; that it is as conscious of it when away, as a child is of its home, that it remembers it, and always goes back to it, as children go back to theirs. These facts brought out in the general talk will make the little hare tenderly interesting to children, and they will feel very affectionately toward it. Another fact, with its valuable lesson of making the most of what is at hand, and being contented with it, is that the hare builds its nest, or "form," according to its surroundings; a little bower in the grass, a shelter among the leafy branches of a fallen tree, or in any little ferny fissure among rocks.

In making believe it is a bunny, it is well now and then to ask the child to "imagine" it has long ears, simply holding its two hands up at the side of the head, the fingers pressed together to get the pointed shape. Again, give the child the pleasure of wearing two long wired ear-forms covered with brown tissue paper, as in the pictures of the Play; or the mother can easily bend and crush ordinary paper into the shape of ears, tying the pair on with a ribbon.

The Play is suited to quite young children, as the play element in it is active and distinctly amusing. Also, it can be successfully played with a single child. The little one greatly enjoys its mother's attempts to come near and capture it, also its own efforts to elude her, and to escape her hand by springing aside. The mother will take care to have it felt that she does not mean to catch the bunny by force; she must sing and move in a gentle way, coaxing and persuading. Children are much amused whenever they take the rabbit attitude, their little hands held up and hanging helplessly in front of them like the hare's paws.

The hare is a good animal to draw. Children like to "make it" on their little blackboards, on account of its ears. Where crayons and paper are used, any particularly successful drawing may be quietly laid away, to be hung on the wall at the next Play; the mother may print under it, "Whose bunny is this?" The children, in the pleasure of remembering and telling, will feel a generous impulse, instead of envy and discouragement because their own pictures were not chosen.

# The Wild Hare



The children in this play wear long brown tissue paper rabbit ears, made over wire and tied around the head by a ribbon

*(Mother sings:)*

**N**OW this must be a bunny!  
I know it by its ears!  
Those gentle wildland creatures,  
Such timid pretty dears!

*(Child sings:)*

O, yes, I am a bunny!  
I've seen you as you pass  
My little hidden bower  
Built in the wildland grass.

*(Mother sings, seeking to capture child:)*

Pray let me catch you, bunny!  
O, let me, rabbit dear,  
And take you to the children —  
Nay, bunny, do not fear!

*(Child sings, springing away in little leaps:)*

I am a free wild bunny!  
To catch me who shall dare!  
I am no timid rabbit —  
I am a wild swift hare!

1. & 2.

Child comes out and slowly hops about with little leaps and springs.







3.

Other "hares" come hopping down the room.  
Child pauses in rabbit attitude and is  
joined by the others.



(Mother sings, following after child:)

(Mother sings:)

Nay, bunny, stop and listen,  
And tell me many things!  
Say, is a hare's life pleasant?  
But no — away it springs!  
Stop, stop, and tell me, bunny,  
Where stay you when night  
comes?

(Child sings:)

O, all the great green wildland  
Is full of little homes!

And tell me, pretty bunnies,  
What do you have to eat?

(Children sing:)

O, twig and leaf and berry  
Are bunny's bread and meat.

(Mother sings, shuddering:)

But oh! the owls and foxes  
That hunt you for their prey!

(Children sing, springing away:)

Then on our leaping long-legs  
We bunnies streak away!



4.

Children circle room to seats.

## THE WILD HARE.

Words by GREY BURLESON.

Music by KATE L. BROWN.

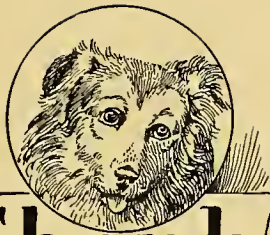
*(Mother sings.)*

1. Now this must be a bun - ny, I know it by its ears! Those  
 2. Pray let me catch you, bun - ny, O let me, rab - bit dear! And  
*(Mother sings, following child.)*  
 3. Nay, bun - ny, stop and lis - ten, And tell me ma - ny things! Say,  
*(Mother sings.)* 4. And tell me pret - ty bun - nies, What do you have to eat? *(Children sing.)* O,

gen - tle wild - land crea - tures, Such tim - id, pret - ty dears!  
 take you to the chil - dren, Nay, bun - ny, do not fear!  
 is a hare's life pleas - ant? But no - a - way it springs!  
 twig and leaf and ber - ry, Are bun - ny's bread and meat.

*(Child sings.)*  
 O yes I am a bun - ny, I've seen you as you pass  
 I am a free wild bun - ny, To catch me who shall dare!  
 Stop, stop and tell me, bun - ny, Where stay you when night comes?  
*(Mother sings, shuddering.)*  
 But oh! the owls and fox - es That hunt you for their prey!

My lit - tle hid - den bow - er, Built in the wild - land grass.  
 I am no tim - id rab - bit, I am a wild swift hare.  
*(Child sings.)*  
 O, all the great, green wild-wood Is full of lit - tle homes!  
*(Children sing, springing away.)*  
 Then on our leap - ing long - legs, We bun - nies streak a - way!



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The Shepherd Dog.

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## SUGGESTIONS FOR PLAYING "THE SHEPHERD DOG."

GOOD pictures of collies are to be found among photographs of paintings, notably those by Landseer ; but the dog himself is quite well known and seems to be the one best loved by little children, perhaps because the bright curly fellow is the most graceful and playful, affectionate and companionable of all the dogs. Read to the children descriptions of his feats in gathering his herds of sheep or cattle and taking care of them.

The Play with exception of "The Happy Hen," is the easiest of the dozen to put in action and yet generally will prove to be the most popular of all. All the movements will be taken readily, for they come within the child's natural range of imitation and mimicry — the dog's barking being generally the one of the first outdoor animal sounds that the baby tries to imitate.

The child chosen to be the "dog" always is delighted to wear the dog-collar. This collar may be cut out of any bright-colored paper, or it may be a broad red ribbon, or it may be made of red cloth, stiffened and lined and corded, set with shining gilt nail-heads, and with a dog's name embroidered on it ; all this will be according to the mother's taste and leisure. As a good shepherd dog is noted for several very fine qualities, which also make a human being much loved and respected, the mother may sometimes choose the child who has best shown these in his conduct, to wear the red collar ; but in a school it is generally better either to let all take their turns in personating the trusty little guardian, or to let the children themselves each time choose who shall be the dog.

The mother should sing, or recite, the first verse in tones of hearty pleasure and commendation, pointing to the wearer of the red collar, thus causing all the children to feel that cheerfulness, willingness, punctuality, responsibility, energy and trustiness are splendid qualities.

Much pleasure, too, will be felt by the child chosen to wear the bell and strap of the leader-cow. The action of the Play, as shown by the straying herd, will teach its own plain little lesson of the advantages of orderly conduct and of the folly of disobeying rules.

Nevertheless any little waywardness natural to the cow, which the children may improvise in the spirit of the Play, need not be objected to, unless it produces too much disorder or confusion. The dog will naturally bark sometimes when a bark is not called for, and any particularly good imitation of barking should be praised, not at the time of the Play, but afterward. The cows, too, may be expected to "moo-o" now and then. In short, if the general order and form of the marching be regarded and preserved, the play spirit may be allowed some original expression. In fact, the "mooing" of several voices might be made a feature of the first verse of the Play, when the herd is unseen, waiting to be let out to set off for the pasture.

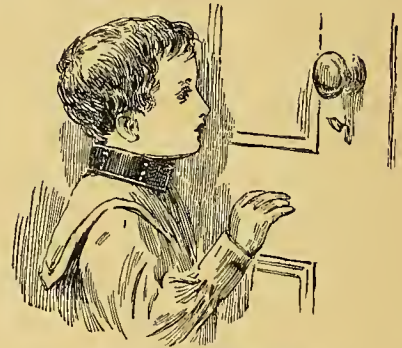
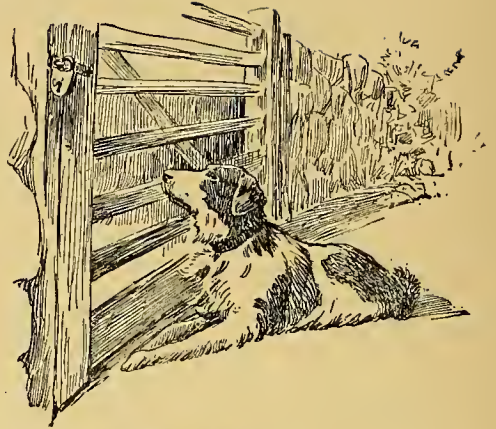
The natural easy ringing of the cow-bell worn by the leader-cow will probably call for some practice ; the length of strap will need to be determined by experiment.

# THE SHEPHERD DOG

## I.

(A little boy, wearing a dog-collar made of red paper, paces back and forth before a closed door. Whenever he hears a cow-bell outside he pricks up, hastens to the door and listens, giving a short bark now and again. During his marching, mother or teacher sings:)

Behold the little Dog that works!  
 The little Dog with tasks to do!  
 A cheerful, willing little Dog,  
 And ever, ever trusty too.  
 This little Shepherd Dog is here,  
 Just like a man, at dawn of day,  
 Right at his post to do his part—  
 To pasture drive the cows away.

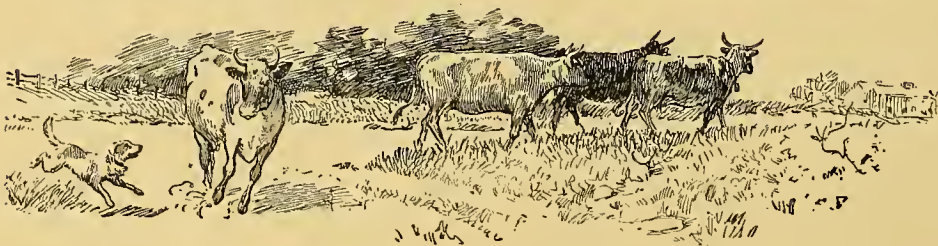


## II.

(The cowbell is heard nearer and louder. The door opens; three children come in, single file, the leader wearing a strap and large cow-bell. They march very slowly down the room, the "dog" behind. The leader cow shakes the bell while they sing, and the dog barks during the last line:)

*Klingle-klangle*, clovers grow,  
*Klingle-klangle*, where we go;  
*Klingle-kling-kling-klangle*,  
*Bark! bark! bark!* O, the wrangle!

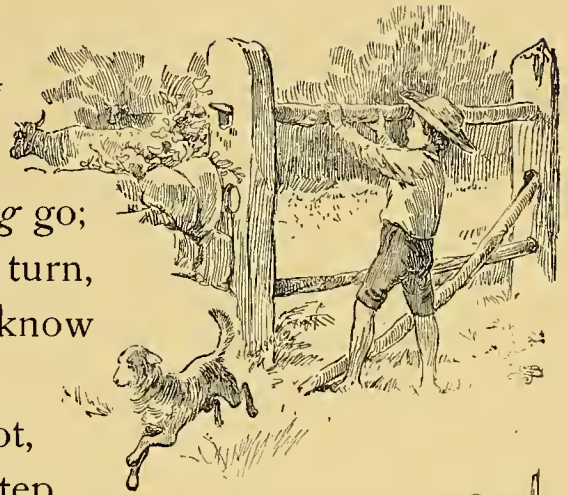
(They have come to an open side-door, or a space prepared between seats. The cows have turned to go through. The "dog" trots around them, barking, and heads them off. He guards the spot, barking, until the cows start on again in orderly single file.)



III.

(The marching movements are indicated by the words which the teacher or mother sings:)

Along the shady country road  
 They slowly *klinging-klanging* go;  
 By lanes, by gates, they pause and turn,  
 But peaceful pass; for well they know  
 The little Dog is lord of all,  
 And if they will, or will they not,  
 He still will take them, step by step,  
 And leave them in the pasture-lot.



(Another little boy, wearing a hat, is waiting at a door, and lets them through into the "pasture." The "dog" starts back home with a frolicsome toss of his head, a gay leap, and a series of sharp, short, joyful barks, as if conscious of duty done.)

IV.

(The "dog" starts again for pasture. The "pasture" door is opened by the boy. The "cows" appear, to return home. "Dog" and "cows" strike in with barks and *klingle-klangles* at the right places while mother or teacher sings:)

He's here to go again at night,  
 This little guardian of the herd;  
 He starts off like the sunbeam's flash  
 When "Bring the cows, sir!" is the word.  
 Ah, hark! that was his homeward bark!  
 Hark! *klingle-klangle*, coming home;  
 And *klingle-klangle* drawing near;  
 Then *klingle-klang!* the cows have come!



(Teacher opens the first door, and "dog" and "cows" pass through.)

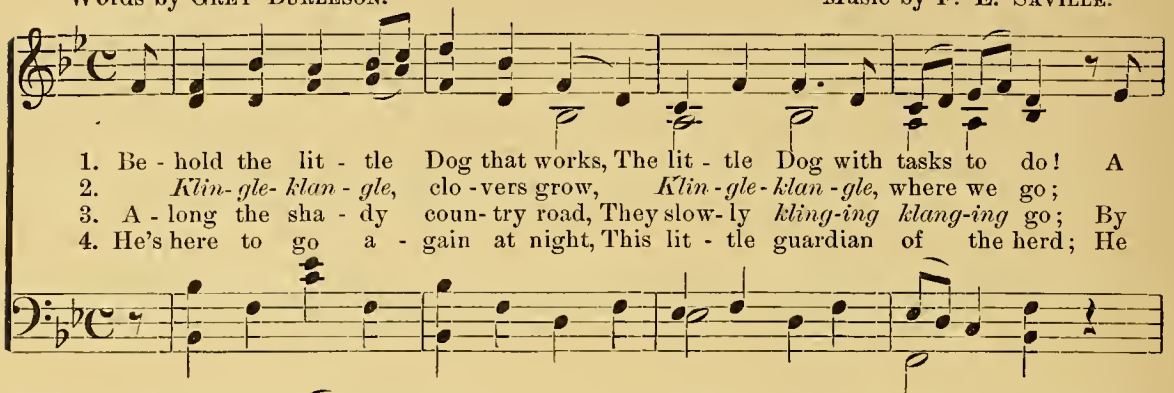
Grey Burleson.



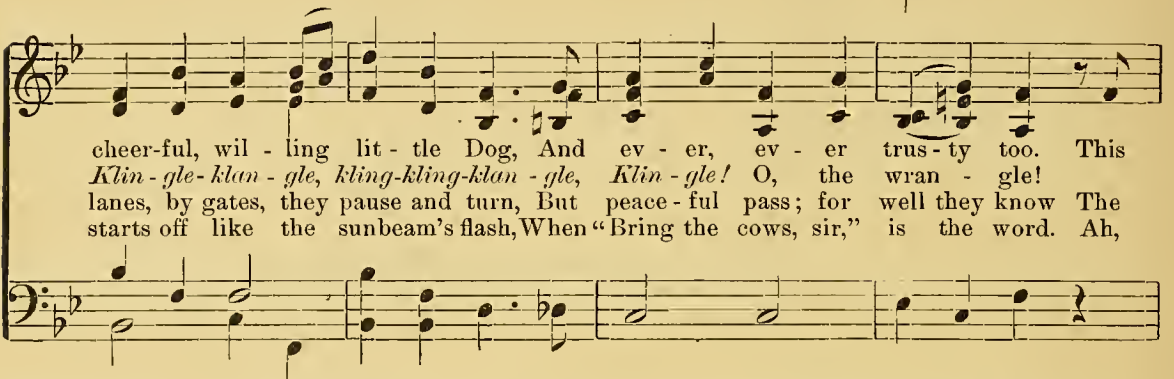
## THE SHEPHERD DOG.

Words by GREY BURLESON.

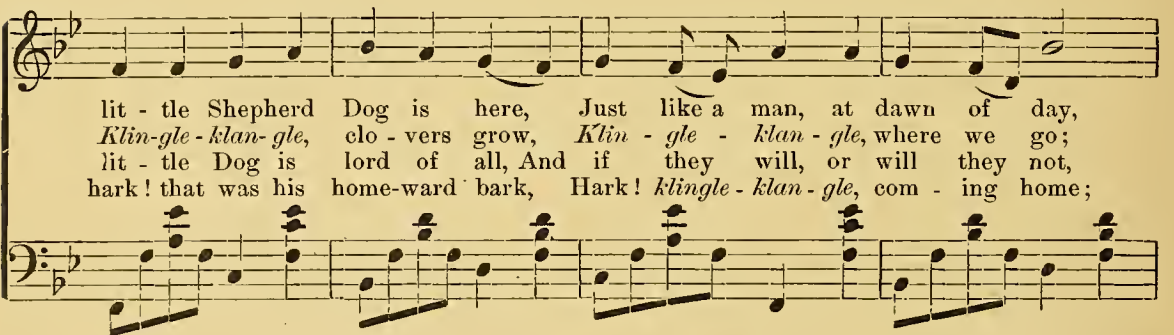
Music by F. E. SAVILLE.



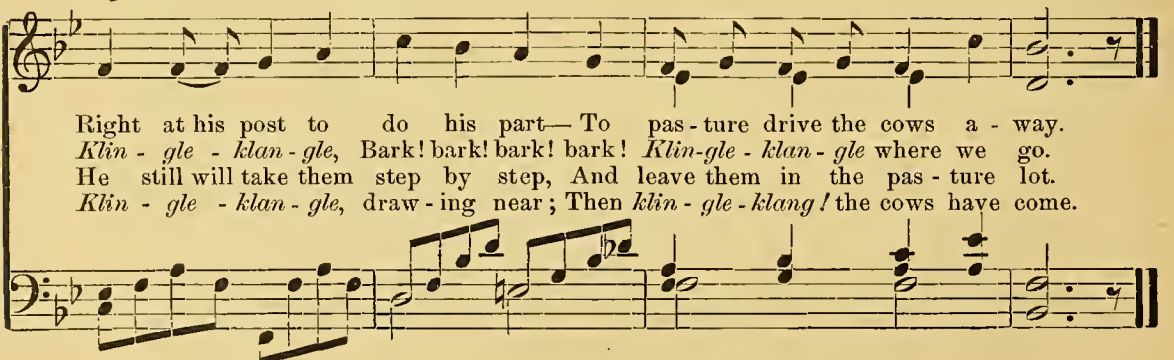
1. Be - hold the lit - tle Dog that works, The lit - tle Dog with tasks to do! A  
 2. *Klin - gle - klan - gle*, clo - vers grow, *Klin - gle - klan - gle*, where we go;  
 3. A - long the sha - dy coun - try road, They slow - ly *kling - ing klang - ing* go; By  
 4. He's here to go a - gain at night, This lit - tle guardian of the herd; He



cheer - ful, wil - ling lit - tle Dog, And ev - er, ev - er trus - ty too. This  
*Klin - gle - klan - gle, kling - kling - klan - gle, Klin - gle!* O, the wran - gle!  
 lanes, by gates, they pause and turn, But peace - ful pass; for well they know The  
 starts off like the sunbeam's flash, When "Bring the cows, sir," is the word. Ah,



lit - tle Shepherd Dog is here, Just like a man, at dawn of day,  
*Klin - gle - klan - gle*, clo - vers grow, *Klin - gle - klan - gle*, where we go;  
 lit - tle Dog is lord of all, And if they will, or will they not,  
 hark! that was his home - ward bark, Hark! *kling - le - klan - gle*, com - ing home;



Right at his post to do his part—To pas - ture drive the cows a - way.  
*Klin - gle - klan - gle*, Bark! bark! bark! bark! *Klin - gle - klan - gle* where we go.  
 He still will take them step by step, And leave them in the pas - ture lot.  
*Klin - gle - klan - gle*, draw - ing near; Then *klin - gle - klang!* the cows have come.



# The Robins.





## SUGGESTIONS FOR PLAYING "THE ROBINS."

"THE Robins" always proves a good Play to choose for a dull day, or for a stormy one, because of its cheery spirit. It takes in just as many children as can march about, comfortably, in the play-room. It is a pretty thing to do to have all the players wear a broad red ribbon around the neck, the two ends coming down to pin at the waist, each child thus becoming a real "robin-redbreast." Should there be but the little home-children to play, the mother who has plenty of time at her command may make some close little black caps for them to wear; and if in addition they wear little brownish suits, they will be a very bright robin-like company. Even a tiny red bow to wear in the kindergarten on "robin-day" will give the robin-feeling and create a robin-flock,—such is the power of the little redbreast touch upon the imagination.

The mother or teacher, in singing her verses, should utter the "*O, hark!*" with such a gesture, look, and tone, as will create great expectancy of hearing a bird; in that case the "robins" are sure to sing their very best.

Whenever she hears a real robin singing, the mother should tell the children to listen and notice the similarity of its notes to the refrain in the Play, and encourage them to practice to the robin's own song until they reach the bright, clear tones of the real bird's music.

After the nest-building movements have become familiar, so that the motions are made gracefully, the children may separate and skip away here and there, as though seeking good places to build in, returning in good order. The verse and chorus may be repeated once or twice to afford time for this form of the march.

Children should take notice of the many funny movements of the real robin whenever they see him walking, so that when marching for the fourth verse they can imitate him.

For the fifth verse a very pretty movement can be had if the children and mother will all look upward, as to a tree, waving the right hand upward toward it; at the same time the mother-bird is to fly along in the direction of the imaginary tree, waving both arms as if they were wings, at last lifting them to make the "hovering" motion. In this fifth verse "*O, see!*" may be substituted for "*O, hark!*" especially if the little concerted movement suggested here is carried out.

The cheerful refrain of the Play will not be confined to the playing or to the play-room. The influence of the Play is such that the hopeful strain is certain to be heard through the house at unexpected times, the sign of a sunny feeling, and it will create the same sunny feeling in others. The mother will do well to recognize the singing, perhaps with her own strain, as in the Play, "*O, hark! that was a robin!*" It gives children great gladness to feel that "mother" is one with themselves.

Encourage the children to try to draw the bird on their little blackboards from looking at the living robins, drawing them in different attitudes. Always let them see that you are interested in their pictures.



# The Robins

## I.

(A child is heard singing "Chee-ree! Cheer-up." Looking about, this way and that, mother sings.)

O, hark! that was a robin!

I know his note of cheer!

I've heard the dear "first robin,"

And know that spring is here!—O, hark!

(Child enters, singing.)

Chee-ree, cheer-up! cheer-up, chee-ree!

Cheer, cheer-you-up! cheer-you-up!



## II.

(Mother sings.)

And fast new robins follow,

New robins every day!

O, hark, and hear them whistle

Their cheerful, joyful lay!—O, hark!

(Children enter, singing robin refrain.)



## III.

(Mother sings.)

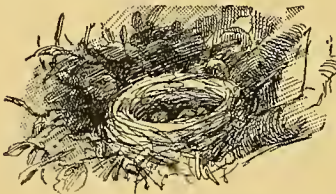
These pretty, singing red-breasts

Are trustful little dears;

They come and build their dwellings

By ours, and feel no fears.—O, hark!

(Children sing robin refrain.)



NEST WEAVING.—Children, while marching, press the tips of the eight fingers together, then separate them with a downward circular movement, and bring them together again. The action is then reversed and repeated.

March with hops, stops, sudden starts and runs and tipplings of the head

IV.

(Mother sings.)

They go about the garden,  
And stroll upon the grass,  
And perk their little black caps  
Up at us as they pass.— *O, hark!*

(Children sing robin refrain.)



V.

(Mother sings.)

There flies a mother robin  
Up in the apple tree!  
See! o'er a nest she hovers  
Where her wee birdlings be.— *O, hark!*

(Children sing robin refrain.)



Child leaves other robins with soaring lift of arms, then drooping hovering movements of hands

VI.

(Mother sings.)

Of all the birds, dear robin,  
'Tis you are loved the best,  
Because you have, sweet robin,  
A warm heart in your breast.— *O, hark!*

(Children sing robin refrain.)



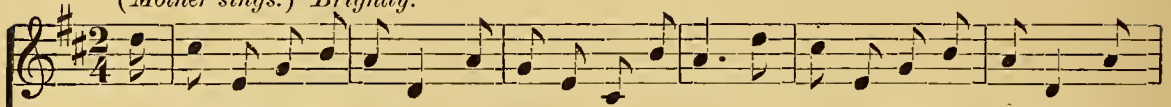
March with robin steps — hops and runs to seats.



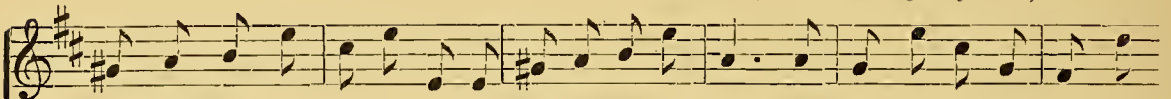
## THE ROBINS.

Words by GREY BURLESON.

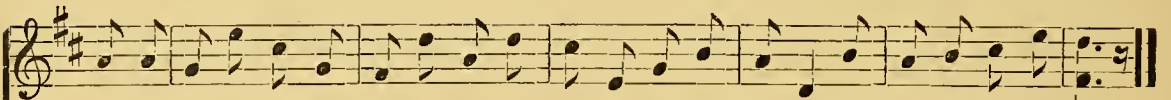
Music by KATE L. BROWN.

*(Mother sings.) Brightly.*

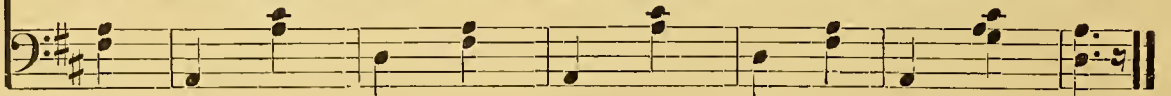
1. O hark, was that a rob-in? I know his note of cheer, I've heard the dear "first robin," And
2. And fast new rob-ins fol-low! New rob-ins ev'-ry day! O, hark! and hear them whistle Their
3. These pretty singing red-breasts, Are tuneful lit-tle dears; They come and build their dwellings By
4. They go a-bout the garden, And stroll up-on the grass, And perk their lit-tle black caps, Up
5. There flies a mother rob-in Up in the ap-ple tree! See! o'er a nest she hovers, Where
6. Of all the birds, dear rob-in, 'Tis you are loved the best, Be-cause you have, sweet robin, A

*(Children sing Refrain.)*

know that Spring is here! *O hark!* And know that Spring is here! Chee-ree, cheer-up! Cheer-up, chee-  
 cheer-ful, joy-ful lay! *O hark!* Their cheerful, joy-ful lay! Chee-ree, cheer-up! Cheer-up, chee-  
 ours, and feel no fears—*O hark!* They come and feel no fears. Chee-ree, cheer-up! Cheer-up, chee-  
 at us as they pass, *O hark!* Up at us as they pass. Chee-ree, cheer-up! Cheer-up, chee-  
 her wee bird-lings be, *O hark!* Where her wee birdlings be. Chee-ree, cheer-up! Cheer-up, chee-  
 warm heart in your breast, *O hark!* A warm heart in your breast. Chee-ree, cheer-up! Cheer-up, chee-



ree! Cheer, cheer-you-up! Cheer, cheer-you-up! I've heard the dear "first rob-in," And know that Spring is here.  
 ree! Cheer, cheer-you-up! Cheer, cheer-you-up! O, hark! and hear them whis-tle, Their cheer-ful, joy-ful lay.  
 ree! Cheer, cheer-you-up! Cheer, cheer-you-up! They come and build their dwellings By ours, and feel no fears.  
 ree! Cheer, cheer-you-up! Cheer, cheer-you-up! And perk their lit-tle black caps Up at us as they pass.  
 ree! Cheer, cheer-you-up! Cheer, cheer-you-up! See! o'er a nest she hov-ers, Where her wee bird-lings be.  
 ree! Cheer, cheer-you-up! Cheer, cheer-you-up! Be-cause you have, sweet roh-in, A warm heart in your breast.





The **B**utterflies.

A black and white illustration of a young girl with large, detailed butterfly wings, positioned on the left side of the title. She is shown in profile, facing left, with her wings spread behind her. The wings have a complex pattern of lines and dots. The word "The" is written in a serif font, followed by a large, bold letter "B" that is partially overlaid by the girl's wings. The rest of the word "Butterflies." is written in a smaller serif font.





## SUGGESTIONS FOR PLAYING "THE BUTTERFLIES."

NATURALLY, "The Butterflies" is a Play for sunny days, and the wise mother will make the room as beautiful and summery and flowery as possible. She will have the central table of light blossoms, which the Play calls for, and she will place here and there bowls and jars of flowers, or blooming plants, to attract toward them the honey-loving butterflies. It is no waste of a mother's time, or a mother's labor, to thus set a gala hour and beautiful scene in her child's day. Dress the little ones, too, in prettier frocks and ribbons than usual, so that the gay tissue paper wings will not be out of harmony. Touch up these wings with pastel colors to show the "markings," taking as models any of the various handsome butterflies flying about out-of-doors. But such is the magic of a child's imagination that any quickly-made wings, plain tissue paper gathered up, and fastened on between the shoulders, or even a bow of wide ribbon, will be quite sufficient to create a butterfly feeling. And of course the Play may be played, trusting all and everything to the children's imagination, without any of these pretty preparations. With the aid of the words and music, the movements and the marchings, the child will readily make believe itself a butterfly.

After the first circling about the table of flowers, on their entrance, the children can soon be given almost entire freedom of movement, though they will at first need to be guided by the mother's fancy. "Now be butterflies!" she says, "graceful, noiseless butterflies! fly and float and soar, and visit all the flowers!" She shows them a little, here and there, how to wind in and out, to follow one another, to meet with touching of hands, "weaving a dance," then falling apart to "float upon the sunny air." They will soon flit naturally about the room, from flower to flower, with floating arms and with slow graceful movements. It is, however, almost a necessity with this Play, that the music should be played, to inspire and to carry the pretty steps and motions.

As the lines are short, and the words easy, and the tune readily learned, the children will have no difficulty in singing the Play. The concerted singing is very pleasing and effective. Recitation will hardly take its place. The song will not tire the children although they sing it while flitting about.

Mother and children can have together many very interesting little readings from the butterfly books by Scudder and Edwards and Mrs. Ballard. The "Adventures of a Butterfly Hunter," by Eugene Aaron, is as good as a book of fairy tales. For the mother's own information, in order to recognize and name butterflies at sight from their markings and colorings, there is no book better than Knobel's little handbook, "Day Butterflies and Duskflyers."

Tales about butterfly, caterpillar and chrysalis will interest the children and even the youngest can understand all, since all these forms can be shown them in nature. Perhaps by no other illustration can the beautiful truth of the ceaseless renewing and continuance of life be so satisfactorily taught to a child.

## The Butterflies

A few slight changes, such as "I am a butterfly" for first line, will fit the song to be sung by one child instead of several. The suitable changes will suggest themselves to mother or teacher. A butterfly-look may be given to the little ones by wings of tissue paper fastened between the shoulders, or even by broad bows of wide, gay-colored ribbon.

WE airy Butterflies  
 We come in sunny hours,  
 We fairy Butterflies  
 We come when come the flowers.  
 We dainty Butterflies  
 We feed on honey new  
 At every opening flower,  
 And drink of morning dew.



Children enter singing  
 and circle about a table  
 of flowers.

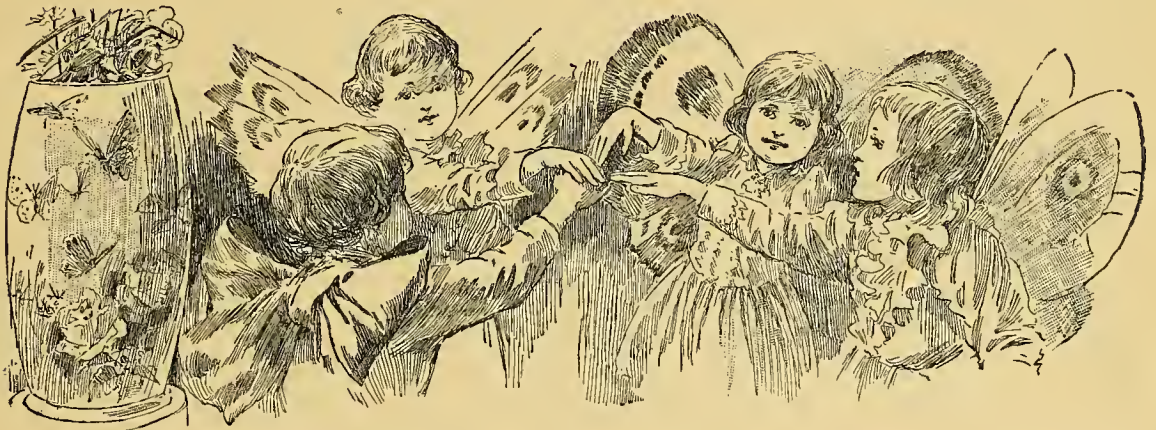


We hover o'er the fields  
 Like flowers of the grass,  
 As on our colored wings  
 We pause, and poise, and pass —  
 Winged flowers that rise and soar  
 And weave a dance so fair,  
 And float at last away  
 Upon the sunny air.

Children flit about  
 at pleasure.



Children meet,  
 touch hands, then  
 "float" airily away.



Circle around the  
 room and away.

We airy Butterflies  
 We go with summer hours,  
 We fairy Butterflies  
 We go when go the flowers.  
 But we shall come again  
 With all the merry May,  
 And we again shall help  
 To make the great world gay!

## THE BUTTERFLIES.

Words by GREY BURLESON.

Music by KATE L. BROWN.

*Gracefully.*

1. We air - y But - ter - flies, We come in sun - ny hours, We  
 2. We hov - er o'er the fields Like flow - ers of the grass, As  
 3. We air - y But - ter - flies, We go with sum - mer hours, We

fai - ry But - ter - flies, We come when come the flow'rs, We  
 on our col - ored wings We pause and poise and pass; Winged  
 fai - ry But - ter - flies, We go when go the flow'rs. But

dain - ty But - ter - flies, We feed on hon - ey new At  
 flow'rs that rise and soar And weave a dance so fair, And  
 we shall come a - gain, With all the mer - ry May, And

ev' - ry open - ing flow'r, And drink of morn - ing dew.  
 float at last a - way Up - on the sun - mer air.  
 we a - gain shall help To make the great world gay.



The Going of  
the Swallows.





## SUGGESTIONS FOR PLAYING "THE GOING OF THE SWALLOWS."

THIS Play calls for as many children as can comfortably take part. They have four verses to sing, but they are short and easy to remember ; the youngest can learn both words and music readily.

While singing or reciting her first verse, the mother or teacher should stand in the center of the room, and look as completely surprised and bewildered as possible, turning herself about this way and that to follow the marchings and cross-marchings of the entering "swallows."

The children in singing their reply, all turn toward her, addressing her. They place emphasis on the word "each" — "*Each* little bird." By doing this they more clearly understand that in the migration *every* bird feels the mysterious impulse to set off for its winter home.

There is no point in nature-study that will appeal more strongly to the child's interest than this annual migration of birds. In the general talk about the Play, while learning their parts, they may be told that there is no doubt that the birds "gather together" in order to consult, and that they understand one another ; that the journey is made under the care of leaders ; and that they go to the same places winter after winter. The children will be very curious about these facts and the mother will explain that the leaders are always old birds that have taken the journey before ; that birds have powerful eyes and can distinguish objects at great distances, and that doubtless the leader-birds recognize large bodies of water, mountains, and large cities, seen on former journeys, and steer their course by them ; that it is south they go because they seek a warmer climate and because the supply of insect food at the north is becoming scarce.

Sometimes, in some localities it will be possible to take the children to observe these annual gatherings of the swallows, as frequently the arrivals and discussions occupy two or three days ; sometimes the start itself may be witnessed as they often leave just before sunset.

It will interest the children to know that on this annual flight the swallows form into a long compact body, one of the leaders a little in front, the other behind, and that it is said that these birds frequently change places.

Grant's "Our Common Birds" is a valuable book for the mother to have, in connection with the questions which the little players of the Play will doubtless ask her, for it gives the time when different birds leave the north in the fall, and the time they may be expected back in the spring. Few birds however have an unalterable, fixed date, like the nightingale in England. In any given locality, which he haunts, the nightingale is due on a given day each year, and before night his note, his "shout," is certain to be heard.

In their last verse, which they sing going from the room, the children should each look back to the mother, while she waves her good-bye as they pass, one by one, through the doorway.

## The Going of the Swallows.



**DIRECTIONS.**— During the singing of the first two verses, the children enter march and countermarch singly, darting crossing and wheeling as suggested by the song. Between verses, they gather and sit in line as swallows gather on the ridge of barn roofs or on telegraph wires, previous to migratory flight. During the singing of the third verse, the children gather in line forming a solid body, two leaders somewhat in advance. During the singing of the fourth verse, the children, keeping close together, march around the room and out through the door, the mother or teacher waving farewells.

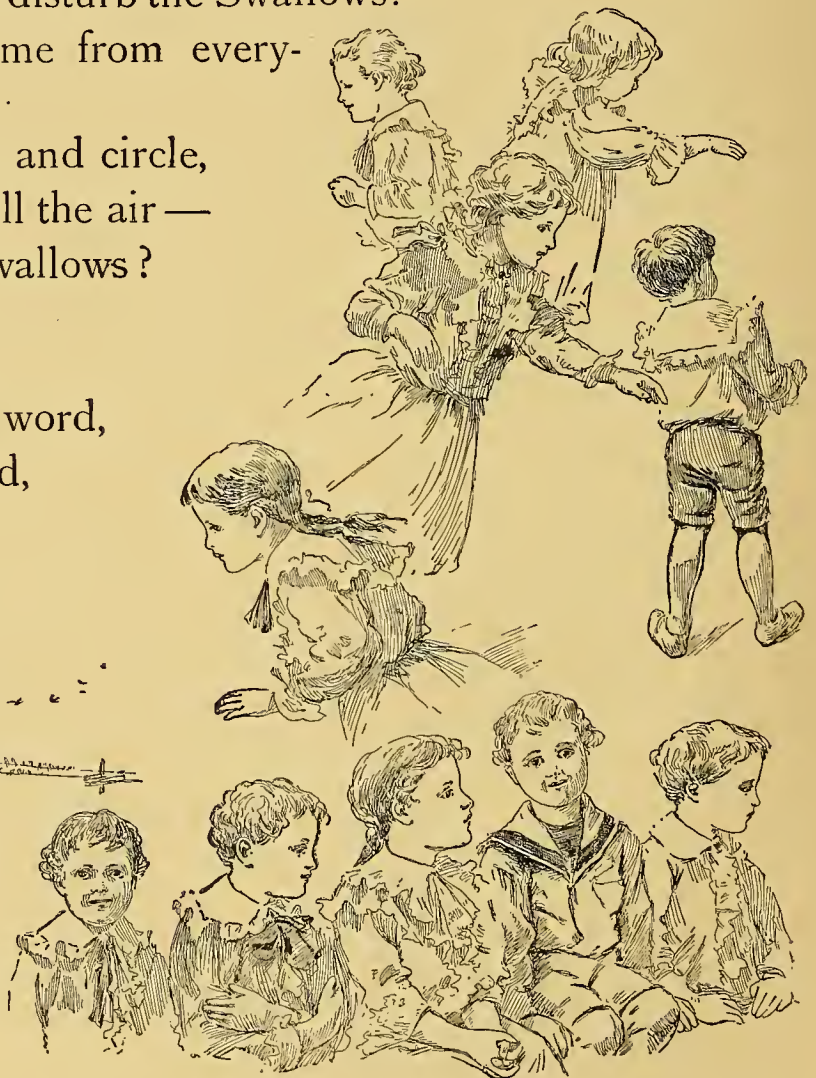
*(Mother or Teacher sings:)*

**W**HAT does disturb the Swallows?  
They come from every-  
where!

Criss-cross, zig-zag, and circle,  
Like bees they fill the air—  
What is it, little Swallows?

*(Children sing:)*

We have had word,  
Each little bird,  
To gather  
Together!





(Mother sings :)

What was the word,  
 O Swallows,  
 That it disturbs you so,  
 That all day long in trouble  
 You hurry to and fro?  
 What is it, little Swallows ?

(Children sing :)

We have had word,  
 Each little bird,  
 Of blowing !  
 Of snowing !



(Mother sings :)

Ah, 'tis the winter-warning !  
 No Swallow will delay !  
 You'll take to-night  
 the long-flight,  
 A thousand miles away,  
 To find the sunny Southland !

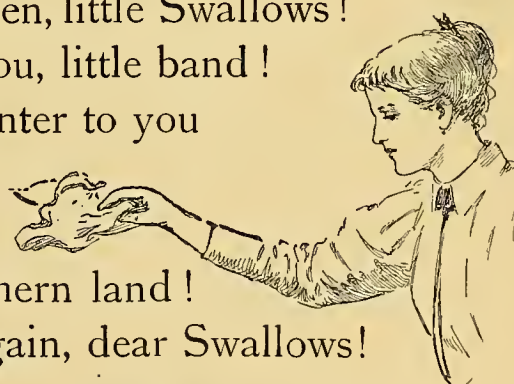
(Children sing :)

Goeth each bird,  
 As it hath word,  
 From Northland  
 To Southland !



(Mother sings :)

Goodbye, then, little Swallows !  
 Safe fly you, little band !  
 A happy winter to you  
 Down in  
 the  
 southern land !



But come again, dear Swallows !

(Children sing :)

Yea — when each bird  
 Heareth the word  
 To fly forth  
 And fly North !



## THE GOING OF THE SWALLOWS.

Words by GREY BURLESON.

Music by KATE L. BROWN.

*(Mother sings.) Lightly.*

1. What does dis - turb the Swal - lows? They come from ev' - - ry -  
 2. What was the word O Swal - lows, That it dis - turbs you  
 3. Ah, 'tis the win - ter - warn - ing, No swal - - low will de -  
 4. Good - bye, then lit - - tle Swal - lows, Safe fly you, lit - - tle

where! Criss - cross, zig - zag and cir - cle, Like bees they  
 so? That all day long in troub - le You hur - ry  
 lay! You'll take to - night the long, long flight, A thou - sand  
 band! Hap - - py win - ter to you, Down in the

fill the air. What is it lit - - tle Swal - - lows?  
 to and fro? What is it lit - - tle Swal - - lows?  
 miles a - way, Seek - ing the sun - - ny South - - land.  
 south - ern land! Come a - gain, O dear Swal - - lows.

*(Children sing.)*

We have had word, Each lit - tle bird, To gath - - er To - geth - er.  
 We have had word, Each lit - tle bird, Of snow - ing Of blow - ing.  
 Go - eth each bird As it hath word, From North - land To South - land.  
 Yea, when each bird Hear - eth the word, To fly forth And fly North!







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