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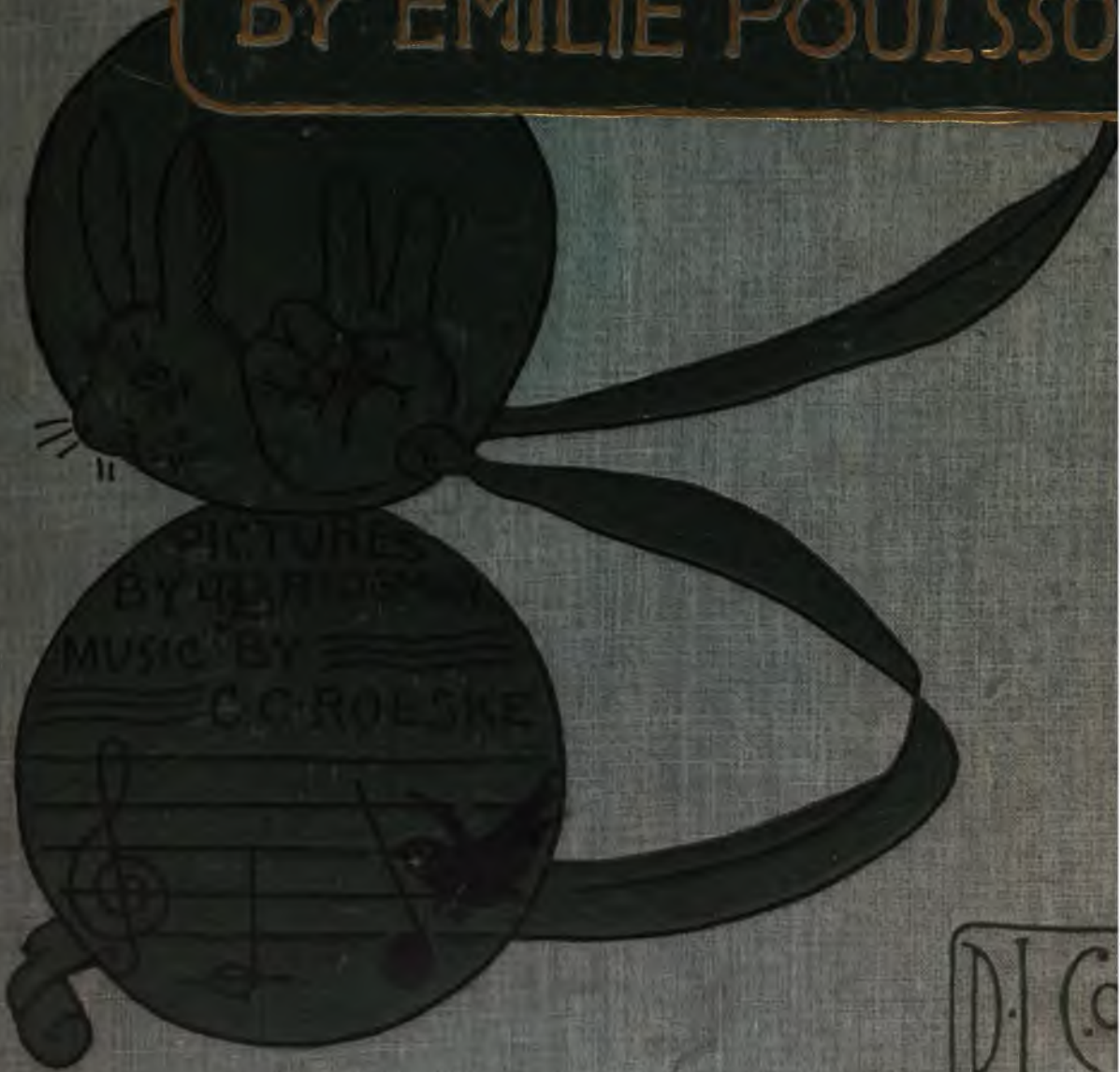
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# FINGER PLAYS

BY EMILIE POULSSON



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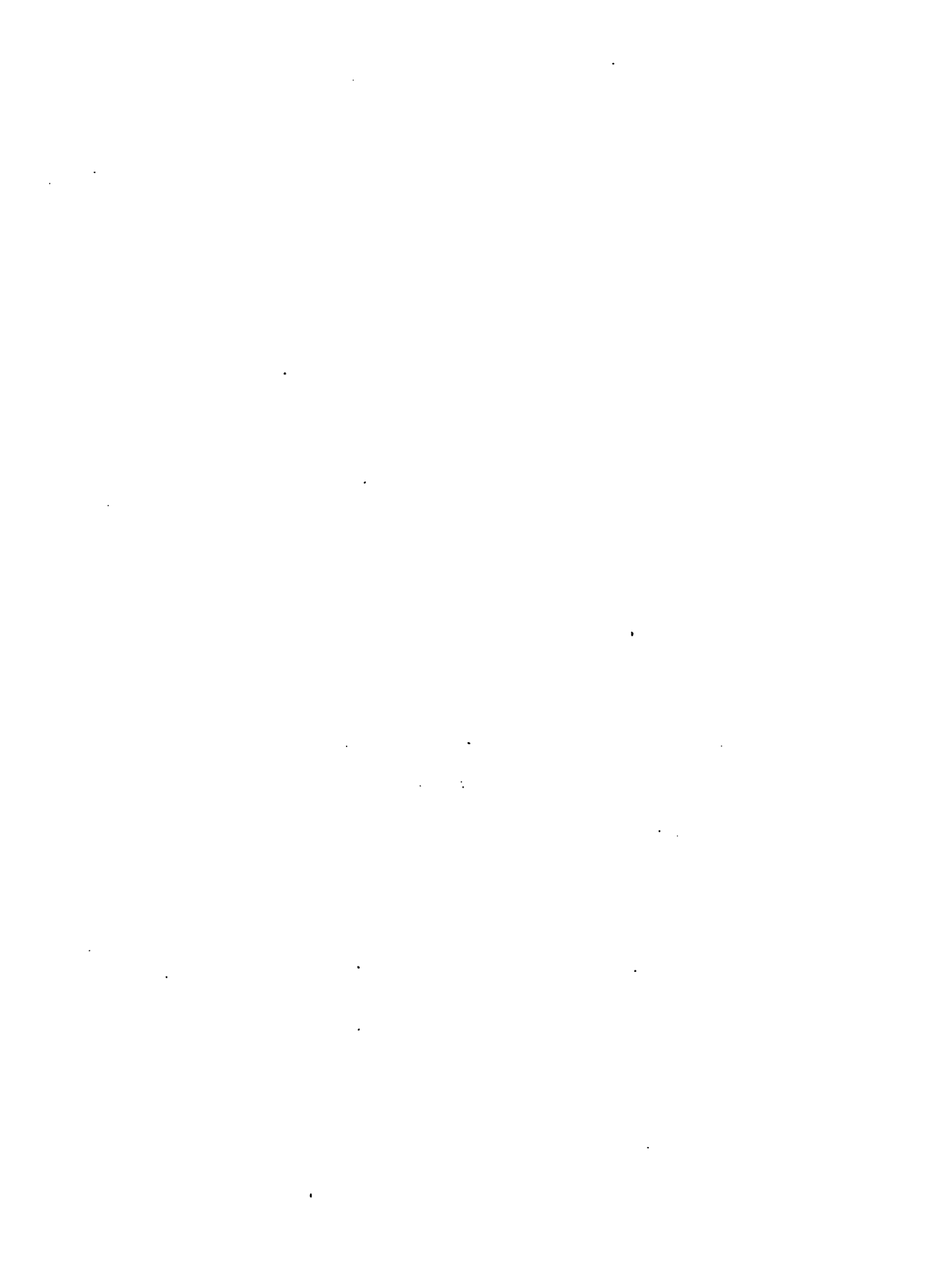
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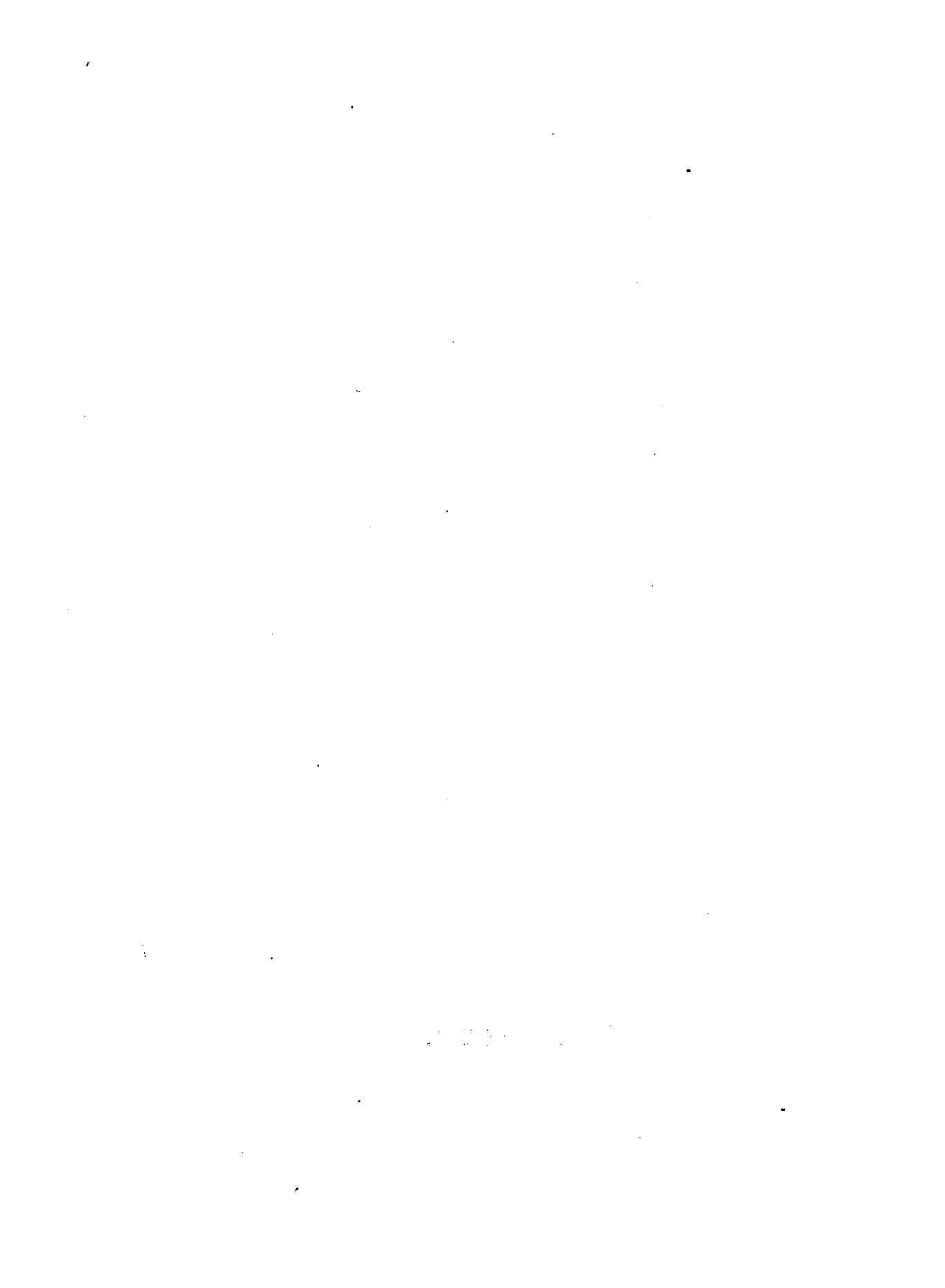
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# FINGER PLAYS

OR NURSERY AND KINDERGARTEN

BY  
EMILIE POULSSON

*ILLUSTRATIONS BY*  
L. J. BRIDGMAN

*MUSIC BY*  
CORNELIA C. ROESKE

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DEDICATED TO  
LITTLE CHILDREN  
AT HOME AND IN KINDERGARTEN  
*BY THEIR FRIEND*  
EMILIE POULSSON





## PREFACE.

“WHAT the child imitates,” says Froebel, “he begins to understand. Let him represent the flying of birds and he enters partially into the life of birds. Let him imitate the rapid motion of fishes in the water and his sympathy with fishes quickened. Let him reproduce the activities of farmer, miller and baker, and his eyes open to the meaning of their work. In one word let him reflect in his play the varied aspects of life and his thought will begin to grapple with their significance.”

In all times and among all nations, finger-plays have been a delight of childhood. Countless babies have laughed and crowed over “Pat-a-cake” and other performances of the soft little hands; while children of whatever age never fail to find amusement in playing

“Here is the church,  
And here’s the steeple,  
Open the doors,  
And here are the people!”

and others as well known.

Yet it is not solely upon the pleasure derived from them, that finger-plays depend for their *raison d’être*. By their judicious and early use, the development of strength and flexibility in the tiny lax fingers may be assisted, and dormant thought may receive its first awakening call through the motions which interpret as well as illustrate the phase of life or activity presented by the words.

The eighteen finger-plays contained in this book have already, through publication in *BABYLAND*, been introduced to their especial public, and have been much used in homes, though perhaps more in kindergartens. It will readily be seen that while some of the plays are for the babies in the nursery, others are more suitable for older children.

A baby-friend, ten months old, plays “All for Baby” throughout, pounding and clapping gleefully with all his might — while children seven or eight years of age play and sing “The Caterpillar,” “How the Corn Grew” and others with very evident enjoyment.

## PREFACE.

With a little study of the charming and expressive pictures with which the artist, Mr. L. J. Bridgman, has so sympathetically illustrated the rhymes, mothers and kindergartners have easily understood what motions were intended. To elucidate still further, however, the playing of "The Merry Little Men" may be thus described:

During the singing of the first verse, the children look about in every direction like the "little men," but keep the hands hidden. At the beginning of the second verse, raise both hands to full view with fingers outspread and quiet. At the words, "The first to come," etc., let the thumbs be shown alone, then the others as named in turn, till all are again outspread as at the beginning of the second verse. In the third verse the arms are moved from side to side, hands being raised and fingers fluttering nimbly all the time. When displaying the "busy little men," raise the hands as high as possible.

The music, composed by Miss Cornelia C. Roeske, will be found melodious and attractive and especially suited to the voices and abilities of the very young children to whom it is chiefly intended.

The harmonic arrangement is also purposely simple in consideration of the many mothers and kindergartners who cannot devote time to preparatory practice.

EMILIE POULSSON.

*Boston, 1889.*

# LIST OF FINGER PLAYS.

---

I.

THE LITTLE MEN.

II.

THE LAMBS.

III.

THE HEN AND CHICKENS.

IV.

THE LITTLE PLANT.

V.

THE PIGS.

VI.

A LITTLE BOY'S WALK.

VII.

THE CATERPILLAR.

VIII.

ALL FOR BABY.

*LIST OF FINGER PLAYS.*

IX.

THE MICE.

X.

THE SQUIRREL.

XI.

THE SPARROWS.

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XIV.

HOW THE CORN GREW.

XV.

THE MILL.

XVI.

MAKING BREAD.

XVII.

MAKING BUTTER.

XVIII.

SANTA CLAUS.

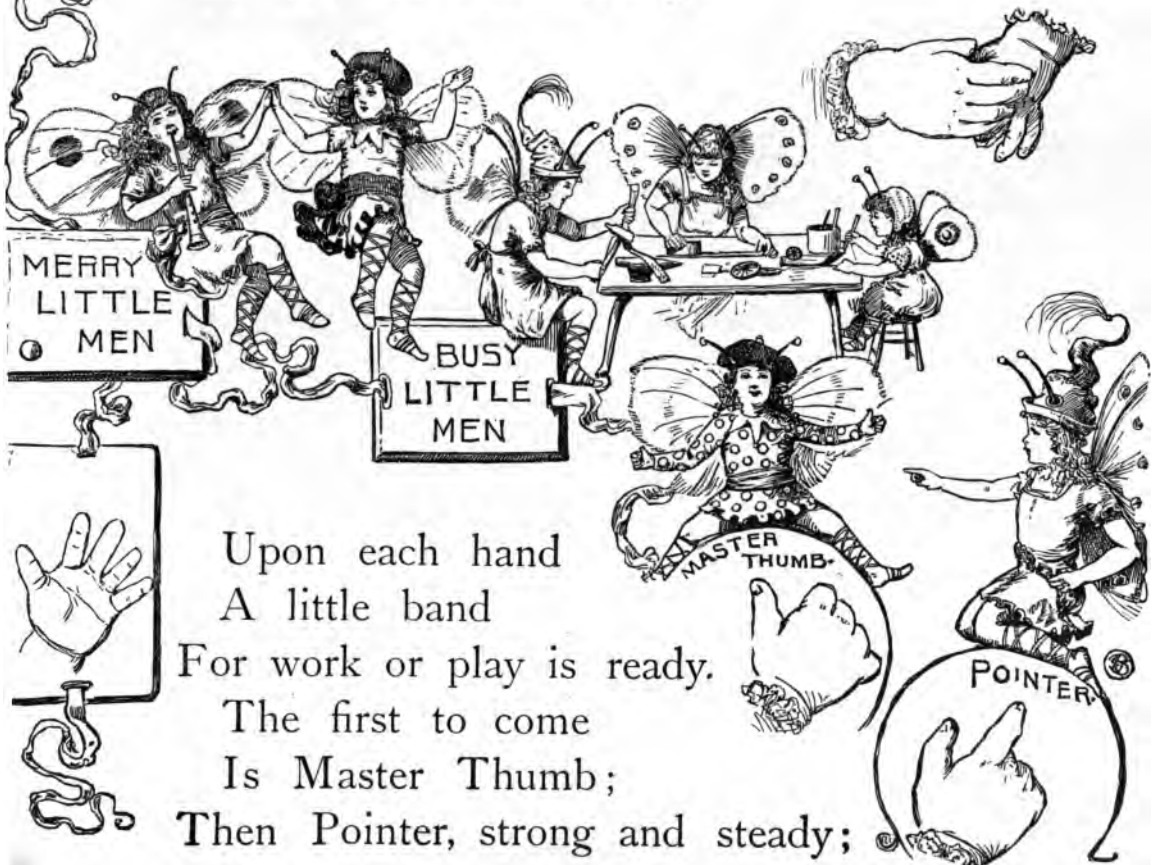
I.

THE LITTLE MEN.

# NURSERY FINGER PLAYS

## I.—THE LITTLE MEN.

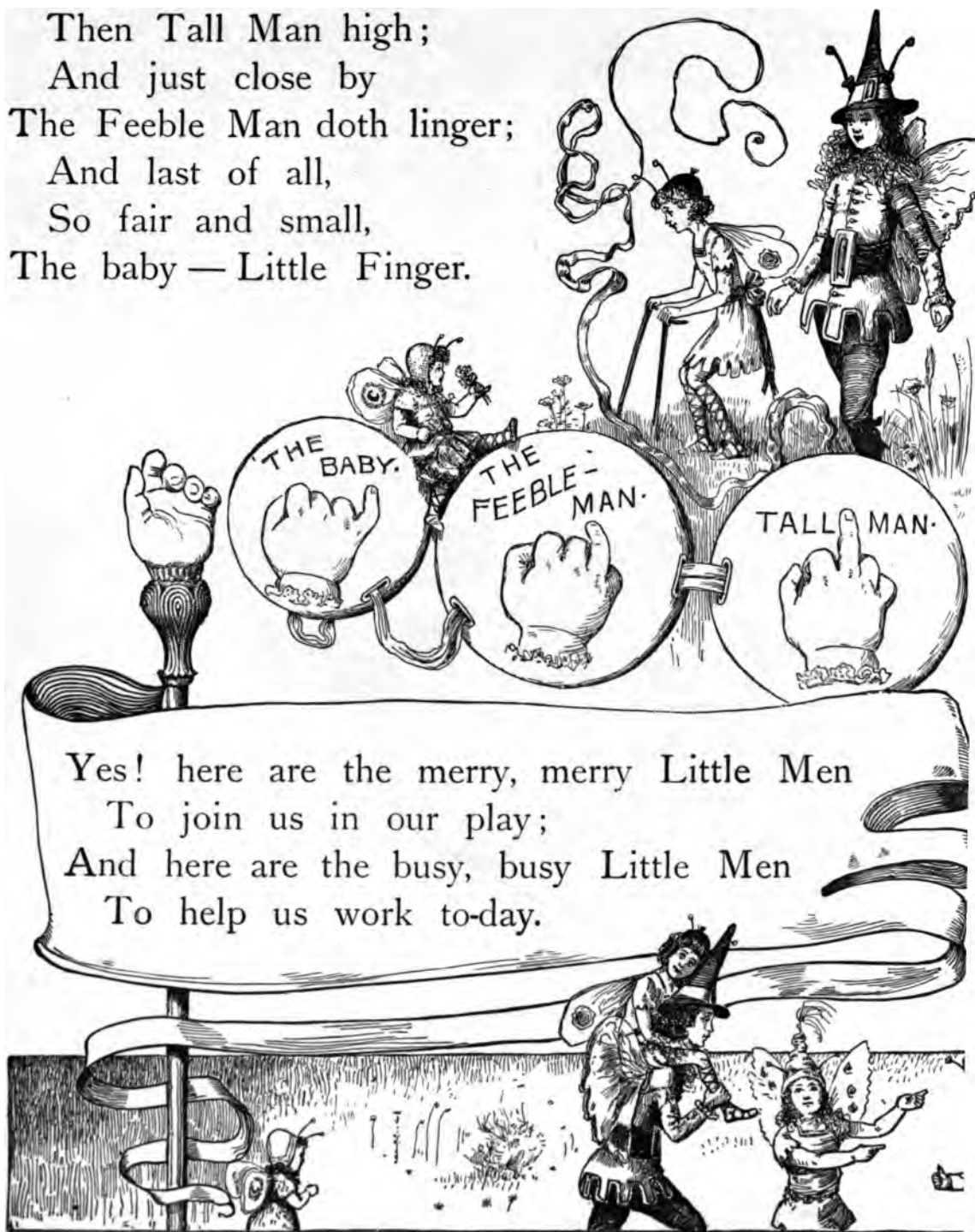
Oh! where are the merry, merry Little Men  
To join us in our play?  
And where are the busy, busy Little Men  
To help us work to-day?



Upon each hand  
A little band  
For work or play is ready.  
The first to come  
Is Master Thumb;  
Then Pointer, strong and steady;

NURSERY FINGER PLAYS.

Then Tall Man high;  
And just close by  
The Feeble Man doth linger;  
And last of all,  
So fair and small,  
The baby — Little Finger.





# THE MERRY LITTLE MEN.

EMILIE POULSSON.

CORNELIA C. ROESKE.

Oh! where are the mer - ry,

The first system of music features a vocal line in treble clef and piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The vocal line begins with a rest, followed by the lyrics "Oh! where are the mer - ry,". The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in the left hand.

mer - ry Lit - tle Men To join us in our play? And where are the bus - y, bus - y Lit - tle Men To

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are "mer - ry Lit - tle Men To join us in our play? And where are the bus - y, bus - y Lit - tle Men To". The piano accompaniment features a steady rhythmic pattern with chords.

help us work to - day? Up - on each hand a lit - tle band For work or play is

The third system concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are "help us work to - day? Up - on each hand a lit - tle band For work or play is". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines.

# THE MERRY LITTLE MEN.

read - y. The first to come Is Mas - ter Thumb; Then Pointer, strong and stead - y; The

The first system of the musical score, featuring a vocal line in treble clef and piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are: "read - y. The first to come Is Mas - ter Thumb; Then Pointer, strong and stead - y; The".

Tall Man high; And just close by The Fee - ble Man doth lin - ger; And last of all, So

The second system of the musical score. The lyrics are: "Tall Man high; And just close by The Fee - ble Man doth lin - ger; And last of all, So".

fair and small, The ba - by - Lit - tle Fin - ger. Yes! here are the mer - ry, mer - ry Lit - tle Men To

The third system of the musical score. The lyrics are: "fair and small, The ba - by - Lit - tle Fin - ger. Yes! here are the mer - ry, mer - ry Lit - tle Men To".

join us in our play; And here are the bus - y, bus - y Lit - tle Men To help us work to - day.

The fourth system of the musical score. The lyrics are: "join us in our play; And here are the bus - y, bus - y Lit - tle Men To help us work to - day."

# NURSERY FINGER PLAYS



## II.— THE LAMBS.

This is the meadow where all the long day  
Ten little frolicsome lambs are at play.



These are the measures the good farmer brings  
Salt in, or cornmeal, and other good things.

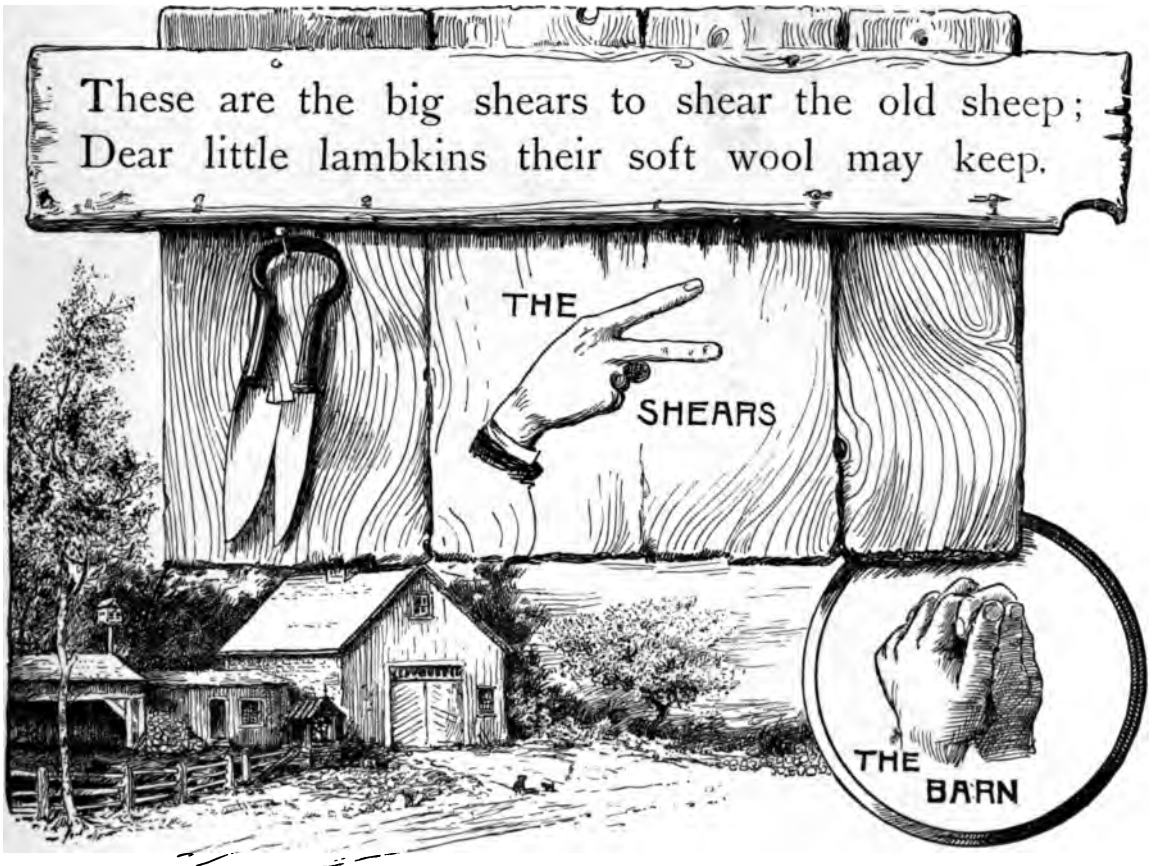


This is the lambkins' own big water-trough;  
Drink, little lambkins, and then scamper off!

NURSERY FINGER-PLAYS.



This is the rack where in winter they feed;  
Hay makes a very good dinner indeed.



Here, with its big double doors shut so tight,  
This is the barn where they all sleep at night.

# THE LAMBS.

EMILIE POULSSON.

CORNELIA C. ROESKE.

1. This is the mead-ow where all the long day Ten lit-tle frolicsome lambs are at play.

These are the measures the good farmer brings Salt in, or corn meal, and oth-er good things.

2 This is the lambkins' own big water-trough ; Drink, little lambkins, and then scamper off !  
This is the rack where in winter they feed ; Hay makes a very good dinner indeed.

3 These are the big shears to shear the old sheep ; Dear little lambkins their soft wool may keep.  
Here, with its big double doors shut so tight, This is the barn where they all sleep at night.

III.

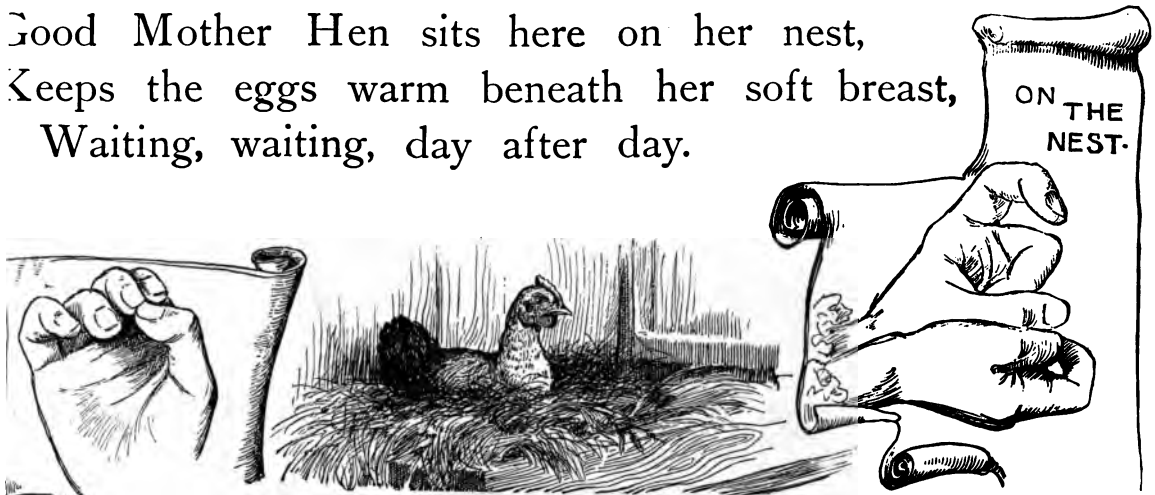
THE HEN AND CHICKENS.

# NURSERY FINGER PLAYS

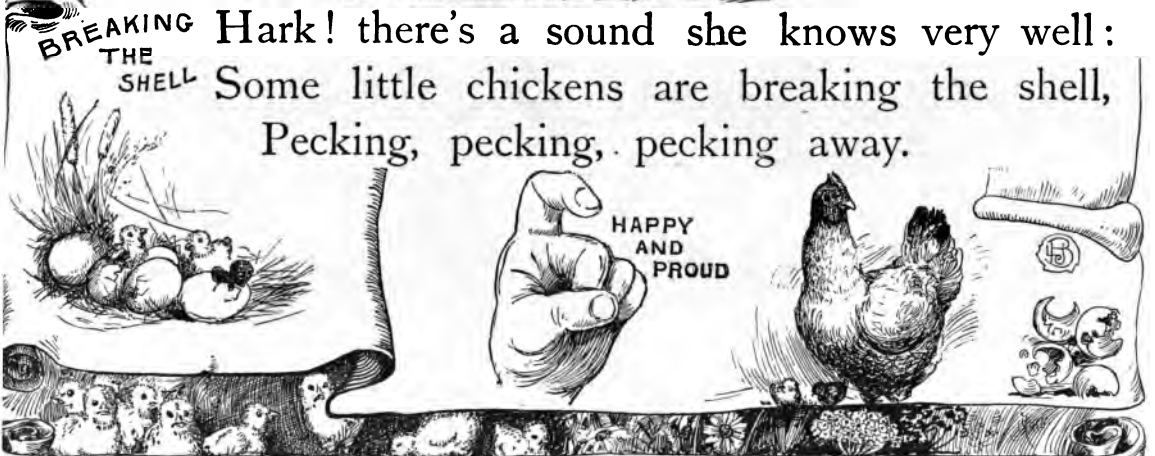


## III.—THE HEN AND CHICKENS.

Good Mother Hen sits here on her nest,  
Keeps the eggs warm beneath her soft breast,  
Waiting, waiting, day after day.



Hark! there's a sound she knows very well:  
Some little chickens are breaking the shell,  
Pecking, pecking, pecking away.



Now they're all out, Oh, see what a crowd!  
Good Mother Hen is happy and proud,  
Cluck-cluck, cluck-cluck, clucking away.



NURSERY FINGER-PLAYS.



Into the coop the mother must go;  
But all the chickens run to and fro,  
Peep-peep, peep-peep, peeping away.



Here is some corn in my little dish;  
Eat, Mother Hen, eat all that you wish!  
Picking, picking, picking away.



Happy we'll be to see you again,  
Dear little chicks and good Mother Hen!  
Now good-by, good-by for to-day.





# THE HEN AND CHICKENS.

EMILIE POULSSON.

CORNELIA C. ROESKE.



1. Good Moth - er Hen sits here on her nest,
2. Hark ! there's a sound she knows ver - y well :
3. Now they're all out, oh, see what a crowd !



Keeps the eggs warm be-neath her soft breast, Wait-ing, wait-ing, day af - ter day.  
Some lit - tle chick - ens breaking the shell, Peck - ing, peck-ing, peck - ing a - way.  
Good Moth-er Hen is hap - py and proud, Cluck-cluck, cluck-cluck, cluck-ing a - way.



4 Into the coop the mother must go ;  
While all the chickens run to and fro,  
Peep-peep, peep-peep, peeping away.

5 Here is some corn in my little dish ;  
Eat, Mother Hen, eat all that you wish,  
Picking, picking, picking away.

6 Happy we'll be to see you again,  
Dear little chicks and good Mother Hen !  
Now good-bye, good bye for to-day.

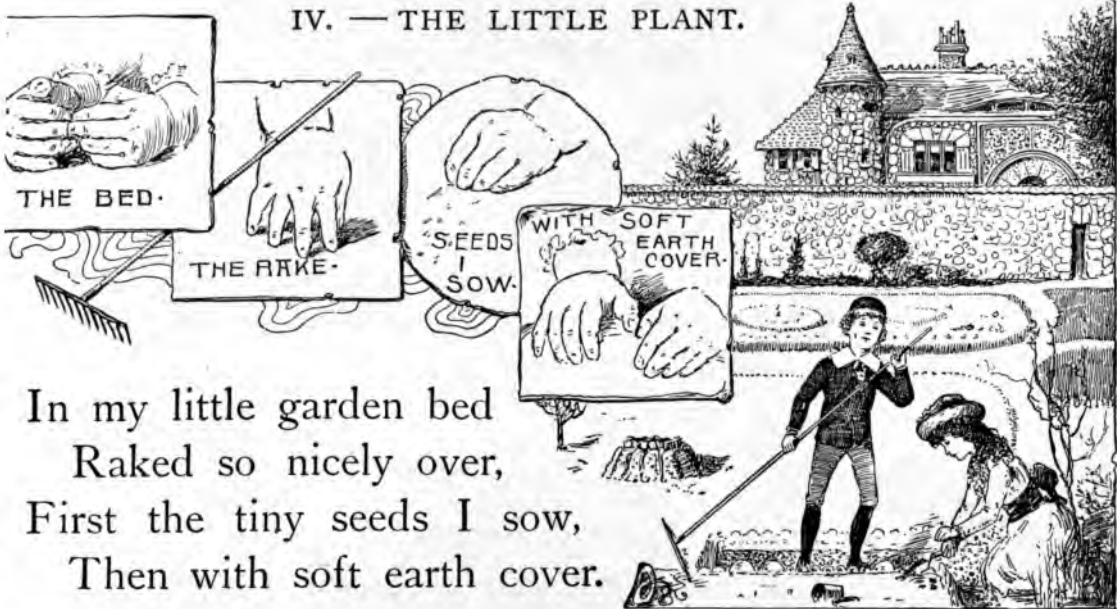
IV.

THE LITTLE PLANT.

# NURSERY FINGER PLAYS



## IV. — THE LITTLE PLANT.



In my little garden bed  
Raked so nicely over,  
First the tiny seeds I sow,  
Then with soft earth cover.

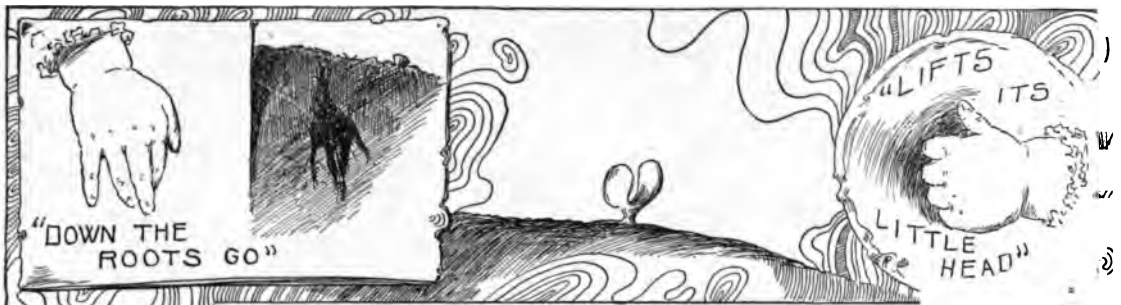


Shining down, the great round sun  
Smiles upon it often;  
Little raindrops, pattering down,  
Help the seeds to soften.



ROGMAN

NURSERY FINGER-PLAYS.



Then the little plant awakes!  
Down the roots go creeping,  
Up it lifts its little head  
Through the brown mould peeping.



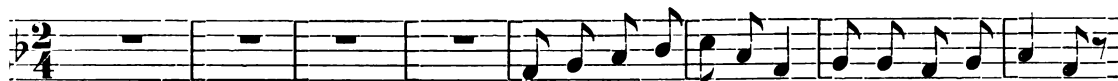
ELEVATING THE  
ARM AND RAISING  
THE THUMB  
FROM THE HAND

High and higher still it grows  
Through the summer hours,  
Till some happy day the buds  
Open into flowers.

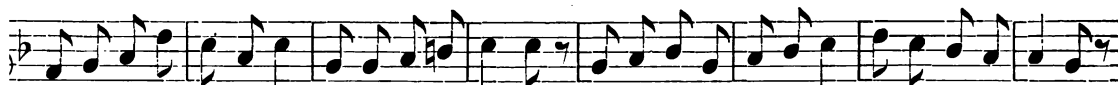
# THE LITTLE PLANT.

EMILIE POULSSON.

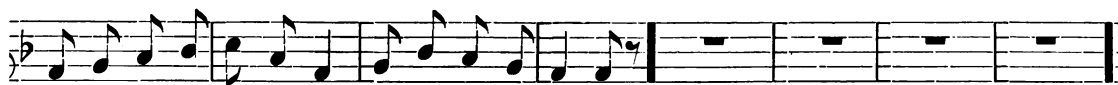
C. C. ROESKE.



1. In my lit - tle garden bed Rak'd so nice - ly o - ver,
2. Then the lit - tle plant awakes! Down the roots go creeping.



First the ti - ny seeds I sow, Then with soft earth cover. Shining down, the great round sun Smiles upon it often;  
p it lifts its little head Thro' the brown mould peeping. High and higher still it grows Thro' the summer hours,



Little raindrops, patt'ring down, Help the seeds to soft-en.  
Till some hap - py day the buds O - pen in - to flow - ers.



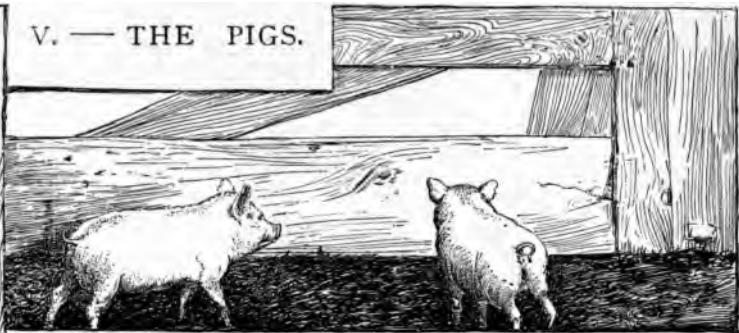
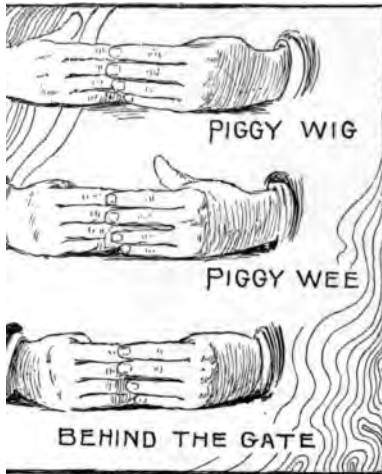
V.

THE PIGS.



# NURSERY FINGER PLAYS

V. — THE PIGS.



Piggie Wig and Piggie Wee,  
Hungry pigs as pigs could be,  
For their dinner had to wait  
Down behind the barnyard gate.



Piggie Wig and Piggie Wee  
Climbed the barnyard gate to see,  
Peeping through the gate so high,  
But no dinner could they spy.

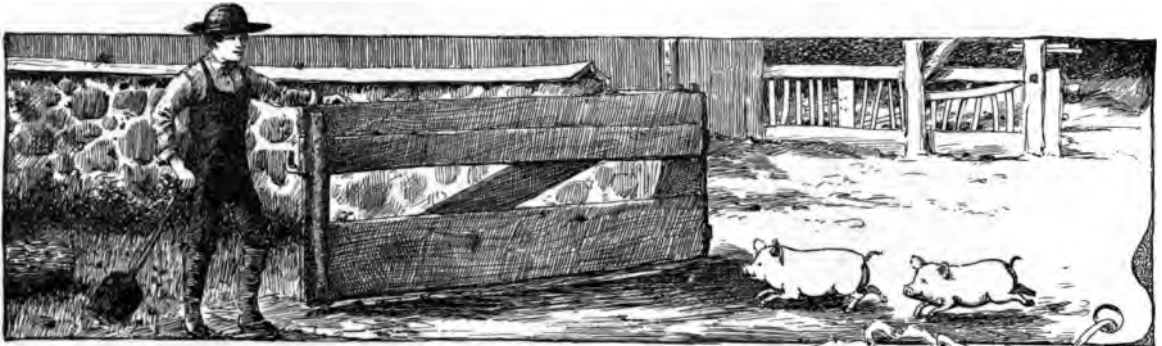


NURSERY FINGER-PLAYS.

OPENED  
WIDE



Piggie Wig and Piggie Wee  
Got down sad as pigs could be;  
But the gate soon opened wide  
And they scampered forth outside.



Piggie Wig and Piggie Wee,  
What was their delight to see  
Dinner ready not far off—  
Such a full and tempting trough!



SCAMPERED  
FORTH



IN  
THEY  
FELL



Piggie Wig and Piggie Wee,  
Greedy pigs as pigs could be,  
For their dinner ran pell-mell;  
In the trough both piggies fell.



# THE PIGS.

EMILIE POULSSON.

CORNELIA C. ROESKE.

1. Pig-gie Wig and Pig-gie Wee,

The first system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a 6/8 time signature. It begins with four measures of whole rests, followed by a melodic phrase. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs, respectively, both in 6/8 time. The piano part features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the bass line and chords in the treble line.

Hun-gry pigs as pigs could be, For their din-ner had to wait Down behind the barn-yard gate.

The second system of music continues the piece. It features a vocal line on a single staff and piano accompaniment on two staves. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern as the first system.

2 Piggie Wig and Piggie Wee  
Climbed the barn-yard gate to see,  
Peeping through the gate so high,  
But no dinner could they spy.

3 Piggie Wig and Piggie Wee  
Got down sad as pigs could be ;  
But the gate soon opened wide  
And they scampered forth outside.

4 Piggie Wig and Piggie Wee,  
What was their delight to see  
Dinner ready not far off —  
Such a full and tempting trough !

5 Piggie Wig and Piggie Wee,  
Greedy pigs as pigs could be,  
For their dinner ran pell-mell ;  
In the trough both piggies fell.

VI.

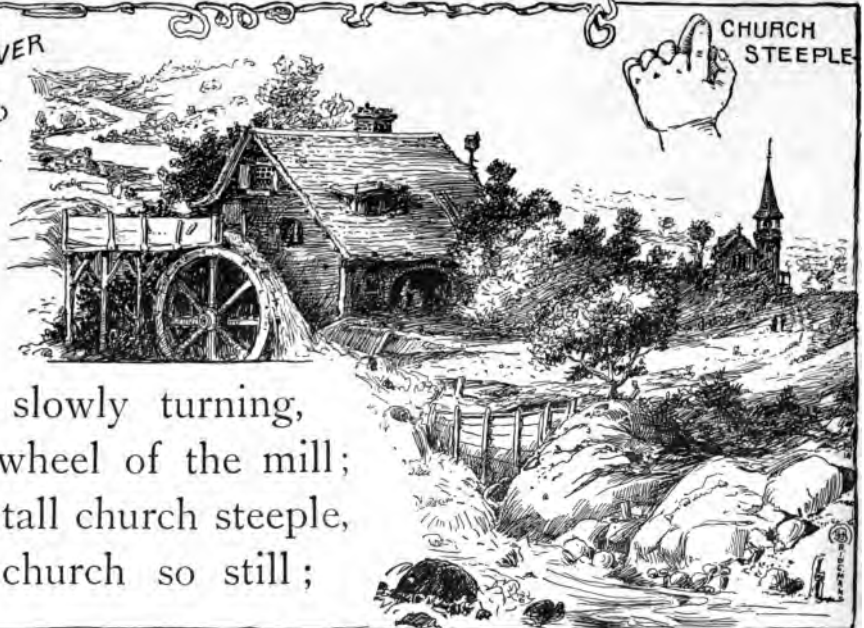
A LITTLE BOY'S WALK.

# NURSERY FINGER PLAYS

VI. — A LITTLE BOY'S WALK.



A little boy went walking  
 One lovely summer's day:  
 He saw a little rabbit  
 That quickly ran away;  
 He saw a shining river  
 Go winding in and out,  
 And little fishes in it  
 Were swimming all about;



And, slowly, slowly turning,  
 The great wheel of the mill;  
 And then the tall church steeple,  
 The little church so still;



NURSERY FINGER-PLAYS.

The bridge above the water;  
And when he stopped to rest,  
He saw among the bushes  
A wee ground-sparrow's nest.



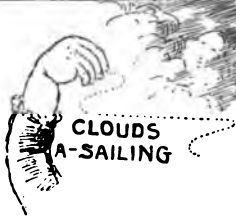
THE BRIDGE



THE NEST



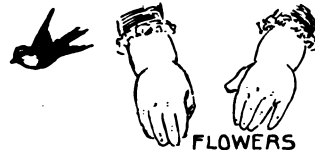
And as he watched the birdies  
Above the tree-tops fly,  
He saw the clouds a-sailing  
Across the sunny sky.



CLOUDS  
A-SAILING



ABOVE  
THE  
TREE-  
TOP  
FLY

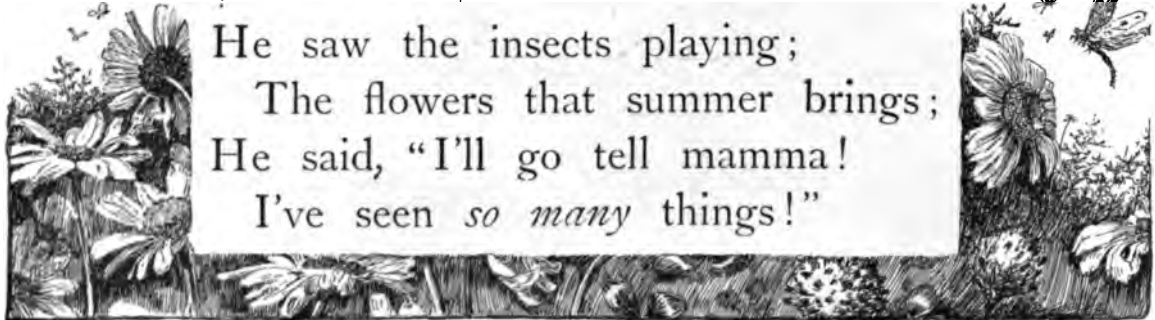


FLOWERS



INSECTS  
PLAYING

He saw the insects playing;  
The flowers that summer brings;  
He said, "I'll go tell mamma!  
I've seen *so many* things!"



# A LITTLE BOY'S WALK.

EMILIE POULSSON.

CORNELIA C. ROESKE.

A lit - tle boy went walk - ing One  
And slow - ly, slow - ly turn - ing, The  
And as he watched the bird - ies A -

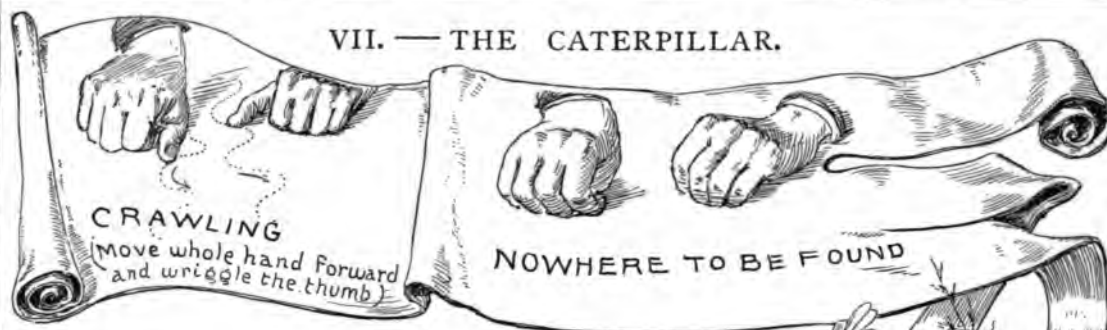
lovely summer's day: He saw a lit - tle rab - bit That quickly ran a - way; He saw a shin - ing  
great wheel of the mill; And then the tall church steeple, The little church so still; The bridge above the  
bove the tree-tops fly, He saw the clouds a-sail - ing A-cross the sun - ny sky. He saw the in - sects

riv - er Go wind - ing in and out, And lit - tle fish - es in it Were swimming all a - bout.  
wa - ter; And when he stopped to rest, He saw among the bush - es A wee ground - sparrow's nest.  
play - ing; The flowers that summer brings; He said, "I'll go tell Mamma! I've seen *so man - y* things."

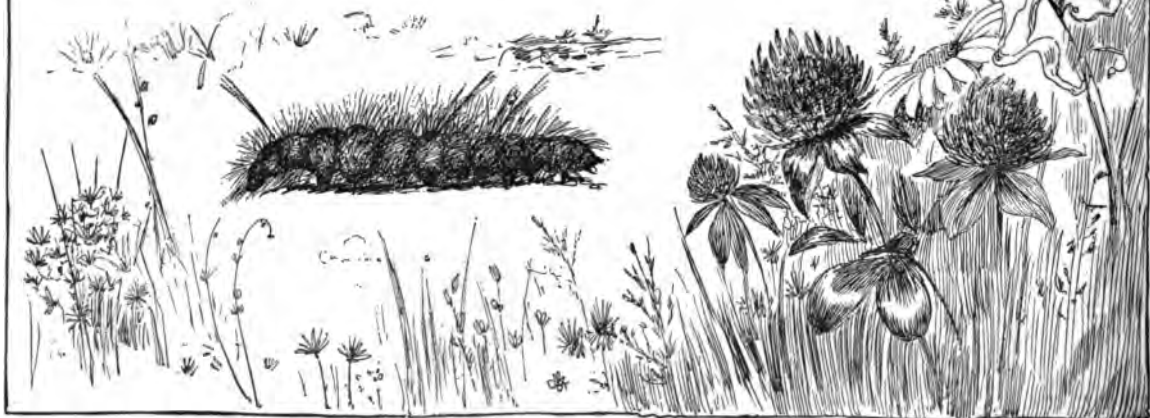
VII.  
THE CATERPILLAR.



VII. — THE CATERPILLAR.



Fuzzy little caterpillar,  
Crawling, crawling on the ground!  
Fuzzy little caterpillar,  
Nowhere, nowhere to be found,  
Though we've looked and looked and hunted  
Everywhere around!



NURSERY FINGER-PLAYS.

When the little caterpillar  
 Found his furry coat too tight,  
 Then a snug cocoon he made him  
 Spun of silk so soft and light;  
 Rolled himself away within it—  
 Slept there day and night.

ROLLED  
 HIMSELF  
 AWAY

(Rotate  
 the thumb,  
 then double  
 into the  
 hand.)

STIR  
 RING

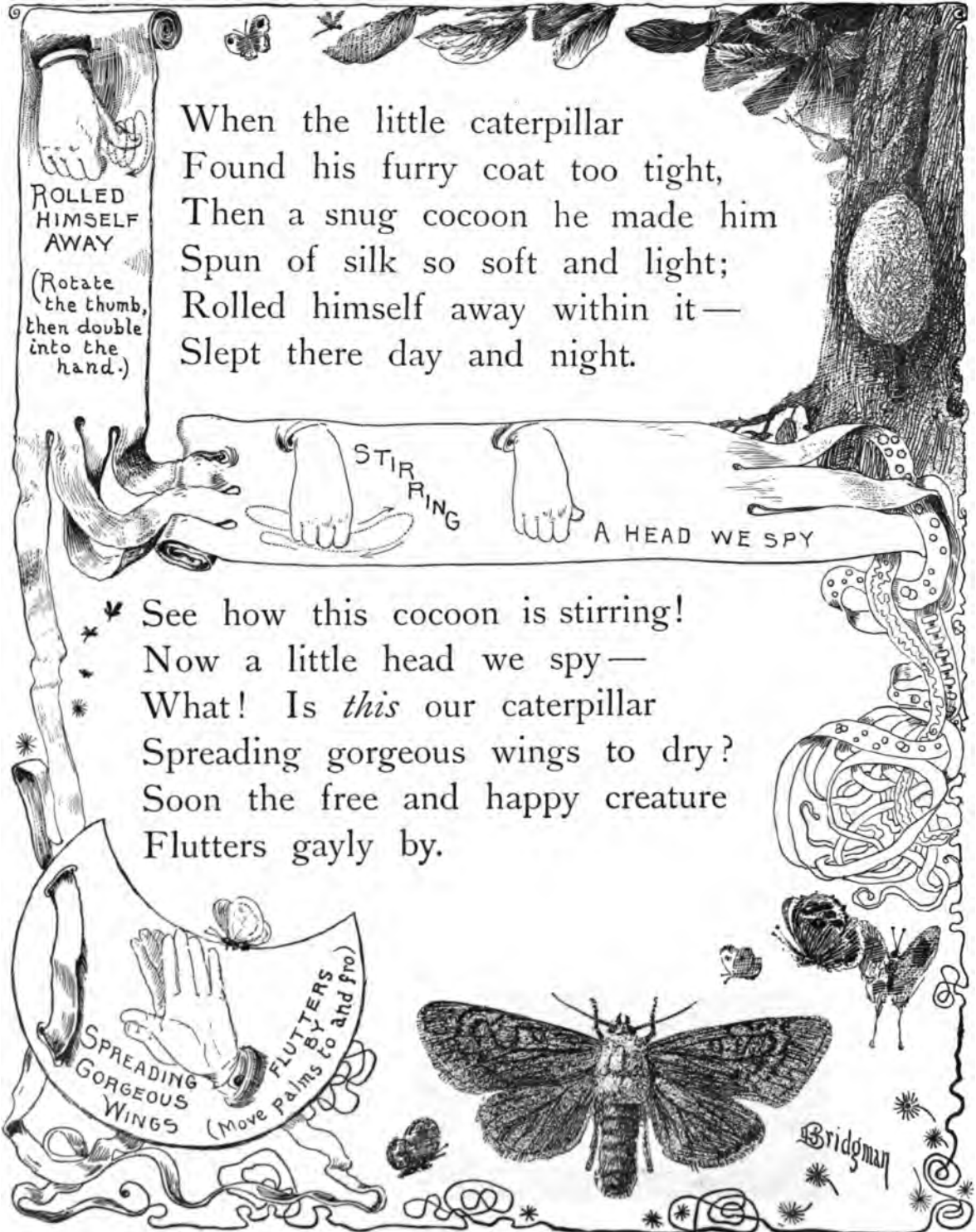
A HEAD WE SPY

See how this cocoon is stirring!  
 Now a little head we spy—  
 What! Is *this* our caterpillar  
 Spreading gorgeous wings to dry?  
 Soon the free and happy creature  
 Flutters gayly by.

SPREADING  
 GORGEOUS  
 WINGS

FLUTTERS  
 BY  
 (Move palms to and fro)

Bridgman





# THE CATERPILLAR.

EMILIE POULSSON.

CORNELIA C. ROESKE.

1. Fuz-zy lit-tle cat-er-pil-lar, Crawling, crawling  
2. When the lit-tle cat-er-pil-lar Found his fur-ry  
3. See how this co-coon is stir-ring! Now a lit-tle

on the ground! Fuz-zy lit-tle cat-er-pil-lar, Nowhere, nowhere to be found, Tho' we've looked and  
coat too tight, Then a snug co-coon he made him Spun of silk so soft and light; Rolled himself a-  
head we spy — What! is *this* our cat-er-pil-lar Spreading gorgeous wings to dry? Soon the free and

looked and hunted Ev-erywhere a-round!  
way with-in it—Slept there day and night.  
hap-py crea-ture Flut-ters gai-ly by.

VIII.

ALL FOR BABY.



# NURSERY FINGER PLAYS



VIII.— ALL FOR BABY.

Here's a ball for Baby,  
Big and soft and round!  
Here is Baby's hammer —  
O, how he can pound!

Here is Baby's music —  
Clapping, clapping so!  
Here are Baby's soldiers,  
Standing in a row!

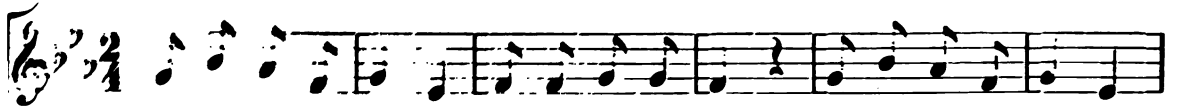
NURSERY FINGER-PLAYS.



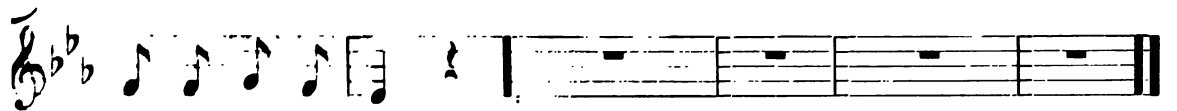
# ALL FOR BABY.

EMILIE POULSSON.

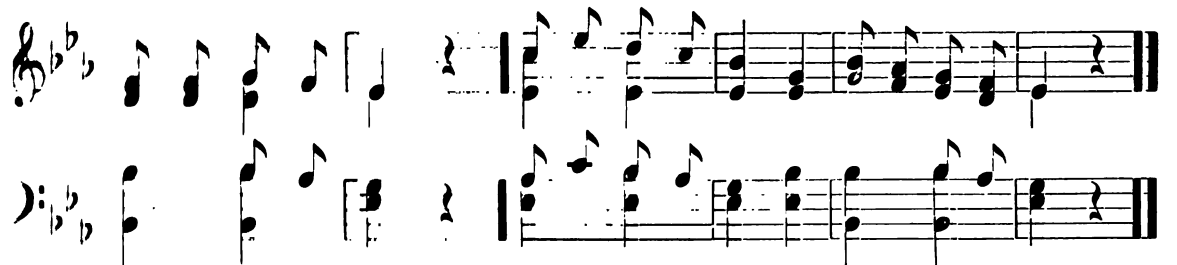
CORNELIA C. ROESKE.



1. Here's a ball for Ba - by, Big and soft and round! Here is Ba - by's ham-mer —



O, how he can pound!



2 Here is Baby's music  
Clapping, clapping so!  
Here are Baby's soldiers,  
Standing in a row!

3 Here's the Baby's trumpet,  
Toot-too-toot! too-too!  
Here's the way that Baby  
Plays at "Peep-a-boo!"

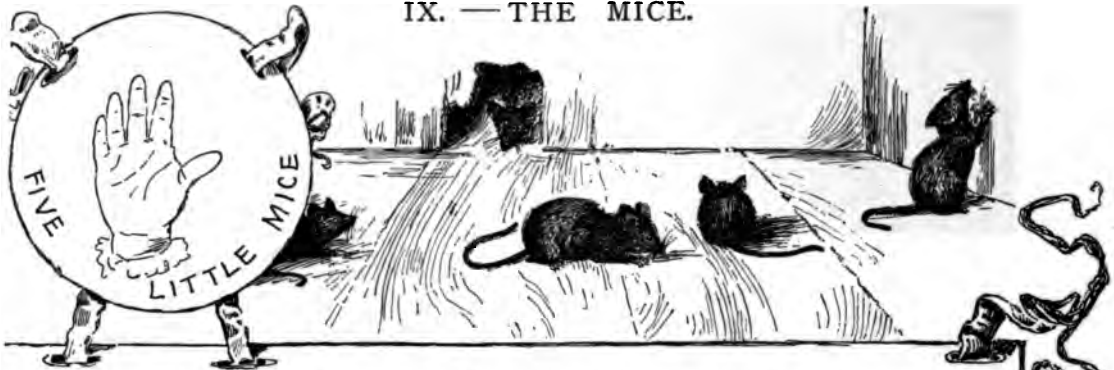
4 Here's a big umbrella —  
Keeps the Baby dry!  
Here's the Baby's cradle —  
Rock-a-baby by!

IX.  
THE MICE.



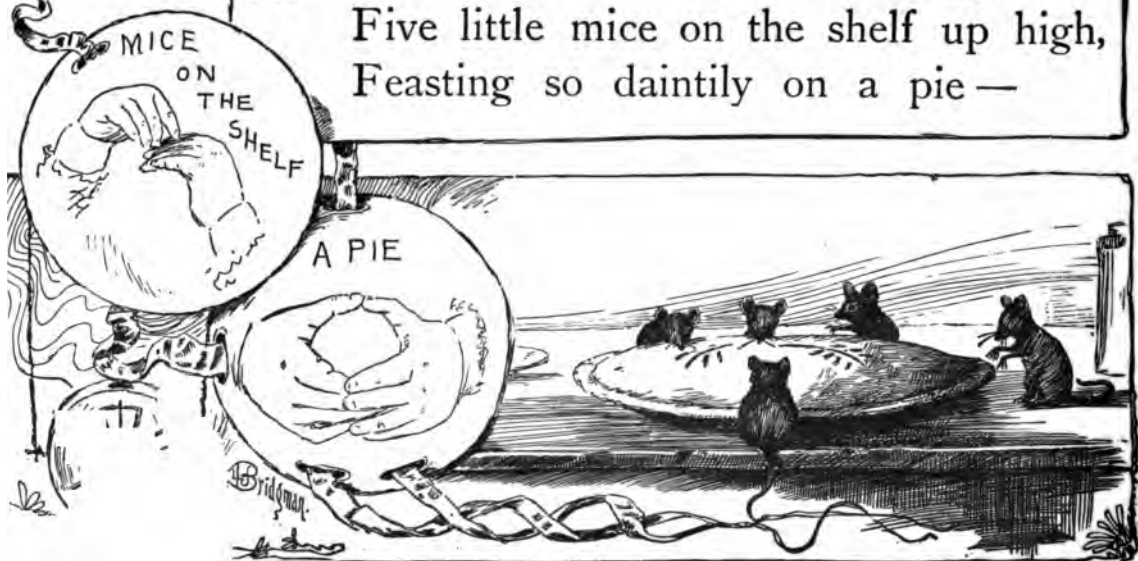
# NURSERY FINGER PLAYS

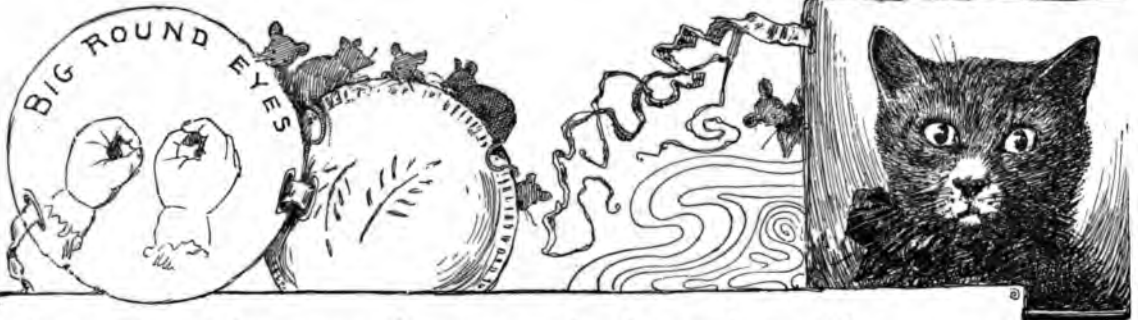
IX. — THE MICE.



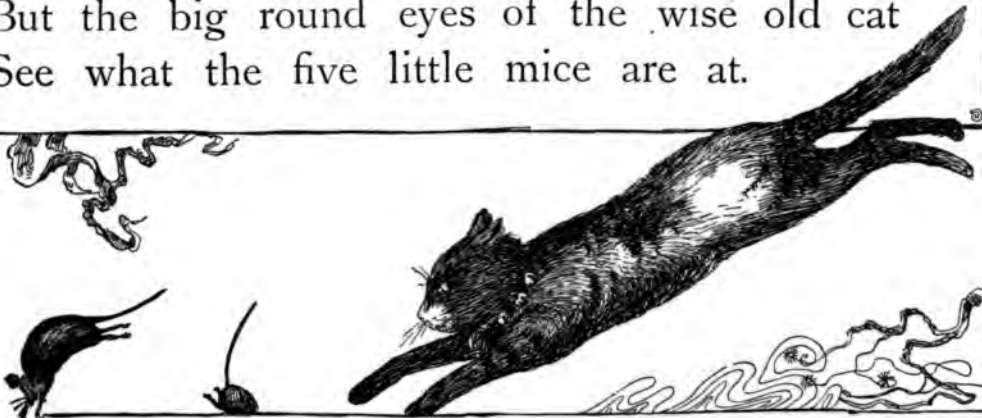
Five little mice on the pantry floor,  
Seeking for bread-crumbs or something more;

Five little mice on the shelf up high,  
Feasting so daintily on a pie —





But the big round eyes of the wise old cat  
See what the five little mice are at.



Quickly she jumps!—but the mice run away,  
And hide in their snug little holes all day.

“Feasting in pantries may be very nice;  
But home is the best!” say the five little mice.





# FIVE LITTLE MICE.

EMILIE POULSSON.

CORNELIA C. ROESKE.

1. { Five lit-tle mice on the pan - try floor,  
big round eyes of the wise old cat

Seeking for bread crumbs or something more ; Five little mice on the shelf up high,  
See what the five lit - tle mice are at. Quick-ly she jumps ! but the mice run a - way, And

1 *D.S. f*  
Feast - ing so dain - ti - ly on a pie - hide in their snug lit - tle holes all day. But the

2  
"Feasting in pan - tries may be ver - y nice ; But home is the best !" say the five lit tle mice.

(8)

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It features a vocal line with lyrics and piano accompaniment. The score includes a first ending marked '1' and a second ending marked '2'. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a page number '(8)' at the bottom.

X.

THE SQUIRREL.

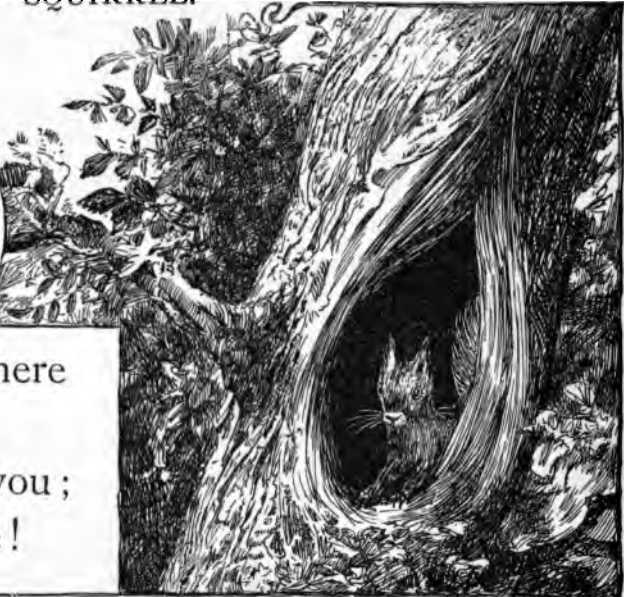


# NURSERY FINGER PLAYS

X. — THE SQUIRREL.



‘Little squirrel, living there  
In the hollow tree,  
I’ve a pretty cage for you;  
Come and live with me!



“You may turn the little wheel—  
That will be great fun!  
Slowly round, or very fast  
If you faster run.



“Little squirrel, I will bring  
In my basket here  
Every day a feast of nuts!  
Come, then, squirrel dear.”

But the little squirrel said  
From his hollow tree:  
“Oh! no, no! I'd rather far  
Live here and be free!”



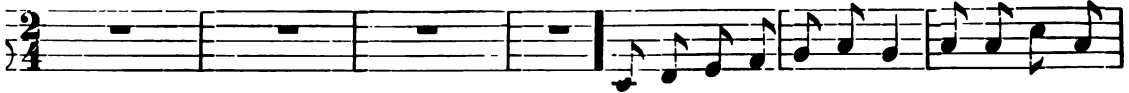
So my cage is empty yet,  
And the wheel is still;  
But my little basket here  
Oft with nuts I fill.

If you like, I'll crack the nuts,  
Some for you and me,  
For the squirrel has enough  
In his hollow tree.

# THE SQUIRREL.

EMILIE POULSSON.

CORNELIA C. ROESKE.



1. "Lit-tle Squirrel, liv-ing there In the hol-low
2. "Lit-tle Squirrel, I will bring In my bas-ket
3. So my cage is emp - ty yet And the wheel is



tree, I've a pret - ty cage for you; Come and live with me! You may turn the  
 here Ev - ery day a feast of nuts! Come then, squir-rel dear." But the lit - tle  
 still; But my lit - tle bas - ket here Oft with nuts I fill. If you like, I'll



lit - tle wheel—That will be great fun! Slow-ly round, or ver - y fast If you fast-er run."  
 squir-rel said From his ho-low tree: "Oh! no, no! I'd rath-er far Live here and be free."  
 crack the nuts, Some for you and me, For the squir-rel has enough In his hol-low tree.



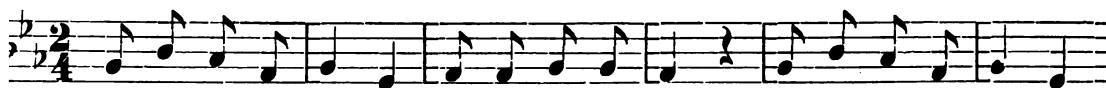
XI.

THE SPARROWS.

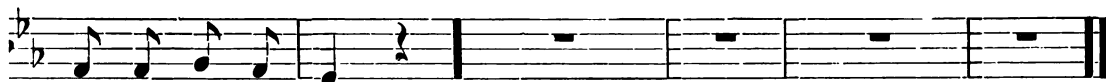
# ALL FOR BABY.

EMILIE POULSSON.

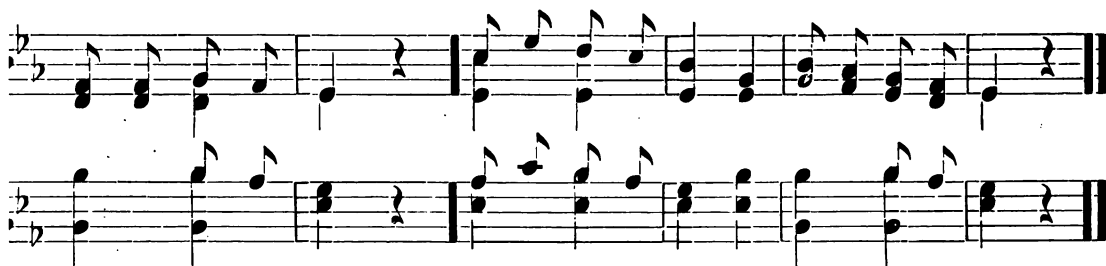
CORNELIA C. ROESKE.



1. Here's a ball for Ba - by, Big and soft and round! Here is Ba - by's ham-mer —



O, how he can pound!



2 Here is Baby's music  
Clapping, clapping so!  
Here are Baby's soldiers,  
Standing in a row!

3 Here's the Baby's trumpet,  
Toot-too-toot! too-too!  
Here's the way that Baby  
Plays at "Peep-a-boo!"

4 Here's a big umbrella —  
Keeps the Baby dry!  
Here's the Baby's cradle —  
Rock-a-baby by!

IX.  
THE MICE.



# THE SPARROWS.

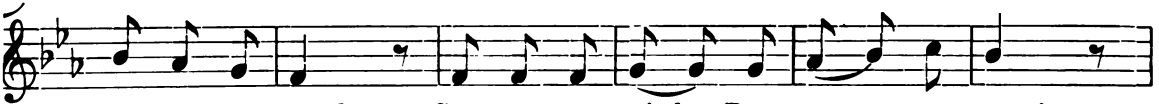
EMILIE POULSSON.

C. C. ROESKE.



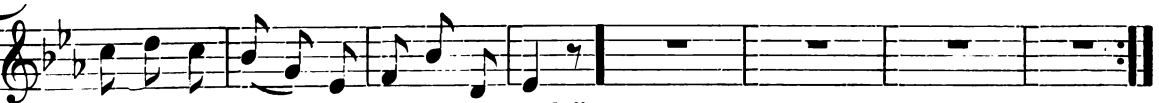
1. "Lit - tle brown spar - rows, Fly - ing a - round,  
 2. "Here is some wa - ter, Spark-ling and clear;  
 3. All the brown spar - rows Flut - ter a - way,

Up in the tree - tops,  
 Come, lit - tle spar - rows,  
 Chirp-ing and sing - ing,



Down on the ground,  
 Drink with-out fear.  
 "We can - not stay;

Come to my window, Dear spar - rows, come!  
 If you are tired, Here is a nest;  
 For in the tree - tops, 'Mong the gray boughs,



See! I will give you Man-y a crumb."  
 Wouldn't you like to Come here and rest?"  
 There is the spar - rows' Snug lit-tle house."



XII.

THE COUNTING LESSON.

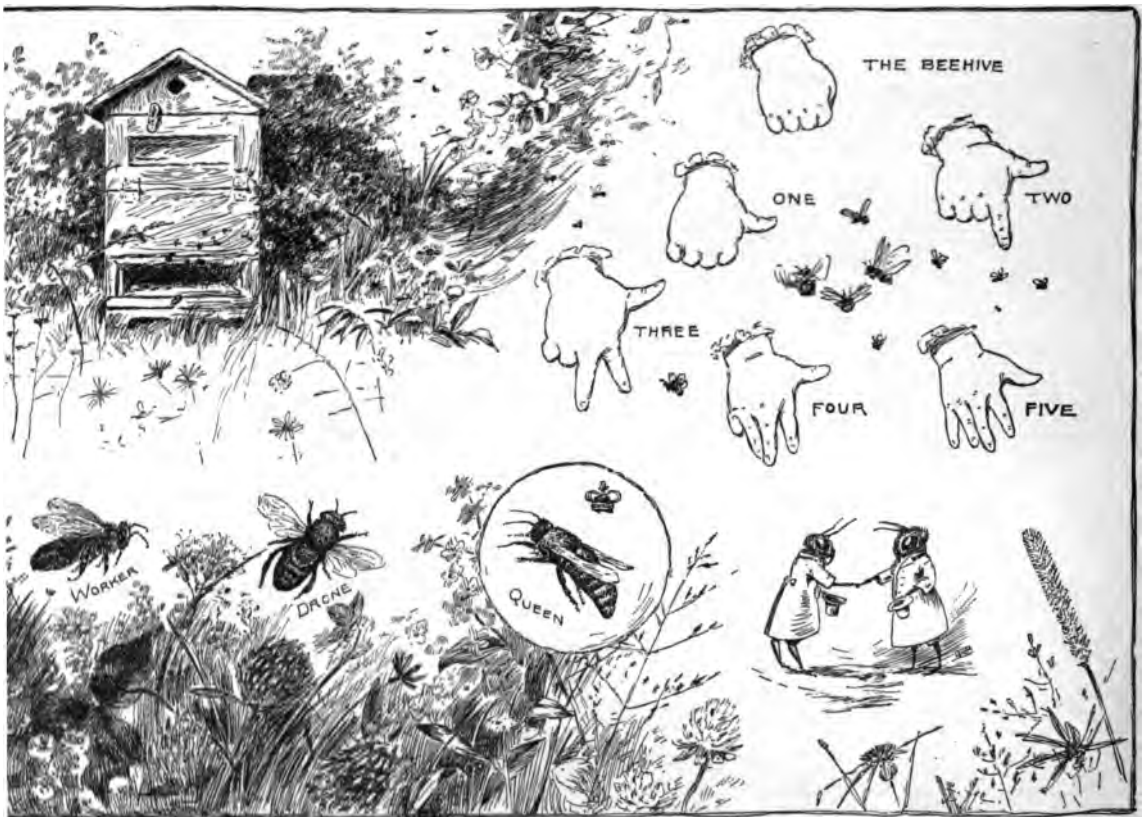
## NURSERY FINGER-PLAYS.



### XII. — THE COUNTING LESSON.

*(Right hand.)*

Here is the beehive. Where are the bees?  
Hidden away where nobody sees.  
Soon they come creeping out of the hive —  
One! — two! — three! four! five!



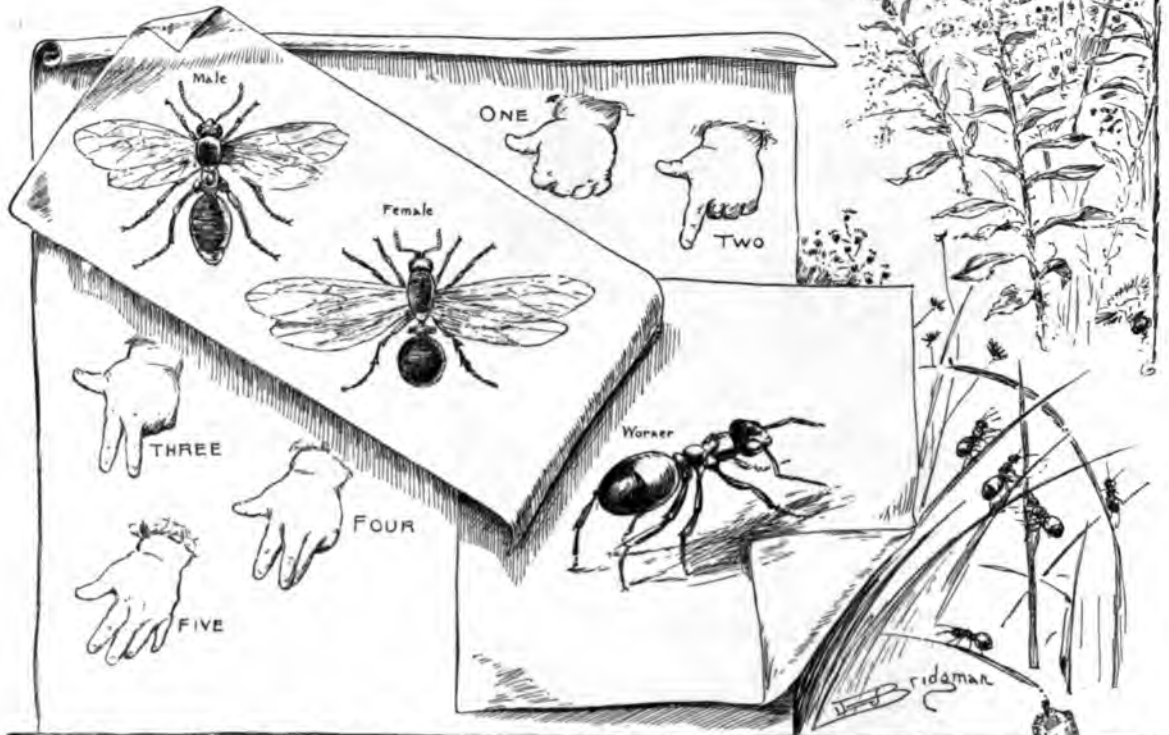
(Left hand.)

Once I saw an ant-hill  
With no ants about;  
So I said, "Dear little ants,  
Won't you please come out?"  
Then as if the little ants  
Had heard my call —  
One! two! three! four! *five* came out!  
And that was all!



ANT-HILL

53



# THE COUNTING LESSON.

EMILIE POULSSON.  
1ST VERSE.

C. C. ROESKE.

1. Here is the beehive. Where are the bees? Hid-den a - way where no-bod-y sees.

Soon they come creep-ing out of the hive — One! — two! — three! four! five!

2ND VERSE.

2. Once I saw an ant hill With no ants a - bout; So I said,

"Dear lit-tle ants, Won't you please come out?" Then as if the lit-tle ants Had

heard my call — One! two! three! four! five came out! And that was all!

XIII.

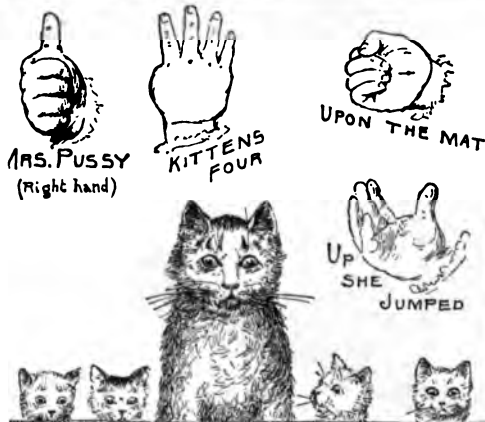
MRS. PUSSY'S DINNER.

NURSERY FINGER-PLAYS.

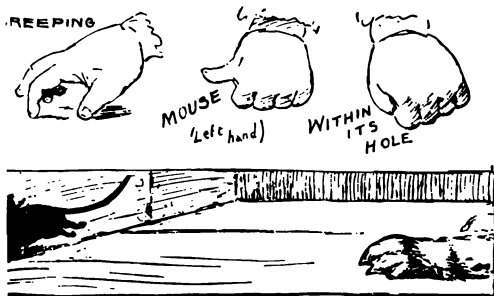
# NURSERY FINGER PLAYS

XIII. — MRS. PUSSY'S DINNER.

Mrs. Pussy, sleek and fat,  
With her kittens four,  
Went to sleep upon the mat  
By the kitchen door.



Mrs. Pussy heard a noise —  
Up she jumped in glee:  
“Kittens, maybe that’s a mouse!  
Let us go and see!”



Creeping, creeping, creeping on,  
Silently they stole;  
But the little mouse had gone  
Back within its hole.

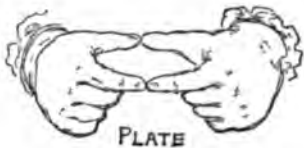
NURSERY FINGER-PLAYS.



"Well," said Mrs. Pussy then,  
"To the barn we'll go;  
We shall find the swallow there  
Flying to and fro."



So the cat and kittens four  
Tried their very best;  
But the swallows flying fast  
Safely reached the nest!



Home went hungry Mrs. Puss  
And her kittens four;  
Found their dinner on a plate  
By the kitchen door.

As they gathered round the plate,  
They agreed 'twas nice  
That it could not run away  
Like the birds and mice!

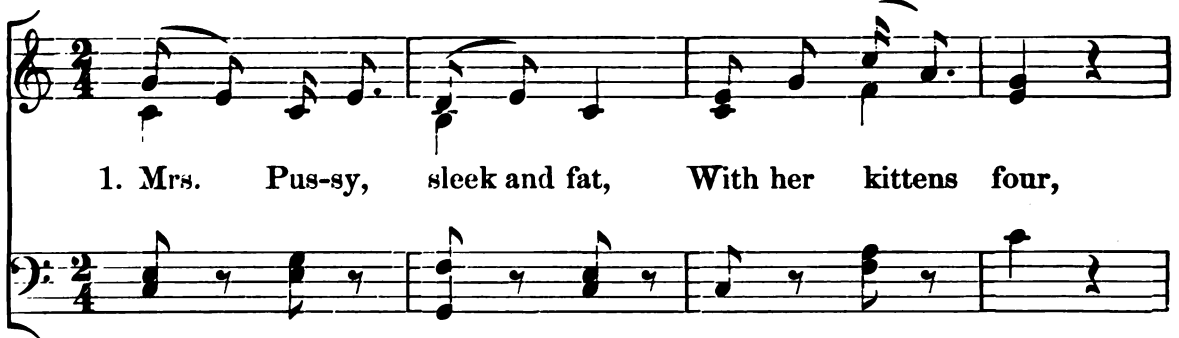




# MRS. PUSSY'S DINNER.

EMILIE POULSSON.

C. C. ROESKE.



1. Mrs. Pus-sy, sleek and fat, With her kittens four,



Went to sleep up - on the mat By the kitchen door.

2 Mrs. Pussy heard a noise —  
Up she jumped in glee:  
“Kittens, maybe that’s a mouse!  
Let us go and see!”

3 Creeping, creeping, creeping on,  
Silently they stole;  
But the little mouse had gone  
Back within its hole.

4 “Well,” said Mrs. Pussy then,  
“To the barn we’ll go;  
We shall find the swallows there  
Flying to and fro.”

5 So the cat and kittens four  
Tried their very best;  
But the swallows flying fast  
Safely reached the nest!

6 Home went hungry Mrs. Puss  
And her kittens four;  
Found their dinner on a plate  
By the kitchen door.

7 As they gathered round the plate,  
They agreed ’twas nice  
That it could not run away  
Like the birds and mice!

XIV.

HOW THE CORN GREW.

# NURSERY FINGER PLAYS

XIV. — HOW THE CORN GREW.

There was a field that waiting lay,  
All hard and brown and bare;  
There was a thrifty farmer came  
And fenced it in with care.



Then came a plowman with his plow;  
From early until late,  
Across the field and back again,  
He plowed the furrows straight.

The harrow then was brought to make  
The ground more soft and loose;  
And soon the farmer said with joy,  
"My field is fit for use."



NURSERY FINGER-PLAYS.

For many days the farmer then  
Was working with his hoe;  
And little Johnny brought the corn  
And dropped the kernels—so!

And there they lay, until awaked  
By tapping rains that fell,  
Then pushed their green plumes up  
to greet  
The sun they loved so well.



Then flocks and flocks of hungry crows  
Came down the corn to taste;  
But ba-ang!—went the farmer's gun  
And off they flew in haste.

Then grew and grew the corn, until,  
When autumn days had come,  
With sickles keen they cut it down,  
And sang the "Harvest Home."



# HOW THE CORN GREW.

EMILIE POULSSON.

CORNELIA C. ROESKE.



1. There was a field that wait - ing lay, All hard and brown and bare; There



was a thrif - ty farm - er came And fenced it in with care, There



was a thrif - ty farm - er came And fenced it in with care.



2 Then came a ploughman with his plough;  
From early until late,  
Across the field and back again,  
He ploughed the furrows straight.

3 The harrow then was brought to make  
The ground more soft and loose;  
And soon the farmer said with joy,  
"My field is fit for use."

4 For many days the farmer then  
Was working with his hoe;  
And little Johnny brought the corn  
And dropped the kernels — so!

5 And there they lay, until awaked  
By tapping rains that fell,  
Then pushed their green plumes up to greet  
The sun they loved so well.

6 Then flocks and flocks of hungry crows  
Came down the corn to taste;  
But ba-ang! went the farmer's gun,  
And off they flew in haste.

7 Then grew and grew the corn, until,  
When autumn days had come,  
With sickles keen they cut it down,  
And sang the "Harvest Home."

XV.  
THE MILL.

# NURSERY FINGER PLAYS



THE  
MILLDAM



XV. — THE MILL.

A merry little river  
Went singing day by day,  
Until it reached a mill-dam  
That stretched across its way.

And there it spread its waters,  
A quiet pond, to wait  
Until the busy miller  
Should lift the water-gate.

Then, hurrying through the gateway,  
The dashing waters found  
A mighty millwheel waiting,  
And turned it swiftly round.



LIFT THE WATER-GATE



THE  
MILLWHEEL

But faster turned the millstones  
Up in the dusty mill,  
And quickly did the miller  
With corn the hopper fill.

And faster yet and faster  
The heavy stones went round,  
Until the golden kernels  
To golden meal were ground.

“Now fill the empty hopper  
With *wheat*,” the miller said;  
“We’ll grind this into flour  
To make the children’s bread.”



And still, as flowed the water,  
The mighty wheel went round;  
And still, as turned the millstones,  
The corn and grain were ground.

And busy was the miller  
The livelong day, until  
The water-gate he fastened,  
And silent grew the mill.



# THE MILL.

EMILIE POULSSON.

CORNELIA C. ROESKE.

1. A mer - ry lit - tle riv - er Went sing - ing day by day, Un - til it reached a

The first system of musical notation consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The treble staff contains the melody, and the bass staff contains the accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

mill - dam That stretched a - cross its way. And there it spread its wa - ters, A

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

qui - et pond, to wait Un - til the bu - sy mil - ler Should lift the wa - ter gate.

The third system of musical notation concludes the piece with a double bar line. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

2 Then, hurrying through the gateway,  
The dashing waters found  
A mighty millwheel waiting—  
And turned it swiftly round.  
But faster turned the millstone  
Up in the dusty mill,  
And quickly did the miller  
With corn the hopper fill.

3 And faster yet and faster  
The heavy stones went round,  
Until the golden kernels  
To golden meal were ground.

“Now, fill the empty hopper  
With *wheat*,” the miller said;  
“We’ll grind this into flour  
To make the children’s bread.”

4 And still, as flowed the water,  
The mighty wheel went round;  
And still, as turned the millstones,  
The corn and grain were ground.  
And busy was the miller  
The livelong day, until  
The water gate he fastened,  
And silent grew the mill.

XVI.  
MAKING BREAD.

# NURSERY FINGER PLAYS

XVI. — MAKING BREAD.



“The farmer and the miller  
Have worked,” the mother said,  
“And got the flour ready,  
So I will make the bread.”  
She scooped from out the barrel  
The flour white as snow,  
And in her sieve she put it  
And shook it to and fro.

XVI.  
MAKING BREAD.

# MAKING BREAD.

EMILIE POULSSON.

C. C. ROESKE.



1. "The farm-er and the mil-ler Have work'd,"the mother said, "And got the flo - ur



read - y, So I will make the bread." She scooped from out the bar - rel The



flo - ur white as snow, And in her sieve she put it And shook it to and fro.



2 Then in the pan of flour  
A little salt she threw ;  
A cup of yeast she added,  
And poured in water, too.  
To mix them all together  
She stirred with busy might,  
Then covered it and left it  
Until the bread was light.

3 More flour then she sifted  
And kneaded well the dough,  
And in the waiting oven  
The loaves of bread did go.  
The mother watched the baking,  
And turned the loaves, each one,  
Until at last, rejoicing,  
She said, " My bread is done! "

XVII.  
MAKING BUTTER.

# NURSERY FINGER PLAYS

XVII. — MAKING BUTTER.



Skim, skim, skim,  
With the skimmer bright ;  
Take the rich and yellow cream,  
Leave the milk so white.

Churn, churn, churn,  
Now 'tis churning day ;  
Till the cream to butter turn  
Dasher must not stay.

NURSERY FINGER-PLAYS.

Press, press, press;  
All the milk must be  
From the golden butter now  
Pressed out carefully



BOWL



Pat, pat, pat;  
Make it smooth and round.  
See! the roll of butter's done —  
Won't you buy a pound?



"PAT, PAT, PAT"



A ROLL  
OF  
BUTTER



SPREADING

Taste, oh! taste,  
This is very nice;  
Spread it on the children's bread,  
Give them each a slice.



# MAKING BUTTER.

EMILIE POULSSON.

C. C. ROESKE.



1. Skim, skim, skim, With the skim-mer bright;



Take the rich and yel-low cream, Leave the milk so white.



2 Churn, churn, churn,  
Now 'tis churning day;  
Till the cream to butter turn  
Dasher must not stay.

3 Press, press, press;  
All the milk must be  
From the golden butter now  
Pressed out carefully.

4 Pat, pat, pat,  
Make it smooth and round.  
See! the roll of butter's done—  
Won't you buy a pound?

5 Taste, oh! taste,  
This is very nice.  
Spread it on the children's bread,  
Give them each a slice.

XVIII.  
SANTA CLAUS.

# NURSERY FINGER PLAYS

XVIII. — SANTA CLAUS.



O, clap, clap the hands,  
And sing out with glee!  
For Christmas is coming  
And merry are we!

PAIR  
OF REINDEER



IN SECOND AND  
FOURTH VERSES

CLAPPING



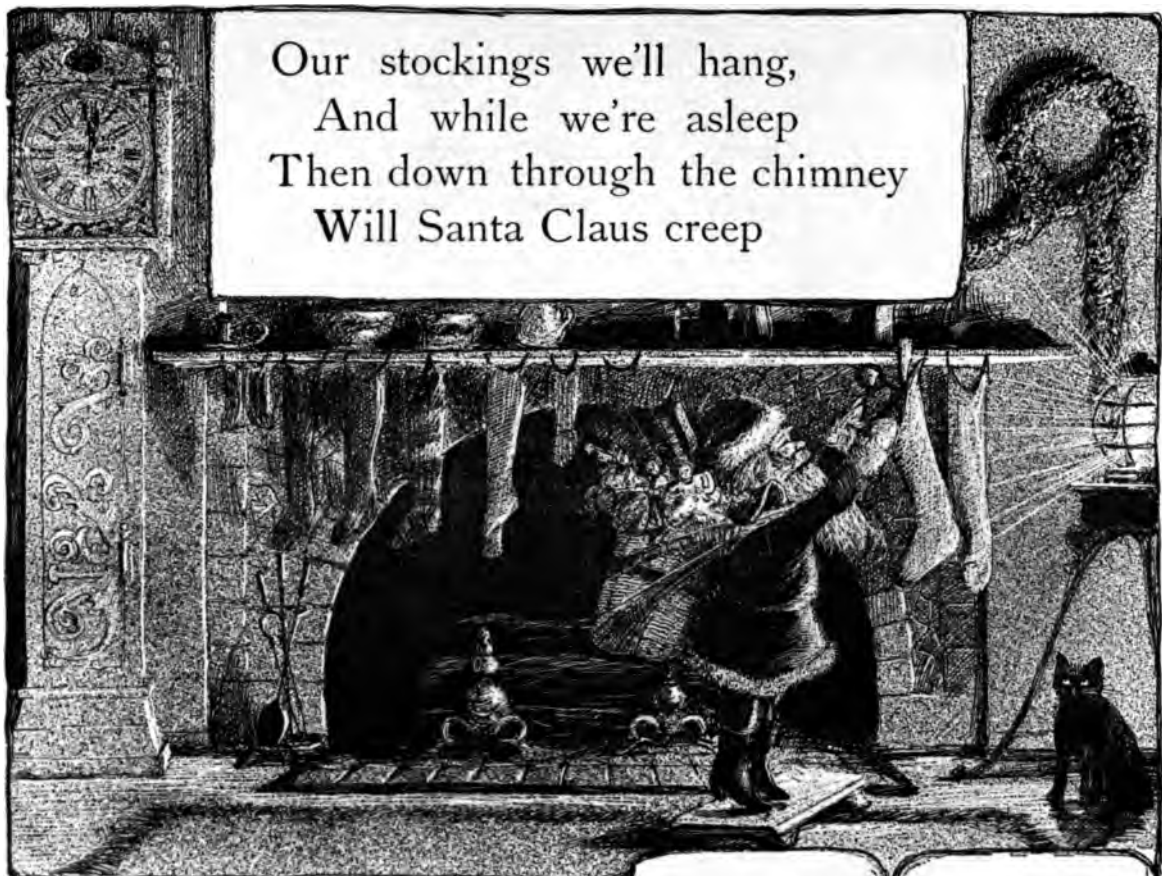
THROUGH THE FIRST  
AND LAST VERSES



Now swift o'er the snow  
The tiny reindeer  
Are trotting and bringing  
Good Santa Claus near.

NURSERY FINGER-PLAYS.

Our stockings we'll hang,  
And while we're asleep  
Then down through the chimney  
Will Santa Claus creep



He'll empty his pack,  
Then up he will come  
And, calling his reindeer,  
Will haste away home.



STOCKINGS



SANTA  
CLAUS

DOWN THE  
CHIMNEY



UP HE WILL  
COME

Then clap, clap the hands!  
And sing out with glee,  
For Christmas is coming  
And merry are we!

# SANTA CLAUS.

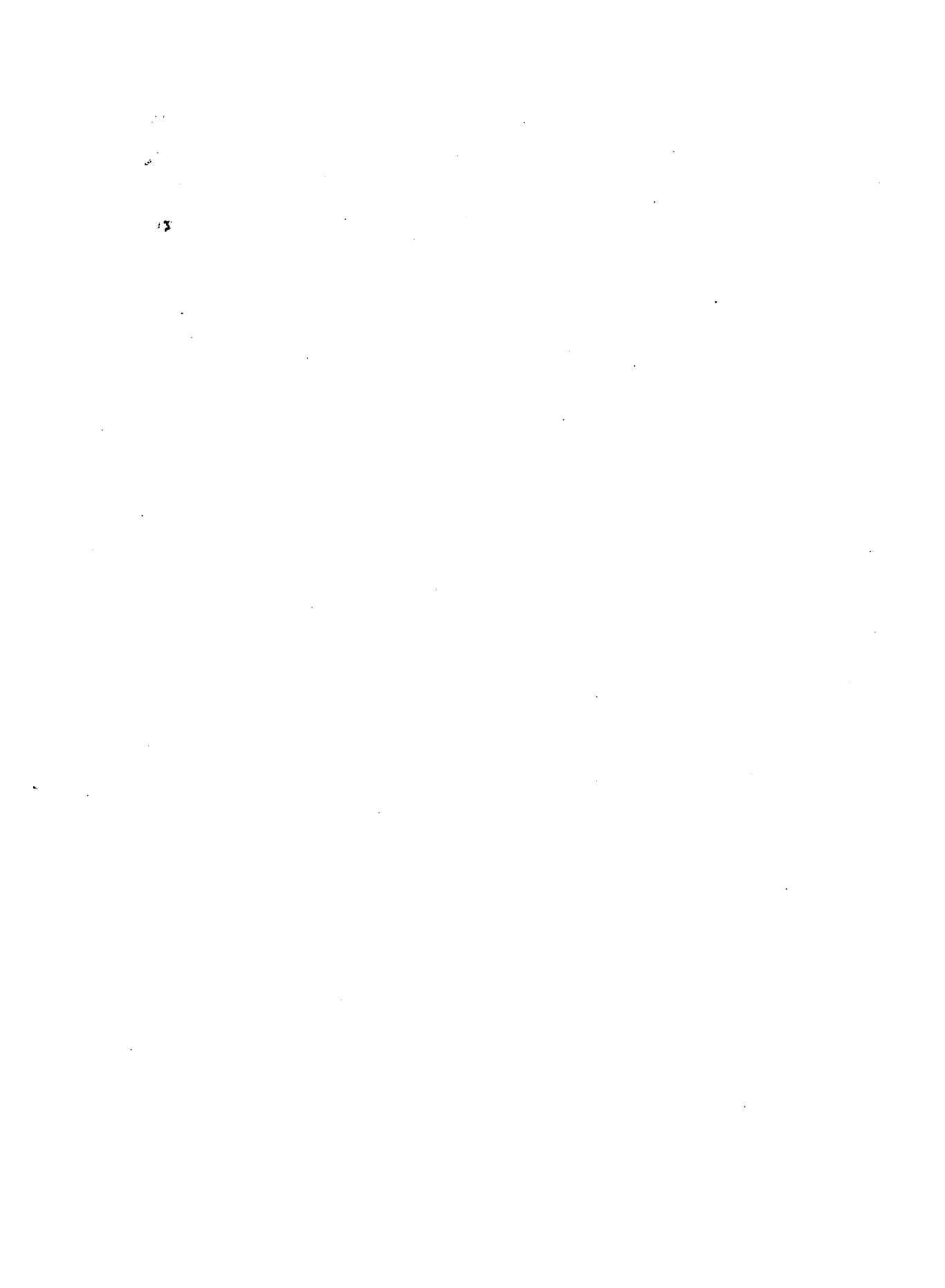
EMILIE POULSSON.

CORNELIA C. ROESKE.

1. O, clap, clap the hands, And sing out with glee ! For  
2. O, clap, clap the hands, And sing out with glee ! For  
3. O, clap, clap the hands, And sing out with glee ! For

Christ - mas is com - ing and mer - ry are we! Now swift o'er the snow The  
Christ - mas is com - ing and mer - ry are we! Our stock - ings we'll hang, And  
Christ - mas is com - ing and mer - ry are we! He'll emp - ty his pack, Then

ti - ny rein - deer Are trot - ting and bring - ing Good San - ta Claus near.  
while we're a - sleep Then down thro' the chim - ney Will San - ta Claus creep.  
up he will come And, call - ing the rein - deer, Will haste a - way home.



4

!





