

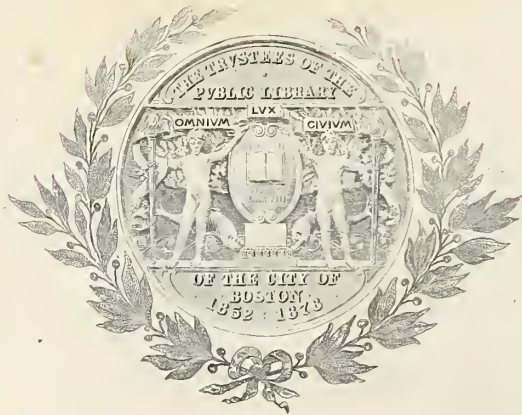
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Negro Folk Singing-Games and Folk Games of the Habitants.

(Curwen's Edition, 5756.)

Traditional Melodies and Text transcribed by
GRACE CLEVELAND PORTER.

Accompaniments by
HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS.



MAMMY MARY.

1394

LONDON :
J. CURWEN & SONS Ltd., 24 BERNERS STREET, W.



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TO THE MEMORY OF MY MOTHER AND FATHER.

Negro Folk Singing Games and Folk Games of the Habitants.

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FOREWORD.

SOME of the games in this book were given for the first time in Europe, in the spring of 1913, by the children of the Espérance Guild of Morris Dancers, at Miss Porter's Recital in Small Queen's Hall.

That the book will be an addition to the English folk-art books is to my mind assured by the fact that the children loved the games and entered into the playing of them with great zest.

A large audience was also delighted with them on their first introduction into England, and before many years they will probably be known to English children as well as they will be to the children of America, and be yet another link with our neighbours over the sea.

MARY NEAL,

LONDON.

Hon. Sec., Espérance Guild of Morris Dancers.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

SOME years ago Mr. Henry E. Krehbiel wrote some charming articles for the New York *Tribune* upon Southern Folk Singing-Games, among which he included four, "I'm walkin' on the Levee," "King and Queen," "I've lost a Partner," and "Turn, Cinnamon, turn." These had been collected and given him by Mrs. Louise Clarke-Prynelle.

These games, played by the "Crackers," a term playfully applied to the country folk of Florida, were subsequently given by Mr. Krehbiel to Mr. W. W. Newell for his book, "Games and Songs of American Children," published by Harper Brothers.

I wish to express my appreciation to Mr. Krehbiel and Messrs. Harper Brothers for their courtesy in allowing me to include this interesting group of games in my book.

The other Southern Singing-Games I transcribed as Mammy sang them to me.

My sincere thanks are due to Miss Mary Neal for her interest in my work and in making it possible for the singing games to be so delightfully presented by the children of the Espérance Guild of Morris Dancers.

The enthusiasm, grace, and clever acting of these little people made the teaching of the games a delight, and if Mammy Mary could but have been present to see the merriment and enthusiastic welcome accorded "We're marchin' on dis camp groun'," "Bounce aroun'," and "Peep, squirrel," I'm sure her dear old heart would have rejoiced.

LONDON.

G. C. P.

PREFACE.

AMONG the brightest memories of my childhood are the stories my mother used to tell me of her own youthful days at "Glenmore," an old plantation in Maryland. These stories were sometimes of her parents, sometimes of her brother and little sisters, sometimes of the fields, the woods, the open country, or else again of the pets dear to all children's hearts. But whatever the subject of the tale, I noticed that one, Mammy Mary, was always a central figure, the old coloured nurse whose protecting love and devotion seemed as near to my mother then, as it had been in those days long gone by.

Mammy Mary, who identified herself with every interest of the family, sharing in its joys and vicissitudes, was the embodiment of understanding motherly love, and a true aristocrat at heart, a type of the old régime that is so rapidly disappearing. This tender relationship which existed between the typical old black Mammy and the white children she nursed can hardly be understood nowadays without a glimpse into the conditions which formed the picturesque, unique life of the plantations in the South before the Civil War.

* * * * *

What fun it was on Saturday afternoons to stand and watch Mammy Betty make pralines, those unforgettable sweetmeats that she carefully packed in a little brown straw basket, which was taken to church on Sunday mornings to keep the children quiet through the long sermon. And the afternoons under the trees when Bible stories were read aloud, with Mammy Mary in the group, listening intently to every word! What matter that she could not read or write, she knew her Bible by heart! Mammy's word was law to the children who adored her, and the ready sympathy she gave in all their little troubles made the bond closer between them. She took a lively interest in all their pets, and when any of the pets died they were buried with much ceremony in a ravine, which for some unaccountable reason was called "Bunker Hill."

Little Sisters always dressed for the funeral in long, black skirts trailing solemnly behind them. The procession started with Big Brother in the lead as gravedigger and Master of Ceremonies, dragging the little wagon in which was placed all that remained of the children's pet, and Mammy brought up the rear. On one of these occasions a much-loved black kitten was to be buried and had been placed in a pasteboard box with an elaborate epitaph written on the cover.

The hymns chosen (evidently quite at random and with small regard to fitness) were: "Pull for the Shore!" and "Knocking, knocking, who is there?"

In the middle of a short but serious prayer by Oldest Sister, Big Brother burst out giggling, the funny side of the whole affair being too much for him (and it wasn't his own particular kitten, anyway !), and the whole ceremony came to a sudden end, amid a deluge of tears from the others and a sound reprimand from Mammy.

“ Ain' yo' 'shamed of yo'se'f ter mek dem children cry dat-er-way. Ain' yo' got no better manners dan dat? Not a cookie does yo' git fer two days fer habin' yo'sef in dat onmannerly way, suh! ”

What anxiety Mammy showed during the days when two of the Little Sisters were ill ! The doctor's belief in “ starving a fever ” evidently conflicted with Mammy's own ideas to such an extent that one day she was aroused to a high pitch of indignation, exclaiming after he had left the room, “ Effen yo' does all de doctors tells yo' ter do dey'll perish yo', and dat doctor-man is jes' nach'lly starvin' mah blessed chillen ter def, an' I'se gwine ter fix 'em a lil' sompin' ter eat ” ; for that very day Little Sisters had begged for a piece of chicken, and Mammy, with a fixed look of determination in her eye and asking no one's advice, crept down to the poultry-yard, picked out a plump broiler, and in an unbelievably short time each Little Sister was rapidly devouring her half of the chicken, with such relish and delight that Mammy's chuckles could be heard a long way off. When the doctor came next morning he was astonished at the decided improvement in his patients, and Mammy so faithfully continued her visits to the poultry-yard that in a short time the children were well !

* * * * *

These are some of the reminiscences that have given me many joy-dreams, and a longing to have known the same experience, for I have always felt that I had missed something beautiful out of my life in not having known the love of an old Mammy.

But who is reckless enough to say that some dreams do not come true? At least part of mine turned into a wonderful reality, for on a certain day not very many years ago I met a really true Mammy of the old régime, who through many different experiences had found her way North ! She was an ample, motherly figure in a black dress and apron, and I noted the white hair parted evenly in the centre, the kindly eyes that looked into mine with a something that one feels is usually the heritage of long understanding. Her whole personality conjured up the sweet picture of the “ Old South,” and I exulted silently while joy filled my heart.

MAMMY'S STORY.

Over an almost miracle like this one may earnestly say, "Thank God!" And so Mammy came to be our servant, and during our many confidential talks we both decided it must have been through some special magic that we had found each other!

What happy times I spent listening to her relating stories of the days gone by, and of her "white people" at the Great House where they lived and in which she was born. (Mammy always laid stress upon having been a *house servant*, not a "field" hand.)

As she drew the picture of her "ole Mistis" going in and out among the negroes on the Plantation, ministering to them in sickness, providing their necessary clothing and looking generally to their welfare; in fact, the "Angel of the Quarters," I realized that here was but another example of that relationship so happily interwoven with the picturesque Plantation life of long ago!

An' chile, effen yo' jes' could er seen de tarrypin pen (you all calls 'em turtles), w'y dem tarrypins wuz as thick as thieves, an' w'en de sun shine you could see 'em sunnin' dey seves, an' stickin' dey haid out 'twixt de slats.

W'y, Big Sam (he wuz de cook) could go *any* time an' git one fer ter mek dat tarrypin soup, which effen yo' ain' nuvver tase' it, w'y lan' sakes, Honey, how *is* I gwine 'scribe it to you? Seem lak dey ain' no tarrypins nowadays lak de ones we all usen ter hab down in ole Georgia!

I wuz de nurse fer de chillen, an' in springtime de family would go 'bout ten miles down de coast ter de Islan'—Marster John own—an' spen' 'bout two months. Sometime jes fer de fun ob it we'd all go down in de gre't big row-boat wot hit took ten men ter row, an' I kin' hear 'em rite now, a-singin' de song wot dey allers usen ter sing w'en dey wuz a-makin' dem oars fly! An' it's jes' lak I'se a-tellin' you, Honey, dat boat jes' nachlly *skip* ober de waves twell fus' t'ing yo' know dey wuz a-pulling huh up ter de dock at de islan'!

Den w'en summer come 'long we all would drive up wid de ca'riages an' hosses, and spen' de nights on de way, up ter Marster John's summer home in Vermont.

But, Honey, hit wuz in de winter time, in dem days w'en de vi'lets wuz in bloom an' me an' de chillen usen ter hab sich a gran' time a-playin' games. *Ring* games, you say, Honey? W'y bless yo' heart, chile, I wisht I had a cent right now fer all de times I done play 'em wid de chillen!

Seem lak I wuz gifted ob Gawd ter mak' 'em happy, an' it want only fer de fun wot dey make 'mongst dey blessed lil' seves, but fer de *exercise* wot it gib 'em.

But nowadays dey doan' bodder wid nuffin' lak dat, an' now is comin' on de race ob nurses wot doan' know *how* ter behabe dessev'es since Sherman done broke loose (dat mean slabery, Honey), an' yo' doan' see de nurses nursin' de chillen lak dey usen' ter do! I tell yo', darlin', we ole-time cullud fokes is de royal bloods!

I was called de *head* nurse ob de Square in de City down whar' I libed in Georgia, an' we nebber usen ter class ourse'ves wid all de udder nurses, sep'in' de ones wot tek care ob de quality chillen.

I usen ter teach 'em de lil' Ring-games, an' when de chillen see me comin' 'long, dey jes' nachally dance up an' down and come a-runnin' ter me, fer dey knowed dey wuz gwine ter hab one good time! Dat dey did!

Whar I larnt all des Ring-games, Honey? De good Lawd knows! I *allus* knowed 'em; you all calls 'em singin'-games, but dat ain' de ole-timey name, Honey! One ob 'em wuz, "Go roun' de 'Sembly," an' dis is jes' how we done play it. All de chillen jines han's, an' make a big ring, an' go flyin' roun', singin' :—

Bounce aroun' to-di-iddy-um,
to-di-iddy-um,
to-di-iddy-um,
Bounce aroun' to-di-iddy-um,
Long summer day!

Den, de chillen walks aroun' singin' :—

Go roun' de 'Sembly to-day,
Go roun' de 'Sembly to-day,
Go roun' de 'Sembly to-day,
Long summer day!

Den dey start flyin' roun' agin an' singin' :—

Bounce aroun' to-di-iddy-um,
to-di-iddy-um,
to-di-iddy-um,
Bounce aroun' to-di-iddy-um,
Long summer day!

In de nex' verse dey still keeps hol ob han's and all walks up ter de middle an' stan's tergedder, singin' :—

Close up de 'Sembly to-day,
Close up de 'Sembly to-day,
Close up de 'Sembly to-day,
Long summer day!

Den dey walks backwards ter de place whar de circle wuz befo' an' singin' all de time :—

Open de 'Sembly to-day,
Open de 'Sembly to-day,
Open de 'Sembly to-day,
Long summer day!

An' dey end up the game wid :—

Bounce aroun' to-di-iddy-um,
to-di-iddy-um,
to-di-iddy-um,
Bounce aroun' to-di-iddy-um,
Long summer day!

An' dey go jes' a-flyin' roun'!

It sho' did mah eyes good fer ter see 'em so happy, fer dey wuzn' only enjoyin' dey selves, but dey wuz a-gittin' *exercise*, 'sides de fun.

'Nudder game dey wuz mighty fond ob wuz "Your darlin', my darlin'," or "Peep, Squirrel." De chillen form de ring wid two on de outside opposite each udder, an' 'all de chillen in de ring hol' han's an' dance 'roun' an' de outside two stan's still an' all sing :—

Your darlin', my darlin', can't yo' ketch dat Squirrel?
Your darlin', my darlin', can't yo' ketch dat Squirrel?

(Right heah de ring stops flyin' roun'.) An' dey all sing—

Peep, Squirrel, Yankee doodle dandy,
Peep, Squirrel, Yankee doodle dandy.

At the wuds "Peep, squirrel," de outside two (what's standin' still) tries to peep at each udder, ober de shoulders ob de chillen in front ob 'em. At de wuds :—

Run 'im down, run 'im down, Yankee doodle dandy,
Run 'im down, run 'im down, Yankee doodle dandy,
Can't you ketch dat Squirrel?

one ob de chillen on de outside chases de udder twell he ketches 'im, den two udders come out de ring an' tek de places ob de fus' two squirrels, an' so de game goes on twell dey gits tired an' wants ter play somp'ing else.

Yas, Honey, wot fun we usen ter hab ! But Lawd-er-massy, chile ! lemme go, fer I'll nebber git all dem clo'es ironed effen I fools 'long dis-er-way talkin' 'bout dem days so long ago !

Hol' on, Honey, I done thought I done disremembered dat one ob de "Marchin' Games," but it seem lak it's a-comin' back ter ma min'; Lemme-see! Goes sompin' lak dis! "We're marchin' on dis camp groun'" (but it didn't hab nuffin ter do wid de camps in de wah time). Down on yo' knees! Doan' speak fer a minit, chile, jes' lemme think, um hum yas ! Now I done got it, de chune an' de words bofe ! Heah 'tis.' De chillen march roun' in a ring, two by two, arm in arm, singin' :—

We're marchin' on dis camp groun',
We're marchin' on dis camp groun',
We're marchin' on dis camp groun',
Down on yo' knees!

Right heah each one bends de left knee ter de groun' (I wuz mighty limble in dem days, Honey, an' I usen ter ben' ma knees same as de res', but lan' chile ! de mis'ry done ketch me so bad in mah back dat it's all I kin do now ter ben' down ter say mah prayers, much less fly roun' lak I usen ter do in de chillen's games ! Yassum ! an' de udder day I met a lady in de street an' she axed me "Howdy"? an' I 'spons, "I'se right po'ly, thank Gawd, mistis, I'se done got de mis'ry in mah back, an' w'en she axes me wot I mean by dat I sez, skuze me, ma'am, but you know wot yo' *back* is, an' yo' know wot de *mis'ry* is, well effen yo' jes' jines dem two togedder, *dat's wot I'se got!*" Den as I wuz a-tellin' you, Honey, de nex' verse goes :—

I met mah true lub in de fiel',
I met mah true lub in de fiel',
I met mah true lub in de fiel',
Down on yo' knees !
Gib huh a kiss, ma honey, ma lub,
So early in de mornin'.

Dis heah wuz a kin' ob quiet game, an' I allus usen ter hab de chillen play one er dis kind atter dey got hot an' tired from playin' de runnin' games, an' it kind er gib 'em a lil' res'. But, Honey, dey doan' seem ter be no one now-a-days ter tek de lead in dese heah games lak we played 'em in dem good ole times befo' de wah !

An' now I'se bin a-losin' all dis time fum mah wuk an' effen I doan' make has'e an' g'long, dem irons 'll be so hot dey'll sco'ch up all de clo'es. I'll tell yo' some mo' games anudder time, darlin'.

Her dear old face was luminous with memories of far-away days of her youth, as smiling and curtsying her way out of the room, she said, "Yas, Baby, look lak Gawd jes' *gifted* me ter mek dem chillen happy !"

I shall never forget how the next day, as I sat at my desk, Mammy came hurrying up the stairs with the glad news, "Heah's anudder ring-game I jes' thought ob Honey, whilst I was mixin' up mah light bread. I'se so happy, an'

den ergin mah mis'ry's some better, an' I kin git roun' right tol'able to-day, thank Gawd ! De game is calle.l 'Fly roun', young ladies, fly roun' !' an' it goes lak dis ;" and away went Mammy, to my delight, flying around the room, singing and then bowing and smiling the while she described the way the game was played.

You see, Honey, de boys an' girls form de ring (dey ain't no one in de middle dis time), an' dey all tek hol' er han's an' go dancin' roun' an' singin' :—

Fly roun', fly roun', young ladies, fly roun', fly roun',
Fly roun', fly roun', young ladies, fly roun', fly roun',
If you can't fly, I'll fly myself,
Fly roun, fly roun'.

W'en dey git ter de nex' words, "Honour yo' partner," dey all stop still an' let go han's, an' w'en dey say, "Make yo' obedient," de girls all curtsey and de boys make a bow, fus' ter de one on de right han', then ter de one on de lef', den dey go dancin' roun' singin' :—

Fly roun', fly roun', young ladies.

One ob de games we usen ter lub ter play wasn' a ring-game, it didn' hab no chune, but it wuz a heap ob fun, I kin tell you, Honey, but it had a pow'ful qucer soundin' name, "Madam, Hoop-er-de-crop."

All de chillen dey'd line up on one side wid one ob 'em fer de leader, an' 'bout twenty-five feet away, one chile would stan' alone, facin' de res'. Dis chile walks ter de crowd ob chillen, sayin' ober an' ober agin dese words : "Madam, *hoop-er-de-crop*," an' 'ebry time de chile git ter de word "*hoop*," she ben' down wid one knec twell she mos' tech de groun', an' ebry time she say dat funny name, ebry chile call out, "Answer, madam !" Dey keep dis heah up twell de one chile gits up close ter de leader an' say, "Mister sent me ter buy a sheep !" Den de leader axes, "Whar's de one yo' carry?" Den de chile say, "It got away f'um me an' I can't fin' it!" An' den de leader say, "Take one an' carry it an' hop on your ten toe;" at dis de chile teks one ob de udder chillen by de han' an' dey bofe hop back ter de udder side. Dey keeps dis up untwell all de chillen an' de leader too is done hopped ober ; den de chile wot say in de beginnin' "Madam, hoop-er-de-crop," she call out, "Scatter, sheep," an' dey all run, an' den dey play it ober agin!

Dere's one t'ing wot ebry chile does, I reckon, an' we all usen ter do it, w'en we'd play de "count-out" games, I mean by dat, Honey, we'd count out ter see which chile was gwine ter be in de middle, an' dish heah is de rhyme wot we usen ter say :—

One-er-mah-ury,
Dickery-seben
Haller-bone, cracker-bone
Ten or 'leben !
Peep-o ! mus' be done ;
Twiggle-twaggle
Twenty-one !

Last ebenin', Honey, wen I wuz a-settin' on de po'ch in ma rockin' cheer, a-stedyin' 'bout de days we'n I wuz a young gal, dere cum ter mah min' one ob de ring-games wot wuz a gr'et favourite 'mongst de chillen ; it wuz :—

Come, mah little darlin',
An' take a walk wid me,
Down in de valley where all de lilles grow,
Dere are sweet pinks and roses, strawberries on de vine ;
Rise up, an' choose de one dat's suitable to yo' min'.

De chillen form a ring, wid one in de middle, an' walk aroun' singin', an' w'en dey cum ter de words, "Rise up an' choose de one dat's suitable to yo' min'," de ring

stan' still an' de one wot's in de middle chooses a partner, an' dis one in turn takes de place in de middle an' de fus' chile jines in de ring, an' den begins de song ober ergin.

W'en I larnt dat game, Honey? De Lawd knows, I allus knowed it, yas Baby, dat's de chune an' de words!

But, chile, ain' i' nebber tole yo' de story ob de "Talkin' Cat-fish"? Mah Mammy done tole me dat eber since I wuz a lil' chile, yas, Honey, one of dem days long time ago, dey wuz a man wot went a-fishin' an' he cotch one er dese heah cat-fish, an' whilst he wuz a-bringin' 'im home, de fish 'gun ter talk, an' hit's jes' lak I'se a-tellin' yo'; an' fus' de man git kinder skeered, an' den he 'gin ter git biggity ober habin' ketched a talkin' fish, an' he went off ter git all his fren's ter cum an' heah dat wonnerful fish! So he tie 'im up in a bag, an' lef' 'im on de ribber-bank twell he gits back. Presen'ly some chillen cum 'long an' de fish he holler outen de bag an' say dat a man done tie 'im up an' fixin' fer ter kill 'im; he say effen de chillen let 'im out an' th'ow 'im back in de water he'll sing 'em a song! So de chillen dey think dat'll be mighty fine ter heah a fish sing, an' so dey ontie de bag jes' lak de fish ax 'em, an' he jump in de water, an' den he sing dis heah lil' song :—

"Pirra-pim-pim—Yerra-doe,
Pirra-pim-pim—Yerra-doe,
Pirra-pim-pim—Gone!
Pirra-pim-pim—Gone de bushes,
Pirra-pim-pim—Yarrup!"

An', Honey, wid dat las' word de fish he make fer de bottom ob de ribber swimmin' 'way fas' as ebber he kin! De chillen call an' call an' call fer de lil' fish ter cum back, but ump-um! de lil' fish he ain' payin' no 'tenshun, an' den de chillen dey 'member 'bout de man wot ketch de fish, an' dey 'gin ter git skeered an' feared he'll cum back and ketch *dem*! So dey git some ole glass bottles ter put in de bag an' tie it up, an' den dey jes' nach'lly put out fer home fas' as dere laigs kin carry 'em.

Yas, chile, dat dey did! Press'nly heah cum Mr. Man back ergin wid a whole passel er fokes ter lissen ter de wunnerful talkin' cat-fish!

Mr. Man, he feel mighty proud, an' he call out, "Sing, mah Mammy, Daddy sing!" an' he shake de bag an' de glass ansah back, "Ching-a-ling-ching!" an' de fokes dey wuz so mad at de man fer foolin' 'em, dat dey 'gun fer ter beat 'im, an' he hatter jes' nach'lly run fer his life! An', Honey, ter dis ve'y day, hits jes' lak I'se tellin' yo' ev'y time yo' see a cat-fish jump up out'n de watah an' back ergin, yo' hcah 'im go, "Yar-rup!"

Yas, Honey, in dem days one of de ring-games was "De Queen ob Englan'." Hit wuz pow'ful hard ter choose 'mongst all de lil' girls fer one ob 'em ter be de Queen in de game, fer dey was all so pretty an' sweet and look lak so many flowers, dat de onies way fer ter do wuz ter "count out." I done tole yo' dat countin'-out rhyme dat begin "One-a-ma-ury-dickery-seben"; an' soon as dey count all de chillen out, de las' one she's de Queen!

Dis heah is a game jes' fer de girls, so de boys jes' hatter wait twell dey git th'oo! Dey make de ring an' march roun' de Queen wot's settin' on a chair in de middle, an' dey commence fer ter sing, "Oh, set de Queen ob Englan' in her chair."

"She hab los' all de true love she had las' year,
Rise upon yo' feet an' kiss de one yo' meet,
Dere's a-many aroun' yo' chair."

At de words, "Rise upon yo' feet," de ring stan' still, de Queen stan's up, an' chooses onc ob de girls in de ring

an' kisses her, an' leads huh to de chair while dey sing de res' ob de verse. Dey keep dis up twell all de lil' gi.l's have a chance ter be de "Queen."

One time whilst we wuz in de middle ob playin' de ring games, one ob mah lil' white chillen I wuz nursin' got mad wid one ob de udder chillen an' went off by hisse'f, an' he pout, an' won' speak ter enny one or jine in de ring, an' I stops de game an' I sez, "Charles Alexander, I'se gwine tell yo' Ma," an' he ac' lak he doan' eben heah me, den I sez, "Charles Alexander, effen yo' doan' come, I'se gwine tell yo' Gran'-ma," but dat chile doan' nebber pay no 'tenshun 'tall; an' fer de las' time I calls out, "Charles Alexander, I gwine tell yo' Pa." "I'se comin', Mammy!" he say, fer dat las' 'nouncement *sho* did fotch 'im, cos Marster wuz mighty strict wid his chillen, an' Charles Alexander warn't gwine ter take no chances, *dat* he warn't!

But, Honey, I wuz so busy a-tellin' yo' 'bouten dat boy dat I clean fergot ter 'scribe de game we wuz a-playin' dat time. "I los' mah Mistis' dairy key, Im in dis lady's garden, Do, do let me out, I'm in dis lady's garden," um, hum. Now hum 'long wid me, Honey, dat's right, now yo' got de chune! Den, as I wuz a-sayin', "I los' mah Mistis' dairy key, I'm in dis lady's garden," de chillen form de ring all holdin' han's an' dey pretend dat in de middle ob de ring is a garden wid one ob de chillen walkin' roun' and all commence ter sing :—

"I los' mah Mistis' dairy key,
I'm in dis lady's garden,
Do, do let me out,
I'm in dis lady's garden."

When dey gits ter de words, "Do, do let me out," de chile in de middle tries to break thoo de ring or slip underneath, den ef he doan' git out dey all sing ergin :—

"A brass key an' a silver lock,
I'm in dis lady's garden,
Do, do let me out,
I'm in dis lady's garden."

An' by dis time de chile in de middle mos' generally gits thoo de ring an' anudder chile takes his place.

Sometimes when de chillen usen ter git tired I set down wid 'em on de grass under a gre't big shade tree, an' tell 'em stories, an' one dey wuz powerful fond uv wuz "Ran-tan-ony," an' hits jes' lak I'se a-tellin' you; one time all de rats wuz a-playin' in a' em'ty house, habin' a fine time 'mongst dey se'ves as peaceable as could be, w'en Mister Man, he cum 'long an' say, "Brer Rat, ebber see trouble?" an' Brer Rat, he up an' say, "No!" An' de man ax, "Brer Rat, does yo' want ter see trouble?" An' Brer' Rat he say, "Yas, ob course we want ter see trouble, we ain' nebber heard ob it befo', an' we's allers glad ter see somepin' *new*." So Mister Man went off an' all de rats wuz jes' dat pleased a-thinkin' dey wuz a-gwine ter see sump'n nice dat dey went roun' dancin' on deir hine laigs, an' a-singin' :—

"Ran-tan-ony, see Trouble to-day,
Ran-tan-ony, see Trouble to-day."

W'en dey wuz in de middle ob dese heah carryin's on, Mister Man he cum back wid a bag, an' he 'low, "Brer' Rat, yo' say yo' nebber see trouble, well here it is, an' with *dat* he opened de bag and out jumps a lot er ca's an' dey tuk atter dem po' rats fas' as dey could! Sech a squealin' an' a-scatteration yo' nebber did see. Honey, dey jes' run fer dey lives, an' de way dem cats pounce on de rats an' chase 'em and eat 'em wuz scan'a'lous! Dat it wuz! An' I kin tell yo', chile, "Ran-tan-ony" sho' did see trouble *dat* day!

Some few ob de rats got away, part of 'em run inter de walls, part ob 'em went under de house, an' some jes' nach'lly put fer de woods lak de debbil hisself was a-running uv 'em! An' ter dis very day, Honey, you'll find rats in dem three places, in de walls, under de house, an' in de woods; an' hits jas' lak I'se a-tellin', on dat day w'en dey all wuz a-singin' "Ran-tan-ony, see Trouble to-day," was de time de cats done got dere *fus'* taste fer rats, an' dey done kip up dat same likin' ter dis very day! An' dat's a fact!

Dere's a game dat de "Crackers" in Florida likes ter play, an' dey calls it "I'm walkin' on the Levee." Yo' know what de Levee means, don't you, Honey? Hits wot dey calls de 'bankment 'long side de ribbers whar' dey piles de steam-boat freight. All de chillen jine in a ring, wid one in de middle, an' walk 'roun' an' sing:—

"I'm walkin' on the Levee,
I'm walkin' on the Levee,
I'm walkin' on the Levee,
For yo' hab gained de day."

An' w'en dey sing:—

"Run in and out ob de windows,
Run in and out ob de windows,
Run in and out ob de windows,
For yo' hab gained de day,"

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de chillen in de ring all holdin' han's raises 'em up high an' de middle chile runs in and out twell dat verse is done, den as dey sing "stan' up an' face yo' lover," de chile in de middle stan's in front ob de one he likes best an' bows, an' she curtseys, and den w'en dey sing, "I measure my love to show you," de boy th'ows his arms out f'om his heart ter measure jes' as fur as he kin! an' keeps dis up ter de en' ob de verse, den de boy he sing, "Mah heart an' han' I'll gib yo'," and w'en he gits ter de wuds "fo' yo' hab gained de day," he takes his lil' partner by de han' an' leads huh ter de middle ob de ring; den at de nex' verse he kneels in front ob huh, keepin' hol' ob huh han' all de time, singin' "I kneel because I love yo', fo' yo' hab gained de day," an' wid dese las' wuds he leabes huh an' jines de ring ergin, an' dar his lil' partner stan's all by huh se'f, whilst de boy, wid his han' on his heart an' tryin' ter look sad, sings de las' verse, "It breaks mah heart ter leabe yo', fo' yo' hab gained de day," but w'en de chillen gits ter dis verse dey gener'ly giggles out loud! An' as I ses, Honey, hits a heap better ter laugh dan cry, effen yo' *is* got ter leabe enny one!

Why, bless gracious Baby, I know dat bread ob mine is done riz an' I'se gotter go 'long an' fix it or yo' won' hab enny hot rolls fer supper, so good-bye, darlin', an' off Mammy went singing, "It breaks my heart to leabe yo', for yo' hab gained de day."

GRACE CLEVELAND PORTER.

"BRER' RABBIT" TRADITIONAL GAME AND DANCE.

From a Plantation in Mississippi, U.S.A.

The Mississippi negroes have an interesting tradition that on every moonlight night the rabbits come out and hold a conclave. "Brer' Rabbit" sits on the top of a grassy mound, while the other rabbits form in rings around him, and soon their dance begins. The negroes on moonlight nights try to imitate the rabbits and seem to feel for the time being that they are real live bunnies! They all squat down, about a dozen or more in a circle, and puffing out their cheeks, slap them with their hands, the percussion making a peculiar popping sound, while at the same time they all squeal like a young rabbit in pain, and one and all jump up and down, hopping like Brer' Rabbit.

The players in the game go in and out and around each other, keeping in the form of a circle all the while. They next stoop down on all fours, sway to and fro, and when that is over they stand up and lift one hand and foot in the air, while hopping and jumping on the other foot, squealing and making this continual popping sound as described before. Then crossing their hands under them, some of them hop on both feet, the rest hop on just one foot with the other foot extended forward in the air, keeping up this queer squealing and slapping the cheeks. They one and all dance and play till they are completely exhausted, and have to be picked up and carried away.

[Secured for me by my friend, Jean Cathcart of Louisville, Kentucky, U.S.A.]

GLIMPSES ALONG THE ROADSIDE IN A HABITANT VILLAGE.

Away over the borderland that separates the United States from Canada, lies a most fascinating country, the home of the French-Canadian Habitant, "Jean Bateese," as he is called, just as we speak of Uncle Sam or John Bull.

The Habitant, who in effect is the peasant farmer of the reign of Louis XIV, was transplanted several hundred years ago from Brittany and Normandy into the Province of Quebec, where he has lived ever since, very much as his ancestors have done, clinging to the traditions, singing the charming old folk-songs and games, telling the fireside stories, and relating the superstitions of centuries.

And here in the remote parishes you will find families living upon the same land their ancestors accepted in feudal tenure from the first Seigneurs of "La Nouvelle France."

Many of the picturesque Habitant villages are to be found on the beautiful St. Lawrence River, where the houses line the road at the top of the narrow farms which extend down to the river bank, the arrangement carrying out the idea upon which the first settlements were formed, giving every advantage of the water front.

This system made easy communication possible in the pioneer days of the Colonies, the river lending itself as a highway in summer for canoeing, and in winter time for sleighing. The farms being closely connected, thus proved an excellent bulwark against the Indians, who in their warfare followed the course of the rivers, and the settlers giving the alarm down the line, could help to protect each other against their enemies.

This beautiful and fertile country is really typical of French-Canada, and here Jean Bateese and his wife work side by side in the field; she also does the spinning and weaving of the linen and home-spun for the family, making her own dyes that are altogether charming in colouring. The children, too, share in the work of the farm, and quite an important member of the Habitant family is the large dog, who does his portion of the labour as well as the rest, for the wagon that he draws carries bags of flour from the mill, and in haying time he is kept busy dragging loads of hay across the field.

The hospitality and kindness one finds among these dear people is heart-warming, and I became very much attached to them during my stay in their midst, and felt that I was among friends. It was four years ago, and two of them have written me constantly since then, always with the assurance of a warm welcome that awaits my return.

One day as I was wandering along I noticed a little house some distance back from the road, and seeing madame in the garden I ventured to stop and talk across the rainbow-coloured mass of flowers where she was weeding. Leaving the weeds to take care of themselves she came to the gate and invited me to the house, which was 250 years old, and I was ushered into the living-room (kitchen and dining-room combined), and here the great iron kettle hung in the big open fireplace, and when the fire was out and the ashes cool the pet dog burrowed down among them and went to sleep.

On seeing me the children quickly gathered, for a visitor is always full of interest to them, and when I asked to see the baby (it is quite safe to do this, as there always seems to be a very youngest!) Louis Napoleon, was proudly exhibited, a sturdy, brown-eyed little fellow of nine months, and before long Onésime came running up, and I found much to my delight that he was the little friend who the day before had come to help me when I had lost the way. He, too, seemed very happy to have found me again!

I had brought marbles for the boys and brightly-coloured beads with needles and waxed thread for the girls, who began at once to string necklaces for themselves. When I asked them if they knew any games they were delightfully responsive, and without embarrassment began to play several charming folk singing-games for me.

One of them, "L'Hirondelle," which means "The Swallow," is played somewhat like our American game of "Drop the handkerchief." Then another charming game is called "La Bastringue," which I first heard sung in the Canadian forest at Camp *Perthuis*, one of the old Seigneuries which has come down from the days of the Grand Monarque. "La Bastringue" is one of the oldest folk singing-games in Canada, and is amusing as well as interesting. A ring is formed with two children in the centre, a Cavalier and a Maiden, with whom he begs to dance "La Bastringue," which is just about to commence. He makes his request with marked ceremony, bowing low several times with his hand on his heart, but at this juncture occurs a child-tragedy, for the little maiden of his choice woefully embarrassed and disappointed, thanks her partner over and over again, but is obliged to make the mortifying reply that it is impossible to accept his invitation as she has no slippers!

Another game which is most unusual and interesting, is "Il n'y a qu'un seul Dieu" ("There is but one God"), and as the children played and sang I was impressed by its similarity with one of our old nursery rhymes, "The House that Jack built," in which after each verse the previous verse is also added just as if it were a new stepping stone each time. This folk singing-game has been played since the fifth century. When the missionaries went to evangelize Gaul they found that the people used to play singing-games in their heathen worship, and in order to make Christianity seem easier to them they changed the words of the games so as to bring in as far as possible the chief Christian mysteries, and the game the little French-Canadian children played for me that day was one of these very games played fourteen hundred years ago. It is called "Il n'y a qu'un seul Dieu" ("There is but one God").

The children form a ring (no child in the centre) and join hands, walking round and singing twice, "There is but one God," then comes the question, "Tell me why there is one?" and this is twice repeated. Twelve verses are sung, and after each verse comes the affirmation, "There is but one God," and the question, "Tell me why there are two?" and the answer, "There are two Testaments," and so on. This same affirmation and the question

and answers are carried throughout the twelve verses, continuing :—

“ There are Three Persons in God.
There are four Evangelists.
Moses' books reckon five.
Water turned to wine in six jars at Cana in Galilee.”

In this verse, which is sung very slowly and impressively, the children stop walking around, drop hands and curtsey towards the centre, then to their neighbours on each side.

At the beginning of the seventh verse the children hold hands again, and walk round singing the rest of the verses, viz. :—

“ There are seven Sacraments.
There are eight Beatitudes.
There are nine angel choirs.
The Commandments number ten.
Eleven thousand virgin martyrs.
The Apostles number twelve.”

After the games were over, and we were sipping our raspberry vinegar, madame asked if I would like to see the week's baking, and there on the table were twenty-six snowy loaves of bread just ready to be put into the oven, and such a mysterious looking oven too! not built in the house, but out on the roadside near by. This oven, which is also used by the neighbours, is of brick and cement, with an iron door, and some time before the bread is ready for baking, a wood fire is kindled and fed until the interior becomes very, very hot, the ashes are then taken out and the pans of bread, which are placed on a little flat board at the end of a long pole, are put in one by one and the door closed until the bread is baked.

Finding how interested I was in all household details, madame ventured that perhaps I might like to go *en haut* (upstairs), and on expressing my pleasure she led the way and opened the trap-door, to which was attached a long thick rope with a very heavy iron weight on the end, and

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up the steep stairway we went step by step till the top was reached, and oh! such an interesting big garret it was! The family loom, which was three hundred years old, stood by the window, the wood polished and worn by time was of a soft brown colour, and there on the well-worn log-bench the busy toiler in each generation, year in and year out, had woven the home-spun for her family. On the rafters hung *catalogne* (rag carpet), rolls of linen and dresses, which were carefully hung in linen bags; on the floor were *bottes sauvages* (long boots without heels, made of raw hide, and fashioned somewhat on the graceful lines of the sabot), snow-shoes, harnesses, a pile of oats, chairs, spinning-wheels, and last, but not least, in a corner where the boys and girls I know would have been tempted to stay for an indefinite length of time, were boxes of delicious maple sugar packed away for winter use.

By good fortune I was to see a picture which I can never forget, for it happened that the mother of madame was at work at the loom weaving a bed-spread of dark blue wool and white linen, which was fashioned into small squares as the shuttle flashed back and forth. The sun flooding through the little window glorified the worker and her work, and we could hear her humming one of the old Canadian songs.

As I was saying good-bye, Onésime disappeared for a few moments, quickly returning with a great armful of exquisite hollyhocks for me, and madame, with all the charm and graciousness so typical of her race, assured me that a warm welcome was always ready when I chose to come—“*Quel plaisir que votre visite, Mademoiselle revenez bien souvent!*” and as I walked down the road I saw the father of madame coming across the field carrying his scythe, and as he neared the house I noticed that he looked towards the little window where he knew the old wife was at the loom, and faintly in the distance a strain of the Canadian love-song he was singing was wafted to me, “*Il y a long-temps que j'e t'aime, jamais j'e ne t'oublierai*” (“It is long that I have loved thee, never will I forget thee”).

G. C. P.



The home of a French-Canadian habitant.

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* Pronounced Levy.



Le Bonhomme.



My little friend, Onésime.



This is the dog that dragged the load.



Putting in the last loaf.



Playing horse.



“De lady, she wears a pretty green shawl.”

(From “Marchin’ on dis camp groun’.”)



“Down on yo’ knees!”
(From “Marchin’ on dis camp groun’.”)



“Yes, gib huh a kiss, mah honey, mah love.”
(From “Marchin’ on dis camp groun’.”)



“Peep, squirrel, peep, squirrel, Yankee doodle dandy.”
(From “Your darlin’, my darlin’.”)



“I measure my love to show you.”
(From “I’m walking on the levee.”)



“My heart and hand I'll give you.”
(From “I'm walking on the levee.”)



“Close up de 'Sembly.”
(From “Bounce aroun'.”)



“Honor yo’ partner, mek yo’ obedient.”

(From “Fly roun’, young ladies.”)



“That lady’s a rockin’ her sugar-lump, O turn, cinnamon, turn.”

(From “Turn, cinnamon, turn.”)



“Fair demoiselle, wilt thou dance with me?”

(From “La Bastringue.”)



“How should a bare-footed maiden appear,
In the maze of the dance with a gay cavalier?”

(From “La Bastringue.”)

MARCHIN' ON DIS CAMP GROUN'.

Southern Folk-tune.

Children choose partners, walk arm in arm behind each other, forming a circle as they march. At words - "Down on yo' knees" each child drops on one knee for an instant. At words - "De lady she wears a pretty green shawl" the children pretend coquettishly to wrap a shawl around their shoulders. The lines: "Jes' gib her a kiss, mah honey, mah love" and "Jes' gib her anudder, mah honey, mah love" are carried out realistically.

Traditional Melody and Text
transcribed by
GRACE CLEVELAND PORTER.

Harmonized by
HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS.

Tempo di marcia.

VOICE.

PIANO.

mf non legato

Key G. { | : .s, }
We're

Suggesting drum beats (no Ped.)

{ | d .d :d .l | s :m .d | r .r :r m | d :s, .s, }
march - in' on dis camp groun', We're march - in' on dis camp groun', We're

{ | d .d :d .l | s :m . | m .m :- .r | d : .l |

march - in' on dis camp groun' Down on yo' knees!

sfz

Ped.

{ s, | d, d - , d : d . r | m , m . m : s . s | r , r . r : f . f }
 1. De la-dy she wears a pret-ty green shawl, a pret-ty green shawl, a
 3. Jes' gib her a kiss, mah hon-ey, mah love, mah hon-ey, mah love mah
 4. Jes' gib her an-ud-der, mah hon-ey, mah love, mah hon-ey, mah love mah

|| d, d . d : m . s, | d, d - , d : d . r | m , m . m : s . s | s . f : m . r }
 pretty green shawl, De la-dy she wears a pretty green shawl, So ear-ly in de
 honey, mah love Jes' gib her a kiss, mah honey, mah love, So ear-ly in de
 honey, mah love Jes' gib her an-ud-der, mah honey, mah love, So ear-ly in de

|| d : d . | : : : : : s, }
 morn - in' 2. I
 morn - in' We're
 morn - in' We're

|| d . d : d . l | s : m . d | r . r : r . m | d : s, . s, }
 met mah true lub in de fiel', I met mah true lub in de fiel', I
 march - in' on dis camp groun', We're march - in' on dis camp groun', We're
 march - in' on dis camp groun', We're march - in' on dis camp groun', We're

non legato

(no Ped.)

|| d . d : d . l | s : m . | m . m :- . r | d : . ||
 met mah true lub in de fiel', Down on yo' knees!
 march - in' on dis camp groun' Down on yo' knees!
 march - in' on dis camp groun' Down on yo' knees!

sfz

Red. *

SIMPLIFIED ACCOMPANIMENT.

Tempo di marcia.

{ .s, | d . d : d . l | s : m . d | r . r : r . m | d : s, .s, | d . d : d . l | }
 REFRAIN. We're marchin' on dis etc.
 2. I met mah true lub in de fiel', etc.
 We're marchin' on dis etc.
 We're marchin' on dis etc.

mf

Red. * *Red.* * *Red.* * *Red.* * *Red.* *

Fine.

|| s : m . | m . m :- . r | d : .s, || d ,d . - ,d :d . r | m ,m .m : s .s | }
 1. De la-dy, she wears a etc.
 3. Jes' gib her a kiss, mah etc.
 4. Jes' gib her an-ud-der, mah etc.

mp

|| r , r . r : f . f | d , d . d : m . s, | d , d - , d : d . r | m , m . m : s . s | s . f : m . r | d : d . ||

D.C.

D.C.

The refrain is repeated after each verse except the first, as verse 2 has the same melody and accompt. as the refrain.

YOUR DARLIN', MY DARLIN'

Southern Folk-tune.

Circle is formed, two children standing opposite each other outside the ring thus—
 During the first verse all walk round singing (the two outside "squirrels" standing still). At words—
 "Peep, squirrel," the circle stands still and the two squirrels peep at each other over the shoulders of the children behind whom they are standing. At the words—"Run 'im down," through to the end of the verse, one of the squirrels pursues the other until caught. The one caught then joins the circle, the pursuer curtseying to another child, who in turn becomes one of the outside squirrels and the game continues.

Traditional Melody and Text transcribed by
 GRACE CLEVELAND PORTER.

Harmonized by
 HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS.

Fast.

VOICE.  Key G. { s : - | m : d | s : - | m : d }

Your dar - lin', my dar - lin',

PIANO.  *f* *mp legato* *con Fed.*

 { s : - . s | f : m | r . r : | : | m : - | r : d | m : - | r : d }

can't yo' ketch dat squirrel? Your dar - lin', my dar - lin'



 { m : - . m | r : r | d . d : | : | l, : s, . s, | l, : s, . s, }

Can't yo' ketch dat squir - rel? Peep, squir - rel, peep, squir - rel



Repeat only when playing the game.

 { d . r : m . d | l, : s, | l, . l, : s, | l, . l, : s, }

Yan - kee Doo - dle Dan - dy, Run 'im down, run 'im down,



{ | d . r : m . d | r : d | l, . l, : s, | l, . l, : s, }

Yan - kee Doo - dle Dan - dy! Run 'im down, run 'im down

{ | d . r : m . d | r : d | m :- . m | r : r | d . d : | : }

Yan - kee Doo - dle Dan - dy! Can't yo' ketch dat squir-rel?

Ped. *

(No Prelude.)

SIMPLIFIED ACCOMPANIMENT.

Fast.

mp

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Ped. * Ped. *

Ped. *

DE QUEEN OB ENGLAN'

Southern Folk-tune.

The children form a circle, with one of their number sitting on a chair in the centre as Queen. They hold hands and walk around her, singing. At the words "Rise upon yo' feet" the children stand still, the Queen rises and choosing, the one she likes best curtsseys to her, the chosen one returning the curtsey. The Queen then with much dignity conducts her successor to the "throne." The game is kept up until all the children in the ring have had a chance to be Queen.

Traditional Melody and Text transcribed by
GRACE CLEVELAND PORTER.

Harmonized by
HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS.

Slowly.

VOICE.

PIANO.

espressivo

p

Key Ab. { : | : s, }
Oh,

legato.

rit. *a tempo*

set de Queen ob Eng - lan' in her chair, She hab

los' all de true love she had - las' year; Rise up-on yo' feet, an'

rit. *a tempo*

rit. *a tempo*

rit. *

rit. *

rall.

{ | 1, ., 1, : 1, . 1, | d : - . r, r | m . m : - . d | m : r | d : - | - . }
 kiss de one yo' meet- Derés a - ma-ny a - roun' yo' chair. _____

rall.

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

(No Prelude.)

SIMPLIFIED ACCOMPANIMENT.

Slowly.

{ s, | d ., d : d . d | d : t, . d | r : - | - : s, . s, }

p

rit. *a tempo*

| r : r . r | f : m . r | d : r | m : - | d ., d : d . d | m : r . d }

rit. *a tempo*

{ | 1, ., 1, : 1, . 1, | d : - . r, r | m . m : - . d | m : r | d : - | - . }

I'M WALKIN' ON THE LEVEE.

Florida Folk-singing Game.

"Levee" is a term applied in the Middle West and South of the United States to that portion of a river's bank upon which steamboat freight is piled.

In commencing the game the players, boys and girls, form a ring with a lad in the centre. When singing the first verse they clasp hands and move round. At the second verse the ring stands still, while the one in the centre winds in and out under the clasped hands of the singers, which are raised for that purpose. At the third verse the centre player chooses a partner (a girl) and the two stand facing each other. During the fourth verse he puts his hands together then throws them apart, the distance between them indicating the extent of his affection — "Jis' 'cordin' to his love," as the Crackers say. At the fifth verse he places his hand on his heart and then extends it towards the girl, repeating the gesture in time to the music until the refrain "For you have gained the day," when he leads her to the centre of the ring. At the beginning of the sixth verse he kneels before her, still holding her hand, but at the end, leaves her and takes his place in the ring. During the seventh verse the girl remains alone in the ring. The song is then resumed from the beginning, and the girl chooses her lover among the boys.

Traditional Folk-singing Game.

Collected by LOUISE CLARKE-PRYNELLE.
for HENRY E. KREHBIEL.

Harmonized by
HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS.

Moderato ed espressivo. *p*

VOICE.

Key G. { : s, | s, : m | m : - . m }

1. I'm walk - in' on the
2. Run in and out of the
3. Stand up and face your
4. I meas-ure my love to
5. My heart and hand I'll
6. I kneel be - cause I
7. It breaks my heart to

Moderato ed espressivo.

PIANO.

p *pp* *p* *legato.*

Leg. * *Leg.* * *Leg.* *

From Games and Songs of American Children, composed and compiled by William Wells Newell.
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{ m . r :- | : s, | r : r | r :- . r | r . d :- | : s, }
 Le-vee, I'm walk - in' on the Le-vee, I'm
 win-dows, Run in and out of the win-dows, Run
 lov - er, Stand up and face your lov - er, Stand
 show you, I meas-ure my love to show you, I
 give you, My heart and hand I'll give you, My
 love you, I kneel be - cause I love you, I
 leave you, It breaks my heart to leave you, It

Red. p * *Red.* * *p*

sempre legato

{ s, : m | m :- . s | s . f :- | : f | m :- . r | m :- . r | d :- | - ||

walk - in' on the Le-vee, For you have gained the day.
 in and out of the win-dows, For you have gained the day.
 up and face your lov - er, For you have gained the day.
 meas-ure my love to show you, For you have gained the day.
 heart and hand I'll give you, For you have gained the day.
 kneel be - cause I love you, For you have gained the day.
 breaks my heart to leave you, For you have gained the day.

p *rall.*

p *mp* *rall.*

Red. * *Red.* * *Red.* * *Red.* * *Red.* *

Moderato.

SIMPLIFIED ACCOMPANIMENT.

p *molto legato.*

espressivo.

mf *p* *rall.*

I LOS' MAH MISTIS' DAIRY KEY. ✓

Southern Folk-tune.

The children form a circle with one of their number in the centre (the garden). They walk round holding hands and singing until the words "Do, do, let me out," when the one in the middle tries to break through or slip underneath. If he succeeds in this, the circle breaks up and all the children chase him. When caught, the game begins again. If, however, he does not succeed in breaking through after the first verse, the second verse is sung and usually after this he can make his escape and another child takes his place in the centre.

Traditional Melody and Text
transcribed by
GRACE CLEVELAND PORTER.

Harmonized by
HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS.

Fast.

VOICE.

Key Eb. { : | : d | m : s | s : l }
 1. I los' mah Mis - tis'
 2. A brass key an' a
 3. — Corn stalk fid - dle an' a

In the manner of a banjo.

PIANO.

{ s : m | d : r | m : s | s : l | s :- | m : }
 dair - y key, I'm in dis la - dy's gar - den,
 sil - ver lock, I'm in dis la - dy's gar - den,
 shoe - string bow, I'm in dis la - dy's gar - den,

|| d' :- | d' :- | s :m | d :r | m :s | r :m | d :- | d : ||

Do, do let me out, I'm in dis la - dy's gar - den.
 Do, do let me out, I'm in dis la - dy's gar - den.
 Do, do let me out, I'm in dis la - dy's gar - den.

f

Ad. *

SIMPLIFIED ACCOMPANIMENT.

Fast.

|| : | : d | m :s | s :l |

p

|| s :m | d :r | m :s | s :l | s :- | m : ||

|| d' :- | d' :- | s :m | d :r | m :s | r :m | d :- | d : ||

f

Ad. *

BOUNCE AROUND'

Southern Folk-tune.

Players form a circle (no one in centre). During first verse "Bounce around' to-di-id-dy-um" they hold hands and skip round as fast as they can. During second verse "Go roun' de 'sembly" they walk demurely round. Then they start flying around again, repeating the first verse, "Bounce around'". At "Close up de 'sembly" all walk toward the centre and form a compact group, hands being held up high. During fourth verse the ring widens out once more to original size, and the first verse "Bounce around'" is repeated, the children flying round to the end.

Traditional Melody and Text
transcribed by
GRACE CLEVELAND PORTER.

Harmonized by
HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS.

Very fast.

PIANO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves in 2/4 time, key of G major. The melody is in the right hand, starting with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass line is in the left hand, starting with a quarter note G2, followed by quarter notes A2, B2, and C3. The tempo is marked 'Very fast'.

Key G. $\{ d \quad ., d : d \quad | m \quad . d \quad : d , d . d \quad | r \quad . t, \quad : t, t, . t, \quad | r \quad . d \quad : d , d . d \quad \}$

1. Bounce a - roun' to - di - id - dy - um, to - di - id - dy - um, to - di - id - dy - um,

The first system shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment for the first verse. The vocal line is in G major, 2/4 time, with lyrics: "1. Bounce a - roun' to - di - id - dy - um, to - di - id - dy - um, to - di - id - dy - um,". The piano accompaniment is in the right hand, starting with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass line is in the left hand, starting with a half note G2, followed by quarter notes A2, B2, and C3. The dynamic is marked 'mp'.

Fine.

$\{ d \quad ., d : d \quad | m \quad . d \quad : d , d . d \quad | r \quad : t, . t, \quad | d \quad : \quad \parallel \}$

Bounce a - roun' to - di - id - dy - um, Long sum - mer day.

The second system shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment for the second verse. The vocal line is in G major, 2/4 time, with lyrics: "Bounce a - roun' to - di - id - dy - um, Long sum - mer day." The piano accompaniment is in the right hand, starting with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass line is in the left hand, starting with a half note G2, followed by quarter notes A2, B2, and C3. The dynamic is marked 'mp'.

Red.



♩

{ d . d , d : d . d | m . s :- | t, . t, , t, : t, . t, | r . s :- }
 2. Go roun' de 'sem - bly to - day, Go roun' de 'sem - bly to - day,
 3. Close up de 'sem - bly to - day, Close up de 'sem - bly to - day,
 4. O - pen de 'sem - bly to - day, O - pen de 'sem - bly to - day,

mp In the manner of a banjo. *crese.*

{ d . d , d : d . d | m . s :- | r : t, . t, | d : }
 Go roun' de 'sem - bly to - day Long sum - mer day. Repeat V.1.
 Close up de 'sem - bly to - day Long sum - mer day. D.S. for V.4.
 O - pen de 'sem - bly to - day Long sum - mer day. Repeat V.1 al fine.

mp *crese.* *sfz*

Ped. *

(No Prelude)

SIMPLIFIED ACCOMPANIMENT.

Very fast.

mf

COME, MAH LITTLE DARLIN'

Southern Folk-tune.

A circle is formed with one child in the centre. All join hands and walk round singing. At the words "Rise up an' choose de one dat's suitable to yo' min'" the circle stands still and the child in the centre chooses a partner. After curtseying or bowing (if a boy) the chosen child takes the place in the centre and the game continues.

Traditional Melody and Text
transcribed by
GRACE CLEVELAND PORTER.

Harmonized by
HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS.

Moderato. *espressivo.*

VOICE. Key G. { | s :- .s | m :s }
Come, mah lit - tle

PIANO. *p legato*

{ | d :- | r :m | f :m | r :d | s, :- | - :- }
dar - lin' an' take a walk wid me,

{ | d :- | r :s, | d :- .r | m :f | m :m | r .r :- }
Down in de val - - ley where all de li - lies

|| d :- | :m .m | s :- | m :s | d :- | r :m | }
 grow. Dere are sweet pinks and ro - ses, straw -

pp *sempre legato*

Leg. * *Leg.* * *Leg.* *

|| f :m | r :d | s, :- | - :- | d :- | r :s, | }
 ber - ries on de vine, Rise up an'

mf *p*

|| d :- .r | m :f | m .m :m | r :r | d :- | - : ||
 choose de one dat's suit - a - ble to yo' min'

Leg. *

SIMPLIFIED ACCOMPANIMENT.

Moderato.

p legato

pp

FLY ROUN'

Southern Folk-tune.

Children form a circle, no one in centre. They then join hands and go dancing round while singing. At the words "Honor yo' partner; make yo' obedient" (obeisance) all stop and let go hands, girls curtsey and boys bow, first to the one on the right and then to the one on the left, then all join hands again and go flying round until the end of the song.

Traditional Melody and Text
transcribed by
GRACE CLEVELAND PORTER.

Harmonized by
HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS.

Fast.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Key D. { t .s :- .t }
Fly 'roun', fly

The first system of the musical score is for the first two measures. The voice part is on a single staff with a treble clef, key signature of one sharp (D major), and a 2/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment is on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The tempo is marked 'Fast'. Dynamics include piano (p) and pianissimo (pp). The lyrics 'Fly 'roun', fly' are written below the voice staff.

{ | d' .d' : l .d' | t .s :- .r | d :- | t .s :- .t | d' .d' : l .d' }
'roun', young la - dies, fly 'roun', fly 'roun', Fly 'roun', fly 'roun', young la - dies,

The second system of the musical score covers measures 3 to 6. The voice part continues with the lyrics: "'roun', young la - dies, fly 'roun', fly 'roun', Fly 'roun', fly 'roun', young la - dies,". The piano accompaniment continues with various chords and melodic lines. Dynamics include piano (p) and mezzo-forte (mf).

{ | t .s :- .r | d :- | m , m .m : m .m | f .f : f | s .s :- .r }
fly 'roun', fly 'roun'. If yo' can't fly I'll fly my - self Fly 'roun', fly

The third system of the musical score covers measures 7 to 10. The voice part continues with the lyrics: "fly 'roun', fly 'roun'. If yo' can't fly I'll fly my - self Fly 'roun', fly". The piano accompaniment includes a piano (p) dynamic marking. The system concludes with a double bar line and a fermata over the final notes.

Red.

*

{ d :- | m , m . m : m . m | f . f , f : f , f . f | s . s :- . r | d :
 'roun', Hon-or yo' part - ner, Make yo' o-be-di-ent; Fly 'roun', fly 'roun'.

*Red. ** *Red. * Red. **

SIMPLIFIED ACCOMPANIMENT.

(Prelude.)

Fast.
mf legato.

*Red. **

*Red. **

THE NEEDLE'S EYE.

Southern Folk-tune.

Circle is formed with one child in the centre. Children walk round holding hands and singing. At the words "Kiss huh quick an' let huh go" the one in the centre chooses a partner, to whom she curtseys and who curtseys (or bows if a boy) to her and takes the place in the centre.

Traditional Melody and Text
transcribed by
GRACE CLEVELAND PORTER.

Harmonized by
HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS.

Moderately fast.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Key F. | : | :s, }
As

I passed by de Nee-dle's Eye, It is so ve - ry true, I

saw a ve - ry pret-ty young girl, But none so pret-ty as you.

|| d :- | d :- r | m : d | d :- | r :- | r :- m | f : r | r :- |

Green grow de rush - es O! Green grow de rush - es O!

The first system of the score features a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line begins with a double bar line and a repeat sign, followed by a sequence of notes and rests corresponding to the lyrics. The piano accompaniment starts with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic and includes various chordal textures and melodic lines in both hands.

|| m : s | s :- | s | m : s | s :- | d :- r | m : m | r r :- | d : ||

Kiss huh quick, and let huh go, Kiss huh quick and let huh go.

The second system continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line has a similar rhythmic pattern to the first system. The piano accompaniment features a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic in the beginning, which transitions to a forte (*f*) dynamic later in the system. The piano part includes sustained chords and moving lines.

(No Prelude.)

SIMPLIFIED ACCOMPANIMENT.

Moderately fast.

The simplified piano accompaniment is presented in three systems. It is written for piano on two staves in a 2/2 time signature with a key signature of one flat. The tempo is marked 'Moderately fast'. The first system begins with a mezzo-piano (*mp*) dynamic. The second system includes a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic marking. The third system features a forte (*f*) dynamic. The accompaniment consists of block chords and simple melodic lines, designed to be easily played by a beginner.

MAH HEART'S GONE AWAY TO LOOSIANA.

Southern Folk-tune.

Circle is formed with one in centre. The children walk round singing the entire song. At the end all stand still and the one in the centre chooses a partner to whom she curtsays and who curtsays in return and takes her place in the centre. The game is then repeated.

Traditional Melody and Text
transcribed by
GRACE CLEVELAND PORTER.

Harmonized by
HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS.

Moderato.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Key F. { : | :m }
De

|| m :- .r ld :- .r | m :- .r ld :- | s :- | s :- | m :- | - :- }
Nee - dle's Eye so well com-ply, Thread drawn through.

mf

|| f :f | r .r :r .r | m :m .,r ld :- | r :- .r | m :r }
Now Ise got yo' fer de firs' an' de las', Now I has got

|| d :- | - . : .,d | d :l | s : .,d | d :l | s : | m :m | m :r .d }
you. ——— Yo'dress so neat, Yo' look so sweet Long, long, long fer to

l.h.

{ m . m : m . m | r :- | m . m : m . f | s . m : r . d | r : r . m | r . d : l , . s , }
 see de cou-ple meet. What yo' gwine to do, mah love? Mah heart's gone to Ro-sy Bud, Mah

espressivo e legato.

*Red. **

{ d : d ., m | s . m : r . d | l , :- | d :- | - :- | - :- | - :- | : : ||
 heart's gone a-way to Loo-si - a - na.

mf *rall.* *p*

*Red. * Red. * Red. **

(No Prelude.) **Moderato.** SIMPLIFIED ACCOMPANIMENT.

mf *legato* *mp*

f *p*

mp *colla voce* *sempre legato* *rall.*

*Red. * Red. * Red. **

TURN, CINNAMON, TURN.

Florida Folk-singing Game.

This game is really a dance, and is played as follows. The boys first of all choose partners. All stand in two lines, partners facing each other— as if they were about to dance the Virginia Reel (or Sir Roger de Coverley), as, indeed, they are to all intents and purposes. At the commencement of the song the first boy takes his partner by the hand and leads her to the bottom of the line. They then cross, the boy being at the top of the girls' line and the girl being at the top of the boys' line. While the others are singing "That lady's a-rocking her sugar lump" they go down the line swinging each player and themselves in succession. When they have finished swinging or "turning" all the players in the line they take their places at the bottom, the game proceeding with the couple next in order and so on to the end.

Traditional Folk-singing Game.

Collected by LOUISE CLARKE-PRYNELLE.
for HENRY E. KREHBIEL.

Harmonized by
HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS.

Allegro.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Key F. } : | : l }

All

|| s : m | r : d | m : - | l : - | l | s : m | r : d | r : - | l - : d | }

up and down, my hon - ey. All up and down we go. That

|| m : m . m | m : m | f : f . f | f : f | r : r . r | r : r | m : m . m | m : d |

la - dy's a-rock - in' her su-gar-lump, That la - dy's a-rock - in' her su- gar-lump, That

p *mp*

|| m : m . m | m : m | f : f . f | f : l | f : s | s : r | d : - | - : ||

la - dy's a - rock - in' her su-gar-lump; Oh turn, Cin - na - mon, turn!

f

Red. * *Red.* * *Red.* *

SIMPLIFIED ACCOMPANIMENT.

Lively.

mp

Red. * *Red.* *

KING AND QUEEN.

Florida Folk-singing Game.

This is an unusually elaborate game, combining features of the "Virginia Reel" and "Sir Roger de Coverley," and the most salient element of the love games—that is, the kissing.

The boys select their partners as they would for a dance and thus paired promenade as in a "school procession," singing:—

Walking on the green grass,
Walking side by side,
Walking with a pretty girl,
She shall be my bride.

Here the procession resolves itself into a ring, girls and boys alternating. The music is then repeated, all singing:—

And now we form a round ring,
The girls are by our sides,
Dancing with the pretty girls
Who shall be our brides!

The ring keeps moving during the singing of this stanza, but at the end breaks into two lines, one of girls, the other of boys, facing each other as for a reel. The song is then resumed, and the following actions are performed by the couple at the top of the lines, who are for the time being King and Queen.

And now the King upon the green,
Shall choose a girl to be his Queen;
Shall lead her out his bride to be,
And kiss her one, two, three.
Now take her by the hand, this Queen,
And swing her round and round the green.

Having thus called out, saluted, and swung his partner, the boy begins with the second girl and thence down the line, swinging each girl dancer in turn, his example being followed by his partner with the boys.

and Oh! now we will go around the ring,
And everyone we'll swing.
O swing the King and swing the Queen,
O swing them round and round the green
O swing the King and swing the Queen
O swing them round the green.

These lines are sung over and over again if necessary until all the dancers have been swung. Thereupon the King and Queen take their places at the foot of the lines and become the willing subjects of the next couple. The song is repeated from the words "And now the King upon the green" until all the couples have played at royalty, when the promenade is resumed, and the game started over again, generally with a change of partners.

Traditional Folk-singing Game.

Collected by LOUISE CLARKE-PRYNELLE.

for HENRY E. KREHBIEL.

Harmonized by

HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS.

(Optional Prelude.)

Moderato.

PIANO.

Allegretto.

Key F. { .s, | d .m :s .d' | t :l | t, .r :f .l | s : - }

Walk - ing on the green grass, - Walk - ing side by side,
 And now we form a round ring The girls are by our sides;

p

Ad. *

{ | d' .s :m .d | f .f :l | s .s :f .r | d : - . }

Walk - ing with a pret - ty girl; She shall be my bride.
 Danc - ing with the pret - ty girls; Who shall be our brides!

Allegro.

{ | d | d .r :m .f | s .s :s .,m | f .r :s .s | d .d :s, .,s, }

And now the King up - on the green Shall choose a girl to be his Queen, Shall

mp *alla burla.*

{ | d .r :m .f | s .s :f .,m m | f .,r :s .s | d : - }

lead her out, his bride to be, And sa - lute her, one, two, three.
 kiss

poco rall.

mp

REFRAIN. Moderato.

|| m :- | d :- | m :m | m :- .m | s :m | r :d | r :r | r :- .d |
 { Now _____ take her by the hand, this Queen, And swing her round and
 { Oh _____ swing the King and swing the Queen, Oh swing them round and
grazioso. *legato*

mp

basso poco staccato.

|| m :r | d :d .,d | m :m .m | m :m | s :m | r :d
 round the green, And oh now we will go a - round the ring And
 round the green, Oh swing the King and swing the Queen, Oh

cresc.
p

Red. * *Red.* *

|| r :- .d | m :r | d :- | - :- |
 ev - 'ry one well swing. }
 swing them round the green. }

1st. *2nd.*

p *(b)* *l.h.* *rall.* *sfz* *sfz*

Red. * *Red.* * *Red.* *

SIMPLIFIED ACCOMPANIMENT FOR REFRAIN.

p legato.

mf

Red. *

1st. *2nd.*

r.h. *r.h.*

I'VE LOST A PARTNER.

Florida Folk-singing Game.

This game seems to be a variant of "Happy is the Miller." To play it, an odd number of players is required. The odd player, or boy, takes his place in the ring, which in this instance is double, partners walking arm in arm, the girls forming the inner circle. At the word "darling" each boy seizes the arm of the girl immediately in front of him, and during the scramble the player in the centre tries to secure a partner. If successful, there will of course be another partnerless player, who tries to supply his want during the next turn. The "Crackers" sing the following additional verses to fit each phase of the game:+

Traditional Folk-singing Game.

Collected by LOUISE CLARKE-PRYNELLE.
for HENRY E. KREHBIEL.

Harmonized by
HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS.

Rather fast.

VOICE. Key F. { : | : .s, }
1. -
+ 2. -
+ 3. She's

PIANO. *mf*

I've lost a part - ner, tum-tum-ti-lu - la, I've lost a part - ner, tum - tum-ti-lu - la,
I'll get an-oth-er one, tum-tum-ti-lu - la, I'll get an-oth-er one, tum - tum-ti-lu - la,
bet-ter than the oth-er one, tum-tum-ti-lu - la, She's better than the oth-er one, tum - tum-ti-lu - la, She's

p *r.h.*

I've lost a part - ner, tum - tum-ti-lu - la, Tum-ti - lu, my dar - ling.
I'll get an - oth-er one, tum - tum-ti-lu - la, Tum-ti - lu, my dar - ling.
bet-ter than the oth-er one, tum - tum-ti-lu - la, Tum-ti - lu, my dar - ling.

mf

Rather fast.

SIMPLIFIED ACCOMPANIMENT.

mp

LA BASTRINGUE.

Old French-Canadian Folk-singing Game.

A circle is formed with two children in the centre, one of whom is the Cavalier and the other the Maiden. The children hold hands and walk round singing the first verse. The Cavalier also sings and bows impressively several times, his hand upon his heart, while the Maiden curtsies in turn. At the words "Suppliant here am I bending the knee" the circle stands still and the boy kneels in an imploring attitude. The Maiden then sings the second verse, while making disconsolate gestures toward her feet. The third verse is a repetition of the first in song and action. At its close the Maiden joins the circle; the Cavalier bows low, then chooses another maiden, who curtsies and is escorted to the centre, and the game proceeds.

"La Bastringue" is the name in Northern France given to a ball among the peasants, which takes place in a tavern, where a fiddle or any other instrument is used to supply the music. Thus "La Bastringue," which was brought three hundred years ago to Canada, has not only retained its name as a dance, but has developed into a singing-game in which the children delight.

Melody and Text transcribed by
ALICE LA MOTHE.

Harmonization and English Text by
HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS.

Allegro vivace.

PIANO. *mf* *giocoso* *cresc.*

Key G. { m : m : m | m : f : m | r :- : r | d :- : | t, :- : d | r :- : t, }

1. Mad - e - moi - selle, vou - lez - vous dan - ser La Bas - trin - gue; +
1. Fair dam - o - zel, wilt thou dance with me? La Bas - trin - gue;

mp *l.h.*

{ d :- : r | m :- : d | m : m : m | m : f : m | r :- : r | d :- : }

La Bas - trin - gue Mad - e - moi - selle, vou - lez - vous dan - ser
La Bas - trin - gue Fair dam - o - zel, wilt thou dance with me?

mp

f :- :m |r :r :d |t, :l, :t, ld : : || r :r :r |t, :t, :d }
 La Bas-trin-gue qui va com-men-cer Mer-ci Mon-sieur, je n'ai
Sup-pliant here, am I bend-ing the kneel Fain would I dance, but my

Red. *

{ r :r :m |r :- : |r :r :r |t, :t, :d |r :r :m |r :- : }
 pas des sou-liers! Mer-ci; Mon-sieur, je n'ai pas des sou-liers!
slip-pers are lost! Fain would I dance, but my slip-pers are lost!

Red. *

D
 Dt. { s' :d' :d' :d' |t :t :t |l :l :l |s :s :s |f :f :f |m :m :m }
 Mer-ci Mon-sieur, je n'ai pas des sou-liers! Pour dan-ser La Bas-trin-gue qui
How should a bare-foot-ed maid-en ap-pear In the maze of the dance, with a

f *dim.*

rall. G *a tempo*
 { r :r :r ^fG |s, :- :f | - :- :- | - :- :- | - :- :- }
 va com-men-cer.
 gay cu-va-lièr?

rall. *a tempo*

Red. *

{ m : m : m | m : f : m | r :- : r ld :- : | t, :- : d | r :- : t, }
 Mad - e - moi - selle vou - lez - vous dan - ser La Bas - trin - gue
 Fair dum - o - zel, wilt thou dance with me? La Bas - trin - gue

{ d :- : r | m :- : d | m : m : m | m : f : m | r :- : r ld :- : }
 La Bas - trin - gue Mad - e - moi - selle, vou - lez - vous dan - ser
 La Bas - trin - gue Fair dum - o - zel, wilt thou dance with me?

{ f :- : m | r : r : d | t, : l, : t, | ld : : || : : : | : : : | : : : }
 La Bas - trin - gue qui va com - men - cer.
 Sup - pliunt here am I bend - ing the knee!

grazioso

p rall.

Ped. * *Ped.* *

SIMPLIFIED ACCOMPANIMENT.

Allegro vivace.

Key G. { m : m : m | m : f : m | r :- : r ld :- : | t, :- : d | r :- : t, | d :- : r | m :- : d | m : m : m | m : f : m }

{ r : - : r | d : - : | f : - : m | r : r : d | t , : l , : t , | d : : || r : r : r | t , : t , : d | r r m | r : - : }

Ped. *

D

{ r : r : r | t , : t , : d | r : r : m | r : - : | d' : d' : d' | t : t : t | l : l : l | s : s : s | f : f : f | m : m : m }

Ped. *

G

rall.

{ r : r : r | ^{fG} s , : - : f | - : - : | - : - : | - : - : | : : | m : m : m | m : f : m | r : - : r | d : - : | t , : - : d | r : - : t , }

mp *rall.*

{ d : - : r | m : - : d | m : m : m | m : f : m | r : - : r | d : - : | f : - : m | r : r : d | t , : l , : t , | d : - : ||

mp Ped. *

L'HIRONDELLE.

(THE SWALLOW.)

Old French-Canadian Folk-singing Game.

This game is very similar to "Drop the Handkerchief." A circle is formed, with one child (the Swallow) outside. The children hold hands and walk round singing, while the Swallow runs quickly round the outside and drops a handkerchief behind any child that he or she chooses. Each child is on the watch, and as soon as the handkerchief is found at his feet, picks it up and runs after the Swallow, who usually manages to get to the gap left in the circle before the pursuer catches him. If caught, he in turn becomes the Swallow.

Traditional Melody and Text
transcribed by
GRACE CLEVELAND PORTER.

Harmonization and English Text by
HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS.

Moderato.

VOICE.

Lah is A. | l .l :l :m | | Two pulse measure! .l ,l :l ||

L'Hi - ron - delle, Et Sieur Mac - ca - nelle
Lit - tle swal - low, Fly to your nest.

PIANO.

p

Ad. *

Atml. Three pulse measure. | l d .r :m :r ,r .r ,r || Two pulse.d :s, || Three pulse.d .d :d :s, ||

Qui s'en va? Vol - ez, vol - ez, vol - ez! L'Hi - ron - delle, Et
Pur - ple wing flit - tring in the twi - light! Lit - tle swal - low,

mp *p*

rall.

Two pulse. || d .d ,d :d || Three pulse.d .r :m :r || Two pulse.d :- ||

Sieur Mac-ca-nelle Qui s'en va? Vo - - lez!
Winds are at rest, Chirp your mate "Good - - night!"

SIMPLIFIED ACCOMPANIMENT.

Moderato

Lah is A. || 1 .1 :1 :m || Two pulse measure 1 .1 ,1 :1 ||

p

Atml. Three pulse. measure. || d .r :m :r ,r .r ,r || Two pulse.d :s, || Three pulse.d .d :d :s, ||

rall.

Two pulse. || d .d ,d :d || Three pulse.d .r :m :r || Two pulse.d :- ||

IL N'Y A QU'UN SEUL DIEU.

(THERE IS ONE GREAT GOD.)

Old French-Canadian Folk-singing Game.

The children form a circle and, holding hands, walk round singing the first five verses. At the close of the fifth verse they drop hands, and at the commencement of the sixth verse (the first part of which is sung very slowly and impressively) each child makes a dignified bow towards the centre of the circle, then in turn to the right- and left- hand neighbour. At the beginning of the seventh verse the children again join hands and walk round while singing the remainder of the verses.

Traditional Melody and Text transcribed by
GRACE CLEVELAND PORTER.

Harmonization and English Text by
HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS.

Allegro.

VOICE. *mp* *mf*

Key G. { :s, .s, | d :r | m :d .d | m :r | d :s, .s, | d :r | m :d .d |

1. Il n'ya qu'un seul Dieu, Il n'ya qu'un seul Dieu, Dites-moi donc pourquoi un, Dites-moi
1. There is one great God, There is one great God, Tell me where-fore one, Tell me

PIANO. *mp* *mf*

mp *rall.*

|| m :r | d :s, .s, | d :r | m :d .d | m :r | d :s, .s, |

donc pourquoi un. Il n'ya qu'un seul Dieu, Il n'ya qu'un seul Dieu.
where - fore one. There is one great God There is one great God.

rall. *p*

Red. *

mp

2. Dites-moi donc pourquoi deux, Dites-moi donc pourquoi deux. Il ya
3. " " " " trois, " " " " trois. Il ya
4. " " " " quatre, " " " " quatre. Il ya
5. " " " " cinq, " " " " cinq. Il ya
7. " " " " sept, " " " " sept. Il ya
8. " " " " huit, " " " " huit. Il ya
9. " " " " neuf, " " " " neuf. Il ya
10. " " " " dix, " " " " dix. Il ya
11. " " " " onze, " " " " onze. Il ya
12. " " " " douze, " " " " douze. Il ya

2. Tell me where - fore two, Tell me where - fore two. There are
3. " " " " three, " " " " three. There are
4. " " " " four, " " " " four. The E -
5. " " " " five, " " " " five. Mo - ses'
7. " " " " sev - en, " " " " sev - en. Ho - ly
8. " " " " eight, " " " " eight. The Be -
9. " " " " nine, " " " " nine. There are
10. " " " " ten, " " " " ten. Of Com -
11. " " " " e - lev - en, " " " " e - lev - en. E - lev - en
12. " " " " twelve, " " " " twelve. The A -

a tempo. *mp* Repeat this

Beginning with 3rd stanza at-

ways repeat this phrase according to text in reverse order of subjects.

After 12th stanza Fine. *rall.*

|| d :r .t, | d :s, .s, | d :r | m :d .d | m :r | d ||

deux Tes - ta - ments,
Trois Per - sonnes en Dieu,
quatre Ê - van - gé - lists,
cinq Livres en Moïse,
sept Sa - cré - ments,
huit Bé - a - ti - tudes,
neuf Chœurs des Anges,
dix Com - mand - ments,
onze mille Vierges Mar - tyrs,
douze A - pos - tles,
*Tes - ta - ments two,
Three in One a - bove,
van - ge - lists are four,
Books reck - on five,
Sac - ra - ments are sev - en,
a - ti - tudes are eight,
nine An - gel Chœurs,
mandments there are ten,
thou - sand Vir - gin Mar - tyrs,
pos - tles num - ber twelve.*

Il n'y a qu'un seul Dieu, Il n'y a qu'un seul Dieu.

There is one great God, There is one great God.

phrase according to singer. *mf sempre legato.* *rall.* *f*

After 5th stanza and every time until 12th.

mp meno mosso.

{ :s, .s, | s, :s, | s, :s, | l, :s, | - :d .r }

6. Il ya six urns rem - plis de vin, En Ca -
6. Wa - ter changed to wine in six jars, Poured for

mp meno mosso.

|| m .d :r .t, | d :s, .s, | d :r | m :d .d | m :r | d ||

na, en Ga - li - lée, Il n'y a qu'un seul Dieu, Il n'y a qu'un seul Dieu.
Cà - na's wed - ding feast, There is one great God, There is one great God.

allargando. *ff* *rall.* *D.S.*

Red. f. * *Red.* * *Red.* * *Red.*

The singers will notice that after verse 5, they must go on to the separate music for verse 6, and this verse 6 must also be interpolated in all succeeding verses. The phrase indicated by the note beginning with 3rd stanza is cumulative as in "The house that Jack built," that is, it must be sung over in backward order, ending with the first verse at each repetition.

PRESS AND PERSONAL OPINIONS.

Westminster Gazette.

Traditional Negro Singing-games were one of the features of a remarkable recital which Miss Porter gave at the Queen's Hall a few days ago. Miss Porter undoubtedly has the gift for holding both children and grown-ups spell-bound with tales, yarns, and poems that come bubbling up to the surface from an apparently inexhaustible supply. The games are really quite charming. I looked into the Espérance Club the other evening and found the children there hugely enjoying them. If they are not judges of what a singing-game should be nobody is, and these they have taken to from the start.

The Daily News and Leader.

The most arresting item perhaps was the game of "I'm walking on the Levee." It was a sheer delight to watch the tiny performers. Another effective piece was "Peep, squirrel." Miss Porter may be congratulated on the happy idea of gathering these songs and dances and arranging and presenting them with such success.

Pall Mall Gazette.

The negro folk-singing games, played for the first time in Europe, were demonstrated in a charming manner by the Espérance Guild of Morris Dancers.

T.P.'s Weekly.

The recital was a success. Miss Cleveland Porter's knowledge, both of the Southern States and of the folk-lore of Canada, gives to her work a wide range. . . . But where she undoubtedly added to the repertory of London is in the negro-singing games. "La Bastringue," a French-Canadian singing-game, is very distinctive, while, curiously enough, one or two of the negro games were nearly akin to some of our own.

The Morning Post.

Mammy Mary's ways were described with a keen sense of their humorous side. The games were acted, sung, and danced with zest and spontaneity by a group of children.

London Musical Courier.

A new note has been struck in the London musical world by Miss Grace Cleveland Porter, who is providing our public with two distinctive and very attractive forms of folk-lore and folk-song. A group of children from Miss Mary Neal's Espérance Guild of Morris Dancers demonstrated the folk-singing games. The evident enjoyment of the children was most apparent, as was also the enthusiasm of the audience. "Walkin' on the Levee" had to be repeated, and an especially interesting feature was "La Bastringue," a charming French-Canadian folk singing-game. In bringing something new and of intrinsic value to London, Miss Porter has won the gratitude of all who have heard her.

The Onlooker.

I only hope the Espérance Morris Dancers, who performed the singing-games in London for the first time, enjoyed them as much as we did, for they were deliciously coy, charmingly natural, and they acted, as well as danced them, to perfection. One could hardly imagine that these quaint little figures, some dressed in bright-hued frocks and white sun-bonnets, and others in smocks and soft felt hats, could be mere children, so wonderfully did they enter into the spirit of this singing-game—miniature lovers, gay, sad, entreating, coquettish by turns. "The little black sheep am lonesome" was full of the pathos and comedy so often combined in the negro character. Miss Porter gives us the real thing—a glimpse of life such as it was in the plantations of the Southern States before the war—and hence her power to hold her audience enthralled, delighted, and only anxious to hear her again some day.

F. Herbert Stead, M.A.

(Warden of the Robert Browning Settlement).

Here was a new thing in entertainments. . . . The effect was no small revelation to a British audience. The children were entranced; their quaint fancies and dim longings were interpreted to them with a tenderness and a drollery irresistible. The older folk followed with deepening absorption of interest, their eyes often moist and shining; and professional students of Froebel methods were glad to see their child-study illuminated and vivified by Miss Porter's dramatic art. It was a moving procession of child-lore and folk-lore that passed in music and word-picture and rhythmic gesture before our eyes.

J. J. Fahie (Folk-lore Society).

English audiences of the cultured sort are not as a rule very demonstrative, but yesterday their feelings were not restrained. You heard the clapping and the laughing, but you could not hear the whispered appreciations as I could. . . . From the first moment you caught the interest of the audience and carried it with you to the end of your Recital.

Francis Frierson

(Author of "Invincible Alliance.")

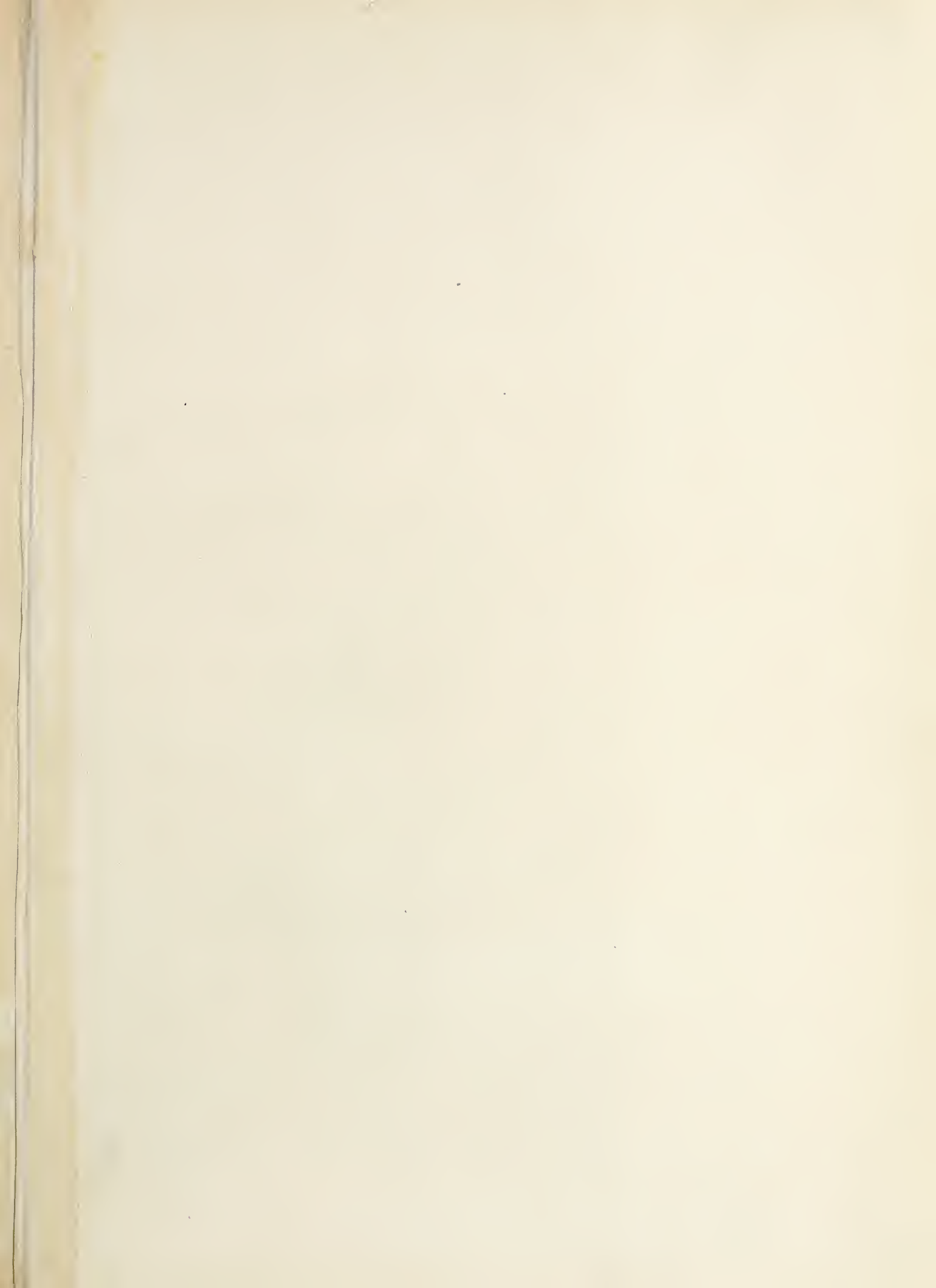
Miss Porter left a delightful and memorable impression on the cultured and critical audience which greeted her first appearance at Small Queen's Hall.

Alice Hegan Rice

(Author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch").

It is not often that one finds the gift of mimicry linked to such tender understanding as Miss Grace Porter portrays in her songs and stories of the Southern negro. . . . She tells her stories and sings her songs as simply as a child, but she leaves you with some whimsical, half humorous, half pathetic impression that you are not apt to forget.

Many other appreciations, equally favourable, have been received.



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