

PRAISE AND PRAYER

BE THOU A GUIDING STAR ABOVE ME,
Be thou a shepherd to protect me,
Be thou a beam of light to lead me,
Be thou a rose of love within me,
Be thou the beauty shining through me.

GOD MADE THE SUN,
And God made the tree.
God made the mountains,
And God made me.

I thank you, oh God,
For the sun and the tree,
For making the mountains,
And for making me.

THE EARTH IS FIRM BENEATH MY FEET,
The sun shines bright above,
And here I stand — so straight and strong,
All things to know and love.

ON THE EARTH I STAND UPRIGHT;
The Sun above by day gives light,
The moon and stars by night.

BIRDS IN THE AIR,
Stones on the land,
Fishes in the water,
I'm in God's hand.

TWO EYES TO SEE WITH,
Two ears to hear with,
A mouth to speak with,
A mouth to eat with,
Two hands to work with,
Two hands to pray with.

HANDS TO WORK AND FEET TO RUN,
God's good gifts for me and you;
Hands and feet he gave to us
To help each other the whole day through.

Eyes to see and ears to hear,
God's good gifts for me and you;
Eyes and ears he gave to us
To help each other the whole day through.

Minds to think and hearts to love,
God's good gifts for me and you;
Minds and hearts he gave to us
To help each other the whole day through.

TO MY HOUSE I FIND MY WAY
And with my blessed angel stay.

From my little house I go —
To scatter love to all I know.

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PRAYER

Thro' the night Thy angels kept
Watch above me while I slept.
Now the dark has passed away.
Thank Thee, Lord, for this new day.

North and south and east and west
May Thy holy name be blest;
Everywhere beneath the sun,
As in Heaven, Thy will be done.

GOD BE IN MY HEAD AND IN MY
UNDERSTANDING;
God be in my eyes and in my looking;
God be in my mouth and in my speaking;
God be in my heart and in my thinking;
God be at my end and at my departing.

MAY GOD SHIELD ME,
May God fill me,
May God keep me,
May God watch me.
May God bring me
To the land of Peace.

From an old Gaelic prayer

FATHER, WE THANK YOU FOR THE NIGHT
And for the pleasant morning light,
For rest and food and loving care,
And all that makes the world so fair.
Help us to do the things we should —
To be to others kind and good
In all we do, in all we say
To grow more loving every day!

TIME AND SEASONS

THE MONTHS OF THE YEAR

JANUARY BRINGS THE SNOW,
Makes our feet and fingers glow.

February brings the rain,
Thaws the frozen lake again.

March brings breezes, loud and shrill,
Stirs the dancing daffodil.

April brings the primrose sweet,
Scatters daisies at our feet.

May brings flocks of pretty lambs
Skipping by their fleecy dams.

June brings tulips, lilies, roses,
Fills the children's hands with posies.

Hot July brings cooling showers,
Strawberries and gillyflowers.

August brings the sheaves of corn,
Then the harvest home is borne.

Warm September brings the fruit;
Sportsmen then begin to shoot.

Fresh October brings the pheasant;
Then to gather nuts is pleasant.

Dull November brings the blast;
Then the leaves are whirling fast.

Chill December brings the sleet,
Blazing fire, and Christmas treat.

IN JANUARY THERE IS LOTS OF SNOW,
All our cheeks and noses glow.

In February there is rain and ice,
To stay indoors is very nice.

In March the winds blow from the sea,
We sit by the fire to drink our tea.

Then April comes with lots of showers,
A little sun and pretty flowers.

May and June and then July,
Summer is here, cold days good-bye!

August brings us lots of sun,
Lots of ices, lots of fun.

September makes the apples round,
October drops them to the ground.

We play indoors in wet November,
My friends come round and visit me,

Another month and then December
With Christmas and the Christmas tree.

IN JANUARY FALLS THE SNOW,
In February cold winds blow.

(January comes with frost and snow,
February brings us winds that blow.)

In March peep out the early flowers,
April comes with sunny showers.

(March has winds and happy hours,
April sends us sun and showers.)

In May the roses bloom so gay,

In June the farmer makes his hay.

(May is pretty, sweet and gay,
June has flowers in bright array.)

(In May the children dance and play,
In June the farmer. . .)

July, how brightly shines the sun,

In August harvest is begun.

(In July the sun shines bright,
August makes the apples ripe.)

September turns the green leaves brown,
October winds then shake them down.

(September takes us back to school,
October days begin to cool).

November fills with bleak and smear,
December comes and ends the year.

(Grey and foggy is November,
Cold and snowy is December.

Cold and foggy is November,
Christmas cometh in December.)

(September takes us back to school,
October days begin to cool.

November brings the leaves to earth,
December joy and Jesus' birth.)

JANUARY, COLD AND DESOLATE:

February all dripping wet;

March wind ranges;

April changes.

Birds sing in tune

To flowers of May,

And sunny June

Brings longest day.

In scorched July

The storm-clouds fly.

Lightning-torn

August bears corn,

September fruit;

In rough October

Earth must disrobe her;

Stars fall and shoot

In keen November;

And night is long

And cold is strong

In bleak December.

Christina Rossetti

ANIMALS AND PLANTS

THE BUTTERFLY

I know a little butterfly with tiny golden wings.
He plays among the summer flowers
And up and down he swings.

He dances on their honey cups so happy all the day.
And then he spreads his tiny wings
And softly flies away.

A BUTTERFLY FLEW RIGHT OVER MY HEAD,
Its two wings shining blue, yellow, and red.
A butterfly slept close to the ground,
Its two wings spread softly with never a sound.
A butterfly flew, so bright and so gay –
Like this it flew, a-far and away.

WAKEN SLEEPING BUTTERFLY,
Burst your narrow prison,
Spread your golden wings and fly,
For the sun is risen!
Spread your wings and tell the story
How He rose, the King of Glory.

THE CATERPILLAR

Brown and furry
Caterpillar in a hurry,
Take your walk
To the shady leaf, or stalk,
Or what not,
Which may be the chosen spot.
No toad spy on you,
Hovering bird of prey pass you;
Spin and die,
To live again a butterfly.

Christina Rossetti

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AT NIGHT BIRDS REST

In cosy nests,
And each bird loves
His own nest best.

EMPTY NOW THE NEST WILL BE,
Four birds fly away you see;
Fly away from tree to tree:
North and South across the nest,
Then, in turn, from East to West,
All together back to rest.

Now again away we fly,
Swift and straight and very high,
Where the treetops touch the sky.
Swooping over, light and free,
I pass you and you pass me:
Four birds in a nest are we.

ONE LITTLE DICKYBIRD HOPPED UPON MY SHOE,

Along came another one, and that made two:
Fly to the treetops, fly to the ground,
Fly little dickybirds round and round.

Two little dickybirds singing in a tree (... three):
Fly to the treetops...

Three little dickybirds came to my door (... four).

Four little dickybirds perched upon a hive (five).

Five little dickybirds nesting in the ricks (six).

Six little dickybirds flying up to heaven (seven).

Seven little dickybirds sat upon a gate (eight).

Eight little dickybirds swinging on a line (nine).

Nine little dickybirds looking at a hen (ten).

A BIRDIE WITH A YELLOW BILL

Hopped upon my window sill,
Cocked his shining eye and said:
"Ain't you 'shamed, you sleepy-head."

THE NEST

A little bird sat on a bough.
He sat and sang: "I'm happy now;
The cold, cold wind has gone to bed,
The sun is shining overhead,
And shining on a little nest,
And on a bird with brownny breast."
"Where is your nest?"
"Ah! no one knows,
But two little birds
And a brier rose."

FINGER PLAYS

THIS LITTLE PIG WENT TO MARKET;

This little pig stayed at home;
This little pig had roast beef;
This little pig had none;
This little pig said, "Wee, wee,
I can't find my way home."

THIS LITTLE COW EATS GRASS,

This little cow eats hay,
This little cow drinks water,
This little cow runs away,
This little cow does nothing
But just lies down all day.

ROUND ABOUT, ROUND ABOUT,

Here sits a hare.
In the corner of a cornfield,
And that's just there *close to thumb*.
This little dog found her, *thumb*
This little dog ran her, *forefinger*
This little dog caught her, *middle finger*
This little dog ate her, *ringfinger*
And this little dog said, *little finger*
"Give me a little bit! please."

THIS IS THE MAN, SO STRONG AND STOUT,

This is the woman with her children all about.

This is the boy, so tall you see,
This is the girl with her dolly on her knee,

This is the little one, still to grow,
And this is the family, all in a row.

THIS LITTLE RABBIT SAID, "LET'S PLAY."

This little rabbit said, "In the hay."
This little rabbit said, "I see a man with a gun."
This little rabbit said, "That isn't fun."
"Bang", went the gun, and they all ran away,
And they never came back for a year and a day.

*Point to all fingers and thumb in turn. Clap hands at BANG,
and hide fingers behind back.*

THIS LITTLE SQUIRREL SAID, "LET'S RUN AND PLAY."

This little squirrel said, "Let's hunt for nuts today."
This little squirrel said, "Yes, nuts are good."
This little squirrel said, "They're our best food."
This little squirrel said, "Come, climb this tree,
And crack these nuts — one, two, three."

Clap hands three times.

MASTER THUMB IS FIRST TO COME,

Then Pointer, steady and strong,
Then Tall Man high,
And just near by,
The Feeble Man does linger.
And last of all,
So neat and small,
Comes little Pinky Finger.

THIS LITTLE MOUSIE PEEPED WITHIN;

This little mousie walked right in!
This little mousie came to play;
This little mousie ran away!
This little mousie cried, "Dear me!
Dinner is done and it's time for tea!"

THIS ONE'S OLD,

This one's young,
This one has no meat,
This one's gone
To buy some hay,
And this one's on the street.

THIS ONE FELL IN THE WATER

And this one helped him ashore,
And this one put him to bed,
And this one covered him o'er.
And then, in walks this noisy little chap,
And wakes him up once more.

"TO BED, TO BED," CRIED SLEEPY-HEAD.

"Tarry awhile," said Slow.
Said Greedy Nan, "Put on the pan,
Let's dine before we go." *ctd.*

FUN IN SOUNDS AND RHYTHMS

A CAT CAME FIDDLING OUT OF A BARN,
With a pair of bagpipes under her arm;
She could sing nothing but fiddle-de-dee,
The mouse has married the bumble-bee.
Pipe, cat – dance, mouse,
We'll have a wedding at our good house.

COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO!
My dame has lost her shoe,
My master has lost his fiddling stick,
They don't know what to do.

Cock-a-doodle-doo!
What is my dame to do?
Till master finds his fiddling stick,
She'll dance without her shoe.

Find music on page 124

DOCTOR FOSTER
Went to Glo'ster,
In a shower of rain.

He stepped in a puddle
Right up to his middle
And never went there again.

DIDDLE, DIDDLE, DUMPLING, MY SON JOHN,
Went to bed with his trousers on;
One shoe off, and one shoe on,
Diddle, diddle, dumpling, my son John.

DIDDLETY, DIDDLETY, DUMPTY,
The cat ran up a plum-tree;
Half a crown to fetch her down,
Diddlety, diddlety, dumpty.

FIDDLE-DE-DEE, FIDDLE-DE-DEE,
The fly has married the bumble-bee;
They went to church, and married was she,
The fly has married the bumble-bee.

FIVE CURRANT BUNS IN THE BAKER'S SHOP,
Five currant buns with a cherry on the top;
Along came a boy with a penny one day,
Bought a currant bun and took it away.

Four currant buns . . .

Three . . ., two . . ., one . . .

No currant buns in the baker's shop,
No currant buns with a cherry on the top;
Along came a boy with a penny one day,
"Sorry, little boy, no currant buns today".

**FROM WIBBLETON TO WOBBLETON IS FIFTEEN
MILES,**
From Wobbleton to Wibbleton is fifteen miles,
From Wibbleton to Wobbleton,
From Wobbleton to Wibbleton,
From Wibbleton to Wobbleton is fifteen miles.

GEORGIE PORGIE PUDDING AND PIE,
Kissed the girls and made them cry;

But when the boys came out to play,
Georgie Porgie ran away.

**HEY, DIDDLE, DIDDLE, THE CAT AND THE
FIDDLE,**
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laughed to see such sport,
And the dish ran away with the spoon.

HICKORY, DICKORY, DARE,
The pig flew up in the air.
A man in brown
Brought him down,
Hickory, dickory, dare.

HICKORY, DICKORY, DOCK,
The mouse ran up the clock.
The clock struck one,
The mouse ran down,
Hickory, dickory, dock.

Find music on page 124

SINGING GAMES

HERE WE GO ROUND THE MULBERRY BUSH

1. Here we go round the mul - berry bush, the
mul - berry bush, the mul - berry bush: Here we go round the
mul - berry bush, On a cold and fros - ty morn - ing.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 2. This is the way we wash our clothes ... | 7. This is the way we tie our shoes ... |
| 3. This is the way we sweep our rooms ... | 8. This is the way we go to school ... |
| 4. This is the way we scrub our floors ... | 9. This is the way we clap our hands ... |
| 5. This is the way we wash our face ... | 10. This is the way we stamp our feet ... |
| 6. This is the way we comb our hair ... | 11. This is the way we dance and skip ... |

The children form a ring and join hands. They dance round singing the first verse, and as they sing the last line they unclasp hands and each one twirls round. For the next verses they suit actions to the words, again twirling round on the last line. 'Here we go round the mulberry bush' can be sung and danced after every verse about, 'This is the way ...'

WHO'LL HELP?

1. Who'll help the Black - smith ham - mer out a shoe?
Ham - mer out a shoe, just so, with a Bing - bang! Bing - bang!
Bing - bang! Ham - mer out a shoe, just so!

- Who'll help the Joiner plane a plank of wood? / Plane a plank of wood, just so! / With a Swish-swish! Swish-swish! Swish-swish! / Plane a plank of wood, just so!
- Who'll help the Postman take the letters round? / Take the letters round, just so! / With a Rat-tat! Rat-tat! Rat-tat - Here! / Take the letters round, just so!
- Who'll help the Policeman march along his beat? / March along his beat, just so! / With a Who's there? Who's there? Who's there? Who? / March along his beat, just so!
- Who'll help the Fireman with his heavy hose? / With his heavy hose, just so! / With a ss- ss- ss- ss- ss- ss- ss! / With his heavy hose, just so!

Singing Games

HERE COME THREE DUKES A-RIDING



1. Here come three Dukes a - rid - ing, a - rid - ing, a - rid - ing; Here



come three Dukes a - rid - ing, With a ran - cy, tan - cy, tay. —

2. Chorus. Now what is your good will, sirs? . . .

5. Dukes: You're all too young to marry . . .

3. Dukes. Our good will is to marry . . .

6. Chorus: We're old enough for you, sirs . . .

4. Chorus. Then marry one of us, sirs . . .

7. Dukes: You're all as stiff as pokers . . .

8. Chorus: Yet we can bend to you, sirs . . .

Three children representing the Dukes stand in a row, facing a longer line of 'maidens' three or four yards away. The Dukes advance and retire with hands joined while singing. The Chorus does likewise. Each side acts out what it is singing. After No. 8 ("Yet we can bend . . .") the Chorus makes arches, the Dukes select one child and dance through the arches, singing:



Through the kit - chen and through the hall, I'll



choose the fai - rest of you all; the



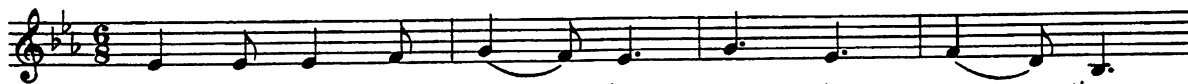
fai - rest one that I can see, Come,



pret - ty (name) and walk with me.

The named child comes and joins the Dukes. The game recommences with "Here come four Dukes a-riding."

MARY'S GONE A-MILKING



1. Ma - ry's gone a - milk - ing, mo - ther, mo - ther.



Mary's gone a - milk - ing, Gen - tle sweet mo - ther o' mine

Songs

Through the town of Ram - say; Hi did - dle. un kum

o - ver the lea, Hi did - dle un - kum fee - dle.

2. The tailor thought the mouse was ill,
Hi diddle unkum feedle!
He gave him part of a blue pill,
Hi diddle unkum feedle!
Hi diddle unkum tarum tantum etc.

3 The tailor thought his mouse would die;
He baked him in an apple pie.

4. The pie was cut, the mouse ran out,
The tailor followed him all about.

SING HEY! 'TIS MARKET DAY

1. Sing hey, sing hey! 'Tis mar - ket day, Come lads and las - ses

haste a - way. The sun is up, the moon is down, And

we must be off to the town. There's corn and there's but - ter for

gos - sips to buy, And rib - bons and lac - es to daz - zle the eye. Sing

hey, sing! hey! 'Tis mar - ket day, So hasten and come a - way. -

Chorus

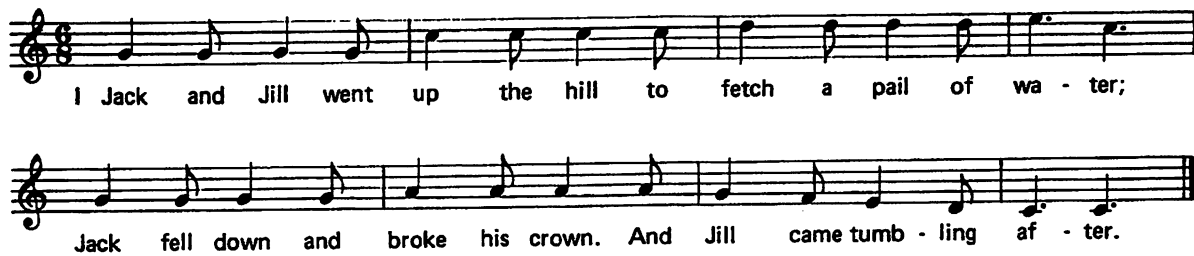
Sing hey, sing hey! 'Tis mar - ket day, So hasten and come a - way. -

2. Come out, come out, you laggards all,
That lie abed till shadows fall,
Who will not earn when earn he may,
Counts fewer pence each day.
The pigs are squealing and long to begone,
And Molly the Brindle is starting alone.
Sing hey, sing hey! 'Tis market day,
So hasten and come away.

3. Good day, good day, now away we ride,
The lads and lasses side by side,
And tongues run fast, as the wheels can do,
With tales both old and new.
The maids in their aprons, so dainty and white,
And sunbonnets flying with ribbons so bright.
Sing hey, sing hey! 'Tis market day,
So hasten and come away.

Songs


JACK AND JILL



I Jack and Jill went up the hill to fetch a pail of wa - ter;
Jack fell down and broke his crown. And Jill came tumb - ling af - ter.

Find more verses on p. 83

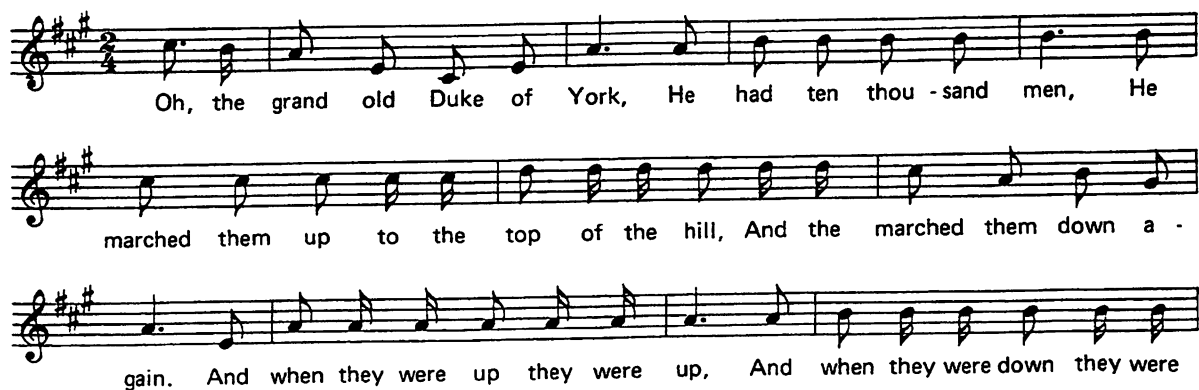
WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO, MY PRETTY MAID?



"Where are you go - ing to, my pret - ty maid?
Where are you go - ing to, my pret - ty maid?" "I'm
go - ing a - milk - ing, Sir," she said, "Sir," she said,
"Sir," she said, "I'm go - ing a - milk - ing, Sir," she said.

Find more verses on p.62

OH, THE GRAND OLD DUKE OF YORK



Oh, the grand old Duke of York, He had ten thou - sand men, He
marched them up to the top of the hill, And the marched them down a -
gain. And when they were up they were up, And when they were down they were