

THE 'ALL CANADIAN ENTERTAINMENT SERIES

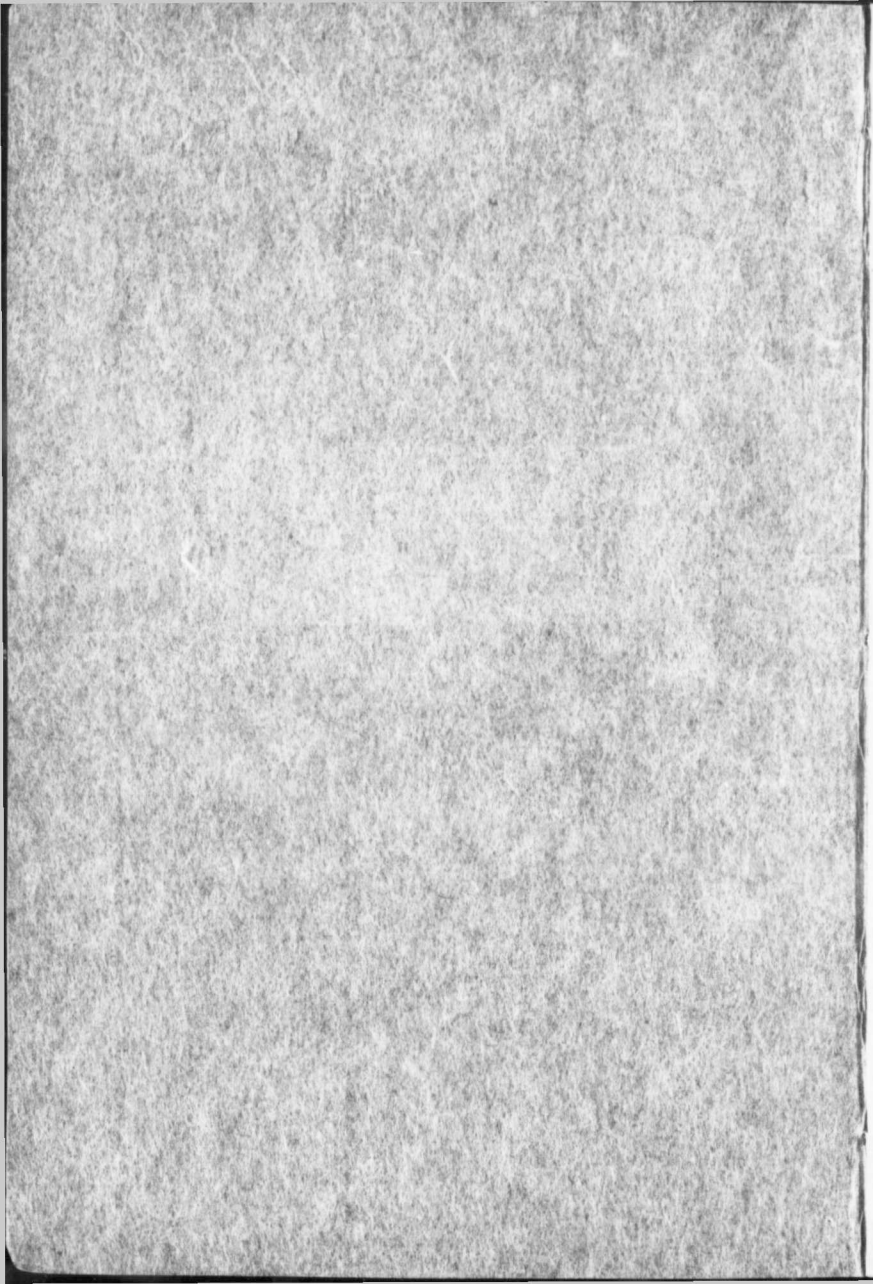


PRIMARY PIECES

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By Edith Lelean Groves

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PRIMARY PIECES

By
EDITH LELEAN GROVES



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PRIMARY PIECES

YOUNG CITIZENS IN THE MAKING

This is a Dialogue for seven children, either boys or girls, or boys and girls. Select the very tiniest. Each child brings in a block with a letter on it. The letters read CANADA. As each child finishes the words he has to say, he steps up upon his block. When all have finished each child brings out from his tunic, or some other convenient place, a small FLAG. The children wave their flags in unison and sing a verse of some Patriotic song at the close.

The first boy should be a little larger than the others and should act as a leader. He does not have a block to stand on, but he stands a little to one side.

If boys give this Dialogue have each one give a military salute before beginning to speak.

1st Boy.—

Ladies and Gentlemen, here come the children.

They are bringing their blocks along.

Young Citizens, they, in the making, you'll find;

And to Canada they belong.

Here comes the first, staggering under his load,

(Enter 2nd Boy.)

But he carries it carefully;

If you watch, I am sure you'll be able to read

The letter he shows you. 'Tis C.

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2nd Boy.—

C stands for COURAGE. Each soldier brave and
true

Must surely possess it, and so must you.

A most important letter, I know you will say.

So with the greatest pleasure, this letter first I lay.

(Enter 3rd Boy.)

3rd Boy.—

A stands for ALLIES. How bravely do they fight,—
English, French and Belgian, struggling for the right,

Australians and Canadians, Americans and all,
Fighting off in Europe, each at his country's call.

(Enter 4th Boy.)

4th Boy.—

N stands for NATION, the country that we love.
E'en the stars in heaven smile on *ours* from above.

And though, among the nations, this land it is not old,
Her deeds of valour, they are writ in letters all of gold.

(Enter 5th Boy.)

5th Boy.—

A stands for ARMY. The tramp of many feet
To the strains of martial music was heard upon the
street,

Canadian boys in khaki! their footsteps did not lag.
They marched away to fight for us and the dear old
British Flag.

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(Enter 6th Boy.)

6th Boy.—

D means DEVOTION; devotion to our land;
And though we are but children, united, we will stand,
And when we all are grown-ups, you'll hear the people
say,

"Canadians first and always, loyal citizens are they!"

(Enter 7th Boy.)

7th Boy.—

A means ADVANCEMENT. We must never fall
behind,
But as a nation keep ahead, and this we'll bear in
mind.

Loyalty, allegiance to our laws we ne'er must lack;
We'll always cheer for CANADA and the dear old
UNION JACK.

1st Boy.—

Ladies and Gentlemen, thus ends the story,—

The story the children have told.

Before very long they'll be taking your places,

When you have grown wrinkled and old.

The boy of to-day is the man of to-morrow.

The bright, laughing, merry young elf,

Brimming over with life and with cheeks all a-glow,

Will soon be a woman herself.

You must help the dear little lads and the lassies,

Who cheer for the land of their birth;

Help them to grow up to fine men and women,

Who'll prove their Canadian worth.

PRIMARY PIECES

BRAVE BROTHER

Two tiny tads lay tucked up in bed;
Brother and sister were they;
Jimmie was six and May was just four,—
And the shadows were long and grey.

May shut her eyes tight and covered her head,—
In the corners lurked spectres grim;
And mother had taken away the light,—
Why wasn't she brave like Jim?

A tiny, wee voice peeped up in the dark,
"S'posing 'at a burglar came here
Some dark, dark night and we were alone,
Oh, Jim, I'd des die of fear!"

Said Jim, "I'd not be a scared cat, I bet.
You needn't think I'd up and run.
I'd make my voice big and deep, and I'd say,
'May, get up and get me my gun!'"

PRIMARY PIECES

HOW DO YOU SPELL CAT?

(A Dialogue for a tiny girl and a tiny boy.)

Little Girl.—

I'm a big durl now and I'm learning to spell;

Des hear me, K-A-T spells Cat.

You wouldn't think that a wee girlie like me

Could be half so wise, now tell me that!

Little Boy.—

Oh! You're not as wise as you think that you are.

That way to spell Cat is not right.

Any kid in our class can spell better than you.

I don't think that you're very bright.

C-A-T! it is one of the easiest words.

Why when I was only so big

I could spell any word of three letters I know,—

Cat and dog, boy and man, and a pig.

Little Girl.—

Des 'tause you're a boy you think you are smart.

There's something I know you can't tell,

If K-A-T doesn't spell Cat, tell me this,

What on earth does K-A-T spell?

PRIMARY PIECES

JUST CHARGE IT

"The Circus is in town," said Molly, "Oh, Papa can
I go?

I've never, never seen a circus, and I'm half past five,
you know.

"And Polly's going with her Daddy, O Dear! I'm so
a-cited,

There'll be horses there and clowns and ladies, and
the tent will be all lighted

"With coloured lights, and the band will play, my
head is in a whirl!

Oh, Papa, say you'll take me won't you? your own
dear little girl?

"And nen we'll have some pop corn, Papa, and ice
cream cones and candy,

And peanuts and some toy balloons; Oh, won't that
des be dandy?

"No money? that's nuffin, Daddy, dear! we don't need
a ticket,

Des tell the man to *charge* it to you, he'll let us through
the wicket."

PRIMARY PIECES

BOB SALUTES HIS SUPERIOR OFFICER

My Papa's a soldier away off in France,
And he wears a Colonel's suit,
My brother's a soldier and he's in the ranks,
And his own Dad he has to salute,

Des like he was any old soldier at all,
But when guns are a-booming like mad,
And the Germans are near, and it's raining and dark,
I bet 'at he'll look for his Dad,

And he'll say to the sentry 'at guards his tent,
"My father, he lives in here!"
And the sentry will have li'll boys of his own,
And he'll say, "Why des come in, my dear!"

And when Bob sees his Daddy so tall and straight,
If he *does* wear a Colonels' suit,
He'll fro bofe his arms round his Daddy's neck,
And a KISS will be des his salute.

PRIMARY PIECES

THE SICK DOLL

(This is a Dialogue for two little girls and a boy. The two little girls are seated. They have a large doll. They may "dress up" like grown ups, if they wish. The boy should carry a bag, in which is a large medicine bottle. A high hat and a cane will add to the fun.)

1st Girl.—

My dolly is sick, just as sick as can be.
Her colour is high. If you look you will see
A crack in her skull. O Dear! Deary me!

2nd Girl.—

Why don't you send for the Doctor?

1st Girl.—

Why, I haven't much faith in Doctors I fear;
They're not half as wise as they look so I hear;
And, then, don't you see they're so frightfully dear.

2nd Girl.—Yes, I know; but think how serious a crack on her skull might be! Why the dear child might die of Combustion of the Brain. Then every relation she has in the world would be mad at you.

Her grandmas and uncles and aunts would be riled.
They would say, "Why you did not deserve such a child.

She was too good to live; so darling and mild."

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1st Girl.—

Why, yes; I believe that's just what they'd say.
They wouldn't forgive me for many a day.
I think you had better call in Doctor Gray.

2nd Girl (pretending to telephone).—

Hello Central, Hello! Please listen to me
For a number I want,—Main, One, O, Two, Three.
Dr. Gray? Is that you? Oh, wrong number, I see!

Central is careless. I shall try it once more,
Main, One, O, Two, Three—not, Main, One, O, Two,
Four.

Dr. Gray? Please kindly stop in at our door.

Our dolly is sick, we fear for her brain;
She's a crack in her skull and a terrible pain;
She moans and she cries out again and again.

Oh, Doctor, come quickly and please don't delay.
Operation? I hope not, indeed, Doctor Gray.
You must add some skin on, not take it away.

1st Girl.—

Is he coming? How soon? How thankful I am,
My own darling child, mother's own Precious Lamb!
I s'pose now he'll give you some horrible dram.

(Enter Doctor carrying a bag. He sets down the bag, shakes hands with the two girls and takes the doll in his arms.)

PRIMARY PIECES

Dr. Gray.—

Good afternoon, Ladies. I've come at your call.
So this is the patient. Has she had a bad fall?
Serious? Oh, no. Appendicitis,—that's all!

I have a big knife somewhere here in my grip.
Let's operate now, it will save me a trip.

(Takes a huge bottle out of his grip.)

Then of this med'cine I'll give her a sip.

1st Girl.—

You're a harsh, cruel man! Give her right back to me!
You can't operate on my dolly, you'll see.

(Snatches the doll out of his hands.)

My dear precious darling! so sweet and so wee.

Dr. Gray (in a very dignified tone).—

All right, my dear Madam, I will just leave the place.
Call another Physician to wait on the case.
I bid you goodbye, (makes a low bow) with a very
good grace.

(Exit Doctor.)

1st Girl.—I'm glad he's gone. What a perfectly
terrible man!

2nd Girl.—I should think so. He's just awful!

1st Girl.—The idea, Appendicitis, indeed!

2nd Girl.—We know better than that. We know
perfectly well she has Combustion of the brain.

PRIMARY PIECES

1st Girl.—Let's not play sick doll any more. Let's play Millinery Store; then we can make her a hat large enough to hide the split in her head.

2nd Girl.—That would be a much nicer game; then, we don't need to have any *boys* to play with us.

1st Girl (to the doll).—Would my treasure like a new hat? That would be much nicer than an operation—and nearly as fashionable!

THAT FINAL G.

"I am havin' a good time!" that was the sentence he read.

But the teacher frowned at Archie and gravely shook her head.

"That careless reading will not do, try it once more."

And then,

"I am havin' a good time!" thus Archie read it again.

Impatiently spoke the teacher, "You are forgetting the G."

"GEE—I am havin' a good time!" said Archie triumphantly.

PRIMARY PIECES

THE BURIAL OF DICK

My own little birdie, my dear precious Dick!

So yellow and pretty and fat:

What killed you I wonder, I wish 'at I knew;

I s'pose it was Thomas the Cat.

You're lying so quiet, you make me feel sad.

Dick, how does it feel to be dead?

Once 'so sweetly you sang; your happy "Cheep—
cheep!"

Still rings in my sad, sorry head.

Puss, Puss! just come quickly and see what you've
done,

You've deaded my poor little Dick.

Are you sorry? Well *look* it? P'tend 'at you are.

Stop purring! You des make me sick.

Puss, let's have a funeral! S'posing we do?

Now, stay here! don't you up and run!

We will bury poor Dick in some cool, shady spot;

Wouldn't that be the greatest of fun?

And when we have buried him deep in the ground,

Above him the earth we'll smooth flat.

And I'll print on a board, "In memory of Dick,

Who was slain by Thomas the Cat."

PRIMARY PIECES

THE SANDMAN

(This is a Dialogue for seven little boys. Should the teacher wish, girls may give the Dialogue, or even boys and girls. It is a matter for the teacher to decide. The Sandman should dress in a long grey cloak with a grey hood or cap or helmet. He carries a bag from which he pretends to scatter his sand. The children may be dressed if desired in their "nighties" or their pajamas. Have several cushions on the stage so that each child as he finishes his recitation may put his head on the cushion and go to sleep.)

1st Boy.—

Nobody loves the Sandman, who comes to us every
night,
Scattering sand in our faces, shutting our eyes up
tight,
Though we try to keep them open; yes, try with all
our might.

(Yawns sleepily, stretches and puts his head on his cushion.)

2nd Boy.—

You never knew when he's coming, there's nobody can
say,—
In the midst of a bedtime story, told at the close of
the day,
That Sandman comes a-scattering his sand in the
same old way.

(Yawns, stretches and puts his head on his cushion.)

PRIMARY PIECES

3rd Boy.—

Once we were playing blind man's buff, I hid behind
a chair,—

You'd never believe that old Sandman could ever find
me there?

But he did, the rascal, he found me; you wouldn't
think he'd dare.

(Lies down and puts his head on his cushion.)

4th Boy.—

And once I went to a party, and lots of people came,—
They sat so long at the table, it really was a shame,—
And that Sandman caught me then, he did; he was
up to his same old game.

(Lies down and puts his head on his cushion.)

5th Boy.—

Once I hid my eyes in the corner, one day for hide-
and-seek,

While the rest of the kids were hiding, that Sandman,
queer old freak!

Threw his silver sand right in my eyes and I was fast
asleep.

(Lies down and puts his head on his cushion.)

6th Boy.—

Oh, dear! I wish that we could hide his sack of silver
sand;

But we never can get at it, for he keeps it in his hand,
And none of us can find the way to that queer old
Sandman's land.

(Lies down and puts his head on his cushion.)

PRIMARY PIECES

1st Boy (sitting up and leaning on his elbow).—
Oh, here he comes! Oh, here he comes! I feel my
peepers sting!

2nd Boy (sleepily).—
And I cannot keep mine open though I try like any-
thing.

3rd Boy (yawning).—
Good Night, Good Night! such stinging sand does that
old Sandman fling.

(Enter the Sandman.)

The Sandman.—
Who am I now, pray tell me, with my bag of silver
sand?
For every child doth know me well, throughout the
whole wide land,—
But speak my name out good and loud so all may
understand,—

Children (sleepily in chorus).—
The Sandman!

The Sandman.—
You children do not love me, for I spoil your fun you
see
When I come each night to see you directly after tea,
And the sand I scatter in your eyes is fine as sand
can be.

(He walks around softly scattering his sand and looking at
each sleeping child.)

PRIMARY PIECES

Dear children! they are sound asleep; my sand has
done its work;

Bedtime has come, I must be off, for I've no time to
shirk,

Soon will the sun sink in the west and evening shadows
lurk.

So watch me strew my silver sand in all the children's
eyes.

(He walks around once more strewing his sand, or pretending
to.)

For early they must go to bed that early they may
rise,

If they would be as the old song says, "Healthy,
Wealthy, Wise!"

(Exit Sandman. The children sleepily get up, and stretching
and yawning walk off the stage or if there be a curtain let it
drop at this point.)

PRIMARY PIECES

ROUGH-ON-RATS

I have a dog, and he's named Rough-on-Rats.

My daddy, des for fun named him that;
'Cause why? I don't know, for he's not a bit *rough*,
And I b'lieve he'd be scared of a *rat*.

When Daddy comes home from the office at night,
We're bofe waiting to meet him you see.

When we see him, we run des as hard as we can,
My pup, Rough-on-Rats, him and me.

Daddy laughs and he says, "Hello, Boy, how are you?"

Nen he stoops and he picks me right up.
And that dog wags his tail as pleased as can be,—
For he's surely the knowingest pup.

And I rumple Dad's hair and I kiss him three times,
And I squeeze him and hug him like mad.

Nen Dad laughs and says, "Why are you like the
dog?

You're Rough—not on Rats—but your Dad."

PRIMARY PIECES
THE WASTED CRUST

Last night I didn't eat up my crust.

I poked it in under my plate.

I fought 'at no one could find it there.

But when it got dark and late,

And I was in bed, all covered up tight,—

All covered but des my head,—

I saw that same old crust, I did,

Come walking up over my bed.

He'd two long legs and great big eyes,

And he grinned and he said to me,

"I'm the crust you poked in under your plate.

You couldn't hide me, you see.

"You must never, never do that again."

"All wight, I won't," I said;

"I'll eat you up to the very last crumb,

If you'll please get down off of my bed."

He jumped off the bed and disappeared.

I've looked for him early and late,

But he comes no more, for I never poke

My crusts in under my plate.

PRIMARY PIECES

A SEVERE ALTERNATIVE

"Son!" and Father's voice was stern-like,
"Mother's tired; I heard her sigh.
Now get to work and *wash* those dishes,
While Brother Sid can *dry*."

When Father spoke they knew 'twas useless
To try their task to shirk.
They rolled their sleeves up, looked quite mad,
But both boys went to work.

"When I'm a man," said Sid to Johnny,
"I will never wash a dish;
I'll play baseball; I'll shoot; I'll swim;
And every day I'll fish."

Said John, "Me, too; such work shall never
My peace and comfort mar!
Wash dishes? Well just catch me at it.
Why, I'druther go to WAR."

PRIMARY PIECES

A SERMON TO THE GROWN-UPS

(This is a dialogue for six little boys. The FIRST BOY must have a good clear voice as he is to act as the leader. Each of the SECOND, THIRD, FOURTH, FIFTH and SIXTH BOYS must have a block such as children play with, only larger, with his special letter printed on it. The blocks may be made of wooden boxes covered with white paper. Upon finishing his little recitation, each boy mounts his box. The leader stands a little to one side. If it be not convenient to secure the boxes, a good substitute will be found in pieces of white cardboard with the different letters printed on them. At the close of the Dialogue have the children hold up the letters in a row so that the audience may read the word, WATCH.)

1st Boy.—

We are such tiny little mites,
I think I hear you say
"What can these children have to tell
The grown-up folks to-day?"

Well, we've come to preach a sermon:
Now, first of all's the text;
It's very simple,—none of you
Need be the least perplexed.

PRIMARY PIECES

Our text is just the one word, WATCH.

And as each voice is weak,
You'll have to listen very hard,
And neither laugh nor speak.

We shall not be long-winded.
Ere you've a chance to doze,
Why, "Finally, my brethren," will bring
The sermon to a close.

2nd Boy.—

When Sunday comes, our minister,
So very carefully,
Divides his sermon into heads;
And we have five you see.

The first head,—it's a W.
It stands for WORDS I say.
Be careful, all you grown-up folks,
To WATCH your WORDS each day.

3rd Boy.—

Ho, here I come! I'm bringing A,—
For ACTIONS. It comes next.
And you must surely WATCH them well,
To live up to our text.

You must not ever cheat or steal,
For that would never do;
A good example you must set
To us, by being true.

PRIMARY PIECES

4th Boy.—

There's something else that you must
WATCH,—

Yes, WATCH most carefully,—
And that's your TIME, and that is why
I now shall add a T.

For lazy people are no good;
You'll ever find that true;
And mischief's always lying round
For idle hands to do.

5th Boy.—

Now comes a most important head,—
And 'tis the longest one,—
Your CHARACTERS, they must be
WATCHED
From rise till set of sun.

It is not what folks *think* we are,
Who meet us day by day,
'Tis what we really *are* that counts,
No matter what they say.

6th Boy.—

Our HABITS make us good or ill,—
The things we do each day,—
So watch your HABITS if you'd be
Good citizens, we say.

PRIMARY PIECES

Bad HABITS grow just like a weed,—
Now WATCH what you're about,—
Or else you'll find the bad, rank weeds
Have choked the good seed out.

1st Boy.—

That's everything we have to say.
We've finished now, dear friends.
Remember,—take it all to heart,
'Tis thus our sermon ends.

SUSPICIOUS OF SISTER

Says my sister Bessie to me one day,
"You're a nice little boy, you are so.
Your hair is smooth and your teeth are clean.
You're the bestest kid 'at I know."

Now wasn't that funny? for sister Bess
Never says such nice things to me.
She's generally scolding and telling my ma;
She's eighteen, I'm seven, don't you see?
So I felt quite grand and sort of puffed up,
Till into my head came a thought,—
A message, I bet you, Sis wants me to run,—
And says I, "If it's upstairs, I'm not!"

PRIMARY PIECES

WHAT IS THE BABY'S NAME?

I'm Nanna's own Peach Blossom,
I'm Mamma's Precious Lamb,
I'm Uncle 'Eo's Sweetheart,
And Grandpa's Strawberry Jam.

Nen I'm Aunt Ella's Rosebud,
And my Daddy's Darling Girl;
I have so many names, that they
Des keep me in a whirl.

I'm Brudder's own Lamb Baby,
And Sister's Sweet Rose Petal;
But Auntie Dottie laughs and says
'At I'm her old Stew Kettle.

ENGLISH—AS MARY SPOKE IT

Oh, she was fair and very lovely,
An angel child was Mary
To look at. All who saw her said
"What a charming little Fairy!"

But alas! wee Mary had a voice
That was like an old bass drum,
And when she spoke the people stared
With wonderment struck dumb.

One day, "I seen a Robin, Teacher!"
The children heard her cry,
"I *saw* a robin, dear!" said Teacher,
"Oh, did you? So did I!"

PRIMARY PIECES

BOBBY'S ANSWER

"Who's that in the pantry?" said Mother quite sharply;

"I've heard that noise now, once or twice.
Is anyone touching my fresh jar of cookies,
Rich with raisins and currants and spice?"

No voice made reply, and Mother, impatient,
Asked the very same question once more,
Then scared half to death was little, wee Bobby,
A-crouching behind the dark door.

Silence reigned. Not a sound was heard in the
pantry.

'Twas so still, you could hear a pin fall.
Then a thin little voice piped up in the darkness,
"Des us cookies, dear Mamma, dat's all!"

A MIMIC BATTLE

Bang, Bang! you're dead! Bang, Bang, Bang, Bang!
Stop laffin' and die, can't you, Eh?
I've shot you in several places at once,
Stop laffin' and die, I say.

You are so,—dead! Bang, Bang! take that!
You won't be a German! Aw, Why?
Wasn't I an old German yesterday?
Gwan, be a good scout, and die!

PRIMARY PIECES
THE BOYS' BRIGADE

Left, Right! Left, Right! Heads up, Boys!
March on! March on! Make a nawful noise!
Tramp, Tramp! Stamp your feet! Scare the Enemy!
March on! March on! on to Liberty!

I wish we had a million boys, 'stead of three or four,
The scuttle helps a little and the garbage can some
more,

And if the broom would stand alone, it would do
for one,

But it topples over every time that anyone fires
a gun.

I wish this was a Orphans' Home, then there'd be
lots of kids,

We could have a line of soldiers, with the very
same kind of lids,

And suits and things and boots and all, wouldn't
they look des fine?

We wouldn't need the garbage can and the scuttle
to finish the line.

Left, Right! Left, Right! Heads up, Boys!
March on, March on, Make a nawful noise!
Tramp, Trainp! Stamp your feet! Scare the Enemy!
March on! March on! on to Liberty!

NOTE.—Instead of a Recitation, this may be given as a Drill. Choose a very small boy with a loud, clear voice to recite. Three or four other boys form the Company. Be sure and have a coal scuttle and the garbage can, each decorated with a flag, in line and if the broom can be induced to stand up, add it to the line. Each boy carries a flag.

PRIMARY PIECES

MY RAGGEDY DOLL

My dear 'ittle Raggedy Dolly,

I love you more'n tongue can tell;

Des tuddle wight up to your muvver,

My dear 'ittle Gwendolyn Nell.

Bob say 'at your ink eyes are all bleary,

And they're not drawed straight in your head,

But tuddle wight up to your muvver,

Don't you tare what that naughty Bob said.

Belle goes to the Lillian Massey School,

She knows all about germs and disease

And dirt,—and what do you think she wants?

To burn up my doll, if you please!

My folks couldn't quite understand it,

Why I made such a fuss over you,

So they buyed me a beautiful dolly,

Her eyes were the bluest of blue.

Her cheeks they were quite a rich crimson,

Her lips were as red as a rose,

Her d'ess was of silk and her pettiskirt, too,

And all of the rest of her clothes.

She's an awful fine doll in the *daytime*,

But when Mamma has tucked us up tight,

And we've bofe said our prayers, and the room is
all dark,

That dolly won't tuddle up tight.

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She knows 'at I'm scared in the darkness,
I b'lieve if a million black men,
And a effulent, too, came in and roared, "BOO!"
She'd not tuddle up tight even then.

And if a big wolf in the blackness,
Came and grabbed me from under the bed,
No tomfort she'd be with her scarey blue eyes,
And her beautiful cheeks rosy red.

So when I fell scarey and creepy,
Bob says, "Such nonsense and folly!"
If your nose ain't drawn straight and your mouth
is a-wry,
You're my tomfortin', tuddley dolly.

A PRANCING STEED

Giddap! Giddap! old Horse of mine! we'll take a
fierce wild ride,

Giddap! Giddap! you're lazy, and a balky horse beside.

Ah! that's the way to do it, you're not a bad old
toff!

Whoa, Boy! Look out! My goodness, you nearly
bounced me off!

I'm glad you're not a slow old nag, Giddap, Giddap,
I say!

Oh, isn't this the jolliest ride we've had for many a
day?

PRIMARY PIECES

I'd rather ride this horse of mine than wear a King's
gold crown,

Good Boy! you're just as fresh as when we started
out from town.

I never have to comb your mane, your sides I never
curry,

I never have to water you nor o'er your feed to
worry.

You never, never run away, you stay just where
you're put,

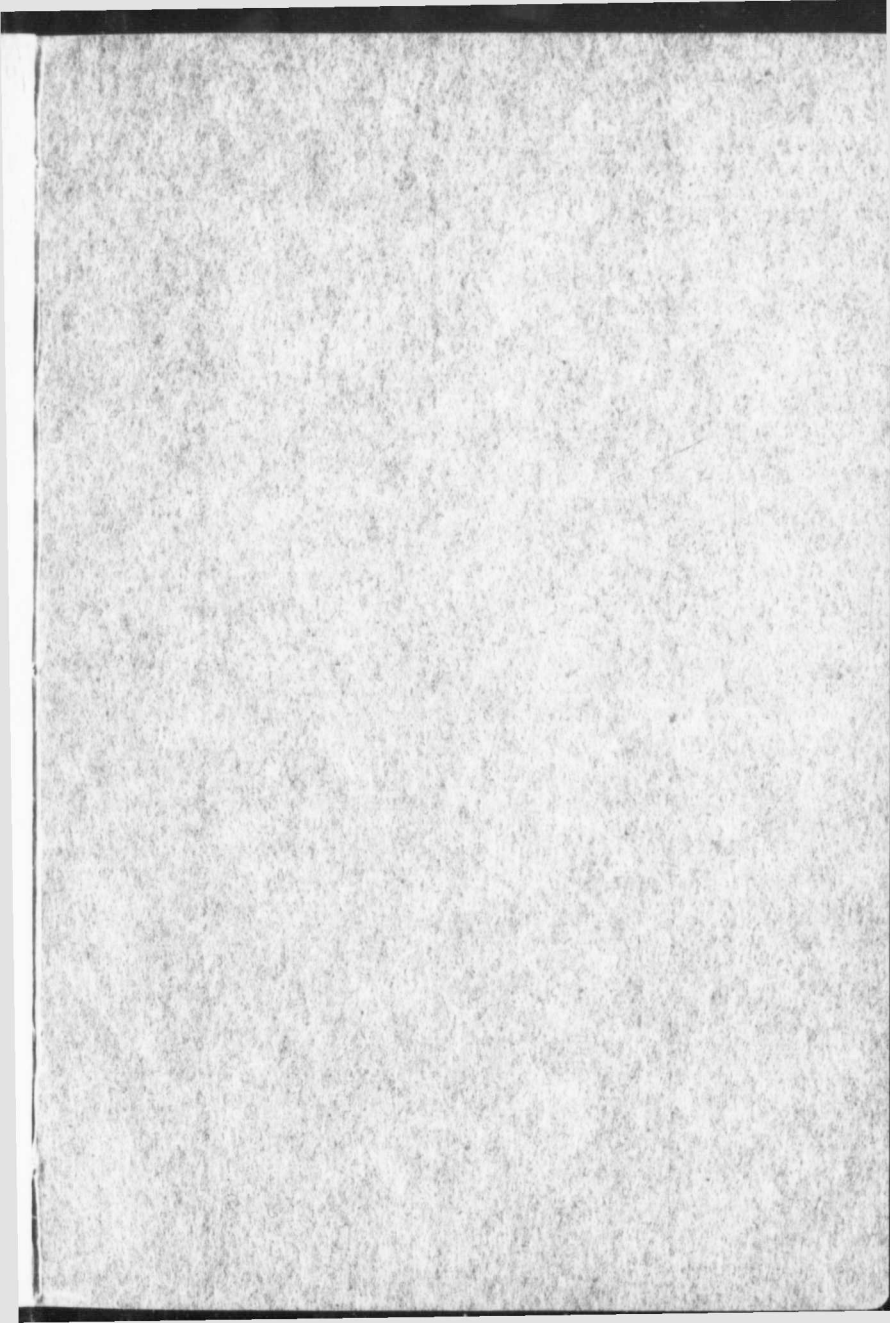
My prancing, dancing bounding steed, so very fleet
of foot.

You never saw a stable, nor ever will I ween,
Your home is in the orchard, where all is fresh and
green.

You're a twisted, gnarled and hoary limb of an apple-
tree that's there,

But when I mount astride your back there's nothing
we'll not dare.

I'll never, never sell you, my noble steed and true,
When childish cares press heavy, why, I'll take a ride
on you.



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