

LET us FORM A RING

AN
ACORN HILL
ANTHOLOGY



LET US FORM A RING

— an Acorn Hill anthology
of songs, verses, and
stories for children

Edited by Nancy Foster
Illustrated by Carol Petrash

Acorn Hill Children's Center
9504 Brunett Avenue
Silver Spring, MD 20901

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Foreword	i
A Word about the Use of Circle Plays and Fairy Tale Songs	ii
Autumn	1
Winter	14
Spring/Summer	25
Anytime	31
Birthdays	36
Mealtime.....	38
Bedtime	40
Storytime (Fairy Tale Songs; Stories)	44
Acknowledgments	68

FOREWORD

Twenty-five years ago Acorn Hill opened its doors for the first time, welcoming five children to its basement home located on a small knoll where an oak tree grew. One of those original children joined our faculty several years ago and has just "retired" to await the arrival of her own first child. This indeed gives us a sense of the passage of time! On our present site, which we have occupied since 1977, we find ourselves once again on a hill where children and squirrels busily gather acorns each fall.

During these 25 years it has been our good fortune to have touched, and been touched by, the lives of many, many children and their families. As we have continued our striving to deepen our work in Waldorf education, we have tried to reach out as well to other Waldorf kindergarten teachers, and we have felt very much enriched by the contacts we have made. We are grateful for the strength which comes from the sharing which can take place among all those concerned with the nurturing of the young child.

It is in this spirit that we offer this informal anthology of songs, verses, and stories for young children. We hope it will be of use to both parents and teachers, though some sections may be of interest more to one group or the other. Circle plays and fairy tale songs, for example, will belong more in the kindergarten, while bedtime verses are more likely to be used in the home.

This collection, which is quite eclectic in nature, contains material which we feel is of an artistic quality worthy of the young child. Some of the music is pentatonic, some is in the mood of the fifth, and some is based on folk melodies. For those who are particularly interested in working with the mood of the fifth, we have indicated such songs (to the best of our current understanding!) with a •, either next to the title or, in the case of circle plays, at the beginning of the first line of each song.

I would like to thank colleagues near and far who have given permission for use of material (for specific acknowledgments, please see page 68), and the Acorn Hill faculty for their support and advice. Special thanks goes to Carol Petrash for her drawings and to Jack Petrash for lettering. Wherever possible, I have indicated the source of material. For songs, the composer of words is given on the left, and of music on the right. In some cases, I did not know the source; if anyone can supply missing information, I would be grateful. Meanwhile, may you all enjoy what is offered here.

Nancy Foster, Editor
Spring 1989

A note for the 1998 edition: It is heartwarming to realize that there is still interest in the Anthology, even after nearly a decade of being in print. This is evidence of the ongoing growth of the Waldorf kindergarten movement, and a cause for rejoicing. May we continue to deepen our work with music and gesture, so important to the growth of the young child!

A WORD ABOUT THE USE OF CIRCLE PLAYS. . .

The circle plays which I have written or compiled and have included in this anthology are presented simply as songs and verses, without indications as to movement and gesture or other directions for use. It seemed that it would be too complicated to attempt this, and in any case it is really best that each teacher work these things through for himself or herself.

It might be helpful to mention, however, that each song or verse in a circle play should generally be repeated, at least once, and possibly more when the play is still new to the children, in order to give them a chance to enter into the music or words and gestures. Otherwise it goes by so fast that they become lost and frustrated.

It is also often a good idea to introduce the play gradually over a period of several days or a week, so that the children are not confronted with too much new material to digest at once. This is not to be done in the conscious way of "teaching" something new, as in a rehearsal; rather, the new material can be gradually incorporated into what has already become familiar. Then as more new material is added, the old can be left off until the children are fully "in" the entire circle play. How this is specifically worked out by the teacher will depend, of course on the age of the children in the group.

Finally, it should be said that these circle plays are not offered as "finished products;" I find that I keep re-working them as I learn more about this way of carrying out a circle. They are offered, rather, as working models, to encourage teachers to try them and above all to try to compose their own! The "Orchard Circle Play," which is not in the mood of the fifth, is an example of how one can use already-existing material on a theme, unifying it into a circle play by means of connecting rhymes.

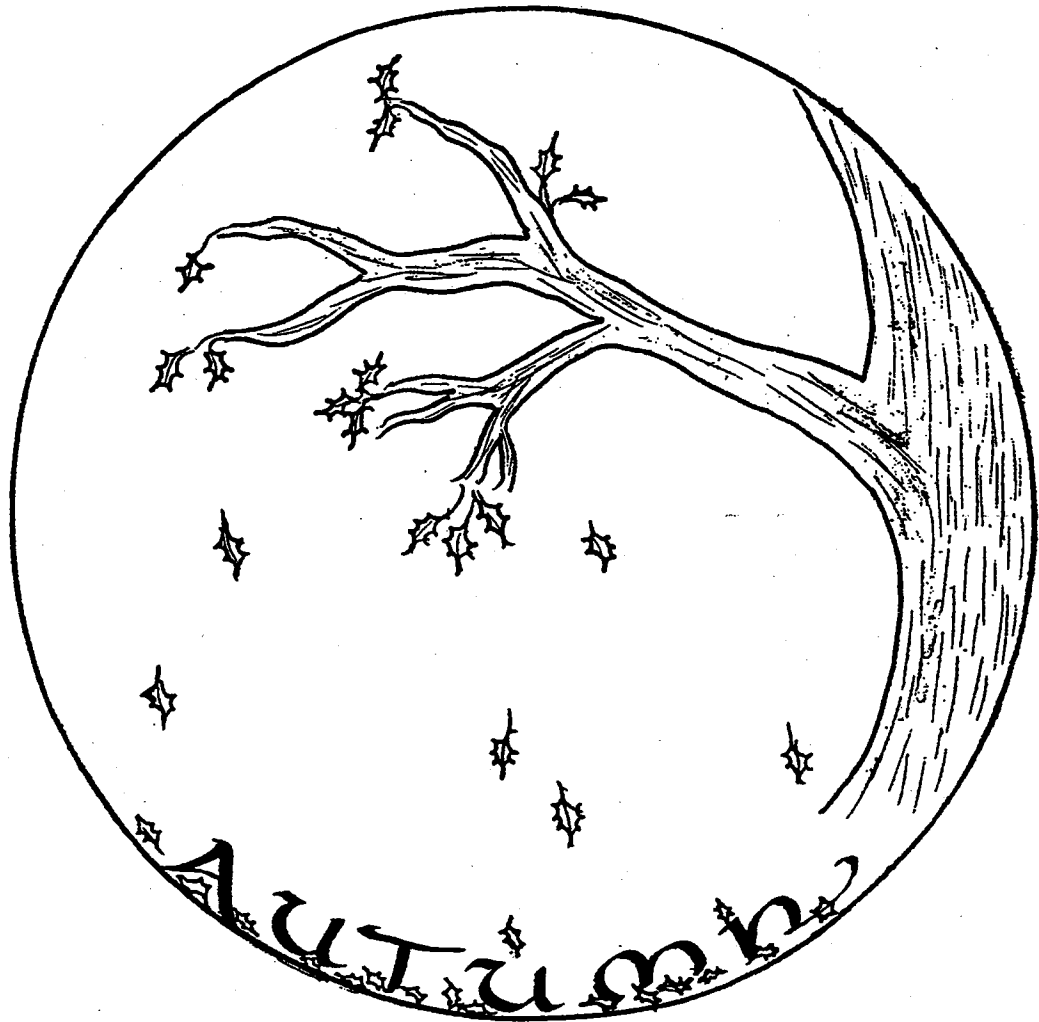
AND FAIRY TALE SONGS. . .

"Mother of the Fairy Tale" is intended for singing at the beginning of story time, to set the mood for the experience and to help build a bridge into the dream consciousness of listening to a fairy tale.

Most of the other fairy tale songs are meant to be sung at the end of the story. They serve in a way to summarize the story, and, most important, to provide a transition back out of the fairy tale consciousness. In this way, the story is framed by music.

The music for "Snow White and Rose Red," on the other hand, was intended to be used at the beginning of a marionette play, while the songs for 'Spindle, Shuttle, and Needle' and 'The Elves and the Shoemaker' are sung in the appropriate places in the stories.

Nancy Foster



ORCHARD CIRCLE PLAY

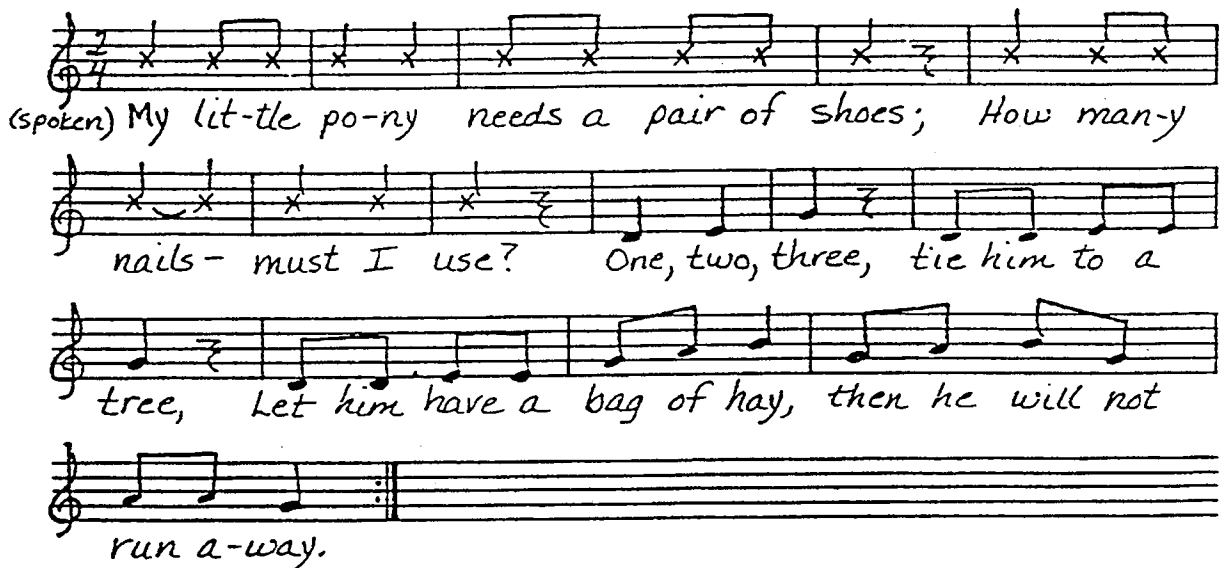
— compiled by Nancy Foster

(Unless otherwise indicated,
verses are by Nancy Foster.)

The sun is shining, the sky is blue —
Let's go to the orchard; you come along too.

But first call our pony, so strong and so true;
He'll pull the wagon —that he can do.

But look — he comes limping so slowly along!
Let's look at his foot and see what is wrong.



(spoken) My lit-tle po-ny needs a pair of shoes; How man-y
nails - must I use? One, two, three, tie him to a
tree, Let him have a bag of hay, then he will not
run a-way.

The musical notation consists of four staves. The first staff has a treble clef, a 2/4 time signature, and a key signature of one flat. It contains a sequence of notes with 'x' marks above them, indicating a spoken part. The second and third staves contain a melody with lyrics underneath. The fourth staff contains a melody with a double bar line and repeat dots, followed by the lyrics 'run a-way.'

Now here comes the blacksmith with hammer and tong;
He'll fit a new horseshoe —it won't take him long.

traditional Dutch

I am a black-smith good and true, Best of work I
 al-ways do, All-day long my ham-mers go, Cling-ing,
 cling-ing, clang-ing so, A-rick-et-y dick-et-y dick-et-y
 dick, A-rick-et-y dick-et-y dick-et-y dick.

So off to the orchard together we'll go.
 Come along, pony, don't be too slow!

N. Foster

N. Foster

Gal-lop-ing, gal-lop-ing, here we go, Off to the orch-ard,
 don't be slow!

Here stands a good apple tree.
 Stand fast at root,
 Bear well at top,
 Every little twig, bear an apple big;
 Every little bough, bear an apple now.
 Hats full! Caps full!
 Three-score sacks full!
 Hello, boys, hello!

(traditional English)

Up in the green orch-ard there is a green tree, The fin-est of
 ap-ples you ev-er did see, The ap-ples are ripe and read-y to
 fall, And here is a bask-et to gath-er them all. La-la-la-la,
 La-la-la-la, La-la-la la-la-la-la-la-la-la!

Now home with our apples to mother we'll go;
 We'll show her how rosy and ripe they glow.

N. Foster
 Gal-lap-ing, gal-lap-ing, here we go, Home to moth-er,
 don't be slow!

(Here you may insert a description of giving the
 apples to mother, polishing them, etc.)

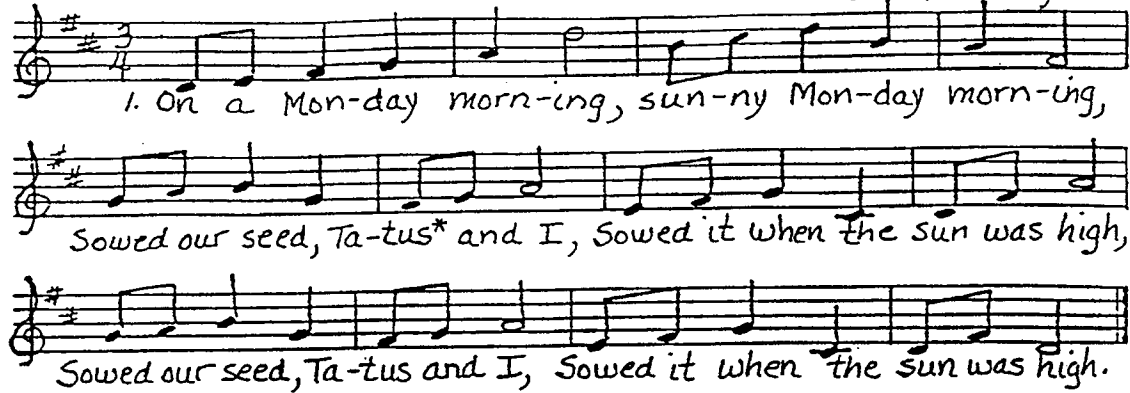
My nice red rosy apple has a secret midst unseen;
 You'd see if you could slip inside, five rooms so neat and clean.
 In each room there are hiding two seeds so shining bright;
 Asleep they are and dreaming of lovely warm sunlight.
 And sometimes they are dreaming of many things to be —
 How some day they'll be hanging upon a Christmas tree.

(Traditional)



Haying Circle Play

Polish folk song



1. On a Mon-day morn-ing, sun-ny Mon-day morn-ing,
Sowed our seed, Ta-tus* and I, Sowed it when the sun was high,
Sowed our seed, Ta-tus and I, Sowed it when the sun was high.

* pronounced Ta-toosh' -
Polish for "father"

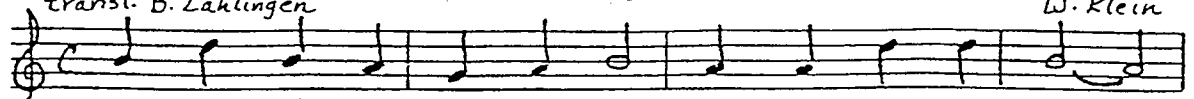
(verse 1 - large, sweeping sowing gesture)

2. On a Tuesday morning, sunny Tuesday morning,
Mowed our hay, Tatus and I,
Mowed it when the sun was high ...
(large, rhythmical cutting of the scythe)
3. On a Wednesday morning...
Dried our hay, Tatus and I...
(bend from waist, reach down to gather
hay then toss it high)
4. On a Thursday morning...
Raked our hay, Tatus and I...
(large, rhythmical raking gesture)
5. On a Friday morning...
Hauled our hay, Tatus and I...
(scoop up hay in arms, then drop it into "wagon").
6. On a Saturday morning...
Sold our hay, Tatus and I...
(offer hay in outstretched arms)
7. On a Sunday morning...
Bowed our heads, Tatus and I,
Thanked the Lord who dwells on high...
(bow heads, fold hands or cross arms in gratitude)

Mill Song

transl. B. Zahlingen

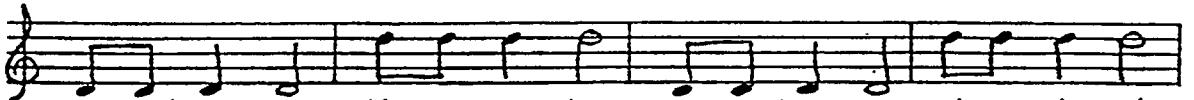
W. Klein



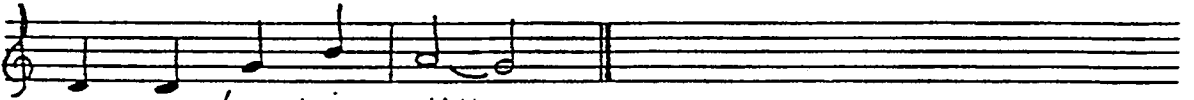
1. Blow, wind, blow and go, mill, go, Up on yon-der hill—,



That the wings may turn a-round, Nev-er stand-ing still—,



Clip-pet-y clap, clip-pet-y clap, Clip-pet-y clap, clip-pet-y clap,



Nev-er stand-ing still—.

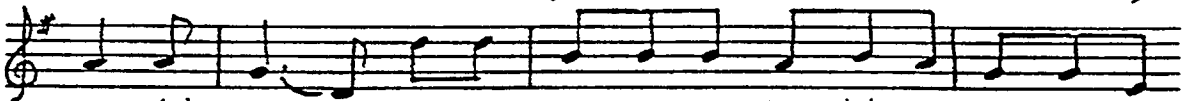
2. Rushing streamlet, turn the wheel
Of the water mill,
Let the miller grind the grain
For my sacks to fill.
Clippety-clap...(etc.)
For my sacks to fill.

Blow, Wind, Blow

Slovak folk song



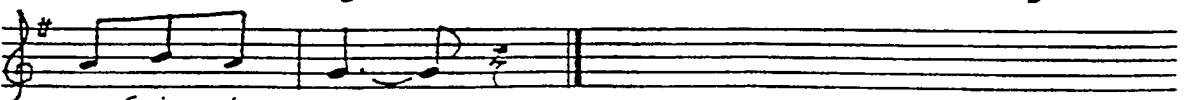
Blow, wind, blow, and go, mill, go! That the mil-ler may



grind his corn—, That the bak-er may take it and in-to bread



bake it, And bring us a loaf in the morn—, And bring us a



loaf in the morn—.

HARVEST VERSES by Bronja Zahlingen

We're champing, we're champing,
We champ and we neigh,
To bring in the barley
As well as the hay.

We're threshing, we're threshing,
We're threshing the wheat;
We're threshing, we're threshing —
There'll be plenty to eat!

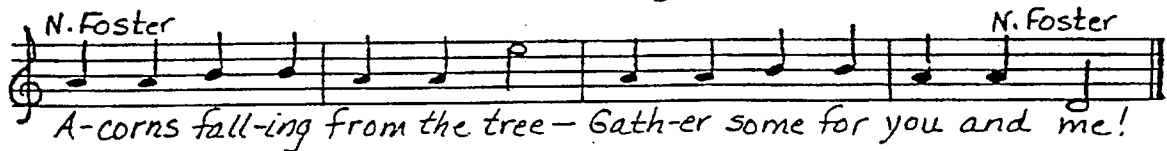
(adapted by Nancy Foster)

Miller, miller, miller true,
Here's a sack of grain for you.
Is the miller not at home?
Closed the latch of the door?
Throw your sacks down on the floor! (repeat: then —)

Miller, miller, miller true,
Here's a sack of grain for you.
Yes, the miller is within:
"Pour your grain into the mill,
I'll grind it to flour
Your sacks for to fill."

Grind the grain, grind, my mill,
Make the flour, and now stand still.

• *Acorns Falling*



Harvest Circle Song

Traditional



One man shall mow my mead-ow — , Two men shall
gath-er it to- geth-er — , Two men, one man
and one dog shall shear my lambs, my ewes and rams — ,
And gath-er my grain to- geth-er — .

MERRY AUTUMN

Autumn is a merry fellow,
Wearing russet clothes.
When his cloak of red and yellow
On the ground he throws,
All the fruits grow ripe and mellow;
Ev'ry empty barn o'erflows
With the grain that he garners as he goes.

(May Morgan)

THE APPLES

"What hue shall my apples be?"
Asked the little apple tree.
"That is easy to decide;
Have them green," the grasses cried.

But the crimson roses said,
"We should like to have them red,"
While the dandelions confessed
Yellow seemed to them the best.

When the apples all were ripe,
Many wore a yellow stripe.
Some were red and some were seen
Dressed in coats of softest green.

(Lee Burns)

The Journey of the Leaves

Homer H. Harbour German folk-song

1. "Come a-way," sang the riv-er To the leaves on a tree;
"Let me take you a jour-ney If the world you would see."

The musical notation consists of two staves in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is simple and consists of quarter and eighth notes.

2. So the leaves gently falling
From the tree on the shore
Flowed away on the river
To come home never more.

• Little Cricket

N. Foster N. Foster

Lit-tle crick-et, black and shin-y, Sing-ing all the day,
Lit-tle crick-et, black and shin-y, Tell me what you say.
"Sum-mers o-ver, win-ter's com-ing, Soon it will be cold!"
Lit-tle crick-et, black and shin-y, That is what you say.

The musical notation consists of four staves in treble clef with a common time signature (C). The melody is simple and consists of quarter and eighth notes.

Lantern Song

M. Meyerkort N. Foster

The sun-light fast is dwind-ling, My lit-tle lamp needs
kind-ling, Its beam shines far in dark-est night, Dear lan-tern,
guard me with your light.

The musical notation consists of three staves in treble clef with a 6/8 time signature. The melody is simple and consists of quarter and eighth notes.

LATE AUTUMN CIRCLE

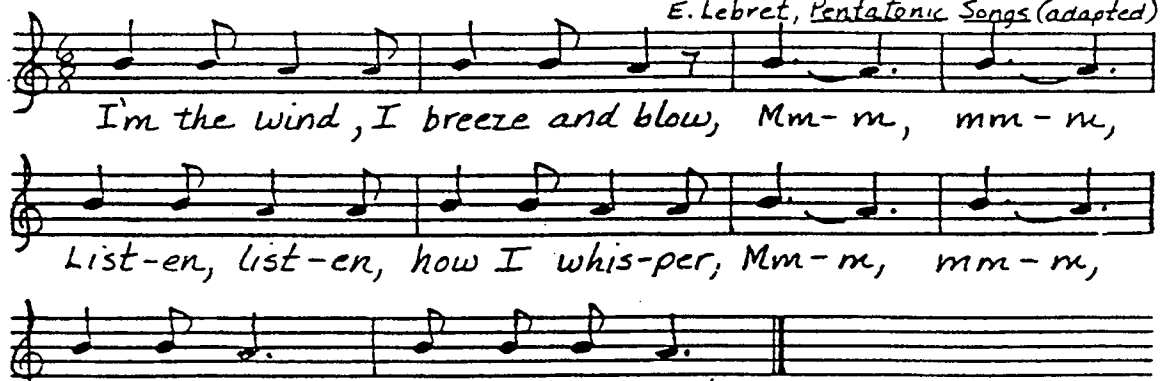
— compiled by Nancy Foster

(Unless otherwise indicated, words of songs are by König, Klein, or Diestel, as translated by Joan Almon. Verses and music, unless otherwise indicated, are by Nancy Foster.)

Let's go walking in the wood
On this windy autumn day;
Through the leaves of red and gold
Let us dance and sing and play.

Shh — what is it? What can it be?
The wind is blowing in every tree!

E. Lebret, Pentatonic Songs (adapted)

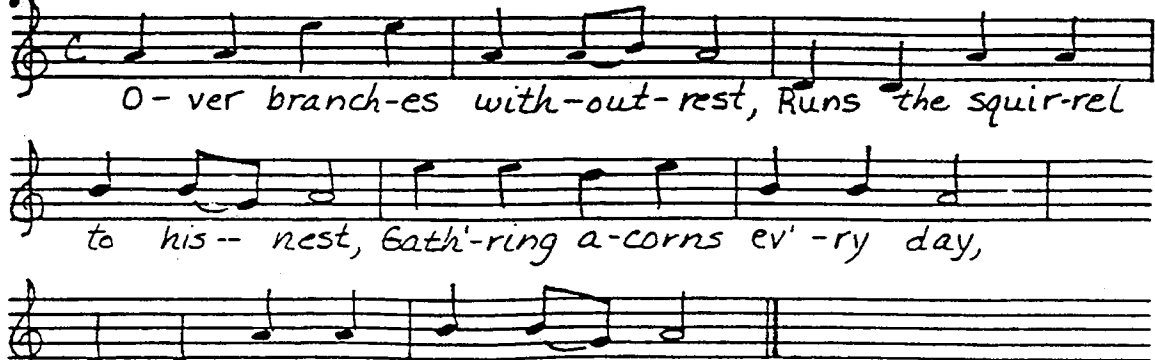


*I'm the wind, I breeze and blow, Mm-m, mm-m,
List-en, list-en, how I whis-per, Mm-m, mm-m,
In the tree, list-en to me!*

The wind is blowing to and fro,
The leaves are falling down;
The winter's snow is on its way,
The light of day is gone.

(Wynstones)

But who comes here on scampering feet,
Looking for acorns and nuts to eat?



*O-ver branch-es with-out-rest, Runs the squir-rel
to his-- nest, Gath'-ring a-corns ev'-ry day,
Safe for win-ter stored a-way.*

Let's go walking. . .

Shh — what is it? . . .

(song) I am the wind. . .

Let's go walking. . .

Shh — what is it? . . .

(song) I am the wind. . .



Repeat, as above

Autumn winds are sighing
Stealing through the forest brown,
As they softly pass the trees
Little leaves come floating down.
But a stronger gale is blowing —
Then the leaves themselves
Rise and dance about the forest
Just like little elves.
Faster, faster see them whirling
Till the gale is past;
One by one the tired leaflets
Sink to rest at last.

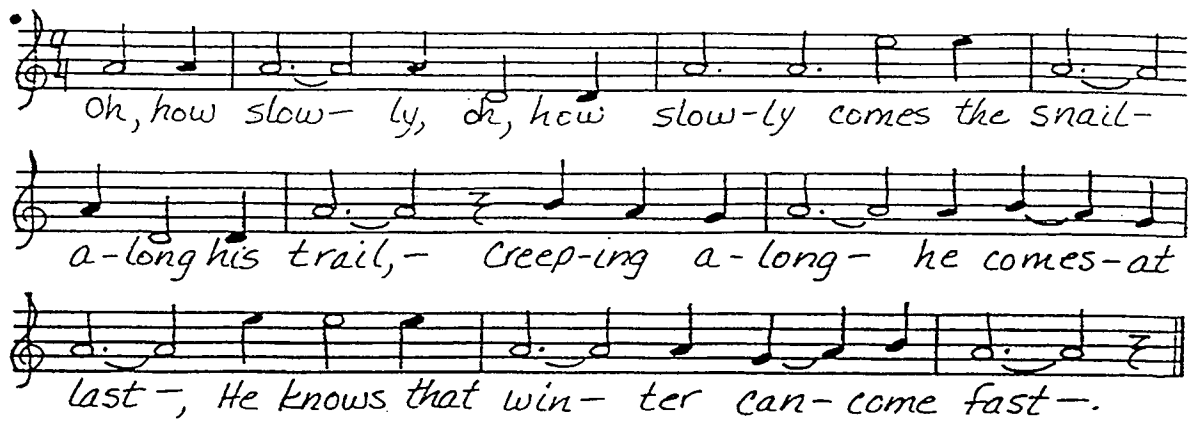
(Wynstones)

Sleep, lit-tle leaves all red and brown, Sleep, lit-tle
leaves at rest - .

Now we'll go on tiptoe through the leaves so gay;
Who's that little creature scurrying away?

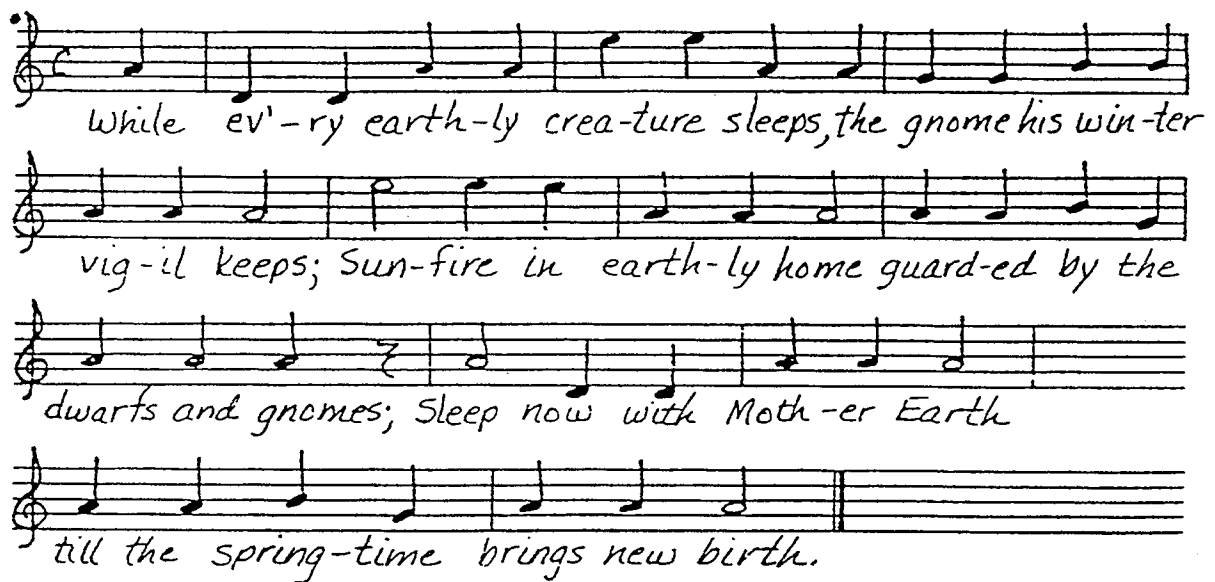
Mis-ter Chip-munk scur-ries a-way Through the leaves so
red-and gay; where will he sleep for win-ter's rest?
In his co-zy lit-tle nest.

Here we find a tiny trail;
Who comes along? It's Mr. Snail.



Oh, how slow-ly, oh, how slow-ly comes the snail-
 a-long his trail,- Creep-ing a-long- he comes-at
 last-, He knows that win-ter can-come fast-.

Then at last the wind is still;
 Homeward now we're wending.
 Creatures all in winter homes
 Mother Earth is tending.



While ev'-ry earth-ly crea-ture sleeps, the gnome his win-ter
 vig-il keeps; Sun-fire in earth-ly home guard-ed by the
 dwarfs and gnomes; Sleep now with Moth-er Earth
 till the spring-time brings new birth.

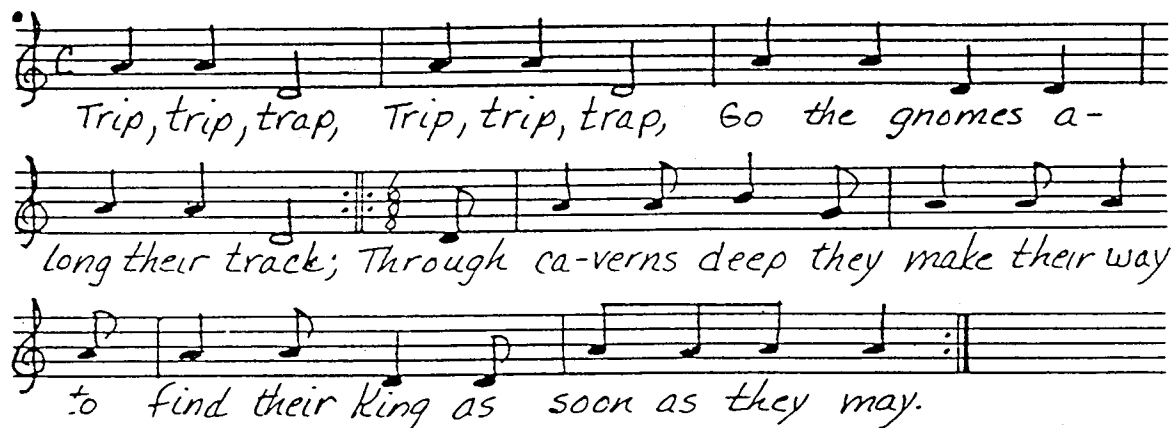
Mother Earth, so great and wise,
 Soon will snow fall from the skies;
 Keep your children safe from cold
 In your mantle's flowing fold.



LATE AUTUMN CIRCLE - EXTENDED

(This circle is meant to be inserted before the final verse of the Late Autumn Circle, which should be shortened gradually as aspects of this extension are added. Words of this extension are mostly by Nancy Foster, with a few adaptations from Wynstones included. Music is by Nancy Foster.)

.... The gnomes now take their little sacks,
Clip and clap, upon their backs.



*Trip, trip, trap, Trip, trip, trap, Go the gnomes a-
long their track; Through ca-vern's deep they make their way
to find their King as soon as they may.*

Dear King; the autumn winds are blowing,
To winter's rest the snail is going.
Have you now a task for gnomes
Before we polish our crystal stones?

Now speaks the King so old and wise
To all his gnomes so true:

"Good gnomes, there is some work to do,
For yonder on the earth, I know,
Winter comes and cold winds blow.
Your task is now with seeds so small,
To see them safely in this hall
Away from Jack Frost who would do them harm—
Mother Earth awaits them."

Their little lanterns now they take
And through the world their journey make.



*Glim-mer, lan-tern, glim-mer, Lit-tle stars a-shim-mer.
(repeat several times)*

Little seeds, now look out —
 Jack Frost is about!
 Oh, come now to dear Mother Earth;
 She will keep you so warm
 And guard you from harm,
 Till the spring sun brings you new birth.

Gently the gnomes now gather the seeds
 Into their little sacks;
 And then they take their little sacks
 Clip and clap, upon their backs.

Song: Trip, trip, trap (as above)

Now speaks the King so old and wise
 To all the little seeds:

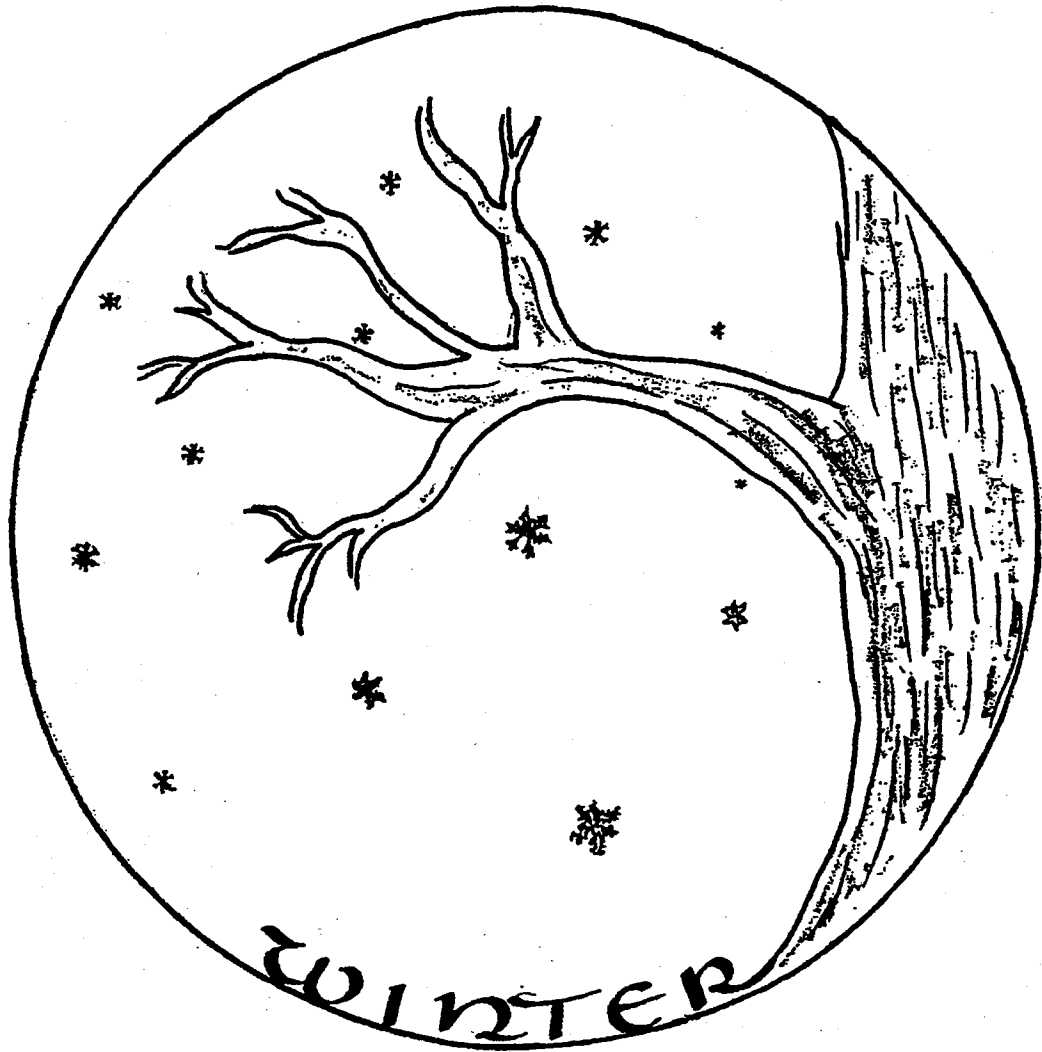
"Now down you all come to dear Mother Earth,
 It is time for your winter's rest.
 So sleep, little seeds, all the cold winter long,
 Sink quietly, gently to rest."

M. Meyerkort (adapted)

1. Gold-en Sun is - go - ing down to seek his - win - ter
 all a - round is - dark and still with - in the - win - ter
 throne; - Far and wide the - seeds now sleep, my -
 night, The sun will rise with - in my heart and -
 gard - en - is a - lone; 2. when
 shine a - warm - er light.

Mother Earth, so great and wise,
 Soon will snow fall from the skies;
 Keep your children safe from cold
 In your mantle's flowing fold.





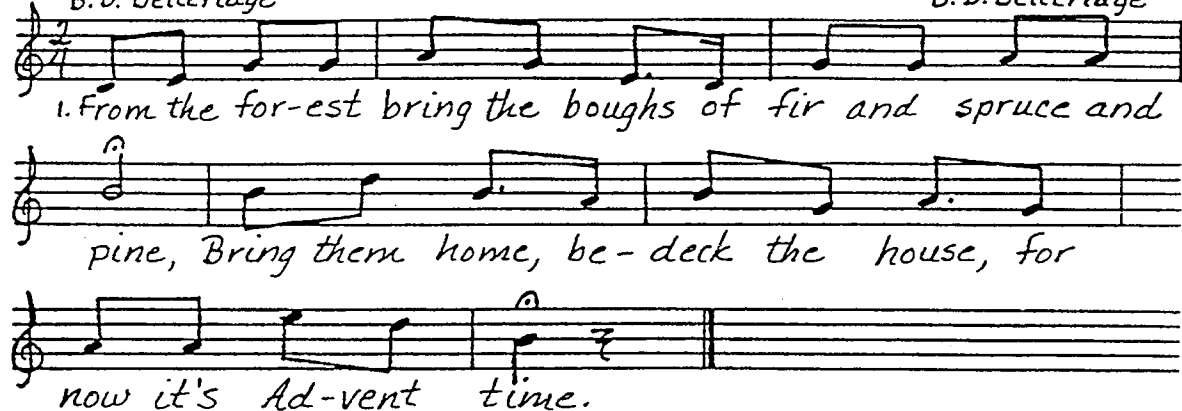
ADVENT VERSE

We light a candle shining clear,
Eternal light may enter here,
That shineth in the holy night
To make us children of the light.

(J. E. Kral)

Advent

B. D. Betteridge B. D. Betteridge



1. From the for-est bring the boughs of fir and spruce and
pine, Bring them home, be-deck the house, for
now it's Ad-vent time.

2. Light the candles one by one,
Count off the days in rhyme,
Ev'ry day a task well done,
For now it's Advent time.
3. On the hearth a fire lay
Of oak and yew and pine,
Drive the winter chill away,
For now it's time Advent time.
4. Tune the fiddle and the flute,
Oh, let the music chime,
Sing we all, let none be mute,
For now it's Advent time.
5. Come, O Christ Child, do Thy part,
Thy creche awaits Thee here,
Enter Thou as well my heart,
For now is Christmas near.

Hark, Children

from B. Zaklengen

Hark- child-ren, sweet- mu-sic, like of an-gels that
sing, Fly-ing high and fly-ing low - mak-ing
sil- ver- bells- ring.

The musical notation consists of three staves in 3/4 time. The melody is written in treble clef. The lyrics are written below the notes.

St. Nicholas

N. Foster

N. Foster

Nich-o-las, St. Nich-o-las, Come to us to-day,
Ride up-on your white horse from far, far a-way, Fine.
Bring us gold-en trea-sure, Fill our hearts with love,
Read-y for the Christ Child Com-ing from a-bove. D.C. al Fine.

The musical notation consists of four staves in 7/8 time. The melody is written in treble clef. The lyrics are written below the notes. The piece ends with a double bar line and the instruction 'D.C. al Fine.'

• Shepherds Sleeping

M. Winship

M. Winship

Shep-herds, shep-herds soft-ly sleep-ing On the
hill-side by their sheep, while a-bove the watch they're
keep-ing An-gel song doth fill the deep.

The musical notation consists of three staves in 3/4 time. The melody is written in treble clef. The lyrics are written below the notes. The piece ends with a double bar line.

• Three Kings

Wynstones N. Foster

Three Kings come rid-ing to fol-low a star, o-ver
moun-tain and val-ley and crag-, They tra-vel a-long
to a coun-try far, three gifts they have in their
bag-, Gold for a king as mer-ry we sing, and
in-cense to burn in the fire-, And myrrh for his
part-ing, in sor-row we sigh, And the lit-tle child
bids them come nigh-.

The musical score consists of seven staves of music in a single system. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style with a mix of quarter, eighth, and half notes. The lyrics are written in a cursive, handwritten font below the notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line on the seventh staff.

THE SNOWFLAKES

Waft we softly, lightly falling —
Leave the sky, for earth is calling!
Softly sift we o'er the mountains,
Fold the forest, fold the fountains.

Each of us a tiny star,
Sent to earth from heaven afar,
Weave a magic mantle even,
Soft and smooth as clouds in heaven.

(Barbara Betteridge)

SNOW

Silently, slowly, the snow falls down,
Silently, softly, over the town.

(Nancy Foster)

The North Wind Doth Blow *Traditional*

1. The North wind doth blow- and we shall have snow,
And- what will the rob-in do then, poor thing? He'll
sit in the barn- to keep him-self warm, And
hide his head un-der his wing- Ah! * Circle contracts.
** Circle expands.

2. The North wind doth blow, and we shall have snow,
And what will the swallow do then, poor thing?
Oh, do you not know he's gone long ago
To a country much warmer than ours - Ah!
3. The North wind doth blow, and we shall have snow,
And what will the dormouse do then, poor thing?
He's rolled up in a ball in his nest, oh so small,
He'll sleep till it's springtime again - Ah!

WINTER CIRCLE PLAY

— Unless otherwise indicated,
words and music are by
Nancy Foster

Here is the woodcutter, sturdy and strong;
With axe on his shoulder he strides along.

Woodcutter's footsteps are strong and are bold,
Logs he will cut in the winter wood cold.
Chip, chop, chip, chop,
Collect some wood for the winter cold.
Chip, chop, chip, chop,
Collect all the wood that the basket will hold.
(Wynstones)

Home I'll go with steps so bold, But the wind blows
strong and cold, who comes there through frost-y air with
robes of white and snow-white hair? King Win-ter's com-ing,
home I'll go, He'll bring us white and shin-ing snow.

The musical notation consists of four staves of music in C major, 4/4 time. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first staff ends with a double bar line. The second staff ends with a double bar line. The third staff has a key signature change to 6/8 time indicated by a '6' over the staff and a double bar line. The fourth staff ends with a double bar line and a 'to' symbol above the final note.

I am King Winter, wise and old,
I rule over forests frosty and cold.

"Chill and wintry is the air,
All the earth is cold and bare.
Sleeping now with Mother Earth,
Seeds and flow'rs await new birth."

Wynstones

King Win-ter now is in the land, He reigns- with cold and
 freez-ing hand, He makes Jack Frost touch rose and toe, And
 brings us white and shin- ing snow.

Now King Winter calls the snow
 To come and dance as cold winds blow:

"Now, my snowflakes, come to me,
 See this bare and lonely tree.
 Come and dance for his delight,
 Clothe him in the purest white."

Come, lit-tle snow-flakes, dance through the air —, Mak-ing the
 world- so pure- and fair —, Light- and bright —, spark-ling
 white —, Soft as the wings — of the dove- in flight —.

So silently, softly the snowflakes fly
 Down from the cold and darkening sky;
 Gently they whisper, soft as can be,
 To the bare and lonely tree:

"Now we'll give you, little tree,
 A lovely gift for all to see.
 When next the woodsman comes this way
 You'll shine in glistening white array."

Wynstones

The snow fell soft-ly in the night, All the world- was
 glist'-ning white, The an-gels from- the stars looked down
 On Moth-er Earth's new shin- ing gown, The moon- beams
 danced- down si- lent-ly And kissed- each spark-ling
 branch- and tree.

Woodcutter's footsteps. . . (as above)

He looks in wonder at the tree
 Covered with snow so beautifully:

Oh, where do you come from, you little flakes of snow,
 Falling, falling, softly falling on the earth below?
 On the trees and on the bushes, on the mountains afar —
 Snowflakes come to earth below, from where the angels are.

(Wynstones, adapted)

Now all is sleep-ing be-neath the snows, Till spring-time
 comes and new life grows.



DWARF CIRCLE PLAY

— Unless otherwise indicated,
words and music are by
Nancy Foster

Who is this I hear (rhythm: ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩)
Deep down in the earth ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩
Hacking and cracking the rocks and the stones? ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩)
(Wynstones, adapted)

1

Is it the wind so strong and free, Sing-ing through
branch-es of ev'-ry tree?

No, it's not the wind!

Who is this I hear. . . (as above)

2

Is it the squirrel on scamp'-ring feet,
Searchi-ing for a-corns and nuts to eat?

No, it's not the squirrel!

Who is this I hear. . . (as above)

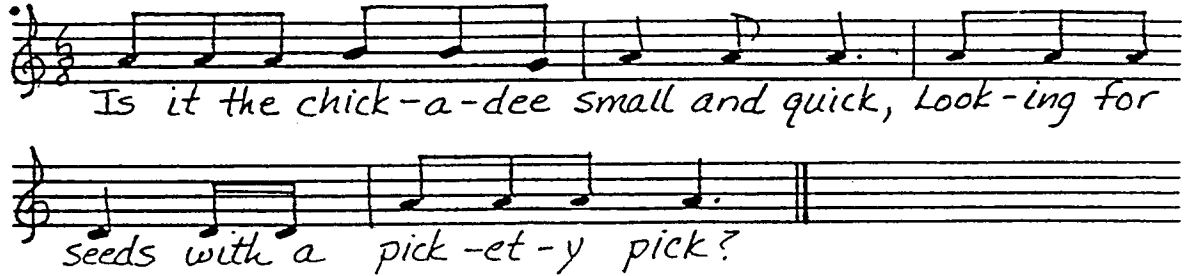
3

Is it gi-ants big and strong, As they march and
stride a-long?

No, it's not the giants!

Who is this I hear. . . (as above)

4



Is it the chick-a-dee small and quick, Look-ing for
seeds with a pick-et-y pick?

No, it's not the chickadee!

Then let us see — who can it be?

Behold the dwarfs inside the hill —
Their tiny hammers are never still.
They sing and work deep underground,
And as they tap the rocks resound:

Crack, crack, the rock we hack.
Quake, quake, the mountains shake.
Bang, bang, our hammers clang.
In caverns old we seek the gold.
(Wynstones)



WINTER TEA-TIME

Wash the dishes,
Wipe the dishes,
Ring the bell for tea;
Three good wishes,
Three good kisses —
Thank you for my tea!

(Nursery Rhyme)

Polly Put the Kettle On

Traditional

Pol-ly put the ket-tle on, Pol-ly put the ket-tle on,
Pol-ly put the ket-tle on, We'll all have tea!
Su-key take it off a-gain, Su-key take it off a-gain,
Su-key take it off a-gain, They've all gone a-way!

The musical notation is written on four staves in G major (one sharp) and 4/8 time. The melody is simple and repetitive, with lyrics written below each staff.

Sleep, You Little Willow

Schweden, transl. B. Zaklingen, adapted by N. Foster

Sählmann

Sleep, you lit-tle wil-low, The win-ter is so long, A-
sleep are field and mead-ow, No rob-in sings a song, The
spring will soon be com-ing with flow-ers bright and gay, So
sleep, you lit-tle wil-low, The win-ter will not stay.

The musical notation is written on four staves in C major and 4/4 time. The melody is gentle and lyrical, with lyrics written below each staff.

Mother Earth Circle Play

S. König

Moth-er Earth, Moth-er Earth, say where are your flow-ers all?
Moth-er Earth, Moth-er Earth, say where are the beet-les all?

Sleep-ing, sleep-ing un-der ground, and wait-ing for the
Dream-ing, dream-ing un-der ground, and wait-ing for the

Sun to call. Sun-shine clear, come in here, Wake up all the
Sun to call.

flow-ers dear. La-la-la-la la-la-la-la la-la-la-la-la!

Sun-shine, sun-light, stars so bright, Paint the flow-ers

red and blue, shin-ing with a gold-en hue, La-dy-bird and

but-ter-fly- fly-ing right up to the sky, Birds be-gin their

love-ly song, Come, dear child-ren, come a-long.

Winter's Past

May Morgan

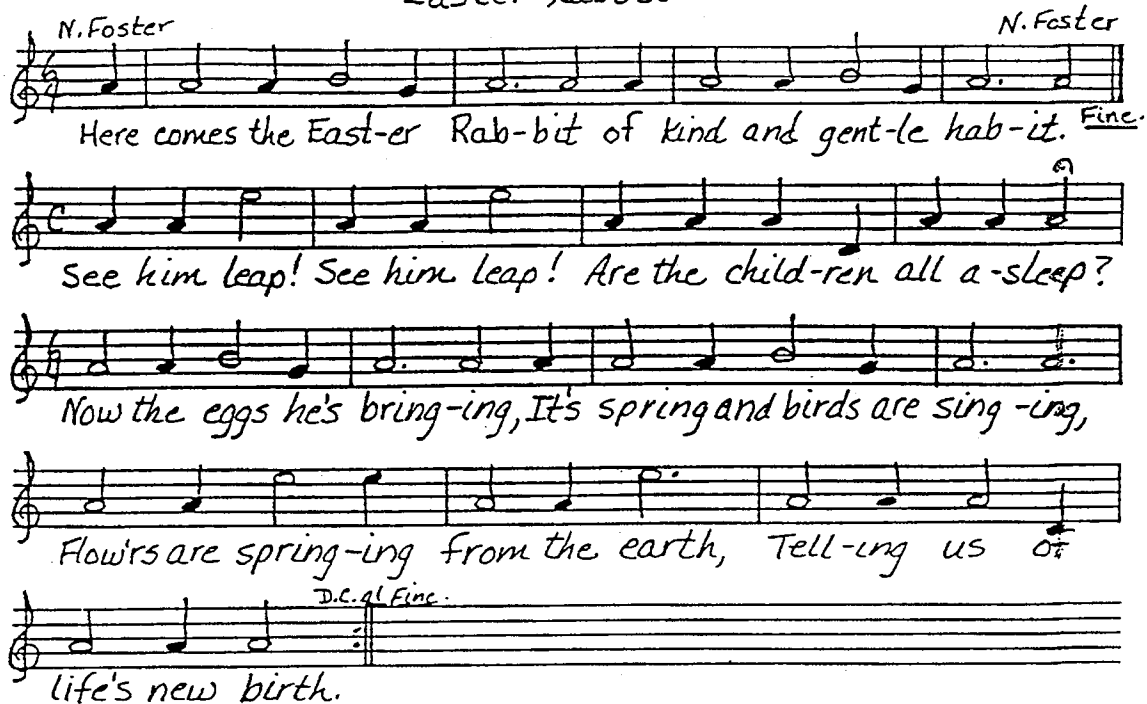
German folksong

1. Now at last win-ter's past; Hear the rob-in call-ing;
wak-en flow'rs, gen-tle show'rs O-ver you are fall-ing.

2. Down below quilts of snow
Long have you been lying;
Now come out, look about,
Soft the winds are sighing.

Easter Rabbit

N. Foster



Here comes the East-er Rab-bit of kind and gent-le hab-it. *Fine.*

See him leap! See him leap! Are the child-ren all a-sleep?

Now the eggs he's bring-ing, It's spring and birds are sing-ing,

Flow'rs are spring-ing from the earth, Tell-ing us of

life's new birth. *D.C. al Fine.*

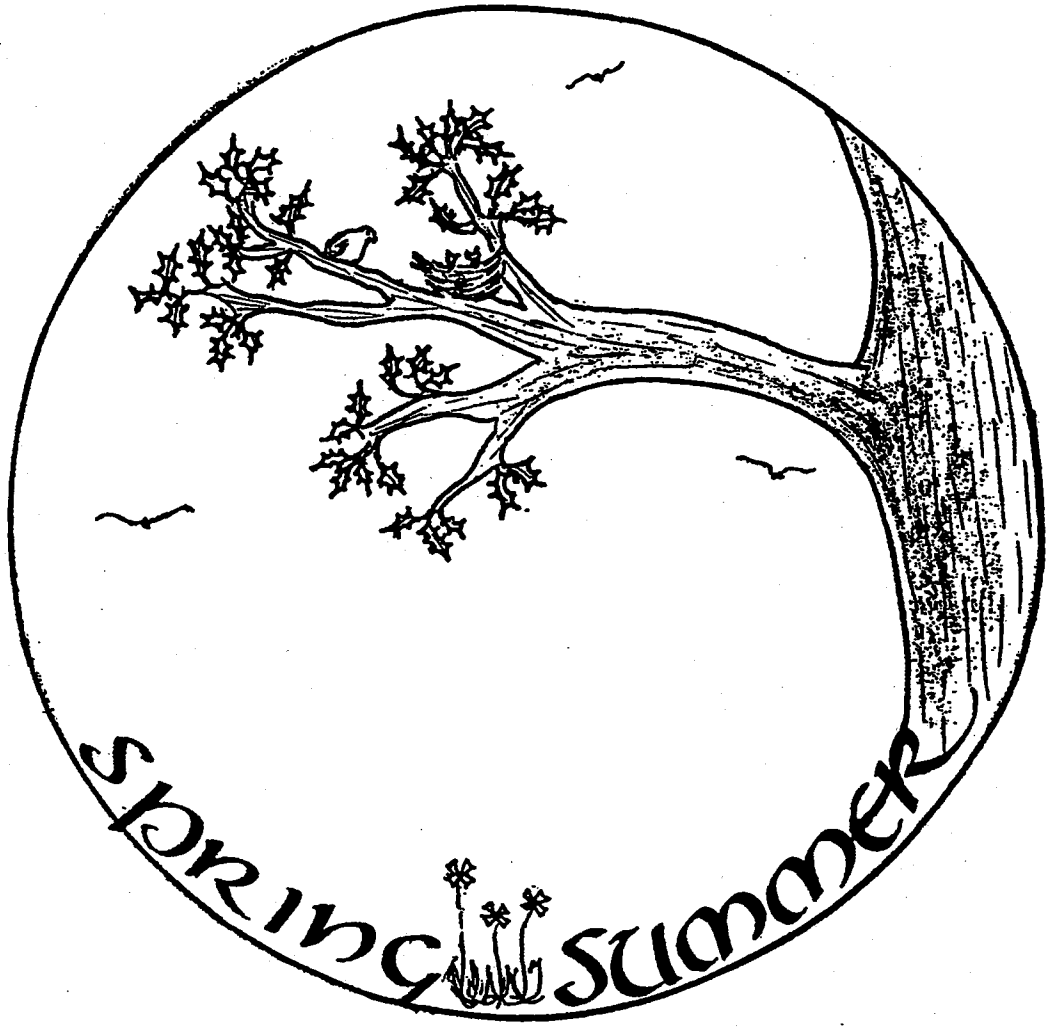
EASTER RABBIT

By the bushes, on the green,
Easter Rabbit can be seen
With shining paints — red, yellow, blue —
To paint an Easter egg for you!
(Bronja Zahlingen)

EASTER RABBIT

Easter Rabbit, wake, oh wake,
Leave your home within the brake.
Dark the forest is, and lonely,
Fit for winter dreaming only,
See, the sun is shining clear,
Wake and hasten, rabbit dear.

Easter Rabbit, sit upright,
Lift your ears so long and white,
Easter chimes are clearly ringing,
Easter voices sweetly singing,
Bring the eggs, all red and blue,
Many children wait for you.
(Mary Root Kern)



Little Lamb

W. Blake C. Monks

1. Lit-tle lamb, who made thee? Dost thou know who
made thee? Gave thee life and bid thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead, Gave thee cloth-ing
of de-light, Soft-est cloth-ing wool-ly bright,
Gave thee such a ten-der voice, Mak-ing all the
vales re-joice, Lit-tle lamb who made thee? Dost thou
know who made thee?

The musical notation consists of seven staves of music in G major, 3/4 time. The melody is simple and pastoral, with a mix of quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are written in a cursive, handwritten style below the notes. The first staff is marked with 'W. Blake' and the last with 'C. Monks'. The piece ends with a double bar line.

2. Little lamb, I'll tell thee,
Little lamb, I'll tell thee,
He is called by thy name
For He calls Himself a lamb,
He is meek and He is mild,
He became a little child;
I a child and thou a lamb,
We are called by His name,
Little Lamb, God bless thee,
Little lamb, God bless thee.

Maypole Dance

transl. by K. Perlas

from "Karussell" by S. König + W. Klein

We're danc-ing, we're danc-ing a-round the May-pole high,
In col-ors of the-rain-bow our-rib-bons do-fly, Dear
child-ren, take a rib-bon please, to-day May flow-ers
all are we, A-round, a-round, a-round, A gar-land
we-do-weave. ① (Stowly) tra-la-la, tra-la-la, tra-la-la,
tra-la-la, Tra-la-la, tra-la-la, tra-la-la-la. ② (Faster) Hi-did-dle dee,
hi-did-dle dee, come join me, come join me, Hi-did-dle dee,
Hi-did-dle dee, come join me please. ③ (Still faster) Tra-la-la-la-la-la-
la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la, Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-
la-la-la-la.

Then repeat section ③, followed by ②, and end with ①.

Tirra-lirra-lirra

John ErwinGerman folksong

Tir-ra-lir-ra-lir-ra, In the spring O-ri-oles and rob-ins
 sweet-ly sing; From the leaf-y branch-es we can hear
 Tir-ra-lir-ra-lir-ra Ring-ing clear.

Bumble Bee

B.D. BetteridgeB.D. Betteridge

1. Hum-ble bum-ble bee a-hum-ming Sit-ting in the
 2. Vis-it-ing the flow-ers cheer-y All day long you
 sum-mer sun, Sip-ping nec-tar, go-ing, com-ing, From the
 come and go, Do you ne-ver grow a-wear-y Bus-i-
 clo-vers ev'-ry. one, Some-times on your head you tum-ble,
 ly a-buz-zing so?
 Fum-ble through the weed-y way, But we ne-ver hear you
 grum-ble Though you toil the live-long day.

D.C. al Fine.

RABBIT FINGER GAME

Here is a rabbit
And here are his ears
And here is his hole in the ground.
When a noise he hears
He pricks up his ears
And jumps in his hole in the ground.

AN EGG I HAVE LAID!

Cluck, cluck, cluck, nay —
An egg I have laid!
Cluck, cluck, cluck, nay —
An egg I have laid!

The chicken makes a cluck, cluck, cluck,
A terrible loud sound;
The farmer's wife knows what to do —
The egg is quickly found.

(Bronja Zahlingen)

DAFFODILS

Daffy-down-dilly
Has come up to town,
In a yellow petticoat
And a green gown.

VIOLETS

I know, sweet modest violets,
Shining with dew this morn,
I know the place you come from
And the way that you were born:
When God cuts holes in heaven,
The holes that stars peep through,
He lets the scraps fall down to earth —
Those little scraps are you.

(from England)

THE TIRED CATERPILLAR

A tired caterpillar went to sleep one day
In a snug little cradle of silken gray,
And he said, as he softly curled up in his nest,
"Oh, crawling was pleasant, but rest is best."

He slept through the winter long and cold,
All tightly up in his blanket rolled,
And at last he awoke on a warm spring day
To find that winter had gone away.

He awoke to find he had golden wings,
And no longer need crawl over sticks and things.
"Oh, the earth is nice," said the glad butterfly,
"But the sky is best, when we learn to fly!"

BUTTERFLY

Come, bright butterfly, close to me,
Your beautiful wings I should like to see.
You fly like a bird, you sip like a bee,
But you're really a flower the wind set free.

INCH-WORM

Did you ever watch an inch-worm
Stitch across a rose?
It's clear enough he's measuring
As loop-along he goes.
But what has always puzzled me
Is how the fellow knows
Which end's the one to follow —
Which is head and which is toes.
(Barbara Betteridge)

WHEN WOODS AWAKE

When woods awake and trees are green
And leaves are large and long,
'Tis merry to walk in the forest fair
And hear the small birds' song.



• Morning is Come

N. Foster

Morn-ing is come, Night is a-way, We rise with the
sun to wel-come the day.

The musical notation consists of two staves in G-clef, 6/8 time. The melody is written on a single line. The first staff contains the notes for 'Morn-ing is come, Night is a-way, We rise with the'. The second staff contains the notes for 'sun to wel-come the day.'.

• Let us Form a Ring

Traditional

C. Hodnett + K. Perlas

Let us form a ring Danc-ing as we sing,
Ring-a-ring-a-rei-a, Ring-a-ring-a-rei-a,
*All sit down up-on the ground, Watch the birds fly
up and down, Kick-er-i kick-er-i Kee!

The musical notation consists of four staves in C-clef, 3/4 time. The first staff contains the notes for 'Let us form a ring'. The second staff contains the notes for 'Danc-ing as we sing,'. The third staff contains the notes for 'Ring-a-ring-a-rei-a, Ring-a-ring-a-rei-a,'. The fourth staff contains the notes for '*All sit down up-on the ground, Watch the birds fly up and down, Kick-er-i kick-er-i Kee!'. There is a triplet of eighth notes in the fourth staff.

*alternate wording (N. Foster):
"Now we turn ourselves around..."

Ok Golden Sun

N. Foster

Oh, gold-en sun so shin-ing bright, Please warm us with your
gold-en light, Let's join our hands that there may flow a
stream of warmth and gold-en glow.

The musical notation consists of three staves in G-clef, 4/4 time. The first staff contains the notes for 'Oh, gold-en sun so shin-ing bright, Please warm us with your'. The second staff contains the notes for 'gold-en light, Let's join our hands that there may flow a'. The third staff contains the notes for 'stream of warmth and gold-en glow.'.

Pussy Cat

C. Monks

C. Monks

Once I had a pus-sy cat, Eyes so blue and fur so black,
 Ev'-ry time I stroked her fur, Pus-sy cat would al-ways purr.

• I Saw a Ship

Anonymous

N. Foster

1. I saw a ship a-sail- ing, a sail- ing on the sea-, And
 oh, it was all lad- en with pret-ty things for thee-, There were
 com-fits in the cab-in and ap-ples in the hold-, And the
 sails were made of sil-ver and the masts were made of gold.

2. The four and twenty sailors
 That stood between the decks
 Were four and twenty white mice
 With chains around their necks;
 The captain was a little duck
 With a packet on his back,
 And when the ship began to move
 The captain cried, "Quack quack!"

Little Candle

Lit-tle* cand-le shin-ing bright, Share with us your
 gold-en light.

* or, substitute "birthday," "Advent," etc.
 as appropriate.

Cobbler Circle Game

w. Klein, transl. by B. Zaklingen w. Klein

1. My dear-est cob-bler, look at me, I need new shoes as
 2. My dear-est child, come here to me, what is your size, just
 you can see, My shoes are far too small — —, They
 let me see, I'll cut the leath-er fine and new, To
 do not fit at all.
 make new shoes for you.

w. Klein, transl. by B. Zaklingen w. Klein

I'm stitch-ing, stitch-ing, pull-ing through, I'm stitch-ing,
 stitch-ing, pull-ing through, Ham-mer-ing a-way, ham-mer-
 ing a-way, I'll — fin-ish them to-day — —, I'll —
 fin-ish them to -day.

(Optional song - added by N. Foster) Traditional

Wind, wind, wind the bob-bin, Wind, wind, wind the bob-bin,
 Pull, and pull, and tap, tap, tap.

from "Des Knabes Wunderhorn," transl. by B. Zaklingen

A — boy bright and gay Wants-shoes ev'-ry day, A
 boy full of fear Needs — one pair a year.



SIX LITTLE MICE

Six little mice sat down to spin,
Pussy passed by and she peeped in.
"What are you doing, my little men?"
"We're weaving shirts for gentlemen."
"Can I come in and cut off your threads?"
"No, no, Mistress Pussy, you'd cut off our heads!"

THE GOLDEN BOAT

Here is the boat, the golden boat
That sails on the silv'ry sea;
And here are the oars of ivory white
That lift and dip, lift and dip.

Here are the ten little fairy folk
Running along, running along,
To take the oars of ivory white
That lift and dip, lift and dip,
To carry the boat, the golden boat
Across the silv'ry sea.

Here is the moon so big and round
That shines on the boat that is homeward bound,
Back to the harbor, safe and sound,
From its sail on the silv'ry sea.

SAILING

There was an aged lady,
There was an aged man,
They bought an aged sailboat
To sail where sailors can.

She snuffed a pinch of pepper,
He sniffed a pinch of snuff,
Then both did sneeze
And made a breeze
That blew them far enough.

(Barbara Betteridge)

RAIN

Pitter, patter, pitter, patter,
Look at all the rain,
Knocking on the windowsill
And on the windowpane,
Sounding like the pitter pat
Of little fairy feet
Running down the garden path,
Running down the street,
Washing everybody's house
And everybody's shop,
Pitter, patter, pitter, patter,
When is it going to stop?
(from England)

NONSENSE VERSES

There was an old person of Ware
Who rode on the back of a bear.
When asked, "Does it trot?"
He said, "Certainly not!"
It's a Moppsikon, Floppsikon Bear!"

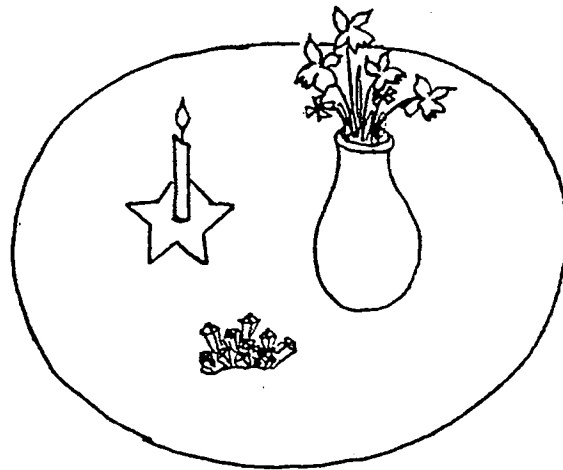
There was an old man and he had a calf,
And that's half.
He took him out of the stall and put him on a wall,
And that's all.

I'll tell you a story about Jack-a-Nory,
And now my story's begun.
I'll tell you another about Jack his brother,
And now my story is done.

There was an old woman
Lived under a hill,
And if she's not gone
She lives there still.

As Tommy Snooks and Bessie Brooks
Were walking out one Sunday,
Said Tommy Snooks to Bessie Brooks,
"Tomorrow will be Monday."

BIRTHDAYS



Someone's Birthday

R. LeBar R. LeBar

Some-one's birth-day is com-ing soon, Some-one who is
in this room, Our (Ju-lia) will be (five) years old,
Shin-ing with (her) heart of gold.

The image shows three staves of musical notation in treble clef with a common time signature. The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words in parentheses indicating alternative lyrics.

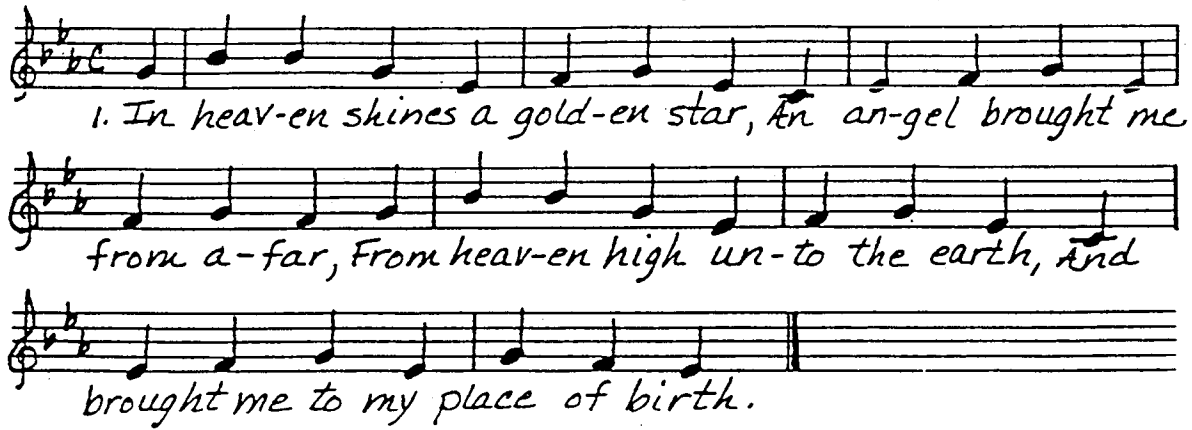
The Stars are Watching

from B. Zahlingen

The stars are watch-ing when for his birth, A lit-tle
child comes down to earth; An-gels do help him
both day and night, To fill his heart with love and
light; (Five) burn-ing can-dles we did pre-pare,
To shine up-on your birth-day fair.

The image shows five staves of musical notation in treble clef with a 3/4 time signature. The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words in parentheses indicating alternative lyrics.

In Heaven Shines a Golden Star

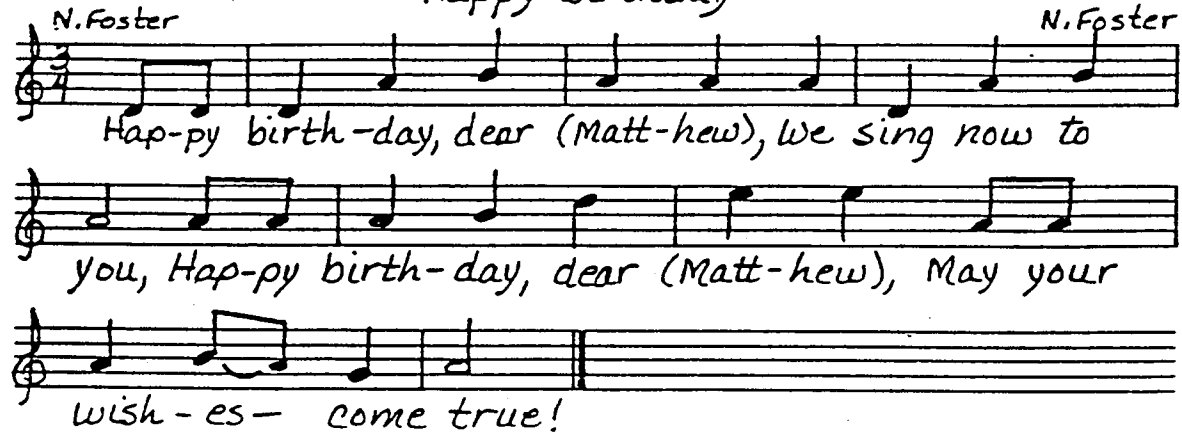


1. In heav-en shines a gold-en star, An an-gel brought me
from a-far, From heav-en high un-to the earth, And
brought me to my place of birth.

2. Welcome, welcome, lovely day,
With sunshine bright and flowers gay,
With painted birds that sing their song,
To make me good and kind and strong.

• Happy Birthday

N. Foster



Hap-py birth-day, dear (Matt-hew), We sing now to
you, Hap-py birth-day, dear (Matt-hew), May your
wish-es - come true!

N. Foster



Welcome to our Table

N. Foster

N. Foster

Earth who gives us all this food,
 Sun who makes it ripe and good —
 Dearest Earth and dearest Sun,
 We will not forget what you have done.

Be present at our table, Lord,
 Be here and everywhere adored;
 These mercies bless and grant that we
 May feast in Paradise with Thee.

Blessing on the Blossom

We break this bread together
 With hearts aware
 Not bread alone
 But God's life and love we share.

(A. C. Harwood)

God, we thank you for this food,
For rest and home and all things good,
For wind and rain and sun above,
But most of all for those we love.

For Health and Strength

For health and strength and dail-y bread, We praise Thy
name, Oh Lord.

The musical notation consists of two staves in G major (one sharp) and common time. The melody is written on a treble clef. The first staff contains the first two lines of the lyrics, with circled numbers 1, 2, and 3 above the notes. The second staff contains the third line of the lyrics, with a circled number 4 above the first note. The piece ends with a double bar line.

For health and food
For love and friends
For everything
Thy goodness sends —
Father in heaven
We thank Thee.

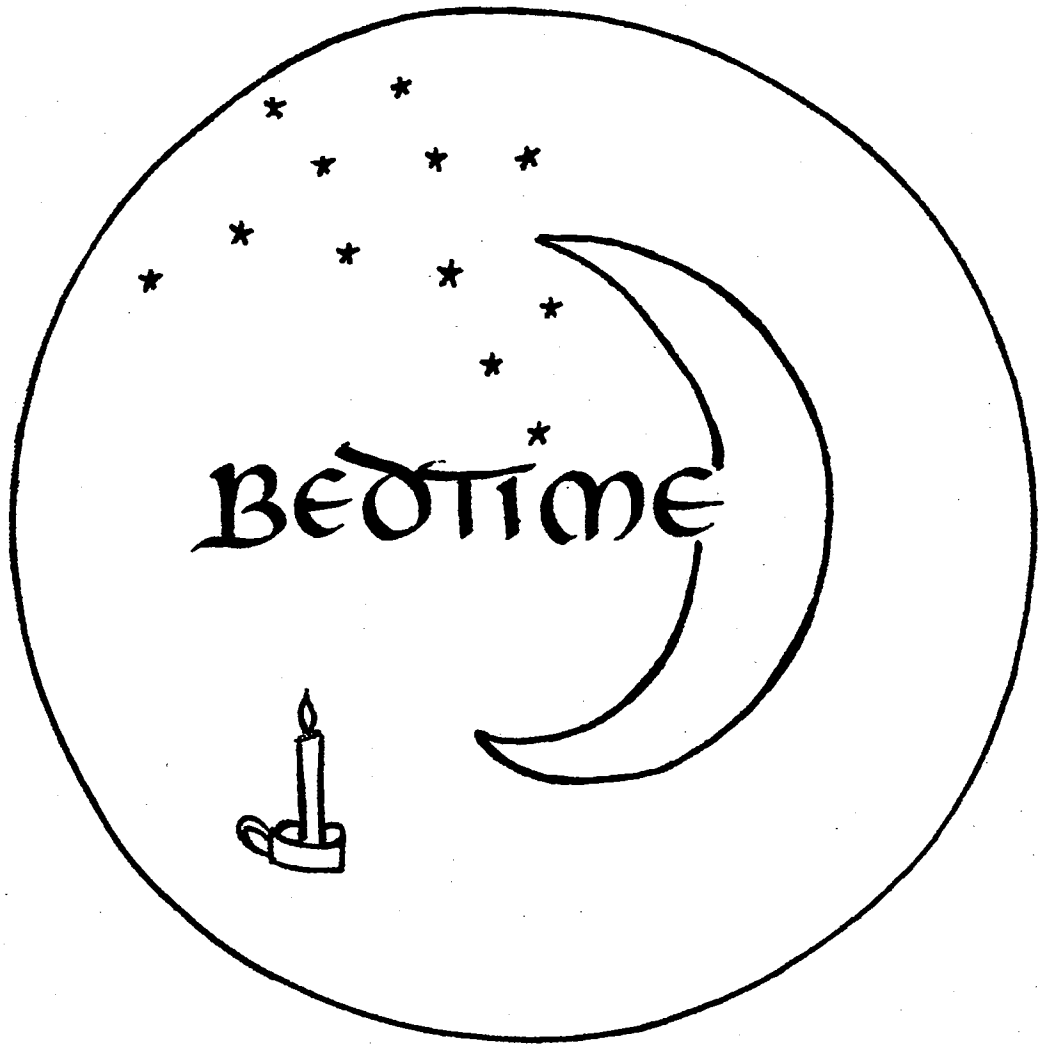
(Ralph Waldo Emerson)

Praise and Thanksgiving

Praise and thanks-giv-ing let ev'-ry-one bring
Un-to the Fath-er for ev'-ry good thing; All to-
geth-er joy-ful-ly sing!

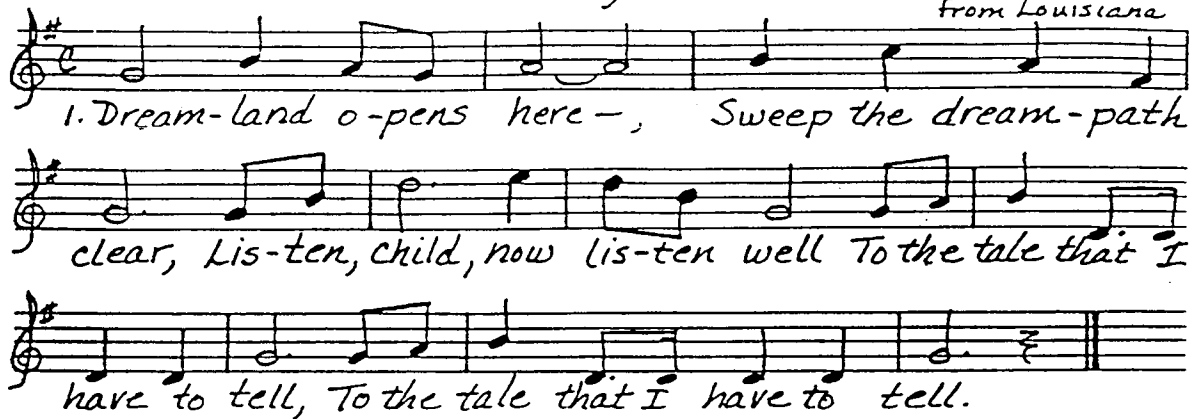
The musical notation consists of three staves in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is written on a treble clef. The first staff contains the first line of the lyrics, with a circled number 1 above the first note. The second staff contains the second line of the lyrics, with circled numbers 2 and 3 above the notes. The third staff contains the third line of the lyrics, with a circled number 3 above the first note. The piece ends with a double bar line.

An apple, a pear, a plum, a cherry,
Any good thing to make us all merry,
One for Peter, two for Paul,
Three for Him who made us all.



Lullaby

from Louisiana



1. Dream-land o-pens here - , Sweep the dream-path
clear, Lis-ten, child, now lis-ten well To the tale that I
have to tell, To the tale that I have to tell.

2. Dreamland opens here,
Sweep the dream path clear,
Listen, child, now listen well
To the song of the whip-poor-will,
To the song of the whip-poor-will.
3. Dreamland opens here,
Sweep the dream path clear,
Listen, child, now close your eyes,
In the canebrake the wildcat cries,
In the canebrake the wildcat cries.
4. Dreamland opens here,
Sweep the dream path clear,
Listen, child, dear little child,
To the song of the crocodile,
To the song of the crocodile.
5. Dreamland opens here,
Sweep the dream path clear,
Listen, child, now close your eyes,
To the stars in the twinkling skies,
To the stars in the twinkling skies.

The Lady Moon up yonder is like a silver boat
 Upon a dark blue ocean all silently afloat.
 And when the fairies waken they climb the moonbeams white,
 And far across the heavens go sailing in the night.
 (A. Gladstone)

• Lullaby

C. Petrash C. Petrash

Sleep, my child, and sail a-way Be-yond the land of
 dreams-, Your an-gel guides your ship up-on the sil-ver
 sea of sleep-, You'll come once more at jour-ney's end
 To your heav'n-ly home of gold-, The Sun will wake you
 in the morn, A new day shall un-fold-.

I sail the silver moon path,
 A path of shining light,
 With silver spray around me
 I am a king tonight.
 I sail the silver moon path,
 The silver is my own,
 The shining stars will guide me,
 The crest of the wave is my throne.
 (Wynstones collection)

Lullaby

B.D. Betteridge

B.D. Betteridge

1. Far, how far to the farth-est star? Near, as near to a
 dream you are, Sur-round-ed by an-gels gold-en bright,
 Shar-ing with you their shin-ing light.

2. Morning dawns and it's time to fly
 Feather soft through the lightening sky,
 Your heart day-long the joy will hold,
 Bright as a dream of angel gold.

Good angel, take me by the hand
 And lead me through the starry land;
 Stars, sing to me while I'm asleep,
 Your loving watch forever keep,
 That when I wake through all my days,
 I may gladly follow in God's own ways.
 (G. Hayn)

Softly sighs the evening wind
 Through the mountains wending,
 Sleepy birds now fold their wings,
 Now the day is ending.
 Little gnomes are sleepy too,
 Into their homes are creeping,
 'Mid the tree roots deep below
 Soon they're soundly sleeping.
 (Wynstones collection)

Softly bells are sounding
 Through the air so still,
 And the shepherd's horn
 Calls flocks from down the hill.
 High up in the heavens
 In meadows fresh and new,
 Downy lambs of clouds
 Are feeding in the blue.
 (Wynstones collection)

At Evening When I Go to Bed

1. At eve'-ning when I go - to bed, I see the
stars shine o - ver-head, They are the lit-tle dais-ies
white, That dot the mead-ow of - the night.

The musical notation consists of three staves in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is written in a treble clef. The first staff contains the first line of the song, the second staff the second line, and the third staff the third line, ending with a double bar line.

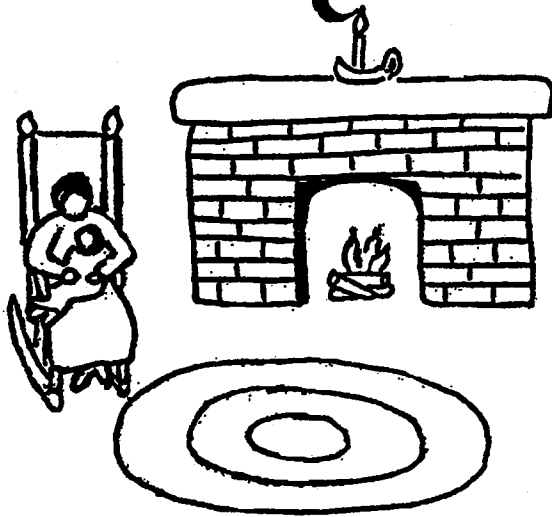
1. And often when I'm dreaming so
Across the sky the moon will go,
She is a lady sweet and fair
Who comes to gather daisies there.
2. For when at morning I arise
There's not a star left in the skies;
She's picked them all and dropped them down
Into the meadows of the town.

At the Gate of Heaven

At the gate of heav'n lit-tle shoes they are sell-ing,
For the lit-tle bare-foot-ed an-gels there dwell-ing,
Slum-ber, my ba - by, Slum-ber, my ba - by,
Slum-ber, my ba-by, A-roo, a-roo.

The musical notation consists of four staves in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is written in a treble clef. The first staff contains the first line of the song, the second staff the second line, the third staff the third line, and the fourth staff the fourth line, ending with a double bar line.

STORYTIME



• Mother of the Fairy Tale

N. Foster

Moth-er of the fair-y- tale, Take- me by your
sil-ver hand, Take me in your sil- ver- boat,
Sail- me si-lent-ly a-float, Moth-er of the
fair-y- tale, Take me to your shin-ing- land.

• The Poor Miller's Boy and the Cat

N. Foster

N. Foster

Now sur Hans a prince will be, The cat a prin-cess
fair-, Good Hans has set the kit-tens free, Now
sing we merr-i-ly-.

• Rumpelstiltskin

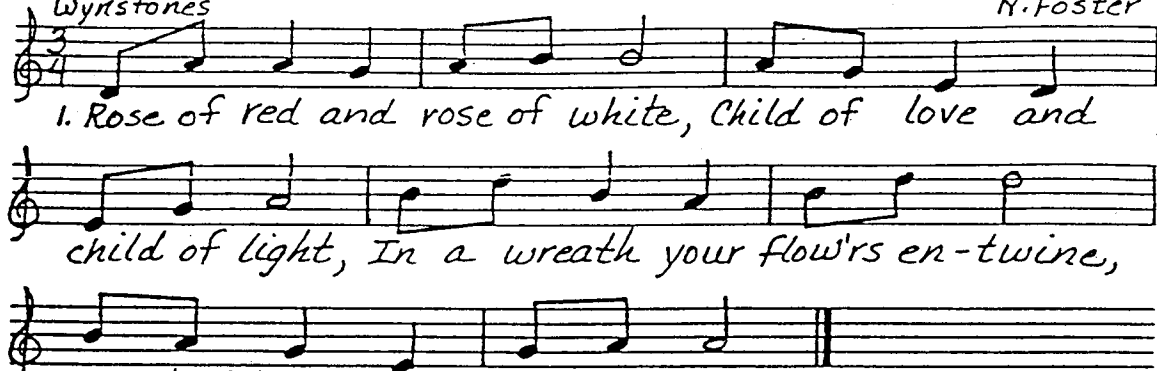
N. Foster

N. Foster

Now all the straw is spun to gold, And Rum-pel-
stilt-skin's name is told, The mil-ler's daugh-ter a
queen shall be, And care for her child so hap-pi-ly.

Snow White and Rose Red

Wynstones *N. Foster*

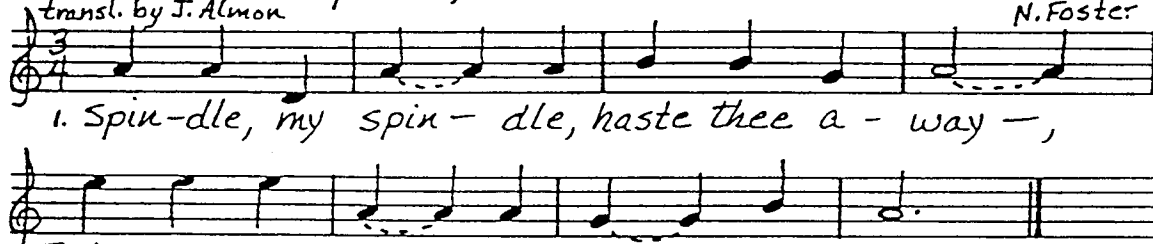


1. Rose of red and rose of white, Child of love and
child of light, In a wreath your flow'rs en-twine,
Through the win-ter's gloom to shine.

2. Roses red and roses white,
Summer glow and winter light,
In a wreath your flow'rs entwine,
Whitest bread and crimson wine.

Spindle, Shuttle, and Needle

transl. by J. Almon *N. Foster*



1. Spin-dle, my spin-dle, haste thee a-way - ,
Bring to my house - the suit-or, I pray.

2. Shuttle, my shuttle,
Weave well this day,
Bring to my house
The suitor, I pray.
3. Needle, my needle,
So sharp and so fine,
Prepare for the suitor
This house of mine.

•The Hut in the Forest

N.Foster

N.Foster

Now the spell is bro-ken, The King's Son is free,
Now the spell is bro-ken, Soon will the wed-ding be.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for 'The Hut in the Forest'. It features two staves of music in a treble clef with a 6/8 time signature. The melody is simple and consists of eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are written below the notes.

The Elves and the Shoemaker

from B.Zahlingen

What spruce and dand-y boys are we, No long-er cob-blers
we must be, There is no more work to do, Good-bye,
cob-bler, God bless you.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for 'The Elves and the Shoemaker'. It features three staves of music in a treble clef with a 6/8 time signature. The melody is simple and consists of eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are written below the notes.

•Little Red Cap

L.Portocarrero

L.Portocarrero

Oh hap-py day, the wolf is - gone, Grand-moth-er
once a - gain is - strong, Saved by brave hunts-man,
dance and sing, To keep the path the wis-est thing.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for 'Little Red Cap'. It features three staves of music in a treble clef with a 6/8 time signature. The melody is simple and consists of eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are written below the notes.

•The Donkey

N.Foster

N.Foster

Lit-tle Don-key brave and true, Tra-vel far and wide - ,
Lit-tle Don-key brave and true, Find your-self a bride.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for 'The Donkey'. It features two staves of music in a treble clef with a common time signature. The melody is simple and consists of quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are written below the notes.

• Mother Holle

N. Foster N. Foster

Spin-ning, spin-ning, Gold Ma-rie, Moth-er Hol-le
she did see, Feath-ers fly-ing like the snow,
Hung with gold, now home she'll go.

The image shows three staves of musical notation in treble clef with a common time signature. The melody is written on the first staff, and the lyrics are written below it. The second and third staves continue the melody and lyrics. The piece ends with a double bar line.

• The Queen Bee

N. Foster N. Foster

Now we'll mer-ri-ly dance and sing, Let's all join hands and
form a ring, Our Sim-ple-ton shall be a king, Let
wed-ding bells ring, A-ting-a-ling-ling!

The image shows three staves of musical notation in treble clef with a common time signature. The melody is written on the first staff, and the lyrics are written below it. The second and third staves continue the melody and lyrics. The piece ends with a double bar line.

• The Wolf and Seven Goatlings

N. Foster N. Foster

Sev-en lit-tle goat-lings and their moth-er dear
Danced a-round the well to-geth-er, Now there's
nought to fear.

The image shows three staves of musical notation in treble clef with a common time signature. The melody is written on the first staff, and the lyrics are written below it. The second and third staves continue the melody and lyrics. The piece ends with a double bar line.

THE PANCAKE MILL

(This fairy tale, which appears in Kleine Marchen und Geschichten, published by the Verlag Freies Geistesleben in Stuttgart, has been translated by Joan Almon.)

Once there was an old peasant and his wife who lived a pure but hard life, for they were very poor. One day there was not a little crumb of bread left in the house, so they went into the forest to gather acorns. They gathered the acorns, brought them home and wanted to eat them. As they were eating the acorns, the old woman let one fall. It fell through the floor boards into the basement. Soon the acorn sprouted roots and sent out a shoot, and the shoot grew up to the floor. The old woman saw this and said to her husband: "listen, old man, you must cut a hole in the floor so that the acorn can grow. When it is large enough, we will not have to go into the woods any more, but can pick acorns here in our house."

The old man knocked a hole into the floor. The acorn grew and grew up to the ceiling of the room, from the ceiling up to the roof, and from the roof right up into the heavens.

When they had no more acorns, the old man took a sack and climbed up the oak tree. He climbed ever higher and higher, and all at once he found himself in heaven.

He went here and there in heaven and then saw a rooster with a golden comb sitting on a golden hand mill. The peasant did not think about the situation for long. He took the rooster and the mill and climbed down. When he safely arrived down below, he asked his wife: "Old woman, is there something to eat?"

"Wait, I will grind the acorns in the mill right away," said the old woman. She took the mill and began to grind — then it ground out pancakes and little pies! As often as she turned the mill, there came out a pancake and then a little pie. Now they had enough to eat.

One day a man came riding along and asked: "Can I have something to eat?"

"Certainly, you may have a pancake."

The old woman took the mill and turned it — the mill ground out pancakes and little pies, and the guest ate well. After the meal he said: "Women, sell me the mill!"

"No, this I cannot sell!"

Then the man stole the mill and rode away with it. When the two old people noticed that the mill was stolen, they grieved terribly.

"Do not grieve," said the rooster with the golden comb. "I will fly after the thief and catch up with him."

The rooster came flying up to the man's house, flew to the gate and called:

"Cock-a-doodle-do, I've come after you.
Ki-ker-i-ki, give the mill back to me!"

When the man heard this, he became angry and ordered: "Throw that rooster into the water!"

The servants found the rooster and threw him into the well. But the rooster could speak, and said: "Little beak, little beak, drink up all the water!" And it drank up all the water. He drank and he drank the whole well dry and flew again to the man's house. He sat on the balcony and called:

"Cock-a-doodle-do, I've come after you.
Ki-ker-i-ki, give the mill back to me!"

Then the man ordered the rooster caught and thrown into the glowing oven. The servants caught the rooster and threw him into the oven, in the middle of the fire. But the rooster could speak, and said: "Little beak, little beak, spit out all the water." It spit the water into the fire and extinguished it. He fluffed himself and shook himself and flew out of the oven and cried:

"Cock-a-doodle-do, I've come after you.
Ki-ker-i-ki, give the mill back to me!"

The guests heard this and ran from the house, and the man followed after them. The rooster with the golden comb quickly seized the mill and flew with it back to the house.

Foster

Roost-er with the gold-en comb, Bring our mill now

safe-ly home, we'll grind-our a-corns ev'-ry day, And

you with us will al-ways stay.

Foster



THE PRINCESS IN THE FLAMING CASTLE

(This fairy tale, which appears in Kleine Marchen und Geschichten, published by the Verlag Freies Geistesleben in Stuttgart, has been translated by Joan Almon.)

Once upon a time there was a poor man who had as many children as there are holes in a sieve, and he had already had all of the people in his village serve as godparents. When yet another little son was born to him, he sat on the main street in order to invite the first good person who came to be the godfather. An old man in a gray coat came along the street, and he asked him and the man was glad to do it. He went with the father and helped to baptize the child. The old man then gave the poor man a cow with a calf that came into the world on the same day as the child was born. The calf had a golden star on its forehead and was to belong to the child.

As the child grew bigger, the calf grew to be a mighty bull. Each day the boy took him to the meadow, but the bull could speak, and when they were on the mountain he would say to the boy, "You stay here and sleep, while I go ahead and search for my meadow!" As soon as the herdsman was asleep, the bull ran like lightning and came to the great heavenly meadow where he ate golden star flowers. When the sun began to set, he hurried back and awakened the boy, and they went home. So it went every day until the youngster was twenty years old. Then the bull spoke to him one day and said, "Now seat yourself between my horns, and I will carry you to the King. Obtain from him the long iron sword, seven yards* long, and tell him you want to free his daughter."

Soon they were at the King's castle. The herdsman climbed off and went before the King who asked why he had come. The King gladly gave him the sword he requested, but he had no great hope that he would see his daughter again. Already many young men had tried to free her. She had been stolen away by a twelve-headed dragon and he lived far, far away. No one could come to him because on the way to his castle there stood a high mountain that was impossible to climb, and then came a broad stormy sea, and behind that lived the dragon in his flaming castle. Even if it were possible for a person to cross over the mountain and over the sea, he would still not be able to pass through the mighty flames. And even if he accomplished that, the dragon would then slay him.

Once the herdsman had the sword, he seated himself between the bull's horns, and in no time they stood before the great mountain. "We might as well turn around," he said to the bull, for he thought it was impossible to climb over the mountain. But the bull spoke: "Wait just a moment." He set the boy on the ground, took a running start, and with his tremendous horns, he pushed aside the whole mountain so that they could go further.

Now the bull put the boy between his horns again and soon they came to the sea. "Now we can turn around," said the boy, "for here no one can cross." "Wait just a moment," replied the bull, "and hold on to my horns." Then he lowered his head to the water and drank and drank and drank the whole sea so that they could cross over with dry feet as if they were passing through a meadow. Now they were soon before the flaming castle. But from the flames came such a great heat that the boy could not stand it any longer. "Stop!" he called to the bull. "Go no further or we shall be burned." The bull, however, walked closer to the flames and all at once he spit out the sea which he had drunk. The flames were extinguished, and at once a mighty mist arose which covered the sky with clouds.

Out of this terrible dampness the twelve-headed dragon came forth, full of anger. "Now it is your turn," said the bull to his master. "See to it that you cut off all his heads at once." Then he gathered all his strength, picked up the enormous sword in his hands and attacked the dragon with such a powerful stroke that all the heads flew off. The animal writhed on the earth so that the earth shook. The bull picked up the dragon's body with his horns and threw it to the clouds so that no trace of the dragon could be seen.

Then the bull spoke to the boy: "My service is now at an end. Go into the castle and there you will find the Princess. Bring her home to her father." So saying, he sprang away to the heavenly meadow and the boy did not see him again. However, the youth found the Princess in the castle and she was filled with joy that she was freed from the dreadful dragon. Then they went to her father, celebrated their marriage, and there was rejoicing throughout the kingdom.

*Translator's note: In the German the sword is described as being seven "Ellen" long. The ell was formerly used in Europe for measuring cloth and varied from being 27 inches long in some countries to 45 inches in others.

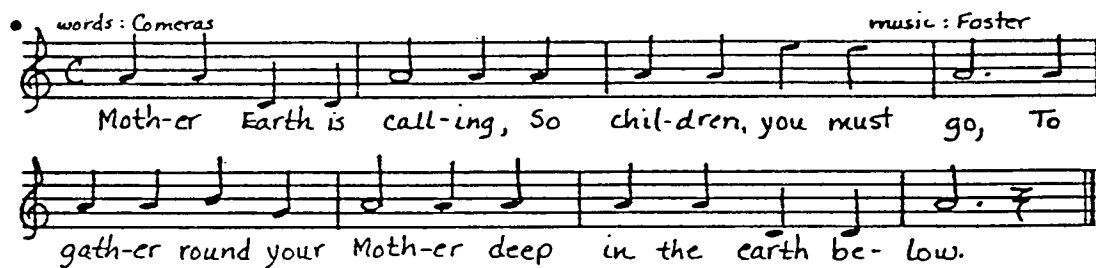


SPINDLEWOOD

(This story, by Charlotte Comeras, is based on a poem by Rose Fyleman, which appears in Autumn of the Wynstones collection. Charlotte heard a story told by an unidentified kindergarten teacher in Kings Langley, England, and later put the story in its present form.)

In a cottage at the edge of a village lived a little girl. All through the summer she played in the meadow with the sun fairies and the wind fairies; she watched the water fairies as they danced dreamily to the song of the stream as it made its way merrily through the meadow and on into the wide world. When they were not too busy digging and looking after the flowers and trees, the gnomes were the greatest fun to play with, for they loved to laugh and play friendly tricks with the little girl.

Now one day when the trees were changing their green leaves to golden, red, and brown, the autumn wind blew through the wood and over the meadow, singing:



All the fairies stopped their dancing and playing when they heard the call, and left the meadow. The gnomes also finished what they were doing and hurried off, for they knew that now there was other work for them to do deep in the earth.

The little girl was sad when she found that all her fairy friends had gone away. As she sat wondering where they could be, a wind fairy flew by in a great hurry.

"Wait," called the little girl. "Where are you going?" But the only answer she heard was, "Mother Earth is calling." Then the wind fairy flew into the woods and on. The little girl tried to follow the wind fairy but it was no use — the fairy was gone.

As she came to the edge of the wood the girl caught a glimpse of an old, old gnome hobbling along through the trees. He could not keep up with the other gnomes, but as he was so very old and wise he knew that if he just kept going he would find them deep in Mother Earth's cave.

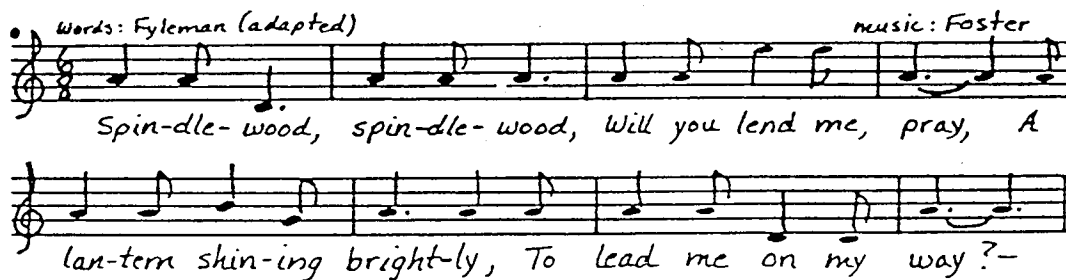
"Wait," called the little girl. "Please tell me where I can find Mother Earth."

"My dear," answered the wise old gnome, "that will not be easy for you. You must first find a lantern to guide you, for the way is dark. If you go along the golden path, there you will see a spindlewood tree. Ask for one of its lanterns. You will also need a key to unlock the door to Mother Earth's kingdom. If you go along the winding path you will find an ash tree. Ask it for its magic keys. Lastly, you must bring a gift to gladden the heart of Mother Earth. If you go along the prickly path you will come to a holly bush. Ask for some of its scarlet berries to make a necklace with." When he had said this, the wise old gnome hobbled away till he disappeared among the trees.

The little girl went deeper into the wood, not knowing how she would find the golden path which would lead her to the spindlewood tree. Suddenly there before her on the path she saw a golden leaf. "Surely this must be the golden path," she cried joyfully. And it was.

All along the path there shone a golden light which grew stronger and brighter as the little girl ran along. Soon she came to a beautiful spindlewood tree covered with tiny lanterns.

Words: Fyleman (adapted) music: Foster



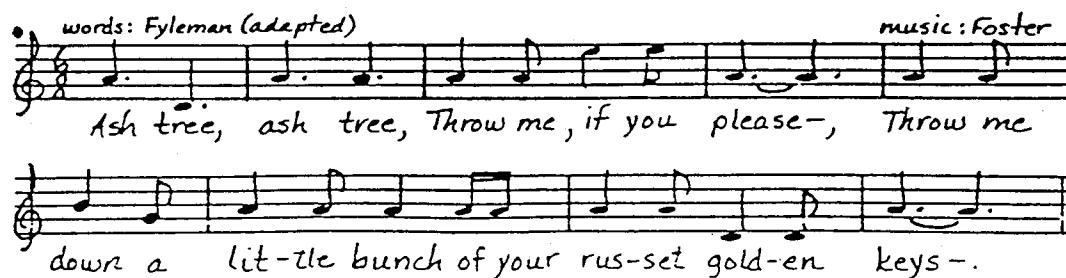
Spin-dle-wood, spin-dle-wood, Will you lend me, pray, A
lan-tern shin-ing bright-ly, To lead me on my way?-

The image shows two staves of musical notation in G major, 6/8 time. The first staff contains the melody for the first line of lyrics, and the second staff contains the melody for the second line. The lyrics are written below the notes.

The spindlewood tree then gave the little girl a tiny lantern which shone brightly. Holding the lantern carefully, the girl thanked the tree and set off to find the winding path.

She had not gone far when very softly she heard the sound of tinkling music. As she walked on, the pathway began to wind more and more. First it twisted one way, then another, and at every turn the tinkling music became louder and clearer, until at last, the little girl saw a beautiful ash tree with bunches of strange twisty keys hanging from its branches.

words: Fyleman (adapted) music: Foster

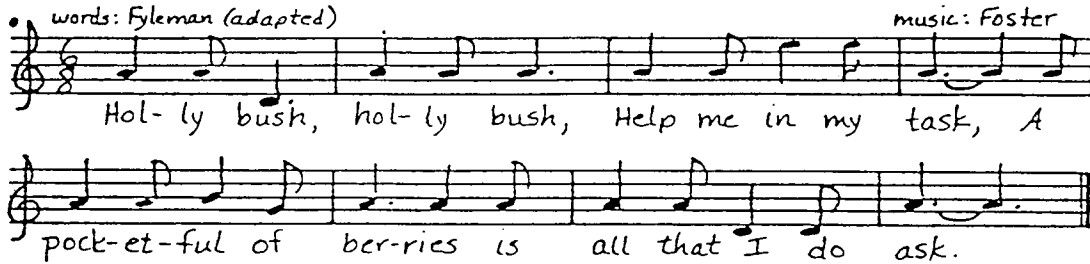


Ash tree, ash tree, Throw me, if you please-, Throw me
down a lit-tle bunch of your rus-set gold-en keys-.

The image shows two staves of musical notation in G major, 6/8 time. The first staff contains the melody for the first line of lyrics, and the second staff contains the melody for the second line. The lyrics are written below the notes.

The ash tree threw a bunch of tinkling keys at the feet of the little girl. Thanking the tree, she picked up the keys, tied them carefully to the belt around her waist, and went in search of the prickly path.

It was getting darker in the wood as the trees grew closer and closer together. Soon the pathway was so narrow that the little girl could scarcely make her way. She felt the branches and leaves prickling against her legs and face. Knowing that this must surely be the prickly path which led to the holly bush, the brave little girl kept going. Just as she thought that she could bear the prickles no longer, the pathway became wider and there stood the most magnificent holly bush covered with bright scarlet berries.



Thereupon the holly bush shook itself and many scarlet berries fell to the ground. Quickly the girl gathered them together and made a beautiful necklace. "Thank you, dear holly bush," she said. "Now I can go to Mother Earth and be with my fairy friends again."

The little girl looked around and wondered where the doorway to Mother Earth's kingdom could be. Then, further along the path, she caught sight of the wise old gnome's pointed hat disappearing down a dark hole among the roots of a huge oak tree. Holding her little lantern, the girl climbed down the hole and found herself in a tunnel at the end of which was a wooden door. Taking one of the twisty ash keys from her belt, she put it in the keyhole, where it fitted perfectly. It turned in the lock and the door swung open. There inside was a wondrous cavern. From the ceiling hung many, many lanterns like her own, and in the light the little girl could see the smiling faces of all the fairies. Some of them had already curled up sleepily in the folds of Mother Earth's cloak as she sat there with her arms outstretched to welcome the little girl.

Shyly, the girl stepped forward and Mother Earth lifted her up onto her warm lap. The little girl gave the necklace of scarlet berries and watched as Mother Earth, her eyes shining with joy, carefully put it on.

"Thank you, dear child," said Mother Earth. "I have been waiting for you. The fairies have been telling me about you, and the wise old gnome said you would come."

"May I stay here and sleep on your lap?" asked the little girl as she began to feel very sleepy.

"Oh, no, my child. Your own dear mother and father will be calling you soon and there is something I would like you to do for me." Mother Earth reached into her deep pocket and brought out a tiny sack woven with gold and silver threads.

"Here are some precious seeds, my child. Plant them in your garden and when the shoots peep out of the earth you will know that your fairy friends are on their way to play with you again."

The next moment the little girl could hear her mother's gentle voice calling, "Wake up, my little one. You will get cold sleeping out here in the meadow." The girl sat up and rubbed her eyes. There was something in her hand and when she looked to see what it was, she saw the tiny sack woven with gold and silver threads, and she could feel the precious seeds lying safely inside.

"Mother, I've been to see Mother Earth," whispered the little girl, and her eyes were shining.



A HALLOWEEN STORY

—by Nancy Foster

Once there was a little hobgoblin who lived deep in the woods, in a little rocky dell. He was a very naughty little hobgoblin, for his favorite pastime was to play tricks on the farmers, and on the farmer's children, and on the townspeople, and on the townspeople's children.

When night came and it was dark outside, the little hobgoblin would peer out of his little rocky dell, and if the moon were shining, and the stars were peeping, the little hobgoblin would creep out through the woods. He would sneak right into a farmer's stall, where the cows were peacefully munching hay, and do you know what that naughty little hobgoblin would do? Quickly and quietly he would take the tail of one cow, and the tail of another cow, and tie them together in a knot. Then the next day when the farmer came to lead them out to pasture, what a time he would have!

Next that naughty little hobgoblin crept into the henhouse; he took all the nice brown eggs out of the nests and hid them in the corner under some straw. The next morning the farmer's children could find no eggs to gather.

Then the little hobgoblin went right into the town, to the people's houses; if there were any of the children's toys in the yard, that naughty little hobgoblin quickly took them away and hid them. Then he would go up on porches and ring the doorbells, and quickly, before the people could see who was at the door, he would run away and hide.

Finally the farmers, and the farmer's children, and the townspeople, and the townspeople's children became very tired of the hobgoblin's silly tricks, and one day they all gathered to try to decide what to do. They thought and thought, and then someone said, "I know how we can put a stop to that naughty hobgoblin's silly tricks! Now, everybody go out into the fields and bring back the biggest vegetable you can find."

So everybody went into the fields, and the largest vegetables they saw were the big, round, yellow pumpkins. Everyone brought one back. Then the man said, "Now, watch what I do." He cut out the top of the pumpkin to make a hat. Then he scooped out all the pulp, and all the seeds, and then he said, "Now comes the important part." And he took his knife and he cut two eyes, and a nose, and a big, smiling mouth. Then he said to all the people, "You must all make jack-o-lanterns like this, and put a candle inside each one. Then tonight, when it is dark, put your jack-o-lantern in your front window or on your front porch, and light the candle. We'll fool that naughty little hobgoblin!" So the people took their pumpkins home, and when night came, they put the jack-o-lanterns in their front windows or on their front porches, and lit the candles.

That night, the little hobgoblin peered out of his little rocky dell, and sure enough, the moon was shining brightly and the stars were peeping, so he crept out through the woods to the first farm. He was just about to sneak into the cow stall when suddenly he noticed a big, golden face smiling at him. "Oh," he exclaimed, "someone is watching me — I'd better not go in there!" and he ran off quickly. On to the henhouse he ran, and he was just about to go in, when he saw a big, golden face smiling at him. "Oh!" he exclaimed, "I'd better not go in here — someone is watching me," and off he ran to the town. But just as he was about to go up on the porch and ring the doorbell of the first house he stopped. "Oh!" he exclaimed, "I'd better not go up there — someone is watching me," and there was another big, golden face smiling at him.

So that naughty little hobgoblin ran as fast as he could back to his little rocky dell, and from that time on, he minded his manners!

Traditional

Jack-o-lan-tern, Jack-o-lan-tern, you are such a fun-ny
You were once a yel-low pump-kin grow-ing on a sturd-y
sight, As you sit there in the win-dow, look-ing out at the night.
vine, Now you are a Jack-o-lan-tern, See the cand-le-light shine.

The image shows two staves of handwritten musical notation in G major (one sharp) and 7/8 time. The first staff contains the melody for the first line of the song, and the second staff contains the melody for the second line. The lyrics are written below the notes.



THE LITTLE RED HEN

— an Irish tale, from Bronja Zahlingen

Once upon a time there lived, somewhere in the forest in a little hut, a cat, a mouse, and a little red hen. There the little cat had a soft little basket, the little mouse had a deep little hole, and the little red hen had a high pole on which she could roost.

One morning the little red hen awoke and said, "Who will now rise and make a fire in the oven?" "Not I," said the little cat. "Not I," said the little mouse. "Then I will do it myself," said the little red hen, and she went and made a fire in the oven.

When the fire was burning, the little red hen said, "And who will sweep the room now?" "Not I," said the little cat. "Not I," said the little mouse. "Then I will sweep it myself," said the little red hen, and she went and swept the room.

When the room was swept, the little red hen said, "Now who will cook the breakfast?" "Not I," said the little cat. "Not I," said the little mouse. "Then I will cook it myself," said the little red hen, and she went and cooked the breakfast.

And when the breakfast was cooked, the little red hen said, "Now who will eat up the breakfast?" "I will," said the cat. "I will," said the little mouse. "No, I am going to eat it up all by myself," said the little red hen. "That is, unless you both promise me that you will always help me!" "We will," said the little cat. "We will," said the little mouse. And so the little red hen had mercy on them and shared the breakfast with them.

And when the breakfast was all eaten up, the little red hen looked out the window and whom did she see on the road? The fox. "The fox is coming!" she cried and flew up to the top of her roost. "The fox is coming!" cried the little cat and curled herself up in her basket. "The fox is coming!" cried the little mouse and crept into his little hole.

The fox stepped into the room. "Good morning, little mouse! Good morning, little cat! Good morning, little red hen! Which one of you will scratch my back?" "Not I," said the little cat. "Not I," said the little mouse. "Then I will scratch your back," said the little red hen. And she scratched and scratched the fox, all up and down his back, from his tail up to his ears. And when the little red hen had reached the fox's ears, he reached out with his paw, struck the hen to the floor, and put her in his sack.

"Now who will help me?" cried the little red hen from the sack. "Not I," said the little cat and ducked into her basket. "Not I," said the little mouse and ducked into his hole. They thought that they thus could save themselves, but it was to no avail. The fox made a leap, took the little cat from her basket, and the little mouse from his hole, and threw them into the sack with the little red hen. He then threw the sack over his shoulder and ran home.

It was a nice hot day, and after a while the sack with the little cat, the little mouse, and the little red hen was too heavy for the fox. He threw it down onto the ground, lay down in the shade, and fell asleep. He had hardly fallen asleep when the little red hen took a little pair of scissors from under her wing, with a needle and thread, and she said, "Who will cut with the scissors?" "I will," said the little cat. "And I will," said the little mouse. And so, with their strength united, they cut open the sack and jumped out.

Once they were outside, the little red hen said, "Now who will fetch stones?" "I will," said the little cat. "And I will," said the little mouse. And so, with their strength united, they brought three stones and placed them in the sack.

And when the stones were in the sack, the little red hen said, "And who will sew up the sack?" "I will," said the little cat. "And I will," said the little mouse. And so, with their strength united, they sewed up the sack and ran home. And ever since, the little cat and the little mouse have always helped the little red hen.

Now you will ask, what did the fox do? He woke up after a while, grabbed the sack, threw it over his back and ran home. "That was a good rest," he said, "though the sack seems heavier and heavier to me now." When he came to his house, he cried from afar, "Dear Mother, set our glass pot on the stove. I am bringing supper."

The old mother fox placed the glass pot on the stove, poured water into it and lit a fire. When the water began to boil, the fox climbed up onto the roof with his sack and tied it tight onto the top of the chimney. "Cat, mouse, little red hen, march into the pot!" he cried, and emptied everything he had brought into the chimney. But, oh my! Instead of the cat, the mouse and the little red hen, three great stones fell down the chimney, and the glass pot flew into a thousand pieces.

When the old mother fox saw this, she was angry. She ran from the kitchen into the yard, took off her wooden shoe and threw it at the fox, who fell from the roof. And now, instead of a meal, the fox had two bruises: one where the wooden shoe had hit him, and the second from falling down onto the ground.



A GYPSY CHRISTMAS LEGEND

— adapted by Mary Rein from
Ruth Sawyer's This Way to
Christmas

Long, long ago, soon after the first Christmas, Mary and Joseph were traveling with their baby from Bethlehem into Egypt. It was a long journey, and the weather was harsh and cold, as it was still winter. At the end of a long day, as night was drawing near, the little family stopped by a grove of bare, wintry trees to make a fire, eat their supper, and sleep for the night. Joseph built up the fire, and Mary settled the baby into a bundle of warm woolen robes, but he shivered as the cold wind blew about them.

Then, out of the darkness they heard a gentle voice. "Little Child of Bethlehem," it said, "I am only a small tree; my branches are bare, for winter has taken away my green cloak. But I can give you a gift this night. I can give you shelter from the north wind that blows so bitterly." And the tree bent its boughs low and twined them together to make a roof and a sheltering wall around the babe and his parents.

Long after Mary and Joseph had fallen asleep, the baby was awake, smiling at the fire and at the stars which sparkled through the clear air. A bird spoke out of the sheltering thicket. "Little Child of Bethlehem," it said, "I, too, have a gift for you. I will sing you your lullaby tonight." And softly and sweetly, like water running over the rocks, like wind in the strings of the lyre, the nightingale sang and sang, filling the night with melody.

Soon the child was fast asleep; and while he slept, a small brown bird hopped out of the bush. He looked at the baby. "Little Child of Bethlehem," he said, "what can I give you for a gift tonight? I could find you a fat worm, but you would not like that. I could tell you stories of far-away lands, but you are asleep and would not hear me." And he shook his head, quite sadly.

Then he noticed that the sparks from the fire were flying really quite close to the sleeping child. "I know what I can do," said the bird, full of joy. "I can catch the hot sparks on my own breast, for if one were to fall on this babe, it would hurt him sorely." And the small brown bird spread his wings wide and caught the hot sparks on his own brown breast. There were so many that soon his breast glowed red with them; and the Christ Child slept safely till the morning light.

When Mary and Joseph awoke and prepared to go on their way in the morning, they were filled with gratitude toward those who had sheltered and cared for the baby during the night. And Mary blessed each of them.

To the tree she said, "Little fir tree, never again will your branches be bare. You and your children shall stay green winter and summer from this day forward, forever."

To the nightingale she said, "Your song shall be the sweetest of all the songs in the world, and you alone of all birds shall sing the whole night through."

Then she blessed the small brown robin. "Faithful one," she said, "from this time forth, you and your children shall have red breasts, so that the world may never forget your precious gift to the Child of Bethlehem."

And so it was.



TWIGGY

— a Ukrainian tale, translated
by Bronja Zahlingen

Once upon a time there lived a man and his wife; they were getting old and had no children of their own, so they were sad and thought, "Who will look after us as we grow old, who will bury us when we are ready to die?" The wife said to her husband, "Go along to the forest, my dear, fetch me a little branch, a little twig, make it fine and smooth and shape a cradle for it too. I will put the little twig in the cradle and rock it and that shall be my joy!"

At first he didn't want to go, but the wife kept on begging, so in the end he agreed and went off to the woods to cut a little twig and make a cradle for it too. Then the old woman put the little twig in the cradle and sang him a song:

L. Weinstein

The image shows three staves of musical notation in a single system. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a common time signature (C), and a key signature of one flat (Bb). The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are written below the notes. The second staff continues the melody and lyrics. The third staff concludes the piece with a double bar line. The lyrics are: "Sleep, my ba-by, soo, soo, soo, I shall make some Sun and moon may soup for you, I shall make a lit-tle stew, Shine on you, Glitt'-ring stars are shin-ing bright, Sleep, my ba-by, soo, soo, soo. Guard-ing you all through the night."

Sleep, my ba-by, soo, soo, soo, I shall make some
Sleep, my ba-by, soo, soo, soo, Sun and moon may
soup for you, I shall make a lit-tle stew,
Shine on you, Glitt'-ring stars are shin-ing bright,
Sleep, my ba-by, soo, soo, soo.
Guard-ing you all through the night.

She cradled it till the evening and when they got up the next morning, lo, the little twig had come to life and was really a little child. The two old ones were so pleased and, as the child was so small, they called him Twigggy.

Little Twigggy grew and prospered, and he was so pretty that they never tired of looking at him.

As Twigggy was growing up he said, "Father dear, will you make me a silver boat and a golden oar, please? I shall go out on the stream and catch some fish and thereby nourish you." The old father made for him a little silver boat and a golden oar and together they carried it to the riverside. Twigggy got into the boat and went rowing along and singing: (same melody as above)

Rowing in my little boat
On the shining waves afloat,
Catching fish from water clear,
For my parents old and dear.

When he had caught some fish, he brought them home and then went out rowing again. The old woman used to bring him his food and said, "Listen to me, Twiggy; whenever I call you, come to the bank, but should a stranger call, just keep on rowing."

So the time passed; the old mother cooked the dinner, she carried it to the riverbank and called:

"Come to the bank, my Twiggy dear,
Come, for dinner time is here."

Twiggy heard her and spoke to his little boat, "Swim, little boat, swim to the bank, for mother has brought my mid-day meal." He rowed to the bank, jumped out of the boat and ate and drank. Then he pushed his little boat into the water again and went on fishing.

One day, however, a snake had heard his mother calling and she slid down to the riverbank and called with a full voice:

"Come to the bank, my Twiggy dear,
Come, for dinner time is here."

Twiggy lifted his head and listened. "That is not my dear mother's voice; swim, little boat, swim on." He used his golden oar and went rowing in his silver boat.

But the snake went along to the blacksmith and said, "Smith, take a hammer and make my voice as fine as Twiggy's mother's voice!" This the blacksmith did and the snake slid back to the riverbank and called:

"Come to the bank, my Twiggy dear,
Come, for dinner time is here."

When Twiggy heard the fine voice he thought it was really his mother. He turned his boat round, calling, "Swim, swim, swim to the bank, my little silver boat, for my mother dear has brought my dinner." So he landed his boat and the snake pulled him out of the boat and wanted to swallow him. But Twiggy was very quick and climbed up into a high tree. The snake tried to gnaw through the stem of the tree and with her sharp teeth gnawed and gnawed. Now the tree was nearly falling over with Twiggy on it! But just then a flock of geese was flying past and Twiggy called up to them: (same melody as above)

Geese, oh help me please, I pray,
Quickly carry me away,
Through the storms and through the clouds
Home into my mother's house!

But the geese only honked, "Let the last one carry you!" and they flew on. Poor Twiggy, he sat there in the tree which might fall over any moment, and that would have been the end of him. But as he looked up, he saw, high up in the air, one goose flying all alone. She must have stayed behind, and could hardly keep up with the others. Twiggy begged once more: (same melody as above)

Help me, gentle goose, I pray,
Quickly carry me away,
See the snake I fear and dread
Creeping near to bite me dead.

And lo and behold, the very last goose who had hardly any breath left herself, took him along. He sat on her back and his heart was beating, for she was flying very low. The snake stretched and wanted to snatch Twiggy, but she could not get hold of him. He was saved. The goose carried him home and seated him on the garden wall, while she herself rested awhile in the yard.

Twiggy on the garden wall heard everything that was going on inside the house. Mother was baking little cookies; she took them out of the oven and said, "Here, my good old man, one cake for you and one for me." So Twiggy called from outside, "And what about me?" "There, someone else wants a cake," the old mother said. She went to the window and whom did she see but her Twiggy, sitting on the garden wall. So they both ran outside, took their Twiggy by the hands and were ever so pleased.

Then the woman saw the goose in the yard and called out, "What a splendid goose — I will take it and roast it!" "Oh, no, dear mother, don't do that; rather give her some food, for, but for this goose, I would not be with you now." He told all that had happened, and they gave the goose good food and drink, so she could get back her strength and could fly and follow the others.

As for Twiggy, he lived on with father and mother, went fishing in his silver boat, and never again would he listen to a false voice.



LITTLE GRANDMOTHER EVERGREEN

— a German fairy tale,
translated by Bronja Zahlingen

Once upon a time there was a mother who had two children. One day when she did not feel very well, she longed for some fresh berries; so she sent her children off to the woods to pick some berries for her. They went along and picked a basket full.

There came along a little old lady, who was dressed all in green, and she said to the children, "I am very hungry, but I cannot bend down so well anymore, for I am very old. Would you please give me some of your berries?" The children pitied the old woman, so they emptied a whole basketful of berries into her apron, wanting to hurry off to pick some more.

But Granny Evergreen, for that was her name, took them by the hand and said, "I do not need so many, just a few will do for me; take the others home to your mother. Because you have such kind hearts, I will give each of you a flower, one yellow and one blue. Look after them well, give them fresh water every morning, and do not quarrel with one another."

The children thanked her and hurried home. No sooner had their mother begun eating the berries than she felt quite well again. That, little Granny Evergreen had done for her. When the children told their mother everything that had happened, she was very grateful to little Granny Evergreen, and was happy that her children had been so kind.

Whenever the children looked at their flowers, which remained fresh and beautiful, they remembered Granny Evergreen's words, "Do not quarrel." One evening, however, they grew very cross with one another. "This is my toy," cried one of them. "Oh no, I want it!" said the other. Thus it went on and on, and they went to bed in anger.

The next morning when they wanted to water their flowers, they had turned all dark and droopy. The children grew very sad and wept many bitter tears. But when the tears fell upon the flowers, the one became bright yellow and the other lovely blue.

So the children were very happy and never went to bed in a quarrelsome mood again.



LITTLE FLEA AND LITTLE LOUSE

(This tale from the French, which appears in Märchen, die wir im Kindergarten Erzathlen, collected by Bronja Zahlingen, has been translated by Nancy Foster.)

One day Little Flea said to Little Louse, "Little Louse, I am going to carry the grain to the mill. Take care that you do not fall into the kettle while I am gone!" "Hahaha," laughed Little Louse, "Do not worry, I certainly will not fall into the kettle!" Then off went Little Flea.

Little Louse began to sweep the house, wash the dishes, polish the kettle, and build a fire. There he put the kettle of soup. Little Louse was so tired from all this work that he went out into the garden and lay down under a rosebush to rest. Soon he was sound asleep.

After a while Little Flea came home. When he saw the door open, he was terribly frightened. "Little Louse, Little Louse, where are you?" he cried. But there was no answer, because Little Louse was fast asleep under the rosebush and could not hear him calling.

Little Flea searched here, Little Flea searched there, but no Little Louse did he find. But in the kettle cooked the soup.

"Alas, alas!" lamented Little Flea, "Little Louse has surely fallen into the kettle and burned up! Alas, alas, I will stay here no longer; I am going into the world!" When he had taken a few steps, the table asked, "Little Flea, why are you weeping?"

"Alas, should I not weep? Little Louse has fallen into the kettle and burned up, and I will not stay at home alone." The table said, "If you are going, I will go with you." It lifted its legs and tottered along behind Little Flea.

Now they came past the mixing bowl on the shelf, and it asked, "Little Flea, why are you weeping?"

"Alas, should I not weep? Little Louse has fallen into the kettle and burned up, and I will not stay at home alone, and the table is coming with me." The mixing bowl said, "If the table is going with you, I am not staying here either." It made a jerk, took itself down from the shelf, and clattered along behind the table.

As they came near the door, it asked, "Little Flea, why are you weeping?"

"Alas, should I not weep? Little Louse has fallen into the kettle and burned up, and I will not stay at home alone, and the table and the mixing bowl are coming with me." The door said, "If the table and the mixing bowl are going with you, I am not staying here either." And the door lifted itself off its hinges and rumbled along behind the mixing bowl.

Then they came to a nut tree, and it asked, "Little Flea, why are you weeping?"

"Alas, should I not weep? Little Louse has fallen into the kettle and burned up, and I will not stay at home alone, and the table and the mixing bowl and the door are coming with me." And the nut tree rustled, "If the table and the mixing bowl and the door are going with you, I am not staying here either." It drew its roots up out of the soil and hobbled along behind the door.

So they came together to the rosebush in the garden. Little Louse was just waking up. He stared in surprise as he saw the whole group coming sadly along.

But Little Flea, the table, the mixing bowl, the door, and the nut tree could hardly believe their eyes — there was Little Louse, merry and lively as ever, in the garden!

First Little Louse laughed,
Then Little Flea laughed,
Then the table laughed,
Then the mixing bowl laughed,
Then the door laughed,
Then the nut tree laughed: hahahaha!

They all went home happily: The nut tree fixed its roots into the soil again, the door sprang onto its hinges, the mixing bowl returned to its shelf, the table placed itself in the middle of the room, Little Flea sat down at it, Little Louse served the soup, and they ate supper together, very pleased.



ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

We thank the following individuals and publishers for permission to include material in this collection:

- Joan Almon** Translation of songs in "Late Autumn Circle" and of fairy tale song "Spindle, Shuttle, and Needle;" and of the stories "Pancake Mill" and "Princess in the Flaming Castle"
- Barbara Betteridge** Songs: "Advent," "Bumble Bee," "Lullaby"
Verses: "Inch-Worm," "Sailing," "The Snowflake"
- Charlotte Comeras** Story: "Spindlewood"
- Nancy Foster** Circle plays: "Dwarf Circle Play," "Late Autumn Circle," "Late Autumn Circle—Extended," "Orchard Circle Play," "Winter Circle Play"
Songs: "Acorns Falling," "Easter Rabbit," "Happy Birthday," "I Saw a Ship," "Lantern Song," "Little Cricket," "Morning is Come," "Oh Golden Sun," "St. Nicholas," "Three Kings," "Welcome to our Table"
Fairy tale songs: "The Donkey," "The Hut in the Forest," "Mother Holle," "Mother of the Fairy Tale," "The Poor Miller's Boy and the Cat," "The Queen Bee," "Rumpelstiltskin," "Snow White and Rose Red," "Spindle, Shuttle, and Needle," "The Wolf and Seven Goatlings," "Spindlewood," "Pancake Mill"
Verse: "Snow"
Story: "A Halloween Story"
Translation of the story "Little Flea and Little Louse"
- Harper and Row Publishers, Incorporated** "A Gypsy Christmas Legend," adapted by Mary Rein from Ruth Sawyer's This Way to Christmas, Copyright 1916, 1924 by Harper and Row, Publishers, Incorporated. By permission of HarperCollins Publishers.
- Carolyn Hodnett** Song: "Let us Form a Ring" (with Kathryn Perlas)
- Ruth LeBar** Song: "Someone's Birthday"
- Elisabeth Lebret** Song (included in "Late Autumn Circle"): "I'm the Wind" from Pentatonic Songs
- Clifford Monks** Songs: "Little Lamb," "Pussy Cat"

- Kathryn Perlas** Song: "Let us Form a Ring" (with Carolyn Hodnett)
Translation of "Maypole Song"
- Carol Petrash** Song: "Lullaby"
- Laurie Portocarrero** Fairy tale song: "Little Red Cap"
- Mary Rein** Story: "A Gypsy Christmas Legend," adapted from Ruth Sawyer's This Way to Christmas
- E. C. Schirmer** Songs: "The Journey of the Leaves," "Tirra Lirra-Lirra," "Winter's Past," from The Concord Book, #7: 140 Folk Songs, Copyright 1922 by E. C. Schirmer, Boston. Reprinted with permission.
- Silver Burdett Co.** Verses: "The Apples" by Lee Burns; "Easter Rabbit," by Mary Root Kern; "Merry Autumn" by May Morgan, from The Progressive Music Series, c 1920, renewed 1948 by Silver Burdett Company. Used by permission.
- Waldorf Kindergarten Newsletter** The following first appeared in the Newsletter:
Songs: "Lullaby" by C. Petrash, "Maypole Song," "The Stars are Watching"

Verse: "Rain"

Stories: "Little Grandmother Evergreen," "Little Red Hen," "Pancake Mill," "The Princess in the Flaming Castle," "Twiggy"
- Waldorf School of Lexington** Verses printed in the Community Cookbook:
"An Apple, a Pear," "Be Present at our Table, Lord," "God, We Thank You for this Food"
- Michael Winship** Song: "Shepherds Sleeping"
- Wynstones Press** Verses: "Good Angel" by G. Hayn, "I Sail the Silver Moon Path," "The Lady Moon" by A. Gladstone, "Softly Bells are Sounding," "Softly Sighs the Evening Wind," and the verse by Rose Fyleman on which the story "Spindlewood" is based

Words used as indicated in "Dwarf Circle Play," "Lantern Song" (M. Meyerkort), "Late Autumn Circle," "Late Autumn Circle—Extended," "Three Kings," "Snow White and Rose Red," "Winter Circle Play"

Bronja Zahlingen

Verses: "An Egg I Have Laid," "Easter Rabbit,"
"Harvest Verses"

Material made available to us:

Verses: "Advent Verse" (J. E. Kral), "Rain," "Violets"

Songs: "Cobbler Circle Game," "The Elves and the
Shoemaker," "Hark, Children, Sweet Music," "The
Stars are Watching"

Story: "Little Flea and Little Louse"

Translations of songs "Mill Song" and "Sleep, You
Little Willow," and of stories "Little Grandmother
Evergreen," "Little Red Hen," and "Twiggy"



We request that material from *Let Us Form a Ring* not be reproduced without our permission. To obtain permission please contact Acorn Hill Waldorf Kindergarten and Nursery at www.acornhill.org or 301.565.2282.

Let Us Form a Ring is distributed by the Waldorf Early Childhood Association of North America. For ordering information please contact them at www.waldorfearlychildhood.org or 845.352.1690.