

# Childhood Memories

## Songs of Long Ago

### In a Little Red Schoolhouse.

Sometimes I think I was a little fool  
Back in those days when I used to go to school:

When I was a kid, gee, how I hated  
That little place where I was educated;  
Though I didn't know that I was lucky  
then,  
I want to be back again.

### CHORUS.

In a little red schoolhouse,  
With my book and slate;  
In a little red schoolhouse,  
Where I was always late.

I want to be back there where I was a  
scholar

In those days of yore;  
How I'd jump right up and holler,  
"Two and three are four,"<sup>911</sup>

When we should have been learning  
About the Golden Rule  
Our little hearts were yearning  
For the swimming pool.

Why, we could hardly wait for the 4 o'clock  
bell;  
The moment it would ring we'd run like—  
mad;

Oh, gee! I want to be  
In a little red schoolhouse.  
Each morn my mother said, "It's after 8,  
If you don't hurry you surely will be  
late";

I went down the road, my footsteps lag-  
ging;  
Oh, yes, I went but I was always brag-  
ging.

"You bet, when I get big there's no more  
school for me."  
Now that's just where I long to be.

Nine o'clock, a spelling just begun,  
Johnny throws an ink bottle just for fun,  
Hits the teacher's ear with an awful spat;  
She turned around and said, "Who did  
that?"

Pretty little Percy in the very first row  
Reached up his hand and said, "Teacher,  
I know."

Little Johnny listened to the teacher's  
pride,  
"You just wait till I get you outside!"  
Johnny's told to stand with his face to the  
wall;

He said, "I don't wanna," and he tried to  
stall;  
"If I stood up there I'd take an awful  
chance,"  
I got a great big tear in the seat of my  
pants."

Sent in by Hazel Redmond, Spokane.

### My Trundle Bed.

As I rummag'd thru the attic,  
List'n'ing to the falling rain,  
As it patter'd on the shingles  
And against the windowpane;  
Peeping over chests and boxes,  
Which with dust were thickly spread,  
Saw I in the farthest corner  
What was once my trundle-bed.

So I drew it from the recess,  
Where it had remained so long,  
Hearing all the while the music  
Of my mother's voice in song;  
As she sang in sweetest accents;  
What I since have often read—  
"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,  
Holy angels guard thy bed."

As I listen'd, recollections,  
That I thought had been forgot,  
Came with all the gush of memory,  
Rushing, thronging to the spot;  
And I wander'd back to childhood,  
To those merry days of yore,  
When I knelt beside my mother,  
By this bed upon the floor.

Then it was, with hands so gently,  
Placed upon my infant head,  
That she taught my lips to utter,  
Carefully the words she said;  
Never can they be forgotten,  
Deep are they in memory riven—  
"Hallowed be thy name, O Father!  
Father! Thou who art in Heaven."

This she taught me, then she told me  
Of its import, great and deep—  
After which I learned to utter  
"Now I lay me down to sleep";  
Then it was with hands uplifted,  
And in accents soft and mild,  
That my mother asked "Our Father!  
Father! Do Thou bless my child!"

Years have pass'd, and that dear mother  
Lons has slumbered neath the sod,  
And I trust her sainted spirit  
Revels in the home of God;  
But that scene at summer twilight  
Never has from memory fled,  
And it comes in all its freshness  
When I see my trundle-bed.

Sent in by Hazel Redmond, Spokane.

### Playmates.

Playmate, come out and play with me  
And bring your dollies, three,  
Climb up my apple tree,  
Look down my rain barrel,  
Slide down my cellar door  
And we'll be jolly friends forevermore.

### CHORUS.

But she couldn't come out to play  
It was a sunny day  
With tearful eye she breathed a sigh  
And I could hear her say:

I'm sorry, playmate,  
I can not play with you,  
My dolly has the flu,  
Boo-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo!  
Ain't got no rain barrel,  
Ain't got no cellar door,  
But we'll be jolly friends forevermore.

### Lickin's.

I've always been a mischief,  
But I think it's lots of fun,  
But there is always a penalty  
After the mischief is done.  
Trouble Maker seems to be my middle  
name,

And I get walloped for it just the same.

### CHORUS.

My Lickin's, all I get is lickin's,  
'Cause I raise the dickens most every day,  
Whippin's, no one calls them whippin's,  
'Cause they're my afflictions,  
They hurt like—well, I can't tell,  
But they sting and everything,  
Sometimes I wish that I was never born,  
Specially when I get my dress all torn,  
Lickin's, jimminey, all lickin's,  
I know what it feels like  
To get my daily lickin's.

I'm always getting licked  
For every little thing I do,  
And then I promise to be good  
And start my life anew,  
Now yesterday, while on my way  
To school I saw an awful sight,  
It was Susie Smith and Mary Lee  
Having an awful fight,  
Now Mary Lee, she's my best friend,  
And when I saw her nose bleed  
I thought of that old saying,  
"A friend in need, is a friend indeed,"  
So I clenched my fists and grit my teeth  
And dashed in like a bull  
And grabbed old Susie Smith's hair  
And gave it an awful pull.

We rolled around in all the dust  
Till Susie, she's awful stout,  
Got me down and sat on me,  
And all my wind went out—wow—  
Poor Mary Lee, she looked at me,  
And so sad she said:  
"Poor kid, she tried to take my side,  
And now she's nearly dead,"  
Those words kept ringing in my mind,  
And although I was in pain,  
I thought of the sayings,  
"If at first you don't succeed,  
Try, try again."

This time I made up my mind  
That I was going to win,  
I hit at her, I didn't care where,  
And kicked her in the chin,  
I put out her lamps with three uppercuts,  
Till she fell back in a swoon,  
And I could tell by the look on her old  
face,

She was viewing the stars and moon,  
And after the bout,  
I was all tired out, and started to lean,  
Oh, who do you think I leaned on?  
Aunt Celie, my spanking machine.

Sent in by Mrs. C. A. Van Amburgh,  
Lind, Wash.

### Just a Kid Named Joe.

Just a kid named Joe;  
What his second name is I do not know,  
But he sells the daily papers  
So I buy all my papers from a kid named  
Joe.

Let it rain or snow,  
He'll greet you with a bright "Hello,"  
"Hello, mister, here's your paper,"  
So I buy all my papers from a kid named  
Joe.

Every penny he makes helps a lot  
To take care of mom, he's all she's got,  
"Extra, extra" hustlin' all he can  
For mommy depends on her little man.

Just a kid named Joe,  
Makes this world a better place, I know,  
And he sells the daily papers,  
So I buy all my papers from a kid named  
Joe.

Sent in by Mrs. Cecil Kellum, Post Falls,  
Idaho.

## At Eugene Field's Tomb.

(Born Sept. 3, 1850.)

The little toy dog is covered with  
dust,

The dust of a score of years;  
The little toy soldier is red with  
rust—

The soldier you sang in tears;  
But our memory's green of you,  
Gene Field,

Who told us of Little Boy Blue,  
To your tender songs our hearts  
shall yield

As long as men's hearts are true.

As long as children are sent of God  
To brighten our clouded way,  
As long as Wynken, and Blynken  
and Nod,

Slumber at close of day,  
We shall not forget the songs you  
sang

For a world of heavy hearts;  
We shall not forget, in the wild  
harangue

Of an age of teeming marts.

At your quiet tomb we stand today  
And mourn your Little Boy Blue;  
Our hearts are sad that he went  
away

From the sorrowing world—and  
you.

The little toy soldier is with us  
still,

And the little toy dog still waits  
For his master to come from over  
the hill,

Or to call him from heaven's  
gates.

—Thomas Curtis Clark in Chi-  
cago Tribune.

### Jack and Joe.

Two little boys had two little toys  
Each was a wooden horse,  
Gayly they play each summer day,  
Warriors bold, of course;  
One little chap then had a mishap,  
Broke off his horse's head,  
Wept for his toy, then cried with joy  
As his young comrade said:

"Did you think that I could see you  
crying  
When there's room on my horse for you?  
Climb up here, Joe, and don't be sighing,  
He can run just as fast with two.  
When we grow up, we'll both be soldiers  
And our horses will not be toys,  
Then I wonder if you'll remember  
When we were two little boys."

Long years had passed; the war came at  
last!  
Gayly they rode away,  
Cannon roared loud, midst the mad crowd  
Dead and dying lay,  
Loud rings a cry, a horse dashes by  
From out of the ranks of blue  
Gallops away to where Jack lay,  
As a voice comes strong and true.

"Did you think I could leave you dying,  
When there's room on my horse for you?  
Climb up here, Jack, we'll soon be flying  
To the ranks of the boys in blue.  
Did you say, Jack, I'm all a-tremble?  
Well, perhaps it's the battle's noise,  
Or it may be that I remember  
When we were two little boys."

### Hello, Central! Give Me No Man's Land.

When the gray shadows creep  
And the world is asleep,  
In the still of the night  
Baby creeps down a flight,  
First she looks all around  
Without making a sound,  
Then baby toddles up to the telephone  
And whispers in a baby tone:

### CHORUS.

"Hello, central! Give me No Man's land,  
My daddy's there, my mamma told me,  
She tip-toed off to bed  
After my prayers were said,  
Don't ring when you get my number,  
Or you'll disturb mamma's slumber,  
I'm afraid to stand here at the phone,  
'Cause I'm alone,  
So won't you hurry?  
I want to know why mamma starts to  
weep

When I say, 'Now I lay me down to sleep.'  
Hello, central! Give me No Man's land.

Through the curtains of the night  
Comes a beautiful light  
And the sunshine that beams  
Finds a baby in dreams,  
Mamma looks in to see  
Where her darling can be  
She finds her baby still in slumber deep  
A-whispering while she's fast asleep:  
Repeat chorus.

Sent in by Frances Balensiefen, Spokane.

### An Egg, a Chicken!

Dear Readers: Some time ago a request was made by a reader for an old poem called "An Egg, a Chicken." It has been sent in with the following letter: Dear Mrs. Wilson: We always enjoy your column in the Review. A long time ago I saw a request for the poem, "An Egg, a Chicken." I found it in an old speaker and am sending you a copy of it.

EMMA S.

A negg a chicken! Don't tell me!  
For didn't I break an egg and see?  
There was nothing inside but a yellow ball,  
With a bit of mucllage around it all,  
Neither beak nor bill, nor toe nor quill,  
Not even a feather to hold it together,  
Not a sign of life could any one see,  
An egg a chicken? You can't fool me.

An egg a chicken! Didn't I pick  
Up the very shell that held the chick—  
So they said? And I worked half a day  
To pack him in where he couldn't stay?  
Let me try as I please with squeeze upon  
squeezes.

There is scarce space to meet  
His head and his feet,  
No room for any of the rest of him—so  
That egg never held that chicken I know.

Mamma heard the logic of her little man,  
Understood and helped as mothers can,  
Took an egg from the nest, it was smooth  
and round:

"Now, my boy, can you tell me what  
makes this sound?"

Faint and low, tap, tap!  
Soft and slow, rap, rap!  
Sharp and quick

Like a prisoner's pick,  
"Hear it peep inside there!" cried Tom  
with a shout:

"How did it get in and how can it get  
out?"

Tom was eager to help, he could break  
the shell.  
Mamma smiled and said, "All is well that  
ends well.

Be patient a while yet my boy." Click,  
click,  
And out popped the bill of a dear little  
chick.

No room had it lacked,  
Though snug it was packed,  
There it was all complete,  
From its head to its feet.

The softest of down and the brightest of  
eyes,  
And so big! why the shell wasn't half  
its size.

Tom gave a whistle, "Mamma now I see  
That an egg is a chicken—though how  
beats me."

An egg isn't a chicken, that I know and  
declare

An egg isn't a chicken, see the proof of  
it there.

Nobody can tell  
How it came in the shell:  
Once out, all in vain  
Would I pack it again.

I think it is a miracle, mamma mine,  
As much as that of the water and wine."

PRISCILLA WILSON.

### The Little Shirt My Mother Made for Me.

I can't forget the day that I was born,  
'Twas on a cold and frosty winter's morn;  
The doctor said I was a chubby chap,  
The nurse she picked me upon her lap;  
Oh, she bathed me all over, I remember,  
After powder-puffing me, you see;  
Then she placed me in the cradle by the  
window.

In that little shirt my mother made for me.

Then they put me in my knickerbocks,  
They seemed so funny after socks;  
Oh, I didn't like the pants that I was  
wearing.

So in the street I took them off, you see;  
I walked right home so bravely and so  
daring.

In the little shirt my mother made for me.

Then they said to school that I must go;  
I didn't like my teacher, you must know;  
I played the truant quite so dear,  
She said, "Now you come here."

With a big stick she beat around upon me,  
There was no mistake about the pedigree,  
I had a pretty map of Honolulu  
'Neath the little shirt by mother made  
for me.

Then when I was on my holidays,  
Upon the ocean I did gaze:  
The water seemed so fine, I thought I'd go  
For a swim; but in a minute, oh!  
All the girls on the beach at me were  
staring.

Some were taking pictures, I could see,  
It was a good thing for me that I was  
wearing

The little shirt my mother made for me.

### Pop! Goes the Weasel!

First you buy a spool of thread,  
And then you buy a needle;  
That's the way the money goes,  
Pop! goes the weasel!

Mary has the whooping-cough,  
And baby has the measles;  
That's the way the money goes,  
Pop! goes the weasel!

### "Billy Boy," or "Charming Billy."

Oh, where have you been, Billy boy, Billy  
boy?

Oh, where have you been, charming Billy?  
I have been to seek a wife,

She's the joy of my life,  
She's a young thing and can not leave  
her mother.

Did she bid you come in, Billy boy, Billy  
boy?

Did she bid you come in, charming Billy?  
Yes, she bade me come in,  
There's a dimple in her chin,  
She's a young thing and can not leave her  
mother.

Did she set for you a chair, Billy boy,  
Billy boy?

Did she set for you a chair, charming  
Billy?

Yes, she set for me a chair,  
She has ringlets in her hair,  
She's a young thing and can not leave her  
mother.

Can she make a cherry pie, Billy boy,  
Billy boy?

Can she make a cherry pie, charming  
Billy?

She can make a cherry pie  
Quick's a cat can wink her eye,  
She's a young thing and can not leave her  
mother.

Is she often seen at church, Billy boy,  
Billy boy?

Is she often seen at church, charming  
Billy?

Yes, she's often seen at church  
In a bonnet white as birch,  
She's a young thing and can not leave her  
mother.

How tall is she, Billy boy, Billy boy?  
How tall is she, charming Billy?

She's as tall as any pine  
And as straight as a pumpkin vine!  
She's a young thing and can not leave her  
mother.

Are are eyes very bright, charming Billy?  
boy?

Are her eyes very bright, charming Billy?  
Yes, her eyes are very bright,  
But alas, they're minus eight,  
She's a young thing and can not leave her  
mother.

How old is she, Billy boy, Billy boy?  
How old is she, charming Billy?

She is three times six, four times seven,  
Twenty-eight and eleven,  
She's a young thing and can not leave her  
mother.

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mother.

### "How Pretty the Moon Looks Tonight."

Oh, mother, how pretty the moon looks to-  
night

'Twas never so cunning before  
With two little horns so sharp and so bright  
I wish 'twouldn't grow any more.

If I was up there with you and my friends  
I'd rock in it nicely you see,  
I'd sit in the middle and hold by both ends,  
Oh, what a bright cradle 'twould be.

I'd call to the stars to keep out of my way  
Lest I should rock over their toes;  
And there I would sit till the dawn of the  
day

And see where the pretty moon goes,  
And there I would stay in the beautiful  
skies,  
And through the bright clouds I would  
roam;

I'd see the sun set and see the sun rise,  
And on the next rainbow come home.

## Songs of Long Ago

### Put My Little Shoes Away.

Mother, dear, come bathe my forehead,  
for I'm growing very weak—  
Let one little drop of water fall upon my  
burning cheek.

Tell my loving little schoolmates that I  
never more shall play—  
Give them all my toys—but mother, put  
my little shoes away.

Santa Claus he gave them to me with  
a lot of other things,  
And I think he sent an angel with a pair  
of golden wings.

Mother, I will be an angel, by perhaps  
another day—  
So remember what I tell you, put my  
little shoes away.

Soon the baby will be larger, and they'll  
fit his little feet—  
Oh, he'll look so nice and cunning as he  
walks along the street.

Now I'm growing tired, mother, soon I'll  
say to all "Good day,"  
Please remember what I tell you, put  
my little shoes away.

Sent in by Mrs. William Stookey, Spo-  
kane.

### The Little Red Fox.

N'ya, n'ya, n'ya, said the little fox,  
N'ya, n'ya, ya can't catch me,  
N'ya, n'ya, n'ya, said the little fox,  
Singing merrily.

The little fox ran through the woods,  
Chased by a barking dog,  
By leaps and bounds he lost the hounds  
And he ran in a hollow fox.

N'ya, n'ya, n'ya, said the little fox,  
N'ya, n'ya, ya can't catch me;  
N'ya, n'ya, n'ya, said the little fox,  
Singing merrily.

A foxy fox was he, Ho!  
You can't catch me today,  
I'm on my merry way.

### Pop, Goes the Weasel.

All around a fiddler's bench  
A monkey chased a weasel  
That's the way the money goes,  
Pop, goes the weasel.

Clara's got the whooping-cough,  
Lena's got the measles;  
Daddy's got a sore big toe,  
Pop, goes the weasel.

A priest he kissed a cobbler's wife,  
A monkey chased a weasel,  
That's the way the money goes,  
Pop, goes the weasel.

The girls they danced a lively jig,  
The boys they got the measles,  
Those were surely good old times,  
Pop, goes the weasel.

Sent in by Jay Sartwell, Spokane.

### Sweet and Low.

Sweet and low, sweet and low,  
Wind of the western sea,  
Low, low, breathe and blow,  
Wind of the western sea,

Over the rolling waters go,  
Come from the dying moon and blow,  
Blow him again to me,  
While my little one, while my pretty  
one sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,  
Father will come to thee soon,  
Rest, rest on mother's breast,  
Father will come to thee soon,

Father will come to his babe in the nest,  
Silver sails all out of the west,  
Under the silver moon,  
Sleep, my little one, sleep my pretty one,  
sleep.