THE NATIONAL CHILDREN'S FOLKSONG REPOSITORY

EDUCATIONAL CYBERPLAYGROUND

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OUR RHYMING HISTORY
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CALL TOLL FREE AND
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SAY THE NAME OF YOUR SONG, YOUR TOWN, YOUR STATE and YOUR NAME IF YOU WANT TO.

---► NOW SING YOUR SONG ◄---
IF YOU MAKE A MISTAKE IT IS OK JUST DO IT OVER.
"Step on a crack, break your mother's back" (1917)

(PROQUEST HISTORICAL NEWSPAPERS)  
_CHILD INTERVIEW REVEALS GLOOM IN THIS HOME; Trimly Frocked Miss Casually Tells of Struggle and "Nonsupport."_
(http://proquest.umi.com/pqdweb?index=2&did=381027691&SrchMode=1&sid=2&Fmt=10&VInst=PROD&VType=PQD&RQT=309&VName=HNP&TS=1106876875&clientId=65882)

...
You must remember yourselves how serious a business that was when once you hopped—it was usually a board sidewalk in your hopping days, was it not?—down the walk to the legend, "Step on a crack, break your mother's back," endeavoring with great filial devotion to avoid the necessity for any such maternal outrage. ....
...
_WALKING LORE_
(http://proquest.umi.com/pqdweb?index=3&did=363334472&SrchMode=1&sid=3&Fmt=10&VInst=PROD&VType=PQD&RQT=309&VName=HNP&TS=1106877062&clientId=65882)
...
"STEP on a crack, you break your mother's back," is a ridiculous superstition which almost every youngster has put faith in at one time or another by hopping over the crack in the sidewalk. Didn't you do it?
...
(NEWSPAPERARCHIVE)
...
_Nebraska State Journal_
(http://www.newspaperarchive.com/Viewer.aspx?img=W0CtXEq/mhWKID/6NLmv2mAEsr12zXwGEGTck5ZDIUdnBe+4gPju0EfF+CsZYmz)
Wednesday, August 25, 1897 _Lincoln,_ 
...dozens of persons who believe that to stop on a crack is a sign that they will.....And is trying to avoid stepping on a crack between the flagstones
The peculiar manner in which a well dressed gentleman walked down Chestnut street a few evenings ago attracted attention. Some of his steps were of ordinary length, while others were very short, and others still very long. A stalwart policeman explained the peculiarity. "That man," said he, "is a crack-stepper--that is, he is superstitious and is trying to avoid stepping on a crack between the flagstones forming the sidewalk. There are dozens of persons who believe that to step on a crack is a sign that they will meet with bad luck. They soon get into the habit of regulating their steps so as to avoid the cracks, and they are unconscious of the peculiarity of their movements.

Teachers' Saucy Looks (1924); I Love Coffee, Tea (1925); Liar, Liar (1961)


Pg. 31:
Acka-backa, soda cracker,
Does your father chew tobacco?
Yes. No. Maybe So. Ye. No, etc.

Pg. 33:
Charlie Chaplin
Went to France
To teach the ladies
How to dance.
First the heel
And then the toe
Left foot forward
Out you go.

Pg. 37:
I love coffee
I love tea
I love the boys
And the boys love me.

Pg. 37:
Charlie Chaplin
Went to France
To teach the girls
The hula-hula dance.
First on the heel,
Then on the toe,
Round and round and round you go.
Salute to the Captain
Bow to the Queen
And turn your back
On the dirty submarine.

... 

Pg. 131:
I'm rubber and you're glue.
it bounces off me and it sticks on you.

... 

Pg. 132:
Liar, liar,
Your pants are on fire,
Your nose is as long
As a telephone wire.

... 

Pg. 135:
No more pencils, no more books,
No more teachers' dirty looks.

... 

Pg. 139:
Look up.
Look down.
Your pants is falling down.

... 

Pg. 142:
Goof morning to you,
You belong in the zoo.
You look like a monkey
And act like one too.

... 

Pg. 147:
Scairdy cat, scairdy cat,
Don't know what you're looking at.


... 

Charlie Chaplin went to France
To teach the ladies how to dance.
Heel and toe and away we go.
Heel and toe and away we go.
Bow to the captain. Kneel to the Queen.
And give a salute to the big Marine.
"I love coffee, I love tea,
I love the boys, and the boys love me
How many boys are stuck on me?
One, two, three, four, five, six--"
The little miss whose "turn" it was proved to have sixteen ardent suitors.

"No more history, no more books, no more teachers' sassy looks."

--- Jackie Crams on Knowledge of Holy Land---

... Soon the boys and girls of Jackie Coogan's age will be singing the annual vacation anthem--"No more history, no more books, no more teachers' sassy looks."

...
"No more pencils; no more books; no more teachers' saucy looks," is the cry heard today from the school children. Why? Because the last day of school, that day so welcome to boys and girls from six to eighteen, has arrived.

_Vivian Volk's "modern" jump-rope song [Aug. 12] was in daily use at Parkside school [69th st. and East End av.] back in the early 1920s. Another variation was_

my mother, your mother,
Loved across the way;
Fifteen and fourteen East Broadway.
Every night they had a fight,
And this is what they'd say:
Acka-backa soda cracka, acka-backa boo!
Acka-backa soda cracka, out goes you!
Gloria C. Marsteller

**SONGS from 1931 – 1941** [http://www.heptune.com/lyrics.html](http://www.heptune.com/lyrics.html)

_A Tisket, A Tasket (Fitzgerald, Feldman)_
Transcribed from vocals by Fats Waller, recorded August 21, 1938;  

_Barnacle Bill the Sailor_  
Photograph of Louis Jordan. (Robinson - Luther)  
Transcribed from Louis Jordan's Elks Rendezvous Band, vocal by Louis Jordan, recorded December 20, 1938.  

_Careless Love_  
W.C. Handy  
Transcribed from Blanche Calloway and Her Joy Boys, recorded March 27, 1931.  
Transcribed from the Dixieland Jazz Group of NBC's Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street, from vocals by Lena Horne, recorded June 23, 1941.  

_Creole Love Song (Ellington-Miley-Jackson)_  
Transcribed from Cab Calloway and His Orchestra, recorded June 6, 1931.  

... "One, two, buckle my shoe,
Three, four, shut the door,
Five, six, pick up sticks,
Seven, eight, lay them straight"
...
"Way down South, where bananas grow,
A fly stepped on an elephant's toe.
The elephant cried with tears in his eyes,
'You big brute, take someone your size!''
...
"Done the Mississippi where the steamboats 'putt,'
An elephant stepped on a cockroach's foot.
'Ouch,' cried the cockroach, with tears in his eyes,
'Why don't you pick on someone your size?''

"Missus Sippi lived by the shore,
She had children three or more.
The oldest one was twenty-four.
How many children did she have?"

Little Girl Jump-Rope Chants: Folk Rhymes in the Making; From Nantucket To New Mexico Wandering Minstrels Rhythmic Tap Of Jumping Feat

... Charlie Chaplin went to France
To teach the ladies how to dance;
First the heel, then the toe,
Round and round and round we go.
Bow to the queen,
Salute to the king,
Turn your back to the submarine..
...
Teddy Bear, Teddy Bear, turn around
Teddy Bear, Teddy Bear, touch the ground,
Teddy Bear, Teddy Bear, tie your shoe.
Teddy Bear, Teddy Bear, that will do.
...
Mabel, Mabel, set the table,
Don't forget the vinegar, salt and red hot pepper.
...
Amos and Andy,
Sugar and candy,
I spy down;
AMos and Andy,
Sugar and candy,
I spy up.


... Eeny, meeny, miney. mo,
Catch a n****rr by the toe.
If he hollers, let him go,
Eeny, maany, miney, mo.

... Inty, minty, dibbeldy fig,
Deelya, meelya, dominig,
Eitcha, peitcha, dibbeldy eitcha
Uliga, buliga, boo,
Out goes Y-O-U.

... No more pencils, no more books,
No more teachers' cross-eyed looks.

......
One, two, button my shoe,
Three, four, shut the door,
Five, six, pick up sticks,
Seven, eight, lay them straight,
Nine, ten, start all over again.

...
One, eat a plum, put your right foot over,
Two, button my shoe, etc.,
Three, come with me,
Four, shut the door,
Five, I'm alive,
Six, pick up sticks,
Seven, I'm in heaven,
Eight, shut the gate,
Nine, be on time,
Ten, start all over again.

...
Eeny, meany, Mussolini,
Hit him on the bumble beany.

...
Eeny, meany, miney mo,
Catch a Jap by the toe,
If he hollers, make him say:
"I surrender U.S.A."
A knife and a fork
A bottle and a cork
That's the way
To spell NEW YORK.

Chicken in the car
And the car won't go
That's the way to spell
CHICAGO.

I says, you says,
We all want ices.

Girls are dandy,
Made of candy--
That's what little irls are made of.
Boys are rotten,
Made of cotton--
That's what little boys are made of.

I've got a rocket
In my pocket;
I cannot stop to play.
Away it goes!
I've burnt my toes.
It's Independence Day.

I love my wife and I love my baby.
I love my biscuits sopped in gravy.

Charlie Chuck
Married a duck
Duck died
Charlied cried.
Pg. 42:
Beef and bacon's out of season;  
I want a knife to eat my peas on.

Pg. 67:
Apple on a stick  
Makes me sick;  
Gives me aa stomache ache.  
Two, four, six.

Pg. 67:
I should worry, I should care,  
I should marry a millionaire;  
He should die, I should cry--  
Then I'd marry a richer guy.

Pg. 77:
Eat fresh fried fish free at the fish fry.

Pg. 128:
I'm rubber and you're glue.  
What you say to me will bounce back and stick to you.

Pg. 159:
You be the ice cream, I'll be the freezer.  
You be the lemon and I'll be the squeezer.

Pg. 163:
U R  
2 good  
2 B  
4 got 10. (You are too good to be forgotten.)

Pg. 168:
I made you look, I made you look.  
I made you buy a penny book.

Pg. 172:
Laugh before you eat,  
Cry before you sleep.  
Touch black, touch black!  
You'll never get it back.

Pg. 175:
If you stub your tow,  
You're bound to meet your beau.
THE NATIONAL CHILDREN’S FOLKSONG REPOSITORY

Pg. 193:
Oh, you may drive a horse to water,
But a pencil must be lead.

MISS MARY MAC ALL DRESSED IN BLACK:
TONGUE TWISTERS, JUMP-ROPE THYMES AND OTHER CHILDREN’S
LORE FROM NEW ENGLAND by Scott E. Hastings, Jr.
Little Rock, AK: August Houst Publishers, Inc. 1990
This is a fine collection, but no dates are given. (As with much of this stuff.)
Here’s one for Yale.

Pg. 115:
I’ve never been to Paris, I’ve never been to Yale,
The only place I’ve ever been is the good old county jail.
One day when I was sleeping I looked upon the wall,
The quiddys (_cooties?_) and the bedbugs were having a game of ball.
The score was two to zero, the quiddys were ahead
The bedbugs hit a homerun and knocked me out of bed!

SHOULD I MARRY A MILLIONAIRE
(NEWSPAPERARCHIVE)
Syracuse Herald Monday, June 16, 1913 Syracuse/, New York/
...SHOULD I SHOULD CARE I SHOULD MARRY A millionaire. If he
SHOULD die. 1 SHOULD...Pg. 8, col. 5:
I should worry,
I should care.
I should marry a millionaire.
If he should die,
I should cry;
I should marry another guy.

(PROQUEST HISTORICAL NEWSPAPERS)("I should marry a millionaire")
1. OUT OF THE MOUTHS --
JAMES NEILD. New York Times (1857-Current file). New York, N.Y.: Dec 19,
1926. p. XX12 (1 page)

2. B.A. Botkin, Folklore Expert, Is Dead
Dr. Botkin's investigators found that one of the most popular and widespread
children's chants was:

I should worry, I should care,
I should marry a millionaire.
He should die, I should cry.
I should marry another guy.
Another was:

Take a local,
Take an express,
Don't get off
Till you reach success.

**Kissing poem (1969); Peanut Butter poem (1922)**

(NEWSPAPERARCHIVE)

Coshocton Tribune Tuesday, February 25, 1969 Coshocton, Ohio

...then COMES MARRIAGE: then here she COMES with a BABY CARRIAGE.".Liquor j n.....complex .Childhood Chants remembered: "FIRST COMES love..
Pg. 6, col. 1 (Bert Bacharach column from Los Angeles):
FADED PHRASES: "She's a caution," "Little pitchers have big ears" and "He's dead to the world"...Childhood chants remembered: "First comes love, then comes marriage; then here she comes with a baby carriage."

Daily Herald Sunday, July 07, 1985 Chicago, Illinois

...favorite anonymous. A PEANUT A PEANUT SAT ON THE RAILROAD It's heart was all a.....Choo-choo train comes round THE Toot PEANUT When THE Dark Comes Dancing. a..

Bee Wednesday, June 14, 1922 Danville, Virginia

...powder pufts. Life. Toot Toot A PEANUT SAT ON THE RAILROAD track, Its heart was.....THE came thundering past Toot Toot1. PEANUT Butter. Nowadays. H. E. says an.. Pg. 4, col. 2:

_Toot! Toot!_

A peanut sat on the railroad track,
Its heart was all a-flutter,
The 3:45 came thundering past--
Toot! Toot! Peanut Butter.

"Two Tutors" (1899 limerick) and Puddentame (1881 - 1940)

"A tutor was teaching two tutors to toot" is on page 132 of MISS MARY MAC, ALL DRESSED IN BLACK: TONGUE TWISTERS, JUMP ROPE RHYNMES AND OTHER CHILDREN'S LORE FROM NEW ENGLAND (1990).

_NOVEL ADVERTISING SCHEMES; Poetry and High Class Literature Sent Out Without Credit--A Striking Example_

(\texttt{http://proquest.umi.com/pqdweb?index=0&did=426747561&SrchMode=1&sid=5&Fmt=10&VInst=PROD&VType=PQD&RQT=309&VName=HNP&TS=11070 68757&clientId=65882})

An example of this style of advertising is the following, which has been issued from the office of the Second Vice President of a prominent insurance company:

... A tutor who tooted the flute
   Tried to tutor two tutors to toot.
   Said the two to the tutor, "Is it harder to toot, or
   To tutor two tutors to toot?"
...

_ PUDDENTAME_ >From MISS MARY MAC (1990), pg. 103:

... What's your name?
   Puddentame.
   Where are you from?
   Down the lane.
   What's your number?
   Cucumber.
   What's your trade?
   Lemonade.
   Show us some if you're not afraid.

(PROQUEST HISTORICAL NEWSPAPERS)
"There's a bricktop, again," sang out the teasing voice. "What's your name?"
"Pudden Tame! Ask me again, and I'll tell you the same!" shouted Priscilla, goaded to anger.

In the Wake of the News; DO YOU REMEMBER WAY BACK WHEN:
We kids were asked our name by the new kid in the neighborhood, we replied, "Puddin' Tame, ask me again and I'll tell you the same!"--C. V. C.

WHAT THEY SAY IN NEW ENGLAND AND OTHER AMERICAN FOLKLORE
collected by Clifton Johnson edited with an introduction by Carl Withers
New York: Columbia University Press 1963
Pg. 118: RHYMES AND JINGLES

Question: What's your name?
Answer: Pudden tame;
Ask me again
And I'll tell you the same.

Some of the boys give a much ruder answer to this question in these words:
John Brown,
Ask me again and I'll knock you down.

Second form:

Question: What's your name?
Answer: Pudden tame.
Question: What's your natur'?
Pg. 119:
Answer: Pudden tater.
Question: What's your will?
Answer: Pudden swill.

Third form: (GOOGLE)
http://landofmagic.co.uk/text_files/Whats%20Your%20Name.txt

What's your name?
Pudden Tame.
What's your other?
Bread and Butter.
Where do you live?
In a sieve.
What's your number?
Cucumber.

(AMERICAN PERIODICAL SERIES ONLINE) IN THE ARENA
BY EDWIN L. SABIN. Century Illustrated Magazine (1881-1906). New York:
May 1904. Vol. VOL. LXVIII, Iss. No. 1; p. 76 (6 pages)
Fifth page, page 80:
"Say--What's your name?" you inquired, as you had every right to do.

"Puddin' tame; ask me again, an' I'll tell you the same," he replied insolently.

Fuzzy Wuzzy (1942); Ten Little Indians (1880); Don't Say Ain't

FUZZY WUZZY: _Wisconsin Rapids Daily Tribune_  
(http://www.newspaperarchive.com/Viewer.aspx?img=ONKPmHWqWNiKID/6NLMW2oe7tDcJpnAoDSNq4Zbmrbl9tCUTeh+JM0IF+CsZYmrz)  
Friday, July 31, 1942 _Wisconsin Rapids,_  
...Wis. FUZZY WUZZY was a BEAR; FUZZY WUZZY had no hair; FUZZY WUZZY wasn't.....very FUZZY was 'e? Anna Carol  Kingdon Dear..{g. 8, col. 1:}
Fuzzy Wuzzy was a bear;
Fuzzy Wuzzy had no hair;
Fuzzy Wuzzy wasn't very fuzzy,
was 'e?--Anna Carol Kingdon.

... 

TEN LITTLE INDIANS: _RECENT FICTION._
(http://proquest.umi.com/pqdweb?index=0&did=109775174&SrchMode=1&sid=19&Fmt=10&VInst=PROD&VType=PQD&RQT=309&VName=HNP&TS=1107070952&clientId=65882)
Mr. Russell's story is something like the refrain of the "Ten Little Indians," only the savages are of a seafaring character.

... 

DON'T SAY AIN'T
Don't say ain't, your mother will faint,
And your father will fall in a bucket of paint.
Your sister will cry, your brother will die,
And you dog will call the FBI....
(My dog will call the FBI??--ed.)

"Ching-Ching Chinaman" (1897) and American Folklore Society
AMERICAN FOLKLORE SOCIETY

Roger D. Abrahams edited two books for the American Folklore Society. One was JUMP-ROPE RHYMES: A DICTIONARY (1969) and another is COUNTING-OUT RHYMES: A DICTIONARY (1980). NYU has the former at the New School only, but I've read portions at the NYPL.

Abrahams cites collections of books, but many of these rhymes and sayings first appeared in regional NEWSPAPERS. We now have digitized newspapers, so we should be improving on every entry. I don't know what Fred Shapiro plans to include from all this, but certain rhymes are famous.

"I scream" was first cited here from 1947. "I should marry a millionaire" has a 1940 date. "Acca, bacca" is from North Carolina in 1948. "Charlie Chaplin sat on a pin" and "Charlie Chaplin went (came) to France" are both cited from 1926. "Spell Chicago" and "Spell New York" are both cited from 1947. "Cinderella, dressed in yellow" is from 1926. "I see London, I see stars, I see someone's underdrawers" is from 1963.

CHING CHING CHINAMAN

"Ching Ching Chinaman" is probably one of the most important of children's rhymes, just after they were taught "Ten Little Niggers." Oh, that innocent age.
It's clearly from the 1800s, but JUMP-ROPE RHYMES doesn't help much here...The Library of Congress's American Memory seems to be down at the moment.

JUMP-ROPE RHYMES: A DICTIONARY
edited by Roger D. Abrahams Published for the American Folklore Society by the University of Texas Press, Austin & London 1969

Pg. 29:
Ching, chang, Chinaman,
Chop, chop, chop,
Eating Candy at the candy shop.
...Abrahams, _SFQ_, 27 (1963), 202 [Texas].

Ching, chang, Chinaman bought a toy doll,
Washed it, dyed it, then caught a cold.
Send for the doctor; Doctor wouldn't come
Because he had a pimple on his tum-tum-tum.
...Douglas (1916), 95 [London]. "...penny doll....and called it penny poll."
...Sutton-Smith, _WF_, 12 (1953), 21 [New Zealand].

Pg. 30:
Ching, Ching, Chinaman
Eats dead rats,
Swallows them down
Like ginger-snaps!
...Yoffie, _JAF_, 60 (1947), 49 [Missouri].

(PROQUEST HISTORICAL NEWSPAPERS)
A MONOLOGUE UPON CATS.; With Several Incidental Digresions to Other Subjects.
[Illegible--ed.] she was a little girl, that was at the time when the children wore their hair braided down their backs and my little niece called after a little girl on the street, "Ching, Ching, Chinaman!" and all about a pigtail, and the little girl hit her, and she fell down and hurt her hip.

(GOOGLE)
"Ching Ching Chinaman sitting on a fence Trying to make a dollar out of fifteen cents. Along came a Chinaman and hit him on the head. Ching Ching Chinaman fell down dead."

(GOOGLE)
http://faculty.virginia.edu/vafolk/ffv1a.htm
Rhyming Verses: Tippy recited verses to accompany his dancing. The purpose seemed to be two-fold: while maintaining the rhythm of his dance
THE NATIONAL CHILDREN’S FOLKSONG REPOSITORY

with these stanzas, Tippy added to the overall comic nature of his performances. Some of his rhyming verses were comic variations of standard folk rhymes like: [End page 37]

Ching, Ching, Chinaman, sittin' on the fence,
Tryin' to make a dollar out of fifteen cents.

Which became:

Ching, Ching, Chinaman, sittin' on the fence,
If you ain't got a dollar give me fifteen cents.

(OCLC WORLDCAT) Ching ching Chinaman /

(LITERATURE ONLINE)
Foster, Stephen Collins, 1826-1864: DON'T BET YOUR MONEY ON DE SHANGHAI. [from The Music of Stephen C. Foster [1990]] [Editorial note: 1Kb]

De Shanghai chicken when you put him in de pit
He'll eat a loaf of bread up but he can't fight a bit
De Shanghai fiddle is a funny little thing
And ebry time you tune him up he goes ching! ching!

Chorus---
Oh! de Shanghai!
Don't bet your money on de Shanghai!
Take de little chicken in de middle of de ring
But don't bet your money on de Shanghai.

"I SEE LONDON, I SEE FRANCE"
(NEWSPAPERARCHIVE) Playground Daily News Wednesday, June 28, 1967 Fort Walton Beach, Florida Pg. 4, col. 1:
The other day we heard a grandfather reach back into his mental notebook and come up with this very timely, appropriate limerick as he spoke to his teenage granddaughter:

"I see London, I see France
I see someone's underpants."--Springfield (Minn.) Advance-Press
Lemonade, made in the shade (1904); Church steeple & people

WHAT THEY SAY IN NEW ENGLAND AND OTHER AMERICAN FOLKLORE
collected by Clifton Johnson edited with an introduction by Carl Withers New York: Columbia University Press 1963

Pg. 132: At picnics you will sometimes hear the children say:
Lemonade,
Made in the shade,
Stirred with a spade,
By an old maid.

(PROQUEST HISTORICAL NEWSPAPERS)
_MINEOLA'S FARMERS' FAIR; THE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY HAS A GREAT DAY. JEFFREY YORKE, THE TRAINER, MEETS WITH A PROBABLY FATAL ACCIDENT --MANY INTERESTING RACES._

... The most strident voice of all belonged to an ancient lemonade vendor, who chanted unceasingly: "Ere y'are. Ice cold lemminyade, made in the shade, stirred by the four fingers of Jenny Lind, and cooled by the ice Napoleon shot the bear upon. Only a nickel a glass and no suds."

... (NEWSPAPERARCHIVE)
_Daily Citizen_
(http://www.newspaperarchive.com/Viewer.aspx?img=ONKPmHWqWNiKID/6NLMW2kqHM4h2z9EpHA/KT95ukREvtts+CdaVtA==) Tuesday, June 27, 1893 _Iowa City,_
(http://www.newspaperarchive.com/Search.aspx?Search=city:iowa_city+lemonade+and+made+in+the+shade+AND) _Iowa_ (http://www.newspaperarchive.com/Search.aspx?Search=state:iowa+lemonade+and+made+in+the+shade+AND) at which old fashioned LEMONADE, "MADE IN THE SHADE AND stirred by an old -- thorough search of THE buildINg was MADE by THE police while a number of men..
 Pg. 3, col. 3:
Tiffin has been making great preparations for a Fourth of July celebration. During the day there will be a "grand old-fashioned picnic" at which old fashioned lemonade "made in the shade and stirred by an old maid with a rusty spade" will be served, and delicious ice cream, made from "real cream," will be there.
Tents are raised in the vacant lots along Center Street and counters knocked together for the sale of ice-cold lemonade, lemo, lemo, lemo, made in the shade, with a spade, by an old maid, lemo, lemo. Here y'are now, gents, gitch nice cool drink, on'y five a glass.

Here is one way to amuse a child. Clasp your hands with the fingers turned inward and repeat the following ditty, which you illustrate by changing the position of your fingers and hands:

Here's the meeting house, there's the steeple,
Look inside and see all the people.

A carpet-covered corner;
A soap-box for a counter;
A lemon, a lump of sugar, and
A bucketful of water;
A boy with face all freckled;
And shirt and trousers ragged,
With hair uncombed and feet unshod;
With voice of power ringing loud,
Crying his wares: Cold lemonade!
Made fresh and sweet--
Stirred with a spade:
At one cent for a guzzle small.
And two cents if you drink your fill!"
Such is the trade the Summer Boy
Doth grow rich by, and much enjoy.
--HELENA DAVIS.

It is open season for:
Fried chicken (in a shoe box).
Deviled eggs (skewered with toothpicks).
Peanut sandwiches. (No, Charles, you remove the oiled paper before you eat them.)
Potato salad (including a few ants).
Sweet pickles and olives (in a butter boat).
Chocolate cake (Smartboy calls it fudge).
Watermelon (unripe and warm).
Lemonade (stirred with a spade, in the shade, by an old maid).

Mrs. Donald Ryerson, Mrs. Charles E. Brown Start Journey East

Members of the Omaha Junior League are using a novel idea to swell the coffers of its treasury. They will serve lemonade each Saturday on the tenth tee at the Omaha Country club, asking no set fee for the drinks. As Saturday is men's day only, the "stirred with a spade" probably will bring in an amazing amount of money.

STREET CALLS OF THE SOUTH: The Negro Pedler, Using Rhyme, Is an Adept In Advertising His Wares Vocally -- The Psychology of His Slogans
As children are used to giving it, there is the news in the fact that it is "stirred by the hand of an old maid," prosaic information in itself and of what allure in the coaxing of a sale can only be imagined.
(...)
"Green corn--sure as you're born--yard long--ears strong--green corn."

Shrine Circus Goes to Childrens Hospital
There was one slight variation: instead of pink lemonade "made in the shade and stirred with a spade," there wa cold milk in sanitary cartons.

>From childhood days, when one of summer's recreations was to repeat loudly and monotonously, "Lemonade made in the shade, stirred with a spade--" to adults, this beverage has been a smacking favorite.
"Lemo, lemo, lemonade,
Made in the shade,
Stirred with a spade--
Five cents a big glass!"

One of the more intriguing bits of literature which Dr. (Dwight J.--ed.) Bradley has put out is a 16-page size leaflet bearing the old nursery rhyme title, "This is the Church, This Is the Steeple, Open the Doors...and There Are the People."

There's a game adults play with children to amuse them. Clasping the hands with fingers entwined inside the palms, they maneuver them, chanting: "Here's the church and here's the steeple. Open the doors and see all the people."

"A woman, a dog and a hickory tree,
The more you beat them the better they'll be."

"A spaniel, a wife, and a walnut tree,
The more you beat them the better they be.
TWISS's _Eldon_, iii. 136.
A woman, a dog, a hickory tree,
The more you beat them, the better they be.

Aunt Jemima ate cake,
Aunt Jemima ate jelly,
Aunt Jemima went home
With a pain in her --
Now don't get excited,
And don't be misled,
For Aunt Jemima went home
With a pain in her head.

Beefsteak when I'm hungry.
Whiskey when I'm dry,
Money when I'm hard up,
And heaven when I die.

Chink, chink, Chinaman,
sitting on fence,
Trying to make dollar,
Out of fifteen cents,
Along came a policeman,
And clubbed him on the head,
Chink, chink, Chinaman,
Fell down dead.

Christmas is coming,
Turkeys are fat,
Please put a nickel,
In grandpa's hat.
If you haven't a nickel,
A penny will do.
If you haven't that,
God bless you.

I asked my mother for fifty cents,
To see the elephant jump the fence;
He jumped so high, he touched the sky,
And didn't get back till the fourth of July.

Pg. 636:
I should worry, I should fret,
I should marry a suffregette.

Pg. 638:
I've got a rocket,
In y pocket,
I cannot stop to play.
Away she goes,
I've burnt my toes,
'Tis Independence Day.

Lemonade,
Made in the shade,
Stirred with a spade,
Good enough for any old maid.

Pg. 639:
One's company,F
Two's a couple,
Three's a crowd.

Pg. 644:
What shall e do?
Spit in our shoe.

What's your name?
John Brown.
Ask me again,
And I'll knock you down.

What's your name?
Pudding and tame.
Ask me again and
I'll tell you the same.
Where do you live?
Down the lane.
What's your number?
Cucumber.

What's the news?
The cat has new shoes.
THE NATIONAL CHILDREN'S FOLKSONG REPOSITORY

FOLK-LORE FROM ADAMS COUNTY ILLINOIS (1965), pg. 638:
It is a sin,
To steal a pin;
It is a greater,
To steal a potater (potato).

(NEWSPAPERARCHIVE) _Dunkirk Observer Journal_ (http://www.newspaperarchive.com/Viewer.aspx?img=9cbxNliVHYuKID/6NLMW2vcwb3StNMPzB69E74FCRpgpjA1V0fY8OkIF+CsZYmrz)
Friday, June 28, 1889 _Dunkirk,_
Pg. 3, col. 1: He wrote that although it seemed like a trifling matter it had always troubled him--on the principle, I suppose, that "it is a sin to steal a pin, even though it may be greater to steal a 'tater."

...

(PROQUEST HISTORICAL NEWSPAPERS) _NOTES AND COMMENTS._ (http://proquest.umi.com/pqdweb?index=0&did=78765735&SrchMode=1&sid=1&Fmt=10&VInst=PROD&VType=PQD&RQT=309&VName=HNP&TS=1107241406&clientId=65882)
New York Times (1857-Current file). New York, N.Y.: Apr 23, 1871. p. 3 (1 page) : As in this particular case the hair was taken from merchants after it had been imported and made an article of merchandise, the jury didn't think it worth while to split any hairs about it, but concluded that if it was a "sin to steal a pin," it must be wrong to take chignons....

FOLK-LORE FROM ADAMS COUNTY ILLINOIS (1965), pg. 637:
If you step on a crack,
You'll break your mother's back.
or
Step on a crack,
Break your mother's back.
...
If you step in a hole,
You'll break your mother's sugar bowl.
or
Step in a hole,
Break your mother's sugar bowl.
...
If you step in a line,
You'll find a dime.
...
If you step on a nail,
You'll send your father to jail
or
THE NATIONAL CHILDREN’S FOLKSONG REPOSITORY

Step on a nail,
Get your father to jail.

=  
RISE, SALLY, RISE  (1883)  

(PROQUEST HISTORICAL NEWSPAPERS)  
GAMES OF AMERICAN CHILDREN.; Some Curiosities of the Nursery and the Playground. The Atlanta Constitution (1881-2001). Atlanta, Ga.: May 20, 1883. p. 6 (1 page):

Onery, twoery, hickory Ann,
Fillison, follason, Nicholas John,
Queevy, quavy, Virgin Mary,
Singalum, sangalum, buck.

(...)
Eny, meny, mony, my,
Tusca, leina, bona, stry,
Kay bell, broken wed,
We, wo, weck.

(...) 
Mr. William Wells Newell has done a good service to the cause of juvenile literature by writing a handsome book of nearly 250 pages about the "Games and Songs of American Children," which has just been published in New York. Under the head of "Love Games" he gives ten specimens. Among the nine which he classifies as "Histories" is one called "Little Sallie Waters," in whose honor a dance has been named, which is now in vogue. The rhyme runs thus:

Little Sallie Waters,
Sitting in the sun.
Crying and weeping
For a young man.
Rise, Sally rise,
Dry your weeping eyes,
Fly to the east,
Fly to the west,
Fly to the one you love best.

Sally Walker

1.
Rise, Sally Walker, rise when you can,
Rise, Sally Walker, and follow your goodman;
Come chose to the east, come choose to the west,
Come choose to the very one that you love best.

Mary made a pudding nice and sweet,
Lizzie took a knife and tasted it;
Taste love, taste love, don't say no,
Next Monday morning to the church we will go.

Clean the fire-bransticks, clean the fireside,
Roll up the curtains, and let us see the bride.
These two lovers married in joy,
Every year a girl or a boy;
Seven years after and seven years to come,
Kiss young couple, kiss and be done.

2.
Sally, Sally Walker,
Sprinkling in a pan;
Rise, Sally; rise, Sally,
For a young man.

Come, choose from the east,
Come, choose from the west,
Come, choose out the very one
That you love best.

Now there's a couple
Married in joy;
First a girl,
And then a boy.

Now you're married;
You must obey
Every word
Your husband says.

Take a kiss
And walk away,
And remember the promise
You've made to-day.

3.
Little Sally Walker sitting in a sigh,
Weeping and waiting for a young man.
Come choose you east, come choose you west,
The very one that you love best.

4.
Little Sally Walker sitting on the sand,
Crying and weeping for a young man.
Rise, Sally, rise, Sally, wipe away your tears,
Try for the east, and try for the west,
Try for the (little) very one you love best.

Now they're married I wish them joy,
Every year a girl and boy,
Loving each other like sister and brother,
I hope to see them meet again.

5.
Rise, Sally Walker,
Rise if you can,
Rise, Sally Walker, and follow your good man;
Choose to the east, and choose to the west,
Choose to the one you love best.
There is a couple married in joy,
Past a girl and then a boy,
Seven years after, seven years to come,
Kiss you couple, kiss and be done.
A' the many hours to us a happy life,
Except ---- and he wants a wife.
A wife he shall have,
And a widower shall he be,
Except ---- that sits on his knee,
A guid fauld hoose and a blacket fireside,
Draw up your gartens and show all your bride.

6.
Arise, Sally Walker, arise if you can,
Arise, Sally Walker, and follow your good man;
Come choose to the east, come choose to the west,
Come choose to the very one you love best.

This is a couple married with joy;
First a girl and then a boy,
Seven years after and seven years to come,
This young couple married and begun.
[The Christian name of a girl] made a pudding so nice
and sweet,
[Boy's Christian name] took a knife and tasted it.
Taste love, taste love, don't say No,
The next Sunday morning
To church we shall go.
Clean the brazen candlesticks,
And clean the fireside,
Draw back the curtains,
And lat's see the bride.
A' the men in oor toon leads a happy life,
Except [a boy's full name], and he wants a wife.
A wife shall he hae, and a widow she shall be;
For look at [a girl's full name] diddling on's knee.
He paints her cheeks and he curls her hair,
And he kisses the lass at the foot o' the stair.

7.
[Cullen version is same as (6) for lines 1-7, then:

This young couple be married and be done,
A' the men in oor toon leads a happy life,
Except ---- and he wants a wife.
A wife he shall have, and a widow she shall be,
Except [a girl's name] that sits on his knee,
Painting her face and curling her hair,
Kissing [a girl's name] at the foot o' the stair.

8.
Rise, Sally Walker, rise if you can,
Rise, Sally Walker, follow your gudeman.
Come choose to the east, come choose to the west,
Come choose to the very one that you love best.

Now they're married I wish them joy,
Every year a girl or boy,
Loving each other like sister and brother,
And so they may be kissed together.

Cheese and bread for gentlemen,
And corn and hay for horses,
A cup of tea for a' good wives,
And bonnie lads and lassies.
When are we to meet again?
And when are we to marry?
Raffles up, and raffles down, and raffles a' a dancin',
The bonniest lassie that ever I saw,
Was [child in the centre] dancin'.

9.
Sally, Sally Walker, sitting in the sun,
Weeping and wailing for a young man,
Rise, Sally, rise, and wipe away your tears,
Fly to the east, fly to the west,
And fly to the very one that you love best.

Uncle John is very sick,
He goes a courting night and day;
Sword and pistol by his side,
Little Sally is his bride.
He takes her by the lily white hand,
He leads her over the water;  
Now they kiss and now they clap,  
Mrs. Molly's daughter.

10.  
Rise, Sally Walker, rise, if you can,  
Rise, Sally Walker, and follow your gueedman,  
Choose to the east, and choose to the west,  
Choose to the one that you love best.  
There is a couple married in joy,  
First a girl and then a boy,  
Seven years after, seven years to come.

11.  
Sally, Sally, Walker, sprinkling in a pan,  
Rye, Sally; rye, Sally, for a young man,  
Come, choose to the east, come, choose to the west,  
And come choose to the very one that you love best.  

[The choice is made here, and the two stand in the centre as usual.]  

Now there's a couple married in joy,  
First a girl and then a boy,  
made a pudding nice and sweet,  
took a knife and tasted it.  
Taste, love; taste, love, don't say no,  
Next Monday morning is our marriage day.  
Seven years after, seven years to come,  
This young man shall be kissed and be done.

(1) Greig FSNE clii.2, from Orkney. Cf. 3.3-6 with "The Wind, the Wind", st. 3. (2-11) Gomme II (1898); (2) 152, from Fochabers; (3) 159, from Nairn; (4) 159, from Fraserburgh; (5) 161, [locality unspecified; from Gregor]; (6) 161, from Tyrie; (7) 162, from Cullen; (8) 162, from Aberdeen Training College; (9) 163, from Nairn, Perth, & Forfar; (10) 165, from Rosehearty; (11) 453, from Fochabers.

Gomme's lengthy analysis (pp. 167-179) takes the game back to primitive (pre-Celtic) marriage ceremonies. The marriage formula may belong rightly to this game, although appearing in others. The tune, she notes, is always the same [or extremely similar at least] for the marriage formula, "irrespective of that to which the previous verses are sung, and this rule obtains in all those games in which this formula appears--a further proof of the antiquity of the formula as an outcome of the early marriage ceremony."

See FSJ pt. 28, 111-6. Opies Singing Game (1985), 167 (no. 34), "Sally Water", with foreign refs. (Canada, N.Z., etc.). A relative of some sort is "Little Alexander", q.v.
This song was introduced in The Mulligan Guard Ball (1879). It remained a sentimental favorite with fans for years to come. This is the lyric as it appears in the original sheet music, published by Wm. A. Pond & Co. (NY) in 1879. The entire song is in 4/4 time.

Verse 1
If you want for information
Or in need of merriment.
Come over with me socially
To Murphy's tenement.
He owns a row of houses
In the first ward near the dock,
Where Ireland's represented
By the babies on our block.
There's the Phalens and the Whalens

>From the sweet Dunochadee,

They are sitting on the railings
With their children on their knee.
All gossiping and talking
With their neighbors in a flock

**Singing "Little Sally Waters"
**
With the babies on our block.
'Oh little Sally Waters
Sitting in the sun
A-crying and weeping for a young man;
Oh rise, Sally, rise,
Wipe your eye out with your frock":
That's sung by the babies
A-living on our block.

**MUSTANG SALLY:** The man behind the song provides a ride down memory... The chorus "Ride Sally ride" came courtesy of "rise Sally rise" from the Little Sally Walker children's rhyme Rice liked while growing up in Clarksdale, Miss. ...
One to the east, one to the west,
One goes to the cuckoo's nest.
(...)

Here is another ring-game which tallies so well with what we hear of the behavior of mermaidens that I am half inclined to believe it is not for nothing that the heroine is persistently named "Waters" and "sits in the sand." On the other hand, it must be admitted that the name is by no means new to ballad-literature dealing with dry-land topics,--witness "Childe Waters."

A girl is seated in the middle of the ring, pretending to weep. All the others sing,--

Little Sally waters sitting in the sand,
Weeping, crying, for a young man.
Rise, Sally, rise, wipe your eyes,
Point to the east, point to the west,
Point to the one that you love best.

Here we have the elfin-knight formula again. North and south are always omitted from the preliminary invocation, possibly because the former was once the road to Hel, or for some other reason connected with the old mythology.

Sally does as directed, timing each act to the appropriate word. The chosen one enters the magic circle, and kisses her, then becomes Sally Waters in her stead. These transformations are the less difficult since the masculine characters are generally girls in their own proper apparel.

Hot bread nad butter,
Please come to supper,

Mommy Daddy jumped the gutter,
Loaf of bread and pound of butter.

Star, star that shines so bright,
The first star I've seen to-night.
I hope I wish, I hope I may,
I hope my wish may come true
To-morrow night.

I climbed up the apple-tree,
And all the apples fell on me.
Make a pudding, bake a pie;
Did you ever tell a lie?
Yes, you did; you know you did,--
You stole your mother's teapot-lid.

Red-headed sinner,
Come down to your dinner.

Red-headed fox
Stole my mother's pigeon-box.

Reddy in the woods
Can't catch a butterfly.

April's gone, summer's come,
You're a fool and I'm none.

"Twenty-nine and one?"
"Thirty!"
"Your face is dirty."

Ruth, who had before been staying with the Alwynns at the time of their schoolfeast, hardened her heart and began that immoral but popular game of "Sally Water."

Sally, Sally Water, come sprinkle your pan;
Rise up a husband, a handsome young man.
Rise, Sally, rise, and don't look sad,
You shall have a husband, good or bad.
I Went to Atlanta
Never been dere a-fo'
White folks eat de apple
Nigger wait fo' co'

(Other verses are "White folks sleep on feather bed" and "White folks wear de fancy suit" and "White folks sit in Lawd's place"--ed.)

If turkeys roost high in a tree, it's a sign of cold weather. You will hear the old folks say, "Look out, children. Hawkins is coming."

Great to speak, little to do.
One goes everywhere with fine clothes.
Ox who comes first always drinks clear water.

That is not the baptism of a doll. (No laughing matter.)
When the tree falls the goat climbs it.
The best swimmer is often drowned.
When one is very hungry one does not peel the sweet potato.
His tongue knows no Sunday.
I keep nothing hidden in the sideboard. (I keep nothing back.)
Set your type before you go and then read it. (Have on your tongue what you are going to say.)

Yo' mama's in de kitchen; yo' papa's in jail;
Yo' sister's round de corner, hollerin' "Hot stuff for sale."

I sell to the rich,
I sell to the po';
I'm gonna sell the lady
Standin' in that do'.

I got water with the melon, red to the rind!
If you don't believe it just pull down your blind.
You eat the watermelon and preee-serve the rind!
We sell it to the rich, we sell it to the poor,
We give it to the sweet brownskin, peepin' out the door.
_Tout chaud, Madame, tout chaud!_
Git 'em while they're hot. Hot _calas_!

The Waffle Man is a fine old man.
He washes his face in a frying-pan.
He makes his waffles with his hand.
Everybody loved the waffle man.

Char-coal! Char-coal!
My horse is white, my face is black.
I sell my charcoal, two-bits a sack--
Char-coal! Char-coal!

Porgy walk; Porgy talk,
Porgy eat wid a knife an' fork;
Porgy-e-e-e-!

Vanilla, chocolate, peach cream
Dat surely freezed by de stream.
It was made in de shade, an' is sold in de sun.
If you ain't got a nickel, you can't get none.

Any rags, any bones, any bottles today?
The same old rag man comin' this a-way.

Swimp man, swimp man, raw, raw, raw.
Fifteen cents a plate, two for a quarter.
Raw, raw, raw.

A bushel o' wheat, a bushel o' san',
Ah'd rather be a nigger than a po' white man.

You bowlegged, lazy,
An' almo' half crazy.

You can kiss beneath a grapevine, you can kiss beneath the rose,
But the best place I know of is to kiss beneath the nose.

Apples on the table, peaches on the shelf,
If you don't love nobody, keep it to yourself.
Up the hickory, an' down the pine;
Good-looking boys is hard to find.

Sugar is sweet, an' coffee is strong;
Write me a letter, and don't be long.

It takes a rocking chair to rock,
   A rubber ball to roll,
   A tall, skinny papa
   To satisfy my soul.

Orange is a city, Lemon is a state;
I wrote you a letter, but I forgot de date.

Pg. 369:
My papa is a butcher,
My mama cuts de meat.
Ah'm de little weiner-wish
Dat runs around destreet.

If the ocean was milk, and the bottom was cream,
I'd dive for you like a submarine.

Cream cheese, cream cheese floatin' in the air,
That bald-headed man ain't got no hair.

Pg. 373 (Ring-Game Songs):
Ooka dooka soda cracker,
Does your father chew tobacco?
Yes, my father chews tobacco.
Ooka dooka soda cracker.

Copy cat, copy cat, sittin' on duh fence,
Trying' tuh make a dollar out o' fifteen cents.

ICE CREAM SODA, DELAWARE PUNCH,...

In this context, if one listens even with half an ear, he can hear the most
marvelous fusions and confusions, linguistically speaking. None of these are
as intriguing, in my experience, as what happens to standard jump-rope
rhymes. One, the familiar "Ice cream soda, Delaware Punch,/Spell the initials
of your honey bunch..."(1) comes out thus in Southeast El Paso:

Ice cream soda, lemon lemon pop,
Tell me the licious of your sweet hot. (sic)
(The alphabet proceeds ot the initial of the Jumper's current flame, Henry.)
Roger Abrahams, _Jump Rope Rhymes_ (Austin, Texas, 1969), 73-76. This is one of the most widely reported rhymes today.

(PROQUEST HISTORICAL NEWSPAPERS)
Chicago Daily Tribune (1872-1963). Chicago, Ill.: May 18, 1958. p. L6 (1 page): Remember _"Cinderella, dressed in yell,/ Went downstairs to meet her fella. / How many kisses did he give her? / 1...2...3..."_ and so until the jumper misses?

Lots of jump-rope songs, like Cinderella, have to do with romance. There is _"Ice cream soda, / Delaware punch, / Tell me the name / Of my honeybunch. / A...B...C..."_ Of course, you miss on the initial of your beloved.

Another in the lovelorn vein is
_"I love coffee, / I love tea, / I love the boys, / And the boys love me."_
_"Down in the valley where the green grass grows, / There sat Mary sweet as a rose. / She sang and she sang, and she sang so sweet, / Along came her boyfriend and kissed her on the cheek. / A...B...C..."_

Not all jump-rope songs anre sweetness and light, as witness
_"Fudge, fudge, call the judge. / Mommy's got a brand new baby. / Wrap it up in tissue paper. / Drop it down the elevator. / First floor...second floor...third..."_ Presumably the dropped baby falls upward.

Adventure and domesticity intermingle.
_"Where'd you get the cold, sir? / At the North Pole, sir. / What were you doing there, sir? / Catching polar bears, sir. / How many did you catch, sir? / 1...2...3..."_ In the next moment you hear _"Mabel, Mabel, set the table. / You got coffee--- / You got tea-- / You got salt-- / You got PEPPER!"_ Then come the hot pepper fast swings.

FROM MY PEOPLE: 400 YEARS OF AFICAN AMERICAN FOLKLORE
edited by Caryl Cumber Dance New York: W. W. Norton 2002

From Thomas W. Talley, _Negro Folk Rhymes_

_I'll eat when I'se hungry,
An' I'll drink when I'se dry;
An' if de whitefolks don't kill me,
I'll live till I die._

_In my liddle log cabin,
Ever since I've been born;
Dere hain't been no nothin'
'Cept dat hard salt parch corn._
THE NATIONAL CHILDREN’S FOLKSONG REPOSITORY

Pg. 481:
But I knows what's a henhouse,
An' de tucky he charve;
An' if old Mosser don't kill me,
I cain't never starve.

_Aught's a Aughts_
Traditional

An aught's a aught and a figger's a figger;
All for the white folks and none for the n*****r.

Pg. 509:
_Hambone, Hambone_
This traditional clapping game may be played with a partner or one indiv.;
slap his thigh as he recites. Additional lines may be improvised.

Hambone, Hambone, where you been?
Round the world and back again.

Hambone, Hambone, what'd you do?
I got a train and I fairly flew.

Hambone, Hambone, where'd you stay?
I met a pretty girl and I couldn't get away.

Hambone, Hambone, where'd you go?
I hopped up to Miss Lucy's door.

Hambone, Hambone, what's you see?
I asked Miss Lucy to marry me.

Pg. 526 (Autograph Album Rhymes, from J. Mason Brewer, _Worser Days and Better Times_):

Love all, trust few;
Learn to paddle your own canoe.

Pg. 527:
I wish you luck, I wish you joy,
I wish you first a baby boy;
And when his hair beings to curl,
I wish you next a baby girl;
And when her hair begins to knot,
I guess you know it's time to stop.

Ice cream city, candy state,
This sweet letter don't need no date.
THE NATIONAL CHILDREN’S FOLKSONG REPOSITORY

Up on a house top, baking a cake,
The way I love you is no mistake.

_Insults_

Happy birthday to you,
You belong in a zoo.
You look like a monkey,
And smell like one too!

Pg. 552:
See you later, Alligator.
After while, Crocodile.

I hope you'll encourage the kids to record their playground poetry, jumprope songs, chants and folksongs now.

http://www.edu-cyberpg.com/NCFR

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