I Don't Want To Play In Your Yard

Words by
PHILIP WINGATE

Music by
H.W. PETRIE

Tempo di Mazurka

Revised by Henry S. Sawyer

Once there lived side by side
Next day two little maids

two little maids; Used to dress just a-like, hair down in each other miss;

Quarrel is soon made up, sealed with a braids.

Blue gingam pin-fores, stockings of red,

Then hand in hand again happy they go.
Little sunbonnets tied on each pretty head.
Friends all thro' life to be, they love each other so.
When school was over, secrets they'd tell,
Pass away, sorrows and bliss,
Whispering arm in arm,

Down by the well, one day a quarrel came,
But love remembers yet;

Quarrel and kiss. In those sweet child-hood dreams we hear the shed;
"You can't play in our yard!" But the other said:

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CHORUS.

"I don't want to play in your yard, I don't like you any more;

You'll be sorry when you see me Sliding down our cellar door.

You can't hollow down our rain-barrel,
You can't climb our apple tree;

I don't want to play in your yard If you won't be good to me!"

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