

A Summer Ringtime

Compiled, adapted and/or written by Stephen Spitalny. Footnotes denote sources known to author, the rest were learned by oral transmission or written by the author. The sections in italics are songs. See footnotes for available music. The accompanying gestures are left up to the reader.

*In the summer garden
Where we singing go
Light is glowing, flowing, glowing
White the roses grow.¹*

“We’re busy, busy, busy,” said the bees.
“We don’t have time for supper or for tea.
It takes us hours and hours,
To visit all these flowers.”²

*There was a little rose in a garden bed
Hey-ho, Let the wind blow
And green was her frock
And her petals were red
Hey-ho, Let the winds blow -o³.*

Barely bigger than your thumb
See it hover, hear it hum
With beating wings so fast they’re blurred
This whirring, whizzing little bird.

*Dance and sing the summer bells now ring
There’s laughter on the hills
The daisy shows its frills
Dance and sing, be welcome summer king.*

*Dance and sing the summer bells now ring
The shepherd pipes all day
The lambkin frisks and plays
Dance and sing, be welcome summer king.⁴*

Now off to the workshop we must go
Come along children, don’t be slow.

*Saw, saw, saw away. Saw the boards and saw the
timbers.
Saw, saw, saw away. We will build a boat today.
Plane, plane, plane the wood. See the curly shavings
fall.
Plane, plane, plane the wood. We will build a boat
today.
Hammer, hammer, hammer. Nails will hold the boards
together.
Hammer, hammer, hammer. We will build a boat today.
Sand, sand, sand the wood. Sand it smooth and sand it
good.
Sand, sand, sand the wood. We will build a boat today.*

*Paint, paint, paint the wood. Paint it blue and paint it
gold.
Paint, paint, paint the wood. We will build a boat today.*

Now let’s pull our boat down to the water.
Heave, ho, heave, ho.

*My little ship is sailing, sailing on the sea
I open up my nets and I catch some fish you see.
My little ship is sailing, sailing on the sea
I open up my nets and I set the fishes free.*

*Spread, spread your net
Gently in the sea
Gathering, gathering, gathering, gathering
Fish for you and me.⁵*

This is my boat, my golden boat that sails on the
silvery sea.
These are the oars of ivory white, that lift and dip, that
lift and dip.
These are the crew, the ten little sailors, that take the
oars of ivory white
That lift and dip, that lift and dip
That move the boat, the golden boat, over the silvery
sea.

There are big waves and little waves
Green waves and blue.
Waves that rise up like a great water wall
Waves that just swell and don’t even fall.
There are waves that splash
And waves that crash.

*My little ship is sailing, sailing on the sea
It takes me far away, while the wind it blows so free.
My little ship is sailing, sailing on the sea.
It brings me home again, home again for me.*

(Footnotes)

¹ P. Patterson, *Summer*, Wynstones Press.

² *Summer*, Wynstones Press.

³ P. Patterson, *Summer*, Wynstones Press.

⁴ *Summer*, Wynstones Press.

⁵ Sing to the tune of *Row Your Boat*.