

# I Don't Want To Play In Your Yard - song lyrics

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I Don't Want to Play in Your Yard.  
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Words by Philip Wingate. Music by H. W. Petrie.

Once there lived, side by side, two little maids,  
Used to dress just alike, hair down in braids,  
Blue ging'am pinafores, stockings of red,  
Little sun-bonnets placed on each pretty head.  
When school was over, secrets they'd tell,  
Whispering arm in arm, down by the well;  
One day a quarrel came, hot tears were shed-  
"You can't play in our yard," but the other said:

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 holler 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."

Next day two little maids each other miss,  
Quarrels are soon made up, sealed with a kiss,  
Then hand In hand again, happy they go,  
Friends all thro' life to be, they love each other so.  
Soon school days pass away, sorrows and bliss,  
But love remembers yet, quarrels and kiss,  
In sweet dreams of childhood we hear the cry:  
"You can't play In our yard," and the old reply: - Chorus.