

Levi Pennington

People

---

8-11-1965

## Levi Pennington to the Children Who Dedicated Their Song to Me, August 11, 1965

Levi T. Pennington

Follow this and additional works at: [https://digitalcommons.georgefox.edu/levi\\_pennington](https://digitalcommons.georgefox.edu/levi_pennington)

---

### Recommended Citation

Pennington, Levi T., "Levi Pennington to the Children Who Dedicated Their Song to Me, August 11, 1965" (1965). *Levi Pennington*. 314.

[https://digitalcommons.georgefox.edu/levi\\_pennington/314](https://digitalcommons.georgefox.edu/levi_pennington/314)

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the People at Digital Commons @ George Fox University. It has been accepted for inclusion in Levi Pennington by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ George Fox University. For more information, please contact [arolfe@georgefox.edu](mailto:arolfe@georgefox.edu).

97312

August 11, 1965.

To the Children Who Dedicated Their Song to Me.

Dear Young Friends:--

You may be sure that I am delighted to have the song that you sang at the Rotary Club and gave all of the folks there such a happy time. And I am especially pleased that you all signed the letter which accompanied the song, along with your Fifth Grade teacher and the Edwards School principal.

Your song reminded me of what they used to say to babies and very small children -- it amused the babies sometimes and it amused the grown-ups too. It was accompanied by touches to the baby's face at the proper places, as the older person repeated the words:

Forehead hard.  
Eye Winker.  
Nose Dropper.  
Mouth Eater.  
Chin Chopper.  
Gully Whopper.

The different parts of the face were touched as the words were spoken -- they were not sung as your "Sweet Boxers" was sung -- and with the words "Gully Whopper" the visitor would tickle the baby under the chin, in the hope of getting a laugh or at least a smile.

But there was a song that my mother used to sing that did involve the same kind of repetition that your song called for. The song began:

Come and I will sing you.  
What will you sing?  
I will sing you one, 0.  
What is your one?  
One of them was all alone and forever remained so.

Then came the next, and the last of it was sung with the first "One" repeated:

Two of them were lily-white babes clothed all in green.  
One of them was all alone and forever remained so.

Then again the "Come and I will sing you" etc, with the close of that stanza:

Three of them were strangers.  
Two of them were lily-white babes clothed all in green.  
One of them was all alone, and forever remained so.  
And thus on to "twelve, and the final stanza went

like this:

Come and I will sing you.  
What will you sing?  
I will sing you twelve, O.  
What is your twelve?  
Twelve, the Twelve Apostles.  
'Leven the 'leven that went to heaven.  
Ten, the Ten Commandments.  
Nine, the moon shines bright and clear.  
Eight, the Eight Archangels.  
Seven, the Seven Stars in the sky.  
Six, the Cheerful Waiters.  
Five, the ferrymen in the boat.  
Four, the Gospel Preachers.  
Three of them were strangers.  
Two of them were lily-white babes clothed all in green.  
One of them was all alone, and forever remained so.

There was a meaning to each of these lines, some of them easy to understand, and some of them that I do not fully understand myself, but that's the way my mother sang them, and a good many times I sang my younger brothers and sisters to sleep with the song, which with all its repetitions ran a long time before I got to "twelve."

Be sure that I shall keep and treasure this song of yours and the letter and the signatures.

With best wishes always,

Sincerely your friend,

Levi T. Pennington.