

September 2012

Forest Kindergarten Songs

Blow wind blow.
Go mill go.
So the miller may grind the corn
The baker will take it
And into bread make it
To give us a loaf in the morn.

The apples are golden and ready to drop.
Mmmhmmm, ready to drop.
An old woman came to pick them all up.
Mmmhmmm, pick them all up.
A big apple fell and it gave her a knock.
It made the old woman go hippity hop.
I laughed ho ho, I laughed hee hee.
I laughed all day 'cause it pleases me.

Here is an apple tree with leaves so green.
Here are the apples that hang inbetween.
When the wind blows,
The apples will fall.
Here is a basket to gather them all.

A nest is a home for Robin Redbreast.
A hive is a home for Busy Bee.
A hole is a home for Jacky Rabbit
And a house is a home for me.