

**SOMETHING TOLD THE WILD GEESE** by Rachel Field  
(from Mrs. M's fall circle)

Something told the wild geese  
It was time to go.  
Though the fields lay golden  
Something whispered, "snow."

Leaves were green and stirring,  
Berries, luster-glossed.  
But beneath warm feathers  
Something cautioned, "frost."

All the sagging orchards  
Steamed with amber spice.  
But each wild breast stiffened  
At remembered ice.

Something told the wild geese  
It was time to fly,  
Summer sun was on their wings,  
Winter in their cry.

**Five Little Pumpkins**

Five little pumpkins sitting on a gate.  
The first one said, "Oh my, it's getting late."  
The second one said, "Oh, I don't care."  
The third one said, "There's something in the air."  
The fourth one said, "Let's run, run, run."  
The fifth one said, "It's only Halloween fun."  
Then the wind went WHOOSH  
And the lights went out.  
And the five little pumpkins went rolling out of sight.

**Elle s'appelle la Maman**

Je sais quelqu'un qui j'aime beaucoup et  
Elle s'appelle la Maman  
M-A-M-A-N, M-A-M-A-N  
Et elle s'appelle la Maman!

Continue like B-I-N-G-O

**On My Head**

On my head my hands I place,  
On my shoulders, on my face.  
On my lips and by my side,  
Quickly behind me they will hide.  
I can hold them way up high  
And let my fingers gently fly  
I can hold my hands in front of me  
And clap 1-2-3.

**The Apples are Golden**

The apples are golden and ready to drop  
Hmm-mmm, ready to drop.  
An old woman came to pick them all up  
Hmm-mmm, pick them all up.

A big apple fell and it gave her a knock.  
It made the old lady go  
HIPPIITY HOP

It made the old lady go  
HIPPIITY HOP

I laugh ha ha and I laugh hee hee,  
I laugh all day for it pleases me (2x)