

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)