

♪ Tree House

Joe Scruggs

Lyrics by Katrina Butler

© 1984-1997 Educational Graphics Press

Chorus:

From way up here

I can see everything that belongs to me.

My house and my yard and my bike and my swing

From my tree house I can see everything.

Well it took four boards

And eighty-two nails,

And standing on a kitchen chair,

I took my daddy's hammer,

Nailed them way up there.

Now it's a place I call my own

Where I can share or be alone.

Repeat chorus.

I lie on my back and I watch the sky,

Count the clouds floating by.

Just pass the time, or I pretend

I'm a pioneer or I'm Peter Pan.

Maybe I'll join Robin Hood's band.

Repeat chorus twice.

I can be

I can do everything.

Everything, everything, everything.



We All Count

© Mr. Al and Becky Bailey

Model the motions for the repeated song lyrics:

I count: *point to self with thumbs*

You count: *point to partner*

We all count: *point around the circle*

I count, you count, we all count.

Can you rock it?

(rock body side to side)

I count, you count, we all count.

Can you roll it?

(roll hands around each other)

I count, you count, we all count.

Can you reach it?

(reach both arms high)

I count, you count, we all count.

Can you teach it?

(point to brain)

We all count in so many ways.

Doing our part each can every day.

We need each other.

Every sister and brother.

We all count. We all count.

This Little Pig

Patrick Brennan
© Schiller Educational Resources, LLC

This little pig, he liked to play.
He built his house the easy way.
With a stick from here and a stick from over there,
This little pig just didn't care.

This little pig, he liked to play.
He built his house the easy way.
With some straw from here and some straw from over there,
This little pig just didn't care.

This little pig, he was smart.
He knew his house wouldn't fall apart.
With a brick from here and a brick from over there,
This little pig built his house with care.

The big bad wolf, he liked to eat.
Little pigs are a special treat.
With a huff, huff, puff, puff and a mighty gust,
Sticks and straw just turn to dust.

One brick house, standing tall,
Big bad wolf can't make it fall.
With a huff, huff, puff, puff and a mighty cry
Surrender wolf and say "bye-bye."



Jazzy Shapes

Mary Jo Huff

Music by Jim Coffey (Blue Vision Music)

Hold up blocks or paper cut-out shapes as each shaped is named in the song.

Circle, circle dance around.
Circle, circle touch the ground.

Rectangle, rectangle reach up high.
Rectangle, rectangle touch the sky.

Square, square buzz like a bee.
Square, square hide behind me.

Triangle, triangle move left and right.
Triangle, triangle run out of sight.

Star, star twinkling bright.
Star, star saying, "good night."

Crescent, crescent looks like the moon.
Crescent, crescent go away soon.

Diamond, diamond shining so bright.
Diamond, diamond you're like the twilight.

Oval, oval rolls like an egg.
Oval, oval you have no legs.

Cylinder, cylinder stacked up high.
Cylinder, cylinder will never fly.

♪ Big Toe Truck

Lyrics and music by Joe Scruggs

© 1984-1997 Educational Graphics Press

Note: This song is a great play on words. It provides a fun look at multiple meanings of words.

A big tow truck came to town
To pull some peoples' toes around
With a knick-knack-paddy-wack
I would like to know
How it feels when a truck is pulling your toe.

A yellow forklift came to town
To move some knives and forks around
With a knick-knack-paddy-wack
Wouldn't it be neat
If I had a forklift to help me eat?

A pickup truck came to town
To pick up trash up off the ground
With a knick-knack-paddy-wack
A dustpan and a broom
A pick-up truck could clean my room.

