

Friends

(sung to the tune of “This Old Man, He Plays One”)

I’m a friend, so are you,
Friendship is like a special glue.
‘Cause we stick together, never fall apart,
Friendship is a special art!

We are friends, night and day,
Friends at work, and friends at play.
Doesn’t matter if we’re happy or we’re sad,
Friendship always makes us glad!

We can laugh, we can sing,
Oh what joys that friends can bring!
When you’ve got a friend, you really are complete,
Friendship is a special treat!

Friends like us always share,
Sharing shows how much we care!
We can share a snack, a story, or a toy,
Friendship brings us special joy!

I’m a friend, so are you,
Friendship is like special glue,
‘Cause we stick together, never fall apart,
Friendship is a special art!

Polly Wolly Doodle

Oh, I went down South
For to see my Sal
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day.
My Sal, she is
A spunky gal
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day.

Fare thee well,
Fare thee well,
Fare thee well my fairy fay.
For I'm going to Louisiana
For to see my Susyanna
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day.

Home on the Range

Oh, give me a home where the buffalo roam
And the deer and the antelope play.
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Home, home on the range
Where the deer and the antelope play.
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Traveling, Traveling

(sung to “Row, Row, Row Your Boat”)

by Meish Goldish

Row, row, row your boat,
Gently round the lake.
Traveling, traveling on the water,
Boats are what you take.

Drive, drive, drive your car,
Have a merry cruise.
Traveling, traveling on the road,
Cars are what you use.

Fly, fly, fly your plane,
High up in the air.
Traveling, traveling through the sky,
Planes will get you there.

Stamp, stamp, stamp your feet,
Stamp them on the ground.
Traveling, traveling on your feet,
Walk to get around!

I've Been Working on the Railroad

I've been working on the railroad
All the live-long day.
I've been working on the railroad
Just to pass the time away.
Can't you hear the whistle blowing,
Rise up so early in the morn;
Can't you hear the captain shouting,
"Dinah, blow your horn!"

Dinah, won't you blow,
Dinah, won't you blow,
Dinah, won't you blow your horn?
Dinah, won't you blow,
Dinah, won't you blow,
Dinah, won't you blow your horn?

Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah
Someone's in the kitchen I know
Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah
Strumming on the old banjo!

Singin' fee, fie, fiddly-i-o
Fee, fie, fiddly-i-o-o-o-o
Fee, fie, fiddly-i-o
Strumming on the old banjo.

That Marching Beat

by Teddy Slater

Clap your hands and stamp your feet.

Hear that marching beat.

Snap your fingers. Tap your toes.

Get up from your seat.

Make your elbows flap.

Give your palms a slap.

Here a clap, there's a flap,

everywhere a snap, snap.

Clap your hands and tap your feet.

Hear that marching beat.

We Are One World

by Meish Goldish

Pierre lives in Canada,
Maria lives in Spain.
But both like to ride their bikes
Along a shady lane.

Liv lives in Norway,
Ramon is in Peru.
But both laugh with the giraffe
When visiting the zoo.

Anwar is Egyptian.
Kim is Japanese.
But both run beneath the sun
And fly kites in the breeze.

Jack is from the USA,
Karintha is from Chad.
But both can write a poem at night
Upon a writing pad.

Children live all over,
The world's a giant ball.
But far and near, it's very clear
We're all one world after all.

Days of the Week

by Meish Goldish

Busy on Monday,

Reading a book.

Busy on Tuesday,

Helping to cook.

Busy on Wednesday,

Letters to write.

Busy on Thursday,

Flying my kite.

Busy on Friday,

Riding my bike.

Busy on Saturday,

Taking a hike.

Busy on Sunday,

Singing a song.

I am so busy

All the week long!

The Grand Old Duke of York

Oh, the grand old Duke of York
He had ten thousand men;
He marched them up to the top of the hill,
And he marched them down again.

When they were up, they were up,
And when they were down, they were down,
And when they were only halfway up,
They were neither up nor down.

The Three Little Kittens

The three little kittens, they lost their mittens,

And they began to cry,

"Oh, mother dear, we sadly fear,

That we have lost our mittens."

"What! Lost your mittens, you naughty kittens!

Then you shall have no pie."

"Meow, meow, meow."

"Then you shall have no pie."

The three little kittens, they found their mittens,

And they began to cry,

"Oh, mother dear, see here, see here,

For we have found our mittens."

"Put on your mittens, you silly kittens,

And you shall have some pie."

"Purr, purr, purr,

Oh, let us have some pie."

The three little kittens, they washed their mittens,

And hung them out to dry,

"Oh, mother dear, do you not hear,

That we have washed our mittens?"

"What, washed your mittens, then you're good kittens,

But I smell a rat close by."

"Meow, meow, meow,

We smell a rat close by."