

Begin Begin Begin your day with joyful hearts, the day ends well that joyful starts

Apple Picker's Reel

Chorus

Hey Ho makes you feel so fine
Looking out across the orchard
In the bright sunshine
Hey ho you feel so free
Standing in the top
Of an apple tree.

Start at the bottom
and you pick em from the ground
And you pick that tree clean
all the way around
Then you set up your ladder
and you climb up high
And you're looking through the leaves
at the clear blue sky.

Chorus

They come in green
and yellow and red
You can eat them in the morning
and before you go to bed
You can play catch
if you throw them up high
Oops squish apple pie!

Chorus

Hey ho you lose your mind if you sing this
song about a hundred times
Hey ho you feel so free
standing in the top of an apple tree.

Leaves are Falling

Leaves are falling,
softly floating,
tumbling to the ground.

O-range, red, brown,
yellow, o-range
tumbling to the ground.

Artichokes and broccoli,

Lettuce and tomatoes,
Brussel sprouts and celery,
Onions and potatoes.

Hello My Friend

Hello my friend
Now that you're here
Let us run and play
And find good cheer

Jumping swinging
Hopping leaping and skipping

Up high down low
Very very fast and very slow *Isaac & R Richardson*

Autumn Good Morning

Yellow the bracken,
Golden the sheaves
Rosy the Apples
Crimson the Leaves

Mist on the hillsides
Clouds grey and white
Autumn Good Morning!
Summer, Good Night!

Wake up, shake up, take off your pajamas
Wash up, brush up, time to go to school
I don't want to, I'm too tired
I don't' want to got to school.....

Bright Morning Stars

Bright morning stars are rising
Bright morning stars are rising
Bright morning stars are rising
Day - is- a breaking in my soul

Hello How are you? And How do you do?
You'll feel right at home in a minute or two.
Hello How are you? We greet you anew,
As part of our happy crew

I've got peace like a river

I've got peace like a river, in my soul.
I've got love like an ocean, in my soul.
I've got joy like a fountain, in my soul.

Shoo Fly Pie and Apple Pan Dowdy

Shoo Fly Pie and Apple Pan Dowdy
Makes your eyes light up,
Your tummy say "Howdy,"
Shoo Fly Pie and Apple Pan Dowdy
I never get enough of that wonderful stuff!

Mama! When you bake,
Mama! I don't want cake;
Mama! For goodness sake
Go to the oven and make some ever lovin'
Shoo Fly Pie and Apple Pan Dowdy

Shoo fly pie and apple pan dowdy
makes the sun come out
When heavens are cloudy,
Shoo Fly Pie and Apple Pan Dowdy,
I never get enough of that wonderful stuff!

Leaves are Falling

Leaves are falling,
softly floating,
tumbling to the ground.

O-range, red, brown,
yellow, o-range
tumbling to the ground.

Fluttering Leaves

Autumn leaves now are falling
Red and yellow and brown
Autumn leaves now are falling
See them fluttering down
La la la la la

Oh the Rain comes down

and it falls to the ground
And it flows down the river to the sea
The great and mighty ocean waves to the sky as
the clouds pass filled with oceans and oceans,
oceans of rain.
Drip Drop Drip Drop
Drippa droppa drippa droppa
Drip Drop!

Home Grown Tomatoes *by Guy Clark*

Ain't nothin' in the world that I like better
Than bacon & lettuce
& homegrown tomatoes

Up in the mornin' out in the garden
Get you a ripe one don't get a hard one.
Plant `em in the spring, eat `em in the summer
All winter without `em's a culinary bummer
I forget all about the sweatin' & diggin'
Everytime I go out & pick me a big one

**Homegrown tomatoes, homegrown tomatoes,
What'd life be without homegrown tomatoes?
Only two things that money can't buy.....
That's true love & homegrown tomatoes.**

You can go out to eat, that's for sure
But it's nothin' a homegrown
tomato won't cure
Put `em in a salad, put `em in a stew
You can make your very own tomato juice
Eat `em with eggs, eat `em with gravy
Eat `em with beans, pinto or navy
Put `em on the side, put `em in the middle
Put a homegrown tomato on a hotcake griddle

If I could change this life I lead
I'd be Johnny Tomato Seed
`Cause I know what this country needs
Its homegrown tomatoes in every yard you see.
When I die don't bury me
In a box in a ceme-tary
Out in the garden would be much better
I could be pushin' up homegrown tomatoes.

The Canoe Song

My paddle's keen and bright
Flashing like silver.
Follow the wild goose flight,
Dip, dip, and swing.

Dip, dip and swing her back,
Flashing like silver.
Follow the wild goose track,
Dip, dip and swing.