

Woods are Waking

Now all the woods are waking,
the sun is rising high.
Wake up now, get up now,
before the dew is dry.

My Roots Go Down, Down to the Earth

I am a pine tree on a mountainside....
I am a willow swaying in a storm....
I am a waterfall skipping home....
I am a wildflower pushing through the
stones....

Apple Trees in Bloom

Sweet the evening air of May
soft my cheek caressing
Sweet the unseen lilac spray
with its scented blessing
White and ghostly in the gloom
Shine the apple trees in bloom
Apple trees in bloom!

Black Flies

Black flies they never stop biting
The warmer the weather
The bigger they get....
Sometimes I think I will run away
Something keeps telling me
They're not done yet, not yet, not yet.

The Talking Song

The chickens get into the tomatoes.
The chickens get into the tomatoes
Even the rabbits inhibit their habits
When carrots are green.
Even the rabbits inhibit their habits
When carrots are green.
Squash, squash.....9x

Where is John

Where is John?
The old gray hen has left her pen;
Oh where is John?
The cows are in the corn again,
Oh, John! (count of 8)
F. Smetana (adapted)

We've Ploughed our Land

We've ploughed our land,
we've sown our seed.
We've made all neat and gay,
So take a bit and leave a bit,
a-way birds, a-way.
Shoo ah oh shoo ah shoo oh.

John the Rabbit

Oh John the rabbit, yes ma'am
gotta a mighty habit, yes ma'am
jumping in my garden, yes ma'am

cutting down my cabbage, yes ma'am
my sweet potatoes, yes ma'am
My fresh tomatoes, yes ma'am

And if I live, yes ma'am
To see next fall, yes ma'am
I ain't gonna have, yes, ma'am
No garden at all. NO..... Ma'am

Traditional African American

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.

I had a Rooster (and other animals)

I had a rooster and the rooster pleased me
I fed my rooster under the green berry tree
My little rooster went cockle doodle doo....

The Woodchuck Round

How much wood would a
woodchuck chuck if a
woodchuck could chuck
wood?

A woodchuck would chuck
all the wood he could chuck
if a woodchuck...
could chuck wood.
Now tell me....

The Streams in the Mountains

The streams in the mountains
Are tumbling like fountains;
With yo-d'ling in the valley,
And cow-bells in spring.
Fa- la-la la-la- la-la- la---,
Fa- la-la- la-la la-la la.

Come follow follow follow follow follow
follow me. Whither shall I follow follow
follow, whither shall I follow follow thee?
To the greenwood, to the greenwood,
to the greenwood, greenwood tree.

The Lark

The lark in the morn
doth arise from her nest
And fly through the air
with the dew upon her breast
And like a young plow boy
she'll whistle and sing,
And at night she'll return
to her own nest again.

White Coral Bells

White Coral bells
upon a slender stalk,
Lilies of the valley
at our garden walk.

Oh, don't you wish
That you could hear them ring?
That will happen only
When the fairies sing.

Yonder Come Day

Yonder come day, day is a breakin
yonder come day, oh my soul,
yonder come day, day is a breaking
sun is a rising in my soul.

Sun rise, sun rise oh yonder
sun rise, sun is a rising in my soul.

A wella yon-der, yon-der,
yon-der, yonder a wella,
yon-der, yon-der,
sun is a rising in my soul.

Lilac Time

Out in my father's garden,
The lilacs are in bloom,
Out in my father's garden,
The lilacs are in bloom,
And all the birds of spring-time
have come to build their nests.
Oh how I love spring-time,
Scent of lilacs in the air!
Oh, how I love spring-time,
Lilacs everywhere.

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!

Dance for the Nations

Round and round we turn
We hold each others' hands
And weave ourselves in a circle.
The time is gone,
the dance goes on.