

SONGS

No Songs Listed for Unit 5

POEMS

"Five Little Fishies"

"Windshield Wiper"

"The Little Turtle"

"Good Morning, Mrs. Hen"

"My Shadow"





Five little fishies, swimming in a pool (Wiggle five fingers)

The first one said, "The pool is cool." (Show one finger, then wrap arms around body)

The second one said, "The pool is deep." (Show two fingers, then hands measure 'deep')

The third one said, "I want to sleep." (Show three fingers, then rest head on hands)

The fourth one said, "Let's take a dip." (Show four fingers, then hands 'dive' into water)

The fifth one said, "I spy a ship." (Show five fingers, then form scope with hands to peer through)

Fisher boat comes,

(Form 'V' with fingers, then move hands away from body)

Line goes kersplash

(Pretend to throw fishing line)

Away the five little fishies dash

(Wiggle five fingers away)

1Z1.

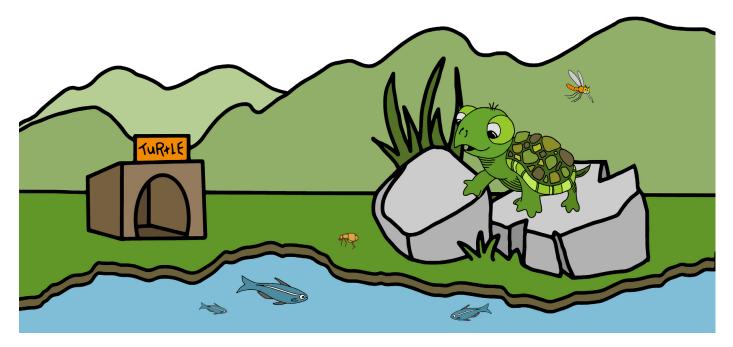


The Little Turtle

There was a little turtle. He lived in a box. He swam in a puddle. He climbed on the rocks.

He snapped at a mosquito. He snapped at a flea. He snapped at a minnow. And he snapped at me.

He caught the mosquito. He caught the flea. He caught the minnow. But he didn't catch me.





Windshield Wiper

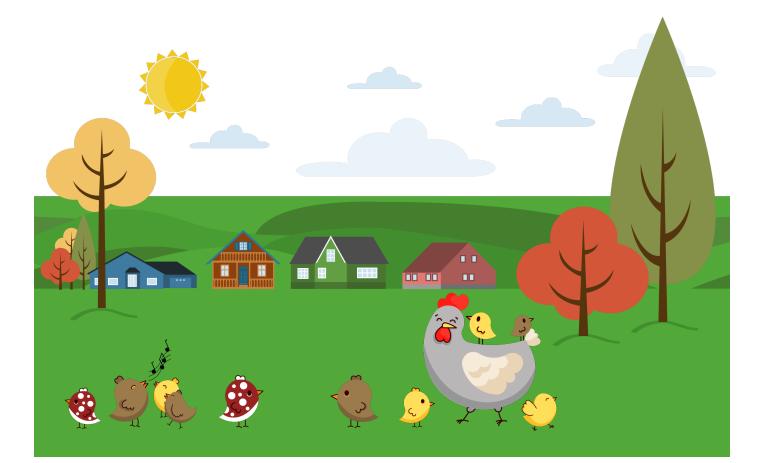
I'm a windshield wiper. This is how I go. Back and forth, back and forth, In the rain and snow.





Good Morning, Mrs. Hen

Good morning Mrs. Hen. How many chickens have you got? Madam I've got ten. Four of them are yellow, And four of them are brown, And two of them are speckled red, The nicest in town.





My Shadow

I have a little shadow That goes in and out with me, And what can be the use of him Is more than I can see.

He is very, very like me From the heels up to the head; And I see him jump before me When I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him Is the way he likes to grow. Not at all like proper children, Which is always very slow;



For he sometimes shoots up taller Like an india-rubber ball. And he sometimes gets so little That there's none of him at all.