Fall 2019 Lesson 2 Infant and Toddler

“Trot, Trot to Boston”

Trot, trot to Boston,

Trot, trot to Lynn.

You better be careful

Or you might fall in!

“So Fast, So Fast!”

So fast, so fast my horse can go,

Oh riggety, jiggety, jig, you know.

We gallop over the countryside,

A riggety, jig, we ride!

And when he needs a little rest,

We find that trotting is the best.

We head right for a grassy spot,

A trip, a trip, a trot!

A trip, a trip, a trot!

A trip, a trip, a stop. Whoa!

“This Little Froggie”

This little froggie broke his toe.

This little froggie cried, “Oh, oh, oh.”

This little froggie laughed and was glad.

This little froggie cried and was sad.

But this little froggie did just as he should;

He hoped to the doctor as fast as he could.

“This Little Elf”

This little elf likes to hammer.

This little elf likes to saw.

This little elf likes to splash and paint.

This little elf likes to draw;

And this little elf likes best of all

To put the cry in the baby doll, “Mama.”

“These Are Baby’s Fingers”

These are baby’s fingers,

These are baby’s toes.

This is baby’s belly button,

‘Round and ‘round it goes.

“’Round and ‘Round the Cornfield”

‘Round and ‘round the cornfield

Looking for a hare.

Where can we find one?

Right up there.

“Hickory, Dickory, Dock”

Hickory, Dickory, Dock,

The mouse ran up the clock.

The clock struck one

And down he run.

Hickory, Dickory, Dock

“Knock at the Door”

Knock at the door!

Peek in!

Pull the latch

And walk in!

“Fais Dodo”

Fais dodo, and let us go dreaming,

Fais dodo, come dreaming with me.

“The Mulberry Bush”

Here we go ‘round the Mulberry bush,

Mulberry bush, Mulberry bush.

Here we go ‘round the Mulberry bush

So early in the morning.

This is the way we wash our clothes…

“I Gave My Love a Cherry (The Riddle Song)”

I gave my love a cherry without a stone;

I gave my love a chicken without a bone;

I gave my love a ring, without and end;

I gave my love a baby with no cryin’.

How can there be a cherry without a stone?

How can there be a chicken without a bone?

How can there be a ring without an end?

How can there be a baby with no cryin’?

A cherry when it’s bloomin’, it has no stone;

A chicken when it’s peeping, it has no bone;

A ring when it’s rolling, it has no end;

A baby, when he’s sleeping, there’s no cryin’.