

1. 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 follow me.
Traditional English Round

2. Morning is Come and night is away.
Rise with the sun and welcome the day.
Birds bees and flowers, good children all.
Rise with the sun and join in our ring.
Rise with the sun and join in our ring.

3. Mother Earth! Mother Earth!
Take our seed and give it birth!
Father Sun! Gleam and glow!
Until the roots begin to grow!
Sister Rain! Sister Rain!
Shed thy tears to swell the grain!
Brother Wind! Breathe and blow,
Then the blade green will grow!
Earth and Sun, Wind and Rain,
Turn to gold the living grain!
Eileen Hutchins/Elizabeth Lebet

4. A Basket Full of Nuts I gather from my hick'ry nut tree.
And I am going home and I am taking them with me.
Tra-la-la, tra-la-la, tra-la-la-la-la-la-la,
Tra-la-la, tra-la-la, tra-la-la-la-la-la-la,
A basket full of nuts I gather from my hick'ry nut tree.
Traditional

5. Come, little leaves said the wind one day, Come over the meadow with me, and play!
Put on your dresses of red and gold! The summer is gone and the days grow cold!
Grow cold! Grow cold!
G. Cooper/E. Lebet

6. Michaelmas: A knight and a lady went riding one day, far into the forest, away!
away!
"Fair knight", said the lady, "I pray, have a care! This forest is evil; beware! beware!"
A fiery red dragon they spied on the grass, the lady wept sorely, alas! alas!
The knight slew the dragon, the lady was gay! They rode on together away! away!
E. Lebet

7. Tatus: On a Monday morning, sunny Monday morning,
Sowed our seed, Tatus and I, sowed it when the sun was high.
Sowed our seed, Tatus and I, sowed it when the sun was high.

On a Tuesday morning, sunny Tuesday morning,
Mowed our hay, Tatus and I, mowed it when the sun was high.
Mowed our hay, Tatus and I, mowed it when the sun was high.
On a Wednesday morning, sunny Wednesday morning,
Dried our hay, Tatus and I, dried it when the sun was high.
Dried our hay, Tatus and I, dried it when the sun was high.
On a Thursday morning, sunny Thursday morning,
Raked our hay, Tatus and I, raked it when the sun was high.
Raked our hay, Tatus and I, raked it when the sun was high.
On a Friday morning, sunny Friday morning,
Hauled our hay, Tatus and I, hauled it when the sun was high.
Hauled our hay, Tatus and I, hauled it when the sun was high.
On a Saturday morning, sunny Saturday morning,
Sold our hay, Tatus and I, sold it when the sun was high.
Sold our hay, Tatus and I, sold it when the sun was high.
On a Sunday morning, sunny Sunday morning,
Bowed our heads, Tatus and I, thanked the Lord who dwells on high.
Bowed our heads, Tatus and I, thanked the Lord who dwells on high.
Traditional Polish

8. When Mary Goes Walking the autumn winds blow,
The poplars, they curtsy, the larches bend low.
The oaks and the beeches their gold they fling down,
To make her a carpet, to make her a crown,
To make her a carpet, to make her a crown.
Johann Russ/Translation by Kundree Willwerth

9. November: Golden light is turning grey; mists begin to rule the day.
Bare the trees, their branches lift; clouds to dead leaves earthward drift.
Through the field the farmer goes, seeds of ripened corn he sows;
Trusts, the earth will hold it warm, shelter it from cold and harm.
For he knows that warmth and light, live there hidden from our sight;
And beneath a sheltering wing, deep below, new life will spring!
Deep below, deep below, new life will spring!
Music by E. Lebre

10. High and Blue the Sky; trees are very tall; wild geese flying seem so small.
See, on silent wings in flocks they go, never parting from the single row.
We go through the land, like the wild geese band: brothers in the flight are we.
Clear and dark the night; stars are very bright; lanterns shining seem so small.
See, in single file we walk along, singing joyfully our lantern song.
We go through the land, like the wild geese band: brothers of one light are we.
Traditional Chinese

11. Glimmer, Lantern, Glimmer, little stars a shimmer.
Over meadow, moor and dale, flutter, flutter elfin veil.
Pee-witt, pee-witt, tick-a-tick-a-tick, roo-coo, roo-coo.
Glimmer, lantern, glimmer, little stars a shimmer.
Over rock and stock and stone wander tripping little gnome.
Pee-witt, pee-witt, tick-a-tick-a-tick, roo-coo, roo-coo.
Traditional German

12. The North Wind Doth Blow and we shall have snow, and what will the robin do then, poor thing?
He'll sit in the barn to keep himself warm, and hide his head under his wing. Ah!
The north wind doth blow and we shall have snow, and what will the swallow do then, poor thing?
Oh, do you not know he's gone long ago to a country much warmer than ours. Ah!
The north wind doth blow and we shall have snow, and what will the dormouse do then, poor thing?
He's rolled up in a ball in his nest, oh so small, he'll sleep till it's springtime again. Ah!
Traditional

13. Oh, Where Do You Come From, you little flakes of snow?
Falling, falling, softly falling on the earth below.
On the trees and on the bushes, on the mountains afar,
Tell me snowflakes do you come from where the angels are?
Traditional German

14. The Mitten Song: "Thumbs in the thumb place, fingers all together"
This is the song we sing in mitten weather.
When it is cold, it doesn't matter whether
Mittens are wool or made of finest leather.
This is the song we sing in mitten weather:
"Thumbs in the thumb place, fingers all together!"
Marie Louise Allen /Marlys Swinger

15. Wee Dwarfs we are dancing at home in our houses,
At the foot of the forest in the hills do we hide.
Anyone who would listen would hear us a-hamm'ring,
And mightily moving like folk at the forge.
Our bakers are baking the brown bread and biscuits;
They're beating the batter for rye bread and rusks.
The smiths at their smithy are blowing the bellows
All rightly are rounding the rolling gold rings.
The weavers are weaving the wefts full of wonder
And sew with their silvery silk all their seams.
The cobblers are cobbling; they're sewing and stitching,
And hammering hard on the soles of our shoes.
But notice the night when the midnight is nearing,

The gates that are guarding the hall in the hill.
Then dwarfs drawing forth with their colorful coats
Their fools' caps they carry to party and feast.
We're dancing and dancing; we're hobliog and hopping,
We clap and we clap with the music and moon.
But see how the sun rises high in the heaven,
We go back to hide in our hole in the hill.

*Johann Russ/Translation by Kundree Willwerth
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13. The Owl and the Pussycat went to sea in a beautiful pea-green boat.
They took some honey and plenty of money wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The owl looked up to the moon above and sang to a small guitar,
"Oh beautiful pussy, oh pussy my love, what a beautiful pussy you are, you are, you are,
you are, what a beautiful pussy you are!"
Music by Janene Ping

17. Where Are the Froggies when the north winds blow?
We cannot see them in the ice and snow.
Deep, deep down in the mud they lie, froggies sleeping with tight-closed eyes.
When the warm spring sun comes out, froggies wake and jump about.
Oh, how happy they will be, a springtime world they will see!

Where are the turtles when the north winds blow?
We cannot see them in the ice and snow.
Deep, deep down in the mud they lie, turtles sleeping with tight-closed eyes.
When the warm spring sun comes out, turtles wake and crawl about.
Oh, how happy they will be, a springtime world they will see!

Where are the squirrels when the north winds blow?
We cannot see them in the ice and snow.
Cracking nuts in a hollow tree, squirrels as cozy as cozy can be.
When the warm spring sun comes out, squirrels wake and jump about.
Oh, how happy they will be, a springtime world they will see!
Words & music by the New Meadow run Children

18. Spring is Coming, spring is coming, birdies build your nest!
Weave together straw and feathers, doing each your best.
Spring is coming, spring is coming, flowers are coming too.
Pansies, lilies, daffodillies now are coming through!
Spring is coming, spring is coming, all around is fair,
Shimmer glimmer on the meadow, Joy is ev'rywhere!

E. Jacobs/E. Lebret

19. White Coral Bells upon a slender stalk,
Lilies of the valley deck my garden walk.
Oh, don't you wish that you could hear them ring?
That will happen only when the fairies sing.
Traditional English

20. Tirra-lirra-lirra, In the spring, orioles and robins sweetly sing;
From the leafy branches we can hear tirra-lirra-lirra ringing clear.
Traditional German

21. I Know a Little Pussy, her coat is pearly grey.
She lives down in the meadow, not very far away.
She'll always be a pussy, she'll never be a cat.
She is a pussy willow, now what do you think of that!
Meow, meow, meow, meow, meow, meow, meow, meow.
P. Patterson

22. Cuckoo, cuckoo, messenger clear.
Cuckoo, cuckoo, messenger clear.
What are you singing, what are you bringing?
Springtime, springtime, springtime is near.
Traditional German

23. I Had a Little Sailboat, its decks were new and all painted blue.
I had a little sailboat, And sailed it on the brook, tra-la! And sailed it on the brook.
A little frog sat staring, a little frog that was on a log.
A little frog sat staring, And leaped upon its deck, tra-la! And leaped up on its deck.
My ship went topsy-turvy, its sails so white disappeared from sight.
My ship went topsy-turvy, beneath the water clear, tra-la! Beneath the water clear.
Traditional French

24. There's a Sun for the Morning and a moon for the night.
When the moon hides her face, still the stars twinkle bright.
When the moon hides her face, still the stars twinkle bright.
Light and warmth, joy and beauty come from God high above.
And He gives these good gifts from a heart full of love.
And he gives these good gifts from a heart full of love.
C. Ellerton/music attributed to Mozart

25. Lul-la-lul-la-bye, my baby, close thine eye.
With bells and flutes and lyres a ringing,
Angels fill the sky with singing.
Lul-la-lul-la-bye, my baby, close thine eye.

Traditional German

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