**Little Black Bug**

Little black bug,
Little black bug
Where have you been?
I've been under the rug,
Said little black bug.
Bug-ug-ug-ug.

Little green fly,
Little green fly,
Where have you been?
I've been way up high,
Said little green fly.
Bzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz.

Little old mouse,
Little old mouse,
Where have you been?
I've been all through the house
Said little old mouse.
Squeak-eak-eak-eak-eak.
--Margaret Wise Brown

**The Caterpillar**

Brown and furry
Caterpillar in a hurry;

Take your walk
To the shady leaf, or stalk.

May no toad spy you,
May the little birds pass by you;

Spin and die,
To live again a butterfly.

*-Christina G. Rossetti.*

|  |
| --- |
| Trees |
| ~Sarah Coleridge |
|   |
| The Oak is called the king of trees,The Aspen quivers in the breeze,The Poplar grows up straight and tall,The Peach tree spreads along the wall,The Sycamore gives pleasant shade,The Willow droops in watery glade,The Fir tree useful in timber gives,The Beech amid the forest lives. |

Link to poem on YouTube…[Trees](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Wo08ckU-ZoA)

Over in the Meadow…

I found several YouTube videos for this one. In thinking about what we have learned from Lorraine, I’d probably start with just the text…maybe one stanza at a time…reading and letting the students illustrate to show comprehension. Later, I’d probably play the video where the song is illustrated. There are also a few clips of just someone singing the song.

Just the song…

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rmgkGxFkuZU&feature=related>

Over in the Meadow…Illustrated and animated <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=waxCjpwzR9Q&feature=related>

Another illustrated and animated

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hFZxES6i6Nw&feature=related>

Wouldn’t You?

by John Ciardi

If I

Could go high

And low

As the wind

As the wind

As the wind

Can blow—

I’d go!

**Mary Mary quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With silver bells and cockle shells
And pretty maids all in a row.**

Link to the origins of this rhyme…very interesting… <http://www.rhymes.org.uk/mary_mary_quite_contrary.htm>

# Ladybug, Ladybug Fly Away Home

# Nursery Rhyme

Ladybug!  Ladybug!
Fly away home.
Your house is on fire.
And your children all gone.

All except one,
And that's little Ann,
For she crept under
The frying pan.