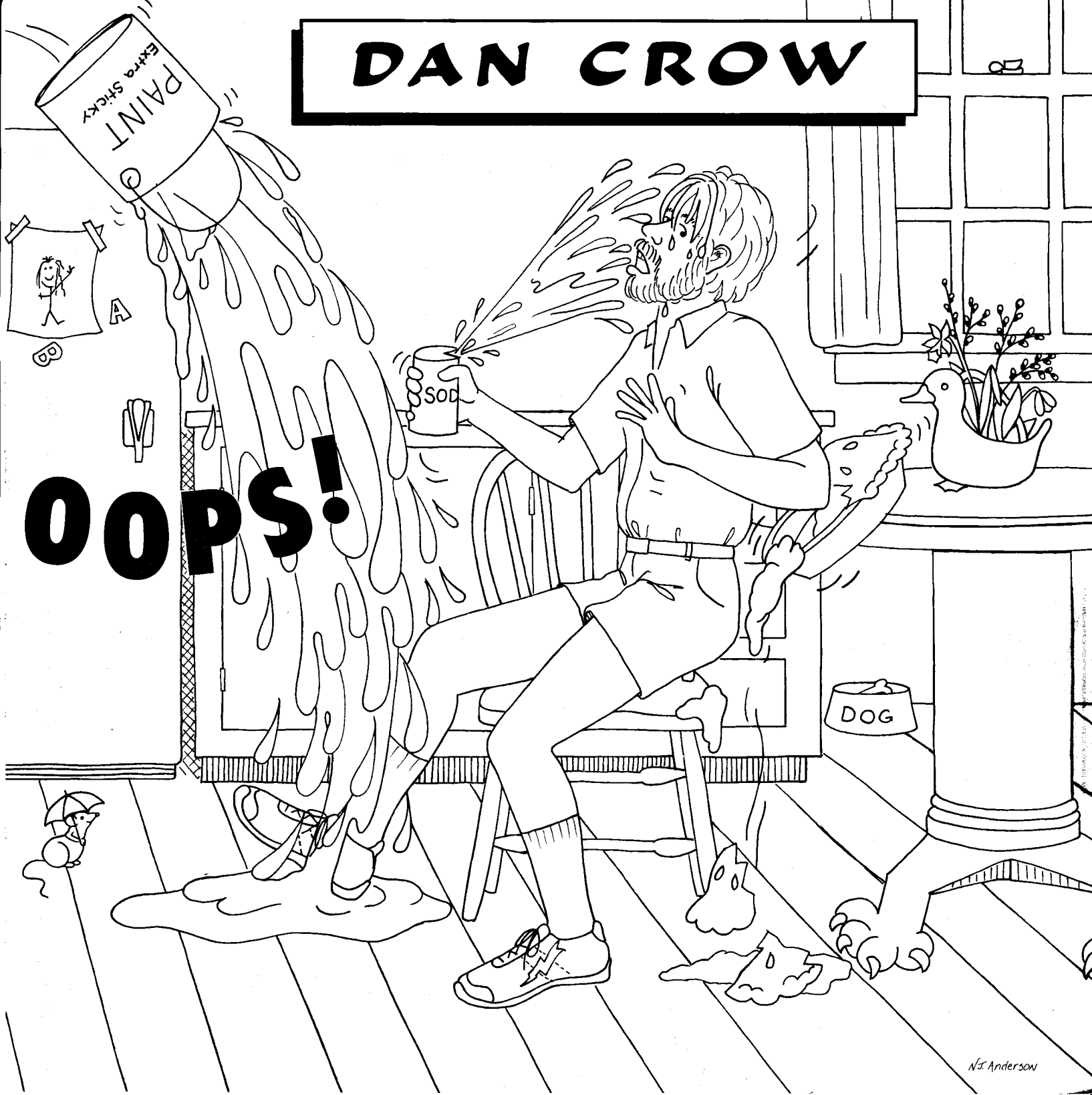


DAN CROW



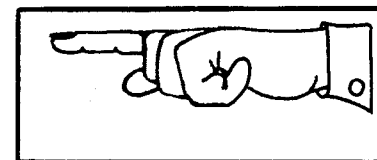
OOPS!

N.J. Anderson

This record consists of enjoyable participation songs, each of which concentrates on an individual consonant or vowel sound. The consonant sounds are used in the initial, middle, final and blend positions in words throughout the songs.

Designed to:

- provide a creative approach to the improvement of basic speech and language skills;
- enrich and develop positive aspects of self-appreciation and self-expression;
- offer a high-interest phonic/phonetic approach to reading instruction.



SIDE 1

OOPS!

(This song was written for the consonant p sound)

Refrain

Oops! Oops! Oops! I'm always spilling.
Oops! Oops! Oops! I'm always dropping.
Oops! Oops! Oops! Do I have to pick it up?
I don't want to pick it up!

I dropped a can of pop. And then I popped the top.
The pop it sprayed into my face.
The pop I had to drop. And I said,
Refrain

I had a piece of pie. A piece of pumpkin pie.
I stood up straight and tipped the plate.
And then I had no pie. And I said,
Refrain

I had some paint to pour for Sis to paint the door.
I tipped the can, it slipped my hand.
The paint fell on the floor. And I said,
Refrain



MY MOUTH

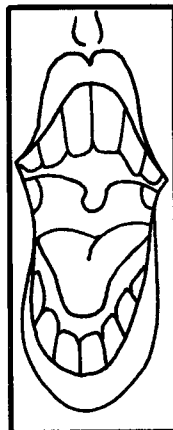
(This song was written for the consonant th sound)

Refrain

A thousand things go into my mouth.
A thousand things come out of my mouth.
My tongue keeps thumping north and south.
All inside of my mouth.

Inside of my mouth I have a throat
That's been known to throw a note.
I think that's where my tonsils float
If they're still in my throat.
Refrain

All of my teeth are in my mouth.
Well, all but three just came out.
I think one dropped while doing math
And two while taking a bath.
Refrain



I HAD HAM

(This song was written for the consonant h sound)

I came home last night to eat.
I had hoped to have a treat.
I washed my hands and took my seat.
And here is what I had to eat.

Refrain

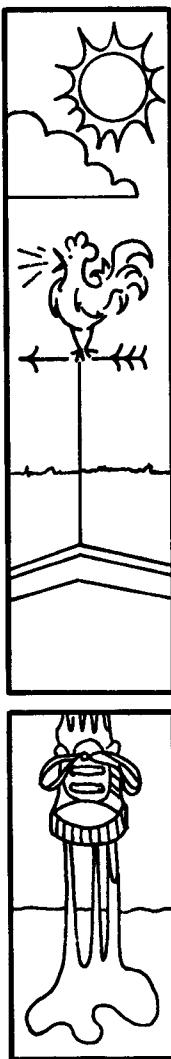
I had ham. I had ham.
I had ham, again.

I ate my ham, and then I hit the hay.
Then hopped out of bed next day.
I brushed my hair and hoped to last
To hurry down to my breakfast.
Refrain



Perhaps in school I have a hunch,
I'll have hotdogs for my lunch.
Or maybe I'll have bread with jam,
But behind it's bread with ham!
Refrain

Now ham's okay maybe once a day.
Or how about once a week.
But to have that ham as much as I am
No hog's that good to eat!
Refrain



THE BALLAD OF REUBEN ROOSTER

(This song was written for the consonant r sound)

Well, Reuben Rooster never really tried to crow.
He'd roost on the roof of the barn all night
And in the morning he would go.
He'd go, "Rr---, Rr---, Rr---, Oh, no!
I guess it's just too early in the morning
To work up a very good crow."

Now Robert Rooster, he lived right down the road.
He'd rise up at the crack of dawn
And he'd really crow,
He'd go, "Errerrerr, Errerrerr, Errerrerr, you know.
I'm the greatest rooster on the barnyard circuit.
I'm the very best rooster I know!"

One Friday, last winter, not so long ago
Robert Rooster woke up that morning
With a sore throat and a cold.
He'd go, "Rr---, Rr---, Rr---, Oh, no!
There's just no way I can crow this morning
With a sore throat and a cold."

Now Roxy the Foxy, she was looking for a hen or two
Or maybe just a breakfast egg
Or a nice fat rooster stew.
Robert saw Roxy and he really did try to crow.
He had to try and wake up the farmer.
He had to let everyone know!

Now Reuben the Rooster, he never heard Robert crow.
And he wondered just what might be the matter,
So he went on down the road.
He saw Roxy the Foxy chasing all the hens around!
So Reuben knew the time had come
To make that rooster sound.

He'd went, "Errerrerr, Errerrerr, Errerrerr, so long
That the farmer ran out to the barn
To see what might be wrong.
Now Roxy saw the farmer with a shotgun and an ax!
Then she ran right off into the woods
And she never did look back!
No, she never did come back!

So, Reuben Rooster was the new star of the show.
And everyday, early in the morning,
Hear Bob and Reuben crow
"Errerrerr, Errerrerr, Errerrerr..."

AMERICAN GUM

(This song was written for the consonant m sound)

Refrain

American gum, a hum, a hum.
You find it everywhere.
American gum, a hum, a hum.
It's matted in my hair.

There's gum on the hammer and gum on the broom
And gum on the milkman's shoe.
Gum on the chipmunk and gum on the monkey
And none of this gum can you chew.

Refrain

There's gum on the meat and gum on the mouse
And gum in the milk we drink.
Gum on the drum and gum on my thumb
And gum on my arm I think.

Refrain

There's probably more than a ton of gum
Sticking around in my room.
And maybe it might be there may be some gum
That man might have left on the moon.
Refrain

THE SKINNY PIG

(This song was written for the consonant p sound)

Once a pink and skinny pig who liked to skip and jump
was sad that as the other pigs, he wasn't very plump.
For unlike all his friends and pals who slept and snored all day,
he'd peep then creep out of his pen and hop outside to play.

Well he'd run and leap and sprint and splash while all his buddies ate
and he often played past suppertime and worked off pounds of weight.
He'd oink and snort and puff and gasp until he'd fall asleep
and many times he went to bed with nothing much to eat.

When the morning sun popped up he'd jump out of his bed
and with his sheep and puppy friends he'd romp off still unfed.
Well one Spring day the farmer came and parked his pickup truck.
He put the pigs up in the back, but the pink pig was in luck.

"You're much too thin to take this year, it simply would not pay
to pack you up and sell your pork," he heard the farmer say.
So he kept the pink pig on the farm to skip and jump and play
and pass the pen where his poor pig friends had slept their lives away.

THE BEST OF ALL BUGS

(Just for fun)

There are red bugs and brown bugs
and black bugs and white bugs
and green bugs and yellow bugs and blue.
There are good bugs and bad bugs
and big bugs and little bugs
and humbugs and bugs that bite you.

Refrain

But the best bugs of all bugs
have got to be ladybugs
cause ladybugs have nice things to do.
Oh the best bugs of all bugs
have got to be ladybugs
cause ladybugs will never bug you.

There are funny bugs and bunny bugs
and head bugs and bed bugs
and some bugs that really do stink.
There are phone bugs and rug bugs
and air bugs and ground bugs
and water bugs that never will sink.

Refrain

THE CHICKEN'S SPEECH

(This song was written for the consonant ch sound)

In the kitchen there's a chicken perched on a chair
matching wits with a butcher there.
The butcher tells the chicken that he cannot wait
and the chicken asks the butcher to hesitate.

The chicken says sir I'm sure you'll catch
this poor old hen you've forced to hatch,
but check my plea before you chop
and chances are you might choose to stop.
(before you start)

Refrain

Hear the chicken's speech (cluck cluck)
Hear the chicken's speech (cluck cluck)
Hear the chicken's speech (cluck cluck)
Hear the chicken's speech (cluck cluck)
Hear the chicken's speech (cluck cluck)
Hear the chicken's speech (cluck cluck)
Hear the chick chick chick chicken's speech.



I'm a very rich chicken with a batch of brains
I own a swiss cheese watch on a golden chain
I have a checking account and I bank at a branch
I own a cherry orchard and a rooster ranch.

I own a marble mansion with a silver perch
and every Sunday I go to church
I've got twenty-six chicks in my family
I'll let you have my watch if you set me free.

Refrain

Now in the kitchen there's a chicken out on a plate
the butcher told the chicken that he could not wait
for though that chicken had a batch of brains
that a chicken is a chicken you cannot change.

Yes a chicken is a chicken you cannot change
even one that's rich with a batch of brains
Now the butcher wears a watch with a golden chain
cause a chicken is a chicken cause a chicken can't change.

Refrain

YAMBO

(For fun with a purpose)

The only submarine I like
Is the kind made out of bread,
And we should replace each missile
With some mistletoe instead.
And the only gun that's any fun
Is the kind that you can squirt,
And the only fighting that I like
Is the kind that does not hurt

Refrain

My name is Yambo
A sweet potato named Yambo
I'm not a fighter like Rambo
That's not my style
They call me Yambo
A sweet potato named Yambo
Everybody say Yambo
And see me smile

Now, the only battleship I like
Is a Milton-Bradley game,
And the only bombers that I like
Are in the Hall of Fame,
And the only scary things I like
Are on the move screen,
And the only bad guys that I like
Are the kind the aren't too mean

Refrain



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