

Sing-Along Songs & Act-It-Out Poems

By Diane Lang

Mammals:



Opossum Act-it-out

Look at me and all my talents!
See my tail I use for balance!
I can grab things with my thumbs.
I play dead when danger comes.
My babies have a comfy couch,
Warm and safe inside my pouch.
I have fifty shiny teeth,
Some above and some beneath.
Who am I? I'm an opossum.
Don't you think I'm pretty awesome?

Point thumbs proudly at self

Point to imagined tail

Move thumbs

Let head fall, close eyes

Put hands on abdomen

Open mouth wide

Pump hands together overhead, like a champ



Busy Skunk Act-It-Out

My paws in front are made to dig
For bugs and beetles, small or big!
I dig fast, or sometimes slow,
For critters in the dirt below.

Coyote nears and won't retreat,
And so I firmly stamp my feet.
But what if he won't go away?
I lift my tail, and then I spray!

Bats at Night Act-It-Out

Bats at night are flying fast
All throughout the sky
They send a squeak; it echoes back
From insects flying by.

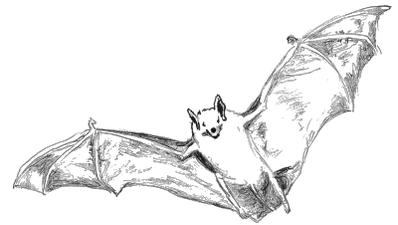
Grab a moth, another one!
Or some mosquito treat!
Nighttime is the best of times
To get a bug to eat!

Other bats are finding fruit;
They slurp delicious juice!
Or dip for nectar in a bloom—
Long noses put to use!

Bats in the Morning Act-It-Out

Sunrise nears, and bats come home,
To safety they have found.
They hook their feet so they can hang
With wings all wrapped around.

They're hanging still, without a peep;
Let's be quiet as they sleep.



Antlers & Horns



I'm a goat, and I have horns,
One point on each—and strong!
They don't come off, just slowly grow,
And stay there all year long.

I have antlers on my head,
For I'm a handsome deer.
So many points, but they'll fall off,
And grow again next year.



hold hands next to head, pointer fingers up

hold hands next to head, fingers splayed out



Beaver Bulletin

Slap! A danger lurks nearby!

Slap behind you, as if with tail on water surface

Sound it on the water!

Slap! It's time to gather in

Slap

Every son and daughter.

Scurry around

It's time to leave that bit of bark

A beaver might be chewing, chew

To drop that branch or sprig of leaves— Pretend to drop something

Whatever each is doing.

Slap! A tail will sound the call,

Slap

And beavers now are bidden—

Slap! To dive right for the door,

Slap

Submerged, securely hidden.

The door is wet, but inside? No.

The den is high and dry,

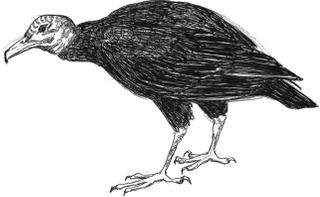
Cozy under sticks and mud,

Pretend to snuggle in

Where sleepy babies lie.

Close eyes

Birds:



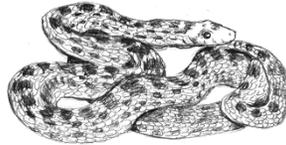
Turkey Vulture act-it-out

*Vulture wakes up; night is done,
Spreads her wings to catch the sun. (spread arms)
(She must be so very strong
To hold her wings like that so long!)
Now she's warm; she flaps and flies. (flap)
Soon she's soaring through the skies. (spread arms)
Catching all the rising air,
How easily she soars up there!
For hours she won't move a wing,
While she checks out everything, (look side to side)
But she will gladly end the ride
When she smells that something's died. (sniff)
Down she goes to get that meal;
Eats so fast; someone might steal! (eat)
Good thing that her head is bare.
That way, gunk won't stick up there. (rub top of head)
For her, a perfect way to sup,
And for the land, a tidy-up! (rub hands in a "that's that" way)*

Reptiles

Reptiles, to the tune of *Row, row, row your boat – as a round*

Reptiles all have scales,
Like snakes and lizards do,
With turtles and tortoises in their shells—
All the reptile crew.



I Love Snakes

(to the tune of Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star)

I love snakes; our reptile friends.
They have scales from end to end.
Dining on a rat or mouse
So it won't get in our house.
I love snakes; our reptile friends.
They have scales from end to end.

Snake Poem act-it-out

I'm a little snake and I crawl, crawl, crawl.
My body's very long, but my tail is very small.
I have so many ribs and I cannot blink my eye,
But my tongue can smell whatever might go by!
Some snakes can squeeze; some snakes can bite.
I hunt for food all day or night.
Then I open my mouth, oh, so wide
And swallow my food right down inside.
And after that, when I am done,
I take a rest in the warm, warm sun.

Mimic crawling with arms
Hands far apart, hands close together
Point to ribs, hold eyes open
Stick tongue out
Hug self tight, open and close jaws
Look right and left
Open mouth wide
Swallow

Close eyes and smile

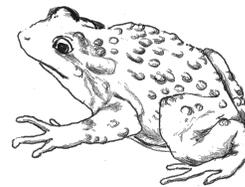
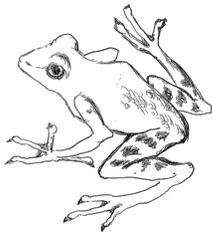
Amphibians

Amphibian song, to the tune of: *The Ants Go Marching*

The frogs are in the pond again—*kerplunk, kerplunk*.
The frogs are in the pond again—*kerplunk, kerplunk*.
They love the wet; they jump right in,
For they are all amphibian,
And they all go jumping into the pond—*kerplunk*.

The toad calls from a shady place, *gerunk, gerunk*.
The toad calls from a shady place, *gerunk, gerunk*.
Because he is amphibian
He must protect his tender skin,
So he needs cool shade to sit and call out, *gerunk*.

The salamander's sleeping now —so, *hush, so hush*.
The salamander's sleeping now — so, *hush, so hush*.
He'd rather sleep when it's warm and bright,
Then-he-comes-out in the cool of night,
So we'll tiptoe softly by, and be quiet—*hush*.



Be a Frog! (or Toad)

Here in the water, like a little ball
I am in an tiny egg, round and small.
When I come out of one of those eggs,
I swim and I swim, then I grow little legs.
Soon I lose my tail; then I breathe the air.
Now I'm a frog. Watch me jump everywhere!

Arthropods



Busy Bee – act-it-out



What a busy bee I am,
Flying bloom to bloom!
I land on one, and then another,
One more! Watch me zoom!

First I drink some nectar sweet;
Oh, how I adore it!
Then collect the pollen there
(My legs are where I store it).

Then I go back to the hive,
And waggle-dance to show
My sister bees, who also search
For nectar, where to go.



Insect & Spider Chant



Insect, insect, legs of six,
Walks on leaves or dirt or sticks.
Spider, spider, legs of eight,
Hopes that insect meals await!

Be a Spider

We have legs: let's count them: Two!

But spiders have more than we do.

With spiders we can count to eight!

A lot of legs to contemplate!

Some move fast, and some move slow,

And many spend their days below,

In the ground. But all just want

To grab a bug. It's why they hunt.

Show eight fingers

Walk fast, then slow

Crouch down

Make a quick grab

Three Busy Spiders Act-it-Out



1. I spin and spin my sticky web
From leaf to twig to leaf.
It catches bugs that I will grab
With speed beyond belief!

2. I'm a spider underground,
Waiting in a hole.
A bug comes by, and whoosh! my home
Becomes my breakfast bowl!

3. I am sitting on a flower,
Pale and blending in.
Small bugs never see me there.
I jump—and grab. I win!



Caterpillar to Butterfly Act-it-Out



I'm a busy caterpillar;
 I must eat and eat!
 That's my job, to eat and grow,
 Walking on short feet.

chew

Then one day I stay quite still
 And hold on to a leaf
 A new outside soon covers me
 (This break is a relief!)

hug arms around self

But it gets tight, for right inside
 I've somehow rearranged,
 And so I break out. I have wings!
 Just look how I have changed!

while hugging, start wiggling

"climb" out of covering
 flap new wings.

Words below can be sung to "Frere Jacques"

Caterpillar,
 Busy eating
 more and more,
 more and more.
 Soon she will be changing
 Insides rearranging,
 Then she'll soar
 Then she'll soar

OR

Caterpillar,
 Busy eating:
 Hungry guy
 Hungry guy.
 Soon he'll change to be a...
 Pretty soon we'll see a
 Butterfly
 Butterfly