

*Happy groundhog, came from the bog, whistling along her way
This whistle Pig, she could dance a jig, and she loved to do it every day*

She'd eat her fill, at the foot of that hill, of the grandma's garden of greens
It wasn't long, till the veggies were gone, all the squash, the kale and the beans
"What can be done, my dear grandson? We only have what we grow"
"Grandma I fear, to me she's grown dear." Suddenly he shouted, "I know!"

Chorus

When around she roots, he gets out his lute, and plays her a trundle-ey tune
She starts to dance, and around prance, beneath the sun and the moon
Because she moves with a shimmey-shake groove, folks come from all around

They bring kind hearts, and sweet apple tarts, all the way from town

She no longer eats, the garden treats, of tarts she eats her fill
She and the boy, whistle with joy, at the foot of that summery hill

Chorus



The Little Tree

On an April morning, a little tree said "I'm not dressed
as beautiful or charming as all the rest"

"Momma will you find me, something fine to wear
so like all the others, beauty I can share"

Momma said, "you're lovely, gown of new-made leaves
it is as beautiful as any weaver weaves"

Chorus (la la la)

Chorus

Along the ground, spinning around, till she'd land in the garden below
Then down she'd glide, on a slippery slide, on a belly ride she'd go
She'd whistle along, just a makin' happy about the day
There was a groundhog, round as a log, who'd shimmmy about her way

The Happy Groundhog

Chorus

cherry tree
and the song they sing, is the one made by me, I sang about their land beneath that
And once in awhile, my heart is filled, when I hear their voices come o'er the hill
and little feet, nimble and strong, dancing as they sing along
Now I am old and haunt faery dells, and listen in for their voices like bells

Chorus

and I heard their voices ring through the air, bell-like voices with songs to share
After that night, often as a child, I heard their feet running wild
with my ukulele I made a song, and sang it boldly all night long
The land glowed with beauty that I'd found, and when my feet again touched ground

Oh the faeries roam singing melodies. Their songs come from the wind in the trees

Chorus

Low lanterns hung from billowy boughs, in lavender fields with spotted cows
A sign I could read, made of leaves said, "Path for Faeries," This Way Please"
When I was a child I climbed a tree, of red cherries and before me

The Cherry Tree

"Oh my dear, you're splendid, in the morning rain"
"But Momma sec the flowers, the colors of their bed"
"Oh my child, when autumn comes, you'll be dressed in red"

Chorus

"Momma what is happening? I'm becoming bare
I feel light and unadorned. Won't somebody stare?"

"My Sweet, it's just the winter. Your slender branches glow
Spring will soon be here again and new leaves you will grow"

Chorus

On an April morning, a little tree said "I'm not dressed
as beautiful charming, as all the rest"

Little Bluebird

I went out one early morn, when I heard twest twest
A little bluebird called to me, with a song simple and sweet

Chorus

"I'll stay with you if you'll make, a bird bath for me"
"I'll make for you a copper bath, and place it 'neath a tree"

Chorus

"**Hidey ho my little bluebird, hidey ho I say**
When you sing, joy you bring. With me won't you stay?"

"I'll stay with you, if you'll keep, a safe place for my nest"

Chorus

Skipping over mossy rocks in search of purple shells
Violet and Bluebell, come out the faery dell
Poppy and Primrose, Yarrow, Tupelo
Skipping down the hill to play in pools by the bay

The Flower Faeries

Chorus

"**Hidey ho my little Bluebird, hidey ho I say**
When you sing, joy you'll bring, when you pass my way"

Chorus

"I will sing my morning songs, that you love so true"
"I'll return now and then. I'll come visit you"
"I will miss your morning song that I love so true"
"Then I must go, must fly away and stay no more with you"
"No oh no, that won't do, for to me he's dear"
"I'll stay with you if you'll take, your tom cat far from here"

Chorus

"I'll come out and sing with you, when your chicks are born"
"I'll stay with you if you'll sing, songs with me at morn"
"I'll make for you a wooden house, where you can rest"

Has she ever come your way, asking you to play?

When the wind is feeling shy she makes a bashful breeze
Little children all come out, with dragonflies and bees
Butterflies and ladybugs, a spotted cooing dove
With her gentle simple song, she tells them they are loved

Chorus

When the wind is feeling sad she makes a rueful moan
Over stones and through the trees, she bellows and she groans
When gloomy clouds shade the day, she blows with all her might
pushing them and pulling them, 'till they are out of sight

Chorus

When the wind is filled with joy with the coming of a storm
She gusts and howls and bangs about, all the night till morn
Romping with the thunder, as the rain pours down
Chasing after lightning bolts, whirling all around

Chorus

When the wind is fast asleep as though she isn't there
Resting in her hammock where, she doesn't have a care
She dreams of autumn's falling leaves, piling wide and deep
She dreams of red and golden leaves, that she loves to sweep

Chorus



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Chorus

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"I'll stay with you if you'll sing, songs with me at morn"
"I'll make for you a wooden house, where you can rest"

Lilac and Sweet Pea, make a boat to cross the sea
From a leaf they shape a kite. It lifts them o’er the trees
Iris and Hollyhock, cook oats with Snowdrop
All together in a ring the faeries eat and sing

Chorus

Stars so brightly shine, wind-song fills the pine
Try and try to stay awake, where the moon-light shines
Sleep wraps them around, on the faery mound
They dream of boats with silver oars the pirates row ashore

Chorus
(+ “*la la la*” the second part of the verse melody)

Down on Blackberry Lane

Five chickens showed up one day. If we build them a house they just might stay
“Grab the planks! I’ll grab the nails. Give them food in the yellow pails”

A hammer here and a hammer there, a bright tin roof placed with care
Round windows and a wooden door, a straw filled bed upon the floor

Chorus
Down on Blackberry Lane, four hens and a rooster came

“Oh my gosh! It seems to me, they like it here with you and me
They like the cozy house we made. Look! Lil’ Lucy’s laid an egg”

Weeks passed by on Blackberry Lane. The moon waxed full and down came rain
Then one day soft chickies hatched, in the little house in the garden patch

Chorus

Our family it grew and grew, with friendship as we never knew
In our hands, soft and sweet, with clucking all about our feet

Chorus 2x

The Daffodil & the Faery Child

A little daffodil, up, up she grew, drawn by the light and the brilliant blue
She was blossoming, without a care. Danger was near, but she was unaware

Chorus
“I will hold you up, so you won’t fall. I will keep you safe, so you can grow tall”

A mighty tempest came, with a blustery gale. The pouring rain, turned to pounding hail
“What am I to do?” She cried out in fright. “I don’t think I will, make it through the night”

Chorus

As she began to tilt, unexpectedly, there came a faery child, who bent down on one knee
“How can you stand?” the musing faery spoke, “in the wind and rain, without us little folk?”

Chorus

The faery held her up all through the night, till that storm had passed, and the sun shone bright
“You may pick me now and have me as your own” said the daffodil,

“though I’m not yet full grown”

Chorus
*“No!” the faery said, “that will never do, but when gales blow, I will come to you
I will hold you up, so you won’t fall. I will keep you safe, so you can grow tall”*

Once upon a time, on an old green hill. A faery child loved a daffodil

The Merry Band

In a misty far-off land, faeries dance in Autumn’s hand
To the ground gold dust floats, from their brightly shimmering coats
The dust is filled with songs and lore, from the faery days of yore
It falls upon a heaping mound, of nuts the squirrels hid in the ground

Chorus
*A golden glow in the twilight hour, settles upon each stone and flower
They leave gold dust everywhere. Faeries love so much to share*

Winter comes and they can’t find, the tasty food they left behind
The squirrels search here and there, but faery dust is everywhere
Then from the dust comes a lilting song. It draws them to where they belong
They dig and dive and find their mound, beneath the gold dust on the ground

Chorus

“Skiddle-ey winks!” they all shout, as they scurry all about
“There are sparkles in our seeds. It’s delicious!” they all agreed
Feasting underneath the tree, their tummies fill with melody
and plump on faery lore they grow. Lots of stories now they know

Final Chorus
*If you come upon this land, you will meet a merry band
squirrels with soft fur of gold, dancing to the songs of old*

In a misty far off land, faeries dance in Autumn’s hand
To the ground gold dust floats, from their brightly shimmering coats

On Our Carolina Farm

Long ago when you were small, we’d pick apples in the fall
I would lift you in my arms, on our Carolina farm
‘Neath the rosy apple tree, we’d eat breakfast you and me
The green grass grew lush and long, where we’d sing our morning song

Chorus
*A sunflower in your hair, a yellow dress you’d wear
Summer was so sweet with no shoes on our feet*

We would watch the clouds change form, into ships and unicorns
into dinosaurs and bees, whales swimming in the sea
With the gentle wind you’d run, your arms raised to the sun
Through the sweet peas growing high, like a songbird in the sky

Chorus
*Flowers everywhere, laughter we would share
Summer was so sweet with no shoes on our feet*

On the porch we would swing, listen to the crickets sing
and the passing of the train, and the falling of the rain
I would often read to you, a thing you loved for me to do
’Til your gentle breath would slow, off to dreamland you would go

Chorus
*Ribbons in your hair, tangled everywhere
Summer was so sweet with no shoes on our feet*

Long ago when you were small, we’d pick apples in the fall
I would lift you in my arms, on our Carolina farm

The Bluebell & the Boy

Once in the wind of morning, when the day was turning gold
a little boy skipped down, down, down to the valley’s fold
There he spied a flower, a bluebell among the rocks
and much to his surprise he, thought he heard it talk
The spellbound boy leaned down, and placed a shy yet eager ear
beside the bluebell’s petals, to hear what he might hear

Chorus

*Sure as the wind of morning
Sure as the day was turning gold
A gentle bluebell she was heard
In the greening valley’s fold*

“My heart is full” the bluebell said “and glistens with shimmering light
The early sun’s gold, gold, golden rays are bright
and the glimmering morning, giving birth to simple days
I’m thankful for her glory, upon which we gaze”

Chorus

The wide-eyed boy turned around, and looked upon the waking land
It seemed that something held, held, held him in its hand
He thought he’d burst or maybe fly. His rosy cheeks were all a’glow
because the bluebell shared what only flowers know

Chorus

Autumn Jewels

Chorus
*It happens in autumn, that’s faery for fall
when pixies climb trees that grow tall
and fill apple vats and make apple pie
and picnic where buttercup meadows lie*

Pails are filled with jewels by day
gathered from faeries at play
Fluffy rabbits with plush cotton tails
while hoping knock over the pails

Wind wafts the jewels to children in bed
then gently upon their heads
she lets fall the jewels with care
To wake them she’d not dare

Chorus

They sparkle on noses. They sparkle on cheeks
like moonbeams on fallen leaves
Darkness sees the bejeweled lights
and takes them to brighten the night

Night takes the jewels and adorns the sky
but she leaves freckles behind
Now each child’s precious face
is bright with faery grace

Chorus



A Party for Pig

Mole woke up, jumped from his bed, put on the kettle and sliced some bread
Two wrens arrived along with cat. They ate jam toast and had a chat
They wanted to welcome the best they could, Pig who was new to the neighborhood
When they had hatched the perfect plan, they made pies in old tin pans

Chorus
*Rum diddley diddley dum, rum diddley diddley dum
Rum diddley diddley dum, rum diddley, diddley dum*

Apple, berry, lemon meringue, they worked together as they sang
Mole told Rooster, “No time to lose. Quick go cockadoodle doo the news”
Rooster and four hens set out, to share the happy news about
“A party for Pig. Everyone come! Rum diddley diddley dum”

Chorus

That evening beneath Mole’s tree, Rabbit arrived with the Toadies and Bee
Squirrel and Wolf came to share, with Pig their friendship and their care
Still more came and all had fun. Pig got hugs from everyone
Moose brought Pig a green bean mat. Mole gave Pig a pinecone hat

Chorus

Pig got excited, fell off his chair, skinned his knee, messed up his hair
Peacock came in the nick of time, kissed his knee, said “You look fine”
They danced and played and ate sweet pie. The night passed too quickly by
Bear invited them up the wood, where they slept well and all was good

Chorus

To the Country We Will Go

Mother speaks of a rickety home, with a crickety fence and flowers grown
where we will move at summer’s end and our belongings send
She talks of walks on ribboned trails, squirrels with bushy tails
a river and white tailed deer, children living near

Chorus
*To the country we will go. My father says there will be snow
I hope I have a good friend there. Together we’ll go everywhere*

My grandpa this afternoon, said, “Son we’ll be leaving soon
Sit down upon my knee and listen to me
To your own self be true. Ask, what can I do for you?
Let each precious day unfold. A simple stone might be gold”

Chorus

I asked my grandma late last night, what to bring so all goes right
when we arrive in our new town, and step upon its ground
“Bring wonder in your pack, put courage in your knapsack
patience and an open heart, a will to do your part”

Chorus

Song of the Wind

Chorus
Have you heard or felt the wind? She’s out most everyday

