

TEACHERS:

Coloring pages are excellent ways to reinforce movements and concepts and are great to use as visual aids during your free dances. Show your young students the picture while you play the song and then give them a copy to take home and color. Parents will be pleased with all the knowledge your students are gaining.

For example: Using the song "Imagine What You Can Be." Each week teach the children the lyrics and a small dance to correspond to each character. At the end of class, give them the coloring page of the character dance they just learned.

KOOKAKANGAROO : #1 MUSIC, MAGIC, MAKE-BELIEVE

A koo-ka-boo! A koo-ka-bee!
A kangaroo hops just like me.
A koo-ka-boo! A koo-ka-bee!
A kangaroo hops just like me.

Out in the bush where the kookaburra woos,
Serenade the parade of the big kangaroos!
Wallabies wallow in the Bushmen's hollow
But the kangaroos hop. . .
A kooka-booka-bop.

Refrain

There in the trees, the koala sleeps --
With hardly a sound -- no, he never peeps.
But all the leaves rustle; in the shadows there's a bustle:
It's the kangeroos' hop. . .
A kooka-booka-bop.

Refrain

The outback is hot but the billabong's cool;
Stop for a drink and a dip for a 'roo!
One foot's wetter so the other foot's better
For the kangaroo's hop. . .
A kooka-booka-bop

Repeat Refrain.

TIGER: #2 MUSIC, MAGIC, MAKE-BELIEVE

In the dark, in the grass -- something slipping slowly past --
There's something sneaking. . . something creeping. . .
With footsteps soft and light, something's stealing through the night
When we're all sleeping. . .

Eyes open wide; tail hanging low; ears hearing every little noise --
Tiger, tiger, don't come near!
As quiet as you are, I'll tiptoe out of here!

In the day, on a rock, something looking for a shock--
There's something waiting. . . anticipating. . .
With muscles tense and strong, something knows it won't be long
Until it's pouncing!

Eyes open wide; tail twitching low; ears hearing every little noise --
Tiger, tiger, don't come near!
As ready as you are, I'll pounce on out of here!

In the sun, by a stream, something lazy and extreme --
There's something strolling. . . tongue out lolling. . .
Sleepy and full, something stretches with a pull
And then it's rolling!

Eyes open wide; tail resting low; ears hearing every little noise --
Tiger, tiger, don't come near!
As sleepy as you are, I'll stroll on out of here!

In the wild, in the wind, something sniffing with a grin --
There's something coming. . . something cunning. . .
Faster than fast, something coming through the grass
Until it's running!

Eyes open wide; tail streaming out; ears hearing every little noise --
Tiger, tiger, don't come near!
As fast as you can run, I'll run on out of here!

FAIRY FLIGHT: #3 MUSIC, MAGIC, MAKE-BELIEVE

Spread my wings;
Feel the air . . .
Close my eyes and hear the whispers there.
Stardust falls when I shake my head:
I'm a fairy! Waking up from bed. . .

Loo-lolly-lolly-loom --
Fly across the room,
Light upon the brightest bloom
And sip some nectar-tea. . .
A fairy-heart is very free.
A fairy-heart is very free.

Butterflies,
Fly with me;
But no one else can really be what I can be --
Birds and bees, their secrets tell
To a fairy! Who can guard them well.

Refrain

Petals soft
For my bed
A thistledown, I rest my fairy head
In my dreams I still will fly
I'm a fairy! That's the reason why.

Loo-lolly-lolly-loom --
Fly across the room,
Light upon the brightest bloom
And sip some nectar-tea. . .
A fairy-heart is very free.
A fairy-heart is very free.

Loom-lolly-lolly-lee --
A fairy I will be,
So nice to be so free!
Just find the magic wild
Hidden inside every child.

ZEBRA DAY : #4 MUSIC, MAGIC, MAKE-BELIEVE

Out in the grasslands where the lions wait,
Herds of the gentler creatures learn to escape.
The sun is hot and the water is far:
Gallop on, zebra -- galloping, galloping!
Gallop on, zebra, galloping far.

Stripes for protection, to hide in the crowd. . .
Lions are watching; their roar is so loud.
All run together and none left behind:
Gallop on, zebra -- galloping, galloping!
Gallop on, zebra, galloping fine.

When bellies are full and the air smells clear.
The water is cool and no danger is near.
The little ones kick and the old ones chase:
Gallop on, zebra -- galloping, galloping!
Gallop on, zebra, galloping race.

Out in the grasslands where the lions wait,
Herds of the gentler creatures learn to escape.
The sun is hot and the water is far:
Gallop on, zebra -- galloping, galloping!
Gallop on, zebra, galloping far.

***IMAGINE WHAT YOU CAN BE: #5* MUSIC, MAGIC, MAKE-BELIEVE**

Imagine you're a Princess
Strolling behind the castle wall:
Swish your gorgeous gown;
Touch your regal crown;
Then, wave to one and all.

Imagine you're a Mermaid
Lounging by the sea:
Brush your long, bright hair;
Taste the soft salt air;
Then, slide and swim with glee.

refrain:

You can be what you want to be.. .
Not only in your heart and mind.
Try on the person that you'd like to be
And a perfect fit you'll find.

Imagine you're a Cowpoke
Riding through the prairie day:
Swing your hat and rope;
Feel your pony lope;
Then, gallop and gallop away.

Imagine you're a Brave Scout
Slipping through the forest grand.
Bend and feel the ground;
Rise and jump -- a strange sound!
Then, tiptoe as fast as you can.

REFRAIN

Imagine you're a Painter
With visions in your head
Swoosh your brush;
Colors big and lush;
Then, tumble off to bed.

Imagine you're a Dancer
Performing every night:
Spring and twirl and leap;
Dream and sigh and weep;
Then, fill your heart with light.

For you can be what you want to be . . .
Not only in your heart and mind.
Try on the person that you'd like to be
And a perfect fit you'll find.
Try on the person that you'd like to be
And a perfect fit you'll find.

ANT PLATOON : #6 MUSIC, MAGIC, MAKE-BELIEVE

Straigh-ten up! Fall in line!
Everybody ready cause it's Picnic Time!
March...2...3...4! March...2...3...4!

Left. . . Left. . . Left, Right, Left!

Ants are marching across the ground.
Little feet step with the tiniest sound.
Ants are marching -- we never stop!
We don't go around, we go over the top!

Left. . . left. . . Left, Right, Left!

Ants are marching, we see your food
All spread on the grass --it looks very good!
Ants are marching, your food on our backs --
That's what you get -- we don't ever relax!

Left. . . left. . . Left, Right, Left!

I'll take a pickle, you take bread.
I'll take a strawberry, nice and red.
Watermelon's good 'cause it's sticky and sweet --
But WAIT! It's too big! It will mash all our feet!
[AHHHHHH!]

Dialogue

Turn around! Fall in line!
Everybody ready 'cause we're right on time!
March...2...3...4! March...2...3...4!

Left. . . left. . . Left, Right, Left!

Ants are marching our job is done!
Your picnic is through, though you'd just begun.
Ants are marching back to our mound.
We march right in line, right into the ground!

Left. . . left. . . Left, Right, Left!
Left. . . left. . . Left, Right, Left
Left. . . left. . . Left, Right, Left!
Left. . . left. . . Left, Right, Left

A VERY NICE DAY: #7 MUSIC, MAGIC, MAKE-BELIEVE

A Gardener's Day is a very nice day, a very nice day -- you'll see!
Full of things that grow and buzz and flow. . .
Oh, a Gardener I will be. Yes! a gardener I will be!

I've got my floppy old hat to shade my eyes;
Pick up my basket -- wave away those flies!
And I scuff my boots in the dirt and hay --
Watching for weeds as I make my way.
Grab my hoe and I hoe. . .
I hoe and I hoe. . .
I hoe and I hoe and I make things grow. . . .
It's a Gardener's Day for me.
Yes! A Gardener's Day for me.

A Teacher's Day is a very good day, a very good day -- you'll see!
F aces are bright and the answers are right. . .
Oh, a Teacher I will be. Yes! A Teacher I will be!

Students run right in and they sit right down.
I count their numbers and I never frown.
First we talk; then we draw; then we get in line,
Heading for the playground where we'll have a fun time.
We march in line. . .
We march in line. . .
We march in line 'cause it's recess-time. . .
It's a Teacher's Day for me.
Yes! a Teacher's Day for me.

A Firefighter's Day is a very brave day, a very brave day -- you'll see!
Fires smoke and roar 'til the waters pour. . .
Oh, a Firefighter I will be. Yes! a Firefighter I will be!

I put on my coat and my big, red hat;
I wave to the others and they come like that!
We slide down the pole, then we jump up higher
To get on the truck on its way to the fire.
We race and we race. . .
We race and we race. . .
We race and we race with smoke in our face --
It's a Firefighter's Day for me.
Yes! a Firefighter's Day for me.

Oh, a Doctor's Day is a very busy day, a very busy day -- you'll see!
Patients in and out the door -- in the waiting room are more. . .
Oh, a Doctor I will be. Yes! a Doctor I will be!

I wash my hands with antiseptic soap
And I listen to your heart with my stethoscope:
Thump-diddy-thump . . . your little heart pounds.
Stomp to the rhythm of the heart-beat sounds!
Thump-diddy-thump . . .
Thump-diddy-thump . . .
Thump-diddy-thump -- Everybody's heart pump!
It's a Doctor's Day for me!

Yes! It's a Doctor's Day --
It's a Gardener's Day --
It's a Teacher's Day--
It's a Firefighter's Day --
It's a very nice day for me!

FROG JUMP: #8 MUSIC, MAGIC, MAKE-BELIEVE

What . . . is fat. . . and green. . . and slow?
What sits forever like he'll never go?
What snaps out. . . his tongue. . . for flies?
What lies in mud up to his eyes?
What. . . comes out. . . at night. . . to sing?
Croaking is the music where the bullfrog is king!
What. . . sees life. . . from lil- . . . ly pads?
A pond for a kingdom, that's exactly what he has!

Can you... . be fat . . . and green. . . and slow?
Can you sit forever like you'll never go?
And just when I think you're only some weird bump --
You gather up your legs and JUMP
JUMP!
JUMP ! JUMP ! JUMP !

First plop like a blob,
Then, jump! in the air,
Then back to the ground
As if you're always there. . .

First plop like a blob,
Then, jump! in the air,
Then back to the ground
As if you're always there. . .

First plop like a blob,
Then, jump! in the air,
Then back to the ground
As if you're always there!

MONTHS OF MOVEMENT: #9 MUSIC, MAGIC, MAKE-BELIEVE

The months are filled with movement and stories: A year is twelve times one of different things.

Bend and sway, skip and run -- don't you know we've just begun?
Surprise is what every year brings!

January's cold and icy; and the ground is hard and slick.
You can skate on the ice like a swan on a pond and your feet will never slip.

February's full of sweethearts. Valentines are ready to send:
You can skip to the beat of your heart with your feet and a smile for a friend.

March is when the wind starts roaring. The blustery days are here!
Spread your arms out wide and run with the wind while it whistles on past your ear.

April asks for rain and flowers. Blooms begin to open and grow.
Leap over puddles left by the rain! Leaping carefully as you go.

May is full of little lambs sleeping. . . babies on the farm in spring.
Tiptoe through the grass while they sleep; a lullaby, you may sing.

In June, the twilight lasts forever, and fireflies blink into sight.
Jump as you reach to catch fireflies filling the summer night.

July is hot and still and sticky -- the beach is where we all want to be.
Walking backwards from the waves, we do a little dance with the sea.

August is a time of harvest; the vegetables are ripe and warm.
So reach and stretch and bend and pick the fresh veggies on the farm.

September fills the sky with brightness: autumn leaves begin to fall.
Won't you float on the breeze to the ground like a leaf. . . tumble and turn and all?

October makes you think of night-time and spooky things that may not be there.
But fly like a bat with the moon on your wing! A bat's at home in October air.

November's full of pilgrims and turkeys, but thanksgiving's for families most of all.

March like the band on parade on T. V. -- dinner is just down the hall!

December, we see lights ablinking; and, bells are always jingling, it seems.
Reindeer gallop 'cross the sky . . . Or maybe just across your dreams.

The months are filled with movement and stories: A year is twelve times one of different things. .

Bend and sway, skip and run! Don't you know we've just begun?
Surprise is what every year brings!

WAITING FOR SPRING: #10 MUSIC, MAGIC, MAKE-BELIEVE

Though the wind is cold; though the trees are bare,
Underground there sleeps a seed.
Though you might not know it's there, it's there!
It is waiting. . . for Spring. . .

When the ground begins to Warm; when the rain is soft and sweet,
The seed beneath begins to stir
And puts out its rooky feet.
Slowly, slowly, push out the little root.
Gently, gently, send up a tender shoot.
Reach for the sun; reach for the rain;
Reach for the Springtime begun again.
Reaching for Summer. . .

Now the sun is hot; now the days are long.
Now a flower grows.
Now the stem is strong.
It is blooming. . .
Brightly, brightly, petals all unfurl.
Fully, fully, all the leaves uncurl.
Growing in the sun; growing in the rain;
Growing, growing in the summertime again.
Growing to Fall. . .

The wind is blowing harder; the days are growing short.
A flower lets its seeds flyaway.
And somewhere they will start.
They'll be sleeping. . . sleeping, sleeping, sleeping in Winter. . .

Though the wind is cold; though the trees are bare,
Underground there sleeps a seed --
Though you may not know it's there, it's there!
It is waiting. . . waiting, waiting, waiting for Spring.

IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY: #11 MUSIC, MAGIC, MAKE-BELIEVE

Put on your hat; brush off your shoe.
Now turn around -- I'll go with you.

Now skip and skip away
'Cause there's a party at the end!
So skip and skip away
Until you find your friend.

REFRAIN:

It's your birthday! Happy birthday!
Clap your hands and spin around.
It's your birthday! Happy birthday!
Make a wish without a sound.

Now blow up a big balloon.
Be sure to hang on to the string
So you can float around the room
Until it's time to sing. . .

REFRAIN:

Gather all your friends so dear.
And now put out. . . each. . . hand.
Hang on tight and circle here
And let's be glad we can!

REFRAIN:

Repeat

BIG FOOT: #12 MUSIC, MAGIC, MAKE-BELIEVE

Big foot up and big foot down.
Big foot heavy and hard and round.
Shoulder to the left and shoulder to the right.
Shoulders so tall, they're almost out of sight!

Big foot up and big foot down.
Big foot stomps and cracks the ground.
Can I leap and twirl? No, I can't! No, I can't!
I can stomp and tromp -- I'm an el-e-phant!

Stick your ears wa-ay out, out, out, out!
Let them flap, flap, flap in the breeze.
Lift your trunk wa-ay up, up, up, up:
Stretch into the trees and munch some crunchy le-ee-eaves.

Big foot up and big foot down.
Big foot heavy and hard and round.
Shoulder to the left and shoulder to the right.
Shoulders so tall, they're almost out of sight!

Stick your ears wa-ay out, out, out, out!
Let them flap, flap, flap in the breeze.
Lift your trunk wa-ay up, up, up, up:
Stretch into the trees and munch some crunchy le-ee-eaves.

Big foot up and big foot down.
Big foot stomps and cracks the ground.
Can I leap and twirl? No, I can't! No, I can't!
I can stomp and tromp -- I'm an el-e-phant!

Not a bird, not a bee; not a mouse, not an ant!
I'm a big, fat, jelly, belly, smelly, elly . . . phant.
Could someone please pass the peanuts. . .