

NOVEMBER SONGS – 3s

HELLO MR. TURKEY

(Tune: If You're Happy)

Hello Mr. Turkey, how are you?
Hello Mr. Turkey, how are you?
With a gobble, gobble, gobble
And a wobble, wobble, wobble
Hello Mr. Turkey, how are you?

I'M A LITTLE INDIAN

I'm a little Indian on the go
Here is my arrow, here is my bow
When I go hunting, hear me shout
BEARS AND BUFFALOS BETTER WATCH OUT!

INDIANS IN THE FOREST

Indians in the forest
Never make a soundSHHHH!
Indians dressed in deer skins
Walk softly over the groundSHHHH!

ALBEQUERQUE (Clementine)

Albuquerque is a turkey
And he's feathered and he's fine
And he wobbles and he gobbles
And he's absolutely mine.
He's the best pet you can get yet
Better than a dog or cat
He's my Albuquerque turkey
And I'm mighty proud of that!

THANK YOU

Thank you for the world so sweet
Thank you for the food we eat
Thank you for the birds that sing
Thank you GOD for everything

WE EAT (Frere Jacques)

We eat _____, We eat _____
Yes we do, yes we do
Always on Thanksgiving, always on
Thanksgiving
Mmmmm good, Mmmmm good!

PEAS WITH HONEY (Brownie Smile)

I eat my peas with honey
I've done it all my life
It makes my peas taste funny
But keeps them on my knife!

MR. TURKEY (If You're Happy)

Gobble, gobble, gobble, gobble
Says the bird.
Gobble, gobble, gobble, gobble
Says the bird.
Mr. Turkey gobble, gobbles
And his feet go wobble, wobble
Gobble, gobble, gobble, gobble
Says the bird

THANKFUL (are you sleeping?) ECHO

Let's be thankful (ECHO)
Let's be glad (ECHO)
For the many good things (ECHO)
That we have (ECHO)

TEN LITTLE INDIANS

One little, two little, three little Indians
Four little, five little, six little Indians
Seven little, eight little, nine little Indians
Ten little Indians (Braves, squaws, chiefs)

TURKEY (Pop Goes the Weasel)

The turkey is a funny bird
His head goes wobble, wobble
And he says just one word
Gobble, gobble, gobble

HURRAY, IT'S THANKSGIVING DAY!

(When Johnny Comes Marching Home)

The Pilgrims are coming to celebrate
Hurray! Hurray!

The Pilgrims are coming to celebrate
Thanksgiving Day.

The Pilgrims are coming to celebrate
And we'll all be glad so
Hurray and don't be late

POEM

When the Pilgrims came to this new land.
They met the Indians and shook their hand.
They had a feast with turkey and corn
And that's when Thanksgiving was born.

DADDY INDIAN DRUM

This is how the Daddy Indian beats upon his
drum (fists on knees)

Hi ho, hi ho, hi hi hoo ...

This is how the Mommy Indian beats upon
her drum (two fists)

Hi ho, hi ho, hi hi hoo

This is how Baby Indian beats upon his
drum (index finger on thumb)

Hi ho, hi ho, hi hi hoo ...

FIVE FAT TURKEYS

Five Fat Turkeys by the barn door
One waddles off and now there are four.
Four Fat Turkeys under the barn tree
One waddles off and now there are three.
Three Fat Turkeys with nothing to do
One waddles off and now there are two.
Two Fat Turkeys in the noon day sun
One waddles off and now there are one.
One Fat Turkey Better run away
Soon it will be Thanksgiving Day!

INDIANS IN A TEE-PEE

Five little Indians in a tee-pee
Sleeping quietly as can be
Along comes the chief
And what do you think
Up jump the Indians
Quick as a wink

INDIAN CLIMBED A TREE

A little Indian climbed a tree
To look and see what he could see
A little Pilgrim climbed a tree
And asked the Indian, "How do you do?"
Then the Indian raised his hand to send the
Indian sign for friend.
(Raise three fingers)