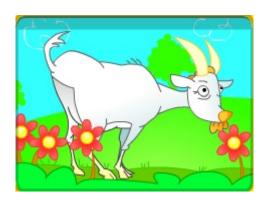
Poems from Tune in



The goat

I'm just a kid, a little kid, I wear a soft. white coat. But one day soon I'll grow my horns, And call myself a goat!

Ten little fingers

I have ten little fingers, They all belong to ME. I can make them do things, Would you like to see? I can shut them up tight, I can open them up wide, I can clap them together and make them hide. I can jump them up high, I can jump them down low, And fold them together and hold them just so.





Once I caught a fish alive

One, two, three, four, five, Once I caught a fish alive, Six, seven, eight, nine, ten, Then I let it go again.

Why did you let it go? Because it bit my finger so. Which finger did it bite? This little finger on the right.

