

Little brown seeds so small and round, are sleeping quietly underground. Down come the raindrops, sprinkle, sprinkle, sprinkle. Out comes the rainbow, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle. Little brown seeds way down below, up through the earth they grow, grow, grow. Little green leaves come one by one. They hold up their heads and look at the sun.

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I know the names of many plants, Like carrots, corn and peas, Roses, grass and dandelions, But my favorite plants are trees.

'Cause trees give shade, trees give wood, Trees give fruits and nuts-mmm, good! Trees give homes to living things, trees hold tree houses, trees hold swings, Follow me now, and you will see, the best thing a tree holds is you and me!

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I've Planted My Seeds

(Rock bye, Baby)

I've planted my seeds. All in a row. I've watered them well, to make sure they grow. High up above the bright sun shines down and soon tiny plants

will poke through the ground.

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