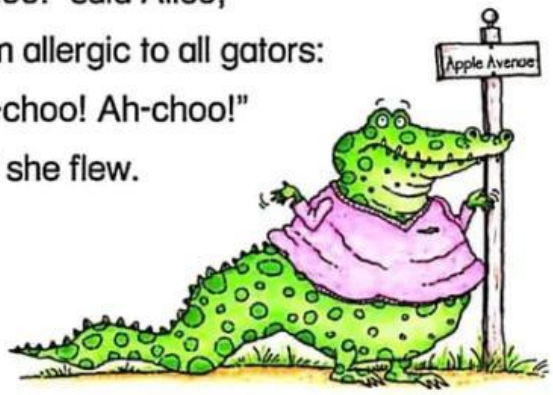
Aa

(To *Down by the Station*)

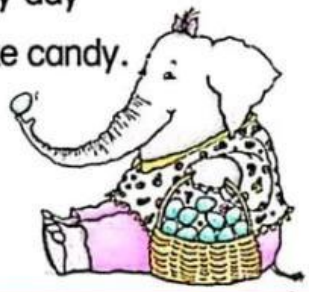
A is for Alice,
who met an alligator,
swishing down the alleyway
on Apple Avenue.
"Shoo!" said Alice,
"I'm allergic to all gators:
Ah-choo! Ah-choo!"
Off she flew.



Ee

(To *Yankee Doodle*)

Every morning Eloise
has hard-boiled eggs for breakfast.
She never ever eats them fried
'cause boiled eggs are the tastiest!
Eloise the elephant
thinks that eggs are dandy.
She eats eleven every day
and says they taste like candy.



Cc

(To *Do Your Ears Hang Low?*)

Can you bake a cake?
Can you cook a T-bone steak?
Can you make a chocolate malted?
Can you make an ice-cream shake?
Can you boil a cup of water?
Clean the dishes like you ought to?
Can you bake a cake?

Dd

(To *Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star*)

Donkey, dragon, dungeon, drip,
doodle, dumpling, double-dip,
dandelion, dungarees . . .
all these words begin with D.
Doll and donut, dinosaur . . .
Can you name a dozen more?

Hh

(To *Miss Lucie Had a Baby*)

Hannah had the hiccups,
hic, hic, hic, hic, hic, hic.
All that hic, hic, hiccupping,
made Hannah feel quite sick.
Her daddy didn't worry.
He knew just what to do.
To scare away her hiccups,
he simply hollered, "BOO!"

Ii

(To *Clementine*)

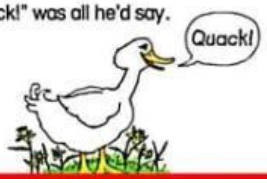
In an igloo on an island
in a sea of icy water,
lived an inchworm named Ignatius
and his itsy-bitsy daughter.

She was smaller than an inkblot
and her name was Isabelle.
She didn't need a cradle
'cause she slept in a seashell.

Qq

(To *Old MacDonald*)

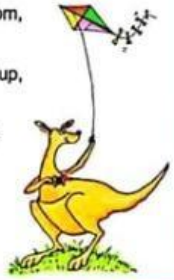
Quentin's duck went
"Quack! Quack! Quack!"
Q - U - A - C - K.
Though Quentin tried
to teach him more,
"Quack!" was all he'd say.



Kk

(To *Rockabye Baby*)

Kitten and kettle,
kite and kazoo;
key, kitchen, kingdom,
and kangaroo;
king, kid, and ketchup,
koala bear . . .
How many K words
did you just hear?



Vv

(To *The Hokey Pokey*)

Van puts his violin
under his chinny-chin.
He plays it very loud,
and he makes his Aunt Vi proud.
Vi loves to hear him play,
so Van visits her each day.
And that's all there is to say!

Uu

(To *The Eensy Weensy Spider*)

My uncle's ukulele
goes unka, plunka, doo.
Each night he strums it
underneath the moon.
Unka, plunka, doo,
unka, plunka, plunka, doo . . .
I hear Uncle's happy tune
floating upstairs to my room.

LIVEWORKSHEETS