Taste And Smell
Songs and Fingerplays

Five Red Apples

Five red apples in a grocery store (hold up five fingers);  
Bobby bought one, and then there were four (bend down one finger).  
Four red apples on an apple tree;  
Susie ate one and then there were three (bend down one finger).  
Three red apples.  What did Alice do?  
Why, she ate one, and then there were two (bend down one finger).  
Two red apples ripening in the sun;  
Timmy ate on, and then there was one (bend down one finger).  
One red apple and now we are done;  
I ate the last one, and now there is none (bend down last finger).  

(Traditional, United States)

Hot Cross Buns

Hot cross buns! Hot cross buns!  
One a penny, two a penny,  
Hot cross buns!  
If your daughters do not like them  
Give them to your sons;  
But if you haven’t any  
O these pretty little elves,  
You cannot do better  
Than eat them yourselves.

(Traditional, London street chant)
**Five Yellow Bananas**

One yellow banana in the jungle grew,
(hold up one finger)
Out popped another, and that made two.
(hold up two fingers)
Two yellow bananas were all that I could see;
But Bill found another and that made three.
(hold up three fingers)
Three yellow bananas – if I could find one more,
I’d pick them, and that would make four.
(hold up four fingers)
Four yellow bananas – sure as you’re alive!
Why here is another! And now there are five!
(hold up five fingers)

(Traditional, United States)

**The Worm Song**

Nobody likes me,
Everybody hates me,
Guess I’ll go eat worms.
Long, thin, slimy ones,
Short, fat, juice ones,
Itsy, bitsy, fuzzy, wuzzy worms.

Down goes the first one,
Down goes the second one,
Oh, how they wiggle and squirm,
Long, thin, slimy ones,
Itsy, bitsy, fuzzy wuzzy worms.

Up comes the first one,
Up comes the second one,
Oh, how they wiggle and squirm.
Long, thin, slimy ones,
Itsy, bitsy, fuzzy wuzzy worms.

(Traditional, United States)
On Top of Spaghetti

On top of spaghetti, all covered with cheese,
I lost my poor meatball, when somebody sneezed.

It rolled off the table, and on to the floor,
And then my poor meatball rolled out of the door.

It rolled in the garden and under a bush,
And then my poor meatball was nothing but mush.

The mush was as tasty as tasty could be,
And early next summer it grew into a tree.

The tree was all covered with beautiful moss,
It grew lovely meatballs and tomato sauce.

So if you eat spaghetti, all covered with cheese,
Hold on to your meatballs, and don’t ever sneeze.

(Traditional, United States)