

The Little Beaver

*The little beaver builds his home
From branches gathered one by one,
Covers it with leaves so soft,
Strengthens it so waters won't sweep it off.
Come and see it, come this way
He'll show his house to you today.*

Little Donkey

*I am just a little donkey,
Braying loudly when summer's coming.
I don't like the burning heat,
So I curl up like a sleepy bear
On cold and frosty winter nights.*