

A Young Naturalist's Songbook

with original songs written by
Stephen Hein & Kristen Hein Strohm



Welcome!

We hope you enjoy these songs as much as the songwriters enjoyed composing them.

All songs in this book were written by Stephen Hein and Kristen Hein Strohm. They are available to perform live concerts of these as well as other songs.

For more information on these singer/songwriters visit the website:
www.SierraNatureStewards.net.



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Animal Song

Grey squirrel in the cedar tree,
Throw some cedar cones at me! (repeat)
Grey squirrel in the black oak tree,
Toss some acorns down to me! (repeat)
Grey squirrel in the sugar pine,
Fluffy tail, you look so fine,
Please don't drop that cone on me! (repeat)

Black bear in the garbage can,
Please don't eat the garbage man! (repeat)
Black bear in the honey hive,
Don't you give me none o' that jive! (repeat)
Black bear, you're a little late,
Break the dishes, lick the plates,
Don't forget to hibernate! (repeat)

Grey fox in the chicken coop,
Leave some birds for chicken soup! (repeat)
Grey fox in your winter den,
Dreaming summer back again! (repeat)
Grey fox by the firelight,
Grey fox in the pale moonlight,
Hunt those rats with all your might! (repeat)

Salmon in the river pool,
River water nice and cool! (repeat)
Salmon in the gravel beds,
Lay your eggs into your redds! (repeat)
Salmon down below the docks,
Swimming through the river rocks,
Don't bump your nose into the locks! (repeat)

Kingsnake basking in the sun,
Keep those rattlers on the run! (repeat)
Red and black, a friend of Jack,
Jeweled ribbons down your back! (repeat)
Kingsnake, you're a little thin,
Eat some more and shed your skin,
Bust out bright and new again! (repeat)

Don't bump your nose into the locks!
Hunt those rats with all your might!
Don't forget to hibernate!
Please don't drop that cone on me! (repeat)



“Climb the mountains and get their good tid-ings, Nature's peace will flow into you as sunshine flows into trees.

The winds will blow their own freshness into you and the streams their energy, while cares drop off like autumn leaves”

-John Muir



Big Blanket of Sky

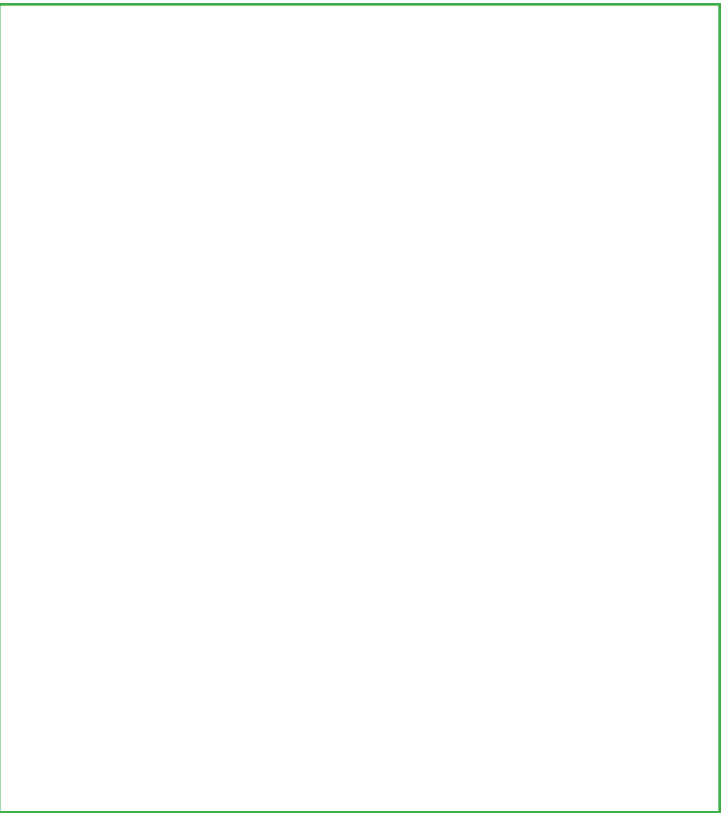
Walkin' in the woods in the night
Feels a lot like home
Walkin' in the woods in the night
Oh, how I feel at home
Big Blanket of Sky, Big Blanket of Sky
Is up there to keep me warm
Big Blanket of Sky, Big Blanket of Sky
Like my Mama's arms keepin' me warm

Walkin' in the woods in the night
I never feel alone
Walkin' in the woods in the night
How could I feel alone?
Big Blanket of Sky, Big Blanket of Sky
Is up there like my friend
Big Blanket of Sky, Big Blanket of Sky
With the stars winkin' down like friends



“Everybody needs beauty as well as bread, places to play in and pray in, where nature may heal and give strength to body and soul.”

-John Muir



Canyon Wren

When you're down at the river with your dog or your friend
And you're climbing on the rocks where the river bends
And the rapid river watersong never ends
Listen for the music of the canyon wren

Spring sun dancing on the canyon wall
You gave it your everything, you gave it your all
Pouring down the canyon comes the clear sweet call
Like the feathery heart of the waterfall

When the spring rain comes and the water is high
With rainbow clouds of caddisflies
It's a hop and a skip to the fourth of July
And the canyon wren's singin' to the hot blue sky

When you finally let go of what might have been
And yesterday has floated down the stream
And winter's gone like a morning dream
Comes the trilling hope of the canyon wren



“Let children walk with Nature, let them see the beautiful blendings and communions of death and life, their joyous inseparable unity, as taught in woods and meadows, plains and mountains and streams of our blessed star, and they will learn that death is stingless indeed, and as beautiful as life.”

-John Muir

Dipper Dip

Chorus:
De be dop dip bop dip dip
Doin' the dipper dip (oh baby)
De be dop dip bop dip dip
Doin' the dipper dip

She builds her nest behind the waterfall
Doin' the dipper dip
He sings like the river when he calls
Doin' the dipper dip
Chorus

They fly underwater and through the air
Doin' the dipper dip
Their wings can take them anywhere
Doin' the dipper dip
Chorus

Their feathery raincoats keep them dry
Doin' the dipper dip
In icy water they're warm as pie
Doin' the dipper dip
Chorus

Nictitating membranes help them see
Doin' the dipper dip
Like underwater goggles for you and me
Doin' the dipper dip
Chorus

Benthic invertebrates are their prey
Doin' the dipper dip
Like stonefly nymphs and mosquito larvae
Doin' the dipper dip
Chorus

They pick them off of underwater rocks
Doin' the dipper dip
And then they jump out and they bob their socks
Doin' the dipper dip
Chorus



“He is the mountain streams’ own darling, the hummingbird of blooming waters, loving rocky ripple-slopes and sheets of foam as a bee loves flowers, as a lark loves sunshine and meadows. Among all the mountain birds, none has cheered me so much in my lonely wanderings, none so unfailingly”

-John Muir
(on the American dipper or water ouzel)

Doolittle Trail

Oh the Doolittle Trail is hard to find
It runs through the rocks and the oaks and the pines

And it hasn't been used in many a year
Except by the coyote, the bear and deer

So if you're not strong and brave of heart
You might not want to even start

On the Doolittle, Doolittle, Doolittle, Doolittle Trail
So gather your gear, and your grub and your griddle

And your boots and your pack and your hat and your fiddle
Tie them all together around your middle

And head on out to the Doolittle, Doolittle, Doolittle,
Doolittle Trail



“Keep close to nature’s heart...and break clear away, once in a while, and climb a mountain or spend a week in the woods. Wash your spirit clean.”

-John Muir



Dragonfly

Oh dragonfly, please tell me why
Can't it be summer every day?

Oh dragonfly, you sparkle like jewels
In dark emerald pools
And never know why
Can't it be summer every day?

Oh dragonfly, your diamond eye
Shines like the sun
Beside River Why
Can't it be summer every day?

Oh dragonfly, I'd like to know why
Can't it be summer every day?
Can't it be summer every day?
Every day...



“Follow your bliss and the universe will open doors where there were only walls.”

-Joseph Campbell



Gilded Flicker

Oh, the gilded flicker is a marvelous critter
Who glitters in the morning breeze
She's a bright woodpecker and a cavity nester
In the land of the boojum trees

You could find her tomorrow in a giant saguaro
Ten feet off the ground
Incubating her eggs between her scaly legs
In her soft warm belly down

No, there's not much rain in the desert terrain
Where the flicker makes her home
So she takes dust baths and dries off with grass
And her dreams are dry as a bone

Her dreams are as dry as a bone



“Do not go where the path may lead; go instead
where there is no path and leave a trail “

-Ralph Waldo Emerson



Jolly Robber Jay

Mothers, hide your children
Tuck those eggs away
Can you hear him callin'
Can you hear him squallin'
He's the Jolly Robber Jay

He's got one eye on your pocket
And the the other on your plate
Don't bother, don't try to run or fly
He will spy you out with a holler and shout
He's the Jolly Robber Jay

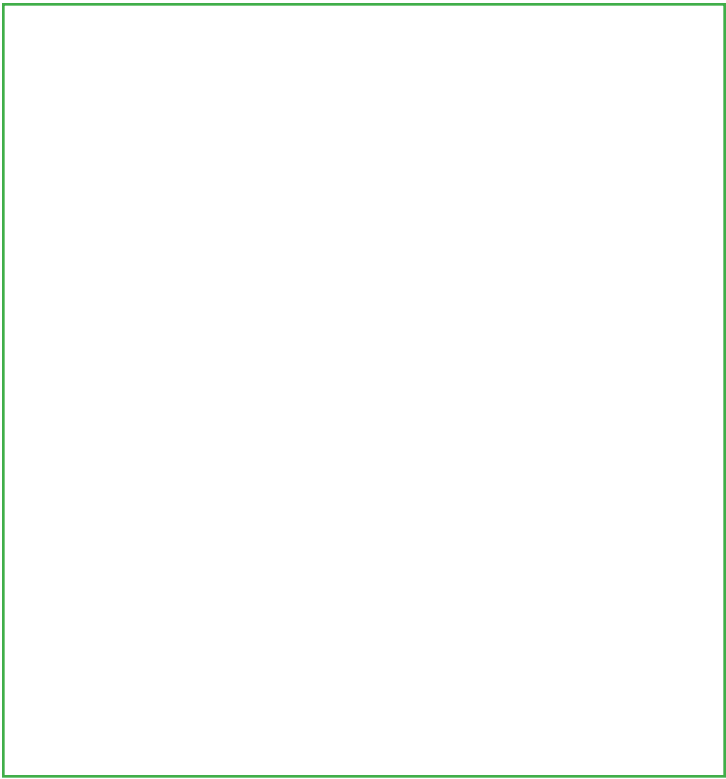
His eyes are sharp as razors
His boots are black and grey
He's a mimic, he's a clown
And he's in your town
He's the Jolly Robber Jay

Breaaaaaach!



“If a child is to keep alive his inborn sense of
wonder, he needs the companionship of at least
one adult who can share it, rediscovering with
him the joy, excitement and mystery of the world
we live in. “

-Rachel Carson



Lets Go Lekking

In the springtime, when the sage grouse go a-lekkin’
Drummin’ and a-dancin’ and a-hoppin’ and a-peckin’
The cocks take their walks and the hens start rubber-neck-in’

In a clearing, in a circle in the sage
The boys are struttin’ up and down and the girls are acting strange

They’re flying and they’re flocking
They’re crawling and they’re walking
They’re rolling and they’re rocking

In a dance hall, somewhere on the range
They’re holding up their combs and they’re calling out their names

They’re leaning and they’re learning
They’re turning and they’re spurning
They’re yearning and they’re burning

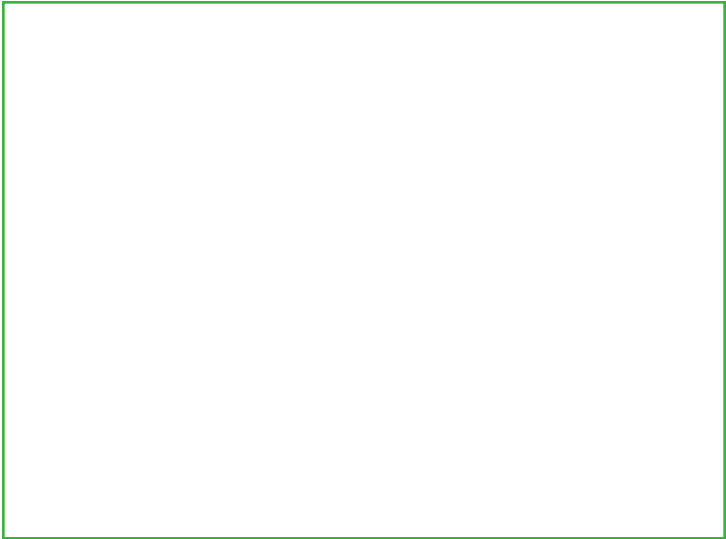
They’re miming and they’re musing
They’re picking and they’re choosing
They’re winning and they’re losing

They’re flying and they’re flocking
They’re crawling and they’re walking
They’re rolling and they’re rocking



“Everybody needs beauty as well as bread, places to play in and pray in, where nature may heal and give strength to body and soul.”

-John Muir



Oh, Round Mountain

(round)
Oh, Round Mountain, Oh Round Mountain, Oh Round Mountain, Oh Round Mountain round

Old man living at the top of the hill
If he ain’t moved he’s livin’ there still

Oh, Round Mountain, Oh Round Mountain round

Old woman living down by the creek
You can hear her giggle, you can hear her squeak

Oh, Round Mountain, Oh Round Mountain round
Oh, Round Mountain, Oh Round Mountain, Oh Round Mountain, Oh Round Mountain, round
Oh, Round Mountain, Oh Round Mountain, Oh Round Mountain, Oh Round Mountain, round

Little sister dances with her shotgun
She keeps the neighbors on the run

Oh, Round Mountain, Oh Round Mountain round

Big brother loves his little lamb
He wanders around with a watering can
Oh, Round Mountain, Oh Round Mountain
Oh, Round Mountain, Oh Round Mountain, Oh Round Mountain, Oh Round Mountain,
Oh, Round Mountain, Oh Round Mountain, Oh Round Mountain, Oh Round Mountain, round

Jack the donkey lifts his tail
He drops his muffins along the trail
Oh, Round Mountain, Oh Round Mountain round

Pete the pony follows along
He takes a breath to sing this song
Oh, Round Mountain, Oh Round Mountain, Oh Round Mountain, Oh Round Mountain,
Oh, Round Mountain, Oh Round Mountain, Oh Round Mountain, Oh Round Mountain, round

No, you can’t get there by automobile
Its kit kit dizzy in your wagon wheels
Oh, Round Mountain, Oh Round Mountain round

Little jug of whiskey up on the shelf
If you want any more you gotta sing it for yourself
Oh, Round Mountain, Oh Round Mountain round
Oh, Round Mountain, Oh Round Mountain, Oh Round Mountain, Oh Round Mountain, Oh Round Mountain, Oh Round Mountain, round



Polyphemus

Polyphemus, did you dream us
Behind blue-black, wing-back eyes
Drifting down like dusty tears
From that night-oak, wood-smoke sky

Polyphemus, the dark between us
Shade beneath the leaves
A drifting breeze stirs up the trees
The evening lends us speed

When cricket songs ring out like hammers
And cranes cry on the wind
When stars rain down like flaming flowers
And sleep becomes oblivion

Polyphemus, have you seen us
Following the sun
Or in springtime hours
Before our day is done

Polyphemus, when you leave us
Wind between my bones
Following the northern star
On trails of pheromones

I'll miss the beating of your wings
The silence of your flight
And wait beneath the red madrone
In changing forest light

Polyphemus, did you dream us
Behind blue-black, wing-back eyes
Drifting down like dusty tears
From that night-oak, wood-smoke sky

Drifting down like dusty tears
From that night-oak, wood-smoke sky



“When we try to pick out anything by itself, we find it hitched to everything else in the universe.”
-John Muir



Ripple

Every time we move
We move the air around us
Like a boat out on the ocean
Leaves a slipstream wake
Everything we do
Ripples across the county
Even the smallest deed
What a difference it can make!

Every time we move
We move the air around us
Like an airplane flying homeward
Leaves a jetstream trail
Everything we do
Ripples across the nation
Even a butterfly’s wings
Can stir a full-force gale!



“May your trails be crooked, winding, lonesome, dangerous, leading to the most amazing view. May your mountains rise into and above the clouds.”
-Edward Abbey

Rush Creek Falls

(chorus)
Oh Rush Creek, Rush Creek Falls
Rushing through your rocky walls
Oh Rush Creek, Rush Creek Falls
Falling in your summer halls

Wheels turning round and round, my legs are crippled but
my arms are strong
My body is old but my heart is young
Life is short but the day is long

Oh Rush Creek, Rush Creek Falls
Rushing through your rocky walls
Oh Rush Creek, Rush Creek Falls
Falling in your summer halls

Gonna raise my arms to the heart of the sun
Carry my children across the drum
Fill my bucket at the snowmelt springs
Take a bite of every thing

Oh Rush Creek, Rush Creek Falls
Rushing through your rocky walls
Oh Rush Creek, Rush Creek Falls
Falling in your summer halls (repeat)



“Love is what carries you, for it is always there,
even in the dark, or most in the dark, but shin-
ing out at times like gold stitches in a piece of
embroidery”

-Wendell Berry



Yellow-Legged Frog

Oh, the frog, the yellow-legged frog
Starts out with no legs at all
And soon she’s bouncing like a froggy ball
The frog, the yellow-legged frog
Yeeup!

She lives way high up in the mountain lakes
Where there aren’t any fish or very many snakes
The frog, the yellow-legged frog
Yeeup!

She eats small mayflies and mosquito cakes
With her sticky tongue she rarely makes mistakes
The frog, the yellow-legged frog
Yeeup!

In wintertime, she barely even breathes
She digs way down deep underneath the leaves
The frog, the yellow-legged frog
Yeeup!

Yeeup! Yeeup! Yeeup! Yeeup! Yeeup!



“Leaves flicker celadon in the spring, viridian in
summer, clinquant in fall, tallying the sovereign
seasons, graying and greening to reiterate the
message of snow and sun.”

-Ann Zwinger



Space for Notes & Sketches

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Illustration and Design by Christine Elder
(To see more of her work visit www.ChristineElder.com)