

Unit #3: Living Deliberately (a Thoreau-ly enjoyable unit)

AP Language & Composition

Mr. Coia

Name: _____ Date: _____ Period: _____

"I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what they had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived."
~Henry David Thoreau

Mon 11/7 (Tues 11/8)

- RT 1-40 quiz
- Check out textbook-*Writing America*
- *Writing America*-“Rhetoric and Analysis” (71-72, 78-80)
- Using “Superman and Me” from last month, write the responses to these six questions on p.79

HW: RT cards; bring small Post-It notes to class

Wed 11/9 (Thurs 11/10)

- Read and mark “Benjamin Franklin and the Invention of America”
- Complete the five questions WA p. 80
- Read and mark sections on “hypothesizing” (80-84)
- Use chart p. 85 to organize a Franklin analysis—a basic outline for an essay

HW: Finish outline if not completed in class

Mon 11/14 (Tues 11/15)

- RT 1-45 quiz
- Sharing outlines
- Read sample Franklin essay (102-105)
- Read and mark “Second Inaugural Address” (WA 76-77)
- Go through chart (WA 85)

Wed 11/16 (Mon 11/21)

- Practice MC AP questions
- Practice rhetorical analysis essay with real prompt
 - Read, mark, hypothesis questions, chart
 - Basic outline/opening paragraph
 - Discuss in triads

HW: Review past rhetorical analysis essays

Tues 11/22 (Wed 11/23)

- AP In-Class Rhetorical Analysis writing (45 minutes)
- Read and discuss anchor papers

Mon 11/28 (Tues 11/29)

- RT 1-50 quiz
- **Walden memorization project due (both this line above as well as your MLK passage)**
- Read and discuss Walt Whitman’s “I Hear America Singing”
- Write five additional lines to this poem. What are five more careers that would be added to this list if Whitman wrote this poem today?
- Introduction to Romanticism
- Read “Song of Myself #1” (packet)
- Discuss connection to Romanticism

HW: Read/mark “Song of Myself” #52; Thinking Critically questions; RT 1-55 cards

Wed 11/30 (Thurs 12/1)

- **Notebook Check**
- Discuss #52; Analyze for meaning, and theme. What is a “barbaric yawp”?
- Read bio of Ralph Waldo Emerson
- Read “Self Reliance” (packet) and complete Making Meanings questions; annotate and SOAPSTone
- “Self-Reliance” reading check quiz
- Discuss major points and connections to Romanticism

HW: Read and annotate “Nature” (packet); complete three questions in packet; bring in small sticky notes for next class (about 40);

Fri 12/2 (Mon 12/5)

- Read Thoreau bio
- Start “Where I Lived, and What I Lived For” (WA 442-447. Stop at *end of para. 8*); mark with sticky notes
- 5&5&2 sheet
- Triad work:
 - Share markings and 5&5&2 work

HW: Read and mark the remainder of “Where I Lived” (447-452)

Tues 12/6 (Wed 12/7)

- RT 1-55 quiz
- Thoreau reading quiz
- Triad work:
 - Discuss 4 questions from *Questions for Discussion* (packet)
 - Discuss 3 questions in *Questions on Rhetoric and Style* (packet)
 - Type responses to any three questions

HW: Type your responses in **college-level paragraphs**. (Follow format guide for heading, but responses can be single-spaced).

Thurs 12/8 (Fri 12/9)

- Triads: Discussing Thoreau
 - Questions on Rhetoric responses
 - Favorite quotations from the reading
 - *Suggestions for Writing* work
 - Why is Thoreau important today?

HW: My Walden Experiment work

Mon 12/12 (Tues 12/13)

- RT 1-62 quiz
- **My Walden Experiment essay due**
- Share papers
- Begin *Dead Poets Society*
- Aspects of Romanticism?
- Discussion sheet

Wed 12/14 (Thurs 12/15)

- Finish *Dead Poets Society* and discussion quotations sheet
- Turn in *Dead Poets Society* discussion sheet as your last assignment of 2016!

Fri 12/16 (Tues 1/3)

- *Dead Poet's Society* discussion
- Christmas Song Mash-UP

<p style="text-align: center;">Christmas Break</p> <p style="text-align: center;">There is no homework over vacation. Have a restful and enjoyable two weeks!</p>

Assignments for this Unit

My Walden Experiment: Spend 30 minutes in a crowded place (Mall, BX, Starbucks, etc.) and 30 minutes in nature (beach or woods). Write your thoughts in your composition book as you are there observing and experiencing the environment. Try to imagine you are observing as Thoreau observed and journaled.

When you are home, type up a 500-600-word response on what you learned, discovered, experienced, etc. *Connect with words and phrases from Thoreau*. What does an exercise like this teach us about our lives? How does this help us to understand Thoreau's message more deeply?

Include *at least three examples of your use of rhetorical devices* studied in class. **Bold** them, and put the term in [brackets]. See the directions in Martin Luther King's essay directions last unit.

Notebook and Supply Check

You'll need the following for our notebook check **Wed 11/9 (Thurs 11/10)**. Remember, this is the first, and we'll add to this throughout the year to provide you with an orderly notebook. Therefore, you need ALL the pieces to receive credit. No partial credit offered on this. You need two tabs labeled with the following:

LA Handouts:

- Unit guide 3 (on top)
- Unit guide 2
- Rhetorical Terms Packet
- SOAPS handout (unit guide 1 p. 5)
- *Essay Graphic Organizer for Rhetorical Analysis* (unit 2, p. 5)
- *Syntax Overview* (unit 2, p. 13-16)
- "Letter from Birmingham Jail" (from mrcoia.com)
- "Good Country People" short story (from mrcoia.com)
- "Salvation" (unit 2, p. 7-8)
- Sedaris/Alexie Readings
- AP Scam readings
- "Composing Rhetorically" chapter 3 of *Writing America*
- "How Do I Format My Paper?" (unit guide 1 p. 3-4)
- Class Rules sheet, initialed

LA Classwork:

Notes from lectures, presentations, mini-lessons. Remember you should be taking notes each class period. You will also have at least 25 sheets of loose-leaf paper.

Unit Objectives:

- Analyze and interpret samples of good writing, identifying and explaining an author's use of rhetorical strategies and techniques;
- Apply effective strategies and techniques in their own writing;
- Create and sustain arguments based on readings, research, and/or personal experience;
- Demonstrate understanding and mastery of standard written English as well as stylistic maturity in their own writings;

I Hear America Singing by Walt Whitman

I hear America singing, the varied carols I hear,
Those of mechanics, each one singing his as it should be blithe and strong,
The carpenter singing his as he measures his plank or beam,
The mason singing his as he makes ready for work, or leaves off work,
The boatman singing what belongs to him in his boat, the deck-hand singing on the
steamboat deck,
The shoemaker singing as he sits on his bench, the hatter singing as he stands,
The woodcutter's song, the ploughboy's on his way in the morning, or at noon
intermission or at sundown,
The delicious singing of the mother, or of the young wife at work, or of the girl sewing
or washing,
Each singing what belongs to him or her and to none else,
The day what belongs to the day—at night the party of young
fellows, robust, friendly,
Singing with open mouths their strong melodious songs.

from Song of Myself, 1

I CELEBRATE myself, and sing myself,
And what I assume you shall assume,
For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you.

I loafe and invite my soul,
I lean and loafe at my ease observing a spear of summer grass.

My tongue, every atom of my blood, form'd from this soil, this air,
Born here of parents born here from parents the same, and their parents the same,
I, now thirty-seven years old in perfect health begin,
Hoping to cease not till death.

from Song of Myself, 52

52.
The spotted hawk swoops by and accuses me, he
complains of my gab and my loitering.
I too am not a bit tamed, I too am untranslatable,
I sound my barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world.
The last scud° of day holds back for me,
It flings my likeness after the rest and true as any on the

5 shadow'd wilds,
It coaxes me to the vapor and the dusk.
I depart as air, I shake my white locks at the runaway sun,
I effuse° my flesh in eddies, and drift it in lacy jags.
I bequeath myself to the dirt to grow from the grass I love,
10 If you want me again look for me under your boot-soles.
You will hardly know who I am or what I mean,
But I shall be good health to you nevertheless,
And filter and fiber your blood.
Failing to fetch me at first keep encouraged,
15 Missing me one place search another,
I stop somewhere waiting for you.

Imagine what kinds of singing Whitman might hear if he were alive today. In what ways might these “songs” be different from those he heard in his own time?

I Hear America Singing by Walt Whitman and _____

I hear America singing, the varied carols I hear,
Those of mechanics, each one singing his as it should be blithe and strong,
The carpenter singing his as he measures his plank or beam,
The mason singing his as he makes ready for work, or leaves off work,
The boatman singing what belongs to him in his boat, the deck-hand singing on the steamboat deck,
The shoemaker singing as he sits on his bench, the hatter singing as he stands,
The woodcutter's song, the ploughboy's on his way in the morning, or at noon intermission or at sundown,
The delicious singing of the mother, or of the young wife at work, or of the girl sewing or washing,

Each singing what belongs to him or her and to none else,
The day what belongs to the day—at night the party of young fellows, robust, friendly,
Singing with open mouths their strong melodious songs.

from Self-Reliance

Ralph Waldo Emerson

. . . There is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance; that imitation is suicide; that he must take himself for better, for worse, as his portion; that though the wide universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but through his toil bestowed on that plot of ground which is given to him to till. The power which resides in him is new in nature, and none but he knows what that is which he can do, nor does he know until he has tried. Not for nothing one face, one character, one fact makes much impression on him, and another none. This sculpture in the memory is not without preestablished harmony. The eye was placed where one ray should fall, that it might testify of that particular ray. We but half express ourselves, and are ashamed of that divine idea which each of us represents. It may be safely trusted as proportionate and of good issues, so it be faithfully imparted, but God will not have his work made manifest by cowards. A man is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best; but what he has said or done otherwise, shall give him no peace. It is a deliverance which does not deliver. In the attempt his genius deserts him; no muse befriends; no invention, no hope.

Trust thyself: Every heart vibrates to that iron string. Accept the place the divine Providence has found for you; the society of your contemporaries, the connection of events. Great men have always done so and confided themselves childlike to the genius of their age, betraying their perception that the absolutely trustworthy was seated at their heart, working through their hands, predominating in all their being. And we are now men, and must accept in the highest mind the same transcendent destiny; and not minors and invalids in a protected corner, not cowards fleeing before a revolution, but guides, redeemers, and benefactors, obeying the Almighty effort, and advancing on Chaos and the Dark. . . .

These are the voices which we hear in solitude, but they grow faint and inaudible as we enter into the world. Society everywhere is in conspiracy against the manhood of every one of its members. Society is a joint-stock company in which the members agree for the better securing of his bread to each shareholder, to surrender the liberty and culture of the eater. The virtue in most request is conformity. Self-reliance is its aversion. It loves not realities and creators, but names and customs.

Whoso would be a man must be a non-conformist. He who would gather immortal palms must not be hindered by the name of goodness, but must explore if it be goodness. Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of your own mind. Absolve you to yourself, and you shall have the suffrage of the world. . . .

A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines. With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. He may as well concern himself with his shadow on the wall. Speak what you think now in hard words, and tomorrow speak what tomorrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said today—"Ah, so you shall be sure to be misunderstood"—Is it so bad then to be misunderstood? Pythagoras was misunderstood, and Socrates, and Jesus, and Luther, and Copernicus, and Galileo, and Newton, and every pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh. To be great is to be misunderstood. . . .

From *Nature* by Ralph Waldo Emerson

To go into solitude, a man needs to retire as much from his chamber as from society. I am not solitary whilst I read and write, though nobody is with me. But if a man would be alone, let him look at the stars. The rays that come from those heavenly worlds, will separate between him and what he touches. One might think the atmosphere was made transparent with this design, to give man, in the heavenly bodies, the perpetual presence of the sublime. Seen in the streets of cities, how great they are! If the stars should appear one night in a thousand years, how would men believe and adore; and preserve for many generations the remembrance of the city of God which had been shown! But every night come out these envoys of beauty, and light the universe with their admonishing smile.

The stars awaken a certain reverence, because though always present, they are inaccessible; but all natural objects make a kindred impression, when the mind is open to their influence. Nature never wears a mean appearance. Neither does the wisest man extort her secret, and lose his curiosity by finding out all her perfection. Nature never became a toy to a wise spirit. The flowers, the animals, the mountains, reflected the wisdom of his best hour, as much as they had delighted the simplicity of his childhood.

When we speak of nature in this manner, we have a distinct but most poetical sense in the mind. We mean the integrity of impression made by manifold natural objects. It is this which distinguishes the stick of timber of the wood-cutter, from the tree of the poet. The charming landscape which I saw this morning, is indubitably made up of some twenty or thirty farms. Miller owns this field, Locke that, and Manning the woodland beyond. But none of them owns the landscape. There is a property in the horizon which no man has but he whose eye can integrate all the parts, that is, the poet. This is the best part of these men's farms, yet to this their warranty-deeds give no title. To speak truly, few adult persons can see nature. Most persons do not see the sun. At least they have a very superficial seeing. The sun illuminates only the eye of the man, but shines into the eye and the heart of the child. The lover of nature is he whose inward and outward senses are still truly adjusted to each other; who has retained the spirit of infancy even into the era of manhood. His intercourse with heaven and earth, becomes part of his daily food. In the presence of nature, a wild delight runs through the man, in spite of real sorrows. Nature says, -- he is my creature, and maugre all his impertinent griefs, he shall be glad with me. Not the sun or the summer alone, but every hour and season yields its tribute of delight; for every hour and change corresponds to and authorizes a different state of the mind, from breathless noon to grimmest midnight. Nature is a setting that fits equally well a comic or a mourning piece. In good health, the air is a cordial of incredible virtue. Crossing a bare common, in snow puddles, at twilight, under a clouded sky, without having in my thoughts any occurrence of special good fortune, I have enjoyed a perfect exhilaration. I am glad to the brink of fear. In the woods too, a man casts off his years, as the snake his slough, and at what period soever of life, is always a child. In the woods, is perpetual youth. Within these plantations of God, a decorum and sanctity reign, a perennial festival is dressed, and the guest sees not how he should tire of them in a thousand years. In the woods, we return to reason and faith. There I feel that nothing can befall me in life, -- no disgrace, no calamity, (leaving me my eyes,) which nature cannot repair. Standing on the bare ground, -- my head bathed by the blithe air, and uplifted into infinite space, -- all mean egotism vanishes. I become a transparent eye-ball; I am nothing; I see all; the currents of the Universal Being circulate through me; I am part or particle of God. The name of the nearest friend sounds then foreign and accidental: to be brothers, to be acquaintances, -- master or servant, is then a trifle and a disturbance. I am the lover of uncontained and immortal beauty. In the wilderness, I find something more dear and connate than in streets or villages. In the tranquil landscape, and especially in the distant line of the horizon, man beholds somewhat as beautiful as his own nature.

The greatest delight which the fields and woods minister, is the suggestion of an occult relation between man and the vegetable. I am not alone and unacknowledged. They nod to me, and I to them. The waving of the boughs in the storm, is new to me and old. It takes me by surprise, and yet is not unknown. Its effect is like that of a higher thought or a better emotion coming over me, when I deemed I was thinking justly or doing right.

Yet it is certain that the power to produce this delight, does not reside in nature, but in man, or in a harmony of both. It is necessary to use these pleasures with great temperance. For, nature is not always tricked in holiday attire, but the same scene which yesterday breathed perfume and glittered as for the frolic of the nymphs, is overspread with melancholy today. Nature always wears the colors of the spirit. To a man laboring under calamity, the heat of his own fire hath sadness in it. Then, there is a kind of contempt of the landscape felt by him who has just lost by death a dear friend. The sky is less grand as it shuts down over less worth in the population.

Name: _____ Date: _____ Period: _____

Thinking Critically from Song of Myself, 52

1. What, in your opinion, is the most important—or most interesting, or most puzzling—line in Whitman’s poem?

2. How does Whitman show his connection to the natural world in this poem? For example, what qualities does he say he shares with the spotted hawk?

3. What might Whitman mean by line 10: “If you want me again look for me under your boot-soles”?

4. Suppose you had to select a line or word from Whitman’s works to characterize him. Which line(s) or word(s) from these excerpts from “Song of Myself” would you select, and why?

Making Meanings from “Self-Reliance”

1. Look at the associations you made with self-reliance before reading Emerson. How does your understanding of the term compare with Emerson’s?

2. What do you think Emerson means by “that divine idea which each of us represents” (paragraph 1)?

3. What does Emerson think of people who call for consistency in thought and action and who fear being misunderstood?

4. Do you think there’s too little, too much, or just the right amount of emphasis on individualism in our society today? What might Emerson have thought about our focus on the individual?

Name: _____ Date: _____ Period: _____

Questions on Rhetoric and Style from "Nature"

1. What is the effect of the comparisons (including figurative language) and distinctions that Emerson makes in paragraphs 1 and 2? In the conclusion to the first paragraph, Emerson says the stars give an "admonishing smile." What does he mean? How does Emerson characterize nature? What is the purpose of this characterization?

2. Identify the juxtapositions in paragraph 4. What is their effect? Is there a relationship among the juxtapositions that suggest a larger point?

3. Identify three other rhetorical strategies Emerson uses in this piece. What is the effect of each?

Henry David Thoreau's *Walden* 5 & 5 & 2

1. Write your 5 observations here. They can be observations or predictions.
(please include page number) *ex. This is the second time he said that he will be king; I think that the dog will die; she doesn't seem to love him...*

- 1. _____
- 2. _____
- 3. _____
- 4. _____
- 5. _____

2. Write your 5 questions here.(please include page number) *ex. Why does the boy steal when he knows he'll be caught? What time period does this take place in? How did he lose his eyesight?*

- 1. _____
- 2. _____
- 3. _____
- 4. _____
- 5. _____

3. Pick 2 quotes and explain their importance to the text.
ex. This quote shows that...; The motivation for Bill's attack is clearly seen in this quote because...

Quote #1: (page # _____)

Quote #2: (page # _____)

Henry David Thoreau's *Walden*: "Where I Lived, and What I Lived For"

Complete and TYPE three college-level responses for these questions. Choose ones that you can practice your writing chops. Try adding in a syntactical feature or two to improve your writing.

Response Example:

5. Although the entire essay is not strictly chronological, Rodriguez structures it with signals to chronology. What are they? Why are they effective?

Rodriguez has set himself a complicated task as he recalls his childhood and develops an argument concurrently. One way to keep track of the shifting between these two is through his time markers. Examples of this include: "Many years later" (para. 5), "At the age of five, six" (para. 20), "Three months. Five. Half a year passed" (para. 29). By placing these markers at the start of paragraphs and sections, Rodriguez provides transition and reinforces that he is drawing from a lifetime of experience and rumination. One effect of these shifts is to remind us that the past is very much a part of Rodriguez's present, that he continues to reflect on these formative experiences. Time passes, and with each passing moment, Rodriguez learns and grows. These markers are important signposts to a life well lived.

Questions for Discussion

1. What is Henry David Thoreau calling for early in paragraph 10 when he writes, "Simplicity, simplicity, simplicity!"?
2. Thoreau writes, "We do not ride on the railroad; it rides upon us" (para. 10). Consider an electronic device (such as a notebook computer, a cell phone, an iPod). What would Thoreau say about it? Has this device helped to simplify our lives, or has it had a negative impact on them?
3. What does Thoreau mean when he says, "As for *work*, we haven't any of any consequence" (para. 11)? What is his definition of *work*?
4. How do you interpret this assertion: "Shams and delusions are esteemed for soundless truths, while reality is fabulous" (para. 15)? Use that as a topic sentence, and develop it with examples from your own experience.
5. Do you think Thoreau's advice and sentiments in this essay are meant as recommendations for living one's entire life or as suggestions for periodically reflecting on life's true meaning? Is he suggesting isolation as a lifestyle?
6. Thoreau extols the virtues of individualism and self-sufficiency. Discuss how living according to these virtues can jeopardize the community; consider specific circumstances when such jeopardy might occur.

Questions on Rhetoric and Style

1. In the 9th paragraph, what does Thoreau declare as his higher purpose?
2. How would you categorize Thoreau's style? Use several lines from the text to aid your characterization.
3. What is the rhetorical effect of the similes in paragraph 10?
4. Describe the extended metaphor in paragraph 10. What effect does it have?
5. What effect does Thoreau create with his repetitions? Cite several examples.
6. What paradox does Thoreau develop concerning the railroad in paragraph 10?
7. Paragraph 11 begins with a rhetorical question. How effectively does the rest of the paragraph answer it?
8. Discuss the meaning of the phrase "starved before we are hungry" in sentence 2 of paragraph 9.
9. Compare the probable rhetorical effect of paragraph 12 at the time it was written with its effect today.
10. In the concluding paragraph, Thoreau develops two metaphors regarding time and the intellect. What are they? What is their effect?

Name: _____ Date: _____ Per: _____

Discussion Topics for *Dead Poets Society*

While you watch, jot down notes about these lines from poems mentioned throughout the movie. Look for bigger themes that connect to these phrases. In your small group after the film is completed, discuss how these phrases are used to describe the themes in the movie

Carpe Diem _____

Barbaric yawp _____

O Captain, my Captain _____

Gather these rosebuds while ye may _____

The powerful play goes on, and you may contribute a verse _____

I wanted to live deliberately _____

Most men live lives of quiet desperation _____

Name _____ Date: _____ Period: _____

Christmas Song Mash-Up

Your role in this assignment is to create an original poem from the pieces of four traditional Christmas songs. When you select lines from each of the poems and include a few original lines, the end result is an original poem. ***Include three lines from each of the four songs.***

_____ insert original title

_____ insert original line

_____ (.....)

_____ (.....)

_____ (.....)

_____ (.....)

_____ (.....)

_____ insert original line

_____ (.....)

_____ (.....)

_____ (.....)

_____ (.....)

_____ (.....)

_____ insert original line

_____ (.....)

_____ (.....)

_____ (.....)

_____ (.....)

_____ (.....)

_____ insert original line

In the spaces marked (.....), add one of following abbreviations:

JB: "Jingle Bells"

F: "Frosty the Snowman"

SC: "Santa Claus is Coming to Town"

WW: "Winter Wonderland"

Jingle Bells

Dashing through the snow
On a one-horse open sleigh,
Over the fields we go,
Laughing all the way;
Bells on bob-tail ring,
Making spirits bright,
What fun it is to ride and sing
A sleighing song tonight
Jingle bells, jingle bells,
Jingle all the way!
O what fun it is to ride
In a one-horse open sleigh

A day or two ago,
I thought I'd take a ride,
And soon Miss Fanny Bright
Was seated by my side;
The horse was lean and lank;
Misfortune seemed his lot;
He got into a drifted bank,
And we, we got upsot.
Jingle Bells, Jingle Bells,
Jingle all the way!
What fun it is to ride
In a one-horse open sleigh.

Now the ground is white
Go it while you're young,
Take the girls tonight
And sing this sleighing song;
Just get a bob-tailed bay
Two-forty as his speed
Hitch him to an open sleigh
And crack! you'll take the lead.
Jingle Bells, Jingle Bells,
Jingle all the way!
What fun it is to ride
In a one-horse open sleigh.

•

Frosty The Snowman

Frosty the snowman was a jolly happy soul,
With a corn cob pipe and a button nose
And two eyes made out of coal.
Frosty the snowman is a fairy tale, they say,
He was made of snow but the children
Know how he came to life one day.
There must have been some magic in that
Old silk hat they found.
For when they placed it on his head
He began to dance around.
O, Frosty the snowman
Was alive as he could be,
And the children say he could laugh
And play just the same as you and me.
Thumpetty thump thump,
Thumpetty thump thump,
Look at Frosty go.
Thumpetty thump thump,
Thumpetty thump thump,
Over the hills of snow.

Frosty the snowman knew
The sun was hot that day,
So he said, "Let's run and
We'll have some fun
Now before I melt away."
Down to the village,
With a broomstick in his hand,
Running here and there all
Around the square saying,
Catch me if you can.
He led them down the streets of town
Right to the traffic cop.
And he only paused a moment when
He heard him holler "Stop!"
For Frosty the snow man
Had to hurry on his way,
But he waved goodbye saying,
"Don't you cry,
I'll be back again some day."
Thumpetty thump thump,
Thumpetty thump thump,
Look at Frosty go.
Thumpetty thump thump,
Thumpetty thump thump,
Over the hills of snow.

Santa Claus Is Coming To Town

You better watch out
You better not cry
Better not pout
I'm telling you why
Santa Claus is coming to town

He's making a list,
And checking it twice;
Gonna find out Who's naughty and nice.
Santa Claus is coming to town

He sees you when you're sleeping
He knows when you're awake
He knows if you've been bad or good
So be good for goodness sake!

O! You better watch out!
You better not cry.
Better not pout, I'm telling you why.
Santa Claus is coming to town.
Santa Claus is coming to town.

Winter Wonderland

Sleigh bells ring, are you listening,
In the lane, snow is glistening
A beautiful sight,
We're happy tonight,
Walking in a winter wonderland.

Gone away is the bluebird,
Here to stay is a new bird
He sings a love song,
As we go along,
Walking in a winter wonderland.

In the meadow we can build a snowman,
Then pretend that he is Parson Brown
He'll say: Are you married?
We'll say: No man,
But you can do the job
When you're in town.

Later on, we'll conspire,
As we dream by the fire
To face unafraid,
The plans that we've made,
Walking in a winter wonderland.

In the meadow we can build a snowman,
And pretend that he's a circus clown
We'll have lots of fun with mister snowman,
Until the other kids knock him down.

When it snows, ain't it thrilling,
Though your nose gets a chilling
We'll frolic and play, the Eskimo way,
Walking in a winter wonderland.

Walking in a winter wonderland,
Walking in a winter wonderland.