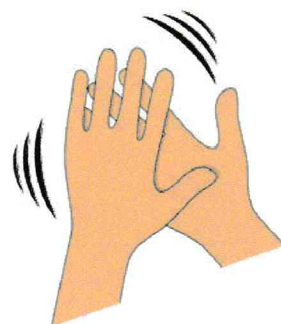


Grade 2  
Do this version.  
Then make up  
Your own words!

# **BODY PERCUSSION POEM**



I can hear my hands go  
clap, clap, clap.  
I can hear my feet go  
stamp, stamp, stamp.  
I can hear my legs go  
slap, slap, slap.  
But I can't hear my eyes  
go blink, blink, blink.  
I can hear my knees go  
knock, knock, knock.  
I can hear my tongue go  
cluck, cluck, cluck.  
I can hear my fingers go  
snap, snap, snap.  
But I can't hear my head  
go nod, nod, nod.

## ABOUT ACTIVITY

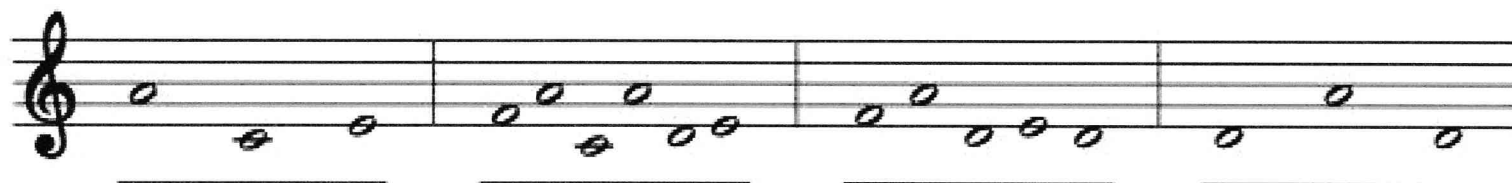
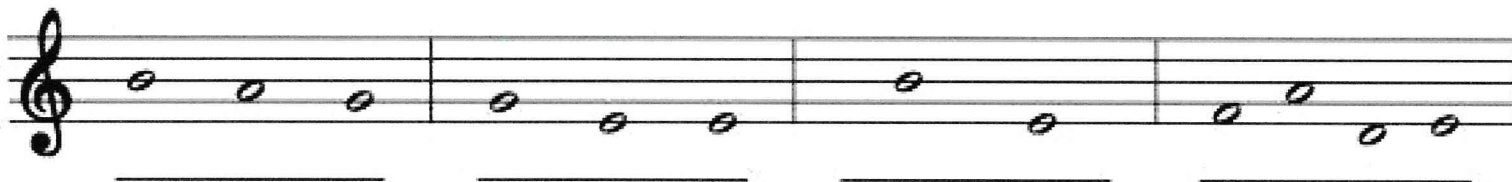
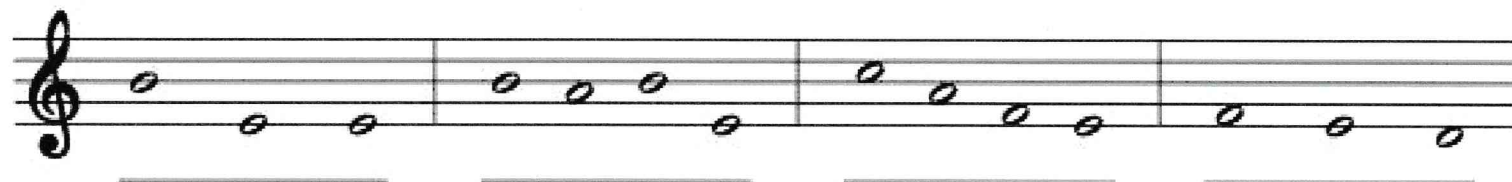
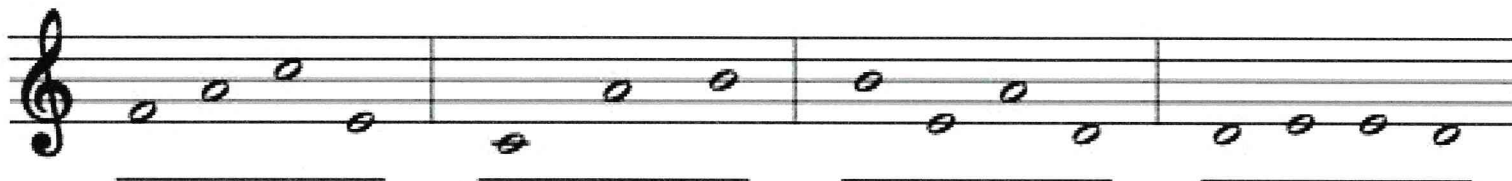
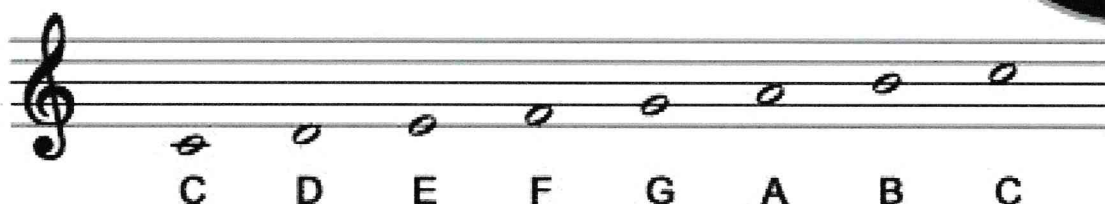
CodeBreaker! is a note naming activity that is perfect for the music classroom or beginning instrumental/choral student. The challenge of this activity is to correctly name each note and then write its alphabet letter name on the blank below. The code is broken when the alphabet letters reveal the secret word.

Treble Clef

Grade 3: Fill in the letter names for each note. Remember E-G-B-D-F, and FACE!



# CODEBREAKER!



# Woodwind Family Word Search

Find and circle the words below that belong to the woodwind family.

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Class: \_\_\_\_\_

woodwind	family
piccolo	flute
clarinet	oboe
bassoon	saxophone

© Lindsay Jervis

Grade 4: Find the names of these woodwind family instruments. In the HBS fifth grade band you can learn to play the flute, the clarinet, or the saxophone from this family.

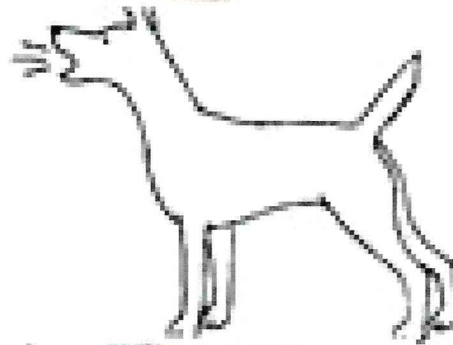
# The Sound Collector



A stranger came this morning  
Dressed all in black and grey  
Put every sound into a bag  
And carried them away  
The whistling of the kettle  
The turning of the lock  
The purring of the kitten  
The ticking of the clock



The popping of the toaster  
The crunching of the flakes  
When you spread the marmalade  
The scraping noise it makes



The hissing of the frying-pan  
The ticking of the grill  
The bubbling of the bathtub  
As it starts to fill

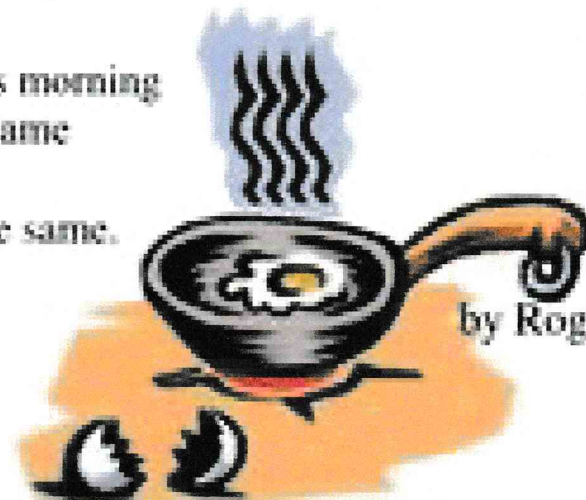


The drumming of the raindrops  
On the window-pane  
When you do the washing-up  
The gurgle of the drain

The crying of the baby  
The squeaking of the chair  
The swishing of the curtain  
The creaking of the stair



A stranger called this morning  
He didn't leave his name  
Left us only silence  
Life will never be the same.



by Roger McGough

