One morning Little Bear woke up and sneezed, “Achoo!”—for a beam of the sun tickled his nose.
“Mama,” said Little Bear, “let’s go play!”
Little Bear’s mother was too sleepy to play. She sent him outside to find a playmate. “Don’t go far away, Little Bear. Every time you hear my voice, tell me what you see.”

Little Bear gave his mother a kiss and crawled out of their den. All winter long little bear and his mother had slept in their warm, cozy den. Now, for the first time, Little Bear took a walk in the forest all by himself.

He walked and soon he saw someone’s red tail. Then Little Bear heard his mother’s voice, “Little Bear, Little Bear, what do you see?”
“I see a red fox looking at me,” replied Little Bear. The red fox swished her bushy tail and ran away looking for breakfast.

Little Bear kept walking in the forest. From the tall pine tree he heard, “Hoo, hoo.” He looked up then heard his mother’s voice. “Little Bear, Little Bear, what do you see?”
“I see an owl looking at me,” replied Little Bear.

The old owl said, “Boo!” and flew away.

Little Bear walked and walked. Soon he saw someone’s long ears and heard his mother’s voice, “Little Bear, Little Bear, what do you see?”
“I see a little bunny looking at me,” replied Little Bear.

The little bunny was also looking for someone to play with. The two friends ran and chased each other, splashed in the nearby puddles, and chewed tree bark for lunch. They were so happy to play with one another.

Soon the cold wind blew and the sun hid behind the clouds. Two little friends said good bye to each other and agreed to meet another day. Little Bear ran to his den, crawled in, and snuggled near his mother. The day was done. The first day of spring was over.

Larisa Kuznetsova, born in Russia, has taught at the Ithaca Waldorf School since 2006. Larisa completed the Waldorf Early Childhood Teacher Education program at Sunbridge Institute in 2014. Writing and translating these stories was part of her final project.

Hey diddle, diddle, the cat and the fiddle
The cow jumped over the moon.
The little dog laughed to see such sport
And the dish ran away with the spoon.

Alternately clap hands together, then lap.
Shape moon with left hand up; right hand jumps over it.
Alternately clap hands, then lap as above.
Pointer and thumb of left hand make a circle,
pointer on right hand “runs away” behind back.

Speak in a whisper.

Pussy cat, pussy cat, where have you been?
I’ve been to London to visit the queen.
Pussy cat, pussy cat, what did you there?
I frightened a little mouse under her chair.

Palms up, facing forward, moving in rhythm to the words.
Gesture “crown” on head for queen.
Palms up and moving in rhythm as above.
Pointer and middle finger on right hand go under the “bridge” that thumb and pointer on left hand form.
Once three little kittens they lost their mittens,  
And they began to cry,  
"Oh, mother dear, see here, see here,  
Our mittens we have lost."
"What? Lost your mittens? You naughty kittens.  
Then you shall have no pie."
Meow, meow, meow, meow.

The three little kittens they found their mittens  
And they began to cry.  
"Oh, mother dear, see here, see here,  
Our mittens we have found."
"What! Found your mittens, you darling kittens.  
Then you shall have some pie."
Meow, meow, meow, meow.

The three little mittens put on their mittens  
And soon ate up the pie;  
"Oh, mother dear, we greatly fear  
Our mittens we have soiled."
"What! Soiled your mittens? You naughty kittens!  
Then they began to sigh."
Meow, meow, meow, meow.

The three little kittens they washed their mittens  
And hung them out to dry;  
"Oh, mother dear, look here, look here,  
Our mittens we have washed."
"What! Washed your mittens? You darling kittens,  
But I smell a rat close by."
Meow, meow, meow meow.

The rat was very close by.  
The mother cat and her kittens  
Used their noses to smell  
They looked all around the house.  
They knew the hiding places quite well.

Alternate first line if skipping from first to final verse could be: "The three little kittens found and washed their mittens..." continue with song.

Game from an unknown source, done sitting in a circle with children’s legs stretched out in front, feet pointing toward the center of the circle:

The kittens and their mother came in the front door  
They thought they heard a sound.  
They looked all around the first floor.  
They looked under the table.  
They climbed the stairs and looked in the bedrooms.  
They looked under the beds in the bedroom.  
They heard a scratching sound.  
They ran up to the attic  
Separate feet to go in the door  
Fingers “crawl” up legs to knees  
Fingers go under knees  
Fingers crawl up to shoulders  
Fingers go behind neck  
Make scratching sound with fingernails  
Fingers crawl to top of head
They looked under the old quilt.
The rat jumped out and ran down the stairs
Out under the crack of the front door.
The cat and her kittens followed
But they could not fit through the crack.
They closed their eyes and went to sleep.
Meow, meow, meow

One of the kittens went outside to play.
Robin Redbreast sure had a lot to say.

Little Robin Redbreast sat upon a tree.
Up went pussy cat, down went he.

Up went pussy cat, away robin ran
Saying, "Catch me, pussy cat, catch me if you can.

Little Robin Redbreast sat upon a spade.
Pussycat looked after him and then he was afraid.

Little Robin chirped and sang and what did pussy say?
Pussycat said, “Meow, meow, meow,” and robin ran away.

There is another pussy in the winter meadow.
In her brown coat she begins to stir.
Come out, dear little pussy
And show us your silver fur.

Verse from Spring book (Wynstones series):

I know a little pussy
Her coat is silver gray.
She lives down in the meadow
Not very far away.
She’ll always be a pussy,
She’ll never be a cat
For she’s a pussy willow.
Now what do you think of that?
Meow, meow, meow, meow
Meow, meow, meow—SCAT!

Also in the meadow
Where there is snow still on the ground
The grasshopper family
Is looking for spring to be found.
They follow each other so merrily,
And they start their song with a one [clap on thighs]
two [clap hands]
three [snap]!
Grasshoppers three a fiddle-ing went
\[
D D D D E F\# D D D
\]
Hey, Ho, never be still
\[
G F\# E A A A
\]
They paid no money toward their rent
\[
A D D D E F\# G A
\]
But all day long with elbows bent
\[
A B B A A G\# G\# A
\]
They fiddled a tune
\[
A D D D D
\]
Called rillabee rillabee
\[
E F\# F\# F\# F\# G A
\]
Fiddled a tune called rillabee rill.
\[
D D D D E F\# D D D
\]
“What’s this?” said the grasshopper mother
As she spied something on the ground
“The pussy willows have left us a gift—
A little soft and silver bed
On which to rest our weary head.”

Laurie Clark has been a Waldorf kindergarten teacher for over 30 years and currently works at the Denver Waldorf School.

Clair Orphanides is a member of the early childhood faculty at the Brooklyn Waldorf School.