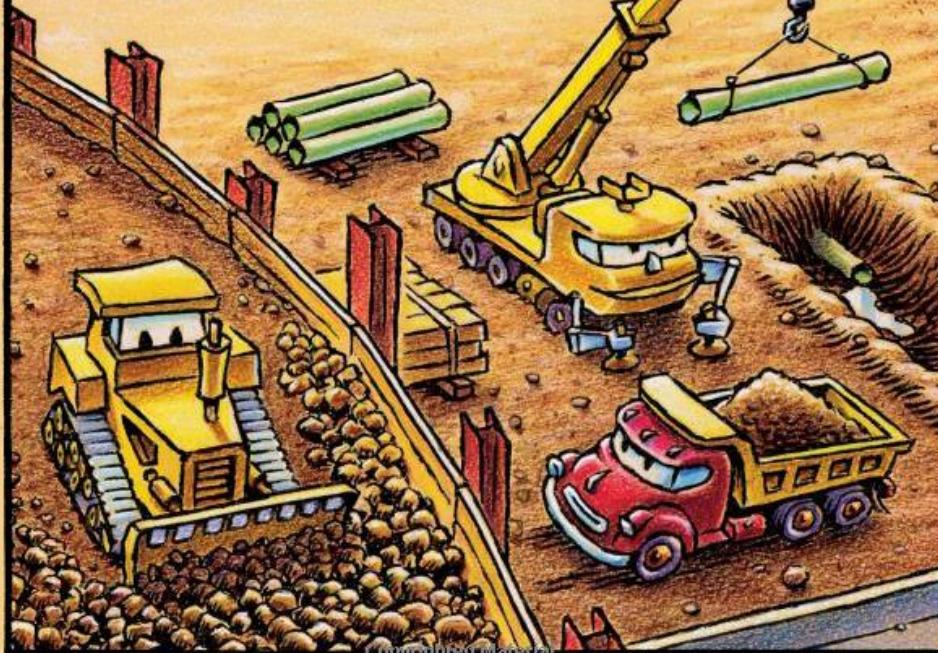


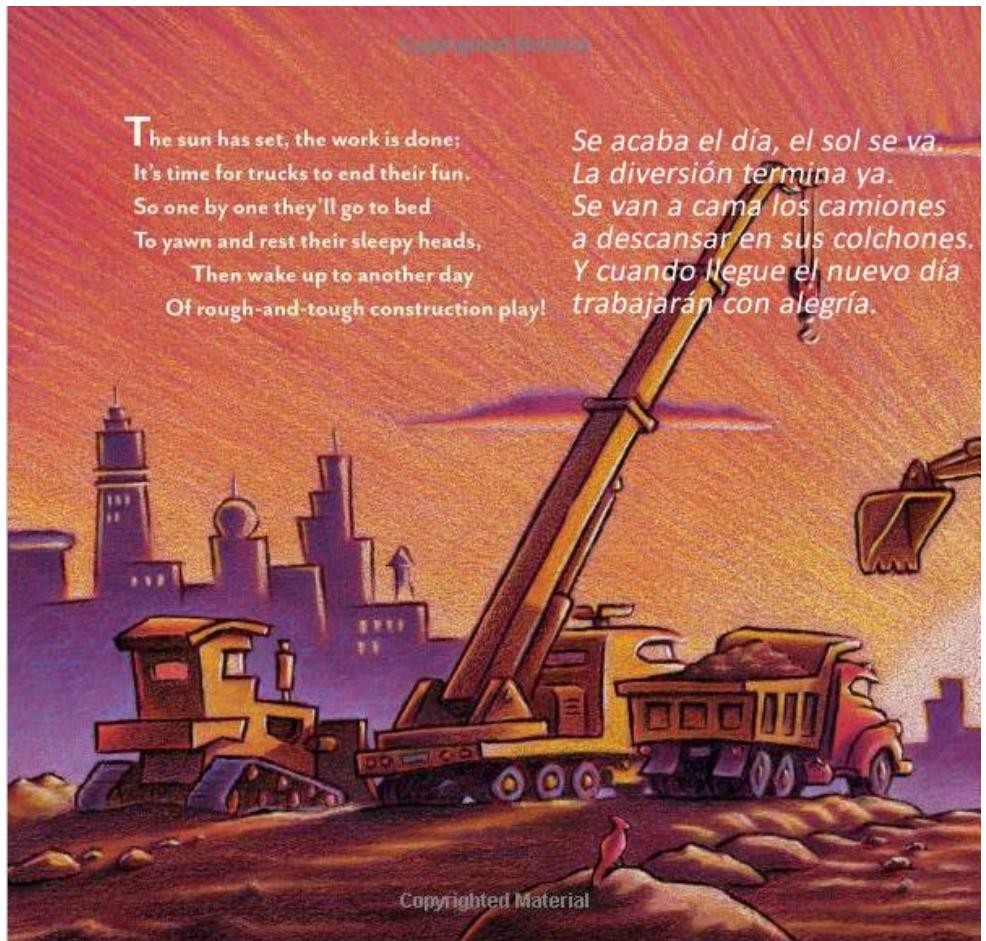
Down in the big construction site,
The tough trucks work with all their might
To build a building, make a road,
To get the job done—load by load!

En la gran obra de mi barrio,
veo los camiones a diario.
Construyen una carretera,
un edificio o una escuela.



The sun has set, the work is done;
It's time for trucks to end their fun.
So one by one they'll go to bed
To yawn and rest their sleepy heads.
Then wake up to another day
Of rough-and-tough construction play!

*Se acaba el día, el sol se va.
La diversión termina ya.
Se van a cama los camiones
a descansar en sus colchones.
Y cuando llegue el nuevo día
trabajarán con alegría.*



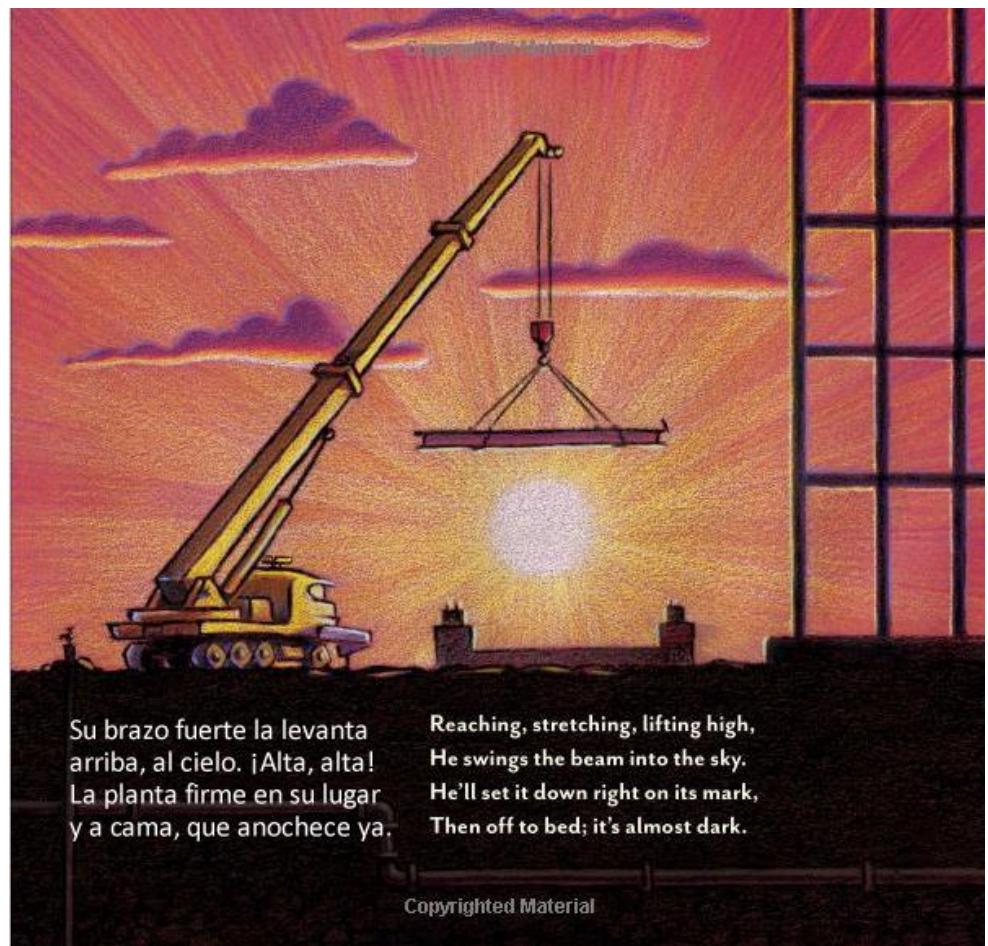
Working hard to help his team,
Crane Truck raises one last beam.

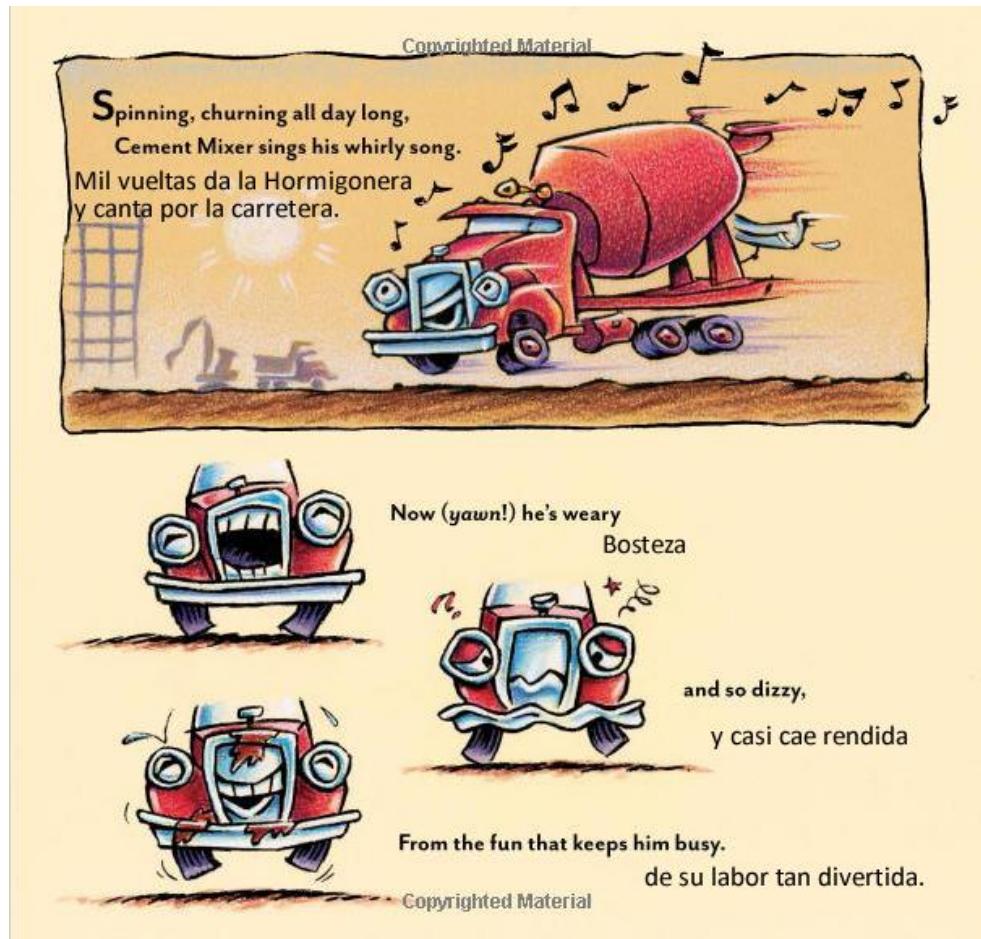
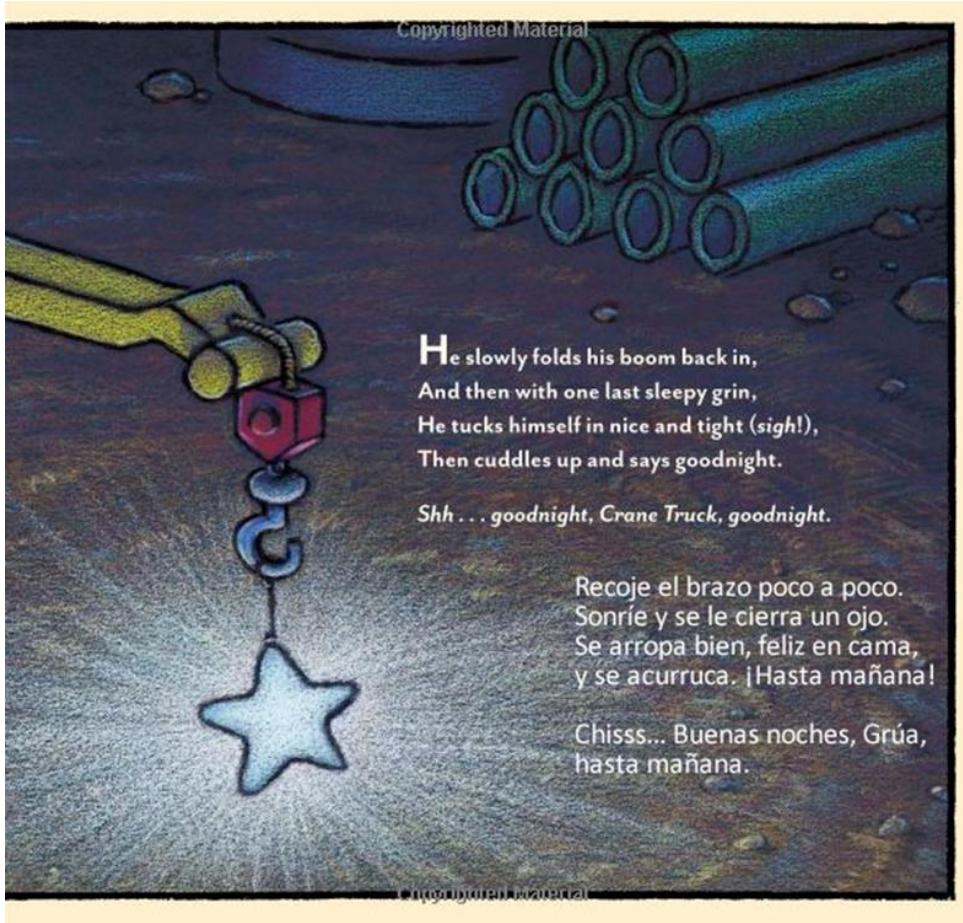
La Grúa es muy buena amiga,
colocará la última viga.

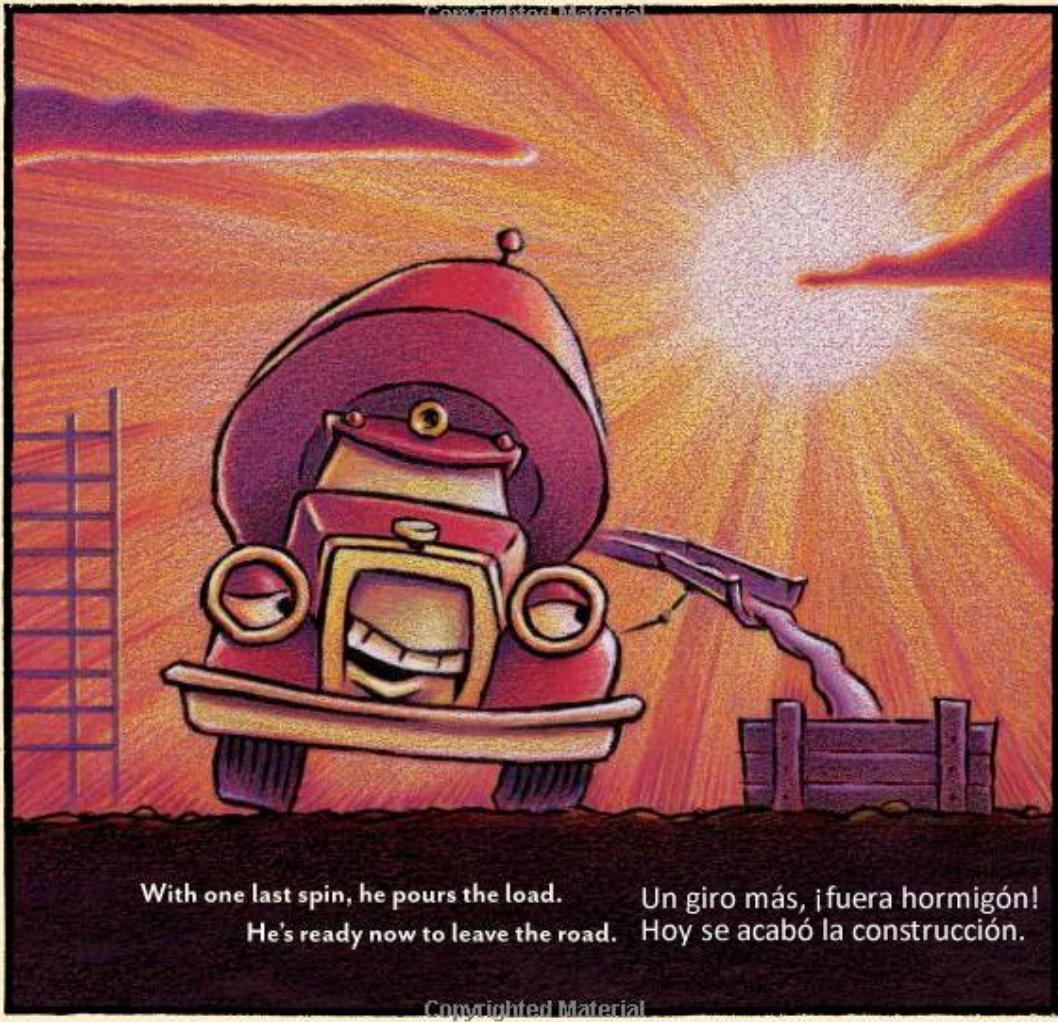


Su brazo fuerte la levanta
arriba, al cielo. ¡Alta, alta!
La planta firme en su lugar
y a cama, que anochece ya.

Reaching, stretching, lifting high,
He swings the beam into the sky.
He'll set it down right on its mark,
Then off to bed; it's almost dark.







With one last spin, he pours the load.
He's ready now to leave the road.

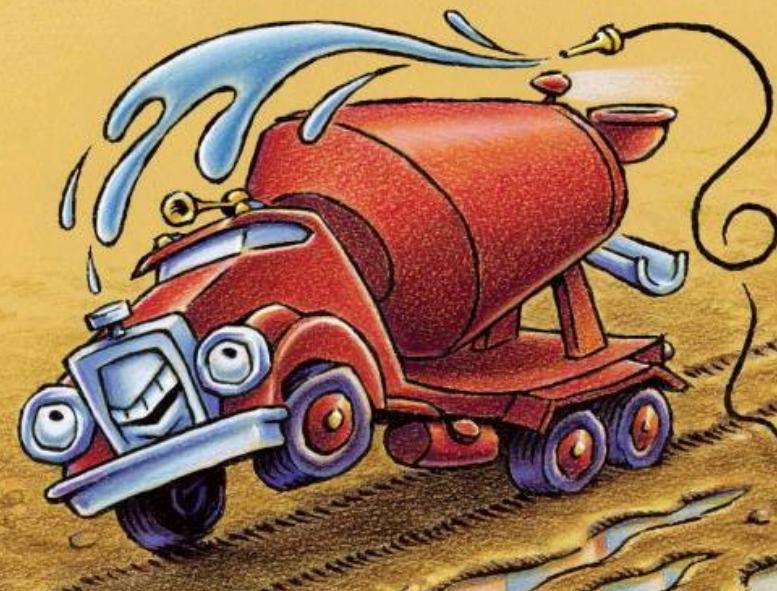
Un giro más, ¡fuera hormigón!
Hoy se acabó la construcción.

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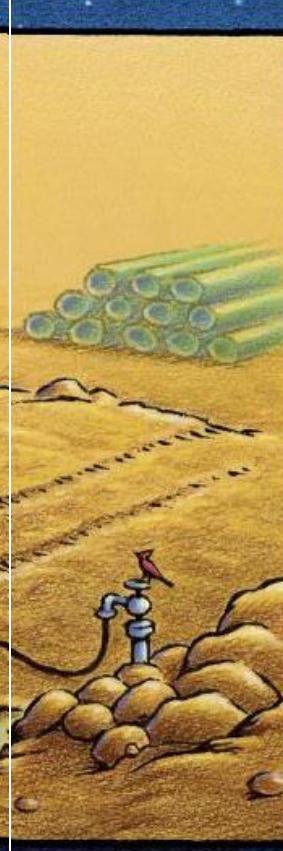
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He takes a bath, gets shiny-bright,
Pulls up his chute, turns off his light.

Se pega un baño de los buenos,
apaga faros y echa el freno.



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Para la cuba y el motor
y sueña sueños de camión.

Chisss... Buenas noches, Hormigonera, hasta mañana.



He cuts his engine, slows his drum,
And dreams sweet dreams of twirly fun.

Shh . . . goodnight, Cement Mixer, goodnight.

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