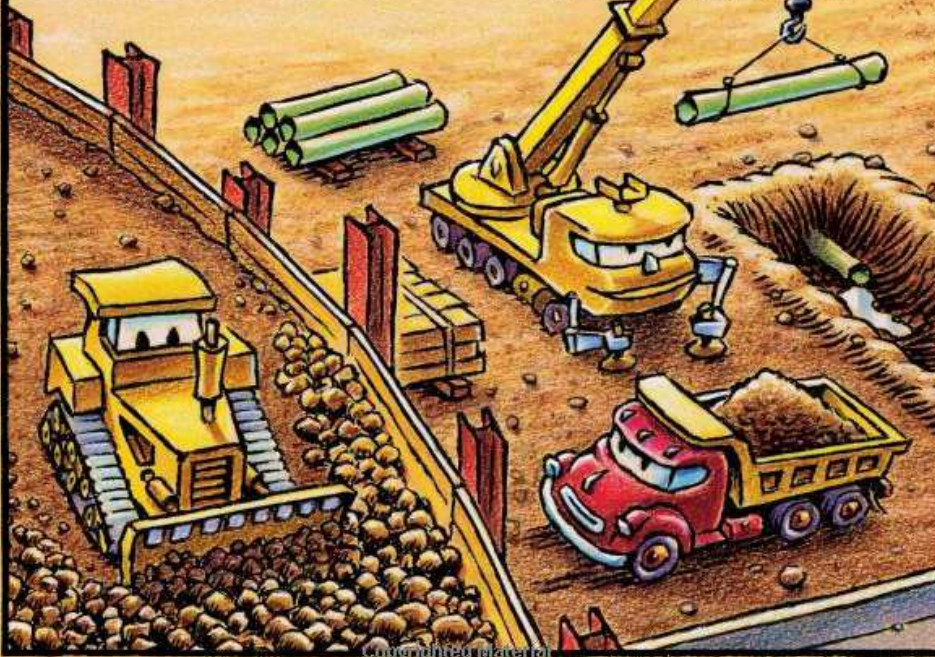


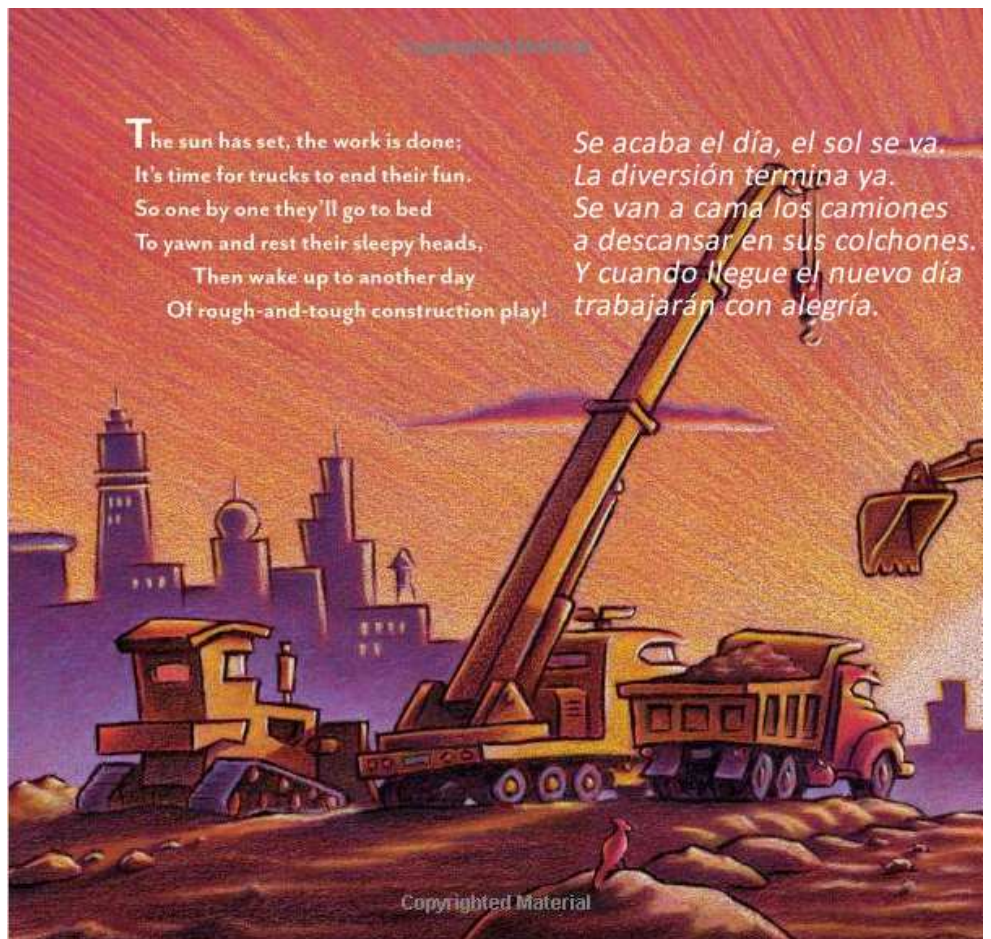
Down in the big construction site,  
The tough trucks work with all their might  
To build a building, make a road,  
To get the job done—load by load!

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



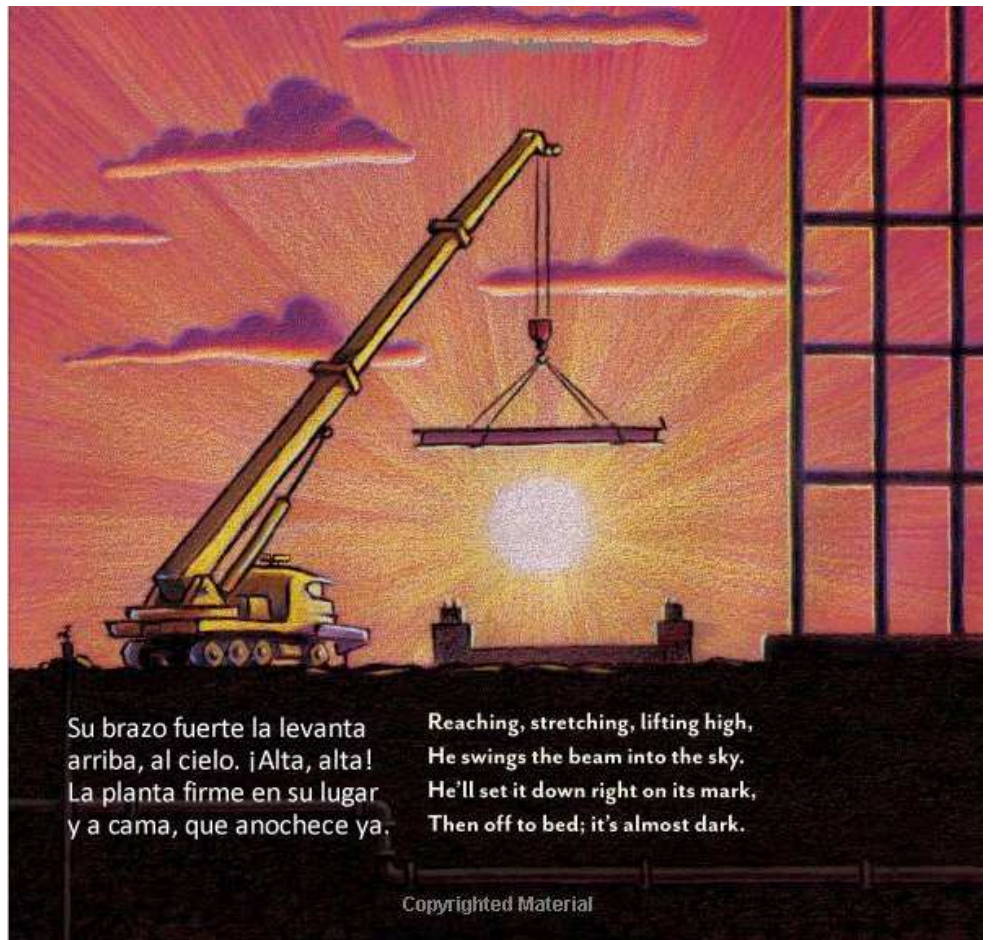
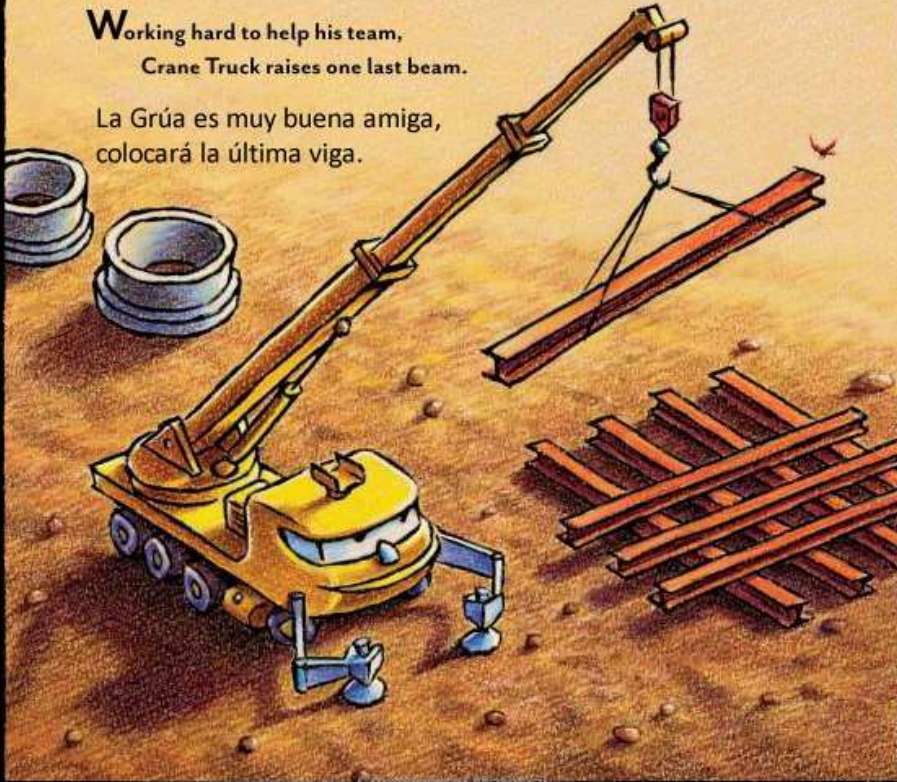
The sun has set, the work is done;  
It's time for trucks to end their fun.  
So one by one they'll go to bed  
To yawn and rest their sleepy heads,  
Then wake up to another day  
Of rough-and-tough construction play!

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.



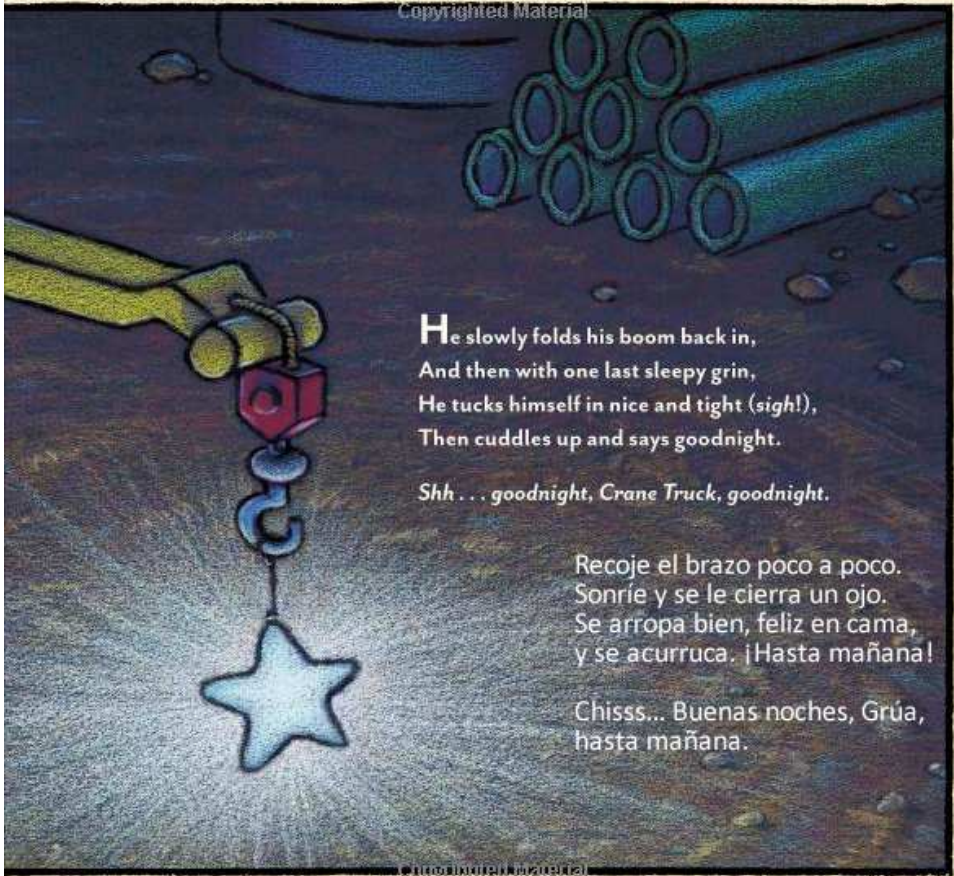
**W**orking hard to help his team,  
Crane Truck raises one last beam.

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.



He slowly folds his boom back in,  
 And then with one last sleepy grin,  
 He tucks himself in nice and tight (sigh!),  
 Then cuddles up and says goodnight.

*Shh . . . goodnight, Crane Truck, goodnight.*

Recoje el brazo poco a poco.  
 Sonríe y se le cierra un ojo.  
 Se arropa bien, feliz en cama,  
 y se acurruca. ¡Hasta mañana!

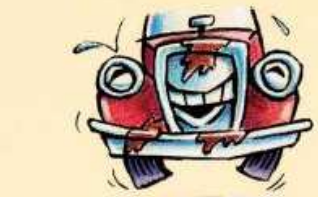
Chiss... Buenas noches, Grúa,  
 hasta mañana.



Spinning, churning all day long,  
 Cement Mixer sings his whirly song.  
 Mil vueltas da la Hormigonera  
 y canta por la carretera.



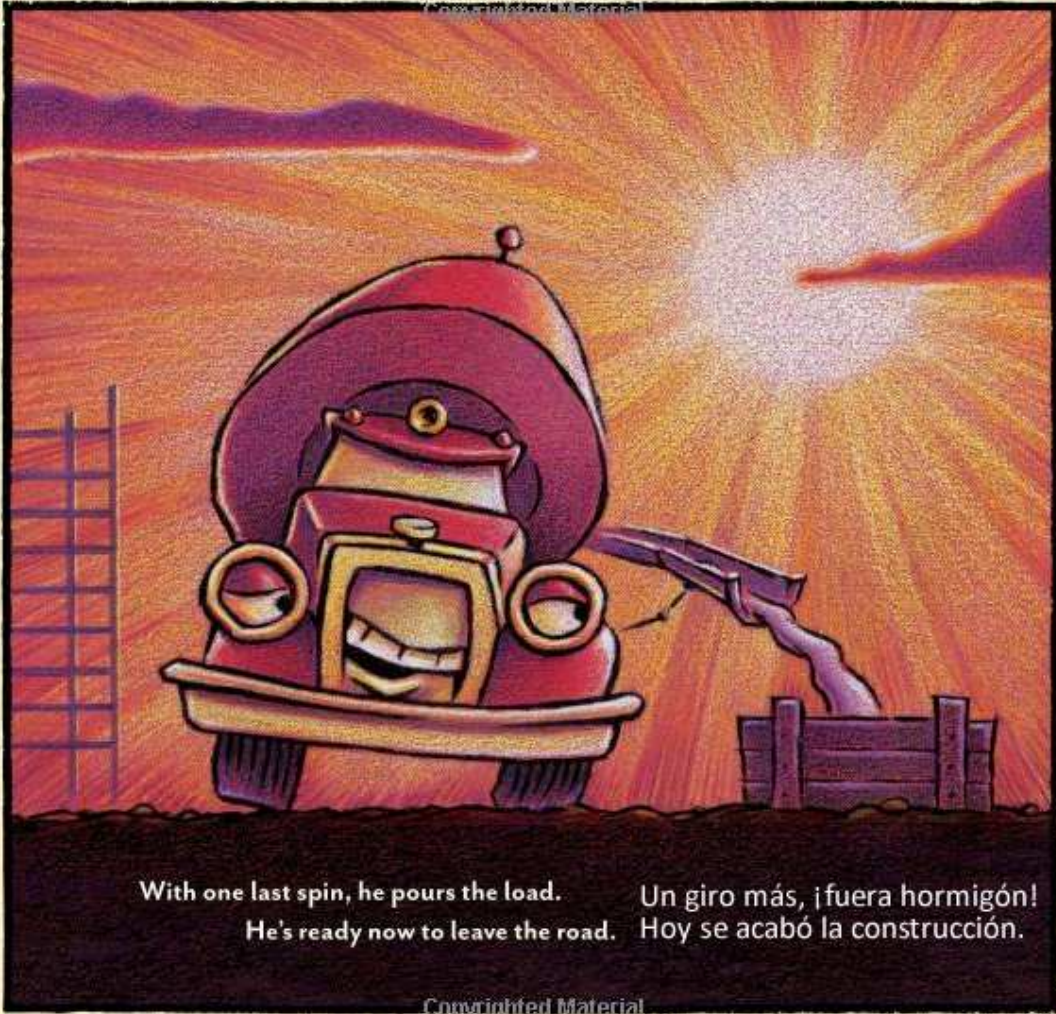
Now (yawn!) he's weary  
 Bosteza



From the fun that keeps him busy,  
 de su labor tan divertida.



and so dizzy,  
 y casi cae rendida



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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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.

Chiss... 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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