

1. **Fits O' Giggles** (© Colin Melville)

2. Three Crows (traditional Scots song)

Three crows sat upon a wa'

Sat upon a wa', sat upon a wa'

Three crows sat upon a wa'

On a cold and frosty morning

The first crow couldnae flee at a'

He couldnae flee at a', he couldnae flee at a'

The first crow couldnae flee at a'

On a cold and frosty morning

The second crow couldnae find its ma

Couldnae find its ma, couldnae find its ma

The second crow couldnae find its ma

On a cold and frosty morning

The third crow fell and broke his jaw

Fell and broke his jaw, fell and broke his jaw

The third crow fell and broke its jaw

On a cold and frosty morning.

3. Zoom Zoom Zoom (traditional song)

Zoom, zoom, zoom,

We're going to the moon!

Zoom, zoom, zoom,

We'll be there very soon.

If you want to take a trip,

Climb on board my rocket ship.

Zoom, zoom, zoom,

We're going to the moon!

5-4-3-2-1-BLAST OFF!

4. Old Macdonald had a farm (traditional song)

Old Macdonald had a farm, E-I-E-I-O

And on his farm he had some cows, E-I-E-I-O

With a "moo-moo" here and a "moo-moo" there

Here a "moo" there a "moo"

Everywhere a "moo-moo"

Old Macdonald had a farm, E-I-E-I-O.

Old Macdonald had a farm, E-I-E-I-O

And on his farm he had some ducks, E-I-E-I-O

With a "quack, quack" here and a "quack, quack" there

Here a "quack" there a "quack"

Everywhere a "quack, quack"

Old Macdonald had a farm, E-I-E-I-O.

Old Macdonald had a farm, E-I-E-I-O

And on his farm he had some pigs, E-I-E-I-O

With a (snort) here and a (snort) there

Here a (snort) there a (snort)

Everywhere a (snort-snort)

Old Macdonald had a farm, E-I-E-I-O.

Old Macdonald had a farm, E-I-E-I-O

And on his farm he had a dog, E-I-E-I-O
With a "woof, woof" here and a "woof, woof" there
Here a "woof" there a "woof"
Everywhere a "woof, woof"
Old Macdonald had a farm, E-I-E-I-O.

Old Macdonald had a farm, E-I-E-I-O
And on his farm he had some sheep, E-I-E-I-O
With a "baa, baa" here and a "baa, baa" there
Here a "baa" there a "baa"
Everywhere a "baa, baa"
Old Macdonald had a farm, E-I-E-I-O.

5. Hey, Pey, Pey! (Swahili song ©Gaynor Barradell)

Hey, pey pey! Hey, pey pey!

Hey, pey pey! Hey, pey pey!

Hey, pey pey! Hey, pey pey!

Jambo, jambo!

Jambo everybody, Jambo everybody

Jambo, everybody

Jambo, jambo!

6. El Colibrí (Argentinian classical)

7. Bhundu Boy Instrumental (© Rise Kagona)

8. **Wee Thistle's Big Adventure (story** © Fergus and Claire McNicol)

Wee Thistle lived on a mountain side in the north of Scotland. Every day she stretched out her jabby, jaggy, spikey leaves **and... it started to rain! Drip, drip, drip** went the rain drops off her leaves. So one day she decided to go off on

adventure! She went off in search of the sunniest places in Scotland... it could be where you live!

Off she went marching down the mountainside singing:

Spikes upon my leaves!

Spikes upon my leaves!

Off I go on a big adventure!

Spikes upon my leaves!

At last she came to a town where she saw a garden. She had never seen a garden before and in she went to explore!

What an adventure for a Wee Thistle! There were all types of flowers with a hundred different colours. There were no flowers like this on the mountainside where she lived.

At last, she saw one that was very tall, with yellow petals shaped like a trumpet. Do you know what type of flower that was? It was a daffodil! But Wee Thistle had never seen a daffodil before, so over she went and said:

“What kind of a flower are you?”

“I am a daffodil, and what kind of a flower are you?” asked the daffodil.

Wee Thistle stretched out her jabby, jaggy, spikey leaves and said:

“I’m a wee thistle! Can I grow next to you?”

“Wait a minute!” said the daffodil. *“A Thistle? A Thistle? I don’t like a bristle! No! No! No! You’d be jabbing me and jagging me all day long, and that would never do! No, no, no, now listen, it’s a big garden off you go and find your own place to grow!”*

“Oh, yes, alright,” she said and off she went further into the garden singing,

Spikes upon my leaves!

Spikes upon my leaves!

Off I go on a big adventure!

Spikes upon my leaves!

Now after she had explored the garden for a while she noticed another flower. This one was small and blue and the shape of a bell. Do you know what kind of flower that was? It was a bluebell.

But Wee Thistle had never seen a bluebell before, so she went over and said:

“What kind of a flower are you?”

“I’m a wee bluebell, and what kind of a flower are you?” replied the.

“I’m a wee thistle, can I grow next to you?” said Wee Thistle as she stretched out her jabby, jaggy, spikey leaves.

But the bluebell said: **“Oh, wait a minute! Wait a minute! A Thistle? A Thistle? I don’t like a bristle! No!No! No! No! You’d be jabbing me and jagging me all day long and that would never do! No, no, now listen, it’s a big garden off you go and find your own place to grow! Go on, shoo, shoo!”**

“Oh well, alright” and off she went further into the garden,

Spikes upon my leaves!

Spikes upon my leaves!

Off I go on a big adventure!

Spikes upon my leaves!

But it was the same with every single flower she met, **“A Thistle? A Thistle? I don’t like a bristle! No!No! No!”**

Off she went with tears running down her cheeks singing,

Spikes upon my leaves!

Spikes upon my leaves!

Off I go on a big adventure!

Spikes upon my leaves!

And at last she found a shady place where no other flowers grew, and she put down her roots and she grew there, all by herself.

Now the next day in the garden, the sun shone down and all the flowers opened up **their petals and stretched...** but someone had left the gate open and in ran a big dog!

Woof, woof, woof!

The dog looked around and saw... the daffodil!

Over it ran, it put its nose down and took a big *sniff, sniff sniff...* and started to dig!

“Help! HELP! HELP!” shouted the daffodil.

But the dog stopped, it could see another interesting flower... it was the bluebell!

Over ran the dog, got its nose ready and *sniff, sniff, sniff...* It started to dig up the bluebell!

“Oh. Help! HELP! HELP!” shouted the bluebell.

But then the dog stopped. He looked over and he saw Wee Thistle. Over he ran.

Wee Thistle stood there and put out her jabby, jaggy, spikey leaves!

The dog got its nose ready to take a sniff, and... YOWP!!! WOOH! WOOH! WOOOOH!

Wee Thistle’s spikey leaves jabbed the dog’s nose, it whirled around and ran out of the garden and off down the road, “Yowww! Yowww! YOWWWW!!!”

All the flowers were delighted! They crowded round Wee Thistle and said, “**Sorry Wee Thistle! We weren’t very** nice to you. But you still saved us with your jabby, jaggy, spikey leaves. Oh thank you, **you’re the best!**” And off they all went, marching round the garden singing:

Spikes upon my leaves!

Spikes upon my leaves!

Off I go on a big adventure!

Spikes upon my leaves!

And now maybe you could go off on your own garden adventure!

9. Canción y Danza (Spanish classical)

10. Sleeping Bunnies (traditional song)

See the little bunnies sleeping

Till it’s nearly noon

Shall we wake them

With a merry tune?

They’re so still,

Are they ill?

Wake up soon.

Wake up bunnies!

Hop little bunnies hop, hop, hop.

Hop little bunnies hop, hop, hop

Hop little bunnies hop, hop, hop

Hop and stop.

11. Làir bhreabach (traditional Gaelic song)

Làir bhreabach ris na creagan

Mis' air a muin, ise na ruith

Làn mo dhùrn de chaorann dearga
Air muin na h-earba 's i na ruith
a hì a hò, a hì a hò.

(Kicking mare towards the rocks
I am on her back, she is running
A fistful of red rowanberries
On the mare as she runs
yee-ha yee-ha.)

12. I Can Clap My Hands (© Fischy Music 2006)

I can clap my hands, I can stamp my feet,
I can turn around, I can feel the beat,
I can knock my knees, I can touch my toes,
I can sing-**along, that's how it goes,**
But there's more to me, than you can see.

I can feel so high, I can feel so low,
I can feel so yes, I can feel so no,
I can feel so high, I can feel so low,
I can feel so yes, I can feel so no,
But there's more to me, than you can see.

13. The Jeely Piece Song (traditional Scots song © Adam McNaughtan)

I'm a skyscraper wean, I live on the nineteenth flair,
But I'm no gaun oot to play any mair,
Since we moved to oor new hoose, I'm wasting away,
'Cause I'm getting one less meal every day.

O ye cannae fling pieces oot a twenty-story flat,
Seven-hundred hungry weans will testify tae that,

If it's butter, cheese or jeely, if the breid is plain or pan,
The odds against it reaching earth are ninety-nine tae wan.

On the first day my maw flung me out a dod o' malted broon.
It came skyting oot the windae and went up insteid o' doon,
But every twenty-seven hours it comes back into sight,
'Cause my piece went into orbit and became a satellite.

One the next day my maw flung me oot a piece once again.
It went and hit the pilot in a fast, low-flying plane.
He scraped it aff his goggles, shouting through the intercom:
'The Clydeside Reds have got me wi' a breid-and-jeely bomb!'

14. Believe in Me (© Chris Stout and Catriona McKay)

I am happy, I am free,
Be the best that I can be.
I can dance and I can sing,
Yes I can do everything.

My right to say, 'I'm OK'
My right to say, 'I'm OK'
Listening, talking, playing ball.
Hear my voice I'll say it all.

What's the best?

This is the best!

What's the best?

This is the best!

What's the best?

This is the best!

Lots of love and a great big cuddle.

15. Seashell (traditional rhyme)

Holding up a seashell,

Tightly to my ear.

Shhh...it's telling me a secret,

That only I can hear.

16. The Jamaica Plain Rag (© Owen Hartford)

17. Bobbing Up and Down (traditional song)

Sons of the sea,

Bobbing up and down like this.

Sailing the ocean,

Bobbing up and down like this.

They may build their ships my lad,

Bobbing up and down like this.

But they can't beat the boys of the Old Brigade

Bobbing up and down like this.

Pirates so free,

Bobbing up and down like this.

Searching the ocean,

Bobbing up and down like this.

They care naught for wind or rain

Bobbing up and down like this.

For they rob the gold on the Spanish main,

Bobbing up and down like this.

18. Pirate, Pirate, Dressed in Blue (traditional rhyme)

Pirate, Pirate, Dressed in Blue

These are the actions you must do

Stand at attention,
Stand at ease.
Bend your elbows,
Bend your knees.
Salute to the Captain,
Bow to the Queen,
Turn your back on the submarine.
Pirate, Pirate, Dressed in Blue
These are the actions you must do
Stand at attention,
Stand at ease.
Bend your elbows,
Bend your knees.
Salute to the Captain,
Bow to the Queen,
Turn your back on the submarine.

19. One, Two, Three, Four, Five (traditional song)

One, two, three, four, **five'**
Once I caught a fish alive,
Six, seven, eight, nine, ten,
Then I let it go again.
Why did you let it go?
Because it bit my finger so.
Which finger did it bite?
This little finger on my right.

20. Little Pebbles (traditional rhyme)

One little, two little, three little pebbles,

Four little, five little, six little pebbles,
Seven little, eight little, nine little pebbles,
Ten little pebbles sitting in my hand.

21. Row, Row, Row Your Boat (traditional song)

Row, row, row your boat,
Gently down the stream,
Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily
Life is but a dream.

Row, row, row your boat,
Gently down the stream,
If you see a crocodile,
Don't forget to scream. (aaah!!)

Row, row, row your boat,
Gently down the river,
If you see a polar bear,
Don't forget to shiver. (brrr...)

Row, row, row your boat,
Gently to the shore,
If you see a lion,
Don't forget to roar. (raarh!)

22. Swing Me Over the Water (traditional song – instrumental)

23. Seashells (© Shona Cowie of the Village Storytelling Centre)

What did we hear at the beach today?

A seashell that we found on the sea shore, we held it to our ears and we heard the sea roar.

Roar hush roar hush

We heard a dog today, a big friendly one who bounded up and wanted to play.
Nouff nouff yuop yuop nouff

The dog was sniffing at everything, exploring with his nose. His owner called his name, **“JIM JAM,” up, and off he goes. There were screeches from far up and away,** seagulls caw cawing on the breeze of our sunny beach day.

Kwaa ke kwa kwa kwa

One seagull swooped down low and snatched a chip from a well aimed throw. **We heard someone shout today. “Hey, they’re my chips, get away!”** After sandwiches and playing with our frisbees came sandcastles and then midges. Buzzing around, hungry for their own tea, trying their best to get a piece of **mummy’s knee.**

Bzzzzzzzzzzz thwack

The beach was so full of sounds today, lots of loud sounds but soft sounds too, like quiet sand pouring from our hands, far off tunes from the ice cream van and the noise mummy made as the waves tickled her feet after a whole entire day relaxing at the beach.

Ho hum Ghee ghee ghee

Time came to call it a day and the great pack-up got underway. Sandwiches, **sandwich boxes, sandwich bags, sand. Towels, trowels, there’s no time for the** ice-cream van. Keys, keys, frisbees, keys, 4 minutes of daddy searching on his knees, found the house keys. Sinking, stumbling, battling through more sand until we made it to the bus stop, where we danced the shoogle hop, last chance to remove the sand.

Tired from the sun and a long happy day, the bus arrived; we lumbered on and then the engine growled and took us away. Carry us home bus!

Dunk de dunk de grrrrrrrrrrrr

On the bus we heard a loud sound that’s meant to make you hear, it says move carefully out of the way an ambulance is near. Blue flashing lights, announces people saving lives.

Wooooaaaah Weeeou wooooah weeou

Neighbours chatting at the door, joking and moaning about the football score. They gave us a hand to carry our bags and placed them neatly on the kitchen floor. **Home now, let’s cosy down and think about our day** and all of those sounds that we heard along the way.

Neighbours chatting, the ambulance passing, and the growl of the bus on the road, midge thwacking, mummy laughing and sea gulls swooping down low, a big friendly dog and a roar from a seashell that we found on the sea shore. When we were wee we thought it was the sea that we could hear when we held the shell to our ear.

Can I tell you a secret, it's not the shore; it's you, your pulse, your own wee roar.

What do I mean? Well, quiet now, listen close, put your ear on me. Not the sea, **not the shell, it's a heartbeat**, it says all is well.

24. Swing Me Over the Water (traditional song – instrumental)

25. Ickle Ockle Blue Bottle (traditional rhyme)

Ickle Ockle,

Blue Bottle,

Fishes in the sea,

If you want a happy friend,

Just choose me!

26. Èisg bhig (traditional Gaelic song)

Èisg bhig, èisg bhig,

nach tu tha math air snàmh.

Gu dearbha feumaidh mise sin

oir bidh mi snàmh gu bràth.

(Little fish, little fish,

aren't you a good swimmer?

Indeed I have to be,

for **I'll be** swimming all my life.)

Èisg bhig, èisg bhig,

am fairich thusa fuachd?

Chan fhairich idir, 'ille chòir,
ged tha mi measg nan stuadh.

(Little fish, little fish,

don't you ever feel the cold?

I **don't feel** cold at all, fine sir
though I live among the waves.)

Èisg bhig, èisg bhig,
a bheil thu idir sgìth?

O chan eil, chan eil, chan eil,
cha toigh leam bhith air tìr.

(Little fish, little fish,

are you not tired?

Oh no, no, no,

I **don't like** being on land.)

Èisg bhig, èisg bhig,
a leig thu idir d' anail?

Is math a dh'fhaodas mise sin
a-staigh am measg an fheamainn.

(Little fish, little fish,

Will you stop and take a breath?

I will when I am amongst the seaweed.)

Èisg bhig, èisg bhig,
dè dh'ith thu an-diugh?

Lugaichean is boiteagan,
is smodal anns an t-sruth.

(Little fish, little fish,
what have you eaten today?

Sandworms, and other worms
And rubbish carried on the sea current).

Èisg bhig, èisg bhig,
càite bheil do dhachaigh?

Tha mo dhachaigh anns a' chuan
mile mach on chladach.

(Little fish, little fish,
where is your home?
My home is in the ocean,
A mile away from the shore.)

27. The Big Ship Sailed on the Ally Ally Oh (traditional song)

The big ship sails on the Ally Ally Oh,
The Ally Ally Oh,
The Ally Ally Oh,
The big ship sails on the Ally Ally Oh,
On the last day of September.

The Captain said it will never, never do,
Never, never do,
Never, never do,
The Captain said it will never, never do,

On the last day of September.
The big ship sank to the bottom of the sea,
The bottom of the sea,
The bottom of the sea,
The big ship sank to the bottom of the sea,
On the last day of September.
The big ship sails on the Ally Ally Oh,
The Ally Ally Oh,
The Ally Ally Oh,
The big ship sails on the Ally Ally Oh,
On the last day of September.

28. The Midnight Swim of the Mermaid (© Fiona Rutherford)

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