

ITALIAN 1 -- SIDE A

PUSS IN BOOTS Traditional Story

LITTLE MISS POTATO Traditional Rhyme

Little Miss Potato,
With your chicken legs,
And your velvet dress,
Little Miss, hello!

PIT PAT Traditional Rhyme

THE AMBASSADOR HAS ARRIVED Singing Game

The Ambassador has come from over the mountains and the valleys and he wants a nice girl to marry the King. (In the game, the Ambassador must choose the girl, first explaining what sort of clothes he will offer her. At first he offers her clothes made of skin, which the rest of the children say is not good enough. Then he offers her beautiful clothes with diamonds, and the children allow the bride to go with the Ambassador).

TO MAKE A TABLE Song

To make a table you need wood.
To make wood, you need a tree.
To make a tree, you need a seed
 a fruit
 a flower
 a branch
 a tree
 a bush
 a mountain
 the earth
To make the earth, you need a flower.

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ITALIAN 1 -- SIDE A

THE CEDAR Fable - Leonardo Da Vinci

Once upon a time there was a cedar that knew how beautiful it was. It stood in the very middle of the garden, and was taller than all the other trees. And the absolutely symmetrical arrangement of its branches made it look like a great chandelier.

'Who knows what I should be like if I bore fruit' it thought. 'I should surely be the most beautiful tree in the world'.

So it began to watch the other trees and try to do as they did. And at last, at the very tip of the tree, there grew a beautiful fruit.

'Now I must feed it,' said the cedar to itself. 'I must help it to grow'. And the fruit began to grow and swell until it was too big. The crest of the cedar could bear its weight no longer and began to bend. And when the fruit was ripe, the crest that had been the tree's pride and joy was left dangling like a broken branch.

TAMBOURELLO Traditional Rhyme

Adaptation of *'Hickety, Pickety, My Black Hen'*.



ITALIAN 1 -- SIDE B

ITALIAN 1 -- SIDE B

TOM THUMB

Traditional Story

MY MOTHER HAS SIX CHICKENS

Traditional Rhyme

CARNIVAL Traditional Poem

There was once a
 Hat without a head.
 It was strolling in the main street
 On a public holiday

Apart from being without a head
 It was also without a stomach.
 Without feet and without hands
 It was strolling along France Street.

People were talking about it :
'It has run away from a shop window!'
'Of course, it is a thief hat!'
'Lock it up!'

'Calm down' said the hat,
'At carnival time anything goes.
Many people go around without a head
Even when it is not carnival!'

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ITALIAN 1 -- SIDE B

FRERE JACQUES Song

DING DONG, TOMORROW'S A HOLIDAY Rhyme for bouncing baby
on lap.

Ding Dong, tomorrow's a holiday;
We'll eat soup for dinner.
(Child) *I don't like soup :*
Well, we'll eat bread and pears.
But the pears are too white :
Well, we'll eat bread and coals.
But the coals are too black:
Well, we'll eat bread and wood.
But the wood is too hard:
Well, you'll have to go to bed right away
Without any food.

BROTHER MICHAEL HAD A ROOSTER Rhyme

Brother Michael had a rooster,
White, red, green and yellow.
To make him sing,
Brother Michael used to give him
Lots of things to eat,
Especially milk and honey,
That very smart Brother Michael.

CONTINUED



ITALIAN 1 -- SIDE B

ITALIAN 1 -- SIDE A

THE FOX AND THE MAGPIE Fable - Leonardo Da Vinci

One day a hungry fox found himself beneath a tree on which a flock of noisy magpies was perched.

Keeping out of sight the fox began to watch them. He saw that these birds were constantly searching for food, and were not afraid even to sit on the bodies of dead animals and peck them

'Let us try something', said the fox to himself. Very carefully, without making a sound, he stretched himself out and lay quite still, with his mouth open as though he were dead.

Soon a magpie noticed him and at once flew down from the tree. He approached the fox, and believing him to be dead, began to peck his tongue. But the magpie should have been more cautious, for the fox caught him.

THERE WAS A GARDEN Rhyme

LITTLE RED HEN Traditional English Story

Translated into Italian by Angelina Diiorio



ITALIAN 2 -- SIDE A

BUNYIP OF BERKELEY'S CREEK Contemporary Australian

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PUSSYCAT, PUSSYCAT Traditional Rhyme

AROUND THE WORLD Traditional Poem

This is a yarn of a fellow called Tom,
Who one day left on a trip,
Around the world with his nose.

All his friends tried to dissuade him,
They said to him :

'It is impossible!'

'It would be better to go by car

Train, ship, aeroplane!'

But Tom was so stubborn.

He left with his nose, as he had said :

He left with his nose in the centre of his face,

He left with his nose and the aeroplane!

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ITALIAN 2 -- SIDE A

ITALIAN 2 -- SIDE A

RING A ROSY Singing Game

Go round, go round, silver horse;

You are worth 550 lire.

The hen sings, 'Let's sing,

I want to get married.

I want to give it to the sun,

But the sun is too strong.

I want to give it to Death,

But death is terrible and very dark.

I want to give it to the moon :

The moon is very beautiful.

I want to give it to my sister,

Who makes little biscuits for little children;

The children are sick and go to hospital;

The hospital is up there.

Give a kiss to whom you like best '.

FIVE, SEVEN, THIRTY-THREE Rhyme

Five, seven, thirty-three;

Pippina is making coffee and chocolate to drink.

Now Pippina is sick, she must call a doctor.

The doctor is wearing slippers.

She tells the doctor, 'I have a pain,

And my heart is beating very hard,

And I'm feeling very sick.

Dear Doctor, I didn't have any tea last night'.

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ITALIAN 2 -- SIDE A

THE MONKEY AND THE MIRROR Story

The monkey finds a mirror, looks into it, and thinks *'My God, I am really ugly'*. So she's really angry, and takes the mirror, and throws it against a stone. The mirror becomes two little parts. So she stares again - and says *'I am REALLY ugly'*, so she takes the two little mirrors and smashes them against stones - and then there are hundreds of little mirrors who say, - *'You are ugly - you are ugly'*.

But a little bird says *'Don't worry, you don't have to worry about your beauty because you are ugly. Life is that you shouldn't care much about what other people say. Think about other things and try to be happy as you were before'*.

THE GENTLEMAN FROM LIVORNO Traditional Poem

A perfect gentleman from Livorno,
Looked at himself in the mirror every day
And would say : *'Good morning'*.

But the mirror, being very bad mannered
Would pull faces at the gentleman
As soon as he went past.

One day the man turned around,
Saw the mirror poking its tongue at him,
And was so confused he ate the tongue.

THE ROOSTER AND THE LITTLE DUCK Traditional Story

The rooster (Gallo) says, *'I am really beautiful, my feathers are brilliant, while you, you are a little monster, and a small white thing'*. So the poor duck (Paperino) was always crying.

Now one day there were together and the terrible big cat of the farm jumps at the rooster and the duck. And the little duck said *'Come with me, the only thing that can save us is the pond'*. So they jumped into the water, but the rooster couldn't swim, naturally, so he was drowning slowly. But Paperino started crying out and the owner of the farm comes and saves the rooster at the last minute.

The the rooster says, *'You see, now I am ugly, I am all wet - what's the use of being beautiful on such an occasion, when swimming is the only thing to do '*.



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ITALIAN 2 -- SIDE B

IN THE CHICKEN YARD Traditional Rhyme

Cock-a-doodle-do -

What's in the hen-house ?

Three chicks have been born

All are yellow and coloured.

Cock-a-doodle-do, cock-a-doodle-do,

That's what's in the hen-house.

WHAT DO CHILDREN HAVE ? Traditional Rhyme

Two feet quick, quick,

To run and jump;

Two hands always in motion

To take and to do.

The mouth that forever chitters and chatters

That always asks questions,

Two ears always alert

That listen and are always attentive

And a small good heart

For lots and lots of love.

THE LITTLE GIRL SOLD WITH THE PEARS Story

A countryman had to give to the King each year four big baskets of pears. But one year, he had only three and a half, so he decided to put his youngest daughter into one basket.

The baskets were sent to the King's kitchen, but the servants soon realised that the pears were slowly disappearing, as they found the cores. *'What's wrong, what's wrong'*, they said, and finally found the daughter.

So they said *'From now on you will be the servant of the King'*. And the little girl was very good, and very nice, - but jealousy - that's another thing in life, you know. Everyone was jealous, and when the little Prince went into the kitchen smiling at her, they said that she was a little spy, because she wanted to take the treasure of the witches.

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ITALIAN 2 -- SIDE B

..... continued

THE LITTLE GIRL SOLD WITH THE PEARS Story

So the King said to the servants 'Well, if you say so'. And he told the girl to go and get the witches' treasure. And she didn't know what to do, until she saw an old woman who gave her a little bit of bread and a little piece of corn, and a little bit of pork fat, and told her to keep it. The girl went across a river, and the old lady had told her that when she found a river like that to tell it that it was very nice (it was really an ugly river). 'What beautiful waters', she said, 'I would like to drink, but I am too much in a hurry'.

Now she had also been told if you find dogs along the way, give bread to them; and finally she arrived at an old castle. The door was very hard to open, and she remembered that she had some fat - so she put some grease on the door and finally she opened it.

At last she found the treasure and took it. It was a hen with many, many, little golden chicks and golden eggs, and so on.

Finally she arrived back at the castle -everybody was happy, and the King asked her what would she like. So she said a big box of coal, because she knew that the Prince was hiding in it, and they were married and lived happily ever after.

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ITALIAN 2 -- SIDE B

NINNA NANNA DI BARBERINO Lullaby

Nanna Oh, Nanna Oh!
 Who am I going to give this child to?
 Maybe I'll give him to a little angel
 Who'll keep him till the morning.
 Maybe I'll give him to the Belfana*
 She will keep him for a week.

Who am I going to give the baby to?
 Maybe I'll give him to the Cherubino (angel),
 Who'll keep him close to him
 Or give him to Jesus or Mary.
 Go to sleep little baby.

*La Befana is an old woman who traditionally brings gifts to children on January 6th - children hang their stockings up just as with Santa Claus.

FINGER PLAY Traditional Rhyme

SOLDO SOLDINO Traditional Rhyme

Adaptation of '*Sing, a song of Sixpence*'.

DOCTOR CIRILLO Traditional Poem

A doctor names Cirillo
 Wanted to give an injection to a pin.
 The pin got angry and pierced his nose.

THE DOCTOR FROM FERRARA Traditional Poem

Once a doctor from Ferrara
 Wanted to remove a mosquito's tonsils.
 But the very cunning insect
 Hid itself in the doctor's collar!

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ITALIAN 2 -- SIDE B

DOCTOR BENEDETTO Traditional Poem

There was a good doctor named Benedetto
Who was trying to make a young rooster
say 'Thirty-three'.
So the rooster crowed there and then
thirty-three times : 'Cock-a-doodle-doo'.
In this way Doctor Benedetto became deaf.

WALKING TO SCHOOL Contemporary Australian Story

Translation into Italian by Ignazia Giorlando with permission of the author,
Gwendda McKay. Published in KIDSBOOKS, Series by Pergamon Press,
Sydney, Australia, 1975.



ITALIAN 3 -- SIDE A

MARCELLINO, MARCELLINO Traditional Rhyme.

THE MAN FROM FLORENCE Story.

A man from Florence who always heard tales from people who travelled a lot, although he did nothing in his life, said *'I have to do something -- I will have to go and travel, more and more'*. So he decides to leave Florence. At night time he goes to a small house looking for hospitality. A lawyer was there who said, *O.K. come and have dinner with me, but I would like to know more about you -- what are you doing? As it is night time, and very far'*. So the man from Florence said how he wants to travel, and know more and more about the world. So the lawyer said *'That is a good idea, can I come with you?'* They went off together, and night time came again. They saw a farm, and went there to have some food. The owner of the farm came along, and he asked them what they were doing. So they told him, and he said *'I want to come with you'*.

So the three, together they go. Then they meet a giant, and again, this giant was very bad, and starts killing the man from Florence. Then the man from the farm said *'Oh my God, now its my turn'*, and he had an idea -- the giant had one eye which didn't work well. He says to the giant, *'I know that you have a special herb in your garden -- let's go and look for that herb'*. When he comes back, he mixes it with oil, then he said to the giant *'Now I have to tie you because it is so painful you could resist'*.

Anyhow, they throw the boiling oil at the giant, and the giant throws them a ring. The man from Florence takes the ring, and puts it on his finger and then realises that the finger becomes hard like marble. So he decided to cut off the finger. On going back to Florence, he decides not to tell anybody of his travels. If somebody asks him why his finger is missing, he won't tell them about giants or anything, but says *'Just cutting my grass'*.

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ITALIAN 3 -- SIDE A

PINOCCHIO Song

I'm made from wood
I'm a puppet;
I dance, I talk like a boy,
Like children I make a fuss;
I break something
Because I'm like a child.

My head is made from wood,
My legs are made from wood,
My arms are made from wood.
I'm all made from wood.
From wood is my nose,
From wood is my eye,
You know who I am ?
I am Pinocchio the puppet.

MY LITTLE HANDS Action Song Traditional Rhyme

These are my little hands,
Now they disappear.
These are little butterflies,
Now they disappear.
This is a birds' nest,
Now it's disappeared.
These are binoculars,
Now they're disappeared.
This is a soft pillow,
Now we're all asleep.
Here are my hands,

butterflies
birds' nest,
binoculars,
soft pillow.

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ITALIAN 3 -- SIDE A

THE BUTTERFLY AND THE FLAME Fable -- Leonardo Da Vinci

A multi-coloured butterfly was flying aimlessly through the dark evening when he saw a point of light in the distance. At once he flew in that direction, and when he came near to the flame he fluttered round it looking at it with wonder. How beautiful it was!

Not content with admiring it, the butterfly thought he would do what he did with fragrant flowers. He flew away, flew back, the bravely made for the flame and skimmed over it.

He found himself lying stunned beneath the light, and was stupefied to see that the points of his wings were singed.

'What has happened to me ?' he wondered, but could find no reason. He could not possibly believe that a thing as beautiful as that flame could do him any harm. And so, after gathering a little strength, he shook his wings and took flight once more.

He circled a little, and again made for the flame, intending to settle on it. And at once he fell, burned, into the oil that fed the bright little flame.

'Accursed light,' murmured the dying butterfly, 'I thought I should find happiness in you, and instead I have found death. I regret my foolish longing, for I realised too late, and to my undoing, how dangerous you were'.

'Poor butterfly', replied the flame, 'I am not the sun, as you so foolishly thought. I am only a light. And those who cannot approach me prudently are burned'.

This fable is meant for those who, like the butterfly, are attracted by worldly pleasures without knowing their true nature. Then, by the time they realise what they have lost, it already too late.

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ITALIAN 3 -- SIDE A

PROFESSOR CAT Traditional Poem

A cat named Valentino
Wanted to teach English
To a little mouse.

He prepared the grammar,
The cheese in the trap
And was waiting for the mouse
To fall into it.

And while he was waiting
He was singing over and over:
*'Little mouse come quickly,
The English language is here waiting for you'.*

The little mouse squeaked
And answered like this :
*'I can't come, honestly.
I like the language, but not the professor!'*

MOTHER KANGAROO Rhyme

Why run away, little one ?
Why are you so frightened ?
Its only the mother kangaroo.
She is carrying her baby.
Your mother takes your brother
For walks in a pusher,
But the mother kangaroo
Has only her pouch, not for shopping,
Not for travelling, but only for her little joey
With an impertinent look on his little
Urchin face, he enjoys his ride
From that funny little window.

CONTINUED



ITALIAN 3 -- SIDE A

THE LITTLE HORSE Song

Run, run little horse,
Gallop to Rome, Napoli, Torino.
The day will be very nice and beautiful.
Run, run, run like the wind.
Go so fast,
I will give you silver grass.
Run, run, run little horse,
Run, run, run little horse.

THE CATERPILLAR Fable -- Leonardo Da Vinci

Sitting still on a leaf, the caterpillar looked around him and saw all the insects in continual movement -- some singing, some jumping, some running, some flying. Poor creature, he was the only one that had no voice and could neither run nor fly.

With a great effort, he began to move, but so slowly that when he passed from one leaf to another he felt as though he had been round the world. And yet he envied nobody. He knew he was a caterpillar, and that caterpillars have to learn to weave fine threads, with wonderful skill, until they have made themselves a little house.

And so he eagerly began his work.

In a short time the caterpillar was enclosed in a warm silk cocoon, shut off from all the rest of the world.

'And now?' he wondered.

'Now wait,' replied a voice. 'Still a little patience, and you will see.'

At the right moment the caterpillar awoke, and was no longer a caterpillar.

He came out of the cocoon with two beautiful brightly coloured wings, and at once flew high into the sky.

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ITALIAN 3 -- SIDE B

THE THREE BEARS Traditional English Story.

Translated into Italian by Angelina Diiorio

DIMI MARIETTA Traditional Rhyme

Adaptation of 'Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary'.

THE CATERPILLAR Fable -- Leonardo Da Vinci

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ITALIAN 3 -- SIDE B

MAMMA Song.

A big word which everyone loves,
The first word which everyone learns,
Is the name of Mamma.
To say this word
Our heart is full of joy,
And it's a very sweet word,
The name of Mamma.

In this heart is a treasure,
You are the love for us,
Only you can read in our heart,
And with your love you protect us.
You look after us and guide us
With your smile and your sweetness
That only you can give.

Mamma, to say these words
Means a lot for us
And our heart is full of joy.

THIS MORNING MAMMA TAUGHT ME Song

This morning my Mamma taught me
To pray to God.
The poor little sparrow
Can't find crumbs to eat
Because it's too cold
And they're too hard to find.
They look into the sky.

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ITALIAN 3 -- SIDE B

CRICK AND CROCK AND HOOK Story

There are three thieves, and they want to know, who is the best and bravest. So they do many, many things. For instance one said *'Would you bet I would go there ? There is a little bird with some eggs -- I will go there and take the eggs without moving a bird'*. They said *'No, it is impossible'*. So he goes up the tree slowly.

In the meantime another one with a knife cuts off the heel of his shoes, while he's climbing the tree.

Hook leaves them and sets up a shop, and Crick and Crock try to steal a big piece of pork from him. But Hook outwits them, proving he is the cleverest of all.

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THE SPIDER AND THE GRAPES Fable -- Leonardo Da Vinci

A spider watched the movements of the insects day after day, and observed that the flies swarmed particularly round a bunch of large, very sweet grapes.

'I know what to do', he said to himself.

He climbed to the top of the vine and let himself down from there, on a fine thread, to the bunch of grapes. There he settled in a tiny space between two grapes.

From this hiding place he began to prey like a brigand upon the poor flies who came in search of food. He killed many of them, because none of them suspected that he was there.

But soon it was harvest time.

The farmer came to the field, picked the bunch of grapes and threw it into the vat, where it was at once crushed together with the other bunches.

The grapes were the fatal trap for the deceiving spider who died just as the flies he tricked died.



ITALIAN 4 -- SIDE A

THE TALE OF THE TURNIP Traditional English Story

Translated into Italian by Ignazia Giorlando

HELLO, MIAOW Traditional Poem

A gentleman named Stanislao
 Met a cat and said to it 'Hello!'
 The cat thought to itself
*'What an ignorant person,
 he can't even say : 'Miaow!'*

THE GRATEFUL LION Traditional Story

(Androcles and the Lion)

THE LITTLE BIRD Action Song

I saw in my garden
 A lovely small bird,
 And it's so nice and so beautiful,
 And it's name is a little sparrow.
 This is how he flies (actions)
 And sings (cheep, cheep).
 But a naughty man came with a gun
 And killed him.
 So the poor little bird is dead.

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ITALIAN 4 -- SIDE A

THE BULL Fable - Leonardo Da Vinci

An escaped bull was creating havoc among the flocks and herds. The shepherds no longer had the courage to take their animals to pasture because of this great savage beast who always appeared suddenly charging with head down and goring everything that stood in his way. The shepherds knew, however that the bull hated the colour red, and so one day they decided to set a trap for him. They draped the thick trunk of a tree with red cloth, and then hid. The bull soon appeared, blowing through his nostrils. Seeing the red trunk, he lowered his head to charge, and with a great crash his horns stuck in the tree, making him a prisoner.



ITALIAN 4 -- SIDE B

ITALIAN MUSIC

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