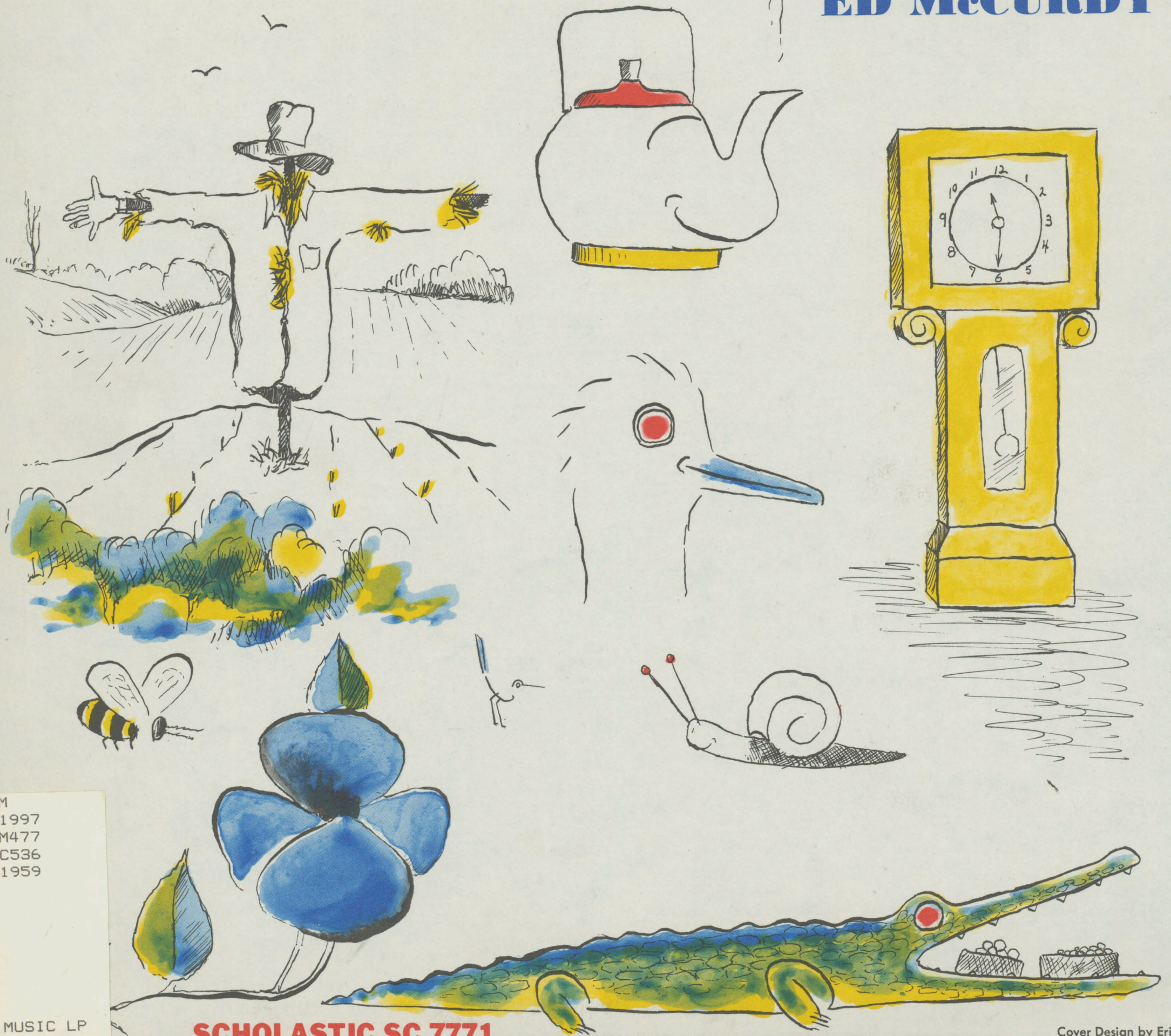


# children's stories and songs

conceived and performed by  
**ED McCURDY**



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*children's  
stories  
and songs*

PEOPLE AND HORSES  
IF I WERE A DUCK  
THE LITTLE SNAIL  
THE KITCHEN CLOCK  
THE WOODPECKER  
THE SCARECROW  
ONCE THERE WAS A LITTLE GIRL

FREDDIE WAS A FINE YOUNG MAN  
THE TEA KETTLE  
THE VERY GREEN FIELDS OF IRELAND  
I HAD A LITTLE DOG  
THE YOUNG VIOLET  
THE CROCODILE  
THE ECHO

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# *children's stories and songs*

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**ED McCURDY**

SIDE I, Band 1:

## PEOPLE AND HORSES

by Ed McCurdy

It was the school picnic, and it was being held in Jones' meadow. Everybody was very happy because they had just finished their lunch, and it was a good lunch, with peanut butter sandwiches, hard boiled eggs pickles, and icecream and lemonade and all sorts of good things.

"Well now, boys and girls," said one of the teachers, "let's all play some games." So they started playing ball, climbing trees, running races, and laughing and talking together.

Now, in the field right next to the meadow where the boys and girls and their teachers were having so much fun, there were some horses. There was a black horse, a grey horse, a brown horse, a white horse, and a dappled horse, and they were talking together. "I don't want to seem critical or appear rude," said the brown horse, "but sometimes I can't help thinking that people are just a little bit silly. Now for instance, you take the way they walk, up on their hind legs. Now that's very dangerous. It may be fancy, but it's very dangerous. One of these days they're going to fall."

"Oh, I don't know," said the dappled horse, "they've been walking like that for years. At least as long as I can remember, and they haven't fallen yet."

"Well, they're just lucky," said the brown horse. "Besides I think they're just trying to show off."

"One thing I've noticed about people," said the white horse, "is their shoes. They've got so many different colours and styles with laces, and buckles and all sorts of fancy frills. Most of them - why they're not practical at all, they couldn't

stand any kind of real wear. And something else I've noticed. People have the oddest habit. They take their shoes off when they go to bed. Isn't that silly?"

"It certainly is," said the grey horse. "We don't have all that fuss and bother. Just get a pair of good solid iron shoes, and nail them on, and forget about them till they fall off. Now that's being sensible."

"Well, the thing that makes me laugh," said the black horse, "is the food they eat. And the strange things they do to it before they eat it. Now you take oats, for instance. Do you know what they do to oats? Well! First they grind it all to bits, and then they put it into a fancy box, and seal the box up. Then they tear the box open, pour it out again, mix it with water, put it over a fire and boil it. It's the gooiest stuff you've ever seen. I think they call it porridge."

"Yes, that's pretty silly all right," said the dappled horse, "but I don't think they know what they're doing. Look at them over there in the meadow, with all that fine grass. Are they eating it? No! They're just running around tramping on it. People are just odd. That's all."

Over in the meadow, one of the little boys was looking at the horses in the field, and he said, "My, aren't they beautiful. Horses are very smart. I wonder if they think. I wonder what they think about."

SIDE I, Band 2:

## IF I WERE A DUCK

Words and music by Ed McCurdy

If I were a duck and could swim on the water,  
I'd swim 'round the pond and go "Quack!"  
I'd swim just as far as I wanted to go,  
And then I would turn and swim back.

If I were a cow and I had a fine pasture,  
I'd eat lots of grass and go "Moo!"  
Then I would go home to the barn to be milked  
And give a whole gallon or two.

If I were a squirrel and I lived in an oak tree,  
I'd eat lots of nuts and grow fat.  
Then lie on a limb of a tree in the sun,  
Oh what could be nicer than that?

SIDE I, Band 3:

#### THE LITTLE SNAIL

Words and music by Ed McCurdy

The little snail with his house on his back  
Crawls the garden around;  
So slowly he crawls it would take many hours  
To cover an acre of ground.

Don't laugh at the snail because he is slow,  
With your house on your back, how fast would  
you go?

SIDE I, Band 4:

#### THE CLOCK THAT TOLD THE WRONG TIME

by Ed McCurdy

Once there was a kitchen clock; a brand new kitchen clock, and in almost every way, it was a fine and very handsome kitchen clock. It had a nice square shape and a very attractive face. But this clock had something wrong with it, something very wrong with it. Now, as you know, a clock is supposed to tell the right time, and if it tells the wrong time, it's just of no use at all. And this clock told the wrong time. So, it was no good. It was a failure.

But it didn't MEAN to be no good, it didn't MEAN to be a failure, it wanted to be a good clock, it wanted to keep RIGHT time, but it couldn't. And the reason it couldn't was that it was nervous and insecure, and the reason that it was nervous was that it couldn't stand being watched. And the lady who owned it watched it. It was a new clock, and she wanted to be sure that it kept right time, so she watched it often, all day long. And the clock just couldn't stand it, and it got so upset that it went fast, and then went slow, and then stopped and then started. And it ticked very loud, and then it didn't tick at all, and just completely lost control - it didn't have the slightest idea of what time it was.

"Well," said the lady, "this is certainly a very poor clock. How am I going to know when it's time to start cooking supper? How am I going to know when it's time for the children to go to bed? I guess I'll just have to tell my husband to take it back to the clock store and get me another one."

So when her husband came home that evening, she told him about the trouble she'd been having with

the clock and he said that he would take it back to the store the very next day and get her another one. And just so he wouldn't forget, he took the clock down from the kitchen wall and put it on the little table in the hall where he'd be sure to see it first thing in the morning.

Poor kitchen clock. It was so sad. And it just sat there on the table in the hall and cried. "I'm so miserable," it said to itself. "I'm just a failure. And in the morning they're going to take me back to the clock store. What will the other clocks say? I'll be disgraced." And the poor kitchen clock cried and cried.

"What's the matter, little clock?" spoke a voice out of the darkness, "Why are you crying?"

"Who are you?" said the kitchen clock, "and where are you?"

"Why, I'm the old grandfather's clock, and I'm over here in the corner," said the voice. "I heard you crying and I'd like to know what's wrong. Perhaps I can help you."

"Oh, no one can help me," said the kitchen clock, "I'm just a failure. I don't keep right time, and in the morning they're going to take me back to the store, and all the other clocks will laugh at me and I'll be disgraced."

"What seems to be the trouble?" said the grandfather's clock. "Why DON'T you keep right time?"

"Because I can't stand being watched," said the kitchen clock. "It makes me nervous and I get so upset that I just can't control myself. Why must they always watch me? I could keep time as well as any clock if they'd just let me alone and not watch me all the time. Don't they trust me?"

"Now, now," said the old grandfather's clock, "you've got everything all wrong. I'll have to tell you a few things." And so, ticking slowly and thoughtfully the wise old clock said, "It's all very simple. There's nothing really wrong with you, little clock, you just don't seem to know what you are. You're a CLOCK, and people are ALWAYS watching clocks."

"But why?" said the kitchen clock, "WHY are they always watching?"

"So they can tell what time it is," said the wise old grandfather's clock, patiently, "didn't you know that? You're meant to be watched. It's not that they don't trust you, they watch you so they'll know what time it is. That's what clocks are for."

"You mean they really do trust me," said the kitchen clock, "and that's why they watch me?"

"Certainly," said the grandfather's clock. "They watch you because they trust you. They want to know the time and so they look at you to tell them. That's what you're for."

"Oh, now I feel much better," said the kitchen clock.  
 "Thank you for telling me these things. I'll never  
 be nervous or upset any more. Now that I know  
 what I am and what I'm for I'm happy. And I'm  
 going to start running again right now. Would  
 you mind telling me the right time? I can't see  
 very well in the dark."

"It's half past eleven," said the old grandfather's  
 clock."

"Thank you," said the kitchen clock, and moving  
 his hands to half past eleven he began to tick  
 merrily away.

Now, next morning when the lady and her husband  
 came downstairs for breakfast, they heard the  
 clock ticking and they were very surprised.  
 "Well," said the husband, "what do you think of  
 that? That clock is running again. And it's telling  
 the right time, too."

"So it is," said the lady. "Maybe we should keep  
 it. Perhaps it's all right now."

And so they kept it. And do you know, from then  
 on that kitchen clock kept better time than any  
 other clock in the house and it never minded being  
 watched.

#### SIDE I, Band 5:

#### ONCE THERE WAS A WOODPECKER

Words and music by Ed McCurdy

Once there was a woodpecker  
 And the woodpecker's head was red.  
 He pecked upon an old fence post  
 And the fence post to him said,

Oh stop your pecking woodpecker  
 At least stop pecking me  
 For the noise is keeping me awake  
 Go peck on the old oak tree.

So the woodpecker said, "Why yes of course"  
 And away from there he flew  
 He flew right up to the old oak tree  
 As the fence post asked him to.

He perched himself on the old oak tree  
 And pecked there for a while  
 Till the oak tree turned to the woodpecker  
 And said with a pleasant smile:

"I really must beg your pardon  
 I hate to bother you  
 I know it's rude to interrupt,  
 Forgive me if I do,

But all this pecking hurts my head  
 It makes my poor head ache  
 So if you do not too much mind  
 Stop for goodness sake."

So off flew the woodpecker  
 Yes off again he flew  
 And to himself he sadly said  
 "Oh what am I to do?"

A woodpecker has to peck on wood  
 That's how I got my name  
 But the fence post doesn't want me  
 And the oak tree just the same.

Oh what a pity, oh how sad  
 I'll soon become a wreck  
 For what can a poor woodpecker do  
 When he has no wood to peck?"

#### SIDE I, Band 6:

#### "THE SCARECROW"

by Ed McCurdy

Farmer Jones and his son had just finished planting  
 corn. "Well," said the son, "now that's finished.  
 Now all we have to do is sit back and wait for it  
 to grow."

"Now that's a silly thing to say," said Farmer  
 Jones, "you know we've got a lot of crows around  
 here and you know what crows are - they like  
 nothing better than freshly planted corn. They'll  
 eat it all up before it has a chance to grow unless  
 we can stop them. We've got to scare them away.  
 We've got to have a scarecrow."

So Farmer Jones and his son got two pieces of wood,  
 nailed them together to make a cross, pounded the  
 cross into the ground in the middle of the field,  
 dressed the cross in old clothes, stuffed the clothes  
 with straw, and topped it all off with a floppy old  
 hat.

"Now there's a fine looking scarecrow," said Farmer  
 Jones. "That'll frighten the crows and keep them  
 away. It looks just like a person." And it DID  
 look just like a person. A rather fierce looking  
 person. And it DID keep the crows away. You see,  
 crows have learned from long years of bitter  
 experience that people just don't like them some-  
 times, and they don't want them around, especially  
 around their corn fields. Sometimes people shoot  
 at crows with guns, and so crows just don't trust  
 people, and they stay away from them as much as  
 possible. So, since the scarecrow looked so  
 much like a person, the crows stayed away from  
 Farmer Jones' cornfield.

"My that certainly is a fine scarecrow," said Farmer  
 Jones. "It certainly is keeping the crows away from  
 my corn. Yes sir, it certainly is successful."

And the scarecrow was successful. But it wasn't  
 happy. It was miserable. And I'll tell you why.  
 You see, this scarecrow didn't want to scare any-  
body. Especially, he didn't want to scare crows.  
 He LIKED crows. And he wanted to be friends with



them, and have them near him. "Oh, I'm so miserable," said the scarecrow. "I'm so lonely. I do wish I had some crows to talk to. But there's not much chance of that. They won't come near me. I'm so fierce looking. I scare them. I'm a scarecrow." And the poor scarecrow cried and cried and cried, he was so sad. "Oh, if I could only think of some way to let them know that I want to be friends. If I could only think of something." So while he cried, he thought and thought, and while he thought, he cried, and pretty soon he went to sleep.

And while he slept, he had a dream. He heard someone speaking to him. "What are you crying for, Scarecrow?" said a voice. And when the scarecrow looked, he saw a beautiful fairy.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"I'm the spirit of Friendliness," said the fairy, "and I want to know why you're crying. I'd like to help you."

"Oh, no one can help me," sobbed the scarecrow. "It's just impossible. I have a terrible problem."

"Well, what's so impossible about it?" asked the fairy. "Why is it so terrible?"

"Well," said the scarecrow, "it's like this: I'm a scarecrow - and I love crows... And I want to be friends with them, but since I look like a person and I'm so fierce looking, they won't come near me, and I just don't know what to do."

"You'd really like to be friends with the crows?" asked the fairy.

"Oh yes," said the scarecrow. "More than anything else in the world."

"Well," said the fairy, "it's really very simple. Now you listen. If you want to have friends, all you have to do is feel friendly, and if you feel friendly strong enough, and all the time, your friendliness will show and you'll have friends."

"Will that work with me?" asked the scarecrow. "I'm so fierce looking."

"It'll work with anybody," said the fairy, "no matter how he looks, if he's friendly enough." And, smiling a friendly smile, she disappeared.

"Oh, what a lovely dream," said the scarecrow as he woke up. "I'm going to do just as the fairy told me. I'm going to stand here in the middle of this cornfield and feel so friendly that those crows just can't help but notice." And so the scarecrow stood in the middle of the cornfield and felt just as friendly as he possibly could, and his friendly feeling was so strong that it did show, and the crows did notice it, and they came, and they perched on his shoulders, and they made nests in his hat, and they talked to him, and they played games and they had a wonderful time. And they also ate some corn.

"I'm so happy," said the scarecrow. "This is the way I've always wanted to be, surrounded by crows. My, it's wonderful."

But Farmer Jones didn't think it was wonderful. Farmer Jones was angry. "What's going on here?" he shouted when he saw the crows walking boldly around the field eating his corn. "What's wrong with that scarecrow? Maybe I didn't make him scary enough. Well I'm going to fix that." So he ran back to the house, ran up to the attic, and he got an armful of the shabbiest clothes he could find, and ran back to the field, and hung them all over the scarecrow. He put the coat on backwards, turned the pants inside out, and put the hat on upside down. "Now," he said, "that's the strangest looking scarecrow I've ever seen. If that doesn't scare the crows, nothing will." And feeling very satisfied with himself, he went back to his house. But just as soon as he was out of sight, the crows all came flying back to their friend, the scarecrow. The different clothes and the strange way he was dressed didn't bother them. The scarecrow was still friendly, and that's all they noticed. And that's all that mattered. And so they perched on his shoulders, made nests in his hat, and they talked to him, and they played games, and they had a wonderful time. And they also ate some corn.

Well. When Farmer Jones came back to the field next morning and saw the crows perched on the scarecrow and walking around the field eating corn, he was really angry. "Goodness gracious," he said, "what good is it having a scarecrow if he doesn't keep the crows away. I might as well get rid of it." So he took the scarecrow and carried it over to a nearby swamp and threw it down and left it there. "Now," he said, "I'll go back to the house and get my shotgun and shoot those crows. I'm not going to let them steal my corn." And so he went to the house and got his shotgun. But when he got back to the field there wasn't a crow in sight. Farmer Jones was surprised. "There isn't a crow in sight," he said. "Where do you suppose they went? Well, anyway I'll just stay here till they come back."

But the crows didn't come back. Ever. And do you know where they were? They were over in the swamp with their friend the scarecrow. That's where they wanted to be. And they were happy. And the scarecrow was happy. And since there were no more crows in his cornfield, Farmer Jones was happy too.

SIDE II, Band 1:

ONCE THERE WAS A LITTLE GIRL

Words and music by Ed McCurdy

Once there was a little girl  
Who had a dirty face,  
She got that way by playing  
In a very dirty place.

She played down in the coal bin  
Where her father kept the coal,  
She played she was a miner,  
She dug a little hole.

But she hadn't been playing miner long  
When her father came and got her,  
And the very next game this little girl played  
Was played with soap and water.

SIDE II, Band 2:

FREDDY WAS A FINE YOUNG MAN

Words and music by Ed McCurdy

Freddy was a fine young man,  
A fine young man was he,  
He built himself a little house,  
Up in an apple tree.  
For he was fond of apples,  
Oh, very fond, and so,  
Any time he wanted one,  
He hadn't far to go.

One day while he was in his house,  
Up in the apple tree,  
The limb his house was on did break,  
And to the ground fell he,  
Now Freddy didn't cry at all,  
Just turned around and said,  
"I've lost my taste for apples,  
I'll take a peach instead."

SIDE II, Band 3:

THE TEAKETTLE WHO WANTED TO SING  
LIKE PEOPLE

by Ed McCurdy

Once there was a tea kettle who wanted to sing. Now, as you most likely know, tea kettles DO sing - like tea kettles. But this particular tea kettle wasn't satisfied with just singing like a tea kettle, he wanted to sing like people. And he could, but he never had a chance to. You see, it took him quite a while to warm up - he had to boil for quite a while. Really boil. But every time he started to boil, somebody would empty half of his water into a teapot, and then they'd put him back on the stove where all he could do was simmer. Now you can't work up any sort of tone when you're just simmering. All you can do is sing like a tea kettle. And with this particular tea kettle, as I've mentioned, singing like

a tea kettle just wasn't enough. He wanted to sing like people.

Now he probably would never have gotten his chance if it hadn't been for the fact that Mrs. Jones, his owner, liked to talk. This is the way it happened. One day, Mrs. Jones put the tea kettle on the stove and left him there to boil while she went out to hang up the washing. While she was out hanging up the washing she got to talking to Mrs. Brown who lived next door and she forgot all about the tea kettle being on the stove. Now while she was talking to Mrs. Brown, the tea kettle was getting hotter and hotter. And finally, it started to sing - like a tea kettle, and then it started to boil, really boil, and then it started to sing - like people. Yes, at last, it got the chance to boil long enough and hard enough to really sing - the way it wanted to. And it sang, and sang, and sang, and sang.

Well, just then, the garbage man, who had come to get the garbage, walked past the kitchen window and heard the tea kettle singing. Now, the garbage man was interested in singing; he sang quite a bit himself, so he stopped to listen. When he looked in the window and saw it was the kettle singing, he was surprised. "Oh, Mrs. Jones," he said, "Come here quick, your tea kettle's singing."

"All right," said Mrs. Jones, "I'll be there."

"But you don't understand," said the garbage man, "your tea kettle is singing. Come and listen."

"Oh don't be silly," said Mrs. Jones. I've heard it singing before. All tea kettles sing."

"But Mrs. Jones, I really don't think you understand. Your tea kettle is really singing. Like people."

"Oh for goodness sakes, you're just fooling me aren't you?" said Mrs. Jones.

"No I'm not," said the garbage man, "you come here and listen."

And so Mrs. Jones came over and listened. "Well, so it IS singing," she said.

"It certainly is," said the garbageman, "and one of the finest voices I've ever heard, too. Why don't you call Professor Bonelli?"

"I think I will," said Mrs. Jones. And she did.

"Now Professor Bonelli was a singing teacher, and he knew all about singing, and when he heard the tea kettle singing, he said, "This is the finest voice I have ever heard. We must arrange a concert. The world must hear this voice."

So Professor Bonelli ran over to the opera house and arranged to have a concert as soon as possible. Then he called up all his friends and asked them to buy tickets, and they did, and they asked all THEIR friends to buy tickets, and THEY did, and so by the night of the concert, the opera

house was full. What an exciting evening it was! People had come for miles around to hear this concert. None of them had ever heard a tea kettle sing before, at least they had never heard one sing like people. So they sat in their seats and waited impatiently for the concert to begin.

At last the house lights dimmed, the curtain rose, and there in the middle of the stage was a beautiful, gleaming white stove, and on it sat the tea kettle. It was all boiling and ready to go, so after bowing several times to the audience, it started to sing. And what beautiful singing it was. It sang high, and it sang low; and it sang loud, and it sang soft; and it sang all the songs it had always wanted to sing - "Come Where My Love lies Dreaming", "Road to Mandalay", "Annie Laurie", "Lo Hear the Gentle Lark", "Asleep in the Deep", and several things from "Rigoletto". It just sang and sang and sang until all its water boiled away and it couldn't sing any more.

Well, the audience just stood and clapped and clapped and clapped and clapped until they couldn't clap any more, they were so pleased. And the tea kettle was the happiest tea kettle that ever sang.

#### SIDE II, Band 4:

##### THE VERY GREEN FIELDS OF IRELAND

Words and music by Ed McCurdy

My grandfather had some very fine ducks  
In the very green fields of Ireland;  
With a "quack, quack" here,  
A "quack, quack" there,  
Hey bonnie Laurie won't you come along with me  
To the very green fields of Ireland?

My grandfather had some very fine geese  
In the very green fields of Ireland;  
With a "Sssss" here,  
And a "Sssss" there,  
Hey bonnie Laurie won't you come along with me  
To the very green fields of Ireland?

My grandfather had some very fine pigs  
In the very green fields of Ireland;  
With an "oink, oink" here  
And an "oink, oink" there,  
Hey bonnie Laurie won't you come along with me  
To the very green fields of Ireland?

#### SIDE II, Band 5:

##### I HAD A LITTLE DOG

Words and music by Ed McCurdy

I had a little dog,  
I called my little dog Sport,  
His ears were very, very long,  
His tail was very short.

Yes, I had a little dog,  
Also a little cat,  
Its hair was gray, its eyes were green,  
And it was very fat.

I had a little dog and cat,  
And I also had a mouse,  
And it was lots of fun to see  
Them run about the house.

My mother said they'd have to leave,  
And so I let them go.  
The dog went north, the cat went south,  
The mouse I'll never know.

#### SIDE II, Band 6:

##### THE YOUNG VIOLET

by Ed McCurdy

Once there was a young violet who grew in a small rock garden in the lawn of a fine country house. He was a very handsome young violet and the people who passed near noticed him and were pleased. He really was an exceptionally fine specimen. Now this young violet had a very happy life. The rest of the flowers in the rock garden were all pleasant to him and the lady who took care of the place kept the flowers well-watered and everything was quite nice.

There was just one thing that kept the young violet's life from being perfect. You see, he was in love. And the flower he was in love with was a pansy who lived in a flowerbox on a high porch that ran along the side of the house. Now the violet could see her and wave to her, but he couldn't speak to her. She was too far away. And violets' voices are very soft and small. And the young violet wanted so much to speak to the little pansy and to tell her how much he loved her, and how beautiful he thought she was. But he couldn't and so he was sad. And a small tear ran down his petals.

"Why are you sad, little violet?" asked an ivy plant that was growing nearby.

And the little violet told him. "Oh, that's too bad," said the ivy plant. "I'm very sorry. I'd offer to take a message to her, I'm growing up that way, but we ivy plants grow very slowly. It'll take me -- oh, several years to get up that far. I really am sorry, little violet. But why don't you ask the wind? He blows around a lot and can travel quite fast. He might be able to help you."

So the young violet thanked the ivy plant for his advice and the next time the wind blew by he asked the wind if he'd take a message to the little pansy.

"Oh, dear me," said the wind. "I don't think I can help you. I may be going up that way soon, but then again, I may not. You know how we winds are, always changeable. I never know for sure where I'm going. I'm sorry I can't help you. Goodbye." And he blew off in the opposite direction.



Poor little violet. It just didn't seem possible to get a message to the little pansy in the window box. And he stood there in the rock garden feeling sad. Just then, a bee who was sucking nectar from a rose nearby happened to notice the young violet and he flew over to him. He asked what the matter was and the young violet told him.

"Well, now," said the bee, "I might be able to help you. Delivering messages is a little out of my line. I'm in the honey business myself, you know, but since you seem like such a nice flower and I'm very fond of flowers I'll take a few minutes off from work and I'll take your message up there to the pansy."

"Oh, thank you so much, Mr. Bee," said the violet. "It's not a very long message. Just tell her that I think she's beautiful."

"All right, young fellow," said the bee. "I'll buzz up there right now." And away he went up to the flower box on the high porch where the little pansy grew. And the young violet anxiously watched him go.

In just about a minute the bee came flying back and flew up to the young violet in the rock garden. "Well, I delivered your message," he said, "and I've got a message for you, too."

"Oh, wonderful," said the young violet. "Please tell me what it is."

"Well," said the bee, "it's not a long message. Just this. The little pansy says to tell you that you're very handsome. Goodbye, young violet." And off he flew.

"Oh, I didn't have a chance to say thank you to him," said the young violet. Oh, happy violet. He stood there in the rock garden just as tall as he could stand, and smiling his happiest smile, waved gently at the little pansy in the flower box. And the little pansy in the flower box waved gently back.

I sailed my way around the world  
A dozen times or more,  
And strange and wondrous things I saw  
When I went to explore.

The strangest thing I ever saw  
Was on a tropic isle,  
As I was walking out one day  
I saw a crocodile.

This crocodile I'm telling you  
Was bigger than a whale,  
I'm sure it was at least a mile  
In length from head to tail.

And when he stood upon his legs  
He reached up to the sky,  
I had to climb the tallest tree  
To look into his eye.

This crocodile he looked at me  
Then opened up his jaw,  
And as I looked into his mouth,  
Well, this is what I saw.

I saw a thousand cabbages,  
I counted every one,  
A million ears of roasting corn  
And apples by the ton.

Ten thousand baskets full of peas,  
And crates of tangerines,  
And oranges and peaches too,  
And barrels of pork and beans.

I saw a lot of other things,  
Enough to make me stare,  
Just think of any food you wish,  
I'm sure that it was there.

And had I wished to stay and count,  
I'd still be there today,  
But I decided I should leave  
And so I sailed away.

Now you have heard my wondrous tale,  
And all of it is true,  
But if you don't believe me now,  
Well that is up to you.

SIDE II, Band 6:

### CROCODILE SONG

Words and music by Ed McCurdy

When I was just a little boy  
I thought I'd like to be  
The captain of a mighty ship  
A-sailing on the sea,  
The captain of a mighty ship  
A-sailing on the sea.

And sure enough, when I grew up,  
My childish dream came true,  
I was the captain of a ship  
Upon the ocean blue.  
I was the captain of a ship  
Upon the ocean blue.

SIDE II, Band 8:

### THE ECHO THAT GOT LOST

by Ed McCurdy

Once there was an echo that got lost. How it got lost is a very interesting story, and I'd like to tell it to you. Of course you know what an echo is, don't you? Well, suppose you were out in the country and you were walking through a valley between two hills and you shouted very loud, you'd sometimes hear your voice which would come back to you - like this - HELLO - hello. Well, that's an echo.

Now, for the story of the echo that got lost. One day, a little girl whose name was Ann, was out



playing with her little brother whose name was Charlie. Charlie wanted to play tag, so he said to Ann, "You're it. Try and catch me." So off he ran across the field as fast as he could go. And Ann ran after him. Pretty soon they came to a little valley in between two hills.

Now while they were running through this little valley Ann lost sight of her brother Charlie, and so she called to him as loudly as she could, "Charlie". Now, this was the sort of a place where you could make an echo, and there was an echo when Ann called her brother, but she was running so fast that by the time the echo came back to where she was, she wasn't there any more. She was out of the valley.

And she couldn't hear him. And the echo couldn't follow her because echoes can only echo in certain places.

So the poor little echo just ran around and around the valley answering "Charlie" till he got so tired that he had to stop and rest. But each time he heard any sound at all he would jump up and answer "Charlie" just in case it was the little girl Ann. Now this led to a great deal of confusion and caused quite a few people to be very surprised. You see, any time anybody passed through the little valley between the two hills and shouted anything at all, instead of hearing back what they shouted, they would hear the little lost echo answering "Charlie". Now, as you can imagine, the people thought this very strange, and it did sound sort of strange, something like this: "HELLO...Charlie; HOW ARE YOU....Charlie; WHAT'S GOING ON AROUND HERE.....Charlie." And the people were very startled, and some of them were even frightened. You see, they didn't know what was going on.

Now, if YOU are ever out walking and come to a little valley between two hills and shout HELLO and hear back "Charlie", you needn't be frightened, because you'll know that it's just the little lost echo.

## ADDITIONAL

## FOLKWAYS/SCHOLASTIC

### RELEASES OF INTEREST:

#### ♦ 7674 AMERICAN GAME & ACTIVITY SONGS FOR CHILDREN.

Sung by Pete Seeger. Words sung slowly; repetitious. Inc. *Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush, Shoo Fly, Liza Jane, New River Train, & Candy Gal*; more.

1-12" LP

#### ♦ 7003 1, 2, 3 & A ZING ZING ZING.

Rec. & ed. by Tony Schwartz. Street games & songs of N. Y. C. children. Inc. jump rope, bounce ball, & ring games; folk songs.

1-10" LP

#### 7004 RING GAMES.

Rec. in Alabama by Harold Courlander; Negro children sing & clap game songs played in circle or line; words are part of tradition. Instruc. in text. For rhythmic activities.

1-10" LP

#### ♦ 7675 SONGS TO GROW ON Vol. 1—NURSERY DAYS.

Sung by Woody Guthrie. Inc. *Put Your Finger in the Air, Wake Up, & My Dolly*; more.

1-12" LP

#### ♦ 7606 NURSERY RHYMES, GAMES & FOLK SONGS.

Sung by Cisco Houston. Favorite familiar children's rhymes; inc. *London Bridge, 3 Blind Mice, & Humpty Dumpty*; more.

1-12" LP

#### 7523 ACTIVITY SONGS FOR KIDS.

Writ. & sung by Marcia Berman, with guitar acc. Songs suggesting movement & current activities; construction & travel. Text.

1-12" LP

#### ♦ 7628 CAMP SONGS.

Dir. & acc. by Pete Seeger, Erik Darling, Song Swappers, & children age 6-11. Inc. *John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmitt, Be Kind to Your Teachers*; more.

1-12" LP

#### 7679 COUNTING GAMES & RHYTHMS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

By Ella Jenkins. Folk songs for learning number concepts; the teaching of numbers through rhythmic activities.

1-12" LP

#### 7680 RHYTHM & GAME SONGS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

By Ella Jenkins. Rhythmic activity to teach creativity. Text.

1-12" LP

#### 7081 DO YOU KNOW HOW YOU GROW? INSIDE.

Songs & narr. about food & growth. Sung by Roxana Alsberg; kinds of food needed, digestive process, how food travels to body parts; more. Lyrics by Isabel Abrams, biology teacher.

1-10" LP

#### 7082 DO YOU KNOW HOW YOU GROW? OUTSIDE.

Songs & narr. explain changes that occur while you are growing; new things you can do as you mature, uneven rates of growth, heredity; more.

1-10" LP

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