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YOUNG PEOPLE'S RECORDS, INC.

PARENTS' MAGAZINE SEAL OF APPROVAL • "BEST IN CHILDREN'S RECORDS," N. Y. TIMES • "MAJOR CULTURAL ACHIEVEMENT," NATIONAL AWARD 1947



AROUND the WORLD

TO THE PARENTS: "Around the World" makes use of the imaginative and exciting means of travel—an ocean liner, camel, elephant, air plane, dog sled, and streamline train. Each of the songs permits of creative bodily movements by the child with contrasting slow and fast tempos. The realism employed is in contrast to the usual mystic concept of the "Magic Carpet." Here, the child actually participates in each adventure.

OCEAN LINER SONG

Out to sea my liner sails.
Out to sea, out to sea.
Hear the sound its fog horn makes.
Ooh! Ooh! Ooh!

See the waves come splashing high.
Splashing high, splashing high.
Oh, I'm off to take a trip
To lands I've never seen.

CAMEL SONG

On a camel, riding in the sun.
Head so high, nose up in the sky.

Slipping, sliding on his hump.
Always bumpety, bump.

CLOPPY CLOPPY

Cloppy, cloppy, cloppy, cloppy.
Like the wind I'm racing and racing.
And cloppy, cloppy, cloppy, cloppy.
Riding through the meadows and fields.

Over rocks and over hills.
And faster and faster and faster and faster.
And over rocks and over hills
I'm rushing and flying ever so fast.

And cloppy, cloppy, cloppy, cloppy.
Like the wind I'm racing and racing.
And cloppy, cloppy, cloppy, cloppy.
Riding through the meadows and fields.

ELEPHANT SONG

Heavy, Heavy.
Elephants are heavy.
Heads nodding.
Trunks waving,
Through the forest stomping.
Heavy, Heavy.
Elephants are heavy.

THE RIO GRANDE

I'll sing you a song of the fish of the sea.
Away O-Rio.
I'll sing you a song of the fish of the sea.
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Look away O-Rio,
Away O-Rio.
So fare ye well my pretty young girls,
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

It's goodbye to Sally and goodbye to Sue.
Away O-Rio.
It's goodbye to me and it's goodbye to you.
'Cause we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Look away O-Rio,
Away O-Rio.
So fare ye well my pretty young girls,
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

ESKIMO SONG

Sliding over ice and snow,
And sliding over ice and snow.
Up the hills and down again,
And up the hills my dog sled goes.

Skimming faster than the birds,
And twisting, turning in and out.
Holding on with all my might,
And driving onward with a shout.
Mush!

Sliding over ice and snow,
And sliding over ice and snow.
Sliding over ice and snow,
And coming to a stop.
Whoa!



