

YOUNG PEOPLE'S RECORDS, INC.

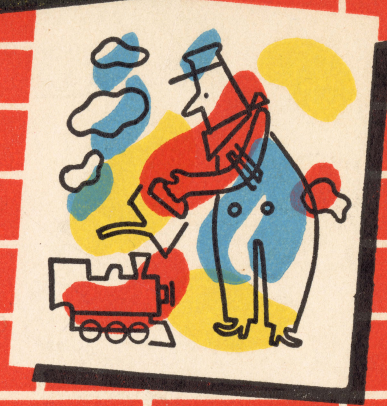
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PARENTS' MAGAZINE SEAL OF APPROVAL • "BEST IN CHILDREN'S RECORDS," N. Y. TIMES • "MAJOR CULTURAL ACHIEVEMENT," NATIONAL AWARD 1947



4JAY

BY RAYMOND ABRASHKIN • MUSIC BY WALTER HENDI
WHEN I GROW UP
— SONG BY TOM GLAZER AND CHARITY BAILEY —



RAILROAD ENGINEER



FARMER GIRL



BALLET DANCER



COWBOY



BAKER



NURSE

WHEN I GROW UP

TO PARENTS: *When I grow up* . . . magic words for any child. But too often children, and parents too, find themselves thinking of childhood in terms of the future — as a preparation for life. Childhood is an important *part* of life — and when a child "pretends" to play a grown-up role he is living the part. As the last song on this record tells him — "there's no need to wait until you are grown to do all these things." That is the essence of the creative dramatic play this record can stimulate.

RAILROAD ENGINEER

Would you like to bring most anything
From where it is to here?
The man that you must call on is
The railroad engineer.

Would you like to be a passenger
To stations far and near?
Then pack your grip and travel with
The railroad engineer.

Climb aboard
We can't wait,
Got to move
All this freight.

Switch it off
In the yard,
Back 'er up
Not too hard,
Couple on and
Hurry men,
Here we go
Once again!

With his hand upon the throttle and
A track that's free and clear,
A-speeding 'cross the country goes
The railroad engineer.

Chug-a-chug-a-choo-choo
Whooo, whoooooooooooo.

BALLET DANCER

I shall surely be a ballet dancer,
Dancing like a lovely swan;
When the music plays I'll answer
With twinkling feet
And smile so sweet
Twirling and whirling on and on. . . .

I shall dance for everyone to see me,
Just the way I'm dancing now.
Who would not be proud to be me —
To stand and hear
The people cheer
As I throw them a kiss,
Throw them a kiss — and bow.

INVENTOR

So many things we have today
Were thought up by inventors —
Cars and planes and radios
And holes in doughnuts' centers.
It seems as though there's nothing new
For anyone to show up
But that's not true — there are still a few
I'll invent them when I grow up:

First I'll build a rocking chair
That I can fly away with —
Then a walking-talking teddy-bear
For boys and girls to play with.
Then I'll invent a special clock
A brand new way of keeping time —
My clock will go: tick-tock, tick-tock —
But never point to sleeping time!

Inventing things is so much fun,
I just can't wait to scheme some up.
And when the ones I've invented are invented,
I'll go to sleep and dream some up!

FARMER GIRL

I'll hoe the corn and mow the hay
When I'm a farmer girl.
I'll milk the cows most every day
When I'm a farmer girl.
I'll feed the horses when they neigh
I'll watch the wooly lambs at play,
I'll eat the eggs the chickens lay
When I'm a farmer girl.

I'll plant potatoes, beans and peas,
When I'm a farmer girl.
I'll get my apples off the trees,
When I'm a farmer girl.
I'll gather honey from the bees,
I'll churn my butter, make my cheese,
I'll pick the flowers that I please
When I'm a farmer girl.

ALL THE THINGS THERE ARE TO DO

Cowboy, sailor, butcher, baker,
Postman, tailor, auto maker,
Waitress, lawyer or bricklayer,
Office boy or baseball player.

That is just to name a few
Of all the things there are to do.

Miner, teacher, deep-sea diver,
Typist, preacher, tractor driver,
Rubber worker, nurse or doorman,
Housewife, clerk or factory foreman.

Writer, drummer, tunnel digger,
Mayor, plumber, derrick rigger,
Sardine packer or musician,
Lumberjack or electrician.

That is just to name a few
Of all the things there are to do.

NO NEED TO WAIT

Your bed can be a sailing boat
And if you want a ride,
Then you can be the captain
And sail the ocean wide.

A chair can be an aeroplane
A-zooming through the sky,
And you can be the pilot
And fly it way up high.

Now you can be a fireman
With clothesline for your hose —
Or you can be an actress
Dressed up in mother's clothes.

There's no need to wait until you are grown
To do all these things — don't you see?
For, as I have shown, a child on his own
Can be what he wishes to be,
Can be what he wishes to be.



YOUNG PEOPLES



Sung by
Tom Glazer
Charley Bailey

2-725 B

WHEN I GROW UP
(Hendel-Abramkin)



RECORDS

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