

Sås & Kopp (Finland/Sweden)

Track 1 -- "Trampolin"

Song is sung in Swedish, but artists reside in Finland.

På gården har vi en trampolin
det e en jättestor tamburin
en studs matta som alla hoppar på.

Alla ungar från vårt kvarter,
varje dag blir vi fler o fler
det e en ständig fest här på vår gård.

Pappa sa att nu finns det HOPP
mer än nånsin i denna tropp
o sku visa hur man gör en volt....

Trampolin, en trampolin en trampolin.
De e en jätte tamburin
som vi hoppar på.
Trampolin, en trampolin, en trampolin
tar sats o så..försöker trädens toppar nå.

Mamma prövade hon också
o glömde givetvis spisen på
så soppan brann i botten fallera...

Farfar slängde sin käpp så käckt
skulle visa för samlad släkt,
men då tappa han löständerna

Det var kaos o karneval
yra ungar på drullebal
Alla tycks ju redan veta att..vi har en

Trampolin, en trampolin en trampolin.
De e en jätte tamburin
som vi hoppar på.
Trampolin, en trampolin, en trampolin
tar sats o så..försöker trädens toppar nå.

Dad (spoken): Look what i bought, kids!

Kids: A trampoline!

In our garden we have a trampoline
It's like a very big tambourine
A rebounder everybody is jumping on.

All kids from our neighbourhood
More and more come every day
There is a constant party in our garden.

Daddy said that we have hope*
More than ever in this troupe
And he should show us how to make a somersault

Trampoline, a trampoline, a trampoline.
A gigantic tambourine
We are jumping on!
Trampoline, a trampoline, a trampoline
Jump up...and try to reach the treetops.

Mummy wanted to try also
But she forgot the food on the stove
so the soup was burnt...oh no!

Grandpa threw his stick in a lively manner
He showed off for the whole family
But then he lost his dentures.

It was a chaos and a carnival
Crazy kids at a clodhopper party
It seems that everyone knows that we have a.....

Trampoline, a trampoline, a trampoline.
A gigantic tambourine
We are jumping on!
Trampoline, a trampoline, a trampoline
Jump up...and try to reach the treetops.

**hopp = means both hope and jump in Swedish*

Les Déménageurs (Belgium)

Track 2 – “Bonjour, tout va bien“

Bonjour tout va bien
J'ai mes dix doigts, mes deux mains
Deux yeux encore fatigués
Comme tous les matins

Elle aurait bien aimé rester plus longtemps dans lit
Casser son réveil et puis dormir jusqu'à midi
Mais voilà, elle est là un peu plus réveillée que vous
Grâce au petit chocolat chaud qui m'aide à tenir le coup

Elle aurait bien aimé rester plus longtemps sous la douche
Jouer à avaler, puis souffler l'eau hors de la bouche
Mais voilà, elle est là un peu plus réveillée que vous
Grâce au petit chocolat chaud qui l'aide à tenir le coup

Bonjour tout va bien
J'ai mes dix doigts, mes deux mains
Deux yeux encore fatigués
Comme tous les matins

Elle aurait bien aimé manger encore quelques croissants
Tous chauds dans le four, le chocolat fondu dedans
Mais voilà, elle est là un peu plus réveillée que vous
Grâce au petit chocolat chaud qui l'aide à tenir le coup

Elle aurait bien aimé écouter encore la radio
Y a des messieurs bizarres qui racontent des trucs rigolos
Mais voilà, elle est là à chanter au milieu de vous
Maintenant que vous êtes réveillés
On va pouvoir faire les p'tits fous

Bonjour tout va bien
J'ai mes dix doigts, mes deux mains
Deux yeux encore fatigués
Comme tous les matins

Hello, everything's alright
I have my 10 fingers and my 2 hands
And like every morning
My eyes are still tired

She would have loved to stay a bit longer in bed
Break her alarm clock and sleep until noon
But here she is, slightly more awake than you
Thanks to a hot chocolate drink that helps me hold on

She would have loved to stay a bit longer under the shower
Swallowing and blowing the water out of her mouth
But here she is, slightly more awake than you
Thanks to a hot chocolate drink that helps me hold on

Hello, everything's alright
I have my 10 fingers and my 2 hands
And like every morning
My eyes are still tired

She would have loved to eat another few croissants
Nice and warm, straight from the oven with melted chocolate
inside
But here she is, slightly better woken up than you
Thanks to a hot chocolate drink that helps me to hold on

She would have loved to listen a little longer to the radio
Where you can hear some strange men telling funny stories
But now that you are woken up
We can do crazy things together

Hello, everything's okay
I have my 10 fingers and my 2 hands
And like every morning
My eyes are still tired

Herbie Treehead (England)
Track 3— “ Change Song“

When you change your socks you can feel nice and clean
When the weather changes it can be lots of fun.
When it rains then it stops, you'll be nice and keen
To go dancing, dancing, dancing in the sun.

'Cause tadpoles change into frogs.
Water can change into clouds or rain, or snow, or fog.
A little tiny seed can change into a weed,
'Cause we've all got to change sometimes.

When you change your hat you'll be no longer that
Person with the last hat on your head.
When you lie down flat you won't be that
Person that was standing on your head.

'Cause flying can change your perception.
It can make you smile in another direction.
A smile everyday keeps the grumpy grumps away,
Cause we've all got to change sometimes.

When you change your socks, you can feel nice and clean,
When the weather changes it can be lots of fun.
When it rains then it stops, you'll be nice and keen
To go dancing, dancing, dancing in the sun.

'Cause tadpoles change into frogs.
Water can change into clouds or rain, or snow, or fog.
A little tiny seed can change into a weed
As well as flying can change your perception.
It can make you smile in another direction.
A smile everyday keeps the grumpy grumps away,
'Cause we've all got to change, changing is strange,
We've all got to change sometimes...
Sometimes.... Sometimes.... sometimes.

Mek Pek (Denmark)

Track 4 – “Stop Den Lille Kaenguru“

Da jeg var i Australien kom jeg med i TV
Og jeg fik en kænguru som en præmie for det
Alle folk sagde tillykke kom og trykked' min hånd
Sagde at ungen var min nu og mig den i et bånd

Alle skreg i kor:
Stop den lille kænguru før den hopper igen
Stop den lille kænguru før den hopper igen

Den sprang over en flagstang stakkels jeg fulgte med
Alle brølede min slagsang mens jeg trilled afsted
Da vi rejste fra landet blev jeg krævet i told
For kænguruen bl.a. og så sprang den pokker i vold

Alle skreg i kor:
Stop den lille kænguru før den hopper igen
Stop den lille kænguru før den hopper igen

Jeg var inde i banken - for at veksle en check
Den sprang op over skranken tog kassen med og var væk

Alle skreg i kor:
Stop den lille kænguru før den hopper igen
Stop den lille kænguru før den hopper igen

Da vi så kom i fængsel blev kænguruen sur
Og den sprang fuld af længsel over fængslets mur

Alle skreg i kor:
Stop den lille kænguru før den hopper igen
Stop den lille kænguru før den hopper igen

When I was in Australia, I got to be on TV
And as a bonus I was awarded a kangaroo
Everyone said " congratulations" and came to shake my hand
They told me the kid was mine and handed him to me on a
leash

Everyone shouted in unison:
Stop the little kangaroo before it jumps off again!
Stop the little kangaroo before it jumps off again!

It leaped over a flagpole - and poor me - so did I!
Everyone yelled my anthem, as I stumbled and fell
As we left Australia, I had to declare customs for the kangaroo
And at that very moment, it went crazy and wild

Everyone shouted in unison:
Stop the little kangaroo before it jumps off again!
Stop the little kangaroo before it jumps off again!

I was inside the bank to cash out a check
The kangaroo jumped onto the desk, took **all** the money and
disappeared

Everyone shouted in unison:
Stop the little kangaroo before it jumps off again!
Stop the little kangaroo before it jumps off again!

As we ended up in jail, the kangaroo got upset
But as the longing got hold of him - he leaped over the prison
fence

Everyone shouted in unison:
Stop the little kangaroo before it jumps off again!
Stop the little kangaroo before it jumps off again!

Alma Zenekar (Hungary)

Track 5 – “Tudom én már, mit csinállok“

(“I already know what I will do“)

Lyrics in Magyar are a poem from Sándor, Weöres a famous Hungarian poet from the 20th c.

Tudom én már, mit csinállok,
üvegesinasnak állok,
apró tükröket csinállok,
annak örülnek a lányok.
annak örülnek a lányok.

Tudom én már, mit csinállok,
gerencsérinasnak állok,
apró babákat csinállok,
azon nevetnek a lányok.
azon nevetnek a lányok.

Tudom én már, mit csinállok,
asztalosinasnak állok,
apró ágyakat csinállok,
abban álmodnak a lányok.

Tudom én már, mit csinállok,
asztalosinasnak állok,
apró ágyakat csinállok,
abban álmodnak a lányok.
abban álmodnak a lányok.

I already know what I will do,
I will work as a glazier's apprentice
I will create tiny mirrors,
Where girls can dream,
Where girls can dream.

I already know what I will do
I will be a potter's apprentice.,
I will prepare little dolls,
They will make the girls laugh,
They will make the girls laugh.

I already know what I will do,
I will be a carpenter's apprentice
I will build small beds
Where girls can dream.

I already know what I will do,
I will be a carpenter's apprentice
I will build small beds
Where girls can dream,
Where girls can dream.

Alain Le Lait (France)

Track 6 – “En voici, en voilà”

Un steak haché bien cuit
Du riz, des spaghettis
Des croquettes de poisson
Un petit morceau de melon
Une tranche de pizza
Un gâteau au chocolat
Des frites et du poulet
Avec un verre de lait bien frais

En voici, en voilà
Des bons petits plats
Des sucrés, des salés
Des chauds ou des froids

De la soupe aux vermicelles
Du nougat, des caramels
Tarte aux pommes, pommes vapeur
Crêpes au sucre et
Pâtes au beurre

Un steak haché bien cuit
Du riz, des spaghettis
Des croquettes de poisson
Un petit morceau de melon
Une tranche de pizza
Un gâteau au chocolat
Des frites et du poulet
Avec un verre de lait bien frais

En voici, en voilà
Des bons petits plats
Des sucrés, des salés
Des chauds ou des froids

De la soupe aux vermicelles
Du nougat, des caramels
Tarte aux pommes, pommes vapeur
Crêpes au sucre et
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De la soupe aux vermicelles
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Crêpes au sucre et
Pâtes au beurre

De la soupe aux vermicelles
Du nougat, des caramels
Tarte aux pommes, pommes vapeur
Crêpes au sucre et
Pâtes au beurre

A hamburger, well done
Rice or spaghetti
Fish sticks
A small piece of cantaloupe
A slice of pizza
A chocolate cake
French fries and some chicken
With a cold glass of milk

Here are some
Good little dishes
Some sweet, some salty
Some hot or some cold

Noodle soup
Nougat, caramels
Apple tart, steamed potatoes
Sugared crêpes and
Pasta with butter

A hamburger, well done
Rice or spaghetti
Fish sticks
A small piece of cantaloupe
A slice of pizza
A chocolate cake
French fries and some chicken
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Locomondo (Greece)
Track 7 – “Den Kanei Krio”

Δεν κάνει κρύο...

Δεν κάνει κρύο στην Ελλάδα,
Κρύο δεν έκανε ποτέ,
Έλα απόψε για να νιώσεις,
Όπως δεν ένιωσες ποτέ...

Θες να πάμε μία βόλτα, σε μια χώρα μαγική,
Όπου όλοι διασκεδάζουν, λεν πως είναι ειδικοί,
Μα αν γελάσεις έχεις χάσει, λέει ο κανονισμός,
Και αν τολμήσεις να χορέψεις, σε απειλεί
αποκλεισμός.

Δεν κάνει κρύο στην Ελλάδα,
Κρύο δεν έκανε ποτέ,
Έλα απόψε για να νιώσεις,
Όπως δεν ένιωσες ποτέ...

Απ' την άβυσσο της θλήψης, στα λιβάδια της χαράς,
Είναι ένα μικρό πορτάκι, που το πόμολο κρατάς.

Τούτη η νύχτα θέλει πάρτυ,
Θέλει ιδρώτα και φωνές,
Όχι trendy πασαρέλα και κουλτουρο-συμφορές....

Δεν κάνει κρύο στην Ελλάδα,
Κρύο δεν έκανε ποτέ,
Έλα απόψε για να νιώσεις,
Όπως δεν ένιωσες ποτέ...

It's not cold in Greece,
It has never been,
Come tonight and feel,
As you have never felt before,

Would you like to take a walk,
To a magic country,
Where everybody is having a good time,
They even say they are experts,
But “if you laugh, you have lost,”
Say the rules,
And “if you dare to dance,
You will face disqualification“

It's not cold in Greece,
It has never been,
Come tonight and feel,
As you have never felt before.

From the abyss of sorrow,
To the fields of joy,
It is a small door,
Of which you hold the handle,
This night was made for a party,
For sweat and loud voices,
Not a trendy catwalk,
And cultural disasters

It's not cold in Greece,
It has never been,
Come tonight and feel,
As you have never felt before.

Busca Pólos (Portugal)

Track 8 – “Tito Troca-tintas“

Song lyrics are an adaptation of poem by famous poet
José Jorge Letria

Tito Troca-Tintas
Morava em Rio Tinto
E sempre que chovia
Ficava como um pinto

No jogo da bola
Era o rei das fintas
E, como tinha sardas,
Ficou conhecido
Por Tito Troca-Pintas
Por Tito Troca-Pintas
Por Tito Troca-Pintas

Tito Troca-Tintas
Morava em Rio Tinto
E sempre que chovia
Ficava como um pinto

No jogo da bola
Era o rei das fintas
E, como tinha sardas,
Ficou conhecido
Por Tito Troca-Pintas
Por Tito Troca-Pintas
Por Tito Troca-Pintas

No jogo da bola
Era o rei das fintas
E, como tinha sardas,
Ficou conhecido
Por Tito Troca-Pintas
Por Tito Troca-Pintas
Por Tito Troca-Pintas

Tito Mistake-Maker
Lived in Rio Tinto*
And every time it rained
He was soaked

When playing ball†
He was the king of dribbling
And because he had freckles
He became known
As Tito Freckle-Changer
As Tito Freckle-Changer
As Tito Freckle-Changer

Tito Mistake-Maker
Lived in Rio Tinto
And every time it rained
He was soaked

When playing ball
He was the king of dribbling
And because he had freckles
He became known
As Tito Freckle-Changer
As Tito Freckle-Changer
As Tito Freckle-Changer

When playing ball
He was the king of dribbling
And because he had freckles
He became known
As Tito Freckle-Changer
As Tito Freckle-Changer
As Tito Freckle-Changer

**Rio Tinto is a city in Portugal*

† soccer/football

Alex Schmeisser (Germany)
Track 9 -- Anneliese

Hinter dem Haus auf der Wiese, steht die Kuh Anneliese
mit ihrem besten Freund der Maus, und die heißt Klaus.

Anneliese frisst am liebsten frisches Gras,
was der Klaus ja nun gar nicht mag.
Anneliese ist sehr groß und Klaus sehr klein,
trotz kleiner Unterschiede kann man dicke Freunde sein.

Hinter dem Haus auf der Wiese, steht die Kuh Anneliese
mit ihrem besten Freund der Maus, und die heißt Klaus.

Wenn sie zusammen durchs Dorf spazieren,
nebeneinander auf allen Vieren,
ruft alles kommt schnell aus dem Haus.
Seht da kommt die Kuh und die Maus.

Anneliese wiegt sechs Zentner und ist fünf Jahre alt,
Klaus der ist schon Mäuserentner und nachts da ist es ihm kalt.
Er kriecht hinter Annelieses Ohr, denn dort ist es schön warm,
und er flüstert es ist gut einen Freund wie dich zu haben.

Hinter dem Haus auf der Wiese, steht die Kuh Anneliese
mit ihrem besten Freund der Maus, und die heißt Klaus.

Behind the house on the meadow, stands the cow Anneliese
With her best friend the mouse, and he is called Klaus.

Anneliese likes eating fresh grass,
Which Klaus does not like.
Anneliese is very large and Klaus is very small
Despite their little differences, they're great friends.

Behind the house on the meadow, stands the cow Anneliese
With her best friend the mouse, and he is called Klaus.

When they walk through the village,
Side by side on all fours,
Everyone comes out of their house quickly, and calls,
"Look, there comes the cow and the mouse!"

Anneliese weighs six hundred pounds and is five years old,
Klaus is already retired, and at night, because it is cold.
He crawls behind Anneliese's ear, because it's warm,
And he whispers, "it is beautiful to have a friend like you."

Behind the house on the meadow, stands the cow Anneliese
with her best friend the mouse, and he is called Klaus.

Ian F. Benzie (Scotland)
Track 10 – “I’se The B’y”

I’se the b’y that builds the boat and
I’se the b’y that sails her and
I’se the b’y that catches the fish and
Takes ‘em home to Liza

Skip-yer-partner Sally Thibault
Skip-yer-partner Sally Brown
Fogo, Twillingate, Morton's Harbour,
All around the circle

Some come round on Saturday night
And some come round on Sunday
And if you gave them half a chance
They’d all be back on Monday

Skip-yer-partner Sally Thibault
Skip-yer-partner Sally Brown
Fogo, Twillingate, Morton's Harbour,
All around the circle

And if I had no horse to ride
And you’d find me a-crawlin’
Up and down that dusty road
I’m lookin for my darlin’.

Skip-yer-partner Sally Thibault
Skip-yer-partner Sally Brown
Fogo, Twillingate, Morton's Harbour,
All around the circle

Well if I had a needle and thread
Fine as I could sew
I’d sew them boys to my coattail
And down the street I’d go

Skip-yer-partner Sally Thibault
Skip-yer-partner Sally Brown
Fogo, Twillingate, Morton's Harbour,
All around the circle

For I’se the b’y that builds the boat and
I’se the b’y that sails her and
I’se the b’y that catches the fish and
Takes ‘em home to Liza

Skip-yer-partner Sally Thibault
Skip-yer-partner Sally Brown
Fogo, Twillingate, Morton's Harbour,
All around the circle

De Band Krigt Kinderen (The Netherlands)

Track 11 – “Alles Uit De Kast”

Ik zag een vleugel op een oude veiling, ik wordt
muzikant, mijn pa zag daar geen heil in..
Hij zei “Je bent pas elf, je betaald het maar zelf”
Dat heb ik dus gedaan want ik geloof in mezelf

Je kunt er achter dromen, de Grote Prijs mee winnen,
Reizen naar verre landen, een kinderband beginnen De
juiste toets indrukken, alles klinkt uit die kast,
Pik er maar een uit en kijk of hij je past

Ik speel een popartiest,
Ik speel de vrolijkheid,
Ik ben de weg soms kwijt,
Ik speel woest, teder , triest,
Ik speel ook heel klasiiek
Ik ben een reggaegast,
Ik ben Peter Pan,
Ik haal alles uit die kast!

Het is me gelukt, 88 toetsen,
Ik leg mijn handen neer, Eens kijken wat ze phoesten,
De melodie komt naar boven, Ben aan het fantaseren
Ik kan mijn ogen niet geloven, we gaan nu musiceren

Ik speel geïnspireerd,
Ik speel een Rolling Stone,
Ik ben nooit uitgeleerd,
Ik speel met Mendelson,
Ik ben een dirigent
Ik ben de hoofd persoon,
Wij zijn de strakste band,
Ik ben George Harrison,

Ik speel een popartiest,
Ik speel de vrolijkheid,
Ik ben de weg soms kwijt,
Ik speel woest, teder , triest,
Ik speel ook heel klasiiek
Ik ben een reggaegast,
Ik ben Peter Pan,
Ik haal alles uit die kast!

At an old auction, I ran into an grand piano.
"I will be a musician," I said,
But my dad didn't think this was such a good idea.
He said, "You're only eleven so pay for it yourself"
And that's what I did since I believe in myself.

You can dream away behind it,
Win a “grand- prix”,
Travel to far away countries
Or starts a kids band.
Just push the right key,
Everything sounds right out of this box,
Just choose one and see if it will fit you

I play a pop artist,
I play happiness,
I lose track sometimes,
I play fierce, tender, sad,
I play very classically,
I am a reggae-dude,
I am Peter Pan,
I get everything out of this box!

I did it, 88 keys
I lay my hands down, let's see where they get me.
The melody starts to float above,
I'm fantasizing, I can't believe my eyes,
We'll start to play music.

I play inspired,
I play Rolling Stones,
I'll never stop learning,
I play Mendelssohn,
I'm a director,
I'm the leading part,
We are the tightest band,
I'm George Harrison.

I play a pop artist,
I play happiness,
I lose track sometimes,
I play fierce, tender, sad,
I play very classically,
I am a reggae-dude,
I am Peter Pan,
I get everything out of this box!

Biella Nuei (Spain)

Track 12 – “Tarantainas de la casa sin pared“

Tengo una casa en el pueblo
Que está vieja y con heridas
Tiene el techo con goteras
Y alguna pared hundida
Las piedras y las maderas
Requemadas por el sol
Con zarzas en las esquinas
Y una parra en el balcón.

Y aunque está casi perdida,
La casita sin pared,
Es una casa bonita
Y la quiero defender

Tarantainas y más tarantainas
De la casa sin pared,
Sin puertas y sin ventanas,
Pronto volverá a nacer

Tarantainas y más tarantainas
De la casa sin pared,
Con tus manos y mis manos
Pronto volverá a nacer

Tendré que arreglar el techo
Y levantar la pared,
Poner terrazo en el patio
Y después retejaré,
Pondré ventanas muy altas
Orientadas hacia el sol,
Un hogar y una cadiera
Y flores en el balcón.

A la sombra de la casa
Mi familia crecerá,
Y si vienen los amigos,
¡Otras casas nacerán!

Tarantainas y más tarantainas
De la casa sin pared,
Sin puertas y sin ventanas,
Pronto volverá a nacer

Tarantainas y más tarantainas
De la casa sin pared,
Con tus manos y mis manos
Pronto volverá a nacer

I have a house in town
That is old, with a lot of damage
The roof is full of leaks
And some walls are caved in
The stone and the wood
Are dried out from the sun
With brambles growing in the corner
And a grapevine on the balcony

And even though the house is almost lost
The little house without walls,
It's a beautiful house,
And I want to protect it.

Tarantainas* and more tarantainas
From the house without walls
Without doors and without windows,
Soon it will be reborn

Tarantainas and more tarantainas,
From the house without walls,
With your hands and my hands,
Soon it will be reborn

I'll have to fix the roof
And raise new walls,
Put new stones in the patio
And then I'll replace all the tiles.
I'll put in very tall windows
That face the sun
A new fireplace and dining room bench
And flowers on the balcony.

Int the shade of the house
My family will grow
And if friends come to visit,
Other houses will be born!

Tarantainas and more tarantainas,
From the house without walls,
Without doors and without windows,
Soon it will be reborn

Tarantainas and more tarantainas,
From the house without walls,
With your hands and my hands,
Soon it will be reborn

**A traditional dance and song from the region of Aragon in Spain*

Roland Zoss (Switzerland)
Track 13 – “Bärengi-Bubuland“
Song is sung in Swiss German

Der Teddybär - steit dert uf em Bett
er tanzet so ne - Bäretanz u redt:
Jedes Ching cha - wes Geburi het
mit i ds Bären-Geburibubuland!

Für i ds Bären-Geburibubuland
geit es dert dür - e Spiegel a der Wand
i ds Land, wo alli - Bäre Brüder sy
u s rägnet nütt als – Honigtäfel!

Öb de Pfote hesch, öb Bei
Öb gärn Rüebli hesch, öb Brei einisch im
Jahr chunnt e jedes hei i ds Bären-Geburibubuland!

Öb de Pfote hesch, öb Bei
Öb gärn Rüebli hesch, öb Brei einisch im
Jahr chunnt e jedes hei i ds Bären-Geburibubuland!

Mir lölen, trölen, stübe düre Schnee
fischen ds Guld us em Rägebogensee
mer lachen, tanze bis mer Buchweh hei
de trag i di uf em Rügge zue mir hei

Dert steit e Tisch voll Bäredräck u Gmües
das schmöckt eso gummi-gummibärlissüess
De trinken mer alli no ne-n Ahornsafft
das git üs Bäre früschi Tröim u Chraft

U we d Sunne sinkt über de Bärenbärge
ghörsch es brumme us em Buch vor Árde
wüll bym Urgrossvater i der Hööhli
schnarchle d Bärl i eire Bärenwööhli

Öb de Pfote hesch, öb Bei
Öb gärn Rüebli hesch, öb Brei einisch im
Jahr chunnt e jedes hei i ds Bären-Geburibubuland!

Öb de Pfote hesch, öb Bei
Öb gärn Rüebli hesch, öb Brei einisch im
Jahr chunnt e jedes hei i ds Bären-Geburibubuland!
I ds Bären-Geburi, Bären-Geburi,
Bären-Geburi, bubuland!

Teddy Bear is jumping on the bed,
Doing a bear dance and this is what he said:
Every child can come along and share
His birthday in the Fairy Beary Land!

The way goes right through the mirror on the wall,
To a place where bears are brothers one and all,
Paw in paw they are dancing around,
And raindrop candy is falling to the ground.

If you have paws, or you have legs
If you like carrots, or like eggs
Once in a year you will make your way
To the Beary Brother Land on your birthday

If you have paws, or you have legs
If you like carrots, or like eggs
Once in a year you will make your way
To the Beary Brother Land on your birthday

We fool around, whirling through the snow
We dig for gold at the end of the rainbow,
We laugh and dance till we're tired to the bone
Then I take you on my back and bring you home

There's a cave with a table full of fruit
Oh! - it smells so very delicious!
Then we all have a drink of maple juice
Tor sweet dreams and a lovely beary snooze

Behind the black bear hills the sun goes down
You can hear a rumbling from the ground
It's big father bear, snoring really loudly
And all the little bears - - - snoring in a line!

If you have paws, or you have legs
If you like carrots, or like eggs
Once in a year you will make your way
To the Beary Brother Land on your birthday

If you have paws, or you have legs
If you like carrots, or like eggs
Once in a year you will make your way
To the Beary Brother Land, Beary Brother Land,
Beary Brother Land on your birthday

Giovanni Caviezel (Italy)

Track 14 – “La Canzone del Battello a Vapore“ (The Song of the Steamboat)

Apri gli occhi bambino capitano la sua fronte una prua pure rotonda	The child captain opens his eyes, his forehead the prow, though a round one
Via dal porto rumoroso piano piano sulla carta silenziosa di onda in onda	Away from the noisy port, slowly slowly On the silent map wave by wave
Le onde di parole che vengono una a una Fa immense capriole e canta la balena	The wave of words which come one by one The whale does immense somersaults and sings
E il battello va con il ciuffo di vapore e il battello ha il fuoco nel suo cuore	And the boat goes with his tuft of steam and the boat has fire in his heart
E il battello va con il ciuffo di vapore e il battello ha il fuoco nel suo cuore	And the boat goes with his tuft of steam and the boat has fire in his heart
Sono storie luminose come il mare storie lunghe come tutto l'orizzonte	They are stories as bright as the sea, stories as long as the horizon
Il bambino capitano sta a guardare Guarda e pensa e legge il mare là sul ponte	The child captain is standing there watching Watching and thinking and reading the sea from the deck
Le onde di parole che vengono e che vanno Le allegre capriole del polipo e del tonno	The waves of words that come and go The happy somersaults of the octopus and tuna And the boat goes with his tuft of steam and the boat has fire in his heart
E il battello va con il ciuffo di vapore e il battello ha il fuoco nel suo cuore	And the boat goes with his tuft of steam and the boat has fire in his heart
E il battello va con il ciuffo di vapore e il battello ha il fuoco nel suo cuore	And the boat goes with his tuft of steam and the boat has fire in his heart
E di notte nell'abisso delle stelle altre storie che bisbigliano nel mare	And at night in the abyss of the stars other stories that whisper to the sea
Il capitano ha sulla pelle Tutti i brividi che il vento può portare	The captain feels on his skin All the shivers that the wind can bring
Le onde di parole venute da lontano Le svelte capriole e il riso del delfino	The waves of words come from far away The swift somersaults and the laughing of the dolphin And the boat goes with his tuft of steam and the boat has fire in his heart
E il battello va con il ciuffo di vapore e il battello ha il fuoco nel suo cuore	And the boat goes with his tuft of steam and the boat has fire in his heart
E il battello va con il ciuffo di vapore e il battello ha il fuoco nel suo cuore	And the boat goes with his tuft of steam and the boat has fire in his heart
E il battello va con il ciuffo di vapore e il battello ha il fuoco nel suo cuore	And the boat goes with his tuft of steam and the boat has fire in his heart
E il battello va con il ciuffo di vapore e il battello ha il fuoco nel suo cuore	And the boat goes with his tuft of steam and the boat has fire in his heart

Sharon Shannon (Ireland)
Track 15 – “Sandy River Belle”

Instrumental