

**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 trykket' 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  
Pâtes au beurre

De la soupe aux vermicelles  
Du nougat, des caramels  
Tarte aux pommes, pommes vapeur  
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  
With a cold glass of milk

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Sugared crêpes and  
Pasta with butter

**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-ye-partner Sally Thibault  
Skip-ye-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-ye-partner Sally Thibault  
Skip-ye-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-ye-partner Sally Thibault  
Skip-ye-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-ye-partner Sally Thibault  
Skip-ye-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-ye-partner Sally Thibault  
Skip-ye-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 Bärenbäрге  
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  
The wave of words which come one by one

Fa immense capriole e canta la balena  
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  
The child captain is standing there watching

Guarda e pensa e legge il mare là sul ponte  
Watching and thinking and reading the sea from the deck

Le onde di parole che vengono e che vanno  
The waves of words that come and go

Le allegre capriole del polipo e del tonno  
The happy somersaults of the octopus and tuna

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  
The captain feels on his skin

Tutti i brividi che il vento può portare  
All the shivers that the wind can bring

Le onde di parole venute da lontano  
The waves of words come from far away

Le svelte capriole e il riso del delfino  
The swift somersaults and the laughing of the dolphin

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

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*