Three Little Pigs by Jeffrey Leask from the traditional story

Piggies Chorus: Little piggies, building houses,
Big, Bad Wolf, where is he?
Who’s afraid of the Big, Bad Wolf?
Ha, ha, ha, not me!

Narrator: The first little pig built a house of straw,
A house of straw, a house of straw,
The wolf came along
And he sang this song
Outside the house of straw:

Wolf’s chorus: I’ll huff and I’ll puff
And I’ll blow your house down
And I’ll gobble you up for dinner,
I’ll huff and I’ll puff
And I’ll blow your house down,
Before I grow much thinner.

Narrator: So he huffed and he puffed
And he blew the house down
And the first little pig ran away
He ran to the house of the second little pig
Where he hoped that he could stay.

Piggies chorus: Little piggies, building houses …etc.

Narrator: The second little pig built a house of sticks,
A house of sticks, a house of sticks,
The wolf came along
And he sang this song
Outside the house of sticks:

Wolf’s chorus: I’ll huff and I’ll puff….etc.
Narrator: So he huffed and he puffed
And he blew the house down
And the second little pig ran away,
He ran to the house of the third little pig
Where he hoped that he could stay.

Piggies chorus: Little piggies, building houses …etc.

Narrator: The third little pig built a house of bricks,
A house of bricks, a house of bricks,
The wolf came along
And he sang this song,
Outside the house of bricks:

Wolf’s chorus: I’ll huff and I’ll puff…etc.

Narrator: But he huffed and he puffed
And he puffed and he huffed,
But he could not blow the house down.
Yes, he huffed and he puffed
And he puffed and he huffed,
But he could not blow the house down!

The piggies boiled some water
In a pot that was scorching hot.
When the wolf climbed down the chimney,
He tumbled right into the pot.

Piggies chorus: Little piggies, building houses …etc.

(Repeat piggies chorus.)
PINOCCHIO by Jeffrey Leask from the traditional story

Narrator: Gepetto, the old man, lived alone,
He had no children to call his own.
One day, he thought, “I’ll make a toy,”
“With wood and cloth, I’ll make a boy!”

Gepetto: I’ll make the eyes, I’ll make the nose,
I’ll make the arms and legs and tiny, wooden toes,
P-I-N-O-C-C-H-I-O,
I made a name: Pinocchio!

I’ll make the ears, I’ll make the hair,
I’ll make the little clothes my little man can wear,
P-I-N-O-C-C-H-I-O,
I made a name: Pinocchio!

Pinocchio, Pinocchio,
My only work of art,
Your arms are wood,
Your legs are wood,
But not your heart.

I made a son, I made a boy,
I made a lifetime full of happiness and joy,
P-I-N-O-C-C-H-I-O,
I made a name: Pinocchio!

(repeat last verse)
Narrator:  Gepetto was in for a big surprise:  
Pinocchio suddenly winked his eyes,  
Up upon wooden legs he sprang  
And together they laughed and danced and sang.

Gepetto:  I have a son!

Narrator:  The old man cried,  
And hand in hand, they danced outside.  
Naughty Pinocchio climbed a tree.

Gepetto:  Come down!

Narrator:  Called Gepetto,

Gepetto:  Down to me!

Pinocchio:  Father, I can’t, a monster’s there,  
Just by the house, behind a chair!

Narrator:  Gepetto replied as he looked at the house,

Gepetto:  The monster you see is a little, grey mouse!

Narrator:  Pinocchio acted as scared as can be –  
Really he wanted to stay in the tree.

Gepetto:  Pinocchio, please, you must never tell lies  
Or your nose will grow out to twice its size!

Chorus:  Don’t tell lies or your nose will grow,  
Don’t tell lies or your nose will grow,  
Don’t tell lies or we will know  
Coz your nose will grow and grow and grow,  
Your nose will grow and grow.  
(repeat)
Chorus: Your nose’ll grow so long,  
The birds’ll rest upon it,  
And build a nest upon it  
And then you’ll know it,  
Your nose’ll grow so long,  
You’ll never reach the end,  
You’ll need to teach a friend  
To help you blow it!

Don’t tell lies …. *(repeat first verse)*

*(repeat first verse again, then:)*

It’ll grow…it’ll grow…  
It’ll grow ... it’ll grow …  
Your nose will grow and grow!

Pinocchio: Oh, no! Oh, no!

Narrator: Pinocchio cried,

Pinocchio: My nose has grown because I lied!

Narrator: And there upon his puppet face  
Was a sausage in his nose’s place!

Gepetto: Jump down!

Narrator: Gepetto called to the youth,

Pinocchio: I’m scared!

Narrator: The boy said, speaking the truth.  
Because of the truth, what do you think?  
Pinocchio’s nose began to shrink.
He jumped from the tree,
Let out a yell
And into his father’s arms he fell.

From that time on, he promised he’d try
To never, ever tell a lie!

**Chorus:**
Pinocchio, Pinocchio,
My only work of art,
Your arms are wood,
Your legs are wood,
But not your heart.

I made a son, I made a boy,
I made a lifetime full of happiness and joy,
P-I-N-O-C-C-H-I-O,
I made a name: Pinocchio!
Pinocchio!
CINDERELLA by Jeffrey Leask from the traditional story

Poor Cinderella sitting by the fire,
Cleaning out the ashes, sitting by the fire,
Poor Cinderella, sitting by the fire,
Long ago and far away.

Two ugly sisters leaving for the ball,
Leaving Cinderella, leaving for the ball,
Two ugly sisters, leaving for the ball,
Long ago and far away.

Her Fairy Godmother suddenly appears,
With a magic wand she suddenly appears,
Her Fairy Godmother suddenly appears,
Long ago and far away.

Two noble horses take her to the ball,
In a golden carriage take her to the ball,
Two noble horses take her to the ball,
Long ago and far away.

Dear Cinderella dancing at the ball,
Dancing with Prince Charming, dancing at the ball,
Dear Cinderella dancing at the ball,
Long ago and far away.

Midnight! She must leave, she must run away,
Dropping one glass slipper, she must run away,
Midnight! She must leave, she must run away,
Long ago and far away.
Prince Charming searches, searches through the town,
Where is Cinderella? ...Searches through the town,
Prince Charming searches, searches through the town,
Long ago and far away.

All village maidens must try on the shoe,
Cinderella’s sisters must try on the shoe,
All village maidens must try on the shoe,
Long ago and far away.

One day he finds her when she tries the shoe,
When she tries the shoe on, when she tries the shoe,
One day he finds her when she tries the shoe,
Long ago and far away.

Soon they are married. What a lovely bride!
Happy ever after! What a lovely bride!
Soon they are married, What a lovely bride!
Long ago and far away.
Long ago and far away.
GOING ON A BEAR HUNT  Traditional, arranged by Jeffrey Leask

We’re going on a bear hunt, \textit{(echo each line)}
We’re going to catch a big one,
I’m not scared,
What a beautiful day!

Oh, oh!
Grass!
Long, wavy grass.
We can’t go over it,
We can’t go under it,
We’ll have to go through it! \textit{(don’t echo)}
Swish, swish, swish, swish, swish, swish!

We’re going on a bear hunt, \textit{(echo each line)}
We’re going to catch a big one.

Oh, oh!
Mud!
Thick, squelchy mud.
We can’t go over it,
We can’t go under it,
We’ll have to go through it! \textit{(don’t echo)}
Slurp, slurp, slurp, slurp, slurp, slurp, slurp!

We’re going on a bear hunt, \textit{(echo each line)}
We’re going to catch a big one.

Oh, oh!
A cave!
A dark, eerie cave!
We can’t go over it,
We can’t go under it,
We’ll have to go through it! *(don’t echo)*
Tip, tap, tip, tap, tip, tap, tip!
*Ten Musical Tales/10*

Sh! What’s that? *(echo each line)*
Two, black furry ears,
Two big, googly eyes,
One black, wet nose,
A BEAR!

Back through the cave now,
Back through the cave now,
Tip, tap, tip, tap, tip, tap, tip.

Back through the mud now,
Back through the mud now,
Slurp, slurp, slurp, slurp, slurp, slurp, slurp.

Back through the grass now,
Back through the grass now,
Swish, swish, swish, swish, swish, swish, swish.

Shut the gate!
Shut the gate!

Whew!

No more bear hunts,
No more bear hunts.

Off to bed,
Off to bed.
We’ll dream about a bear hunt instead!
Once upon a time
In a nursery rhyme,
There were three bears:
A mama bear, a poppa bear
And a wee bear.

One day they went out walking
And talking in the woods.
Along came a girl with long curly hair,
There were three bears:
A mama bear, a poppa bear
And a wee bear.

“Someone’s been sitting in my chair,”
Said the mama bear,
“Someone’s been sitting in my chair”
Said the papa bear,
“Hey, Mama Three-Bear!”
Said the little wee bear,
“Someone has broken my chair”
YEAH!

“Someone’s been tasting my porridge”
Said the mama bear,
“Someone’s been tasting my porridge”
Said the poppa bear,
“Hey, Mama Three-Bear!”
Said the little wee bear,
“Someone has eaten my porridge”
YEAH!
“Someone’s been sitting on my bed”
Said the mama bear,
“Someone’s been sitting on my bed”
Said the poppa bear,
“Hey, Mama Three-Bear!”
Said the little wee bear,
“Someone is here in my bed!”
YEAH!

Goldilocks woke up
And broke up the party.
“Bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye,”
Said the mother bear,
“Bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye,”
Said the father bear,
“Hey, Mama Three-Bear!”
Said the little wee bear,
“Bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye,”
YEAH!
WHEN GOLDILOCKS WENT TO THE HOUSE OF THE BEARS
*Traditional, arranged by Jeffrey Leask*

When Goldilocks went to the house of the bears,
Oh, what did her blues eyes see?
A bowl that was big,
A bowl that was small,
A bowl that was tiny,
And that was all,
She ate from them,
One, two, three.

When Goldilocks went to the house of the bears,
Oh, what did her blues eyes see?
A chair that was big,
A chair that was small,
A chair that was tiny,
And that was all,
She sat on them,
One, two, three.

When Goldilocks went to the house of the bears,
Oh, what did her blue eyes see?
A bed that was big,
A bed that was small,
A bed that was tiny,
And that was all,
She slept on them,
One, two, three.
When Goldilocks went to the house of the bears,
Oh, what did her blue eyes see?
A bear that was big,
A bear that was small,
A bear that was tiny,
And that was all,
They growled at her,
One, two, three.
OFF TO SQUINTUM’S  By Jeffrey Leask, adapted from a traditional story

Storyteller: One day a fox was walking down a road when he saw a bee. He caught the bee and put it into the bag he was carrying. He walked up to a farmhouse and knocked on the door. When a farmer answered the door, the fox asked a favour of her.

Fox (and chorus:) Will you mind my heavy load, While I go off to Squintum’s? Will you mind my heavy load, While I go off to Squintum’s? But while I’m gone, please take care, Please don’t take a look in there, Only open it if you dare, While I go off to Squintum’s.

Storyteller: When the fox went off down the road, the farmer became curious about the bag. She opened it … and the bee flew out! Her rooster ate the bee! The fox came back to find his bee gone. Secretly he was pleased: he knew he could get something else from the farmer.

Fox: Your rooster ate my bee! So I’ll take your rooster. I need a bird to wake me at break of day.

Storyteller: He put the rooster into his bag and went off to the next farmhouse. He saw a farm boy and asked the same favour.

Fox (and chorus:) Will you mind my heavy load, While I go off to Squintum’s? Will you mind my heavy load, While I go off to Squintum’s? But while I’m gone, please take care,
Please don’t take a look in there,
Only open it if you dare,
While I go off to Squintum’s.

Ten Musical Tales/ 16

I had a bee which flew away,
But what’s there now, I couldn’t say,
Will you mind my heavy load,
While I go off to Squintum’s?

Storyteller: Off went the fox. The curious farm boy couldn’t resist looking in the bag. The rooster flew out … and a pig gobbled it up. When the fox returned, he complained:

Fox: Your pig ate my rooster, so I’ll take your pig.

Storyteller: Into his bag went the pig and off to the next farmhouse went the fox. Once again, he asked the farmer a favour.

Fox (and chorus): Will you mind ….etc.
I had a bird for break of day,
I had a bee which flew away,
But what’s there now I couldn’t say,
Will you mind …etc.

Storyteller: The fox left and the curious farmer untied the bag … and the pig jumped out. It was chased away by an ox! The fox returned.

Fox: You lost my pig! For that, I will take your ox.

Storyteller: He pushed the ox into his bag and went to find another farmhouse. He found a woman with a little boy. He asked the favour again.

Fox (and chorus): Will you mind …etc.
I had a pig all pink and grey,
I had a bird for break of day,
I had a bee which flew away,
But what’s there now, I couldn’t say,
Will you mind…etc.

Ten Musical Tales/ 17

Storyteller: When the fox had gone, the woman untied the bag and the ox escaped. This time when the fox returned, he said:

Fox: You opened my bag and my ox escaped! In return, I will take your little boy. I need a boy to work all day for me.

Storyteller: At the next farmhouse, a cook was baking cakes. The fox tried the trick again.

Fox (and chorus): Will you mind …etc.
I had an ox to pull a dray,
I had a pig all pink and grey,
I had a bird for break of day,
I had a bee which flew away,
But what’s there now, I couldn’t say,
Will you mind…etc.

Storyteller: When the fox went away, the cook heard someone crying in the bag. She untied it and let out the little boy. To trick the fox, she put her dog into the bag. When the fox came back, he was really hungry. He decided to eat whatever was in the bag. So he took his bag into the woods. When he untied the bag, out leapt the dog, barking fiercely. The fox ran for his life. He ran and ran. Maybe he’s still running. While we are still singing his song.

Fox (and chorus): Will you mind …etc.
I had a boy to work all day,
I had an ox to pull a dray,
I had a pig all pink and grey,
I had a bird for break of day,
I had a bee which flew away,
But what’s there now, I couldn’t say,
Will you mind …etc.
DON GATO Traditional

Oh, Senor Don Gato was a cat.
On a high, red roof Don Gato sat.
He went there to read a letter, meow, meow, meow,
Where the reading light was better, meow, meow, meow,
T’was a love note for Don Gato.

‘I adore you’, wrote the lady cat,
Who was fluffy, white and nice and fat,
There was not a sweeter kitty, meow, meow, meow,
In the country or the city, meow, meow, meow,
And she said she’d wed Don Gato.

Oh, Don Gato jumped so happily,
He fell off the roof and broke his knee,
Broke his ribs and all his whiskers, meow, meow, meow,
And his little solar plexus, meow, meow, meow,
‘Ay, carumba!’ cried Don Gato.

Then the doctors all came on the run,
Just to see if something could be done,
And they held a consultation, meow, meow, meow,
About how to save the patient, meow, meow, meow,
How to save Senor Don Gato.

But in spite of everything they tried,
Poor Senor Don Gato up and died,
Oh, it wasn’t very merry, meow, meow, meow,
Going to the cemetery, meow, meow, meow,
For the ending of Don Gato.
When the funeral passed the market square,
Such a smell of fish was in the air,
Though his burial was slated, meow, meow, meow,
He became reanimated, meow, meow, meow,
He came back to life, Don Gato!
THE SLEEPING PRINCESS  *Traditional*

There was a sleeping princess,
A princess, a princess,
There was a sleeping princess,
Long ago.

She lived high in a castle,
A castle, a castle,
She lived high in a castle,
Long ago.

An old witch came a-hobbling, etc.
… Long ago.

She cast a spell upon her …

A hundred years she slept there …

The thorny hedge grew higher …

Prince Charming came a-riding …

He cut the thorny bushes …

He woke the sleeping princess …

They had a joyful wedding …
…Long ago.
There was a wild colonial boy,
Jack Doolan was his name,
Of poor but honest parents,
He was born in Castlemaine.
He was his father’s only hope,
His mother’s pride and joy,
And dearly did his parents love
The Wild Colonial Boy.

At the age of sixteen years,
He left his native home,
And to Australia’s sunny shores
A bushranger did roam.
They put him in the iron gang
In the government employ,
But never an iron on earth could hold
The Wild Colonial Boy.

Chorus:

So come away me hearties,
We’ll roam the mountains high,
Together we will plunder
And together we will die.
We’ll scour along the valleys
And we’ll gallop o’er the plains
And scorn to live in slavery,
Bound down by iron chains.
In sixty-one this daring youth
Commenced his wild career,
With a heart that knew no danger
And no foeman did he fear.
He stuck up the Beechworth mail coach
And robbed Judge MacEvoy,
Who, trembling cold, gave up his gold
To the Wild Colonial Boy.

He bade the judge Good Morning
And he told him to beware,
That he’d never rob a needy man
Or one who acted square.
But a judge who’d rob a mother
Of her one and only joy,
Sure, he must be a worse outlaw
Than the Wild Colonial Boy.

*Chorus*

One day as Jack was riding
The mountainside along,
A-listening to the little birds,
Their happy laughing song,
Three mounted troopers came along,
Kelly, Davis and Fitzroy
With a warrant for the capture
Of the Wild Colonial Boy.
‘Surrender now, Jack Doolan!
For you see it’s three to one,
Surrender in the Queen’s own name,
You are a highwayman.’
Jack drew a pistol from his belt
And waved it like a toy,
‘I’ll fight, but not surrender’
Cried the Wild Colonial Boy.

_Chorus_

He fired at Trooper Kelly
And brought him to the ground
And in return from Davis,
Received a mortal wound.
All shattered through the jaws he lay
Still firing at Fitzroy,
And that’s the way they captured him,
The Wild Colonial Boy.

_(Repeat first verse)_