

**Lewis Franco & The Missing Cats (USA)**  
**Track 1 – “Stomp Stomp”**

(English)

Stomp stomp  
Start your hands a-clappin’  
Start your feet a-pattin’  
Stomp stomp to the right  
Stomp stomp to the left  
Jack, you really come on

Stomp stomp  
Jump into the boogie  
Do the boogie woogie  
Stomp stomp to the right  
Stomp stomp to the left  
Jack, you really come on

You’ll feel so alive when you start in to swing  
You don’t know and I don’t know  
Nobody knows a thing

Stomp stomp  
Start your hands a clappin’  
Start your feet a pattin’  
Stomp stomp to the right  
Stomp stomp to the left  
Jack, you really come on

**Chris McKhool (Canada)**  
**Track 2 – “Spider Man”**

(English)

Spider Man  
Spider Man  
Does whatever a spider can  
Doot-doot-do  
Doot-doot-do  
Doot-doot-doot-n-doot-doot-doot-doo  
Doo-dahhh  
Here comes the Spider Man

Spider Man  
Spider Man  
Does whatever a spider can  
Doot-doot-do  
Doot-doot-do  
Doot-doot-doot-n-doot-doot-doot-doo  
Doo-dahhh  
Here comes the Spider Man  
Here comes the Spider Man

**Triocéphale (France)**  
**Track 3 – “Sur Le Pont D’Avignon”**

(French)

Sur le pont d’Avignon  
On y danse, on y danse  
Sur le pont d’Avignon  
On y danse, tous en rond

*On the bridge of Avignon  
We all dance there, we all dance there  
On the bridge of Avignon  
We all dance there in a ring*

Les belles dames font comme ça  
Et puis encore comme ça  
Les belles dames font comme ça  
Et puis encore comme ça

*The beautiful ladies do like this  
And then like that Sur le pont d’Avignon  
The beautiful ladies do like this  
And then like that Sur le pont d’Avignon*

Les beaux messieurs font comme ça  
Et puis encore comme ça  
Les beaux messieurs font comme ça  
Et puis encore comme ça

*The handsome gentlemen go like this  
And then like that  
The handsome gentlemen go like this  
And then like that*

Sur le pont d’Avignon  
On y danse, on y danse  
Sur le pont d’Avignon  
On y danse, tous en rond

*On the bridge of Avignon  
We all dance there, we all dance there  
On the bridge of Avignon  
We all dance there in a ring*

Les cordonniers font comme ça  
Et puis encore comme ça  
Les cordonniers font comme ça  
Et puis encore comme ça

*The cobblers go like this  
And then go like that  
The cobblers go like this  
And then go like that*

Sur le pont d’Avignon  
On y danse, on y danse  
Sur le pont d’Avignon  
On y danse, tous en rond

*On the bridge of Avignon  
We all dance there, we all dance there  
On the bridge of Avignon  
We all dance there in a ring*

Les blanchisseuses font comme ça  
Et puis encore comme ça  
Les blanchisseuses font comme ça  
Et puis encore comme ça

*The Launderers go like this  
And then go like that  
The Launderers go like this  
And then go like that*

Sur le pont d'Avignon  
On y danse, on y danse  
Sur le pont d'Avignon  
On y danse, tous en rond

*On the bridge of Avignon  
We all dance there, we all dance there  
On the bridge of Avignon  
We all dance there in a ring*

Sur le pont d'Avignon  
On y danse, on y danse  
Sur le pont d'Avignon  
On y danse, on y danse, on y danse tous en rond

*On the bridge of Avignon  
We all dance there, we all dance there  
On the bridge of Avignon  
We all dance, we all dance there in a ring*

**Jose Conde (Cuba/USA)**  
**Track 4 – “Cumbamba”**

(Spanish)

Cumbamba  
Cumbini-bini-bamba-cumbi  
Un brinquito pa’lla, un salpico pa’ca

Cumbamba  
Cumbini-bini-bamba-cumbi  
Un brinquito pa’lla, un salpico pa’ca

Tengan calma ya  
Que vamos a empezar  
Este baile suavecito  
Que invita a gozar  
Pa’ vacilar

Cumbamba  
Cumbini-bini-bamba-cumbi  
Un brinquito pa’lla, un salpico pa’ca

Cumbamba  
Cumbini-bini-bamba-cumbi  
Un brinquito pa’lla, un salpico pa’ca

No hay que discutir  
Que el bamba cumbi  
Es muy fácil de bailar  
Para guarachar y vacilar

Cumbamba  
Cumbini-bini-bamba-cumbi  
Un brinquito pa’lla, un salpico pa’ca

Cumbamba  
Cumbini-bini-bamba-cumbi  
Un brinquito pa’lla, un salpico pa’ca

Salpica pa’ca, pa’ca, p’alla  
(Un brinquito pa’lla, un salpico pa’ca)  
Y brinca pa’qui, pa’qui  
(Un brinquito pa’lla, un salpico pa’ca)  
Tengan calma ya, compadritos  
(Un brinquito pa’lla, un salpico pa’ca)

**“Cumbamba”**

(English)

Cumbamba  
Cumbini-bini-bamba-cumbi  
A little jump here, a little dash over there

Cumbamba  
Cumbini-bini-bamba-cumbi  
A little jump here, a little dash over there

Keep calm, everyone  
We’re about to begin  
This smooth little dance  
That invites you to enjoy it  
So you can have fun

Cumbamba  
Cumbini-bini-bamba-cumbi  
A little jump here, a little dash over there

Cumbamba  
Cumbini-bini-bamba-cumbi  
A little jump here, a little dash over there

There’s no need to argue  
Because the “bamba-cumbi”  
Is very easy to dance,  
So you can have fun and sway along

Cumbamba  
Cumbini-bini-bamba-cumbi  
A little jump here, a little dash over there

Cumbamba  
Cumbini-bini-bamba-cumbi  
A little jump here, a little dash over there

Dash over here, over here, and over there  
(A little jump here, a little dash over there)  
And jump over here, over here  
(A little jump here, a little dash over there)  
Keep calm, my friends  
(A little jump here, a little dash over there)

Que no que no que no que no  
No hay que discutir  
Para guarachar y vacilar.

Cumbamba (x16)

Cumbamba cumbini-bini-bamba-cumbi  
Para guarachar y vacilar

No, no, no, no,  
There's no need to argue  
In order to have fun and sway along

Cumbamba (x16)

Cumbamba cumbini-bini-bamba-cumbi  
So you can have fun and sway along

**Oran Etkin feat. Charenee Wade (Israel/USA)**  
**Track 5 – “Mary Had A Little Lamb Too”**  
(English)

Some say Mary had a rooster  
Who said cockle-doodle-doo  
But what my mama really told me was  
That Mary had a little lamb too

And everywhere that Mary went,  
Mary went, Mary went  
Lord, I tell you everywhere Sister Mary went  
That lamb was sure to go

Mary had a little lamb, little lamb, little lamb  
Little Mary had a little lamb  
Whose fleece was white as snow

And everywhere that Mary went,  
Mary went, Mary went  
Oh, everywhere that Mary went,  
This lamb was sure to go

Some say that lamb went to the park  
And some say she went to the pool  
But what my Mamma really told me was  
That Mary’s lamb went to school

Well she followed Mary to school one day, School  
one day, school one day  
Well she followed Mary to school one day,  
That was against the rules

Oh, she made her children laugh and play,  
Laugh and play, laugh and play,  
Yeah, she made her children laugh and play,  
To see the lamb at school

Trombone!  
Piano!  
Saxophone!

Mary had a little lamb, little lamb, little lamb  
I tell you, Little Mary had a little lamb  
Whose fleece was white as snow

**Kinderjazz (Australia)**  
**Track 6 – “Gazooba”**

Gazooba! (x16)

**Gui Tavares (Brazil)**

**Track 7 -- “Dois Meninos”**

(Portuguese)

Era um menino pelas ruas da cidade  
Tocando seu trompete, yea, yea, era uma novidade  
Nas ruas de New Orleans  
Em vez de partitura  
O sobe e desce das escalas fazia toda sua  
Improvisação  
Esse som viajou pelos quatro cantos do mundo  
E muita gente ouviu sua canção

Bem longe outro garoto  
Nascido no batuque, era um chorão  
No Rio de Janeiro levou o povo inteiro  
Com o saxofone transbordava sua inspiração

Jazz e Blues, Choro e Samba  
Meninos se encontram em qualquer lugar  
Jazz e Blues, Choro e Samba  
Meninos se encontram em qualquer lugar

Jazz e Blues, Choro e Samba  
Meninos se encontram em qualquer lugar  
Jazz e Blues, Choro e Samba  
Meninos se encontram em qualquer lugar

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Jazz e Blues, Choro e Samba  
Meninos se encontram em qualquer lugar

Jazz e Blues, Choro e Samba  
Meninos se encontram em qualquer lugar  
Jazz e Blues, Choro e Samba  
Meninos se encontram em qualquer lugar  
Meninos se encontram em qualquer lugar  
Meninos se encontram em qualquer lugar

**“Two Boys”**

(English)

There was a boy on the streets of the city  
Playing his trumpet, it was a something new and  
different  
On the streets of New Orleans  
Instead of some sheet music  
The ups and downs of the scales made his  
improvisation  
This sound traveled far for the four corners of the  
world  
And everybody heard his song

Far away another boy  
Was born into batuque<sup>1</sup>, he was a “crying” boy<sup>2</sup>  
In Rio de Janeiro he took all the people with him  
With the saxophone his inspiration overflowed

Jazz and Blues, Choro and Samba  
Kids can be found anywhere  
Jazz and Blues, Choro and Samba  
Kids can be found anywhere

Jazz and Blues, Choro and Samba  
Kids can be found anywhere  
Jazz and Blues, Choro and Samba  
Kids can be found anywhere

Jazz and Blues, Choro and Samba  
Kids can be found anywhere  
Jazz and Blues, Choro and Samba  
Kids can be found anywhere

Jazz and Blues, Choro and Samba  
Kids can be found anywhere  
Jazz and Blues, Choro and Samba  
Kids can be found anywhere  
Kids can be found anywhere  
Kids can be found anywhere

<sup>1</sup> Batuque is an Afro-Brazilian dance.

<sup>2</sup> Chorão, which means “weeping,” is also the name of a pre-samba style of music.

**Barbara Morrison (USA)**  
**Track 8 – “Sing a Song of Sixpence”**

(English)

Sing a song of sixpence, a pocket full of rye  
Four and twenty black birds baked in a pie  
When the pie was open, the birds began to sing  
Wasn't that a dainty dish to set before a King?

The King was in his counting house,  
Counting out his money  
The Queen was in the parlor  
Eating bread and honey  
The maid was in the garden,  
Hanging out the clothes  
When down came a black bird  
And pecked off her nose

Well, I was singing a song of sixpence,  
I had a pocket full of rye  
Four and twenty black birds,  
They was baked in the pie  
The King was in his counting house,  
Counting all his money  
And the Queen was in the parlor  
Eating bread and honey

But I was singing a song of sixpence  
I had a pocket full of rye  
I saw four and twenty black birds baked in a pie  
And when the pie was open  
And the birds began to sing  
Wasn't that a dainty dish to set before the King?

The King was in his counting house,  
Counting all his money  
The Queen was in her parlor  
Eating bread and honey  
The maid was in the garden, getting really tense  
Sing a song of one two three four five six  
Sing a song of one two three four five six  
Sing a song of one two three four five six pence

**Trapperdetrap (The Netherlands)**  
**Track 9 – “Zuignapje”**

(Dutch)

Er was eens een meisje,  
Maar het is eigenlijk een grapje,  
Dat alles uit haar duim zoog, de heleboel  
Bij elkaar loog en toch heel lief en eerlijk  
Overkam, snap je?

Ze zegt van die dingen die  
Helemaal niet kunnen over' haar gevechten met  
Verschrikkelijke Hunnen;  
Prinsen 'aanbidden haar;  
Der Hunnen sloeg ze in elkaar,  
De grote wereld is 'n grapje voor  
De held Zuignapje.

Zuignapje, Zuignapje, wat maak je me nou?  
Zuignapje, Zuignapje, vreemde vrouw!  
Zuignapje, Zuignapje, ik zie 't graag ruim  
Maar jij zuigt allea uit je duim.

Ze klampt zich vast aan haar verhaal,  
'Alle kwaadis zij da baas;  
Monsters verslaan is normaal;  
Ze trapt de duivel op z'n taas

Zuignapje, Zuignapje, geloof je het zelf?  
'Aangevallen door een overspannen elf;  
Zuignapje, ik geloof je niet,  
zing ons liever zuigenligenlied!

Zuignapje, Zuignapje, wat maak je me nou?  
Zuignapje, Zuignapje, vreemde vrouw!  
Zuignapje, Zuignapje, ik zie 't graag rium  
Maar jij zuigt alles uit je duim.

**“Make-Believe Girl”**

(English)

There was once a girl,  
Although this story is kind of a joke  
Who told stories about all kinds of things,  
Even lied through her teeth  
And still came across as being sweet and honest,  
Do you get it?

She talks about things  
That are just not possible,  
Like her battles with the terrible Huns;  
How princes adore her;  
How she beat the Huns in battle.  
The world is one big joke for our hero  
The Make-believe girl.

Make-believe Girl, Make-believe Girl,  
What are you doing?  
Make-believe Girl, Make-believe Girl, funny girl!  
Make-believe Girl, Make-believe Girl, I have an  
Open mind but you make everything up!

She sticks to her fantasies,  
She can conquer everything that's bad;  
Beating up monsters is a normal days work;  
She even steps on the devil's tail.

Make-believe Girl, Make-believe Girl,  
Do you believe your own stories?  
Attacked by a stressed out elf?  
Make-believe Girl, I just don't believe you,  
Sing us instead your made up songs!

Make-believe Girl, Make-believe Girl,  
What are you doing?  
Make-believe Girl, Make-believe Girl, funny girl!  
Make-believe Girl, Make-believe Girl, I have an  
Open mind but you make everything up!

**Selloane featuring Famoro Dioubaté**  
**(South Africa/Guinea)**  
**Track 10 – “Shortnin’ Bread”**

(Sotho/English)

Ha bana ba robetse mona dikobong  
Ba utlwile dipuo ka shortnin’ bread  
Ba fihla ba bina dipina pina  
Ba qhoma ba qhoma  
Ba bapala

Mamma's little baby loves shortnin', shortnin'  
Mamma's little baby loves shortnin' bread  
Mamma's little baby loves shortnin', shortnin'  
Mamma's little baby loves shortnin' bread

When them children were sick in bed  
Heard them talkin’ about short'nin' bread  
Jumped up well, start to dance and sing  
Jumped across the room and cut the “pigeon  
wing.”

Mamma's little baby loves shortnin', shortnin'  
Mamma's little baby loves shortnin' bread  
Mamma's little baby loves shortnin', shortnin'  
Mamma's little baby loves shortnin' bread

Sneak into the kitchen  
Slip off the lid  
Filled my pockets full of shortnin’ bread

O nthotse ka pitsa  
Le sekotlolo  
Ke na le moshemane le shortnin bread

Ngwana mme o rata short’ nin’, short’ nin’  
Ngwana mme o rata shortnin bread  
Ngwana mme o rata shortnin, short’ nin,  
Ngwana mme o rata short’ nin’ bread

(English)

When them children were sick in bed  
Heard them talkin’ about short'nin' bread  
Popped up well, start to dance and sing  
Jumped across the room and cut the “pigeon  
wing.”

Mamma's little baby loves shortnin', shortnin'  
Mamma's little baby loves shortnin' bread  
Mamma's little baby loves shortnin', shortnin'  
Mamma's little baby loves shortnin' bread

When them children were sick in bed  
Heard them talkin’ about short'nin' bread  
Jumped up well, start to dance and sing  
Jumped across the room and cut the “pigeon  
wing.”<sup>1</sup>

Mamma's little baby loves shortnin', shortnin'  
Mamma's little baby loves shortnin' bread  
Mamma's little baby loves shortnin', shortnin'  
Mamma's little baby loves shortnin' bread

Sneak into the kitchen  
Slip off the lid  
Filled my pockets full of shortnin’ bread

Caught me with the skillet  
Caught me with the lid  
Caught me with the boy and the shortnin' bread

Mamma's little baby loves shortnin', shortnin'  
Mamma's little baby loves shortnin' bread  
Mamma's little baby loves shortnin', shortnin'  
Mamma's little baby loves shortnin' bread

<sup>1</sup> The pigeon wing is a dance move. You take a small hop on one leg while kicking out the other leg to form a "wing."

**The Mighty Buzzniks (Australia)**  
**Track 11 – “Agree & Disagree”**

(English)

I prefer to swim in the ocean  
And I prefer to swim in the swimming pool  
I prefer to hang-out on the weekend  
I prefer to go to school

I guess we're all a little bit different  
We tend to all do things a little differently  
You've got your way and I've got mine  
So on this occasion let's agree to disagree

I like eating ice cream in the sun  
That's fine, but I like eating fruit.  
I like getting scruffy playing in the mud  
And I like looking cute

We both have things in common  
But I think that it is plain to see  
Our special little quirks make up our individuality  
We get along as friends quite well  
I with you, you with me,  
But sometimes we simply agree to disagree

I really love the stormy winter  
And I love the summertime  
I really love it when we do stuff together  
Hey, wow, there you go, so do I.

I guess we're both a little bit different  
We both do things a little differently  
But on hanging out together,  
Which we'd like to do forever,  
It's simple: on that subject, we can simply agree

We both have things in common  
But I think that it is plain to see  
Our special little quirks make up our individuality  
We get along as friends quite well  
I with you, you with me.  
It's simple: on that subject, we can simply agree.

**Modern Conya (Japan)**  
**Track 12 – “Oyatsu No Jikan”**

(Japanese)

キミとボクとのおやつ  
の時間  
今日も仲良く半分こ  
嬉しい気持ち楽しい気持ち  
ずっと一緒に半分こ

素敵な歌を見つけたよ  
キミと一緒にききたいな  
楽しいことがあったときは  
キミと一緒に笑いたいな

ほらごらんよ 雲が流れてく  
離れていてもそばにいても  
僕らずっとずっと笑い会おう  
ほらごらんよ お皿の上には  
半分になったボクのおやつ  
2倍の幸せ

(English)

Snack time, you and I  
Let's be nice and share, half and half, as always  
Let's share, half and half,  
Happiness and joy forever

I found a nice song  
I want to listen with you  
When I have fun  
I want to laugh with you

Look, clouds are drifting by  
Let's share a laugh, near or far  
Look on the plate :  
My snack is half but my happiness is doubled

**Ingrid Lucia (USA)**

**Track 13 – “This Little Light of Mine”**

(English)

This little light of mine, I’m gonna let it shine  
This little light of mine, I’m gonna let it shine  
This little light of mine, I’m gonna let it shine

Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine

Way down in your heart, you’ve got to let it shine  
Way down in your heart, you’ve got to let it shine  
Way down in your heart, you’ve got to let it shine

Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine

Even in your school, you gotta let it shine  
Even in your school, you gotta let it shine  
Even in your school, you gotta let it shine

Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine

This little light of mine, I’m gonna let it shine  
This little light of mine, I’m gonna let it shine  
This little light of mine, I’m gonna let it shine

Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine  
Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine  
Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine