



© Martine Bruel

## **Conversations in Rhyme**

A Film by Elizabeth N. Seamans

### **Song Lyrics**

Kisha's Song	p. 2
Roon About	p. 3
Ride the Horsie	p. 4
Italian Songs	p. 5
Greek Songs	p. 6
Russian/Yiddish Songs	p. 7

## Kisha's Song

Bye, Mama's baby  
Go to sleepy-y,  
Bye, Mama's baby  
Go to sleep.  
(repeat)

Mama saw you  
While you were sleepin',  
Mama saw you  
While you were 'sleep.  
(repeat)

Mama loves her  
Darlin' baby,  
Mama loves her  
Darlin' dear.  
(repeat)

Go to sleepy-y  
Mama's baby,  
Go to sleepy,  
Mama's dear.  
(repeat)

--Oriah Marhiney

## **Roon About**

Roon about, roon about,  
Catch a wee mouse,  
Up a bit, up a bit, up a bit,  
In a wee house.

(Trace circle on palm)

("Walk" fingers up the arm; tickle under the arm)

## **Knock at the Door**

Knock at the door,  
Peep in,  
Push the latch,  
And walk in.

(Knock on forehead  
Open eyelid  
Push tip of nose to one side  
Poke finger in mouth ...gently!)

## **Two Little Blackbirds**

Two little blackbirds  
Sitting on a hill  
One named Jack  
One named Jill  
Fly away, Jack  
Fly away, Jill  
Come back, Jack  
Come back, Jill

(Forefingers are marked with tape.

Forefingers fly up and middle fingers return;

Middle fingers fly up and forefingers return.)

## **Church and Steeple**

There's the church  
And there's the steeple,  
Open the doors  
And there's all the people.

(Hands clasped with fingers hidden;  
Point forefingers upwards,  
Open two thumbs,  
Expose the clasped fingers inside.)

--Pat Scanlon

## Rooster Hen Pullet

Rooster,  
Hen,  
Pullet.  
What did I say that was?  
A pullet!

(Touch forehead  
Touch chin  
Touch nose  
  
Pull nose)

If I lived up here  
And you lived down there  
Would you ever come up to see me?

(Touch forehead  
Touch chin  
Run forefinger lightly up the face)

If I lived up here  
And you lived down there  
I'd come down to see you, too.

(Touch forehead  
Touch chin  
Run forefinger lightly up the face)

Hi CHEST  
Glad y'r BACK  
From the ARMy  
I haven't seen you  
In yEARS and yEARS  
But I still NOSE ( knows) you.

(Pat each body part as it is mentioned)

--Joseph Hall Family

## Ride the Horsie

Ride, ride, Ranke  
Hesten hette Blanka  
Vor skall vi riden?  
Til de gamles smide.  
Man ingen war til hjeme  
Bar to dumme hunde  
Som sa:  
"Aruffaruffaruffaruff".

(Ride, ride, Ranke,  
The horse's name is Blanka.  
Where shall we ride?  
To the old smithy.  
Nobody was home  
But two dumb dogs  
Who said:  
"Aruffaruffaruffaruff".

--Norwegian Song, Mark Ylvisaker

First we learn to walk,  
Then we learn to trot,  
Then we learn to gallop fast,  
Then we learn to drop.

--Bob Marshall

Trot, trot to Boston,  
Trot, trot to Lynn,  
Watch out little boy,  
You don't -- fall --IN

--Polly McQueen

This is the way the ladies ride,  
The ladies ride, the ladies ride,  
This is the way the ladies ride,  
So early in the morning.

This is the way the gentlemen ride, etc.

And this is the way the farmers ride,  
A-hobbledy, hobbledy, hobbledy,hobbledy,  
BOOM!

--Polly McQueen

## Italian Songs from the Bloomfield Neighborhood

C'e una fontanella  
Ove vive una paperella:  
Questa la vide  
Questa l'acchiappo  
Questa la cucino  
Questa se la mangio  
"Pippiripita, la parte a me!  
Pippiripita, la parte a me".

(There is a little fountain  
Where lives a little duck:  
This one saw him,  
This one caught him,  
This one cooked him,  
This one ate him,  
This one said " pippiripita,  
Give a part to me!  
Pippiripita, give a part to me"!

Vieni Madona, vieni vestita di nero,  
Porta il sonno e leva la pena;  
Vieni, Madonna, vestita di bianco  
Porto il sonno e leva l'affanno.

(Come, Madonna, dressed in black,  
Bring sleep and keep away pain;  
Come, Madonna, dressed in white,  
Bring sleep and keep away sadness.)

Pizza tata, Pizza tata,  
La mamma l'ha picchiata  
Tuta contenta la famiglia  
Che domain andiamo via.

Pizza tata, Pizza tata,  
The mother kneads the bread;  
Everyone in the family is happy  
Because tomorrow we go away.)

## Greek Songs from the St Nicholas Greek Orthodox Church in Oakland

Palamakia pexete  
Ki o babas sou erchetai  
Kai sou ferni katitis --  
Loukoumakia sto charti.

(Clap your hands,  
Your father is coming  
And he brings something --  
Sweets wrapped in paper.)

Kounia bela  
Espase i koutela  
Ki ivge mia kopella --  
Tin legane Katerina

(Kounia bela,  
The forehead broke,  
A girl came out,  
Her name was Katerina.)

Etho tha katsi to pouli  
Etho tha kelaidisi,  
Etho tha kani th folia,  
Ki etho tha koutsoulisi!

(Here will the bird perch,  
Here will it sing,  
Here will it build its nest,  
And here will it poop!)

## Russian/ Yiddish Songs from Squirrel Hill

Seroka varona  
Kashku varila  
Mizela  
Muzela  
Kuzela  
Puzela  
Tuzela  
A tchu, tchu, tchu tchu, tchu.

(Seroka, the crow  
Boiled up some porridge.  
Mizela  
Muzela  
Kuzela  
Puzela  
Tuzela  
A tchu, tchu, tchu, tchu, tchu.)

Afn pripetchik brent a fayerel  
Un in shtib iz heys,  
Un der rebbenyu lernt kinderlakh  
Dem alef beys.

(Upon the hearth burns a little fire  
And it is warm in the house  
And the Rabbi teaches little children  
The alphabet.)

Unter a kleyn vigela  
Shteyt a vays tzigele,  
Dos tzigele's geforn handlen  
Vos vet zayn dayn beruf  
Rozhinkes un mandlen  
Shlof, mayn kindele, shlof.

(Under a small cradle  
Stands a white kid.  
The little kid has gone to work.  
What will be your job one day?  
Raisins and almonds.  
Sleep, my little child, sleep.)