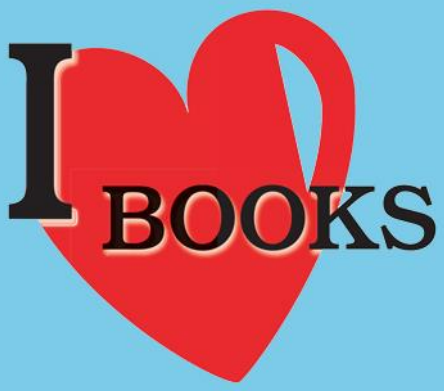


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Opening extract from

A Treasury of Songs

Written by

Julia Donaldson

Illustrated by

Axel Scheffler

Published by

Macmillan Children's Books

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Introduction
by Julia Donaldson

This book contains the words of twenty three of my children's songs, and you can hear the tunes on the CD that comes with it.

I wrote songs long before I started writing books and I still enjoy performing them when I visit schools, theatres and book festivals. You can hear some of these on the Gruffalo website, but I hope there will be plenty of new ones for you to discover here.

Several of the songs in this collection were written for children's television, including "A Squash and a Squeeze", which was later made into a book – my very first book, illustrated by the wonderful Axel Scheffler.

Axel and I have now been working together on picture books for over twenty years, and I hope that we will carry on for many more to come. I'm delighted with all the extra pictures that Axel has done to make this such a decorative book.

Once I started writing stories it felt natural to make up songs to go with them. You can find many of these "story songs" here, including "The Gruffalo", "Room on the Broom" and "The Snail and the Whale". One of the songs, "The World Inside a Book" was written to go with *Charlie Cook's Favourite Book*, but I like to think that the words can be changed to fit any book. Maybe you can choose a story you like and make up a new verse about it.

As well as the songs that go with my own books there are some others based on well-known Aesop's fables like "The Hare and the Tortoise" and "The Fox and the Crow". There are also plenty of action songs for you to join in with, such as "I've Got a Ball of Pastry". I wrote that one when my second son was at nursery school. I used to sing it with the children in his class, who liked pretending to roll pastry, peel bananas and toss pancakes.

I wrote the tunes of all the songs, but the musical arrangements that you can hear on the CD were written by Andrew Dodge, with whom I often worked in my television-writing days. Andrew also produced the CD and it was a great experience doing the recording with him, as I was accompanied by some wonderful professional musicians.

Once you've got to know the songs you can sing along on your own; or if you go to school maybe your class could sing some of them. I hope you'll enjoy joining in with the actions too.

If you play an instrument, you might be interested to know that the songs (plus a few others) also appear with a simple piano accompaniment and guitar chords in the three previously published collections, *The Gruffalo Song and Other Songs*, *Room on the Broom and Other Songs* and *The Gruffalo's Child and Other Songs*.

My thanks go to Axel Scheffler as well as to Andrew Dodge and all the musicians, and I'm really grateful to my niece Imogen and her daughters Lola and Amelie who sing on "The World Inside a Book" and "Stick Man". My husband Malcolm also sings on some of the songs, as well as joining the other musicians with his guitar, and to him go my extra special thanks, as I probably wouldn't have written nearly so many songs or stories without his encouragement and enthusiasm.

Happy reading, listening – and singing!

Julia Donaldson



A Squash and a Squeeze

A little old lady lived all by herself
With a table and chair and a jug on the shelf.
A wise old man heard her grumble and grouse,
"There's not enough room in my house."

She said, "Wise old man,
won't you help me, please?
My house is a squash and a squeeze."

"Take in your hen," said the wise old man.
"Take in my hen? What a curious plan."
Well, the hen laid an egg on the fireside rug,
And flapped round the room, knocking over the jug.
The little old lady cried, "What shall I do?
It was poky for one and it's tiny for two.
My nose has a tickle and there's no room to sneeze.
My house is a squash and a squeeze."

And she said, "Wise old man,
won't you help me, please?
My house is a squash and a squeeze."



"Take in your goat," said the wise old man.
"Take in my goat? What a curious plan."
Well, the goat chewed the curtains and trod on the egg,
Then sat down to nibble the table leg.
The little old lady cried, "Glory be!
It was tiny for two and it's titchy for three.
The hen pecks the goat and the goat's got fleas.
My house is a squash and a squeeze."

And she said, "Wise old man,
won't you help me, please?
My house is a squash and a squeeze."



"Take in your pig," said the wise old man.
"Take in my pig? What a curious plan."
So she took in the pig, who kept chasing the hen
And raiding the larder again and again.
The little old lady cried, "Stop, I implore!
It was titchy for three and it's teeny for four.
Even the pig in the larder agrees
My house is a squash and a squeeze."

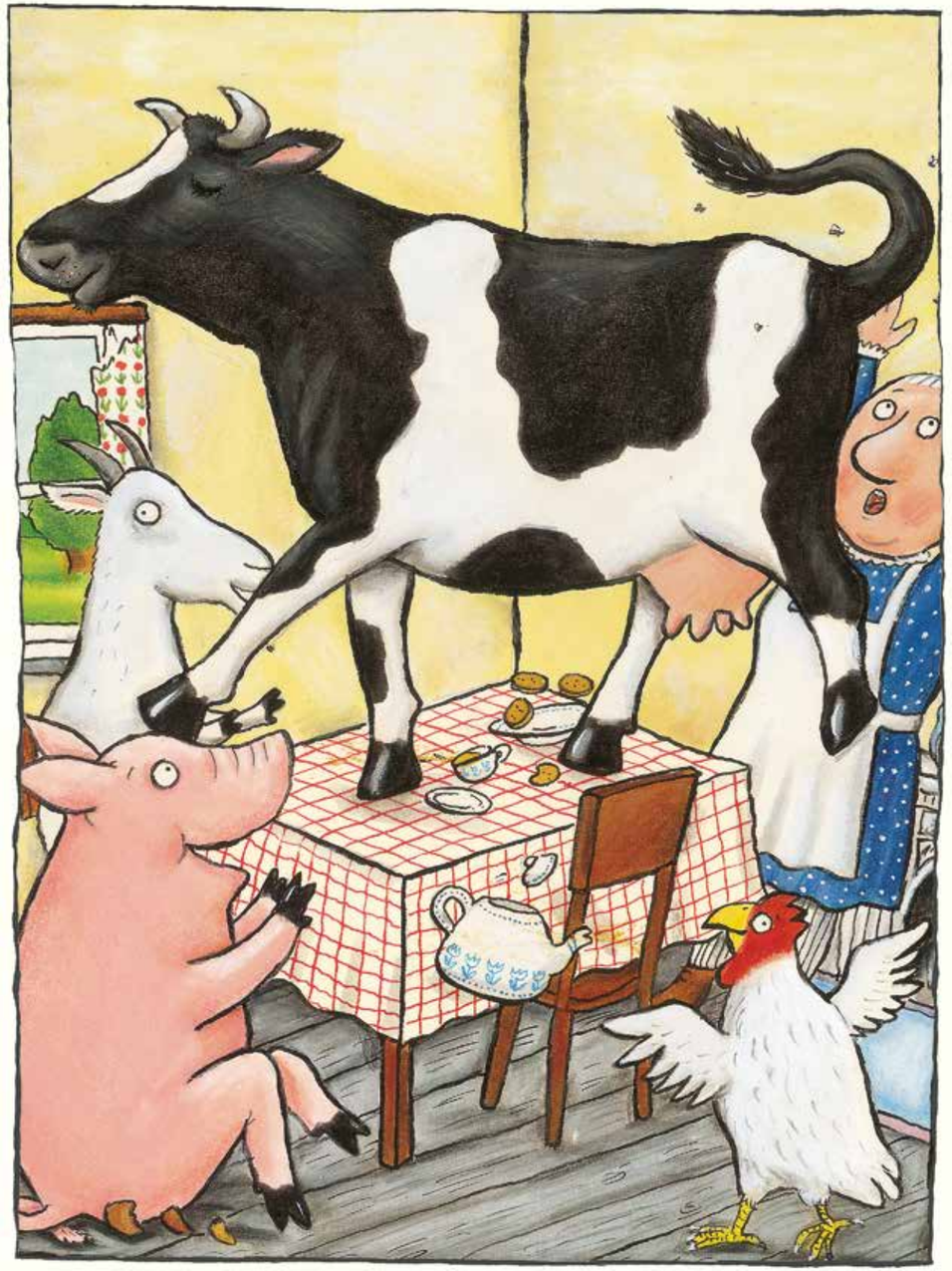
And she said, "Wise old man,
won't you help me, please?
My house is a squash and a squeeze."



"Take in your cow," said the wise old man.
"Take in my cow? What a curious plan."
Well, the cow took one look and charged straight at the pig,
Then jumped on the table and tapped out a jig.
The little old lady cried, "Heavens alive!
It was teeny for four and it's weeny for five.
I'm tearing my hair out, I'm down on my knees,
My house is a squash and a squeeze."

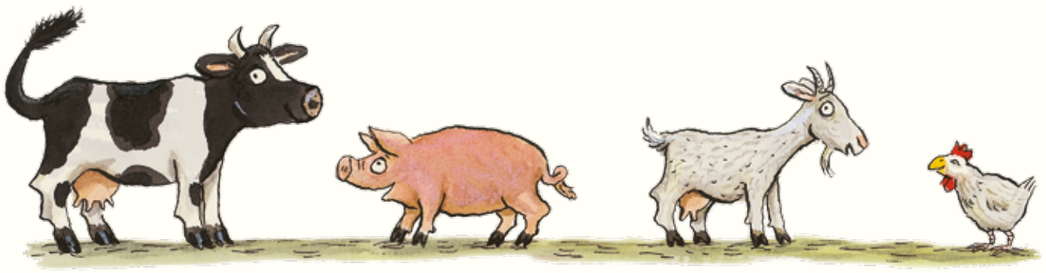
And she said, "Wise old man,
won't you help me, please?
My house is a squash and a squeeze."

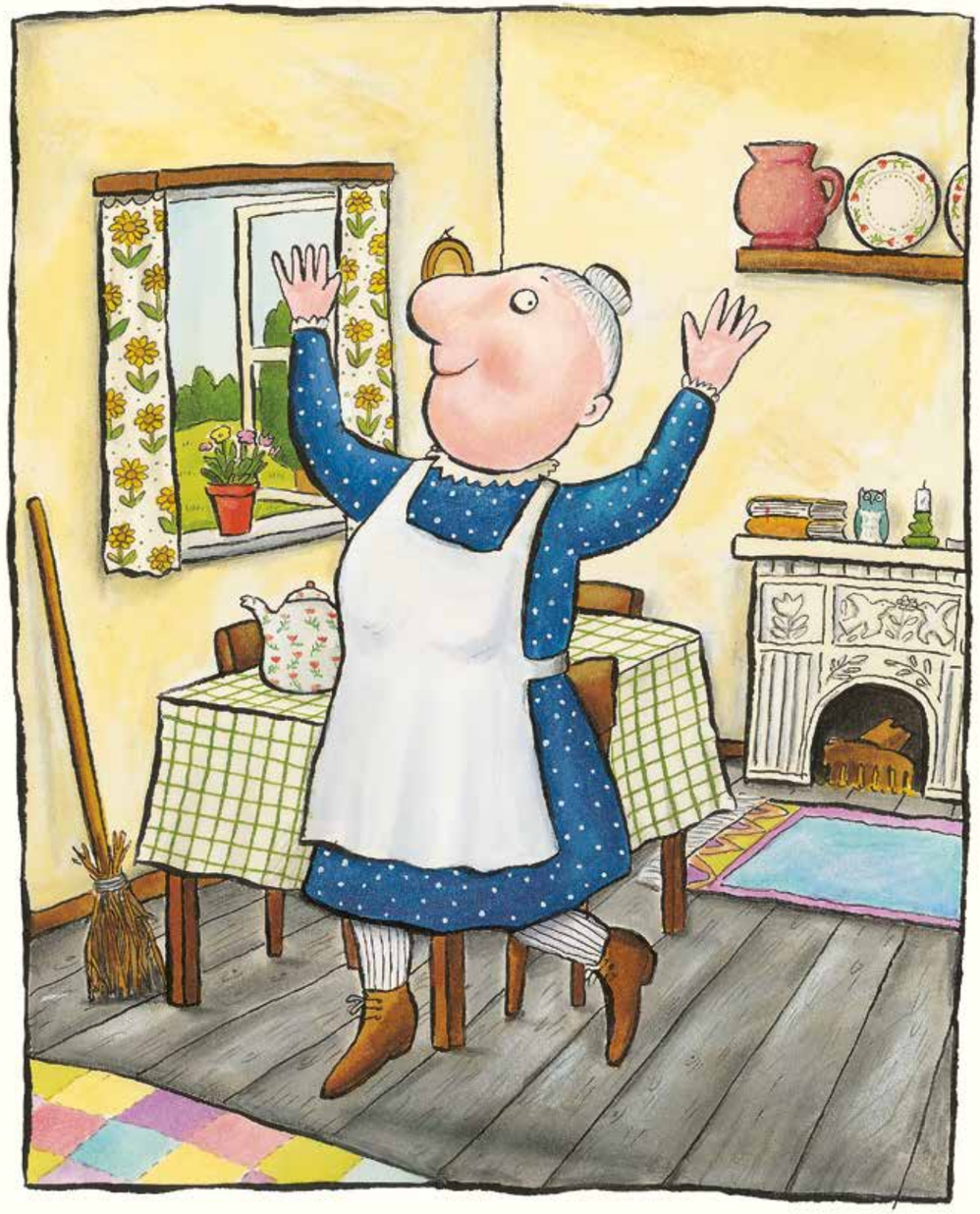




"Take them all out," said the wise old man.
"But then I'll be back where I first began."
So she opened the window and out flew the hen.
"That's better – at last I can sneeze again."
She shooed out the goat and she shoved out the pig.
"My house is beginning to feel pretty big."
She huffed and she puffed and she pushed out the cow.
"Just look at my house – it's enormous now.
Thank you, old man, for the work you have done.
It was weeny for five; it's gigantic for one.
There's no need to grumble and there's no need to grouse.
There's plenty of room in my house."

And now she's full of frolics
and fiddle-de-dees.
It isn't a squash
and it isn't a squeeze.
Yes, she's full of frolics
and fiddle-de-dees.
It isn't a squash or a squeeze.





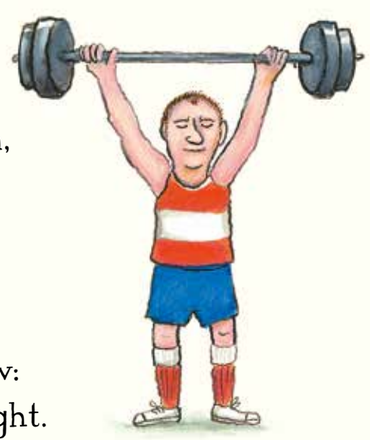
Use Your Arms



Use your arms like a policeman:
make the traffic stop and go.



Use your arms like an archer:
shoot an arrow from your bow.



Use your arms like a strongman,
lifting up a heavy weight.



Use your arms like a scarecrow:
stick them out all stiff and straight.

Stretch, shrug,
Fold, hug:
Use your arms.
Use your arms.



Use your arms like a mother:
rock your baby son or daughter.



Use your arms like a diver,
poised to plunge into the water.



Use your arms like a swimmer:
do the breast stroke, do the crawl.



Use your arms like a bowler,
running up to throw the ball.

Stretch, shrug,
Fold, hug:
Use your arms.
Use your arms.

Use your arms like a cowboy:
spin and twirl the old lasso.





Use your arms like a sailor,
hauling in a rope or two.

Use your arms like a fisherman:
cast your line, then wind it in.





Use your arms like a fiddler,
playing on your violin.

Stretch, shrug,
Fold, hug:
Use your arms.
Use your arms.
Use your arms.

Breathing Song

When you see a flower, do you sniff?
When you see a flower, do you sniff?
If it is a rose,
a lovely smell goes up your nose,
When you sniff,
When you sniff.





When you climb a hill, do you pant?
When you climb a hill, do you pant?
When you're at the top,
I bet you're really glad to stop,
And you pant,
And you pant.



When you get a shock, do you gasp?
When you get a shock, do you gasp?
Somebody says "Boo!"
or there's a spider on your shoe,
So you gasp,
So you gasp.

When you have a cold, do you sneeze?
When you have a cold, do you sneeze?
Nothing you can do can stop it;
here it comes – a-choo!
Yes, you sneeze,
Yes, you sneeze.



When your birthday comes, do you puff?
When your birthday comes, do you puff?
Maybe you can blow
the candles out in just one go,
When you puff,
When you puff.



When you're feeling sad, do you sigh?
When you're feeling sad, do you sigh?
No one wants to play,
and it's a cold and rainy day,
So you sigh,
So you sigh.





When you're feeling tired, do you yawn?
When you're feeling tired, do you yawn?
You grumbled when they said
that it was nearly time for bed,
But you yawn,
Yes, you yawn.

When you're fast asleep, do you snore?
When you're fast asleep, do you snore?
Have you got a snore
so loud it wakes them up next door,
When you snore,
When you snore?



The Gruffalo

He has terrible tusks and terrible claws
and terrible teeth in his terrible jaws.
He's the Gruffalo, Gruffalo, Gruffalo.
He's the Gruffalo.

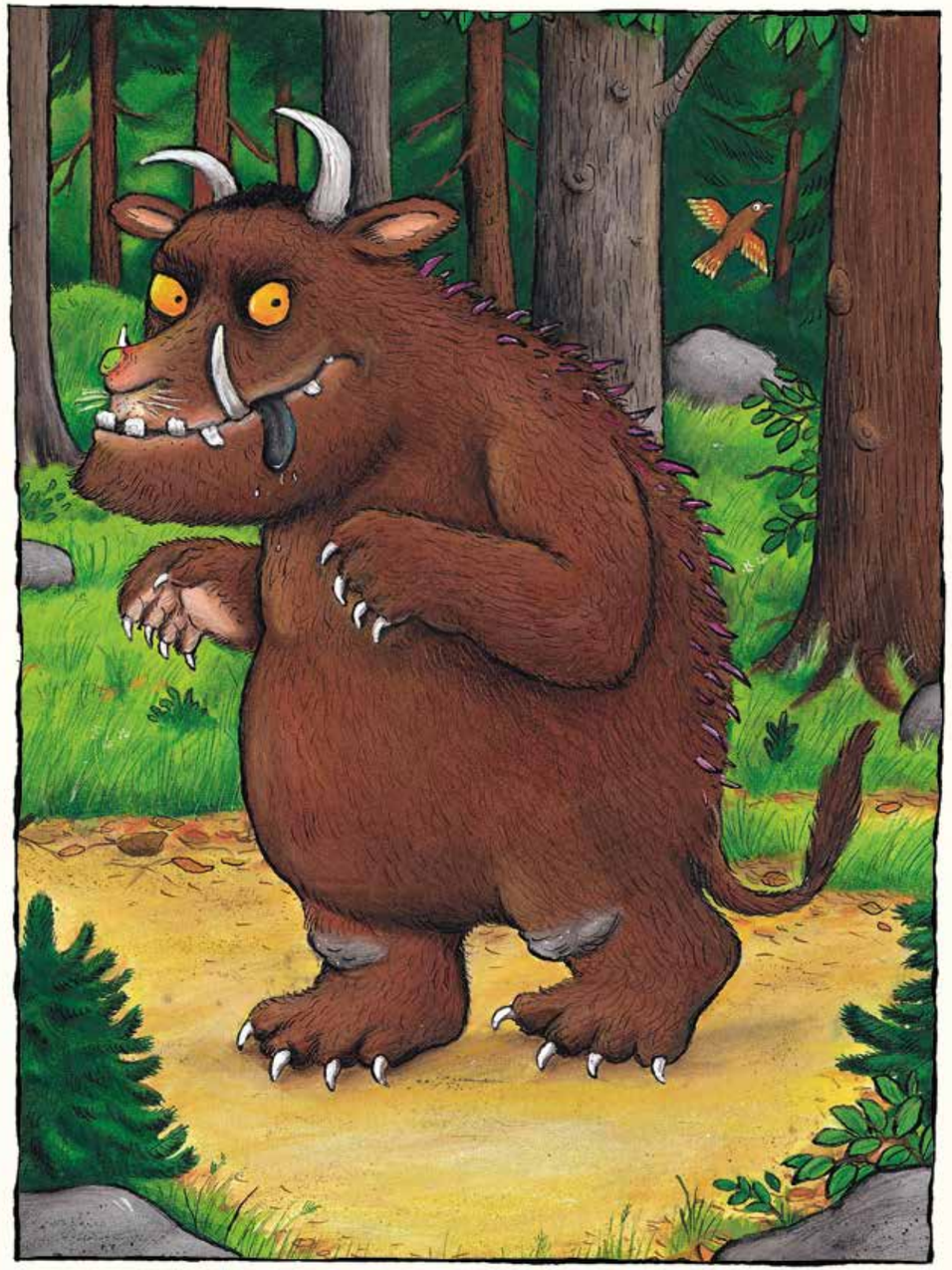
He has knobbly knees and turned-out toes
and a poisonous wart at the end of his nose.
He's the Gruffalo, Gruffalo, Gruffalo.
He's the Gruffalo.

His eyes are orange. His tongue is black.
He has purple prickles all over his back.
He's the Gruffalo, Gruffalo, Gruffalo.
He's the Gruffalo, Gruffalo, Gruffalo.

He's the Grr...rr...rr...rr...ruffalo.

HE'S THE GRUFFALO!





Steering a Great Big Trolley

Steering a great big trolley
All round a great big shop.
Whoosh! Round the corners.
Whoops! Mind the customers.
Hold tight, we're going to stop.





Reach up high for the honey.
Reach down low for the ham.
Jar, tin and packet, watch how you stack it.
Don't break the strawberry jam!

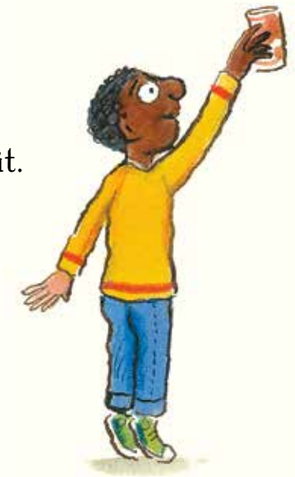
Here we go again . . .

Steering a great big trolley
All round a great big shop.
Whoosh! Round the corners.
Whoops! Mind the customers.
Hold tight, we're going to stop.



Reach up high for the jelly.
Reach down low for the juice.
Jar, tin and packet, watch how you stack it.
Don't squash the chocolate mousse!

Here we go again . . .





Steering a great big trolley
All round a great big shop.
Whoosh! Round the corners.
Whoops! Mind the customers.
Cash desk – we're going to stop.

Out come jars, tins and packets.
Out comes money to pay.
Pack up the shopping, no time for stopping.
Goodbye, we're off on our way.
Goodbye, we're off on our way.

