



SLEEP BABY SLEEP

And other Poems



Mysore D. Swapna

March 2025



SLEEP BABY SLEEP And other Poems

A collection of poems on Children

by M.D swapna

poems C1 to C 33

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– Halesh prasad – amhpsys@gmail.com

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Kanchana - kanchanakathiresan@gmail.com

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For soft or booklet copies, suggestions, feedback :

engoneforall@gmail.com

kanchanakathiresan@gmail.com

phone message only [WhatsApp] .8762789139

This author had archived own poems under various categories. A sample piece from each category was earlier printed [Xeroxed as a booklet] under the title 'Taste *Bites - Poems*'. Under the category 'women and children' March 8 *Poems* was separated. We were left with poems related to children. While compiling them we realized that the creations of even very good writers could not be read by or read out to very young children. The same is the situation with our work too. 'Poems for or about children' might have been an apt title. Instead we called it '**Children Poems**'

For very young children [infants] **lullabies** are fine for the happiness of mothers and other caretakers. To the child it does not matter in which language the lyrics are [we think].

Next category is '**for**' children. Older children can understand if the matter is read [or sung] out to them. Some may be able to read on their own. In both these cases the subject matter as well as the vocabulary [= words used] must be simple. When this is in doubt we have given 'notes' or labelled 'out of syllabus'

A third type is '**about**' children. These poems are meant for the elders but can be explained to children depending on the content

This booklet contains all of type 1 and some of type 2.

The rest may come out as another booklet. Separation is mainly due to size.

All our readers are well aware of the abundance of children's literature available in the English language. The popularity of electronic media cutting across social classes of people has made these available to everyone including a child [of five or seven] who can show the oldies how to select in their 'mobiles' . Yet we decided to make our own collection of poems in [Indian} English. It is hoped that some who like the content may also set apt tunes. Commoners like yours truly will sing in whichever tune they can [if at all it is worth calling 'singing'].

A writer will write in whichever language [s]he chooses or feels comfortable! Right? This is the justification for this booklet .

Mysore D. Swapna [pen name]
April 2023

INTRODUCTION

Writing for children is a tough task. This author is a great admirer of all writers of children's literature: poems, stories, picture books, cartoons, comics, fairy tales, tales retold - and even makers of charts, textbooks. All aspects of the above children's literature are part of bringing up and caring for children.

In India, it is told, all important events of life were accompanied by festivities which included singing. The songs were mostly in folk style, easy to sing along, easy to follow the meaning, easy to memorise. The custom carried through generations [of women] needed no printing, publishing, recording ..we call it aural [or oral] tradition. Thus children's lyrics come down without any source or author mentioned. So also nursery rhymes, proverbs .

Our tradition is based very much on piety, spirituality and hence religion in a way. All forms of literature may contain this aspect. We think child upbringing is no exception. Thus, saintly sayings, *shlokas*, [Sanskrit] verses in praise of deities can be heard in many households, certainly where young children are there. All dasas [devotees] were known for their simple popular singable verses. Even in temples God is awakened by songs [*suprabhatam*]. They perhaps influence the child's over-all development much more than any nursery rhymes. But there is the uncertainty of going over the heads of not only the children but also many elders, unless later in life the verse are re-inforced with meaning by some knowledgeable elders.

In Tamil there is a category of literature named '*piLLai thamizh* . In this , God [sometimes a celebrity] is praised referring to his or her early childhood and stages of growth. Anyone who would like to make a compilation of children's poems can benefit by glancing through this genre of [old] Tamil literature.

Recently the advent of movies and their effect on the whole population can be seen even in children's songs and lullabies [called *lorie* in Hindi] . In Hindi , cinema songs for children have become hits. The very old one “ *so jaa, raajkumari so jaa*” is actually from a movie . Many may not know this fact but may be able to do a good job of repeating,

This author knows how difficult it is to bring one famous lyric in a given language to be carried over into another, keeping the tune, meaning, simplicity etc intact. We have attempted a few just to demonstrate this statement. [given under the title '***more to read***']

Someone had attempted an English rhyme into Kannada with great success. The translated version is known to locals, in Mysore [Karnataka, India] including those who do not know any English . This success is due to: [a] the tune is the same and simple as the original hit rhyme {b] length is kept the same [c] meaning is closely followed so that those who know the original English also would feel happy . Please see at the end of this booklet .

A children's poem in Marathi is given as an example. See '**more to read**'] section. It shows the tough task of translation taking rhyme , rhythm, size etc. to be near the original .

Other examples given in this booklet are from Hindi, Kannada, Tamil. This author had tried to adapt these into English , but without much satisfaction. Nevertheless these trials are given here for interested readers to decide and improve.

We noticed that some famous rhymes are almost self-explanatory even to children as young as four years. One is : *OLD McDonald*
Another is *JOHNY, JOHNY, YES PAPA*.

We decided to make our own collection of poems in [Indian} English
It is hoped that some who like the content may also set apt tunes .

The general theme of lullabies is to make the child sleep. It is more primitive than bed-time stories for older children. For them or for infants a voice recorder or audio videos available could be used. But mothers may prefer human touch. Perhaps the babies too, but who knows! All creative mothers make up their own stories. Very often the story teller herself may be a character in the story. Of course, the baby will be there thinly disguised. As the baby grows up cogent concepts develop and at that time the children's songs may take a different shape – with meanings and morals,.

Fairy tales and fantasies also belong to children's literature. There even objects like a car, cycle or animals can talk, get up and fly etc. I was told that some experts in education do not approve of such extreme fantasies. [Teachers trained in Montessori methods could tell more about this aspect]. Whether fantasies , fables contribute to superstitious beliefs is a moot point beyond the scope of our books. However, death, cruelty. or gory details are surely out. [Some include in this omission list ; *beebatsa* disgusting details - causing 'ugh']

At age around ten the average child may start reading or understand if read out to them. That is when logic, cogency and reasoning are needed. [This author doubts even this concept. Why not just have fun? Fantasies provide that]. Look at '*Pied Piper*' and its attraction to all children even though it has a sad ending in order to emphasize a moral idea. So also are stories of *bala [child] Krishna* , *panchatantra* stories. Do they need to be written only for imparting some morals? May not be necessary. But the great following for Aesop's Fables shows it is ok to moralise if well told keeping the child's interest.

Another category gives awe, adventure, surprise or heroism. To cite a few: superman, Spiderman, jungle book, Tarzan, biblical stories, Arabian stories including Aladdin , [there may be many in the far-east nations like China, Japan]

Another form of children's literature is the creative work by children themselves. A few uncomplimentary jokes are doing the rounds for decades about this topic:

Child was ready with an essay on "the cow". Teacher wanted one on "coconut tree" . The child had imagination. The essay started with "There was a tall coconut tree. To it was tied a cow." Now the rest of the essay can be on the cow.!

The matter rejected and unpublished written by elders reaching school magazines under the student's authorship. In spite of all such jokes some talent can be observed in school and college magazines.

Singing, reading, telling stories to children are all becoming rare in many [urban] households. That tradition should continue. In this area videos for children contribute positively. But in the process the natural affection and company of elders and caretakers is lost. Hope a healthy mixture will evolve. Like any number of picture and storybooks are welcome, rhymes and poems will have their place in child literature.

Thus, anything could be included in children's literature as long as it creates interest in children and produces positive points in them or about them.

Mysore D. Swapna [pen name]
April 2023

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C1 SLEEP BABY SLEEP, [CRADLE SONG]

1

Sleep, sleep my little baby sleep
Do not any more cry or weep
I forgot my worries for a while
When in sleep you had a smile.



What memories what sweet dreams
Made you forget sobs and screams
What angel's what human's touch
Made you sweetly smile so much?

As long as there was energy
Noisy, voicy, bumpy, jumpy;
Suddenly on my shoulder or lap
You can go to sound sleep or nap.



When you totter around
Pleasures abound;
It is your peals of laughter
every mother is after.

What demon, what ache, what fright
Makes you cry in the middle of the night?
What mother, what senseless woman
Let go hungry a hapless human?

Neighbours complain
 We are all under strain
 But you choose to scream
 In your midnight bad dream

You can be noisily gay
 Any time of the night or day
 But we are all glad to make
 you comfy by being awake.

Now, sleep baby, sleep
 No more cry or weep
 Sleep, sleep my little one
 My child, my baby, my own.
 [note: comfy- comfortable]

[the author was strongly influenced
 by a poem by William Blake:

*Sleep, sleep beauty bright
 Dreaming over joys of night
 Sleep, sleep in thy sleep
 Little sorrows sit and weep.]*



My gem, my gold, my everything!
Go to sleep, my child, as I sing
My eyes, my heart, my all
As I sing , asleep you fall.

Your cradle gently as I rock
Listen, though you can't talk
Love of mother, in lullaby, you hear
Hear and sleep, my dear!

My pet, my dear, my darling!
Go to sleep, my child, as I sing

Do come, ye saints and angels!
Come and ring gentle bells
In sleep, cute one!, do you hear
good bells of angels, my dear?
Ding dong ding , Let bells ring
Tra la laa let me sing



My wish, my hope, my blessing
Go to sleep, my child, as I sing

Hey, demons and devils! You keep
away from my child's sleep
Go get lost , you witches wild !
Don't enter dreams of my child
[repeat first two and four lines]

C3

LULLABY [2]

Fly away filthy flies
From the cot my child lies
No mosquitoes and pests
Where my child rests



Do come gentle breeze
Carry my child's ZZZ ees
To all the babies around
Let them also sleep sound

Asleep he lies
See, see! He smiles
Surely he likes
My lousy lullabies



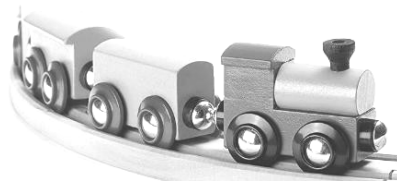
All the mothers! Come and see
In dream my child smiles at me
Who cried, screamed , now calm
Awake or asleep you are dear to mom



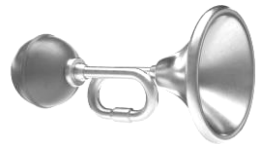
Mother's voice :



Duck says cluck. Cluck
 Train goes chuck, chuck
 Horn blares beep, beep
 I say, baby! Sleep sleep



I don't know any lullaby
 Nor music nor melody
 Tuneful or not, let me sing
 Close your eyes, my little thing!



Lullabies must be at the tip of the tongue
 Better if it is in one's mother tongue
 I never learnt any. I have to use a record
 But it will never be like mom's vocal chord

Pardon me my poor thing !
 Melody or not, mother must sing .
Nidradevi is sitting on your eyelid
 So, you go to sleep my cute kid.

[*note : nidradevi- goddess of sleep*
Record- audio tape or disc]

Baby in the cot ,
jumping out you cannot
 Sorry there is no one,
 if you get out and run
to go after you my child
Dangers are many in the wild .
 For your mom it makes sense
 To put you behind a fence

She clears the cot's mess
New diaper, new dress
 Now you can come out
 Run or walk about
Watching we are all
lest you get up and fall
 Toddlers in the house are fun
 Whether they walk , amble or run.



Baby in the cradle
lying like a bundle
December is cold
adults may be bold
They go dip in the river
though brrr—they shiver
But my baby I will bundle
warm, cosy in the cradle.

BABY IN THE CRADLE
thin like a ladle
Month of May is hot
even adults do not
go roam in the sun
only indoors work is done
But my baby will be in the cradle
Bare, cool and brown like a ladle.



Burp is ough , usually we hide
Eating is enough as the body said.

A feeding mother or ayah, the care taker
is happy rather if baby is the burp maker

Burp is a signal for feeding to stop .

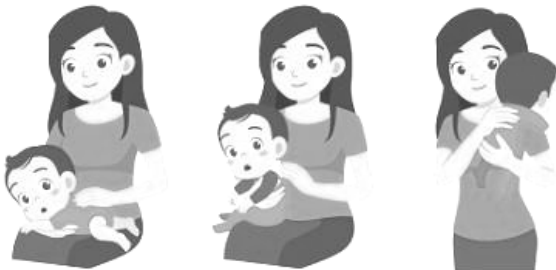
No further intake decision is fine
Mother sends me to medical shop
If baby burps suddenly or again

Doctor uncle says:

Gastric reactions are signs
Warning the eater from within
Objective tests, not yet science
has found for labs to come in

Hence the case builds up
For case history to be heard
Patiently by medical GP

Since burp can't be rehearsed
[note: GP- general practitioner = doc]



The sound of the rattle
 repeated by Munna
 Tattle, tattle, tattle
 mother calls it prattle.

Smile becomes laugh
 Cry becomes screech
 Without anyone to teach
 It is not yet speech.



When he can take, shake, make
 The rattle sound tic-toc-tic
 He too can open, close, shake
 His mouth , say klick klock kluck

Is there a name for sounds like this?
 Either of the rattles or his?

Mother calls it
 Child's prattle



Even while the infant tries to walk
 [s]he thinks [s]he knows how to talk
 Babies try to repeat what they hear
 No board, no cane , no teacher to fear

For ‘ mother’ the universal ‘ma’
 Single syllables without comma
 Baby talk prattle or babble
 Is words of single syllable

Pointing at the breast or bottle
 The syllable in baby’s prattle
 Is the infant’s word for food
 As all mothers understood.

For parents who, on baby talk dote,
 It is sweeter than any musical note

[note : last two lines borrowed from Tamil
Thirukkural – kuzhal inidhu yaazh inidhu enbar
 tham makkaL
 mazhalai chol keLaadhavar
 ‘L’ sound as in click, plan, blue
 ‘zh’ –a unique sound in MalayaLam and Tamil]



Mom, munni, mummy
 Dad, munna, papa
 Can four of us go
 Buy some mango ?



Cut, cut ,shall we?
 But wait for aunty
 Here comes aunt
 Mango do you want?

Yes children, let us
 Cut and eat fruits

Thank you papa and mummy
 Yellow mango yummy
 Mango gone into tummy.

[this can be played together like a game- given below]

*Hey folks! No mango
 Where did it go?*

[Pointing to tummies]

*Into my tummy – into your tummyMy
 tummy ---your tummy –
 It is in uncle tummy [‘s optional]It
 is in aunty tummy [‘s optional]*

UP, DOWN HERE, THERE

[a game with a group of children]

down down down

grass down earth down road down ants down

[all hands down, face looking down]

up up up

sky up birds up leaves up aeroplane up

[all hands up, face looking up]

[use your discretion to use local terms- only ‘up, down’ English]

[elders change words as per the things around]

here here here

head here hand here book here pencil here

[all hands point to near objects]

there there there

car there house there cow there tree there

[all hands point to far objects]

[elders change words as per the things around]

[use your discretion to use local terms- only ‘here, there’ English]

I am here you are here we are here

He is there she is there they are there

All of you, please come near *[give time 30 to 60 sec]*

Now we are all HERE

Now we are all HERE together

We are children. We are together

We are friends. We are together

[optional : holding hands move hands up and down]

Rain rain come stay
Little Rani wants to play
Rain rain stay
Don't go away

Rani and friends are ready and set
To play with you and to get wet

But be gentle, we are children
Don't thunder and make us run

Rain rain come stay
Little Rani wants to play

[*note: Rani- girl's name*]



Look up high see the sky
Look around friends abound

Look down grass lawn
Don't sit yet it is still wet

Look to the east straight
Red rising sun is bright
Wake up the lazy brother
We can walk together

Left , right left, right
Let legs move path is straight
Up down up down
Let hands move on their own
Get up and go

Never lie low
Stretch and bend
Always try to ascend
You are fit
Not just sit

Movement is progress
Idleness is stress

Time to leave the lazy bed
Let us all get up and go ahead



Each of us has heard a koel sing- *kuhoo kuhoo*
Everyone has heard a cuckoo call –*cuckoo*
...cuckoo

One from my left – kuhoo
One from my right – cuckoo
What a racket the duo make!
Their throats will sure ache

She: one hundred kuhooos from here
He: one hundred cuckooos from there

SUDDEN SILENCE ! why? What went
wrong? Rewind to the recent event

“Cool and cozy! - kuhoo”
“Take it easy- cuckoo”
“The sky is hazy- kuhoo”
“Time to be lazy- cuckoo”



When the first drop falls
Finished are their calls
Silence is sudden
As the rain comes down .

[*koel – the bird's name in Hindi*]

COME COME CHILDREN,
LET US HAVE FUN

We will run run run

Come come boys! Let us play with toys
Trains, bikes , tops, the monkey that hops
Come come girls! Let us play with dolls
Barbie baby, teddy bear, set of kitchen ware

Come, come girls and boys
Let us play with all our toys
Trains, bikes , tops
the monkey that hops

Horse riding, tree climbing, bat and ball
Call all boys, girls and elders if they come at all

Come come boys and girls
Let us play with dolls
Barbie baby teddy bear
Our small set of kitchen ware

Make and sell in the streets, samosa with filling
Call all boys, girls and elders if they are willing

Let us make a human pyramid
Drag the one who is timid
Let us make a human train
Tiny girl will be the engine

Let us make a human chain
Go garland grandpa of mine
COME COME CHILDREN, LET US HAVE FUN
We will run, play, mime, mimic, build
But all together do what you could



Come come children, let us have fun
Come munna,
Let us have singing aa
Come munni ,
Let us have sa re ga ma pa da ni.
Can all of us sing? Sure we can sing
Sing or shout as a group. It is amusing
Come everybody, this is a chance
We can all dance
No audience; Everybody dance

Come everybody have a look
This beautiful children's book
Fun can also be reading aloud
To oneself or to a crowd
Come children let us read
Let one of you lead
We can all repeat

Come everybody see this sight
On a black background written in white
Vande mataram Jai hind
We won't lag behind
Let us also write
Black on white
Or white on black on a slate
Letters, pictures, designs; All are art
Done by people who are smart



So let us all write
Writing is also fun

Sing, dance, read, write
Together fun and delight

Come children Let us start the day
Let us all pray
Oh great God! Give us a good day



[please do not look for sentences, syntax or structure] [Just read out]

One one one for everyone head one
My head one , your head one

Two two two

For everyone hands two

You have hands two I have hands two



five - fingers five

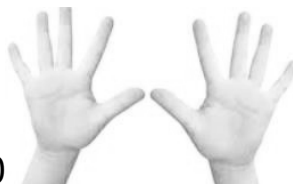
one hand fingers -five



ten ten

left had fingers five right hand fingers five

fingers of two hands ten



twenty 20

[two][zero] 20

thirty 30

[three] [zero] 30

hundred is big -Black hair on head

more than hundred

O is zero

No hair on bald head

no hair on grandpa's head



Children! You know anybody can dance
ABCD anybody can dance
Let us dance ...Let us dance
Any rhyme any music any song
We just dance.. dance along

Can we sing? Sure we can
ABCS –all birds can sing
Koel or cuckoo can sing – kuk-- koo
Robin or nightingale or lark can sing
Any bird sings in its own style
Birders call it calling
We can call it singing because
listen! Continuous same tone
Learn to listen you can hear the song

ABCS anybody can sing
Old McDonald in his farm
Heard his animals sing
That is the reason he gave us
a song to sing eeia eei yo

ABCD anybody can dance- dance dance
daaance
ABCS anybody can sing – sing sing seeeng



Old MacDonald

Old MacDonald had a farm, EE-I-EE-I-O,
And on that farm he had a cat, EE-I-EE-I-O,
With a "meow, meow" here
and a "meow, meow" there,
Here a "meow," there a "meow,"
everywhere a "meow, meow."

Old MacDonald had a farm, EE-I-EE-I-O,
Repeat with different animals e.g.
paw {moo}
dog {woof}
pig {oink-oink}
sheep {baa}

Old MacDonald

Old MacDonald had a farm, EE-I-EE-I-O,
And on that farm he had a cat, EE-I-EE-I-O,
With a "meow, meow" here
and a "meow, meow" there,
Here a "meow," there a "meow,"
everywhere a "meow, meow."

Old MacDonald had a farm, EE-I-EE-I-O,
Repeat with different animals e.g.
paw {moo}
dog {woof}
pig {oink-oink}
sheep {baa}

C19 CAUSE AND EFFECT

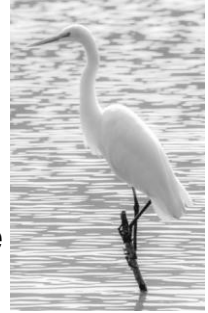
His name is Saayi . He is a naayi
 Put his big baayi into a cup of chai
 Chai was hot Saayi was hurt
 This was on a Sunday
 Saayi will not put his baayi in chai
 on Monday or any other day



Her name is Rukku She is a bekku
 Put her tiny kokku into a cup of milku
 Milk was hot Rukku was hurt
 This was on a Sunday
 Rukku will not put her mouth in milk
 on Monday or any other day



His name is Rekkere. He is a kokkare
 Put his long kokku into a jar of thokku
 Thokku was pepper hot. Rekkere was hurt
 This was on a Sunday
 Rekkere will not put his kokku in thokku
 on Monday or any other day



[notes; many Kannada words are used for simply
 rhyme - readers may not have trouble guessing the
 meaning

Naayi- dog baayi- mouth chai – tea

Bekku- cat kokku- mouth

milku – kannada slang for milk

Kokkare- crane [bird] thokku- hot pickle like dish]

This is Chandra, my kanda,
O! The moon ! sky chanda!
On this full moon day he looks up
Seeing you, his face lights up.

He wants you down on the earth
So he can show you, his bright ball,
To his mother and children all
And share with them his toy and mirth.

Once long ago you came down for Ram
For the palace women and his mom
Though just an image, it is the same
For a child; just like another game.

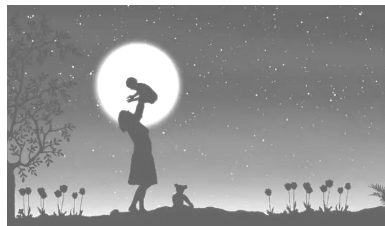
O chandra, come for my kanda,
Come down and be with us all
Steer straight, do not wander
Our steps are slippery, don't fall.

Come down the hill and the coconut tree
Don't ask anyone, follow the ear
Listen to the laughter, guided by the glee,
Roll and cuddle with the children, dear.

Come down chandra, the moon , soma,
For this Chandra, my son, and her mama
You are used to play
Play with planets and stars
Come down and display
Your skill with tiny tots.

[Notes: *soma, chandra – the moon*
kanda- fondly refers to a child ; Chandra – name
of the child

Ram – Lord Ram of mythology]



Wash Wash Wash bad covid virus
go away from us

Mom; Wash hands now.

Wash feet. show

Child: See, hands clean; feet clean.

Mom; Wash face with soap

Give bad guy no hope

Child: Feel, hands feet mine

see mom shine and shine

Mom : Wear the mask

before I ask

Cover mouth and nose

tight not loose

Child: No bug no dirt

clean pant and shirt

Mom : Before eating wash hands

After eating wash mouth also

Child: Before the bug scare I did as you say

Now I will do more carefully every day.



Play play play
run jump play

Children are at play
Want to join? You may

Do not call it shout and noise
It is playing children's voice
Run chase and catch
One- legged hopscotch

Many children hide ; one seeks
If anyone is caught everyone shrieks
Let us play hide and seek
Close your eyes tight, don't peek

Ringa ringa roses
The circle closes
You too fall down
Our uncle , the clown

Jump rope goes round
Munna's feet go up and down
When rope comes round
his feet are inches above the ground
Uncle, rope under your foot
Your game over, you are out.





Jump-rope jump
 Don't fall or bump
 Two feet together or one
 at a time jump rope is fun
 If you don't fall down

Come elders all come join our game
 Run and chase hopscotch ringa ringa roses
 Hide and seek jump rope many more



Kites in the sky
All of them fly
Tie the thread tight
Ready is my kite



Applied *manja* to the thread of my kite
Me and my kite are ready for a fight

Man-made kites in the sky
Along with birds they fly
If there is a thread attached, it is man-made
If two huge wings spread out, it is a bird

[*note; manja – coarse paste smeared on the thread*]



Hickory dickory dock
Here stands the clock
He strikes on the hour
One.. two.. three ...four.

The clock stands tall
Will the mouse fall?
When the clock struck one
The mouse just ran down.

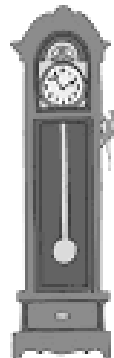
Why did the mouse run?
Because the clock was no fun.
Kids! If your grandfather strikes
Won't you run away , on your bikes?

*[note; old time standing clock
was also called grandfather clock]*



Hickory Dickory Dock

Hickory, dickory, dock.
The mouse ran up the clock,
The clock struck one,
The mouse ran down,
Hickory, dickory, dock.



C25**POND FISH**

Plump little Pat
On the steps sat
Let her legs hang
In the temple tank.

Water washing her feet
Tiny fish come to eat
fish Nibble, nibble,
feet Tingle, tingle;

Out come the feet;
How white and neat!
Tiny fish do not hurt
They just clean the dirt.

It is pure friendship
Between Pat-and -fish.



Ring a bell it goes tring tring
 Pluck a string it goes twang twang
 Beat a drum it goes boom boom
 Prick a balloon it goes bussss
 Nudge a snake it goes hiss hiss
 Pat a frog it goes kroak kroak
 Tickle a baby it goes ha ha hi hi



CYCLE BELL tring tring
 SITAR VEENA twang twang
 MARCHING DRUM boom boom
 King cobra hiss hiss
 Well frog kroak kroak



I say boom boom. Who am i?
 Answer: drum
 [*game can be played*]

SOUNDS [2]

Tickle munni She will say hi hi
 Tickle munna He will say ha ha
 Munni baby hihhi
 Munna baby hahaha



[*game- along with the game of sound[1]] I say
 hihhi Who am I ?*

Mom and munna walked
Papa and munni walked
They walked and talked
They saw a cuckoo/ What did they do?
They called out kakkoo, kakkoo
How do you do?
Cuckoo replied it is not so, it is
Cook coo like this .

Mom and munna walked/
Papa and munni walked
They walked and talked
They saw a crow / What did they do?
They called out kraw kraw
How do you do?
Crow replied it is not so, it is
Kaav kaav like this .

Mom and munna walked
Papa and munni walked
They walked and talked
They saw a cock / What did they do?
They called out kok kok ko
How do you do?
Cock replied it is not so, it is
Kokra okra ko like this

Mom and munna walked
Papa and munni walked
They walked and talked
They saw geese / What did they do?

They called out quack quik qua
 How do all of you ?
 A goose replied it is not so , it is
 . quash sash like this..

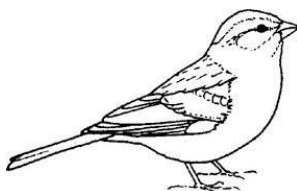
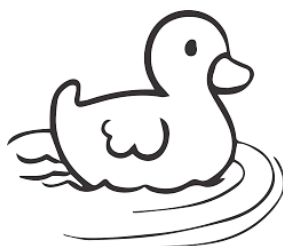
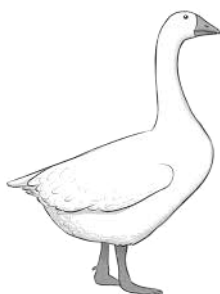
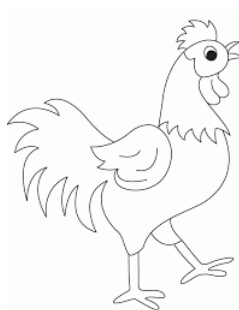
Mom and munna walked
 Papa and munni walked
 They walked and talked
 They saw a duck / What did they do?
 They called out quash sash
 How do you do ?
 The duck replied it is not so, it is
 . quack quack like this

-

Mom and munna walked
 Papa and munni walked
 They walked and talked
 They saw a sparrow / What did they do?
 They called out itch itch
 How do you do ?
 The sparrow replied it is not so, it is
 ich ich ich ich like this

-

Papa and mama returned
 A nature's lesson they learned
 Munna and munni were jubilant
 We can do what parents can't
 We learned very quick
 How to copy and mimic



Munna and munni were thoroughly bored
They sat on a wall by the side of a road

They saw a truck moving. They said bom bom
True the driver 's horn blared bom bom

They saw a scooter parked drrr drrr it will start
Sure it said drrr drrr
when kicked by the uncle smart

They saw a train at a distance
Munni said it will go chuck chuck
Certainly it went by, saying choo chuck choo chuk

They saw a tonga drawn by a horse
See when it reaches here and pass
us it will go tadak tadak as in the movies.

As it came near, instead of a trot
the horse and cart came to a halt.
Then the animal said 'neigh, neigh'
As if to say what you said is a *nai, nai*

Uncle said: we can almost guess
what machines will do
But for living beings our guess
may or may not be true.

[*Note: tonga – a horse- drawn cart, coach*
Nai,nai – no,no [Hindi or Urdu]



Children are copiers,
aping their elder peers
moms, dads, oldies ,
other petters and even scoldies;

Munni holding a short stick
on one hand and chalk on the other
posing a stern look
from a frame-only spec
scolding a student , who is her mother.

One end of the saree across a shoulder
the rest trailing on the floor,
Munna's modelling is profound
until he trips and falls to the ground.

Children are apers;
Sweet are their capers.
Every child is a mimic
each of their charades is chic.

They endlessly copy and repeat
with a grin or smile , nice and sweet.
Beware of what you utter
There is a copy cat around
Know which side you butter
Eyeing you, there is a child behind.

[Notes: Munni- girl child; Munna – male child ;
oldies, petters, scoldies, apers - author's words;
saree- long Indian women's dress]



Tom, the cat
Sat on the kitchen mat
What shall we do today?
Dom, the dog said
Let us play
Play cricket with bat and ball
Pitch will be wall to wall
What can be the wicket?
They chose a bucket
If the ball falls into the bucket
no referees it will be out



A carrot that was fat
agreed to be the bat
I cannot be the ball
Peas said "I am too small"
Plump tomato was chosen as the ball
Though he was not willing at all
Doggie said "I will bowl"
Threw the tomato with a growl
Cat and carrot came down on the ball
Crash! Crush! Oh no, my God! was the call



It was the cry of crushed tomato on the ground
Clean- up was done after the mop was found.

There appeared Jerry , the mouse
From a corner of the house
I can be the ball if you all agree,
He said, but be gentle on me
Winking at doggie Jerry the sly
said , seeing Tom eye to eye
“Let us have a bet of a pack of cheese
That Tom will be out if you please
on the third ball of the first over “
“Shut up, big mouth! I will cover
my wicket well. You be careful, mouse!
Keep ready first- aid box of the house”

For the first two balls no run no hit
Third ball went up to a great height
Sly Jerry jumped from the air into the bucket .

“Cheating. Illegal, “ cried the cat Tom
Dog said , “You loser! Try to be calm .
Think of the wager
That is your major
worry and work from now.

Even now I have no news
About the pack of cheese as the bet
How did Tom manage to get .
Even if he did will he pass it on.

Children's book must have stories
Where are they? Which ones?
Children or stories? Neither could be found
Nor any readers for my work. Yet I can tell one
story which really happened – in our house.

My child let me call her Munni,
I saw playing with Rani.
What a scene! Munni and Rani
playing. A street dog and a baby!

Soon they were joined by two puppies
With dense hair looking like hippies.
When I went and sat on the ground
Could you guess what I found?

Puppies jumping on the lap of the baby
Trying to stop them was the mother Rani.
Seeing me, in Rani's eyes I saw fear
I wondered; as a devil do I appear?
I told the maid to bring milk
Soon came milk in a saucer
I gently pushed to Rani and puppies

Did they rush to the milk
And started slurp slurp ?

No, Rani invited Munni to the milk

In their way tugging at her skirt
Waiting were they, the whole lot
Until everyone got
I ordered four similar saucers
One each for all of us.

All of us together we slurped
Until the children happily burped
***All children are peaceful and divine
Whether they are human or canine.***



Children! Yesterday you heard
A story from me, though weird.
Today I am giving you a sequel
I am not sure if it'll become a serial.

Today being a Sunday I got up late
as usual and looked for my baby
Munni and maid were already at the gate
And had many others for company.

Munni was at the centre
Perhaps she was the mentor
Around her seated in a circle
Many pups. What a spectacle!

A dozen empty saucers sans cups
And in front of these many pups
And Rani and friends , the whole clan.
I just looked not knowing their plan.

The maid explained:

I tried pouring milk, but they gestured
We will wait for madam to come
“Munni’s mom is good-natured
One of us she would become.”

And so it was, all of us sitting on our haunches
Slurping was done with various nuances
From that day the gate of our house
Became the venue for interspecies rendezvous.

[note; sorry for using bombastic words unsuitable for a children's book. Elders! Please simplify and tell any young listeners]



O slender moon! Today I cannot see you.
But I know you are very much there.
If our keen-eyed holy men can view you
The start of a month- long *eid* they declare

Eid of the believers' rituals and fast
From today, for 30 days will last
I named my grandchild after you, chand!
You the loved one of the people of the land.

He is bright but to understand and know
The sense of *eid* he is too young now
In future when he becomes a man
I hope, think and appreciate he can.

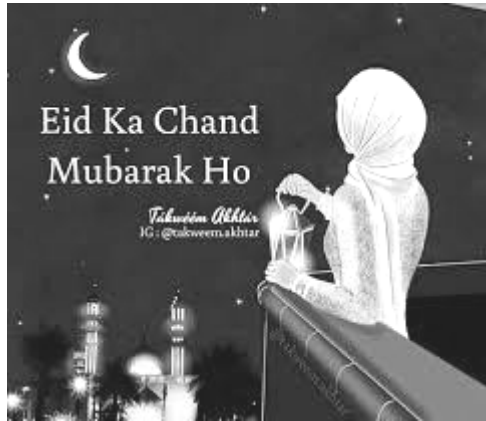
Today you are thin and lean in the west
In a fortnight's time you'll be at your best
You never lose hope when you are down
Slowly to full size you would be grown

When my Chand, my little grandson
Goes through his life's up and down
I won't be there; but certainly you will be
Teach him to overcome any mishap or misery.

I see you as a celestial guide
For all stricken people worldwide
Practising perseverance, *ustad* in the Art
Even down to the last phase, never lose heart

Let him look at the dark sky of the new moon
 Return after a fortnight to see the full moon
 I wish both the chands be a duo
 From *jannath* I will send my *dua* .

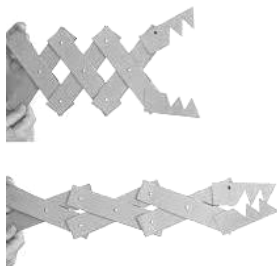
[*Notes; eid- festival , here Ramzan*
Chand- the moon
Ustad- master
Jannath- heaven
Dua- blessings , prayer
Urdu words used]



***Anything is made into a toy
by my tiny three year old boy***

Substitute for a shuttle cock
Is a ball of waste paper to knock
Cardboard or wood from a packet
Serves as good as a racket

But please do not change
Your plan of mutual exchange
Of gifts among many of us
It cheers children, it does.



***Anything is made into a toy
by my tiny four year old boy***

A basket placed or hung
An onion or potato to throw
A stick and a clothesline - string
As bow and drumstick as arrow

*Games in our house are make-shift
But don't forget to give your gift.*

But please do not stop
Your visit to a shop
a standard gift to buy
for me or for my boy.



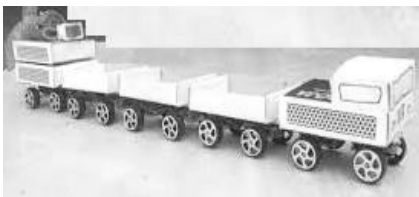
***Anything is made into a toy
by my tiny five year old boy***

A rattle is made by my box of coins or earrings
Serves as good as any other sold things
Empty boxes and clothes-clips make a train
No tracks needed; It goes on any terrain

Toys, clothes, cakes and what not
And even things about which I know not
Please give what you can afford
Do not waste, don't go overboard

Good gift is not how much you pay for
It is the one for whom you care for
Empty hand if you come I won't mind
For I know you are with us in your mind.

Bring a token, anything you find
You are welcome my friend
With or without a gift , I urge,
Too much money , don't splurge



More to read

ENGLISH TO KANNADA

*The bear went to the mountain.
The bear went to the mountain.
The bear went to the mountain.
To see the scenery
And what did it see? What did it see?
The other side of the mountain. only
The other side of the mountain*

*Karadi Bettake Hoyitu
Karadi Bettake Hoyitu
Karadi Bettake Hoyitu
Nota Nodalu
Noditenadu Noditenadu
Bettada Innondu Bhaga
Bettada Innondu Bhaga*

The irony of the original is lost in the adaptation. As if to compensate new ideas were in. *Kannada version added some more*

*Karadi Noditu
Halasu Tanditu Jenu Kalisitu
Marigalige Tinnisi
Taanu Tindu Tegitu*

ಕರಡಿ ಬೆಟ್ಟಕ್ಕೆ ಹೋಯಿತು
ಕರಡಿ ಬೆಟ್ಟಕ್ಕೆ ಹೋಯಿತು
ಕರಡಿ ಬೆಟ್ಟಕ್ಕೆ ಹೋಯಿತು
ನೋಟ ನೋಡಲು
ನೋಡಿತೆನದು ನೋಡಿತೆನದು
ಬೆಟ್ಟದ ಇನ್ನೊಂದು ಭಾಗ
ಬೆಟ್ಟದ ಇನ್ನೊಂದು ಭಾಗ

ಕರಡಿ ನೋಡಿತು ಹಲಸು ತಂದಿತು
ಜೇನು ಕಲಿಸಿತು
ಮರಿಗಳಿಗೆ ತಿನ್ನಿಸಿ ತಾನು ತಿಂದು ತೇಗಿತು

Yere yere paavsaa, tula deto paisa
 Paisa jhaala khota, paavus aalaa motha
 Ye ga ye ga sari, maaze madke bhari
 Sar aali dhaavun, madke gele vaahun!

Rain rain, come here, I'll give you a coin
 The coin turned out to be fake, And the rain came down heavily,
 Shower (of rain), come here, fill my pots for me
 The shower came running, And my pots were washed away!.

Rain rain welcome Accept money some
 My coin was fake . You refused to take
 So came down rough. Don't be so tough
 Will you come still , pots of mine to fill?
 What did you do, hey! My pots are washed away

[translation in verse form by M.D.Swapna Feb. 2023]

येरे येरे पावसा, तुला देतो पैसा
 पैसा झाला खोटा, पाऊस आला मोठा
 ये ग ये ग सरी, माझे मडके भरी
 सर आली धाउन,
 मडके गेले वाहुन!

HINDI TO ENGLISH

Machli jal ki rani hai
 Jeevan uska paani hai
 Haath lagao gey, dar jayegi
 Bahar nikaalo gey, mar jayegi

The queen of the water is fish,
 And water is her life,
 If you touch her she will get frightened,
 If you take her out of the water, she will die.

Fish is the queen of water
 Water is life for her
 Touch not, she 'll be afraid
 Out of water she'll be dead

[This version by M.D Swapna march 2023]

मछली जल की रानी है
जीवन उसका पानी है
हाथ लगाओ तो डर जाएगी
बाहर निकालो तो मर जाएगी

KANNADA TO ENGLISH

ನಾಯಿ ಮರಿ ನಾಯಿ ಮರಿ ...ರಚನೆ: ಬಿ. ಪಿ. ರಾಜರತ್ನಂ
ನಾಯಿ ಮರಿ ನಾಯಿ ಮರಿ ತಿಂದಿ ಬೇಕೆ?
ತಿಂದಿ ಬೇಕು ತೀರ್ಥ ಬೇಕು ಎಲ್ಲ ಬೇಕು ||
ನಾಯಿ ಮರಿ ನಾಯಿ ಮರಿ ತಿಂದಿ ತಿಂದು ಏನು ಮಾಡುವೆ?
ತಿಂದಿ ತಿಂದು ಗಟ್ಟಿಯಾಗಿ ಮನೆಯ ನಾಯುವೆ ||
ನಾಯಿ ಮರಿ ನಾಯಿ ಮರಿ ಶತ್ರುಬಂಧರನು ಮಾಡುವೆ?
ಬೋರ್ ಬೋರ್ ಬೌ ಎಂದು ಕೂಗಿಯಾಡುವೆ ||



Naayimari naayimari
TinDi beke?
TinDi beku! teertha beku!
Ella beku!

DIRECT TRASLATION:

Puppy , puppy , do you want food?
I want food, I want water,
And I want everything.

Puppy puppy are you hungry?
Yes, ma'm also thirsty
Please give water and food
Let it be tasty and good
Having eaten what will you do?
Grow strong, guard your house and you.

[Verse form [by M. D. Swapna] March2023]

TAMIL TO ENGLISH

Kai veesamma kai veesu
 Kadaikku pogalam kai veesu
 Mittai vaangalaam kai veesu
 Methuvai thinalam kai veesu
 Sokkai vaangalaam kai veesu
 Sogusa podalam kai veesu
 Kovilukku pogalam kai veesu
 Kumbitu varalaam kai veesu

Swing your hands, my dear, swing your hands
 Let's go to the shop, swing your hands
 Let's buy candy, swing your hands
 Let's eat it slowly, swing your hands
 Let's buy clothes, swing your hands
 Let's wear them
 gladly, swing your hands
 Let's go to the temple, swing your hands
 Let's pray and come

*Even after seeing this good, faithful translation
 we thought we can try some versifying
 [verse by M.D Swapna march 2023]*

Swing your hands baby, swing;
 Let us go, buy a sweet
 Share and have a treat

Swing your hands baby, swing;
 Let us go buy a dress
 Wear it well to impress.

Swing your hands baby, swing;
 Go to the temple , pray
 Swing your hands and sway.

கை வீசம்மா கை வீசு

கை வீசம்மா கை வீசு

கடைக்குப் போகலாம் கை வீசு

மிட்டாய் வாங்கலாம் கை வீசு

மெதுவாய்த் தின்னலாம் கை வீசு

சொக்காய் வாங்கலாம் கை வீசு

சொகுசாய்ப் போடலாம் கை வீசு

கோவிலுக்குப் போகலாம் கை வீசு

கும்பிட்டு வரலாம் கை வீசு



Twinkle twinkle little star
 How I wonder what you are
 Up above the world so high
 Like a diamond in the sky
 When the blazing sun is gone
 When there's nothing he shines upon
 Then you show your little light
 Twinkle, twinkle, through the night

Baby mine, don't you cry
 Baby mine, dry your eyes
 Rest your head close to my heart
 Never to part, baby of mine

Little one when you play
 Don't you mind what you say
 Let those eyes sparkle and shine
 Never a tear, baby of mine

Now it's time to say good night,
 Good night, sleep tight.
 Now the sun turns out his light,
 Good night, sleep tight.

Dream sweet dreams for me,
 Dream sweet dreams for you.
 Close your eyes and I'll close mine,
 Good night, sleep tight.

Now the moon begins to shine,
 Good night, sleep tight.
 Dream sweet dreams for me,
 Dream sweet dreams for you.

Close your eyes and I'll close mine,
 Good night, sleep tight.
 Now the sun turns out his light,
 Good night, sleep tight.

Dream sweet dreams for me,
 Dream sweet dreams for you.
 Good night,
 Good night, everybody,
 Everybody, everywhere,
 Good night.

- ABCD C15
ABCS C15
ANGELS C2
AYAH C7
BAAYI C15
BABBLE C32
BEKKU C15
BELL C23, C2
BIKE C12
BIRDER C15

BIRDS C24
BLAKE[WILLIAM] C1
BOTTLE C32
BREAST C32
BREEZE C3
BUCKET C27
BURP C7
CANINE C28
CARROT C27
CAT C27

CHAIN C12
CHAND C30
CHANDRA C17
CLIMBING C12
CLOCK C21
COBRA C23
COCONUT C17
COLD C6
COPYCATS C26
COT C5

COVID C18
CRADLE C1,C6
CRICKET C27
CROW C24
CUCKOO C11,C24

DANCE C13, C15
DECEMBER C6
DEMON C1 , C2
DOG C27
DRUM C23

DUA C30
DUCK C24
EID C30
ENGLISH CA1, CA6
FASTING C30
FEEDING C7
FISH C22
FROG C23
FUN C12, C13
GASTRIC C7

GEESE C24
GOOSE C24
GRANDFATHER C21
GRASS C10
HANDS C14
HEAD C14
HICKORY C21
HIDESEEK C19
HINDI CA3
HOPSCOTCH C19

HOT C6
JANNATH C30
JERRY C27
JUMP C19
KANNADA C15, CA1, CA4
KITCHEN C12, C27
KITE C20
KOEL C11
KOKKARE C15
LULLABY C2, C3, C4, CA6

MAKE-SHIFT C31

MALAYALAM C32

MANGO C33

MANJA C20

MARATHI CA2

MASK C18

MAY C6

MILK C28, C29

MIMIC C24

MODELLING C26

MONKEY C12

MOON C17, C30

MOSQUITO C3

MOUSE C27

NAAYI C16

NEIGH C25

NIGHTINGALE C15

NUMBERS C14

OLD MCDONALD C15

PEST C3

PLAY C19

POND C22

PRATTLE C32

PRATTLE C8

PRAY C13

PUPPIES C28, C29

PYRAMID C12

RAIN C9, C11

RAM C17

RATTLE C8

READ C13

RIDING C12

RINGA-ROSE C19

ROBIN C15

ROPE C19

SAINTS C2 SAREE

C26 SAUCER C28,

C29SCOOTER

C25 SING C13,

C15 SITAR C23

SKY C10

SLEEP C1, C2, C3

SLURP C28, C29

SOUNDC13, C24, C25

SPARROW C24

SYLLABLE C32

TAMIL C32 , CA5

TEACHER C26

THIRUKKURAL C32

THUNDER C9

TODDLER C5

TOMATO C27

TONGA C25

TOYS C12, C31

TRACK C25

TRAIN C12, C25

TRUCK C25

TUMMY C33

URBAN C25

URDU C30

VEENA C23

WITCH C2

WRITE C13

ZERO C14