



Whale Watching
by
MaryLee

CD Lyrics © MaryLee Sunseri

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At The Codfish Ball (words and music by Sidney Mitchell - Lew Pollack, 1936)

Come along and follow me
To the bottom of the sea
We'll join in the jamboree
At the Codfish Ball

Lobsters dancing in a row
Shuffle off to Buffalo
Jellyfish wave to and fro
At the Codfish Ball

Fin and haddie lead the eels
Through an Irish jig
The catfish is a dancin' man
But he can't can-can
Like the sardine can

Tunas trucking left and right
Minnows mooching--what a night
There won't be a hook in sight
At the Codfish Ball

Pelican Can Can (words by Marylee Sunseri, 1986, music by Jacques Offenbach, 1858)

A pelican, a pelican
A peli-pelican can-can
Pelican, a pelican
A peli-pelican can-can

Flying, soaring, watch us we skim the sea
Diving, zooming, fill our beaks up, 1--2--3

Soaring it seems so boring
Until we spot a fish beneath the surface
Fill our beaks till there's a surplus

Diving, it keeps us thriving
We stretch our beaks out to the maximum
Our bellies cry out, "Yum, yum, yum!"

Otter Lullaby (words and music by Marylee Sunseri)

You're my friend upon the land
I'm your friend out in the water
Help my family stay alive
I'm an otter

When we're gone we shall go on
For we'll have sons and we'll have daughters
Who'll be friends on land and sea
Friends of otters

We are different from your kind
 We only eat what we can find
 And then we rest on beds of kelp
 From time to time

We're the same in many ways
 We nurse our young and love the days
 Of warmth and sun
 And family fun amidst the waves

Three Little Fishies (Saxie Dowell, 1939)

Boop, boop, diddum, dahddum, wahdumm, choo!
 And they swam, and they swam right over the dam!

Down in the meadow in an itty bitty pool
 Swam three little fishies
 And a momma fishie, too
 "Swim!" said the mama fish
 "Swim if you can!"
 And they swam, and they swam
 Right over the dam!

"Stop!" said the mama
 "You might get lost!"
 But the three little fishies didn't want to be bossed
 The three little fishies went off on a spree
 And they swam and they swam right out to the sea

"Whee!" cried the fishies
 "We're having some fun!"
 We'll swim in the sea 'till the day is done!"
 They swam and they swam till it was dark
 When, all of a sudden, they saw a shark!

"Help!" cried the fishies, "Look at the whale!"
 And quick as they could
 They turned on their tails
 And back to the itty bitty pool they swam
 And they swam and they swam back over the dam

Squid Tarantella (words and music by MaryLee Sunseri, 1986)

OK--you have to know the story here. When I moved to Monterey in 1983, I joined a dance band that played a lot of big Italian weddings. We often played the tarantella--and it was a wonderful sight to see everyone dancing with joy in a big circle. Toward the end of 1984 I met my husband-to-be, Frank Sunseri, who comes from a wonderful Italian family. We had so much fun talking and laughing about the family dinners and music--I wanted to celebrate my new family of in-laws with a song that would make them laugh! They loved it; I recorded it, and I've dedicated it to them ever since! Here's to you Ma & Pop Sunseri--with great affection--your "daught'-in-law"

Head and feet, feet and head
 These are the body parts of the squid
 Mantle and feet, mantle and head
 These are the body parts of the squid

First, you clean it and skin it
 And pound it and slice it
 And all of your kids say, "Eeeeeoooh"
 Then you bread it and fry it
 In garlic and butter
 Just like grandma used to do
 Then you tell all your friends
 That it's "calamari"
 And that sounds ever so fine
 Till they find out a "squid"
 Has come to the party
 And they refuse to dine on...

It's calamari, it's calamari
 No longer a squid
 It's calamari
 Just like the pasta
 Becomes spaghetti
 Now the squid
 She is calamari

Serve the pasta, serve the bread
 Serve the salad, serve the squid
 Heads and feet are
 Part of the deal
 Heads and feet make
 A very good meal

You say, "Try it! You will like it!"
 And they find it hard to believe
 Then they do and they did
 Love the body parts of the squid

"Mangia pasta, mangia panne
 Mangia tutto il calamari--
 Calamari, calamari
 Mangia tons of calamari!"

Little Grandma (lyrics by Frank Sunseri, 1975, music: traditional Italian)

Little grandma
 Short and wide
 Serving pasta full of pride
 Little grandma
 Short and wide
 Serving pasta full of pride

She won't rest
 Till we're all stuffed
 Then she'll ask
 If we have had enough
 She won't rest
 Till we're all stuffed
 Then she'll ask
 If that's enough

Now she's gone where angels dwell
 One thing's very sure
 They're eating very well
 Now she's gone where angels dwell
 One thing's sure:
 They're eating well

Dance To Your Daddy (traditional)

Dance to your daddy
 My little laddie
 Dance to your daddy
 My little man

Thou shalt have a fish
 And thou shalt have a fin
 Thou shalt have a coddlin'
 When the boat comes in
 Thou shalt have a haddock
 Boiled in a pan
 Dance to your daddy
 My little man

Dance to your daddy
 My little laddie
 Dance to your daddy
 My little lamb
 When thou art a man
 And come to take a wife
 Thou shalt wed a lass
 And love her all your life
 She shall be your lass
 And thou shalt be her man
 Dance to your daddy
 My little man

Whale Watching (words and music by MaryLee Sunseri, 1986)

When I first started making music for young children, I went out searching for songs about whales that little ones could sing. Most of the songs I found were about whaling--and too tragic to perform with little children. So I took a walk on Asilomar Beach and watched the Gray Whales playing in the water, so close to shore. Then this little song came to me. I ran up to the lodge at Asilomar, asked for paper and pen and wrote "Whale Watching" by the big fireplace.

Whales, whales
 Thank heaven for those whales
 How could we go out whale watching
 Without any whales?

I saw a whale the other day
 He asked me if I'd like to play
 I said, "Why, sure,
 I'll play awhile--
 If I can see your baleen smile!"

He breached a wave like he could fly
 And then I saw him wink an eye
 He blew a spout of salty spray
 Which made the children laugh and say...

He's on his way to Mexico
 Where grey whale babies start to grow
 "See you next year!" he said and grinned
 And waved at me with his tail fin

Baby Beluga (Raffi and Debi Pike, 1980)

Baby Beluga in the deep blue sea
 Swim so wild and you swim so free
 Heaven above you
 And the sea below
 And a little white whale on the go

Baby Beluga, oh Baby Beluga
 Is the warm? Is your mama home
 With you --so happy?

Way down yonder where the dolphins play
 Where you dive and splash all day
 The waves roll in and the waves roll out
 See the water squirtin' out of your spout

When it's dark and you're home and fed
 Curl up snug in your water bed
 The moon is shining and the stars are out
 Goodnight, little whale, goodnight

The Goopy Duck Song (The Geoduck Song) (Ron Konzak & J. Elfendahl, 1972)
 The opposite of Molly Malone and her "Cockles & Mussels..."

You can hear the diggers say
 As they're headed for the bay
 "Oh, I gotta dig a duck!
 Gotta dig a duck a day!
 Cause I get a buck a duck
 If I dig a duck a day!
 So I gotta dig a duck!
 Gotta dig a duck a day!"

Dig a duck
 Dig a duck
 Dig a goopy duck
 Dig a duck
 Dig a goopy duck
 Dig a duck a day

Well, it takes a lot of pluck
 And a certain kind of luck
 Just to dig around the muck
 Just to get a gooey duck
 Well he hasn't got a front
 And he hasn't got a back
 And he doesn't know Donald
 And he doesn't go, "Quack!"

Tidepools (words and music by Nancy Stewart, 1988)

When the tide is low
 You can see all the rocks below
 That's when I like to go down to sea
 Where there are treasures waiting for me
 There's a peaceful place I know
 You can find when the tide is low
 That's when I like to go down to the sea
 Where there are treasures waiting for me

You can always find a starfish or two
 In a lovely shade of orange or blue
 Tine hermit crabs out looking for a new home

If you come here on a stormy day
 When the waves are crashing and the sky is gray
 You can always imagine the peaceful place below

Sardine Song (words and music by MaryLee Sunseri, 1990)

There were millions and millions of sardines
 Swimming in the bay
 Shining like silver
 In gill nets the fishermen would lay
 So they canned them and sent 'round the world
 Everyday
 And no one imagined
 The silver little sardines would ever go away

Where did they go
 The silver shining fish
 That brought riches
 To the men who would catch them
 Where did they go
 The shiny little fish
 Like a vein of silver
 Running through the sea

Sea Lion Shuffle (words and music by Marylee Sunseri 1986)

A parody somewhere between Peggy Lee's "Fever" and Tennessee Ernie Ford's "I Owe My Soul To The Company Store..." Tourists coming to Fisherman's Wharf in Monterey used to buy cartons of sardines to throw to the sea lions. But sea lions are really messy and territorial. Now we just look at them and hope they don't steal the fishermen's catch on the way to market. We hear them all the time--barking from their perch on the Coast Guard Pier.

A sea lion doesn't roar he just barks
 From early in the morning
 Till late in the dark
 He can't stalk around
 'Cause he don't have feet
 And there ain't no jungle at the end of our street

In Monterey town, way up on the hill
 The fishermen live like they always will
 Fishin' for the mornin' sun gives 'em light
 And listenin' to the lions bark
 Deep in the night

Sometimes you see lions out on the rocks
 They sleep altogether like sheep in flocks
 Slippin and a'flippin' at the break of day
 They beg for fish
 Down at Monterey Bay

You know, people come from miles around
 They hear there's a jungle at the end of our town
 They hear we've got lions they can feed down there
 But the lions don't roar
 And we don't care...

Row Your Boat (traditional)

I use this song to introduce myself to young audiences—naturally!

Row, row, row your boat
 Gently down the stream
 Marylee, Marylee, Marylee, Marylee
 Life is but a dream!