

## MORE KID STUFF

*In response to our kids' issue we received this from Judy Cohen who teaches North and South American folk music at Concordia University in Montreal.*

I enjoyed your kids' issue. Here are two of my old favourites of my own 7 to 10-year-old summer camp days.

### A TRIO OF SIGHTLESS RODENTS

A trio of sightless rodents,  
A trio of sightless rodents,  
Notice how they perambulate,  
Notice how they perambulate,  
They perambulate 'round the agriculturalist's spouse,  
She severed their appendages with a culinary weapon,  
Did you ever witness such an extraordinary example of impertinence in all of your existence  
As a trio of sightless rodents.

This is sung to the tune of "Three Blind Mice". The extra syllables are chanted on one note at breakneck speed without, however, sacrificing clarity.

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### PIKOLOMINI ("My Piccolo")

*Transcribed by Judy Cohen, as learned as a child.*

Pi - ko - lo mi - ni, pi - ko - lo mi - ni, pi - ko - lo mi - ni, pi - ko - lo mi - ni  
Ni - mi - lo ko - pi, ni - mi - lo ko - pi ni - mi - lo ko - pi, ni - mi - lo ko - pi

Pi - ko - lo mi - ni, pi - ko - lo mi - ni, pi - ko - lo mi - ni, pi - ko - lo mi - ni  
Ni - mi - lo ko - pi, ni - mi - lo ko - pi, ni - mi - lo ko - pi, ni - mi - lo ko - pi

ni pi - ko - lo mi - ni, pi - ko - lo mi - ni, pi - ko - lo mi - ni  
pi ni - mi - lo ko - pi, ni - mi - lo ko - pi, ni - mi - lo ko - pi

The idea is to do this song as a contest with two or more players (solitary renditions are only for practice). The first person—or everyone together—sing it once through (first verse only) at an achingly slow pace. The second player sings it a shade faster, and so on. Whoever can sing it the fastest without any mistakes, is the winner. The second verse, which is the first verse sung backwards, is for winners only. We always dwelt with mixed glee and shyness on the held syllable "pi", which is an innocuous "ni" in the backwards version. The game was most often limited to two or three players, but you haven't lived if you haven't heard it as a solemn incantation intoned by 300 children aged 7 to 12 in rather tenuous unison in the dining hall.

Surrendering my natural modesty to the baser forces of pride, I confess to having won the camp championship more than once.

*Judy Cohen*