



got my attention it's a water  
drip - drippity - drip - drip, drip  
drip - drip



# Scrapbook


DOMINIC D'CRUZ  
& FRIENDS



garden  
herbs for the kitchen, little pot.  
the window-sill,  
Majoram, parsley, basil, ~~citt~~ ~~cilantro~~  
citt cilantro, tarragon, thyme

barn and  
stilling the  
seeds and pick  
year round





This is Scrapbook, an album for kids – one that is informative and helps kids learn something new from it. This record reached its final shape a decade after it was initiated.

The brainchild of three-time Grammy® Award winner Ricky Kej, Scrapbook is different, so there are new things and new words to learn from the songs on this record.

All songs are written by Bengaluru based musician Dominic D'Cruz, who also has a wealth of experience in teaching music to children. Over the last 32 years, he has been active in performance, composition, songwriting, teaching, and recording.

The songs on Scrapbook are in varied styles, with the smooth lines of the santoor and bansuri weaving through. They tell stories of places, spaces, people, sights, and are lessons in general knowledge for kids aged 9 and above.

The album artwork is conceptualised and designed by Jerusha Lawrence-D'Cruz, who comes from a background of working with children, and children's education. Each song has an illustration and an activity to follow up with the theme or subject contained in it, keeping with the fading hobby of scrapbooking.

## Credits

- All songs written and composed by Dominic D'Cruz
- All songs programmed and arranged by Vanil Veigas, Dominic D'Cruz
- All female vocals by Alexis D'Souza
- All male vocals by Devan Ekambaram
- Flute – Bhutto
- Guitars and Bass – Dominic D'Cruz
- Recorded at Raveolution Studios by Vanil Veigas
- Mixed by Yelsten
- Mastered by Vanil Veigas
- Liner notes by Dominic D'Cruz
- Album artwork conceptualised and designed by Jerusha Lawrence-D'Cruz with original illustrations, and elements from Canva
- Produced by Dominic D'Cruz, Vanil Veigas & Ricky Kej



Clear water is so inviting, even more when it's reflecting the Sun's rays. When you take a closer look, it's a beautiful picture. There is so much life in the pool: plants, fishes, frogs, and other aquatic creatures enjoy the cool water. Just watching them in their water world is such a relaxing pastime.

Look out for a pond in your neighbourhood. Make a note of the different creatures that live there, and sketch them in your scrapbook.

## COOL CLEAR POOL



Clear water in the pool,  
So inviting, so cool  
Shimmering in the sunlight, ripples in the breeze  
Cool, clear water in the pool.

Little fish swim fast between,  
Pebbles smooth and seaweed green  
Right in the middle, riding high on the waves  
A paper boat named 'Ocean Queen'.

Crabs sidestepping on the muddy edge  
Frogs sunbathing on the rocky ledge,  
Croaking out a chorus, slightly out of tune  
Around the cool, clear water in the pool.

Cool, clear water in the cool, clear pool x 4



Goa is a holiday spot in the Western part of India. One must enjoy the sunny, sandy beaches at least once in their lifetime. You can pick shells, and savour the food at the shacks along the beach to complete that very good – ek dum bore – experience. There's music and enjoyment everywhere with an atmosphere that's exciting and at the same time, easy, 'susegad' as they say. That's 'amche Goa': our Goa, my Goa – relaxed and contented.

Go on a holiday, take pictures and save your travel tickets for your scrapbook.

## sunny sands in Goa

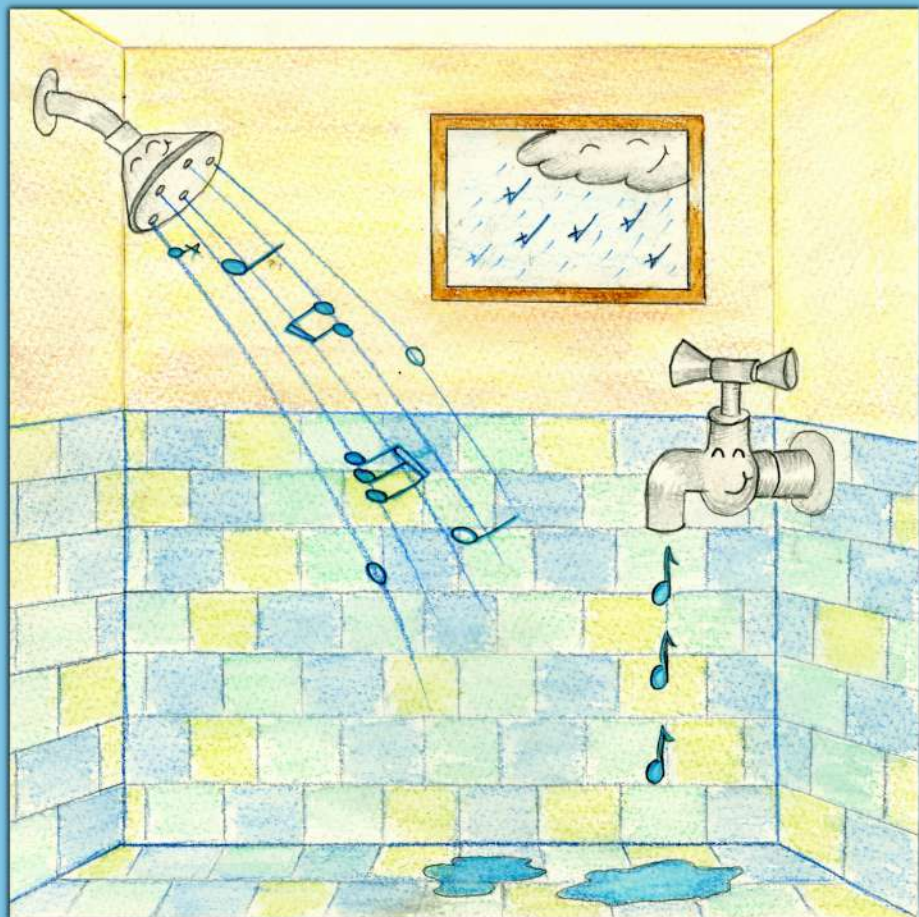
Underneath the swaying palms, sand between my toes  
Tide comes breezing from the playful sea  
Music playing all day long, beach ball to the beat  
On the sunny, sunny sands in Goa.

Siesta in the hammock, rocking in the shade  
Susegad in the afternoon  
Evening on a deck chair, watch the Sun go down  
On the sunny, sunny sands in Goa.

Beside the silver face of the moon upon the sea  
Holiday so good, not anywhere  
Dance and sing a mando, strumming the guitars  
Amche Goa (2) till the break of day!

Carnival comes around, colours everywhere  
Party through the day and through the night  
Finger-licking food in every shack along the beach  
Live it right (2) Ek dum bore!





# drippity-drip-drip

The dripping tap, rhythm alive  
 Four to the bar, sometimes five  
 Got my attention, it's a catchy beat  
 Drip-drippity-drip-drip, drippity drip-drip-drip

Sprinkler turning 'round the green  
 Squirting water in between  
 Syncopation,  
 Squirt-turn-squirt-turn-squirt-squirt-squirt

Turn on the shower, refreshing always  
 Cool, warm, hot, cold, spray in my face  
 Flowing, streaming melody  
 Turn on the shower (2)

Raindrops, raindrops, beat the heat  
 Loud on the car, softer on the street  
 Melody, beat and rhythm right  
 Storm in the evening, drizzle through the night  
 Raindrops, rain-rain-raindrops (2)

Music is everywhere. If you listen carefully, you will find it. Everything has rhythm, some things have melody and some have harmony too. When you hear the rain on the window-sill, or when you hear a dripping tap, listen again and click your fingers to the rhythm.

Sit quietly for a few minutes and listen to the different sounds around you that make music (rhythm or melody), make a note of them, write down your thoughts and draw/collect pictures of them for your scrapbook.

# abode of the snow



Mountains are awesome, imposing, huge, and full of adventure. They give rise to many mighty rivers and are wonders for the world to see. Mountains also support different kinds of plant and animal species, and human inhabitation. They also protect the regions around them from inclement weather conditions. Mount Everest is the highest mountain in the world, up in the Himalayas – the abode of the snow.

Isn't that great inspiration for a painting, sketch, or a poem? That's another one for your scrapbook.

Eight thousand eight hundred and forty-eight metres  
Nine hundred less than thirty thousand feet  
Five and a half miles up in the icy air  
First man reached the top in '53  
Abode of the snow, wall of solid rock  
Mount Everest towering above  
A hundred lofty peaks around.

Snow covered mountains, rooftop of the world  
Long winding rivers start trickling in the folds  
Everest, K-2 and a hundred more so tall  
Rugged path, howling winds, avalanche fall.  
Abode of the snow, wall of solid rock  
Turn away clouds from the South, rain, rain, go away.

Passes in between, green at the foothill  
Goats, yaks enjoy the mountain chill  
Sacred ground, pilgrims walk on dangerous terrain  
Peaks and pathways known by many names.  
Abode of the snow, wall of solid rock  
The Himalaya mountains knock the North wind cold.



# roadtrip

Daybreak, Sun peeping out at the fading dark  
Rooster crows cock-a-doodle-doo  
Hazy fog hurries off to rest; it's been a long winter's night  
We're heading out of town on a roadtrip.

Roadtrip, counting yellow cars on the highway  
Roadtrip, how many truck stops will I see  
Driving alongside a long freight train going the other way  
For a moment it felt our wheels  
were slipping 'n' sliding in the clay.

Time out, past the toll booth, hot chocolate, food and fries  
Eighteen-wheelers trundling with their load  
Driving down South from the chilly North  
Others rolling on East to West  
Rolling out again on the road trip.

Roadtrip, friendly wave to folks in the countryside  
Baa-baa black sheep grazing on a farm  
Haystack, barn and silo, tractor tilling the ground  
Sowing seeds and picking harvest all year round.

Sunset, shades of gold bouncing off the trees  
Bright green parakeets heading home  
Cars and buses lining up, exits to the neighbourhoods  
Lights on under the starry sky on a roadtrip.

Roadtrip, tail lights disappear out of sight  
The lights of an aeroplane with Venus and Mars  
We're driving and singing along to the tune on the radio  
Driving on, driving on (3) on a roadtrip (3)

A roadtrip is a great time to look around and enjoy new scenes, taking it all in; if one doesn't, it's going to be just another boring drive. It's all around us: new surroundings, scenery, landscapes, animals, and people in the countryside. Look out the window and observe life in different places.

List out the things you see and the places you pass by, and save some pictures for your scrapbook.





## TYRES

Burning rubber on the quarter-mile  
Skid marks on the tar  
Squealing on every curve they go  
The tyres on a cool drag car.

Torus going 'round and 'round  
Underneath the Jumbo  
Sturdy tyres on the airliner  
Touchdown on runway 2-0.

Slender wheels on the bicycle  
Ride the side of the velodrome  
Faster and faster as the pedals push  
On a rim of shining chrome.

Big rear tyres rolling through the field  
Smaller ribbed ones in front  
Kick up mud, pull on the plough  
Tractor does a heave and grunt.

Groovy knobbies on the scrambler  
Wheelie up the ramp, then land  
Sliding, bashing, dust track winding  
Buggy on the desert sand.

Tyres on the bus, the fire truck  
The caravan and scooter too  
Hold on tight, get a grip right  
Air pressure, check! Vroom! Vroom!

Wheels keep on turning and life goes on moving. They get us from here to there, there to here, across town, through the sand and mud. No matter where we're going, wheels are going there too, round and round and round. They come in different sizes and appearance depending on what they're going to ride on. Flat tyres make a bumpy ride though!

How about pictures from magazines and papers, and some tread patterns for your scrapbook?







We tend to look the other way, or pretend we cannot hear when someone is obviously in need of a helping hand. Great people were not born great. They became great by doing little things that mattered much.

Saint Teresa of Kolkata was one such person who left a legacy of care, concern and selflessness.

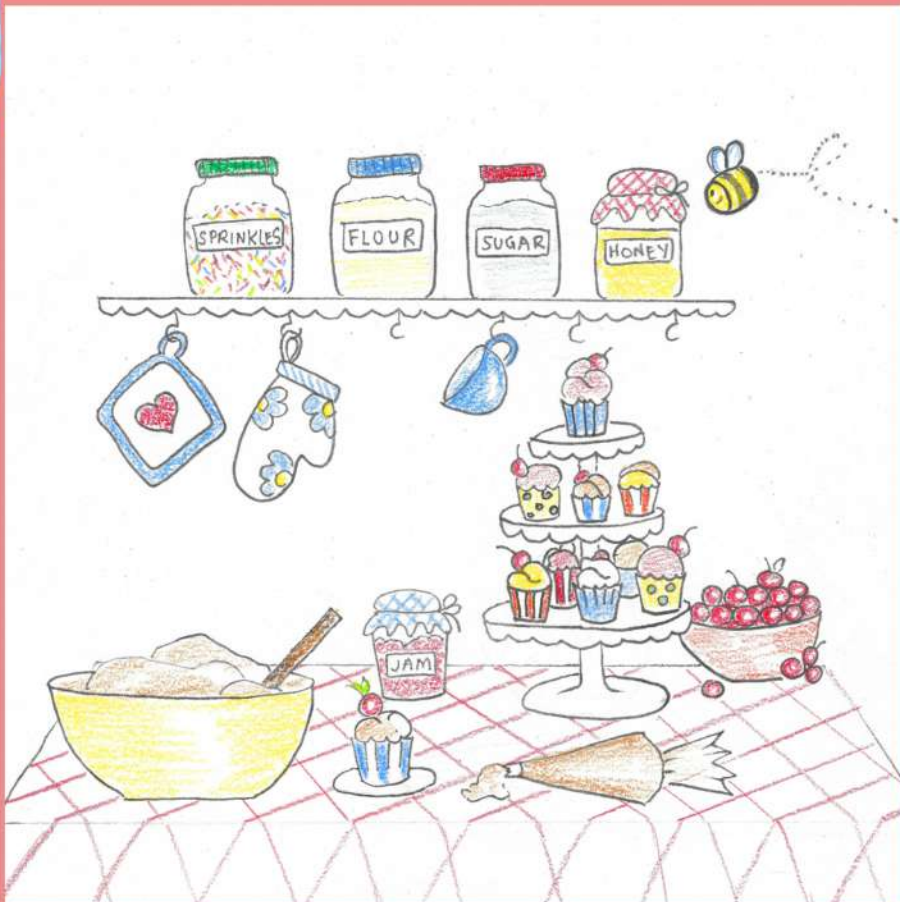
Do some reading up on how great people became great. Dedicate a page for their pictures in your scrapbook.

## saint in a blue-bordered sari

She left her home and family,  
went to a far-off land  
A wish to help the people  
who can't get up and stand  
When no one bothered to stop a while,  
on their busy way  
Saint in a blue-bordered sari  
had kind words to say.

Beggar on a busy street, hungry, tired and weak  
Rodents nibbling her tattered clothes  
with a happy squeak  
No one looked and no one cared,  
all caught up with their own  
Saint in a blue-bordered sari  
took that beggar to her home.

She's gone on to her home,  
the Creator called her name  
A multitude of hearts and souls  
carry the eternal flame.  
Untiring till all strength was drained,  
'Saint of the Gutters' she was known  
Saint in a blue-bordered sari,  
the lonely are no longer alone.



Now, who doesn't like cupcakes? They make for a quick bite on the go. Some are so well 'dressed up' you hesitate to eat them! Cupcakes smell great when they're baking and you just cannot stop at one.

Why not try your hand at baking a dozen cupcakes, with the help of your folks at home? Document each step of the recipe in your scrapbook with notes and pictures.



# cupcakes



Cupcakes in the oven, turning golden brown  
Aroma permeating, appetizing  
Ten minutes till they're done.

Ganache in a bowl, cupcakes on a plate  
Warm and spongy, ooh I'm hungry  
I can't wait.

Icing on the cupcakes, frosty swirl, jam drop  
Chocolate chips, coloured sprinkles  
Some with a cherry on the top.

First there were twelve, then there were ten,  
Nine- eight- seven- six- five,  
Then there were four- three- two and oh...  
The last one is all mine.

Cupcakes for mid-morning snack  
Cupcakes for tea  
Fruit and nuts go into the batter  
More cupcakes there are gonna be.



## in the garden



A garden can be described in so many ways: a serene place, a treat for the senses, a beehive of activity. There's something for the kitchen in here, something for the vase in the living room and some are just great to look at. Everything is alive. Watch the ants working to stock up their larder for the winter. Breathe in the fragrances of the flowers.

Pick up leaves and flowers, and press them for your scrapbook. Start a small kitchen garden by sowing herb seeds in tiny pots. Take pictures as they grow.

Herbs for the kitchen, little pots on the window-sill  
Marjoram, basil, parsley, cilantro,  
Tarragon, thyme and dill,  
Carrots wave their leafy heads  
Cucumber on the trellis  
Over in a corner of the cabbage patch  
A mole munching, crunching with relish.

Bracts of bougainvillea, purple, orange, white  
Hues of red on the poinsettia  
It's Christmastime all right,  
Staghorn fern and ficus  
Greet the day swaying 'Hello'  
In the shade of an apple tree  
Squirrels chatter as they spy a crow.

Raintree in the backyard, eighty years? I couldn't tell ya  
Violets, orchids, maidenhair ferns  
Under its umbrella  
Prickly cactus, crotons  
Cherry laurel hedge topiary  
Underneath the silver oak,  
Statuesque along the boundary.

Come, play, say the flowers  
Right on say the bees  
Ants march along like soldiers,  
Snails and slugs have each other for company  
Soft subtle fragrances bring the butterflies about  
Take a deep breath, breathe out, breathe in again,  
breathe out.



# lamps in a row



Diwali is a festival celebrated in a big way in India and by Indians all over the world. There are fireworks lighting up the sky, and lots of goodies to eat. It is time for family and friends to come together and celebrate the victory of good over evil. The traditional 'diya' is an oil lamp made from clay, with a cotton wick. It is used to adorn doorways and pathways, and in every available space.

Write an original verse, greeting your family and friends. Design some cards. Fill a page in your scrapbook with pictures of your festival celebrations.

Time for celebration, gather all the family 'round  
Spruce up the indoors, outdoors and windows  
Brush away the cobwebs and dust.  
Brother, sister, niece and nephew, cousins all in tow  
Snacks and sweets ready in the kitchen  
Lamps in a row.

Roll out the wicks of cotton, into the earthen shell  
Oil in the middle, just a little  
Light up as soon as it's dusk  
Bring your friends and their friends along, please don't go  
Festivities and the time is here  
Lamps in a row.

Good guys fought the bad guys, good guys won the war  
Sparklers, dazzlers and firecrackers  
Bad guys on the run  
Dress up in fine attire, the night sky is aglow  
Victory for the good guys  
Lamps in a row.

Lamps a-light on the balcony  
Parapet and at the front door  
Lamps light up the driveway  
Lamps in a row.

Good guys fought the bad guys, good guys won the war  
Sparklers, dazzlers, and firecrackers  
Bad guys on the run  
Dress up in fine attire, the night sky is aglow  
Victory for the good guys, hurrah for the good guys,  
Yoo-hoo for the good guys,  
Lamps all in a row!

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1. COOL CLEAR POOL
2. SUNNY SANDS IN GOA
3. DRIPPITY - DRIP - DRIP
4. ABODE OF THE SNOW
5. ROADTRIP
6. TYRES
7. SAINT IN A BLUE-BORDERED SARI
8. CUPCAKES
9. IN THE GARDEN
10. LAMPS IN A ROW