

KENNETH BRANAGH, TOM CONTI, CLIVE OWEN, SIMON PEGG

FAIRY TALES



POEMS AND MUSIC FOR CHILDREN
MATTHEW TRUSLER, MAYA KOCH
MARTIN ROSCOE, ALEXANDER TAYLOR



ORCHID CLASSICS

In memory of Lenny

Fairy Tales

1	Grand Waltz from Cinderella Suite for violin and piano (Sergey Prokofiev arr. Fichtenholz)	5:13
2	Cinderella (Roald Dahl) read by Tom Conti	5:07
3	Mazurka from Cinderella Suite for violin and piano (Sergey Prokofiev arr. Fichtenholz)	2:22
4	The Jabberwocky (Lewis Carroll) read by Clive Owen	1:34
5	Danse macabre for violin and piano (Camille Saint-Saëns)	6:10
6	Puck for piano solo (Edvard Grieg)	1:05
7	Silly Old Baboon (Spike Milligan) read by Simon Pegg	0:55
8	Minute Waltz for piano solo (Frédéric Chopin)	1:36
9	Waltz from Five pieces for two violins and piano (Dmitry Shostakovich)	1:52
10	The Duck and the Kangaroo (Edward Lear) read by Kenneth Branagh	1:44
11	Gavotte from Five pieces for two violins and piano (Dmitry Shostakovich)	1:35
12	The Mirror (A. A. Milne) read by Tom Conti	0:36
13	The Swan for violin and piano (Camille Saint-Saëns)	2:23
14	Jumbo Jet (Spike Milligan) read by Simon Pegg	0:56
15	Circus-Polka for a young elephant for violin and piano (Igor Stravinsky arr. Dushkin)	3:39
16	Doctor Gradus ad parnassum from Children's Corner for piano solo (Claude Debussy)	2:10
17	The Pig (Roald Dahl) read by Tom Conti	2:07
18	Golliwog's Cakewalk from Children's Corner for piano solo (Claude Debussy)	3:02
19	In the Dark (A. A. Milne) read by Clive Owen	1:46
20	Nocturne Op.9/2 for piano solo (Frédéric Chopin)	4:29
	Total Time	50:27

Matthew Trusler, violin (1, 3, 5, 9, 11, 13, 15), Maya Koch, violin (9, 11)
Martin Roscoe, piano (1, 3, 6, 8, 16, 18, 20), Alexander Taylor, piano (5, 9, 11, 13, 15)

Cinderella (Roald Dahl)

I guess you think you know this story.
You don't. The real one's much more gory.
The phoney one, the one you know,
Was cooked up years and years ago,
And made to sound all soft and sappy
Just to keep the children happy.
Mind you, they got the first bit right,
The bit where, in the dead of night,
The Ugly Sisters, jewels and all,
Departed for the Palace Ball,
While darling little Cinderella
Was locked up in a slimy cellar,
Where rats who wanted things to eat,
Began to nibble at her feet.

She bellowed "Help!" and "Let me out!"
The Magic Fairy heard her shout.
Appearing in a blaze of light,
She said: "My dear, are you all right?"
"All right?" cried Cindy. "Can't you see
"I feel as rotten as can be!"
She beat her fist against the wall,
And shouted, "Get me to the Ball!
"There is a Disco at the Palace!
"The rest have gone and I am jealous!
"I want a dress! I want a coach!
"And earrings and a diamond brooch!
"And silver slippers, two of those!
"And lovely nylon panty hose!
"Done up like that I'll guarantee
"The handsome Prince will fall for me!"
The Fairy said, "Hang on a tick."
She gave her wand a mighty flick
And quickly, in no time at all,
Cindy was at the Palace Ball!

It made the Ugly Sisters wince
To see her dancing with the Prince.
She held him very tight and pressed
Herself against his manly chest.
The Prince himself was turned to pulp,
All he could do was gasp and gulp.
Then midnight struck. She shouted: "Heck!
I've got to run to save my neck!"
The Prince cried, "No! Alas! Alack!"
He grabbed her dress to hold her back.
As Cindy shouted, "Let me go!"
The dress was ripped from head to toe.
She ran out in her underwear,
And lost one slipper on the stair.
The Prince was on it like a dart,
He pressed it to his pounding heart,
"The girl this slipper fits," he cried,
"Tomorrow morn shall be my bride!
"I'll visit every house in town
"Until I've tracked the maiden down!"
Then rather carelessly, I fear,
He placed it on a crate of beer.
At once, one of the Ugly Sisters,
(The one whose face was blotched with blisters)
Sneaked up and grabbed the dainty shoe,
And quickly flushed it down the loo.
Then in its place she calmly put
The slipper from her own left foot.
Ah ha, you see, the plot grows thicker,
And Cindy's luck starts looking sicker.

Next day, the Prince went charging down
To knock on all the doors in town.
In every house, the tension grew.
Who was the owner of the shoe?



The shoe was long and very wide.
(A normal foot got lost inside.)
Also it smelled a wee bit icky.
(The owner's feet were hot and sticky.)
Thousands of eager people came
To try it on, but all in vain.
Now came the Ugly Sisters' go.
One tried it on. The Prince screamed, "No!"
But she screamed: "Yes! It fits! Whoopee!"
"So now you've got to marry me!"
The Prince went white from ear to ear.
He muttered, "Let me out of here."
"Oh no you don't! You made a vow!"
"There's no way you can back out now!"
"Off with her head!" the Prince roared back.
They chopped it off with one big whack.
This pleased the Prince. He smiled and said,
"She's prettier without her head."
Then up came Sister Number Two,
Who yelled, "Now I will try the shoe!"
"Try this instead!" the Prince yelled back.
He swung his trusty sword and smack
Her head went crashing to the ground.
It bounced a bit and rolled around.
In the kitchen, peeling spuds,
Cinderella heard the thuds
Of bouncing heads upon the floor,
And poked her own head round the door.
"What's all the racket?" Cindy cried.
"Mind your own bizz," the Prince replied.

Poor Cindy's heart was torn to shreds.
My Prince! she thought. He chops off heads!
How could I marry anyone
Who does that sort of thing for fun?
The Prince cried: "Who's this dirty slut?"
"Off with her nut! Off with her nut!"

Just then, all in a blaze of light,
The Magic Fairy hove in sight,
Her Magic Wand went swoosh and swish!
"Cindy!" she cried, "come make a wish!
"Wish anything and have no doubt
"That I will make it come about!"
Cindy answered, "Oh kind Fairy,
"This time I shall be more wary.
"No more Princes, no more money.
"I have had my taste of honey.
"I'm wishing for a decent man.
"They're hard to find. D'you think you can?"
Within a minute, Cinderella
Was married to a lovely feller,
A simple jam maker by trade,
Who sold good home-made marmalade.
Their house was filled with smiles and laughter
And they were happy ever after.



The Jabberwocky (Lewis Carroll)

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

“Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!”

He took his vorpal sword in hand:
Long time the manxome foe he sought —
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
And stood a while in thought.

And, as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came!

One two! One two! And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.

“And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
Oh frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!”
He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.



Silly Old Baboon (Spike Milligan)

There was a baboon
Who one afternoon
Said "I think I will fly to the sun"
So with great palms
strapped to his arms
he started the takeoff run

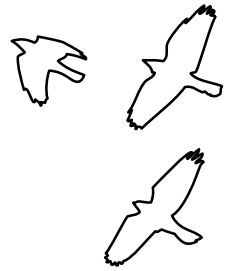
Mile after mile
He galloped in style
But never once left the ground
"You're going too slow," said a passing crow
"Try reaching the speed of sound"

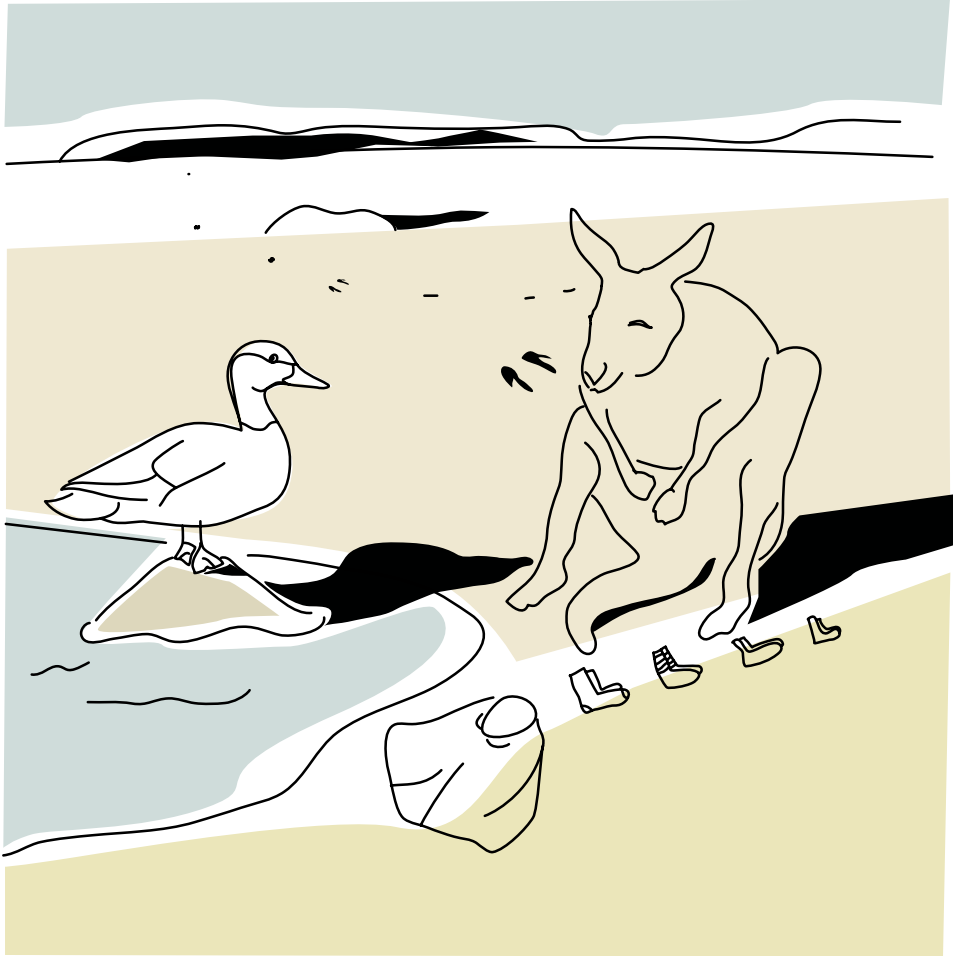
So he put on a spurt
My God how it hurt
both the soles of his feet caught on fire
As he went through a stream
There were great clouds of steam
But he never got any higher

On and on through the night
both his knees caught alight
clouds of smoke billowed out of his rear!!!
Quick to his aid
Were the fire brigade
They chased him for over a year

Many moons passed by
Did Baboon ever fly
Did he ever get to the sun
I've just heard today,
he's well on his way
He'll be passing through Acton at one.

PS - well, what do you expect from a baboon





The Duck and the Kangaroo (Edward Lear)

Said the Duck to the Kangaroo,
 'Good gracious! how you hop!
 Over the fields and the water too,
 As if you never would stop!
 My life is a bore in this nasty pond,
 And I long to go out in the world beyond!
 I wish I could hop like you!'

Said the Duck to the Kangaroo.
 'Please give me a ride on your back!
 Said the Duck to the Kangaroo.
 'I would sit quite still, and say nothing but "Quack,"
 The whole of the long day through!
 And we'd go to the Dee, and the Jelly Bo Lee,
 Over the land and over the sea;--
 Please take me a ride! O do!'
 Said the Duck to the Kangaroo.

Said the Kangaroo to the Duck,
 'This requires some little reflection;
 Perhaps on the whole it might bring me luck,
 And there seems but one objection,
 Which is, if you'll let me speak so bold,
 Your feet are unpleasantly wet and cold,
 And would probably give me the roo-
 Matiz!' said the Kangaroo.

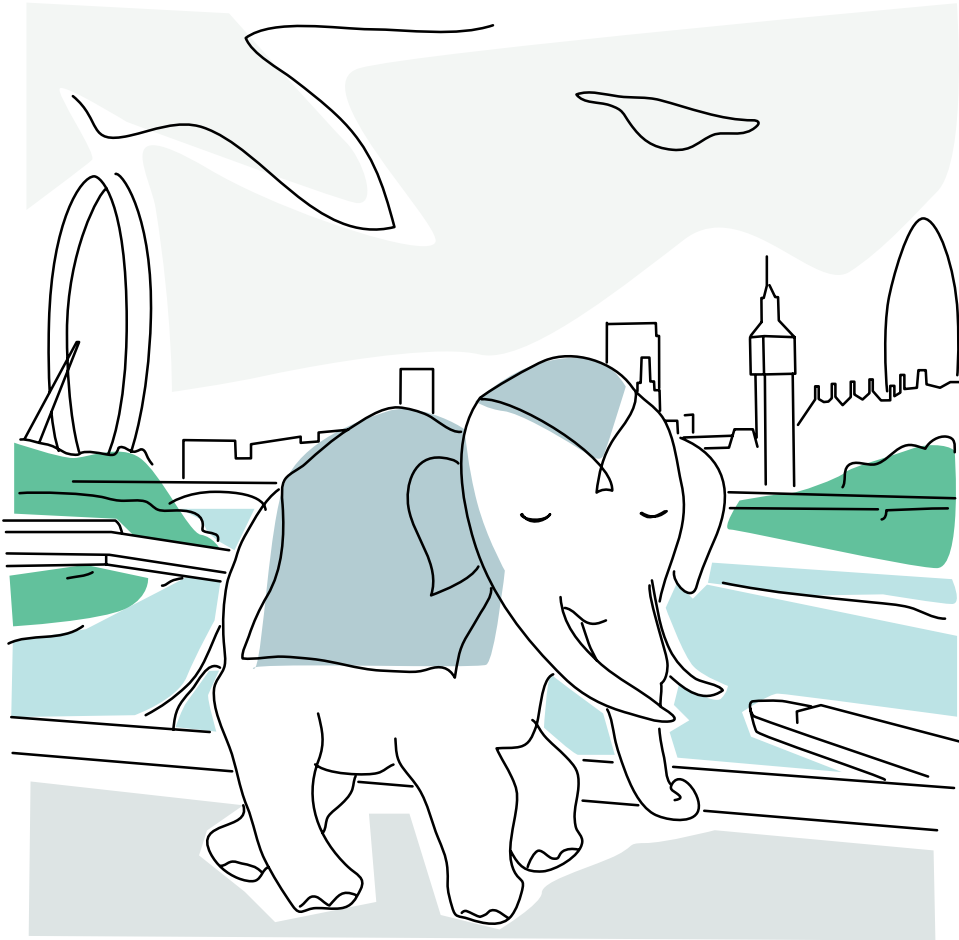
Said the Duck, 'As I sate on the rocks,
 I have thought over that completely,
 And I bought four pairs of worsted socks
 Which fit my web-feet neatly.
 And to keep out the cold I've bought a cloak,
 And every day a cigar I'll smoke,
 All to follow my own dear true
 Love of a Kangaroo!'

Said the Kangaroo, 'I'm ready!
 All in the moonlight pale;
 But to balance me well, dear Duck, sit steady!
 And quite at the end of my tail!'
 So away they went with a hop and a bound,
 And they hopped the whole world three times round;
 And who so happy, -- O who,
 As the Duck and the Kangaroo?



The Mirror (A A Milne)

Between the woods the afternoon
 It's fallen in a golden swoon,
 The sun looks down from quiet skies
 To where a quiet water lies,
 And silent trees stoop down to the trees.
 And there I saw a white swan make
 Another white swan in the lake;
 And, breast to breast, both motionless,
 They waited for the wind's caress. . .
 And all the water was at ease.



Jumbo Jet (Spike Milligan)

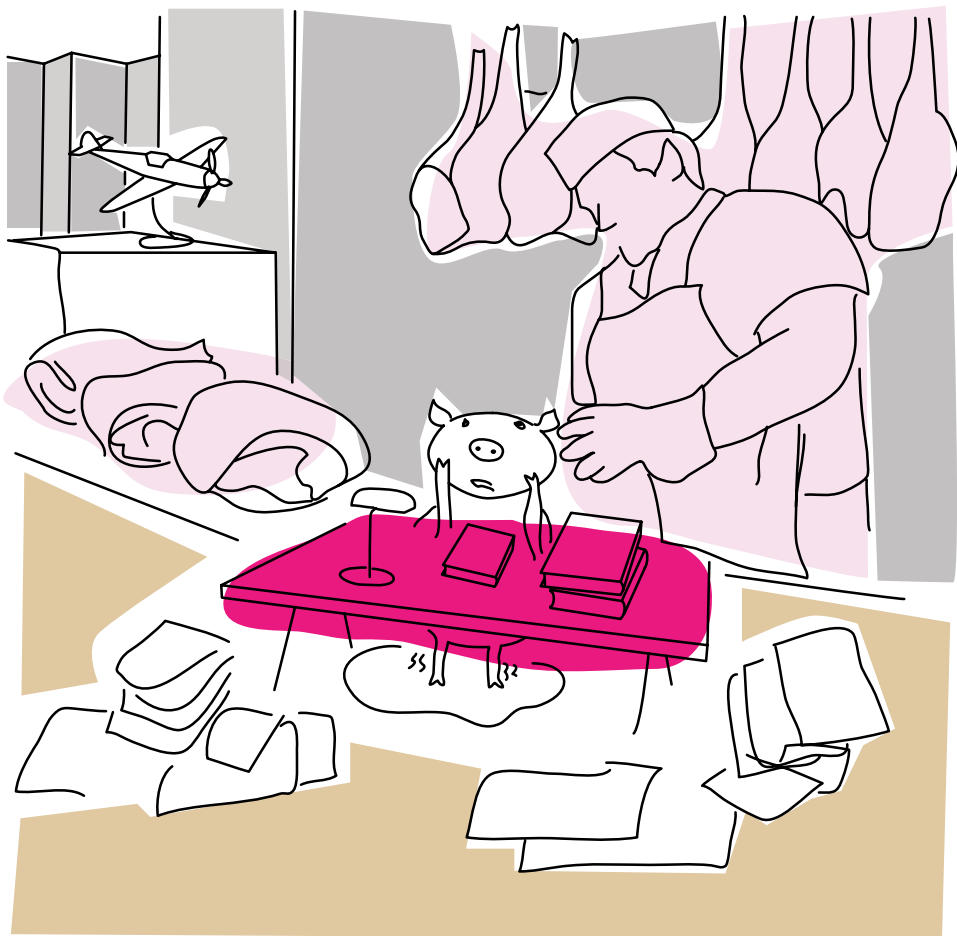
I saw a little elephant standing in my garden,
I said 'You don't belong in here', he said 'I beg your pardon?',
I said 'This place is England, what are you doing here?',
He said 'Ah, then I must be lost' and then 'Oh dear, oh dear.'

'I should be back in Africa, on Saranghetti's Plain,
'Pray, where is the nearest station where I can catch a train?'.
He caught the bus to Finchley and then to Mincing Lane,
And over the Embankment, where he got lost, again.

The police they put him in a cell, but it was far too small,
So they tied him to a lampost and he slept against the wall.
But as the policemen lay sleeping by the twinkling light of dawn,
The lampost and the wall were there, but the elephant was gone!

So if you see an elephant, in a Jumbo Jet,
You can be sure that Africa's the place he's trying to get!





The Pig (Roald Dahl)

In England once there lived a big
 And wonderfully clever pig.
 To everybody it was plain
 That Piggy had a massive brain.
 He worked out sums inside his head,
 There was no book he hadn't read.
 He knew what made an airplane fly,
 He knew how engines worked and why.
 He knew all this, but in the end
 One question drove him round the bend:
 He simply couldn't puzzle out
 What LIFE was really all about.
 What was the reason for his birth?
 Why was he placed upon this earth?
 His giant brain went round and round.
 Alas, no answer could be found.

Till suddenly one wondrous night.
 All in a flash he saw the light.
 He jumped up like a ballet dancer
 And yelled, "By gum, I've got the answer!"
 "They want my bacon slice by slice
 "To sell at a tremendous price!
 "They want my tender juicy chops
 "To put in all the butcher's shops!
 "They want my pork to make a roast
 "And that's the part! It cost the most!
 "They want my sausages in strings!
 "They even want my chitterlings!
 "The butcher's shop! The carving knife!
 "That is the reason for my life!"
 Such thoughts as these are not designed
 To give a pig great peace of mind.

Next morning, in comes Farmer Bland,
 A pail of pigswill in his hand,
 And piggy with a mighty roar,
 Bashes the farmer to the floor...
 Now comes the rather grizzly bit
 So let's not make too much of it,
 Except that you must understand
 That Piggy did eat Farmer Bland,
 He ate him up from head to toe,
 Chewing the pieces nice and slow.
 It took an hour to reach the feet,
 Because there was so much to eat,
 And when he finished, Pig, of course,
 Felt absolutely no remorse.
 Slowly he scratched his brainy head
 And with a little smile he said,
 "I had a fairly powerful hunch
 "That he might have me for his lunch.
 "And so, because I feared the worst,
 "I thought I'd better eat him first."



In the Dark (A A Milne)

I've had my supper,
And had my supper,
And HAD my supper and all;
I've heard the story
Of Cinderella,
And how she went to the ball;
I've cleaned my teeth,
And I've said my prayers,
And I've cleaned and said them right;
And they've all of them been
And kissed me lots,
They've all of them said, Good-night.

So here I am in the dark alone,
There's nobody here to see;
I think to myself,
I play to myself,
And nobody knows what I say to myself;
Here I am in the dark alone,
What is it going to be?
I can think whatever I like to think,
I can play whatever I like to play,
I can laugh whatever I like to laugh,
There's nobody here but me.

I'm talking to a rabbit...
I'm talking to the sun...
I think I am a hundred ?
I'm one.

I'm lying in a forest...
I'm lying in a cave...
I'm talking to a Dragon...
I'm BRAVE.
I'm lying on my left side...

I'm lying on my right...
I'll play a lot to-morrow...
.....
I'll think a lot to-morrow...
.....
I'll laugh...
a lot...
to-morrow...
(Hei-ho!)
Good-night.



Lenny Trusler Children's Foundation

The Lenny Trusler Children's Foundation (LTCF) is dedicated to helping provide the relief of serious illness in newborn babies and infants, both in the UK and abroad.

The foundation was created by violinists Matthew Trusler and Maya Koch after the death of their baby son from a rare kidney disease in April 2007. Just one month after its official launch in 2008 it was chosen as Charity of the Year by Reef Television. The award included a £10,000 donation towards the LTCF's first mission, a family room for the neonatal unit of the Whittington Hospital London. Since then the foundation has collaborated with a range of performers, raising funds through musical projects. In 2010 the LTCF hosted a Gala event in London featuring over twenty artists including comedian Michael McIntyre, actor Tom Conti, the Belcea Quartet and cellist Natalie Clein. In recent years the foundation has been able to buy vital life saving equipment including a new incubator, again for the neonatal unit of the Whittington Hospital, and has begun supporting a children's hospice, "Helen & Douglas House" in Oxford.

All profits from sales of this album will directly benefit causes supported by the Lenny Trusler Children's Foundation.



Thank You

The Lenny Trusler Children's Foundation would like to say a huge thank you for their support of this project to Kenneth Branagh, Tom Conti, Clive Owen, Simon Pegg, Martin Roscoe, Alexander Taylor, Patrick Allen, David and Mary Bowerman, Ken Koch, Yoshiko and Siegfried Koch, Donald Sturrock, Daisy Allsop, Natalie Jupp.



**Lenny Trusler
Children's Foundation**

Publishers

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Credits

Executive Producer Matthew Trusler

Recorded, edited and mastered by Patrick Allen (www.operaomnia.co.uk)

Music

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Produced by Patrick Allen and Maya Koch

Poems

Clive Owen recorded by Patrick Allen, 12 October 2010

Simon Pegg recorded by Patrick Allen, 28 June 2011

Tom Conti recorded by Patrick Allen, 9 August 2012

Kenneth Branagh recorded at Pinewood Studios, 6 February 2013

Artwork Design and Illustrations by Ken Koch

www.LTCF.co.uk

www.matthewtrusler.com

www.mayakoch.com

www.martinroscoe.co.uk

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Made in the UK

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