

Swing Low Sweet Chariot

*Swing low, sweet chariot,
coming for to carry me home
Swing low, sweet chariot,
coming for to carry me home*

I looked over Jordan
And what did I see
Coming for to carry me home
A band of angels coming after me
Coming for to carry me home

If you get there before I do
Coming for to carry me home
Tell all my brothers
I'm a-coming there too
Coming for to carry me home

I've never been to heaven,
but I've been told,
Comin' for to carry me home;
That the streets in heaven
are paved with gold,
Coming for to carry me home.

He's Got the Whole World in His Hands

He's got the whole world in his hand
The whole wide world in His hand,
He's got the whole world in his hand
He's got the whole world in his hand.

He's got you and me brother,
in his hand (3x)
He's got the whole world in his hand.

He's got the little bitty babies
in his hand (3x)
He's got the whole world in his hand.

He's got the gamblin' man
in his hand (3x)
He's got the whole world in his hand.

He's got the whole world... (etc.)

ON MY HONOR

On my honor, I'll do my best
To do my duty to God.
On my honor, I'll do my best
To serve my country as I may.
On my honor, I'll do my best
To do my good turn each day,
to keep my body strengthened,
and keep my mind awakened,
to follow paths of righteousness -
On my honor, I'll do my best.

SCOUT VESPERS

Softly falls the light of day,
as our campfire fades away.
Silently each Scout should ask
"have I done my daily task?
"Have I kept my honor bright?
"Can I guiltless sleep tonight?
"Have I done and have I dared
everything to Be Prepared?"

TAPS

Day is Done, Gone the Sun
From the Lake, From the Hill,
From the Sky
All is well, safely rest
God is nigh...

May the great Father of
all Scouts be with us 'til
we meet again...

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1998 Ed.

CHOCOLATE CHIP COOKIES

They're made out of sugar and butter and flour;
You put'em in the oven about a quarter hour,
But the thing that gives'em their magic power
Is the chocolate chips inside.

Chorus: Chocolate chip cookies, I gotta have more,
You can bake'em in the oven, or buy'em at the store
But whatever you do have'em ready at the door
And I'll love you till I die!

I can do without booze; I can do without pot;
I can do without nicotine, no thanks a lot!
But bring'em from the oven, nice and hot
And I'm a chocolate chip cookie fiend.

CHORUS

You can't eat one; you can't eat two;
Once you start chewing, there's nothing to do
But clean your plate, and eat the crumbs too,
Then go and find some more.

CHORUS

If you want to make a friend,
You don't need beauty or money to spend;
Give'em all your love, but be sure you send
Some chocolate chip cookies, too.

CHORUS

I knew a little woman, once upon a time:
Ugly as sin and she didn't have a dime;
I was just gonna leave her but she changed my
mind;
She made those cookies for me.

CHORUS

Now when it comes to women, you must be wise;
Sometimes you have to compromise;
I finally met a girl who was just my size,
So I made cookies for her.

CHORUS

Now when I die, I don't want wings,
A golden halo or a harp that sings
Give me a book, a fire and someone who brings me
Chocolate chip cookies all day.

CHORUS



AUNT RHODY

Go tell Aunt Rhody,
go tell Aunt Rhody,
Go tell Aunt Rhody
that the old gray goose is dead.

The one she's been saving ...
to make a feather bed.

The old gander's weeping...
because his wife is dead.

The goslings are mourning...
because their mother's dead.

She died in the mill pond...
from standing on her head.

Go tell Aunt Rhody ...
that the old gray goose is dead.

Nie Mow Nits

(Nyeh Moof Neetz)

Nie mow nie mow nits,
nie mow nits,
Nie mow nie mow nits,
nie mow nits,
Nie mow nie mow nits,
nie mow nits,
Nie mow nits.

Sing as a round with:
Nie mow nits,
Nie mow nits,
Nie mow nits,
Nie mow nits.

The Rich Man and the Poor Man

There was a rich man and he lived in Jerusalem
GLORY HALLELUJAH, HI RO JERUM!
He wore a silk hat and his coat was very sprucium
GLORY HALLELUJAH, HI RO JERUM!

CHORUS:

*HI RO JERUM, sing HI RO JERUM
SKINNA MALINKY DOODLIUM
SKINNA MALINKY DOODLIUM
GLORY HALLELUJAH, HI RO JERUM!*

And at his gate there stood a human wreckium...
He wore a straw hat with the brim around his neckium...

The poor man asked for a piece of bread and cheesium...
The rich man replied, "I'll call for a policium!"...

The poor man died and his soul went to Heavniium...
He danced with the angels 'til a quarter past elevniium...

The rich man died, but he didn't fare so wellniium...
He couldn't get to Heaven, so he went straight to Hellniium...

The Devil said, "this is no hotelliium..."
"It's just a very common, very ordinary Hellniium!"

The moral of the story is "Riches are no Jokium..."
We'll all go to Heaven 'cause we're all stony brokiium...

Kum Ba Ya

Kum ba ya, My Lord,
Kum ba ya
Kum ba ya, My Lord,
Kum ba ya
Kum ba ya, My Lord,
Kum ba ya
Oh Lord, Kum ba ya.

Someone's crying Lord...
Someone's praying, Lord
Someone's singing, Lord...
Kum ba ya, My Lord...



Michael, Row Your Boat Ashore

Michael, row your boat ashore,
Hallelujah
Michael, row your boat ashore,
Hallelujah!

Sister, help to trim the sails,
Hallelujah!
Sister, help to trim the sails,
Hallelujah!

River is deep and the river is wide,
Hallelujah!
Milk and honey on the other side,
Hallelujah!

River Jordan is chilly and cold,
Hallelujah!
Chills the body but not the soul,
Hallelujah!



Rise And Shine

Rise and shine
and give God your glory, glory,
Rise and shine
and give God your glory, glory,

Rise and shine
and < > give God your glory, glory,
Children of the Lord

God said to Noah, "There's gonna be a floody floody"
God said to Noah, "There's gonna be a floody floody"
Get your children out of the muddy muddy,
Children of the Lord

God said to Noah, to build him an arky arky...
<repeat>
Build it out of hickory barky barky,
Children of the Lord

The animals they came in,
they came in by twosy twosy... <repeat>
Elephants and kangaroosy roosy,
Children of the Lord

It rained and rained for forty daysy daysy...<repeat>
drove those counsellors nearly crazy crazy
Children of the Lord

The sun came out and dried up the landy landy...
<repeat>
Everything was fine and dandy dandy
Children of the Lord

ROCK MY SOUL

Rock my soul in the bosom of Abraham,
Rock my soul in the bosom of Abraham,
Rock my soul in the bosom of Abraham,
Oh, rock my soul

So high, you can't get over it
So low, you can't get under it,
So wide, you can't get round it,
Oh rock my soul

GOD BLESS AMERICA

God bless America,
Land that I love.
Stand beside her,
And guide her,
Thru the night
with a light from above.

From the mountains,
To the prairies,
To the oceans white with foam.
God bless America,
My home, sweet, home,
God bless America,
My home, sweet, home.

A Place In The Choir

*All God's critters got a place in the choir
Some sing low, some sing higher
Some sing out loud on the telephone wire
Some just clap their hands, or paws
Or anything they got..*

Listen to the bass, it's the one on the bottom
Where the bullfrog croaks
and the hippopotamus
Moans and groans with a big to-do
And the old cow just goes "moo".

The dogs and the cats they take up the middle
While the honeybee hums
and the cricket fiddles.
The donkey brays and the pony neighs
And the old coyote howls.

Listen to the top where the little birds sing
On the melodies with the high notes ringing.
The hoot owl hollers over everything
And the jaybird disagrees.

Singing in the night time, singing in the day
The little duck quacks, then he's on his way.
The 'possum ain't got much to say
And the porcupine talks to himself.

It's a simple song of living sung everywhere
By the ox and the fox and the grizzly bear,
The grumpy alligator and the hawk above,
The sly raccoon and the turtle dove.

WORMS

Nobody likes me,
everybody hates me,
I'm going to the garden
to eat Worms

CHORUS: Short, fat juicy ones,
Long, slim, slimy ones,
Itsy bitsy, fuzzy wuzzy
WORMS

Dig 'em with a shovel,
put 'em in a bucket,
see how they wiggle
and they squirm <and squirm>
First you bite the heads off,
then you bite the tails off,
See how they wiggle
and they squirm <and squirm>

DOWN goes the first one,

Down goes the second one,
See how they wiggle
and they squirm <and squirm>

UP comes the first one,
Up comes the second one,
See how they wiggle
and they squirm <and squirm>

Nobody hates me,
everybody likes me,
why did I ever eat those worms?



IN THE BOARDING HOUSE

At the boarding house where I lived,
Things were getting green with mold
The landlord's hair was in the butter,
Silver threads among the gold.

When the dog died, we had hotdogs
When the cat died, catnip tea,
When the landlord died, I left there,
Spare ribs were too much for me.

While the organ pealed potatoes,
lard was rendered by the choir
And the sexton wrang the dishrag,
someone set the church on fire.

"Holy smoke!" the preacher shouted,
as he wildly tore his hair;
Now his head resembles Heaven,
'cause there is no parting there.

I Hold Your Hand In Mine

I hold your hand in mine, dear,
I press it to my lips.
I take a healthy bite
From your dainty fingertips.

My joy would be complete, dear,
If you were only here,
But still I keep your hand
As a precious souvenir.

The night you died I cut it off.
I really don't know why.
For now each time I kiss it
I get bloodstains on my tie.

I'm sorry now I killed you,
For our love was something fine,
And till they come to get me
I shall hold your hand in mine.

Oh, How I Hate to Get up in The Morning

Oh, how I hate to get up
..... in the morning.
Oh, how I'd love to remain in bed.
For the hardest blow of all,
Is to hear the bugler call;
"You gotta get up, You gotta get up,
You gotta get up in the morning."

Someday I'm going to
..... murder the bugler,
Someday they're going to
..... find him dead,
I'll amputate his reveille
and step upon it heavily,
And spend the rest of my life in bed.

And then I'll get that other pup,
The guy who wakes the bugler up,
And spend the rest of my life in bed.

MOLLY MALONE

In Dublin's fair city
 where colleens are pretty
Twas there that I met
 my sweet Molly Malone
As she drove her wheelbarrow
Through streets broad and narrow
*Crying, "Cockles and mussels,
 alive, alive oh"*
Alive, alive oh, alive, alive oh,
*Crying, "Cockles and mussels,
 alive, alive oh"*
Now she was a fishmonger
 and sure twas no wonder
For so were her mother and father before
And they all drove their barrows
Through streets broad and narrow...
She died of a fever
 and no one could save her
And that was the end of
 sweet Molly Malone
Now her ghost drives her barrow
Through streets broad and narrow...

Army Life

The coffee that they give us,
They say is mighty fine.
It's good for cuts and bruises,
And tastes like Turpentine

*I don't want no more of Army Life!
Gee Ma, I want to go,
But they won't let me go,
Gee but I want to go home.*

The biscuits that they give us
They say is mighty fine.
One fell off a table,
and killed a pal of mine

The clothing that they give us
They say is mighty fine.
Me and my buddy
Can both fit into mine.

The girls at the USO,
They say are mighty fine.
Most are over eighty,
The rest are under nine.

The pay in the Army
They say are mighty fine
They give you fifty dollars,
And take back forty nine.

John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmidt

John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmidt,
His name is my name, too.
Whenever we go out,
The people always shout:
"There goes
 John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmidt"
da da da da da da...

Mules

On mules we find two legs behind,
And two we find before;
We stand behind before we find
What the two behind be for.
When we're behind the two behind,
We find what these be for;
So stand before the two behind
And behind the two before.

AMERICA, THE BEAUTIFUL

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed His grace on Thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed His grace on Thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!



God Bless the USA

If tomorrow all the things were gone I'd worked for all my life,
And I had to start again with just my children and my wife,
I'd thank my lucky stars to be living here today,
'Cause the flag still stands for freedom
 and they can't take that away.

I'm proud to be an American where at least I know I'm free,
And I won't forget the men who died who gave that right to me,
And I gladly stand up next to you and defend her still today,
'Cause there ain't no doubt I love this land God Bless the U.S.A.

From the lakes of Minnesota to the hills of Tennessee,
Across the plains of Texas from sea to shining sea.
From Detroit down to Houston and New York to L.A.,
There's pride in every American heart
 and it's time we stand and say:

AMERICA

My country 'tis of thee, sweet land of Liberty, Of thee I sing.
Land where my fathers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountainside, Let Freedom ring!

Let music swell the breeze, and ring thru all the trees, sweet Freedom's song
Let mortal tongues awake, let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break, the sound prolong.

Our father's God, to thee, Author of Liberty, to Thee we sing,
Long may our land be bright, with Freedom's holy light
Protect us by Thy might, Great God our King.

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER

Oh, say can you see by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming.
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.
Oh say does that star spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.



Oh, thus be it ever, when free men shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation.
Blessed with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n rescued land
Praise the pow'r that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust!"
And the star spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.!

Our national anthem was written by Frances Scott Key during the attack of the British on Fort McHenry, September 13, 1814. Key had gone out from Baltimore to the British fleet to obtain the release of a friend, held prisoner. Her arrived on the eve of the bombardment of the city by the British, and was detained on his own vessel lest the plans of the attack be disclosed. All day an night he watched the battle anxiously from the deck. When morning dawned and showed the Stars and Stripes still floating over the fort, he was deeply moved and quickly wrote the words of the poem. They were later set to the tune of an old English drinking song, "Anacreon in Heaven,"

THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND

Chorus: This land is your land, this land is my land,
From California to the New York Island,
From the redwood forest to the gulfstream waters,
This land was made for you and me.

As I was walking that ribbon of highway
I saw above me that endless skyway,
I saw below me that golden valley,
This land was made for you and me.

I roamed and rambled, and I followed my footsteps,
To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts,
All around me a voice was sounding,
This land was made for you and me.

When the sun come shining, then I was strolling,
And the wheat fields waving, and the dust clouds rolling,

Garden Song

Inch by inch, row by row
Gonna make this garden grow
All it takes is a rake and a hoe
And a patch of fertile ground
Inch by inch, row by row
Please bless these seeds I sow,
Please keep them safe below
Til the rain come tumbling down

Pulling weeds, picking stones
We are made of dreams and bones
Need a spot to call my own
For the time is close at hand
Grain for grain, sun and rain
find their way in nature's chain
Tune my body and my brain
To the music of the land

Plant your rows straight and long
Season with a cheerful song
Mother Earth will make you strong
If you give her loving care
Old crow watching from a tree,
Got his hungry eye on me
In my garden I'm as free
as that feathered thief up there.

DOWN BY THE RIVERSIDE

Gonna lay down my sword and shield
Down by the riverside
Down by the riverside
Down by the riverside
Gonna lay down my sword and shield
Down by the riverside
Study war no more.

CHORUS: (twice)

*I ain't gonna study war no more,
Ain't gonna study war no more,
Ain't gonna study war no more.*

Gonna walk with the prince of peace...

Gonna put on my long white robe...

Gonna put on my starry crown...

Gonna shake hands around the world...

I Was Born 10,000 Years Ago

I was born about ten thousand years ago
There ain't nothing in this world
that I don't know
I saw Peter, Paul and Moses
playing Ring Around the Roses
And I'll whup the guy who says it isn't so

*It's a lie, It's a lie
Ship ahoy, ship ahoy, ship ahoy
For I've sailed the seven seas
in my dirty dungarees*

But I never never ever saw a mermaid.

I saw Satan when he looked the Garden o'er
I saw Eve and Adam flyin' from the door
From behind the gate a-peepin',
saw the apple they was eatin'
I swear that I'm the guy what ate the core

I saw Jonah when he shoved off in the whale,
And I thought he'd never live to tell the tale.
But Jonah'd eaten garlic,
and he gave the whale a colic,
So it coughed him up and let him out of jail.

The Queen of Sheba fell in love with me
We were married in Milwaukee secretly
But I snuck around and shook her,
to go with General Hooker
Fighting skeeters down in sunny Tennessee

I saw Caesar as he lay there in his gore,
And the senators were skating round the floor
It was I who swiped the crown
that he foolishly turned down,
And I hocked it in a shop in Baltimore.

We're All Together Again

We're all together again,
we're here, we're here.
We're all together again,
we're here, we're here.
And who knows when
We'll be all together again,
singing all together again,
we're here.

SHE WORE A YELLOW RIBBON

Around her neck, she wore a yellow ribbon,
She wore it in the springtime and in the month of May.
And if you asked her why the heck she wore it,
She wore it for her lover who is far, far away.
Far away, far away,
She wore it for her lover who is far, far away.

Around her knee she wore a purple garter,
She wore it in the springtime and in the month of May.
And if you asked her why the heck she wore it,
She wore it for her lover who is far, far away.
Far away, far away,
She wore it for her lover who is far, far away.

On the wall she keeps a marriage license,
She keeps it in the springtime and in the month of May.
And if you ask her why the heck she keeps it,
She keeps it for her lover who is far, far away.
Far away, far away,
She keeps it for her lover who is far, far away.

Behind the door, her father keeps a shotgun,
He keeps it in the springtime and in the month of May.
And if you ask him why the heck he keeps it,
He keeps it for her lover who is far, far away.
Far away, far away,
He keeps it for her lover who is far, far away.

THIS IS MY FATHER'S WORLD

This is my Father's world,
And to my list'ning ears
All nature sings and round me rings
the music of the spheres.
This is my Father's world;
I rest me in the thought
Of rocks and trees, of skies and seas;
His hand the wonders wrought.

This is my Father's world;
The birds their carols raise;
The morning light, the lily white,
Declare their maker's praise.
This is my Father's world;
He shines in all that's fair.
In the rustling grass I hear him pass;
He speaks to me every where.

AMAZING GRACE

Amazing grace, how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught
my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

Through many dangers,
toils and snares
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

When we've been gone
ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun;
We've no less days, to sing God's praise
Than when we'd first begun.

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING

(Tune - Morning has broken)

Praise and thanksgiving,
Father we offer,
for all things living
thou has made good;
Harvest of sown fields,
fruits of the orchard
hay from the mown fields,
blossom and wood.

Father, providing
food for thy children,
thy wisdom guiding
teaches us share
One with another,
so that rejoicing
with us, our brother
may know thy care.

Then will thy blessing
reach every people;
all men confessing
thy gracious hand.
Where thy will reigneth
no man will hunger;
thy love sustaineth;
fruitful the land.

PADDLE SONG

*<sing three times - softly as paddlers
approach, louder as paddlers pass, then
softly again as they leave>*

Our paddles keen and bright
Flashing like silver,
Swift as the wild goose flight
Dip, Dip and Swing...
Dip, Dip and Swing, then back
Flashing like silver,
Swift as the wild goose flight,
Dip, Dip and Swing...



I DON'T WANT A BUNNY- WUNNY

President Carter got into his boat,
Wasn't in a hurry, wanted to float.
Think about the country, think about sin,
Along swum a rabbit and he tried to climb
in.
And what did Jimmy say?

*I don't want a bunny-wunny
in my wittle wow boat,
in my wittle wow boat in the pond.
For the bunny might be cwazy and he bite
me in the thwoat,
In my wittle wow boat in the pond.*

Look at him swimming! Look at him fly!
Ears laid back and a gleam in his eye!
Hissing through his front teeth,
swimming like a seal,

If you were the President,
how would you feel?
You'd probably say:

President Carter saved the day,
Splashed with a paddle,
rabbit swam away.

Jimmy was a hero, felt it in his
bones.
Said in the words of John Paul Jones,
Said in the words of John Paul Jones:





LORD OF THE DANCE

I danced in the morning
 when the world was begun
 I danced in the moon,
 the stars and the sun
 I danced down from Heaven
 and I danced on Earth
 At Bethlehem I had my birth

*Dance, dance, wherever you may be
 I am the Lord of the Dance, said He
 And I'll lead you all,
 wherever you may be
 And I'll lead you all in the dance,
 said He*

I danced for the scribe and the Pharisee
 They would not dance;
 they would not follow me
 So I danced for the fisherman,
 for James and John
 They came with me
 and the dance went on

I danced on the Sabbath
 and I cured the lame
 The holy people said it was a shame
 They whipped, they stripped,
 they hung me high
 They hung me there on the cross to die

I danced on a Friday,
 when the sky turned black
 Its hard to dance
 with the Devil on your back
 Oh they buried my body,
 and they thought I'd gone
 But I am the dance and I still go on

They cut me down, but I leapt on high
 I am the light that will never, never die
 But I'll live in you if you'll live in Me
 I am the Lord of the Dance, said he

WITH THE SCENT OF WOODSMOKE.

(Tune: Lilli Marlene)

With the scent of woodsmoke
 drifting on the air,
 And the glow of firelight
 we always love to share,
 Visions of camp-fires all return,
 And as the logs flame up and burn,
 We dream of bygone camp-fires
 and long for those to come.

Tongues of yellow fire
 flickering up on high,
 Reaching twisting fingers
 up to a starlit sky,
 Voices recall songs old and new,
 Songs once dear to our fathers too,
 Who dreamed of bygone camp-fires
 and longed for those to come.

Gently dying embers
 cast a rosy glow,
 Voices slowly sinking
 to tones so soft and low,
 Slowly upon the still night air,
 Fall faithful voices hushed in prayer,
 That dream of bygone camp-fires
 and long for those to come.

SIMPLE GIFTS

'Tis a gift to be simple,
 'Tis a gift to be free
 'Tis a gift to come down where
 we ought to be
 And when we find ourselves in a
 place just right,
 Will be in the valley of love and delight

When true simplicity is gained
 To bow and to bend
 we shan't be ashamed
 To turn, turn will be our delight
 'til by turning, turning
 we come down right.

The Marvelous Toy

When I was just a wee little lad full of health and joy
 My father homeward came one night and gave to me a toy
 A wonder to behold, it was, with many colors bright
 And the moment I laid eyes on it it became my heart's delight

*It went "zip" when it moved and "bop" when it stopped
 And "whirr" when it stood still
 I never knew just what it was and I guess I never will.*

The first time that I picked it up, I had a big surprise
 For right on its bottom were two big buttons that looked like big green eyes.
 I first pushed one and then the other, and then I twisted its lid
 And when I set it down again, this is what it did:

It first marched left and then marched right and then marched under a chair
 And when I looked where it had gone, it wasn't even there:
 I started to sob and my daddy laughed, for he knew that I would find,
 When I turned around, my marvelous toy, chugging from behind.

Well, the years have gone by too quickly, it seems, I have my own little boy
 And yesterday I gave to him my marvelous little toy.
 His eyes nearly popped right out of his head and he gave a squeal of glee,
 Neither one of us knows just what it is, but he loves it, just like me.
 It still goes:

LITTLE BOXES

Little boxes on the hill side, little boxes made of ticky tacky.
 Little boxes, little boxes, little boxes all the same.
 There's a green one and a pink one and a blue one and a yellow one,
 And they're all made out of ticky tacky, and they all look just the same.

And the people in the houses all went to the university
 Where they were put in boxes, little boxes, all the same.
 And there's doctors and there's lawyers, and there's business executives
 And they're all made out of ticky tacky and they all look just the same.

And they all play on the golf course and drink their martini dry
 And they all have pretty children and the children go to school
 And the children go to summer camp and then to the university
 Where they all get put in boxes and they all come out the same.

And the boys to into business and marry and raise a family
 In boxes, little boxes, little boxes all the same.
 There's a green one and a pink one and a blue one and a yellow one
 And they're all made out of ticky tacky and they all look just the same.

I Know an Old Lady

I know an old lady who swallowed a fly.
I don't know why she swallowed the fly.
Perhaps she'll die.

I know an old lady who swallowed a spider
that wriggled and jiggled
and tickled inside her.
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly.
I don't know why she swallowed the fly.
Perhaps she'll die.

I know an old lady who swallowed a bird.
How absurd, to swallow a bird!
She swallowed (etc)...

I know an old lady who swallowed a cat.
Imagine that, to swallow a cat...

I know an old lady who swallowed a dog.
My, what a hog, to swallow a dog!...

I know an old lady who swallowed a goat,
She just opened her throat,
and swallowed a goat.

I know an old lady who swallowed a cow,
but I don't know HOW she swallowed a cow.

I know an old lady who swallowed a horse.
She's dead of course!

The Cat Came Back

Old Mr. Johnson had trouble all his own
He had a yellow cat that wouldn't leave his home
He tried in every way to keep that cat away
Took him up to Canada and told him for to stay

*But the cat came back the very next day
The cat came back, they thought he was a goner
But the cat came back, he just wouldn't stay
away, away, away, away*

They threw him in the kennel
where the dog was asleep
And the bones of cats lay piled in a heap
That kennel burst apart
and the dog flew out the side
With his ears chewed off and holes in his hide

They sneaked him in a shop
with the butcher not around
And they dropped him in the hopper
where the meat was ground
The cat disappeared with a blood-curdling shriek
And that shops hamburger tasted furry for a week

They put him in a sack and gave him to a girl
Who'd started on a bicycle all around the world
Over there in China a terrible wreck was found
She's singing now in heaven
with the angels all around

Drunken Sailor

What shall we do with a drunken sailor (3x)
Earl-eye in the morning!

chorus: *Way hay and up she rises
Way hay and up she rises
Way hay and up she rises
Earl-eye in the morning*

Put him in a long-boat till he's sober...
Tie him up in a runnin' bowline...
Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him...
Stick on 'is back a mustard plaster...
Soak 'im in oil till he sprouts a flipper...
Shave his belly with a rusty razor...
Put him in bed with the Captain's daughter...
Put him at the wheel of an Exxon tanker...

EDDYSTONE LIGHT

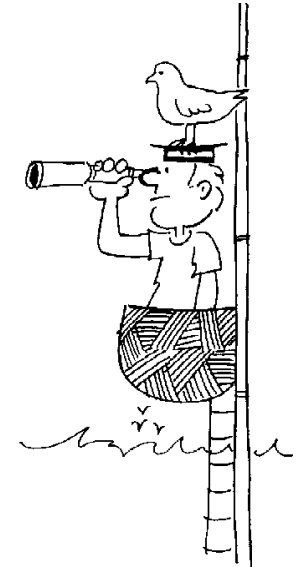
My father was the keeper of the Eddystone light
And he courted a mermaid one fine night
From this union there came three
A porpoise and a porgy and the other was me!

Chorus: *Yo ho ho, the wind blows free,
Oh for the life on the rolling sea!*

One night, as I was a-trimming of the glim
Singing a verse from the evening hymn
A voice on the starboard shouted "Ahoy!"
And there was my mother, a-sitting on a buoy.

"Oh, where are the rest of my children three?"
My mother she did ask of me.
One was exhibited as a talking fish
The other was served from a chafing dish.

Then the phosphorous flashed in her seaweed hair.
I looked again, and my mother wasn't there
But her voice came echoing back from the night
"To Hell with the keeper of the Eddystone Light!"



A HOLE IN THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA

There's a hole in the bottom of the sea,
There's a hole in the bottom of the sea,
There's a hole, there's a hole,
There's a hole in the bottom of the sea.

There's a log in the hole in the bottom
of the sea, There's
a log in the hole in the bottom
of the sea, There's
a hole, there's a hole,
There's a hole in the bottom of the sea.

There's a bump on the log in the hole ...
There's a frog on the bump on the log ...
There's a fly on the frog on the bump ...
There's a wing on the fly on the frog ...
There's a flea on the wing ... etc.

SUNNY SIDE

Stay on the sunny side,
Always on the sunny side,
Stay on the sunny side of life.
You'll feel no pain as we drive you insane,
If you'll stay on the sunny side of life.

— Add a knock-knock or similar awful joke between each Chorus, like: —

*Knock! Knock! Who's there? Duane. Duane who?
Duane the bathtub I'm dawning.*

*Knock! Knock! Who's there? Tick. Tick who?
Tick 'em up I'm a tongue-tied wobbler*



Billboards

(Tune: *Superfragilisticesspyalladocious*)

As I was walking down the street one dark and gloomy day,
I came upon a billboard and much to my dismay,
The sign was torn and tattered from the storm the night before,
The wind and rain had done it's work and this it what I saw:

"Smoke Coca-Cola Cigarettes -- chew Wrigley's Spearmint beer --
Kennel Ration Dog Food keeps your wife's complexion clear;
Simonize your baby with a Hershey's candy bar --
And Texaco's the beauty cream that's used by all the stars!"

"So take your next vacation in a brand new Fridgidaire --
Learn to play piano in your winter underwear --
Doctors say that babies should smoke until they are three,
And people over 65 should bathe in Lipton Tea!"
(slowly)in flow-thru tea bags.

Gopher Guts

Great green gobs of greasy, grimy gopher guts
Mutilated monkey meat
Chopped-up dirty birdies' feet;
Great green gobs of greasy, grimy gopher guts
And me without a spoon.

She'll be Comin' Round the Mountain

She'll be comin' round the mountain when she comes <toot, toot>

She'll be drivin' six white horses when she comes <Whoa, back>

And we'll all go out to meet her when she comes <Hi, Babe!>

And we'll kill the old red rooster when she comes <hack, hack>

And we'll all have chicken and dumplings when she comes <Yum Yum!>

And we'll wear our bright red woolies when she comes <Scratch, Scratch>



TIE ME KANGAROO DOWN

*Tie me kangaroo down, sport
Tie me kangaroo down
Tie me kangaroo down, sport,
Tie me kangaroo down.*

Watch me wallaby's feed, mate,
Watch me wallaby's feed.
They're a dangerous breed, mate,
So watch me wallaby's feed.

Take me koala back, Jack
Take me koala back.
He lives out on the track, Jack
So take me koala back.

Keep me cockatoo cool, Curl,
Keep me cockatoo cool.
Don't go acting the fool, Curl,
Just keep me cockatoo cool.

Watch me platypus duck, Bill
Watch me platypus duck,
Don't let 'im run amuck, Bill
Watch me platypus duck.

Tan me hide when I'm dead, Fred
Tan me hide when I'm dead.
So we tanned his hide
when he died, Clyde
And that's it hanging on the shed!

Kookaburra

Kookaburra sits
in the old gum tree,
Eating all the gumdrops
he can see,
Laugh, Kookaburra,
Laugh, Kookaburra,
Gay your life must be!

WALTZING MATILDA

Once a jolly swagman
sat beside the billabong,
Under the shade of a coolibah tree,
And he sang as he sat
and waited 'til his billy boiled
You'll come a-waltzing matilda with me!

*Waltzing matilda, waltzing matilda
You'll come a waltzing matilda with me
And he sang as he sat
and waited 'til his billy boiled,
You'll come a waltzing matilda with me.*

Down came a jumbuck
to drink beside the billabong
Up jumped the swagman
and seized him with glee
And he sang as he stowed that jumbuck
in his tuckerbag:
You'll come a-waltzing matilda with me!

Down came the squatter,
mounted on his thoroughbred,
Down came the troopers, one, two, three.
"Where's the jolly jumbuck
you've got in your tuckerbag?
You'll come a-waltzing matilda with me!

Up jumped the swagman
and sprang into the billabong,
"You'll never catch me alive," cried he
And his ghost may be heard
as you ride beside the billabong,
You'll come a-waltzing matilda with me!

Translations from the Aussie:

Jumbuck - a sheep
Billabong - pool of deep water
Billy - tin can used to boil water
Tucker Bag - knapsack
Squatter - landowner
Troopers - police

To the tune of "Battle Hymn of the Republic"

Gory, Gory

"Is everybody ready?"
cried the starter looking up
Our hero feebly answered, "Yes"
and then we stood him up
He started booming down the trail,
but his bindings were unhooked
Well, he ain't gonna ski no more

Gory gory what a hell of a way to die
Gory gory what a hell of a way to die
Gory gory what a hell of a way to die
Well, he ain't gonna ski no more

There was blood upon his bindings,
There were brains upon his skis
Intestines were a hanging
from the highest of the trees
We scraped him up from off the
snow and poured him from his boots
Well, he ain't gonna ski no more

He Jumped From 40,000 Feet

He jumped from 40,000 feet
without a parachute (3x)
And he ain't gonna jump no more

Gory gory what a hell of a way to die
Gory gory what a hell of a way to die
Gory gory what a hell of a way to die
And he ain't gonna jump no more

He landed on the pavement
like a lump of berry jam...

They put him in a match box and
they sent him home to mum...

She put on the mantel piece
beside his dear old Dad...

She put him on the table
when the Vicar came to tea...

The Vicar spread him on some toast
and said what lovely jam...

Pink Pajamas

I wear my pink pajamas
in the summer when it's hot
And I wear my flannel nightie
in the winter when it's not
But sometimes in the springtime
and sometimes in the Fall
I jump between the covers
with nothing on at all

Glory, glory hallelujah
Glory, glory, how peculiar
Glory, glory, what's it to ya
With nothing on at all

One flea-fly flew up the flue
and the other flea-fly flew down...

One pink porpoise
popped up the pole
and the other pink porpoise
popped down

One woodpecker pecked up the peg,
The other woodpecker pecked down

As one sly snake slipped up the slide,
other sly snake slipped down

As one blue bat blew in the bowl,
other blue bat blew out

As one black bear bled black blood,
the other black bear bled brown

As one drunk duck dove in the ditch,
the other drunk duck dropped dead

John Brown's Body

John Brown's body
Lies a-moldering in the grave,
John Brown's body
Lies a-moldering in the grave,
John Brown's body
Lies a-moldering in the grave,
and his soul goes marching on...

THE TWELVE DAYS OF BARTON

On the first day of Barton
My mother sent to me...
A box of oatmeal cookies.

On the second day of Barton
My mother sent to me...
Two T-shirts,
And a box of oatmeal cookies.

On the third day of Barton
My mother sent to me...
Three pairs of socks, etc.

Four woolen caps, etc.
Five underpants,
Six postage stamps,
Seven nose warmers,
Eight Batman comics,
Nine bars of soap,
Ten Band-aids,
Eleven shoe laces,
Twelve cans of OFF

THE ANTS GO MARCHING

The ants go marching one by one
hurrah, hurrah,
The ants go marching one by one
hurrah, hurrah,
The ants go marching one by one,
The little one stopped to suck his
thumb, And they all go marching
Down to the ground, to the earth.
Boom, boom, boom, boom.

Two by two - to tie his shoe
Three by three - to scratch his knee
Four by four - to shut the door
Five by five - to dance and jive
Six by six - to pick up sticks
Seven by seven - to look to heaven
Eight by eight - to shut the gate
Nine by nine - to have a shoe shine
Ten by ten - want to start again!!!

Dunderbeck

In the town of Palimo there lived
a mean old man,
His name was Mr. Dunderbeck,
and he was very grand
One day he invented
a sausage meat machine,
And all the rats and cats and dogs
will never more be seen!

CHORUS:
OH Dunderbeck, oh Dunderbeck
how could you be so mean,
To ever have invented
the sausage meat machine?
Now all the rats and cats and dogs
will never more be seen,
For they've all been ground
to sausage meat
in Dunderbeck's machine!

chorus
One day a boy came walking,
a-walking in the store
He ordered up some sausages and
laid them on the floor.
The boy began to whistle,
he whistled up a tune
And all the little sausages,
they danced around the room!

chorus
One night the darn thing busted,
the darn thing wouldn't go,
So Dunderbeck crawled in it,
the reason for to know.
His wife was having a nightmare,
walking in her sleep,
She gave the crank *one helluva yank!*
And Dunderbeck was meat!





BLOWING IN THE WIND

by Bob Dylan

How many roads must a man walk down
 Before they call him a man
 How many seas must a white dove sail
 Before she sleeps in the sand
 How many times must the cannonballs fly
 Before they are forever banned
 The answer, my friend,
 is blowing in the wind
 The answer is blowing in the wind

How many years must a mountain exist
 Before it is washed to the sea
 How many years can some people exist
 Before they're allowed to be free
 How many times can a man turn his head
 And pretend that he just don't see
 The answer, my friend,
 is blowing in the wind
 The answer is blowing in the wind

How many times must a man look up
 Before he can see the sky
 How many years must one man have
 Before he can hear people cry
 How many deaths will it take till he knows
 That too many people have died
 The answer, my friend,
 is blowing in the wind
 The answer is blowing in the wind

If I Had A Hammer

by Lee Hays and Pete Seeger

If I had a hammer,
 I'd hammer in the morning,
 I'd hammer in the evening,
 all over this land;
 I'd hammer out danger,
 I'd hammer out a warning,
 I'd hammer out love between
 my brothers and my sisters,
 All - over this land.

If I had a bell, I'd ring it in the morning,
 I'd ring it in the evening,
 all over this land;
 I'd ring out danger, I'd ring out warning,
 I'd ring out love between
 my brothers and my sisters,
 All - over this land.

If I had a song, I'd sing it in the morning,
 I'd sing it in the evening,
 all over this land;
 I'd sing out danger, I'd sing out warning,
 I'd sing out love between
 my brothers and my sisters,
 All - over this land.

Well, I got a hammer, And I got a bell,
 And I got a song to sing,
 all over this land;
 It's the hammer of justice,
 It's the bell of freedom,
 It's the song about love between my
 brothers and my sisters,
 All - over this land.



Black Crow's Spirit

to the tune of "Battle Hymn of the Republic"

Black Crow's spirit's in the happy hunting ground,
 Black Crow's spirit's in the happy hunting ground,
 Black Crow's spirit's in the happy hunting ground,
 And he ain't coming back no more.

Substitute for each word, in sequence:

Black: (hand over face) "Ugh"

Crow: flap arms, "Awwk"

Spirit: (drink) "Glugg Glugg"

Happy: (point) "Ha Ha!"

Hunting: (draw bow) "P-Twing!"

Ground: (stamp) "(grunt)!"

Shenandoah

The song "Shenandoah" has nothing to do with the Shenandoah River. "Shenandoah" is an Indian chief with an attractive daughter. These are the original words.:

The white man loved the Indian maiden,
 Away, you rolling river.
 With notions his canoe was laden.
 Away, I'm bound away, 'cross the wide Missouri.

"O, Shenandoah, I love your daughter,"
 Away, you rolling river.
 "I'll take her 'cross yon rolling water."
 Away I'm bound away, 'cross the wide Missouri.

The chief disdained the trader's dollars
 Away, you rolling river.
 "My daughter never you shall follow."
 Away, I'm bound away, 'cross the wide Missouri.

He sold the chief that fire-water
 Away, you rolling river.
 And 'cross that river he stole his daughter
 Away, I'm bound away, 'cross the wide Missouri.

"O, Shenandoah, I long to hear you,"
 Away, you rolling river.
 "Across that wide and rolling river."
 Away, I'm bound away, 'cross the wide Missouri.



The Little Green Frog

*Gaaloomph went the little
green frog one day
Gaaloomph went the little green frog
Gaaloomph went the little
green frog one day
And the frog went
gloomph gloomph gloomph*

But we all know frogs go
(clap) laa dee daa dee daa
(clap) laa dee daa dee daa
(clap) laa dee daa dee daa
We all know frogs go
(clap) laa dee daa dee daa
They don't go gloomph gloomph gloomph

But we all know frogs go
SQUELCH when you step on them
SQUELCH when you step on them
SQUELCH when you step on them
We all know frogs go
SQUELCH when you step on them
They don't go gloomph gloomph gloomph

... frogs go POP in the microwave...

... frogs go WHZZZ in
the blender...

... frogs go SPLAT in
the ceiling fan...



The Happy Wanderer

I love to go a wandering,
Along the mountain track,
And as I go, I love to sing,
My knapsack on my back.

*Val-da-ri Val-da-ra Val-da-ri Val-da-ra
ha ha ha ha ha ha Val-da-ri Val-da-ra
My knapsack on my back.*

I love to wander by the stream
That dances in the sun,
So joyously it calls to me,
"Come join my happy song!"

I wave my hat to all I meet,
And they wave back to me.
And blackbirds call so loud and sweet,
From ev'ry greenwood tree.

Oh may I go awandering,
until the day I die!
Oh may I always laugh and sing,
Beneath God's clear blue sky!

Home on the Range

Oh, give me a home where the buffalo roam,
Where the deer and the antelope play;
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day

*Home, home on the range
Where the deer and the antelope play
Where seldom is heard
a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.*

How often at night
when the heavens are bright
With the lights from the glittering stars
Have I stood there amazed
and asked as I gazed
If their glory exceeds that of ours.

Where the air is so pure, the zephyrs so free,
The breezes so balmy and light,
That I would not exchange
my home on the range
For all of the cities so bright.

Where Have All the Flowers Gone?

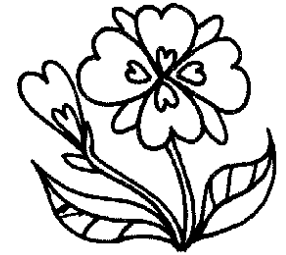
by Bob Dylan

Where have all the flowers gone, long time passing?
Where have all the flowers gone, long time ago?
Where have all the flowers gone?
Gone to young girls, every one!
When will they ever learn, when will they ever learn?
Where have all the young girls gone, long time passing?
Where have all the young girls gone, long time ago?
Where have all the young girls gone?
Gone to young men, every one!
When will they ever learn, when will they ever learn?

... Gone to soldiers, every one!

... Gone to graveyards, every one!

...Gone to flowers, every one!



LAST NIGHT I HAD THE GREENLAND FISHERIES STRANGEST DREAM

Last night I had the strangest dream,
I never dreamed before.
I dreamed the world had all agreed
To put an end to war.
I dreamed I saw a mighty room,
The room was filled with men.
And the papers they were signing said
They'd never fight again.

And when the papers were all signed,
And a million copies made
They all joined hands
and bowed their heads,
And grateful prayers were made.
And the people in the streets below,
They all danced round and round.
And guns and swords and uniforms
Were scattered on the ground.

Last night I had the strangest dream...
I never dreamed before.
I dreamed the world had all agreed
To put an end to war.
I dreamed I saw a mighty room,
The room was filled with men.
And the papers they were signing said
They'd never fight again.

'Twas in eighteen hundred and fifty-three
On June the thirteenth day,
That our gallant ship her anchor weighed,
And for Greenland bore away, brave boys,
And for Greenland bore away.

The lookout in the crosstrees stood
With spyglass in his hand;
There's a whale, there's a whale,
there's a whalefish he cried
And she blows at every span, brave boys
She blows at every span.

Now the boats were lowered
with the men on board,
And the whalefish well in view.
Very well prepared were all our gallant men,
To strike where the whalefish blew, brave boys
To strike where the whalefish blew.

We stuck that whale and the line paid out,
But she gave a flunder with her tail,
The boat capsized and we lost four of the crew
And we never caught that whale, brave boys,
And we never caught that whale.

"To lose the whale," our captain said,
It grieves my heart full sore,
But oh! to lose those four gallant men
It grieves me ten times more brave boys
It grieves me ten times more.

Battle Cry of Freedom

Yes, we'll rally 'round the flag, boys,
we'll rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom,
We will rally from the hillside,
we'll gather from the plain
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

*The Union forever, hurrah, boys, hurrah!
Down with the traitor, up with the star!
While we rally 'round the flag, boys,
rally once again
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.*

We are springing to the call
Of our brothers gone before
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom,
And we 'll fill the vacant ranks
With a million Free men more,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.

So we're springing to the call
From the East and from the West
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom
And we'll hurl the rebel crew
From the land we love the best
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom

GOOBER PEAS

Sitting by the road-side on a summer day,
Chatting with my mess-mates,
to pass the time away,
Lying in the shadow, underneath the trees,
Goodness, how delicious, eating goober peas.

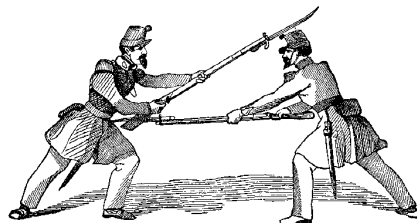
*Peas, peas, peas, eating goober peas.
Goodness, how delicious, eating goober peas.*

When a horse-man passes, the soldiers have a
rule, To cry out their loudest, -
"Farmer, where's your mule?"
But another custom, enchanting-er than these
Is wearing out your grinders,
eating goober peas.

Just before the battle, the General hears a row;
He says "The Yanks are coming,
I hear their rifles now".

He looks around in wonder,
and what d'you think he sees?
The Georgia Militia eating goober peas.

I think my song has lasted almost long
enough.
The subject's interesting
but rhymes are mighty rough.
I wish the war was over,
so free from rags and fleas,



DIXIE

I wish I was in the land of Cotton
Old times there are not forgotten
Look away! Look away! Look away!
Dixie Land
In Dixie Land where I was born in
early on one frosty morning'
Look away! Look away! Look away!
Dixie Land

*Then I wish I was in Dixie
Hooray! Hooray!
In Dixie Land I'll take my stand
To live and die in Dixie
Away! Away! Away!
Down South in Dixie.
Away! Away! Away!
Down South in Dixie.*

Ole Missus marry "Will the weaver"
Willum was a gay deceiver
Look away! Look away! Look away!
Dixie Land
But when he put his arm around er,
He smiled fierce as a forty pounder,
Look away! Look away! Look away!
Dixie Land

Now here's a health to the next ole Missus
An' all the gals that want to kiss us;
Look away! Look away! Look away!
Dixie Land
But if you want to drive 'way sorrow
Come and hear this song tomorrow
Look away! Look away! Look away!
Dixie Land

There's buckwheat cakes and Injun batter,
Makes you fat or a little fatter;
Look away! Look away! Look away!
Dixie Land
Then hoe it down and scratch your gravel,
To Dixie's Land I'm bound to travel,
Look away! Look away! Look away!

NORTHERN LIGHTS

*The Northern Lights of Old Aberdeen,
Mean home, sweet home to me,
The Northern Lights of Aberdeen,
Are what I long to see,
I've been a wanderer all my life,
And many a sight I've seen,
God speed the day when I'm on my way,
To my home in Aberdeen.*

When I was a lad, a tiny wee lad,
My mother said to me,
"Come see the Northern Lights my boy,
They're bright as they can be".
She called them the heavenly dancers,
Merry dancers in the sky,
I'll never forget that wonderful sight,
They made the heavens bright.

I've wandered in many far-off lands,
And traveled many a mile,
I've missed the folk I've cherished most,
The joy of a friendly smile,
It warms up the heart of the wanderer
The clasp of a welcoming hand,
To greet me when I return
Home to my native land.

WILD ROVER

I've been a wild rover for many a year,
And I've spent all my money on whisky and beer
And now I'm returning with gold in great store,
And I never will play the wild rover no more.

*And it's no - nay - never, <!><!><!><!>
No nay never no more
Will I play the wild rover
No never no more.*

I went to an alehouse I used to frequent,
And told the landlady my money was spent
I asked her for credit, she answered me nay,
Saying custom like yours I can get any day.

I took from my pocket gold sovereigns bright,
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight.
She said I have whisky and wines of the best,
The words that I spoke you were only in jest.

I'll go back to my parents, confess what I've done,
And ask them to pardon their Prodigal son,
And if they forgive me as oft times before,
Then I swear I will play the wild rover no more.



I BELONG TO GLASGOW

I belong to Glasgow, dear old Glasgow town
 There's something the matter wi' Glasgow
 for it's going round and round
 I'm only a common old working chap
 As anyone can see
 But when I get a couple of pints on a Saturday
 Glasgow belongs tae me.



LOCH LOMOND

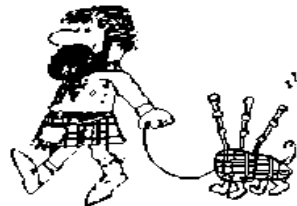
By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie braes
 Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond
 Where me and my true love were want to age
 On the bonnie bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.
*O ye'll tak the high road and I'll tak the low road
 And I'll be in Scotland afore ye
 But me and my true love will never meet again
 On the bonnie bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.*
 Twas there we parted in yon shady glen
 On the steep, steep side of Ben Lomond
 Where in purple hue the highland hills in view
 An the moon comin' out in the gloamin'
Chorus

SCOTLAND THE BRAVE

Hark when the night is falling,
 Hear hear the pipes are calling,
 Loudly and proudly calling,
 Down through the glen.
 There where the hills are sleeping,
 Now feel the blood a-leaping
 High as the spirit of the old highland men.

*Tow'ring in gallant fame,
 Scotland my mountain hame,
 High may your proud banners
 gloriously wave,
 Land of my high endeavour,
 Land of the shining river,
 Land of my heart forever,
 Scotland the brave.*

High in the misty highlands,
 Out by the purple islands,
 Brave are the hearts that beat beneath
 Scottish skies,
 Wild are the winds to meet you,
 Staunch are the friends to greet you,
 Kind as the love that shines from fair
 maiden's eyes.



BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord
 He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored,
 He has loosed the fateful lightening of His terrible swift sword
 His truth is marching on.

Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
 Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
 His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps
 They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps
 I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps
 His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnish'd rows of steel,
 "As ye deal with my contemners, So with you my grace shall deal;"
 Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel
 Since God is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat
 He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat
 Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
 Our God is marching on.



Tenting Tonight on the Old Camp-Ground

We're tenting tonight on the old camp-ground
 Give us a song to cheer
 Our weary hearts, a song of home
 And friends we love so dear.



*Many are the hearts that are weary tonight
 Wishing for the war to cease,
 Many are the hearts looking for the right
 To see the dawn of peace.
 Tenting tonight, tenting tonight
 Tenting on the old camp-ground.*

We've been tenting tonight on the old camp-ground,
 Thinking of days gone by
 Of the loved ones at home that gave us the hand,
 And the tear that said, "Good-by !"

We are tired of war on the old camp-ground;
 Many are the dead and gone
 Of the brave and true who've left their homes;
 Others been wounded long.

We've been fighting today on the old camp-ground, .
 Many are lying near ;
 Some are dead, and some are dying,
 Many are in tears.

Just Before the Battle, Mother Marching Through Georgia

Just before the battle, mother,
I am thinking most of you,
While upon the field we're watching
With the enemy in view.
Comrades brave are 'round me lying,
Filled with thoughts of home and God
For well they know that on the morrow,
Some will sleep beneath the sod.

*Farewell, mother, you may never
Press me to your heart again;
But, Oh, you'll not forget me, mother;
If I'm numbered with the slain.*

Hark! I hear the bugles sounding,
'Tis the signal for the fight.
Now may God protect us, mother,
As He ever does the right.
Hear "The Battle Cry of Freedom,"
How it swells upon the air,
Oh yes, we'll rally 'round the standard
Or we'll perish nobly there.

The Invalid Corps

I got my call to go to war,
I went to be enlisted.
The Surgeon General looked me o'er
and loudly he insisted
"You cannot wear the uniform,
Your lungs are much affected.
It's plain to see your eyes are crossed
and otherwise defected!"

*So now I'm in the Invalids
I cannot go and fight, sir.
The doctor told me so, you know -
Of course he must be right, sir.*

He said "You've got an itchy scalp,
Your hair is getting thinner.
And tell me, sir, with teeth like those
how do you eat your dinner?
It seems to me you're overweight,
Your pressure is alarming."
I said with much alacrity,
"The Ladies find me charming."

Bring the good old bugle, boys!
We'll sing another song -
Sing it with a spirit
that will start the world along-
Sing it as we used to sing it,
fifty thousand strong,
While we were marching thru Georgia!
*Hurrah! Hurrah! We bring the Jubilee!
Hurrah, Hurrah, the flag
that makes you free!
So we sang the chorus
from Atlanta to the sea,
While we were marching thru Georgia!*

"Sherman's dashing Yankee boys
will never reach the coast!"
So the saucy Rebels said,
and was a handsome boast,
Had they not forgot, alas!
to reckon with the host,
While we were marching thru Georgia!
So we made a thoroughfare
for Freedom and her train,
Sixty miles in latitude,
three hundred to the main;
Treason fled before us,
for resistance was in vain,
While we were marching thru Georgia!

And then he took his stethoscope,
And listened quite intently.
A look of pity filled his eyes,
He whispered to me gently,
"Your feet are flat, your back is bent,
the sight of you displeases.
And by the symptoms I would say,
You've several rare diseases."

I would have liked to go to war,
But, Sir, I was prevented.
Instead I have to stay at home,
and keep the girls contented.
Because of my condition, Sir,
War would be a bother,
You know the Doctor ought to know,
Because he is my father!

ANNOUNCEMENT SONG

*Announcements, announcements,
announcements!*

A terrible death, a terrible death,
A terrible death to die,
What a terrible death,
to be talked to death!

What a terrible way to die!

"I think I can, I think I can"
The Little Engine Cried.
Before he made it to the top,
The Little Engine Died.

Mary had a little lamb
The doctor was surprised.
But when Old McDonald had a farm
He couldn't believe his eyes.

Old King Cole, puffing on his bowl
When the cops came by.
Oh what a sin, Oh what a sin
To have a king that's high...

Row Row Row your Boat
Gently down the stream
throw the announcements overboard
and listen to them scream

(tune: Frere' Jacques)

Words of wisdom, words of wisdom,
We don't need, we don't need,
Stupid words of wisdom,
stupid words of wisdom,
Dumb, dumb, dumb.
Dumb, dumb, dumb.

(tune: How Dry I Am)

We sold our cow
(moo).
We sold our cow (moo).
We have no use for your bull now.

(tune: London Bridge)

Make the announcements
short and sweet,
Short and sweet,
Short and sweet.
Make the announcements
short and sweet,
They're so BORING!

The Ballad Of The Shape Of Things

Kingston Trio

Completely round is the perfect pearl
The oyster manufactures;
Completely round is the steering wheel
That leads to compound fractures.
Completely round is the golden fruit
That hangs from the orange tree.
Yes, the circle shape is quite renowned,
And sad to say, it can be found
In the low down, dirty runaround
My true love gave to me, yes,
My true love gave to me.

Completely square is the velvet box
He said my ring would be in.
Completely square is the envelope
He said farewell to me in.
Completely square is the handkerchief
I flourish constantly,
As I dry my eyes of the tears I shed,
And blow my nose that turned bright red;
Completely square is my true love's head:
He will not marry me, no,
he will not marry me.

Rectangular is the hotel door
My true love tried to sneak through.
Rectangular is the transom
Over which I had to peek through.
Rectangular is the hotel room
I entered angrily.
And rectangular is the wooden box,
Where lies my love neath the golden phlox.
They say he died from the chicken pox,
In part I must agree:
one chick too many had he!

Triangular is the piece of pie
I eat to ease my sorrow.
Triangular is the hatchet blade
I plan to hide tomorrow.
Triangular the relationship
That now has ceased to be.
And triangular is the garment thin
That fastens on with a safety pin
To a prize I had no wish to win;
It's a lasting memory
that my true love gave to me.



THE DUMMY LINE

Chorus: On the Dummy Line, on the Dummy Line,
Ride, ride, ride on the Dummy Line
Rain or shine, I'll pay my dime
And ride, ride, ride on the Dummy Line!

Verses:

Willy, coming home from school,
Found a dollar behind a mule..
He crept up as quiet as a mouse -
Funeral next day at Little Willy's house!

I got a gal down in Mobile,
She's got a face like a lemon peel,
She's got a wart upon her chin -
She calls it a dimple, but a dimple goes IN!

Willy found some dynamite,
Couldn't understand it, quite...
Curiosity never pays -
It rained Willy for forty days!

Willy fell down the elevator,
Wasn't found 'til ten days later...
All the neighbors said "Gee Whiz,
What a spoiled child Willy is!"

Little Willy, full of gore,
Nailed his sister to the floor...
Willy's mother was quite vexed -
"Really, Will," she said, "What next?"

Little Willy, home by himself
Found a cake on the kitchen shelf
Willy said, "If I eat this cake
Sis won't get a belly ache"

Little Willy saw a mill saw buzz
Didn't know quite what it was
Now his arm is full of nicks
And, alas poor Willy, he's cut in six

Little Willy, in bows and sashes
Fell in the fire and was burnt to ashes,
Nowadays when the weather gets chilly
Nobody likes to poke up Willy.

Willy and three other brats
Ate up all the Rough-On-Rats;

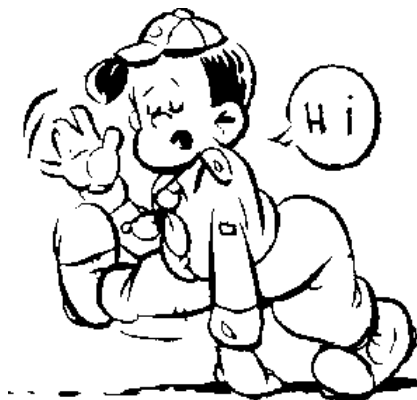
Papa said, when Mama cried,
"Don't worry, dear, they'll die outside."

Little Willy, mean as hell
Threw his sister in the well
Mama said, when drawing water,
"Gee, it's hard to raise a daughter."

There once was a doctor, name was Peck
He fell in a well and he broke his neck
It served him right, for he should've known
To tend to the sick
and leave the well alone!

There once was a hunter named O'Hare
He was chased by a grizzly bear
The people thought he was out of his mind
Running down the street
with a bear behind!

There was an witch by the name of Nan
Who tried to pass as a good humor man
Couldn't fool the kids,
they all stayed home -
They would not buy
from an ice cream crone



When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again

When Johnny comes marching home again,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll give him a hearty welcome then,
Hurrah, Hurrah!
The men will cheer and the boys will shout,
the ladies they will all turn out,
and we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching home.

The old church bell will peal with joy,
Hurrah, Hurrah!
To welcome home our darling boy,
Hurrah Hurrah!
The village lads and lassies say,
with roses they will strew the way
and we'll all feel gay
when Johnny comes marching home.

Get ready for the Jubilee,
Hurrah Hurrah!
We'll give the hero three times three,
Hurrah Hurrah!
The laurel wreath is ready now,
to place upon his loyal brow,
and we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching home.



THE QUARTERMASTER'S STORE

There are mice, mice, mice,
running through the rice
At the store, at the store...
There are mice, mice, mice,
running through the rice,
At the Quartermaster's store.

CHORUS:

My eyes are dim, I cannot see,
I have not got my specs with me.
I have. not. got. my. specs. with. me.

There are...
...rats... big as alley cats
...beans... makes you fill your jeans
...coke... makes you want to choke
...bread... just like a lump of lead
...meat... knocks you off your feet
...gravy... rejected by the navy
...cheese... brings you to you knees
...tea... but not for you and me
...snakes... big as garden rakes
...ants... wearing rubber pants
...bats... bigger than the rats



M. T. A.

Let me tell you all the story of a man named Charlie
On a tragic and fateful day;
He put ten cents in his pocket, kissed his wife and family,
Went to ride on the M. T. A.

*But did he ever return?
No, he never returned,
and his fate is still unlearned.
He may ride forever 'neath the streets of Boston,
He's the man who never returned.*

Charlie handed in his dime at the Kendall Square station,
And he changed for Jamaica Plain.
When he got there the conductor told him, "One more nickel."
Charlie couldn't get off of that train.

Now all night long Charlie rides through the station,
Crying, "What will become of me?
How can I afford to see my sister in Chelsea or my cousin in Roxbury?"

Charlie's wife goes down to the Scolay Square station
Every day at a quarter past two.
And through the open window she hands Charlie a sandwich
As the train comes rumbling through.

Now, you citizens of Boston, don't you think it's a scandal
How the people have to pay and pay?
Fight the fare increase, vote for George O'Brian!
Get poor Charlie off the M. T. A.!

I've Got Sixpence

I've got sixpence, jolly, jolly sixpence
I've got sixpence to last me all my life
I've got twopence to spend, and twopence to lend
And twopence to send home to my wife-poor wife.

No cares have I to grieve me
No pretty little girls to deceive me
I'm happy as a lark believe me
As we go rolling, rolling home
Rolling home (rolling home) Rolling home (rolling home)
By the light of the silvery moo-oo-on

Happy is the day when a soldier gets his pay
As we go rolling, rolling home.



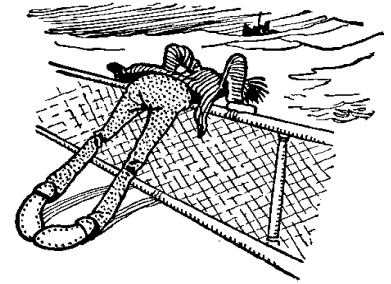
THE LORD OF THE SPAM

(Sung to: Lord of the Dance / "Simple Gifts")
Brought into proper rhyme scheme by Matt Drury

The Lord of the Spam is a happy little elf
He lives in a can on the supermarket shelf
You can share it with a friend or eat it by yourself
The Lord of the Spam takes care of your health

Chorus:

Spam, Spam wherever you may be
I am the Lord of the Spam said he
And I live in a can with a tiny metal key
And I'll make you eat all your Spam, said he



We don't know what it is and we don't know what it's for
We do know it lasts through a plague or a war
You can put it on your sandwich, you can retille your floor
These aren't the only uses there's about a million more

It comes from the cannery, it comes from the store
You can use it as a weapon in a medieval war
We don't know if it's legal but it evens up the score
A canful of Spam is so hard to ignore -oh-

Ging Gang Goolie

Ging gang goolie goolie goolie watcha,
Ging gang goo, ging gang goo
Ging gang goolie goolie goolie watcha,
Ging gang goo, ging gang goo
Hayla, O hayla shayla,
Hayla shayla, hayla oh
Hayla, O hayla shayla,
Hayla shayla, hayla oh
Shally wally, shally wally, shally wally
Oompah, oompah, oompah... (etc)



Have You Ever Seen a Zombie?

Have you ever seen a Zombie walking by?
Have you ever seen a Zombie calling 'round for tea?
If you want to see a Zombie, just take a look at me...
Zombies, Alert!
Zombies, Begin! left arm! *Flap left arm*

after each verse, Zombies, Alert! Zombies, Stop!
Repeat verse, adding right arm, left leg (*march*), right leg, nod head

It Ain't Gonna Rain No More

Chorus:

It ain't gonna rain no more no more
It ain't gonna rain no more
How the heck can I wash my neck
If it ain't gonna rain no more

Mary had a little Lamb
She fed it castor oil
And everywhere that Mary went
it fertilized the soil

Mary had a little Lamb
Her father shot it dead
She still takes the lamb to school
Between two bits of bread

Mary had a little Lamb
You've heard that tale before
But have you heard she passed her plate
And had a little more

Mary had a little lamb
She tied it to a pylon
10 000 volts shot up its leg
And turned its wool to nylon
Mary had a little lamb

The doctor was surprised
But when Old McDonald had a farm
He couldn't believe his eyes

Mary had a little lamb
She ate it with mint sauce
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb went too, of course

An old man lay down by a sewer
And by a sewer he died
Now, at the coroner's request
They called it sewer-side

Said baby tern to mother tern
"Can I have a brother"
"Yes" said mom to baby tern
"One good tern deserves another"

Oh for a home where the buffalo roam
Where the deer and the antelope play
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
For what can an antelope say?

Clementine

In a cavern, in a canyon
excavating for a mine
Dwelt a miner, forty-niner,
and his daughter Clementine.

(chorus)

Oh my darlin', Oh my darlin',
Oh my darlin' Clementine
You are lost and gone forever,
Dreadful sorry, Clementine

Drove she ducklings, to the water
every morning just at nine.
Hit her foot upon a splinter,
fell into the foaming brine
Ruby lips above the water,

blowing bubbles soft and fine.
Alas for me! I was no swimmer,
so I lost my Clementine.

In my dreams she still does haunt me,
robed in garments soaked in brine.
Though in life I loved to hug her,
now she's dead, I'll draw the line.

Now you Boy Scouts, heed the warning
to this tragic tale of mine:
Artificial Respiration
would have saved my Clementine!



FIRE DOWN BELOW

*FIRE! FIRE! Fire down below,
Let's fetch a bucket of water, boys,
there's fire down below
FIRE! FIRE! Fire down below,
Let's fetch a bucket of water, boys,
there's fire down below!*

We just got back from the galley,
and we thought you ought to know -
The cook has burned the biscuits,
and there's FIRE DOWN BELOW!

We just got back from the poop deck,
and we thought you'd like to know -
There's a sea gull in the crow's nest,
and there's FIRE DOWN BELOW!

We just got back
from the quarterdeck,
and we thought you'd like to know -
The bo'sun weighed the anchor -
and it weighed a thousand pounds
(what?)

We think this ship is sinking,
and we think it's going to blow -
Let's all sing the SOS -
THERE'S FIRE DOWN BELOW!

HUMORESQUE

(With apologies to Dvorak)

Passengers will please refrain
From flushing toilets while the train
Is in the station, Darling I love you.
We encourage constipation
While the train is in the station
If the train can't go, then why should you?

If you really must pass water
Kindly call the Pullman porter
He'll place a vessel in your vestibule
As I sit here tearing tissue
Oh, my darling, how I miss you
Everything I do, I do for you.

Many dentists recommend
That using fluoride puts an end
To cavities forever- North is up.
Stewardesses, take your places
Put a smile upon your faces
The Captain's out of gas-
Knit one, purl two.

Taxpayers who use the Table
May round off where they are able;
Itemize deductions-You are HERE.
No admittance to the service
Shop - it makes our lawyer nervice;
You can use our lounge-
Next window, please.

Only during business hours
You'll be shot if you pick flowers.
Please don't touch the statues-I like Ike.
Promenading through the park,
Goosing statues in the dark,
If Sherman's horse can take it,
why can't you?

MY BONNIE

My Bonnie lies over the ocean,
My Bonnie lies over the sea.
My Bonnie lies over the ocean,
Oh, bring back my bonnie to me.

*Bring back, bring back,
Oh, bring back my bonnie to me, to me.
Bring back, bring back,
Oh, bring back my bonnie to me.*

Last night as I lay on my pillow,
Last night as I lay on my bed,
I stuck my feet out of the window,
Next morning my neighbors were dead.

My Bonnie leaned over the gas tank,
The height of its contents to see.
I lighted a match to assist her,
Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me.

My body has calomine lotion,
My body's as sore as can be,
The flowers I gathered for Granny,
Turned out to be poison I-Vee.

OH, SUSANNA

by Stephen Foster

I come from Alabama
with my banjo on my knee
I'm going to Louisiana,
my true love for to see
It rained all night the day I left
The weather it was dry
The sun so hot, I froze to death
Susanna, don't you cry

*Oh, Susanna, oh don't you cry for me
For I come from Alabama
with my banjo on my knee*

I had a dream the other night
when everything was still
I thought I saw Susanna
a-coming down the hill
The buckwheat cake was in her mouth
The tear was in her eye
Says I, I'm coming from the south
Susanna, don't you cry



My Dog's Bigger Than Your Dog

My dog's bigger than your dog,
My dog's bigger than yours,
My dog's bigger
And he chases mailmen,
My dog's bigger than yours,

*I'm not afraid of the dark any more
I can tie my shoes
I have been to the country
And I am going to school
Nyah nyah nyah nyah nyah nyah*

My dad's tougher than your dad,
My dad's tougher than yours,
My dad's tougher
And he yells louder
My dad's tougher than yours.

My Mom's older than your Mom,
My Mom's older than yours,
She takes smelly baths
She hides the gray hairs
My Mom's older than yours.

Our car's faster than your car,
Our car's faster than yours,
It has a louder horn,
It bumps other cars,
Our car's faster than yours.

BINGO

There was a farmer had a dog,
and BINGO was his name, Oh

B - I - N - G - O, B - I - N - G - O,
B - I - N - G - O,
and Bingo was his name, Oh

Scout Wetspers

Softly falls the rain today
As our campsite floats away
Silently, each Scout should ask
Did I bring my SCUBA mask?
Have I tied my tent flaps down,
Learned to swim so I won't drown,
Have I done, and will I try
Everything to keep me dry?

Campin' in the Rain

I'm campin' in the rain, just campin' in the rain.
The tent and campfire are soggy again.
The clouds in the sky are making me cry.
My waterlogged shoes may never get dry.

All the mud in the place is stuck on my face.
The frogs and the turtles are starting to race.
Oh, what should I do? I need a canoe.
A webbed-footed weasel swam off with my shoe.

I'm campin' in the rain; just campin' in the rain.
The good doctor said I've got water on the brain.
I can't light the fire. I'm stuck in the mire.
The lightning just knocked down the telephone wire.

I'm drownin' in the rain; just drownin' in the rain.
Won't it please stop raining --- I hate to complain.
My sleeping bag's wet. I'm starting to fret.
My life jacket was no thing to forget.

The Weekend

(Battle Hymn of the Republic)

I have seen the sky in darkness, I have seen it in the sun
I have felt the rain upon me, I've enjoyed the snowy fun
When the weather isn't cloudy or the wind it doesn't blow
It isn't only raining, it's the weekend too, you know
Glory, glory, it's the weekend!
Glory, glory, it's the weekend!
I can tell because it's raining and it's 42 below
As we Scouts go marching on



The Duke of York

The grand old Duke of York
He had ten thousand men
He marched them UP the hill
and he marched
them DOWN again

And when you're UP you're UP
And when you're DOWN
You're DOWN
But when you're only halfway UP
You're neither UP nor DOWN

FLING IT HERE, FLING IT THERE

Way down on the farm we are right up to date,
Farm mechanization's the byword of late.
For every task, there's a gadget to match,
But our new muck-spreader's the best of the batch.

*Fling it here, Fling it there,
If you're standing by
then you'll all get your share.*

Now young Walter Hodgkins, he brought back a load
Of liquid manure from the farm up the road.
He hummed to himself as he drove up the street,
And his load also hummed in the afternoon heat.

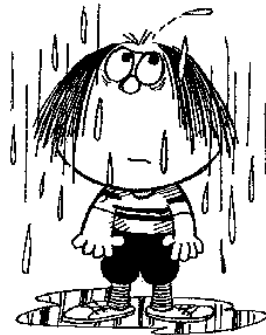
The muck-spreader had a mechanical fault,
And a bump in the road turned it on with a jolt.
An odorous spray of manure it let fly
Without fear or favor on all who passed by.

The cats and the dogs stank to high kingdom come,
And the kiddies, browned off, ran home screaming to Mum.
The trail of sheer havoc were terrible grim,
One open car were filled up to the brim.

The vicarage windows were all open wide,
When a generous helping descended inside.
The vicar, at table, intoned "Let us pray"
When manure from heaven came flying his way.

In garden, Miss Pringle was quite scandalized.
"Good gracious!" she cried, "I've been fertilized."
While the Methodist minister's teetotal wife
Were plastered for the very first time in her life.

And all of this time Walter trundled along,
He was quite unaware there was anything wrong,
Till a vision of woe flagged him down - what a sight!
A policeman all covered in . . . you've got it right.



Little Black Things

(to the tune of "Clementine")

*Little black things, little black things,
Crawling up and down my arms.
If I wait 'til they have babies,
I could start a black thing farm.*

Haven't taken a bath in two weeks,
And I never change my clothes.
I have got these little black things,
Where they come from heaven knows.

Once a cute girl tried to kiss me,
But she jumped and gave a yell,
And I never got to ask her,
Was it the black things or the smell.

Rickety Ticky Tin

(the Irish Ballad)

by Tom Lehrer

About a maid I'll sing a song
Sing rickety tickety tin
About a maid I'll sing a song
Who didn't have her family long
Not only did she do them wrong
She did every one of them in, them in
She did every one of them in.

One morning in a fit of pique
Sing rickety tickety tin
One morning in a fit of pique
She drowned her father in the creek
The water tasted bad for a week
And we had to make do
with gin, with gin
We had to make do with gin

Her mother she could never stand
Sing rickety tickety tin
Her mother she could never stand
And so a cyanide soup she planned
The mother died
with the spoon in her hand
And her face in a hideous grin, a grin
Her face in a hideous grin.

She weighted her brother
down with stones
Sing rickety tickety tin
She weighted her brother
down with stones
And sent him off to Davey Jones
All they ever found were some bones
And occasional pieces of skin, of skin
Occasional pieces of skin.

She set her sister's hair on fire
Sing rickety tickety tin
She set her sister's hair on fire
And as the smoke and flame rose
higher
Danced around the funeral pyre
Playing a violin, olin
Playing a violin.

One day she had nothing to do
Sing rickety tickety tin
One day she had nothing to do
She cut her baby brother in two
And served him up as an Irish stew
And invited the neighbors in, bors in
Invited the neighbors in.

And when at last the police came by
Sing rickety tickety tin
And when at last the police came by
Her little pranks she did not deny
To do so she would have had to lie
And lying she knew was a sin, a sin
And lying she knew was a sin.

My tragic tale I won't prolong
Sing rickety tickety tin
My tragic tale I won't prolong
And if you did not enjoy my song,
You've yourself to blame if it's too long
You should never have let me begin, begin
You should never have let me begin.



GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK

My grandfather's clock was too tall for the shelf
So it stood ninety years on the floor
It was taller by half than the old man himself
But it weighed not a pennyweight more
It was bought on the morn on the day that he was born
And was always his treasure and pride
But it stopped, short, never to go again
When the old man died

*Ninety years without slumbering
Tic toc tic toc
His life's seconds numbering
Tic toc tic toc
It stopped, short, never to go again
When the old man died.*

In watching its pendulum swing to and fro
Many hours he had spent when a boy
And through childhood and manhood,
the clock seemed to know
And to share both his grief and his joy
For it struck twenty-four when he entered at the door
With a blooming and beautiful bride,
But it stopped, short, never to go again
When the old man died

My grandfather said that of those he could hire
Not a servant so faithful he'd found,
For it kept perfect time and it had one desire
At the close of each day to be wound
At it kept to its place, not a frown upon its face
At its hands never hung by its side
But it stopped, short, never to go again
When the old man died

It rang an alarm in the still of the night,
An alarm that for years had been dumb
And we knew that his spirit was pluming for flight
That his hour of departure had come
Still the clock kept the time
with a soft and muffled chime
As we silently stood by his side
But it stopped, short, never to go again
When the old man died

I'm Happy When I'm Hiking

I'm happy when I'm hiking, Pack upon my back.
I'm happy when I'm hiking, Off the beaten track.
Out in the open country, That's the place for me.
With a true scout friend, to the journey's end
Ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty miles a day.
Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,
tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp...

I've Been Working on the Railroad

I've been working on the railroad
All the livelong day.
I've been working on the railroad,
Just to pass the time away.
Don't you hear the whistle blowing,
Rise up so early in the morn,
Don't you hear the Captain shouting,
"Dinah blow your horn!"

Dinah won't you blow, Dinah won't you blow,
Dinah won't you blow your horn?
Dinah won't you blow, Dinah won't you blow,
Dinah won't you blow your horn?

Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah,
Someone's in the kitchen I know.
Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah,
Strummin' on the old banjo, and singing

Fee Fi Fiddle-I-O, Fee Fi Fiddle-I-O-O-O-O
Fee Fi Fiddle-I-O, Strummin' on the old banjo

Scouting Spirit

I've got that Scouting Spirit up in my head,
Up in my head,
Up in my head,
I've got that Scouting Spirit up in my head,
Up in my head to stay.

I've got that Scouting Spirit deep in my heart...

...Down in my feet...

...All over me...

THE SLOOP JOHN B

We come on the sloop John B
My grandfather and me,
'Round Nassau town we did roam.
Drinking all night,
We got into a fight,
I feel so breakup, I want to go home

*So hoist up the John B sails
See how the mainsail's set,
Send for the captain ashore,
Let me go home
Let me go home
Let me go home
I feel so breakup
I want to go home*

The first mate he got drunk,
Broke up the people's trunk
Constable had to come
and take him away,
Sheriff John Stone,
please let me alone
I fell so breakup, I want to go home.

The cook he had the fits,
Ate up all of my grits,
Then he went
and he drank up all of my corn.
Let me go home,
Oh won't you let me go home,
This is the worst trip
since I've been born.

