

**The Many Point
Sing-Along Song Book**
-or-
Music to Burn Logs By
Compiled and Edited by Al Boyce



The
MANY POINT

**Sing-Along
Song Book**

-or-

Music To Burn Logs By



Edited and Illustrated by: Al Boyce

Second Printing: April 2023

A **Boyceterous Productions** Publication

INTRODUCTION

Oral Tradition often needs a helping hand.

Learning songs orally from singer to listener accounts for hundreds of songs that each of us "know." From songs learned in childhood to songs learned in group singing situations to songs learned from recordings or radios are all locked up in our memories. This book, then, is the key. Familiar songs with words and simple chords are listed within to unlock your memory, and help you and/or a group enjoy music together. Participating. Re-learning the joy that singing brings.

These songs are intended as a guide and a beginning. Feel free to rearrange them, change them, make up your own verses, or even steal the tunes and write your own songs! Such changes are what is called the "Folk Process," the force that keeps the music alive and meaningful throughout the generations.

So enjoy the book. Enjoy the music. And share the tradition!

**"All gods critters got a place in the choir,
Some sing low, some sing higher.
Some sing out loud from the telephone wire,
Some just clap their hands, paws, or anything they got now."**

-Bill Staines

This book is dedicated to the memory of my daughter, Caitlin Clare Boyce,
who loved to sing even more than I do.

Thanks to anyone who ever enjoyed a song at a campfire, and the staff and campers of Many Point Scout Camp who teach us that ANYONE can sing, and who passed on their vast repertoire. This book contains over 400 songs, skits, and stories originally collected in Volumes One through Four of "The Long-Awaited, Unofficial, Semi-Occasional, Many Point Sing Along Song Book -or- Music To Burn Logs By", the "1968-69 Many Point Junior Leaders Training Camp Songbook", and another hundred or so songs that I thought you'd enjoy. Special thanks to Wayne Stroman, who helped me get this all started by co-editing the first songbook with me.

Copyright © 1996 by Boyceterous Productions

Inquiries should be directed to the publisher:

Al Boyce
c/o Viking Council, BSA
5300 Glenwood Avenue
Mpls, MN 55422
(612) 545-4550

BP003 The Many Point Sing Along Songbook -or- Music To Burn Logs By

Table of Contents

MAIN SECTIONS

A: Camp Favorites.....	7
B: Traditional Songs.....	25
C: Action Songs.....	39
D: Rounds.....	45
E: Popular Classics.....	47
F: Spirituals, Graces, and Church Songs.....	65
G: Closing Songs.....	75
H: Patriotic Songs.....	83
I: Campfire Stories.....	89
J: Bluegrass Greats.....	97
K: Skits.....	101
L: Whalers, Sailors and Fishermen.....	105
M: Homegrown Songs.....	111
N: Country Music.....	119
O: Irish Tunes.....	123

Appendix A: Campfire Planner.....	127
Appendix B: Songleading Hints.....	129
Appendix C: Guitar Chords.....	130
Appendix D: Ukulele Chords.....	131
Appendix E: Banjo Chords.....	132
Appendix F: Mandolin Chords.....	133
Appendix G: How To Play The Harmonica.....	134
Appendix H: The Mountain Dulcimer.....	135
Appendix I: How To Play The Tin Whistle.....	136
Appendix J: Chord Transposition Chart.....	137

Index.....	138
------------	-----

A SECTION: CAMP FAVORITES

A-01 * Many Point Rowser.....	7
A-02 Crabs Walk Sideways.....	7
A-03 Stomped On Mah Hort.....	7
A-04 * Sippin' Cider.....	7
A-05 * Pink Pajamas.....	8
A-06 John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmidt.....	8
A-07 Little Red Wagon.....	8
A-08 All God's Critters.....	8
A-09 Gee Mom, I Wanna Go Home.....	8
A-10 Follow Me Boys.....	9
A-11 It's Gonna Be A Long Winter.....	9
A-12 Salvation Army.....	9
A-13 Sock Song, The.....	10
A-14 * Bill Grogan's Goat.....	10
A-15 Down By The Bay.....	10
A-16 Cat Came Back, The.....	10
A-17 * My Old Man's A Sailor.....	11
A-18 * Eddie Brown.....	11
A-19 * Chicken Song, The.....	12
A-20 Long Tall Texan.....	12
A-21 Bingo.....	12
A-22 Buffalo Boy.....	12
A-23 Birds in the Wildemess.....	13
A-24 Ants Go Marching.....	13
A-25 Kisses Sweeter Than Wine.....	13
A-26 God Bless My Underwear.....	14
A-27 Camp Kookamonga.....	14
A-28 Martian Song.....	14
A-29 * Sweet Violets.....	14
A-30 You Can Eat Dog Food.....	15
A-31 I'm Glad I Am A Boy Scout.....	15
A-32 Billboard Song, The.....	16
A-33 Sun, The.....	16
A-34 Dead Skunk.....	16
A-35 Lydia the Tatoed Lady.....	16
A-36 Universe Song, The.....	17
A-37 Don't Buy the Liverwurst.....	17
A-38 By a Western Water Tank.....	17
A-39 Unicom, The.....	17
A-40 # Waltzing With Bears.....	18
A-41 * Alouette.....	18
A-42 * Boom Boom.....	18
A-43 * Dummy Line.....	18
A-44 * Froggie Went A Courtin'.....	19
A-45 * Green Grow The Rushes.....	19

A-46 * Happy Wanderer.....	19
A-47 * I Want A Pop.....	20
A-48 * I've Got Sixpence.....	20
A-49 * Little Man.....	20
A-50 * McTavish.....	20
A-51 * Michael Finnegan.....	20
A-52 # More We Get Together, The.....	20
A-53 * Once I Went In Swimmin'.....	21
A-54 * Poor Old Slade.....	21
A-55 * Slap Bang.....	21
A-56 * There Was An Old Lady Who Swallowed A Fly.....	21
A-57 * There's A Hole In The Bottom Of The Sea.....	21
A-58 * Trail The Eagle.....	22
A-59 * Tree Toad.....	22
A-60 # Trinidad.....	22
A-61 # Cowpuncher, The.....	22
A-62 # Ain't it Great to be Crazy.....	22
A-63 # Many Point Lament.....	23
A-64 # Many Point Dream Song.....	23
A-65 * Little Willie.....	23
A-66 # Aiken Drum.....	23
A-67 # Abdul, the Bulbul Amir.....	24
A-68 # Frozen Logger, The.....	24

B SECTION: TRADITIONAL SONGS

B-01 Wabash Cannonball, The.....	25
B-02 * Titanic, The.....	25
B-03 Goodnight Irene.....	26
B-04 Deacon Went Down, The.....	26
B-05 * Mountain Dew.....	26
B-06 * Hammer Song.....	27
B-07 * This Land is Your Land.....	27
B-08 Little Skunk.....	27
B-09 * When I First Came to This Land.....	27
B-10 Cotton Fields.....	28
B-11 On Top of Old Smokey.....	28
B-12 On Top of Spaghetti.....	28
B-13 * I've Been Working On the Railroad.....	28
B-14 Home on the Range.....	29
B-15 Polly Wolly Doodle.....	29
B-16 Roll On Columbia.....	29
B-17 Scarborough Fair.....	29
B-18 You Are My Sunshine.....	30
B-19 * Oh Susannah.....	30
B-20 Casey Jones.....	30
B-21 Clementine.....	30
B-22 Buffalo Skinners.....	31
B-23 * Banua.....	31
B-24 * Drunken Sailor.....	31
B-25 * Follow The Drinking Gourd.....	32
B-26 * Good Ship Reuben James.....	32
B-27 * Gypsy Rover.....	32
B-28 * I Know Where I'm Going.....	32
B-29 * John Riley.....	32
B-30 * Marching To Pretoria.....	33
B-31 * Patsey Orrey Orrey Ay.....	33
B-32 * Pretty Mary.....	33
B-33 * Tavern In The Town.....	34
B-34 * Three Jolly Coachmen.....	34
B-35 * Tom Dooley.....	34
B-36 * Vietnamese Street Vendors Song.....	35
B-37 * Vive L'Amour.....	35
B-38 * Waltzing Matilda.....	35
B-39 * Seine, The.....	35
B-40 * Far Northland.....	36
B-41 # Keeper, The.....	36
B-42 # Green Grow the Rashes, O.....	36
B-43 # Jock Stewart.....	36
B-44 * A-Soalin'.....	36
B-45 # Deportees.....	37
B-46 # Rattlin' Bog.....	37
B-47 # Wildwood Flower.....	37
B-48 # Ragtime Cowboy Joe.....	38
B-49 # John Henry.....	38
B-50 # Freight Train.....	38

Table of Contents

C SECTION: ACTION SONGS

C-01	* Grand Old Duke of York, The	39
C-02	Cabin in the Woods	39
C-03	Father Abraham	39
C-04	* Swing Low, Sweet Chariot	39
C-05	* Dem Bones	40
C-06	* She'll Be Comin' Round the Mountain	40
C-07	I Points to Mineself	40
C-08	Damper Song, The	41
C-09	Head and Shoulders	41
C-10	Woddly Ah Cha	41
C-11	Deep and Wide	41
C-12	My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean	41
C-13	One Little Thumb	42
C-14	Do Your Ears Hang Low?	42
C-15	* If You're Happy and You Know It	42
C-16	* Three Jolly Fishermen	42
C-17	Going On a Bear Hunt	43
C-18	# I Am A Music Maker	43
C-19	# Oats and Beans and Barley Grow	43
C-20	# John Brown's Baby	44
C-21	# O Chester!	44
C-22	# Throw It Out the Window	44
C-23	# Junior Birdmen	44

D SECTION: ROUNDS

D-01	Tommy Tinker	45
D-02	* Row Your Boat	45
D-03	Three Blind Mice	45
D-04	America, America	45
D-05	* Hey Ho	45
D-06	* Paddle Song, The	45
D-07	Pufferbillies	45
D-08	Rainbow Song, The	45
D-09	Are You Sleeping?/Frere Jaques	46
D-10	Kookabura	46
D-11	Oh How Lovely is the Evening	46
D-12	Propel Your Craft	46
D-13	Music Alone Shall Live	46
D-14	Itsy Bitsy Spider	46
D-15	I'm a Little Teapot	46
D-16	# Make New Friends	46
D-17	# A Ram Sam Sam	46
D-18	# Ghost of John	46

E SECTION: POPULAR CLASSICS

E-01	Country Roads	47
E-02	* Today	47
E-03	* MTA, The	47
E-04	Camp Granada	47
E-05	* Blowin' in the Wind	48
E-06	* Puff the Magic Dragon	48
E-07	My Get Up and Go	48
E-08	Hills of Shiloh, The	48
E-09	Marvelous Toy, The	49
E-10	Children	49
E-11	In My Time	49
E-12	Tie Me Kangaroo Down	50
E-13	* Fox, The	50
E-14	* Jamaican Farewell	50
E-15	Sounds of Silence	50
E-16	* Battle of New Orleans	51
E-17	* Sloop John B	51
E-18	Mr. Bojangles	52
E-19	Please Don't Bury Me	52
E-20	Teddy Bear's Picnic	52
E-21	I'm My Own Grandpa	53
E-22	City of New Orleans	53
E-23	Canadian Railroad Trilogy	54
E-24	Streets of London, The	55
E-25	Dutchman, The	55
E-26	Bottomless Lake, The	55
E-27	Right Field	56
E-28	Sick Note, The	56

E-29	Lanigan's Ball	56
E-30	American Pie	57
E-31	Dear Abby	58
E-32	# Your Flag Decal	58
E-33	# Spanish Pipedream	58
E-34	# Sam Stone	58
E-35	# And the Band Played Waltzing Matilda	59
E-36	# Vegematic Song, The	60
E-37	# One Tin Soldier	60
E-38	# Four Wet Pigs	60
E-39	# Thirty Thousand Pounds of Bananas	61
E-40	# You Ain't Goin' Nowhere	61
E-41	* Henery The Eighth	62
E-42	* King of the Road	62
E-43	* Lemon Tree	62
E-44	* Green Leaves of Summer	63
E-45	* No Man Is An Island	63
E-46	# You're Gonna Make Me Lonesome	63
E-47	# Suite: Judy Blue Eyes	64
E-48	* Green Green	64
E-49	# Uncle John's Band	64

F SECTION: SPIRITUALS, GRACES, AND CHURCH SONGS

F-01	They'll Know We Are Christians	65
F-02	Rock My Soul	65
F-03	Canaan Land	65
F-04	Amazing Grace	65
F-05	Johnny Appleseed	66
F-06	Be Present	66
F-07	For Health and Strength	66
F-08	Children Go Where I Send Thee	66
F-09	* Whole World In His Hands	66
F-10	* When the Saints Go Marching In	66
F-11	Hava Nagila	66
F-12	Come and Dine	67
F-13	Thanks Be to God	67
F-14	Lord is My Sheperd, The	67
F-15	Philmont Grace	67
F-16	Get Together	67
F-17	Wedding Banquet, The	68
F-18	Down By the Riverside	68
F-19	* Tum, Tum, Tum	68
F-20	* This Train	68
F-21	Let There Be Peace On Earth	69
F-22	Will the Circle Be Unbroken	69
F-23	Prayer of St. Francis	69
F-24	Peace My Friends	69
F-25	Old Time Religion	70
F-26	Here We Are	70
F-27	Lonesome Valley	70
F-28	Put Your Hand in the Hand	70
F-29	Garden Song	70
F-30	I'd Like to Teach the World to Sing	71
F-31	This Little Light of Mine	71
F-32	Rise and Shine	71
F-33	Where the Soul of Man Never Shines	72
F-34	* Good News	72
F-35	* Rock My Soul	72
F-36	* Sinner Man	72
F-37	* Tell It On The Mountain	72
F-38	* Very Last Day	73
F-39	* Battle of Jericho	73
F-40	* Early in The Morning	73
F-41	# Pass It On	73
F-42	# Lord of the Dance	74
F-43	# Were You There?	74
F-44	# Gospel Changes	74
F-45	# I'll Fly Away	74
F-46	# Jesus Loves Me	74

Table of Contents

G SECTION: CLOSING SONGS

G-01	* Ballad of Many Point.....	75
G-02	* Kumbayah	75
G-03	* Michael Row the Boat Ashore.....	75
G-04	* Taps	75
G-05	* Where Have All the Flowers Gone?.....	75
G-06	* Scout Vespers	75
G-07	* Five Hundred Miles.....	76
G-08	* Bamboo.....	76
G-09	Stewball	76
G-10	Shenandoah	76
G-11	* They Call the Wind Mariah	77
G-12	Goodnight Ladies.....	77
G-13	* Tiny Sparrow	77
G-14	Last Thing on My Mind.....	77
G-15	Will Ye Go, Lassie Go.....	77
G-16	Grandfather's Clock	78
G-17	Old Devil Time	78
G-18	Hard Times Come Again No More	78
G-19	So Long, It's Been Good to Know Ya	78
G-20	* Autumn To May	79
G-21	* Both Sides Now.....	79
G-22	* Cruel War.....	80
G-23	* Don't Think Twice	80
G-24	* Four Strong Winds	80
G-25	* Shule Aroon (Gone the Rainbow)	80
G-26	* Green Fields.....	81
G-27	* Homeward Bound.....	81
G-28	* Donna, Donna	81
G-29	* House of the Rising Sun.....	81
G-30	* Man of Constant Sorrow.....	82
G-31	* There Is A Ship.....	82
G-32	* Times They Are A Changin', The.....	82

H SECTION: PATRIOTIC SONGS

H-01	Star Spangled Banner.....	83
H-02	America.....	83
H-03	America the Beautiful.....	84
H-04	Battle Hymn of the Republic.....	84
H-05	God Bless America	84
H-06	Camp Steams	84
H-07	Oh Canada.....	85
H-08	Yankee Doodle.....	85
H-09	Stars and Stripes Forever	86
H-10	Marsellaise, La.....	86
H-11	Yankee Doodle Dandy	86
H-12	You're a Grand Old Flag.....	86
H-13	Marines Hymn, The.....	86
H-14	Caisson Song, The.....	87
H-15	* When Johnny Comes Marching Home.....	87
H-16	Minnesota Rowser.....	87
H-17	Army Air Corps, The.....	87
H-18	Anchors Aweigh.....	88
H-19	* Tramp, Tramp, Tramp.....	88

I SECTION: CAMPFIRE STORIES

I-01	The Yeti	89
I-02	Niki Niki Amo Mucho Amo	90
I-03	Cremation of Sam McGee, The	90
I-04	Dog Pete	91
I-05	Eagle Poem, The.....	92
I-06	Finn Who Would Not Take A Sauna, The.....	92
I-07	Agropelter, The.....	93
I-08	Fur Fish, The	93
I-09	Hodag, The.....	93
I-10	Whirling Whimpus, The	93
I-11	# Polar Bolarinski.....	93
I-12	# Boots Hanson	95
I-13	# Who is Boots?	95
I-14	# Legend of Tonkawampus, The.....	96
I-15	# Boy Scouts' Ideal.....	96

J SECTION: BLUEGRASS GREATS

J-01	Rocky Top	97
J-02	Salty Dog.....	97
J-03	Uncle Pen.....	97
J-04	Rollin' In My Sweet Baby's Arms	97
J-05	Pallet On Your Floor.....	98
J-06	Jesse James	98
J-07	Fox On The Run	98
J-08	Old Home Place	98
J-09	# Old Joe Clark.....	99
J-10	# Keep On The Sunny Side	99
J-11	# Tennessee Stud	100
J-12	# Pfft! You Were Gone	100
J-13	# I Saw the Light.....	100
J-14	# Paradise	100

K SECTION: SKITS

K-01	Frontier Mortician	101
K-02	# Radio Skit, The	103
K-03	# Rabbit Foo-Foo	104
K-04	# Three Rivers	104
K-05	# The Ugly Baby	104

L SECTION: WHALERS, SAILORS AND FISHERMEN

L-01	Mary Ellen Carter, The	105
L-02	Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald, The	105
L-03	Sam's Gone Away.....	105
L-04	Pleasant and Delightful.....	106
L-05	Irish Rover, The.....	106
L-06	* Blow the Man Down	106
L-07	# My Son John	106
L-08	# Big Blue.....	107
L-09	# Golden Vanity, The.....	107
L-10	# Greenland Whale Fishers.....	108
L-11	# Barrett's Privateers	108
L-12	# Leaving of Liverpool, The	108
L-13	# White Squall.....	109
L-14	# Jeannie C, The	109
L-15	# Rolling Down to Old Maui	110
L-16	# Lockkeeper, The.....	110
L-17	# Rolling Home.....	110
L-18	# Whale of a Tale	110

M SECTION: HOMEGROWN SONGS

M-01	24 Hour a Day, 7 Day a Week Rag.....	111
M-02	Talking Atom Bomb Blues	111
M-03	Freezing Minnesota 28 Below Zero Blues.....	112
M-04	Daddy's Darlin' Dear.....	112
M-05	Man On the 6:41 47H Bus, The	112
M-06	Sunrise, Minnesota.....	112
M-07	Couch Potato Song, The	113
M-08	# Highway 49.....	113
M-09	# Groundhog's Day.....	113
M-10	# Two Little Hands.....	114
M-11	# Bouncing On The Bed.....	114
M-12	# Unfinished Stories	114
M-13	# Toofless McGee	115
M-14	# Lowdown Scout Camp Blues.....	115
M-15	# Twenty Years Experience	116
M-16	# Sink 522 Sink	116
M-17	# Sunny Day Flu (Beth's Blues).....	116
M-18	# They Love Me in Iraq.....	117
M-19	# Road Kill Stew	117
M-20	# Mamas Don't Let Your Babies	117
M-21	# Squish-Squash	118
M-22	# Bill's Road Kill Cafe	118
M-23	# Dad, Why Is That Doggie On the Highway?.....	118
M-24	# Rolling Furry Critter Squasher	118

Table of Contents

N SECTION: COUNTRY MUSIC

N-01	Mama Tried.....	119
N-02	Desperados Waiting For a Train	119
N-03	Highwayman, The	119
N-04	Green Green Grass of Home	119
N-05	Old Shep.....	120
N-06	Auctioneer, The	120
N-07	Pancho and Lefty	120
N-08 #	Long Black Veil	121
N-09 #	Life's Railway to Heaven	121
N-10 #	If I Had A Boat	122
N-11 #	Sixteen Tons.....	122
N-12 #	Dark as a Dungeon	122
N-13 #	Turn Your Radio On.....	122

O SECTION: IRISH TUNES

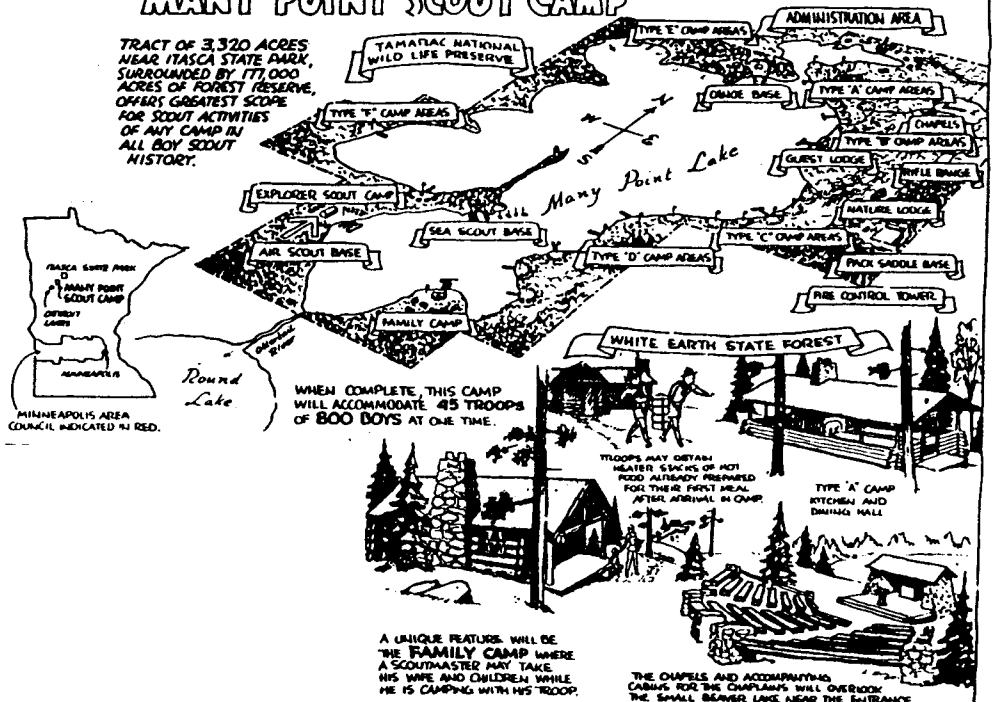
O-01 #	Black Velvet Band.....	123
O-02 #	Whiskey in the Jar	123
O-03 #	Jug of Punch.....	123
O-04 #	Town of BallyBay, Then	124
O-05 #	Rosin the Beau	124
O-06 #	Cockles and Mussels.....	124
O-07 #	Minstrel Boy.....	125
O-08 #	Red is the Rose	125
O-09 #	Danny Boy	125
O-10 #	Big Strong Man	125
O-11 #	Four Green Fields.....	126
O-12 #	Star of the County Down	126
O-13 #	Mairi's Wedding	126
O-14 #	I'll Tell Me Ma.....	126



To Celebrate Boy Scout Week,
MINNEAPOLIS AREA COUNCIL
COMPLETES PLANS FOR HUGE

MANY POINT SCOUT CAMP

TRACT OF 3,320 ACRES
NEAR ITASCA STATE PARK,
SURROUNDED BY 171,000
ACRES OF FOREST RESERVE,
OFFERS GREATEST SCOPE
FOR SCOUT ACTIVITIES
OF ANY CAMP IN
ALL BOY SCOUT
HISTORY.



WHEN COMPLETE, THIS CAMP
WILL ACCOMMODATE 45 TROOPS
OF 800 BOYS AT ONE TIME.

A UNIQUE FEATURE WILL BE
"THE FAMILY CAMP" WHERE
A SOUTHWESTER MAY TAKE
HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN WHILE
HE IS CAMPING WITH HIS TROOP.

THE CHAPELS AND ACCOMPANYING
CABINS FOR THE CHAPLAINS WILL OVERLOOK
THE SMALL BEAVER LAKE NEAR THE ENTRANCE.



Camp Favorites

A1 MANY POINT ROWSER

1 Many Point Scout Camp, that's the place to be!
 It's where the best of Scouting goes, and that's the place for me.
 You hear the loon a-callin', and the Little Beaver roar,
 And you come again the legend says, as all good scouts of yore.

2 Many Stump Scout Camp, that's the place to be,
 It's where the best of Scouting goes, and used to have some trees
 You hear the pines a-crashing, when the wind begins to roar,
 And thanks to Staff and Scouting skills, the legend will endure!

(second verse written by Jim Sutherland, Scoutmaster, Troop 38,
 in honor of the Storm of '95)

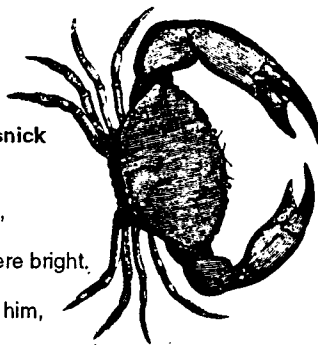
A2 CRABS WALK SIDEWAYS by Barry-Resnick

1 Herman met Sally on the beach one night,
 The moon was shining and the starfish were bright,
 He looked at her, and then she looked at him,
 And it was true love at first sight... 2,3,4

Chorus Crabs walk sideways, and lobsters walk straight,
 And we won't let you take her for your mate... 2,3,4 (twice)

2 Herman told his mom about the girl he'd found,
 She said, "Herman, there must be other girls around!"
 But they turned her away, "What would the neighbors say?"
 And they laughed at the funny way she walked... 2,3,4

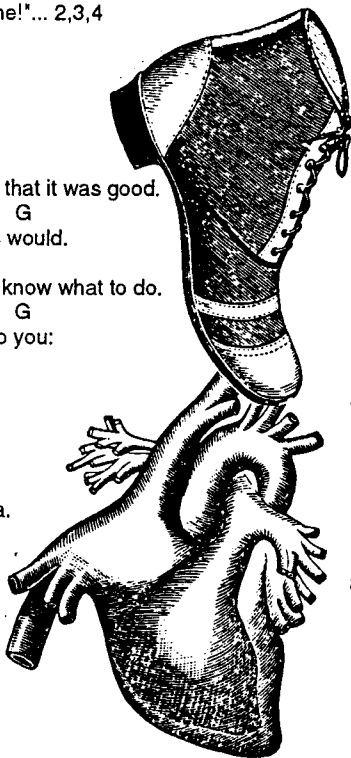
3 One night on the sandbar, walking straight as could be,
 Herman the lobster found his girl Sally.
 He said, "Now I can take you to my family!"
 She said, "HIC! Don't you shweet-talk me!"... 2,3,4



A3 STOMPED ON MAH HORT

1 You told me that you loved me, you said that it was good.
 I called you my darlin', I thought I always would.
 But now you've gone and left me, I don't know what to do.
 So my little darlin, I'll write these words to you:

Chorus You done stomped on mah hort,
 And you mashed that sucker flat.
 You done sorta stomped on my aorta.
 You started going out with guys
 I felt us drift apart,
 And every step you took
 Was a stomp upon my hort.



2 Well I only hope that someday
 When you get them low down blues,
 And in some smoky honky tonk
 You look down at them shoes.
 And you think about them tender horts
 You done stomped beneath them soles.
 With them clod-bustin' stompers
 You left my hort so full of holes

Cho2 You done stomped on mah hort, and you ripped it all apart.
 Well it got kinda hairy, when you crushed my pulmonary.
 (To CHORUS)

A4 SIPPIN' CIDER

1 The prettiest girl - The prettiest girl
 I ever saw - I ever saw
 Was sippin' ci... - was sippin' ci..
 ...der through a straw - ...der through a straw
 The prettiest girl I ever saw
 Was sippin' ci-i-ider through a straw.

2 Says I to her - (repeat, etc.)
 "What'cha doin' that fer?"
 "A sippin' ci...
 "...der through a straw?"
 Says I to her, "What'cha doin' that fer?"
 "A sippin' ci-i-ider through a straw?"

3 Says she to me,
 "Well don't you know?"
 "A-sippin' ci...
 "...der's all I know."
 Says she to me, "Well don't you know?"
 "That sippin' ci-i-ider's all I know."

4 Well cheek to cheek
 And jaw to jaw
 We both sipped ci...
 ...der through a straw.
 Well cheek to cheek and jaw to jaw,
 We both sipped ci-i-ider through a straw.

5 But now and then
 That straw would slip
 And I'd sip ci...
 ...der through her lips.
 But now and then that straw would slip,
 And I'd sip ci-i-ider through her lips.

6 That's how I got
 My mother-in-law
 From sippin' ci...
 ...der through a straw.
 That's how I got my mother-in-law,
 From sippin' ci-i-ider through a straw.

7 Now 89 kids
 All call me "Pa"
 From sippin' ci...
 ...der through a straw.
 Now 89 kids all call me "Pa"
 From sippin' ci-i-ider through a straw.

8 The moral of
 This little tale
 Is sip your ci...
 ...der through a pail!
 The moral of this little tale,
 Is sip your ci-i-ider through a pail!



A5 PINK PAJAMAS

(Tune: The Battle Hymn of the Republic)

G
1 I wear my pink pajamas in the summer when it's hot.
C G
I wear my flannel nightie in the winter when it's not.
And sometimes in the springtime,
And sometimes in the fall
C D
I jump right in between the sheets
G
With nothing on at all!



G
Chorus Glory, glory how peculiar!
C G
Glory, glory what's it to ya?

Balmy breezes blowing through ya,
C D
When I jump right in between the sheets
G
With nothing on at all!

2 I wake up in the morning
With the sheets upon my head,
And my little tootsie-wootsies
Are a-stickin' out of bed.
And three times out of four times
I'll be laying on the floor.
And I swear I'll never drink
That Coca-Cola any more!

A6 JOHN JACOB JINGLEHEIMER SCHMIDT

D A
John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmidt
D
That's my name, too!
Whenever I go out
G
The people always shout,
A
"There goes John Jacob
D
Jingleheimer Schmidt!"
A
Da-da, da-da, da-da-da!

(As the song moves along, the words get softer,
and the "da-da's" get louder.)

**A7 MY LITTLE RED WAGON**

C
You can't ride in my little red wagon
G
The wheels are broke and the axle's draggin'

(SHOUT) SAME SONG, SAME VERSE
A LITTLE BIT LOUDER, A LITTLE BIT WORSE

(As the words indicate, this song goes
on forever. Just follow the directions
and sing 'til you get sick of it.)

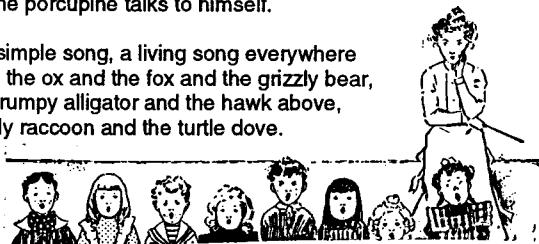
A8 ALL GOD'S CRITTERS by Bill Staines,
copyright 1979, Mineral River Music

G
Chorus All God's critters got a place in the choir
C G
Some sing low, some sing higher,
C G
Some sing out loud from the telephone wire,
D G
And some just clap their hands, paws,
Or anything they got now.

1 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.

2 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.
Singin' 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.

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

**A9 GEE MOM, I WANNA GO HOME**

G
1 They say that in the Boy Scouts
D
The coffee is so fine,
D7
It's good for cuts and bruises
G G7
And tastes like iodine.
C G
Chorus Oh I don't want no more of Boy Scout life,
D
Gee, mom, I wanna go,
G D
But they won't let me go,
G D G
Gee, mom, I wanna go home.

2 They say that in the Boy Scouts
The biscuits are so fine,
One rolled off the table
And killed a friend of mine.

3 They say that in the Boy Scouts,
The uniforms are fine,
Me and my friend Mikey,
Can both fit into mine.

4 They say that in the Boy Scouts,
The women are so fine,
Most are over ninety,
The rest are under nine.

5 They say that in the Boy Scouts,
The pay is mighty fine,
You earn a hundred dollars,
They take back ninety-nine.

6 They say that in the Boy Scouts,
The cars are mighty fine,
You ride for fifteen miles,
Then push for fifty-nine.

7 They say that in the Boy Scouts,
The counselors are fine,
They smell just like the Wolfman,
They look like Frankenstein.

8 The score was six to nothing,
The bedbugs were ahead,
The mosquitoes hit a home run,
And knocked me out of bed.

9 MAKE UP YOUR OWN!

3 It's gonna be a long summer,
And what will da birdies do 'den, da poor t'ings?
D'ey'll fly to da pyool, yust to keep demselves cyool,
And pyut dere heads under dere wings, da poor t'ings.

4 It's gonna be a long autumn,
And what will da birdies do 'den, da poor t'ings?
D'ey'll fly to da barn, yust to keep demselves warm,
And pyut dere heads under dere wings, da poor t'ings.



A12 SALVATION ARMY

A10 FOLLOW ME BOYS

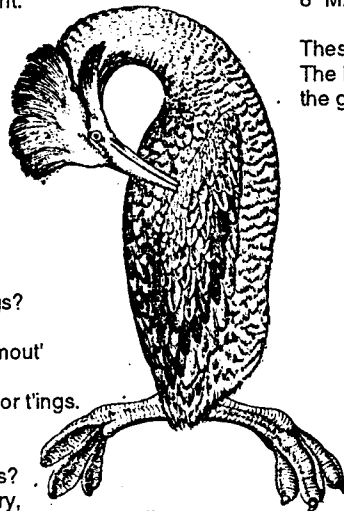
G C G
1 It's a long, long climb, but we've got the will,
D G
Follow me, boys, follow me.
C G
When we reach the top, then it's all downhill,
D G
'Til you drop, don't stop and follow me.

C G
Chorus Follow me, boys, follow me.
D
When you think you're really beat,
G
That's the time to lift your feet and
C G
Follow me, boys, follow me.
D G
Pick 'em up, put 'em down and follow me.

2 There's a job to do, there's a fight to win,
Follow me, boys, follow me.
And it won't get done 'til we all pitch in,
Lift your chin with a grin and follow me.
3 Though the journey's end is beyond our sight,
Follow me, boys, follow me.
If we've done our best, then we've done all right.
Pack your load, hit the road and follow me.

A11 IT'S GONNA BE A LONG WINTER

G C
1 It's gonna be a long winter,
F C
And what will the birdies do 'den, da poor t'ings?
G C
D'ey'll fly to da sout', mit dere worms in dere mout'
G G
And pyut dere heads under dere wings, da poor t'ings.
2 It's gonna be a long springtime,
And what will da birdies do 'den, da poor t'ings?
D'ey'll fly to da sky, yust to keep demselves dry,
And pyut dere heads under dere wings, da poor t'ings.



G
Chorus Salvation Army, Salvation Army
D
Put a nickel in the drum,
G
Save another sorry chum.
Salvation Army, Salvation Army,
D G
Put a nickel in the drum, and you'll be saved.

1 IN MY TOWN ...There's a cop on every corner (BOO!)
But all the blocks are round! (YAY!)
2 IN MY TOWN ...There's only one candy store! (BOO!)
But it's a quarter-mile long! (YAY!)
3 IN MY TOWN ...They don't sell soda pop! (BOO!)
They give it away FREE! (YAY!)
4 IN MY TOWN ... All the girls out run the guys! (BOO!)
But all the guys have cars! (YAY!)
5 IN MY TOWN ... Kids only get 25 cents allowance! (BOO!)
But they get it every hour! (YAY!)
6 IN MY TOWN ...They don't have a Salvation Army! (BOO!)
So we don't have to sing this song (YAY!)
8 MAKE UP YOUR OWN!

These jokes aren't sung, but told between choruses.
The leader gives the set-up and the punch line, and
the group gives the "boo's" and "yea's."

Section A



Camp Favorites

A13 THE SOCK SONG

Chorus ^{G E A D}
 Ding dong, dong, dong, dong-a-ding,
^{G E A D}
 Dong-dong, dong-dong, dong, dong-a-ding dong

Leader: John Doe don't wear no socks,
^G

Group: A-ding-dong

Leader: I was there when he took 'em off,
^G

Group: A-ding-dong

Leader: Threw 'em up against a tent,
^G

Group: A-ding-dong
 (no chord)

Leader: Now the tent's got an awful scent!

- 2 Threw 'em up into the air,
 Now the birds are on Medicare!
- 3 Threw 'em way into the shower,
 Knocked us out for a half an hour!
- 4 Threw 'em into a garbage can,
 Killed three rats and the garbage man!
- 5 Threw 'em up against a tree,
 Now the dogs refuse to...
- 6 Threw 'em up on the 'lectric wire,
 That's what caused the Chicago fire!
- 7 Threw 'em up against the wall,
 Now the roaches refuse to crawl!
- 8 Threw 'em down against the floor,
 Now the floor has a big trap door!
- 9 MAKE UP YOUR OWN!



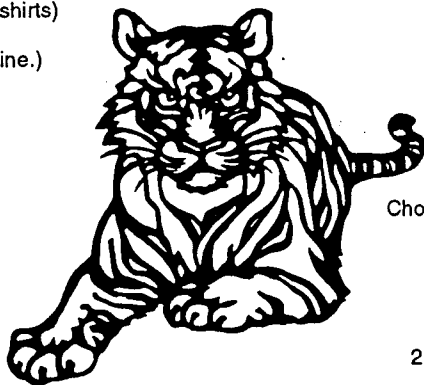
A14 BILL GROGAN'S GOAT

1 Bill Grogan's goat (Bill Grogan's goat)
^G
 Was feeling fine (Was feeling fine)
^C
 Ate three red shirts (Ate three red shirts)
^D
 Right off the line (Right off the line.)
^G

2 Bill took a stick (repeat)
 Gave him a whack,...
 And tied him to,...
 The railroad track...

3 The whistle blew...
 The train was nigh...
 Bill Grogan's goat...
 Was doomed to die!...

4 He gave a cough,...
 Of mortal pain,...
 Coughed up those shirts...
 And flagged the train!...



A15 DOWN BY THE BAY

Chorus ^G Down by the bay (Down by the bay)
^D
 Where the watermelons grow, (Where the watermelons grow)
^{D7}
 Back to my home, (Back to my home)
^G
 I dare not go, (I dare not go)
^C
 For if I do, (For if I do)
^G
 My momma would say, (My momma would say)

1 Did you ever see a moose with it's front tooth loose
^G
 Down by the bay.

2 Did you ever see a bear in it's winter underwear...

3 Did you ever see a turtle in it's Playtex girdle...

4 ...a goat in a leaky boat...

5 ...a deer drink a bottle of beer...

6 ...a frog riding on a dog...

7 ...a beaver be a basket weaver...

8 ...a bird acting like a nerd...

9 ...a whale in a plastic pail...

10 ...an ant wearing plastic pants...

11 ...a flea with a bad trick knee...

12 ...a lizard walking thru a blizzard...

13 ...a bug giving you a big hug...

14 MAKE UP YOUR OWN!

(Leader sings the first part, Group sings the part in parentheses.)

A16 THE CAT CAME BACK by Harry S. Miller (1893)

1 Well old Mr. Johnson had trouble all his own
^G
 He had a yellow cat that wouldn't leave home
^{A D}
 He tried everything he knew to get the cat to stay away
^G
 Took him up to Canada and told him for to stay

Chorus But the cat came back the very next day!
^C
 They thought he was a goner, but the cat came back
^{D G}
 'Cause he wouldn't stay away!

2 Well they gave a boy a dollar for to set the cat afloat,
 And he took him up the river in a sack and a boat.
 Well the fishin' it was fine, 'til the news got around
 That the boat was missing and the boy was drowned.

3 The farmer on the corner said he'd shoot him on sight
And he loaded up his gun full of rocks and dynamite.
The gun went off, heard all over town,
Little pieces of that man was all that they found.

4 Well they finally found a way this cat for to fix
And they put him in an orange crate on Route 66.
Come a ten ton truck with a twenty ton load,
Scattered pieces of that orange crate all down the road

5 Now they gave him to a man going up in a balloon,
And told him to leave him with the man in the moon.
But the balloon got busted, back to Earth it sped,
And seven miles away they picked the man up dead.

6 Well they took him to the shop where the meat was ground,
And they dropped him in the hopper with the butcher not around.
The cat disappeared with a blood-curdling shriek,
And that town's meat tasted furry for a week.

7 He gave it to a man going way out west,
Told him for to take it to the one he loved best.
First the train hit the curve and then it jumped the rail,
Not a soul was left behind to tell the gruesome tale.

9 Away across the ocean they did send the cat at last,
Vessel only out a day and taking water fast.
People all began to pray, the boat began to toss,
A great big wave came by and every soul was lost.

10 They took him to Cape Canaveral and they put him in a place,
Shot him in a U.S. rocket going way out in space.
Well they finally thought the cat was out of human reach,
Next day they got a call from Miami Beach.

11 On a telegraph wire the birds were sitting in a bunch,
He saw an even number, said he'd have 'em for his lunch.
Climbed softly up the pole until he reached the top,
Put his foot upon the 'lectric wire, tied him in a knot.

12 This cat had company out in the backyard,
Somebody threw a boot and threw it awful hard.
Hit the cat behind the ear and he thought it was a slight,
And down came a brick and knocked him out of sight.

13 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.

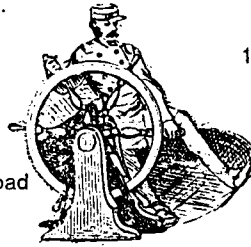
14 They put him in a cotton sack and gave him to a girl,
Who'd started on a bicycle all around the world.
Well, over there in China a terrible wreck was found,
She's singing now in heaven with the angels all around.

15 The cat was a possessor of a family all its own,
With seven little kittens till there was a cyclone.
Blew the houses all apart and tossed the cat around,
The air was full of kittens and not a one was found.

16 They put him on a boat bound for Sidneytown,
They thought with all that rain there he'd surely drowned.
When the rain came down for the 92nd day,
That whole dam city just a floated out the bay.

17 They put him on the White House lawn, I'll tell the reason why,
With all the golfballs flying, they thought he'd surely die.
Well the very next morning, what do you think they found?
64 squirrels lying dead upon the ground.

18 H bomb fell just the other day,
A bomb fell in the very same way.
Russia went, England went, then the USA,
The whole human race gone without a chance to pray.



A17 MY OLD MAN'S A SAILOR

C F G C
1 My old man's a sailor, what do you think about that?
F G C
He wears a sailor's collar, he wears a sailor's hat.
F G
He wears a sailor's raincoat, wears his sailor's shoes,
C F G C
And every Saturday evening, he reads the sailor's news.
F C
And someday, if I can,
F G C
I'm gonna be a sailor, the same as my old man!

2 My old man's an anthropologist...

3 My old man's a cotton-pickin', finger-lickin' chicken plucker...

4 My old man's a civilian pavilion inspector at the
Brussels World's fair...

5 MAKE UP YOUR OWN! (This song works well if you
just go around the campfire and ask each camper
what their father does. Sing their answer, whether
it's true or not - the crazier, the better!)



A18 EDDIE BROWN

G C
Chorus Eddie Catcha Cootcha Catcha Tosanera Tosanoka
D G
Sama Cama Wacky Brown
C
Fell into the well, fell into the well
D G
Fell into the deep, dark well.

C D G C D G
1 Susie Brown, milking in the bam,
C D G C D
Saw him fall, and ran inside to tell her mom that...

2 Susie's mom, making cracklin' bread,
Laid it down, and ran outside to tell Old Joe that...

3 Then Old Joe, put his plow aside,
Grabbed his cane, and hobbled into town to say that...

4 To the well everybody came,
What a shame, it took so long to say his name that...

Cho2 Eddie Catcha Cootcha Catcha Tosanera Tosanoka
Sama Cama Wacky Brown
Fell into the well, fell into the well
Fell into the well... and drowned!

A19 THE CHICKEN SONG



C G
1 I had a chicken, no eggs would she lay.
C G
I had a chicken, no eggs would she lay.
G
One day a rooster walked into my yard,
C
And caught my chicken right off her guard.

F C
Chorus She's laying eggs now, just like she used to,
G C
Ever since that rooster walked into my yard.
F C
She's laying eggs now, just like she used to,
G C
Ever since that rooster walked into my yard.

- 2 I had a doggie, no pups would she give.
...She's giving pooched eggs now...
- 3 I had a gum tree, no gum would it give.
...It's giving chicklets now...
- 4 I had a milk cow, no milk would she give.
...She's giving egg-nog now, in glass containers...
- 5 I had an oil well, no oil would it give.
...It's giving Exxon now [eggs-on]...
- 6 I had a gas pump, no gas would it give.
...It's giving Shell gas now...
- 7 I had a wife, no kids would she give.
...She's giving egg-heads now...



A20 LONG TALL TEXAN

D
1 I am a long, tall Texan, I wear a ten-gallon hat.
(He rides across Texas in his ten-gallon hat!)
G D
I am a long, tall Texan, I wear a ten-gallon hat.
(He rides across Texas in his ten-gallon hat!)
A G
And people look at me and say-ay-ay: (yodel here if you can)



D
2 I am a long, tall Texan, I am the Marshall of the land.
(He rides across Texas just enforcin' the law!)
I am a long, tall Texan, I am the Marshall of the land.
(He rides across Texas just enforcin' the law!)
And people look at me and say-ay-ay:
(Elroy, Elroy, is you the law?)
Yeah.

3 I am a long, tall Texan, I have a big six-gun.
(He rides across Texas just a-shootin' up the town!)
I am a long, tall Texan, I have a big six-gun.
(He rides across Texas just a-shootin' all around!)
And people look at me and say-ay-ay:
(Hey Elroy, is you the fastest gun around?)
Yeah.



G
Chorus I'm a walkin' down the street with my shiny badge,
D
Spurs dangling on my feet.
G
When I saw a man a comin', comin' and a gunnin',
A
I just can't be beat.

- 4 I am a long, tall Texan, I ride a big white horse!
(He rides across Texas with a big white horse!)
I am a long, tall Texan, I ride a big white horse!
(He rides across Texas just a-messin' all around!)
And people look at me and say-ay-ay:
(Elroy, is that your horse leaving messes all around?)
Yeah.
- 5 I am a long, tall Texan, I'm a chumin' um of bummin' funk.
(Elroy, is you a chumin' um of bummin' funk?)
I am a long, tall Texan, I'm a chumin' um of bummin' funk.
(He rides across Texas just a chumin' and a bummin'!)
And people look at me and say-ay-ay:
(Elroy, is that YOU just a bummin' and a funkinn'?)
Yeah.
- 6 I am a long, tall Texan, just a little kiddie from Shopper's City.
(Elroy, you've GOT to be kidding!)
I am a long, tall Texan, just a little kiddie from Shopper's City.
(He rides across Texas being a Shopper's City Kiddie!)
And people look at me and say-ay-ay:
(Elroy, is you a little kiddie from Shopper's City?)
Yeah.

7 MAKE UP YOUR OWN!

(Last two verses courtesy of Tom Aitken and Mark Kubin.
This can be sung as a performance song with two people,
or you can have the group sing the responses in the
parentheses. The chorus is not usually in the
Many Point version, you can use it if you like.)

A21 BINGO

- C G
1 A big, black dog sat on a fence, and Bingo was his name.
C
A big, black dog sat on a fence, and Bingo was his name.
F G C
B-I-N-G-O, B-I-N-G-O,
F G C
B-I-N-G-O, and Bingo was his name-o.
- 2 The farmers black dog sat on the back fence,
and Bingo was his name. etc.
- 3 The farmers black dog sat at our back door,
begging for a bone, O. etc.

Note: Do any one verse, and repeat it, each time
clapping one more letter of the spelling instead
of singing it.

A22 BUFFALO BOY

- G D G
A When we gonna get married, get married, get married?
D G
When we gonna get married, my dear little Buffalo Boy?
- B We'll get married in a week, in a week, in a week,
We'll get married in a week, that is if the weather be good.
- A What'cha gonna drive to the wedding, the wedding, the wedding,
What'cha gonna drive to the wedding, my dear little Buffalo Boy?

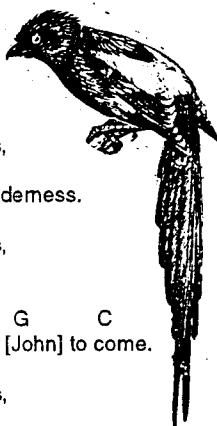


- B Well, I think I'll drive my ox cart, my ox cart, my ox cart,
I think I'll drive my ox cart, that is if the weather be good.
- A Well why don'tcha drive your buggy, your buggy, your buggy,
Why don'tcha drive your buggy, my dear little Buffalo Boy?
- B Well my ox won't fit in my buggy, my buggy, my buggy,
My ox won't fit in my buggy, even if the weather be good.
- A Well who you gonna invite to the wedding,
the wedding, the wedding,
Who you gonna invite to the wedding, my dear little Buffalo Boy?
- B Well I think I'll ask my children, my children, my children,
I think I'll ask my children, that is if the weather be good.
- A Well I didn't know you hand no children, no children, no children,
I didn't know you had no children, my dear little Buffalo Boy?
- B Well yes, I got six children, six children, six children,
Yes, I got six children, seven if the weather be good.
- A Well there ain't gonna be no wedding, no wedding, no wedding,
There ain't gonna be no wedding, my dear little Buffalo Boy!

(This song is best sung by two people, "A" is the girl, who should wear a scarf on "her" head and make faces to appear as ugly as possible. "B" is the man, and should wear a cowboy hat and/or overalls. Ham it up as much as possible! This is a performance type of song - this version is dedicated to "MoDec" Aitken and "Kubs" Kubin, who made it popular at Many Point.)

A23 BIRDS IN THE WILDERNESS

- C
Here we sit like birds in the wilderness,
G C
Birds in the wilderness, birds in the wilderness.
- Here we sit like birds in the wilderness,
G C
Waiting for [John] to come.
F C G C
Waiting for [John] to come, waiting for [John] to come.
- Here we sit like birds in the wilderness,
G C
Waiting for [John] to come.



This is a good song to use if you're waiting for a particular person or a group to join you at dinner, a campfire, or any other event when the person you're singing about is in earshot.

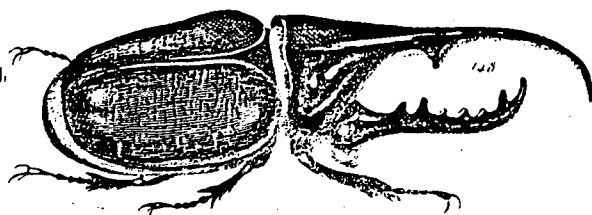
A24 THE ANTS GO MARCHING

(Tune: When Johnny Comes Marching Home)

- Am C
1 The ants go marching one by one, hurrah! Hurrah!
Am C E7
The ants go marching one by one, hurrah! Hurrah!
Am G
The ants go marching one by one,
Am E7
The little one stops to load his gun.

Am Dm Am E7 Am E7 Am
Chorus And we'll all - go marching down to the ground
E7 Am E7 Am E7
To get out of the rain, boom, boom, boom.

- 2 The ants go marching two by two...
The little one stops to tie his shoe...
- 3 ...Three by three... ...Climb a tree...
- 4 ...Four by four... ...Shut the door...
- 5 ...Five by five... ...Kick a bee hive...
- 6 ...Six by six... ...Pick up sticks...
- 7 ...Seven by seven... ...Go to heaven...
- 8 ...Eight by eight... ...Open the gate...
- 9 ...Nine by nine... ...Paint a sign...
- 10 ...Ten by Ten... ...Start again!
or... ...Shout THE END!



A25 KISSES SWEETER THAN WINE

by Paul Campbell and Joel Newman

(c) TRO, renewed Folkways Music Publishers, Inc.

- Em-D Em Bm E
Chorus Oh, - kisses sweeter than wine,
Em-D Em Bm E
Oh, - kisses sweeter than wine.
- Em D C Bm
1 When I was a young man and never been kissed,
Am D Em
I got to thinking it over what I had missed.
D C Bm
I got me a girl, I kissed her and then,
Am D Em
Oh Lord, I kissed her again.
- 2 I asked her to marry and be my sweet wife,
And we would be so happy all of our life.
I begged and I pleaded like a natural man, and then,
Oh Lord, she gave me her hand.
- 3 I worked mighty hard and so did my wife,
Workin' hand in hand to make a good life.
Corn in the field and wheat in the bins, I was,
Oh Lord, the father of twins.
- 4 Our children numbered just about four,
And they all had sweethearts knockin' at the door.
The all got married and didn't hesitate; I was,
Oh Lord, the grandfather of eight.
- 5 Now we are old, and ready to go,
We get to thinkin' what happened a long time ago.
Had a lot of kids, trouble and pain, but,
Oh Lord, we'd do it again.

Section A

Camp Favorites

A26 GOD BLESS MY UNDERWEAR

(Tune: God Bless America)

C G G7 C-C7
 1 God bless my underwear, my only pair!
 F C
 Stand beside them, and guide them,
 G C
 Through the holes, through the rips, through the tears.
 G C C-C7
 To the washer, to the dryer, to the laundry, everywhere.
 F G C Dm C G C
 God bless my underwear, my only pair.
 F G C C Dm C G C
 God bless my underwear, my only pair.



A27 CAMP KOOKAMONGA By Homer and Jethro

(Tune: The Battle of New Orleans)

C F
 1 In 1969 we took a little hike,
 G C
 With our Scoutmaster down to Lake Kanneka-nike.
 F
 We took along some pizza and we took some sauerkraut,
 G C
 And we walked along together 'til we saw the Girl Scouts.
 C
 Chorus We're the boys from Camp Kookamonga,
 G C
 Our mothers sent us here for to study nature's ways.
 We learn to make sparks by rubbing sticks together,
 G C
 But if we catch some girls, we will set the woods ablaze.
 2 We crept up to the water where we saw they was a-swimmin',
 There must have been a hundred of those pretty young women.
 They looked so fine even birds forgot to sing,
 We laid there in the poison oak and didn't say a thing.
 3 Our counselors said we could take 'em by surprise,
 If we didn't say a word until we looked 'em in the eyes.
 We kept real still, our eyes the were a-glued,
 We seen how they were dressed,
 They were swimmin' in the ... well....

Cho2 They ran through the briars and they ran through the brambles,
 And they ran through the bushes where a rabbit wouldn't go.
 They ran so fast even we couldn't catch 'em,
 From Lake Kanneka-nike all the way to Buffalo.

4 Well we marched along together 'til everyone was pooped,
 Then rested for a minute while our forces we regrouped.
 Then we saw the girls behind some evergreens,
 Captured by a comp'ny of United States Marines!

(Big boys have all the fun!)



A28 MARTIAN SONG by Alan Sherman

(Tune: Has Anybody Seen My Gal?)

Last night I met a man from Mars, and he was very sad.
 He said, "Won't you help me find my girl friend, please?"
 So I asked him, "What does she look like?"
 And the man from Mars said, she's....

C E7
 1 Eight foot two, solid blue,
 A
 Five transistors in each shoe,
 D G C-G
 Has anybody seen my gal?
 C E7
 Lucite nose, rust-proof toes,
 A
 And when her antenna glows,
 D G C
 She's the cutest Martian gal.

E7
 You know she promised me, recently,
 A
 She wouldn't stray,
 D
 But came the dawn, she was gone
 G
 Eighteen billion miles away.

2 Her steering wheel has such appeal,
 Her evening gown is stainless steel,
 Has anybody seen my gal?
 How I miss all the bliss
 Of her sweet hydraulic kiss,
 Has anybody seen my gal?
 Lovely shape, custom built,
 Squeeze her wrong and she says "tilt",
 Has anybody seen my gal?

She does the cutest tricks,
 With her six stereo ears.
 When she walks by, spacemen cry,
 'Specially when she shifts her gears.

3 If she's found, rush like mad,
 Put her on a launching pad,
 Down at Cape Canaveral,
 D G
 And shoot me back my cutie,
 D G
 My supersonic beauty,
 D G C
 Send me back my Martian gal!



A29 SWEET VIOLETS

C F C G
 Chorus Sweet violets, sweeter than all the roses,

Covered all over from head to foot,
 C G C
 Covered all over with sweet violets.

C G
 1 There once was a farmer who took a young miss,

In back of a bam where he gave her a...

Lecture on horses and chickens and eggs,
 And told her that she had such beautiful...

Manners that suited a girl of her charms,
 A girl that he wanted to take in his...

Washing and ironing, and then if she did,
 Then they could get married and have lots of...



Scouting... Outdoor fun and a whole lot MORE!

2 The girl told the farmer that he'd better stop,
Then she called her father and he called a ...

Taxi and got there before very long,
'cause someone was doing his little girl...

Right for a change and so that's why he said,
"If you marry her son, you're better off..."

"Single, 'cause it's always been my belief,
That marriage will bring a man nothing but..."

3 The farmer decided he'd wed anyway,
And started in planning for his wedding...

Suit which he purchased for only one buck,
But then he found out he was just out of...

Money and so he got left in the lurch,
Standing and waiting in front of the ...

End of the story which just goes to show,
All a girl wants from a man is his...



A30 YOU CAN EAT DOG FOOD by Tom Paxton

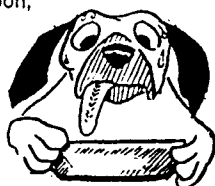
1 Quit your belly achin' bub,
You say you can't afford your grub,
Sayin' a dollar ain't a dollar no more,
Tell me buddy what's new?

Can't afford to buy bread no more,
Well, this ain't a charity store,
You say your kids are hungry too,
Well there's good news for you!



Chorus You can eat dog food! You really ought to try it!
You can fricassee it! You can deep fry it!
Flip it on over, eat it any way!
Eat along with Rover - three times a day!

2 It comes in a bag or can,
Just the meal for a working man,
If you're down on your luck just now,
It'll get you through the day.
If you eat it in the afternoon,
You're gonna feel like bayin' at the moon,
Buddy you're complaining too soon,
This is all I have to say:



3 Find yourself a little vacant lot,
Clean the garbage from a little spot,
Build a fire and let the coals get hot,
Ask the neighbors in!
You can open up a can or two,
Make pate' like the swell folks do,
Have yourself a little barbecue,
And let the fun begin!

A31 I'M GLAD I AM A BOY SCOUT

Chorus I'm glad I am a Boy Scout,
There's nothing I'd rather be,
But if I weren't a Boy Scout...

1 An Ice Cream Maker I'd be!
Ooshy-gooshy, ooshy-gooshy good ice cream! (Slurp!)
Ooshy-gooshy, ooshy-gooshy good ice cream! (Slurp!)

2 An Undertaker I'd be!
Six, by Four, and nail him to the floor! (Dig!)
Six, by Four, and nail him to the floor! (Dig!)

3 A Stewardess I'd be!
Here's your coffee, here's your tea,
Here's your plastic bag! (Blecccch!)
Here's your coffee, here's your tea,
Here's your plastic bag! (Blecccch!)

4 A Dolly I would be!
Mommy! Daddy! I love you! (Smooch!)
Mommy! Daddy! I love you! (Smooch!)

5 A Lifeguard I would be!
I don't swim in your toilet, so please don't pee in my pool!
I don't swim in your toilet, so please don't pee in my pool!

6 A Scoutmaster I would be!
Do this! Don't do that! Shut your mouth!
Do this! Don't do that! Shut your mouth!

7 A Judge I would be!
Guilty, guilty, guilty is the verdict of the court!
Guilty, guilty, guilty is the verdict of the court!

8 -A Plumber I would be!
Flush it, plunge it! Look out below!
Flush it, plunge it! Look out below!

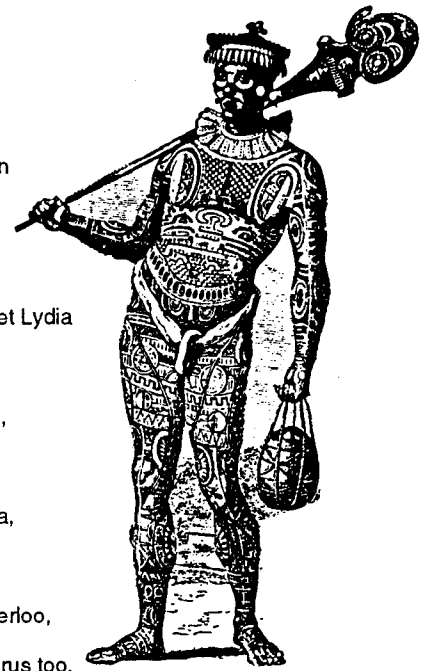
10 A Butcher I would be!
Kill the chicken! Kill the duck!
Wring their bloody necks! (Glitch!)
Kill the chicken! Kill the duck!
Wring their bloody necks! (Glitch!)

Make up appropriate actions - repeat verses
backwards, i.e. The Twelve Days of Christmas.



Section A


Camp Favorites



A32 THE BILLBOARD SONG by Charles Grean and Cy Gibson

- G D
1 As I was walkin' down the street a billboard caught my eye.
D7 G
The advertisements written there would make you laugh and cry.
C
The signs were torn and scattered from the storm the night before,
G D G
And as I read the things they said, why this is what I saw:
- 2 Smoke Coca-Cola cigarettes, drink Wrigley's spearmint beer,
Ken-L-Ration dog food keeps your wife's complexion clear.
Chew chocolate covered mothballs, they always satisfy,
Brush your teeth with Lifebuoy soap and watch the suds go by.
- 3 When I recovered from the shock I went upon my way.
I'd gone no further than a block, when there to my dismay,
Another billboard caught my eye, and like the one before,
The wind and rain had done it's work, cause this is what I saw:
- 4 Oh, take your next vacation in a brand new Frigidaire.
Learn to play piano in your winter underwear.
And Simonize your baby with a Hershey candy bar,
And Texaco's the beauty cream that's used by all the stars.
- 5 Doctors prove that babies should smoke 'til they are three.
People over 35 take baths in Lipton's tea.
You can make this country a better place today,
Just buy a record of this song and throw it far away!
T - I - D - E, TIDE!

A33 THE SUN Author Unknown

- C F
1 The Sun is a mass of incandescent gas,
C G
A great big nuclear furnace -
C F
Where hydrogen turns to helium
G C
At temperatures of millions of degrees.
- 
- MY GOSH! IT'S HOT!
G
The Sun is not a place where we could live.
C F
But we on Earth could not survive
G C
But for the light it gives.

A34 DEAD SKUNK by Loudon Wainright III

- D A
1 Crossin' the highway late last night,
G D
He should've looked left and he should've looked right.
A
Didn't see the station wagon car,
G D
The skunk got squashed and there you are.

Chorus You got your dead skunk in the middle of the road,
Dead skunk in the middle of the road,
You got your dead skunk in the middle of the road,
Stinkin' to high heaven.

- 2 Well I'm tellin' you that ain't no rose,
Roll up the window and hold your nose.
You don't have to look and you don't have to see,
'cause you can smell it in your olfactory.
- 3 Well you got your dead cat and you got your dead dog,
On a moonlit night you got your dead toad frog.
You got your dead rabbit and your dead raccoon,
The blood and the guts are gonna make you swoon.

A35 LYDIA THE TATTOOED LADY by E.Y. Harburg and Harold Arlen

- D G
Chorus La, la, la - la la la!
- G
1 Lydia, oh Lydia, say have you met Lydia
D
Lydia the Tattooed Lady?
C G C G
She has eyes that men adore so,
C D
And a torso even more so.
G
Lydia, oh Lydia that encyclopedia,
C
Lydia the queen of tattoos,
On her back is the Battle of Waterloo,
G D
Beside it the wreck of the Hesperus too,
G C A
And proudly above waves the Red, White and Blue!
G D G
You can learn a lot from Lydia.
- 2 When her robe is unfurled,
She will show you the world
E
If you step up and tell her where.
For a dime you can see Kankakee or Patee,
A
Or Washington crossing the Delaware.
- 3 Lydia, oh Lydia say have you met Lydia?
Lydia the tattooed lady.
When her muscles start relaxin',
Up the hill comes Andrew Jackson.
Lydia oh Lydia, that encyclopedia,
Lydia the queen of tattoos,
For two bits she will do a mazurka in jazz,
With a view of Niagara that nobody has,
And on a clear day you can see Alcatraz,
You can learn a lot from Lydia!
- 4 Come along and see Buffalo Bill with his lasso,
Just a little classic by Mendel Picasso,
Here's Captain Spalding exploring the Amazon,
Here's Godiva, but with her pajamas on.
- 5 Lydia, oh Lydia, say have you met Lydia,
Lydia the queen of them all?
She once swept an Admiral clear off his feet,
The ships on her hips made his heart skip a beat.
And now the old boy's in command of the fleet,
For he went and married Lydia!
- I said Lydia, (He said Lydia),
I said Lydia, (He said Lydia), Ole!

Camp Favorites

Section A

A36 THE UNIVERSE SONG - by Eric Idle and John duPrez

Edim G
Whenever life's got you down Mrs. Brown,
Edim G
And things seem hard or tough,
Edim G E
And people are stupid, obnoxious or daft,
A D D7
And you feel that you've had quite enough:

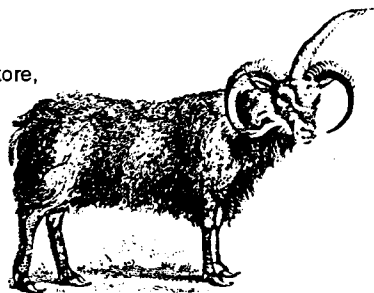


- G
1 Just remember that you're standing on a planet that's evolving
D
And revolving at nine hundred miles an hour.
D7
It's orbiting at ninety miles a second, so it's reckoned,
G
A sun that is the source of all our power.
E Am
The sun, and you and me, and all the stars that you can see,
G E
Are moving at a million miles a day
G E
In an outer spiral arm at forty-thousand miles an hour,
A D G D
In a galaxy we call the Milky Way.
- 2 Our galaxy itself contains a hundred billion stars,
It's a hundred-thousand light years side to side,
It bulges in the middle, sixteen thousand light-years thick,
But out by us it's just three-thousand light years wide.
We're thirty-thousand light years from galactic central point,
We go 'round every two-hundred million years,
And our galaxy is only one of millions of billions
In this amazing and expanding universe!
- 3 The universe itself keeps on expanding and expanding,
In all of the directions it can whiz.
As fast as it can go, the speed of light you know,
Twelve million miles a minute and that's the fastest speed there is.
So remember when you're feeling very small and insecure
How amazingly unlikely is your birth,
And pray that there's intelligent life somewhere up in space,
'cause there ain't none down here on Earth!

A37 DON'T BUY THE LIVERWURST

(Tune: Down by the Riverside)

- G
1 When you go to the delicatessen store,
Don't buy the liverwurst!
D
Don't buy the liverwurst!
G
Don't buy the liverwurst!
It'll make your insides awful sore,
Don't buy the liverwurst!
D G G7
Don't buy the liverwurst!
C
Well, buy the comed beef if you must,
G
The pickled herring you can trust,
D G G7
The rocksprits put you in orbit A-OK! (A-OK!)
C
But that big hunk of liverwurst
G
Has been there since October first,
D G
And today is the twenty-third of May!



A38 BY A WESTERN WATER TANK

- G C
1 By a western water tank on a a cold November day,
D G
Inside an empty boxcar, a dying hobo lay.
C
Beside him stood his comrades, with sad and dreary hearts,
D G
Come listen to the last words a dying hobo said:
2 "I'm going," said the hobo, "to a land that's clear and bright.
Where handouts grow on bushes, and you sleep out every night.
You never have to wash your face, or even change your socks,
And little streams of soda pop come trickling through the rocks."
3 "Oh, hark, I hear a whistle, I'll catch it on the fly.
Good-bye my dear old comrades, it's not so hard to die."
With that, the dying hobo he breathed his last refrain,
His comrades hocked his pants and coat
And caught the east-bound train! Hey!



A39 THE UNICORN by Shel Silverstein

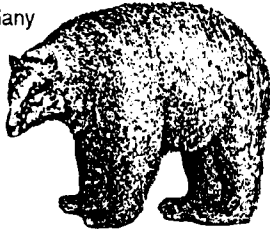
- G D
1 A long time ago when the Earth was green,
D7 G
And there was more kinds of animals than you've ever seen,
C
They'd run around free while the Earth was bein' bom,
G D G
And the loveliest of all was the unicorn.
Chorus There was green alligators, and long-necked geese,
Some humpty-backed camels and some chimpanzees.
Some cats and rats and elly-phants, but sure as you're bom,
The loveliest of all was the unicorn.
2 Well God seen some sinnin', and it gave him pain.
He said, "Stand back! I'm going to make it rain!"
He says, "Hey Brother Noah, tell you what to do:
Build me a floating zoo....
Cho2 "Take some of them green alligators, and long-necked geese,
Some humpty-backed camels and some chimpanzees.
Some cats and rats and elly-phants, and sure as you're bom,
Don't you forget my unicorns!"
3 Old Noah was there to answer the call,
He finished makin' the ark just as the rain started fallin'.
He marched in the animals two by two,
And he called out as they went thru:
Cho3 "Hey Lord, I got your green alligators and long-necked geese
Some humpty-backed camels and some chimpanzees.
Some cats and rats and elly-phants, but Lord I'm so forlorn,
I just can't see no unicorns!"
4 Then Noah looked out through the driving rain,
Those unicorns were hiding, playing silly games.
Kicking and splashing, while the rain was pourin',
Oh, them silly unicorns.
Cho4 There was green alligators, and long-necked geese,
Some humpty-backed camels and some chimpanzees.
Noah cried, "Close the door, 'cause the rain is pourin',
And we just can't wait for no unicorn."
5 The ark started movin', it drifted with the tide.
Them unicorns looked up from the rocks and they cried.
The water came down and sort of floated them away,
And that's why you've never seen a unicorn to this very day.
Cho5 You'll see green alligators, and long-necked geese,
Some humpty-backed camels and some chimpanzees.
Some cats and rats and elly-phants, but sure as you're bom,
You're never gonna see no unicorn.

Section A

Camp Favorites

A40 WALTZING WITH BEARS

words by Dr. Seuss, music by Eugene Podany
adaptation by Dale Marxen



1 I went to his room in the middle of the night;
D I crept to his side, and I turned on the light.

But to my surprise he was nowhere in sight
'cause my Uncle Walter goes waltzing at night.

Chorus He goes wa-wa-wa waltzing, waltzing with bears.
Raggy bears, shaggy bears, baggy bears too.
And there's nothing on earth Uncle Walter won't do
So he can go waltzing; wa wa wa waltzing;
Wa wa wa waltzing; waltzing with bears.

2 We bought Uncle Walter a new coat to wear,
But when he comes home it's all covered with hair,
And lately I've noticed several new tears.
I'm sure Uncle Walter's been waltzing with bears.

3 We told Uncle Walter that he should be good,
And do all the things that we said he should,
But we know that he'd rather be out in the woods.
We're afraid that we'll lose Uncle Walter for good.

4 We begged and we pleaded, "Oh, please won't you stay?"
And managed to keep him home for a day.
But the bears all barged in and they took him away.
Now he's dancing with pandas and he can't understand us,
And the bears all demand at least once dance a day.

5 That night, when the moon rose, we crept down the stairs;
He took me to dance where the bears have their lairs.
We danced in a bear hug with nary a care.
It all feels like flying, there is no denying,
And now my pajamas are covered with hair!

6 My Aunt Matilda was mad as could be.
"Walter, that rat, never waltzes with me!"
So she took her fur coat and remodeled it so
Now she can go waltzing, and Walter won't know!

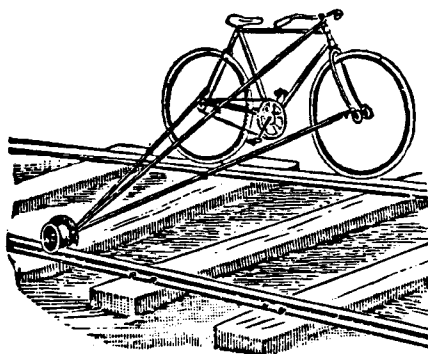
AltCho: She goes wa-wa-wa wa-wa-wa waltzing with bears.
Raggy bears, shaggy bears, baggy bears too.
And there's nothing on earth Aunt Matilda won't do,
So she can go...
Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda
(to the melody of "Waltzing Matilda!")
So she can go waltzing, waltzing with bears!

A41 ALOUETTE

Chorus Alouette, gentile Alouette,
Alouette, je te plumerai.

1 Je te plumerai la tete,
Je te plumerai la tete,
Et la tete, et la tete, OH!

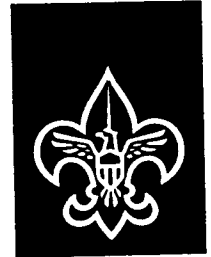
2 Je te plumerai le bec,
Je te plumerai le bec,
Et le bec, et le bec,
Et la tete, et la tete, OH!



- 3 Je te plumerai le nez...
- 4 Je te plumerai le dos...
- 5 Je te plumerai les jambes...
- 6 Je te plumerai les pieds...
- 7 Je te plumerai les pattes...
- 8 Je te plumerai le cou...

A42 BOOM BOOM

Boom, Boom! Ain't it great to be in Scouting?
Boom, Boom! Ain't it great to be in Scouting?
Hiking and camping the whole day through,
Boom, boom! Ain't it great to be in Scouting?



SCOUTING/USA

A43 THE DUMMY LINE

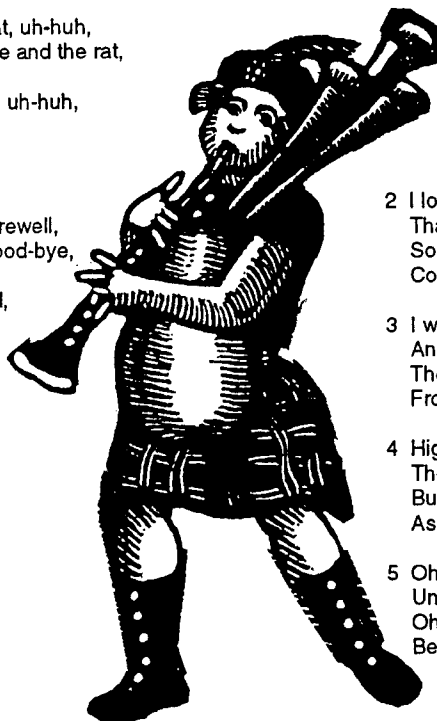
Chorus On the Dummy line, on the Dummy Line
Rain or shine, I'll pay my fine
Rain or shine I'll pay my fine
A-riding, riding, riding
On the Dummy, Dummy Line.

- 1 Across the prairie on a streak of rust
There's something moving in a cloud of dust.
It crawls into the valley with a wheeze and whine
It's the two o'clock flyer on the Dummy Line.
- 2 I saw a snail go whizzing past,
A guy said, my, this train is going fast.
Said I, Old man, that may be true,
But the question is, what's it fastened to?
- 3 I said to the brakeman, can't you speed up a bit?
Said he, You can walk, if you don't like it.
Said I, Old man, I'd take your dare,
But the folks don't expect me till the train gets there.
- 4 I had a little chicken, and it wouldn't lay an egg
So I poured hot water up and down it's leg.
The little chicken hollered, and the little chicken begged.
The hot little chicken laid a hard boiled egg.
- 5 There was an old doctor and his name was Beck.
He fell in a well, and broke his neck.
It serves him right, and as you all know,
He should'a tended to the sick and left the well alone.
- 6 There was an old logger, and his name was Moe,
He had corns on the end of his toe.
He sat by the fire to cure the gout,
But the corns got hot, and they all popped out.
- 7 Little Ken fell down the elevator,
There they found him six months later.
Held their noses and said, "Gee whiz,
What a spoiled child our Kenny is."
- 8 Little Willie all dressed in sashes,
Fell into the fire and was burned to ashes.
By and by, the room grew chilly,
But nobody cared to stir up poor Willie.

A44 FROGGIE WENT A-COURTIN'



- G
1 Froggie went a-courtin' and he did go, uh-huh
D
Froggie went a-courtin' and he did go, uh-huh
G
Froggie went a-courtin' and he did go,
C
To the coconut grove for the midnight show,
G D G
Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh.
- 2 Miss Molly Mouse was the hat check girl, woo-woo
And he thought he'd give the chick a whirl,
- 3 He sauntered up to Molly Mouse's side, uh-huh,
Said, "Miss Molly, won't you be my bride?"
- 4 I'll have to ask my Uncle Rat, uh-huh,
And see what he will say to that,
- 5 Not without my Uncle Rat's consent, uh-huh,
O wouldn't marry the President,
- 6 Uncle Rat, he laughed and shook his fat sides, uh-huh,
To think his niece would be be a bride,
- 7 Well Uncle Rat rode off to town, uh-huh,
To buy his niece a wedding gown,
- 8 Where will the wedding supper be? Uh-huh,
Way down yonder in a hollow tree,
- 9 What will the wedding supper be? Uh-huh,
A fried mosquito and a roasted flea,
- 10 First to come in were two little ants, uh-huh,
Fixing around to have a dance,
- 11 Next to come in was a bumble bee, uh-huh,
Bouncing a fiddle on his knee,
- 12 Next to come was a fat sassy lad, uh-huh,
Thinks himself as big as his dad,
- 13 Thinks himself a man indeed, uh-huh,
Because he chews tobacco weed,
- 14 And next to come in was a big tomcat, uh-huh,
He swallowed the frog and the mouse and the rat,
- 15 Next to come in was a big old snake, uh-huh,
He chased the party into the lake,
(If you want to end it more quickly...)
- 6 That's it Clyde, better hit the road, farewell,
That's it Clyde, better hit the road, good-bye,
That's it Clyde, better hit the road,
You ain't no frog, you're a horny toad,
Farewell, good-bye, adios.



A45 GREEN GROW THE RUSHES

- D
1 I'll sing you one, ho!
A D
Green grow the rushes, oh!
- What is your one, ho,
G A D
One is one and all alone and evermore shall be it so.
- 2 Two, two, lily-white boys, clothed all in green, oh.
- 3 Three, three, the rivals
- 4 Four for the gospel makers
- 5 Five for the cymbals at your door
- 6 Six for the six proud walkers
- 7 Seven for the seven stars in the sky
- 8 Eight for the April rainers
- 9 Nine for the nine bright shiners
- 10 Ten for the Ten Commandments
- 11 Eleven for the eleven that went to heaven
- 12 Twelve for the twelve Apostles

A46 HAPPY WANDERER

- C
1 I love to go a-wandering
G
Along the mountain track,
G7 C
And as I go, I love to sing,
F G C
My knapsack on my back.
- Chorus G C
Val da ree, Val da rah
G C
Val da ree, Val da rah ha ha ha ha ha
G C
Val da ree, Val da rah
F G C
My knapsack on my back.
(Sing last line of verse on subsequent verses.)
- 2 I love to wander by the stream
That dances in the sun
So joyously it calls to me,
Come join my happy song.
- 3 I wave my hat to all I meet
And they wave back to me.
The bluebird calls so loud and sweet
From every greenwood tree.
- 4 High overhead the skylarks wing,
They never rest at home,
But just like me they love to sing
As o'er the world we roam.
- 5 Oh, may I go a-wandering
Until the day I die
Oh, may I always laugh and sing
Beneath God's clear blue sky!

Section A

Camp Favorites

A47 I WANT A POP

G C
1 I want a pop, just like the pop
G D G
That tickled my old man.
C G
That was the pop, and the only pop
A D
That Daddy ever had.
G B7
A real old-fashioned pop with lots of foam;
Em B7 D7
Took sixty cops to drag the old man home,
G C
I want a pop, just like the pop
G D G
That pickled my old man.



A48 I'VE GOT SIXPENCE

G
1 I've got sixpence
D
Jolly, jolly sixpence
G C D G
I've got sixpence to last me all my life

I've got twopence to spend
C
And twopence to lend
D G D G
And twopence to send home to my wife-poor wife.

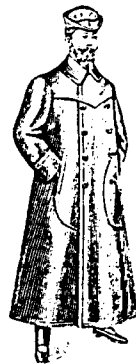
D G
Chorus No cares have I to grieve me
A D
No pretty little girls to deceive me
G C
I'm happy as a lark believe me
D G
As we go rolling, rolling home

D
Rolling home (rolling home)
G
Rolling home (rolling home)
D G
By the light of the silvery moo-oo-on
C
Happy is the day when we line up for our pay
D G
As we go rolling, rolling home.

2 I've got fourpence
Jolly, jolly fourpence
I've got fourpence to last me all my life
I've got twopence to spend and twopence to lend
And no pence to send home to my wife-poor wife.

3 I've got twopence
Jolly, jolly twopence
I've got twopence to last me all my life
I've got twopence to spend
And no pence to lend
And no pence to send home to my wife-poor wife.

4 I've got no pence
Jolly, jolly no pence
I've got no pence to last me all my life
I've got no pence to spend
And no pence to lend
And no pence to send home to my wife-poor wife.



A49 THE LITTLE MAN

- The little man walked up and down,
To see what he could find in town.
- He walked into a swell affair,
And sat himself upon a chair.
- He called the waiter from the hall,
And softly whispered, "One meatball."
- The waiter bellowed down the hall,
"This gentleman here wants one meatball."
- This little man then gave a wheeze,
And whispered, "Bread too, if you please."
- The waiter bellowed down the hall,
"You get no bread with one meatball."
- The little man then went outside,
And shot himself until he died.
- There is a moral to this all,
Don't order bread with one meatball.



A50 MCTAVISH

McTavish is dead and his brother don't know it.
His brother is dead and McTavish don't know it.
They are both of them dead and they're in the same bed,
And the neither one knows that the other is dead.

Repeat 2-3 times, faster each time.

A51 MICHAEL FINNEGAN

- There was an old man named Michael Finnegan,
G
He had whiskers on his chinnigan.
C
Along came the wind and blew them in ag'in,
G C
Poor old Michael Finnegan begin ag'in.
- There was an old man named Michael Finnegan,
He grew fat and then grew thin ag'in,
Then he died, and had to begin ag'in,
Poor old Michael Finnegan begin ag'in.

A52 THE MORE WE GET TOGETHER

G D G
The more we get together, together, together,
D G
The more we get together, the happier we'll be!
D G
For your friends are my friends,
D G
And my friends are your friends,
D G
The more we get together, the happier we'll be!

A53 ONCE I WENT IN SWIMMIN'

- 1 Once I went in swimmin', where there were no women
Down by the deep blue sea
- 2 Seeing no-one there, I hung my underwear
Upon a willow tree
- 3 Dove into the water, just like Pharaoh's daughter
Dove into the Nile
- 4 Someone saw me there, and stole my underwear
And left me with a smile

A54 POOR OLD SLADE

- 1 Poor old Slade has gone to rest
We know that he is free.
His bones, they lie, disturb them nay.
Way down in Tennessee.
- 2 Poor, poor old Slade, Slade
Has gone, gone, to rest, rest
We know, know that he, he
Is free, free, free, free
His bones, bones, they lie, lie
Dis-turb, -sturb them not, not
Way down, down in Tenn-, Tennessee, see, see, see, see
- 3 Pop-poor old slop-Slade
Has gop-gone to rop-rest
We knop-know that hop-he is free, free, free
His bop-bones they lop-lie
Dis-top-turb them nop-nay
Way dop-down in Top-Tennessee, see see.
- 4 Pee-yoor old Slee-yade
Has gee-yone to ree-yeest,
We knee-yo then hee-yo is free-yo free, free.
His bee-yones they lee-yie distee-yurb them nee-yot,
Way dee-yown in Tee-yen-e-see-yo-see-see.
- 5 Piggedy-poor old sliggedy-Slade
Has giggedy-gone to riggedy-rest
We kniggedy-know that higgedy-he
Is friggedy, friggedy, friggedy free.
His biggedy-bones they liggedy-lie
Dis-tiggedy-turb them niggedy-not
Way diggedy-down in Tiggedy-Tenn-e-
Siggedy-siggedy-siggedy-see.
- 6 Piggedy-paggedy poor old sliggedy-slaggedy Slade
Has giggedy-gaggedy gone to riggedy-raggedy rest
We kniggedy-knaggedy know that higgedy-haggedy he
Is friggedy-fraggedy free free.
His biggedy-baggedy bones, they liggedy-laggedy lie,
Distiggedy-taggedy-turb them niggedy-naggedy-not.
Way diggedy-daggedy down in Tiggedy-taggedy-tenn-e-
Siggedy-Saggedy-see-see.

A55 SLAP BANG

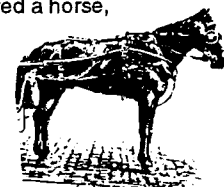
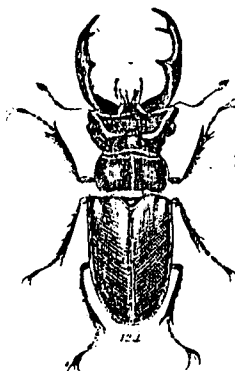
- 1 Slap, Bang - here we are again,
Here we are again, here we are again.
Slap, Bang - here we are again,
Jolly junior leaders!
We laugh, we sing,
We laugh, "Ha, ha!", We sing, "Tra la!"
Slap, Bang - here we are again,
Jolly junior leaders!

A56 THERE WAS AN OLD LADY WHO SWALLOWED A FLY

words by Rose Bonne, music by Alan Mills

- G
- 1 There was an old lady who swallowed a fly.
A D
I don't know why she swallowed a fly,
D G
Perhaps she'll die.
- G
- 2 There was an old lady who swallowed a spider
A D
That wriggled and jiggled and tickled inside her.
G
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly,

I don't know why she swallowed a fly,
Perhaps she'll die.
- 3 There was an old lady who swallowed a bird,
How absurd, to swallow a bird.
She swallowed a bird to catch the spider...
- 4 There was an old lady who swallowed a cat
Imagine that! She swallowed a cat.
She swallowed the cat to catch the bird...
- 5 There was an old lady who swallowed a dog
Oh what a hog! To swallow a dog,
She swallowed the dog to catch the cat...
- 6 There was an old lady who swallowed a goat
She just opened her throat and swallowed a goat
She swallowed the goat to catch the dog...
- 7 There was an old lady who swallowed a cow,
I don't know how she swallowed a cow.
She swallowed the cow to catch the goat...
- 8 There was an old lady who swallowed a horse,
She's dead, of course.



A57 THERE'S A HOLE IN THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

- C G
- 1 There's a hole in the bottom of the sea,
C
There's a hole in the bottom of the sea,
F
There's a hole, there's a hole,
G C
There's a hole in the bottom of the sea.
- 2 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 log in the hole in the bottom of the sea.,
- 3 There's a limb...
- 4 There's a bump...
- 5 There's a frog...
- 6 There's a fly...
- 7 There's a SPECK on the FLY on the FROG on the BUMP
on the LOG in the HOLE in the bottom of the sea...



A58 TRAIL THE EAGLE
(Tune: On Wisconsin)

G
Trail the eagle, trail the eagle,

Climbing all the time.

D G
First the Star, and then the Life,
A D

Will on your bosom shine, keep climbing!

G
Blaze the trail and we will follow,
C B7

Hark the Eagle's call;
C G D G

On brothers, on until we're Eagles all!

**A59 THE TREE TOAD**

1 The tree toad loved a fair she-toad,
That lived up in a tree.
She was a fair three-toed tree toad,
But a two-toed toad was he.



2 The two-toed tree toad tried to win
The she-toad's friendly nod;
For the two-toed tree toad loved the ground,
That the three-toed tree toad trod.

3 Now three-toed tree toads have no care,
For two-toed tree toad love,
But the two-toed tree toad fain would share,
A tree home up above.



4 In vain the two-toed tree toad tried
He couldn't please her whim.
In her tree toad bower with her veto power,
The she-toad vetoed him.

A60 TRINIDAD

Learned from Marcus Roening and Harry Easton

G C
1 In Trinidad there was a family,
D G

With much confusion as you will see,
C

There was a mama and a papa and a son who was young,
D G

Who wanted to wed and have a wife of his own.

D G D G
Chorus Oh woe is me, shame and scandal on the family.
D G D G
Oh woe is me, shame and scandal on the family.

2 So he found him a girl that suited him nice,
He went to his papa to ask his advice.
His papa said, "Son, I've got to say no,
That girl is your sister but your mama don't know."

3 So a week went by, and this boy looked around,
Soon the best cook on the island he found;
He went to his papa to name the day,
His papa looked to him and he did say,
"You can't marry that girl, I've got to say no,
That girl is your sister, but your mama don't know."



4 So a year went by, and he wished he were dead,
He had seventeen girls, and he still wasn't wed.
He'd go to his papa, he'd always say, "No,
That girl is your sister, but your mama don't know."

5 So he went to his mama, and he bowed his head,
He told his mama what his papa said.
His mama said, "Son, go man go!
Your papa ain't your papa, but your papa don't know!"

A61 THE COWPUNCHER by Genny Haley

Am

1 I am an old cowpuncher,
G Am
I punch them cows so hard

I have me a cowpunching bag,
G Am
Set up in my back ____

This bag is made of leather,
G Am
And so are cows, of course

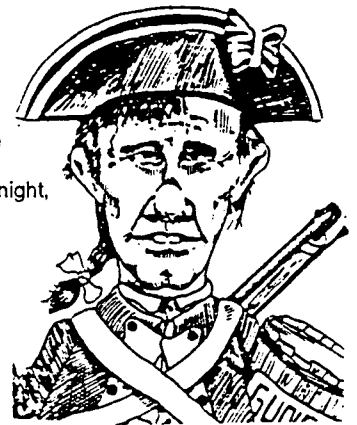
When I get tired of punching cows,
G Am
I go and punch a ____

2 One day as I was punching
Upon my leathern cow
A fellow wandered up to me,
And first he asked me ____
I said it was quite simple,
And gave him quite a slug
The very next words that the fellow said
To me that day were ____

3 I went back to my punching,
As all good cowboys do
When a well-known band of rustlers
Came rustling into ____
I said, Hello, how are you,
And what might bring you here
They said, if it's all right
We'd like to rustle up some ____

4 I said, oh no, kind sirs,
That should never be
For I am the best cowpuncher
Out on the whole prair ____
But if you will sit down a spell,
I'll rustle up some lunch
Then maybe in the afternoon
You'll get to watch me ____

5 I've been lonesome in the saddle
Ever since my old horse died
And sometimes when it's late at night,
I dream she's by my ____
So if you'll pay attention
And listen to my poem
I am an old cowpuncher
And a long, long way from ____

**A62 AIN'T IT GREAT TO BE CRAZY**

G D
Chorus Boom, boom, ain't it great to be crazy?
G D

Boom, boom, ain't it great to be crazy.
C G C G
Happy and gay, all the day,

D G
Boom, Boom, ain't it great to be crazy!

Camp Favorites

- 1 A horse and a flea and three blind mice
Sat on a tombstone shooting dice
The horse he slipped and fell on the flea,
Oops! said the flea, there's a horse on me!
- 2 There was an old doctor and his name was Peck.
Fell down the well and broke his neck
Served him right, he was doing wrong.
Should have tended to the sick, and let the well alone.
- 3 Way down south where bananas grow,
A flea stepped on an elephant's toe.
The elephant cried, with tears in his eyes,
Why don't you pick on someone your size?
- 4 Way up north where there's ice and snow
There lived a penguin and his name was Joe,
He got so tired of black and white,
He wore pink slacks to the dance last night.

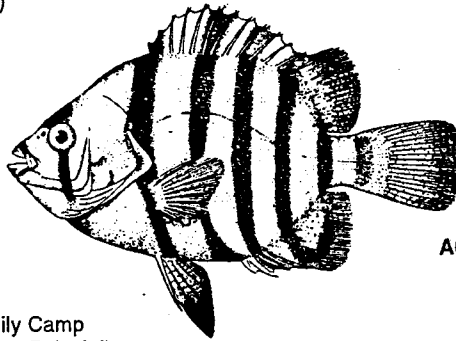


C F C F
Chorus Many Point -- Many Point,
C F C F
With skies so blue,
C F C F
Many Point -- Many Point,
D G
Dreaming of you.

- 2 We'll see the herons fly low overhead,
Hear the loons calling when we've gone to bed.
Crows are a-cawing up high in the trees,
Bars of Fels Naphtha for poison ivy.
- 3 Sailing the sail boats is such a delight,
If you tip over, you'll have quite a fright.
Rowing the row boats will build up your arms,
Many Point, we surely fall for your charms.
- 4 Riding the ponies on rough hilly trails,
Hiking and swimming is not for the frail.
You'll feel much better when you get back home,
You'll think of Many Point when 'ere you roam.
- 5 Sand castles, buddy checks, whistles that blew,
When the store opened, the nickels sure flew.
Counselors, CIT's, Boots and Ale too,
Ready to help out, and smiling at you.
- 6 We'll be so happy to be there again.
Just want to stay for the summer and then,
We'll dream of Many Point all winter long,
'Til we are there, we will just sing this song...

A63 MANY POINT LAMENT words by Tim Looby (Tune: Banua - "Tijuana Jail")

G C
Chorus Many Point, Many Point,
G D
Many Point, Wo-oo;
G C
Many Point, Many Point,
G D G
Baby I don't know.



- 1 Won't you come to me baby,
Won't you bring me my bail?
For a visit to the girls at Family Camp
They put me down in the Many Point jail.
- 2 I'm so terribly lonely,
So far away from my girl.
We're two hundred miles from anyplace,
On the edge of the civilized world.
- 3 Program, food, and equipment;
That's the cry of the staff.
They'll teach your scouts how to swim and cook,
Build a fire and make you laugh!
- 4 Have you ever met Ale?
Have you met his wife Irene?
I've been to camps all around the globe,
But they're the best I've ever seen!

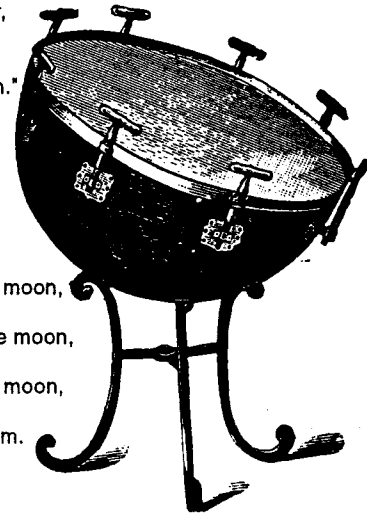


A64 MANY POINT DREAM SONG words: Pat Blue, Music: Skip Miller

C G F G
1 We'll go to Many Point one of these days,
C G F G
We'll get cooled off when we swim in their bays.
F G F G
We'll catch some fish and we'll eat the fillets,
D G
We'll go to Many Point one of these days.

A65 LITTLE WILLIE

- 1 Little Willie, of the Mooror,
Ate the mercury all off,
Thinking in his childish manner,
It would cure his whooping cough.
- 2 At the funeral, Willie's mother,
Laughing, said to Mrs. Brown,
'Twas a chilly day for Willie
When the mercury went down."



A66 AIKEN DRUM

D G
1 There was a man lived in the moon,
D A7
Lived in the moon, lived in the moon,
D G
There was a man lived in the moon,
D A7 D
And his name was Aiken Drum.

- 2 He played upon a ladle,
A ladle, a ladle,
He played upon a ladle,
And his name was Aiken Drum.
- 3 And his hair was made of spaghetti...
- 4 And his eyes were made of meatballs...
- 5 And his nose was made of cheese...
- 6 And his mouth was made of pizza...

A67 ABDUL THE BULBUL AMIR

C G C
 1 The sons of the prophet are hearty and bold,
 F C
 And quite unaccustomed to fear,
 G C
 But the bravest of all was a man, I am told,
 G C
 Named Abdul the Bulbul Amir.

2 When they needed a man to encourage the van,
 Or to harass the foe from the rear,
 Storm fort or redoubt, they had only to shout,
 For Abdul, the Bulbul Amir.

3 This son of the desert in battle aroused,
 Could spit twenty men on a spear,
 A terrible creature, both sober or soused,
 Was Abdul, the Bulbul Amir.

4 Now the heroes were plenty and well known to fame,
 Who fought in the ranks of the Czar,
 But the bravest of these was a man by the name
 Of Ivan Skavinsky Skivar.

5 He could imitate Irving, play poker or pool,
 And could strum on the spanish guitar,
 In fact, quite the cream of the Muscovite team,
 Was Ivan Skavinsky Skivar.

6 The ladies all loved him, his rivals were few,
 He could wrestle them under the bar,
 As gallant or tank, there was no one to rank
 With Ivan Skavinsky Skivar.

7 One day this bold Russian had shouldered his gun,
 And donned his most truculent sneer,
 Downtown he did go, where he trod on the toe,
 Of Abdul, the Bulbul Amir.

8 "Young man," said the Bulbul, "Has your life grown so dull,
 That you're anxious to end your career?
 Vile infidel, you have trod on the toe
 Of Abdul, the Bulbul Amir."

9 "So take your last look at sunshine and brook,
 And send your regrets to the Czar,
 By which, I imply, you are going to die,
 Mr. Ivan Skavinsky Skivar."

10 Said Ivan, "My friend, your remarks in the end
 Will avail you but little, I fear.
 For you ne'er will survive to repeat them alive
 Mr. Abdul, the Bulbul Amir."

11 Then the bold Mameluke drew his trusty skibouk,
 With a cry of "Allah Akbar!"
 And with murderous intent he ferociously went
 For Ivan Skavinsky Skivar.

12 They parried and thrust, they sidestepped and cussed,
 Of blood, they spilled a great part,
 The philologist bokes who seldom crack jokes,
 Say that hash was first made on that spot.

13 They fought all that night, 'neath the pale yellow moon,
 The din, it was heard from afar.
 And huge multitudes came, so great was the fame
 Of Ivan Skavinsky Skivar.

14 As Abdul's long knife was extracting the life
 In fact, he had shouted "Huzzah!"
 He felt himself struck by that wily Calmuck,
 Count Ivan Skavinsky Skivar.



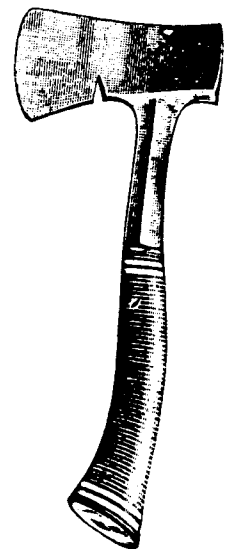
- 15 The sultan drove by in his red breasted fly,
 Expecting the victor to cheer,
 But he only drew nigh just to hear the last sigh
 Of Abdul, the Bulbul Amir.
- 16 Czar Petrovich, too, in his spectacles blue,
 Rode up in his new crested car.
 He arrived just in time to exchange a last line,
 With Ivan Skavinsky Skivar.
- 17 There's a tomb rises up where the blue Danube rolls,
 Engraved there in characters clear,
 are, "Stranger, when passing, oh pray for the soul
 Of Abdul, the Bulbul Amir."
- 18 A Muscovite maiden, her lone vigil keeps,
 'neath the light of the pale polar star,
 And the name that she mumurs so oft as she weeps,
 Is Ivan Skavinsky Skivar.

A68 THE FROZEN LOGGER by James Stevens

D A7
 1 As I sat down one evening,
 D
 Within a small cafe,
 G
 A forty year old waitress,
 A7 D
 To me these words did say:



- 2 "I see you are a logger,
 And not just a common bum.
 'Cause nobody but a logger,
 Stirs his coffee with his thumb.
- 3 My lover he was a logger,
 There's none like him today.
 If you'd pour a little coffee upon it,
 He'd eat a bale of hay.
- 5 Well he never used a razor,
 To shave his homy hide,
 He'd just drive them in with a hammer,
 Then he'd bite them off inside.
- 6 Well he kissed me when we parted,
 So hard that he broke my jaw,
 And I could not speak to tell him,
 He forgot his mackinaw.
- 7 I saw my lover leaving,
 A-sauntering through the snow,
 While going grimly homeward,
 At forty-eight below.
- 8 Well the weather it tried to freeze him,
 It tried it's level best,
 At a hundred degrees below zero,
 He buttoned up his vest.
- 9 It froze clean through to China,
 And it froze to the stars above,
 At a thousand degrees below zero,
 It froze my logger love.
- 10 And so I lost my lover,
 And to this cafe I come,
 And here I wait 'til someone,
 Stirs his coffee with his thumb.

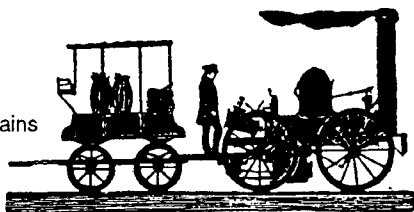


Traditional Songs

Section B

B1 THE WABASH CANNONBALL by A.P.Carter

G
1 I stood on the Atlantic ocean,
C
On the wide Pacific shore.
D7
Heard the queen of the flowing mountains
G
To the south bell by the door.
She's long and tall and handsome
C
She's loved by one and all.
D7
She's a modern combination
G
Called the Wabash Cannonball.

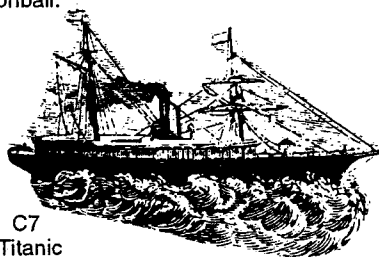


Chorus Listen to the jingle,
The rumble and the roar.
Riding through the woodlands
To the hill and by the shore.
Hear the mighty rush of the engines,
Hear the lonesome hoboes call.
Riding through the jungle
On the Wabash Cannonball.

2 Now the eastern states are dandy
So the western people say.
From New York to St.Louis
And Chicago by the way.
From the hills of Minnesota
Where the rippling waters fall,
No chances will be taken
On the Wabash Cannonball.

3 She came down from Birmingham
One cold December day.
As she pulled into the station
You could hear all the people say,
"That gal from Tennessee
She's long and she's tall.
She came down from Birmingham
On the Wabash Cannonball."

4 Now here's to Daddy Claxton
May his name forever stand.
He will be remembered
In parts of all our land.
When his earthly race is over,
And the curtain 'round him falls,
We'll carry him home to victory
On the Wabash Cannonball.



B2 THE TITANIC

C C7
1 Oh they built the ship Titanic
F C
To sail the ocean blue,
And they thought they had a ship
D7 G
That the water'd never go through.
C C7
It was on her maiden trip
F C
When an iceberg struck the ship.
G C
It was sad when the great ship went down.

F
Chorus It was sad... (It was sad!)
C
It was sad... (Too bad!)
G
It was sad when the great ship went down
To the bottom of
C C7 F D7
The sea, the sea, the sea, the sea.
G C
It was sad when the great ship went down.

(ALTERNATE LINES INSTEAD OF "THE SEA":)

- a. Husbands and wives,
Little children lost their lives
 - b. Uncles and Aunts,
Little children lost their pants
- 2 Oh they sailed away from England
And were almost to the shore,
When the rich refused
To associate with the poor.
So they put 'em down below
Where they'd be the first to go.
It was sad when the great ship went down.
 - 3 Oh the boat began to rock,
And the lights began to flicker,
When the Captain shouted out,
"Who the heck has stole my knickers?"
So they passed the pop around
And they all prepared to drown.
It was sad when the great ship went down.
 - 4 The boat was full of sin,
And the sides about to burst,
When the Captain shouted out,
"Women and children first!"
They tried to send a wire
But the lines were all on fire.
It was sad when the great ship went down.
 - 5 They swung the lifeboats out
On the dark and stormy sea,
And the band struck up
"Oh Nearer My God To Thee."
Little children wept and cried
As the waves swept over the side.
It was sad when the great ship went down.
 - 6 Oh they built the ship Titanic,
Titanic number two,
And they thought they had a ship
That the water'd never get through.
But they christened it with beer
And it sank right off the pier.
It was sad when the great ship went down.
 - 7 Oh they built the ship Titanic,
Titanic number three,
And they thought they had a ship
That would sail the wide blue sea.
But they christened it with pop
And it sank right off the dock.
It was sad when the great ship went down.
 - 8 The moral of this tale,
This tale of woe and fame,
Is if you're rich
You should not be so vain.
For in the good Lord's eyes,
You're the same as other guys.
It was sad when the great ship went down.

B3 GOODNIGHT IRENE by Huddie Ledbetter

G D
 1 Last Saturday night, I got married,
 D7 G
 Me and my wife settled down
 C
 Now me and my wife are parted,
 D G
 I'm gonna take another stroll downtown.

Chorus Irene Goodnight
 Irene Goodnight
 Goodnight Irene, Goodnight Irene,
 I'll see you in my dreams.

2 Sometimes I live in the country,
 Sometimes I live in town.
 Sometimes I take a great notion,
 To jump into the river and drown.

3 I love Irene, God knows I do,
 I'll love her till the seas run dry
 But if Irene should tum me down,
 I'd sit right down and die.

4 Stop rambling, stop your gambling
 Stop staying out late at night.
 Go home to your wife and your family
 Stay there by your fireside bright.

5 Now women, you love your men folk well,
 Come hold them close to your breast.
 Forgive them their evil ways, my dears,
 Let them come home and rest.

B4 THE DEACON WENT DOWN

G C G
 1 Oh, the Deacon went down, Oh, the Deacon went down,
 C G
 To the cellar to pray, To the cellar to pray
 D
 He fell asleep, He fell asleep,
 G G7
 And he stayed all day. And he stayed all day
 C
 Oh, the Deacon went down to the cellar to pray,
 G Em
 He fell asleep and he stayed all day,
 D D7 G
 Ain't gonna grieve my Lord no more.

C
 Chorus I ain't a-gonna grieve my Lord no more.
 G
 I ain't a-gonna grieve my lord no more.
 D D7 G-G7
 Ain't a-gonna grieve my Lord no more.
 C
 I ain't a-gonna grieve my Lord no more.
 G Em
 I ain't a-gonna grieve my lord no more.
 D D7 G-C-G
 Ain't a-gonna grieve my Lord no more.

2 Oh you can't get to heaven, (repeat)
 In a limousine, (repeat)
 'Cause the Lord don't sell, (repeat)
 No gasoline! (repeat)
 (repeat all lines, then Chorus)

3 Oh you can't get to heaven,
 In a Cadillac car,
 'Cause the gosh dam thing
 Won't go that far!

4 Oh you can't get to heaven,
 In a leaky boat,
 'Cause the gosh dam thing
 Won't stay afloat!

5 You can't get to heaven
 On roller skates,
 You'll roll right by
 Them pearly gates.

6 You can't get to heaven
 On a rocking chair,
 'Cause the Lord don't want
 No lazybones there.

7 If you get to heaven
 Before I do,
 Just drill a hole
 And pull me through.

8 If I get to heaven
 Before you do,
 I'll plug that hole
 With shavings and glue.

9 You can't get to heaven
 With powder and paint,
 It makes you look
 Like what you ain't.

10 You can't chew tobacco
 On that golden shore,
 'Cause the Lord don't have
 No cuspidor.

11 That's all there is,
 There ain't no more,
 Saint Peter said
 As he closed the door.

12 There's one thing more
 I forgot to tell,
 If you don't go to Heaven,
 You'll go someplace else.

13 Oh you can't get to heaven
 When you're singing this song,
 'Cause the gosh dam thing
 Is just too long!

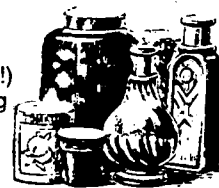
14 I'll put my grief
 Up on the shelf,
 If you want some more,
 Make 'em up yourself.

**B5 MOUNTAIN DEW**

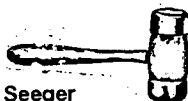
G G7
 Chorus They call it that good ol' mountain dew,
 C G
 And them that refuse it are few. (DARN few!)
 G Em
 I'll hush up my mug if you fill up my jug
 G D7 G
 With that good ol' mountain dew.

1 Well I know a spot that I'd like to relate
 Where you lay down a dollar or two (or three!)
 If you hush up your mug they'll fill up your jug
 With that good ol' mountain dew!

2 My uncle Bill's got a still on the hill
 Where he runs off a gallon or two (or three!)
 The buzzards in the sky get so high they can't fly
 From sniffin' that good ol' mountain dew!

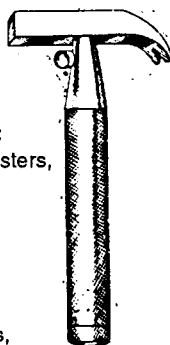


- 3 My uncle Mort is sawed-off and short.
He stands 'bout four-foot-two (or three!)
But he thinks he's a giant if you give him a pint
Of that good ol' mountain dew!
- 4 My auntie June tried a brand new perfume
It had such a sweet-smelling pew (or three??)
But was she surprised when she had it analyzed
It was that good ol' mountain dew!
- 5 Down the road here from me is an old hollow tree
Where you lay down a dollar or two (or three!)
You go round the bend and you'll come back again
For that good ol' mountain dew!
- 6 There's a little old shack standing way out in back
With holes cut out just for two (or three!)
You can't use it anymore 'cause it's filled up to the floor
With that good ol' mountain dew!



B6 THE HAMMER SONG by Lee Hays and Pete Seeger copyright 1986, Ludlow Music Inc.

- C F C G C
- 1 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 warning,
I'd hammer out love between my brothers and my sisters,
F-C-G C-Am-F-G C-Am-F-G
All - over this land. Oo-oo-oo
- C
- 2 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.
- C F C
- 3 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.
- 4 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.



B7 THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND by Woody Guthrie copyright 1984, Ludlow Music Inc.

- C G
- 1 This land is your land, this land is my land,
D G
From California to the New York Island,
C G
From the redwood forest to the gulfstream waters,
D G
This land was made for you and me.
- 2 As I went 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.
- 3 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.

- 4 When the sun come shining, then I was strolling,
And the wheat fields waving, and the dust clouds rolling,
A voice was chanting as the fog was lifting,
This land was made for you and me.
- 5 In the squares of the city by the shadow of the steeple,
Near the relief office I saw my people,
And some were stumbling and some were wondering if
This land was made for you and me.
- 6 As I went walking, I saw a sign there,
And on that sign it said "No Trespassing".
But on the other side it didn't say nothing,
That side was made for you and me.
- 7 Nobody living can ever stop me,
As I go walking my freedom highway.
Nobody living can make me tum back,
This land was made for you and me.



B8 LITTLE SKUNK

- G
- 1 Well I stuck my head in a little skunks hole,
D
And the little skunk said, "Well, bless my soul!
G
Take it out, take it out, take it out, take it out,
D G
Remove it!"
- 2 Well I didn't take it out, and the little skunk said,
"If you don't take it out, you will wish you were dead."
Take it out, take it out, take it out, take it out,
Remove it!"
- 3 PSSSSSSSSST...I removed it!

B9 WHEN I FIRST CAME TO THIS LAND by Oscar Brand copyright 1985 Ludlow Music Inc.

- C F C
- 1 When I first came to this land,
F C G C
I was not a wealthy man
F C
So I got myself a shack,
G C
I did what I could
G C G C
And I called my shack, "Break my back"



F C

Chorus But the land was sweet and good,
G C
I did what I could.

- 2 When I first came to this land, I was not a wealthy man,
So I got myself a farm, I did what I could
And I called my farm, "Muscle in my arm"
And I called my shack, "Break my back"
- 3 ... cow, "No milk now"
- 4 ... hound, "Nowhere around"
- 5 ... duck, "Out of luck"
- 6 ... horse, "Lame of course"
(or, "Trigger of course!")
- 7 ... donkey, "Horse gone Wonky"
- 8 ... wife, "Run for your life"
(or, "Joy of my life!")
- 9 ... son, "My work done"

Section B

Traditional Songs

B10 COTTON FIELDS by Huddie Ledbetter

G
1 When I was a little bitty baby,
C G
My mama would rock me in the cradle,
D
In them old cotton fields back home.
G
When I was a little bitty baby,
C G
My mama would rock me in the cradle,
C G
In them old cotton fields back home.

C
Chorus Oh when them cotton balls get rotten,
G
You can't pick very much cotton,
D
In them old cotton fields back home.
G
It was down in Louisiana,
C G
Just about a mile from Texarkana,
D G
In them old cotton fields back home.

2 Well it may sound a little bit funny,
But you didn't make very much money,
In them old cotton fields back home.
Well it may sound a little bit funny,
But you didn't make very much money,
In them old cotton fields back home.
3 Well I went home to Arkansas,
And people would ask me, "Why did you come here?"
In them old cotton fields back home.
Well I went home to Arkansas,
And people would ask me, "Why did you come here?"
In them old cotton fields back home.

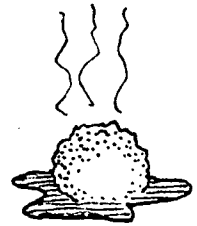


B11 ON TOP OF OLD SMOKY

C G
1 On top of old Smoky, all covered with snow.
D G
I lost my true lover for courting too slow.
2 For courting's a pleasure and parting is grief,
But a false-hearted lover is worse than a thief.
3 A thief will just rob you and take what you save,
But a false-hearted lover will lead you to the grave.
4 The grave will decay you and turn you to dust,
Not one girl in a thousand a poor boy can trust.
5 She'll hug you and kiss you and tell you more lies,
Than cross-ties on a railroad or stars in the skies.
6 Come all you young maidens and listen to me,
Never place your affections on a green willow tree.
7 The leaves they will wither, the roots they will die,
You'll all be forsaken and never know why.
8 It's raining, it's hailing, the moon gives no light,
My horse cannot travel this dark road tonight.
9 Go put up your horses and give them some hay,
And sit down beside me as long as you may.
10 My horse he ain't hungry, he won't eat your hay,
I'm headed for Georgia, I'll be on my way.
11 I'll go to Old Smoky, the mountain so high,
Where the wild birds and turtle doves can hear my sad cry.

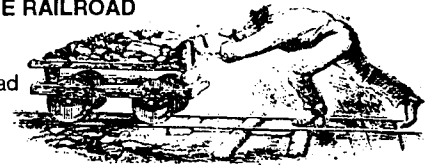
B12 ON TOP OF SPAGHETTI by Tom Glaser copyright 1961, Songs Music Inc.

C G
1 On top of spaghetti all covered with cheese,
D G
I lost my poor meatball when somebody sneezed.
2 It rolled off the table, and on to the floor,
And then my poor meatball rolled out of the door.
3 It rolled in the garden and under a bush,
And then my poor meatball was nothing but mush.
4 The mush was as tasty as tasty could be,
And early next summer it grew to a tree.
5 The tree was all covered with beautiful moss
It grew great big meatballs and tomato sauce.
6 So if you eat spaghetti all covered with cheese,
Hold on to your meatball and don't ever sneeze.



B13 I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THE RAILROAD

G
1 I've been working on the railroad
C G
All the live, long day.
I've been working on the railroad,
A D
Just to pass the time away.
G
Can't you hear the whistle blowing,
C B7
Rise up so early in the mom?
C G
Can't you hear the captain shouting,
D G
"Dinah, blow your horn!"



C
2 Dinah, won't you blow, Dinah, won't you blow,
D G
Dinah, won't you blow your hom?
C
Dinah, won't you blow, Dinah, won't you blow,
D G
Dinah, won't you blow your hom?
G
3 Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah,
D
Someone's in the kitchen I know.
G C
Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah,
D G
Strumming on the old banjo.
4 Just strummin', Fie, fi, fiddly i o,
Fie, fi, fiddly i o.
Fie, fi, fiddly i o,
Strumming on the old banjo.



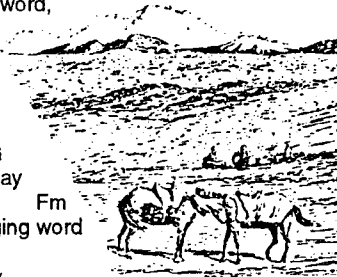
5 Just singin', oom pah, oom pah, oom pah pah,
My pa's better than your pa-pa.
Oom pah, oom pah, oom pah pah,
Strummin' on the old banjo.

B14 HOME ON THE RANGE by Brewster Higley and Dan Kelly

1 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.

Chorus 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.

- 2 Where the air is so pure, the zephyrs so free,
 The breezes so balmy and light,
 I would not exchange my home on the range
 For all of the cities so bright.
- 3 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.
- 4 Oh, give me a land where the bright diamond sand
 Flows leisurely down the stream;
 There the graceful, white swan goes gliding along
 Like a maid in a heavenly dream.
- 5 Oh, I love those wild flowers in this dear land of ours,
 The curlew I love to hear scream,
 And I love the white rocks and the antelope flocks
 That graze on the mountain tops green.



B15 POLLY WOLLY DOODLE

1 Oh, I went down south for to see my Sal,
 Sing Polly Wolly Doodle all the day.
 My Sal she is a spunky gal,
 Sing Polly Wolly Doodle all the day.

Chorus Fare thee well, Fare thee well,
 Fare thee well, my fairy fay,
 For I'm goin' to Lousiana, For to see my Susyanna,
 Sing Polly Wolly Doodle all the day.

- 2 Oh, my Sal, she is a maiden fair...
 With curly eyes and laughing hair...
 - 3 A grasshopper sittin' on a railroad track...
 Pickin' his teeth with a carpet tack...
 - 4 A bonehead sittin' on a picket fence...
 Tryin' to make a dollar out of 99 cents...
 - 5 I went to the river, I couldn't get across...
 I jumped on a gator, I thought it was a rock...
- Make up your own!



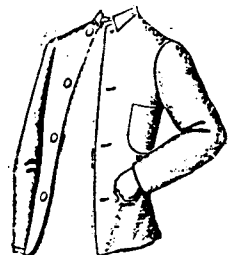
B16 ROLL ON COLUMBIA by Woody Guthrie

Chorus Roll on, Columbia, roll on,
 Roll on, Columbia, roll on,
 Your power is turning our darkness to dawn,
 So roll on, Columbia, roll on.

- 1 Green Douglas firs where the waters cut through,
 Down her wild mountains and canyons she flew,
 Canadian Northwest to the oceans so blue,
 Roll on Columbia, roll on.
- 2 Other great rivers add power to you,
 Yakima, Snake, and the Klickitat, too,
 Sandy Willamette and Hood River too,
 So roll on, Columbia, roll on.
- 3 Tom Jefferson's vision would not let him rest,
 An empire he saw in the Pacific Northwest,
 Sent Lewis and Clark and they did the rest,
 So roll on, Columbia, roll on.
- 4 It's there on your banks that we fought many a fight,
 Sheridan's boys in the blockhouse that night,
 They saw us in death but never in flight,
 So roll on Columbia, roll on.
- 5 At Bonneville now there are ships in the locks,
 The waters have risen and cleared all the rocks,
 Soon shiploads of plenty will steam past the docks,
 So roll on, Columbia, roll on.
- 6 And on up the river is Grand Coulee Dam,
 The mightiest thing ever built by a man,
 To run the great factories and water the land,
 So roll on, Columbia, roll on.
- 7 These mighty men labored by day and by night,
 Matching their strength 'gainst the river's wild flight,
 Through rapids and falls, they won the hard fight,
 So roll on, Columbia, roll on.

B17 SCARBOROUGH FAIR (Child ballad #2)

1 Are you going to Scarborough Fair,
 Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme?
 Remember me to one who lives there,
 For she once was a true love of mine.



- 2 Tell her to make me a cambric shirt...
 Without any seam or needlework..
- 3 Tell her to wash it in yonder dry well...
 Where water ne'er sprung nor drop of rain fell...
- 4 Tell her to dry it on yonder thorn...
 Which never bore blossom since Adam was born....
- 5 Now he has asked me questions three...
 I hope he will answer as many for me...
- 6 Oh, will you find me an acre of land...
 Between the sea foam and the sea sand...
- 7 Oh, will you plow it with a lamb's horn...
 And sow it all over with one peppercorn..
- 8 Oh, will you reap it with a sickle of leather...
 And tie it all up with a peacock's feather...
- 9 And when you have done and finished your work...
 Come to me for your cambric shirt...

Section B

Traditional Songs

B18 YOU ARE MY SUNSHINE

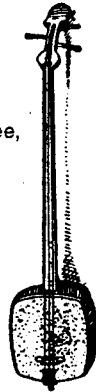
by Jimmy Davis and Charles Mitchell
copyright 1977 Peer International Corporation

Chorus You are my sunshine, my only sunshine,
You make me happy when skies are gray.
You'll never know dear, how much I love you,
Please don't take my sunshine away.

- The other night dear, as I lay sleeping,
I dreamed I held you in my arms.
When I awoke, dear, I was mistaken,
So I hung my head and I cried.
- I'll always love you and make you happy,
If you will only say the same.
But if you leave me to love another,
You'll regret it all some day.
- You told me once, dear, you really loved me,
And no one else could come between.
But not you've left me and love another,
You have shattered all my dreams.

B19 OH, SUSANNA by Stephen Foster

1 Oh, 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.

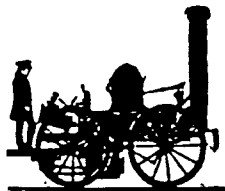


Chorus Oh, Susanna, oh don't you cry for me,
For I come from Alabama with my banjo on my knee
Oh, Susanna, oh don't you cry for me,
For I come from Alabama with my banjo on my knee

- 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, a tear was in her eye,
Says I, I'm coming from the south, Susanna, don't you cry.
- I soon will be in New Orleans, and then I'll look around,
And when I find Susanna, I will fall upon the ground,
But if I do not find her there, oh then I'll surely die,
And when I'm dead and buried then, Susanna don't you cry.

B20 CASEY JONES by Wallace Saunders

1 Come all you rounders that want to hear,
The story of a brave engineer.
Oh, Casey Jones was the rounder's name,
On a six eight wheeler, boys, he won his fame.



Chorus Casey Jones mounted to his cabin,
Casey Jones with his orders in his hand.
Casey Jones mounted to his cabin,
And he took his farewell trip to that promised land.

- The caller call Casey at half past four,
He kissed his wife at the station door,
He mounted to the cabin with the orders in his hand,
And he took his farewell trip to that promised land.
- He tore through the South Memphis yards on the fly,
Heard his fireman say, "You've got a white eye!"
The switchman knew from the engine's moan,
That the man at the throttle was Casey Jones.
- The rain had been falling for five or six weeks,
And the railroad track was like the bed of a creek,
They rated him down to a thirty-mile gate,
Threw the southbound mail about eight hours late.
- The fireman said, "Casey, you're running too fast,
You ran the block board the last station you passed."
Casey says, "I believe we'll make it through,
For engine's steaming better than I ever knew!"
- Casey says, "Fireman, don't give up yet,
Keep knockin' on that fire door and don't you fret!
I'm goin' to run this engine 'til it leaves the rail,
For I'm eight hours late with the southbound mail!"
- He looked at his water and his water was low;
He looked at his watch and his watch was slow;
He turned to his fireman and this is what he said,
"Boy, we're going to reach Frisco, but we'll all be dead."
- When he was within six miles of the place,
There number four stared him straight in the face.
He turned to his fireman, said "Jim you'd better jump,
For there're two locomotives that are going to bump.
- Casey said just before he died,
"There're two more roads I would like to ride."
The fireman said, "Which ones can they be?"
"Oh the Northern Pacific and the Santa Fe."
- Poor Casey Jones, he was all right,
He stuck to his duty both day and night.
And he loved to hear the whistle of old Number Three,
As he rode into Memphis on the old I.C.!
- Mrs. Jones sat at her bed a-sighing,
Just to hear the news that her Casey was dying.
"Hush up children, and quit your crying",
For you've got another poppa on the Salt Lake Line."

B21 CLEMENTINE

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

- Chorus Oh my darling, oh my darling, oh my darling, Clementine
Thou art lost and gone forever, dreadful sorry, Clementine.
- Light she was and like a fairy, and her shoes were number nine,
Herring boxes without topses, sandals were for Clementine.
 - Drove she ducklings to the water, every morning just at nine,
Hit her foot against a splinter, fell into the foaming brine.



- 4 Ruby lips above the water, blowing bubbles soft and fine,
But alas, I was no swimmer, so I lost my Clementine.
- 5 Then the miner, forty-niner, soon began to peak and pine,
Thought he oughter jine he daughter,
Now he's with his Clementine.
- 6 In my dreams she still doth haunt me,
Robed in garments soaked in brine;
Though in life I used to hug her, now she's dead, I draw the line.
- 7 In a churchyard, 'neath a gravestone,
Where the flowers grow and twine,
There are posies, and some roses, fertilized by Clementine.
- 8 How I missed her, how I missed her,
How I missed my Clementine!
Till I kissed her little sister, and forgot my Clementine.
- 9 All you Boy Scouts, take fair warning,
From this dreadful tale of mine.
Artificial respiration, would have saved my Clementine.

- 9 Our hearts were cased with buffalo hocks,
Our souls were cased with steel,
And the hardships of that summer would nearly make us reel;
While skinning the damned old stinkers,
Our lives they had no show
For the Indians watched to pick us off on the hills of Mexico.
- 10 The season being near over, old Crego he did say,
That the boys had been extravagant, were in debt to him that day;
We coaxed him and we begged him, and still it was no go,
So we left old Crego's bones to bleach on the range of the buffalo.
- 11 Oh, it's now we've crossed Pease River,
And homeward we are bound,
No more in that hellfired country shall ever we be found.
Go home to our wives and sweethearts, tell others not to go,
For God's forsaken the buffalo range, and the damned old buffalo.

B23 BANUA

G C G D
Chorus Banua, Banua, Banua, oh-oh.
G C G D G
Banua, Banua, Baby, I don't know

- 1 Won't you come to me baby,
Won't you bring my bail,
For a drink and a fight on a Saturday night,
They put me in the Banua jail.
- 2 Didn't mean to be fighting,
Bringin' you all of this shame,
But the tongue of Johnathan Brighton,
Was scandalizin' your name.
- 3 Banua jail is cold and damp,
Rats, they cover the floor.
Just ten and three will set me free,
And I'll be yours forever more.

B24 DRUNKEN SAILOR

Am
Chorus What shall we do with a drunken sailor?
G
What shall we do with a drunken sailor?
Am
What shall we do with a drunken sailor?
G Am
Earl-eye in the morning!

- 1 Put him in a long-boat till he's sober
Put him in a long-boat till he's sober
Put him in a long-boat till he's sober
Earl-eye in the morning!
- Cho2 Way hay and up she rises
Way hay and up she rises
Way hay and up she rises
Earl-eye in the morning
- 2 Keep him there and make 'im bale 'er.
- 3 Trice him up in a runnin' bowline.
- 4 Tie him to the tasffrail when she's yard-arm under.
- 5 Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him.
- 6 Take 'im and shake 'im and try an' wake 'im.
- 7 Give 'im a dose of salt and water.
- 8 Give 'im a taste of the bosun's rope-end.
- 9 Stick on 'is back a mustard plaster.
- 10 Soak 'im in oil till he sprouts a flipper.
- 11 Shave his belly with a rusty razor.
- 12 Put him in the guard room till he gets sober.

B22 THE BUFFALO SKINNERS by Woody Guthrie

- Dm Am Dm
1 Come all you old time cowboys, and listen to my song,
Am Dm
Please do not grow weary, I'll not detain you long.
Am Dm
Concerning some wild cowboys who did agree to go,
Am Dm
And spend one summer pleasant on the range of the buffalo.
- 2 'Twas in the town of Jacksboro, in the spring of seventy-three,
A man by the name of Crego, came stepping up to me,
Saying "How do you do, young fellow,
And how would you like to go
And spend one summer pleasant on the range of the buffalo?"
- 3 It's me being out of employment, this to Crego I did say,
"This going out on the buffalo range depends upon the pay.
But if you will pay good wages, transportation to and fro
I think, Sir, I will go with you to the range of the buffalo."
- 4 "Yes I will pay good wages, give transportation too,
Provided you will go with me and stay the summer through;
But if you should grow homesick, to your sweetheart you must go,
I won't pay transportation from the range of the buffalo."
- 5 It's now our outfit was complete, seven able-bodied men,
With navy six and needle gun, our troubles did begin;
Our way it was a pleasant one, the route we had to go
Until we crossed Pease River, on the range of the buffalo.
- 6 It's now we've crossed Pease River, our troubles have begun,
The first darned tail I went to rip, that's how I cut my thumb!
While skinning the damned old stinkers,
Our lives they had no show,
For the Indians watched to pick us off while skinning the buffalo.
- 7 He fed us on such sorry chuck, I wished myself most dead,
It was old jerked beef, croton coffee and sour bread.
Pease River's as salty as hell fire, the water I never could go,
O God! I wished I had never come to the the range of the buffalo.
- 8 Our meat it was buffalo hump, and iron wedge our bread,
And all we had to sleep on was a buffalo robe for a bed.
The fleas and gray-backs worked on us, O boys, it was not slow,
I tell you there's no worse place on earth
than the the range of the buffalo.



B25 FOLLOW THE DRINKING GOURD

Em

- 1 When the sun goes back and the first quail calls,

Bm Em

Follow the drinking gourd.

G D Em Bm

The old man is a-waitin' for to carry you to freedom,

Em Bm Em

Follow the drinking gourd.

A Em Bm Em

Chorus Follow the drinking gourd, follow the drinking gourd,

G D Em Bm

For the old man is a-waitin' for to carry you to freedom,

Em Bm Em

Follow the drinking gourd.

- 2 The river bed makes a mighty fine road,

Dead trees to show you the way,

And it's left foot, peg foot, traveling on,

Follow the drinking gourd.

- 3 The river ends between two hills,

Follow the drinking gourd.

There's another river on the other side,

Follow the drinking gourd.

- 4 I thought I heard the angels say,

Follow the drinking gourd.

The stars in the heavens gonna show you the way,

Follow the drinking gourd.

B26 THE GOOD SHIP REUBEN JAMES

(Tune: Wildwood Flower)

C G C

- 1 Have you heard of the ship called the Good Reuben James?

G C

On her were hard fighting men, both of honor and fame.

C7 F C

She flew the Stars and Stripes of the land of the free,

G C

But tonight she's in her grave at the bottom of the sea.

C C7

Chorus Oh tell me what were their names?

F C

Tell me, what were their names?

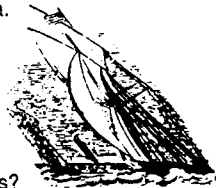
G C

Did you have a friend on the Good Reuben James?

Oh tell me what were their names?

Tell me, what were their names?

Did you have a friend on the Good Reuben James?



- 2 It was there in the dark of that cold watery night,

They watched for the U-Boat, they waited for a fight.

Then a bang and a crash and a great explosion roared,

They laid the Reuben James on that cold ocean floor.

- 3 Many years have past since those brave men have gone,

Those cold, icy waters, they're still and they're calm.

Many years have past and still I wonder why,

The worst of men must fight and the best of men must die?

B27 GYPSY ROVER

G D7 G D7

- 1 The gypsy rover came over the hill

G D7 G D7

Down through the valley so shady,

G D7 Bm Em

He whistled and he sang 'til the green woods rang,

Bm Am7 G-C-G-D7

And he won the heart of a lady.

Chorus Ah-de-do, ah-de-do-da-day,

Ah-de-do, ah-de-da-dee.

He whistled and he sang 'til the greenwoods rang,

And he won the heart of a lady.

- 2 She left her father's castle gates,

She left her own fine lover.

She left her servants and her state,

To follow the gypsy rover.

- 3 Her father saddled up his fastest steed,

And roamed the valleys all over.

Sought his daughter at great speed,

And the whistling gypsy rover.

- 4 He came at last to a mansion fine,

Down by the river Claydee,

And there was music and there was wine,

For the gypsy and his lady.

- 5 "He is no gypsy, my father" she said

"But lord of these lands all over,

And I shall stay 'til my dying day

With my whistling gypsy rover."



B28 I KNOW WHERE I'M GOING

G D7 G

- 1 I know where I'm going,

D7

And I know who's going with me.

G G7 Em

I know who I love,

Am D

And my dear knows who I'll marry.

- 2 I have stockings of silk,

And shoes of bright green leather,

Combs to buckle my hair,

And a ring for every finger.

- 3 O' feather beds are soft,

And painted rooms are bonnie.

But I would give them all,

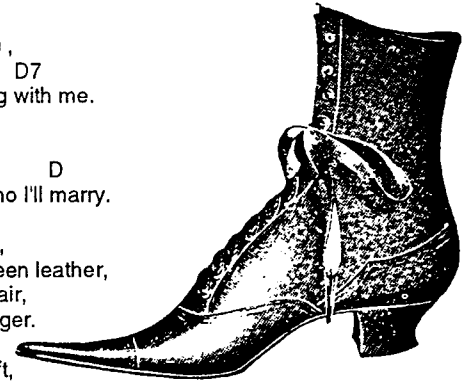
For my handsome winsome Johnny.

- 4 Some say that he's bad,

But I say that he's bonnie.

Fairest of them all,

Is my handsome winsome Johnny.



B29 JOHN RILEY

Em A Em

- 1 Fair young maid all in a garden,

A Em

Strange young man passerby,

G D

Said "Fair maid will you marry me?"

Am Em

This, then sir, was her reply:

- 2 "O no, kind sir, I cannot marry thee,

For I've a love who sails all on the sea.

Though he's been gone for seven years,

Still no man shall marry me."

- 3 "What if he's in some battle slain,

Or drowned in the deep salt sea?"

What if he's found another love,

And he and his love both married be?"

- 4 "If he's in some battle slain,
I will die when the moon doth wane.
If he's drowned in the deep salt sea,
I'll be true to his memory."
- 5 "And if he's found another love,
And he and his love both married be,
I wish them health and happiness,
Where they dwell across the sea."
- 6 He picked her up all in his arms,
And kisses gave her one, two, three,
Saying, "Weep no more, my own true love,
I am your long, lost John Reilly."

B30 MARCHING TO PRETORIA

C

- 1 I'm with you and you're with me

And so we're all together.

G7

So we're all together,

C

So we're all together.

Sing with me, I'll sing with you,

And so we will sing together,

G7

C

As we march along.

F

C

Chorus We are marching to Pretoria,

G7

C

Pretoria, Pretoria.

F

C

We are marching to Pretoria,

G7

C

Pretoria today.

- 2 We have food, the food is good,
So we will eat together,
So we will eat together,
So we will eat together.
When we eat, 'twill be a treat,
So let us sing together,
As we march along.

- 3 Sing with me, I'll sing with you,
So we will sing together,
So we will sing together,
So we will sing together,
Sing with me, I'll sing with you,
So we will sing together,
As we march along.

- 4 Dance with me, I'll dance with you,...

- 5 Drink with me, I'll drink with you,...

- 6 March with me, I'll march with you,...

B31 PATSEY ORREY ORREY AY

Dm

- 1 In eighteen hundred and ninety-one

F

Life for me had just begun,

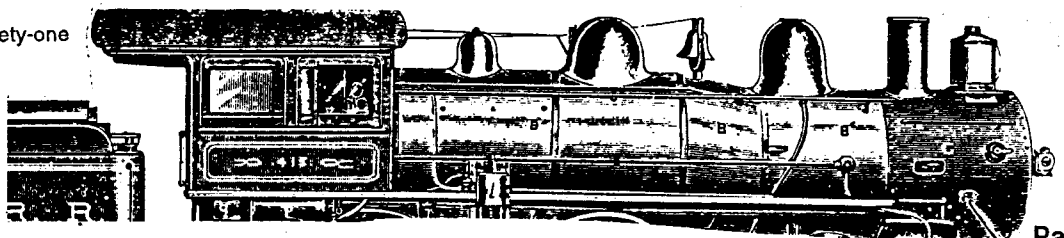
Dm

Life for me had just begun,

C

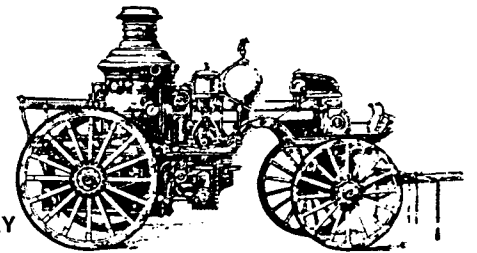
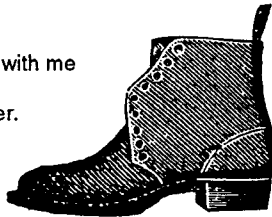
Dm

A-workin' on the railway.



Chorus Patsey Orrey Orrey Ay,
Patsey Orrey Orrey Ay,
Patsey Orrey Orrey Ay,
A-workin' on the railway.

- 2 In eighteen hundred and ninety-two
I found myself with nothing' to do (2x)
- 3 In eighteen hundred and ninety-three
The Erie railroad hired me (2x)
- 4 In eighteen hundred and ninety-four
My back was getting mighty sore (2x)
- 5 In eighteen hundred and ninety-five
Found myself more dead than alive (2x)
- 6 In eighteen hundred and ninety-six
Stepped on a pile of dynamite sticks (2x)
- 7 In eighteen hundred and ninety-seven
Found myself on the way to Heaven (2x)
- 8 In eighteen hundred and ninety-eight
Found myself at the Pearly Gate (2x)
- 9 In eighteen hundred and ninety-nine
Found myself on a cloud sublime (2x)
- 10 In eighteen hundred and ninety-ten
I started my life all over again (2x)



B32 PRETTY MARY

G

C

G

- 1 My horses ain't hungry, they won't eat your hay,

C

G

So fare thee well darlin', I'm going away.

Em

G

Em

Your parents don't like me, they say I'm too poor,

G

C

G

They say I'm not worthy to enter your door.

Chorus Pretty Mary, Pretty Mary, would you think me unkind,
If I were to see you and tell you my mind.
As sure as the dewdrops fall on the green com,
Last night I was with her, tomorrow I'm gone.
My horses ain't hungry, they won't eat your hay,
So fare thee well darlin', I'm going away.

- 2 My parents don't like you, you're poor I am told,
But it's your love I am wanting, not silver or gold.
Then come with me Mary, we'll ride 'til we come
To some little cabin, we'll call it our home.

- 3 Sparking is pleasure, but parting is grief,
And a false hearted lover is worse than a thief.
A thief will just rob you and take what you save,
But a false hearted lover will lead you to the grave.



B33 THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN

1 There is a taven in the town, in the town
 And there my true love sits him down, sits him down,
 And drinks his wine 'mid laughter free,
 And never, never thinks of me.

Chorus Fare thee well, for I must leave thee,
 Do not let this parting grieve thee,
 And remember that the best of friends
 Must part, must part.

Adieu, adieu kind friends, adieu, adieu, adieu,
 I can no longer stay with you, stay with you,
 I'll hang my harp on the weeping willow tree,
 And may the world go well with thee.

2 He left me for a damsel dark, damsel dark,
 Each Friday night they used to spark, used to spark,
 And now my love who once was true to me,
 Takes this dark damsel on his knee.

3 And now I see him nevermore, nevermore;
 He never knocks upon my door, on my door,
 Oh, woe is me; I pinned a little note,
 And these were all the words I wrote:

4 Oh, dig my grave both wide and deep, wide and deep;
 Put tombstones at my head and feet, head and feet
 And on my breast you may carve a turtle dove,
 To signify I died of love.

B34 THREE JOLLY COACHMEN

1 One, two, three jolly coachmen
 Sat in an English tavern.

Three jolly coachmen,
 Sat in an English tavern.

And they decided,
 And they decided,

And they decided,
 To have another flagon.

2 Landlord fill the flowing bowl
 Until it doth run over.

For tonight we'll merry-i be,
 Tomorrow we'll be sober.

3 Here's to the man who drinks his punch
 And goes to bed quite mellow.

He lives as he ought to live
 For he's a jolly good fellow



4 Here's to the man who drinks water pure,
 And goes to bed quite sober.

He falls as the leaves to fall,
 He'll die before October.

5 Here's to the maid who steals a kiss,
 And runs to tell her mother.

She's a foolish foolish girl,
 For she'll not get another.

6 Punch cures the gout,
 The colic and phthisic, (tistic)

And is to all men
 The very best of physic.

7 He that courts a pretty girl,
 And courts her for his pleasure,

Is a knave unless he marries her
 Without store of treasure.

8 Now let us dance and sing
 And drive away all sorrow,

For perhaps we may not
 Meet again tomorrow.

9 Three jolly coachmen
 Sat in an English tavern

And they decided,
 To have another flagon

B35 TOM DOOLEY

arranged by Frank Warner, John and Alan Lomax

Chorus Hang down your head, Tom Dooley,
 Hang down your head and cry.
 Hang down your head, Tom Dooley,
 Poor boy, you're bound to die.

1 I took her on the hillside,
 As God almighty knows,
 I took her on the hillside,
 And there I hid her clothes.

2 I took her by the roadside,
 Where I begged to be excused.
 I took her by the roadside,
 Where there you hid her shoes.

3 I met her on the mountain,
 To make her my wife.
 I met her on the mountain,
 And stabbed her with my knife.

4 Take down my old violin,
 And play it as you please.
 At this time tomorrow,
 It'll be no use to me.

5 I dug a grave four foot long,
 I dug it three feet deep.
 And throwed the cold clay o'er her,
 And tramped it with my feet.

6 This world and one more then,
Where do you reckon I'd be,
If it hadn't been for Grayson,
I'd a-been in Tennessee.

7 At this time tomorrow,
Reckon where I'll be?
Down in some lonesome valley,
Hangin' from a white oak tree.

B36 VIETNAMESE STREET VENDOR'S SONG

Ca phe banh mi Coffee and bread,
Mot ly thi, mot bahn One cup, one slice,
Nao co an het Hurry and eat it,
An het xong ta le choi. Then you can go and relax.

B37 VIVE L'AMOUR

G
1 Let every good fellow now join in a song.
D7 G
Vive la compagne!

Success to each other and pass it along.
D7 G
Vive la compagne!

G C
Chorus Vive la, Vive la, Vive l'amour
D G
Vive la, Vive la, Vive l'amour
Em Am
Vive l'amour, Vive l'amour,
D7 G
Vive la compagne.

2 A friend on the left and a friend on the right.
Vive la compagne!
In love and good fellowship, let us unite.
Vive la compagne!

3 Now wider and wider our circle expands
Vive la compagne!
We sing to our comrades in far away lands.
Vive la compagne!

4 Let every good fellow now fill up his glass,
Vive la compagne!
And drink to the health of his glorious class,
Vive la compagne!

5 Let every married man drink to his wife,
Vive la compagne!
The joy of his bosom and plague of his life,
Vive la compagne!

6 Let's fill up our glasses and we'll have a toast,
Vive la compagne!
A health to our friend, our kind worthy host,
Vive la compagne!

7 Come all you good fellows and join in with me,
Vive la compagne!
And raise up your glasses in close harmony,
Vive la compagne!

8 With friends all around us we'll sing out our song,
Vive la compagne!
We'll banish our troubles, it won't take us long,
Vive la compagne!



B38 WALTZING MATILDA by A.B. "Banjo" Patterson

C G Am F
1 Once a jolly swagman sat beside the billabong,
C G
Under the shade of a coolibah tree,
C G Am F
And he sang as he watched and waited til his billy boiled,
C G C
"You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me!"

C F
Chorus Waltzing matilda, waltzing Matilda,
C G
You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me.
C G Am F
And he sang as he watched and waited til his billy boiled,
C G C
"You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me!"

2 Down came a jumbuck to drink at the billabong,
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee,
And he sang as he stowed that jumbuck in his tuckerbag,
"You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me!"

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

4 Up jumped the swagman, sprang into the billabong,
"You'll never catch me alive," said he.
And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that billabong,
"You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me!"

B39 THE SEINE

D Bm7 Em7 A7
1 One night along the river at St.Germain DuPre,
D Bm7 Em7 A7
I first met my beloved at a small sidewalk cafe,
D Bm7 Em7 A7
We walked along the river, shadows passing by,
D Bm7 Em7 A7 D Em7 A7
But we only saw each other, the shining water and the sky.

D Bm Em7 A7
Chorus The Seine, the Seine, when will I again
D Bm Gmaj7 F#m7 Em7
Meet her there, greet her there
A7 D Em7 A7
On the moonlit banks of the Seine

2 Standing there across the river, mid sound of horn and tram,
In all her quiet beauty, the cathedral Notre Dame,
And as we passed beneath her, I said a little prayer,
That when this dream was over, I'd awake and find you there.

3 We walked along the river til dawn was drawing nigh,
Beneath the Eiffel Tower, we said our last goodbye,
There on that splendid morning, I saw you all in tears,
And the beauty of that hour will shine within me
Throughout the years.

Section B

Traditional Songs

B40 THE FAR NORTHLAND

- 1 It's the far northland that's a-calling me away,
As take I with my packsack to the road.
It's the call on me of the forest in the north,
As I step in the sunlight for my load.
 - 2 By Lake Duncan and clear water, to the bearskin I will go,
Where you see the loon and hear it's plaintive wail.
If you're thinking in your inner heart, there's swagger in my step,
You've never been along the border trail.
- It's the far northland that's a-calling me away,
As I take my packsack to the road.

B41 THE KEEPER

- C F C
1 The keeper did a hunting go,
F C
And under his cloak he carried a bow,

All for to shoot a merry little doe,
G C
Among the leaves so green-o.

C
Chorus Jackie boy (Master) Sing ye well (Very well)
G

Hey down (Ho down) Derry derry down
C G C
Among the leaves so green-o

To my hey down down (To my ho down down)
Hey down (Ho down) Derry derry down
Among the leaves so green-o

- 2 The first doe she did cross the plain,
The keeper fetched her back again.
Where she is now, she may remain,
Among the leaves so green-o.
- 3 The next doe she did cross the brook.
The keeper fetched her back with his hook.
Where she is now you may go and look
Among the leaves so green-o.
- 4 The keeper did a hunting go.
In the woods he caught a doe.
She looked so sad that he let her go.
Among the leaves so green-o.



B42 GREEN GROW THE RASHES, O by Robert Burns

C
Chorus Green grow the rashes, O
Dm F
Green grow the rashes, O
C
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent
Dm Am
Are spent among the lasses, O.

- 1 There's naught but care on ev'ry han'
In ev'ry hour that passes, O
What signifies the life o' man,
An' 'twere not for the lasses, O!
- 2 The warldly race may riches chase
An' riches still may fly them, O
An' though at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O!.

- 3 Gie me a cannie hour at e'en
My arms around my dearie, O,
An' warldly cares, an' warldly men
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O!
- 4 An' you sae douce, wha sneer at this
Ye're naught but senseless arses, O!
The wisest man the world e'er saw,
He dearly lo'ed the lasses, O!
- 5 Auld nature swears the lovely dears,
Her noblest wark she classes, O
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man
And then she made the lasses, O.
- 6 In sober hours I am a priest,
A hero when I'm tippy-O;
But I'm a king and ev'ry thing
When wi' a wanton gypsie, O.

B43 JOCK STEWART

- C G
1 Now, my name is Jock Stewart,
C G F
I'm a canny gaun man,
C G C
And a roving young fellow, I've been.

Chorus So be easy and free
When you're drinkin wi' me.
I'm a man you don't meet every day.

- 2 I have acres of land;
I have men at command;
I have always a shilling to spare.
- 3 Now, I took out my gun,
With my dog I did shoot,
All down by the River Kildare
- 4 I'm a piper by trade
And a roving young blade
And many a tune I do play
- 5 Let us catch well the hours
And the minutes that fly
And we'll share them together this day
- 6 So, come fill up your glasses
Of brandy and wine,
And whatever the cost, I will pay.



B44 A-SOALIN'

- Em Bm Em
1 Hey, ho, nobody home,
Bm Em Bm
Meat nor drink nor money have I none.
Em
Still I will be merry,
Bm Em
Hey, ho, nobody home.
Bm Em
Hey, ho, nobody home.

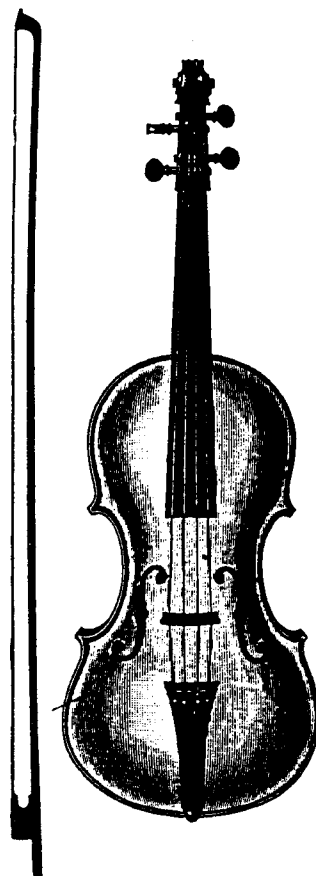
Chorus Soul, a-soul a soul cake
Please good Missus a soul cake.
An apple, a pear, a plum, a cherry,
Any good thing to make us all merry.
One for Peter, two for Paul,
Three for him who made us all.

2 God bless the master of this house,
And the mistress also,
And all the little children
That around your table grow.
The cattle in your stable,
The dog by your front door,
And all that dwell within your gates,
We wish you ten times more.

3 Go down into the cellar,
And see what you can find.
If the barrels are not empty,
We hope you will be kind.
We hope you will be kind
With your apples and strawber's
For we'll come no more a-soalin'
'Til this time next year.

4 The streets are very dirty,
My shoes are very thin.
I have a little pocket
To put a penny in.
If you haven't got a penny,
A ha'penny will do.
If you haven't got a ha'penny,
Then God bless you.

5 Now to the Lord sing praises,
All you within this place,
And with true love and brotherhood
Each other now embrace,
This holy tide of Christmas
Of beauty and of grace,
Oh, glad tidings of comfort and joy.



3 The skyplane caught fire over Los Gatos canyon,
Like a fireball of lightning, it shook all our hills.
And all of his friends are now scattered like dry leaves,
The radio says they are just deportees.

Is the best way we can grow our big orchards?
Is this the best way we can pick our good fruit?
To fall like dry leaves and rot on your top soil,
And be known by no name except deportees.

B46 RATTLIN' BOG

Chorus G C
Oh, row, the rattlin' bog,
G D
The bog down in the valley, oh!
G C
Oh, row, the rattlin' bog,
G D G
The bog down in the valley, oh!

G
1 Now in this bog there was a tree,
D
A rare tree, a rattlin' tree.
G
A tree in the bog,
D G
And the bog down in the valley, oh!

2 Now on this tree there was a limb,
A rare limb, a rattlin' limb.
A limb on the tree,
And a tree in the bog,
And the bog down in the valley, oh!

3 Now on this limb there was a branch....

4 Now on this branch there was a twig....

5 Now on this twig there was a leaf....

6 Now on this leaf there was a bug....

7 Now on this bug there was a hair...

B47 WILDWOOD FLOWER

C G C
1 I will twine and will mingle my waving black hair.
G C
With the roses so red, and the lily so fair.
C7 F C
The myrtle so green of an emerald hue,
G C
The pale emanita, and eyes look so blue.

2 Oh, he promised to love me, he promised to love,
To cherish me always, all others above.
I woke from my dream and my idol was clay,
My passion for loving had vanished away.

3 Oh, he taught me to love him, he called me his flower,
A blossom to cheer him through life's dreary hour.
But now he has gone and left me alone,
The wild flowers to weep, and the wild birds to moan.

4 I'll dance and I'll sing, and my life shall be gay,
I'll charm every heart in the crowd I survey;
Though my heart now is breaking, he never shall know
How his name makes me tremble, my pale cheeks to glow.

5 I'll dance and I'll sing and my heart shall be gay,
I'll banish this weeping, drive troubles away;
I'll live yet to see him, regret this dark hour,
When he won and neglected this pale wildwood flower.

B45 DEPORTEES by Woody Guthrie and Martin Hoffman

C Am F C
1 The crops are in and the peaches are rotting,
C Am G C
The oranges are piled in their creosote dumps.
F C Am
They're flying you back to the Mexico border,
C Am G C
To pay all your money and wade back again.

My father's own father he waded that river,
It took all the money he made in his life.
My brothers and sisters they worked on the fruit trees,
They rolled on the trucks 'til they took down and died.

F C
Chorus Goodbye to my Juan, goodbye Rosalita,
G C C7
Adios, mi amigos, Jesus y Maria,
F C Am
You won't have a name when you ride the big airplane,
C Am G C
And all they will call you will be deportees.

2 Some of us are illegal, and others not wanted,
Our work contract's out, and we have to move on.
Six hundred miles to the Mexico border,
They chase us like outlaws, like rustlers, like thieves.

We died in your hills and we died in your deserts,
We died in your valleys, we died on your plains.
We died in your trees and we died in your bushes,
Both sides of the river, we died just the same.

Section B

Traditional Songs

B48 RAGTIME COWBOY JOE

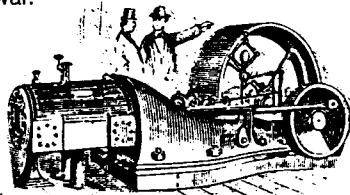
by Grant Clark, Lewis Muir, and Maurice Abrahms

C F C F
 1 Out in Arizona where the bad men are,
 C A7 D G7
 And the only friend to guide you is the evening star,
 C F C
 The roughest, toughest man by far,
 Am D7 G7 C
 Is Ragtime Cowboy Joe.
 G C G C
 Got his name from singing to the cows and sheep,
 G E A7 D7 G7
 Every night they say he sings the herd to sleep,
 C F C F
 In a basso rich and deep,
 G7 B7 E
 Crooning soft and low.

G7 C
 Chorus He loves to sing raggy music to his cattle
 D7
 As he swings back and forth in his saddle,
 G7
 On a horse that is a syncopated gaiter,
 C Am D7 G7
 With such a funny meter to the roar of his repeater.
 C
 How they run, when they hear this fella's gun,
 D7
 Because the western folk all know,
 F
 He's a high-falutin', rootin', tootin',
 F
 Son-of-a-gun from Arizona
 D7 G7 D7 G7
 Ragtime Cowboy, talk about your cowboy,
 D7 C
 Ragtime Cowboy Joe.



2 Dressed up every Sunday in his Sunday clothes,
 He beats it for the village where he always goes.
 And every girl in town is Joe's,
 'cause he's a ragtime bear.
 When he starts a speling on the dance hall floor,
 No one but a lunatic would start a war.
 Wise men know his forty-four
 Makes men dance for fair.

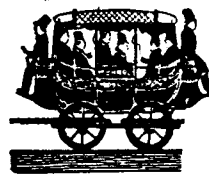


Steam-engine.

B49 JOHN HENRY

E
 1 When John Henry was a little baby,
 B7
 Sitting on his papa's knee,
 E A7
 Well he picked up a hammer an a little piece of steel,
 E A7
 Said, "Hammer's gonna be the death of me, Lord, Lord,
 E B7 E
 Hammer's gonna be the death of me."
 2 The captain said to John Henry,
 "I'm gonna bring that steam drill around,
 I'm gonna bring that steam drill out on the job,
 I'm gonna whup that steel on down, Lord Lord,
 I'm gonna whup that steel on down."
 3 John Henry said to his captain,
 "Lord, a man ain't nothing but a man.
 But before I'd let your steam drill beat me down,
 I'd die with a hammer in my hand, Lord, Lord,
 I'd die with a hammer in my hand.

4 John Henry said to his shaker,
 "Shaker, why don't you sing?
 Because I'm swinging thirty pounds from my hip on down,
 Just listen to that cold steel ring, Lord, Lord,
 Just listen to that cold steel ring."
 5 Now the captain said to John Henry,
 "I believe that mountain's caving in."
 John Henry said right back to the captain,
 "And nothing but my hammer sucking wind, Lord, Lord,
 "And nothing but my hammer sucking wind."
 6 Now the man that invented the steam drill,
 He thought he was mighty fine.
 But John Henry drove fifteen feet;
 The steam drill only made nine, Lord, Lord.
 The steam drill only made nine.
 7 John Henry hammered in the mountains,
 His hammer was striking fire,
 But he worked so hard that he broke his poor heart,
 And he laid down his hammer and he died, Lord, Lord,
 And he laid down his hammer and he died.
 8 Now John Henry had a little woman,
 Her name was Polly Anne,
 John Henry took sick and had to go to bed,
 Polly Anne drove steel like a man, Lord, Lord,
 Polly Anne drove steel like a man.
 9 John Henry had a little baby,
 You could hold him in the palm of your hand;
 And the last words I heard the poor boy say,
 "My daddy was a steel-driving man, Lord, Lord,
 My daddy was a steel-driving man."
 10 So every Monday morning,
 When the blue birds begin to sing,
 You can hear John Henry a mile or more,
 You can hear John Henry's hammer ring, Lord, Lord,
 You can hear John Henry's hammer ring.



B50 FREIGHT TRAIN by Elizabeth Cotton

C G
 Chorus Freight train, freight train, run so fast,
 C
 Freight train, freight train, run so fast,
 E F
 Please don't tell which train I'm on,
 C G C
 So they won't know where I've gone.
 1 When I'm dead and in my grave,
 No more good times here I crave,
 Place the stones at my head and feet
 And tell them I've gone to sleep.
 2 When I die please bury me deep,
 Down at the end of Chestnut Street,
 So I can hear old Number Nine
 As she goes rolling by.
 3 When I die, Lord, bury me deep,
 Way down on old Chestnut Street,
 Place the stones at my head and feet
 And tell them I've gone to sleep.

C1 GRAND OLD DUKE OF YORK

G
Oh the grand old Duke of York
C
He had ten thousand men
D
He marched them up the hill
G
And he marched them down again.
C
Oh when they're up, they're up,
D
And when they're down, they're down.
G
And when they're only halfway up
G
They're neither up or down.

(Start out slowly - have everybody squatting down. When you say "up", everybody stand up. When you say "down" everybody squat down. When you say "halfway up", everybody stand halfway up. Get the song going faster and faster until it can't be done anymore.)



C2 CABIN IN THE WOODS

C G
In a cabin by a woods,
G7 C
Sat a man by the window stood.
F
Saw a rabbit hopping by,
G C
Knocking at his door.

"Help me! Help me! Help!", he cried
G7 C
'ere the hunter shoot me dead!"
F
"Come on in and stay awhile,
G C
Safely you'll abide."

The actions for this song coincide with the lines. When everyone has the actions and words down, drop the words out one line at a time, but leave the actions in.

Line 1: Trace both sides of a square with your forefingers.

Line 2: Hold your hands together in your lap.

Line 3: Make rabbit ears with your right hand and "hop" with them.

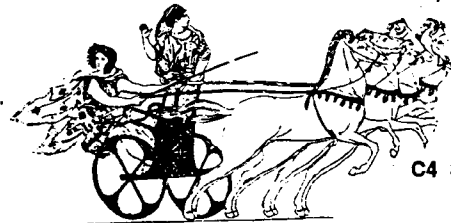
Line 4: With your right hand, "knock" at his door.

Line 5: Throw both hands up in the air three times.

Line 6: Pretend like you're holding a rifle and shoot three times.

Line 7: Make a big sweeping "come inside" gesture with your right arm.

Line 8: Pet the make-believe rabbit (left hand) with your right hand - three times.



C3 FATHER ABRAHAM

G
Chorus Father Abraham had seven sons, sir.
D
Seven sons had Father Abraham.
C
They never laughed! NO!
G
They never cried! NO!
D G
All they did was go like this:

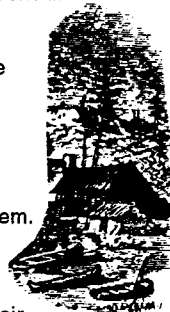
- 1 With a left! (to chorus - marching With only your left arm swinging.)
- 2 With a left and a right! (to chorus - Marching with left and right arms.)
- 3 With a left and a right and a left! (Right arm, left arm, left leg.)
- 4 With a left and a right and a left and A right! (Left arm & leg, right arm & leg.)
- 5 With a left and a right and a left and A right and a head! (...add head)
- 6 With a left and a right and a left and A right, and a head and a middle! (Add middle)
- 7 With a left and a right and a left and A right, and a head and a middle and A body! (Let it all hang out!)

C4 SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT

G C G
Chorus Swing low, sweet chariot
D
Comin' for to carry me home.
G C G
Swing low, sweet chariot
D G
Comin' for to carry me home.

- 1 I looked over Jordan and what did I see?
Comin' for to carry me home.
A band of angels comin' after me,
Comin' for to carry me home.
- 2 If you get there before I do,
Comin' for to carry me home.
Tell all my friends I'm comin' there too,
Comin' for to carry me home.
- 3 Sometimes I'm up, sometimes I'm down.
Comin' for to carry me home.
Sometimes I'm low right to the ground,
Comin' for to carry me home.
- 4 But if I get there before you do,
Comin' for to carry me home.
I'll drill a hole and pull you through,
Comin' for to carry me home.

Swing your arms like a sling over your head, then swing it low like a pendulum. Hold your fingers to your mouth for "sweet", then dangle them like cherries on a tree in front of you. In the rest, hold your fist to your mouth and spit out the seed. Hold tight to the reins for "comin'", hold your fingers up for "four" and "two". Cross your arms like cradling a baby for "carry", point to yourself for "me", and make a house with your hands for home. Repeat the process. On individual lyrics, make up your own actions, but be sure to teach them to the audience.

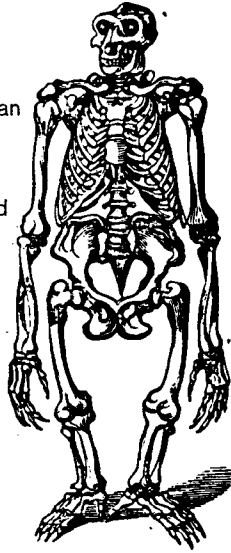


Section C

Action Songs

C5 DEM BONES

- 1** Well the Lord he thought he'd make a man
 (Dem bones gonna rise again!)
- So he took a little water, took a little sand
 (Dem bones gonna rise again!)
- Chorus** I know'd it, know'd it
 Indeed, I know'd it brother!
 I know'd it, WHEEEEEEE!
 Dem bones gonna rise again!
- 2** Well Adam felt so powerful blue...
 Didn't know exactly what to do!...
- 3** So God took a rib from Adam's side...
 Made Miss Eve to be his bride!...
- 4** He put 'dem in this garden fair...
 Thought they'd be most happy there!...
- 5** God said, "Eat these peaches, pears and such"...
 "But of THAT tree you MUSN'T touch!..."
- 6** But around that tree ol' Satan slunk...
 And at Miss Eve his eye he wunk...
- 7** "Eve, them apples look mighty fine!"...
 "Just take ONE, the Lord won't mind!"...
- 8** So she took a pick, and she took a pull...
 And then she stuffed her fig leaf full!...
- 9** Well, the next day when the Lord came round...
 He spied them cores all around the ground!...
- 10** God said, "Adam, Adam, where art thou?"...
 He said, "Here I is Lord, I'm comin' now!"...
- 11** God said, "Adam, who these cores did leave?"...
 "Wasn't me Lord, s'pect it was Eve!"...
- 12** He said, "Adam, you must leave this place!"...
 "And earn your livin' by the sweat of your face!"...
- 13** So he took a pick, and he took a plow...
 That's why we's all workin' now!...
- 14** And to this song, there is no more...
 'Cause Eve got the apple, and we got the core!...



C6 SHE'LL BE COMING ROUND THE MOUNTAIN

- 1** She'll be coming 'round the mountain when she comes.
 (YEE-HAW! - Whip your horses)
- She'll be coming 'round the mountain when she comes.
 (YEE-HAW!)
- She'll be coming 'round the mountain,
 She'll be coming 'round the mountain
 She'll be coming 'round the mountain when she comes.
- 2** She'll be driving six white horses when she comes.
 (WHOA BACK! YEE-HAW! - pull horses' reins)
- 3** Oh, we'll all come out to meet her when she comes.
 (HI BABE! WHOA BACK! YEE-HAW! - wave to her)
- 4** And we'll put on our long red woolies when she comes.
 (SCRATCH, SCRATCH! HI BABE! WHOA BACK! YEE-HAW! - scratch yourself)
- 5** We will kill the old red rooster when she comes.
 (HACK, HACK! SCRATCH, SCRATCH! HI BABE! WHOA BACK! YEE-HAW! - chop rooster's head)
- 6** And we'll all have chicken and dumplings when she comes.
 (YUM, YUM! HACK, HACK! SCRATCH, SCRATCH! HI BABE! WHOA BACK! YEE-HAW! - rub your tummy)

This song, of course, gets faster and faster as it wears on, reaching almost tongue twister proportions.

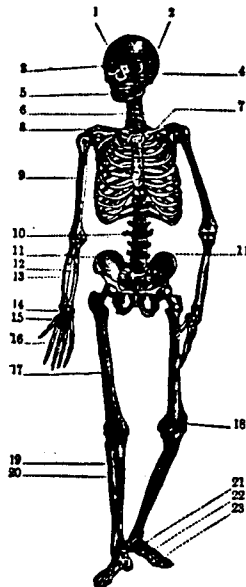
C7 I POINTS TO MINESELF

- I points to mineself, vas is das here?
 Das is mine TOP-NOTCHER my mama dear!
 TOP-NOTCHER, TOP-NOTCHER, inky-dinky doo!
 That's what I learned in the school! Ya-ya!

On "I", point to your eye. On "Here", point to the part of the anatomy in question. On "inky", twirl your finger and point to the sky, on "that's", point your finger toward the leader, on "I" point to your eye again, and on "Ya-ya", make a fist and swing your hand back in forth in front of your stomach.

- 2** ... Sweat-Browser (wipe your forehead)
- 3** ... Eye-Blinker (point to your eye)
- 4** ... Nose-Blower (point to your nose)
- 5** ... Cookie-Duster (point to your moustache)
- 6** ... Lunch-Eater (point to your mouth)
- 7** ... Chin-Chowser (point to your chin)
- 8** ... Rubber-Necker (move finger up and down throat)
- 9** ... Chest-Protector (beat your chest)
- 10** ... Bread-Basket (rub your tummy)
- 11** ... Foot-Stompers (stomp your feet)

Add each verse to the ones that have gone before, like the "TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS".



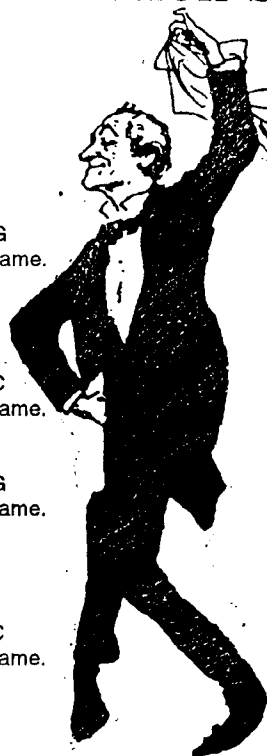
The verses are sung by the leader, and "Dem bones gonna rise again" is sung by the group. On "Dem bones", roll your hands around one another, on "rise", stick your arms straight out, and on "again", raise them up over your head. On "I know'd it", begin alternately touching your left elbow with your right hand, and your right elbow with your left hand. On "WHEEEE!", throw both hands up in the air, then repeat the actions for "Dem bones" once again.

C8 THE DAMPER SONG (Tune: Polly Wolly Doodle)

C
You can push the damper in,
You can pull the damper out,
G
But the smoke goes up the chimney just the same.
You can push the damper in,
You can pull the damper out,
C
But the smoke goes up the chimney just the same.
Oh just the same, oh just the same.
G
But the smoke goes up the chimney just the same.
You can push the damper in,
You can pull the damper out,
C
But the smoke goes up the chimney just the same.

PUSH - push right arm in a fist in front of you,
PULL - pull your arm back,
SMOKE - roll your hands upward,
CHIMNEY - both hands open - arms moving straight up,
JUST THE SAME - arms out, shrug your shoulders.

Sing it through once with everything, then begin eliminating the five above words, one each time through the song, but maintaining the actions.
OPTIONAL: make it faster each time!



- 1 Woddy ... slap knees with both hands
- 2 Ah cha ... slap hands together
- 3 Woddy ... pass right hand over left hand twice
- 4 Ah cha ... pass left hand over right hand twice
- 5 Doodly ... with right hand, touch nose, then left ear
- 6 Doo ... with left hand, touch nose, then right ear
- 7 Doodly ... hold hand head height, close twice in pinching motion
- 8 Doo ... hold arms straight up, close hands twice in pinching motion

Repeat actions four times, maintaining speed and rhythm of each action. Start SLOWLY! Speed up as you repeat the song.

C11 DEEP AND WIDE

C F
Deep and wide, deep and wide,
C G
There's a fountain flowing deep and wide.
C F
Deep and wide, deep and wide,
C G C
There's a fountain flowing deep and wide.

DEEP: Hold one hand at at head and one at feet
WIDE: Hold hands wide apart
FOUNTAIN: Hands descend from head level, fingers drizzling
FLOWING: Hands sweep together from right to left

Leave out one action word each time through the song. Make it faster as you go.

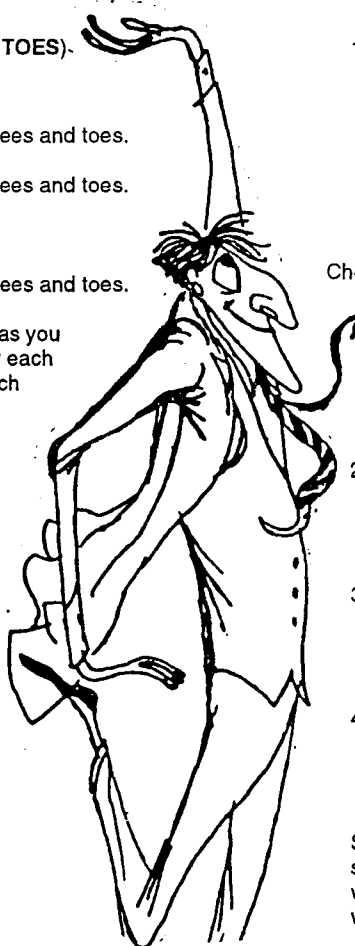
C9 HEAD AND SHOULDERS (KNEES AND TOES). (Tune: There is a Tavern in the Town)

C
Head and shoulders, knees and toes, knees and toes.
G
Head and shoulders, knees and toes, knees and toes.
C F
Eyes and ears and mouths and nose,
G C
Head and shoulders, knees and toes, knees and toes.

(Touch each body part with both hands as you sing it. Leave out one piece of anatomy each time through the song. Sing it faster each time through if you want.)

C10 WODDLY AH CHA (DOODLY DOO)

G
Woddy ah cha, woddy ah cha,
D
Doodly doo, doodly doo.
Woddy ah cha, woddy ah cha,
G
Doodly doo, doodly doo.
Simplest song, there isn't much to it,
C
All ya gotta do is doodly-do it,
D
I like the rest, but the part I like best,
G
is doodly, doodly doo. (Beep, beep.)



C12 MY BONNIE LIES OVER THE OCEAN

G C G
1 My Bonnie lies over the ocean,
D
My Bonnie lies over the sea,
G C G
My Bonnie lies over the ocean,
C D G
O bring back my Bonnie to me.
C
Chorus Bring Back, bring back
D G
O bring back my bonnie to me, to me.
C A
Bring Back, bring back
D G
O bring back my Bonnie to me.

- 2 O blow ye winds over the ocean
O blow ye winds over the sea;
O blow ye winds over the ocean
And bring back my Bonnie to me.
- 3 Last night as I lay on my pillow,
Last night as I lay on my bed;
Last night as I lay on my pillow
I dreamed my poor Bonnie was dead.
- 4 The winds have blown over the ocean,
The winds have blown over the sea;
The winds have blown over the ocean
And brought back my Bonnie to me.

Start standing, then alternately sit or stand every time you sing a word beginning with the letter "B". Leave out one "B" word on each time through the song.

Section C

Action Songs

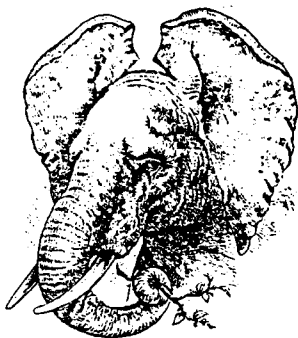
C13 ONE LITTLE THUMB



- G
1 One little thumb keeps moving,
One little thumb keeps moving,
One little thumb keeps moving,
D G
Keeps moving all the time.
- 2 One little thumb, one finger keeps moving,
One little thumb, one finger keeps moving,
One little thumb, one finger keeps moving,
Keeps moving all the time.
- 3 One hand...
- 4 Two hands...
- 5 One arm...
- 6 Two arms...
- 7 One leg...
- 8 Two legs...
- 9 One head...
- 10 One body...

Keep adding to the song with each new part, moving the parts as you see fit.

C14 DO YOUR EARS HANG LOW?



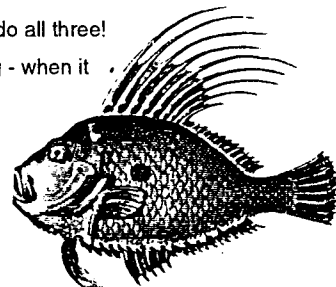
- G
1 Do your ears hang low?
Do they wobble to and fro?
Can you tie 'em in a knot?
D
Can you tie 'em in a bow?
G
Can you toss 'em over your shoulder
- Like a continental soldier,
D G
Do your ears hang low?
- 2 Do your ears hang high?
Do they reach up to the sky?
Do they droop when they're wet?
Do they stiffen when they're dry?
Can you semaphore your neighbor,
With a minimum of labor?
Do your ears hang high?

- Line 1: Put thumbs in ears, wobble your hands
Line 2: Shake head (with hands) back and forth
Line 3: Tie a big imaginary knot in front of you
Line 4: Tie a big imaginary bow tie, with your hands ending up as the tie
Line 5: Hold hands together and throw them over your right shoulder
Line 6: Salute with your right hand
Line 7: Repeat line 1 action
Sing faster and faster as you repeat song!

C15 IF YOU'RE HAPPY AND YOU KNOW IT

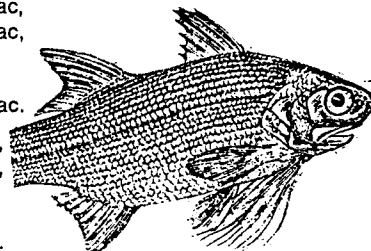
- G D
1 If you're happy and you know it, clap your hands!
G
If you're happy and you know it, clap your hands!
C
If you're happy and you know it,
G
Then your face will really show it,
D G
If you're happy and you know it, clap your hands!
- 2 If you're happy and you know it, stamp your feet!
If you're happy and you know it, stamp your feet!
If you're happy and you know it,
Then your face will really show it,
If you're happy and you know it, stamp your feet.
- 3 If you're happy and you know it, shout "Amen!"
If you're happy and you know it, shout "Amen!"
If you're happy and you know it,
Then your face will really show it,
If you're happy and you know it, shout "Amen!"
- 4 If you're happy and you know it, do all three!
If you're happy and you know it, do all three!
If you're happy and you know it,
Then your face will really show it,
If you're happy and you know it, do all three!

Follow the actions listed in the song - when it says clap or stamp do it twice.



C16 THREE JOLLY FISHERMEN

- G D G
1 There were three jolly fishermen,
D G
There were three jolly fishermen,
Fisher, fisher, men-men-men,
Fisher, fisher, men-men-men,
D G
There were three jolly fishermen.
- 2 The first one's name was Abraham,
The first one's name was Abraham,
Abra, Abra, ham-ham-ham,
Abra, Abra, ham-ham-ham,
The first one's name was Abraham.
- 3 The second one's name was Issac,
The second one's name was Issac,
I, I, sac-sac-sac,
I, I, sac-sac-sac,
The second one's name was Issac.
- 4 The third one's name was Jacob,
The third one's name was Jacob,
Ja, Ja, cob-cob-cob,
Ja, Ja, cob-cob-cob,
The third one's name was Jacob.



- 5 They all went up to Jericho,
They all went up to Jericho,
Jeri, Jeri, cho-cho-cho,
Jeri, Jeri, cho-cho-cho,
They all went up to Jericho.
- 6 They should have gone to Amsterdam,
They should have gone to Amsterdam,
Amster, Amster, shh-shh-shh,
Amster, Amster, shh-shh-shh,
They should have gone to Amsterdam.

(Split the group in two, have the first half jump up on "fisher-fisher" and sing it out loud, and the second half do the same as "men-men-men.)

C17 GOIN' ON A BEAR HUNT (chanted)

1 Go in on a bear hunt, (Goin' on a bear hunt)
Come on! (Come on!)
Let's go! (Let's go!)

2 Comin' to a wheat field, (comin' to a wheat field,)
Can't go around it, (can't go around it,)
Can't go over it, (can't go over it,)
Can't go under it, (can't go under it,)
Gotta go through it, (gotta go through it.)
Come on! (Come on!)
Let's go! (Let's go!)
(Swish, swish, swish!)



3 Comin' to a forest, (comin' to a forest,)
Can't go around it, (can't go around it,)
Can't go over it, (can't go over it,)
Can't go under it, (can't go under it,)
Gotta go through it, (gotta go through it.)
Come on! (Come on!)
Let's go! (Let's go!)
(Lions, and Tigers, and Bears - OH MY!)

4 Comin' to a big tree, (comin' to a big tree,)
Can't go around it, (can't go around it,)
Can't go over it, (can't go over it,)
Can't go under it, (can't go under it,)
Gotta climb up it, (gotta climb up it.)
Come on! (Come on!)
Let's go! (Let's go!)
(Shinny, shinny - slide, slide)



5 Comin' to a river, (Comin' to a river,)
Can't go around it, (can't go around it,)
Can't go over it, (can't go over it,)
Can't go under it, (can't go under it,)
Gotta swim across it, (gotta swim across it.)
Come on! (Come on!)
Let's go! (Let's go!)
(Crawl, sidestroke, breaststroke, backstroke)

6 Comin' to a cave, (comin' to a cave,)
Can't go around it, (can't go around it,)
Can't go over it, (can't go over it,)
Can't go under it, (can't go under it,)
Gotta go in it, (gotta go in it.)
Come on! (Come on!)
Let's go! (Let's go!)



7 It's DARK! (It's DARK!)
It's COLD! (It's COLD!)
Wait a minute... (wait a minute...)
I feel something... (I feel something...)
It's all furry... (it's all furry...)
It's got a wet nose... (it's got a wet nose...)
And great big teeth... (and great big teeth...)
It's... (It's...)
IT'S A BEAR! RUN!



(Reverse all the verses from seven to one!)

(As you chant this song, slap your thighs with your hands rhythmically, as if you were walking. The leader starts, and the group repeats the part in parentheses. Make up the appropriate actions, and make the sounds up using the brackets as clues.)

C18 I AM A MUSIC MAKER (ICH BIN EIN MUSIKANTER)

Chorus C G C
I am the music maker, I come from Germany.
G C
You are the music maker, you come from Germany.
G C
On my sweet _____ you can hear me play.
G C G C
My _____, my _____, I love to play my _____.

- 1 Viola: Vio, vio viola, viola, viola
Vio, vio viola, vio, viola.
- 2 Tuba: Oom-pah, oom-pah, oom-pah-pah.
Oom-pah-pah, oom-pah-pah.
Oom-pah, oom-pah, oom-pah-pah.
Oom-pah, oom-pah-pah.
- 3 Piccolo: Tweet, tweetle-eet-tweet, tweet-tweet-tweet
Tweet-tweet-tweet, tweet-tweet-tweet.
Tweet, tweetle-eet-tweet, tweet-tweet-tweet
Tweet-tweet-tweet-tweet-tweet.
- 4 Piano: Plink, plinkety-ink-plink, plink-plink-plink,
Plink-plink-plink, plink-plink-plink.
Plink, plinkety-ink-plink, plink-plink-plink,
Plink-plink-plink-plink-plink.
- 5 Bass: Boom-boom-boom-book, boom-boom-boom.
Drum Boom-boom-boom, boom-boom-boom.
Boom-boom-boom-book, boom-boom-boom.
Boom-boom-boom, boom-boom-boom.

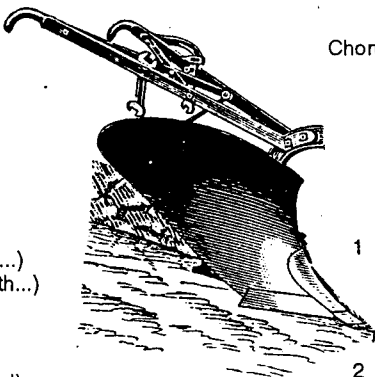
Cho2 We are music makers, we come from Germany,
And upon our orchestra, you can hear us play.

All parts play at once.

Assign different instruments to different audience sections. Make up motions to mimic the playing of each instrument that they are singing about.

C19 OATS AND BEANS AND BARLEY GROW

C
Chorus Oats and beans and barley grow,
F G
Oats and beans and barley grow,
C Am
Do you, or I, or anyone know,
F G C
How oats and beans and barley grow?



- 1 First the farmer sows the seeds,
Then he stands and takes his ease,
He stamps his foot and claps his hands,
And turns around to view the land.
- 2 Then the farmer waters the seeds,
Then he stands and takes his ease,
He stamps his foot and claps his hands,
And turns around to view the land.
- 3 Then the farmer pulls the weeds...
- 4 Then the farmer reaps his crop...

The actions in this song are dictated by the verses: mime the action in the first line, then with fists on your hips, "take your ease", then stamp your foot, clap your hands, then turn around "to view the land." Optionally, you can have the group join hands and turn in a circle during the chorus.

Section C

Action Songs

C20 JOHN BROWN'S BABY

(Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic)

G
John Brown's baby had a cold upon it's chest,
C G
John Brown's baby had a cold upon it's chest,
Em
John Brown's baby had a cold upon it's chest,
C D G
So he rubbed it up with camphorated oil.

- First time: Sing the song with no motions.
Second time: Omit "baby", and make a rocking motion with your arms instead.
Third time: Omit "cold" and substitute a coughing sound.
Fourth time: Omit "chest" and strike your chest with your fist.
Fifth time: Omit entire last line and rub your chest with your palm.

The motions are additive, so in the second time through, for example, you should be omitting "baby" AND "cold", substituting the appropriate motions for each.

C21 O CHESTER!

(Tune: Yankee Doodle)

C G
O Chester, did you 'ear about Harry?
C G
He "chest" got back from the army.
C F
I 'ear he knows how to wear a rose,
G C
Hip, hip hooray for the army!

- First time: Sing straight through song.
Second time: Act out the FIRST line: Strike chest with fist on "Chester", touch ears on "ear", and pat head on "Harry".
Third time: Act out first and SECOND line: Strike chest on "chest", touch back on "back", then fold arms on "army".
Fourth time: Act out first, second and THIRD LINE: Touch ear on "ear", touch nose on "knows", then touch lapel on "rose."
Fifth time: Act out first, second, third, and FOURTH line: Raise fist for cheers, then fold arms on "army."



C22 THROW IT OUT THE WINDOW

C
1 Old Mother Hubbard went to her cupboard
G
To get her poor dog a bone.
G7
But when she got there, the cupboard was bare, so she

C
Chorus She threw it out the window, the window,
G
The second story window.
G7
When she got there, the cupboard was bare,
C
So she threw it out the window.

(Replace third line of chorus with third line of verse.)



2 Mary had a little lamb,
It's fleece was white as snow.
And everywhere that Mary went, she...

3 Little Miss Muffet sat on her tuffet,
Eating her curds and whey.
Along came a spider and sat down beside her, and...

4 Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater,
Had a wife and couldn't keep her.
He put her in a pumpkin shell, and...

5 Jack Sprat could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean.
But between the two of them, they...



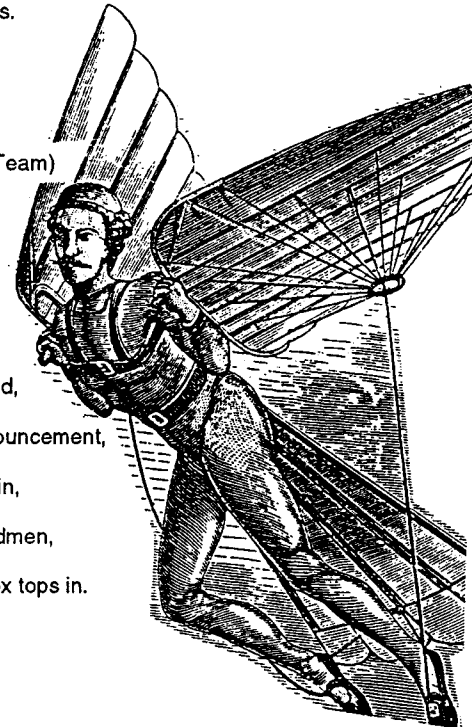
6 ADD YOUR OWN MOTHER GOOSE RHYMES!

On this song, everyone starts sitting, but whenever you sing "WINDOW", they stand, then quickly sit back down again. Whenever you sing "THREW", ever one makes throwing motions with their arms.

C23 JUNIOR BIRDMEN

(Tune: On Brave Old Army Team)

- 1 Up in the air junior birdmen,
- 2 Up in the air upside down.
- 3 Up in the air junior birdmen,
- 4 With your noses to the ground,
- 5 And when you hear that announcement,
- 6 That the wings are made of tin,
- 7 Then you will know junior birdmen,
- 8 That it's time to send your box tops in.
- 9 It takes four boxtops,
- 10 Three bottle bottoms,
- 11 Two paper wrappers,
- 12 And one thin dime, d-i-ummm.

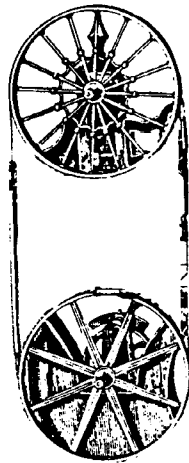


- Line 1: Form goggles for face with thumb and forefingers of both hands with extended fingers up.
Line 2: Form upside-down goggles by rotating hands with extended fingers down, touching lower jaw.
Line 3: Same as Line 1.
Line 4: Put nose on the ground.
Line 5: Put hands to ears.
Line 6: Flap arms like wings.
Line 7: Same as Line 1.
Line 8: Look at your watch.
Line 9: Extend four fingers.
Line 10: Extend three fingers.
Line 11: Extend two fingers.
Line 12: Extend one finger.

D1 LITTLE TOMMY TINKER

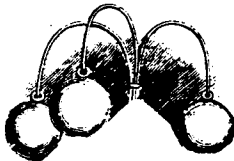
C
 Little Tommy Tinker / sat on a clinker
 And he began / to cry.
 "Oh Ma!" / "Oh Ma!"
 G C
 Poor little innocent / guy!

Groups can be added at the slash marks, or at every other slash mark, depending on how many groups you want to split your audience into. Rounds are not usually accompanied by any type of instrument.



D2 ROW, ROW, ROW YOUR BOAT

C
 Row, row, row your boat
 Gently down the stream.
 Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily
 G C
 Life is but a dream.



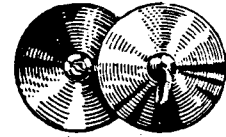
D3 THREE BLIND MICE

- G D G G D G
 1 Three blind mice / three blind mice,
 G C G G C G
 See how they run / see how they run,
 D G
 They all ran after the farmers wife,
 D G
 Who cut off their tails with a carving knife,
 D G
 Did you ever see such a sight in your life, as...
- 2 Three decrepit rodents. three decrepit rodents.
 Observe how they motivate. observe how they motivate.
 They all pursued the agriculturist's spouse,
 Who cut off their appendages with a culinary cleaver.
 Have you ever witnessed such a phenomenon in your existence,
 As three decrepit rodents?
- 3 Three myopic rodents. three myopic rodents.
 Observe how they perambulate. observe how they perambulate.
 They all circumnavigated the agriculturist's significant other,
 Who amputated their extremities with a carving utensil.
 Did you ever observe such an occurrence in your existence,
 As three myopic rodents?
- 4 Three rodents with serious visual impairments.
 Three rodents with serious visual impairments.
 Notice the manner in which they perambulate.
 Notice the manner in which they perambulate.
 They all pursued the agriculturist's spouse,
 Who dissected their caudal appendages with a carving utensil.
 Have you previously witnessed a spasm of events in your era,
 Similar to three rodents with serious visual impairments?

return to beginning of song

D4 AMERICA, AMERICA

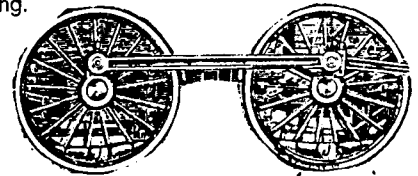
Em D Em
 America / America
 D Em B7
 How can I tell you / how I feel?
 Em D C B7
 You have shown to / me many blessings
 Em D Em
 I love / you.



D5 HEY HO

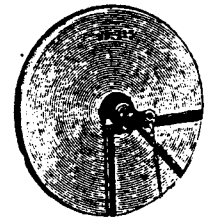
Am
 Hey, Ho / nobody Home
 Meat nor drink nor / money have I none
 Still I will be / me-ry

Return to beginning of song.



D6 THE PADDLE SONG

- C
 1 Our paddles keen and bright,
 G C
 Flashing like silver.
 Swift as the wild goose flight,
 G C
 dip, dip and swing.
- 2 Dip, dip and swing her back
 Flashing like silver
 Follow the wild goose track
 Dip, dip and swing.



D7 PUFFERBILLIES

G D G
 Down by the station / early in the morning,
 C G
 See the little pufferbillies / all in a row.
 D G
 See the station master / pull a little handle,
 D G
 Puff, puff - toot, toot / off they go.

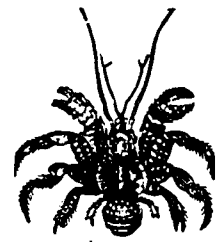


D8 RAINBOW SONG

C
 Red and yellow / and pink and green,
 F C G
 Purple and orange / and blue.
 C F C F
 I can sing a rainbow / sing a rainbow,
 C G C
 Sing a rainbow / too.

Section D

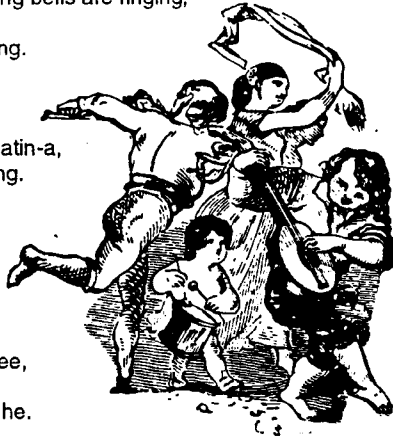
Rounds



D9 ARE YOU SLEEPING / FRERE JAQUES

1 Are you sleeping? / are you sleeping,
 Brother John / brother John?
 Morning bells are ringing / morning bells are ringing,
 Ding, ding, dong / ding, ding, dong.

2 Frere Jacques / frere Jacques,
 Dormez-vous? / dormez vous?
 Sonnez la matin-a / sonnez la matin-a,
 Ding, ding dong / Ding, ding, dong.



D10 KOOKABURA

1 Kookabura sits in the old gum tree,
 Merry, merry king of the bush is he.
 Laugh Kookabura! Laugh Kookabura!
 Gay your life must be.

2 Kookabura sits in the old gum tree,
 Counting all the coconuts he can see.
 Laugh Kookabura! Laugh Kookabura!
 Gay your life must be.

D11 OH HOW LOVELY IS THE EVENING

Oh how lovely is the evening, is the evening,
 When the bells are sweetly ringing, sweetly ringing.
 Ding, dong, ding - Ding, dong, ding.

D12 PROPEL YOUR CRAFT

Propel, propel, propel your craft,
 Placidly down the liquid solution.
 Ecstatically, ecstatically, ecstatically, 'ecstatically,
 Existence is but a delusion.



D13 MUSIC ALONE SHALL LIVE

1 All things shall perish from under the sky.
 Music alone shall live, music alone shall live,
 Music alone shall live, never to die.

2 Himmel und Erde müssen vergehn;
 Aber die musici, aber die musici
 Aber die musici, blei be bestehn.

D14 ITSY BITSY SPIDER

The itsy bitsy spider climbed up the water spout.
 Down came the rain and washed the spider out.
 Out came the sun and dried up all the rain,
 And the itsy bitsy spider climbed up the spout again.

D15 I'M A LITTLE TEAPOT

I'm a little teapot short and stout.
 Here is my handle, here is my spout.
 When I get all steamed up, hear me shout,
 "Just tip me over, pour me out!"

D16 MAKE NEW FRIENDS

1 Make new friends, but keep the old
 One is silver and the other gold.

2 New-made friends, like new-made wine,
 Age will mellow and refine.

D17 A RAM SAM SAM

1 A ram sam sam, a ram sam sam,
 Guli guli guil guli guli ram sam sam.
 A ram sam sam, a ram sam sam,
 Guli guli guil guli guli ram sam sam.

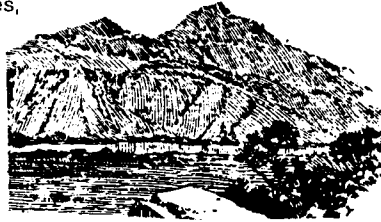
2 A rafi, a rafi,
 Guli guli guil guli guli ram sam sam.
 A rafi, a rafi,
 Guli guli guil guli guli ram sam sam

D18 GHOST OF JOHN

Have you seen the ghost of John,
 Long white bones and the rest all gone?
 Oo -oo-oo-oo-oo!
 Wouldn't it be chilly with no skin on?

E1 COUNTRY ROADS by Denver, Danoff, Nivert

G Em
 1 Almost heaven, West Virginia,
 D C G
 Blue Ridge mountains, Shenandoah river.
 Em
 Life is old there, older than the trees,
 D
 Younger than the mountains,
 C G
 Blowing like a breeze.



Chorus G D
 Country Roads, take me home,
 Em C
 To the place I belong.
 G D
 West Virginia, mountain mama,
 C G
 Take me home, country roads.

2 All my memories gather 'round her,
 Miner's lady, strangers to blue water.
 Dark and dusty, painted on the sky,
 Misty taste of moonshine,
 Tear drops in my eye.

Em D
 3 I hear her voice

G
 In the morning hours she calls me.
 C G
 The radio reminds me
 D
 Of my home far away.
 Em F
 Driving down the road
 C
 I get a feeling that
 G
 I should have been home
 D D7
 Yesterday, yesterday.



E2 TODAY by Randy Sparks

C Am Dm G
 Chorus Today while the blossoms still cling to the vine,
 C Am Dm G
 I'll taste your strawberries, I'll drink your sweet wine.
 C C7 F Fm
 A million tomorrows shall all pass away
 C Am Dm G C
 Ere I forget all the joy that is mine today.

1 I'll be a dandy, and I'll be a rover.
 You'll know who I am by the song that I sing.
 I'll feast at your table, I'll sleep in your clover.
 Who cares what tomorrow shall bring.

2 I can't be contented with yesterday's glory.
 I can't live on promises, winter to spring.
 Today is my moment, and now is my story.
 I'll laugh and I'll cry and I'll sing.

E3 THE MTA words by Jacqueline Berman-Steiner, Bess Hawes (Tune: The Wreck of the Old 97)

G C
 1 Let me tell you the story of a man named Charley,
 G D
 On a tragic and fateful day.
 G C
 He put ten cents in his pocket, kissed his wife and family,
 G D G
 Went to ride on the MTA

Chorus 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.

2 Charley 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."
 Charley could not get off that train.

3 Now all night long Charley rides through the tunnels,
 Saying, "What will become of me?
 How can I afford to see my sister in Chelsea,
 Or my cousin in Roxbury?"

4 Charley's wife goes down to the Kendall Square station,
 Every day at quarter past two.
 And through the open window she hands Charley a sandwich,
 As the train comes rumblin' through.

5 Now you citizens of Boston, don't you think it's a scandal,
 That the people have to pay and pay.
 Fight the fare increase, vote for George O'Brien,
 Get poor Charley off the MTA!

E4 CAMP GRENADA by Alan Sherman

G D
 1 Hello muddah, hello faddah,
 D7 G
 Here I am at Camp Granada.
 Em C
 Camp is very entertaining,
 G D G
 And they say we'll have some fun If it stops raining.

2 I went hiking with Joe Spivy,
 He developed poison ivy.
 You remember Leonard Skinner,
 He got ptomaine poisoning last night after dinner.

3 All the counselors hate the waiters,
 And the lake has alligators.
 And the head coach wants no sissies,
 So he reads to us from something called Ulysses.

4 Now I don't want this should scare ya,
 But my bunkmate has malaria.
 You remember Jeffrey Hardy?
 They're about to organize a searching party.

Em Bm
 5 Take me home, oh muddah, faddah.
 Em Bm
 Take me home, I hate Granada.
 Em Bm F
 Don't leave me out in the forest where
 B7
 I might get eaten by a bear.

Take me home I promise I will not make noise,
 Or mess the house with other boys.
 Oh please don't make me stay
 I've been here one whole day.

6 Dearest faddah, darling muddah,
 How's my precious little bruddah?
 Let me come home, if you miss me,
 I would even let Aunt Bertha hug and kiss me.

7 Wait a minute, it's stopped hailing.
 Guys are swimming, guys are sailing.
 Playing baseball, gee that's better.
 Muddah, faddah kindly disregard this letter!

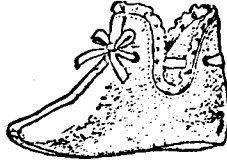
E5 BLOWING IN THE WIND by Bob Dylan

C F C Am
1 How many roads must a man walk down
C F G
Before they call him a man?
C F C Am
How many seas must a white dove sail
C F G
Before she sleeps in the sand?
C F C Am
How many times must the cannonballs fly
C F G
Before they are forever banned?

F G C Am
Chorus The answer, my friend, is blowing in the wind.
F G C
The answer is blowing in the wind.



2 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?
3 How many times must a man look up
Before he can see the sky?
How many ears must one man have
Before he can hear people cry?
How many deaths will it take 'til he knows
That too many people have died?

**E6 PUFF THE MAGIC DRAGON**

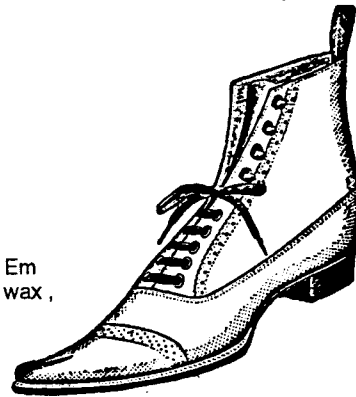
by Peter Yarrow & Leonard Lipton

G Bm
1 Puff, the magic dragon,
C G
Lived by the sea
C G Em
And frolicked in the autumn mist
A D
In a land called Honalee.
G Bm
Little Jackie Paper
C G
Loved that rascal Puff,
C G Em
And brought him strings and sealing wax,
A D G D
And other fancy stuff, oh...

Chorus Puff, the magic dragon,
Lived by the sea,
And frolicked in the autumn mist
In a land called Honalee.
(Sing chorus twice.)

2 Together they would travel
On boat with billowed sail.
Jackie kept a lookout perched
On Puff's gigantic tail.
Noble kings and princes
Would bow whenever they came.
Pirate ships would lower their flags
When Puff roared out his name, oh...

3 A dragon lives forever,
But not so little boys.
Painted wings and giants's rings
Make way for other toys.
One grey night it happened,
Jackie Paper came no more,
And Puff that mighty dragon,
He ceased his fearless roar.



4 His head was bent in sorrow,
Green scales fell like rain.
Puff no longer went to play
Along the cherry lane.
Without his lifelong friend,
Puff could not be brave,
So Puff that mighty dragon sadly
Slipped into his cave, oh...

5 While playing with her father,
On a day so magic-filled,
She missed a catch he'd thrown to her,
And her ball rolled down the hill.
She found it near a DRAGON,
In a cave down by the bay.
She said, "My name's Jill Paper,
And would you like to play?"

(Last verse by Al Boyce, 3/96)

E7 MY GET UP AND GO by Pete Seeger
copyright 1964, Melody Trails Inc.

C G
1 Old age is golden, or so I've heard said,
G7 C C7
But sometimes I wonder as I crawl into bed,
F C
My ears in a drawer, my teeth in a cup,
D7 G
My eyes on the table until I wake up.
C G
As sleep dims my vision, I say to myself,
G7 C
"Is there anything else I should lay on the shelf?"
F C
But though nations are warring and business is vexed,
G C
I'll stick around to see what happens next.

F C
Chorus How do I know my youth is all spent?
G C C7
My get up and go has got up and went.
F C
In spite of it all, I'm able to grin,
G C
And think of the places my get up has been.

2 When I was younger, my slippers were red,
I could kick up my heels right over my head.
When I was older my slippers were blue,
But still I could dance the whole night through.
But now I am older, my slippers are black,
I huff to the store and I puff my way back,
But never you laugh, I don't mind at all,
I'd rather be huffing than not puff at all!

3 I get up each morning and dust off my wits,
Open the paper and read the obits,
If I'm not there, I know I'm not dead,
So I eat a good breakfast and go back to bed.

E8 THE HILLS OF SHILOH by Shel Silverstein, Jim Friedman

(This is the song from which the melody for "The Ballad of Many Point" was taken.)

G Bm A G F#m Em Bm Em
1 Have you seen Amanda Blaine in the hills of Shiloh,
G Bm A G F#m Em Bm Em
Wandering through the morning rain through the hills of Shiloh?
Em7 A Em7 D
Have you seen her at her door, listening for the cannon's roar
G Bm A G F#m Em Bm Em
And a man who went to war from the hills of Shiloh

- 2 Have you heard her mournful cries in the hills of Shiloh?
Have you seen her haunted eyes in the hills of Shiloh?
Have you seen her running down,
Searching through the sleeping town,
In her yellowed wedding gown in the hills of Shiloh?
- G Am7 Bm7 Cmaj7 Bm7 Am7 G Fmaj7 Em
3 Have you seen her standing there in the hills of Shiloh,
G Am7 Bm7 Cmaj7 Bm7 Am7 G Fmaj7 Em
Wind a blowing through her hair, in the hills of Shiloh?
Listening for the sound of guns listening for the rolling drums,
And a man who never comes to the hills of Shiloh.
- 4 Have you heard Amanda sing in the hills of Shiloh,
Whispering to her wedding ring in the hills of Shiloh?
Hear her humming soft and low, poor Amanda doesn't know,
'Twas ended forty years ago in the hills of Shiloh.

E9 THE MARVELOUS TOY by Tom Paxton copyright 1961, Cherry Lane Music Inc.

- C G
1 When I was just a wee little lad,
C G
Full of health and joy,
F C
My father homeward came one night,
D7 G
And brought to me a toy.
C G
A wonder to behold, it was,
C F
With many colors bright,
C
And the moment I laid eyes on it
D7 G
It became my heart's delight.
- C G
Chorus It went "zip" when it moved and "bop" when it stopped,
C F
And "whirr" when it stood still.
C
I never knew just what it was,
G C
And I guess I never will.
- 2 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,
Then I twisted its lid,
And when I set it down again,
This is what it did:
- 3 It first marched left and then marched right,
Then marched under a chair,
But when I looked where it had gone,
I found it wasn't there.
I started to cry, but my daddy laughed,
For he knew that I would find,
When I turned around my marvelous toy,
Was chugging from behind.
- 4 Well, the years have gone by too quickly, it seems,
And 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.



E10 CHILDREN

E F#m G#m F#m
Chorus They're children, oo - oo
E F#m G#m Gm F#m E F#m G#m F#m
Children, oo - oo - oo, they're children.
E F#m G#m F#m
Just children.



- 1 One day they'll be Superman,
The next day Davy Crockett,
But don't be surprised to find a turtle
In their pocket.
- 2 They'll steal a piece of chocolate cake,
And try to hide all trace,
But don't be surprised to find some frosting
On their face.
- 3 They'll leave the towels a dirty mess,
Until you've lost all hope,
Because they're at that tender age,
When their only fear is soap.
- 4 And when the day is over,
And spankings have been had,
They'll always say those tender words,
"God bless Mommy and Daddy."

E11 IN MY TIME by Bob Zentz

- G C G
1 In my time, I might have been a farmer.
C G D
I might have been a farmer in my time.
G C G
But the only things I'd grow is for the hungry and the low,
C G D G
I might have been a farmer in my time.
- G C
Chorus In my time, in my time,
G C G D
I might have been a _____ in my time.
G
Well I might have been a lot of things,
C G
But at least I took the time to sing
C G D C
A song about a _____ in my time.
- 2 In my time, I might have been a student.
I might have been a student in my time.
Well the only things I've learned
Is the songs that I've heard,
I might have been a student in my time.
- 3 In my time, I might have been a doctor.
I might have been a doctor in my time.
Well the only medicine
Was the songs sung by my friends,
I might have been a doctor in my time.
- 4 In my time, I might have been a lover.
I might have been a lover in my time.
But the only lofts I've climbed
Were the hills of covered pines.
I might have been a lover in my time.
- 5 In my time, I might have been a singer.
I might have been a singer in my time.
I sing as best I can,
I sing, therefore I am.
I might have been a singer in my time.

E12 TIE ME KANGAROO DOWN

G C
 Chorus Tie me kangaroo down, sport,
 D G
 Tie me kangaroo down.
 C
 Tie me kangaroo down, sport,
 D G
 Tie me kangaroo down,



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

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

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

4 Play me digeridoo, Blue,
 Play me digeridoo.
 Play me digeridoo, Blue,
 Play me digeridoo.

5 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!

E13 THE FOX arranged by Burl Ives
 copyright 1945, MCA Music Publishing

C
 1 The fox went out on a chase one night night,
 G
 Prayed for the moon to give him light,
 C F
 He had many a mile to go that night,
 C G C G C
 Before he reached the town-o, town-o, town-o.
 F C
 He had many a mile to go that night,
 G C
 Before he reached the town-o.



2 He ran til he came to a great big pen,
 Where the ducks and the geese were kept therein.
 He said, "A couple of you are going to grease my chin,
 Before I leave this town-o, town-o, town-o,
 A couple of you are gonna grease my chin,
 Before I leave this town-o."

3 He grabbed the grey goose by the neck,
 Threw a duck across his back,
 He didn't mind the quack, quack, quack,
 Or the legs all dangling down-o, down-o, down-o,
 He didn't mind the quack, quack, quack,
 Or the legs all dangling down-o.

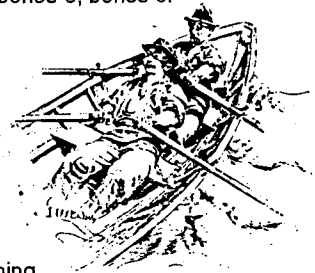
4 Then old mother Flipper-flopper jumped out of bed,
 Ran to the window, and stuck out her head.
 She cried, "John, John the grey goose is gone,
 And the fox is on the town-o, town-o, town-o.
 John, John the grey goose is gone,
 And the fox is on the town-o."



5 John ran 'til he came to the top of the hill,
 Blew his horn both loud and shrill.
 Said the fox, "I'd better flee with my kill,
 For they'll soon be on my trail-o, trail-o, trail-o."
 Said the fox, "I'd better flee with my kill,
 For they'll soon be on my trail-o."

6 He ran till he came to his own little den,
 And there were the little ones, eight, nine, ten.
 Crying, "Daddy, daddy, better go back again,
 For it must be a mighty fine town-o, town-o, town-o!"
 Crying, "Daddy, daddy, better go back again,
 For it must be a mighty fine town-o!"

7 Then the fox and his wife, without any strife,
 Cut up the goose with a carving knife.
 They never had such a supper in their life,
 And the little ones chewed on the bones-o, bones-o, bones-o.
 They never had such a supper in their life,
 And the little ones chewed on the bones-o.



8 REPEAT VERSE ONE

E14 JAMAICA FAREWELL by Irving Burgie
 copyright 1983, Lord Burgess Music Publishing

C F
 1 Down the way where the nights are gay,
 G C
 And the sun shines gaily on the mountain top,
 F
 I took a trip on a sailing ship,
 G C
 And when I reached Jamaica I made a stop.

Chorus But I'm sad to say, I'm on my way,
 Won't be back for many a day.
 By heart is down, my head is turning around,
 I had to leave my little girl in Kingston town.

2 Down at the market you can hear,
 Ladies cry out while on their heads they bear,
 Akee, rice, salt fish are nice,
 And the rum is fine any time of year.

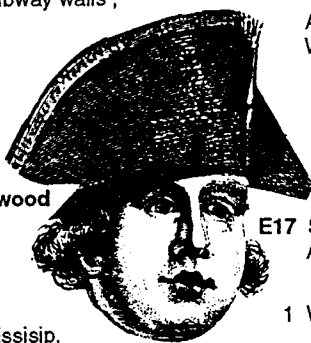
3 Sounds of laughter everywhere,
 And the dancing girls sway to and fro.
 I must declare my heart is there,
 Though I've been from Maine to Mexico.

E15 SOUND OF SILENCE by Paul Simon
 Copyright 1964 and 1965 by Charing Cross Music.

Am G
 1 Hello darkness, my old friend,
 Am
 I've come to talk with you again,
 F C
 Because a vision softly creeping,
 F C
 Left its seeds while I was sleeping,
 F C
 And the vision that was planted in my brain,
 Am
 Still remains,
 G Am
 Within the sound of silence.

- 2 In restless dreams I walked alone,
Narrow streets of cobblestone,
'Neath the halo of a street lamp,
I turned my collar to the cold and damp,
When my eyes were stabbed by the flash of a neon light,
That split the night,
And touched the sound of silence.
- 3 And in the naked light I saw,
Ten thousand people, maybe more,
People talking without speaking,
People hearing without listening,
People writing songs that voices never share,
And no one dare,
Disturb the sounds of silence.
- 4 Fools said I "You do not know,
Silence like a cancer grows.
Hear my words that I might teach you,
Take my arms that I might reach you."
But my words, like silent raindrops fell,
And echoed in the wells of silence.
- 5 And the people bowed and prayed,
To the neon God they made.
And the sign flashed out its warning,
In the words that it was forming,
And the sign said,
"The words of the prophets are written on the subway walls,
And tenement halls.
And whispered in the sounds of silence."

- 6 Well they ran through the briars,
And they ran through the brambles,
And they ran through the bushes where a rabbit couldn't go.
They ran so fast the hounds couldn't catch 'em,
Down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico.
- 7 Well we fired our cannons till the barrels melted down,
So we grabbed an alligator and we fought another round.
We filled his head with cannon balls and powdered his behind,
And when we touched the powder off, the 'gator lost his mind.
- 8 They lost their pants and their pretty shiny coats,
And their tails was all a-showin' like a bunch of billy goats.
They ran down the river with their tongues a-hanging out,
And they said they got a lickin', which there wasn't any doubt.
- 10 Well we marched back to town in our dirty ragged pants,
And we danced all night with the pretty girls from France;
We couldn't understand 'em, but they had the sweetest charms,
And we understood 'em better when we got 'em in our arms.
- 11 Well, the guide who brung the British from the sea,
Come a-limping into camp just as sick as he could be.
He said the dying words of Colonel Packenham,
Was, "You better quit your foolin' with your cousin Uncle Sam."
- 12 Well, we'll march back home, but we'll never be content,
'Til we make Old Hick'ry the people's president.
And every time we think about the bacon and the beans,
We'll think about the fun we had way down in New Orleans.



E16 BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS by Jimmy Driftwood
copyright Warden Music Co., Inc.

- 1 Well, in 1814, we took a little trip,
Along with Colonel Jackson down the mighty Missisip.
We took a little bacon and we took a little beans,
And we met the bloody British in the town of New Orleans.
- Chorus We fired our guns and the British kept a comin',
There wasn't nigh as many as there was a while ago.
We fired once more and they began a runnin',
Down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico.

- 2 Well, I seed Marse Jackson come a-walkin' down the street,
And a-talkin' to a pirate by the name of Jean Lafitte;
He gave Jean a drink that he brung from Tennessee,
And the pirate said he'd help us drive the British to the sea.
- 3 Well the French told Andrew, "You had better run,
For Packenham's a-comin' with a bullet in his gun."
Old Hickory said he didn't give a dam,
He's a-gonna whup the britches off of Colonel Packenham.
- 4 Well, we looked down the river and we seed the British come,
And there must have been a hundred of them
Beating on the drum.
They stepped so high and they made their bugles ring,
While we stood behind our cotton bales and didn't say a thing.
- 5 Old Hickory said we could take 'em by surprise,
If we didn't fire a musket till we looked 'em in the eyes.
We held our fire till we seed their face well,
Then we opened up our squirrel guns and really gave em well...

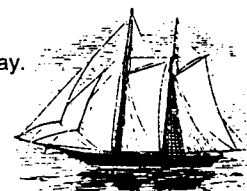
E17 SLOOP JOHN B

Adapted by Lee Hays from a collection by Carl Sandburg

- 1 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.

Chorus So hoist up the John B sails,
See how the mains'l's set,
Send for the captain ashore, let me go home.
Let me go home, I wanna go home,
I feel so breakup, I want to go home.

- 2 The first mate he got drunk,
Broke up the Captain's trunk,
Constable had to come and take him away.
Sheriff John Stone, please let me alone,
I feel so breakup, I want to go home.
- 3 The poor cook he got the fits,
Threw away all my grits,
Then he went and he ate up all of my com.
Let me go home, I wanna go home,
I feel so breakup, I want to to home.
- 4 The stewardess she got stewed,
Ran 'round the poop deck nude,
Constable had to come and take her away.
Sheriff John Stone please let me alone
I feel so breakup, I want to to home.



E18 MR BOJANGLES by Jerry Jeff Walker
 (c) Cotillion Music, Inc. and Danel Music, Inc.

C Am
 1 I knew a man Bojangles and he danced for you ,
 F G
 In worn out shoes.
 C Am
 With silver hair, a ragged shirt and baggy pants,
 F G
 The old soft shoe.
 F C Am
 He jumped so high, he jumped so high,
 D9 G
 Then he lightly touched down.

Am G Am G
 Chorus Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles,
 Am G C G
 Mr. Bojangles, dance!



- 2 I met him in a cell in New Orleans, I was,
 Down and out.
 He looked to me to be the eyes of age ,
 As he spoke right out.
 He talked of life, he talked of life,
 He laughed, slapped his leg a step.
- 3 He said his name, Bojangles, then he danced a lick,
 Across the cell.
 He grabbed his pants, a favorite stance, then he jumped up high,
 He clicked his heels.
 He let go a laugh, he let go a laugh,
 Shook back his clothes all around.
- 4 He danced for those at minstrel shows and county fairs ,
 Throughout the south.
 He spoke with tears of 15 years how his dog and him,
 Traveled about.
 His dog up and died, up and died,
 After 20 years he still grieves.
- 5 He said, "I dance now at ev'ry chance in honky tonks,
 For drinks and tips.
 But most of the time I spend behind these county bars,
 He said 'I drinks a bit.'
 He shook his head and as he shook his head,
 I heard someone ask him, "Please, please..."

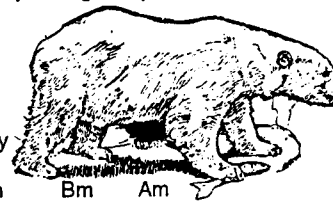

E19 PLEASE DON'T BURY ME by John Prine

C F
 1 Woke up this morning, put on my slippers,
 C G
 Walked in the kitchen and died.
 C
 And, oh, what a feeling!
 F
 When my soul went through the ceiling,
 G C
 And on up into heaven I did rise.
 F
 When I got there they did say,
 C
 "John, it happened this-a-way,
 G
 You slipped upon the floor and hit your head.
 C F C
 And all the angels say, just before you passed away,
 G C
 These were the very last words that you said:"

F C
 Chorus Please don't bury me down in the cold cold ground,
 G
 I'd rather have 'em cut me up and pass me all around.
 C
 Throw my brain in a hurricane,
 F C
 And the blind can have my eyes,
 F C
 And the deaf can take both of my ears,
 G C
 If they don't mind the size.



- C F C
 2 Give my stomach to Milwaukee, if they run out of beer.
 D7 G
 Put my socks in a cedar box, just get 'em outa here!
 C F C
 Venus de Milo can have my arms. Look out, I've got your nose!
 F C G C
 Sell my heart to the junk man, and give my love to Rose!
- 3 Give my feet to the footloose, careless, fancy-free.
 Give my knees to the needy, don't pull that stuff on me.
 Hand me down my walking cane, it's a sin to tell a lie.
 Send my mouth way down south, and kiss my face goodbye.


E20 TEDDY BEARS PICNIC

by John W. Bratton and James B. Kennedy

Am Bm Am Bm Am Bm Am
 1 If you go out in the woods today, you're sure of a big surprise.
 C G C G C G C
 If you go out in the woods today, you'd better go in disguise.
 F G
 For every bear that ever there was,
 C
 Will gather there for certain, because,
 F C F C G C
 Today's the day the teddy bears have their picnic.



C
 Chorus Picnic time for teddy bears,
 G
 The teddy bears are having a lovely time today.
 G7
 Watch them, catch them unawares,
 C
 And see them picnic on their holiday.
 See them gaily gather 'bout.
 F
 They love to play and shout, they never have any cares.
 At six o'clock their mommies and daddies
 C
 will take them home to bed
 G C
 Because they're tired little teddy bears.



- 2 If you go out in the woods today, you'd better not go alone.
 It's lovely out in the woods today, but safer to stay at home.
 For every bear that ever there was,
 Will gather there for certain, because,
 Today's the day the teddy bears have their picnic.
- 3 Every teddy bear, that's been good is sure of a treat today.
 There's lots of wonderful things to eat,
 And wonderful games to play.
 Beneath the trees, where nobody sees,
 They'll hide and seek as long as they please,
 Today's the day the teddy bears have their picnic.

E21 I'M MY OWN GRANDPA by Moe Jaffe and Dwight Latham
copyright Moe Jaffe and Dwight Latham. 1947

Chorus C G C G C
 Oh, I'm my own grandpa, I'm my own grandpa.
C7 F Fm
 It sounds funny I know, But it really is so,
C G C
 Oh, I'm my own grandpa.



C G
 1 Now many many years ago when I was twenty-three,
G7 C
 I was married to a widow who was pretty as can be.
C7 F
 This widow had a grown-up daughter who had hair of red.
D7 G
 My father fell in love with her and soon they too were wed.

2 This made my dad my son-in-law and changed my very life.
 My daughter was my mother, 'cause she was my father's wife.
 To complicate the matter even though it brought me joy,
 I soon became the father of a bouncing baby boy.

3 My little baby then became a brother-in-law to Dad,
 And so became my uncle though it was very sad.
 For if he was my uncle then that also made him brother
 Of the widow's grown-up daughter
 who of course was my step-mother.

4 Father's wife then had a son who kept him on the run,
 And he became my grandchild for he was my daughter's son.
 My wife is now my mother's mother and it makes me blue,
 Because although she is my wife she's my grandmother, too.

5 Now if my wife is my grandmother then I'm her grandchild,
 And every time I think of it it nearly drives me wild,
 For now I have become the strangest case I ever saw.
 As husband of my grandmother, I am my own grandpa.



E22 CITY OF NEW ORLEANS by Steve Goodman
copyright Tumpike Tom Music

C G C
 1 Ridin' on the City of New Orleans,
Am F C G
 Illinois Central, Monday mornin' rail.
C G C
 15 cars and 15 restless riders,
Am G C
 Three conductors, 25 sacks of mail.
Am
 All along the southbound odyssey,
Em
 The train pulls out of Kankakee,
G D
 And rolls along past houses, farms and fields.
Am
 Passin' trains that have no name,
Em
 Freight yards full of old gray men,
G F C
 And the graveyards of rusted automobiles.

F G C
 Chorus Good mornin' America, how are you?
Am F C G
 Don't you know me? I'm your native son!
C G Am D9
 I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans,
Bb Am G C
 I'll be gone 500 miles when the day is done.

2 Dealin' cards with the old men in the club car.
 Penny a point, ain't no one keepin' score.
 Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle,
 And feel the wheels grumblin' neath the floor.
 And the sons of Pullman porters,
 And the sons of engineers,
 Ride their fathers' magic carpet made of steel.
 Mothers with their babes asleep,
 Rockin' to the gentle beat,
 And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel.

3 Night time on the City of New Orleans,
 Changin' cars in Memphis, Tennessee.
 Halfway home and we'll be there by mornin',
 Thru the Mississippi darkness rollin' down to the sea.
 But all the towns and people
 Seem to fade into a bad dream,
 And the steel rail still ain't heard the news.
 The conductor sings his song again:
 "The passengers will please refrain..."
 This train has got the disappearin' railroad blues.

Cho2: Goodnight America How are you? ...

E23 CANADIAN RAILROAD TRILOGY by Gordon Lightfoot

C F
1 There was a time in this fair land
C
When the railroad did not run,
F
When the wild majestic mountains
G
Stood alone against the sun.
C F
Long before the white man,
C
And long before the wheel,
G
When the green dark forest
Bb C
Were too silent to be real.

2 But time has no beginnings,
And history has no bounds
As to this verdant country
They came from all around.
They sailed upon her waterways
And they walked the forests tall.
Built the mines, the mills and the factories
For the good of us all.

3 And when the young man's fancy
Had turned into the spring,
And the railroad men grew restless
For to hear their hammers ring.
Their minds were overflowing
With the visions of their day,
With many a fortune won and lost
And many a debt to pay.

G
4 For they looked to the future
Bb
And what did they see?
F
They saw an iron road runnin'
C
From the sea to the sea.

5 Bringin' the goods
To the young growin' land,
All up from the seaports
And into their hands.

Bb C
6 "Look away," said they,
F C
"Across this mighty land,
Bb C
From the eastern shores
F C
To the western strand."

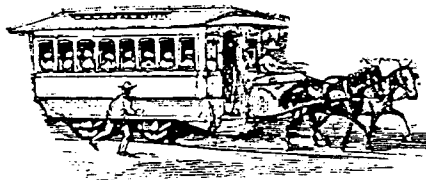
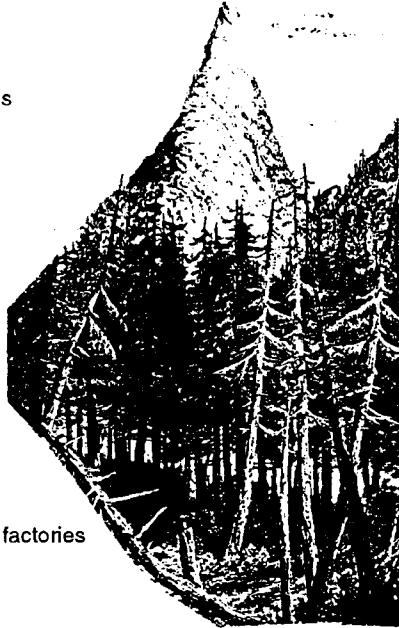
(Same melody as verse 4.)

7 Bring in the workers,
And bring up the rails.
We gotta lay down the tracks
And tear up the trails.

8 Open her heart,
Let her life blood flow,
Gotta get on our way
'Cause we're movin' too slow.

9 (Repeat 7 and 8.)

F
...Get on our way
G G7
'cause we're movin' too slow...



C C7
10 Behind the blue Rockies
F G
The sun is declining.
C Am
The stars, they come stealing
D G
At the close of the day.
C C7
Across the wide prairie
F G
Our loved ones lie sleeping,
C Am
Beyond the dark oceans
G C
In a place far away.

11 We are the navvies
Who work upon the railway,
Swingin' our hammers
In the bright blazing sun.
Livin' on stew
And drinkin' bad whiskey,
Bendin' our backs
'Til the long days are done.

12 We are the navvies
Who work upon the railway,
Swingin' our hammers
In the bright blazing sun.
Laying down track,
And buildin' the bridges.
Bending our backs
'Til the railroad is done.
(Same melody as verse 4.)

13 So over the mountains,
And over the plains,
Into the Muskeg
And into the rain.

14 Up the St. Lawrence
All the way to Gass Bay,
Swingin' our hammers
And drawing our pay.

15 Driving 'em in,
And tying them down.
Away to the bunkhouse
And into the town.

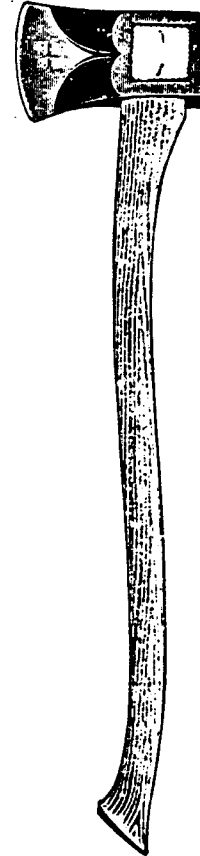
16 A dollar a day,
And a place for my head.
A drink to the livin',
A toast to the dead...

C
17 Oh the song
Bb C
Of the future has been sung,
Bb
All the battles
C
Have been won.

18 On the mountain tops we stand,
All the world at our command.
We have opened up the soil,
With our teardrops...
G G7
And our toil.

19 (Repeat verse 1.)

C G
...and many are the dead men
Bb C Bb C
too silent to be real.



E24 THE STREETS OF LONDON by Ralph McTell

C G Am Em
 1 Have you seen the old man down by the run down market,
 F C D7 G
 Kicking up the papers with his worn out shoes?
 C G Am Em
 In his eyes you'll see no pride, hands held loosely by his side.
 F C G C
 Yesterday's papers, bearing yesterday's news.

F Em C Am
 Chorus And how can you tell me you're lonely,
 D G G7
 And say for you that the stars don't shine?
 C G
 Let me take you by the hand,
 Am Em
 I'll lead you through the streets of London.
 F C G C
 I'll show you something that'll make you change your mind.

- 2 Have you seen the old girl as she walks the streets of London?
 Dirt in her hair, her clothes in rags.
 She's no time for talking, she just keeps right on walking,
 Carrying her home in two paper bags.
- 3 In an all-night cafe at a quarter-past eleven,
 Same old man sitting there all on his own.
 Looking at the world over the rim of his teacup,
 Each tea lasts an hour, and he wanders home alone.
- 4 Have you seen the old man down by the seaman's mission,
 Memory fading with the ribbons he wears?
 In the winter city, the rain cries a little pity,
 One more forgotten hero in a world that doesn't care.



E25 THE DUTCHMAN by Michael Smith

C
 1 The Dutchman's not the kind of man
 Who keeps his thumb jammed in the dam
 Dm
 That holds his dreams in.
 G C
 But that's a secret that only Margaret knows.
 When Amsterdam is golden in the summer,
 Dm
 Margaret brings him breakfast, she believes him.
 G C
 He thinks the tulips bloom beneath the snow.
 F G C Am
 He's mad as he can be, but Margaret only sees that sometimes.
 F G C
 Sometimes she sees her unborn children in his eyes.
 Dm Em

Chorus Let us go to the banks of the ocean,
 F G C
 Where the walls rise above the Zider Zee.
 Dm G C Am
 Long ago, I used to be a young man,
 F G C
 And dear Margaret remembers that for me.

- 2 The Dutchman still wears wooden shoes,
 His cap and coat are patched
 With the love that Margaret sews there.
 Sometimes he thinks he's still in Rotterdam.
 And he watches the tugboats down canals,
 Calls out when he thinks he know the captains,
 'til Margaret comes to take him home again
 Through unforgiving streets that trip him
 Though she holds his arm.
 Sometimes he thinks he's alone and he calls her name.



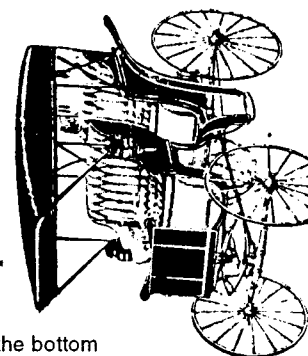
- 3 The winter whirls the windmills round,
 She winds his muffler tighter
 And they sit in the kitchen.
 Some tea with whiskey keeps away the dew.
 And he sees her for a moment, calls her name,
 She makes the bed up singing some old love song.
 A song Margaret learned when it was very new.
 He hums a line or two, they sing together in the dark.
 The Dutchman falls asleep, and Margaret blows the candle out.

E26 THE BOTTOMLESS LAKE by John Prine

G
 1 Here's the story of a man and his family
 D G
 And a big trip that they took.
 I heard all about it in a restaurant,
 D
 And I read it in a history book.
 C G
 They rented a car at the Erie Canal,
 C
 But the car didn't have no brakes.
 G
 Said ma to pa, "My God this car
 D G
 Is gonna fall into a bottomless lake!"

D
 Chorus Well we're fallin' down, down to the bottom
 G
 Of a hole in the ground - smoke 'em if you got 'em.
 C G
 I'm so scared I can hardly breathe!
 D G
 I may never see my sweetheart again!

- 2 Well mama turned to papa with a pale face,
 She said "I've done something horribly wrong!
 The water's still runnin' in the bathtub,
 And I think I left the kitchen light on."
 Then I heard a crash, and the car went splash,
 And the compass rolled around and round.
 "Oh for Heaven's sake, we fell in the lake,
 And I think we're all gonna drown!"
- 3 Well there was plenty of food in the back seat,
 The windows was rolled up tight.
 So we all nibbled on a chicken leg,
 And told stories all through the night.
 Pa told one that he told before,
 And the baby got a belly ache.
 Said ma to pa, "My God this car
 Is fallin' in the bottomless lake!"
- 4 Papa played the music on the radio,
 And mama rocked the baby to sleep.
 He said he'd've taken the other road,
 But he didn't think the lake was that deep.
 If the ferry'd been there at the end of the pier
 We'd be half-way to Uncle Jake's.
 Instead of lookin' at fish out the window, I wish
 We'd reach the bottom of this bottomless lake.
- 5 So if you're ever goin' on a big trip,
 You'd better be careful out there.
 Start everything on your good foot,
 And wear clean underwear.
 Take along a Bible in the backseat,
 Read of David and of Solomon.
 For if you make a mistake in the bottomless lake
 You may never see your sweetheart again!



E27 RIGHT FIELD by Willie Welch

C Am
1 Saturday summers when I was a kid
F Dm G
We'd run to the school yard and here's what we did:
F G F G
We'd pick out the captains and choose up the teams
C Am
(It was always a measure of my self esteem.)
F
'Cause the fastest and strongest played shorstop and first,
Dm G
The last ones they'd pick were the worst.
Bb
I never needed to ask, it was sealed -
G
I just took up my place in right field.

C Am
Chorus Playing right field is easy, you know.
Dm F G
You can be awkward and you can be slow.
F G
That's why I'm here in right field
F G C - F - C
Just watchin' the dandelions grow.

2 Playing right field is lonely and dull.
Little leagues never have lefties that pull.
I dream of the day they hit one my way,
They never did, but still I would pray
That I'd make a fantastic catch on the run
And not lose the ball in the sun.
And then I'd awake from this long reverie
And pray that the ball never came out to me.

3 Off in the distance, the game's dragging on.
There's strikes on the batter, some runners are on.
I don't know the inning, I've forgotten the score.
The whole team is yelling and I don't know what for.
Then suddenly everyone's looking at me -
My mind has been wandering, what could it be?
They point to the sky and I look up above,
And the baseball falls into my glove!

Cho2 Here in right field, it's IMPORTANT, you know!
You gotta KNOW how to catch, you gotta KNOW how to throw!
That's why I'm here in right field
Just watchin' the dandelions grow.

E28 THE SICK NOTE Author Unknown

C F C
1 Dear sir, I write this note to you to tell you of my plight
F C G
For at the time of writing I am not a pretty sight.
F C F G
My body is all black and blue and my face, a deathly gray,
C G C
And I write this note to tell why Paddy's not at work today.

2 While working on the fourteenth floor some bricks I had to clear
And throwing them down from such a height was not a good idea.
The foreman wasn't very pleased, he bein' an awkward sod,
And he said I'd have to cart them down the ladder in my hod.

3 Now clearing all those bricks by hand it seemed so awful slow,
So I hoisted up a barrel and secured the rope below.
But in my haste to do the job I was too blind to see
That a barrel full of building bricks was heavier than me.

4 When I came down I cut the rope, and the barrel fell like lead
And clinging tightly to the rope I started up instead.
I shot up like a rocket and to my dismay I found
That half-way up I met the bloody barrel coming down.

5 The barrel broke my shoulder as to the ground it sped,
And when I reached the top I banged the pulley with my head.
I still hung on, though numbed and shocked
From this almighty blow,
When the barrel spilled out half the bricks fourteen floors below.

6 Now when the bricks had fallen from the barrel to the floor
Sure, I then outweighed the barrel so I started down once more.
Still clinging tightly to the rope, my body wracked with pain,
When half-way down I met the bloody barrel once again.

7 Well, the force of this collision half-way up the office block
Caused multiple abrasions and a nasty state of shock.
Still clinging tightly to the rope, I fell towards the ground,
And I landed on the broken bricks that were all scattered 'round.

8 I lay there moaning on the ground, I thought I'd passed the worst,
But the barrel hit the pulley wheel and did'na the bottom burst!
A shower of bricks rained down on me, I hadn't got a hope,
For as I was losing consciousness, I let go the bloody rope!

9 Well, the barrel being heavier, it started down once more,
And it landed right across me as I lay there on the floor.
It broke three ribs and my left arm, and I can only say
That I hope you understand why Paddy's not at work today!

E29 LANIGAN'S BALL - Author Unknown

Am
1 In the town of Athy, one Jeremy Lanigan
G
Battered away 'til he hadn't a pound.
Am
'til his father, he died, and made him a man again
Em Am
Left him a farm and ten acres of ground.

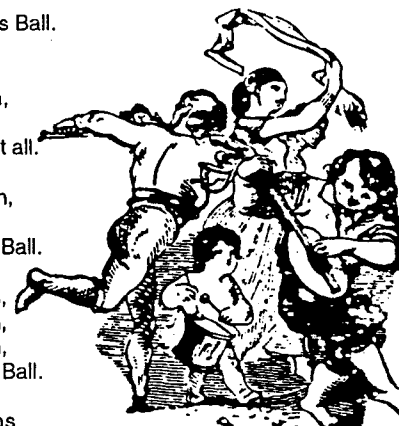
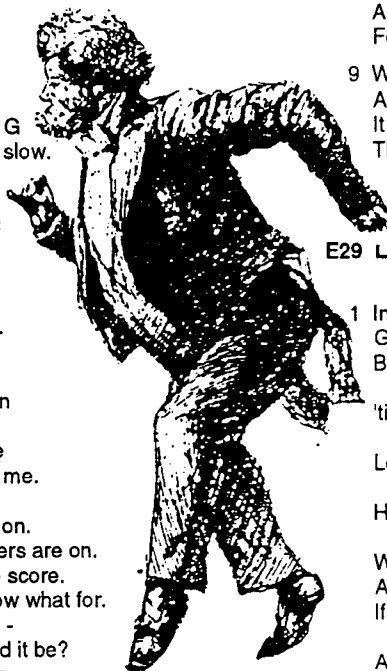
He gave a grand party for friends and relations
G
Who did not forget him when come to the will.
Am
If you'll but listen I'll make your eyes glisten
Em Am
At rows and the ructions at Lanigan's Ball.

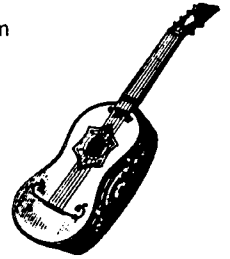
Am G
Chorus Six long months I spent in Dublin,
Am Em
Six long months doing nothing at all.
Am G
Six long months I spent in Dublin,
Am Em Am
Learning to dance for Lanigan's Ball.

I stepped out, I stepped in again,
I stepped out, I stepped in again,
I stepped out, I stepped in again,
Learning to dance for Lanigan's Ball.

2 Myself, to be sure, got free invitations
For all the nice girls and boys I might ask.
And just in a minute both friends and relations
Were dancing as happy as bees round a cask.
There was lashing of punch and wine for the ladies,
Potatoes and cakes, there was bacon and tea.
There were Nolans, Dolans, O'Gradys,
A-courting the girls and dancing away.

3 They were dancing all kinds of nonsensical polkas,
All dancing around in a whirly-gig.
Then Julia and I, we banished their nonsense
And tipped them a twist of a real Irish jig.
Oh, how that girl got mad on me,
And danced 'til you'd think that the ceiling would fall.
For I'd spent three weeks at Brooks' Academy
Learning to dance for Lanigan's Ball.





- 4 The boys were all merry, the girls were all hearty,
All dancing away in couples and groups,
'til an accident happened, young Terrence McCarthy
He put his right foot through Miss Finerty's hoops.
The poor creature fainted, she cried, "Meelia Murther!"
She called for her brothers and gathered them all.
Carmody swore that he'd go no further,
'til he'd have satisfaction at Lanigan's Ball.
- 5 In the midst of the row, Miss Kerrigan fainted,
Her face at the same time as red as the rose.
Some of the boys declared she was painted,
She'd had a small drop too much, I suppose.
Her sweetheart, Ned Morgan, so powerful and able,
When he saw his fair colleen stretched out by the wall,
He tore the left leg from under the table
And broke all the dishes at Lanigan's Ball.
- 6 Boys, oh boys, 'tis then there was ructions,
Myself got a kick from big Phelim McHugh.
But soon I replied to his kind introduction
And kicked up a terrible hullabaloo.
Old Casey, the piper, was near being strangled,
They squeezed up his pipes, bellows, chanter and all.
The girls in their ribbons, the soon were entangled
And that was the end of Lanigan's Ball.

E30 AMERICAN PIE by Don McLean

- G D Em7
1 A long, long time ago -
Am C
I can still remember
Em D
How that music used to make me smile.
G D Em7
And I knew if I had my chance
Am C
That I could make those people dance
Em C D
And maybe they'd be happy for awhile.
Em Am
But February made me shiver,
Em Am
With every paper I'd deliver.
C G Am
Bad news on the doorstep,
C D
I couldn't take one more step.
G D Em
I can't remember if I cried
Am7 D
When I read about his widowed bride,
G D Em
Something touched me deep inside
C D7 G
The day the music died.



- G C G D
Chorus So bye, bye Miss American Pie,
G C G D
Drove my Chevy to the levee but the levee was dry.
G C G D
Them good ole boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye
Em A7
Singin' this'll be the day that I die,
Em D7
This'll be the day that I die.

- G Am
2 Did you write the book of love
C Am
And do you have faith in God above?
Em D
If the Bible tells you so...
G D Em
Now do you believe in rock and roll,

- Am7 C
Can music save your mortal soul
Em A7 D
And can you teach me how to dance real slow?
Em D
Well I know that you're in love with him
Em D
'cause I saw you dancing in the gym,
C G A7
You both kicked off your shoes.
C D7
Man, I dig those rhythm and blues.
G D Em
I was a lonely teenage broncin' buck
Am C
With a pink camation and a pickup truck.
G D Em
But I knew I was out of luck
C D7 G C G
The day the music died.
D
I started singin'....

- 3 Now for ten years we've been on our own,
And moss grows fat on a rollin' stone
But that's not how it used to be,
When the jester sang for the king and queen
In a coat he borrowed from James Dean
In a voice that came from you and me.
Oh and while the king was looking down,
The jester stole his thorny crown.
The courtroom was adjourned, no verdict was returned.
And while Lenin read a book on Marx,
The quartet practiced in the park, and we sang dirges in the dark
The day the music died. We were singin'....
- 4 Helter-skelter in a summer swelter,
The birds flew off with a fallout-shelter
Eight-miles high and fallin' fast.
It landed foul on the grass, the players tried for a forward pass,
With the jester on the sidelines in a cast.
Now the half-time air was sweet perfume
While sergeants played a marching tune.
We all got up to dance, but we never got the chance,
'cause the players tried to take the field,
The marching band refused to yield.
Do you recall what was revealed
The day the music died? We started singin'....
- 5 Now there we were all in one place,
A generation lost in space, with no time left to start again.
So c'mon Jack be nimble, Jack be quick,
Jack Flash sat on a candlestick,
'cause fire is the devil's only friend.
And as I watched him on the stage
My hands were clenched in fists of rage.
No angel born in hell could break that Satan's spell.
And as the flames climbed high into the night
To light the sacrificial rite,
I saw Satan laughing with delight
The day the music died. He was singin'....
- 6 I met a girl who sang the blues
And I asked her for some happy news,
But she just smiled and turned away.
I went down to the sacred store
Where I heard the music years before,
But the man there said the music wouldn't play.
In the streets the children screamed,
The lovers cried and the poets dreamed.
But not a word was spoken, the church bells all were broken.
And the three men I admired most,
The Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
They caught the last train for the coast
The day the music died.
And they were singin'....

Section E

Pop Classics

E31 DEAR ABBY by John Prine

1 Dear Abby, Dear Abby my feet are too long,
 My hair's fallin' out, and my rights are all wrong.
 My friends they all tell me I've no friends at all,
 Won't you write me a letter, won't you give me a call.
 Signed, Bewildered.

Chorus BEWILDERED, BEWILDERED you have no complaints,
 You are what you are, and you ain't what you ain't.
 So listen up, Buster, and listen up good,
 Stop wishin' for bad luck, and knockin' on wood.

2 Dear Abby, Dear Abby my fountain pen leaks.
 My wife hollers at me and my kids are all freaks.
 Every side I get up on's the wrong side of bed,
 If it weren't so expensive, I'd wish I were dead.
 Signed, Unhappy.

3 Dear Abby, Dear Abby you won't believe this,
 But my stomach makes noises whenever I kiss.
 My girlfriend she tells me it's all in my head,
 But my stomach it tells me to write you instead.
 Signed, Noisemaker.

4 Dear Abby, Dear Abby well I never thought
 That me and my girlfriend would ever get caught.
 We were sittin' in the back seat just shootin' the breeze,
 With her hair up in curlers, and her hands on her knees.
 Signed, Just Married.

(After Last Chorus) Signed, DEAR ABBY!



E32 YOUR FLAG DECAL by John Prine

1 While digestin' Reader's Digest
 In the back of a comic book store,
 A plastic flag with gum on the back
 Fell out on the floor.
 Well, I picked it up, and ran outside
 And slapped it on my window shield,
 And if I could see old Betsy Ross,
 I'd tell her how good I feel.



Chorus But your flag decal won't get you into heaven anymore,
 It's already overcrowded from your dirty little war.
 And Jesus don't like killin', no matter what the reason for,
 And your flag decal won't get you into heaven any more.

2 Well, I went to the bank this mornin',
 And the cashier said to me,
 "If you join our Christmas Club today,
 I'll give you ten of them flags for free."
 I didn't mess around a bit,
 I took him up on what he said,
 And I slapped them stickers all over my car
 And one on my wife's forehead.

3 I got my car so full of them stickers
 That I couldn't see,
 And I ran my car straight up a curb
 And smacked into a tree.
 By the time they got the doctor down
 I was already dead.
 And I could never understand why the man
 Standin' at the Pearly Gates said:

E33 SPANISH PIPEDREAM by John Prine

1 She was a level-headed dancer
 On the road to alcohol,
 And I was just a soldier
 On my way to Montreal.
 Well she pressed her chest against me
 'bout the time the jukebox broke,
 And she gave me a peck on the back of my neck,
 And these are the words she spoke:

Chorus Blow up your TV, Throw away your paper,
 Move to the country, build yourself a home.
 Plant a little garden, eat a lot of peaches,
 And try to find Jesus on your own.

2 Well I sat there at the table,
 And I acted real naive -
 'cause I knew that topless lady
 Had somethin' up her sleeve.
 Well she danced around the barroom,
 And she did the hootchy-kootch,
 She kept singin' her song all night long,
 Tellin' me what to do....

3 But I was young and hungry,
 And about to leave that place,
 But just as I was goin'
 She was lookin' me in the face.
 She said, "You must have the answer."
 I said, "No, but I'll give it a try."
 And to this very day we've been livin' our way
 Here is the reason why:

Cho2 We blew up our TV, threw away our paper,
 Moved to the country, built ourselves a home.
 Had a lot of children, fed 'em all on peaches,
 And they all found Jesus on their own.

E34 SAM STONE by John Prine

1 Sam Stone came home to his wife and family
 After serving in the conflict overseas.
 The time that he'd served had shattered all his nerves
 And left a little shrapnel in his knees.
 But the morphine eased his pain,
 And the grass grew 'round his brain,
 And gave him all the confidence he lacked,
 With a Purple Heart and a monkey on his back.



Chorus C There's a hole in daddy's arm where all the money goes,
F G G7
 And Jesus Christ died for nothin' I suppose.
C
 Little pitchers have big ears,
Am
 And don't stop to count the years,
D G G7
 And sweet songs never last too long on broken radios --
C
 Oo oo oo oo...

2 Sam Stone's welcome home didn't last too long,
 He went to work when he spent his last dime.
 And Sammy took to stealin' when he got that empty feelin',
 For a hundred-dollar habit without overtime.
 And the gold rolled through his veins
 Like a thousand railroad trains,
 And eased his mind in the hours that he chose,
 While his kids ran around in other people's clothes.

3 Sam Stone was alone when he popped his last balloon,
 Climbing walls while sitting in a chair.
 They played his last request,
 And the room smelled just like death,
 With an overdose hoverin' in the air.
 But life had lost it's fun,
 There was nothin' to be done,
 But trade his house that he bought on the GI Bill
 For a flag-draped casket on a local Hero's hill.



E35 AND THE BAND PLAYED WALTZIN' MATILDA by Eric Bogle

1 Now when I was a young man I carried my pack,
G C G Em
G D G
 And I lived the free life of the rover.
C G Em
 From the Morey's green basin, to the dusty outback,
G D G
 I waltzed my Matilda all over.
D C G
 Then in 1915 my country said, "Son,
D C G
 It's time to stop ramblin', there's work to be done."
C G Em
 And they gave me a tin hat, and they gave me a gun
G D G
 And they sent me away to the war.

Chorus G C G
 And the band played "Waltzin' Matilda"
C D
 As the ship pulled away from the key.
C Am G C
 Amidst all the tears, flag-waving and cheers,
G D G
 We sailed off for Gallipoli.

2 How well I remember that terrible day
 When our blood stained the sand and the water.
 And how in that hell that they called Souvla Bay
 We were butchered like lambs at the slaughter.
 Johnny Turk, he was ready, oh he primed himself well.
 He rained us with bullets, and he showered us with shell.
 And in five minutes flat we were all blown to hell,
 Nearly blew us back home to Australia.

Cho2 And the band played "Waltzin' Matilda"
 When we stopped to buried our slain.
 Well we buried ours, and the Turks buried theirs,
 Then it started all over again.

3 Those who were living just tried to survive
 In that mad world of blood, death and fire.
 And for ten weary weeks I kept myself alive
 Though around me the corpses piled higher.
 Then a big Turkish shell knocked me arse over head
 And when I awoke in my hospital bed
 I saw what it had done, and I wished I were dead.
 I never knew there were worse things than dying.

Cho3 For no more I'll go waltzin' matilda,
 All around the green bush far and near.
 For to hunt, tent and pegs, a man needs both legs
 No more waltzing matilda for me.

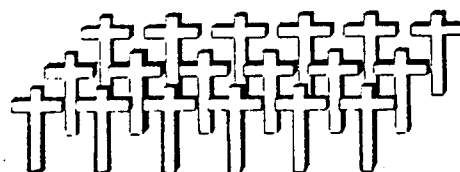
4 They collected the wounded, the crippled, the maimed,
 And they shipped us back home to Australia.
 The armless, the legless, the blind, the insane,
 Those proud wounded heros of Souvla.
 And when the ship pulled into Circular Key,
 I looked at the place where my legs used to be,
 And thanked Christ there was no one there waiting for me,
 To grieve and to moun and to pity.

Cho4 And the band played "Waltzin' Matilda"
 As they caried us down the gangway.
 Nobody cheered, they just stood there and stared
 And they turned their faces away.

5 So now every April I sit on the porch
 And I watch the parade pass before me.
 I see my old comrades, how proudly they march,
 Renewing their dreams of past glory.
 I see the old men all tired stiff and sore
 The weary old heros of a forgotten war.
 The young people ask, "What are they marching for?"
 And I ask myself the same question.

Cho5 And the band played "Waltzing Matilda",
 And the old men still answer the call.
 But as year follows year, more old men disappear.
 Some they know will march there no more.

G C Am
 Waltzin' Matilda, Waltzin' Matilda.
G C G D
 Who'll come a Waltzin' Matilda with me?
G D
 And their ghosts may be heard
Em C
 As they march by the billabong
G Em Bm Am D G
 "Who'll come a Waltzin' Matilda with me?"



E36 THE VEGEMATIC SONG by Steve Goodman

Am
1 Fell asleep last night with the TV on,
E Am
Oh, what a dream I had.

Dreamed I went and answered every single one
E
Of those late-nite mail-order ads.
Am
Four to six weeks later,
Dm E Am
Much to my surprise

The doorbell rang to my front door,
E Am
And I couldn't believe my eyes.

Chorus When they brought the Vegematic,
Dm E Am
And the Pocket-Fisherman too,

Illuminated, illustrated history of Life,
E
Box-Car Willie with a Ginsu knife.

Am
The Bamboo Steamer,
Dm E Am
And the Garden Weasel too,

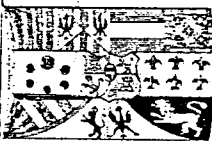
And a tie-dyed, day-glo souvenir shirt
E Am
From Six Flags Over Burbank.

2 Well, the doorbell rang all morning,
And all through the afternoon.
I shook with fright as it rang all night
By the light of the Mastercard moon.
There was parcel-post in the pantry,
UPS in the hall,
C.O.D. to the ceiling,
And I just couldn't pay for it all.

Cho2 When they brought the Egg-Scrambler,
With the Seal-A-Meal carrying case.
A set of Presidential Commemorative plates
So I can eat my eggs off the president's face.
A Minute-Mender,
And a needle that'll knit or crochet.
And an autographed photograph of Rin-Tin-Tin
At Six Flags Over Burbank.

3 Well, I remembered I was dreaming,
So I gave a mighty cheer.
But when I awoke, it was no joke
'cause all that stuff was here.
So if you fall asleep with the TV on,
Let me tell you what to do:
Rip the telephone out of the wall
Unless you want it to happen to you.

Cho3 You'll get the Vegematic,
And the Pocket-Fisherman too,
Illuminated, illustrated history of Life,
Box-Car Willie with a Ginsu knife.
The Bamboo Steamer,
And the Smokeless Ashtray, too.
And an all-expenses-paid weekend for three
At Six Flags Over Burbank.



E37 ONE TIN SOLDIER by Lambert-Potter

C G
1 Listen, children, to a story
Am Em
That was written long ago,
F C
'Bout a kingdom on a mountain
F G
And the valley-folk below.
C G
On the mountain was a treasure
Am Em
Buried deep beneath the stone,
F C
And the valley-people swore
F G C
They'd have it for their very own.

C G
Chorus Go ahead and hate your neighbor,
F C
Go ahead and cheat a friend.
G
Do it in the name of Heaven,
F C
You can justify it in the end.

G
There won't be any trumpets blowing
F C
Come the judgement day,
F
On the bloody morning after....
G C
One tin soldier rides away.

2 So the people of the valley
Sent a message up the hill,
Asking for the buried treasure,
Tons of gold for which they'd kill.
Came an answer from the kingdom,
"With our brothers we will share
All the secrets of our mountain,
All the riches buried there."
3 Now the valley cried with anger,
"Mount your horses! Draw your sword!"
And they killed the mountain-people,
So they won their just reward.
Now they stood beside the treasure,
On the mountain, dark and red.
Turned the stone and looked beneath it...
"Peace on Earth" was all it said.

E38 FOUR WET PIGS by Greg Brown

G D
1 Here's a little song about four wet pigs,
D7 G7
Here's a little song about four wet pigs,
C G
Two of 'em little and two of 'em big,
D G
They danced all night at the pig-town jig.

2 Two that were little, little as an ear of corn,
Two that were big were as big as a barn,
Big as a barn, tall as a tree,
Take 'em on down to the factory.

3 Slice 'em into bacon, and cut 'em into ham,
Chop 'em into hot dogs and squeeze 'em into Spam,
Throw their little eyes out in the rain,
Pickle their feet and scramble their brains.

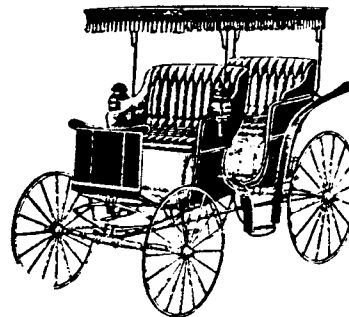
4 Here's a little song about two wet pigs,
Leanin' on the slop trough a-smokin' their cigs,
Hopin' to God that they never get big,
They danced all night at the pig-town jig.



E39 THIRTY THOUSAND POUNDS OF BANANAS by Harry Chapin

- 1 It was just after dark when the truck started down
The hill that leads into Scranton Pennsylvania.
Carrying thirty thousand pounds of bananas.
Carrying thirty thousand pounds
(hit it Big John) <of bananas>.
- 2 He was a young driver,
Just out on his second job.
And he was carrying the next day's pasty fruits
For everyone in that coal-scarred city
Where children play without despair
In backyard slag-piles and folks manage to eat each day
About thirty thousand pounds of bananas.
Yes, just about thirty thousand pounds
(scream it again, John) <of bananas>.
- 3 He passed a sign that he should have seen,
Saying "shift to low gear, or a fifty dollar fine my friend."
He was thinking perhaps about the warm-breathed woman
Who was waiting at the journey's end.
He started down the two mile drop,
The curving road that wound from the top
Of the hill.
He was pushing on through the shortening miles that ran down
To the depot.
Just a few more miles to go,
Then he'd go home and have her
Ease his long, cramped day away.
And the smell of thirty thousand pounds of bananas.
Yes the smell of thirty thousand pounds of bananas.
- 4 He was picking speed as the city spread
Its twinkling lights below him.
But he paid no heed as the shivering thoughts of the nights
Delights went through him.
His foot nudged the brakes to slow him down.
But the pedal floored easy without a sound.
He prayed, "Christ!"
As somehow he had named the only man
Who could save him now.
He was trapped inside a dead-end hellside,
Riding on his fear-hunched back
Was every one of those yellow greens.
I'm telling you thirty thousand pounds of bananas.
Yes, there were thirty thousand pounds of bananas.
- 5 He barely made the sweeping curve
That led into the steepest grade.
And he missed the thankful passing bus at ninety miles an hour.
And he said "God, make it a dream!"
As he rode his last ride down.
And he said "God, make it a dream!"
As he rode his last ride down.
And he sideswiped nineteen neat parked cars,
Clipped off thirteen telephone poles,
Hit two houses, bruised eight trees,
And Blue-Crossed seven people.
It was then he lost his head,
Not to mention an arm or two before he stopped.
And he slid for four hundred yards
Along the hill that leads into Scranton, Pennsylvania.
All those thirty thousand pounds of bananas.

- 6 You know the man who told me about it on the bus,
As it went up the hill out of Scranton, Pennsylvania,
He shrugged his shoulders, he shook his head,
And he said (and this is exactly what he said)
"Boy that sure must've been something.
Just imagine thirty thousand pounds of bananas.
Yes, there were thirty thousand pounds of mashed bananas.
Of bananas. Just bananas. Thirty thousand pounds.
Of bananas. Not no driver now. Just bananas!"

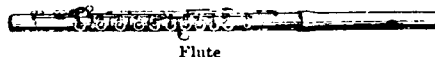


E40 YOU AIN'T GOING NOWHERE by Bob Dylan

- 1 The clouds are swift, the rain won't lift.
The gates won't close, the railing's froze.
Get your mind off winter time,
You ain't goin' nowhere.

Chorus Ooh-whee, Ride me high.
Tomorrow's the day my bride's gonna come.
Oh-ho, we gonna fly
Down in the easy chair.

- 2 Buy me a flute and a gun that shoots,
Tailgates, and substitutes.
Strap yourself to a tree with roots,
You ain't goin' nowhere.
- 3 Well I don't care how many letters they send,
The momin' came, and the momin' went.
Pack up your money, pick up your tent,
You ain't goin' nowhere.
- 4 Well Ghengis Khan he could not keep
All his men supplied with sleep.
We'll climb that hill, no matter how steep
When we get up to it.



Flute



E41 I'M HENERY THE EIGHTH, I AM by Murray and Weston

1 You don't know who you're looking at;
Now have a look at me!
I'm a bit of a nob, I am,
Belong to royalty.
I'll tell you how it came about;
I married Widow Burch,
And I was King of England when
I toddled out of church.
Outside the people started shouting,
"Hip, hooray!"
Said I, "Get down upon your knees,
It's Coronation Day!"



Chorus ^G I'm Henery the Eighth, I am!
^C ^G
Henery the Eighth, I am, I am!

I got married to the widow next door,
^A ^D
She's been married seven times before.
^G ^D
And every one was a Henery
^C ^D
She wouldn't have a Willie or a Sam.
^G ^D ^C
I'm her eighth old man named Henery,
^G ^D ^G
Henery the Eighth I am!

2 I left the Duke of Cumberland,
A pub up in the town.
Soon with one or two moochers
I was holding up the Crown.
I sat upon the bucket
That the barmen think their own;
Surrounded by my subjects
I was sitting on the throne.
Out came the potman, saying,
"Go on, home to bed!"
Said I, "Now say another word,
And off'll go your head!"

3 Now at the Waxwork Exhibition
Not so long ago
I was sitting among the kings,
I made a lovely show.
To good old Queen Elizabeth
I shouted, "Wotcher Liz!"
While people poked my ribs and said,
"I wonder who this is!"
One said, "It's Charley Peace!"
And then I got the spike.
I shouted, "Show yer ignorance!"
As waxy as you like.

^G ^D ^G ^E
4 Henery the Eighth I am, I am.
^G ^D ^G
Henery the Eighth I am.

H - E - N, R, Y!
^G ^C
Henery, Henery,
^G ^D ^G ^E
Henery the Eighth I am, I am,
^G ^D ^G
Henery the Eighth I am!

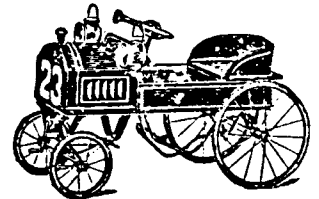
E42 KING OF THE ROAD by Roger Miller

Copyright Tree Publishing Co. and Music Square West

^G ^C
1 Trailers for sale or rent,
^D ^G
Rooms to let-- fifty cents.
^C
No phone, no pool, no pets,
^D
Ain't got no cigarettes.
^G ^C
Ah, but two hours of pushing broom
^D ^G
Buys an eight by twelve four-bit room.
^C
I'm a man of means, by no means,
^D
King of the road.

2 Third boxcar, midnight train,
Destination, Bangor Maine.
Old worn-out suit and shoes,
Don't pay no union dues.
I smoke old stogies I have found,
Short, but not too big around.
I'm a man of means, by no means,
King of the road.

^G ^C
3 I know every engineer on every train,
^D ^G
All of the children, all of their names.
^C
Every handout in every town,
^D
And every lock that ain't locked when no-one's around.
(repeat first verse)



E43 LEMON TREE by Will Holt

copyright Will Holt

^E ^{B7} ^E
1 When I was just a lad of ten,
^{B7} ^E
My father said to me,
^{B7} ^E
"Come here and take a lesson from
^A ^{B7} ^E ^{E7}
The lovely lemon tree."
^A ^G ^A
"Don't put your faith in love, my boy,"
^A ^G ^A
My father said to me,
^A ^G ^A
"I fear you'll find that love is like
^{B7} ^{E7} ^A ^{A7}
The lovely lemon tree."

^D
Chorus Lemon tree, very pretty,
^{A7}
And the lemon flower is sweet,

But the fruit of the poor lemon
^D
Is impossible to eat. (repeat)

2 One day beneath the lemon tree,
My love and I did lie,
A girl so sweet that when she smiled,
The stars rose in the sky.
We past that summer lost in love,
Beneath the lemon tree,
The music of her laughter,
Hid my fathers word from me.

3 One day she left without a word,
 She took away the sun,
 And in the dark she left behind,
 I knew what she had done.
 She left me for another,
 It's a common tale but true,
 A sadder man, but wiser, now,
 I sing these words to you.



E44 THE GREEN LEAVES OF SUMMER

by Paul Francis Webster

Em B7 Em D7
 1 A time to be reapin', a time to be sowin',
 G Am F#7 B7
 The green leaves of summer are callin' me home.
 E7 Am D7 G
 It was good to be young then in the season of plenty,
 Em Am6 C7 B7
 When the catfish were jumpin' as high as the sky.

A time just for plantin', a time just for ploughin',
 A time to be courtin', a girl of your own.
 'Twas so good to be young then, to be close to the earth
 And to stand by your wife at the moment of birth.

2 A time to be reapin', a time to be sowin',
 The green leaves of summer are callin' me home.
 It was good to be young then with the sweet smell of apples,
 And the owl in the pine tree a-winkin' his eye.
 A time just for planting, a time just for plowing,
 A time just for living, a place for to die.
 'Twas good to be young then, to be close to the earth,
 Now the green leaves of summer are calling me home.

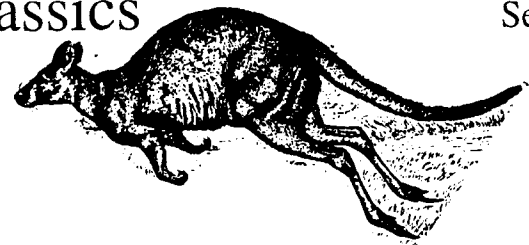
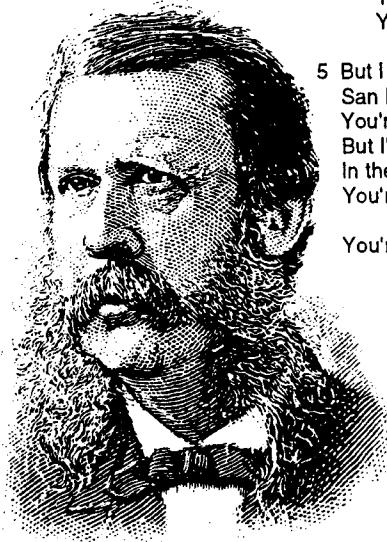
E45 NO MAN IS AN ISLAND

1 No man is an island, no man stands alone.
 Each man's joy is joy to me,
 Each man's grief is my own.
 We need one another, so I will defend,
 Each man as my brother,
 Each man as my friend.

2 No man is an island, far out in the blue,
 We all look to One above,
 Who our strength doth renew.
 When I help my brother,
 Then I know that I plant the seeds,
 Of friendship that will never die.

3 I saw the people gather,
 I heard the music start.
 The song that they were singing,
 Is ringing in my heart.

4 No man is an island, no man stands alone.
 Each man's joy is joy to me,
 Each man's grief is my own.
 We need one another, so I will defend,
 Each man as my brother,
 Each man as my friend.



E46 YOU'RE GONNA MAKE ME LONESOME WHEN YOU GO

by Bob Dylan

C
 1 I've seen love go by my door,
 F
 It's never been this close before,
 C G
 It's never been so easy or so slow.
 C
 I've been shooting in the dark too long,
 F
 Somethin's not right, if it's wrong,
 C G C
 You're gonna make me lonesome when you go.

2 Purple clover, Queen Anne's lace,
 Crimson hair across your face,
 You could make me cry, if you don't know.
 I don't remember what I was thinkin' of,
 You might be spoilin' me with too much love,
 You're gonna make me lonesome when you go.

3 There are dragon clouds high above,
 High if only from careless love,
 It always hit me from below.
 But this time around it's more correct,
 It's a right-on target, it's so direct,
 You're gonna make me lonesome when you go.

G C
 Bridge1 Flowers on the hillside going crazy,
 G C
 Crickets talking back and forth in rhyme.
 D
 The blue river flowin' slow and lazy,
 G G7
 I could stay with you forever and never realize the time.

4 But situations have ended sad,
 Relationship have all been bad,
 Mine have been like Villaz and Rimbaud.
 But there's no way you can compare,
 All them scenes with this affair,
 You're gonna make me lonesome when you go.

Bridge2 You're gonna make me wonder what I'm doin',
 Stayin' far behind without you.
 You're gonna make me wonder what I'm sayin',
 You're gonna make me give myself a good talkin'-to.

5 But I will look for you in Honolulu,
 San Francisco, and Ashtabula.
 You're gonna have to leave me now, I know...
 But I'll see you in the skies above,
 In the tall grass, in the ones I love.
 You're gonna make me lonesome when you go.

You're gonna make me lonesome when you go

E47 SUITE: JUDY BLUE EYES by Stephen Stills

E5 A E B
 1 It's getting to the point where I'm no fun anymore.
 A
 I am sorry.
 Sometimes it hurts so badly I must cry out loud.
 I am lonely.

 A B A
 I am yours you are mine you are what you are.
 E
 You make it hard.
 Remember what we said and done and felt about each other,
 Babe have mercy.
 Don't let the past remind us of what we are not now.
 I am not dreaming.
 I am yours, you are mine, you are what you are.
 You make it hard.

2 Tearing yourself away from me now, you are free,
 And I am crying.
 This does not mean I don't love you, I do.
 That's forever,
 Yes and for always.
 I am yours; you are mine, you are what you are.
 You make it hard.

Something inside is telling me that I've got your secret.
 Are you still listening?
 Fear is the lock and laughter the key to your heart.
 And I love you.
 I am yours, you are mine, you are what you are.
 And you make it hard.
 And you make it hard.
 And you make it hard.

E A A7
 3 Friday evening, sunday in the afternoon.
 E
 What have you got to lose?
 Tuesday morning, please be gone I'm tired of you.
 What have you got to lose?

 D A
 Can I tell it like it is? But listen to me baby.
 D6 A
 It's my heart thats a suffering it's a dying,
 E
 That's what I have to lose.

4 I've got an answer, I'm going to fly away.
 What have I got to lose?
 Will you come see me, Thursdays and Saturdays?
 What have you got to lose?

D E D E D
 5 Chestnut brown canary, ruby throated sparrow.
 E A
 Sing the song, don't be long,
 E7 E6
 Thrill me to the marrow!

6 Voices of the angels, ring around the moonlight.
 Asking me say she's so free,
 How can you catch the sparrow?

7 Lacy lilting lyric, losing love lamenting.
 Change my life, make it right,
 Be my lady!

A5 B5 F#5 D5 E5
 8 Do do do, do do, do do, do do, do do
 Do do do, do do, do do, do do

E48 GREEN GREEN

G C
 Chorus Green, green, it's green they say,
 G D
 On the far side of the hill.
 G C
 Green, green, I'm going away,
 G D G
 To where the grass is greener still.

G D C G
 1 Well I told my mama on the day I was born,
 D G
 "Don't you cry when you see I'm gone.
 D C G
 You know there ain't no woman gonna settle me down,
 D G
 I just gotta be travellin' on."

2 For there ain't nobody in this whole wide world
 Gonna tell me how to spend my time.
 I'm just a good lovin' ramblin' man,
 Say buddy, can you spare a dime?

3 Yeah, I don't care, when the sun goes down,
 Where I lay my weary head.
 Green, green valley or a rocky road,
 It's there I'm gonna make my bed.



E49 UNCLE JOHN'S BAND

C
 1 Well, the first days are the hardest days,
 F C
 Don't you worry any more.
 'Cause when life looks like easy street
 F C
 There is danger at your door.
 Dm Am F G
 Think this through with me, let me know your mind.
 F G C F C G C
 Whoa-oh, what I want to know is are you kind?

2 It's a buck dancer's choice my friend,
 Better take my advice.
 You know all the rules by now
 And the fire from the ice.
 Will you come with me? Won't you come with me?
 Whoa-oh, what I want to know is will you come with me?

C F C G
 3 Sister, well I declare, have you seen the light?
 Am C
 Their walls are made of cannonballs,
 G F G
 Their motto is "Don't tread on me!"

C F C G
 Chorus Come hear Uncle John's Band playing to the tide.
 Am C
 Come with me, or go alone,
 G F G
 He's come to take his children home.

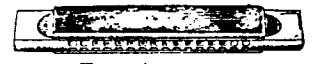
4 It's the same story the crow told me,
 It's the only one he knows.
 Like the morning sun you come, And like the wind you go.
 Ain't no time to hate, barely time to wait,
 Whoa-oh, what I want to know is where does the time go?

5 I live in a silver mine and I call it Beggars Tomb.
 I got me a violin, and I beg you call the tune.
 Anybody's choice, I can hear your voice,
 Whoa-oh what I want to know is how does the song go?

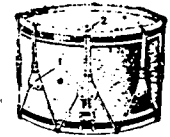
Cho2 Come hear Uncle John's Band by the riverside,
 Got some things to talk about here beside the rising tide....
 Whoa-oh, what I want to know is how does the song go?



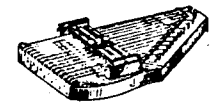
Guitar



Harmonicon



Drum



Autoharp



F1 THEY'LL KNOW WE ARE CHRISTIANS

by Rev. Peter Scholtes

Em
1 We are one in the spirit,

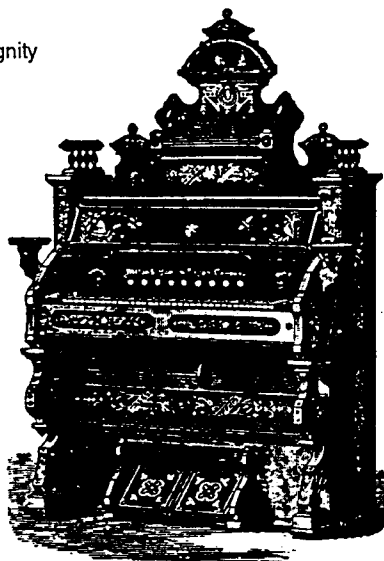
We are one in the Lord.
Am
We are one in the spirit,
Em
We are one in the Lord.
Am
And we pray that all unity
Em
May one day be restored.

C
Chorus And they'll know we are Christians
Em Am
By our love, by our love.
Em Am
Yes they'll know we are Christians
Em
By our love.

2 We will walk with each other
We will walk hand in hand.
We will walk with each other
We will walk hand in hand.
And together we'll spread the word
That God is in our land.

3 We will work with each other,
We will work side by side.
We will work with each other,
We will work side by side.
And we'll guard each man's dignity
And save each man's pride.

4 All praise to the Father
From whom all things come.
And all praise to Christ Jesus,
His only son.
And all praise to the Spirit
Who makes us one.



F2 ROCK MY SOUL

G
1 Oh, rock my soul in the bosom of Abraham,
D7
Rock my soul in the bosom of Abraham,
G
Rock my soul in the bosom of Abraham,
D7 G
Oh, rock my soul.

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

3 Rock my soul...
Rock my soul...
Rock my soul...
Rock my soul.

F3 CANAAN LAND

G
1 I'm on my way, (I'm on my way)
D
To Canaan land, (to Canaan land)
D7
I'm on my way, (I'm on my way)
G
To Canaan land, (to Canaan land)
G7
I'm on my way, (I'm on my way)
C
To Canaan land, (to Canaan land)
G D7 G
I'm on my way, thank God I'm on my way.

2 I asked my brother, to go with me (3 times)
I'm on my way, thank God I'm on my way.

3 I asked my sister, to go with me (etc)

4 I asked my boss, to let me go (etc)

5 If he says no, I'll go anyhow (etc)

6 If you won't go, let your children go (etc)

7 If you won't go, let your mother go (etc)

8 I'm on my way, and I won't turn back (etc)

F4 AMAZING GRACE

G G7 C G
Chorus Amazing grace, how sweet the sound,
D
That saved a wretch like me.
G G7 C G
I once was lost, but now I'm found,
D G
Was blind, but now I see.

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

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

3 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,
In a believer's ear,
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

4 Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for everyone,
And there's a cross for me.

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

F5 JOHNNY APPLESEED

C F
1 Oh, the Lord is good to me,
C G
And so I thank the Lord,
C G
For giving me the things I need,
C F
The sun, the rain, and the appleseed,
C G C
The Lord is good to me!

2 I wake up in the morning,
As happy as can be,
Because I know, that with God's care,
The apple trees will still be there,
The Lord is good to me.

F6 BE PRESENT

(Tune: Old Hundredth)

G
Be present at our table Lord,
D
Be here and everywhere adored,
G C A7
These mercies, bless and grant that we may
D D7 G
Feast in paradise with thee.

(Alt. last line: "Be strenghtened for thy service be.")

F7 FOR HEALTH AND STRENGTH

(Done as a round)

C
1 For health and strength and daily bread
G C
We give thee thanks oh Lord. (repeat)

F8 CHILDREN, GO WHERE I SEND THEE

C
1 Children, go where I send thee,
G C
How shall I send thee?

I'm gonna send thee one by one,

One for the little bitty baby,

F
That was born, born,
C G C
Born in Bethlehem.

2 Children, go where I send thee,
How shall I send thee?
I'm gonna send thee two by two,
Two for Paul and Silas,
One for the little bitty baby,
That was born, born,
Born in Bethlehem.

3 Three for the Hebrew children...

4 Four for the four that stood at the door...

5 Five for the gospel preachers...

6 Six for the six that never got fixed...

7 Seven for the seven that never got to heaven...

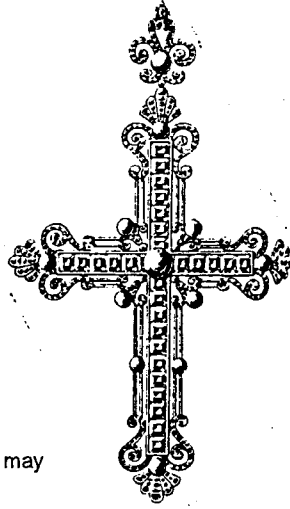
8 Eight for the eight that stood at the gate...

9 Nine for the nine all dressed so fine...

10 Ten for the ten commandments...

11 Eleven for the eleven deriders...

12 Twelve for the twelve Apostles...



F9 HE'S GOT THE WHOLE WORLD IN HIS HANDS

C
Chorus He's got the whole world in His hands,
G
He's got the whole wide world in his Hands,
C
He's got the whole world in his Hands,
G C
He's got the whole world in his Hands.

1 He's got you and me brother, in His hands (3x)
He's got the whole world in His hands.

2 He's got the little bitty babies in His hands (3x)
He's got the whole world in His hands.

3 He's got the lyin' man in His hands (3x)
He's got the whole world in His hands.

4 He's got the gamblin' man in His hands (3x)
He's got the whole world in His hands.

F10 WHEN THE SAINTS GO MARCHING IN

C
1 Oh when the saints go marching in,
G
Oh when the saints go marching in,
C C7 F
Oh Lord I want to be in that number,
C G C
When the saints go marching in.

2 Oh when the stars refuse to shine,
Oh when the stars refuse to shine,
Oh how I want to be in that number,
When the stars refuse to shine.

3 Oh when the ressurection comes...

4 Oh when that new world is revealed...

5 Oh when we gather round the throne...

etc (Make up your own - again!)

F11 HAVA NAGILA

A
1 Hava nagila, hava nagila,
Bb A Bb A
hava nagila, v'nism'cha.

Hava nagila, hava nagila,
Bb A Bb A
hava nagil, v'nism'cha.

Bb
 Hava n'ran'na'na, Hava n'ran'na'na
 A Bb A
 Hava n'ran'na'n, v'nism'cha.
 Bb
 Hava n'ran'na'na, Hava n'ran'na'na
 A Bb A
 Hava n'ran'na'n, v'nism'cha.
 Dm
 Uru, uru achim

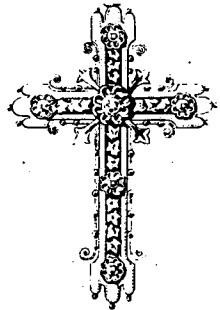
Uru a chim, b'lev sameach,

Uru a chim, b'lev sameach,
 Gm
 Uru a chim, b'lev sameach,

Uru a chim, b'lev sameach,
 A7
 Uru a chim, uru a chim,
 Dm
 B'lev sameach.

F12 COME AND DINE

Chorus 'Come and dine', the Master calls us,
 G
 C
 'Come and dine',
 D7 G
 There is plenty at God's table all the time.
 C
 He who fed the multitude,
 F
 Changed the water into wine,
 G C
 To the hungry he would call, 'Come and dine'.



- 1 Jesus has a table spread
 Where the saints of God are fed
 He invites His chosen people:
 'Come and dine'.
 With his manna he does feed
 And supplieth every need
 Oh, it's good to sup with Jesus all the time.
- 2 His disciples by him stand
 Thus obeying Christ's command
 For he called to all of them:
 'Come and dine'
 He fulfilled their hearts' desire
 Bread and fish were on the fire
 And he satisfied their hunger every time.
- 3 Soon the Lamb will take his bride
 To be ever at his side
 All the Hosts of Heaven shall assembled be,
 Oh, t'will be a glorious sight
 All the saints in spotless white
 And with Jesus we shall feast eternally.

F13 THANKS BE TO GOD

Tune: Windy
 C F G
 Thanks be to God, the Father almighty,
 C F G
 Thanks be to God, who came to this Earth.
 C F G
 Thanks be to God, the spirit eternal,
 C G C
 Thanks be to God forever.
 (no chord)
 (BOOM, BOOM, BOOM, BOOM - with voices or fists
 on the table.)



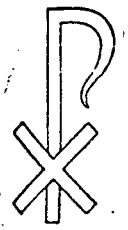
F14 THE LORD IS MY SHEPERD

(This song can be sung as a round.)

C G C
 1 The Lord is my sheperd, I'll walk with Him always.
 C G C
 He leads by still waters, I'll walk with Him always.

2 Always, Always, I'll walk with Him always.
 Always, Always, I'll walk with Him always.

(One group starts and goes all the way through.
 The second group begins after the first group
 has completed the first stanza, and finishes
 by themselves.)



F15 PHILMONT GRACE

(spoken:)

For food, for rainment,
 For life, for opportunity,
 For friendship and fellowship,
 We thank thee, O lord.

F16 GET TOGETHER by Chet Powers

copyright 1963, Irving Music Inc.

D
 1 Love is but a song we sing,
 C
 Fear's the way we die.
 D
 You can make the mountains ring,
 C
 Or make the angels cry.
 D
 Though the bird is on the wing,
 C
 And you may not know why.

G A
 Chorus Come on, people now, smile on your brother,
 D
 Everybody get together
 G A D
 Try to love one another right now.

2 Some will come and some will go,
 And we shall surely pass,
 When the One that left us here
 Returns for us at last.
 We are but a moment's sunlight,
 Fading in the grass.

3 If you hear the song I sing,
 You will understand.
 You hold the key to love and fear,
 In your trembling hand.
 Just one key unlocks them both,
 It's there at your command.

Section F

Spirituals, Graces and Church Songs

F17 THE WEDDING BANQUET by Sr.Miriam Therese Winter copyright 1965, Medical Mission Sisters

Chorus I cannot come to the banquet, don't trouble me now,
I have married a wife, I have bought me a cow.
I have fields and commitments that cost a pretty sum,
Lord, pray hold me excused, I cannot come.

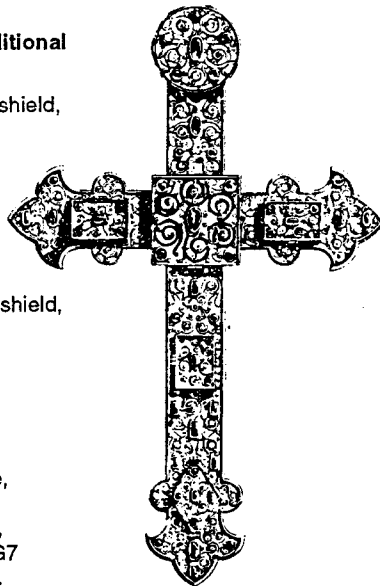
- 1 A certain man held a feast on his fine estate in town,
He laid a festive table, he wore a wedding gown,
He sent invitations to his neighbors far and wide,
But when the meal was ready, each of them replied:
"I cannot come."
- 2 The master rose up in anger, called his servants by name,
Said, "Go into the town, fetch the blind and the lame,
Fetch the peasant, the pauper, for this I have willed,
My banquet must be crowded, my table must be filled."
I cannot come.
- 3 When the poor had assembled, there was still room to spare,
So the master demanded, "Go search everywhere,
To the highways and the byways, and force them to come in,
My table must be filled before the banquet can begin."
I cannot come.
- 4 Now God has written a lesson for the rest of mankind,
If we're slow in responding, He may leave us behind.
He's preparing a banquet for the great and glorious day,
When the Lord and Master calls us, be certain not to say:
"I cannot come."

F18 DOWN BY THE RIVERSIDE -traditional

1 I'm gonna lay down my sword and shield,
Down by the riverside,
Down by the riverside,
Down by the riverside,
I'm gonna lay down my sword and shield,
Down by the riverside,
Down by the riverside.

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

- 2 I'm gonna shake hands around the world...
- 3 I'm gonna put on my long white robe...
- 4 I'm gonna put on my starry crown...
- 5 I'm gonna put on my golden shoes...



- 6 I'm gonna join hands with everyone...
- 7 I'm gonna build me a world of peace...
- 8 I'm gonna meet St.Peter at the pearly gates...
- 9 I'm gonna fight hard for civil rights...
- 10 I'm gonna walk with the Prince of Peace...
- 11 I'm gonna fish with the twelve apostles...
- 12 I'm gonna meet all my Scouting friends...
- 13 MAKE UP YOUR OWN!

F19 TURN, TURN, TURN Music by Pete Seeger copyright 1962, Melody Trails Inc.

Chorus To everything, tum, tum, tum,
There is a season, turn, tum, tum,
And a time for every purpose under heaven.

- 1 A time to be born, a time to die,
A time to plant, a time to reap,
A time to kill, a time to heal,
A time to laugh, a time to weep.
- 2 A time to build up, a time to break down,
A time to dance, a time to mourn,
A time to cast away stones,
A time to gather stones together.
- 3 A time of love, a time of hate,
A time of war, a time of peace,
A time you may embrace,
A time to refrain from embracing.
- 4 A time to gain, a time to lose,
A time to rend, a time to sew,
A time of love, a time of hate,
A time of peace, I swear it's not too late.

F20 THIS TRAIN

1 This train is bound for glory, this train,
This train is bound for glory, this train,
This train is bound for glory,
All who ride it must be holy,
This train is bound for glory, this train.

- 2 This train don't carry no gamblers, this train,
This train don't carry no gamblers, this train,
This train don't carry no gamblers,
No hypocrites, no midnight ramblers,
This train don't carry no gamblers, this train.
- 3 This train is built for speed now, this train,
This train is built for speed now, this train,
This train is built for speed now,
Fastest train you ever did see now,
This train is built for speed now, this train,

4 This train don't carry no liars, this train,
This train don't carry no liars, this train,
This train don't carry no liars,
No crap shooters, and no high flyers,
This train is don't carry no liars, this train.

5 This train don't pay no transportation, this train,
This train don't pay no transportation, this train,
This train don't pay no transportation
No Jim Crow and no discrimination,
This train is bound for glory, this train.

6 This train don't carry no rustlers, this train,
This train don't carry no rustlers, this train,
This train don't carry no rustlers,
Sidestreet walkers, two-bit hustlers,
This train is bound for glory, this train.

7 REPEAT VERSE ONE.

F21 LET THERE BE PEACE ON EARTH

by Sy Miller and Jill Jackson
copyright 1983 by Jan-Lee Music

C Am Dm7 G C F C Dm G7
1 Let there be peace on Earth, and let it begin with me.
C B7 Em B7 G G7
Let there be peace on Earth, the peace that was meant to be.
Am Em C7 F G7 C
With God as our Father, brothers all are we.
Am D7 G Am7 D7 G G7
Let me walk with my brother, in perfect harmony.

2 Let peace begin with me, let this be the moment now.
With every step I take, let this be my solemn vow:
C C7
To take each moment, and live each moment,
F D7
In peace eternally,
C E7 F C F Dm7 G7 C
Let there be peace on Earth, and let it begin with me.

F22 WILL THE CIRCLE BE UNBROKEN by Charles H. Gabriel

G G7
1 I was standing by the window,
C G
On one cold and cloudy day;
And I saw the hearse come rolling,
D G
For to carry my mother away.
Chorus Will the circle be unbroken,
By and by, Lord, by and by?
There's a better home a-waiting
In the sky, Lord, in the sky.

2 Lord, I told the undertaker,
"Undertaker, please drive slow;
For this body you are hauling,
Lord, I hate to see her go"

3 I followed close behind her,
Tried to hold up and be brave,
But I could not hide my sorrow
When they laid her in the grave.

4 I went home, my home was lonesome
Since my mother, she was gone;
All my brothers, sisters crying
What a home so sad and lone.

5 Now my mother, she's crossed over,
Where so many have gone before.
And I know, Lord, I will meet her
Just waiting at glory's door.

6 One by one the seats were emptied,
One by one they went away.
Now that family, they are parted,
Will they meet again some day?

7 I was singing with my brothers,
I was singing with my friends.
And we all can sing together,
'Cause the circle never ends.

8 I was born down in the valley,
Where the sun refused to shine.
But I'm climbing to the highlands,
Gonna make that mountain mine!

F23 PRAYER OF ST. FRANCIS by Sebastian Temple copyright 1988, Franciscan Communications

C
1 Make me an channel of Your peace,
G
Where there is hatred, let me bring Your love,
G7
Where there is injury, Your pardon Lord,
C
And where there is doubt, true faith in You.
2 Make me an channel of your peace,
Where there is despair in life, let me bring hope.
Where there is darkness, only light,
And where there's sadness, ever joy.

F C
Chorus Oh Master, grant that I may never seek,
G C C7
So much to be consoled, as to console,
F C
To be understood as to understand,
D D7 G
To be loved, as to love with all my soul.

3 Make me a channel of your peace,
It is in pardoning that we are pardoned,
In giving to all men that we receive,
And it is in dying, that we're born to eternal life.

F24 PEACE, MY FRIENDS by Ray Repp

C D F C
Chorus Peace, I leave to you, My friends.
Em D Fm
Shalom, My peace in all you do.
C D F C
Peace, I leave to you, My friends.
Am D F C
I give to you so you can give to others too.

1 To share His love is why I came,
To show His kindness to all men.
Go now My friends and do the same,
Em FG
Until I come again.

2 Take my hand, and be at peace,
The spirit of Our love I send.
And with this love, you will be free,
Until I come again.

3 With this love all men shall know,
That loneliness is at an end.
Rejoice my brothers, though I go,
For I will come again.



Section F

Spirituals, Graces and Church Songs

F25 OLD TIME RELIGION

Chorus Give me that old time religion,
Give me that old time religion,
Give me that old time religion,
It's good enough for me!



- 1 It was good enough for my father...
- 2 It was good enough for my mother...
- 3 It was good for the hebrew children...
- 4 It was good for Paul and Silas...
- 5 It was good enough for Moses...
- 6 It was good enough for Noah...

F26 HERE WE ARE by Ray Repp

Chorus Here we are, altogether as we sing our song joyfully.
Here we are, altogether as we pray we always be.

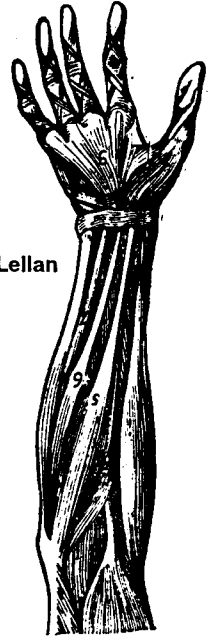
- 1 Join we now as friends, and celebrate the
Brotherhood we share, all as one.
Keep the fire burning, kindle it with care,
And we'll all join in and sing.
- 2 Freedom do we shout, for everybody,
And unless there is, we should pray,
That soon there will be one true brotherhood.
Let us all join in and sing.
- 3 Glorify the Lord, with all our voices,
Show him we're sincere by all our deeds.
Shout the joys of freedom everywhere,
And we'll all join in and sing.
- 4 Happy is the man who does his best to
Free the troubled world, from all it's pain.
Join we now with that man and free the world,
As we all join in and sing.
- 5 Let us make the world an alleluia.
Let us make the world a better place.
Keep a smile handy, have a helping hand,
Let us all join in and sing.



F27 LONESOME VALLEY

Chorus You got to walk (you got to walk)
That lonesome valley (that lonesome valley)
You got to walk (you got to walk)
It by yourself; (it by yourself)
Ain't nobody here, (ain't nobody here)
Can walk it for you, (Can walk it for you)
You got to walk (you got to walk)
It by yourself. (it by yourself)

- 1 Some say John, he was a Baptist,
Some folks say he has a Jew.
But the holy Bible tells us,
That he was a preacher too.
- 2 Now Daniel was, a Bible hero,
He was a prophet brave and true.
But in a den of hungry lions,
He showed what faith can do for you.
- 3 Though you cannot preach like Peter,
And you cannot pray like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can tell He died for all.
- 4 Though the road, be rough and rocky,
And the hills, be steep and high,
But we can sing, as we go marching,
And we'll win that one big union by and by.



F28 PUT YOUR HAND IN THE HAND by Gene McLellan

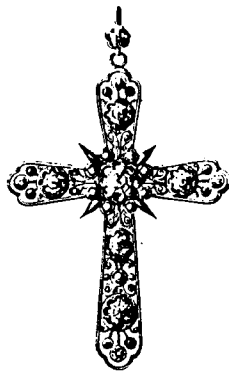
Chorus Put your hand in the hand
Of the man who stilled the water,
Put your hand in the hand
Of the man who calmed the sea.
Take a look at yourself and you can look at
Others differently,
By puttin' your hand in the hand
Of the man from Galilee.

- 1 Every time I look at the Holy book,
I wanna tremble,
When I read about the part
Where the carpenter cleared the temple.
For the buyers and the sellers were no different fellas,
Than what I profess to be,
And it causes me pain to know
We're not the people we should be.
- 2 Mama taught me how to pray
Before I reached the age of seven,
She said, "There'll come a time,
When there'll probably be room in heaven."
Daddy lived his life with two kids and a wife,
And you do what you must do,
But he showed me enough
Of what it takes to get you through.

F29 GARDEN SONG by Dave Mallet copyright David Mallett

Chorus Inch by inch, row by row,
Gonna make this garden grow,
All it takes is a rake and a hoe,
And a piece of fertile ground.
Inch by inch, row by row,
Someone bless these seeds I sow,
Someone warn them from below,
'Til the rain comes tumblin' down.

- 1 Pullin' weeds and pickin' stones,
Man is made of dreams and bones,
Need a place to call my own,
'Cause the time is close at hand.
Grain for grain, sun and rain,
Find my way in Nature's chain,
Tune my body and my brain
To the music from the land.
- 2 Plant your rows straight and long,
Temper them with prayer and song,
Mother Earth will make you strong
If you give her loving care.
An old crow watching hungrily
From his perch in yonder tree,
In my garden I'm as free
As that feathered thief up there.

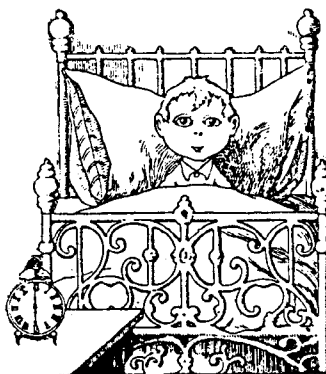


- 3 Now some say you got to run and hide.
But we say there's no place to hide.
And some say let others decide,
But we say let the people decide.
Some say the time's not right,
But we say the time's just right.
If there's a dark corner in our land,
You got to let your little light shine. (oh)
- 4 When I'm with the others, I'm gonna let it shine. (3x)
Way beyond the stars.
- 5 Everywhere I go, I'm gonna let it shine. (3x)
Way beyond the stars.
- 6 All of us here at Many Point, we're gonna let it shine! (3x)
Way beyond the stars.

F30 I'D LIKE TO TEACH THE WORLD TO SING

by Backer, Davis, Cook, Greenway

- F
1 I'd like to build the world a home,
G7
And furnish it with love.
C
Grow apple trees and honey bees,
Bb F
And snow white turtle doves.
- 2 I'd like to teach the world to sing
In perfect harmony,
I'd like to hold it in my arms,
And keep it company.
 - 3 I'd like to see the world for once,
Standing hand in hand,
And hear them echo through the hills,
For peace throughout the land.



F32 RISE AND SHINE

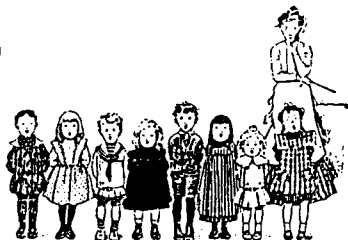
C F
Chorus Rise and shine and give God the glory glory,
C F
Rise and shine and give God the glory glory,
C F C
Rise and shine and (clap!) give God the glory glory,
G C
Children of the Lord.

F
Chorus That's the song I hear,
G7
Let the world sing today.
C
A song of peace that echoes on,
Bb F
And never goes away.

(Repeat verse 2 & 3 and refrain)
End with verse 2

F31 THIS LITTLE LIGHT OF MINE

- G
1 This little light of mine, I'm going to let it shine.
C G
This little light of mine, I'm going to let it shine.
Em
This little light of mine, I'm going to let it shine,
G D G
Way beyond the stars.
- 2 On Monday, He gave me the gift of love;
On Tuesday, peace came from above.
On Wednesday told me to have more faith;
On Thursday, gave me a little more grace.
On Friday, told me to watch and pray
On Saturday, told me just what to say,
On Sunday, gave power divine
Just to let my little light shine. (oh)



- 1 The Lord said to Noah,
There's gonna be a floody, floody
Lord said to Noah,
There's gonna be a floody floody.
Get my children out of the muddy muddy
Children of the Lord.
- 2 So Noah, he built him,
He built him an arky arky, (2x)
Built it out of hick'ry barky barky,
Children of the Lord.
- 3 The animals, they came in,
They came in by twosies twosies (2x)
Elephants and kangaroosies 'roosies,
Children of the Lord.
- 4 It rained and rained for
Forty daysies daysies (2x)
Drove old Noah nearly crazy crazy
Children of the Lord.
- 5 The sun came out,
And dried up the landy landy (2x)
Everything was fine and dandy dandy
Children of the Lord.
- 6 The animals they went out
Went out by threesies threesies (2x)
Must have leamed 'bout the birds and beesies beesies
Children of the Lord.
- 7 This is the end of
The end of my story story (2x)
Everything is hunky-dory dory
Children of the Lord.

Section F Spirituals, Graces and Church Songs

F33 WHERE THE SOUL OF MAN NEVER DIES

C
 1 (A) To Canaan's land I'm on my way,
 (B) To Canaan's land I'm on my way,
 G
 (A) Where the soul ----- never dies,
 (B) Where the soul of man never dies,
 C
 (A) My darkest night will turn to day,
 (B) My darkest night will turn to day,
 G C
 (A) Where the soul ----- never dies,
 (B) Where the soul of man never dies,
 C
 Chorus (A) No sad ----- farewells,
 (B) My friends there'll be no sad farewells,
 (A) No tear ----- dimmed eyes,
 (B) There'll be no tear dimmed eyes,
 (A) Where all ----- is love,
 (B) Where all is peace and joy and love,
 (A) Where the soul ----- never dies,
 (B) Where the soul of man never dies.

2 (A&B) The roses bloom in there for me,
 (A) Where the soul ----- never dies,
 (B) Where the soul of man never dies,
 (A&B) And I will spend eternity,
 (A) Where the soul ----- never dies,
 (B) Where the soul of man never dies.

3 (A&B) The love light beams across the foam,
 (A) Where the soul ----- never dies,
 (B) Where the soul of man never dies,
 (A&B) It shines and lights the way to home,
 (A) Where the soul ----- never dies,
 (B) Where the soul of man never dies.
 (A is melody, B is harmony)



F34 GOOD NEWS

G
 1 Good news, chariot's a-comin'
 D G
 Good news, chariot's a-comin'
 G D G
 And I don't want it to leave me behind.

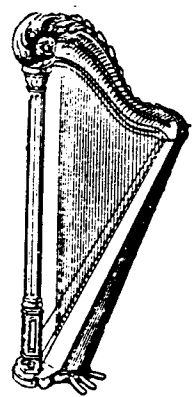
2 There's a long white robe in heaven, I know,
 There's a long white robe in heaven, I know,
 There's a long white robe in heaven, I know,
 And I don't want it to leave me behind.

3 There's a better land in this world, I know...

4 There's a pair of wings in heaven, I know...

5 There's a starry crown in heaven, I know...

6 There's a golden harp in heaven, I know...

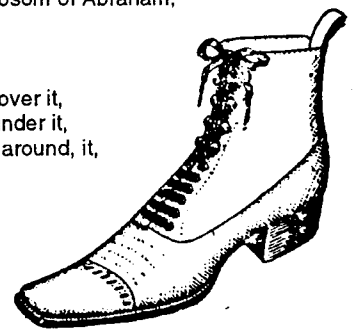


F35 ROCK MY SOUL

C
 1 Rock my soul in the bosom of Abraham,
 G
 Rock my soul in the bosom of Abraham,
 C
 Rock my soul in the bosom of Abraham,
 G C
 Oh, rock my soul.

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

3 Rock my soul,
 Rock my soul,
 Rock my soul,
 Rock my soul.



F36 SINNER MAN

Dm
 Chorus Oh, sinner man, where you gonna run to?
 C
 Oh, sinner man, where you gonna run to?
 Dm
 Oh, sinner man, where you gonna run to?
 Dm C Dm
 All on that day?

1 Run to the rock, rock it was a-burnin',
 Run to the rock, rock it was a-burnin',
 Run to the rock, rock it was a-burnin',
 All on that day.

2 Run to the sea, sea it was a-boilin',...

3 Run to the Lord, "Lord, won't you help me?"...

4 "Oh sinner man, should have been a-prayin"...

5 "Oh Lord, don't you hear me prayin'?"...

6 "Oh sinner man, prayin' comes too late now,"...

7 Run to Satan, "Satan, won't you hide me?"...

8 Satan says, "Sinner man, step right in now,"...

F37 GO TELL IT ON THE MOUNTAIN

C Am
 Chorus Go tell it on the mountain,
 F G C Am F G
 Over the hill and every - where
 C F
 Go tell it on the mountain
 C G C
 To let my people go.

C Am
 1 Who's that yonder dressed in red?
 F G C G
 Let my people go.
 C Am
 Must be the children that Moses led.
 D G
 Let my people go.
 C C7
 Who's that yonder dressed in red?
 F D
 Must be the children that Moses led.
 C F
 Go tell it on the mountain
 C G C
 To let my people go.

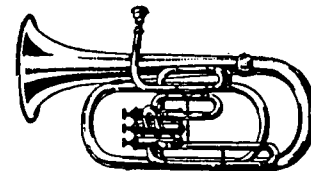


- 2 Who's that yonder dressed in white?
Must be the children of the Israelite...
- 3 Who's that yonder dressed in black?
Must be the hypocrites turning back...



- 2 Right up to the walls of Jericho,
They marched with spear in hand,
"Go blow them ram horns," Joshua cried
"Cause the battle is in my hand."

- 3 Then the lamb, ram, sheep horns begin to blow,
And the trumpets begin to sound.
Joshua's told the children to shout,
And the walls come tumblin' down.



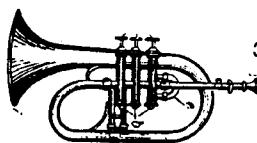
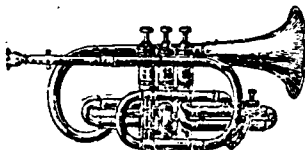
- 4 There's no man like Joshua,
No man like Saul,
No man like Joshua,
And the battle of Jericho.

F38 VERY LAST DAY by Paul Stookey and Peter Yarrow

Em D Em
Chorus Everybody's gonna pray
Em D Em
On the very last day,
G D Em
Oh when they hear the bell
B F#m B
A-ring the world away,
Em D C
Everybody's gonna pray to the heavens
B Em D Em
On the judgement day.



- 1 Well you can sing about the great king David,
G D Em
And you can preach about the wisdom of Saul,
G D Em
But the judgement falls on all mankind,
D C D
When the trumpet sounds the call,
G B7
Em G A B
All equal and the same,
Em G A B
When the Lord he calls your name,
Em G A B
Get ready brother for that day.

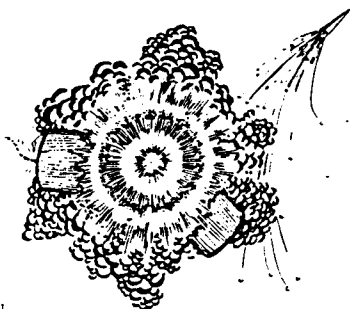


- 2 Well one day soon all men will stand,
His word will be heeded in all the land,
Men shall know and men shall seek,
We all are brothers and we all are free.
Mankind was made of clay,
Each of us in the very same way,
Get ready brother for that day.
- 3 Oh well the law is given and the law is known,
A tale is told and the seed is sown,
From dust we came and to dust we'll go,
You know the Lord once told us so.
Each brother takes His hand,
Heed the meaning of the Lord's command,
Get ready brother for that day.

F39 BATTLE OF JERICO

Dm
Chorus Joshua fought the battle of Jericho,
A Dm
Jericho, Jericho,

Joshua fought the battle of Jericho,
A Dm
And the walls come tumblin' down.



- 1 You may talk about your kings of Gideon,
Dm A7
You may talk about your men of Saul,
Dm
But there's none like good old Joshua,
A7 Dm
At the battle of Jericho.

F40 EARLY IN THE MORNING by Paul Stookey

- 1 Well early in the mornin', about the break of day
D A D D A D
C#m E7
I asked the Lord, "Help me find the way."
A D A D A D A
"Help me find the way to the promised land,
F#m B7
This lonely body needs a helping hand."
A F#m C#m E7 A D A...
I asked the Lord to help me please, find the way.

- 2 When the new day is dawning, bow my head in prayer,
I pray the Lord, "Won't You lead me there?"
"Won't You guide me safely to the Golden Stair?
Won't You let this body Your burden share?"
I pray the Lord, "Won't You lead me please, lead me there?"

- 3 When the judgement comes to find the world in shame,
When the trumpet blows won't You call my name?
When the thunder rolls and the heavens rain,
When the sun turns black, never shine again,
When the trumpet blows, won't You call me please, call my name.

F41 PASS IT ON by Kurt Kaiser copyright 1969 Lexicon Music

- 1 It only takes a spark to get a fire going,
C Em F G
C Em F G
And soon all those around can warm up to its glowing.
F C Dm G Cmaj7 Am
That's how it is with God's love, once you've experienced it.
Dm7 C
You spread his love to everyone,
F G C
You want to pass it on.

- 2 What a wondrous time is spring, when all the trees are budding,
The birds begin to sing, the flowers start their blooming.
That's how it is with God's love, once you've experienced it.
You want to sing, "It's fresh like spring,"
You want to pass it on.

- 3 I wish for you, my friend, this happiness that I've found.
You can depend on Him, it matters not where you're bound.
I'll shout it from the mountain top, I want the world to know,
The Lord of love has come to me,
I want to pass it on.

Section F

Spirituals, Graces and Church Songs

F42 LORD OF THE DANCE by Sydney Carter copyright 1968 Gallard Ltd.

G Em G Em
1 I danced in the morning when the world was begun,
C D7
And I danced in the moon and the stars and the sun.
G Em G Em
And I came down from heaven, and I danced on the Earth,
C D7 C G
At Bethlehem I had my birth.

Chorus "Dance, then, 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.

2 I danced for the scribe and the pharisee,
But they would not dance and they wouldn't follow me.
I danced for the fishermen, for James and John,
They came with me and the dance went on.

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

4 I danced on a Friday when the sky turned black,
It's hard to dance with the world on your back.
They buried my body and they thought I'd gone,
But I am the dance, and I still go on.

5 They cut me down and I leapt up high,
I am the life that'll never, never die.
I'll live in you if you live in me,
I am the Lord of the dance, said he.



F43 WERE YOU THERE?

C G7 C F C
1 Were you there when they crucified my Lord? (Were you there?)
Em F C G7 F G7
Were you there when they crucified my Lord? (Were you there?)

C F C F C Am F
Chorus Oh, oh, oh oh, sometimes it causes me to tremble,
G7
Tremble, tremble
C F C F G7 C
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?

2 Were you there when they nailed Him to the tree?
(Were you there?)
Were you there when they nailed Him to the tree?
(Were you there?)

3 Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb?
(Were you there?)
Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb?
(Were you there?)

4 Were you there when He rose up from the grave?
(Were you there?)
Were you there when He rose up from the grave?
(Were you there?)

Cho2 Oh, oh, oh, oh, sometimes I feel like shouting Glory!
Glory! Glory!
Were you there when He rose up from the grave?

F44 GOSPEL CHANGES by J. Williams copyright 1971, Cherry lance Music Co.

D A Bm
1 The prodigal song, he'd been away awhile,
G A
He was working his way back home now,
D
Over many a ragged mile.
G Em D F#m C# Bm
When he finally crossed the river, and his father saw him near,
D A D
There was a joyful sound for all the world to hear.

D A
Chorus I listened to what the Good Book said,
G Bm
And it made good sense to me,
D F#m
Talking 'bout reapin' what you're sowin',
G A
And people trying to be free.
Bm G F#m Bm
Now we've got new names and faces this time around,
G D A D
Gospel changes, Lord, still going down.

2 Jesus, he did not doubt his gifts,
Though he know he had not long to live.
He took care of the business of teaching us how to fly,
Then he bowed his head, and laid down to die.

3 Jerusalem, I see you standing high,
But if you lose your salvation, there'll be no tears left to cry.
Now some men worship a golden calf,
While others are bought and sold,
But if you live like that, brother you'll pay the toll.

F45 I'LL FLY AWAY by Ada Blenkhorn and J. Howard Entwistle

G C G
1 Some glad morning when this life is over, I'll fly away.
D G
To a home on God's celestial shore, I'll fly away.

G C G
Chorus I'll fly away, oh Glory, I'll fly away;
D G
When I die, hallelujah by and by, I'll fly away.

2 When the shadows of this life have grown, I'll fly away.
Like a bird from prison bars have flown, I'll fly away.

3 Just a few more weary days and then, I'll fly away.
To a land where joys shall never end, I'll fly away.

F46 JESUS LOVES ME

C Am C F C
1 Jesus loves me, this I know, for the Bible tells me so.
Am C F C G7 C
Little ones to Him belong, they are weak but He is strong.
F C G
Yes, Jesus loves me; yes, Jesus loves me.
C F C G7 C
Yes, Jesus loves me, the Bible tells me so.

G1 BALLAD OF MANY POINT Words by Mark Keller

Am C D Am
 1 Hear the loon's mournful call,
 Em Am
 By the shores of Many Point.
 C D Am
 Calling scouts one and all,
 Em Am
 To the shores of Many Point.
 C D
 Always there's a fire bright,
 Am G
 Burning through the deep black night,
 C D Am
 Carrying scouts eternal light,
 Em Am
 By the shores of Many Point.



2 Listen now as the fire glows,
 By the shores of Many Point.
 See what wonder the woodlands hold,
 By the shores of Many Point.
 A scout will come again and again,
 Now he's a boy, but he'll be a man,
 Leading the country with a hand,
 That grew each summer at Many Point.

3 Listen to the treetops song,
 By the shores of Many Point.
 They shelter scouts the summer long,
 By the shores of Many Point.
 I thought I heard the Old Man say,
 "The clouds may come, but they'll blow away."
 May this spirit forever stay,
 By the shores of Many Point.

4 Have you seen the lantern's flame,
 By the shores of Many Point.
 Guiding the paths of those who came,
 To the shores of Many Point.
 As darkness comes, the lanterns shine,
 A heritage that's yours and mine.
 May the brightness help us find,
 Our way back to Many Point.

Our way back to Many Point.



G2 KUM BA YAH

C F C
 Chorus Kum ba yah, my Lord, kum ba yah.
 G D
 Kum ba yah, my Lord, kum ba yah.
 C F C
 Kum ba yah, my Lord, kum ba yah.
 F C G C
 Oh Lord, kum ba yah.

1 Someone's laughing Lord, kum ba yah (etc.)
 Oh Lord, kum ba yah.

2 Someone's crying Lord, kum ba yah (etc.)

3 Someone's singing Lord, kum ba yah (etc.)

4 Someone's dying Lord, kum ba yah (etc.)

G3 MICHAEL, ROW THE BOAT ASHORE

C F C
 Chorus Michael, row the boat ashore, hallelujah.
 G C G C
 Michael, row the boat ashore, hallelujah.

1 Michael's boat is a music boat, hallelujah.
 How well it sails, how well it floats, hallelujah.

2 Sister help to trim the sails, hallelujah.
 Sister help to trim the sails, hallelujah.

3 River Jordan is deep and wide, hallelujah.
 Milk and honey on the other side, hallelujah.

4 River Jordan is chilly and cold, hallelujah.
 Chills the body, but not the soul, hallelujah.

G4 TAPS

C
 Day is done, gone the sun,
 From the lake, from the hill, from the sky,
 G C
 All is well, safely rest, God is nigh.



G5 WHERE HAVE ALL THE FLOWERS GONE by Pete Seeger

C Am
 1 Where have all the flowers gone?
 F G
 Long time passing.
 C Am
 Where have all the flowers gone?
 F G
 Long time ago.
 C Am
 Where have all the flowers gone?
 F G
 Young girls have picked them ev'ry one.
 F C
 When will they ever learn?
 F G C
 When will they ever learn?

2 Where have all the young girls gone...
 They've taken husbands ev'ry one.

3 ... young men - Gone to soldiers...

4 ... soldiers - Gone to graveyards...

5 ... graveyards - Gone to flowers...

6 ... flowers - Young girls have picked them...

G6 SCOUT VESPERS

(Tune: Oh Tannenbaum)
 C
 Softly falls the light of day,
 G C
 As our campfire fades away.

Silently each scout should ask,
 G C
 Have I done my daily task?
 F G
 Have I kept my honor bright?
 G7 C
 Can I guiltless sleep tonite?

C7
 Oh have I done and have I dared,
 G C
 Everything to be prepared?



G7 FIVE HUNDRED MILES by Hedy West

C Am
1 If you miss the train I'm on,
Dm F
You will know that I have gone
Dm G C
You will hear the whistle blow a hundred miles.

A hundred miles, a hundred miles,
A hundred miles, a hundred miles.
You can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles.

2 Lord, I'm one, Lord, I'm two, Lord, I'm three
Lord, I'm four, Lord, I'm five hundred miles from my home.
Five hundred miles, five hundred miles,
Five hundred miles, five hundred miles
Lord, I'm five hundred miles from my home.

3 Not a shirt on my back, not a penny to my name
Lord, I can't go back home this a way.
This away, this away,
This away, this away
Lord I can't go back home this away.

4 (Repeat verse one)

G8 BAMBOO by Dave Van Ronk

D C
1 You take a stick of bamboo, you take a stick of bamboo,
D C
You take a stick of bamboo, you throw it on the water.
D C D
O - oh, o-oh hanna!

2 You travel on the river, you travel on the river,
You travel on the river, you travel on the water.
O-oh, o-oh hanna!

D C D
Chorus River (river) she come down.
C D
River (river) she come down.

3 My home's across the river, my home's across the river,
My home's across the river, my home's across the water.
O-oh, o-oh hanna!

4 (Repeat verse one.)

G9 STEWBALL by Mezzeti, Stookey, Okun, Travers

G Em
1 Old Stewball was a race horse
Am
And I wish he were mine.
D
He never drank water,
G
He always drank wine.

2 His bridle was silver,
His mane it was gold.
And the worth of his saddle
Has never been told.

3 I rode him in England
I rode him in Spain.
I never did lose, boys
I always did gain.



4 Stewball was a good horse,
He wore a high head,
And the mane on his foretop,
Was fine as silk thread.

5 So come all you gamblers,
Wherever you are,
And don't bet your money,
On that little grey mare.

6 Most likely she'll stumble,
Most likely she'll fall,
But you never will lose, boys,
On my noble Stewball.

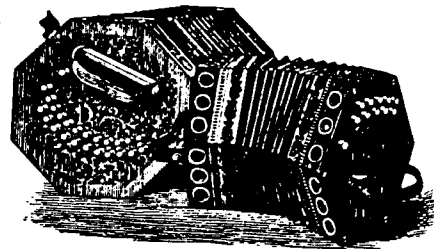
7 Well the fairgrounds were crowded,
And Stewball was there.
But the betting was heavy
On the bay and the mare.

8 I bet on the gray mare,
I bet on the bay.
If I'd bet on old Stewball
I'd be a rich man today.

9 As they were a-riding
'Bout halfway around,
That grey mare she stumbled
And fell on the ground.

10 And away out yonder,
Ahead of them all,
Came a prancin' and a dancin'
My noble Stewball.

11 The hoot owl she hollered,
And the turtle dove moaned.
I'm a poor boy in trouble,
And a long way from home.



Concertinas

G10 SHENANDOAH

D G D
1 Oh Shenandoah, I long to hear you,
G D
Away, you rolling river.
G A7 Bm
Oh Shenandoah, I long to hear you,
G-D F#m
Away, we're bound away,
Bm A7 D
'Cross the wide Missouri.

2 The white man loved the Indian maiden,
Away, you rolling river,
With gifts, his back was laden,
Away, we're bound away,
'Cross the wide Missouri.

3 Oh Shenandoah, I love your daughter,
Away, you rolling river,
I'll take her 'cross the rolling water,
Away, we're bound away,
'Cross the wide Missouri.

4 Oh Shenandoah, I'm bound to leave you,
Away, you rolling river,
Oh Shenandoah, I'll not deceive you,
Away, we're bound away,
'Cross the wide Missouri.



G11 THEY CALL THE WIND MARIAH

C

1 A way out here they have a name,

For wind and rain and fire.

Am Em

The rain is Tess, the fire's Joe,

F G C

And they call the wind Mariah.

Am Em

Chorus Mariah, Mariah,

F G C

They call the wind Mariah.

2 Mariah blows the stars around,
Sets the clouds a flying.
Mariah makes the mountains sound,
Like folks were out there dying.

3 Before I knew Mariah's name,
And heard her wail and whining.
I had a gal and she had me,
And the sun was always shining.

4 But then one day I left my gal,
I left her far behind me.
And now I'm lost, so gol-dam lost,
Not even God may find me.

5 Now I'm a lost and lonely man,
Without a star to guide me.
Mariah, blow my love to me,
I need my gal beside me.

6 Out here they have a name,
For wind and fire only.
But when you're lost and all alone,
There ain't no name for lonely.



G12 GOODNIGHT LADIES

G

D

1 Goodnight ladies, goodnight ladies,

G C G D G

Goodnight ladies, we're going to leave you now.

G

D

G

Chorus Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along,

D

G

Merrily we roll along, o'er the deep blue sea.

2 Farewell ladies, farewell ladies,
Farewell ladies, we're going to leave you now.

3 Sweet dreams ladies, sweet dreams ladies,
Sweet dreams ladies, we're going to leave you now.

G13 TINY SPARROW

Dm G

C

1 Come all ye fair and tender ladies,

Dm G Am

Take warning how you court your men.

C Am Em C

They're like the stars on a summer's morning,

Am F Em Dm G

First they'll appear and then they're gone.

2 If I had known before I courted,
What all his lying could have done,
I'd have locked my heart in a box of golden,
And never would have courted none.

3 I wish I were a tiny sparrow,
And I had wings and I could fly.
I'd fly away to my own true lover,
And all he'd ask, I would deny.



4 Alas I'm not a tiny sparrow,
I have not wings, nor can I fly,
And on this earth in grief and sorrow,
I am bound until I die.
(repeat verse one)



G14 LAST THING ON MY MIND by Tom Paxton

G

C

G

1 It's a lesson too late for the leamin',

C G D7 G

Made of sand, made of sand.

C

G

In the wink of an eye my soul is turnin',

C G D7 G

In your hand, in your hand.

D

C

G

Chorus Are you going away with no word of farewell,

C

G

D

Will there be not a trace left behind?

G

C

Well, I could have loved you better,

G

Didn't mean to be unkind,

D

G

You know that was the last thing on my mind.

2 As we walk, all my thoughts keep tumblin',
Round and round, round and round.
Underneath our feet the subways rumblin',
Underground, underground.

3 You've got reasons a-plenty for goin',
This I know, this I know.
For the weeds have been steadily growin',
Please don't go, please don't go.

3 As I lie in my bed in the mornin',
Without you, without you.
Every song in my breast lies a-bornin',
Without you, without you.

G15 WILL YE GO, LASSIE GO

D

G

C

1 Oh, the summer time is coming,

G

D

And the trees are sweetly blooming,

G

D

Bm

And the wild mountain thyme,

G

Em

Grows among the blooming heather.

Chorus Will you go, lassie, go?
And we'll all go together,
To pluck wild mountain thyme,
All among the blooming heather,
Will you go lassie, go?

2 I will build my love a bower,
By yon clear and crystal fountain,
And in it I will weave,
All the flowers of the mountain.

3 And if my love would leave me,
I will surely find another,
Where the wild mountain thyme,
Grows among the blooming heather.

G16 GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK by Henry Clay Work

1 My grandfather's clock was too tall for the shelf,
 C G C F
 C G C

So it stood ninety years on the floor.

It was taller by half than the old man himself,
 C G C F

But it weighed not a pennyweight more.
 Am Dm G

It was bought on the morn on the day that he was born,
 C Am G

It was always his treasure and pride,
 C G C F

But it stopped, short, never to go again,
 C G C

When the old man died.

Chorus Ninety years without slumbering,
 C G

Tic toc tic toc -

C G
 His life's seconds numbering,

Tic toc tic toc -

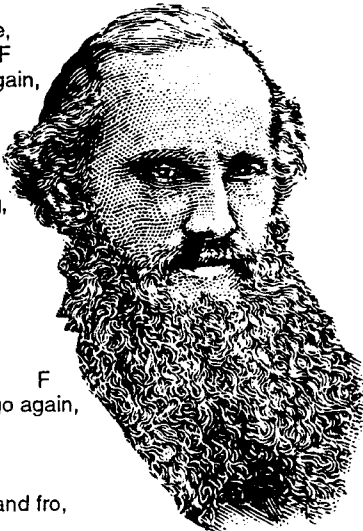
C G C F
 But it stopped, short, never to go again,

C G C
 When the old man died.

2 In watching its pendulum swing to and fro,
 Many hours he had spent as a boy.
 And through childhood and manhood, the clock seemed to know,
 And to share both his grief and his joy.
 For it struck 24 when he entered at the door,
 With a blushing and beautiful bride.
 But it stopped, short, never to go again,
 When the old man died.

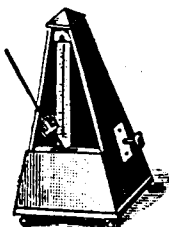
3 My grandfather said that of those he could hire,
 Not a servant so faithful he'd found.
 For it wasted no time, and it had but one desire,
 At the end of each day to be wound.
 At it kept to its place, not a frown upon its face,
 At its hands never hung by its side.
 But it stopped, short, never to go again,
 When the old man died.

4 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.

**G17 OLD DEVIL TIME** by Pete Seeger

1 Old devil time, I'm gonna fool you now,
 C Dm-G C
 Dm-G C
 Old devil time, you'd like to bring me down.
 Dm-G C
 When I feel low, my lovers gather round,
 Dm G C
 And help me rise to fight you one more time.

2 Old devil pain, you've often pinned me down,
 You thought I'd cry and beg you for the end.
 At that very time my lovers gathered round,
 And helped me rise to fight you one more time.



3 Old devil fear, you with your icy hands,
 Old devil fear, you'd like to freeze me cold.
 When I'm afraid, my lovers gather round,
 And help me rise to fight you one more time.

4 Old devil hate, I knew you long ago,
 Before I learned the poison in your breath.
 Now when I hear your lies my lovers gather round,
 And help me rise to fight you one more time.

5 No storm nor fire can ever beat us down,
 No wind that blows but carries us further on.
 And you who fear, oh lovers gather round,
 And we will rise to sing it one more time.

G18 HARD TIMES COME AGAIN NO MORE by Stephen Foster

1 Let us pause in life's pleasures and count its many tears,
 C G Am
 F C G C
 While we all sup sorrow with the poor;
 C G Am
 There's a song that will linger forever in our ears;
 F C G C
 Oh hard times come again no more.

Chorus Tis the song, the sigh of the weary,
 C F C
 D7 G
 Hard times, hard times, come again no more.
 C G Am
 Many days you have lingered around my cabin door;
 F C G C
 Oh hard times come again no more.

2 While we seek mirth and beauty and music light and gay,
 There are frail forms fainting at the door;
 Though their voices are silent, their pleading looks will say,
 Oh hard times come again no more.

3 There's a pale drooping maiden who toils her life away,
 With a worn heart whose better days are o'er:
 Though her voice would be merry, 'tis sighing all the day,
 Oh hard times come again no more.

4 Tis a sigh that is wafted across the troubled wave,
 Tis a wail that is heard upon the shore.
 Tis a dirge that is murmured around the lowly grave,
 Oh hard times come again no more.

G19 SO LONG IT'S BEEN GOOD TO KNOW YUH

by Woody Guthrie
 Copyright 1977 by Folkways Music Publishers, Inc.

1 I've sung this song, but I'll sing it again,
 C G
 C G
 Of the people I've met and the places I've seen.
 C F
 Of some of the troubles that bothered my mind,
 G
 And a lot of good people that I've left behind, saying:

Chorus So long, it's been good to know yuh;
 C C
 G C
 So long, it's been good to know yuh;
 F
 So long, it's been good to know yuh.
 C G
 What a long time since I've been home,
 G7 C
 And I've gotta be driftin' along.

Closing Songs

Section G

2 The sweethearts they sat in the dark and they sparked.
They hugged and they kissed in that dusty old dark.
They sighed and they cried and they hugged and they kissed,
But instead of marriage they talked like this: Honey,

3 I've sung this song, and I'll sing it again,
Of the place where I lived, on the wild windy plain,
In a month called April, a county called Gray,
Here is what all of the people there say: (Well, it's...)

4 Well the dust storm came, it came like thunder,
It dusted us over, it dusted us under;
It blocked all the traffic and blocked out the sun,
And straightway for home all the people did run (singin'...)

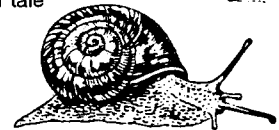
5 Well I went to your family and asked 'em for you,
They all said, "Take her, oh take her please do.
She can't cook or sew, she won't scrub your floor."
So I put on my coat, tip-toed out of the door, (singin'...)

6 The telephone rang. It jumped off the wall,
That was the preacher, a-makin' his call.
He said, "Kind friends, this may be the end,
You have your last chance at salvation from sin!"

7 Well, the churches was jammed and the churches was packed,
But that dusty old dust storm it blew so black.
That the preacher could not read a word of his text,
So he folded his specs, took up a collection, (Sayin'...)

8 I went down to the barn, as has been my rule;
Went down to milk, had a pail and a stool.
The cow tossed her head and she swished 'round her tail,
And planted her left hind foot smack in the pail.

I said, "Listen here, Bossy, stop pawin' the ground.
I had a hard night, I was slippin' around."
She looked at me with her eyes big and brown,
And said "You just hang on, boy, I'll jump up and down."
(I said...)



3 Oh, one I had a flock of sheep,
They grazed upon a feather.
I'd keep them in a music box
From wind and rainy weather.
And every day the sun would shine,
They'd fly all through the town
To bring me back some golden rings,
And candy by the pound.
Sing tarry-o-day,
Sing Autumn to May.

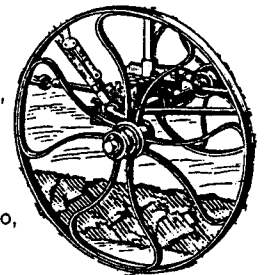
4 Oh, once I had a downy swan,
She was so very frail,
She sat upon an oyster shell,
And hatched me out a snail.
The snail it changed into a bird,
The bird to butterfly,
And he who tells a bigger tale
Would have to tell a lie.
Sing tarry-o-day,
Sing Autumn to May.

G21 BOTH SIDES NOW by Joni Mitchell Copyright Joni Mitchell

G C G
1 Bows and flows of angel hair,
Bm C G
And ice-cream castles in the air.
C Am
And feather canyons everywhere,
C D
I've looked to clouds that way.
G C G
But now they only block the sun,
Bm C G
They rain and snow on everyone.
C Am
So many things I would have done,
C D
But clouds got in my way.
G C G
I've looked at clouds from both sides now,
C G C G
From up and down, and still somehow,
Bm C G C
Its cloud illusions I recall,
G Dsus DG
I really don't know clouds at all.



2 Moons and Junes and Ferris wheels,
The dizzy dancing way you feel,
As every fairy tale comes real,
I've looked at clouds that way.
But now its just another show,
You leave 'em laughing when they go,
And if you care don't let them know,
Don't give yourself away.
I've looked at love from both sides now,
From give and take and still somehow,
It's love's illusions I recall,
I really don't know love at all.



3 Tears and fears and feeling proud,
To say "I love you" right out loud.
Dreams and schemes and circus crowds,
I've looked at life that way.
But now old friends are acting strange,
They shake their heads, they say I've changed,
But something's lost and something's gained,
In living every day.
I've looked at life from both sides now,
From win and lose and still somehow,
It's life's illusions I recall,
I really don't know life at all.

G20 AUTUMN TO MAY by Paul Stookey and Peter Yarrow copyright Pepamar Music

C Bm
1 Oh, once I had a little dog,
C D
His color it was brown,
C Bm
I taught him how to whistle,
C D
To sing and dance and run.
G Em Bm
His legs they were fourteen yards long,
G Em
His ears so very wide,
G Em Bm
Around the world in half a day,
C D
Upon him I could ride.
G C D Em C D
Sing tarry-o-day, sing Autumn to May.



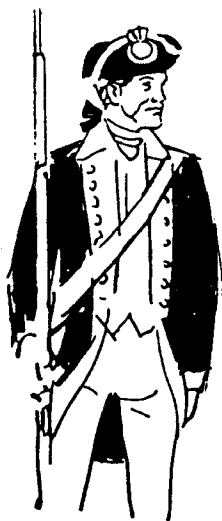
2 Oh, once I had a little frog,
He wore a vest of red,
He leaned upon a silver cane,
A top hat on his head.
He'd speak of far off places,
Of things to see and do,
And all the kings and queens he'd met,
While sailing in a shoe.
Sing tarry-o-day,
Sing Autumn to May.

Section G

Closing Songs

G22 CRUEL WAR by Peter Yarrow and Paul Stookey

- D Bm Em F#m F#
 1 The cruel war is raging, Johnny has to fight.
 G Em A G D
 I long to be with him from morning 'till night.
 D Bm Em F#m
 I want to be with him, it grieves my heart so
 F# G Em A G D
 Won't you let me come with you? No, my love, no.
- 2 Tomorrow is Sunday, Monday is the day
 That your captain will call you and you must obey
 Your captain will call you, it grieves my heart so
 Won't you let me come with you? No, my love, no.
- 3 I'll tie back my hair, men's clothing I'll put on.
 I'll pass for your comrade as we march along.
 I'll pass for your comrade, no one will ever know
 Won't you let me come with you? No, my love, no.
- 4 Oh Johnny, oh Johnny, I feel you are unkind
 I love you far better than all of mankind
 I love you far better than words can e'er express
 Won't you let me come with you? Yes, my love, yes.
- 5 They marched into battle, she never left his side
 'Til a bullet shell struck her and love was denied.
 A bullet shell struck her, tears came to Johnny's eyes
 As he knelt down beside her, she silently died.



G24 FOUR STRONG WINDS by Ian Tyson

- D Em
 Chorus Four strong winds that blow lonely,
 A D
 Seven seas that run high,
 Em
 All those things that don't change,
 A
 Come what may.
 D Em
 But our good times are all gone,
 A D
 And I'm bound for moving on.
 G Em
 I'll look for you if I'm ever
 A
 Back this way.

- 1 Guess I'll go down to Alberta,
 Weather's good there in the fall.
 Got some friends that I can go
 To workin' for.
 Still I wish you'd change your mind,
 If I asked you one more time,
 But we've been through that
 A hundred times or more.
- 2 If I get there before the snow flies,
 And if things are looking good.
 You could meet me if
 I sent you down the fare,
 But by then it would be winter,
 Not enough for you to do.
 And those winds sure do blow
 Cold way up there.

G23 DON'T THINK TWICE, IT'S ALL RIGHT by Bob Dylan

Copyright Warner Bros.

- C G Am
 1 It ain't no use to sit and wonder why, babe,
 F G
 It don't matter any how.
 C G Am
 And it ain't no use to sit and wonder why, babe,
 D G
 If you don't know by now.
 C C7
 When the rooster crows at the break of dawn,
 F D9
 Look out your window and I'll be gone,
 C G Am F
 You're the reason I'm traveling on,
 C G C
 But don't think twice, it's all right.
- 2 It ain't no use in turning on your light, babe,
 That light I never knowed.
 And it ain't no use in turning on your light, babe,
 I'm on the dark side of the road.
 Still I wish there were something you would do or say,
 To try to make me change my mind and stay,
 We never did too much talking anyway,
 But don't think twice, it's all right.
- 3 I'm walking down that long lonesome road, girl,
 Where I'm bound, I can't tell.
 But good-bye is too good a word, gal,
 So I'll just say fare thee well.
 I ain't saying you treated me unkind,
 You could've done better, but I don't mind,
 You just sort of wasted my precious time,
 But don't think twice, it's all right.
- 4 It ain't no use in calling out my name, gal,
 Like you never done before.
 And it ain't no use in calling out my name, girl,
 I can't hear you any more.
 I'm a thinking and a wond'ring all the way down the road,
 I once loved a woman, a child, I'm told,
 I gave her my heart, but she wanted my soul,
 But don't think twice, it's all right.

G25 SHULE AROON (Gone the Rainbow)

- Am E7 Am
 Chorus Shule, shule, shule aroon
 C Em Am
 Shule a rak shak, shule a baba coo
 C Em F Am
 When I saw my Sally Babby Beal
 Em E7 Am
 Come bibble in the boo shy Lorey.

- 1 Here I sit on Buttermilk hill,
 Who could blame me, cry my fill,
 And ev'ry tear would turn a mill,
 Johnny's gone for a soldier.
- 2 I'll sell my flax, I'll sell my wheel,
 To by my love a sword of steel,
 So it in battle he might wield,
 Johnny's gone for a soldier.
- 3 Oh, my baby, oh, my love,
 Gone the rainbow, gone the dove;
 Your father was my only love,
 Johnny's gone for a soldier.
- 4 I'll dye my petticoats, I'll dye them red,
 And through the streets I'll beg my bread,
 Until my parents shall wish me dead,
 Johnny's gone for a soldier.
- 5 I wish, I wish, I wish in vain,
 I wish I had my heart again,
 And vainly think I'd not complain,
 Johnny's gone for a soldier.
- 6 But now my love has gone to France,
 To try his fortune to advance.
 If he e'er come back, 'tis but a chance,
 Johnny's gone for a soldier.

G26 GREEN FIELDS by Terry Gilkyson, Rich Dehr & Frank Miller

Am Dm Am E7
 1 Once there were green fields kissed by the sun,
 Am Dm Am E7
 Once there were valleys where rivers used to run,
 F G7 Em7 A7
 Once there were blue skies with white clouds high above.
 Dm7 G7 Am E7
 Once they were part of an everlasting love.
 Am Dm Am E7 Am Dm Am E7
 We were the lovers who strolled thru green fields.

2 Green fields are gone now, parched by the sun,
 Gone from the valleys where rivers used to run.
 Gone with the cold wind that swept into my heart,
 Gone with the lovers who let their dreams depart.
 Where are the green fields that we used to roam?

F G9 Dm7 G C Am7
 3 I'll never know what made you run away.
 Dm7 G9 Dm7 G7 C E7
 How can I keep searching when dark clouds hide the day?
 Am F Dm
 I only know there's nothing left for me,
 Am Dm Dm6 E7
 Nothing in this wide world left for me to see.

4 But I'll keep on waiting til you return,
 I'll keep on waiting until the day you learn
 You can't be happy while your heart's on the roam,
 You can't be happy until you bring it home,
 Home to the green fields and me once again,

F Dm7 Am6 F7 E7 Am
 Home to the green fields and me once again.

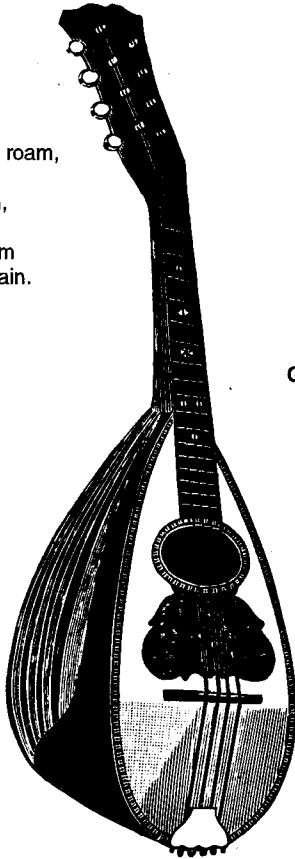
G27 HOMEWARD BOUND by Paul Simon copyright 1966 by Charing Cross

G
 1 I'm sittin' in the railway station,
 Bm Dm E7
 Got a ticket for my destination, Mmmm.
 Am
 On a tour of one night stands,
 F
 My suitcase and guitar in hand,
 G
 And every stop is neatly planned,
 D7 G
 For a poet and a one-man band.

G C G
 Chorus Homeward bound, I wish I was,
 C
 Homeward bound,
 G Am G F C
 Home, where my thought's escaping,
 G Am G F C
 Home, where my music's playing,
 G Am G F C D7 G
 Home, where my love lies waiting silently for me.

2 Every day's an endless stream,
 Of cigarettes and magazines, Mmmm.
 And each town looks the same to me,
 The movies and the factories,
 And every stranger's face I see,
 Reminds me that I long to be...

3 Tonight I'll sing my songs again,
 I'll play the game and pretend, Mmmm.
 But all my words come back to me,
 In shades of mediocrity,
 Like emptiness in harmony,
 I need someone to comfort me.



G28 DONNA DONNA

Am E Am E
 1 On a wagon bound for market
 Am Dm Am E7
 There's a calf with a mournful eye.
 Am E Am E
 High above him flies a swallow
 Am Dm Am E Am
 Winging swiftly through the sky.

G C
 Chorus How the winds are laughing
 Am G C
 They laugh with all their might
 G C E Am
 Laugh and laugh the whole day through
 E7 Am
 And half the summer's night.
 E7 Am
 Dona dona dona dona
 G C Am
 Dona dona dona down
 E7 Am
 Dona dona dona dona
 E7 Am
 Dona dona dona down

2 "Stop complaining," said the farmer,
 "Who told you a calf to be,"
 Why don't you have wings to fly away
 Like the swallow so proud and free?"

3 Calves are easily bound and slaughtered
 Never knowing the reason why.
 But whoever treasures freedom,
 Like the swallow must learn to fly.

G29 HOUSE OF THE RISING SUN

Am C D F
 1 There is a house in New Orleans
 Am C E7
 They call the Rising Sun.
 Am C D F
 And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy,
 Am Em Am
 And God, I know I'm one.

2 My mother was a tailor,
 She sewed them new blue jeans.
 My father was a gambling man,
 Down in New Orleans.

3 My father was a gambling man,
 He went from town to town;
 And the only time he was satisfied,
 Was when he drank his liquor down.

4 Now the only thing a gambler needs,
 Is a suitcase and a trunk;
 And the only time he's ever satisfied,
 I when he's on a drunk.

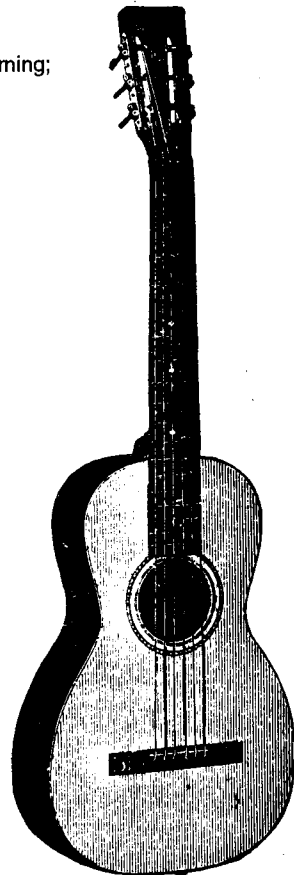
5 Now mothers tell your children,
 Not to do what I have done,
 Or you'll spend your life in sin and misery,
 In the House of the Rising Sun.

6 I've got one foot on the platform,
 The other foot on the train,
 I'm goin' back to New Orleans
 To wear the ball and chain.

7 I'm going back to New Orleans,
 My race is almost run;
 I'm going back to spend the rest of my life,
 Beneath that Rising Sun.

G30 MAN OF CONSTANT SORROW

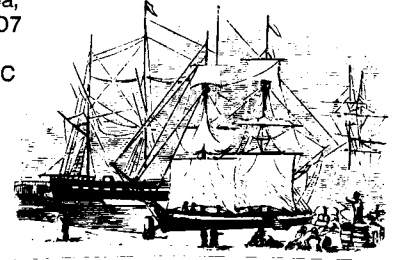
- 1 I am a man of constant sorrow,
I've seen trouble all my days.
I'm going back to California,
The place where I was partly raised.
- 2 All through this world I'm bound to ramble,
Through storm and wind, through sleet and rain.
I'm bound to ride that northern railroad,
Perhaps I'll take the very next train.
- 3 Your friends they say I am a stranger,
You'll never see my face no more.
There is just one promise that's given:
We'll sail on God's golden shore.
- 4 I used to think that I saw trouble,
I fear there's nothing else to do.
How little did I think you'd leave me,
But now I bid to you adieu.
- 5 The very first time I ever saw you,
The world was all over green,
But since to me you've proved false-hearted,
I wish your face I'd never seen.
- 6 The last time I ever saw you
Standing in in a cottage door;
Yet your smiles are ever near me,
Though I see thee never more.
- 7 When I'm asleep, I'm dreaming about you
When I'm awake, I have no rest;
Every moment seems like an hour,
And oh, what burdens in my breast.
- 8 You're like the stars of a bright summer morning;
They will appear but soon be gone.
You tell to me some flattering story,
Then take some other and be gone.
- 9 They have told you some false stories;
You believe them all they say.
Oh, you are false but I'll forgive you,
Forget you though I never may.
- 10 I wish I was a little sparrow,
And had wings that I might fly;
I'd fly away to my false lover,
So when she talked I could be by.
- 11 I'd ask her who she meant to flatter,
Or who she meant for to deceive ;
All in her bosom I would flutter
With those little and tender wings.
- 12 One more word and all is over.
Why are you unkind to me?
Pray tell my why you do not love me
And turn aside, how can it be?
- 13 For six long years I've been in trouble,
No pleasure here on earth I've found.
For in this world I'm bound to ramble,
I have no friends to help me now.
- 14 It's fare you well, my own true lover,
I never expect to see you again.
For I'm bound to ride that northern railroad,
Perhaps I'll die upon this train.



- 15 You may bury me in some deep valley,
For many years where I may lay.
They you may learn to love another,
While I am sleeping in my grave.

G31 THERE IS A SHIP

- 1 There is a ship and she sails the sea,
She's loaded deep as deep can be.
But not as deep as the love I'm in,
I know not if I sink or swim.
- 2 I leaned my back against an oak,
Thinking it was a trusty tree,
But first it bent and then it broke,
Just as my love proved false to me.
- 3 Oh, love is gentle, and love is kind,
The sweetest flower when first it's new.
But love grows old, and waxes cold,
And fades away, like the morning dew.
- 4 The water is wide, I cannot get o'er,
Neither have I wings so I can fly.
Give me a boat that can carry two,
And both shall row, my love and I.

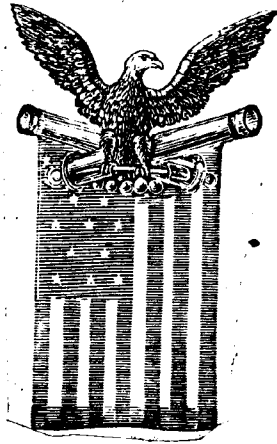
**G32 TIMES THEY ARE A CHANGING by Bob Dylan**
Copyright Warner Bros., Inc.

- 1 Come gather round people wherever you roam,
And admit that the waters around you have grown,
And accept it that soon you'll be drenched to the bone.
If your time to you is worth saving,
Then you'd better start swimming or you'll sink like a stone,
For the times, they are a changing.
- 2 Come writers and critics who prophesize with your pens,
And keep your eyes wide, the chance won't come again,
And don't speak too soon, the wheel's still in spin,
And there's no telling who that it's naming.
Oh the loser will be later to win,
For the times, they are a changing.
- 3 Come senators, congressmen, please head the call,
Don't stand in the doorway, don't block up the hall,
For he that gets hurt will be he who has stalled.
There's a battle outside and it's raging.
It will soon shake your windows and rattle your hall,
For the times, they are a changing.
- 4 Come mothers and fathers throughout the land,
And don't criticize what you can't understand.
Your sons and your daughters are beyond your command,
Your old road is rapidly aging.
Please get out of the new one if you can't lend a hand,
For the times they are a changing.
- 5 The line it is drawn, the curse it is cast,
The slow one will later be fast,
And the present now will later be past.
The order is rapidly fading.
The first one now will later be last,
For the times, they are a changing.

H1 THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER by Francis Scott Key

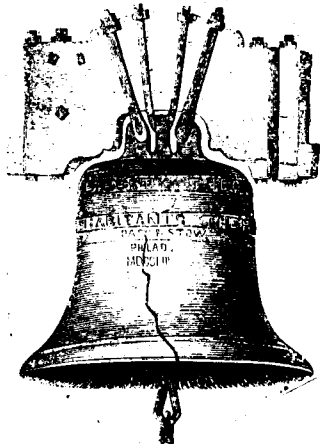
Tune: 'Anacreon in Heaven'

C D7 G
 1 Oh, say can you see by the dawn's early light,
 C G
 What so proudly we hailed,
 C
 At the twilight's last gleaming?
 Whose broad stripes and bright stars,
 D7 G
 Through the perilous fight,
 C G
 O'er the ramparts we watched
 C
 Were so gallantly streaming?
 And the rocket's red glare,
 G G7
 The bombs bursting in air,
 C G
 Gave proof through the night
 C D7 G
 That our flag was still there.
 C F
 Oh say does that star spangled
 Dm G G7
 Banner yet wave
 C
 O'er the land of the free
 G C
 And the home of the brave.

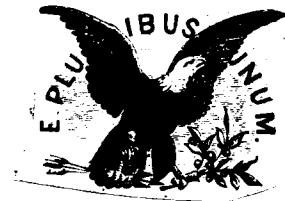


2 On the shore dimly seen
 Through the mist of the deep,
 Where the foe's haughty host
 In dread silence reposes
 What is that which the breeze,
 O'er the towering steep
 As it fitfully blows
 Half conceals, half discloses?
 Now it catches the gleam
 Of the morning's first beam,
 In full glory reflected,
 Now shines on the stream;
 'Tis the star spangled banner!
 Oh long may it wave
 O'er the land of the free
 And the home of the brave!

3 And where is that band,
 Who so vauntingly swore,
 That the havoc of war,
 And the battle's confusion
 A home and a country
 Should leave us no more?
 Their blood has washed out
 Their foul footsteps' pollution.
 No refuge could save
 The hireling and slave
 From the terror of flight
 Or the gloom of the grave.
 And the Star Spangled Banner
 In triumph doth wave,
 O'er the land of the free,
 And the home of the brave.



4 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!



H2 AMERICA by Rev. Samuel F. Smith

C G
 1 My country 'tis of thee,
 C FC
 Sweet land of liberty,
 G C
 Of thee I sing.

Land where my fathers died,
 F
 Land of thy pilgrim's pride,
 C F G C F C
 From ev'ry mountain side,
 F C G C
 Let freedom ring.

2 My native country, thee,
 Land of thy noble free,
 Thy name I love.
 I love thy rocks and hills,
 Thy woods and templed hills,
 My heart with rapture thrills,
 Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
 And ring from all the trees,
 Sweet freedom's song.
 Let mortal tongues awake,
 Let all that breathe partake,
 Let rocks their silence break,
 The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' 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.

Section H

Patriotic Songs



H3 AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL by Katherine Lee Bates

1 Oh beautiful, for spacious skies,
 For amber waves of grain.
 For purple mountains majesty,
 Above the fruited plain.

Chorus America, America
 God shed his grace on thee,
 And crown thy good with brotherhood,
 From sea to shining sea.

2 Oh, beautiful, for pilgrims feet
 Whose stern impassioned stress
 A thoroughfare for freedom beat
 Across the wilderness.

Cho2 America, America
 God mend thy every flaw!
 Confirm thy soul in self control
 Thy liberty in law.

3 Oh, beautiful, for heroes proved
 In liberating strife,
 Who more than self in country loved,
 And mercy more than life.

Cho3 America, America
 May God thy gold refine.
 'Til all success be nobleness,
 And every gain divine.

4 Oh beautiful for patriots dream,
 That see beyond the years,
 Thine alabaster cities gleam,
 Undimmed by human tears.

(To chorus 1)



2 I have seen Him in the watch-fires
 Of a hundred circling camps,
 They have builded Him an altar
 In the evening dew and damps.
 I can read His righteous sentence
 By the dim and flaring lamps,
 His day is marching on.

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

4 He has sounded from 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.

5 In the beauty of the lilies
 Christ was born across the sea,
 With a glory in His bosom
 That transfigures you and me:
 As He died to make men holy,
 Let us die to make men free,
 While God is marching on.

H5 GOD BLESS AMERICA by Irving Berlin

1 God bless America, land that I love,
 Stand beside her, and guide her,
 Through 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.

H4 BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC by Julia Ward Howe

1 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 lightning
 Of His terrible swift sword
 His truth is marching on.

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

H6 CAMP STEARNS words Al Boyce, music Michael Smith Tune: The Dutchman

1 The summer breeze blows gently
 Through Camp Stearns' many campsites,
 As the sun comes shining brightly.
 The squirrels and chipmunks watch as we hike by.
 The Webelos, Cub Scouts, Boy Scouts and Explorers
 Walk along her many pathways.
 The years fly by and now they're Scouters all,
 Who bring their own boys back to camp here,
 Through sunshine, snow and rain,
 To become part of Camp Stearns once again.



Dm Em
 Chorus Let us camp by the Clearwater River,
 F G C
 On the shores of Lake Caroline Bay.
 Dm G C
 By the campfires we will sing together,
 F G C
 And our hearts at Camp Steams will always stay.

2 In the winter we go skiing,
 And at nighttime we draw closely
 To the fireplace brightly burning.
 The scouting spirit glows
 Within the coals.
 In Spring and Fall the conclaves come,
 The camporees bring Scouts
 From Viking Council's many Scout troops.
 George Crosby's Camp Steams will always live!
 As the owl calls to us loudly,
 As the moon comes beaming down,
 This song of Camp Steams will always sound.

H7 OH CANADA music by C.Lavallee

French words: Sir Adolph Ruthier
 English words: R.Stanley Weir

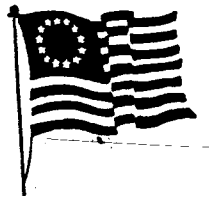
C G Am G C G
 1 Oh, Canada, our home and native land,
 C D G D G
 True patriot love in all thy son's command.
 G7 C
 With glowing hearts we see thee rise,
 F G
 The true north strong and free.
 G7 C
 And stand on guard, Oh Canada,
 G D7 G
 We stand on guard for thee.

C G Am F G
 Chorus Oh, Canada, glorious and free,
 C E7 F C G C
 Oh, Canada, we stand on guard for thee.
 C E7 F C G C
 Oh, Canada, we stand on guard for thee.

2 Oh, Canada, where pines and maples grow,
 Great prairies spread, and lordly rivers flow.
 How dear to us thy broad domain,
 From east to western sea,
 Thou land of hope, for all who toil,
 Thou true north strong and free.

H8 YANKEE DOODLE

G D
 1 Yankee doodle went to town,
 G D
 A-riding on a pony.
 G C
 Stuck a feather in his cap,
 D G
 And called it macaroni.



C
 Chorus Yankee doodle, keep it up,
 G
 Yankee doodle dandy;
 C
 Mind the music and the step,
 G D G
 And with the girls be handy.

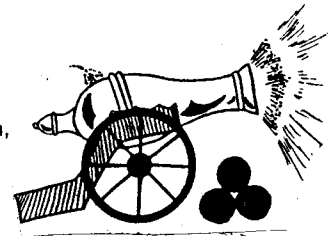
2 Father and I went down to camp,
 Along with Captain Goodin;
 And there we saw the men and boys,
 As thick as hasty pudding.

3 There was Captain Washington
 Upon a slapping stallion,
 A-giving orders to his men,
 I guess there was a million.

4 And then the feathers on his hat,
 They looked so' tamal fin-a,
 I wanted pockily to get
 To give to my sweet Dinah.

5 And then we saw a swamping gun,
 Large as a log of maple;
 Upon a deuced little cart,
 A load for father's cattle.

6 And every time they shoot it off,
 It takes a hom of powder;
 It makes a noise like father's gun,
 Only a nation louder.



7 I went as nigh to one myself,
 As' Siah's underpinning;
 And father went as nigh agin,
 I thought the deuce was in him.

8 We saw a little barrel, too,
 The heads were made of leather;
 They knocked upon it with little clubs,
 And called the folks together.

9 And there they'd fife away like fun,
 And play on comstalk fiddles,
 And some had ribbons red as blood,
 All bound around their middles.

10 The troopers, too, would gallop up,
 And fire right in our faces;
 It scared me almost to death,
 To see them run such races.

11 Uncle Sam came there to change,
 Some pancakes and some onions,
 For' lasses cake to carry home,
 To give his wife and young ones.

12 But I can't tell half I see
 They kept up such a smother;
 So I took my hat off, made a bow,
 And scampered home to mother.

13 Cousin Simon grew so bold,
 I thought he would have cocked it;
 It scared me so I streaked it off,
 And hung by father's pocket.

14 And there I saw a pumpkin shell,
 As big as mother's basin;
 And every time they touched it off,
 They scampered like the nation.



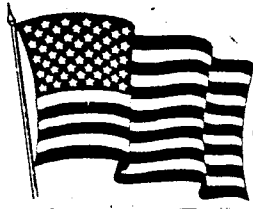
Section H

Patriotic Songs

H9 STARS AND STRIPES FOREVER

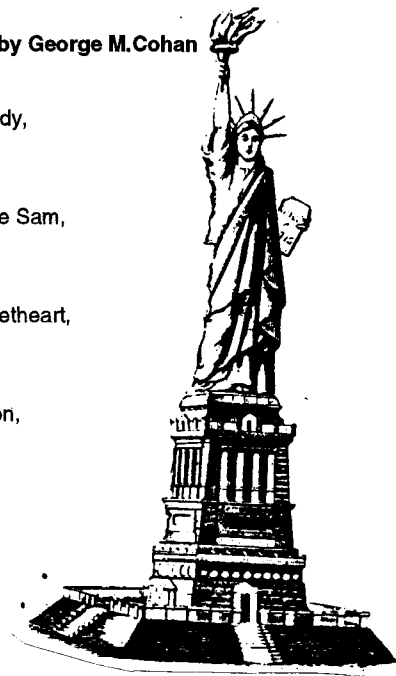
words:Bob Russell, music:John Phillip Sousa

C
There aloft in a soft and friendly breeze,
G
Flies the Red, White, and Blue above you,
G7
And unfurled with her world of memories,
C G
Of the men who proudly said, "I love you."
C
When I see the Stars and Stripes,
G
Then my heart is a drum wildly beating,
G7
So proud to be part of the dream,
C D7 G
That is always on the march.
C
And blessed will be every breeze,
E Am
That will rustle the Stars and Stripes forever,
F Am
I'm part of the gallant parade,
G-C
Of those who carry on the Stars and Stripes forever.



H11 YANKEE DOODLE DANDY by George M.Cohan

G D
Oh, I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy,
D7 G
A Yankee Doodle, do or die.
E Am
A real live nephew of my Uncle Sam,
C D
Born on the Fourth of July,
G D
I've got a Yankee Doodle sweetheart,
D7 G
She's my Yankee Doodle joy.
D
Yankee Doodle went to London,
G D
Riding on a pony,
C D G
I am that Yankee Doodle boy!

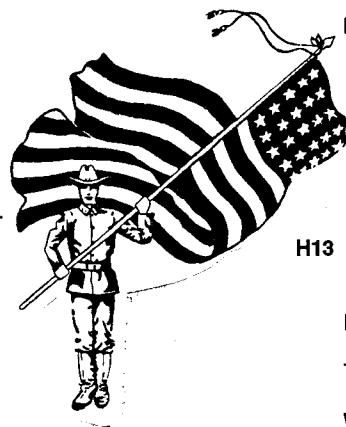


H10 LA MARSEILLAISE by Rouget de Lisle, 1792

G D D7 G
1 Arise ye sons of France to glory!
C Am D7 G
Your day of freedom bids you rise!
G D7 G D
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
D7 G
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
D
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
D7 G
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
G7 C A7 D
With hireling hosts a ruffian band
Gm D
Affright and desolate the land
D7 Gm D
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?



G D
Chorus To arms, you sons of France,
G D
Th'avenging sword unsheathe!
G D
March on, march on,
C G C# Dm D
all hearts resolved
D9 G D7 G
On liberty or death.



2 Oh liberty can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy gen'rous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts, and bar confine thee,
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept bewailing,
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.

H12 YOU'RE A GRAND OLD FLAG by George M.Cohan

G D G
You're a grand old flag, you're a high-flying flag,
D
And forever in peace may you wave.
D7 G E
You're the emblem of the land I love,
A D
The home of the free and the brave.
G D G
Every heart beats true with the red, white and blue,
E Am
Where there's never a boast or brag.
G D
Should old acquaintance be forgot,
C D G
Keep your eyes on that grand old flag!

H13 THE MARINE'S HYMN

C G C
From the halls of Montezuma,
G C
To the shores of Tripoli,
G C
We will fight our nation's battles,
G C
In the air, on land and sea.
F C
First to fight for right and freedom,
F G
Then to keep our honor clean,
C G C
We are proud to claim the title
G C
of the United States Marines.



Patriotic Songs

Section H

H14 THE CAISSON SONG (U.S. Field Artillery Song)

C
1 Over hill, over dale, as we hit the dusty trail,
G C
And those caissons go rolling along.
In and out, hear them shout, counter march and right about,
G C
And those caissons go rolling along.

C F C
Chorus Then it's hi, hi, hee, in the Field Artillery,
Am G
Shout out your numbers loud and strong.
C E F C
For where'er you go, you will always know,
G C
That those caissons go rolling along,

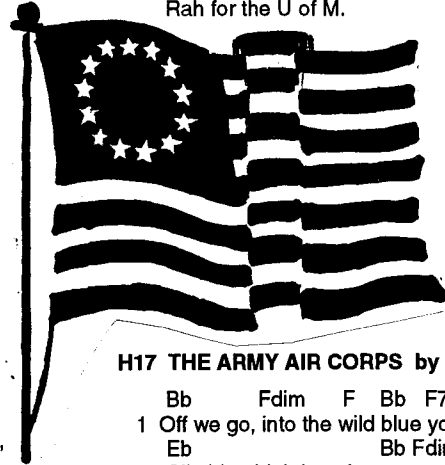
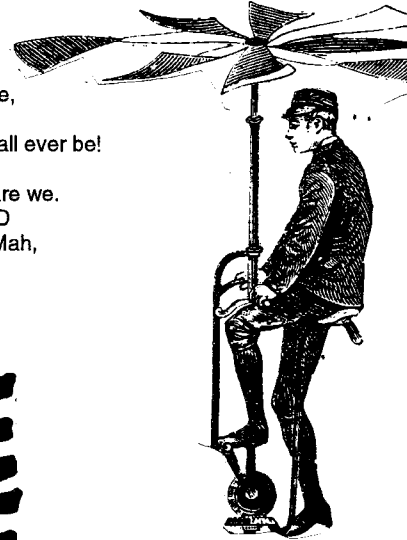
- 2 In the storm, in the night, action left or action right,
See those Caissons go rolling along.
Limber front, limber rear, prepare to mount your cannoneer,
And those Caissons go rolling along.
- 3 Was it high, was it low, where the heck did that one go?
As those Caissons go rolling along.
Was it left, was it right, now we won't get home tonight,
And those Caissons go rolling along.
- 4 To the front, day and night, where the doughboys dig and fight,
And those caissons go rolling along.
Our barrage will be there, fired on the rocket's flare,
As those caissons go rolling along.

H15 WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHIN' HOME by Louis Lambert

- Em G
1 When Johnny comes marchin' home again, hurrah, hurrah.
Em G B7
When Johnny comes marchin' home again, hurrah, hurrah.
Em B7
The men will cheer, the boys will shout,
Em B7
The ladies they will all turn out,
Em Bm G B7 Em
And we'll all feel glad when Johnny comes marchin' home.
- 2 The old church bells 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 glad when Johnny comes marchin' home.
- 3 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 glad when Johnny comes marchin' home.
- 4 Let love and friendship on that day, hurrah, hurrah.
Their choicest treasures then display, hurrah, hurrah.
And let each one perform some part,
To fill with joy the warrior's heart.
And we'll all feel glad when Johnny comes marchin' home.

H16 MINNESOTA ROWSER

D
Minnesota hats off to thee,
A
To thy colors, true we shall ever be!
D
Firm and strong, united are we.
G A D
Rah, rah, rah for Sky-U-Mah,
A D
Rah, rah, rah, rah,
A D
Rah for the U of M.



H17 THE ARMY AIR CORPS by Robert Crawford

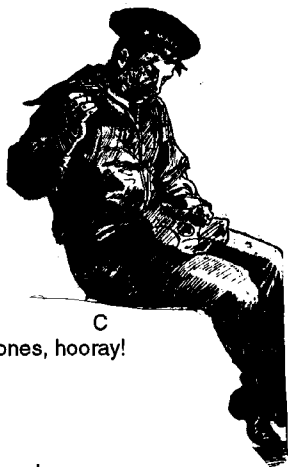
- Bb Fdim F Bb F7 Bbdim Bb
1 Off we go, into the wild blue yonder,
Eb Bb Fdim F7
Climbing high into the sun.
Bb Fdim F7 Bb F7 C7 Db7
Here they come, zooming to meet our thunder,
F Fm C7 F7
At 'em boys, give 'er the gun (give 'er the gun now!)
Bb Fdim F7 Bb F7 Bbdim Bb7
Down we dive, spouting our flames from under,
Eb A7 A7dim D7
Off with one heck of a roar.
Gm G7 Cm Bbdim
We live in fame, or go down in flame,
Bb Gm C7 F7 Bb
Nothing'll stop the Army Air Corps.
- 2 Minds of men fashioned a crate of thunder,
Sent it high into the blue.
Hands of men blasted the world a-sunder.
How they lived, God only knew! (God only knew then!)
Souls of men, dreaming of skies to conquer,
Gave us wings ever to soar,
With shouts before and bombers galore,
Nothing'll stop the Army Air Corps.
- 3 Off we go, into the wild blue yonder,
Keep the wings level and true.
If you live to be a gray-haired wonder,
Keep your nose out of the blue! (Out of the blue, boy!)
Flying men, guarding the nation's border,
We'll be there, followed by more!
In echelon, we carry on,
Nothing'll stop the Army Air Corps.



H18 ANCHORS AWEIGH

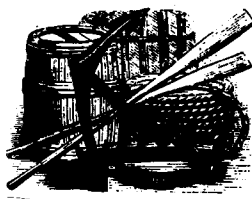
by Capt. Alfred H. Miles and Charles Zimmerman

C G Am
 1 Stand, Navy, out to sea,
 C G7 C
 Sails set to the sky;
 F C G7
 We'll never change our course
 C D7 G7 F G7
 So vicious foe steer shy-y-y-y.
 C G Am
 Roll out the T.N.T.,
 C G7 C
 Anchor's aweigh!
 F C Am G#
 Sail on to victory
 Am C G7 C
 And sink their bones to Davy Jones, hooray!



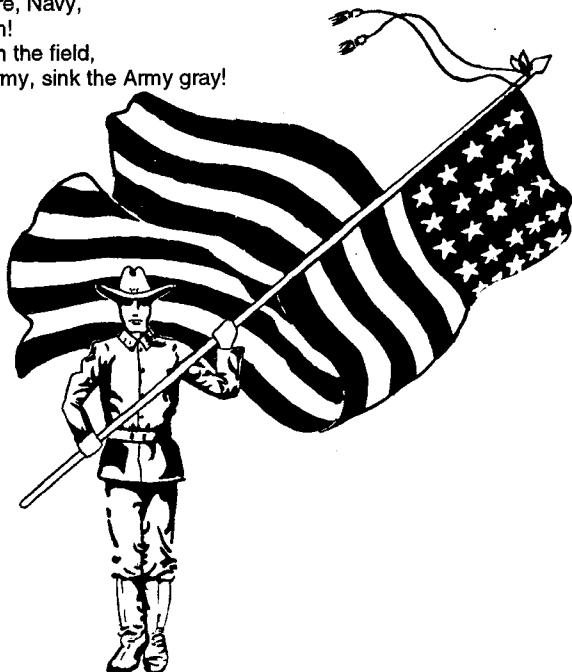
2 Get under way, Navy
 Decks cleared for the fray.
 We'll hoist the Navy blue
 So Army, down your grey-ey-ey-ey!
 Full speed ahead, Navy,
 Army, Heave to!
 Furl black and grey and gold,
 And hoist the Navy, hoist the Navy blue.

3 Blue of the seven seas,
 Gold of God's great sun,
 Let these our colours be,
 'Til all of time be done-done-done-done.
 By Severn shore we learn,
 Navy's stem call;
 Faith, courage, service true,
 With honor over, honor over all



4 Anchors aweigh, my boys,
 Anchors aweigh.
 Farewell to college joys,
 We sail at break of day-ay-ay-ay,
 Through our last night ashore,
 Drink to the foam.
 And 'til we meet once more,
 Here's wishing you a happy voyage home.

5 Stand Navy, down the field,
 Fight our battle cry!
 We'll never change our course,
 So Army you steer shy-y-y-y!
 Roll up the score, Navy,
 Anchors aweigh!
 Sail Navy, down the field,
 And sink the Army, sink the Army gray!

**H19 TRAMP TRAMP TRAMP by George Root**

G
 1 In my prison cell I sit,
 C G
 Thinking mother dear of you,
 A7 D7
 And our bright and happy home so far away,
 G
 And the tears they fill my eyes,
 C G
 Spite of all that I can do,
 C D7 G
 Tho' I try to cheer my comrades and be gay.

G
 Chorus Tramp! tramp! tramp! The boys are marching,
 D7
 Cheer up comrades, they will come.
 G
 And beneath the starry flag,
 C G
 We shall breathe the air again,
 B7 Em A7 D7 G
 Of the free land in our own beloved home.

2 In the battle front we stood,
 When their fiercest charge they made,
 And they swept us off a hundred men or more;
 But before we reached their lines,
 They were beaten back, dismayed,
 And we heard the cry of vict'ry o'er and o'er.

3 So within the prison cell,
 We are waiting for the day,
 That shall come to open wide the iron door;
 And the hollow eye grows bright,
 And the poor heart almost gay,
 As we think of seeing home and friends once more.

II THE YETI (as told by Al Boyce)

There are several versions of the Many Point Yeti story floating about, this one is a composite of several that I have heard. This story is best told just before the end of a campfire on a still, starry night, sitting around the glowing embers of a campfire.



There are many strange stories told of men and monsters who have inhabited northern Minnesota; the Agropelter, Mad Jack, Dog Pete, and Paul Bunyan, but one of the strangest and most mysterious stories to be told had to be the tale of the Many Point Yeti Monster.

Once upon a time in the lands that now shelter Many Point Scout Camp, the land was completely covered by glaciers, great rivers of ice that descended from the North Pole. Very little could live in the bitter cold that came with these glaciers - this was even before there were humans in the world, and the creatures that did exist by our standards would appear very strange. Most scientists believe that these creatures are all extinct now. But scientists are discovering creatures once thought extinct every day.



As the Ice Age ended, and the glaciers retreated, they left behind beautiful lakes, craggy hillsides, and the broad, flat valleys and plains that make Minnesota so beautiful. Sometime in this period historians believe that Native Americans moved into North America from Asia across the now non-existent Bering Strait land bridge through Alaska. As the tribes grew and spread out, the Sioux and the Ojibwa tribes, which white men later called the Chippewa, came to inhabit Minnesota.

You can still see their remains as close as the Indian Mounds at the Tamarac Wildlife Refuge. There were recorded Chippewa camps on both Many Point and Round lakes, and their trails criss-cross the camp, and some have even become our current camp roads. The Chippewa even gave Many Point its name: "Ga-kitche-ma-mini-wa-mi-wang" translated from Chippewa as "Lake With Many Points." Even so, no Chippewa ever went anywhere near the swamp to the east of Flintlock Bay on Many Point lake.

The Chippewa lived peacefully for many years before the white man came to the Many Point area, hunting, fishing, and harvesting wild rice from the lakes, and berries from the woodlands. But all the Chippewa people knew better than to camp by Yeti Swamp.

Then the trappers and the fur traders came, mostly Frenchmen coming up the Great Lakes originally, then travelling up and down the Mississippi and Red rivers. It was only a matter of time before a trader would travel down the Otter Tail River from the Red River and visit the beautiful Gakitchemamin-wamiwang, or the "Lac du Beaucoup de Points" as the Frenchmen called it.

As the trappers began hunting in the lands of the peaceful Chippewa, the Indians warned the trappers to stay away from Yeti Swamp. At first, there was enough game to go around, and the trappers didn't need to hunt the swamp, but as more and more pelts were taken, many of them began camping and trapping by the swamp. No one ever really knew what happened to them, it was assumed by the size of the claw marks on their shredded canoes and tents that it was some sort of giant bear that had gotten them. But the footprints looked more like those of a giant man. And none of the trappers who camped by the swamp ever returned to tell the tale. All the Chippewa would say was, "Yeti!"

Soon, as Americans pushed westward, loggers moved into the verdant pine forests surrounding Many Point lake. The Chippewa warned them of the dangers of Yeti Swamp too - but people needed wood for wagons, homes, and cities, and some of the biggest pine trees to be had bordered on the swamp. Sometimes when a logger was working near the swamp too late into the night, a search

party would be sent to look for him, and all that would be found would be pools of blood, knots of dirty fur, giant footprints, and occasionally the lumberjack's axe, still stuck in a tree as if in mid-stroke. The loggers all said that the missing lumberjack must have gotten fed up with the logging life and headed into town, never to return to the woods. And it might have been so. But all the Chippewa would say was, "Yeti!"

Finally, Boots Hanson moved up to Many Point from Minneapolis in 1946 to build Many Point Scout Camp. It was a tough job - the first year it was only 30 or so scouts camping around the dining hall in what is now called Buckskin. Camping merit badge was one of the tough merit badges required in those days. Boys had to set out from their camp to spend the night alone, hiking five miles first, set up their own camp and cook their own meals, then return in the morning. Some of the favorite spots for those overmites were the old Duluth site in what is now Voyageur camp, Crazy Horse campsite in what is now Ten Chiefs, and Hawk Hill. But Boots the Ranger always told the boys to stay away from the Yeti Swamp. Boots knew all the Chippewa legends.

Well, one night one of the boys was heading up with his buddies from Buckskin up to Hawk Hill. He was a "Know-It-All", and was trying to convince his friends that Yeti Swamp was far enough, and that he wasn't afraid of any old swamp. His friends said no, but this Scout stayed, and set up his tent on the hill, overlooking the south side of the Yeti Swamp. His buddies warned him not to, and even stayed while he set up his tent and started his fire, hoping to talk him out of it. But the Scout stayed.

It was a starry, still night (just like tonight) and the Scouts up on Hawk Hill didn't sleep very well. They thought they heard strange noises and even screams coming from the direction of Yeti Swamp. They thought it must be the wind, and they tried to sleep, covering their heads in their sleeping bags. But the Chippewa on the other side of the lake knew what the noises were.

After the Scout who camped by the swamp was several hours late returning to his camp in Buckskin, the troop organized a search party. When they got to the hill overlooking Yeti Swamp, they were horror-stricken at what they saw. The missing Scout's tent and sleeping bag had been ripped to shreds, with what looked like giant claw marks. His pack was equally torn and the contents strewn about, and his cooking gear looked as if it had been squashed by an elephant. But no signs of the boy could be found - just some knots of strange, dirty fur caught in some brambles, and some huge, two foot long prints sunk deep into the moist earth, leading into the swamp.

No Scouts went near Yeti Swamp for years after that, even when the camp grew, and they added Ten Chiefs, Flintlock, Pioneer, and finally the Explorer Base, later to be called Voyageur. Even when Flintlock was in full swing, no troop sites were put anywhere near Yeti Swamp.

In 1969, one of the craziest counselors who ever worked at Many Point was a commissioner in Flintlock. Dan'l Keiser was his name, and he claimed he wasn't afraid of anything. He was about six feet tall and all muscle, his neck was so thick that his head looked like it went right into his shoulders. Dan'l once set the world record for eating live minnows. When he got done, he said he was still hungry, so someone handed him a big bullfrog. Dan'l couldn't swallow it whole, so he bit it in half, and ate it one half at a time.

To show you how crazy Dan'l was, he built his Commissioner's Site on the north end of Flintlock. Right on the northern edge of Yeti Swamp.

Well, that summer passed pretty peacefully, and it was one of the busiest summers that Flintlock had ever seen, with about 300 Scouts passing through it. At the end of the day, the staff would all gather in Flintlock lodge, writing letters to their families and girlfriends, do leatherwork, play guitar, or swap stories late into the night. Dan'l Keiser was always the last one to leave.

One night, after a particularly late story session when Dan'l had made everyone laugh so hard that they cried, Dan'l decided it was about time

he made it back to his camp on the north end of Yeti Swamp. He reached for his flashlight, but realized that he had left it in his tent. He looked outside and it was a pitch black night, with the wind whistling through the trees. But Dan'l Keiser wasn't afraid of anything. He headed down the road, around Yeti Swamp, into the darkness.

He would take a few steps and pretty soon he'd find himself off the road, it was so awfully dark. After a few minutes he'd find it again, and after a few more steps he'd find himself back off the road. The way the trees grew over and shadowed the road made it black as ink, and he knew he'd never get any sleep at that rate. He'd have to get into the starlight, and the only place where the starlight could get through was straight through the middle of Yeti Swamp.

Dan'l found a path through the swamp and he slowly began walking. He was now finding his way alright, but all of a sudden it seemed to get awfully cold. Dan'l continued on, bundling his Scout jacket tighter around himself.

As Dan'l got further and further into the swamp, another strange thing happened. All of a sudden the wind stooped. Dead. And Dan'l couldn't even hear a cricket chirp. Strange, he thought. But Dan'l wasn't afraid.

He began walking faster and faster through the swamp, telling himself that the faster he could get to his camp, the more sleep he'd get. Then Dan'l had the feeling he was being followed. He moved quickly through the swamp, his camp almost in sight. He thought he felt a cold breath down his neck, and he began to run. He heard a big, padding sound behind him, as if huge feet were following him, and he raced through the swamp. Then, just as he was almost to his camp, Dan'l turned around and looked behind him.

It was awful - Dan'l reached his camp on a dead run and continued right on running as he hit the road and began running right back towards the lodge. He ran through thorns and briars and smacked into trees in the blackness, but still he kept running. When he reached the lodge, another staff member was sitting at the table, working on tanning a large cowhide. When he saw Dan'l, he thought it was a ghost and ran out the back door to get the rest of the staff. When they came into the lodge, they saw Dan'l.

His hair and skin were almost pure white, his hair standing straight out. His eyes were as wide as saucers, and he was panting and breathing like a madman. In his hand he held a nail, and appeared to be attacking the leather hide on the table. As he continued, they saw he was working on a terrifying drawing. When they asked him what had happened, he could not stop stammering long enough to answer. When he finished drawing, he passed out.

Dan'l slept for three days and nights. Gradually, the color returned to his skin and hair, and his breathing relaxed to its normal pace. When he woke up, he was himself, with no memory of what had happened that dark, windy night. But to this day, the leather hide on which he had hastily scratched the picture of what he had seen hangs on the wall of Flintlock lodge as a warning from the only person who had seen THE YETI OF MANY POINT LAKE and lived to tell the tale.

12 NIKI NIKI AMO MUCHO AMO NIKI NIKI AMO PARA PARA FU and TING A LING

Once upon a time, there were two kids, Niki... and Ting-a-ling. Niki... and Ting-a-ling were two playful kids. Oh, how they loved to play together.

One day, Niki... and Ting-a-ling went to Ting-a-ling's back yard to play together. But suddenly, as they were playing, Ting-a-ling fell in a well. Niki... dashed into the house to tell Mr. Ting-a-ling. "Mr.Ting-a-ling," said Niki... , "come quick, Ting-a-ling fell in the well!" Niki... and Mr.Ting-a-ling ran out to the well. While Niki... stood by, Mr.Ting-a-ling shouted, "Ting-a-ling, are you all right?" No answer, "Ting-a-ling, are you all right?" Still no answer. "Ting-a-ling, are you all right?"

Soon Niki... and Mr.Ting-a-ling heard, "Yes, I'm down here!" And soon they rescued Ting-a-ling.

On another day, some weeks later, Niki... and Ting-a-ling went to Niki...s back yard to play together. But suddenly, as they were playing, Niki... fell into the well. Ting-a-ling dashed into the house to tell Mr.Niki... , "Mr.Niki...," said Ting-a-ling, "Come quick! Niki... fell into the well!" Ting-a-ling and Mr.Niki... ran out to the well. While Ting-a-ling stood by, Mr.Niki... shouted, "Niki..., are you all right?" (2 or 3 times.) One last time, Mr.Niki... shouted, "Niki... are you all right?" but there was no answer.

The moral of this story is: Little children with long names shouldn't fall in wells!

(Be sure to pronounce Niki Niki Amo Mucho Amo Niki Niki Amo Para Para Fu's full name EVERY time it appears! PRACTICE it thoroughly first, to get the best effect.)

13 THE CREMATION OF SAM MCGEE by Robert Service

There are strange things done in the midnight sun,
By the men who moil for gold;
Their arctic trails have their secret tales
That would make your blood run cold.
The northern lights have seen queer sights,
But the queerest they ever did see,
Was that night on the marge of Lake Lebarge
I cremated Sam McGee.

Now Sam McGee was from Tennessee,
Where the cotton blooms and blows.
Why he left his home in the south to roam
'Round the pole, God only knows.
He was always cold, but that land of gold
Seemed to hold him like a spell,
Though he'd often say in his homely way
That he'd sooner live in hell.

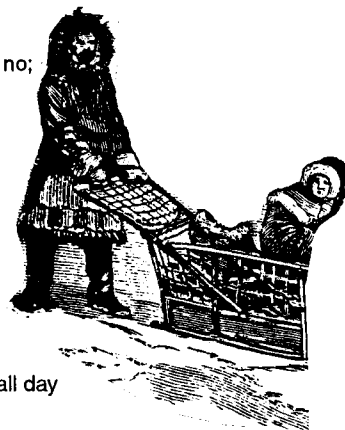


On Christmas Day we were mushing our way
Out over the Dawson Trail.
Talk of your cold! Through the parka's fold
It stabbed like a driven nail.
If our eyes we'd close then the lashes froze
'Til sometimes we couldn't see;
It wasn't much fun, but the only one
To whimper was Sam McGee.

And that very night, as we lay packed tight
In our robes beneath the snow,
And the dogs were fed, and the stars o'erhead
Were dancing to and fro,
He turned to me and "Cap," says he,
'I'll cash in this trip, I guess;
And if I do, I'm asking that you
Won't refuse my last request."

Well he seemed so low that I couldn't say no;
Then he says with a sort of moan:
'It's the cursed cold, and it's got right hold
'Til I'm chilled clean through to the bone.
Yet 'tain't being dead - it's my awful dread
Of the icy grave that pains;
So I want you to swear that, foul or fair,
You'll cremate my last remains."

A pal's last need is a thing to heed,
So I swore that I would not fail;
And we started on at the streak of dawn;
But God! He looked ghastly pale!
He crouched on the sleigh, and he raved all day
Of his home in Tennessee;
And before nightfall, a corpse was all
That was left of Sam McGee.



There wasn't a breath in that land of death
And I hurried on horror-driven,
With a corpse half-hid that I couldn't get rid
Because of a promise I'd given.
It was lashed to the sleigh, and it seemed to say:
"You may tax your brawn and brains,
But you promised true, and it's up to you
To cremate those last remains."

Now a promise made is a debt unpaid,
And the trail has it's own stern code;
In the days to come, though my lips were dumb,
In my heart, how I cursed that load.
In the long, long night, by the lone firelight,
While the huskies, 'round in a ring,
Howled out their woes to the homeless snows,
Oh God! How I loathed that thing!

And every day, that quiet clay,
Seemed to heavy and heavier grow;
And on I went, thought the dogs were spent,
And the grub was getting low.
The trail was bad, and I felt half mad,
But I swore I would not give in;
And I'd often sing to the hateful thing,
And it harkened with a grin.

'Til I came to the marge of Lake Lebarge,
And a derelict there lay.
It was jammed in the ice, and I saw in a trice
It was called the Alice May.
And I looked at it, and I thought a bit,
And I looked at my frozen chum;
Then "Here," said I, with a sudden cry,
"Is my cre-ma-tor-i-um."

Some planks I tore from the cabin floor,
And I lit a boiler fire.
Some coal I found that was lying around,
And I heaped the fuel on higher.
The flames just soared and the furnace roared,
Such a blaze you seldom see;
And I burrowed a hole in the glowing coal,
And I stuffed in Sam McGee.

Then I made a hike, for I didn't like
To hear him sizzle so;
And the heavens scowled and the huskies howled
And the ice began to blow.
It was icy cold but the hot sweat rolled
Down my cheeks, and I don't know why;
And the greasy smoke in an inky cloak
Went streaking down the sky.

I do not know how long in the snow,
I wrestled with grisly fear;
But the stars came out and they danced about,
And again I ventured near;
I was sick with dread but I bravely said,
"I'll just take a peep inside.
I guess he's cooked, and it's time I looked,"
...Then the door I opened wide.

And there sat Sam, looking cold and calm,
In the heart of the furnace roar;
And he wore a smile you could see a mile,
And he said, "Please close that door!
It's fine in here, but I greatly fear
You'll let in the cold and storm,
Since I left Plumtree, down in Tennessee,
It's the first time I've been warm."

There are strange things done in the midnight sun,
By the men who toil for gold;
Their arctic trails have their secret tales
That would make your blood run cold.
The northern lights have seen queer sights,
But the queerest they ever did see,
Was that night on the marge of Lake Lebarge
I cremated Sam McGee.



14 DOG PETE

Peter C. Larsen, or 'Dog' Pete as he was called by all the fishermen who ever stopped into his bait shop on the west side of Round Lake, was probably the biggest liar that ever lived. Although 'Dog' Pete died in April of 1939, his stories live on, and folks find that the best stories are still told down at 'Dog' Pete's camp. Some say his spirit still lingers on there, waiting to tell one last whopper of a story.

'Dog' Pete got his name from the coach dogs that he raised, and there was always five or six around his cabin. One winter Pete said he, "was so gol-dum awful sick," that he couldn't keep up with the fishermen who came for bait. "Well sir," said Pete, "I told two of my best dogs, 'Spotty' and 'Buck', that they was in charge while I was laid up. It was pretty simple to teach 'em to scoop up minnows into a bucket, and to dig up worms, and even to make change, but I was really proud of 'em for writing all them fishin' licenses."

'Dog' Pete said a guide trip he was especially proud of was in the winter of 1907 to 1908 when he and a man called "Doc Cook" set out to find the North Pole.

"Well sir," 'Dog' Pete exclaimed, "we set out in September, and we got within about three weeks of the Pole when "Doc" Cook came down with a terrible case of 'pendicitis."

"I had to operate, of course, and after I took out his appendix and 13 gallstones I found by the way, I realized I had nothin' to stitch him up with. Well sir, I called for 'Buck', who was pullin' our sled, and I'll be damed if he didn't bring an icicle."

"He had chewed a hole through for a needle. 'Spotty' was right behind with a thread he had woven from hairs from a polar bear hide, and together we stitched up 'Doc' Cook and left him snug in his tent."

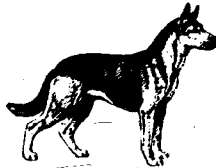
"We went on up to the Pole, and I could tell when we got there 'cuz the compass started twitchin' down to the ice like a willow water witchin' wand. I hefted up the biggest rock I could find, and carved my initials, 'P.C.L., Oct.9, 1908 U.S.A.' into the rock."

"Durn shame, we picked up 'Doc' Cook on the way back, and no sooner did we get back when 'Doc' Dook started up on the lecture circuit claimin' HIS discovery."

"Now you just can't believe a word that 'Doc' Cook says," claimed 'Dog' Pete.

Then there was the time that 'Dog' Pete took Henry Ford and Harvey Firestone out on a fishing trip.

"The fish was bitin' real good that trip," said Pete. "And they were so big we couldn't even get 'em in the net. That's when I hit on it. When we knew we had a big one on, we'd reel it up to the boat and then tip the boat to the side just enough to scoop the fish in. 'Cept one 'o them big walleyes we caught was so big it broke some of the ribs out of my boat." There was more than one witness to 'Dog' Pete's battered boat with the broken rib.



"Harvey and Henry, they sure liked our mosquitoes," 'Dog' Pete went on, "and I'd always catch 'em a few pound-pound-and-a-halfers for dinner. Their legs are nice and fat and tasty fried in butter, just like frogs legs. Harvey and Henry just couldn't get enough of 'em."

'Dog' Pete told of the time he went hunting in the Tamarac Wildlife Refuge. "Well sir," said Pete, "jus' before I left, a young feller came along and wanted to go hunting with me. I said, 'Why sure!', and that I'd take good care of him. He asked me if I thought the hunting would be any good, and I said, 'Well sir, do you know what I did last night? I shot 12 mallard ducks right down there on that point!' The man says to me, 'Do you know who I am? I'm the new game warden of Becker County!' I thought about that for a minute, then I said, 'Do you know who I am? I'm the biggest liar in the county!'"

'Dog' Pete claimed every word he said was gospel. As intelligent and well educated people we know this is sheer baloney! But if next time you're at one of the resorts around Many Point or Round lake looking to buy a fishing license, and a dog comes up to you that answers to the name of 'Spotty' or 'Buck, Jr.', just remember that 'Dog' Pete told you so.

15 THE EAGLE POEM

A fond mother watches her boy where he stands
 Apart from his comrades tonight,
 As they place on his camp-battered tunic a badge,
 An Eagle, the emblem of right...
 It seems just a few short months have passed
 Since he joined with the youngster next door.
 How proud he was then of his Tenderfoot pin
 As he told her the message it bore.
 But the years have gone as he struggled along
 To learn what the Scout Law's about;
 He practiced them daily, the Oath and the Law
 Until now, he's an Eagle Scout.
 You may smile in your worldly old wisdom at this
 And say, 'Why it's only a pin.'
 But I tell you no honors he'll gain as a man
 Will mean just as much to him.
 The Red, White and Blue of the ribbon you see
 Are the symbols of honor and truth.
 He has learned how to value these fine attributes
 In the glorious days of youth.
 And the outflinging wings of the Eagle that rests
 On the breast of this Knight of Today,
 Are the things which will lift him above petty deeds
 And guide him along the right way...
 Yes, it's only a pin, just an Eagle Scout Badge,
 But the heart that's beneath it beats true
 And will throb to the last for the things that are good,
 A lesson for me ... and for you.



16 THE BALLAD OF THE GUY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD -or- THE FINN WHO WOULD NOT TAKE A SAUNA by Margaret Haskins-Durber (aka Garrison Keillor)

In Northeast Minnesota, what they call the Iron range,
 Where men are men, and that is that, and some things never change,
 Where winter stays nine months a year, there is no spring or fall,
 And it's so cold the mercury cannot be seen at all.

Where you and I, we normal folks, would shiver, shake, and chatter,
 And, if we used an outhouse, we would grow an extra bladder.
 But even when it's coldest, (our feet would have no feeling),
 Those Iron-Rangers get dressed up and go out snowmobiling.

Out across the frozen land, and make a couple stops
 At Geno's Lounge, and Rudy's Bar for whiskey, beer, and schnapps.
 And then they go into a shack that's filled with boiling rocks
 That's hot enough to sterilize an Iron-Ranger's socks.

They sit there 'til they steam out every sin and every foible,
 Then they jump into a frozen lake and claim that it's enjoy-ble.
 But there was one, a shy young man, and although he was Finnish,
 The joys of winter had, for him, long started to diminish.

He was a Finn, the only Finn, who would not take a sauna.
 "It isn't that I can't," he said, "I simply do not wanna."
 And so he stayed close by a stove for nine months of the year,
 Because he was so sensitive to change of tempr-a-cheer.

His friends said, "Come on, Toivol, let's go out to Sunfish lake.
 A Finn who don't take saunas? Why, there must be some mistake!"
 But Toivol said, "There's no mistake, I know that I would freeze
 In water colder than myself, ninety-eight point six degrees."

"To jump into a frozen lake is not my fondest wish,
 For just because I am a Finn, don't mean I am a fish."
 One night he went to Eveleth, to attend the Miner's Ball.
 (If you have not danced in Eveleth, you've never danced at all!)

And he met a Finnish beauty there that turned his head around.
 She was broad of beam and when she danced,
 She shook the frozen ground.
 She took that shy young man in hand and swept him off his feet,
 And bounced him up and down until he learned that polka beat.

She was strong as any man, she was as fair as she was wide,
 And when the dance was over, he asked her to be his bride.
 She looked him over carefully, she said, "You're kind of thin,
 But you must have some courage if it's true you are a Finn."

"I ain't particular 'bout men, I ain't no prima donna,
 But I would never marry one who would not take a sauna."
 They got into her pick-up, and down the road they drove,
 And fifteen minutes later they were stoking up the stove.

She had a flask of whiskey, they had a couple toots
 And went into the shack and got into their birthday suits.
 She steamed him and she boiled him, until his skin turned red.
 She poured it on until his brains were boiling in his head.

To improve his circulation and to soften up his hide
 She got a couple birch boughs, and she beat him 'til he cried:
 "Oh, couldn't you just love me now, oh don't you think you can?"
 She said, "It's time to go outside and show you are a man."

Straightaway, because he loved her so,
 He thought his heart would break,
 He jumped right up, and out the door, and ran down to the lake.
 And though he paused a moment when he saw the lake was frozen,
 And tried to think just which snowbank his love had put his clothes in,

When he thought of his true love, he didn't have to think twice,
 He just picked up his frozen feet and raced across the ice.
 And coming to the hole that they had cut there with an axe,
 Putting common sense aside, ignoring all the facts -

He leaped, oh what a leap! And as he dove below the surface,
 It thrilled him to his very soul, and also made him nerf-ous,
 And it wasn't just the tingling cold he felt in every limb,
 He cried, "My love, I'm finished! I forgot - I cannot swim!"

She fished him out and stood him up, and gave him an embrace
 That warmed his very heart and made the blood rush to his face.
 "I love you darling-dear!" she cried, "I love you with all my might!"
 And she drove him to Biwabec and he married her that night.

And they live happily to this day, although they sometimes quarrel,
 And there I guess, the story ends, except for this, the moral:
 Marriage, friends, is not a banquet, love is no free lunch,
 You cannot dabble 'round the edge, but each must take the plunch.

Though marriage, like that frozen lake, may sometimes make us colder,
 It has it's pleasures too, as you may find out when you're older.

17 THE AGROPELTER (*Anthrocephalus Craniofractens*)

Leading a vengeful existence, resenting the intrusion of the logger, the Agropelter deals misery to the lumberjack (and Scout) from Maine to Oregon. Ill fairs the man who attempts to pass a hollow tree in which one of these creatures has taken up it's temporary abode. The unfortunate is usually found smashed or pinned by a dead branch and is reported as having been killed by a falling limb.

According to all counts, the animal has a slender, wiry body, the villainous face of an ape, and arms like muscular whiplashes, with which it can snap off dead branches and hurl them through the air like shells from a six-inch gun. It is supposed to feed upon hoot owls and woodpeckers, the scarcity of which will always prevent the Agropelter from becoming numerous in any one locality.

18 THE FUR FISH (*Micropterus Delomleui Miniatui*)

Early travellers to the north country learned from the Chippewa Indians about a fur-bearing small-mouth bass found only in very deep, cold lakes. Among the Chippewa bands spread from Michigan to Minnesota and Canada, this fish was a sacred thing, and ceremonial dances were held each year in its honor in an effort to communicate with both the great Manitou and this strange fish, covered with a pelt as thick as that of a beaver. Being in 60-80' of water, life was possible only if covered with fur.

Early fur traders heard vague stories about a fur-bearing fish, but never caught any in their traps, and no Indian ever presented a fish pelt at a fur post. The great secret might well have been lost if not for the accidental discovery of an old lumberjack who had settled down on a hard scabble farm on the Nameekagon river. There, he built a log cabin and lived off the land as the Indians before him had done. One day, he wandered over to a tiny miniature lake, and there unbeknownst to anyone, this obscure lumberjack caught the first and perhaps the last fur-bearing small-mouthed bass ever caught by the white man in the Great Lakes region.

The legend persists that the fur-bearing fish have been discovered in certain deep lakes in the Rocky Mountains, but apparently such claims have never passed scientific scrutiny. Until other specimens appear, the miniature lake fur-bearing small-mouthed bass will stand as the only mythical fur-bearing fish in North America.

19 THE HODAG (*Nasobatlus Hystrivoratus*)

One day when Gene Shepard, a former lumberjack who settled down near Rhinelander, Wisconsin, was walking near his wooded Shangri-La, he smelled something strange. It made his nostrils quiver. Then he heard a growl, the like of which he had never before heard. In the brush he saw a terrifying sight: a monster that had the head and body of an ox, but a tail like that of a lizard or an alligator. Along the back were six sharply pointed spines that gave it the appearance of a prehistoric dinosaur. Shepard saw its thick claws and cloven hooves - and concluded that where he was just wasn't any place for a man to be.

The next day upon his return to the site of the occurrence he labored hard digging a deep pit in the area where he had first spied the monster, then placed two white bulldogs in the pit. (He had read in an encyclopedia that these monsters wouldn't eat anything but white bulldogs, and then only on Sunday.) He then left the area for a long and restless night. Long before he arrived, he knew that his plan had worked, for there was a terrible howl coming from the area of the pit that he could hear even before he left the house that morning (Sunday morning.)

He placed the monster in a sturdy cage and headed happily home. The word got around that Shepard had caught a prehistoric animal called a Hodag. The Milwaukee Journal sent a reporter to

investigate this great discovery. It was said that the Smithsonian Institute also sent out an investigator to this remote part of the world. Shepard decided to capitalize upon the interest and exhibited the Hodag at several county fairs, in a dimly lit tent. Somehow, the original Hodag disappeared after this exhibition.

There are some who say that the "Hodag" was nothing but a great hoax, but a visit to Rhinelander soon convinces one the Hodag is real even today. A replica of it stands at the opening of the Rhinelander Logging Museum and the high school teams call themselves the Hodags.

Only one question remains: if the Hodag was a hoax that never really existed, then why aren't there more white bulldogs throughout the north country today?

110 THE WHIRLING WHIMPUS (*Turbinocissus Nebuloides*)

Occasionally it happens that inexperienced woodsmen and others wandering in the woods disappear completely. Guides are unable to locate them, and all kinds of theories are offered to explain the disappearances.

From the hardwood forests of Tennessee, comes the rumor of an animal called the Whirling Whimpus, the existence of which may throw some light on the fate of those who fail to come back to camp.

According to the woodsmen who have been logging timber in eastern Tennessee, the Whimpus is a bloodthirsty creature of no mean proportions. It has a gorilla-shaped head and body, and enormous front feet.

Its unique method of obtaining food is to station itself upon a trail, where it stands on its diminutive back legs and whirls. The speed is increased until the animal is invisible, and the motion produces a strange droning sound, seeming to come from the trees overhead. Any creature coming along the trail and not recognizing the sound is almost certain to walk into the danger zone and become instantly deposited in the form of syrup or varnish upon the huge paws of the Whimpus!

111 POLAR BOLARINSKI as told by Loren Tenold

(This story is meant to be told in conjunction with the Polar Bear Swim.)

Polar Bolarinski grew up and lived in New York City in the early 1900's. He had always fancied himself becoming a rich and famous stock broker. After many years of school and hard work, Polar Bolarinski's dreams finally came true. He was working in Wall Street and the times were booming. He was doing quite well for himself. He had become a senior account manager and saved up enough money to buy himself a very large New York suburban house. Everything was going well for Polar Bolarinski... too well in fact.

About the time when he thought that nothing could go wrong, the stock market crashed in 1930 leaving Polar Bolarinski broke and without a job. He sold what worldly possessions he could muster up and raised just enough money to get a train ticket for Alaska. You see, Polar Bolarinski's other childhood fantasy was to become a lumberjack. With the recent developments, he saw this as a perfect opportunity for a career change. He set out for Alaska with two changes of clothes and less than ten dollars to his name.

Upon arriving in Alaska, Polar Bolarinski, being the ambitious young fellow that he was, set out to find the best logging camp in all of Alaska, and he found just that. The logging camp was nestled along the shores of Anchorage which was just beginning to become a large town, mainly due to all the business created by having such a prosperous logging camp brought to the area. He worked there for several years, saving almost every penny that he earned with the hopes that someday he would be able to open a camp of his own.

In the spring of 1937, Polar Bolarinski had raised enough money to set out and build his own camp. He spent long and hard days working alone, for he could not afford to hire on help. He cut down some of the largest trees and built a fine house for himself and a bunkhouse for the other lumberjacks that would eventually come to work for him. After two years of hard work, his camp was ready to be opened. He hired six lumberjacks to come work for him. Together they cleared many a forest and brought in quite a profit. When the second season was about to come around, Polar Bolarinski decided that he had been working too hard for too many years and that he would hire a foreman to take care of business and take this season off.

Polar Bolarinski was a man of many interests. He had longed to set up and run his very own trap line, which is what he decided to do. He bought himself 100 traps and set them out along the Yukon River just beside his logging camp. He trapped beaver, mink, and otter and sold the fine furs to a coat manufacturer in Anchorage. Polar Bolarinski was a man of rare breed. He was good at everything he did. Not just good - in fact, possibly the best. As you might expect, it didn't take long before Polar Bolarinski's furs became the talk of all Alaska.

One Wednesday morning at 6 o'clock AM, Polar Bolarinski got up and went out to check his trap line. He was busily working, not paying much attention to his surroundings. After quite some time, he looked up and saw a polar bear off in the distance. It was a magnificent bear. Its fur, white as a pearl, shone in the morning light. It was a large bear, perhaps the largest bear Polar Bolarinski had ever seen. The bear didn't bother him much since it was a common sight in Alaska, so without any other distractions, Polar Bolarinski turned his attention back to the business at hand. After several more minutes, Polar Bolarinski looked back up and saw that the bear had moved considerably closer. Slightly more alarmed, Polar Bolarinski continued his work but kept close tabs on the bear. After fussing with a broken trap, he looked back up to see that the polar bear was standing right above him. This was quite a frightful situation and Polar Bolarinski did just as you or I would do - ran as fast as he could! Polar Bolarinski threw down all of his belongings and took off across the barren tundra in hopes that he could outrun the bear. No matter how fast he ran, the polar bear stayed right on his heels, swiping its mighty paws at Polar Bolarinski's head. Each time the bear swung, Polar Bolarinski ducked. This was quite natural for Polar Bolarinski since he took up boxing as a hobby while he was in the army during World War I. Anyway, this aggravated the bear, which caused it to swing faster and harder. Polar Bolarinski spotted a lake and ran toward it with all of his might hoping that he could outswim the bear. Polar Bolarinski ran into the lake, plunging forward and swimming as fast as he could without even pausing to look back.

(At this point, Scouts run into the water and back into the sauna.)

When he got to the other side, he was cold and wet, but he appeared to have lost that pesky bear. He decided that he had better look for shelter and build a fire to dry out his clothes since dusk was rapidly approaching. He wandered about the woods gathering sticks and branches from pine trees. After gathering enough materials, he fashioned the frame of a shelter and carefully wove the pine branches through the sticks to obtain the best roof that he could assemble. After his shelter was completed, he turned his attention to a more pressing matter: getting dried off. If he didn't get warm soon, he would surely die. He made a tipi fire and assembled a bow to create friction to start a fire much the same way we teach in Wilderness Survival merit badge. He shivered most of the night, but slowly regained his normal temperature. In the morning, beads of water had collected on Polar Bolarinski's eyes and had frozen them shut. He pressed his hands against his eyes to melt the beads of ice. It was a long process that took a lot of patience. As his eyes thawed, he opened them and do you know what he saw? Yes, the bear, that dam polar bear. Polar Bolarinski burst through the back of his shelter and ran through the woods. This time however, he was only wearing his long underwear since his clothes were still drying over the fire by the shelter. He ran and ran, and to his surprise, he came upon a road. He thought, if there is a road, it surely leads somewhere. Maybe I can escape the bear there. The bear was closing in and Polar Bolarinski knew that he must do something fast. Up ahead, he saw a couple standing at the side of the road collecting flowers. Beside them, he saw a two-seat bicycle. He ran for the bicycle and jumped on it and started peddling as fast as his legs could go. After a minute or so, the bicycle became very heavy

and his legs felt as though he were peddling up the steepest of hills. He looked behind him to see what was the matter and do you know what he saw? Yes, that pesky bear was on the back seat of the bicycle! The bear would swing his paws and Polar Bolarinski would duck. Polar Bolarinski knew that this was an unacceptable situation because no matter how hard his tired legs worked, he would never get ahead of the bear. Up ahead, he spotted a lake and since he knew that he could escape the bear in the water, he rode his bike right into the lake and started to swim.

(Scouts run into the water again and back into the sauna.)

After a minute or so, Polar Bolarinski turned around to see what the bear was doing, but he couldn't even see the bear, and he began laughing at the situation. The lake that he had just entered was Lake Winnipeg and was one of the largest lakes in all Canada. On the other side of the lake was a growing town called Winnipeg. It took him a very long time to swim across the lake. When he finally came to the other side, he climbed up on the shore and walked toward Winnipeg. He knew that the first thing he must do was to find some warm clothes, so he began looking for a tailor shop. Well, the people of Winnipeg stared at Polar Bolarinski as though he were the strangest thing that they had ever seen. It is not very often that you see a grown man walk the streets of town soaking wet wearing nothing but his long underwear. He found a tailor shop and took out the money that he kept in his sock for a rainy day and bought himself a pair of wool pants, a flannel shirt, and a pair of warm boots. Next he found a diner, and bought himself a warm meal and thought about the events that took place over the last several days. These were things that an ordinary man might never experience but Polar Bolarinski was no ordinary man. After having enough of Winnipeg, he set off on his very long walk home. But just as he came to the outskirts of town, he saw that dam polar bear again! He paused for a few minutes staring at the polar bear, wondering if he was even going to run because he was just about as tired as a man was allowed to get. The polar bear stared back at him perhaps wondering the very same thing. The polar bear was the one to make the first move. When he took that first step, Polar Bolarinski reacted without even thinking. The chase had begun again. Polar Bolarinski knew that he must find a lake if he were to escape from the bear because that was the only way he had ever escaped from the bear before. He ran for a very long time without finding a lake. Finally, up ahead, through the trees and down a hill, he could see a magnificent lake. That lake was Many Point. He came down the hill where the fire tower now stands and plunged into the lake and swam as fast as he could.

(Scouts run into the water one more time.)

In case you don't know the history of Many Point, in 1945, Viking Council sent a man by the name of Boots Hanson up north to build a camp for the Boy Scouts of Minneapolis.

Polar Bolarinski came to shore at Grand Portage point and walked up the monster hill to find Boots Hanson cutting down trees to make a campsite for the Scouts who were soon to arrive. Polar Bolarinski helped Boots Hanson at Many Point for quite some time before moving on.

Some say that the polar bear never left Many Point and continues to look for Polar Bolarinski even today. Some even say that the Yeti is really the polar bear. The existence of the polar bear is known to be true because in 1994, a young commissioner from Voyageur named Eric Kimmel saw the polar bear while taking some Scouts on a Muck for Duck. Eric says that this was the most frightening thing that he had ever seen, and has a difficult time composing himself when talking about it even today. If you don't believe this story, ask Eric. He can tell you first hand that it is true.



112 BOOTS HANSON - Many Point's first camp ranger.

Born: November 21, 1908 - Hendricks, Minnesota.
 Died: June 21, 1991 - Detroit Lakes, Minnesota.

Ingmon "Boots" Hanson was born to Ingeborg and Sam Hanson on November 21, 1908, in Hendricks, Minnesota. When it came time to leave home, Boots went to South Dakota and Minneapolis. While working in the Civil Conservation Corps (1937-1941) he met Olga Evelyn Helland, at Bena, Minnesota. They married on June 29, 1940. Completing his stint with the CCC, they moved to Minneapolis, where Boots worked for the Northern Pump and Cornelius Companies.

Volunteering his time as Scoutmaster (Troop 62, Bethel Lutheran Church), Boots became hooked on Scouting! He earned the Pro Deo Et Patria award, the highest religious honor given Lutheran Scouters. On October 24, 1953, he received the Vigil Honor of the Order of the Arrow from the Tonkawampus Lodge.

In 1946, Mr. Wint Hartman hired Boots to develop Many Point Scout Camp. Wint found Boots by following the light from a lantern in the house window. The family followed the same lantern's light later when they moved from Minneapolis. The lantern became a significant symbol at Many Point Scout Camp. The staff gathered to light their lanterns at the beginning of camping seasons. Boots reminded them to see the Spirit of Life in the Spirit of Scouting: "Keep your wick trimmed; keep your globe polished" in order to see all of Life. At the end of the camp season, as staffers left, two lanterns remained lighted; those of the Camp Ranger and the Assistant Camp Ranger.

Boots served as "The Spirit of Many Point" in his position as Camp Ranger from 1946 until he retired in 1975. While living at Many Point he served as State Fire Warden and Becker County Deputy Sheriff.

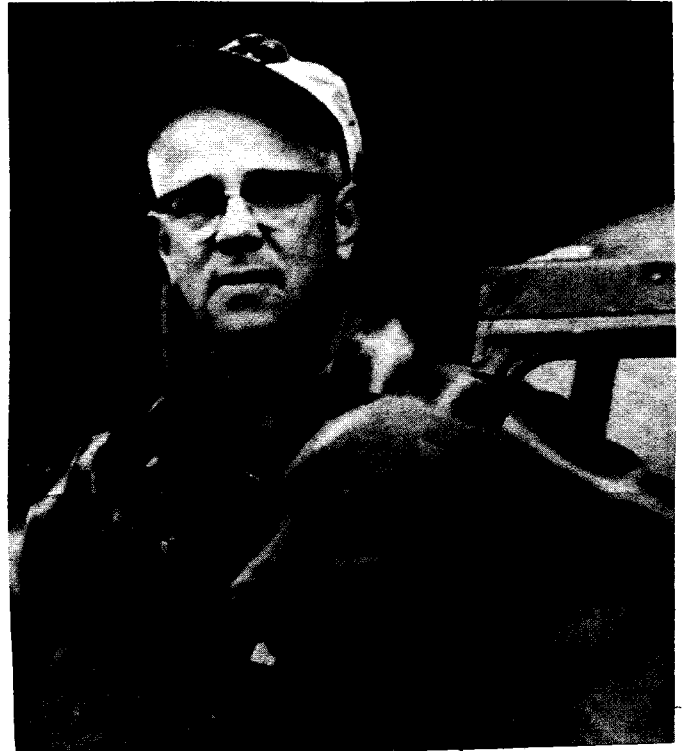
Boots' life in northern Minnesota can be remembered by the vehicles he drove: in the developing years of Many Point, he bounced around in the Green Willys Jeep; next, there was the Red Chevy truck, and after he retired; you'd see Boots cruising Detroit Lakes in his Red Chevy Nova. It seemed like everyone knows Boots!

After running a camp for 29 years, it's hard to stop running things. When Olga and Boots moved to Detroit Lakes, Boots started running the machine shop at A&B Automotive (now Hedahl's) as a part-time employee; he retired in 1990, after 15 years. He ran Rotarians as Sergeant-At-Arms for Rotary Club #1262 for 18 years and First Lutheran Church as Usher-In-Residence for some 20 years.

Never wanting to be late for anything, Boots made sure he was an hour early for everything! He once kept grandchildren while their parents were away. To make sure they got to school on time, he had them knocking on the school doors at 6:30 AM! He got ready to usher so early he had time for a nap before the 8:30 AM service.

Expressing feelings verbally wasn't easy for Boots. He brought donuts to people, delivered home-grown roses on his "rose route", gave away \$2.00 bills "so you'll never be without," and invited people home for coffee or meals (Olga managed to find food, space and hospitality, sometimes on five minutes notice). Boots would pass off his kindness by muttering, "Well, if you can't do something nice for someone...", or, "You pass it on to someone else."

Boots died at home on June 21, 1991. His wife, Olga, died in 1979. He is survived by 3 daughters: Barbara, Jean and Meme; his sister, Anna; and 8 grandchildren.



113 WHO IS BOOTS? by Connie Krueger, Summer 1974

If you were to ask all the people he's met
 Just what he is like... all these answers you'd get:
 "I know he's a fireman," the first person said.
 "He drives down the road in a truck that is red."
 "Oh no," said the next, "I'm sure he's a plumber,
 He fixes the water lines most of the summer."
 "Electrician," the next said, "now that is his trade,
 You should have seen all the cable he laid."
 A maintenance man, that's the job that he knows,
 He plows up the driveways and roads when it snows.
 No, he is a woods man, he cares for the trees.
 He won't let you cut them, e'en if you say "Please!"
 A carpenter -- that's it -- he builds with his hands,
 Helped put up the buildings you see on this land.
 Another one said, "He's a lover of hist'ry.
 To him, tales of old are hardly a myst'ry."
 I really think that he must be a mechanic,
 He'll fix anything (That includes the Titanic!)
 But maybe P-R is the job he does best.
 He'll charm you right out of your shirt and your vest.
 He'll tell you a story that blossoms and grows...
 Now only a fisherman tells tales like those
 I think he's a Scouter, a rascally rogue
 Who says the Scout Law with a Norwegian brogue.
 A chauffeur, philosopher, ambulance driver,
 A ranger, surveyor, and ace bee de-hiver;
 A husband, a father, a trustworthy friend,
 Never too busy, a hand he will lend.
 His door's always open, you'll find him inside
 With a mischievous look and a smile that is wide.
 Of course, he'll deny it... give his shoulders a shrug,
 But he's all of these things -- this "Boots" that we love.

I14 THE LEGEND OF TONKAWAMPUS

as told by George S. Wyckoff, Dec. 27, 1946

Many moons have crossed the heavens since the time when the chieftain Tonkawampus ruled wisely over the Indians of the Tonkawampus nation. During this time, the Tonkawampus lived on the shores of Lake Independence.

It so happened that the hunting in this area had long been very poor, and the store of food was running low. To prevent famine, a meeting of the inner circle was called; and they decided that a party of hunters, led by Chief Tonkawampus, should travel to Lake Minnetonka, where the hunting would be good.

The hunting party left the next morning and stayed at Minnetonka for several days. They killed and cured many deer and elk on the lower end of the lake. Being well supplied, they were preparing to return home when a runner was seen approaching along the shore. He told them that their enemy, the Sioux, were planning an attack on the Tonkawampus nation and on the local settlers who were friends of the Tonkawampus. Recognizing the settlers' immediate danger, the chief and the hunters travelled along the shores of the mighty lake to warn them. When they were finished, they found themselves in the part of the lake known as the north arm, and they set up camp for the night on the peak of a great hill so that they might see the approach of the Sioux. (This very hill is on the site of the camp of Tonkawa.)

Guards were posted, but they were not as trustworthy as they should have been, and they soon fell asleep. Had they been awake, they would have seen a band of Indians approaching up the lake in their canoes.

It was a Sioux war party, and they too decided that the hilltop would be a good place to camp for the night. When they were halfway up, they saw that there was already a party of Indians sleeping on the hilltop. Recognizing them as the Tonkawampus, they returned to their canoes and took up their weapons, planning a surprise attack. As the Sioux advanced up the hill, one of the guards awoke and warned Chief Tonkawampus. The Chief quickly organized his men, with a great war cry, rallied his braves to drive the Sioux back down the hill. Twice the Sioux advanced, and twice were forced back by Tonkawampus and his braves. After the second time, Chief Tonkawampus and several of his braves crawled into a huge hole in the side of the hill that they might be protected from the enemy arrows and still hold an advantage point on the hill.

When the Sioux started up the hill a third time, Tonkawampus realized that what he intended to be an advantage point was instead going to be a trap. He told his braves to leave one at a time for the top of the hill, and they were successful; but just as Tonkawampus was about to leave, he was wounded in the leg with an arrow, making him a captive in this great hole in the side of the hill.

This greatly encouraged the Sioux, for the scalp of Tonkawampus would be a great prize. The Tonkawampus Indians at the top of the hill knew the danger their chief was in, and were preparing to drive back the Sioux at any cost. Just then, an enemy arrow found the heart of one of the greatest Tonkawampus warriors and killed him instantly. So angered were they, and so anxious for revenge that they succeeded in driving the Sioux to their canoes and forcing them to retreat down the lake.

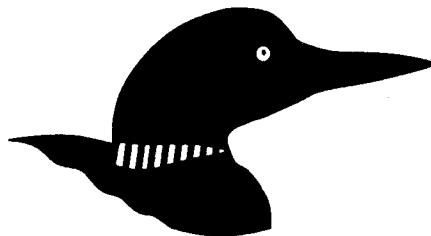
When the hunters climbed back up the hill, they found their chieftain lying dead in the hold. Now they weren't sure what they should do. If they just buried him, the Sioux would return and take his scalp, a dishonor which should never come to Tonkawampus. Then they remembered the great balanced rock at the hilltop. If rolled properly, it would fall into the hole and make a permanent grave. It required all their strength, but with a great roar, the huge rock tumbled down and buried the great chieftain. But, when they arrived at the spot, a ghastly sight met their eyes. The rock had fallen so that the head and right arm of Tonkawampus were protruding. All they could do was to cut them off and bring them back to the village, where they were buried with great ceremony.

Many years later, a member of the Minnesota Historical Society found the spot where the head and arm were buried. They some members of the tribe secured permission to bury them with the rest of the body. Now each year some of the older members of the tribe return to pay tribute to this great chieftain. My brothers, may each of you attempt to follow in his footsteps so that you, too, may be great and good as he was.

I15 BOY SCOUTS' IDEAL

This poem was the legacy to me from a great old Scouter in the Isanoka District - Paul E. Wethern. Paul used to recite this at Eagle Scout ceremonies, camporees, and wherever else he was asked for "a few words." It is presented here in memory of Paul.

An old man, going a lone highway
 Came at evening, cold and gray,
 To a chasm vast, and deep and wide.
 The old man crossed in the twilight dim,
 The chasm had no fear for him;
 But he turned when safe on the other side,
 And built a bridge to span the tide.
 "Old man", said a fellow pilgrim near,
 "You're wasting your strength in building here,
 You never again will pass this way;
 You've crossed the chasm deep and wide,
 Why build this bridge at eventide?"
 The builder lifted his old gray head
 "Good friend, in the path I have come," he said,
 "There follows after me today
 A youth whose feet must pass this way.
 This chasm that has been as naught to me
 To that fair-haired youth may a pitfall be;
 He, too, must cross in the twilight dim,
 Good friend, I am building this bridge for him."



MANY POINT
 SCOUT * CAMP

J1 ROCKY TOP by Boudleaux and Felice Bryant

Copyright 1967 House of Bryant Publications

C F C
1 Wish that I was on ol' Rocky Top,
Am G C
Down in the Tennessee hills;
F C
Ain't no smoggy smoke on Rocky Top,
Am G C
Ain't no telephone bills.



2 Once I had a girl on Rocky Top,
Half bear, other half cat.
Wild as a mink and sweet as soda pop,
I still dream about that.

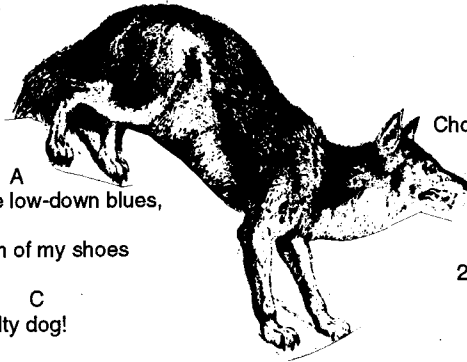
Am G
Chorus Rocky Top, you'll always be,
Bb F
Home sweet home to me;
C
Good ol' Rocky Top,
Bb C
Rocky Top, Tennessee
Bb C
Rocky Top, Tennessee.



3 Corn won't grow at all on Rocky Top,
Dirt's too rocky by far;
That why all the folks on Rocky Top,
Get their corn from a jar.

4 Once two strangers climbed ol' Rocky Top,
Lookin' for a moonshine still,
Strangers ain't come down from Rocky Top,
Reckon they never will.

5 I've had years of cramped-up city life,
Trapped like a duck in a pen.
All I know is it's a pity life,
Can't be simple again.



J2 SALTY DOG

C A
1 Standing on a comer with the low-down blues,
D
A great big hole in the bottom of my shoes

G C
Chorus Honey, let me be your salty dog!
A
Let me be your salty dog,
D
Or I won't be your man at all,
G C
Honey, let me be your salty dog!

2 Look here Sal, I know you,
A run-down stocking and a worn out shoe.

3 I was down in the wildwood sittin' on a log,
Finger on the trigger and eye on a hog.

4 I pulled the trigger and the gun said "Go!"
Shot fell over in Mexico.

5 Two old hound dogs sittin' in the ditch,
Each one wishin' the other was a girl.

6 Grasshopper sittin' on the railroad track,
Pickin' his teeth with a carpet tack.



Make up your own.

J3 UNCLE PEN by Bill Monroe

D
1 Well the people would come from miles away,
A D
To dance all night 'til the break of day.
When the caller would holler, 'Dosit-Doe',
A D-D7
You knew Uncle Pen was ready to go.

G D
Chorus Late in the evenin' about sundown,
High on the hill up above the town,
Uncle Pen played the fiddle, Lordie how it'd ring,
A D
You could hear it talk, you could hear it sing.

2 He played an old tune called 'Soldier's Joy',
And one he called 'The Boston Boy',
But the favorite of all was 'Jenny Lind',
To me that's where the fiddlin' begins.

3 I'll never forget that mounful day,
When Uncle Pen was called away.
He hung up his fiddle, hung up his bow,
He knew it was time for him to go.

J4 ROLLIN' IN MY SWEET BABY'S ARMS

G
1 Ain't gonna work on the railroad,
D
Ain't gonna work on the farm,
G
Gonna lay 'round the track
C
'Til the mail train comes back,
D G
Then I'll roll in my sweet baby's arms.



Chorus Roll in my sweet baby's arms,
Roll in my sweet baby's arms,
Lay round this shack
'Til the mail train gets back,
Roll in my sweet baby's arms.

2 Now where were you last Friday night,
While I was layin' in the jail?
Were you walkin' the streets with another man?
You wouldn't even go my bail.

3 I know your parents don't like me,
They tum me away from your door,
If I had my life to live over again,
Oh well, I'd never go back anymore.

4 Can't see what's the matter with my true love,
She done quit writing to me;
She must think I don't love her like I used to,
Ain't that a foolish idee!

5 Sometimes there's a change in the oceans;
Sometimes there's a change in the sea;
Sometimes there's a change in my own true love;
But there's never no change in me.

6 Mama's a ginger-cake baker,
Sister can weave and spin,
Dad's got an interest in that old cotton mill,
Just watch that old money roll in.

J5 PALLET ON YOUR FLOOR

G-C G
 Chorus Make me a pallet on your floor,
 C G-D
 Make me a pallet on your floor,
 G B7 C
 When I reach Atlanta, and have nowhere to go,
 G D G
 Make me a pallet on your floor.

- 1 These blues are everywhere I see,
 Weary blues are everywhere I see.
 Blues all around me, everywhere I see,
 Nobody's got these blues like me.
- 2 Come all you good time friends of mine,
 Come all you good time friends of mine,
 When I had a dollar you treated me just fine,
 Where'd you go when I only had a dime?
- 3 I'd be more than satisfied,
 If I could catch a train and ride.
 When I reach Atlanta and have nowhere to go,
 Won't you make me a pallet on your floor.

J6 JESSE JAMES

G C G
 1 Jesse James was a lad who killed many a man,
 D
 He robbed the Glendale train;
 G C G
 He stole from the rich and he gave to the poor,
 D G
 He'd a hand and a heart and a brain.

C G
 Chorus Poor Jesse had a wife to mourn for his life,
 D
 Three children, they were brave;
 G C G
 But that dirty little coward that shot Mr. Howard,
 D G
 Has laid poor Jesse in his grave.

- 2 I went down to the station not many days ago,
 Did something I'll never do again.
 I got down on my knees and delivered up the keys,
 To Frank and his brother, Jesse James.
- 3 Oh Jesse was a man, and a friend to all the poor,
 He'd never see a man suffer pain.
 But with his brother Frank, he robbed Chicago's bank,
 And he stopped the Glendale train.
- 4 It was on a Wednesday night, the moon was shining bright,
 They robbed the Glendale train.
 And the people they did say from many miles away,
 It was robbed by Frank and Jesse James.
- 5 It was his brother Frank that robbed the Gallatin bank,
 And carried the money from the town;
 It was in this very place that they had a little race,
 For they shot Captain Sheets to the ground.
- 6 It was on Saturday night, Jesse was at home,
 Talking with his family brave,
 Robert Ford came along like a thief in the night,
 And laid poor Jesse in his grave.

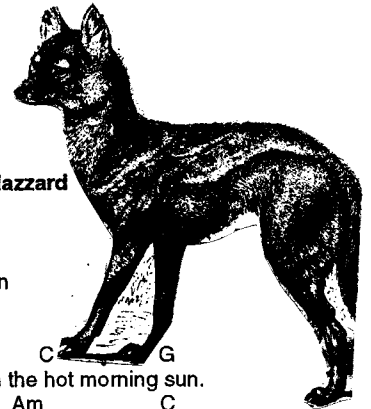


7 It was Robert Ford, that dirty little coward;
 I wonder how he does feel,
 For he ate of Jesse's bread and he slept in Jesse's bed
 Then laid poor Jesse in his grave.

8 The people held their breath when they heard of Jesse's death,
 And wondered how he ever came to die.
 It was Ford's pistol ball brought him tumbling from the wall,
 He shot poor Jesse on the sly.

9 Jesse went to rest with his hands upon his breast,
 The devil will be upon his knee.
 He was born one day in the county of Clay,
 And he came from a solitary breed.

10 This song was made by Billy Gashade,
 As soon as the news did arrive;
 He said there was no man with the law in his hand,
 Who could take Jesse James when alive.

J7 FOX ON THE RUN by Tony Hazzard
Copyright Tony Hazzard

G D7
 Chorus She walks through the corn
 Am C
 Leading down to the river,
 Am D7 C G
 Her hair shone like gold in the hot morning sun.
 G D7 Am C
 She took all the love that a poor boy could give her,
 Am D C G
 And left me to die like a fox on the run.

C G D7 G
 1 Everybody knows the reason for the fall,
 C G A D7
 How woman tempted man down in paradise hall.
 C G D7 G
 This woman tempted me and took me for a ride,
 C G D7 G
 Now like a weary fox, I need a place to hide.

2 We'll drink a glass of wine to fortify our souls,
 Talk about the world and the friends we used to know.
 I'll illustrate a girl - she put me on the floor,
 My race is nearly over, the hounds are at my door.

J8 OLD HOME PLACE by Dean Webb, Mitchell F. Jayce

C E7 F C
 1 It's been ten long years since I left my home,
 G
 In the hollow where I was born.
 C E7
 Where the cool fall nights,
 F C
 Makes the home fires bright,
 G C
 And the fox hunter blows his horn.

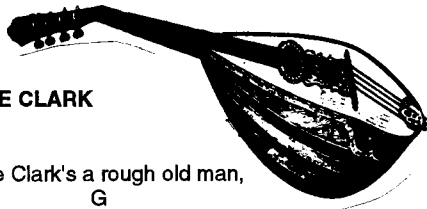
2 I fell in love with a girl from our town,
 She promised that she would be true.
 I went away to Charlottesville,
 To work in a sawmill or two.



Chorus ^G What have they done to the old home place?
^{D7} ^G
 Why did they tear it down?
^C ^{E7} ^F ^C
 Why did I leave my plow in the field,
^G ^C
 And look for a job in town?

3 Well the girl ran off with somebody else,
 The tariffs took all my pay.
 And here I stand where the old home stood,
 Before they took it away.

4 Now the geese fly south,
 And the cold wind moans,
 As I stand here and hang my head.
 I've lost my love, I've lost my home,
 And now I wish I was dead.



J9 OLD JOE CLARK

^A
 1 Old Joe Clark's a rough old man,
^G
 Mean as he can be.
^A
 He knocked me down with his right hand,
^G ^A
 And walked all over me.

Chorus Fare thee well, Old Joe Clark,
 Fare thee well, I say.
 Fare thee well, Old Joe Clark,
 I'm a-goin' away.

2 Old Joe Clark he had a mule,
 His name was Morgan Brown,
 And every tooth in that mule's head,
 Was sixteen inches around.

3 Old Joe Clark had a house,
 Fifteen stories high,
 And every story in that house,
 Was filled with chicken pie.

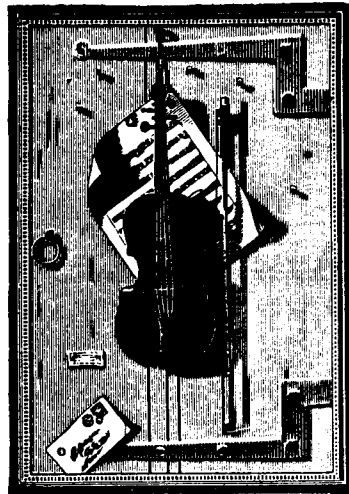
4 Old Joe Clark's a fine old man,
 Tell you the reason why:
 He keeps good rotgut in his house,
 Good ol' rock and rye.

5 Once I lived on the mountain top,
 Now I live in town;
 I'm staying at the big hotel,
 Courtin' Betsy Brown.

6 Old Joe Clark, the preacher's son,
 Preached all over the plain,
 The only text he ever knew,
 Was "high low jack and the game."

7 Old Joe Clark had a yellow cat,
 She would neither sing or pray,
 She stuck her head in the buttermilk jar,
 And washed her sins away.

8 I went down to old Joe's house,
 He invited me to supper,
 I stumped my toe on the table leg,
 And stuck my nose in the butter.



9 Now I wouldn't marry a widdler,
 Tell you the reason why,
 She'd have so many children,
 They'd make those biscuits fly.

10 I wish I had a sweetheart,
 I'd put her on a shelf,
 And everytime she'd smile at me,
 I'd get up there myself.

11 Well, I wouldn't marry that old maid,
 I'll tell you the reason why,
 Her neck's so long and stringy, boys,
 I fear she'd never die.

12 And I wouldn't marry an old school-teacher,
 Tell you the reason why,
 She blows her nose in old com bread,
 And calls it pumpkin pie.

13 Old Joe Clark's no friend of mine,
 Treats me like a pup;
 Kicks my houn' dog under the porch,
 An' drinks my booze all up.

14 Get out the way for Old Joe Clark,
 Hide away your wine;
 Get out the way for Old Joe Clark,
 He ain't no friend of mine.

J10 KEEP ON THE SUNNY SIDE Traditional

^E ^A ^E
 1 There's a dark and a troubled side of life,
^{B7}
 There's a bright and a sunny side, too.
^E
 Though you meet with darkness and strife,
^{B7} ^E
 The sunny side may also find you.

^E ^A ^E
 Chorus Keep on the sunny side, always on the sunny side,
^{B7}
 Keep on the sunny side of life.
^E ^A ^E
 It will help us ev'ry day, it will brighten all the way,
^{B7} ^E
 If we keep on the sunny side of life.

2 Oh the storm and it's fury broke today,
 Crushing hopes that we cherish so dear;
 Clouds and storms will in time pass away,
 The sun again will shine bright and clear.

3 Let us greet with a song of hope each day,
 Though the moment be cloudy or fair;
 Let us trus in our Savior away,
 Who keepeth everyone in His care.

J11 TENNESSEE STUD by Jimmie Driftwood

D
1 Long about eighteen-twenty-five,
C
I left Tennessee very much alive,
D
I never would a made it through the Arkansas mud,
C D
If I hadn't been a-ridin' on the Tennessee Stud.

I had a little trouble with my sweetheart's pa,
One of her brothers was a bad outlaw.
So I sent her a letter by my Uncle Fud,
And I rode away on the Tennessee Stud.

Chorus D C D
Well the Tennessee Stud was long and lean,
G F A
The color of the sun, and his eyes were green.
D C D
He had the nerve and he had the blood,
D C D
And there never was a horse like the Tennessee Stud.



2 We drifted on south 'crossed no man's land,
Crossed that river called the Rio Grande.
And I raced my horse against a spaniards foal,
'Til I got me a skin full of silver and gold.

Well me and the gambler couldn't agree,
We got in a fight over Tennessee.
I jerked my gun and he fell with a thud,
And I rode away on the Tennessee Stud.

3 Well I got just as lonesome as a man could be,
Dreamin' of my gal in Tennessee.
Well the Tennessee Stud's green eyes turned blue,
'Cause he was a-dreamin' of his sweetheart too.

Well I rushed right back across Arkansas,
I whooped her brother and I whooped her pa.
Then I found that gal with the golden hair,
And she was a-ridin' that Tennessee Mare.

4 Stirrup to stirrup and side by side,
We crossed the mountains and the valleys wide,
'Til we came to Big Muddy and we forded the flood,
On the Tennessee Mare and the Tennessee Stud.

Now there's a pretty little baby on the cabin floor,
A little horse colt playin' round the door.
I love that gal with the golden hair,
And the Tennessee Stud loves the Tennessee Mare.

J12 PFFT! YOU WERE GONE by Susan Heather

C G
Chorus Where, oh where are you tonite?
D
Why did you leave me here all alone?
C G
I searched the world over and I thought I found true love,
D G
You met another and Pffft!, you were gone!

G C G
1 I miss you so much the 'taters need diggin',
D
The corn in the field it needs pickin' now.
G C G
How well I remember the first time I saw you,
D G
You looked so pretty a-pullin' the plow.



2 I thought that my love was all that you wanted.
I still can't believe my gold made you fall.
I thought that you'd leave the hogs in the pig pen,
I was mistaken, for you took them all.

3 I saw your buck teeth and that struck me funny,
I'm sorry to say I wanted to laugh.
You told me the truth, your tooth cost you money,
You said it cost a buck and a half.

J13 I SAW THE LIGHT

G
1 I wandered so aimless, life filled with sin,
C G
I wouldn't let my dear savior in.

Then Jesus came like a stranger in the night,
D G
Praise the Lord, I saw the light!

G G7
Chorus I saw the light, I saw the light.
C G
No more darkness, no more night.

Now I'm so happy, no sorrow in sight,
D G
Praise the Lord, I saw the light!

2 Just like a blind man, I wandered alone,
Worries and fears I claimed for my own.
Then like the blind man, God gave back his sight,
Praise the Lord, I saw the light!

3 I was a fool to wander and stray,
Straight is the gate and narrow the way.
Now I have traded the wrong for the right,
Praise the Lord, I saw the light!

J14 PARADISE by John Prine

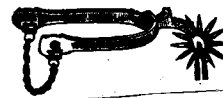
D G D
Chorus Daddy, won't you take me back to Muhlenberg County,
A D
Down by the Green River, where Paradise lay?
G D
Well, I'm sorry my son, but you're too late in asking,
A D
Mr. Peabody's coal train has hauled it away.

1 When I was a boy, my family would travel,
Down to western Kentucky, where my parents were born.
There's a backwards old town that's often remembered,
So many times that the memories are worn.

2 Well sometimes we'd travel right down the Green River,
To the abandoned old prison down by Adrie hill.
Where the air smelled like snakes, and we'd shoot with our pistols,
But empty pop bottles is all we would kill.

3 The the coal company came with the world's largest shovel,
And they tortured the timbers, and stripped all the land.
They dug for their coal 'til the land was forsaken,
Then wrote it all down as the progress of man.

4 When I die let my ashes flow down the Green River,
Let my soul roll on up to the Rochester Dam.
I'll be halfway to heaven with Paradise waitin',
Just five miles away from wherever I am.



K1 FRONTIER MORTICIAN

Ann: The makers of FATRICAL present... (music)....

TRIGGER MORTIS, FRONTIER MORTICIAN! Are you skinny and run down? Are you so thin you have to wear skis in the bathtub to keep from going down the drain? When you turn sideways and stick out your tongue, do you look like a zipper? When you drink strawberry pop, do you look like a thermometer? Then you need FATRICAL - the drink that adds weight to your body. Fatrical is not a capsule, it is not a solid, it is not a liquid - it's a gas that you inhale. Fatrical comes in one delicious gas flavor - mustard. You can get this for only \$4.95 a case and the equipment for inhaling it costs only \$5,678. This includes a 10,000 cubic foot tank, 300 feet of hose, 3 pumps, two filter tips, and a partridge in a pear tree.

Now for our story ... TRIGGER MORTIS - FRONTIER MORTICIAN. The scene opens in the residence of Sam Alamo, wealthy rancher and owner of the Bar B Q ranch in Sparerib, Texas. Sam is dying and is talking to his lovely daughter Pinney Alamo, whom he lovingly calls Pie....

Sam: Pie, honey, I'm dying again. Go call TRIGGER MORTIS, the FRONTIER MORTICIAN. Have Hearse, Will Travel.

Pie: What's Wrong with you, Daddy? What's your ailment?

Sam: I swallowed the thermometer and I'm dying by degrees.

Pie: I'll go call Trigger Mortis right now....

Ann: Unknown to Sam Alamo, his head foreman, Joe Silver, is hiding outside listening to this conversation. Sam always called him his faithful companion Silver. Sam does not hear Joe speak.

Joe: Let Old Sam die. I wish he would. Then I can get the ranch and be set for life. He has always got some fool disease. Last week he swallowed a dynamite cap and his hair came out in bangs. Before that, he swallowed a hydrogen bomb, and had atomic ache. He's suffering from flower disease - he's a blooming idiot. Hey, here comes Pie Alamo's stupid boyfriend, Arnie. Poor kid... He's an orphan... Little Orphan Arnie. I'll just sneak away....

Arnie: I haven't seen my girlfriend Pie Alamo for two weeks. Boy she has lovely eyes - one is brown and the other two are blue. Last time she rolled her eyes at me, and I picked them up and rolled them back. I remember the first time she kissed me... it made chills go up and down my spine... then I found out her popsicle was leaking. I'll knock at the door. (Knocks...)

Pie: Who is it?

Arnie: It's me honey - and I call you honey because you have hives.

Pie: Oh my cookie... and I call you cookie because you're so crummy.

Ann: We interrupt this love scene to bring you a message from PETER PAN MAKEUP. Use Peter Pan before your pan peters out. This is the makeup used by the stars - Lassie, Gentle Ben, and Phyllis Diller. Listen to this letter from Mrs. Mergatroid Flugelhorn from Liverlip, Mississippi: "My face was so wrinkled that I had to screw my hat on. Then I uses

Peter Pan Makeup and I don't look like an old woman any more - I look like an old man. I had my wrinkles tightened up, and now every time I raise my eyebrows I pull up my socks. I give all the credit to Peter Pan...." You can be beautiful, too! Now, back to TRIGGER MORTIS, FRONTIER - MORTICIAN. Trigger Mortis, the Frontier Mortician, is - answering his telephone....

Trigger: Oh, it's you, Miss Pie Alamo. You want me to come up and see your father? Well, my hearse has been giving me trouble - I think I blew aasket. I've got to quit using embalming fluid in the gas tank, because my motor keeps dying. Yes... yes... well I have to finish my breakfast. I'm eating Shrouded Wheat and Ghost Toasties... Well, I'll hurry right out. Goodbye, I must be shovelling off.

Ann: Pie Alamo hangs up and goes to meet her lover, Little Orphan Arnie, in their favorite meeting place... the family graveyard.

Pie: It's so romantic here in the graveyard. There's the grave of my Uncle Ernest. Look... there are some maggots making love in dead Ernest.

Arnie: Darling, may I have your hand in marriage?

Pie: My hand?? Oh, yes! In fact, you can have my arm, too!

Arnie: Here, I'll put this ring on your finger.

Pie: Awwww, your face is turning red.

Arnie: Yeah, and your finger's turning green... after all, we've been going together for twelve years now.

Pie: So what do you want - a pension? Let's go tell my father.

Ann: This program is brought to you by the DOUBLE INSANITY INSURANCE COMPANY. Mother, do you have children? Then protect them with a double-deal policy. We pay \$100,000 if your son is killed by a herd of white elephants going east on Thursday. If you lose an arm, we will help you look for it. If you get hit on the head, we pay you in one lump sum.

We have a double-indemnity clause too - if you die in an accident, we bury you twice. Now, a report from the - National Safety Council: It is predicted that 365 people will die in accidents this weekend. So far, only 135 have been reported. Some of you aren't trying.... Now, back to our story. Joe Silver is plotting to kidnap Pie Alamo. Sam Alamo, her father, is dying, but he really isn't. TRIGGER MORTIS, FRONTIER MORTICIAN, is on his way to the ranch...

Trigger: Well, here I am. When you are at Death's Door, I will pull you through.

Sam: Good to see you Trigger. Can you give me a good funeral?

Trigger: I'll give you a good funeral or your MUMMY BACK! Could I interest you in our new lay-away plan?

Sam: I'm a sick man, a sick man. The Doctor told me to drink some medicine after a hot bath, and I can hardly finish drinking the bath.

Section K

Skits

Trigger: You need some of my WHISTLER'S MOTHER MEDICINE - one dose and you're off your rocker.

Sam: Trigger, I can trust you can't I?

Trigger: Of corpse, of corpse... have I ever let you down?

Sam: I don't trust my faithful companion, Silver. He has a sneaky look.

Trigger: I happen to know, Sam, that Joe Silver wants to kidnap your daughter and keep her from marrying Little Orphan Arnie.

Sam: Trigger, we gotta do something. Think of a plan.

Ann: Will TRIGGER MORTIS think of a plan? While he thinks, a word from Honest John Pendergast, the Used Car Dealer. Honest John has bargains in used cars that you can't afford to miss. Here's an 1887 Essex - this is a REVOLUTIONARY car! (Washington drove it at Valley Forge!) The tires are so beat that you not only knock the pedestrians down, you whip them to death. This car has low lines - in fact, it's so low it doesn't have any doors - it has manhole covers! This program is also brought to you by GLUM, the toothpaste that gives your bad breath the Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval. Are your teeth like the Ten Commandments - all broken? Do you have a Pullman Car mouth - one upper and one lower? Then use GLUM... GLUM contains Eucalyptus oil flown in from Australia. This Eucalyptus oil is the secret of GLUM. Millions of users say, "Man, you clipped us!" Be sure and true to your teeth and they will never be false to you! Now, back to TRIGGER MORTIS, FRONTIER MORTICIAN.

Sam, Pie, Arnie, and Trigger Mortis are trying to figure out how to get rid of Joe Silver....

Sam: I have a splitting headache!

Trigger: Have your eyes ever been checked?

Sam: No, they've always been blue.... Trigger, why don't we put Joe in one of your coffins and ship him out of the state?

Trigger: A tisket, a tasket, I'll put him in a casket. I was in love once, so I know what Arnie and Pie are going through.

Pie: YOU were in love?

Trigger: Yes... I was stuck on a girl who worked in the glue factory. She had a schoolgirl complexion - with diplomas under her eyes. Her lips were like petals - bicycle pedals. Her teeth were like stars - they came out at night. She had long beautiful hair all down her back - too bad she had none on her head. Those lips, those teeth, that hair, that eye....

Arnie: Hey, here comes Joe silver, get your coffin ready, Trigger.

Pie: Daddy, lie on the bed and act like you're dead.

Ann: Sam lies on the bed and holds his breath. Trigger takes off his shoes and everybody holds their breath... at this breathless moment... We bring you the daily Police Calls. "Calling car 15, calling car 15 - happy birthday car 15, you are now car 16. Car 56, car 56, rush to the Bungling

Brothers Circus. The fat woman has hay fever and is crying so much that three midgets are about to drown. Car 23, car 23, return the ten Gallon hat bought by the mayor - he has an Eleven Gallon head. Car 19, go to the corner of 6th and Main - the chinese cook has just committed Chop Suey-side... Back to the story... Joe Silver enters Sam's bedroom as the other people hide.

Joe: So, I finally caught you, you scoundrel. You've cut my check so many times I had to endorse it with Mecurichrome. I want to marry your daughter, Sam, and nobody's gonna stop me. Sure, I'm tough... I've been sent up the river so many times that I get fan mail from the salmon. The last time they caught me I got ten years in jail and two in the Electric Chair. Even when I was a baby, people were always pinning things on me. Now, I'm gonna get you!

Sam: Get him, Arnie!!

Trigger: Quick, I have the casket opened. Push him in, Arnie....

Joe: Help! Help! Help! You're pushing me... (muffled sounds.)

Trigger: That takes care of him. Now I have to run for a body. A fellow in town swallowed a quart of shellac and died... he had a lovely finish.

Arnie: How can we thank you? You'll come to the wedding, won't you?

Trigger: Yes, I plan to give you a tombstone for a present, but don't take it for granite.

Sam: Thanks, Trig. By the way, stop over and we'll play golf someday.

Trigger: Don't ever play golf with an undertaker - he's always on top at the last hole.

Arnie: Now, we're alone, Pie, my love. Someday, you'll have my name.

Pie: I never did find out - just what IS your last name?

Arnie: My name is ARNIE R. SQUARE.

Pie: What a lovely name I'll have - Mrs. Pie R. Square!

Ann: And as the sun sinks slowly in the west, we leave the lovers as they plan their future. Tune in tomorrow for a new adventure, brought to you by BLEETIES, the cereal for old goats. BLEETIES contains 56% Iron, 22% Copper, 78% Steel, 14% Bronze, and 11% Zinc. It doesn't snap, crackle, or pop - it just lies there and rusts. BLEETIES isn't the Breakfast of Champions - it's for people who just want to get into the semi-finals. In closing, be sure to visit your local dime store when they're having a monster sale. haven't you always wanted to own your own monster? We have Vampires at special prices and they're excellent for tired blood! These are experienced vampires who have worked as tellers in blood banks. Now... tune in tomorrow for the first episode of the new story, "I Was A Teenage Spinster", brought to you by the gardner's magazine - WEEDER'S DIGEST...

GOOD NIGHT!

K2 THE RADIO SKIT

(You need 6 characters to do this skit, one to turn the knob of the "radio", and 5 "programs. The knob turner turns the knob between each speaker.)

KNOB TURNER
GANGSTER
RECIPE
STORY HOUR
BOY SCOUT
FOOTBALL

KNOBTURNER: This skit represents someone trying to tune in a radio in a big city.

GANGSTER: (Tough) Okay, wise guy, I got you dead to rights, see. One false move and you're a dead pigeon, see. Try to take my doll from me, eh? Why you cheap chiseling rat, for two cents I'd....

RECIPE: (Calm)... set carefully in two quarts of boiling prune juice. When the mixture has again boiled, slowly stir in the whites of two eggs and....

STORY HOUR: (Sweetly)... Little Red Riding Hood. Yes children, today I'm going to tell you the story of a little girl who lived by the edge of a great forest. One day she said to her sweet gray-haired little grandmother....

BOY SCOUT: (Loud and Clear)... How would you like to join the Boy Scouts of America? There's a troop in your neighborhood, you know! Yes, you too can join the ranks of Scouting, the number one organization for boys and men. And what red-blooded American boy has never said to himself....

GANGSTER: ...Now there's a dame I could really go for! Yeah, ya mug, I don't care if she is your girl, she ain't bad, see, and I'm taking over! She's my doll from here on in, and if you don't like it, you can....

RECIPE: ... turn on the gas immediately. Pre-heat the oven to about 425 degrees and then slip in the ham. Bake about 60 minutes. Then open the oven door and...

FOOTBALL: (Excited)... WOW! WHAT A MESS! Yes sir, after that last big pile-up, Big Ike looks like he's been through a meat grinder. The coach is pulling him out now. There is his substitution coming out now. Let's see, it's number 76 and that that means it's...

STORY HOUR: ...the sweet, white-haired old grandmother. But it wasn't her grandmother, it was the wolf in grandmother's clothing, and Little Red Riding Hood said, "My, what big eyes you have grandmother!" And the wolf said....

GANGSTER: ...Brother, what a jerk you are! Why don't you drop dead so I won't have to waste a slug on your lousy, yellow hide. Steal MY girl, will ya? There's only one thing that can save you now, pal....

BOY SCOUT: ... The BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA! ...

RECIPE: ... and that's REALLY HAM! Not a speck of fat on it! Just the way ham should be - lean, juicy, and so full of

FOOTBALL: ...UNNECESSARY ROUGHNESS! So it's back to the forty-yard line for the home team. Oh, oh, there's a big argument with the referees. The captain is shouting and waving his arms and I can imagine what the referee is saying to the captain....

STORY HOUR: ..."My what a big MOUTH you have, grandmother!" And at that moment, the wolf threw off the grandmother's clothing and said, "All the better to EAT you with my dear!" And Little Red Riding Hood cried, "Oh, save me, who will save me?..."

BOY SCOUT: ...THE BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA!...

FOOTBALL: ... and brother, are they confused! Oh, oh, he's going to pass on this play. He gets it off. It's a long, high, wobbling pass going far down the field - it's heading right for....

RECIPE: ...the electric waffle iron. And of course, if you remove the waffle too soon or too late, it will be...

FOOTBALL: ...INTERCEPTED!! Too bad, too bad! That pass looked good, but the big defensive end from Ponsford rose up and said, "Nothing doing, boys, it's mine!" Yes sir, that's one terrific team. For my money, there's only one outfit in the country that can take them and that's...

BOY SCOUT: ...The Boy Scouts of America! Just think, fellows, of the swell time you'll have camping this summer. Lots of hiking, swimming, and good eats. And in the evening, gazing into your campfire with no one but the wind, the stars, and ...

STORY HOUR: ...Little Red Riding Hood. Yes, children, Little Red Riding Hood was safe, too. And as for the wolf....

FOOTBALL: ... I'm afraid he'll never play football again, folks; he was pretty badly hurt on that play, and both sides took time out. We remind you that this broadcast is brought to you by the SHARPO RAZOR BLADE company. With SHARPO, the sharpest razor in the world, you can....

GANGSTER: ... cut your own throat for all I care. Whatsa matter, ya scared? What'cha scared of pal, what'cha scared of?...

BOY SCOUT: ... THE BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA!!!



SCOUTING/USA

K3 LITTLE RABBIT FOO-FOO

This skit is the most fun if you get some members from the audience to play the following parts:

NARRATOR (Song leader)

3 **TREES** (standing still, arms up in a "Y"),

3 **FIELD MICE** (scurrying in and out of the trees)

LITTLE RABBIT FOO FOO (hopping through the forest),

GOOD FAIRY (with a wand, and tutu, if possible)

Recruit the audience members in that order, positioning them in your campfire area where you want them, and giving them tips on their parts: "Wave your branches trees, mice - waggle your tails...", etc.)

Narrator: Once upon a time, in a forest far, far away, lived a family of field mice, romping merrily amongst the trees. Also in the forest was a bunny named Little Rabbit Foo Foo, who sang as he hopped through the forest...

G

1 Little rabbit Foo Foo,

C G

Hopping through the forest,

Scooping up the fieldmice and

D G

Bopping 'em on the head.

Narrator: Along came the Good Fairy, and SHE said...

2 Little rabbit Foo Foo,

I don't want to see you,

Scooping up the fieldmice and

Bopping 'em on head.

Or else I'll TURN you INTO a GOON!

Narrator: Well Little Rabbit Foo Foo was good for a while, But many days passed and he didn't see the Good fairy, so...

3 Little rabbit Foo Foo,

Hopping through the forest,

Scooping up the fieldmice and

Bopping 'em on the head.

Narrator: But then along came the Good Fairy, who said...
"I told you ONCE, and I'll give you ONE more chance..."

4 Little rabbit Foo Foo,

I don't want to see you,

Scooping up the fieldmice and

Bopping 'em on head.

Or else I'll TURN you INTO a GOON!

Narrator: Well Little Rabbit Foo Foo was a good bunny for a LONG, long time... but those field mice looked SO tempting romping about in the forest that he couldn't help himself....

5 Little rabbit Foo Foo,

Hopping through the forest,

Scooping up the fieldmice and

Bopping 'em on the head.

Narrator: Along came the Good Fairy, and SHE said...
"I told you ONCE, I told you TWICE..."

6 Little rabbit Foo Foo,

I don't want to see you,

Scooping up the fieldmice and

Bopping 'em on head.

Narrator: And now I'm going to TURN you INTO a GOON!

And she waved her magic wand, and POOF...

turned Little Rabbit Foo Foo into a GOON!

And the MORAL of this story is:

HARE today and GOON tomorrow!

**K4 THREE RIVERS**

Two prospectors meet. They converse about their luck mining for gold as one of them prepares a meal. When the cook hands out the plates, the other prospector remarks that the plate is a mite dirty. The cook responds by saying, "It's as clean as three rivers can get it."

They finish eating, and the cook says, "Mind handing me the plate so we can clean up?" He then calls out, "Three Rivers, here Three Rivers!" A Scout on all fours acting as a dog ambles up and starts licking the plates clean.

K5 THE UGLY BABY

A woman is riding on a train, carrying her baby wrapped in a blanket. A man enters and sits down next to her. He sees her baby, and asks to take a peek at it. Upon looking at the baby, the man makes an awful face and says, "Pardon me, Ma'am, but that is the ugliest baby I've ever seen!" The woman begins to hit the man with her purse, and he leaves.

The same scene is repeated with another man, with the same results. Finally, a third passenger enters and sits down. The scene is repeated, but this time the woman, while hitting the passenger, calls for the conductor.

The woman complains, "Conductor, this man has insulted me, and I won't stand for it anymore! It's the third time today that I've been insulted, and I expect something to be done!"

The conductor ushers the passenger away, and then returns to apologize to the lady. He replies, "Ma'am, I'm awfully sorry for this. I assure you that it will not happen again. Now if you'll just be seated, I'll arrange to have a beverage brought to you from the club car. And if you don't mind, I think I can even find a banana for your monkey."

The woman begins to hit the conductor.



Whalers, Sailors and Fishermen

L1 THE MARY ELLEN CARTER by Stan Rogers

1 She went down last October in a pouring, driving rain.
 The skipper, he'd been drinking and the mate he felt no pain.
 Too close to Three-Mile Rock when she was dealt her mortal blow,
 And the Mary Ellen Carter settled low.
 There was just us five aboard her when she finally was awash,
 We'd worked like heck to save her, all heedless of the cost.
 And the groan she gave as she went down caused us to proclaim
 That the Mary Ellen Carter would rise again!

2 Well the owners wrote her off, not a nickel would they spend.
 "She gave 20 years of service, boys, then met her sorry end.
 But insurance paid the loss to us, so let her rest below."
 And they laughed at us, and said we had to go.
 But we talked of her all winter, some days around the clock.
 "She's worth a quarter-million, afloat and at the dock!"
 And with every jar that hit the bar we swore we would remain
 And make the Mary Ellen Carter rise again!

Chorus Rise again! Rise again!

Let her name not be lost to the knowledge of men.
 Those who loved her best, and were with her to the end
 Will make the Mary Ellen Carter rise again!

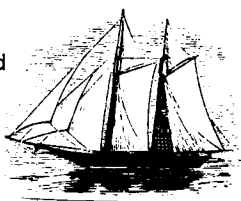
3 All spring now we've been with her on a barge lent by a friend.
 Three dives a day in a hard-hat suit, and twice I've had the bends.
 Thank God she's only 60 feet, and the currents here are slow,
 Or I'd never have the strength to go below.
 But we've patched her rents, stopped her vents,
 Dog-patched and port-holed down,
 Put cables to her fore and aft, and girded her around.
 Tomorrow noon we hit the air and then take up the strain,
 And make the Mary Ellen Carter rise again!

4 For we couldn't leave her there, you see, to crumble into scale.
 She'd saved our lives so many times, living through the gale.
 And the laughing, drunken rats who let her to a sorry grave,
 Well, they won't be laughing in another day.
 And you, to whom adversity has dealt the final blow,
 With smiling faces lying to you everywhere you go -
 Turn to, and put out all your strength of arm and heart and brain
 And like the Mary Ellen Carter, Rise again!

Cho2 Rise again! Rise Again!
 Though your heart it be broken, or life about to end.
 No matter what you've lost, be it a home, a love, a friend,
 Like the Mary Ellen Carter, RISE AGAIN!

L2 THE WRECK OF THE EDMUND FITZGERALD by Gordon Lightfoot

1 The legend lives on from the Chippewa on down
 Of the big lake they call Gitchee Gumee.
 "The lake," it is said, "never gives up her dead
 When the skies of November turn gloomy."
 With a load of iron ore 26,000 tons more
 Than the Edmund Fitzgerald weighed empty,
 That good ship and true was a bone to be chewed
 When the gales of November came early.



2 The ship was the pride of the American side
 Comin' back from some mill in Wisconsin.
 As big freighters go it was bigger than most
 With a crew and good captain well seasoned.
 Concluding some terms with a couple of steel firms
 When they left fully loaded for Cleveland,
 And later that night when the ship's bell rang,
 Could it be the north wind they'd been feelin'?

3 The wind in the wires made a tattletale sound
 And a wave broke over the railing,
 And every man knew, as the captain did too,
 'Twas the Witch of November come stealing.
 The dawn came late and the breakfast had to wait
 When the gales of November came slashing.
 When afternoon came it was freezin' rain
 In the face of a hurricane west wind.

4 When supertime came the old cook came on deck
 Sayin', "Fellas, it's too rough to feed ya."
 At seven PM, a main hatchway caved in,
 He said, "Fellas, it's been good to know ya."
 The captain wired in he had water comin' in
 And the good ship and crew was in peril,
 And later that night when his lights went out of sight
 Came the wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald.

5 Does anyone know where the love of God goes
 When the waves turn the minutes to hours?
 The searchers all say they'd've made Whitefish Bay
 If they'd put fifteen more miles behind her.
 They might've split up, or they might've capsized,
 They may have broke deep and took water.
 And all that remains is the faces and the names
 Of the wives and the sons and the daughters.

6 Lake Huron rolls, Superior sings
 In the rooms of her icewater mansion.
 Old Michigan steams like a young man's dreams,
 The islands and bays are for sportsmen.
 And farther below, Lake Ontario
 Takes in what Lake Erie can send her,
 And the iron boats go, as the mariners all know,
 With the gales of November remembered.

7 In a musty old hall in Detroit they prayed
 In the Maritime Sailor's Cathedral.
 The church bell chimed 'til it rang 29 times
 For each man on the Edmund Fitzgerald.
 The legend lives on from the Chippewa on down
 Of the big lake they call Gitchee Gumee,
 "Superior," they said, "never gives up her dead
 When the gales of November come early."

L3 SAM'S GONE AWAY - Author Unknown

Leader: I wish I was a cabin boy aboard a Man-O'-War,

Response: Sam's gone away aboard a Man-O'-War!

Leader: Pretty work, brave boys,

Response: Pretty work I say,

Chorus Sam's gone away aboard a Man-O'-War!

2 I wish I was a gunner aboard a Man-O'-War...

3 I wish I was a bosun aboard a Man-O'-War...

4 I wish I was an officer aboard a Man-O'-War...

5 I wish I was the captain aboard a Man-O'-War...

L4 PLEASANT AND DELIGHTFUL - Author Unknown

1 It was pleasant and delightful on that midsummer's morn,
 And the green fields and the meadows were buried in com.
 And the blackbirds and the thrushes sang in every green tree,
 And the larks they sang melodious at the dawning of the day.

Chorus And the larks they sang melodious,
 And the larks they sang melodious,
 And the larks they sang melodious,
 At the dawning of the day.



Concertina.

2 A sailor and his true love were out walking one day.
 Said the sailor to his true love, "I am bound far away.
 I am bound out for the Indies where the loud cannons roar,
 And I'm going to leave my Nancy, she's the girl that I adore.

Cho2 And I'm goin' to leave my Nancy, [3 times]
 She's the girl that I adore.

3 Said the sailor to his true love, "Well I must be on my way
 For our tops'ls are hoisted, and our anchors are weighed.
 Our big ship lies a-waitin' for the next flowing tide
 And if ever I return again, I will make you my bride.

Cho3 And if ever I return again, [3 times]
 I will make you my bride.

4 Well, a ring from off her finger she instantly drew,
 Saying, "Take this dearest William, and my heart will go too."
 And as she embraced him, tears from her eyes fell,
 Saying "May I go along with you?" "Oh no me love farewell."

Cho4 Saying, "May I go along with you? [3 times]
 "Oh, no me love farewell!"



L5 THE IRISH ROVER as sung by Liam Clancy

1 In the year of our lord, eighteen hundred and six,
 We set sail from the County of Cork.
 We were sailing away with a cargo of bricks
 For the grand city hall in New York.
 We'd an elegant craft, she was rigged fore and aft,
 And how the trade winds drove her!
 She had twenty-three masts, she stood several blasts,
 And they called her the Irish Rover.

2 There was Barney McGee from the banks of the Lee,
 We had Hogan, from County Tyrone.
 There was Sonny McGurk, who was scared stiff of work,
 And a chap from West Phaedin named Malone.
 We had Slugger O'Toole who was drunk as a rule,
 And Fighting Bill Tracy from Dover,
 And your man, Mick McCann from the banks of the Bann
 Was the skipper of the Irish Rover.

3 We had one million bags of your best Sligo rags,
 We had two million barrels of bone.
 We had three million bales of old nanny goats tails,
 We had four million barrels of stone.
 We had five million hogs, aye! And six million dogs,
 And seven million barrels of porter.
 We had eight million sides of our blind horses' hides
 In the hold of the Irish Rover.

4 We had sailed seven years when the measles broke out,
 And our ship lost her way in a fog (GREAT FOG!)
 Well the plague took the crew, were just down to two,
 Me and the captain's old dog (BIG DOG!)
 Well the ship struck a rock, oh Lord, what a shock!
 I nearly tumbled over!
 Turned nine times around, and the poor old dog was drowned,
 I'm the last of the Irish Rover!

L6 BLOW THE MAN DOWN - Author Unknown

Leader: Oh, as I was a strollin' down Paradise Street,
 Response: To me way, hay, blow the man down.
 Leader: A handsome flash-packet I chanced for to meet,
 Response: Oh, give me some time to blow the man down!

2 This charming flash-packet, she said unto me:
 To me way, hey...
 "There's a dandy Black-Baller just ready for sea."
 Oh, give me...

3 She hailed me with her flipper, I took her in tow,
 Yard-arm to yard-arm away we did go.

4 So I packed up my sea-chest, and I signed on that day,
 And with that flash-packet I spent half my pay.

5 And when that Black-Baller was ready for sea,
 Oh, it's then that we went on a heck of a spree!

6 There's tinkers and tailors, and soldiers and all,
 They ship as prime seamen upon the Black Ball

7 It's "Foretops'l halyards!" the mate he will roar,
 And lay aloft smartly, you son of a boar!"

8 Yes it's larboard and starboard on deck you will sprawl,
 For Kickin' Jack Williams commands this Black Ball.

9 As soon as you clear over old Mersey Bar,
 The mate knocks you down with the end of a spar.

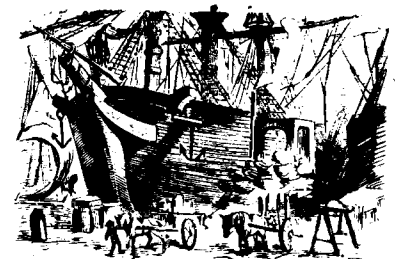
10 As soon as the packet is well out to sea,
 Then it's cruel, hard usage of every degree.

11 So it's blow the man down, bullies, blow the man down,
 With a crew of hard cases from Liverpool town.

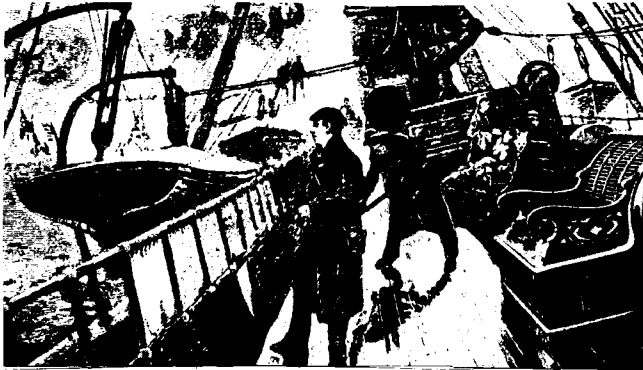
L7 MY SON JOHN

1 My son John was strong and slim,
 And he had a leg for every limb.
 But now he's got no legs at all,
 For he ran a race with a cannon ball!

Chorus To me roo-dum-da, fal-de-riddle-da,
 Whack fal-de-riddle, to me roo-dum-da.



- 2 Oh were ye deaf, or were ye blind,
When you left your two fine legs behind?
Or was it sailin' on the sea,
Wore your two fine legs right down to your knee?
- 3 I was not deaf, I was not blind,
When I left my two fine legs behind.
Nor was it sailin' on the sea,
Wore me two fine legs right down to me knee.
- 4 For I was strong and I was slim,
And I had a leg on every limb.
But now I've got no legs at all,
They were both shot away by a cannon ball!

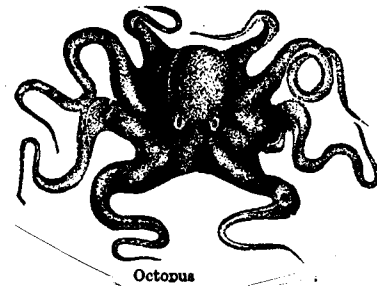


L8 BIG BLUE by Gordon Lightfoot

- Am Dm Am
1 The oceans of the world were the home of Big Blue.
E7
He was the greatest monster that the world ever knew,
Am Dm Am
But the place that he loved best were the waters to the west.
Em Am
Around the blue Pacific he did roam.
- 2 Big Blue moved alone, for a mighty blue was he.
And the battles of the whale was an awesome sight to see,
And he took them one by one, and he drove them all away.
And the mating of the day he was the king.
- 3 Big Blue had fifty wives, and he sired forty sons.
Though most of them fell victim to the cruel harpoon gun.
But he was too much wise to get caught by the gunner's eyes.
And so he lived at sea a hundred years.
- 4 His mouth was as large as a tunnel, so they say.
His hide was thick as leather, his eyes quick and small.
And his back was all scarred from the times he got away.
He knew the smell of whalers, did Big Blue.
- 5 Big Blue passed away to his natural decay,
Beside the Arctic Circle as he travelled up that way.
And there never was a man who was born with a gunner's hand,
Who ever took a fan to Big Blue.
- 6 Now the gray whale has run, and the sperm is almost done.
The finbacks and the Greenland rights have all passed and gone.
They've been taken by the men for the money they could spend.
And the killing never ends, it just goes on.
- 7 The oceans of the world were the home of Big Blue.
He was the greatest monster that the world ever knew,
But the oceans to the west were the waters he loved best.
Around the blue Pacific he did roam.

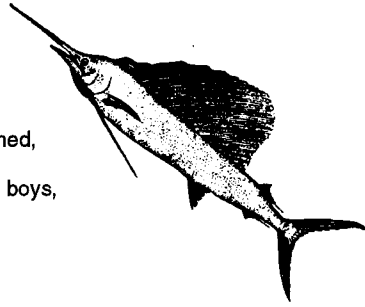
L9 THE GOLDEN VANITY

- C
1 There was a lofty ship, and she put out to sea,
F
The name of the ship was the Golden Vanity.
C G
As she sailed upon the low and lonesome low,
C G C
As she sailed upon the lonesome sea.
- 2 She had not been out many more weeks than three,
When she was overtaken by the Turkish Revelee.
As she sailed upon the low and lonesome low,
As she sailed upon the lonesome sea.
- 3 Then up spake he, our little cabin boy,
"What will you give me if I will them destroy?
If I sink them in the low and lonesome low,
If I sink them in the lonesome sea?"
- 4 "Oh the man that them destroys," our captain then replied,
"Five thousand guineas, and my daughter for his bride.
If he sinks them in the low and lonesome low,
If he sinks them in the lonesome sea."
- 5 Then the boy smote his breast, and down jumped he,
He swum 'til he came to the Turkish Revelee.
As she sailed upon the low and lonesome low,
As she sailed upon the lonesome sea.
- 6 He had a little tool that was made for the use,
He bored nine holes in her hull all at once.
And he sunk her in the low and lonesome low,
And he sunk her in the lonesome sea.
- 7 He swum back to his ship, and he beat upon the side,
Cried, "Captain pick me up, for I'm weary with the tide.
I am sinking in the low and lonesome low,
I am sinking in the lonesome sea."
- 8 "No, I will not pick you up!" the captain then replied,
"I will shoot you and drown you and sink you in the tide.
I will sink you in the low and lonesome low,
I will sink you in the lonesome sea."
- 9 "If it was not for the love that I bear for your men
I would do unto you as I did unto them.
I would sink you in the low and lonesome low,
I would sink you in the lonesome sea."
- 10 Then the boy bowed his head, and down sunk he,
"Farewell, farewell to the Golden Vanity!"
As she sailed upon the low and lonesome low,
As she sailed upon the lonesome sea.

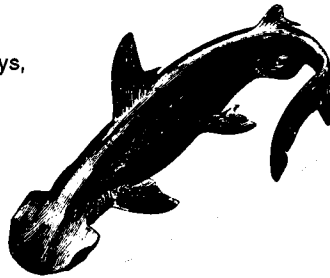


L10 GREENLAND WHALE FISHERS

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



- 2 The lookout in the crosstrees stood,
A spyglass in his hand.
"There's a whale, there's a whale, there's a whale fish!" he cried.
"And he blows at every span, brave boys,
He blows at every span!"
- 3 The captain stood on the after deck,
A fine old man was he.
"Overhaul! Overhaul! Let your davit-tackles fall,
And launch your boats to sea, brave boys,
And launch your boats to sea!"
- 4 The boats were launched and the men on board,
And the whale was full in view.
Resolv-ed was each seaman bold
To strike where the whale fish blew, brave boys,
To strike where the whale fish blew.
- 5 Well the whale was struck and the line payed out,
But the whale made a flourish with her tail.
The boat capsized and four men were drowned,
And we never got that whale, brave boys,
We never got that whale.
- 6 "To lose the whale," our captain cried,
"It grieves my heart full sore.
But to lose four of my gallant men,
It grieves me ten times more, brave boys,
It grieves me ten times more."
- 7 "The winter star doth now appear,
So boys we'll anchor weigh.
It's time to leave this cold country,
And homeward sail away, brave boys,
And homeward bear away."
- 8 Oh, Greenland is a dreadful place,
A land that's never green.
Where there's ice and snow and the whalefishes blow,
And daylight's seldom seen, brave boys,
And daylight's seldom seen.



L11 BARRETT'S PRIVATEERS by Stan Rogers

1 Oh, the year was 1778,
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now!
When a letter of mark came from the king,
To the scummiest vessel I'd ever seen!
Lord curse them all!

Chorus I was told we'd cruise the seas for American gold,
We'd fire no guns, shed no tears!
Now I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier,
The last of Barrett's Privateers!

- 2 Oh, Elcid Barrett cried the town,
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now!
For twenty brave men, all fishermen who
Would make for him the Antelope's crew,
Lord curse them all!
- 3 The Antelope sloop was a sickening sight!
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now!
She'd a list to her port, and her sails in rags,
And the cook in the scuppers with the staggers and jags!
Lord curse them all!
- 4 On the King's birthday we put to sea.
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now!
We were 91 days to Montego Bay,
Pumping like madmen all the way!
Lord curse them all!
- 5 On the 96th day we sailed again.
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now!
When a bloody great Yankee hove in sight,
With our cracked four-pounders we made to fight.
Lord curse them all!
- 6 The Yankee lay hove down with gold!
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now!
She was broad and fat and loose in stays,
But to catch her took the Antelope two whole days!
Lord curse them all!
- 7 At length, she lay two cables away.
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now!
Our cracked four-pounders made an awful din,
But with one fat ball the Yank stove us in!
Lord curse them all!
- 8 The Antelope pitched and she shipped on her side.
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now!
Barrett was smashed like a bowl of eggs,
And the main truck carried off both me legs!
Lord curse them all!
- 9 So here I stand in my twenty-third year,
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now!
It's been six years since we sailed away,
And I just made Halifax yesterday!
Lord curse them all!

L12 THE LEAVING OF LIVERPOOL

1 Farewell to you my own true love,
I am going far away.
I am bound for Cali-for-ni-a,
But I know that I'll return some day.

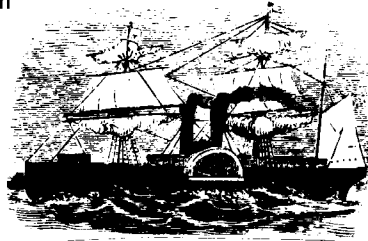
Chorus So fare thee well, my own true love
For when I return united we will be.
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me,
But my darling when I think of thee.

- 2 I have shipped on a yankee sailing ship,
Davey Crockett, her name to tell.
And her Captain's name was Burgess
And they say that she's a floating hell.
- 3 Oh the sun is on the harbor love,
And I wish I could remain.
For I know it will be a long, long time
Before I see you again.



L13 WHITE SQUALL by Stan Rogers

1 Now it's just my luck to have the watch,
 With nothing left to do,
 But watch the deadly waters glide
 As we roll north to the 'Soo;
 And wonder when they'll tum again
 And pitch us to the rail,
 And whirl off one more youngster
 In the gale.



The kid was so damed eager,
 It was all so big and new.
 We never had to tell him twice,
 Or find him work to do.
 And evenings on the mess deck,
 He was always first to sing,
 And show us pictures of the girl
 He'd wed in spring.

Chorus But I told that kid a hundred times,
 "Don't take the lakes for granted
 They go from calm to a hundred knots
 So fast they seem enchanted."
 But tonight some red eyed Wiarton girl
 Lies staring at the wall,
 And her lover's gone into a White Squall

2 Now it's a thing that us old timers know,
 In a sultry summer calm,
 There comes a blow from nowhere,
 And it goes off like a bomb.
 And a fifteen thousand tonner,
 Can be thrown upon her beam,
 While the gale takes all before it,
 With a scream.

The kid was on the hatches,
 Lying staring at the sky
 From where I stood I swear I could see
 Tears fall from his eyes
 So I hadn't the heart to tell him
 That he should be on a line
 Even on a night
 So warm and fine

3 When it struck he sat up with a start;
 I roared to him "Get down!"
 But for all that he could hear,
 I could as well not made a sound.
 So I clung there to the stanchions,
 And I felt my face go pale,
 As he crawled hand over hand
 Along the rail.
 Now I could feel her heeling over ,
 With the fury of the blow.
 I watched the rail go under then,
 So terrible and slow.
 Then like some great dog she shook herself ,
 And roared upright again,
 Far overside, I heard him
 Call my name.

4 So it's just my luck to have the watch,
 With nothing left to do,
 But watch the deadly waters glide,
 As we roll north to the 'Soo.
 And wonder when they'll tum again,
 And pitch us to the rail,
 And whirl off one more youngster
 In the gale.

Cho2 But I tell these kids a hundred times,
 "Don't take the lakes for granted.
 They go from calm to a hundred knots ,
 So fast they seem enchanted,"
 But tonight some red eyed Wiarton girl
 Lies staring at the wall,
 And her lover's gone into
 A White Squall.

L14 THE JEANNIE C. by Stan Rogers

1 Come all ye lads, draw near to me,
 That I be not forsaken.
 This day was lost the Jeannie C.,
 And my living has been taken.
 I'll go to sea no more.

2 We set out this day in the bright sunshine,
 The same as any other,
 My son and I and old John Price,
 In the boat named for my mother.
 I'll go to sea no more.

3 Now it's well you know what the fishing has been,
 It's been scarce and hard and cruel.
 But this day, by God, we sure caught cod,
 And we sang and we laughed like fools.
 I'll go to sea no more.

4 I'll never know what it was we struck,
 But strike we did like thunder.
 John Price give a cry and pitched overside,
 Now it's forever he's gone under.
 I'll go to sea no more.

5 A leak we've sprung, let there be no delay,
 If the Jeannie C. we're saving.
 John Price is drowned and slipped away,
 So I'll patch the hole while you're bailing.
 I'll go to sea no more.

6 But no leak I found from bow to hold,
 No rock it was that got her.
 But what I found made my heart stop cold,
 For every seam poured water.
 I'll go to sea no more.

7 "My God," I cried as she went down,
 That boat was like no other,
 My father built her when I was nine,
 And named her for my mother.
 I'll go to sea no more.

8 And sure I could have another made,
 In the boatworks down in Dover,
 But I would not love the keel they laid,
 Like the one the waves roll over.
 I'll go to sea no more.

9 So come all ye lads, draw near to me,
 That I be not forsaken.
 This day was lost the Jeannie C.,
 And my whole life has been taken.
 I'll go to sea no more.

L15 ROLLING DOWN TO OLD MAUI - traditional

1 It's a dam tough life, full of toil and strife,
 We whalemens undergo.
 And we don't give a dam when the gale is done,
 Or how hard the winds did blow.
 'Cause we're homeward bound from the Arctic ground,
 With a good ship taut and free.
 And we don't give a dam when we drink our rum,
 With the girls from old Maui.

Chorus Rolling down to old Maui, me boys,
 Rolling down to old Maui.
 We're homeward bound from the Arctic ground,
 Rolling down to old Maui.

2 Once more we sail with the northerly gale,
 Through the ice and wind and rain.
 Them coconut fronds, them tropical lands,
 We soon shall see again.
 Six hellish months we've passed away,
 On the cold Kamchatka sea,
 But now we're bound from the Arctic ground,
 Rolling down to old Maui.

3 Once more we sail with the northerly gale,
 Towards our island home.
 Our mainmast sprung, our whaling done,
 And we ain't got far to roam.
 Our stun's'l bones is carried away,
 What care we for that sound,
 A living gale is after us,
 Thank God we're homeward bound.

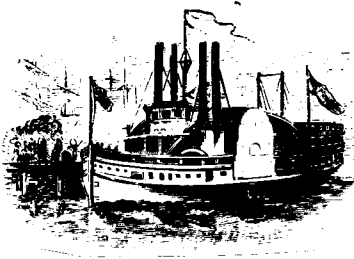
4 How soft the breeze through the island trees,
 Now the ice is far astern.
 Them native maids, them tropical glades,
 Is awaiting our return.
 Even now their big brown eyes look out
 Hoping some fine day to see,
 Our baggy sails, running 'fore the gales,
 Rolling down to old Maui.

L16 THE LOCK-KEEPER by Stan Rogers

1 You say, "Well met again, Lock-keeper,
 We're laden even deeper than the time before.
 Oriental oils and tea brought down from Singapore."

As we wait for my locks to cycle,
 I say, "My wife has just given me a son."
 "A son?" you cry, "Is that all that you've done?"

She wears bouganvelia blossoms,
 You pluck 'em from her hair and toss 'em in the tide.
 Sweep her in your arms, and carry her inside.
 Her sighs catch on your shoulder,
 Her moonlit eyes grow bold and wiser through her tears."
 And I say, "How could you stand to leave her for a year?"



Chorus "And come with me," you say, "to where the Southern Cross
 Rides high upon your shoulder."
 "Come with me," you cry,
 "Each day you tend these locks you're one day older."
 While your blood grows colder.
 But that anchor chain's a fetter,
 And with it, you are tethered to the foam.
 And I wouldn't trade your life for one hour at home.

2 Sure, I'm stuck here on the Seaway,
 While you compensate for leeway through the Trades,
 And you shoot the stars to see the miles you've made.
 And you laugh at hearts you've riven,
 But which of these has given us more love or life,
 You, your tropic maids, or me, my wife?

L17 ROLLING HOME by Charles Mackay

1 Up aloft and in the rigging
 Blows a wild and rushing gale.
 Like a monsoon in the springtime,
 Filling out each well-known sail.

Chorus Rolling home, Rolling home,
 Rolling home across the sea.
 Rolling home to old New England,
 Rolling home, dear land, to thee!

2 Full ten thousand miles behind us, and a thousand miles before,
 Ancient ocean waves to waft us, to the well-remembered shore.
 3 Newborn breezes swell to send us,
 To our childhood's welcome skies.
 To the glow of friendly faces, and the glance of loving eyes.

L18 A WHALE OF A TALE

Chorus Got a whale of a tale to tell you lads,
 A whale of a tale or two,
 'Bout the flappin' fish and the girls I've loved,
 On nights like this with the moon above,
 A whale of a tale and it's all true,
 I swear by my tattoo.

1 There was Mermaid Minnie, met her down in Madagascar,
 She would kiss me any time that I would ask her,
 Then one evening her flame of love blew out,
 Blow me down and pick me up, she swapped me for a trout!

2 There was Typhoon Tessie, met her on the coast of Java,
 When she kissed I bubbled up like molten lava.
 Then she gave me the scare of my young life,
 Blow me down and pick me up, she was the captain's wife.

3 There was Harpoon Hannah, had a face that made you shiver,
 Lips like fish hooks, and a nose just like a rudder,
 If I kissed her, and held her tenderly,
 There's no sea monster big enough to ever frighten me!

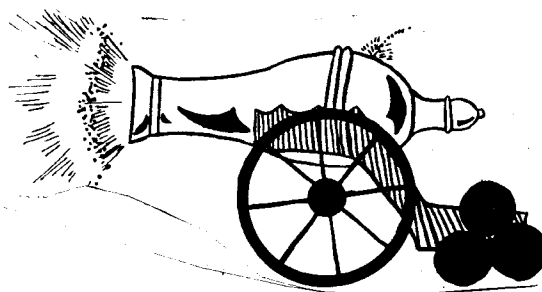
M1 24-HOUR-A-DAY, 7-DAY-A-WEEK-RAG RAG by Al Boyce

Chorus ^F D'you ever have a day when everything went wrong?
^F I have, and that's the reason that I'm writing this song,
^G You're on the 24-hour-a-day, 7-day-a-week-rag rag.
^F You yell and scream at everyone that's in your sight,
^F You tell them where to stick it 'cause you know you're right,
^G You're on the 24-hour-a-day, 7-day-a-week-rag rag.

1 ^{A#} You find yourself awoken at a quarter to four,
^F Stub your toe and smash into the bathroom door,
^C Stumble down the stairs and nearly break your neck,
^F By the time you reach the table you're a nervous wreck!
^{A#} You cut yourself at breakfast with a butter knife,
^F Kiss the door "Good morning", and you slam your wife,
^C Stumble into work about an hour behind
^F And your boss is waitin' on the line!

2 ^{C7} Well, you work your way up to the top
^{C#7} And when you reach the top you drop
^{D7} A notch or two behind the other guy.
^G And when you finally think you're "in"
You find that you are "out" again,
Another whole new wardrobe you must buy.
^{C7} You're contemplating suicide
To end your life-long downward slide,
You think of what will happen when you die:
^F The "System" you hate so bad
Will take all the cash you had!

3 So you stick it out another day
And when you get your weekly pay
You chuckle at the numeral you see.
And after paying all the bills,
You try to cut out all the frills,
Stay home again at night and watch TV.
You figure if you scrimp and save
And maybe move into a cave
You still can buy some food (if it is free...)
^F So piss, and moan and complain!



M2 TALKING ATOM BOMB BLUES by Al Boyce

1 ^G I read a story in the paper just the other day
^D 'bout all the atom bombs in Russia and the USA.
^G This story didn't mention bombs in nations minor
^C Like India, Iraq or all the bombs in China.
^D But that's OK...
^G Those countries are our friends - today.

2 Well the paper said that all the bombs in World War Two
Added only to three megatons the whole war through.
Hiroshima vanished first, Nagasaki vanished later,
Only two little bombs made two big craters -
Children cryin', thousands of people vaporized...
But it ended the war early.

3 Now each Poseidon sub in the U.S. fleet
Carries nukes enough to delete
200 major cities in the Soviet nation,
Not to mention the human incineration...
Kinda makes you wonder,
Which U.S. cities THEIR subs are sighted on...

4 But wait, those subs are obsolete,
There's a bigger terror in the U.S. fleet!
Each Trident sub has nukes enough to totally smear
Every city in the world's northern hemisphere.
Let's see... that leaves Australia, bits of Brazil,
And Antarctica as the Earth's new superpowers.

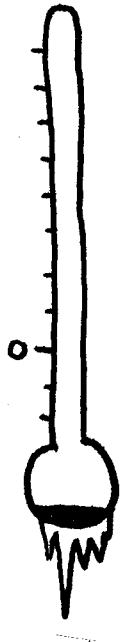
5 Now the nuclear firepower of both these great nations,
18,000 megatons, to my mental calculations,
Would blow up the world almost 400 times!
That oughta be enough, any less would seem a crime.
Can't be too careful - heaven forbid
Any living thing should survive!

6 Now the moral to this story should be painfully clear,
Get yourself a lawn chair and a six-pack of beer,
And when the bombs come down, watch the fireworks and sigh,
Put your head between your legs and kiss your butt good-bye,
Or write your friendly neighborhood politician,
Or sing him this song,
And tell him to start dismantling those nukes
As fast as his little votes will carry him!

M3 FREEZING-MINNESOTA-28-BELOW-ZERO BLUES

by Al Boyce

- 1 From late September through the middle of May
Up in Minneapolis town,
Folks wear long underwear and twelve pairs of socks,
And ninety-eight pounds of goose down.
Polar bears are all that care to walk down the street,
And if you don't believe it's true...
Here are my Freezin'-Minnesota-
Twenty-Eight-Below-Zero Blues!
- 2 Well some folks think that Minnesota is neat
To go and play out in the snow.
A friend of mine though so 'til he went out one day,
Just to reach in his mailbox you know.
His tongue got frozen to the lid, he started to cry,
The icicles ran down his face,
Another Freezin'-Minnesota-
Twenty-Eight-Below frostbite case.



- 3 Well little Johnny Johnson had a hot date one night,
His folks loaned him the family car
To take out Hot Lips Hutchinson, the cheerleader fair,
To a movie house that wasn't too far.
Her parents found the couple in the driveway that night
Frozen in eternal bliss,
Locked in a Freezin'-Minnesota-
Twenty-Eight-Below-Zero kiss.
- 4 So if you find yourself in Minneapolis one day
Weathering a winter storm,
First try snuggling up close to a friend,
Next try making hay to keep warm.
But if none of these are working and you firmly decide
That Minnesota winter's a drag...
Just do my Freezing-Minnesota-
Twenty-Eight-Below-Zero Rag!

M4 DADDY'S DARLIN' DEAR by Al Boyce

(Tune: The Sick Note)

- 1 Caitlin Clare, oh where's your hair,
And where's your nose and eyes?
Oh where does baby's bonnet go,
And can you show your size?
Oh will you give Papa a hug,
Or pat your Momma's hand?
Sure, you are the brightest baby
In the Boyceterous family band!
- 2 The telephone is ringin', Kate,
You'd better say "Hello!"
And crawl to see who's at the door,
Sure it's Tim and Bridget Coe!
Show Auntie Bea just how you eat
Potato chips so fine -
But for comed beef and cabbage
It's the Irish way to dine!



- 3 Can you "Peek-a-Boo" with Grandma Max,
Do you flirt with Grandpa Al?
Jump your little horse to Dublin town,
And you're Grandpa Tom's wee pal!
Can you "Pat-a-Cake" with Eileen
Or with your Graet-Grandma Mae,
Or fall asleep deep in the arms
Of the "Beat-Up" Gram today?
- 4 You love to tease your Uncle Steve,
And Auntie Val that's true.
You share your toys with cousins
Jess and Josh and Julie, too.
Joanna, Auntie Kit and Matthew
Miss you and your Mom.
And Auntie Cath loves no one more
('cept for maybe Uncle Tom!)
- 5 With a smile as wide as all outdoors
You grin from ear to ear!
You're a miniature marvel,
You are Daddy's darlin' dear.
I love you Caitlin Clare, my little
Punkin' seed surprise,
Sure you are the finest apples
Of the both o' your father's eyes!

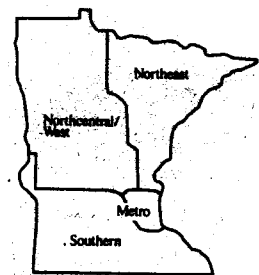
M5 THE MAN ON THE 6:41 47H BUS by Al Boyce

- 1 At 6:41 at the top of Marquette,
Starts the jolliest bus ride you've ever rode yet.
A man dressed in green with a smile six feet wide,
Says, "Hi, c'mon in and I'll give you a ride!"
- Chorus And he sweeps you away like you're floating on air,
A magical tour that you cannot compare.
There isn't a frown and there isn't a fuss
With the man on the 6:41 47H bus.

- 2 A girl sitting near is about three years old.
Her name is Melissa Sue Tracy, I'm told.
She sits near the driver to watch the lights blink.
He smiles at her mommy and gives us a wink.
- 3 From Downtown to Richfield's a half-an-hour's ride,
But it seems like an instant 'fore I'm home safe inside.
With voice like a foghorn he bids me goodnight,
As he travels yet southward on his evening flight.
- 4 Well bus drivers come and bus drivers go.
Some rush you inside, don't say even "Hello."
But your favorite will be, if you travel with us,
The man on the 6:41 47H bus.

M6 SUNRISE, MINNESOTA by Al Boyce

- 1 When Autumn winds start to fall
Old Jack Frost soon will come to call,
Kids outside are havin' a ball,
You know that Winter's nigh.
Pumpkin patches, starry nights,
Jack O'Lanterns big and bright,
Kids in costume, scary fright,
Summer's said good-bye.



M10 TWO LITTLE HANDS by Al Boyce

C Am F G C-G
1 Two little hands, reaching up to me.

C Am
Two little hands,
F
Ten little fingers wriggling,
G

Squiggly little baby giggling.

C Am F G C
Two little hands gently demand
F G C Am

All of the loving any man can handle,
F G C
Just holding two little hands.

2 Two gentle souls stand by your side.

Two gentle souls,
Ready to guide you through life's trials,
And watch you grow with pride.
Two gentle souls tenderly hold
The little bundle sent from God to care for,
Trusted to two gentle souls.

3 Two little eyes for all the world to see.

Two little eyes,
Holding the promises
Of God's unbounded gifts to thee.
Two little eyes smilingly spy,
To see the world look back
With faith and hope renewed,
Into two little eyes.

M11 BOUNCING ON THE BED by Al Boyce 11/15/92

D G D
1 With my mom and dad still fast asleep,
G D

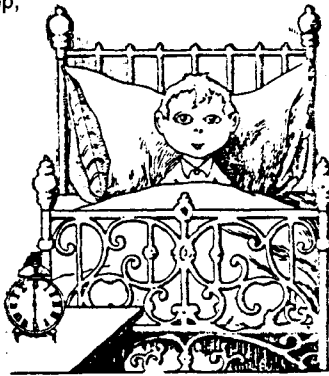
I kick my blankets in a heap,
G D
I yawn and shake the cobwebs

A
From my sleepy little head.

D G D
Upon my bed I take my feet,

G D
Then crouch and take a mighty leap,
G D

And start another merry morning
A D
Bouncing on the Bed!



D G D
Chorus Then it's up and down and all around,

Its deep into my bed I bound,
G D

The fluff and feathers flying,
A

Falling fast around my head.
D G D

And I whoop and shout a joyful sound,

And jump and pound my mattress down,
G D

Then take the heights, there's nothing quite like
A D
Bouncing on the Bed!

2 Then my father opens up the door,

And in a tired voice he roars,
"You cease your lusty leaping,
Like a kangaroo!" he says.
He stumbles back to sleep some more,
And when I hear him start to snore,
I cannot help returning to my
Bouncing on the Bed!

3 Well time has passed, the years have flown,
I have a house to call my own.
I met and woo'ed my darlin',
On a summer day we wed.
And now if by chance I hear a groan,
And squeaking sounds that are well known,
I'll go and join my babies while they're
Bouncing on the Bed!

M12 UNFINISHED STORIES by Al Boyce 7/29/95

C Am
1 "Silently and carefully

F C
He crept towards the cave.

C Am
The stench was overpowering,

Dm G
Bilbo tried hard to be brave.

Dm E7
And there he saw a dragon

Dm E7
In his treasure trove so deep...."

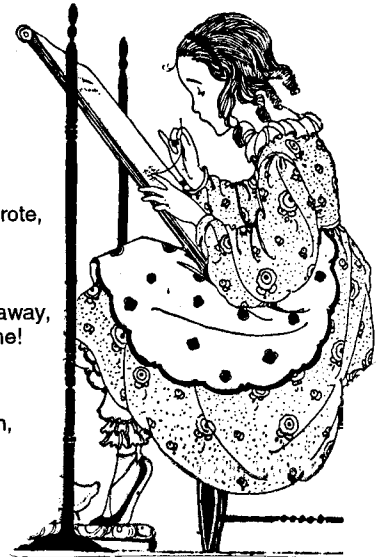
F C
Then I closed the book and said,

G C
"Girl, it's time you went to sleep!"

Chorus Just one more page, please,
Before you close the book.
Just one more chapter Dad,
Let's have another look.
It's hard to close the cover,
And put the book away,
And leave unfinished stories
To read another day.

2 "Once upon a time there was
Two thousand unicorns,
But now there's only one," she wrote,
And drew a herd with horns.
"A big mean red bully
Drove them all into the sea...."
Then my daughter put her book away,
And said, Dad, come play with me!

Cho2 Just one more page, please,
Before you close the book.
Just one more chapter Caitlin,
Let's have another look.
It's hard to close the cover,
And put the book away,
And leave unfinished stories
To read another day.



3 It was in the height of springtime,
When she was almost nine.
I woke to find her in her bed
With a tummy ache, and crying.
I rushed her to the doctor
For him to take a look,
But in my girl's eighth chapter,
Death had closed her book.

Cho3 Just one more page, please,
Before you close the book.
Just one more chapter God,
Let's have another look.
It's hard to close the cover,
And put the book away,
And leave unfinished stories
To read another day.

4 Her story wasn't finished,
But it's moral I will tell,
Give yourself to boundless love,
And unbridled joy as well.
And hug your friends and family,
Let them know how much you care,
For you never know what page you're on
Or how long they'll be here.

Cho4 Just one more page, please,
Before you close the book.
Just one more chapter,
Let's have another look.
It's hard to close the cover,
And put the book away,
And leave unfinished stories
To read another day.



M13 TOOFLESS MCGEE by Al Boyce 4/2/92

- 1 Toofless McGee is me, they say,
I came over the hill from far away.
I'm itchin' for fun, and I'm ready to play,
Toofless McGee is me, they say.
- 2 Toofless McGee is me, they say,
When I fall asleep, on my bed I do lay.
I fell asleep for a year and a day.
Toofless McGee is me, they say.
- 3 Toofless McGee is me, they say,
I danced in a dance they call the ballet,
I jumped in the air, and I did a jette,
Toofless McGee is me, they say.
- 4 Toofless McGee is me, they say,
I saw a dragon I wanted to slay,
I asked my mom, and she said, "OK",
Toofless McGee is me, they say.
- 5 Toofless McGee is me, they say,
I made a dinosaur all out of clay.
He growled too loud, I squashed him on the tray.
Toofless McGee is me, they say.
- 6 Toofless McGee is me, they say,
I looked at the sky, it was rainy and gray.
When the sun came out, I was struck by a ray.
Toofless McGee is me, they say.
- 7 Toofless McGee is me, they say,
I sailed in a boat, in a place called a bay.
I fished for a fish, caught a big manta ray,
Toofless McGee is me, they say.
- 8 Toofless McGee is me, they say,
I fed my pony on apples and hay.
He whispered to me he was happy and gay,
Toofless McGee is me, they say.
- 9 Toofless McGee is me, they say,
I fought with a bull, and I shouted, "Ole!"
When I turned around, the bull ran away,
Toofless McGee is me, they say.
- 10 Toofless McGee is me, they say,
I ran a race they called a relay,
I handed off to my friend whose name was Renee,
Toofless McGee is me, they say.
- 11 Toofless McGee is me, they say,
I climbed a mountain in the far Himala's.
I fell off a cliff while I was on belay,
Toofless McGee is me, they say.

- 12 Toofless McGee is me, they say,
I talked with a Frenchman with quick repartee.
He mumbled too softly, I said "Qu'est ce que c'est?"
Toofless McGee is me, they say.
- 13 Toofless McGee is me, they say,
I whipped up an egg and I made a souffle.
I cooked it too long, so I called it "flambe."
Toofless McGee is me, they say.
- 14 Toofless McGee is me, they say,
I was riding a whale and it started to spray.
I wiped off my face, and I shouted "Hooray!"
Toofless McGee is me, they say.
- 15 Toofless McGee is me, they say,
I drove 'round the world in a Ford Model "A".
Then I traded it in for a new Chevrolet.
Toofless McGee is me, they say.
- 16 Toofless McGee is me, they say,
I rode on a donkey who started to bray.
Asked a horse, "Can I ride you?" He answered me, "Neigh!"
Toofless McGee is me, they say.
- 17 Toofless McGee is me, they say,
I went to Hawaii, they game me a lei,
I ate me some poi, it was squishy and gray.
Toofless McGee is me, they say.
- 18 Toofless McGee is me, they say,
I came over the hill from far away.
I'm itchin' for fun, and I'm ready to play,
Toofless McGee is me, they say.

M14 LOWDOWN SCOUT CAMP BLUES by Al Boyce

E

Chorus I got them lowdown SCOUT CAMP,
A E
Stuck here at MANY POINT blues;
A
I got them lowdown SCOUT CAMP,
E
Stuck here at MANY POINT blues.
B7 A7 E
And I'm feeling so low, I'm low down to my shoes.

- 1 They say that at MANY POINT the coffee there is so fine;
They say that at MANY POINT the coffee there is so fine;
It smells like gasoline and it tastes like turpentine!
- 2 They say that at MANY POINT, the biscuits there are so fine;
They say that at MANY POINT, the biscuits there are so fine;
One rolled off the table and killed a friend of mine!
- 3 They say that at MANY POINT the cars are mighty fine;
They say that at MANY POINT the cars are mighty fine;
You ride for 15 miles, then you push for ninety nine!

.....MAKE UP YOUR OWN, then...

- 4 The score was six to nothin', the bedbugs were ahead;
The mosquitoes hit a home run, and knocked me out of bed!
I got them low down SCOUT CAMP
Stuck here at MANY POINT blues!
And I'm feeling so low, so low down to my shoes!

Use a basic blues melody, and you can lift the lyrics from A-9 GEE MOM, I WANNA GO HOME as-is! Also, you can change SCOUT CAMP to any place description, and MANY POINT to any specific place... such as "...I've got them lowdown FOLK FEST stuck here at WINNIPEG blues..." etc.

Section M

Homegrown Songs

M15 20 YEARS EXPERIENCE by Al Boyce 3/17/95

1 Tommy and his older buddies
 Went out drinking at the bar.
 A pal had just reached the age of manhood,
 Being twenty, Tom would drive the car.
 When Tommy tried to sneak a beer,
 The waitress gave his ID a glance.
 He said, "I've been drinkin' all my life,
 I got 20 years experience!"

Chorus 20 years experience
 At drinking from a glass.
 20 years experience -
 At drinking, I surpass!
 And what'cha mean, this ain't my real ID,
 Oui, Mah-dam, I really AM from France!
 And we all start drinking young there,
 So I got 20 years experience!

2 Thomas got him a wife and family,
 And a mortgage at the bank.
 Age thirty found him flat broke,
 With a blue collar job to thank.
 He applied for a higher paying job
 That'd help him make the rent.
 But his boss said, "We hired and outside guy
 Who's got 20 years experience."

Cho2 20 years experience?
 I bet that guy's his brother-in-law!
 20 years experience?
 I'd like to bust him right on the jaw!
 The boss would see that I'm the better man
 If he had just a lick of sense!
 I'm gonna tell him just where to stick his
 Frickin' 20 years experience!

3 His friends surprised old Tom with a party
 For his lasting 40 years.
 He barely blew out all them candles,
 And he had too many beers.
 He started flirting with some sweet young thing,
 She said, "Tom, I think you're too old to dance!"
 He said, "Heck, I'm only 20, honey!
 With 20 years experience!"

Cho3 20 years experience
 At developing my Style!
 20 years experience
 At making the ladies smile!
 Younger guys are fast and foolish,
 Older men have elegance...
 'Cause when it comes to being 20
 I got 20 years experience!

M16 SINK 522, SINK by Al Boyce and Sig Swanson
 (Tune: Drill Ye Tarriers, Drill)

Am
 1 Early in the moinin', 'bout ten o'clock,
 There's twenty canoes smashed up on the rock!
 Am
 Down the rapids "Ol' Riverbottom" went,
 And then he sunk like a ton of cement!
 Am E Am E Am
 Chorus And sink 522, sink. And sink 522, sink.
 Oh it's paddle your canoes on a 20-mile cruise,
 Down along the Brule.
 Am E Am
 And sink 522, sink.

2 Down the rapids went "Huey" and "Lemon",
 There canoe was riding like a rotten watermelon.
 All was due to Lemon's blunder,
 Their canoe was riding six feet under!
 3 Al and Sig went down "Little Joe"
 Riding in the water very, very low.
 No surprise to Mr. Zik,
 'Cause in their canoe was some kinda pick!
 4 Jet-propelled is Heine's craft,
 And when he tooted Mr. Neubauer laughed.
 But when he heard Heine ate some prunes,
 Mr. Neubauer took off for the boons!
 5 Mark Wood and two beautiful picks
 Put a hole in a canoe that they couldn't fix.
 Gary's Rental they did offend,
 And they'll never be asked to canoe again!

M17 SUNNY DAY FLU (BETH'S BLUES) by Al Boyce 7/28/93

E
 1 The alarm clock's ringin', messin' up my tired head.
 A E
 The alarm clock's ringin', messin' up my tired head.
 B7
 Ain't no clouds up in the sky,
 A7 E
 Babe you should go back to bed.

A
 Chorus Now ain't you feelin' faint babe?
 E
 I think you look contagious, too...
 B7
 You'd better call down to the office
 A7 E
 With a case of Sunny Day Flu.

2 Smell them sweet summer breezes,
 All the little flowers in bloom.
 Smell them sweet summer breezes,
 All the little flowers in bloom.
 Oh babe, you look exhausted,
 You'd better stay right in this room.
 3 Little birdies are singing, nestin' in the old oak tree.
 Little birdies are singing, nestin' in the old oak tree.
 Babe, I think you got a fever,
 Feels just like a hundred and three.
 4 Summer sun sure feels lovely, streamin' past the window sill.
 Summer sun sure feels lovely, streamin' past the window sill.
 You're whiter than a sheet, babe,
 Oh Lord, I think you're nasty ill.

M18 THEY LOVE ME IN IRAQ Music: Paul Simon Words: Al Boyce

(Tune: Loves Me Like A Rock)
(c) 1/31/91 Boyceterous Productions

1 When I was a little boy,
And the devil would call my name.
And he'd say "Hussein, Hussein you've got potential.
I want you to go and take Iraq,
I want the Garden of Eden back!"

Chorus Oh, my army loves me! They love me!
They're sixty-some feet above me!
Oh, they love me in Iraq!
'Long's my gun is sticking in their back,
They love me!

2 When I was grown to be a man,
And the devil would call my name.
And he'd say, "Hussein, hoo boy, I don't believe you!
You gassed civilians in Iran,
All according to my Master Plan!"
3 And now I'm the President of Iraq,
The moment the U.N. called my name:
And they say, "Hussein, who do you think you're dueling?
The world won't let you have Kuwait!
Get your butt out before it's too late!"

BILLY BOB'S ROAD KILL CAFE SONGS

The rest of these songs (M19-M24) are parodies of old Country Songs based around the concept of a mythical "Billy Bob's Road Kill Cafe" in Kannabec County in central Minnesota....

M19 ROAD-KILL STEW Music: Carl Perkins Words: Al Boyce

(Tune: Blue Suede Shoes)
(c)5/2/88 Boyceterous Productions

1 Well it's one flattened bunny,
Two squishy toads,
And three splattered porcupines
From off of the road.

Chorus So don't you pass on my Road Kill Stew!
Yeah, be one of the few to try Billy Bob's Road Kill Stew!

2 The skunk and the truck, they got in a race,
Splattered that skunk all over the place,
Billy Bob scraped him offa' Route 52,
Then blended him into that Road Kill Stew!

3 Well it's Billy Bob's Road Kill Stew, Honey!
Well it's Billy Bob's Road Kill Stew, Mama!
Well it's Billy Bob's Road Kill Stew, Daddy!
Well it's Billy Bob's Road Kill Stew, yeah,
Be one of the few to try Billy Bob's Road Kill Stew!

4 Well, there's a knocked-down dog, a frisbee'd cat,
A raccoon thin as an ol' doormat,
A radiatored bird, a two-dimensional ewe,
And a squashed bug go into that Road Kill Stew!

M20 MAMAS, DON'T LET YOUR BABIES GROW UP TO GET

ROAD-KILT! Music: E. & P. Bruce Words: Al Boyce
(Tune: Mamas, Don't Let Your Babies Grow Up To Be Cowboys)
(c) 5/2/88 Boyceterous Productions

Chorus Mamas, don't let your babies grow up to get road kilt!
Don't let 'em cross highways, run under old trucks,
Avoiding LAWYERS IN 'BEEMERS and such.
Mamas, don't let your babies grow up to get road kilt!
Just keep 'em away from the Road Kill Cafe,
Or they'll be the main course of the day!

1 Billy Bob's really not such a bad sort,
He's just kind of cheap with his grub.
He'd rather use wild game from off of the highway,
Than pay cash for meat for his pub.
He's performin' a service by keeping the roads clean
From critters and varmints and such,
And if he makes a profit, well ain't that a shame!
You'll eat there and be glad you came!

(2ND CHORUS: Replace LAWYER phrase with DOCTORS IN DATSUNS...)

2 Billy Bob's Road Kill Cafe is on Trunk Highway 52, down by the lake.
Just 13 miles outside of Lake Okojobi,
You be sure to stop, goodness sakes!
And if you can't stop, give a honk and a wave as you're
Rolling right thru past our place.
We'll all raise our glass, as we look at your... tailgate,
And chug down our beers to your haste!

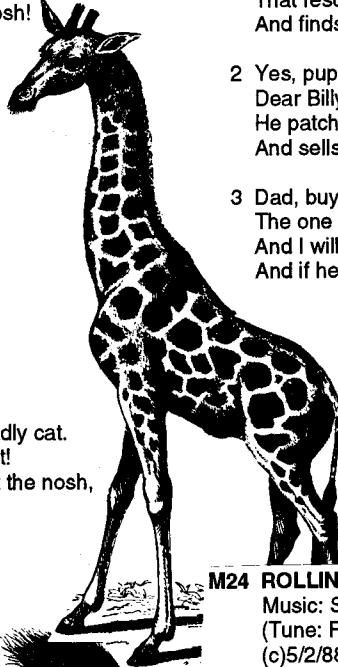
(2ND CHORUS: Replace LAWYER phrase with HARPISTS IN HYUNDAIS...)

M21 SQUISH, SQUASH Words: Al Boyce
(Tune: SPLISH, SPLASH)
(c)5/2/88 Boyceterous Productions

G
1 Squish, squash, I went down for some nosh,
At Billy Bob's new Road Kill Cafe.
The barbecue was goin', and the barfey pop was flowin',
A D
And everyone was feelin' OK.
G G7
They had roast filet of garter snake and cold badger soup.
C A
When some stray wild life came out, the noise for to snoop,
G D
Then, SQUISH, SQUASH! They became another nosh!
G D
How was they to know there was a party goin' on?

2 There was a platypus and rhino, octopus and hippo,
A llama and a yak from Tibet.
There was a tiger and a lion, a big giraffe was fryin',
And an ost-r-ich's omelette, you bet!
There was a big gnu, and a new ewe,
And a mink too, just to name a few, and then,
SQUISH, SQUASH! They became another nosh!
How was they to know there was a party goin' on?

3 SQUISH, SQUASH! I finished my nosh,
At Billy Bob's new Road Kill Cafe.
Everyone was leavin', Billy Bob's retrievin'
His Road Kill mugs wherever they lay.
Well then he dropped one on the head of a cute, cuddly cat.
The kitty should have left before his brains went splat!
But he went: SQUISH, SQUASH! And I forgot about the nosh,
For how was he to know there was a party goin' on?



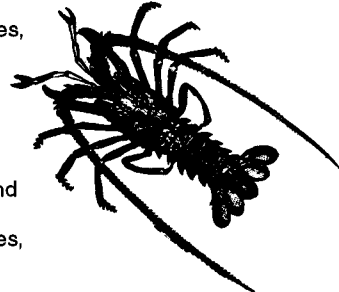
M22 BILL'S ROAD KILL CAFE (or - 52 ON ROUTE 52)
Words: Al Boyce (Tune: I've Been Everywhere)
(c)5/2/88 Boyceterous Productions

G
Chorus At Bill's Road Kill Cafe, man,
I eat there every day, man,
C
They cook it up my way, man,
G
Depends on what I slay, man.
D
Now listen what I say, man,
G
At Bill's Road Kill Cafe.

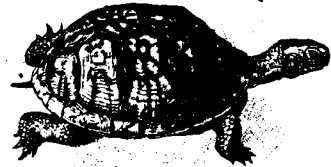


1 Dogs and cats and salamanders,
Platypus and caterpillars,
Aardvarks, snakes and spiders, vultures,
Turtles, California condors,
Mastodons and homy rhinos,
Cows and ducks and armadillos.

2 Chickens, Cornish hens and turkeys,
Porcupines, and catfish murky,
Squirrels, gophers, chipmunks, rats and
Jackalopes, iguanas, bats and
Bullfrogs, toads and skinks and mooses,
Antelope and honking geoses.



3 Hamsters, guinea pigs and gerbils,
Lobsters, crayfish, raging bulls and
Beavers, goats and sheep and deer,
Hyenas, field mice, grizzly bear,
Tyrannosaurus rex and crows,
Jackrabbits, bison, buffalos.



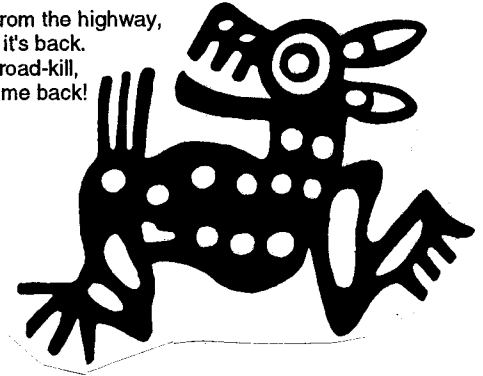
M23 DAD, WHY IS THAT DOGGIE ON THE HIGHWAY?
Words: Al Boyce
(Tune: How Much Is That Doggie In The Window?)
(c)5/2/88 Boyceterous Productions

G D
Chorus Dad, why is that doggie on the highway,
D7 G
Just lying there flat as a rug?
D
Dad, why is that doggie on the highway?
D7 G
I do think that dog needs a hug!

1 I read in the 'Times of Billy's truck stop,
Nearby where the pooch used to roam,
That rescues such doggies from the highway,
And finds these flat puppies a home!

2 Yes, puppies and kittens and aardvarks,
Dear Billy Bob scrapes up with care.
He patches them up for twenty dollars,
And sells them at Arts and Crafts fairs.

3 Dad, buy me that doggie from the highway,
The one with the tread on it's back.
And I will forever love my road-kill,
And if he could, he'd love me back!



M24 ROLLING FURRY CRITTER SQUASHER
Music: Sheb Wooley Words: Al Boyce
(Tune: Flying Purple People Eater)
(c)5/2/88 Boyceterous Productions

G
1 Well, me and several squirrel friends last Saturday night,
D G
Were crossing highway 52 and saw the bright light.
C
I turned around to look, and saw it bearing on me.
D G
I ran away to watch it come from safe up a tree.

Chorus It was a one-eyed, wide-jawed rolling furry critter squasher,
A one-eyed, wide-jawed rolling furry critter squasher,
A one-eyed, wide-jawed rolling furry critter squasher,
What a fright to see!

2 It had great big gleaming silver teeth, lined row upon row,
It was roaring loud as it went by to put on a show.
It smelled as bad as rotten eggs forty-leven weeks old,
And if a critter passed in front, upon him it rolled!

3 Well it rolled on squirrels, chipmunks, gophers,
Rats, mice and worms,
Snuffing out the life from them before their term.
On its' rear, I read a sign as it rolled away:
A sticker saying, "Billy Bob's Road Kill Cafe."

Cho2 It was a one-eyed, wide-jawed rolling furry critter squasher,
A one-eyed, wide-jawed rolling furry critter squasher,
"WHO WEARS SHORT-SHORTS?"
Rolling furry critter squasher,
What a fright to see!

N1 MAMA TRIED by Merle Haggard

1 The first thing I remember knowin' is a lonesome whistle blowin',
 And a young 'uns dreams of growin' up to the right.
 On a freight train leavin' town, not knowin' where I'm bound,
 No one could change my mind but Mama tried.

Chorus I turned twenty-one in prison doin' life without parole.
 No one could raise me right but Mama tried, Mama tried.
 Mama tried to raise me better, but her breeding I denied,
 That leaves only me to blame, 'cause Mama tried.

2 I was an only rebel child from a family meek and mild,
 My Mama seemed to know what lay in store.
 In spite of all my Sunday leamin', to the bad I kept on turnin'
 'til Mama couldn't hold me anymore.

3 Dear old Daddy, rest his soul, left my Ma a heavy load,
 She tried so very hard to fill his shoes.
 Workin' hours without rest, wanted me to have the best,
 She tried to raise me right, but I refused.



N2 DESPERADOS WAITING FOR A TRAIN by Guy Clark

1 I'd play the Red River Valley,
 He'd sit out in the kitchen and cry,
 And run his fingers through seventy years of livin'
 And wonder, "Lord, if ever will that drill run dry?"
 We were friends, me and this old man.

Chorus Like desperados waiting for a train.
 Like desperados waiting for a train.

2 He's a drifter, and a driller of oil wells,
 And an old school man in the world.
 He let me drive his car when he was too drunk to,
 And he'd wink, and give me money for the girls.
 And our lives were like some old western movie.

3 By the time I could walk, he'd take me with him
 To a bar called the Green Frog Cafe.
 And there were old men with beer guts and dominoes
 Lying about their lives while they played.
 And I was just a kid they called his sidekick.

4 One day I looked up and he's pushin' 80,
 And there's brown tobacco stains all down his chin.
 To me, he's one of the heroes of this country,
 So why's he all dressed up like them old men?
 Drinkin' beer and playin' Moon-moon 42...

5 The day before he died I went to see him.
 I was grown, and he was almost gone,
 So we just closed our eyes and dreamed us up a kitchen
 And sang another verse to that ol' song:
 (C'mon Jack, that son of a gun's a-comin'....)



N3 THE HIGHWAYMAN

1 I was a highwayman, along the coach roads I did ride,
 My sword and pistol by my side.

Many a young maid lost her baubles to my trade,
 Many a soldier shed his lifeblood on my blade.

The master taught me in the spring of '25,
 But I am still alive.

2 I was a sailor, I was born upon the tide,
 With the sea I did abide.
 I sailed a schooner 'round the horn of Mexico.
 I went aloft and furled the mainsail in a blow.
 And when the yard broke off they say that I got killed,
 But I am living still.

3 I am a dam builder, across the rivers deep and wide,
 Where steel and water did collide.
 A place called Boulder on the wild Colorado,
 I slipped and fell into the white foam creek below.
 They buried me in that great tomb that knows no sound,
 But I am still around,
 I'll always be around, and around, and around, and around...

4 I fly a starship across the universe divide,
 And when I reach the other side
 I'll find a place to rest my spirit if I can,
 Perhaps I may become a highway man again,
 Or I may simply be a single drop of rain,
 But I will remain...
 I'll be back again, and again, and again, and again...

N4 GREEN GREEN GRASS OF HOME by Curly Putnam

1 Well the old home town looks the same,
 As I step down from the train,
 And there to meet me is my mama and my papa.
 Down the lane I look and there runs Mary,
 Hair of gold and lips like cherry -
 It's good to touch the green, green grass of home.

Chorus Yes they'll all come to see me,
 Arms a-reachin', smiling sweetly.
 It's good to touch the green, green grass of home.

2 Well the old house is still standing,
 Though the paint is cracked and dry.
 And there's that old oak tree that I used to play on.
 Down the lane I walk with my sweet Mary,
 Hair of gold and lips like cherry.
 It's good to touch the green, green grass of home.

3 Then I awake, and look around me
 At the four gray walls that surround me,
 And then I realize that I was only dreaming.
 For there's a guard and there's a sad old Padre,
 Arm in arm we'll walk at daybreak,
 And again I'll touch the green, green grass of home.

Cho2 Yes they'll all come to see me
 As they lay me 'neath the old oak tree,
 As they lay me 'neath the green, green grass of home.

N5 OLD SHEP by Clyde (Red) Foley

1 When I was a lad and Old Shep was a pup,
O'er hills and meadow we'd roam.
Just a boy and his dog, we were both full of fun
We grew up together that way.
I remember the time at the old swimming hole
When I would have drowned without doubt.
Shep was right there to the rescue he came,
He jumped in and helped pull me out.

2 So the years rolled along, and at last he grew old,
His eyesight was fast growing dim.
Then one day the doctor looked at me and said,
"I can't do no more for him Jim."
With a hand that was trembling I picked up my gun,
I aimed it at Shep's faithful head.
I just couldn't do it, I wanted to run,
And I wished that they'd shoot me instead.

3 I went to his side and sat on the ground,
He laid his head on my knee.
I stroked the best pal that a man ever found,
I cried so I scarcely could see.
Old Sheppie he knew he was going to go,
For he reached out and licked at my hand.
He looked up at me, just as much as to say,
"We're parting, but you understand."

4 Now Old Shep is gone, where good doggies go,
And no more with Old Shep will I roam.
But if dogs have a heaven, there's one thing I know,
Old Shep has a wonderful home.



Chorus ^G Twenty-five dollar bidder now, thirty dollar, thirty.
^C Will you give me thirty? Make it thirty.
Bid it a mama thirty dollar.
^D Who will give me thirty, who will bid a thirty dollar bid?
^G
I got a thirty dollar bidder, now thirty five.
^C Who will give me thirty-five? Make it a thirty-five.
Bid it a thirty-five
^D Who's gonna a bid it at a thirty-five dollar bid?
^G

2 As time went on, he did his best
And all could see he did not jest,
He practiced callin' bids both night and day.
His Pap would find him behind the bam,
Just a workin' up an awful storm
As he tried to imitate the auctioneer.
Then his Pap said, "Son, we just can't stand
To have a mediocre man
Sellin' things at auction, using our good name.
I'll send you off to auction school,
And then you'll be nobody's fool.
You can take your place among the best."

Cho2 Thirty-five dollar bidder, now forty-dollar, forty...

3 Well from that boy who went to school
There grew a man who played it cool,
He came back home a full-fledged auctioneer.
And the people would come from miles around
Just to hear him make that rhythmic sound
That filled their hearts with such a happy cheer.
Then his fame spread out from shore to shore,
He'd all that he could do and more -
He had to buy a plane to get around.
Now he's the tops in all the land,
Let's pause to give that man a hand,
He's the best of all the auctioneers.



Cho3 Forty-five dollar bidder, now fifty dollar, fifty...

And I sold that hog for a fifty dollar bill!

N6 THE AUCTIONEER by LeRoy Van Dyke

(Spoken)
Hey! Well all right boys, open the gate
And let 'em out and walk 'em boys!
Here we come a lot number 29 in, and what are you gonna bid for 'em?

1 There was a boy from Arkansas
Who wouldn't listen to his ma
When she told him that he should go to school.
He's sneak away in the afternoon,
Take a little walk and pretty soon
You'd find him at the local auction bam.
He'd stand and listen carefully
Until at last he began to see
How the auctioneer could talk so rapidly.
He said, "Oh my, it's do or die -
I've got to learn that auction cry,
Gotta make my mark and be an auctioneer!"

N7 PANCHO AND LEFTY by Townes Van Zandt

1 Livin' on the road my friend
Is gonna keep you free and clean.
Now you wear your skin like iron,
And your breath as hard as kerosene.
You weren't your Mama's only boy,
But her favorite one it seems.
She began to cry when you said good-bye,
And sang unto your dream.

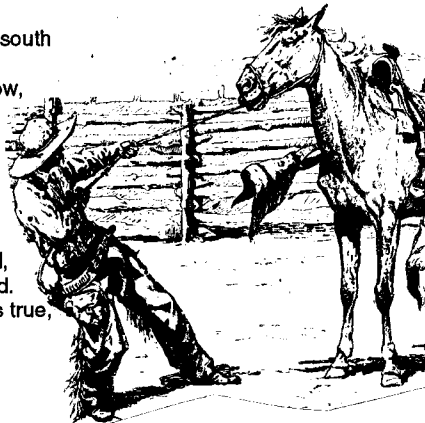


2 Pancho was a bandit boy,
His horse as fast as it could be.
He wore his gun outside his pants
For all the honest world to see.
Pancho met his match you know,
In the deserts down in Mexico
Nobody heard his dyin' words,
Oh, but that's the way it goes.



G
Chorus All the federales say
D G
They could have had him any day.
D A
They only let him slip away
G Bm
Out of kindness, I suppose.

3 Lefty he can't sing the blues
All night long like he used to.
The dust that Pancho bit down south
Ended up in Lefty's mouth.
The day they laid old Pancho low,
Lefty split for Ohio.
Where he got the bread to go,
There ain't nobody knows.



4 The boys tell how Pancho fell,
He left his livin', a cheap hotel.
Death is quiet, Cleveland's cold,
And so the story ends we're told.
Pancho needs your prayers, it's true,
But save a few for Lefty too.
He only did what he had to do,
And now he's growin' old.

Cho2 All the federales say
They could have had him any day.
They only let him go so long
Out of kindness I suppose.

Cho3 A few brave federales say
They could have had him any day.
They only let him go so long
Out of kindness I suppose.



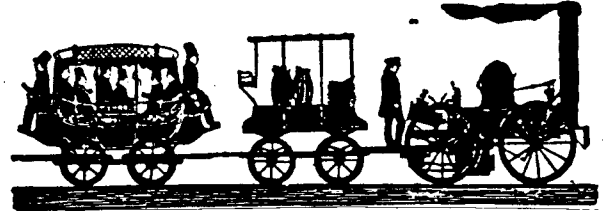
N8 LONG BLACK VEIL

G
1 Ten years ago on a cold dark night,
D C G
Someone was killed 'neath the town hall light.
G
There were few at the scene, but they all agreed,
D C G
That the man who ran looked a lot like me.

C G C G
Chorus She walks these hills in a long black veil,
C G C G
She visits my grave when the night winds wail.
C G
Nobody knows, nobody sees,
D G
Nobody knows but me.

2 The judge said, "son, what is your alibi?
If you were somewhere's else, then you won't have to die."
I said not a word, though it meant my life,
For I'd been in the arms of my best friend's wife.

3 The scaffold was high and eternity near,
She stood in the crowd and she shed not a tear.
But sometimes at night when the cold winds moan,
In a long black veil she cries o'er my bones.



N9 LIFE'S RAILWAY TO HEAVEN by Charlie D. Tilman, 1918

G G7
1 Life is like a mountain railroad,
C G
With an engineer that's brave;
We must make the run successful,
A D
From the cradle to the grave;
G G7
Watch the curves, the hills, the tunnels;
C G
Never falter, never fail;
Keep your hand upon the throttle,
D G
And your eye upon the rail.

C G
Chorus Blessed Savior, Thou wilt guide us,
D
Til we reached that blissful shore;
G C
Where the angels wait to join us
D G
In God's praise forever more.

2 You will roll up grades of trial;
You will cross the bridge of strife;
See that Christ is your conductor;
On this light'nin train of life;
Always mindful of obstruction,
Do your duty, never fail;
Keep your hand upon the throttle,
and your eye upon the rail.

3 You will often find obstruction;
Look for storms of wind and rain;
On a hill, or curve, or trestle.
They will almost ditch your train;
Put your trust alone in Jesus;
Never falter, never fail;
Keep your hand upon the throttle,
and your eye upon the rail.

4 As you roll across the trestle,
Spanning Jordon's swelling tide.
You behold the Union depot,
Into which your train will guide.
There you'll meet the Superintendent,
God the Father, God the Son,
With a hearty, joyous greeting,
"Weary pilgrim, welcome Home!"

N10 IF I HAD A BOAT by Lyle Lovett

Chorus ^{F C F C} And if I had a boat, I'd go out on the ocean,
^{F C Am G} And if I had a pony, I'd ride him on my boat,
^{F C F C} And we could all together go out on the ocean,
^{G C} I said me upon my pony, on my boat.

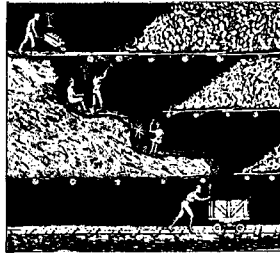
1 ^{C F C} And if I were Roy Rogers, I'd sure enough be single,
^G I couldn't bring myself to marryin' old Dale.
^{C F C} Well it'd just be me and Trigger, we'd go ridin' thru them movies,
^{G C} Then we'd buy a boat and on the sea we'd sail.

2 Well now the Mystery Masked Man was smart,
 He got himself a Tonto,
 'cause Tonto did the dirty work for free.
 But Tonto he was smarter, and one day said "Kimosabe -
 Kiss my butt, I bought a boat - I'm going out to sea!"

3 And if I were like lightnin', I wouldn't need no sneakers -
 Well I'd come and go wherever I would please.
 And I'd scare 'em by the shade trees,
 And scare 'em by the light pole,
 But I would not scare my pony on my boat out on the sea.

N11 SIXTEEN TONS

1 ^{Am D9 E} Some people say a man is made out of mud,
^{Am D9 E} A poor man's made out of muscle and blood,
^{Am D9} Muscle and blood, and skin and bones,
^{Am E Am} A mind that's weak and a back that's strong.



Chorus You load sixteen tons, and what do you get?
 Another day older and deeper in debt.
 Saint Peter don't you call me, 'cause I can't come,
 I owe my soul to the company store.

2 I was born one mornin' when the sun didn't shine,
 I picked up my hammer and walked to the mine.
 I loaded sixteen tons of number nine coal,
 The straw boss said, "Well, bless my soul!"

3 I was born one mornin', it was drizzlin' rain,
 Fighting and trouble are my middle name,
 I was raised in a cane-brake by an old mama lion,
 Can't no high-toned woman make me walk the line.

4 If you see me comin' better step aside,
 A lot of men didn't, a lot of men died.
 One fist of iron, the other of steel,
 If the right don't get you, the left one will.

N12 DARK AS A DUNGEON by Merle Travis

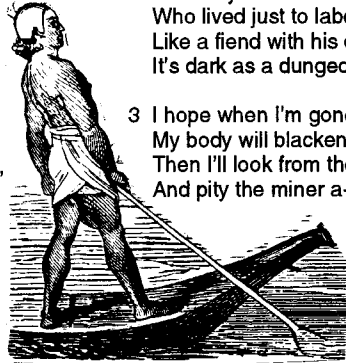
1 ^{A D E} Come listen you fellows, so young and so fine,
^{A D A} And seek not your fortune in the dark dreary mine.
^{A D E} It will form as a habit, and seep in your soul,
^{A D A} 'Til the stream of your blood is as black as the coal.



Chorus ^{E A} Where it's dark as a dungeon and damp as the dew,
^{E A} Where the dangers are double, and the pleasures are few.
^{D E} Where the rain never falls, and the sun never shines,
^{A D A} It's dark as a dungeon way down in the mines.

2 It's many a man I've seen in my day,
 Who lived just to labor his whole life away.
 Like a fiend with his dope, and a drunkard his wine,
 It's dark as a dungeon way down in the mine.

3 I hope when I'm gone and the ages shall roll,
 My body will blacken and turn into coal.
 Then I'll look from the door of my heavenly home,
 And pity the miner a-diggin' my bones.



N13 TURN YOUR RADIO ON by Albert E. Brumley

1 ^D Come and listen in to the radio station,
^{G D} Where the mighty hosts of heaven sing,

Turn your radio on,
^{A E A} Turn your radio on, turn your radio on.
^{D D7} If you want to hear the songs of Zion
^{G D} Coming from the land of endless spring,

Get in touch with God,
^{A D G D} Turn your radio on, turn your radio on.

Chorus Turn your radio on,
 And listen to the music in the air.
 Turn your radio on,
 And glory share, glory share.
 Turn your lights down low,
 And listen to the Master's radio,
 Get in touch with God,
 Turn your radio on, turn your radio on.

2 Come and listen in to the gloryland chorus,
 Listen to the glad hosannah's roll,
 Turn your radio on,
 Turn your radio on, turn your radio on.
 Get a little taste of love eternal,
 Get a little heaven in your soul,
 Get in touch with God,
 Turn your radio on, turn your radio on.

3 Listen to the songs of the fathers and the mothers,
 And the many friends gone on before.
 Turn your radio on,
 Turn your radio on, turn your radio on.
 Some eternal morning we shall meet them
 Over on the hallelujah shore,
 Get in touch with God,
 Turn your radio on, turn your radio on.

O1 THE BLACK VELVET BAND

Chorus ^G Her eyes, they shone like diamonds.
^{A D7} You'd think she was queen of the land,
^G With her hair thrown over her shoulders
^{D G} Tied up with a black velvet band.

1 As I went walking down Broadway,
 Not intending to stay very long,
 I met with a frolicsome damsel
 As she came tripping along.

A watch she pulled out of her pocket,
 And slipped it right into my hand.
 On the very first day that I met her,
 Bad luck from the black velvet band.

2 'Twas in the town of Tralee,
 An apprentice to trade I was bound,
 With plenty a bright amusement
 To see the days go round.

'Til misfortune and trouble came over me,
 Which caused me to stray from the land.
 Far away from my friends and relations
 To follow the black velvet band.

3 Before judge and jury next morning,
 Both of us did appear.
 A gentleman claimed his jewelry,
 And the case against us was clear.

Seven long years transportation,
 Right down to "Van Dieman's Land",
 Far away from my friends and relations,
 Betrayed by the black velvet band.

4 Oh, all you brave Irish lads,
 A warning take by me:
 beware of the pretty young damsels
 That are knocking around in Tralee.

They'll treat you to whiskey and porter
 Until you're unable to stand,
 And before you have time to leave them,
 You are in Van Dieman's Land.

O2 WHISKEY IN THE JAR

1 ^C As I was going over the Kilmagenny mountains,
^{F C} I met with Captain Farrell and his money he was counting.
^{Am} I first produced my pistol, and then I drew my rapier,
^{F C} Saying "Stand and deliver for I am a bold deceiver."

Chorus ^{G7} With me ring dum a doodle um dah [CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP] ^C
^{C7 F} Whack fol the daddy oh, [CLAP CLAP]
^{C G7 C} Whack fol the daddy oh, there's whiskey in the jar.

2 He counted out his money and it made a pretty penny,
 I put it in my pocket and I gave it to my Jenny.
 She sighed and she swore that she never would betray me,
 But the devil take the women for they never can be easy.



3 I went into my chamber all for to take a slumber.
 I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure it was no wonder.
 But Jenny drew my charges and she filled them up with water,
 And she sent for Captain Farrell to be ready for the slaughter.

4 And 'twas early in the morning before I rose to travel.
 Up comes a band of footmen and likewise Captain Farrell.
 I then produced my pistol for she had stole my rapier,
 But I couldn't shoot the water so a prisoner I was taken.

5 And if anyone can aid me, it's my brother in the army,
 If I could learn his station in Cork or in Killamey.
 And if he'd come and join me, we'd go roving in Kilkenny.
 I'll engage he'd treat me fairer than my darling sporting Jenny.



O3 THE JUG OF PUNCH

1 ^D As I was sitting with a jug and spoon
^{A7 D} On one fine mom in the month of June,
^{Em} A small bird sat on an ivy bunch,
^{D G A7 D} And the song he sang was "A Jug of Punch".

Chorus ^{A7 D G} Too rah loo rah loo - too rah loo rah lay.
^{A D} Too rah loo rah loo - too rah loo rah lay.
^{Em} A small bird sat on an ivy bunch,
^{D G A7 D} And the song he sang was "A Jug of Punch".

2 What more diversion can a man desire,
 Than to court a girl by a neat turf fire.
 A kerry pipen and the crack and crunch,
 And on the table a jug of punch.

3 All ye mortal lords, drink your nectar wine,
 And the quality folks drink their claret fine.
 I'll give them all the grapes in the bunch,
 For a jolly pull at the jug of punch!

4 Oh! But when I'm dead and in my grave,
 No costly tombstone will I crave.
 Just lay me down in my native peat
 With a jug of punch at my head and feet.

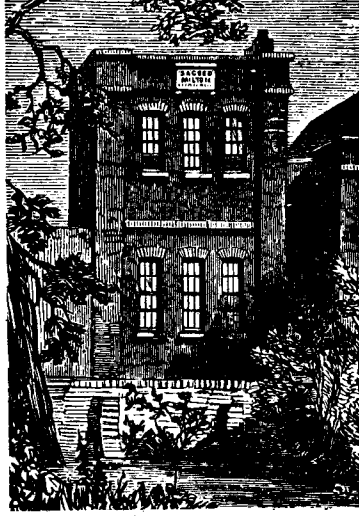
5 The learned doctors with all their art
 Cannot cure depression one on the heart.
 Even a cripple forgets his hunch
 When he's safe outside a jug of punch!

6 If I drink too much, well my money's my own,
 And them as don't like me can leave me alone.
 But I'll tune my fiddle and I'll rosin my bow,
 And I'll be welcome wherever I go!



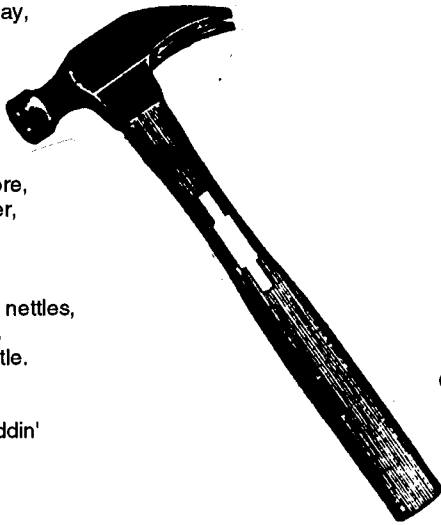
04 THE TOWN OF BALLYBAY by Tommy Makem

1 In the town of Ballybay,
 There was a lassie dwellin'
 I knew her very well,
 And her story's worth-a-tellin'.
 Her father kept a still,
 And he was a good distiller,
 But when she took to the drinkin'
 What the devil wouldn't fill 'er.



Chorus Wish me ring-a-ding-a-dong,
 A-ring-a-ding-a-derrio,
 A-ring-a-ding-a-dong,
 Whack fol' the derrio.

- 2 And she said she couldn't dance,
 Unless she had her wellys on,
 But when she had them on,
 She could dance as well as anyone.
 She wouldn't go to bed,
 Unless she had her shimmy on,
 But when she had it on,
 She could sleep as well as anyone.
- 3 Well she had a wooden leg,
 It was hollow down the middle,
 She tied it with a string,
 And played it like a fiddle.
 She fiddled in the hall,
 She fiddled in the alleyway,
 She didn't give a dam,
 She had to fiddle anyway.
- 4 She had boyfriends by the score,
 Every Tom and Dick and Harry,
 She was courted night and day,
 But still she wouldn't marry.
 And then she fell in love
 With a fella with a stammer,
 When he tried to run away,
 She hit him with a hammer.
- 5 They had children by the score,
 They had children by the byer,
 And another ten or twelve
 Sittin' growin' by the fire.
 She fed 'em on potatoes
 And on soup she made from nettles,
 And on lumps of hairy bacon
 That she boiled up in the kettle.
- 6 So she led a sheltered life,
 Eatin' porridge and black puddin'
 And she terrorized her man,
 Until he died right sudden.
 And when her fella died,
 She was feelin' kinda sorry,
 So she rolled him in a sheet,
 And she threw him in the quarry.



05 ROSIN THE BEAU

- 1 I live for the good of the nation,
 And my sons are all growing low,
 But I hope that the next generation
 Will resemble old Rosin the beau.
 Resemble old Rosin the beau,
 Resemble old Rosin the beau.
 I hope that the next generation
 Will Resemble old Rosin the Beau.
- 2 I've travelled all over this world,
 And now to another I go.
 And I know that good quarters are waiting
 To welcome old Rosin the beau.
 [Repeat last phrase twice, last sentence once.]
- 3 In the gay round of pleasures I've travelled,
 Nor will I leave behind a foe.
 And when my companions are jovial,
 They will drink to old Rosin the beau.
- 4 But my life is now drawn to a closing,
 As all will at last be so.
 So we'll take a full bumper at parting
 To the name of old Rosin the beau.
- 5 When I'm dead and laid out on the counter,
 The people all making a show,
 Just sprinkle plain whiskey and water
 On the corpse of old Rosin the beau!
- 6 And as I'm laid out on the counter,
 A voice you will hear from below,
 Saying, "Send down a hoghead of whiskey
 To drink with old Rosin the beau!"
- 7 Then pick me out six trusty fellows
 And stack them all up in a row.
 Let 'em drink out of half-gallon bottles
 To the mem'ry of Rosin the beau.
- 8 Then send out these half-dozen fellows,
 And let them all stagger and go,
 To dig a big hole in the meadow
 To toss in old Rosin the beau.
- 9 Then bring out two half-gallon bottles,
 Place one at my head and my toe.
 With a diamond ring scratch upon them
 The name of old Rosin the beau.
- 10 I feel that old tyrant approaching,
 That cruel remorseless old foe.
 I'll lift up my glass in his honor,
 "Take a drink with old Rosin the beau!"



06 COCKLES AND MUSSELS

- 1 In Dublin's fair city, where the girls are so pretty,
 I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone.
 As she wheels her wheelbarrow,
 Through streets broad and narrow,
 Crying, "Cockles and mussels, a - live, alive oh!"

Am Dm G7
 Chorus "Alive, alive oh! Alive, alive oh!"
 C Gdim Dm Am G7 C
 Crying, "Cockles and mussels, a - live, alive oh!"

- 2 She was a fishmonger, but sure was no wonder,
 For so were her father and mother before.
 And they both wheeled their barrow,
 Through streets broad and narrow,
 Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive oh!"
- 3 She died of a fever, and no one could save her,
 And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone.
 But her ghost wheels her barrow
 Through streets broad and narrow,
 Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive oh!"

07 THE MINSTREL BOY

- G C G Em
 1 The minstrel boy to the war has gone,
 C G D G
 In the ranks of death you'll find him.
 G C Em
 His father's sword he has girded on,
 C G D G
 And his wild harp slung behind him.
 G D C D C G
 Land of song, said the warrior bard,
 C G C D G
 Though all the world betray thee.
 G C G Em
 One sword at least thy rights shall guard,
 C G D G
 One faithful harp shall praise thee.
- 2 The minstrel fell, but the foeman's chain,
 Could not bring his proud soul under.
 The harp he loved never spoke again,
 For he tore it's chords asunder.
 And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
 Thou soul of love and bravery!
 Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
 They shall never sound in slavery."



08 RED IS THE ROSE

- C Am Dm G
 Chorus Red is the rose that in yonder garden grows,
 C Am Dm Em
 Fair is the lily of the va-ley,
 Dm Em F G
 Clear is the water that flows from the Boyne,
 C Am C G
 But my love is fairer than a-ny.
- 1 'Twas down by Killarney's green woods that we strayed,
 And the moon and the stars they were shining,
 The moon shone its rays on her locks of golden hair,
 And she swore she'd by my love forever.
 - 2 It's not for the parting that my sister pains,
 It's not for the grief of my mother,
 It is all for the loss of my bonnie Irish lass,
 That my heart is breaking forever.

09 DANNY BOY by Fred F. Weatherly

- G7 C C7 F
 1 Oh Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling,
 C Am Dm G7
 From glen to glen and down the mountain side.
 C C7 F
 The summer's gone and all the roses dying,
 C Dm F C
 'Tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bide.

Cdim G7 C Em C
 Chorus But come ye back when summer's in the meadow,
 C Cdim G7 Am F Em Dm G7
 Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow,
 C7 F C D7
 'Tis I'll be there in sunshine, or in shadow,
 G7 C Dm G7 C
 Oh Danny boy, oh Danny boy I love you so.

- 2 And when ye come and all the flowers dying,
 If I am dead, as dead I well may be,
 You'll come and find the place where I am lying,
 And kneel and say an Ave there for me.
- 3 And I shall hear tho' soft you tread above me,
 And all my grave will warmer sweeter be,
 If you will bend and tell me that you love me,
 Then I shall sleep in peace until you come to me.

010 BIG STRONG MAN

- D7 G
 1 Have you heard about the big strong man,
 D
 He lived in a caravan.
 Have you heard about the Jeffrey Johnson fight?
 D7 G
 Oh what a heck of a fight!
 You can take all the heavyweights you got,
 D
 We got a lad that'll lick the whole lot.
 He used to ring the bells in the bellfry,
 G
 Now he's going to fight Jack Dempsey!
- G
 Chorus Was me brother, Sylvest (What's he got?)
 D
 A row of forty medals on his chest. (Big chest!)
 He killed fifty bad men in the west,
 G
 He knew no rest.
- Spoken Think of the man! Hell's fire, don't push, just shove
 plenty of room for you and me...
- Got an arm like a leg (Big leg!)
 G
 And a punch that would sink a battleship. (Big ship!)
 Takes all the Army and the Navy
 D G
 To put the wind up Sylvest.
- 2 He thought he'd take a trip to Italy,
 He thought that he'd go by sea.
 He dived off the harbor in New York,
 He swam like a great big shark.
 He saw the Lusitania in distress,
 Put the Lusitania on his chest,
 Drank all the water in the sea,
 He walked all the way to Italy.
 - 3 He thought he'd take a trip to old Japan,
 They brought out the big brass band.
 He played every instrument they'd got,
 What a lad, he played the whole lot!
 The old church bell will ring,
 The old church choir will sing,
 They all turned out to say farewell,
 To my big brother, Sylvest.

O11 FOUR GREEN FIELDS by Tommy Makem

C G C F C
1 "What did I have?", said the fine old woman.
C G C D G
"What did I have?", this fine old woman did say.
C G7 C F G7
"I had four green fields, and each one was a jewel,
C G7 C D G7
Then strangers came, and tried to take them from me.
C G7 C F G7
I had fine strong sons, and they fought to save my jewels.
F G7 C
They fought and they died,
D G7 C
And that was my grief," said she.

2 "Long time ago," said the fine old woman.
"Long time ago," this fine old woman did say,
"There was war and death, plundering and pillage.
My children starved in mountain, valley and sea,
And their wailing cries, they shook the very heavens.
My four green fields ran red with their blood," said she.

3 "What have I now?", said the fine old woman,
"What have I now?", this fine old woman did say,
I have four green fields and one of them's in bondage,
In strangers' hands who tried to take it from me,
But my sons have sons as brave as were their fathers,
My four green fields will bloom once again," said she.

O12 THE STAR OF THE COUNTY DOWN

Em G D
1 Near Banbridge town in the County Down
G Em G
One morning last July
Em G D
Down a Boreen green came a sweet coleen,
G C D Em
She smiled as she passed me by.

G Am
Chorus From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay,
G Em G
From Galway to Dublin town,
Em G D
No maid I've seen like the brown coleen
Em C D Em
That I met in the County Down.

2 She looked so sweet from her two bare feet,
To the sheen of her nut brown hair,
Such a coaxing elf, sure I shook myself,
For to see I was really there.

3 As she onward sped, sure I scratched my head,
And I looked with a feeling rare,
And I says, says I, to a passerby,
"Who's the maid with the nut brown hair?"

4 He smiled at me, and he says, says he,
"That's the gem of Ireland's crown.
Young Rosie McCann from the banks fo the Bann,
She's the star of the County Down."

5 At the harvest fair, she'll be surely there,
So I'll dress in my Sunday clothes,
With my shoes shone bright and my hat cocked right,
For a smile from my nut brown rose.

6 No pipe I'll smoke, no horse I'll yoke,
'Til my plough is a rust-colored brown,
'Til my smiling bride by my own fireside,
Sits the star of the County Down.



O13 MAIRI'S WEDDING

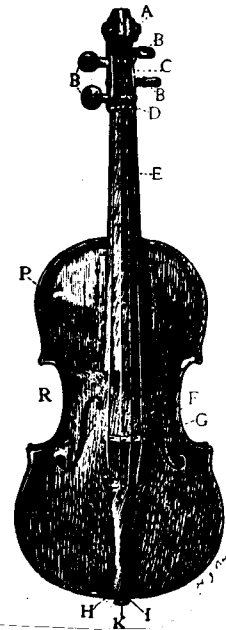
F
Chorus Step we gaily on we go,
Bb C7
Heel for heel and toe for toe.
F
Arm in arm and on we go,
Bb C7
All for Mairi's wedding.

Over hillways up and down,
Myrtle green and bracken brown,
Past the sheiling through the town,
All for the sake of Mairi.

1 Plenty herring, plenty meal,
Plenty peat tae fill her creel,
Plenty bonny bairns as well,
That's the toast for Mairi.

2 Cheeks as bright as rowans are,
Brighter far than any star,
Fairest of them all by far,
Is my darling Mairi.

3 Over hillways up and down,
Myrtle green and bracken brown,
Past the sheiling through the town,
All for the sake of Mairi.



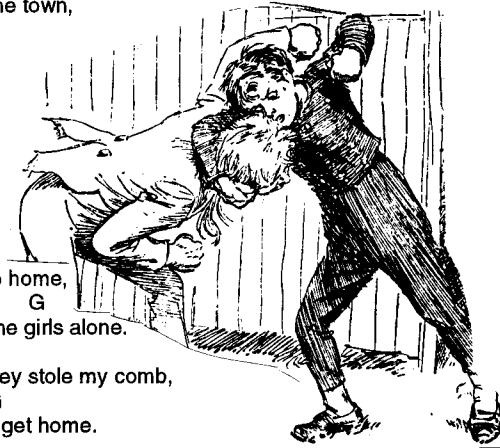
O14 I'LL TELL ME MA

G
Chorus I'll tell me ma when I go home,
D G
The boys won't leave the girls alone.

They pulled my hair, they stole my comb,
D G
Well that's all right 'til I get home.
Bm Am
She is handsome, she is pretty,
G D
She is the belle of Belfast city,
G C
She is courting, one, two, three,
G D G
Please won't you tell me who is she?

1 Albert Mooney says he loves her,
All the boys are fighting for her.
They knock at the door and ring the bell,
Saying, "Oh my true love are you well?"
Out she comes, as white as snow,
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
Old Johnny Murray says she'll die,
If she doesn't get the fellow with the roving eye.

2 Let the wind and the rain and the hail blow high,
And the snow come tumbling from the sky.
She's as nice as apple pie,
She'll get her own lad by and by.
When she gets a lad of her own,
She won't tell her ma when she goes home.
Let them all come as they will,
For it's Albert Mooney she loves still.



Appendix A

CAMPFIRE PROGRAM

Place _____

Date _____

Time _____

Camp director's approval: _____

Campers notified _____

Campfire planning meeting _____

M.C. _____

Song leader _____

Cheerleader _____

Area set up by _____

Campfire built by _____

Fire put out by _____

Cleanup by _____

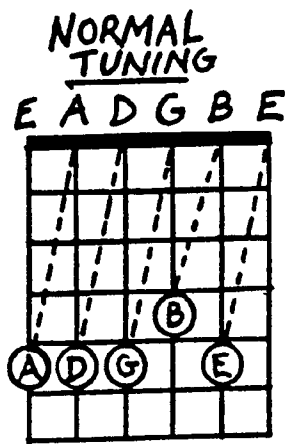
Spot	Title of Stunt, Song or Story	By _____	Time
1	Opening -- and firelighting		
2	Greetings -- introduction	M.C.	
3	Sing -- Yell --		
4			
5			
6			
7			
8			
9			
10			
11			
12			
13			
14			
15			
16			
17			
18			
19			
20			
21			
22	Closing --		

Helpful Hints for Leading Songs

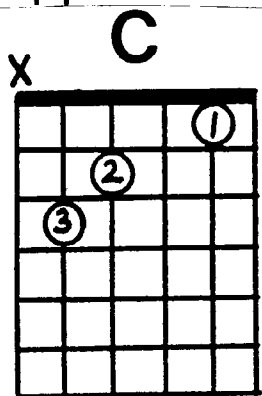
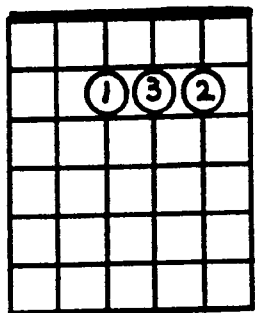
1. **Have fun! (And SHOW it!)**
2. **Know the song.**
3. **Start out with songs that everybody knows.**
4. **NEVER ask the group which songs they want. (Don't rule out requests if offered.)**
5. **Set the pitch - if you start and it's too high or low, stop the song, set a more comfortable pitch, and start over.**
6. **If you can't sing both LOUD and WELL, sing LOUD!**
7. **Sing through the song once or twice to help them catch on to the words and the tune.**
8. **Look people in the eye.**
9. **Use your hands and body. Be alive - be impossible to ignore. Use simple, deliberate up and down motions with your hands to keep time.**
10. **If you make a mistake, keep going. Nobody else heard it.**
11. **Use positive reinforcement. Encouragement goes a long way towards building confidence.**
12. **Refer to hint #1 often.**



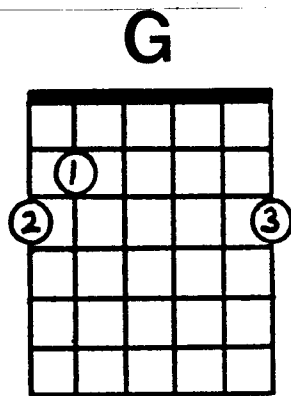
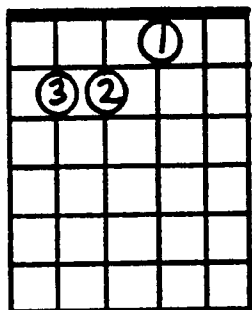
Appendix C Guitar Chords



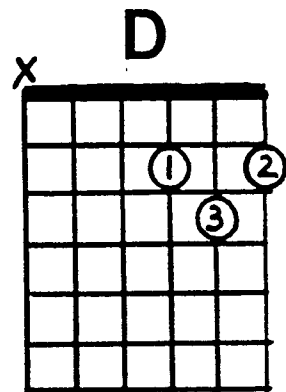
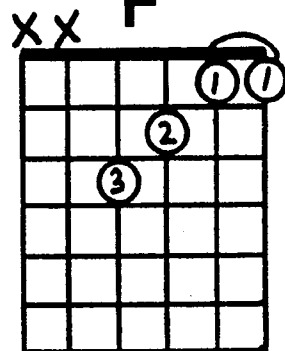
A



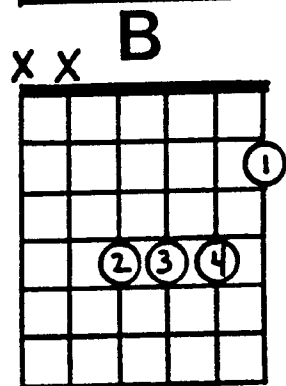
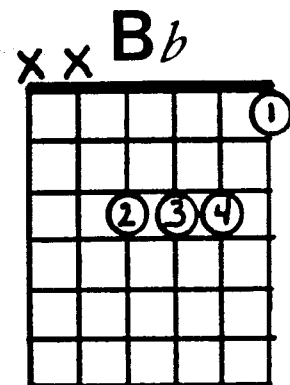
E



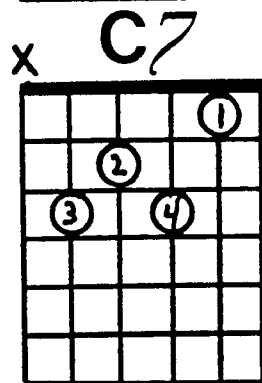
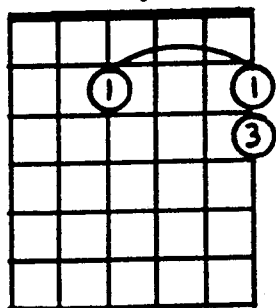
F



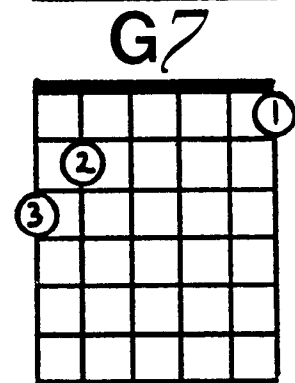
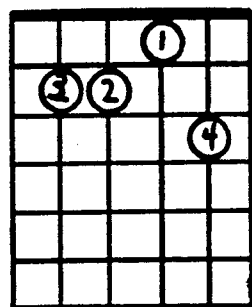
B^b



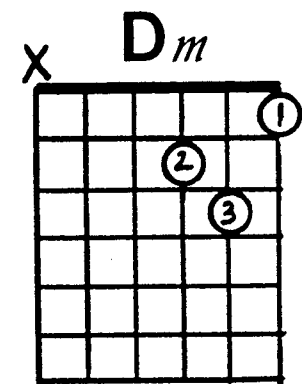
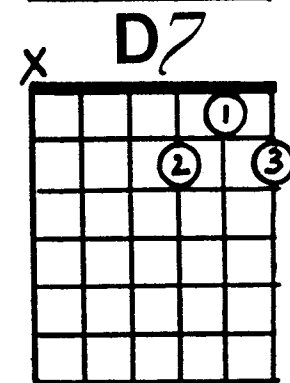
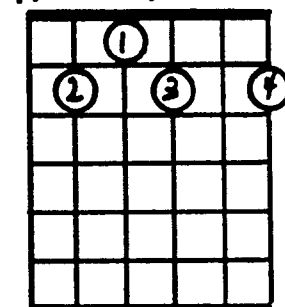
A⁷



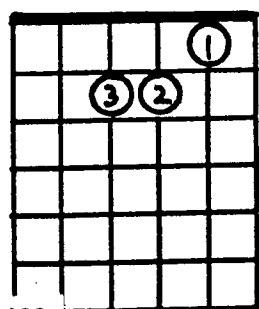
E⁷



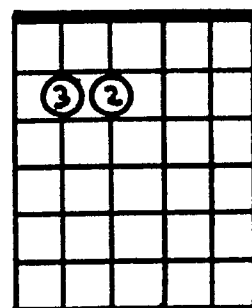
B⁷



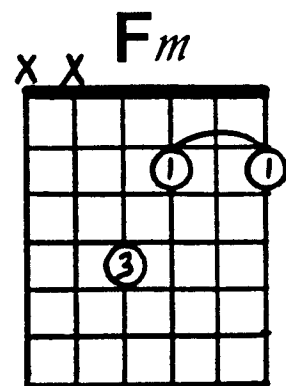
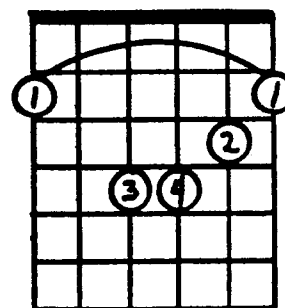
A^m



E^m



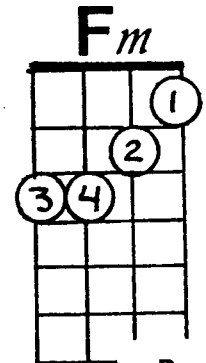
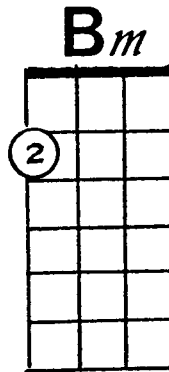
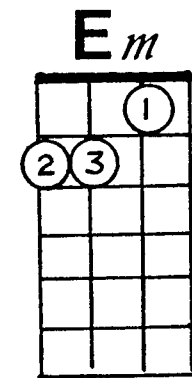
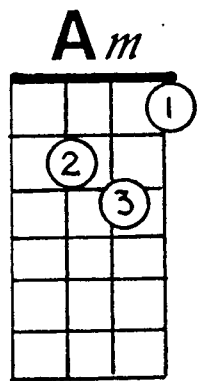
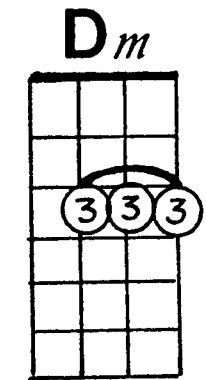
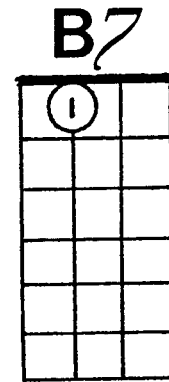
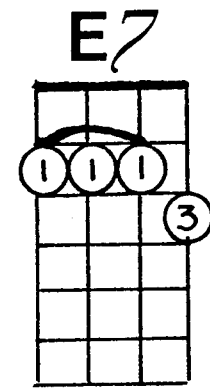
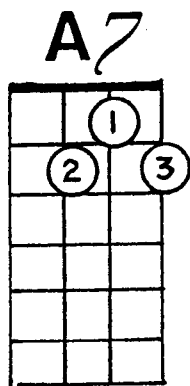
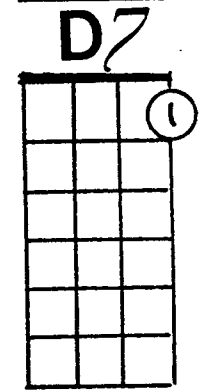
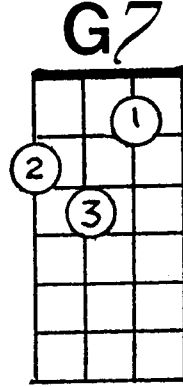
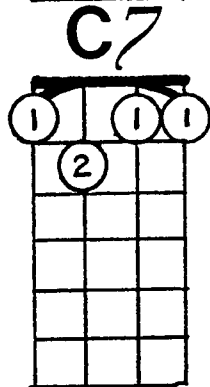
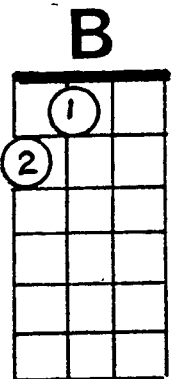
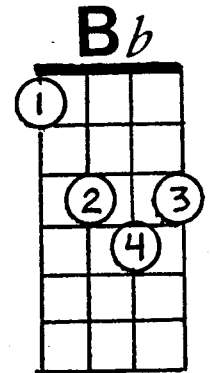
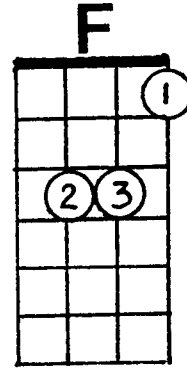
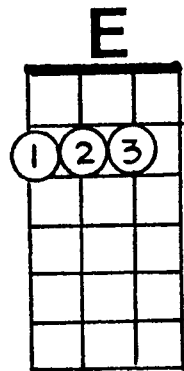
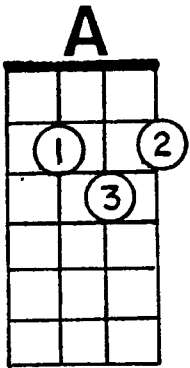
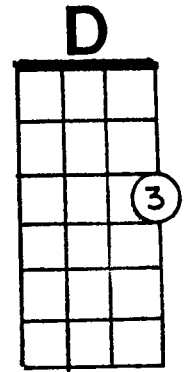
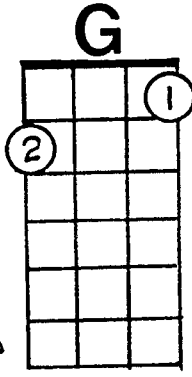
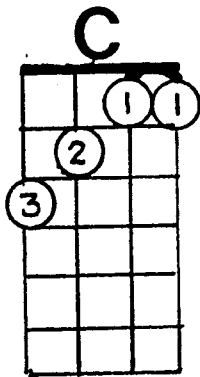
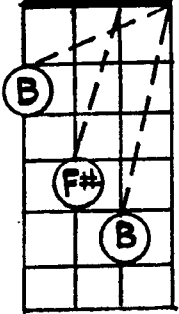
B^m



Common Ukulele Chords

TUNING

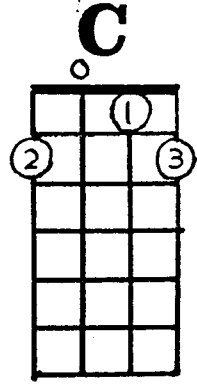
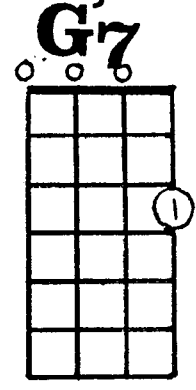
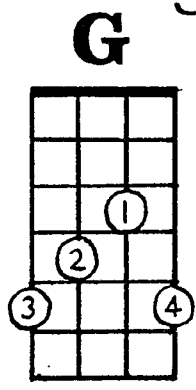
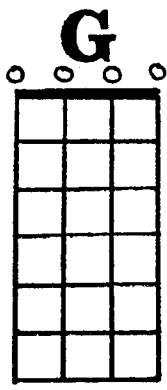
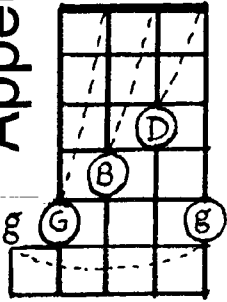
A D F# B



common 5-string Banjo chords

G' TUNING

D G B D



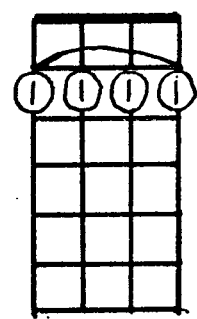
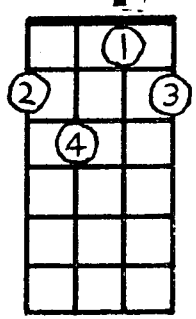
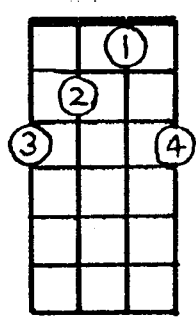
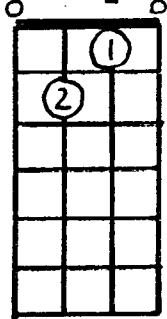
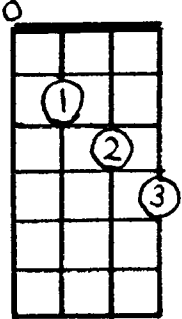
D

D7

F

C7

A



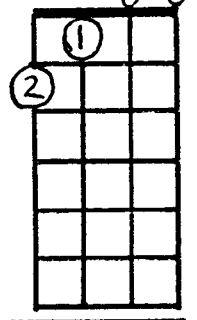
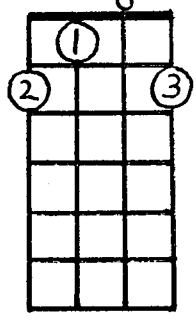
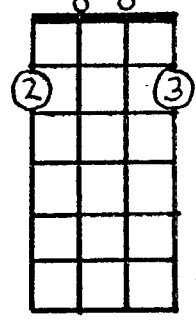
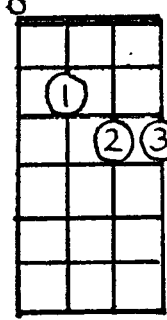
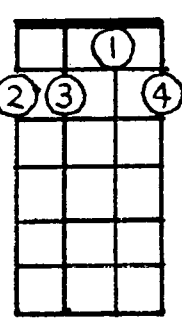
Am

Dm

Em

E

E7

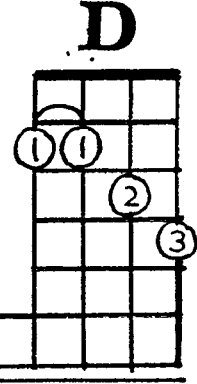
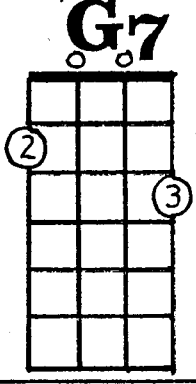
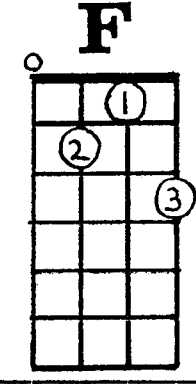
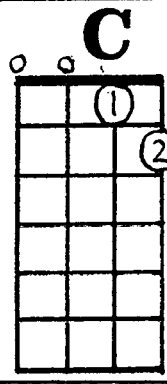
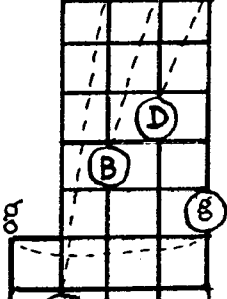


WS 1984

BOYCETEROUS PRODUCTIONS

C' TUNING

C G B D



C

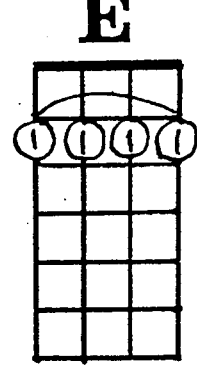
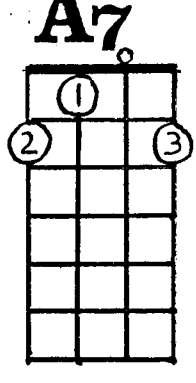
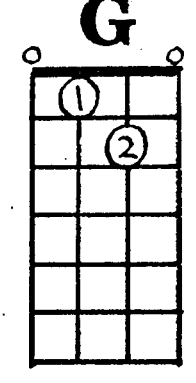
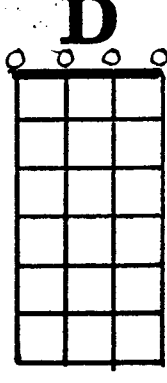
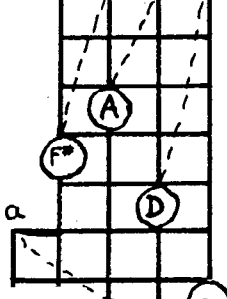
F

G7

D

D' TUNING

D F# A D



D

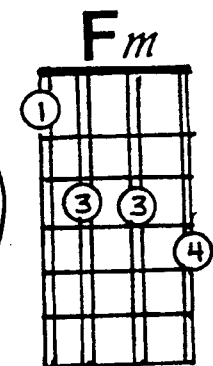
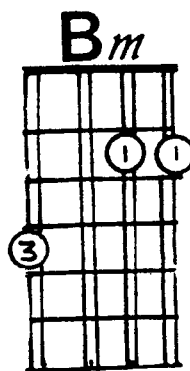
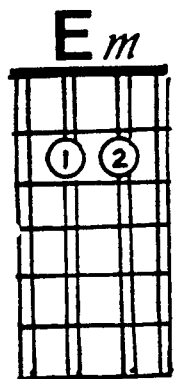
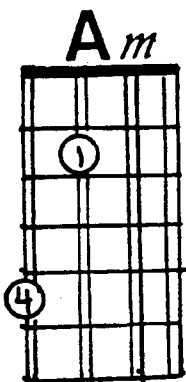
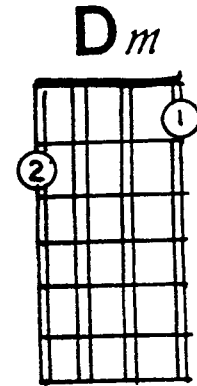
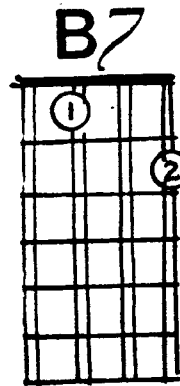
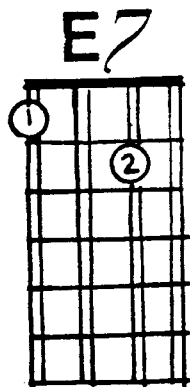
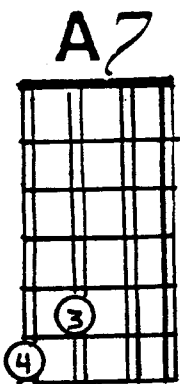
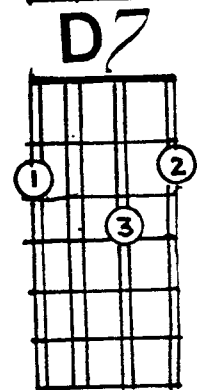
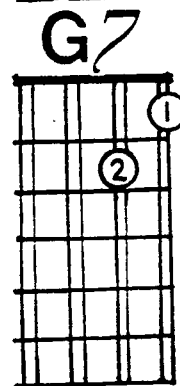
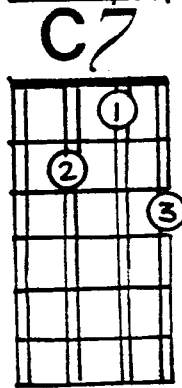
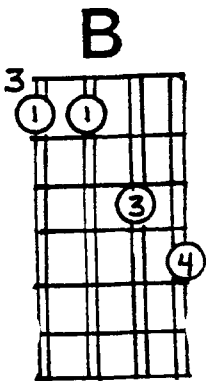
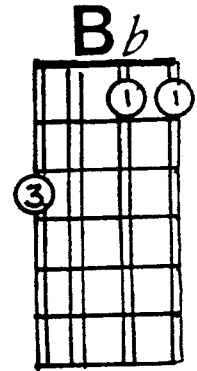
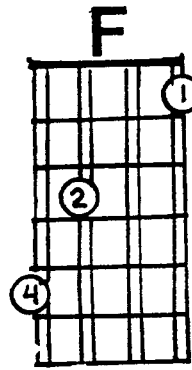
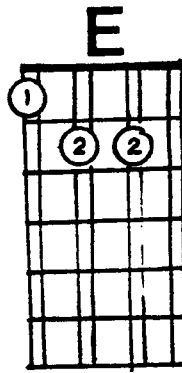
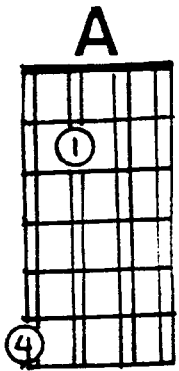
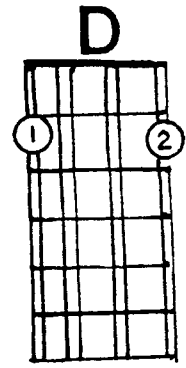
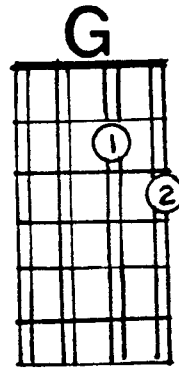
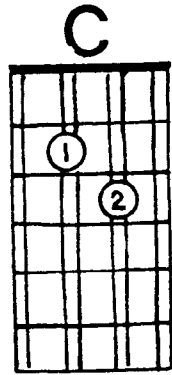
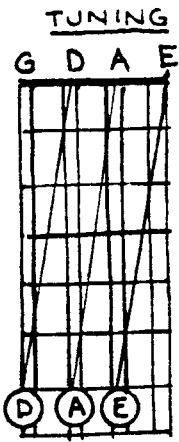
G

A7

E

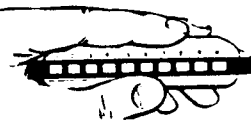
Common Chords

MANDOLIN



HOW TO PLAY THE HARMONICA

BY SIGMUND SPAETH



The Arrow Method

A simplified method of reading music. An arrow pointing up means you are blowing into the hole. When the arrow points down, you are drawing out. The numbers indicate the hole number on your harmonica. The combination of an arrow and a number equals a certain musical note.

Hole number on your harmonica	→ 4	4	5	5	6	6	7	7
Blow arrow	↑	↓	↑	↓	↑	↓	↑	↓
Draw arrow								
Musical note equivalent	→ C	D	E	F	G	A	B	C

The length of the arrows indicates the relative length of time the tones should be held. Here is what the arrows are "worth" in musical notes.

Three Blind Mice

544 544 6555 6555 677767766

677767766 677767766 5544

Old Folks at Home

344544767 6544 544544767 654444

REPEAT ABOVE LINE

77866667 76566 544544767 6544444

Mary Had a Little Lamb

5444555 444 566 5444555 44544

Oh Susanna

445666654455444 445666654455444

REPEAT ABOVE LINE

5566666544 445666654455444

America

444344 555544 4434

666655 555554 55544556 65544

Marines Hymn

456666676 5566544 456666676 5566544

776567655 7765676 456666676 5566544

Hohner Ten Hole Diatonic Harmonica Notation Chart

← C SCALE →

Hole No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Note Names	C	D	E	G	G	B	C	D	E	F	G
Blow	↑	↑	↑	↑	↑	↑	↑	↑	↑	↑	↑
Draw	↓	↓	↓	↓	↓	↓	↓	↓	↓	↓	↓
Music Notes	Low Register			Middle Register				High Register			

Taking Care of Your Hohner Harmonica

You can prolong the life of your Harmonica and be assured of best results if you follow these simple guidelines.

1. Do not blow too hard, as this puts an unnecessary strain on reeds.
2. Control flow of saliva, so that your mouth is comparatively dry when you play.
3. After playing, tap Harmonica a few times against palm of your hand, with the holes inverted, so excess saliva or foreign substances may be removed.
4. Do not play Harmonica while chewing gum or eating candy as this may adversely affect the reeds.
5. Before putting your Harmonica back in its case, dry the playing surface with a clean, soft, lint free cloth.

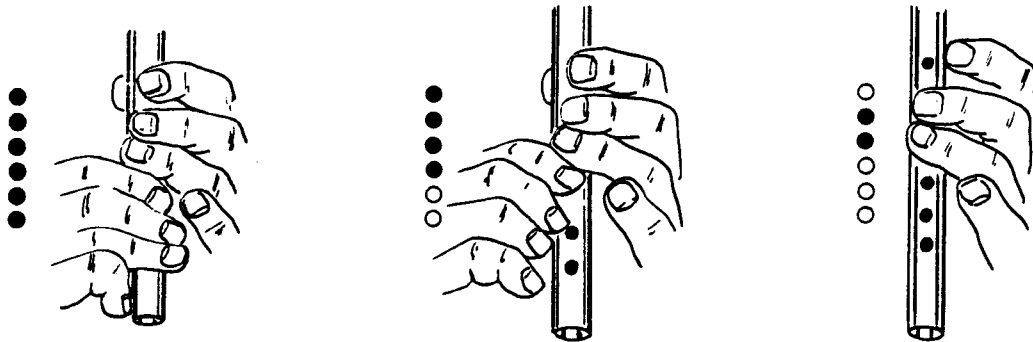
NOTATION

- These spots and circles represent the Tin Whistle.
- The spots indicate the fingers to be placed on the whistle.
- The circles indicate the holes to be left open.



A half filled circle ◐ represents a half-tone. The finger should be placed on the top half of the hole only.

- + This cross indicates that the note is played in the upper octave. This may be obtained by blowing somewhat stronger.



Holding The Tin Whistle

HOLDING

The tin whistle rests on both thumbs, which are placed underneath. The little fingers which are not used for playing notes are placed on either side.

IMPORTANT: Always make sure that the holes that are stopped (this means covered or closed) are completely covered.

BLOWING

Notes are produced by blowing through the mouthpiece. Two notes may be obtained from the same hole.

To get the notes on the lower octave you only need to breathe or blow gently through the mouthpiece.

The notes on the upper octave may be obtained by blowing somewhat stronger. In either case it is important to maintain a steady air flow.

Notes On The Tin Whistle

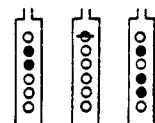
KEY OF D

Diagram illustrating the notes on the tin whistle in the key of D. The notes are D, E, F# (half-tone), G, A, B, C# (half-tone), D, E, F# (half-tone), G, A, B, C# (half-tone), D. Each note is accompanied by a diagram showing the finger placement on the whistle holes, with '+' indicating the upper octave.

KEY OF G

Diagram illustrating the notes on the tin whistle in the key of G. The notes are G, A, B, C, D, E, F, G.

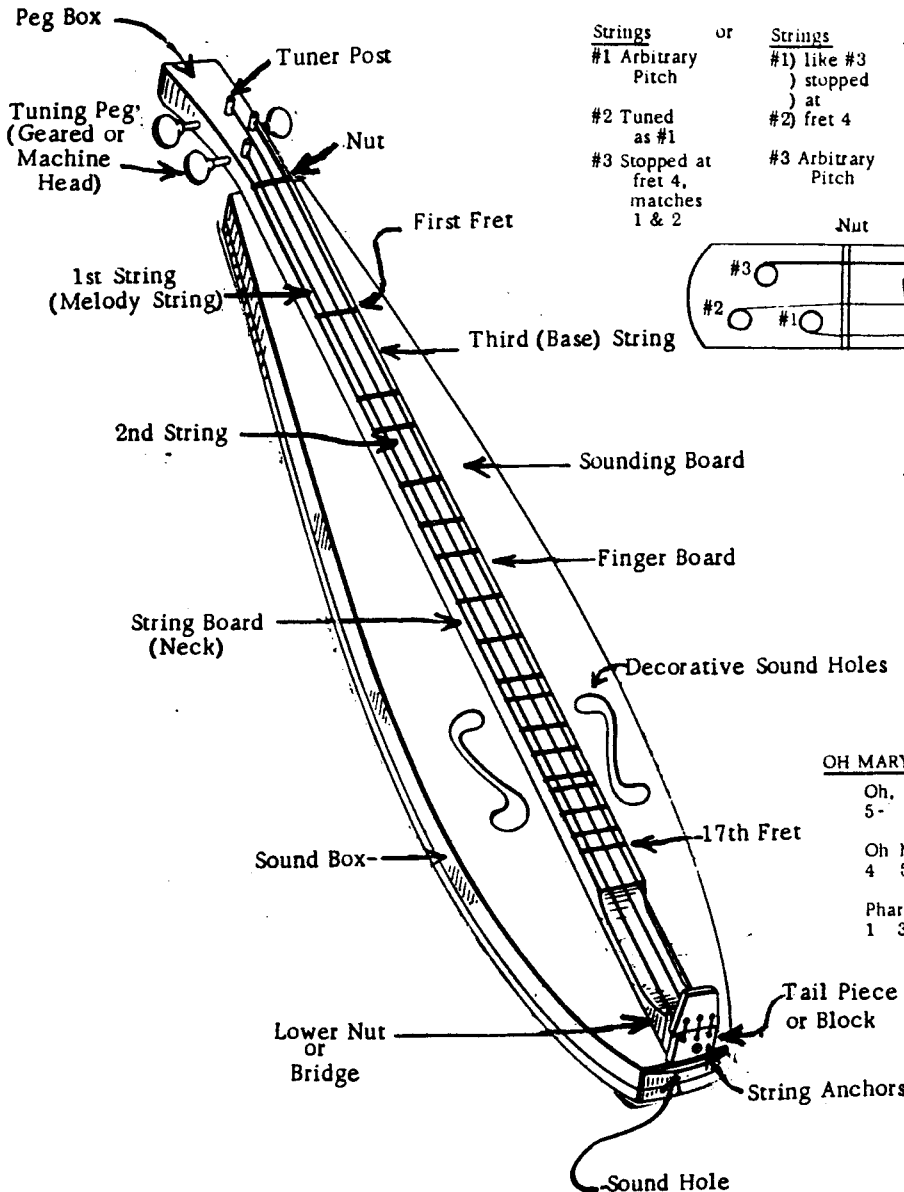
The note of C Natural (C \natural) on the D whistle may be fingered in the three following ways:



THE MOUNTAIN DULCIMER

H

MAJOR (IONIAN) TUNING



Strings	or	Strings	Notes	or	Bass Cleff	or	Treble Cleff
#1 Arbitrary Pitch		#1) like #3) stopped	G		1 2 3		1 2 3
#2 Tuned as #1		#2) fret 4	G				
#3 Stopped at fret 4, matches 1 & 2		#3 Arbitrary Pitch	C				

Fret #'s
1 2 3 4 5 6 7

Nut

SONGS - (dash means hold note longer)

MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB

Mary had a little lamb
5 4 3 4 5 5 5-

Little lamb, little lamb
4 4 4- 5 7 7-

Mary had a little lamb
5 4 3 4 5 5 5-

It's fleece was white as snow.
5 4- 4- 5 4 3-

OH MARY DON'T YOU WEEP

Oh, Mary, don't you weep, don't you mourn
5- 6 5 5- 5 5 4 4 4-

Oh Mary don't you weep, don't you mourn
4 5 4 4 4 4 3 3 3-

Pharoah's army got drowned, Oh, Mary, don't you weep.
1 3 4 3 1 0- 3- 5 5 3 4 4 3-

AUNT RHODY

Go tell Aunt Rhody
5 5 4 3-3-

Go tell Aunt Rhody
4 4 6 5 4 3-

Go tell Aunt Rhody
7 7 6 5 3-

The old gray goose is dead.
3 4 3 4 5 3-

SONGS

Start at:
Fret #;

- 3 ... Ain't Goin to Study War No More
- Open All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name
- Open Amazing Grace
- 3 ... America
- 5 ... Annie Laurie
- Open Auld Lang Syne
- 7 ... Camptown Races
- 3 ... Clementine
- Open Down in the Valley
- 3 ... Five Hundred Miles
- Open Flow Gently Sweet Afton
- 5 ... Go Tell it On the Mountain
- 5 ... Goodnight Ladies
- Open Hallelujah, I'm a Bum
- 3 ... I've Been Working on the Railroad
- 7 ... John Brown's Body
- 7 ... Battle Hymn of the Republic
- 3 ... Kumbayah
- 3 ... Michael Row Your Boat

Start at:
Fret #:

- 10 ... Mighty Fortress
- Open My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean
- 3 ... O Susanna
- 5 ... Oh Mary Don't You Weep
- Open Old Bagum
- 5 ... Old Folks at Home
- Open Pretty Saro
- 3 ... Row, Row Your Boat
- 7 ... She'll Be Comin' Round the Mtn
- 5 ... Skip to My Lou
- 3 ... This Land is Your Land
- 3 ... The Times They Are A-Changin'
- 5 ... We Shall Not Be Moved
- 7 ... We Shall Overcome
- 5 ... When the Saints Go Marching In
- 3 ... "... (Chorus)
- 3 ... When the Ship Comes In
- Open You Are My Sunshine

Playing the Mountain Dulcimer

Place the dulcimer on your lap, with the peg box on your left. In this position, the melody string will be nearest to you. Play the melody by pressing the melody string down at the desired fret with your left index finger or a popsicle stick, and strum the strings near the bottom with a pick held in your right hand.

Chord Transposition Chart



You may often find a song in this book that is pitched either too high or too low for you to sing comfortably. With the aid of this chord transposition chart, you may find the chords that will change the key of the song to one which is easier to sing.

The left hand column represents the key of the song. First, find the row that the song you wish to transpose is in currently. (This is USUALLY the first chord in the song.) Then, find the row that is in the key to which you wish to transpose. Then for each chord in the song, find the chord in the ORIGINAL row, and follow up or down the column to see which chord to use in the NEW key.

For example, if I wanted to transpose song **G3 MICHAEL ROW THE BOAT ASHORE** on page 75 from it's original key, I would first look for the first chord in the song, which is **C**. Let's say I'm more comfortable singing in the key of **G**, so I find the C and G rows on the table below. As we found, the first chord is **C**, so I follow down the roman numeral I column from C to G and find that all C chords in the song are to be changed to G. Go ahead and pencil this change in your book - it's YOUR book after all! The next chord in the song is **F**, so find the F chord in the C-row. You will notice it is under the roman numeral IV column - follow that column down from the C-row to the G-row, and you will find that all the F chords in the song should be changed to C. The last chord in MICHAEL is **G**, so find the **G** chord in the C-row. You will notice that it is under the roman numeral V column, so follow that column down from the C-row to the G-row to find that all G chords in the song should be changed to D. That's it! You've transposed MICHAEL, ROW THE BOAT ASHORE from the key of C to the key of G!

	I	II	III	IV	V	VI	VII					
C	C	Db	D	Eb	E	F	Gb	G	Ab	A	Bb	B
Db	Db	D	Eb	E	F	Gb	G	Ab	A	Bb	B	C
D	D	Eb	E	F	Gb	G	Ab	A	Bb	B	C	Db
Eb	Eb	E	F	Gb	G	Ab	A	Bb	B	C	Db	D
E	E	F	Gb	G	Ab	A	Bb	B	C	Db	D	Eb
F	F	Gb	G	Ab	A	Bb	B	C	Db	D	Eb	E
Gb	Gb	G	Ab	A	Bb	B	C	Db	D	Eb	E	F
G	G	Ab	A	Bb	B	C	Db	D	Eb	E	F	Gb
Ab	Ab	A	Bb	B	C	Db	D	Eb	E	F	Gb	G
A	A	Bb	B	C	Db	D	Eb	E	F	Gb	G	Ab
Bb	Bb	B	C	Db	D	Eb	E	F	Gb	G	Ab	A
B	B	C	Db	D	Eb	E	F	Gb	G	Ab	A	Bb

Index

M-01	24 Hour a Day, 7 Day a Week Rag	111	M-23 #	Dad, Why Is That Doggie On the Highway?	118
D-17 #	A Ram Sam Sam	46	M-04	Daddy's Darlin' Dear	112
B-44 *	A-Soalin'	36	C-08	Damper Song, The	41
A-67 #	Abdul, the Bulbul Amir	24	O-09 #	Danny Boy	125
I-07	Agropelter, The	93	N-12 #	Dark as a Dungeon	122
A-66 #	Aiken Drum	23	B-04	Deacon Went Down, The	26
A-62 #	Ain't it Great to be Crazy	22	A-34	Dead Skunk	16
A-08	All God's Critters	8	E-31	Dear Abby	58
A-41 *	Alouette	18	C-11	Deep and Wide	41
F-04	Amazing Grace	65	C-05 *	Dem Bones	40
H-02	America	83	B-45 #	Deportees	37
H-03	America the Beautiful	84	N-02	Desperados Waiting For a Train	119
D-04	America, America	45	C-14	Do Your Ears Hang Low?	42
E-30	American Pie	57	I-04	Dog Pete	91
H-18	Anchors Aweigh	88	A-37	Don't Buy the Liverwurst	17
E-35 #	And the Band Played Waltzing Matilda	59	G-23 *	Don't Think Twice	80
A-24	Ants Go Marching	13	G-28 *	Donna, Donna	81
D-09	Are You Sleeping?/Frere Jaques	46	A-15	Down By The Bay	10
H-17	Amy Air Corps, The	87	F-18	Down By the Riverside	68
N-06	Auctioneer, The	120	B-24 *	Drunken Sailor	31
G-20 *	Autumn To May	79	A-43 *	Dummy Line	18
			E-25	Dutchman, The	55
G-01 *	Ballad of Many Point	75	I-05	Eagle Poem, The	92
G-08 *	Bamboo	76	F-40 *	Early In The Morning	73
B-23 *	Banua	31	A-18 *	Eddie Brown	11
L-11 #	Barrett's Privateers	108			
H-04	Battle Hymn of the Republic	84	B-40 *	Far Northland	36
F-39 *	Battle of Jericho	73	C-03	Father Abraham	39
E-16 *	Battle of New Orleans	51	I-06	Finn Who Would Not Take A Sauna, The	92
F-06	Be Present	66	G-07 *	Five Hundred Miles	76
L-08 #	Big Blue	107	A-10	Follow Me Boys	9
O-10 #	Big Strong Man	125	B-25 *	Follow The Drinking Gourd	32
A-14 *	Bill Grogan's Goat	10	F-07	For Health and Strength	66
M-22 #	Bill's Road Kill Cafe	118	O-11 #	Four Green Fields	126
A-32	Billboard Song, The	16	G-24 *	Four Strong Winds	80
A-21	Bingo	12	E-38 #	Four Wet Pigs	60
A-23	Birds in the Wilderness	13	J-07	Fox On The Run	98
O-01 #	Black Velvet Band	123	E-13 *	Fox, The	50
L-06 *	Blow the Man Down	106	M-03	Freezing Minnesota 28 Below Zero Blues	112
E-05 *	Blowin' in the Wind	48	B-50 #	Freight Train	38
A-42 *	Boom Boom	18	A-44 *	Froggie Went A Courtin'	19
I-12 #	Boots Hanson	95	K-01	Frontier Mortician	101
G-21 *	Both Sides Now	79	A-68 #	Frozen Logger, The	24
E-26	Bottomless Lake, The	55	I-08	Fur Fish, The	93
M-11 #	Bouncing On The Bed	114			
I-15 #	Boy Scouts' Ideal	96	F-29	Garden Song	70
A-22	Buffalo Boy	12	A-09	Gee Mom, I Wanna Go Home	8
B-22	Buffalo Skinners	31	F-16	Get Together	67
A-38	By a Western Water Tank	17	D-18 #	Ghost of John	46
			H-05	God Bless America	84
C-02	Cabin in the Woods	39	A-26	God Bless My Underwear	14
H-14	Caisson Song, The	87	C-17	Going On a Bear Hunt	43
E-04	Camp Granada	47	L-09 #	Golden Vanity, The	107
A-27	Camp Kookamonga	14	F-34 *	Good News	72
H-06	Camp Steams	84	B-26 *	Good Ship Reuben James	32
F-03	Canaan Land	65	B-03	Goodnight Irene	26
E-23	Canadian Railroad Trilogy	54	G-12	Goodnight Ladies	77
B-20	Casey Jones	30	F-44 #	Gospel Changes	74
A-16	Cat Came Back, The	10	C-01 *	Grand Old Duke of York, The	39
A-19 *	Chicken Song, The	12	G-16	Grandfather's Clock	78
E-10	Children	49	G-26 *	Green Fields	81
F-08	Children Go Where I Send Thee	66	E-48 *	Green Green	64
E-22	City of New Orleans	53	N-04	Green Green Grass of Home	119
B-21	Clementine	30	B-42 #	Green Grow the Rashes, O	36
O-06 #	Cockles and Mussels	124	A-45 *	Green Grow The Rushes	19
F-12	Come and Dine	67	E-44 *	Green Leaves of Summer	63
B-10	Cotton Fields	28	L-10 #	Greenland Whale Fishers	108
M-07	Couch Potato Song, The	113	M-09 #	Groundhog's Day	113
E-01	Country Roads	47	B-27 *	Gypsy Rover	32
A-61 #	Cowpuncher, The	22			
A-02	Crabs Walk Sideways	7			
I-03	Cremation of Sam McGee, The	90			
G-22 *	Cruel War	80			

Index

B-06 *	Hammer Song	27
A-46 *	Happy Wanderer	19
G-18	Hard Times Come Again No More	78
F-11	Hava Nagila	66
C-09	Head and Shoulders	41
E-41 *	Henry The Eighth	62
F-26	Here We Are	70
D-05 *	Hey Ho	45
M-08 #	Highway 49	113
N-03	Highwayman, The	119
E-08	Hills of Shiloh, The	48
I-09	Hodag, The	93
B-14	Home on the Range	29
G-27 *	Homeward Bound	81
G-29 *	House of the Rising Sun	81
C-18 #	I Am A Music Maker	43
B-28 *	I Know Where I'm Going	32
C-07	I Points to Mineself	40
J-13 #	I Saw the Light	100
A-47 *	I Want A Pop	20
F-30	I'd Like to Teach the World to Sing	71
F-45 #	I'll Fly Away	74
O-14 #	I'll Tell Me Ma	126
D-15	I'm a Little Teapot	46
A-31	I'm Glad I Am A Boy Scout	15
E-21	I'm My Own Grandpa	53
B-13 *	I've Been Working On the Railroad	28
A-48 *	I've Got Sixpence	20
N-10 #	If I Had A Boat	122
C-15 *	If You're Happy and You Know it	42
E-11	In My Time	49
L-05	Irish Rover, The	106
A-11	It's Gonna Be A Long Winter	9
D-14	Itsy Bitsy Spider	46
E-14 *	Jamaican Farewell	50
L-14 #	Jeannie C, The	109
J-06	Jesse James	98
F-46 #	Jesus Loves Me	74
B-43 #	Jock Stewart	36
C-20 #	John Brown's Baby	44
B-49 #	John Henry	38
A-06	John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmidt	8
B-29 *	John Riley	32
F-05	Johnny Appleseed	66
O-03 #	Jug of Punch	123
C-23 #	Junior Birdmen	44
J-10 #	Keep On The Sunny Side	99
B-41 #	Keeper, The	36
E-42 *	King of the Road	62
A-25	Kisses Sweeter Than Wine	13
D-10	Kookabura	46
G-02 *	Kumbayah	75
E-29	Lanigan's Ball	56
G-14	Last Thing on My Mind	77
L-12 #	Leaving of Liverpool, The	108
I-14 #	Legend of Tonkawampus, The	96
E-43 *	Lemon Tree	62
F-21	Let There Be Peace On Earth	69
N-09 #	Life's Railway to Heaven	121
A-49 *	Little Man	20
A-07	Little Red Wagon	8
B-08	Little Skunk	27
A-65 *	Little Willie	23
L-16 #	Lockkeeper, The	110
F-27	Lonesome Valley	70
N-08 #	Long Black Veil	120
A-20	Long Tall Texan	12
F-14	Lord is My Sheperd, The	67
F-42 #	Lord of the Dance	74
M-14 #	Lowdown Scout Camp Blues	115
A-35	Lydia the Tatoed Lady	16
O-13 #	Main's Wedding	126
D-16 #	Make New Friends	46
N-01	Mama Tried	119
M-20 #	Mamas Don't Let Your Babies	117
G-30 *	Man of Constant Sorrow	82
M-05	Man On the 6:41 47H Bus, The	112
A-64 #	Many Point Dream Song	23
A-63 #	Many Point Lament	23
A-01 *	Many Point Rowser	7
B-30 *	Marching To Pretoria	33
H-13	Marines Hymn, The	86
H-10	Marsellaise, La	86
A-28	Martian Song	14
E-09	Marvelous Toy, The	49
L-01	Mary Ellen Carter, The	105
A-50 *	McTavish	20
A-51 *	Michael Finnegan	20
G-03 *	Michael Row the Boat Ashore	75
H-16	Minnesota Rowser	87
O-07 #	Minstrel Boy	125
A-52 #	More We Get Together, The	20
B-05 #	Mountain Dew	26
E-18	Mr.Bojangles.....	52
E-03 *	MTA, The	47
D-13	Music Alone Shall Live	46
C-12	My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean	41
E-07	My Get Up and Go	48
A-17 *	My Old Man's A Sailor	11
L-07 #	My Son John	106
I-02	Niki Niki Amo Mucho Amo	90
E-45 *	No Man Is An Island	63
C-21 #	O Chester!	44
C-19 #	Oats and Beans and Barley Grow	43
H-07	Oh Canada	85
D-11	Oh How Lovely is the Evening	46
B-19 *	Oh Susannah	30
G-17	Old Devil Time	78
J-08	Old Home Place	98
J-09 #	Old Joe Clark	99
N-05	Old Shep	120
F-25	Old Time Religion	70
B-11	On Top of Old Smokey	28
B-12	On Top of Spaghetti	28
A-53 *	Once I Went In Swimmin'	21
C-13	One Little Thumb	42
E-37 #	One Tin Soldier	60
D-06 *	Paddle Song, The	45
J-05	Pallet On Your Floor	98
N-07	Pancho and Lefty	120
J-14 #	Paradise	100
F-41 #	Pass It On	73
B-31 *	Patsy Orrey Orrey Ay	33
F-24	Peace My Friends	69
J-12 #	Pfft! You Were Gone	100
F-15	Philmont Grace	67
A-05 *	Pink Pajamas	8
L-04	Pleasant and Delightful	106
E-19	Please Don't Bury Me	52
I-11 #	Polar Bolarinski	93
B-15	Polly Wolly Doodle	29
A-54 *	Poor Old Slade	21
F-23	Prayer of StFrancis	69
B-32 *	Pretty Mary	33
D-12	Propel Your Craft	46
E-06 *	Puff the Magic Dragon	48
D-07	Pufferbillies	45
F-28	Put Your Hand in the Hand	70

Index

K-03 #	Rabbit Foo-Foo	104	D-03	Three Blind Mice	45
K-02 #	Radio Skit, The	103	B-34 *	Three Jolly Coachmen	34
B-48 #	Ragtime Cowboy Joe	38	C-16 *	Three Jolly Fishermen	42
D-08	Rainbow Song, The	45	K-04 #	Three Rivers	104
B-46 #	Rattlin' Bog	37	C-22 #	Throw It Out the Window	44
O-08 #	Red is the Rose	125	E-12	Tie Me Kangaroo Down	50
E-27	Right Field	56	G-32 *	Times They Are A Changin', The	82
F-32	Rise and Shine	71	G-13 *	Tiny Sparrow	77
M-19 #	Road Kill Stew	117	B-02 *	Titanic, The	25
F-02	Rock My Soul	65	E-02 *	Today	47
F-35 *	Rock My Soul	72	B-35 *	Tom Dooley	34
J-01	Rocky Top	97	D-01	Tommy Tinker	45
B-16	Roll On Columbia	29	M-13 #	Toofless McGee	115
J-04	Rollin' In My Sweet Baby's Arms	97	O-04 #	Town of BallyBay, Then	124
L-15 #	Rolling Down to Old Maui	110	A-58 *	Trail The Eagle	22
M-24 #	Rolling Furry Critter Squasher	118	H-19 *	Tramp, Tramp, Tramp	88
L-17 #	Rolling Home	110	A-59 *	Tree Toad	22
O-05 #	Rosin the Beau	124	A-60 #	Trinidad	22
D-02 *	Row Your Boat	45	N-13 #	Tum Your Radio On	122
			F-19 *	Tum, Tum, Tum	68
			M-15 #	Twenty Years Experience	116
			M-10 #	Two Little Hands	114
J-02	Salty Dog	97			
A-12	Salvation Army	9	E-49 #	Uncle John's Band	64
E-34 #	Sam Stone	58	J-03	Uncle Pen	97
L-03	Sam's Gone Away	105	M-12 #	Unfinished Stories	114
B-17	Scarborough Fair	29	A-39	Unicom, The	17
G-06 *	Scout Vespers	75	A-36	Universe Song, The	17
B-39 *	Seine, The	35			
C-06 *	She'll Be Comin' Round the Mountain	40	E-36 #	Vegematic Song, The	60
G-10	Shenandoah	76	F-38 *	Very Last Day	73
G-25 *	Shule Aroon (Gone the Rainbow)	80	B-36 *	Vietnamese Street Vendors Song	35
E-28	Sick Note, The	56	B-37 *	Vive L'Amour	35
M-16 #	Sink 522 Sink	116			
F-36 *	Sinner Man	72	B-01	Wabash Cannonball, The	25
A-04 *	Sippin' Cider	7	B-38 *	Waltzing Matilda	35
N-11 #	Sixteen Tons	122	A-40 #	Waltzing With Bears	18
A-55 *	Slap Bang	21	F-17	Wedding Banquet, The	68
E-17 *	Sloop John B	51	F-43 #	Were You There?	74
G-19	So Long, It's Been Good to Know Ya	78	L-18 #	Whale of a Tale	110
A-13	Sock Song, The	10	B-09 *	When I First Came to This Land	27
E-15	Sounds of Silence	50	H-15 *	When Johnny Comes Marching Home	87
E-33 #	Spanish Pipedream	58	F-10 *	When the Saints Go Marching In	66
M-21 #	Squish-Squash	118	G-05 *	Where Have All the Flowers Gone?	75
O-12 #	Star of the County Down	126	F-33	Where the Soul of Man Never Shines	72
H-01	Star Spangled Banner	83	I-10	Whirling Whimpus, The	93
H-09	Stars and Stripes Forever	86	O-02 #	Whiskey in the Jar	123
G-09	Stewball	76	L-13 #	White Squall	109
A-03	Stomped On Mah Hort	7	I-13 #	Who is Boots?	95
E-24	Streets of London, The	55	F-09 *	Whole World In His Hands	66
E-47 #	Suite: Judy Blue Eyes	64	B-47 #	Wildwood Flower	37
A-33	Sun, The	16	F-22	Will the Circle Be Unbroken	69
M-17 #	Sunny Day Flu (Beth's Blues)	116	G-15	Will Ye Go, Lassie Go	77
M-06	Sunrise, Minnesota	112	C-10	Woddy Ah Cha	41
A-29 *	Sweet Violets	14	L-02	Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald, The	105
C-04 *	Swing Low, Sweet Chariot	39			
M-02	Talking Atom Bomb Blues	111	H-08	Yankee Doodle	85
G-04 *	Taps	75	H-11	Yankee Doodle Dandy	86
B-33 *	Tavern In The Town	34	E-40 #	You Ain't Goin' Nowhere	61
E-20	Teddy Bear's Picnic	52	B-18	You Are My Sunshine	30
F-37 *	Tell It On The Mountain	72	A-30	You Can Eat Dog Food	15
J-11 #	Tennessee Stud	100	H-12	You're a Grand Old Flag	86
F-13	Thanks Be to God	67	E-46 #	You're Gonna Make Me Lonesome	63
K-05 #	The Ugly Baby	104	E-32 #	Your Flag Decal	58
I-01	The Yeti	89			
G-31 *	There Is A Ship	82			
A-56 *	There Was An Old Lady Who Swallowed A Fly	21			
A-57 *	There's A Hole In The Bottom Of The Sea	21			
G-11 *	They Call the Wind Mariah	77			
M-18 #	They Love Me in Iraq	117			
F-01	They'll Know We Are Christians	65			
E-39 #	Thirty Thousand Pounds of Bananas	61			
B-07 *	This Land is Your Land	27			
F-31	This Little Light of Mine	71			
F-20 *	This Train	68			

Bibliography

100 Irish Ballads, Volume One	by Pat Conway	Walton's Mfg.
100 Irish Ballads, Volume Two	by Pat Conway	Walton's Mfg.
Boy Scout Songbook		Boy Scouts of America
Cub Scout Songbook		Boy Scouts of America
Camp Ajawah Songs	by Camp Ajawah Staff	
Canyon Camp Campfire Companion	by Wm.J.Kline	Blackhawk Area Council
Creative Campfires	by Douglas R. Bowen	Thorne Printing Company
Folksinger's Wordbook	by Fred and Irwin Silber	Oak Publications
Folksongs and Ballads Popular in Ireland, Vol.1	by John Loesberg	Ossian Publications
Folksongs and Ballads Popular in Ireland, Vol.2	by John Loesberg	Ossian Publications
Golden Book of Favorite Songs	by various	Hall & McCreary Co.
Ireland the Songs, Book Three		Walton Mfg. Ltd.
Many Point Sing Along Songbooks Vol.1-4	by Al Boyce	
Many Point Vesper Songbook	by Protestant Committee On Scouting	
MPSC JLTC Songbook	by 68-69 JLTC Staff	
O Happy Day	by ???	
Olde Tyme Camp Meetin' Songs	by Albert E.Brumley	Albert E.Brumley & Sons
Peter, Paul and MaryGuitar	by Peter, Paul & Mary	Pepamar Music Corp.
Peter, Paul and Mary Songbook	by Peter, Paul & Mary	Pepamar Music Corp.
Reprints from SING OUT!	by Irwin Silber	Sing Out! Publications
Rise Up Singing	by Peter Blood-Patterson	Sing Out Publications
Sing-Sing-Sing YMCA Camp Icaghowan	by Camp Icaghowan Staff	
Slim Richey's Bluegrass Wordbook	by A.Stricklin	Ridge Runner Pub.
Slim Richey's Bluegrass Wordbook 2	by Slim Richey	Ridge Runner Pub.
Songs of the Pioneers	by Albert E.Brumley	Albert E.Brumley & Sons
Songs of the Nation of Tonkawampus	by Isanoka Chapter OA, BSA	
Stan Rogers - Songs from Fogarty's Cove	by Stan Rogers	OFC Publications
Young Life Songbook	by John G.Anderson	Songs and Creations

The MANY POINT Sing Along Song Book

-Or-

Music To Burn Logs By

Edited by Al Boyce

This volume contains over 400 of your favorite songs, skits and stories collected from the campfires by the shores of Many Point Scout Camp over its first 50 years. Songs are categorized into:

Camp Favorites	Traditional Songs	Action Songs
Rounds	Popular Classics	Spirituals, Graces, and Church Songs
Closing Songs	Patriotic Songs	Campfire Stories
Bluegrass Greats	Skits	Whalers, Sailors and Fishermen
Homegrown Songs	Country Music	Irish Tunes

Chords are listed for most songs, and the appendix contains a campfire planner, songleading hints, chord diagrams for guitar, banjo, mandolin, and ukulele, primers on how to play the harmonica, the mountain dulcimer and the tin whistle, and a handy chart for easy chord transposition.

If you do not know the tunes to these songs, we have started a collection of companion recordings on CD, called "**The Many Point Sessions**", which should be available where you purchased this book. Each CD contains sixty or so of the songs contained in The Many Point Sing Along Song Book. As of this printing, there are two volumes of The Many Point Sessions available.

There is now a Volume Two Song Book available. Both may be accessed online at <https://www.mpalumni.org/songbook>. You may also acquire hard copies of both books from:

Many Point Staff Alumni Association
6202 Bloomington Rd
St. Paul, MN 55111
(612) 261-2300

