

Tune Book



**WAH-TUT-CA
2004**



BSA Troop 4, Hopkinton, MA

Jaws

(Tune: Do Re Mi)

JAWS A shark, a great big shark
 TEETH The things that kinda crunch
 BITE The friendly sharks "hello"
 US His favorite juicy lunch
 BLOOD That turns the ocean red
 CHOMP That means the sharks been fed
 GULP I guess that we're now dead
 That brings us back to
 JAWS! JAWS! JAWS! JAWS!
 JAWS! JAWS! JAWS! JAWS!

Gopher Guts

Great green globs of
 Greasy grimy gopher guts,
 Mutilated monkey meat,
 Little birdies dirty feet,
 Great green globs of
 Greasy grimy gopher guts,
 and I forgot my spoon!
 But I brought my fork!!! Yum
 Great Green Globs of
 Greasy, Grimy Gopher Guts,
 Mutilated Monkey Meat
 Turdy, dirty, birdy-feet.
 All mixed up with all-purpose porpoise pus
 And me without my spoon
 But I brought my straw!!! Slurp

Mom, Wash My Underwear

Tune: "God Bless America"

Mom, wash my underwear, my only pair.
 We can find them, and move them,
 From the heap by the side of the chair.
 To the washer, to the clothesline,
 To my backpack, to my rear.
 Mom, wash my underwear, my only pair.
 Mom, wash my underwear, my only pair.

Jambalaya

Music & Lyrics : Hank Williams

Goodbye, Joe, me gotta go, me oh my oh.
 Me gotta go, pole the pirogue down the bayou.
 My Yvonne, the sweetest one, me oh my oh.
 Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the bayou.

Jambalaya and a crawfish pie and fil* gumbo
 'Cause tonight I'm gonna see my ma cher amio.
 Pick guitar, fill fruit jar and be gayo,
 Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the bayou.

Thibodaux, Fontaineaux, the place is buzzin',
 kinfolk come to see Yvonne by the dozen.
 Dress in style and go hog wild, me oh my oh.
 Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the bayou.

Jambalaya and a crawfish pie and fil gumbo
 'Cause tonight I'm gonna see my ma cher amio.
 Pick guitar, fill fruit jar and be gayo,
 Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the bayou.

Settle down far from town, get me a pirogue
 and I'll catch all the fish in the bayou.
 Swap my mon to buy Yvonne what she need-o.
 Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the bayou.

Jambalaya and a crawfish pie and fil gumbo
 'Cause tonight I'm gonna see my ma cher amio.
 Pick guitar, fill fruit jar and be gayo,
 Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the bayou.

* Note: The word fil (with an acute accent on the e, pronounced feelay) is a spice used to flavor the soup.

Sloop John B

Arrangement - Brian Wilson, Beach Boys

2

We come on the SLOOP JOHN B, my grandfather and me
Around Nassau town we did roam,
Drinking all night got into a fight,
Well, I feel so broke up, I want to go home.

So hoist up the John B sails,
See how the main sail sets
Call for the Captain ashore and let me go home,
Let me go home, I wanna go home, (yeah, yeah)
Well, I feel so broke up, I wanna go home.

The first mate he got drunk, broke in the Cap'n's trunk,
Constable had to come and take him away,
Sheriff Johnstone, why don't you leave me alone, (yeah yeah)
Well, I feel so broke up, I wanna go home.

So hoist up the John B sails
See how the main sail's set
Call for the Captain ashore and let me go home,
(Let me go home)
I wanna go home,
(Let me go home)
Why don't you let me go home
(Hoist up the John B's sail)
I feel so broke up I wanna go home
(Let me go home)

The poor cook he caught the fits and threw away all my grits,
And then he took and he ate up all of my corn,
Let me go home... Why don't they let me go home?
This is the worst trip I've ever been on.

So hoist up the John B's sail
See how the main sail sets
Call for the Captain ashore
Let me go home, (let me go home)
I wanna go home, (let me go home)
Why don't you let me go home?

BSA Songs to Sing until you are tired:

35

We're Here Because We're Here

Sing to tune of: "Auld Lang Syne"

We're Here Because We're Here
Because We're Here Because We're Here
We're Here Because We're Here
Because We're Here Because We're Here

Note: Repeat until you get tired.

Three Rodents with Defective Vision

Tune: Three Blind Mice

Three rodents with defective vision,
Three rodents with defective vision,
Perceive how they flee,
Perceive how they flee,
They scurried by the spouse of the agronomist.
She removed their posteriors with a kitchen utensil.
Have you ever observed such a phenomenon,
As three rodents with defective vision?

Two Little Fleas

Tune: Auld Lang Syne

Two little fleas together sat
They cried when one flea said;
"I've had no place to lay my head,
Since my old dog is dead.
I've traveled far from place to place
And farther will I roam.
But the next old dog that shows his face
Will be my home sweet home."

The Battle of New Orleans

34

In 1814 we took a little trip,
Along with Colonel Jackson down the mighty Mississippi'
We took a little bacon and we took a little beans,
And we met the bloody British near the town of New Orleans.

Chorus:

*We fired our guns and the British kept a comin'.
There wasn't nigh as many as they was a while ago.
We fired once more and they begin to runnin',
On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico.*

We looked down the river and we see'd the British come...
There must have been a hundred of 'em beatin' on the drum.
They stepped so high and they made their bugles ring;
While we stood beside our cotton bales and didn't say a thing.

Chorus

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 see'd their faces well;
Then we opened up our squirrel guns and really gave 'em--Well.

Chorus

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 that the hounds couldn't catch 'em 'em,
On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico.

Chorus

We fired our cannon till the barrel melted down,
So we grabbed an alligator and we poured an other round.
We put the ball between his teeth and powdered his behind,
And when we touched the powder off the 'gator lost his mind.

Chorus

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 that the hounds couldn't catch 'em,
On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico.

Grandfather's Clock

3

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

Chorus

*Ninety years without slumbering tick, tock, tick, tock,
His life seconds numbering, tick, tock, tick, tock
It stopp'd short, Never to go again
When the old man died.*

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

My grandfather said, that of those he could hire,
Not a servant so faithful he found:
For it wasted no time, and had but one desire,
At the close of each week to be wound.
And it kept in its place, not a frown upon its face,
And its hands never hung by its side;
But it stopp'd short, Never to go again,
When the old man died..

It rang an alarm in the dead of the night,
And alarm that for years had been dumb;
And we know that his spirit was pluming its flight,
That his hour of departure had come.
Still the clock kept the time, with a soft muffled chime,
As we silently stood by his side;
But it stopp'd short, Never to go again,
When the old man died..

I'm My Own Grandpa

Lonzo and Oscar

Many many years ago
when I was twenty three,
I got married to a widow who
was pretty as could be.

This widow had a grown-up daughter
Who had hair of red.
My father fell in love with her,
And soon the two were wed.

This made my dad my son-in-law
And changed my very life.
My daughter was my mother,
For she was my father's wife.

To complicate the matters worse,
Although it brought me joy,
I soon became the father
Of a bouncing baby boy.

My little baby then became
A brother-in-law to dad.
And so became my uncle,
Though it made me very sad.

For if he was my uncle,
Then that also made him brother
To the widow's grown-up daughter
Who, of course, was my step-mother.

Father's wife then had a son,
Who kept them on the run.
And he became my grandson,
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.

If my wife is my grandmother,
Then I am her grandchild.
And every time I think of it,
It simply drives me wild.

For now I have become
The strangest case you ever saw.
As the husband of my grandmother,
I am my own grandpa!

Flea (BSA repeating song)

Flea! - Flea Fly! - Flea Fly Flo!

Eenie, meenie, decimeenie, oo wall a wall a meenie!
Ex a meenie, zoll a meenie, oo wall a wall!
Beep billy ott in dotten oh bo ba beaten dotten shh!

Flea! - Flea fly! - Flea fly flow!

Kumalata kumalata kumalata veeslay!
Oh, no no no, not the veeslay.

Ich a mini, satch a mini, oo walla walla mini.

Des a mini, satch a mini, oo walla wall.

A beat billy oaten bobin obo a boatin bobin
boatin bobin boatin bobin boatin bobin sssshhh...

Flea! - Flea Fly!- Flea Fly Flo!

Vista

Coo-ma-la, Coo-ma-la, Coo-ma-la Vista

Oh no-no, no, not the vista

Eenie, meenie, decimeenie, oo walla walla meenie!

Ex a meenie, zoll a meenie, oo walla wall!

Beep billy ott in dotten oh bo ba beaten dotten shh!

Billboard

(Tune: Superfragilisticesspyalladocious)

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

"Smoke Coca-Cola Cigarettes -- chew Wrigley's Spearmint beer
Kennel Ration Dog Food keeps your wife's complexion clear;
Simonize your baby with a Hershey's candy bar --
And Texaco's the beauty cream that's used by all the stars!"
"So take your next vacation in a brand new Frigidaire --
Learn to play piano in your winter underwear --
Doctors say that babies should smoke until they are three,
And people over 65 should bathe in Lipton Tea!"
(slowly)in flow-thru tea bags.

Blowin' in the Wind

Bob Dylan

32

How many roads must a man walk down before you call him a man?
Yes, 'n' How many seas must a white dove sail before she sleeps in the sand?
Yes, 'n' How many times must the cannon balls fly before they're forever banned?
The answer, my friend, is Blow-in' in the Wind, The answer is Blow-in' in the Wind,

How many times must a man look up before he can see the sky?
Yes, 'n' How many ears must one man have before he can hear people cry?
Yes, 'n' How many deaths will it take till he knows that too many people have died?
The answer, my friend, is Blow-in' in the Wind, The answer is Blow-in' in the Wind,

How many years can a mountain exist before it is washed to the sea?
Yes, 'n' How many years can some people exist before they're allowed to be free?
Yes, 'n' How many times can a man turn his head pretending he just doesn't see?
The answer, my friend, is Blow-in' in the Wind, The answer is Blow-in' in the Wind.

Amazing Grace

John Newton 1725-1807

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

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, and grace my fears relieved.
How precious did that grace appear, the hour I first believed.

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

The Lord has promised good to me, his word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be, as long as life endures.

Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail, and mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess within the veil, a life of joy and peace.

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

Finnegan's Wake

5

C Am F G
Tim Finnegan lived in Walkin Street, a gentleman, Irish, mighty odd
C Am F G C
He had a brogue both rich and sweet, and to rise in the world he carried a hod
C Am C Am
Well Tim had a sort of a tipplin way, with the love of the liquor he was born
C Am F G C
And to send him on his way each day, he'd a drop of the craytur ev'ry morn
Chorus (up tempo)
C Am F G
Whack fol the dah now dance to your partner, whack the floor your trotters
shake
C Am F G C
Wasn't it the truth I told you? Lots of fun at Finnegan's Wake

One morning Tim was rather full, his head felt heavy which made him shake
He fell off the ladder and he broke his skull and they carried him home his corpse to
wake

Well they rolled him up in a nice clean sheet and they laid him out upon the bed
With a bottle of whiskey at his feet and a barrel of porter at his head
Chorus

Well his friends assembled at the wake and Mrs. Finnegan called for lunch
First they brought in tea and cake, pipes, tobacco and whisky punch
Then Widow Malone began to cry such a lovely corpse, did you ever see
Ah Tim mavourneen why did you die?' 'Will ye shut your gob?' said Bidy McGee
Chorus

Well Mary O'Connor took up the job 'Bidy' says she 'you're wrong, I'm sure'
Bidy gave her a belt in the gob and left her sprawling on the floor
Civil war did then engage, woman to woman and man to man
Shillelagh law was all the rage and a row and a ruction soon began
Chorus

Well Tim Maloney raised his head when a bottle of whiskey flew at him
He ducked and, landing on the bed the whiskey scattered over Tim
Bedad he revives, see how he rises Tim Finnegan rising in the bed
Saying 'Whittle your whiskey around like blazes, thunderin' jaysus, do ye think I'm dead?'
Chorus x 2 (Tempo increases)

"If you're gonna sing a song, sing an Irish song"

Mountain Dew

6

C F C G
 Let grasses and waters flow in a free and easy way,
 C F C G C
 But give me enough of the rare old stuff that's brewed near Galway Bay,
 Am C Am C Am C Am
 Come policemen all from Donegal, Sligo and Leitrim too,
 C F
 Oh, we'll give them the slip and we'll take a sip
 C G C
 Of the rare old Mountain Dew
 Chorus
 C F C G
 Hi di-diddly-idle-um, diddly-doodle-idle-um, diddly-doo-ri-diddlum-deh
 C F C G C
 Hi di-diddly-idle-um, diddly-doodle-idle-um, diddly-doo-ri-diddlum-deh

At the foot of the hill there's a neat little still,
 Where the smoke curls up to the sky,
 By the smoke and the smell you can plainly tell
 That there's poitin brewin' nearby.
 For it fills the air with a perfume rare,
 And betwixt both me and you,
 As home we troll, we can take a bowl,
 Or a bucket of the Mountain Dew
 (instrumental verse and chorus)

Chorus

Now learned men who use the pen,
 Have sung the praises high
 Of the rare poitin from Ireland green,
 Distilled from wheat and rye.
 Put away with your pills, it'll cure all ills,
 Be ye Pagan, Christian or Jew,
 So take off your coat and grease your throat
 With a bucket of the Mountain Dew.

Chorus x 2

America The Beautiful

31

by Katherine Lee Bates; music composed by Samuel A. Ward

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

O beautiful for halcyon skies,
 For amber waves of grain,
 For purple mountain majesties
 Above the enameled plain!
 America! America!
 God shed his grace on thee
 Till souls wax fair as earth and air
 And music-hearted sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet
 Whose stern impassioned stress
 A thoroughfare of freedom beat
 Across the wilderness!
 America! America!
 God mend thine every flaw,
 Confirm thy soul in self-control,
 Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for pilgrims feet,
 Whose stem impassioned stress
 A thoroughfare for freedom beat
 Across the wilderness!
 America! America!
 God shed his grace on thee
 Till paths be wrought through
 wilds of thought
 By pilgrim foot and knee!

O beautiful for heroes proved
 In liberating strife.
 Who more than self their country loved
 And mercy more than life!
 America! America!
 May God thy gold refine
 Till all success be nobleness
 And every gain divine!

O beautiful for glory-tale
 Of liberating strife
 When once and twice,
 for man's avail
 Men lavished precious life!
 America! America!
 God shed his grace on thee
 Till selfish gain no longer stain
 The banner of the free!

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

O beautiful for patriot dream
 That sees beyond the years
 Thine alabaster cities gleam
 Undimmed by human tears!
 America! America!
 God shed his grace on thee
 Till nobler men keep once again
 Thy whiter jubilee!

This Land is Your Land

words and music by Woody Guthrie

This land is your land, this land is my land
From California, to the New York Island
From the redwood forest, to the gulf stream waters
This land was made for you and me
As I was walking a ribbon of highway
I saw above me an endless skyway
I saw below me a golden valley
This land was made for you and me

Chorus

I've roamed and rambled and I've followed my footsteps
To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts
And all around me a voice was sounding
This land was made for you and me

Chorus

The sun comes shining as I was strolling
The wheat fields waving and the dust clouds rolling
The fog was lifting a voice come chanting
This land was made for you and me

Chorus

As I was walkin' - I saw a sign there
And that sign said - no tress passin'
But on the other side it didn't say nothin!
Now that side was made for you and me!

Chorus

In the squares of the city - In the shadow of the steeple
Near the relief office - I see my people
And some are grumblin' and some are wonderin'
If this land's still made for you and me.

Chorus (2x)

30

Fiddler's Green

7

Intro - Last line of chorus

As I roamed by the dockside one evening so fair
To view the still water and take the salt air
I heard an old fisherman singing this song
Won't you take me away boys me time is not long

Chorus

Wrap me up in me oil-skin and jumper
No more on the docks I'll be seen
Just tell me old shipmates, I'm taking a trip mates
And I'll see you some day in Fiddler's Green

Now Fiddler's Green is a place I heard tell
Where the fishermen go if they don't go to hell
Where the skies are all clear and the dolphins do play
And the cold coast of Greenland is far, far away

Chorus

When you get on the docks and the long trip is through
There's pubs and there's clubs and there's lassies there too
Where the girls are all pretty and the beer it is free
And there's bottles of rum growing from every tree

Chorus

Now, I don't want a harp nor a halo, not me
Just give me a breeze and a good rolling sea
I'll play me old squeeze-box as we sail along
With the wind in the rigging to sing me a song

Chorus x 2

Fiddler's Green is the happy land imagined by sailors where there is perpetual mirth, a fiddle that never stops playing and dancers that never tire. It features in an old English legend: *They say that an old salt who is tired of seagoing should walk inland with an oar over his shoulder. When he comes to a pretty little village deep in the country and the people ask him what he is carrying... he will know that he's found Fiddlers Green. The people give him a seat in the sun outside the Village Inn with a glass of grog that refills itself every time he drains the last drop and a pipe forever smoking with fragrant tobacco. From then onwards he has nothing to do but enjoy his glass and pipe and watch the maidens dancing to the music of a fiddle on Fiddlers Green.* It is also the subject of numerous songs, including this Irish sea chanty "fiddler's green" about a seaman who is dying at sea.

Rosin the Beau

(or Rosin the Bow)

(Chorus after each verse = last phrase of verse twice, followed by last line of verse)

C Am
I've traveled all over this world and now to another I go

C F C G7 C
And I know that good quarters are waiting to welcome old Rosin the Bow
Chorus

C G7 F C Am
To welcome old Rosin the Bow, to welcome old Rosin the Bow

C F C G7 C
And I know that good quarters are waiting to welcome old Rosin the Bow

When I'm dead and laid out on the counter, a voice you will hear from below
Saying, 'Send down a hogshead of whiskey to drink with old Rosin the Bow

Chorus

To drink with old Rosin the Bow, to drink with old Rosin the Bow
Saying, 'Send down a hogshead of whiskey to drink with old Rosin the Bow
And get a half dozen stout fellows and stack them all up in a row
Let them drink out of half gallon bottles to the memory of Rosin the Bow
(Chorus as described at top of page)

Get this half dozen stout fellows and let hem all stagger and go
And dig a great hole in the meadow and in it put Rosin the Bow
Change - Key D
Get ye a couple of bottles. Put one at me head and me toe
With a diamond ring scratch upon them the name of old Rosin the Bow
I feel that old tyrant approaching, that cruel remorseless old fool
And I lift up me glass in his honour to drink with old Rosin the Bow
Last chorus twice

It's Hard to be Humble

Mac Davis

Oh Lord it's hard to be humble,
when you're perfect in every way.
I can't wait to look in the mirror
'cos I get better looking each day
to know me is to love me
I must be a hell of a man.
O Lord it's hard to be humble
but I'm doing the best that I can.

I used to have a girlfriend
but I guess she just couldn't complete
with all of these love starved women
who keep clamoring at my feet.
Well I probably find me another
but I guess they're all in awe of me
who cares I never get lonesome
cause I treasure my own company.

Ohhhh.....

Chorus: repeat first verse

I guess you can say I'm a loner
a cowboy outlaw tough and proud
Well I could have lots of friends if I wanted
but then I wouldn't stand out from the crowd
some folks say that I'm "egotistical"
well I don't even know what that means
I guess it has something to do with the
way that I fill out my skintight blue jeans.

Ohhhh.....

Chorus: repeat first verse

Yeee-haw!

Put Another Log on the Fire

Shel Silverstein

Put another log on the fire.
Cook me up some bacon and some beans.
And go out to the car and change the tire.
Wash my socks and sew my old blue jeans.
Come on, baby, you can fill my pipe,
And then go fetch my slippers.
And boil me up another pot of tea.
Then put another log on the fire, babe,
And come and tell me why you're leaving me.

Now don't I let you wash the car on Sunday?
Don't I warn you when you're gettin' fat?
Ain't I a-gonna take you fishin' with me someday?
Well, a man can't love a woman more than that.
Ain't I always nice to your kid sister?
Don't I take her driving every night?
So, sit here at my feet 'cos I like you when you're sweet,
And you know it ain't feminine to fight.

So, put another log on the fire.
Cook me up some bacon and some beans.
Go out to the car and lift it up and change the tyre.
Wash my socks and sew my old blue jeans.
Come on, baby, you can fill my pipe,
And then go fetch my slippers.
And boil me up another pot of tea.
Then put another log on the fire, babe,
And come and tell me why you're leaving me.

Lay of the Old Settler

I've traveled all over this country Prospecting and digging for gold; I've tunneled, hydraulicked and cradled, And I have been frequently sold —

And I have been frequently so-o-old, And I have been frequently sold: I've tunneled, hydraulicked and cradled, And I have been frequently sold!

For one who gained riches by mining, Perceiving that hundreds grew poor, I made up my mind to try farming, The only pursuit that was sure — The only pursuit that was su-u-ure, The only pursuit that was sure, I made up my mind to try farming, The only pursuit that was sure!

So, rolling my grub in my blanket, I left all my tools on the ground And started one morning to shank it For the country they call Puget Sound —

For the country they call Puget Sou-ou-ound, For the country they call Puget Sound, I started one morning to shank it For the country they call Puget Sound.

Arriving flat broke in midwinter, I found the land shrouded in fog And covered all over with timber Thick as hairs on the back of a dog —

Thick as hairs on the back of a do-o-og, Thick as hairs on the back of a dog — And covered all over with timber Thick as hairs on the back of a dog!

When I looked on the prospects so gloomy, The tears trickled over my face And I thought that my travels had brought me To the end of the jumping-off place!

To the end of the jumping-off pla-a-ace, To the end of the jumping-off place: I thought that my travels had brought me To the end of the jumping-off place.

I staked me a claim in the forest, And sat myself down to hard toil: For six years I chopped and I labored, But I never got down to the soil —

But I never got down to the soi-oi-oil, I never got down to the soil: For six years I chopped and I labored, But I never got down to the soil!

I tried to get out of the country, But poverty forced me to stay — Until I became an old settler, Then nothing could drive me away!

Then nothing could drive me away-ay-ay, Then nothing could drive me away! Until I became an old settler — Then nothing could drive me away!

And now that I'm used to the climate, I think that if a man ever found A place to live easy and happy, That Eden is on Puget Sound —

That Eden is on Puget Sou-ou-ound, That Eden is on Puget Sound — A place to live easy and happy? That Eden is on Puget Sound!

No longer the slave of ambition, I laugh at the world and its shams As I think of my pleasant condition, Surrounded by acres of clams —

Surrounded by acres of cla-a-ams, Surrounded by acres of clams, As I think of my happy condition, Surrounded by acres of clams!

Whiskey In The Jar

(Intro – C – Am – F – G -)

C Am

As I was going over the Cork and Kerry mountains

F C

I met with Captain Farrell and his money he was counting

C Am

I first produced my pistol and then produced my rapier

F C

Sayin' "Stand and deliver for I am your bold deceiver."

Chorus

G C

Musha-ring-um-a-durum-a-da, whack-fol-the-daddy-oh

F C G C

Whack-fol-the-daddy-oh, there's whiskey in the jar

He counted out his money and it made a pretty penny

I put it in my pocket and I took it home to Jenny

She sighed and she swore that she never would deceive me

But the devil take the women for they never can be easy

Chorus

I went into my chamber all for to take a slumber

I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure, it was no wonder

For my Jenny took my charges and she filled them up with water

And she sent for Captain Farrell to be ready for the slaughter

Chorus

T'was early in the mornin', before I rose to travel

Up comes a band of footmen and likewise Captain Farrell

I then produced my pistol for she stole away my rapier

But I couldn't shoot the water so a prisoner I was taken

Chorus

Now if anyone can aid me it's my brother in the army

If I could learn his station in Cork or in Killarney

And if he'd come and join me, we'd go roving in Killkenny

I swear he'd treat me fairer than my darlin' sportin' Jenny

Chorus x 2

I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry

(Hank Williams)

Hear that lonesome whippoorwill

He sounds too blue to fly

The midnight train is whining low

I'm so lonesome I could cry

I've never seen a night so long

When time goes crawling by

The moon just went behind the clouds

To hide its face and cry

Did you ever see a robin weep?

When leaves begin to die

Like me he's lost the will to live

I'm so lonesome I could cry

The silence of a falling star

Lights up a purple sky

And as I wonder where you are

I'm so lonesome I could cry

Deep In The Heart Of Texas

The stars at night are big and bright, Deep in the heart of Texas;

The prairie sky is wide and high, Deep in the heart of Texas.

The sage in bloom is like perfume, Deep in the heart of Texas;

Reminds me of the one I love, Deep in the heart of Texas.

The coyotes wail along the trail, Deep in the heart of Texas;

The rabbits rush around the brush, Deep in the heart of Texas.

The cowboys cry, "Ki-Yip-Pee-Yi", Deep in the heart of Texas;

The doggies bawl, and bawl and bawl, Deep in the heart of Texas.

Home on the Range

(The Western Home) April-1873

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 sky is not cloudy all day.

"Chorus"

A home, a home
Where the deer and the antelope play,
Where never is heard a discouraging word
And the sky is not cloudy all day.

Oh, give me land the land
There the bright diamond sand
Throws its light on the glittering stream
Where glideth along
The graceful white swam
Like a maid in her heavenly dream.

Oh, give me the gale
Of the Solomon vale
Where the life stream of buoyancy flows
On the banks of the Beaver
Where seldom, if ever
Any poisonous herbage doth grow.

I love the wild flowers
In this bright land of ours,
I love, too, the wild curler's scream
The bluffs and white rocks
And antelope flocks,
That graze on the mountain so green.

A home, a home
Where the deer and the antelope play,
Where never is heard
A discouraging word,
And the sky is not cloudy all day.

How often at night
When the heavens were bright
By the light of the twinkling stars,
Have I stood here amazed
And asked as I gazed
If there glory exceeds that of ours.

The air is so clear,
The breeze so pure,
The zephyr so balmy and light;
I would not exchange
My home here on range
Forever in assure so bright.

A home, a home
Where the deer and the antelope play;
Where never is heard
A discouraging word
And the sky is not cloudy all day.

Garry Owen

*Note: This song was the official song
of Col. George A. Custer's 7th Cavalry.*

Let Bacchus' sons be not dismayed
But join with me, each jovial blade
Come, drink and sing and lend your aid
To help me with the chorus:

Chorus:

Instead of spa, we'll drink brown ale
And pay the reckoning on the nail;
No man for debt shall go to jail
From Garryowen in glory.

We'll beat the bailiffs out of fun,
We'll make the mayor and sheriffs run
We are the boys no man dares dun
If he regards a whole skin.

Chorus:

Our hearts so stout have got no fame
For soon 'tis known from whence we came
Where'er we go they fear the name
Of Garryowen in glory.

Chorus:

Irish Washerwomen

When I was at home I was merry and frisky,
 My dad kept a pig and my mother sold whisky,
 My uncle was rich, but never would by aisey
 Till I was enlisted by Corporal Casey.
 Och! rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey,
 My dear little Shelah, I thought would run crazy,
 When I trudged away with tough Corporal Casey.

I marched from Kilkenny, and, as I was thinking
 On Shelah, my heart in my bosom was sinking,
 But soon I was forced to look fresh as a daisy,
 For fear of a drubbing from Corporal Casey.
 Och! rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey!
 The devil go with him, I ne'er could be lazy,
 He struck my shirts so, ould Corporal Casey.

We went into battle, I took the blows fairly
 That fell on my pate, but they bothered me rarely,
 And who should the first be that dropped, why, and please ye,
 It was my good friend, honest Corporal Casey.
 Och! rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey!
 Thinks I you are quiet, and I shall be aisey,
 So eight years I fought without Corporal Casey.

McTavish is Dead – Boy Scout Version

Mc Tavish is dead,
 and his brother dont know it,
 his brother is dead
 and Mc Tavish dont know it,
 They both lie dead in the very same bed,
 and neither one knows that the other is dead.

Note: When singing "McTavish is Dead", the idea is to sing it through several times, going faster each time.

Home Sweet Home

Mid Pleasures and palaces though I may roam,
 Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
 A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
 Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Home! Sweet, sweet home!
 There's no place like home.
 There's no place like home.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,
 Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
 The birds singing gaily, that come at my call;
 Give me them, with that peace of mind, dearer than all.

CHORUS

To thee, I'll return, overburdened with care,
 The heart's dearest solace will smile on me there.
 No more from that cottage again will I roam,
 Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild,
 And feel like my mother now thinks of her child.
 As she looks on that moon from our own cottage door,
 Thro' the woodbine whose fragrance shall cheer me no more.

The home that Payne wrote of was a little cottage in East Hampton, Long Island. The song was first heard in London in his play "Clari" in 1823

Red River Valley

From this valley they say you are going
 We will miss your bright eyes and sweet smile
 For they say you are taking the sunshine
 That has brightened our path for a while

*Come and sit by my side if you love me
 Do not hasten to bid me adieu
 But remember the Red River Valley
 And the cowboy who loved you so true*

Won't you think of the valley you're leaving
 Oh how lonely, how sad it will be?
 Oh think of the fond heart you're breaking
 And the grief you are causing to me

*Come and sit by my side if you love me
 Do not hasten to bid me adieu
 But remember the Red River Valley
 And the cowboy who loved you so true*

As you go to your home by the ocean
 May you never forget those sweet hours
 That we spent in the Red River Valley
 And the love we exchanged mid the flowers

*Come and sit by my side if you love me
 Do not hasten to bid me adieu
 But remember the Red River Valley
 And the cowboy who loved you so true*

Irish Jaunting Car

My name is Larry Doolan, I'm a native of the soil,
 If you want a day's diversion, I'll drive you out in style,
 My car is painted red and green, and on the door a star,
 And the pride of Dublin city is my Irish jaunting car.

CHORUS:

Then if you want to hire me, step into Mickey Mar's,
 And ask for Larry Doolan, and his Irish jaunting cars.
 When Queen Victoria came to Ireland her health to revive,
 She asked the Lord Lieutenant to take her out to ride,
 She replied unto his greatness, before they travl'd far,
 How delightful was the jogging of the Irish jaunting car.

CHORUS

I'm hired by drunken men, teetotalers, and my friends,
 But a carman has so much to do, his duty never ends;
 Night and day both wet and dry, I travel near and far,
 And at night I count the earnings of my Irish jaunting car.

CHORUS

Some say the Russian bear is tough, and I believe it's true,
 Though we beat them at the Alma and Balaklava too,
 But if our Connaught Rangers would bring home the Russian Czar,
 I would drive them off to blazes in my Irish Jaunting Car.

CHORUS

Some say all wars are over, and I hope to God they are,
 For you know full well they never were good for a Jaunting Car,
 But peace and plenty - may they reign here both near and far,
 Then we'll drive to feasts and festivals in an Irish Jaunting car.

CHORUS

They say they are in want of men, the French and English too,
 And it's all about their commerce now they don't know what to do;
 But if they come to Ireland, our jolly sons to mar,
 I'll drive then to the devil in my Irish jaunting car.

CHORUS

Bonnie Blue Flag

We are a band of brothers,
Native to the soil
Fighting for the property
We gained by honest toil.
And when our rights were threatened,
The cry rose near and far;
Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag
That bears a single star!

chorus:
Hurrah! Hurrah!
For Southern rights, Hurrah!
Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag
That bears a single star!

As long as the Union
Was faithful to her trust,
Like friends and brethren,
kind were we, and just;
But now, when Northern treachery
Attempts our rights to mar,
We hoist on high the Bonnie Blue flag
That bears a single star.

First gallant South Carolina
Nobly made the stand,
Then came Alabama
And took her by the hand;
Next, quickly, Mississippi,
Georgia, and Florida,
All raised on high the Bonnie Blue flag
That bears a single star.

Ye men of valor gather round
The banner of the right,
Texas and fair Louisiana
Join us in the fight;
Davis, our loved President,
And Stephens statesmen are;
Now rally round the Bonnie Blue Flag
That bears a single star.

And here's to brave Virginia,
The Old Dominion State.
With the young Confederacy
At length has linked her fate.
Impelled by her example,
Now other States prepare
To hoist on high the Bonnie Blue flag
That bears a single star.

Then here's to our Confederacy,
Strong we are and brave,
Like patriots of old we'll fight,
Our heritage to save.
And rather than submit to shame,
To die we would prefer
So cheer for the Bonnie Blue flag
That bears a single star.

Then cheer, boys, cheer,
Raise a joyous shout
For Arkansas and North Carolina
Now have both gone out;
And let another rousing cheer
For Tennessee be given
The single star of the Bonnie Blue Flag
Has grown to be eleven!!

Golden Slippers

Oh, my golden slippers are laid away
Cause I don't spect to were'em till my wedding day
And my long tall coat that I love so well
I will wear up in the chariot in the morn
And my long white robe that I bought last June
I'm gonna get changed cause it fits too soon
And the old grey horse that I used to drive
I will hitch him to the chariot in the morn

Oh, them golden slippers
Oh, them golden slippers
Golden slippers I'm gonna wear Because they look so near
Oh, them golden slippers
Oh, them golden slippers Golden slippers I'm a gonna wear
To walk the golden street

Oh, my ol' banjo hangs on the wall
Cause it ain't been turned since way last fall
But the folks all say we'll have a good time
When we ride up in the chariot in the morn
There's old Brother Ben and his sister Luce
They will telegraph the news to Uncle Bacco Juice
What a great camp meeting there will be that day
When we ride up in the chariot in the morn

Refrain

So, its goodbye, children, I will have to go,
Where the rain don't fall and the wind don't blow
And your ulster coat, why, you will not need
When you ride up in the chariot in the morn
But your golden slippers must be nice and clean
And your age must be just sweet sixteen
And your white kid gloves you will have to wear
When you ride up in the chariot in the morn

* Refrain

OH, Susanna

(Stephen Foster)

I come from Alabama,
 With my banjo on my knee;
 I'm goin' 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;
 I've come from Alabama, With my banjo
 on my knee.

Oh, Susanna, oh, don't you cry for me;
 I've 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-commin' down
 the hill.

The buckwheat cake was in her mouth,
 The tear was in her eye;
 Says I, I'm commin' from the South;
 Susanna, don't you cry.

The Girl I Left Behind Me

I'm lonesome since I crossed the hill
 And o'er the moor and valley
 Such heavy thoughts my heart do fill
 Since parting from my Sally
 I seek no more the fine and gay
 For each doth but remind me
 How swiftly passed the hours away
 With the girl I left behind me.

Oh ne'er shall I forget that night
 The stars were bright above me
 And gently lent their silv'ry light
 When first she vowed to love me
 But now I'm bound for Brighton camp
 Kind heaven then pray guide me
 And send me safely back again
 To the girl I left behind me.

Her golden hair in ringlets fair
 Her eyes like diamonds shining
 Her slender waist, with carriage chaste
 May leave the swain repining
 Ye Gods above! Oh hear my prayer!
 Thy beauteous fair to bind me
 And send me safely back again
 To the girl I left behind me.

Tenting on the Old Campground

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

Chorus:

*Many are the hearts that are weary tonight,
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts that are looking for the right
To see the dawn of peace.*

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

Chorus

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

Chorus

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

Final Chorus:

*Many are the heart that are weary tonight,
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts that are looking for the right
To see the dawn of peace
Dying tonight, dying tonight, dying on the old camp ground.*

Clementine

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.

Chorus

Drove she ducklings to the water
Ev'ry morning just at nine,
Hit her foot against a splinter,
Fell into the foaming brine.

Chorus

Ruby lips above the water,
Blowing bubbles, soft and fine,
But, alas, I was no swimmer,
So I lost my Clementine.

Chorus

How I missed her! How I missed her,
How I missed my Clementine,
But I kissed her little sister,
I forgot my Clementine.

Chorus

J. H. Johnson, Song Publisher, 7 North Tenth St., Philadelphia.

After the Battle MOTHER.

The music of this song is published by ROOT & CADY, 95 Clark St.,
Chicago, Ill.

Still upon the field of battle
I am lying, mother dear,
With my wounded comrades waiting
For the morning to appear;
Many sleep to waken never,
In this world of strife and death,
And many more are faintly calling
With their feeble, dying breath.

CHORUS—Mother dear, your boy is wounded,
And the night is drear with pain,
But still I feel that I shall see you
And the dear old home again.

Oh, the first great charge was fearful,
And a thousand brave men fell,
Still, amid the dreadful carnage,
I was safe from shot and shell;
So amid the fatal shower,
I had nearly passed the day,
When here the dreaded minnie struck me,
And I sunk amid the fray. (CHORUS.)

Oh, the glorious cheer of triumph,
When the foemen turned and fled,
Leaving us the field of battle,
Strewn with dying and with dead;
Oh, the torture and the anguish,
That I could not follow on,
But here, amid my fallen comrades,
I must wait till morning's dawn. (CHORUS.)

Learn to dance, from Prof. C. Brooks'

BALL ROOM MONITOR,
Price 25 Cents.

Kromer's (Upham's) Hair Dye, 50 cts. a box, natural, durable, beautiful, warranted to please, superior to any Hair Dye or Hair Color in the market, boxes are larger than the dyes which sell for \$1. Sold by all druggists. Kromer's Patent Medicine House, 403 Chesnut St. Philada.

Tramp, Tramp, Tramp

(Children of the Lord)

In the prison cell I sit,
Thinking Mother dear of you,
And our bright and happy home so far away,
And the tears they fill my eyes
Spite of all that I can do
Though I try to cheer my comrades
and be gay.

Chorus:

Tramp! tramp! tramp!
The boys are marching
Cheer up comrades,
They will come.
And beneath the starry flag
We shall breathe the air again
Of the free land in our own beloved home.

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.

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.

Loch Lomond

18

By yon bonnie banks
And by yon bonnie braes,
Where the sun shines bright
On Loch Lomond
Oh we twa ha'e pass'd
sae mony blithesome days,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks
O' Loch Lomond.

Chorus

*Oh ye'll tak' the high road
and I'll tak' the low road,
An' I'll be in Scotland before ye',
But wae is my heart until we meet again
On the Bonnie, bonnie banks
O' Loch Lomond.*

I mind where we parted
In yon shady glen
On the steep, steep side
O' Ben Lomon'
Where in purple hue
The highland hills we view
And the morn shines out
Frae the gloamin'

Chorus

The wee bird may sing
An' the wild flowers spring;
An' in sunshine the waters are sleepin'
But the broken heart
It sees nae second spring,
And the world does na ken
How we're greetin'

Chorus

Scotland The Brave

19

Hark when the night is falling
Hear! hear the pipes are calling,
Loudly and proudly calling,
Down thro' the glen.
There where the hills are sleeping,
Now feel the blood a-leaping,
High as the spirits
Of the old Highland men.

Chorus:

Towering in gallant fame,
Scotland my mountain hame,
High may your proud standards
Gloriously wave,
Land of my high endeavour,
Land of the shining river,
Land of my heart for ever,
Scotland the brave.

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

Chorus

3. Far off in sunlit places,
Sad are the Scottish faces,
Yearning to feel the kiss
Of sweet Scottish rain.
Where tropic skies are beaming,
Love sets the heart a-dreaming,
Longing and dreaming
For the homeland again.

Chorus

Tune List

- 1 Jambalaya
- 2 Sloop John B
- 3 Grandfather's Clock
- 4 I'm My own Grandpa
- 5 Finnegan's Wake
- 6 Mountain Dew
- 7 Fiddler's Green
- 8 Rosin the Beau
- 9 Lay of the Old Settler
- 10 Whiskey in the Jar
- 11 Garry Owen
- 12 Irish Washerwoman
- 13 Irish Jaunting Car
- 14 Bonnie Blue Flag
- 15 The Girl I Left Behind Me
- 16 Tenting on the Old Campground
- 17 Tramp, Tramp, Tramp
- 18 Loch Lomond
- 19 Scotland the Brave
- 20 After the Battle Mother
- 21 Clementine
- 22 Oh, Susanna
- 23 Golden Slippers
- 24 Red River Valley
- 25 Home Sweet Home
- 26 Home on the Range
- 27 I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry, Deep in the Heart of Texas
- 28 Put Another Log on the Fire
- 29 It's Hard to be Humble
- 30 This Land is Your Land
- 31 America the Beautiful
- 32 Blowin' in the Wind, Amazing Grace
- 33 Flea / Billboard
- 34 The Battle of New Orleans
- 35 We're Here Because We're Here, Three Rodents, Two Fleas
- 36 Jaws, Gopher Guts, Mom Wash my Underwear
- 37 Titanic

TITANIC

37

Well they built the ship Titanic, to sail the ocean blue,
And they said it was the ship that the sea could not break through.
It was on its maiden voyage when an iceberg hit the ship
It was sad when the great ship went down.

chorus

It was sad, so sad.
It was sad, so sad.
It was sad when the great ship went down
To the bottom of the sea.

Husbands and wives, little kiddies lost their lives!
It was sad when the great ship went down.
It was off the English shore 'bout a thousand miles or more
When the rich refused to associate with the poor.
So they put 'em down below, and they were the first to go.
It was sad when the great ship went down.

chorus

Little children wept and cried as the waves broke over the side,
And the band, they played "Oh Lord with me abide,"
And the brave helped the weak as the ship began to sink,
It was sad when the great ship went down.

chorus

The moral to be gained from this tale of woe and pain
Is that if your rich, then do not be so vain.
'Cause in the good Lord's eyes, your the same as other guys.
It was sad when the great ship went down.

chorus

So they built another ship, called Titanic number two,
And they said it was the ship that the sea could not break through!
So they christened it with beer, and it sank right off the pier,
It was sad when the great ship went down.

chorus

Additional Songs

Ballad Of the Green Berets

by Sgt. Barry Sadler

Fighting soldiers from the sky
Fearless men who jump and die
Men who mean just what they say
The brave men of the Green Beret

Chorus:

Silver wings upon their chest
These are men, America's best
One hundred men will test today
But only three win the Green Beret

Trained to live off nature's land
Trained in combat, hand-to-hand
Men who fight by night and day
Courage peak from the Green Berets

(Chorus) Silver wings upon their chest
These are men, America's best
One hundred men will test today
But only three win the Green Beret

Back at home a young wife waits
Her Green Beret has met his fate
He has died for those oppressed
Leaving her his last request
"Put silver wings on my son's chest
Make him one of America's best
He'll be a man they'll test one day
Have him win the Green Beret"

(Chorus) Silver wings upon their chest
These are men, America's best
One hundred men will test today
But only three win the Green Beret

National Embalming School

Tune: starts with "O Tannenbaum"

We live for you, we die for you.
National Embalming School.
We do our best to make you rest.
National Embalming School.

And when you die, we dig a hole
And throw you in to turn to mold.
We live for you, we die for you,
National Embalming School.

Post Mortem, Post Mortem, Post Mortem.
Autopsy we must go.
Post Mortem, Post Mortem, Post Mortem.
Autopsy we must go.

Slash, gash, bash the body.
We must find a reason.
Oh, how the body stinks
It must be out of season.

We live for you, we die for you.
National Embalming School.

Shaving Cream

I have a sad story to tell you,
It may hurt your feelings a bit.
Last night when I walked into my
bathroom,
I stepped in a big pile of ...

Shhhhhaving cream, be nice and clean,
shave every day and you'll always look
keen.

A baby fell out of the window,
You'd think that her head would be split,
But good luck was with her that morning,
she fell in a barrel of...

Shhhhhaving cream, be nice and clean
shave every day and you'll always look
keen.

An old lady died in the bath tub.
She died from a terrible fit.
In order to fulfill her wishes,
She was buried in six feet of...

Shhhhhaving cream, be nice and clean
Shave every day and you'll always look
keen.

I went for a hike with Troop 4,
At lunch time I looked in my kit,
I thought I would find me a sandwich,
But the darned thing was loaded with...

Shhhhhaving cream, be nice and clean
Shave every day and you'll always look
keen.

While watching a swell game of baseball,
One player got him a nice hit.
While on his way down to first base,
He stepped in a big pile of...

Shhhhhaving cream, be nice and clean
Shave every day and you'll always look
keen.

Our baby got into some peaches,
We thought he had swallowed a pit.
Next morning we looked in his diaper,
But the darned thing was loaded with...

Shhhhhaving cream, be nice and clean
shave every day and you'll always look
keen.

And now folks my story is ended,
I think it is time I should quit,
If any of you feel offended,
Stick your head in a bucket of...

Shhhhhaving cream, be nice and clean
Shave every day and you'll always look
keen.

The Lumberjack Song

Monty Python

Leaping from tree to tree, as they float
down the mighty rivers of British
Columbia. The Giant Redwood. The
Larch. The Fir! The mighty Scots Pine!
The lofty flowering Cherry! The plucky
little Apsen! The limping Roo tree of
Nigeria. The towering Wattle of Aldershot!
The Maidenhead Weeping Water Plant!
The naughty Leicestershire Flashing Oak!
The flatulent Elm of West Ruislip! The
Quercus Maximus Bamber Gascoigni!
The Epigillus! The Barter Hughius
Greenus!

With my best buddy by my side, we'd
sing! Sing! Sing!

OH'...
I'm a lumberjack, and I'm okay.
I sleep all night and I work all day.

He's a lumberjack, and he's okay.
He sleeps all night and he works all day.

I cut down trees. I eat my lunch.
I go to the lavatory.
On Wednesdays I go shoppin'
And have buttered scones for tea.

He cuts down trees. He eats his lunch.
He goes to the lavatory.
On Wednesdays he goes shopping
And has buttered scones for tea.

He's a lumberjack, and he's okay.
He sleeps all night and he works all day.

I cut down trees. I skip and jump.
I like to press wild flowers.
I put on women's clothing
And hang around in bars.

He cuts down trees. He skips and jumps.
He likes to press wild flowers.
He puts on women's clothing
And hangs around in bars?!

He's a lumberjack, and he's okay.
He sleeps all night and he works all day.

I cut down trees. I wear high heels,
Suspendies, and a bra.
I wish I'd been a girlie,
Just like my dear Papa.

He cuts down trees. He wears high heels,
Suspendies, and a bra?!

[talking]
What's this? Wants to be a girlie?! Oh,
My!
And I thought you were so rugged!
Poofter!...

[singing]
He's a lumberjack, and he's okay.
He sleeps all night and he works all day.

He's a lumberjack, and he's okaaaaay.
He sleeps all night and he works all day.

The Ash Grove

5

Down yonder green valley where streamlets meander,
When twilight is fading, I pensively rove,
Or at the bright noontide in solitude wander
Amid the dark shades of the lonely Ash grove.

'Twas there while the blackbird was joyfully singing,
I first met my dear one, the joy of my heart;
Around us for gladness the bluebells were ringing,
Ah! then little thought I how soon we should part.

Still grows the bright sunshine o'er valley and mountain,
Still warbles the blackbird his note from the tree;
Still trembles the moonbeam on streamlet and fountain,
But what are the beauties of nature to me.

With sorrow, deep sorrow, my bosom is laden,
All day I go mourning in search of my love.
Ye echoes, O tell me, where is the sweet maiden?
She sleeps 'neath the green turf down by the Ash grove.

Sent Forth by God's Blessing

by Omer Westendorf (c) 1964 World Library Publications

Sent forth by God's blessing, our true faith confessing,
The people of God from this dwelling take leave.
The supper is ended. Oh, now be extended
The fruits of this service in all who believe.

The fruit of Christ's teaching, receptive souls reaching, Shall blossom
in action for God and for all. His grace did invite us, his love shall
unite us To work for God's kingdom and answer his call.

With praise and thanksgiving to God everliving
The tasks of our ev'ryday life we will face.
Our fait ever sharing, in love ever caring,
Embracing the children of each tribe and race.

With your feast you feed us, with your light now lead us, Unite us as
one in this life that we share. Then may all the living with praise and
thanksgiving Give honour to Christ and his name that we bear.

6

Man of Constant Sorrow

(In constant sorrow all through his days)

I am a man of constant sorrow
I've seen trouble all my days
I bid farewell to old Kentucky
The place where I was borned and raised
(The place where he was borned and raised)

For six long years I've been in trouble
No pleasure here on earth I find
For in this world I'm bound to ramble
I have no friends to help me now
(He has no friends to help him now)

It's fare thee 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
(Perhaps he'll die upon this train)

You can bury me in some deep valley
For many years where I may lay
Then you may learn to love another
While I am sleeping in my grave
(While he is sleeping in his grave)

Maybe your friends think I'm just a stranger
My face you'll never will see no more
But there is one promise that is given
I'll meet you on God's golden shore
(He 'll meet you on God's golden shore)