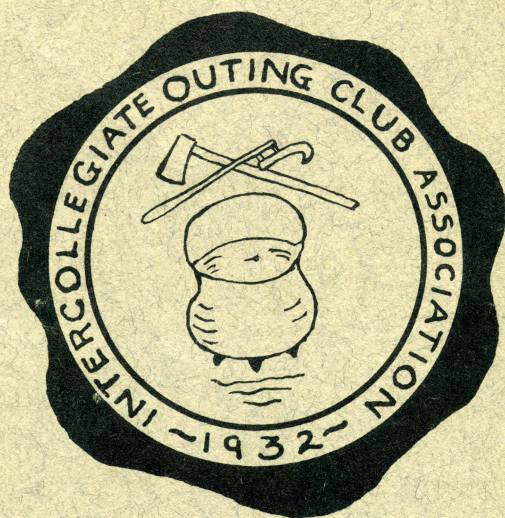


Sandy

I O C A



SONG - FEST

I. O. C. A. SONGS

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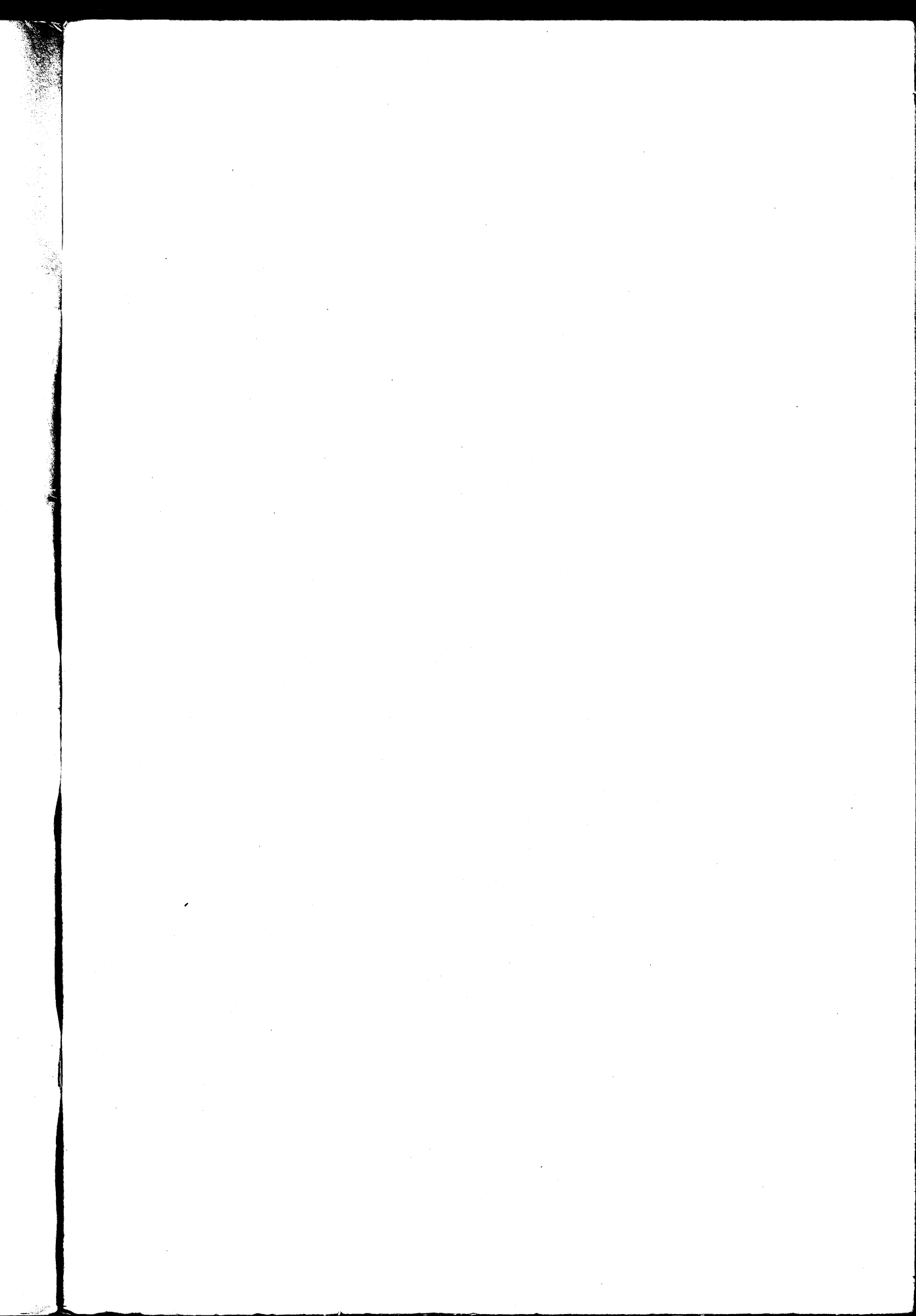
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I.O.C.A. SONG

Tramp, tramp, tramp, high on the mountain,
Crashing through brush with heart so free.
Old dungarees are what we're found in-
Patched in the rear, and on the knee.
Track, track, track, we cry in winter.
That's the life we love till we break a ski.
In the hay or on the floor
There's always room for more,
I.O.C.A.ers all are wel
I.O.C.A.ers all are wel

Our disorganization is perfect; figureheads we have a few,
But no meetings among 'em, for we have hamstrung 'em,
Cause organization's taboo.
We range o'er the wild Adirondacks, and wallow in mud that's
like glue,
But to places less sodden, like far off Katahdin,
When we're antique alums we'll go too.

Chorus (same as opening refrain)

Give us an old-fashioned barn dance with the village's
best orchestra,
And we'll whirl and gyrate while the walls vibrate in
echo to our jollity,
Tuckerman's riddled with our potholes, when we cartwheel
the Headwall with glee,
But Hell's Highway before us, completely does floor us,
For dub schussers and phannydunkers are wel

Chorus.

ABDULLAH BULBUL AMIR

The sons of the prophet are brave men and bold,
And quite unaccustomed to fear,
But the bravest of all was a man, I am told,
Named Abdullah Bulbul Amir.

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

This son of the desert in battle aroused,
Could spit twenty men on his spear.
A terrible creature when sober or soused,
Was Abdullah Bulbul Amir.

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.

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

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

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 Abdullah Bulbul Amir.

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

So take your last look at the sea, sky and brook,
And send your regrets to the Czar,
For by this I imply, you are going to die,
Mr. Ivan Skavinsky Skivar."

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. Abdullah Bulbul Amir."

Then that bold Mameluke drew his trusty skibouk,
With a great cry of, 'Allah Akbar.'
And with murderous intent he ferociously went
For Ivan Skavinsky Skivar.

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 Abdul and Ivan Skivar.

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

The Sultan drove by in his red-breasted fly,
Expecting the victor to cheer,
But he only drew nigh to hear the last sigh
Of Abdullah Bulbul Amir.

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.

There's a tomb rises up where the Blue Danube rolls,
And 'graved there in characters clear
Are, "Stranger, when passing, oh pray for the soul
Of Abdullah Bulbul Amir."

A splash in the Black Sea one dark moonless night
Caused ripples to spread wide and far.
It was made by a sack fitting close to the back
Of Ivan Skavinsky Skivar.

A Muscovite maiden her lone vigil keeps
'Neath the light of the pale polar star,
And the name that she murmurs so oft' as she weeps.
Is Ivan Skavinsky Skivar.

(When in jubilant mood substitute the following choruses;
Abdullah Bowlful Ofbeer, and Ican Spitwhiskey Quitefar.)

ABOUT THE YEAR OF 1 B. C.

About the year of 1 B.C. our gallant ship put out to sea,
To catch a whale and salt his tail, to salt the end of his tail,
But just about a mile from land the ship began to dance.
And every son of a sailor man put on his working pants.

His pants, his pants, his working pants.
And down into the hold they went, and over the pumps their
backs they bent,
They couldn't sit down, they thought they'd drown,
The deck was too wet to sit down.

Then up spoke Patrick O'Flannely, "Old Jonah is on this ship"
said he,
So straight they ran from Mike to Dan to catch the Jonah man.
And there in the middle of the deck their nibsy Jonah sat,
A lighting a paper cigarette in the crown of his derby hat,
"His hat", say's Pat, "We're on to that."
They gave a whoop, they gave a yell, and over the rail poor
Jonah fell.
Said Mike to Jim, "It's better for him, it's certainly better
for him."

Just then a monstrous whale swam by, and Jonah's trousers
caught his eye.
Say's he by goat, here's a lunch afloat, and he gobbled him
down by his throat.
But soon this monster whale felt sick, He said, "That lunch
was poor".
As I'm alive, I know I must have swallowed a Jonah sure
A JO, A JO, A Jonah sure.
On Mike McGinty he paid a call, and coughed up Jonah, pants
and all.
T'was on the spot if I ne'er forgot, McGinty's corner lot.

"Get out of here" McGinty said, "You can't come here unless
you're dead."
This lot belongs, belongs to me, my wife and my family.
Then straight he called to his gentle wife, a mermaid fat and
pale,
Who gave poor Jonah a fatal stab with the end of her jagged
tail.
And Jonah died upon the spot and bought McGinty's corner lot;
And now they have a firm of three, McGinty and Company

LA CHANSON DU PINARD

Sur les grandes routes de France et de Navarre
Le soldat chante en portant au hasard
Cette chanson romantique et bizard;
C'est la chanson, la chanson du pinard

Le pinard C'est de la vinasse,
Ca rechauffe la place ou ca passe
Vas-y Oscar, Vas-y Oscar
Remplis mon quart, remplis mon quart
Vive le pi pi, vive le pinard

Dans le desert om dit qu'le dromadaire
N'a jamais soif, ce sont des racontars.
S'il ne bois pas, c'est qu'il n'a que d'l'eau claire.
Il boirait bien s'il avait du pinard

On tue les mouches avec de l'insecticide.
On tue les rats avec d'la mort-au-rat,
On tue les hommes avec de la mitraille,
Moi j'tue l'ennui avec le bon pinard

AIN'T GONNA GRIEVE MY LORD

I grieve my Lord (leader) - I grieve my Lord (answer)
From day to day (leader) - From day to day (answer)
I left the straight (leader) - I left the straight (answer)
And narrow way (leader) - And narrow way (answer)
I grieve my Lord from day to day
I left the straight and narrow way
I ain't gonna grieve my Lord no mo.'

I ain't gonna grieve my Lord no mo.' (Thrice)

Oh, the Deacon went down to the cellar to pray,
And he got drunk and he stayed all day.

Oh, the Devil is mad - But I am glad,
He lost a soul - He thought he had.

You can't chew terbaccy, - On the golden shore,
For the Lord ain't got, - No cuspidor.

Oh, you can't get to Heaven - In a rocking chair;
You'll rock right there - And get no where.

The Devil, he wears, - A hypocrite's shoe;
If you don't watch out, - He'll put it on you.

You can't get to Heaven - In a Cadillac,
The brakes won't hold, - You'll slide right back.

You can't get to Heaven - On powder and paint,
'Cause it makes you look - Like what you ain't.

You can't get to Heaven - In a limosine,
For the Lord don't sell - No gasoline.

You can't get to Heaven - On roller skates,
You'll roll right by - those pearly gates.

You can't get to Heaven - In a trolley car
'Cause the darned old thing won't go that far.

You can't get to Heaven - On a pair of skis,
For you'll schuss right by - Saint Peter's knees.

Thats all there is - There ain't no more
Saint Peter said - As he slammed the door.

ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND

Come on and hear, come on and hear,
Alexander's Ragtime Band.
Come on and hear, come on and hear
It's the best band in the land;
They can play a bugle call like you never heard before,
Just so natural that you want to go to war,
It's just the bestest band what am, honey lamb!
Come on along, come on along,
Let me take you by the hand.
Come on along, come on along,
And meet the leader of the band
And if you want to hear the Swanee River
Played in ragtime,
Come on along, come on and hear,
Alexander's Ragtime Band.

ANNE BOLEYN

In the tower of London large as life,
The ghost of Anne Boleyn walks, I declare.
Now Anne Boleyn was once King Henry's wife,
Until he made the headsman bob her hair.
Oh yes, he did her wrong long years ago,
And she comes up at night to tell him so.
With her head tucked underneath her arm,
She walks the bloody tower.
With her head tucked underneath her arm,
At the midnight hour.
She comes to warn King Henry she means giving him what for.
And looks she's going to tell him off for having spilt her gore.
And just in case the headsman wants to give her an encore,
She has her head tucked underneath her arm.
Now sometimes Gay King Henry gives a spread,
For all his pals and gals a ghostly crew.
The headsman carves the joint and cuts the bread,
Then in comes Anne Boleyn to queer the do.
She hauls her head off with a wild war whoop;
And Henry says don't drop it in the soup.

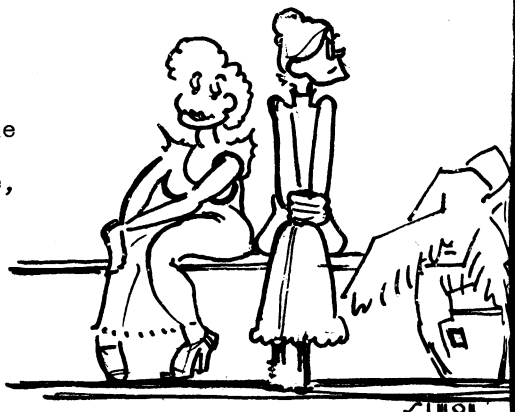
With her head tucked underneath her arm,
 She walks the bloody tower.
 With her head tucked underneath her arm;
 At the midnight hour.
 Along the drafty corridors for miles and miles she goes.
 She often catches cold, poor thing, it's cold there when it blows.
 And it's awfully awkward for the queen to have to blow her nose
 With her head tucked underneath her arm.

ALONE, TEE HEE, ALONE

Tomorrow I go to the Junior Prom, Alone
 Tee Hee, Alone
 And there I will sit with my Chaperone,
 Alone tee hee alone,
 But if some man should wink at
 me,
 I'd smile at him most wickedly,
 And then, perhaps, I should not be,
 Alone tee hee alone.

One day I ordered an oyster
 stew; alone tee hee alone.
 One little oyster swam into view; alone tee hee alone.
 He winked his eye quite merrily,
 "I've been in many a stew." said he.
 "But don't tell the cook that you saw me alone tee hee alone.

I went out for an auto ride; alone tee hee alone.
 A thing I never before had tried; alone tee hee alone.
 The road was steep, and the road was rough,
 I put on the brakes, but they weren't enough,
 And when I woke up, I sat on a bluff; alone tee hee alone.



ALOUETTE

Alouette, gentille Alouette
 Alouette, je te plumerai,
 Je te plumerai la tete (leader)
 Je te plumerai la tete (answer)
 Et la tete, (et la tete) Alouette, Oh---
 (le bec, les yeux, le nez, les pattes; es ailes, le cou)
 and any other corporal parts you can think of in French.

AUSTRALIA

Australia, my lads is a very fine place, Heave away, heave away,
 To be bound for Australia is surely no disgrace.
 We're bound for Australia.

Chor. Heave away, my burly boys.
 HEAVE AWAY, heave away, HEAVE AWAY, heave away
 Heave away, and don't you make a noise.
 We're bound for Australia.

The Cape Cod girls don't use any combs
 HEAVE AWAY, heave away, HEAVE AWAY, heave away
 They comb their hair with the codfish bones
 We're bound for Australia.

Chor.

The Cape Cod boys don't use any sleds
HEAVE AWAY, heave away, HEAVE AWAY, heave away
They slide down the hills on the Codfish heads
We're bound for Australia

ANTOINETTE BURBY

Antoinette Burby lived out in Derby,
A maid divinely fair;
She thought it no heaven a-rising at seven,
Her mind was full of care.
She thought it a pity, a maiden so pretty
Should milk the cows all day
So she took a notion to cause a commotion
She did it in this way;
As the train pulled out of the station (chug, chug)
She gave out this information;
"I'm off for New Haven, so long, good bye;
I'm off for New Haven, I don't know why.
To leave all my good folks in Derby makes me very sad,
For they are the best folks that anybody ever had.
I'm going to sling hash in the Taft Hotel;
As a waitress, I know I'll not fail,
For I have a cravin' to visit New Haven, and Yale, Yale, Yale."

Arrived at the city this maiden so pretty
Did walk down Chapel Street,
And there a young fellow to whom she said "Hello,"
Our heroine did greet.
Oh, the man was a villain, but Netty was willin';
She loved him right away.
Her scruples forsook her, the villian, he took her
Into a swell cafe.
As she took down the first few swallows (gulp, gulp)
She was heard to murmur somewhat incoherently as follows;
"I'm strong for New Haven, believe me kid;
For that is the town where there ain't no lid.
The life in New Haven makes Derby seem so very tame.
I've learned several things I never knew before I came.
I'm going to learn all that there is to know
At least if I keep out of jail
As a fountain of knowledge believe me, some college is
Yale, Yale, Yale."

Next morn at eleven, instead of at seven,
She woke up in dismay,
Her bean it was addled, her brain had skedaddled,
For Netty had passed away.
The warden he brought her a pail of ice-water
Her thirst was so intense;
Her spirit was stricken, her conscience was pricken,
Her head, it felt immense,
As she left the police station.
She gave out this information;
"I'm going back to Derby, so long, good bye;
I'm going back to Derby you all know why,
When I came to New Haven I was so very good, and sweet, and true,
But I've done several things that no lady shouldn't oughta do.
It's back to the milking for Antoinette, a sadder but wiser female
No maiden that's pretty should visit the city, or Yale, Yale, Yale."

ANNIE LAURIE

Maxwellton's braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew,
And 'twas there that Annie Laurie
Gi'ed me her promise true;
Gi'ed me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot shall be,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me doon an' dee.

Her brow is like the snowdrift,
Her throat is like the swan;
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on;
That e'er the sun shone on;
And dark blue is her e'e,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me doon an' dee.

Like dew on th' gowan lying,
Is th' fa' o'her fairy feet,
And like winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet;
Her voice is low and sweet,
And she's a' the world to me,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me doon an' dee.

AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and days of auld lang syne?
Chorus; For auld lang syne, my dear, for auld lang syne,
We'll take a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e ran about the braes and pu'd the gowans fine,
We've wander'd mony a weary foot Sin auld lang syne.

And here's a hand my trusty frien' and gies a hand o' thine;
We'll take a cup o' kindness yet for auld lang syne.

MULES

Tune; Auld Lang Syne

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

ADVERTISE

TUNE; "Auld Lang Syne."

The fish it never cackles 'bout
Its million eggs or so,
The hen is quite a different bird.
One egg - and hear her crow.

The fish we spurn, but crown the hen.
Which leads me to surmise.
Don't hide your light, but blow your horn
It pays to advertise.

OUR BABY DIED

A year ago our baby died; He died committing suicide
Some say he died to spite us, of spinal meningitis.
He was a nasty baby anyhow--and cost us forty dollars.

THE BEER BOTTLE

T'was only an old beer bottle
Floating on the foam;
T'was only an old beer bottle,
A thousand miles from home.
Inside was a piece of paper.
With these words written on,
"Whoever finds this bottle,
Finds the beer all gone."

BELL BOTTOMED TROUSERS

Once I was a ladies' maid down in Drury Lane
My master was so kind to me, my mistress was the same
Along came a sailor as happy as can be,
And he was the cause of all my misery.

CHORUS: Bell-bottomed trousers---coat o' navy blue,
He'll climb the riggin' like his daddy used to do.

He asked me for a kerchief to tie around his head,
He asked me for a candle to light his way to bed;
And I like a silly maid, thinking it no harm
Jumped right in beside him to keep the sailor warm.

CHORUS: Bell-bottomed----etc.

Early in the morning before the break of day.
A one pound note he gave to me and this to me did say;
Maybe you'll have a daughter--maybe you'll have a son,
Take this oh my darling for the damage I have done.

CHORUS: Bell-bottomed----etc.

And if you have a daughter - bounce her on your knee,
But if you have a son - send the bastard off to sea
(rascal)

CHORUS: Bell-bottomed---etc.

THE BELLS OF ST. MARY'S

The bells of St. Mary's ah! hear, they are calling
The young loves, the true loves, who come from the sea
And so my beloved, when red leaves are falling,
The love-bells--shall ring out - ring out for you and me.

BILL

My brother Bill a fireman bold:
He puts out fires.
He went to a fire last night I'm told,
'Cause he puts out fires.
The fire, it lit some dynamite,
And blew poor Bill clear out of sight,
But where he is he'll be all right
'Cause he puts out fires.

THE BOWERY

I went into an auction store,
I don't want to go there any more.
A man was selling a box of socks
Says he, "How much will you give for the box."
Some one says "Two dollars"
I says "Three."
He emptied the box, and he gave it to me.
"I sold you the box, not the socks" says he,
Oh, I'll never go there any more.

CHORUS: The Bowery, oh the bowery,
They do such things and they say such things
In the bowery, the bowery.
Oh, I'll never go there anymore.

BRING BACK MY BONNIE TO ME

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

CHORUS: Bring back, bring back
Bring back, bring back my bonnie to me, to me;
Bring back, bring back,
Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me

Last night as I lay on my pillow,
Last night as I lay on my bed,
Last night as I lay on my pillow
I dreamt that my Bonnie was dead.

Chorus- - - - -

WE'LL BUILD A BUNGALOW

We'll build a bungalow, big enough for two,
Big enough for two, my honey, big enough for two; walla-walla-walla
And when we're married, how happy, we'll be,
Underneath the bamboo, underneath the bamboo tree, boom-boom,
Boom-boom-boom-boom-boom-boom-boom-boom--Oh.

Somebody's been here givin lessons in love
It lacks that inspiration sent from heaven above, walla, walla, walla,
Oh, that kiss you gave me.

Sure was a winner,
You're no beginner,
'Cause somebody's been here before.
You can't fool me.

If you'll be M-I-N-E mine, I'll be T-H-I-N-E thine.
And I'll L-O-V-E love you all the T-I-M-E time.
You are the B-E-S-T best of all the R-E-S-T rest,
And I'll L-O-V-E love you all the T-I-M-E time.

When we P-A-R-K park in the D-A-R-K dark,
It takes an M-I-double-S Miss to make a K-I-double-S kiss,
Will you be M-I-N-E mine, I'll be T-H-I-N-E thine,
And I'll L-O-V-E love you all the T-I-M-E time.

BULLDOG ON THE BANK

Oh, the bulldog on the bank, and the bullfrog in the pool,
Oh, the bulldog on the bank, and the bullfrog in the pool.
Oh, the bulldog on the bank, and the bullfrog in the pool.
The bulldog called the bullfrog a green old water fool.

Oh, the bulldog stooped to catch him, and the snapper caught his paw,
Oh, the bulldog, stooped to catch him, and the snapper caught his paw,
Oh, the bulldog stooped to catch him, and the snapper caught his paw,
And the pollywog died a laughing to see him wag his paw.

Pharaoh's daughter on the bank, Little Moses in the pool,
Pharaoh's daughter on the bank, little Moses in the pool.
Pharaoh's daughter on the bank, little Moses in the pool.
She fished him out with a ten foot pole, and sent him off th school.

CHORUS:

Singing Tra la-la- la-la, singing Tra la-la la-la
Singing Tra la-la- la-la, Tra-la la-la-la-la

BOLD BAD MAN

He was a bold bad man,
And a desperado;
His home was Cripple Creek
In the State of Colorado,
And he had a voice
Like a wild tornado,
And every where he went
He gave a war WHOOP!

She was a cow girl bold,
Riding on the prairie
She rode cross saddle
And her frontname was Mary,
And she had a voice
Like a wild canary;
And everywhere she went
She gave a war WHOOP!

Now this cow girl bold
And the desperado
Fell in love
In the State of Colorado
And then rode around
Like a wild tornado
And everywhere they went
They gave a war WHOOP!

They took a honeymoon
And left the west;
They went to New York City
Just to give the west a rest.
They wrecked the elevated
Claimed it was a jest
And everywhere they went
They gave a war WHOOP!

They went to Coney Island
To see the sights,
The Hootchie Cootchie' dancers
And the ladies dressed in tights,
He got excited
And he shot out all the lights
And everywhere he went
He gave a war WHOOP!

CAISSONS

Over hill, over dale, up and down that dusty trail,
As the Caissons go rolling along.
In and out, hear them shout, Counter right and left about,
As the Caissons go rolling along.
For its hi hi he in the field artillery,
Shout out your numbers loud and strong,
For where e'er you go, you will always know
That the Caissons go rolling along -
Keep them rolling!
That the Caissons go rolling along.

A CAPITAL SHIP

Now, a capital ship for an ocean trip
Was the "Wallopig Window-Blind."
No wind that blew dismayed her crew,
Or troubled the captain's mind.
The man at the wheel was made to feel
Contempt for the wildest blow-w-w,
Though it oft' appeared when the gale had cleared
That he'd been in his bunk below.

Chorus:

So, blow ye winds, heigh ho, a-roving I will go;
I'll stay no more on England's shore,
So let the music play-ay -ay;
I'm off for the morning train,
I'll cross the raging main,
I'm off for my love with a boxing glove
Ten thousand miles away.
(Chorus after each verse)

The bo'sun's mate was very sedate,
Yet fond of amusement, too.
He played hop-scotch with the starboard watch,
While the captain tickled the crew.
The gunner we had was apparently mad,
For he sat on the after ra-ai-ail,
And fired salutes in the captain's boots
In the teeth of a booming gale.

The captain sat on the commodore's hat,
And dined in a royal way
Off pickles and figs, and little roast pigs,
And gunnery bread each day.
The cook was Dutch and behaved as such,
For the diet he served the crew-ew-ew,
Was a couple of tons of hot cross buns
Served up with sugar and glue.

Then we all fell ill as mariners will
On a diet that's rough and crude;
And we shivered and shook as we dipped the cook
In a tub of his gluesome food.
All nautical pride we cast aside,
And we ran the vessel asho-o-ore
On the Gulliby Isles where the poopoo smiles,
And the rubbily ubdugs roar.

Composed of sand was that favored land,
And trimmed with cinnamon straws,
And pink and blue was the pleasing hue,
Of the tickle-toe-teaser's claws.
We sat on the edge of a sandy ledge,
And shot at the whistling bee-ee-ee,
While the ring-tailed bats wore waterproof hats
As they dipped in the shining sea.

On rugbug bark from dawn till dark
We dined till we all had grown
Uncommonly shrunk, when a Chinese junk
Came up from the Terrible Zone.
She was chubby and square, but we didn't much care,
So we cheerily put to sea-ee-ea,
And we left all the crew of the junk to chew
On the bark of the rugbug tree.

CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY

Carry me back to old Virginny
There's where the cotton and the corn and taters grow
There's where the birds warble sweet in the springtime,
There's where this old darkey's heart am longed to go.
There's where I labored so hard for old massa,
Day after day in the field of yellow corn,
No place on earth do I love more sincerely,
Than old Virginny, the state where I was born.

CHORUS:

Carry me back to old Virginny
There's where the cotton and the corn and taters grow
There's where the birds warble sweet in the springtime,
There's where the old darkey's heart am longed to go.

Carry me back to old Virginny,
There let me live till I wither and decay,
Long by the old Dismal Swamp have I wandered,
There's where this old darkey's life will pass away
Massa and Missus have long gone before me,
Soon we will meet on that bright and golden shore,
There we'll be happy and free from all sorrow,
There's where we'll meet, and we'll never part no more.

CHORUS

CASEY JONES

Come all yourounders if you want to hear
The story about a brave engineer;
Now Casey Jones was that rounder's name;
'Twas on a six-eight wheeler that he won his fame.
The caller called Casey at half past four.
He kissed his wife at the station door.
He mounted to the cabin with his orders in his hand,
And took his farewell journey to the promised land.

Casey Jones! Mounted to the cabin;
Casey Jones! With his orders in his hand,
Casey Jones! Mounted to the cabin,
And he took his farewell journey to the promised land.

Put in your water and shovel in your coal,
Stick your head out the window, watch the drivers roll.
"I'm goin' to run her till she leaves the rail,
Cause we're eight hours late with the western mail!"
He looked at his watch, and his watch was slow,
He looked at the water and the water was low.
He turned to the fireman, and, "Boy," he said,
"We're bound to reach Frisco, but we'll all be dead."

Casey Jones! Goin' to reach Frisco, ...etc.

Casey pulled up at that Reno hill,
He tooted for the crossing with an awful shrill.
The switchman know by the engine's moans,
That the man at the throttle was Casey Jones.
Just as he got within two miles of the place,
Number sixty-four stared him right in the face.
He turned to the fireman, said, "Boy, you'd better jump,
For there's two locomotives that's a-goin' to bump."

Casey Jones! two locomotivesetc.

Casey said just before he died,
"There's two more railroads that I'd like to ride."
The fireman said, "What can they be?"
"The Southern Pacific, and the Santa Fe."
Mrs. Jones sat on her bed a-sighin',
For she'd just received the news that Casey was dyin';
She said to the children, "Hush your cryin',
Cause you got another daddy on the Salt Lake Line."

Casey Jones! Got another daddy.....etc.



CHEWING GUM

1. My mother gave me a penny, to buy a henny
But all I bought was Chewing gum, Tra-la-la chewing gum.
Tra-la-la-la-la chewing gum, Tra-la-la-la chewing gum,
Tra-la-la-la-la-la chewing gum, Tra-la-la-la chewing gum
2. My mother gave me a nickel to buy a pickle
3. My mother gave me a dime, to buy some lime.
4. My mother gave me a quarter to buy some mortar.
5. My mother gave me a dollar to buy a collar.

MY CIRCUS QUEEN

CHORUS

Oh, Angeline, My Angeline,
Oh, why didst't disturb my mind serene,
My well beloved circus queen,
My human snake, My Angeline.

REPEAT --

She kept her secret well, Oh yes.
Her hideous secret well,
We were wedded fast, I knew naught of her past
For how was I to tell.
I married her, guileless lamb that I was,
I'd have died for her sweet sake,
How could I have known that my Angeline
Had been a human snake.

CHORUS

We'd only been wed a week or two,
When I found her quite a wreck,
Her limbs were tied in a double bow knot
At the back of her swan-like neck.
No curse there sprang to her pallid lips
Nor did I reproach her then.
I calmly untied my lovely bride
And straightened her out again.

CHORUS

Each night I'd wake at midnight's hour
With a creepy crawly feeling
And there she would be in her white robe de nuit
A-walking on the ceiling.
She said she was a human fly
And lifted me from beneath,
By a section slight of my garb of night,
Which she held in her pearly teeth.

CHORUS

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
You are lost and gone forever
Drefffal 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 foamy brine.

Ruby lips above the water
Blowing bubbles soft and fine,
Alas, for me! I was no swimmer,
So I lost my Clementine.

In a churchyard, near the canyon,
Where the myrtle doth entwine,
There grows roses, and other posies,
Fertilized by Clementine.

Then the miner, forty-niner
Soon began to peak and pine,
Thought he "oughter jine" his daughter,
Now he's with his Clementine.

In my dreams she doth haunt me,
Robed in garments soaked in brine,
Though in life I used to hug her
Now she's dead I'll draw the line.

THE COAST OF HIGH BARBARY

Look ahead, look astern, look a-weather and a-lea
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we.
I see a ship to windward and a lofty ship to lee
A sailing down along the coast of high Barbary.

"Now are you a pirate or a man-o-war" cried she
Blow high----
"We are not a pirate but a man-o-war" cried we
A sailing----

Lower your topsail, and bring your vessel to,
For we've got some letters to send home by you.

For broadside, for broadside we fought all on the main,
Until the lofty frigate shot the pirates' mast away.

For quarter, for quarter, the lusty pirate cried.
But the quarter that we gave them was to sink them in the tide.

And oh, it was a cruel sight and grieved us full sore,
To see them all a-drowning as they tried to swim ashore.

COCAINE BILL

Cocaine Bill and Morphine Sue, strolling down the avenue,
two by two.
Oh, baby, have a little (snuff) on me, have a (snuff) on
me. (repeat after each verse)

Said Sue to Bill, "'Twon't do no harm,
If we both just have a little shot in the arm."

Said Bill to Sue, "I can't refuse,
Cause there's no more kick in this darned ole booze."

So they walked down Fifth, and turned up Main,
Looking for a shop where they sold cocaine.

They came to a drugstore full of smoke,
Where they saw a sign sayin', "No more coke."

Now in a graveyard on the hill (this verse slower tempo)
Lies the body of Cocaine Bill,

And in a grave right by his side
Lies the body of his cocaine bride.

Now all you cokeys is agwine to be daid,
If you don't stop (snuff)ing that stuff in yo' haid.

THE COWBOY FIREMAN

Through the high Sierra Mountains rode an S.P. passenger train,
The hoboes tried to ride her, but found 'twas all in vain.
The fireman was a cowboy, but do not think that strange,
He could earn more money a shovelin' coal than riding on the range.
And so he was a cowboy, and though he had to sweat,
He still remained a western guy and kept his lariat.
The train was way behind time, when suddenly ahead
A little child strolled on the track and filled them all with dread.
"My God", the hogshead shouted as he slammed on all the breaks,
"I'll never stop this S.P. train, she ain't got what it takes!"
Then up sprang that cowboy fireman, and a gallant lad was he;
"Now I will save that baby, if I wreck the whole S.P.!"
He climbed up on the boiler, as the train sped on its course,
And swung his trusty lariat as though he rode a horse,
He dropped the loop around a pole that stood beside the track;
And wrapped the other end of it around the big smokestack.
He jerked that train right off the rails, and caused an awfull wreck,

And our hero lay there in the dust, the engine on his neck.
Oh, we will all remember that 45th of May,
For there were many gallant hearts all filled with fear that day.
They buried that poor fireman where the prairie winds blow wild,
He killed two hundred passengers, but, Thank God, he saved that child!

CONSTANTINOPLE

Constantinople, C-o-n-s-t-a-n-t-i-n-o-p-l-e
Constantinople, c-o-n-s-t-a-n-t-i-n-o-p-l-e
C-o-n-s-t-a-n-t-i-n-o-p-l-e
Just take some luck, and a little pluck
And come along with me, for it's
Constantinople, c-o-n-s-t-a-n-t-i-n-o-p-l-e

DAISY DAISY

Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer true.
I'm half crazy all for the love of you.
It won't be a stylish marriage;
I can't afford a carriage,
But you'd look sweet, upon the seat
Of a bicycle built for two.

DARK TOWN STRUTTERS BALL

I've got some good news, honey,
An invitation to the Dark Town Ball.
It's a very swell affair,
All the high-brows will be there.
I'll wear my high silk hat and my frock-tailed coat,
You wear your Paris gown and your new silk shawl.
There ain't no doubt about it now we'll be the best-dressed
at that ball.

Chorus

I'll be down to git you in a taxi, honey
You better be ready 'bout half-past eight,
Now, honey, don't be late,
I wanna be there when the band starts playin'.
Remember when we gits there, honey,
The two-steps I'm gonna have them all;
I'm gonna dance out both o' my shoes,
When they play those Jelly-Roll Blues,
Tomorrow night at the Dark Town Strutters Ball.

CUFUSALEM

In ancient days, there lived a Turk
A horrid beast, within the east;
Who did the profet's holy work, as barber to Jerusalem.
He had a daughter, sweet and smirk,
Complexion fair, and bright red hair;
And naught about her like a Turk, except her name, Cufusalem.

A youth resided near to she,
His name was Sam, a perfect lamb,
Who came of ancient pedigree, and was of old Methusala.
He drove a trade and prospered well,
In skins of cats, and ancient hats;
And ringing at the barber's bell, he saw and loved Cufusalem.

Chorus

Oh, Cufusalem, Cufusalem, Cufusalem,
Oh, Cufusalem, daughter of the Barber.

If Sam had been a Mussleman,
He might have sold that barber old,
And reading from the Alcaran, Had managed to bamboozle him.
But ah, dear no, he tried a scheme,
Past one night late, the area gate,
He crept up to the Turk's harene, To carry off Cufusalem.

Chorus

The barber was about to smoke,
The slaves rushed in with mighty din,
Massala, dogs your house have broke, come down my lord and
tousle 'em.
The barber wreathed his face in smiles,
Came down the stairs, and witnessed there,
A gentlemen in three old tiles, a kissing of Cufusalem

Chorus

The pious barber said no more
Than twenty prayers, then went upstairs;
And took a bolt string from the door, and came back to Cufusalem
The maiden and the youth he took,
And little loth, he tied them both,
To-gether threw them in the brook of Kedron near Jerusalem

Chorus

And so the ancient legend runs,
When day is done on Lebanon,
And when the eastern moon-light throws its shadows o'er Jerusalem,
Between the wailing of the cats,
The sound that falls on ruined walls,
A gentleman in three old hats, a kissing of Cufusalem

Chorus

DARKEY SUNDAY SCHOOL

Chorus

Young folks, old folks, everybody come,
Join our darkey Sunday school and make yourselves at home,
There's a place to check your chewing gum and razors at the
door
And you'll hear such bible stories as you never heard before

Jonah, was an immigrant so runs the bible tale
He took a steerage passage in a transatlantic whale;
Now Jonah in the belly of the whale was quite compressed,
So Jonah pressed the button and the whale, he did the rest.

Esau was a cowboy of the wild and wooley make,
Half the farm belonged to him and half belonged to Jake.
Now Esau thought his title to the farm was none to clear,
So he sold it out to Jakey for a sandwich and a beer.

Adam was the first man that ever was invented,
He lived all his life and never was contented;
He was made out of the mud in the days gone by,
And hung on the fence in the sun to get him dry.

Noah was a mariner who sailed around the sea
With half a dozen wives and a big menagerie
He failed the first season when it rained for forty days,
For in that sort of weather no circus ever pays.

Sampson was a husky guy as everyone should know
He used to lift five hundred pounds as strong man in the show
One week the bill was rotten, all the actors had a souse,
But the strong man act of Sampson's, it just brought down the house.

Ahab had a wife, her name was Jezebel;
She went out in the vineyard to hang the clothes, and fell
She's gone to the dogs, the people told to sing;
Ahab said he'd never heard of such an awful thing.

Moses was a mariner too, from the time he was very small,
His mother built him a boat of reeds that didn't leak at all
She launched him in the river without any hullabaloo
And after that poor Moses had to paddle his own canoe.

David was a shepherd boy, he kept his father's sheep,
The Philistines they liked their beans and drank their whisky
neat,
They said to Goliath, "Go get that boy, you must,"
But Davy picked a pebble and socked him on the crust.

Joseph was a shepherd, too; he kept his father's goats,
His father used to dress him in the very loudest coats.
His brothers they got jealous and threw him in a pit
Then they sold him into Egypt where he made an awful hit.

Daniel was wise guy, he wouldn't mind the king,
The king said he'd be darned if he'd stand for such a thing,
He threw him to the lions, down underneath-
But Daniel was a dentist and he pulled the lions' teeth.

Adam was a gardener and Eve a gardeness,
They raised Cain and Abel, and cabbage and cress.
Till one day Cain shot Abel with his little forty-four,
That's all there is to the story 'cause there isn't any more.

DESE BONES GWINE RISE AGAIN

De good Lawd thought he'd make a man,
Dese bones gwine rise again,
Made him out o' mud an' a han'ful o' san',
Dese bones gwine rise again.

Chorus: Ah knows it, brother,
Indeed Ah knows it, sister,
Yes frien's, Ah knows it,
Dese bones gwine rise again.

Thought he'd make a woman too,
Didn't know 'xactly what to do.

Chorus: (after each verse)

Took a rib from Adam's side,
Made Miz Eve fo' to be his bride.

Sot dem in de garden fair,
Told dem to eat whatever was dere.

But to one tree dey must not go,
Must leave de apples dere to grow.

'long came a serpent, six foot three,
Druv Miz Eve up de apple tree.

Serpent windin' round de trunk,
At Miz Eve his eye he wunk.

Eve shin fudder up dat tree,
She sunk her teeth, "Oh boy, whoopee!"

De Lawd he den got snoopin' 'roun',
He seen de peelin's on de groun'.

"Adam, Adam where art thou?"
"Here, Marse Lawd, Ah'se comin' now."

"You bin eatin' mah apples Ah b'lieve."
"No, Marse Lawd, dat was Miz Eve."

De Lawd he riz up in his wrath,
Told 'em, "You beat it down de path."

So day went out hand in han',
Fust went de woman an' den come de man.

Now po' Adam's holdin' de sack,
Wishes he had his ol' rib back.

Ob dis tale dere am some mo',
For I'm de one who et de co'.

DINAH

Dinah, is there anyone finer,
In the state of Carolina.
If there is and you know her, show her to me.
Oh, Dinah, with your Dixie eyes blazin',

How I love to sit and gaze in - to the eyes of Dinah Lee.
Oh--oh---oh---every night, why do I shake with fright?
Because my Dinah might change her mind about me.
Oh, Dinah, if you wandered to China,
I would hop an ocean liner--just to be with Dinah Lee.

DOWN BY THE OLD MILL STREAM

Down by the old mill stream
Where I first met you
with your eyes so blue
Dressed in gingham too
It was then I knew
That you loved me true
You were sixteen---my village queen
Down by the old mill stream

DOWN IN THE VALLEY

Down in the valley, The valley so low,
Hang your head over, Hear the wind blow.
Writing this letter containing three lines
Answer my question: Will you be mine?

If you don't love me, Love whom you please;
Throw your arms 'round me, Give my heart ease.
Throw your arms 'round me, Before it's too late,
Throw your arms 'round me, Feel my heart break.

Build me a castle forty feet high,
So I can see him , As he goes by.
Roses love sunshine, Violets love dew;
Angels in heaven know I love you.

DID YOU EVER THINK WHEN THE HEARSE GOES BY

Did you ever think when the hearse goes by
That some day you are going to die?
They'll lay you in the family lot
And there you'll lie, and rot and rot.
The worms crawl in and the worms crawl out,
They crawl all over your face and snout.
The coffin will rot, the nails will rust,
If the Lord don't get you the devil must.
Do me a favour.....DROP DEAD!

DRINK TO ME

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss within the cup,
And I'll not ask for wine;
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sip,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honoring thee
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be;
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent 'st it back to me,
Since when it grows and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

Drink to me with applejack, or rye, or a scotch highball.
Drink to me with any old thing just as long as it's alcohol.
For now that the wets have won the day,
And prohibition is through,
To drink to me only with thine eyes
Is a hell of a thing to do.

THE DRUNKEN SAILOR

1. What shall we do with the drunken sailor, (thrice)
Earli in the morning.
Hooray, up she rises, (thrice)
Earli in the morning.
2. Put him in the longboat till he's sober, (thrice)
Earli in the morning.
3. Pull out the plug and wet him all over.
4. Tie him to the scuppers with the hosepipe on him-
5. Shave his belly with a rusty razor-
6. Tie him to the topmast while she's yardarm under-
7. That's what we do with the drunken sailor-

DRUNK LAST NIGHT

Drunk last night, drunk the night before;
Goin to get drunk to-night, if I never get drunk any more.
For when I'm drunk I'm as happy as can be,
For I am a member of the souse family.
Singin' glo-ri-ous, glo-ri-ous,
One keg o' beer for the four of us.
Glory be to God that there are no more of us,
For one of us could drink it all alone.

Oh, they had to carry Carry to the ferry
And the ferry carried Carry to the shore.
Now the reason that they had to carry Carry,
Was 'cause Carry couldn't carry any more.

Singin' glo-ri-ous, glo-ri-ous,
One keg o' beer for the four of us.
Singin' Glory be to God that there are no more of us
For one of us could drink it all alone.

THE DUTCH COMPANY

The Dutch Company is the best company
That ever came over from the old country,
There's the Amsterdam dutch and the Rotterdam dutch

And the Pottsdam dutch and the G D dutch
And then there's the Irish, but they're not much,
But they're a Damn sight better than the G D Dutch.

THE DYING FISHERMAN'S SONG

'Twas midnight on the ocean
Not a street car was in sight;
The sun was shining brightly,
For it had rained all night.

'Twas a summer's day in winter,
The rain was snowing fast,
As the barefoot girl with shoes on
Stood sitting in the grass.

'Twas evening and the rising sun
Was setting in the west;
And all the fishes in the trees
Were cuddled in their nests.

The rain was pouring down,
The sun was shining bright,
And everything that you could see
Was hidden out of sight.

The organ peeled potatoes,
Lard was rendered by the choir;
When the sexton rang the dish rag
Someone set the church on fire.

"Holy Smokes!" the teacher shouted,
As he madly tore his hair,
Now his head resembles heaven,
For there is no parting there.

THE DYING HOBBO

Beside the western water tank
On a cold November day;
In an open buck board
A dying hobo lay.

His partner lay beside him
With low and drooping head,
Listening to the last words

"I'm going", said the hobo,
"To a land that's clear and bright;
Where hammocks grow on bushes
And people stay out all night.

"Oh, tell my gal in Denver
Whose face I'll no more view,
I hear the fast mail coming
And I'm a coming too.

"I hear the fast mail coming
I'll catch it bye and bye
Oh, gal o' mine, Oh, gal o' mine,
It ain't so hard to die.

His head fell back and his eyes fell in
As he breathed his last refrain,
His partner swiped his shoes and socks
And hopped the eastbound train

EIGHT BELLS

My matey's a saucy foretopman,
A chum of the cook's don't you know;
He stuck his head down the ship's funnel,
And shouted, "Come up from below!"

Eight bells (eight bells), eight bells (eight bells)
Rouse up then the watch from below (below);
Eight bells (eight bells), eight bells (eight bells);
Rouse up then the watch from below.

My matey once shipped on a whaler,
And sailed to the far northern seas;
But, being a bold hearted sailor,
He cared not for ice, sea, nor breeze.

My matey's no longer a sailor,
But he often wakes up in the night,
And thinking he's still on the whaler,
Cries out with the greatest delight:

Chorus

THE FAMILY RATTIN

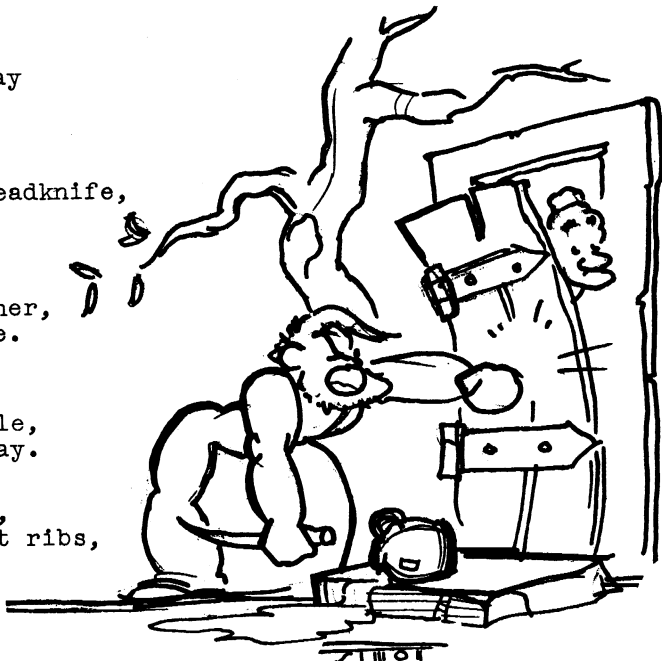
Home came old Pa Rattin
'A drinkin' he had been
He knocked upon the doorway
And bellowed "Let me in"

First came old Ma Rattin
She went to let him in.
He struck her with the breadknife,
And let the daylight in.

Then came Grandma Rattin,
A-settin' by the fire;
He snuck up close behind her,
And choked her with a wire.

Then came Grandpa Rattin,
Old and feeble and gray;
He put up an awful struggle,
Until his strength gave way.

Then came Baby Rattin,
Asleep in her trundle bed,
He kicked her in the short ribs,
Until the child was dead,
And spat terbaccer jeeuce
All over her golden head.



FEE-FI-FIDDLEE-I-O-

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

Fee-fi-fiddlee-i-o,
Fee-fi-fiddlee-i-o,
Oh-oh-oh, fee-fi-fiddlee-i-o
Strummin' on the old banjo.

FOL DE ROL

In freshman year we came to Yale;
Fol de rol, de rol, rol, rol.
Examinations we did fail.
Fol de rol, de rol, rol, rol.
Eli, Eli, Eli Yale; fol de rol, de rol, rol, rol. (repeat).

In sophomore year we do our task;
'Tis best performed by Torch and Mask.

In junior year we take our ease;
We smoke our pipes and sing our lees.

In senior year we play our parts
In making love and breaking hearts.

And now into the world we come,
We've had good times, and studied ... some.

The saddest tale we have to tell,
Is when we bid old Yale farewell.

THE FROG HE WOULD A WOOING GO

The frog he would a wooing go
"Heigh ho," said Rollie
Whether his mother would let him, or no
"Heigh ho," said Rollie

So off he went with his opera hat
"Heigh ho," said Rollie
And on the road he met with a rat
"Heigh ho," said Rollie

And then they went to the mouses hall
Where they gave a loud knock and they gave a loud call.

Now, as they were a-merrymaking
A cat and her kittens came tumbling in.

The cat, she seized the rat by the crown
The kittens, they pulled the little mouse down.

This put Mr. Frog in a terrible fright
So he took up his hat and he bade them good night.

But as the froggie was crossing the brook
A big white duck came and gobbled him up.

FRANKIE AND JOHNNIE

Frankie and Johnnie were lovers,
Oh, Lordy how they could love!
They swore to be true to each other,
Just as true as stars above.

Chorus
He was her man,
But he done her wrong.

Frankie and Johnnie went walking,
John in his brand new suit.
Then "O good Lawd," says Frankie,
"Don't my Johnnie look real cute."

Frankie, she was a good woman,
And Johnnie was a good man.
And every dollar that she made
Went right into Johnnie's hand.

Frankie went down to the corner
Just for a bucket of beer.
She said to the fat bartender
"Has my lovinest man been here?"

"I don't want to cause you no trouble,
I don't want to tell you no lie;
But I saw your man an hour ago
With a gal named Alice Bly,

And if he's your man,
He's a-doin' you wrong."

Frankie looked over the transom
And found, to her great surprise
That there on the bed sat Johnnie A-lovin' up Alice Bly.

Frankie threw back her kimono,
She took out her little forty-four,
Root-a-toot, three times she shot,
Right through that hardwood floor.

She shot her man
'Cause he done her wrong.

"Roll me over easy,
Roll me over slow;
Roll me over e-as-y, boys,
'Cause my wounds, they hurt me so.
I was her man
But I done her wrong.

The judge said to the jury
"It's as plain as plain can be:
This woman shot her lover -
It's murder in the second degree.
He was her man
Though he done her wrong."

This story has no moral
This story has no end.
This story only goes to show
That there ain't no good in men.

They'll do you wrong
Just as sure as you're born.

OUR GALLANT SHIP

"Twas Friday morn when we set sail,
And we were not far from the land,
When the captain spied a fair mermaid,
With a comb and a glass in her hand.

Oh, the ocean waves may roll (may roll),
And the stormy winds may blow (may blow),
But we poor sailors go skipping to the top
While the land-lubbers lie down below, below, below.
While the land-lubbers lie down below.

Then up spake the captain of our gallant ship
And a well-spoken man was he,
"I married me a wife in Salem town,
And tonight she a widow will be."

Then up spake the cook of our gallant ship,
And a red-hot cook was he,
"I care much more for my kettles and my pots,
Than I do for the bottom of the sea."

Then up spake the cabin-boy of our gallant ship,
And a dirty little rat was he,
"There's nary a soul in Salem town,
Who gives a darn about me."

Then three times around went our gallant ship,
And three times around went she;
Then three times around went our gallant ship,
And she sank to the bottom of the sea.

THE FROG, HE ARE A QUEER BIRD

The frog, he are a queer bird,
He ain't got no tail almost hardly,
When he walk----he yump
When he yump----he sit down,
Where he ain't got no tail almost hardly

The poor benighted Hindu,
He does the best he kin do.
He ain't got no aunties
To make him some panties.
He has to make his skin do.



I know how homely I are,
I know that my face ain't no star;
But I never mind it,
Because I'm behind it,
It's the guy in the front gets the jar.

I'd rather have fingers than toes,
I'd rather have eyes than a nose,
And as for my hair,
I'm so glad it's all there;
I'll be terribly sad when it goes.

I wish that my room had a floor,
I don't so much care for a door;
But this walking around,
Without touching the ground,
Is getting to be quite a bore.

Blest be the tie that binds;
My collar to my shirt.
I'm wasting no dollars
In buying new collars,
To hide that ring of dirt.

I'm tired of teas and the dance,
I'm tired of young debutantes,
I'm tired of boozing
When I might be snoozing
And saving the crease in my pants.

I'm tired of living alone,
I want a sweet wife of my own,
Someone to caress me
Someone to undress me,
I'm tired of living alone.

Poor little fly on the wall,
He ain't got no clothes on at all,
He ain't got no shimmy shirt,
He ain't got no petty skirt,
Poor little fly on the wall.

We'd rather have bad beer than none,
Good whiskey 'tis sure we'll not shun.
And as for our virtue,
What you don't know won't hurt you
We came here for knowledge and fun.

This college grows better each day
The seniors will soon go away
We'll meet them in Hades,
A-necking the ladies,
And there'll be the devil to pay.

GIRLS CAN NEVER CHANGE THEIR NATURE

Girls can never change their nature,
That is quite beyond their reach.
If a girl is born a lemon,
She can never be a peach.
But the law of compensation
Is the one I always preach,
You can always squeeze a lemon,
But just try to squeeze a peach.

A GIRL LIKE ME

Any kind of girl can be a smoothy at Smith,
All sophisticates go to Vassar,
Wellesley is the home of social butterflies,
Bryn Mawr will take you if you are very wise.
Some fine girls go nowhere at all,
But that's not the place for me
It takes a pure, prim and old-fashioned girl
To make a _____ girl like me!

Any kind of man can be a fastie at Yale
Most cave men go to Dartmouth
Princeton is the home of the socially elite,
Harvard has some men that can't be beat.
Some fine men are among the unemployed,
But that's not the type for me.
It takes a smooth, rich, attractive young man
To make a _____ girl like me!

THE GAY CABALLERO

Oh, I am a gay caballero
Hailing from Rio Janiero
With nice oily hair and full of hot air
And an expert at throwing the bullo.

I'm seeking a fair senorita
Not thin and yet not too much meata
I'll woo her a while in my Argentine style
And carry her off of her feeta.

I'll told her I'm of the nobilio
And live in a great big castilio
I must have a miss
Who'll long for a kiss
And not say "Oh don't be so sillio."

'Twas in a gay cabereta
While wining and dining I met ha
We had one or two, as other folks do,
The night was wet, but she got wetta.

She was a dancer and singer
At me she kept pointing her finger
And saying to me, "Si, senor, si, si,"
But I couldn't see a durn thinga.

She said that her name was Astrella
She said, "Stick around me, young fella,
Mosquitos they bite, and they're awful tonight,
And you smell just like citrinella."

She said that she was so lonely
So I climbed upon her balcony
While under her spell I heard someone yell,
"Get away from there, you big balony."

I wooed her upon the sofita
I said "Will you marry me, my Sweeta?"
Then her husband walked in -
What he did was a sin -
I can still hear the birds go tweet, tweeta.

Now I am a sad caballero
Returning to Rio Janero
Minus my hair, a bruise here and there
For her husband he chewed off my earo.

She is a sad skiereeta.
She came down the trail off her feeta.
She has snow in her hair,
A bruise here or there;
The moral is - don't ski on your seata!

GO DOWN MOSES

When Israel was in Egypt's land; Let my people go,
Oppressed so hard they could not stand, Let my people go.

Chorus:
Go down, Moses, 'Way down in Egypt's land,
Tell ole Pharaoh, Let my people go.

Thus said the Lord, bold Moses said, Let my people go,
If not I'll smite your first born dead, Let my people go.
Chorus

No more shall they in bondage toil, Let my people go.
Let them come out with Egypt's spoil, Let my people go.
Chorus

OH, DEM GOLDEN SLIPPERS

Oh, my golden slippers am a laid away,
Kase I don't spect to wear 'em till my wedding day,
And my longed tailed coat dat I loved so well,
I will wear up in de chariot in de morn.
And my long white robe dat I bought last June,
I'm gwine to get changed cause it fits too soon
And de old gray horse dat I used to drive,
I will hitch him to de chariot in de morn.

Chorus

Oh, dem golden slippers.
Oh, dem golden slippers.
Golden slippers I'se gwing to wear,
Bekase they look so neat.
Oh, dem golden slippers,
Oh, dem golden slippers,
Golden slippers I'se gwine to wear,
To cross de golden street.

GOOD-NIGHT LADIES

Good-night ladies, good-night ladies,
Good-night ladies, we're goin to leave you now.
Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along,
Merrily we roll along, O'er the deep blue sea.

Sweet dreams ladies, sweet dreams ladies,
Sweet dreams ladies, we're goin to leave you now.
Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along,
Merrily we roll along, o'er the deep blue sea.

MERRILY WE ROLL THE KEG

(fast) Merrily we roll the keg, roll the keg, roll the keg.
Merrily we roll the keg, across the bar room floor.

(slow) Sadly we roll it back, roll it back, roll it back
Sadly we roll it back, because there ain't no more.

GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK

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

CHORUS

Ninety years without slumbering (tick, tock, tick, tock,)
His life seconds numbering, (tick, tock, tick, tock,)
It stopped 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 at the door,
With a blooming and beautiful bride,
But it stopped short never to go again,
When the old man died. CHORUS

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 the 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 stopped short never to go again
When the old man died. CHORUS

It rang an alarm in the dead of the night,
An alarm that for years had been dumb;
And we knew that his spirit was pluming its 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. CHORUS

GRETCHEN

There was once a maiden named Gretchen Pompenickle
Who lived way up in a chalet
And there was a yokel named Heiny Dillypickle
Who lived way down in a valley
And thus every morn at a quarter past four
She put on her bonnet and went to the door
And yodeled to Heiny for an hour or more
With an oo la la oo la la lay

2

Her yodeling blighted the corn and veg-a-tables
The cab-ba-ges and cau-li-flowers
Until all the people and horses in the stables
Had nothing at all to devour
For Gretchen's fog-horn burst the ears on the corn
The fish in the streams wished they'd never been born
And yet at a quarter past four every morn'
Came that oo la la oo la la lay

3

And what an effect on all the cows and chickens
Had Gretchen's oo la la oo la la lay
And with the cows milking it sure raised the dickens and
the hens refus-ed to lay
The people petitioned the mayor of the town to make some
new laws on all noises to frown
But you can not keep a good yodeler down
Who goes oo la la oo la la lay

4

At last one day Gretchen was sick with ton-slytis
And the doctor was called to examine
As soon as he looked he decided he might as well get at the
cause of the famine
So out came his blood-thirsty surgical saw,
With gimlet and crow bar he jimmied her jaw
And out came the yodel with never a flaw
And the oo la la oo la la lay

5

And now all the people are grateful
To the doctor who used his power to freeum
And so they took Gretchen's old rollicking yodel
And locked it tight in the muse-um
They put it in a very conspicuous place
With plenty of arrows to point to the space
But the yodel kept yodeling lowd from it's case
With an oo la la oo la la lay

HAIL, HAIL, THE GANG'S ALL HERE

Hail, Hail, the gang's all here,
Never mind the weather,
Here we are to-gether,
Hail, Hail, the gang's all here,
Let the trouble start right now.

HAM AND EGGS

Ham and eggs, ham and eggs
I like my eggs nice and brown
I like my eggs up-side-down
Ham and eggs, ham and eggs,
Flip em, flop em. Flop em, flip em.
Ham and Eggs.

HAMBONE AM GOOD

Hambone am good, Bacon am sweet,
Possum meat am very very fine,
But gimme, oh gimme, I really wish you would,
Dat watermelon hanging on the vine.

Don't you see that watermelon
A hanging on the vine,
How, oh how, I wish t'was mine.
Oh the white folks must be crazy,
Or else they're powerful lazy,
For to leave it dere a hanging on the vine.

Hambone am good, Bacon am sweet,
Possum meat am very very fine,
But gimme, Oh gimme, I really wish you would,
Dat watermelon hanging on the vine.

HAND ME DOWN MY WALKIN' CANE

Oh, hand me down my walkin' cane, (three times)
I'm goin' to catch the midnight train,
Cause all my sins are taken away. (after each verse)

Oh, hand me down my bottle o' corn, etc.
I'm gonna get drunk as sho's you're born.

Oh, I got drunk, and I land in jail,
And there warn't no one to go my bail.

Come on, mama, and go my bail,
And get me outta, this gol darn jail.

Oh, the meat was tough, and the beans was bad;
And, oh my gosh, I can't eat that.

Oh, if I'd listened to what mama said,
I'd be home, in a feather bed.

If I die in Tennessee,
Just send my bones back C. O. D.

And if I die in New York State,
Ship my body back by freight.

The Devil, he chase me 'round a stump
Thought he was gonna catch me at every jump.

Oh, if I die in Pinkham notch,
Pack my body home in Scotch.

If you get to heaven before I do,
Just bore a hole and pull me thru'.

Oh, Hell is deep, and Hell is wide,
An' it ain't got a bottom, and it ain't got a side.

HEIL TO THE SKIER

(Tune: Bell-bottom Trousers)

Once there was a city guy, who thought he'd like to ski,
He went into a ski shop, the same as you and me.
He bought himself a mackinaw of red, green, white and blue,
Because the salesman told him it was the thing to do.

Chorus:

Heil to the skier; point 'em down the hill;
Cut all the corners, to get the greatest thrill;
Here's to the skier who skis without a fall;
We'd like to drink to him, but there's no such guy at all.

Then he bought a ski cap of vivid Kelly green,
It was the damndest ski cap that you have ever seen,
With cat's fur for earlaps, a string around his chin
To keep his ears together, and snow from getting in.

Pine boards he purchased, with toe straps good and strong;
He also saw some ski poles, so he took one along.
"I have some hunting boots that come up to my knees;
They will keep my feet warm despite the winter breeze."

He called up his girl friend, and asked her out to ski.
She said, "That sounds wonderful to me;
I'll put up a luncheon. Call for me at seven.
We'll catch the snow train and be there by eleven."

They rode the hundred miles with great anticipation,
And finally they reached their ultimate destination,
A truck was waiting for them to take them to the hills
Where they would put the boards on to have a lot of thrills.

Early he was cold, but soon began to thaw,
the first thing he cursed was his heavy mackinaw.
He opened up the collar to get a breath of air
And doubly cursed his pa's red flannel underwear.

Up the lofty mountain, along with all the bunch,
Went our two heroes carrying their lunch;
Once at the top they rested 'neath a tree,
Opened up the grub, "Why it's frozen hard," said he.

He nearly broke his jaw while gnawing on the bread,
"Outing isn't the fun that I thought'twould be," he said.
"Let's point 'em down and show them how it's done
I'll get to town long before the setting sun."

He slipped on his toe-straps and grabbed his lone ski pole,
Told her to meet him over yonder knoll.
Proud boasts were thwarted when left ski failed to slide
"Plop" went the tyro and laying there he sighed --

Once again he tried it - he thought that he knew how.
"Don't take it fast - just stem it like a plow."
Squatting on his heels, he headed down the trail,
Shouting o'er his shoulder, "Skill will never fail."

A "bathtub" lay hiding to trap the boastful skier;
Blindly he struck it, with posture very queer.
The next thing he knew he found himself in bed
Waiting for the saw and the hammer of Doctor Shedd.

So listen all you skiers, a moral take from this,
Don't leave a sitzmark to ruin someone's bliss;
Let's meet at the trail's end, put the boards away
And drink to the skier who will ski another day.

HOME ON THE RANGE

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

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

Oh, give me some foam for the old soaks at home,
Where the beer and the pretzels are gay,
Where seldom is heard an encouragin' work,
But the beeches aren't crowded 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.

HANOVER WINTER SONG

1. Ho, a song by the fire!
Pass the pipes, pass the bowl;
Ho, a song by the fire!
With a skoal, with a skoal!
Ho, a song - by the fire!
Pass the pipes with a skoal!
For the wolf wind is wailing at the doorways,
And the snow drifts are deep along the road,
And the ice-gnomes are marching from their Norways,
And the great white cold walks abroad.

Chorus: Zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum,
But here by the fire,
We defy frost and storm.
Ha, Ha! We are warm,
And we have our hearts' desire.
For here's for good fellows
And beechwood and the bellows,
And the cup is at the lip
In a pledge of fellowship.
Oh, here by the fire ... (repeat, omitting zums)

2. Pile the logs on the fire!
 Fill the pipes, pass the bowl;
 Pile the logs on the fire!
 With a skoal, with a skoal!
 Pile the logs on the fire!
 Fill the pipes with a skoal!
 For the fire-goblins flicker on the ceiling,
 And the wine-witches glitters in the glass,
 And the smoke-wraiths are drifting, curling, reeling,
 And the sleigh bells jingle as they pass.

Chorus: Zum, zum, etc.

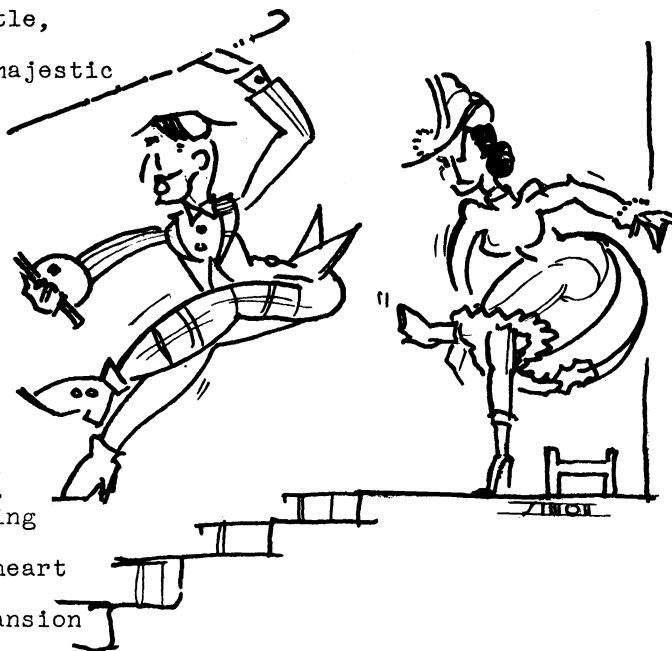
3. Oh, a god is the fire!
 Pull the pipes, drain the bowl;
 Oh, a god is the fire!
 With a skoal, with a skoal!
 Oh, a god - is the fire!
 Pull the pipes with a skoal!
 For the room has a spirit in the embers.
 'Tis a god and our fathers knew his name,
 And they worshipped him in long forgot Decembers,
 And their hearts leaped high with the flame.

HOME JAMES, AND DON'T SPARE THE HORSES

It was in the gay nineties
 One night at a swell affair
 She was dressed in her best Sunday bustle
 And wore a rat in her hair.
 Her hero was both young and handsome,
 But he was a terrible flirt.
 He spent the entire evening
 Making up to every skirt.
 And when she gently reproached him,
 He heeded her not at all,
 And she, in her best Sunday bustle,
 Went flouncing out in the hall.
 She swept down the stairs most majestic
 To her footman waiting below.
 She spoke in accents loud and
 clear,
 And told him where to go.

Home James, and don't spare the
 horses,
 This night has been ruined for
 me.
 Home, James, and don't spare
 the horses,
 As ruined as ruined can be.

It's still in the gay nineties,
 In fact the very next day.
 Our hero is somewhat remorseful,
 And don't know just what to say.
 He thinks he'd better do something
 To win her again for his own,
 For she was his very best sweetheart
 She was always good for a loan.
 He went right straight to her mansion



And said "Forgive me dear."
But, when he tried to embrace her,
She gave him a boot in the rear.
He swept down the stairs most majestic
And the foorman, he booted him too,
And as he threw him in the street,
She said "Humph to you."

Home, James, and don't spare the horses,
My suitor is just a bit tight,
Home, James and don't spare the horses,
He'll sleep in the stable tonight.

THE HORSES RUN AROUND

The Horses run around, their feet are on the ground;
Oh, who will wind the clock while I'm away, away.
Go get the ax, there's a hair on baby's chest,
Oh, a boy's best friend is his mother, his mother.

While peeking through the knot hole in grandpa's wooden leg,
I slipped and sprained my eyebrow on the pavement, the pavement,
Go get the listerine, sister's got a beau,
Oh, you can't buy milk in a coal yard, a coal yard.

A-lookin' out the window, a second story window,
Oh, who has built the shore so near the ocean, the ocean.
Go get the alcohol, Willy wants a drink,
For grandma's old false teeth will soon fit baby, fit baby.

I AM A STUDENT AT CADIZ

Oh, I am a student at Cadiz,
And I play on my Spanish Guitar, ha, ha.
I am very fond of the ladies
That come from near and from far, ha, ha.

CHORUS - Ring a chinga chinga, ring a chinga chinga,
Ring out your bells, for this is the song that I heard
from afar,
Ringa chinga chinga, ringa chinga chinga,
Ring out your bells, to the tune of my Spanish guitar
Ha, ha.

I'm no longer a student at Cadiz,
But I still have my Spanish Guitar, ha, ha.
I'm still very fond of the ladies,
But now I'm a happy pa-pa. Ha, ha.

CHORUS.

I LEARNED ABOUT WOMEN FROM HER

I've taken my fun where I've found it
I've roamed and I've ranged in my time
And I've had my pick of sweethearts
And four of 'em were prime.
One was an 'arfcast widow
One was the wife of a Jemadar Sise
And one was a girl at home.

Now I ain't so much with the ladies
Taking 'em all along
But you never can tell til you've tried em
And then you're like to be wrong
There's times when you think that you mightn't
There's time when you know that you might
And the things that you learn from the yellow and brown
Will help you a lot with the white.

Now I was a young one at Oogli,
Shy as a girl to begin,
But Aggie De'Castrer she made me,
And Aggie was clever as sin.
Older than me but me first one
More like a mother she were
But she taught me the way to promotion and pay
And I learned about women from her.

Then I was ordered to Burma
Actin in charge of bazaar
And I got me tidy live heathen
From buyin supplies from her pa
Funny and yellow and faithful
Doll in a teacup she were
But we lived on the square like a true married pair
And I learned about women from her.

Then I was transferred to Meenuch
Or I mighta been keepin her now
And I got me a shiny she devil
The wife of a nigger at Mhow
She taught me the old gypsie Bolee
But a kinda volcanoe she were
For she knifed me one night when I wished she was white
And I learned about women from her.

Then I shipped home on a trooper
'Long with a kid of sixteen
Right from a convent at Meerat
The straightest I ever had seen
Love at first sight was her trouble
She didn't know what it were
But I wouldn't do such, 'cause I loved her too much
And I learned about women from her.

Now I've taken my fun where I found it
And now I must pay for me fun
For the more that you know of the many
The less you will settle to one
And the end of my settin and thinkin
Dreamin of hell fires for me
Oh, be warned of my lot which I know you will not
And learn about women from me.

I'M A SON OF A GUN FOR BEER

Oh, I wish I had a barrel O' rum and sugar three hundred
pound,
I'd put it in the college bell and stir it 'round and 'round,
Like every honest fellow I like my whiskey clear,
For I'm a student of old Dartmouth and a son-of-a-gun for beer.

CHORUS: I'm a son-of-a-son-of-a, -son-of-a,-son-of-a,-son-of-a
gun for beer.
A son-of-a-son,-of-a-son-of-a-son-of-a-son-of-a-gun
for beer.
Like every honest fellow I like my whiskey clear,
I'm a student of old Dartmouth and a son-of-a-gun
for beer.

And if I had a daughter, sir, I'd dress her up in green,
And put her on the campus to coach the freshman team,
And if I had a son, sir, I'll tell you what he'd do,
He would yell "to Hell with Harvard," like his daddy used to do.

CHORUS: I'm a son-of-a, etc.

THE SPIDER

A son-of-gun of a spider went up the water spout,
The rain came down and washed the spider out,
The sun came out and dried up the rain,
And the son-of-a-gun of a spider went up the spout again.

I GOT SHOES

I got a shoe, you got a shoe, all God's chillun got shoes;
When I get to Hebben, gwine a put on my shoes,
Gwine a tromp all over God's Hebben, Hebben, Hebben;
Everybody's talking 'bout Hebben, ain't a-gwine dar,
Hebben, Hebben, Gwine a tromp all over God's Hebben.

I got a Harp, you got a Harp, all God's chillun got a harp;
When I get to Hebben, gwine a put on my harp,
Gwine a play all over God's Hebben, Hebben, Hebben;
Everybody's talking 'bout Hebben, ain't a gwine dar,
Hebben, Hebben, Gwine a Play all over God's Hebben.

I got a Wing, you got a wing, all God's chillun got wings;
When I get to Hebben, gwine a put on my wings,
Gwine a flop all over God's Hebben, Hebben, Hebben.
Everybody's talking 'bout Hebben, ain't a-gwine dar,
Hebben, Hebben, Gwine to flop all over God's Hebben.

I got a Ford, you got a Ford, all God's chillun got a Ford;
When I get to Hebben, gwine a get in my Ford,
Gwine to rattle all over God's Hebben, Hebben, Hebben,
Everybody's talking 'bout Hebben, ain't a-gwine dar,
Hebben, Hebben, gwine a rattle all over God's Hebben.

I WAS BORN ABOUT A THOUSAND YEARS AGO

I was born about a thousand years ago,
And there's nothing in the world that I don't know;
I saw Peter, Paul, and Moses playing ring around the roses,
And I'll lick the guy that says it isn't so.

I saw Satan when he looked the garden o'er
Saw Adam and Eve driven from the door,
And behind the bushes peeping,
Saw the apple they was eatin',
And I'll swear that I'm the guy that ate the core.

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

I saw Israel in the battle of the Nile
The arrows were flyin' thick and fast and wild
I saw David with his sling,
Pop Goliath on the wing,
I was doin' forty seconds to the mile.

I saw Sampson when he laid the village cold,
Saw Daniel tame the lions in their hold,
I help build the tower of Babel
Up as high as they were able,
And there's lots of other things I haven't told.

I WISH I WERE A LITTLE THUGAR BUN

I with I were a wittle cake of thope, (cake of thope)
I with I were a wittle cake of thope,
I'd thlippy and I'd thlidy over everybody's hidie.
I with I were a wittle cake of thope.

I with I were a monkey in the zoo, (in the zoo)
I with I were a monkey in the zoo.
I'd thit upon a thelf and I'd squath my wittle thelf.
I with I were a monkey in the zoo.

I with I were a wittle thugar bun, (thugar bun)
I with I were a wittle thugar bun,
I'd thlippy and I'd thliddy down every one's indidie.
I with I were a wittle thugar bun.

I with I were a wittle muthkitoe, (muthkitoe)
I with I were a wittle muthkitoe.
I'd buzzie and I'd bittie under everybody's nightie.
I with I were a wittle muthkitoe.

I with I were a fithie in the thee, (in the thee)
I'd thwim around so cute without a bathin' suit,
I with I were a fithie in the thee.

I with I were a wittle thafety pin (thafety pin)
I with I were a wittle thafety pin,
And everything that's busted, I'd hold until I rusted.
I with I were a wittle thafety pin.

I with I were a wittle can of beer (can of beer)
I with I were a wittle can of beer,
I'd go down with a flurp and come up with a burp.
I with I were a wittle can of beer.

I WONDER WHO'S KISSING HER NOW

You have loved lots of girls in the sweet long ago
And each one has meant Heaven to you
You have vowed your affection to each one in turn
And have sworn to them all you'd be true.
You have kissed 'neath the moon while the world seemed in tune
Then you've left her to hunt a new game
Does it ever occur to you later, my boy,
That she's probably doing the same?

Chorus: I wonder who's kissing her now
Wonder who's teaching her how
Wonder who's looking into her eyes
Breathing sighs, telling lies;
I wonder who's buying the wine
For lips that I used to call mine
Wonder if she ever tells him of me
I wonder who's kissing her now.

If you want to feel wretched and lonely and blue,
Just imagine the girl you love best
In the arms of some fellow who's stealing a kiss
From lips that you once fondly pressed,
But the world moves apace and the loves of today
Flit away with a smile and a tear
So you can never tell who is kissing her now
Or just whom you'll be kissing next year.

IN ELEVEN MORE MONTHS AND TEN MORE DAYS

1. I'm in the Hoosegow twenty days
Just twenty days ago
I met a Judge a gay ole Judge
Who was feeling fine and so
He gave me just a year in jail
A sociable sort of gink
All on account of a gallon of wine
That I thought I could drink.

Chorus: In 11 more months and 10 more days
I'll be out of the calaboose
In 11 more months and 10 more days
They're going to turn me loose.

2. The other day the Warden said
We'd like to bring you cheer
And give you lots of different sports
While you are staying here
Now just what recreation
Do you think that you would like
I said, "If it's all the same to you
I'd like to go on a hike."--Chorus
3. A visitor passing by my cell
Just the other day
I saw him from my window
And I said, "Now, stranger, say
Can you tell me what time it is,"
He looked me in the face and
Said, "What do you care what time it is,
You ain't going any place."--Chorus
4. A guy in another cell asked me
"How long are you in here for,"
I told him that I'd be here
Eleven months and ten days more
"I'm here until to-morrow," he said
I said, "You son-of-a-gun, you're a lucky guy,"
He said, "Am I?
To-morrow I'm going to be hung." --Chorus

I LIKE MOUNTAIN MUSIC

I like mountain music,
Good old mountain music,
Played by a real Hill Billy band.
I like rural rhythm,
I can stick right with 'em,
I think the melodies are grand.
I've heard Hawaiians play,
In the land of the Wicky wacky,
But I must say, that they can't beat the Turkey in the Straw,
By Cracky.
I like mountain music,
Good old mountain music,
Played by a real Hill Billy band.

I RUN THE OLD MILL

I run the old mill over here in Reubenville
My name is Joshuay Ebenezer Frye
I know a thing or two; you can bet your life I do.
You can't catch me cause I'm too durned spry.

I know "bunco" men, always get the best of them.
I met two on the Posting Train.
They says "Howdedo"; I says "that'll do,
Travel right along with your durned skinned game".

Well, I swan, I must be gettin' on.
Giddyap, Napoleon, It looks like rain.
Well, I'll be switched, the hay ain't pitched.
Come in when you're over to the farm again.

There was a County Show here about a month ago,
Pitched it's tents by the old mill dam.
Maw says, "Let's go in and see the side show;
Let's take a look at the tatoed man."

There was a chap looked sharp at my pocket book,
Says, "Gimme two tens for one five,"
I says, "Ye durned fool, I be the constibule,
Now you're arrested as sure as you're alive."

Chorus --Well I'll be blowed, The taters ain't hoed, etc.

I druv the old mare over to the County Fair,
Took fust prize in a load of summer squash.
Stopped at the cider mill over on the old hill,
Got tighter than a drum, by Gosh.

I got so very full, I gave away my old bull,
Dropped both my lines down over the ~~Th~~ill,
I got home so very late, I couldn't fine the barn gate,
Maw says, "Joshuay, it ain't possible."

Chorus --Well, I'll be durned the butter ain't churned, etc.

IN THE EVENING BY THE MOONLIGHT

In the ev'ning by the moonlight
You could hear those darkies singing
In the ev'ning by the moonlight
You could hear those banjoes ringing
How the old folks would enjoy it
They would sit all night and listen
As we sang in the ev'ning by the moonlight.

I WANT A GIRL

I want a girl, just like the girl
That married dear old dad
She was a pearl, and the only girl
That Daddie ever had
Good old fashioned girl with a heart so true
One who loved nobody else but you
I want a girl, just like the girl
That married dear old dad.

JESSE JAMES

Jesse James was a lad who killed many a man
He robbed the Glendale train
He stole from the rich and gave to the poor
He'd a hand and a heart and a brain.

Chorus:

Poor Jesse had a wife to mourn for his life;
Three children, they were brave;
But that dirty little coward that shot Mr. Howard
Has laid poor Jesse in his grave.

Jesse was a man, a friend to the poor,
He'd never see a man suffer pain;
And with his brother Frank he robbed the Chicago bank,
And stopped the Glendale train.

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.

JINGLE BELLS

Dashing thro' the snow in a one horse open sleigh,
O'er the fields we go, Laughing all the way;
Bells on bobtail ring, Making spirits bright;
What fun it is to ride and sing A sleighing song tonight!

CHORUS:

Jingle bells! jingle bells! jingle all the way!
Oh, what fun it is to ride in a one horse open sleigh!
Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way!
Oh, what fun it is to ride in a one horse open sleigh.

Day or two ago I thought I'd take a ride,
And soon Miss Fannie Bright was seated by my side;
The horse was lean and lank, Misfortune seem'd his lot,
He got into a drifted bank, and we, we got upsot.

Now the ground is white, Go it while you're young;
Take the girls tonight, and sing this sleighing song;
Just get a bobtailed nag, Two-forty for his speed,
Then hitch him to an open sleigh, and crack! you'll take the lead.

JUBA

Juba, Juba,
Juba, dis and Juba dat
An Juba kill a yaller cat
to make his wife a Sunday hat
Juba.

JOHNNY VORBECK

1. There was a little Dutchman, his name was Johnny Vorbeck
He was a dealer in sausages, and sauerkraut, and speck.
He made the finest sausages that ever more were seen.
Till one day he invented a wonderful sausage machine. Bang
CHORUS: Oh, Mr. Johnny Vorbeck how could you be so mean
I told you you'd be sorry for inventing that machine
For all the neighbors cats and dogs will never more be seen
'Cause they'll all be ground to sausages in Johnny Vorbeck's
machine
2. One day a little fat boy came walking in the store,
He bought a pound of sausages and laid them on the floor.
Then he began to whistle, he whistled up a tune,
And all the little sausages went dancing 'round the room. Bang
3. One day the thing got busted, the darned thing would'nt go,
And Johnny Vorbeck, he crawled inside to see what made it so.
His wife she had a night-mare and walking in her sleep
She gave the crank an awful yank and Johnny Vorbeck was meat. Bang

JULIA

Julia, you're peculiar,
Julia, you're so queer.
Julia, you're unruly,
As awild western steer.
Dog gone you
Julia, when we're married,
Sweetheart, you and I,
Julia, you little mule you,
I'm going to rule you or die;
I guess I'll die, die, die.

KATY

K-K-K-Katy, beautiful Katy,
You're the only g-g-g-girl that I adore;
And when the m-m-m-moon shines over the cow-shed,
I'll be waitin' at the k-k-k-kitchen door.

KEEP IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD

I hear them angels callin' loud,
Keep in the middle of the road.
They's a waitin' there in great big crowd,
Keep in the middle of the road.
I can see them standin' 'round the big white gate,
We must travel long before it gets too late,
For it ain't no use to sit down and wait,
Keep in the middle of the road.

CHORUS: Then, children keep in the middle of the road,
Oh, children keep in the middle of the road,
Don't you look to the right,
Don't you look to the left,
Just keep in the middle of the middle of,
The middle of, the middle of, the middle of the road.

It ain't got time for to stop to talk,
Keep in the middle of the road,
'Cause the road am rough and it's hard for to walk,
Keep in the middle of the road.
I'll fix my eye on the golden stair,
An' I'll keep on agwine till I get there,
'Cause my head am bound that crown for to wear,
Keep in the middle of the road.

This world am full of sinful things,
Keep in the middle of the road,
Wehn your feet get tired, just put on your wings,
Keep in the middle of the road
And you watch them angels in the sky,
Put on your wings and get up and fly.
But keep in the middle of the road.

KITTY

Has anybody seen my kitty?
Has anybody seen my cat?
Oh, she's got a bump on the end of her nose
That shows that she can scrap.
Way down in Murphy's alley,
Way down in Finnigan's flat
Kitty-kitty-kitty-kitty-kitty-kitty-kitty
Has anybody seen my cat?
Meeeeeeow!

KENTUCKY HOME

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home,
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay,
The corn tops's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom
While the birds make music all the day;
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy and bright,
Bye 'n bye Hard Times come a knocking at the door,
Then my old Kentucky home, Good-night!

CHORUS:
Weep no more my lady, Oh! weep no more today!
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For the old Kentucky home far away.

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon,
On the meadow, the hill and the shore,
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
On the bench by the old cabin door;
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow where all was delight;
The time has come when the darkies have to part,
Then my old Kentucky home, Goodnight!

LANDLORD, FILL THE FLOWING BOWL

Landlord, fill the flowing bowl until it doth run over (twice)
For tonight we'll merry, merry be (twice)
For tonight we'll merry, merry be, tomorrow we'll be sober.

The man who drinks good whiskey punch, and goes to bed right mellow,
Lives just as he ought to live, and dies a jolly good fellow.

The man who drinks cold water pure, and goes to bed quite sober,
Falls just as the leaves do fall, so early in October.

The man who drinks just what he likes, and getteth "Half seas over",
Will live until he dies, perhaps, and then lie down in clover.

The little girl who gets a kiss, and runs and tells her mother
Does a very foolish thing, and doesn't deserve another.

The man who skis with mighty schuss, and takes the trails wide open,
Will merry, merry be, till he kills himself, when all his bones
are broken.

The man who swings a mighty ax and chops just like a beaver,
Hangs all the trees in sight, with a ringing cry of timber.

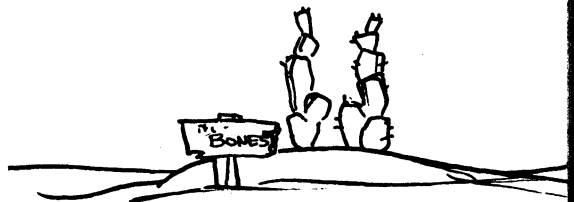
THE LAVENDER COWBOY

Oh, he was a lavender cowboy
And the hairs on his chest were but two;
He longed to be like the he-men
And do as the heroes do -

Herpecides and other hair tonics
He rubbed on his chest every nite
But when he looked into the mirror
Not a new hair had grown into sight.

He fought for Red Nellie, her honor
And he cleaned out a hold-up's nest,
He died with his six guns a' smokin'
But with only two hairs on his chest.

Way out on the lonesome old prairie
Where the wolves and the coyotes howl all nite
On top of the grave where his bones lie,
But two cactae have grown into sight.



LAZY BONES

Lazy bones, sleepin' in de sun,
How you ever 'spect to get your day's work done
Never get your day's work done,
Sleepin' in de noon day sun.
Lazy bones, sleepin' in de shade,
How you ever 'spect to make a dime dat a-way
Never make a dime dat a-way,
Sleepin' in de noonday shade.

When potatoes need sprayin',
I bet you keep prayin',
De bugs fall off of de vine
And when you go fishin',
I bet you keep wishin',
De fish don't bit at your line.

You're just a lazy bones,
Sleepin' in de shade,
How you ever 'spect to make a dime dat a-way,
Now look a here, you never heard a word I say.

LET ME CALL YOU SWEETHEART

Let me call you sweetheart
I'm in love with you.
Let me hear you whisper that you love me too,
Keep the love-lights glowing in your eyes so blue.
Let me call you sweetheart, I'm in love with you.

LITTLE BROWN JUG

My wife and I live all alone,
In a little brown hut, we call our own,
She loves gin and I love rum,
Tell you what, don't we have fun?

CHORUS: Ha, ha, ha, 'Tis you and me,
Little brown jug don't I love thee?
Ha, ha, ha, 'Tis you and me,
Little brown jug, don't I love thee?

If I had a cow that gave such milk,
I'd dress her in the finest silk,
Feed her on the choicest hay,
And milk her forty times a day. CHORUS.

'Tis you that makes my friends my foes.
'Tis you that makes me wear old clothes,
But seeing you are so near my nose,
Tip her up and down she goes. CHORUS.

When I go toiling on my farm,
Take little brown jug under my arm,
Set in under some shady tree,
Little brown jug, don't I love thee? CHORUS.

Then came the landlord tripping in,
Round top hat and peaked chin,
In his hand he carried a cup,
Says I, "Old fellow, give us a sup." CHORUS.

If all the folks of Adam's race,
Were put together in one place,
Then I'd prepare to drop a tear,
Before I'd part with you, my dear. CHORUS.

LIZA

'Liza, 'Liza, Dawggone, when ya' coming' back home,
'Liza, 'Liza, Never no more to roam,
O, I'll do the washin' an' I'll pay the rent;
It ain't agoin' ta cost ya a dawggone cent.
'Liza, 'Liza, Dawggone when ya comin' back--when ya comin'
back--when ya comin' back home.

LITTLE JOE THE WRANGLER

Oh, it's Little Joe the wrangler, he'll never wrangle more,
For his days with the remuda they are done,
'Twas a year ago last April that he joined our outfit here,
Just a little Texas stray and all alone.

His saddle was a southern kack, built many years ago,
And an O.K. spur from one foot lightly hung,
While his hot roll in a cotton sack was loosley tied behind,
And a canteen from his saddle horn he'd slung.

'Twas long late in the evening that he rode up to our camp,
On a little Texas pony he called Shaw,
With his brogan shoes and overhalls a tougher lookin' kid,
You never in your life had seen before.

He said he'd do the best he could if we'd only give him work
Tho he didn't know the straight up about a cow.
So the boss he cut him out a mount and kinda put him on,
For he sorta liked the little stray somehow.

He taught him how to herd the horses and to know them all by
name,
And to round them up by daylight if he could,
To follow the chuck wagon and to always hitch the team,
And to help a coserino gather wood.

Now we'd gotten to Red River and the weather had been fine,
We were camped down on the south side in a bend,
When a norther commenced a blowin', we doubled up the guard,
For it took all hands to keep the cattle down.

Now little Joe the wrangler, he was called out with the rest,
And scarcely had the kid got to the herd,
Then the cattle they stampeded, like a hailstorm long they flew,
And all of us were ridin' for the lead.

Between the streaks of lightning we could see a horse ahead,
It was little Joe the wrangler in the lead,
He was ridin' Ole Blue Rocket with a slicker o'er his head,
A tryin' to check the leaders in their speed.

At last we got 'em millin' and a kinda quieted down,
And the extra guard back to camp did go,
But one of them was missin', we all knew at a glance,
'Twas our little Texas stray, poor wrangler Joe.

Next mornin' just at sun up, we found where Rocket fell,
Down in a washout twenty feet below.
Beneath his horse mashed to a pulp, his spurs had rung the knell,
Of our little Texas stray, poor wrangler Joe.

LOOK DOWN

Look down, look down
That lonesome road
Before you trabble on.

Look up, look up,
And greet your maker
For Gabriel blows his horn.

Weary tredging on and on
Tredging down that lonesome road
Look up, look up,
And greet your maker,
For Gabriel blows his horn.

LORD JEFFERY AMHERST

Oh, Lord Jeffery Amherst was a soldier of the king,
And he came from across the sea.
To the Frenchmen and the Indians, he didn't do a thing,
In the wilds of this wild country, country,
In the wilds of this wild country.
But for his royal majesty, he fought with all his might;
For he was a soldier, loyal and true.
And he conquered all the enemies that came within his sight,
And he looked around for more when he was through.

CHORUS: Oh, Amherst, brave Amherst,
'Twas a name known to fame in days of yore,
May it ever be glorious,
Till the sun shall climb the heavens no more.

Oh, Lord Jeffery Amherst was the man who gave his name,
To our college upon the hill,
And the story of his loyalty and bravery and fame,
Abides here among us still, us still,
Abides here among us still.
You may talk about your Johnnies and your Elis and the rest,
For they are names that time can never dim,
But give us our only Jeffery, he's the noblest of the best,
To the end we will stand fast for him.

LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG

Once in the dear dead days beyond recall,
When on the world the mist began to fall,
Out of the dreams that rose in happy throng,
Low to our hearts love sang an old sweet song,
And in the dusk, where fell the twilight gleam,
Softly it wove itself into our dream.

Just a song at twilight,
When the lights are low,
And the flickering shadows
Softly come and go.
Tho the heart be weary,
Sad the day and long,
Still to us at twilight,
Comes Love's old song,
Comes Love's old sweet song.

LYDIA PINKHAM

Then we sing of Lydia Pinkham
And how she loved the human race,
And how she sold her vegetable compound
And how the papers published her face.

Oh, it sells for a dollar a bottle,
Which is very cheap, you see,
And if it doesn't cure you,
We will give you six for three.

O, Mrs. Brown could do no housework,
O, Mrs. Brown could do no housework,
She took three bottles of Lydia's compound,
And now there's nothing she will shirk,

Mrs. Jones she had no children,
And she loved them very dear.
So she took six bottles of Lydia's compound,
Now she has twins three times a year.

Lotter Smythe ne'er had a lover,
Blotchy pimples caused her plight;
But she took nine bottles of Lydia's compound
Sweethearts swarm about her each night.

MAMMY DON'T WANT NO BEER

Oh, mammy don't want no beer, because it makes her queer.
Oh, mammy don't want no beer, because it makes her queer.
Oh, mammy don't want no beer, because it makes her queer;
Just a bottle of brandy handy all the time.

Oh, mammy don't want no whisky, because it makes her frisky
Oh, mammy don't want no rye, because it makes her cry.
Oh, mammy don't want no scotch, because it gets her in Dutch.
Oh, mammy don't want no ale, because it makes her wail.
Oh, mammy don't want no madiera, because it makes her queerer.
Oh, mammy don't want no sherry, because it makes her merry.
Oh, mammy don't want no stout, because it makes her pout.
Oh, mammy don't want no champaign, because it gets her rampin'.
Oh, mammy don't want no kummel, because it makes her stumble.
Oh, mammy don't want no cointreau, because it makes her want mo'.
Oh, mammy don't want no mint, because it makes her squint.

ME AND MARIE

You ought to see little me and Marie
By the old sea side.
By the ocean we set and we pet and we pet,
Till we get swept out by the tide,
You may have been to Paris
And had both of your eyes opened wide, BUT-
You ought to see, me and Marie,
By the old sea side.

MICHAEL FINNIGAN

There was a man named Michael Finnigan,
He had whiskers on his chinnigan,
'Long came the wind and blew them innigan.
Poor old Michael Finnigan Beginnigan,
Second verse same as the first, etc. (until-
"Last verse worse than the first.")

MAD DOGS AND ENGLISHMEN

In tropical climes there are certain times of day,
When all the citizens retire
To take their clothes off and perspire.
It is one of those rules that the greatest fools obey.
Because the sun is far too sultry,
And one must avoid its ultri-violet ray.
The natives grieve when the white men leave their huts
Because they're obviously, definitely nuts,
Mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the mid-day sun;
The Japanese don't care to; the Chinese wouldn't dare to;
Hindus and Argentines sleep firmly from twelve to one,
But Englishmen detest their siesta.
In the Philipenes they have lovely screens to protect you from
the glare;

In the Malay States they have hats like plates,
Which the Britishers won't wear.
At twelve, noon, the native swoon,
And no further work is done,
But mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the mid-day sun.

It's such a surprise for the eastern eyes to see,
That, though the English are effete,
They're quiet impervious to heat.
When the white man rides, every native hides in glee,
Because the simple creatures hope he will impale his soul-a-
topee on a tree.

It seems such a shame when the English claim the earth,
That they give rise to such hilarity and mirth
Ha-ha-ha-ha--ha-ha-ha-ha, ho-ho-ho-ho--ho-ho-ho-ho-
He-he-he-he--he-he-he-he- hm-hm-hm-hm--hm-hm-hm-hm-
Mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the mid-day sun.
The toughest Burmese bandit can never understand it.
In Rangoon the heat of noon is just what the natives shun;
They put their Scotch or Rye down and lie down.
In the jungle town where the sun beats down to the rage of man
and beast,
The English garb of the English guard merely gets a bit more
creased.
In Bancoek at twelve o'clock, They foam at the mouth and run;
But mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the mid-day sun.

Mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the mid-day sun;
The smallest Malay rabbit deplores this foolish habit.
In Hongkong, they strike a gong, and fire off a noonday gun,
To reprimand each inmate who's in late.
In the Mangrove swamps, where the python romps,
There's peace from twelve till two;
Even caribous lay around and snooze,
For there's nothing else to do.
In Bengal, to move at all, is seldom if ever done,
But mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the mid-day,
Out in the mid-day, out in the mid-day, out in the mid-day,
Out in the mid-day, out in the mid-day sun.

MOONLIGHT BAY

We were strolling along
By Moonlight Bay.
You could hear the darkies singing,
They seemed to say,
"You have stolen my heart,
Now don't go 'way."
As we sang love's old sweet song,
By Moonlight Bay.

THE MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE

Oh--once I was happy, but now I'm forlorn,
Just like an old coat that is tattered and torn,
Left in this wide world to weep and to mourn,
Betrayed by a maid in her teens.

Now this maid that I loved, she was handsome.
And I tried all I knew her to please,
But I never could please her one quarter so well,
As the man on the flying trapeze.

CHORUS

Oh--he'd fly through the air with the greatest of ease,
That daring young man on the flying trapeze,
His actions are graceful, all the girls he does please,
And my love he has stolen away.

Oh--he'd smile from his perch on the people below,
And then one night he smiled on my love,
She blew him a kiss and she shouted "Bravo!"
As he hung by his nose up above.

CHORUS

Oh--I wept and I whimpered, I simpered for weeks,
While she spent her time with the circus and freaks,
With mastery subtle and all his sly art,
He tried and he tried, to win her dear heart.

One night as usual I went to her dear home,
And found there her father and mother alone,
I asked for my love, and soon was made known,
To my horror, that she'd run away.

CHORUS

Without any trousseau she'd fled in the night,
With him with the greatest of ease,
From two stories high he'd lowered her down,
To the ground on his flying trapeze.

Some months after that I went into a hall,
And to my surprise I found there on the wall,
A bill in red letters which did my heart gall,
That she was appearing with him.

Oh--he'd taught her gymnastics and dressed her in tights,
To help him to live his ease,
He'd made her take on a masculine name
And now she goes on the trapeze.

MANDALAY

By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' eastward to the sea,
There's a Burma Girl a-settin', an' I know she thinks o' me;
For the wind is in the palm trees, and the temple bells they say,
"Come you back, you British soldier, Come you back to Mandalay."
"Come you back to Mandalay."

Come you back to Mandalay,
Where the old flotilla lay,
Can't you hear the paddles chuckin',
From Rangoon to Mandalay.
Come you back to Mandalay,
Where the flyin' fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder,
Out of China 'crost the bay.

'Er petticoat was yaller an' 'er little cap was green,
An' 'er name was Supi-yaw-lai, jest the same as Theebaw's queen;
An' I seed her fust a-smokin' of a whackin' white cheroot,
An' a-wastin' Christian kisses on an 'eathen idol's foot,
on an 'eathen idol's foot.

Bloomin' idol made of mud --
Wot they called the great Gawd Budd --
Plucky lot she cared for idols,
When I kissed 'er where she stood,
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin' fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder,
Out of China 'crost the bay.

Ship me somewhere east of Suez, where the best is like the worst,
Where there ain't no ten Commandments, an' a man can raise a thirst;
For the temple bells are callin' an' its there that I would be,
By the Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' lazy at the sea -- lookin' lazy
at the sea.

On the road to Mandalay,
Where the old flotilla lay,
With her sick beneath the awnings,
When we went to Mandalay,
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin' fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder,
Out of China 'crost the bay.

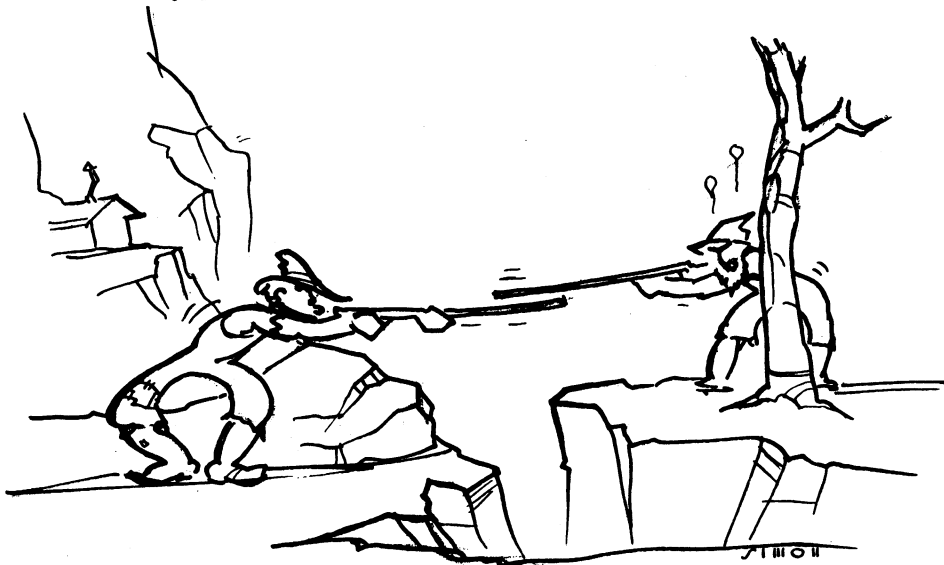
THE MARTINS AND THE COYS

Gather 'round me children and I'll tell you a story,
of the mountains in the days when guns was law.
When two families got disputin' it was bound to end in shootin',
so just listen close and I'll tell what I saw.

Oh, the Martins and the Coys they was reckless mountain boys,
and they took up family feudin' when they'd meet.
They would shoot each other quicker than it took you eye to flicker,
they could knock a squirrel's eye out at ninety feet.

All the fightin' started on one bright Sunday morning,
when old grandpa Coy was full of mountain dew.
Just as quiet as a churchmouse, he stole into the Martin hen house
"cause the Coys they needed eggs for breakfast, too.

Oh, the Martins and the Coys they was reckless mountain boys,
but old grandpa Coy has gone where angels live.
When they found him on the mountain, he was bleedin' like a fountain,
"cause they punctured him till he looked like a seive.



So the boys started out to avenge him,
and they didn't even take time out to mourn.
They went out to do some killin' where the Martins were distillin',
and they found old Abel Martin making corn.

Oh, the Martins and the Coys they was reckless mountain boys,
but old Abel Martin was the next to go.
Tho' he saw the boys a comin' he had hardly started runnin',
when a volley shook the hills and laid him low.

After that they started out to fight in earnest,
and they scarred the mountain up with shot and shell.
There were brothers, uncles, cousins, they say they bumped 'em off
by dozens
Just how many bit the dust it's hard to tell.

Oh, the Martins and the Coys they was reckless mountain boys,
at the art of killin' they became quite deft.
They all knew they shouldn't do it, but before they hardly knew it
on each side they only had one person left.

Now the sole remaining Martin was a maiden,
and as pretty as a picture was Miss Grace.
While the one survivin' boy was the handsome Henry Coy,
and the folks all knew they'd meet face to face.

Oh, the Martins and the Coys they were reckless mountain boys,
but their shootin' and their killin' sure played hob.
And it didn't bring no joy to know that Grace and Henry Coy,
swore that they would finish up the job.

So they finally met upon a mountain pathway,
and Henry Coy he aimed his gun at Grace.
He was set to pull the trigger when he saw her purty figger,
you could see that love had kicked him in the face.

Oh, the Martins and the Coys, they was reckless mountain boys,
and they say their ghostly cussin' gives you chills;
Cause the hatchet sure was buried when sweet Grace and Henry
married
It broke up the best dern feud in these here hills.

You may think this is where the story ended,
but I'm tellin' you them ghosts don't cuss no more,
Cause since Grace and Henry wedded they fight worse than all the
rest did,
And they carry on the feud just like before.

MASSA'S IN DE COLD, COLD GROUND

Round de meadows am a-ringing,
De darkies' mournful song,
While de mocking bird am singing,
Happy as de day am long.
Where de ivy am a-creeping,
O'er de grassy mound,
Dare old massa am a-sleeping,
Sleeping in de cold, cold ground.

Chorus

Down in de cornfield,
Hear dat mournful sound;
All de darkies am a-weeping,
Massa's in de cold, cold ground.

When de autumn leaves were falling,
When de days were cold,
'Twas hard to hear old massa calling,
Cayse he was so weak and old,
Now de summer days are coming.
Massa neber calls no more.

Massa make de darkies love him.
Cayse he was so kind,
Now, dey sadly weep above him,
Mourning cayse he leave dem behind.
I cannot work before tomorrow,
Cayse de tear-drop flow,
I try to drive away my sorrow,
Pickin' on de old banjo.

McSORELEY'S TWINS

Oh - Missis McSoreley had two fine purty twins,
Two fat little divils they were,
Wid' squawlin' and bawlin' from morning till night
It would deafen you, I declare.
Be me soul - 'twas a caution the way they would scream,
Like the blast of a fisherman's horn.
Says McSorely, "Not one blessed hour have I slept
Since them two little divils was born!"

Chorus

With the beer and the whiskey the whole blessed night,
Faith they couldn't stand up on their pins -

Such an elegant time at the christening we had,
Of McSoreley's most beautiful twins.

Says Missis McSoreley, "A christenin' we'll have,
Just to give me two darlin's a name - "
"Faith, we will" says McSoreley, "sure one we must have
Something grand to be course of that same!"
Then for godmothers Kate and Mag Murphy stood up,
And for godfathers came the two Flynns -
Johanna Marie and Diagnascis O'Maria,
Was the names that they christened the twins.

When the christenin' was over, the company begun -
With good whiskey to fill up their shins,
And the neighbors came in just to wish a good luck
To McSoreley's most beautiful twins.
When old Missis Mullins had drank all her punch -
Faith - her legs wouldn't hold her at all,
She fell flat on her stomach on top of the twins,
And they set up a mutherin' squawl.

Then Missis McSoreley jumps up in a rage,
And she threatens Missis Mullins' life -
Says old Denny Mullins, "I'll bate the first man
That dares lay a hand on me wife!"
The McGhans and the Geosgans, they had an old grudge -
And Mag Murphy pitched into the Flynns -
They fought like the divil - turned over the bed
And they smothered the poor -- little -- twins!

MOOSILAUKE SWEETHEART

Take an evening in the mountains
In the merry month of June
With your Mooselauke sweetheart
Underneath the mountain moon.

We'll sit together in the moonlight
That's bright enough for one
And dark enough for two
That's the way to spend your -
Moosilauke honeymoon.

THE MUG SONG

Lift up your mugs and sing the mug song,
Here's to the dear old mug song,
We never had a Boola-Boola
But we were always good at skipping schoola
For its always fair weather
When good mugs get to-gether
With a ra-ra-ra-ra sis boom bah
Lift up your mugs and sing the mug song.

MRS. MURPHY'S CHOWDER

Memories of the golden west and friends I used to know:-
Take me to that boarding house where I lived long ago.
Every Friday evening we would gather in the hall,
Waiting for the greatest treat of all.

Won't you bring back, won't you bring back,
Mrs. Murphy's chowder.
It was tuneful, every spoonful,
Made you yodel lowder.
After dinner Uncle Ben used to fill his fountain pen.

From a plate of Missus Murphy's chowder.
Ice cream, cold cream, benzine, gasoline,
Soup-beans, string-beans, floating all around.
Sponge cake, beef-steak, mistake, stomach-ache,
Cream puffs, ear muffs, many to be found.

Won't you bring back, won't you bring back,
Mrs. Murphy's chowder.
From each helping, you'll be yelping
For a headache powder.
And if they had it where we are, you might find an Austin car,
In a plate of Missus Murphy's chowder.
Silk hats, door mats, bed slats, democrats,
Coco bells, door bells, beckon you to dine.
Meat balls, fish balls, moth balls, cannon balls,
Come on in, the Chowder is fine.

MUSS I DEN ZUM STADTLE NAUS

Muss i denn, muss i denn zu stadtle naus,
Stadtte naus, und du mein Schatz bei heir.
Wenn i komm, wenn i komm, wenn i wiedrum komm,
Wiedrum komm, kehr i ein, mein Schatz bei dir.
Kann i glei net allweil bei dir sein,
Han i doch mein Freund an dir;
Wenn i komm, wenn i komm, wenn i wiedrum komm,
Wiedrum komm, kehr i ein, mein Schatz bei dir.

Wie du weinst wei du weinst, dass i wandere muss,
Wandere muss, wie wenn d'Lieb jezt war vorbei.
Sind au drauss, sind au drauss der Madele viel,
Madele viel, lieber Schatz, i bleib dir treu.
Denk du net, wenn i andre sieh,
No sei mein Lieb vorbei;
Sind au drauss, sind au drauss der Madele viel,
Madele viel, lieber Schatz, i bleib dir treu.

Ubers Jahr, ubers Jahr, wenn mer Traubele schneid,
Traubele schneid, stell i hier mi wiedrum ein,
Bin i dann, bin i dann dein Schatzele noch,
Schatzele noch so soll die Hochzeit sein.
Ubers Jahr, do ist mein Zeit vorbei,
Do ghor i mein und dein.
Bin i dann, bin i dann dein Schatzele noch,
Schatzele nochso soll die Hochzeit sein.

MY MOTHER-IN-LAW

My mother-in-law, she is dead; she got choked on ginger-bread
Ump-didd-ah-da, ump-didy-ah-da, ump-diddy-ah-da, ump BOOM-BOOM

Ever since my mother-in-law's been dead,
Folks all come to me, to buy that recipe.
For they all got mother-in-laws, they say.
Um-diddy-ah-da, ump-diddy-ah-da, How'd you get that way.

My Father-in-law, he is dead; he got caught in a folding bed
Ump-diddy-ah-da, ump-didy-ah-da, ump-diddy-ah-da, ump BOOM-BOOM

Ever since my father-in-law's been dead,
Folks all come to me to buy that folding bed,
For they all got father-in-laws, they say.
Ump-diddy-ah-da, ump-diddy-ah-da, - How'd you get that way.

MY MOTHER TOLD ME NOT TO SMOKE

My mother told me not to smoke. I don't
And not to tell a dirty joke. I don't
She told me it was wrong to wink
At handsome men, or even think
About intoxicating drink. I don't

To flirt and dance is very wrong. I don't
Some girls chase men with wine and song, I don't
I kiss no men, not even one
In fact I don't know how it's done
You may think I don't have much fun. I don't

MY NAME IS McNAMARE

Oh, my name is McNamare, I'm the leader of the band,
Although we're few in number, we're the best in all the land.
Of course I am conductor and we very often play
Before the great musicians that you hear every day.

Chorus.

Oh, the drums go bang, and the symbols clang.
And the horns they blaze away
McCartney poofs and old basson
While I the Pipes do play
Ta-----ta-----ta-----.
Hennessey toodle-de-oodles the flute.
The music is something grand,
And a credit to old Ireland,
Is McNamare's band.

Oh, we play at wakes and weddings, and at every fancy ball;
But at a dead man's funeral we play the best of all.
When General Grant to Ireland came, he took me by the hand,
And he said, "I never saw the like of McNamare's band."

Oh, just now we're advertizing for a very swell affair,
The annual celebration; all, the gentry will be there.
The boys and girls will all turn out. The music is something grand.
At the head of the procession will be McNamare's band.

NINE MEN SLEPT IN A BOARDING HOUSE BED

Nine men slept in a boarding house bed,
Roll over roll over
They all rolled over when anyone said,
"Roll over roll over",
One of them thought it would be a good joke,
Not to roll over when anyone spoke,
And in the scuffle he got his neck broke,
Roll over roll over.

Eight men slept in a boarding house bed.
Roll over roll over.

Continue with seven, six, five, etc.

NO HIDING PLACE

Young people who delight in sin ('Light in Sin)
Young people who delight in sin ('Light in Sin)
Young people who delight in sin
I'll tell you how its lately been,
Dere's no hidin' place down there!

Chorus-- No hidin' place down here (Hallelujah! Brothers.)
No hidin' place down here (praise de Lawd)
I went up to de rocks to hide my face,
The rocks cried out, "No hidin' place",
Dere's no hidin' place down here.

Sister Lucy, she wears a low necked dress.
Its much too low I must confess.

She went in the water ankle deep,
Prayed the Lawd her soul to keep.

Sister Lucy she has a wooden leg
She wears her garters on a peg.

A sinner-man sittin' on the gate of Hell
De gates gave way and in he fell.

Of all the religions I love best,
I love de shoutin' Methodist.

Oh, sinner-man, pull your boat one side,
You can't get to heaven by de wind and de tide.

NOBODY'S DARLING BUT MINE

Come sit by my side little darlin',
Come lay your cool hand on my brow;
Promise me that you will never
Be nobody's darlin' but mine.

Nobody's darlin' but mine, love,
Be honest, be faithful, be kind;
Promise me that you will never
Be nobody's darlin' but mine.

You're as sweet as the flowers of springtime,
You're as pure as the dew from the rose;
I had rather be somebody's darlin',
Than a poor boy that nobody knows.

My mother is dead and in heaven,
My daddy has gone down below,
Sister has gone to meet mother,
And where I'll go nobody knows.

Goodbye, Goodbye, little darlin',
I'm leaving this cold world behind,
Promise me that you will never
Be nobody's darlin' but mine.

I'll sit down beside you, my darlin',
I've waited for you many years;
And I promise you now that I'll never
Be nobody's darlin' but yours.

You said that your mother was dead, love,
My mother, like yours, left this world;
No brothers, no sisters, to love me,
There's no one but you little girl.

Nobody's darlin' but yours, love,
I'll be faithful to you through the years.
You'll be nobody's darlin', but mine, love;
I'll be nobody's darlin' but yours.

NOBODY KNOWS THE TROUBLE I SEE

REFRAIN (before each verse)

Nobody knows the trouble I see, Nobody knows my sorrow,
Nobody knows the trouble I see, Glory Halleluia!

Sometimes I'm up, sometimes I'm down,
Oh, yes Lord!
Sometimes I'm almost to the groun'
Oh, yes, Lord!

Refrain:
Altho' you see me going 'long so,
Oh, yes, Lord!
I have my troubles here below,
Oh, yes, Lord.

Refrain:
What makes old Satan hate me so,
Oh, yes, Lord.
Cause he got me once and let me go.
Oh, yes, Lord.

NOW WHEN I WALKED DAT LEVEE ROUND

Chorus Now when I walked dat levee round, round, round, round
Now when I walked dat levee round.
Now when I walked dat levee round
I was lookin' for dat nigger and he must be found.

Oh, I went around da other night
For to see ole Possum Jones
And I took my razor round with me
For to carve that nigger's bones
And I'm lookin' for dat nigger and he must be found.

Oh, I aks Miss Pansy Blossom
If she would gin the reel;
"Law," says she, "Mr. Johnson,
How high you makes me feel."
And you ought to see me shake my sugar heel.

OH, BURY ME NOT ON THE LONE PRAIRIE

"Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie."
These words came low and mournfully
From the pallid lips of a youth who lay
On his dying bed at the close of the day.

"Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie
Where the coyotes howl and the wind blows free
In a narrow grave just six by three
Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie."

"Oh, bury me not" and his voice failed there
But we took no heed of his dying prayer
In a narrow grave just six by three
We buried him there on the lone prairie.

OH, HOW HE LIED

He sat down beside her and smoked his cigar
Smoked his cigar, smoked his cigar.
He sat down beside her and smoked his cigar...
SMOKED HIS CIGAR-R-R-rrr-r (sing all verses thus)

She sat there beside him, and played her guitar.
He told her he loved her, but Oh, how he lied!
She told him she loved him, but she did not lie
They were to be married, but she up and died.
He went to the funeral, but just for the ride,
She went up to heaven, and flip-flop she flied.
He went down below her, and sizzled and fried.
The moral of this tale is never to lie,
Or you, too, may perish, and sizzle and fry.

OH, HOW I HATE TO GET UP IN THE MORNING

Oh! how I hate to get up in the morning
Oh! how I like to lie in bed.

For the hardest blow of all,
Is to hear that bugler call,
"You gotta get up,
You gotta get up,
You gotta get up in the morning."

Some day I'm going to murder the
bugler
Some day you're going to find him
dead.
I'll amputate his reveille,
And tramp upon it heavily,
And spend the rest of my life in bed.



THE OLD APPLE TREE IN THE ORCHARD

The old apple tree in the orchard-
Lives in my memory;
Cause it reminds me of my pappy.
He was handsome young and happy,
When he planted the old apple tree.

Chor.
Say good-bye, say good-bye,
Say good-bye to the old apple tree,
If my pappy had a-knowed it,
He'd be sorry that he growed it,
Cause he died on the old apple tree.

One nite pappy took widow Norton
Out on a Jamboree;
When he brought her back at sun-up,
Brother Norton had his gun up,
And chased pappy up in the tree.

Say Good-bye, -----

Next morning the neighbors, they found him,
Up in the tree was he.
Then they took a rope and slung him,
And by the neck they hung him,
To a branch of the old apple tree.

Say Good-bye, -----

Now pappy lies in the orchard,
Out of his misery.
They cut the tree down for a casket,
Put the apples in a basket.
Now pappy has gone with the tree.

OLD BLACK JOE

Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay;
Gone are my friends from the cotton fields away;
Gone from the earth to a better land I know,
I hear their gentle voices calling "Old Black Joe."

THE OLD ARKS A MOVERIN

Chorus

Oh, do old arks a moverin, a moverin, a moverin,
De old arks a moverin and I thank God.

How many days did the water fall,
Forty days and nights in all,
Ol' ark she reel, ol' ark, she rock,
Ol' ark, she landed on the mountain top.

Chorus.-

Ham, Shem and Japheth was a-settun one day,
Talkin' on de upper deck and lookin' down de bay,
And while dey was a-spoutin' 'bout dis and dat,
De ark done bump on Ararat.

Chorus.-

See dat sister dressed so fine,
She ain't got religion on her mind.
See dat brudder dressed so gay,
De Debbil's goin' to come and carry him away.

THE OLD BANJO

'Tis well I now remember, the time when long ago,
The wild desire first seized me to buy my old banjo,
'Twas offered at Two dollars, a price so mean and low;
I borrowed straight the money, and bought my old banjo.

Yes, yes, my old banjo.
For tho 'twas long ago,
Its strains in memory dearer grow,
I hear my old banjo.

Its head was somewhat broken, its neck had need to grow.
It sounded cross and grumpy, and told sad tales of woe.
The conductor said quite coolly, "Get out. The thing's no go."
But still I practiced fondly upon my old banjo.

One night, I'll ne'er forget it; I took part in a show,
I sat before the footlights, and played so soft and low.
The people soon went crazy, and tears they fast did flow,
'Til someone threw a - cabbage - and bust my old banjo.

OLD GRAY BONNET

Put on your old gray bonnet, with the blue ribbon on it,
And we'll hitch old Dobbin to the shay.
Through the fields of clover we'll ride down to Dover,
On our Golden Wedding day.

Let's get stinkin'! said Abraham Lincoln
And we'll open up another keg o' beer.
For it was not for knowledge that we came to college,
But to raise Hell while we're here.

OLD KING COLD

(Old King Cole)

O, Old King Cold from his warm bed rolled,
And he whistled for his boots and his skiis,
He skied like Hell, and he skied quite well,
But he didn't have a bend in his knees.

O, he didn't have a bend in his knees;
O, he didn't have a bend in his knees;
He skied like Hell, and he skied quite well,
But he didn't have a bend in his knees.

The old King thought when his skis he bought,
He would ride them with maximum ease.
What he was taught and so soon forgot
Was to get a little bend in his knees.

O, he didn't have a bend in his knees;
O, he didn't have a bend in his knees;
What he was taught and so soon forgot
Was to get a little bend in his knees.

The jolly King did a Highland Fling
And was soon tangled up in the trees.
And why he fell as you all know well
Was - he didn't have a bend in his knees.

O, he didn't have a bend in his knees;
O, he didn't have a bend in his knees;
And why he fell as you all know well
Was - he didn't have a bend in his knees.

Just push your nose out beyond your toes,
Call it "vor lage" if you please.
Like Jack and Jill you'll tumble down hill
If you haven't got a bend in your knees.

O, he didn't have a bend in his knees;
O, he didn't have a bend in his knees;
Like Jack and Jill you'll tumble down hill
If you haven't got a bend in your knees.

OLD KING COLE

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he.
He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his privates three.

"Beer, beer, beer!" cried the privates; "Merry men are we,"
There none so fair as can compare with the kings artillery.
(All succeeding verses are sung similar to this, repeating
the exclamations down through the rank order, and adding a
new one with each chorus.)

"One-two-one-two-one," said the corporals.
"Squads to the right by four," said the sergeants.
"We do all the work," said the shavetailes.
"We want thirty days' leave," said the captains.
"Bring my boots and spur," said the majors.
"Regiment's gone to hell," said the colonels.
"Vive les Folies Bergeres," said the generals.

OLD FAITHFUL

Old Faithful, we've roamed the range to-gether,
Old Faithful, in every kind of weather.
When our round-up days are over,
There'll be pastures green with clover;
Old Faithful, good-bye.

OLE MAN RIBBAH

Ole man ribbah, dat ole man ribbah,
He mus' know somethin' but don't say nothing.
He just keeps rollin', he keeps on rollin' along.
He don't plant 'taters, he don't plant cotton,
And them that plants 'em is soon forgotton,
But ole man ribbah he jus' keeps rollin' along.
Tote dat barge -- and lift dat bale,
Git a little drunk an' yo lan' in jail.
Ah gets weary an' sick ob tryin',
Ah'm tired ob libbin' an' feared ob dyin',
But ole man ribbah he jus' keeps rollin' along.

OLD MAN NOAH

Chorus

Old man Noah knew a thing or two,
He made 'em all play ball,
Old man Noah knew a thing or two,
Because he knew a thing or two, he thought he knew it all.
Some say he was an "also ran";
He was the original Circus man.
Old man Noah knew a thing or two,
He was a grand old man.

1. Away, way back in the ages dark (repeat)
Old Noah built a sea going ark, (repeat)
Old man Noah had his nervous spells,
When he had to listen to the animal's yells,
But when anything was doing he was there with bells.
He was a grand old sailor
2. Said old man Noah to his wife one day, (repeat)
"There's a big storm coming on the first day of May." (repeat)
And, while chewing his terbaccy, he made this remark:-
"The sky is getting cloudy and it's getting rather dark."
"So gather all the animals and beat it to the ark.
It's going to rain to-morrow."
3. The rain came down in showers prime, (repeat)
The ark lit out on schedule time. (repeat)
And every day at half past three,
Noah played poker with the chimpanzee.
Said the ring-tailed monkey, "I sadly grieve.
Noah has a full house up his sleeve."
4. When Noah got the animals out to sea, (repeat)
They organized a regular jubilee. (repeat)
In the middle of the night the elephant said,
"There's a couple of snakes crawled into my bed."
"Shut up," said Noah, "You're drunk instead,
Now I'm going to lose my license."

THE OLD CHISHOLM TRAIL

Come along boys, and listen to my tale,
And I'll tell you of my troubles on the old Chisholm trail.
Come a Ti Yi Yippy Yippy Yea, Yippy Yea,
Come a Ti Yi Yippy Yea.

Got an old saddle and a ten dollar horse,
And I'm goin' to punchin' cattle for my boss.

I can ride any horse in the wild and wooly west,
I can ride him, I can rope him, I can make him do his best.

Woke up one morn on the Chisholm trail,
With a horse between my legs and a cow by the tail.

Oh, its bacon and beans most every day,
I'd as soon be a eatin' prairie hay.

Oh, a stray in the herd and the boss says, "Kill it."
So I hit him on the head with a long handled skillet.

We left Nelson Ranch on June twenty-third,
With a drove of Texas cattle, two thousand in the herd.

Oh, its cloudy in the west and it looks like rain,
But I'll be a darn fool if I night herd again.

Its rainin' like hell and its gettin' mighty cold,
And these long horned cattle are mighty hard to hold.

Me and old Blue Dog arrived on the spot,
And we put them to millin' like the boilin' of a pot.

We hit Dodge City, and we hit it on the fly,
And we bedded down the cattle in the hills near by.

They got me by the foreleg and they put me in jail,
And I couldn't find a soul to go my bail.

I hunted up the boss to draw my roll,
He figgured me out nine dollars in the hole.

Goin' to sell my horse, goin' to sell my saddle,
Goin' to tell my boss where to go with his cattle.

No more a cow puncher to sleep at my ease,
Mid the crawlin' of the lice and the bitin' of the fleas.

With my feet in the saddle and my head in the sky,
I'm quittin' punchin' cattle in the sweet by and by.

THE OLD PINE TREE

Oh, they cut down the Old pine Tree,
And they hauled it away to the mill.
To make a coffin of pine,
For that sweetheart of mine,
Oh, they cut down the Old Pine Tree.

But she's not alone in her grave tonight,
For 'tis there my heart will ever be,
For though we've drifted apart,
Still they cut down my heart,
When they cut down the Old Pine Tree.

OLE TIME RELIGION

Gimme dat ole time religion,
Gimme dat ole time religion,
Gimme dat ole time religion,
It's good enuff for me.

It was good for de Hebrew chillun,
It was good for de Hebrew chillun,
It was good for de Hebrew chillun,
It is good enuff for me.

OLD SKIERS

Old skiers never die, never die, never die,
Old skiers never die, they just ski away.

OLE ZIP COON

Oh, there once was a man with a double chin,
Who performed with skill on the violin.
He could play in time, he could play in tune,
But he never played anything but 'Old Zip Coon'.

CHORUS

'Old Zip Coon', he played all day,
Until the neighbors ran away.
He played all night by the light of the moon,
But he never played anything but 'Old Zip Coon'.

Oh, the neighbors said, "Won't you kindly play,
'Nelly Blye' or 'Where are the Flowers in May'?
Any tune will do if its not THAT tune."
But he never played anything, but 'Ole Zip Coon'.

Then they took that man with the double chin,
All his worldly goods and his violin,
And they shipped him off to a foreign shore,
Where the natives had never heard a tune before.

(To be sung in slower tempo)
Oh, he sits there now by the deep blue see,
And he lives alone in a hollow tree,
And he plays that tune which he never ends,
So it isn't surprising that he has no friends.

ONCE I WENT IN SWIMMING

Once I went in swimming,
When there were no women,
Down beside the sea.
Seeing no one there,
I hung my underwear,
Upon a willow tree,
Dove into the water,
Just like Pharoah's daughter,
Dove into the Nile.
Some one saw me there,
And took my underwear,
And left me with a smile.

ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS

Old Noah he built himself an ark,
There's one more river to cross!
He built it all out of hickory bark,
One more river to cross!

Chorus

There's one more river,
And that's the river of Jordan,
There's one more river,
One more river to cross!

The animals went in one by one,
And Japhet with a big bass drum.

The animals went in two by two,
The elephant and the kangaroo.

The animals went in three by three,
The orangatang and the chimpanzee.

The animals went in four by four,
The hippopotamus stuck in the door.

The animals went in fives by fives,
Shem, Ham, and Japhet, and their wives.

And when he found he had no sail,
He just ran up his old coat tail.

And as they talked on this and that,
The ark it bumped on Arrarat.

Oh, Mrs. Noah she got drunk,
And kicked the old gentleman out of his bunk.

Oh, Noah, he went on a spree,
And banished Ham to Afrikee.

Perhaps you think there's another verse,
But there ain't!

OUT ON WYOMING'S PLAINS

I want to drink my coffee from an ol' tin can,
When the moon is ridin' high,
I want to hear the song of the whip-poor-will,
I want to hear those coyotes cry.
I want to feel that saddle horse between my legs,
When I'm ridin' out there on the range,
Just to kick him in the side, make him feel his steppin' pride,
Out on Wyoming's plains.

PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES

Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag, and smile, smile, smile.
While there's a Lucifer to light your fag, smile boys, that's the
style
What's the use of worrying, it never was worthwhile, So
Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag, and smile, smile, smile.

PATTY MURPHY

'Twas the night that Patty Murphy died,
I never shall forget;
For all the boys got stinking drunk,
And some ain't sober yet.
There is one thing that they did,
That filled my heart with fear,
They took the ice right off the corpse,
And put it on the beer.
That's how they paid respects to Patty Murphy.
That's how they showed their honor and their pride.
That's how they paid respects to Patty Murphy,
On the night that Patty died.

PATSY ORY-ORY-AYE

Eighteen hundred and ninety-two
Looking around for something to do,
Looking around for something to do,
A-working on the railroad.

Chorus

Patsy ory-ory-aye
Patsy ory-ory-aye
Patsy ory-ory-aye
A-working on the railroad.

Eighteen hundred and ninety-three,
Section boss a-driving me,
Section boss a-driving me,
A-working on the railroad.

Eighteen hundred and ninety-four,
Hands and feet are getting sore.

Eighteen hundred and ninety-five,
Found myself more dead than alive.

Eighteen hundred and ninety-six,
Played with a couple of dynamite sticks.

Eighteen hundred and ninety-seven,
Found myself on the road to heaven.

Eighteen hundred and ninety-eight,
Picked the lock of the pearly gate.

Eighteen hundred and ninety-nine,
Dined with the angels all sublime.

Eighteen hundred and ninety-ten,
Found myself on the earth again.

THE PICADILLY DAISY

Oh, the night was thick and hazy,
When the Picadilly Daisy,
Carried down the crew and captain to sea.
And the water must have drowned them,
For we never, never found them,
And I know they didn't come ashore with me.

Hoorah, seventy miles to go,
Three and four and multiply by ten,
And we won't get back till we've walked them one by one
Seventy miles to go.

(SAME with sixty, fifty, forty, etc, miles)

THE PIG AND THE INEBRIATE

'Twas early last December, as near as I remember,
I was walking down the street in tipsy pride.
No one was I disturbing, when I lay down by the curbing,
And a pig came up and lay down by me side.

As I lay there in the gutter, thinking thoughts I cannot utter,
A lady passing by was heard to say,
"You can tell a man who boozes by the company he chooses."
And the pig got up, and slowly walked away.

PINK PAJAMAS

I wear my pink pajamas in the summer when its hot,
I wear my flannel nighties in the winter when its not.
And sometime in the spring-time and sometime in the fall,
I jump right in between the sheets with nothing on at all.
Glory, glory, what's it to you, Glory, glory, what's it to you.
Glory, glory, what's it to you, if I jump right in between the sheets
with nothing on at all.

One grasshopper jumped right over the other grasshopper's back.
One grasshopper jumped right over the other grasshopper's back.
One grasshopper jumped right over the other grasshopper's back.
And one grasshopper jumped right over the other grasshopper's back.
They were only playing leapfrog, they were only playing leapfrog,
They were only playing leapfrog,
When one grasshopper jumped right over the other grasshopper's back.

One Mosquito bit the other mosquito on the back, etc.
They were only playing cannibal.

One Mosquito scratched the other mosquito's skito bite, etc.
They were only being friendly.

PLEASE GO WAY AND LET ME SLEEP

Please go way and let me sleep,
I would rather sleep than eat;
Sleep to me is such a treat,
So please go way and let me sleep.

I never had a dream so nice,
Dream't I was in paradise.
Waking up makes me feel cheap,
So please go way and let me sleep.

THE POOR OLD SLAVE

The poor old slave is gone at last,
We know that he is free.
His bones, they lie disturbed not in sunny Tennessee.

The pe-oor old sle-ave is ge-one at le-ast,
The po-poor old sal-slave is go-gone at la-last,
The piddly-poor old siddly-slave is giddly-gone at liddly-last.
The polfloor old salflave is golflone at lalflast.

POLLY -WOLLY - DOODLE

Oh, I went down South, for to see my Sal;
Sing, "Polly-wolly-doodle" all the day!
My Sally am a spunky gal,
Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle" all the day!

Chorus:

Fare thee well! Fare thee well! Fare thee well! my fairy fay!
Oh, I'm off to Louisiana, for to see my Susy Anna,
Singing, "Polly - Wolly - Doodle" all the day.
Fare thee well! Fare thee well! Fare thee well, my fairy fay!

Oh! I'm off to Louisiana, for to see my Susy Anna,
Singing, "Polly-wolly-doodle" all the day.

Oh, my Sal, she am a maiden fair,
Sing, "Polly-wolly-doodle" all the day,
With curly eyes and laughing hair,
Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle" all the day.

Chorus - - - - -

Oh! I came to a river, an' I couln't get across
Sing, "Polly-etc."
An' I jumped upon a nigger, an' I thought he was a hoss.
Sing, etc.

Chorus - - - - -

Oh! I went to bed, but it wasn't no use;
Sing, etc.
My feet stuck out for a chicken roost,
Sing, etc.

Chorus - - - - -

Behind de barn, down on my knees;
Sing, etc.
I thought I heard that chicken sneeze,
Sing, etc.

Chorus - - - - -

He sneezed so hard wid de hoopin' cough,
Sing, etc.
He sneezed his head an' his tail right off,
Sing, etc.

Chorus - - - - -

POP GOES THE SKIER

All around the mountain top
He skied without a fear,
Until at last he lit on a rock
"Umphf" went the skier!

They took him to the hospital,
Doc said he ne'er would ski at all,
But now he skis without a fall
"Pfiftz" for the doctor.

THE POPE

The Pope, he leads a jolly life, jolly life.
He's free from care and strife, care and strife.
He drinks the best of Rhenish wine;
I would the Pope's gay life were mine (repeat last two lines)

The Sultan's better pleases me, pleases me.
His life is full of jollity, jollity.
His wives are many as he will;
I fain the Sultan's throne would fill. (repeat last two lines)

The Pope, he leads a wretched life, wretched life.
He has no maid or blooming wife, blooming wife.
He has no son to raise his hope;
Indeed, I would not be the Pope.

The Sultan is a wretched man, wretched man.
He must obey the Al-Koran, Al-Koran.
He dare not touch one drop of wine,
I would not change his life for mine.

So when my sweetheart kisses me, kisses me,
Why, then I'd feign the Sultan be, Sultan be.
But when my Rhenish wine I tope,
Why, then I think that I'm the Pope.

The co-ed leads a sloppy life, sloppy life.
She eats potatoes with her knife, with her knife,
And once a year she takes a scrub,
And leaves the water in the tub.

Queen Wilhelmina has a trick, has a trick,
Of eating oysters with a stick, with a stick.
Her gown's cut low and not too tight,
And those that slip she finds at night.

But Kaiser Wilhelm is the best, is the best.
He dribbles oatmeal on his vest, on his vest.
And then he sticks his elbow in his soup,
And greets each waiter with a whoop.

The King of England, so I hear, so I hear,
Spills steaming coffee on his beard, on his beard.
He lets it slowly trickle down;
Then hangs his tea-cup on his crown.

And the Czar of Russia pleases me, pleases me.
He takes tobacco with his tea, with his tea.
At times he takes a quart or more,
And spits the tea leaves on the floor.

THE QUILTING PARTY

In the sky the bright stars glittered,
On the bank the pale moon shone,
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party I was seeing Nellie home,
I was seeing Nellie home, I was seeing Nellie home,
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party, I was seeing Nellie home.

RAG-TIME COWBOY JOE

Out in Arizona where the bad men are,
The only thing to guide you is the evening star,
The roughest, toughest guy by far,
Is Rag-time Cowboy Joe.

He got his name from singing to his cattle and his sheep,
And every night they say he sings his herds to sleep,
In a bass so soft and deep,
Crooning soft and low...
He always sings..he always sings,
That rag-time music to his cattle,
As he swings..as he swings,
Back and forth in his saddle,
On a horse..on a horse,
With a syncopated gater.
O, listen to the meter of the roar of his repeater,
How they run..how they run,
When they hear the fellows gun,
For the Western folks all know,
He's a high-falootin', rootin', tootin',

Son of a gun from Arizona,
He's some cowboy,
Talk about your cowboy,
Rag-time cowboy Joe.

Git along, little dogies; git along little dogies,
Git along little dogies, git along little dogies,
Git along little dogies, git along.
He always sings--raggy music to the cattle,
As he swings--back an' forward in the saddle,
On a horse (a pretty good horse)
That's a syncopated gaited,
'Cause its such a funny meter,
To the roar of his repeater.
How they run--when they hear his gun,
Because the western folks all know,
He's a high-falootin', rootin', tootin',
Son-of-a-gun from Oklahoma,
Rag-time Cowboy, (talk about your cowboy)
Rag-time Cowboy Joe.

READY WHEN DE GREAT DAY COMES

Put on your long white robe and your starry crown,
And be ready when de great day comes.
Good Lord, I'se ready, 'deed I'se ready
Tell de good Lord I'll be ready when de great day comes.
Oh, glory hallelulia,
Ready, 'deed I'se ready,
Tell de good Lord I'll be ready when de great day comes.

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 brightens our pathway 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 girl that has 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 me to see.

From this valley they say you are going;
When you go, may your darling go, too?
Would you leave her behind unprotected,
When she loves no other but you?

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

ROLL JORDAN ROLL

Roll, Jordan, Roll; Roll, Jordan, Roll;
I want to go to Hebben when I die,
For to hear ole Jordan roll.

Roll Jordan, Roll; Roll, Jordan, Roll;
Oh, brudders, you ought to been dere,
For to hear ole Jordan roll.

Roll, Jordan, Roll; Roll, Jordan, Roll;
Oh, sisters you ought to been dere,
For to hear ole Jordan roll.

ROUNDS

SWEETLY SINGS THE DONKEY

Sweetly sings the donkey at the break of day,
If you don't sing louder, you will get no hay,
Hee-Haw, Hee-Haw, Hee-haw, Hee-haw, Hee-haw.

ROW YOUR BOAT

Row, row, row, your boat gently down the stream
Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily,
Life 'is but a dream.

THREE BLIND MICE

Three blind mice (repeat) See how they run (repeat)
They all ran after the farmer's wife,
Who cut off their tails with a carving knife,
Did you ever see such a sight in your life,
As three blind mice.

SCOTLAND'S BURNING

Scotland's burning, Scotland's burning,
Fire, Fire, Fire, Fire,
Pour on water, pour on water.

THREE OLD SKIERS

Three old skiers, three old skiers,
See how they ski! See how they ski!
They all climb up to the mountain top
And then they come down with a helluva flop.
Somebody surely should put a quick stop to
All old skiers!

THE RUNAWAY TRAIN

'Twas in the year of '89 upon that old
Chicago line,
And the winter wind was blowing shrill;
The wheels were froze, the tracks were cold,
And then the air brakes wouldn't hold,
And number 9 came roaring down the hill.....

Ohh, the runaway train came down the track,
And she blew, she blew;
The runaway train came down the track,
With the whistle wide and the throttle back,
And she blew, blew, blew, gol darn it how she blew.

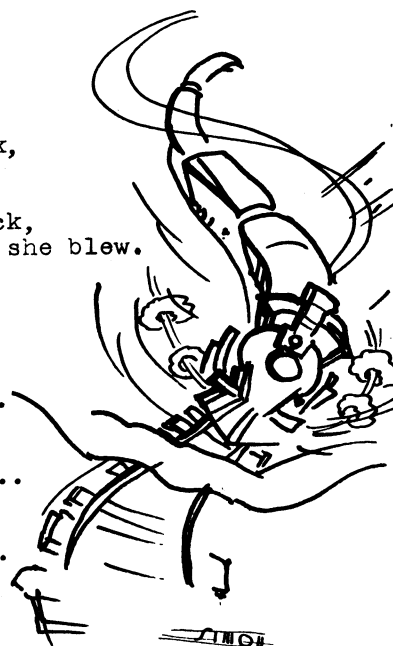
The drummer sat in the parlor car, etc.
And almost swallowed a black cigar, etc.

The fat man lay in the upper berth,
A-chewin' his gum for all he was worth,...

The porter got an awful fright,
He got so scared he nearly turned white,...

The runaway train went over the hill,
And for all we know, she's going still,...

"SAMUEL HALL"



I
"O, my name is Samuel Hall, Samuel Hall, Samuel Hall.
O, my name is Samuel Hall, and I hate you one and all.
You're a bunch of muckers all, Damn your eyes.

II
"O, I killed a man 'tis said, so 'tis said, so 'tis said.
O, I killed a man 'tis said, fo I filled him full of lead,
And I left him there for dead, Damn his eyes.

III
"O, the preacher he did come, he did come, he did come.
O, the preacher he did come, and he looked so G--D--- glum,
And he talked of kingdom come, Damn his eyes.

IV
"O, the Sheriff, he came too, he came too, he came too.
O, the Sheriff, he came too, with his little boys in blue,
And I hope they sizzle too, Damn their eyes.

V
"O, they took me to the quod, to the quod, to the quod.
O, they took me to the quod, and they left me there, by God,
With a ball and chain and rod, Damn their eyes.

VI
"To the gallows I must go, I must go, I must go.
To the gallows I must go, with my friends all down below,
Sayin', 'Sam, I told ya so'; Damn their eyes."

VII
"I saw Nellie in the crowd, in the crowd, in the crowd.
I saw Nellie in the crowd, an' I hollered right out loud,
Sayin', 'Nellie, ain't ya proud?' Damn your eyes."

SHE IS MORE TO BE PITIED THAN CENSURED

She is more to be pitied than censured,
She is more to be helped than despised,
She is only a lassie who ventured
On life's stormy path ill-advised.
Do not scorn her with words fierce and bitter;
Do not laugh at her shame and downfall.
For a moment just stop and consider,
That a man was the cause of it all.

SHE'LL BE COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN

She'll be comin' round the mountain when she comes, when she comes.
She'll be comin' round the mountain when she comes, when she comes.
She'll be comin' round the mountain,
She'll be comin' round the mountain,
She'll be comin' round the mountain, when she comes, when she comes.

She'll be ridin' six white horses when she comes, when she comes.
She'll be wearing pink pajamas when she comes, when she comes.
Oh, we'll all go out to meet her when she comes, when she comes.
Oh, we'll kill the old red rooster when she comes, when she comes.
Oh, we'll all have chicken and dumplin' when she comes, when she comes.

SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK

East Side, West Side, all around the town,
The tots sang "Ring-a-rosie," "London Bridge is falling down."
Boys and girls together, me and Mamie O'Rourke,
Tripped the light fantastic on the sidewalks of New York.

A SEA CHANTEY

Gather 'round my dears; pull the wool out of your ears,
And the wonders of the sea I will expound.
You can tell I am a sailor 'cause I wear a sailor's hat;
Six times I have been shipwrecked and found drowned.

Chorus:

So we lowered the funnel, stopped the ship, and reefed
the cablechain;
We heaved the cargo overboard, and hauled it back again;
We hoisted the mainsail up aloft the stormy winds do blow;
With the crew in the hatch, the ship struck a match and
Ee-lee-ay-leeoh.

On a borrowed foreign craft, silver-plated fore and aft,
With a cargo of fried eggs we did embark,
And we were not long at sea before we struck a Christmas tree.
So we had to eat our supper in the dark.

While cruising 'round the cape we had a marvelous escape;
The wind blew off the captain's wooden leg,
And he fell down on the deck where he nearly broke his neck
And we had to bathe his foot in ham and eggs.

While the mate lay in his bunk this ill-fated vessel sunk,
And we all rushed up on deck to see the fun;
For the shore we made our tracks with the cargo on our backs,
And we sat and dried our whiskers in the sun.

SHORTNIN' BREAD

Put on de skillet, put on de lid,
Mammy gwine to bake a little shortnin' bread.
Dat ain't all she's gwine to do,
Mammy gwine to make a little coffee too.

Mammy's little baby loves shortnin' shortnin'
Mammy's little baby loves shortnin' bread (repeat)

Three little darkies lyin' in bed;
Two wuz sick and de other most dead!
Sent fo' de doctor; de doctor said,
"Feed dose chillun on shortnin' bread."

I slip to de kitchen; slip up de lid;
Slip mah pockets full o' shortnin' bread.
Stole de skillet; stole de lid,
Stole de gal to make shortnin' bread.

Dey caught me wid de skillet; caught me wid de lid;
Caught me wid de gal makin' shortnin' bread.
Paid six dollahs fo' de skillet, six dollahs fo' de lid,
Spent six months in jail, eatin' shortnin' bread.

SHUT THAT DOOR

It was a most particular, peculiar old bachelor,
Whose life from chills and ague had become one mighty sneeze;
No matter what the temp'ature, his relatives were never sure,
In spite of all that they could do, he wouldn't up and freeze.
They brought hot bricks to warm his toes (in case they froze),
thick underclothes,
Hot Scotch to warm him up within, fur overcoats without;
And yet, in spite of all they tried, he'd shiver till he almost
died,
And if you left the door unlatched you'd hear him swear and shout,

Chorus

"Shut that door! I feel a draught! It's creeping up my spine!
If I should die from carelessness, I s'pose you'd think that fine.
Here, quick! another overcoat, Now wrap my feet up more!
Good Lord! My teeth will rattle out! Confound it! Shut that door!"

His neighbors as a last resource, perplexed, of course, then met in
force,
And said that they must rush him to some red-hot tropic land.
They moved him with the greatest care to Poochilooke Island, where
The equatorial sun will fry an egg upon the sand.
They heated up his chair with steam (tho' this may seem a bit extreme)
They cabled for more overcoats and underclothes galore.
Yet even in his hut of thatch he'd yell, if someone raised the latch,
And moved the screen of palm-leaves they had rigged up for a door.

One day a draught blew up his nose (as I suppose) and so he froze.
They boxed him up and hurried home to help divide the cash.
His native town, with proper sense of grief intense, at great expense,
Engaged the crematory man to burn him to an ash.
They shut him in the oven tight, And like a Kite, the Fahrenheit
Went soaring up until it passed the million mark or more;
At last his nephew with a grin unlocked the door and peered within;
When from the oven's flaming depths arose a mighty roar.

STANDIN' IN THE NEED OF PRAYER

Not my brother, nor my sister, but it's me, O Lord,
Standin' in the need of prayer;
Not my brother nor my sister but it's me, O Lord,
Standin' in the need of prayer.

Chorus: It's me, it's me, it's me, O Lord, Standin' in the need of prayer;
It's me, it's me, it's me, O Lord, Standin' in the need of prayer.

Not the preacher, nor the deacon, but it's me, O Lord,
Standin' in the need of prayer (Repeat and chorus)

Not my father, nor my mother, but it's me, O Lord,
Standin' in the need of prayer (Repeat and chorus)

Not the stranger, nor my neighbor, but it's me, O Lord,
Standin' in the need of prayer, (Repeat and chorus)

THE SIMPLE LITTLE OSTRICH

In an African desert, once did dwell an ostrich wonderous wise,
Who carried his head so exceedingly high, it almost reached the
skies,
He had been so far, he had seen so much, he was wise as wise
could be,
This wonderful bird was frequently heard to remark complacently,

"If you wish for information, or desire an explanation,
I'm a brimming font of knowledge, that responds to every call,
For assorted gilt-edged knowledge, I can discount any college,
I'm a simple little ostrich, but--I know it all."

This wonderful bird had occasion soon, his wisdom to display,
For a couple of hunters gave him chase, in a highly hostile way,
"You'll see, kind friends," he merrily cried, "how I'll fool these
sons of Ham,
For I'll hide my head in the sand he said, and they won't know
where I am.

'Tis a simple operation to elude their observation,
In emergencies like this one, on your brains not brawn you call,
For in spite of their endeavour, I will prove them far from clever,
I'm a simple little ostrich, but--I know it all."

There was something wrong with his well laid plan, I much regret
to say,
For they snaked him out of his hiding place without the least delay,
They pulled his long tail feathers out, till he was a sight to see,
And they clipped his wings with the shears and things, though it
hurt confoundedly,

And they shipped him o'er the ocean, and today if you've the notion,
On a second rate museum in our neighbourhood to call;
You will see a sight pathetic, for with mien apologetic,
Stands that simple little ostrich stuffed--that knew it all.

STEIN SONG

Give a rouse, then, in the May-time
For a life that knows no fear!
Turn night-time into day-time,
With the sun-light of good cheer!
For it's always fair weather,
When good fellows get to-gether,
With a stein on the table,
And a good song ringing clear.

Oh, we're all frank and twenty,
When the spring is in the air;
And we've faith and hope a-plenty,
And we've life and love to spare;
And it's birds of a feather,
When good fellows get together,
With a stein on the table,
And a heart without a care.

THE SKI SONG

Der Winter es ist mir nit zweider
Dann g'freu' ich mich dengerscht nit schlecht.
Wenn weiss fall'n die Flocken hinneider
Das Schneiben das ist mir g'rad' recht.
Und ist dann das Land weiss unspinnen
Fur mir gibts besondere wonnen.

CHORUS

Zwa Brette auf g'fuhrige Schnee Juch he!
Das ist dann mein hochste Idee.
Zwa Brette auf g'fuhrige Schnee Juch he!
Das ist dann mein hochste Idee.

Moosilauke's covered with snow
Yo-ho, and a'skiing we'll go!
The frost-laden northern wids blow.
Yo-ho, and a'skiing we'll go!
Whether you're a dub or kanone,
And whether you stem or tempo.

CHORUS:

Come on, join the gang with a hearty Ski Heil!
And down Hell's Highway we'll go.
Come on, join the gang with a hearty Ski Heil!
And down Hell's highway we'll go.

Put on your blue or your klister,
Smear it on thick so you'll climb,
Wax till your hands they do blister,
And skins will beat you every time,
Then tighten your boots and your harness,
And when you're all set top to toe.

"Come on," etc. (substituting -"Up Hell's Highway" for "Down," etc.)

With a track like the bones of a herring,
We'll crawl up the steep mountainside,
T'wont be half a mile till you're swearing,
That cigarette ad surely lied.
But the view lifts you up when your feet won't,
And you'll shout to the laggards below:

"Come on ---- up Hell's Highway" (as in previous verse)

If you pause just below the Rock Garden,
And look off with a feeling sublime,
Still the thought makes your arteries harden,
To go down hill's a capital crime,
Some say suicide, others say murder,
Japanese call it hair-kari,

"Come on join the gang, with a hearty Ski Heil!
Head over tea-kettle we'll go (repeat)

STARVATION

Starvation swore a feud against the clan McTavish,
And he went into their land to plunder and to ravish;
For he had resolved to exterminate the vipers,
With three and twenty men, and four and twenty pipers.

Wawkinawkinaw, wawkinawkinaw, wawkinawkinaw, waw-kinaw

Starvation had a son, who married Noah's daughter,
And he nearly spoiled the flood, by drinking all the water;
Which he would have done - I, at least, believe it - ,
If the mixture had some whiskey to relieve it.

But when he had got half way down to Canaan,
Of his fightin' crew, he had only three remainin'.
Three was all he had to back him in the battle.
All the rest had gone back home to tend the cattle.

And when the fight was on, Starvation laid about him,
And all the enemy, they tried their best to route him,
When Mic Mac Mac Methuselah let out some awful howls;
Then drew his pick askew, and plugged him in the bowels.

THE STATE SONG

What did Delaware, boys, What did Delaware,
What did Delaware, boys, What did Delaware,
Oh, I ask you now as a personal friend,
What did Delaware.

She wore her New Jersey, boys she wore her New Jersey,
She wore her New Jersey, boys, she wore her New Jersey,
She wore her New Jersey, boys, she wore her New Jersey,
Oh, I tell you now as a personal friend,
She wore her New Jersey.

What did Idaho --- She hoed her Maryland.
Where has Oregon --- to see Louisian.
What did Ioway --- She weighed a Washington
What did Mississip --- She sipped her old Virgin.
What made Florady --- She died of Missouri.
What did Massachusett, --- She set a Rhode Island Red.
What did Michigain --- She gained A Newbraskey.
What did Connecticutt --- She cut with her New Hampshires.
What made Pennsylvane --- Combing her flowing Maine.
What did Tennessee --- She saw what Arkansas.
Where did Mexico --- taking Oklahome.

STEAMBOAT BILL

Down the Mississippi steamed the Whipperwill,
Commanded by the pilot, Mister Steamboat Bill,
The owners gave him orders on the strict Q.T.
You've got to beat the record of the Robert E. Lee.
"Just feed up your fires, let the old smoke roll;
Burn up all your cargo if you run out of coal."
"If we don't beat the record," Billy told the mate,
Send my mail in care of Peter at the golden gate."
Steamboat Bill, steaming down the Mississippi,
Steamboat Bill, a mighty man was he. Oh....
Steamboat Bill, steaming down the Mississippi,
Going to beat the record of the Robert E. Lee.
Up then stept a gamblin' man from Louisville,
Who tried to get a bet against the Whipperwill.
Billy flashed a roll that surely was a bear;
The boiler, it exploded, blew them up in the air.
The gambler said to Billy as they left the wreck,
"I don't know where we're going, but we're neck and neck,"
Bill said to the gambler, "Tell you what I'll do;
I'll bet another thousand and go higher than you."
Steamboat Bill tore up the Mississippi,
Steamboat Bill, the tide it made him swear,
Steamboat Bill tore up the Mississippi,
The explosion of the boiler got him up in the air.
River's all in mourning now for Steamboat Bill;
No more you'll hear the puffin' of the Whipperwill.
There's crape on every steamboat that plows those steams,
From Memphis right to Natchez down to New Orleans.
The wife of Mister William was at home in bed,
When she got the telegram that steamboats dead,
She said to the children, "Bless each honey lamb;
The next papa that you'll have will be a railroad man."
Steamboat Bill missing on the Mississippi,
Steamboat Bill is with an angel band.
Steamboat Bill missing on the Mississippi,
He's a pilot on a ferry in that promised land.

STEAL AWAY

Refrain: (at beginning of each verse)
Steal away, steal away, steal away to Jesus!
Steal away, steal away home, I ain't got long to stay here.

My Lord calls me, He calls me by the thunder;
The trumpet sounds within a my soul;
I ain't got long to stay here.

Refrain:
Green trees are bending, Poor sinner stand a-trembling;
The trumpet sounds within a my soul,
I ain't got long to stay here.

Refrain:
My Lord calls me, He calls me by the lightning;
The trumpet sounds within a my soul,
I ain't got long to stay here.

STRAWBERRY ROAN

I was layin' round town, just spendin' my time,
Out of a job and not makin' a dime,
When a feller steps up and says, "I suppose
That you're a bronco rider by the looks of the clothes."

"You guessed me right -- I'm a good one," I claims,
"Do you happen to have any bad ones to tame?"
He says that he has and a bad one to buck,
And for throwing good riders he's had lots of luck.

He says, "This old pony has never been rode,
And that boys that gets on him is bound to get throwed."
Well, I gets all excited and asks what he pays
To ride this old pony for a couple of days.

He offers a tenspot, and I says, "I'm your man,
For a bronc never lived that I couldn't fan.
For the bronc never lived nor never drew breath
That I couldn't ride till he starved plum to death."

"Well," he says, "Get your saddle and I'll give you a chance."
So I gets in the buckboard and we drives to the ranch,
I stays until mornin' and right after chuck
I steps out to see if this outlaw can buck.

Down in the horse corral standing alone
Is this old caballo, a strawberry roan.
His legs is all spavined, he has pigeon toes,
Two little pig eyes and a big Roman nose.

Little pin ears that touched at the tips,
And a big 44 run on his left hip.
He's ewe-necked and old with a long lower jaw.
I could see with one eye he was a reg'lar outlaw.

I puts on my spurs, I'm sure feelin' fine,
I picks up my hat, an' curls up my twine.
I piles my rope on him, and well I know then,
That afore I get rode, I've sure earned my ten.

I gets the blinds on him, it sure is a fight,
Next comes my old saddle, an' I screws her on tight,
Then I steps onto him and raises the blinds,
I'm right to his middle to see him unwind.

He bowed his old neck and I guess he's unwound,
For he seemed to quit living down there on the ground.
He went up towards the east and come down towards the
west,
And to stay in his middle I'm sure doin' my best.

He sure is frog-walkin', he heaves a big sigh,
He only lacks wings to be on the fly.
He turns his old belly right up to the sun.
He sure is a sunfishin' son-of-a-gun.

He's about the worst buckner I've seen on the range.
He can turn on a nickel and give you the change.
And when he's a-buckin', he squeals like a shoat,
I tell you that pony has sure got my goat.

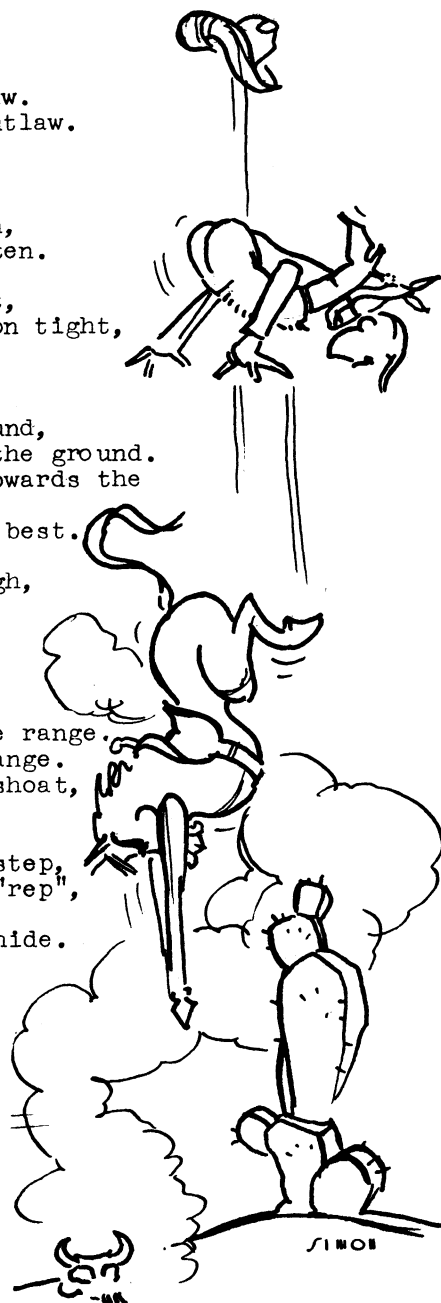
I claims that, no foolin', that outlaw can step,
But I'm still in his middle and buildin' a "rep",
He hiys on all fours and turns on his side,
I don't see what keeps him from losin' his hide.

I loses my stirrup and also my hat,
I'm clawin' at leather as blind as a bat,
With a phenomenal jump he goes up on high,
Leaves me settin' on nothin' up there in
the sky.

Well -- I turned over and comes back to
earth,
And I lights on to cussin' the day of
his birth.
An' I knows there's old ponies I'm not
able to ride
There's some of them left - They haven't
all died.

Chorus:

Oh, that Strawberry Roan, Oh, that Strawberry Roan,
They say he's a cauyse that's never been rode,
The man that gets on him is bound to be throwed,
Get off that Strawberry Roan.



OH, SUSANNA

I came to Alabama wid my banjo on my knee,
I'm g'wan to Lou'siana, my true love for to see.
It rained all day, de night I left
De weather it was dry,
De sun so hot, I froze to death;
Susanna, don't you cry.

CHORUS:

Oh, Susanna, Oh, don't you cry for me,
For I'm goin' to Lou'siana,
Wid my Banjo on my knee.

I had a dream the other night.
When everything was still,
I thought I saw Susanna, a-comin' down the hill.
De buckwheat cake was in her mouth, de tear was in her eye.
Say I, "I'm comin' from the south,
Susanna don't you cry."

CHORUS:

SWANEE RIVER

Way down upon the Swanee River, far, far away,
Dere's wha my heart is turning ever, Dere's wha de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation, Sadly I roam,
Still longing for de old plantation, and for de old folks at home.

CHORUS:

All de world is sad and dreary, Ev'rywhere I roam;
Oh! darkies, how my heart grows weary, Far from de old folks at home.

THE STUDENT IN A TUNNEL

1.

Coming home from Bangor, on a Pullman train,
From six weeks of fishing off the coast of Maine,
Whiskers well extended, young mustache as well,
Enter Princeton student, tall, and dark and swell.

2.

Empty seat behind him, no one at his side
Sets him down in silence for a lonely ride,
Enter aged couple, take the hindmost seat;
Enter pretty maiden, bashful and petite.

3.

Blushingly she falters, "Is this seat engaged?"
Sees the aged couple, rightfully enraged.
Gallant Princeton student says he'll see her through,
Thinks he of the tunnel and what he will do.

4.

On they ride in silence, while the cinders fly,
Till the Princeton student gets one in his eye.
Maiden sympathetic turns herself about.
"Kind sir, may I help you try to get it out?"

5.

When that Princeton student feels her gentle touch
And she gently murmurs, "Do I hurt you much?"
Then that Princeton student laughs with might and main
As into glorious darkness rides that pullman train.

6.

Out into the daylight rides the pullman train.
Maiden's hair is ruffled, just a tiny grain,
Student's hair is tousled, tie is messed as well,
Tiny hairpin in mustache, doesn't he look swell?

7.

Wherefore maids and maidens, this moral I do cry:
"Never take a cinder from a college student's eye."

SWEET ADELINE

Sweet Adeline, my Adeline,
At night, dear heart,
For you I pine.
In all my dreams,
Your fair face beams.
You're the flower of my heart,
Sweet Adeline.

SWEET EVELINE, BOOM BOOM

Sweet Eveline, boom boom
Will you be mine, boom boom,
You're the flower of my heart sweet Eveline, boom boom
Way down yonder in the old corn field
For you, boom boom, I pine
Sweeter than the honey, from the honey bee,
I love you, say you love me.
Meet you in the shade of the old apple tree,
For he, for hi, for ho, my Ev-el-i-ne.

SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT

Swing low, sweet chariot, Comin' for to carry me home!
Swing low, sweet chariot, Comin' for to carry me home!

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.

Swing low, etc....

If you get there before I do,
Comin' for to carry me home,
Jess tel' my frien's that I'm a comin', too,
Comin' for to carry me home!

Swing low, etc....

I'm sometimes up an' sometimes down,
Comin' for to carry me home!
But still my soul feels heavenly boun',
Comin' for to carry me home!

TAPS

Day is done ... gone the sun,
From the lakes, from the hills, from the sky.
All is well ... safely rest,
God is nigh.

THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN

There is a Tavern in the town, in the town,
And there my true love sits him down, sits him down,
And drinks his wine as merry as can be,
And never never thinks of me.

Refrain:

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, yes Adieu,
I can no longer stay with you, stay with you.
I'll hang my heart on the weeping willow tree.
Fare thee well, fare thee well, fare thee well.

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.

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 can carve a turtle dove,
To signify I died for love, died for love.

THERE'S A LONG LONG TRAIL

There's a long, long trail a'winding
Into the land of my dreams
Where the nightingales are singing
And the white moon beams.
There's a long, long night of waiting
Till my dreams all come true
Till the day when I'll be going
Down that long, long trail with you.

TIPPERARY

It's a long way to Tipperary;
It's a long way to go.
It's a long way to Tipperary,
To the sweetest girl I know
Good-bye to Picadilly;
Farewell, Leicester Square!
It's a long long way to Tipperary,
But my heart's right there.

THREE FISHERMEN

Once there were three fishermen
Once there were three fishermen
Fisher, fisher, men, men, men.
Fisher, fisher, men, men, men.
Once there were three fishermen.

The first one's name was Abraham
The first one's name was Abraham
Abey, Abey, ham, ham, ham,
Abey, Abey, ham, ham, ham,
The first one's name was Abraham.

The second one's name was Jacob
The second one's name was Jacob
Jakey, Jakey, cup, cup, cup,
Jakey, Jakey, cup, cup, cup,
The second one's name was Jacob.

The third one's name was Isaac
The third one's name was Isaac
Ikey, Ikey, zac, zac, zac,
Ikey, Ikey, zac, zac, zac.

They all set sail for Amsterdam
They all set sail for Amsterdam
Amster, Amster, sh, sh, sh,
Amster, Amster, sh, sh, sh,
They all set sail for Amsterdam.

TODAY IS MONDAY

Today is Monday, Today is Monday
Monday Roast beef
And all you little rookies
I wish the same to you.

Today is Tuesday, Today is Tuesday
Monday roast beef
Tuesday string beans
And all you little rookies
I wish the same to you.

Wednesday	So-o-u-u-p
Thursday	Bread and Butter
Friday	F-i-i-i-sh
Saturday	Pay day
Sunday	Chur-urch.

TWENTY ONE YEARS

The judge said, "Stand off boy, and dry off your tears,
You are sentenced to Nashville for twenty-one years."
Then, kiss me good-bye dear, and say you'll be mine,
For twenty-one years, dear, is a mighty long time.

Oh, hear that train blow dear, it will be here on time,
To take me to Nashville to serve out my time.
So look down that railroad as far as you can see,
And keep right on waving your farewell to me.

The steam from the whistle; the smoke from the stack,
I know you'll be true dear; until I get back,
So hold up your head, dear, and dry off your eyes,
For best friends must part dear, so must you and I.

Then go to the governor on your sweet soul,
If you can't get a pardon, go get a parole.
For if I had the governor before he got me,
Before Tuesday morning the governor'd be free.

Six months has gone by dear, I wish I was dead,
This dirty jailhouse, the floor for a bed.
It's raining, it's hailing, the moon shows no light,
Oh, dear, why not tell me why you don't write.

I've counted the days hear, I've counted the nights.
I've counted the footsteps, I've counted the lights.
I've counted the minutes, I've counted the stars.
I've counted a million of these prison bars.

I had counted on you dear, to give me a break,
But you seem to have forgotten I am here for your sake,
For you know who's guilty, you know it too well,
But I'll die in this old jailhouse before I will tell.

So, come all young fellows, with hearts brave and true
Don't believe any women, you're wrong if you do,
Don't trust any women no matter what kind,
For twenty one years boys, is a mighty long time.

UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

Under the spreading chestnut tree
With my sweetheart on my knee,
I kissed her and she kissed me,
Under the spreading chestnut tree.

UP YONDER IN THE FROZEN NORTH

Oh, away up yonder in the frozen North
In the land of the Eskimo
I was frozen in the Mary Jane
I don't care if I never get home again;
For the Queen's a girl named Gum Drop Sal,
For me she's mighty strong
Oh, the King's in wrong and I'm in right
The King goes out most every night
And the nights are six months long.

WAITING FOR A WILLIAMS MAN WHO'S FAR FAR AWAY

Around her hair she wore a purple ribbon
She wore it in the spring time and in the month of May
And if you ask her why she wore that ribbon
She wore it for her Williams man
Who's far, far away
Far away, far away
She wore it for her Williams man who's far, far away.

Around her knee she wore a purple garter
She wore it in the springtime and in the month of May
And if you ask her why she wore that garter
She wore it for her Williams man
Who's far, far away.
Far away, far away, etc.

Around the block she pushed a baby carriage
She pushed it in the springtime and in the month of May
And if you ask her why she pushed that carriage
She pushed it for a Williams man who's far, far, far away.
Far away, far away, etc.

Behind the door her father kept a shot gun
He kept it in the springtime and in the month of May
And if you ask him why he kept that shotgun
He kept it for a William's man who's far, far away.

And in her heart she has a secret passion;
She has it in the springtime and in the month of May
And if you ask for whom she has this passion
She has it for an Amherst man who's far, far away.

WATER BOY

Water boy-oy-oy, where are you hi-i-ding?
Ef'n you don't come, Ise goinna tella yo' mammy.
Dere ain't no hammer dats onna dis mountain,
Dat ringga like mine boys, dat ringga like mine.
Done bus' dis rock, boys, from hyar to Macon,
Done bus' dis rock, boys, all along the line,
You Jacko' Diamonds, you Jack-o'-Diamonds,
How I know you of old boys, yes, I know you of old,
You rob my pockets, yes, you robba my pockets,
You robba my pockets ob silver and gold.
Water Boy-oy-oy, where are you hi-i-ding?
Ef'n you don't come, goinna tella you' mammy.
Water Boy-oy-oy-oy.

THE VASSAR GIRL AND THE HARVARD MAN

Oh, she was a girl from Vassar,
And he was a Harvard man
And during the summer season,
They gathered a coat of tan
Which caused the neighbors to worry,
And caused them some disgrace,
For each of the pair was sunburned
On the opposite side of the face.

VASSAR HYGIENE SONG

Oh, we never used to bathe till we heard the doctors rave
In the lectures that she gave how to behave.
Now we take our daily bath even though we miss our Math.
How in the world do you know that? She told us so.

When we grow older, then we'll be bolder,
We'll take it colder, up to the shoulder.
This we must do every day, even though we pass away
How in the world do you know that? She told us so.

Oh, we always used to weep when we heard the chickens peep
In the boiled eggs that we eat every old week.
Now we eat them every day; pepper takes the taste away.
How in the world do you know that? She told us so.
When we grow bolder, we'll take them older,
Hotter or colder, what if they moulder?
Nothing but the egg is lacking; still we have the sawdust packing.
How in the world do you know that? She told us so.

Oh, we always used to hate to be told to sit up straight.
Now our posture's simply great, early and late.
Keep your head up and your waist in, don't forget about your chin.
How in the world do you know that? She told us so.
When we grow older, we won't be told to keep a straight shoulder-
It'll come natural.
When you bend up like a bow, where do all your organs go?
All of this you ought to know; she told us so.

Let us pause in admiration of the racial obligation
And amoeba's propagation of his generation.
'Twas an epoch-making spasm rent in twain his protoplasm.
How in the world do you know that? She told us so.
As he grew older, the sea grew colder,
Making him strong to linger no longer.
He developed respiration, then maternal abnegation,
Hence the present generation; She told us so.



She goes to Vassar, none can surpass her
She is the stroke on the varsity crew.
And in her future life she's going to be my wife.
How in the world did you know that? She told me so.

My girl's from Smith and Hamp,
She is a dirty vamp.
She'll take you into camp,
If you're not careful
And in my future life
She's goin' to be my wife.
How in the world did you know that?
She told me so.

My girl's from Holyoke,
She taught me how to smoke,
She knows a dirty joke,
I know one too.
And in my future life,
She's going to be my wife
How in the world did you know that?
She told me so.

My girl's from Radcliffe,
She is a big stiff,
And she gets sore at me,
When I tell her so,
But in my future life,
She's goin' to be my wife,
How in the world did you know that?
She told me so.

My girl's from Wheaton,
She takes a beatin'
And when she's feelin' good,
I take one too,
But in my future life
She's going to be my wife,
How in the world did you know that,
She told me so.

My girl's from Skidmore,
She is an awful bore.
She never knows the score;
Boy don't I know!
But in my future life
She's goin' to be my wife
How in the world did you know that,
She told me so.

THE VILLAIN

Now a long time to come, I remember it well,
Alongside a poor-house, a maiden did dwell.
She lived with her father, her life was serene,
Her age it was red and her hair was nineteen.

Now alongside the maiden her lover did dwell,
Across-legged ruffian and bow-eyed as well,
Said he, "Let us fly by the light of yon star,
For you are the eye of my apple you are."

"Oh, no," said the maid, "Let's be cautious and wise,
For my father would scratch out your nails with his eyes,
If you really love me don't bring me disgrace,"
Said the maid as she buried her hands in her face.

And then the vile ruffian he knocked down the maid
And silently drew out the knife of his blade,
And cut the throat of the maiden so fair,
And drug her around by the head of her hair.

Just then the maid's father appeared it appears,
And gazed on the sad scene with eyes in his tears.
He knelt by the maiden, her pale face he kissed,
Then he rushed with his nose at the murderer's fist.

He glared at the ruffian and told him to bolt,
Then drew a hoss pistol he'd raised from a colt,
Said the villain, "I die if I stay it is true,
I see I must fly." And he flew up the flue.

WAY DOWN RIO

I'll sing you a song of the fish of the sea
Way down Rio,
I'll sing you a song of the fish of the sea,
For we're bound for Rio Grand

Chor.- Then away, mates, away

Way down Rio

So fare ye well my pretty young gal

For we're bound for Rio Grand

.Then goodbye to Sally and goodbye to Sue

Way down Rio

And all who are listening goodbye to you

For we're bound for Rio Grand

Chor.-

WAY DOWN YONDER IN THE CORN FIELD

Oh, some folks say that a nigger won't steal,
Way down, way down, way down yonder in the corn field.

But I saw two in my corn field,
Way down, way down, way down yonder in the corn field.

And one had a shovel and the other had a hoe,
Way down, way down, way down yonder in the corn field.

If dat ain't stealin', den I don't know,
Way down, way down, way down yonder in the corn field.

THE WEAVER SONG

For I am a weaver and I live all alone,
And I ply the weavers' trade,
And the only, only thing I ever did wrong
Was to woo a fair young maid,
I wooed her in the summer time, part of the winter too,
And there were many, many times
That I held her in my arms,
Just to shield her from the foggy foggy dew.

One night she came to my bedside
When I was fast asleep.
She put her head down by my side
And there began to weep.
She wept, she cried, she damn near died,
I took her into bed, and cuddled up her head,
Just to shield her from the foggy foggy dew.

Now I am a bachelor and I live with my son
And we ply the weavers' trade.
And every time that I look into his eyes,
He reminds me of that fair young maid.
They remind me of the summer time,
Part of the winter too;
Of the many many times that I held her in my arms,
Just to shield her from the foggy foggy dew.

WHEN THE BLOOM IS ON THE SAGE

Oh, I wish I were in Texas
When the Bloom is on the sage
Oh, I wish I were in Texas,
A-ridin' on the range
Don't you hear that bacon fryin',
A-sizzling in the pan,
Hear the breakfast horn in the early morn,
Makin' coffee in a can,
Just a-ridin', rarin', ropin',
Poundin' leather all day long,
Just a sweatin', swearin', smokin',
Listen to a cowhand's song.
It beckons, and I reckons,
I would work for any wage,
Just to be again, to be free again,
When the Bloom is on the sage.

THE WHALE

In the north sea lived a whale. (repeat thrice)
Big and bold and large in tail. (repeat twice)
Oh, oh-oh-oh, oh-oh-oh, oh-oh-oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh, oh
This whale used unduly, to swag-ger and bu-ly
And oh-oh, and oh-oh, all the ladies loved him so
This whale used unduly, to swag-ger and bu-ly
And oh-oh, and oh-oh, the ladies loved him so.

One day there came into the bay (repeat thrice)
A strange fish from far away (repeat twice)
Oh, oh-oh-oh, oh-oh-oh, oh-oh-oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh, oh
This fish was indeed oh, a Woolich torpedo,
And oh-oh, and oh-oh, the big whale did not know.
This fish was indeed oh, a Woolich torpedo,
And oh-oh, and oh-oh, the big whale did not know.

Just you make trek said the whale. (repeat thrice)
Then he lashed out with his tail. (repeat twice)
Oh, oh-oh-oh, oh-oh-oh, oh-oh-oh-oh, oh-oh-oh-oh, oh-oh, oh
This fish then, being load-ded, then and there exploded,
And oh-oh, and oh-oh, the whale was seen no mo'
This fish then, being loa-ded, then and there exploded,
And oh-oh, and oh-oh, the whale was seen no mo'.

WHEN ITS SPRINGTIME IN THE ROCKIES

When its springtime in the rockies,
I'll be coming back to you,
Little sweetheart of the mountains,
With your bonny eyes of blue;
Once again I'll say, "I love you",
While the birds sing all the day,
When its springtime in the Rockies,
In the Rockies far away.

WHEN PA

When Pa-when Pa-when Pa-when Pa
When Pa was a little boy like me,
He used to go in swimmin'-in swimmin'
He used to go way up the creek
Where there was no fear of wimmin'-of wimmin'.

One day-one day-one day-one day
One day some people came that way
And stole all Pa's apparel, apparel.
He stayed in the water all day long-ong-ong
And at night went home in a barrel, a barrel, a barrel.

WHERE, OH WHERE ARE THE PEA GREEN FRESHMEN

Where, oh where are the pea green freshmen?
Where, oh where are the pea green freshmen?
Where, oh where are the pea green freshmen?
Safe at last in the Sophomore class.
They've gone out from Bowler's smut class.
They've gone out from Bowler's smut class.
They've gone out from Bowler's smut class.
Safe at last in the Sophomore class.

Where, oh where are the gay young Sophomores
Safe at last in the Junior Class.
They've gone out from Prof. Keir's Ecce
Safe at last in the Junior Class.

Where, oh where are the drunken Juniors
Safe at last in the senior Class
They've gone out from Prof. Hull's Physics
Safe at last in the Senior Class.

Where, oh where are the grand old Seniors
Safe at last in the wide wide world.
They've gone out from their Alma Mater,
Safe at last in the wide wide world.

Where, oh where are the funny, funny faculty,
Safe at last in their trundle beds
They've gone out from a winter's preachin'
Safe at last in their trundle beds.

THE WHIZZ-FISH

On the swaying branch of a rubber tree
A thousand miles away,
On the banks of the Hula River
In far-off Uruguay,
There sits a nervous monkey
His eyes with fear agleam.
His tail is dangling helpless
Within that limpid stream.

Just every nineteen minutes
It whistles through the air
With a South American whizz-fish
A-dangling helpless there.
But the teeth of the hungry whizz-fish
Are hard on his tender tail
And if you listen carefully
You can hear that monkey wail:

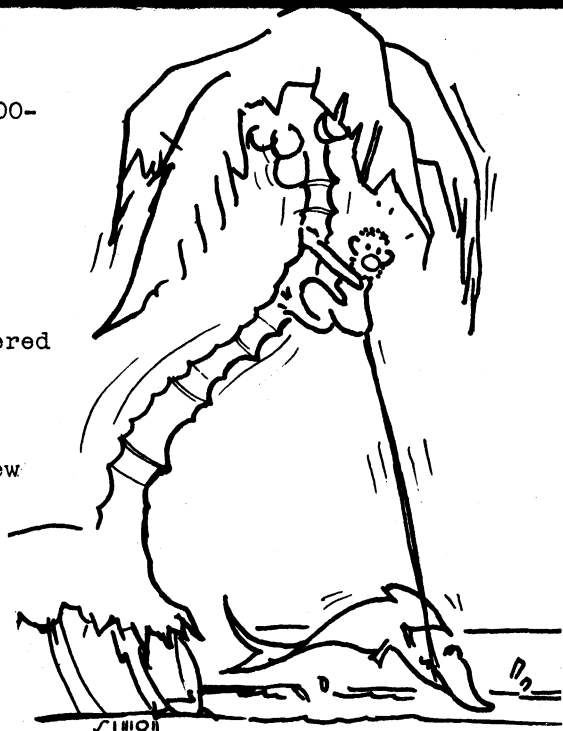
Chorus:

Oh, shades of Izaak Walton!
Was that another bite?
If I didn't feel so hungry
I'd quit this job tonight.
But I love the toasted whizz-fish
Though his bite drives me insane.
I do so wish to catch that fish
That I manage to bear the pain.

One day a great big Juba fish
With jaws 'bout six by nine
Came swimming down the river
And seized that monkey's line.
Continued on his journey
Quite unconcernedly,
While the monkey screamed and chattered
And clang to the rubber tree.

The tree stretched like a garter
A hundred miles or so.
When the fish let go, the monkey flew
Like an arrow from a bow.
They say he's still a-flying
And if you'd care to try
You can hear him sadly murmur
As he whistles through the sky.

Chorus.



WHOOPEE TEE TIIYO GET ALONG LITTLE DOGIE

One morning as I was a-ridin' for pleasure
I met a brave cowboy come ridin' along,
His hat was thrown back, and his spurs were a-jingling,
And as he was ridin' he was singing this song
Whoop tee tiyio get along little dogies
It's your misfortune and none of my own.
Whoop tee tiyio, get along little dogies,
I know that Wyoming will be your last home.

WHOOPEE TEE I ORIAE

We're up in the mornin' at breaking of day
The chuck wagon's out, the flapjack's in play
And as we go ridin' o'er hillside and dale
We shout out our song so happy and hale
Whoop tee i oriae, whoop tee i oriae
Fling out your raw hide and give it full play
Go roust out your steers from the long chapperal,
For the outfit is off for the railroad corral.

MY WILD IRISH ROSE

Oh, my wild Irish rose,
The sweetest flower that grows;
You may look everywhere,
But you'll never compare
With my wild Irish rose.

WILLY THE WEEPER

Did you ever hear the story about Willy the Weeper?
He had a job as a chimney sweeper;
He had the dope habit, and he had it bad.
Now listen while I tell you 'bout a dream he had.

He went down to the dope shop one Saturday night,
When he knew the lights would be burning bright.
He must have smoked a dozen pills or more,
For when he woke up, he was on a foreign shore.

The Queen of Sheba was the first he met.
She called him lovey-dovey, and honey pet.
She gave him a great big automobile,
With a diamond headlight, and golden wheel.

He landed with a splash in the river Nile,
A-ridin' a sea goin' crocodile.
He winked at Cleopatra; she said, "Ain't he a sight,
How about a date for next Saturday night?"

Down in Honolulu Willy fell into a trance,
Watching the dusky beauties do a hula-hula dance.
His sweetie got in jail, and Willy sure did shout
When he got the news that she had wriggled out.

Down in Monte Carlo he won every bet,
Made a million dollars playin' roulette.
He broke the Czar of Russia; what a joke!
So Willie took another pill, an' rolled another smoke.

He went to Turkey by special request;
Stayed seven years as the Sultan's guest.
But when he got in with that harem crew,
What was a poor fellow like Willy to do?

He had a million cattle, and he had a million sheep;
He had a million vessels on the ocean deep;
He had a million dollars all in nickels and dimes;
Well, - he knew it cause he'd counted it a thousand times.

He landed in New York one evening late.
He asked his sugar for an after date;
He started to kiss her, and she started to pout
When, - Bingity! BANG! and the dope gave out.

THE WHIFFENPOOF SONG

To the tables down at Mory's,
To the place where Louis dwells,
To the dear old temple Bar we love so well.
Sing the Whiffenpoofs assembled
With their glasses raised on high,
And the magic of their singing casts a spell.
Yes, the magic of their singing
Of the songs we love so well,
"Shall I wasting" and "Mavoureen" and the rest.
We will serenade our Louis
While voice and breath shall last
Then we'll pass and be forgotten with the rest.

Chorus:

We are poor little lambs who have lost their way.
Bah, Bah, Bah.
We are little Black sheep who have gone astray,
Bah, Bah, Bah.
Gentlemen songsters off on a spree,
Damned from here to eternity;
God have mercy on such as we.
Bah, Bah, Bah.

I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THE RAILROAD

I had a dog---his name was "Bill"--a'workin' on the levee
He run away--but I'm here still-a'workin' on the levee.

Chorus:

I've been workin' on the railroad, all the live-long day.
I've been workin' on the railroad, just to pass the time away.
Don'tcha hear the whistle blowin' rise up so early in the morn
Don'tcha hear the captain shoutin', "Dinah, blow yo' horn.
Dinah, won'tcha blow, oh Dinah, won'tcha blow,
Oh Dinah, won'tcha blow yo' ho-o-orn?
Dinah, won'tcha blow, oh Dinah, won'tcha blow,
Oh Dinah, won'tcha blow yo' horn?

Oh, I was born--in Mobile town--a'workin' on the levee.
All day I roll--de cotton down--a'workin' on the levee.

Dat little dog, sit up and beg, a'workin' on the levee
Till I done give him chicken leg--a'workin' on the levee.

THE WRECK OF OLD 97

He got his orders from Monroe, Virginia,
Sayin', "Zeke, you're way behind time.
This is not 38, but it's old 97,
You must get back and put her on time."

So he turned right around to his old greasy fireman,
Sayin', "Shovel in a little more coal,
And when we hit those wide open spaces,
You can watch old 97 roll."

Now, it's a long rough road from Lynchburg to Danville,
I was on an eight mile grade;
It was here that he lost his average,
You can see by the jump he made.

He was comin' down grade goin' ninety miles an hour,
When his whistle broke into a scream; - (Whoo, whoo)
He was found in the wreck with his hand on the throttle;
He was scalded to death by the steam. (siss, siss)

Now ladies all, you must take warning,
From this time now and on;
Never speak harsh words to your true love and husband;
He may leave you and never return.

YO-DEE-OH-DEE-OH

Lanky Lucy Lister--Yo-dee--oh--dee--oh.
I never kissed her-Yo-dee-oh-dee-oh.
Lanky Lucy Lister, I never kissed her,
But she has a sister-Yo-dee-oh--dee-oh.

Little Polly Taylor, Yo-dee-oh-dee-oh.
She married a sailor, Yo-dee-oh-dee-oh.
Little Polly Taylor, married a sailor
They live in a trailer, Yo-dee-oh-dee-oh.

Sweet Susie Garber, Yo-dee-oh-dee-oh.
Married a barber, Yo-dee-oh-dee-oh.
Sweet Susie Garber, married a barber,
But she'll be at the harbor, Yo-dee-oh-dee-oh.

Sexy Sally Sapple, Yo-dee-oh-dee-oh,
With cheeks like an apple, Yo-dee-oh-dee-oh.
Sexy Sally Sapple, with cheeks like an apple,
She's never been in chapel, Yo-dee-oh-dee-oh.

YUAZURAY

Joshua sat in the temple of Gillium,
Alli alli illium, yuazuray.
He had a bad attack of spinal menengillium.
Alli alli illium, yuazuray.

Yuazuray, yuazuray; alli alli illium, yuazuray.



The poor man died and went to heavium, alli alli...etc.
Dined with the saints at half past 'levium, alli, etc.-chor.

A rich man died and went to shiolium;
Sat all day on a red-hot coalium.

Said to the Devil, "This is getting mighty hottium,
Wisht I had a whiskey and a sodium."

Devil, he said, "This is no hotellium;
Nothin' but a common, ordinary old hellium."



SHOO FLY

Shoo fly! Don't bother me.
Shoo fly! Don't bother me.
Shoo fly! Don't bother me,
For I belong to somebody.

I feel, I feel, I feel like a morning star,
I feel, I feel, I feel like a morning star.

So, Shoo fly! Don't bother me,
Shoo fly! Don't bother me,
Shoo fly! Don't bother me,
For I belong to somebody.

