BLUE OX
Song Book
SPECIAL
WHITE STAG
SOUVENIR
EDITION

TIMBERLINE LODGE
MAY 1-2, 1947
1. NINETY POUNDS OF RUCKSACK

Once I was a barmaid in a mountain inn,
'Twas there I learned the wages of misery and sin.
Along came a skier fresh from off the slopes,
He's the one that ruined me and shattered all my hopes.

CHORUS:
Singing: "Ninety pounds of rucksack,
A pound of grub or two."
He'll schuss the mountains
Like his daddy used to do.

He asked me for a candle to light his way to bed,
He asked me for a kerchief to cover up his head.
And I being a foolish maid and thinking nothing wrong,
Jumped into the skier's bed to keep the skier warm.

CHORUS

Now, early in the morning before the break of day,
He handed me a five-pound note, and with it he did say:
"Take this, my darling, for the damage I have done...
You may have a daughter, you may have a son.
Now, if you have a daughter, bounce her on your knee...
And if you have a son, send the bastard out to ski."

CHORUS

The moral of this story as you can plainly see,
Is never trust a skier an inch above your knee.
I trusted one and now look at me...
I've got a bastard in the Mountain Infantry.

CHORUS

2. WE'RE THE GANG FROM THE BLUE OX BAR
(Melody: The Ramblin' Wreck)

Oh, we're the gang from The Blue Ox Bar,
We're not so very neat.
We seldom wash our hands,
And we never wash our feet;
We're nuts about the women,
And we're crazy about the booze.
Oh, we're the gang from The Blue Ox Bar,
Now, who in the hell are youse?

Oh, we're the gang from The Blue Ox Bar,
And we're on our way to ski;
We don't mind if you don't know how,
Cause neither the hell do we!
For we're nuts about the women,
And we're crazy about the booze.
Oh, we're the gang from The Blue Ox Bar,
Now, WHO IN THE HELL ARE YOUSE?
3. I WANT A BEER

I want a beer just like the beer
That Pickled dear old dad.
It was a beer and the only beer
That daddy ever had.
Good ol' fashioned beer with lots of foam,
It took ten men to carry daddy home.
Oh! I want a beer just like the beer
That pickled dear old dad.

4. I'LL BE UP TO SEE YOU ON A SKI SLOPE, HONEY

(Melody: Darktown Strutters Ball)

I'll be up to see you on a ski slope, honey,
Better be ready by half-past eight.
Now, baby, don't be late.
We're gonna ski and be in Paradise, honey.
And we'll wax our skis on the night before,
And make them slick like a ballroom floor.
We'll schuss down the mountain there.
Till the powder gets in our hair,
Tomorrow morn on the top of old Mount Hood!
(We don't mean Shasta!)
Tomorrow morn on the top of old Mount Hood!
(We'll break our necks...!)

5. BICYCLE BUILT FOR TWO

(Boys:) Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer true...
(Girls:) Daniel, Daniel, here is my answer true...
(Boys:) I'm half crazy all for the love of you...
(Girls:) I'm not crazy over the likes of you...
(Boys:) It won't be a stylish marriage...
(Girls:) It must be a stylish marriage!
(Boys:) I can't afford a carriage...
(Girls:) You must afford a carriage!
(Boys:) But you'll look sweet upon the seat
Of a bicycle built for two...
(Girls:) For I'll be damned if I'll be crammed
On a bicycle built for two!

6. THE SALVATION ARMY SONG

We're coming! We're coming! Our brave little band,
On the right side of temperance we now take our stand.
We don't chew tobacco—because we do think
That the people who do so are likely to drink.
We never eat fruitcake; it's chock full of rum,
And the least little bit puts a man on the bum.
Have you ever seen a more horrible sight
Than a man eating fruitcake until he gets tight?
Have you ever seen a more public disgrace
Than a man in the gutter with crumbs on his face?
(Cont'd next page)
Away! Away with rum, by gum!
With rum, by gum! With rum, by gum!
Away! Away with rum, by gum!
Is the song of the Salvation Army.

7. THE DRINKING SONG

California! California! The hills resound the cry...
We're out to do or die!
California! California! We'll win the game
Or know the reason why.
And when the game is over, we'll buy a keg of booze,
And drink to California till we wobble in our shoes.
So, drink— Tra la la,
Drink—
Drank—
Drunk last night,
Drunk the night before,
I'm gonna get drunk tonight like I've never been drunk before.
For when I'm drunk I'm as happy as can be,
For I am a member of the Souse Family.
Oh! The Souse Family is the best family
That ever came over from old Germany.
There's the Highland Dutch,
And the Lowland Dutch,
The Rotterdam Dutch,
And the goddam Dutch...
Singing: "Glorious! Victorious!
One keg of 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.
(Damn near!)"
The Irish eat potatoes and the French eat peas,
But the goddam Dutch eat Limburger cheese.,
Singing: "Glorious! Victorious!
One keg of 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.
(Damn near)"
What's that I smell on the evening breeze?
It's the goddam Dutch eating Limburger cheese.,
Singing: "Glorious! Victorious!
One keg of 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.
(Damn near!)"
Here's to the Irish -- Dead drunk!
(The lucky stiffs!)
8. FOR A SOLDIER WHO IS FAR, FAR AWAY

In her hair she wore a yellow ribbon,
She wore it in the Springtime, in the merry month of May,
Hey! Hey!
And if you asked her why the hell she wore it,
She wore it for a soldier who is far, far away.

CHORUS:
Far away. (Far away!)
Far away. (Far away!)
She wore it for a soldier who is far, far away.

Around her leg she wore a purple garter,
She wore it in the Springtime, in the merry month of May,
Hey! Hey!
And if you asked her why the hell she wore it,
She wore it for a soldier who is far, far away.

CHORUS.

Around the block she pushed a baby carriage,
She pushed it in the Springtime, in the merry month of May,
Hey! Hey!
And if you asked her why the hell she pushed it,
She pushed it for a soldier who is far, far away.

CHORUS.

Behind the door her father kept a shotgun,
He kept it in the Springtime, in the merry month of May,
Hey! Hey!
And if you asked him why the hell he kept it,
He kept it for a soldier who is far, far away.

CHORUS.

And on his desk the sheriff kept a warrant,
He kept it in the Springtime, in the merry month of May,
Hey! Hey!
And if you asked him why the hell he kept it,
He kept it for a soldier who is far, far away.

CHORUS.

And in his desk he kept a silver bullet,
He kept it in the Springtime, in the merry month of May,
Hey! Hey!
And if you asked him why the hell he kept it,
He kept it for a soldier who is far, far away.

CHORUS.

Around the grave she spread some yellow flowers,
She spread them in the Springtime, in the merry month of May,
And if you asked her why the hell she spread them,
She spread them for a soldier who is six feet away.

CHORUS.
9. **ROLL YOUR LEG OVER**

I wish all the girls were like fish in the ocean,
And I were a wave; I would set them in motion.

**CHORUS:** (after each succeeding verse)

Oh! Roll your leg over, Oh! Roll your leg over,
Roll your leg over the man in the moon.

I wish all the girls were like cows in the pasture,
And I were a bull; I would make them run faster.

I wish all the girls were like sheep in the clover,
And I were a ram: I would ram them all over.

I wish all the girls were like little white rabbits,
And I were a buck; I would teach them bad habits.

I wish all the girls were like mares in the stable,
And I were a stallion: both willing and able,

I wish all the girls were like little white vixens
And I were a fox; I would certainly fix 'em.

I wish all the girls were like little red chickens,
And I were a rooster; I'd give them the dickens.

I wish all the girls were like doe in the glade,
And I were a buck; I would really be made.

I wish all the girls were like sows in the mire,
And I were a boar; I would certainly tire.

I wish all the girls were like Hedy LaMarr,
And I were Clark Gable; I'd get pretty far.

I wish all the girls were like Gypsy Rose Lee,
And I were a G-string; Oh gosh! what I'd see!

10. **MY GOD! HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN!**

My mother sells snow to the snow birds,
My father makes synthetic gin,
My sister makes love for a dollar,
My God! How the money rolls in!

Rolls in, rolls in,
My God! how the money rolls in, rolls in!
Rolls in, rolls in,
My God! how the money rolls in!

My brother's a poor missionary,
He saves little girls from sin,
He'll save you a blonde for two dollars,
My God! how the money rolls in!

Rolls in, rolls in,
My God, how the money rolls in, rolls in!
Rolls in, rolls in,
My God! how the money rolls in!
11. RUGGED BUT RIGHT

Hey boy! I just called up to tell you that I'm rugged but right,
A thievin', gamblin' woman and I'm drunk every night,
I've got a porterhouse steak three times a day for my board,
That's more than any self-respectin' girl can afford.
I've got a big electric fan to keep me cool in the heat,
A big handsome man to keep me warm when I sleep,
I'm just a gamblin' woman, a ramblin' woman, and boy! am I tight!
I just called up to tell you that I'm rugged but right!

Oh! We may be brown-skinned lassies but we really don't care,
We've got those well-built chassies with the "do or die" air,
We've got the hips that sank the ships of England, France
and Peru.
And if you're like Napoleon, boy! here's your Waterloo!
I'd like a fifteen minute intermission in your V-8,
I'd like to make it later but I never late date,
Our motto has always been, "Guns with the Wind",
So let's breeze it tonight,
I just called up to tell you that I'm rugged but right!

I had a lovin' man who left me flat as a floor,
I gave him all my love; who could ask for anything more?
I gave him my last quarter for to buy him a drink,
He took me to the door and, honey, what do you think?
He said "Go home to your mother, honey, tell her for me,
I'm hittin' the road because I want to be free,
For you're a gamblin' woman, a ramblin' woman, and right now
you're tight,
Go home and tell your mother that you're rugged but right."

I want to Timberline to get me a tan,
Who'd ever think that I'd end up with a man?
Schussing the Canyon twice a day is quite bad,
But swinging down the "Hill" makes my heart pretty glad.
I got to the bottom lookin' for a stiff drink,
I walked into my room and, honey, what do you think?
There was a man in my bunk so I just turned out the light,
I just called up to tell you that I'm rugged but right.
(Don't overdo it -- I overdid it last night!)

12. UNDER THE BAMBOO TREE

I'll build a bungalow, big enough for two,
Big enough for two, my honey, big enough for two.
And when we're married, happy we'll be,
Under the bamboo -- underneath the bamboo tree!
If you'll be N-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'll be the B-E-S-T, best,
Of all the R-E-S-T, rest,
And I'll L-O-V-E, love you,
With a Z-E-S-T, zest!
13. I WANT TO GO BACK

I want to go back- to where I come from,
Where the honeysuckle smells so sweet
It durn near makes you sick.
I used to think- my life was humdrum,
But I sure have learned a lesson that is bound to stick.
I used to go- down to the station,
Every evening just to watch that Pullman train come
rolling in,
And then one night, that great temptation
Got the best of me and drove me to a life of sin.
I took my hat- and fourteen dollars,
And I went to all the trouble of the life that allus
fellers
When you're rich- and seeking romance,
But I sure have learned a lesson, I can tell you that.
I met a man- in Kansas City,
And he winked at me and asked me how I'd like to step
around,
And I said: "Yep! That's what I'm here fer",
So he said he'd show me to the hottest spots in town.
He mentioned things- he'd have to fix up,
So he took my fourteen dollars, but there must have
been a mix-up,
He's been gone- since Thursday evening,
And I've got a hunch I'll never see that guy no more.
When I grow old- and have a grandson,
I will tell him 'bout my romance
and just watch his eyes bug out.
The chances are- he won't believe me,
And when he grows up he'll do the same damn thing-
no doubt.
But he can't say- I didn't warn him
What will happen when he meets that city guy, doggone!
I'm goin' back- to where I come from,
Where the mocking bird is singin' in the lilac bush.

14. 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.
But the one thing that they did that night
That filled my heart with fear,
They took the ice right off the corpse
And put it in the beer.
That's how they paid their respects to Patty Murphy,
That's how they showed their honor and their pride;
That's how they paid their respects to Patty Murphy,
On the night that Patty died.
15. LANDLORD, FILL THE FLOWING BOWL

Three jolly coachmen sat, in an English tavern,
Three jolly coachmen sat, in an English tavern,
Then they decided that, then they decided that,
Then they decided that, they'd have another flagon.

For he who drinks strong ale, and goes to bed quite mellow,
For he who drinks strong ale, and goes to bed quite mellow,
Lives as he ought to live, lives as he ought to live,
Lives as he ought to live, and dies a jolly fellow.

While he who drinks but water pure, and goes to bed quite sober,
While he who drinks but water pure, and goes to bed quite sober,
Fades as the lily fades, fades as the lily fades,
Fades as the lily fades, and dies before October.

Oh, she who doth get kissed, and runs to tell her mother,
Oh, she who doth get kissed, and runs to tell her mother,
Does such a foolish thing, does such a foolish thing,
Does such a foolish thing, and don't deserve another.

While she who doth get kissed, and comes back for another,
While she who doth get kissed, and comes back for another,
Is a boon to all mankind, is a boon to all mankind,
Is a boon to all mankind, but may become a mother.

Oh, Landlord, fill the flowing bowl until it doth run over,
Oh, Landlord, fill the flowing bowl until it doth run over,
Tonight we shall merry, merry be; tonight we shall merry, merry be,
Tonight we shall merry, merry be -- and start the whole thing over.

16. SYSTEMS AND THEORIES OF SKIING

There are systems and theories of skiing
But one thing I surely have found;
While skiing's confined to the wintertime,
The drinking's good all the year round,
Walla walla walla ...

Here's to the trail to the mountain top
And here's to the skier who dares!
But give me my glass and bottle
To drive away all of my cares.
There's the snowplow, the stem turn, the christie,
The jump turn, the telemark and such:
But I leave all of these to the kanonen
'Cause I like my drinking so much.

Now the skier must dodge all the trees he sees
And the rocks that lie hidden in the trail,
But the thing I fear most are the heebee-jeebees
And the Snow-snake's loud hideous wall.

Here's to the trail, etc.
17. UNDERNEATH THE TAKEOFF

Underneath the takeoff every Sunday morn,
A jolly bunch of skiers come to jump and show their form.
Oh! the big and small, the small and big,
They all come dressed in a skier's rig,
They jump until they're blue, and then when they are thru,
The President pulls a string, and they drop their skis and sing:

Ja, ja, vi skall ha — lutefisk og lefisa, lutefisk og lefisa,
Ja, ja, vi skall ha — lutefisk og lefisa, brenneven og snus.

And when the jumping's over and the day is done,
They hurry from the mountain top to have a little fun.
Oh! the small and big, the big and small,
They congregate at a Svenska Hall.
They drink a foaming brew, take on a rosy hue,
The President pulls a string, and they blow their foam and sing:

Ja, ja, vi skall ha — lutefisk og lefisa, lutefisk og lefisa,
Ja, ja, vi skall ha — lutefisk og lefisa, brenneven og snus.

18. OOLA

Aye'm Oola, ski yumper from Norvay, brought up on lutefisk
and sill,
Aye come to New York for to find me some wark, and Aye
tank Aye go west right away.
Aye yump on a train for Fort Lewis, to fight for the U.S.A.,
Aye joined up the mountain battalion, and dere Aye tank
Aye will stay.

CHORUS:
Aye'm Oola, dey all call me Oola,
Aye don't know how dey get ahold of my name,
Aye neffer told any dem fellers,
But dey all call me Oola yust da same.

Each day and each night at Fort Lewis, Yee Whiz! how it
would rain,
And if it would keep up this vedder, Aye neffer go skiing again.
At last Aye go up to the mountain, it's one doggone place
you should see,
Da minute Aye get dere Aye'm happy, Aye run out and yump
on my ski.

CHORUS

And den Aye clim' up to Panorama, and point my skis down
from da top,
Yee Goodness! but how Aye get moving, Aye tank dat Aye
neffer would stop,
Aye wond' my heart is still beating, as off of a cornice
Aye schuss,
Aye bail out at Edith Creek Basin, and landed kerplunk on
my puss.

CHORUS

(continued next page)
Each Saturday night on a mountain, Ay go to da Paradise Inn, 
Aye tank dat Aye'm back home in Norvay, it's da best doggone place 
Aye have been; 
Da wimmin are very entrancing, vat Aye have in my mind 
is a sin, 
But da minute Aye start in romancing, da O.D., he always walks in!

CHORUS

19. SVEN

Oola had a cousin from the wild and wooly West, 
While Oola liked the skiing Sven liked snowshoeing the best, 
They got into the mountain troops to put it to a test, 
And everywhere they went they gave their warwhoop.

CHORUS:
Oh! give me skis and some (pause) poles and klister, 
And let me ski way up on (pause) Alta Vista, 
You can take your snowshoes and (pause) burn 'em sister, 
And everywhere I go I'll give my warwhoop.

Everyone was keen to see how it would all come out, 
The Winter Warfare Board was standing anxiously about, 
And even Axis agents had been sent up there to scout, 
And everyone was waiting for a warwhoop.

CHORUS

The Colonel pulled the trigger and that started out the race, 
Sven got an early start and set a most terrific pace, 
But Oola whipped right by him with a sneer upon his face, 
And when he reached the top he gave his warwhoop.

CHORUS

Ten seconds later Oola finished in a mighty schuss, 
Passing on the way poor Sven a-lying on his puss, 
The moral of this story is that snowshoes have no use, 
And poor old Sven no longer gives his warwhoop.

CHORUS

In the Eighty Seventh there's a Weapons Company, 
They spent six weeks at Paradise and never learned to ski, 
The reason for this tragedy as you can plainly see, 
Is that everywhere they went they wore their snowshoes.

CHORUS

-10-
20. **TWO BOARDS**

The year may have more than one season,
But I can remember but one,
When the rivers and lakes they are freezin' And the mountains with whiteness are spun.
The snowflakes are falling so fast,
And winter has come now at last.

Two boards upon cold powder snow, YO HO! What more does a man need to know? Two boards upon cold powder snow, YO HO! That's all that a man needs to know.

The hiss of your skis is a passion,
You cannot imagine a spill,
When, Bang! — there's a godawful gash in The smooth shining track on the hill.
What's happened you can't understand,
There's two splintered boards in your hand.

Two boards, etc.

I care not for government taxes,
Take everything else that I own,
But leave me some boards and some waxes Put me in the mountains alone.
The snowflakes are falling so fast, And winter has come now at last.

Two boards, etc.

21. **IN THE CELLAR OF TIMBERLINE LODGE**

(Melody: The Caissons Go Rolling Along)

Give a cheer, give a cheer, For the boys who drink the beer In the cellar of Timberline Lodge. They are strong, they are bold, And the liquor they can hold Is a story that's never been told.

So it's guzzle, guzzle, guzzle, As it trickles down your muzzle: Drink, boys, we'll never go dry! We will hoist one more While they're busting down the door To the cellar of Timberline Lodge.

Roll it out, roll it out, As the seventh keg goes out, In the cellar of Timberline Lodge. Turn the tap, turn the tap, Or remove the bottle cap In the cellar of Timberline Lodge.

So it's guzzle, guzzle, guzzle, etc.
Oh, Dear! What can the matter be?
Seven old ladies locked in the lavatory,
They were there from Monday till Saturday,
And nobody knew they were there.

The first old lady was Adelaide Porter,
She was the Bishop of Chichester's daughter,
She went there to out superfluous water,
And nobody knew she was there.

CHORUS: Oh Dear! etc.

The next old lady was Brenda Frazier,
She had been drinking beer after beer,
She went there to fix a broken brassiere,
And nobody knew she was there.

Oh Dear! etc.

The third old lady was Genevieve Humphrey,
When she got there she could not get her bum free,
But then she decided 'twas really quite comfy,
And nobody knew she was there.

Oh Dear! etc.

The fourth old lady was Gwendolyn Daucus,
She had been finding the party quite raucus,
She went there avoiding a skier named Faucus,
And nobody knew she was there.

Oh Dear! etc.

The fifth old lady was Susan Van Duzen,
She could not get the man of her choosin',
She went there and found the art work amusin',
And nobody knew she was there.

Oh Dear! etc.

The sixth old lady was Antoinette Boomer,
She went there to see what was wrong with her bloomer,
And when she got there she wished she'd come sooner,
And nobody knew she was there.

Oh Dear! etc.

The seventh old lady was Elizabeth Bender,
She went there to fix up a broken suspender,
The button flew into her feminine gender,
And nobody knew it was there.

Oh Dear! etc.

The janitor came 'round on Saturday morning,
And opened the door without any warning,
The seven old ladies came out a-swarming,
And nobody knew they were there.

Oh Dear! etc.
Old King Cole was a merry old soul was he,
He called for his skis and he called for his poles,
And he called for his PRIVATES three.

BEER! BEER! BEER! said the privates,
Merry, merry men are we,
There's none so fair as can compare
With the Mountain Infantry.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul was he,
He called for his skis and he called for his poles,
And he called for his CORPORALS three.

Hut, Two, Hut, Two, Hut! said the corporals,
Beer! Beer! Beer! said the privates,
Merry, merry men are we,
There's none so fair as can compare
With the Mountain Infantry.

Old King Cole, etc.
And he called for his Seargents three.

Right by Squads, Squads Right! said the seargents,
Hut Two, But Two, Hut! said the corporals,
Beer! Beer! Beer! said the privates,
Merry, merry men are we, etc.

And he called for his SHAVETAILS three.

We do all the work! said the shavetails,
Right by Squads, Squads Right! etc.

And he called for his CAPTAINS three.

We want thirty days' leave! said the captains,
We do all the work! etc.

And he called for his MAJORS three.

There's my boots and skis? said the majors,
We want thirty days' leave! etc.

And he called for his COLONELS three.

What's my next command? said the colonels,
Where's my boots and skis? etc.

And he called for his GENERALS three.

The army's gone to hell! said the generals,
What's my next command? etc.

And he called for his CHAPLAINS three.

JESUS CHRIST! GODDAM! said the chaplains,
The Army's gone to hell! etc.
24. THE WHIFFENPOOF SONG

To the tables down at Morry's, to the place where Louie dwells,
To that dear old temple bar we love so well;
Where the Whiffenpoofs assemble, with their glasses raised on high,
And the magic of their singing casts a spell.

Yes, the magic of their singing, and the songs we love so well,
"Shall I Wasting" and "Mayourneen" and the rest;
We will serenade our Louie, while life and voice doth last,
Then we'll pass and be forgotten with the rest.

We are poor little lambs who have lost their way, Baa! Baa! Baa!
Little black sheep who have gone astray, Baa! Baa! Baa!

Gentlemen songsters off on a spree, damned from here to eternity,
God have mercy on such as we! Baa! Baa! Baa!

25. PALESTINE SKI SCHOOL

We are the Palestine ski school, an honorable clan are we:
We'll iron out your faults for a dollar,
For a dollar we'll teach you to ski!
We press your pants for fifty cents extra
And throw in the ski school pin free!
So when you hear the cry -- slalom!
Dig way down deep in your wallet,
Tricks, stem turns, and tailboggens too,
If you've got a turn we can call it --

Slalom, slalom!

We are the Palestine ski school, an honorable clan are we;
We'll teach you to bend at the elbow,
But we're not so sharp at the knee!
Every night we drink gallons of beer,
To keep in condition you see;
So when you hear the cry -- slalom!
Rally round if you're able,
And when you find the beer's all gone,
You'll find us under the table!

Slalom, slalom!

26. THE VIRGIN STURGEON

Caviar comes from a virgin sturgeon,
A virgin sturgeon's a very rare fish,
A virgin sturgeon needs no urgin'
That's why caviar's a very rare dish.

I fed some caviar to my Dolly,
She was a virgin tried and true,
Now that virgin needs no urgin'
There's not a damn thing she won't do.

Trout fish is just like a salmon,
Except it's on a minor scale,
But the trout fish like the salmon,
Can't get along without its tail.
In the hills of West Virginia lived a girl named Nancy Brown,  
And she was the fairest maiden in the city or the town.  
Oh, one day there came a deacon, A-seekin' for some thrills,  
And he took our little Nancy Brown away up in the hills.

She come rollin' down the mountain  
She come rollin' down the mountain  
She come rollin' down the mountain mighty wise,  
And she didn't give the deacon that there thing that  
he was seekin'  
But remained as pure as West Virginia skies.

Oh, one day there came a cowboy in his fancy chaps and frills,  
And he took our little Nancy Brown away up in the hills.

She come rollin' down the mountain  
She come rollin' down the mountain  
She come rollin' down the mountain by the dam,  
For despite the cowboy's urgin' she remained the local virgin,  
And stayed as pure as West Virginia ham.

Along came a miner, full of beer and wine,  
Again they climbed the mountain, but when she read his mind --

She come rollin' down the mountain  
She come rollin' down the mountain  
She come rollin' down the mountain by the shack,  
And returned as I have stated  
Not a bit contaminated  
And still as pure as Pappy's applejack.

Along came a city slicker with his hundred dollar bills,  
And he took Nancy in his Packard away up in the hills.

They stayed up in the mountain  
Oh, they stayed up in the mountain  
They stayed up in the mountain all that night,  
She come down next morning early  
More a woman than a girllie  
And her pappy kicked the hussy out of sight.

Now she's living in the city  
Now she's living in the city  
Now she's living in the city mighty swell,  
For she's dinin' and she's dining  
And she's on her back reclining  
And the West Virginia hills can go to hell.

Along came the Depression, and the slicker lost his pants,  
First he lost his Packard, and then he lost his Nance.

'Cause she went back to those mountains  
Oh, she went back to the mountains  
Oh, she went back to the mountains mighty sore,  
And the cowboy and the deacon  
Got the thing that they were seekin'  
And now she's known as West Virginia's favorite —  
sweetheart!
28. A MAN WITHOUT A WOMAN

A man without a woman is like a ship without a sail
Is like a boat without a rudder, is like a kite without a tail;
A man without a woman is like a wreck upon the sand,
But if there's one thing worse in this universe,
It's a woman — I said a woman,
It's a woman without a man.

Now you can roll a silver dollar down upon the ground
And it will roll, because it's round,
A woman never knows what a good man she's got
Until she turns him down.
Now listen, come and listen to me
I want you to understand,
As a silver dollar goes from hand to hand
A woman goes from man to man.

I had a date with Minnie the Mermaid
Down at the bottom of the sea
She lost her morals down amongst the corals
Gawd! but she was good to me.
Many's the night when the pale moon was shining
Down on her little bungalow
Ashes to Ashes, Dust to Dust,
A pair of twin beds, and only one of them mussed.

Now you can easily see she's not my mother
Because my mother's forty-nine,
And you can easily see she's not my sister
Because I'd never show my sister such a helluva good time,
And you can easily see she's not my sweetheart
Because my sweetheart's too refined,
She's just a slip of a kid who never cared what she did
She's just a personal friend of mine.

29. POOR LIL

Poor Lil, she was a famous beauty
She lived in a house of ill repute
The folks they came from miles around
Just to see poor Lil in her low cut gown.

Poor Lil, boom-de-ah-dah, boom-de-ah-dah,
Poor Lil, boom-de-ah-dah, boom-de-ah-day.

Day by day poor Lil grew thinner
Because of the lack of vitamins in 'er
She started taking Fleischmann's Yeast
But still her clientele decreased.

Poor Lil, etc.

One night as she lay in her dishonor
She felt the hand of the Lord upon her
She said, Dear Lord I do repent,
But it's still gonna cost 'em fifty cents.

Poor Lil, etc.
30. MARY ANN McCARTHY

Mary Ann McCarthy, she went out to dig some clams,
Mary Ann McCarthy, she went out to dig some clams,
Mary Ann McCarthy, she went out to dig some clams,
BUT SHE DIDN'T FIND A GODDAM CLAM!

All she ever found was ersters,
All she ever found was ersters,
All she ever found was ersters,
AND SHE DIDN'T FIND A GODDAM CLAM!

She dug up all the mud there was in San Francisco Bay,
She dug up all the mud there was in San Francisco Bay,
She dug up all the mud there was in San Francisco Bay,
BUT SHE DIDN'T FIND A GODDAM CLAM!

All she ever found was ersters, etc.

31. HER MOTHER NEVER TOLD HER

'Twas a cold winter evening, the boys were all leaving,
O'Leary was closing the bar;
To a lady turned gray these words he did say,
"Get out, you can't stay where you are."

She wept a sad tear in her bucket of beer,
As she thought of the cold night ahead,
When a gentleman dapper stepped out of the phone booth,
And these are the words that he said.

Her mother never told her, the things a young girl
should know,
About the ways of college boys, and how they come and go;
She has lost her youth and beauty,
And Life has dealt her a scar,
So think of your mother and sisters, boys,
And leave her sleep under the bar.

32. 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-light glowing, in your eyes so true:
Let me call you Sweetheart, I'm in love with you.

33. WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING

When Irish eyes are smiling,
Sure it's like a morn in spring.
In the lilt of Irish laughter
You can hear the angels sing.
When Irish hearts are happy
All the world seems bright and gay,
And when Irish eyes are smiling
Sure they steal your heart away.
34.  MEMORIES

Memories, memories -- dreams of love so true,
O'er the sea of memory -- I'm drifting back to you,
Childhood days, wildwood days -- among the birds and bees,
You left me alone -- but still you're my own,
In my beautiful memories.

35.  MY WILD IRISH ROSE

My wild Irish Rose -- the sweetest flower that grows,
You may search everywhere -- but none can compare,
With my wild Irish Rose.
My wild Irish Rose -- the dearest flower that grows,
And some day for my sake -- she may let me take
The bloom from my wild Irish Rose.

36.  JOHN BROWN'S BABY

John Brown's baby had a cold upon its chest
John Brown's baby had a cold upon its chest
John Brown's baby had a cold upon its chest
So they rubbed it with camphorated oil!

37.  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.

38.  PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES

Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag, and smile, smile, smile
While you've a lucifer to light your fag,
Smile, boys, that's the style.
'That's the use of worryin' -- it never was worth while,
So pack up your troubles in your old kit bag
And smile, smile, smile.

39.  SCHOOL DAYS

School days, school days -- dear old golden rule days,
Readin' and writin' and 'rithmetic
Taught to the tune of a hickory stick.
You were my queen in calico, I was your bashful, barefoot beau,
And you wrote on my slate "I love you, Joe,"
When we were a couple of kids.
40. **Roamin In the Gloamin'**

Roamin' in the gloamin' -- on the bonnie banks of Clyde,
Roamin' in the gloamin' -- with my lassie by my side;
When the sun has gone to rest,
That's the time that I love best.
Oh, it's lovely roamin' in the gloamin'.

41. **Sailing, Sailing**

Sailing, sailing, over the bounding main,
Many a stormy wind shall blow, ere Jack comes home again.
Sailing, sailing, over the bounding main,
For many a stormy wind shall blow, ere Jack comes home again.

42. **Sweet Rosy O'Grady**

Sweet Rosie O'Grady, my dear little Rose;
She's my steady lassie, most everyone knows.
And when we are married, how happy we'll be,
For I love sweet Rosie O'Grady
And Rosie O'Grady loves me.

43. **The Man on the New Pair of Skis**

He floats down the slopes with the greatest of ease,
The daring young man on the new pair of skis,
His actions are graceful, all girls he does please,
And my love he has stolen away.
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 new pair of skis -- OH!
He floats down the slopes with the greatest of ease,
The daring young man on the new pair of skis,
His actions are graceful, all girls he does please,
And my love he has stolen away.

44. **If I Had My Way**

If I had my way, Dear, forever there'd be
A garden of roses for you and for me.
A thousand and one things, Dear, I would do,
Just for you, just for you, just for you.
If I had my way, we would never grow old;
And sunshine I'd bring every day.
You would reign all alone like a queen on a throne,
If I had my way.

45. **My Gal Sal**

They called her frivolous Sal, a peculiar sort of a gal.
With a heart that was mellow, an all-'round good fellow
Was my old pal.
Your troubles, sorrows and care, she was always willing
to share,
A wild sort of devil, but dead on the level
Was my gal Sal.
46. MAINE STEIN SONG

Fill the steins to dear old Maine, Shout till the rafters ring;
Stand and drink a toast once again! Let every loyal Maine man sing.
Drink to all the happy hours, Drink to the careless days,
Drink to Maine, our Alma Mater, The college of our hearts always.
To the trees, to the sky! To the spring in its glorious happiness,
To the youth, to the fire, To the life that is moving and calling us!
To the gods, to the fates, To the rulers of men and their destinies,
To the lips, to the eyes, To the girls who will love us some day!
Oh, fill the steins to dear old Maine, Shout till the rafters ring!
Stand and drink a toast once again! Let every loyal Maine man sing.
Then drink to all the happy hours, Drink to the careless days,
Drink to Maine, our Alma Mater, The college of our hearts always.

47. MANDY LEE

Mandy Lee, I love you, 'deed I do, my Mandy Lee,
Your eyes they shine like diamonds, love, to me.
Seems as tho my heart would break without you, Mandy Lee,
'Cause I love you, Mandy, 'deed I do, my Mandy Lee.

48. CAROLINA MOON

Carolina Moon, keep shining -- Shining on the one who waits for me.
Carolina Moon, I'm pining -- Pining for the place I long to be.
How I'm hoping tonight, you'll go -- Go to the right window,
Scatter your light, say I'm alright, please do,
Tell her that I'm blue and lonely -- Dreamy Carolina Moon.

49. WAIT TILL THE SUN SHINES, NELLIE

Wait till the sun shines, Nellie -- And the clouds go drifting by:
We will be happy, Nellie; don't you sigh.
Down lover's lane we'll wander -- Sweethearts, you and I;
Wait till the sun shines, Nellie, bye and bye.

50. 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 banjos 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.

51. ROW, ROW, ROW YOUR BOAT

Row, row, row your boat, gently down the stream:
Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily, life is but a dream.
52. **IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME**

In the good old summer time, in the good old summer time,  
Strolling thru the shady lanes with your baby mine.  
You hold her hand and she holds yours,  
And that's a very good sign,  
That she's your tootsy wootsy,  
In the good old summer time.

53. **ALOUETTE**

Alouette, gentile Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai.  
Je te plumerai la tete, Je te plumerai la tete,  
Et la tete, et la tete, OH!  
Alouette, gentile Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai.  

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

Le nez — Le dos — Les pattes — Le cou

54. **DRIFTING AND DREAMING**

Drifting and dreaming, while shadows fall.  
Softly at twilight, I hear you call.  
Love's old sweet story, told with your eyes,  
Drifting and dreaming, sweet paradise.

55. **OH! SUSANNA**

I came from Alabama wid my banjo on my knee,  
I'm gwine to Lou'siana, my true love for to see.  
It rained all night the day I left,  
The weather it was dry,  
The sun so hot I froze to death,  
Suzanna, don't you cry.  
Oh! Susanna, oh, don't you cry for me,  
I've come from Alabama wid my banjo on my knee.

56. **THE BAND PLAYED ON**

Casey would waltz with a strawberry blonde,  
And the band played on.  
He'd glide 'cross the floor with the girl he adored,  
And the band played on.  
But his brain was so loaded, ne nearly exploded;  
The poor girl would shake with alarm.  
He married the girl with the strawberry curl,  
And the band played on.

57. **ON THE BANKS OF THE WABASH**

Oh, the moonlight's fair tonight along the Wabash,  
From the fields there comes the breath of new-mown hay.  
Thru the sycamores the candle lights are gleaming,  
On the banks of the Wabash far away.
58. **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 does long to go.
There's where I labored so hard for old Massa,
Day after day in the fields of yellow corn,
No place on earth do I love more sincerely,
Than old Virginny, the place where I was born.

59. **GOOD-BYE, MY LOVER, GOOD-BYE**

The ship is sailing down the bay, good-bye, my lover, good-bye;
We may not meet for many a day, good-bye, my lover, good-bye;
My heart will evermore be true, good-bye, my lover, good-bye;
Tho now we sadly say adieu, good-bye, my lover, good-bye!

By-low, my baby, By-low my baby, By-low my baby,
Good-bye, my lover, good-bye!

Then cheer up till we meet again, good-bye, my lover, good-bye;
I'll try to bear my weary pain, good-bye, my lover, good-bye;
Tho far I roam across the sea, good-bye, my lover, good-bye;
My ev'ry thought of you shall be, good-bye, my lover, good-bye.

By-low my baby, By-low my baby, By-low my baby,
Good-bye, my lover, good-bye!

60. **THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN**

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

Fare thee well, for I must leave thee,
Do not let this parting grieve thee,
And remember that the best of friends must part, must part.
Adieu, adieu, kind friends, adieu, adieu, adieu,
I can no longer stay with you, stay with you;
I'll hang my harp on a weeping willow tree,
And may the world go well with thee.

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

Fare thee well, etc.

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 carve a turtle dove,
To signify I died of love.

Fare thee well, etc.
61. WHEN GOOD FELLOWS GET TOGETHER

Give a rouse, then, in the daytime, for a life that knows no fear; Turn night-time into day-time, with the sunlight of good cheer. For it's always fair weather, when good fellows get together, With a stein on the table, and a good song ringing clear. For it's always fair weather, when good fellows get together, 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. And it's birds of a feather, when good fellows get together, With a stein on the table, and a heart without a care.

62. THE BLUE TAIL FLY

When I was young I used to wait, on master and give him his plate, And pass the bottle when he got dry, and brush away the blue-tail fly.

Jimmie crack corn and I don't care, } After each verse
Jimmie crack corn and I don't care, } My master's gone away.
Jimmie crack corn and I don't care, }

And when he'd ride in the afternoon, I'd follow after with a hickory broom, The pony being rather shy, when bitten by a blue-tail fly.

One day he ride around the farm, the flies so numerous they did swarm, One chanced to bite him on the thigh, the devil take the blue-tail fly!

The pony run, he jump, he pitch; he threw my master in the ditch. He died and the jury wondered why; the verdict was the blue-tail fly.

They lay him under a 'simmon tree, his epitaph is there to see: "Beneath this stone I'm forced to lie, Victim of the blue-tail fly."

63. HOME ON THE RANGE

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

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

-23-
64. **THE FOGGY, FOGGY DCEW**

"When I was a bach'lor, I lived all alone,
I worked at the weaver's trade;
And the only, only thing that I did that was wrong,
Was to woo a fair young maid.
I wooed her in the wintertime,
Part of the summer, too;
And the only, only thing that I did that was wrong,
Was to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

One night she knelt close by my side,
When I was fast asleep;
She threw her arms around my neck,
And then began to weep.
She wept, she cried, she tore her hair,
Ah, me! What could I do?
So all night long I held her in my arms,
Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

Again I am a bach'lor, I live with my son,
We work at the weaver's trade;
And every single time that I look into his eyes,
He reminds me of the fair young maid.
He reminds me of the wintertime,
Part of the summer, too,
And of the many, many times that I held her in my arms,
Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

65. **THE HEARSE SONG**

Did you ever think, as the hearse rolls by,
That sooner or later you're goin' to die?
With your boots a-swingin' from the back of a roan,
And the undertaker inscribin' your stone?

Oh, the worms crawl in, and the worms crawl out,
They do "Right Dress!" and they turn about;
Then each one takes a bite or two,
Of what the War Office used to call you!

Oh, your eyes drop out, and your teeth fall in,
And the worms crawl over your mouth and chin,
They bring all their friends, and their friends' friends too,
And you're chewed all to hell when they're through with you.

66. **BEER BARREL POLKA**

Roll out the barrel, we'll have a barrel of fun;
Roll out the barrel, we've got the blues on the run.
Zing! Boom! To-rar-rol!
Ring out the song of good cheer!
Now's the time to roll out the barrel,
For the gang's all here!
67. **ROLL ME OVER**

Oh, this is number one and the fun has just begun;
Roll me over, lay me down and do it again. }
Roll me over, in the clover;
Roll me over, lay me down and do it again. }
After each verse

Oh, this is number two and his hand is on my shoe;
Oh, this is number three and his hand is on my knee;
Oh, this is number four and he's got me on the floor;
Oh, this is number five and we're glad we're both alive;
Oh, this is number six and we're in a hell of a fix;
Oh, this is number seven and we're both in heaven;
Oh, this is number eight and the doctor's set the date;
Oh, this is number nine and the baby's doing fine:
Oh, this is number ten and we're at it again,
Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.
Off the clover, it's all over!
Roll me over, pick me up -- can't do it again!

68. **DIPSY DOODLE**

Dipsy Doodle, I'm off my noodle, I've thrown my truss away,
My rupture's gone, my rupture's gone.

I want to go swimmin' with bowlegged wimmen, and dive
between their knees
My rupture's gone, my rupture's gone.

I want to go drinkin' so I can get stinkin' and fall down
on my legs
My rupture's gone, my rupture's gone.

If you know any ladies who want to make babies, just
send them around to me,
My rupture's gone, my rupture's gone.

69. **THE FIREMAN'S BAND**

Oh! the Firemen's Band, the Fireman's Band,
Here's my heart and here's my hand!
The Firemen's Band, the Firemen's Band,
Here's my heart and here's my hand!
Now don't you really, really think,
That we should pause and have a drink? (Pause) (Drink!)
(Faster)
Oh! the Firemen's Band, the Firemen's Band,
Here's my heart, and here's my hand!
(Spoken) Oh! for the life of a fireman, to sit on an engine red,
And holler to the horses: GO AHEAD! GO AHEAD! GO AHEAD!
CLANG! CLANG! BANG! BANG! SSH! SSH! SSH!
The goddam fire's out!
70. MacNAMARA'S BAND

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

Oh, the drums go bang, and the cymbals clang, and the horns
they blaze away,
McCarty poofs an old bassoon, while I the pipes do play,
Hennessey Dennessey toots the flute, the music is something grand,
And a credit to old Ireland is MacNamara's band.

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

Oh, just now we're rehearsing 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 MacNamara's Band.

Oh, my name is Uncle Julius, and from Sweden I did come,
To play in MacNamara's Band and beat the big bass drum.
And when I march along the street, the ladies think I'm grand,
They shout, "There's Uncle Julius playing, and with an Irish band."

Oh, I wear a bunch of shamrocks, and a uniform of green,
And I'm the funniest looking Swede that you have ever seen.
There's O'Briens and Ryans, and Sheehans, and Meehans, they
come from Ireland,
But, by Yimminy, I'm the only Swede in MacNamara's Band.

71. SKI, SKI, SKI
(Melody: The Whiffenpoof Song)

When the old year makes its exit, and we usher in the new
At a refuge in the hills we love so well;
Then we gather 'round the fire and we guzzle down the "glu"
And singing, we invoke St. Peter's spell.

Yes, singing all those ski songs, and the tunes we love so well,
"Underneath the Takeoff", "Sven", and all the rest,
We will serenade St. Peter, and pray for powder snow,
Oh! skiing is the sport that we love best.

We are doctors, and lawyers, and students, we,
Ski, ski, ski!
We are smeared with the grime of the cities, you see,
Ski, ski, ski!
So that's why we've come back to God's country,
Back to the land of the snow-covered tree;
Here we frolic in jollity,
Ski, ski, ski!
72. THE SHIP TITANIC

Oh, they built the ship Titanic, to sail the ocean blue,
And they thought they had a ship that the water would
never leak thru,
But the Lord's almighty hand knew this ship would never stand;
It was said when that great ship went down.

CHORUS:
Oh, it was sad, Lord, sad; it was sad, Lord, sad;
It was sad when that great ship went down, to the
bottom of the -----
Husbands and wives, little children lost their lives,
It was sad when that great ship went down.

Oh, they sailed from England, and were almost to the shore,
When the rich refused to associate with the poor,
So they put them down below, where they were the first to go;
It was sad when that great ship went down.

CHORUS

The boat was full of sin, and the sides about to burst,
When the captain shouted, "A-wimmen and children first!"
Oh, the captain tried to wire, but the lines were all on fire;
It was sad when that great ship went down.

CHORUS

Oh, they swung the lifeboats out o'er the deep and raging sea,
When the band struck up with "A-nearer my God to Thee";
Little children wept and cried, as the waves swept o'er
the side,
It was sad when that great ship went down.

CHORUS

73. GOOD NIGHT, SWEETHEART

Good night, sweetheart, till we meet tomorrow,
Good night, sweetheart, sleep will banish sorrow,
Tears and parting may make us forlorn,
But with the dawn, a new day is born,
(so I'll say)
Good night, sweetheart, tho I'm not beside you,
Good night, sweetheart, still my love will guide you,
Dreams enfold you, in each one I'll hold you,
Good night, sweetheart, good night,
Good Night, La-dies-
we're gon-na leave
you now!