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 who 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 'er 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

(Melody: Georgia Tech Song)

Oh, we're the gang from
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
Now, who in the hell are youse?

Oh, we're the gang from
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 'ooze
Oh, we're the gang from
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**

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...
Tomorrow morn on the top of old
(We don't mean Shasta!)
Tomorrow morn on the top of old
(We'll break our necks...)

5. **BICYCLE BUILT FOR TWO**

(Boys:) 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'll look sweet upon the seat
Of a bicycle built for two.

(Girls:) Danny, Danny, here is my answer true
I'm not crazy over the likes of you
It must be a stylish carriage!
Call off the blasted marriage.
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 think
That people who do are likely to drink.
We never eat fruitcake; it's chuck 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?
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 happy as can be
For I'm 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,
The Lowland Dutch,
The Rotterdam Dutch,
And the Goddamn Dutch....
Singing: "Glorious! Glorious!
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 Goddamn Dutch eat Limburger cheese...
Singing Glorious! Glorious!
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 Goddamn 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 stifles.)
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,
Hey! Hey!
And if you asked her why the hell she spread them,
She spread them for a soldier who is six feet away.

CHORUS:
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 red chickens,
And I were a rooster; I'd give them the dickens.

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 does in the glade,
And I were a buck; I would sure have it 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 like Cable; I'd get pretty far.

I wish all the girls were like Gypsy Rose Lee,
And I were a G-string; hot dawg, 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.
11. RUGGED BUT RIGHT

Hay Boy! I just called up to tell you that I'm rugged but right,
A thiefin' 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' gal can afford.
I've got a big electric fan to keep me cool in the heat,
A big handsome man to keep me warm while 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 really we don't care,
We've got those well-built charlies, 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 date late.
Our motto has always been: "Gone 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 yer tight,
Go home and tell your mother that you're rugged but right."

I went to ___________ 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 "mile" 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 M-I-N-E, mine,
I'll be T-I-N-E, thine,
And I'll L-O-V-E, love you,
All the T-I-N-E, time.
You'll be the R-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 smell so sweet
It dun near makes you sick.
I used to think - my life was humdrum,
But I sure have learned a lesson that is bound to stick.
There ain't no use in my pretendin'
The city sure ain't no place for a guy like me to end in
Goin' back - to where I come from
Where the mocking bird is singing in the lilac bush.
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 want to tell all the trouble of the life that allus follars
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 mixup,
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 grown 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, doggon!
I'm goin' back - to where I come from,
Where the mockin' 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 only thing 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.
Three jolly coachmen sat, in an English tavern,
Three jolly coachmen sat, in an English tavern,
They they decided that, they they decided that,
They 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 wail!
Here's to trail, etc.
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 -- lutfisk og lefse, lutfisk og lefse,
Ja, ja, vi skall ha -- lutfisk og lefse, brenneven og smus.

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 -- lutfisk og lefse, lutfisk og lefse,
Ja, ja, vi skall ha -- lutfisk og lefse, brenneven og smus.

18. OOLA

Aye 'em Oola, ski yumper from Norvay, brought up on lutfisk and still,
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 'em Oola, dey all call me Oola,
Aye don' 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 dis vedder, Aye neffer go skiing again.
At last Aye go up to da mountain, it bane wun doggon place you should see,
Da minute Aye got dere Aye 'em happy, Aye run out and yump on my ski.

CHORUS:

And den Aye climb up Panorama, and point my skis down from da top,
Yee Goodness! but how Aye get moving, Aye tank dat Aye neffer would stop.
Aye wonder 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:

Each Saturday night on da mountain, Aye go to da Paradise Inn,
Aye tank that Aye 'em back home in Norvay, it's da best doggon place Aye haf been.
Da vittamn are very entrencing, vat Aye have in my mind is a sin,
But da minute Aye start romancin', da O.D., he always walk in!

CHORUS:
Oola had a cousin from the wild and woolly West,
While Oola liked his 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 agent 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 his 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 spend 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.
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 new 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 upon cold powder snow, YO HO! 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 new at last.

Two boards upon cold powder snow, YO HO! etc.....

21. IN THE CELLAR OF
(Melody: The Caissons Go Rolling Along)

Give a cheer, give a cheer,
For the boys who drink the beer
In the cellar of ______________
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 ______________

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

So it's guzzle, guzzle, guzzle....etc.
Oh, dear! What can the matter be?
Seven old ladies locked in the lavat'ry,
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 cut 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.

CHORUS.

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

CHORUS.

The fourth old lady was Katherine Foyle
She had been living according to Hoyle
She was worried but the swelling was only a boil,
And nobody knew she was there.

CHORUS.

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

CHORUS.

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

CHORUS.

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

CHORUS.

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.
Old King Cole was a merry old soul, a merry old soul was he.
He called for his skies 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, a merry old soul was he,
He called for his skies 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 SERGEANTS three.

RIGHT BY SQUADS, SQUADS RIGHT! said the sergeants
Hut two, Hut 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.

Where'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 "Mavoureen" 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, doomed 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 our 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.
Talemarks, stem turns, and tailboggans 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,

(continued)
Shad roe comes from harlot shadfish
Shadfish face a sorry fate
A pregnant shadfish is a sad fish
Gets that way without a mate.

Oysters are prolific bivalves
They have young ones in their shell
How they diddle is a riddle
But they do -- so what the hell?

The green sea turtle's mate is happy
O'er her lover's winning ways
First he grips her with his flipper
Then they flip for days and days.

The lady clam is optimistic
Shoots her eggs out in the sea
Hopes her suitor, as a shooter
Hits the self same spot as she.

Give a thought to the canny codfish
E'er there when duty calls
Female codfish are an odd fish
From them too, come codfish balls.

Lucky critters are the rayfish
When a litter they essay
Yes, my hearties, they have parties
In the good old fashioned way.

I fed caviar to my grandpa
He's the age of ninety-three
Shouts of joy come out of grandma
He had chased her up a tree.

I fed caviar to my uncle
He's the age of ninety-eight
Now he chases 'round with women
He's been arrested twice for rape.

I fed some caviar to my rooster
Thought it would help the hens to lay
He jumped up on the cow and goosed her
Now we have egg nog twice a day.
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 came rollin' down the mountain
She came rollin' down the mountain
She came 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 out little Nancy Brown away up in the hills.

She came rollin' down the mountain
She came rollin' down the mountain
She came 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 came rollin' down the mountain
She came rollin' down the mountain
She came 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 came down next mornin' early, more a woman than a girlie
And her pappy kicked the hussy out of sight.

Now she's livin' in the city
Now she's livin' in the city
Now she's livin' in the city mighty swell,
For she's winin' 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 that thing they were a-seekin'
And now she's known as West Virginia's favorite -- sweetheart!
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.

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.....
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-dah.

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....

Lil was comely, Lil was fair
Lil had lots of yellow hair
She drank too deep of the Demon Rum
And smoked hasheesh and opium

Now day by day poor Lil grew thinner
From insufficient proteins in 'er
She grew deep hollows in her chest
And had to go around completely dressed.

Now clothes may make a girl go far
But they have no place on a fille de jour
Oh, Lillian's troubles started when
She concealed her abdomen.

Lillian went to the house physician
He prescribed for her condition
Madam, you have what the doctors say
Is perni-ahn-ous a-ne-mi-ay.

Now Lil took treatments in the sun
Lil took Scott's e-mul-si-on
Three times daily she took yeast
But still her clientele decreased.

I'll have you know her clientel-e
Rested largely on her belly
She shook that thing like the deep Pacific
Oh, it was something calorific.

Lillian underwent baptism
She adopted mysticism
And every night when she went to sleep
She prayed the Lord her soul to keep.

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."
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 'tis 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 -- amount 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

27. **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.

36. **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.
What'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 writing and 'rithmetic
Taught to the tune of a hick'ry stick
You were my queen in calico, I was your bashful, barefoot beau,
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 Rosy O'Grady, my dear little Rose;
She's my steady lass, 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 the 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 class
He misses a turn and he lands on his...face
His actions are graceful, as the girls he does pass,
And my love he has stolen away.

44. IF I HAD MY WAY

If I had my way, dear, forever ther'd be
A garden of roses for you and for me.
A thousand and one things, dear, I would do,
Just for, 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.

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 plumerais.
Je te plumerais la tet, Je te plumerais la tet,
Et la tet, et la tet, OH!
Alouette, gentile Alouette, Alouette, Je te plumerais.

Je te plumerais le bec, Je te plumerais 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 with my banjo on my knee,
I'm gwine to Louisiana, my true love for to see.
It rained all night the day I left,
The weather it was dry,
The sun so hot I froze to death
Susanna, don't you cry.
Oh! Susanna, don't you cry for me,
For I've come from Alabama with 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, he 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 light 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 darkie'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,
That old Virginny, the place where I was born.

59. BEER BOTTLE

It was only an old beer bottle, floating on the foam
It was only an old beer bottle, a million miles from home
Inside was a piece of paper, with these words written on:
"Whoever finds this bottle, finds the beer all gone."
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, amid the 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, yes 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 so true to me,
Takes that 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, carve a turtle dove,
To signify I died of love.

61. WHEN GOOD FELLOWS GET TOGETHER

Give a rouse, in the Maytime, for a life that knows no fear;
Turn night-time into daytime, with the sunlight of good cheer,
For it's always fair weather, when good fellows get together,
With a stein on the table, and 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 and 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 gone away.

And when he'd ride in the afternoon, I'd follow after with a Hick'ry 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 that blue tail fly.

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

They laid him under a 'simmon tree, his epitaph is there to see:
Beneath this stone I'm forced to lie, a victim of the blue tail fly.
63. SPEARMINT SONG

Will the Spearmint lose its flavor on the bedpost over night?
If you put it on the left side will you find it on the right?
If you scratch your back in the morning, will it itch you in the night?
Will the Spearmint lose its flavor on the bedpost over night?

Here comes the blushing bride, the groom is at her side,
Straight to the alter, firm as Gibraltar,
The groom has the ring, the choir begins to sing:

Will the Spearmint lose its flavor on the bedpost over night?
If teacher tells you not to chew it will you swallow it for spite?
Do you grab it with your tonsails, and then swing it left and right?
Will the Spearmint lose its flavor on the bedpost over night?

The nation rose as one, to send its favorite son,
Straight to the White House, the nation's favorite light house,
To settle the great question, that involves these continents:

Will the Spearmint lose its flavor on the bedpost over night?
If you put it on the left side will you find it on the right?
I think I'm going crazy, will someone set me right?
Will the Spearmint lose its flavor on the bedpost over night?

64. FOGGY, FOGGY DEW

When I was a bachelor, 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 to my side,
When I was fast asleep;
And 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 bachelor, 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. I DON'T GIVE A HOOT

My wife she say now Olly, do you think that this is cute?
There's not a button left on the front of your union suit;
I said sew up the front of it, just like a flour sack;
And I'll get in and out by way of the trap door in the back.

CHORUS:

I don't give a hoot, I just don't give a hoot;
We got plenty of trouble, but I just don't give a hoot.

Now Elmer he's my oldest son, he's quiet like a mouse;
He built himself an airplane, out of the chicken house;
He went to bed and dreamed all night, of how he'd loop the loop;
Then he got up in the morning, and went out and flew the coop.

Oh, I don't give a hoot, I just don't give a hoot;
We got plenty of trouble, but I just don't give a hoot.

My neighbors they raise 20 kids, and now they are old and weak;
They never liked each other, no, they hardly ever speak;
The oil stove it exploded, and blew them up so high,
T'was the first time they's been out together since eight years last July.

I don't give a hoot, I just don't give a hoot;
We got plenty of trouble, but I just don't give a hoot.

My uncle he is screwy, but he is always feeling grand;
At breakfast time he sits and stirs his oatmeal with his hand;
My wife she called the Doctor, he's the one who killed our goat;
The Doctor says he is O.K., he's only feeling his oats.

I don't give a hoot, I just don't give a hoot;
Except for Petrillo, I just don't give a hoot.

66. DIPSY DOOOLE

Dipsy Doodie, 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 women, 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.
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 ) After each verse
Roll me over lay me down and do it again  )

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 helluva 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!

66. THE FIREMAN'S BAND

Oh! the Fireman's Band, the Fireman's Band,
Here's my heart and here's my hand!
The Fireman's Band, the Fireman'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 Fireman's Band, the Fireman's Band,
Here's my heart and here's my hand!
(spooken) 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!
69. MacNamara’s Band

Oh, me 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 am conductor, and we very often play
Before the great musicians that you hear of every day.

Oh, the drums go bang, and the cymbals clang, and the horns they blaze away.
McCarty pumps the old bassoon, while I the pipes do play,
Hennessey Hennessey tootles 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 dead man’s funeral, we’re the gayest of them all,
When General Grant to Ireland came, he took me by the hand,
He said he’s never seen the likes of MacNamara’s Band.

Just now we are rehearsing for a very swell affair,
All the dukes and duchesses and children will be there.
The gentry they will all turn out, the music will be 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 should, “There’s Uncle Julius playing 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 jeez, I’m the only Swede in MacNamara’s Band!

70. Ski, Ski, Ski
(Melody: 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 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 we love the 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!
71. 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 sad 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 sea
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, the the lines were all on fire;
It was sad when that great ship went down.

CHORUS:

Oh, they swing 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 the great ship went down.

CHORUS:

72. GOODNIGHT SWEETHEART

Goodnight, sweetheart, 'till we meet tomorrow,
Goodnight 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)
Goodnight sweetheart, tho I'm not beside you,
Goodnight sweetheart, still my love will guide you,
Dreams enfold you, in each one I'll hold you,
Goodnight, sweetheart, goodnight.
73. MANANA
(Melody: same as title)

Oh, the rope tow she is busted, the engine will not run.
The guest are all complaining at missing all their fun.
They ask us when we'll fix it, and we can only say:
"We fix it up Manana, but we gotta ski today."

Manana, Manana, Manana is good enough for me....

The tows they are all finished, they are frozen in the snow.
The chair lift - 'she's no function - for why we do not know.
The guest are not complainin' - they do not give a hoot!
They're all down in the Beer Hall, a-goin' on a toot!

Manana, Manana, Manana is good enough for me....

The customers are coming all the way up here to ski,
Why the damn-fools do it is something we can't see.
It snows like hell all week-end, 'till the folks all go away
Then skiing is just wonderful, the sun shines every day!

Manana, Manana, Manana is good enough for me....

74. RAGTIME COWBOY JOE

Out in Arizona where the bad men are,
Where the only light to guide you is the evening star,
The roughest, toughest guy by far is Ragtime Cowboy Joe.
He got his name from singing to his cows and sheep,
And every night they say he sings his herds to sleep
In a bass so soft and deep .... crooning soft and low....

CHORUS:

He always sings ragged music to his cattle,
As he swings....back and forward in the saddle,
On a horse....(pretty good horse)
With a syncopated gaiter
And it's such a funny meter to the roar of his repeater,
How they run,
When they hear the fellow's gun, for the Western folks all know
He's a high-falutin' rootin' tootin' son-of-a-gun from Arizona
He's some cowboy, talk about your cowboy,
Ragtime Cowboy, Joe.

75. MULES
(Melody: 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, behind the two before.
76. **SCHNITZELBANK**

Ist das nicht ein Schnitzelbank?
Ja das ist ein Schnitzelbank.

Ist das nicht ein Kurz und Lang?
Ja das ist ein Kurz und Lang.

Ei du schon, ei du schon,
Ei du schon Schnitzelbank.

Ist das nicht ein Hin und Her?
Ja das ist ein Hin und Her.

Ist das nicht ein Lichtputzscher?
Ja das ist ein Lichtputzscher.

Lichtputzscher, Hin und Her, Kurz und Lang, und Schnitzelbank.

(Substitute, repeating ones already sung.)

Krum und Grad, Wagenrad,  
Goldener Ring, Schones Ding.  
Gute Wurst, Grosser Durst.  
Horburgsnetter, Gute Butter.  
Besenstil, Automobile  
Herbergswater, Gigger-Gagger.  
Helles Licht, Affengersicht.

77. **TODAY IS THE DAY**

Today is the day we give babies away with a half a pound of tea  
You open the lid and you pull out a kid with a ten year guarantee  
If you know any ladies who want any babies just send them around to me  
For today is the day we give babies away with a half a pound of tea.  
I wish I were able to give out a cradle with every can of soup  
Or maybe a bib or doll or a crib or a pill to cure the croup  
But surely to goodness you haven't the rudeness to ask for more than that  
With a package of tea we give you free a handsome bouncing brat.

Come you all and do your shopping here  
This is the greatest bargain of the year  
This is the chance you've been waiting for  
Buying your kids at the grocery store  
By the can, my good man, opportunity knocks at your door.  
If you want a nice blue-eyed brunette  
I must admit they're awfully hard to get  
But I know a couple of babies who  
Are just about twenty or twenty-two  
They'd be glad, of a chance, just to meet up with you.  
You must come down and see my garden  
Where the babies grow on trees  
That's where their little bodies harden  
In the warm day's sun and the evening's gentle breeze.  
I'll let you pick yourself a sample  
Take the nicest one you see,  
And if you'd like to have it's Mother  
Just buy another pound of tea.
78. **WHAM! WENT THE SKIER**
(Melody: Pop Goes the Weasel)

Around and 'round the mountain top
He skied without a fear;
Till all of a sudden he hit a rock
*WHAM!* went the skier.
They took him to a hospital
Doc said he'd never ski again;
And now he skis without a fear
(raspberry) to the Doctor!

79. **GLORIOUS BEER**

Let me sing you a song of a gargle,
A lotion to me very dear;
I refer to that grand lubricator,
That wonderful tonic called beer -- boom, boom, boom, boom, boom.

Beer, beer, glorious beer,
Fill yourself right up to here;
Don't be afraid of it, drink 'till you're made of it,
Drink of our old lager beer -- boom, boom, boom, boom, boom.
Drink a great deal of it, make a whole meal of it,
Come, boys, a rousing good cheer -- Hurrah!
Up with the sale of it, down with the pail of it,
Glorious, glorious beer.

It's the daddy of all lubricators,
A very fine thing for your necks;
Can be used as a lotion or gargle,
For people of every sex -- boom, boom, boom, boom, boom.

**CHORUS:**

They say there's a Goddess of Wine, boys
But is there a Goddess of Beer?
If there is, let us drink to her name, boys,
And wish that we had her right here - boom, boom, boom, boom, boom.

**CHORUS.**

80. **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.
81. TAKE A LEG FROM ANY OLD TABLE

Take a leg from any old table; take an arm from any old chair,  
Take a neck from some old bottle; and from a horse you get the hair  
And then put them all together; and stick them up with glue,  
And I'll get a lot more lovin' from that goddamn dummy  
Than I ever got from you!

82. SHE'LL BE SKIING DOWN THE MOUNTAIN

She'll be skiing down the mountain when she skis  
She'll be skiing down the mountain when she skis  
She'll be skiing down the mountain, kicking snow up like a fountain  
Making sitzmarks beyond countin', when she skis.

She will wear a sweater classy when she skis  
She will wear a sweater classy when she skis  
She will wear a sweater classy, draped upon her quaking chassis  
This refrigerated lassie, when she skis.

83. CLEMENTINE

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

Oh my darling, oh my darling, oh my darling Clementine  
You are lost and gone forever, dreadful sorry, Clementine.

Light she was, and like a fairy, and her shoes were number nine  
Herring boxes without topees, sandals were for Clementine.

Drove she ducklings to the water every morning just at nine,  
Het her foot against a splinter, fell into the foaming brine.

Ruby lips above the water, blowing bubbles soft and fine  
But alas! I was no swimmer -- so I lost my Clementine.

Now ye Boy Scouts, heed the warning, to this tragic tale of mine  
Artificial respiration would have saved my Clementine.

In a churchyard near the canyon, where the myrtle doth entwine  
There grow roses and other posies, fertilized by Clementine.

Then the miner, forth-niner, soon began to peak and pine  
Thought he oughter, join his daughter, now he's with his Clementine.

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

How I missed her, how I missed her, How I missed my Clementine  
Till I kissed her little sister, and forgot my Clementine.
There's a man who comes to our house, every single day
Papa comes home and the man goes away
Papa does the work and Mama gets the pay
And the man comes around when Papa goes away.

The man who comes to our house, he's so very nice
He comes in the summertime, to bring Mama ice
The teeny-weeny piece he brings soon melts away
And he has to come back later in the day.

There's a man who comes to our house, he comes to get the trash
In a little white jacket and his little black moustache
It sounds very strange but it always seems to me
He's a little more familiar than he really ought to be.

There's a man who comes to our house, he comes to bring the milk
He walks right in the kitchen and he talks as smooth as silk
I always have to hold his horse, outside the gate
He always wants to stay so long, the horse don't want to wait.

Oh, when I grow up, I'm never going to be
A plumber or a carpenter, no, no siree!
I'll never be a doctor with an office down in town
No, I'd rather be -- just the man who comes around.

She wears her silk pajamas in the summer when it's hot,
She wears her flannel nighties in the winter when it's not,
And sometimes in the springtime, and sometimes in the fall
She jumps right in between the sheets with nothing on at all!

Glory, how I'd like to be there,
Glory, how I'd like to be there,
Glory, how I'd like to be there,
In the springtime and the fall!

One grasshopper jumped right over the other grasshopper's back
(4 times)

They were only playing leapfrog (3 times)
As one grasshopper jumped right over the other grasshopper's back!

One mosquito scratched the other mosquito's 'quito-bite
They were only being friendly

One flea-fly flew up the flue and the other flea-fly flew down
They were only playing flue fly

One pink porpoise popped up the pole and the other pink porpoise popped down
Glory, glory, how peculiar!
It was early last December, as near as I remember, 
I was walking down the street in topaz pride -
No one I was disturbing, as I lay down by the curbing,
And a pig came up and lay down by my 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 booses by the company he chooses."
And the pig got up and slowly walked away.

**87. HE DIDN'T GET A BEND IN HIS KNEES**

Now, ________ in a race was a great disgrace
Cause he spaniared up in the trees;
And the reason that he fell was you knew damned well
That he didn't get a bend in his knees.

**CHORUS:** Oh, he didn't get a bend in his knees,
Oh, he didn't get a bend in his knees,
And the reason that he fell was you know damned well
That he didn't get a bend in his knees.

Now, ________ thought with the skis he had bought
He would ski with the maximum of ease,
He skied damned well, and he skied like hell
But he didn't get a bend in his knees.

**CHORUS.**

**88. ONE FISH BALL**

(Leader):
A man was walking up and down
To find a place where he could dine in town.

(Everybody):
A man was walking up and down
To find a place where he could dine in town.

He found himself a gorgeous place, and entered in with gorgeous grace. (Chorus)
He took his purse his pocket hence, but all he found was fifteen cents. (Chorus)
He scanned the menu thru and thru, to see what fifteen cents could do. { " } The only thing 'twould do at all, was buy one---ne fish ball.
He called the waiter down the hall, and softly whispered, "One fish ball."
The waiter bellowed down the hall, "This gentleman here wants one fish ball!"
The guests, they turned both one and all, to see who wanted one fish ball.
The wretched man grew ill at ease, and softly whispered, "Bread, sir, if you please.
The waiter bellowed down the hall, "You gets no bread with one fish ball!" There is a moral to this all: You gets no bread with one fish ball.
89. I AIN'T GONNA GRIEVE MY LORD NO MORE

Oh, de deacon went down, to de cellar to pray
And he got drunk, and he stayed all day
Oh, de deacon went down to de cellar to pray
And he got drunk, and he stayed all day
I ain't a-gonna grieve, My Lord no more. (I ain't gonna grieve, etc.)

You can't get to heaven (Repeat) - in a rocking chair (Repeat)
'Cause the Lord don't want (Repeat) - no lazybones dere (Repeat)

You can't get to heaven - in an old Ford car
'Cause the damned old thing - won't go that far.

You can't get to heaven - on a pair of skis
You'll schuss right thru - Saint Peter's knees.

You can't get to heaven - on roller skates
You'll roll right by - those pearly gates.

You can't chew terbaccy - on the golden shore
'Cause the Lord ain't got - no cuspidor.

Oh, my gal Sal - am seven feet tall
She sleeps in de kitchen - wid her feet in de hall.

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

That's all dere is - and dere ain't no more
Saint Peter said - as he closed the door.

There's one more thing - I forgot to tell
If you don't go to heaven - you'll go to hell.

90. VIVE L'AMOUR

Let every good fellow now join in a song!
Vive la compagnie!
Success to each other and pass it along,
Vive la compagnie!

Vive la, vive la, vive l'amour,
Vive la, vive la, vive l'amour
Vive l'amour, vive l'amour,
Vive la compagnie!

Should time or occasion compel us to part,
These days shall forever enliven the heart. (Chorus)

Good fellowship brings us together today,
It lights up our faces and makes our hearts gay. (Chorus)

Each one to his neighbor his hand now extends,
Completing a circle of true, loving friends. (Chorus)
91. **The Old Apple Tree in the Orchard**

Oh, 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.

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.

Then one day pappy took Widder Norton
Out on a jamboree,
And when he took her home at sump, Brother Norton raised his gun up,
And he chased pappy up in the tree.

Oh, the neighbors came after my pappy;
Up in the tree was he,
The neighbors took a rope and strung him, by the neck and then they
hung him
To a branch of the old apple tree.

Now my poor pappy lies in the orchard,
Out of his misery,
They put the apples in a basket, chopped the tree down for a casket,
And my poor pappy's gone with the tree.

92. **SIXPENCE**

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

No cares have I to grieve me,
No pretty little girls to decieve me,
I'm as happy as a lark, believe me,
As I go rolling, rolling home,
Rolling home, (rolling home), rolling home, (rolling home)
By the light of the silvery moo-coo-coo-oon,
Happy as the day when we line up for our pay,
As we go rolling, rolling home.

I've got fourpence, jolly jolly fourpence,
I've got fourpence, to last me all my life;
I've got tuppence to spend, and tuppence to lend,
And nopence to send home to my wife, poor wife.

I've got tuppence, jolly jolly tuppence,
I've got tuppence to last me all my life;
I've got tuppence to spend, and nopence to lend
And nopence to send home to my wife, poor wife.
93. **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 ____ 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 ____ and a son of a gun for beer.

If I had a daughter, I'd dress her in yellow and 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'd yell "To hell with ____," like his daddy used to do.

A son of a gun of a spider went right up the water spout,
Then the rain came down the spout and washed the spider out;
Then the sun came shining out, and it dried up the rain,
And the son of a gun of a spider, he went up the spout again.

94. **OLEY OLSN**

Oley Olsen went skating one day,
He put on his skates and he skated away;
He skated right thru a hole in the ice,
And now he is skating wit Yeesus Christ.

95. **OLD SMOKY**

Way up on Old Smoky, all covered with snow,
I lost my true lover, for a-curtin' too slow.

Now if you don't love me, love whom you please,
But throw your arms 'round me, and give my heart ease.

Now courtin's a pleasure, and parting's a grief,
But a false hearted lover, is worse than a thief.

A thief he will rob you, and take all you save,
But a false hearted lover, will send you to the grave.

Now, the grave will decay you, and turn you to dust,
There's not a girl in ten thousand, that a poor boy can trust.

Now a false hearted lover, will tell you more lies,
Than the cross-ties in a railroad, or the stars in the skies.

So all you young lovers, pay attention to me,
And don' hang your heart, on that old willow tree.
96. SKIER'S REQUIEM

Come, fellows, just buckle my boards on,
Lay my ski poles close by my side;
I'm off for the Lord's own snowfields,
I'm off for that last long ride.
You can lie in your dusty old graveyards,
Enjoying your eternal rest;
While I ski a trail down some heavenly vale,
Till the last sun sets in the west.

In this land there's no uphill climbing,
It's downhill forever and aye;
I won't have to fear for the weather,
There won't be a cloud in the sky.
Oh, the angels will cover the bare spots,
With plenty of fresh powder snow;
I won't have to fear for a frostbitten ear,
And I'm leaving my waxes below.

In this land there's no amateur rating,
Each one is as good as the best;
The tempos and Christies come natural,
Perfection's no longer a quest.
I will slide thru heavenly powder,
Till it smokes from the tails of my skis,
I won't have to learn, 'cause I'll know every turn,
And I'll do them with consummate ease.

(Repeat first verse)

97. GOOD NIGHT LADIES

Good night ladies, good night ladies,
Good night ladies, we're going 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 going 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, roll the keg, roll the keg,
Merrily we roll the keg, across the barroom floor.
Sadly we roll it back, roll it back, roll it back,
Sadly we roll it back, because there ain't no more.
98. OLD GRAY BONNET

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

Let's get stinkin'! said Abraham Lincoln
And we'll roll out another keg o' beer.
For it's not for knowledge that we came to college
But to raise hell while we're here.

99. THE KEEPER OF THE EDDYSTONE LIGHT

Oh, my father was the keeper of the Eddystone Light,
He slept with a mermaid one fine night.
From the union there came three;
A porpoise, a porgy, and the other was me.

Yo ho ho, the wind blows free,
Oh, for a life on the rolling sea! (After each verse)

One night as I was a trimmin' of the glim,
A-singin' a verse of the evenin' hymn,
A voice from the starboard shouted ahoi,
And there was me mother a-sittin' on a buoy.

Oh, what has become of my children three
My mother then she asked of me.
One was exhibited as a talking fish,
The other was served in a chafing dish.

The phosphorus flashed in her seaweed hair,
I looked again and my mother wasn't there.
A voice came echoin' out of the night,
"To Hell with the keeper of the Eddystone Light!"

100. ICH BIN MUSIKER

Ich bin musiker -- ich kosm ausden vaterland
Ich kann spielen -- vas kannst du spielen
Auf maine voila -- (chorus): VIO-VIO-VIOLA

VIO-VIO-VIOLA -- VIO-VIO-VIOLA
VIO-VIO-VIOLA -- VIO-VIO-VIOLA

(Same, with following, repeating ones already sung:)

Toddlesack (Toodle-toodle-toodle sack, etc.)
Trumpet (Trum-pet, ra-ta-ta-ta-ta, etc.)
Piccolo (Pico-pico-piccolo - whistle, etc.)
Zumbasa (Zum-zum-zumbasa, etc.)
Glockenspiel (Glocken-glocken-glockenspiel, etc.)
Bass Drum (Bass-drum, boom, boom, boom, etc.)
101. **WAS IST DAS?**

Was ist das, mein sohn, was ist das, was ist das?
Das ist ein Kap-bearer, das was es ist.
Kap-bearer, oo-la-la-loo,
Das was wir learn in der Schule.

Was ist das, mein Sohn, was ist das, was ist das?
Das is ein Schweat-maker, das was es ist.
Schweat-maker, Kap-bearer, oo-la-la-loo,
Das was wir learn in der Schulé.

(Substitute, repeating ones already sung:)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Eye-seer</th>
<th>Stink-smeller</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Soup-strainer</td>
<td>Girl-kisser</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beer-holder</td>
<td>Lap-sitter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rear-kicker</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

102. **WINTER SONG**

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!
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.

Zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum,
But here by the fire we defy the frost and storm;
Ha, hal! We are warm, and we have our heart's desire.
For here's for good fellows, and beechwood and the bellows,
And the cup is at the lip in a pledge of fellowship.
But here by the fire, we defy the frost and storm,
Ha, hal! We are warm, and we have our heart's desire.
For here's for good fellows,
And the beechwood and the bellows,
And the cup is at the lip,
In a pledge of fellowship; of fel-lowship.

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!
Pile the pipes, with a skoal!
For the fire-gobblins flicker on the ceiling,
And the wine-witches glitter in the glass,
And the smoke-wraiths are drifting, curling, reeling,
And the sleigh bells jungle as they pass.

CHORUS.

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 December,
And their hearts leaped high with the flame.

CHORUS.
Oh, the officers, they ride in motor boats
The Captain, he rides in a gig
He don't get there a goddam bit faster
But it makes the old bastard feel big.

Oh, too-ra-ra-too-ra-ra, too-ra-ray
Too-ra-ra, too-ra-ra-ray,
He don't get there a goddam bit faster
But it makes the old bastard feel big.

Oh, the officers, they ride in motor boats
The Admiral rides in a barge
He don't get there a goddam bit faster
But it gives the old bastard a charge.

Oh, too-ra-ra-too-ra-ra, too-ra-ray
Too-ra-ra, too-ra-ra-ray,
He don't get there a goddam bit faster
But it gives the old bastard a charge.

Oh, the officers eat in the wardroom
The Captain, he eats all alone
He don't eat a goddam bit better
But it makes him feel more at home.

Oh, too-ra-ra-too-ra-ra, too-ra-ray
Too-ra-ra, too-ra-ra-ray,
He don't eat a goddam bit better
But it makes him feel more at home.

Oh, the officers sleep in the stateroom
The Captain, he sleeps in a bed
He don't sleep a goddam bit better
It's only nearer the head.

Oh, too-ra-ra-too-ra-ra, too-ra-ray
Too-ra-ra, too-ra-ra-ray,
He don't sleep a goddam bit better
It's only nearer the head.

Oh, the sexual life of a camel
Is greater than anyone thinks
In moments of amorous passion
He's out making love to the Sphinx.

Singing, too-ra-ra-too-ra-ra, too-ra-ray
Too-ra-ra, too-ra-ra-ray,
In moments of amorous passion
He's out making love to the Sphinx.

(CONTINUED)
103. THE OFFICERS (Continued)

Oh, the Sphinx's posterior seg-a-ment
Is deep in the sands of the Nile,
Which accounts for the hump on the Camel,
And the Sphinx's inscrutable smile.

Singing, too-ra-ra-too-ra-ra, too-ra-ray
Too-ra-ra, too-ra-ra-ray,
Which accounts for the hump on the Camel,
And the Sphinx's inscrutable smile.

Oh, here's to the girls of Southampton,
Here's to the streets that they roam,
Here's to the children, God bless 'em,
For half of them might be my own.

Oh, too-ra-ra-too-ra-ra, too-ra-ray
Too-ra-ra, too-ra-ra-ray,
Here's to the children, God bless 'em,
For half of them might be my own.

104. 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 more.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise, doth ask a drink divine
But mighty Jove's neater sup, I would not change for thine.

Drink to me only with good hard cider, 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 thru,
To drink to me only with thine eyes, is a hell of a thing to do.

105. THE GIRL I MARRY

The girl that I marry will have to be,
A South Sea Islander that can ski.
The girl I call my own,
Must wear Bally's and Splitkens
And smell of Red Sohn.
She'll know how to slalom and stem christie,
And schuss the canyon in 23,
Instead of sittin' with her knittin'
Her hand will be mine in a mitten.
And as I see her - a beautiful skier she'll be.
106. ON THE FARM

Oh, it's beer, beer, beer that makes you full of cheer,
On the farm, on the farm,
Oh, it's beer, beer, beer that makes you full of cheer,
On the Leland Stanford junior farm.

CHORUS: (After each verse)

My eyes are dim, I cannot see,
I have not brought my specs with me.
I have (hey) not (Ho) brought my specs with me.

(Sing other verses same as first substituting the following:)

Whiskey - that makes you feel so frisky
Vodka - that makes you feel so vodka
Wine - that makes you want to shine
Vermouth - that makes you feel uncouth
Sherry - that makes you feel so merry

107. MIMI, THE COLLEGE WIDOW

Mimi, the college widow,
Pride of the University;
Mimi, the college widow,
Taught all the boys Anatomy;
Mimi, the college widow,
To know her is to love her, that's sure,
She's such a honey, you forget she costs you money,
She's Mimi, the college lure.

Mimi, the college widow,
Pride of the University;
Mimi, the college widow,
Taught all the boys Anatomy;
Mimi, the college widow,
To know her is to love her, that's sure;
She laid the cornerstone to knowledge,
In fact, the whole damn college,
That's Mimi, the college lure.
108. **THE CHANDLER'S WIFE**

(Melody: *The Thing*)

A man went into a Chandler Shop, some matches for to buy
And when he got into the shop, nobody did he spy
And as he turned upon his heel and toward the door he sped
Oh, he heard the sound of a Rat-a-tat-tat right above his head
Oh, he heard the sound of a Rat-a-tat-tat right above his head

Now this young man was a bold young man, so up the stairs he sped
And very surprised was he to see the Chandler's wife in bed
And with her was a nice young man of a very considerable size
And they were having a Rat-a-tat-tat right before his eyes
And they were having a Rat-a-tat-tat right before his eyes

When the fun was over and done, the maiden raised her head
And very surprised was she to find the young man by her bed
If you will keep my secret, sir, if you will be so kind
You can always stop in for a Rat-a-tat-tat whenever you feel inclined
You can always stop in for a Rat-a-tat-tat whenever you feel inclined

Now married men take my advise, and when you go to town
Don't leave your wife to do as she likes, but always tie her down
You never may know what thoughts may lie deep down in her innocent mind
Oh, she may be having a Rat-a-tat-tat whenever she feels inclined
Oh, she may be having a Rat-a-tat-tat whenever she feels inclined

109. **E-RI-E CANAL**

We were forty miles from Albany, forget it I never shall,
What a terrible storm we had that night on the E-ri-e Canal

Oh, the E-ri-e was a-rising, and the gin was getting low,
And I scarcely think we'll get a drink till we get to Buffalo,
Till we get to Buffalo. (Repeat after each verse)

We were loaded down with barley, we were chuck up full of rye,
And the captain, he looked down at me with his goddam wicked eye.

Our captain, he came up on deck, with a spy glass in his hand,
And the fog, it was so doggone thick that he couldn't spy the land.

Our cook, she was a grand ol' gal, she had a ragged dress,
We hosted her upon the pole as a signal of distress.

Oh, the girls are in the Police Gazette, the crew are all in jail,
I'm the only living sea cook's son that's left to tell the tale.