

**CURTIN WINSOR'S
SONGBOOK**

AN ANTHOLOGY OF SONGS

REPRINTED
November 1998

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**AN ANTHOLOGY OF SONGS
COLLECTED AT THE BAR B C RANCH
IN 1932
AND
ADDED TO AND AMENDED PERIODICALLY
BY CURTIN WINSOR**

FOR HIS FAMILY AND FRIENDS

**IN MEMORY OF CURTIN WINSOR
15 DECEMBER 1905 – 12 NOVEMBER 1998**

“THERE WAS ALWAYS MUSIC IN HIS HEART”



FORWARD

This version of Curt's songs contains the original songs collected in 1932 at the Bar B C in Jackson Hole, Wyoming. They are the ones for which there is music. The remainder of the songs he collected in Jackson Hole, Pohoqualine, travelling with friends, and home at Hedgeley. Fond of Gilbert and Sullivan, the anthology contains a number of his favorites – although without music.

In arranging the songs in this version of the songbook, I have taken the liberty of making some changes in the order of the songs from the original. When Curt bound the book in 1950, he appears to have simply added them as he collected them. This version keeps the Bar B C songs in the original order. After that the songs are grouped roughly by song type: the songs of the Bar B C, other western songs, sea shanties, other songs and Gilbert and Sullivan. Curt's original index is included so that you have a sense of the order in which they were originally bound. The new index will, hopefully make it easier to find the songs.

I hope all of you who use this book enjoy singing and listening to the songs as much as he did. One of his last tasks was to review the Songbook, so that we could give it to all of you this Christmas.

Eleanor

**Hedgeley
November 24, 1998**

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THE BAR BC ANTHOLOGY

Complete

With Words and Music

Compiled by

Bess Martyn
PEARSON and GEORGE

+ Curt Winsor

Christmas, 1932
The Home Press.

TO

IRVING PEMBERTON CORSE

Bridge Player, Hunter and Musician,

This Books Is Affectionately Dedicated
In The Fond Hope That From Now On He
Will Know The Words and Music Of Any Of
These Songs That May Be Called For.

^E
FORWARD.
^

After months of research and careful study of the Cowboy Lyrics of North America, it has been found that many of the songs differ as to wording. In such cases, therefore, in this collection one version will be found with the words and another with the music. The reader is in that way left free to use whichever he wishes, or any other version he prefers.

THE AUTHORS.



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CORSE'S FAVORITE (SEE VERSE 19).

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are: "Come a-long men AND lis-ten to my tale - II".

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: "tell you of my troubles on the old chis-holm".

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The word "Refrain" is written above the staff. The lyrics are: "Trail come - A ti - yi yip - pi come - A ti - yi".

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: "YA come - A ti - yi yip - pi yi YA!".

Seven empty musical staves for additional notation.

✓
THE CHISHOLM TRAIL.

Goin' to Oklahoma, goin' to marry me a square
False promises for my gal-in-law.

✓ Coma long, boys, and listen to my tale,
I'll tell you of my troubles on the old
Chishelm Trail.

Chorus - Coma ti yi youpy, youpy ya, youpy yay,
Coma ti yi youpy, yi, yay

✓ I started up the trail October twenty-third
I started up the trail with the 2-U herd;

✓ On a ten-dollar hoss and a forty-dollar saddle
I'm goin' to punchin' long-horned cattle.

I woke up one morning on the old Chisholm Trail
Rope in my hand and a cow by the tail.

✓ I'm up in the mornin' afore daylight
and afore I sleep the moon shines bright.

✓ Old Ben Bolt was a blamed good boss,
But he'd go to see the girls on a sore-backed hoss;

✓ Old Ben Bolt was fond of his licker
And there always was a bottle in the pocket
of his slicker.

My hoss throwed me off at the creek called Mad,
My hoss throwed me off round the 2-U herd;

✓ ~~Last time I saw him he was~~ ^{My horse ran away a} going cross the level
A-kickin' up his heels and a-runnin' like the devil.

✓ It's cloudy in the West, a-lookin' like rain
And my dammed old slicker's in the wagon again.

No chaps, no slicker, and it's pourin' down rain,
And I swear to God I'll never night-herd again.

✓ Feet in the stirrups and hand on the horn,
I'm the best damned cowboy that ever was born.

✓ Feet in the stirrups and seat in the sky,
I'm the best damned cowboy that ever rode by.

✓ I'm going into town to see my honey,
Goin' into town to spend my money.

✓ Went to see my gal and she turned me down
So I got drunk and I shot up the town;

✓ They put me in the jug and fined me ten
So I give 'em twenty and got drunk again.



✓ Goin' to Oklahoma, goin' to marry me a squaw
Raise papooses for my Paw-in-law.

O it's bacon and beans most every day,
I'd as soon be eatin' prairie hay.

19. ✓ Drive them cattle to the top of the hill,
Kiss that girl, God damn! I will.

Shook my slicker and gave a little yell,
Tail cattle broke and the leaders went to hell;

I don't give a damn if they never do stop,
I can ride as long as an eight-day clock;

We whooped and we hollered and was doin' very well
'Til the boss said, "Boys, just let 'em go to hell".

We hit Dodge City and we hit her on the fly,
We bedded down the cattle on the hill close by;

We rounded 'em up and put 'em on the cars,
And that was the end of the 2-U bars.

I went to the bunk to draw my roll,
The boss had me figured nine bucks in the hole.

I'll sell my outfit just as soon as I can,
I won't punch cattle for no damned man.

Sold my hoss and hung up my saddle,
And I said "good-bye" to the long-horned cattle.

✓ With my knees in the saddle and my seat in the sky
I'll quit punchin' cows in the sweet by and by.

Chorus - Coma ti yi youpy, youpy ya, youpy yay,
Coma ti yi youpy, yi, yay.

Ask Bill, He Knows!

They're TAK-in' ci-ti board-ers out on the old ranch

Now AND CHAR-gin' fan-cy PRICES for to watch us rope A

cow they feed 'em cow-boy fed-der bed 'em

down up-on the floor this old ranch ain't A-

run-nin' like it used to run no more

Empty musical staves for accompaniment or additional notation.

DUDE RANCH SONG.

They're taking city boarders out on the old ranch now
And charging fancy prices for to watch us rope a cow;
They feed 'em cowboy fodder, bed 'em down upon the floor;
This old ranch ain't arunnin' like it used to run no more.

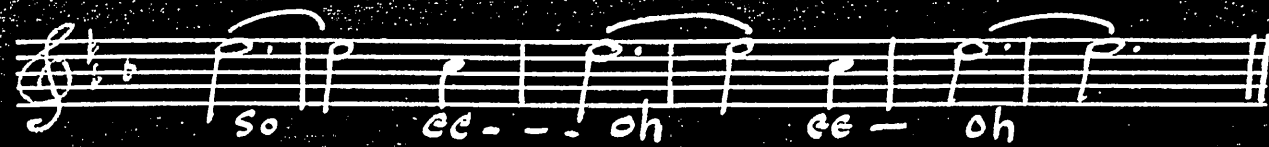
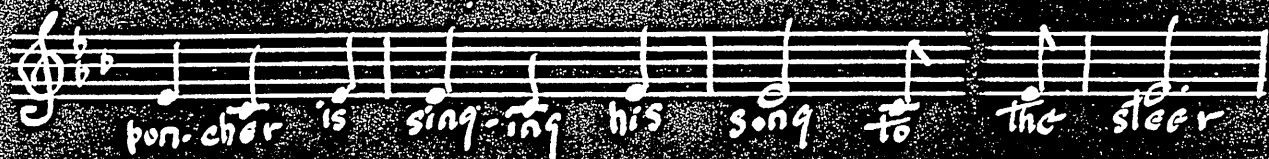
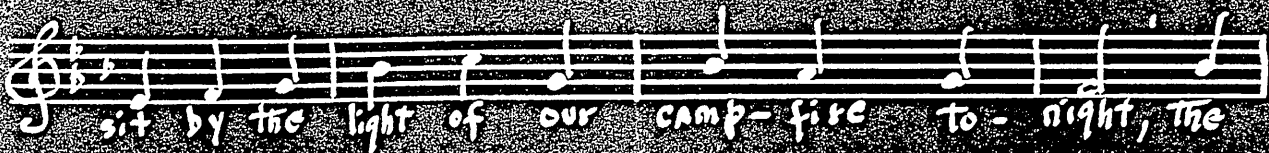
We ain't alone no longer where we can joke and chin,
And when we go out ridin' all the boarders they butt in;
They ask the darnedest questions, and borrow all our traps
And make believe they're punchers in their fancy boots and chaps.

We used to rise at daylight and be off on the range,
We don't do that no longer, and gosh! but it seems strange;
We used to eat by lamplight, but now we eat at eight
Because our city boarders are used to sleepin' late.

We have to chaperone 'em and let the ranch work slide;
These tenderfeet are spoilin' all us boys that used to ride;
They're spoilin' all our ponies, and pretty soon, by Jing,
A horse won't know his business in any puncher's string.

But then the boss he pays us our wages just the same
As if we was a workin' at the battle punchin' game.
Of course it ain't my business how things are bein' run,
But darned if this here cow ranch ain't agoin' on the bum.

Bispham Special



SO, BOSSY, SO.

The long trail is done
And the shipping begun
So we'll sit in the light of the camp-fire tonight;
The stars are all shining,
The moon rising clear
And the punchers are singing their song to the steer:-

So, Bossy, so,
The long trail ends today.
Punchers goes to play,
And all you weary cattle may rest in peace for sure;
So, Bossy, so.

At the starlit divine
The North Trail winds and crawls
And across it a slow-starving coyote calls;
The stars are all shining,
The moon riding clear
And the punchers are singing their song to the steer:-

So, Bossy, so,
Grass is plenty here,
Water's handy near,
And all the stars they twinkle, because we rides no more;
So, Bossy, so, yo ho, yoho,
So, Bossy, so.

As Song By EVERETT CHEATAM.

I'm going to leave old Tex-As Now

They've got no use for the long horn cow

they've plowed and fenced my cat-tle range

And the peo-ple There are All so strange

✓

I'M GOING TO LEAVE OLD TEXAS NOW.

I'm going to leave old Texas now
They've got no use for the long-horn cow;
They've plowed and fenced my cattle range
And the people there are all so strange.

I'll take my horse, I'll take my rope,
And I'll hit the trail upon a lope;
I'll say 'Adios' to the Allemo
And head my horse for Mexico;

And there I'll live on the wide, wide range,
For the people there are not so strange;
The hard, hard ground will be my bed
And the saddle seat will hold my head.

And when I wake up from my dreams
I'll eat my bread and my baked beans;
And when my ride on earth is done
I'll take my chance with the Holy One.

I'll tell Saint Peter that I know
A cowboy's soul ain't white as snow;
But in that far-off cattle land
He sometimes acted like a man.

Featured in "Green Grow The Lilacs".

There was Blood on the

sad - die and Blood All A -

round and a great... big ...

pud - die of Blood on the ground

✓
B-LOOD ON THE SADDLE.

There was B-blood on the saddle
And B-blood on the ground,
And a great, big, P-uddle
of B-blood all around.

A cowboy lay in it
All covered with gore;
And he won't be ridin'
The bronchos no more.

Oh pity the cowboy
All B-loody and red,
For the horse fell on him
And mashed in his head.

There was B-blood on the saddle
And B-blood on the ground,
And a great, big, P-uddle
of B-blood all around.

Jones's Pièce de Résistance.

Now I've got no use for the wo-men A

true one may ne-ver be found they'll use A

MAN for his mo-ney when it's gone they'll

turn him down they're all A-like in the

bar-room self-ish & grasp-ing for All They'll

stick by a MAN while he's win-nin' and

laugh in his face at his fall

✓

THE COWBOY'S LAMENT.

Now I've got no use for the women, a true one may never be found,
They'll use a man for his money, when it's gone they'll turn him
down;

They're all alike at the bar-room, selfish and grasping for all
They'll stick by a man while he's winnin', and laugh in his face
at his fall.

My pal was a straight young puncher, honest and upright and square,
But he turned to a gunman and gambler, and a woman put him there.
Quicker and sure at his gunplay, 'til his heart in his body lay dead;
When a mackerel insulted her picture, he filled him full of lead.

All night long they trailed him, through mesquite and chaperall,
And I couldn't but think of the woman when I saw him pitch and fall:-
Now if she'd been the pal that she shoulda, he might have been
raisin' a son
Instead of out there on the prairie, to die by the ranger's gun.

Death's slow sting held no terror, his chances of life were too slim,
So what they would do with his body was all that worried him.
He raised his head on his elbow, the blood from his wound flowed red,
He gazed at his pals grouped about him, and whispered to them and said:

"Oh bury me out on the prairie, where the coyotes may howl o'er my
grave,

Bury me out on the prairie, and some of my bones please save;
Wrap me up in a blanket, and bury me deep 'neath the ground,
Cover me over with boulders of granite, huge and round".

So they buried him out on the prairie, and the coyotes still howl
o'er his grave,

But his weary soul is resting from the unkind cut she gave.
And many a similar puncher, as he rides by that pile of stones,
Recalls some similar woman and envies his mouldering bones.

Also Sung To The Tune of The Glory Trail.

A-way up high in the si-rey peaks where the

yet low pines grow tall sandy Bob and

Bos-ter Jigs had a round-up camp last FALL



✓ C Single

THE SIREY PEAKS.

Way up high in the Sirey Peaks where the yellow-pines grow tall,
Sandy Box and Buster Jiggs had a round-up camp last fall;

They took their ropes and their branding irons, and maybe a dog or two
And they vowed they'd brand each long-eared calf that came into their
view.

For every little dogie with long flop ears that didn't hole up by day
Had his long ears frizzled and his old hide sizzled in a most artistic
way.

For one fine day, says Sandy Box as he throws his saddle down,
"I'm tired of cow pie-ography and I 'lows I'm goin' to town".

So they saddles up and they hits a lope, but it was no sort of a ride
For them was the days when a good cow-punch' could oil up his insides.

They started in at Kentucky Bar at the head of whiskey row,
And they wound it up at the Depot House with forty drinks below.

So they sets 'em up and they turn around and they goes it the other way
For to tell the honest to goodness truth the boys was drunk that day.

As they was goin' back to camp, a-packin' a pretty good load,
Oh, who should they meet but the devil himself come a-prancin' down
the road.

"You're an onery bunch of cow-boy skunks and you'd better hunt your hol'
I've come up from hell's rim rock to gather in your souls".

"Oh, the devil be damned", says Sandy Bob, (these fellows were feelin'
pretty tight),

"If you're a-goin' to take any cow-boy souls you're sure gonna have
to fight".

So he punches a hole in his old Sago and he throws it straight and true
And he laps it 'round the devil's horns, and he's taken his dallies to

Oh Buster Jiggs was a riata man, with his gut-line coiled up neat,
And he throws it out and he builds a loop and he ropes the devil's
hind feet;

They stretches him out and they tails him down while the irons gettin'
hot

And they prunes and swallow forks both his ears and brands him up a lo

They cuts off his horns with a dehornin' saw and knots his tail for a
joke,

And they rides away and leaves him there, strung up to a black jack on

So you're ever up in the Sirey Peaks and you hear an awful wail,
You'll know it's the devil a-hollerin' about the knots tied in his
tail.

TAKE A DEEP BREATH, + GO TO IT!

A-way up high in the mo-gol-lones A-
on the pic-ture who should ride A-

mong the moun-tain tops, A li-on cleaned A
trib- ping down the slope, but High-chin Bob wi-

year-ling's bones & licked his thank-ful chops when
sin-ful pride & MA V. rick hun-gry rope, "Oh-

Glor-ty be to me" says he, "And

fame's un-fad-ing flowers All med-dling hands are

far A-way, I ride my best top-horse today &

I'm top-roped of the LA-ZY J, Hi!

Kit-ty cat you're ours!

Empty musical staves for accompaniment.



THE GLORY TRAIL:

Up high in the Mogollones among the mountain tops,
A lion cleaned a yearling's bones and licked his thankful chops,
Then on the picture, who should ride, stripping down the slopes
But High Chinned Bob with sinful pride and maverick-hungry rope.
O glory be to me, says he, and fame's unfading flowers,
All meddling hand are far away
I ride my good top horse today
And I'm top rope of the Lazy J;
High Kitty Cat you're ours.

The lion licked his paws so brown and dreamed soft dreams of veal,
And then the circling loop swung down and roped him 'round his meal.
Yelled quick fury to the world 'til all the hills yelled back.
That hop horse gave a snort and whirl and Bob took up his slack,
O glory be to me cried he, we've hit the glory trail;
No human man, as I have read,
Dast rope a raging lion's head
Nor ever horse could drag one dead
Until we've told the tale.

Up high in the Mogollones that top horse did his best
Through whipping brush and rattling stones, from canyon floor to cre
Never when Bob turned and hoped a limp remains to find
A red-eyed lion, belly-roped, but healthy loped behind.
O glory be to me grunts he, this glory trail is rough,
But even 'til the judgment morn
I'll keep this dally 'round my horn
For never any hero born
Would stop to holler 'Nough'.

Three suns had rode their circles home beyond the desert's rim
And turned their star herds loose to roam the ranges high and dim;
Up and down and round and cross, Bob pounded, weak and wan,
For pride still glued him to his horse and glory drove him on.
O glory be to me cried he, he can't be drug to death;
But this I know without a doubt
These heroes I have read about
Were only fools to stick it out
To end of mortal breath.

Up high in the Mogollones, if you ever go there at night
You'll hear a runkus among the stones that will hoist your hair with
fright;
Lobby cow-horse thunders by, a lion trails along,
A rider, gaunt, but chin in air yells out this crazy song,-
O glory be to me cries he and to my noble noose;
O stranger tell my pals below
I took a raging dream in tow
And if I never lay him low
I'll never turn him loose.


Marty's Tune



A group of jol-ly cow-boys dis-cus-sing plans 'at



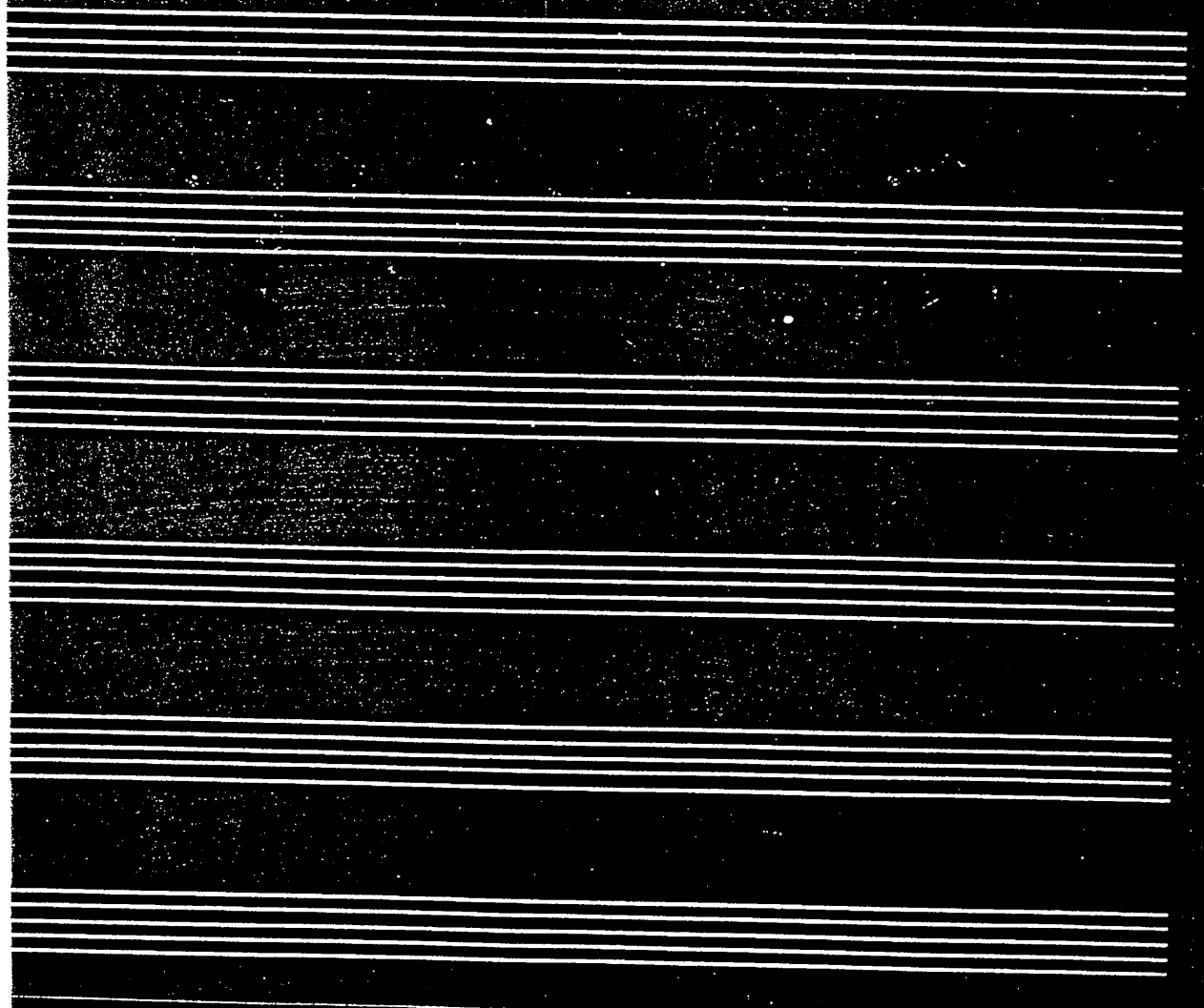
ease. says one I'll tell you some-thing boys if you will lis-ten



please, I am an old cow-bun-cher al-though I'm dress'd in



rags but I used to be a tough one + go on great big jags



WHEN THE WORK'S ALL DONE THIS FALL.

A group of jolly cowboys, discussing plans at ease,
Said one, "I'll tell you something, boys, if you will
listen, please,
I am an old cow-puncher, and here I'm dressed in rags,
And I used to be a tough one and take on great big jags.

But I've a home, boys, a good one, you all know,
Though I have not seen it since long, long ago.
I'm going back to Dixie, once more to see them all,
Yes, I'm going to see my mother when the work's all done this fall.

After the round-ups are over and after the shipping's done,
I am going right home, boys, ere all my money's gone.
I have changed my ways, boys, no more will I fall;
And I am going home, boys, when the work's all done this fall.

When I left home, boys, my mother for me cried,
Begged me not to go, boys; for me she would have died;
My mother's heart is breaking, breaking for me, that's all,
And with God's help I'll see her when the work's all done this fall."

That very night this cowboy went out to stand his guard;
The night was dark and cloudy and storming very hard;
The cattle they got frightened and rushed in wild stampede
And the cowboy tried to head them, while riding at full speed.

While riding through the darkness so loudly did he shout,
Giving his best to head them, and turn the herd about,
His saddle horse did stumble and on him did fall,
And the boy won't see his mother when the work's all done this fall.

His body was so mangled, the boys all thought him dead,
They picked him up so gently and laid him on his bed;
He opened wide his blue eyes and looking all around
Motioned to his comrades to sit near him on the ground.

Boys, send mother my wages, the wages I have earned,
I am afraid, boys, my last steer I have turned.
I'm going to a new range, I hear my Master's call
I'll not see my mother when the work's all done this fall.

Red, you take my saddle; George, you take my bed;
Bill, you take my pistol, after I am dead.
I think of me kindly when you look upon them all
I'll not see my mother when the work's all done this fall."

They buried Charlie at daybreak, no tombstone for his head,
Nothing but a little board, and this is what it said,
For Charlie died at daybreak, he died from a fall,
He won't see his mother when the work's all done this fall."

One of Coke's Pets.

I ride an old paint

lead an old dam I'm going to Mon-tan for to

throw the hov-li-han they feed in the cow-les they

wa-ter in the draw their tails are all mat-ted & their

Chorus

backs are all raw, Git a- long lit-tle do-gies oh!

ride A-tund 'em slow, for the fi-ery & the snuf-fy are a

PA'R - in' to go!

✓

I RIDE AN OLD PAINT.

I ride an old paint and I lead an old dam,
I'm off to Montana for to throw the houlihan.
They feed in the coulees, they water in the draw,
Their tails are all matted and their backs are all raw.

Chorus - Ride around the little dogies,
Oh, ride around 'em slow,
For the fiery and the snuffy
Are a-r'aring' to go.

Old Bill Jones had two daughters and a song;
One went to Denver, the other went wrong.
His wife she was killed in a pool-room fight;
Still he goes singin' from morning 'till night.

When I die, take my saddle from the wall,
Put it on my pony and lead him from the stall,
Tie my bones to his back, turn our faces to the west,
And we'll ride the trail that we love best.

Introduced by Pearson.

Now walk-in' John was a big tope boss from

o- ver mo- ton- go way when you

laid your twine on a rag- ing steer old

John was there to stay

WALKING JOHN.

Now Walking John was a big rope hoss
From over Morongo way,
When you laid your twine on a raging steer
Old John was there to stay.

So long as your rope was stout enough
And your terrapin shell stayed on,
Dally welta or hard and fast,
'Twas all the same to John.

When a slick-eared calf would curl his tail
deciding he couldn't wait,
Old John forgetting the scenery
Would hit an amazing gait.

He'd bust through them murderous cholla spikes
Without losing an inch of stride,
And maybe you wished you were home in bed
'Cause, partner, he made you ride.

Now John was willing, stout and strong,
Sure-footed and Spanish broke,
But I'm telling the cockeyed world for once
He sure could enjoy his joke.

Whenever the morning sun came up
He would bog his head right down
'Til your chaps stuck out like angel's wings
And your hat was a floating crown.

Now that was your breakfast regular',
And maybe you fell or you stuck;
At throwing a shing-ding John was there
A-teaching the world to buck.

But after he'd got it off his chest
And the earth came back in sight,
He'd steady down like an eight-day clock
When its innards are oiled and right.

We give him the name of Walking John
Once during the round-up time,
Back in the days when beef was beef.
And John was in his prime:-

Now Bob was limping and Frank was sore,
And Tex he wouldn't talk,
When someone says, "Call him Walking John,
'Cause he's making so many walk".

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But shucks! he was sold to a livery
That was willing to take the chance
Of John becoming a gentleman
And not scared of them English pants.

Perhaps 'twas the sight of them toy balloons
That is worn on the tourist's legs,
Kept John a-guessin'; from that time on
He went like he talked on eggs.

As smooth as soap, 'til a tourist guy
Bogged down in a pair of chaps,
The rest of his ignorance plumb disguised
In the rig that he wore, perhaps.

Came floundering up to the livery
And asked for to see the boss,
But the boss he savvied his number right
And give him a gentle hoss.

Now Walking John had never pitched
For a year, come first of June,
But I'm telling the knock-kneed universe
He sure recollected soon.

For somebody whanged the breakfast gong,
Though we'd all done had our meat;
Old John started to bust in two
With his fiddle between his feet.

That dude spread out like a sailing bat,
Went floating across the sky;
He wasn't dressed for to aviate
But, partner, he sure did fly.

We picked him out of a cholla bush
And part of his clothes stayed on;
We felt of his spokes, and wired his folks;-
'Twas all the same to John.

Shades of Cappy Roberts —



Oh, lit-tle Joe the wran-gler, he'll

The first staff of music is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes.



wran-gle ne-ver more his days with the re-mu-da They are

The second staff continues the melody with quarter and eighth notes.



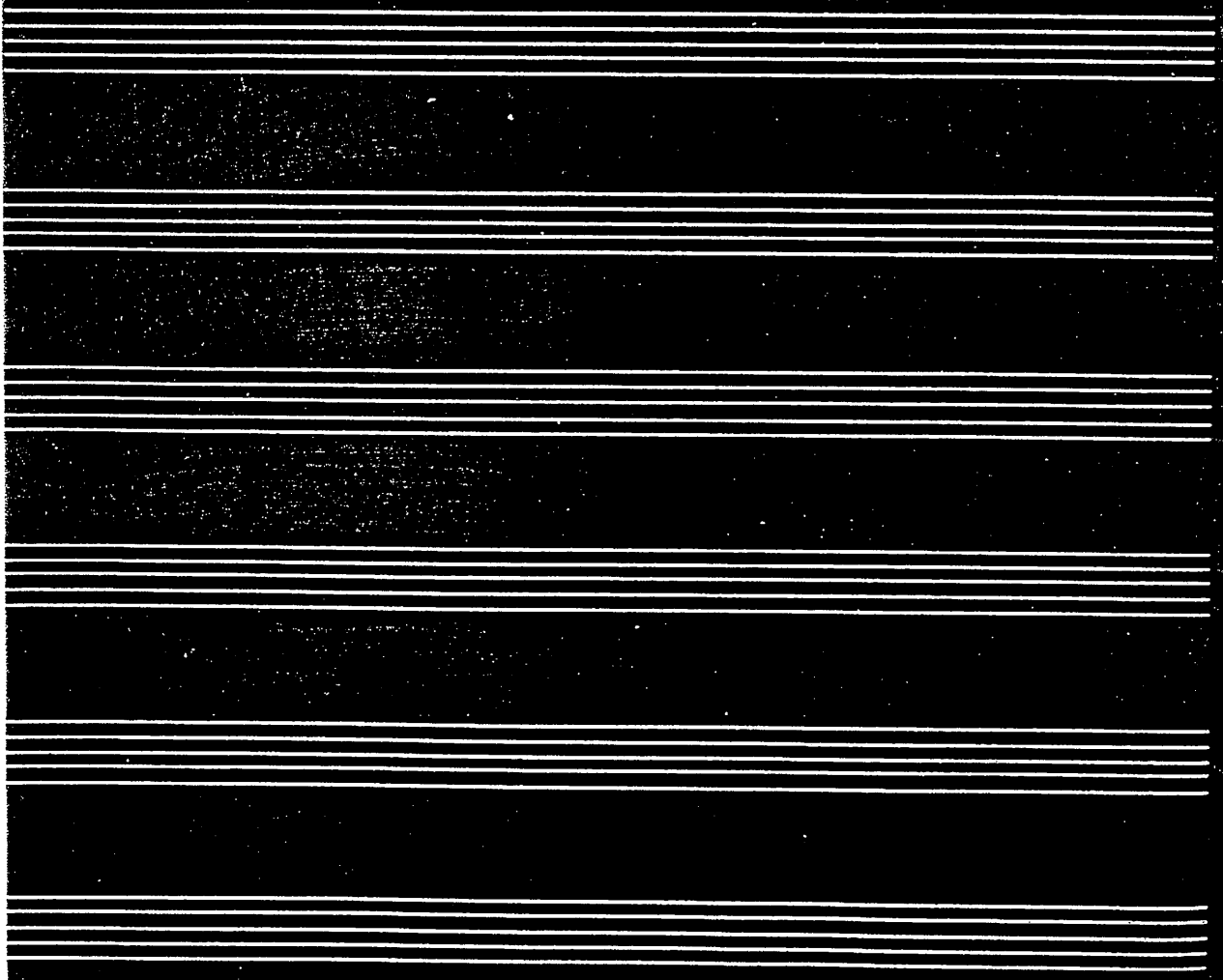
o'er 'twas a year a-go last A-poil he

The third staff continues the melody with quarter and eighth notes.



rid up to our herd just a lit-tle Tex-as stray + all A-lone

The fourth staff concludes the melody with a double bar line and repeat dots. It includes a fermata over the final note.



Five empty musical staves are provided for accompaniment or further notation.

V

LITTLE JOE, THE WRANGLER.

Little Joe, the Wrangler, he'll wrangle never more,
His days with the remuda they are o'er;
It was a year ago last April when he rode into our camp,-
Just a little Texas stray and all along.
It was late in the evening when he rode up to our camp
On a little Texas pony he called "Chaw";
With his brokan shoes and overalls, a tougher lookin' kid
You never in your life before had saw.

His saddle was a Texas "kak", made many years ago,
And an O.K. spur from one foot lightly swung,
His hot roll in a gunny sack so loosely tied behind,
And his canteen from his saddle-horn was swung.
He said he'd had to leave his home, his Paw had married twice
And his new Maw beat him every day or two;
So he saddled up old Chaw one night and lit a shuck our way,
And now he's tryin' to paddle his own canoe.

He said that if we'd give him work he'd do the best he could
Although he didn't know straight up about a cow;
The Boss he cut him out a mount and kindly set him on
He sorta liked that little kid somehow.
Turned him to wrangle horses and to try to know them all,
And to get them in at daylight if he could;
To follow the old chuck-wagon and always hitch the team,
And to help the cocinero rustle wood.

He had travelled to the Peecos, the weather being fine;
We were camped on the south side in a bend;
When a norther commenced blowin', we doubled up our guard
That'd taken all of us to hold them in.
Little Joe, the Wrangler, was called out with the rest
Although the kid had scarcely reached the herd,
When the cattle they stampeded, like a hailstorm long they fled
We were all a-ridin' for the lead.

Just the streaks of lightnin', a horse we saw in the lead:-
The little Joe, the Wrangler, in the lead;
Was ridin' Old Blue Rocket with a slicker o'er his head
Tryin' to check the cattle in their speed.
Just we got 'em millin' and kinda quieted down
The extra guard back to the wagon went;
There was one a-missin', we could tell it at a glance;
Our little Texas stray, poor Wranglin' Joe.

Tomorrow morning, just at daybreak, we found where Rocket fell,
In a washout, twenty feet below;
Beneath the horse, mashed to a pulp, - his spur had rung the
knell, -
Our little Texas stray, poor Wrangling Joe.

Sob
Sob Sob

Another of Cheatham's Songs.

Great grand-dad when the land was young

barred the door with a wa-gun tongue for the

times was tough and the red skins mocked & he

said his prayers with his shot-gun cocked

GREAT GRAND-DAD

Great grand-dad when the land was young,
Barred the door with a wagon tongue
For the times was rough and the redskins mocked
And he said his prayers with his shot-gun cocked.

He was a citizen tough and grim,
Danger was duck-soup to him;
He ate corn-pone and bacon fat.
Great grandson would starve on that.

Great grand-dad was a busy man,
He cooked his grub in a frying-pan,
And he picked his teeth with his hunting knife
And he wore the same suit all his life.

Twenty-one children came to bless
The old man's home in the wilderness;
Doubt this statement if you can,
Great grand-dad was a busy man.

Twenty-one boys and how they grew,
Tall and strong on the bacon, too.
Slept on the floor with the dogs and cats
And hunted in the woods in their coon-skin caps.

Twenty-one boys and not one bad,
They never got fresh with great grand-dad;
If they had he'd have been right glad
To tan their hides with a hickory gad.

He raised them rough but he raised them well;
When their feet took hold on the road to hell,
He straightened them out with an iron ramrod
And filled them full of the fear of God.

They grow strong in heart and hand,
Firm foundation of our land;
Twenty-one boys and a great grandson,
He has a terrible time with one.

MUST BE OUR ROONEY.

I WAS hang-ing round town just spend-ing my

Time I WAS out of a job not mak-ing a

dime when a stran-ger steps up & says I sup-

pose THAT you're a brone bos-ter by the

looks of your clothes you fig-ures me

right I'm a good one I claim do you rap-pen to

have any bad ones to thme he says he's got

one a bad one to buck & at throw-ing good

ti-ders he's had lots of luck.

He's the worst old broncho that ever rode
Any man who gets on him is sure to be thrown
Threwed off that strawberry roan.
THE STRAWBERRY ROAN

I was hangin' round town, just spendin' my time;
I was out of a job, not makin' a dime;
When a stranger steps up and says "I suppose
That you're a bronc-buster by the looks of your clothes".
"You figures me right; I'm a good one, I claim.
Do you happen to have any bad ones to tame?"
He says he's got one, a bad one to buck,
And at throwin' good riders, he's had lots of luck.

Well, I gets all het up, and asks what he pays
If I'd ride this old broom-tail a couple of days.
He offers me ten; I says, "I'm your man,
For the bronc never lived that I couldn't fan".
Says he, "Get your saddle, I'll give you a chance".
So I gets in his buck-board and rides to his ranch.
In his horse corral, a-standin' alone,
Was this old cabballo, a strawberry roan.

His legs are all spavined, he's got pigeon toes,
Little pig eyes and a big Roman nose,
Little pin ears with a split at the tip,
And a big 44 brand upon his left hip.
He's U-necked and old, with a long lower jaw.
I can see with one eye he's a regular outlaw,
So I puts on my spurs and I curls up my twine
And says to this stranger, "That ten-spot is mine".

Then I steps upon him and raises the blinds,
And I'm right in his middle to see him unwind.
He bowed his old neck and he sure left the ground,
Ten circles we made before he came down.
He's the worst buckin' bronc I've seen on the range,
He can turn on a nickel and give you some change.
He went up toward the east and came down toward the west,
And to stay in his middle I'm doin' my best.

Then he makes one more jump and heads up on high,
Leaves me sittin' on nothin' 'way up in the sky.
I turns over twice and comes down to earth,
Then I starts in to cussin' the day of his birth.
Now, I know there's old ponies that I can not ride;
There's some of them left, they haven't all died;
But I'll bet all my money that the man ain't alive
Who can stay with old strawberry when he makes his high dive.

CHORUS

Oh, that strawberry roan, Oh that strawberry roan,
He's the meanest old broncho that ever I rode.
Any many who got on him is sure to be throwed.
Throwed off that strawberry roan.

heard From Ted Dominick

Win- dy Bil- ly was A Tex- AS man said he could rope you

bet. he swore the steer he could-nt tie they

had-nt found him yet Now the boys all knew of a

big black steer a sort of an old out- law that

ran down in the Mal Pa- is at the foot of a rock- y draw



C

WINDY BILLY

(also called - DRIFTIN' DOWN THE DRAW)

Windy Billy was a Texas man, -
He could rope, you bet, -
~~He swore a steer he couldn't tie,~~
~~Well, he hadn't found one yet.~~
But the boys they knew of an old black steer,
A sort of an old outlaw,
That ran down in the ~~meadows~~ washout
At the foot of a rocky draw.

This old black steer had stood his ground
With punchers ~~from~~ everywhere;
So they bet old Bill at two to one
That he couldn't quite get there.
Then Bill brought out his old gray hoss, -
His withers and back were raw, -
And prepared to tackle the big black brute
That ran down in the draw.

With his brazen bit and his ^{saddle tree} ~~Sam Stack tree~~,
His chaps and ^{spurs} ~~tee~~ to boot,
And his ^{ropes} ~~old magney~~ tied hard and fast,
Bill swore he'd get the brute.
Now, first Bill sorta sauntered round;
Old Blackie began to paw,
Then threw his tail straight in the air
And ~~went~~ driftin' down the draw.

The old gray plug flew after him
For he'd been eatin' corn;
And Bill, he piled his ^{ropes} ~~old magney~~
Right' round old Blackie's horns.
^{Bill's} ~~The old gray~~ hoss he stopped right still;
The cinches broke like straw,
And ~~the old magney~~ and the ~~Sam Stack tree~~ ^{Bill's old ropes and saddle}
Went a-driftin' down the draw.

Bill, he lit in a flint rock pile,
His face and hands were scratched.
He said he thought he could rope a snake
But he guessed he'd met his match.
He paid his debts like a ^{lonesome} ~~lonesome~~ man
Without a bit of jaw,
And 'lowed old Blackie was the boss
Of anything down the draw.

There's a moral to my story, boys,
And that you all must see.
Whenever you go to tie a snake
Don't tie him to your tree;
But take your dally welter
'Cording to California law;
And you'll never see your old rim-fire
Go a-driftin' down the draw.

"Gringos" - Texas Theme Song.

I used to have a sweet-heart but now I have

none since she's gone & left me I care not for one, since she's gone &

left me con-tent-ed I'll be for she loves An-oth-er one

Refrain

better than me Green grow the li-lacs all cov-ered with

dew I'm lone-ly my dar-ling since part-ing from

you and at our next meet-ing I hope to prove

true & change the Green li-lacs to the red white & blue.

GREEN GROW THE LILACS.

I used to have a sweetheart
But now I have none;
Since she's gone and left me
I care not for one;
Since she's gone and left me
Contented I'll be
For she loves another one better than me.

Chorus - Green grow the lilacs all covered with dew;
I'm lonesome, my darling, since parting from you;
At our next meeting I hope to prove true
And change the green lilacs to the Red,
White and Blue

I wrote my love a letter
In red rosey rhyme;
She sent me an answer
All twisted in twine
Saying, keep your love letters
And I will keep mine,
Write to your sweetheart and I'll write to mine.

I passed my love's window
Both early and late,
The look that she gave me
It made my heart ache;
The look that she gave me
Was harmful to see
For she loves another one better than me.

Don't Let This One Get You-



c

SPANISH IS A LOVING TONGUE.

Spanish is a loving tongue,
Soft as music, light as spray,
'Twas a girl I learned it from
Living down Sonora way.
I don't look much like a lover,
Still I say her love words over
Often as I ride alone,
"Mi amor, mi corazon".

When at night I used to ride
She would listen for my spurs,
Fling them big doors open wide
Lift them laughing eyes of hers,
Then my heart would nigh stop beating
As I heard her tender greeting
Whispered soft, for me alone,
"Mi amor, mi corazon".

Moonlight in the patio,
Old Sonora nodding near,
Me and Juan a-whisperin' low
So her padre wouldn't hear;
Oh those hours so swiftly flying
'Til I heard her tender sighing,
In that sad and sorry tone,
"Adios, mi corazon".

Then one night I had to fly
From a foolish gambling fight,
And we said a swift good-bye
In that black, unlucky night,
As I loosed her arms from clinging
In my ears her words kept ringing,
As I travelled north alone:-
"Adios, mi corazon".

I haven't seen her since that night,
I cannot cross the line, you know;
She was Mex' and I am white:-
Like as not, 'twas better so.
Still I know I've surely missed her
Since that last wild night I kissed her
Lost my heart and left her own:-
"Adios, mi corazon".

Sweet & Simple.



From this val-ley they say you are go-ing we will



miss your bright eyes & sweet smile for they say you are tak-ing the



sun-shine that bright-ens our path-way a-while



✓

RED RIVER VALLEY.

From this valley they say you are going;
I shall miss your sweet face and bright smile,
For you take with you all of the sunshine
That brightened my pathway awhile.

Then come listen awhile ere you leave me,
Do not hasten to bid me adieu;
Just remember the Red River Valley
And the cowboy who loved you so true.

I've been waiting a long time, my darling,
For those words that you never do say,
And at last all my fond hopes have vanished
For they say you are going away.

Will you think of the Valley you're leaving
And how lonesome and dreary it will be?
Will you think of the heart you are breaking
And the pain you are causing to me?

Then come listen awhile ere you leave me,
Do not hasten to bid me adieu;
Just remember the Red River Valley
And the cowboy who loved you so true.

Accurately Described in the "Singing Cowboy"

Oh, give me a home where the buf-fa-lo roam where the

deer & the an-te-lope play where sel-dom is heard A dis-

cour-aging word & the skies are not clou-dy All day

CHORUS
Home, home on the range where the deer & the an-te-lope

play where sel-dom is heard A dis-

cour-aging word & the skies are not clou-dy All day



A 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.

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

Where the air is so pure, the cephysos so free,
The breezes so balmy and light,
That I would not exchange my home on the range
For all of the cities so bright.

The red man was pressed from this part of the West,
He's likely no more to return
To the banks of Red River where seldom if ever
Their flickering camp-fires burn.

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

Oh, I love the wild flowers in this dear land of ours,
The curlew I love to hear scream,
And I love the white rocks and the antelope flocks
That graze on the mountain-tops green.

Oh, give me a land where the bright diamond sand
Flows leisurely down the stream;
Where the graceful white swan goes gliding along
Like a maid in a heavenly dream.

Then I would not exchange my home on the range
Where the deer and the antelope play;
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

(THE MUSIC FOR THIS SONG IS MISSING IN THE ORIGINAL)



WHEN IT'S ROUND-UP TIME IN TEXAS.

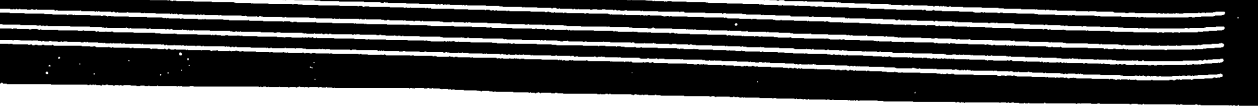
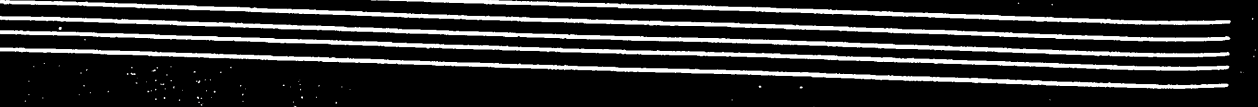
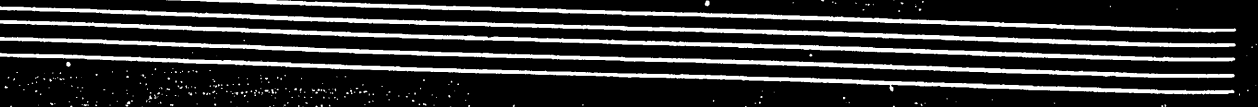
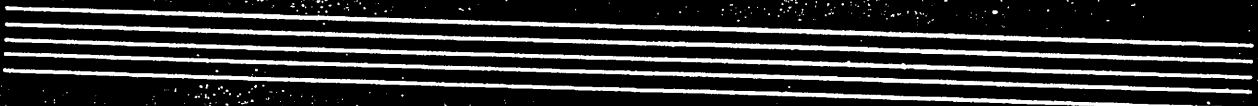
Chorus - When it's round-up time in Texas
And the bloom is on the sage;
How I long to be in Texas
Just aridin' on the sage;
Just to smell the bacon fryin'
As it's sizzlin' in the pan,
Hear the breakfast horn in the early morn
Drinkin' coffee from a can;
Just aridin', rockin', ropin'
Poundin' leather all day long;
Just aswayin', sweatin', swearin'
Listenin' to the cowhands' song;
How it reckons, and beckons!
I could work for any wage,
Just to be again, to be free again
When the bloom is on the sage.

Beloved of Anne Young.

He was on-ly a ra-ven-der cow-boy & the

hairs on his chest they were two but he longed to fol-low the

he-roes & to fight as the he-men do



THE LAVENDER COWBOY.

He was only a lavender cowboy;
The hairs on his chest they were two,
But he longed to follow the heroes
And to fight as the he-men do.

But he was inwardly troubled
By a dream that gave no rest;
When he read of the heroes in action
He longed for more hair on his chest.

Herpicides and many hair-tonics
He rubbed in morning and night;
Still each time he looked in the mirror
Not a new hair was in sight.

Then he battled for Red Nelly's honor
And he cleaned out a hold-up next
And he died with his six guns a-smoking
But only two hairs on his chest.

PEARSON'S LAMENT


Bird in a cage love, Bird in a cage


Bird in a cage love I Bird in a cage
waiting for will - lie to come back to me

Empty musical staves for accompaniment or further notation.

BIRD IN A CAGE.

Bird in a cage, love, bird in a cage,
Bird in a cage, love, bird in a cage.

Write me a letter, only a line,
Tell me you love me, sure will be mine;

Seal it and stamp it, send it by mail;
You can address it, "Lexington Jail".

Bird in a cage, love, bird in a cage,
Bird in a cage, love, bird in a cage.

THEME SONG

sponsored by Drs. Lukens + Bordley.

MA-MA drinks rye All mor-ning.

Pa-pa drinks Scotch All night. BA-by he sips gin

All day long Cosh! That kid gets tight!

✓

MOMMA DRINKS SCOTCH

Poppa drinks Scotch all morning
Momma drinks Rye all night;
But the Baby sips Gin the whole day long,
My God! that kid gets tight!

Poppa gets drunk on about ten drinks
Ma holds most a quart;
But the baby goes high as an aeroplane
On just one little snort.

Poppa sees bugs, Momma sees snakes
Whenever they get a start;
But the Baby sees BIG PINK ELEPHANTS,
God bless his little heart!

My sister makes love for a living
My brother makes home made gin
My father's a pimp for a whore house
My God, how the money rolls in!

(THE MUSIC FOR THIS SONG IS MISSING IN THE ORIGINAL)



SAMUEL HALL.

Oh my name is Samuel Hall, Samuel Hall,
Oh my name is Samuel Hall, Samuel Hall,
Oh my name is Samuel Hall; you're a bunch of muckers all
And I hate you, one and all, DAMN YOUR EYES!

Oh they say I killed a man, say I did,
Oh they say I killed a man, say I did;
Oh I hit him on the head, and I left him there for dead,
and I'm gosh darned glad I did, DAMN HIS EYES!

Oh the parson he did come, he did come,
Oh the parson he did come, he did come,
Oh the parson he did come, and he looked so gosh darned glum
As he talked of Kingdom Come, DAMN HIS EYES!

Oh the sheriff he came too, he came too,
Oh the sheriff he came too, he came too,
Oh the sheriff he came too, with his boys all dressed in blue
Oh they were a ghastly crew, DAMN THEIR EYES!

I saw Nellie in the crowd, in the crowd,
I saw Nellie in the crowd, in the crowd,
I saw Nellie in the crowd, and she looked so gosh damned prou
That I hollered, right out loud, DAMN YOUR EYES!

So it's up the rope I'll go, up I'll go,
So it's up the rope I'll go, up I'll go,
So it's up the rope I'll go, while my friends all stand below
Saying 'Sam, we told you so'; DAMN THEIR EYES!

And let this be my knell, be my knell,
And let this be my knell, be my knell,
And let this be my knell, 'May my friends all go to hell,
And I hope they sizzle well, DAMN THEIR EYES!

(THE MUSIC FOR THIS SONG IS MISSING IN THE ORIGINAL)

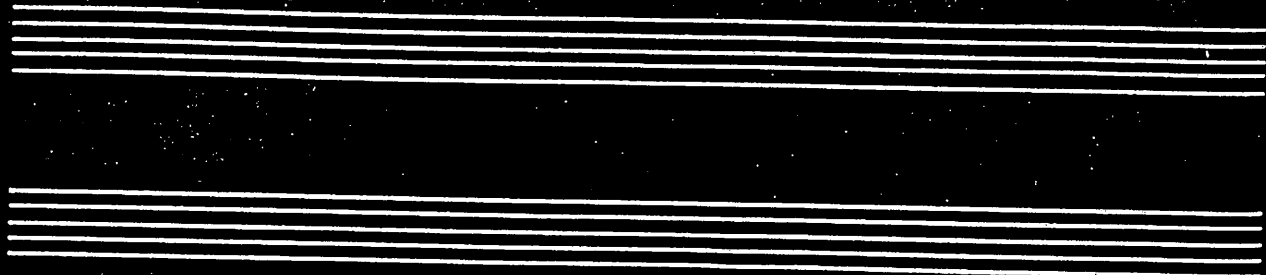
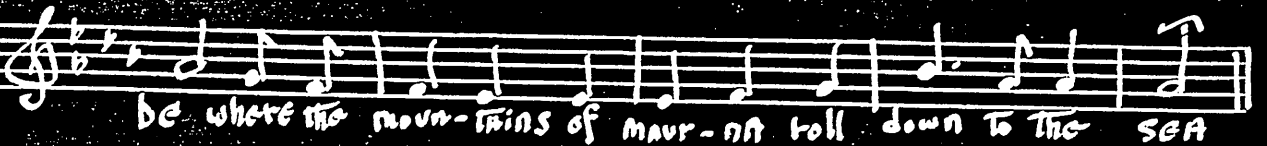


BLUE-JAY.

Oh I've been forlorn from night 'til morn
For I've had a corn since I've been born;
Buy, buy, Blue-Jay!
And then I heard of the quaint little bird
And my heart was stirred by the pretty word;
Buy, buy, Blue-Jay!
I put the plaster right-ee on my foot-ee
And pulled the hurt-ee out-ee by the root-ee; *
And now my corn's entirely gone
I'll toot your horn from night 'til morn;
Blue-Jay, bye, bye!

* Pronounced to rhymn with 'foot-ee' (F. K. Trask, Jr.)

Coke's Corner #1.



MOUNTAINS OF MAURNA.

Oh, Mary, this London's a wonderful sight with the people all
dancing by day and by night,
There's always a smile on each face that you meet
And the people all digging for gold in the street:-
At least when I asked them that's what I was told
So I just took a chance at this digging for gold;
But for all that I found there I might as well be where the
Mountains of Maurna roll down to the sea.

You remember young Paddy O'Loughlin, of course, he's in London
just now at the head of the force;
I saw him one day, I was crossing the Strand
And he stopped the whole street with one wave of his hand.
We stood there a-talking of days that are gone
While the whole population of London looked on;
But in spite of all that, still he's wishful to be where the
Mountains of Maurna roll down to the sea.

2.

come all ye lads and lasses now and

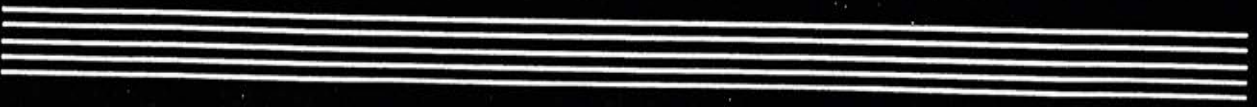
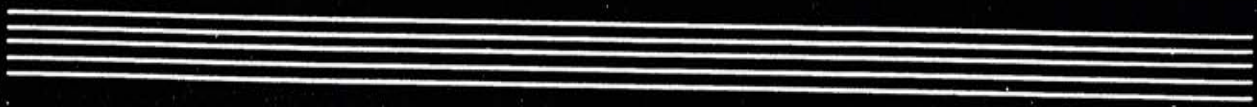
lis-ten to me a while I'll sing to you a

verse or two will cause you all to smile 'tis

all about a young man and my song will tell you

how he late-ly came a-court-ing to the

maid of the sweet brown knowe
(pronounced - Nyow)



C

THE SWEET BROWN KNOWE.

Come all ye lads and lassies now and listen to me awhile
I'll sing to you a verse or two will cause you all to smile;
'Tis all about a young man and my song will tell you how
He lately came a-courting to the maid of the sweet brown knowe.

"Oh", said he, "my pretty fair maid, if you and I'll agree
We'll join our hands in wedded bands and married we will be;
We'll join our hands in wedded bands, you'll have my plighted
vow
And I'll do my whole endeavor for the maid of the sweet brown
knowe."

Then this young and pretty fickle thing she didn't know what
to say;
Her eyes did shine like silver bright and merrily did play.
Said she, "Young man, your love subdue; I am not ready now
And I'll spend another season at the foot of the sweet brown
knowe."

"Oh", said he, "my pretty fair maid, now why do you say so?
Look down in yonder valley where my verdant crops do grow;
Look down in yonder valley where my horses and my plow
Are at their daily labor at the foot of the sweet brown knowe."

"If they're at their daily labor, kind sir, 'tis not for me,
For I've heard of your behavior, I have indeed," said she.
"There is an inn where you stop in, I've heard the people say,
Where you rap and call and pay for all, and go home at the
break of day."

"If I rap and I call and I pay for all, my money, 'tis all my
own,
And I won't spend your fortune though I've heard that you
have none;
You thought you had my poor heart broke, a-talking to me now,
But I'll leave you, where I found you, at the foot of the
Sweet brown knowe."

I've just come from A wed-din' or A fun'ral A Christian' or A

som'thin' of the kind + the stuff that I've been drink-in'g took my

nood-le + to what or where I've been I din-na mind I

feel AS BRAVE AS AN-Y high-way rob-ber I've the COOR-age of A

do-zen men the noo I'm A mis-er-able devil when I'm so-ber but I'm

Refrain

ver-ra ver-ra hap-py when I'm fu', I'm fu' the nu'

ab-so-lute-ly fu' but I A-dore the coun-try

I WAS born in my name is Jock McGraw + I

din-na care A-naw for I've got som'thin' in my

bot-tle for the morn-in' -

✓

JOCK MCGRAW.

I've just come from a wedding or a funeral, a christening or a
 something of the kind,
 And the stuff that I've been drinking's took my noddle
 And to what, or where, I've been, I dinna mind.
 I feel as brave as any highway robber, I've the courage of a
 dozen men the noo;
 I'm a miserable devil when I'm sober,
 But I'm verra, verra happy when I'm fu'.

Chorus - I'm fu', the noo, absolutely fu',
 But I adore the country I was born in;
 My name is Jock McGraw, but I dinna care anau'
 For I've got something in the bottle for the morning.

If you take a five pound note to light your pipe with, or think
 a bassinette's a motor-car,
 If you lift the door-mat up to wipe your nose with
 Or you're in your house and don't know where you are;
 If you kiss a Bobby once and call him "Dearie, My Dearie, darling
 dear, how I love you",
 Then it goes to prove conclusively and clearly
 That like me, my friend, you're absolutely fu'.

I got quite angry coming 'round the corner, a lamp-post struck
 me right between the eyes,
 And my blood was up, I wanted to be fighting,
 Because the thing would not apologize;
 Right after that I stumbled on a door-step; "Thieves! Murder!"
 and "Police!" I loudly cried;
 But I'm going to make the owner compensate me
 For his negligence in leaving it outside.

4.
"Wildly Imaginative" - S.B.



As I came up thru Dub-lin ci-tty



At the door of twelve of the night what should I spy but a



span-ish la-dy wash-ing her feet by the can-dle light



first she washed them then she dried them over a fire of



am-ber coal in all my life I ne'er did see a

Refrain



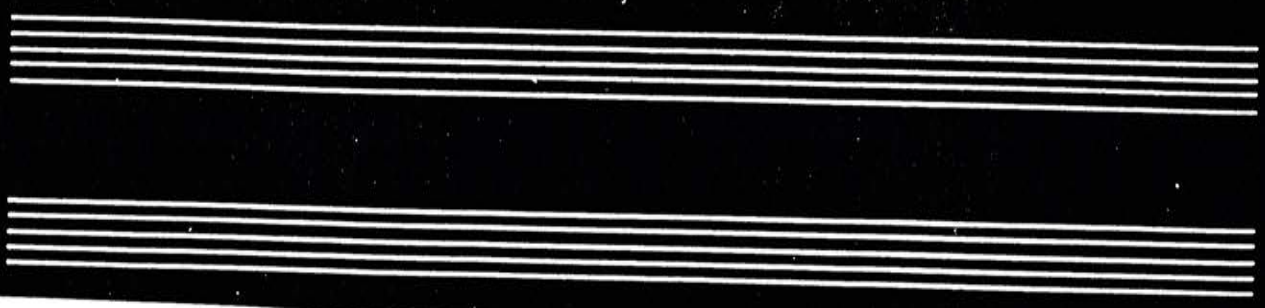
maid so neat A-bout the soul whack! for the tou-ra-



lou-ra lad-die whack! for the tou-ra-lou-ra-lee



whack! for the tou-ra-lou-ra lad-die, whack for the tou-ra-lou-ra-lee



64

THE SPANISH LADY.

As I came up through Dublin city at the hour of twelve o' the night,
What should I spy but a Spanish Lady washing her feet in the
candle light,
First she washed them, then she dried them o'er a fire of amber coal;
In all my life I ne'er did see a maid so neat about the sole.

Chorus - Whack for the toura loura laddie, whack for the toura
loura lee;
Whack for the toura loura laddie, whack for the toura
loura lee.

As I came back through Dublin city at the hour of half past eight,
What should I see but a Spanish Lady brushing her hair in the
broad day light;
First she tossed it, then she brushed it, on her lap lay a silver
comb;
In all my life I ne'er did see a maid so fair since I did roam.

As I came up through Dublin city as the sun began to set,
What should I spy but a Spanish Lady catching a moth in a golden
net;
First she spied me, then she fled me, lifting her petticoats over
her knee;
In all my life I ne'er did see a maid so blithe as the Spanish
Lady.

I WAS WALK-ING ONE DAY DOWN THE

WAV-THIR AR-CADS A PLACE FOR CHIL-DRENS TOYS WHERE YOU CAN BUY A

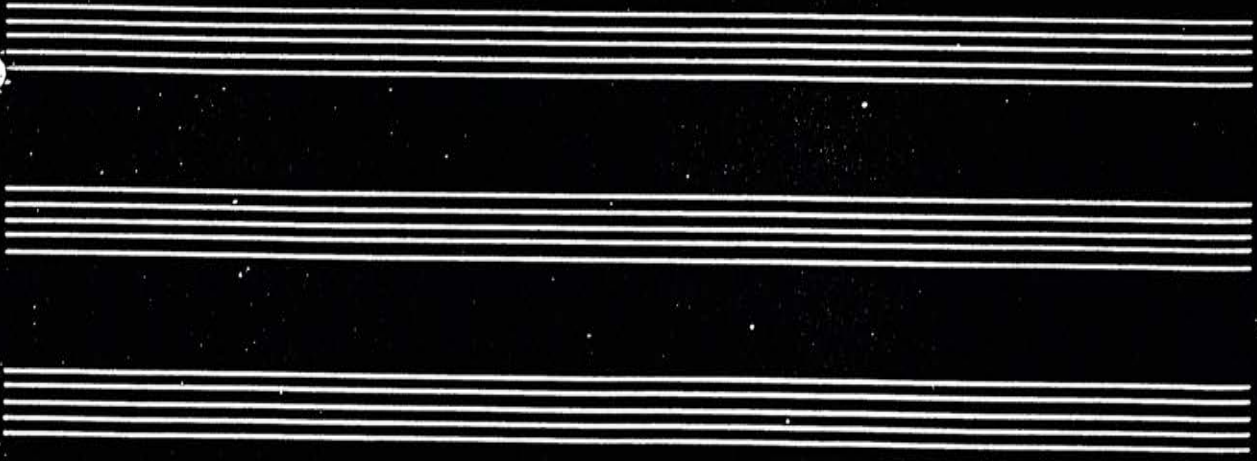
DOL-LY OR A SPINDE FOR A GOOD LIT-TLE GIRL OR BOY AND

AS I WAS PAS-SING A CER-TAIN STALL SAID A WEE LIT-TLE VOICE TO

ME "OH! I'M A TIN SOL-DIER IN A LIT-TLE COCKED HAT AND I

RIDE ON A TIN GEE-QUEE, OH! I'M A TIN SOL-DIER IN A

LIT-TLE COCKED HAT AND I RIDE ON A TIN GEE-QUEE



TIN GEE-GEE

was walking one day down the Lowther Arcade, a place for children's toys
Where you can buy a dolly or a spade for a good little girl or boy;
And as I passed a certain stall, said a wee little voice to me,
"Oh, I'm a tin soldier in a little cocked hat and I ride on a tin gee-gee"
"Oh, I'm a tin soldier in a little cocked hat and I ride on a tin gee-gee"
Then I looked and a little tin man I saw in a little tin hat so fine,
With a little tin sword that flashed in the light as he led a glittering
line
of tin Hussars, whose sabres gleamed in a manner a la military,
And just at the head rode the little tin man, so proud on his tin gee-gee
And just at the head rode the little tin man, so proud on his tin gee-gee
Then the little tin soldier sobbed and sighed, and I patted his little tin
head;
"What vexes your little tin soul?" I cried, and this is what he said:-
"I've been on this shelf a very long time, and I'm marked one and nine,
as you see,
And just on the shelf above my head is a fellow marked two and three:
And just on the shelf above my head is a fellow marked two and three.
And he hasn't got a horse and he hasn't got a sword, and I'm just as good
as he,
So why should I be one and nine and he be two and three?
There's a saucy little dolly girl over there and I'm madly in love with her,
But now I'm only one and nine, she turns up her nose at me,
She turns up her little wax nose at me and flirts with two and three.
And oh! she's dressed in a beautiful dress, a dress I do admire,
And she's got pearly blue eyes that open and shut when they're worked inside
with a wire;
And once on a time, when folks were gone, she used to ogle me;
But now I'm only one and nine, she turns up her nose at me;
She turns up her little pug nose at me and carries on with two and three.
"Cheer up, my little tin man", I cried, "We'll see what we can do,
You're a nice little fellow and it is a shame that they should so treat
you".
So I took down the label from the upper shelf and I labelled him two and
three,
And I labelled the other fellow one and nine, though 'twas very, very
wrong of me,
But I felt so sorry for the little tin man as he rode on his tin gee-gee
Then the little tin soldier swelled with pride at being marked two and three
And the saucy little dolly girl smiled once more, for he'd risen in life
you see.
And it's true in this world, for I'm in love with a maiden of high degree
But I am only one and nine, and the other fellow's two and three,
And a girl never looks at a one and nine with a possible two and three

(THE MUSIC FOR THIS SONG IS MISSING IN THE ORIGINAL)



I'd like to be a bad girl
I would, I would, I would;
But it's as hard for me to be a bad girl
As it is for other girls to be good.

I'd like to sit in a corner
With someone to hug and kiss;
But how can you be a bad girl
With a gosh darned face like this?

Whose Izzy is he, is he yours or is he mine?

I'm getting simply dizzy chasing Izzy
all the time.

I know he kissed you yesterday 'cause I
smelt garlic right away:-

Whose Izzy is he, is he yours or is he mine?

(THE MUSIC FOR THIS SONG IS MISSING IN THE ORIGINAL)

MAKE ME A COWBOY AGAIN FOR A DAY.
(No tune that I know of - E.M.G.)

~~Turn~~ Backward - turn backward, Oh time with your wheels,
Aeroplanes, wagons and automobiles,
Wear a ~~Dress me once more in~~ sombrero that flaps *of its weaved suits,*
jeans ~~Spurs~~ and a flannel shirt, slicker and chaps, ~~boots.~~
Put a sixshooter or two in my hand
Show me a yearling to rope and to brand;
Out where the sage brush is dusty and grey,
Make me a cowboy again for a day.

Give me a broncho that knows how to dance,
Buckskin of color and wicked of glance;
New to the feeling of bridle and ~~bit~~ *spur*
Give me a ~~quirt that will sting where it hits~~ *some chops that are*
Strap on the poncho behind in a roll, *covered with fur.*
Pass me a lariat dear to my soul;
~~Turn~~ Over the trails let me gallop away;
Make me a cowboy again for a day.

Thunder of hoofs on the range as you ride,
Hissing of iron and smoking of hide;
Bellows of cattle and snort of ~~cattle~~ *cayuses,*
Short horns from Texas as wild as the deuce.
Midnight stampede and the milling of herds,
Yells of the cowmen too angry for words.
There in the thick of it all let me stay;
Make me a cowboy again for a day.

foo
Under the star-studded canopy vast,
Campfire and coffee and comfort at last,
Bacon that sizzles and crisps in the pan,
After the round-up, smells good to a man.
Stories of ranchers and rustlers retold
Over the ~~pipes~~ *pipes* as the embers grow cold.
These are the ~~tunes~~ *tunes* that old memories play;
Make me a cowboy again for a day.

(THE MUSIC FOR THIS SONG IS MISSING IN THE ORIGINAL)

✓

THE BALLAD OF YUKON JAKE
(Robert Service)

The north country is a hard country
And it mothers a bloody brood
Its icy arms hold hidden charms
For the greedy, the sinful and lewd.

And strong men rust from the gold and the lust
That sears the northland's soul
But the wickedest born from the pole to the horn
Was the hermit of Shark Tooth Shoal.

Jacob Kaime was the hermit's name
In the days of his pious youth,
'Ere he cast a smirch on the village church
By betraying the girl named Ruth.

He was only a boy and the parson's joy
'Ere he fell for the gold and muck
And he learned to pray with the hogs in the hay
On a farm near Keekuk.

But a Service tail of illicit kale
And whiskey and women wild
Drained the morals clean as a soup tureen
From this poor but honest child.

He longed for the bite of a Yukon night
And the northern lights' wierd flicker
Or a game of stud in the frozen mud
And the taste of raw, red liquor.

And he wanted to mush along in the slush
With a team of husky hounds
And to fire his gat at a beaver hat
And knock it out of bounds.

So he left his home for the hell-town Nome
On Alaska's ice-ribbed shores
Where he learned to curse and to drink and worse
Til the rum dripped from his pores.

When the boys on a spree were drinking free
In a Malamute saloon
And Dan McGrew and his dangerous crew
Shot craps with the pie-bald coon.

And the kid on his stool banged away like a fool
At a jag-time melody
And the barkeep vowed to the drunken crowd
That he'd cremate Sam McGee.

Then Jacob Kaime, who had taken the name
Of Yukon Jake the Killer,
Would rake the dive with his 45
Til the atmosphere grew chiller.

With a sharp command he'd make them stand
And deliver their hard-earned dust
Then drink the bar dry of rum and rye
As a Klondike bully must.

Without coming to blows he would tweak the nose
Of dangerous Dan McGrew
And growing bolder, throw over his shoulder
The lady who was known as Lou.

Tough as a steak was Yukon Jake
Hard-boiled as a picnic egg
He washed his shirt in the Klondike dirt
And drank his rum by the keg.

In fear of their lives or because of their wives
He was shunned by the best of his pals
An outcast he from the company
Of all save wild animals.

So he bought him the whole of Shark Tooth Shoal
A strait in the Bering Sea
Where he lived by himself on a sea lion shelf
In lonely iniquity.

But miles away in Keokuk, I. A.
Did a ruined maiden fight
To remove the smirch from the village church
By bringing the heathen light.

The elders declared that all would be squared
If she'd take the holy words
From her Keokuk home to the hell-town Nome
To save those sinful birds.

So two weeks later she took a freighter
To that gold-cursed land near the pole
But heaven ain't made for a girl that's betrayed
She was wrecked on Shark Tooth Shoal.

All hands were tossed in the sea and lost
All save the maiden Ruth
Who swam to the edge of that sea lion ledge
Where abode the love of her youth.

Jake was hunting a seal for his evening meal
He handled a mean harpoon
When he saw at his feet not something to eat
But a girl in a frozen swoon.

Whom he dragged to his lair by her dripping hair
And he rubbed her knees with gin
When to his surprise she opened her eyes
And revealed his original sin.

His six-weeks beard grew stiff and weird
He felt like a chestnut burr
And bowed by his gizzard and the Arctic blizzard
That he'd do right by her.

The cold sweat froze on the end of her nose
And gleamed like a Tecla pearl
Her long hair fell like a flame from Hell
Down the back of that grateful girl.

But a worthless rake was Yukon Jake
The Hermit of Shark Tooth Shoal
For this dizzy maid he again betrayed
And wrecked her mortal soul.

Then he rowed her ashore with a broken oar
And sold her to Dan McGrew
For a husky dog and a hot egg nog
As rascals are wont to do.

Now ruthless Ruth is a maid uncouth
With scarlet cheeks and lips
And she sings rough songs to the drunken throngs
That come from the sealing ships.

For a rouge stained kiss from this infamous miss
Men would give a seal sleek fur
Or maybe a sable if they are able
It's much the same to her.

Oh, the north country is a hard country
And it mothers a bloody brood
And its icy arms hold hidden charms
For the greedy, the sinful and lewd.

And strong men rust from the gold and the lust
That sears the northland's soul
But the wickedest born from the pole to the horn
Was the hermit of Shark Tooth Shoal.

(THE MUSIC FOR THIS SONG IS MISSING IN THE ORIGINAL)

THE DYING HOBO.

Beside a western water-tower, one dark and stormy day,
Within an open box-car, a dying hobo lay;
His friends all stood around him, with sad and lowered
heads
A-listening to the last words this dying hobo said:-

"I'm going to a better land where everything is bright,
Where beer checks grow on bushes and you sleep out
every night;
You'll never have to work at all, not even darn your socks,
And little drops of whiskey come a-trickling through
the rocks".

✓
PLINK PLUNK

I once spent a summer in Venice
Where I had a yen to play tennis
But I found the canals such a menace
That I didnt play tennis in Venice

Plink plunk I strum my guitar
HAHAHA HA I pluck my guitar
If green peas were squar they'd be more popular
Plink plunk etc.

To a party I once was invited
Saw a piano and sat down beside it
When they asked do you play guess what I did
I said I dont know but I tried it
Plink
I woke up all covered with ~~feathers~~ ^{feathers} and tar

I had^a sick auntie called Mercer
Each day she got worsser and worsser
She was rich so I said I would nurse her
You think she got well vice versa
Plink
She left me a million so tralalalla

It happened I think in September
Or maybe it was in November
Or perhaps it was even December
Oh the hell with it I cant remember
Plink
His ankle was sprained so he had to shoot par

Whenever it happens to rain sir
Tell me what do the folks do in Maine sir
It's easy enough to explain sir
They just let it rain sir in Maine sir.
Plink
Will you have some whipped cream on your cold caviar

BELL BOTTOMED TROUSERS

When I was in service, down in Drury Lane
The master he was kind to me, the mistress was the same
Along came a sailor boy happy as can be
He was the author of all my misery

CHORUS

He asked me for a handkerchief to tie around his head
He asked me for a candle to light him up to bed
And I like a silly girl thinking it no harm
Jumped onto the sailor's bed to keep the sailor warm

Early in the morning before the break of day
A five pound note he gave to me and these words he did say
Take it now my darling for the damage I have done
You may have a daughter and you may have a son
And if you have a daughter take her on your knee
And if you have a son send the bastard out to sea

CHORUS

Now gather around my children and listen to my plea
Never trust a sailor an inch above the knee
I trusted one once and he put out to sea
And left me a sitting with a daughter on my knee.

I met a girl named Hannah,
From BUTTE, MON-tana.....!!!

I WISH I WERE A ROOSTER

I wish I were a rooster
And I lived down on the farm.
I'd gather up my chickie, chickie, chicks
And keep them nice and warm.
I'd wake up in the morning
With a cock-a-doodle-doo.
'Cause a rooster has so many, many things to do.

(written in CW's handwriting on a piece of paper)

SWEET & LOW

Sweet and low, sweet and low.
Wind of the Western Sea.
Low, low, breathe and blow.
Wind of the Western Sea.
Over the rolling waters go.
Come from the dying moon and blow.
Blow him again to me.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest.
Father will come to thee soon.
Rest, rest a mother's breast.
Father will come to thee soon.

Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silvery sails coming out of the West,
Under the silver moon.

COCKELS AND MUSSELS

In Dublin's fair city, where girls are so pretty,
'Twas there that I first met sweet Molly Malone.
She drove a wheelbarrow, thru streets broad and narrow.
Singing cockles and mussels, alive, alive O.

She died of the "fever" and nothing could save her.
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone.
But her ghost drives a barrow, thru streets broad and narrow.
Singing cockles and mussels, alive, alive O.

DRINK TO ME ONLY

Drink to me only with thine eyes

And I will pledge with mine.¹

O leave a kiss within the cup

And I'll not ask for wine.¹

The thirst that from the soul doth rise

Doth ask a drink devine

But might I of Jove's nectar sip

I would not change for thine.¹

I sent thee late a rosy wreath

Not so much honoring thee,

As giving it a hope that there

It might not withered be.

But thou thereon didst only breathe

And senst it back to me,

Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,

Not of itself, but thee.¹

neat;

at's n

ine.

SOLOMON LEVI

My name is Solomon Levi; at my store on Chatham Street,
That's where you'll buy your coats and vests and ev'rything that's neat;
I've second-handed ulsterettes, and ev'rything that's fine,
For all the boys they trade with me at a hundred and forty-nine.

CHORUS:

O Solomon Levi! Levi! tra la la la
Poor Sweeney Levi, tra la la la la la la la
My name is Solomon Levi: at my store on Chatham Street.
That's where you'll buy your coats and vests, and ev'rything else that's n
Second-handed ulsterettes and ev'rything else that's fine;
For all the boys they trade with me at a hundred and forty-nine.

And if a bummer comes along to my store on Chatham Street
And tries to hand me up for coats and vests so very neat.
I kicks the bummer right out of my store, and on him sets my pup,
For I won't sell clothing to any man who tries to set me up.

The people are delighted to come inside of my store
And trade with the elegant gentleman what I keeps to walk the floor.
He is a blooc among the Sheenies, beloved by one and all
And nis clothes they fit him just like the paper on the wall.

IN CELLAR COOL
IN CELLAR COOL

In cellar cool at ease I sit,
Upon a barrel resting
In merry mood I loudly call,
The finest wine requesting.
The ^{cellar} ~~cellar~~ ^{cellar} the beaker fills,
My lips I soon am linking,
And deep and long the luscious draught I'm drinking, drinking, drinking

That demon thirst is quite a plague,
But, so that I may scare him,
Again I raise the beaker high,
And, boldly quaffing, dare him.
The world seems cloth'd in rosy tints,
Its clouds to nought are sinking
I feel a friend to ev'ry man
While crinking, drinking, drinking!

But still I find, the more I drink,
The more my thirst increases;
In fact, a toper's lot is this-
His craving seldom ceases!

Yet never mind, the day is long,
And, till the sun is sinking,
My duty to good wine I'll do
By drinking, drinking, drinking!

D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay,
D'ye ken John Peel at the break of the day,
D'ye ken John Peel when he's far, far away,
With his hounds and his horn in the morning?

CHORUS

For the sound of his horn brought me from my bed,
And the cry of his hounds which he oft-times led;
Peel's view halloo would awaken the dead,
Or the fox from his lair in the morning.

Yes, I ken John Peel and Ruby too!
Ranter and Ringwood, Bellman and True,
From a find to a check, from a check to a view,
From a view to a death in the morning.

Then here's to John Peel from my heart and soul,
Let's drink to his health, let's finish the bowl.
We'll follow John Peel thro' fair and thro' foul,
If we want a good hunt in the morning.

D'bye ken John Peel with his coat so gay?
He liv'd at Trout-beck once on a day;
Now he has gone far, far, far, away;
We shall ne'er hear his voice in the morning.

71
COME, LANDLORD, FILL THE FLOWING BOWL

Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl,
Until it doth run over,
Come landlord fill the flowing bowl,
Until it doth run over.
For tonight we'll merry, merry be,
For tonight we'll merry, merry be,
For tonight we'll merry, merry be,
Tomorrow we'll be sober.

CHORUS

Wake for the fal-al-al-al-i-do
Wake for the fal-al-al-al-i-do
Wake for the fal-al-al-al-ay!
Tomorrow is a holiday.

The man who drinketh small beer,
And goes to bed quite sober
Fades as the leaves do fade
That drop off in October

The man who drinketh strong beer,
And goes to bed right mellow,
Lives as he ought to live
And dies a jolly fellow.

But he who drinks just what he likes,
And getteth half-seas over,
Will live until he die perhaps,
And then lie down in clover.

girl *landlord man*
The ~~man~~ who kisses a ~~pretty~~ girl
And goes and tells his mother,
Ought to have his lips cut off,
And never kiss another.

The girl who gets a little drunk

and asks you for another

repeat very
Has a very good time

repeat
and soon becomes a mother!

POPE AND SULTAN

The Pope, he leads a happy life; happy life;
He fears not married care nor strift, care nor strife,
He drinks the best of Rhenish wine
I would the Pope's gay lot were mine,
He drinks the best of Rhenish wine;
I would the Pope's gay lot were mine.

But then all happy's not his life
He has not maid, nor blooming wife,
Nor child has he to raise his hope
I would not wish to be the Pope.

The Sultan better pleases me,
His is a life of jollity;
His wives are many as he will
I would the Sultan's throne then fill.

But even he's a wretched man;
He must obey his Al-Koran
And dares not drink one drop of wine
I would not change his lot for mine.

So then I'll hold my lowly stand
And live in German Vaterland;
I'll kiss my maiden fair and fine,
And drink the best of Rhenish wine.

Whene'er my maiden kisses me,
I'll think that I the Sultan be;
And when my cheery glass I tope,
I'll fancy then I am the Pope.

C

A capital ship for an ocean trip
Was the Walloping Window Blind!
No wind that blew dismayed the crew
Or troubled the captain's mind;
The man at the wheel was made to feel
Contempt for the wildest blow-ow-ow
'Though it often appeared, when the gale had cleared
That he'd been in his bunk below

CHORUS:

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

The bo'swain's mate was very dedate,
Yet fond of amusement too;
He played hop-scotch with the starboard watch,
While the captain, he tickled the crew!
And the gunner we had was apparently mad,
For he sat on the after-rail-ail-ail,
And fired salutes with the captain's boots
In the teeth of the booming gale!

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

All nautical pride we laid aside,
And we ran the vessel ashore
On the Gulliby Isles, where the Poopoo smiles;
And the rubbly Ubdugs roar;
And we sat on the edge of a sandy ledge
And shot at the whistling bee-ee-ee;
And the cinnamon bats wore waterproof hats
As they dipped in the shiny sea.

On Rugbug bark, from morn til dar,
We dined till we all had grown
Uncommonly shrunk; when a Chineses junk
Came up from the Torriby Zone.
She was chubby and square, but we didn't much care,
So we cheerily put to sea-ea-ea;
And we left all the crew of the junk to chew
On the bark of the Rugbug tree.

104

HINKY DINKY, PARLEY-VOO?

Oh, landlord, have you a daughter fair, parley-voo?
Oh, landlord, have you a daughter fair, parley-voo?
Oh, landlord, have you a daughter fair,
To wash a soldier's underwear?
Hinky-dinky, parley-voo?

Oh, yes, I have a daughter fair,
With lily-white hands and golden hair.

Mademoisell from Armentieres,
She hadn't been kissed in forty years.

She might have been young for all we knew,
When Napoleon flopped at Waterloo.

She never could hold the love of a man,
For she took her baths in a talcum can.

Mademoiselle from Armentieres,
Mademoiselle from Armentieres,
Your'll never get your Croix de Guerre,
If you never wash your underwear.

Mademoiselle from Orleans,
She made me sell my Liberty Bonds.

The French, they are a funny race,
They fight with their feet and save their face.

The cootie is the national but of France
The cootie's found all over France,
No matter where you hang your pants.

Our grease-ball is a goddam dirty bum,
He bails out swill and makes the slum.

Oh, the seventy-seventh went over the top,
A sous lieutenant, a Jew, and a Wop.

The medical corps, they held the line,
With C.C. pills and iodine.

The officers get all the steak,
And all we get is the belly-ache.

The general got a Croix de Guerre,
The son-of-a-gun was never there.

An American soldier on the Rhine,
He kissed the women and drunk the wine.

The little marine fell in love with his nurse,
He's taken her now for better or worse.

My Froggie girl was true to me,
She was true to me, she was true to you
She was true to the whole damn army, too.

The Pretoria passed a ship today,
For the ship was going the other way.

Where are the girls that used to swarm,
About me in my uniform?

You might forget the gas and shell,
But you'll never forget the mademoiselle.

There's many and many a married man
Wants to go back to France again.

'Twas a hell of a war as we recall,
But still 'twas better than none at all.

C

Dis world was made in jis' six days,
 An' finished up in various ways.
 Look away! look away! Dixie Land!
 Dey den make Dixie trim and nice,
 And Adam called it "Paradise".
 Look away! look away! look away! Dixie land!

CHORUS

Den I wish I was in Dixie; hooray, hooray;
 In Dixie land we'll take our stand,
 To lib and die in Dixie.
 Away, away, away down south in Dixie;
 Away, away, away down south in Dixie.

I wish I was in the land of cotton,
 'Simmon seed and sandy bottom;
 Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land.
 In Dixie land, whar I was born in,
 Early on a frosty mornin';
 Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land.

Old missus marry "Will de Weaber";
 William was a gay deceiber;
 Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land.
 When he put his arm around'er
 He similed as fierce as a forty-pounder;
 Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land.

His face was sharp as a butcher's cleber,
 But dat did not seem to grieb her;
 Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land.
 Old missus acted de follish part,
 And died fer de man dat broke her heart;
 Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land.

Now here's a health to the nex' old missus
 And all de gals dat want to kiss us;
 Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land.
 But if you want to drive away sorrow,
 Come and hear dis song tomorrow;
 Look away, look away, look away, Dixie Lane.

Dar's buckwheat cakes and Injun batter,
 Makes you fat er a little fatter;
 Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land.
 Den hoe it down an' scratch your grabbel,
 To dixie's land I'm bound to trabbel;
 Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land.

GIT ALONG, LITTLE DOGIES

As I walked out one morning for pleasure,
I spied a cow-puncher come all riding alone;
His hat was thrown back and his spurs was a-jingling,
As he approached me a-singin' this song,

CHORUS:

Whoopie ti yi yo, git along, little dogies,
It's your misfortune, and none of my own.
Whoopie ti yi yo, git along, little dogies,
For you know Wyoming will be your new home.

Early in the spring we round up the dogies,
Mark 'em and brand 'em and bob off their tails;
Drive up our horses, load up the chuck-wagon,
Then throw the dogies out on the trail.

It's whoopin' and yellin' and a-drivin' them dogies;
Oh, how I wish that you would go on;
It's a-whoopin' and punchin' and go on-a, little dogies,
For you know Wyoming is to be your new home.

Some boys goes up the trail for pleasure,
But that's where you get it most awfully wrong;
For you haven't any idea the trouble they give us
While we go driving them along.

When the night comes on and we hold them on the bed-ground,
These little dogies that roll on so slow;
Round up the herd and cut out the strays,
And roll the little dogies that never rolled before.

Your mother she was raised way down in Texas,
Where the jimson weed and sand-burrs grow;
Now we'll fix you up on prickly pear and cholla
Till you're ready for the trail to Idaho.

Oh, you'll be beef for Uncle Sam's Injuns;
"It's beef, heap beef," I hear them cry.
Git along, git along, git along-a, little dogies,
Your're gonna be beef steers by and by.

Fifteen men on the Dead Man's Chest,
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
Drink and the devil had done for the rest,
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

The mate was fixed by the bo'sun's pike,
An' the bo'sun brained by a marlinpike,
And the cookie's throat was marked belike;
It had been clutched by fingers ten,
And there they lay, all good, dead men,
Like break o' day in a boozin' ken-
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

Fifteen men of a whole ship's list,
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
Dead and bedamned and their souls gone whist,
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
The skipper lay with his nob in gore
Where the scullion's ax his cheek had shore,
And the scullion he was stabbed times four;
And there they lay, and the soggy skies
Dripped ceaselessly in upstaring eyes,
By murk sunset and by foul sunrise-
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

Fifteen men of 'em stiff and stark,
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
Ten of the crew bore the murder mark,
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
'Twas a cutlass swipe or an ounce of lead,
Or a gaping hole in a battered head,
And the scuppers's glut of a rotting red;
And there they lay, ay damn my eyes,
Their lookouts clapped on Paradise,
Their souls gone just the contrawise-
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

Fifteen men of 'em good and true,
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
Every man Jack could 'a' sailed with Old Pew,
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
There was chest on chest of Spanish gold
And a ton of plate in the middle hold,
And the cabin's riot of loot untold-
And there they lay that had took the plum,
With sightless eyes and with lips struck dumb,
And we shared all by rule o' thumb-
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

More was seen through the stern light's screen,

Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

Chartings undoubt where a woman had been,

Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

A flimsy shift on a bunker cot

With a dirk slit sheer through the bosom spot

And the lace stiff dry in a purplish rot-

Or was she wench or shuddering maid,

She dared the knife and she took the blade-

Faith, there was stuff for a plucky jade!

Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

Fifteen men on the Dead Man's Chest,

Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

Drink and the devil had done for the rest,

Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

We wrapped 'em all in a mainsail tight

With twice ten turns of a hawser's bight,

And we heaved 'em over and out of sight,

With a yo-heave-ho and a fare-you-well,

And a sullen plunge in a sullen swell,

Ten fathoms along on the road to hell-

Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

BUT THE MUSY-BALLADE OF IVAN PETROFSKY-SKEVAR

For Ivan had never known fear,
And with his sword raised high, put a shiver in the air,
Of Abdullah Boul Boul Ameer.

The sons of the prophet of valiant and bold,
And are wholly impervious to fear,
But the bravest of all was a man by the name
Of Abdullah Boul Boul Ameer.

If you wanted a man to encourage the van,
Or to harass the foe from the rear,
Or to storm a redoubt, you had only to shout
For Abdullah Boul Boul Ameer.

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

There are brave men in plenty, and well known to fame,
In the army that's run by the Czar,
But the bravest of all was a man by the name
Of Ivan Petrofsky Skevar.

He could imitate Irving, tell fortunes by cards,
And play on the Spanish guitar.
In fact quite the cream of the Muscovite team
Was Ivan Petrofsky Skevar.

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

One day that bold Russian he shouldered his gun,
And with his most cynical sneer
Was going down town, when he came right upon
Brave Abdullah Boul Boul Ameer.

"Young man," said Boul Boul, "is existence so dull,
That you hanker to end your career?
For infidel, know, you have trod on the toe
Of Abdullah Boul Boul Ameer.

"So take your last look upon sky, sea, brook,
And send your regrets to the Czar,
For by this I imply that you're going to die
Oh, you Ivan Petrofsky Skevar."

"But your murderous threats are to me but a joke,
For my pleasure and pastime is war,
And I'll tread on your toes whene'er I may choose,"
Quoth Ivan Petrofsky Skevar.

Then that brave Mameluke drew his trusty chabook,
Crying "Allah il Allah Akbar,"
And with murder intent, he ferociously went

At Ivan Petrofsky Skevar.

But the Russian gave back not a step at th' attack,
For Ivan had never known fear,
And with quickly aimed gun, put a stop to the fun,
Of Abdullah Boul Boul Ameer.

Yet the whistling chabook did like lightning descend,
And caught Ivan right over the ear.
But the bayonet of Ivan pressed right through the heart
Of Abdullah Boul Boul Ameer.

The Russian commander spurred thither in haste,
To seek for his favorite Hussar.
Lo, pierced through the snoot from the fatal chabook,
Lay Ivan Petrofsky Skevar.

The Sultan rode up the disturbance to quell,
Or to give up the victor a cheer,
But he arrived just in time to take hasty farewell
Of Abdullah Boul Boul Ameer.

Then Gotchikoff, Skabeloff, Menchikoff too,
Drover up in the Emperor's car,
But only in time to bid rapid adieu
To Ivan Petrofsky Skevar.

There lieth a stone where the Danube doth roll,
And on it in character clear
Is, "Stranger, remembers to pray for the soul
Of Abdullah Boul Boul Ameer.

The Muscovite maiden her sad vigil keeps
In her home by the cold Northern star,
And the name that she murmurs so oft in her sleep
Is Ivan Petrofsky Skevar.

1. Oh, the girl that I loved she was handsome,
 I tried all I knew her to please.
 But I couldn't please her a quarter as well
 As the man on the flying trapeze.

CHORUS

Oh, he flies through the air with the greatest of ease,
 This daring young man on the flying trapeze.
 His figure is handsome, all girls he can please,
 And my love he purloined her away.

2. Last night as usual I went to her home.
 There sat her old father and mother alone.

I asked for my love and they soon made it known

That she-e had flown away. To my horror, that she'd run away.

3. *Without any trousseau she'd flown in the night*
 She packed up her box and eloped in the night.

To go e with him at his ease. With him with the greatest of ease.
 He lowered her down from a four-story flight,
 By means of his flying trapeze.

4. He took her to town and he dressed her in tights,
 That he-e might live at his ease.

Her ordered her up to the tent's awful height,
 To appear on the flying trapeze.

5. Now she flies through the air with the greatest of ease,
 This daring young girl on the flying trapeze.

Her figure is handsome, all men she can please,
 And my love is purloined away.

6. Once I was happy, but now I'm forlorn,
 Like an old coat that is tattered and torn,
 Left to this wide world to fret and to mourn,
 Betrayed by a maid in her teens.

*One night to his tent he invited her in,
 Filled her with compliments, kisses and gin.
 He started her off on the road to ruin.
 She made the supreme sacrifice.*

G

JESSE JAMES

1. Jesse James was a lad that killed a-many a man;
He robbed the Danville train.
But that dirty little coward that shot Mister Howard,
Has laid poor Jesse in his grave.

Chorus

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

2. It was Robert Ford, that dirty little coward,
I wonder how does he feel.
For he ate of Jesse's bread, and he slept in Jesse's bed,
Then laid poor Jesse in his grave.
3. Jesse was a man, a friend to the poor
He never would see a man suffer pain;
And with his brother Frank he robbed the Chicago bank,
And stopped the Glendale train.
4. It was his brother Frank that robbed the Glendale bank,
And carried the money from the town;
It was in this very place that they had a little race,
For they shot Captain Skeets to the ground.
5. They went to the crossing not very far from there,
And there they did the same;
With the agent on his knees, he delivered up the keys
To the outlaws, Frank and Jesse James.
6. It was on a Wednesday night, the moon was shining bright,
They robbed the Glendale train;
The people, they did say, or many miles away,
It was robbed by Frank and Jesse James.
7. It was on a Saturday night, Jesse was at home,
Talking with his family brave;
Robert Ford came along like a thief in the night
And laid poor Jesse in his grave.
8. The people held their breath when they heard of Jesse's death,
and wondered how he ever came to die;
It was one of the gang called little Robert Ford,
He shot poor Jesse on the sly.

1/20

THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN

1. 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.

CHORUS

Fare thee well, for I must leave thee,
Do not let the 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.

2. 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.

Chorus

3. Oh! dig my grave both wide and deep, wide and deep,
Put tomb stones at my head and feet, head and feet,
And on my breast carve a turtle dove,
To signify I died of love.

Chorus

1. 20

STEAL AWAY

Chorus:

Steal away, steal away, steal away to Jesus!
Steal away, steal away home,
I hain't got long to stay here.

1. My Lord calls me, *my Lord call me,*
He calls me by the thunder;
The trumpet sounds it in my soul,
I hain't got long to stay here.

Chorus

2. Green trees ~~are~~ bending, *green trees bend*
~~For~~ sinners stand ^{at} trembling;
The trumpet sounds it in my soul,
I hain't got long to stay here.

✓
OH MY DARLING CLEMENTINE

In a cavern, in a cannon
Excavating for a mine,
Dwelt a miner, forty-niner,
And his daughter Clementine.

CHORUS

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

Light she was and like a fairy,
And her shoes were number nine,
Her ring boxes, without topses,
Sandals were for Clementine.

Chorus

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

Chorus

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

Chorus

5. In a church-yard, near the cannon
Where the myrtle doth entwine,
There grow roses, and other posies,
Fertilized by Clementine.

Chorus

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

Chorus

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

Chorus

How I missed her

Tracy missed her little sister

Let every good fellow now fill up his glass,
Vive la compagnie,
And drink to the health of our glorious class,
Vive la compagnie.

CHORUS:

Vive la, vive la, vive l'amour, *vive la*
Vive la, Vive la, vive l'amour, *vive la*
vive l'amour, ~~vive l'amour~~, vive la compagnie!
lureine, vive la roi,

Let every married man drink to his wife,
Vive la compagnie
The joy of his bosom and plague of his life,
Vive la compagnie.

Come fill up your glasses,
I'll give you a toast,
Vive la compagnie
Here's a health to our friend, our kind worthy host,
Vive la compagnie.

Since all with good humor I've toasted so free,
Vive la compagnie,
I hope it will please you to drink now with me
Vive la compagnie.

✓ DARKY SUNDAY SCHOOL

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

CHORUS:

✓ Young folks, old folks, everybody come,
Join our darky Sunday School, and make yourself to hum,
There's a place to check your chewing gum and razors at the door,
And hear such Bible stories as you never heard before.

Adam was the first man that ever was invented,
He lived all his ^{clear, and he never was} ~~life and he never was~~ contented;
He was made out of mud in the days gone by ^{He never had an ache}
And hung on the fence in the sun to get him dry. ^{And he never had a pain}

The good book says Cain killed his brother Abel,
He hit him on the head with a leg of table.
Then along came Jonah in the belly of the whale,
The first submarine boat that ever did sail.

^{Till along came Eve}
^{And they both raised}
CAIN

✓ Esau was a cowboy of the wild and wolly make,
Half the farm belonged to him and half to Brother Jake;
Now, Esau thought his title to the farm was none too clear,
So he sold it to his brother for a sandwich and a beer.

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

Elijah was a prophet who attended country fairs,
He advertised his business with a pair of dancing bears,
He held a sale of prophecies most every afternoon,
And went up in the evening in a painted fire balloon.

Then down came Peter, the Keeper of the Gates,
He came down cheap on excursion rates.
Then along came Noah a-stumblin' in the dark,
He found a hatchet and some nails and built himself an ark.

✓ David was a shepherd and a scrappy little cuss,
Along came Goliath, just a-spoilin' for a muss;
Now, David didn't want to fight, but thought he must or bust,
So he cotched up a cobblestone and busted in his crust.

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

✓ Samson was a strong man of the John L. Sullivan school,
He slew ten thousand Philistines with the jawbone of a mule.
But Delilah captured him and filled him full of gin,
Slashed off his hair, and the coppers run him in.

Moses had a brother who was sorry his horn
She left him in the bushes by the river all forlorn
Pharaoh's daughter found him while taking a walk
And those rusty cats in Cairo all began to fall

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

Salome was a chorus girl who had a winning way,
She was the star attraction in King Herod's Cabaret.
Although you can hardly say discretion was her rule,
She's the favorite Bible figure in the Gertrude Hoffman school.

There are plenty of these Bible tales. I'll tell you one tomorrow
How Lot, his wife and family fled from Sodom and Gomorrah;
But his wife she turned to rubber and got stuck upon the spot
And became a salty monument and missed a happy Lot.

Now Joey was unhappy in the bowels of the soil,
He lost his pretty rainbow coat because he wouldn't toil.
He hollered, howled, and bellowed until far into the night,
But of course you couldn't see him, for he was out of sight.

It happened that a caravan was passing by the place,
Laden down with frankincense and imitation lace.
They heard the Sheeney yelling and pulled him from the well
If this ain't the proper ending, then you can go to Harvard.

CHORUS:

Solomon was a wise man, who had a lot of cash,
The Queen of Sheba came to him a looking for a mash
Solomon thought the Monarchy was mighty poorly paid
So he took to writing Proverbs though he was a King by trade.

CHORUS:

Solomon and David led very merry lives,
One had a lot of lady friends and one had lots of wives
But as they older grew in years they got religious qualms
So Solomon wrote the Proverbs and David wrote the Psalms

Salome was a dancer who did the Hutchey Kutch
The people liked her lots because she did not wear too much
When John the Baptist said "Me gal, we'll have no scande here."
Salome said "to hell with you and kicked the chandelier."

Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego,
Wouldn't pay the taxes and so they had to go;
Down to the furnace to be burnt up just like chaff,
But they wore asbestos B.V.D's and gave the King the laugh!

Moses was a chamber who chanted the holy incant
Stayed up there for a day a settling his account
But when he came down he got so gloomily sore
He broke the 10 Commandments then a trifle more

"A HUNDRED PIPERS"

hey a hundred pipers an awe an awe
 hey a hundred pipers an awe an awe
 ell up an gie them a blow a blow
 hey a hundred pipers an awe
 nower the borders away awa
 nower the borders away awa
 ell up and gie them a blow a blow
 hey a hundred pipers an awe.

"THE GHOST RIDERS IN THE SKY"

Old cowpoke went ridin' on a dark and windy day
on a ridge he rested, as he went along his way,
all at once a mighty herd of red-eyed cows he saw
chargin' through the ragged sky and up a cloudy draw.

yip yi ay, yippi yi yooooooooooooo (whistle, yah)
ghost riders in the sky.

His faces gaunt, their eyes were wet
His shirts all soaked with sweat
They're ridin' hard to catch that herd
They ain't caught them yet.
They got to ride forever, on that range up in the sky
The riders charged on by him, he heard their mournful cry.

yip yi ay.

The riders loped on by him, he heard one call his name,
You want to save your soul from hell, a ridin' on our range,
~~you~~ ^{cowboy} change your ways today or with us you will ride,
Tryin' to catch that devil's herd, across that endless sky.

Their brands were still on fire
and their hoofs were made of steel
their horns were black and shiny
and their hot breath he could feel
A bolt of fear went through him
as they thundered through the sky
For he saw the riders coming hard
and he heard their mournful cries

Yippy yi ay

STREETS OF LAREDO

As I walked out on the streets of Laredo,
As I walked out in Laredo one day.
I spied a young cowboy wrapped up in white linen.
Wrapped up in white linen as cold as the clay.

“I tell by your dress that you are a cowboy”
I said to the boy as I boldly walked by.
“Come sit down beside me and hear my sad story.
I was shot in the breast and I know I must die.
Oh! beat the drums slowly and play the pipes lowly,
And play the death march as you carry me along.
Take me to the green valley and lay the sod o’er me.
For I’m a young cowboy and I know I must die.”

“Oh fetch me a cup, a cup of cool water
to cool my parched lips,” the cowboy then said.
When I returned the spirit had left him.
It had gone to it’s maker – the cowboy was dead.
We beat the drums slowly and played the pipes lowly.
And bitterly wept as we carried him along.
For we all loved our comrade so brave, young and handsome.
For we all loved our comrade although he’d done wrong.

ON TOP OF OLD SMOKY

1.

On top of old Smoky,
All cover'd with snow,
I lost my true lover,
Come a-courtin' too slow.

2.

A-courtin's a pleasure,
A-flirtin's a grief,
A false-hearted lover,
Is worse than a thief.

3.

For a thief, he will rob you,
And take what you have,
But a false-hearted lover
Will send you to your grave.

4.

She'll hug you and kiss you
And tell you more lies,
Than ~~the~~ cross-ties on ~~the~~ railroad,
Or the stars in the skies.

5.

On top of old Smoky,
All covered with snow,
I lost my true lover,
A-Courtin' too slow.

ON TOP OF OLD SMOKY
(VERSION 2)

On top of old Smoky
All covered with snow.
I lost my report card.
Oh heavens to know.

My mommy she spanked me.
Right where I sit down.
And my poor lost report card
Has never been found.

On top of old Smoky.
All covered with blood.
I saw my poor teacher
Her face in the mud.

A knife in her stomach
An axe in her head.
I came to the conclusion.
My teacher was dead.

(This was in a child's, not CW's handwriting.)

14

"THE PHILADELPHIA LAWYER"

ay out in Reno, Nevada
here romance blooms and fades
great Philadelphia lawyer
as in love with a Hollywood maid.

ome, love, and we will wander
own where the lights are bright
I'll win you a divorce from your husband
and we can get married tonight.

ild Bill was a gun-totin' cowboy
en notches were carved on his gun
and all of the boys around Reno
et Wild Bill's sweetheart alone.

he night when he was returning
rom riding the range in the cold,
e dreamed of his Hollywood sweetheart
nd a love that was lasting as gold.

ome drew near her window
shadow he saw on the shade,
ere was the Philadelphia lawyer
aking love to Bill's Hollywood maid.

he night was as still as the desert,
the moon hanging low over head,
HE listened awhile to that lawyer
e could hear every word that was said.

our hands are so pretty and lovely,
our form is so rare and divine,
Go with me to Atlantic City
ome leave this wild cowboy behind.

ought back in old Pennsylvania,
in the pines there's a beautiful sight
ere's one less Philadelphia lawyer
Back in old Pennsylvania tonight.

✓
"AUNT CLARA"

CHORUS:

Never mention Aunt Clara
Her picture is turned to the wall
Though she lives on the French Riviera
Father says she is dead to us all.

She used to sing hymns in the old village choir
She used to teach Sunday School Class
By playing the organ she never would tire
Those dear days are over, alas!!!

At the church on the organ she'd practice and play
The sexton would pump up and down
His wife caught them back of the organ one day
And that's why Aunt Clara left town.

They said no one cared if she ever came back
And she left us her fortune to seek
But the boys at the firehouse draped it in black
And the ball club wore mourning that week.

They said that no man would make her his bride
And they prophesied children of shame
But she married four counts and a baron beside
And hasn't a child to her name.

They said that Hell's fires would punish her sins
And she'd burn for her carryings on
But up the present she's toasting her skin
On the beaches at Deuville and Cannes.

They say that she's sunken; they say that she fell
From the narrow and virtuous path
But her formal French gardens are sunken as well
And so is her pink marble bath.

My poor darling mother is pious and weak
She drives in a second-hand Ford
But Aunt Clara received for her birthday last week
Rolls Royce, a Stutz, and a Cord.

My mother does all her house work alone
She washes and scrubs for her board
We have reached the conclusion that
Virtue's its own and also its only reward.

FINAL CHORUS:

Never mention Aunt Clara
When I grow up to be tall
I'll go to the French Riviera

and let mother turn me to the wall.

✓ ⊙ (single note)

THE BLUE-TAIL FLY

1.

When I was youn, I use' to wait
On Massa an' hand him his plate,
An' pass de bottle when he got dry,
An' brush away de blue-tail fly.

Sento

CHORUS

Jimmie crack corn an' I don't care,
Jimmie crack corn and I don' care,
Jimmie crack corn an' I don' care,
Ol' Massa's gone away.

*Allegro
Vivace*

2.

One day he ride aroun' de farm,
De flies so num'rous they did swarm,
One chanced to bit him on de thigh,
De devil take de blue-tail fly.

CHORUS

3.

De pony run, he jump, he pitch,
He threw my Massa in de ditch;
He died an' de jury wondered why, -
De verdict was de blue-tail fly.

CHORUS

4.

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

CHORUS

C

LOCH LOMOND

1.

By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie braes,
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond,
Where me and my true love were ever wont to be,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.

CHORUS

Oh, you'll take the high road
And I'll take the low road,
And I'll be in Scotland before you;
But me and my true love will never meet again,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.

2.

I mind where we parted in yon shady glen,
On the steep, steep side of Ben Lomond,
Where in deep purple hue the Highland hills we view,
And the moon coming out in the gloaming.

CHORUS

3.

The wee birdies sing and the wild flowers spring,
And in sunshine the waters are sleeping,
But the broken heart will ken no second spring a gain,
And the world does not know how we are greeting.

WHOOPEE TI-YI-YO

1.

As I was a-walkin' one mornin' for pleasure,
I spied a cowpuncher a-lopin' along.
His hat was throwed back and his spurs was a-jinglin',
And as he approached he was singin' this song.

CHORUS

Whoopee ti-yi-yo, git along little dogies,
For you know that Wyoming 'll be your new home.
Whoopee ti-yi-yo, git along little dogies,
For you know that Wyoming 'll be your new home.

2.

It's early in spring that we round up the dogies,
We mark them and brand them and bob off their tails;
We round up the horses, load up the chuck-wagon,
And then throw the dogies up on the long trail, (CHORUS)

3.

Your mother was raised away down in Texas,
Where the jimson weed and sand-burrs grow,
Now we'll fill you up on prickly pear and cholla,
Till you are all ready for the trail to Idaho. (CHORUS)

4.

Oh, you'll be soup for Uncle Sam's Injuns,
"It's beef, heap beef!" I hear them cry.
Git along, git along, git along little dogies,
You'll be beef steers by and by.

(CHORUS)

BARBARA ALLEN

In Scarlet town where I was born,
There was a fair maid dwellin',
Made ev'ry youth cry, "Well a-day",
Her name was Barb'ra Allen.

2.

All in the merry month of May,
When green buds they were swellin',
Young Jenny Grove on his death-bed lay,
For love of Barb'ra Allen.

3.

He sent his man unto her then,
To the town where she was dwellin',
"You must come to my master, dear,
If your name be Barb'ra Allen."

4.

So slowly, slowly she came up,
And slowly she came nigh him,
And all she said when there she came:
"Young man, I think you're dying!"

5.

He turned his face unto the wall,
And death was drawing nigh him,
"adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,
~~And~~ be kind to Barb'ra Allen."

6.

As she was walking o'er the fields,
She heard the death bell knellin',
And ev'ry stroke did seem to say,
"Unworthy Barb'ra Allen".

7.

When he was dead and laid in grave,
Her heart was struck with sorrow.
"O Mother, mother, make my bed
For I shall die tomorrow."

8.

And on her deathbed as she lay,
She begged to be buried by him,
And sore repented of the day
That she did e'er deny him.

(over)

"Farewell," she said, "ye virgins all,
And shun the fault I fell in,
Henceforth take warning by the fall
Of cruel Barb'ra Allen."

[Faint, illegible text]

4

[Faint, illegible text]

[Faint, illegible text]

[Faint, illegible text]

[Faint, illegible text]

[Faint, illegible text]

[Faint, illegible text]

[Faint, illegible text]



NOBODY KNOWS DE TROUBLE I SEE

1.

Sometimes I'm up, sometimes I'm down,
Oh, yes, Lord;
Sometimes I'm almost to de groun',
Oh, yes, Lord.

CHORUS

Nobody knows de trôuble I see,
Nobody knows but Jesus;
Nobody knows de trouble I see,
Glory hallelujah!

2.

Altho' you see me goin' ^{so} long ~~so~~,
Oh, yes, Lord;
I have my trials here below,
Oh, yes, Lord.

CHORUS

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a

JOSHUA FIT DE BATTLE OB JERICO

1.

You kin talk about yo' king ob Gideon,
You kin talk about yo' man ob Saul,
But dere's none like good ole Joshua,
At de battle ob Jerico - Dat morning.

CHORUS

Joshua fit de battle ob Jerico, Jerico, Jerico,
Joshua fit de battle ob Jerico, An' de walls come tumbellin' down.

2.

Up to de walls ob Jerico,
Dey marched wid spear in han'.
Go blow dem ram horns, Joshua cried,
"Case de battle am in my han' - Dat morning.

CHORUS

3.

Den de lam'-ram sheep-horns begin to blow,
De trumpets being to soun',
Ole Joshua commanded de chillen to shout -
An' de walls come tumlin' down - Dat morning.

CHORUS

SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT

I.

I look'd over Jordan and what did I see,
Comin' for to carry me home,
A band of angels comin' after me,
Comin' for to carry me home.

CHORUS

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

II.

If you get there before I do,
Comin' for to carry me home,
Tell all my friends I'm comin' there, too,
Comin' for to carry me home.

CHORUS

THE EDDYSTONE LIGHT

I.

My father was the keeper of the Eddystone Light
And he slept with a mermaid one fair night.
From this union there came three
A porpoise, a porgy, and the other was me.

CHORUS

Yo-ho-ho, the wind blows free,
Oh for a life on the roll-llin' sea.

II.

One night while I was a-trimmin' of the glim,
Singin' a verse from the evenin' hymn.
A voice from the starboard shouted "Ahoy"!
And there was my mother a-sittin on a buoy.

CHORUS

III.

"Oh, what has become of the children three?"
My mother ~~then~~ she asked of me.
"One was exhibited as a talkin' fish
And the other was eaten in a chafing dish".

CHORUS

IV.

The phosphorous flashed in her seaweed hair
I looked again and my mother wasn't there.
A voice came a-echoing from the night.
"To Hell with the keeper of the Eddystone Light".

CHORUS

Aunt Rhody

Go tell Aunt Rhody,
Go tell Aunt Rhody,
Go tell Aunt Rhody,
The old gray goose is dead.
The one that she's been savin' etc.
To make a feather bed.

She died in the millpond, etc.
Standin' on her head.

The goslin's are cryin', etc.
'Cause their mammy's dead.

THE ERIE CANAL

- I. We were ^D40 miles from Albany
Forget it I never shall! ^A ^D ^G
What a terrible storm we had one night
On the ^DE-rye-^Aee ^DCanal!

CHORUS

The E-rye-ee was risin' and the gin was a gittin' low
And I scarcely think we'll git a drink
'Till we git to Buffalo-o-o, 'till we git to Buffalo.

- II. Our captain he come up on deck
With his spy glass in his hand,
And the fog it was so soupy thick
That he couldn't spy the land.

CHORUS

- III. Our cook she was a grand old gal;
She had a ragged dress,
We heisted her up on a pole
As a signal of distress.

CHORUS

- IV. The captain he got married
And the cook she went to jail
And I am the only son-of-a-gun
That's left to tell this tale.

CHORUS

OLD DAN TUCKER

I. Went to town the other night
To make some noise and see a fight
All the people's jumpin' around
Say Old Dan Tucker' a-comin to town.

CHORUS

Hey! Get out of the way for Old Dan Tucker
Too late to git his supper.
Dinner's over and supper's cookin
Old Dan Tucker just standin' there lookin'.

II. Old Dan Tucker's aOcomin' to town
Ridin' a billgoat, leadin' a hound.
The hound he barked and billygoat jumped
And throwed Old Tucker over a stump.

CHORUS

III. Old Dan Tucker he got drunk
Jumped in the fire and kicked out a hunk
And he got a live coal right in his shoe
Oh, Molly, Golly, how the ashes blew.

CHORUS

IV. Old Dan Tucker's a fine old man,
Washed his face in a fryin' pan,
Combed his hair with a wagon wheel
Run away with a toothpick in his heel.

CHORUS

BEGIN THE BEGUINE

- I. When they begin the Beguine
 It brings back the sound of music so tender
 It brings back a night of tropical splendour
 It brings back a memory evergreen.
- II. I'm with you once more under the stars,
 And down by the shore an orchestra's playing
 And even the palms seem to be swaying
 When they begin the Beguine.

Variation
 To live it again is past all endeavour
 Except when that tune clutches my heart
 And there we are swearing to love forever
 And promising never, never to part.

- III. What moments divine, what rapture serene
 Till clouds came along to disperse the joys we had tasted.
 And now when I hear people curse the chance that was wasted
 I know but too well, what they mean.

High
 So don't let them begin the Beguine
 Let the love that was once afire remain an ember
 Let it sleep like the dead desire I only remember
 When they begin the Beguine.

High
 Oh yes, let them begin the Beguine, make them play
 Till the stars that were there before return above you,
 Till you whisper to me once more, "Darling, I love you!"
 And we suddenly know-what heaven we're in,
 When they begin the Beguine
 When they begin the Beguine.

I, II, and III - all the same tune.

Two last verses - High

One variation

✓
THE WILD WEST

Along the trail you'll find me loafin'
Where the spaces are wide open
In the land of the old A. E. C. (Yahoo!)
Where the scenery's attractive
And the air is radioactive
Oh, the Wild West is where I wanna be.

Mid the sage brush and the cactus
I'll watch the Air Force practice
Droppin' bombs through the clean desert breeze (Yahoo!)
I'll have on my sombrero
And, of course, I wear a pair of
Levis over my lead B. V. D.'s.

I will leave the cities' rush
Leave the fancy and the plush
Leave the snow and leave the slush and the crowd.
I shall seek the desert's hush where the mountains are so lush
How I long to see the old mushroom cloud!

'Mid the Yukkas and the thistles
I'll watch the guided missiles
While the old F. B. I. watches me (Yahoo!)
I'll soon make my appearance,
Soon as I can get my clearance
'Cause the Wild West is where I wanna be.

WHEN YOU ARE OLD AND GRAY

While I appreciate you
 Let's find love while we may.
 Because I know I'll hate you
 When you are old and gray.
 So say you love me truly
 I'll make the most of that.
 Say you love me and trust me
 For I know you'll disgust me
 When you're old and getting fat.

An awful febrility, a lessened utility
 A loss of mobility is a strong possibility.
 In all probability I'll lose my virility
 And you your fertility and de-sirability.
 And this liability of total sterility
 Will lead to hostility and a sense of futility
 So let's act with agility, while we still have facility
 For we'll soon reach senility and lose the ability.

Your teeth will start to go dear.
 Your waist will start to spread,
 In 20 years or so, dear, I'll wish that you were dead.
 I'll never love you then dear, the way I do today.
 So, please, love, remember when I leave in December
 I told you so in May.

A BICYCLE BUILT FOR TWO

Daisy, Daisy, Give me your answer, do!
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
On the seat
Of a bicycle built for two!

CALIFORNIA, HERE I COME

California here I come
Right back where I started from
Where bowers of flowers bloom in the sun
Each morning at dawning Birdies sing an' everything:
A sunkist miss said, "Don't be late"
That's why I can hardly wait
Open up that Golden Gate
California here I come.

TWA CORBIES

As I was gangin' al alone
I heard twa corbies makin' a moan.
The one to tither did say,
"Where shall we gang to dine today?"
The first replied, "By yon fallen dyke,
I wot there lies a new-slain knight
And nawbody kens that he lies there,
But his hawk, his hound, and his lady fair.
His hawk is to the heavens flawn
His hound has to the hunting gone,
His lady's ta'en anither mate,
That we may make our dinner sweet
We'll pluck out his bonny blue eye,
And his gander cockes will thatch our nest.
Many a man shall make his mane,
But none shall ken where he is gone,
And o'er his bones so white and bare,
The wind shall naw forever maer.

✓

LION'S SONG

A lady once she had a lonely daughter,
This lady was an actress on the stage.
She travelled with a troupe of awful lions
Each night she'd go into them lion's cage.

One night her daughter had a premonition
That everything it would not be alright
So she hollered to her mother in the kitchen
"Oh, don't go in them lion's cage tonight!"

Chorus

Oh, don't go in them lion's cage
Dear Mother, dear, tonight!
Them lions is ferocious, they might bite!
They'll have one of their angry fits,
They'll chew you into little bits!
Oh, don't go in them lions cage tonight!

But the mother laughed, she didn't heed this warning
That unto her her daughter she did give
She said, "I do not fear them angry lions
Not one of them could make me cease to live!"

So she went into that cage of awful lions.
Them lions was ferocious as could be.
"Alas!" she cried, as one strode up and bit her,
"I now recall what daughter said to me!"

Chorus (please!)

"Oh! Who will save my mother", cried the daughter,
"By lions she is bein' bit and et!"
"I will," cried a young man from the gallery,
"I'll save her from them awful brutes, you bet!"

So he went into that cage of angry lions
From lion bitin' she was almost dead.
"Here is your Maw!" he said, and then he kissed her.
For he the daughter loved and soon did wed.

New Chorus

Why did you go into that cage, dear Mother dear tonight
Them lions was ferocious, they done bite.
They had one of their angry fits, they've chewed you into
 little bits,
My Gawd, dear Maw, but you're an awful sight!

THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL

Nights are growing very lonely,
Days are very long;
I'm agrowing weary only
Listening for your song.
Old remembrances are thronging
Through my memory,
Till it seems the world is full of dreams,
Just to call you back to me.

All night long I hear you calling,
Calling sweet and low;
Seem to hear your footsteps falling,
Every where I go.
Though the road between us stretches
Many a weary mile,
I forget that you're not with me yet,
When I think I see you smile.

CHORUS

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

"Patience"

A MAGNET HUNG IN A HARDWARE SHOP

A magnet hung in a hardware shop,
 And all around was a loving crop
 Of scissors and needles, nails and knives,
 Offering love for all their lives;
 But for iron the magnet felt no whim
 Though he charmed iron, it charmed not him,
 From needles and nails and knives he'd turn,
 For he'd set his love on a Silver Churn!

A Silver Churn? A silver Churn!
 His most aesthetic - Very magnetic
 Fancy took this turn - "If I can wheedle
 A knife or a needle, Why not a Silver Churn?
 His most aesthetic - Very magnetic
 Fancy took this turn - "If I can wheedle
 A knife or a needle, Why not a Silver Churn?"

And Iron and Steel expressed surprise,
 The needles opened their well-drilled eyes,
 The pen knives felt "shut-up", no doubt,
 The scissors declared themselves "cut-out",
 The kettles they boiled with rage, 'tis said,
 While ev'ry nail went off it's head,
 And hither and thither began to roam,
 Till a hammer came up and drove them home.

It drove them home? It drove them home!
 While this magnetic, Peripatetic
 Lover he lived to learn
 By no endeavour Can magnet ever
 Attract a Silver Churn!
 While this magnetic, Peripatetic
 Lover he lived to learn
 By no endeavor Can magnet ever
 Attract a Silver Churn.

THE MAN WHO BROKE THE BANK AT MONTE CARLO

I've just got here, through Paris,
From the sunny southern shore;
I to Monte Carlo went,
Just to raise my winter's rent;
Dame Fortune smiled upon me
As she'd never done before,
And I've now such lots of money I'm a gent,
Yes, I've now such lots of money, I'm a gent.

I stay indoors till after lunch,
And then my daily walk,
To the great Triumphal Arch
Is one grand triumphal march;
Observed by each observer
With the keenness of a hawk,
I'm a mass of money, linen, silk and starch,
I'm a mass of money, linen, silk and starch.

I patronized the tables
At the Monte Carlo hell
Till they hadn't got a son
For a Christian or a Jew;
So I quickly went to Paris
For the charms of mad'moiselle,
Who's the lodestone of my heart, what can I do
When with twenty tongues she swears that she'll be true?

CHORUS

As I walk along the Bois De Boulogne
With an independent air,
You can hear the girls declare
"He must be a millionaire",
You can hear them sigh,
And wish to die,
You can see them wink the other eye
At the man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo.

MASSA'S IN DE COLD GROUND

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

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

When de autumn leaves are falling,
When de days were cold,
'Twas hard to hear old massa calling,
Cayse he was so weak and old.
Now de orange tree am blooming
On de sandy shore,
Now de summer days am coming,
Massa hebbes calls no more.

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

MOONLIGHT BAY

Voices hum, crooning oyer Moonlight Bay,
Banjos strum, tuning while the moonbeams play.
All alone, unknown they find me
Memories like these remind me
Of the girl I left behind me
Down on Moonlight Bay.

Candle lights gleaming on the silent shore,
Lonely nights, dreaming till we meet once more.
Far apart, her heart is yearning,
With a sigh for my returning,
With the light of love still burning,
As in days of yore.

CHORUS

We were sailing along
On Moonlight Bay,
We could hear the voices ringing
They seemed to say
"You have stolen my heart,
Now don't go 'way!"
As we sang Love's Old Sweet Song,
On Moonlight Bay.

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OLD BLACK JOE

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

I'm coming, I'm coming, for my head is bending low.
I hear those gentle voices calling "Old Black Joe".

Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain,
Why do I sigh that my friends come not again,
Grieving for forms now departed long ago?
I hear their gentle voices calling "Old Black Joe".

Where are the hearts once so happy and so free,
The children so dear that I held upon my knee?
Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to go
I hear their gentle voices calling "Old Black Joe".

OLD FOLKS AT HOME

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

All de world am sad and dreary,
 Ebry where I roam,
 Oh! Darkies how my heart grows weary,
 Far from de old folks at home.

All round de little farm I wandered,
 When I was young,
 Den many happy days I squandered,
 Many de songs I sung.
 When I was playing wid my brudder
 Happy was I.
 Oh! take me to my kind old mudder,
 Dere let me live and die.

One little hut among de bushes,
 One dat I love,
 Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,
 No matter where I rove.
 When will I see de bees a humming
 All round de comb?
 When will I hear de banjo tumming
 Down in my good old home?

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME, GOOD NIGHT

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

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

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

The head must bow and the back will have to bend,
 Wherever the darkey may go;
 A few more days, and the trouble all will end
 In the field where the sugarcane grow.
 A few more days for to tote the weary load,
 No matter 'twill never be light,
 A few more days till we totter on the road,
 Then my old Kentucky Home, good-night!

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TILL WE MEET AGAIN

Smile the while you kiss me sad adieu,
When the clouds roll by I'll come to you;
Then the skies will seem more blue
Down in lovers lane my dearie;
Wedding bells will ring so merrily,
Every tear will be a memory
So wait and pray each night for me.
Till We Meet Again.

I WANNA GO BACK TO DIXIE

I wanna go back to Dixie
 Take me back to dear old Dixie
 That's the only lil' ol' place for lil' ol' me.
 Old times there are not forgotten
 Swappin' slaves and sellin' cotton
 And waitin' for the Robert E. Lee.
 (It was never there on time)

I'll go back to the Sewanee
 Where pellagra makes you scrawny
 And mah honey...suckle clutters up the vine,
 Ah really am a fixin'
 To go home and start a mixin'
 Down below that Mason-Dixon line.

Oh, poll tax, how ah love ya, how ah love ya,
 Mah deah ol' poll tax,
 Won't you come back with me to Alabama?
 Back to the arms of mah deah ol' mammy.
 Her cookin's lousy and her hands are clammy
 But what the hell, it's home!
 Yes, for paradise, the southland is my nominee,
 Just give me a ham hock and a grit of hominy.

Ah wanna go back to Dixie;
 I wanna be a Dixie pixie
 And eat cone-pone till it comes out of mah ears.
 Ah wanna talk with Southern Gentlemen
 And put mah white sheet on again
 Ah ain't seen one good lynchin' in years.
 The land of the boll weevil
 Where the laws are medieval
 Is callin' me to come and never more roam

Ah wanna go back to the Southland
 That you-all and shut-mah mouth land
 Be it ever so decadent
 There's no place like home!

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TURKEY IN THE STRAW

- I. As I was goin down the road,
A tired team and a heavy load,
I cracked my whip and the leader sprung and says,
Day-day, to the wagon tongue.

CHORUS

Turkey in the straw, turkey in the hay;
Dance all night and work all day;
Roll em up and twist em up ahigh, tuck-a-haw,
And hit em up a tune, called Turkey in the Straw.

Turkey in the hay, turkey in the straw;
The old gray mare won't gee nor haw;
Roll em up and twist em up ahigh, tuck-a-haw,
And hit em up a tune, called Turkey in the Straw.

- II. Oh, I went out to milk,
And I didn't know how;
I milked a goat instead of a cow.
A monkey sittin' on a pile of straw
A winkin' his eye at his mother-in-law...

- III. Well, I met Mister Catfish com' down the stream;
Say Mister Catfish, "What does you mean?"
I caught Mister Catfish by the snout,
And I turned Mister Catfish wrong side out.

- IV. Then I come to the river and I couldn't get across,
So I paid five dollars for an old blind hoss.
Well, he wouldn't go ahead, and he wouldn't stand still,
So he went up and down like an old sawmill.

- V. As I came down the new-cut road,
I met Mister Bullfrog, I met Miss Toad,
And every time Miss Toad would sing,
The old Bullfrog cut a pigeon wing.

THE FOGGY, FOGGY DEW

- I. 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.
- II. 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.
- III. 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.

Tumbling Tumbleweed

See them tumblin' down
Bowin' their heads to the ground
Lonely, but free I'll be found
Drifting along with a tumblin' tumbleweed

Cares of the past are behind
Nowhere to go but I'll find
Just where the trail will wind
Drifting along with the tumbling tumbleweed

I know the night has gone
That a new world's born at dawn
I'll keep rolling along
~~Deep in~~ my heart is a song
Here on the range ~~where~~ I belong
Drifting along with the tumbling tumbleweed

Call of the Wild Goose

Tonight I heard the Wild Goose cry
Wingin' through the lonely sky.
I tried to sleep but it was no use
Cause I am the brother to the old Wild Goose

Chorus (faster)

My heart knows what the Wild Goose knows
And I must go where the Wild Goose goes.
Wild Goose, brother goose knows what's best
A wanderin' foot or a heart at rest.

Chorus

The cabin is warm, the snow is deep
And I got a woman; she lies asleep.
When she wakes at tomorrow's dawn
She'll find, poor soul, that her man ~~is~~ is gone

Chorus

My woman was kind and true to me,
Perhaps she loved me, the more fool she.
She's got to learn that it ain't no use
to love the brother to the old Wild Goose.

Chorus

Spring is comin' and the ice will break
And I can't linger for no woman's sake.
She'll see a shadow pass overhead
And find a feather beside her bed.

Chorus

EASTER PARADE

In your Easter bonnet with all the
frills upon it,
You'll be the grandest lady in the
Easter Parade.
I'll be all in clover, and when they
look you over
I'll be the proudest fellow in the
Easter Parade.
On the Boardwalk, our Boardwalk,
The photographers will snap us,
And you'll find that you're in
the rotogravure.
Oh, I could write a sonnet about your
Easter bonnet
And of the girl I'm taking to the
Easter Parade.

SIDE BY SIDE

Oh! we ain't got a barrell of mon-ey,
May-be we're ragged and fun-ny,
But we'll travel a-long
Singing a song,
SIDE BY SIDE.

Don't know what's comin' to-mor-row
May-be it's trouble and sor-row
But we'll travel the road
Sharing our load
SIDE BY SIDE.

Thru all kinds of wea-ther
What if the sky should fall
Just as long as we're to-geth-er
It does-n't mat-ter at all

When they've all had their quarrels
and parted
We'll be the same as we start-ed
Just trav'lin a-long,
Sing-in' a song
SIDE BY SIDE.

SIDE BY SIDE.

MY BLUE HEAVEN

When Whip-poor-wills call,
and ev'ning is nigh
I hurry to my blue heaven.
A turn to the right,
a little white light
Will lead you to my blue heaven.
You'll see a smiling face,
a fireplace, a cozy room.
A little nest that's nestled
where the roses bloom.
Just Mollie and me
And baby makes three
We're happy in my blue heaven.

WHISPERING

Whispering while you cuddle near me
Whispering so no one can hear me
Each little whisper seems to cheer me
I know it's true there's no one, dear but
you.

You're whispering why you'll never leave
me
Whispering why you'll never grieve me
Whisper and say that you believe me
Whispering that I love you.

TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE

In the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia
On the trail of the lonesome pine,
In the pale moonshine our hearts entwine
Where she carved her name and I carved
mine;

Oh! June, like the mountains I'm blue
Like the Pine, I am lonesome for you,
In the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia
On the trail of the lonesome pine.

THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN

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

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

And now I see him never more—never more,
 He never knocks upon my door—on my door;
 Oh! woe is me he penned a little note,
 I'll read to you the words he wrote.

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 just carve a turtle dove
 To signify I died for love.

CHORUS

Fare thee well for I must leave thee,
 Do not let the parting grieve thee,
 Oh! the time has come for you and I to say "good-bye".
 Adieu, adieu, kind friends adieu—yes! adieu,
 I can no longer stay with you,
 I'll hang my heart on a weeping willow tree,
~~Fare thee well, fare thee well, fare thee well.~~

And may this word go well with thee

WHOOPSIE DOODLE

Whoopsie Doodle, I'm off my noodle,
I'm tired of wearin' a truss.
My rupture's gone! My rupture's gone!
I wanna go swimmin' with bowl legged women
And slide between their legs.
My rupture's gone! My rupture's gone!

Light as a feather.
And made of fine leather.
My beautiful truss I loved.
My rupture's gone! My rupture's gone!

MINNIE

(This song was given to Curt by an elderly gentleman, who took him aside at Nat Burt's Ranch in Jackson Hole the last summer we were there (August 1979). Unfortunately, this was all of the song the person knew. Curt tried for some time to learn both the correct tune and all the words.)

Have you ever seen Minnie pass water
Down by the old millstream?
She p----ed for an hour and a quarter
'Til you couldn't see Minnie for steam!

RINGS ON MY FINGERS

Jim O'Shea was cast away
Upon an Indian isle.
The natives there, they liked his hair
They liked his Irish smile.
They made him chief above them all;
They decked him out so gay
When he got back home again,
This is what he'd say"

CHORUS

"Oh, I've got rings on my fingers
And bells on my toes
Elephants to ride upon
My little Irish Rose
So come to your Nabob
And on St. Patrick's day
Be Mrs. Mumbo Jumbo Jigabou Jay
-O'Shea"

Across the sea came Rose Magee
To meet her nabob friend.
She sat within his palanquin
And when she kissed his hand
He led her to his harem where he had wives galore.
She started shedding a tear
But he said, "Dear, have no fear
I'm keeping these wives here,
Purely as ornaments my dear.

Emerald green, he robed his Queen
To share with him his throne.
With eastern balms and laid in palms
The shamrocks Irish grown.
Brought all the way from Dublin
For nabob Jim O'Shea.
And in his palace so fine
She longs for Ireland's pine
When he whispers sweetheart mine.

(Curt had a revised version of the last two verses. I never heard him use the ones as they are given here. (eww 11/24/98)

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FIGHT FIERCELY, HARVARD!

Fight fiercely, Harvard, fight, fight, fight!

Demonstrate to them our skill.

Albeit, they possess the might,

None the less we have the will!

How we will celebrate our victory!

We shall invite the whole team out to tea -

How jolly!

Hurl that spheroid down the field

And fight, fight, fight!

Fight fiercely, Harvard, fight, fight, fight!

Impress them with our prowess, do!

Oh fellows, do not let the Crimson down!

Be of stout heart and true!

Come on chaps:

Fight for Harvard's glorious name

Won't it be peachy if we win the game?

Oh, goody!

Let's try not to injure them

But fight, fight, fight!

Let's not be rough, though

Fight, fight, fight!

And do fight fiercely!

Fight, fi-i-ght, fight!

"The Pirates of Penzance".

WHEN THE FOE-MAN BARES HIS STEEL

When the foe-man bares his steel
 Tarantara, tarantara!
We uncomfortable feel!
 Tarantara ----
And we find the wisest thing,
 Tarantara, tarantara!
Is to slap our chests and sing
 Tarantara ----
For when threaten'd with emeutes
 Tarantara, tarantara!
And your heart is in your boots,
 Tarantara!
There is nothing brings it round
Like the trumpet's martial sound,
Like the trumpet's martial sound,
Tarantara, tarantara, tarantara
 Tarantara, tarantara, tarantara,
 tarantara, tarantara, ra, ra, tarantara!

FRANKIE AND JOHNNY

Stram
up with hand
down " "
up " "
smack straight down

Frankie and Johnny were lovers
Laudy how they could love,
Were to be true to each other,
As the stars above;
He was her man,
But he done her wrong.

Frankie and Johnny went walking,
Johnny in his bran' new suit,
"O good Lawd", says Frankie,
"Don't my Johnny look cute?"
He was her man
But he done her wrong.

Frankie went down to the corner,
Stopped for a bucket of beer,
He said, "O Mister Bartender,
Has my Johnny been here?
He was my man,
But he's doin' me wrong."

Now I ain't gonna tell no story,
I ain't gonna tell you no lie,
Johnny was here an hour ago
With a gal named Nellie Bly,
He was your man,
But he's doin' you wrong.

Frankie went down to the hockshop
She bought a little forty-four
She aimed it at the ceiling
And shot a hole in the floor;
"Where is my man,
He's doin' me wrong?"

Frankie went down to the Hotel,
She rang that Hotel Bell,
"Stand back, all of you chippies,
I'll blow you all to hell
I wan' my man,
He's doin' me wrong."

Frankie looked over the transom,
And there to her great surprise
Yes, there on the bed sat Johnny,
Makin' love to Nellie Bly,
He was her man,
But he done her wrong.

Frankie Threw back her kimona,
She took out the little forty-four
"Roota-toot-toot, three times she shot
Right through that hardwood door,

9 Johnny he grabbed off his Stetson,
"O my gawd, Frankie, don't shoot",
But Frankie put her finger on the trigger,
Once again that roota-toot-toot,
For he was her man,
And he done her wrong.

10 O roll me over easy,
O roll me over slow,
Roll me oh my right side, honey,
Where the bullets ain't hurtin' me so,
You've shot your man,
'Cause he done you wrong.

11 Bring out your rubber-tired hearses,
Bring our your rubber-tired hack,
There's twelve men goin' to the graveyard,
And eleven coming back,
He was my man, but he done me wrong.

12 O, bring 'round a thousand policemen,
Bring 'em around to-day
To lock me in that dungeon,
And throw the key away,
I shot my man,
'Cause he done me wrong.

13 I've saved up a little bit of money,
I'll save up a little bit more,
I'll send it all to his widow
And say it's from the woman next door.
He was my man,
But he done me wrong.

14 Frankie she said to the Warden,
"What are they goin' to do?"
The Warden he said to Frankie,
It's the sizzlin' hot chair for you,
You shot your man,
Though he done you wrong.

15 This story has no moral,
This story has no end,
This story only goes to show,
That there ain't no good in men,
He Was her man,
But he done her wrong.

THE GAY CABALLERO

Oh! I am a gay Caballero
Coming from Rio Janero
I've nice oily hair
I'm full of hot air
And an expert at shooting the bullo!

I'm seeking a fair Senorita -
Not full
But yet not too much meata
I'll woo her a while
In my Argentenia stile
And sweep her right off of her feeta!

I'll tell her I'm Ramon Novtillio
And live in a great big Castillio,
I must have a Miss who will listen to this
And who will not say "Don't be so Sillio!"

It was at a swell Cabaretta
While wining and dining a metta
One drink led to two -
Two led to a few -
The night was wet but we were wetta!

She told me her name was Arbella
And she said "Stick around me young fella,
The mosquitoes they bite -
They're awful tonight
And you smell just like citronella".

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IN MY MERRY OLDSMOBILE

Come away with me Lucile
In my merry Oldsmobile,
Down the road of life we'll fly
Automobubbling you and I.
To the church we'll swiftly steal
Then our wedding bells will peal,
You can go as far as you like with me,
In my merry Oldsmobile.

I'M JUST WILD ABOUT HARRY

I'm just wild about Harry
And Harry's wild about me.
The heav'nly blisses of his kisses
Fill me with ecstasy
He's sweet just like choc'late candy,
And just like honey from the bee
Oh, I'm just wild about Harry
And he's just wild about, cannot do without,
He's just wild about me.

KENTUCKY BABE

Skeeters am a hummin' on de honeysuckle vine,
 Sleep, Kentucky Babe!
 Sandman am a comin' to dis little babe of mine,
 Sleep, Kentucky Babe!
 Silv'ry moon am shinin' in de heavens up above,
 Bobolink am pinin' fo' his little lady love,
 You is mighty lucky, Babe of old Kentucky,
 Close yo' eyes in sleep.

Chorus

Daddy's in the canebrake wid his little dog and gun,
 Sleep, Kentucky Babe!
 Possom fo' Yo' breakfast when yo' sleepin' time is done,
 Sleep, Kentucky Babe!
 Bogie man'll ketch yo' sure unless yo' close yo eyes,
 Waitin' jes' outside de doo' to take yo' by surprise,
 Bes' be keepin' shady, Little colored lady,
 Close yo' eyes in sleep.

CHORUS

Fly away, fly away Kentucky Babe, fly away to rest,
 Fly away, Lay yo' kinky, woolly head on yo' mammy's breat.
 UM (8 counts) UM (8 counts)
 Close yo' eyes in sleep.

IN THE EVENING BY THE MOONLIGHT

In de ebening by de moonlight
 When dis darkie's work was over,
 We would gather round de fire
 'Til de hoeecake it was done.
 Den we all would eat our supper
 After dat we'd clear de kitchen,
 Dat's de only time we had to spare
 To hab a little fun.
 Uncle Gabe would take de fiddle down
 Dat hung upon de wall,
 While de silv'ry moon was shining clear and bright,
 How de old folks would enjoy it,
 They would sit all night and listen,
 As we sat in de ebening by de moonlight.

In de ebening by de moonlight
 When de watchdog would be sleeping,
 In de corner near de fireplace,
 Beside de ole armchair,
 Whar Aunt Chlœe used to sit and
 Tell de Piccaninnies stores,
 And de cabin would be filled
 Wid merry coons from near and afar,
 All dem happy times we used to hab'
 Will ne'er return again,
 Eb'ry thing was den so merry gay and bright,
 And I neber will forget it,
 When our daily toil was ober,
 How we sang in de ebening by de moonlight.

CHORUS:

In de ebening by de moonlight,
 You could hear us darkies singing,
 In de ebening by de moonlight,
 You could hear de banjo ringin',
 How de old folks would enjoy it,
 They would sit all night and listen,
 As we sang in de ebening by the moonlight.

"Polanthe"

WHEN ALL NIGHT LONG

When all night long a chap remains
 On sentry-go, to chase monotony
 He exercises of his brains,
 That is, assuming that he's got any.
 Tho never nurtur'd in the lap
 Of luxury, Yet I admonish you,
 I am an intellectual chap,
 And think of things that would astonish you.
 I often think it's comical Fal, Lal, - la!
 How Nature always does contrive, Fal, lal, la la!
 That ev'ry boy and - ev'ry gal
 That's born into the world alive
 Is either a little Liberal,
 Or else a little Conservative!
 Fal, lal, - la! Fal, lal, la!
 Is either a little Liberal,
 Or else a little Conservative!
 Fal, lal, la!

When in that House M.P.'s divide,
 If they've a brain and cerebellum, too.
 They've got to leave that brain outside,
 And vote just as their leaders tell 'em to.
 But then the prospect of a lot
 Of dull M. P.'s in close proximity,
 All thinking of themselves, is what
 No man can face with equanimity.
 Then let's rejoice with loud Fal, lal, - la,
 That Nature always does contrive, Fal, lal, la, la!
 That ev'ry boy and - ev'ry gal
 That's born into the world alive
 Is either a little Liberal,
 Or else a little Conservative!
 Fal, lal, - la! Fal, lal, la!
 Is either a little Liberal,
 Or else a little Conservative!
 Fal, lal, la!

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"The Mikado"

THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING

The Flowers That Bloom in the Spring, Tra-la,
Breathe promise of merry sunshine,
As we merrily dance and sing, Tra-la
We welcome the hopes that they bring, Tra-la,
Of a summer of roses and wine,
Of a summer of roses and wine,
And that's what we mean when we say that a thing
is welcome as Flowers that Bloom in the Spring
Tra-la la la la, Tra-la la la la
The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring

Tra-la la la la, Tra-la la la la
Tra-la la la la, Tra-la la la la

The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring, Tra-la,
Have nothing to do with the case,
I've got to take under my wing, Tra-la
A most unattractive old thing, Tra-la,
With a caricature of a face,
With a caricature of a face,
And that's what I mean when I say,
"Oh, bother The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring,
Tra-la la la, Tra-la la la la
Oh, bother the flowers of Spring

Tra-la la la la, Tra-la la la la
Tra-la la la la, Tra-la la la la

"H. M. S. Pinafore"

I AM THE CAPTAIN OF THE "PINAFORE".

I Am The Captain of the Pinafore
 And a right good Captain too!
 You're very, very good, and be it understood,
 I command a right good crew.
 We're very very good, and be it understood,
 He commands a right good crew.
 Though related to a pear
 I can hand reef and steer, or ship a selva gee;
 I am never known to quail at the fury of the gale
 And I'M never, never sick at sea!
 What never?
 No never,
 What never?
 Hardly ever!
 He's hardly ever sick at sea.
 Then give three cheers and one cheer more
 for the hardy Captain of the "Pinafore"
 Then give three cheers and one cheer more
 for the Captain of the "Pinafore".

I do my best to satisfy you all,
 And with you we're quite content!
 You're exceedingly polite, and I think it only right,
 To return the compliment.
 We're exceedingly polite and he thinks it only right,
 to return the compliment.
 Bad language or abuse, I never, never use,
 Whatever the emergency
 Tho "bother it" I may occasionally say,
 I never use a big, big D!
 What never?
 No never,
 What never?
 Hardly ever!
 Hardly ever swears a big, big D!
 Then give three cheers and one cheer more
 for the hardy Captain of the "Pinafore"
 Then give three cheers and one cheer more
 for the Captain of the "Pinafore".

"The Pirates of Penzance".

I AM THE VERY MODEL

I am the very model of a modern Major General,
I've information vegetable, animal and mineral,
I know the kings of England, and I quote fights
historical

From Marathon to Waterloo, in order categorical
I'm very well acquainted, too, with matters
mathematical,

I understand equations, both the simple and
quadratical

About bi-nomial Theorem, I'm teeming with a
lot of news

With many cheerful facts about the square of the
hypotenuse

With many cheerful facts about the square of the hypotenuse
With many cheerful facts about the square of the hypotenuse
With many cheerful facts about the square of the hypotenuse

I'm very good at integral and differential calculus
I know the scientific names of beings animalculous
In short, in matters vegetable, animal and mineral
I am the very model of a modern Major General

In short, in matters, vegetable, animal and mineral
He is the very model of a modern Major General

I know our mythic history, King Arthur's and Sir Carradoc's
I answer hard acrostics, I've a pretty taste for Paradox,
I quote, In Elegiacs, all the crimes of Heliogabalus
In conics I can floor peculiarities parabolus.
I can tell undoubted Raphaels from Gerard Dows and Zoffanies
I know the croaking chorus from the "Frogs of
Aristophanes!

Then I can hum a fugue of which I've heard the
music's dinafore,

And whistle all the airs from that infernal nonsense,
Pinafore!

And whistle all the airs from that infernal nonsense, Pinafore,
And whistle all the airs from that infernal nonsense, Pinafore,
And whistle all the airs from that infernal nonsense, Pinafore.

Then I can write a washing bill in Babylonian cuneiform,
And tell you every detail of Caractacus's uniform
In short, in matters vegetable, animal and mineral!
I am the very model of a modern Major General

In short, in matters, vegetable, animal and mineral
He is the very model of a modern Major General.

IN ENTERPRISE OF MARTIAL KIND

In enterprise of martial kind, When there was any fighting,
He led his regiment from behind, He found it less exciting,
But when away his regiment ran, His place was at the fore,
~~Of~~ that celebrated, Cultivated, Underrated Nobleman,
The Duke of Plaza Toro!
In the first and foremost flight, Ha, ha!
You always found that knight, ha, ha!
That celebrated, Cultivated, Underrated Nobleman,
The Duke of Plaza Toro!

When to evade Destruction's hand, To hide they all proceeded,
No soldier in that gallant band Hid half as well as he did.
He lay conceal'd throughout the war, And so preserv'd his gore,
~~Of~~ That unaffected Undetected, Well-connected Warrior,
The Duke of Plaza Toro!
In ev'ry doughty deed, ha, ha!
He always took the lead, ha, ha!
That unaffected Undetected, Well-connected Warrior,
The Duke of Plaza Toro!

When told that they would all be shot, Unless they left the service,
That hero hesitated not, So marvellous his nerve is.
He sent his resignation in, The first of all his Corps,
~~Of~~ That very knowing, Overflowing, Easy-going Paladin,
The Duke of Plaza Toro!
To men of grosser clay, ha, ha!
He always showed the way, ha, ha!
That very knowing, Overflowing, Easy-going Paladin,
The Duke of Plaza Toro.

"H. M. S. Pinafore"

I'M CALLED LITTLE BUTTERCUP"

I'm Called Little Buttercup, Dear little Buttercup
Tho' I could never tell why --
But still I'm called Buttercup,
Poor little Buttercup, sweet little Buttercup, *S.*

I've snuff and tobaccy and excellent jacky,
I've scissors and watches and knives.
I've ribbons and laces to set off the faces
of pretty young sweethearts and wives -
I've treacle and toffee, I've tea and I've coffee,
Soft tommy and succulent chops,
I've chickens and conies, and pretty polonies
and excellent peppermint drops.
Then buy of your Buttercup, Dear little Buttercup,
sailors should never be shy.
So buy of your buttercup, poor little Buttercup.

I'VE GOT A LIST

As someday it may happen that a victim must be found,
I've got a little list, - I've got a little list
Of society offenders who might well be underground,
And who never would be miss'd, who never would be miss'd!
There's the pestilential nuisances who write for autographs
All people who have flabby hands and irritating laughs
All children who are up in dates, and floor you with'em flat
All persons who in shaking hands, shake hands with you like that
And all third persons who on spoiling fete-a-tetes insist
They'd none of 'em be miss'd, they'd none of 'em be missed!

He's got 'em on the list - he's got 'em on the list;
And they'll none of 'em be miss'd.

There's the nigger serenader, and the others of his race,
And the piano organist - I've got him on the list!
And the people who eat peppermint and puff it in your face,
They never would be miss'd, they never would be miss'd!
Then the idiot who praises, with enthusiastic tone,
All centuries but this, and ev'ry country but his own,
And the lady from the provinces, who dresses like a guy,
And "who doesn't think she dances but would rather like to try"
And that singular anomaly, the lady novelist -
I don't think she'd be miss'd, I'm sure she'd not be miss'd.

He's got her on the list - he's got her on the list
I'm sure she'll not be miss'd.

And that Nisi Prius nuisance, who just now is rather rife,
The Judicial humorist, I've got him on the list!
All funny fellows, comic men, and clowns of private life
They'd none of 'em be miss'd, they'd none of 'em be miss'd!
And apologetic statesmen of a compromising kind
Such as what-d'ye-call-him Thing-'em-bob, and likewise Never Mind,
And 'St-'st-'st and What's-his-name, and also You-know-who
The task of filling up the blanks I'd rather leave to you.
But it really doesn't matter whom you put on the list
For they'd none of 'em be miss'd, they'd none of them be miss'd.

You may put 'em on the list, you may put em on the list,
And they'll none of 'em be miss'd, They'll none of 'em be miss'd.

WHEN MERRY MAIDEN MARRIES

When a merry maiden marries,
Sorrow goes and pleasure tarries;
Ev'ry sound becomes a song,
All is right and nothing's wrong!
From today and ever after
Let our tears be tears of laughter,
Ev'ry sigh that finds advent
Be a sigh of sweet content!
When you marry merry maiden,
Then the air with love is laden,
Ev'ry flow'r is a rose
Ev'ry goose becomes a swan,
Ev'ry kind of trouble goes
Where the last year's snows have gone!
Sunlight takes the place of shade -
When you marry merry maiden
When a merry maiden marries.
Sorrow goes and pleasure tarries;
ev'ry sound becomes a song,
All is right and nothing's wrong!

When a merry maiden marries,
Sorrow goes and pleasure tarries;
Ev'ry sound becomes a song,
All is right and nothing's wrong!
Gnawing Care and aching Sorrow
Get ye gone until tomorrow;
Jealousies in grim array,
Ye are things of yesterday!
When you marry merry maiden,
Then the air with joy is laden,
All the corners of the earth
Ring with music sweetly played,
Worry is melodious mirth,
Grief is joy in masquerade;
Sullen night is laughing day
All the year is merry May!
All the year is merry May -
All the year is merry May!
Merry, merry May - merry, merry May,
All the year is merry, merry May.

"The Mikado"

THE MOON AND I

The sun, whose rays Are all ablaze With ever living glory,
 Does not deny His majesty He scorns to tell a story!
 He don't exclaim "I blush for shame, So kindly be indulgent"
 But, Fierce and bold, In fiery gold, He glories all effulgent!
 I mean to rule the earth, As he the sky,
 We really know our worth , The sun and I!
 I mean to rule the earth, as He the sky,
 We really know our worth, The sun and I!

Observe his flame, That placid dame, The moon's Celestial
 Highness
 There's not a trace Upon her face Of diffidence or shyness.
 She borrows light That, Thro' the night, Mankind may all
 acclaim her!
 And, truth to tell, She lights up well, So, I, for one,
 don't blame her.
 Ah, pray make no mistake, We are not shy;
 We're very wide awake - The moon and I!
 Ah, pray make no mistake, We are not shy;
 We're very wide awake - The moon and I.

"The Mikado"

MY OBJECT ALL SUBLIME

My object all sublime
I shall achieve in time
To let the punishment fit the crime,
The punishment fit the crime;
And make each pris'ner pent
Unwillingly represent
A source of innocent merriment,
Of innocent merriment!

"Patience"

PRITHEE, PRETTY MAIDEN

Prithee, pretty maiden, prithee, tell me true
 (Hey, but I'm doleful, willow willow waly!)
 Have you e'er a lover adangling after you?
 Hey willow waly O!
 I would fain discover If you have a lover!
 Hey, willow waly O!

(Grosvenor)

Gentle sir, my heart is frolicsome and free
 (Hey, but he's doleful, willow willow waly!)
 Nobody I care for comes a-courting me
 Hey willow waly O!
 Comes a-courting therefore
 Hey, willow waly O!

(Patience)

Prithee, pretty maiden, will you marry me?
 (Hey, but I'm hopeful, willow willow waly!)
 I may say, at once, I'm a man of propertee
 Hey willow waly O!
 Money, I despise it; Many people prize it,
 Hey, willow waly O!

(Grosvenor)

Gentle sir, although to marry I design
 (Hey, but he's hopeful, willow waly!)
 As yet I do not know you, and so I must decline,
 Hey willow waly O!
 To other maidens go you As yet I do not know you,
 Hey, willow waly O!

(Patience)

Patience"

SILVER'D IS THE RAVEN HAIR

2
 Silvered is the raven hair,
 Spreading is the parting straight,
 Mottled the complexion fair
 Halting is the youthful gait,
 Hollow is the laughter free,
 Spectacled the limpid eye
 Little will be left of me
 In the coming bye and bye!

Little will be left of me
 In the coming bye and bye.

1.
 Fading is the taper waist
 Shapeless grows the shapely limb,
 And although severely laced,
 Spreading is the figure trim
 Stouter than I used to be,
 Still more corpulent grow I
 There will be too much of me
 In the coming bye and bye

There will be too much of me
 In the coming bye and bye.

"The Gondoliers"

THERE LIVED A KING

There lived a King, as I've been told, (Don Alhambra)
In the wonder-working days of old,
When hearts were twice as good as gold,
And twenty-times as mellow.

Good temper triumphed in his face
And in his heart he found a place
For all the erring human race,
And ev'ry wretched fellow.

When he had Rhenish wine to drink
It made him very sad to think
That some, at junket or at jink,
Must be content with toddy,

(Marco & Giuseppe)

With toddy must be content with todgy.
He wished all men as rich as he
(And he was rich as rich could be)

(Don Alhambra)

So to the top of ev'ry tree
Promoted ev'rybody.

Now, that's the kind of King for me
He wished all men as rich as he,
So to the top of ev'ry tree
Promoted ev'rybody.

(Marco & Giuseppe)

Lord Chancellors were cheap as sprats
And Bishops in their shovel hats
Were plentiful as tabby cats
In point of fact, too many.

(Don Alhambra)

Ambassadors cropped up like hay,
Prime Ministers and such as they
Grew like asparagus in May
And Dukes were three a penny.

On ev'ry side Field Marshals gleam'd,
Small beer were Lrds Lieutenant deem'd,
With Admirals the ocean teem'd
All around his wide dominions.

(M. & G.)

With Admirals around his wide
dominions.

And Party Leaders you might meet
In twos and threes in ev'ry street
Maintaining with no little heat,
Their various opinions.

(D. A.)

Now that's a sight you couldn't beat
Two Party Leaders in each street
Maintaining with no little heat,
Their various opinions!

(M. & G.)

There lived a King - #2.

That King, although no one denies
His heart was of abnormal size,
Yet he'd have acted otherwise,
If he had been acuter.
The end is easily foretold,
When ev'ry blessed thing you hold
Is made of silver, or of gold,
You long for simple pewter.
When you have nothing else to wear
But cloth of gold and satins rare,
For cloth of gold you cease to care,
Up goes to price of shoddy.
Of shoddy - up goes the price of shoddy.

(D. A.)

(M. & G.)
(M. & G.)

In short, whoever you may be,
To this conclusion you'll agree,
When everyone is somebodee,
Then no one's any body!

(D. A.)

Now that's as plain as plain can be
To this conclusion we agree
When everyone is somebodee
Then no one's an-y-bod-y!

"The Mikado"

TIT WILLOW

On a tree by a river a little Tom Tit Sang
 Willow, Tit-Willow, Tit-Willow!
 And I said to him, Dicky bird, why do you sit singing
 Willow, Tit-Willow, Tit-Willow!
 "Is it weakness of intellect birdie? I cried,
 Or a rather tough worm in your little inside?"
 With a shake of his poor little head he replied,
 "Oh Willow, Tit-Willow, Tit-Willow!"

He slapp'd at his chest as he sat on that bough, singing
 "Willow, Tit-Willow, Tit-Willow!"
 And a cold perspiration bespangled his brow,
 "Oh Willow, Tit-Willow, Tit-Willow!"
 He sobb'd and he sigh'd, and a gurgle he gave,
 Then he threw himself into a billowy wave,
 And an echo arose from the suicide's grave,
 "Oh Willow, Tit-Willow, Tit-Willow!"

Now I feel just as sure as I'm sure that my name
 Isn't "Willow, Tit-Willow, Tit-Willow!"
 That 'twas blighted affection that made him exclaim,
 "Oh Willow, Tit-Willow, Tit-Willow!"
 And if you remain callous and obdurate,
 I shall perish as he did, and you will know why,
 Tho' I probably shall not exclaim when I die,
 "Oh Willow, Tit-Willow, Tit-Willow!"

'The Mikado'.

A WAND'RING MINSTREL I

A. Wand'ring Minstrel I, a thing of shreds and patches, (brightly)
Of ballads, songs and snatches, And dreamy lullaby!
My catalogue is long, Thro" ev'ry passion ranging,
And to your humours changing I tune my supple song!
I tune my supple song!

Are you in sentimental mood? I'll sigh with you, (Andante con
Oh, -- -- sorrow! expressione)
On maiden's coldness do you brood? I'll do so, too,
Oh, -- sorrow, sorrow!
I'll charm your willing ears with songs of lover's fears,
While sympathetic tears My checks bedew!
Oh, -- -- sorrow, sorrow!

But if patriotic sentiment is wanted, (Allegro
I've Patriotic ballads cut and dried; Moderato)
For where'er our country's banner may be planted,
All other local banners are defied!
Our warriors in serried ranks assembled,
Never quail, or they conceal it if they do,
And I shouldn't be surprised if nations trembled
before the mighty troops, the troops of Ti-ti-pu!

And if you call for a song of the sea (Allegro
We'll heave the capstan round, non troppo)
With a Yeo, heave ho, for the wind is free,
her anchors a trip, and her helm's a lee,
Hurrah for the homeward bound!
To lay a loft in a howling breeze
may tickle a land's-man's taste,
But the happiest hour a sailor sees is
when he's down at an inland town,
With his Nancy on his knees,
Yea, Ho! And his arm around her waist!

A Wand'ring Minstrel I, a thing of shreds and patches (Allegretto)
Of ballads, songs and snatches, And dreamy lullaby -
And dreamy lullaby lullaby.

