



THE  
CAMP CHOCONUT  

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SONG BOOK



Compiled and Re-Edited by Ellen Loerke 1991  
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## CHOCONUT SONGBOOK

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**PACKETY PACK**

words by Uncle Hutch

1.

Take out your sleeping bag and pack  
And be prepared for a sore back.  
We're going for a little hike  
up on the Friendsville Turnpike.

CHORUS:

Packety pack now pack that pack, cause we aint never  
coming back. Take out your compass and your map.  
Packety pack now pack that pack.

2.

Purtle's Peak and Traver's Quarry,  
We'll hit Salt Springs now don't you worry.  
Kiss Mrs. Mim's cooking goodby,  
We'll live on trail-packs 'til we die.

CHORUS

**CANOE SONG**

My paddle's keen and bright  
Flashing with silver.  
Follow the wild goose flight,  
flies,  
Dip, dip and swing.

Dip, dip and swing her back  
Flashing with silver.  
Swift as the wild goose  
  
Dip, dip and swing.

**CAISSONS**

Over hill, over dale, as we hit the dusty trail,  
And the caissons go rolling along.  
In and out, hear them shout, counter march and right about,  
And the caissons go rolling along.

Chorus: So it's hi, hi hee! in the field artillery. Count out your  
numbers loud and strong (one! two! For where'er you go, you  
will always know, That those caissons go rolling along.

Was it high, was it low, where the heck did that one go?  
As those caissons go rolling along.  
Was it left, was it right, now we won't get home tonight,  
As the caissons go rolling along.

## GOOBER PEAS

Sitting by the roadside on a summer day  
Chatting with my messmates, passing time away.  
Lying in the shadow underneath the trees,  
Goodness, how delicious, eating goober peas!  
Chorus: Peas! Peas! Peas! Peas! eating goober peas!  
Goodness, how delicious, eating goober peas!

When a horseman passes, the solders have a rule,  
To cry out at their loudest, "Mister here's your mule."  
But another pleasure more enchanting than these,  
is wearing out your grinders, eating goober peas!

Just before the battle, the general hears a row,  
He says, "The Yanks are coming, I hear their rifles now,  
He turns around in wonder, and what do you think he sees?  
The Georgia Militia, eating goober peas!

I think my song has lasted almost long enough,  
The subject's interesting, but rhymes are mighty rough.  
I wish this war was over, when free from rags and fleas,  
We'd kiss our wives and sweethearts and gobble goober peas!

## TOM DOOLEY

### Chorus

Hang down your head, Tom Dooley,  
Hang down your head, and cry,  
Hang down your head, Tom Dooley,  
Poor boy, you're bound to die.

### 1.

I met her on the mountain,  
And there I took her life;  
Met her on the mountain,  
And stabbed her with my knife.

### 2.

This time tomorrow,  
Reckon where I'll be?  
If it hadn'ta been for Grayson,  
I'd-a be in Tennessee.

### 3.

This time tomorrow,  
Reckon where I'll be?  
Down in some lonesome valley,  
A-hangin' from a white oak tree.

## FROM EAST TO WEST

From East to West,  
Choconut is the best.  
(repeat)

From Moon to Sun,  
Choconut is number one.  
(repeat)

From tree to tree,  
Choconut is you and me.  
(repeat)

From town to town,  
Choconut is gettin' down.  
(repeat)

From land to land,  
Choconut is run by Ham.  
(repeat)

lyrics compiled by: Brian Rick  
1985

## STREETS OF LAREDO

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

"Oh, beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly;  
Play the Death March as you carry me along.  
Take me to the green valley there lay the sod o'er me,  
For I'm a young cowboy; I know I've done wrong."

"I see by your outfit that you are a cowboy,"  
These words he did say as I boldly stepped by.  
"Come, sit down beside me and hear my sad story;  
I was shot in the breast and I know I must die.

"Let sixteen gamblers come handle my coffin;  
Let sixteen cowboys come sing me a song.  
Take me to the graveyard and lay the sod o'er me,  
For I'm a young cowboy; I know I've done wrong.

"It was once in the saddle I used to go dashing,  
It was once in the saddle I used to be gay;  
First to the dram-house and then to the card-house;  
Got shot in the breast, I am dying today.

"Go gather around you a crowd of young cowboys  
And tell them the story of this, my sad fate,  
Tell one and the other before they go further  
To stop their wild roving before 'tis too late.

"Go fetch me a cup, a cup of cold water  
To cool my parched lips," the poor cowboy said.  
Before I returned, the spirit had left him,  
And gone to its Maker. The cowboy was dead.

We beat the drum slowly and played the fife lowly,  
And bitterly wept as we bore him along;  
For we all loved our comrade so brave, young and handsome;  
We all loved our comrade although he'd done wrong.

## GIRLS CAN NEVER CHANGE THEIR NATURE

tune: Silver Threads Among the Gold

Girls can never change their nature; that is quite beyond their reach.  
If a girl is born a lemon, she can never be a peach.  
But the law of compensation is the one I always preach,  
You can always squeeze a lemon, but just try to squeeze a peach. But  
you can try!

## THE SAD MILLIONAIRE

by Peter D. Robinson '82

### Chorus

I'm south of the border, just crossed the Grand  
And I can't stop this itch  
My pockets are heavy; each is ten million rich  
But money, Mom said, is evil's root and won't  
Work with just one stitch.

1. Oh, Julio trailed me miles to the line  
And wouldn't give up  
When he saw my emeralds, diamond ring and gold cup  
He hid in the bush but felt himself pushed  
By ants on a branch!
2. As Rafael took my path in the sand  
I could feel his cold breath  
It was one of us--to the death!  
He then made a break, but slid on a snake  
And rolled eight feet cold.
3. If Rodriguez wasn't ten feet behind, I would bite off my toe.  
They called him the fiercest bandit in Mexico He grabbed at my  
back and pulled off my pack And spied the lice inside.
4. But Estaban took the sneakiest path Round a prickly pear  
The sun was so hot, to get shade I sat down there He grabbed  
all my cash, but got a cash rash  
And sneezed till he wheezed
5. He screamed and he cried (What a fool!)  
Cowered and crouched (Bit the dust!)  
Tripped and flipped  
Somersaulted through sandy hill sides,  
Purple pickers, forest fires--he was dead.
6. I gave up the fight. The money was there,  
But the cost was too much.  
A boy came along with bandages and crutch  
I gave him the money: twenty million and a penny  
He flew to the moon.  
I'm south of the border, just crossed the Grand  
Where the crocuses sing.  
My pockets have holes, here's to air conditioning.  
For money, Mom said, is evil's root,  
And won't give you one darn thing.

## WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE DRUNKEN SAILOR?

1. What shall we do with the drunken sailor? (3 times) Early in the morning?

Chorus: Hoo-ray and up she rises; hoo-ray and up she rises; Hoo-ray and up she rises, early in the morning.

2. Put him in the long boat till he's sober, (3 times).. .Chorus.

3. Pull out the plug and wet him all over, (3 times). ..Chorus.

4. Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him, (3 times)..

Chorus.

5. Heave him by the leg with a runnin' bowline, (3 times)...Chorus.

6. What shall we do with the drunken sailor? (3 times).. Chorus.

## NOW THE DAY IS OVER

1. Now the day is over,  
Night is drawing nigh,  
Shadows of the evening  
Steal across the sky.

2. Now the darkness gathers,  
Stars begin to peep,  
Birds and beasts and flowers  
Soon will be asleep.

3. Jesus, give the weary  
Calm and sweet repose;  
With thy tenderest blessing  
May our eyelids close.

4. Grant to little children  
Visions bright of thee;  
Guard the sailors tossing  
On the deep blue sea.

5. Comfort every sufferer  
Watching late in pain;  
Those who plan some evil  
From their sin restrain.

6. Through the long night watches  
May thine Angels spread  
Their white wings above me  
Watching round my bed.

7. When the morning wakens,  
Then may I arise  
Pure, and fresh, and sinless  
In thy holy eyes.

8. Glory to the Father, Glory to the Son, And  
to thee, blest Spirit, Whilst all ages  
run. Amen

Sabine Baring-Gould

**IT'S HOG CALLIN' TIME IN THE OZARKS**

(Repeat)

**HE'S HIS OWN GRANPAW**

1.

Now many, many years ago when I was twenty-three,  
I was married to a widder who was pretty as can be.  
This widow had a growing daughter that had hair of red,  
My father fell in love with her and soon the two were wed.

Chorus

2.

This made my Dad my son-in-law and changed my very life.  
My daughter was my mother cause she was my father's wife,  
To complicate the matter even tho it brought me joy,  
I soon became the father of a bouncing baby boy.

Chorus

3.

My little baby then became the brother-in-law to Dad,  
And so became my Uncle tho it made me very sad.  
For if he was my uncle, that also made him brother,  
Of the widow's grown-up daughter who of course was my step mother

Chorus

4.

My father's wife she had a son who kept him on the run,  
And he became my Grandchild for he was my daughter's son.  
My wife is now my mother's mother and it makes me blue,  
because although she is my wife.. she's my grandmother too..

Chorus

5.

Now if my wife is my grandmother, then I'm her grandchild.  
And every time I think of it:, it nearly drives me wild.  
For now I have become the strangest case you ever saw.  
As husband of my grandmother I am my own GRANPAW....

Chorus

I'm my own Granpaw,  
He's his own granpaw. .  
It sounds funny I know,  
but it really is so....  
for I'm my own granpaw.

## HEY-HO ROUND

Hey-ho, Nobody home, Meat nor drink nor money have I none!

Yet, I will be me-e-e-e~e-rry!

## TAPS

Day is done, Gone the sun, From the Lake, From the hills,  
From the sky. All is well, Safely rest, God is nigh.

## KUM BA YAH

Kum ba yah, my Lord, Kum ba yah. 1. Someone's crying, Lord, Kum ba yah.

Kum ba yah, my Lord, Kum ba yah. 2. Someone's singing, Lord, Kum ba yah.

Kum ba yah, my Lord, Kum ba yah. 3. Someone's praying, Lord, Kum ba yah.

Oh Lord, Kum ba yah.

## THE WORM SONG

Sing three times:

Nobody loves me, everybody hates me, guess I'll go eat worms:

Big fat juicy worms, itty bitty squishy worms, see how they wiggle and squirm.

Oh, bite their heads off, suck their juice out, throw their skins away---  
Nobody knows how man can thrive on worms three times a day.

Refrain: Bodoskideetendoten what I can chew  
itten bitten little bitten bodoskideetendoten what I can chew.  
Ishbidiliotendoten bodoskideetendoten what I can chew!

## WILD ROVER

1.

I've been a wild rover  
for many a year,  
And I've spent me money  
on whiskey and beer.

But now I'll give over,  
me money I'll store,  
And I will never play the  
Wild Rover no more.

2.

I went to a toilet,  
I used to frequent,  
And told the attendant  
me penny was bent.  
I asked him for credit,  
he showed me his mitt.  
And he said, "In my toilet  
you'll get no credit."

Chorus

And its no, nay never;  
noo-o no, never no more.  
Will I play the Wild Rover;  
no never no more!

3.

Then out of my pocket,  
I drew coins of gold.  
"I have plenty of money,"  
the attendant I told.  
At the sight of my money his  
eyes grew bright,  
And he said, "We'll make an  
exception tonight." Chorus

4.

I'll go home to my parents,  
tell them what I've done.  
And ask them to pardon their  
prodigal son.  
And if they forgive me like  
they've done before,  
Then I never will play the  
Wild Rover no more! Chorus

## THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND

As I was walking that ribbon of  
highway,  
I saw above me the endless skyway,  
I saw below me a golden valley:

Chorus

This land was made for you and me.  
This land is your land, this land  
is my land,  
From California to the New York  
Island,  
From the Redwood Forest, to the  
Gulf Stream waters:  
This land was made for you and me.

2.

I roamed and rambled, and I  
followed my footsteps,  
O'er the sparkling sands of  
her diamond deserts,  
And all around me this voice was  
calling: Chorus

3.

I followed your low hills, and I  
followed your cliff rims,  
Your marble canyons and sunny  
bright waters,  
This voice came calling as the fog  
was lifting: Chorus

4.

As the sun was a-shining and I was  
strolling,  
Through the wheat fields waving  
and the dust clouds rolling,  
I could feel inside me and see  
all around me: Chorus

**WHO THREW THE OVERALLS  
IN MISTRESS MURPHY'S  
CHOWDER?**

1.

Mistress Murphy gave a party  
just about a week ago.  
Everything was plentiful  
the Murphy's they're not slow  
They treated us like gentlemen;  
we tried to act the same,  
And only for what happened,  
was an awful shame.  
When Mrs. Murphy dished the  
chowder out she fainted on  
the spot;  
She found a pair of overalls at  
the bottom of the pot.  
Tim Noland he got ripping mad,  
his eyes were bulging out,  
He jumped upon the piano  
and loudly he did shout:

Chorus

Who threw the overalls  
in Mrs. Murphy's chowder?  
Nobody spoke so he shouted  
all the louder.  
Its an Irish trick that's true  
I can lick the man that threw  
The overalls in Mrs. Murphy's chowder.

2.

They dragged the pants from out  
the soup and laid them on the floor;  
Each man swore upon his life, he'd  
ne'er seen them before.  
They were plastered up with mortar  
and were worn out at the knee,  
They had their many ups and downs  
as we could plainly see.  
And when Mrs. Murphy she came to  
she 'gan to cry and pout,  
She had them in the wash that day  
and forgot to take them out.  
Tim Noland, he excused himself for  
what he said that night,  
seat,  
So we put music to the words and  
sang with all our might. Chorus

**THE DESPERADO**

1.

He was a desperado from the  
wild and woolly West,  
He came East to Chicago just to  
give the West a rest.  
He wore a big sombrero and a  
gun beneath his vest,  
And everywhere he went he gave  
His War Whoop!

Chorus

He was a brave, bold man and a:  
Desperado,  
From Cripple Creek, way down in  
Colorado,  
And he walked around like a:  
Big tornado,  
And everywhere he went he gave  
His War Whoop!

2.

He went to Coney Island just to  
take in all the sights,  
He saw the hootchie-Kootchie and  
the girls all dressed in tights  
He got so darned excited that he  
shot out all the lights,  
And everywhere he went he gave  
His War Whoop! Chorus

3.

A great big fat policeman was  
a-walking down his beat,  
He saw the desperado come a-  
Walking down the street.  
He grabbed him by the whiskers,  
and he grabbed him by the  
And threw him where he wouldn't  
give His War Whoop! Chorus

## MINGULAY BOAT SONG

### Chorus

Heal your oars boys,  
let her go boys.  
Swing her head round, and all  
together,  
Heel your oars boys,  
let her go boys.  
Sailing homeward to Mingulay.

1.

What care we boys for winch  
or leather,

What care we boys, for wind  
weather Chorus

2.

Wives are waiting, by the harbor,  
They've been waiting since  
Break of day. Chorus

3.

Wives are waiting, by the harbor,  
As the sun sets on Mingulay.  
Chorus

## WHERE HAVE ALL THE FLOWERS GONE?

1.

Where have all the flowers gone?  
Long time passing.  
Where have all the flowers gone?  
Long time ago.  
Where have all the flowers gone?  
Gone to young girls every one;  
When will they ever learn?  
When will they ever learn?

2.

Where have all the young girls  
gone?  
Gone to young men every one. or

3.

Where have all the young men gone?  
Gone to soldiers every one.

4.

Where have all the soldiers gone?  
Gone to graveyards every one.

5.

Where have all the flowers gone?  
Gone to young girls every  
one.

## IF I HAD A HAMMER

1. If I had a hammer, I'd hammer in the morning.  
I'd hammer in the evening, all over this land;  
I'd hammer out danger, I'd hammer out warning;  
I'd hammer out love between my brothers and my sisters, all over  
this land.
2. If I had a bell, I'd ring it in the morning.
3. If I had a song, I'd sing it in the morning. .
4. Now I've got a hammer, And I've got a bell.  
And I've got a song to sing all over this land;  
It's the hammer of justice, it's the bell of freedom,  
It's the song of the love between my brothers and my sisters, all  
over  
this land.

## FIVE HUNDRED MILES

1.

If you miss the train I'm on,  
You will know that I am gone,  
You can hear the whistle blow,  
One hundred miles.

One hundred miles, 100 miles,  
100 miles, 100 miles,  
You can hear the whistle blow  
One hundred miles.

2.

Lord, I'm one, Lord, I'm two,  
Lord I'm three, Lord, I'm four,  
Lord I'm 500 miles from my home,  
home,  
500 miles, 500 miles,  
500 miles, 500 miles,  
Lord I'm 500 miles from my home.

3.

Not a shirt on my back,  
Not a penny to my name,  
Lord, I can't go back this-a-way.

This-a-way, this-a-way,  
Lord, I can't go back home  
this-a-way.

(Repeat chorus "500 miles")

## THE SLOOP JOHN B

1.

We come on the sloop John "B",  
My grandfather and me,  
Around Nassau town we did roam,  
Drinking all night  
we got into a fight,  
I feel so break-up,  
I want to go home.

Chorus

So hoist up the John B sails,  
See how the mains'l sets,  
Send for the captain ashore,  
Let me go home,  
Let me go home! I want to go  
I feel so break-up,  
I want to go home.

2.

The first mate he got drunk,  
He broke up the people's trunk,  
Constable had to come  
and take him away,  
Mr. Johnstone, please let me alone  
I feel so break-up.  
I want to go home.

3.

The cook he got the fits,  
He ate up all of my grits,  
Then he come and ate up  
all of my corn,

Let me go home! I want to go home,  
This is the worst trip  
I've ever been on.

**THE LAST LONG MILE**

1.

Oh, they put me in the Army and  
they handed me a pack,  
They took away my nice new clothes  
and dolled me up in tack,  
They marched me twenty miles a day  
to fit me for the war,  
I didn't miss the first nineteen,  
but the last one made me sore.

Chorus

Oh, it's not the pack that you  
carry on your back,  
Nor the Springfield on your shoulder,  
Nor the five inch crust of  
coffee colored dust  
That makes you feel your  
limbs are growing older.  
And it's not the hike on the hard  
turnpike, that wipes away your smile;  
Nor the socks of sisters  
that raise the blooming blisters,  
It's the last long mile! Chorus

2.

Some day they'll send us over and  
they'll put us in the trench,  
Taking pop shots at the Fritzes  
with the Tommys and the French,  
And someday we'll be marching  
through a town across the Rhine  
And then you bet we'll all forget  
these mournful words of mine.

Chorus

3.

Oh, they put us on the Salt Springs  
hike and handed us a pack,  
They took away our nice new clothes  
and dolled us up in tack,  
marched us twenty miles a day  
  
to fit us for the chore,  
We didn't mind the first nineteen,  
but the last one made us sore.

Chorus

**DRILL YE TARRIERS,**

1.

Every morning at seven o'clock  
There were twenty tarrriers  
a working at the rock,  
And the boss comes along  
And he says, keep still,  
And comes down heavy on the  
cast iron drill,

Chorus

And drill, ye tarrriers, drill!  
Drill, ye tarrriers, drill!  
It's work all day for some  
sugar in your tay,  
Down behind the old railway,  
And drill, ye tarrriers, drill,  
and blast, and fire!

2.

The boss was a fine man down  
to the ground,  
And he married a lady  
six feet round,  
She baked good bread  
And she cooked it well,  
But she baked it hard as the  
holes of hell.  
... Chorus

3.

The new foreman was Jean McCann,  
by Cod, he was a blast mean man  
Last week a premature blast  
went off,  
And a mile in the air went  
Big Jim Goff.

4.

When the next pay day came  
around, Jim Goff a dollar  
short was found;  
When he asked, what for,  
Came this reply:  
You're docked for the time  
you was in the sky!

... Chorus

## BARLOW SONG

1. Were living here at Camp Choconut,  
Along with Barney and the little Black mutt,  
At milk shakes they are doing fine,  
Filling up cups,  
Standing in line.
2. Oh, the campers play the flour bomb war, And the team at Forest  
Landing scores more, But the others didn't even know, They thought  
they were fast, but they were slow.
3. And so the plaques hang on the wall,  
And the Grosses still are not very tall,  
But for counselors its a job that's real---  
No Pepsi or Coke,  
But very good meals.
4. And the campfire is burning down, And were taking all the wood from  
the ground, And there's the stinking Brent Knarr--Me fell asleep,  
he crashed the car.

By John Barlow '84 '85, August 15, 1985

## PATSY OREE-AY

1851, American railroad had just begun  
American railroad just begun  
Workin' on the railroad.

Chorus:

Pat-sy-o-ree-o-ree-ay  
Pat-sy-o-ree-o-ree-ay,  
Pat -sy-o -ree-o-ree-ay,  
work in' on the railroad.

1852 looking for something to do:  
1853 railroad company accepted me:  
1854 found my back was mighty sore:  
1855 found myself more dedd than alive:  
1856 stepped on a pile of dynamite sticks:  
1857 found myself on the way to heaven:  
1858 pickin' the lock at the pearly gate:  
1859 floating around on the clouds sublime:

**THE CRAZY SONG**

Chorus:

Boom, boom, ain't it great to be  
crazy,  
Boom, boom, ain't it great to be  
crazy?  
Silly and foolish all day long,  
Boom, boom ain't it great to be  
crazy!

1.

A horsey and a flea and three  
blind mice,  
Sittin' on a tombstone shootin'  
dice,  
The horsey slipped and fell on  
the flee,  
Qoops, said the flea, there's a  
Horsey on me! . . . Chorus:

2.

Way down south where bananas  
grow,  
A flea stepped on an elephant's  
toe.  
The elephant cried out with tears  
in its eyes,  
Pick on someone your own size!

Chorus:

3.

Sonny, sonny, he sells socks:  
A dollar a pair and ten cents a box,  
The longer you wear them the  
shorter they get,  
And if you put them in water  
they  
don't  
get  
wet

Chorus:

**THE BOMB SONG**

1.

In an anarchist's garret,  
so lowly and so mean,  
Oh, smell the pungent odor  
of nitroglycerine;  
They're busy making fuses, and  
filling cans with nails,  
And the little Slavic children  
set up this mournful wail:

2.

Oh, it's Sister Jenny's turn  
to throw the bomb'  
The last one it was thrown by  
Brother Tom;  
Poor Mama's aim is bad and the  
Copskys all know Dad,  
So it's Sister Jenny's turn to  
throw the bomb.

3.

Sister Jenny took the bomb  
and started off,  
"Oh, mind you now," said Mama,  
"to blow up Templehoff."  
And so the party waited, while  
the dawn turned into day,  
And the little Slavic children  
set up this mournful wail:

4.

Oh, it's Brother Ivanoitch's  
turn to throw the bomb.  
Sister Jenny's gone the way of  
Brother Tom;  
Poor Mama's aim is bad and the  
Copsky's all know Dad,  
So it's Brother Ivanovitch's  
turn to throw the bomb.

## THE SHIP TITANIC

Oh, they built the ship Titanic to sail the ocean blue, And they thought they had a ship that the water would never leak through, But the Lord's almighty hand knew the ship would never land;

Chorus: It was sad when the great ship went down.  
Oh, it was sad, Lord, sad (repeat); it was sad when the great ship went down, to the bottom of the (sea):  
Husbands and wives, little children lost their lives,  
It was sad when the great ship went down.

Oh, they sailed from England, and were almost to the shore, When the rich refused to associate with the poor, So they put them down below, where they were the first to go. . . Chorus

The boat was full of sin, and the sides about to burst, When the captain shouted, "A-women and children first!"  
Oh, the captain tried to wire, but the lines were all on fire Chorus

Oh, they swung the lifeboats out o'er the deep and raging sea, When the band struck up with "A-Nearer My God To Thee;"  
Little children wept and cried, as the waves swept o'er the side. . .  
Chorus

Oh, they were not far from Windsor, and heading for a tree  
When John Hamilton's crew wouldn't paddle on the lee;  
Old Philsy nearly died when they hit the bottom side. . . Chorus

## JOHN JACOB JINGLEHEIMER SCHMIDT

John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmidt, his name is my name too.  
Whenever we go out, the people always shout,  
Hey, John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmidt!  
da-da-da-da-da

## SHE'LL BE COMIN' 'ROUND THE MOUNTAIN

1. She'll be comm' 'round the mountain when she comes. toot toot  
(twice) She'll be comm' 'round the mountain when she comes,  
(twice) She'll be comm' 'round the mountain when she comes. Toot toot.
2. Singing ki-yi-yippy yippi-yay. Yippe-yay.. (etc.)
3. She'll be driving six white horses when she comes, whoa-back!
4. Oh, we'll all go out to meet her when she comes. Hi, Babe!
5. Oh, we'll kill the old read rooster when she comes. Hack, hack.
6. Oh, we'll all have chicken and dumplings when she comes. Yum, yum.
7. She'll be wearing red pajamas when she comes. Scratch, scratch.
8. Oh, she'll have to sleep with Grandma when she comes. Snore, snore.
9. Oh, we'll all be on the Villa Party when she comes. CAUGHT CAUGHT CAUGHT!

## THE M.T.A.

1.

Let me tell you a story  
'bout a man named Charley,  
On that tragic and fateful day,  
He put ten cents in his pocket,  
Kissed his wife and family,  
Went to ride on the M.T.A.

Chorus

But did he ever return?  
No, he never returned,  
And his fate is still unlearned,  
He may ride for ever  
'neath the streets of Boston,  
He's the man who never returned.

2.

Charley put in his dime at the  
Kendall Square Station,  
Made to change for Jamaica Plains,  
When he got there, the conductor  
told him: "One more nickel!"  
Charley couldn't get off of that  
train.

3.

Well, all night long Chancy  
rides through the station,  
Crying "What will become of me?"  
How can I afford to see my sister  
in Chelsea  
Or my cousin in Roxbury.

4.

Charley's wife goes down to the  
Scully Square Station,  
Every day at a quarter past two,  
And through the open window she  
hands Charlie a sandwich<sub>1</sub> as the  
Train comes rumbling through.

5.

Now you citizens of Boston, don't  
you think it's a scandal, how  
The people have to pay and pay?  
Fight the fare increase! Vote for  
George O'Brien!  
Get poor Charlie off the M.T.A.

## WHEN THE SAINTS GO MARCHING IN

Oh, when the Saints go marching in,  
Oh, when the Saints go marching in,  
Lord, I want to be in that number,  
When the Saints go marching in.

2.And when the sun begins to shine...  
3.And when the new world is revealed...  
4.And when the Saints go marching in...

## THE CAMPERS RAG

1.

Well c'mon all you big s-rong men  
Uncle Ham needs your help again.  
He's got himself in a terrible rut  
Way down yonder in Choconut.

So put down your shovel and  
pick up a pack,  
"Cause we ain't never coming back!  
Chorus

2.

Well come counselors, gotta move fast  
your day off has come at last!  
Go to Binghamton, drink some booze,  
Come back home and have a snooze!  
6 days of Choconut seems too much,  
'Cause you find out that you're  
Losing your touch! Chorus

3.

Well c 'mon campers, don't move slow,  
This is your chance to really go.  
Have a raid every other night,  
Throw the batteries from your  
flashlight!  
Get your counselors when you can,  
But, don't get caught by Ham.  
Chorus

4.

Mothers, fathers throughout the land,  
Send your sons to Uncle Ham!  
Swimming, boating, fishing too,  
Rebuild cabins with nails and glue.  
They'll be having lots of fun,  
Just sitting there under the Sun!  
Chorus

Chorus

And its 12-3 what are we hiking for? Don't ask me, I just don't care; next stop is  
the Delaware! And it's 5, 6, 7, hurry up don't be late. Pick up your stuff and come  
on the run! We're going to have a whole lot of fun!

## BLOWIN' IN THE WIND

1.

How many roads must a man walk  
down before you can call him a man,  
Yes, 'n' how many seas must a white  
dove sail before she can sleep  
in the sand,  
Yes, 'n' how many times must the  
cannon balls fly before they're  
forever banned?  
The answer, my friend, is blowin'  
in the wind:  
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

2.

How many times must a man look up  
before he can see the sky,

How many ears must one man have  
before he can hear people cry,  
How many deaths will it take till  
he knows that too many people  
have died?

3.

How many years can some people  
exist before they're allowed to  
be free,  
How many times can a man turn his  
head pretending he just doesn't  
see?

## A-ROVING

1.

In Plymouth town  
there lived a maid,  
Bless you, fair maiden;  
in Plymouth town  
there lived a maid,  
Mark well what I do say;  
In Plymouth town  
there lived a maid,  
And she was mistress of  
her trade,  
I'll go no more a roving,  
with you, fair maid.

Chorus:

A-roving, a-roving  
Since roving's been my ru-i-n;  
I'll go no more a-roving,  
with you, fair maid.

2.

I took this fair maid  
for a walk. . .  
And we had such a loving talk. . .

3.

Oh, I didn't tell her  
stories too. . .  
Of the gold I found in  
Timbuktoo. . .

4.

Her eyes are like  
two stars so bright. . .  
Her face is fair,  
her step is light. . .

## DUNDERBECK'S MACHINE

Chorus

Dunderbeck, Oh Dunderbeck,  
how could you be so mean,  
To ever have invented the  
sausage-meat machine,  
For all the cats and dogs and rats  
will never more be seen,  
They've all been ground to sausage  
meat in Dunderbeck's machine.

1.

One day a boy came walking,  
a walking in the store,  
He bought a pound of s~usage and  
laid them on the floor,  
Then he began to whistle and he  
whistled up a tune,  
And all the little sausages  
went dancing 'round the room.

Chorus

2.

One day the thing got busted,  
it refuse to go.  
And Dunderbeck climbed in it,  
the reason for to know,  
His wife she came a walking,  
a walking in her sleep,  
She gave the crank a heck of a  
yank, and Dunderbeck was 'neat.

Chorus

## THE CAT CAME BACK

### Chorus

The cat came back the very next day, Oh the cat came back. They  
thought he was a goner, but the cat came back. He just couldn't stay,  
away. . away. . away, yeah. . yeah. . yeah.

1.

Old man Johnson had problems of his own,  
A great big yellow cat that would not leave his home  
He tried and he tried to give that cat away,  
He gave him to a man going far, far away,  
but. . . Chorus

2.

He gave him to a man going far out to the West,  
He told him to give him to the one he loved the best,  
The train jumped the track and then it left the rail,  
There is no one alive today to tell the gruesome tale,  
but. . . Chorus

3.

The man around the corner said he'd shoot that cat on site, He loaded  
up his shotgun with nails and dynamite, He waited and he waited for  
that cat to come around, but ninety-seven pieces of man are all they  
ever found, and. . Chorus

4.

He gave it to a little boy with a dollar note,  
He told him to take it down to the river in a boat,  
He tied a rock around its neck, it must have weighed 100 pounds,  
And now they drag the river for the little boy that drowned,  
but. . . Chorus

5.

He gave it to a man going up in a balloon,  
He told him to give it to the man in the moon,  
The balloon came down about ninety miles away,  
And where that man is I can't say today  
but. . . Chorus

6.

The A-bomb fell just the other day . . .  
The H-bomb fell in the very same way. . .  
England went. . .Russia went. . .  
and then the U.S.A.  
All mankind was destroyed without a chance to pray  
but. . . Chorus

## MOUNTAIN DEW

1.

First you get a lot of trash and mix it with some hash And put it in  
an old rubber shoe,  
Then you get a rusty file, and you stir it 'round a while And that's  
how you make that Good old' Mountain Dew.

Chorus

Oh, the call it that good old Mountain Dew, And them that refuse  
it are few,  
I'll Hush my Mug, if you 'll fill up my Jug With that good old  
Mountain Dew!

2.

Down the road here from me there's an old holler tree Where you lay  
down a dollar or two.  
You walk around the bend, And you come back again There's a jug of  
that good old Mountain Dew.

3.

My Uncle Bill built a still on the hill,  
Where he rolled off a gallon or two,  
The buzzards in the sky, got so drunk they couldn't fly,  
From the fumes of that good old Mountain Dew.

4.

My Auntie June bought a bottle of perfume,  
And she said it was from Peru  
But wasn't she surprised when they had it analyzed,  
It was nothing but that good old Mountain Dew.

5.

Well, my Uncle Nort, he's sawed-off and short,  
He measures just four feet two,  
But he feels like a giant when you give him a pint  
Of that good old Mountain Dew.

6.

The preacher rode by with his head hoisted high,  
Said his wife had been down with the flu,  
He thought that I ort should sell him a quart  
Of my good old Mountain Dew!

## THE HAPPY WANDERER

I love to go a wandering  
Along the mountain track,  
And as I go I love to sing,  
My knapsack on my back.

Chorus

Valeri, valera, Valeri,  
Valera-ha-ha-ha-a-a,  
Valeri, valera,  
My knapsack on my back.

1.

I wave my hat to all I meet,  
And they wave back at me,  
The blackbirds call so loud  
and sweet  
From every greenwood tree.

2.

High overhead the skylarks wing,  
They never rest at home,  
But just like me they love to sing  
As o'er the world we roam.

3.

I love to wander by the stream  
That dances in the sun,  
So joyously it calls to me,  
"Come join my happy song!"

4.

Oh, may I go a wandering  
Until the day I die,  
And may I always laugh and sing,  
Beneath God's clear blue sky.

## THE ERIE CANAL

1.

I've got a mule,  
Her name is Sal,  
Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal.  
She's a good old worker,  
and a good old pal,  
Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal.  
We've hauled some barges in our day,  
Filled with lumber, coal and hay,  
o'clock,  
And she knows every inch of the way  
From Albany to Buffalo-o.

2.

We better get along  
On our way, old gal,  
Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal.  
'Cause you bet your life,  
I'd never part with Sal,  
Fifteen miles on the Erie canal.  
Get up there mule, here comes a  
lock,  
We'll make Rome 'bout six  
One more trip and back we go,  
Right back home to Buffalo.

Chorus

Low bridge, everybody down! Low bridge, for we are coming to a town.  
And you'll always know your neighbor, You'll always know your pal,  
If you've ever navigated on the Erie Canal.

## CAMPTOWN RACES

1.

Camptown ladies sing this song,  
doo-dah, do-dah!  
Camptown race track's five miles long,  
oh, de doo-dah day!  
(Chorus) Coin' to run all nigh~,  
Coin' to run all day;  
I bet my money on the bob-tailed nag  
Somebody bet on the bay.

2.

Oh, the long tailed filly and the big black horse,  
Doo-dah, Doo-dah, Come to a mud hole and they all  
cut across, Oh, de doo-dah day.

3.

I went down South with my hat caved in,  
doo-dah, doo-dah  
I come back North with a pocket full of tin,  
Oh, de doo-dah day.

4.

Old mully cow come onto the track,  
doo-dah, doo-dah  
The bobtail fling her over his back,  
They fly along like a railroad car,  
Runnin' a race wid a shootin' star.

5.

See them flyin' on a ten-mile heat  
doo-dah, doo-dah  
Round the race-track and then repeat,  
I win my money in an old tow bag.  
Oh de doo-dah day!

Chorus

## SIXTEEN TONS

1.

Some people say a man is made  
out of mud.  
A poor man's made out of muscle  
and blood.  
Muscle and blood & skin & bones,  
A mind that's weak and a back  
that's strong.

Chorus

You load sixteen tons, and what  
do you get?  
Another day older and deeper  
in debt.

Saint Peter, don't you call me,  
'cause I can't go...  
I owe my soul to the company  
store.

2.

I was born one mornin' when the  
sun didn't shine...  
I picked up my shovel and I  
walked to the mine:  
I loaded 16 tons of number 9  
coal, and the straw boss said,  
"Well bless my soul."

3.

If you see me comm' better step  
aside...  
A lotta men didn't & a lotta men  
died,  
One fist of iron, the other  
of steel,  
If the right one don't get you,  
the left one will.