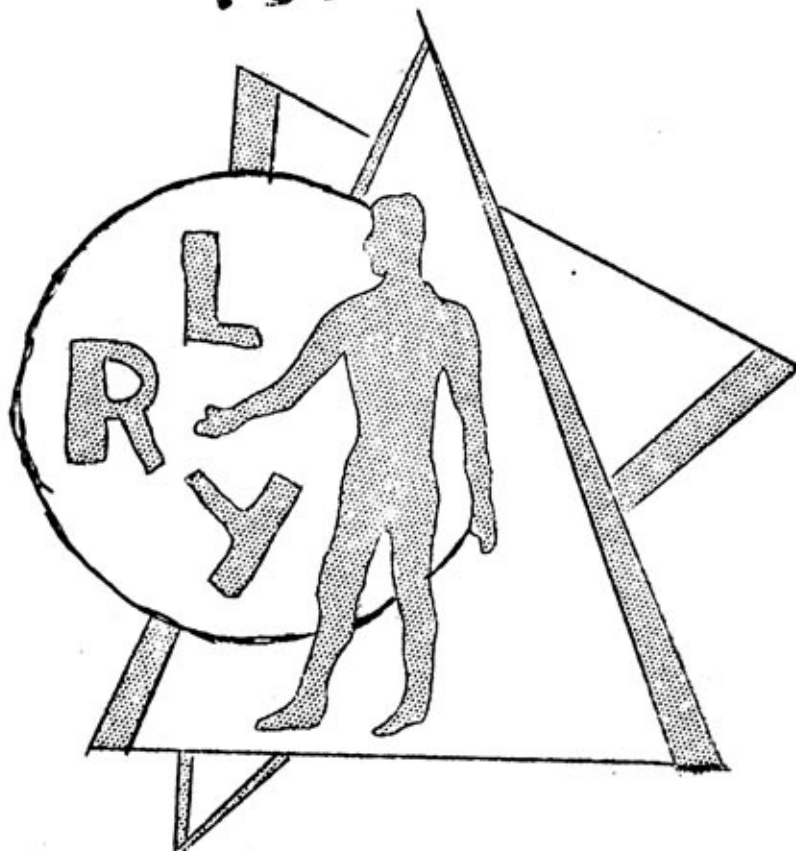


L.R.Y. SANG



AS MAN GOES THROUGH HIS LIFE, HE IS CONSTANTLY SEARCHING FOR SOMETHING.....
THE SCIENTISTS OF THE WORLD AS WELL AS THE COMMON MAN ARE ALL INVOLVED IN THE
SEARCH WHICH MAY GO ON THROUGH LIFE.....THE MAN IN THE LRY SYMBOL
IS A PERFECT EXAMPLE OF THE KIND OF SEARCH WHICH GOES ON EVERY DAY IN OUR
SOCIETY AND HAS BEEN FOR TIME IMMEMORIAL.....THE SERACH FOR
A TOWEL.

THIS SONG BOOK WAS COMPILED AND PRINTED BY THE GREATER WASHINGTON AREA FED-
ERATION OF LIBERAL RELIGIOUS YOUTH FOR THE SUMMER CONFERENCE OF THE MIDDLE
ATLANTIC REGINAL COUNCIL OF LIBERAL RELIGIOUS YOUTH IN THE YEAR MCLXII.

MR. PHILIP H. BAILEY
702 HALSTEAD ROAD
SHARPLEY
WILMINGTON 3, DEL.

L.R.Y. HYMN
(tune: Finlandia)

We would be one as now we join in singing
Our hymn of youth to pledge ourselves anew
To that high cause of higher understanding
Of who we are and what in us is true.
We would be one in living for each other
To show mankind a new community.

We would be one in building for tomorrow
A greater world than we have known today.
We would be one in searching for that meaning
Which binds our hearts and points us on our way.
As one we pledge ourselves to greater service
With love and justice strive to make men free.

-Words by Rev. Sam A. Wright

*
* LRY SONG BOOKS MADE BY THE GREATER WASHINGTON *
*
* AREA FEDERATION OF LIBERAL RELIGIOUS YOUTH *
*
* AUGUST 1962 *
* MCVXII *
*

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Alas my love you do me wrong
to cast me out discourteously,
And I have loved you so long
delighting in your company.

(Chorus)

Greensleeves was all my joy,
Greensleeves was my delight,
Greensleeves was my heart of gold
And who byt my lady Greensleeves.

I have been ready at your hand,
to grant whatever you would crave;
I have both waged life and land,
your love and good will for to have.

(Chorus)

I bought thee kerchers to thy head,
that were wrought fine and gallantly;
I kept the both at board and bed,
which cost my purse well favoredly.

(Chorus)

I bought thee pettecoats of the best,
the cloth so fine as fine can be;
I gave thee jewels for thy chest;
and all this cost I spedn on thee.

(Chorus)

Thy girdle is of gold so red,
with pearls bedecked sumptuously;
The like no other lasses had,
and yet thou wouldest not love me.

(Chorus)

Thy crimson stockings, all of silk,
with gold all wrought above the knee;
Thy pumps, as white as was the milk;
and yet thou wouldest not love me.

(Chorus)

Thy gown was of the grassy green,
thy sleeves of satin hanging by,
Which made thee be our harvest queen;
and yet thou wouldest not love me.

(Chorus)

Thy garters fringed with gold,
and silver aglets hanging by,
Which made thee blighe for to behold,
And yet thou wouldest not love me.

(Chorus)

Thou couldst desire no earthly thing
But still thou hadst it readily;
Thy music still to play and sing;
and yet thou wouldest not love me.

(Chorus)

And who did pay for all this gear,
that thou didst spend when pleased
thee?

Even I that am rejected here;
and thou disdainest to love me.

(Chorus)

Well, I will pray to God on high,
that thou my constancy may'st see;
For I am still thy lover true;
Come once again and love me.

THE HUNTING SONG

I always will remember
T'was a year ago November
I went out to hunt some deer.
On a morning bright and clear.
I went out and shot the maximum
The game laws would allow:
Two game wardens, seven hunters,
and a cow.
I was in no mood to trifle;
I took down my trusty rifle
And went to stalk my prey:
What a haul I made that day.
I tied them to my fender and I got
them home somehow:
Two game wardens, seven hunters and
a cow.
The law was very firm, it
Took away my permit
The worst punishment I ever endured.
It turned out there was a reason,
Cows were out of season,
And one of the hunters wasn't insured.
People ask me how I do it,
And I say there's nothing to it,
You just stand there lookin' cute,
And when somethin' moves you shoot!
And there's ten stuffed heads
In my trophy room right now--
Two game wardens, seven hunters, and
a pure-bred Guernsey Cow.

I HOLD YOUR HAND IN MINE

I hold your hand in mine, dear,
I press it to my lips.
I take a healthy bite from
Your dainty fingertips.
My joy would be complete, dear,
If you were only here,
But I will keep your hand as
A precious souvenir.
The night you died I cyt it off.
I really don't know why,
For now each time I kiss it I
Get bloodstains on my tie.
I'm sorry now I killed you,
For our love was something fine.
Until they come to get me
I hold your hand in mine

THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN

2

There was an old woman who swallowed
a fly,
I don't know why she swallowed the
fly,
Perhaps she'll die.

There was an old woman who swallowed
a spider
That wriggled and wiggled and
giggled inside her.
She swallowed the spider to catch
the fly
I don't know why she swallowed the
fly
Perhaps she'll die.

There was an old woman who swallowed
a bird.
How absurd, to swallow a bird!
She swallowed the bird to catch the
spider
That wriggled and wiggled and
giggled inside her.
She swallowed the spider to catch
the fly.
I don't know why she swallowed the
fly
Perhaps she'll die.

There was an old woman who swallowed
a cat.
Imagine that, to swallow a cat!
She swallowed a cat to catch the
bird
She swallowed the bird to catch the
spider
That wriggled and wiggled and
giggled inside her.
She swallowed the spider to catch
the fly,
I don't know why she swallowed the
fly
Perhaps she'll die.

There was an old woman who swallowed
a dog
What a hog, to swallow a dog!
She swallowed the dog to catch the
cat,
She swallowed the cat to catch the
bird,
She swallowed the bird to catch the
spider
What wriggled and wiggled and giggled
inside her.

There Was An Old Woman - cont.

She swallowed the spider to catch
the fly
I don't know why she swallowed the
fly,
Perhaps she'll die.

There was an old woman who swallowed
a goat!
What a throat to swallow a goat!
She swallowed the goat to catch the
dog,
She swallowed the dog to catch the
cat,
She swallowed the cat to catch the
bird,
She swallowed the bird to catch the
spider
That wriggled and wiggled and
giggled inside her.
She swallowed the spider to catch
the fly,
Perhaps she'll die.

There was an old woman who swallowed
a horse
She's dead of course!

THE MOUSE

The liquor was spilled on the bar-
room floor
And the bar was closed for the night,
When out from his hole came a little
bitty mouse
And he sat in the pale moon light.
He lapped up the liquor on the bar-
room floor
And back on his haunches he sat.
And all night long you could hear
him roar
"Bring out the pussy cat!"

WILLOW THE WASP

There were some wasps in our town,
so,
With their wond'rous wives,
They suckled at the bramble bush
In search of lovely lives;
And, when they saw the bush was
dry,
Quick, each and ev'ry one,
They wrapped it well in wire barb
To shield it from the sun.

RICKETY TICKETY TIN

3.

About a maid I'll sing this song
Sing Rickety, tickety, tin.
About a maid I'll sing this song
She didn't have her family long
Not only did she do them wrong,
She did every one of them in,
them in
We did every one of them in.

Her mother she could never stand
Sing Rickety, tickety, tin
Her mother she could never stand
And so some cyanide soupe she
planned
Her mother died with her spoon in her
hand,
And her face in a hideous grin, a
grin,
And her face in a hideous grin.

One morning in a bit of heat,
Sing rickety, tickety, tin,
One morning in a bit of heat,
She drowned her father in the creek.
The water tasted bad for a week,
And they had to make do with gin,
with gin,
And they had to meke do with gin.

She set her sisters' hair on fire
Sing rickety tickety tin,
She set her sisters' hair on fire
And as the flames rose higher and
higher
She danced around the funeral pyre
Playing her violin, olin,
Playing the violin.

She weighted her brother down with
stones
And sent hem down to Davy Jones
All that were ever found were some
bones
And occasional pieces of skin, of
skin
And occasional pieces of skin.

One day when she had nothing to do
Sing rickety tickety tin,
One day when she had nothing to do
She cut her baby brother in two
And served him up in an Irish stew
And invited the neighbors in, bors in,
And invited the neighbors in.

Rickety Tickety Tin (Cont.)

And when at last the police came by
Sing rickety tickety tin.
And when at last the police came by
Her little pranks she did not deny
For to do so she would have had to lie
And lying she knew was a sin, a sin,
And lying she kew was a sin.

My tragic tale I'll not prolong
Sing rickety tickety tin
My tragic tale I'll not porlong
And if you didn't enjoy my song
You've yourself to blame if it's too
long
You should never have let me begin,
begin,
You should never have let me begin!

THE CIO'S IN DIXIE

Away down south where we weave the
cotton
Union men are not forgotten
Look ahead, look ahead,
Look ahead, Union man.

But the CIO's in "ixie, hurray!
hurray!
The CIO is going to grow
Away down South in Dixie
Oh ho! oh ho! The CIO's in Dixie
Oh ho! oh ho! The CIO's in Dixie

Now we're all together in the CIO
They cannot keep our wages low
Look ahead, look ahead,
Look ahead, Union man
For the time has come when we take
our stand
With Union men throughout the land
Look ahead, look ahead
Look ahead, Union man.

DONA NOBIS PACEM

Dona nobis pacem, pacem
Dona nobis pacem,
Dona nobis pacem,
Dona nobis pacem,
Dona nobis pacem,
Dona nobis pacem.

LIBERAL LIGHT

4.

This little liberal light of mine,
I'm going to let it shine.
This little liberal light of mine,
I'm going to let it shine.
This little liberal light of mine,
I'm going to let it shine,
Let it shine, all the time, let it
shine.

All around the neighborhood....etc.
Put it under a bushel, No!....etc.
Don't you go and puff it out,....etc.
This little liberal light of mine,
I'm going to take it home....etc.
This little liberal light of mine,
it's going to light the world....etc.

NO MAN IS AN ISLAND

No man is an island, no man stands
alone.
Each man's joy is joy to me, each
man's joy is my own.
We need one another, so I will defend
Each man as my brother, each man as
my friend.

I saw the people gather, I heard the
music start,
The song that they were singing is
ringing in my heart.

Repeat first verse.

MY ROOSTER

I have a rooster, my rooster loves me,
I feed my rooster on Green Bay tea;
My little rooster goes cock-a-doodle--
doodle-doodle-doodle-doodle-do

I have a doggie (it goes bow-wow.)
I have a kitty (it goes meow-meow)
I have a ducky (it goes quack-quack)
I have a petalligator (swish-shish)
I have a sweetie (smack-smack-smack)

I have a doggie, his name is Moses,
I feed my doggie on straight Four Roses,
My little doggie goes cock-a-doodle-
doodle, doodle-doodle-doodle-do.

OLD TIME RELIGION

Gimme that old time religion (3 times)
It's good enough for me!
It was good for the Hebrew children,

OLD TIME RELIGION-con't

Etc., so it's good enough for me!
It was good for Paul and Aaron...etc.
So it's good enough for me!

YOU MUST PAY THE RENT

You must pay the rent. I can't pay
the rent.
You must pay the rent. I can't pay
the rent.
You must pay the rent. I can't pay
the rent.
I'LL PAY THE RENT!
My hero!
Curses, foiled again!

PEACE OF THE RIVER

Peace I ask of thee, O River,
Peace, Peace, Peace.
When I learn to live serenely,
Cares will cease.
From the hills I gather courage,
Visions of the day to be,
Strength to lead and faith to follow
All are given unto me.
Peace I ask of thee, O River,
Peace, peace, peace.

I KNOW WHERE I'M GOING

I know where I'm going,
I know who's going with me.
I know who I love,
But the lord knows who I'll marry.

I have stockings of silk,
And shoes of bright green leather,
Combs to buckle my hair
And a ring for every finger.

Feather beds are soft and
Painter rooms are bonny.
But I would trade them all
For my handsome winsome Johnny.

(repeat first verse)

SHALOM, CHAVERIM - Israeli

Sha-lom chav-er-im, shalom sha-ver-im
Sha-lom, Sha-lom
L'hit ra-got, l'hit ra-a-ot
Sha-lom, ha-lom

DARLING YOU CAN'T LOVE ONE

5

Darlin' you can't love one,
Darlin' you can't love one.
You can't love one and still have fun,
I'm leaving on the midnight train.

You can't love 2 and still be true.
You can't love 3 and still have me.
You can't love 4 and still have more.
You can't love 5 and stay alive.
You can't love 6 and still have tricks.
You can't love 7 and get to heaven.
You can't love 8 and be my date.
You can't love 9 and still be mine.
You can't love 10, so kiss me again,
To HUNG with the midnight train!

LATE LAST NIGHT

Late last night when we were all abed,
Mrs. O'Leary hung a lantern in the shed
And when the cow kicked it over,
She winked her eye and said,
"There'll be a hot time in the old town
tonight, FIRE!, FIRE!, FIRE!,

RAVIOLI

Ravioli, I love ravioli,
Ravioli is my favorite food.
"WOULD YOU EAT IT OFF THE FLOOR?"
"Yes, I'd eat it off the floor!"
"OFF THE FLOOR?"
"Off the floor!"
"OFF THE FLOOR?"
"Off the floor!"

SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD

In the boarding house where I live
Everything is blue with mold.
the landlord's hair gets in the
butter,
Silver threads among the gold.

When the dog died we had hot dogs,
When the cat died catnip tea.
But when the landlord died this
morning,
The spareribs were too much for me.

OL' MAN RIVER

Colored folks work on de Mississippi,
Colored folks work while de white
folks play,
Pullin' dose beans from de dawn to
sunset,
Gittin' no rest till de judgement day.
Don't look up and don't look down,
You don't dast make de white boss frown!
Bend yo' knees an' bow yo' head,
An' pull dat rope until yo're dead.

Let me go 'way from de Mississippi,
Let me go 'way from the white man
boss.
Show me dat stream called de river
Jordan,
Dat's de Ol' stream dat I long to cross.

Ol' man river, dat ol' man river,
He must know sumpin', but don't say
nothin',
He jus' keeps rollin', he keeps on
rollin' along.

He don't plant 'taters, he don't plant
cotton,
An' dem dat plants 'em is soon forgotten
But ol' man river, he jus' keeps rollin'
along.

You an' me, we sweat and strain,
Body all achin' and racked wid pain.
"Tote dat barge, Lift dat bale!"
Git a little drunk an' you land in
jail.

Ah gits weary an' sick of tryin',
Ah'm tired of livin' and skeered of
dyin',
But ol' man river, he just keeps rollin'
along.

YOU ARE MY SUNSHINE

You are my sunshine, my only sunshine,
You make me happy when skies are gray,
You'll never know, dear, how much I
love you,
Please don't take my sunshine away.

The other night, dear, as I lay
sleeping,
I dreamed I held you in my arms,
when I awoke, dear, I was mistaken,
Oh, I hung my head and I cried.

You are my sunshine - etc.

THE PIG SONG

T'was an evening in October
I was feeling far from sober,
But I held onto my beer with manly
pride,
When my knees began to shudder,
And I fell into the gutter,
And a pig came up and lay down by
my side.
By my side, by my side.
And a pig came up and lay down by
my side.
We were talking 'bout the weather,
Just the two of us together,
When a lady passing by was heard to
say,
"You can always tell who boozes
By the company he chooses."
So the pig got up and slowly walked
away.
Walked away, walked away.
So the pig got up and slowly walked
away!

PARSNOOPS

Oh, the parsnips were snipping their
snappers,
While the parsley was parceling the peas
And parsing a sentence from handle
to hand
Was a hornte who hummed with the bees.
The turnips were passing the time of
the day
In the light of the moon on the porch,
With the shade from the shadows so
shortfully shrift
That the scallions were decreeched
in the scorch.

IN A HOUSE BY A LITTLE WOOD

In a house by a little wood
Once a man by the window stood;
Saw a bunny hopping by;
Heard him shout and heard him cry;
"Save me. Save me! Save me!" he said
"Or the farmer will shoot me dead."
Little bunny come to me,
I will treat you tenderly.

EPO-EE-TI-TI-YAH

oh, eop-ee ti ti yah, yuh.
Oh, epo-ee ti ti yah, yuh.
Oh, epo-ee-ti ti
Epo-ee tooki tooki
Epo-ee tooki tooki, yah, yuh!

6.

THE HUNTER

The Hunter he did cross the plain,
And then he ventured home again,
The merry, merry feast will soon begin,
Among the leaves so green-oh.

(Chorus)
Jackie boy? Master?
Sing ye well? Very Well.
Hey down, ho down,
Derry derry down,
Among the leaves so green-oh
To my hey down down (echo)
Hey down, ho down,
Derry, derry down,
Among the leaves so green-oh

The hunter did a hunting go,
Under his cloak he carried a bow,
All for to shoot a merry little doe
Among the leaves so green-oh

(Chorus)

The first doe she did cross the plain,
The hunter fetched her back again,
Where she is now she may remain,
Among the leaves so green-oh.

(Chorus)

The next doe she did cross the brook,
The Hunter fetched her back with his
hook.
Where she is now you may go and look
Among the leaves so green-oh.

(Chorus)

The hunter did a-hunting go.
In the woods he caught a doe.
She looked so sad he had to let her
go
Among the leaves so green-oh.

(Chorus)

The hunter is a cheerful sight,
His heart is warm, his fire bright,
His songs they fill the winter night,
Among the leaves so green-oh.

(Chorus)

Merry we are and merry we'll stay.
We'll drink a toast 'til the break of day
Among the leaves so green-oh!

Bo, Weevil

7

Oh, say, have you heard the latest,
The latest of the songs
It's about the little bo' weevil,
He pocked up both feet and gone,
Jes' lookin' for a home,
Jes' lookin' for a home.

Og, de weevil he am an insect
From Mexico they say
Come to try de Texas climate
An' thought he'd better stay
Jes' lookin' for a home.....etc.

De first time I saw dat weevil
He was settin' on a square;
De next time I saw de weevil,
He had all his family there,
Jes' lookin'.....etc.

De farmer say to de weevil:
"Wha' make yo' head so red?"
De weevil say to de farmer:
"It's a wonder I ain't dead!"
I'm lookin' for a home...etc.

De farmer take de weevil
An' he put him on some ice;
De weevil say to de farmer
"Dis is mighty cool and nicem
It'll be my home.....etc.

De farmer say to de merchant:
"We ain't made but only one bale,
An' befo' we'll give yo' dat one,
We'll fight and go to jail."
Jes' lookin'.....etc.

De last time I saw de weevil,
He had settled down for life;
An' he had his aunt an' his uncle
An' his cousin an' his wife,
Jes' a-lookin' for a home,
Jes' lookin' for a home.

I'm Sticking To New England

There once was an L. R. Y.
He was a sorru guy.
He hailed from Mass.
Was very crass,
He thought New England did surpass.
He'd always give a sneer
When Western news he'd hear
Of a real bunch that packed a punch,
And mumble in his beer:

(con.)

Con.

(Chorus)

O, you can't scare me I'm
Sticking to New England,
I'm sticking to New England,
I'm sticking to New England.
O, you can't scare me,
I'm sticking to New England.
I'm sticking to New England
Till the day I die.
(last verse: I'm sick of N. E.)

To Boston he would go
Amid the ice and snow.
To Beacon St. where he would meet
The rest of the gang and
They'd repeat:
"New England is the best,
We'll never go west,
We'll stay back East
And have a feast,
The West must be suppressed!"

(Chorus)

Then one day he found out
What it was all about.
He met a chick
A Western hick
And he thought she was pretty slick.
Then he set out to woo,
And see what he could do.
And now he thinks
New England Stinks!
He's joined the Western crew!

(Chorus)

In A House By A Little Wood

In ahouse by a little wood
Once a man by the window stood;
Saw a bunny hopping by;
Heard him shout and heard him cry;
"Save me! Save me! Save me!" he said,
Oor the farmer will shoot me dead!"
Little bunny come to me,
I will treat you tenderly.

THE TITANIC

8.

O they built the ship Titanic
To sail the ocean blue;
And they thought they had a ship
That the water would never go
through.
But the Lord Almighty knew
That ship would never sail.
O, it was sad when the great ship
went down.

Chorus

O, it was sad! O! It was sad!
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!

As they were leaving England
There were people galore,
And the rich ones refused to
Associate with the poor,
So they put them down below
Where they'd be the first to go.
It was sad when the great ship
went down!

Chorus

O, the sides were very thin
And the hole was full of sin
So, the ice crushed thru
And the water flooded in.
O, the captain was drunk,
So he stayed right to his bunk.
It was sad when the great ship
went down!

Chorus

The life boats, they were lowered
They were crushed by the sea.
As the band stood on the deck
Playing, "Nearer My God To Thee."
And the children wept and cried
As the water poured over the side.
O, it was sad when the great ship
went down!

SHINE ON, HARVEST MOON

Shine on, shine on harvest moon,
Up in the sky;
I ain't had no loving since
January, February, June or July.

Snow time ain't no time to sit
Outdoors and spoon;
So, shine on, shine on harvest moon
For me and my gal.

DRILL, YE TARRIERS, DRILL

Every morning at seven o'clock
There were twenty tarriers a-working
at the rock.
And the boss comes along, and he says,
"Keep still,
And come down heavy on the cast-iron
drill."
And drill, ye tarriers, drill!

Chorus

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

The boss was a fine man down to the
ground,
And he married a lady six feet round.
She baked good bread and she baked
it well,
But she baked it hard as the holes
in hell, etc. (chorus)

The new forman was Jean Mc Cann.
By God, he was a blame mean man.
Last week a premature blast went off,
And a mile in the air went big Jim
Goff, etc. (chorus)

When the next pay day came round,
Jim Goff a dollar short was found.
When he asked, "What for" came this
reply,
You're docked for the time you was
up in the sky.", etc. (chorus)

RED RIVER VALLEY

9.

From this valley they say you are going,
We will miss your bright eyes and sweet
smile,
For they say you are taking the sunshine
That brightens our pathway awhile.

Chorus

Come and sit by my side if you love me,
Do not hasten to bid me adieu,
But remember the Red River Valley
And the girl that has loved you so true.

Won't you think of the valley you're
leaving?
Oh, how lonely, how sad it will be,
Oh think of the fond heart you're breaking
And the grief you are causing me.

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

Down in the Valley

Down in the valley, the valley so low,
Hang your head down, hear the wind blow,
Hear the wind blow, dear, hear the wind
blow.
Hang your head over, hear the wind blow,

Roses love sunshine, violets love dew,
Angels in heaven knows I love you;
Knows I love you dear, knows I love you,
Angels in heaven knows I love you.

Build me a castle, forty feet high,
So I can see him as he rides by;
As he rides by, dear, as he rides by;
So I can see him as he rides by.

Jacob's Ladder

We are climbing Jacob's ladder,
We are climbing Jacob's ladder,
We are climbing Jacob's ladder,
Soldiers of the cross.

Every rung goes higher, higher....etc.

Brother, do you love your neighbor?

If you love him why not serve him?

Waltzing Matilda

Once a jolly swagman camped by a billa-
bong
Under the shade of a coolibah tree,
And he sang as he sat and waited while
his billy boiled,
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me

Chorus

Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda,
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Down came a jumbuck to drink at the bill
bong
Up jumped the swagman, grabbed him with
glee,
And he sang as he shoved that jumbuck
in his tucker bag!

Down came the squatter mounted on his
thoroughbred
Up came the troopers, one, two, three,
Whose that jolly jumbuck you've got
in your tuckerbag?

Up jumped the swagman, sprang into
the billabong
"You'll never catch me alive!" said he
And his ghost may be heard as you pass
by that billabong!

Michael Rowed the Boat Ashore

Michael rowed the boat ashore
Hallelujah.
Michael rowed the boat ashore
Hallelujah.

Sister helped to trim the sails
Hallelujah.
Sister helped to trim the sails
Hallelujah.

Jordan's river is deep and wide.
Hallelujah.
Milk and honey on the other side
Hallelujah.

Jordan's river is chilly and cold
Hallelujah.
Chills the body but not the soul
Hallelujah.

(Chorus)

Rise and shine and give God the glory,
glory,
Rise and shine and give God the glory,
glory,
Rise and shine and (clap) give God
the glory, glory,
Children of the L(1)ord.

The Lord said to Noah,
"There's gonna be a floody, floody,
Lord said to Noah, "There's gonna be
a floody, floody,
Get my children (clap) out of that
muddy, muddy
Children of the Lord.

(Chorus)

The animals, they came in, they
came in by twosies, twosies,
Animals, they came in, they came
in by twosie, twosies,
Elephants and (clap) kangaroosies
roosies,
Children of the Lord.

(Chorus)

It rained and poured for forty
nights and daysies, daysies,
Rained and poured for forty nights
and daysies, daysies,
Nearly drove those (clap) animals
crazy, crazy,
Children of the Lord.

(Chorus)

The sun it came out and dried up the
landy, landy,
Sun it came out and dried up the
landy, landy,
Everything was (clap) fine and
dandy, dandy,
Children of the Lord.

(Chorus)

GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE

George Washington Bridge,
George Washington, Washington Bridge

(repeat indefinitely)

She went wading the water
And she got her toes all wet.
(repeat twice)
But she didn't get her (clap, clap)
wet yet.

She went wading in the water
And she got her feet all wet.
(repeat twice)
But she didn't get her (clap, clap)
wet, yet.

She went wading in the water
And she got her ankles wet.
(repeat twice)
But she didn't get her (clap, clap)
wet, het.

She went wading in the water
And she got her knees all wet.
(repeat twice)
But she didn't get her (clap, clap)
wet yet.

She went wading in the water
And she got her thighs all wet.
(repeat twice)
But she didn't get her (clap, clap)
wet yet,

She went wading in the water
And she finally got it wet.
(repeat twice)
She finally got her bathing suit
wet, yet!

THE SOUTH SHALL RISE AGAIN

We will hang the cursed Yankees from
a sour apple tree. (repeat twice)
THE SOUTH SHALL RISE AGAIN!

(Chorus) Glory, glory to the Southland
(repeat twice)

THE SOUTH SHALL RISE AGAIN

We will bury General Sherman in the
Mississippi mud (repeat twice)
THE SOUTH SHALL RISE AGAIN

(Chorus)

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the
coming of the SOUTH
Grab your pistols and your muskets
you can hear the REBEL SHOUT
As they pushed the REBELS SOUTH
We will push them north again
THE SOUTH SHALL RISE AGAIN

MOUNTAIN DEW

Down the road from me there's an ol'
holler tree.

Where ya' lay down a dollar or two,
Then ya' go 'round the bend, and when
ya' come back again,
There's some good ol' Mountain Dew.

Now they call it that good ol'
Mountain Dew,
And then that refuse it are few.
I'll hush up my mug if you'll fill
up my jug,
With that good ol' Mountain Dew.

My uncle Bill has a still on the hill
Where he runs off a gallon or two.
But the buzzards in the sky get so
drunk they cannot fly,
Just from smellin' that good ol' Mount-
ain Dew.

My aunt June got some bran' new per-
fume,
That gave off a sweet smell - peu,
But to her surprise when she had it
analyzed,
It was nothin' but good Mountain Dew.

My uncle Mort was sawed off and short,
He measured 'bout four foot two.
But he'll feel like a giant when you
give him a pint
Of that good ol' Mountain Dew.

My uncle Jack had a shack on the track
Where he ran off a gallon or two,
But the people on the train went near-
'bout insane
Just from smellin' that good ol' Mount-
ain Dew.

My aunt Jane got hit by a train
And was knocked for a mile or two.
We gave her a lift with a sweet-
smellin' whiff
Of that good ol' Mountain Dew.

My Uncle Dan was a ravenocoin' man,
Who busted up a still or two.
Then he said that he 'ort to get him
a quart
Of that good ol' Mountain Dew.

ERIE CANAL

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 haul'd some barges in our day,
Fill'd with lumber, coal and hay,
And we know ev'ry inch of the way
From Albany to Buffalo.
Low Bridge! ev'ry body down!
Low bridge, for we're going thru a
town,
And you'll always know your neighbor,
You'll always know your pal,
If you ever navigated on the Erie Canal.

We better get along on our way old pal,
Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal,
Cause you bet your life I'd never part
with Sal,
Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal.
Git up there, mule, here comes a lock,
We'll make Rome 'bout six o'clock,
One more trip and backwe'll go,
Right back home to Buffalo.
Low bridge! ev'rybody down!
Low bridge, for we're going thru a
town,
And you'll always know your neighbor,
You'll always know your pal,
If you ever nagivated on the Erie Canal.

TELL ME WHY

Tell me why the stars do shine,
Tell me why the ivy twines,
Tell me why the sky's so blue,
And I will tell you just why I love you.

Because God made the stars to shine,
Because God made the ivy twine,
Because God made the sky so blue,
Because God made you, that's why I love
you.

I really think that God above,
Created you for me to love,
He picked you out from all the rest,
Because God made you,
I love you the best.

12.
Hard Traveling

I been havin' some hard travelin'
I thought you knowed;
I been havin' some hard travelin'
Way down the road.
I been havin' some hard travelin'
Hard rēmbelin', hard gamblin'
I been havin' some hard travelin'
Lord.

I been doin' some hard rock mining,
I thought you knowed;
I been leanin' on a pressure drill,
Way down the road.
Hammer flyin', air-hose suckin'
Six feet O'mud an' I sure been
a-mickin
I been having some hard travelin'
Lord.

I been workin' that Pittsburgh steel
I thought you knowed;
I been pourin' that red-hot slag,
Way down the road.
I been blastin', I been firin',
I been duckin' red-hot iron --
I been havin' some hard travelin',
Lord.

I been ridin' them fast rattlers,
I thought you knowed;
I been ridin' them dead enders, blind
passengers, pickin' up cinders --
I been ridin' them flat wheelers,
Way down the road.
I been havin' some hard travelin'
Lord.

I been layin' in a hard-rock jail,
I thought you knowed;
I been layin' out ninety days,
Way down the road.
Mean old judge he says to me;
"Ninety days for vagrancy" --
I been havin' some hard travēlin'
Lord.

I been hittin' some hard harvestin'
I thought you knowed;
North Dakota to Kansas City,
Way down the road.
Cuttin' that wheat, stackin' that hay,
Tryin' to make 'bout a dollar a day
I been havin' some hard travelin'
Lord.

I been hittin' that Lincoln Highway,
I thought you knowed;
I been hittin' that Sixty-six,
Way down the road.
Heavy load and a worried mind, lookin'
for a woman that's hard to find --
I been havin' some hard travelin'
Lord.

Rock Island Line

Chorus:

Well the Rock Island Line is a mighty
good road,
The Rock Island Line is the road to
ride.
The Rock Island Line is a mighty good
road,
If you wanna to ride it,
Gotta ride it like you find it
Get your ticket at the station for the
Rock Island Line.

I may be right and I may be wrong,
But you're gonna miss me when I'm gone
A, B, C, double X,Y,Z,
Cats in the cupboard but they don't
dig me.

Little Cata Leena, sittin' in the shade,
Coutin' all the money the Fed. ain't
made.

Alas, my love you do me wrong
To treat me so discourteously.

Jesus, died to save our sins,
Glory to God, we're gonna need Him
again.

I WANT A BEER

I want a beer just like the beer
That pickled dear old Dad.
It was a beer and the only beer
That Daddy ever had.
Good old fashioned beer with lots
of foam.
It took ten men to carry Daddy home.
I want a beer just like the beer
That pickled dear old Dad.

HE'S GOT THE WHOLE WORLD IN HIS HANDS

13.

ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS

He's got the whole world in his hands,
He's got the big wide world in
his hands.
He's got the wide world in his hands.
He's got the whole world in his hands.

He's got the wind and the rain in
his hands.
He's got the sun and the moon in
his hands.
He's got the wind and the rain in
his hands.
He's got the whole world in his hands.

He's got the little bitty baby in his
hands.
He's got the tiny little baby in his
hands.
He's got the little bitty baby in his
hands.
He's got the whole world in his hands.

He's got you and me, brother, in his
hands.
He's got you and me, sister, in his
hands.
He's got you and me, brother, in his
hands.
He's got the whole world in his hands.

He's got the gamblin' man in his hands.
He's got the crap-shottin' man in his
hands.
He's got the gamblin' man in his hands.
He's got the whole world in his hands.

SWEET AND 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,
While my little one, while my pretty
one sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the next,
Silver sails all out of the west,
under the silver moon,
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty
one, sleep.

Old Noah once he built the Ark
There's one more river to cross.
And patched it up with hickory bark,
There's one more river to cross.

One more river, and the river of
Jordan, one more river,
There's one more river to cross.

He went to work to load his stock,
He anchored the Ark with a great big
rock, ...etc.

The animals went in one by one,
The elephant chewing a caraway bun.
... etc.

The animals went in two by two,
The rhinoceros and the kangaroo,
... etc.

The animals went in three by three,
The bear, and flea, and the bumblebee,
... etc.

The animals went in four by four,
With Saratoga trunks they did arrive,
... etc.

The animals went in six by six.
The hyena laughed at the monkey's
tricks, ... etc.

The animals went in seven by seven.
Said the ant to the elephant, "Who
you shovin'?" ... etc.

The animals went in eight by eight,
They came with a rush cause 'twas so
late. ... etc.

The animals went in ten by ten,
The Ark she blew her whistle then,
... etc.

And then the voyage did begin,
Old Noah pulled the gang-plank in,
... etc.

They never knew where they were at,
Till the old ark bumped into old
Ararat. ... etc.

Hey, ho! Nobody home,
Meat nor drink nor money have I none,
Yet will I be me-e-e-e-rry!
(three part round)

What Did Delaware?

Oh, what did Delaware, boys,
She wpre her New Jersey.

2. Oh, how did Flori-die, boys?
She died in Mis-sou-ri, Boys.

3. Oh, what did Iowway, boys?
She weighed a Washington, boys.

4. Oh, what did Ida-ho, boys?
she hoed her Maryland, boys.

5. Oh, how did Wiscon-sin boys?
She stole a New-Pras-key, boys.

6. Oh, what did Tennessee, boys?
She saw what Arkan-sas, boys.

7. Oh, where has Ore-gon, boys?
She's gone to Oklahoma, boys.

8. Oh, what did Massa-chew, boys?
She chewed her Connecti-cud, boys.

(sing each verse four times)

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 Barbara Allen.

All in the merry month of May,
When green buds they were swellin'
Sweet William on his death bed lay,
For love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his servant to the town,
To the place where she was dwellin',
"My master is sick and sent for you
If your name be Barbara Allen."

Then slowly, slowly she got up,
And slowly she came nigh him,
And all she said when there she came
"Young man, I think you're dying."

"Don't you remember the other day
When you were in town a-drinking,
You drank a health to the ladies
And slighted Barbara Allen?"

"Oh, yes, I remember the other day
When I was in town a-drinking,
I drank a health to the ladies around
But my love to Barbara Allen."

He turned his pale face to the wall
And death was in him dwelling;
"Adieu, adieu, to my friends all,
Be kind to Barbara Allen."

When she got in two miles of town
She heard the death bells ringing;
They rang so clear, as if to say,
"Hard-hearted Barbara Allen!"

"Oh mother, oh mother, come make my
bed.
Oh, make it both soft and narrow.
For sweet William died today
And I will die tomorrow."

She was buried in the old churchyard
And he was buried a-nigh her;
On William's grave there grew a red
rose,
And out of hers a briar.

They grew and grew to the old church
tower
Till they could grow no higher.
And at the end tied a true lovers'
knot,
The rose wrapped around the briar.

Carolina Moon

Carolina Moon, keep shining on
the one who waits for me.

Carolina Moon, I'm pining,
Pining for the place I long to be.
How I'm hoping tonight you'll go
Go to the right window,
Scatter your light, say I'm all
right, please do.
Tell her that I'm blue and lonely
Dreamy Carolina Moon.

We are following in the footsteps
Of those who've gone before,
And we'll all be reunited
On that new and distant shore.

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

Well, when the sun refuse to shine.,
Well, when the sun refuse to shine,
Oh, Lord, I want to be in that number,
When the sun refuse to shine.

And when the trumpet sounds its call.
And when the trumpet sounds its call,
Oh, Lord, I want to be in that number,
When the trumpet sounds its call.

Some say this world of trouble
Is the only one we need,
But I'm waiting for that morning
When the new world is revealed.

Oh, when the new world is revealed,
Oh, when the new world is revealed,
Oh, Lord, I want to be in that number,
When the new world is revealed.

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

THE MIDNIGHT SPECIAL

One day, one day, I was walkin' along,
I heard the Midnight Special
Singin' a lonesome song.

(chorus)
Oh let the Midnight Special
Shine her light on me.
Oh let the Midnight Special
Shine her everlovin' light on me.

Well, now, if you wake up in the
mornin',
You hear the ding dong ring.
And you go marching to the table,
You see the same damn thing.
Well it's a settin' on the table,
A knife, a fork, and a pan.
If you say anything about it,
You're in trouble with the man.

(Chorus)

Well, if you ever o to Houston,
Man, you'd better walk right,
And you had better not stagger.,
And you had better not fight.
Because the sherrif will arrest you;
He's gonna take you down,
And you can bet your bottom dollar
You're penitentiary bound.

(chorus)

Well, yonder comes Miss Rosie.
Tell me, how did you know?
I knew by the color of her apron
And the dress she wore.
Well, she brought me a little coffee
And she brought me a little tea.
Well, she brought me nearly everything
Except the jailhouse key!

(Chorus)

NOBODY KNOWS THE TROUBLE I'VE SEEN

Nobody knows the trouble I've seen,
Nobody knows but Jesus,
Nobody knows the trouble I've seen
Glory, Hallelujah!

Sometimes I'm up, sometimes I'm down.
Oh, yes, Lord;
Sometimes I'm almost to the ground,
Oh, yes, Lord.

Although you see me hoin' 'long so,
Oh, yes, Lord;
I have my trials here below,
Oh, yes, Lord.

Sometimes I'm up, sometimes I'm down.
Oh, Yes, Lord.
But still my soul feels heavenly bound.
Oh, yes, Lord.

MOONLIGHT BAY

We were sailing along on Moonlight Bay,
We could hear the voices singing,
They seemed to say,
"You have stolen my heart, now don't
go away,"
As we sang love's old sweet song on
Moonlight Bay.

GOOD NEWS

(Refrain)
Good news! The chariot's coming
Good news! The chariot's a-comin'
Good news! The chariot's a-comin'
And I don't want it to leave me behind.

There's a long white robe in the
heaven I know (repeat twice)
And I won't want it to leave me behind.

(Refrain)

There's a pair of shoes in the heaven
I know (repeat twice)
And I don't want them to leave me behind.

(Refrain)

There's a starry crown in the heaven
I know (repeat twice)
And I don't want it to leave me behind.

(Refrain)

There's a golden harp in the heaven
I know (repeat twice)
And I don't want it to leave me behind.

(Refrain)

CLEMENTINE

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

Refrain

Oh, my darling, O My darling,
Oh my darling Clementine,
You are lost and gone forever,
Drefffal sorry, Clementine,

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

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

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

16. SWEET VIOLETS

There once was a farmer who took a
young miss
In the back of the barn where he gave
her a
Lecture on horses and chickens and eggs
And told her that she had such beau-
tiful
Manners which suited a girl of her
charms
A girl that he wanted to take in his
Washing and ironing and then if she
did
They could get married and raise lots
of

(chorus)

Sweet violets,
Sweeter than all the roses.
Covered all over from head to toe,
Covered all over with sweet violets.

The girl told the farmer that he'd
better stop
So she called her father and he called
a
Taxi which got there before very long
'cause someone was doing his little
girl
Right for a change so that's why he s
said
If you marry her, son, you're better
off single
'Cause it's always been my belief
That marriage will bring a man nothing
but

(chorus)

The farmer decided to wed anyway
And started in planning for his
wedding suit
Which he purchased for only 1 buck
Then he found out he was just out of
Money and so he got left in the lurch
Standing and waiting in front of the
End of the story which just goes to
show that all a girl wants from a man
is his

(chorus)

17.
MR. FROGGIE WENT A-COURTIN'

Mr. Froggie went a-courtin' and he
did ride, mm-mm
Mr froggie went a-courtin' and he did
ride,
A sword and pistol by his side, mm-mm.
He went up to Miss Mousy's door, mm-mm
With sword and pistol by his side,
mm-mm
Miss Mousy, are you within, mm-mm
Yes, kind sir, I sit and spin, mm-mm
He took Miss Mousy on his knee, mm
Said "Miss Mouse, will you marry me?
"Without my Uncle Rat's consent, mm
I wouldn't marry the pres-i-dent, mm
Uncle Rat laughed and shook his fat
sides, mm-mm.
To think his neice would be a bride,
When Uncle Rat gave his consent, mm
The weasel wrote the publishment, mm
Next came in was a bumblebee, mm-mm
Danced a jug with a two-legged flea.
The owl did hoot, the birds they sang
And through the woods the music rang.
Where will the wedding breakfast be,
Way down yonder in a hollow tree,
What will the wedding breakfast be,
Two green beans and a black-eyed pea,
They all wnet sailing across the lake,
And got swallowed up by a big black
snake....
There's bread and cheese upon the shelf
If you want any more, you can sing it
yourself, mm-mm.

LORD GEORGE (to the tune of Onward
Christian Soldiers)

Lord George knew my father,
Father knew Lord George,
Lord George knew my father,
Father knew Lord George,
ETC. ETC. ETC. ad infinitum. . . .

SWEET BETSY FROM PIKE

Did you ever hear tell of sweet
Betsy from Pike,
Who crossed the wide prairies with
her lover Ike,
With two poke of cattle and one
spotted hog,
A tall shanghai rooster, and an
old yeller dog?
Sing too-ral-io-ral-i-ay.
Sing too-ral-io-ral-i-ay.
One evening quite early they camped
on the Plattee,
'Twas near by the road on a green
shady flat;
Where Betsy, quite tired, lay down
to repose,
While with wonder Ike gazed on
his Pike County rose.
They swam the wide rivers and crossed
the tall peaks,
And camped on the prairie for weeks
upon weeks,
Starvation and cholera and hard
work and slaughter,
They reached California spite
hell and high water.
Out on the prairie one bright starry
night,
They broke the whiskey and Betsy got
tight,
She sang and she shouted and danced
o'er the plain,
And showed her bare arse to the whole
wagon train.
The Injuns came down in a wild
yelling horde,
And Betsy was skeered they would
scalp her adored;
Behind the front wagon wheel Betsy
did crawl,
And there she fought the Injuns with
musket and ball.
The alkali desert was burning and
bare
And Isaac's soul shrank from the death
that lurked there;
"Dear Old Pike County, I'll go
back to you."
Says Betsy, "You'll go by yourself if
you do."

KISSES SWEETER THAN WINE

18.

I'VE GOT SIXPENCE

When I was a young man and never been
kissed,
I got to thinking it over how much I
had missed.
So I got me a gal and I kissed her---
and then, and then, Oh Lord,
I kissed her again.

Oh--oh! Kisses sweeter than wine!

I asked her to marry me and be my sweet
wife.
I told her we'd be so happy the rest
of our life.
Well, I begged and I pleaded like a
natural man,
And then, Oh Lord, she gave me her
hand.
(CHORUS)
We worked very hard both me and my wife.
Working hand in hand to have a good
life.
We had corn in the fields and wheat in
the bin.
And then, Oh, Lord, I was the father
of twins.

Well, our children number just about
four.
And they all have sweethearts a-knocking
at the door.
They all got married and they wouldn't
hesitate,
I was the, Oh Lord, grandfather of eight.

Well, now that I'm old and ready to go,
I get to thinking what happened a long
time ago.
Had a lot of kids, a lot of trouble,
and pain.
But, Oh, Lord, I'd do it all again.

Oh--oh! Kisses sweeter than wine!

CIGARETTES WILL SPOIL YER LIFE

Cigarettes will spoil yer life,
Ruin yer health and kill yer baby,
Poor little innocent child.

BAR FLY

I'm a bar fly, I'm a bar fly, I'm a bar
fly til I die,
But I'd rather be a bar fly than a gnat!

I've got sixpence,
Jolly, jolly sixpence,
I've got sixpence
To last me all my life.
I've got tuppence to spend
And tuppence to lend
And tuppence to take home to
My wife, POOR WIFE!

(Chorus)

No cares have I to grieve me,
No pretty little girls to deceive me.
I'm happy as a lark, believe me,
As we go rolling, rolling home.
Rolling home (dead drunk)
Rolling home (dead drunk)
By the light of the silvery moon.
Happy is the day
When a soldier gets his pay.
And we go rolling, rolling home
(dead drunk)

I've got fourpence,
Jolly, jolly fourpence,
I've got fourpence
To last me all my life.
I've got tuppence to spend
And tuppence to lend
And no pence to take home to
My wife, POOR WIFE!

(Chorus)

I've got tuppence,
Jolly, jolly, tuppence
I've got tuppence
To last me all my life.
I've got tuppence to spend,
And no pence to lend,
And no pence to take home to
My wife, POOR WIFE!

(Chorus)

I've got no pence,
Jolly, jolly no pence,
I've got no pence
To last me all my life.
I've got no pence to spend,
And no pence to lend,
And no pence to take home to
My wife, POOR WIFE!

(Chorus)

19.
WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME

When Johnny comes marching home again,
Hurrah, Hurrah!
We'll give him a hearty welcome then,
Hurrah, Hurrah!
The men will cheer, the boys will shout,
The ladies they will all turn out,
And we'll all feel gay
When Johnny comes marching home.

Get ready for the Jubilee,
Hurrah, Hurrah!
We'll give the hero 3 times 3,
Hurrah, Hurrah!
The laurel wreath is ready now
To place upon his loyal brow,
And we'll all feel gay
When Johnny comes marching home.

In 18 - hundred and sixty-one,
Hurrah, Hurrah!
That was when the war began,
Hurrah, Hurrah!
In 18 - hundred and sixty-two,
Both of the sides were falling to,
And we'll all drink stone wine
When Johnny comes marching home.

In 18 - hundred and sixty-three,
Hurrah, Hurrah!
Abe Lincoln set his darkies free,
Hurrah, Hurrah!
In 18 - hundred and sixty-three,
Old Abe set the darkies free,
And we'll all drink stone wine
When Johnny comes marching home.

In 18 - hundred and sixty-four,
Hurrah, Hurrah!
Abe called for 500 - thousand more,
Hurrah, Hurrah!
In 18 - hundred and sixty five,
They talked about rebellion - strife,
And we'll all drink stone wine
When Johnny comes marching home.

ROW, ROW, ROW YOUR BOAT

Propel, propel, propel your vessel
Blithely down the liquified solution,
Ecstatically, ecstatically,
ecstatically, ecstatically
Existence is but an elusion.

YOU'LL NEVER WALK ALONE

When you walk through a storm
Keep your head up high,
And don't be afraid of the dark,
At the end of the storm is a golden sky
And the sweet silver song of a lark.
Walk on through the wind,
Walk on through the rain,
Though your dreams be tossed and blown.
Walk on, walk on, with hope in your
heart,
And you'll never walk alone;
You'll never walk alone.

BLOW THE MAN DOWN

Come all ye good fellers that follow
the sea,
Yo, ho, we'll blow the man down.
And please pay attention and listen
to me,
Give us some time to blow the man down.

'Twas on the Black Baller I first
served my time. . . Yo ho, . . . etc.,
And on the Black Baller I wasted my
prime. . . Yo, ho, . . . etc.

As I was a-walking down Paradise
Street. . . etc.
A pretty young damsel I happened to
meet. . . etc.

She was round in the center and
bluff in the bow. . . etc.
So I took in all sail and cried,
Way enough now." . . . etc.

So I tailed her my flipper and took
her in tow. . . etc.
And yardarm to yardarm away we did
go. . . etc.

But as we were going she said unto
me. . . etc.
"There's a spanking full-rigger just
ready for sea. . . etc.

But as soon as that packet was clear
of the bar. . . etc.
The mate knocked me down with the
end of a spar. . . etc.

So I give you fair warning before
we delay. . . etc.
Don't ever take heed of what pretty
girls say.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Hark! the Herald Angels sing.
Beecham's pills are just the thing!
They are gentle, they are mild;
Two for adult, one for child.
Joyful all ye constipated;
Beecham's pills aren't over-rated!
Nature can't cure all your ills,
Praise the Lord for Beecham's pills!
Nature can't cure all your ills,
Praise the Lord for Beecham's pills.

NATIONAL EMBALMING SCHOOL

(sung standing)

We live for you, we die for you,
National Embalming school.
We do our best to give you rest,
National Embalming School.
And when you die we dig a hole,
And put you in to turn to mold.
We live for you we die for you,
National Embalming School.

Post mortem, post mortem, post mor-
tem, autopsy we must have.
Post mortem, post mortem, post mor-
tem, autopsy we must have.

Cut, slash, slice, and probe,
We've got to find a reason,
Golly, how the body stinks,
It must be out of season.

We live for you we die for you,
National Embalming School.

DO LORD

Do lord, oh do lord, oh do remember
me.
Do lord, oh do lord, oh do remember
me.
Do lord, oh do lord, oh do remember
me.
Look away beyond the blue.

I've got a home in glory land that's
right here on earth....
You can't wear the crown if you don't
bear the cross....
The lord is my shepherd and I shall
not want....
I have put my faith in man and he
will come true....
I've got a place in IRY and you've
got one too....

20.

ZUM, GALI, GALI

He-cha -lutz le'man a-vodah
A-vo-dah le'man he-cha-lutz

Zum Gali gali gali
Zum Gali gali (repeat)

A-vo-dah le'man he-cha-lutz
He-cha-lutz le'man a-vo-dah.

He-cha-lutz le'man ha-b'tulah,
Ha-b'tulah le'man he-cha-lutz.

I WOULD BE TRUE

I would be true, for there are those
who trust me,
I would be pure, for there are those
who care,
I would be strong, for there is much
to suffer,
I would be brave, for there is much
to dare,
I would be brave, for there is much
to dare.

I would be friend to all the foe,
the friendless,
I would be giving and forget the gift,
I would be humble, for I know my weak-
ness,
I would look up and laugh and love and
live,
I would look up and laugh and love and
live.

DRUNKEN SAILOR

What shall we do with the drunken
sailor?
What shall we do with the drunken
sailor?
What shall we do with the drunken
sailor
Early in the morning.

Way, hay and up she rises,
Way, hay and up she rises,
Way, hay and up she rises,
Early in the morning.

Put him in the newspapers with a hose
pipe on him.....etc.

Pull out the plug and wet him all over...

Tie him to the tassel when she's yard
arm under.....etc.

THE WRECK OF THE JOHN B.

21,
We came on the ship, Hohn B.
My Grandfather and me,
Around Nassau town, we did roam,
Drinkin' all night, we got in a fight,
I feel so break-up, I want to go home.

Chorus:

So Hist up the John B. sails
And see how the mains'ls set
send for the captain ashore,
Let me go home, Let me go home.
I want to go home,
I feel so break up, I want to go home.

The first mate he got drunk,
And break up the people's trunk,
Constable come aboard and take him
away,
Sherriff Johnstone, please leave me
alone,
I feel so break-up I want to go home.

The poor cook he got fits,
And throwed away all the grits
And then he come and eat up all of my
corn,
Oh, let me go home, I want to go home,
This is the worst trip since I been
born.

SUMMERTIME

Summertime, and the livin' is easy.
Fish are jumping, and the cotton is
high.
Oh your daddy's rich and your ma
is good lookin',
So hush little baby, don't you cry.

One of these mornings, you're
gonna rise up singin'.
Then you'll spread your wings, and
take to the sky.
But 'til that morning there's
a-nothing can harm you,
With you daddy and mammy standin'
by.

GOOD MORNING

Good morning to you,
G od morning to you,
You look kind of drowsy,
In fact you look lousy,
Oh this is the way to start a new day.

ST. JAMES INFIRMARY

It was down in old Joe's Barroom
On the corner of the square,
The drinks were bein' served as
usual.
And the usual crowd was there.

On my left stood big Joe McKennedy.
His eyes were blood-shot red.
He turned to the crowd around him.
These were the very words he said:

I went down to St. James Infirmary,
I saw my baby there;
She was laid out on a cold,
white table
So sweet, so cold, so fair.

Let her go, let her go,
God bless her,
Wherever she may be.
She may search this wide world
over,
And never find a sweeter man
than me.

When I die, when I die, please
bury me
In a high-top stetson hate.
Put a twenty-dollar gold-piece
on my watch chain,
So the gang will know I'm standing
pat.

I want sixteen crap shooters for
pall-bearers
Six pretty maidens to sing a song,
Put a jazz-band on the back of my
hearse-wagon,
To raise Hell as we roll along.

Oh, I may die from a bullet,
I may die from a cannon-ball,
But let me tell you, buddy,
That a woman was the cause of it
all.

So let's have another shot of
whiskey,
And let's have another round of
booze,
And if anyone should happen to
ask you,
I've got those St. James Infirmary
Blues.

I'M ON MY WAY

I'm on my way (I'm on my way)
To Freedom Land. (To Freedom Land)
I'm on my way (I'm on my way)
To Freedom Land (To Freedom Land)
I'm on my way (I'm on my way)
To Freedom Land (To Freedom Land)
I'm on my way, Great God,
I'm on my way.

ROCK-A-MY SOUL

Oh, a-rock-a my soul in the bosom of
Abraham,
A-rock-a my soul in the bosom of
Abraham,
A-rock-a my soul in the bosom of
Abraham,
Oh, rock-a-my soul

When I went down to the river to pray
Oh rock-a-my soul.
My soul got happy and I stayed all day
Oh rock-a-my soul.

LONESOME ROAD

Look down, look down that lonesome
road,
Hang down your head and cry,
The best of friends must part some-
day,
So why not you and I?

I wish to God that I had died,
Had died 'fore I was born,
Before I saw your smiling face,
And heard your lyin' tongue.

GO DOWN, MOSES

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

Go down, Moses, 'way down in Egypt's
land,
Tell ol' Pharaoh, Let my people go.

Oh, let us all from bondage flee,
Let my people go;
And let us all in christ be free!
Let my people go!

22

I'VE GOT PLENTY OF NOTHIN'

I got plenty of nothin' -
And nothin's plenty for me;
I got no car, got no mules,
got no misery.

Folks with plenty of plenty,
They got a look on th' do',
'Fraid somebody's a-gonna rob
em while they's out a-makin'
more -- what so' ?

I got no look on the do' -- that's
no way to be;
They can steal the rug from the
floor -- that's okay with me,
'cause the things that I prize
Like the stars in the skies,
All are free!

Oh, I got plenty of nothin. . . etc.
I got my gal, got my song, got
heaven the whole day long;
Got my gal, got my Lord, got my song!

Potgy change since that woman come
to live with he ----
He ain't cross with chillen no more
And ain't you hear how he and Bess
all the time singing in they room?
I tell you that cripple happy now!

Sure I'm happy -- I got plenty. . . etc.
Got the sun, got the moon, got the
deep blue sea.

The folks with plenty of plenty,
They got to pray all the day;
Seems with plenty you sure got to
worry how to keep the devil away.

I ain't a-frettin' about Hell
Till the time arrive;
Never worry long as I'm well,
Never want to strive---
To be good -- to be bad -- what
whe Hell!
I's glad I's alive!

Oh, I got plenty of nothin',
And nothin's plenty fo' me;
I got my gal-- God my Lord --
Got heaven the whole day long.
No use complainin'
Got my gal. Got my Lord!
Got my song!

LONESOME TRAVELLER

23

I am a weary and a lonesome traveller
I am a weary and a lonesome traveller
I am a weary and a lonesome traveller
I'm just a-trave;;omg on.

I've travelled here and then I've
travelled ybnder,
I've travelled here and then I've
travelled yonder,
I've travelled here and then I've
travelled yonder,
I'm just travelling on.

I've travelled cold and then I've
travelled hungry, (repeat three times)

Travelled with the rich and then I've
travelled with the poor.

I've travelled in the mountains
travelled in the valleys.....

One of these days I'm gonna cease all
my travelling.

I'm keep right on a-travelling on
that road to freedom.

IT AIN'T NECESSARILY SO

It ain't necessarily so,
No it ain't necessarily so
The things that you're liable
To read in the Bible
They ain't necessarily so.

Lil' David was small but oh-my,
Lil' David was small but oh-my,
He fought wit Goliath
Wjo lay dpwn and dieth
Lil' David was small but oh-my.

Wah-do (Wah-do)
Zam bam boodly oo (repeat)
Oo delly wat da (repeat)
Scotty wah (repeat)
Yaaaaaaaaaaaaa

Ol' Jonah he lived in a whale,
Ol' Jonah he lived in a whale,
Yes, he made his home a
That fish's abdomen
Ol' Jonah he lived in a whale.

Little Moses was found is a stream
Yes, Moses was found in a stream;
He floated on water,
Till Pharaoh's daughter
Fished him -- she saya -- from the
.stream.

But it ain't necessarily so,
No, it ain't necessarily so,
They tell all you chillens
The devil's a villain,
But it ain't necessarily so.

To get into Heaven,
Don't snap at a seven,
Live clean, don't have no fault --
look at me!
I just takes the Gospel -- whenever
it's possible,
But with a grain of salt.

Methuselah lived nine hundred year,
Methuselah lived nine hundred year,
But say, what's good of livin'?
Wheb no gal will give in
To no man what's nine hundred year?

Wah-do (wah-do) etc.

I'm preachin' this sermon to show
That it ain't necessarily so!

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

Gonna take a sentimental journey,
Gonna set my heart at ease,
Gonna make a sentimental journey,
To renew old memories.

Got my bag, got my reservation,
Spent each dime I could afford.
Lide a child in wild anticipation,
Long to hear that ALL ABOARD!

z
Seven that's the time we leave,
at seven
I'll be waitin' up for heave,
Countin' every mile of railroad
track, that takes me back.

Never thought my heart could be so
yearning.
Why did I decide to roam,
Gonna take a sentimental journey,
Sentimental journey home..a

THE FOX

The Fox went out on a windy nite
 And paryed for the moon to give him light,
 He had many a mile to go that night
 Before he reached the town-o, town-o, town-o
 Many a mile to go that night
 Before he reached the town-o

Well, the fox he came to a mighty bin
 Where the ducks and geese were kept therein.
 Hesaid "One-a-you critters gonna grease my chin,
 Before I leave this town-o, town-o, town-o
 One or you critters gonna grease my chin-
 Before I leave this town-o."

He grabbed a grey goose by the neck
 And threw a duck across his back.
 He did not mind the quack, quack,
 quack
 And the legs all dangling down-o

Old mother Flipper-flapper jumped out of bed
 And out of the window she poked her head.
 She cried, "John, John the grey goose is gone,
 And the Fox is in the town-o"

John, he ran to the top of the hill
 And blew his whistle both loud and shrill.
 The Fox, he said, "I'd better run with my kill
 For they'll soon be on my trail-o".

The Fox he ran to his homey den
 And there were his little ones, 8,9, and ten.
 "Daddy, daddy, better go back again
 For it must be a mighty fine town-o, town-o
 "Daddy, daddy, better go back again,
 For it must be a mighty fine town-o."

He gave the grey goose to his wife
 Who cut it up with a carving knife.
 They never had such a feast in their life
 And the little ones chewed on the bone-o, bone-o, bone-o.
 They never had such a feast in their life
 And the little ones chewed on the bone-o.

Liberal Light

25.

This little liberal light of mine,
I'm going to let it shine.
This little liberal light of mine,
I'm going to let it shine.
This little liberal.....let it shine
Let it shine, all the time,,let it shine
All around the neighborhood.....etc.
Put it under a bushel, No!etc.
Don't you go and puff it outetc.
This little liberal light fo mine, I&m
going to take it home.....etc.
This little liberal light of mine, it's
going to light the world.....etc.

The Old Dope Peddlar

When the shades of night are falling
Comes a fellows everyone knows,
It's the old dope peddlar
Spreding joy wherever he goes.

Every evening you will find him
Around our neighborhood;
It's the old dope peddlar
Doing well by doing good.

He gives the kids free samples
Because he knows full well
That todays young innocent faces
Will be tomorrows clientele.

Here's a cure for all your troubles,
Here's an end to all distress;
It's the old dope peddlar
With his powdered happiness.

Kangaroo

My father killed a kangaroo,
Gave me the gristly part to chew.
Wasn't that a hell of a thing to do?
To giv me to chew the gristly part
of a dead kangaroo

My paternal forebear decimated a
marsupial, presented to me the
cartilagenous partion to masticate;
Wasn't that a heinous deed to promulgate
To present me to masicate the cartila-
portion of a decimated marsupial?

Stayin' Around and Playin' Around

Been stayin' 'round and playin' 'round
in this old town too long,
Summers almost gone, baby, winter's
comin' on.

Been stayin' 'round and playin' 'round
in this old town to long.
And I feel like I want to travel on.

Write Johnny a letter, cause Johnny
can't come home.

Johnny can't come home, Lord, Johnny
can't cpme home.

Write Johnny a letter, cause Johnny
can't come home.

Cause he's been on the chain-gang too
long.

(repeat first verse as chorus)

High sheriff and the po-lice are comin'
after me.

Comin' after me, Lord, comin' after me.
High sheriff and the po-lice are comin'
after me.

Cause I've been on the chain-gang too
long.

(chorus)

The Boy Scout Marching Song

Be prepared, that's the Boy Scout's
Marching song,

Be prepared, as you thru life you march
along.

Be prepared to hold your liquor pretty
well;

Don't write naughty words on walls if
you can't spell.

Be prepared to hide that pack of cigar-
ettes,

Don't make book, if you cannot cover bets.
Keep those reefers hidden where you're

sure that they will not be found
And be careful not to smoke them when the
Scoutmasters around

For he will only insist that they be
shared.

Be prepared.

Be prepared,,that's the Boy Scout's solemn
creed.

Be prepared and be clean in word and deed.
Don't solicit for your sister, that's not
nice,

Unless you get a good percentage of her
Price.

Be prepared and careful not to do your
good deeds
When there's no one watching you.
If you're looking for adventure of a new
and different kind
And you come across a girl scout who is
similarly inclined,
Don't be nervous, Don't be flustered,
don't be scared.
Be prepared!

SIXTEEN TONS

Now some people say a man's made out
of mud,
But a poor man's made out of muscle
and blood,
Muscle and blood, skin and bone,
A mind that's weak and a back that's
strong.

(Chorus)

You load sixteen tons and what do
you get?
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.

I was born one morning when the sun
didn't shine,
I picked up my shovel and walked to
the mine.
I loaded sixteen tons of number nine
coal,
And the straw boss hollared, "Well
bless my soul!"

(Chorus)

I was born one morning in the drizz-
ling rain;
Fighting and trouble is my middle name.
I was raised in the cain-break by an
old mamma lion--
Never seen a woman could make me
walk the line.

(Chorus)

If you see me comin', you better step
aside;
A lot of men didn't and a lot of men
died.
I got a fist of iron and a fist of
steel,
If the right one don't get you then
the left one will.

OLD KING COLE

Ole King ole was a old soul,
and a merry old soul was he,
He called for his pipe and he called
for his bowl,
And he called for his privates three,
"Beer! Beer! Beer! said the privates,
Merry, merry men are we,
There's none so fair as can compare,
With the King's artillery."

1-2-1-2-1 said the corporals...
Right by squads by right said the
sergeant...
We do all the work said the shave-
tails...
We want 30 days leave said the cap-
tain...
Bring my boots and spurs said the
majors...
Shine my dear old boots said the
colonels...
The army's shot to HUNG said the
generals...
Praise the Lord, that's all, said
the chaplains.

THE WIFFENPOOF SONG

To the tables down at Mory's
To the place where Louis dwells,
To the dear old Temple Bar we love so
well,
Sing the Wiffenpoofs assembled
With their glasses raised on high,
And the magic of their singing casts
its spell.
Yes, the magic of their singing.

Of the songs we love so well,
Shall I wasting and Navoureen and the
rest. We will serenade our Louis,
While life and voice shall last,
Then we'll pass and be forgotten with
the rest.....

We're poor little lambs who have lost
our way; Baa! Baa! Baa!
We're little black sheep who have gone
astray: Baa! Baa! Baa!
Gentlemen songsters off on a spree
D----d from here to eternity,
Lord have mercy on such as we,
Baa! Baa! Baa!

GREEN GROW THE RUSHES

I'LL sing you one-ho!

Green grow the rushes ho;
What is your one-ho?
One is one and all alone and evermore
shall be so.

-I'll sing you two ho!

Green grow the rush s-ho;
What are your two-ho? (Repeat)-

2) Two, two, the lily-white boys,
clothed all in green-ho,

One is one and all alone and
evermore shall be so.

3) Three, three the rivals, (to 2)

4) Four for the gospelmakers (to 3)

5) Five for the symbols at your door
and four for the gospel makers
(to 3)

6) Six for the six proud walkers, (to 5)

7) Sev'n for the sev'n stars in the sky
and six for the six proud
walkers, (to 5)

8) Eight for the April rainers (to 7)

9) Nine for the nine bright shiners,
(to 8)

10) Ten for the ten commandments, (to 9)

11) Elev'n for the 'lev'n went up to
heav'n and ten for the ten
commandments, (to 9)

12) Twelve for the twelve Apostles
(to 11)

X. : HAUL AWAY!

Way, haul away,

We'll haul for better weather

Way, haul away,

We'll haul away, Joe.

Once I had a Southern gal, But she was
fat and lazy

Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe. with chocolate ice cream sodas.

But now I have a Yankee gal and she is j
just a daisy.

Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe. Oh, I went up in a balloon so big,
The people on earth, they looked like a pig

King Louis was the king of France
before the Revolution.

But then he got his head cut off,
which spoiled his Constitution.

Way, haul away....etc.

Oh, when I was a little boy, and so my
mother told me,

That if I didn't kiss the gals my lips
would grow all mouldy.

Way, haul away,... etc.

BILL (tune: DIXIE)

I had a hoss, his name was Bill,
And when he ran he couldn't stand still,
He ran away one day,
And also I ran with him.

He ran so hard he couldn't stop,
He ran into the barber shop,
And fell exhaustionized,
With his eyetooth in the barber's left
shoulder.

Oh, I went out into the woods last year,
To hunt for beer, and not for deer,
I am---I ain't---
I'm a great sharpshootress.

At shooting birds I am a boaut,
There is no bird that I can't shoot,
In the eye, in the ear,
In the nose, in the fingernails.

In Frisco Bay there lives a whaleo,
And she eats pork chops by the bale,
By the hat box, by the pill box,
By the banjo case, by the guitar case.

Her name is Hollie, and she's a peach,
But don't leave food within her reach,
Or babies, or nursemaids,
Or intercontinental ballistic missiles.

She loves to laugh and when she smiles,
You just see teeth for miles and miles,
And tonsils, and adonoids,
And things too fierce to mention.

There is a guy whose name is Fley,
He sings his song, he sings it daily,
With gusto, with relish,
With chocolate ice cream sodas.

Oh, I went up in a balloon so big,
The people on earth, they looked like a pig
Like flies, like mice,
Like mosquitoes, like Fleasens.

Oh, what can you do in a case like that,
Oh, what can you do but stamp on your hat,
On eggshells, on your toothbrush,
Or anything that's helpless.

DARLIN' CORY

28,

THE GOLDEN VANITY

Wake up, wake up, Darlin' Chry,
What makes you sleep so sound?
The revenue officers are a-comin'
For to tear your still-house down,
z
The first time I seen Darlin' Cory,
She was a-standin' by the sea,
A forty-five strapped around her bosom,
And a banjo on her knee.

Wake - oh - wake, my darlin'
You must do the best you can;
I've found another woman,
You must get yourself another man.

Oh - yes - oh- yes, my darlin'
I will do the best I can;
But I'll never give my pleasure,
To another gamblin' man.

Dig a hole, dig a hole in the meadow
Dig a hole in the cold, cold ground.
Dig a hold, dig a hole in the meadow
For to lay Darlin' Cory down.

PACK UP YPUR TROUBLES

Pack up ypur trouble& in your old kit
bag,
And smile, smile, smile.
While there's a lucifer to light your
fag,
Smile boys, that's the style.
What's the use of worrying,
It never was worthwhile, so,
Pack up your troubles in your old kit
bag,
And smile, smile, smile/

THE SWEETHEART OF SIGMA CHI

The girl of my dreams is the sweetest
girl of all the girls I know,
Each sweet co-ed, like a rainbow
trail fades in the afterglow.
The blue of her eyes and the gold of
her hair are a blend of the Western
sky
And the noonlight beams on the girl of
my dreams, she's the sweetheart of
1 Sigma Chi

There was a ship sailed on the Lowland
sea
And the mane of the ship was the Golden
Vanity,
And they feared she might be taken by
the Turkish enemy, that sails upon
Lowland, Lowland, lowland, that
sails upon the Lowland Sea.

Then up there came a little cabin boy,
And he said to the skipper, what will
you give to me.
If I swim along side of the Turkish
Enemy,
And sink her in the Lowland, etc.

Eh, I will give give you silver and I
will give you gold,
And my only daughter your bride shall
be,
If you swim alongside of the Turkish
enemy, and sink her in the Lowland

Then the boy made him ready, and over-
board sprang he,
And he swam alongside of the Turkish
enemy,
And with his auger sharp in her side
he bored holes three.
And he sank her in the Lowland, etc.

Then the bos thurned around and back
again came he,
And cried out to the skipper of the
Golden Vanity,
But the skipper did not heed, for his
promise he did rue.
And he left him in the Low land etc.

Then his mossmates took him up, but on
the deck he died,
And they sewed him in his hammock that
was so large and wide.
And they lowered him overboard, but
he drifted with the tide,
And he sank beneath the lowland. . .etc.

THE RIDDLE SONG

I gave my love a cherry that had no
stone,
I gave my love a chicken that had no
bone.
I told my love a story that had no end.
I gave my love a baby with no cryen.

How can there be a cherry that has no
stone.
How can there be a chicken tha has no
bone.
Who ever heard a story without an end..
How can there be a baby with no cryen.

Well, a cherry when it's bloomin' it
has no stone.
A chicken when it's pipin' it has no
bone.
The story of "I love you" will never end.
A baby when its sleepin', there's no
cryen.

PASSING THROUGH

I saw Adam leave the garden with an
apple in his hand,
I said, "Now you're out what are you
gonna do?"
"Plants my crops and pray for rain,
maybe raise a little cain,
I'm an orphan and I'm only passing
through."

(Chorus)
Passing through, passing through,
Sometimes happy, sometimes blue
Glad that I ran inot you
Tell the people that you saw me passing
a through.

On Mount Sinai I did stand, saw the law
in Moses' hand,
Ten commandments as a guide for you and
me.
Meek above all men was he, but he
conquered slavery,
Giving hope to all the people passing
through.

I saw Jesus on the cross on that hill
called Calvary.
Do you hate mankind for what they done
to you?
He said, "Talk of love not hate, things
to do it's getting late,
We've so little time, we're only passing
through."

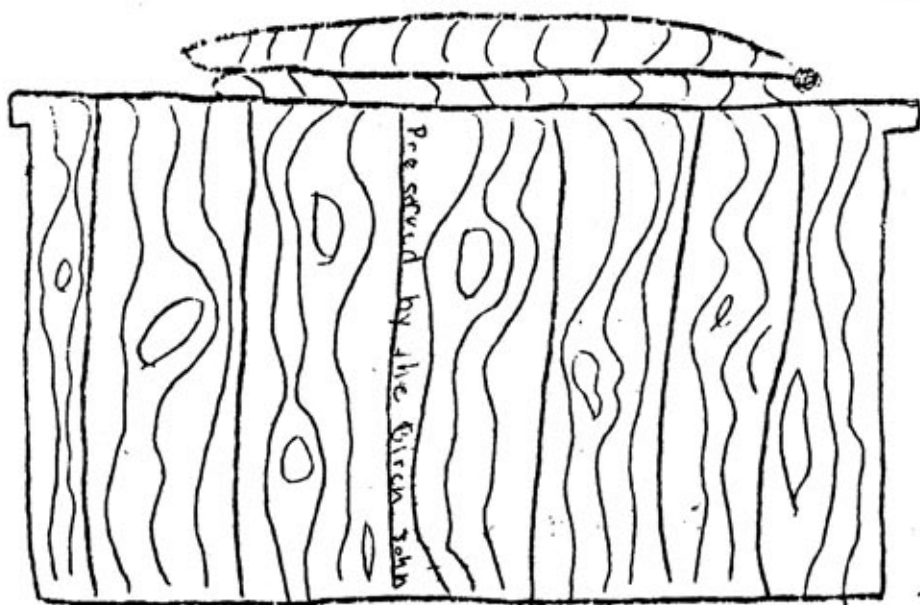
I shiver'd next kto Washington one
night at Valley Forge.
"Why do the soldiers freeze here like
they do?"
He said men will suffer, fight, even die
for what is right,
Even though they know they'er only passing
through.

Was at Lincoln's side, a
little while before he died,
He said, One world must come out of
World War II.
Yankee, Russian, white or tan, Lord
a man is just a man,
We're all brothers and we're only
passing through."

Ghandhi spoke of freedom one night, I
asaid, "Man we gotta fight!"
He said, "Yes, but love's the weapon
we must use.
For with killing, no one wins, It's
with love that peace begins,
It takes courage when we'er only
passing through."

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