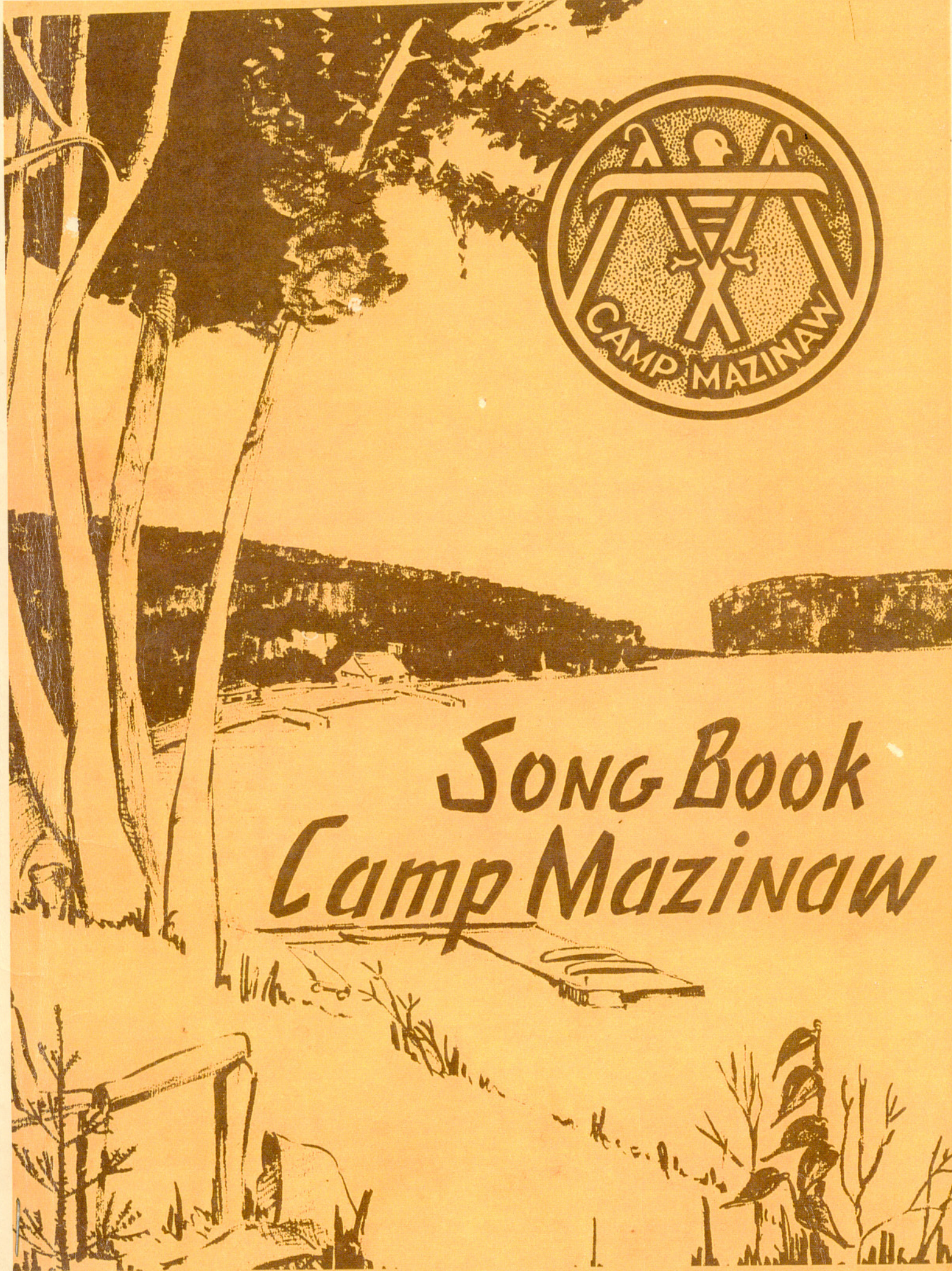




SONG BOOK Camp Mazinau





THE CAMP MAZINAW SONG

Let us sing a song for good old Mazinaw
With a rousing cheer for Nature's paradise,
As we travel by canoe or down the trail
Mazinaw e'er will be our choice.
Bon Echo standing out against the sky
In its massive rugged style
Echoes back our song of Mazinaw
And we always say it with a smile.

M for men,
A for alert
Z for zeal and zest,
I for inspiration and with that our camp is blest;
N for good old Nature, and another
A for aim,
W stands for willingness, and that's our middle name.

We put these letters all in line and shout them loud and clear
It spells out good old Mazinaw, and we break forth and cheer.

-- Norman Tuckwell

CHEER, CHEER FOR CAMP MAZINAW

Cheer, Cheer for Camp Mazinaw,
There's always sunshine, it's never raw,
We go there to swim and fish,
Long-range canoe-trips are our dish.
We never falter, we never fall
Climbing Old Walt as steep as a wall,
And when summer comes again,
At Camp Mazinaw we'll be
Rah! Rah! Rah!

"Forsan et haec olim meminisse iuvabit" -- Virgil

("Perchance in days to come, it will please you to recall this.")

DOWN BY THE SEA

Early in the morning just as the sun is
rising,
See the little engines all in a row;
See the little driver pull the little lever
Choo, choo, choo, and away they go -
Down by the sea -
Where the watermelons grow -
At home to be - I dare not go -
For if I do - my mother will say -

1. Have you ever seen a sow
With a green eyebrow?
Down by the bay.
2. Did you ever see a flea
with a sunburned knee?
3. Did you ever see a moose
With a front tooth loose?

JOHN JACOB JINGLEHEIMER SCHMIDT

John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmidt
His name is my name too,
Whenever we go out
The people laugh and shout
John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmidt,
TRA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA.

FOR ME AND MY GAL

The bells are ringing for me and my gal,
The birds are singing for me and my gal,
Everybody's been knowing
To a wedding they're going,
And for weeks they've been sewing
Every Susie and Sal.
They're congregating for me and my gal
The Parson's waiting for me and my gal,
And sometime I'm going to build a little
house for two,
For three, or four, or more,
In Loveland for me and my gal.

DARK TOWN STRUTTERS' BALL

I'll be down to get you in a taxi, honey,
Better be ready about half-past eight,
Now dearie, don't be late.
I want to be there when the band starts
playing,
Remember when we get there, honey,
The two-steps I'm going to have 'em all,
Going to dance off both my shoes,
When they play the "Jelly Roll Blues"
Tomorrow night at the Dark Town
Strutters' Ball.

A CAPITAL SHIP

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

CHORUS

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

2. The bo'swain's mate was very sedate,
Yet fond of amusement too;
He played hopscotch with the
starboard watch,
While the Captain tickled the crew.
And the cook we had was apparently
mad
For the diet he gave the crew-ew-ew
Was a number of tons of hot-cross-
buns
Served up with sugar and glue.

ICH BIN EIN MUSIKER

(Caller) Ich bin ein Musiker

(Everybody) Deutsches Vaterlander

(Caller) Ich kann spielen

(Everybody) Ich kann spielen

(Caller) Speilen an mein zumba-za.

CHORUS: Zumba, zumba, zumba-za, ...

2. Viola

3. Piccolo-la (whistle)

4. Trumpet-ra (dat, drrat, drrat,
dat, da)

5. Piano-la

GREEN GROW THE RUSHES-HO

Solo: I'll sing you one-ho
Chorus: Green grow the rushes-ho
What is your one-ho?
Solo: One is one and all alone,
And ever more shall be so.

2. Two, two, the lily-white boys,
Clothed all in green-ho.
3. Three, three, the rivals.
4. Four for the gospel makers.
5. Five for the symbols at your door.
6. Six for the six proud walkers.
7. Seven for the seven stars in the sky.
8. Eight for the April rainers.
9. Nine for the nine bright shiners.
10. Ten for the ten commandments (slowly)
11. Eleven for the eleven that went to
heaven
12. Twelve for the twelve apostles.

HAUL AWAY JOE

1. Way, haul away
We'll haul away the bow-lin'
Way, haul away, haul away Joe.
2. Way, haul away
The packet is a-rollin'.
3. Way, haul away
We'll hope for sunny weather.
4. Way, haul away
Still we'll trip the lakes together.
5. Geordie Charlton had a pig
And it was double jointed.
6. He took it to the blacksmith's shop
To get its trotters pointed
7. When I was a little boy,
And so my mother told me.
8. That if I didn't kiss the girls
My lips would all go mouldy.

HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN

Happy days are here again!
The skies above are clear again,
Let us sing a song of cheer again,
Happy days are here again.
Altogether shout it now,
There's now one who can doubt it now,
So let's tell the world about it now,
Happy days are here again.
Your cares and troubles are gone,
There'll be no more from now on,
Happy days are here again.
The skies above are clear again,
Let us sing a song of cheer again,
Happy days are here again.

LAND OF THE SILVER BIRCH

Land of the Silver Birch
Home of the beaver,
Where still the mighty moose
Wanders at will;
Blue lake and rocky shore
I will return once more
Boom-ba-dee-um-bum!

My heart grows sick for you,
here on the lowland,
I will return to you,
Hills of the North.

Swift as the silver fish, Canoe of
birch bark
O'er mighty riverways
Carry me forth.

There on a rocky ledge
I'll set my wigwam,
Close to the forest edge
Silent and still.

LITTLE BROWN JUG

1. My wife and I live all alone,
In a little log hut we call our own,
She loves gin and I love rum
I tell you what, we've lots of fun.

CHORUS

Ha! Ha! Ha! you and me,
Little brown jug, don't I love thee!
Ha! Ha! Ha! you and me,
Little brown jug, don't I love thee!

2. 'Tis you who makes my friends my
foes,
'Tis you who makes me wear old
clothes;
Here you are, so near my nose,
So tip her up and down she goes.
3. If I'd a cow that give such milk
I'd dress her in the finest silk,
I'd feed her on the choicest hay
And milk her forty times a day.
4. The rose is red, my nose is too,
The violet's blue and so are you;
And yet, I guess, before I stop
We'd better take another drop.

WE SHALL OVERCOME

1. We shall overcome
We shall overcome,
We shall overcome some day.
O, deep in my heart
I know that I do believe,
We shall overcome some day.
2. We'll walk hand in hand.
3. We shall live in peace.
4. The whole wide world around.

THE HAPPY WANDERER

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

CHORUS

Val-de ri - Val-de-ra
Val-de ra - Val-de-ha ha -
Val-de ri - Val-de ra
My knapsack on my back.

2. I love to wander by the stream
That dances in the sun,
So joyously it calls to me
"Come! Join my happy song!"
3. 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.
4. Oh, may I go a-wandering
Until the day I die!
Oh, may I always laugh and sing,
Beneath God's clear blue sky.

WHEN YOU'RE SMILING

When you're smiling, when you're smiling,
The whole world smiles with you;
When you're laughing, when you're
laughing
The sun comes shining through.
But when you're crying, you bring on the
rain,
So stop your sighing, be happy again,
Keep on smiling, 'cause when you're
smiling,
The whole world smiles with you.

ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND

Come on and hear, come on and hear
Alexander's Ragtime Band.
Come on and hear, come on and hear
It's the best band in the land.
They can play a bugle call
Like you never heard before
So natural that you want to go to war.
It's just the bestest band what am
Oh, mah honey lamb.
Come on along, come on along,
Let me take you by the hand
Up to the man, up to the man
Who's the leader of the band.
And if you want to hear that Swanee
River
Played in ragtime,
Come on and hear, come on and hear
Alexander's Ragtime Band.

BLOW THE MAN DOWN

1. Oh, blow the man down, bullies,
Blow the man down,
(To me Way-ay, blow the man down.)
Oh, blow the man down, bullies,
Blow him away,
(Oh, gimme some time to blow the man
down.)
2. As I was a walkin' down Winchester
Street
(To me ...)
A saucy young damsel I happened to
meet.
(Oh, gimme ...)
3. I sez to her, "Polly, and how d'you
do?"
Sez she, "None the better for seein' of
you."
4. So we'll blow the man up, and we'll
blow the man down,
And we'll blow him away into
Liver-pool town.

LETTUCE AND RADISHES

Lettuce and radishes
Carrots and peas
Sing to the dicky-birds
High in the tress;

So fill up your lungs, boys
And sing till you wheeze,
Lettuce and radishes,
Carrots and peas!

I'VE BEEN WORKIN' ON THE RAILROAD

I've been workin' on the railroad
All the livelong day;
I've been workin' on the railroad
Just to pass the time away.
Can't y'hear the whistle blowin'
Rise up early in the morn,
Can't y'hear the whistle blowin'
Dinah, blow your horn.
Dinah, won't y'blow, Dinah, won't y'blow
Dinah, won't y'blow your horn?
Dinah, won't y'blow, Dinah, won't y'blow
Dinah, won't y'blow your horn?
Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah,
Someone's in the kitchen I know-ow-ow-ow
Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah,
Strummin' on the old banjo.

Fee - fie - fiddly i-o
Fee - fie - fiddly i-o-o-o
Fee - fie - fiddly i-o
Stummin' on the old banjo.

I'VE GOT SIXPENCE

1. I've got sixpence, jolly, jolly sixpence
I've got sixpence to last me all my life,
I've got tuppence to spend and
tuppence to lend,
And tuppence to send home to my
wife, poor wife!
2. I've got fourpence, etc.
3. I've got tuppence, etc.
4. I've got _____ pence, etc.

WHAT'LL WE DO WITH A SLEEPY CAMPER

1. What'll we do with a sleepy camper?
What'll we do with a sleepy camper?
What'll we do with a sleepy camper?
Early in the morning.

CHORUS

Hooray, and up he rises,
Hooray, and up he rises,
Hooray, and up he rises,
Early in the morning.

2. Pull of the covers and chill him all
over.
3. Yell in his tent that it's time for
breakfast.
4. Get a chunk of ice and lay it softly on
him.
5. Leave him in his blanket till the food's
done for.

OH WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNING

1. There's a bright golden haze on the
meadow,
There's a bright golden haze on the
meadow,
The corn is as high as an elephant's
eye,
And it looks like it's climbin' clear up
to the sky.

CHORUS

Oh, what a beautiful mornin'
Oh, what a beautiful day,
I got a beautiful feelin'
Everything's goin' my way
Oh, what a beautiful day (after last
verse only)

2. All the cattle are standin' like statues,
All the cattle are standin' like statues,
They don't turn their heads as they
see me ride by,
But a little brown mav'rick is winking
her eye.
3. All the sounds of the earth are like
music,
All the sounds of the earth are like
music,
The breeze is so busy it don't miss a
tree,
And a' ol' weepin' willer is laughin'
at me.

OLD MAN RIVER

Old man river, dat old man river,
He must know sumpin' but don't say
nuthin'
He jes' 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 jes' keeps rollin'
along.

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

Ah gets weary an' sick o' trying
Ah's tired of livin' and feard of dyin'
But old man river he jes' keeps rollin'
along.

THE PEANUT SONG

1. The man who has plenty of good
peanuts
And giveth his neighbour none,
He shan't have any of my peanuts
When his peanuts are gone.

CHORUS

When his peanuts are gone,
When his peanuts are gone,
He shan't have any of my peanuts
When his peanuts are gone.

2. The man who has plenty of good
oranges,
3. The man who has pley of soft, sweet
soda-crackers,
4. The man who has plenty of ripe, red
strawberry shortcake,

QUARTERMASTER'S STORES

1. There was bread, bread, battered to a
shred,
On the trip, on the trip,
There was bread, bread, battered to a
shred,
On our last canoeing trip.

CHORUS

My eyes are dim, I cannot see,
I have not brought my specs with me,
I have not brought my specs with me,

2. There was spam, spam, mixed up with
the jam,
3. There were flies, flies, eating up the
guys,
4. There were bugs, bugs, big as ocean
tugs,

EDELWEISS

Edelweiss, Edelweiss, every morning you
greet me,
Small and white, clean and bright,
You look happy to meet me.
Blossoms of snow, may you bloom and
grow,
Bloom and grow, forever
Edelweiss, Edelweiss, bless my homeland
forever.

SOMETHING TO SING ABOUT

1. I have walked across the sand on the
Grand Banks of Newfoundland,
Lazed on the ridge of the Mirimichi;
Seen the waves tear and roar at the
stone coast of Labrador,
Watched them roll back to the great
northern sea.

CHORUS

From the Vancouver Island to the
Alberta Highland,
Cross the prairie, the lakes to
Ontario's towers,
From the sound of Mount Royal's
chimes, out to the Maritimes,
Something to sing about, this land of
ours.

2. I have welcomed the dawn from the
fields of Saskatchewan,
Followed the sun to the Vancouver
shore;
Watched it climb, shiny new, up the
snow peaks of Caribou,
Up to the clouds where the wild
Rockies soar.
3. I have heard the wild wind sing the
places I have been
Bay Bull and Red Deer and Strait of
Belle Isle;
Names like Grand Mere and Silver-
throne, Moosejaw and Marrowbone,
Trails of the pioneer, named with a
smile.

YOU ARE MY SUNSHINE

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

CHORUS

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.

2. You told me once, dear, you really
loved me,
And no one else could come between,
But now you've left me, and love
another,
You have shattered all my dreams.

MICHAEL FINNIGAN

1. There was an old man named Michael
Finnigin
He grew whiskers on his chinigin,
The wind came up and blew them
inigin
Poor old Michael Finnigin (Beginigin)
2. There was an old man named Michael
Finnigin
He went fishing with a pinigin,
Caught a whale that jumped back
inigin
Poor old Michael Finnigin (Beginigin)
3. There was an old man named Michael
Finnigin
Sneaked home late past Mrs. Finnigin,
She cired out "Where have you
binigin?"
Poor old Michael Finnigin.
4. There was an old man named Michael
Finnigin
Built a house of stone and tinigin,
Down came the wind and blew it inigin
Poor old Michael Finnigin.
5. There was an old man named Michael
Finnigin
He go fat and then got thinigin,
Ran a race but could not winigin,
Poor old Michael Finnigin.
6. There was an old man named Michael
Finnigin,
Went to the river and fell inigin,
He climbed out with a silly grinigin,
Poor old Michael Finnigin.
7. This is a song of Michael Finnigin,
Sing it all day through thick and
thinigin,
When you get through just start right
inigin,
The song of Michael Finnigin.

SINGIN' IN THE RAIN

I'm singin' in the rain,
Just singin' in the rain,
What a wonderful feelin'
I'm happy again.
I'm laughin' at the sky,
So dark up above,
There's a song in my heart
And I'm ready for love.
Let the Mazinaw rise,
Old Walt float away,
The floods reach the skies,
I'm still happy and gay,
The clouds and the storm
Can't get me again,
I'm singin', just singin' in the rain, in the
rain.

SHORTNIN' BREAD

1. Put on de skillit, put on de lid,
Mammy's goin' to bake a little shortnin'
bread.
Dat ain't all she's goin' to do
Mammy's goin' to make a little coffee
too.

CHORUS

Mammy's little baby loves shortnin',
shortnin'
Mammy's little baby loves shortnin'
bread.
Mammy's little baby loves shortnin',
shortnin'
Mammy's little baby loves shortnin'
bread.

2. Three little children lyin' in bed
Two was sick an de other mos' dead.
Send fo' de doctor -- de doctor said,
Feed dese children on shortnin' bread.

THIS LAND IS MY LAND

1. As I went walking that ribbon of
highway,
I saw above me that endless skyway,
I saw below me that golden valley,
This land was made for you and me.

CHORUS

This land is your land, this land is my
land,
From Bona Vista to the Vancouver
Island,
From the Arctic Circle to the Great
Lake waters,
This land was made for you and me.

2. I roamed and rambled and followed my
footsteps
To the circled forest of a mighty
mountain,
And all around me a voice was calling,
This land was made for you and me:
3. When the sun came shining, and I was
strolling,
And the wheat fields waving, and the
dust clouds rolling,
As the fog was lifting, a voice was
chanting,
This land was made for you and me.

SWINGING ON A STAR

1. A mule is an animal with long funny ears,
He kicks up at anything he hears,
His back is brawny but his brain is weak,
He's just plain stupid with a stubborn streak,
And, by the way, if you hate to go to school,
You may grow up to be a mule.

CHORUS

- Or would you like to swing on a star
Carry moonbeams home in a jar
And be better off than you are?
(1)Or would you rather be a pig?
(2)Or would you rather be a fish?
2. A pig is an animal with dirt on his face,
His shoes are a terrible disgrace,
He's got no manners when he eats his food,
He's fat and lazy, and extremely rude;
But if you don't care a feather or a fig,
You may grow up to be a pig.
 3. A fish won't do anything but swim in a brook,
He can't write his name or read a book,
To fool the people is his only thought
And though he's slippery, he still gets caught,
But then, if that sort of life is what you wish,
You may grow up to be a fish.
And all the monkeys aren't in the zoo,
Every day you meet quite a few,
So you see it's all up to you.
You can be better than you are,
You could be Swinging On A Star.

SHENANDOAH

1. O Shenandoah, I long to hear you,
Away, you rolling river.
O Shenandoah, I long to hear you,
Away, I'm bound to go
Cross the wide Missouri.
2. O Shenandoah, I love your daughter.
3. 'Tis seven long years since last I see thee.
4. O Shenandoah, I'm bound to leave you.
O Shenandoah, I'll not deceive you.

FOUR STRONG WINDS

Four strong winds that blow lonely
Seven seas that run high
All those things that don't change, come
what may;
But our times are all gone
And I'm bound for moving on
I'll look for you if I'm ever back this way.

Think I'll go out to Alberta
Weather's good there in the fall;
Got some friends that I can go to working
for,
Still, I wish you'd change your mind
If I ask you one more time
But we've been through that a hundred
times or more.

If I get there before the snow flies,
And if things are going good
You could meet me if I sent you down the fare
But then it would be winter;
There ain't too much for you to do
And those winds sure could blow cold way
out there.

BLOWIN' IN THE WIND

1. How many roads must a man walk down
Before they can call him a man?
How many seas must a white dove sail
Before she sleeps in the sand?
How many times must the cannonballs fly
Before they're forever banned?

CHORUS

The answer, my friend
Is blowin' in the wind
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

2. How many years can a mountain exist
Before it is washed to the sea?
How many years can some people exist
Before they're allowed to be free?
How many times can a man turn his head
And pretend that he just doesn't see?
3. How many times can a man look up
Before he sees 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?

SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT

1. I looked over Jordan and what did I see?
Coming for to carry me home,
A band of angels, coming after me,
Coming for to carry me home.

CHORUS

Swing low, sweet chariot,
Coming for to carry me home,
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Coming for to carry me home.

2. If you get there before I do,
Coming for to carry me home,
Tell all my friends that I'm coming too,
Coming for to carry me home.
3. I'm sometimes up and I'm sometimes down,
Coming for to carry me home.
But still my soul seems heavenward bound,
Coming for to carry me home.

SCHOOL DAYS

School days, school days,
Dear old golden rule days,
Reading, and writing, and 'rithmetic,
Taught to the tune of a hickory stick;
You were my queen in calico,
I was your bashful, barefoot beau,
You wrote on my slate, "I love you so",
When we were a couple of kids.

School days, school days,
Good old golden rule days,
Reading and writing and 'rithmetic
No longer are taught with a hickory stick.
Now we must use Psychology
Goodness knows what the end will be,
And we often wish that things could be
As they were when we went to school.

SINNER MAN

1. Oh sinner man, where you gonna run to? (3 times)
All on that day.
2. Run to the rock, the rock was a-melting.
3. Run to the sea, the sea was a-boiling.
4. Run to the moon, the moon was a-bleeding.
5. Run to the Lord; Lord, won't you help me?
6. Run to the Devil, Devil was a-hiding.
7. Oh sinner man; you ought to be a-praying.

UP WITH PEOPLE

1. It happened just this morning
I was walking down the street
A milkman and a postman
And policeman I did meet.
There in every window,
At every single door,
I recognized people
I'd never noticed before.

CHORUS

Up! up with people!
You meet 'em wherever you go!
Up, up with people!
They're the best kind of folks to know.
If more people were for people,
All people everywhere,
There'd be a lot less people to worry about,
And a lot more people who care.
(Repeat last two lines)

2. People from the southland
And people from the north,
Like a mighty army
I saw them coming forth.
'Twas a great reunion,
Befitting of a king!
Then I realized people
Are more important than things.
3. Inside everybody
There's some bad and there's some good,
But don't let anybody
Start attacking peoplehood.
Love them as they are
But fight for them to be
Great men and great women
As God meant them to be.

MICHAEL, ROW THE BOAT ASHORE

1. Michael, row the boat ashore, Alleluya,
Michael, row the boat ashore, Alleluya.
2. Sister, help to trim the sail, Alleluya,
Sister, help to trim the sail, Alleluya.
3. Jordan's river is deep & wide,
Alleluya,
Meet me, mother, on the other side,
Alleluya.
4. Jordan's river is chilly and cold,
Alleluya,
Chills the body but not the soul,
Alleluya.

JUNIOR BIRDSMEN

1. Up in the air, Junior Birdsmen
Up in the air upside down,
Up in the air, Junior Birdsmen
With your noses to the ground.
2. When you hear the great announcement
That their wings are made of tin,
You'll know the Junior Birdsmen
Have sent their box tops in.
3. It takes 5 box tops, 4 bottle bottoms,
3 wrappers, 2 labels and one thin dime
So-o
Up in the air ...

STUDY WAR NO MORE

1. I'm gonna lay down my sword and
shield
Down by the riverside,
Down by the riverside,
Down by the riverside,
I'm gonna lay down my sword and
shield
Down by the riverside
And study war no more.
2. I'm gonna shake hands with every man
Down by the riverside,
Down by the riverside,
Down by the riverside,
I'm gonna shake hands with every man
Down by the riverside,
And study war no more.
3. I'm gonna shake hands around the
world,
Down by the riverside,
Down by the riverside,
Down by the riverside,
I'm gonna shake hands around the
world,
Down by the riverside
And study war no more.

CHORUS

I ain't gonna study war no more,
Ain't gonna study war no more,
Ain't gonna study war no more.
I ain't gonna study war no more,
Ain't gonna study war no more,
Ain't gonna study war no more.

VIVE LA COMPAGNIE!

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

CHORUS

- Vive le, vive le, vive le roi,
Vive le, vive le, vive le roi,
Vive le roi, vive la reine,
Vive la compagnie!
2. A friend on your left and a friend on
your right,
Vive la compagnie!
In love and good fellowship let us
unite
Vive la compagnie!
 3. Now wider and wider our circle
expands,
Vive la compagnie!
We sing to our comrades in far-away
lands,
Vive la compagnie!

SIDE BY SIDE

Oh! we aint' got a barrel of money
Maybe we're ragged and funny,
But we'll travel along
Singin' a song, side by side.

Don't know what's coming tomorrow,
Maybe it's trouble and sorrow
But we'll travel the road
Sharin' our load, side by side.

Through all kinds of weather,
What if the sky should fall,
Just as long as we're together
It doesn't matter at all.

When they've all had their quarrels and
parted,
We'll be the same as we started
Just trav'lin' along, singing a song
Side by side.

I'D LIKE TO TEACH THE WORLD TO SING

1. I'd like to build the world a home
And furnish it with love;
Grow apple trees and honey bees
And snow-white turtle doves.
2. I'd like to teach the world to sing
In perfect harmony.
I'd like to hold it in my arms
And keep it company.
3. I'd like to see the world for once
All standing hand in hand
And hear them echo through the hills
For peace throughout the land.
4. I'd like to teach the world to sing
In perfect harmony,
A song of peace that echoes on
And never goes away.
5. That's the song I hear,
Let the world sing today.
A song of peace that echoes on
And never goes away.

SHE'LL BE COMIN' 'ROUND THE MOUNTAIN

1. She'll be coming 'round the mountain
when she comes, TOOT TOOT!
2. She'll be driving six white horses when
she comes, WHOA BACK!
3. Oh we'll all go down to meet her when
she comes, HI BABE!
4. We'll kill the old red rooster when
she comes, HACK HACK!
5. Oh we'll all have chicken and dumpling
when she comes, YUM YUM!
6. She'll be wearin' red pyjamas when she
comes, SCRATCH SCRATCH!
7. Oh she'll have to sleep with grandma
when she comes, SNORE WHISTLE!

BLUE-TAILED FLY

When I was young, I used to wait
On de master an' bring him his
plate
An' pass de bottle when he got dry
(all) An' brush away de blue-tailed fly.

CHORUS

Jimmy crack corn an' I don't care
Jimmy crack corn an' I don't care
Jimmy crack corn an' I don't care
My master's gone away.

Some days he'd ride in de
afternoon,
I followed after with a hickory
broom
De pony being rather shy
(all) When bitten by a blue-tailed fly.

The devil take a blue-tailed fly!
De verdict was a blue-tailed fly.
De victim of a blue-tailed fly.

ANALYSIS AND SYNTHESIS

1. After the ball was over
Suzie took out her glass eye,
Put her false teeth in water,
Carefully wrapped up her dye,
Stood her cork leg in the corner,
Hung up her wig on the wall,
All that was left went to bye-bye,
After the ball.
2. I took the legs from some old table,
I took the arms from some old chair,
I took the neck from some old bottle,
And from a horse I got some hair,
And then I put them all together
With some wire and some glue,
And I got more lovin' from the
gol-darn dummy
Than I ever got from you.

BRITISH GRENADIERS

1. Some talk of Alexander,
And some of Hercules
Of Hector and Lysander,
And such great names as these;
But of all the world's brave heroes
There's none that can compare
With a tow, row, row, with a tow,
row, row,
To the British Grenadiers.
2. None of those ancient heroes,
E'er saw a cannon-ball,
Or knew the force of powder
To slay their foes withal;
But our brave boys do know it,
And banish all their fears,
Singing tow, row, row, with a tow,
row, row
To the British Grenadiers.

MacNAMARA'S BAND

Oh, my name is MacNamara
I'm the leader of the band;
Although we're few in number
We're the finest in the land.
We play at wakes and weddings
And at every fancy ball,
And when we play at funerals
We play the march from Saul.
OOOH, the drums go bang,
And the cymbals clang,
And the horns they blaze away,
McCarthy plays the big bassoon
And I the pipes do play,
And Hennessy Tennessy tootles the flute
The music is simply grand,
A credit to Ould Ireland
Is MacNamara's band.
Ta da da da, etc.

ROAD TO THE ISLES

1. It's the far Northland that's a-calling
me away
As I set forth with my pack and take
the road
It's the call sounding from the forest
and the lake
So off I go with sunlight for my load.

continued...

CHORUS

- Where the campfire will be burning
I'm returning once again.
Where you see the loon and hear it's
plaintive wail
If you're thinking in your inner heart
There's swagger in my step
You've never been along the campward
trail.
2. It's the flash of paddle blades
a-gleaming in the sun,
Of canoes so swiftly skimming by the
shore,
It's the tang of pine and balsam coming
on the breeze
That takes me to the waterways once
more.

CAMPING SONG

1. We're out on a tear to get fresh air
And keep our livers healthy.
We rise ere breakfast every morn
To make us wise and wealthy.
We wear old clothes and know no woes
Of irksome civilization.
We wear our whiskers on our chins
As a mark of emancipation!

REFRAIN

- Then shake, old pard, our palms are
hard,
Our hands and faces brown,
We don't look gay in our camp array,
But we're dudes when we're in town.
2. We roam the woods in search of game
But little do we find.
The wily deer pricks up his ear
And leaves us far behind.
And when we meet a bunch of skunks
You ought to see them scatter.
We wash our dishes in the sand
We're tough -- but that's no matter!
 3. Now you who dress in fine array
And live in big hotels,
Who dine off china every day
And pose as howling swells,
Who never have an appetite
That's not produced by bitters,
Just gaze on us, and gnash your teeth
You miserable critters!

DESPERADO SONG

1. There lived a Desperado in the wild
and woolly west,
He came out to Chicago just to give
the west a rest.
He wore a wide sombrero and a gun
beneath his vest,
And everywhere he went he'd give his
WAR-WHOOP!!

CHORUS

Now a bold, bad man,
Was this Desperado
From Cripple Creek
Way out in Colorado
And he rode around like a big Tornado
And everywhere he went he'd give his
WAR-WHOOP!!

2. He went to Coney Island just to take
in all the sights,
He saw the Hootchey-Kootcheys and
the girls all dressed in tights,
He got so blamed excited that he shot
out all the lights,
And everywhere he went he'd give his
WAR-WHOOP!!
3. He met a pretty model from a recent
fashion show,
He tried to introduce himself, she told
him where to go.
He quickly flashed his wallet and she
plainly saw his dough,
And so she went to help him give his
WAR-WHOOP!!
4. A great big fat policeman was
a-standing on his beat,
He saw this whoopsie couple come
a-rolling down the street.
He siezed him by the whiskers and he
grabbed her by the seat,
And put them where they couldn't give
their WAR-WHOOP!!
5. He languished there in prison 'till he
sickened of the rest
He punched the dirty jailers; shot the
warden through the vest.
He hopped a speedy mail plane that
was headed for the west,
And now you never ever hear his
WAR-WHOOP!!

I WISH I WAS SINGLE AGAIN

1. I wish I was single again
I wish I was single again
'Cause when I was single
My money did jingle
I wish I was single again.

CHORUS

Again and again and again
Again and again and again
(Repeat last three lines of verse)

2. My wife took a fever, O then,
My wife took a fever, O then,
My wife took a fever
I hope I don't leave 'er
I wanta be single again.
3. My wife she died, O then,
My wife she died, O then,
My wife she died
And I laughed 'till I cried,
'Cause I knew I was single again.
4. I married another, O then,
I married another, O then,
I married another
She's worse than the other
I wish I was single again.
5. Now all you wise young men,
Now all you wise young men,
Be good to the first
'Cause the second is worst,
And you'll wanta be single again.

PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES

Pack up your blankets in your old
pack-sack
And trip! trip! trip!
Throw in some bacon and Betty's hard
tack
Trip, boys that's the tip!
You have our old Trading-Post
And lakes and streams to pick.

SO!

Pick up your paddle, get a light canoe
And trip, trip, trip!

ONE MORE RIVER

1. De animals went in one by one
Dar's one more ribber to cross,
De elephant chewin' a cinnamon bun,
Dar's one more ribber to cross.

CHORUS

Dar's one more ribber
And dat's the ribber ob Jordan;
One more ribber
Dar's one more ribber to cross.

2. De animals went in two by two,
De rhinoceros and de kangaroo.
3. De animals went in three by three,
De bear, de bug and de bumble-bee.
4. De animals went in four by four,
De hippopotamus stuck in de door.
5. De animals went in five by five,
Some were dead and some were alive.
6. De animals went in six by six,
De hyena laughed at de monkey's
tricks.
7. De animals went in seven by seven,
Says de ant to the elephant, "Who are
you shevin'?"
8. De animals went in eight by eight,
Some were early and some were late.
9. De animals went in nine by nine,
Said the whale, "Not for me, de
water's fine."
10. De animals went in ten by ten,
De ark she blew her whistle den.
11. Dey never knew where dey were at,
Until dey bumped Mount Ararat.

PATSY OREE-AY

In 1851, American railroad just begun,
American railroad just begun, workin' on
the railroad

CHORUS

Patsy-oree-oree-ay, etc.

- In 1852, looking around for something
to do
- In 1853, railroad company accepted me.
- In 1854, found my back was mighty sore.
- In 1855, found myself more dead than
alive.
- In 1856, stepped on a pile of dynamite
sticks.
- In 1857, found myself on the way to
heaven.

CLEMENTINE

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

CHORUS

- Oh, my darling, Oh, my darling,
Oh, my darling Clementine!
Thou art lost and gone forever,
Dreadful sorry, Clementine.
2. Light she was and like a fairy
And her shoes were No. 9
Herring boxes, without topses,
Sandals were for Clementine.
 3. Drove she ducklings to the water
Every morning just at nine,
Stubbed her toe against a splinter,
Fell into the foaming brine.
 4. How I missed her! How I missed her!
How I missed my Clementine;
But I kissed her younger sister
And forgot my Clementine.

WOAD SONG

THE MARTINS AND THE COYS

1. What's the good of wearing braces,
Vests and pants and boots with laces,
Spats or hats you buy in places
Down in Brompton Road?
What's the use of shirts of cotton,
Studs that always get forgotten?
These affairs are simply rotten;
Better far is woad.
Woad's the stuff to show men;
Woad to scare your foemen,
Boil it to a brilliant hue,
And rub it on your back and your
abdomen.
Ancient Briton never hit on
Anything as good as woad to fit on,
Neck, or knees or where you sit on,
Tailors, you be blowed.
2. Romans came across the Channel,
All wrapped up in tin and flannel;
Half a pint of woad per man'll
Dress us more than these.
Saxon, you can waste your stitches,
Building beds for bugs and breeches;
We have woad to clothe us, which is
Not a nest for fleas.
Romans, keep your armors:
Saxons, your pyjamas;
Hairy coats were meant for goats,
Gorillas, yaks, retriever dogs and
llamas.
Tramp up Snowden, with our woad on;
Never mind if we get rained or snowed
on;
Never want a button sewed on,
Go it, Ancient B's.

AIN'T SHE SWEET?

Ain't she sweet?
See her coming down the street.
Now I ask you very confidentially
Ain't she sweet?
Ain't she nice?
Look her over once or twice.
Now I ask you very confidentially
Ain't she nice?
Just cast an eye in her direction
Oh, me, oh, my! Ain't that perfection?
I repeat, Don't you think that's kind of
neat?
And I ask you very confidentially
Ain't she sweet?

1. O the Martins and the Coys
They were reckless mountain boys,
And they took up family feudin' when
they'd meet,
They would shoot each other quicker
Than it took your eye to flicker
They could knock a squirrel's eye out
at ninety feet.
2. O the Martins and the Coys
They were reckless mountain boys
At the art of killing they'd become
quite deft,
They all knowed they shouldn't do it
But before they hardly knew it
On each side they only had one person
left.
3. Now the one remaining Martin was a
maiden
And as pretty as a picture rare was
Grace,
While the one remaining boy
Was the handsome Henry Coy,
And the folks all know they'd soon
come face to face.
4. Now at last they met upon a mountain
pathway,
And Henry Coy, he aimed his gun at
Grace
He was set to pull the trigger
When he saw her pretty figure
You could see that love had kicked him
in the face.
5. O the Martins and the Coys
They were reckless mountain boys,
But they say their ghostly cussin'
gives you chills,
'Cause that hatchet sure was buried
When sweet Grace and Henry married.
It broke up the best durn feud in
them there hills.
6. You may think that this is where the
story ended,
Grace and Henry living happy
evermore;
But before their love was blest
They fought worse than all the rest
did
And they carried on the feud just as
before.

MAME

You coax the blues right out of the horn,
Mame,
You charm the husk right off of the corn,
Mame,
You've got the banjos strummin' and
plunkin' out a tune to beat the band,
The whole plantation's bouncing since you
brought Dixie back to Dixieland,
You make the cotton easy to pick, Mame,
You give my old mint julep a kick, Mame,
You make the old magnolia tree blossom at
the mention of your name,
You've made us feel alive again,
You've given us drive again,
To make the south revive again, Mame.

FIVE FOOT TWO

Five foot two, eyes of blue,
Oh, what five foot two can do!
Has anybody seen my girl?
Turned-up nose, turned-down hose,
Never had no other beaux,
Has anybody seen my girl?
Now if you run into a five foot two
Covered with fur,
Diamond rings and all those things
You can bet your life it isn't her.
But could she love, could she woo?
Could she, could she, could she coo?
Has anybody seen my girl?

CAROLINA IN THE MORNING

Nothing could be finer than to be in
Carolina in the morning,
Nothing could be sweeter than my
Sweetie when I meet her in the morning.
Where the morning-glories twine around
the door,
Whispering pretty stories I long to hear
once more.
Standing with my girlie where the
Dew is pearly early in the morning,
Butterflies all flutter up and kiss
Each little buttercup at dawning;
If I had Aladdin's lamp for only a day,
I'd make a wish and here's what I'd say:
Nothing could be finer than to live in
Carolina in the morning.

I'M LOOKING OVER A FOUR LEAF CLOVER

I'm looking over a four leaf clover
That I overlooked before,
One leaf is sunshine, the second is rain,
Third is the roses that grow in the lane,
No need explaining the one remaining
Is somebody I adore.
I'm looking over a four leaf clover
That I overlooked before.

WALTZING MATILDA

1. Once a jolly swagman camped by a
billabong
Under the shade of a coolibah tree,
And he sang as he watched and waited
'till his billy boiled,
"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with
me."

CHORUS

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

2. Down came a jumbuck to drink at the
billabong
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed
him with glee,
And he sang as he stowed that
jumbuck in his tucker bag,
"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with
me."
3. Up rode the squatter, mounted on his
thoroughbred,
Down came the troopers, one, two,
three,
"Where's that jolly jumbuck you've got
in your tucker bag?"
"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with
me."
4. 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,
"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with
me."