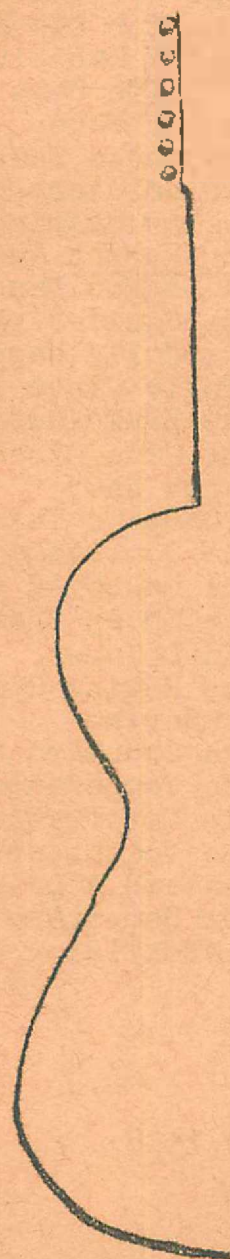


FOLKSONG
FESTIVAL
SONGS



FOLKSONG FESTIVAL SONGS

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THE FROG IN THE SPRING

There once was a frog and he lived in a spring,
Sing song Kitty ketcha kimeo.
He was so fat that he could not sing,
Sing song Kitty ketcha kimeo.

Makeemio, makimeo,
Madeerio, maware,
Mahigh, mahay,
Ma-in come Sally single,
Sometime pennywinkle,
Income midgecat,
Hittem with a brickbat,
Sing song Kitty ketcha kimeo.

Now, way down yonder at the bottom of the creek,
The men, they grow to eleven feet.

They try to sleep but it isn't any use,
Their feet stick out for the hens to roost. (chorus)

I once had a horse and his name was Bill,
When he ran he couldn't stand still. (chorus)

Sing song Kitty ketcha kimeo.

2THE WEE COOPER O' FIFE

Now, there was a young cooper wa' lived i' Fife,
Nickety, nackety, noo noo noo.
He has taken a gentle wife,
Hey, willy wallity, none of your quality,
Nickety, nackety, noo noo noo.

She couldna bake, she wouldna brew,
For spoiling all her comely hue.

She wouldna card, she wouldna spin,
For shaming all her gentle kin.

Now, the cooper has gone to his wee shack,
He took a sheepskin across his wife's back.

"Oh, I wouldna thrust ye for your gentle kin,
But I will thrash m' ain sheepskin.

Now, you w' have married a gentle wife,
Nickety, nackety, noo noo noo,
Pay you a mind to the cooper o' Fife,
With his: Hey, willy wallity, none of your quality,
Nickety, nackety, noo noo noo.

3 THE KEYS OF CANTERBURY*

He: Madam, I will give to you the keys of Centerbury
And all the bells of London to ring and make you merry,
If you will be my darling, my joy and my dear,
If you will go a-walking with me anywhere.

She: Sir, I'll not accept from you the keys of Centerbury
Though all the bells of London should ring and make us merry,
And I'll not be your bride, your joy and your dear
And I'll not take a walk with you anywhere.

He: Madam, I will give to you a little ivory comb
To fasten up your golden locks when I am not at home,
If you will be my darling, my joy and my dear,
If you will go a-walking with me anywhere.

She: Sir, I'll not accept from you a little ivory comb
To fasten up my golden locks when you are not at home,
And I'll not be your bride, your joy and your dear
And I'll not take a walk with you anywhere.

He: Madam, I will give to you a pair of boots of cork,
The one was made in London and the other made in York,
If you will be my darling, my joy and my dear,
If you will go a-walking with me anywhere.

She: Well, sir, I'll not accept from you a pair of boots of cork,
Though one was made in London and the other made in York,
And I'll not be your bride, your joy and your dear,
And I'll not take a walk with you anywhere.

He: Madam, I will give to you the keys to my heart
And all my sacred promises that we shall never part,
If you will be my darling, my joy and my dear,
If you will go a-walking with me anywhere.

She: Oh, sir, I will accept of you the keys to your heart
To lock it up forever that we never more may part,
And I will be your bride, your joy and your dear
And I will take a walk with you anywhere.

*from COURTIN'S A PLEASURE
sung by Jean Ritchie and Oscar Brand
Elektra record # EKL-122

4 THE RICH OLD MISER

A rich old miser married me,
His age was four score years and three,
Mine was only seventeen.
I wish his face I never had seen.

No sooner had he got me home,
Than he began to shout and moan.
He beat me and he banged me too,
'Til my poor back was black and blue.

Well, early next morning I arose,
And after putting on my clothes,
Before another word was said,
I banged my ladle over his head.

So he began to shout about,
But I was young and strong and stout,
Before he got from out the bed,
I banged my ladle over his head.

So all you wives who are going to marry,
Mind what housing things you carry.
Wherever you go, whatever you do,
Always carry a ladle or two.

5 WHEN I WAS SINGLE

When I was single, my clothes were the best,
Now that I'm married I'm lucky I'm dressed.
Ah but still I love you, I'll forgive you,
I'll be with you wherever you go.

When I was single I wore a black shawl,
Now that I'm married I've nothing at all.
Still I love you, I'll forgive you,
I'll be with you wherever you go.

When I was single you'd take me to dine,
Now you insist there's no cooking like mine.
Still I love you, I'll forgive you,
I'll be with you wherever you go.

When I was single, we'd hug all the night,
Now it's, "I'm tired, please turn out the light."
Still I love you, I'll forgive you,
I'll be with you wherever you go.

6 IT'S THE SAME THE 'OLE WORLD OVER

It's the same the 'old world over,
It's the poor what gets the blame,
While the rich gets all the pleasure.
Ain't it a bloomin' shame.

She was just a parson's daughter,
Pure, unstained was her name,
'Til a country squire came courting,
And the poor girl lost her name. (chorus)

See him with his hounds and horses,
Drinking champagne in his club,
While the victim of his passion
Drinks guiness in the pub. (chorus)

There came a wealthy landlord,
Marriage was the tale he told.
There was no one else to take her,
So she sold herself for gold. (chorus)

In a cottage down in Sussex,
Thore her grieving parents live,
Drinking champagne that she sends them,
But unwilling to forgive.

It's the same the 'ole world over,
It's the poor what gets the blame,
While the rich get all the pleasure.
Ain't it a blooming shame.

7 DUNDERBECKE

There was a man named Dunderbecke, invented a machine,
For grinding things to sausage meat, and it was run by steam.
Now kitchen cats and long-tailed rats will never more be seen.
They'll all be ground to sausage meat in Dunderbecke's machine.

(chorus) Oh, Dunderbecke, Oh, Dunderbecke, how could you be so mean
For ever having invented the sausage meat machine.
Now kitchen cats and long-tailed rats will never more be seen
They'll all be ground to sausage meat in Dunderbecke's machine.

One day a little boy walked in to Dunderbecke's store.
A little piece of sausage meat was lying on the floor.
While the boy was waiting, he whistled up a tune.
The sausage meat got up and barked and ran around the room. (chorus)

One morning something, it went wrong, the machine, it wouldn't go.
So Dunderbecke, he stepped inside, the reason for to know.
His wife, she had a nightmare, she was walking in her sleep.
She gave a yank, and turned the crank, and Dunderbecke was meat. (chorus)

8 THE HORSE NAMED BILL (tune: Dixie)

I had a horse and 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 fast he could not stop.
He ran into a barber shop --
And fell -- exhaustionized --
His teeth in the barber's left shoulder.

Say, I had a gal and her name was Daisy,
And when she sang the cat went crazy,
With deliriums -- St Vituses --
And all kinds of cataleptics.

I'm going out in the woods next year
And hunt for beer and not for deer,
I am -- I am not --
I'm a great sharpshootress.

At shooting birds I am a beaut.
There is no bird I cannot shoot,
In the eye, in the ear, in the tooth,
In the fingers.

In 'Frisco bay there lives a whale.
She eats porkchops by the bale,
By the hatbox, by the hogshead, by the pillbox,
By the schooner.

Her name is Lena, she's a peach,
But don't leave food within her reach,
Or babies, or nursemaids,
Or chocolate ice-cream sodas.

I once went up in a balloon so big,
The people on earth, they looked like a pig,
Like a mice, like Flies, like katy-dids,
Like katy-didn'ts.

Well, the balloon, it turned up the bottom-side-higher,
It fell on the wife of a country squire.
She made a noise like a steam whistle, like dynamite,
Like dynamite-not.

Well, what could you do in a case like that?
What could you do but stamp on your hat,
On your toothbrush, on your toothpaste,
And anything that's helpless?

9 THE OLD SOLDIERS OF THE KING

Since you all must have singing and you won't be said Nay,
I cannot refuse when you beg and you pray,
So I'll sing you a song as a poet might say,
Of King George's old soldiers when they run away.
We're the old soldiers of the King and the King's own Regulars.

At Prestonpans we met with rebels one day.
We marshalled ourselves all in comely array.
Our hearts bid us stand and our heads bid us stay,
But our feet were strong-minded and they took us away.
We're the old soldiers of the King and the King's own Regulars.

To Monongahela with fifes and with drums,
We marched in fine order with cannons and bombs.
This great expedition cost infinite sums,
But some underpaid doodles, they cut us to crumbs.
We're the old soldiers of the King and the King's own Regulars.

Oh, they fought us so unfairly from back of the trees,
If they'd only fight open, we'd have beat them with ease.
They can fight one another that way if they please,
But we won't stand and battle such rascals as these.
We're the old soldiers of the King, and the King's own Regulars.

Yes, we turned and we ran, but that shouldn't disgrace us.
We did it to prove that the foe could not face us.
And they've little to brag of, that's a very plain case.
Though we lost in the fight, we came first in the race.
We're the old soldiers of the King, and the King's own Regulars.

10 FOLLOW WASHINGTON

The day is broke, my boys, push on and follow, follow Washington.
'Tis he that leads the way, my boys, 'tis he that leads the way.

Where he commands, we will obey, through rain or snow by night and day
Determined to be free, my lads, until our cause prevails.

With heart and hand, and God our trust, we'll freely fight, our cause
Push on, my boys! My boys, push on, follow Washington! /is just.

'Til freedom reigns, our hearty band will fight like true Americans,
March on, my lads! My lads, march on, follow Washington!

The day is broke, my boys, push on and follow, follow Washington.
'Tis he that leads the way, my boys, 'tis he that leads the way!

//THE HORNET AND THE PEACOCK

The Peacock was bred in the land of King George,
Her feathers were fine and her tail very large,
She spread herself forth like a ship in full sail
And prided herself in the size of her tail.

Chorus: "Sing hubber and bubber," cries old Granny Weal,
"The Hornet can tickle the British bird's tail.
Her stings, they are sharp and they'll sting without fail,
Bad cess to the British" cries old Granny Weal.

Away flew this bird at the word of command,
Her flight was directed to freedom's own land,
The Hornet discovered the ship on the sail,
And quickly determined to tickle her tail. (chorus)

The Peacock then mortally under her wing
Did feel the full force of the Hornet's sharp sting,
She flattened her crest like a shoal on a whale,
Sunk by her side and she lowered her tail. (chorus)

Here's success to brave Lawrence who well knew the nest
Where the Hornet with honor and dignity rests,
"American insects," quoth he, "I'll be bail,
Will humble King George, 'til he takes in his tail." (chorus)

/2CAN'T YOU DANCE THE POLKA!

Now, shipmates, if you'll listen to me, I'll tell you in my song,
Of things that happened to me when I came home from Hong Kong.

Chorus: To me way, you Santy, my dear Annie,
Oh, you New York girls, can't you dance the polka!

As I walked down through Chatham Street, a fair maid I did meet,
Who kindly asked me to see her home, she lived on Bleeker Street. (Chorus)

"Now, if you'll only come with me, you can have a treat,
You can have a glass of brandy, dear, and something nice to eat." (Chorus)

When we got up to Bleeker Street we stopped at number forty-four,
Her so-called mother and sister was a-standing at the door. (Chorus)

And when we got inside the house the drinks was passed around,
The liquor was so doggone strong my head went round and round. (Chorus)

When I awoke next morning I had an aching head,
I found myself there all alone, stark naked on the bed. (Chorus)

My gold watch and my pocketbook and lady friend was gone.
With a barrel for a suit of clothes, I signed up for Cape Horn. (Chorus)

13 THE SQUID JIGGING GROUND

Oh, this is the place where the fishermen gather
With oilskins, boots and Cape Anns battened down.
All sizes and figures, with squid lines and jiggers,
They congregate here on the squid jigging ground.

Some are working their jiggers while others are yarning,
Some standing up but there's more lying down,
While all sorts of fun, tricks and jokes are begun,
They wait for the squid on the squid jigging ground.

Now, the man with the whiskers is old Jacob Steele,
He's getting well up but he's still pretty sound,
While Uncle Bob Hawkins wears six pairs of stockings
Whenever he's out on the squid jigging ground.

Oh, there's men from the Harbor and men from the Tickle.
All kinds of motor boats, gray, green and brown.
Then - Hey! What's the row? Why, he's jigging one now!
The very first squid on the squid jigging ground.

Holy smoke, what a scuffle! All hands are excited!
It's a wonder to me there is nobody drowned.
Confusion and bustle and wonderful hustle!
They're all jigging squids on the squid jigging ground.

There's some of them jigging while others is ducking,
Spots of the squid juice is flying around.
Oh, one poor little boy got it right in the eye,
But they don't give a damn on the squid jigging ground.

So if you should ever incline to go squidding,
Just leave your white shirt and your collar in town.
Or if you get cranly without a silk hanky,
Better stay clear of the squid jigging ground.

14 THE JOLLY WAGONER

When first I went a-wagoning, a-wagoning did go
I filled my parents heart with grief, with sorrow, care and woe,
And many are the hardships that I have since gone through--ough--ough.

Chorus: Sing wo, my lads, sing wo! Drive on, my lads, heigh ho!
Who would not lead the merry life the jolly wagoners do!

Upon a cold and stormy night when wetted to the skin
I bear it with contented heart until I reach the inn
And there I sit a drinking with the landlord and his kin--in--in. (ch)

Soon Michaelmas is coming on and pleasure we shall find.
We'll make the gold to fly, my boys, like chaff before the wind,
And every lad will love his lass, and she'll respond in kind--ind--ind.

Sing wo, my lads, sing wo! Drive on, my lads, heigh ho!
Who would not lead the merry life the jolly wagoners do!

15 TICKLE GROVE POND (Alan Mills - Folkways FP 531)

In cutting and hauling in frost and in snow
We're up against troubles that few people know
And only by patience with courage and grit
And eating plain food can we keep ourselves fit.
The hard and the easy, we take as it comes
And when the ponds freeze over, we shorten our runs
To hurry my hauling, the spring coming on
Near lost me my mare on the Tickle Grove Pond

Chorus: Oh, lay hold, William Oldford, Lay hold, William White!
Lay hold of the cordage and pull all your might
Lay hold of the bowline and pull all ye can
And give me a hand with poor Kit on the pond!

I knew that the ice became weaker each day,
But still took the risk and kept hauling away.
And one icy evening bound home with a load
The mare shoved some halting against the ice road.
All this I ignored with a whip handle blow
For man is too stupid dumb creatures to know.
The very next minute the pond gave a sigh
And down to our necks went poor Kitty and I. (Chorus)

I raised an alarm you could hear for a mile
And neighbors turned up in a very short while.
You can always rely on the Oldfords and Whites
To render assistance in all your bad plights.
When the bowline was fastened around the mare's breast
William White for a shanty song made a request,
There was no time for thinking, no time for delay,
So straight from my head come this song right away. (chorus)

16 THE KINKAIDERS (tune: Maryland, My Maryland)

You ask what place I like the best,
The sand hills, the old sand hills;
The place Kinkaiders make their home,
And prairie chickens freely roam.

Chorus: In all Nebraska's wide domain
The place we long to see again;
The sand hills are the very best,
She is the queen of all the rest.

The corn we raise is our delight,
The melons, too, are out of sight.
Potatoes, they are extra fine
And can't be beat in any clime. (chorus)

The peaceful cows in pastures dream
And furnish us with golden cream,
So I shall keep my Kinkaid home
And never shall I roam. (chorus)

17 THE WIDE MISSOURI (from G.I. American Army Songs
Riverside RLP 12-639
sung by Oscar Brand and Fred Hellerman)

Oh, Shannadore, I love your valley,
Away, you rolling river.
Oh, Shannadore, I love your valley,
Away, I'm bound away,
'Cross the wide Missouri.

For seven long years I courted Sally,
For seven years she would not have me.

She would not have me for a lover,
Because she loved a wagon soldier.

She must have had another lover,
Because she had herself a baby.

Yes, she must have had another lover;
I never got that close to Sally.

18 GYPSY DAVY

There were three gypsies a-come to my door,
And downstairs ran the lady - O.
One sang high and another sang low,
And the third sang bonny bonny Biscay - O.

So she pulled on her leather stockings,
Took off her stockings of silken - O.
The bonny bonny clothes lay about her door,
She was gone with the wraggle taggle gypsies - O.

It was late last night when the lord came home,
He was inquiring for his lady - O.
The servants said on every hand,
She's gone with the wraggle-taggle gypsies - O

Then he got on his bright brown steed,
He put on his saddle of leather - O.
And o'er he rode through hill and dale,
'Til he came to the camp of the gypsies - O.

"Oh, would you leave your house and land?
Would you leave your babies - O?
Would you leave your white, white sheets
For the arms of the Gypsy Davy - O?"

"What care I for my house and land?
What care I for my children - O?
Tonight I'll sleep on the cold, cold ground
In the arms of the Gypsy Davy - O!"

There were three gypsies a-come to my door,
And downstairs ran the lady - O.
One sang high and another sang low,
And the third sang bonny bonny Biscay - O.

I came to this country, boys, in eighteen sixty-five,
I thought I was most lucky to find myself alive;
I harnessed up my horses, my business to pursue,
I went to hauling coal like I used to do.

The alehouse doors was open, boys, the liquor running free,
As soon as one glass emptied, another filled for me;
Instead of hauling six loads, I did not haul but four,
I got so darned drunk, boys, that I couldn't hold no more.

I finished up my supper and went out to the barn,
I saddled up the old gray mare, not meanin' any harm,
I rode to the gate and passed the flour mill,
I hardly knew a thing till I come to Watson's Hill.

Now come all you old women that carries the news about,
Say nothing about us, we're bad enough without,
Likewise you old women that likes to make a fuss,
Oh, you're just as bad as we are, perhaps a darn sight worse.

20 THE CONESTOGA CURSE

Come all you gallant wagoners and turn out man for man,
That's opposed to the railroads and any such a plan.
It was once we made our money by driving round the team,
But now they're sending all their goods by water or by steam.

If we go to Philadelphia inquiring for a load,
They tell to us directly that it's going by the railroad.
The railmen and the canawlers may this plan of theirs admire
But it ruins us poor wagoners and makes your taxes higher.

It ruins wheelwrights, blacksmiths, carters, and every other trade,
So damned be all the railroads that ever yet was made.
May the devil take the party that invented such a plan,
It'll ruin us poor wagoners and every other man.

The ships they will be coming here with Irishmen in loads
All with their picks and shovels for to work on the railroads,
And when they settle down to work, it's then that we'll be fixed,
And they'll fight us like the devil with their cudgels and their bricks

The Conestoga wagoners with safety cannot pass.
They blacken both his eyes for just one word of Yankee sass.
If it wasn't for the torment, I'd as lief be down in hell
As upon the cursed railroad, or the damned canal.

So come all ye hardy wagoners and marry wealthy wives,
Go find yourself a quiet farm and settle for your lives.
When the corn is all cribbed up and all the grain is safely sowed
You can sit beside the fireplace and curse the damned railroad.

2/THE COWBOY'S LIFE

A cowboy's life is a mighty dreary life,
Some think it's free from care,
Rounding up the dogies from morning until night,
Beside of the prairie so bare.

Now, the wolves and the owls with their terrifying howls
Disturb our midnight dreams,
Lying on our slickers in the cold dreary night,
Beside of the Pecos stream.

It's half past four and the noisy cook will roar,
"Get up, it's almost day!"
Slowly we arise and rub our tired eyes,
The sweet sleep of night passed away.

You may talk of your farms or the city's wild alarms,
Or the dangers of sailing on the foam.
Take a cowboy's advice and get a wealthy wife,
And never leave your home.

22THE SHEEP-SHEARING

How delightful to see,
In these evenings in spring,
The sheepling going home to the fold.
The master doth sing,
As he views everything,
And his dog goes before him where told,
And his dog goes before him where told.

The sixth month of the year,
In the month they call June,
When the weather's too hot to be borne,
The master doth say,
As he goes on his way;
"Tomorrow my sheep shall be shorn,
Tomorrow my sheep shall be shorn."

Now, the sheep they're all shorn,
And the wool homeward borne,
Here's a health to our master and flock;
And if we should stay,
Till the last goes away,
I'm afraid it will be past twelve o'clock
I'm afraid it will be past twelve o'clock.

23 OLD DOLORES

In the valley down below, where the little pifions grow,
And it's never less than half a day to water,
There used to be a town where the crick come tumbling down
From a mesa where it never really ought to.

The night was bright with candlelight,
The whole town joined the chorus,
And most any man in sight let his cattle drift at night
Just to mosey through the streets of Old Dolores.

And things would kinda spin 'til the sun come up again,
Like the back of some old yaller prairie wagon,
And showed up dim and red about half a hundred head
Of our saddle ponies standing reins a-dragging.

The red brick walls and waterfalls,
Why, the whole world lay before us.
But the dobie huts are gone, and the goat bells in the dawn
Don't tinkle in the streets of old Dolores.

And the girls from Mexico used to wander to and fro',
There was one; I used to meet her by a willow.
But I guess that any girl would give a feller's head a whirl
When the same's been using saddles for a pillow.

The big cigars and the wide-eyed stars,
The friends that waited for us...
If there's any little well inside the gates of Hell,
I'll bet the boys have named it Old Dolores.

24 THE ROVING GAMBLER

I am a roving gambler,
I've gambled up and down,
Whenever I meet with a deck of cards,
I lay my money down. (repeat twice)

Oh, the doctor leads a happy life,
The lawyer, he does well,
But the love I bear for a deck of cards,
No human tongue can tell. (repeat twice)

I wouldn't be a farmer,
He's always in the rain,
I just want to be a gambling man
And wear a big gold chain. (repeat twice)

I hadn't been in New York town,
But two hours, or three,
When I fell in love with a pretty little gal,
And she fell in love with me. (repeat twice)

She took me to her parlor,
She cooled me with her fan.
She whispered soft in her mother's ear,
"I love a rambling man." (repeat twice)

"Oh, mother, oh dear mother,
Forgive me if you can,
But if you ever see me back again
It'll be with a gambling man." (repeat twice)

25 WANDERING

I've been wandering, early and late,
From New York City to the Golden Gate
And it looks like
I ain't never gonna cease my wandering.

I've been working in the Army, I've been working on a farm,
And all I've got to show for it's the muscle in my arm,
And it looks like
I ain't never gonna cease my wandering.

There's ducks in the millpond and there's fish out in the sea,
It took a red-headed woman to make a fool out of me.
And it looks like
I ain't never gonna cease my wandering.

I worked in the city, I worked in the town
My arms are all worn from the elbows on down,
And it looks like
I ain't never gonna cease my wandering.

26 THE DRUNKARD SONG (from the Alabama collection of Lena Hill)

I saw a man at early dawn,
A-standing at the grog-shop door;
His lips was parched and his cheeks had sank,
And I viewed him o'er and o'er,
And I viewed him o'er and o'er.
His lips was parched and his cheeks had sunk.
I viewed him o'er and o'er.

He rose and to the grog-shop went,
Where he had often been before,
And in a faltering voice he cried:
"Oh, give me one glass more..." (etc)

The host obeyed at his command,
And filled the sparkling bowl,
Saying, "Drink while wife and child do starve,
And ruin your own poor soul..." (etc)

One year ago I passed that way.
A crowd stood 'round the rood.
I asked the cause and one replied,
"The drunkard is no more..." (etc)

27 TEMPERANCE SONG: "WHO'LL BUY?" (Curtis Song Collection,
NY Folklore Quarterly - Winter 1953)

Forty casks of liquid woe --
Who'll buy? Who'll buy?
Murder by the gallon, oh, .
Who'll buy? Who'll buy?
Larceny and theft made thin,
Beggary and death thrown in,
Packages of liquid sin --
Who'll buy? Who'll buy?

Foreign death imported pure --
Who'll buy? Who'll buy?
Warranted not slow but sure --
Who'll buy? Who'll buy?
Empty pockets by the cask,
Tangled brains by pinted flask,
Vice of any kind you ask --
Who'll buy? Who'll buy?

Competition we defy --
Who'll buy? Who'll buy?
Barrels full of pure soul-dye --
Who'll buy? Who'll buy?
Dye to make the soul jet-black,
Dye to make the conscience slack,
Nothing vile do our casks lack --
Who'll buy? Who'll buy?

26 THE EMBARKATION FROM KINGSBRIDGE

On the sixth day of November, at the dawning in the sky,
As we sailed away to New York, we at anchor here did lie.
O'er the meadows fair of Kingsbridge, how the mists were hanging gray,
We were bound against the rebels in the North Americay.

Oh, how mournful was the parting of the soldiers and their wives,
For that none could tell for sartin we'd return home with our lives.
And the air was filled with weeping, and we cursed the fateful day,
We were bound against the rebels in the North Americay.

All the little babes were holding out their hands, with piteous cries,
And the tears, they were scalding in their sad and weeping eyes,
That their scarlet-coated daddies should be hurrying away,
For to sail against the rebels in the North Americay.

Now, with "God Preserve Our Monarch", let us finish up our strain,
Be his subjects ever loyal and his honor all maintain.
May the Lord our voyage prosper and our arms across the sea,
And put down the wicked rebel in the North Amerikee.

29 THE VOLUNTEER BOYS

Here's to the squire who goes on parade,
Here's to the citizen soldier,
And here's to the merchant that fights for his trade,
Who danger increasing makes bolder.

Oh, let mirth appear,

Union is here,

The toast that I give is the brave volunteer!

And here's to the lawyer who, leaving the bar,
Hastens where honor doth lead, Sir,
Changing his gown for the ensigns of war,
The cause of his country to plead, Sir.

Oh, freedom appears,

Every heart cheers,

The toast that I give is the bold volunteer!

And here's to the soldier, though battered in wars,
And safe to his farmhouse retired,
When called by his country, ne'r thinks of his scars,
With ardor to join us inspired.

Let fame appear,

Trophies uprear,

The toast that I give is the bold volunteer!

30 BENEATH A BRIDGE IN ITALY*

Beneath a bridge in Italy one cold and wintry day,
Beside a busted fighter plane a dying pilot lay.
A valve was in his stomach and a gasket on his head,
And as they gathered 'round him, these were the words he said:

"I'm going to that better land where the motors always roar,
Where the egg-nogs grow on eggplants in the Quartermaster store,
Where there ain't no interceptors nor shooting Migs nor Yaks.
There's apple pie and a rock 'n' rye,
And pilots go there when they die,
The Army Air Corps heaven."

Now, the pilot lay beneath the bridge as the medics clustered 'round.
He said, "Boys, it's a lovely place and that's where I am bound."
A crankshaft in his liver and a sparkplug on his nose.
He says, "I'm flying fast, my friends, to where every pilot goes.

"I'm going to that better land where the Air Corps rides in style,
Where the automatic pilot works while we sit back and smile.
There's a girl for every officer, a dozen for the crew,
There's beds of hay in the old bomb bay,
And the men keep shouting, 'Bombs away!'
In the Army Air Corps heaven."

His breath came fast, he couldn't last, with sadness they all eyed him
The medics wept, the tears rolled down, the pools all flowed beside him
The waters rose, they reached his toes, he lifted where he lay,
And as he floated out of sight, his comrades heard him say:

"I'm going to that better land where the flak don't never fly,
Where the bullets all are cotton and the shells are apple pie,
Where the clouds are champagne cocktails and you drink them on the s
It's time to leave, so don't you grieve,
I'll be wearing stars on my leather sleeve,
In the Army Air Corps heaven."

*from G.I. - AMERICAN ARMY SONGS
sung by Oscar Brand, assisted by Fred Hellerman
Riverside record RLP 12-639

31 DEM BONES ARE GWINE RISE AGAIN

Now, Lawd he thought he'd make a man,
Dem bones are gwine rise again.
He made him out of mud and sand,
Dem bñnes are gwine rise again.
I know it, brother, (3 times)
Dem bones are gwine rise again.

He thought he'd make a woman, too.
Didn't know just what to do.

He took a rib from Adam's side,
And made Miss Eve for to be his bride.

Put them in a garden fair,
Let them eat what they found there.

Now, old Miss Eve come a-walking 'round.
Spied the apple tree loaded down.

First she took a little pull,
Then she filled her apron full.

32 SCANDALIZING MY NAME

I met my brother the other day,
I gave him my right hand.
And as soon as ever my back it was turned,
He was scandalizing my name.

Do you call that a brother? Oh, no! (3 times)
He was scandalizing my name.

Well, I met my sister the other day,
I gave her my right hand.
And as soon as ever my back it was turned,
She was scandalizing my name.

Do you call that a sister? Oh, no! (3 times)
She was scandalizing my name.

I met my preacher the other day,
I gave him my right hand.
And as soon as ever my back it was turned,
He was scandalizing my name.

Do you call that religion? Oh, no! (3 times)
He was scandalizing my name.

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