



the songs of midsummerfest

“Never forget that music is much too important
to be left entirely in the hands of professionals.”

-- ROBERT FULGHUM, *Maybe (Maybe Not)*

2005

Edition 1.17

The Do-It-Yourself
Instant Country Lyric Kit
how to get your achy breaky heart to beat in 4/4 time
by Larry Tritten

**You left me...
and I'm**

(pick one)

- taking soap and water to the back seat of my car,
- having a Wild Turkey sandwich, hold the bread
- gonna chase Chastity till she ain't chaste no more
- sending you a postcard from Death Valley: Wish you were here,
- flying out to Debbie, the gal who just did Dallas and Fort Worth,
- in a state of confusion in a town named Splitsville (and I'm living on Civil Court),
- getting used to being abused by you, feelin' like a sheep in wolf's clothing without ewe,

**but it really don't matter
because...**

(pick one)

- I got my bottle and I got my dog and we're all goin' out tonight,
- life's a two-lane blacktop and I'm a goosed-up pickup Ford,
- you've been recycled-- you're such a slut -- you've got NO DEPOSIT stamped on your butt,
- you called me donkey face for the last time and now I'm hauling ass,
- my love's biodegradable (it gets more degrading every day),
- while you were dancing with the wolves, I was playing with the beavers,
- I'm a two-timing guy who just met some triplets,

and you'll...

(pick one)

- know I'm not a pig when you're makin' bacon without me,
- find my love among the leftovers in the icebox of your heart,
- go on saving whales and redwoods, too, while I try to save me from the memory of you,
- realize you can't get me out of your head (and you can't get me out of your pants),
- find that hell is all your old flames burning brightly in one place,
- find my Dewar's profile down on the post-office wall,
- regret taking the Bronco and going to Rodeo Drive,

(pick one)

**angel,
honky-tonk woman,
baby,**

because...

(pick two, alternate freely)

- I don't like it when my girlfriend has a boyfriend,
- my life's an empty book without your name on every page,
- there's life after the death of love, at least below the waist,
- my heart is broken badly but my liver's holding the line,
- you got the Midas touch: You made a muffler out of me,

and/but I'll...

(pick one and weep)

- rise from my ashes like the fabled phoenix does.
- never be able to give my heart to science now that it's broke.
- sure enjoy that Moosehead (though the antlers poke my thighs).
- this is the end I want -- it sure looks good in shorts.

because...

(pick one, growl)

- your in-laws are outlaws but your own kin don't sin,
- heartache isn't something that a doctor can cure,
- the only way I'd miss you is with a .45,
- the safest sex I ever knew is the sex we never had,
- we ain't Roy and Dale and this ain't no Happy Trail,

and/but

(pick one, return to top)

- my new girl's husband bought the farm and now she's buying rounds.
- I guess the baby-sitter's my baby now.
- I'll bury you not on the lone prairie but near the new mall in Kankakee.
- I'll give free love a try because it sounds like a good buy.

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Accountancy Shanty

It's fun to charter an accountant
And sail the wide accountancy
To find, explore the funds offshore
And skirt the shoals of bankruptcy

It can be manly in insurance
We'll up your premium semi-annually
It's all tax-deductible
We're fairly incorruptible
We're sailing on the wide accountancy

Addams Family Theme

performed by Mike & Carla Guenette and Rich Schaffer at MSF 1989

They're creepy and they're kooky
Mysterious and spooky
And all together ooky
The Addams Family

Their house is a museum
When people come to see 'em
They really are a scree-um
The Addams Family

Neat
Sweet
Petite

So come and get your shawl on
(So get a witch's shawl on(?))
A broomstick you can crawl on
We're gonna pay a call on
The Addams Family

The Aerish Ballad

By Eric Lindblad

To the tune of "The Irish Ballad"

We took off in the chopper
Sing rickety-tickety-tin
I thought we'd crash into the trees
Instead we brushed the top-most leaves
And now we're flying in the breeze...
And the goose bumps recede from my skin, my skin,
The goose bumps recede from my skin.

We flew up in the chopper
Sing rickety-tickety-tin
I hummed "The Ride of the Valkyries"
As we skimmed across the property
The trees looked small like broccoli...
With the clues on them small as a pin, a pin,
The clues on them small as a pin.

Monty Python

We're riding in the chopper
Rickety-tickety-tin
The chopper made a sudden turn
I felt my stomach start to churn
I prayed we wouldn't crash and burn...
Then our altitude leveled again, again,
Our altitude leveled again.

We're cruising in the chopper
Rickety-tickety-tin
We're passing o'er the Dowell wood
When I saw the barn I understood
The layout of the neighborhood...
And I'm glad I went up for the spin, the spin,
I'm glad I went up for the spin.

Still cruising in the chopper
Rickety-tickety-tin
We pass above the upper pond
There's someone waving, it's a blonde,
I'm feeling cool like I'm James Bond...
And the pilot, he gives me a grin, a grin
The pilot, he gives me a grin.

More cruising in the chopper
Rickety-tickety-tin
John Burns is on the trampoline
Three inches tall he looks to be
He's miniature, like Mini-Me...
And the size of a shrimp is lan, lan,
The size of a shrimp is lan.

We're landing in the chopper
Rickety-tickety-tin
I swear we're landing in the drink
But just as we are on the brink
We touch the ground, we're in the pink...
And I'm ready to go for a swim, a swim,
I'm ready to go for a swim.

I've exited the chopper
Rickety-tickety-tin
For fifteen bucks it's worth the ride
To see the campsite from the sky
I hope that you'll give it a try...
Just check yes on your registration, -stration,
Check yes on your registration.

The Age of Midsummerfest

Performed in 1998 as part of "Broadway in Royalton" by Guenette/Schaffer Productions

new lyrics by Carla Guenette, Michael Guenette, Rich Schaffer, and Eva Patalas

(to the tune of "The Age of Aquarius")

When The Moon is in the Seventh House

And Jupiter Aligns with Mars
 Then Peace will guide the planets
 And love will steer the stars
 This is the dawning of the age of Midsummerfest
 The age of Midsummerfest
 Midsummerfest!
 Midsummerfest!
 Rutted Roads and soggy camping
 Group photos and docks collapsing
 No more clean and pleasant toilets
 To drink water, better boil it
 Ian Dowell's grand endeavor
 Making friends that last forever
 Midsummerfest
 Midsummerfest
 When the clouds on the horizon form
 And 89 is lined with cars
 Then Ian rules the woods again
 And you can't see the stars
 This is the dawning of the age of Midsummerfest
 Age of Midsummerfest
 Midsummerfest!
 Midsummerfest!
 Midsummerfest!
 Midsummerfest!

Ain't Gonna Rain No More

Chorus:

Oh, it ain't gonna rain no more, no more, it ain't
 gonna rain no more.
 It rained last week and the week before, it ain't
 gonna rain no more.
 Mary had a little lamb, so goes the tale of yore.
 She loved that little lamb so much, she passed
 the plate for more.
 A bullfrog sat on a lily pad, looking up in the sky.
 He fell right off that lily pad, and got water in his
 eye.
 Oh, a peanut sat on a railroad track, it's heart
 was all a-flutter.
 Along came the 5:05 - Oops! peanut butter.
 A cow walked on the railroad track, the train was
 coming fast.
 The train got off the railroad track to let the cow
 go past!
 I woke up in the morning, I glanced upon the
 wall.
 The roaches and the bedbugs were having a
 game of ball.
 The score was six to nothing, the roaches were
 ahead.
 A bedbug hit a home run and knocked me out of
 bed!
 A doctor fell into a well and broke his collar
 bone.
 We think that he should tend the sick and leave
 the well alone.
 A farmer slipped on the old barn roof when
 rotten boards gave way,

And as as he fell, he shrugged and said, "It's
 time to hit the hay."
 Humpty Dumpty fell right down and landed on
 his head,
 So, all the horses and the men had scrambled
 eggs and bread.

Alison •

by Elvis Costello

performed by Chris Holm at MSF 1990

{define: B7sus4 2 1 4 1 3 1 -1}

Intro

B7sus4 B Abm A C#m

B F#m Abm

Oh it's so funny to be seeing you after so long
 girl

And the way you look I understand that

G#m7 C#m B
 you were not im pressed

A G#m7
 But I heard you let that little friend of
 C#m mine

D B7sus4 B7
 Take off your party dress

A E C#m
 I'm not going to get too senti mental

B A G#m7
 Like those other sticky valentines
 C#m B

A G#m7
 Because I don't know if you've been loving
 C#m some body

D B7sus4 B7
 I only know it isn't mine

Chorus

A E A B G#m
 Ali son, I know this world is killing

C#m you
 B A E A B E
 Oh All ison, my aim is true

A E
 So I see you've got a husband now

A G#m7
 Did he leave your pretty fingers lying in
 C#m B
 the wedding cake

A G#m7
 You used to hold him right there in your
 C#m hand

But did you give more than he could take
B7 D B7sus4

Sometimes I wish that I could STOP you
A G#m7 C#m B A G#m7
from talking
When I hear the silly things that you say
B7 C#m B

I think somebody better turn out the big
A G#m7 C#m
light
Because I can't stand to see you this
B7sus4 D B7
way

Chorus

Repeat and fade

D B E A
My aim is true

All Things Dull and Ugly

Monty Python

All things dull and ugly, all creatures short and squat
All things rude and nasty, the Lord God made the lot

Each little snake that poisons, each little wasp that stings
He made their brutish venom, He made their horrid wings

All things sick and cancerous, all evil great and small
All things foul and dangerous, the Lord God made them all

Each nasty little hornet, each beastly little squid
Who made the spiky urchin? Who made the shark? He did

All things scabbed and ulcerous, all pox both great and small
Putrid, foul and gangrenous, The Lord God made them all

Alphabet Songs

The Alphabet Song

Performed in 1998 Elisabeth Guenette & Meryl Brott

A B C D E F G
H I J K
L M N O P
Q R S and
T U V
W, X
Y and Z
Now I know my A B C
Next time won't you sing with me?

The Muppet Alphabet Song

The Sesame Street "Alphabet Song"

Amazingly Beautiful Creatures Dancing
Exite the Forest Glade.
in my Heart I do
Jump like Kangaroo do
Listening to the Music
so Nicely Organ Played.
Quietly Rest the
Sleeping Tiger
Under the Vines by the Waterside
X-marks-the-spot 'neath the
Yellow moon where the
Zulu chief and I do hide
(Hey nan ay)

Lumberman's Alphabet

A is for axes that you may all know;
And B is for boys that make them all go;
C is for choppers so early begun
And D is for danger we often stand in.
CHORUS :
'Tis merry, 'tis merry, 'tis merry are we
No mortal on earth, so happy as we.
A derry, Lo derry, Ring derry dum.
Give us shantymen's grog and there'll nothing go wrong.
E is the echo that through the woods rang;
F is the foreman, head one of our gang;
G is the grindstone so merrily goes round
And H is the handle, so smoothly 'tis worn.
I is the Iron that mark-ed the pine;
J is the Jov-al that's never behind;
K is the keen edge our axes we keep
And L is the lice that over us creep.
M is the moss we patch-ed the cracks
And N is the needle we patch-ed our pants;
O is the owl that hooteth at night
And P is the pine that always falls right.
Q is the quarrel we never allow;
R is the river we float our logs down
S is the sleds so stout and so strong
And T is the teams that go jog 'em along.
U is the use we put our teams to;
V is the valley we draw our logs through;
W is the woods we leave in the spring
And this is all I am going to sing.

The Sailor's Alphabet I

A's for the anchor that lies at our bow
 B's for the bowsprit and the jibs all lie low
 C's for the capstan we all run around
 D's for the davits to lower the boat down

(Chorus)

Merrily, merrily
 So merry sail we, no mortal on earth like a sailor
 at sea
 Heave away, haul away, the ship rolls along
 Give a sailor his grog and there's nothing goes
 wrong

E's for the ensign that at our mast flew
 F's for the forecastle where lives our crew
 G's for the galley where the salt junk smells
 strong
 And H is the halyards we hoist with a song

(Chorus)

I's for the eyebolts, good for the feet
 J's for the jibs that stand by the lee sheet
 K's for the knighthead where the petty officer
 stands
 L's for the leeseide, hard found by new hands

(Chorus)

M's for the mainmast, it's stout and it's strong
 N's for the needle that never points wrong
 O's for the oars of our old jolly boats
 And P's for the pinnace that lively do float

(Chorus)

Q's for the quarterdeck where our officers stand
 And R's for the rudder that keeps the ship in
 command
 S is for the stunsells that drive her along
 T's for the topsail, to get there takes long

(Chorus)

U's for the uniform, mostly worn aft
 V's for the vangs running from the main gap
 W's for water, we're on a pint and a pound
 And X marks the spot where old Stormy was
 drowned

(Chorus)

Y's for yardarm, needs a good sailor man
 Z is for Zoe, I'm her fancy man
 Z's also for zero in the cold winter time
 And now we have brought all the letters in
 rhyme

*(Chorus)****Sailor's Alphabet II***

A is the Anchor that holds a bold ship,
 B is the Bowsprit that often does dip.
 C is the Capstan round which we must wind,
 and
 D are the Davits on which the jolly boat hangs.

(Chorus):

So hi derry, hey derry, ho derry down,
 Give sailors their grog and there's nothing goes
 wrong,
 So merry, so merry, so merry are we,
 No mortal on earth like a sailor at sea.

E is the Ensign, the Red, White and Blue,
 F is the Fo'castle that holds the ship's crew.
 G is the Gangway where the mate takes his
 stand, and
 H is the Hawser that seldom does strand.
 I is the Irons where the stuns'l boom sits.
 J is the Jib boom that often does slip.
 K are the Keelsons of which you've been told,
 and
 L are the Lanyards that always will hold.
 M is the Mainmast so stout and so strong,
 N is the Northpoint that never points wrong.
 O are the Orders which we must beware, and
 P are the Pumps that cause sailors to swear.
 Q is the Quadrant the sun for to take,
 R is the Rigging that often does shake.
 S is the Starboard side of our bold ship, and
 T are the Topmasts that often do split.

U is the Ugliest old captain of all,
 V are the Vapors that come with the squall.
 W is the Windlass round which we must wind,
 and
 X, Y and Z -- I can't put to rhyme.

or:

U's for the uniform, mostly worn aft
 V's for the vangs running from the main gap
 W's for water, we're on a pint and a pound
 And X marks the spot where old Stormy was
 drowned

(Chorus)

Y's for yardarm, needs a good sailor man
 Z is for Zoe, I'm her fancy man
 Z's also for zero in the cold winter time
 And now we have brought all the letters in
 rhyme

**Always Look of the Bright Side
of Life***Monty Python*

Cheer up, Brian

You know what they say...

Some things in life are bad
They can really make you mad
Other things just make you swear and curse
When you're chewing on life's gristle
Don't grumble, give a whistle
And this'll help things turn out for the best, hey

Always look on the bright side of life
Always look on the light side of life
If life seems jolly rotten
There's something you've forgotten
And that's to laugh and smile and dance and sing
When you're feeling in the dumps
Don't be silly chumps
Just purse your lips and whistle
That's the thing

And, always look on the bright side of life
Always look on the right side of life
For life is quite absurd
An. death's the final word
You must always face the curtain with a bow
Forget about your sin
give the audience a grin
Enjoy it, it's your last chance of the hour

So, always look on the bright side of death
Just before you draw your terminal breath
Life's a piece o' shit
When you look at it
Life's a laugh and death's a joke it's true
You'll see it's all a show
Keep 'em laughing as you go
Remember that the last laugh is on you

And, always look on the bright side of life
Always look on the right side of life
Come on, Brian cheer up
Always look on the bright side of life
Always look on the right side of life
Worse things happen at sea, you know
Always look on the bright side of life
I mean, what do you have to lose
You come from nothing
You go back to nothing
What have you lost, nothing
Always look on the bright side of life

Arise All Ye of MIT

(The closest thing MIT has to a new alma mater.)

Arise all ye of MIT, in loyal fellowship.
The future beckons unto ye and life is full and good.
Arise and raise your glass on high; tonight shall ever be
A mem'ry that will never die, for ye of MIT.

Thy sons and daughters, oh MIT, return from far and wide
And gather here once more to be renourished by thy side,
And as we raise our glasses on high to pledge our love for thee
We join all those of days gone by in praise of MIT.

Arhus Song

*by Anne Thøgersen & Tina Dahl Lundgren
performed at MSF 2001 by Anne Thøgersen, Tina Dahl Lundgren, Meryl Brott & Theresa Crafts*

Arise Ye of Midsummerfest (original)

*by Mike Guentte
performed at MSF 1997 by the Assembled Multitudes
(to the tune of "Arise Ye Sons of MIT")*

Arise, ye of Midsummerfest
Raise up your paintguns high
Remember ye our solemn oath
No paintballs in the eye...

Toast now him of this wondrous meet
Let not one face show scowl.
Good health and fortune to you sir,
And happiness, Ian Dowell!

Full long on our behalf you've toiled
And gotten rained on too,
And tho' your thoughts are oft half-boiled
We sing our thanks to you!

Through mud and muck we crawled and ran
Whilst you did urge us on.
'Twas only with much strong restraint
You weren't thrown in the pond.

And so, we raise our mugs on high
As with this though we're left
Three cheers for Ian and the Dowells,
God bless Mid-Summerfest!

Arise Ye of Midsummerfest

*by Mike Guentte & Ian Dowell
performed at MSF 1997 by the Assembled Multitudes
(to the tune of "Arise Ye Sons of MIT")*

1.
Arise ye of Midsummerfest
Raise up your paintguns high
Remember ye your solemn oath
No paintballs in the eye

Toast him now of this wondrous meet
 Let not one face show scowl
 Good health and fortune to you sir
 And happiness Ian Dowell.

2.

Arise ye of Midsummerfest
 Applaud the Travesty
 Though in the works for quite a while
 T'was not all done til three

It's bound to win the best award
 An 'twill complete the set
 Another o'erdone production
 From mind of Mike Guenette

3.

And who's the star of all these shows
 Well he's not one to brag
 He wears a dress and holds a bear
 And says what's in the bag

His accents are most masterful
 When he is shilling beer
 He always can be counted on
 The Great One Rich Shaffir.

4.

Arise Ye of Midsummerfest
 Prepare to Ooh and Ahhh
 How multi-talented she is
 The lov-e-ly Carla!

As Dorothy or Star Trek doc,
 Or tootling clarinet,
 As peerless mom or helping friend
 All hail Carla Guenette!

5.

No mud or rain will slow us down
 At least til weekend ends
 Together we will see it through
 This gathering of friends.

And so, we raise our mugs on high
 And do what we do best
 We'll eat and talk and play and soak
 Let's start Midsummerfest!

Arise Ye Sons of MIT

Music and lyrics by John B. Wilbur '26

Arise all ye sons of MIT, in loyal brotherhood.
 The future beckons unto ye and life is full and
 good.
 Arise and raise your steins on high; tonight shall
 ever be
 A mem'ry that will never die, ye sons of MIT.
 Once more thy sons, oh MIT, return from far
 and wide

And gather here once more to be renourished
 by thy side,
 And as we raise our steins on high to pledge our
 love for thee
 We join thy sons of days gone by in praise of
 MIT.
 Oh loyal sons of MIT, when clouds of war burn
 red,
 In foreign land on distant sea, your battle line is
 spread,
 To you we raise our steins on high wherever you
 may be
 And join you voices from the sky, ye sons of
 MIT.}

Auld Lang Syne •

Should ^F auld acquaintance ^{C7} be forgot
 And ^F never brought to ^{Bb} mind?
 Should ^F auld acquaintance ^{C7} be forgot
 And ^{A7 Dm} days of ^{C7sus} auld ^{C7} lang ^F syne?

^{Bb} For ^F auld lang ^{C7} syne, my dear,
 For ^F auld ^{F7} lang ^{Bb} syne ;
 We'll ^{Gm} take a cup of ^F kindness yet
 For ^{A7} auld ^{Bb} lang ^{Gm7} - ^{C7} syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty friend
 And gives a hand o' thine;
 We'll take a cup o' kindness yet
 For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
 For auld lang syne;
 We'll take a cup o' kindness yet
 For auld lang syne.

The Ballad of Bubba •

*by Jo Ellen Saunders & Diane Sniezek
 performed at MSF 1990*

(to the tune of "The Beverly Hillbillies")

^C I got in my truck and I ^G put it in gear
 I reached down back and ^C got myself a beer
 Cruisin' down the broken line in ^F this locality
 Missin' my Bubba who is ^G far away from ^C me
 Miles, that is, across state lines

I was drivin' all night when I happened to see
A big ol' truck wrapped around a tree
I slowed down fast so I could pull near
Suddenly I saw a man in the rear

View mirror, that is
Tying his shoes, down low, yeah

Slammed on the brakes nearly burned out my clutch
I felt my Christian duty to help him as such
He turned around slow an' looked me in the eye
And all I could do was heave and sigh

Whew!

He said, pretty lady whatcha doin' way out here
Must get pretty lonely but with me you'll have no
fear
I need me a woman to fill my nights with ecstasy
But first can you help me charge my battery?

Charge what?!
We got no credit cards out here

My heart began to pound and Bubba came to
mind
This fella couldn't tempt me, I'm not the cheatin'
kind
I saw him four weeks later walkin' in the park
He looked a lot better when I met him in the dark

The Ballad of 5.60

(To the tune of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic")

Free energy and entropy were whirling in his brain
With partial differentials and greek letters in their train
While delta, sigma, gamma, theta, epsilon and pi
(????????)

Were driving him distracted as they danced
before his eye.

Glory, glory dear old thermo
Glory, glory dear old thermo
Glory, glory dear old thermo,
We'll pass you by and by.

Heat, Content, and fugacity revolved within his brain

Like molecules and atoms that you never have to name.

And logarithmic functions doing cakewalks in his dreams,

And partial molar quantities devouring chocolate creams.

They asked him on the final if a mole of any gas
In a vessel with a membrane through which
Hydrogen could pass

Were compressed to half its volume what the entropy would be
If two-thirds ΔS equalled half of ΔS_P .
($\frac{2}{3} \Delta S = \frac{1}{2} \Delta S_P$)

He said he guessed the entropy would have to equal four

Unless the second law should bring it up a couple more

But then, it might be seven if the Carnot law applied,

Or it might be almost zero if the delta-T should slide.

The professor read his paper with a corrugated brow.

For he knew he'd have to grade it and he didn't quite know how

'Til an inspiration in his cerebellum suddenly smote.

And he seized his trusty fountain pen and this is what he wrote:

Just as you have guessed the entropy, I'll have to guess your grade,

But the second law won't raise it to the mark you might have made.

For it might have been a 100 if your guesses all were good.

But I think it must be zero 'til they're rightly understood.

Glory, glory dear old thermo

Glory, glory dear old thermo

Glory, glory dear old thermo,

We'll try again next term.

The Ballad of Ian Dowell •

by Geoff Fitch and Ellen Williams

performed at MSF 1988

(to the tune of “The Beverly Hillbillies”)

C G
Let me tell you a story about a guy named Ian

The poorest computer hacker that you have ever se'en

Then one day he was feeling like a boob

When ^Cup from the ground came a ^Gblue and
white ^Ccube

Intermetrics, that is The 'Trix

Next thing you know Ian's doing pretty well
He tells his old boss, "You can go to hell.
Fresh Pond is the place I wanna be"
So he loaded up his moped off to seven-thirty-
three

Concord Ave., that is
Rotaries, and Burger King

Well, Ian's really happy, he's moved right in
Space around the office is getting pretty thin
He's got his candy, his Macintosh, his basketball
too
And a pile of dirty clothes, this place is smelling
like a zoo

Chimpanzees
And elephants

Well, this boy's got character, we'll grant you
that
What he knows about Ada you could fit in a hat
But all around the 'Trix we've grown to like Ian
'Cause he's the best 'Fest planner that there has
ever be'en.

The Barbara Song

performed by Rogina Haase at MSF 1987

(From "The Threepenny Opera")

I used to believe in the days I was pure,
and I was pure like you used to be.
My wonderful someone would come to me
someday
and then it would all depend on me.

If he's a good man, if he's a fine man
Wears a big cravat, smokes a cigar,
And if he's gallant and treats me like a lady,
Then I shall tell him...sorry.

Chin up high, keep your powder dry, don't relax
or go too far.
Look, the moon is gonna shine 'til dawn,
Keep the little row boat cruising on and on,
You stay perpendicular.

Oh you can't just let a man walk over you,
cold and dignified is what you are
Such a whole lot of things can happen
So firmly say but sweetly...sorry.

One day comes a man but what kind of a man,
Do you know why he does what he does.
He walked into my room and he hung up his hat,
And I just didn't know where I was.

He was a lean man, he was a mean man didn't
own a cravat
smoked no cigar.
And God knows he never made me feel a lady,
there just wasn't time for...sorry.

Chin up high my chin was down my shoes
and I relaxed, but far too far.
Oh the moon kept shining on,

the night was nice for rowing and this girl was
gone
Not so perpendicular.

So you let a man just walk right over you.
Who says dignified is what you are.
Such a wonderful lot of terrible things did
happen
And now it's you can tell me...sorry.

Bicycle Built For Two

There is a flower
Within my heart,
Daisy, Daisy!
Planted one day
By a glancing dart,
Planted by Daisy Bell!
Whether she loves me
Or loves me not,
Sometimes it's hard to tell;
Yet I am longing to share the lot -
Of beautiful Daisy Bell!

Daisy, Daisy,
Give me your answer do!
I'm half crazy,
All for the love of you!
It won't be a stylish marriage,
I can't afford a carriage
But you'll look sweet upon the seat
Of a bicycle made for two.

We will go 'tandem'
As man and wife,
Daisy, Daisy!
'Peddling' away
Down the road of life,
I and my Daisy Bell!
When the road's dark
We can both despise
P'licemen and 'lamps' as well;
There are 'bright lights
In the dazzling eyes
Of beautiful Daisy Bell!

Daisy, Daisy,
Give me your answer do!
I'm half crazy,
All for the love of you!
It won't be a stylish marriage,
I can't afford a carriage
But you'll look sweet upon the seat
Of a bicycle made for two.

I will stand by you
In 'wheel' or woe,
Daisy, Daisy!
You'll be the bell(e)
Which I'll ring you know!
Sweet little Daisy Bell!

You'll take the 'lead'
 In each 'trip' we take,
 Then if I don't do well,
 I will permit you to
 Use the brake,
 My beautiful Daisy Bell!

Bicycle Built For Two

Daisy, Daisy,
 Give me your answer do
 I'm half crazy,
 All for the love of you
 It won't be a stylish marriage
 I can't afford a carriage
 But you'll look sweet
 Upon the seat
 Of a bicycle built for two

Michael, Michael
 Here is your answer true.
 I'll not cycle
 Over the world with you.
 If you can afford a carriage,
 There won't be any marriage.
 'Cause I'll be damned,
 If I'll be crammed
 On a bicycle built for two!

The Barbara Song

performed by Steve Dubin at MSF 2002

attr. to Harry "Haywire Mac" McClintock

Version 1

1. On a summer day
 In the month of May
 A burly bum came hiking
 Down a shady lane
 Through the sugar cane
 He was looking for his liking
 As he roamed along
 He sang a song
 Of the land of milk and honey
 Where a bum can stay
 For many a day
 And he won't need any money

Chorus:

Oh the buzzin' of the bees
 In the cigarette trees
 Near the soda water fountain
 At the lemonade springs
 Where the bluebird sings
 On the big rock candy mountain

2. There's a lake of gin
 We can both jump in
 And the handouts grow on bushes
 In the new-mown hay

We can sleep all day
 And the bars all have free lunches
 Where the mail train stops
 And there ain't no cops
 And the folks are tender-hearted
 Where you never change your socks
 And you never throw rocks
 And your hair is never parted

Chorus:

3. Oh, a farmer and his son,
 They were on the run
 To the hay field they were bounding
 Said the bum to the son,
 "Why don't you come
 To that big rock candy mountain?"
 So the very next day
 They hiked away,
 The mileposts they were counting
 But they never arrived
 At the lemonade tide
 On the big rock candy mountain

Chorus:

Version 2

1. One evening as the sun went down
 And the jungle fires were burning,
 Down the track came a hobo hiking,
 He said, "Boys, I'm not turning
 I'm heading for a land that's far away
 Beside the crystal fountain
 I'll see you all this coming fall
 In the Big Rock Candy Mountain

Chorus:

2. In the Big Rock Candy Mountain,
 It's a land that's fair and bright,
 The handouts grow on bushes
 And you sleep out every night.
 The boxcars all are empty
 And the sun shines every day
 I'm bound to go
 Where there ain't no snow
 Where the sleet don't fall
 And the winds don't blow
 In the Big Rock Candy Mountain.

Chorus:

3. In the Big Rock Candy Mountain
 You never change your socks
 And little streams of alkyhol
 Come trickling down the rocks
 O the shacks all have to tip their hats
 And the railway bulls are blind
 There's a lake of stew
 And gingerale too
 And you can paddle
 All around it in a big canoe

In the Big Rock Candy Mountain

Chorus:

4. In the Big Rock Candy Mountain
 The cops have wooden legs
 The bulldogs all have rubber teeth
 And the hens lay soft-boiled eggs
 The farmer's trees are full of fruit
 And the barns are full of hay
 I'm bound to go
 Where there ain't no snow
 Where the sleet don't fall
 And the winds don't blow
 In the Big Rock Candy Mountain.

Chorus:

5. In the Big Rock Candy Mountain,
 The jails are made of tin.
 You can slip right out again,
 As soon as they put you in.
 There ain't no short-handled shovels,
 No axes, saws nor picks,
 I'm bound to stay
 Where you sleep all day,
 Where they hung the jerk
 That invented work
 In the Big Rock Candy Mountain.

*Chorus:***The Billboard Song***performed by Stephanie Budin at MSF 1991*

As I was walking down the street
 A billboard met my eye
 The advertisement thereupon
 Made one laugh and cry
 The rain and hail had come that night
 And washed it half away
 The other half remaining there
 Made that billboard say:

Oh, smoke a Coca-Cola
 Drink ketchup cigarettes
 See Lillian Russel rustle
 In a box of Oysterettes
 Pork and beans will be tonight
 In a finish fight
 Dr. Brown's and a cow
 Make your teeth so bright

Oh, rum is good for horses
 The best we have in town
 Castoria kills the measles
 Just lay five dollars down
 Teeth extracted without pay
 Costs but half a dime
 Epsom salts selling out
 Carload at a time!

Billboards*(Tune: Superfragilisticexpialadocious)*

As I was walking down the street
 one dark and gloomy day,
 I came upon a billboard and much to my dismay,
 The sign was torn and tattered from the storm
 the night before,
 The wind and rain had done it's work and this it
 what I saw:

"Smoke Coca-Cola Cigarettes -- chew Wrigley's
 Spearmint beer --
 Kennel Ration Dog Food keeps your wife's
 complexion clear;
 Simonize your baby with a Hershey's candy bar
 --
 And Texaco's the beauty cream that's used by
 all the stars!"

"So take your next vacation in a brand new
 Fridgidaire --
 Learn to play piano in your winter underwear --
 Doctors say that babies should smoke until they
 are three,
 And people over 65 should bathe in Lipton Tea!"
 (slowly)....in flow-thru tea bags.

Blackbird •*by the Beatles**performed by Ian Dowell and Teresa Lyons at MSF 1993*

G C G ///

Blackbird singing in the dead of night

/ A7 Am7 Adim

Take these broken wings and learn to

Em / Cm /

fly

G A7 C / Cm /

All your life

G / A7 / C

You were only waiting for this moment

D7 G ///

to a rise

G C G ///

Blackbird singing in the dead of night

/ A7 Am7 Adim

Take these sunken eyes and learn to

Em / Cm /

see

G / C / Cm /

All your life

G / A7 / C

You were only waiting for this moment

D7 G ///

to be free

F / Bb / C /

Black bird fly

F / Bb / A7 /

Black bird fly

/ D7 / G / C
 Into the light of a dark, black night\break
 / G / C / G //

Blowin' in the Wind •

by Bob Dylan

performed by Becky Sherman and Ian Dowell at MSF 1994

D G D
 How many roads must a man walk down,
 G Asus4 A
 Before you call him a man?
 D G D
 Yes, and how many seas must a white dove
 sail,
 G Asus4 A
 Before she can sleep in the sand?
 D G D
 Yes, and how many times must the cannon
 balls fly,
 G Asus4 A
 Before they're forever banned?

Chorus:

G A D F#
 The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the
 Bm wind,
 G A D
 The answer is blowin' in the wind.

How many times must a man look up,
 Before he can see the sky?
 Yes, and how many ears must one man have,
 Before he can hear people cry?
 Yes, and how many deaths will it take till he
 knows,
 That too many people have died?

Chorus

How many years can a mountain exist,
 Before it is washed to the sea?
 Yes, and how many years can some people
 exist,
 Before they're allowed to be free?
 Yes, and how many times can a man turn his
 head,
 Pretending he just doesn't see?

Chorus

Bosom Buddies

performed by Rogina Jeffries & Stephanie Budin at MSF 1991

(From "Mame")

(Both) We'll always be bosom buddies,

friends, sisters and pals,
 We'll always be bosom buddies,
 if life should reject you,
 there's me to protect you.
 (Vera) If I say that your tongue is vicious,
 (Mame) if I call you uncouth,
 (Both) It's simply that who else but a
 bosom buddies will sit down and
 tell you the truth.

(Vera) Though now and again I'm aware
 that my candid opinion my sting,
 (Mame) Or that my frank observation might
 scald;
 I've been meaning to tell you for years
 you should keep your hair natural like mine.
 (Vera) If I kept my hair natural like yours I'd be
 bald.

...but darling...

(Both) We'll always be dear companions,
 (Vera) my crony,
 (Mame) my mate.
 (Both) We'll always be harmonizing,
 (Vera) Orphan Annie and Sandy,
 (Both) like Amos and Andy,
 (Vera) If I say that your sense of style's
 as far off as your youth,
 It's simply that who else but a bosom buddy
 will tell you the whole stinking truth.
 (Mame) Each time that a critic has written
 your voice is the voice of a frog,
 Straight to your side to defend you I rush.
 You know that I'm there every time the world
 makes an unkind remark
 When they say Vera Charles is the world's
 greatest lush.
 It hurts me.

(Vera) And if I say your fangs are showing,
 Mame pull in your claws,
 It's simply that who else but a
 bosom buddy, will notice the obvious flaws.
 (Mame) I feel it's my duty to tell you,
 it's time to adjust to your age,
 You try to be Lady Diana, when you're Lady
 MacBeth.
 Exactly how old are you Vera? The truth.
 (Vera) How old do you think?
 (Mame) Oh, I'd say somewhere in between thirty
 and... death.
 (Both) But sweetie,
 (Vera) I'll always be Alice Toklas, if you'll be
 Gertrude Stein.
 And though I'll admit I've dished you,
 I've gossiped and gloated,
 but I'm so devoted;
 (Mame) And if I say that sex and guts,
 made you into a star, It's simply that,
 who else but a bosom buddy
 will tell you how rotten you are.

(Both) Just turn to your bosom buddy
 For aid and affection,
 for health and direction,
 for loyalty, love and for sooth,
 Remember that,
 who else but a bosom buddy
 will sit down and level,
 will give you the devil,
 will .. sit down and tell you the truth.

Brothers' Rap

*By Bill Walsh and Ryan Condon
 performed at MSF 1988*

We are the rappin' brothers
 Named Ryan and Bill
 We're here to sing a song
 So just sit still

When we get together
 We go real far
 He gives directions
 And he drives the car

We check out chicks
 girls and dames
 But we have more luck
 Playin' video games

We check out cars
 In the Porche shop
 But Burger King
 Is the Place where we shop

I deliver papers
 And I fill'em in
 So don't ever say
 We didn't give you nothin'

We go see Bond
 And feel real hot
 Then lay a patch
 In the parkin' lot

If you see us walkin'
 Don't be a fool
 Just come up quiet
 And stay real cool

We'll see you around
 The train or the bus
 In K B Toys
 Or Toys'R'Us

Brown Eyed Girl •

*by Van Morrison
 performed at MSF 1994 by David Allen, Ian Dowell,
 Steve Dubin, Jennifer Sydney & Mindy Wakefield*

A Hey, where did we go A days when the

E7 rain came
 A D A E7
 Down in the hol low p laying a new game
 A D A
 Laughing, and a r unning, hey, hey. skipping
 E7
 and a-ju mping
 A D A E7
 in the misty morning fog, with our h earts a
 A
 thumpin' and you
 D F#m D E7
 M y brown eyed gi rl Y ou, m y brown
 A E7
 eyed gi rl

A D A
 Whatever happened to Tues day and so
 E7
 slow
 A D A
 Going down to the old man with a transistor
 E7
 rad io
 A D A
 Standing in the s unlight laughing, hiding
 E7
 behind a r ainbow's wall
 A D A
 Slipping and a sl iding, hey, hey, A ll along the
 E7 A
 waterfall with you,
 D F#m D E7
 my brown eyed g irl. Y ou, m y brown
 A
 eyed gi rl

Bridge

E7
 D o you remember when we used to sing
 A D A E7
 S ha la la la l a la la l a la la te da
 Just like that
 A D A E7
 S ha la la la l a la la l a la la te d a la
 A
 te d a

A D A
 So hard to find my way, Now that I'm all
 E7
 on my own
 A D A
 I saw you just the other day, my, how you
 E7
 have grown
 A D
 Cast my memory ba ck there Lord.
 A E7
 Som etimes I'm ov ercome thinkin' 'bout it
 A D A
 Makin' love in the green grass b ehind the

s tadium with you ,
my brown eyed girl I you, my b rown eyed
girl

Bridge

A Bushel and a Peck

Melody - from Guys and Dolls, Frank Loesser, 1950

I love you a bushel and peck
A bushel and peck
And a hug around the neck
A hug around the neck
And a barrel and a heap
A barrel and a heap
And I'm talking in my sleep
About you, about you

Cause I love you a bushel and a peck
You bet your pretty neck, I do
Doodle, oodle, oodle,
Doodle, oodle, oodle,
Doodle, oodle, oodle oo
I love you a bushel and peck
A bushel and peck
Though you make my heart a wreck
Make my heart a wreck
And you make my life a mess
Make my life a mess, yes
A mess of happiness
About you, about you
Cause I love you a bushel

I love you a bushel and peck
A bushel and peck
And it beats me all to heck
Beats me all to heck
And I'll never tend the farm
Never tend the farm
When I wanna keep my arm
About you, about you
Cause I love you a bushel . . .

Camping Casanova

*Written and performed by Diane Snizek & Jo Ellen
Saunders at MSF 1991*

Give me an M!
Give me an S!
Give me an F!
What does it spell?
Midsummer, Midsummer, Midsummerfest!
Midsummer, Midsummer, Midsummerfest!
Midsummer, Midsummer, Midsummerfest!
Midsummer, Midsummer, Midsummerfest!

We were on our way

Doin' about 90
No one's behind me
Thought we were cruisin'
But we were losin'
We were missin'
Our transmission.
We had to stop
To pop
The hood up.
Oh fuck
This sucks
We're out of luck.
These damsels were buggin'
No extra parts they were luggin'.

Then out of the night
A knight in shining ArmorAll
We thought we were rescued
From this terrible close call.
Suddenly the light from a truck passin' by us
Illuminated a dude that was most heinous.
We screamed. He speaks!
"Yo baby yo
Don't ya know
Your car won't go
Without a tow
Unless I show
You what I know."

We stood around the car tryin' to be helpful.
He fixed the car while gettin' an eyeful.
Like he could help it.
(?) anything to look at, man.
He was Col. Sanders and we were finger-lickin'
good!

He said
"Yo baby yo
Don't you wanna go
To a campin' trip
That is most hip?"
We said
"No baby no
We gotta go
To our own soiree
That is today."
We didn't know what other words to say
So we got in our car and made our getaway.
O-E-O, O-Yo-O, O-E-O, O-Yo-O

Gropin' in the dark, stumblin' and fallin'
Suddenly we hear somebody callin'
"Yo, can I lend you a hand?"
We took him up on his offer
But handlin' our (beep) was all he was after.
We ran to the campsite
This couldn't be happenin'
Twice in one night
What fright
Where's our flashlight?

He's worse than a bug-bite.

Here's where the story starts to get thorny
This dude was horny
Just when we thought this nightmare was over
He's back
Again
The Camping Casanova

He said
"Yo baby, yo baby, yo baby yo
Yo baby, yo baby, yo baby yo
Here's your chance
To enhance
Your love life."
We said
"No baby, no baby, no baby no
No baby, no baby, no baby no
Fat chance
Hang on to your pants
We ain't got time for no romance."

All weekend long he made us his mission.
But we were too clever for him
We continually dissed him.
"Can I massage your feet?
Or any other part that might need my attention?"
Yeah, how about my big toenail. Maybe my split
ends.
"May I escort you to the latrine for your own
protection?"
For our protection we suggest you wear a full
body condom.
He walked into our tent one night
By mistake he said.
Apparently Deep Woods Off ain't deep enough.
And since when did volleyball become a full
contact sport?
Spikes are over the net, not under the belt.

The trip was almost over
We were loadin' up the car.
Casanova came a-callin'
To see how we are.
Parting is such sweet sorrow
Thank god we won't have to see you tomorrow.
Yo baby yo
Don't ya know
We got to go
So.....

(segue into "Hit the Road Jack")

Camping •

By Christine Lavin

*performed by Ian Dowell and Steve Dubin at MSF
1992*

(12 bar blues)

^E
Oh I'm in love with a man who loves to camp.

He camps when it's sunny, he camps when it's
damp.

^A
All he needs is a tent, a sleeping roll
^E
A can of spam and a sack of charcoal.

^{B7}
He camps in the desert, He camps in the
snow.

^A ^E
He says "Baby, Come with me." I say "No".

You see I like hot showers and I like ice
The cool cotton sheets on my bed feel so nice.
I'm afraid of little animals and scared of big
bugs.
I like the feel of bare feet on a Berber rug.
I can't stand Port-a-Cans, community soap.
I say, "Baby, Stay with me." He says "Nope."

Bridge:

^A
So I say "Why deprive yourself of the creature
comforts

^E
It's taken man so long to invent?"

^A
And he says something about Walden,
Thoreau

^{B7}
And back to Woodstock, livin' his life in a tent
^E
And then he went. Oh

Oh I can picture him now by a babbling brook
Slapping at mosquitos, slipping bait on a hook.
I can see the bear sniffin' round for something
to steal.
Oh bear, eat a hot dog. Don't make my baby
your meal.
This whole scenario would give me such a fright.
You'd think he coulda stayed with me tonight,

With my air conditioner on, makes a nice breeze
Kinda like the wind whistling through the trees.
I got stars on my ceiling that glow in the dark
I'll open up the windows; we can hear the birds
in the park.

^{B7}
I'll put Wild Kingdom on my T.V.

^A
This might not be camping, but it's pretty close.

^{B7}
Oh Honey, I'll act as primitive as you want me
to be.

^A
This might not be camping, but it's close
^{E7}
enough for me

Catch a Falling Star

Catch a falling star and put it in your pocket
 Never let it fade away
 Catch a falling star and put it in your pocket
 Save it for a rainy day
 For love may come and tap you on the shoulder some
 starless night
 Just in case you feel you want to hold her
 You'll have a pocketful of starlight
 Catch a falling star and put it in your pocket
 Never let it fade away
 Catch a falling star and put it in your pocket
 Save it for a rainy day
 For love may come and tap you on the shoulder some
 starless night
 Just in case you feel you want to hold her
 You'll have a pocketful of starlight
 (Pocketful of starlight, hm,hm,hm,hm,hm,hm)
 Catch a falling star and put it in your pocket
 Never let it fade away
 Catch a falling star and put it in your pocket
 Save it for a rainy day
 (Save it for a rainy, save it for a rainy, rainy, rainy,
 day)
 For when your troubles start multiplyin' and they just
 might
 It's easy to forget them without tryin'
 With just a pocketful of starlight
 Catch a falling star and put it in your pocket
 Never let it fade away
 Catch a falling star and put it in your pocket
 Save it for a rainy day
 (Save it for a rainy day)
 Save it for a rainy day

Catch a Pickled Herring*by Stan Boreson**Performed in 1999 by Ian Dowell & Teresa Lyons**To the tune of "Catch a Falling Star."*

Catch a pickled herring
 Put it in a barrel
 Never let it get away
 Catch a pickled herring
 Put it in a barrel
 Save it for a rainy day

For you may get into a recession
 And you lose your yob
 But if you've got some pickled herring handy
 You'll find things will turn out dandy

Catch a pickled herring
 Put it in a barrel
 No matter what your friends may say
 Catch a pickled herring
 Put it in a barrel
 Watch the neighbors move away

Some people think that Limburger cheese is
 Really a fright
 But until you smell some pickled herring on a

Hot and sultry summer night
 Yiminy what a fright
 Holy mackerel!
 (I just threw that in for the halibut!)

Catch a pickled herring
 Put it in a barrel
 Though it takes your breath away
 Catch a pickled herring
 Put it in a barrel
 Serve it on a silver tray
 (Silver, silver tray)
 Then you know whenever you get hungry
 Here's what you do
 Get the pickled herring if you're able
 Eat it fast before it rots the table.

Catch a pickled herring
 Put it in a barrel
 Never let it get away
 Catch a pickled herring
 Put it in a barrel
 Save it for a rainy day
 Never let it get away
 Save it for a rainy day

The Clean Song*performed by Erik Nottleson at MSF 1991*

There once was a sailor
 Who looked through the glass
 And spied a young mermaid
 With scales on her island
 Where seagulls flew over their nests
 She combed the long hair
 That hung over her shoulders
 And caused her to tickle and itch
 The sailor cried out
 There's a beautiful mermaid
 A sitting out there on the rocks
 The crew came a-running
 All grabbing their glasses
 And crowded four deep to the rail
 All eager to share in this fine piece of news
 Which the captain soon hear from the watch
 He tied down the wheel
 And reached for his crackers
 And cheese which he kept by the door
 In case he might encounter a mermaid
 He knew he must use all his wits
 He cried, "throw out a line
 We'll lasso her flippers.
 And then we shall find
 If mermaids are better before or be brave
 My young fellows." The captain then said
 We'll soon break through her mermaiden."
 Heading to starboard they tacked with dispatch
 And caught the poor mermaid
 Right under her hair.
 After a while one man noticed some scabs.
 The crew came down with pox on their
 This song may be boring

But at least it's clean.

Cow Imagination

by Lou & Peter Berryman

Performed in 1998 by Ian Dowell & Teresa Lyons

E B7
Cow imagination on an average afternoon'll
E
run to cud
E B7
Pig imagination on the other hand'll tend to
E
run to mud
A
Slug imagination if it doesn't run to slime'll run
E
to goo
B7 A
My imagination if it isn't on the blink'll run to
E
you

Cat imagination is an ugly thing to picture for a
bird
Hip imagination is an awful thing to have if
you're a nerd
Your imagination is a lovely Shangri-La
Let me recommend a rendezvous with an
imaginary moi

Honey is a factor in the big imagination of a bear
Tick imagination has a cottage for the summer in
your hair
Flea imagination is involved in exploration near
your knee
Evidently I possess the same imagination as a
flea

Bridge:

A Am
Is that a letter, a letter from you
E
Is that the phone that rings
F#7
Who's at the back door, is that really you
B7
Or am I imagining things?

Mother Nature left her own imagination in your
chromosomes
The typical tornado his imagination runs to
mobile homes
The bolt of lightning lies around imagining a
golfer on a green
I imagine calling you without I have to talk to
your machine

Crawdad Song (Version 1)

Southern

get a line and I'll get a pole, Honey,

You get a line and I'll get a pole, Babe.
You get a line and I'll get a pole,
We'll go fishin' in the crawdad hole,
Honey, Baby mine.

Sittin' on the bank 'til my feet get cold, Honey,
Sittin' on the bank 'til my feet get cold, Babe,
Sittin' on the bank 'til my feet get cold,
Lookin' down that crawdad hole,
Honey, Baby mine.

Yonder comes a man with a sack on his back,
Honey,
Yonder comes a man with a sack on his back,
Babe,
Yonder comes a man with a sack on his back,
Packin' all the crawdads he can pack,
Honey, Baby mine.

The man fell down and he broke that sack,
Honey,
The man fell down and he broke that sack,
Babe,
The man fell down and he broke that sack,
See those crawdads backing back,
Honey, Baby mine.

I heard the duck say to the drake, Honey,
I heard the duck say to the drake, Babe,
I heard the duck say to the drake,
There ain't no crawdads in this lake,
Honey, Baby mine.

Crawdad Song (Version 2)

Southern

You get a line and I'll get a pole, honey
You get a line and I'll get a pole, babe
You get a line and I'll get a pole
And we'll go down to that crawdad hole
Honey, baby mine.

What you gonna do when the lake goes dry,
honey
What you gonna do when the lake goes dry,
babe
What you gonna do when the lake goes dry
Gonna sit on the bank and watch the crawdads
die
Honey, baby mine.

Get up, Sue, you slept too late, honey
Get up, Sue, you slept too late, babe
Get up, Sue, you slept too late,
That crawdad man's done passed your gate
Honey, baby mine.

Standin' on the corner with a dollar in my hand,
honey
Standin' on the corner with a dollar in my hand,
babe

Standin' on the corner with a dollar in my hand
 Standin' there waitin' for the crawdad man
 Honey, baby mine.

Danny Boy

Traditional

Oh, Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling,
 From glen to glen and down the mountain side;
 The summer's gone, and all the leaves are
 falling;
 'Tis ye, 'tis ye must go, and I must bide.

But come ye back when summer's in the
 meadow,
 Or when the valley's hushed and white with
 snow;
 'Til I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow;
 Danny boy, Oh Danny boy, I love you so.

And when ye come and all the flowers are dying,
 If I am dead, as dead I well may be.
 Ye'll come and find the place where I am lying,
 And kneel and say an "Ave" there for me.

And I shall hear, 'though soft ye tread around
 me,
 And all my grave shall linger sweeter be,
 Then ye will bend and tell me that ye love me,
 And I shall sleep in peace until ye come to me.

Disney Does Midsummerfest

Performed by Cathy Concannon at MSF 2002

A Whole New World

To the tune of "A Whole New World" from Aladdin

I could show you a pond
 Shining, shimmering, splendid
 Tell me my friend now when did you last take
 A three hour drive

I could give you a tire
 Float it on some calm water
 Then over sideways and under on a
 Near death experience ride

A whole new world
 One hundred acres to explore
 I'll mark your every trail
 I'll send e-mail
 Just let me share my whole new world
 With you

You'll Be in My Tent

To the tune of "You'll Be in My Heart" from Tarzan

Come stop your crying
 I'll be all right
 Just zip your tent flap
 Zip it tight

Yes, there is wildlife
 All around you
 And yes, it's dark,
 And you're scared

You come from city life and waterbeds
 Hot running water and flushing heads
 My barn and cabin doors can't be broken
 You can't stay there, don't you see
 To join in this event
 You must stay in a tent
 Your tears won't make a dent
 On me

Be A Man

To the tune of "Be A Man" from Pocahontas

Let's get down to business
 Cook those dogs and buns
 You signed the duty roster
 Now your work's begun

It's the saddest lunch I ever saw
 But you can bet before we're through
 Somehow I'll make a meal out of you

I'm never going to chew this up
 Say goodbye to those who knew me
 Why was I such a fool for digging in?

Be a man
 (Be a man)
 You've got to eat all the food we bring you
 (Be a man)
 No matter who the day's chef might be
 He may even fill the grill with firewood
 You'll eat and then hope Carla's cooking soon.

Get On Stage

To the tune of "Go The Disatance" from Hercules

I have often dreamed
 Of a far-off place
 Where a great, warm campfire is waiting for me
 Then the dream would change
 To a dark nightmare
 And a voice keeps saying, "Girl, you've got to
 get onstage."

I must find an act
 Even with no talent

But they say
 You don't need taste or tact
 I could play the spoons or sing Barney tunes
 People do 'most anything to earn a Travesty
 mug.

Danny's Song

Kenny Loggins

People smile and tell me I'm the lucky one
 And we've just begun, think I'm gonna have a
 son
 He will be like she and me, as free as a dove
 Conceived in love, sun is gonna shine above

{Refrain}

And even though we ain't got money
 I'm so in love with ya, honey
 And everything will bring a chain of love
 And in the mornin' when I rise
 You bring a tear of joy to my eyes
 And tell me, everything is gonna be alright

Seems as though a month ago I was Beta-Chi
 Never got high, oh, I was a sorry guy
 And now a smile, a face, a girl that shares my
 name
 Now I'm through with the game, this boy will
 never be the same

{Refrain}

Pisces, Virgo rising is a very good sign
 Strong and kind, and the little boy is mine
 Now I see a family where the once was none
 Now we've just begun, yeah we're gonna fly to
 the sun

{Refrain}

Love the girl who holds the world in a paper cup
 Drink it up, love her and she'll bring you luck
 And if you find she helps your mind, buddy, take
 her home
 Try to earn what lover's own, don't leave her
 alone

Don't Worry, Be Happy

Bobby McFerrin

Here's a little song I wrote
 You might want to sing it note for note
 Don't worry, be happy
 In every life we have some trouble
 When you worry you make it double
 Don't worry, be happy
 Don't worry, be happy now

{Refrain}

Oo, oo-oo-oo, oo-oo-oo, oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo
 Don't worry
 Oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo
 Be happy
 Oo-oo-oo-oo-oo
 Don't worry, be happy

{Refrain}

Ain't got no place to lay your head
 Somebody came and took your bed
 Don't worry, be happy
 The landlord say your rent is late
 He may have to litigate
 Don't worry, be happy
 Look at me, I'm happy

{Refrain}

*Give you my phone number
 When you worry, call me, I make you happy*

{Refrain}

Ain't got no cash, ain't got no style
 Ain't got no gal to make you smile
 But don't worry, be happy
 'Cause when you worry, your face will frown
 And that will bring everyody down
 So don't worry, be happy
 Don't worry, be happy now

{Refrain}

{Refrain}

Now there, is this song I wrote
 I hope you learned it note for note
Like good little children
 Don't worry, be happy
Listen to what I say
 In your life expect some trouble
 When you worry you make it double
 Don't worry, be happy, be happy now

{Refrain, repeat, ad lib.}

Don't Worry, Go Camping

by Bobby McFerrin and Steve Dubin

*performed by Steve Dubin, Ian Dowell & Teresa
 Lyons at MSF 1990*

All your friends have gone away,
 There's no one left with whom to play;
 Don't worry--go camping.

Near Royalton there's a pleasant spot,
 The dudes are cool, the babes are hot;
 So don't worry--go camping.
 Don't worry, go camping.

Don't worry, go camping.
 Don't worry, go camping.
 Don't worry, go camping.
 Don't worry, go camping.

If you seek camping at its best,
 Then you should head for Midsummerfest,
 And don't worry--go camping.

The food, the games, the pond, the fun,
 Are guaranteed for everyone,
 So don't worry--go camping.
 Look at me, I'm camping.

Don't worry, go camping.
 Don't worry, go camping.
 Don't worry, go camping.
 Don't worry, go camping.

'Cos when you worry the gnats do bite.
 And that will keep you up all night,
 So don't worry--go camping.

The Travesty has just begun,
 So sit back and join the fun,
 And don't worry, 'cos we're camping.

Look at me, I'm camping.

Down By the Station

Echo Song

Down by the station
 (Down by the station)
 Early in the morning
 (Early in the morning)
 See the little pufferbellies
 (See the little pufferbellies)
 All in a row
 (All in a row)

See the station master
 (See the station master)
 Turn the little handle
 (Turn the little handle)
 Puff, puff, toot, toot
 (Puff, puff, toot, toot)
 Off we go!
 (Off we go!)

Down by the station
 Early in the morning
 See the little pufferbellies
 All in a row

See the station master
 Turn the little handle
 Puff, puff, toot, toot
 Off we go!

End of the World •

by R.E.M.

performed by Kirk Beitz at MSF '96

^G That's great it starts ^C with an earthquake

^G Birds and snakes and aeroplanes

^C Lenny Bruce is not afraid

^G Eye of a hurricane listen to yourself churn

^C World serves its own needs dummy serve your own needs

^G Speed it up a notch speed grunt nose street burn

^C The ladder starts to clatter with dinner fight down height

^{Bb} Wire in a fire room represent the southern gangs

^A In a government for hire and a combat site

{same as before}

Lefty wasn't coming in a hurry
 With the furies breathing down your neck
 Team by team reporters grapple trunk tethered crop

Look at that low plane fine then
 Uh oh overflow population cornered
 But it'll do save yourself serve yourself
 World serves its own needs listen to your heartbeat
 Tell me that the reds are in the reverend in the right right?

You patriotic patriotic slam fight right might feeling pretty psyched

^G It's the ^D end of ^{Am} the world as we know it

^G It's the ^D end of ^{Am} the world as we know it

^G It's the ^D end of ^{Am} the world as we ^C know it

^{C/B} and I feel fine

Six o'clock TV hour don't get caught foreign tower

Slice and burn return listen to yourself churn lock him in uniform

And book-burning blood-letting every motive escalate

Automotive incinerate light a candle light a motive

Step down step down watching heel crush crush

Uh oh this means no fear cavalier renegade
steer clear
A tournament a tournament a tournament of lies
Offer me solutions offer me alternatives and I
decline

It's the end of the world as we know it
(It's time I had some time alone)
It's the end of the world as we know it
(It's time I had some time alone)
It's the end of the world as we know it and I feel
fine

G C G C G F
I feel fine I feel fine

The other night I drifted nice continental trip to
find
Mount Saint Edelite Leonard Bernstein
Leonid Brezhnev Lenny Bruce and Lester Bangs
Birthday party cheesecake jellybeans boom
You symbiotic patriotic slam foot neck right right

Engineers' Drinking Song •

D A
Godiva was a lady who through Coventry did
D
ride

G
To show the royal villagers her fine and pure
A
white hide.

G D
The most observant man of all, an Engineer,
A
of course,

D A
Was the only man who noticed that Go -diva
D
rode a horse.

Chorus:

D A
We are, we are, we are, we are, we are the
D
Engineers.

G
We can, we can, we can, we can, de -molish
A
forty beers.

G
Drink rum, drink rum, drink rum all day, and
D A
come along with us

D
'Cause we don't give a damn for any old man
A D
who don't give a damn for us!

She said, "I've come a long, long way, and I will
go as far

With the man who takes me from this horse and
leads me to a bar."
The man who took her from her steed and led
her to a beer
Was a bleary-eyed surveyor and a drunken
Engineer.

Godiva was a lady well-endowed there is no
doubt.
She never wore a stitch of clothes, just wound
her hair about.
The first man who did make her was an
Engineer, of course,
But on just one beer an artsie queer had made
Godiva's horse.

Ace Towing roams the Cambridge streets each
day and every night.
Towing cars and stowing cars to hide them out
of sight.
They tried to tow Godiva's horse, the Engineers
said, "Hey!"
Then towed away their towing truck, and now
the Ace must pay!

Rapunzel let her hair down for two suitors down
below,
So one of them could grab a hold and give the
old heave-ho.
The prince began to climb at once, but soon
came out the worst,
For the Engineer rode up a lift, and reached
Rapunzel first.

Caesar set out for Egypt at the age of fifty three,
But Cleopatra's blood was warm, her heart was
young and free.
And every night when Julius said goodnight at
three o'clock,
A Roman Engineer was waiting just around the
block!

Sir Francis Drake and all his ships set out for
Calais Bay.
They'd heard the Spanish rum fleet was headed
out that way.
But the Engineers had beat them, by a night and
half a day,
And though as drunk as ptarmigans, you still
could hear them say:

Venus was a statue made entirely of stone
Without a stitch upon her, she was naked as a
bone.
On seeing that she had no clothes, an Engineer
discoursed,
"Why, the damn thing's only concrete, and
should be reinforced!"

My father was a miner from the northern
Malamute.

My mother was a mistress in a house of ill-
 repute.
 The last time that I was at home, these words
 rang in my ears,
 "Go to M.I.T., you son of a bitch, and join the
 Engineers!"

My father peddles opium, my mother's on the
 dole.
 My sister used to walk the streets, but now she's
 on parole.
 My brother runs a restaurant, with bedrooms in
 the rear.
 [Alternate: My uncle plays with little girls, my
 auntie raped a steer]
 But they don't even speak to me 'cause I'm an
 Engineer.

A maiden and an Engineer were sitting in the
 park.
 The Engineer was working on some research
 after dark.
 His scientific method was a marvel to observe
 While his right hand held the figures, his left
 hand traced the curves.

I happened once upon a girl whose eyes were
 full of fire.
 Her physical endowments would have made
 your hands perspire.
 To my surprise she told me that she never had
 been kissed.
 Her boyfriend was a tired Engineering scientist.

The Army and the Navy went out to have some
 fun.
 They went down to the taverns where the fiery
 liquors run.
 But all they found were empties for the
 Engineers had come,
 And traded all their instruments for gallon kegs
 of rum.

An Engineer once stumbled through the halls of
 Building 10.
 That night he'd drunken rum enough to drown a
 dozen men.
 In fact, the only things there were that kept him
 on his course
 Were the boundary conditions and the coriolis
 force.

An artsman and an Engineer once found a
 gallon can.
 Said the artsman, "Match me drink for drink, let's
 see if you're a man."
 They drank three drinks, the artsman fell, his
 face was turning green,
 But the Engineer drank on and said, "It's only
 gasoline."

Princeton's run by Wellesley, and Wellesley's
 run by Yale.
 And Yale is run by Vassar, and Vassar's run by
 tail.
 Harvard's run by stiff pricks, the kind you raise
 by hand,
 But Tech is run by Engineers, the finest in the
 land.

If we should find a Harvard man within our
 sacred walls,
 We'll take him to the physics lab and amputate
 his balls.
 And if he hollers "Uncle," I'll tell you what we'll
 do,
 We'll stuff his ass with broken glass, and seal it
 up with glue.

And should there be a Harvard man a-strollin'
 our Great Court,
 We'll fetch a pail of river glop and make him
 drink a quart.
 The water of the River Charles can fix his every
 flaw,
 And the Engineers all drink it 'cuz it makes us
 what we are.

M.I.T. was M.I.T. when Harvard was a pup.
 And M.I.T. will be M.I.T. when Harvard's time is
 up.
 And any Harvard SON OF A BITCH who thinks
 he's in our class
 Can pucker up his rosy lips and kiss the
 beaver's ass.

I am a whore from Radcliffe and I fuck for fifty
 cents.
 I lay my ass upon the grass, my pants upon the
 fence.
 I'll let you rub my belly, or on Sunday fuck for
 free,
 But get off of me, you son of a B., if you're from
 M.I.T.

An M.I.T. computer man got drunk one fateful
 night.
 He opened up the console and smashed
 everything in sight.
 When they finally subdued him, the judge he
 stood before,
 Said, "Lock him up for 20 years, he's rotten to
 the core!"

A graduate in chemistry went out to take a stroll
 Along the old Charles River bank, where all the
 compounds roll.
 That day he felt dejected at the bursting of a
 dream,

For he couldn't seem to find a trace of water in
the stream.

A physics man from M.I.T. went out and drank
his fill,
And then went to a strip joint 'cause he had
some time to kill.
The motions that he witnessed there excited all
his nerves,
And he filled eleven napkins with equations of
the curves.

The bravest souls at M.I.T. are those in A.P.O.
There is no place on earth, or off, that they won't
dare to go.
They're just a bunch of volunteers, and happy
with their lot,
For they know they're here to serve you, if you
want them to or not.

An MIT surveyor once found the gates of Hell
He looked the devil in the eye and said "You're
looking well,"
The devil looked right back at him, and said
"Why visit me -
You've been through Hell already; you went to
MIT!"

Fornication, copulation, penetration, fuck,
Blow job, hand job, rim job, ream job,
cunnilingus, suck,
Eating beaver, dipping wick, slipping up the rear:
These words don't mean a thing to me 'cause
I'm an Engineer.

I wandered into Simmons quite accidentally
And at the door a Simmons whore stopped and
said to me
"You've really got a lot of nerve pursuing a
degree
At a place where all the men belong to us like
M.I.T."

Eric the Half-a-bee

by Monty Python

Take it away, Eric the Orchestra Leader!
A-one, a-two, a-one two three four...

(spoken)

Half a bee must philosophically
Ipso facto, half not-be.
But half the be has got to be,
vis-a-vis it's entity.
Do you see?
But can a bee be said to be
Or not to be an entire bee
When half the bee is not a bee
Due to some ancient injury?
Singing...

La dee dee, one two three
Eric the half-a-bee.
A, B, C, D, EFG
Eric the half-a-bee.

Is this a wretched demi-bee
Half asleep upon my knee?
Some freak from a menagerie?
No! It's Eric the half-a-bee.

A fiddle-de-dum, a fiddle-de-dee
Eric the half-a-bee.
Ho ho ho, tee hee hee
Eric the half-bee.

I love this hive employee
Bisected accidentally
One summer afternoon by me.
I love him carnally.
He loves him carnally.
Semi-carnally.

The end.

Cyril Connelly?
No, semi-carnally!
Ohhhh
Cyril Connelly...

Every Sperm is Sacred

Monty Python

There are Jews in the world, there are Buddhists
There are Hindus and Mormons and then
There are those that follow Mohammad, but
I've never been one of them

I'm a Roman Catholic
And have been since before I was born
And the one thing they say about Catholics is
They'll take you as soon as you're warm

You don't have to be a six footer
You don't have to have a great brain
You don't have to have any clothes on
You're a Catholic the moment Dad came,
because

{Refrain 1}

Every sperm is sacred
Every sperm is great
If a sperm is wasted
God gets quite irate

{Refrain 1}

Let the heathen spill theirs
On the dusty ground
God shall make them pay for
Each sperm that can't be found

{Refrain 2}

Every sperm is wanted
 Every sperm is good
 Every sperm is needed
 In your neighborhood

Hindu, Taoist, Morman
 Spill theirs just anywhere
 But God loves those who treat their
 Semen with more care

*{Refrain 1}**{Refrain 2}*

Every sperm is useful
 Every sperm is fine
 God needs everybody's
 Mine, and mine, and mine

Let the pagans spill theirs
 O'er mountain, hill and plain
 God shall strike them down for
 Each sperm that's spilt in vain

*{Refrain 2}**{Refrain 1}***Existential Blues**

By Tom "T-Bone" Stankus

The elusive butterfly has just tiptoed past my
 door
 My buddy likes the Yankees; he says "Hey, T-
 Bone, what's the score?"
 I say, "Well, Reggie got 1 in 1 in 3, and 25 is 6 to
 4."

Is a left-wing really pinko? Colonel Sanders,
 what a bore!

You ask so many questions, what answers
 should I choose?

Is this schizoid paranoia, or just existential
 blues?

The amenities of life have been chasing my
 soul,
 And my mind is transcendental, and I'm losing
 all control,
 And I'm sinking in the quagmire of illusion and
 Thoreau,
 I cry out, "My name is T-Bone!" as a hound dog
 digs a hole.

You ask so many questions, what answers
 should I choose?

Is this Plato's heebie-jeebies, or just existential
 blues?

Sailing, sailing, what is illusion? What is tru-uth?
 Sailing, sailing, over the existential blues.

God bless America, and Old Glory too!
 May she always wave o'er us with the red, white,
 and existential blues!
 Hey, ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba,
 Ba-be-de-ding-dong-existential blues.
 Hey, you can do what you want but lay off my
 existential blues!
 My blue suede existential blues!

Spoken: I was on a quest!
 To dream the impossible dream
 Walking down the road again, doo-dah, doo-
 dah,
 And I met these little people, little people
 Little people all around me
 Who looked up at me and said, "Hey, mister, are
 you tall?"
 I said, "Yes, I'm tall, but who are you weird little
 wonders?"
 Who looked up at me with their big, red,
 bloodshot eyes and said:
 We are the lollipop kids, the lollipop kids
 The lollipop kids,
 We are the lollipop kids!
 We'd like to welcome you to Munchkinland!
 I said, "Hey, weird little wonders, I'm on a quest
 To dream the impossible dream,
 Walking down the road again, doo-dah, doo-
 dah,

Tell me, where do I go, who do I see?"
 They said, "Slow down, mister, in order to
 proceed, one must go see

THE WIZARD!"

I said, "THE WIZARD? Well, where does this
 wizard, old-wise-one, live?"

They said, "You see that big, green, glow-in-the-
 dark house up on the hill?"

I said, "Yes, I see that big, green, glow-in-the-
 dark house up on the hill."

"Well, there's a big, dark forest between you and
 the big, green, glow-in-the-dark house up on
 the hill

And a little old lady on a Hoover vacuum going
 'I'll get you, my little pretty, and your little dog,
 Toto, too!' ."

I don't even have a little dog, Toto.
 Such predicaments I must forge ahead
 To dream the impossible dream
 Walking down the road again, doo-dah, doo-
 dah.

I said, "I can handle the little old lady, I can
 handle the forest

But the very strange road you're sending me
 down!

I've seen yellow stripes in the middle of the road
 before, kids,

But, uh, never quite that wide!"

All right, tighten your shorts and sing like the
 Duke.

Follow the yellow brick road (Come on)

Follow the yellow brick road (Everybody sing)
 Follow, follow, follow, follow,
 Follow the yellow brick road
 If ever a wonderful wiz there was
 The Wizard of Oz is one because
 Because, because, because, because, because,
 Because of the wonderful things he does
 La-la-la-la-la-la-la, ha-ha!
 You're off to see the wizard
 The wonderful Wizard of Oz!
 Whoa, I got a little tired of
 Walking down the road again, doo-dah, doo-dah.
 I got a little tired of walking down this blinding
 yellow road
 So pulled myself off to rest in this field of
 flowers,
 And they smelled - Whoa - flowers smell pretty
 nice,
 I think I'll just stretch out in this little field of

POPPIES! POPPIES! POPPIES! poppies!
 (Cough)
 Whoa, I'm having a strange dream, man!
 But the flowers smell so good,
 I'm getting pretty tired, and they smell so good
 I'm just gonna stretch out again in this little field
 of

POPPIES! POPPIES! POPPIES!
 OH GOD! OH GOD! OH GOD!
 Dorothy! Dorothy! Dorothy!
 (SNIFFFFFFFFF)
 DOROTHY! DOROTHY! DOROTHY!
 (mumble, mumble)
 Along came old man in an El Dorado II,
 screeched to a halt,
 An old man with a big red nose
 Toking a bottle of Yukon Jack
 Strolled up to me and said, "Son."
 I said, "Old man, don't bother me. POPPIES,
 MMMMMMMMMMM!"
 He said, "T-Bone!"
 I said, "Wait a minute, this old man knows my
 name, he must be
 THE WIZARD!"
 It must be the Wizard
 The Wizard of Oz
 Why have you come to haunt me?
 O, Wizard of Oz.
 I said, "O, Wizard, old-wise-one, I've been on a
 quest
 To dream the impossible dream
 Walking down the road again, doo-dah, doo-dah
 And I met these little people
 We are the lollipop kids, the lollipop kids, the
 lollipop kids,
 They said follow the yellow brick road
 Follow, follow, follow
 And I got tired
 POPPIES! POPPIES! (etc.)

Lord, o lord, I've been through hell!"
 He said, "Slow down, son, relax."
 I said, "But, wizard, I have come so far to find
 the truth of life!"
 He said, "Slow down, son, you've got me all
 wrong. You see, how can I put this to you.
 I've been sitting in this field for a long time,
 myself, and I've come to find the only truth is
 here in this bottle."
 I said, "Wizard!"
 He said, "No, truly, son. In fact, I'd rather have
 this bottle in front of me than
 A FRONTAL LOBOTOMY!"
 How profound, Wizard!

Some girl with psychic power, she said, "T-
 Bone, what's your sign?"
 I blink and answer, "Neon!" I thought I'd blow
 her mind.
 She's reading Moby Dick by some fruitcake
 named Herman,
 She's chomping on a knockwurst, was the
 duchess really German?
 You ask so many questions, what answers
 should I choose?
 Is this really Butte, Montana, or just existential
 blues?

Really Butte, Montana?
 Is this Plato's heebee-jeebies?
 Is this schizoid paranoia?

(Star Trek-like sound effects)

La-la-la-la-la-la-la, existential blu-uuu-uuues!

Fast Food

*This is an action song the actions will be given at the
 end*

The tune to this is a ram sam sam

Pizza Hut a Pizza Hut
 Kentucky Fried Chicken and a Pizza Hut
 Pizza Hut a Pizza Hut
 Kentucky Fried Chicken and a Pizza Hut
 McDonald McDonalds
 Kentucky Fried Chicken and a Pizza Hut

A Burger King a Burger King
 Long John Silvers and a Burger King
 A Burger King a Burger King
 Long John Silvers and a Burger King
 Red Lobster Red Lobster
 Long John Silvers and a Burger King

Dairy Queen A Dairy Queen
 Chucky Cheese and a Dairy Queen
 Dairy Queen A Dairy Queen
 Chucky Cheese and a Dairy Queen
 Roy Rogers Roy Rogers

Chucky Cheese and a Dairy Queen*Actions*

**Pizza Hut - Make shape of a hut in the air.*

**Kentucky Fried- Flap elbows up and down in the manner of a demented chicken.*

**McDonalds - Put hands on top of head and bribe out and down to produce the "Golden Arches".*

**Burger King - Put hands on head with fingers up to make a crown*

**Long John Silver - mimic sword play*

**Rel Lobster - hold up arms and bring fingers down on thumbs like lobster claws snapping*

**Dairy Queen - mimic milking a cow*

**Chuckey Cheese - mimic throwing up a pizza*

**Roy Rogers - miminc riding a horse*

Festerella & Friends: The Princess Collection

Performed at MSF 2004 by Cathy Concannon

A Scream is the Sound Your Voice Makes

(Tune – “A Dream is a Wish Your Heart Makes” from Cinderella)

A scream's the sound your voice makes
When you break a nail
Your maid won't perform your chores here
And no one believes you're too frail

You can pout and cry all you want but you're stuck here
No fairy godmother's coming to you
You must get used to soggy sneakers
The bugs, the dirt, the creatures
And people who won't bow to you.

Once at a Latrine

(Tune – “Once Upon a Dream” from Sleeping Beauty)

I know I walked with you once to the latrine
I know you, you ran straight ahead
To get there well before me
And even though it's true
That it was a dark and moonless night
Oh yes, I know you
I know you were rude
And that's why I threw
Your very best shoes
In the latrine

I Want Adventure

(Tune – “???” from Beauty and the Beast)

I want adventure in the woods
And pathways, perhaps with compass and with map
But for once it might be grand
If we finished when we planned
And could eat our dinners while we still could stand.

Colors of the Mind

(Tune – “Colors of the Wind”)

I roamed the hidden high trails of the forest
Come play a silly theme-game in the woods
Just stroll along and take your time and wander
'Cause the clues you gather won't do any good.

Partner My World

(Tune – “Part of Your World” from The Little Mermaid)

Look at this stuff
Isn't it neat?
Don't you think my campsite's complete
Wouldn't you think I'm the girl
The girl who has everything
Look at this trove
Treasures galore
How many wonders can one backpack hold?
Lookin' around here you'd think, "Sure
She's got everything."
I've got bug spray, flashlights aplenty.
I've got sweatshirts and raingear galore.
You want granola bars? I've got twenty!
But who cares? No big deal. I want more!

I want a park ranger, handsome and strong.
I'll never get lost 'cause he'll be there beside me.
He'll make sure that my sunblock covers my back.
Out where I walk
Out where I hike
Heck, even in my campsite at night
He'll be with me
Naturally
Out of this world.

Fifty Ways to Hose Your Code

*by Paul Simon
words by Al Pena*

(to the tune of “50 Ways to Leave Your Lover”)

The problem's all inside your code she said to me;
Recursion is easy if you take it logically.
I'm here to help you if you're struggling to learn C,
There must be fifty ways to hose your code.

She said it's really not my habit to #include,

And I hope my files won't be lost or
misconstrued;
But I'll recompile at the risk of getting screwed,
There must be fifty ways to hose your code.

Just blow up the stack Jack,
Make a bad call Paul,
Just hit the wrong key Lee,
And set your pointers free.

Just mess up the bus Gus,
You don't need to recurse much,
You just listen to me.

She said it greives me to see you compile again.
I wish there were some hardware that wasn't
such a pain.
I said I appreciate that and could you please
explain,
About the fifty ways.

She said why don't we both just work on it
tonight,
And I'm sure in the morning it'll be working just
right.
Then she hosed me and I realized she probably
was right,
There must be fifty ways to hose your code.

Just lose the address Les,
Clear the wrong Int Clint,
Traverse the wrong tree Lee,
And set your list free.

Just mess up the bus Gus,
You don't need to recurse much,
You just program in C.

Fifty Ways to Leave Your Lover •

by Paul Simon

{ Em/G base-fret 1 frets 3 2 2 0 0 0 }
{ D6 base-fret 1 frets x x 0 4 3 2 }
{ CM7 base-fret 1 frets x 3 2 0 0 0 }
{ B7-9 base-fret 1 frets x 2 4 2 2 2 }
{ D#dim7 base-fret 1 frets x x 1 2 2 2 }
{ GM9+5 base-fret 1 frets 3 2 0 2 0 3 }
{ B+ base-fret 1 frets x x 1 0 0 4 }
{ Bb6 base-fret 1 frets x 1 3 3 1 1 }

Em/G D6 CM7
"The problem is all inside your head,"
B7-9 B7
she said to me
Em D#dim7 GM9+5
"the answer is easy if you take it
B+
logic'ly.
Em D6 CM7
I'm here to help you if you're struggling

B7-9
to be free;
B7 Em Am7
there must be fifty ways to leave your
Em
lover."

Em/G D6 CM7
She said, "It's really not my habit to
B7-9 B7
be rude;
Em D#dim7 GM9+5
I hope my meaning won't be lost
B+
or misconstrued.

Em D6 CM7
But I'll repeat myself at the risk of being
B7-9
crude;
B7 Em Am7
there must be fifty ways to leave your
Em
lover."
Em Am7 Em
fifty ways to leave your lover."

G
Just slip out the back, Jack.
Bb6
Make a new plan, Stan;
C7
You don't need to be coy, Roy,
G
just get yourself free. (on repeat: Just listen
to me)

G
Hop on the bus, Gus;
Bb6
You don't need to discuss much;
C7
Just drop off the key, Lee.
G
and get yourself free.

REPEAT CHORUS

:Second verse

She said, "It grieves me now to see you in such
pain; I
wish there was somethin' I could do to make you
smile again."
I said, "I appreciate that, and could you please
explain about the
fifty ways?"

She said, "Why don't we both just sleep on it
tonight;
I'm sure in the morning you'll begin to see the
light."
And then she kissed me and I realized she
probably was right; there must be
fifty ways to leave your lover,

fifty ways to leave your lover."

REPEAT CHORUS twice.

Fire and Rain •

by James Taylor

^D Just yesterday ^C morning they let me ^G know
 you were ^D gone
^D Suzanne, the ^A plans they made ^C put an end to
^C you.
^D I walked out this ^C morning and I ^G wrote down
^D this song.
^{Am} Just can't re ^C ember who to ^C send it to.

Chorus:

^G I've seen ^A fire and I've seen ^D rain,
^G I've seen ^A sunny days that I ^D thought would
^D never end.
^G I've seen ^A lonely times when I ^D could not find a
^D friend.
^C But I ^C always thought that I'd ^D see you a gain.
 Look down upon me, Jesus, won't you help me
 make a stand,
 You've got to see me through another day.
 My body's aching and my time is at hand,
 I just can't make it any other way.

Chorus

I'm walking my mind to an easy time, my back
 turned toward the sun.
 Lord knows, when the cold wind blows it can
 turn your head around.
 There'll be hours of time on the telephone line to
 talk about things to come.
 Sweet dreams and flying machines in pieces on
 the ground.

Chorus

Found a Peanut

Tune: Clementine

Found a peanut, found a peanut,
 Found a peanut just now,
 Just now I found a peanut,

Found a peanut just now.

Cracked it open, cracked it open,
 Cracked it open just now,
 Just now I cracked it open,
 Cracked it open just now.

It was rotten, it was rotten,
 It was rotten just now,
 Just now it was rotten,
 It was rotten just now.

Ate it anyway, ate it anyway,
 Ate it anyway just now,
 Just now I ate it anyway,
 Ate it anyway just now.

Got a stomach ache, got a stomach ache,
 Got a stomach ache just now,
 Just now I got a stomach ache,
 Got a stomach ache just now.

Called the doctor, called the doctor,
 Called the doctor just now,
 Just now I called the doctor,
 Called the doctor just now.

Penicillin, Penicillin,
 Penicillin just now,
 Just now I took Penicillin,
 Penicillin just now.

Operation, operation,
 Operation just now,
 Just now an operation,
 An operation just now.

Died anyway, died anyway,
 Died anyway just now,
 Just now I died anyway,
 Died anyway just now.

Went to heaven, went to heaven,
 Went to heaven just now,
 Just now I went to heaven,
 Went to heaven just now.

Wouldn't take me, wouldn't take me,
 Wouldn't take me just now,
 Just now Heaven wouldn't take me,
 Wouldn't take me just now.

Went the other way, went the other way,
 Went the other way just now,
 Just now I went the other way,
 Went the other way just now.

Didn't want me, didn't want me,
 Didn't want me just now,
 Just now they didn't want me,

Didn't want me just now.

Was a dream, was a dream,
Was a dream just now,
Just now it was a dream,
Was a dream, just now.

Then I woke up, then I woke up,
Then I woke up just now,
Just now I woke up,
I woke up just now.

Found a peanut, found a peanut,
Found a peanut just now,
Just now I found a peanut,
Found a peanut just now.

Fusion Girl •

by Bill Higgins

G C
I was working in the Fusion Lab late one night

D G
Da deutron, ron, ron, da deutron ron

G C
But I couldn't get my magnetic bottle to light

D G
Da deutron, ron, ron, da deutron ron

G C
Yeah, it was late at night

G D
Yeah, it wouldn't light

G C
Yeah, she was a Fusion Girl

D G
Da deutron, ron, ron, da deutron ron

Then I met a chemist who was kinda pretty
Da deutron, ron, ron, da deutron ron
She told me that she came from Salt Lake City
Da deutron, ron, ron, da deutron ron

Yeah, she was kinda pretty
Yeah, she came from Salt Lake City
Yeah, she was a Fusion Girl
Da deutron, ron, ron, da deutron ron

She said, "You're wasting your time, and you're
bound to lose"

Da deutron, ron, ron, da deutron ron
"Let me introduce you to a new way to fuse"
Da deutron, ron, ron, da deutron ron

Yeah, you're bound to lose
Yeah, a new way to fuse
Yeah, she was a Fusion Girl
Da deutron, ron, ron, da deutron ron

What Fermi did under a stadium
Da deutron, ron, ron, da deutron ron

She did with heavy water and palladium
Da deutron, ron, ron, da deutron ron
Yeah, he had a stadium
Yeah, she had palladium
Yeah, she was a Fusion Girl
Da deutron, ron, ron, da deutron ron

We made it together and it was so sweet
Da deutron, ron, ron, da deutron ron
Just a few neutrons and a whole lotta heat
Da deutron, ron, ron, da deutron ron
Yeah, it was so sweet
Yeah, a lotta heat
Yeah, she was a Fusion Girl
Da deutron, ron, ron, da deutron ron

Fuzzy Wuzzy

Fuzzy Wuzzy was a bear
Fuzzy Wuzzy had no hair
Fuzzy Wuzzy wasn't fuzzy, was he?
Was he bare?

Galaxy Song

Monty Python

Whenever life get you down, Mrs. Brown
And things seem hard or tough
And people are stupid, obnoxious or daft
And you feel that you've had quite enu-hu-hu-
huuuuff

Just remember that you're standing on a planet
that's evolving
And revolving at 900 miles an hour
It's orbiting at 19 miles a second, so it's
reckoned

The sun that is the source of all our power
The sun and you and me, and all the stars that
we can see
Are moving at a million miles a day
In the outer spiral arm, at 40,000 miles an hour
Of the Galaxy we call the Milky Way

Our Galaxy itself contains 100 billion stars
It's 100,000 light-years side-to-side
It bulges in the middle, 16,000 light-years thick
But out by us it's just 3000 light-years wide
We're 30,000 light-years from galactic central
point
We go round every 200 million years
And our galaxy is only one of millions of billions
In this amazing and expanding universe

The universe itself keeps on expanding and
expanding
In all of the directions it can whiz
As fast as it can go, at the speed of light you
know
Twelve million miles a minute and that's the
fastest speed there is

So remember, when you're feeling very small
and insecure
How amazingly unlikely is your birth
And pray that there's intelligent life somewhere
up in space
Because there's bugger all down here on Earth

Good Morning Merry Sunshine

Good morning, merry sunshine,
How did you wake so soon?
You've scared the little stars away,
And shone away the moon.
I watched you go to sleep last night,
Before I stopped my play,
How did you get way over there,
And, pray, where did you stay?

I never go to sleep, dear,
I just go 'round to see
My little children of the East,
Who rise to watch for me.
I waken all the birds and bees,
And flowers on my way,
Then last of all, the little child
Who stayed out late to play.

Great Green Gobs

*(Tune: Old Gray Mare, except the line in caps which
is the melody to "Good Evening Friends")*

Great green gobs
Of greasy, grimy, gopher guts,
Mutilated monkey meat,
Dirty, turdy birdie feet!
Three whole quarts of
All purpose porpoise pus
And I forgot my spoon!
BUT I BROUGHT MY FORK!!!

Green Eggs & Ham

*By Dr. Suess & Moxxy Frivious
performed by Ian Dowell, Teresa Lyons, Steve Dubin,
David Fagan & Kirk Beitz at MSF 1997*

Narrator:

Slam it!
Hey kids listen up if you want to be sick
Cuz your dinner looks like something from a
Cronenberg flick
Think twice before you cuss and shout damn
damn damn
Let me tell you a story about Green Eggs and
Ham.

There was a little yellow man called Sam-I-Am.

Sam:

That's me!

Mr. Cheese:

I do not like you Sam-I-Am.

Sam:

Well do you like green eggs and ham.

Mr. Cheese:

I do not like green eggs and ham.

Sam:

Would you like them here or there?

Mr. Cheese:

I wouldn't like them anywhere.

Sam:

I could see you in a house, eating green eggs
and ham with a mouse.

Mr. Cheese:

Maybe you can't hear. You got something in
your ear?

Sam:

No!

Mr. Cheese:

I'm gonna make this perfectly clear:
I would not like them housewise here
I would not like them mousewise there
You think you can convince me, Sam?

Sam:

Mmm-hmmm.

Mr. Cheese:

Not for me, Green Eggs and Ham.

Sam:

What is with you? This is some lean cuisine.

Mr. Cheese:

You're nuts! Looks like green cuisine.

Sam:

Well would you, could you in a car?
Eat them don't deny who you are.
You're gonna like them you're gonna see.
You might like them up in a tree.

Mr. Cheese:

No, not in a tree

Not in a car, would you let me be?

No mouse no house not here or there

Cause you got the problem Sam

And I do not care for a jellied spam

And I do not like green eggs and ham.

Sam:

A train a train a train

Would you could you in a train?

Or up in an aeroplane?

How bout in the dark?

We could drive and park,

we could listen to the crickets and the pit bulls
bark.

Mr. Cheese:

No, not in a plane not in the dark

Not on a train not in a car

Not up a tree

Cuz I don't like them Sam

Not in a schoolhouse, or a shoebox

With a housemouse or a red fox

Not here, there and everywhere
 Didn't even like the Beatles with the long, long
 hair.

Sam:

Hey you lay off the Beatles buddy.

Mr. Cheese:

I lay on whoever I want, buddy.

Don't buddy me, buddy.

Sam:

Well, you don't like green eggs and ham.

Mr. Cheese:

Oh Mr. Perception, Sam-I-Am.

Sam:

Well I know that you'd like'em if you'd eat'em
 with a goat

Mr. Cheese:

Not with a goat in a coat by a moat

Sam:

Now would you could you on a boat?

Mr. Cheese:

Tennison wrote, and I quote

Sam:

Oh please!

Mr. Cheese:

If you eat it you'll bloat and float like a boat
 I'm not interested in stuffing face in the rain on a
 train

I should introduce you to my friend pain.

Sam:

(Heyyyy.)

Mr. Cheese:

Not in the dark, not up a tree
 Not on your fine china with Earl Grey tea
 No boxes, foxes, houses, mice, husbands
 and wives

Others:

Yeah - no spouses

Mr. Cheese:

Why you tryin' to make me eat that?
 I don't like it; I wouldn't serve it to a cat
 I said already I don't like them Sam-I-Am
 I do not like Green Eggs, Ham

Sam:

Mr. Cheese

You just think you don't like them

So you say

And you're beginning to remind me of Doris Day
 You say you don't like this and you don't like that
 Well you're starting to sound like a finicky cat
 Try them, try them and you may find that you
 like nothing better than

Two greenish eggs over easy in the frying pan

And to accompany this fine taste

We have Martian ham, pork from space!

Mr. Cheese:

Sam! If you get out of my face

I'll try that and puke all over the place

Sam:

(Good!)

Mr. Cheese:

Nothing makes a crowd disperse more quick
 Than a great big puddle of sick

Others:

He's gonna try it! He's gonna try it!

He tried'em! He's gonna spew chunks!

Mr. Cheese:

Say!

Others:

C'est? That's French!

Mr. Cheese:

Say!

Not bad green eggs and ham

I believe I like them Sam-I-Am

Sam:

(Yay!)

Mr. Cheese:

I'd eat them in a boat, with a billy-goat

I'd eat them in the rain, in the dark on a train

In a car, up a tree

They're pretty good, you see.

So I eat them in a box,, with a fox.

I'd eat them in the house with the house-mouse.

I'd eat them here,

I'd eat them there,

I'd eat them in my Calvin Klein underwear.

I think you're OK Sam-I-Am

Sam:

I wouldn't let you down you stubborn old man.

Mr. Cheese:

Say, we should share them, eh?

We got enough

Sam:

Are you kidding? I don't eat that stuff!

The Grinch

Dr. Seuss

You're a mean one, Mr. Grinch

You really are a heel

You're as cuddly as a cactus

You're as charming as an eel, Mr. Grinch

You're a bad banana with a greasy black peel

You're a monster, Mr. Grinch

Your heart's an empty hole

Your brain is full of spiders

You have garlic in your soul, Mr. Grinch

I wouldn't touch you with a thirty-nine-and-a-half
 foot pole

You're a foul one, Mr. Grinch

You have termites in your smile

You have all the tender sweetness

Of a seasick crocodile, Mr. Grinch

Given a choice between the two of you

I'd take the seasick crocodile

You're a rotter, Mr. Grinch
 You're the king of sinful sots
 You're a heart of dead tomato
 Washed with moldy purple spots, Mr. Grinch
 You're a three decker sauerkraut and
 Toadstool sandwich with arsenic sauce

You nauseate me, Mr. Grinch
 With a nauseous super "naus"
 You're a crooked dirty jockey
 And you drive a crooked horse, Mr. Grinch
 Your soul is an appalling dump heap
 Overflowing with the most disgraceful
 assortment
 Of rubbish imaginable mangled up in tangled up
 knots

You're a foul one, Mr. Grinch
 You're a nasty wasteful skunk
 Your heart is full of unwashed socks
 Your soul is full of gunk, Mr. Grinch
 The three words that best describe you are, and
 I quote
 "Stink, stank, stunk!"

Hello Deli

performed by Kim Moore at MSF 1987

(To the tune of "Hello Dolly")

Oh well hello deli, this is Joe, deli.
 Would you please bring me some nice corned
 beef on rye?
 A box of Ritz, deli, and some Schlitz, deli
 Some chopped liver and a sliver of your apple
 pie,
 Some turkey legs, deli, hard-boiled eggs, deli,
 Some tomatoes and potatoes you've French
 fried.
 Don't be late deli, cause I can't wait, deli.
 Deli without breakfast I will die.

The Herring Song

*Copyright (c) 1993 Neil Gaiman and Lorraine
 Garland*

When I was a tiny little girl
 I ate my herrings with gusto
 My teeth were bright and my clothes were tight
 Especially 'round the bust, oh.

Singing toora-loora-loo, toddy
 Toora-loora-lay
 My bust was tight and my nose was long
 And I drank my fortune away.

When I was a sprightly young lass
 I ate my herrings discretely
 My hair was my own and my pelvis bone
 And the birds in the air sang sweetly.

Singing toora-loora-loo, poodles
 Toora-loora-lay
 The birds were sweet, had sugary feet
 And the herrings sang where they lay.

But now that I am an old woman
 My herrings I eat with a spoon
 My nose has been sold and my bottom is cold
 And the dish ran away with the moon.

Singing toodly-oodly-umpty
 And a-toora-loora-lay
 My song's at an end, my marshmallow friend
 And I toodled my poodles away.

The Honeymooning Couple

*performed by Stephen & Rogina Jeffries and
 Stephanie Hesla at MSF 1990*

A honeymooning couple
 was in a bedroom
 Packing up to go away
 in the middle of June
 all of a sudden
 argument broke out
 listen to the Bridegroom
 listen what he shout
 Man he telling her:
 You get on top
 That's the way it must go
 I am your husband you know
 yes he telling her you get on top
 Don't make noise shut your mouth
 That's the only way it will work out
 Better get on top, ting-a-ling-a-ling
 Better get on top, ting-a-ling-a-ling
 If you hear commotion, behind the door
 Somebody fall down, boop (?) on the floor
 Somebody shout out you squeezing me hard
 Well this time the lady, she telling the man
 yes she telling him you get on top
 That's the way it must be

I am your wife now you know
 Man she telling him, you get on top
 don't make noise, shut your mouth
 That's de only way it will work out
 Better get on top, ting-a-ling-a-ling
 Better get on top, ting-a-ling-a-ling

Don't talk how they grunting
 and they breathing hard
 imagine me outside,
 How I going mad
 Quiet as a church mouse
 listening to this thing
 Well this time de lady
 she start to sing (if you hear she) talk

Both a we on top, that's de way it must be
 And de husband said yes I agree (definitely)
 Both a we on top don't make noise, shut your
 mouth
 That's de only way it will work out
 Both a we on top, ting-a-ling-a-ling
 Both a we on top, ting-a-ling-a-ling

Now I ain't no peeping tom, ask anybody
 But two a dem on top, this one I have to see
 down by de keyhole, I went and put me eye
 What I saw made me laugh till ah cry
 It was a man and he wife
 And the two ah dem on top
 If you see dem in this funny pose
 you know de two a dem sitting down
 on top a suitcase
 It was a suitcase they were trying to close
 Both a dem on top, ting-a-ling-a-ling
 Both a dem on top close de blasted ting

The House at Pooh Corner

by Kenny Loggins

C Christopher Dm Robin and Em I walked al ong Am
 F G C G F
 Under b ranches lit up by the moon.
 C Posing our Dm questions to Em Owl and
 Am
 Ee yore F G C
 As our days disapp eared all too soon.
 Am Em
 But I've w andered much further to day than
 I should F Dm
 And I can't seem to find my way back to the
 G wood.

Chorus

C So, help me Em if you Dm can, I've G got to get

C Em Dm
 Back to the house at Pooh Corner by
 one,

C Em Dm
 You'd be supr ised there's so much to be
 G done,

Em Count all the bees in the C hive, Em chase all
 Am
 the clouds from the sky
 F Em Am
 Back to the days of Christopher Robin
 Bbmaj7
 and Pooh

C Dm Em
 Winnie the Pooh doesn't know what to
 Am do
 F G C G F
 Got a honey jar stuck on his nose
 C Dm Em Am
 He came to me asking help and advice
 F G C
 And from here no one knows where he goes
 Am Em
 Well, I sent him to ask of the Owl if he's
 there
 F Dm
 How to loosen a jar from the nose of a
 G bear.

Chorus

F Em Am
 Back to the days of Christopher Robin
 F Em Am
 Back to the ways of Christopher Robin
 F Em Am
 Back to the days of Pooh

It's hard to explain how a few precious things
 Seem to follow throughout all our lives
 After all's said and done I was watching my son
 Sleeping there with my bear by his side
 So I tucked him in, I kissed him and as I was
 going
 I swear that the old bear whispered "Boy
 welcome home"

Believe me if you can
 I've finally come back
 To the House at Pooh Corner by one
 What do you know
 There's so much to be done
 Count all the bees in the hive
 Chase all the clouds from the sky
 Back to the days of Christopher Robin
 Back to the ways of Christopher Robin
 Back to the days of Pooh

How Much is that Doggie in the Window?

How Much is that Doggie in the Window

(Jack Will)

(Bark Bark)
The one with the waggely tail?
How much is that doggie in the window,
(Bark Bark)
I do hope that doggie's for sale!

I must take a trip to California,
And leave my poor sweetheart alone;
If she has a dog she won't be lonesome,
And the doggie will have a good home.

How much is that doggie in the window,
(Bark Bark)
The one with the waggely tail?
How much is that doggie in the window,
(Bark Bark)
I do hope that doggie's for sale!

I read in the papers there are robbers,
With flashlights that shine in the dark;
My love needs a doggie to protect him,
And scare them away with one bark!

How much is that doggie in the window,
(Bark Bark)
The one with the waggely tail?
How much is that doggie in the window,
(Bark Bark)
I do hope that doggie's for sale!

I don't want a bunny or a kitty;
I don't want a parrot that talks;
I don't want a bowl of little fishies;
He can't take a goldfish for walks.

How much is that doggie in the window,
(Bark Bark)
The one with the waggely tail?
How much is that doggie in the window,
(Bark Bark)
I do hope that doggie's for sale!

Hundred Acres

by Sally Burke MSF 1999

to the tune of "Camp Granada"

Hello Movers
Hello Shakers
Here I am at Hundred Acres
It is very entertaining

And I hope you won't mind too much my
complaining!

First and foremost
There's no water
I can't Shower, though I ought'a
Lots of talk of Winnie's Pooh
By the way that's a big issue for me
too!!!

Though it's lovely
It's too quiet
Need a cell phone, Good Luck, try it
Forget e-mail, Or hair dryers
As for toothaches, we can fix them,
we've got pliers

There is splatball
There is hiking
Next I'm fearing, mountain biking
But don't worry, Don't dismay
'Cause I'm sleeping with someone
known as Ben Gay

Come on Movers
Let's go Shakers
Let's get out of Hundred Acres
Let me go, oh, please don't make me
stay
I've been here ONE WHOLE DAY

I've looked forward
to the food
About as much as being nude
I'd a loved a rack of lamb
But you know what I got - I got spam!

To my dear host
Ian Dowell
I have not thrown In the towel
But as far as for next year
Don't invite me, I'm vacationing in Tangier!

Hundred Acres (Part 2)

by Sally Burke MSF 2000

to the tune of "Camp Granada"

Hello Movers, Hello Shakers

I've come back to Hundred Acres
This place should come with a warning
If you think you're okay now just wait til morning.

First things first, the latrine.
There's a new one, it's pristine.
When you use it, think of me.
I helped build it, so you'd better use a tree!

This year Ian promised honey.
A sad story, not so funny.
When the nectar of the bees
Was enjoyed by bears, not poohs, but grizzlies.

There's another thing that's scary.
It's the fire pit, it's quite hairy.
Might just bring you to your knees
'cause it's filled with frogs and toads and S – N –
A – K – E'S

Other issues? Take this show
You get stage fright? Better go
They sing arias, do clever skits
If you don't have talent, trust me, it's the pits.

Yes sir all you movers, shakers
You've survived these Hundred Acres
But before you shout Hooray
Remember you've all paid for one more day.

Tomorrow's Sunday, what's for lunch
Bet it's Spam, just a hunch
Could it be any more fun?
Add a three-mile uphill hike in blazing sun.

After hiking we make things clean
The short straw does the latrine
One lucky camper drives home the trash
It won't be me 'cause I paid Ian extra cash.

When we sit down to Sunday's dinner
And we vote for tonight's winner
Let me offer you my plea
When you vote for No. 1, please vote for me.

Hunk of Tin

I'm a little hunk of tin
Nobody knows what shape I'm in
I've got four wheels and a running board
I'm not a Chevy, I'm a Ford

Honk honk rattle rattle rattle crash beep beep
Honk honk rattle rattle rattle crash beep beep
Honk honk rattle rattle rattle crash beep beep

Grandpa's beard is long and grey
It gets longer every day
Grandma eats it in her sleep
Says it tastes like shredded wheat

Honk honk rattle rattle rattle crash beep beep
Honk honk rattle rattle rattle crash beep beep
Honk honk rattle rattle rattle crash beep beep

I'm a little acorn round
Lying on the cold, cold ground
Everybody steps on me
That is why I'm cracked you see

Honk honk rattle rattle rattle crash beep beep
Honk honk rattle rattle rattle crash beep beep
Honk honk rattle rattle rattle crash beep beep

I'm a little TNT
I'm as cute as I can be
I can sing and I can dance
I wear ruffles on my (oops, boys, take another
guess)
I wear ruffles on my dress

Honk honk rattle rattle rattle crash beep beep
Honk honk rattle rattle rattle crash beep beep
Honk honk rattle rattle rattle crash beep beep

Actions:

Honk: Pull your earlobe

Rattle: Shake your head back and forth quickly

Crash: Hit your chin with the heel of your hand

Beep: Hit your nose with your fingers

Hunting Song, The •

by Tom Lehrer

F
I always will remember,
C7
'Twas a year ago November,
F **Cm6** **D7**
I went out to hunt some deer,
G7 **C7**
On a morning bright and clear.
F **F7** **Bb**
I went and shot the maximum the game
Bbm
laws would allow--
F **C7**
Two game wardens, seven hunters, and a
F
cow.
F
I was in no mood to trifle,
C7
I took down my trusty rifle
F **Cm6**
And went out to stalk my prey;
G7 **C7**
What a haul I made that day!
F **F7** **Bb**
I tied them to my fender and I drove them
Cbm
home some how,

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 looking cute,
 And when something 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

Hypothermia!

(The Theme from Midsummerfest)
Words and Music by Mike Guenette and Kevin
Cunningham

[Major]
 Once a fella there was named Dan.
 If you could but only understand -
 He was a little out of his head,
 He didn't wear no clothes,
 He didn't go to bed

Chorus
 Hypothermia
 It'll get to ya.

[Minor]
 Your clothes would drop off in the snow.
 Your feet would get so cold and
 You never know just what you'll see.

[Major]
 One night he sat near the fire.
 He urged his poor voice on higher and higher.
 What he didn't notice is that everyone else had
 retired.

Oh my god, that guy was fried.

Chorus
 Hypothermia!
 It'll get to ta.

[Minor]
 We're singin' this here song
 And god knows that it's gone on way too long
 But we do it because we're that sort
 And believe me this verse is the last resort.

Chorus
 Hypothermia!
 It'll get ta ya.
 Your limbs will drop off
 And then your lungs will emit a stunning cough.

Chorus
 Hypothermia!
 Byow, byow.
 It'll get ta ya.
 You will seize up when it is below
 Negative thirty degrees out there.

[Major]
 This saga is sad but true.
 When he came in from the storm he was blue.
 When we asked him what had he been up to,
 He just was quiet -
 That's because his lips were frozen shut.

Chorus
 Hypothermia!
 It'll get ta ya.
 I'll advise ya.
 Don't go out without

[Minor]
 Anything on but your BVD's
 Or you'll catch some strange disease
 And it's bound not to please
 Anyone except the Arctic fleas.

[Major]
 Oh let my saga unfurl
 He was a nice guy, he wasn't a churl
 He just forgot into his sleeping bag to curl
 What he needed was a cuddly, warm girl.

Chorus
 Hypothermia!
 It'll get ta ya.
 I would know you see.
 Cause it got to me.

To me.
 It got to me.

(16x) |: C | C | F | G :|

(3x) |: Am | Am | Dm7 | G7 :|
 (1x) |: Am | Am | G7 | G7 | G7 | G7 :|

(7x) |: C | C | F | G :|
 (3x) |: Am | Am | Dm7 | G7 :|
 (1x) |: Am | Am | G7 | G7 | G7 | G7 :|

(8x) |: C | C | F | G :|
 (1x) |: C | C | G | G :|
 (1x) |: F | F | G | G :|

(8x) |: C | C | F | G :|
 (3x) |: Am | Am | Dm7 | G7 :|
 (1x) |: Am | Am | G7 | G7 | G7 | G7 :|

(8x) |: C | C | F | G :|

Hypothermia

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hypothermia didn't think it'd be that cold
 hypothermia i never thought i'd be so bold
 but i jumped into the water
 'cause my friends said that i otter
 now i wish that i was hotter
 than i'm feeling presently

hypothermia the mist was rising off the lake
 hypothermia i knew that this was a mistake
 but could i refuse the bravery
 wrought by simple foolish knavery
 no, my mind held total slavery
 ...over me
 oh, the vista was a taste of paradise
 but the scen'ry is cold comfort when your flesh
 has turned to ice
 hypothermia i jumped in like a water rat
 hypothermia don't know what happened after
 that
 well, i think that i blacked out
 then i came up and gave a shout
 hey, it's a thing i'm not about to do again
 the surface of the lake looked calm to me
 but the shock that hit my body brought me to
 reality
 hypothermia can you choose your own
 mistakes?
 hypothermia can you face the pain that makes?
 will you stand upon the shore
 where your thoughts alone can soar
 or is life a little more
 than simply watching from afar?
 hypothermia did i do it on a bet?
 hypothermia it's not so much that i got wet
 it's the low, low centigrade
 inspired me to this serenade
 and turned my body to this shade
 of aqua blue

Ice Cream

by Sarah MacLaughlin

*Performed by Cinda Lavelly & Beth Siers at MSF
 2002*

Your love is better than ice cream
 Better than anything else that I've tried
 And your love is better than ice cream
 Everyone here know how to fight
 And it's a long way down
 It's a long way down
 It's a long way down to the place
 Where we started from
 Your love is better than chocolate
 Better than anything else that I've tried
 Oh love is better than chocolate
 Everyone here knows how to cry
 It's a long way down
 It's a long way down
 It's a long way down to the place
 Where we started from...

I Don't Know Whether to Kill

Myself or Go Bowling

*performed at MSF 1990 by Erik & Eliot Nottleson,
 Bill Burleigh, and Michael Stewart*

I think my bed's a bus stop the way you come
 and go
 The more I think of you, the less I think I know

Refrain:

For better or for worse but not for long
 Thank God and Greyhound that you're gone

I'm outta gas and I'm outta luck
 Got four bald tires on my pickup truck

Refrain

The best you ever gave me was the worst I ever
 got
 I'd be singin' the blues but my electric guitar's
 shot

Refrain

I wouldn't mind gettin' burned if I be near the
 flame
 All this pain wasn't earned she took all but the
 blame

Refrain

I loved her so much that I had to linger
 I gave her a ring and she gave me the finger

Refrain

I'm afraid to come home without no warnin'
Stay out Friday night til Sunday mornin'

Refrain

I caught her lyin' and I caught a train
She broke my heart and she caused me pain

Refrain

If I fall again I won't get up so slow
Them that ain't got love just don't know

Refrain

You don't have to go home but you can't stay
here
My VCR has my Dixie Beer

Refrain

Honey I love you, it's been fun
Been a long time leavin' be a long time gone

Refrain

Time for me to move out, time for me to fly
Take your tongue out of my mouth cause I'm
kissin' you goodbye

I Love Trash

Muppets

{Refrain}

Oh, I love trash!
Anything dirty or dingy or dusty
Anything ragged or rotten or rusty
Yes, I love trash

I have here a sneaker that's tattered and worn
It's all full of holes and the laces are torn
A gift from my mother the day I was born
I love it because it's trash

{Refrain}

I have here some newspaper thirteen months
old
I've wrapped some fish inside it, it's smelly and
old
But I wouldn't trade it for a big pot o' gold
I love it because it's trash

{Refrain}

I've a clock that won't work, and an old
telephone
A broken umbrella, a rusty trombone
And I am delighted to call them my own
I love them because they're trash

{Refrain, ending with}

...Yes, I love, I love, I love trash

If All of the Raindrops

If all of the raindrops were lemon drops and gum
drops,
Oh, what a world this would be!
I'd stand outside with my mouth open wide, goin'
Ah, ah ah ah, ah ah ah, ah ah ah,
If all of the raindrops were lemon drops and gum
drops,
Oh, what a world this would be!

If all of the rainbows were Chicken McNuggets
and BBQ sauce,
Oh, what a world this would be!
I'd stand outside with my mouth open wide, goin'
Ah, ah ah ah, ah ah ah, ah ah ah,
If all of the rainbows were Chicken McNuggets
and BBQ sauce,
Oh, what a world this would be!

If all the mosquitoes were nacho Dorritos,
Oh, what a world this would be!
I'd stand outside with my mouth open wide, goin'
Ah, ah ah ah, ah ah ah, ah ah ah,
If all the mosquitoes were nacho Dorritos,
Oh, what a world this would be!

If all of the blackflies were gorgeous guys and
cute guys,
Oh, what a world this would be!
I'd stand outside with my arms open wide, goin'
Kiss, kiss kiss kiss, kiss kiss kiss, kiss kiss kiss,
If all of the blackflies were gorgeous guys and
cute guys,
Oh, what a world this would be!

If all of the moonbeams, were popsicles and ice
cream
Oh, what a world this would be!
I'd stand outside with my mouth open wide, goin'
Ah, ah ah ah, ah ah ah, ah ah ah,
If all of the moonbeams, were popsicles and ice
cream
Oh, what a world this would be!

If all of the snowflakes were lemon tarts and
cupcakes
Oh, what a world this would be!
I'd stand outside with my mouth open wide, goin'
Ah, ah ah ah, ah ah ah, ah ah ah,
If all of the snowflakes were lemon tarts and
cupcakes
Oh, what a world this would be!

If all of the pinecones were chocolate covered
ice cream cones

Oh, what a world this would be!
 I'd stand outside with my mouth open wide, goin'
 Ah, ah ah ah, ah ah ah, ah ah ah,
 If all of the pinecones were chocolate covered
 ice cream cones
 Oh, what a world this would be!

If all of the snowflakes were Hershey bars and
 milkshakes
 Oh what a snow it would be!
 I'd stand outside with my mouth open wide, goin'
 Ah, ah ah ah, ah ah ah, ah ah ah,
 If all of the snowflakes were Hershey bars and
 milkshakes
 Oh what a snow it would be!

If I Had \$1,000,000

By Barenaked Ladies

*Performed by Cinda Lavelly and Ian Dowell at MSF
 2002*

If I Had \$1000000 (If I Had \$1000000)
 I'd buy you a house (I would buy you a house)
 If I Had \$1000000 (If I Had \$1000000)
 I'd buy you furniture for your house
 (Maybe a nice chesterfield or an ottoman)
 If I Had \$1000000 (If I Had \$1000000)
 I'd buy you a K-Car (a nice Reliant automobile)
 If I Had \$1000000 I'd buy your love.

If I Had \$1000000
 I'd build a tree fort in our yard.
 If I Had \$1000000
 You could help, it wouldn't be that hard.
 If I Had \$1000000
 Maybe we could put a refrigerator in there.
 (Wouldn't that be fabulous)

We could just go up and hang out. (Open the
 fridge and stuff. There would be
 food laid out for us, little pre-wrapped sausages
 and things.) Mmmm. (They have
 pre-wrapped sausages but they don't have pre-
 wrapped bacon.) Can you blame
 them? (Well, yeah!)

If I Had \$1000000 (If I Had \$1000000)
 I'd buy you a fur coat (but not a real fur coat
 that's cruel)
 If I Had \$1000000 (If I Had \$1000000)
 I'd buy you an exotic pet (Like a llama or an
 emu)
 If I Had \$1000000 (If I Had \$1000000)
 I'd buy you John Merrick's remains (All them
 crazy elephant bones)
 If I Had \$1000000 I'd buy your love

If I Had \$1000000
 We wouldn't have to walk to the store
 If I Had \$1000000
 We'd take a limousine 'cause it costs more

If I Had \$1000000
 We wouldn't have to eat Kraft Dinner.
 (But we would eat Kraft Dinner. Of course we
 would, we'd just eat more.
 And buy really expensive ketchup with it.
 That's right, all the fanciest Dijon Ketchup.
 Mmmmm.)

If I Had \$1000000 (If I Had \$1000000)
 I'd buy you a green dress (but not a real green
 dress, that's cruel)
 If I Had \$1000000 (If I Had \$1000000)
 I'd buy you some art (a Picasso or a Garfunkel)
 If I Had \$1000000 (If I Had \$1000000)
 I'd buy you a monkey (haven't you always
 wanted a monkey?)
 If I Had \$1000000 I'd buy your love

If I Had \$1000000, If I Had \$1000000
 If I Had \$1000000, If I Had \$1000000
 I'd be rich.

If It's Raining

(to the tune of "If You're Happy and You Know It")

If it's raining and you know it clap your hands
 If it's raining and you know it clap your hands
 If it's raining and you know it then your clothes
 will surely show it
 If it's raining and you know it clap your hands

If the mud is only knee deep, stamp your feet
 If the mud is only knee deep, stamp your feet
 If the mud is only knee deep, and you wish that
 it were hip deep
 If the mud is only knee deep, stamp your feet

If the wind is really blowing, shake your head
 If the wind is really blowing, shake your head
 If the wind is really blowing, and your permanent
 is going
 If the wind is really blowing, shake your head

If the temperature is falling, rub your hands
 If the temperature is falling, rub your hands
 If the temperature is falling, and your spirits are
 appalling
 If the temperature is falling, rub your hands!

I Know an Old Woman Who Swallowed a Fly

*performed at MSF 1988 by Tom Meyer, Shannon
 Sullivan, Andréas Harvey, Becky Sherman, Beth
 Flannagan*

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

I know an old woman who swallowed a spider
 That wriggled and jiggled and tickled inside'r

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

I know an old woman who swallowed a bird
 How absurd to swallow a bird
 She swallowed the bird to catch the spider
 That wriggled and jiggled and tickled inside
 She swallowed the spider to catch the fly
 I don't know why she swallowed the fly
 Perhaps she'll die.

I know an old woman who swallowed a cat
 Imagine that, she swallowed a cat
 She swallowed the cat to catch the bird
 She swallowed the bird to catch the spider
 That wriggled and jiggled and tickled inside
 She swallowed the spider to catch the fly
 I don't know why she swallowed the fly
 Perhaps she'll die.

I know 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
 That wriggled and jiggled and tickled inside
 She swallowed the spider to catch the fly
 I don't know why she swallowed the fly
 Perhaps she'll die.

I know an old woman who swallowed a goat
 She just opened her throat and swallowed the 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 jiggled and tickled inside
 She swallowed the spider to catch the fly
 I don't know why she swallowed the fly
 Perhaps she'll die.

I know an old woman who swallowed a cow.
 I don't know how she swallowed a cow.
 She swallowed the cow to catch the 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 jiggled and tickled inside
 She swallowed the spider to catch the fly
 I don't know why she swallowed the fly
 Perhaps she'll die.

I know an old woman who swallowed a horse
 She's dead of course.

If I Were A Moose

Fred Small

If I were a moose and you were a cow
 Would you love me anyhow?
 Would you introduce me to your folds
 Would you tell your friends "No moose jokes!"
 If I were a moose and you were a cow

Would you invite me to your club
 And risk a cruel bovine snub
 Would you lead me down the receiving line
 And boldly boast "This moose is mine!"

Would your parents watch us graze
 Shake their heads, "It's just a phase"
 Or would they thank the stars above
 Their precious heifer's found her love?

Would your grandparents change their will?
 They'd really expected a Holstein bull
 "For this we toiled before the plow -
 You bring home someone who's not even a cow.

There's lots of proper stock around
 Like that nice young Guernsey at Farmer
 Brown's
 Or that last one we ridiculed and cursed
 At second thought you could do worse

But if you think this thing will last
 Could he learn to moo and eat our grass
 Shed his antlers in the dirt
 Could you persuade him to convert?"

If our anatomies did not quite fit
 Would you make the best of it
 Would you nuzzle up so near
 And hum sweet cow tunes in my ear?

Or would you sadly break it off
 When all the hillside sneered and scoffed
 "You know these moose are all the same
 They're lazy, they're stupid, they come from
 Maine"

It's true things slip a moose's mind
 That cows remember all the time
 Bulbous nose and knobby knees
 A coat that harbors ticks and fleas

But a moose can be a handy thing
 When hungry wolves come visiting
 In icy gust of winter storm
 Our fur is deep and dry and warm

And someday should your milk run dry
 And farmer stare with baleful eye
 In dead of night I'd slip your noose

And lead you home to the land of moose
If I were a moose and you were a cow

If hunters came to do me harm
Would you hide me in the barn
Would all the herd come on the run
And glare until they dropped their guns?

Might you permit a goodnight kiss
Could you learn to love wet moose lips?
If I were a moose and you were a cow
If you were a cow and I were a moose

I Know You Rider •

Traditional

performed at by Chris Holm at MSF 1990

Refrain:

D C G
I know you rider, gonna miss me when I'm
D
gone;
I know you rider, gonna miss me when I'm gone;
F C F C F
Gonna miss your ba by, from rollin' in your
D
arms.

Lay down last night, Lord I could not take my
rest;
Lay down last night, Lord I could not take my
rest;
My mind was wanderin' like the wild geese in the
west.

The sun will shine in my back door someday;
The sun will shine in my back door someday;
March winds will blow all my troubles away.

Refrain:

I wish I was a headlight, on a North bound train;
I wish I was a headlight, on a North bound train;
I'd shine my light through the cool Colorado rain.

I'd rather drink muddy water, sleep in a hollow
log.
I'd rather drink muddy water, sleep in a hollow
log.
Than stay here in Frisco, be treated like a dog.

I know you, rider, gonna miss me when I'm
gone, gone, gone;
I know you, rider, gonna miss me when I'm
gone, gone, gone;
Gonna miss your baby, from rollin' in your arms.

Refrain

I'm A Camper

Performed by Sally Burke at MSF 2002

I came up from the suburbs
Went to Hundred Aker Wood
Want to show you my true side
Don't know if I should
'Cause I'm a camper
C-A-M-P-E-R

I can set up a tent
I can climb up a tree
I can fill any need
Just call on me
'Cause I'm a camper
C-A-M-P-E-R

I can dig the latrine
I can kill all the snakes
I can hike all the trails
And eat Ian's pancakes
'Cause I'm a camper
C-A-M-P-E-R

I just 'bout at the end
Of my little ditty
And 'cause I'm the best
Please vote for me
'Cause I'm a camper
C-A-M-P-E-R

I'm A Woman

(Jerry Leiber/Mike Stoller)

Well I can wash out forty four pairs of socks
And have 'em on the line
You know I can starch and iron two dozen shirts
'Fore you can count from one to nine
I can slip up a great big dip up of lard from a
drippings can
Throw it in the skillet, do my shopping, and be
back before it melts in
the pan
Cause I'm a woman
W-O-M-A-N
Let me tell ya again
I'm a woman
W-O-M-A-N
Well I can rub and scrub till this house shines
just like a dime
Feed the baby
Grease the car
Powder my nose at the same time
You know I can get all dressed up
Go out swinging with the M-A-N
Jump in bed at five
Sleep till 6
And start all over again
Cause I'm a woman
W-O-M-A-N

Let me tell ya again
 I'm a woman
 W-O-M-A-N
 Well now if you come to me sick you know that
 I'm gonna make you well
 And if you come to me all hexed up you know
 I'm gonna break the spell
 And if you come to me hungry, you know
 I'll feed ya full of my grits
 And if it's loving you want, I can kiss you and
 give you the shivering fits
 Cause I'm a woman
 W-O-M-A-N
 Let me tell ya again
 I'm a woman
 W-O-M-A-N
 (I'll say it again)
 Well, I got a twenty dollar gold fee that says
 there's nothing that I can't do
 Well I can make a dress out of feeding sacks
 and I can make a man out of you
 Cause I'm a woman
 W-O-M-A-N
 Let me tell ya again
 I'm a woman
 W-O-M-A-N
 I'm a woman
 I'm a woman
 I'm a woman
 Yeah I'm a woman

Immanuel Kant

Monty Python

Immanuel Kant was a real pissant
 Who was very rarely stable
 Heidegger, Heidegger was a boozy beggar
 Who could think you under the table
 David Hume could out-consume
 Schopenhauer and Hegel
 And Wittgenstein was a beery swine
 Who was just as schloshed as Schlegel

There's nothing Nietzsche couldn't teach ya
 'Bout the turning of the wrist
 Socrates himself was permanently pissed

John Stuart Mill, of his own free will
 With half a pint of shandy was particularly ill
 Plato, they say, could stick it away
 Half a crate of whiskey every day
 Aristotle, Aristotle
 Was a beggar for the bottle
 Hobbes was fond of his dram
 And Rene Descartes was a drunken fart
 "I drink therefore I am"

Yes, Socrates himself is particularly missed
 A lovely little thinker but a bugger when he's
 pissed

Into the Air, Junior Birdmen

Into the air, junior birdmen
 Into the air, upside down;
 Into the air, junior birdmen
 Keep your nose up in the brown;
 And when you see all those birdmen
 With their shiny wings of tin
 Then you will know the junior birdmen
 Have sent their boxtops in!

Dowell family version:

Into the air, junior birdmen
 Into the air, upside down;
 Into the air, junior birdmen
 Keep your noses to the ground;
 And when you hear the great announcement
 That you can win your wings of tin
 Then all the junior birdmen
 Will send their boxtops in!

I Want to Kiss Her •

performed by Ian Dowell at MSF 1990

^G I was ridin' on a ^C train to Austin, ^G Texas
 When a very lovely lady sat next t' ^D me
 When ^C she got up t' eat
 She asked if ^G I would hold her seat
 I was ^A more than happy to
 And now there's ^D more I'd like t' do

Refrain:

^C I want to kiss her ^D but
 She won't ^G let me
 I want to ^C whisper sweet
^D Nothin's in her ^G ear
 I want to ^C hold her be ^D hind
^G Closed doors and ^{Em} more.
^C I want to kiss her ^A but
 She won't ^D let me

When she returned she said she was an actress
 She showed me an album of pictures of her
 opening
 Which she'd been sittin' on

She seemed as sweet as she could be
 But I could clearly see
 She was the kind of girl
 Who stole men's hearts and wrecked 'em

Refrain

Well I'll never forget that train ride down to
 Austin
 We shared a seat and we shared our tales
 But as my heart tries to leave her behind
 Regrets are all I find
 Cause I though I'd get that girl in the end

Refrain

The Irish Ballad •

by Tom Lehrer

^{Dm}
 A bout a maid I'll sing a song
 Sing rickety-^{Gm} tickety-^{Dm} tin
^{Gm} A bout a maid I'll sing a song
 Who didn't^C have her^{Dm} family long.
 Not only^{Gm} did she^{Dm} do them^{Gm} wrong,
 She^{Dm} did ev'ry^C one of them^{Dm} in, them^C in,
 She^{Dm} did ev'ry^C one of them^{Dm} in.

One morning in a fit of pique,
 Sing rickety-tickety-tin,
 One morning in a fit of pique,
 She drowned her father in the creek
 The water tasted bad for a week,
 And we had to make do with gin, with gin,
 We had to make do with gin.

Her mother she could never stand,
 Rickety-tickety-tin
 Her mother she could never stand,
 And so a cyanide soup she planned
 The mother died with the spoon in her hand,
 And her face in a hideous grin, a grin,
 Her face in a hideous grin.

She set her sister's hair on fire,
 Rickety-tickety-tin.
 She set her sister's hair on fire,
 And as the smoke and flame rose higher,
 Danced around the funeral pyre,
 Playing a violin, -olin
 Playing a violin.

She weighted her brother down with stones,
 Rickety-tickety-tin.
 She weighted her brother down with stones,

And sent him off to Davy Jones
 All they ever found were some bones
 And occasional pieces of skin, of skin
 Occasional pieces of skin.

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

And when at last the police came by,
 Rickety-tickety-tin
 And when at last the police came by,
 Her little pranks she did not deny
 To do so, she would have had to lie,
 And lying she knew was a sin, a sin
 Lying she knew was a sin.

My tragic tale I won't prolong
 Rickety-tickety-tin
 My tragic tale I won't prolong
 And if you do not 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.

Isn't It Awfully Nice To Have A Penis

Monty Python

Isn't it awfully nice to have a penis
 Isn't it frightfully good to have a dong
 It's swell to have a stiffy
 It's devine to own a dick
 From the tiniest little tadger
 To the world's biggest prick

So three cheers for your willy or John Thomas
 Hooray for your one-eyed trouser snake
 Your piece of pork, your wife's best friend
 Your Percy or your cock
 You can wrap it up in ribbons
 You can slip it in your sock
 Don't take it out in public
 Or they will put you in the dock
 And you won't come back

It's Not Easy Being Green

Muppets

It's not that easy being green
 Having to spend each day the color of the
 leaves
 When I think it could be nicer being red, or
 yellow or gold
 Or something much more colorful like that

It's not easy being green
 It seems you blend in with so many other
 ordinary things
 And people tend to pass you over 'cause you're
 Not standing out like flashy sparkles in the water
 Or stars in the sky

But green's the color of Spring
 And green can be cool and friendly-like
 And green can be big like an ocean, or important
 Like a mountain, or tall like a tree

When green is all there is to be
 It could make you wonder why, but why wonder
 why
 Wonder, I am green and it'll do fine, it's beautiful
 And I think it's what I want to be

It's Over Now

*by Neinke Beuling
 performed at MSF 1996*

It's Raining, It's Pouring

It's raining, it's pouring;
 The old man is snoring.
 He went to bed and he
 Bumped his head
 And he couldn't get up in the morning.

Itsy Bitsy Spider (Version 1)

The eensy weensy (or itsy bitsy) spider
 Crawled up the water spout
 ('Climb' up arm)
 Down came the rain
 (Wiggle fingers down from head to waist)
 And washed the spider out
 (Throw arms to sides)
 Out came the sun and dried up all the rain
 (Raise hands above head, make circle for sun)
 And the eensy weensy spider
 Crawled up the spout again.
 ('Climb' up arm again)

Itsy Bitsy Spider (Version 2)

Written By: Iza Trapani

The itsy bitsy (or eensy weensy) spider
 Climbed up the waterspout
 Down came the rain
 And washed the spider out
 Out came the sun
 And dried up all the rain
 And the itsy bitsy spider
 Climbed up the spout again

The itsy bitsy spider
 Climbed up the kitchen wall

Swoosh! went the fan
 And made the spider fall
 Off went the fan
 No longer did it blow
 So the itsy bitsy spider
 Back up the wall did go

The itsy bitsy spider
 Climbed up the yellow pail
 In came a mouse
 And flicked her with his tail
 Down fell the spider
 The mouse ran out the door
 Then the itsy bitsy spider
 Climbed up the pail once more

The itsy bitsy spider
 Climbed up the rocking chair
 Up jumped a cat
 And knocked her in the air
 Down plopped the cat
 And when he was asleep
 The itsy bitsy spider
 Back up the chair did creep

The itsy bitsy spider
 Climbed up the maple tree
 She slipped on some dew
 And landed next to me
 Out came the sun
 And when the tree was dry
 The itsy bitsy spider
 Gave it one more try

The itsy bitsy spider
 Climbed up without a stop
 She spun a silky web
 Right at the very top
 She wove and she spun
 And when her web was done
 The itsy bitsy spider
 Rested in the sun

The Juicy Moose

*Performed at MSF 2001 by Elisabeth & Alex
 Guenette*

(each line is echoed back to leader)
 1 There was a moose named Fred
 He like to drink his juice in bed *(repeat verse)*

Chorus:
 I sing Way-Oh, Way-Oh *(wave hands in air above head)*
 Way-Oh, Way-Oh, Way-Oh, Way-Oh *(do the twist)*
 Way-Oh, Way-Oh *(‘stir the pot’)*
 Way-Oh, Way-Oh, Way-Oh, Way-Oh *(link fingers in front and do breakdancing move)*

2 He drank his juice with care
But he spilled it on his hair (*repeat verse*)

3 He's a sticky moose
He's a moose full of juice (*repeat verse*)

The Kind of Love You Never Recover From

by Christine Lavin

performed by Ian Dowell at MSF 1990

G C G
I know a couple; she sits in a rocking chair
Working puzzles, he watches TV up stairs.

Em
She's got a secret she has never let out:
A7 D
A man she thinks he never knew about.

G C
She hasn't seen him in thirty years
G C
The mention of his name doesn't bring on
tears
Bm Em
If you ask her are there any regrets
A7 D
She'll tell you no but she never forgets.

C D/F#
If was the kind of love you never recover
Bm
from

Em
Even though she found another one to
Am
take his place

D
She never will escape the truth
C D/F#
At times like this when the moon is right,
Bm E Am
When the air is foggy like it is tonight
She'll think about what might have been
D
If she had just held onto him.

I know a man who has done it all
He's sailed the oceans, climbed the mountains
of Nepal
He lives high up on the Avenue
With a beautiful wife, lovely children too

But there's a woman he still dreams about
Certain things he's learned to live without
If you ask him, are there any regrets
He'll tell you no but he never forgets

If was the kind of love you never recover from
Even though he found another one to take her
place

He never will escape the truth
At times like this when the moon is right,
When the air is foggy like it is tonight
He'll think about what might have been
If he had not let her slip away Gfrom him.

Am
I read about a woman
Cm Em
Who said she never regretted anything
she'd ever done

A
Such arrogant words always seem to be
spoken

D D7
By those who then die young.

So here am I, looking at you
Oh tell me what are we gonna do
Am I destined to be a regret?
Are you that one I'll never forget?

Years from now will we curse the day
You let me let you walk away
Isn't this too dear a price to pay
For the freedom of going separate ways.

This is the kind of love you never recover from
Don't tell me that I'm gonna find another one to
take your place
I never will escape the truth
At times like this when the moon is right,
When the air is foggy like it is tonight
I'll think how sweet life could be
If you would only stay with me
Oh stay with me.

This is the kind of love you never recover from
Don't tell me I'm gonna find another one to take
your place
Try to face the truth
Let me hold you close tonight
The fog is lifted and the moon is so bright
Think how sweet life could be
If you would stay with me
Oh stay with me.

C D
This is the kind of love you never recover
Bm Em
from

C D
This is the kind of love you never recover
G C G
from

King of Spain

By Moxxy Frivious

*Performed at MSF 2001 by Chris Campbell, Ian
Dowell, Steve Dubin & Cinda Lavelly*

Once I was the King of Spain (now I eat humble pie)
 Oh... my unspeakable wife, Queen Lisa (now I eat humble pie)
 I'm telling you I was the King of Spain (now I eat humble pie)
 And now I work at the Pizza Pizza

Royalty, lord it looked good on me
 Buried in silk in the royal boudoir or going nuclear free
 Or playing Crokinole with the Princess of Monaco
 Telling my jokes to the OPEC leaders, getting it all on video

Once I was the King of Spain (now I eat humble pie)
 A palatial palace, that was my home (now I eat humble pie)
 I'm telling you I was the King of Spain (now I eat humble pie)
 And now I vacuum the turf at SkyDome

I can't wait, I'm lowering interest rates, my people say:
 "King, how are you such a genius?
 There's a roof overhead and food on our plates!"
 It's laissez-faire, I don't even give a care
 Let's make Friday part of the weekend
 And give every new baby a chocolate éclair

Once I was the King of Spain (now I eat humble pie)
 Hey Clinton!* Hey Yeltsin! Got problems? You phone me
 I'm telling you I was the King of Spain (now I eat humble pie)
 Now the Leafs call me up to drive the Zamboni**

Now some of you are probably wondering how I cam to be living in Canada
 after being royalty in Spain. Should I tell them, guys?***
 Tell us, King!

You see late one night when the palace was asleep
 Out of my royal chambers and into the garden I creep
 And I wait till the appointed time, when the moon is lighting the pitch
 At which point my peasant friend, who looks just like me
 Arrives and we make switch
 Prince and pauper, junior and whopper
 World made up of silver and copper
 Out of my own volition, I took a change of position
 So next time you drool in the pizza line

Remember, slower pizza's more luscious
 The King of Spain never rushes!!!

Once I was the King of Spain (now I eat humble)
 I was looking for off-handed ways to improve us (now I eat humble pie)
 I'm telling you I was the King of Spain (now I eat humble pie)
 And now I'm jamming with Moxy Früvous!

K-K-K-Katy

Words and Music By: Geoffrey O'Hara

Jimmy was a soldier brave and bold,
 Katy was a maid with hair of gold,
 Like an act of fate,
 Kate was standing at the gate,
 Watching all the boys on dress parade.
 Jimmy with the girls was just a gawk,
 Stuttered ev'ry time he tried to talk,
 Still that night at eight,
 He was there at Katy's gate,
 Stuttering to her this love sick cry.

K-K-K-Katy, beautiful Katy,
 You're the only g-g-g-girl that I adore;
 When the m-m-m-moon shines,
 Over the cowshed,
 I'll be waiting at the k-k-k-kitchen door.
 K-K-K-Katy, beautiful Katy,
 You're the only g-g-g-girl that I adore;
 When the m-m-m-moon shines,
 Over the cowshed,
 I'll be waiting at the k-k-k-kitchen door.

No one ever looked so nice and neat,
 No one could be just as cute and sweet,
 That's what Jimmy thought,
 When the wedding ring he bought,
 Now he's off to France the foe to meet.
 Jimmy thought he'd like to take a chance,
 See if he could make the Kaiser dance,
 Stepping to a tune,
 All about the silv'ry moon,
 This is what they hear in far off France.

K-K-K-Katy, beautiful Katy,
 You're the only g-g-g-girl that I adore;
 When the m-m-m-moon shines,
 Over the cowshed,
 I'll be waiting at the k-k-k-kitchen door.
 K-K-K-Katy, beautiful Katy,
 You're the only g-g-g-girl that I adore;
 When the m-m-m-moon shines,
 Over the cowshed,
 I'll be waiting at the k-k-k-kitchen door.

Land of Canaan •*by Amy Ray**performed at MSF 1991 by Bonnie Leonard, Ian Dowell, Teresa Lyons and Carol Barrette*

G C
You can go to the east to find your,
G C
your inner hemisphere. ----
G C
You say we're under the same sky, babe;
you're bound to
G
realize, honey, it's not C that clear.
G C
I'm not your promised land. Ah, oh no.
G C
I'm not your promised one. ----
D
I'm not your land of Canaan, oh, sweetheart,
waiting for you under the sun. I'm lonely tonight,

Chorus

G C
I'm missing you now. Wanting your love
G C
and your giving it out. I'm lonely tonight
G C
I'm lonely tonight. I'm lonely tonight.
G C
--- -(Go To Verse 2/3 or continue on to the
End) I'm not your promised land
G
I'm not your promised one. C I'm not your
promised land,
G C
I'm not your promised one. ----
D
I'm not the land of Canaan, Sweetheart,
I'm not your land of Canaan.
I'm not the land of Canaan, Sweetheart,
DX3(Omit 3rd)
waiting for you under the sun. I'm
lonely tonight.
C--G/B--G/A--G

Verse 2

Well the meaning's changed (for what its worth)
Its just a senseless game.
I should think of love, but its fear every time I
hear
Your heartbeat strain.
It's not the fallen man,
It's not the call of time.
It's just the London skyline
Telling me you're not mine.
(To Chorus)

Verse 3

My blood is running dry,
My skin is growing thin.
For every time you find yourself
You lose a little bit of me from within.
It's just a raging cycle, why can't we
Bring it all to the end of the line?
From inside this existence, sweetheart,
Time is not on my side.

*(To Chorus and Continue to End)***Landslide •***by Stevie Nicks**performed at MSF 1988 by Ian Dowell and Teresa Lyons*

C G Am7
I took my love, I took it down.
G C G
Climbed a mountain and I turned
Am7
a round,
G C Am7
And I saw my reyflection in the snow
G
covered hills,
C G Am7
Till the landslide brought me down.

Oh, mirror in the sky what is love?
Can the child within my heart rise above?
Can I sail through the changing ocean tides?
Can I handle the seasons of my life?

D7 G D Em
Well, I've been afraid of chang ing,
C G Am7
'Cause I've built my life around you.
D7 G D
But time makes you bold er;
Em
Even children get older
C G Am7
And I'm getting old er, too.
G C G Am7
Oh, I'm getting old er, too.

Oh, take my love, take it down.
Climb a mountain and turn around,
And if you see my reflection in the snow covered
hills,
Well, the landslide will bring it down.

And if you see my reflection in the snow covered
hills,
Well, the landslide will bring it down,
Oh, the landslide will bring it down.

The Last Rose of Summer*(Die letzte Rose)**from "Martha"**performed by Cinda Lavelly at MSF 1993*

'Tis the last rose of summer
 Left blooming alone
 All her lovely companions
 Are faded and gone
 No flower of the kindred, no rosebud is nigh
 To reflect back her blushes, or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one
 To pine on the stem.
 Since the lovelies are sleeping,
 Go, sleep thou with them.
 Thus kindly I scatter thy leaves on the bed
 Where thy mates of the garden lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
 With friendship's decay,
 And from love's shining circle
 The gems drop away.
 When true hearts lie withered and fond ones are flown,
 O, who would inhabit this bleak world alone?

O, who would inhabit this bleak world alone?
 A Letter From Camp
Allan Sherman

Hello Muddah, hello Faddah
 Here I am at camp Grenada
 Camp is very entertaining
 And they say we'll have some fun if it stops raining

I went hiking with Joe Spivey
 He developed poison ivy
 You remember Leonard Skinner
 He got Ptomaine poisoning last night after dinner

All the counsellors hate the waiters
 And the lake has alligators
 And the head coach wants no sissies
 So he reads to us from something called Ulysses

Now I don't want this should scare ya'
 But my bunkmate has Malaria
 You remember Jeffery Hardy
 They're about to organize a searching party

Take me home, oh Muddah, Faddah
 Take me home, I hate Grenada
 Don't leave me out in the forest where
 I might get eaten by a bear

Take me home
 I promise I will not make noise, or
 Mess the house with other boys
 Oh please don't make me stay

I've been here one whole day

Dearest Muddah, Darling Faddah
 How's my precious little bruddah
 Let me come home if you miss me
 I would even let Aunt Bertha hug and kiss me

Wait a minute, it's stopped hailing
 Guys are swimming, Guys are sailing
 Playing baseball, gee that's bettah
 Muddah, Faddah kindly disregard this letter

Little Bunny Foo Foo

Little Bunny Foo Foo,
 Hopping through the forest
 Scooping up the field mice
 And boppin' 'em on the head

Down came the good fairy and she said

"Little Bunny Foo Foo,
 I don't want to see you
 Scooping up the field mice
 And boppin' 'em on the head.
 I'll give you three chances,
 And if you don't behave
 I'll turn you into a goon!"

The next day:

Little Bunny Foo Foo,
 Hopping through the forest
 Scooping up the field mice
 And boppin' 'em on the head

Down came the good fairy and she said

"Little Bunny Foo Foo,
 I don't want to see you
 Scooping up the field mice
 And boppin' 'em on the head.
 I'll give you two more chances,
 And if you don't behave
 I'll turn you into a goon!"

The next day:

Little Bunny Foo Foo,
 Hopping through the forest
 Scooping up the field mice
 And boppin' 'em on the head

Down came the good fairy and she said

"Little Bunny Foo Foo,
 I don't want to see you
 Scooping up the field mice
 And boppin' 'em on the head.
 I'll give you one more chance,

And if you don't behave
I'll turn you into a goon!"

The next day:

Little Bunny Foo Foo,
Hopping through the forest
Scooping up the field mice
And boppin' 'em on the head

Down came the good fairy and she said

"Little Bunny Foo Foo,
I don't want to see you
Scooping up the field mice
And boppin' 'em on the head.
I gave you three chances
And you didn't behave
Now you're a goon! POOF!!!"

The moral of the story is:
HARE TODAY, GOON TOMORROW

Little Skunk Song

(to the tune of "Turkey in the Straw"... mostly)

Oh I stuck my head in a little skunk hole,
And the little skunk said, "Well bless my soul."
"Take it out, take it out, take it out, REMOVE it!"
Well, I didn't take it out, so the little skunk said,
"If you don't take it out, you'll wish you did!"
"Take it out, take it out, take it out!"
PEE-U-O-O!!
I REMOVED IT!

The Little White Duck

performed at MSF 1988

by David Lyons, Harriet Kupferman, Tim Steele

Written in 1950 by Bernard Zaritaky (w) and Walt Barrows (m).

There's a little white duck sittin' in the water
A little white duck doin' what he oughter
He took a bite of a lily pad and he flapped his
wings and he said
"I'm glad that I'm a little white duck sittin' in the
water, quack, quack, quack"

There's a little green frog swimming in the water
A little green frog doin' what he oughter
He hopped right off of the lily pad that the little
duck bit and he said
"I'm glad that I'm a little green frog swimming in
the water, ribbet, ribbet ribbet"

There's a little black bug floating on the water
A little black bug doin' what he oughter
He tickled the frog on the lily pad that the little
duck bit and he said
"I'm glad that I'm a little black bug floating on the
water, buzz, buzz, buzz"

There's a little red snake playing in the water
A little red snake doin' what he oughter
He frightened the duck and the frog so bad and
he ate the bug and he said
"I'm glad that I'm a little red snake playing in the
water, hiss, hiss, hiss"

Now there's nobody left sitting in the water
Nobody left doin' what they oughter
There's nothing left but the lily pad
The duck and the frog ran away, I'm sad
'Cause there's nobody left sitting in the water,
boo, hoo, hoo.

Loch Lomond •

*performed by Ian Dowell & Teresa Lyons at MSF
1989*

By yon bonnie banks, and by yon bonnie
braes

Where the sun shines bright on Loch
Lo mond,

Where me and my true love were ever
wont to gae,

On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch
Lo mond.

Chorus:

Oh, you'll take the high road, and I'll take the
low road,

And I'll be in Scotland afore ye;
But me and my true love, will never meet
a gain

On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch
Lo mond.

'Twas then that we parted in yon shady glen,
On the steep, steep side of Ben Lomond
Where in purple hue the Highland hills we view
And the moon coming out in the gloaming.

Chorus

The wee birdies sing, and the wild flowers spring
And in sunshine the waters are sleeping.

But the broken heart it kens no second spring
again
Though the woeful may cease from their
greeting

Chorus

I Love Hut.

*Revised Lyrics by Ian Dowell, Jo Ellen Saunders, and
Diane Sniezek
Everything else is blatantly plagiarized
performed at MSF 1990*

Eb = 4 4 6 6 6 4

F7 = 1 3 1 2 1 1

Ab = 4 6 6 5 4 4

If you see a faded sign posted high on a
tree that says

15 miles to the **Love Hut !** **Love Hut,**
yeah, yeah.

I'm **heading up the** **Vermont**
High way
Looking for the campsite everywhere.
Maps lost and I'm pullin' out all my hair,

I got me a tent and I bought it wholesale
(pullin' out all my hair,)
and it looked real good till we unpacked.
(lost all my underwear,)
I got a Hibachi, it feeds about 20.
(never gonna get there.)
So, hurry up, and bring the starter fluid,
Honey.

The **Love Hut is a** **funky old place**
where we can get **together.**
Love Hut baby, Love Hut bay-bee.
Love Hut, that's where we're at,
Love Hut, that's where it's at.

Wake up ...woooo... where's the latrine !
Seems like 15 miles from the Love Hut.

Well it's **set way back** **in the mid dle of**
the woods
Just a stinky old pit **and I got** **ta**
take a shit !

Party on the mattress
Party in the meadow
Party on the dragon
Party at Ron Rogers

The Love Hut is a funky old place
where we can get together.
Love Hut baby, Love Hut bay-bee.
Love Hut, that's where we're at,
Love Hut, that's where it's at.

Singin' and a dancin'
Skippin' and a strippin'
Wearin' next to nothin' cause we're going
skinny dippin'
The whole camp shimmies
The whole tent shimmies
The whole camp shimmies when
everybody's movin'
around & around & around & around
Everybody's movin', everybody's groovin',
baby
Folks linin' up outside just to get dry
Everybody's movin', everybody's groovin',
baby
Funky little hut, funky little hut

Hole in my tent and it's as big as a whale
So much for that sale
Let's go in the hut, it sleeps about 90
Come in, pick a spot, and park your heine
(hi-knee)

The Love Hut is a funky old place
where we can get together.
Love Hut baby, Love Hut bay-bee.
Love Hut, that's where we're at,
Love Hut, that's where it's at.

Bang bang bang on the door baby
(knock a little louder baby)
Bang bang bang on the door baby
(I can't hear you)
Bang bang bang on the door baby
(knock a little louder sugar)
Bang bang bang on the door baby
(I can't hear you)
Bang bang bang on the door baby
Bang bang bang on the door baby
bang bang (on the door baby)
bang bang (on the door)
bang bang (on the door baby)
bang bang (you're what ?)
Tent pole - busted

Love hut baby love hut
Love hut baby love hut
Love hut baby love hut
Love hut baby love hut

(Singin' and a dancin', skippin' and a
strippin' at the Love Hut)

Lucky

by Britney Spears

performed at MSF 2003 by Emily Goldman

Early morning, she wakes up
Knock, knock, knock on the door
It's time for makeup, perfect smile
It's you they're all waiting for
They go
Isn't she lovely, this Hollywood girl?
And they say

Chorus:

She's so lucky, she's a star
But she cry, cry, cries in her lonely heart,
thinking
If there's nothing missing in my life
Then why do these tears come at night

Lost in an image, in a dream
But there's no one there to wake her up
And the world is spinning, and she keeps on
winning
But tell me what happens when it stops?
They go
"Isn't she lovely, this Hollywood girl?"
And they say

Chorus:

She's so lucky, she's a star
But she cry, cry, cries in her lonely heart,
thinking
If there's nothing missing in my life
Then why do these tears come at night

"Best actress, and the winner is...Lucky!"
"I'm Roger Johnson for Pop News standing
outside the arena waiting for Lucky"
"Oh my god...here she comes!"

Isn't she lucky, this Hollywood girl?
She is so lucky, but why does she cry?
If there is nothing missing in her life
Why do tears come at night?

Chorus:

She's so lucky, she's a star
But she cry, cry, cries in her lonely heart,
thinking
If there's nothing missing in my life
Then why do these tears come at night

She's so lucky, she's a star
But she cry, cry, cries in her lonely heart,
thinking
If there's nothing missing in my life

Then why do these tears come at night

Lullaby and Good Night (Brahms' Lullaby)

Lullaby, and good night,
With pink roses bedight,
With lilies o'erspread,
Is my baby's sweet head.
Lay you down now, and rest,
May your slumber be blessed!
Lay you down now, and rest,
May thy slumber be blessed!

Lullaby, and good night,
You're your mother's delight,
Shining angels beside
My darling abide.
Soft and warm is your bed,
Close your eyes and rest your head.
Soft and warm is your bed,
Close your eyes and rest your head.

Sleepyhead, close your eyes.
Mother's right here beside you.
I'll protect you from harm,
You will wake in my arms.
Guardian angels are near,
So sleep on, with no fear.
Guardian angels are near,
So sleep on, with no fear.

Lullaby, and sleep tight.
Hush! My darling is sleeping,
On his sheets white as cream,
With his head full of dreams.
When the sky's bright with dawn,
He will wake in the morning.
When noontide warms the world,
He will frolic in the sun.

The Lumberjack Song

by Monty Python, Esq.

Leaping from tree to tree...
As they float down the mighty rivers of British
Columbia...
The giant larch...
The redwood...
The mighty scotch fir...
With my best girl by my side...
We'd sing....
Sing...
Sing.

C F
Oh I'm a lumberjack and I'm OK,
G C
I sleep all night and I work all day.

Chorus:

He's a lumberjack and he's OK,
He sleeps all night and he works all day.

I cut down trees, I eat my lunch,
I go to the lavatory.
On Wednesdays I go shopping
And have buttered scones for tea.

Chorus:

He cuts down trees, he eats his lunch,
He goes to the lavatory.
On Wednesdays he goes shopping
And has buttered scones for tea.

Ensemble:

Oh I'm/he's a lumberjack and I'm/he's OK,
I/he sleep/sleeps all night and I/he work/works
all day.

I cut down trees, I skip and jump
I like to press wildflowers.
I put on women's clothing
And hang around in bars.

Chorus:

He cuts down trees, he skips and jumps
He likes to press wildflowers.
He puts on women's clothing
And hangs around in bars? (Eewwww!)

Ensemble:

Oh I'm/he's a lumberjack and I'm/he's OK,
I/he sleep/sleeps all night and I/he work/works
all day.

I cut down trees, I wear high heels,
Suspenders and a bra.
I wish I'd been a girly
Just like my dear papa.

He cuts down trees, he wears high heels,
Suspenders and a bra.
I wish I'd been a girly
Just like my dear papa.

Ensemble:

Oh I'm/he's a lumberjack and I'm/he's OK,
I/he sleep/sleeps all night and I/he work/works
all day.
Yes I'm/he's a lumberjack and I'm/he's OK,
I/he sleep/sleeps all night and I/he work/works
all day.

Many Rivers to Cross •

by Jimmy Cliff

performed at by Chris Holm at MSF 1991

G Bm C
Many ri vers to cross

Bm C D G
But I can't seem to find my way over
G Bm C
Wandering I am lost
Bm C D G
As I tra vel along the white cliffs of Dover

Many rivers to cross
And it's only my will that keeps me alive
I've been licked, washed up for years
And I merely survived because of my pride

CHORUS:

C G
C G
And this loneliness won't leave me alone
C G
It's such a drag to be on your own
C G G/F#m Em
My woman left and she did n't say
why
C D (n.c.)
Well I guess I have to try

Many rivers to cross
But just where to begin, I'm playing for time
There have been times I find myself
Thinking of committing some dreadful crime

REPEAT FIRST VERSE

CHORUS

Margaritaville •

by Jimmy Buffet

*performed at MSF 1994 by David Allen, Ian Dowell,
Steve Dubin, Jennifer Sydney & Mindy Wakefield*

D
Nibblin' on sponge cake
Watchin' the sun bake

A
All of those tourists covered with oil
Strummin' my six-string
On my front porch swing

D D7
Smell those shrimp, they're beginnin' to boil

Chorus:

G A D D7
Wastin' away again in Marga ritaville
G A D D7
Searching for my lost shaker of salt
G A D
Some people claim that there's a wo-
A G
man to blame
A G D
But I know it's nobody's f ault

I don't know the reason
I stayed here all season

Nothin' to show but this brand new tattoo
 But it's a real beauty
 A Mexican cutie
 How it got here I haven't a clue

Chorus:

Wastin' away again in Margaritaville
 Searchin' for my lost shaker of salt
 Some people claim that there's a woman to blame
 Now I think
 Hell, it could be my fault

Solo (based on verse chords and chorus)

I blew out my flip-flop
 Stepped on a pop-top
 Cut my heel had to cruise on back home
 But there's booze in the blender
 And soon it will render
 That frozen concoction that helps me hang on

Chorus:

Wastin' away again in Margaritaville
 Searching for my lost shaker of salt
 Some people claim that there's a woman to blame
 But I know
 It's my own damned fault

Coda:

Yes and, ^G some people ^A claim that there's a
^D ^A ^G
 wo- man to blame
^A ^G ^D
 And I know it's my own damned fault

Other lyrics:

"Old men in tank tops
 Cruisin' the gift shops
 Checkin' out Chiquitas down by the shore
 They dream about weight loss
 Wish they could be their own boss
 Those three-day vacations become such a bore"

Mairzy Doats

{Refrain}

Mairzy doats and dozy doats and liddle lamzy
 divey
 A kiddley divey too, wouldn't you

{Refrain}

If the words sound queer and funny to your ear
 A little bit jumbled and jivey
 Sing, "Mares eat oats and does eat oats, and
 little lambs eat ivy"

Oh!
{Refrain}

A kiddley divey too, wouldn't you

Fernsy Dair and Treesy Dair
 And Little Birdsy Dwormies
 A Kiddley Dwormies too, wouldn't you?

Medical Love Song

Monty Python

Inflammation of the foreskin
 Reminds me of your smile
 I've had ballanital chancroids
 For quite a little while
 I gave my heart to NSU
 That lovely night in June
 I ache for you, my darling
 And I hope you get well soon

My penile warts, your herpes
 My syphilitic sores
 Your moenelial infection
 How I miss you more and more
 Your dobie's itch, my scrumpox
 Our lovely gonnorrhea
 At least we both were lying
 When we said that we were clear

Our syphilitic kisses
 Sealed the secret of our tryst
 You gave me scrotal pustules
 With a quick flick of your wrist
 Your trichovaginitis
 Sent shivers down my spine
 I got snail tracks in my anus
 When your spirochetes met mine

{Refrain}

Gonococcal urethritis, streptococcal
 ballinitis, meningo myelitis
 diplococcal cephalitis, epididimitis
 interstitial keratitis, syphilitic
 choroiditis, and anterioir u-ve-i-tis

My clapped out genitalia
 Is not so bad for me
 As the complete and utter failure
 Every time I try to pee
 My doctor says my buboes
 Are the worst he's ever seen
 My scrotum's painted orange
 And my balls are turning green

My heart is very tender
 Though my parts are awful raw
 You might have been infected
 But you never were a bore
 I'm dying of your love, my love

I'm your spirochaetal clown
 I've left my body to science
 But I'm afraid they've turned it down

Memory

Performed in 1998 as part of "Broadway in Royalton" by Guenette/Schaffer Productions

new lyrics by Carla Guenette, Michael Guenette, Rich Schaffer, and Eva Patalas

Memory, turn your face to the moonlight
 Let your memory lead you
 Open up, enter in
 If you find there the meaning of what happiness
 is
 Then the weekend will begin

Memory, all alone in the spotlight.
 Will we finish by midnight?
 We so often run long.
 I remember the time we guessed what was in
 the bag.
 I'm so glad they had no gong.

Burnt out ends of smoky days
 The stale cold smell of morning.
 The bonfire dies, another night is over
 Another day is dawning.

Daylight, I must wait for my breakfast
 And my bladder is screaming
 But it's raining again
 I can't take it--I'll cook the oatmeal myself.
 Guess it's my turn to pitch in.

Sunlight through the trees in summer.
 Endless running around.
 Like a puzzle that has no answer,
 The Adventure runs aground.

Talking, it's so nice just to hang out.
 We've gone through this together
 Through the wind and the rain.
 When the sun comes the Fest will be a memory
 too
 Till next year; we'll meet again.

Men

by Martin Mull

performed at by Ian Dowell, Bill Walsh, Doug Beavers and Spunky Legelis at MSF 1987

(individually)

Men. Men. Men. Men.

(together)

Men, men, men, men.

Men, men, men, men.
 Men, men, men, men.
 Men, men, men, men.

It's great to be on a ship with men
 And sail across the sea, o
 We don't know where we'll land, or when
 It's great to be with men.

(ensemble)

It's great to be with men.

Cause men can sweat and men can stink
 And no one seems to care, o
 We'll throw the dishes in the sink
 And clog the drain with hair-o

(ensemble)

And clog the drain with hair-o.

Men, men, men.
 It's a ship all filled with men.
 So batten down the ladies room
 There's no one here but
 Men, men, men, men.
 Men, men, men, men.

There's men above, there's men below
 There's men down in the galley.
 (separately) There's Butch and Spike and Buzz
 and Biff
 And one guy we call Sally

(ensemble)

And one guy we call Sally.

Men, men, men.
 It's a ship all filled with men.
 You'll never have to lift a seat,
 There's no one here but
 Men, men, men, men.
 Men, men, men, men.

We're men and friends until the end
 And none of us are sissies.
 At night we sleep in separate beds
 And blow each other kissies.

(ensemble)

And blow each other kissies.

Men, men, men.
 It's a ship all filled with men.
 So throw your rubbers overboard
 There's no one here but
 Men.
 Aaaaaaaaaaaaaa-mennnnnnnnnnnnnn.

Michael's Got a Baby •

by Fred Small

performed at MSF 1994 by Ian Dowell & Steve Dubin

^C
Michael's got a baby
The baby's name is E.J.
They call her the Potato
It's short for Little Potato

^F
Michael and Carla
Together made E.J.

^C
They still love each other
They're just a little more tired.

^C
Michael remembers
The first time she turned over
He left the room for a moment
She turned herself over.

^F
E.J. likes to sing along
With the songs on the stereo

^C
You might not call it singing
Shows what you know.

^{Em} ^F
And oh Michael has photographs
^{Am}
Folders of photographs

^G
Which he will gladly show you

^{Em} ^F
And oh these are different from the ones last
week

^C
Have you ever seen such chubby cheeks

^G
I like this one best don't you?

^C
Perfect strangers
Step up to greet her
Nobody's a stranger
Once they meet her

^F
He doesn't yell at other drivers
Cause it'll just scare her

^C
She'll look at him wide-eyed
Who is this guy?

^{Em} ^F
And oh everything matters now

^C
Cause now he's got to figure out

^C
How to take care of her

^{Em} ^F
And oh everything's inside-out

^{Am}
Cause nothing really matters now

^G
More than being close to her.

^C
Cause what's the point of worrying
About a bigger apartment?
E.J. doesn't care
About a bigger apartment.

^F
All she cares about
Is making up noises

^C
Dribbling juices
Biting people's noses.

^{Dm} ^G
It doesn't matter what she does
^F ^{Am} ^{Dm} ^C ^G
That girl's completely loved.

(whistle)

^C
Cause what's the point of worrying
About getting that big job?
E.J. doesn't care
About getting that big job.

^F
All she cares about
Is the kitty out the window

^C
The motor cycle boom-boom
And being a potato.

^{Dm} ^G
All his sorrows fall a way
^F ^{Am} ^{Dm} ^C ^G
When E. J. wants to play.

(whistle)

Mickey Mouse Club March

Mickey Mouse Club! Mickey Mouse Club!
Who's the leader of the club
That's made for you and me?
M-I-C-K-E-Y M-O-U-S-E!
Hey, there! Hi, there! Ho, there!
You're as welcome as can be!
M-I-C-K-E-Y M-O-U-S-E!
Mickey Mouse! Donald Duck!
Mickey Mouse! Donald Duck!
Forever let us hold our banner high!

High! High! High!
 Come along and sing a song
 And join the jamboree!
 M-I-C-K-E-Y M-O-U-S-E!

Interlude:

We'll have fun: we'll meet new faces!
 We'll do things and we'll go places!
 All around the world we're marching!
 Who's the leader of the club
 That's made for you and me?
 M-I-C-K-E-Y M-O-U-S-E!
 Now it's time to say goodbye
 To all our family...
 M-I-C-K-E-Y M-O-U-S-E!

ADDITIONAL INTERLUDES:

We have fun and we play safely!
 Look both ways when you cross crossings:
 Don't take chances: Play with safety!
 When you ride your bike be careful!
 Play a little, work a little.
 Sing a song while you are working!
 It will make your burdens lighter.
 Do a good turn for your neighbor.
 You can learn things while you're playing.
 It's a lot of fun to learn things.

Midsummerfest Blues (part 1) •

by Ian Dowell

*performed at MSF 1988 by Ian Dowell, Bill Walsh,
 Doug Beevers, Gavin Dowell*

(12-Bar Blues)

I'm going up north, going up to Royalton.
 I'm bringing my spam and I'm meeting some
 friends.

I won't get up there til after midnight.
 My flashlight will break and I won't have no light.

I'll get lost for hours, but eventually found.
 My tent will collapse and I'll sleep on the ground.

I'll be woken up early by people shooting trees.
 The oatmeal will be cold and in the pond I will
 freeze.

I'll go hunt for treasure but find only a skunk.
 I'll boat across the pond but my raft will be sunk.

I'll tell a great joke, but no one will laugh.
 Campfire smoke will follow me and I'll gag and
 cough.

The rain will come down and my tent it will leak
 My poor weary body the mosquitoes will seek.

I'll go home tired, wet, cold, and sore.

But I'll be back next year, cause I'm hungry for
 more.

Midsummerfest Blues (part 2) •

by Bill Walsh

*performed at MSF 1988 by Ian Dowell, Bill Walsh,
 Doug Beevers, Gavin Dowell*

(12-bar Blues)

I'm going up north, going up to Royalton.
 I'm bringing my spam and I'm meeting some
 friends.

There'll be a tub-o-gorp there, and a keg-o-beer.
 Laying in the sun, there's nothing at all to fear.

Rain on me sunshine, now brown my bod.
 God help those poor souls in traffic on Cape
 Cod.

Oh Midsummerfest God, where did my woman
 go?
 I'm here all alone with my dog named Joe.

But old Joe got mange and old Joe got fleas.
 My woman had ticks, but stayed away from
 trees.

Oh Midsummerfest God, don't let it rain on us.
 Joe will get wet and they won't let us in the hut.

Oh Midsummerfest God, don't let the food run
 out.
 'Cause in Vermont, there ain't no take-out.

Oh grinder, nachos, fries, sundaes and a shake.
 God, how long will a Domino's pizza take?

I'm sittin' on this dock, bangin' out these blues
 No woman, no food, what else can I lose?

Oh no, old Joe, Joe just croaked in the leaves.
 I lost old Joe, but I still got those fleas.

Oh promise me, my little flea,
 That you will never itch on me.

Midsummerfest Blues 89

*By Jo Ellen Saunders & Diane Snizek
 performed at MSF 1989*

So we had another beer
 And it was perfectly clear
 To the 'Fest we must go
 But we ain't got no dough
 SO we singin' the blues
 Just to tell you the news
 We sold our souls to be here

At first we were sad
But now we are glad
Cause we got the cash
We came in a flash

And now we are here
So give us a cheer
Midsummerfest Blues
Midsummerfest Blues

Midsummerfest Rap 87

By Bill Walsh

performed by Doug Beevers, Ian Dowell, John Legelis, and Bill Walsh at MSF 1987

I rolled out of bed, slime on my tongue,
Mirror said to me "boy you look hung"
You look like shit and you smell real foul
Go talk to that cat named Ian Dowell
He'll fix you up for a little dough
Take you to the place where the wild things grow
Way up north past LL BEAN
Where trees and the water and the hut is green.
G-g-g-green! G-g-g-green! G-g-g-green!

Refrain Part One:

Oh you'll shit in the woods, and you'll walk in
the woods and you'll sleep in the woods
And you'll feel real good, yah you'll feel real good
Oh you'll reel real good!

Refrain Part Two:

Midsummerfest - ooh - ooh (4x)

Brushin' my teeth, tastes like Crest
Said I'm gonna go to Midsummerfest.
F-f-f-fest! F-f-f-fest! F-f-f-fest-er!
Water'd them plants and killed the cat,
Said "man, that was one furry dirty big rat."
So left the house, note on the door
Sayin' be back Monday, went to the store.
Found that Ian strummin' that guitar
Said leave it alone and you'll go far.
Packed up the truck: spam...beer...Parkay,
And a songbook for that rainy day.

It rained three days, Hate them tunes
Hate them people, Want a harpoon.
P-p-poon! P-p-poon! P-p-poon!

In my mind I feel real sick
In my ear is a family of ticks.
They're real deep suckin my blood
Gotta taste better than that gorny crud.
C-c-c-crud! C-c-c-crud! C-c-c-crud!
Drops on the tent, smells real mean
Man we're close to that latrine.

(Refrain)

Back from the woods none too soon
Back to my warm comfy dry bedroom
I broke that mirror that told me to do
Up to where the wild things grow.
My shrink he says it screwed me up bad
"If you ever to again, you'll surely go mad.
M-m-m-mad! M-m-m-mad! M-m-m-mad! "
But I'll go again you know I will
Midsummerfest, that addictive thrill.

(Refrain)

Midsummerfest Rap 89

By Jo Ellen Saunders & Diane Snizek

performed by Jo Ellen Saunders, Diane Snizek & Chris Holm at MSF 1989

Listen my children and you will **hear**
Exactly how the **hell** we **got** here
We **robbed** from the **rich**
We **kept** from the **poor**
And all **Ian** says is **gimme some more**

We say, yo, **baby** yo
Don't you **know**
We got to **go**
To Mid **Summer** Fest!!!

So we sat down **together** and had us **a beer**
This was **Sunday**, the **deadline** was **near**
Situation was **desperate**, we had to **produce**
Then the **beer** kicked in and we **start to cut loose**

We went **downtown** to check out **the scene**
There was **lots of people** who could give us
some green
We just started **rappin'** to see what would
happen
Soon there was **a crowd** and they all started
clappin'

Clap - Clap - Clap
Yo, yo, yo, yo baby yo — yo, yo don't you know
We got to go
To Mid Summer Fest!!!

We **stood** on that **corner** day **after day**
Pullin' in **bucks** to **pay our way**
Tonight we'd like to **sing a sample or 2**
So you all **can know** what we've **been through**

M.I.T.

(To the tune of "Let It Be")

When I find myself in times of trouble,
Charles Vest comes to me,
Speaking words of wisdom: MIT.

And now I find I'm losing
 What's remaining of my sanity.
 I'm told that that's expected: MIT
 MIT, MIT, what have you done to me?
 I think that I'm OD'ing; too much technology.
 And even though the night is cloudy
 There's a light that shines on me.
 It must be a laser: MIT.
 And if the light proves dangerous
 I'll go to the infirmary
 Provided it is open: MIT.
 MIT, MIT, computer running free
 Athena's at the stem of everything I see.
 I wake up to the sound of lectures
 Some professor's telling me
 $du/dh=BS - du(dt)$.
 Although the course seems difficult
 The catalogue says it's elementary
 Everything's so simple: MIT.
 MIT, MIT, you weren't true to me.
 You promised me an education, and gave me
 misery.
 And when I'm doing a problem set
 I find they're all too hard for me.
 There will be an answer: MIT.
 I'll go and threaten the tool next door
 And he will do them all for me.
 Cheating is so simple: MIT.
 MIT, MIT, I'm as desperate as can be.
 If a B's a bit too much I'll settle for a C.
 I gaze at the towering building
 And emotion sweeps all over me,
 Standing on the campus: MIT.
 How many times I've thought of jumping
 From the buildings that I see.
 That is not the answer: MIT.
 MIT, MIT, you don't agree with me.
 A dome is not a home: MIT.

Miss Polly

Performed in 2000 by Ronni Marshak

(to be sung mit an "henglish" accent)

Miss Polly had a dolly who was sick, sick, sick
 And she called for the doctor very quick, quick,
 quick
 And he came with his hat and a stick, stick, stick
 And he came with a rap, tap, tap
(rap three times)

He looked at the dolly and he shook his head
(shake head)
 And he said to Miss Polly, "You must put her to
 bed."
(shake finger)
 And he gave her some medicine and a pill, pill,
 pill
 "And I'll call back tomorrow with the bill, bill, bill."

Mr. Tanner

by Harry Chapin

Performed in 1998 Kelly Marold

Mister Tanner was a cleaner from a town in the
 Midwest.
 And of all the cleaning shops around he'd made
 his the best.
 But he also was a baritone who sang while
 hanging clothes.
 He practiced scales while pressing tails and
 sang at local shows.
 His friends and neighbors praised the voice that
 poured out from his
 throat.
 They said that he should use his gift instead of
 cleaning coats.

But music was his life, it was not his livelihood,
 and it made him feel so happy and it made him
 feel so good.
 And he sang from his heart and he sang from
 his soul.
 He did not know how well he sang; It just made
 him whole.

His friends kept working on him to try music out
 full time.
 A big debut and rave reviews, a great career to
 climb.
 Finally they got to him, he would take the fling.
 A concert agent in New York agreed to have him
 sing.
 And there were plane tickets, phone calls,
 money spent to rent the hall.
 It took most of his savings but he gladly used
 them all.

But music was his life, it was not his livelihood,
 and it made him feel so happy and it made him
 feel so good.
 And he sang from his heart and he sang from
 his soul.
 He did not know how well he sang; It just made
 him whole.

The evening came, he took the stage, his face
 set in a smile.
 And in the half filled hall the critics sat watching
 on the aisle.
 But the concert was a blur to him, spatters of
 applause.
 He did not know how well he sang, he only
 heard the flaws.
 But the critics were concise, it only took four
 lines.
 But no one could accuse them of being
 overkind.

(spoken) Mr. Martin Tanner, Baritone, of Dayton, Ohio made his Town Hall debut last night. He came well prepared, but unfortunately his presentation was not up to contemporary professional standards. His voice lacks the range of tonal color necessary to make it consistently interesting.

(sung) Full time consideration of another endeavor might be in order. He came home to Dayton and was questioned by his friends. Then he smiled and just said nothing and he never sang again, excepting very late at night when the shop was dark and closed. He sang softly to himself as he sorted through the clothes.

Music was his life, it was not his livelihood, and it made him feel so happy and it made him feel so good. And he sang from his heart and he sang from his soul. He did not know how well he sang; It just made him whole.

Moral Majority, The •

performed at by Ian Dowell and Bill Walsh at MSF 1987

(spoken)
And we must endeavor to permeate every facet of society...
Amen.

It got crowded in the closet so we're finally coming out.
We're thumping on our Bibles and building up our clout.
We're all the Lord's lieutenants and there's nothing we can't do.
To prove this we're now making our political de but.

Oh we're the Moral Majority we're holier than thou.
By God we're here to tell you what we will and won't allow.

We're out to purge the nation of its humanistic bent.
A separate Church and State we've simply given up for Lent.

Don't get us wrong, we still believe that prayers will save our souls.
But when we want them answered we'll say'em at the polls.
And talk about successes we're as pleased as we can be.
We sent Jimmy back to Georgia. We moved Bonzo to DC.

We socked it to McGovern and to Culver, Church, and Bide
We'll stack'em up like cordwood cause God is on our side.
And that was just a preview of nineteen eighty-two
What we've got planned is sure to put the fear of God in you.

Cause we're the Moral Majority, you'd better mend your ways.
When we get done with liberals we're going after gays.
And when they've seen the light we'll have to concentrate on Jews.
But what with all these commies, it'll be so hard to choose.

(spoken)
I want to talk to YOU about HEAVEN. Y'know some of us are goin' to get there, and some of us are goin' to get there RICH. But NO ONE is goin' ANYWHERE on a skimpy budget. You are my SHEEP and as your SHEPARD I want to FLEECE, er, INCREASE your odds for SALVATION. As the Good Book says in Philodendron 7.13, "YOU AIN'T GONNA GET NOTHIN' FOR NOTHIN'." It takes MONEY to run this Church, the TV programs and my Cadillac. D'you have any idea what just one of the little pinky rings cost me?

We never seem to get good press it's always filthy lies.
Why you call my wife right now and never proselytize.
And if we burn a book or two it's cause they're so obscene.
And heading up our list right now is Penthouse magazine.

Cause we're the Moral Majority we're launching our attack.
We'll ride the train to glory, cause we got the inside track.
We've got the goods on ERA, SALT II has got to go.

There never was the slightest doubt the Bible
told us so.

The MTA Song

G C
Now let me tell you of the story of a man
named Charlie
G D7
On a tragic and fateful day.
G C
He put ten cents in his pocket, kissed his wife
and family,
D7 G
And went to ride on the M TA.

Chorus:

G C
Well did he ever return? No he never
returned,
G D7
And his fate is still unlearned.
G C
He may ride forever 'neath the streets of
Boston,
G D7 G
He's the man who never returned.
Charlie handed in his dime at the Kendell
Square station,
And he changed for Jamaica Plain.
When he got there the conductor told him, "One
more nickel."
Charlie couldn't get off that train.

Chorus

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

Chorus

Charlie's wife goes down to the Scollay Square
station
Every day at a quarter past two.
And through the open window she hands Charlie
a sandwich
As the train comes rumbling through.

Chorus

Now you citizens of Boston, don't you think it's a
scandal
How the people have to pay and pay?
Fight the fare increase, vote for Walter O'Brien,
And get Charlie off the MTA.

Chorus

The Muppet Show Theme Song

Muppets

Kermit:

It's the Muppet Show with our Very Special
Guest Star, _____!

Females:

It's time to play the music
It's time to light the lights
It's time to meet the Muppets on the Muppet
Show tonight.

Males:

It's time to put on makeup
It's time to dress up right
It's time to raise the curtain on the Muppet Show
tonight.

Waldorf: Why do we always come here
Statler: I guess we'll never know
Waldorf: It's like a kind of torture
Both: To have to watch the show

Muppets: And now let's get things started
Audience: Why don't you get things started
Kermit: It's time to get things started
Muppets: on the most sensational inspirational
celebrational Muppetational
this is what we call the Muppet Show!

{Blatt!}

My Blue Heaven

*performed at by Cinda Lavelly, Teresa Lyons, Derek
Clark & Ian Dowell at MSF 1991*

When whippoorwills call
And evening is nigh
I hurry to my blue heaven.

A turn to the right
A little white light
Will lead you to my blue heaven

You'll see a smiling face, a fireplace, a cozy
room.
A little nest that's nestled where the roses
bloom.

Just Molly and me
and baby makes three.
We're happy in my blue heaven.

My Ding-a-Ling

*by Chuck Berry
performed by Ian Dowell at MSF 1992*

When I was a little bitty boy
 My grandmother bought me a cute little toy
 Silver bells hanging on a string
 She told me it was my ding-a-ling-a-ling.

Chorus:

My ding-a-ling, my ding-a-ling,
 I want you to play with my ding-a-ling. My ding-a-
 ling, my ding-a-ling,
 I want you to play with my ding-a-ling.

And then mama took me to grammar school
 But I stopped off in the vestibule
 Every time that bell would ring
 Catch me playing with my ding-a-ling-a-ling.

Chorus

Once I was climbing the garden wall
 I slipped and had a terrible fall
 Fell so hard I heard bells ring
 But held on to my ding-a-ling-a-ling.

Chorus

Once I was swimming cross turtle creek
 Man, those snappers all around my feet.
 Sure was hard swimming cross that thing
 With both hands holding my ding-a-ling-a-ling.

Chorus

This here song, it ain't so sad
 The cutest little song you ever had
 Those of you who will not sing
 You must be playing with your own ding-a-ling.

Chorus

Your ding-a-ling, your ding-a-ling
 We saw you playing with your ding-a-ling.
 My ding-a-ling, everybody sing
 I want to play with my ding-a-ling.

My ding-a-ling, my ding-a-ling,
 I want to play with my ding-a-ling.

My Dog Rover

(Tune: I'm Looking Over a Four-Leaf Clover)

Verse 1

I'm looking over my dead dog Rover
 That I overran with the mower.
 One leg is missing, another is gone,
 One leg is scattered all over the lawn.
 No need explaining, the one remaining,
 Is stuck in the kitchen door.
 I'm looking over my dead dog Rover
 That I overran with the mower.

Verse 2

I'm looking over my dead dog Rover
 Who died on the kitchen floor.
 One leg is broken, the other is lame,
 The third leg is missing, the fourth needs a cane.
 No need explaining, the tail remaining
 Was caught in the oven door.
 I'm looking over my dead dog Rover
 Who died on the kitchen floor.

My Favorite Things

Raindrops on roses and whiskers on kittens
 Bright copper kettles and warm woolen mittens
 Brown paper packages tied up with strings
 These are a few of my favorite things

Cream colored ponies and crisp apple streudels
 Doorbells and sleigh bells and schnitzel with
 noodles
 Wild geese that fly with the moon on their wings
 These are a few of my favorite things

Girls in white dresses with blue satin sashes
 Snowflakes that stay on my nose and eyelashes
 Silver white winters that melt into springs
 These are a few of my favorite things

When the dog bites
 When the bee stings
 When I'm feeling sad
 I simply remember my favorite things
 And then I don't feel so bad

My Favorite MSF Things

performed by Meryl Brott MSF 2004

Raindrops on Adventures, a warm day of rafting
 Chocolate fondue and all sorts of laughing
 Bullfrogs that croak and stars that are bright
 These are some things at MSF that I like

When I cook out, when I eat gorp
 When I sing camp songs
 I know I am in a magical place
 Where Festers and Ian
 Make a time great
 And for this time
 I'm glad

Mysterious Ways •

by U2

G Johnny take a walk with your C(no 3rd) sister in
 the moon.
 G D(no 3rd)
 Let her pale light in to fill up your room.

G C(no 3rd)
 You've been living underground, eat ing
 from a can.

G
 You've been running away from what you
D G
 don't understand. Oh

G(no 3rd) C/G
 She's sloppy. You're sliding down.

G C/G
 She'll be there when you hit the ground.

G C/G
 It's alright, it's alright, it's alright.

Bb/G F/G
 She moves in mysterious ways.

G C/G
 It's alright, it's alright, it's alright.

Bb/G F/G
 She moves in mysterious ways. Oh.

G C
 Johnny take a dive with your sister in the rain.

G D
 Let her talk about the things you can't explain.

G C
 To touch is to heal. To hurt is to steal.

G D
 If you want to kiss the sky better learn how to
G
 kneel.

C G
 She's the wave. She turns the tide.

C
 She sees a man inside the child

G C
 It's alright, it's alright, it's alright.

Bb F
 She moves in mysterious ways.

G C
 It's alright, it's alright, it's alright.

Bb F
 She moves in mysterious ways, yeah.

It's alright, it's alright, it's alright.
 Lift my days, light up my nights, oh.

Gm/Bb C
 One day you'll look back and then you'll
Gm/Bb
 see

F G
 where you were held how by this love.

C/G
 While you could stand, there you could

Bb/G
 move

F/G G
 on this moment, follow this feeling.

G C
 It's alright, it's alright, it's alright.

Bb F
 She moves in mysterious ways.

G C
 It's alright, it's alright, it's alright.

Bb F
 She moves in mysterious ways.

G C
 It's alright, it's alright, it's alright.

Bb F
 She moves in mysterious ways, yeah.

Bb/G F/G
 We move through miracle days.

It's alright, it's alright, it's alright.

Spirit moves in mysterious ways.

She moves with it. She moves with it.

Lift my days, light up my nights, oh.

Never Say No

Book and Lyrics by Tome Jones

Music by Harvey Schmidt

Children! Lovers! Fantasticks! Geese!
 How clever we are, how crafty to know!
 To manipulate children,
 You merely say "No!"

Oooh, dogs got to bark, a mule's got to bray.
 Soldiers must fight, and preachers must pray.
 And children, I guess, must get their own way.
 The minute that you say "No."

Why did the kids pour jam on the cat?
 Raspberry jam all over the cat!
 Why should the kids do something like that?
 When all that we said was "No."

My son was once afraid to swim,
 The water made him wince,
 Until I said he mustn't swim...
 'S been swimmin' ever since!
 'S been swimmin' ever since!

Oooh, dogs got to bark, a mule's got to bray.
 Soldiers must fight, and preachers must pray.
 And children, I guess, must get their own way.
 The minute that you say "No."

Why did the kids put beans in their ears?
 No one can hear with beans in their ears.
 After a while the reason appears.
 They did it 'cause we said "No."

Your daughter brings a young man in,
 Says "Do you like him, Pa?"
 Just say that he's a fool and then,
 You've got a son-in-law!
 You've got a son-in-law!

Oooh, sure as a June comes right after May,

Sure as a night comes right after day,
 You can be sure the devil's to pay
 The minute that you say "No."
 Make sure you never say "No."

New Math •

by Tom Lehrer

*performed by Stephen & Rogina Jeffries and Ainsley
 Beardwood at MSF 1989*

342-173=169

You can't take three from two,
 Two is less than three,
 So you look at the four in the tens place.
 Now that's really four tens,
 So you make it three tens,
 Regroup, and you change a ten to ten ones,
 And you add them to the two and get twelve,
 And you take away three, that's nine.
 Is that clear?

Now instead of four in the tens place,
 You've got three,
 'Cause you added one,
 That is to say, ten, to the two,
 But you can't take seven from three,
 So you look in the hundreds place.

From the three you then use one,
 To make ten tens...
 (And you know why four plus minus one
 Plus ten is fourteen minus one?
 'Cause addition is commutative, right!)...
 And so you've got thirteen tens,
 And you take away seven,
 And that leaves five...

Well, six actually
 But the idea is the important thing!

Now go back to the hundreds place,
 And you're left with two,
 And you take away one from two,
 And that leaves...?

Everybody get one?
 Not bad for the first day!

Refrain:

Hooray for ^Fnew
^{C7}math, ^{B7}New ^{Bb}Hoo ^{A7}Hoo ^AMath
^{Dm7}It ^{G7}won't do you a
^Cview ^{A7}bit of good ^{A7}to re
^{A7}math. ^{A7}It's so

^Asimple, ^Aso very
^{Eb}simple, ^{Eb}that
^{G7}only a child can
^{B/C}do ^Cit!!

Now, actually, that is not the answer that I had in
 mind, because the book that I got this problem
 out of wants you to do it in base eight. But
 don't panic. Base eight is just like base ten
 really- if you're missing two fingers. Shall we
 have a go at it?

342eight-173eight= 147eight

You can't take three from two,
 Two is less than three,
 So you look at the four in the eights place.
 Now that's really four eights,
 So you make it three eights,
 Regroup, and you change an eight to eight
 ones,
 And you add them to the two,
 And you get one-two base eight,
 Which is ten base ten,
 And you take away three, that's seven.

Now instead of four in the eights place
 You've got three.
 'Cause you added one,
 That is to say, eight, to the two,
 But you can't take seven from three,
 So you look at the sixty-fours.

Sixty-four? "How did sixty-four get into it?" I
 hear you cry. Well, sixty-four is eight
 squared, don't you see? (Well, you ask a silly
 question, and you get a silly answer.)

From the three you then use one
 To make eight eights,
 And you add those eights to the three,
 And you get one-three base eight,
 Or, in other words,
 In base ten you have eleven,
 And you take away seven,
 And seven from eleven is four.
 Now go back to the sixty-fours,
 And you're left with two,
 And you take away one from two,
 And that leaves...?

Now, let's not always see the same hands. One.
 Right!! Whoever got that one can stay after
 class and clean the erasers.

Hooray for new math
 New-hoo-hoo math,

It won't do you a bit of good to review math.
It's so simple,
So very simple,
That only a child can do it!

Norwegian Hot Dog Song

(Pølsefest)

*performed by Torgeir Johnson & Ainsley Beardwood
at MSF 1990*

Pølsefest,
laved af hest
smager bedst
spist med brød
og kechup,
hvis du har
først en pølse, siden mange flere,
til den sidste stoppes ned med magt - urrhg!!

Hotdogparty
made of horses
tastes the best
eaten with bread
and ketchup
If you have
first one hot dog, then many others
till the last one is pushed down with force -
urrrgh!!

Octal Dump Rap

By David Allen

*performed by David Adams, David Allen, Alan
Norquist, and Katie Schmitz at MSF 1987*

We're Run-VMS with the Octal Dump Rap.
We want to turn around and become a bank
Now this may bother you intellectually
But its vertical markets where we really want
to be
And then we want to go and turn around
And throw technology at the problems you've
found.
The great French philosopher Dubonnet
Said "Add robustness and do it today!"
Whatever you give 'em, they're gonna want more
So say "done boom" and buy a grocery store.
That reminds us of 3 key words:
Quality, leadership and respect we'll blurb.
Now that we've had a little fun
Let's build it over night whoa boom done.

Now wait a minute gang don't be so quick to go
I gotta tell a story about my wife MaryJo
And we can't stop here there's so much left to
see
We run 3000 lines from a lap-top PC
Huh! Huh!

Of course we should tell you, this technology
stuff
Its 20 parts substance and 80 parts fluff.
During this time will you have sat
We've taught 9 Harvard graduate courses in
40 minutes flat.

VMS, CICS, procs and VM
Let's talk strategic - it's us against them.

Seamless interface, that's where its really at
But we really dial, no it's a file that we cat.
We'll build an expert system cause we're no
fools
It'll make a million dollars with only 3 rules
I told Jimmy Olsen from AT&T
If you want to be a winner just stick with me.

I've got 102 kids from top notch schools
They're building awesome tools
Now we're management fools.
Why don't you buy DEC, that would be sublime
And we'd run it for you in our spare time!
Just do what I say, we can make it come true
And all I ask for it is a billion or two.
HUH!

Oh, What a Beautiful Evening

*(to the tune of "Oh What a Beautiful Morning" from
Oklahoma)*

new lyrics by Michael Guenette

*Performed in 1998 as part of "Broadway in
Royalton" by Guenette/Schaffer Productions*

There's a bright moonlit glow on the meadow
(dark cloudy pall)*
There's a bright moonlit glow on the meadow
(dark cloudy pall)
The ferns are as high as an elephant's eye,
An' it looks like they're climbin' clear up to the
sky.
Oh, what a beautiful evening,
Oh, what a beautiful night.
I got a beautiful feelin'
Ev'rything's goin' just right.

All the festers are singing and laughing
All the festers are singing and laughing
Those who watch us suppose almost anything
goes,
And it makes you feel good from your head to
your toes.
Oh, what a beautiful evening,
Oh, what a beautiful night.
I got a beautiful feelin'
Ev'rything's goin' just right.

All the sounds of the woods are like music
All the sounds of the woods are like music

As you run through the trees please don't catch
 Lyme disease,
 Or next year Ian charges us Lyme vaccine fees!
 Oh, what a beautiful weekend,
 Oh, what a wonderful fest.
 I got a beautiful feelin'
 Being here's what I like best.
 Oh, what a wonderful fest!

**use alternate phrasing depending on weather conditions...*

Old MacDonald's Farm

Performed in 1998 Elisabeth Guenette & Meryl Brott

Version One:

Old MacDonald had a farm, e-i-e-i-oo!
 And on that farm he had a cow, e-i-e-i-oo!
 With a moo, moo here and a moo, moo there,
 Here a moo, there a moo, everywhere a moo,
 moo,
 Old MacDonald had a farm, e-i-e-i-oo!

Version Two:

Old MacDonald had a farm, e-i-e-i-oo!
 And on that farm he had a cow, e-i-e-i-oo!
 With a big cow, little cow, little cow, big cow, Fat
 cow, thin cow, thin
 cow, fat cow,
 Old MacDonald had a farm, e-i-e-i-oo!
 Actions: for each verse, make the appropriate
 "big", "little", "fat" and
 "thin" actions for each animal.

Version Three:

Old MacDonald had a sea farm, e-i-e-i-oo!
 And on that sea farm he had an octopus, e-i-e-i-oo!
 With an arm, arm here and an arm, arm there,
 Here an arm, there an arm, everywhere an arm,
 arm,
 Old MacDonald had a sea farm, e-i-e-i-oo!

Other Verses:

crab: pinch, pinch here....
 shark: jaws, jaws here....
 swordfish: swish, swish here....
 jellyfish: jiggle, jiggle here....

Version Four:

Old MacDonald had a farm, e-i-e-i-o!
 And on that farm he had a tree...
 (switch tunes here)
 Where they cut down the old pine tree, TIMBER!
 And hauled it away to the mill, tra, la, la!

Old MacDonald had a farm, e-i-e-i-o!
 And on that farm he had a home...
 (switch tunes)
 Home, home on the range,

Where they cut down the old pine tree, TIMBER!
 And hauled it away to the mill, tra, la, la!

Old McDonald had a farm, e-i-e-i-o!
 And on that farm he had a dog,
 (switch tunes)
 Oh where oh where has my little dog gone? Oh
 where oh where can he be?
 He's home, home on the range,
 Where they cut down the old pine tree! TIMBER!
 and they hauled it away to the mill, tra, la, la!

Old McDonald had a farm, e-i-e-i-o!
 And on that farm he had a Sweetheart...
 (switch tunes)
 Let me call you sweetheart, I'm in love with you,
 Let me hear you whisper,
 Oh where oh where has my little dog gone, Oh
 where oh where can he be?
 He's home, home on the range,
 Where they cut down the old pine tree, TIMBER!
 And they hauled it away to the mill, tra, la, la!

Old McDonald had a farm, e, i, e, i, o!
 And on this farm he had a car,
 (switch tunes)
 See the U-S-A in your Chevrolet America is
 asking you to...
 Let me call you sweetheart, I'm in love with you.
 Let me hear you whisper..
 Oh where, oh where has my little dog gone? Oh
 where, oh where can he be?
 He's... Home, home on the range.
 Where they cut down the ol' pine tree, TIMBER!
 And they hauled it away to the mill. tra, la, la!

On Top Of Old Smoky •

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

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

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

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

They'll tell you they love you,
To give your heart ease,
But as soon as your back's turned,
They'll court whom they please.

Oscar Meyer Song, The

performed by Brad Hathaway at MSF 1987

My bologna has a first name
It's O-S-C-A-R.
My bologna has a second name
It's M-E-Y-E-R.
Oh I love to eat it every day
And if you ask me why I'll say
"Cause Oscar Meyer has a way
With B-O-L-O-G-N-A."

The Parting Glass

Moderately $J = 140$

Scottish Traditional

Oh, All the money ere I've had, I spent it in good company. And

all the harm that ere I've done A-las, it was to no one but me. And

all I've done for want of wit, to memory now I can't re-call. So

give to me the parting glass. Good night and joy be with you all.

Em G D
O, all the money e're I've had,
G Bm D
I've spent it in good compa ny
Em G D
And all the harm that e're I've done,
G Bm Em
A las! it was to none but me
G Bm
And all I've done for want of wit
Am Em Bm D7
To mem'ry now I can't re call
Em G D
So fill to me the parting glass;
G Bm Em
Good night, and joy be with you all.

O, all the comrades e're I've had
They're sorry for my going away
And all the sweethearts e're I've had
They'd wish me one more day to stay
But since it falls unto my lot
That I should go and you should not
I gently rise and I softly call
Goodnight, and joy be with you all.

If I had money enough to spend,

and leisure time to sit awhile.
There is a fair maid in this town,
that sorely has my heart beguiled.
Her rosy cheeks and ruby lips,
I own, she has my heart in thrall;
Then fill to me the parting glass,
Good night and joy be with you all.

Pleasant and Delightful

performed by Cinda Lavelly at MSF 1995

T'was pleasant and delightful on a bright
summer's morn
When the green fields and the meadows were
laden with corn
and the blackbirds and the thrushes sang on
every green tree
And the lark's oh they sang melodious at the
breaking of the day.

Well a sailor and his true love wh went a -
walking that day.
Said the sailor to his true love; "I am bound far
away,
"I am bound for the East Indies, where the oloud
cannons roar,
"And I'm bound the leave my Nancy; she's the
girl that I adore."

Said the sailor to his true love: "I must be on my way,
"For a oops our topsail is a -hoisted, and our anchor's away,
"And our good ship is awaiting the next flowing tide,
"And if ever I return again, I will make you my bride."

Then a ring from off her finger she instantly
drew,
Saying take this, dearest william, and my heart
will go too.
And as they were embracing, her tears softly
fell,
Saying, " May I go along with you?" "Oh, no, my
love, farewell."

Pollution

Tom Lehrer

If you visit American city
You will find it very pretty
Just two things of which you must beware
Don't drink the water and don't breathe the air

Pollution, pollution
They got smog and sewage and mud
Turn on your tap
And get hot and cold running crud

See the halibuts and the sturgeons
Being wiped out by detergeons
Fish gotta swim and birds gotta fly
But they don't last long if they try

Pollution, pollution
You can use the latest toothpaste
And then rinse your mouth
With industrial waste

Just go out for a breath of air
And you'll be ready for Medicare
The city streets are really quite a thrill
If the hoods don't get you, the monoxide will

Pollution, pollution
Wear a gas mask and a veil
Then you can breathe
Long as you don't inhale

Lots of things there that you can drink
But stay away from the kitchen sink
The breakfast garbage that you throw in to the
Bay
They drink as lunch in San Jose

So go to the city
See the crazy people there
Like lambs to the slaughter
They're drinking the water
And breathing, *cough*, the air

Polly Wolly Doodle

Southern

Oh, I went down South
For to see my Sal
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day
My Sal, she is
A spunky gal
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day

Fare thee well,
Fare thee well,
Fare thee well my fairy fay
For I'm going to Lou'siana
For to see my Susyanna
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day

Oh, my Sal, she is
A maiden fair
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day
With curly eyes
And laughing hair
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day

Fare thee well,
Fare thee well,
Fare thee well my fairy fay
For I'm going to Lou'siana
For to see my Susyanna

Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day

Behind the barn,
Down on my knees
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day
I thought I heard
A chicken sneeze
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day

Fare thee well,
Fare thee well,
Fare thee well my fairy fay
For I'm going to Lou'siana
For to see my Susyanna
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day

He sneezed so hard
With the whooping cough
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day
He sneezed his head
And the tail right off
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day

Fare thee well,
Fare thee well,
Fare thee well my fairy fay
For I'm going to Lou'siana
For to see my Susyanna
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day

Oh, a grasshopper sittin'
On a railroad track
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day
A-pickin' his teeth
With a carpet tack
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day

Fare thee well,
Fare thee well,
Fare thee well my fairy fay
For I'm going to Lou'siana
For to see my Susyanna
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day

Oh, I went to bed
But it wasn't any use
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day
My feet stuck out
Like a chicken roost
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day

Fare thee well,
Fare thee well,
Fare thee well my fairy fay
For I'm going to Lou'siana
For to see my Susyanna
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day

Polly Wolly Moo-dle

Tune: Polly Wolly Doodle

Oh, we've got a cow down on our farm,
 Moo-oo-oo-oo-oo!
 We always milk her in the barn,
 Moo-oo-oo-oo-oo!
 One day she drank >from a frozen stream,
 Moo-oo-oo-oo-oo!
 And ever since then she's been giving us ice
 cream,
 Moo-oo-oo-oo-oo!

Puff the Inflatable Dragon

*Lyrics by Bonnie Leonard & Ian Dowell
 performed by Bonnie Leonard at MSF 1991*

Chorus:

Puff, the inflatable dragon
 Lived in Royalton pond,
 And floated in the pouring rain
 When all the others were gone.

(Repeat)

Little Ronnie Rogers
 Loved that rascal Puff
 Until he played Chubby Bunny with him
 and coated him with fluff.
 His eyelids stuck together.
 He fell into the pond
 He almost drowned, But he was saved
 By Donald Tan-and-Blond.

Chorus

Puff drifted along the shoreline
 And slipped beneath the dock.
 Something came and popped his tail
 From underneath a rock.
 His head, It bent and wilted,
 His tail dragged in his wake.
 So pass the fluff and patch him up
 Then pucker up and take a...

Chorus

Oh, Pond toys live forever
 And so do Midsummerfest songs.
 So, Please make up another verse
 Come join and sing along.

Chorus

Puff the Magic Dragon •

^C Puff, the magic ^{Em} dragon ^F lived by the ^C sea.
^F And frolicked in the ^C autumn ^{Am} mist
^{D7} In a ^{G7} land called Honah ^C Lee.

^C Little Jackie ^{Em} Paper ^F loved that rascal ^C Puff
^F And brought him strings and ^C sealing ^{Am} wax,
^{D7} And other ^{G7} fancy ^C stuff.

Chorus:

Oh! Puff the magic dragon lived by the sea
 And frolicked in the autumn mist
 In a land called Honah Lee. (repeat)

Together they would travel
 On a boat with billowed sail,
 Jackie kept a lookout perched on Puff's gigantic
 tail.
 Noble kings and princes would bow whene'er
 they came.
 Pirate ships would lower their flags
 When Puff roared out his name.

Chorus

A dragon lives for ever, but not so little boys.
 Painted wings and giant rings make way for
 other toys.
 One grey night it happened: Jackie Paper came
 no more.
 And Puff that mighty dragon, he ceased his
 fearless roar.

Chorus

His head was bent in sorrow; green scales fell
 like rain.
 Puff no longer went to play along the cherry
 lane.
 Without his lifelong friend, Puff could not be
 brave.
 So Puff the magic dragon sadly slipped into his
 cave.

Que Sera Sera

When I was just a little girl
 I asked my mother, what will I be
 Will I be pretty, will I be rich
 Here's what she said to me.

Que Sera, Sera,
 Whatever will be, will be
 The future's not ours, to see
 Que Sera, Sera
 What will be, will be.

When I was young, I fell in love
 I asked my sweetheart what lies ahead
 Will we have rainbows, day after day
 Here's what my sweetheart said.

Que Sera, Sera,

Whatever will be, will be
 The future's not ours, to see
 Que Sera, Sera
 What will be, will be.

Now I have children of my own
 They ask their mother, what will I be
 Will I be handsome, will I be rich
 I tell them tenderly.

Que Sera, Sera,
 Whatever will be, will be
 The future's not ours, to see
 Que Sera, Sera
 What will be, will be.

The Rainbow Connection

Muppets

*Performed by Julien & Anne Lafleur, Steve Dubin and
 Lauryl Jacobs at MSF 2004*

Why are there so many songs about rainbows
 And what's on the other side
 Rainbows are visions but only illusions
 And rainbows have nothing to hide
 So we've been told and some choose to believe
 it
 I know they're wrong, wait and see

{Refrain}

Someday we'll find it
 The rainbow connection
 The lovers, the dreamers and me

Who said that ev'ry wish would be heard and
 answered
 When wished on the morning star
 Somebody thought of that, and someone
 believed it
 Look what it's done so far
 What's so amazing that keeps us stargazing
 And what do we think we might see

{Refrain}

All of us under its spell
 We know that it's probably magic

Have you been half-asleep and have you heard
 voices
 I've heard them calling my name
 Is this the sweet sound that calls the young
 sailors
 The voice might be one and the same
 I've heard it too many times to ignore it
 It's something that I'm s'posed to be

{Refrain}

La da da dee da da do
 La da da da da dee da do

Rap Up (Thank You Rap)

by Diane Snizek & JoEllen Saunders

We showed up late at the campsite
 Cause we got lost turnin' left & right
 We almost started buggin'
 But then we spotted Doug an'
 We knew we had arrived and there was a lot of
 huggin'

We woke up early on the next day
 Nature was callin' but we didn't know the way
 Those bushes were green
 Our need was keen
 We couldn't waste no time to find the latrine!

The sun was up and we were ready for some
 action,
 Stomachs were grumblin' and demandin'
 satisfaction
 Oatmeal was gone,
 They ate all the bread and jam
 They said, "Hey, no problem, we've got plenty of
 Spam."

The weather was fine, the people were jivin'
 The rest were in the woods shootin' and
 Survivin'
 Someone said, "Hey Di,
 where's you camouflage?"
 I said, "I'd rather stay out her and get a
 massage."

We played all day and into the night
 The Travesty was dynamite!
 When the act was over,
 Before we left
 They said, "We'd like to give you a parting gift."

Wow! A mug! It looked real fine
 It said "Midsummerfest 1989."
 I couldn't believe it,
 look at it shine
 I rapped my little heart out, now that mug was
 mine!!

So, what I'm tryin' to say, in my own way:
 Midsummerfest was more than okay
 It was ragin', a blast,
 That place was really jammin'
 Thank you, Ian, for doin' all the plannin'

Rounds

White Coral Bells (4 parts)

White coral bells,
 Upon slender stalk,
 Lilies-of-the-valley
 Deck my garden walk.

Oh don't you wish
That you could hear them ring?
But that will only happen
When the fairies sing.

Fire's Burning (4 parts)

Fire's burning,
Draw nearer,
Draw nearer,
In the glowing,
In the glowing,
Come sing and be merry.

Oh, How Lovely Is the Evening (3 parts)

Oh, how lovely is the evening,
Is the evening;
When the bells are sweetly ringing,
sweetly ringing;
Ding, dong, ding;
Ding, dong, ding.

Frog Round (4 parts)

- 1.bananas (low voice)
- 2.knee deep (medium)
- 3.tea and coffee (high)
- 4.Hear the lively song

Of the frogs in yonder pond
Crik, crik, crikkety crik,
Brrrr....uh

Good Night (3 parts)

Part I:

Good night to you all,
And sweet be your sleep.

Part II:

May silence surround you,
Your slumber be deep.

Part III:

Good night, good night,
Good night, good night.

Rubber Ducky

Muppets

Rubber Ducky, you're the one,
You make bathtime lots of fun,
Rubber Ducky, I'm awfully fond of you;

Woo woo be doo

Rubber Ducky, joy of joys,
When I squeeze you, you make noise!

Rubber Ducky, you're my very best friend, it's true!

Doo doo doo doo, doo doo

{Refrain}

Every day when I
Make my to the tubby
I find a little fella who's
Cute and yellow and chubby

Rub-a-dub-a-dubby!

Rubber Ducky, you're so fine
And I'm lucky that you're mine
Rubber ducky, I'm awfully fond of you.

{Refrain}

Rubber Ducky, you're so fine
And I'm lucky that you're mine
Rubber ducky, I'm awfully fond of -
Rubber ducky, I'd like a whole pond of -
Rubber ducky I'm awfully fond of you!

Doo doo, be doo

Rum by Gum

by The Kingston Trio

Away, away with rum by gum
Rum by gum
Rum by gum
Away, away with rum by gum
The song of the temperance union.

We're coming, we're coming our brave little band.
On the right side of temperance we do take our stand.
We don't use tobacco because we do think
That the people who use it are likely to drink.

Away, away with rum by gum
Rum by gum
Rum by gum
Away, away with rum by gum
The song of the temperance union.

We never eat cookies because they have yeast
And one little bite turns a man to a beast.
Can imagine a sadder disgrace
Than a man in the gutter with crumbs on his face?

Away, away with rum by gum
Rum by gum
Rum by gum
Away, away with rum by gum
The song of the temperance union.

We never eat fruitcake because it has rum
And one little bite turns a man to a bum.
Can you imagine a sorrier sight
Than a man eating fruitcake until he gets tight?

We're coming, we're coming our brave little
band.
On the right side of temperance we do take our
stand.
We don't use tobacco because we do think
That the people who use it are likely to drink.

Away, away with rum by gum
Rum by gum
Rum by gum
Away, away with rum by gum
The song of the temperance union.

Schoolhouse Rock

Conjunction Junction

Lyrics & Music by: Bob Dorough
Performed by: Jack Sheldon

Conjunction Junction, what's your function?
Hookin' up words and phrases and clauses.
Conjunction Junction, how's that function?
I've got three favorite cars that get most of my
job done.

Conjunction Junction, what's their function?
I've got and, but, and or.
They'll get you pretty far.

And!
That's an additive, like this and that.
But!
That's sort of the opposite,
not this but that.
And then there's Or. O-R,
when you have a choice like this or that
And, but, and or get you pretty far!

Conjunction Junction, what's your function?
Hooking up two boxcars and making 'em run
right.
Milk and honey, bread and butter, peas and rice,
(Hey that's nice)
Dirty but happy, digging and scratchin'.
Losing your shoe and a button or two,
He's poor but honest, sad but true,
Boo-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo!

Conjunction Junction, what's your function?
Hooking up two cars to one
When you say something like this choice
Either now or later
Or no choice:
Neither now nor ever.

(Hey that's clever)
Eat this or that, Grow thin or fat
Never mind, I wouldn't do that
I'm fat enough now!

Conjunction Junction, what's your function?
Hookin' up phrases and clauses that balance,
like:
Out of the frying pan and into the fire.
He cut loose the sandbags,
but the balloon wouldn't go any higher.
Let's go up to the mountains or down to the
seas.
You should always say Thank you,
Or at least say Please!

Conjunction Junction, what's your function?
Hookin'-up words and phrases and clauses
in complex sentences like:
"In the mornings, when I am usually wide awake,
I love
to take a walk through the gardens and down by
the
lake, where I often see a duck and a drake, and
I wonder
as I walk by what they'd say if they could speak,
although I know that's an absurd thought."

Conjunction Junction, what's your function?
Hookin'-up cars and making them function.
Conjunction Junction, how's that function?
I like tying up words and phrases and clauses.
Conjunction Junction, watch that function!

I'm going to get you there if you're very careful.
Conjunction Junction, what's your function?
I'm going to get you there if you're very careful.

A Noun is a Person, Place or Thing

Lyrics & Music by: Lynn Ahrens
performed by Kelly Marold at MSF 1996

Well, every person you can know,
And every place that you can go,
And anything that you can show,
You know they're nouns.
A noun's a special kind of word,
it's any name you ever heard,
I find it quite interesting.
A noun's a person, place, or thing.

Oh, I took a train, took a train to another state.
The flora and fauna that I saw were really great.
I saw some bandits chasin' the train.
I was wishin' I was back home again.
I took a train, took a train to another state.

Well, every person you can know (like a bandit
or an engineer)
And every place that you can go (like a state or
a home)

And anything that you can show (like animals
and plants or a train)
You know they're nouns-you know they're
nouns, oh ...

Mrs. Jones is a lady on Hudson Street.
She sent her dog to bark at my brother and me.
We gave her dog a big fat bone,
And now he barks at Mrs. Jones.
She's a lady who lives on Hudson Street.

Well, every person you can know (Mrs. Jones, a
lady, or a brother)
And every place that you can go (like a street or
a corner)
And anything that you can show (like a dog or a
bone)
You know they're nouns-you know they're
nouns.

Oh, I took a ferrv to the Statue of Liberty.
My best friend was waitin'there for me. (He took
an early ferry.)
We went for a walk on the island You know,
And in the middle of summer it started to snow,
When I took a ferry to the Statue of Liberty.

Well, every person You can know (like a friend
or the captain of a ship)
And every place that you can go (an island or a
sea)
And anything that You can show (like a statue, a
ferry, or snow)
You know they're nouns-you know they're nouns

Oh, I put a dime in the drugstore record
machine.
Oldie goldies started playing if you know what I
mean.
I heard Chubby Checker, he was doin'the twist
And the Beatles and the Monkees, it goes like
this!
I put a dime in the drugstore record machine.

Well, every person you can know (the Beatles
and the
Monkees, Chubby Checker)
And every place that you can go (like a
neighborhood or a store)
And anything that you can show (like a dime or a
record machine)
You know they're nouns.

A noun's a special kind of word
It's any name you ever heard.
I find it quite interesting
A noun's a person, place, or thing.
A noun is a person, place, or thing.

I'm Just a Bill

Lyrics & Music by: Dave Frishberg

Performed by: Jack Sheldon

performed by Kelly Marold at MSF 1996

Boy: Whew! You sure gotta climb a lot of steps
to get
to this Capitol Building here in Washington. But I
wonder who that sad little scrap of paper is?

I'm just a bill.
Yes, I'm only a bill.
And I'm sitting here on Capitol Hill.
Well, it's a long, long journey
To the capital city.
It's a long, long wait
While I'm sitting in committee,
But I know I'll be a law some day
At least I hope and pray that I will
But today I am still just a bill.

Boy:
Gee, Bill, you certainly have a lot of patience
and
courage.
BILL: Well, I got this far. When I started I wasn't
even a
bill, I was just an idea. Some folks back home
decided they wanted a law passed, so they
called
their local Congressman, and he said, "You're
right, there oughta be a law." Then he sat down
and wrote me out and introduced me to
Congress.
And I became a bill, and I'll remain a bill until
they
decide to make me a law.

I'm just a bill
Yes I'm only a bill,
And I got as far as Capitol Hill.
Well, now I'm stuck in committee
And I'll sit here and wait
While a few key Congressmen discuss and
debate
Whether they should let me be a law.
How I hope and pray that they will,
But today I am still just a bill.

Boy: Listen to those Congressmen arguing! Is
all that
discussion and debate about you.
BILL: Yeah, I'm one of the lucky ones. Most bills
never
even get this far. I hope they decide to report on
me favorably, otherwise I may die.
Boy: Die?
BILL: Yeah, die in committee. Ooh, but it looks
like I'm

gonna live! NOW I go to the House of
Representatives, and they vote on me.
Boy: if they vote yes, what happens?
BILL: Then I go to the Senate and the whole
thing starts
all over again.
Boy: Oh no!
BILL: Oh yes!

I'm just a bill
Yes, I'm only a bill
And if they vote for me on Capitol Hill
Well, then I'm off to the White House
Where I'll wait in a line
With a lot of other bills
For the president to sign
And if he signs me, then I'll be a law.
HOW I hope and pray that he will,
But today I am still just a bill.

Boy: You mean even if the whole Congress
says you
should be a law, the president can still say no?
BILL: Yes, that's called a veto. If the president
vetoes
me, I have to go back to Congress and they vote
on me again, and by that time you're so old ...
Boy: By that time it's very unlikely that you'll
become a law. It's not easy
to become a law, is it?
BILL: No!
But how I hope and pray that I will, But today I
am still just a bill.
MAN: He signed you, Bill Now you're a law!
BILL: Oh yes!!!

Sesame Street

Sesame Street Theme

Music and Lyrics by Joe Raposo, Jon Stone & Bruce Hart

Sunny Day
Sweepin' the clouds away
On my way to where the air is sweet
Can you tell me how to get,
How to get to Sesame Street
Come and play
Everything's A-OK
Friendly neighbors there
That's where we meet
Can you tell me how to get
How to get to Sesame Street
It's a magic carpet ride
Every door will open wide
To happy people like you--
Happy people like
What a beautiful
Sunny Day
Sweepin' the clouds away

On my way to where the air is sweet
Can you tell me how to get,
How to get to Sesame Street...
How to get to Sesame Street
How to get to...

ABC-DEF-GHI

sung by Big Bird (Carroll Spinney)

Music and Lyrics by Joe Raposo & Jon Stone

ABC-DEF-GHI-JKL-MNOP-QRSTUV-WXYZ

It's the most remarkable word I've ever seen
ABC-DEF-GHI-JKL-MNOP-QRSTUV-WXYZ
I wish I knew exactly what I mean
It starts out like an "A" word as anyone can see
But somewhere in the middle it gets awful "QR"
to me
ABC-DEF-GHI-JKL-MNOP-QRSTUV-WXYZ
If I ever find out just what this word can mean
I'll be the smartest bird the world has ever seen!
It might be kind of an elephant
Or a funny kind of kazoo
Or strange, exotic turtle
You never see in a zoo
Or maybe a kind of a doggie
Or particular shade of blue
Or maybe a pretty flower
Naah, not with a name like that, Uh uh!
ABC-DEF-GHI-JKL-MNOP-QRSTUV-WXYZ
It's the most remarkable word I've ever seen
ABC-DEF-GHI-JKL-MNOP-QRSTUV-WXYZ
I wish I knew exactly what I mean
It starts out like an "A" word as anyone can see
But somewhere in the middle it gets awful "QR"
to me
ABC-DEF-GHI-JKL-MNOP-QRSTUV-WXYZ
If I ever find out just what this word can mean
I'll be the smartest bird the world has ever seen!

Bein' Green

sung by Kermit the Frog (Jim Henson)

Written by Joe Raposo

[Greetings! Kermit the Frog here, and today I'd
like to tell you a little bit about the color green.
Do you know what's green? [cue music] Well I
am for one thing. You see, frogs are green,
and I'm a frog. And that means I'm green, you
see?]
It's not that easy bein' green
Having to spend each day the color of the
leaves
When I think it could be nicer being red or yellow
or gold
Or something much more colorful like that
It's not easy bein' green
It seems you blend in with so many other
ordinary things
And people tend to pass you over 'cause you're

Not standing out like flashy sparkles in the water
 Or stars in the sky
 But green's the color of Spring
 And green can be cool and friendly-like
 And green can be big like an ocean
 Or important like a mountain
 Or tall like a tree
 When green is all there is to be
 It could make you wonder why
 But why wonder, why wonder?
 I am green and it'll do fine
 It's beautiful!
 And I think it's what I want to be

Breakfast Time

Words and Music by Jeff Moss

Me want a soft boiled cookie
 And a glass of cookie juice on the side
 Or for a change one morning
 Me will have cookies scrambled or fried
 It isn't hard each morning
 To keep me satisfied
 Just give me a soft-boiled cookie
 And a glass of cookie juice on the side
 Sometimes I have a bowl of some crunchy
 cereal
 I'd even have some orange juice too
 On other days my favorite is boiled eggs and
 toast
 And sometimes a stack of pancakes is the
 breakfast I love most
 I'd drink a glass of milk or a cup of cocoa
 Or even have a cup of tea
 So many things a fella can eat for breakfast
 That's why breakfast is so much fun for me

"C" Is For Cookie

as sung by Cookie Monster (Frank Oz) (duh!)

written by Joe Raposo

[Now what starts with the letter C?
 Cookie starts with C
 Let's think of other things
 That starts with C
 Oh, who cares about the other things?]
 C is for cookie, that's good enough for me
 C is for cookie, that's good enough for me
 C is for cookie, that's good enough for me
 Oh, cookie, cookie, cookie starts with C
 C is for cookie, that's good enough for me
 C is for cookie, that's good enough for me
 C is for cookie, that's good enough for me
 Oh, cookie, cookie, cookie starts with C
 [Hey you know what?
 A round cookie with one bite out of it
 Looks like a C
 A round donut with one bite out of it
 Also looks like a C

But it is not as good as a cookie
 Oh and the moon sometimes looks like a C
 But you can't eat that, so ...]
 C is for cookie, that's good enough for me, yeah!
 C is for cookie, that's good enough for me
 C is for cookie, that's good enough for me
 Oh, cookie, cookie, cookie starts with C, yeah!
 Cookie, cookie, cookie starts with C, oh boy!
 Cookie, cookie, cookie starts with C!
 (Cookie Monster eats the cookie)
 Umm-umm-umm-umm-umm

C Is For Cookie - Opera Style!

*sung by Marilyn Horn (I believe, correction
 welcome)*

The scene is an Egyptian setting, with Marilyn
 lying on an Egyptian-style lounge
 Oh, the sky has turned grey,
 And the world seems sad and blue.
 All the laughter's gone away.
 Guess there's just one thing to do...
 (reaches down and, grinning, pulls out a great
 big cookie)
 C is for cookie, that's good enough for me
 C is for cookie, that's good enough for me
 C is for cookie, that's good enough for me
 Oh, cookie, cookie, cookie starts with C
 (she is joined by a choir)
 C is for cookie, that's good enough for me
 C is for cookie, that's good enough for me
 C is for cookie, that's good enough for me
 Oh, cookie, cookie, cookie starts with C
 A round cookie with one bite out of it
 Looks like a C.
 A round pita bread with one big bite out of it
 Also looks like a C,
 But it's not as good as a cookie.
 Oh...
 And the moon sometimes looks like a C,
 Yes the moon sometimes looks like a C,
 But you can't eat that, SO...
 C is for cookie, that's good enough for me
 C is for cookie, that's good enough for me
 C is for cookie, that's good enough for me
 Oh, cookie, cookie, cookie starts with C
 C is for cookie, that's good enough for me
 C is for cookie, that's good enough for me
 C is for cookie, that's good enough for me
 Oh, cookie, cookie, cookie starts with C
 Cookie, Cookie, Cookie,
 Cookie, Cookie, Cookie starts with C!
 Cookie Monster: (coming in from the side) Did
 me hear somebody say cookie?
 (he eats the bottom cookie of the giant cookie-
 pyramid, which then collapses)
 (embarrassed) Oh. Thank you. (he leaves)

The Count's Lullaby

copyright 1977

Go to sleep, my little bat,
Oh, say good night to your black cat.
Do not put on your nightgown,
You'll be sleeping upside down.
Go to sleep my little goblin,
While your cradle is a wobblin',
I will sit and count your snoring
Even though you think it's boring.
Count the footsteps up the stairs,
Count the creaking of the chairs,
Count the clouds that fill the sky,
Keep on counting, don't ask why.
Go to sleep, my spider dear,
While you're dreaming I'll be near.
There's a full moon in the sky
Shining on my lullaby.

The Grouch Anthem

sung by Oscar The Grouch and The Grouch Chorus

Announcer: Please rise for the Grouch Anthem.
Oscar: No, no, no. For the Grouch Anthem, you
stay sitting down. Down in front there! Now
brace yourself, I'm gonna sing:
Grouches of the world unite!
Stand up for your grouchy rights!
Don't let the sunshine spoil the rain
Just stand up and complain (heheheh)
Let this be the grouches' cause:
Point out everybody's flaws!
Something is wrong with everything
Except the way I sing!
(Cue Grouch Choir oohing in the background)
Spoken:
You know what's right with this world? Nuttin!
You know what gets me hot under the collar?
You name it!
And the next time some goody-two-shoes smiles
and tells you to have a nice day, just
remember:
Sung:
Don't let the sunshine spoil the rain,
Just stand up and complain!
Just stand up and complain!

The Grouch Explorers Song

*sung by Oscar the Grouch (Carroll Spinney) and
assorted grouches*

Orange Grouch: Gliding through a smelly
swamp
Where mosquitoes come to romp
Oscar: The fun of being first to see
The fungus on a rotten tree
Grey-Green Grouch: Steamy Jungles
Orange Grouch: Icy Peaks!
Girl Grouch: Not a decent meal in weeks!

All: We go where we have never gone before
To explore, explore, explore!
Girl Grouch: Soggy nights in leaky tents
Orange Grouch: Attending cultural events
Oscar: Riding camels through the heat
Grey-Green Grouch: Feeling cranky, feeling
beat
Girl Grouch: Broiling in the midday sun
All: Is sweaty, sticky, grouchy fun!
We go where we have never gone before
To explore, explore, explore!
Oscar: Travelling the world we see
Grouches who live differently
Orange Grouch: But everywhere they get their
kicks
Girl Grouch: From all the same revolting tricks!
Grey-Green Grouch: In Spain or France or
Birmingham
They all have ways to holler -
All: Scram!
We go where we have never gone before
We explore, explore, explore!

Healthy Food

Written by Christopher Cerf

1987 Splotched Animal Music BMI

sung by Cookie Monster (Frank Oz) in a rap format

Well, me known for eating cookie,
When me don't, they shout,
"Look, he trying to throw loyal fans a curve!
What he doing eating fish,
Or vegetable dish?
Man, he sure got a lot of nerve!"
Well, me answer you straight,
When me filling up plate,
Taking only cookies is all wrong!
'Cause you also got to eat
Fruit or veggies and meat
If you want to be healthy and strong!
Word up! (not in this translation, but CM does
say this on the video)
(Chorus)
Healthy food!
Boy, it taste so good.
Me one healthy dude
'Cause me eat healthy food.
Me love it boiled or stewed,
Me love it whole or chewed.
You'd feel just great if you'd
Eat some healthy food!
Me promise that when you eat varied menu,
You get more out of every meal.
You need balanced diet,
Come on and try it!
Not believe how great you'll feel!

Munch some carrots or beans
Or poultry or greens,
Along with your chocolate chip.

And banana or plum
 Will make you go, "Yum!"
 Nutrition--- it really hip!
 (repeat chorus)
 There broiled spring chicken,
 Grapes ripe for picking,
 And swordfish, tuna and trout.
 And apple and cherry,
 And all kinds of berry,
 And broccoli and Brussel sprout!
 There lettuce, tomato,
 Boiled new potato,
 There spinach and celery and beet.
 Milk and honey and cheese,
 Peanuts, peppers, and peas,
 Pears and peaches and cream of wheat!
 (repeat chorus twice)

I Love Trash

sung by Oscar the Grouch (Carroll Spinney)

Written by Jeff Moss

1970 Festival Attractions, Inc. (ASCAP)

Oh, I love trash!
 Anything dirty or dingy or dusty
 Anything ragged or rotten or rusty
 Yes, I love trash
 I have here a sneaker that's tattered and worn
 It's all full of holes and the laces are torn
 A gift from my mother the day I was born
 I love it because it's trash
 Oh, I love trash!
 Anything dirty or dingy or dusty
 Anything ragged or rotten or rusty
 Yes, I love trash
 I have here some newspaper thirteen months
 old
 I wrapped fish inside it; it's smelly and cold
 But I wouldn't trade it for a big pot o' gold!
 I love it because it's trash
 Oh, I love trash!
 Anything dirty or dingy or dusty
 Anything ragged or rotten or rusty
 Yes, I love trash
 I've a clock that won't work
 And an old telephone
 A broken umbrella, a rusty trombone
 And I am delighted to call them my own!
 I love them because they're trash
 Oh, I love trash!
 Anything dirty or dingy or dusty
 Anything ragged or rotten or rusty
 Yes, I love, I love, I love trash!

I Love Trash

this version sung by Steven Tyler, who else?!

You want to talk some trash?
 Oh, I love trash

Anything dirty or dingy or dusty
 Anything ragged or rotten or rusty
 Yeah, I love trash
 I got me a sneaker that's tattered and worn
 It's all full of holes and the laces are torn
 A gift from my mama the day I was born
 I love it because it's trash
 Oh, I love trash
 Anything dirty or dingy or dusty
 Anything ragged or rotten or rusty
 Yeah, I dig trash
 I got me a newspaper thirteen months old
 I've wrapped up a fish
 And it's smelly and cold
 But I wouldn't trade it for a big pot of gold
 I love it because it's trash
 I love it because it's trash
 I've got a clock that won't work
 And an ol' microphone
 A broken umbrella and a rusty trombone
 And I'm delighted to call them my own
 I love them because they're trash
 Oh, I love trash
 Anything dirty or dingy or dusty
 Anything ragged or rotten or rusty
 Yeah, I love
 Yeah, I love
 Trash!

I Love When it Rains

sung by Bob McGrath and Oscar The Grouch

Bob: Pit pitter pat
 Pit pitter pat
 Pit pitter pat
 Pit pitter pat
 I love when it rains
 It's thrilling
 When it's spilling
 And just filling
 The drains
 When dear Mother Nature's showers
 Fall from space
 Well every lazy daisy
 Stops
 To wash
 It's face!
 That
 Pit patter
 That
 Pit patter
 Is so welcome
 You know
 Those hours
 When it showers
 It helps the flowers
 Grow
 I'm not one of those
 Who sits around
 And complains

I love it
 I just love
 When it rains
 Oscar: Hey Bob? I like when it rains too!
 Bob: Really Oscar?
 Oscar: Pit
 Pitter pat
 Pit
 Pitter pat
 I like when it pours!
 Winds whipping
 And hats ripping
 And folks slipping
 Outdoors
 Love to muddle
 Thru a puddle
 Skip
 And run
 Bob: Oh Oscar!
 Oscar: In a trash can
 Or an ash can
 Life is fun
 Bob: That pit patter
 That pit patter
 Will cause flowers to bud
 Oscar: But mainly
 And quite plainly
 It makes a lot of mud!
 (snickers)
 Bob: I'm not one of those
 Who sits around
 And complains
 Oscar (at the same time): Even though I
 Easily complain
 Bob: I love it
 Oscar: I just love..
 Both: When it raaaains!
 Oscar: I hope it never stops!
 Bob: So do I Oscar
 Oscar: We agree?
 Bob: Of course we do!
 Oscar: Oh egad uhhhhhhhhh!
 Transcribed by a friend of the archive

I Refuse to Sing Along

Ernie: Gee, Bert, it's so much fun, I know you'll
 like it once we've begun
 Bert: Ernie, I've gotta wash my hair, I've gotta
 scrub my toes
 Ernie: We Bert, will have a ball, if I can get you
 to sing at all
 Bert: No, I refuse to sing along I won't
 So please don't ask me if I want to 'cause I don't
 Although for you I would do almost anything
 Along is one way which I do not want to sing
 Ernie: Ole Buddy, it'll make you happy
 When you start to sing a snappy
 Little number that will bounce you right along
 Bert: No!

Ernie: Like "Farmer In The Dell" or "Old
 McDonald Had A Farm" or maybe "What's
 The Name Of That Song"
 Bert: No
 Ernie: So if you have a lot of choice,
 You'll love it that you've got a voice
 And even though the notes you sing are wrong
 Bert: ERNIE!!
 Ernie: You'll do a favor for us
 If you lift your voice in chorus
 For a swinging sing along song
 (Duet: singing these parts at the same time)
 Bert: I refuse to sing along I won't
 So please don't ask me if I want to 'cause I don't
 Although for you I would do almost anything
 Along is one way which I do not want to sing
 Ernie: Ole Buddy, it'll make you happy
 When you start to sing a snappy
 Little number that will bounce you right along
 Like "Farmer In The Dell" or "Old McDonald Had
 A Farm" or maybe "What's The Name Of That
 Song"
 So if you have a lot of choice,
 You'll love it that you've got a voice
 And even though the notes you sing are wrong
 You'll do a favor for us
 If you lift your voice in chorus
 For a swinging sing along song
 Bert: Ernie!!!
 Ernie: Please Bert, you'll like it too
 We'll sing together, just me and you
 Bert: AARGH!!
 No, I refuse to sing along that's it!!!!
 And in the bathroom it's ridiculous, I quit!! That's
 that!
 That's that!
 Ernie: Gee Bert, that was terrific!

In the Quiet of the Evening

sung by Kermit

When I listen, in the quiet of the evening
 What do I hear?
 Water dripping, dripping
 In the quiet of the evening
 When I listen, in the quiet of the evening
 What do I hear?
 Crickets chirping, chirping
 In the quiet of the evening
 I hear a bullfrog croaking all night long
 (Hi, Uncle Ben!)
 A hoot owl hooting his evening song
 When I listen, in the quiet of the evening, argh!
 What do I hear?
 Dogs bow-wowling
 What do I hear?
 Cats meowing
 Brown bears snoring, tigers roaring
 Oh, it's the sound of Mother Nature murmuring
 low (let yourself go!)

Argh...when I listen, in the quiet of the evening...Argh!
 This is the loudest quiet I've ever listened to!
 Will you guys keep it down!
 Somebody's trying to sing out here!
 Argh! I'm gonna go find me a quiet swamp!

The Insects In Your Neighborhood

sung by Ernie

Hello, Mr. Caterpillar, inching along I see
 Oh a caterpillar crawls around
 His tummy rubs along the ground
 But you're bound to get a big surprise
 'Cause they grow up into butterflies
 And how are you Mr. Grasshopper? Very hoppy?
 A grasshopper will leap and hop
 You wonder does it ever stop
 They're the kind of insect you might see
 Eating grass beneath a shady tree
 It's a cricket! Look!
 Now crickets are those chirpy things
 To make that noise they rub their wings
 If you hear that noise the chance is good
 There's a cricket in your neighbourhood
 And there it is in the thicket! A cricket in the thicket!
 Hi Mr. Bee, looking for your honey?
 A honeybee will buzz around
 Wherever flowers can be found
 They will look for nectar they can take
 So that honey they can later make
 You'll find that ants are everywhere
 They always crawl from here to there
 They're little but they're very strong
 And they like to work the whole day long
 So these are the insects in your neighbourhood
 In your neighbourhood, in your neighbourhood
 Yes these are the insects in your neighbourhood
 They're the insects that you meet
 When you're walking down the street
 They're the insects that you meet each day!

On My Pond

words by Sarah Dukee

music by Paul Jacobs

sung by Kermit

with a fish background chorus
 (background fish in brackets)
 There's a place
 Where I can sit
 Just me, myself and I
 On my pond (on my pond)
 On my pond
 Where the water's
 Fresh and clean
 And peaceful as a sigh

On my pond (on my pond)
 On my pond
 Look at the grass all around me
 It's green as the smile on my face
 Look at the trees they astound me
 Wow, what a beautiful place
 There's a spot
 Where no one lives
 But quiet little fish
 On my pond (on my pond)
 On my pond
 Nature lets me
 Come and visit
 Any time I wish
 On my pond (on my pond)
 On my pond
 Look at us all
 We're enjoying
 A breath of sweet country air
 (a boat goes by trailing fumes, Kermit coughs,
 a family turns up a boombox loud)
 Hey! This is getting annoying
 Please keep it down over there!
 Wait a minute! Who said you
 Could dump your garbage here?
 On my pond (on my pond)
 On my pond
 Cleaning it all up again
 Could take us years and years
 On my pond (on my pond)
 On my pond
 Keeping it clean to begin with
 Yes that's the smart thing to do
 (fish pop up with their faces covered in gas masks)
 (Don't let them cover our fins with
 Any more black slimy gooooooo!)
 Save a place where I can sit
 Just me, myself and I
 On my pond (on my pond)
 On my pond
 Keep the water fresh and clean
 And peaceful as a sigh
 On my pond (on my pond)
 On my pond
 (repeat as people start picking up garbage)
 Isn't it a lot nicer with everything all cleaned up
 like this?
 On my pond (on my pond)
 (repeat and fade)

People In Your Neighborhood

sung by Bob (Bob McGrath) and the Anything Muppets

Written by Jeffrey Moss

(the parts between the brackets [] are spoken)
 Oh, who are the people in your neighborhood?
 In your neighborhood?

In your neighborhood?
 Say, who are the people in your neighborhood?
 The people that you meet each day
 (a blue muppet, I believe, walks onstage)
 [Bob: Oh, hi there, little fella.]
 [Anything Muppet #1: Hello.]
 [Bob: Hey, listen, know who you could be if I
 gave you this little hat and this bag to go over
 your shoulder?]
 [Anything Muppet #1: I could be a laundry man.]
 [Bob: No, not a laundry man.]
 [Anything Muppet #1: How about Santa Claus?]
 [Bob: No no no, not Santa Claus.]
 [Anything Muppet #1: What's wrong with Santa
 Claus?]
 [Bob: There's nothing wrong with Santa Claus,
 but...]
 [Anything Muppet #1: Don't you like Christmas?]
 [Bob: Oh, I love Christmas. But you could be the
 postman.]
 [Anything Muppet #1: A postman, hmmm ...]
 Oh, the postman always brings the mail
 Through rain or snow or sleet or hail
 I'll work and work the whole day through
 To get your letters safe to you
 Bob and Anything Muppet #1:
 'Cause a postman is a person in your
 neighborhood
 In your neighborhood
 He's in your neighborhood
 A postman is a person in your neighborhood
 A person that you meet each day
 [Anything Muppet #1: I'll see you around.]
 [Bob: Okay.]
 (AM#1 leaves, bumped into AM#2 as he enters)
 [Anything Muppet #2: Hey, watch it. Where ya
 goin'? To a fire?]
 [Bob: Hey, speaking of a fire.]
 [Anything Muppet #2: Fire! What fire? Help!
 Help!]
 [Bob: No, there's no fire at all. But do you know
 who you could be if I gave you this little shiny
 red hat?]
 [Anything Muppet #2: Yeah, Santa Claus.]
 [Bob: No, not Santa Claus.]
 [Anything Muppet #2: Little Red Riding Hood?]
 [Bob: No, no, no, not Red Riding Hood, you
 could be a fireman.]
 [Anything Muppet #2: A fireman? Holy smoke!]
 Oh, a fireman is brave it's said
 His engine is a shiny red
 If there's a fire anywhere about
 Well, I'll be sure to put it out
 Bob and Anything Muppet #2:
 'Cause a fireman is a person in your
 neighborhood
 In your neighborhood
 He's in your neighborhood
 Anything Muppet #1:
 And a postman is a person in your neighborhood
 All:

Well, they're the people that you meet
 When you're walking down the street
 They're the people that you meet each day
 (additional verses from the book "People In My
 Neighborhood" Volume 7 of "On My Way With
 Sesame Street")
 (pic of Cookie Monster dressed in a chef hat and
 apron behind the counter of a bakery,
 munching cookies, natch)
 The baker is the one who makes
 Your bread and rolls and pies and cakes
 If you want something sweet to eat, go see
 The baker in the bakery
 (pic of Guy Smiley-like teacher in front of class
 holding a globe)
 A teacher works the whole day through
 To teach important things to you
 He'll teach you things you won't forget
 Like numbers and the alphabet
 (pic of Herry monster in red-white striped pants
 just like a barber's pole cutting the hair of Guy
 Smiley-like muppet)
 A barber has a great big chair
 You sit in it, he cuts your hair
 He'll snip and clip and never rest
 Until your haircut looks its best
 (pic of Prairie Dawn-like muppet driving a bus)
 The bus driver drives fast or slow
 To take you where you want to go
 When you get in and pay your fare
 She will drive you anywhere
 (pic of Telly wearing a dentist's uniform)
 A dentist cares for all your teeth
 The top ones and the ones beneath
 So if you have an aching tooth
 He'll fix it quick, and that's the truth
 (pic of female muppet in a doctor's uniform)
 The doctor makes you well real quick
 If by chance you're feeling sick
 She works and works the whole day long
 To help you feel well and strong
 (pic of blue adult male muppet in grocer's outfit)
 The grocer sells the things you eat
 Like bread and eggs, cheese and meat
 No matter what you're looking for
 You'll find it at the grocery store
 (pic of Grover working on a shoe with a
 hammer)
 The shoemaker is always there
 To take care of the shoes you wear
 With his hammer, nails, and glue
 He'll fix your shoes as good as new
 (pic of the back of Rodeo Rosie handing over a
 fringed vest to the drycleaner, a green adult
 male muppet)
 The cleaner is the one who knows
 How to clean and press your clothes
 He'll take a jacket, suit, or vest
 And clean it so you'll look your best
 (pic of Oscar The Grouch, naturally, driving a
 garbage truck)

The trash collector works each day
 He'll always take your trash away
 He drives the biggest truck you've seen
 To keep the city streets all clean

The Rainbow Connection

sung by Kermit (Jim Henson)

written by Paul Williams and Kenneth Ascher

Why are there so many songs about rainbows
 And what's on the other side?
 Rainbows are visions, but only illusions,
 And rainbows have nothing to hide.
 So we've been told and some choose to believe
 it
 I know they're wrong, wait and see.
 Someday we'll find it, the rainbow connection,
 The lovers, the dreamers and me.
 Who said that every wish would be heard and
 answered
 When wished on the morning star?
 Somebody thought of that
 And someone believed it,
 And look what it's done so far.
 What's so amazing that keeps us stargazing?
 And what do we think we might see?
 Someday we'll find it, the rainbow connection,
 The lovers, the dreamers and me.
 All of us under its spell,
 We know that it's probably magic....
 Have you been half asleep
 And have you heard voices?
 I've heard them calling my name.
 Is this the sweet sound that calls the young
 sailors?
 The voice might be one and the same.
 I've heard it too many times to ignore it.
 Is it something that I'm supposed to be?
 Someday we'll find it, the rainbow connection,
 The lovers, the dreamers and me.
 La, la la, La, la la la, La Laa, la la, La, La la
 laaaaaaa
 (reprise from "The Muppet Movie"):
 Why are there so many songs about rainbows?
 That's part of what rainbows do.
 Rainbows are memories, sweet dream
 reminders --
 What is it you'd like to do?
 All of us watching and wishing we'd find it,
 I know you're watching it, too.
 Someday you'll find it, the rainbow connection,
 The lovers, the dreamers, and you!

Rubber Duckie

sung by Ernie (Jim Henson)

Written by Jeffrey Moss

Rubber Duckie, you're the one,
 You make bathtime lots of fun,

Rubber Duckie, I'm awfully fond of you;
 (woh woh, bee doh!)
 Rubber Duckie, joy of joys,
 When I squeeze you, you make noise!
 Rubber Duckie, you're my very best friend, it's
 true!
 (doo doo doo dooooo, doo doo)
 CHORUS:
 Every day when I
 Make my way to the tubby
 I find a little fella who's
 Cute and yellow and chubby
 (rub-a-dub-a-dubby!)
 Rubber Duckie, you're so fine
 And I'm lucky that you're mine
 Rubber duckie, I'm awfully fond of you.
 (repeat chorus)
 Rubber Duckie, you're so fine
 And I'm lucky that you're mine
 Rubber duckie, I'm awfully fond of -
 Rubber duckie, I'd like a whole pond of -
 Rubber duckie I'm awfully fond of you!
 (doo doo, be doo.)

Little Richard's Version

(spoken after smoking piano riff)
 Well, here I am in my tubby again. And my
 tubby's all filled up with water and nice fluffy
 suds, honey. And I've got my soap looky
 here ... and I got my washcloth ... look at this
 ... and I got my nifty scrub-brush, honey, just
 scrub, just scrub. And I got my big, BIG, fluffy
 towel to dry me off when I'm done. And I got
 my piano. And there's one other thing that
 makes tubby-time the very best time of the
 whole day, honey. And you know what that is?
 A very special friend of mine, my very favorite
 little old friend (music starts)
 (sung)
 Rubber duckie, you're the one
 You make bathtime lots of fun
 Rubber duckie, I'm awfully fond of you
 Rubber duckie, joy of joys
 When I squeeze you, you make noise
 Rubber duckie, you're my very best friend, it's
 true
 (patented-Little Richard-ooooooh!)
 Every day when I
 Make my way to the tubby
 I find a little fella who's
 Cute and yellow and chubby
 Rub-a-dub-a-dubby
 Rubber duckie, you're so fine
 And I'm lucky that you're mine
 Rubber duckie, I'm awfully fond of you
 Oh every day when I
 Make my way to the tubby
 I find a little fella who is
 Cute and yellow and chubby

Rubby-dub-dubby
 Rubber duckie, you're so fine
 And I'm lucky that you're mine
 Rubber duckie, I'd like a whole pond of you
 Rubber duckie I'm awfully fond of you!

Swamp Mushy Muddy

sung by Oscar the Grouch (Carroll Spinney)
 Swamp Mushy Muddy
 Swamp Mushy Muddy
 Swamp Mushy Muddy
 For a more pleasant spot
 A grouch could never wish
 Swamp Mushy Muddy
 Swamp Mushy Muddy
 Swamp Mushy Muddy
 Is where grouches love to fish
 When I throw my pole in
 Or when I go trollin'
 I always catch a rubber tire or a pan
 It's ugly and smelly
 And awful
 And fishing is unlawful
 And the air is like my garbage can
 Oh, it's littered and crummy there
 Filth and ooze and debris
 So I lay on my tummy there
 In the slime is where I'm gonna be
 Swamp Mushy Muddy
 Swamp Mushy Muddy
 Where I can fish for trash
 That floats upon the foam
 Swamp Mushy Muddy, you're icky
 You're tacky, blach and yicky
 Mushy Muddy, disgusting and cruddy
 Swamp Mushy Muddy, you're my second home
 You can see the dead flies falling
 From a poison ivy bud
 It's revolting and appalling
 How I love my Mushy Mud!
 Mmmm

Tadpole

sung by Kermit the Frog (Jim Henson)
 Tadpole, wiggling in the water
 Brand new world is there for you to see
 Lots of time till you grow to be
 A big frog like me
 Tadpole, haven't got a worry
 Biggest job is swimming peacefully
 Wonder if you know you'll grow to be
 A big frog like me
 Changes happen as time passes by
 Soon enough, you'll be grown
 With a home on a lily pad
 And some tadpoles of your own
 Oh, little tadpole, wiggling in the water
 Far from all responsibility
 Take your time till you grow up to be
 A big frog like me

Tadpole, take your time to be
 A big, green grown-up frog like me

We Are All Earthlings

Words by Sara Compton
 Music by Jeff Moss
 Some of us have feathers
 Some of us have fins
 Some of us are furry
 And some of us have skins
 We swim and hop and slither
 And leap and soar and run
 And we all live together
 On a planet of the sun
 We are all earthlings
 We are all earthlings
 Spinning around together
 On a planet of the sun
 We live in the desert
 We live inside a tree
 We live high in the mountains
 Or deep beneath the sea
 We live in tents and cabins
 In houses just for one
 And we all live together
 On a planet of the sun
 We are all earthlings
 We are all earthlings
 Spinning around together
 On a planet of the sun
 Floating down a river
 Swinging through the trees
 Climbing up a mountain
 Going with the breeze
 All of us can have a happy healthy place to be
 If we can float and swim and climb in earthling
 harmony
 We are all earthlings
 We are all earthlings
 Spinning around together
 On a planet of the sun
 Spinning around together
 On a planet of the sun

She's My Girl

by Tom Lehrer
Performed by Ian Dowell at MSF 1997

Sharks gotta swim, and bats gotta fly,
 I gotta love one woman till I die.
 To Ed or Dick or Bob
 She may be just a slob,
 But to me, well,
 She's my girl.

In winter the bedroom is one large ice cube,
 And she squeezes the toothpaste from the
 middle of the tube.
 Her hairs in the sink
 Have driven me to drink,

But she's my girl, she's my girl, she's my girl,
And I love her.

The girl that I lament for,
The girl my money's spent for,
The girl my back is bent for,
The girl I owe the rent for,
The girl I gave up Lent for
Is the girl that heaven meant for me.

So though for breakfast she makes coffee that
tastes like shampoo,
I come home for dinner and get peanut butter
stew,
Or if I'm in luck,
It's broiled hockey puck,
But, oh well, what the hell,
She's my girl,
And I love her.

She Went Into the Water

(to the tune of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic")

She went into the water and she got her toes all
wet.
She went into the water and she got her toes all
wet.
She went into the water and she got her toes all
wet.
But she didn't get her wet, yet.

She went into the water and she got her feet all
wet.
She went into the water and she got her feet all
wet.
She went into the water and she got her feet all
wet.
But she didn't get her wet, yet.
She went into the water and she got her ankles
wet...

She went into the water and she got her shins all
wet...

She went into the water and she got her knees
all wet...

She went into the water and she got her thighs
all wet...

She went into the water and she finally got it
wet.
She went into the water and she finally got it
wet.
She went into the water and she finally got it
wet.
Yes, she finally got her bathing suit wet!

Shine On Harvest Moon

Words by Jack Norworth and music by Nora Bayes-Norworth (1908)

The night was mighty dark so you could hardly
see,
For the moon refused to shine.
Couple sitting underneath a willow tree,
For love they did pine,
Little maid was kinda 'fraid of darkness
So she said, "I guess I'll go."
Boy began to sigh, looked up at the sky,
Told the moon his little tale of woe:

"Oh, shine on, shine on harvest moon up in the
sky.
I ain't had no lovin' since January, February,
June or July
Snowtime ain't no time to stay outdoors and
spoon,
So shine on, shine on harvest moon - for me
and my gal !"

I can't see why a boy should sigh,
When by his side is the girl he loves so true,
All he has to say is:
"Won't you be my bride,
For I love you,
Why should I be telling you this secret,
When I know that you can guess?,"
Harvest moon will smile,
Shine on all the while,
If the little girl should answer "yes."

"Oh, shine on, shine on harvest moon up in the
sky.
I ain't had no lovin' since January, February,
June or July
Snowtime ain't no time to stay outdoors and
spoon
So shine on, shine on harvest moon - for me
and my gal !"

Sit On My Face

Monty Python

Sit on my face and tell me that you love me
I'll sit on your face and tell you I love you, too
I love to hear you o-ra-lize
When I'm between your thighs
You blow me away

Sit on my face and let my lips embrace you
I'll sit on your face and then I'll love you truly
Life can be fine if we both sixty-nine
If we sit on our faces
In all sorts of places
And play, 'til we're blown away

Sittin' On The Dock Of The Bay •

performed by Jens Karlsson & Steve Munier at MSF 1991

C E
Sittin' in the morning sun
F D
I'll be sittin' when the evening come
C E
Watchin' the ships roll in
F D
Then I watch 'em roll away a gain
C A
Yeah, I'm sittin' on the dock of the bay
Am A
Watchin' the tide roll a way
C D
Sittin' on the dock of the bay
C A
Wastin' time

I left my home in Georgia
Headed for the Frisco Bay
I have nothing to live for
Look like nothing gonna come my way
So, I'm just gonna sit on the dock of the bay
Watchin' the tide roll away
Sittin' on the dock of the bay
Wastin' time

Bridge:

C F
Look like nothing gonna change
C F
Ev'rything still remains the same
C F G
I can't do what ten people want me to do
Bb G7
So I guess I'll remain the same

Sittin' here restin' my bones
And this loneliness won't leave me alone
Two thousand miles I roam
Just to make this dock my home
Now, I'm just sitting on the dock of the bay
Watchin' the tide roll away
Sittin' on the dock of the bay
Wastin' time

Smut

by Tom Lehrer

performed by Stephen & Regina Jeffries and Ainsley Beardwood at MSF 1989

Smut, give me smut and nothing but, a dirty
novel I can't shut
If it's uncut, and unsub-tle
I've never quibbled, if it was ribald,
I have devoured where others merely nibbled,

And as the judge remarked the day that he
acquitted my Aunt Hortense,
To be smut it must be ut-terly without redeeming
social importance.
Por-nographic pictures I adore, indecent
magazines galore,
I like them more, if they're hard-core.

Bring on the obscene movies, murals,
postcards, neckties, samplers,
Stained-glass windows, tattoos, anything, more,
more, I'm still not satisfied.
Stories of torture used by debauchers,
Lurid, licentious, and vile, make me smile.
Novels that pander to my taste for candor give
me a pleasure sublime
Let's face it, I love slime.

All books can be indecent books, though recent
books are bolder,
For filth, I'm glad to say, is in the mind of the
beholder.
When correctly viewed, everything is lewd.
I can tell you things about Peter Pan
And the Wizard of Oz, there's a dirty old man!

I thrill to any book like Fanny Hill, and I suppose
I always will
If it is swill, and really fil-thy.
Who needs a hobby, like tennis, or philately?
I've got a hobby-
Re-reading Lady Chatterly. But now they're
trying to take
It all away from us unless we take a stand and
hand in hand we fight
For freedom of the press, in other words smut (I
love it!)
Ah, the adventures of a slut. Oh, I'm a market
they can't glut
I don't know what compares with smut. Hip hip
hooray let's hear it
For the Supreme Court. Don't let them take it
away.

The Song of the Knights of Camelot

from Monty Python and the Holy Grail

Look, my liege!

(fanfare)

Camelot!
Camelot!
Camelot!
It's only a model.
Shh!

Knights, I bid you welcome to your new home.
Let us ride...to.....CAMELOT!

song:

We're knights of the round table, we dance
 whene're we're able.
 We do routines, and border scenes, and
 footwork imp-e-cable;
 We dine well here in Camelot, we eat ham and
 jam and spam alot.

We're knights of the round table, our shows are
 for-mid-able
 The many times, we're given rhymes, that are
 quite un-sing-able
 We're often mad in Camelot, we sing from the
 diaphragm a lot!

Though we're tough and able,
 Quite in-de-fa-ti-gable,
 Between our quests, we seek incest and
 impersonate Clark Gable,
 It's a busy life in Camelot:

I have to push the pram-a-lot!

Arthur: On second thought, let's not go to
 Camelot. It is a silly place.

Soon It's Gonna Rain

Book and Lyrics by Tome Jones

Music by Harvey Schmidt

Hear how the wind begins to whisper
 See how the leaves go streaming by
 Smell how the velvet rain is falling
 Out where the fields are warm and dry
 Now is the time to run inside and stay
 Now is the time to find a hide-away
 Where we can stay...

Soon it's gonna rain, I can see it.
 Soon it's gonna rain, I can tell.
 Soon it's gonna rain, What are we gonna do?

Soon it's gonna rain, I can feel it
 Soon it's gonna rain, I can tell
 Soon it's gonna rain, What'll we do with you?

We'll find four limbs of a tree
 we'll build four walls and a floor
 We'll bind it over with leaves
 and run inside to stay

Then we'll let it rain, we'll not feel it
 Then we'll let it rain, rain pell-mell
 And we'll not complain, if it never stops at all
 we'll live and love within our own four walls

Spam

Yankovic Weird Al

UHF

*Performed by Chris Campbell, Steve Dubin and Ian
 Dowell at MSF 2004*

Spam in the place where I live. (ham and pork)
 Think about nutrition, wonder what's inside it
 now. (oh boy)
 Spam in my lunchbox at work. (it's the best)
 Really makes a darn good sandwich, any way
 you slice it at all.
 If you're running low, go to the store.
 Carry some money to help you buy more.
 The tab is there to open the can.
 The can is there to hold in the spam.
 Oh, spam on the table at home. (ham and pork)
 Think about selection, are there different flavors
 now. (let's eat)
 Spam in my office at work. (it's the best)
 Think about the stuff it's made from, wonder if
 it's mystery meat.
 If you need a spoon, keep one around.
 Carry a thermos to help wash it down.
 Now if there's some left, don't just throw it out.
 Use it for spackle or bathroom grout, now.
 Spam in my pantry at home. (have some more)
 Think of expiration, better read the label now.
 (oh boy)
 Spam breakfast, dinner or lunch. (it's the best)
 Think about how it's been pre-cooked, wonder if
 I'll just eat it cold.
 Now once you start in, you can't put it down.
 Don't leave it sitting or it'll turn brown.
 The key is going to open the tin.
 The tin is there to keep the spam in.
 Oh spam, spam. (ham and pork)
 Think about nutrition, wonder what's inside it
 now. (oh boy)
 Spam, spam. (it's the best)
 Really makes a darn good sandwich any way
 you slice it.
 Spam in the place where I live. (have some
 more)
 Think about addiction, wonder if I'm a junkie
 now. (let's eat)
 Spam in the place where I work. (you're
 obsessed)
 Think about the way it's processed, wonder if it's
 some kind of meat.
 Spam in the back of my car. (ham and pork)
 The tab is there to open the can. (spam any
 place that you are)
 The can is there to open the spam. (spam any
 place that you are)
 Oh spam.

Spam*Upt**Non Album Tracks*

Once upon a time I had some spam
 Then that wasn't good enough, and I needed
 some tree
 And I tired of that and turned to saurkraut.
 After I kicked the kraut habit, pickles caught my
 fancy.

Spam*Save Ferris**Introducing Save Ferris*

It's pink and it's oval
 Spam
 I buy it at the mobil
 Spam
 It's made in Chrenobyl
 Spam
 When I was a child
 My family was so poor
 We didn't have the finer things in life to eat
 So we had a plan
 In a big blue can
 A government substitute for meat
 To get me to eat it at dinner
 They said I'd grow up like Bruce Jenner
 He was a winner that never knew defeat
 And when he got hungry
 He cracked open that special treat
 S-P-A-M Don't you know it's my best friend
 S-P-A-M Again and again
 So go and forget your O-S-C-A-R
 There's one meat by-product that's best by far

Spam*Monty Python**Monty Python Sings*

Lovely spam, wonderful spa-a-m,
 Lovely spam, wonderful S Spam,
 Spa-a-a-a-a-a-am,
 Spa-a-a-a-a-a-am,
 SPA-A-A-A-A-A-AM,
 SPA-A-A-A-A-A-A-AM,
 LOVELY SPAM, LOVELY SPAM,
 LOVELY SPAM, LOVELY SPAM,
 LOVELY SPA-A-A-A-AM...
 SPA-AM, SPA-AM, SPA-AM, SPA-A-A-AM!

The Star Spangled Banner*by Francis Scott Key*

Oh say can you see by the dawn's
 early light

What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's
 last gleaming

Whose broad stripes and bright stars

through the perilous fight

O'er the ramparts we watched were so
 gallant ly streaming

And the rockets' red glare, the bombs
 bursting in air

Gave proof through the night that our flag

was still there

Oh say, does that star-spangled banner yet

wa - ave

O'er the land of the free and the home
 of the brave

The Star Spangled Hammer*by Steve Munier**performed at MSF 1990**(To the tune of "The Star Spangled Banner")*

Oh say can you see the hammer in the pond
 Where so loudly we fought
 About how to keep the bottom calm
 There was Ian and Erik
 And the rest of the crew
 Who worked and struggled
 To make these new improvements here for you
 There was the whackers(???)
 the paint and the fridge
 We gave the latrine a new roof
 Soon Midsummerfest would be here
 Oh say was it worth it to
 Be here with us today
 In the land of Ned
 And the home of the Festers

Star Trek: The Nice Generation

*performed by Mike & Carla Guenette and Rich
 Schaffer at MSF 1990*

**She's Big E, She's Beautiful and
She's Mine**

*(To the tune of "She's Sixteen, She's Beautiful, and
 She's Mine")*

She comes on like a dream,

Her engines run clean,
Her warp drive is perfectly fine,
She's Big E, She's Beautiful, and She's mine!

Her impulse run true,
Her transporter too,
Her anti-matter mixer's on-line,
She's Big E, She's Beautiful, and She's mine.

Capt. Picard's Neighborhood

(To the tune of "Mr. Roger's Neighborhood")

It's a beautiful day on the Enterprise,
A beautiful day to extemporize...
Let's have some fun,
but not hurt anyone...

The viewscreen's blank, so what the heck,
I think I'll go down to the holodeck!

The Merry Old Enterprise

(To the tune of "The Merry Old Land of Oz")

With a patch patch here and a fix fix there
And a couple of re-route tries
We'll get the shields up again
On the merry old Enterprise.

Steps in the Rain •

by Rogina Jeffries

performed by Rogina Jeffries and Stephanie Hesla at MSF 1992

One day some friends went camping and me
I rode a long
a cross a little valley to a wooded hill
As we snuggled in sleeping bags each night
the rain came tumbling down
but every morning there were good times all
a round

(refrain)

And as I walk through my life
every step brings a little surprise
'cuz you never really know when it will rain
It will rain, it will rain
bringing drops of joy and drops of pain

You never really know when it will rain.

Sometimes I seek peace and quiet
and sometimes peace of mind.
And there's a piece of my heart
that someone else is guarding.
Just when I think all the pieces fit
another one comes along,
but on a mountain top all the pieces are in
harmony

(refrain)

Tucked inside my backpack
are things for camping life
a canteen, a flashlight, and dry underwear
The weather don't seem to matter much
it's whether you like yourself
'cuz if the company's good
there's not much more to need

(refrain)

(reprise)

It will rain, it will rain
Try and keep the joy, let go the pain
You can never really know when it will rain.

The Stuff Song

by Lou & Peter Berryman

performed in 1999 by Ian Dowell & Teresa Lyons

I had always considered my habits austere
'Cause I don't have a boat or a big
chandelier
But then recently something better came very
clear
When I found myself building a nether new
shelf

I'm no antiquer with hundreds of lamps
And I'm not a philatelist, though I have
stamps
Nor am I a numismatist such as my
gramps
But I run a museum in spite of my self

Ties, for example; I've dozens of those
 I have ties that are thin and go down to your
 toes
 And a couple so wide you don't need any
 clothes
 And a plastic bowtie when you squeeze it it
 squirts
 Ties that new, and a few from my youth
 And a wool one I wore on a whim in Duluth
 And a doozy I bought in a mall in a booth
 And a few I invented with glitter and paint.

Leftover paint for the ceiling and floor
 I have paint for old wood that was painted before
 I have paint I forget what it's for anymore
 And a color for only where nobody looks
 Red for the car that I drove as a teen
 And a can of a hideous lemony green
 And a hundred percent of the shades in between
 With instructions on painting in handyman
 books.

Books in the cupboard and books overhead
 And a shelf of quotations from guys who are
 dead
 A collection of classics I never have read
 And an unopened book about keeping in shape
 Waterproof books about building a yacht
 And the story of Spam which I read and forgot
 A debunking of Ripley's Believe It Or Not
 And a hist'ry of myst'ry, and Dickens on tape.

Tape: I have some that is stronger than glue
 And electrical tape in both yellow and blue
 I have for the pool or to patch a canoe
 Even thought I don't own a canoe or a pool
 Tape for my car that's reflective and red
 I have tape for the trunks of my trees in the shed
 I have leftover tape from a gash in my head
 I have tape you apply with a packaging tool.

Tools I have lying around everywhere
 Like a pump for replacing the air in a spare
 And a circular saw and a carpenter square
 And a fairly elaborate socket array
 Hammers and planes and a ratcheting wrench
 And a workbench of drills, and a drilling
 extension
 That fits in a rack on the back of the bench
 Over lithium grease in an aerosol spray.

Spray for my hair, I have cream for my face
 I have dandruff shampoo with an apricot base
 I have bottles of aloe all over the place
 And a case of deodorant germicide soap
 Now while I rinse, couldn't somebody quick
 Give a person perspective on what makes him
 tick
 Tell me why, in a world full of hungry and sick
 I need herbal emollient and soap on a rope?

I'm ashamed to admit I have too many socks
 And infusers, and shovels, and pencils, and
 clocks
 And enough pairs of glasses to fill a shoe box
 And fedoras and paper clips up the wazoo
 Sorting it all into bins would be wise
 But I ran out of Rubbermaid boxes that size
 And for labels, I don't have the office supplies
 So it looks like I have some more shopping to
 do.

Super Skier

*performed by Henry Lyons & Stephanie Budin at
 MSF 1992*

Well they called him Superskier, as he sat
 around the sundeck,
 for he swore that he would never take a spill.
 When they finally brought him down they had to
 use three toboggans to carry all the pieces
 down the hill.

Refrain:

Well he was comin' down that slope doin' 90
 miles an hour when he caught an edge of his
 ski
 Well his clothes they were fast but the slopes
 they were faster that's the last 'er super skier
 we shall see.

Well he hollered "What the hell?" as he lined
 them parallel, he figured there was nothing
 more to learn,
 And as he started on his way he shouted
 "¡Anda-le!" assumin' that he'd never have to
 turn.

(refrain)

Well he was slippin' down that slope doin' 90
 miles an hour when a mogul flipped him in the
 air,
 His jumpin form was fine, till he ran into that
 pine, two one-legged skiers left from there.

(refrain)

When he left that tree at last he was movin'
 twice as fast, both halves were skippin'
 moguls like a feather,
 He said if I must be a split personality, how can I
 ever keep my knees together?

(spoken)

One ski headed west, the other headed north,
 'cause both of them you see were runnin'
 freer,

And folks up on little knell, looked up scared as
hell, said "It's a bird, it's a plane, it's
SUPERSKIER!" --No, its a bird.

(refrain)

(slower)

Well the moral of my story, though my story's
kinda gory,
for all you sundeck Charlies there's still hope.
You buy the fastest clothes you can.
Then talk skinn' like a man....

(faster)

But, don't let people get you on the slopes!

(refrain)

And let's get Charlie off the MTA!

Superman's Song •

by Crash Test Dummies

*performed by Ian Dowell and Teresa Lyons at MSF
'96*

F C F C
Tar zan wasn't a ladies man
F C F
He'd just come along and swoop 'em up
C Am
un der his arm
G Am G Dm G
Like that Quick as a cat in the jungle
F C F C
But Clark Kent, now there was a real gent
F C F C
He would not be caught sittin' aro und in no
Am G
jungle scape
Am G Dm G
Dumb as an ape doing nothing

Chorus:

F G C
Superman never made any money saving
F
the world from Solomon Grundy
C F C
And sometimes I despair the world will never
F G
see another man like him

F C F C
Hey Bob, Supe had a straight job
F C F
Even though he could have smashed
C Am G
through any bank in the United States
Am G Dm G
He had the strength but he would not
F C F C
Folks said his family were all dead

F C F
Their planet crumbled but Superman he
C Am G
forced himself to carry on
Am G Dm G
Forget Kry pton and keep going

Chorus

Am G Am G F
Tar zan was king of the jungle and lord
C G
over all the apes
Am G Am G F
But he could hardly string together four
C F C G
wo rds: " I Tar zan, you Jane"

F C F C
Some times when Supe was stopping
crimes
F C F C
I'll bet that he was tempted to just quit and
Am G
turn his back on man
Am G Dm G
Join Tar zan in the forest
F C F C F
But he stayed in the city and kept
C F C
changing clothes in dirty old phonebooths
Am G Am
Til his work was through and nothing to
G Dm G
do but go on home

Chorus

Swatting Skeeters

(to the tune of "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles")

I'm forever swatting skeeters,
Little beasts that buzz and bite.
They're always nigh,
In earth and sky,
And like my dreams they come at night.
They are always hiding,
They are everywhere,
I'm forever swatting skeeters,
Little demons of the air.

Sweet Baby James •

by James Taylor

{A7sus 1 0 3 0 2 0 0}

{E7sus 1 0 3 2 2 0}

D A G
There is a young cowb oy, he l ives on the
F#m
r ange,
Bm G D
His h orse and his c attle are his o nly

F#m
 comp anions,
 Bm G D
 He works in the saddle and he sleeps in
 F#m
 the canyon,
 G D A
 Waiting for summer, his pastures to
 Em7 A7
 change.
 G A7sus D
 And as the moon rises he sits by his fire,
 Bm G D
 Thinking about women and glasses of
 A
 beer,
 G A7sus
 And closing his eyes as the doggies
 D
 retire,
 Bm G D
 He sings out a song which is soft but it's
 clear,
 E7sus E7 Asus A
 As if maybe someone could hear.

{Chorus:}

D G
 He says goodnight you moonlight
 A7sus D
 ladies,
 Bm G D
 Rock-a-bye sweet baby James,
 Bm G D
 Deep greens and blues are the colors I
 choose,
 E7sus
 Won't you let me go down in my
 Asus
 dreams,
 G A7sus D
 And rock-a-bye sweet baby James.

Well the first of December was covered with
 snow,
 And so was the turnpike from Stockbridge to
 Boston,
 The Birkshires seemed dream-like on account of
 that frostin',
 With ten miles behind me and ten thousand
 more to go.

There's a song that they sing when they take to
 the highway,
 A song that they sing when they take to the sea,
 A song that they sing of their home in the sky,
 Maybe you can believe it, if it helps you to sleep,
 But singing works just fine for me.

Chorus

Swing Low, Sweet Chariot •

performed by Bill Walsh, Erik Nottleson, Diane Sniezek & Jo Ellen Saunders at MSF 1989

Chorus:

C F C
 Swing low, sweet chariot,
 G7
 Coming for to carry me home,
 C F C
 Swing low, sweet chariot,
 G7 C
 Coming for to carry me home.
 C F C
 I looked over Jordan, and what did I see,
 G7
 Coming for to carry me home,
 C F C
 A band of angels coming after me,
 G7 C
 Coming for to carry me home.
 If you get there before I do,
 Just tell my friends that I'm a-coming too.

The brightest day that ever I saw,
 When Jesus washed my sins away.

I'm sometimes up and sometimes down,
 But still my soul feels heavenly bound.

I never went to heaven, but I been told,
 The streets of heaven are paved with gold.

Take Me Back to Tech

I wish that I were back again at Tech on
 Boylston Street,
 Dressed in my dinky uniform so dapper and so
 neat.
 I'm crazy after calculus, I never had enough;
 It's hard to be dragged away so young,
 It was horribly awfully tough!
 Hurrah for Technology, 'ology 'ology oh,
 Glorious old Technology, 'ology 'ology oh!
 Back in the days that were free from care in the
 'ology varsity shop,
 With nothing to do but analyze air in an
 anemometrical top.
 The differentiation of the trigonometric pow'rs
 The constant pi that made me sigh in those
 happy days of ours.
 Hurrah for Technology, 'ology 'ology oh,
 Glorious old Technology, 'ology 'ology oh!
 Take me back on a special train to that glorious
 institute,
 I yearn for the inspiration of a technological toot.
 I'd shun the quizzical physical profs the chapel
 and all that,
 But how I'd love to go again on a scientific bat.

Hurrah for Technology, 'ology 'ology oh,
 Glorious old Technology, 'ology 'ology oh!
 M-A-S-S-A-C-H-U-S-E-T-T-S
 (and)
 I-N-S-T-I-T-U-T-E-O-F-T-E
 (but)
 C-H-N-O-L-O-G and Y comes after G
 (and what does that spell?)
 The Massachusetts Institute of Technology!
 Hey!

E to the U du dx!

(aka the Tech Cheer)
 E to the U du dx, E to the X dx!
 Cosine! Secant! Tangent! Sine!
 3 point 1 4 1 5 9!
 Integral, radical ??dv
 Slipstick, slide rule, M.I.T.!
 WE ARE HAPPY - TECH IS HELL
 T-E-C-H-N-O-L
 O-G-Y!
 M.I.T. RAH! RAH! RAH!
 M.I.T. RAH! RAH! RAH!
 M.I.T. RAH! RAH! RAH!
 Technology! Technology! Technology!

Taps

Day is done; gone the sun,
 From the lakes, from the hills, from the sky.
 All is well, safely rest.
 God is nigh.

Fading light dims the sight,
 And a star lights the sky, gleaming bright;
 From afar, drawing nigh,
 falls the night.

Thanks and praise for our days
 'Neath the sun, 'neath the stars, 'neath the sky;
 As we go, this we know:
 God is nigh.

That Fester of Ours

Somewhere Under the Stars

(to the tune of "Somewhere Over the Rainbow")
 Somewhere under the stars in Royalton
 there's a Fest that I heard of once in a Bulletin.
 Somewhere off in the forest people play
 and the games that they play
 last all through the night and day.

Some day I'll get into my car
 and drive until I'm far far from the city...
 Where troubles melt like M&Ms
 and you spend time with lots of friends,

that's where you'll find me.

Somewhere off in the forest people go,
 they go off to the forest, why is it I can't go?

Ding Dong the Witch is Dead!

Ding Dong the Witch is Dead!
 Which old witch!
 Ah, Never mind!

We're Off to See the Fester •

(to the tune of "We're Off to See the Wizard")

C G7 C
 Follow the muddy dirt road!
 C G7 C
 Follow the muddy dirt road!
 Dm7 F G7
 Follow, follow, follow, follow,
 Am7 D7 Dm7 G7
 follow the muddy dirt road!

(quick pause)

C G7 C
 You're [We're] off to see the Fester,
 Dm7 G7 C
 That Fabulous Fester of Ours.
 F Em Dm
 We hear he is a Whiz of a Fiz
 Am7 D7 G7
 if ever a Fiz there was.
 Dm7 Cdim C Am7
 If ever oh ever a fiz there was,
 Dm7 G7 C
 that Fester of Ours is one because
 F Em F
 be cause, because, be cause, be cause,
 Em7 D7
 be cause....
 G7 D7-5 Am7 D7
 Be cause of the Fabulous things he
 G7
 does.
 C G7 C
 You're [We're] off to see the Fester,
 Dm7 G7 C C F C G7 C
 That Fabulous Fester of Ours!

If Only I Had Less Rain

[song, to the tune of "If I Only Had a Brain"]

I could get my socks and shoes dry,
 and ogle at the blue sky,
 and not be in much pain...

And no bugs would be hatchin'
 and the mildew not be catchin'
 If I only had Less Rain!

I could hike and not get soggy,

See far without the foggy,
and keep dry all my grain...

With the warmth I'd be feelin'
I could be much more appealin'
If I only had Less Rain!

Oh I could keep me dry
and hike or sleep outside
I could pitch my tent and never even fret
that by next dawn,
I'd be all wet.

I would not be just a cushion,
a'squelchin' and a sqwooshin'
All drenched with mold and stain...

I'd be healthy and hearty
and I'd be fun at a party
If I only had Less Rain!

If I Only Had More Art

[song, to the tune of "If I Only Had a Heart"]

When a man's a hopeless actor
He should accept that factor
not try to play a part...

But that lack I am ruein'
For the Travesty is brewin'
If I only had more Art!

If I had a shred of talent,
my stagetime would be well spent,
my tears would break your heart...

I could laugh like the loonies
Play on Broadway and the boonies
If I only had more Art!

Picture me, A balcony,
Above the voices go
Encore! Encore! and Bravo!
I've got a fan! Oh, man!

To pretend and not be jeered at,
or joke and not be sneered at
would be good for a start...

Get a laugh or a titter
I could be a heavy hitter,
If I only had more Art!

If I Were an Ace Playing Paintball

[to the tune of "If I were King of the Forest"]

If I were an Ace Playing Paintball
Not Tyro, Not Fair Shot, Not Wus...
My record scores playing paintball

Would be "Hit Some", not "Dropped Gun", not
"Missed"

Opponents would show respect to me.
No teammates would say "Aw, heck" to me.
Though my gun might jam I would fire "blam"
"blam"

At each suspicious place If I, if I were ace!

How? Courage!
What makes a bear out of a cub? Courage!
What makes a bunny out of a chub? Courage!
What makes the camper seek the latrine,
in the dead of night,
when she's not too keen?
What makes this mountaintop so green?
Courage!
What makes the man dive in the pond?
Courage!
What makes the crayfish bite his hand?
Courage!
What makes the salamander spot?
What makes the Travesty so hot?
What've they got that I ain't got?

It's Called Midsummerfest

[to the tune of "The Merry Old Land of Oz"]

Flex! Flex! Flex! Yo! Baby! Yo!
Our egos aren't repressed.
That's what we're like while we're up here,
It's called Midsummerfest.

Splash! Splash! Splash! Splat! Splat! Splat!
We have no time for rest.
That's how we spend our days and nights
At each Midsummerfest.

We get up at ten and stuff ourselves till one
And by evening time, the Travesty's begun.
Jolly good fun!

The talent's mixed, the prizes fixed,
We act like we're possessed
and pass out mugs to all who come
to our Midsummerfest.

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho! Ho!

The Other Day I Met a Bear

performed by David Duseau at MSF 1989

(call & response with recap)

Call: The other day
Response: The other day
I met a bear
I met a bear
A great big bear
A great big bear
A way up there

A way up there

The other day I met a bear
A great big bear a way up there

I looked at him
He looked at me
I sized up him
He sized up me

And so he said
Why don't you run
For I can see
You have no gun

And so I ran
Away from there
But right behind
Me was that bear

And then I came
Up to a tree
A great big tree
In front of me

The nearest branch
Was ten feet up
I'd have to jump
And trust my luck

And so I jumped
Into the air
But missed that branch
A way up there

But don't you fret
And don't your frown
I got that branch
On my way down.

Them Dog Kickers

by Mason Williams

performed in 1998 by Ian Dowell, Chris Campbell & Steve Dubin

How 'bout them dog kickers?
Ain't they crumbs?
Kicking them doggies
In they bums.
Kickin' them afghans,
Kickin' them mutts,
Kickin' them puppy dogs
Poor little butts.
Look at them dog kickers.
Ain't they cute?
Some use a shower shoe,
Some use a boot.
Them dad-gum dog kickers,
Ain't they mean?

Runnin' 'round kickin'
Every dog what seen.
How to be a dog kicker;
Don't need a ticket.
Find an old dog,
Haul off and kick it.

Them Moose Goosers

by Mason Williams

performed in 1998 by Ian Dowell, Chris Campbell & Steve Dubin

How 'bout them moose goosers?
Ain't they cluse(?)?
Up in them boondocks
Goosin' them moose.
Goosin' them huge moose,
Goosin' them tiny,
Goosin' them middle(?) moose
In they heine.
Look at them moose goosers.
Ain't they dumb?
Some use an umbrella,
Some use a thumb.
Them obtuse moose goosers
Sneakin' through the woods
Pokin' them snoozy moose
In they goods.
How to be a moose gooser:
It'll turn you puce.
Get your gooser loose
An rouse a drowsy moose.

There's a Hole in the Bucket

There's a hole in the bucket,
Dear Liza, dear Liza
There's a hole in the bucket,
Dear Liza, there's a hole.

Then fix it, dear Henry,
Dear Henry, dear Henry
Then fix it, dear Henry,
Dear Henry, fix it.

With what shall I fix it,
Dear Liza, dear Liza?
With what shall I fix it,
Dear Liza, with what?

With a straw, dear Henry,
Dear Henry, dear Henry
With a straw, dear Henry,
Dear Henry, with a straw.

But the straw is too long,
Dear Liza, dear Liza
But the straw is too long,
Dear Liza, too long

Then cut it, dear Henry,
 Dear Henry, dear Henry
 Then cut it, dear Henry,
 Dear Henry, cut it.

With what shall I cut it,
 Dear Liza, dear Liza?
 With what shall I cut it,
 Dear Liza, with what?

With an axe, dear Henry,
 Dear Henry, dear Henry
 With an axe, dear Henry,
 Dear Henry, an axe.

The axe is too dull,
 Dear Liza, dear Liza
 The axe is too dull,
 Dear Liza, too dull

Then sharpen it, dear Henry,
 Dear Henry, dear Henry
 Then sharpen it, dear Henry,
 Dear Henry, sharpen it.

With what shall I sharpen it,
 Dear Liza, dear Liza?
 With what shall I sharpen it,
 Dear Liza, with what?

With a stone, dear Henry,
 Dear Henry, dear Henry
 With a stone, dear Henry,
 Dear Henry, a stone.

The stone is too dry,
 Dear Liza, dear Liza
 The stone is too dry,
 Dear Liza, too dry

Then wet it, dear Henry,
 Dear Henry, dear Henry
 Then wet it, dear Henry,
 Dear Henry, wet it.

With what shall I wet it,
 Dear Liza, dear Liza?
 With what shall I wet it,
 Dear Liza, with what?

With water, dear Henry,
 Dear Henry, dear Henry
 With water, dear Henry,
 Dear Henry, with water.

How shall I get it,
 Dear Liza, dear Liza,
 How shall I get it,
 Dear Liza, how shall I?

In the bucket, dear Henry,

Dear Henry, dear Henry
 In the bucket, dear Henry,
 Dear Henry, in the bucket.

There's a hole in the bucket.

Time Warp

Rocky Horror Picture Show

Riff Raff

It's astounding
 Time is fleeting
 Madness takes its toll
 But listen closely

Magenta: Not for very much longer
 I've got to keep control
 I remember doing the time warp
 Drinking those moments when
 The blackness would hit me
 And the void would be calling

All

Let's do the time warp again
 Let's do the time warp again

{Refrain}

It's just a jump to the left
 And then a step to the right
 With your hands on your hips
 You bring your knees in tight
 But it's the pelvic thrust
 That starts to drive you insane

Let's do the time warp again
 Let's do the time warp again

Magenta

It's so dreamy
 Oh fantasy free me
 So you can't see me
 No not at all
 In another dimension
 With voyeuristic intention
 Well secluded
 I'll see all

Riff Raff With a bit of a mind flip

Magenta You're there in the time slip

Riff Raff And nothing can ever be the same

Magenta You're spaced out on sensation

Riff Raff Like you're under sedation

All

Let's do the time warp again
 Let's do the time warp again

Columbia

Well I was walking down the street just having a
 think

When a snake of a guy gave me an evil wink
 He shook-a me up, he took me by surprise
 He had a pick-up truck and the devil's eyes

He stared at me and I felt a change
Time meant nothing, never would again

All

Let's do the time warp again
Let's do the time warp again

{Refrain}

All

Let's do the time warp again
Let's do the time warp again

Toss the Pot

by Thomas Ravensloft

Chorus:

Toss the pot, toss the pot: let us be merry,
And drink till our cheeks be as red as a cherry.

We take no thought, we have no care,
For still we spend and never spare;
Till of all money our purse is bare,
we ever toss the pot.

Chorus

We drink, carouse with hear most free:
A hearty draft I drink to thee;
Then fill the pot again to me,
And ever toss the pot.

Chorus

And when our money is all spent;
The sell our goods and spend our rent,
Or drink it up with one consent,
and ever toss the pot.

Chorus

When all is gone, we have no more:
Then let us set it on the score,
Or chalk it up behind the door,
and ever toss the pot.

Chorus

And when our credit is all lost,
Then we may go and kiss the post,
And eat brown bread instead of roast,
and ever toss the pot.

Chorus

Let us conclude as we began,
And toss the pot from man to man,
And drink as much now as we can,
and ever toss the pot.

Chorus

The Travesty Intro

by Kermit the Frog, Cortland Budin & Stephanie Hesla

performed at MSF 1990

(to the tune of "The Muppet Show")

It's time to make the music
It's time to light the lights
It's time to get things started
at Midsummerfest tonight

We all got here late last night
Set tents up in the rain
Dodged kamikaze bugs
And we must be all insane

Pond water in our oatmeal
Pond water with our lunch
And now the end result is a
Toilet paper crunch

We've all been dodging paintballs
We call this a good time
As we go bravely crawling
Through the mud and muck and slime

We've all been stuffed with steaks now
Had beer poured down our throats
And so you'll find this funny
We think you'll find this funny
We hope you'll find this funny

At the most sensational, celebrational,
inspirational, Midsummerfestival
This what we call the Travesty

The Tree Toad

Performed by Ian Dowell at MSF 1997

(Tune: Auld Lang Syne)

F C7
 A tree toad loved a fair she toad
F Bb
 That lived up in a tree;
F C7
 She was a fair three-toed tree toad
A7 Dm C7sus C7 F
 But a two-toed toad was he.

Bb F C7
 The two-toed tree toad tried to win
F F7 Bb D7
 The she toad's friendly nod ;

Gm F C7
For the two-toed tree toad loved the
ground
A7 Bb Gm7 C7 F
That the three-toed tree toad trod.

F C7
Now three-toed tree toads have no care
F Bb
For two-toed tree toad love,
F C7
But the two-toed tree toad fain would share
A7 Dm C7sus C7 F
A tree home up a bove.

Bb F C7
In vain the two-toed tree toad tried;
F F7 Bb D7
He couldn't please her whim.
Gm F C7
In her tree toad bower with veto power,
A7 Bb Gm7 C7 F
The she toad ve toed him!

Try to Remember

Book and Lyrics by Tome Jones

Music by Harvey Schmidt

Try to remember the time of September
when life was slow and oh so mellow
Try to remember the time of September
when grass was green and grain was yellow
Try to remember the time of September
when you were a tender and callow fellow
Try to remember and if you remember
Then follow
Follow follow follow...

Try to remember when life was so tender
That no one wept except for willow
Try to remember when life was so tender
That dreams were kept beside your pillow
Try to remember when life was so tender
That love was an amber about to billow
Try to remember and if you remember
Then follow
Follow follow follow...

Deep in December it's nice to remember
Although you know the snow will follow
Deep in December it's nice to remember
without a hurt the heart is hollow
Deep in December it's nice to remember
The fire of September that made us mellow
Deep in December our hearts should remember
And follow...

Turkey in the Straw

Oh, as I was a goin' down the road,
With a tired team and a heavy load,

I cracked my whip and leader sprung,
I says good-day to the wagon tongue.
Chorus:

Turkey in the straw, turkey in the hay,
Turkey in the straw, turkey in the hay,
Roll 'em up and twist 'em up a high tuckahaw,
And play a little tune called 'Turkey in the Straw.'
Oh, I jumped in the seat, and I gave a little yell,
The horses ran away, broke the wagon all to
hell,
Sugar in the gourd and honey in the horn,
I never been so happy since the day I was born.
Oh, I went out to milk, and I didn't know how,
I milked the goat instead of the cow.
A monkey sittin' on a pile of straw,
A-winkin' his eyes at his mother-in-law.
Well, I met Mr. Catfish comin' down stream,
Says Mr. Catfish, "What do you mean?"
I caught Mr. Catfish by the snout,
And I turned Mr. Catfish wrong side out.
Well, I came to a river and I couldn't get across,
So I paid five dollars for a blind old hoss;
He wouldn't go ahead, and he wouldn't stand
still,
So we went up and down like an old saw mill.
As I came down the new cut road,
I met Mr. Bullfrog, I met Miss Toad,
And every time Miss Toad would sing,
Old Bullfrog cut a pigeon wing.
Oh, I had an old hen and she had a wooden leg,
She was the best darn hen that ever laid an egg;
She laid more eggs than any hen on the farm,
And a little competition didn't do her any harm.
Well, if frogs had wings and snakes had hair
And automobiles went flying through the air;
Well, if watermelons grew on a huckleberry vine,
We'd all have winter in the summertime.

Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.
Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!

When the blazing sun is gone,
When he nothing shines upon,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.
Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!

Then the trav'ler in the dark
Thanks you for your tiny spark;
How could he see where to go,
If you did not twinkle so?
Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!

In the dark blue sky you keep, and
Through my curtains often peep,
For you never shut your eyes,
Till the morning sun does rise.
Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!

As your bright and tiny spark
Lights the trav'ler in the dark,
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle on, please, little star.
Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!

The Unicorn Song

by Shel Silverstein

Impromptu performance by the crowd at MSF 1988

C Dm
A long time ago when the earth was green
G C
There was more kinds of animals than you'd
ever seen
C Dm
They'd run around free while the world was
being born
C Dm G
But the loveliest of them all was the u-- ni--
C corn

Chorus:

C Dm
There was green alligators and long
necked geese
G
Some humpy back camels and some
C
chimpanzees
C Dm
Cats and rats and elephants but sure as
you're born
C Dm G C
The loveliest of all was the u-- ni-- corn

But the Lord seen some sinnin' and it caused
him pain
He said "Stand back - I'm gonna make it rain
So hey brother Noah, I'll tell you what to do,
Build me a floating zoo."

Chorus:

And you take two alligators and a couple of
geese
Two hump back camels and two chimpanzees
Two cats, two rats, two elephants but sure as
you're born
Noah, don't you forget my u--ni--corn.

Now Noah was there and he answered the
callin'
And he finished up the ark as the rain started
fallin'
And he marched in the animals two by two
And he sung out as they went through
Chorus:
"Hey Lord, I got you two alligators and a couple
of geese
Two hump back camels and two chimpanzees
Two cats, two rats, two elephants but sure as
you're born
Lord, I just don't see your u--ni--corns."

Well, Noah looked out through the driving rain,
But the unicorns were hiding - playing silly
games,
They were kickin' and a-spashin' while the rain
was pourin'
Oh them foolish unicorns.
[Repeat second chorus]

And then the ark started moving and it drifted
with the tide,
And the unicorns looked up from the rock and
cried,
And the water came up and sort of floated them
away,
That's why you've never seen a unicorn to this
day.

Chorus:

"You'll see a lot of alligators and a whole mess
of geese
You'll see hump back camels and chimpanzees
You'll see cats and rats and elephants but sure
as you're born
You're never gonna see no u--ni--corns."

Uptown Song

By Jo Ellen Saunders & Diane Sniezek

*performed by Jo Ellen Saunders & Diane Sniezek at
MSF 1989*

(To the tune of "Hard Day's Night")

It's been a hard day's night
And donations have been slim
It's been a hard day's night
And our future's lookin' grim

So what we'd just like to do
Is swindle money from you
And then we'd feel all right

You know we work all day
Yo! Ebenezer come on and pay
It would be worth it just to shut us up

So put some money in our cup

We'd like to pack up the show
Cause to Vermont we must go
Before the full moon's light

If we could go, Bill would stop sending his thugs
If we could go, Ian would give us both hugs
Hugs (oooh!)

It's been a hard day's night
And we are running out of luck
It's been a hard day's night
If you don't help us, we'll be stuck

We'd like to make ourselves clear
We'd like to get outta here
And have another beer

Van Dieman's Land •

*performed by Ian Dowell & Teresa Lyons at MSF
1990*

Come ^{Dm} all ye gallant ^{Dm} poach- ^C ers that
^{Dm} ramble void of ^C care, that
^{Dm} walk out on a ^F moonlit ^C night wi' your
^{Dm} dog, your ^{Bb} gun and ^{Dm} snare. The
^F harmless ^C hare and ^F pheas- ^C ant you
^{Dm} have at ^{Bb} your com- ^C mand, ^{Am} not
^{Dm} thinkin' ^{Am} on your ^{Dm} last ca- ^C reer up
^{Dm} on Van ^{Bb} Dieman's ^{Dm} Land.

'Twas poor Tom Brown from Glasgow, Jack
Williams and poor Joe,
We were three daring poachers, the country will
did know;
At night we were trepanned by the keepers in
the sand,
And for fourteen years transported unto Van
Dieman's Land.

The first day that we landed upon this fatal shore
The planters that came round us, full twenty
score or more,
They rank'd us up like horses, and sold us out of
hand,
And yok'd us to the ploughs, my boys, to plough
Van Dieman's Land.

The houses that we dwell in here are built of
clod and clay;
With rotten straw for bedding, we dare not say
them nay;

Our cots are fenced with wire, and we slumber
when we can,
And we fight the wolves and tigers which infest
Van Dieman's Land.

There came a lass from sweet Dundee, Jean
Stewart was her name,
For fourteen years transported, as you may
know the same.
Our captain bought her freedom, and married
her off-hand,
And she gives us a good usage here, upon Van
Dieman's Land.

Although the poor of Scotland do labour and do
toil,
They're robbed of every blessing and produce of
the soil;
Your proud imperious landlords, if we break their
command,
They'll send you to the British hulks, or to Van
Dieman's Land.

Volcano •

By Jimmy Buffett

(Intro: instrumental CHORUS twice)

CHORUS:

^G I don't know.
^D I don't know.
^G I don't know ^C where I'm a-gonna go when the
^D volcano ^G blow.

(Repeat CHORUS)

^G Ground she's moving ^C under ^G me. (G D G)
^G Tidal waves out ^D on the ^G sea. (G D G)
^G Sulfur smoke up ^C in the ^G sky. (G D G)
^G Pretty soon we ^D learn to ^G fly. (G D G)

(sing CHORUS twice)

My girl quickly say to me,
"Mon, you better watch your feet.
Lava come down soft and hot.
You better love me now or love me not."

*(sing CHORUS once)
(instrumental CHORUS twice)*

No time to count what I'm worth,

'Cause I just left the planet Earth.
Where I go, I hope there's rum!
Not to worry, mon, soon come.

(sing *CHORUS twice*)

But I don't want to land in New York City,
Don't want to land in Mexico. (NO, NO, NO!)

Don't want to land in no Three Mile Island,
Don't want to see my skin aglow. (NO, NO, NO!)

Don't want to land in no Commanche Sky Park,
Or in Nashville, Tennessee. (NO, NO, NO!)

Don't want to land in no San Juan Airport,
Or the Yukon Territory. (NO, NO, NO!)

Don't want land in no San Diego,
Don't want to land in no Buzzard's Bay. (NO, NO, NO!)

Don't want to land on no Ayatollah.
I got nothing more to say.

(sing *CHORUS twice*)

Waltzing Matilda •

performed by Ian Dowell at MSF 1990

Once a jolly swagman sat beside a
billa bong

Under the shade of a coolibab tree
And he sang as he sat and waited while
his billy boiled

"You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me"

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

And he sang as he sat and waited while
his billy boiled

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

Down came a jumbuck to drink beside the
billabong
Up jumped the swagman and seized him with
glee

And he sang as he stowed that jumbuck in his
tucker bag
"You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me"

Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda
You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me
And he sang as he talked to that jumbuck in his
tucker bag
"You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me"

Down came the squatter, riding 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"

Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda
You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me
"Where's that jolly jumbuck you've got in your
tucker bag?
You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me"

Up jumped the swagman and plunged into the
billabong
"You'll never catch me alive," cried he
And his ghost may be heard as you ride beside
the billabong
"You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me"

Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda
"You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me"
And his ghost may be heard as you ride beside
the billabong
"You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me"

Winnie-the-Pooh

Winnie the Pooh

From "Winnie the Pooh and A Day for Eeyore"
Written by: Richard M. Sherman and Robert B. Sherman

([Narrator:]
This could be the room of any small boy, but it
just
happens to belong to a boy named Christopher
Robin. Like
most small boys, Christopher Robin has toy
animals to play
with, and they all live together in a wonderful
world of
make-believe. But, his best friend is a bear
called Winnie
the Pooh or Pooh for short. Now Pooh had
some very unusual
adventures, and they all happened right here in
the hundred
acre wood.)

Chorus:

Deep in the hundred acre wood where
 Christopher Robin plays
 You'll find the enchanted neighborhood of
 Christopher's childhood days
 A donkey named Eeyore is his friend and Kanga
 and little Roo
 There's Rabbit and Piglet and there's Owl, but
 most of all Winnie the Pooh

Winnie the Pooh
 Winnie the Pooh
 Tubby little cubby all stuffed with fluff
 He's Winnie the Pooh
 Winnie the Pooh
 Willy nilly silly old bear

Stoutness Exercise

From "Winnie The Pooh and the Honey Tree"
Written by: Richard M. Sherman and Robert B. Sherman

performed by: Sterling Holloway [Pooh]

([Pooh]
 Up - Down - Up)

When I up, down, touch the ground it puts me in
 the mood
 Up, down, touch the ground in the mood
 {smacks lips} for food
 I am stout, round and I have found speaking
 poundage-wise
 I improve my appetite when I exercise

{ripping sound}

(Oh stuff and fluff

{ties his back together again}

That's better.

{reflection in the mirror talks back}

Thank you

Now, where was I?

{grumbling sound from stomach}

Oh, yes, I'm rumbly in my tumbly. Time for
 something sweet)

I am short, fat, and proud of that and so with all
 my might
 I up, down, up-down to my appetite's delight
 While I up, down, touch the ground I think of
 things to chew
 (Mmm, like honey, milk, and chocolate)

With a hefty-happy appetite I'm a hefty-happy
 Pooh.

Chorus

With a hefty-happy appetite he's a hefty-happy
 Pooh.

Tigger's Song

From "Winnie the Pooh and the Blustery Day"
Written by: Richard M. Sherman and Robert B. Sherman

performed by: Paul Winchell [Tigger]

The wonderful thing about Tiggers is Tiggers are
 wonderful things
 Their tops are made outta rubba, their bottoms
 are made outta springs
 Their bouncy trouncy flouncy pouncy fun fun fun
 fun fun
 But the most wonderful thing about Tiggers is
 I'm the only one
 I'm the only one

Rumbly in my Tumbly song

From "Winnie The Pooh and the Honey Tree"
Written by: Richard M. Sherman and Robert B. Sherman

performed by: Sterling Holloway [Pooh]

Hum dum dee dum
 Hum dum dee dum
 I'm so rumbly in my tumbly
 Time to munch an early luncheon

Hum dee dum dum

{hits head on branch}

Oh I wouldn't climb this tree, if a Pooh flew like a
 bee
 But I wouldn't be a bear then, and so I guess I
 wouldn't care then
 There's some honey and I'm a Pooh bear and
 that's all I do
 care and so I'll climb there

I'm so rumbly in my tumbly, time for something
 {smack's lips}
 time for something
{branch breaks}
 sweet ... to eat

**The Rain Rain Rain Came Down
Down Down**

From "Winnie the Pooh and the Blustery Day"
Written by: Richard M. Sherman and Robert B. Sherman

Chorus:

The rain rain rain came down down down

in rushing rising rivlets
Till the river crept out of its bed
and crept right into Piglet's
For Piglet he was frightened with quite a rightful
fright

[Men:]

And so in desperation a message he did write

([PIGLET]

Help!

P-P-Piglet

Me!)

[Women:]

He placed it in a bottle and it floated out of sight

Chorus:

And the rain rain rain came down down down
so Piglet started bailing

[Men:]

He was unaware atop his chair
while bailing he was sailing

[Women:]

And the rain rain rain came down down down
and the flood rose up-up-upper

Chorus:

Pooh too was caught and so he thought

[Pooh:]

I must rescue my supper

Chorus:

Ten honey pots he rescued enough to see him
through
But as he sopped up his supper
The river sopped up Pooh

[Men:]

And the water twirled and tossed him
In a honey pot

Chorus:

... rain rain rain came down down down
when the rain rain rain came down down down
... (fade)

Hero Party

From "Winnie the Pooh and the Blustery Day"
Written by: Richard M. Sherman and Robert B. Sherman

We never will forget our hero of the wet
Our quick thinking unsinking Pooh bear
And Piglet who indeed helped out a friend in
need

For truly they're the heros of the day
So we say Hip Hip Hooray for the Piglet and the
Pooh

Piglet and Pooh are our heros
for deeds bravery
and generosity
Hip Hip Horray
Hip Hip Horray
Hip Hip Horray for Winnie the Pooh

([Piglet:]

And Piglet too...)

Pooh in the Honey Tree

From "Winnie The Pooh and the Honey Tree"
Written by: Richard M. Sherman and Robert B. Sherman

performed by: Sterling Holloway [Pooh]

Bears love honey and I'm a Pooh bear
Yum Yum Yum Yum
{slurp slurp slurp slurp}
Yum Yum Yum Yum
Time for something sweet

Chorus

Winnie the Pooh
Winnie the Pooh
Willy nilly {Pooh bear winks} silly old bear

Heffalumps and Woozles

From "Winnie the Pooh and the Blustery Day"
Written by: Richard M. Sherman and Robert B. Sherman

They're black they're brown they're up their
down
They're in they're out they're all about
They're far they're near they're gone they're here
They're quick and slick and insincere
Beware Beware Be a very wary bear

A Heffalump or Woozle is very confusel
The Heffalump or woosel is very sly
- sly - sly - sly

They come in ones and twoosels
but if they so choosels
before your eyes you'll see them multiply
- ply - ply - ply

They're extra-ordinary so better be wary
Because they come in every shape and size
- size - size - size

If honey is what you covet you'll find that they
love it
Because they guzzle up the thing you prize

They're green they're blue they're pink they're
white
They're round they're square they're a terrible
sight
They tie themselves in horrible knots
They come in stripes or polka-dots

Beware Beware Be a very wary bear

{musical interlude}

They're extra-ordinary so better be wary
Because they come in every shape and size
- size - size - size

If honey's what you covet you'll find that they
love it
Because they guzzle up the things you prize

They're black they're brown they're up their
down
They're in they're out they're all about
They're far they're near they're gone they're here
They're quick and slick and insincere
Beware Beware Beware Beware Beware

Hum for a Blustery Day

From "Winnie The Pooh and the Blustery Day"
Written by: Richard M. Sherman and Robert B. Sherman

Scored and Conducted by Buddy Baker
performed by: Sterling Holloway [Pooh]

Hum dum dum ditty dum
Hum dum dum

Oh the wind is lashing lustily
And the trees are thrashing thrustily
And the leaves are rustling gustily
So it's rather safe to say
That it seems that it may turn out to be
It feels that it will undoubtedly
It looks like a rather blustery day, today
It sounds that it may turn out to be
Feels that it will undoubtedly
Looks like a rather blustery day today

I'm Just a Little Black Rain Cloud

From "Winnie The Pooh and the Honey Tree"

Written by: Richard M. Sherman and Robert B. Sherman
performed by: Sterling Holloway [Pooh], Jon Walmsley [Christopher Robin]

[Pooh:]

I'm just a little black rain cloud, hovering under
the honeytree
I'm only a little black rain cloud, pay no attention
to little me

[Pooh and Christopher Robin:]

Everyone knows that a rain cloud never eats
honey, no not a nip

[Pooh:]

I'm just floating around over the ground
wondering where I will drip

{sound of bee buzzing}

(Christopher Robin? I think the bees S-U-S-P-
E-C-T something

[Christopher Robin:]

Perhaps they think you're after their honey?

[Pooh:]

Why it may be that. You never can tell with
bees.)

Oh, I'm just a little black rain cloud hovering
under the honeytree

{Pooh is subdued by the bees}

The Pooh will Soon be Free

From "Winnie The Pooh and the Honey Tree"

Written by: Richard M. Sherman and Robert B. Sherman

Hurray for you
Hurray for me
Hurray, Hurray
The Pooh will soon be free

Dum da dum pa rum pa rum pa rum
Now the time has come for proving what the diet
did to Pooh
And since we pledged he'd be unwedged that's
what we're going to do
He'll be pulled and he'll be tugged and
eventually unplugged
We'll have a tug of war To open rabbit's door

Think heave-ish
Think ho-ish
And out the Pooh will go-ish
For Hi-Ho the matter has made the Pooh un-
fatter

Heave!
Ho!
Heave!
Ho!
Heave Heave Heave Heave Heeeeeeeave

The Wizard of Oz

Over the Rainbow

Music: Harold Arlen; Lyrics: E.Y. Harburg

Somewhere, over the rainbow,
Way up high,
There's a land that I heard of
Once in a lullabye.

Somewhere, over the rainbow,
Bluebirds fly.
Birds fly over the rainbow,
Why, oh why, can't I?

Someday I'll wish upon a star
And wake up where the clouds
Are far behind me.
Where troubles melt like lemon drops
Away above the chimney tops
That's where you'll find me.

Somewhere, over the rainbow,
Bluebirds fly.
Birds fly over the rainbow.
Why then, oh why, can't I?

If happy little bluebirds fly
above the rainbow
Why, oh why, can't I?

Ding Dong the Witch is Dead

DOR:It really was no miracle, what happened
was just this:
The wind began to switch, the house to pitch,
And suddenly the hinges started to unhitch,
Just then, the witch, to satisfy an itch,
Went flying on her broomstick, thumbing for a
hitch.

MUNCH:And, Oh!, what happened then was
rich.

MUNCHS:The house began to pitch, the
pitching took a switch
And landed on the wicked witch, in the middle of
a ditch, which
Was not a healthy sitch-
uation for the wicked witch.
(repeat last 4 lines)

MUNCHS:Who began to twitch, and was
reduced to just a snitch,
Of what was once the wicked witch.

MUNCH:We thank you very sweetly,
for doing it so neatly.

MUNCH:You've killed her so completely,
that we thank you very sweetly.

GLINDA:Let the joyous news be spread,
the wicked old witch at last is dead.

CHORUS:

MUNCHS:Ding dong the witch is dead.
Which old witch? The wicked witch!
Ding dong the wicked witch is dead!
Wake up you sleepy head,
Rub your eyes, get out of bed!
Wake up the wicked witch is dead!
She's gone where the goblins go,
Below, below, below,
Yo-ho, and open up and sing,
And ring the bells out.
Ding dong the merry-oh!
Sing it high, sing it low.
Let them know the wicked witch is dead!

MAYOR:As mayor of the Munchkin City, in that
county, of the land of Oz,
I welcome you most regally.

MUNCH1:But we've got to verify it legally! To
see ...

MAYOR:To see?

MUNCH1:If she . . .

MAYOR:If she?

MUNCH1:Is morally, ethically

MUNCH2:Spiritually, physically

MUNCH3:Positively, absolutely

1,2,3:Undeniably, and reliably dead!

MUNCH:As Coroner, I must aver,
I've thoroughly examined her,
And she is not just nearly dead,
She's really most sincerely dead.

MAYOR:Then this is a day of independence,
For all the munchkins, and their descendants.

MUNCH1:If any!

MAYOR:Yes, let the joyous news be spread,
The wicked old witch, at last, is dead.

CHORUS:

MUNCHS:We represent

The Lullaby League, The Lullaby League, The
Lullaby League,
And in the name of The Lullaby League
We wish to welcome you to Munchkin land.

MUNCHS: We represent
The Lollipop Guild, The Lollipop Guild, The
Lollipop Guild,
And in the name of The Lollipop Guild
WE WISH TO WELCOME YOU TO Munchkin
land.

MUNCHS:We welcome you to Munchkin land.
Tra La-la-la-la-la La-la-la La-la-la
La-la-la-la-la La-la

MAYOR:From now on you'll be history.

MUNCH1:You'll be his. . .

MUNCH2:You'll be his. . .

MUNCH3:You'll be history.

ALL-4:And we will glorify your name.

MUNCH1:You will be a bust

MUNCH2:Be a bust

MUNCH3: Be a bust

ALL-4:In the Hall of Fame.

MUNCHS:Tra-la-la-la-la La-la-la La-la-la Tra-
la-la-la-la La-la
(repeat twice but stop on the last La-la as if the
witch of the west just landed.)

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was just this:
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And in the name of The Lullaby League
We wish to welcome you to Munchkin land.

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The Lollipop Guild, The Lollipop Guild, The
Lollipop Guild,
And in the name of The Lollipop Guild
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land.

MUNCHS: We welcome you to Munchkin land.
Tra La-la-la-la-la La-la-la La-la-la
La-la-la-la-la La-la

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MUNCH1: You will be a bust

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MUNCH3: Be a bust

ALL-4: In the Hall of Fame.

MUNCHS: Tra-la-la-la-la La-la-la La-la-la Tra-
la-la-la-la La-la
(repeat twice but stop on the last La-la as if the
witch of the west just landed.)

If I Only Had a ...

SCARE: I could while away the hours,
Confering with the flowers,
Consulting with the rain.
And my head I'd be scratching,
While my thoughts were busy hatching,
If I only had a brain.

I'd unravel every riddle,

For any individ'l
In trouble or in pain.

DOR: With the thoughts you'd be thinkin'
You could be another Lincoln,
If you only had a brain.

SCARE: Oh I!
Could tell you why
The ocean's near the shore.
I could think of things I'd never think be fore,
And then I'd sit, and think some more.

I would not be just a nothin',
My head all full of stuffin',
My heart all full of pain.
I would dance and be merry,
Life would be a ding-a-derry
If I only had a brain.

TIN: When a man's an empty kettle,
He should be on his metal,
And yet I'm torn apart,
Just because I'm presumin',
That I could be kind and human
If I only had a heart.

I'd be tender, I'd be gentle,
And awful sentimental,
Regarding love and art.
I'd be friends with the sparrows,
And the boy who shoots the arrows,
If I only had a heart.

Picture me,
A balcony,
Above a voice sings low,
"Wherefore art thou, Romeo?"
I'd hear a beat, klunk klunk, how sweet!

Just to register emotion,
Jealousy, devotion,
And really feel the part.
I could stay young and chipper,
And I'd lock it with a zipper,
If I only had a heart.

LION: Yeah, it's sad, believe me missy,
When you're born to be a sissy,
Without the vim and verve.
But I could show my prowess,

Be a lion, not a mou-wess,
If I only had the nerve.

I'm afraid there's no denying,
I'm just a ``dandy" lion,
A fate I don't deserve.
I'd be brave as a blizzard.

TIN:I'd be gentle as a lizard.

SCARE:I'd be clever as a gizzard.

DOR:If the wizard is a wizard who will serve.

SCARE:Then I'm sure to get a brain.

TIN:A heart.

DOR:A home.

LION:The nerve.

ALL:Oh! We're off to see the wizard
The wonderful wizard of Oz.
We hear he is a wiz of a wiz,
If ever a wiz there was.
If ever, oh ever, a wiz there was,
The wizard of Oz is one because,
Because, because, because, because, because
Because of the wonderful things he does.
(music: da de-dil de-dum de-do)
We're off to see the wizard

If I Were King of the Forest

LION:If I were king of the forest,
Not queen, not duke, not prince,
My regal robes of the forest,
Would be satin, not cotton, not chintz'.

I'd command each thing, be it fish or fowl,
With a ruff, and a RUFF, and a royal growl.
(RUFF.)

As I click my heel, all the trees would kneel,
And the mountains bow, and the wolves kowtow,
And the sparrow would take wing,
If I, if I were king.

Each rabbit would show respect to me,
The chipmunks genuflect to me.
Though my tail would lash
I would show compass'
For every underling
If I, if I were king,
Just king.

(Orchestra really loses it's cool now, but soon
comes back to earth)

Monarch am I, and I shall reign,

Ha ha-ha-ha-ha ha-ha ha-ha ah-NUT.
If I, if I were rey.

DOR:Your majesty, if you were king you
wouldn't be afraid of anything?

LION:Not nobody, not no how!

TIN:Not even a rhinoceros?

LION:Imposserous!

DOR:How about a hippopotamus?

LION:Why I'd thrash him from top to bottomus.

DOR:Supposen you met an elephant?

LION:I'd wrap him up in cellaphant.

SCARE:What if it were a brontosaraus?

LION:I'd show him who was king of the forest!

ALL BUT LION:How?

LION:How?!
Courage!
What makes a king out of a slave? Courage!
What makes the flag on the mast to wave?
Courage!
What makes the elephant charge his tusk, in the
misty mist
or the dusky dusk?
What makes the muskrat guard his musk?
Courage!
What makes the sphinx the seventh wonder?
Courage!
What makes the dawn come up like thunder?
Courage!
What makes the Hottentot so hot?
What puts the ape in apricot?
What have they got that I ain't got?

ALL BUT LION:Courage!

LION:You can say that again.

The Merry Old Land of Oz

MUNCH:Ha-ha-ha Ho-ho-ho,
and a couple of Tra-la-la's
That's how we laugh the day away
in the merry old land of Oz.

ALL:Buzz-buzz-buzz Chirp-chirp-chirp
and a couple of La-de-da's
That's how the crickets crick all day
in the merry old land of Oz.

We get up at twelve, and start to work at one.
Take an hour lunch, and then at two we're done.

MUNCH: Jolly good fun!

ALL: Ha-ha-ha Ho-ho-ho,
and a couple of Tra-la-la's
That's how we laugh the day away
in the merry old land of Oz.
(repeat last four lines)

MUNCH1: Pack, pack here

MUNCH2: Pack, pack there

MUNCH3: And a couple of brand new straws.

ALL: That's how we keep you young and fair,
In the merry old land of Oz.

MUNCH4: Rub, rub here

MUNCH5: Rub, rub there

MUNCH6: Whether you're tin or bronze

ALL: That's how we keep you in repair,
In the merry old land of Oz.

MUNCH7: We can make one dimple smile,
another frown.

DOR: Can you even dye my eyes to match my
gown?

MUNCH7: Uh-huh!

DOR: Jolly old town!

MUNCHS: Clip, clip here

Clip, clip there

We give the roughest claws

LION: That certain air of savoir-faire,
In the merry old land of Oz. HA!

SCARE: Ha-ha-ha

TIN: Ho-ho-ho

DOR: Ha-ha-ha-ha

LION: HA!

ALL: That's how we laugh the day away,
In the merry old land of Oz.

(repeat last two lines)

Women Like to Have Their Fun (And Drink Malt Liquor Too)

By Lee Brennan

performed at MSF 1988

*by Rogina Haase, Stephanie Hesla, Ainsley
Beardwood, Sue Smith*

Women like to have their fun
And drink malt liquor too.
We sit at bars
And smoke cigars
And spit out when we chew
We like to cuss
And make a fuss
We even like to dance
Our specialty's the Can-Can
Like they do in Paris, France

Some women like to dress up nice
In all them fancy styles
They like to act real stinky-like
And use their feminine wiles
But good ol' girls like us
We never even bathe
We smoke and drink
And sure we stink
But boy the fun we have

Women like to have their fun
And drink malt liquor too.
We sit at bars
And smoke cigars
And spit out when we chew
We like to cuss
And make a fuss
We love a dirty fight
But we are perfect ladies
So you better treat us right

We like our menfolk rough and tough
Forget that fluff and lace
If anyone is rude to us
We'll sock'em in the face
And hard times make us lonely
But not for very long
We'll pull into a roadside bar
And then we'll sing our song

Women like to have their fun
And drink malt liquor too.
We sit at bars
And smoke cigars
And spit out when we chew
And there ain't no occasion
At which we won't raise a glass
So if you think my manners stink
Then you can kiss my ass.

???

About a toothless grin
They take one look, that sets the hook
And then we reel'em in.
They are so taken by our charms
That there's no need to flirt
When menfolk see us comin'
They yell "fellas, hit the dirt"

They times they are a'changin'
On that you can depend
But we will be enjoyin' life
Until the bitter end
And all the troubles that we face
They ain't a heavy load
We just turn'em into music
And we take'em on the road

So if you like to have some fun

And drink malt liquor too.
 You all come down and set a spell
 And we can have a brew
 And we can tell you stories
 And you can be our friend
 But just like every story
 This song has got to end.

Wonderful Tonight

by Eric Clapton

Intro:

G D/F# C/E D
 It's late in the evening, she's wondering
 D
 what clothes to wear.
 G D/F# C/E
 She puts on her make-up, and brushes
 D
 her long blonde hair.
 C D G D/F#
 And then she asks me, do I look all
 Em
 right,
 C D7 G
 And I say yes, you look wonderful to night

repeat Intro

We go to a party and everyone turns to see
 This beautiful lady that's walking along with me
 And then she asked me: "Do you feel alright?"
 And I said: "Yes, I feel wonderful tonight"

Am Bm C D7
 And I feel wonderful, because I see
 G
 the love-light
 D/F# Em
 in your eyes
 C D7 C
 then the wonder of it all is that you just
 D7
 don't realise how much
 G
 I love you.

repeat Intro

It's time to go home now, but I've got an aching
 head
 So I give her the car keys and she helps me to
 bed
 And then I tell her, as I turn out the light
 I say: "Darling, you are wonderful tonight"
 Oh my darling, you are wonderful tonight

C D
 I'll say, "My darlin', you were wonderful
 Gsus G
 to night "

Wonderful Tonight (MSF version)

•

By Eric Clapton & David Allen

performed at MSF 1994 by David Allen, Ian Dowell,
 Steve Dubin, Jennifer Sydney & Mindy Wakefield

It's late in the evening,
 she wants some dry clothes to wear,
 she puts on her bug stuff
 and brushes her soggy hair

And then she asks me
 do I look alright
 and I say yes,
 you're at MSF tonight.

We go to the travesty
 and everyone turns to see
 this beautiful lady
 who balances on one knee

and then she asks me
 did I do alright
 and I say yes
 you were quite a klutz tonight

You were quite a klutz because you fell of the
 dock into the pond
 and the wonder of it all, is that you just don't
 realize,
 you nearly drowned.

It's time for the bonfire,
 and I've got an aching head
 My tent would be nice now,
 but the latrine calls instead

and then I tell her
 as the stars come out bright
 I say my darling
 This was wonderful tonight.

The Worm Song

by Meryl Brott MSF 2000

Bye bye worm,
 Bye bye worm,
 Thanks for coming to play today
 Now you're in the soil and gone away.
 Bye bye worm,
 Bye bye worm,
 Bye bye.

Year by Year

sung to the tune of "Day by Day" from Godspell
new lyrics by Carla Guenette
Performed in 1998 as part of "Broadway in
Royalton" by Guenette/Schaffer Productions

Year by Year!
Year by Year!
Oh dear lord, three things I pray

To jump on the tramp
To have fun at camp

And to not get damp

Year by Year!

(repeat from top)
(at end of repeat, then continue:)

Year by year by year by year by year...

Rain Songs

Trivia: In every show that Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt (The Fantasticks) wrote, there is at least one song about rain.

Song	Artist	Album
A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall	Dylan Bob	Non Album Tracks
A Little Fall Of Rain	Les Miserables	Les Miserables (Act 2)
A Little Rain	Waits Tom	Bone Machine
A Rainy Night In Soho	Pogues	Non Album Tracks
Acid Rain	Silverchair	Misc Songs
After The Rain	Angels	Face To-Face Us
After The Rain	Cockburn Bruce	Dancing In The Dragons Jaws
Ain't Gonna Rain Anymore	Cave Nick And The Bad Seeds	Let Love In
Alligator Brain	Ten Hands	Be My Guru
Another Rainy Night (Without You)	Queensryche	Empire
Another Song About The Rain	Cracker	Non Album Tracks
Appalachian Rain	Berg Matraca	Lying To The Moon
Ballet For A Rainy Day	XTC	Skylarking
Bangkok Rain	Cult	Ceremony
Black Cloud Rain	Hart Corey	Non Album Tracks
Black Summer Rain	Clapton Eric	No Reason To Cry
Blue Eyes Cryin' In The Rain	Newton John Olivia	Come On Over
Box Of Rain	Grateful Dead	Grateful Dead
Bring Down The Rain	Dio	Strange Highways
Candles In The Rain	Melanie	Non Album Tracks
Caught In The Rain	Quarterflash	Back Into Blue
Cold Haily Rainy Night	Unknown	Non Album Tracks
Cold Rain	Crosby Stills Nash	Csn
Cold Rain And Snow	Grateful Dead	Grateful Dead
Colossal Rains	Paradise Lost	Icon
Common As The Rain	Wilcox David	Non Album Tracks
Consider The Rain	Tikaram Tanita	The Sweet Keeper
Cry Like A Rainstorm	Costello Elvis	Lyrics Wanted Misc
Crying In The Rain	A Ha	A Ha
Crying In The Rain	Everly Brothers	Non Album Tracks
Crying In The Rain	Whitesnake	1987
December African Rain	Juluka	Work For All
Dont Rain On My Parade	Misc	Non Album Tracks
Early Mornin Rain	Peter Paul And Mary	Non Album Tracks
Early Mornin' Rain	Lightfoot, Gordon	Lightfoot!
Early Morning Rain	Moxy Fruvous	Non Album Tracks
Eastern Rain	Fairport Convention	What We Did On Our Holidays
Europe After The Rain	Foxx John	Assembly
Europe After The	Kreator	Renewal

Song	Artist	Album
Rain		
Everytime That It Rains	Brooks Garth	Garth Brooks
Falling Of The Rain	Joel Billy	Cold Spring Harbor
Fire And Rain	Taylor James	Non Album Tracks
Flowers Never Bend With The Rainfall	Simon And Garfunkel	Parsley Sage Rosemary And Thyme
Fool In The Rain	Led Zepplin	In Through The Out Door
Freight Train Blues	Dylan Bob	Bob Dylan
Garden In The Rain, A	Sinatra Frank	Best Of Frank Sinatra 3
Georgia Rain	Kadison Joshua	Painted Desert Serenade
Go Where The Rain Goes	Radio Architecture	To Have Or To Be
Gravity's Rainbow	Benatar Pat	Gravity's Rainbow
Handful Of Rain	Savatage	Handful Of Rain
Hatful Of Rain	Del Amitri	Waking Hours
Have You Ever Seen The Rain	Creedence Clearwater Revival	Non Album Tracks
Have You Ever Seen The Rain?	Tyler Bonnie	Faster Than The Speed Of Night
Heart Full Of Rain	Raye Collin	I Think About You
Heavy Cloud No Rain	Sting	Ten Summoners Tales
Heavy Rain	Hall And Oates	Change Of Season
Here Comes The Rain Again	Eurythmics	Non Album Tracks
Here's That Rainy Day	Sinatra Frank	Best Of Frank Sinatra 5
Here's That Rainy Day	Törnqvist Rebecka	A Night Like This
Hill Country Rain	Walker Jerry Jeff	Country Rain
Hold Back The Rain	Duran Duran	Rio
Horses Through A Rainstorm	Crosby Stills Nash	Box Set Disc1
I Can't Stand The Rain	Turner Tina	Private Dancer
I Can't Stop The Rain	Kiss	Peter Criss - 1978
I Feel The Rain Fall	Red House Painters	Songs For A Blue Guitar
I Listen To The Rain	Craven Beverly	Promise Me
I Think Its Gonna Rain Today	Unknown	Non Album Tracks
I Wish It Would Rain	Griffith Nanci	Little Love Affairs
I Wish It Would Rain Down	Collins Phil	But Seriously
Ice Out In The Rain	Easton Sheena	Madness Money And Music
In The Rain	Madness	Absolutely Incomplete
It Aint Gonna Rain	Unknown	Non Album Tracks
It Aint Gonna Rain No More	Unknown	Non Album Tracks
It Can't Rain All	Siberry Jane	The Crow

Song	Artist	Album
The Time		
It Never Rains	Dire Straits	Love Over Gold
It's Just The Rain	Journey	Trial By Fire
It's Raining	Tjomas Irma	Non Album Tracks
It's Raining Again	Supertramp	Famous Last Words
It's Raining Men	Weather Girls	Non Album Tracks
It's Raining On Prom Night	Grease	Grease Soundtrack
Jaswant's Rain	Borrowers	Best Of The Borrowers
Just A Little Rain	Unknown	Non Album Tracks
Kingdom Of Rain	The The	Mind Bomb
Laughter In The Rain	Sedaka Neil	Non Album Tracks
Let It Rain	Clapton Eric	Eric Clapton
Let It Rain	Hine Rupert	The Deep End
Let It Rain	Marshall Amanda	Amanda Marshall
Let The Rain Come Done	Childs Toni	Union
Live The Rain	Mcguire Michael	None
Look At The Rain	Meat Puppets	Huevos
Looks Like Rain	Grateful Dead	Non Album Tracks
Mandolin Rain	Hornsby Bruce	Way It Is
May Sunshine Rain	Dada	Puzzle
Midnight Rain	Poco	Under The Gun
Mission In The Rain	Grateful Dead	Non Album Tracks
More Than Rain	Waits Tom	Franks Wild Years
Mr. Rainmaker	Warrant	Cherry Pie
Mulu The Rain Forest	Dolby Thomas	Flat Earth
Naked In The Rain	Dio	Dream Evil
Naked In The Rain	Red Hot Chili Peppers	Blood Sugar Sex Magik
No Rain	Blind Melon	Blind Melon
November Rain	Guns N Roses	Use Your Illusion I
On The Rain	Shudder To Think	Ten Spot
One More Rainy Day	Deep Purple	Singles A's And B's
One More Rainy Day (Lord, Evans)	Deep Purple	Shades Of Deep Purple
Only Happy When It Rains	Garbage	Garbage
Outside The Rain	Nicks Stevie	Non Album Tracks
Pencil Rain	They Might Be Giants	Lincoln
Pouring Rain 5:11	Fishbone	Truth And Soul
Pray For Rain	Bad English	Backlash
Pray For Rain	Ten Hands	The Big One Is Coming
Prayers For Rain	Cure	Disintegration
Purple Rain	Prince	Purple Rain
Queen Of Rain	Roxette	Tourism
Radium Rain	Cockburn Bruce	Big Circumstance
Rain	Beatles	Past Masters Volume Two
Rain	Candlebox	Candlebox
Rain	Cult	Love
Rain	Erasure	Cowboy

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Radium Rain	Cockburn Bruce	Big Circumstance
Rain	Beatles	Past Masters Volume Two
Rain	Candlebox	Candlebox
Rain	Cult	Love
Rain	Erasure	Cowboy

Song	Artist	Album	Song	Artist	Album
Rain	Lost In Reality	Lost In Reality			Bikinis
Rain	Madonna	Erotica	See The Sky About	Young Neil	On The Beach
Rain	Rundgren	Faithful	To Rain		
	Todd		Seeing A Rainbow	Kruger Kris	Non Album
Rain	Shonen Knife	712	In The Stormy		Tracks
Rain	Skinny Puppy	Rabies	Night Sky		
Rain	Uriah Heep	Magicians	Seems It Never	Hammond	Non Album
		Birthday	Rains In	Albert	Tracks
Rain Child	Max Webster	High Class In	Southern		
		Borrowed	California		
		Shoes	September In The	Sinatra Frank	Best Of Frank
Rain Covered Cat	Shudder To	Get Your Goat	Rain		Sinatra 6
	Think		Shadows In The	Police	Zenyatta
Rain Dogs	Waits Tom	Rain Dogs	Rain		Mondatta
Rain King	Counting	August And	Shadows In The	Sting	Dream Of The
	Crows	Everything	Rain		Blue Turtles
		After	She Gathers Rain	Collective Soul	Collective Soul
Rain King	Sonic Youth	Daydream	Shelter From The	All About Eve	All About Eve
		Nation	Rain		
Rain Must Fall	Queen	The Miracle	Shelter From The	Angels	Angels Greatest
Rain On The	Mellencamp	Scarecrow	Rain		
Scarecrow	John		Silver Shoes In The	Hine, Rupert	The Deep End
	Cougar		Rain		
Rain Rain Rain	Roxy Music	Flesh Blood	Silvery Rain	Newton John,	Physical
Rain Street	Pogues	Hells Ditch	Olivia		
Rain Tree Crow	Rain Tree	Rain Tree Crow	Singing In The	Kelly Gene	Singing In The
	Crow		Rain		Rain
Rain When I Die	Alice In	Dirt	Singing In The	Martyn John	Bless The
	Chains		Rain		Weather
Rain's Comin'	Schon Neal	Late Nite	So Central Rain	R.E.M.	Reckoning
Down			(I'm Sorry)		
Rainbow Man	Pogues	Hells Ditch	Soft Rains Of April	A Ha	Scoundrel Days
Raincloud	Banks Tony	Bankstatement	Standing In The	Husker Du	Non Album
Raindrops Keep	Bacharach	Non Album	Rain		Tracks
Falling On My	Burt	Tracks	Summer Rain	Alphaville	The Breathtaking
Head					Blue
Rainfall	Cockburn	Further	Summer Rain	Carlisle	Runaway Horses
	Bruce	Adventures Of		Belinda	
Rainin'	Sponge	Rotting Pinata	Summer's Rain	Savatage	Gutter Ballet
Raining	Ultimate	Another Stormy	Sunshine Rain	King's X	Dogman
	Sacrifice	Night	Sure Got Cold After	ZZ Top	Rio Grande Mud
Raining In	Counting	August And	The Rain Fell		
Baltimore	Crows	Everything	Tears In The Rain	Triumph	The Sport Of
		After			Kings
Raining On Our	Twain Shania	The Woman In	Ten Days Of Rain	Stewart Rod	Every Beat Of
Love		Me			My Heart
Raining On The	Grant Amy	Non Album	That Rainy Day	Fortunes	Non Album
Inside		Tracks	Feeling Again		Tracks
Rainkeeper	Rhodes Happy	Rhodes Vol I	The Coming Rains	Cockburn	The Charity of
Rainmaker	Kansas	In The Spirit Of		Bruce	Night
		Things	The Earth, The	Color Me	Now And
Rainy Day People	Lightfoot	Cold On The	Sun, The Rain	Badd	Forever
	Gordon	Shoulder	The Rain	Carter Carlene	Little Love
Rainy Day Sun	Spinal Tap	Break Like The			Letters
		Wind	The Rain	Roxette	
Rainy Day Women	Dylan Bob	Non Album	The Rain Song	Led Zeppelin	Houses Of The
12 35		Tracks			Holy
Rainy Days And	Carpenters	Weve Only Just	The Sun & The	Depeche	A Broken Frame
Mondays		Begun	Rainfall	Mode	
Rainy Night In	Franks	Passion Fruit	The Sun And The		The Sun And
Tokyo	Michael		Rain		The Rain
Red Rain	Gabriel Peter	So	The Trip To	Adventures	Sea Of Love
Rhythm Of The	Cascades	Non Album	Bountiful (When		
Rain		Tracks	The Rain Comes		
Rider In The Rain	Newman	Little Criminals	Down)		
	Randy		Thoughts On A	Cockburn	Bruce Cockburn
Right As Rain	Rosetta Stone	The Tyranny Of	Rainy Afternoon	Bruce	
		Inaction	Through The Rain	Cinderella	Still Climbing
Run Between The	Benatar Pat	Seven The Hard	Tinseltown In The	Blue Nile	A Walk Across
Raindrops		Way	Rain		The Rooftops
Running In The	New Model	Vengeance	Train Running Low	XTC	Big Express
Rain	Army		On Soul Coal		
Same Rain	Phillips Sam	Martinis And	Waiting For The	Judybats	Native Son

Song	Artist	Album
Rain		
Walk Between Raindrops	Fagen Donald	Nightfly
Walk Out In The Rain	Clapton Eric	Backless
Wash The Rain	World On Edge	World On Edge
Watercolours In The Rain	Roxette	Joyride
When It Rains It Snows	They Might Be Giants	Misc T
When It's Raining Cats And Dogs	Pm Dawn	The Bliss Album
Where The Rain Grows	Helloween	Master Of The Rings
Who Let In The Rain	Lauper Cyndi	Twelve Deadly Cyns...and Then Some
Who Will Stop The Rain ?	Asia	Aqua
Who'll Stop The Rain	Heaven 17	The Luxury Gap
Who'll Stop The Rain	Creedence Clearwater Revival	Non Album Tracks

