

FFFFFF	IIII	LI	KK	KK
FFFFFF	IIII	LL	KK	KK
FF	II	LL	KK	KK
FFFF	II	LL	KKKK	
FF	II	LL	KK	KK
FF	IIII	LLLLLLL	KK	KK
FF	IIII	LLLLLLL	KK	KK

SSSSSS	OOOOOO	NN	NN	GGGGGG	
SSSSSS	OO	NN	NN	GGGGGG	
SS	OO	NNNN	NN	GG	
SSSSSS	OO	NN	NNNN	GG	GGG
SS	OO	NN	NNN	GG	GG
SSSSSS	OOOOOO	NN	NN	GGGGGG	
SSSSSS	OOOOOO	NN	NN	GGGGGG	

RRRR	OOOOOO	OOOOOO	KK	KK
RRRRR	OOOOOO	OOOOOO	KK	KK
RR	OO	OO	KK	KK
RRRR	OO	OO	KKKK	
RR	OO	OO	KK	KK
RRRRR	OOOOOO	OOOOOO	KK	KK
RRRR	OOOOOO	OOOOOO	KK	KK

DDDDD	IIII	SSSSSS	CCCCCC	LL	AAAAAA	VV	VV	EEEEEE	
DDDDD	IIII	SSSSSS	CCCCCC	LL	AA	AA	VV	VV	EEEEEE
DD	II	SS	CC	LL	AA	AA	VV	VV	EE
DD	II	SSSSSS	CC	LL	AAAAAA	VV	VV	FREE	
DD	II	SS	CC	LL	AA	AA	VVV	EE	
DDDDD	IIII	SSSSSS	CCCCCC	LLLLLLL	AA	AA	VVV	EEEEEE	
DDDDD	IIII	SSSSSS	CCCCCC	LLLLLLL	AA	AA	V	EEEEEE	

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This is the 1974 DISCLAVE Filksong Book, published with the intention of including a few songs not generally found in other filk-song collections. Compiled by Jim Landau. Mimeography by Jack L. Chalker. Thanks to Bonnie Dalzell for the Jabberwock illustration and regrets that due to the early deadline she was unable to supply any more artwork. Thanks also to Alexis Gilliland and Bob Osband for permission to use copyrighted material, To Amy Sefton for a professional job of library research, and to Betty Berg, Ron Bounds, John Carroll, Alexis and Doll Gilliland, Karina Girsdansky, Pat Kelly, Sharon Sauerbrunn, and Tom Whitmore for help with the words to these songs.



JABBERWOCKY  
words by Lewis Carroll  
suggested tune: Greensleeves

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;  
All mimsy were the borogoves,  
And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!  
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!  
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun  
The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand:  
Long time the manxome foe he sought---  
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,  
And stood awhile in thought.

And as in uffish thought he stood,  
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,  
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,  
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through  
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!  
He left it dead, and with its head  
He went galumphing back.

"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?  
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!  
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"  
He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;  
All mimsy were the borogoves,  
And the mome raths outgrabe.

MEN OF HARLECH (RHYFELGYRCH GWYR HARLECH)

Well-uh goil-kairth wen un flam-yo,  
Ah thav-ode-i tahn un bloyth-yo,  
Ahr eer dew-rion thod ee dah-ro,  
    Een-wythe et on een.  
Gahn von-llev i tuh-ois-og-yon,  
LLice gel-on-yon, troost ar-vog-yon,  
Ah char-lom-yod uh march-og-yon,  
    Creig-ar greig ah green!  
Ahr-von beeth nee or-veeth,  
Ken-eer un dra-guh weeth,  
Cum-ree veeth vel Cum-ree vee,  
Un glode-ees um mus gled-eeth.  
Ung-ween ohl-i-neer goil-kerth ak-oo,  
Tros wev-ees-i Cum-rone mah-roo,  
On-nee-bun-yeith seeth un gal-oo,  
    Am i day-rav deen!

Nee chife gell-in lath ak-ahm-lid,  
Harlech, Harlech, kwed-you hare-lid,  
Uh my roth-oor mow'r in ruh-thid,  
    On-roy mairth ee nee.  
Well-uh Gum-ree i buth-in-oy-eth.  
Un um-duh-wallt or mun-uth-oy-eth!  
Reeth-rant vel rye-ad-rye duv-roy-eth,  
    Llamant vel uh llee!  
Lloith-yant een llee-thee-on!  
Roo-ees-tro bar ur es-tron!  
Gwich-bod un i gol-on gife,  
Vel brath-uh cleth-ihv Breeth-on;  
Uh clairth un air-bin clairth ah chware-ee,  
Deer un air-bin deer ah dare-ee,  
Wel-uh von-ner Gwal-ee-i vuh-nee,  
    Ruh-thid ife ah hee!

See the glare of fires like hell there,  
Tongues of flame that writhe and swell there.  
Brave men strike with full-voiced yell there:  
    Forward with all might.  
Armor clashing, cries of foemen,  
Hear the chieftains urging "On men!"  
Thunder of the charging horsemen  
    Echo height on height.  
Arfon sings for ever  
Of her might and glory.  
Wales will be as Wales has been,  
So great in freedom's story.  
Those fires light up the sacrifices;  
Cry of a dying Welshman rises.  
In the cause of freedom's crisis  
    Bravest men must fight.

We'll not die, be conquered never.  
Harlech, Harlech lives for ever.  
Freedom's from the Greatest Giver,  
Freedom is our good.  
See how Welshmen shouting run down  
From the mountains they do come down  
Like a storm that strikes at sundown  
Boil up like a flood.  
Welshmen's strength has made her  
Freedom's strong crusader.  
Swords of Welshmen have cut deep  
The hearts of the invader.  
The sword is met by sword replying,  
Steel by steel on strength relying;  
See where Gwalia's flag is flying,  
Freedom's in her blood!

Hark! I hear the foe advancing,  
Barbed steeds are proudly prancing;  
Helmets, in the sunbeams glancing,  
Glitter through the trees.  
Men of Harlech, lie ye dreaming?  
See ye not their falchions gleaming,  
While their pennons gaily streaming  
Flutter in the breeze?  
From the rocks rebounding,  
Let the war-cry sounding  
Summon all at Cambria's call,  
The haughty foe surrounding.  
Men of Harlech, on to glory!  
See your banner famed in story  
Waves these burning words before ye,  
"Britain scorns to yield!"

'Mid the fray, see dead and dying,  
Friend and foe together lying;  
All around the arrows flying  
Scatter sudden death!  
Frightened steeds are wildly neighing,  
Brazen trumpets hoarsely braying,  
Wounded men for mercy praying  
With their parting breath!  
See---they're in disorder!  
Comrades, keep close order!  
Ever they shall rue the day  
They ventured o'er the border!  
Now the Saxon flees before us;  
Victory's banner floateth o'er us!  
Raise the loud, exulting chorus:  
"Britain wins the field!"

Men of Harlech, in the hollow  
Do ye hear like rushing billow  
Wave on wave that surging follow  
    Battle's distant sound?  
    Tis the tramp of Saxon foemen,  
Saxon spearmen, Saxon bowmen.  
Be they knights or hinds or yeomen,  
    They shall bite the ground.  
Loose the folds asunder!  
Flag we conquer under!  
The placid sky, now bright on high,  
Shall launch its bolts in thunder!  
Onward, 'tis our country needs us!  
He is bravest he who leads us,  
Honor's self now proudly heads us---  
    Freedom, God, and Right!

Rocky steeps and passes narrow  
Flash with spear and flight of arrow.  
Who would think of death or sorrow---  
    Death is glory now!  
Hurl the reeling horseman over,  
Let the earth dead foemen cover.  
Fate of friend, of wife, of lover  
    Trembles on a blow!  
Strands of life are riven,  
Blow for blow is given,  
In deadly lock or battle shock  
And mercy shrieks to Heaven!  
Men of Harlech, young or hoary,  
Would you win a name in story?  
Fight for home, for life, for glory,  
    Freedom, God, and Right!

Rhyfelgyrch Gwyr Harlech (March of the Men of Harlech)  
commemorates the defence of Harlech Castle by the Welsh under  
Dafydd ap Ievan against the English in 1468. "I held a tower  
in France till all the old women in Wales heard of it," said  
Dafydd, "and now all the old women in France shall hear how I  
defend this castle."

Welsh transliteration by William Cole.  
English translations by respectively Peter John Stephens,  
Thomas Oliphant, and William Duthie.

WHEN HARLIE PLAYED ONE  
words by Robert Osband  
tune: The Children's Marching Song

This computer, it played one  
It pushed start and program run  
It's an IBM 360/85, this computer came alive.

This computer, it played two  
Overloaded voltage to the CPU  
It's an IBM 360/85, this computer came alive.

This computer, it played three  
Designed its memory to one IC  
It's an IBM 360/85, this computer came alive.

This computer, it played four  
Changed its logic from AND to OR  
It's an IBM 360/85, this computer came alive.

This computer, it played five  
Memorized data from tape drive  
It's an IBM 360/85, this computer came alive.

This computer, it played six  
Told the CE what to fix  
It's an IBM 360/85, this computer came alive.

This computer, it played seven,  
Printed out the road to Heaven  
It's an IBM 360/85, this computer came alive.

This computer, it played eight  
Shipped itself to Rome Air Freight  
It's an IBM 360/85, this computer came alive.

This computer, it played nine  
Told the Pope it was divine  
It's an IBM 360/85, this computer came alive.

This computer, it played ten  
To sing once more push start again  
It's an IBM 360/85, this computer came alive.

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UN PETIT D'UN PETIT

Un petit d'un petit setonne aux Halle  
Un petit d'un petit---Ah! Degres te fallent  
Indolent ou neccesses  
Indolent qui ne se men  
Que importante un petit d'un petit  
Tout gai de reggens.

THE CHEMIST'S DRINKING SONG  
words by John A. Carroll  
(inspired by an Isaac Asimov article)  
tune: The Irish Washerwoman

Paradimethylaminobenzaldehyde  
Sodium citrate, ammonium cyanide  
Mix 'em together and add some benzene  
And top off the punch with trichloroethylene.

Got gassed up last night on some furfuryl alcohol  
Followed it up with a gallon of propanol  
Tanked up on hydrazine \*til afternoon  
Then spit on the floor and blew up the saloon.

Paradimethylaminobenzaldehyde  
Powdered aluminum, nitrogen iodide  
Chlorates, permanganates, nitrates galore  
Just swallow one drink and you'll never need more.

Whiskey, tequila, and rum are too tame. No, the  
Stuff that I drink must explode into flame when I  
Breathe and dissolve all the paint in the room  
And rattle the walls with a ground-shaking boom.

Paradimethylaminobenzaldehyde  
Go soak your head in a good strong insecticide  
Slosh it around and impregnate your brain  
With dichlorodiphenyltrichloroethane.

AWAY, AWAY WITH RUM, BY GUM

We're coming, we're coming, our brave little band  
On the right side of temperance we do make our stand  
We don't use tobacco because we do think  
That the people who use it are likely to drink  
CHORUS: Away, away with rum, by gum  
With rum by gum, with rum by gum  
Away, away with rum, by gum  
That's the song of the Temperance Union

We never eat cookies 'cause cookies have yeast  
And one little bite turns a man to a beast  
Oh, can you imagine a sadder disgrace  
Than a man in the gutter with crumbs on his face?

CHORUS

We never eat fruitcake because it has rum  
And one little bit turns a man to a bum  
Oh, can you imagine a sorrier sight  
Than a man eating fruitcake until he gets tight?

CHORUS



THE APES' DRINKING SONG  
words by Alexis Gilliland  
tune: The Whiffenpoof Song

By the enigmatic space slab  
With the purpose no one tells  
With the spigot on his middle for our beer  
There the ape pack stands assembled  
With their glasses raised on high  
And the song that they are singing  
Starts a tear.

Yes, the song that they are singing  
Tells the future that they dread  
Filled with hate and rapine  
Murder, violence, lust.

We will cling unto our apehood  
Till evolution's end  
Then we'll pass and turn as human as we must

We are poor little apes who have lost our way  
Bah, bah, bah  
We are little black chimps who have gone astray  
Bah, bah, bah

Here we are, masters of hill and glen,  
Doomed by the slab to turn into men.  
Couldn't our children be apes again?  
Bah, bah, bah

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THE WITCH KING OF ANGMAR  
words by Alexis Gilliland  
tune: Lili Marlene

Underneath the tower, by the castle gate  
Angmar stands awaiting each night till half past eight  
He waits the command to go to war  
The Witch King yearns to march afar  
To march away from Mordor  
To fight in Western lands.

Hear the trumpets sounding, Sauron gave the word  
March again to battle, wield your mighty sword  
The Witch King of Angmar mounts his steed  
A bat-winged beast of range and speed  
To captain Sauron's army  
Of war against the West.

"On to Minas Tirith!" rings the battle cry  
Now the West is failing, Angmar cannot die  
It was foretold he can't be slain  
By hand of man. Defense is vain  
Against the host of Angmar  
The West will fight in vain.

In Theoden's army rides a written brand  
Carried by a halfling, from the barrow mound  
Witch King, you feel the bite of war!  
At last death comes to fell Angmar  
Farewell, Witch King of Angmar,  
Great captain of Mordor  
(softly) Farewell, Witch King of Angmar  
Great captain of Mordor.

#### AROUND HER HAIR SHE WORE A YELLOW RIBBON

Around her hair she wore a yellow ribbon  
She wore it in the springtime and in the month of May  
And if you asked her why the hell she wore it  
She wore it for a soldier who was far, far away  
Far away, far away  
Far away, far away  
She wore it for a soldier who was far, far away

Around the block she wheeled a baby carriage  
She wheeled it in the springtime and in the month of May  
And if you asked her why the hell she wheeled it  
She wheeled it for a soldier who was far, far away  
Far away, far away  
Far away, far away  
She wheeled it for a soldier who was far, far away

Behind the door her daddy kept a shotgun  
He kept it in the springtime and in the month of May  
And if you asked him why the hell he kept it  
He kept it for a soldier who was far, far away  
Far away, far away  
Far away, far away  
He kept it for a soldier who was far, far away

THE BONNIE BLACK FLAG  
words by Pat Kelly  
tune: The Bonnie Blue Flag

We are a band of brothers and native 'neath the soil  
Fighting for the poverty we lost to honest toil  
And when our wrongs were threatened, the cry rose low and high  
"Hurrai for the bonnie black flag that bears a single eye!  
CHORUS: Hurrai, hurrai, for Mordor's wrongs hurrai!  
Hurrai for the bonnie black flag that bears a single eye!"

First there came up Sauron who ignobly took the stand  
Then there came the Nazgul who grabbed him by the hand  
Next came orcs and trolls and the men of the far south  
All raised on high the bonnie black flag that bears a single eye!  
CHORUS

Ye men of greed now gather round the banner of the wrong  
Orthanc and the Balrog now have come into our throng  
Sauron our great leader and Angmar killers are  
All raise on high the bonnie black flag that bears a single eye!

So here's for our conspiracy, strong we are and grave  
Like plunderers of old we'll fight, our hairy necks to save  
And rather than to gain some fame, to kill we would prefer  
So raise on high the bonnie black flag that bears a single eye!  
CHORUS

Jeer, boys, jeer, and raise a noisy shout  
Smeagol and Gollum now have both come out  
Let another lousy jeer for Saruman be given  
The single eye of the bonnie black flag has grown to challenge Heaven!  
CHORUS

FOLK POETRY FROM THE PENTAGON BASEMENT

(on a non-working escalator)  
It was rickety  
It was rackety  
Its gears were really a mess  
  
The engineers say it will run  
Going upstairs again will be fun  
With the help of JC---  
Or is it JCS?

(same escalator, different malfunction)  
If to ride upstairs you're a waiter  
The engineers they will to you cater  
They'll fix it somehow---  
Though you can't escale now  
Still you can escale later!

THE CAVES OF STEEL

reviewed by Randall Garrett

tune: She'll be coming round the mountain

In the future when the towns are caves of steel  
Clear from Boston, Massachusetts, to Mobile,

There's a cop, Elijah Baley, who's the hero of this tale. He  
Has a Spacer robot helper named Daneel.

For it seems that there's some guys from outer space  
(They're descendants of the Terran human race),

And all over Terra's globe, it seems they're giving jobs to robots,  
Which are hated by the people they replace.

So a certain Spacer, Sarton, gets rubbed out,  
And the chief says to Elijah, "Be a scout;

Go and find out just whodunit, and, although it won't be fun, it  
Will result in your promotion without a doubt."

The assignment puts Elijah on the spot.

He must do the job all right; if he does not,

It not only will disgrace him, but the robot will replace him  
If the robot is the first to solve the plot.

In the city, there's a riot at a store.

R. Daneel jumps on a counter, and before

Baley knows, pulls out his blaster. Then he bellows, "I'm the master  
Here, so stop it, or I'll blow you off the floor."

So the riot's busted up before it starts,  
And Elijah's wounded ego really smarts.

"Well," he says, "You quelled that riot, but a robot wouldn't try it.  
Dan, I think you've got a screw loose in your parts."

Baley doesn't see how R. Daneel could draw  
Out his blaster, for the first robotic law

Says: "No robot may, through action or inaction, harm a fraction  
Of a whisker of a human being's jaw."

Since Daneel, the robot, has a human face,  
And he looks exactly like the guy from space

Who has been assassinated, Mr. Baley's quite elated,  
For he's positive he's solved the murder case.

The commissioner, he says, has been misled,  
Cause there hasn't been a murder. No one's dead.

"Why you did it, I don't know, but I don't think you are a robot.  
I am certain you are Sarton, sir, instead."

"Why that's rather silly, partner," says Daneel,  
"And I'm awful sorry that's the way you feel."

Then, by peeling back his skin, he shows Elijah that, within, he  
Is constructed almost totally of steel.

Well, of course, this gives Elijah quite a shock.  
So he thinks the whole thing over, taking stock  
Of the clues in their relation to the total situation,  
Then he goes and calls a special robot doc.

Says Elijah Baley, "Dr. Gerringel,  
This here murder case is just about to jell.  
And to bust it open wide, I'll prove this robot's homicidal.  
Look him over, doc, and see if you can tell."

So the doctor gives Daneel a thorough test  
While the robot sits there calmly self-possessed.  
"After close examination, his first law's in operation"  
Says the doctor, "You can set your mind at rest."

That leaves Baley feeling somewhat like a jerk.  
But Daneel is very difficult to irk;  
He just says, "We can't stand still, or we will never catch the killer.  
Come on partner, let us buckle down to work."

Now the plot begins to thicken---as it should.  
It's the thickening in plots that makes 'em good.  
The police chief's robot, Sammy, gives himself the double whammy.  
And the reason for it isn't understood.

The commissioner says, "Baley, you're to blame.  
Robot Sammy burned his brain out, and I claim  
That from every single clue, it looks as though you made him do it."  
Baley hollers, "No, I didn't! It's a frame!"

Then he says, "Commish, I think that you're the heel  
Who's the nasty little villain in this deal.  
And I'll tell you to your face, I really think you killed the Spacer,  
Cause you thought he was the robot, R. Daneel."

The commissioner breaks down and mumbles, "Yes---  
I'm the guy who did it, Baley---I confess."  
Baley says, "I knew it time you would confess this awful crime. You  
Understand, of course, you're in an awful mess."

The commissioner keels over on the floor.  
When he wakes up, R. Daneel says: "We're not sore;  
Since the crime was accidental, we'll be merciful and gentle,  
Go," he says, in solemn tones, "and sin no more."

Then says Baley to the robot, with a grin  
"It was nice of you to overlook his sin.  
As a friend, I wouldn't trade you. By the Asimov who made you,  
You're a better man than I am, hunka tin!"

## O'DONNELL ABOO

Proudly the note of the trumpet is sounding,  
Loudly the war-cries arise on the gale;  
Fleetly the steed by Lough Swilly is bounding,  
To join the thick squadrons in Saimear's green vale.

On, ev'ry mountaineer,  
Strangers to flight and fear!  
Rush to the standards of dauntless Red Hugh!  
Bonnaught and gallowglass  
Throng from each mountain pass;  
On for old Erin, "O'Donnell Aboo!"

Princely O'Neill to our aid is advancing  
With many a chieftain and warrior clan,  
A thousand proud steeds in his vanguard are prancing  
'Neath the borderers brave from the banks of the Bann;  
Many a heart shall quail  
Under its coat of mail;  
Deeply the merciless foeman shall rue,  
When on his ear shall ring,  
Borne on the breezes' wing,  
Tir Connell's dread war-cry, "O'Donnell Aboo!"

Wildly o'er Desmond the war-wolf is howling,  
Fearless the eagle sweeps over the plain,  
The fox in the streets of the city is prowling;  
All, all who would scare them are banished or slain.  
Grasp every stalwart hand  
Hackbut and battle brand,  
Pay them all back the debt so long due;  
Norris and Clifford well  
Can of Tir Connell tell;  
Onward to glory, "O'Donnell Aboo!"

Sacred the cause of Clan Connaill's defending,  
The altars we kneel at, the homes of our sires;  
Ruthless the ruin the foe is extending,  
Midnight is red with the plunderers' fires.  
On with O'Donnell, then,  
Fight the old fight again,  
Spns of Tir Connell, all valiant and true.  
Make the false Saxon feel  
Erin's avenging steel!  
Strike for your country, "O'Donnell Aboo!"

THE LOBSTER QUADRILLE  
words by Lewis Carroll  
suggested tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic

"Will you walk a little faster?" said a whiting to a snail,  
"There s a porpoise close behind us, and he s treading on my tail.  
See how eagerly the lobsters and the turtles all advance!  
They are waiting on the shingle---will you come and join the dance?  
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?  
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance?"

"You can really have no notion how delightful it will be  
When they take us up and throw us, with the lobsters, out to sea!"  
But the snail replied "Too far, too far!" and gave a look askance---  
Said he thanked the whiting kindly, but he would not join the dance.  
Would not, could not, would not, could not, would not join the dance.  
Would not, could not, would not, could not, could not join the dance.

"What matters it how far we go?" his scaly friend replied.  
"There is another shore, you know, upon the other side.  
The further off from England the nearer is to France---  
Then turn not pale, beloved snail, but come and join the dance.  
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?  
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance?"

FOLK POETRY FROM THE PENTAGON BASEMENT

I stepped in to check the safes  
And I heard a GS-2 in toil:  
"Please bring me some carbon ribbons,  
Carbon ribbons, for my Royal."

Searched all day my mind was bending,  
Just before the day was ending,  
I looked in and on her desk  
In coiled profusion, lying there,  
Were some ribbons, lovely ribbons,  
Carbon ribbons, for her Royal.

If I live to be the SecDef,  
I will never know from where,  
Came those ribbons, black-inked ribbons,  
Carbon ribbons, for her Royal.

GAUDEAMUS IGITUR

Gaudeamus igitur,  
Juvenes dum sumus;  
Post jucundam juventutem,  
Post molestam senectutem  
Nos habebit humus.

Ubi sunt qui ante nos  
In mundo fuere?  
Vadite ad superos,  
Transite ad inferos,  
Ubi jam fuere.

Vita nostra brevis est,  
Brevi finietur;  
Venit mors velociter,  
Rapit nos atrociter,  
Nemini parcetur.

Vivat Academia!  
Vivant Professores!  
Vivat membrum quodlibet,  
Vivant membra quaelibet,  
Semper sint in flore!

Vivant omnes virgines,  
Faciles, formosae!  
Vivant et mulieres,  
Dulces et amabiles,  
Bonae, laboriosae!

Vivat et Respublica  
Et qui illam regit!  
Vivat nostra civitas,  
Maecenatum caritas  
Quae nos hic protegit!

Pereat tristitia,  
Pereant osiores.  
Pereat diabolus  
Quivis antiburschius,  
Atque irrisores!

FERRY TAIL

Wants pawn term dare worsted laddle gull hoe lift wetter murder inner laddle  
cordage honor itch offer lodge dock florist. Disk laddle gull oft ten worry laddle  
cluck wet laddle rat hut, end fur disk raisin pimple colder "Laddle Rat Rotten Hut"...

Mural: Dunt stop torque wet strainer!



THE ALCOHOLICS' SONG  
tune: Men of Harlech

What's the use of drinking tea,  
Indulging in sobriety?  
Tea denotes perversity  
    It's healthier to booze!  
What's the use of milk or water?  
These are drinks that never oughter  
Be allowed in any quarter---  
    Come on, lose your blues!  
Mix yourself a shandy,  
Drown yourself in brandy,  
Sherry sweet or whiskey neat,  
Or any other liquor that is handy!  
There's no blinking use in drinking  
Anything that doesn't make you stinking.  
There's no happiness like sinking  
    Blotto to the floor.

Apparitions metabolic  
Ceilings that are hyperbolic  
These are for the alcoholic  
    Lying on the floor.  
Put an end to all frustrations  
Drinking may be your salvation  
End it all in dissipation  
    Rotten to the core!  
Vodka for the arty!  
Gin to make you hearty!  
Lemonade was only made  
For drinking when your mother's at a party!  
So stay clear of home-made beer and  
Anything that isn't labelled clear and  
There is nothing else to fear so  
    Bottoms up, my boys!

THE ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS SONG

We're here because we're here because we're here  
Because of beer...

MORITAT VOM MACKIE MESSER

words by Bertolt Brecht, music by Kurt Weill  
from "Die Dreigroschenoper"

Und der Haifisch der hat Zähne  
Und die trägt er im Gesicht  
Und Macheath, der hat ein Messer  
Doch das Messer sieht man nicht  
An 'nem schönem blauen Sonntag  
Liegt ein toter Mann am Strand  
Und ein Mensch geht um die Ecke  
Den man Mackie Messer nennt  
Und Schmul Meier bleibt verschwunden  
Und so mancher reiche Mann  
Und sein Geld hat Mackie Messer  
Dem man nichts beweisen kann

Jenny Towler ward gefunden  
Mit 'nem Messer in der Brust  
Und am Kai geht Mackie Messer  
Der von allem nichts gewusst  
Und das grosse Feuer in Soho  
Sieben Kinder und ein Greis---  
In der Menge Mackie Messer, den  
Man nicht fragt und der nichts weiss.

Und die minderjährige Witwe  
Deren Namen jeder weiss  
Wachte auf und war geschändet---  
Mackie, welches war dein Preis?

Oh, the shark has pretty teeth, dear  
And he shows them pearly white  
Just a jack-knife has Macheath, dear  
And he keeps it out of sight  
When the shark bites with his teeth, dear  
Scarlet billows start to spread  
Fancy gloves, though, wears Macheath, dear  
So there's not a trace of red

On the sidewalk Sunday morning  
Lies a body oozing life  
Someone's sneaking round the corner  
Is the someone Mack the Knife?  
From a tugboat by the river  
A cement bag's dropping down  
The cement s just for the weight, dear  
Bet you Mackie's back in town  
Louie Miller disappeared, dear  
After drawing out his cash  
And Macheath spends like a sailor  
Did our boy do something rash?  
Sukey Tawdry, Jenny Diver, Polly Peachum, Lucy Brown  
Oh, the line forms on the right, dear  
Now that Mackie s back in town!

THE FIRST OF ARKANSAS

tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic

We are the bully soldiers of the First of Arkansas  
We are fighting for the Union, we are fighting for the law  
We can throw a Rebel further than a white man ever saw

As we go marching on.

CHORUS: Glory, glory, hallelueh  
Glory, glory, hallelueh  
Glory, glory, hallelueh  
As we go marching on

We heard the proclamation, master hush it as he will  
The bird he sing it to us while hopping on the cotton hill  
The possum up the gum tree he couldn't keep it still

As he went climbing on.

CHORUS

We have done with hoeing cotton, we have done with hoeing corn  
We are colored Yankee soldiers just as sure as you are born  
When the master hears us yelling he will think it's Gabriel's horn

As we go marching on.

CHORUS

Call in ye colored brethren you had better do it soon  
Can't you hear the drummer drumming to that Yankee Doodle tune  
We are with you now this morning, we'll be far away at noon

As we go marching on.

CHORUS

THE SPANISH INQUISITION

tune: Macnamara's Band

Oh, my name is Torquemada; I'm the leader of this band.  
Although we're few in numbers, we are feared throughout the land.  
We work on Jews and Protestants; we kick them as they fall.  
But when we work on heretics we work the best of all.

Oh, the racks go creak and the thumbscrews squeak  
And the whips; they flail away.  
The Jesuit slams the Iron Maiden shut  
While I sit in the corner and pray.  
Oh, the auto-da-fe is God's chosen way  
And the screams of the victims are grand.  
Another soul to Heaven...  
From Torquemada's band.

MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND

The despot's heel is on thy shore, Maryland!  
His torch is at thy temple door, Maryland!  
Avenge the patriotic gore  
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,  
And be the battle-queen of yore,  
Maryland, my Maryland!

Hark to an exiled son's appeal, Maryland!  
My Mother State, to thee I kneel, Maryland!  
For life and death, for woe and weal,  
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,  
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,  
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust, Maryland!  
Thy beaming sword shall never rust, Maryland!  
Remember Carroll's sacred trust,  
Remember Howard's warlike thrust,  
And all thy slumberers with the just,  
Maryland, my Maryland!

Come! 'Tis the red dawn of the day, Maryland!  
Come with thy panoplied array, Maryland!  
With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,  
With Watson's blood at Monterey,  
With fearless Lowe and dashing May,  
Maryland, my Maryland!

Dear Mother, burst the tyrant's chain, Maryland!  
Virginia should not call in vain, Maryland!  
She meets her sisters on the plain---  
"Sic semper!" 'tis the proud refrain,  
That baffles minions back amain,  
Arise in majesty again,  
Maryland, my Maryland!

Come! For thy shield is bright and strong, Maryland!  
Come! For thy dalliance does thee wrong, Maryland!  
Come to thine own heroic throng  
Stalking with Liberty along,  
And chant thy dauntless slogan-song,  
Maryland, my Maryland!

I see the blush upon thy cheek, Maryland!  
For thou wast ever bravely meek, Maryland!  
But lo! there surges forth a shriek,  
From hill to hill, from creek to creek,  
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,  
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll, Maryland!  
Thou wilt not crook to his control, Maryland!  
Better the fire upon thee roll,  
Better the shot, the blade, the bowl,  
Than crucifixion of the soul,  
Maryland, my Maryland!

I hear the distant thunder hum, Maryland!  
The Old Line's bugle, fife, and drum, Maryland!  
She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb,  
Huzza, she spurns the Northern scum!  
She breathes! She burns! She'll come! She'll come!  
Maryland, my Maryland!

#### ATTILA

words by Karina Girsdansky & Betty Berg  
tune: Maria (from Paint Your Wagon)

Atilla is our leader who  
We'd fight and maim and kill for.  
He takes the lead and tells us where  
Our swords should splash and spill gore.  
Atilla! Atilla! Our warlord is Atilla!

He leads us where the danger is  
And then runs back for cover.  
He leaves us there to save ourselves  
While safely back he hovers.  
Atilla! Atilla! Our warlord is Atilla!

Though brightest day or darkest night,  
Neither of them blind us.  
We know no matter who we fight  
Our warlord stands behind us!  
Atilla! Atilla! Our warlord is Atilla!

## THE VICAR OF BRAY

In good King Charles's golden days,  
When loyalty no harm meant,  
A zealous High Churchman was I,  
And so I gained preferment.  
To teach my flock I never missed;  
Kings were by God appointed,  
And damnaed are those who dare resist  
Or touch the Lord's annointed.

CHORUS: And this is law, that I'll maintain, until my dying day, sir:  
That whatsoever king shall reign, still I'll be the Vicar of Bray, sir

When royal James possessed the crown,  
And popery came in fashion,  
The Penal Laws I hooted down,  
And read the Declaration.  
The Church of Rome I found did fit  
Full well my constitution  
And I had been a Jesuit  
But for the Revolution.

CHORUS

When William was our king declared,  
To ease the nation's grievance,  
With this new wind about I veered  
And swore to him allegiance.  
Old principles I did revoke,  
Set conscience at a distance.  
Passive Obedience was a joke;  
A jest was Non-Resistance.

CHORUS

When royal Anne became our queen,  
The Church of England's glory,  
Another face on things was seen,  
And I became a Tory.  
Occasional Conformists base,  
I blamed their moderation,  
And thought the Church in danger was  
From such prevarication.

CHORUS

When George in pudding-time came o'er  
And moderate men looked big, sir,  
My principles I changed once more  
And thus became a Whig, sir.  
And so preferment I procured  
From our new faith's defender,  
And almost every day abjured,  
The Pope and the Pretender.

CHORUS

The illustrious House of Hanover  
And Protestant succession,  
To them I do allegiance swear  
Whilst they may hold possession.  
For in my faith and loyalty

I never more shall fafter  
And George my lawful King shall be  
Until the times do alter.

CHORUS

SONG ON THE VICTORY OF AGINCOURT

Our King went forth to Normandy,  
With grace and might of chivalry:  
The God for him wrought marv'lously,  
Wherefore England may call and cry  
Deo gratias.

He set a seige, the sooth for to say.  
To Harfleur town with royal array;  
That town he won, and made a fray,  
That France shall rue till Domesday.  
Deo gratias.

Then went our King, with all his host,  
Through France for all the Frenchman's boast:  
He spared for dread of least nor most,  
Until he came to Agincourt coast.  
Deo gratias.

Then forsooth that Knight comely,  
In Agincourt field he fought manly:  
Through grace of God most mighty,  
He had both the field and the victory.  
Deo gratias.

Their dukes and earls, lord and baron,  
Were taken and slain and that well soon:  
And some were led into London,  
With joy and mirth and great renown.  
Deo gratias.

The gracious God now save our King,  
His people and all his well-willing:  
Give him good life and good ending,  
That we with mirth may safely sing.  
Deo gratias.

OH, CONTRACTOR  
tune: O Tannenbaum

Oh contractor, oh contractor,  
You work two hours a day, no more.  
Unless you start to accelerate  
You'll be here till Nineteen-Seventy-Eight  
While poor pedestrians chance a fate  
That'd take them to the Pearly Gate.  
Oh contractor, oh contractor,  
You work two hours a day, no more.

(written on an uncomplete  
in Rosslyn, Virginia)

MARY HAMILTON

Word's gane to the kitchen,  
And word's gane to the ha,  
That Marie Hamilton gangs wi bairn  
To the hichest Stewart of a'.

He's courted her in the kitchen,  
He's courted her in the ha,  
He's courted her in the laigh cellar,  
And that was warst of a'.

She's tyed it in her apron  
And she's thrown it in the sea  
Says, "Sink ye, swim ye, bonny wee babe!  
You'l neer get mair o me."

Down then cam the auld queen,  
Goud tassels tying her hair;  
"O Marie, where's the bonny wee babe  
That I heard greet sae sair?"

"There never was a babe intill my room,  
As little designs to be;  
It was but a touch o my sair side,  
Come oer my fair bodie."

"O Marie, put on your robes o black,  
Or else your robes o brown,  
For ye maun gang wi me the night,  
To see fair Edinbro town."

"I winna put on my robes o black,  
Nor yet my robes o brown;  
But I'll put on my robes o white,  
To shine through Edinbro town."

When she gaed up the Cannogate,  
She laughed loud laughters three;  
But whan she cam down the Cannogate  
The tear blinded her ee.

When she gaed up the Parliament stair,  
The heel cam aff her shee;  
And lang or she cam down again  
She was condemnd to dee.

When she cam down the Cannogate,  
The Cannogate sae free,  
Many a ladie lookd oer her window,  
Weeping for this ladie.



"Ye need nae weep for me," she says,  
"Ye need nae weep for me;  
For had I not slain mine own sweet babe,  
This death I wadna dee.

"Bring me a bottle of wine," she says,  
"The best that eer ye hae,  
That I may drink to my weil-wishers,  
And they may drink to me.

"Here's a health to the jolly sailors,  
That sail upon the main;  
Let them never let on to my father and mother  
But what I'm coming hame.

"Here's a health to the jolly sailors,  
That sail upon the sea;  
Let them never let on to my father and mother  
That I cam here to dee.

"Oh little did my mother think,  
The day she cradled me,  
What lands I was to travel through,  
What death I was to dee.

"Oh little did my father think,  
The day he held up me,  
What lands I was to travel through,  
What death I was to dee.

Last night I wash'd the queen's feet,  
And gently laid her down;  
And a' the thanks I've gotten the night  
To be hanged in Edinbro town!

"Last nicht there was four Maries,  
The nicht there'l be but three;  
There was Marie Seton, and Marie Beton,  
And Marie Carmichael, and me."

## THE ENGINEERS' SONG (LADY GODIVA)

CHORUS: We are, we are, we are, we are the engineers  
We can, we can, we can, we can demolish forty beers  
Join the party, come along, and have a drink with us  
For we don't give a damn for any man who don't give a damn for us!

Godiva was a lady who through Coventry did ride  
To show the royal villagers her fine and pure white hide  
The most observant man of all, an engineer of course  
Was the only one who noticed that Godiva rode a horse  
CHORUS

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  
CHORUS

My father was a miner from the northern Malemute  
My mother was the mistress of a house of ill repute  
The last time that I saw them, these words rang in my ears  
"Go to school, you bloody fool, and join the engineers!"  
CHORUS

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  
CHORUS

Sir Francis Drake and all his ships set out for Calais bay  
They'd heard the Spanish rum fleet was headed out their way  
But the engineers had beaten them by night and half a day  
And though as drunk as hooligans you still could hear them say:  
CHORUS

A maiden and an engineer went strolling to the park  
The engineer was there to do some research after dark  
His scientific method was a wonder to observe  
While his right hand wrote the figures, his left hand traced the curve  
CHORUS

Venus was a statue made entirely out of stone  
In all her pristine beauty she was naked as a bone  
On seeing that she had no clothes, an engineer discoursed  
"Why, the damn thing's only concrete and it should be reinforced!"