SONG #1. CHARLIE THE MIDNIGHT MARAUDER

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OLD CHARLIE WAS RAISED IN THE CITY, HE SCOFFED AT THE SUBURBAN LIFE--
'TIL SATAN, DISGUISED AS A SALESMAN, BEWITCHED & BEWILDERED HIS WIFE.

SHE HEARD OF THE PLEASURES OF RURAL LIFE, WITH BARBECUES UNDER THE TREES
AND SO FOR A MERE 40 THOUSAND, HE PURCHASED THEIR DREAM HOUSE WITH EASE.

HE 'ROSE BEFORE DAWN EVERY MORNING, TO DREAMILY FALL INTO LINE
AND FOLLOW THAT BUMPERBEFORE HIM,TO BE ON THE JOB BEFORE NINE.

HIS DREAM HOUSE OF CRUMBLING STUCCO WAS MORE LIKE A NITEMARISH LOAD---
HIS WEEKENDS WERE SPENT IN HARD LABOR,HE DUG & HE PRUNED & HE MOWED!

ONE NITE AN ELECTRICAL FAILURE,BLACKED OUT EVERY STREET IN THE TRACK--
OUR HERO DROVE UP IN CONFUSION--BUT COULDN'T LOCATE HIS NEW SHACK.

EACH CRACKERBOX LOOKED LIKE THE ONE NEXT DOOR AS FAR AS THE EYE COULD SEE
HE CURSED TO HIMSELF AS HE PONDERED,'NOW WHERE IN THE WORLD CAN IT BE?'

HE SEARCHED 'TIL A DOOR LOOKED FAMILIAR,& TRIED OUT HIS KEY IN THE LOCK,
THE DOOR OPENED WIDE & HE ENTERED,POOR CHARLIE WAS ON THE WRONG BLOCK!

HE STRODE TO THE COUCH OF HIS SLEEPING LOVE,HE KISSED HER & BACKED OFF IN FRIGHT
THE GIRL HE HAD KISSED WAS A STRANGER,WHO SCREAMED & RAN OUT IN THE NITE!

THEY CAUGHT HIM A FEW MINUTES LATER,STILL ROOTED & SHAKING WITH FEAR---
THEY CALLED HIM "THE MIDNITE MARAUDER", &PUT HIM AWAY FOR A YEAR!!

AND PUT HIM AWAY FOR A YEAR, & PUT HIM AWAY FOR A YEAR--
THEY CALLED HIM THE MIDNITE MARAUDER, AND PUT HIM AWAY FOR A YEAR!

WHEN A SALESMAN IS TOUTING SUBURBIA,HE'S DOING IT PURELY FOR WEALTH,
REMEMBER THE STORY OF CHARLIE, AND TELL HIM TO MOVE THERE HIMSELF!!

AND TELL HIM TO MOVE THERE HIMSELF, AND TELL HIM TO MOVE THERE HIMSELF--
REMEMBER THE STORY OF CHARLIE, AND TELL HIM TO MOVE THERE HIMSELF!!!

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{THIS NEXT ONE HAS SOME GOOD SATIRE IN IT; METHINKS ITS AN OLD IRISH FOLK SONG, BUT I'M NOT REALLY POSITIVE. ANYWAY, HERE IT IS:}

SONG#2. "THE MOUNTAINS OF MOURNE"

OH MARY,THIS LONDON'S A WONDERFUL SIGHT, WITH PEOPLE HERE WORKIN' BY DAY & BY NIGHT; THEY DON'T SOW POTATOES NOR BARLEY NOR WHEAT--BUT THERE'S GANGS OF THEM DIGGING FOR GOLD IN THE STREET!

AT LEAST WHEN I ASKED THEM THAT'S WHAT I WAS TOLD, SO I JUST TOOK A HAND AT THIS DIGGIN' FOR GOLD, BUT FOR ALL THAT I FOUND THERE I MIGHT AS WELL BE, WHERE THE MOUNTAINS OF MOURNE SWEEP DOWN TO THE SEA!

I BELEIVE THAT WHEN WRITTIN' A WISH YOU EXPRESSED, AS TO HOW THE FINE LADIES OF LONDON WERE DRESSED; WELL IF YOU'LL BELEIVE ME, WHEN ASKED TO A BALL, THEY DON'T WEAR NO TOPS TO THEIR DRESSES A'TALL!

OH I'VE SEEN THEM MESELF, & YOU COULD NOT IN TRUTH, SAY THAT IF THEY WERE BOUND FOR A BALL OR A BATH! DON'T BE STARTIN' THEM FASHIONS, NOW, MARY McCREE, WHERE THE MOUNTAINS OF MOURNE SWEEP DOWN TO THE SEA.

THERE'S BEAUTIFUL GIRLS HERE, OH NEVER YOU MIND--WITH BEAUTIFUL SHAPES NATURE NEVER DESIGNED; AND LOVELY COMPLEXIONS OF ROSES & CREAM, BUT LET ME REMARK WITH REGARDS TO THE SAME, THAT IF AT THOSE ROSES YOU VENTURED TO SIP, THE COLORS MIGHT ALL COME AWAY ON YOUR LIP! SO I'LL WAIT FOR THE WILD ROSE THATS WAITING FOR ME, IN THE PLACE WHERE THE DARK MOURNE SWEEPS DOWN TO THE SEA!

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{ This is PAGE #1,OF THE BEMS FOLK SONG booklet. MIMEO'D BY GOOD FREEND ART HAYES }

{THIS SONG IS ONE OF MY FAVORITES--- FOR SOME STRANGE REASON I CAN'T PASS OVER ((OOPS, PARDON ME, AVRAM!)) LATIN-TYPE FOLK SONGS LIKE "DAY-O", "JAMAICA FAREWELL","BANUA", & THIS ONE,TITLED:}

SONG#3. BIMINI

(CHORUS#1.): OH, TILL I GO DOWN TO BIMINI, NEVER GET A LICKIN''TILL I GO DOWN TO BIMINI!

I. WE WERE ALL SAILORS-'TIL THE DAY--OUR BOAT PULLEDD IN TO BIMINI BAY, WE TAPPED A KEG-WE LOADED ON,WOKE UP TO FIND THE BOAT WAS GONE!
(CHORUS #2)

(CHORUS#2.): SEND MY BAIL DOWN TO BIMINI, THIS TOWN IS WEARISOME, GOT THROWN IN JAIL JUST FOR DRINKIN'--BARBATO RUM,BARBATO RUM!
(CHORUS #1.)

II. I RECOLLECT THE OTHER NIGHT, SEEMS LIKE THERE WAS A FRIENDLY FIGHT-- IT WAS A WOMAN BROUGHT ME GRIEF,HER MOTHER WAS THE POLICE CHIEF!
(CHORUS #2.)

III. I TOLD THEM I WOULD MEND MY WAYS, THEY LET ME OUT IN 30 DAYS-- ONE LITTLE SIP TO QUENCH MY THIRST, I SHOULD HAVE READ THE LABEL FIRST!
(CHORUS #2,)

IV. THEY SAY THAT BIMINI CAN'T AFFORD--TO KEEP PROVIDING ROOM & BOARD, I'M ANCHORED HERE BY BALL & CHAIN, SQUEEZING THE RUM FROM SUGAR CANE!!
(CHORUS #2.)

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{THIS NEXT ONE IS ANOTHER SONG I LIKE PERSONALLY. I THINK IT HAS A REAL CATCHY TUNE IN THE CHORUSES:}

SONG #4. BONNIE HIELAN' LADDIE

I. WAS YOU EVER IN QUEBEC, BONNIE LADDIE, HIELAN' LADDIE; STOWING TIMBER ON THE DECK, BONNIE HIELAN' LADDIE? WAS YOU EVER IN DUNDEE, BONNIE LADDIE, HIELAN' LADDIE? THERE'S SOME PRETTY SHIPS YOU'LL SEE,BONNIE HIELAN' LADDIE. (CHORUS)

(CHORUS:) HEY, HO & AWAY WE GO! BONNIE LADDIE, HIELAN' LADDIE,
" " " " " " ,BONNIE HIELAN' LADDIE!

I. THIS BOSTON TOWN DON'T SUIT MY NOTION & I'M BOUND FOR FAR AWAY, SO I'LL PACK MY BAG & SAIL THE OCEAN & I'LL SEE YOU ONE ANOTHER DAY.

II. WAS YOU EVER IN MOBILE BAY, BONNIE LADDIE, HIELAN' LADDIE? LOADING COTTON BY THE DAY,BONNIE HIELAN' LADDIE! WAS YOU EVER 'ROUND CAPE HORN, BONNIE LADDIE, HIELAN' LADDIE? WITH THE LION & THE UNICORN, BONNIE HIELAN' LADDIE! (CHORUS)

2. ONE OF THESE DAYS & IT WON'T BE LONG, AND I'M BOUND FOR FAR AWAY, YOU'LL TAKE A LOOK AROUND & FIND ME GONE & I'LL SEE YOU ONE ANOTHER DAY.

III. WAS YOU EVER IN MONTEREY,BONNIE LADDIE, HIELAN' LADDIE? ON THAT TOWN WITH 3 MONTHS PAY,BONNIE HIELAN' LADDIE! WAS YOU EVER IN ABERDEEN, BONNIE LADDIE,HIELAN' LADDIE? PRETTIEST GIRLS THAT YOU'VE EVER SEEN, BONNIE HIELAN' LADDIE! (CHORUS)

3. FAREWELL DEAR FRIENDS I'M LEAVING SOON, & I'M BOUND FOR FAR AWAY, WE'LL MEET AGAIN THIS COMING JUNE, & I'LL SEE YOU ONE ANOTHER DAY!
(CHORUS)

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{AND NOW, SEEING AS HOW THERE'S LOTS OF ROOM LEFT AT THE BOTTOM OF THIS HERE STENCIL,I'LL FILL IT BY EXPLAINING THE FAANISH-TYPE SONG ON THE NEXT PAGE: IT WAS COMPOSED((OR MADE UP, IF YOU WILL)) BY JONI CORNELL, JON STOPA, & I, BILL MALLARDI,WHILE WE DROVE BACK THE 2500-ODD MILES FROM SEATTLE,AFTER THE SEACON LAST YEAR,BACK EAST. WE SANG 'MOST ALL THE TIME WE DROVE, & WHEN JONI BURST OUT WITH THAT 1ST LINE, THE REST CAME AS A MATTER OF COURSE. REPRINT PERMISSION? SURE, TO ANYONE WHO WANTS-- JUST GIVE US THE EGOBEO CREDITS, PLEEZ? ADDING TO IT IS ENCOURAGED,ALSO-- PELZ? THE HOBBITT? LEE ANN, OR ANYONE ELSE? WRITE ME IF YA DO, HUH? BEM.}

SONG #5. "THE SEACON SONG"
((TO THE TUNE OF"BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC"))

1. MINE EYES HAVE SEEN THE GLORY OF THE GREAT SEATTLE CON, WE HAVE JOINED IN ALL THE DRINKING & THE OTHER GOINGS-ON,WE HAVE STAYED AT ALL THE PARTIES 'TILL THE NEOFANS WERE GONE, & THE DRINKS WENT FLOWING ON!

(CHORUS:) FANDOM, FANDOM, IS A WAY OF LIFE!
FANDOM, FANDOM, IS A WAY OF LIFE,
FANDOM, FANDOM, IS A WAY OF LIFE,
AS THE FANS GO DRINKING ON!

2. WE ATTENDED THE BANQUET & WE HEARD BOB HEINLEIN SPEAK, HE SAID THE RUSSIANS WERE TOO STRONG & THAT WE WERE TOO WEAK, AND IF THE COMMIES WERE TO COME WEDD FIGHT THEM ON THE SNEAK, & JOIN THE UNDERGROUND!

(CHORUS:) FANDOM, FANDOM,IS A WAY OF LIFE!
(3 TIMES)
AS THE FANS GO FIGHTING ON!

3. WE SAW WALLEY WEBER SOLD OFF AT THE AUCTION HALL, THE FEMMEFANS GOT TOGETHER TO PRECIPITATE HIS FALL, HE CROGGLED & HE GROTCHED & THEN HIS SKIN BEGAN TO CRAWL--& HE TRIED TO CLIMB THE WALL!

(CHORUS:) FANDOM, FANDOM, (ETC., 3TIMES)
AS WALLEY CLIMBSTHE WALL!

4. ELLA PARKER CAME FROM ENGLAND TO THE U.S.A.,SHE VISITED A LOT OF FEN WHO LIVED ALONG THE WAY, WE LIKED HER COMPANY SO MUCH THAT WE WOULD LIKE TO SAY,"ELLA PARKER, WON'T YOU STAY?"

(CHORUS:) FANDOM, FANDOM, (ETC., 3 TIMES)
SO ELLA, WON'T YOU STAY?

5. WE SWAM IN THE SWIMMING POOL, SUNG FOLK SONGS ALL NIGHT LONG, PLAYED INTERPLANETARY FOR 6 HOURS & NO-ONE WON, WE RAMBLED THRU THE ART SHOW THAT OUR OWN BJO PUT ON, AS THE FANS WENT FANNING ON!

(CHORUS:) FANDOM, FANDOM, (ETC., 3 TIMES)
AND THE FANS GO FANNING ON!

6. BEN JASONS' HUGOS WENT TO ALL "THE DIRTY LITTLE PROSS", WHO WROTE THE YEARS BEST S.F. STORIES, EVERYBODY KNOWS, AND CHICAGO'S GOT THE NEXT CONVENTION--THATS THE WAY IT GOES--AS EARL KEMPS BID WAS UNOPPOSED!!(?)

(CHORUS: FANDOM, FANDOM, IS AWAY OF LIFE,
FANDOM, FANDOM, IS A WAY OF LIFE,
FANDOM, FANDOM, IS A WAY OF LIFE,
AS THE CONS GO ON & ON!!

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(AND NOW FOR A SHORT BUT CUTE ONE, WITH MUCH GOOD SATIRE PACKED INTO IT)

SONG #6 "THE MERRY MINUET"

THEY'RE RIOTING IN AFRICA, THEY'RE STARVING IN SPAIN, THERE'S HURRICANES IN FLORIDA---AND TEXAS NEEDS RAIN!

THE WHOLE WORLD IS FESTERING WITH UNHAPPY SOULS, THE FRENCH HATE THE GERMANS,THE GERMANS HATE THE POLES, ITALIANS HATE YUGOSLAVS--SOUTH AFRICANS HATE THE DUTCH----AND I DON'T LIKE ANYBODY VERY MUCH!

BUT WE CAN BE TRANQUIL, & THANKFIL, & PROUD, FOR MANS BEEN ENDOWED WITH A MUSHROOM-SHAPED CLOUD!, & WE KNOW FOR CERTAIN THAT SOME LOVELY DAY, SOMEONE WILL SET THE SPARK OFF,& WE WILL ALL BE BLOWN AWAY!!

THEY'RE RIOTING IN AFRICA, THERE'S STRIFE IN IRAN--WHAT NATURE DOESN'T DO TO US--WILL BE DONE BY OUR FELLOW MAN!!

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THOSE ALGERIANS SURE HAD DE GAULLE TO ASK FOR THEIR INDEPENDENCE!

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SONG#7. (A BIT OF EXPLANATION ABOUT THIS NEXT ONE--HARRY POLLITT WAS ONCE AN INFLUENTIAL MEMBER OF THE COMMUNIST PARTY IN ENGLAND, UNTIL HE WAS KICKED OUT. AFTER HE WAS KICKED OUT, THEY ((WHOEVER "THEY" MAY BE!)) WROTE THIS SONG ABOUT HIM AS IF HE WERE DEAD. SO WITH THAT BIT OF KNOWLEDGE, I BRING YOU:)

"HARRY POLLITT"

HARRY POLLITT WAS A WORKER, ONE OF LENINS LADS, HE WAS FOULLY MURDERED BY THOSE COUNTER-REVOLUTIONARY CATS! COUNTER-REVOLUTIONARY CATS, COUNTER-REVOLUTIONARY CATS, HE WAS FOULLY MURDERED BY THOSE COUNTER-REVOLUTIONARY CATS.

OLD HARRY WENT TO HEAVEN, HE REACHED THE GATES WITH EASE, SAID, "MAY I SPEAK WITH COMRADE GOD?, I'M HARRY POLLITT, PLEASE." I'M HARRY POLLITT, PLEASE! I'M HARRY POLLITT PLEASE, MAY I SPEAK WITH COMRADE GOD, I'M HARRY POLLITT, PLEASE.

WHO ARE YOU? SAID SAINT PETER, ARE YA HUMBLE & CONTRITE? "I'M A FRIEND OF LADY ASTORS," WELL, O.K., THATS QUITE ALL RIGHT! O.K., THATS QUITE ALL RIGHT, O.K. THATS QUITE ALL RIGHT, YOU'RE A FRIEND OF LADY ASTORS, WELL, O.K., THATS QUITE ALL RIGHT.

NOW THEY PUT HIM IN THE CHOIR, BUT THE HYMNS HE DID NOT LIKE, SO HE ORGANIZED THE ANGELS & HE LED THEM OUT ON STRIKE! HE LED THEM OUT ON STRIKE, HE LED THEM OUT ON STRIKE, HE ORGANIZED THE ANGELS & HE LED THEM OUT ON STRIKE.

ONE DAY WHEN GOD WAS WALKING 'ROUND HEAVEN TO MEDITATE, WHO SHOULD HE SEE BUT HARRY CHALKING SLOGANS ON THE GATE! CHALKING SLOGANS ON THE GATE, SLOGANS ON THE GATE, WHO SHOULD HE SEE BUT HARRY CHALKING SLOGANS ON THE GATE!

WELL, THEY BROUGHT HIM UP FOR TRIAL, BEFORE THE HOLY GHOST, FOR SPREADING DIS-AFFECTION AMONGST THE HEAVENLY HOST! AMONGST THE HEAVENLY HOST, AMONGST THE HEAVENLY HOST, FOR SPREADING DISAFFECTION AMONGST THE HEAVENLY HOST.

WELL, THE VERDICT IT WAS GUILTY, HARRY SAID, "OH, WELL," HE TUCKED HIS NIGHTIE 'ROUND HIS KNEES & DRIFTED DOWN TO HELL! HE DRIFTED DOWN TO HELL, HE DRIFTED DOWN TO HELL, HE TUCKED HIS NIGHTIE 'ROUND HIS KNEES & DRIFTED DOWN TO HELL!

NOW 7 LONG YEARS HAVE PASSED, HARRYS DOIN' SWELL, HE'S JUST BEEN MADE FIRST PEOPLES COMMISSAR OF SOVIET HELL! COMMISSAR OF SOVIET HELL, COMMISSAR OF SOVIET HELL, HE'S JUST BEEN MADE FIRST PEOPLES COMMISSAR OF SOVIET HELL!!

NOW, THE MORAL OF THE STORY, IS EASY FOR TO TELL---IF YOU WANT TO BE A BOLSHEVIK YOU'LL HAVE TO GO TO HELL!!! YOU'LL HAVE TO GO TO HELL, YOU'LL HAVE TO GO TO HELL, IF YOU WANT TO BE A BOLSHEVIK YOU'LL HAVE TO GO TO HELL!!

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SONG #8. (THIS LITTLE SONG SHOWS THAT BLOOD IS NOT THICKER THAN LOVE, IN A MANNER OF SPEAKING, OR, LOVE TRIUMPHS OVER ALL!)

"HANGMAN"

(CHORUS:) HANGMAN, HANGMAN, HANGMAN, SLACK YOUR ROPE A WHILE, THINK I SEE MY BROTHER, RIDING MANY A MILE!
WELL, BROTHER DID YOU BRING ME SILVER, BROTHER DID YOU BRING ME GOLD... OR DID YOU COME TO SEE ME, A-HANGING FROM THE GALLOWS POLE?

NO, I DIDN'T BRING YOU ANY SILVER, NO I DIDN'T BRING ANY GOLD, I JUST COME TO SEE YOU, HANGING FROM THE GALLOWS POLE!

(REPEAT CHORUS, BUT THIS TIME REPLACE WORD: BROTHER, WITH FATHER, USING SAME ANSWER ABOVE.)

((THEN:)) HANGMAN, HANGMAN, HANGMAN, SLACK YOUR ROPE A WHILE, THINK I SEE MY SWEETHEART, A-RIDING MANY A MILE! SWEETHEART DID YOU BRING ME SILVER, SWEETHEART DID YOU BRING ME GOLD, OR DID YOU COME TO SEE ME, A-HANGIN' FROM THE GALLOWS POLE? YES, I BROUGHT YOU SOME SILVER, YES, I BROUGHT A LITTLE GOLD----I DIDN'T COME TO SEE YOU---A-HANGING FROM THE GALLOWS POLE! HANGING FROM THE GALLOWS POLE, HANGING FROM THE GALLOWS POLE!

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{ AND NOW FOR THE SAD, SAD TALE OF AN EX-BEATNIK-TURNED-RUSSIAN!}
{P.S. HOPE MY SPELLING IS RIGHT ON THOSE BIG ROOSIAN WORDS!}

"GARI, GARI"

1. HAD A WIFE, SHE WAS A SWINGING CHICK, 'TIL ON ME THEY PLAYED A LOUSY TRICK. WE WERE HAPPY, OH WE WERE HAPPY THEN, IN OUR PAD WITH BARTOK & WITH ZEN!

2. THEN ONE DAY--ONE SAD & FATEFUL DAY, I TOOK HER TO THE VOIYSEIV BALLET--HEY! THE RUSSIAN KICK HAS RUINED MY CHICK FOR ME, WITH THE MEISVYSOV BEAURACRACY!

(CHORUS #1.)

(CHORUS 1:) GARI, GARI, MY HEARTS A FLAMING TORCH--FOR BREAKFAST, LUNCH & DINNER I GET BORSCHT!! IN ARTHUR MURRAYS ARKADANIOV, SHE'S LEARNING HOW TO DANCE COSSACKS KYIOV!

(CHORUS #2)

(CHORUS 2.:) GARI, GARI--SHE WEARS A COSSACK BLOUSE, SHE DANCES WILDLY ALL AROUND THE HOUSE, TOMORROW MORNING THEY WILL FIND ME DEAD--SHE EVEN WEARS HER RUSSIAN BOOTS IN BED!

3. AH, THE DAYS, THE GOLDEN DAYS WE KNEW, READING VERSE, WHILE CHARLIE PARKER BLEW! RAISING BEARDS WAS JUST A GAME WE PLAYED, WHILE AVOIDING ANY WORK THAT PAID!

4. NOW THOSE DAYS ARE VERY, VERY FAR--AND I AM ONLY FROM A SOMOVAR--HEY! SHE'S TURNED ME INTO SOMETHING PRETTY STRANGE, A CRAZY MIXED-UP CULTURAL EXCHANGE!!

(CHORUS #2.)

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SONG #10. { AND NOW, TO END THIS GROUP OF FOLK SONGS, AN ENGLISH ONE THAT I <u>HOPE</u> WALT & MADELINE LIKE:)

"WITH HER HEAD TUCKED UNDERNEATH HER ARM"

1. IN THE TOWN OF LONDON, LARGE AS LIFE, THE GHOST OF ANN BOLYN WALKS, THEY DECLARE---POOR ANN BOLYN WAS ONCE KING HENRYS' WIFE, UNTIL HE MADE THE HEADSMAN BOB HER HAIR! OH, YES HE DID HER WRONG LONG YEARS AGO, & SHE COMES UP AT NIGHT TO TELL HIM SO!

(CHORUS:)

CHORUS: WITH HER HEAD TUCKED UNDERNEATH HER ARM, SHE WALKS THE BLOODY TOWER, WITH HER HEAD TUCKED UNDERNEATH HER ARM, AT THE MIDNITE HOUR!

2. SHE COMES TO HAUNT KING HENRY, SHE MEANS GIVING HIM WHAT-FOR, GADZOOKS, SHE'S GOING TO TELL HIM OFF, SHE'S FEELING VERY SORE. BUT JUST IN CASE THE HEADSMAN WANTS TO GIVE HER AN ENCORE, SHE HAS HER HEAD TUCKED UNDERNEATH HER ARM! (CHORUS)

3. THE SENTRIES THINK THAT ITS AFOOTBALL THAT SHE CARRIES IN, & WHEN THEY'VE HAD A FEW THEY SHOUT "IS ARMY GOING TO WIN?" THEY THINK THAT ITS RED GRANGE INSTEAD OF POOR OLD ANN BOLYN, WITH HER HEAD TUCKED UNDERNEATH HER ARM.

4. SOMETIMES GAY KING HENRY GIVES A SPREAD, FOR ALL HIS PALS & GALS & GHOSTLY CREW, THE HEADSMAN CARVES THE JOINT && CUTS THE BREAD, THEN IN COMES ANN BOLYN TO QUEER THE DOO! SHE HOLDS HER HEAD UP WITH A WILD WAR-HOOP, & HENRY CRIES "DON'T DROP IT IN THE SOUP!!" (CHORUS)

5. ONE NIGHT SHE CAUGHT KING HENRY, HE WAS IN THE CANTEEN BAR, SAID HE ARE YOU JANE SEYMOUR, ANN BOLYN OR KATHRYN PAAR, OR HOW THE SWEET SAM PERRY, & DO I KNOW WHO YOU ARE, WITH YOUR HEAD TUCKED UNDERNEATH YOUR ARM?

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WELL, THAT DOES IT, FINALLY..... THE END OF THIS SO-CALLED FOLK SONG BOOKLET. HOPE YOU PEOPLE HAVE ENJOYED IT--(AFTER ALL, ITS FREE!) AND THO MEBBE MA-NY OF YOU DON'T KNOW THE TUNES TO SOME OF THE SONGS, YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO PICK THEM OUT AFTER HEARING THEM ONCE OR TWICE. AT LEAST WE SINGING THE CHORUSES ANYHOO. DUNNO HOW MANY COPIES OF THIS WILL BE MADE--HOPE THERES ENUFF. REGARDS, BILL MALLARDI