

SCIENCE - FICTION SONG SHEET I

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CONVENTION OF 2140

(Tune: "There are smiles that make us happy,...")

Here are fans from Enceladus,
Here are fans from Luna's face;
Here are fans from Mercury to Pluto,
And from Vulcan, if there's such a place.

And we who gather in this conclave
Do assert that we will never be
Content, until the flag of fandom
Floats over Proxima Centaurie!

D Tm FRAGMENT

(Tune: obvious)

We'll build a tempo-ship,
And we'll take a little trip,
And watch a million years go by.

*→ And let the rest of the
WORLD GO BY*

MARCHING SONG OF FOOFOO

(The words are given here from memory; true text has been stenciled for the long-overdue Escape. It would be sacrilege to name the tune for this, but it should be apparent.)

Forward, FooFoo's legions,
Fight against the ghu:
Down with Wollheim, Wylie,
Lowndes, and Kornbluth too.
We shall be victorious,
FooFoo on our side;
Strike the ghus with mighty poos and
Take them for a ride.

Forward forge our legions,
Fighting foul ghughu;
Up with FooFoo, down with ghughu;
Hail to Great FooFoo!

ODE TO OMNISCIENCE

(Tune is a catchy one, but I'll have to give it to you verbally)

Far above the Hudson's water,
There's a discord sour,
Where a dozen dirty Bolos
Have the Ivory Tower.

PINK AND PURPLE ROCKET

(Tune: The popular song it's mercilessly plagiarized after)

A clock it, a srocket,
A pink and purple rocket;
I rode on a spaceship out to Luna,
On the way I jumped it:
I jumped it, I jumped it--
Yes, on the way I jumped it.
An ISP boat came along,
And on the moon they
dumped it.

They were sliding on down the
curve of space,
Without any definite time or
place;
Were a-put-put-putting all about,
When they spied it with a shout.
They took it, they took it,
My little purple rocket,
And if I do not get it back
I think that I shall die.

(From here on you throw away the script and begin to improvise.)

THE ROAD SONG OF THE TRANSPORT CADETS

(Tune: "The Roll of the Caissons", Copyrighted by Street & Smith, 1940---used by special permission.)

Hear them hum!
Watch them run!
Oh, our job is never done,
For our roadways keep rolling
along!

While you ride;
While you glide;
We are watching down inside,
So your roadways keep rolling
along!

Oh, it's Hie! Hie! Hee!
The rotor men are we--
Check off the sectors loud and
strong!

ONE! TWO! THREE!
Anywhere you go
You are bound to know
That your roadways are rolling
along!

KEEP THEM ROLLING!
That your roadways are rolling
along!

TWILIGHT PRELUDE

(General tune of Taps, with an extra, unaccented, syllable at the beginning of each line)

The day is done,
Time's sands near run;
The seas are dry, the sky is dark,
the sun is gone.
We've done our best--
These times may pass:
New days may dawn.

For the fact that all of the selections in this sheet are more or less parodies, we can only apologize. Milt Rothmann was going to write some original music to a piece, but we never could compose one he liked.

All we have to say in conclusion is: YNGVI IS A LOUSE!

