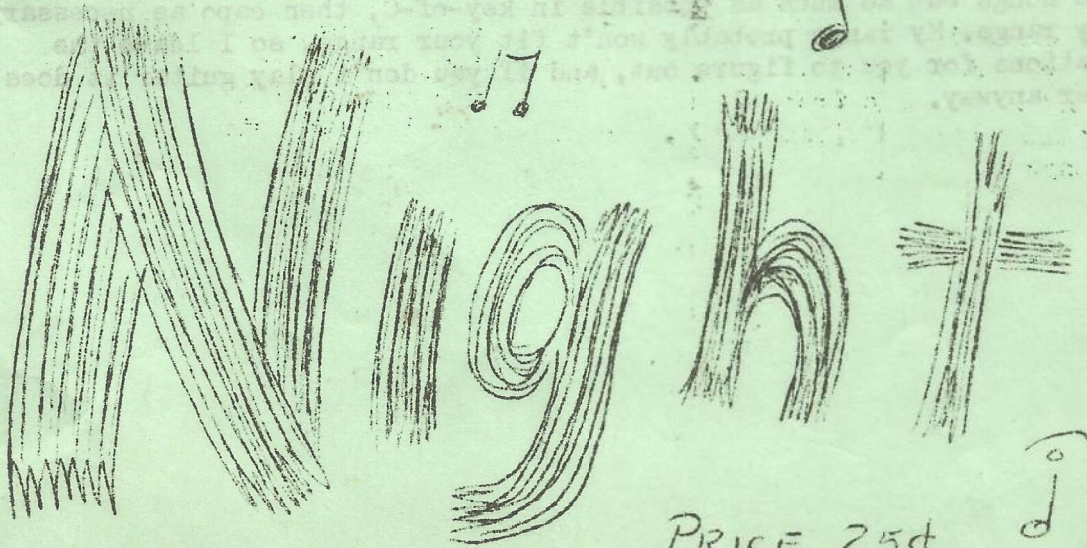
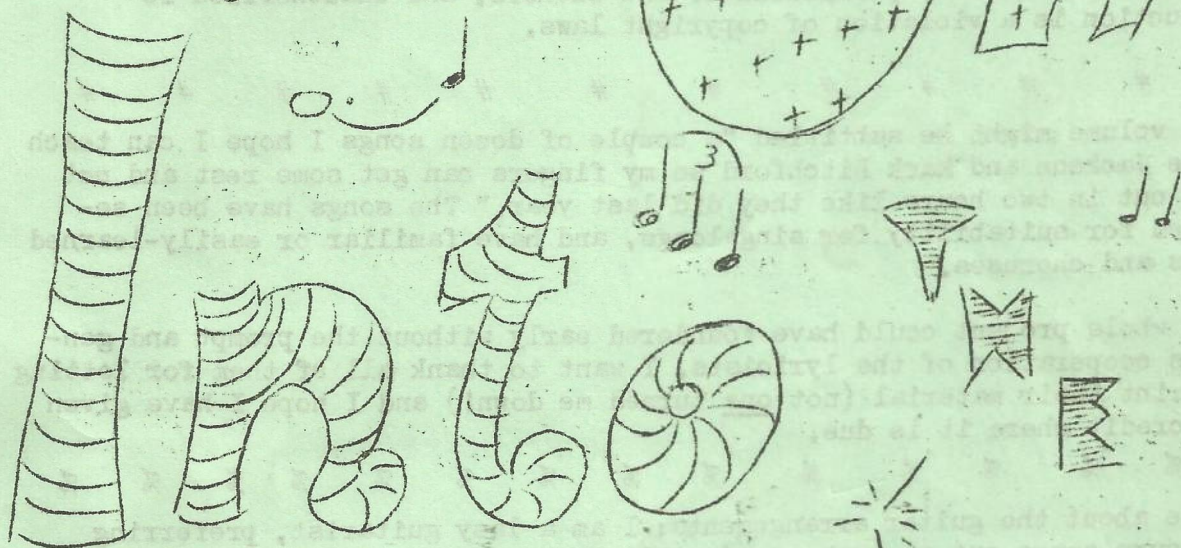
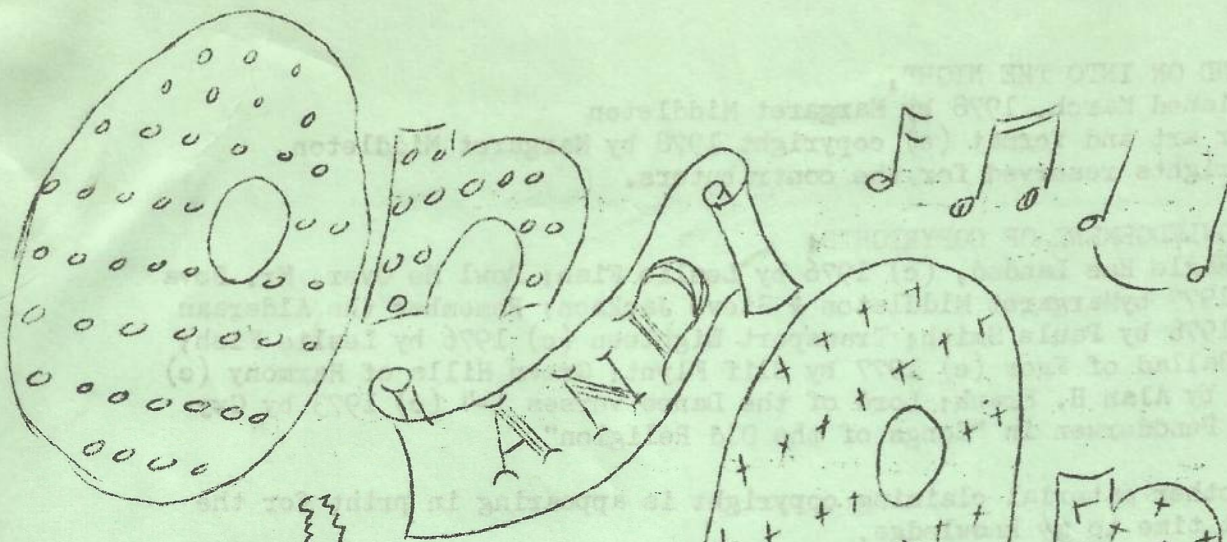


for me!



PRICE 25¢

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ON AND ON INTO THE NIGHT,

Published March, 1978 by Margaret Middleton

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#

This volume might be subtitled "a couple of dozen songs I hope I can teach Steve Jackson and Mack Pitchford so my fingers can get some rest and not wear out in two hours like they did last year." The songs have been selected for suitability for singalongs, and have familiar or easily-learned tunes and choruses.

This whole project could have foundered early without the prompt and generous cooperation of the lyricists. I want to thank all of them for letting me print their material (not one turned me down!) and I hope I have given all credit where it is due.

% % % % % % % % % % % % % % %

A note about the guitar arrangements: I am a lazy guitarist, preferring to figure songs out as much as possible in key-of-C, then capo as necessary to fit my range. My range probably won't fit your range, so I leave the capo notations for you to figure out, and if you don't play guitar it does not matter anyway.

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THE BALLAD OF ORBITAL HUBRIS

lyric by Joe Haldeman

Sung to the tune of "The Titanic" (sort of)

C F
They put a colony in space, just to save the human race

C G7
And they put it in an orbit high and round.

C F Fm
But the Lord's almighty hand said "This colony won't stand"

C G7 C
And he chuckled as he shoved it to the ground.

F C
(chorus) Oh, it was sad, Lord, sad; it was sad, Lord, sad.

G7
It was sad when that colony came down. (hit Peoria!)

C F Fm
Husbands and wives, little children lost their lives;

C G7 C
It was sad when that colony came down.

A professor named O'Neill offered us a crazy deal:

For just two-hundred billion he could place

An Eden made of rock in a kind of Trojan lock

Guaranteed to keep from drifting into space.

He had drawn up careful plans to spend two hundred-million-grand

To build a spinning doughnut full of men.

But he didn't think to say, "Those engineers have gotta pray,

Else Jehovah's gonna want to do them in." (chorus)

Now the Bible says your God is a jealous sort of sod

And careful of his prerogatives.

Put a colony in space without even saying grace--

 > You really hit Jehovah where He lives.

But they took a million tonnes of lunar dust and Terra's sons

And they put them in the orbit of Lagrange.

Said the Lord: "This space is zoned just for vacuum, light and stone."

He wished they would've stayed home on the range.

So with a cosmic kind of love He gave the colony a shove

Into an orbit tailored to decay.

Sixteen times it spun around, then it crashed into the ground--

I'm glad I missed Peoria that day!

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THE EAGLE HAS LANDED

lyric & music by Leslie Fish

Am E Am Em C
Worlds grow old, and suns grow cold
Am G7 C - E

And death we never can doubt,

Am G7 G G7
Time's cold wind, wailing down the past
C E Am F Am

Reminds us that all flesh is grass,

Am E Am
And history's lamps blow out.
C G7

(chorus) (And) The Eagle has landed;

E Am - G7
Tell your children when;

Am E Am E Am
Time won't drive us down to dust again;

Cycles turn while the far stars burn,
And people and planets age;
Life's crown passes to a younger land;
Time sweeps dust of hope from his hand,
And turns another page. And...

But we who feel the weight of the wheel
When winter falls over our world
Can hope for tomorrow and raise our eyes
To a silver moon in the open skies
And a single flag unfurled. And...

Now we know well what life can tell;
If you would not perish, then grow,
And today our fragile flesh and steel
Have laid our hand to a vaster wheel
With all of the stars to know-- That...

From all who tried our of history's tide
A salute for the team that won;
And the old Earth smiles at her children's reach,
The wave that carried us up the beach
To reach for the shining sun. And...

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THAT REAL OLD TIME RELIGION !

lyrics by assorted persons, culprits identified if I know who
tune: "Tha Old Time Religion"

C G7 C
(chorus) Give me that old time religion; give me that old time religion.

C7 F C G7 C
Give me that old time religion, it's good enough for me.
We will sacrifice to Kali, though embracing her is folly.
She'd be quite an armful--Golly! But she's good enough for me. (Poul Anderson)

It was good enough for Maui, and for his communion chow he
Served up poi and Long Pig--Wowie! But its good enough for me PA

It was good for Dionysus 'til one time there came a crisis
From a rise in tavern prices? and its good enough for me. PA

It was good for Greek Apollo, but his act was hard to follow:
Full of lyres I cannot swallow, but its good enough for me. PA

Montezuma likes to start out rites by carrying a part out
That'd really tear your heart out, but he's good enough for me. PA

It was good enough for Dagan, that conservative old pagan:
He still votes for Ronald Reagan, but he's good enough for me. PA

It was good enough for Venus; she'd have sighed if she'd've seen us:
Letting morals come between us! But its good enough for me. PA

It was good for old Osiris, but what I want to enquire is
Can you Xerox a papyrus? But it's good enough for me. PA

NECRONOMICON? I'll buy one; LIBER EIBON I'll rely on,
and THE PROTOCOLS OF ZION, they're all good enough for me. (Murray Porath)

Just like Swami Satchinanda; just like Swami Satchinanda:
Hold your breath and throw a tantra, and you're good enough for me. MP

Pan and all the satyrs brayed in chorus when they saw a maiden:
"What a great Faith to get laid in!" and its good enough for me. MP

We will sacrifice to Shiva, we will sacrifice to Shiva:
If you are a true believer, then you're good enough for me. MP

If you think that you'll be saved, if you think that you'll be saved
If you follow Moses David, you're not good enough for me. MP

It was good for old Achilles, though death gave his Mom the willies;
She Styx-dipped him by the heelies, and he's good enough for me. MP

NECRONOMICON's still leading; all the others its exceeding:
But don't move your lips while reading, cause that isn't good for you! MP

Sun Moon's kids are kind of funny, but they stick to him like honey.
He just wants their souls (and money!), and that's good enough for him. MP

There will be a lot of lovin' when we're gathered in our coven.
Quit yer pushin' and your shovin', so there's room enough for me. (anon.)

There are followers of Conan, there are followers of Conan:
They're all followers of onan, yet they're good enough for me. (anon.)

It could be that you're a Parsi, it could be that you're a Parsi:
Walk on by her: you'll get in free, and you're good enough for me. (anon.)

Azathoth is in his Chaos, Azathoth is in his Chaos:
Nowif only he don't slay us, then that's good enough for me. (anon.) 3

OLD TIME RELIGION (cont'd)

We will sing to Yama-Dharma at our revels on the farm al-
though it messes up our Karma, it is good enough for me. (Dragomyr the
Cossack)

We will worship old Osiris as we sit and smoke papyrus.
We will prob'ly catch a virus; but its good enough for me. (DtC)

Good old Thor the god of Thunder really helped us get our plunder
Tho' his head's still truly dunder, he's still good enough for me. (Judson
Horning)

If you think religion's awful and you've really had your crawful
Just be sure your acts are lawful or they'll all be after thee. (JH)

O the ancient Goddess, Nerthus, from herself the Earth did birth us:
Were her sins so bad they're worth us? But she's good enough for me. (JH)

That old wondrous fairy, Morgan, could appreciate an organ
Just as long as it was workin' (tho her prices weren't quite free) (JH)

Now there was this wizard, Merlin, really kept the globe a-twirlin'
Til he got mixed up in girlin' but he's good enough for me. (JH)

But the true religion's science where we place our great reliance
For its saws don't take defiance, so its good enough for me. (JH)

I was singing 'Hare Rama' with my friend the Dalai Lama'
'Til they threw us in the slammer, but its good enough for me. (Steve Jackson)

Asmodeus will excite us, to an orgy he'll invite us
He may have his high pries bite us, but its good enough for me. (SJ)

We will all do praise to Horus, in an old Egyptian chorus
If there's something in it for us, then its good enough for me. (SJ)

Do the rites of old Cthulhu, you and me and Mr. Sulu,
Howling like a drunken Zulu, and its good enough for me. (SJ)

We will sing to Ronnie Ghu until they ask us what we're doin'
Cause its good enough for you, and babe, its good enough for me. (SJ)

Well, Pan's pipes got plugged last summer, and it really was a bummer;
Fin'lly had to call a plumber, but its good enough for me. (SJ)

If you want to save your soul, according to the priests of Moloch,
You must sacrifice a Polack, which is good enough for him. (SJ)

Well I prayed to mighty Isis to relieve romantic crisis;
Now I've got satyriasis, but that's good enough for me. (SJ)

If you've got the itchie-squirmies, then you'd better pray to Hermes:
He will cure you of your germies and he's good enough for me. (SJ)

Well, they also call 'er Venus; she's the cutest, but the meanest
Cause she bit () on the...kneecap (which is much too close for comfort?
(SJ with mods by Margaret Middleton)

There's the blacksmith-god Hephaestus, far ahead of all the rest o'us
And his balls are pure asbestos, but he's good enough for me. (Al Frank)

If you think these verses floor us, then just write another chorus
Just as long as you don't bore us, then its good enough for me. (anon.)

OTR will be continued as filler on other pages of the book.-msm

MOMMA DON'T 'LOW

begun by Steve Simmens, and Nate Euckland, added-onto by ghod knows who else.
tune: "Momma Don't 'Low"

C

Momma den't 'low no paranoia 'round here.

G7

Momma don't 'low no paranoia 'round here.

C

C7

I con't care what Momma don't 'low;

F

Fm

She's out to get me anyhow!

C

G7

C

Momma don't 'low no paranoia 'round here.

Schizophrenia/this ain't the real world

Megalomania/who runs this universe?

Oedipus complex/we're gonna get married

Multiple personalities/we've got her outnumbered

Bestiality/arf arf oiwk baa moo meow

Transvestites/ I'm prettier than she is

Manic-depression/ (shriek)

Catatonia/ ()

Equine sado-necro-bestiality/ Momma den't know what she don't 'low

She den't talk Latin, anyhow.

Insecurities/ she don't love me

Nymphomania/I got satyriasis

Masochism/ she'll probably punish me

Necrophilia/she's just an old deadhead

Auto-eroticism/gonna go to the drive-in

Domination & 'ondage/I'll let her out about a week from now

Gay liberation/I don't drink orange juice

Solipsism/she's nonexistent

Fetishism/ I'll shop at Frederick's

Amnesia/I don't remember her

Fugue/I'm gonna run away

Anorexia nervosa/ Cant stand her cooking

Kleptomania/I've stolen this song

* * * * *

(more OTR)

If your rising sign is Aries you'll be taken by the fairies

Meet the Buddha on Antares, where he'll get you with a pie.

We will have a mighty orgy in the honor of Astarte

It will be one helluva party and its good enough for me.

We will all see Aphrodite, she will meet us in her nightie

Though she's pretty wild and flighty, she is good enough for me.

WITH HIS SKETCHPAD UNDERNEATH HIS ARM.

lyric by Bob Asprin

tune: "With Her Head Tucked Underneath her arm"

Am E Am
At SF conventions late at night, a man named Kelly Freas stalks the halls.

E
A felt-tipped pen clutched madly in his right;

Am
The deadly instrument with which he scrawls.

Dm E
And what he scribbles halfway through the night

Dm E
From any other man would mean a fight!

Am Dm Am
With his sketch-pad underneath his arm, he stalks the SF bower.

E Am Dm E
With his sketch-pad underneath his arm, he can scrawl for hours!

Am E Am
You go out to a party, and you tie onto a dog.

Dm Am
You toss a couple doubles down; you're walking in a fog

Dm Am Dm
And when you sober up, you're on the front of Analog

Am E Am
From that sketchpad underneath his arm!

Now, Polly's at a loss about her spouse;

She holds her temper gracefully in sway.

An ordinary guy around the house,

Until a con (or full moon) comes his way.

He says, "One minute, then I'll be along."

It's been three hours; where has Kelly gone! With his ...

She's always patient, always calm, she's calm of word and speech.

She doesn't blow her cool with him, she doesn't scold or preach;

But the next time he's got a collar and a leash.

And a sketchpad underneath his arm.

Now Kelly is a friend of Dorsai Folk.

There's always laughs and smiles when he's around.

He sketches them with ease between the jokes,

In turn we honor him with drink and song.

The patch (belt-buckle, tee-shirt) they wear is one of his designs;

And done for free, which blows the Dorsai's minds! With his...

He's always friendly, always smiles, you never see him fuss

We all are loyal friends of his, we feel his every loss

Now anyone who rips him off will have to come through us

For that sketchpad underneath his arm!

6

THE OLD BOLD FAN IN ILLINOIS
lyric by Juanita Coulson
tune as sung by Anne Passovoy

Actual Title "TRUFAN TUCKER'S
FANCY"

C G7
Oh, some are fond of red wine, and some are fond of white,
C
And some are all for dancing by the pale moonlight.
F
But Beam's Choice is the tippie, and the heart's delight
G7 C
Of the old bold fan in Illinois.

Some are fond or Spanish wine, and some are fond of French
And some will tippie tea and such, that's only for a wench.
But I'm for shouting 'Smooth' until I roll beneath the bench
Says the old bold fan in Illinois

Some are for the lily, and some are for the rose,
And I am for the field of corn that in Kentucky grows
Its that which makes the bonny drink that warms my copper nose
Says the old bold fan in Illinois.

Some are fond of fiddles, guitars and all that dung.
And some are all for music for to lilt upon the tongue.
But mouths were made for tippie, and for sucking at the bung,
Says the old bold fan in Illinois.

Oh some that's good and godly folk, say that ne'er a one
Should pass the jolly bottle round and cheer the party on.
But I'm for toleration...and for drinking at a con
Says the old bold fan in Illinois.

* * * * *
(more OTR)

I hear Valkyries a-comin, in the air thier song is thrummin'
They forgot the words--they're hummin', Yet they're good enough for me.

It was good enough for Loki, it was good enough for Loke,
He thinks Thor's a little hokey, but he's good enough for me.

It was good for Thor and Odin, it was good for Thor and Odin,
Grab an axe and get your woad on, and its good enough for me!

7

BOWL ME OVER, MR. BOVA

lyric by Steve Jackson & Margaret Middleton

tune: "Roll Me Over in the Clover"

C
F
G7
C - G7
 In 1971, ~~my~~ writing I'd begun, roll me over, lay me down and do it again.
C
F
C
G7
C - G7
 Roll me over, in the clover, roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.

In 1972, the manuscript was through; Roll me over...

In 1973, I wrote to Mr. B. "Look it over, Mr. Bova, read it again."
Look it over, Mr. Bova, Look it over, Mr. Bova, read it again.

In 1974, he said "The plot's a bore. Write it over, take it back, and do it again."
Write it over, said Ben Bova, Write it over, take it back, and do it again.

In 1975, he said it had no jive; write it over...

In 1976, I put in blood and sex; Look it over...

In 1977, he said "It sounds like Niven. Write it over..."

In 1978, he said, "You're typing's great, but write it over..."

In 1979, he said the thing was fine,
Bowl me over, Mr. Bova, say it again!
Bowl me over, Mr. Bova; bowl me over, Mr. Bova, say it again!

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* * * * *

There are people into voodoo, there are people into voodoo;
I know I do--I hope you do! And its good enough for me.

REMEMBER THE ALDERAAN

lyric by Paula Smith, (addenda & amendments by Juanita Coulson,
Margaret Middleton, and Lori Huff.)

Am E Am
"Blow it up, blow it up," said Vader, Darth Vader.

Dm E
"There are two-dozen there who believe in The Force.

Dm Am E Am
Get them out of our sky, make the Rebel base die.

E Am
Make the Rebel base die, and the Empire is yours."

C F C
(cho.) If they blow our lone drainhole, the blast will be painful

F C F Am
We'll spread like a nova; alone in free space.

F C F C Am
Col. Porkins, Red Leader, Wedge Antilles, Red Seven... And Luke Skywalker.

C
It could maybe be blown by as few men as these:

F C F C
A fatman, a farmboy, a washed-up old Jedi,

F C F C
Be careful, we'll come off, just trust in The Force, Moff...
Am

Or the Deathstar, like Dark Star, shoots planets no more.

Biggs: who saw Biggs; what happened to Biggs?
Luke's Tatooine buddy, a hero cleancut?
A TIE on his tail: so he sang the deguello
For Tarkin, but dammit, his Bigg part was cut.


And Solo; yes Solo, what happened to Solo,
So quick on the trigger with blaster or tongue?
To the Wook' he said, "Cookie, we'd better play hookey,
And blow with the dough, or we're gonna die young."

Wedge: Cp. Wedge, did you see who knocked Wedge out?
Oh, which Deathstar fighter pushed him o'er the edge?
His failure was just that he didn't "thank womp-rat"
He just wasn't "Force-full", that's how we lost Wedge.

Red Leader, Red Leader, what happened to the Leader,
What happened to Porkins, that man made of mud?
Tho the Red Group did fan out, the plan didn't pan out
He blew it by missing, else the bomb was a dud.

Base Yavin, Base Yavin, did they take out Base Yavin?
Fat chance---think the Princess was sleeping meantime?
From Yavin so dense is Assault Force, defenses
On Death Star are taken a Leia at a time.

Oh, R2, 'droid R2, oh where, oh where are you?
The telegram-taker of an Alderaan cruise:
The rays' paralyzer o'er a bust'd stabilizer
Shot his main motivator (he blew only a fuse)



ALDERAAN, (Cont.)

Vader, Darth Vader, what happened to Vader,
That renegade Jedi and Lord of the Sith?
Han Solo flew past him, the better to blast him,
And Vader went spinning...into Clarke's monolith?

Obi Kenobi, what happened to Obi,
Who croaked off a half of an hour ago?
Though in death he's reposing, he still sticks his nose in
(The statute of limits don't work on this show.)

Sky walker, Skywalker, what's with Luke Skywalker,
That Tatooine hayseed turned true believer?
When Ben got a mind-hold, Luke put on his blindfold...
(Ya ever play 'pin-the-tail' at 900 per?)

Moff Tarkin, Moff Tarkin, what came of Moff Tarkin,
As tall as a fireplug, verbose as a clam?
The favored contender, he would not surrender:
"In our moment of glory? I hardly think..."BLAM!
When they blew the main drainhole, the upshot was painful!
It spread like a nova, alone, in free space.
Col. Porkins? (DOA)...Wedge Antilles?(went AWOL)...
And Luke Skywalker!

But it still had been blown by as few men as these:
A fatman, a farmboy, a watch-this-space Jedi,
BUT WAIT TIL THE SEQUEL, WHEN VADER GETS EQUAL!
But the Deathstar no more roams these Turks' galaxy.

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* * * * *

It was good for old Darth Vader, it was good for old Darth Vader,
He'll be back a little later, and he's good enough for me.

If the Force makes you a hater, tall and black just like Darth Vader,
And not recalled by Ralph Nader, then you're good enough for me. (Doug Rice)

For we are the Knights of Jedi, and in us the Force is readi
Grab your sabers, throw confetti, and it's good for you and me. (Terri Dorosh)

It was great for Oral Roberts, it was great for Oral Roberts,
Not so hot for Elves and Hobbits, but its good enough for me. (Tracy Holland?)

TRANSPORT EIGHTEEN

lyric & music by Leslie Fish

Am Em E'
We were thirty-eight crewmen on Transport Eighteen;
Am
The hour was late and the talk was obscene,
C G7 C G7
When the raiders streaked down and their bright lasers cut
E Am E Am
Some twenty-odd holes in our steel-plated gut.
G7 C G7 C G7
(chorus) So pity us poor sailors, wherever we roam,
E Am
For there's no guarantee that we'll ever come home!
Oh, the engines were dead and the life-system shot,
With the ship leaking air like the steam off a pot.
When the crew was accounted and all damage told
The last air-tight compartment was the fifth cargo hold.
So we yelled "SOS" with our beacons and flares
And entered the hold by the last standing stairs,
Then we sealed up the port and we gave a great cheer
When we found that the cargo was twelve tons of beer!
(chorus)
We were fairly well mellowed when our answer came through
In a transporter sparkle and a brief flash of blue.
'Twas a space-suited Navy man, calm and correct,
But his green pointed ears weren't quite what you'd expect.
He raised ne long eyebrow as he noted our fun,
And he calmly announced that our troubles weren't done:
For his ship was off fighting the raiders alone,
And we'd have to make safety somehow on our own.
(chorus)
He said, there's a space-station not far from here
We could reach in two days at a jet-powered crawl.
Well, jsts are quite simple, we cluld build one from here:
Just a valve line to the surface from one tank of beer.
So we cheered our salvation and mourned for the brew
As we sealed on the pipes as he showed us to do,
Then we opened the fuel-line with the ship aimed toward home,
And we ran to the station on a long wake of foam!
(chorus)
So at last when the ship came to take us in tow,
Just an hour from the station with three tanks to go,
We drank up the fuel and were feeling no apin,
When the Navy man left with a look of disdain.
(chorus) So cheer for us sailors coming in on the foam,
We were drunker than Lords when we finally got home!

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11

MARCON BALLROOM

lyric by Anne Passovoy

tune "Plastic Jesus"

C F
In these air-conditioned breezes, here I sit while my ass freezes,

C G7
In the ballroom of this big hotel.

C
Now, they know damn well our cons are raucous,

F
Why in God's name can't they block us

C G7 C
Where we son't freak out their clientele?

C F C G7
Marcon Ballroom Marcon Ballroom, sitting on my chilly plastic seat,

C
The hotel must have said "The train's in!

F
Here's our chance to pack mundanes in

C G7 C
Every room around the Dorsai suite!" ("Hello, there, I sell anvils!")

'Bout midnight when we're getting noisy, they move in some gent from Boise
Soon hearing music in the halls

Then thirty voices hit the chorus,

Whoops! the plywood must be porous,

The little guy next door is climbing walls!

Marcon Ballroom, Marcon Ballroom, here we sit in exile on the floor,

Will the fans forever more sigh

"Nothing human stops the Dorsai,

('cept three tourists banging on the walls)"

Well, its one little guy and two old ladies,

Jumpin' up and down and raising hades,

Hearing all the music from our room,

The final splatter from the pigeon

Must have been Old Tyme Religion,

They understood enough to lower the boom!

Marcon Ballroom, Marcon Ballroom, sittin' here we're riskin' frozen feet.

The only place we can sing next is

In the lobby, where the desk is,

Always heard it said revenge is sweet.

Marcon Ballroom, Marcon Ballroom, D7 G7
Years and cons and fen may come and go (May come and go!)

One trick hotels will always favor is

Making sure your next-door neighbor is

Someone guaranteed to close the show!

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DRY-GULCHED!

lyric by Nancy Collins and Margaret Middleton
tune: Away With Rum (how appropriate!)

C G7 C
The arkanfans showed up, our strange little band
G7 C
After driving all night through a desolate land
G7 C G7
But how could we face the next morning with cheer?
C G7 C
For we had discovered that there was no beer!

C
(chorus) It's dry, its dry, at AggieCon!
G7 C
A con on a campus is challenging fun!

We're scouring the hinterlands two-by-two
C
In desperate search of the Dew.

The filkers are crying, that strange little band
With aluminum Coke cans all crushed in their hands.
The guitar-playing leader says, "Ain't this a joke?
It's the first time I've sung filk on nothing but Coke!"
(chorus)

The filkers are crying, that strange little band
A malevolent providence seems in command;
It's a fate worse than death, and I ask: is it fair?
Someone's iced down a bathtub, AND WE DON'T KNOW WHERE!
(chorus)

The Arkanfans left there, our strange little band
To drive home all day through a desolate land
And lay careful pland for returning again,
With plenty of Tully to share with our friends!
(chorus)

* * * * *
(not done with the OTR yet)

We will sacrifice to Yuggoth, we will sacrifice to Yuggoth,
Burn a village to Yug-suggoth, and the Goat with a thousand young.

We will all be saved by Mithras, we will all be saved by Mithras:
Slay that bull and play the zithras, and its good enough for me.

We will all bow down to Enlil, we will all bow down to Enlil,
Pass your cup and get a refill, with bold Gilgamesh the brave.

THE BALLAD OF EGOR

lyric and music by Clif Flynt

C F G7 C
'Twas in the Boston Sheraton, old Egor had a night.
F G7 C
It left him feeling listless, and it took out all his fight.
C F G7 C
And early in the morning, 'twas about half-past four,
F G7 C
Egor the terrible passed out on the closet floor.
(chorus) C F G7 C
Poor old Egor, it must be hard down there.
F G7 C
But poor old Egor, he doesn't seem to care.
F G7 C
Poor old Egor, says when you need your rest,
F G7 C
Just close the door on the closet floor, you'll find that its the best.
Now Egor slept all through the night, he slept into the day,
'Til everybody else had gotten up and gone away.
Miserable old Screwloose was the last one out the door;
He left the maid-make-up-this-room sign outside on the door. (chorus)
The maid she came, she made up the room, she made it very well;
Until she opened up the door where Egor finally fell.
The maid she saw old Egor, a-lying still as 'er death,
The maid, she gave a little scream, and then she lost her breath. (chorus)
The maid, she couldn't stand the sight, she ran out from the room
Shen went to fetch another maid, to view the scene of gloom:
The other maid saw Egor, she wasn't at a loss;
She reached out for the telephone, and then she called the boss. (chorus)
The manager, he came upstairs, to see what was about.
He came up in a mood to scream, or maybe just to shout.
The manager saw Egor, a-lying on the floor,
The manager, he didn't seem to talk loud anymore. (chorus)
Just about then Taku, he came into the room
He saw them all a-standing there, their faces white with doom.
Taku looked at Egor, and here is what he said:
"That damn fool's only sleeping there, he really isn't dead".(chorus)
Taku gave old Egor a kick right in the side,
Egor opened up his mouth; he opened it quite wide.
"Get the fuck out," is what old Egor said.
"I'm feeling awful sleepy, and I think I could be dead." (chorus)
Well then, the maids, they stepped outside, they looked a bit relieved
The manager, he stepped outside, he felt he'd been reprieved.
Taku took a look around, and from the room did creep,
Egor gave a mighty yawn, and then went back to sleep. (chorus)

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GREEN HILLS OF HARMONY

lyric by Al Frank, tune "Braes o' Sicily"

Well, the Sergeant is sad and the piper is fey,
There's no Dorsai whisky we'll have on this day;

The sky to the eastward is cloudy and gray,
And all of the soldiers are leaving.

(chorus) So its March! March! down ot the landing

And set on your pack while'the ferry's away

And it's fare ye well, you green hills of Harmony;

All the poor soldiers are leaving.

Well, one contract's been filled but another's been made
The Elders have told us our time's overstayed,
So, light up if you got 'em, lie back in the shade,
When the ferry comes back we'll be leaving.

(chorus)

Well, the clouds moving westward have blotted the sun;
It's a helluva life, when you carry a gun:
You're hot when you're fighting, you freeze when its done,
And it rains on the day that you're leaving.

(chorus)

Well, some fight for glory, some fight for the pay;
But we are the Dorsai, and fighting's our way;
It's a hard life to live, but its harder to stay,
When all of your buddies are leaving.

So its smokes out; there by the landing
The Ferry's come back; saddle-up, come away.
And its fare ye well, you green hills of Harmony,
All the poor soldiers are leaving.

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THE IRREGULARS

lyric by Ann Passovoy and Murray Porath
tune: "The Irish Washerwoman" with chorus

G7 C
My uniform's green, and my trappings are black,
G7
And my distant ancestors tied Rome in a sack;
C
We are not regulation; we don't even try:
G7 C
We're a pain in the ass of the standard Dorsai.
C
We are practical jokers, we love dirty tricks,
G7
And we make deadly weapons with feathers and sticks,
C
We will honor a contract, and stand by a friend
G7 C
But right about there is where our manners end.
G7 C F G7 C
Singing! Yo--de--dle-oh, dee--dle-oh, de-oh-day-ee;
C F G7 C
Yo--de--dle-on, dee--dle-oh, de-oh-day-ee.

When we go into battle, our orders are vague,
Which the enemy knows and hates us like plague,
'Cause there's just no predicting the things we may do
When we're all feeling prankish on Tullamore Dew (pause for a sip)
On a forested continent we came to fight,
And found that our foe had dug in for the night
Our force-leader mentioned they might not like damp,
So we shanghaied a river and flooded their camp. Singing... (AP)

When we drowned out their campsite, they raised quite fuss
And wished to debate such ill-conduct with us.
The dummies decided 'twas simple and swift
Just to float up the river we'd flooded them with
Which gave us seven days to arrange for some fun
While the enemy ferried supplies and their guns
And they lost all their barges, and half of their men
On those nice rocky sandbars we'd built just for them! Singing... (AP)

Now, within our own households, we're calm and polite,
It's always considered ill-mannered to fight,
For an argument started must come to its end:
It's a helluva waste of your family and friends.
Our unorthodox tactics have won us our fame,
And the enemy froths at the sound of our name.
But it isn't the battle, it isn't the fight;
It's the way that we laugh on our way out of sight. Singing... (AP)

Now, the Cetans can drink you half under the table,
The miners of Coby drink all they are able,
The Terrans candrink half a battleship dry,
But none can stand up to a single Dorsai.

(Cont.'s next page)

IRREGULARS (cont'd)

To a Dorsai, his thirst is as large as the stars;
'tWas a Dorsai who drank up the Oceans of Mars!
And each of this crew has his favorite brew,
Be it Vodka or Saki, or Tullamore dew. (there's that Word again) (MP)
Singing...

If you cross the Dorsai, then be ready to lam it;
Be sure that you don't cross the dread Commandammit,
He'll strike in the time that it takes you to cough;
And the next thing you know is, your head's coming off!
If you cross the Dorsai, you'll be sure to regret it
Whatever your plan is they're bound to upset it
There's two signs of trouble you'll get from this lot:
One when they're smiling, and one when they're not. Singing... (MP)

CRITTERS (Civilian Version)

Lyric by Bob Asprin, Steve Simmons

I'm an uncultured brawler, some call me a boor
And if you don't like it you'll land on the floor
There's nothing I'm liking much more than a fight,
Unless it is drinking and wenching all night.
I eat critters for breakfast, I stand seven-four
My knuckles are hairy and drag on the floor,
I'm a typical member of my human race,
The MEANEST damn critter that ever hit space! Singing... (BA)

If you think that my accent is just a bit strange,
The cause of it is just a wee bit dranged:
My father's from Ireland; my mom's from the Moon,
And so by my lineage, I'm pure Irish Lune!
But: I was raised up on Venus, took schooling on Mars,
Enlisted on Pluto, shipped out to the stars,
I was discharged on Sigma, so as you can see:
Me and my accent are New Brooklynese! Singing... (BA)

I awoke that first morning, and there in the door
Was a critter with fangs like you'd ne'er seen before,
That he's hungry as blazes is easy to see:
The big trouble is, that he's looking at ME!
So, I picked up the sofa and gave him a whack
He crossed all three eyes and went flat on his back
I came up with a razor, he said he was beat:
Now he fetches my paper and sleeps at my feet. Singing... (BA)

Now, I look kinda dirty and smell bad to boot;
Your mother won't like me; your dad wants to shoot.
Come live with me, baby, we'll raise us a brood
Of three lovely children, bot nasty and crude.
They'll stand six-foot-nine and weigh three-forty-two,
Eat raw horsemeat washed down with Tullamore Dew (.....)
Your friends will turn pale and their senses will whirl
When we introduce them to our three little girls. (SS)

CRITTERS, cont'd

There is one little warning I'd like to advance,
If you walk in my garden, you're taking a chance!
Carry large chunks of raw meat to feed to the plants
And bring a flame-thrower to use on the ants.
The lilacs have teeth, and love dearly to chew,
The snapdragon's nibble will cut you in two
I have many strange plants, but the cream of the crew
Is a rosebush who's sap tastes like Tullamore Dew! (...) Singing... (BA)

THE TARBIRD

lyric by Greg Hagglund
tune; "The Whistling Gypsy Rover"

C G7 F
He wooed and wed her on Foralie,
F C- G7
In the whirlwind love of the young,
C G7 C F
And took her home to his roof-tree
C F C - F - C- G7
To hear the Tarbird's song.

Tarbird, call my Love back home,
Call him back to me.
There is no man to fill my heart;
There's no other man for me.

He heard her not, for he had died
With a Friendly dart through his lung,
And when she was told, the Tarbird sang
From the rooftree where she hung.

(chorus) (everybody join in)
Dorsai live, and Dorsai die
Far away from home;
And their loved ones cry and curse the sky
For a Dorsai soul must roam.

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* * * * *
OTR again:

Just like Carlos Castaneda, just like Carlos Castaneda,
It'll get you sooner or later, and its good enough for me.

There are some who parctice Shinto, there are some who practice Shinto
There's no telling what they're into, but they're good enough for me.

We will venerate Bubastes, we will venerate Bubastes,
If you like us, then just ask us, and that's good enough for me.

We will all sing Hare Krishna, we will all sing Hare Krishna,
You won't find it in the Mishna, but its good enough for me.

We will read from the Kabala, we will read from the Kabala
It won't get you in Valhalla, but its good enough for me.

THE ACADEMY

tune and lyric by Clif Flynt and Gail Hormats

C F
Irregular training is far from the worst,
C G7
But you gotta be fast if you want to be first,
C F
My thoughts had been mean since I started to nurse,
C G7 C
But I thought it was time for some schooling.

(chorus) F C G7 C
The Academy, the Academy, It never seemed all that bad to me

You land in a mess, well you land on your feet,
G7 C
And get out of it fast, and get out of it neat.

The Academy says that they teach dirty tricks;
I was out in one year, not the usual six;
They never suspected the Brain could be fixed,
But I'd had enough of their schooling.
(chorus)

Well, computers are simple, and easy to please,
Especially the ones that just hand out degrees,
Got rank and got back to my swamps and the trees
And that was the end of my schooling.
(chorus)

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* * * * *

It's the opera written for us; we will all join in the chorus;
It's the opera about Boris, and its Godunov for me!

We will all go to Nirvana, we will all go to Nirvana;
Take a left turn at Chambana, and we'll see the Promised Land

It was good for old Jehova, had a son who was a Nova;
Hey, there, Mithras, move on over; a new resurrection day.

Where's the gong gang? I can't find it.
I think Bjornberg is behind it;
They were always cymbal-minded
Yet they're good enough for me.

SCIENCE FICTION IS GOING TO THE DOGGEREL

lyric by Robert Coulson

tune: "Where Have All the Flowers Gone"

C Am
Where have all the neos gone?

F G7
Long time fanning

C Am
Where have all the neos gone?

F G7
Trufan a-way.

C Am
Where have all the neos gone?

F G7
Turned to trufans, every one.

F C Am F G7 C
Fandom's a way of life, Fandom's a way of life.

Where have all the Trufans gone?
Turned pro writers, every one

Why the urge to become pros?
Seduced by dollars, every one.

Where have all the dollars gone?
Spent on SF books, every one,

Where have all SF books gone?
Replaced by New Wave, every one.

Where have all the New Wave gone?
Outsold by Occult, every one.

Where have all occult books gone?
Gone to Ace books, every one
Brad Steiger wins again.

A SPACEGIRL'S LAMENT
lyric by Ann Passovoy

Am
My Mama told me I should never venture into space,

E Am
But I did, I did, I did!

She said no Terran girl should trust the Mar+ian race,

E Am
But I did, I did, I did!

Dm Am
A spaceship pilot asked me on a voyage to go;

Dm E
And I was so romantic that I couldn't say no...

Am
That he was just a servo-robot, how was I to know?

E Am
So I did, I did, I did!

My papa warned me never trust a space-engineer,

But I did, I did, I did,

He said free-fall and super-drive would surely cost me dear,

And they did, they did, they did,

The engineer attract'd me to his cabin all alone,

"To look at all his etchings of the Luna City Dome"...

When you're halfway to Antares, it gets hard to walk home,

But I did, I did, I did!

They said to find a man out there and try to settle down.

So I did, I did, I did.

They said my kids might grow up one-eyed, green, or bald, or round

And they did, they did, they did.

A bug-eyed monster propositioned me at a dance;

He said rejuvenation would give me another chance

To roam around the galaxy, just looking for romance....

So I did, I did, I did!

THE MARVELOUS 'DROID
lyric by Mark Bernstein
tune, "The Marvelous Toy"

C G7 C C7 G
As I was working one fine day, at NASA's Houston base,
C D7 G7
Our radar spotted something small, a-hurting down through space.
C G7 C C7 F
It landed in our parking lot, we all rushed out to see,
C D7 G7
But what was there just left us wond'rin' "What could this thing be?"
C G7
(chorus) It just buzzed and clicked and beeped at us all,
C C7 F
And glowed as there it stood:
C G7 C
We didn't know just what it was, And we thought we never would.

We dragged it back into the lab for the brains to scrutinize,
But when we tried to open it up, we got a big surprise,
Our tools just bounced right off the glow; it was a fine force-field;
And the thing just sat there lookin' smug, its secrets unrevealed.
(chorus)

It dulled the blades of all our saws, and broke a diamond drill.
It seemed to eat a blowtorch flame, and just glowed brighter still.
We took it to a testing-ground, and put it next to a Bomb--
The thing could damp plutonium; our Geigers all went calm
(chorus) And it still...

We all felt like the victims of some dreadful cosmic joke
When suddenly, to our delight, the Space Thing to us spoke:
"You see, " it said, "My talent's great; you can't deny that's true.
I'm here to sign a contract for the lead in STAR WARS II"
It then wrecked five rooms in rage when we said
We weren't talent scouts.
When last seen, it was headed west, so Hollywood, look out!

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THE LORD OF THE DANCE

lyrics: vv 1-4 Aidan Kelly; vv. 5-12 Ann Cass

tune: "Simple Gifts"

When She danced on the waters and the wind was Her horn,
The Lady laughed, and everything was born.
And when She lit the Sun and the light gave Him birth,
The Lord of the Dance first appeared on the Earth.
(chorus) Dance, Dance, wherever you may be:
For I am the Lord of the Dance, said he;
I'll live in you if you'll live in me
And I'll lead you all in the Dance, said he.

I dance in the Circle when the flames leap up hing;
I dance in fire, and I never, never die.
I dance in the waves on thr bright summer sea,
For I am the Lord of the waves mystery

(chorus)

I sleep in the kernel, and I dance in the rain;
I dance in wind and through the waving grain.
And when you cut me down, I care nothing for the pain:
In the Spring I'm the Lord of the Dance once again.

(chorus)

I dance at the Sabbat when you dance out the spell,
I dance and sing, let everyone be well.
And when the dancing's over, do not thing that I am gone:
To live is to Dance, so I Dance on and on.

(chorus)

The Horn of the Lady cast its sound 'cross the plain.
The birds took the notes, and gave them back again.
'Til the sound of Her music was a song in the sky,
And th that song there's but one reply:

(chorus)

The moon in its phases and the tides of the sea,
The movements of the earth, and the seasons that will be,
Are the rhythm of their dancing and a promise through the years,
That the Dance goes on, through your joys and tears.

(chorus)

They danced in the darkness and they danced in the night,
They danced on the earth, and everything was light.
They danced in the darkness and they danced in the dawn,
And the day of their dancing still goes on!

(chorus)

LORD OF THE DANCE (cont'd)

I gaze on the heavens and I gaze on the earth,
And I hear the pain of dying and rebirth,
And I lift my head in sadness, and in praise of the day
Of the Dance of the Lord, and the Lady Gay
(chorus)

I see the maidens laughing as they dance in the sun
And we count the fruits of harvest, one by one;
And I know the storm is coming, but the grain is all stored,
And we sing the praise of the Lady and her Lord.
(chorus)

We dance ever slower as the leaves fall and spin,
And the sound of the horn is the wailing of the wind
And the call of the hunter as he rides 'cross the plain
While the Lady sleeps 'til the Spring comes again.
(chorus)

The sun is in the southland, and the winds they blow chill
And the sound of the horn is fading on the hill
For the earth is wrapped in stillness and we move in a trance
But we hold on fast to our faith in the Dance
(chorus)

The sun is in the southland, but the days lengthen fast
And soon we will sing for the winter that is past'
For now we light the candles and rejoice as they burn
And we dance the Dance of the Sun's Return.
(chorus)

verses 1-4 (c) 1973 by Gwydion Pendderwen

verses 5-12 (c) 1978 by Ann Cass

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THE BIGGEST FILKSING IN THE WORLD

lyric Margaret Middleton

tune "The Biggest Airport in the World"

I'd never seen so many faces, come from so many places, at one time.

It was the biggest filksing ever held, it would have blown John Campbell's mind.

Yang and Azarae, the Passovolk, Al Frank, the Coulsons, Gordy:

Everyone was there.

Old Time Religion got thirteen new verses, and the bellhops got gray hair.

(chorus) Oh, the beer was flowing free, so I drank a pint or three

And I had some gin.

And I looked upon the wine, spilled some vodka down my spine,

And some metheglin.

'Bout the only thing I wasted was the kumis,

'Cause it tasted like a Yoghurt Swirl. (yick)

Now I'm sick, and so hungover, from the

Biggest Filksing in the World.

Oh, they sang of Fen and Heroes and of Terrifying Things

Man was not meant to see,

They taught me to drink whisky as The Dorsai do, and sing Close Harmony.

Eventually I fell asleep, the sun was just beginning to dispel the gloom.

And the maids removed at least a half a ton of beercans from my hotel room.

(chorus)

Now I sit here eating breakfast, well past noon, contemplating what to do today.

My head's still pounding and my tongue feels somewhat

Like a bale of Mongol hay. (kkkha!)

A siesta seems in order, maybe followed by tequila, salt, and juice of lime

And, come sundown, we will gather, but we'll

Sing in someone else's room this time!

(chorus)

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