

*Trail  
Riders*

*of the*

*Canadian Rockies*



**SONG BOOK**

*"All Join in — Everybody Sing"*

*The late Dr. John Murray Gibbon, well known author and lyricist, former general publicity agent of the Canadian Pacific Railway, co-founder of the Trail Riders and Skyline Trail Hikers of the Canadian Rockies and honorary chieftain of Stony Indian tribe at Morley, produced during his lifetime the Trail Rider and Hiker parodies found throughout this book. They have been retained as a monument to his memory in the camps of the Trail Riders and Skyline Trail Hikers of the Canadian Rockies.*

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1. O CANADA

O Canada, our home, our native land,  
True patriot love in all thy sons command.  
With glowing hearts we see thee rise  
The True North strong and free;  
And stand on guard, O Canada  
We stand on guard for thee.  
O Canada, glorious and free,  
O Canada, we stand on guard for thee.

(Repeat last two lines)

2. STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

Oh! say, can you see, by the dawn's early light  
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last  
gleaming,  
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the  
perilous fight,  
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly  
streaming?  
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting  
in air,  
Gave proof through the night that our flag was  
still there.  
Oh, say, does the star-spangled banner yet wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the  
brave?

3. THE GUY ON THE FLYING CAYUSE

(Tune—*The Man on the Flying Trapeze*)

Once I was peppy but now I'm all in,  
Like an old shoe that is worn out and thin,  
Last on the Trail Ride and mad with chagrin  
Because of a slowgoing mare  
Oh! the mare that they offered was handsome;  
When they brought her I could not refuse,  
But, I wish I could lose her forever as well  
As the guy on the Flying Cayuse.

He rides on the trail like a runaway moose,  
The dashing young guy on the Flying Cayuse,  
His chapps are so gaudy the girls all enthuse  
On the trail as he gallops away.

I offer her candy and chocolate drops,  
And also old brandy, whenever she stops—  
She takes it, then over a deadfall she hops  
This slowgoing, playful old mare.  
Oh! in vain do I spur her and whip her,  
She's a hide that is tough as the deuce.  
I hope she will burn in the next world as well  
As the guy on the Flying Cayuse.

4. WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING

When Irish eyes are smiling,  
Sure it's like a morn in Spring,  
In the lilt of Irish laughter  
You can hear the angels sing,  
When Irish hearts are happy,  
All the world seems bright and gay  
And when Irish eyes are smiling,  
Sure, they steal your heart away.

When Irish spuds are b'iling  
And there's onions in the stew,  
And the Irish cook is smiling  
In the way that Irish do,  
And he adds a ton of pepper  
Just to make the world seem gay,  
Oh, when Irish spuds are b'iling  
Sure the appetite's okay!

5. THE LAKE THAT IS SO GREEN

(Tune—*The Wearing of the Green*)

O Daddy dear, and did you hear the news that's  
going round?  
The stillest lake in all the world has now at last  
been found.  
It lies up near the Great Divide, the mountains in  
between;  
You see them all reflected in the surface so  
serene.  
I met my lady friend and she took me by the  
hand,  
And she said, "What price a mirror now? And  
doesn't it look grand?"  
There is no more restful country that ever yet  
was seen  
Than is the lake called Emerald because it is so  
green.

And set beside the water there's a Chalet can be  
seen,  
With cabins full of cosy beds and blankets warm  
and clean.  
And since the most important thought is how we  
shall be fed.  
I'll tell you that the Chalet is the home of fancy-  
bread;  
There's shortbread and there's oatcakes and the  
lovely kinds of cake  
That cooks that come to Canada from good old  
Scotland bake.  
It's the most digestful country that ever yet was  
seen;  
This lovely lake called Emerald because it is so  
green.

6. SPRINGTIME IN THE ROCKIES

When it's springtime in the Rockies,  
I'll be coming back to you,  
Little sweetheart of the mountains,  
With your bonny eyes of blue.  
Once again I'll say I love you,  
While the birds sing all the day,  
When it's springtime in the Rockies,  
In the Rockies far away.

When it's Trail time in the Rockies  
I'll come riding back to you,  
For I'm fed up with the talkies,  
And I want to talk to you;  
I'll forget what price the stock is  
In the markets far away,  
When it's Trail time in the Rockies,  
In the Rockies I shall play.

7. THE MOUNTAIN SONG

(Tune—*The Desert Song*)

High mountains and you and I,  
A camp kissing a moonlight sky,  
Where every tree whispers a lullaby—  
Bed of boughs below you  
Perfect rest will show you.  
Ah! give me a pony strong  
To ride the trails as the day is long,  
With hearts a-singing  
And echoes ringing  
The mountain song.

8. WHAT DO WE DO

(Tune—*Dew Dew Dewy Day*)

All we do is go out riding  
 When the sun shines bright and gay,  
 But what do we do, what do we do  
 On a dew-dew-dewy-day ?  
 All we do is lots of talking  
 Where the camp-fire shadows play,  
 But what do we do, what do we do  
 On a dew-dew-dewy-day ?  
 Do we laugh? Do we play?  
 Do we smoke just a little bit?  
 Sing just a little bit,  
 Boy, I'll say!  
 When the tent is warm and cosy  
 And the town is far away,  
 Oh, what do we do, what do we do  
 On a dew-dew-dewy-day?

9. OLD TRAIL RIDER

(Tune—*Ol Man River*)

Old trail rider, that old trail rider,  
 He must know something, he don't say nothing,  
 He just keeps riding, he keeps on riding along.  
 He don't wear gaiters nor riding breeches  
 Though girls that wear 'em look just like peaches,  
 But old trail rider he just keeps riding along.  
 You half swore you'd ride no more,  
 Body all aching and seat all sore.  
 "How far now"?—"One more mile"—  
 Keep your spurs up and put on a smile.  
 Don't get weary and don't get snappy  
 For you'll soon harden and feel so happy,  
 Like old trail rider who just keeps riding along.

10. MY PONY

(Tune—*Ramona*)

My pony, I see the guide a-going strong,  
 My pony, he's singing out to come along—  
 I ride you a-stride you  
 And chide you when you go too slow,  
 And up hill and down hill  
 I keep you ever on the go.  
 My pony, we'll camp beside a waterfall ;  
 My pony, you'll feed where grass is growing  
 tall.  
 I dread the dawn  
 When I wake up to find you gone—  
 My pony, I need you, my own !

11. MY TRUE HEAVEN

(Tune—*My Blue Heaven*)

When whip-poor-wills call  
 And evening is nigh  
 I saunter to my  
 True heaven.  
 A gentle descent,  
 A little white tent,  
 And there you have my  
 True heaven.  
 At night the moonlight falls  
 Upon the walls  
 That slope above,  
 And fairies keep  
 Secure for sleep  
 The tent I love.  
 So give me the bed  
 Of boughs that are spread,  
 For camping is my  
 True heaven !

12. O LAKE O'HARA

(Tune—*O Sole Mio*)

How sweet the moonlight on the lake that lingers  
 Like molten silver thrown from fairy fountains ;  
 Deep in the forest in a rim of mountains,  
 How sweet the moonlight on the lake that lingers!  
 O Lake of dreamland,  
 This kiss I throw !  
 O Lake O'Hara,  
 I love you so !  
 O'Hara, O Lake O'Hara,  
 I love you so, I love you so !

Beside the campfire when the night has fallen  
 We watch the stars between the treetops stealing,  
 The trails of heaven in the lake revealing,  
 Beside the campfire when the night has fallen.  
 O Lake of Dreamland,  
 This kiss I throw!  
 O Lake O'Hara,  
 I love you so!  
 O'Hara, O Lake O'Hara,  
 I love you so, I love you so!

13. WE RIDE THE ROCKY TRAILS

(Tune—*Goodbye, my Lover, Goodbye*)

The Sun is shining in the sky—we ride the Rocky  
 Trails,  
 The Rockies are to us just what the sea is to the  
 whales.

By-low, my baby, By-low, my baby,  
 By-low, my baby—we ride the Rocky Trails.

We wander up the mountain pass, the icy streams  
 we cross  
 We read the blazes on the trees, each one upon  
 a hoss,  
 And some of us are tourists, and a lot of us  
 are guides,  
 And if we meet a grizzly bear, you bet the grizzly  
 hides.

By-low, my baby—etc.

And some are from Vancouver and Vancouver  
 Island, too,  
 And others from the Prairies, where the sky is  
 always blue.  
 And some from Minneapolis, Los Angeles, New  
 York,  
 And all of us get busy when we use a knife and  
 fork.

By-low, my baby—etc.

From Washington, Chicago and New Jersey they  
 have come,  
 And Calgary and Cranbrook till the trails begin  
 to hum.  
 From Montreal and Winnipeg, and Banff and  
 Lake Louise,  
 And Britain sends her quota in a bunch from  
 Overseas.

By-low, my baby—etc.

From Ottawa, Regina and from Brooklyn and St.  
 Louis,  
 From Boston, Philadelphia and the land of  
 Kangaroos  
 We had a charter member who provided us with  
 charts  
 And lots of lady members who remind us we  
 have hearts.

By-low, my baby—etc.

14. ON THE GOOD OLD ROCKY TRAILS

(Tune—*In the Good Old Summer Time*)

On the good old Rocky trails  
On the good old Rocky trails  
Riding with a pretty girl and  
Telling her such tales!  
You hold her hand and she holds yours  
With a love that never fails,  
Until your pony bucks you off  
On the good old Rocky trails.

15. THE TRAILS OF THE ROCKIES

(Tune—*The Bells of St. Mary's*)

The Trails of the Rockies, whatever betide,  
Through meadow and forest the Riders shall ride,  
Shall follow the blaze and the rivers shall ford,  
Shall clamber the passes in merry accord.

Chorus

The Trails of the Rockies, the broad and the  
slender,  
The high trails, the low trails, in sunshine and  
rain  
They lead through the wonder of mountainous  
splendour  
The glory of our Canada again and again.

And deep in the Rockies our camp we shall pitch,  
A tent for our palace, in happiness rich,  
And there round the fire in a jovial ring  
Our tales we shall tell and our songs we shall  
sing.

The Trails of the Rockies—etc.

16. THE TRAIL RIDERS

(Tune—*The King's Horses*)

The Trail Riders, the Trail Men  
Ride up the hills and then ride back again!  
The Trail Riders and the Trail Girls—  
Some in Stetsons, some in curls,  
All saddled up with their powder and pearls!  
The Trail Riders, the Trail Men.  
They don't ride where autos go—  
You think them slow—but oh dear no!  
They ride for safety, not for show,  
To penetrate the passes where the mountains  
grow.

It's their pleasure, now and then,  
To ride up the hills and then ride back again!  
The Trail Riders and the Trail Men!

17. THE SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK

(Tune—*The Sidewalks of New York*)

East side, West side, all around the town,  
The tots sang "Ring a Rosie," "London Bridge  
Is Falling Down."  
Boys and girls together, me and Mamie Rorke,  
Tripped the light fantastic, on the sidewalks of  
New York.

Riding, riding all around the lot,  
You feel like Humpty-Dumpty, and you think  
you'd rather not;  
Pull yourself together, sing a little song—  
Soon you'll like the saddle and be glad you came  
along.

18. ONE WARM SWEET GLOW

(Tune—*Love's Old Sweet Song*)

Once in the dear dead days beyond recall  
When o'er the camp the night began to fall,  
And on the fire the logs were burning low,  
Over our hearts there came a warm, sweet glow;  
And in the tent where fell the flickering gleam  
Softly there rose into our thoughts a dream.

Just a little nightcap  
When the fire is low,  
All the dishes washed up  
And to bed we go,  
Though our limbs are weary,  
Sore from thigh to toe,  
Still a little nightcap  
Gives one sweet glow,  
Gives one warm sweet glow.

And when to-night we dream that dream of yore  
Down in our shins it may not feel so sore,  
Knees may be shaky, weary from the trails,  
Still we can dream the cure that seldom fails.  
So in the night when firelight shadows fall  
This may be found the sweetest dream of all.

Just a little nightcap — etc.

19. MY PONY IS OUT IN THE OPEN

(Tune—*My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean*)

My pony is out in the open,  
My pony is off on a spree,  
My pony is out in the open,  
O bring back my pony to me.

O run, ye guides, out in the open;  
O run, ye guides, after my gee;  
O tie her up tight with a rope on  
And bring back my pony to me.

The guides have run out in the open;  
The guides have gone after my gee;  
And tied her up tight with a rope on  
And brought back my pony to me.

Bring back, bring back, O bring back my pony  
to me, to me,  
Bring back, bring back, O bring back my pony to  
me.

20. IN THE MOUNTAINS BY THE  
CAMPFIRE

(Tune—*In The Evening By The Moonlight*)

In the mountains by the campfire  
You can hear mosquitoes singing ;  
In the mountains by the campfire  
You can feel mosquitoes stinging ;  
How the blighters must enjoy it,  
As we lie all night and listen,  
As they sing in the mountains by the campfire !

21. THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL

There's a long, long trail a-winding,  
 Into the land of my dreams,  
 Where the nightingales are singing,  
 And the white moon beams ;  
 There's a long, long night of waiting  
 Until my dreams all come true ;  
 Till the day when I'll be going  
 Down that long, long trail with you.

There's a long, long trail a-winding  
 Into the land of my dreams,  
 Where I hear my comrades singing  
 And the camp-fire gleams  
 There's a long, long night of dozing  
 Until the day breaks anew,  
 And I start again a-riding  
 Down that long, long trail with you.

22. KEEP THE CAMPFIRE BURNING

(Tune—*Keep The Home Fires Burning*)

Keep the campfire burning,  
 Day to night is turning,  
 Soon our fancies with the stars in dreams shall  
 roam.  
 Let the light be glowing,  
 Warmth and sleep bestowing,  
 Till at last the dawn comes up  
 For the long trail home.

23. MY WILD IRISH ROSE

My wild Irish Rose,  
 The sweetest flower that grows,  
 You may search everywhere, but none can  
 compare  
 With my wild Irish Rose.  
 My wild Irish Rose,  
 The dearest flower that grows,  
 And some day for my sake, she may let me take  
 The bloom from my wild Irish Rose.

My mild-eyed Cayuse,  
 So gentle and so spruce,  
 There's none on the trail  
 Walks more like a snail  
 Than my mild-eyed Cayuse.  
 My mild-eyed Cayuse  
 I whip, but what's the use ?  
 And some day for my sins  
 She'll kick out her shins  
 And run like a wild-eyed Cayuse.

24. WHERE THE ALPINE BLOSSOM BLOWS

(Tune—*Where The River Shannon Flows*)

In a Valley of the Rockies  
 The Fairy Shepherd's flock is  
 Up so mighty close to heaven  
 That the mountain sheep must fly.  
 It's a land of lake and river  
 Where trees are green for ever  
 And the blue is past believing  
 In the colour of the sky.

Chorus

Where Alpine flowers are blowing  
 Gay and sweet beside the snows,  
 On a fragrant trail I'm going  
 Where the Indian Paintbrush grows.  
 And in lovely summer weather  
 My pony I will tether  
 And just lie among the heather  
 Where the Alpine blossom blows.

You can see the eagle soaring,  
 You hear the falls a-roaring,  
 As they melt from out the icecaps  
 On the peaks so high above.  
 And at night across the forest  
 The moon swings out with no rest  
 On her trail of golden splendour  
 O'er the Valley that I love.

25. WHEN I GROW TOO OLD TO DREAM

When I grow too old to dream,  
 I'll have you to remember.  
 When I grow too old to dream,  
 Your love will live in my heart.  
 So kiss me, my sweet,  
 And so let us part,  
 And when I grow to old to dream,  
 That kiss will live in my heart.

When I grow too old to ride,  
 One trail I will remember.  
 You were then my new-won bride,  
 With love a-bloom in my heart  
 We ambled along  
 With no thought apart,  
 And when I grow too old to ride,  
 That trail will live in my heart  
 M—m—m—m—m  
 m—m—m—m  
 And when I grow too old to ride,  
 That trail will live in my heart.

26. THE LAST TEEPEE

(Tune—*The Last Round-up*)

I'm a-headin' for the last teepee,  
 Going to roll into bed for a long sleep and hide—  
 Come on, old pal, it's time when throats are dry;  
 I'm headin' for the last teepee !  
 Snore along, Graham Nichols, snore along,  
 snore along,  
 Dose along, Graham Nichols, Snore along !  
 (Chorus of snorts ( bis)

I'm a-headin' for the last teepee  
 In a far-away camp where the bulldogs don't fly,  
 Where mosquitoes are counted and branded,  
 there go I—  
 I'm headin' for the last teepee !  
 Snore along, Graham Nichols, snore along,  
 snore along !  
 Snore along, dream along, snore along !  
 (Sustained chorus of snorts)

27. THE OLD MOUNTAIN PONY

(Tune—*The Old Oaken Bucket*)

How dear to the heart are the Trails of the Rockies  
The wonderful rides that the campfire recalls,  
The gleam of the lakes and the scent of the forest,  
The ford o'er the river, the spray of the falls,  
The birds and the chipmunks, the flowers and the grasses,  
The fish that we caught and the tracks of the game,  
The snow on the peaks and the green of the passes,  
The sheer of the cliffs and the sunset aflame,  
The old mountain pony, the wise little pony,  
The sure-footed pony that follows the trail.

How dear to the heart are the scenes of the Trail Ride

When pictures and stories revive them anew,  
The forest, the river, the mountain and valeside,  
The camps which again we in memory view,  
The Emerald Lake and the rainbow astride it,  
The garden of flowers that the Rockies regale,  
The blaze of the log fire, the teepee beside it,  
The old Indian pinto that follows the trail,  
The old Indian pinto, the iron-will'd pinto,  
The mountain-bred pinto that follows the trail.

28. I'VE BEEN RIDIN' ON THE TRAIL RIDE

(Tune—*I've Been Workin' on the Railroad*)

Oh! I've been ridin' on the Trail Ride  
All the livelong day,  
I've been ridin' on the Trail Ride  
Just to pass the time away.

Don't you see the mileage growing,  
Rise up so early in the morn?  
Don't you hear the Riders calling—  
"Cookie, blow your horn!"?

29. THERE'S AN OLD INDIAN TRAIL

(Tune—*Smilin' Through*)

There's an old Indian trail winding over the hill  
To a lake that is lovely to see,  
There's an old Indian mare  
That can trot anywhere ;  
So bid camp adieu,  
Come riding through  
With me.  
There's brown trout or two at the mouth of the creek,  
And some big Dolly Varden, I see,  
And I think they will rise  
If we tempt them with flies—  
Bring your rod with you,  
Come fishing too  
With me.

30. WHITE PEAKS ON THE MOUNTAINS

(Tune—*Red Sails in the Sunset*)

White peaks on the mountains,  
Tall timber ahead,  
Be guide to the riders  
On trails that we tread.

We started at dawning,  
A gay hearted crew.  
White peaks on the mountains,  
We're riding to you.

The trails are our pleasure,  
Dry weather or damp,  
No time now for leisure  
Until we ride into camp.

White peaks on the mountains,  
Tall timber ahead,  
Be guide to the riders  
On trails that we tread.

31. SOME DAY A RIDE WILL COME

(Tune—*Some Day a Prince Will Come*)

Some day a ride will come,  
Some day a guide will come  
Who will think of my temperament  
To live all of my life in a tent.

Who wants the city now ?  
Camp food for me, I vow,  
And when far away  
I'll find a home some day  
With roof of a pine tree bough.

32. ON TOP OF MOUNT GOODSIR

(Tune—*On Top of Old Smoky*)

On top of Mount Goodsir it's covered with snow,  
From which we conclude, Sir, it's best here  
below ;

For roaming's a pleasure and riding no grief  
When limbs that are tired find in camp their  
relief.

A wide western saddle is easy to ride  
With partner so friendly to amble beside  
On trail through the forest with wild life galore—  
But above all a warm cosy camp we adore.

33. TRAIL RIDERS' CAMP

(Tune—*Mockin' Bird Hill*)

When the moon in the twilight peeps over the camp,

And brightens the sky like a newly-lit lamp,  
Then with joy in my heart to the cook-tent I tramp

For some hot soup to cheer up the Trail Riders' Camp.

The trail may go winding by pool or by swamp  
But astride of a cayuse your feet don't get damp,  
And if your feet ache and your legs get the cramp  
Just rub them and rest at the Trail Riders' Camp.



34. LITTLE OLD PONY

(Tune—*Little Old Lady*)

Little old pony trotting by  
With a tease in your eye,  
You have such a charming rider, sweet and shy.  
Little old Stetson set in place  
And a smile on her face,  
What more perfect picture could an artist ever  
trace ?  
Little bit of Indian here,  
Little bit of Indian there;  
Bet that some old Stony Chief has shown her  
what to wear !  
Little old pony tell me true  
What do I have to do  
So that for a little old while I ride along with  
you ?

35. NEW EGYPT TRAIL

(Tune—*Isle of Capri*)

'Twas on the new Egypt Trail that I found her,  
She was a chipmunk that sat on her tail ;  
Oh! I can still see the fragments around her  
Of the doughnut I lost on the trail.

Though there are chipmunks at Banff and  
O'Hara,  
And at Moraine Lake the marmots prevail,  
You'll find the marmotty chipmunkey Paradise  
on earth is the new Egypt Trail.

Supper time was nearly over,  
Rocky Mountain moon on high,  
She said, "Mister, I'm a rover ;  
Can you spare a small chunk of pie ? "

I whispered sharply, "It's best not to linger,  
You'll find it safe at the top of a tree."  
But she had lifted a paw to my finger,  
'Twas goodbye to a doughnut for me !

36. YOU'LL GET USED TO IT

You'll get used to it, You'll get used to it,  
The first ride is the worst ride  
But you'll get used to it.  
If you're feeling all run down  
With too much of life in town,  
Just put your office cares aside  
And join us on the Six Day Ride.  
It's wonderful ! It's marvellous !  
You'll add a year to life, and that's a cinch !  
You gotta get used to it,  
And when you get used to it  
You will take your waistline in another inch.

Yo-de-la-dee ! Yo-de-la-dee !

You'll get used to it, You'll get used to it,  
It won't feel like an armchair  
But you'll get used to it.  
If you never rode a horse,  
You may think you'll need a nurse ;  
But if a girl's without a guide  
Just amble gently to her side—  
It's wonderful ! It's marvellous !  
The way the pony wanders is sublime.  
You gotta get used to it,  
And when you get used to it  
You will ride like an old-timer all the time.

Yo-de-la-dee ! Yo-de-la-dee !

You'll get used to it, You'll get used to it,  
You zig zag through the big crags,  
But you'll get used to it.  
You ride along the forest trails  
And over flowery Alpine vales,  
You ford the icy sun-lit streams  
That thread the Rockies of your dreams.  
It's wonderful ! It's marvellous !  
You get a tan like Indian squaw or chief—  
You gotta get used to it  
And when you get used to it  
You'll find it gives a kick beyond belief.  
Yo-de-la-dee ! Yo-de-la-dee !

You'll get used to it, You'll get used to it,  
The teepee makes you sleepy  
But you'll get used to it.  
You build a fire with sticks inside—  
If you're a tyro—call a guide,  
And hang your socks and shirt to dry,  
As on your sleeping bag you lie.  
It's wonderful ! It's marvellous !  
You chat and dream until the night is o'er.  
You gotta get used to it,  
And when you get used to it  
You'll soon forget the other fellow's snore.  
Yo-de-la-dee ! Yo-de-la-dee !

37. FORGET ME NOT

(Tune—*La Golondrina*)

Along the trail the balmy airs are blowing,  
Along the trail that winds among the hills,  
And by its side a dainty flower is showing  
That, as I look, my heart with longing fills.  
For I remember now, nor can I ever forget,  
Two eyes of turquoise, blue as the heavens  
above—

The tale they told ere I left was of love  
A tale so sweet that said "Forget-me-not."  
Ah ! flower so fair ! with your colour and beauty  
recalling

Those eyes entrancing, here on the trail as I roam,  
The gleam of light on your blue petals falling  
Fills all my earth with tender thoughts of home.

38. THE BOYS ARE WAITING FOR THE  
FLAPJACKS

(Tune—*The World is Waiting for the Sunrise*)

Cookie, the boys are waiting for the flapjacks,  
Every one with longing is sore ;  
For say, you make them just the way we all want  
And you bet, we all want more !

39. I DON'T WANT TO RIDE WITHOUT  
YOU, COWBOY

(Tune—*I Don't Want to Walk Without You,  
Baby*)

All my pals keep trotting on the trail,  
They've bawled me out for riding like a snail.  
But all I say is "Go some other place,"  
And here I stay and keep the same old face,  
Cause

I don't want to ride without you, Cowboy,  
Ride without my eyes about you, Cowboy,  
I thought the day I left you behind  
I'd ride with them and get you right off my mind,  
But now I find  
That I don't want to ride without your Stetson—  
Where d'you pick up that Ten Gallon Stetson ?  
Oh, Cowboy, keep it on, you'll break my heart for  
me  
'Cause I don't want to ride without you,  
No Siree !

40. YOU'D BE SO JOLLY TO CAMP WITH  
(Tune—*You'd Be So Nice To Come Home To*)

You'd be so jolly to camp with,  
You'd look so sweet by the fire,  
Where the stars above  
Light the trail to love,  
That's the trail that all folk desire.  
Under trees  
Shading the teepees,  
Under a big round moon  
Far from all strife ;  
You'd look so sweet,  
You'd be such a treat  
To make camp with for life.

41. OH. WHAT A BEAUTIFUL  
MORNING

(*Trail Ride Version of the Song from  
"Oklahoma"*)

There's a bright golden hair on my shoulder  
But don't think that I got any bolder  
It's all of a curl  
But it's not from a girl  
It came from the tail of my mount on the trail ;

Refrain :

Oh ! what a beautiful morning  
Beautiful trail all the way,  
I got a beautiful teepee ;  
Everything's goin' okay !

Oh, the air of the mountain is heady  
And the ponies are saddled and ready  
With the army of guides  
That you find on those rides,  
And you start on the trail  
And the ozone inhale—

Oh ! what a beautiful morning, etc., etc.

42. MY LITTLE MOUNTAIN PONY  
(Tune—*My Little Gypsy Sweetheart*)

Ramble on, my little mountain pony,  
Up where the wild deer roam,  
Bring me soon to where beneath the pine trees  
Creeks through canyons foam.  
Ramble on, my little mountain crony,  
Here under heaven's blue dome,  
By cool lake and forest wander,  
Each new camp our home.

43. THE SADDLE WITH MY GIRL ON TOP  
(Tune—*The Surrey with the Fringe on Top*)

When I take you out along with me,  
Pony, here's' the way it's going to be  
You will step behind a string of brown cayuses  
On the finest trail you ever see,

Refrain :

Bear and moose and deer go skedaddle,  
When I put you under a saddle,  
When I put you under a saddle  
With my girl on top —  
Watch that girl and see how she wriggles,  
Hear her talk and go into giggles ;  
Watch her nose and see how it wiggles  
And her eyes go pop !  
Her hair is yellor and her jodhpurs brown  
Her skin is tougher than leather,  
She bought a pair of purple coloured specs  
In case we had too sunny weather ;  
All the while she's winkin' and blinkin',  
Ain't no finer girl I'm a-thinkin',  
You can keep your own if you're thinkin' 'at I'd  
keer to swap  
Any other for the saddle with my girl on top !

44. LAZY, LAZY !  
(Tune—*Daisy, Daisy, Give Me Your Answer Do*)

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

Lazy, lazy, give me your hand, sir, do—  
I'll go crazy trailing along with you.  
I never can earn my mileage  
Until I reach a vile age,  
As you creep  
Just half asleep  
On a mount that has lost a shoe.

45. WISH ME LUCK  
(Tune—*Wish Me Luck as You Wave Me  
Goodbye"*)

Wish me luck as you give me a hail  
Cheerio ! here we go on the trail.  
Wish me luck as you give me a hail  
As I ride with a guide hill and dale.  
Give me the high ball and not just goodbye,  
And my love can never fail.  
We shall meet by and by you and I—  
Wish me luck as you give me a hail !

46. I'M ALWAYS RIDING TRAIL RIDES

I'm always riding Trail Rides,  
Where the Rockies are high,  
My camps are like a row of lamps  
Strung around the sky.  
Some people like to ride the broad road,  
I like to ride the narrow trail,  
Some like to use the often-trod road,  
I like to ride o'er hill and dale—  
Believe me—  
I'm always riding Trail Rides  
Up where the sun and moon  
So brightly prevail.

47. CAMP AHOY !

All the nice girls love a cowboy,  
All the nice girls love a tent,  
For there's something about the cowboy  
Makes for fun and merriment ;  
Not a thing wrong—  
Joins the sing-song,  
At the campfire he's the boy,  
Turn about with Kate and Jane,  
Next day on the trail again,  
Camp a-hoy ! Camp a-hoy !

48. I DON'T CARE IF THE CAMP SHOULD  
NEVER END

I don't care if the camp should never end,  
Camp should never end, camp should never end,  
I don't care if the camp should never end,

Cos we're such a jolly company.

I don't care if the night should have an end,  
Night should have an end, night should have an  
end,

Cos it only means another day—

The moon is having a high time  
The stars are on the spree,  
And that's a very good reason  
To sing this song with me.

Oh ! I don't care if the camp should never end,  
Camp should never end, camp should never end,  
Cos we're such a jolly company.

49. RIDE — RIDE — RIDE  
(Tune—Pack Up Your Troubles)

Pack up a bottle in your duffle bag  
And ride, ride, ride,  
Keep out a lucifer to light your fag.  
Ride, old timer, ride !  
What's the use of worrying —  
The world is good and wide, so  
Pack up a bottle in your duffle bag  
And ride, ride, ride !

50. WALTZING MATILDA

Once a jolly swagman camped by a billabong  
Under the shade of a coolibah tree,  
And he sang as he watched and waited till his  
billy boiled,

"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me !"

Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda,  
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me !  
And he sang as he watched and waited till his  
billy boiled,

"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me!"

Down came a jumbuck to drink at the billabog,  
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with  
glee,

And he sang as he stowed that jumbuck in his  
tucker bag,

Up rode the squatter, mounted on his thorough-  
bred,

Down came the troopers, one, two, three,  
"Where's that jolly jumbuck you've got in your  
tucker bag ? "

Up jumped the swagman, sprang into the billa-  
bong.

"You'll never catch me alive," said he,  
And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that  
billabong.

51. DYING HOBO

Beside the western water tank, on a cold Novem-  
ber day,  
In an open buckboard, a dying hobo lay.

His partner lay beside him, with low and drooping  
head,

Listening to the last words the dying hobo said:

"I'm going," said the hobo, "to a land that's clear  
and bright,

Where hammocks grow on bushes, and people  
stay out all night.

You do not have to work at all, not even change  
your socks,

And little drops of alcohol come trickling down  
the rocks.

Oh, tell my girl in Denver, no more am I to roam;  
I hear the fast mail coming, I'm on my way back  
home.

I hear the fast mail coming, I'll catch it bye and  
bye,

Oh, gal o'mine, oh, gal o'mine, it ain't so hard to  
die."

His head fell back and his eyes fell in as he  
breathed his last refrain,

His partner swiped his shoes and socks, and hopped  
the eastbound train.

52. GREENSLEEVES

Alac, my love, you do me wrong  
To cast me off discourteously ;  
And I have loved you so long,  
Delighting in thy company.

Greensleeves was my delight,  
Greensleeves was all my joy.  
Greensleeves was my heart of gold,  
And who but my lady Greensleeves.

I have been ready at your hand,  
To grant whatever you would crave ;  
I have both waged life and land,  
Your love and good-will for to have.

My men were clothed all in green,  
And they did ever wait on thee ;  
All this was gallant to be seen ;  
And yet thou wouldst not love me.

Thou couldst desire no earthly thing  
But still thou hadst it readily.  
Thy music still to play and sing ;  
And yet thou wouldst not love me.

Well, I will pray to God on high,  
That thou my constancy mayst see,  
And that yet once before I die,  
Thou wilt vouchsafe to love me.

53. COMIN' 'ROUND THE MOUNTAIN

She'll be comin' 'round the mountain, when she comes.  
 She'll be comin' 'round the mountain, when she comes.  
 She'll be comin' round the mountain, blowin' steam off like a fountain,  
 She'll be comin' 'round the mountain, when she comes.

She's be ridin' six white horses, when she comes, (etc.)  
 She'll be wearin' pink pajamas, when she comes, (etc.)

O, we'll all go out to meet her when she comes. (repeat)

Oh, we'll all go out to meet her, and we'll all be glad to see her,  
 Oh, we'll all go out to meet her, when she comes.

Oh, we'll kill the old red rooster, 'cause he don't crow like he useter.

Oh, we'll all have chicken and dumplins, 'cause we all have chickens to dump in.

54. PATSY-ORY-ORY-AYE

Eighteen hundred and ninety-one,  
 That's the year that I begun,  
 That's the year that I begun,  
 A-working on the railroad.

Patsy Ory-ory-aye,  
 Patsy Ory-ory-aye,  
 Patsy Ory-ory-aye,  
 A-working on the railroad.

Eighteen hundred and ninety-two,  
 Looking around for something to do,  
 Looking around for something to do,  
 A-working on the railroad.

Eighteen hundred and ninety-three,  
 Section boss a-driving me. (etc.)

Eighteen hundred and ninety-four,  
 Hands and feet were getting sore.

Eighteen hundred and ninety-five,  
 Found myself more dead than alive.

Eighteen hundred and ninety-six,  
 Kicked a couple of dynamite sticks,  
 Kicked a couple of dynamite sticks,  
 And quickly left the railroad.

Eighteen hundred and ninety-seven,  
 Found myself on the road to Heaven,  
 Found myself on the road to Heaven,  
 A-working on the railroad.

Eighteen hundred and ninety-eight,  
 A-picking the lock in the pearly gate.

Eighteen hundred and ninety-nine,  
 I found the angels drinking wine,  
 They gave me a harp and crown divine,  
 Overloking the railroad.

Eighteen hundred and ninety-ten,  
 Found myself on the earth again, etc.

55. I'VE GOT NO USE FOR THE WOMEN

Now, I've got no use for the women,  
 A true one may seldom be found,  
 They use a man for his money,  
 When it's gone they'll turn him down,  
 They're all alike at the bottom,  
 Selfish and grasping for all;  
 They'll stay by a man when he's winning,  
 And laugh in his face at his fall.

My pal was an honest young puncher,  
 Faithful and upright and true,  
 But he turned to a hard shooting gunman,  
 On account of a woman named Lou.  
 He fell in with evil companions,  
 The kind that are better off dead ;  
 When a gambler insulted her picture,  
 He filled him full of lead.

All through the long night they trailed him,  
 Through mesquite and thick chaparral,  
 And I couldn't help think of the woman,  
 As I saw him pitch and fall.  
 If she'd been the pal that she should have,  
 He might have been raising a son,  
 Instead out there on the prairie,  
 To die by the ranger's gun.

Death's sharp sting did not trouble,  
 His chances for life were too slim,  
 But where they were putting his body,  
 Was all that worried him.  
 He lifted his head on his elbow,  
 The blood from his wounds flowed red ;  
 He gazed at his pals grouped about him,  
 As he whispered to them and said :

"Oh, bury me out on the prairie,  
 Where the coyotes may howl o'er my grave.  
 Bury me out on the prairie,  
 But from them my bones please save ;  
 Wrap me up in my blankets,  
 And bury me deep in the ground ;  
 Cover me over with boulders  
 Of granite grey and round."

So we buried him out on the prairie,  
 Where the coyotes can howl o'er his grave,  
 And his soul is now a-resting  
 From the unkind cut she gave,  
 And many another young puncher,  
 As he rides past that pile of stones,  
 Recalls some similar woman,  
 And thinks of his mouldering bones.

56. BIG ROCK CANDY MOUNTAIN

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

Oh the buzzin' of the bees in the cigarette trees  
Near the soda water fountain,  
At the lemonade springs where the bluebird sings  
On the big rock candy mountain.

There's a lake of gin we can both jump in  
And the handouts grow on bushes ;  
In the new-mown hay we can sleep all day,  
And the bars all have free lunches.  
Where the mail train stops and there ain't no cops  
And the folks are tender-hearted,  
Where you never change your socks and you  
never throw rocks,  
And your hair is never parted.

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

57. ONE FISH BALL

A man was walking up and down,  
To find a place where he could dine in town ;  
A man was walking up and down,  
To find a place where he could dine in town.

He found himself a gorgeous place,  
And entered in with gorgeous grace. (repeat)

He took his purse his pocket hence,  
But all he found was fifteen cents.

He scanned the menu through and through,  
To see what fifteen cents would do.

The only thing 'twould do at all,  
Was buy one—ne fish ball.

He called the waiter down the hall,  
And softly whispered, "One fish ball."

The waiter bellowed down the hall,  
"This gentleman here wants one fish ball."

The guests, they turned both one and all,  
To see who wanted one fish ball.

The wretched man grew ill at ease,  
And softly whispered, "Bread, sir, if you please."

The waiter bellowed down the hall,  
"You get no bread with one fish ball."

There is a moral to this all :  
You get no bread with one fish ball.

58. COCAINE BILL

Cocaine Bill and Morphine Sue  
Strolling down the avenue, two by two.

Oh, baby, won't you have a little (sniff)  
On me, have a (sniff) on me.

Said Sue to Bill, "Twon't do no harm,  
If we both just have a little shot in the arm."

Said Bill to Sue, "I can't refuse,  
'Cause there's no more kick in this darned ol'  
booze."

So they walked town Fifth and they turned up  
Main,

Looking for a shop where they sold cocaine.

They came to a drugstore full of smoke,  
Where they saw a little sign sayin', "No more  
coke."

(slowly:) Now in the graveyard on the hill,  
Lies the body of Cocaine Bill.

And in a grave right by his side,  
Lies the body of his cocaine bride.

(faster:) All o' you cokies is a-gwine to be dead  
If you don't stop a- (sniff) ing that stuff in yo'  
head.

59. THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN

There is a tavern in the town, in the town,  
And there my true love sits him down, sits him  
down,

And drinks his wine as merry as can be,  
And never, never thinks of me.

Fare thee well, for I must leave thee, do not let  
this parting grieve thee,  
And remember that the best of friends must  
part, must part.

Adieu, adieu kind friends, adieu,  
I can no longer stay with you, stay with you,  
I'll hang my heart on the weeping willow tree,  
And may the world go well with thee.

He left me for a damsel dark, damsel dark,  
Each Friday night they used to spark, used to  
spark,

And now my love who once was true to me,  
Takes this dark damsel on his knee.

And now I see him nevermore, nevermore ;  
He never knocks upon my door, on my door ;  
Oh, woe is me; he pinned a little note,  
And these were all the words he wrote:

Oh, dig my grave both wide and deep, wide and  
deep ;

Put tombstones at my head and feet, head and  
feet,

And on my breast you may carve a turtle dove,  
To signify I died for love.

60. RED RIVER VALLEY

From this valley they say they are going,  
We will miss your bright eyes and sweet smile,  
For they say you are taking the sunshine  
Which has brightened our pathway a while.

Come and sit by my side if you love me ;  
Do not hasten to bid me adieu,  
But remember the Red River Valley,  
And the girl that has loved you so true.

Won't you think of the valley you're leaving ?  
Oh, how lonely, how sad it will be,  
Oh, think of the fond heart you're breaking,  
And the grief you are causing to me.

From this valley they say you are going;  
When you go, may your darling go, too ?  
Would you leave her behind unprotected,  
When she loves no other but you ?

As you go to your home by the ocean,  
May you never forget those sweet hours,  
That we spent in the Red River Valley,  
And the love we exchanged 'mid the flowers.

61. CLEMENTINE

In a cavern, in a canyon, excavating for a mine,  
Dwelt a miner, forty-niner, and his daughter  
Clementine.

Oh my darling, oh my darling, or my darling  
Clementine,  
You are lost and gone forever, dreadful sorry,  
Clementine.

Light she was, and like a fairy, and her shoes  
were number nine,  
Herring boxes without topses, sandals were for  
Clementine.

Drove her ducklings to the water every morning  
just at nine,  
Hit her foot against a splinter, fell into the  
foaming brine.

Ruby lips above the water, blowing bubbles soft  
and fine,  
Alas for me! I was no swimmer, so I lost my  
Clementine.

In a churchyard near the canyon, where the  
myrtle doth entwine,  
There grow roses and other posies, fertilized by  
Clementine.

Then the miner, forty-niner, soon began to peak  
and pine;  
Thought he "oughter jine" his daughter, now he's  
with his Clementine.

In my dreams she still doth haunt me, robed in  
garments soaked with brine;  
Though in life I used to hug her, now she's dead  
I draw the line.

Now ye Boy Scouts, heed the warning to this  
tragic tale of mine:  
Artificial respiration would have saved my  
Clementine.

How I missed her, how I missed her, how I missed  
my Clementine,  
Till I kissed her little sister, and forgot my  
Clementine.

62. THE BLUE-TAIL FLY

When I was young I used to wait  
On master and give him his plate,  
And pass the bottle when he got dry  
And brush away the blue-tail fly.

Jimmie crack corn and I don't care,  
Jimmie crack corn and I don't care,  
Jimmie crack corn and I don't care,  
My master's gone away.

And when he'd ride in the afternoon,  
I'd follow after with a hickery broom;  
The pony being rather shy  
When bitten by the blue-tail fly.

One day he rode around the farm;  
The flies so numerous they did swarm.  
One chanced to bite him on the thigh,—  
The devil take the blue-tail fly.

The pony run, he jump, he pitch,  
He threw my master in the ditch.  
He died, and the jury wonder why—  
The verdict was the blue-tail fly.

They laid him under a 'simmon tree;  
His epitaph is there to see:  
"Beneath this stone I'm forced to lie,  
A victim of the blue-tail fly."

63. ABDULLAH BULBUL AMIR

The sons of the prophet are brave men and bold,  
And quite unaccustomed to fear,  
But the bravest of all was a man, I am told,  
Named Abdullah Bulbul Amir.

When they needed a man to encourage the van,  
Or to harrass a foe from the rear,  
Storm fort or redoubt, they had only to shout  
For Abdullah Bulbul Amir.

This son of the desert in battle aroused,  
Could split twenty men on his spear.  
A terrible creature when sober or soused,  
Was Abdullah Bulbul Amir.

Now the heroes were plenty and well known to  
fame  
Who fought in the ranks of the Czar;  
But the bravest of these was a man by the name  
Of Ivan Skavinsky Skivar.

He could imitate Irving play poker and pool,  
And strum on the Spanish guitar;  
In fact, quite the cream of the Muscovite team  
Was Ivan Skavinsky Skivar.

The ladies all loved him, his rivals were few;  
He could drink them all under the bar.  
As gallant or tank, there was no one to rank  
With Ivan Skavinsky Skivar.....

One day this bold Russian had shouldered his gun,  
And donned his most truculent sneer;  
Downtown he did go, where he trod on the toe  
Of Abdullah Bulbul Amir.

"Young man," quoth Bulbul, "has your life grown  
so dull  
That your anxious to end your career?  
Vile infidel, know you have trod on the toe  
Of Abdullah Bulbul Amir."

"So take your last look at the sunshine and brook,  
And send your regrets to the Czar,  
For this I imply, you are going to die,  
Mr. Ivan Skavinsky Skivar."

Said Ivan, "My friend, your remarks in the end  
Will avail you but little, I fear;  
For you ne'er will survive to repeat them alive,  
Mr. Abdullah Bulbul Amir."

Then that bold Mameluke drew his trusty  
skibouk,  
With a great cry of "Allah Akbar."  
And with murderous intent, he ferociously went  
For Ivan Skavinsky Skivar.

They parried and thrust, they sidestepped and  
cussed,  
Of blood they spilled a great part;  
The philologist blokes, who seldom crack jokes,  
Say that hash was first made on that spot.

They fought all that night, 'neath the pale yellow  
moon  
The din, it was heard from afar,  
And huge multitudes came, so great was the fame  
Of Abdul and Ivan Skivar.

As Abdul's long knife was extracting the life,  
In fact he had shouted "Huzzah"  
He felt himself struck by that wily Calmuck  
Count Ivan Skavinsky Skivar.  
The Sultan drove by in his red-breasted fly,  
Expecting the victor to cheer,  
But he only drew nigh just to hear the last sigh  
Of Abdullah Bulbul Amir.

Czar Petrovich, too, in his spectacles blue,  
Rode up in his new-crested car;  
He arrived just in time to exchange a last line  
With Ivan Skavinsky Skivar.

There's a tomb rises up where the Blue Danube  
rolls,  
And 'graved there in characters clear  
Are, "Stranger, when passing, oh pray for the  
soul  
Of Abdullah Bulbul Amir.

#### 64. OH, HOW HE LIED

He sat down beside her and smoked his cigar,  
Smoked his cigar-r-r.  
Smoked his cigar, smoked his cigar.  
He sat down beside her and smoked his cigar,  
She sat there beside him, and played her guitar.  
He told her he loved, but oh, how he lied!  
She told him she loved him, but she did not lie.  
They were to be married, but she ups and dies.  
He went to the funeral, but just for the ride.  
She went up to heaven, and flip-flop she fled.  
He went down below her, and sizzled and fried.  
The moral of this tale is never to lie.  
Or you, too, may perish, and sizzle and fry.

#### 65. ALOUETTE

Alouette, gentille Alouette,  
Alouette, je te plumerai,  
(Je te plumerai la tete) je te plumerai la tete  
(Et la tete) et la tete (Alouette) Alouette  
Oh—Alouette, etc.  
(Then le bec, les yeux, le nez, les pattes, les ailes,  
le cou, le dos, les jambes, les pieds, la bozoom  
baza, etc.; repeating all previously used ones in  
reverse order. Leader sings parts in brackets.)

#### 66. ROAD TO THE ISLES

A far croonin' is a-pullin' me away  
As take I wi' my cromack to the road.  
The far Coolins are a-puttin' love on me  
As step I with the sunlight for my load.

Sure by Tummel and Loch Rannoch and  
Lochaber I will go,  
By heather tracks wi' heaven in their wiles;  
If it's thinkin' in your inner heart braggart's  
in my step,  
You've never smelled the tangle of the Isles.  
The far Coolins are a-puttin' love on me  
As step I wi' my cromack to the Isles.

It's by Shiel water the track is to the west,  
By Aillort and by Morar to the sea.  
The cool cresses I am thinkin' of for pluck  
And bracken for a wink on Mother knee.

The blue islands are a-pullin' me away,  
Their laughter puts the leap upon the lame;  
The blue islands from the Skerries to the Lews,  
Wi' heather honey taste upon each name.

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#### 67. HERE'S TO GOOD OLD BEER

Here's to good old beer, drink her down, drink her  
down,  
Here's to good old beer, drink her down, drink her  
down.  
Here's to good old beer, for it makes you feel so  
queer,  
Here's to good old beer, drink her down, down,  
down.

Rolling home, dead drunk, rolling home, dead  
drunk,  
By the light of the silvery moo-o-o-on  
Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha, ha-ha-ha-ha-ha,  
Rolling, rolling, rolling, rolling home dead drunk.

Here's to good old whiskey, it makes you feel so  
frisky.  
Here's to good old brandy, makes you feel just  
fine and dandy.  
Here's to good old vodka, it makes you feel so  
hotchka.  
Here's to sparkling ale, for it keeps you well and  
hale.  
Here's to good old wine, it makes you feel so fine.  
Here's to good old sherry, for it makes you  
bright and merry.  
Here's to good hard cider, it makes you warm  
insider.  
Here's to good old port, for it gives you lots of  
sport.  
Here's to good vermouth, for it makes you so  
uncouth.  
Here's to amontillado, for it gives you that  
vibrato.

68. LITTLE BROWN JUG

My wife and I live all alone,  
In a little brown hut, we call our own;  
She loves gin, and I love rum,  
Tell you what, don't we have fun?

Ha, ha, ha, you and me,  
Little brown jug don't I love thee?  
Ha, ha, ha, you and me,  
Little brown jug, don't I love thee?

'Tis you that makes my friends, my foes,  
'Tis you that makes me wear old clothes,  
But here you are so near my nose,  
So tip her up and down she goes.

When I go toiling on my farm,  
Little brown jug under my arm,  
Set her beneath some shady tree,  
Little brown jug, don't I love thee?

I lay in the shade of a tree,  
Little brown jug in the shade of me,  
I raised her up and gave a pull,  
Little brown jug was about half full.

Crossed the creek on a hollow log,  
Me and the wife and the little brown dog;  
The wife and the dog fell in kerplunk,  
But I held on to the little brown jug.

One day when I went out to my barn,  
Little brown jug under my arm,  
Tripped my toe and down I fell,  
Broke that little jug all to —.

If I had a cow that gave such milk,  
I'd dress her in the finest silk,  
Feed her on the choicest hay,  
And milk her forty times a day.

I bought a cow from farmer Jones,  
And she was nothing but skin and bones;  
I fed her up as fine as silk,  
She jumped the fence and strained her milk.

When I die, don't bury me at all,  
Just pickle my bones in alcohol;  
Put a bottle o'booze at my head and feet,  
And then I know that I will keep!

The rose is red, my nose is too,  
The violet's blue, and so are you.  
And I guess, before I stop,  
I't better take another drop!

69. LANDLORD, FILL THE FLOWING BOWL

Landlord, fill the flowing bowl, until it doth run  
over.

Landlord, fill the flowing bowl, until it doth run  
over.

For tonight we'll merry, merry be, for tonight  
we'll merry, merry be,  
For tonight we'll merry, merry be, tomorrow  
we'll be sober.

(similarly:)

The man who drinks good whiskey clear and goes  
to bed right mellow,  
Lives as he ought to live, and dies a jolly good  
fellow.

The man who drinks cold water pure, and goes to  
bed quite sober,  
Falls as the leaves do fall, so early in October.

The man who drinks just what he likes, and  
getteth "half seas over,"  
Lives until he dies, perhaps, and then lies down  
in clover.

The little girl who gets a kiss and runs and tells  
her mother,  
Does a very foolish thing, and seldom gets  
another.

The little boy who gets a kiss and runs and tells  
his brother,  
Does a very useful thing, and brother gets  
another.

70. SWEET AND LOW

Sweet and low, sweet and low, wind of the  
western sea;  
Low, low, breathe and blow, wind of the western  
sea;  
Over the rolling waters go, come from the dying  
moon, and blow,  
Blow him again to me,  
While my little one, while my pretty one sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Father will come  
to you soon;  
Rest, rest on Mother's breast, Father will come  
to you soon;  
Father will come to his babe in the nest, silver  
sails all out of the west,  
Under the silver moon.  
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

71. DRINK TO ME

Drink to me only with thine eyes,  
And I will pledge with mine;  
Or leave a kiss within the cup,  
And I'll not ask for wine.  
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,  
Doth ask a drink divine,  
But might I of Jove's nectar sip,  
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,  
Not so much hon'ring thee,  
As giving it a hope that there  
It could not withered be;  
But thou thereon did'st only breathe,  
And send'st it back to me,  
Since when it grows and smells, I swear,  
Not of itself, but thee.

(a parody: some like it, some don't!)  
Drink to me only with good hard cider,  
Or rye, or a Scotch highball.  
Drink to me with any old thing,  
Just as long as it's alcohol.  
For now that the wets have won the day,  
And prohibition is through,  
To drink to me only with thine eyes  
Is an awful thing to do.

72. THE BEER BOTTLE

(Tune : *Sing a Song of Cities*)

'Twas only an old beer bottle, floating on the  
foam.

'Twas only an old beer bottle, a thousand miles  
from home.

Inside was a piece of paper, with these words  
written on :

"Whoever finds this bottle, finds the beer all gone.  
The beer all gone, the beer all gone.  
Whoever finds this bottle, finds the beer all gone."



73.

## PINK PAJAMAS

(Tune : *Battle Hymn of the Republic*)

I wear my pink pajamas in the summer when  
it's hot,  
I wear my flannel nighties in the winter when it's  
not.

And sometimes in the springtime, and sometimes  
in the fall,

I jump right in between the sheets with nothing  
on at all!

Glory, glary, what's it to you ?

Glory, glary, what's it to you ?

Glory, glary, what's it to you ?

If I jump right in between the sheets with  
nothing on at all.

One grasshopper jumped right over the other  
grasshopper's back (4 times)

They were only playing leapfrog. (3 times)

As one grasshopper jumped right over the other  
grasshopper's back!

One mosquito bit the other mosquito on the back.  
They were only playing cannibal.

One mosquito scratched the other mosquito's  
'squito-bite,  
They were only being friendly.

One flea-fly flew up the flue and the other flea-fly  
flew down,  
They were only playing flue-fly.

One pink porpoise popped up the pole and the  
other pink porposie popped down,  
Glory, glory, how peculiar!

74.

## STREETS OF LAREDO

As I walked out in the streets of Laredo,  
As I walked out in Laredo one day,  
I spied a young cowboy wrapped up in white  
linen,

Wrapped up in white linen as cold as the clay.  
"I see by your outfit that you are a cowboy"—  
These words he did say as I boldly stepped by,  
"Come sit down beside me and hear my sad story;  
I was shot in the breast and I know I must die.

"It was once in the saddle I used to go dashing,  
It was once in the saddle I used to go gay;  
First to the dram house and then to the card-  
house;

Got shot in the breast; I am dying today.

"Get six jolly cowboys to carry my coffin;  
Get six pretty maidens to carry my pall;  
Put bunches of roses all over my coffin,  
Roses to deaden the clods as they fall.

"Oh, beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly,  
Play the dead march as you carry me along ;  
Take me to the green valley and lay the sod o'er  
me,

For I'm a young cowboy and I know I've done  
wrong.

"Go gather around you a crowd of young cowboys  
And tell them the story of this, my sad fate,  
Tell one and the other before they go further  
To stop their wild roving before it's too late.

"Go fetch me a cup, a cup of cold water,  
To cool my parched lips," the cowboy then said;  
Before I returned, the spirit had left him  
And gone to its Maker — the cowboy was dead.

We beat the drum slowly and played the fife  
lowly,

And bitterly wept as we bore him along;  
For we all loved our comrade, so brave, young,  
and handsome,

We all loved our comrade although he'd done  
wrong.

75.

## CHISHOLM TRAIL

Well, come along boys, and listen to my tale,  
I'll tell you of my troubles on the old Chisholm  
Trail.

Come a ti, yi, yippi, yippi, yay, yappi, yay,  
Come a ti, yi, yippi, yippi, yay.

Two-dollar hoss and a forty-dollar saddle,  
And I'm goin' to punchin' Texas cattle.

I can ride any hoss in the wild and woolly West,  
I can ride him, I can rope him, I can make him  
do his best.

Old Ben Bolt was a blamed good boss,  
But he'd go to see the girls on a sore-backed hoss.

Woke up one morn on the Chisholm Trail,  
With a horse between my legs and a cow by the  
tail.

Oh, it's bacon and beans 'most every day,  
I'd as soon be a-eatin' prairie hay.

It's cloudy in the west, and it looks like rain,  
And my danged old sliker's in the wagon again.

I hunted up my boss to draw my roll,  
He figgered me out nine dollars in the hole.

Goin' to sell my hoss, goin' to sell my saddle,  
Goin' to tell my boss where to go with his cattle.

Goin' back to town to draw my money,  
Goin' back home to see my honey.

No more a cow puncher to sleep at my ease,  
Mid the crawlin' of the lice and the bitin' of the  
fleas.

I was layin' 'round town, just spendin' my time,  
Out of a job and not makin' a dime,  
When a feller steps up and says, "I suppose  
That you're a bronc rider by the looks of yer  
clothes."

"You guessed me right—I'm a good one," I  
claims,  
"Do you happen to have any bad one to tame?"  
He says that he has, and a bad one to buck,  
And for throwing good riders he's had lots of  
luck.

Well, it's oh, that Strawberry Roan;  
Oh, that Strawberry Roan,  
They say he's a cayuse that's never been rode,  
The man that gets on him is bound to be throwed,  
Get off that Strawberry Roan.

Well, I gets all excited and asks what he pays  
To ride this old pony for a couple of days.  
He offers a tenspot, and I says, "I'm your man,  
For a bronc never lived that I couldn't fan."  
"Well," he says, "get your saddle and I'll give you  
a chance."

So I gets in the buckboard and we drives to the  
ranch.

I stays until mornin' and right after chuck  
I steps out to see if this outlaw can buck.

Down in the horse corral standing alone  
Is this old caballo, a strawberry roan.  
His legs is all spavined, he has pigeon toes,  
Two little pig eyes and a big Roman nose.  
Little pin ears that touched at the tips,  
And a big 7H run on his left hip.  
He's ewe-necked and old, with a long lower jaw,  
I could see with one eye he was a reg'lar outlaw.

I buckle on my spurs, I'm sure feelin' fine,  
I picks up my hat, an' curls up my twine.  
I piles my rope on him, and well I know then,  
That afore I get rode, I've sure earned my ten.  
I get the blind on him, it sure is a fight,  
Next comes my old saddle, an' I screws her on  
tight,

Then I steps onto him and raises the blinds,  
I'm right in his middle to see him unwind.

He bowed his old neck and I guess he's unwound,  
For he seemed to quit living down there on the  
ground.

He went up towards the East and come down  
towards the West,  
And to stay in his middle I'm sure doin' my best.  
He sure is frog-walkin', he heaves a big sigh,  
He only lacks wings to be on the fly.  
He turns his old belly right up to the sun,  
He sure is a sunfishin' son-of-a-gun.

He's about the worst bucker I've seen on the  
range.

He can turn on a nickel and give you the change.  
And when he's a-buckin', he squeals like a shoat,  
I tell you that pony has sure got my goat.  
I claims that, no foolin', that outlaw can step,  
But I'm still in his middle and buildin' a "rep,"  
He hits on all fours and turns on his side,  
I don't see what keeps him from losin' his hide.

I loses my stirrup and also my hat,  
I'm clawin' at leather as blind as a bat,  
With a phenomenal jump he goes up on high,  
Leaves me settin' on nothin' up there in the sky.  
Well—I turned over and comes back to earth,  
And I lights in to cussin' the day of his birth.  
An' I knows there's old ponies I'm not able to  
ride.

There's some of them left—they haven't all died.

Oh, give me a home where the buffalo roam,  
Where the deer and the antelope play,  
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,  
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Home, home on the range,  
Where the deer and the antelope play;  
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,  
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

How often at night when the heavens are bright  
With the light from the glittering stars,  
Have I stood there amazed and asked as I gazed,  
If their glory exceeds that of ours.

Oh, give me the land where the bright diamond  
sand.

Flows leisurely down the stream;  
Where the graceful white swan goes gliding  
along,  
Like a maid in a heavenly dream.

Where the air is so pure, the zephyrs so free,  
The breezes so balmy and light,  
That I would not exchange my home on the  
range,  
For all of the cities so bright.

Oh, I love those wild flow'rs in this dear land of  
ours,  
The eagle I love to hear scream,  
And I love the white rocks and the mountain  
goat flocks  
That graze on the mountain tops green.

(Tune : *My Bonnie*)

Last night as I lay on the prairie,  
And I looked at the stars in the sky,  
And I wondered if ever a cowboy  
Could drift to that sweet by and by.

Roll on, roll on,  
Roll on, little dogies, roll on, roll on.  
Roll on, roll on,  
Roll on, little dogies, roll on.

The road to that bright happy region  
Is a dim narrow trail, so they say ;  
But the broad one that leads to perdition  
Is posted and blazed all the way.

They say there will be a great round-up,  
And cowboys like dogies will stand,  
To be cut by the riders of Judgment,  
Who are posted and know every brand.

I wonder if ever a cowboy  
Stood ready for that Judgment Day,  
And could say to the boss of the riders,  
I'm ready — come drive me away.

79. WHOOPEE, TI YI YO, GIT ALONG,

LITTLE DOGIES

As I was a-walking one morning for pleasure,  
I spied a cowpuncher come riding along ;  
His hat was thrown back, and his spurs was  
a-jingling,  
And as he approached, he was singing this song.

Whoopee ti yi yo git along, little dogies,  
It's your misfortune and none of my own ;  
Whoopee ti yi yo, git along, little dogies,  
You know that Alberta will be your new home.

It's early in spring that we round up the dogies,  
And mark 'em and brand 'em and bob off their  
tails ;  
We round up our horses and load the chuck  
wagon,  
And then throw the dogies out into the trail.

It's whoopin' and yellin' and a-drivin' them dogies,  
Oh, how I wish that you would go on ;  
It's a-whoopin' and punchin' and go on-a, little  
dogies,  
For you know Alberta is to be your new home.

Some cowboys go up the trail just for pleasure,  
But that's where they get it most awfully wrong,  
For nobody knows what trouble they give us,  
As we go driving them all along.

80. OLD MacDONALD

Old MacDonald had a farm, E-I-E-I-O.  
And on this farm he had some chicks, E-I-E-I-O.  
With a chick chick here, and a chick chick there,  
Here a chick, there a chick, everywhere a chick  
chick,  
Old MacDonald had a farm, E-I-E-I-O.

2. Ducks—quack quack
  3. Turkeys—gobble gobble
  4. Pigs—oink oink
  5. Ford—rattle rattle
  6. Wife—yakity yak
- (Repeat third and fourth lines of each verse pre-  
viously sung.)

81. NINE MEN SLEPT IN A BOARDING  
HOUSE BED

Nine men slept in a boarding house bed,  
Roll over, roll over.  
They all rolled over when anyone said,  
"Roll over, roll over."  
One of them thought it would be a good joke,  
Not to roll over when anyone spoke,  
And in the scuffle his neck got broke,  
Roll over, roll over.

Eight men slept in a boarding house bed,  
Roll over, (etc. until nobody left).

Thirteen slept in a shelter for six,  
One of them thought it would be a good prank  
To shove the others against the plank,  
But he (she) got thrown in the lake and sank.

82. DRUNKEN SAILOR

What shall we do with the drunken sailor,  
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,  
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,  
Earli in the morning.

Hooray, up she rises,  
Hooray, up she rises,  
Hooray, up she rises,  
Earli in the morning.

Put him in the long boat till he's sober,  
Put him in the long boat, etc.  
Pull out the plug and wet him all over.  
Put him in the bildge and make him drink it.  
Put him in a leaky boat and make him bale her.  
Tie him to the scuppers with the hose pipe on  
him.

Shave his belly with a rusty razor.  
Tie him to the topmast while she's yardarm  
under.

Heave him by the leg in a runnin' bowlin'.  
Keel haul him until he's sober.  
That's what we do with the drunken sailor.

83. THREE BLIND MICE,

Three blind mice, three blind mice,  
See how they run, see how they run,  
They all ran after the farmer's wife,  
she cut off their tails with a carving knife,  
Did you ever see such a sight in your life,  
as three blind mice.

84. SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD

Darling I am growing old,  
Silver threads among the gold,  
Shine upon my brow today,  
Life is fading fast away.  
But my darling, you will be, will be,  
Always young and fair to me :  
Yes! my darling, you will be,  
Always young and fair to me.  
Darling, I am growing, growing old  
Silver threads among the gold,  
Shine upon my brow today,  
Life is fading fast away.

85. THERE'S A GOLD MINE IN THE SKY

There's a gold mine in the sky far away,  
We will find it, you and I, some sweet day,  
There'll be clover just for you down the line  
Where the skies are always blue, pal of mine.  
Take your time, ole mule, I know you're growin'  
lame,  
But you'll pasture in the stars when we strike  
that claim.  
And we'll set up there and watch the world roll by  
When we find that long lost gold mine in the sky.  
Far away, far away, we will find that long lost  
gold mine some sweet day.  
And we'll say, "Hello" to friends who said,  
"Good-bye,"  
When we find that long lost gold mine in the sky.  
Far away, far away, in the sky.

86. ROAMIN' IN THE GLOAMIN'

Roamin' in the gloamin' on the bonnie banks o'  
Clyde  
Roamin' in the gloamin' wi' my lassie by my side.  
When the sun has gone to rest,  
That's the time that we love best,  
O it's lovely roamin' in the gloamin'!

87. LET THE REST OF THE WORLD  
GO BY

With someone like you, a pal good and true,  
I'd like to leave it all behind and go and find,  
Some place that's known to God alone,  
Just a spot to call our own.  
We'll find perfect peace, where joys never cease,  
Out there beneath the kindly sky,  
We'll build a sweet little nest,  
Somewhere in the west,  
And let the rest of the world go by.

88. HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN

Happy days are here again, the skies above are  
clear again  
Let us sing a song of cheer again,  
Happy days are here again.  
All together, shout it now, there's no one here  
can doubt it now,  
Let us tell the world about it now,  
Happy days are here again.  
Your cares and troubles are gone, there'll be  
no more from now on,  
Happy days are here again, the skies above are  
clear again,  
Let us sing a song of cheer again,  
Happy days are here again.

89. LET ME CALL YOU SWEETHEART

Let me call you sweetheart, I'm in love with you  
Let me hear you whisper that you love me, too—  
Keep the love light glowing in your eyes so blue,  
Let me call you sweetheart, I'm in love with you.

90. CALGARY SONG

(Tune : *Turkey in the Straw*)

Oh, we come from the country where the  
Chinooks blow,  
From the Foothills City in the Valley of the Bow,  
Where the clear cool waters from the mountains  
flow and  
The handsome women and the big men grow!

Chorus : Fiddle-de-rol-dol,  
Fiddle all the day,  
Fiddle-de-rol-dol,  
Fiddle all the day,  
Ride 'em cowboy!  
Let 'er Buck! WHOA!  
We're the broncho busters from  
the Valley of the Bow.

91. THE MORE WE GET TOGETHER

Oh! don't we have a good time, a good time, a  
good time,  
Oh! don't we have a good time when we are with  
friends;  
For your friends are my friends  
And my friends are your friends  
Oh! don't we have a good time when we are with  
friends.  
The more we get together, together, together,  
The more we get together, the happier are we,  
For your friends are my friends,  
And my friends are your friends,  
The more we get together, the happier are we.

92. MY GAL, SAL

They call her frivolous Sal, a peculiar sort of a  
gal  
With a heart that was mellow, an all' 'round good  
fellow,  
Was my old pal.  
Your troubles, sorrows and care, she was always  
willing to share,  
A wild sort of devil, but dead on the level,  
Was my gal Sal.

93. AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot  
And never brought to mind,  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot  
And days of auld lang syne.  
For auld lang syne, my dear,  
For auld lang syne,  
We'll take a cup o' kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne.

94. LOCH LOMOND

By yon bonnie banks, and by yon bonnie braes,  
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomon'  
Where me and my true love were ever wont to  
gae,  
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomon'.  
Oh! ye'll tak' the high road  
And I'll tak' the low road,  
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye,  
But me and my true love will  
Never meet again,  
On the bonnie, bonnie banks  
O' Loch Lomon'.

95. MEMORIES

Memories, memories, dreams of love so true,  
O'er the sea of Memory I'm drifting back to you,  
Childhood days, wildwood days, among the birds  
and bees,  
You left me alone, but still you're my own,  
In my beautiful memories.

96. DOWN BY THE OLD MILL STREAM

Down by the old mill stream, where I first met  
you,  
With your eyes of blue, dressed in gingham too,  
And it was there I knew that you loved me true,  
You were sixteen, my village queen,  
Down by the old mill stream.

97. THE LAST ROUND-UP

I'm headin' for the last round-up,  
Gonna saddle old Paint for the last time and ride,  
So long, old pal, it's time your tears were dried  
I'm headin' for the last round-up.  
Git along, little dogie, git along, git along,  
Git along, little dogie, git along,  
Git along, little dogie, git along, git along,  
Git along, little dogie, git along,  
I'm headin' for the last round-up,  
To the far away ranch of the Boss in the sky,  
Where the strays are counted and branded there  
go I,  
I'm headin' for the last round-up.

98. WHEN THE MOON COMES OVER  
THE MOUNTAIN

When the moon comes over the mountain  
Every beam brings a dream dear, of you,  
Once again we stroll 'neath the mountain  
Through that rose covered valley we knew.  
Each day is grey and dreary,  
But the night is bright and cheery,  
When the moon comes over the mountain,  
I'm alone with my memories of you.

99. AROUND THE CORNER

Around the corner and under the tree,  
The gallant major said, "Stroll with me,"  
I said, "Nay, Nay" I said "No, No!"  
But ever since I've been there once,  
I always want to go,  
Around the corner and under the tree,  
The handsome major, made love to me ;  
He kissed me once, he kissed me twice.  
It wasn't just the thing to do,  
But gosh ! It was so nice.

100. IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME

In the good, old summer time,  
In the good, old summer time,  
Strolling thru' the shady lane  
With your baby mine.  
You hold her hand and she holds yours,  
And that's a very good sign,  
That she's your tootsey wootsey,  
In the good, old summer time.

101. A WEE DEOCH-AND-DORIS

Just a wee Deoch-and-Doris, a wee drap, that's a'  
A wee Deoch an' Doris, before we gang awa'  
There's a wee wife waiting in a wee but and ben,  
If ye can say, "It's a braw, bricht, moonlight  
nicht,"  
Ye're a-richt, ye ken!"

102. SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME

Show me the way to go home, I'm tired and I  
wanna go to bed,  
I had a little drink about an hour ago,  
And it went right to my head,  
No matter where I roam, o'er land or sea or  
foam,  
You'll always hear me singin' this song,  
Show me the way to go home.

103. SLEEPY TIME GAL

Sleepy time gal, you're turning night into day  
Sleepy time gal, you've danced the ev'ning away,  
Before each silvery star fades out of sight,  
Please give me one little kiss, then let us whisper  
"Good-night"  
It's getting late and dear your pillow's waitin'  
Sleepy time gal, when all your dancin' is thru  
Sleepy time gal, I'll find a cottage for you,  
You'll learn to cook and to sew,  
What's more you'll love it, I know,  
When you're a stay-at-home, play-at-home,  
eight-o'clock, sleepy time gal.

104. ON THE ROAD TO MANDALAY

Come you back to Mandalay, where the old  
Flotilla lay,  
Can't you 'ear their paddles chunking from  
Rangoon to Mandalay ?  
On the road to Mandalay, where the flyin' fishes  
play,  
And the dawn comes up like thunder out of China  
'cross the bay.

105. NOBODY'S SWEETHEART

You're nobody's sweetheart now,  
They don't baby you somehow,  
Fancy hose, silken gown,  
You'd be out of place in your own home town.  
When you walk down the Avenue,  
I just can't believe that it's you ;  
Painted lips, painted eyes,  
Wearing a bird of Paradise,  
It all seems wrong somehow  
That you're nobody's sweetheart now.

106. LET'S ALL SING LIKE THE  
BIRDIES SING

Let's all sing like the birdies sing  
Tweet tweet tweet tweet tweet,  
Let's all sing like the birdies sing  
Sweet sweet sweet sweet sweet.  
Let's all warble like nightingales  
Give your throat a treat ;  
Take your time from the birds,  
Now you all know the words,  
Tweet tweet tweet tweet tweet.

107. IN THE GLOAMING

In the gloaming, Oh my darling! when the lights  
are dim and low,  
And the quiet shadows falling, softly come and  
softly go,  
When the winds are sobbing faintly with a  
gentle unknown woe,  
Will you think of me and love me as you did once  
long ago ?  
It was best to leave you thus,  
Best for you and best for me.

108. WAGON WHEELS

Wagon wheels, wagon wheels, Keep on a-turnin'  
Wagon wheels,  
Roll along, sing your song,  
Carry me over the hill.  
Go 'long, mule, there's a steamer at the landin'  
Waitin' for this cotton to load,  
Go 'long, mule, the Boss is understandin'  
There's a pasture at the end of each road.  
Wagon wheels, wagon wheels, Keep on a-turnin'  
Wagon wheels,  
Roll along, sing your song,  
Wagon wheels carry me home,  
Wagon wheels carry me home.

109. MARGIE

My little Margie,  
I'm always thinking of you, Margie,  
I'll tell the world I love you,  
Don't forget your promise to me,  
I have bought a home and ring and everything  
for Margie,  
You've been my inspiration,  
Days are never blue ;  
After all is said and done,  
There is really only one,  
Oh! Margie, Margie, it's you.

110. LAVENDER COWBOY

He was only a lavender cowboy,  
The hairs on his chest were but two,  
But he wanted to be like the heroes,  
And fight like the other men do.

But he was mortally troubled  
By a dream that gave him no rest,  
For to be like the heroes in action,  
He wanted more hair on his chest.

There's bear oil in many hair tonics  
That he'd rub on each morning and night  
But each time that he looked in the mirror  
No new hairs had sprung into sight.

He battled for sweet Nellie's honor,  
He cleaned out a hold-up gang's nest,  
He died with his six guns a-smoking,  
With only two hairs on his chest.

111. OLD FAITHFUL

Ole Faithful, we rode the range together,  
Ole Faithful, in ev'ry kind of weather,  
When your round-up days are over,  
There'll be pastures white with clover,  
For you, ole Faithful, pal o' mine.  
Hurry up, ole feller, 'cause the moon is yellor  
tonight,  
Hurry up, old feller, 'cause the moon is mellow  
and bright.

There's a coyote howlin' to the moon above,  
So carry me back to the one I love,  
Hurry up ole feller 'cause we gotta get home  
tonight.

Ole Faithful, we rode the range together,  
Ole Faithful, in ev'ry kind of weather,  
When your round-up days are over,  
There'll be pastures white with clover,  
For you, ole Faithful, pal o' mine.

112. GOOD NIGHT, SWEETHEART

Good night, sweetheart, till we meet tomorrow,  
Good night, sweetheart, sleep will banish sorrow,  
Tears and parting may make us forlorn,  
But with the dawn a new day is born, so I'll say  
Good night, sweetheart, tho' I'm not beside you,  
Good night, sweetheart, still my love will guide  
you

Dreams enfold you, in each one I'll hold you,  
Good night, sweetheart, good night.

113. GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK

My grandfather's clock was too large for the shelf  
So it stood ninety years on the floor,  
It was taller by half than the old man, himself,  
Though it weighed not a penny-weight more,  
It was bought on the morn of the day that he  
was born, ....

And was always his treasure and pride,  
But it stopp'd short, never to go again,  
When the old man died.  
Ninety years without slumbering, tick, tock, tick,  
tock,

His life seconds numbering, tick, tock, tick, tock.  
It stopped short never to go again,  
When the old man died.

114. SOMEBODY STOLE MY GAL

Somebody stole my gal, somebody stole my pal,  
Somebody came and took her away,  
She didn't even say she was leavin'  
The kisses I loved so he's getting now I know,  
And gee! I know that she would come to me if  
she could see,  
Her broken-hearted, lonesome pal,  
Somebody stole my gal.

115. LITTLE GREY HOME IN THE WEST

When the golden sun sinks in the hills,  
And the toil of a long day is o'er,  
Though the road may be long, in the lilt of a song  
I forget I was weary before.  
Far ahead where the blue shadows fall,  
I shall come to contentment and rest,  
And the toils of the day will be all charmed away  
In my little grey home in the west.  
There are hands that will welcome me in,  
There are lips I am burning to kiss,  
There are two eyes that shine just because they  
are mine,  
And a thousand things other men miss.  
It's a corner of heaven itself,  
Though it's only a tumble-down nest,  
But with love brooding there, why no place can  
compare,  
With my little grey home in the west.

116. OLD SPINNING WHEEL

There's an old spinning wheel in the parlor,  
Spinning dreams of the long, long ago,  
Spinning dreams of an old fashioned garden  
And a maid with her old fashioned beau.  
Sometimes it seems that I can hear her in the  
twilight,  
At the organ softly singing "Old Black Joe."  
There's an old spinning wheel in the parlor,  
Spinning dreams of the long, long ago.

117. SMILES

There are smiles that make up happy,  
There are smiles that make us blue,  
There are smiles that steal away the teardrops,  
As the sunbeams steal away the dew,  
There are smiles that have a tender meaning  
That the eyes of love alone may see,  
But the smiles that fill my life with sunshine  
Are the smiles that you gave to me.

118. I LOVE A LASSIE

Oh, I love a lassie, a bonnie, bonnie lassie,  
She's as pure as the lily in the dell,  
She's as sweet as the heather,  
The bonnie, bonnie heather,  
Mary, ma Scotch blue bell.

119. IN A SHANTY IN OLD SHANTY TOWN

It's only a shanty in old Shanty Town,  
The roof is so slanty it touches the ground ;  
But my tumbled down shack, by an old railroad  
track  
Like a millionaire's mansion, is calling me back.  
I'd give up a palace, if I were a king ;  
It's more than a palace, it's my everything.  
There's a queen waiting there with a silvery  
crown,  
In a shanty in old Shanty Town.

120. GIRL OF MY DREAMS

Girl of my dreams I love you, honest I do,  
You are so sweet,  
If I could just hold your charms  
Again in my arms,  
Then life would be complete ;  
Since you've been gone, dear,  
Life don't seem the same,  
Please come back again,  
And after all's said and done,  
There's only one,  
Girl of my dreams, it's you.

121. KISS ME GOOD NIGHT

Kiss me good night, Sergeant Major,  
Tuck me in my little wooden bed.  
We all love you, Sergeant Major,  
When we hear you calling, show a leg.  
Don't forget to wake me in the morning,  
And bring around a nice hot cup of tea,  
Kiss me good night, Sergeant Major,  
Sergeant Major be a mother to me!

122. YOU ARE MY SUNSHINE

You are my sunshine, my only sunshine  
You make me happy when skies are grey.  
You'll never know, dear  
How much I love you,  
Please don't take my sunshine away.

123. SWEETHEART OF SIGMA CHI

The girl of my dreams is the sweetest girl  
Of all the girls I know,  
Each sweet co-ed like a rainbow trail  
Fades in the after glow,  
The blue of her eyes and the gold of her hair  
Are a blend of the western sky  
And the moonlight beams  
On the girl of my dreams  
She's the Sweetheart of Sigma Chi !

124. BLESS 'EM ALL

Bless 'em all, bless 'em all,  
The long and the short and the tall,  
Bless all the nurses when you're in dry dock,  
You know your temperature's firm as a rock.  
But, when one feels your pulse you feel small  
And you know that you've had a close call.  
No ice-cream and cookies for flat-footed rookies,  
So, cheer up, my lads, bless 'em all.

125. BEER BARREL POLKA

Roll out the barrel  
We'll have a barrel of fun  
Roll out the barrel  
We've got the blues on the run  
Zing! Boom! Ta-rar-rel  
Ring out a song of good cheer  
Now's the time to roll the barrel  
For the gang's all here.

126. SIOUX CITY SUE

I drove a herd of cattle down from old Nebraska  
way,  
That's how I come to be in the state of Iowa.  
I met a girl in Iowa, her eyes were big and blue;  
I asked her what her name was  
She said, "Sioux City Sue."  
Sioux City Sue, Sioux City Sue,  
Your hair is red, your eyes are blue,  
I'd swap my horse and dog for you.  
Sioux City Sue, Sioux City Sue,  
There aint no gal as true as my sweet Sioux City  
Sue.

127. RAGTIME COWBOY JOE

Out in Arizona where the bad men are  
And the only friend to guide you is an evening  
star,  
The roughest, toughest man by far—  
Is Ragtime Cowboy Joe.  
Got his name from singin' to the cows and sheep,  
Every night they say he sings the herd to sleep,  
In a bass-o, rich and deep, crooning soft and low.  
He always sings raggy music to the cattle,  
As he swings back and forward in the saddle  
On a horse that is syncopated, gaited;  
And there's such a funny meter to the roar of his  
repeater!  
How they run, when they hear that fellow's gun,  
Because the Western folks all know,  
He's a high-faluttin' scootin', shootin, son of a  
gun from Arizona,  
Ragtime Cowboy Joe.

128. IT'S A LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY

It's a long,, long way to Tipperary,  
It's a long way to go;  
It's a long way to Tipperary,  
To the sweetest girl I know.  
Good-bye Piccadilly, farewell Leicester Square,  
It's a long, long way to Tipperary,  
But my heart's right there.

It's a long way to the prairie,  
It's a long way to go;  
It's a long way to the prairie,  
To the sweetest girl I know.  
Good-bye Piccadilly, farewell Leicester Square,  
It's a long, long way to the prairie,  
But my heart's right there.

129. WIFFENPOOF SONG

To the tables down at Mory's,  
To the place where Louis dwells,  
To the dear old Temple Bar we love so well,  
Sing the Wiffenpoof's assembled with their  
glasses raised on high,  
And the magic of their singing casts its spell.  
Yes, the magic of their singing of the songs we  
love so well,  
" Shall I Wasting," and "Mavourneen," and the  
rest;

We will serenade our Louis  
While life and voice shall last,  
Then we'll pass and be forgotten with the rest.  
REFRAIN :  
We're poor little lambs who have lost our way;  
Baa! Baa! Baa!  
We're little black sheep who have gone astray;  
Baa! Baa! Baa!  
Gentlemen songsters off on a spree,  
Doomed from here to eternity;  
Lord have mercy on such as we;  
Baa! Baa! Baa!

130. DON'T FENCE ME IN

Oh, give me land, lots of land under starry skies  
 above,  
 Don't fence me in.  
 Let me ride thru the wide open country that I  
 love,  
 Don't fence me in.  
 Let me be by myself in the evening breeze—  
 Listen to the murmur of the cotton-wood trees.  
 Send me off forever, but I ask you please —  
 Don't fence me in ; just turn me loose,  
 Let me straddle my old saddle underneath the  
 western skies.  
 On my cayuse, let me wander over yonder till I  
 see the mountains rise.  
 I want to ride to the ridge where the West  
 commences,  
 Gaze at the moon till I lose my senses,  
 Can't look at hobbles and I can't stand fences,  
 Don't fence me in.

131. ABIDE WITH ME

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;  
 The darkness deepens; Lord with me abide.  
 When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
 Help of the helpless, Oh, abide with me.  
 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless ;  
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.  
 Where is death's sting; where, grave, thy victory?  
 I triumph still, if Thou, abide with me.  
 Amen.

132. IT IS NO SECRET

The chimes of time ring out the news,  
 Another day is through,  
 Someone slipped and fell,  
 Was that someone you ?  
 You may have longed for added strength,  
 Your courage to renew,  
 Do not be disheartened,  
 For I have news for you.

CHORUS :—

It is no secret,  
 What God can do,  
 What He's done for others,  
 He'll do for you.  
 With arms wide open  
 He'll pardon you,  
 It is no secret  
 What God can do.

There is no night, for in His light,  
 You'll never walk alone,  
 Always feel at home,  
 Wherever you may roam,  
 There is no power can conquer you,  
 While God is on your side,  
 Just take Him at His promise,  
 Don't run away and hide.

133. SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER

Shall we gather at the river,  
 Where bright angel feet have trod,  
 With its crystal tide forever,  
 Flowing from the throne of God?

REFRAIN :—

Yes, we'll gather at the river,  
 The beautiful, the beautiful river,  
 Gather with the saints at the river,  
 That flows from the throne of God.

Ere we reach the shining river,  
 Lay we every burden down;  
 Grace our spirits will deliver,  
 And provide a robe and crown.

At the smiling of the river,  
 Mirror of the Saviour's face;  
 Saints whom death will never sever,  
 Lift their songs of saving grace.

Soon we'll reach the shining river;  
 Soon our pilgrimage will cease ;  
 Soon our happy hearts will quiver,  
 With the melody of peace.

134. CHURCH IN THE WILDWOOD

There's a church in the valley by the wildwood,  
 No lovelier place in the dale,  
 No spot is so dear to my childhood  
 As the little Brown Church in the vale.

CHORUS :—

Come to the church in the wildwood,  
 O come to the church in the dale,  
 No spot is so dear to my childhood  
 As the little Brown Church in the vale.

How sweet on a clear Sabbath morning,  
 To list to the clear ringing bell,  
 Its tones so sweetly are calling  
 O Come to the church in the vale.

135. UNTO THE HILLS AROUND DO I  
 LIFT UP

Unto the hills around do I lift up  
 My longing eyes;  
 O whence for me shall my salvation come,  
 From whence arise ?  
 From God the Lord doth come my certain aid,  
 From God the Lord who heaven and earth hath  
 made.

He will not suffer that thy foot be moved  
 Safe shalt thou be ;  
 No careless slumber shall His eyelids close,  
 Who keepeth thee.  
 Behold, He sleepeth not, He slumbereth ne'er,  
 Who keepeth Israel in His holy care.



136. THE OLD RUGGED CROSS

On a hill far away  
 Stood an old rugged cross,  
 The emblem of suff'ring and shame ;  
 And I love that old cross  
 Where the dearest and best,  
 For a world of lost sinners was slain.

CHORUS :—

So I'll cherish the old rugged cross,  
 'Till my trophies at last I lay down ;  
 I will cling to the old rugged cross,  
 And exchange it some day for a crown.

To the old rugged cross  
 I will ever be true,  
 Its shame and reproach gladly bear ;  
 Then He'll call me some day  
 To my home far away,  
 Where His glory forever I'll share.

137. NEARER MY GOD TO THEE

Nearer, my God to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee!  
 Even though it be a cross  
 That raiseth me,  
 Still all my song shall be  
 "Nearer, My God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee !"

O if on joyful wing  
 Cleaving the sky,  
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
 Upwards I fly,  
 Still all my song shall be,  
 "Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee !"

138. SO LONG

A trail ride is fun, for one and for all,  
 It's something we'll talk of, till this time next  
 fall,  
 But like all good things it must come to an end,  
 And we must say farewell to campfire and friend,  
 For it's . . . .

CHORUS :—

So long, it's been good to know yuh,  
 So long, it's been good to know yuh,  
 So long, it's been good to know yuh,  
 What a long time since I've been home,  
 And I gotta be driftin' along.

A cowboy walked into my corral one day,  
 He wanted a job, asked me about pay,  
 I told him for five days we paid him for one,  
 And to me he responded, before I was done,  
 Saying . . . .

One day in the spring I bought me a hoss,  
 He told me he liked me, said I'd be the boss,  
 The first time I rode him he bucked like a steer,  
 And as I took off, this is what I could hear,  
 He said . . . .

Last Saturday night, beside Lake Louise  
 I kissed a sweet girl and I gave her a squeeze,  
 She cuddled up close and said, "Marry me please,"  
 I ran for my life, but I looked back to wheeze,  
 Gasping . . . .

Just yesterday morn with my rod and my reel,  
 I set forth a-fishing, intent on a meal,  
 I landed a rainbow but as he came out,  
 He slipped from my hands and away went my  
 trout,  
 Saying . . . .

And now that the Trail Ride's a thing of the past,  
 The pow-wow is over, these things cannot last,  
 We hope you've had fun, that you'll come back  
 again,  
 We wish you God-speed as we sing our refrain  
 Which is . . . .

*The Trail Riders and Skyline Trail Hikers of the Canadian Rockies are indebted to Howard Watkins, vice-president of the Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies, for the long hours of work put into the compiling of this book. This collection of songs have been for many years highly popular around the campfires of both organizations, and will, we hope, be heard for many years to come in our beloved Rockies.*

