

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FC 7577

Sing Along: Clap Along, with Johnny Richardson



M
1997
R523
S617
1977

MUSIC LP

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FC 7577

SIDE 1:

1. If I Were a Keeper of the Zoo
Words & Music by Johnny Richardson
2. The Honky Tonky Monkey
Words & Music by Johnny Richardson
3. I Can't Spell Hippopotamus
4. I Can Spell Hippopotamus
Words & Music by Johnny Richardson
5. The Brave Little African Boy
Words & Music by Johnny Richardson
6. What Makes the World Go Around?
Words & Music by Johnny Richardson
7. Red Light—Green Light
Words & Music by Johnny Richardson
8. Suliram (Indonesian Lullabye)
English words by Johnny Richardson
9. When the World's Begun
Words & Music by Johnny Richardson
10. Through the Revolving Door
Words & Music by Johnny Richardson
11. Let Everybody Clap Like This
Words & Music by Johnny Richardson
12. To Market, To Market, To Shop
Words & Music by Johnny Richardson
13. Hallelujah
Words & Music by Johnny Richardson
14. A Tiger's After Me
Words & Music by Johnny Richardson
15. My Little Donkey
Words & Music by Johnny Richardson
16. The Roll Call
Words & Music by Johnny Richardson
17. Chocolate Ice Cream Cone

SIDE 2:

18. There's a Little Bit of Good in Everyone
19. The Little Hot Dog
Words & Music by Johnny Richardson
(based on traditional melody)
20. Jackson Scott, the Astronaut from "Cock-Doodle-
Doo-Cock-a-Doodle Dandy by Paul Kapp, Harper & Row
21. Come A-sailing With Me—Italian Folksong
Additional verses by Johnny Richardson
22. The Choo Choo Train
Words by Hal David, music by Norman Monath
(modified into narrative style by Johnny Richardson)
23. Wake Me; Shake Me
24. The Cinnamon Ship
25. Mowing the Meadow
26. Get on Board, Little Children—Traditional
27. Blue Tail Fly—Traditional Minstrel
28. The Fox
29. Bam Boo (Echo Rhythm) (Nonsense Song)
Words & Music by Johnny Richardson

© 1977 FOLKWAYS RECORDS AND SERVICE CORP.
43 W. 61st ST., N.Y.C., U.S.A.

WARNING: UNAUTHORIZED REPRODUCTION OF THIS
RECORDING IS PROHIBITED BY FEDERAL LAW AND SUBJECT TO
CRIMINAL PROSECUTION.

*Sing Along; Clap Along,
with Johnny Richardson*

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FC 7577

FOLKWAYS RECORDS Album No. FC 7577

© 1975 by Folkways Records & Service Corp., 43 W. 61st St., NYC, USA

Sing Along, Clap Along, with Johnny Richardson

IF I WERE A KEEPER OF THE ZOO

by Johnny Richardson

Oh, if I were a keeper of the zoo,
If I were a keeper of the zoo,
I'd stay with the animals day and night,
And take good care of them too,
If I were a keeper of the zoo, zoo, zoo,
If I were a keeper of the zoo.

Every morning I would give them food,
And I would keep them in a very good mood,
I'd give them a shower and comb their hair,
And I'd take them out for a little fresh air,
If I were a keeper of the zoo, zoo, zoo,
If I were a keeper of the zoo.

Oh lots of loving they would get,
And every one of them would be my pet,
They'd sing and dance and they'd have fun,
And I'd let them prance till the day is done,
If I were a keeper of the zoo, zoo, zoo,
If I were a keeper of the zoo.

Oh, I would never, never close the gate,
Then everyone could stay till late,
Oh, if I were a keeper of the zoo,
Those are the things that I would do,
If I were a keeper of the zoo, zoo, zoo,
If I were a keeper of the zoo.

THE HONKY TONY MONKEY

by Johnny Richardson

There's a honky, tonky, monkey, that slipped out of the zoo,
He wanted to work in a circus, like other monkeys do.

So out of the zoo he slipped, and down the road he ran,
And over to the circus, to see the circus man,
"How do you do, little monkey? Oh, I remember you,
You're the honky, tonky, monkey that slipped out of the
zoo."

He asked the little monkey, "Will you do a trick for me?"
"Oh, yes," said the monkey, "Just watch and you will see."
So he did a somersault and then a loop-the loop,
He curled his tail around and around, and he made
a hoola hoop.

Oh, the honky, tonky monkey, he slipped out of the zoo,
He wanted to work in a circus, like other monkeys do.

I saw him at the circus, high upon a rail,
A-jingling and a-jangling, and a-swinging by his tail,
Then to a jungle jim, which wasn't very far,
And he was just a-climbing up and down the monkey bar.
Oh, he's so full of tricks, there's nothing he can't do,
He learned so many funny things while he was at the zoo,
But now he is a clown, he makes the people laugh,
And the crowd would gather around him,
to get his autograph.

Oh, the honky, tonky monkey, he slipped out of the zoo,
He wanted to work in a circus, like other monkeys do.

I CAN'T SPELL HIPPOPOTAMUS

I can spell cat—C A T,
I can spell hat—H A T
I can spell bat—B A T,
But I can't spell hip po pot a mus.

I can spell top —T O P,
I can spell hop —H O P,
I can spell mop—M O P,
But I can't spell hip po pot a mus.

H I P-P O, I know, and then comes P O T,
And that's as far as I can go,
And that's what bothers me.

Oh, I can spell dog—D O G,
I can spell hog—H O G,
I can spell log—L O G,
But I can't spell hip po pot a mus.

I CAN SPELL HIPPOPOTAMUS

by Johnny Richardson

Well, I can spell hip-po-pot; hip-po-pot-a-mus,
Yes, I can spell hip-po-pot; hip-po-pot-a-mus.

Hip-hip-hip-po-pot; hip-po-pot-a-mus,
Hip-hip-hip-po-pot; hip-po-pot-a-mus.

I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll spell it out for you,
Yes, here is what I'll do, I'll spell it out for you.

HIP-PO-POT-A-MUS HIP-PO-POT-A-MUS.

Well now I guess you see, how easy it could be,
So come on every one, and spell it out with me.

HIP-PO-POT-A-MUS HIP-PO-POT-A-MUS
Once again now—

HIP-PO-POT-A-MUS HIP-PO-POT-A-MUS.

Yes, that's the way to spell—hip-po-pot-a-mus,
Yes, that's the way to spell—hip-po-pot-a-mus . . .
Once again now—

HIP-PO-POY-A-MUS HIP-PO-POT-A-MUS.

Well, I like the way you spell, and you spell it very well,
I think you've got it now, once more now let us spell—

HIP-PO-POT-A-MUS HIP-PO-POT-A-MUS.

THE BRAVE LITTLE AFRICAN BOY

by Johnny Richardson

Cumba. . . . Cumba. . . .
There is a brave little African boy,
With a bow and an arrow for a toy,
When he goes huntin', you can hear him gruntin'—

CHORUS:

cumba. . . . Cumba hiya, Cumba, Cumba,
Cumba hiya, Cumba. . . . Cumba. . . .

Now this little boy finds joy,
In playing with his African toy,
He beats on his drum, with a tum—tum—tum— (Chorus)

He lives in a little brown hut,
With his little old dog named Mutt,
And when they're playing, you can hear him
saying— (Chorus)

He goes to the jungle every day,
And he knows every inch of the way,
And for miles around, you could hear this sound— (Chorus)

When he goes to the jungle he's alert,
With his gay, little leopard-skin skirt,
If there's danger, he could tell, he would holler,
he would yell— (Chorus)

Well, the last time I saw the little boy,
He was playing with his African toy,
In a little brown hut—with his little dog, Mutt—
saying— (Chorus)

WHAT MAKES THE WORLD GO AROUND?

by Johnny Richardson

CHORUS:

What makes the world go around?
What makes the world go around?

When I like you, and you like me,
That's what makes the world go around.
And when we're happy as can be,
That's what makes the world go around. (Chorus)

There are friends we know from other lands,
That's what makes the world go around.
And when we meet, we all shake hands,
That's what makes the world go around. (Chorus)

Together we sing, we dance, we play,
That's what makes the world go around.
And the things we do from day to day,
That's what makes the world go around. (Chorus)

We work by day, and we sleep by night,
That's what makes the world go around.
When things go wrong, we make them right,
That's what makes the world go around.

RED LIGHT—GREEN LIGHT

by Johnny Richardson

If you're on your way to school,
And you find you're kinda late,
Don't forget to stop at the corner and wait,

CHORUS:

And if the green light says, "Go, go, go."
Then you'd better go—if you have to go,
But if the red light says, "No, no, no,"
Then you'd better not go, go, go.

And if you're crossing at the corner,
And the light says, "No,"
Wait for the green light to tell you when to go. (chorus)

Now if you're going across the street,
In the day or in the night,
Take a little time and look up at the light, (Chorus)

Now if you're sitting around the house,
And there's nothing much to do,
Take a little stroll down the avenue, (Chorus)

Well if you're going out to play,
With a skip and a hop,
Don't cross the street until you make a stop,
And look—and listen, (Chorus)

SULIRAM

Indonesian lullaby

(English words by Johnny Richardson)

Su-li-ram, su-li-ram, ram, ram,
Su-li-ram- yang- ma- nis,
A- du- hai in- dung- su- hoo- rang,
Bid- jak- la sa- na di- pan- dang ma- nis. (Repeat)

Go to sleep, go to sleep, sleep, sleep,
Go to sleep, my little one,
Go to sleep my honey, bunny, don't you cry,
And I will sing you a little lullaby. (Su-li-ram)

Hush-a-bye, don't you cry- i- i,
Hush-a-bye, my little one,
Hush-a-bye, my honey, bunny, don't you cry,
And I will sing you a little lullaby. (Su-li-ram)

WHEN THE WORLD'S BEGUN

by Johnny Richardson

Oh in the year of one, 'twas when the world's begun,
And in the year of two, so many things to do,
And in the year of three, there were only you and me,
And in the year of four, there were many, many more,
And in the year of five, we were very much alive,
And in the year of six, we all begin to mix,
And in the year of seven, the clock it struck eleven,
And in the year of eight, we love and never hate,
And in the year of nine, then everything was fine,
And in the year of ten, we started all over again,
again, again—we started all over again.

THROUGH THE REVOLVING DOOR

by Johnny Richardson

INTRODUCTION:

Alright, everybody, let's push our way in and out of
the building—through the revolving door. Here we go—

CHORUS:

Around and around we go, through the revolving door.
And around and around we go, through the
revolving door.

You push, I push, everybody push the door. (Chorus)

Push, push, push the door, Nickiti, nackiti,
here we go. (Chorus)

One, two, three, four—push, push, push the door. (Chorus)

Spin, spin, spin the door, around and around,
and around we go. (Chorus)

Hep, hep, hi, ho—everybody push the door. (Chorus)

Push, push, push the door—once more,
and off we go. (Chorus)

LET EVERYBODY CLAP LIKE THIS

by Johnny Richardson

CHORUS:

Let everybody clap like this— (clap, clap)
Let everybody clap like this. (clap, clap)

We can clap and we can sing,
We can do most anything,
So let everybody clap like this. (clap, clap) (Chorus)

We are in the key of G,
Come along and clap with me,
Let everybody clap like this. (clap, clap) (Chorus)

Now if you're feeling kind of blue,
Well here's what you do.
Let everybody clap like this. (clap, clap) (Chorus)

Clapping high and clapping low,
Come and let yourself go,
Let everybody clap like this. (clap, clap) (Chorus)

Well we're coming around the bend,
And this will be the end,
Let everybody clap like this. (clap, clap)
Let everybody clap like this. (clap, clap)
Let everybody clap like this. (clap, clap)

TO MARKET, TO MARKET, TO SHOP

by Johnny Richardson

When I go to market to shop, (clap, clap)
I'll drive into town and I'll stop, (clap, clap)
I'll look into the windows so gay, (clap, clap)
And I'll shop 'till the end of the day. (clap, clap)

CHORUS:

Singing- hey, hey, ho- (clap, clap)
To market, to market, I'll go. (clap, clap)
Singing- hey, hey, ho- (clap, clap)
To market, to market, I'll go. (clap, clap)

I'll go in and out of the stores, (clap, clap)
I'll open and close all the doors, (clap, clap)
I'll buy everything that I see, (clap, clap)
For brother, and sister, and me. (clap, clap) (Chorus)

And when all my money is spent, (clap, clap)
And nothing is left but a cent, (clap, clap)
I know then it's time I must go, (clap, clap)
Because I can't buy anymore. (clap, clap) (Chorus)

HALLELUJAH

by Johnny Richardson

The world is round, so I've been told Hallelujah,
It's not so young, it's very old Hallelujah,
We have the stars, the moon, and the sun Hallelujah,
And the world belongs to everyone Hallelujah.

CHORUS:

Sing Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah.

If hands could reach across the sea Hallelujah,
Oh, what a small world it would be Hallelujah,
Just think of all the hands we'd shake Hallelujah,
And all the friends that we would make Hallelujah.
(Chorus)

I hope some day we all will meet Hallelujah,
At one big table, and all will eat Hallelujah,
The children, they will skip and prance Hallelujah,
And everyone will up and dance Hallelujah. (Chorus)

Oh, they'll be coming from everywhere Hallelujah,
And you can bet that I'll be there Hallelujah,
And when the bells begin to ring Hallelujah,
With hand in hand, we all will sing Hallelujah.
(Chorus)

A TIGER'S AFTER ME

by Johnny Richardson

One, two, three, a tiger's after me,
Four, five, six, I'm in a terrible fix,
Seven, eight, nine, he's very close behind,
Gosh, oh gee, he's got ahold of me,
Alley balley- alley balley- alley balley- oh,
"Please, Mr. Tiger, will you let me go?"—"No!"—
"No?"—"No!"
Well, abracadabra dee— and abracadabra doe,
"If you don't let me go, I'll step upon your toe,
So here goes your toe" . . . "Grunt, grunt,"
"There, there, I stepped upon your toe,
Now, Mr. Tiger, will you let me go?" . . . "Yeah."

MY LITTLE DONKEY

by Johnny Richardson

Oh, I have a donkey, and he's very mean,
The meanest little donkey that you've ever seen,
Now everybody thinks that he has no sense,
Because my donkey kicked down the fence.

Now he's kinda little, but he's very strong,
His neck is short, and his tail is long,
And he's pretty smart, and he's very keen,
The worst thing about him, he's just so mean.

Now one day I rode my donkey to town,
My donkey stopped, and he sat right down,
I took off my belt, and I hit him a lick,
He jumped right up, and began to kick.

Well he kicked so hard that he kicked down a tree,
The dust began to fly, and I could not see,
My donkey jumped and began to pitch,
My donkey threw me right in the ditch.

I know he's mean and he's getting old,
But I wouldn't trade my donkey for a barrel of gold,
Because my donkey is my best friend,
And we'll be together till the very end.

THE ROLL CALL

by Johnny Richardson

INTRODUCTION:

Everybody will be in school when they call the roll
on Monday, and I'll be there too.

And When the roll is called on Monday, I'll be there,
(I'll be there)
When the roll is called on Monday, I'll be there,
(I'll be there)
When the roll is called on Monday, I'll be there
in my chair,
When the roll is called on Monday, I'll be there.

And When the roll is called on Tuesday, I'll be there,
(I'll be there)
When the roll is called on Tuesday, I'll be there,
(I'll be there)
When the roll is called on Tuesday, I'll be there
in my chair,
When the roll is called on Tuesday, I'll be there.

And When the roll is called on Wednesday, I'll be there,
(I'll be there)
When the roll is called on Wednesday, I'll be there,
(I'll be there)
When the roll is called on Wednesday, I'll be there
in my chair,
When the roll is called on Wednesday, I'll be there.

And When the roll is called on Thursday, I'll be there,
(I'll be there)
When the roll is called on Thursday, I'll be there,
(I'll be there)
When the roll is called on Thursday, I'll be there
in my chair,
When the roll is called on Thursday, I'll be there.

And When the roll is called on Friday, I'll be there,
(I'll be there)
When the roll is called on Friday, I'll be there,
When the roll is called on Friday, I'll be there
in my chair,
When the roll is called on Friday, I'll be there.

CHOCOLATE ICE CREAM CONE

My mama said, if I'd be good,
She'd send me to the store,
She said she'd bake some gingerbread,
If I would sweep the floor,
And so I did all the things she said,
And then she made some gingerbread.
Then I went out—just me alone,
And bought a chocolate ice cream cone.

Now, coming back, I stubbed my toe,
Upon a great, big stone,
And wouldn't you know at that I dropped—
My chocolate ice cream cone.
A little brown doggie came along,
And he took a great big lick,
And then I hit that mean old doggie,
With a little stick,
Then he bit me, right where I sit down,
And then he chased me all over town.

And now I'm lost—can't find my home,
And all on account of that chocolate,
chocolate, cho—co—late ice cream cone.

SIDE II

THERE'S A LITTLE BIT OF GOOD IN EVERYONE

There's a little bit of good in everyone,
There's a little bit of badness too,
There's a little bit of good in everyone,
So try and let the good shine through.

CHORUS:

Try and let the good shine through,
Try and let the good shine through,
There's a little bit of good in everyone,
So try and let the good shine through.

There's a little bit of care in everyone,
There's a little bit of "Who cares?"
There's a little bit of care in everyone,
So try and let the care shine through. (Chorus- "care")

There's a little bit of trust in everyone,
There's a little bit of "Can't trust you,"
There's a little bit of trust in everyone,
So try and let the trust shine through. (Chorus- "trust")

There's a little bit of share in everyone,
There's a little bit of selfishness too,
There's a little bit of share in everyone,
So try and let the share shine through. (Chorus- "share")

There's a little bit of love in everyone,
There's a little bit of "Don't like you,"
There's a little bit of love in everyone,
So try and let the love shine through. (Chorus- "love")

THE LITTLE HOT DOG

by Johnny Richardson
(based on traditional melody)

Well, there was a little hot dog a-sitting on a pole,
A-wishing and a-praying for a frankfurter roll,
A-sitting up there and a-singing a song,
Waiting for a frankfurter roll to come along . . . along . . .
along . . .
Waiting for a frankfurter roll to come along.

Well, along came a bagel—a-looking kinda shy,
It looked up at the hot dog, and it rolled right by,
The hot dog looked down from the pole,
Saying, "There goes a bagel, but no frankfurter roll . . .
roll . . . roll."
"There goes a bagel, but no frankfurter roll."

Then next came a doughnut—a-taking a stroll,
And just right behind was a frankfurter roll,
The hot dog leaped down from the pole,
And straight down he landed right into the roll . . .
roll . . . roll.
Straight down he landed right into the roll.

Well, they looked at each other, and they quickly ran,
Until they came upon a frankfurter man,
They asked for some mustard—just a little will do,
He gave them some mustard and some sauerkraut too . . .
too . . . too.
He gave them some mustard and some sauerkraut too.

Then along came a bull dog, a real dog was he,
And he was hungry as he could be,
He barked at the hot dog, and he barked at the roll,
Then he opened up his big mouth—and swallowed them
whole . . . whole . . . whole.
He opened up his big mouth—and he swallowed them whole.

JACKSON SCOTT, THE ASTRONAUT

There was a man named Jackson Scott,
And he became an astronaut,
He left at midnight for the moon,
Arrived the day before at noon.

He flew to Venus loop-the-loop at 'er,
Turned around and went to Jupiter,
Hopped to Mars way out in space,
But couldn't find a parking space.

Then to Mercury he shot,
Which near the sun was very hot,
While Neptune which is very old,
Turned out to be exceedingly cold.

Uranus had a pleasant climate,
But he found he could not rhyme it,
He thought he'd fly out Saturn way,
But it was closed on Saturday.

Fuel ran low so for all his worth,
He flew back to mother earth,
And when he came to New York City,
He found he was lost, now wasn't that a pity?

COME A-SAILING WITH ME

Italian Folk Song

Additional verses by Johnny Richardson

Come a-sailing with me, come a-sailing with me,
Sailing so gently down to the sea, come a-sailing with me.

Come a-rowing with me, come a-rowing with me,
Rowing so gently down to the sea, come a-rowing with me.

Come a-swimming with me, come a-swimming with me,
Swimming so gently down to the sea, come a-swimming
with me.

Come a-floating with me, come a-floating with me,
Floating so gently down to the sea, come a-floating with me.

So, come a-sailing with me, come a-sailing with me,
Sailing so gently down to the sea, come a-sailing with me.

THE CHOO CHOO TRAIN

Words by Hal David, music by Norman Monath

Narration added by Johnny Richardson

INTRODUCTION: Here comes the railroad train—

“Hey, Mr. railroad train, Tell me, tell me, sir,

What do you do with the big black coal,
Mr. railroad train?
Do you really swallow big lumps whole?
And does it bring you pain?”

CHORUS:

“No, I choo, I choo, I choo, choo, choo, choo, choo,
That’s all I ever really do, I choo, choo, choo,
choo, choo.”

“Then what do you do when the fire is hot?
Mr. railroad train?
If you swallow flames an awful lot,
Your tummy must complain?” (Chorus)

“Then what do you do with the big black smoke?
Mr. railroad train?
Do you swallow smoke until you choke?
I wish you would explain.” (Chorus)

WAKE ME; SHAKE ME

I’m going to get right up in the morning—
Swing on the golden gate.

CHORUS:

Come on and wake me (clap, clap); shake me (clap, clap);
Don’t let me sleep too late.

Because I’m going to school in the morning—
Swing on the golden gate. (Chorus)

I’m going to wash my face in the morning—
Swing on the golden gate. (Chorus)

I’m going to brush my teeth in the morning—
Swing on the golden gate. (Chorus)

I’m going to put on my clothes in the morning—
Swing on the golden gate. (Chorus)

I’m going to comb my hair in the morning—
Swing on the golden gate. (Chorus)

I’m going to eat my breakfast in the morning—
Swing on the golden gate. (Chorus)

And then I’m going to school in the morning—
Swing on the golden gate. (Chorus)

THE CINNAMON SHIP

When I was one, I ate a bun—going over the sea.

CHORUS:

I jumped aboard a cinnamon ship,
And cinnamon said to me,
“Going over, going under,
Stand at attention, like a soldier,
With a one, two, and three.”

When I was two, I buckled my shoe—going over the sea.
(Chorus)

When I was three, I banged my knee—going over the sea.
(Chorus)

When I was four, I shut the door—going over the sea.
(Chorus)

When I was five, I learned to drive—going over the sea.
(Chorus)

When I was six, I learned some tricks—going over the sea.
(Chorus)

When I was seven, I went to heaven—going over the sea.
(Chorus)

When I was eight, I learned to skate—going over the sea.
(Chorus)

When I was nine, I climbed a vine—going over the sea.
(Chorus)

When I was ten, I caught a hen—going over the sea.
(Chorus)

MOWING THE MEADOW

One, man, two men, come to mow the meadow,
Three men, four men, they come to mow the hay,
Four and three, and two and one, and oh, lots more,
They mow the hay, and they take it away, on a beautiful
summer day.

Five men, six men, come to mow the meadow,
Seven men, eight men, they come to mow the hay,
Eight and seven, six and five,
Four and three, and two and one, and oh, lots more,
They mow the hay, and they take it away, on a beautiful
summer day.

Nine men, ten men, come to mow the meadow,
Eleven men, twelve men, they come to mow the hay,
Twelve, eleven, ten and nine,
Eight and seven, six and five,
Four and three, and two and one, and oh, lots more,
They mow the hay, and they take it away, on a beautiful
summer day.

Thirteen men, fourteen men, come to mow the meadow,
Fifteen men, sixteen men, they come to mow the hay,
Sixteen, fifteen, fourteen, thirteen,
Twelve, eleven, ten and nine,
Eight and seven, six and five,
Four and three, and two and one, and oh, lots more,

They mow the hay, and they take it away, on a beautiful
summer day.
Yes, they mow the hay, and they take it away, on a beautiful
summer day.

GET ON BOARD, LITTLE CHILDREN

INTRODUCTION:
This train is leaving—

CHORUS:
Get on board, little children,
Get on board, little children,
Get on board, little children,
There's room for many and more.

I hear the train a-coming,
I hear it close at hand,
I hear the wheels a-rolling,
And a-rumbling through the land. (Chorus)

Now listen, can you hear it?
She's a-coming around the curve,
A-whistling and a-blowing,
And a-straining every nerve. (Chorus)

The fare is cheap, and all can go,
The rich and the poor are there,
No second class aboard this train,
No difference in the fare. (Chorus)

BLUE TAIL FLY

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

CHORUS:
Jimmy cracked corn and I don't care,
Jimmy cracked corn and I don't care,
Jimmy cracked corn and I don't care,
My master's gone away.

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

One day he rode around the arm,
The flies so numerous, they did swarm,
One chanced to bite him on the thigh,
The devil take the blue-tail fly. (Chorus)

The pony ran, he jumped, he pitched,
And he threw my master in the ditch,
He died and the jury wondered why,
The verdict was the blue-tail fly. (Chorus)

The laid him 'neath the 'simmon tree,
His epitaph was there to see,
Beneath this stone I'm forced to lie,
Victim of the blue-tail fly. (Chorus)

THE FOX

The fox went out on a chilly night,
Prayed to the moon for to give him light,
For he'd many a mile to go that night,
Before he reached the town-O, town-O, town-O,
He'd many a mile to go that night,
Before he reached the town-O.

He ran till he came to a great big pen,
Where the ducks and the geese were put therein,
A couple of you will grease my chin,
Before I leave this town-O, town-O, town-O,
A couple of you will grease my chin,
Before I leave this town-O.

He grabbed the gray goose by the neck,
Threw the duck across his back,
He didn't mind their quack, quack, quack,
And the legs all dangling down-O, down-O, down-O,
He didn't mind their quack, quack, quack,
And the legs all dangling down-O.

Then old mother flipper-flopper jumped out of bed,
Out of the window she cocked her head,
Crying, "John, John, the gray goose is gone,
And the fox is on the town-O, town-O, town-O,"
Crying, "John, John, the gray goose is gone,
And the fox is on the town-O."

BAM BOO

(Echo Rhythm) (Nonsense Song)

by Johnny Richardson

BA COO (Ba Co) . . . WALLY WALLY WOO

(Wally Wally Woo) (Repeat)

WALLY WALLY WALLY WALLY WALLY WALLY

WOO (Wally Wally Wally Wally Wally Woo)

BA COO (Ba Co) WALLY WOO (Wally Woo) . . .

WALLY WALLY WALLY WALLY WALLY WALLY

WOO (Wally Wally Wally Wally Wally Woo)

ZUM BA (Zum Ba) . . . COO COO LA (Coo Co La)

(Repeat)

COO COO COO COO COO COO LA (Coo Co Co

Coo Co Co La)

ZUM BA (Zum Ba) COO LA (Coo La)

COO COO COO COO COO COO LA (Coo Co Co

Coo Co Co La)

WA HOO (Wa Hoo) . . . BAM BAM BOO (Bam Bam Boo)

(Repeat)

BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM BOO (Bam Bam Bam

Bam Bam Bam Boo)

WA HOO (Wa Hoo) BAM BOO (Bam Boo)

BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM BOO (Bam Bam Bam

Bam Bam Bam Boo)

BAM BOO (Bam Boo) . . . BOOM BOOM (Boom Boom)

(Repeat)

BAM BOO (Bam Boo) BOOM (Boom)

For Additional Information About

FOLKWAYS RELEASES

of Interest

write to



**Folkways Records
and Service Corp.**

43 WEST 61 ST STREET NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10023