

Scholastic Records, New York

SC 7642

*Folk Songs for Young Folk*  
**More Animals**  
*sung by* vol. 2  
**Alan Mills**



*wee Cock Sparra'*

*Frog went a-Courtin'-The Old Hen Cackled-Robin's Last Will-The Climate  
Little Ship-Pop goes the Weasel-Bold Reynard the Fox-Darby Ram  
Ten Little Chickadees-Old Dumpy Moore-Down in Demarara  
The Bad dog & the Bull-frog-Goat Song-Old Woman and the Pedlar*

M  
1997  
M657  
F666  
1956  
V.2

MUSIC LP



# Animals Vol. 2

Wee Cock Sparra'  
Frog Went a-Courtin'  
The Old Hen Cackled  
Robin's Last Will  
The Climate  
Little Ship  
Pop Goes the Weasel  
Bold Reynard the Fox  
Darby Ram  
Ten Little Chickadees  
Old Dumpy Moore  
Down in Demarara  
The Bull-dog & the Bull-frog  
Goat Song  
Old Woman and the Pedlar

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**More Animals**  
*Sung by* vol. 2  
**Alan Mills**

A favorite song of Canadian Boy Scouts, sung to the tune of  
"Sweet Betsy From Pike".

THE CLIMATE

We sing of the polar bear, fearless and bold,  
He never feels hot and he never feels cold,  
Because where he lives, summer never occurs,  
And the rest of the year he wears plenty of furs,  
Too-ra-lee, Too-ra-lay,  
And the rest of the year, he wears plenty of furs.

The crocodile lives in the tropical belt,  
And neither the cold nor the heat ever felt,  
Because in the winter, his summer begins,  
And the rest of the year he wears crocodile skins,  
Too-ra-lee, too-ra-lay,  
And the rest of the year he wears crocodile skins.

But we poor unfortunates live in a clime,  
That calls for at least three full suits at a time,  
A thick and a thin one for days cold and hot,  
And a medium-weight one for the days that are not,  
Too-ra-lee, too-ra-lay,  
And a medium-weight one for the days that are not.

Side 1 Band 2

A nursery nonsense song.

LITTLE SHIP

I saw a ship a-sailing, a-sailing on the sea,  
And oh, it was all laden with pretty things for thee,  
There were comfits in the cabin, and apples in the hold,  
And the spreading sails were made of silk, and the masts  
were made of gold.

The four and twenty sailors that stood upon the decks,  
Were four and twenty white mice, with chains around  
their necks,  
The Captain was a little duck, with a packet on his back,  
And when the ship began to move, the Captain cried...  
QUACK-QUACK.

Side 1 Band 3

ROBIN SAT ON A CHERRY TREE

A robin sat on a cherry tree,  
Singing a song of chip-chip-chee,

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Along came a man, with a dog and a gun,  
And shot the little robin, just for fun.  
At least that's all the man did say,  
As on the ground the birdie lay,  
With a broken wing and a hole in its side,  
It fluttered and chirped, and then it died.  
I'd rather be a dog or a cat,  
Or the meanest kind of an old grey rat,  
Than to be the man with the dog and the gun,  
That shot the little robin just for fun.

Side I Band 4

An American nonsense song from the Ozarks.

OLD DUMPTY MOORE

Old Dumpty Moore lived way out west, perhaps you all may know him,  
He had the finest old grey mare that ever was seen-a-goin',  
Hoodle-um-a-dinktum, hoodle-um-a-di-do, Hoodle-um-a-dinktum, Hoodle-um-day.  
Hoodle-um-a-dinktum, hoodle-um-a-di-do, Hoodle-um-a-dinktum, Hoodle-um-day.

Sometimes he rode to Providence, sometimes he rode to the mill,  
Sometimes he rode to Mulberry Post, or up to Bunker Hill,  
Hoodle-um-a-dinktum, hoodle-um-a-di-do, Hoodle-um-a-dinktum, Hoodle-um-day.  
Hoodle-um-a-dinktum, hoodle-um-a-di-do, Hoodle-um-a-dinktum, Hoodle-um-day.

This faithful steed, her master served, for twenty years or more,  
Admired by all the folks around, whenever she passed their door,  
Hoodle-um-a-dinktum, hoodle-um-a-di-do, Hoodle-um-a-dinktum, Hoodle-um-day.  
Hoodle-um-a-dinktum, hoodle-um-a-di-do, Hoodle-um-a-dinktum, Hoodle-um-day.

This old grey mare grew very old, this old grey mare grew poor,  
Till Dumpty, he got tired of her, and turned her out of doors,  
Hoodle-um-a-dinktum, hoodle-um-a-di-do, Hoodle-um-a-dinktum, Hoodle-um-day.  
Hoodle-um-a-dinktum, hoodle-um-a-di-do, Hoodle-um-a-dinktum, Hoodle-um-day.

So the old grey mare went down-to-the swamp, and lay down on the sod,  
And there she groaned her life away, and her spirit went to God,  
Hoodle-um-a-dinktum, hoodle-um-a-di-do, Hoodle-um-a-dinktum, Hoodle-um-day.  
Hoodle-um-a-dinktum, hoodle-um-a-di-do, Hoodle-um-a-dinktum, Hoodle-um-day.

The children all rushed down the hill when they heard her dyin' moans,  
"We'll cook her meat and tan her hide, make soup out of her bones!"  
Hoodle-um-a-dinktum, hoodle-um-a-di-do, Hoodle-um-a-dinktum, Hoodle-um-day.  
Hoodle-um-a-dinktum, hoodle-um-a-di-do, Hoodle-um-a-dinktum, Hoodle-um-day.

So the old grey mare was barbecued, and on the table spread,  
Old Dumpty, bein' the oldest man, was seated at the head,  
Hoodle-um-a-dinktum, hoodle-um-a-di-do, Hoodle-um-a-dinktum, Hoodle-um-day.  
Hoodle-um-a-dinktum, hoodle-um-a-di-do, Hoodle-um-a-dinktum, Hoodle-um-day.

First with a knife, and then a fork, old Dumpty began to play,  
From the top of her head to the tip o' her tail, Old Dumpty ate his way.  
Hoodle-um-a-dinktum, hoodle-um-a-di-do, Hoodle-um-a-dinktum, Hoodle-um-day.  
Hoodle-um-a-dinktum, hoodle-um-a-di-do, Hoodle-um-a-dinktum, Hoodle-um-day.

Side I Band 5

A Kentucky version of the widely known 16th Century folk song first  
published in England under the title of "The Marriage of the Frogge  
and the Mouse".

FROG WENT A COURTIN' (KIMO)

Frog went a-courtin' and he did ride, Ringtum-body-minchy-cambo.  
Sword and buckle by his side, Ringtum-body-minchy-cambo  
Kimaneero, down to Cairo, Kimaneero Cairo.  
Straddle-addle-adda-bobo, ladda-bobo-linktum, Ringtum-body-minchy-cambo.

He rode right to Miss Mousie's door, Ringtum-body-minchy-cambo.  
Found Miss Mousie sweepin' the floor, Ringtum-body-minchy-cambo.

Kimaneero, down to Cairo, Kimaneero Cairo.  
Straddle-addle-adda-bobo, ladda-bobo-linktum, Ringtum-body-minchy-cambo.

He took Miss Mousie onto his knee, Ringtum-body-minchy-cambo.  
And said: "Miss Mousie, will ye marry me?" Ringtum-body-minchy-cambo.  
Kimaneero, down to Cairo, Kimaneero Cairo.  
Straddle-addle-adda-bobo, ladda-bobo-linktum, Ringtum-body-minchy-cambo.

Where shall-we-have the ceremony, Ringtum-body-minchy-cambo.  
Way down younder in a holler tree, Ringtum-body-minchy-cambo.  
Kimaneero, down to Cairo, Kimaneero Cairo.  
Straddle-addle-adda-bobo, ladda-bobo-linktum, Ringtum-body-minchy-cambo.

What shall the weddin' supper be? Ringtum-body-minchy-cambo.  
Fried mosquito and a roasted flee, Ringtum-body-minchy-cambo.  
Kimaneero, down to Cairo, Kimaneero Cairo.  
Straddle-addle-adda-bobo, ladda-bobo-linktum, Ringtum-body-minchy-cambo.

First to come was a bumble dee bee, Ringtum-body-minchy-cambo.  
Played the banjo on his knee, Ringtum-body-minchy-cambo.  
Kimaneero down to Cairo, Kimaneero Cairo.  
Straddle-addle-adda-bobo, ladda-bobo-linktum, Ringtum-body-minchy-cambo.

Next to come were two little ants, Ringtum-body-minchy-cambo.  
Mixin' around to have a dance, Ringtum-body-minchy-cambo.  
Kimaneero, down to Cairo, Kimaneero Cairo.  
Straddle-addle-adda-bobo, ladda-bobo-linktum, Ringtum-body-minchy-cambo.

Next to come was a big black bug, Ringtum-body-minchy-cambo.  
On his back was a whiskey jug, Ringtum-body-minchy-cambo.  
Kimaneero, down to Cairo, Kimaneero Cairo.  
Straddle-addle-adda-bobo, ladda-bobo-linktum, Ringtum-body-minchy-cambo.

Next to come was a big black snake, Ringtum-body-minchy-cambo.  
Passin' around the weddin' cake, Ringtum-body-minchy-cambo.  
Kimaneero, down to Cairo, Kimaneero Cairo.  
Straddle-addle-adda-bobo, ladda-bobo-linktum, Ringtum-body-minchy-cambo.

Next to come was a big tom cat, Ringtum-body-minchy-cambo.  
Swallowed the mouse and that was that, Ringtum-body-minchy-cambo.  
Kimaneero, down to Cairo, Kimaneero Cairo.  
Straddle-addle-adda-bobo, ladda-bobo-linktum, Ringtum-body-minchy-cambo.

#### Side I Band 6

An Ozark variant of an English hunting song known as  
"The Fox Jumped Over the Parson's Gate".

#### BOLD REYNARD THE FOX.

There was a jolly farmer, did go to hunt, the fox,  
He thought he saw bold Reynard a-sittin' on a pile o' rocks,  
With a hoot-toot-toot sing hi-lo, all amid the merry clan,  
With a ran-tan-tan, sing tippy-tippy-tan,  
And away with a raw-hoo, bow-wow-wow,  
An' a bugle song, an' a hoodle-doodle-doo,  
An' away to the woods we'll run, brave boys,  
An' away to the woods we'll run.

Oh, first he come to a lady, a-combin' of her locks,  
She swore she saw bold Reynard, among the geese and ducks,  
With a hoot-toot-toot sing hi-lo, all amid the merry clan,  
With a ran-tan-tan, sing tippy-tippy-tan,  
And away with a raw-hoo, bow-wow-wow,  
An' a bugle song, an' a hoodle-doodle-doo,  
An' away to the woods we'll run, brave boys,  
An' away to the woods we'll run.

Oh, next he come to a miller, a-grindin' at his mill,  
He swore he saw bold Reynard, over on yonder hill,  
With a hoot-toot-toot sing hi-lo, all amid the merry clan,

With a ran-tan-tan, sing-tippy-tippy-tan,  
And away with a raw-hoo, bow-wow-wow,  
An' a bugle song, an' a hoodle-doodle-doo,  
An' away to the woods we'll run, brave boys,  
An' away to the woods we'll run.

Oh, next he come to a parson, and he was dressed in black,  
He swore he saw bold Reynard, upon a huntsman's back,  
With a hoot-toot-toot sing hi-lo, all amid the merry clan,  
With a ran-tan-tan, sing-tippy-tippy-tan,  
And away with a raw-hoo, bow-wow-wow,  
An' a bugle song, an' a hoodle-doodle-doo,  
An' away to the woods we'll run, brave boys,  
An' away to the woods we'll run.

Oh, next he come to a blind man, as blind as he could be,  
He swore he saw bold Reynard, a-running' up a holler tree,  
With a hoot-toot-toot sing hi-lo, all amid the merry clan,  
With a ran-tan-tan, sing-tippy-tippy-tan,  
And away with a raw-hoo, bow-wow-wow,  
An' a bugle song, an' a hoodle-doodle-doo,  
An' away to the woods we'll run, brave boys,  
An' away to the woods we'll run.

There never was a Reynard, run out that day at all,  
'Twas nothin' but a pussy-cat . . . a-settin' on yonder wall  
With a hoot-toot-toot sing hi-lo, all amid the merry clan  
With a ran-tan-tan, sing-tippy-tippy-tan,  
And away with a raw-hoo, bow-wow-wow,  
An' a bugle song, an' a hoodle-doodle-doo,  
An' away to the woods we'll run, brave boys,  
An' away to the woods we'll run.

#### Side 1 Band 7

American children's song.

#### THE OLD HEN CACKLED

The old hen, she cackled, she cackled in the loft,  
The next time she cackled, she cackled in the trough,  
The old hen, she cackled, she cackled in the lot,  
The next time she cackled, she cackled in the pot.  
The next time she cackled, she cackled in the pot.

The old hen, she cackled, she cackled in the hay,  
The old hen, she cackled, she cackled night and day,  
The old hen, she cackled, she cackled in the stable  
The next time she cackled, she cackled on the table.  
The next time she cackled, she cackled on the table.

The old hen, she cackled, she cackled and she flew,  
The old hen, she cackled, and-the-rooster cackled too.  
The old hen, she cackled, a-standin' on one leg,  
The old hen, she cackled-and-the rooster laid an egg,  
The old hen, she cackled-and-the rooster laid an egg!

#### Side 1 Band 8

Traditional English folk song.

#### ROBIN'S LAST WILL

At I came past by Garrick, and by the Bridge O'Dee,  
I saw a little robin, a-sittin' on a tree  
Too-ra-loo, too-ra-loo, too-ra-loo-ra-too-ra-loo.

I said: "My pretty robin, how long have you been here?  
He said: "I've lived upon this tree for four and twenty years:  
Too-ra-loo, too-ra-loo, too-ra-loo-re-too-ra-loo.



"I'm going to make my testament:, said robin with a sigh,  
"I'm going to make my testament, this day before I die",  
Too-ra-loo, too-ra-loo, too-ra-loo-ra-too-ra-loo.

"I'll give my pretty head, it is both round and small,  
Unto the boys of Garrick to play at the football"  
Too-ra-loo, too-ra-loo, too-ra-loo-ra-too-ra-loo.

"I'll give my pretty legs, they are both slim and tall,  
Unto the Bridge of Garrick, for-I-hear it's going to fall".  
Too-re-loo, too-ra-loo, too-ra-loo-ra-too-ra-loo.

As little robin ended, he closed his pretty eyes,  
And down he dropped unto the ground, nevermore to rise,  
Too-ra-loo, too-ra-loo, too-ra-loo-ra-too-ra-loo.

#### Side II Band 1

A counting game-song

#### TEN LITTLE CHICKADEES

Ten little chickadees sitting in a line,  
One flew away, and then there were nine,  
Nine little chickadees on a farmer's gate,  
One flew away and then there were eight.

Eight little chickadees, a-lookin' up to heav'n,  
One flew away and then there were seven.  
Seven little chickadees, perched on sticks,  
One flew away and then there were six.

Six little chickadees learnin' how to dive,  
One flew away and then there were five,  
Five little chickadees, sitting at the door,  
One flew away and then there were four.

Four little chickadees sitting in a tree  
One flew away and then there were three,  
Three little chickadees didn't know what to do,  
One flew away and then there were two.

Two little chickadees sitting in the sun,  
One flew away and then there was one.  
One little chickadee sitting all alone,  
He got so lonesome that he flew home.

#### Side II Band 2

A Scottish folk song brought to Canada by Maxwell  
Dunbar, a Professor of Zoology at Montreal's McGill  
University, who sings folk songs to his own guitar  
accompaniments as a hobby.

#### WEE COCK SPARRA'

A wee cock sparra sat in a tree,  
A wee cock sparra sat in a tree,  
A wee cock sparra sat in a tree,  
Whistlin' away as blithe as could be.

Along cam a boy wi' a wee bow an' arra,  
Along cam a boy wi' a wee bow an' arra,  
Along cam a boy wi' a wee bow an' arra,  
Sez he: "I'll go shoot yon wee cock sparra!"

The wee cock sparra-sez: "This'll nae dae at a".  
The wee cock sparra-sez: "This'll nae dae at a".  
The wee cock sparra-sez: "This'll nae dae at a".  
An' he cockit his tail an' flew over the wa'.

The boy wi' the arra let fly at the sparra,  
The boy wi' the arra let fly at the sparra,

The boy wi' the arra let fly at the sparra,  
An' hit an old man that was wheelin' a barra.

The man wi' the barra cam back wi' the arra,  
The man wi' the barra cam back wi' the arra,  
The man wi' the barra cam back wi' the arra,  
Sez he: "D'ye tak' ME for a wee cock sparra".

The wee-boy sez: "Please-sir ye'll hae to excuse me!"  
The wee-boy sez: "Please-sir ye'll hae to excuse me!"  
The wee-boy sez: "Please-sir ye'll hae to excuse me!"  
Sez he: "T'was yer nose and coat-tail that confused me."

The man gev the boy a bash on the head,  
The man gev the boy a bash on the head,  
The man gev the boy a bash on the head,  
And the boy gave a yell fer to waken the dead.

An' a' this time the wee cock sparra,  
An' a' this time the wee cock sparra,  
An' a' this time the wee cock sparra,  
Sat whistlin' his song on the shank o' the barra.

#### Side II Band 3

A popular students' song handed down to us from the 19th century.

#### THE BULL-DOG AND THE BULL-FROG

Oh, the bull-dog on the bank, and the bull-frog in the pool,  
Oh, the bull-dog on the bank, and the bull-frog in the pool,  
Oh, the bull-dog on the bank, and the bull-frog in the pool,  
The bull-dog called the bull-frog, a green old water fool,  
Singin' tra-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la,  
Singin' tra-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la,  
Singin' tra-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la,  
Singin' tra-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la.

Oh, the bull-dog stooped to catch him, and the froggie caught his paw,  
Oh, the bull-dog stooped to catch him, and the froggie caught his paw,  
Oh, the bull-dog stooped to catch him, and the froggie caught his paw,  
And the polly-wog died -a-laughin' to see him wag his jaw,  
Singin' tra-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la,  
Singin' tra-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la,  
Singin' tra-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la,  
Singin' tra-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la.

Says the monkey to the owl: "Oh, what'll ye have to drink?"  
Says the monkey to the owl: "Oh, what'll ye have to drink?"  
Says the monkey to the owl: "Oh, what'll ye have to drink?"  
"Why, since you are so very kind, I'll have a bottle of ink!"

#### Side II Band 4

Another nonsense song.

#### GOAT SONG

There was a man... Now please take note...  
There was a man... who had a goat.  
He loved that goat... Indeed he did...  
He loved that goat... Just like a kid...

One day that goat... felt frisk and fine...  
Ate three red shirts... from off the line...  
The man, he grabbed him by the back,  
And tied him to a railroad track...

Now, when the train... came into sight...  
That goat grew pale... and green with fright...  
He heaved a sigh... as if in pain...  
Coughed up those shirts... and flagged the train

## Side II Band 5

An old English folk song.

### OLD WOMAN AND THE PEDLAR

There was a little woman, as I've heard tell, Fa-la-diddle-diddle-day,  
She went to market, her eggs for to sell, Fa-la-diddle-diddle-day,  
She went to market all on a market day, Fa-la-diddle-diddle-day,  
But she fell asleep on the King's Highway, Fa-la-diddle-diddle-day.

There came along a pedlar whose name was Stout, Fa-la-diddle-diddle-  
He cut her little petticoats round about, Fa-la-diddle-diddle-day.  
He cut her petticoats up to her knees, Fa-la-diddle-diddle-day,  
Which made the little woman to shiver and sneeze, Fa-la-diddle-diddle-

Now, when this little woman did first awake, Fa-la-diddle-diddle-day,  
She began to shiver, and she began to shake, Fa-la-diddle-diddle-day,  
She began to wonder, and she began to cry, Fa-la-diddle-diddle-day,  
"Oh dearie-dearie-me, this cannot be I", Fa-la-diddle-diddle-day.

But if it be I, as I hope it be, Fa-la-diddle-diddle-day,  
I've a little dog at home that I'm sure knows me, Fa-la-diddle-diddle-  
And if it be I, he will wag his tail, Fa-la-diddle-diddle-day,  
And if it isn't I, he will bark and wail, Fa-la-diddle-diddle-day.

Home went the little woman, all in the dark, Fa-la-diddle-diddle-day,  
Up got her little doggie and began to bark, Fa-la-diddle-diddle-day.  
He began to bark, and she began to cry, Fa-la-diddle-diddle-day,  
Oh, dearie-dearie-me, this cannot be I, Fa-la-diddle-diddle-day.

## Side II Band 6

American nonsense song.

### POP GOES THE WEASEL

A penny for a spool of thread, a penny for a needle,  
That's the way the money goes, POP GOES THE WEASEL.  
Johnny's got the whooping cough, Jenny's got the measles,  
That's the way the money goes! POP GOES THE WEASEL.

All around the cobbler's bench, the monkey chased the weasel,  
The monkey thought 'twas all in fun, POP GOES THE WEASEL.  
I've no time to wait or sigh, no time to wheedle,  
Only time to say goodbye, POP GOES THE WEASEL.

All around the chicken coop, ran the little weasel,  
The monkey thought he had him when POP GOES THE WEASEL.  
Round and round the monkey ran till he began to wheedle,  
Come and catch me if ye can, POP GOES THE WEASEL.

And then the cow jumped over the moon, the cat played the fiddle,  
They all began to sing the tune: POP GOES THE WEASEL.  
No time to sing have I, No time to wheedle,  
Kiss me quick, I'm off! - Goodbye! - POP GOES THE WEASEL!

The tail was sixty yards, sir, as near as I could tell,  
They sent it off to London Town and tied it to a bell,  
And if you don't believe me, and think I tell a lie,  
Just you go down to Darby and you'll see the same as I.

The men that killed this ram, sir, was drown-ded in the blood,  
And the little boy that held the pail was carried away in the flood,  
And if you don't believe me, and think I tell a lie,  
Just you go down to Darby and you'll see the same as I.

## Side II Band 7

An American variant of a well known English folk song.

### DARBY RAM

As I went down to Darby Town, t'was on a market day,  
I saw the finest ram, sir, that ever was fed on hay,  
And if you don't believe me and think I tell a lie,  
Just you go down to Darby and you'll see the same as I.

The wool upon his back, sir, it weighed ten thousand pounds,  
It made a handsome coat, sir, for every man in town,  
And if you don't believe me and think I tell a lie,  
Just you go down to Darby and you'll see the same as I.

Oh, every tooth this ram had, would hold a bushel o'corn,  
And every foot he stood on did cover an acre o'ground,  
And if you don't believe me, and think I tell a lie,  
Just you go down to Darby and you'll see the same as I.

The horns upon this ram's head, they reached to the moon,  
The butcher went up in January and never came down till June,  
And if you don't believe me, and think I tell a lie,  
Just you go down to Darby and you'll see the same as I.

## Side II Band 8.

A popular students' song, best performed in a group with suitable  
actions to fit the words.

### DOWN IN DEMARARA

There was a man who had a horse-alum, horse-alum, horse-alum,  
There was a man who had a horse-alum, down in Demarara,  
And here we sits like birds in the wilderness, Birds.... Birds....  
Here we sits like birds in the wilderness, Down in Demarara.

Now that poor horse he fell a-sickalum, fell a-sickalum,  
fell a-sickalum,

That poor horse, he fell a-sickalum, Down in Demarara.  
And here we sits like birds in the wilderness, Birds.... Birds....  
Here we sits like birds in the wilderness, Down in Demarara.

So that poor man, he called a doctorum, called a doctorum,  
called a doctorum

That poor man he called a doctorum, Down in Demarara,  
And here we sits like birds in the wilderness, Birds.... Birds....  
Here we sits like birds in the wilderness, Down in Demarara.

But that poor horse, he went and die-ed-em, went and die-ed-em,  
went and die-ed-em,

That poor horse, he went and die-ed-em, Down in Demarara.  
And here we sits like birds in the wilderness, Birds.... Birds....  
Here we sits like birds in the wilderness, Down in Demarara.

But 'ere he died, he wrote his willi-um, wrote his willi-um,  
wrote his willi-um,

'Ere he died, he wrote his willi-um, Down in Demarara,  
Now here we sits and flaps our wingsalem, Flaps.... Flaps....  
Here we sits and flaps our wingsalem, Down in Demarara.

And now we sing this silly song-a-lem, silly song-a-lem, song-a-lem,  
Now we sing this silly song-a-lem, Down in Demarara,  
But still we sits and flaps our wingsalem, Flaps.... Flaps....  
Still we sits and flaps our wingsalem, Down in Demarara.