HEAD START
WITH THE CHILD DEVELOPMENT GROUP OF MISSISSIPPI
EDITED BY POLLY GREENBERG    INTRODUCTION NOTES BY SOL GORDON
SIDE A
Da da da da
Just The Other Day
Good Morning, Good Morning
Now Back At The Turn Of The Century
Ooah, Who Knows....
When Mr. Sun
Mary Mack
Give Me That Old Time Religion
That What You're Talking?
I Got A Mother

SIDE B
O Just Look
Little Sally Walker
I Was Alone
Amen, Amen
Tell Me Why
All Of God's Children
Soon I Will Be Done
Where, Oh Where?
We Been 'Buked
Anybody Ever Hear That?

SIDE C
Little Old Lady
Charlie Brown
Go Tell It On The Mountain
Just A Closer Walk With Thee
My Mama Told Me
Ten Miles From Home
Freedom, Mississippi
Little Red Caboose
Ain't Gonna Let Nobody
Kumbaya
Rhythm Band
If You're Happy
I Had A Little Rooster

SIDE D
We're Coming Through The Green Grass
When I Was A Baby
I Been 'Buked
What Is This?
No More Dying
Rise And Shine
There's Room For Many A More
We Gonna Walk
My Aunt Came Back - (Repeated 4 times)
We Shall Overcome

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INTRODUCTION NOTES BY SOL GORDON
WITH THE CHILD DEVELOPMENT GROUP OF MISSISSIPPI

ASCH 701

HEAD START

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DESCRIPTION NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

ASCH 701
HEAD START WITH THE CHILD DEVELOPMENT GROUP OF MISSISSIPPI
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A PSYCHOLOGIST'S MISSISSIPPI

by Sol Gordon, Ph. D.

There is a new folk tale that is being rumored about how Stenny, Easty and John Sin took the advice of a fine young folk singer and set about to find Another Country for Mississippi to be part of... The interesting bit about this story is that South Africa WAS interested.

The trouble came when its version of the C.I.A. came around to investigate. (The report read...)

"We are handling the civil rights agitators. (We've plenty of experience.) The poverty is just right. The apartheid is just right. The churches just like ours (a very few problems mainly confined to the Delta).

The newspapers -- beautiful. TV -- delectable. But the children from the Child Development Group of Mississippi Head Start Centers singing, 'Freedom, Mississippi Wants Freedom.'

It was too much!

The CDGM training manual says it like it is: "To be a poor child in Mississippi means living in a shack crowded with people, working another man's cotton fields before you turn six, feeding cotton into your mother's sack. It means often having only wild fruits and vegetables for dinner, associating only with those in your family and learning quickly not to question or object. The lack of freedom for adults becomes a rule of life indelibly stamped on your life.

To survive as a poor child in Mississippi, especially a Negro child, you learn soon to please others, to anticipate another man's will or be beaten down. This quality is highly developed, but, what you want, what you feel, what you think, remains unimportant and undeveloped."

But the children from the CDGM centers and their brave parents and teachers sing a different tune.

Naturally, the rulers, the exploiters and the klaners are upset. They want to destroy the CDGM precisely because freedom is the goal. CDGM will keep on a-talking, marching up to freedom land.

It is two years since I spent a summer in Mississippi. Let me tell you a little about how I, a white man in a strange land, felt. This is what I wrote two years ago:

People don't believe it, but Mississippi is different. It has the highest illiteracy rate, the lowest per capita income, the lowest rate of Negroes registered to vote. It has no compulsory education laws. It is the only state where 95 per cent of the white population so fiercely cling to myths about themselves and Negroes that we must wonder about our conventional definitions of sanity. Furthermore, wherever you go, white Mississippians will tell you that "we have the lowest crime rate in the nation and we love our niggras."

So you are in Mississippi to help organize a reading readiness program in five Head Start centers.

However, the white power structure is not as dumb as you think. Their paranoia has been in operation for a long time. So, the editor of Jackson's leading paper exaggerates a little when he equates Head Start with the children's communes of Soviet Russia and Red China; and the Uncle Toms of the Negro community voice their concern about fornication and drinking at the Head Start Training Center.

You go to Issaquena and Sharkey Counties where about 80 per cent of the population is Negro; and no Negro has ever voted. And you find that Head Start means an old broken-down church with no indoor plumbing or running water. Your experimental population is all set up (on paper), but one-half of your sample does not show up because the plantation owners have threatened the parents with expulsion if they send their kids to the Head Start center. You discover there are two Head Start programs: one organized by the segregated school system, and the other by the Child Development Group of Mississippi -- a group which believes in civil rights for Negroes. Then, you discover some of the teachers can't find places to live because the Klan has threatened to bomb the homes of Negroes housing white teachers.

You begin to make your program operational, and you find that some of the staff are not as alert as they should be because they were up all night with guns in their hands guarding the Head Start centers. And some of us get arrested for speeding when we don't speed. Cars ride around the center disturbing you with "rebel" hollering and shouting. A shot is fired into one of our centers, and the F.B.I. comes in for their routine investigation.

"But we know who did it." "Oh," says the F.B.I., "we can't prosecute." "It's a government program we are running." 'Well, we'll look into it." Nothing is done. Repeat this story one hundred times a year and that is Mississippi.

Nevertheless, you try five different reading methods; and distribute 150 record players and thousands of records and books to the Negro families who are delighted. It's going pretty well. Many of the kids travel as far as 40 miles to get to the center and are there by 8 o'clock in the morning. The parents at P.T.A. meetings are enthusiastic, and we talk about registering to vote and sending the children to the white schools next term. We talk about arranging medical examinations. You discover many things. The majority of the Head Start kids have never been to a doctor before, have never ridden on a bus, have never seen a city, have never eaten an orange, have never been near white people without experiencing fear. You discover hundreds of seven and eight year olds who have never been to school.

So, Senator Stennis gets into the act and gives the program a hard time. It also becomes too much for the Klan. The night before 165 Negro children are to register for white schools for the first time, the Klan burned crosses in front of four centers. They burned to the ground the Valewood Center -- a ninety-year old church with thousands of dollars worth of Head Start equipment which was left unguarded because it was in the heart of a rural area where Negroes owned all of the land. Dr. Julius Richmond, National Director of Head Start, had visited Valewood and publicly declared that it was an "ideal" center. It was, indeed, an excellent center. All but a few of the 30 families living in Valewood were members of the Freedom Democratic Party.

A year ago, a cross burning would have been enough to halt any "civil rights" activity; but that very day, the parents of Valewood meet and vow to continue the Head Start program under the open skies. They did so and completed the program.

That day you are scared, perhaps for the first time. Every car follows you. Every white person is ready to kill you. When you telegraph a report and a protest against the burning of the church to officials in Washington, you can hear the telegraphic operator communicating to an outside source the content of your telegram. Paranoia builds and you bar your hotel door for fear that you are slated for assassination.

Now, months later, nothing has been done about the destroyed Head Start center. Who would bother?

Some 50 Negro churches have been burned to the ground in the last year in Mississippi. Not one prosecution!
Soon you learn that if you want to "do something" in Mississippi, you respond to only a few incidents; and you let your heroic impulses smolder and die.

Post Script: A Letter to Washington:
"The Head Start programs run by the segregated schools, which do not educate 80 per cent of the Negro children in their schools, could not and did not, in my humble opinion, offer anything meaningful to the Negro child. (I visited several such centers.) This may be a matter of prejudice on my part, but I cannot see how school officials who have failed to educate poor and disadvantaged children can be given the responsibility of preparing children for an education. If 'Head Start' does not succeed to measure up to its minimal expectations, it will be because so many of the same unimaginative and uninterested school officials who do not know how to educate poor and disadvantaged children, have been given the responsibility to do so. These are the school officials who blame parents and slum conditions for their own failure to reach and teach children when they do go to school."

I did not get a response from Washington, but I did get a letter from Mississippi.

"Dr. and Mrs. Sol Gordon

I am write to let you know how things are down here. I am Not work I was fire of My Job and the Mean time I was on the run. I never had a chance to get a Job you want work But one day and they will have lay you of. We have lot of Cross burn last night three was burned here in Sharkey and 12 was burn on Isoquena thing are really bad here I don't know what will be next. But we are Still hold on to the thing we believe in. I depist your check to day because I need it. Look tell Mrs. Gordon if it any way She can get Some Children Clothes in Sixed-12 for boys or girls from friend to Send them to us. We have Some family that there Children need Clothes to stay in School Peter had two people to send Some but Mose of them was for large children. Give my Best reguard to your Son for me. I hod a letter from bes and Nancy this week. Lot of people have been jail and they keep them for 72 hr. and when they get out they got No More Job. Some had move of Plation the own made them move because thire Children is going to School together. At the School they want let no body visit doing the class pirod the Negro Children Are in room to them Self and white are to them Self and they don't let them play to­gether or eat together. it on the Some base, excuse for all this bod write your Turly!"

Two years later. In some ways, things are worse. Hunger stalks the land. Murder, and the fear of it, is still a way of life. There is hope, but only if the CDGM prevails and the songs they sing prevail. Yes -- Freedom. MISSISSIPPI WANTS FREEDOM. Amen.

Post Script: On February 22, 1966 the Office of Economic Opportunity granted Mary Holmes Junior College and the Child Development Group $55,000 to operate a Head Start project for 9,135 children in 121 centers throughout the state.

The danger is that the program will prove so successful that the Office of Economic Opportunity, under pressure from Congressional racists, will not continue the program. (date)

Side 1 Band 1

"Let's find somebody that would love to sing. Ha, you want to sing? Well, see, somebody start singin'. Somebody start singin'. Anybody want to sing? Every body clap!"
Side 1 Band 4

Y'know, back at the turn of the century, something was instituted called "black codes". That's special law that black people had to live or, rather, die by. And those that didn't die, many of them found their way out to the chain gang. And the captain was usually a former Confederate soldier, and even if he was a private, he was a captain to us. And he was the most hated cat on the chain gang. And we used to do everything we knew how to razz or ride the captain. And this is one of the songs that came out of that era.

You better take this hammer
Carry it to the captain
Take this hammer
Carry it to the captain
Take this hammer
Carry it to the captain, Lord
Tell him I'm gone, Lord, Lord,
Tell him I'm gone.

Well now if he asks you
Was I running (you know captain don't believe nothing)
If he asks you (O Lord)
Was I laughing
If he asks you
Was I laughing, Lord,
Tell him I was crying, Lord, Lord,
Tell him I was crying.

Well now if he asks you
Was I running
If he asks you (O Lord)
Was I running
If he asks you
Was I running, Lord,
Tell him I was flying, Lord, Lord,
Tell him I was flying.

If he asks you
Any other questions
If he asks you (O Lord)
Any other questions
If he asks you
Any other questions, Lord
Tell him you don't know, Lord, Lord,
Tell him you don't know.

Well now I don't want no
Corn bread and m'lasses
do want no (O no)
Corn bread and m'lasses
I don't want no
Corn bread and m'lasses
Hurt my pride, Lord, Lord,
It hurts my pride.

Well now I don't want no
White man's justice (like black codes)
I don't want no
White man's justice
I don't want no
White man's justice, O Lord,
I'll make my own, Lord, Lord
I'll make my own.

'Cause I don't want no
Cold hard shackles
I don't want no
Cold hard shackles

Where is Karen, where is Karen?
Here I am, here I am
How are you this morning?
Very well, I thank you
Run away, run away.

Where is Sheila, where is Sheila?
Here I am, here I am
How are you this morning?
Very well, I thank you
Run away, run away.

Side 1 Band 5

Okay, who knows, "Where is Deborah?" Who else? "I know it. Y'all know it? Okay, let's the way y'all do it.
Okay, now, what's your name? "Junior". What, Junior? Okay, Junior, who, who do you know? -------
Do you know the little girl next to you? "yeah." Okay.
Huh? Okay, you sing it. Sing "Where is Theresa", C'mon.

Where is Theresa
Here I am
Here I am

No, let us say "here I am", C'mon.

Where is Theresa? Where is Theresa?
Here I am, Here I am
How are you this morning?
Very well, I thank you. (that's right)
Run away, run away.

Where is Deborah, where is Deborah
Here I am, here I am
How are you this morning?
Very well, I thank you
Run away, run away.

Where is Dupree, where is Dupree?
Here I am, here I am
How are you this morning?
Very well, I thank you
Run away, run away.

Where is Sandy, where is Sandy?
Here I am, here I am
How are you this morning?
Very well, I thank you
Run away, run away.
I got a mother (way over yonder)
An' I got a father (way over yonder)
An' I got a God (way over yonder)
An' I got a sister (way over yonder)
An' I got a brother (way over yonder)

Okay, where's the little girl that was doin' "Little Sally Walker" so well? (Cindy?) Yeah, where, where is she? Where she is? Okay, y'all ready to do a
"Little Sally Walker, sitting in a saucer"
Weeping in a willow for a cool drink of water?"

(I'll do it!) Okay, let me hear you do it.

Little Sally Walker, sitting in a saucer
Weeping and a-crying for a cool drink of water
Rise, Sally, rise
Gonna wipe your weeping eyes
Put your hand on your hip
An' let your backbone slip
Shake it to the east, shake it to the west
Shake it to the one that you love the best
Your mama said so, your papa said so
That's the way you do it
When you want to catch your beau

That was nice. Want to do it again? Do it again for me.

Little Sally Walker sitting in a saucer
Weeping and a-crying for a cool drink of water
Rise, Sally, rise
You gotta wipe your weeping eyes
Put your hand on your hip
And let your backbone slip
Shake it to the east, shake it to the west
Shake it to the one that you love the best
Your mama said so, your papa said so
That's the way you do it when you want to catch your beau

Side II Band 1

O just look at that cave, O just look at that cave
O, through the weeds
Mighty big cave
Mighty big cave
Can't go around it
Can't go around it
Up the tree
Up the tree
Can't go under it
Can't go under it
Back home
Back home
Let's go in
Let's go in
O, it's real dark
O, it's real dark
Real, real dark
Real, real dark
O, I feel something
O I feel something
Feels like hair
Feels like hair
Must be a bear
Must be a bear
Let's go in
Let's go in
O, it's real dark
O, it's real dark
Real, real dark
Real, real dark
O, I feel something
O I feel something
Feels like hair
Feels like hair
Must be a bear
Must be a bear
O, through the weeds
O, through the weeds
Over the bridge
Over the bridge
Up the tree
Up the tree
Back home
Back home
O, that must be a bear
by the cave
O just look at that cave
O just look at that cave
Mighty big cave
Mighty big cave
Can't go around it
Can't go around it
Can't go under it
Can't go under it
Let's go in
Let's go in
O, it's real dark
O, it's real dark
Real, real dark
Real, real dark
O, I feel something
O I feel something
Feels like hair
Feels like hair
Must be a bear
Must be a bear
O, through the weeds
O, through the weeds
Over the bridge
Over the bridge
Up the tree
Up the tree
Back home
Back home
O, that must be a bear
by the cave
O just look at that cave
O just look at that cave
Mighty big cave
Mighty big cave
Can't go around it
Can't go around it

SIDE II Band 2

Little Sally Walker
Little Sally Walker sitting in a saucer
Weeping and a-crying for a cool drink of water
Rise, Sally, rise
Put your hand on your hip
An' let your backbone slip
Shake it to the east, shake it to the west
Shake it to the one that you love the best.
Mama said so, you papa said so
That's the way you do it
When you want to catch a beau

Okay, where's the little girl that was doin' "Little Sally Walker" so well? (Cindy?) Yeah, where, where is she? Where she is? Okay, y'all ready to do a
"Little Sally Walker, sitting in a saucer"
Weeping in a willow for a cool drink of water?"

(I'll do it!) Okay, let me hear you do it.

Little Sally Walker, sitting in a saucer
Weeping and a-crying for a cool drink of water
Rise, Sally, rise
Gonna wipe your weeping eyes
Put your hand on your hip
An' let your backbone slip
Shake it to the east, shake it to the west
Shake it to the one that you love the best
Your mama said so, your papa said so
That's the way you do it
When you want to catch your beau

That was nice. Want to do it again? Do it again for me.

Little Sally Walker sitting in a saucer
Weeping and a-crying for a cool drink of water
Rise, Sally, rise
You gotta wipe your weeping eyes
Put your hand on your hip
And let your backbone slip
Shake it to the east, shake it to the west
Shake it to the one that you love the best
Your mama said so, your papa said so
That's the way you do it when you want to catch your beau
C'mon, do it again for me.
Tell me why do the drums go
Boom-diddy boom-diddy
Why do the drums go
Boom-diddy boom-diddy
Why do the drums go
Boom-diddy boom-diddy
Boom-diddy boom-diddy
Boom-diddy all the time.

Now when we say "boom-diddy," that's when we gonna hit on the boxes and tables. Okay? Let's do it again. Now just when we say "Boom-diddy," that's when we hit on the boxes and tables. Okay?

SIDE II Band 6

All of God's children got shoes
When I get to Heaven gonna put on my shoes
Gonna shout all over God's Heaven

I got a robe, you got a robe
All of God's children got a robe
When I get to Heaven gonna put on my robe
Gonna shout all over God's Heaven
Heaven, Heaven
Everybody talkin' about Heaven ain't going there
Heaven, Heaven,
Gonna shout all over God's Heaven.

I got a song, you got a song
All of God's children got a song
When I get to Heaven gonna put on my shoes
I'm gonna walk all over God's Heaven
Heaven, Heaven
Everybody talkin' about Heaven ain't going there
Heaven, Heaven,
Gonna shout all over God's Heaven.

Side II Band 7

Soon I will be done-a with de troubles of de world
De troubles of de world, de troubles of de world
Soon I will be done-a with de troubles of de world
Going home to live with God

No more weeping and a-wailing
No more weeping and a-wailing
I'm going to live with God.

Soon I will be done-a with de troubles of de world
De troubles of de world, de troubles of de world
Soon I will be done-a with de troubles of de world
Going home to live with God

SIDE II Band 8

Where O where is everybody?
Where O where is everybody?
Where O where is everybody?
Way down yonder in the paw-paw patch,
Pick up paw-paw, put it in your pocket
Pick up paw-paw, put it in your pocket
Way down yonder in the paw-paw patch,
Where O where is everybody
Where O where is everybody
Where O where is everybody
Way down yonder in the paw-paw patch
And that old man was a-waiting to carry us to freedom had been in the storm a long time an' he finally got his right foot caught in a bear trap that the white folks set to keep us from getting away and to keep people from coming in to help us. But that didn't stop him, he had a nerve of steel, so he got and cut that foot off. Cut that right foot caught in a bear trap that the white folks set.

The old man was a-waiting to carry us to freedom and that old man was a-waiting to carry us to freedom. But that didn't stop him, he needed it.

Hold my hand, hold my hand, hold my hand.

Skip the rope, skip the rope, skip the rope.

Little old lady, won't you bow?

Little old lady, won't you bow?

Little old lady, won't you eat some cake?

Little old lady, won't you jump the jack.

Little old lady, won't you

Little old lady, won't you

Little old lady, won't you

Bowl up a cola, Charlie Brown
Take it to your lover, Charlie Brown
Show her that you love her, Charlie Brown
Show a motion, Charlie Brown
Show a motion, Charlie Brown.

SIDE III Band 3
Go tell it on the mountain
Over the hills and everywhere
Go tell it on the mountain
To let my people go

Why don't you let my people go
Everybody now, go tell it on the mountain
Over the hills and everywhere
Go tell it on the mountain
To let my people go.

Everybody, now, go tell it on the mountain
Over the hills and everywhere
Go tell it on the mountain
To let my people go

Go tell it on the mountain
Over the hills and everywhere
Go tell it on the mountain
To let my people go.

Go tell it on the mountain
Over the hills and everywhere
Go tell it on the mountain
To let my people go.

Go tell it on the mountain
Over the hills and everywhere
Go tell it on the mountain
To let my people go.

SIDE III Band 4
Just a closer walk with thee
Grant it Jesus, if you please
Daily walking close with Thee
Let it be, dear Lord, let it be.

Through this world of toil and snares
If I falter, Lord, who cares?
Who will be my strength
None but thee, dear Lord, none but thee

Just a closer walk with thee
Grant it, Jesus, if you please
Daily walking close with Thee
Let it be, dear Lord, let it be.

Through this world of toil and snares
If I falter, Lord, who cares?
Who will be my strength
None but Thee, dear Lord, none but Thee.

Just a closer walk with Thee
Grant it, Jesus, if you please
Daily walking close to thee
Let it be, dear Lord, let it be.

SIDE III Band 5
My mama told me
To tell you
To beat one hammer like you see me do.

My mama told me
To tell you
To beat two hammer like you see me do.

My mama told me
To tell you
To beat three hammer like you see me do.

My mama told me
To tell you
To beat four hammer like you see me do.

SIDE III Band 6
Ten miles from home, ten miles from home
We walk awhile we rest awhile
We're ten miles from home.

Nine miles from home, nine miles from home
We walk awhile, we rest awhile
We're nine miles from home.

Eight miles from home, eight miles from home
We walk awhile, we rest awhile
We're eight miles from home.

Seven miles from home, seven miles from home
We walk awhile, we rest awhile
We're seven miles from home.

Six miles from home, six miles from home
We walk awhile, we rest awhile
We're six miles from home.

Five miles from home, five miles from home
We walk awhile, we rest awhile
We're five miles from home.

Four miles from home, four miles from home
We walk awhile, we rest awhile
We're four miles from home.

Three miles from home, three miles from home
We walk awhile, we rest awhile
We're three miles from home.

Two miles from home, two miles from home
We walk awhile, we rest awhile
We're two miles from home.

One mile from home, one mile from home
We walk awhile, we rest awhile
We're one mile from home.

SIDE III Band 7
Freedom, Mississippi wants freedom
Mississippi wants freedom, freedom, freedom
Deacon Taylor wants freedom,
Deacon Taylor wants freedom
Deacon Taylor wants freedom, freedom, freedom

Everybody wants freedom
Everybody wants freedom
Everybody wants freedom, freedom, freedom

SIDE III Band 8
Little red caboose, little red caboose
Little red caboose behind the train
Smokestack on his back, moving down the track
Little red caboose behind the train.
Little red caboose, little red caboose
Little red caboose behind the train
Smokestack on his back, moving down the track
Little red caboose behind the train.

SIDE III Band 9
Ain't gonna let nobody
Turn me 'round, turn me 'round, turn me 'round
Ain't gonna let nobody
Turn me 'round
I'm gonna keep on a-walking, keep on a-talking
Marching up to freedom land

Ain't gonna let the Citizen's Council
Turn me 'round, turn me 'round, turn me 'round
Ain't gonna let the Citizen's Council
Turn me 'round
Gonna keep on a-walking, keep on a-talking
Marching up to freedom land

Ain't gonna let no jailhouse
Turn me 'round, turn me 'round, turn me 'round
Ain't gonna let no jailhouse
Turn me 'round
Gonna keep on a-walking, keep on a-talking
Marching up to freedom land

Ain't gonna let the KKK, Lord,
Turn me 'round, turn me 'round, turn me 'round
Ain't gonna let the KKK, Lord,
Turn me 'round,
I'm gonna keep on a-walking, keep on a-talking
Marching up to freedom land

Ain't gonna let nobody
Turn me 'round, turn me 'round, turn me 'round
Ain't gonna let nobody
Turn me 'round,
I'm gonna keep on a-walking, keep on a-talking
Marching up to freedom land

Kumbaya, my Lordy, Kumbaya
Kumbaya, my Lordy, Kumbaya
O Lordy, Kumbaya.

Somebody's praying, won't you come by here
Somebody's praying, won't you come by here
Somebody's praying, won't you come by here
O Lordy, Kumbaya.

The black folks need you, won't you come by here
The black folks need you, won't you come by here
The black folks need you, won't you come by here
O Lordy, Kumbaya

SIDE III Band 11
Rhythm Band sequence.

SIDE III Band 12
If you're happy and you know it
Say Amen, Amen!
If you're happy and you know it, say Amen
Amen!
If you're happy and you know it
Your face will surely show it
If you're happy and you know it, say Amen
Amen!
If you're happy and you know it clap your hands
(clap clap)
If you're happy and you know it, clap your hands
(clap clap)
If you're happy and you know it
Your face will surely show it
If you're happy and you know it clap your hands
(clap clap)
If you're happy and you know it sing a song
Tra la la
If you're happy and you know it, sing a song
Tra la la
If you're happy and you know it
Your face will surely show it
If you're happy and you know it, sing a song
Tra la la

Side III Band 13
I had a little rooster by the garden gate
That little rooster was my playmate
That little rooster went cock-a-doodle-doo
De doodly de doodly de doodly de doo

I had a little kitty by the garden gate
That little kitty was my playmate
That little kitty went: meow
That little rooster went: cock-a-doodle-doo
De doodly de doodly de doodly de doo

I had a little doggie by the garden gate
That little doggie was my playmate
That little doggie went: woof!
That little kitty went: meow
That little rooster went: cock-a-doodle-doo
De doodly de doodly de doodly de doo

I had a little elephant by the garden gate
That little elephant was my playmate
That little elephant went: woomp
That little doggie went: woof!
That little kitty went: meow
That little rooster went: cock-a-doodle-doo
De doodly de doodly de doodly de doo

I had a little cow by the garden gate
That little cow was my playmate
That little cow went: mmmmm
That little elephant went: woomp
That little doggie went: woof!
That little kitty went: meow
That little rooster went: cock-a-doodle-doo
De doodly de doodly de doodly de doo

SIDE IV Band 1
We're coming through the green grass, green grass
We're coming through the green grass
Happy happy days.
O what you coming here for, here for, here for
O what you coming here for,
Happy happy days.

SIDE IV Band 2
When I was a baby, when I was a baby
This what I did: I went
mmmmmm this a way
mmmmmm that a way
That's what I did.

When I was a teenage, when I was a teenage
This is what I did: I went
mmmmmm this a way
mmmmmm that a way
That's what I did.
When I was married, when I was married
This is what I did: I went
mmmmm this a way
mmmmm that a way
That's what I did.

When I was an old lady, when I was an old lady
That's what I did.
This what I did: I went
That's what I did.
This what I did: I went
When I went to prison, when I went to prison
That's what I did.
This what I did: I went
That's what I did.
This what I did: I went
When I got married, when I got married
That's what I did.
This what I did: I went
This is what I did: I went
mmmmm that a way
mmmmm this a way
mmmmm that a way
mmmmm this a way
Side

And before I be a slave, I'll be dead...