

Grandma's Feather Bed

Now when I was a little bitty boy
Just up off of the floor,
We used to go out to Grandma's house
Every month end or so,
We'd have chicken pie and country ham
and home-made butter on the bread.
But the best thing about Grandma's house
was a great big feather bed.

It was nine feet high and six feet wide
and soft as a downy chick
It was made from the feathers of forty-eleven geese
took a whole bolt of cloth for the tick.
It'd hold eight kids and four hound dogs
and the piggy we took from the shed.
We didn't get much sleep,
but we had a lot of fun on Grandma's feather bed

And after supper we'd sit around the fire
and the old folks bit the shoe.
And my Pa would talk about the farm and the war
and my Granny's sing a ballad or two.
And I'd sit and listen and watch the fire till
The cobwebs filled my head.

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Well I love my Ma, I love my Pa
I love Granny and Grandpa too.
I been fishin' with my Uncle
And I wrassle with my Cousin
I even kissed Aunt Lou
But if I ever had to make a choice
I guess I ought to be said.
That I'd trade them all plus the gal down the road
For Grandma's feather bed.

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The Old Carrion Crow

Oh, the old carrion crow was sitting on an oak,
Fol the riddle, all the riddle hey ding doh,
Watching a tailor cutting out a coat.
Sing he, sing ho, the old carrion crow,
Fol the riddle, all the riddle hey ding doh

Ki-me-lea-ro kill my kea-ro ,
Ki-me-lea-ro, ki-mo
To me bump, bump, bump, jump
Polly wolly lee, Linko killy koom ki-mo

Hurry now bring me my cross and my bow,
Fol the riddle, all the riddle hey ding doh,
That I may shoot yon carrion crow.
Sing he, sing ho, the old carrion crow,
Fol the riddle, all the riddle hey ding doh

Ki-me-lea-ro kill my kea-ro ,
Ki-me-lea-ro, ki-mo
To me bump, bump, bump, jump
Polly wolly lee, Linko killy koom ki-mo

Oh, the tailor shot and missed his mark,
Fol the riddle all the riddle hey ding doh,
And he shot the miller's sow right through the heart
Sing he, sing ho, the old carrion crow,
Fol the riddle, all the riddle hey ding doh

Ki-me-lea-ro kill my kea-ro ,
Ki-me-lea-ro, ki-mo
To me bump, bump, bump, jump
Polly wolly lee, Linko killy koom ki-mo

The old sow died and the bells did toll
Fol the riddle all the riddle hey ding doh,
And the little pigs cried and prayed for her soul,
Sing he, sing ho, the old carrion crow,
Fol the riddle, all the riddle hey ding doh.

Ki-me-lea-ro kill my kea-ro ,
Ki-me-lea-ro, ki-mo
To me bump, bump, bump, jump
Polly wolly lee, Linko killy koom ki-mo

Oh, now the old sow's dead and gone,
Fol the riddle all the riddle hey ding doh,
And the little pigs play and waddle on,
Sing he, sing ho, the old carrion crow,
Fol the riddle, all the riddle hey ding doh,

Ki-me-lea-ro kill my kea-ro ,
Ki-me-lea-ro, ki-mo
To me bump, bump, bump, jump
Polly wolly lee, Linko killy koom ki-mo

America, the Beautiful

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain.
For purple mountains majesties
Above the fruited plain.
America! America! God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood,
From sea to shining sea

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness.
America! America! God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self control,
Thy liberty in law.

O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life.
America! America! May God thy gold refine,
Till all success be nobleness,
And every gain divine.

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years,
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears.
America! America! God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood,
From sea to shining sea.

I Love the Mountains

I love the mountains,
I love the rolling hills,
I love the flowers,
I love the daffodils,
I love the fireside,
When all the lights are low,
Boom dee-ah-dah
Boom dee-ah-dah
Boom dee-ah-dah
Boom dee-ah-dah

Repeat 3X

The Orchestra Song

1. The violin's ringing
Like lovely singing,
The violin's ringing
Like lovely song.

2. The clarinet, the clarinet
Plays doodle, doodle, doodle
Doodle det,
The clarinet, the clarinet
Plays doodle, doodle, doodle det.

3. The trumpet is sounding ta
Ta - ta - ta - ta ta ta ta - ta - ta ta ta-ta-tah
The trumpet is sounding ta
Ta - ta - ta - ta ta ta ta - ta - ta ta ta-ta-tah

4. The horn, the horn, awakes me at morn.
The horn, the horn, awakes me at morn.

5. The drum's playing two tones
And always the same tones,
Five, one__,
one, five__,
five, five, five, five, one__.

