



Beersheba Songs

Words and Music for Songs
Sung and enjoyed at Beersheba Springs
for over fifty years.

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Sometime around 1950, Comfort Adams, later Mrs. Judson Randolph, produced a mimeographed collection of words for songs that were often sung on the porches of summer cottages in Beersheba Springs, Tennessee. The cover notes that Comfort was "assisted by Cousin Mort," that is, by Morton B. Howell III, who – with his violin – was often to be found leading the singing or performing a solo.

Over the course of some sixty years, Comfort's collection has proven both invaluable and inadequate. Inadequate because it did not contain the music but only the words. Originally, it could be assumed that everyone knew the melody and just needed a little prompting on the words. Times have changed, and few can remember reliably the melodies to all of Comfort's songs. In fact, for a few, I have been unable to find the music at all. I believe that they were written, probably by Mort Howell, especially for Beersheba.

For many, however, it has been possible to find reliable versions of the music. Most of them were popular songs from 1890 to 1950, with a special concentration on the 1900 – 1920 period. They have been presented here with the melody line in musical notation. One, "Davy Crockett," for which Morton. B. Howell began a "Beersheba version," has been added to the collection, together with some additional verses of dubious antiquity.

Video recordings of Tom Adams singing a number of the songs have been put on the Internet by Ralph Thompson and are easily found by searching for "Tom Adams" and Beersheba.

I hope that the availability of these words and music will encourage group singing on the porches of Beersheba Springs as in the "old days." These songs have a tradition for such occasions, but new songs are always welcome.

Clopper Almon

2011 July 20

The cover picture shows the All-World Quartet from about 1950. Left to right: Morton B. Howell, Hugh J. Morgan, William A. (Kid) Bennie, Bobbie (Mrs. Hugh) Morgan, and Beverly Douglas.

Beersheba Song



Beer she-ba, Beer - she-ba Sweet with flowers and dream la den bowers is Beer - she-ba

Beer - she ba, Un-der the shel-ter-ing pine tree. Long's the place for swim-min' Lots of love-ly

wo - men. We may roam but home sweet home is in Beer - she - ba.

2. Beersheba, Beersheba,
Land of holly
And young lovers' folly
Is Beersheba, Beersheba,
Under the giant tulip poplar.
The Great Stone Door's for walkin';
The porch is best for talkin'.
Get off the map
In Alum Gap
All in Beersheba.

3. Beersheba, Beersheba
Howells are plenty
And Adams are many
In Beersheba, Beersheba,
Wrapped in the fragrance of cedar.
Hill and Tate and Brown
All do here about'.
Family
Is history
Here in Beersheba.

3. Beersheba, Beersheba,
Thunder is nigh
When you're up in the sky
In Beersheba, Beersheba,
Land of the mighty white oak.
Do enjoy the view
It was made for you.
When you're here
The stars are near
Up in Beersheba.

4. Beersheba, Beersheba,
Ham's a'cooking

And biscuits good looking
Is Beersheba, Beersheba,
Scented with smoke of the hick'ry.
You may swim at Greeter;
I'll be just an eater.
It's no mishap
To take a nap
While in Beersheba.

5. Beersheba, Beersheba
Mountain spirea
In the spring does appear
In Beersheba, Beersheba,
Amid the flowering dogwood.
Queen Anne's lace and Joe Pye
Mark the summer go by.
Pipsissiwa
Says come as you are
Back to Beersheba

6. Beersheba, Beersheba
Cell phones shut down
When you enter the town
Of Beersheba, Beersheba.
Far from the ominous tower.
You won't miss your gigabytes
Once you get some chigger bites
Technology
Is not for me,
Not in Beersheba.

7. Beersheba, Beersheba
Unto the hills
I lift up mine eyes
In Beersheba, Beersheba,

Amid the green of the hemlock.
See creation's glory
From the observatory.
Praises sing
Nearby the spring
Here in Beersheba.

8. Beersheba, Beersheba
Frogs are singing
And night sounds are ringing
In Beersheba, Beersheba
Under the odorous heaven wood.
Gnats are swarming to meet you.
Mosquitos, longing to eat you.
Breezes oft
Waft Skin So Soft
Here in Beersheba

9. Beersheba, Beersheba
Laurel and sumac
Give reason to come back
To Beersheba, Beersheba,
Adorned in colorful maple.
If you must depart
We'll keep you in our heart.
Ev'ryone
Is most welcome
Here in Beersheba.

Music and first verse by Morton B.
Howell, circa 1911. Melody recovered
by Tom Adams, Isabel and Martha
Bartles, and Edith Adams Allison.
Additional verses found by the editor in
the Nanhaven cabin. Add more.

Roamin' in the Gloamin'

Words and music by
Harry Lauder

Vo. 

I've seen lots o' bon - nie las - sies trav - 'llin' far and wide
One nicht in the gloam - in' we were trip - pin' side by side, I
Last nict ef - ter stroll - in' we got hame at half - past nine

5 Vo. 

But my heart is cen - tered noo' on bon - nie Kate, Me Bride
kissed her twice, and asked her once if she would be my bride,
Sit - tin' at the kitch - en rire, I asked her to be mine

9 Vo. 

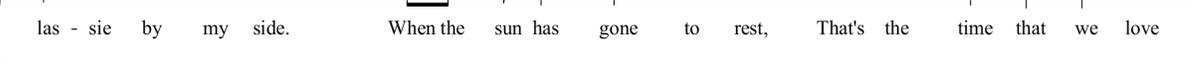
And al - tho' I'm no a chap that throws a word way,
She was shy, so was I and we were baith the same, But
When she prom - ised, I got up and danced the Hie - lair' - fling, I've

13 Vo. 

I'm sur - prised my - sel' some - times at a' I've got to say. Roam - in' in the
I got brave and bra - ver on the jour - ney com - in' hame.
just been at the jew' - ler's and I've picke a nice wee ring.

18 Vo. 

gloam - in on the bon - nie banks o' Clyde, Roam - in' in the gloam - in' wae my

23 Vo. 

las - sie by my side. When the sun has gone to rest, That's the time that we love

28 Vo. 

best O, it's love - ly roam - in' in the gloam - in'!

In the Twi-Twi-Twilight

Words by Charles Wilmot
Music by Herman E. Darewski

Tempo di Valse

Voice 

When a girl loves a boy There's no time they en - joy Like the twi - twi -

Vo. 

light— And the hour in the day for which all of them pray Is the twi - twi -

Vo. 

light. There's a boy at the corner of e-ver-y street, And the girl as she

Vo. 

joins him is look-ing so sweet That he ne - ver once thinks of the

Vo. 

size of her feet In the twi - twi - light— In the twi - twi - twi - light.

Vo. 

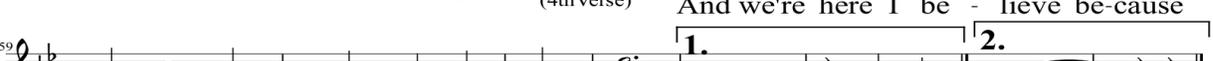
Out in the beau-ti-ful twi - light. They all go out for a walk, walk,

Vo. 

walk, A qui-et old spoon and a talk talk talk. That's the time they long

Vo. 

for, Just be - fore the night— (4th Verse) And ma ny a grand lit - tle

Vo. 

wed-ding is planned In the twi - twi - light. In the light.—
A - dam met Eve in the twi - twi - light. In the light.—

To the world you will find
They are deaf, dumb and blind
In the twi-twilight,
Out for hours they'll remain
Though it's pouring with rain
In the twi-twilight.
Or they'll make for a corner in one of the
parks
So shady that no one their presence remarks.
But the birds up above can tell them some
larks
In the twi-twi-twilight.
Chorus

It's like reading a book
There's a sweet little nook
In the twi-twilight.
Where two lovers are found
With leaves all around.
In the twi-twilight.
He declares that the wedding will be very
soon,
And the girl is with joy almost ready to
swoon
When the cry, "All out" puts an end to their
spoon
In the twi-twi-twilight.
Chorus

Though some of you appear
Very shocked when you hear
Of the twi-twilight.
You can tell me, I'm sure,
All I tell you and more
Of the twi-twilight
Take that loving young pair sitting there so
sublime
You would think from their looks what I
said was a crime,
But I saw them last night having oh! such a
time
In the twi-twi-twilight.
Chorus

Moonbeams

From *The Red Mill*

Words by Henry Blossom

Music by Victor Herbert

Andante

The day is gone and the night come on And the birds have sought their nest. The shadows fall in a dark'ning pall And the
wea-ry world's at rest. The stars are a-wak-en-ing one by one The whis-per-ing breez-es are still The
moon shin-ing bright with a ra-diant light, is sil-ver-ing val-ley and hill. Moon-beams shin-ing soft a-bove Let me beg of
you! Find the one I dear-ly love! Tell him I'll eer be true. Fate may part us Years may pass! Fut-ure all un-known!
Still my love shall ev-er prove Faith-ful to him a lone!

Lyrics for Two Beersheba Songs

O Beersheba, dear Beersheba, the land we love so
well,
We come to you, we come to you
And seek your magic spell
Our hearts are light, our hopes are bright
Within your sacred shrine
And may we always worship there
The days of Auld Lang Syne.

I want to be in the tuneful land of Beersheba
Where there is music sweet in every key
Where the singers sing the songs that please, tease,
ease
O take me there
Where love and music fills the air
Don't let me miss the fun
Hear me hon'
Sigh, cry oh I
Want to be in the land of Harmony.

Because You're You

Henry Blossom

Victor Herbert

Molto Moderato

Soprano
Love is a lit - tle el - fin sprite Blest with the dead - li - est aim!

S.
Shooting his ar - rows to left and right Bag-ging the rar - est game,

S.
Fill-ing our hearts with a glad sur-prise, Al-most too good to be true! And

S.
still can you tel me whu do you love me? On-ly be cause you are you, dear!

Soprano
Not that I am fair, dear, Not that I am true, Not my gold-en hair, dear,

Alto
Not that you are fair, dear, Not that you are true, Not your gold-en

S.
Not my eyes of blue. When we ask the rea - words are all too few.

A.
hair dear, Not your eyes of blue. When we ask the rea - son, Words are all too

S.
So I know I love you dear, be - cause you're you.

A.
few. I love you, dear, be - cause you're you.

“Because You're You” was a specialty of the sisters Louise Howell Almon and Isabel Howell. They sang it in two parts with Louise the soprano and Isabel the alto.

The following song, “Put Me Off in Buffalo” from 1896 and was the official song of the Pan American Exposition held in Buffalo in 1901. It was frequently performed as a solo by Morton B. Howell III. The words here are close to the original in the first and second verse. MBH modified the words to the third verse adding the dialogue between the trainman and the porter. His exact words have been lost, but the substitute given here approximates the sense.

Put Me Off at Buffalo

Harry Dillon

John Dillon

Moderato quarter note = 105

Voice He caught the train in Al - ba - ny and to the por - ter said Put me off in Buf - fa lo. He was
 5. tired and took a sleep - er and says now I'll go to bed. Just to rest an hour or so m' an un - der tone he muf - mured Now I
 10. lay me down to wink. Put me off at Buf - fa lo. Then he tipped the por - ter say - ing "Port old
 14. man come have a drink Put me off at Buf - fa - lo, oh, oh Don't for - get to put me off at Buf - Hal - lo oh
 19. oh My berth is low - er five If you find me hard to wake, oh don't be a - fraid to shake Throw me off there dead or a -
 24. live Mis - ter Por - ter when you call me in the morn he says I'll kick but of course it does - n't go No
 29. mat - ter what I say Just re mem - ber I'm the jay That goes off the train when you get to Buf fa lo.

The porter started drinking and you'd think he owned the road.
 When he got to Buffalo.
 The train was way behind; the engineer, he had a board
 Take water he says no! No!
 When the porter went to call his man the lights were very dim,
 Says, "Get off at Buffalo."
 Oh the fellow says, "You're wrong old man, look out, I am
 not him;
 I don't get off at Buffalo."
 " Oh, oh, don't tell me you won't get off at Buf Hal lo!
 Be quick to grab your clothes!
 Here's the hardest guy to wake,"
 Said the porter with a shake.
 They exchanged some good hard blows.
 The porter got a soaker, but he fired the man;
 With a crash through the window he did go.
 Then the man he should awake
 In his sleep says, "That's a joke.
 Put me off the train when we get to Buffalo."

When the brakeman shouted "Cleveland," the man jumped
 out of bed
 And says, "We've gone through Buffalo!"
 Saw the poor old porter with a bandage on his head
 And his eyes swelled out oh! Oh!
 His whiskers, they were sandy, in the sand he done a jig
 Put me off at Buffalo.
 He says, "My wife was waiting at the depot with a rig.
 Take me back to Buffalo!
 Oh, oh, I thought I told you put me off at Buf-Hal-lo."
 Said the trainman, "What a mess!
 Never saw a man so mad."
 Said the porter, "Then be glad
 That you didn't see, as I would guess
 The man that I put off in Buffalo.
 With a crash through the window he did go.
 My goodness sakes alive
 Here's the gent in number five.
 I put the wrong man off the train in Buffalo."

Never Had Such a Time in My Life

Voice
 Me and my wife went to town to see the sights Ne - ver had such a time in my
 4
 Vo. life. We went to the op - ra and seen the gals in tights. Ne - ver
 7
 Vo. had such a time in my life. Ma - ri - a, says she, "What an aw - ful sight"
 11
 Vo. "Yes," said I, "I think you're right." But I went and bought a tic - ket for the
 14
 Vo. ve - ry next night. Ne - ver had such a time in my life. Ne - ver had such a time in
 18
 Vo. all my life I seen the show a - gain but I didn't take my wife Ne - ver
 21
 Vo. had such a time in all my life. Ne - ver had such a gol darned time

We went to a hotel for to spend the night.
 Never had such a time in my life.
 They said they had electric light.
 Never had such a time in my life.
 Maria, says she, "Can you blow out the light?"
 "Yes," says I, "I think I might."
 But they had it in a bottle and was shut up mighty
 tight.
 Never had such a time in my life.
 Never had such a time in all my life,
 Couldn't sleep a wink and neither could my wife,
 Never had such a time in all my life,
 Never had such a gol darned time.

We went to the beach for to go in swimming.
 Never had such a time in my life.
 The men folks went right in with the women.
 Never had such a time in my life.
 We both took a ride on the toboggan slide,
 Maria is big and about so wide,

When she struck the water, she made high-tide.
 Never had such a time in my life.
 Never had such a time in all my life.
 Folks were laughing at my wife,
 Never had such a time in all my life.
 Never had such a gol darned time.

We went to the milliners' to buy my wife a hat,
 Never had such a time in my life.
 Cause she didn't like this and she didn't like that.
 Never had such a time in my life.
 At last she found one she thought pretty fair.
 Had a hole in each side, she said to show her hair
 But when we got home, we found 'twas for a mare.
 Never had such a time in my life.
 Never had such a time in all my life
 I couldn't wear the hat and neither could my wife.
 Never had such a time in all my life
 Never had such a gol darned time.

The origins of the ever-popular Beersheba song "Never Had Such a Time in My Life" have eluded discovery. A clearly related but very different song of the same title was used by Neil Litchfield in a one-act comedy entitled "Down At Brook Farm" from 1901. A typescript copy of the words is preserved at the Library of Congress. They are shown below. A brief biography of Litchfield is found in *Who's Who at the Athenaeum* and is shown to the right.

The Beersheba verses are clearly more diverse and funnier. One possibility is that some Beerheban, with Morton B. Howell III being a prime suspect, heard Litchfield's song, took the theme and improved on it. Or they may be an earlier version that Litchfield parodied. We have no authoritative version of the music. That given here only approximates what Tom Adams sings.

LITCHFIELD, Neil, entertainer; b. Turin, N. Y., 1855; ed. Cornell Univ.; taught sch. in N. Y., Mich., and Ia.; since 1885, mem. concert companies, as humorist and impersonator; now head of own co., assisted by Mrs. Litchfield and Miss Abbie Litchfield, giving rural sketch, Down at Brook Farm, which they have presented over 3,000 times. He also gives impersonations in costume; his wife is violin soloist. Have toured England, Can., and U. S. Now listed with Wh., Ant., and McC. Began Lye. work, 1878, ind., as elocutionist. Address: 21 Halsey St., Newark, N. J.

LITCHFIELD, Mrs. Neil, entertainer; b. Rockford, Ill.; studied violin and cornet, and has played in Ladies' Bands and Orchestras; studied dramatic art, and has played Ophelia, Desdemona, and other parts; m. Neil Litchfield; since, assists him in comedy sketches, and is solo violinist; has played in vaudeville; listed with Wh., Ant. and McC. Has given over 3,000 entertainments. Address: 21 Halsey St., Newark, N. J.

The Litchfield Version

Me and my wife came to town tother day
 Never had such a time in my life.
 Had on my wagon a big load of hay,
 Never had such a time in my life
 Some fellers on the street hollered "Look at the jay,"
 I jumped off the wagon, and my team ran away.
 I was looking for my wife the rest of the day
 Never had such a time in my life.

Chorus

Never had such a time in all my life,
 I couldn't find my team and I couldn't find my wife
 Never had such a time in all my life
 Never had such a gol darned time.

When I jumped off the wagon to chase that scamp
 Never had such a time in my life
 I ran right into a big street lamp,
 Never had such a time in my life.
 I fell in the road and I bumped my head
 Skinned my shin bone, skinned it bad

When I tore my pants, it made me mad
 Never had such a time in my life.

Chorus

Run right into a dry goods store
 Never had such a time in my life
 Pretty looking critter with my pants all tore
 Never had such a time in my life.
 Asked a lady clerk in there
 If she'd seen my wife Jerusha anywhere
 She thought I was crazy and run up stairs
 Never had such a time in my life.

Chorus

Jumped in the elevator and pulled the string
 Never had such a time in my life.
 It shot right up, the gol darned thing
 Never had such a time in my life.
 It kept on going till it got to the top
 And when it got there, it didn't stop
 Till it fell in the alley on the ground kerflop

Chorus

Cousin of Mine

Morton B. Howell

Chris Smith and Silvio Hein

An au - to - mo - bile ran one day through a stretch of fo - rest green A pole - cat sat on the
side of the road and looked at the great ma - chine. He won - dered if the
thing was a - live and how it ran so well Un - til the car passed out of sight and
left be - hind a smell. "On now I un - der - stand where you be - long," said he. You're the
lar - gest mem - ber I have seen of the pole - cat fa - mi - ly. but you're a cou - sin of mine, just a
cou - sin of mine. I'd re - cod - nize you an - y where and an - y old time. You don't fool me with
all your fuss and bu - zin. I'm not a - fraid of a thir - ty se - cond cou - in. Al though you're known all o - ver
the earth and famed in e - ver - y clime, You're just the stron - gest branch
of the fam' - ly tree. Honk! Honk! You're a cou - sin of mine. You're just a

Original Lyrics of “He's a Cousin of Mine”

by Cecil Mack

There's a scandal in the neighborhood
And it's all about Julie Brown
It seems her long-lost cousin, Jeremiah,
Had lately arrived in town
When Julie's “fella” came to call that Sunday at
her home
He found the pair a sitting there
Jes' a spooning in the gloam'.
The sight made him so riled
He started home at once.
But Julie said,
“I'm surprised at you
Dcon't go act like a dunce.”

Chorus

Why, he's a cousin of mine,
Just, a cousin of mine
You're li'ble for to see him here any old time.
Jes' like a bee you're all the time a buzzin'
'Taint' no harm for to hug and kiss your cousin.

haven't seen Jerry in the last ten years
You know that's a mighty long time!
He's mother's sister's angel child.
G'wan man!
He's a cousin of mine.

When she had explained her relationship
He replied, “It may be so,
But he don't look like a thirty-second cousin
That I met a week ago.”
She smiled at him quite innocently
And blushed up to her hair,
Then said, “If you don't want him round,
I'll tell him so, my dear.”
She joined her cousin's side
And as they strolled away
He heard him ask
“Who is that freak?”
And heard his Julie say,

Chorus

Lyrics for *Oh! Susanna*

Other songs in this book date from about 1900 or later. But Beersheba goes back to the 1830s and '40s, so here are the words to the great song of the 1840s. It must have been sung at Beersheba. It is not necessary to print the music for this Stephen Foster favorite, but the words, especially the second and fourth verse, may be useful. They have been modified slightly to fit modern sensitivity.

I came from Alabama, Wid a banjo on my knee,
I'm gwyne to Louisiana, My true love for to see.
It rain'd all night the day I left, The weather it was dry,
The sun so hot I froze to death; Susanna, don't you cry.

Chorus:

Oh! Susanna, Oh don't you cry for me,
cos' I've come from Alabama, Wid my banjo on my knee

I jumped aboard the telegraph, And trabbled down the
river,
De lectric fluid magnified, Till I begun to quiver.
De bullgine bust, de horse run off, I really thought I'd die;
I shut my eyes to hold my breath, Susanna don't you cry.
Chorus.

I had a dream the odder night, When ebery thing was still
I thought I saw Susanna A Coming down de hill;
The buck-wheat cake was in her mouth, The tear was in
her eye;
Says I, "I'm coming from de south, Susanna, don't you
cry."

Chorus

I soon will be in New Orleans, And den I'll look all
round,
And When I find Susanna, I will fall upon de ground.
And if I do not find her, Den I will surely die,
And when I'm dead and buried, Susanna, don't you cry.
Chorus

Lazy

Irving Berlin

Irving Berlin

Moderato

Voice

Ev - 'ry time I see a pup - py up - on a sum - mer's day a pup - py dog at play
Life is short and get - ting short - er with each day that goes by and how the time does fly

7

Voice

My heart is filled with en - vy That's be - cause mu heart is yearn - ing to pass the time a - way
Be - fore you know it's o - ver That's why I'm in such a hur - ry to pack my things and fly

13

Voice

Like that pup 'cause I, all fed up And tho' it's wrong to be I long to be La - zy I long to be
To a spot where's it's nice and hot And hear the bird - ies sing while I'm be - ing

19

Voice

out in the sun with no work to be done un - der that aw - ning They call the sky stretch - ing and

27

Voice

yawn - ing And let the world go drift - ing by I 'wan - na' peep through the deep tan - gled wild - wood

34

Voice

count - ing sheep 'til I sleep like a child would With a great big va - lise full of

41

Voice

books to read where it's peace - ful While I'm kill - ing time be - ing la - zy. zy.

Lazy was often sung as a solo number by Howell Adams. His son Tom keeps the tradition alive. Berlin pitched it in E-flat, but it has been transposed here down to C to be more singable by amateur voices.

Lyrics for “Good Night Ladies”

Goodnight ladies, Goodnight ladies
Goodnight ladies
We're going to leave us now.
Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along
Merrily we roll along, over the deep blue sea.

Farewell ladies, Farewell ladies
Farewell ladies
We're going to leave us now.

Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along
Merrily we roll along, over the deep blue sea

Sweet dreams ladies, Sweet dreams ladies
Sweet dreams ladies
We're going to leave us now
Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along
Merrily we roll along, over the deep blue sea.

Davy Crockett at Beersheba

Tom Blackburn

George Bruns

Moderato

Voice 

Born on a moun-tain top in Ten-nes-see, Green-est state in the land of the free,

Vo. 

Raised in the woods so he knew ev' ry tree, kilt him a b'ar when

Vo. 

he was on - ly three. Da - vy, Da - vy Crock-ett King of the wild fron - tier.

1. You've heard of Davy Crockett here and thar
Have you heard how he came to Beersheba?
Walking through the woods looking for a still
Took him a swim – in the pool at Long's Mill.
Chorus: Davy, Davy Crockett, King of the wild
frontier. (Repeat after each verse.)

2. Davy said the mountain was full of game;
That was before the Methodists came.
Once Davy gave us all a big shock;
Stood on his head – on the balancing rock.

3. History says that t'was long ago
Davy died at the Alamo.
But when they offered him a crown and a star,
Davy said, “Pete – just give me Beersheba!”

4. He came up the mountain with a huff and puff
But he couldn't find a way to get through the bluff.
Before Bud closed, he had to get to the store,
So he opened him up – the Great Stone Door.

5. Well, the bases were loaded but the outs were
two,
The coach prayed, “Davy, what can you do?”
Davy stepped up a swing to take
And poled that ball – to the Earthman lake.

6. Davy, as you know, he loves to dance
Cuts quite a figur' in his buckskin pants.
“If you don't know how, but you want to larn
Come on out – to Howell's big old barn.”

7. Davy, of course, he loved his game
But now things are no more the same.
Better than even a bushy-tailed fox
He likes a smile – from Ellen Cox.

8. When he drops by to pay respect
To John Armfield, he sits on the deck
Of Peach Blossom and lifts a barr'l
To drink a toast – to Theresa Carl.

9. Davy takes a walk every now and then
Over to T'other and back again,
Not to get lost he keeps at his side
His friend Jo Fassnacht – for to be his guide.

10. Mostly Davy wears a coon skin cap,
The coon, he came from Alum Gap,
But on the Fourth of July, to look real swell,
He borrows a hat – from Larry Papel.



11. Davy is always a-scanning the skies
Looking everywhere for butterflies
That's how he met a favorite pal,
A lady he calls – Miss Margaret Ha'l.

12. He goes to the library to check email
And tell the children a frontier tale.
He throws them kisses; they give him hugs.
Of course they think he's – Melissa Scruggs.

13. If Davy is ever a-feeling blue
He throws a few pots for Phil Mayhew,
When the Internet confuses his pate,
He gets Ralph Thompson – to set him straight.

14. He saw Sam Chester just a-sittin' around
“Sam,” said Davy, “I'll show you some ground
And help you to build for Bettie and crew
A house and a half – with a Savage Gulf view.”

15. Davy, he loves a yarn to spin
And tell it with a big wide grin,
So when he has a little time to kill
He sits on the porch – with Sonny Boy Hill.

16. If Davy has a job more than he can do,
Something that'd take an ox or two,
But only for these superman jobs,
He always turns – to Renae Hobbs.

17. Davy is pretty good with names
Knows them all, or so he claims,

From the Panhandle to out past Dan,
Including the whole – Alf Adams clan.

18. But the Howell Cottage boggles his mind,
So many names are there to find,
Franklin, Whitfield, Trost, Orr and Snow,
But not any Howells -- not any mo'.

19. So Davy took a look at the family tree,
Saw seven daughters of Morton B.
“Oh, now I understand,” said he,
“Why you have more names – than China has
tea!”

20. If Davy gets hurt walking in the parks
He heads right to doc Norma Sparks.
When he needs a helper to get results,
He knows he can count – on Gloria Fults.

21. Davy loves poetry and erudition,
Likes to remember a long tradition.
That's why he has a secret bower
Where he converses with – Herschel Gower.

22. Davy keeps up with the talk of the town.
That keeps him a'hoppin' aroun'.
But if he's ever a little bored,
He sits and talks – with old John Ford.

23. If Davy ever feels a little ill
He drops by Garrett's to get a pill,
But when he needs to feel real strong,
He gets Tom Adams – to sing him this song!

24. He has many friends around these parts,
Some have rough faces but gentle hearts.
Thin man, fat man, short and tall.
But he likes Bud Whitman – the best of all.

25. Beersheba, he says, is the top of the nation,
The finest place in all creation,
The crowning jewel of Tennessee,
The greenest state – in the land of the free.

*Verses 1, 2, 24 and 25 found in the papers of
Morton B. Howell. Others were in a different
hand.*

Oh! How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning!

Irving Berlin

Ther oth - er day I chanced to meet a sol - dier friend of mine. He'd been in camp for sev' - ral weeks a
The bu - gler in the ar - my is the luck - i - est of men. He wakes the boys at five and then goes

7
he was look - ing fine. His mus - cles had de - vel - oped and his cheeks were ro - sy red. I
back to bed a - gain. He does - nt have to blow aa - gain un - til the af - ter noon. If

13
asked him how he liked the life And this is what he said: Oh! How I hate to get up in the morn -
er - ry thing goes well with me I'll be a bu - gler soon.

20
ing! Oh! How I'd love to re-main in bed! For the hard - est blow of all Is to hear the gu - gle

28
call "You've got to get up, you've got to get up you've got to get up this morn - ing!" Some day I'm
Oh boy the

34
go - ing to mur - der the bu - gler. Some day they're go - ing to find him dead. I'll am - pu - tate his
min - ute the bat - tle is o - ver, oh boy the min - ute the foe is dead. I'll put my un - ni -

42
re - vil - le and step up - on it hea - vi - ly and spend the rest of my life in bed.
form a - way and move to my dear Beer - she - ba and spend the rest of my life in bed.

This song from 1918 when Irving Berlin was in the Army has evidently touched a chord even with those not fortunate enough to have a live bugler. If you'd rather not murder the bugler, you can sing:

Some day I'm going to sleep through the bugle call.
Some day I won't even lift my head.
He can blow and blow his reveille,
And I will sleep more heavily
And spend the rest of my life in bed.