

SINGS OF



CANDIE LAKE
THE TAYLOR STATEN CAMPS

SONGS FROM CANOE LAKE

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(83) COUNTRY ROADS

Almost heaven, West Virginia
Blue Ridge Mountain, Shenandoah
River
Life is old there, older than the trees
Younger than the mountains, blowin'
like a breeze.

CHORUS:

Country roads, take me home to the
place I belong,
West Virginia, mountain mama, take
me home, country roads.

All my memories gather around her
Finest lady stranger to blue water
Dark and dusty, painted on the sky,
Miss the taste of moonshine,
teardrops in my eyes.

I hear her voice in the morning hour
she calls me
Radio reminds me of my home so far
away,
Driving down the road I get a feeling
that I should have been home
Yesterday, yesterday...

(84) CHAMPS ELYSEES

Je me baladais sur l'avenue,
le coeur ouvert a l'inconnu,
J'avais envie de dire bonjour a
n'importe-qui.
N'importe-qui et ce fut toi,
Je t'ai dit n'importe-quoi,
Il s'efficaait de se parler pour
s'apprivoiser

CHORUS:

Aux Champs Elysees, aux Champs
Elysees,
Au soleil, sous la pluie, a midi ou a
minuit,
Il y a tout ce que vous voulez aux
Champs Elysees.

Tu m'as dit j'ai rendez-vous dans un
sous-sol avec des fous,
Qui vivent la guitare a la main du soir
au matin.
Alors je t'ai accompagner, on a
chanter, on a danser,
Et on a meme pas penser a
s'embrasser.
Hier soir deux inconnus, et ce matin
sur l'avenue,
Deux amoureux etourdis par la longue
nuit.
Et de l'Etoile a la Concorde, un
orchestre a mille cordes,
Tous les oiseaux du point du jour nous
chantent l'amour.

(1) MORNING GRACE

Yesterday is now a memory,
Beneath tomorrow's veil we cannot
see,
The dawn brings unspoiled hours for
work and play - Let us salute today.

May we be true to all the light we see,
Loyal and strong, that we may proudly
be,
with joy and beauty lighting up the

way,

Masters of life today.

Music by - Michael Head

Words by - Dr. A.E. Haydon

(2) NOON HOUR GRACE

Thankful for life and all the joys of
living,

For food and friends and nature's
bounteous giving,

We take our stand with free men
everywhere,

Who spend their lives to make earth
still more fair,

And spread life's noblest gifts that all
may share.

Music by - Bill Scott, 1948

Words by - Dr. A.E. Haydon, 1925-48

camper & staff

**(3) EVENING GRACE (Hymn of
Thanks)**

Let us give thanks that life is high
adventure,

That unscathed heights await us,
await us every day.

Let us be glad for work and love and
laughter,

For loyal friends and comrades,
and comrades on the way.

The evening shadows gather round
the sunset,

This day will join our long lost
yesterdays,

As builders of a better world we seek,
May we be wise to use each newborn
day,

Let us give thanks.

Music by - Murray Adaskin

Words by - Dr. A. E. Haydon

(4) EVENING HYMN (The Ahmek Hymn)

Lift we our hearts to the home of our dream,
Where beauty of nature and sky's glory gleam,
Deep in the wildwood, set like a gem,
Hail to old Ahmek, the maker of men.

Here broods the spirit of life of the age,
Here calls the future for saviour and sage,
Pledge we our hearts to thy spirit again,
Spirit of Ahmek, the maker of men.

(5) HYMN OF THANKSGIVING

We praise thee our Father,
O hear our thanksgiving,
For days rich with beauty,
with joy and delight,
For sunlight at noon-day,
the blue tint of evening,
The clear star at dusk,
the quietness of night.

(6) THE SALUTATION TO THE DAWN (spoken)

Listen to the salutation to the dawn,
Look to this day, for it is life, the very life of life.

In its brief course lie all the verities and realities of our existence:
The glory of action,
The bliss of growth,
The splendour of beauty.
For yesterday is but a dream and tomorrow is only a vision,
But today well spent makes every yesterday a dream of happiness,
And every tomorrow a vision of hope.
Such is the salutation to the dawn.

(7) WAPOMEQ, LITTLE WAPOMEQ

Wapomeq, little Wapomeq,
We're the snappiest campers of them all,
We swim and paddle, yes, we swim and paddle,
And we sail our dinghies in the squall.
Ready, ready, ready for the fun,
What we start is certain to be done,
Wapomeq, little Wapomeq,
We're the snappiest campers of them all.

(81) BIG BLUE FROG

I'm in love with a big blue frog,
A big blue frog loves me,
It's not as bad as it appears,
He's got glasses and he's six foot three.

I know we can make things work,
he's got good family sense,
His mother was a frog from Philadelphia,
And his daddy's an enchanted prince.

Well, I'm not worried about our kids,
I know they'll turn out neat -
They'll be great looking 'cause they'll have my face,
And great swimmers 'cause they'll have his feet.

I'm in love with a big blue frog,
A big blue frog loves me,
It's not as bad as it appears,
He's got rhythm and a Ph.D.

Now the neighbours are against it and it's plain to me,
And it's probably plain to you,
The value of the property would go right down,
if the family next door is blue.

I'm in love with a big blue frog,
A big blue frog loves me,
I've got it tattooed on my chest it says,
PHROG, frog to me...P.H.R.O.G..... YEAH.

(82) ALOUETTE

CHORUS:

Alouette, gentille alouette,
Alouette, je te plumerai

Je te plumerai la tête,
Et la tête, Alouette,
Ah...

Je te plumerai les yeux,
Et les yeux, et la tête, Alouette,
Ah...

Je te plumerai le nez,
Et le nez, et les yeux, et la tête,
Alouette
Ah...

Je te plumerai la bouche
Et la bouche, et le nez, et les yeux, et la tête, Alouette
Ah...

Je te plumerai les genoux
Et les genoux, et la bouche, et le nez, et les yeux, et la tête, Alouette
Ah...

Je te plumerai les pieds
Et les pieds, et les genoux, et la bouche, et le nez, et les yeux, et la tête, Alouette
Ah...

(79) THE CHICKEN SONG

We had some chickens, no eggs
would they lay (repeat)

My wife said: "Honey, this ain't funny,
we're losing money 'cause no eggs
would they lay."

One day a rooster flew in our yard,
and caught our chickens right off of
their guards.

They're laying eggs now like they
never used-ter,

ever since that rooster flew in our yard
(repeat)

We had a milk cow, no milk would she
give (repeat)

My wife said: "Honey, this ain't funny,
we're losing money 'cause no milk
would it give."

One day a rooster flew in our yard,
And caught our milk cow right off of
her guard.

She's giving egg nog like she never
used-ter,

ever since that rooster flew in our yard
(repeat)

We had a dog, no pups would she
give (repeat)

My wife said: "Honey, this ain't funny,
we're losing money 'cause no pups
will she give."

One day a rooster flew in our yard,
And caught our dog right off of its
guard.

She's givin' pooched eggs like she
never used-ter,
ever since that rooster flew in our yard
(repeat)

We had a gum tree, no gum would it
give (repeat)

My wife said: "Honey, this ain't funny,
we're losing money 'cause no gum
would it give."

One day a rooster flew in our yard,
And caught our gum tree right off of it's
guard.

It's giving Chicklets like it never used-
ter,

ever since that rooster flew in our yard
(repeat)

(80) DON'T THROW YOUR JUNK

Don't throw your junk in my backyard,
my backyard, my backyard.

Don't throw your junk in my backyard,
My backyard's full.

Fish and chips and vinegar,
vinegar, vinegar,

fish and chips and vinegar,
pepper, pepper, pepper, salt.

One bottle of pop, two bottle of pop,
three bottle of pop, four bottle of pop,

five bottle of pop, six bottle of pop,
seven, seven bottle of pop.

(8) O CANADA

O Canada, terre de nos aieux
Ton front est ceint de fleurons glorieux
Car ton bras sait porter l'eppee
Il sait porter la croix

Ton histoire est une epopée
Des plus brillants exploits

Et la valeur de toi trempe
Protegera nos foyers et nos droits

Protegera nos foyers et nos droits

(9) IT'S SHOW NIGHT (Ahmek)

It's show night! It's show night!
The curtain's up in an hour,

The Waps are a-coming,
The whole camp is humming,
And Archie is turning on power.

It's show night! It's show night!
The actors are in form,

The stage is all set
And tho' some paint is wet
We're waiting to take you by storm,
Show night! Show night! Tonight!

(10) WHEN WE GET UP TO AHMEK

When we get up to Ahmek,
What a riot we will make

Good-bye home for awhile
Hello, Canoe Lake

We'll be there all summer,
We won't be back till fall,

If we had our way, we wouldn't go
back at all.

We're on our way, we're on our way
We'll go make whoop, whoop,

whoopie night and day
And any time you want us,

Tracks you'll have to make,
To good old Ahmek, up on Canoe
Lake.

(11) INDIAN WAPOMEO

Wapomeo, Wapomeo
Land of Totem poles,

Home of Indian souls,
Romance of another day, hear the
Indians pray,

For their loved ones all day long
When our chieftains call,
Tonakela we will fall,

Ever to thine own command, no one in
the land,

Makes our life just one sweet song.
Daughter of Canoe Lake Moon
Water falls lull me to sleep,

Drifting to the sound of the loon,
Has my life and treasures to keep.

I will guard you with my life,
Happy hunting grounds we'll see
Daughter of Canoe Lake Moon
Share this life and love with me.

(12) HIAWATHA'S DEPARTURE
(closing ceremony of Indian Council Ring)

Mourn ye not for my departure,
Mourn ye not, I go upon a journey;
I, Hiawatha, soon will have departed.
Mourn ye not, my journey is eternal.
I, Hiawatha, soon will have gone
forever.
Fare-three-well, then Hiawatha,
Fare-three-well, o fare-three-well
forever;
Sinks the sun, our prophet goeth
onward.
Fare-three-well, may stars shine on thy
journey;
O, Hiawatha, through shadows
everlasting.

(13) OMAHA TRIBAL PRAYER

Wo-kon-da dhe-dhu Wa-pa-dhin a-
ton-he.
Wo-kon-da dhe-dhu Wa-pa-dhin a-
ton-he.
*Translation: Father, a needy one
stands
before Thee, I that sing am he.*

(14) FIRE'S BURNING

Fire's burning, fire's burning,
Draw nearer, draw nearer,
In the glowing, in the glowing,
Come sing and be merry.

**(15) THE FLAG IS FURLED, THE
BOATS ARE MOORED**

The flag is furled, the boats are
moored,
The big bell tolls no more,
The spirits brood in solitude,
Along the silent shore.
When oft upon a winter's night,
Our spirits northward roam,
We'll take a cup and drink it to,
Ahmek - our northern home.

(16) I'M LONESOME FOR CAMP

I'm lonesome for camp on Lake
Canoë,
I long to be there once more.
I long to be there, where life is so fair,
Back on old Lake Canoë's shore.
Ahmek, I'm dreaming of you.
Ahmek, your boys dare and do.
Gem of the lakes, you are beautiful
too,
I'm dreaming, dreaming of you.

(77) BOBBY MCGEE

Busted flat in Baton Rouge,
heading for the train,
feeling nearly's faded as my jeans,
Bobby turned the diesel down
just before it rained,
Took us all the way to New Orleans.
I took my harpoon out of my dirty red
bandana,
and was blowin' sad while Bobby sang
the blues,
With those windshield wipers slap in
time and Bobby clapping hands,
We nearly sang every song the driver
knew.

CHORUS:

Freedom's just another word for
nothing left to lose,
Nothin' ain't worth nothin' but it's free,
Feelin' good was easy, Lord,
when Bobby sang the blues,
Feelin' good was good enough for me,
good enough for me and Bobby
McGee.

From the coal mines of Kentucky to
the California sun,
Bobby shared the secrets of my soul,
Standing right beside me, Lord,
through everything I've done
And every night she kept me from the
cold
And somewhere near Salinas, Lord,
I let her slip away,
Searching for a home I hope she'll find
But I'd give all my tomorrows for a
single yesterday,
holding Bobby's body close to mine

(78) EVERYBODY GET TOGETHER

Love is but a song we sing,
Fear's the way we die.
You can make the mountains ring,
or make the angels cry.
Know the dove is on the wing,
and you need not know why.

CHORUS:

C'mon people now, smile on your
brother,
everybody get together,
try to love one another right now.

Some will come and some may go,
we shall surely pass
When the one who left us here,
returns for us at last.
We are but a moment's sunlight,
fading on the grass

If you hear the song I sing, you must
understand
You hold the key to love and fear,
all in your trembling hands.
One key unlocks them both you know,
and it's at your command

(74) SONG SUNG BLUE

Song sung blue, everybody knows
one,
Song sung blue, every garden grows
one,
Me and you are subject to the blues
now and then,
But when you take the blues and
make a song,
You sing it out again, sing it out again.

Song sung blue, weepin' like a willow
Song sung blue, sleepin' on my pillow
Funny things but you can sing it with a
cry in your voice,
And before you know it, start to feelin'
good,
You simply got no choice
(Repeat 1st verse)

(75) MY BONNIE LIES OVER THE OCEAN

My bonnie lies over the ocean,
My bonnie lies over the sea,
My bonnie lies over the ocean,
Oh, bring back my bonnie to me.
Bring back, bring back,
Oh bring back my bonnie to me, to me.
Bring back, bring back,
Oh bring back my bonnie to me.

(76) BLOWING IN THE WIND

How many roads must a man walk
down
before you call him a man?
How many seas must a white dove sail
before she sleeps in the sand?
How many times must the cannon
balls fly
before they're forever banned?

CHORUS:

The answer my friend, is blowing in
the wind,
The answer is blowing in the wind.
How many times must a man look up
before he can see the sky?
How many ears must one man have
before he can hear people cry?
How many deaths will it take till he
knows
that too many people have died?

How many years can a mountain exist
before it is washed to the sea?
How many years can some people
exist
before they're allowed to be free?
How many times can a man turn his
head,
pretending he just doesn't see?

(17) TUCK ME TO SLEEP

Tuck me to sleep in my Algonquin
home,
Cover me with Ahmek tents,
And leave me there alone,
Just let the tide wash my hide every
morn,
Let the kissing I'm missing,
Wait for me on my return.
I've not had a bit of rest - ooh!
Since I left my Ahmek nest,
I can always rest the best,
On Canoe Lake shore.

Tuck me to sleep in my Algonquin
home,
Let me lay there, stay there,
Never no more to roam. No more to
roam.

(18) COME, WAPOMEO CAMPERS

Come, Wapomeo campers, join our
band,
We know our camp's the finest in the
land.
We wave our colours 'way up in the
air,
And they will fly no matter if it's cold or
if it's fair.
So fight, fight, fight, all the time
For fame and glory we will swiftly find.
We stand for fair play, square play,
Sis boom bah, rah, rah, rah, Lake
Canoe.

**(19) AHMEK, HOW I LOVE YOU,
HOW I LOVE YOU**

Ahmek, how I love you, how I love
you,
My dear old Ahmek,
The pines sway to and fro,
The sunset's all aglow,
And campfires on the shore,
Reflecting on the waters calm and
clear,
As darkness grows deeper,
The friends we make will always
remain
True to us forevermore.

Ahnek, how I love you, how I love
you,
My dear old Ahmek,
I want to be back there,
And breathe that northern air,
With riding, sailing, swimming,
Blue skies, high above me, high above
me,
All summer through,
And I will always want to go back
To my summer home on Lake Canoe.

(20) I WANT TO GO BACK TO LAKE CANOE

I want to go back to Lake Canoe,
On Wapomeo Isle
Back to the days of camping trips,
Back to the days of skinny dips,
I want to go back to Lake Canoe,
On Wapomeo Isle.
Oh, I want to go back, I've got to go
back
to Lake Canoe.
Oh! Father and mother pay all the bills
And we have all the fun,
In friendly rivalry on Lake Canoe.
How! How!
I wonder how they're getting along
At Ahmek when we've gone
Oh, I want to go back, I've got to go
back
to Lake Canoe.

(22) UN CANADIEN ERRANT

Un Canadien errant, banni de ses
foyer,
Parcourait en pleurant, des pays
étrangers
(repeat all lines twice)
Un jour triste et pensif assis au bord
des flots,
Au courant fugitif il adressa ces mots.
Si tu vois mon pays, mon pays
malheureux,
Va dis a mes amis que je me souviens
d'eux.
O jours si pleins d'appas vous etes
disparus,
Et ma patrie helas, je ne la verrai plus.
Non, mais en expirant, O mon chere
Canada,
Mon regard languissant vers toi se
portera.

(72) MARVELOUS LITTLE TOY

When I was just a wee little lad,
fully of health and joy,
My father homeward came one night,
and he gave to me a toy.
Oh wonder to behold it was,
with a many a colours bright,
And the moment I laid eyes on it,
it became my heart's delight.

CHORUS:

It went ZIP when it moved
and POP when it stopped,
and BURR when it stood still,
I never knew just what it was
and I guess I never will.

The first time that I picked it up,
I had a big surprise,
For right on it's bottom were two big
buttons
that looked like big green eyes.
I first pushed one and then the other,
and then I twisted it's lid.
And when I set it down again,
this is what it did...

Well the years have gone by too
quickly it seems,
Now I have my own little boy,
And yesterday, I gave to him
my marvelous little toy.
His eyes nearly popped right out of his
head,
and he gave a squeal of glee.
Neither one of us knows just what it is,
but he loves it just like me...

(73) BOA CONSTRICTOR

I am being swallowed, by a boa
constrictor,
I am being swallowed, by a boa
constrictor,
I am being swallowed, by a boa
constrictor,
And I don't like it very much
Oh no, oh no, he swallowed my toe,
he swallowed my toe.
Oh gee, oh gee, he's up to my knee,
he's up to my knee.
Oh fiddle, oh fiddle, he's reached my
middle,
he's reached my middle.
Oh heck, oh heck, he's up to my neck,
he's up to my neck.
Oh dread, oh dread, he swallowed
my...urp.

(21) SWING ME IN THE MOONLIGHT

Swing me in the moonlight, in the
moonlight tonight,
Swing high, swing low, swing me over
the apple tree, Joe.
Don't stop for a spoon dear, there's a
bright light overhead,
I'll pay you, Joe, the kisses I owe,
when the moon has gone to bed.

**(23) WAY UP IN ALGONQUIN
(Tune: Ash Grove)**

Way up in Algonquin, there lies on an
island
The camp Wapomeo, we all love it so
'Tis here we all gather to work and
play together
In rain or in sunshine, the whole
summer through
In the evening round the campfire
We sit and sing together
And kindle fires of friendship the
bonds firm and true.
When summer days are over
We leave you, dear Wapomeo
We always will cherish the memories
of you.

It first marched left and then marched
right,
and then marched under a chair,
And when I looked where it had gone,
it wasn't even there.
I started to cry but my daddy laughed
for he knew that I would find
When I turned around my marvelous
toy,
would be chugin, chugin, chugin from
behind...

(70) 500 MILES

If you miss the train I'm on,
you will know that I am gone,
You can hear the whistle blowin' 500
miles.

CHORUS:
500 miles, 500 miles, 500 miles, 500
miles,
You can hear the whistle blowin' 500
miles.

Not a shirt on my back,
not a penny to my name,
Lord I can't go back home this a way.

Lord I'm 1, Lord I'm 2, Lord I'm 3, Lord
I'm 4,
Lord I'm 500 miles from my home.

CHORUS:
Away from home, away from home,
away from home, away from home,
Lord I'm 500 miles from my home.

(71) FOUR STRONG WINDS

CHORUS:
Four strong winds that blow lonely,
Seven seas that run high
All those things that don't change
Come what may
But the good times have all gone,
And I'm bound for moving on
I'll look for you if I'm ever back this
way.

Think I'll go out to Alberta,
Weather's good there in the fall,
Got some friends that I can go to
workin' for,
Still I wish you'd change your mind,
If I asked you one more time,
But we've been through that 100 times
or more.

If I get there before the snow flies,
And if things are looking good,
You could meet me if I send you down
the fare,
But by then it would be winter,
Nothing much for you to do,
And those winds sure can blow cold
way out there.

**(24) TRIPPING - THAT IS THE LIFE
FOR ME**

Tripping - that is the life for me,
Algonquin Park is where I long to be.
With my pals, packs and paddles,
And my Ahmek canoe,
Over lakes and portages
Thrill me through and through
Early to bed and early up with the sun,
A real tripper's breakfast and the day's
begun.
It's just swimming and fishing
and paddling all day,
I love to spend my holidays the Ahmek
way.

(25) ALL MY TRAILS

There is a tree in paradise
The pilgrims call it the tree of life

CHORUS:
All my trails, Lord,
Soon be over.

I had a book, it was given to me
And every page spelt liberty

If religion was a thing that money
could buy
The rich would live and poor would die

Too late my brothers, too late,
But never mind.

(26) TONIGHT

Tonight we gathered here, some with
a sigh
For now we are nearing the hour of
goodbye.
It's been a great summer, we all must
agree.
We'd like to thank you, from Kiowa to
Cree, tonight
The times that we've had here we'll
always remember
The Willson, The Three Day,
the tripping, the fun.
But now it's all over.

(27) I WANT TO LINGER

Mmm - I want to linger,
Mmm - a little longer,
Mmm - a little longer here with you.
Mmm - it's such a perfect night,
Mmm - it doesn't seem quite right,
Mmm - that it should be my last with
you.
Mmm - and come September,
Mmm - I will remember,
Mmm - those camping days I shared
with you.
Mmm - and as the years go by,
Mmm - I'll think of you and sigh,
Mmm - this is good night but not
goodbye.

(28) ALGONQUIN BLUES

Storm in the night, no moon above -
That cold dark feeling, can this be
love?
I hear your voice whisper softly that
melody divine,
And the air was filled with romance,
and I thought that you were mine.
Then fate came uninvited
and broke that magic knot.
I waited in the shadows
and now I know I've got -
Those Algonquin Blues -
When they hit you, if they hit you, you'll
discover
That when you get those Blues you
don't recover.
The days are long and wet with rain,
The nights are cold and racked with
pain,
For when that man of yours you lose -
You get sad, not glad, Algonquin
Blues.
Nothin's cookin', I'm not lookin' for a
late date,
O' man cupid shoots them solid but
it's too late.
The moon and stars may shine in vain,
But I will never love again.
For when that man of yours you lose,
You get the sad, not the glad,
Algonquin Blues.
Algonquin Blues.

(29) ACH VON DER MUSIKANT

Ach von der musikant,
Deutches faterlander,
Ach von spielen,
Ach von spielen,
Let us play the zumba za:
Zumba, zumba, zumba za,
Zumba, zumba, zumba za,
Zumba, zumba, zumba za,
Zumba, zumba, zumba za,
Zumba, zumba, zumba za,
Ach von der musikant, etc....

Let us play the violin: vio, vio, vio-la...
Let us play the telephone: hello, hello,
hello, hello...
Let us play the tuba-ta: tuba, tuba,
tuba-ta...
Let us play the wash-a-board: rinsa,
rinsa, rinsa-way...

(30) O'REILLY, O'REILLY

Group One:
Brumm...
Brumm...
Brummm, brummm, brummm...
Group Two:
O'Reilly is dead and O'Reilly don't
know it,
O'Reilly is dead and O'Reilly don't
know it,
They're both lying dead in the very
same bed,
And neither one knows that the other
is dead.

(67) THE AUSTRIAN SONG

Oh, an Austrian sat yodelling on a
mountain top high,
When along came a cuckoo bird,
interrupting his cry.

CHORUS:

Oh, lay a-oh da la ki-ki, Oh da la
cuckoo-cuckoo
Oh de la ki-ki, Oh da la cuckoo-cuckoo
Oh de la ki-ki, Oh da la cuckoo-cuckoo
Oh de la ki-ki, Oh

Oh, an Austrian sat yodelling...
2) when along came a grizzly bear
3) when along came a St. Bernard
4) when along came an avalanche
5) when along came a pretty girl
6) when along came the girl's father,
interrupting his cry.

Oh, lay A-oh da la ki-ki, Oh da la
cuckoo-cuckoo,
grrr, pant, pant, swish, kiss, BANG!

(68) SHOWNIGHT - WAPOMEO

It's shownight, it's shownight,
We're off to the lodge very soon.
The directors are cursing,
the stars are rehearsing,
We're hoping they'll all sing in tune...

It's shownight, it's shownight,
We'll hear jokes and songs and skits.
The actresses are ready,
with knees quite unsteady,
and a costume that hardly fits.
It's shownight, shownight, tonight.

(69) CATCH THE WIND

In the chilly hours and minutes of
uncertainty,
I long to be in the warm hold of your
love and mine,
To feel you all around me and to take
your hand along the sand;
Ah, but I may as well try and catch the
wind.

When sundown pales the sky I want to
hide awhile
Behind your smile and everywhere I'd
look your eyes I'd find
For me to love you now would be the
sweetest thing, would make me sing,
Ah, but I may as well try and catch the
wind.

When rain has hung the leaves with
tears,
I want you near to ease my fears, to
help me to leave all my blues behind
For standing in your arms is where I
want to be and long to be
Ah, but I may as well try and catch the
wind.

(65) FATHER AND SON

It's not time to make a change,
just relax, take it easy,
You're still young, that's your fault,
there's so much you have to know,
Find a girl, settle down,
if you want you can marry,
Look at me, I am old but I'm happy.
I was once like you are now
and I know it's not easy,
To be calm, once you've found
something going on.
But take your time, think a lot,
think of everything you've got,
For you will still be here tomorrow,
but your dreams may not.

How can I try to explain?
When I do he turns away again.
It's always been the same,
same old story.
From the moment I could talk,
I was ordered to listen,
Now there's a way and I know
that I have to go away.
I know I have to go.

It's not time to make a change,
just relax, take it easy,
You're still young, that's your fault,
there's so much you have to go
through,
Find a girl, settle down,
if you want you can marry,
Look at me, I am old but I'm happy.
All the times that I've cried,
keeping all the things I know inside,
it's hard, but it's harder to ignore it.
If they were right, I'd agree

but it's them they know, not me,
Now there's a way, and I know
that I have to go away,
I know I have to go.

**(66) YOU GET THE FEELING (Bryan
Elliot 1968)**

You get the feeling and you know it's
there,
Bonds of friendship everywhere,
Times of hardship, times of fun,
But you look back and smile
when the day is done.
The look of pine trees tall and strong,
A trip in the Park where you paddle so
long,
The cry of seagulls, and the cold fresh
air,
You get the feeling, and you know it's
there.

A place you'd always call second
home
No matter how far away you might
roam
And I'm sure on a cold winter's day
You'll think of Wap and this is what
you'll say:
I know a place on an island so small
A place where pine trees grow so tall,
A place where love and friendship lie,
And you can't describe the feeling
when you say goodbye.
(Repeat 1st verse)

(31) BRAZEN LITTLE RAISIN

Way out in California, where the
sunbeams shine,
A little grape was hanging on a big
grape vine,
Said mama grape, "Be careful, don't
get too much sun,
'cause grapes turn into raisins when
they're too well done."

CHORUS:

Shame, shame, the brazen little raisin,
Shame, shame, he wasn't so smart,
Shame, shame, the brazen little raisin,
He's gonna be a part of a raisin tart.

"Now who's afraid of sunshine?", said
the grape quite bold,
As out into the vineyard in the sun he
rolled,
And after several hours when he felt
his head,
He was shrivelled up and wrinkled as
his mama said.
A farmer came and tossed him in a
great big crate,
A little lady raisin met the same sad
fate,
The lady raisin whispered, "Are you
man or grape?
There isn't any raisin why we can't
escape!"

They found a place to exit and they
rolled straight home,
And now they're in the vineyard, never
more to roam.
That's why on every grapevine you will
always see,
A couple of raisins hanging where two
grapes should be.

(32) BACK TO CIVILIZATION

--- more days of vacation, then we go
to the station,
Back to civilization, the train will carry
us there.
Back to mother and father,
Back to sister and brother,
Back to all the others,
The train will carry us there.
Don't want to go home, Don't want to
go home,
Don't want to go home so soon.
After all is said and done,
Camp's the only place for fun,
Don't want to go home, Don't want to
go home.
Don't want to go home so soon.
Why don't you stay, why don't you
stay?
Couchie would love to have you stay.
I'd like to stay, I'd like to stay,
But how in the heck will my parents
pay?

(33) THE BIRDIE SONG

Way up in the sky the little birds fly,
While down in their nests, the little
birds rest,
With a wing on the left, and a wing on
the right,
The birdies are sleeping all sound for
the night.
Sh-sh-sh- THE BIRDIES ARE
SLEEPING.
The bright sun comes up and the dew
falls away,
Good morning, good morning, the little
birds say.

(35) CHEER, CHEER

Cheer, cheer for Wap on Canoe,
Up north where we're never blue.
Friends and comrades all are we,
Working together, no matter weather,
Life may bring a smile or a frown,
For you our dear camp will win
renown,
Joyful campers how-de-do,
We'll see you on Lake Canoe,
A rowdy-a-dow Woolf!

(36) FATHER ABRAHAM

Father Abraham had seven sons sir,
had seven sons sir, had Father
Abraham
And he didn't laugh,
and he didn't cry,
All he did was go like this -

-with his left
-with his left and his right
-with his left and his right and his left
- with his left and his right and his left
and his right
-with his left and his right and his left
and his right and his hips
-with his left and his right and his left
and his right and his hips and his head
-with his left and his right and his left
and his right and his hips and his head
and his tongue

(63) PATSY OREE AY

Eighteen hundred and fifty-one
American railroad just begun,
American railroad just begun,
Workin' on the railroad.

CHORUS:

Patsy-or-ree-o-ree-ay,
Patsy-or-ree-o-ree-ay,
Patsy-or-ree-o-ree-ay,
Workin' on the railroad.

1852 looking around for something to
do

1853 railroad company accepted me:

1854 found my back was might more:

1855 found myself more dead than

alive:

1856 stepped on a pile of dynamite

sticks:

1857 found myself on the way to

heaven:

1858 pickin' the lock at the pearly

gate:

1859 floating around on the clouds

sublime:

**(64) OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL
MORNIN'**

There's a bright golden haze on the
meadow,
There's a bright golden haze on the
meadow,

The corn is as high as an elephant's
eye,
An' it looks like it's climbin' clear up to
the sky.

CHORUS:
Oh, what a beautiful mornin',
Oh, what a beautiful day,
I got a beautiful feelin',
Everything's goin' my way.

All the cattle are standin' like statues,
All the cattle are standin' like statues,
They don't turn their heads as they
see me ride by,
But a little brown mav'rick is winkin'
her eye.

All the sounds of the earth are like
music,
All the sounds of the earth are like
music,
The breeze is so busy it don't miss a
tree,
And an ol' weepin' willer is laughin' at
me!

**(34) COME ALL YOU CAMPERS
DEAR (Wap Review 1964)**

Come - all - you -campers, dear,
Who come here every year,
We get together at Camp Wapomeo.
We love to sail and ride with Ahmek by
our side,
But our hearts are true to Wapomeo.
La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la,
La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la,
We take trips through the Park.
And paddle straight to dark,
And then we sit and sing of Wapomeo,
And when we're far away,
We'll think back to the day,
We had to go away from Camp
Wapomeo,
La-la-la-la-la.

(59) ON A RIPPLY LAKE

On a ripply lake, in the morning we
wake,
We've travelled so far,
and now look where we are,
On Lake Carooe we're never blue,
at Wapo-Wapomeo.
From the cities hot, we have come to
this spot,
The people back there with their worry
and care
Wish they were here, our joys to share
at Wapomeo.
Can't you see that island, green on
waters gray,
Every girl upon it, has a summer gay.
Out across the lake comes the laugh
of the loon,
The mist will soon rise from the
mountains to skies,
Each little breeze up in the trees says
Wapomeo.

**(60) ROCK MY SOUL IN THE
BOSOM OF ABRAHAM**

Rock my soul in the bosom of
Abraham,
Rock my soul in the bosom of
Abraham,
Rock my soul in the bosom of
Abraham,
O, rock my soul.
So high, you can't get over it,
So low, you can't get under it,
So wide, you can't get around it,
Oh, rock my soul.

(61) SING HOSANNAH

Give me oil for my lamp, to keep it
burning
Give me oil for my lamp, I pray
Give me oil for my lamp, to keep it
burning
Keep it burning 'til the break of day

CHORUS:

(So) Sing Hosannah, sing Hosannah,
Sing Hosannah 'til the break of
day...(repeat)

2. Give me a will and a way to fight
temptation...
3. Give me a hand and a heart to help
my neighbour...

(62) MY PADDLE

My paddle's keen and bright,
flashing with silver,
Follow the wild goose flight,
Dip, dip, and swing.

Dip, dip, and swing her back
Flashing with silver,
Swift as the wild goose flight,
Dip, dip, and swing.

(37) MOUNTAIN DEW

Down the road there from me,
There's an old hollow tree,
Where they run off a gallon or two,
If you come 'round the bend, and you
come back again,
There's a gallon of that good old
mountain dew.

CHORUS:

They call it that good old Mountain
Dew

And them that refuse it are few (dang
few!)

So I'll hush up my mug
If you'll fill up my jug
With a gallon of that good old
Mountain Dew.

Oh, the preacher came by, with his
head held up high,
His wife had come down with the flu,
And he thought that I orta just slip him
a quart or a gallon of that good old
Mountain Dew

My brother, Bill, has a still on the hill,
Where he runs off a gallon or two,
The buzzards in the sky get so drunk
they cannot fly,
From the fumes of that good old
Mountain Dew.

My uncle Mort, he is sawed off and
short,

He measures 'bout four foot two,
But he feels like a giant if you give him
a pint,
Or a gallon of that good old Mountain
Dew.

My Auntie June has a brand new
perfume
She calls it Chanel number two,
But much to her surprise, when she
had it analyzed,
it was nothing but that good old
Mountain Dew!

(38) KUM BA YAH

Kum ba yah, my Lord, Kum ba yahi
Kum ba yah, my Lord, Kum ba yahi
Kum ba yah, my Lord, Kum ba yahi
O Lord - Kum ba yahi

Someone's crying, Lord, Kum ba yahi

Someone's singing, Lord, Kum ba yahi

Someone's praying, Lord, Kum ba yahi

(39) DEM BONES' GONNA RISE AGAIN

The Lord he thought he'd make a man,
'dem bones' gonna rise again,
he took a little water and took a little sand,
'dem bones' gonna rise again,

CHORUS:

I knowed it, knowed it,
Indeed I knowed it, brother,
I knowed it - hey!
'Dem bones' gonna rise again.

Thought he'd make a woman too,
Didn't know 'xactly what to do.

He took a rib from Adam's side,
With which he made his blushing bride.

He put them in a garden fair
Thought they'd be most happy there.

Apples, peaches, pears and such,
Of this fruit you must not touch.

Adam, you must leave this place,
And work some sweat off your face.

He crossed two sticks and made a plow,
And that's why we're all working now.

Of this song there ain't no more
'Cause my throat's getting mighty sore.

(40) DOWN BY THE OLD MILL STREAM

Down by the old mill stream,
Where I first met you,
With your eyes so blue,
Dressed in gingham, too.

It was there I knew,
That you loved me true,
You were sixteen,

My village queen,
Down by the old mill stream.

Down by the old, not the new,
but the old mill stream.

Where I first, not the second,
but the first, met you,

With your eyes, not your nose,
but your eyes, so blue,

Dressed in gingham, not in satin,
but gingham too.

It was there, not here, but there,
I knew, not thought but knew,

That you loved, not hated,
but loved, me true, not false but true,

You were sixteen, five-five-five-one,
My village queen, not the king but the queen.

Down by the old, not the new
but the old mill stream.

Not the river, but the stream.

(56) SONG FOR CANADA

How come we can't talk to each other anymore?

Why can't you see I'm changing too?
We've gone by far too long to end it
feeling wrong, and I still share too
much with you.

CHORUS:

Just one great river always flowing to
the sea,

One single river rolling in eternity,
Two nations in a land that lies along
each shore

But just one river rolling free.
How come you shut me out as if I

wasn't there?
What's this new bitterness you've
found?

However wrong you were, however
strong it hurt, it wasn't me that hurried
you down.

Why can't you understand I'm glad
you're standing proud,

I know you've made it on your own,
But in this pride you've earned,
I thought you might have learned,
That you don't have to stand alone.

Lonely northern rivers come together
'till you see

One single river rolling in eternity,
Two nations in a land that lies along
each shore,
But just one river, you and me.

(57) WA-PO-ME-O

WA-PO-ME-O Wap what do you say?

Around the world one travels far
In search of strange new sights,
But the place of our delight lies right
before our eyes,

On the shores of lake Canoe, where I
was found to be,

Oh, Wapomeo, her roots grow long,
And northern friendships strong,

There's no reason why we keep
returning,

It's because our hearts are yearning
Just to return to the place we call...

WA-PO-ME-O Wap, what do you say?

(58) YOU ARE MY SUNSHINE

The other night dear, as I lay sleeping,
I dreamed I held you in my arms,
When I awoke dear, I was mistaken,
And I hung my head and cried.

You are my sunshine, my only
sunshine,

You make me happy when skies are
gray

You'll never know dear, how much I
love you,

Please don't take my sunshine away.

You told me once dear, you really
loved me

And no one else could come between
But now you've left me and love
another

You have shattered all my dreams.

**(52) THERE'S AN ISLAND
SOMEWHERE (by Joy Wilson 1964)**

There's an island somewhere
where we can get away,
From the bustling city and all the
weary days.
We will leave our homes each summer
To join our friends once more
On that happy wooded isle, Canoe
Lake shore.
We will always cherish
the memories we have here
And when leaving Wapomeo,
we'll always shed a tear,
And when back in the city,
Our hearts they will be true,
Thinking of that wooded isle on Lake
Canoe.
Oh, it's a long, long summer,
with days filled with fun,
Tripping, sailing, riding, under the sun,
under the sun.
(repeat last verse)

(53) UPWARD TRAIL

We're on the upward trail!
We're on the upward trail!
Singing, singing, everybody singing,
as we go!
We're on the upward trail!
We're on the upward trail!
Singing, singing, everybody singing,
homeward bound!

(54) MISSISSIPPI MUD

When the sun goes down,
The stars come out,
People gather 'round
And they all begin to shout,
Hey, hey, Uncle Jud,
It's a treat to beat your feet
on the Mississippi mud,
It's a treat to beat your feet
on the Mississippi mud!
What a dance, do they do!
Lordy, how I'm telling you
They don't need a band,
They keep time by clapping their
hands,
Happy as a cow chewin' on its cud,
It's a treat to beat your feet
on the Mississippi mud!

**(55) SWING LOW, SWEET
CHARIOT**

CHORUS:
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Coming for to carry me home,
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Coming for to carry me home.
Well, I looked over Jordan and what
did I see,
Coming for to carry me home
A band of angels coming after me
Coming for to carry me home.
Repeat Chorus and Verse (with more
speed and action)

(41) SUM PAUPER EGO

Sum Pauper Ego
Nihil habeo
Et nihil dabo.

(42) HAPPY WANDERER

I love to go a-wandering,
Along the mountain track,
And as I go, I love to sing,
My knapsack on my back.

CHORUS:

Val-de-ri, Val-de-ra,
Val-de-ri, Val-de-ra-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha
Val-de-ri, Val-de-ra,
My knapsack on my back.

I love to wander by the stream,
That dances in the sun,
So joyously it calls to me,
"Come, join my happy song!"

I wave my hat to all I meet,
And they wave back to me,
And blackbirds call so loud and sweet
From every greenwood tree.

High overhead, the skylarks wing,
They never rest at home,
But just like me, they love to sing,
As o'er the world we roam.

Oh, may I go a-wandering
Until the day I die!
Oh, may I always laugh and sing,
Beneath God's clear blue sky.

(43) I'M PROUD TO BE ME

I'm proud to be me, and I also see,
You're just as proud to be you.
We all look at things a bit differently
But lots of good people do.
It's just human nature,
So why should I hate you
For being as human as I.
We get as we give if we live and let
live

And we'll all get along if we try.
I'm proud to be me, and I also see,
you're just as proud to be you,
It's true, you're just as proud to be you.

(44) KENTUCKY BLUES

1st Part:

Be it ever so humble,
There's no place like home.

2nd Part:

I got the blues for my
Kentucky home,
O boy, I'm blue
I miss my mammy's lovin',
I miss my pappy's too.
I'll tell the world that I'm a
rover,
But now my rovin' days are
over
I'm goin' back to my Kentucky
home,
Oh boy, I'm blue.

(45) JAMAICA FAREWELL

Down the way where the nights are
gay
And the sun shines gaily on the
mountain tops,
I took a trip on a sailing ship
And when I reached Jamaica, I made
a stop.

CHORUS:

But I'm sad to say I'm on my way,
Won't be back for many a day,
My heart is down, my head is turning
around,
I had to leave a little girl in Kingston
town.

Sounds of laughter everywhere,
And the dancing girls sway to and fro,
I must declare my heart is there
Tho I've been from Maine to Mexico.

Down at the market you can hear
Ladies cry out while on their heads
they bear
'Aki, rice, salt fish are nice,
And the rum, she is fine any time of
year.

**(46) MY HAT, IT HAS THREE
CORNERS**

My hat, it has three corners,
Three corners has my hat,
And had it not three corners,
It would not be my hat.

(47) JET PLANE

All my bags are packed and I'm ready
to go,
I'm standing here outside your door,
I hate to wake you up to say goodbye.
But the dawn is breaking, it's nearly
morn,
The taxi's waiting, it's blowing its horn,
Already I'm so lonesome I could cry.

CHORUS:

So kiss me and smile for me,
Tell me that you'll wait for me,
Hold me like you'll never let me go.
'Cause I'm leaving on a jet plane,
Don't know when I'll be back again,
Oh, babe, how I hate to go.

There's so many times I've let you
down,
So many times I've played around,
I tell you now, they don't mean a thing,
Every place I go, I'll think of you,
Every song I sing, I'll sing for you,
When I come back, I'll wear your
wedding ring.

Now the time has come for me to
leave you,
One more time, let me kiss you,
Then close your eyes and I'll be on my
way,
Dream about the days to come,
When I won't have to leave alone,
About the times when I won't have to
say:

(48) LAND OF THE SILVER BIRCH

Land of the silver birch,
Home of the beaver,
Where still the mighty moose wanders
at will...

CHORUS:

Blue lake and rocky shore,
I will return once more,
Boom de-de-boom-boom
Boom de-de-boom-boom
Boom de-de-boom-boom-boom.

My heart grows sick for thee
Here in the lowlands
I will return to thee, hills of the north...

High on a rocky ledge,
I'll build my wigwam,
Close by the water's edge, silent and
still...

**(49) LOVE GROWS UNDER THE
WILD OAK TREE**

Love grows under the wild oak tree,
Sugar flows like candy.

Top of the mountain shines like gold
If you kiss your little fella sort of handy
Dreams, dreams, sweet dreams
under the wild oak tree
Dreams, dreams, sweet dreams
One for you and me - oh -
Love grows under the wild oak tree,
Sugar flows like candy.
Top of the mountain shines like gold
If you kiss your little fella sort of handy

(50) WORKIN' ON THE RAILROAD

I've been working on the railroad, all
the livelong day,
I've been working on the railroad, just
to pass the time away,
Don'tcha hear the whistle blowin', rise
up so early in the morn,
Don'tcha hear the captain shoutin',
"Dinah, blow your horn!"
Dinah, won'tcha blow, Dinah, won'tcha
blow,
Dinah won'tcha blow your ho-o-orn?
Dinah, won'tcha blow, Dinah, won'tcha
blow,
Dinah won'tcha blow your ho-o-orn?

Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah,
someone's in the kitchen I kro-o-ow,
Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah,
strumming on the old banjo.

Fee, fie, fiddle-e-i-o,
Fee, fie, fiddle-e-i-o-o-o-o,
Fee, fie, fiddle-e-i-o,
strumming on the old banjo.

(51) MUSIC ALONE SHALL LIVE

All things shall perish from under the
sky,
Music alone shall live, music alone
shall live,
Music alone shall live, never to die.