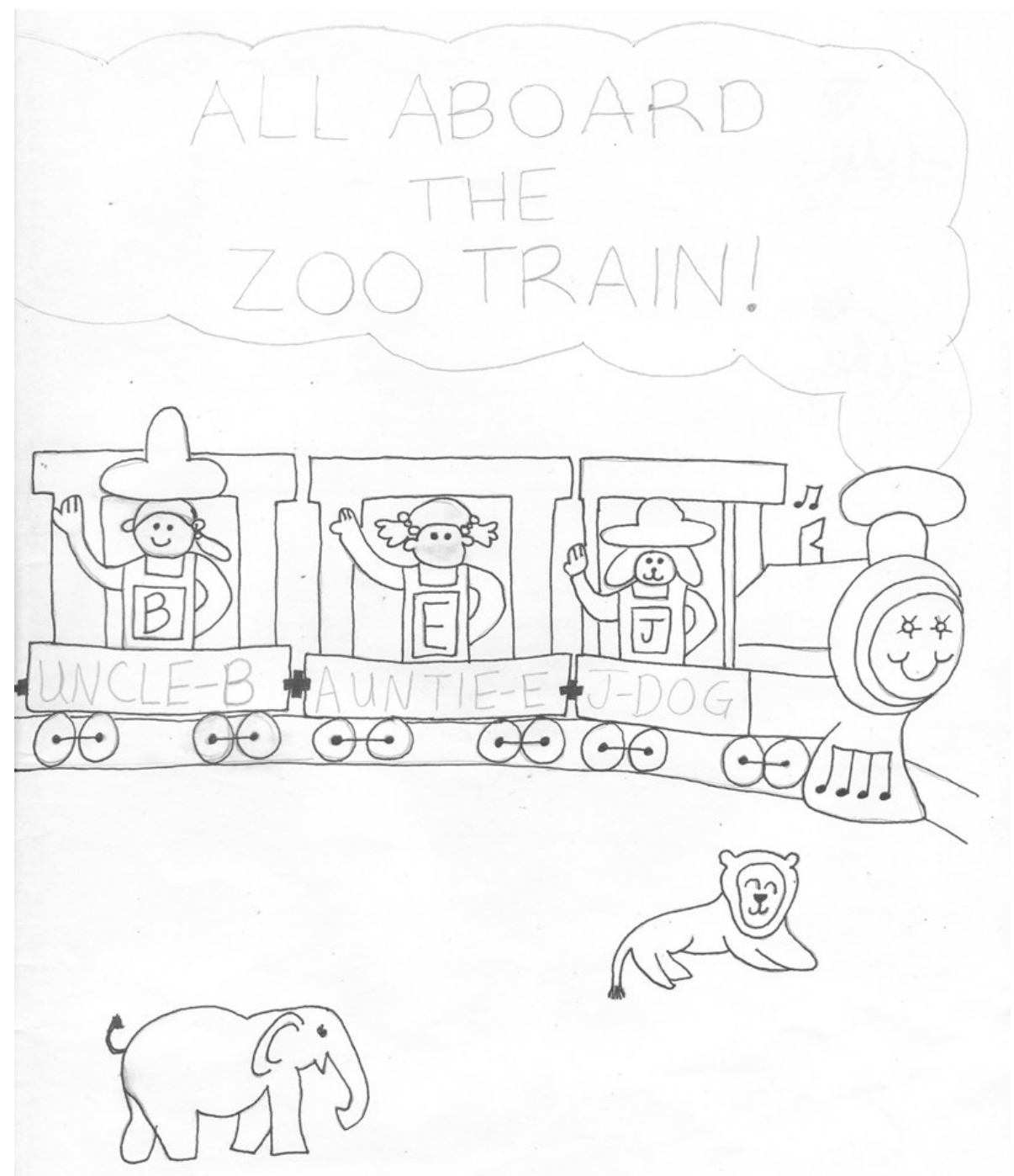


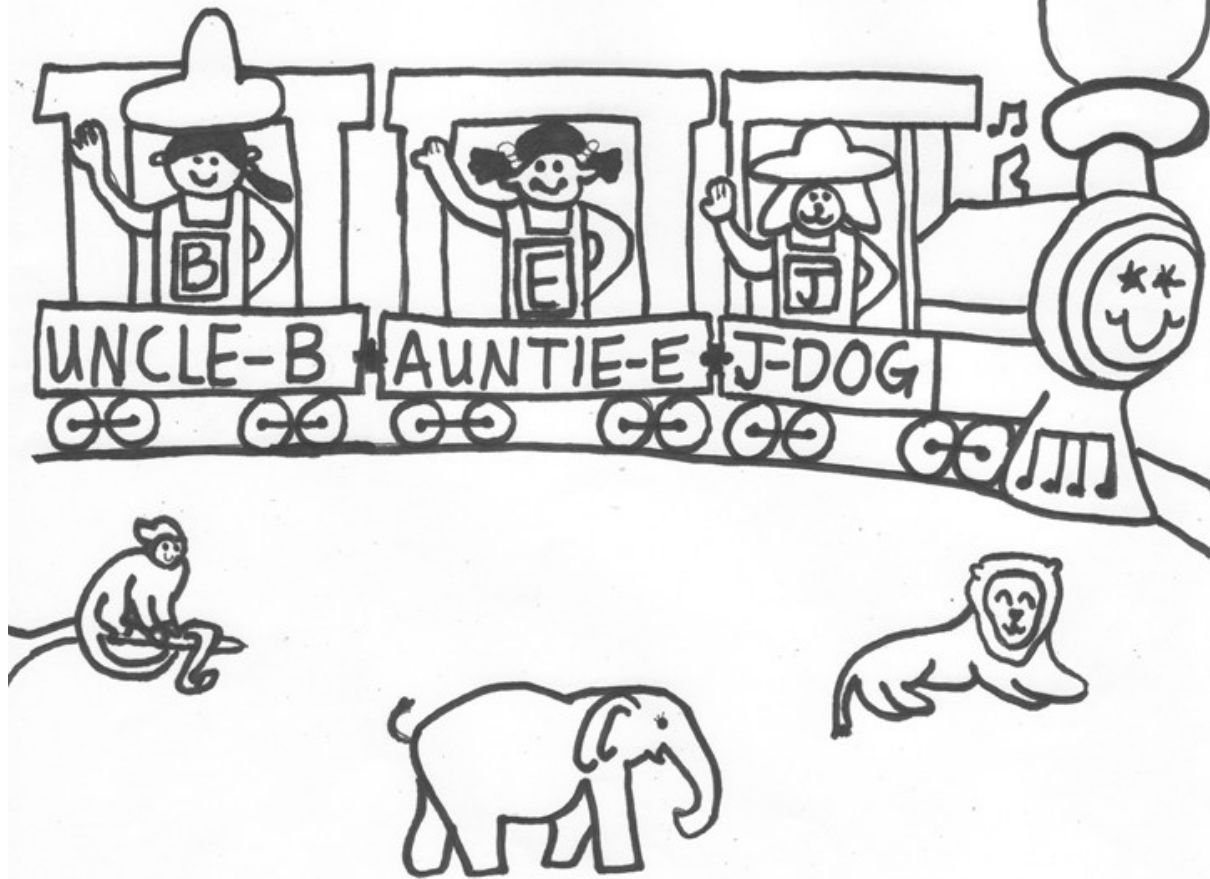


1. Zoo Train
2. Get Along Home J-Dog
3. Noodles
4. Crawdad Song
5. John Henry
6. Camptown Races
7. Old Joe Clark
8. My Home's in Montana

9. O Susanna
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ALL ABOARD THE ZOO TRAIN!



Zoo Train

(by Uncle-B & Auntie-E & J-Dog)

Watchin' all the animals at the zoo,
elephants and monkeys and tigers too.
It might be sunny or it might rain.
It don't matter 'cause we're goin' on a train.

Sittin' in line we can hear the train now.
Can't wait 'til we're climbin' in now.
We're all goin' for a ride on the zoo train.
Feel the rumblin' ground, holding my ticket tight,
We're all goin' for a ride on the zoo train.
I hear the whistle sound, and see the big headlight
We're all goin' for a ride on the zoo train.
"All Aboard," he says, while the train goes
Boom chugga lugga.... on the zoo train!

On a train ride at the zoo, see the people wave "hello."
We're all goin' for a ride on the zoo train.
Look at places you can't get to, where sidewalks just don't go.
We're all goin' for a ride on the zoo train.
"All aboard," he says, while the train goes
Boom chugga lugga . . . on the zoo train!

Goin' through the tunnel now, hold your breathe and count!
1-2-3-4 Boom chugga lugga... on the zoo train!

The winter is the best, when all the zoo lights glow.
We're all goin' for a ride on the zoo train.
All zippered up and snuggly dressed and sipping our hot cocoa.
We're all goin' for a ride on the zoo train.
"All aboard," he says, while the train goes
Boom chugga lugga . . . on the zoo train!

Help J-Dog find
his way home!



J-Dog Song

(words by Uncle-B & Auntie-E & J-Dog)
(melody borrowed from Appalachian folk song, "Cindy")

Well J-Dog, he's a good dog.
He always makes us smile,
but when we go for a walk,
we've walked a block,
and he has run a mile.

Get-a-long home there J-Dog (3X)
We ain't got time to play.

He asked us to play with him.
He asked us for a treat.
He jumped all over both of us
all with his muddy feet.

Get-a-long home there J-Dog (3X)
We ain't got time to play.

He plays the drums with both his paws
and stomps the tambourine.
He tippety taps next to both of us.
He sits right in between.

Get-a-long home there J-Dog (3X)
We ain't got time to play.



Noodles

(by Uncle-B & Auntie-E & J-Dog)

There are all kinds of noodles to eat.
Long ones that go from your head to your feet.
Short ones, they curl and they twirl.
Oodles of noodles we all love to eat.

We like ravioli, we like spaghetti,
We like cannelloni, we like rigatoni
Have some vermicelli, have some macaroni,
Have some tortellini, have some linguini.
Noodles are fun, noodles are weird, Oodlee Doodlee Doo.

Noodles are sticky, they stick to the wall.
Noodles can stretch all the way down the hall.
We're not too picky with which ones we'll eat.
Oodlee noodles, now we like them all.

We like ravioli, we like spaghetti,
We like cannelloni, we like rigatoni
Have some vermicelli, have some macaroni,
Have some tortellini, have some linguini.
Noodles are fun, noodles are weird, Oodlee Doodlee Doo.

There are all kinds of sauces to eat.
All kinds of cheeses and all kinds of meat.
And all of the vegetables help make you strong.
Here are some noodles that we'd like to greet.

We like ravioli, we like spaghetti,
We like cannelloni, we like rigatoni
Have some vermicelli, have some macaroni,
Have some tortellini, have some linguini.
Noodles are fun, noodles are weird, Oodlee Doodlee Doo.



Crawdad Song

(Southern folk song)

You get a line and I'll get a pole honey.
You get a line and I'll get a pole babe.
You get a line and I'll get a pole
and we'll go down to the crawdad hole honey, sugar baby mine.

Get up old man. You slept too late honey.
Get up old man. You slept too late babe.
Get up old man. You slept too late.
Last piece of crawdad's on your plate honey, sugar baby mine.

Get up old woman. You slept too late honey.
Get up old woman. You slept too late babe.
Get up old woman. You slept too late.
Crawdad man's done past your gate honey, sugar baby mine.

Along come a man with a pack on his back honey.
Along come a man with a pack on his back babe.
Along come a man with a pack on his back
packin' all the crawdads he can pack honey, sugar baby mine.

What you gonna do when the lake goes dry honey?
What you gonna do when the lake goes dry babe?
What you gonna do when the lake goes dry?
Sit on the bank & watch the crawdads die honey, sugar baby mine.

You get a line and I'll get a pole honey.
You get a line and I'll get a pole babe.
You get a line and I'll get a pole
we'll go down to the crawdad hole honey, sugar baby mine.



John Henry

(American folk song)

Listen to my story. Ya know that it's a story that's true.

It's about a mighty man, John Henry was his name.

John Henry was a steel driver too, Lord, Lord. (2X)

When John Henry was about three days old, a settin' on his pappy's
knee,

he picked up a hammer and a little piece of steel.

Said hammer's gonna be the death of me, Lord, Lord. (2X)

Well, the man that invented the steamdrill, he thought he was mighty
fine.

But John Henry drove fifteen feet.

The steamdrill only made nine, Lord, Lord. (2X)

Well, the captain said to John Henry, I'm gonna bring that steamdrill
round.

Gonna bring that steam drill out on the job.

Gonna whup that steel on down, Lord, Lord. (2X)

Well, John Henry said to the captain, a man ain't nothin' but a man.

Before I'd let your steamdrill beat me down,

I'd die with a hammer in my hand, Lord, Lord. (2X)

Well, John Henry told his captain, look a yonder what I see.

Your drill's done broke and your hole's done choked.

It can't drive steel like me, Lord, Lord (2X)

John Henry had a little woman. Her name was Evie-Ann.

John Henry got sick and he had to go to bed.

But Evie-Ann drove steel like a man, Lord, Lord (2X)

John Henry hammered in the mountains. His hammer was striking fire.

But he worked so hard it broke his poor heart

and he laid down his hammer and he died, Lord, Lord (2X)

They took John Henry to the old church yard,
and they buried him in the sand.

And every engine comes a roarin' by,

whistles there lies a steel drivin' man, Lord, Lord (2X)



Camptown Races

(by Stephen Foster)

Camptown ladies sing this song, doo-dah, doo-dah.
Camptown racetrack five miles long, oh doo-dah-day!
I come down there with my hat caved in, doo dah, doo-dah.
I go back home with a pocket full of tin, oh doo-dah-day!

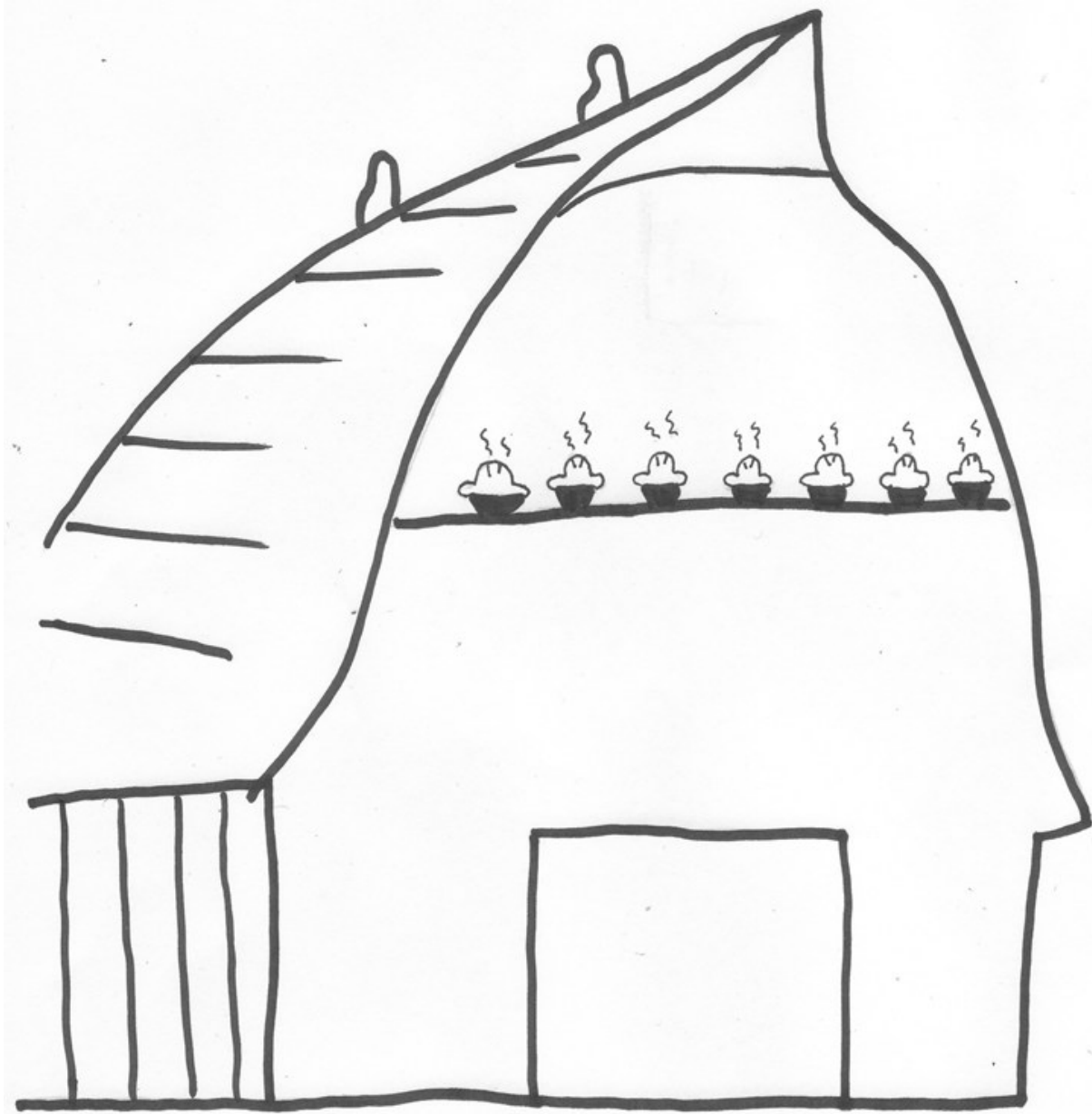
Goin' to run all night, goin' to run all day.
I bet my money on the bobtail nag,
somebody bet on the bay.

The longtail filly and the big black hoss, doo-dah, doo-dah.
They fly the track and both cut across, oh doo-dah-day!
Blind hoss stickin' in a big mud hole, doo-dah, doo-day.
Can't touch bottom with a ten foot pole, oh doo-dah-day!

Goin' to run all night, goin' to run all day.
I bet my money on the bobtail nag,
somebody bet on the bay.

See them flyin' on a ten mile heat, doo-dah, doo-dah.
'Round the racetrack, then repeat, oh doo-dah-day!
I win my money on the bobtail nag, doo-dah, doo-dah.
I keep my money in an ol' towbag, oh doo-dah-day!

Goin' to run all night, goin' to run all day.
I bet my money on the bobtail nag,
somebody bet on the bay.



Old Joe Clark

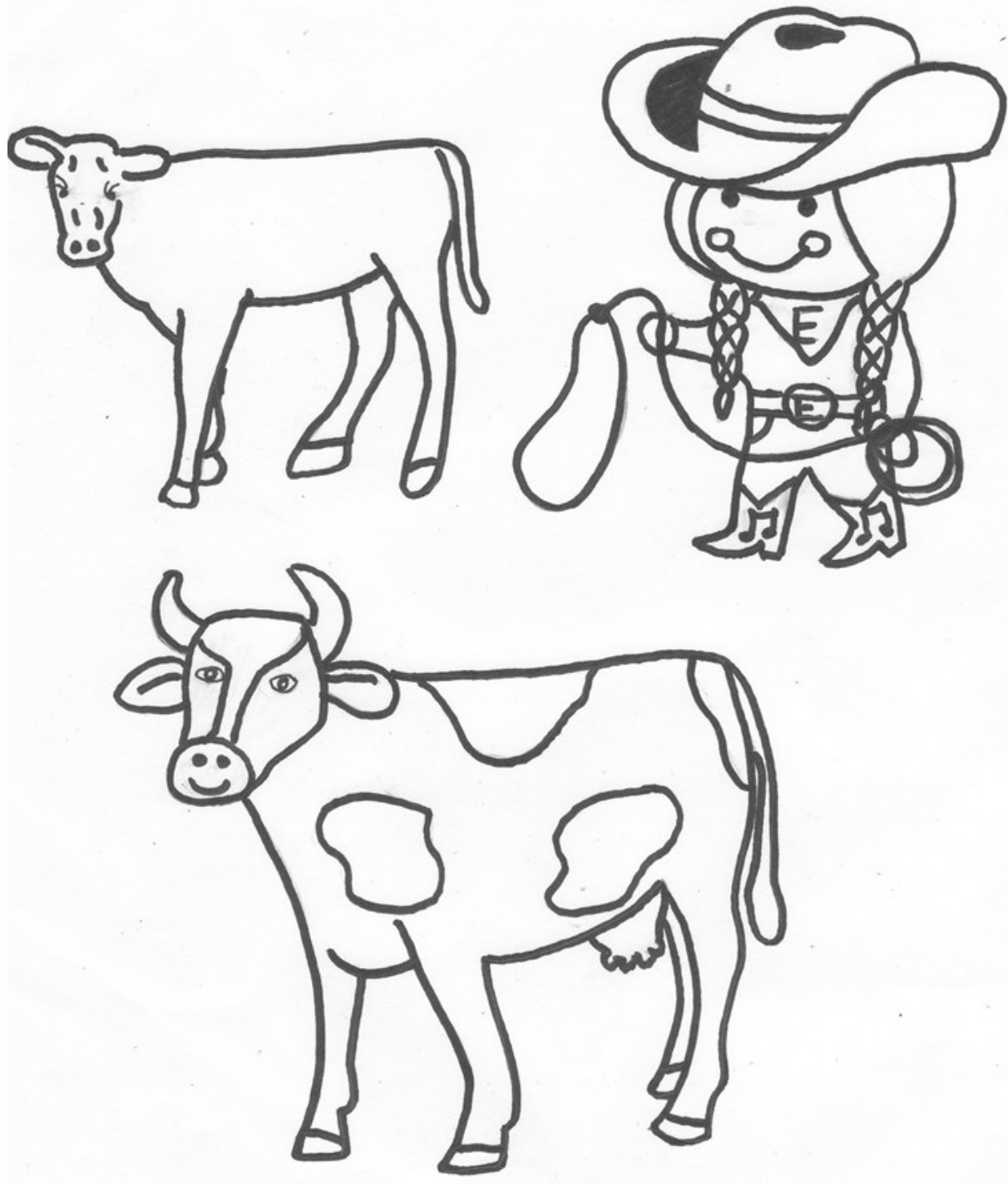
(American folk song / added melody from "Boil Them Cabbages Down")

Round and round old Joe Clark.
Round and round I say.
Round and round old Joe Clark.
We ain't got long to stay.

I went up to old Joe's house, old Joe wasn't at home,
ate up all his good roast beef and threw away the bone.
Round and round old Joe Clark.
Round and round I say.
Round and round old Joe Clark.
We ain't got long to stay.

Old Joe had a big red barn, sixteen stories high.
Every story in that barn was filled with chicken pie.
Round and round old Joe Clark.
Round and round I say.
Round and round old Joe Clark.
We ain't got long to stay.

We went over to old Joe's house, stayed to have some supper.
Stubbed our toes on the table legs
and stuck our noses in the butter.
Round and round old Joe Clark.
Round and round I say.
Round and round old Joe Clark.
We ain't got long to stay.



My Home's in Montana

(American folk song)

My Home's in Montana, I wear a bandana,
my spurs are of silver, my pony is grey.
When riding the ranges, my luck never changes.
With my foot in the stirrup, I'll gallop away.

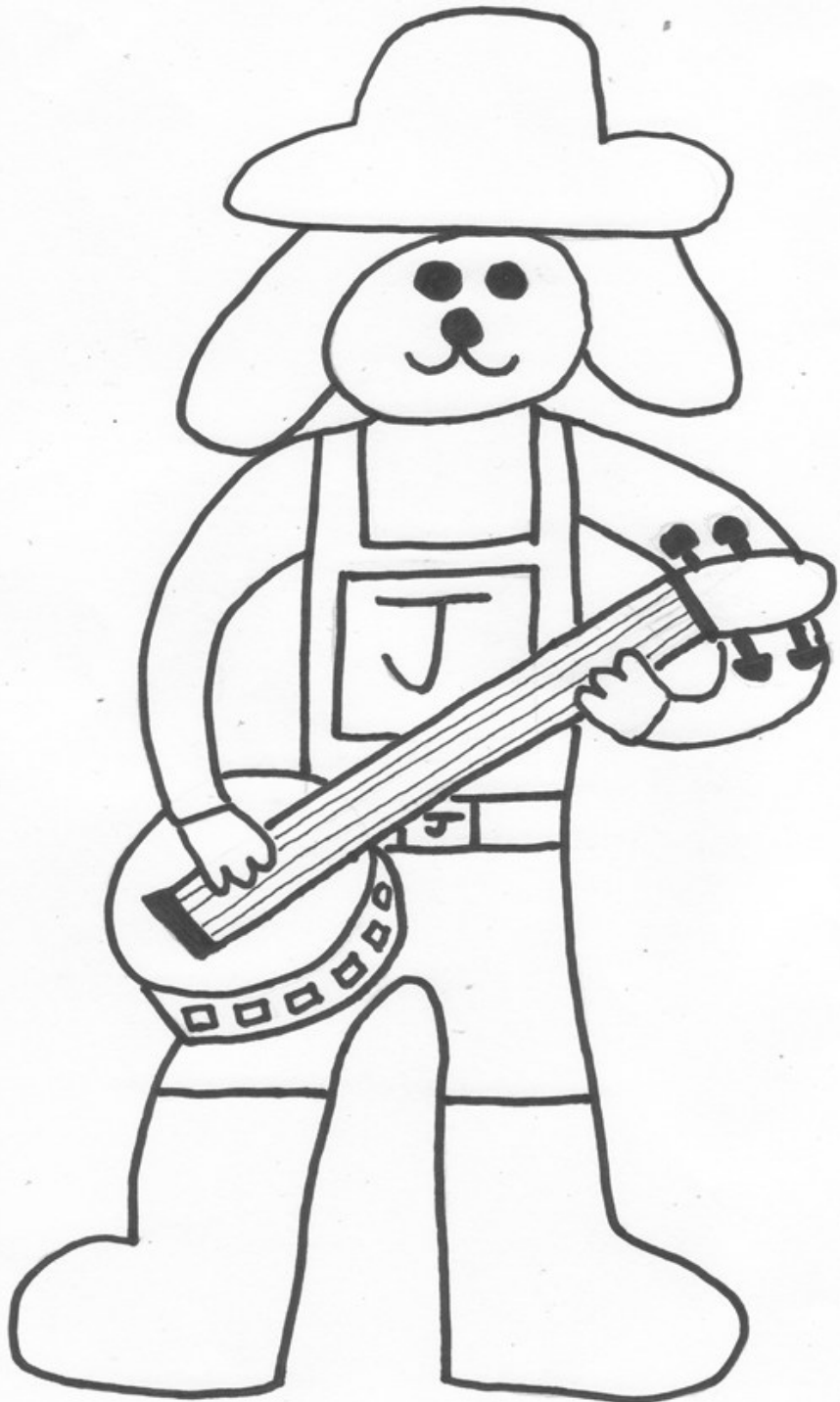
Home on the rolling range, that's where I want to stay.
When riding the ranges, my luck never changes.
with my foot in the stirrup, I'll gallop away.

When valleys are dusty, my pony is trusty.
He lopes through the blizzard, the snow in his ears.
The cattle may scatter, but what does it matter?
My rope is a halter for pig headed steers.

Home on the rolling range, that's where I want to stay.
When riding the ranges, my luck never changes.
with my foot in the stirrup, I'll gallop away.

When far from the ranches, I chop the pine branches
to heap on my campfire as daylight grows pale.
When I have partaken of beans and of bacon,
I whistle a merry old song of the trail.

Home on the rolling range, that's where I want to stay.
When riding the ranges, my luck never changes.
with my foot in the stirrup, I'll gallop away.



Oh Susanna

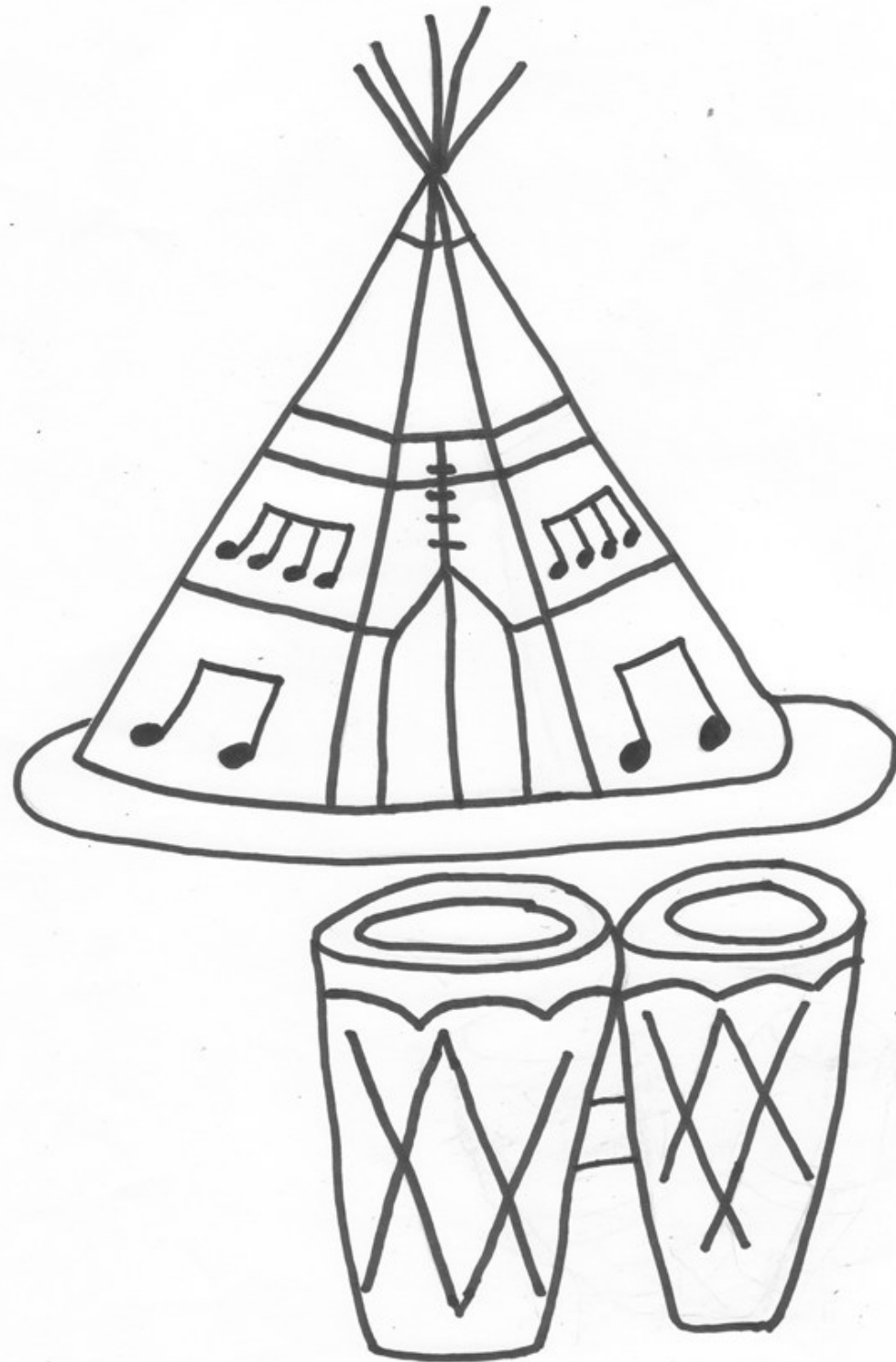
(by Stephen Foster)

I come from Alabama with a banjo on my knee.
I'm goin' to Louisiana, my true love for to see.
It rained all night, the day I left.
The weather, it was dry.
The sun so hot, I froze to death.
Susanna, don't you cry.

O Susanna, oh don't you cry for me.
For I come from Alabama with a banjo on my knee.

I had a dream the other night,
when everything was still.
I thought I saw Susanna
a comin' down the hill.
The buckwheat cake was in her mouth,
a tear was in her eye.
Said I, I'm comin' from the south.
Susanna don't you cry.

O Susanna, oh don't you cry for me.
For I come from Alabama with a banjo on my knee.



Land of the Silver Birch / Canoe Song

(Canadian Folk Songs)

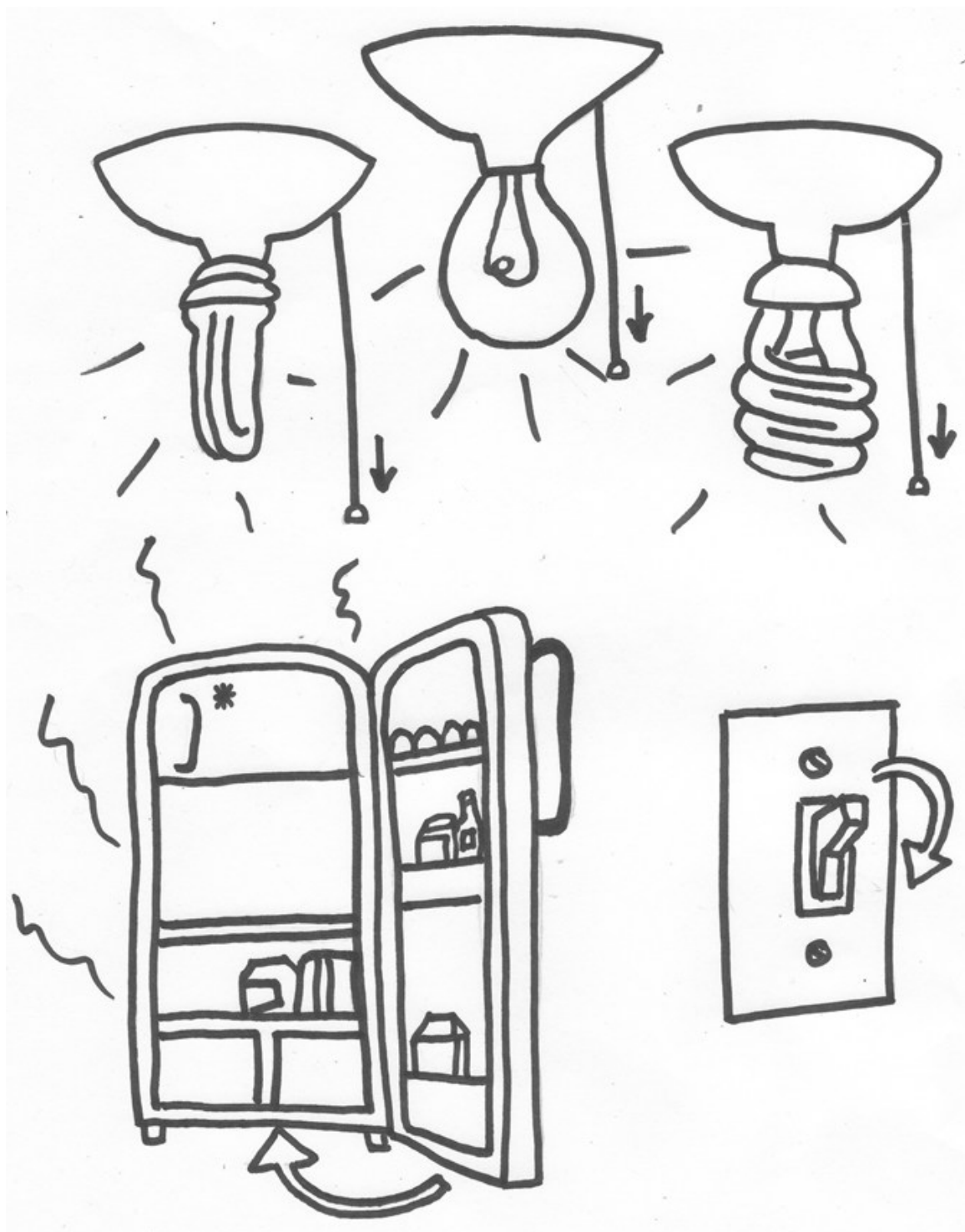
Land of the Silver Birch, home of the Beaver,
where still the mighty moose wanders at will.
Blue lake and rocky shore, I will return once more.
Boom diddy boom boom (3X)
Boom boom.

Down in the forest, deep in the lowlands,
my heart cries out for thee, hills of the north.
Blue lake and rocky shore, I will return once more.
Boom diddy boom boom (3X)
Boom boom.

High on a rocky ledge, I'll build a wig-wam
close by the water's edge silent and still.
Blue lake and rocky shore, I will return once more.
Boom diddy boom boom (3X)
Boom boom.

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

(repeat 1st verse and chorus)



Save Electricity

(by Uncle-B & Auntie-E & J-Dog)

"Uncle-B, turn off that light. Save Electricity!"

Turn off that light, save electricity.

Turn off that light, save electricity.

Lights are alright, until you leave the room-

Then turn off that light, save electricity.

I just walked out of the room to get my sons and daughter,

I had no idea I'd be in such hot water.

I'd left on all the lights, and then I heard Auntie-E

Sayin' you'd better listen, better listen to me.

She said . . . turn off that light, save electricity.

Turn off that light, save electricity.

Lights are alright, until you leave the room-

Then turn off that light, save electricity.

I turned up that thermostat, I was feelin' kinda chilly

Then I heard Auntie-E sayin' Uncle-B that's silly

J-Dog has fur, you put on a sweater,

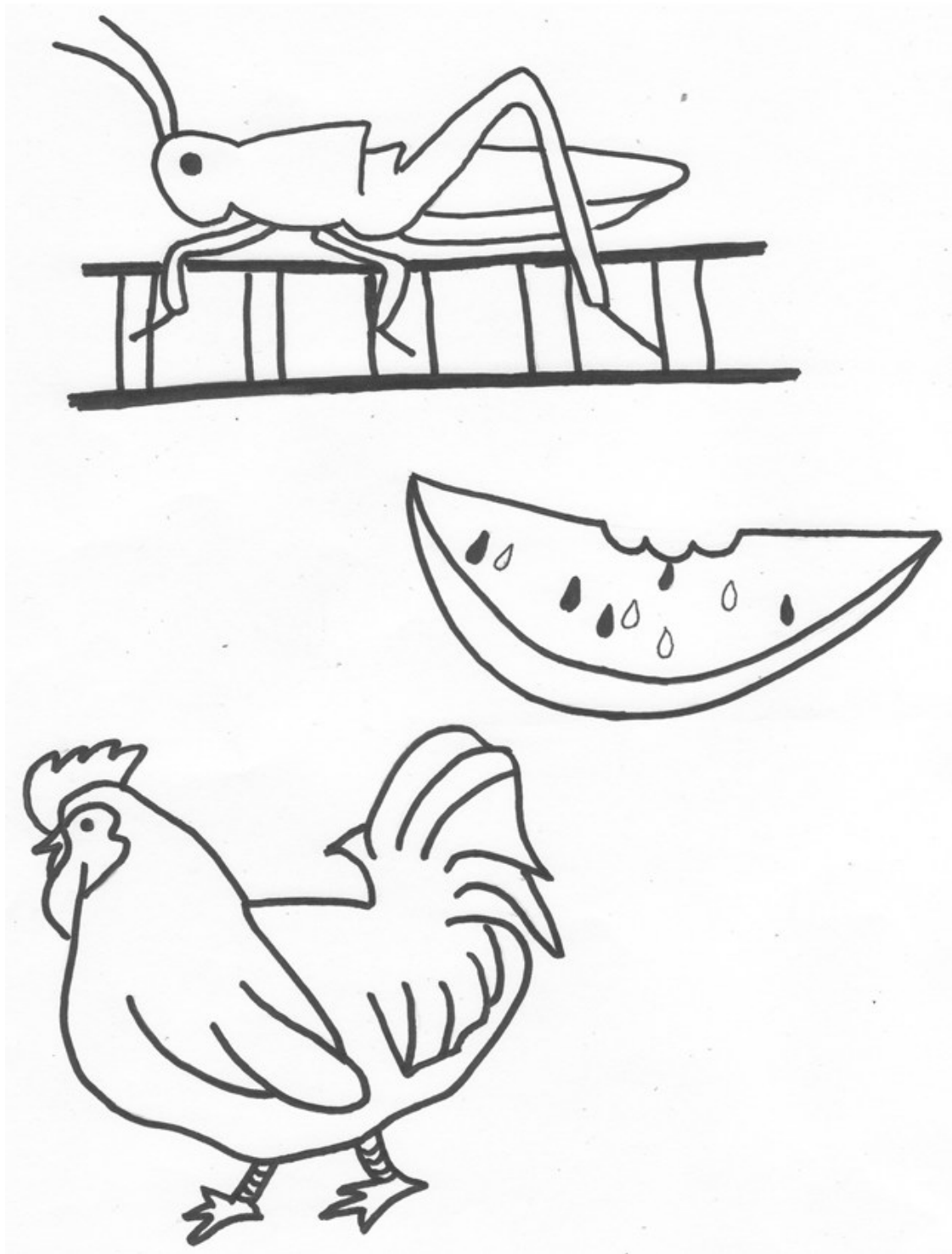
So turn down that heat, and Uncle-B you'd better . . .

Turn off that light, save electricity.

And turn down that heat, save electricity.

Our bills are too high, don't heat the outside.

So turn off that light, save electricity!



Polly Wolly Doodle

(Southern folk song)

Oh I went down south for to see my Sal.

Sing polly wolly doodle all the day.

My Sal, she is a spunky gal.

Sing polly wolly doodle all the day.

(chorus)

Fair thee well, fair thee well.

Fair the well, my fairy fay.

For I'm goin' to Louisiana for to see my Susy-anna.

Singin' polly wolly doodle all the day.

Oh, my Sal she is a maiden fair.

Sing polly wolly doodle all the day.

With curly eyes and laughing hair.

Sing polly wolly doodle all the day

(chorus)

Oh, a grasshopper sittin' on a railroad track

Sing polly wolly doodle all the day.

A pickin' his teeth with a carpet tack.

Sing polly wolly doodle all the day.

(chorus)

I like watermelon and I have for years.

Sing polly wolly doodle all the day.

I like watermelon but it gets behind my ears.

Sing polly wolly doodle all the day.

(chorus)

Behind the barn down on my knees.

Sing polly wolly doodle all the day.

I thought I heard a chicken sneeze.

Sing polly wolly doodle all the day.

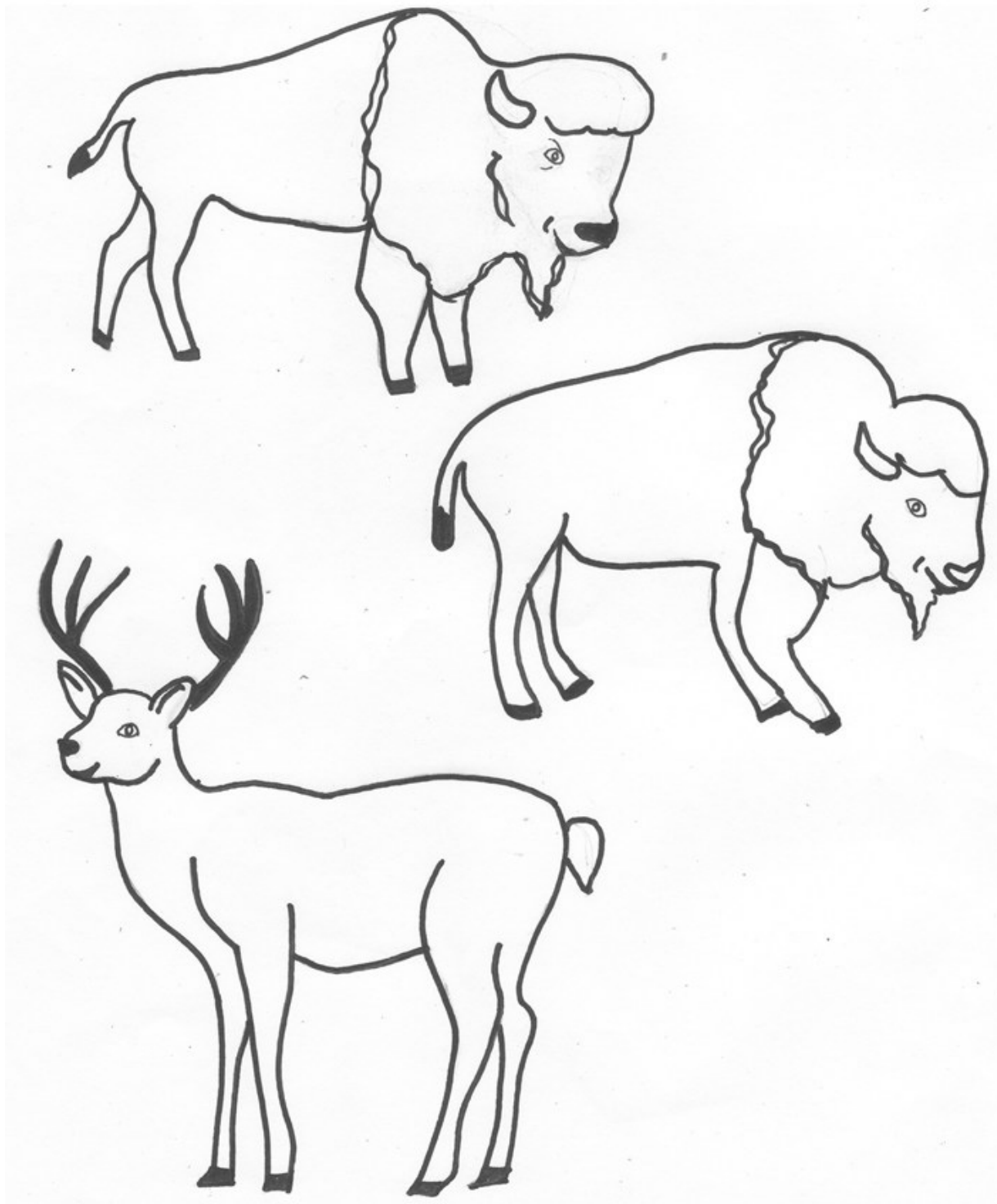
(chorus)

It sneezed so hard with a whooping cough.

Sing polly wolly doodle all the day.

It sneezed it's head and tail right off.

Sing polly wolly doodle all the day.



Home on the Range

(American folk song)

Oh give me a home where the buffalo roam
and the deer and the antelope play.
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
and the skies are not cloudy all day.

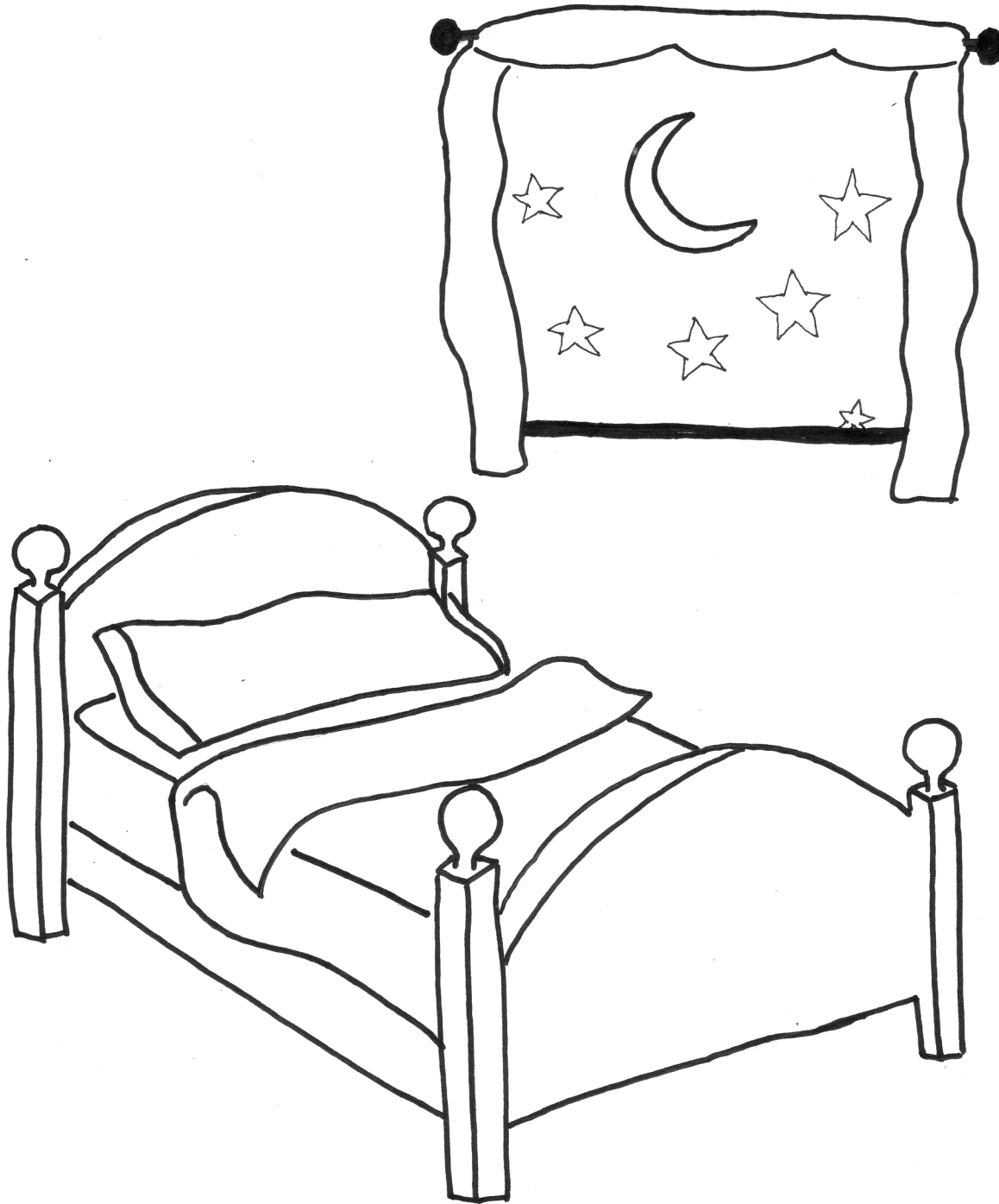
Home, home on the range
where the deer and the antelope play
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
and the skies are not cloudy all day.

How often at night, when the heavens are bright
with the light from the glittering stars,
have I stood there amazed and I asked as I gazed,
if their glory exceeds that of ours.

Home, home on the range
where the deer and the antelope play
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
and the skies are not cloudy all day.

Where the air is so pure and the zephyrs so free,
and the breezes so balmy and light,
that I would not exchange my home on the range
for all of the cities so bright

Home, home on the range
where the deer and the antelope play
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
and the skies are not cloudy all day.



Beddy-Bye-Bose

(by Uncle-B & Auntie-E & J-Dog)

Time for Beddy-Bye-Bose (2x)

Everybody knows,
It's time for Beddy-Bye-Bose.

I'd like to have a special treat,
'cause I ate up all my bites? NO!

I'd like to play another game,
so keep on all of the lights. NO!

All of my stuffed animals
would like to stay up too.

They'd like another story.

So would I, how 'bout you?

Time for Beddy-Bye-Bose (2x)

Everybody knows,
it's time for Beddy-Bye-Bose.

After story time I'll say my prayers,
down on my knees.

I'll really be good at breakfast time,
so please Mom, pretty please? NO!

I'd like a snack and also,
I would like some water too. NO!

Let's all have some together.

I'd like that. How 'bout you?

Time for Beddy-Bye-Bose (2x)

Everybody knows,
It's time for Beddy-Bye-Bose.



Into the Woods

(by Uncle-B & Auntie-E & J-Dog)

We're all goin' on a trip today,
soon we'll be off and on our way.
Packin' up and headin' on out.
We're all goin on a trip today.

We're all headin' to the lake today
we'll get in our canoes and paddle away.
Sit by the fire and strum our songs.
We're all headin' to the lake today.

We're all headin' to the river today.
Let's go fishin' now what do you say?
Flyrods ready for all them trout
'cause we're all headin' to the river today.

We're all goin' back home today
won't be back here until another day.
So much fun we wish we'd stay,
We're all goin' back home today

But soon we'll be headin' back into the woods.
Goin' back into the woods someday.
Our things are packed up and ready to go.
We'll be headin' back into the woods someday.