1. About a maid I'll sing a song, sing ri-cke-ty-ti-cke-ty-tin. About a maid I'll
2 One morning in a fit of pique, sing ri-cke-ty-ti-cke-ty-tin. One morning in a
3 Her mother she could ne-ver stand, sing ri-cke-ty-ti-cke-ty-tin. Her mother she could
4 She set her sis-ter's hair on fire, sing ri-cke-ty-ti-cke-ty-tin. She set her sis-ter's
5 She weighted her brother down with stones, singri-cke-ty-ti-cke-ty-tin. She weighted her bro-ther
6 One day when she had nothing to do, sing ri-cke-ty-ti-cke-ty-tin. One day when she had
7 And when at last the po-lice came by, sing ri-cke-ty-ti-cke-ty-tin. And when at last the po-
8 My tra-gic tale, I won't prolong, sing ri-cke-ty-ti-cke-ty-tin. My tra-gic tale I

1 sing a song who didn't have her fam-ily long. Not on-ly did she do them wrong,
2 fit of pique, she drowned her fa-ther in the creek. The wa-ter ta-sted bad for a week,
3 ne- ver stand and so a cy-a-nide soup she planned. The mother died with a spoon in her hand,
4 hair on fire, and as the smoke and flame rose high'r, danced a-round the fu-ne-ral pyre,
5 down with stones, & sent him off to Da- vy Jones. All they e-ver found were some bones,
6 nothing to do, she cut her ba-by brother in two, and served him up as an I-rish stew,
7 lice came by, her lit-tle pranksshe did not de-ny, to do so she would have had to lie,
8 won't prolong, and if you do not en-joy my song, you are to blame if it's too long,

1 she did ev'ry one of them in, them in, she did ev'ry one of them in.
2 and we had to make do with gin, with gin, we had to make do with gin.
3 and her face in a hideous grin, a grin, her face in a hideous grin.
4 playing a vi - o - lin, -o - lin, playing a vi - o - lin.
5 and oc - casional pieces of skin, of skin, oc - casional pieces of skin.
6 and in - vited the neigh-bors in, -bors in, in - vited the neigh-bors in.
7 and lying, she knew, was a sin, a sin, lying she knew was a sin.
8 you should never have let me be-gin, be-gin, you should never have let me begin.
2. Be Prepared

Trustworthily, etc.

Words and Music by Tom Lehrer

1 Be prepared! That's the Boy Scout's marching song, Be prepared!

Be prepared! That's the Boy Scouts' solemn creed, Be prepared!

As thru life you march a-long. Be prepared to hold your liquor pretty well.

And be clean in word and deed. Don't solicit for your sister, that's not nice, except when you

get a good per-centage of her price. Be prepared!

Don't write naughty words on walls if you can't spell. Be prepared! To hide that pack of cigarettes, Don't make

book if you cannot cover bets. Keep those reefers hidden where you're sure that they will not be

deads when there's no one watching you.

If you're looking for ad-vent-ture of a new & different

found, and be careful not to smoke them when the scout-master's a-round, for he

kind, and you come across a Girl Scout who is sim-i-lar-ly in-clined, don't be

on-ly will in-sist that they be shared. Be prepared!

nervous, don't be flustered, don't be scared. Be prepared!
3. Fight Fiercely, Harvard

Words and Music by Tom Lehrer

Loyally

Fight fiercely, Harvard, fight, fight, fight!

1. Demonstrate to them our skill. Al - be - it they possess the might, nonetheless we have the prowess, do! Oh, fellows, do not let the crimson down, be of stout heart and will. How we shall ce - le - brate our vic - to - ry, We shall in - vite the whole team true. Come on, chaps, fight for Harvard's glorious name, Won't it be peachy if we

up for tea. (How jolly!) Hurl that spheroid down the field and fight, fight, fight! win the game? (Oh, goody!) Let's try not to in - jure them, but fight, fight fight! Let's not be rough though! Fight, fight, fight! And do fight fiercely! Fight, fight, fight!

4. The Old Dope Peddler

Wistfully

1. When the shades of night are falling, comes a fellow everyone

2. Ev - 'ry evening you will find him, a - round our neighbor-

knows. It's the old dope peddler, spreading joy wherever he goes. good. He gives the kids free

samples, be - cause he knows full well that to - day's young innocent fa - ces will be to - morrow's clien - tele. Here's a
cure for all your troubles, here's an end to all dis - tress. It's the old dope peddler with his powdered hap - pi - ness.
5. The Wild West Is Where I Want To Be

Words and Music by Tom Lehrer

Westerly

A-long the trail you'll find me

lo-pin' where the spaces are wide open, in the land of the old A. E. C. Where the

scenery's attractive and the air is radioactive, Oh the wild west is where I want to be.

'Mid the sagebrush and the cactus, I'll watch the fellers practice droppin' bombs through the

clean desert breeze. I'll have on my sombrero, and of course I'll wear a pair o' Levis

o-ver my lead B.V. D.'s. I will leave the city's rush, leave the fancy and the plush, leave the

snow and leave the slush and the crowds. I will seek the desert's hush, where the

scenery is lush, how I long to see the mushroom clouds. 'Mid the yuccas and the thistles I'll

watch the guided missiles while the old F. B. I. watches me. Yes, I'll soon make my ap-

pearance soon as I can get my clearance 'cause the wild west is where I want to be.
I always will remember, 'twas a year ago November, I went out to hunt some deer on a morning bright and clear. I went and shot the rifle and went out to stalk my prey. What a haul I made that day! I tied them to my fence and I drove them home somehow, two game wardens, seven hunters, and a purebred Guernsey cow.

The law was very firm, it took away my permit, the worst punishment I ever endured. It turned out there was a reason, cows were out of season, and one of the hunters wasn't insured. People ask me how I do it, and I say 'there's nothing to it, you just stand there looking cute, and when something moves, you shoot!' And there's ten stuffed heads in my trophy room right now, two game wardens, seven hunters, and a purebred Guernsey cow.
Tenderly

I hold your hand in mine, dear, I press it to my lips. I take a healthy bite from your dainty finger-tips. My joy would be complete, dear, if you were only here, but still I keep your hand as a precious souvenir. The night you died I cut it off. I really don’t know why. For now each time I kiss it I get bloodstains on my tie. I’m sorry now I killed you, for our love was something fine, and till they come to get me I shall hold your hand in mine.
10. My Home Town

Words and Music by Tom Lehrer

Nostalgically

I really have a yen to go back once again, back
guy that taught us math, who never took a bath, ac-
to the place where no one wears a frown to see once
more those super-scientific plain required a cer-
tain measure of renown and after school he sold the most a-

mazing

folks in my home town.
No fellow could ignore the pictures in my home town.

Now there's a little girl next door, she sure looked sweet in her first evening gown.

Now there's a taught our Sunday School, and neither was our kindly Parson Brown.

charge for what she used to give for free in my home town.____________________ I remember
____________________ I remember

Dan, the drug-giston the corner was never mean or ornery, he was Sam, he was the village idiot and tho it seems a pity, it was swell, he killed his mother-in-law and ground her up real well, and

so. He loved to burn down houses just to watch the glow, and

sprinkled just a bit over each banana split. The nothing could be done 'cause he was the mayor's son. The guy that took a knife and

monogrammed his wife, then dropped her in the pond and watched her drown. Oh, yes in-

deed, the people there are just plain folks in my home town.
11. When You Are Old and Gray

Words and Music by Tom Lehrer

Liltingly

Since I still app-re-ci-ate you, let's find love while we teeth will start to go, dear, your waist will start to

may. Be-cause I know I'll hate you when you are old and gray. So say you love me spread. In twen-ty-years or so, dear, I'll wish that you were dead. I'll nev-er love you

here and now, I'll make the most of that. Say you love and trust me, for I then at all the way I do to-day. So please re-mem-ber, when I

know you'll dis-gust me when you're old and get-ting fat. An aw-ful de-bi-li-ty, a

leave in De-cem-ber, I told you so in May.

less-ened u-ti-li-ty, a loss of mo-bi-li-ty is a strong pos-si-bi-li-ty. In all pro-ba-

bi-li-ty I'll lose my vi-ri-li-ty and you your fer-ti-li-ty and de-si-ra-bi-li-ty, and this li-a-bi-li-ty of

to-tal ste-ri-li-ty will lead to hos-ti-li-ty and a sense of fu-ti-li-ty, so let's act with a-

D.S. al Fine

gi-li-ty while we still have fa-ci-li-ty, for we'll soon reach se-ni-li-ty and lose the a-bi-li-ty. Your
Do you re-member the night I held you so tight, as we danced to the
member the night I held you so tight, as we danced to the
Wiener Schnitzel Waltz? The music was gay, and the set-ting was Vi-en-nese, your
Wiener Schnitzel Waltz. Your lips were like wine (if you'll par-don the si-mi-le), the
hair wore some roses (or perhaps they were peonies), I was blind to your ob-vi-ous faults,
mu-sic was love-ly and quite Ru-dolf Frim-ly. I drank wine, you drank chocolate malts,
as we danced 'cross the scene to the strains of the Wiener Schnitzel Waltz. Oh, I
drank some cham-pagne from your shoe. I was drunk by the time I got through. For
I did-n't know as I raised that cup, it had ta-ken two bot-tles to fill the thing up. It was
I who stepped on your dress. The skirts all came off, I con-fess. Re-vea-ling for
all of the oth-ers to see just what it was that en-deared you to me. Oh, I re-
13. Poisoning Pigeons in the Park

Words and Music by Tom Lehrer

Vernally 8

Spring is here, a-suh-puh-ring is here, life is skittles and life is beer I think the loveliest time of the year is the spring, I do, don’t you? Course you do! But there’s one thing that makes spring complete for me and makes ev’ry Sunday a treat for me. All the world seems in tune on a spring afternoon when we’re poisoning ev’ry Sunday you’re free why don’t you come with me and we’ll poison the pigeons in the park. Ev’ry Sunday you’ll see my sweetheart and me as we poison the pigeons in the park. And may-be we’ll do in a squirrel or two while we’re poisoning pigeons in the park. We’ll murder them all a-mid laughter and merriment except for the peanuts when coated with cyanide. The sun’s shining bright ev’rything seems all few we take home to experiment. My pulse will be quick-en’ with each drop of right when we’re poisoning pigeons in the park. We’ve gained no-to-ri-ety and caused much anxiety in the Audubon Soci-ety with our games. They call it im-pi-e-ty and lack of pro-pri-e-ty and quite a va-ri-e-ty of unpleasant names. But it’s not against any reli-gion to want to dispose of a pigeon. So if pigeon (It just takes a smidgin!) to poison a pigeon in the park.

jwp05/20/16
Painstakingly

I ache for the touch of your lips dear, but much more for the touch of your whips dear. You can raise welts like nobody else as we dance to the Masochism Tango. Let our love be a flame not an ember, say it’s me that you want to dis-member, blacken my eye, set eyes cast a spell that bewitches. The last time I needed twenty stitches to sew up the gash you

Fire to my tie as we dance to the Masochism Tango. At your command with your lash as we danced to the Masochism Tango. Bash in my mand, before you here I stand, My heart is in my hand, ecch! it’s here that I must brain, and make me scream with pain, then kick me once again, and say we’ll never be. My heart entreats, just hear those savage beats & go put on your cleats, & come & trample part I know too well, I’m underneath your spell so darling if you smell something burning it’s my me. Your heart’s hard as stone or mahogany that’s why I’m in such exquisite agony. My heart. Excuse me! Take your cigarette from its holder and burn your initials in my shoulder.

Soul is on fire; it’s a flame with desire which is why I perspire when we fracture my spine, and swear that you’re mine as we

tango. You caught my nose in your left castanet, love, I can feel the pain yet, love, ev’ry time I hear drums. And I envy the rose that you held in your teeth, love, with the thorns underneath, love, sticking into your gums. Your dance to the Masochism Tango.
Sharks got-ta swim, and bats got-ta fly, I got-ta love one

woman till I die. To Ed or Dick or Bob she may be just a slob, but to me, she’s my girl. In

winter the bedroom is one large ice cube, and she squeezes the toothpaste from the

middle of the tube. Her hairs in the sink have driven me to drink, but she’s my girl, she’s my

girl, she’s my girl, and I love her. The girl that I lament for, the girl my money’s spent for, the

girl my back is bent for, the girl I owe the rent for, the girl I gave up lent for Is the

girl that heaven meant for me. So though for breakfast she makes cof-fe e that

tastes like sham-poo, I come home for dinner and get peanut butter stew, or if I’m in luck, it’s

broiled hockey puck, but, oh well, what the hell, she’s my girl, and I love her.
19. In Old Mexico

Words and Music by Tom Lehrer

Immoderato

When it's fiesta time in Guada-la-ja-ra,
Then I long to be back once again in old Me-xi-co.
Where we lived for to-day, never
giving a thought to to-ma-ra.
To the strumming of gui-tars, in a hundred grubby bars
I would whisper "te a-mo."
The ma-ri-a-chis would se-re-nade, and they would not shut up till they were paid.
We ate, we drank, and we were merry, and we got typhoid and dysen-te-ry.
But best of all, we went to the Plaza de Toros. Now when ever I start feeling morose,
I re-vive by re-calling that scene.
And names like Bel-monte, Dominguin, & Ma-no-le-te, if I live to a hundred & eight-e, I shall never forget what they mean.

(Spoken) For there is surely nothing more beautiful in this world than the sight of a lone man facing singlehandedly a half a ton of angry pot roast! Out came the ma-ta-dor, who must have been potted or slightly in-sane, but who looked ra-ther bored.

Then the pi-ca-dors of
course, each one on his horse, I shouted “o-le!” every time one was gored. I cheered at the band-e-ril-le-ros’ display, as they stuck the bull in their own clever way, for I hadn’t had so much fun since the day my brother’s dog Rover got run over.

words spoken over piano chords
(Spoken) Rover was killed by a Pontiac. And it was done with such grace & artistry that the witnesses awarded the driver both ears & the tail—but I digress. The moment had come, I swallowed my gum, we knew there’d be crowd held its breath, hoping that death would brighten an

blood on the sand pretty soon. The other-wise dull after-noon. At last, the ma-ta-dor did what we wanted him to. He raised his sword and his aim was true. In that moment of truth I suddenly knew that someone had stolen my wallet. Now it’s fi-es-ta time

in Ak-ron, O-hi-o, But it’s back to old Gua-da-la-ja-ra I’m longing to go. Far a-way from the strikes of the A. F. of L. and C. I. O. How I wish I could get back to the land of the wetback, and forget the A-la-mo, In old Me-xi-co. o-le!
Eschatologically sad to think that sooner o’ later those you love will do the same for you. And you may have thought it tragic, not to mention other adjectives, to think of all the weeping they will do—but don’t you worry. No more ashes, no more sackcloth & an armband made of black cloth will some day never more adorn a sleeve. For if the bomb that drops on you gets your friends and neighbors too, there’ll be nobody left behind to grieve. And we will all go together when we go, what a comforting fact that is to know. Universal be all bake together when we bake. There’ll be no-body present at the wake. With complete participation in that grand incineration, nearly three billion hunks of well-done steak. We will all go together when we go. All suffused with an incandescent glow. No one will all char together when we char. And let there be no moaning of the bar. Just sing have the endurance to collect on his insurance, Lloyd’s of London will be loaded when they go. out a Te Deum when you see that I.C.B.M., and the party will be “come as you are.” We will all fry together when we fry. We’ll be french fried potatoes by and by. We will all burn together when we burn. There’ll be no need to stand & wait your turn. There will be no more misery when the world is our rotisserie, yes, we all will fry to time for the fall-out and Saint Peter calls us all out, we’ll just drop our a-
1. Gather when we fry. Down by the old maelstrom, there'll be a storm before the calm. Gather when we fry. Down by the old maelstrom, there'll be a storm before the calm.

2. You will all go directly to your respective Valhallas. do not pass Go, do not collect two hundred dollars. And we will all go together when we go. You will all go directly to your respective Valhallas. do not pass Go, do not collect two hundred dollars. And we will all go together when we go.

3. When the air becomes urani-ous, we will all go simultaneous. yes we all will go together when we all go together, yes, we all will go together when we go. When the air becomes urani-ous, we will all go simultaneous. yes we all will go together when we all go together, yes, we all will go together when we go.

4. Gather 'round while I sing you of Wernher von Braun, a man whose allegiance is ruled by expedi-ence. Call him a Nazi, he won't even frown, "Nazi, Schmazi," says Wernher von Braun. Don't say that he's hypocriti-cal, say town, who owe their large pensions to Wernher von Braun. You too may be a big hero, once you've rath-er that he's a po-lit-i-cal. "Once the rockets are up, who cares where they come down? That's not my de-partment," says Wernher von Braun. down, und I'm learning Chi-nese!" says Wernher von Braun.

5. In German oder English I know how to count down? That's not my de-partment," says Wernher von Braun. down, und I'm learning Chi-nese!" says Wernher von Braun.

6. Gently all will go together when we all go together, yes, we all will go together. man whose allegiance is ruled by expedi-ence. Call him a Nazi, he won't even frown, "Nazi, Schmazi," says Wernher von Braun. Don't say that he's hypocriti-cal, say town, who owe their large pensions to Wernher von Braun. You too may be a big hero, once you've rath-er that he's a po-lit-i-cal. "Once the rockets are up, who cares where they come down? That's not my de-partment," says Wernher von Braun. down, und I'm learning Chi-nese!" says Wernher von Braun.

Gently all will go together when we all go together, yes, we all will go together.
First you get down on your knees, fiddle with your rosaries,

So get down up on your knees, fiddle with your rosaries,

bow your head with great respect, and genuflect, genuflect, genuflect! Do what ever

bow your head with great respect, and genuflect, genuflect, genuflect! Make a cross on

steps you want if you have cleared them with the Pontiff, everybody say his own Kyrie eleison,

your abdomen, when in Rome do like a Roman, Ave Maria, gee it's good to see ya,

doin' the Vatican Rag. Get in line in that processional, step into that small confessional, gettin' ecstatic an'

there the guy who's got religion 'll tell you if your sin's original. If it is, try playin' it safer,

drink the wine and chew the wafer, two, four, six, eight, time to transubstantiate!

sorta dramatic an' do-in' the Vatican Rag!