TUNES FROM THE FIENNING FAMILY

Compiled by Aunt Ruth Frazelle with the help of Aunt Esther Youngflesh Many of these tunes were learned by Aunt Ruth when she attended Camp Gray in 1926. They were usually played on the Ukulele and enjoyed for family sing-a-longs.

I Went to Cincinnati

Oh! I went to Cincinnati, and I walked around the block,
And I walked right into a baker's shop,
I took 3 doughnuts out of the grease,
And handed the lady, a 5 cent piece.
She looked at the nickel and she looked up at me
And she said, "This nickel is no good to me
There's a hole in the middle and it goes right through."
Said I, "There's a hole in your doughnut, too."

Bar of Soap (Sweet Adeline)

Sweet bar/bug of soap
You are the dope
You cleanse me so
Where'er I go
In all my dreams
Your bug eyes beam
You are the fragrance of my bath, Sweet bar/bug of soap.

A Peanut

A peanut sat on a railroad track, its heart was all a flutter, Along came a 5:15 – Toot! --Peanut Butter!

Susan Finigan

I know a girl named Susan Finigan, She had jelly on her chinigan, She stuck out her tongue and licked it all in again. Poor old Susan Finigan

I know a man whose name is Finigan, He has hair growing on his chinigan, He shaveds it off, but it grows in again, Poor old Michael Finnigan, (begin again)

(Sing with Dutchy Accent)

My name is Jack Johnson, I come from Wisconsin,

I work in them lumber yards there,

Everybody I meet, when I comes down the streets

Says what is your name and I says, (Sing over again). Continued next page----

Oh! I'm a hayseed, my hair's a seaweed
And my ears are made of leather, for they flop in the windy weather.
Gosh A hemlock, tough as a pine lock
I'm from_____ can't you see?

The skinniest Man

The skinniest man I ever saw, he came from old Hoboken And when you hear how skinny he was, you'll think I'm only jokin! He couldn't go out on a stormy night, He couldn't go out alone, for fear some lean and hungry dog would take hem for a bone.

One night when the folks were all in bed, and the lights were burning low, A bed bug grabbed him by his toe and wouldn't let him gol Oh! Me! Oh! My! He almost lost his breath He fell right through the seat of his pants and choked himself to death!

NoBody Loves Me

Nobody loves me, Everybody hates me, I guess I'll eat some worms, One little buzzy one, One little fuzzy one, One slick slimy worm.

The buzzy one buzzed as he went down, The fuzzy one stuck in my throat. I bit off the head of the slick-slimmy work

And sucked the custard out.

Did You Ever Think

Did you ever think as the hearse rolled by
That the same might happen to you or I?
The mournful sound as they roll along,
Is the mournful dirge of a mourner's song
They take you out and they lower you down.
The men with shovels all stand around.
They throw in the dirt and they throw in the rocks.
They cover you up in you little pine box.

The worms crawl out and the worms crawl in,
They crawl ov'r your nose and your mouth and your skin,
They call in their friends and their friends' friends too,
And you look like the deuce when they're throught with you.

Anybody seen my Kitty?

Any body seen my kitty, anybody seen my cat? It's got a crook in the end of its tail that shows that she's been fighting. Down in ol' Flannigans alley in O'Connors flat, Kitty, Kitty, Kitty, Kitty, Me-ow Has anybody seen my cat?

I Stuck My Head in a Little Skunk's Hole

I stuck my head in the little skunk hole And the little skunk said, 'Dawgone you soul, take it out,

Take it out, take it out. Remove it!

I didn't take it out and the little skunk said, "If you don't you'll wish you You were dead, Take it out, take it out, take it out, take it out.

Pssssst! I removed it!

Glow Worm

Glow, little glow worm, glimmer, glimmer, See how her form grows slimmer, slimmer. Her teeth are false, and her hair peroxide See in the moonlight, she is cross-eyed. The rustle of her petticoats in the breezes, Made by the sandpaper on her kneeses. All these things a girl will do To lead men on to woo.

After the Ball

After the ball was over,
Katy took out her glass eye,
Put her false teeth into water,
Covered her bottle of dye.
Set her cork leg in the corner,
Hung up her hair on the wall,
And what was left went to bye-bye
After the ball.

I'd rather Have—

I'd rather have eyes than a nose, I'd rather have fingers than toes, But as for my hair, I'm glad it's still there And I'll miss it whenever it goes.

There was an Old Man

There was an old man from Quarentum, Who sat on his false teeth and bent them, When asked what they cost And how much he lost He said, "I don't know, I just rent them."