

A decorative border in a dark maroon color frames the entire page. It features intricate, swirling floral and vine motifs, including large flowers and smaller buds, set against a light, textured background.

**There's Music
in the Air**

**Songs for the Middle-Young
by
Malvina Reynolds**

\$5.00

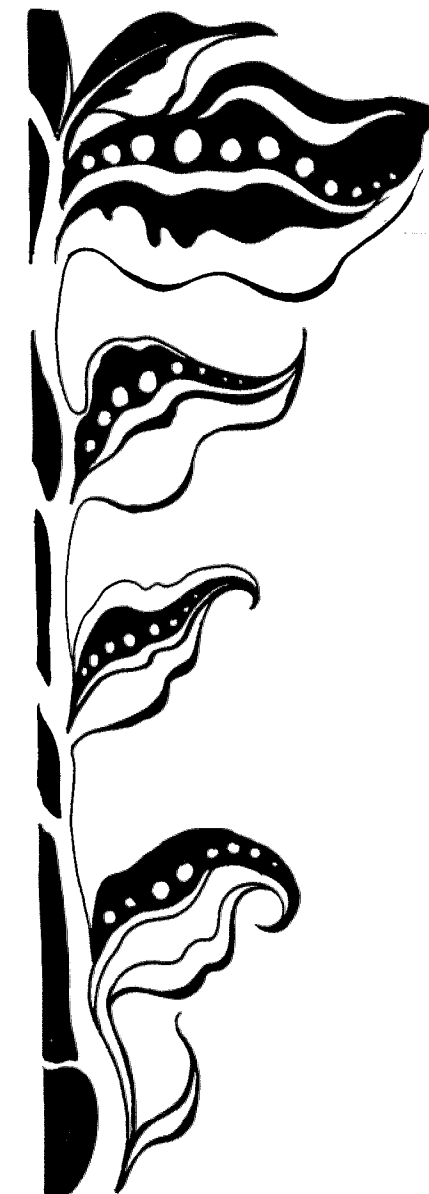
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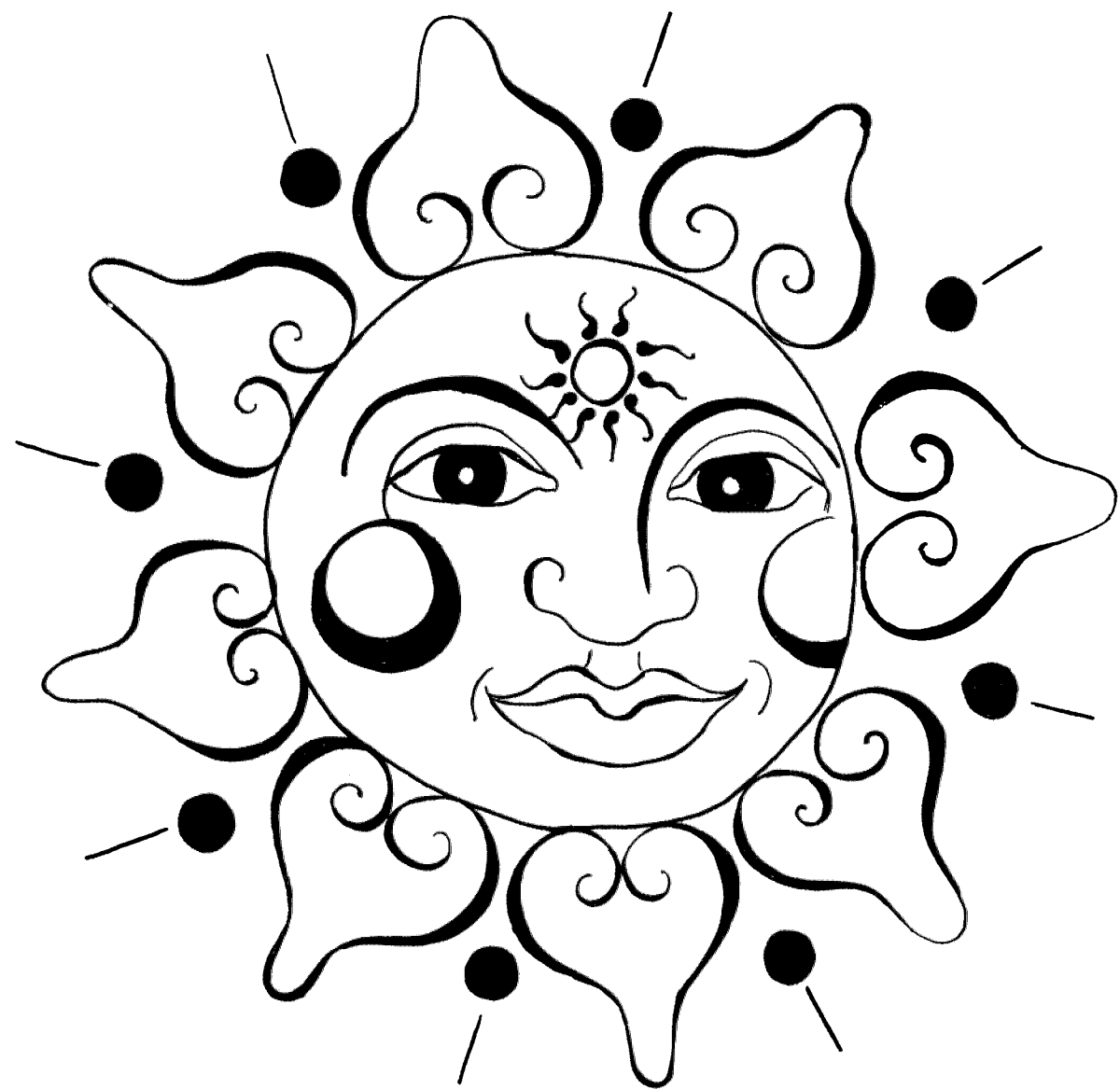
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Many of the songs I've written don't seem to belong to any particular age section: what seem like little kid songs have sometimes become grown-up favorites, and the other way around. So I have put together here songs I have for the young in mind; funny songs, dreamy songs, loud and soft songs, idea songs and story songs. Some of them have been published before in other collections, some of them are from collections now out of print; most of them have been in the files or the back of my head, waiting for the light of day, or they're brand new. Some are open-ended, so that you can add verses of your own.

Most of the music is plain and square on the page, to make it easy to read at first. But I hope that in time you will swing it a little, with phrasing and syncopation to suit the way it appeals to you. A few of the songs have actually been written in a free style — see "If You Love Me" and "Magic Penny" — to show you what I mean.

The songs have been put in keys easy to sing, or easy to chord on the guitar, or both.

Have fun.

Malvina

The Alameda Mountains

words and music
by Malvina Reynolds

VERSE

Musical notation for the verse, including lyrics and chord symbols (A7, D, A, G).

In the Al-a-me-da Moun-tains it's al-ways
 sun-ny, And when it's rain-ing you don't get
 wet, And if you want mon-ey just ask your
 hon-ey, Cause what you ask for Is what you
 get. In the Al-a-me-da Moun-tains, I long to
 go there, Where all the folks wear a smil-ing
 face, In the Al-a-me-da Moun-tains,
 In the Al-a-me-da Moun-tains In the Al-a-me-da

Musical notation for the chorus, including lyrics and chord symbols (G, A7, D, A7). A box labeled "all but last chorus" covers the final measure.

Moun-tains, There's no such place.

Oh, the people are friendly,
 And they're glad to see you,
 And they say, "How be you!"
 And they call you "Dear,"
 But if you want to be alone there,
 It's easily done there,
 You just say, "Shoo fly!"
 And they disappear.

Chorus

In the Alameda Mountains
 There's music ringing,
 If you start singing,
 You're right on key.
 But if you want silence,
 There's lovely islands
 Without a radio
 Or a T.V.

Chorus

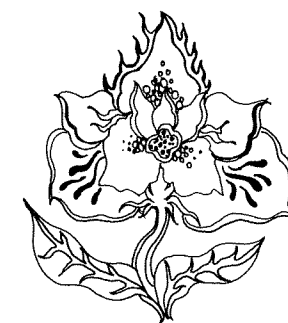
In the Alameda Mountains,
 They never worry,
 They never hurry
 To get somewhere.
 They're never speedin'
 To find their Eden,
 Cause as for Eden,
 They're already there.

Chorus

In the Alameda Mountains
 They take life easy,
 Cause everything's breezy,
 And nothing's wrong.
 Tho their voices are gravelly,
 They all sound lovely,
 And they're always singing
 This little song.

Last chorus:

In the Alameda Mountains,
 I long to go there,
 Where all the folks wear
 A smiling face,
 In the Alameda Mountains,
 In the Alameda Mountains,
 In the Alameda Mountains,
 We'll find that place.



Artichokes

words and music
by Malvina Reynolds

G C G
Ar-ti- chokes, hm - m,

D₇ G
Ar-ti- chokes, Hm - m,

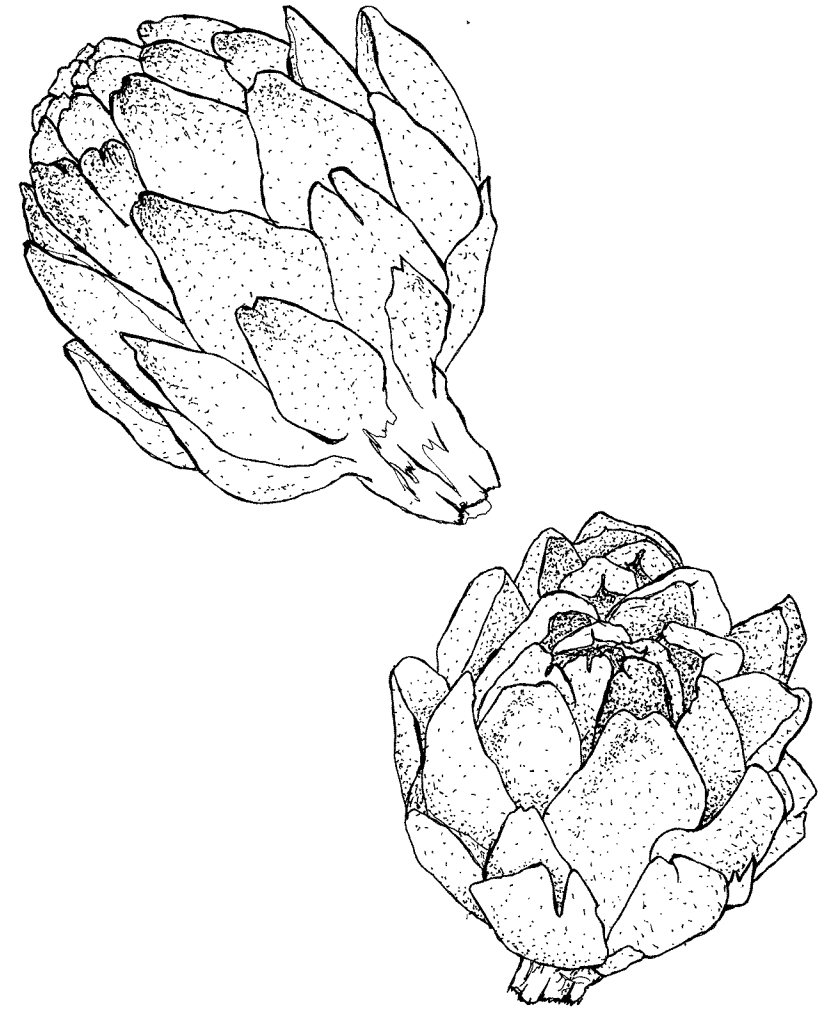
D₇ G end
Ar-ti- chokes, Hm - m.

G C G
Down in Mon-ter-ey the ar-ti- chokes grow,

D₇ G
Tow-sey head-ed ar-ti- chokes, row af-ter row, They

C G
grow in Mon-ter-ey 'cause it's com-for-ta-ble there, They

am G D₇ G D.C.
like the sand-y bot-tom and the cool salt air.



When you eat an artichoke you take a little bite,
Stick you in the finger if you don't hold it right.
Take a little nibble, throw away the rest,
Enough left over for a google-birdie nest.

All Over Everything

words and music
by Malvina Reynolds

CHORUS

Musical notation for the song 'All Over Everything'. It consists of six staves of music in G major, 4/4 time. The melody is simple and repetitive. The lyrics are: 'All o-ver ev-'ry-thing, Kids all o-ver ev-'ry-thing. All o-ver ev-'ry-thing, Kids all o-ver ev-'ry-thing. School's out hear them shout, Pour-ing down the rain spout, On the chairs, on the stairs, Kids all o-ver ev-'ry- wheres.'

Kids in twos,
Kids in crews,
Barefoot kids and kids in shoes,
Kids in socks,
Kids in flocks,
Running all around the blocks.

Chorus

Climbing walls,
Throwing balls,
Dancing up and down the halls,
Cleaning plates,
Eating dates,
Riding by on roller skates.

Chorus

Climbing trees,
Skinning knees,
Buzzing round like bumble bees,
Banging spoons,
Singing tunes,
Riding by on toy balloons.

Chorus

Everybody Says

words and music
by Malvina Reynolds

Musical notation for the song 'Everybody Says'. It consists of six staves of music in G major, 4/4 time. The melody is simple and repetitive. The lyrics are: 'Ev-'ry-bod-y says, "Sit down, sit down!" Ev-'ry-bod-y says, "Sit down, sit down!" But I can't sit down and I can't sit down, Cause my feet are all full of dance a-round. Bump dee-dle ump bump, bump a dee, Ev-'ry-bod-y bump a dee-dle dance with me.'

Everybody says, "Be good, be good."
Everybody says, "Be good, be good."
If they understood I'm as good as good,
'Cause dancing around is what I should.

Chorus

Everybody says, "What's wrong? What's wrong?"
Everybody says, "What's wrong? What's wrong?"
Well, there's nothing wrong when I sing my song,
But you'd better look out if I'm quiet long.

Chorus

Black Horse

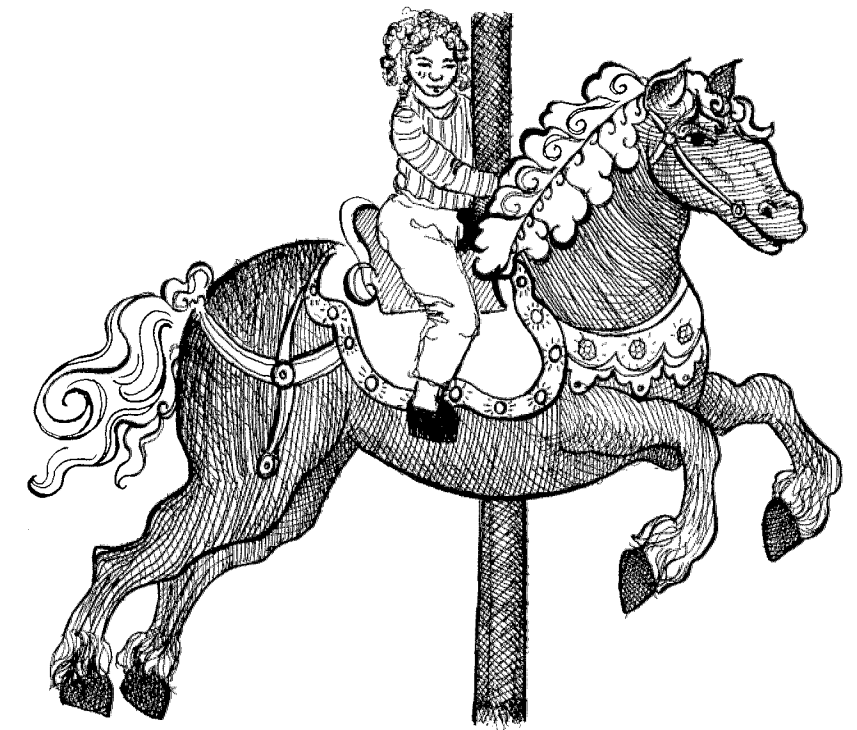
words and music
by Malvina Reynolds

CHORUS

I want to ride on the Black Horse, the Black Horse, the
Black Horse. Daddy, put me up on the Black Horse, 'Cause
he's the one for me. Oh the Black Horse lives on the
mer-ry-go-round That plays a march-ing song, And it's
just like being in a big pa-rade that goes on all day
long. The mu-sic starts and a-way we go, and the
Black Horse gal-lops and the rest go slow, 'Cause

he's the one in the ver-y front row, And
he's the one for me.

Oh the white horse is a beautiful horse
But he doesn't gallop at all.
And the little red wagon's only made
For children very small.
But people come from all over town
To see the black horse go up and down,
And I wave my hat when we come around
And he's the one for me.



The Desert

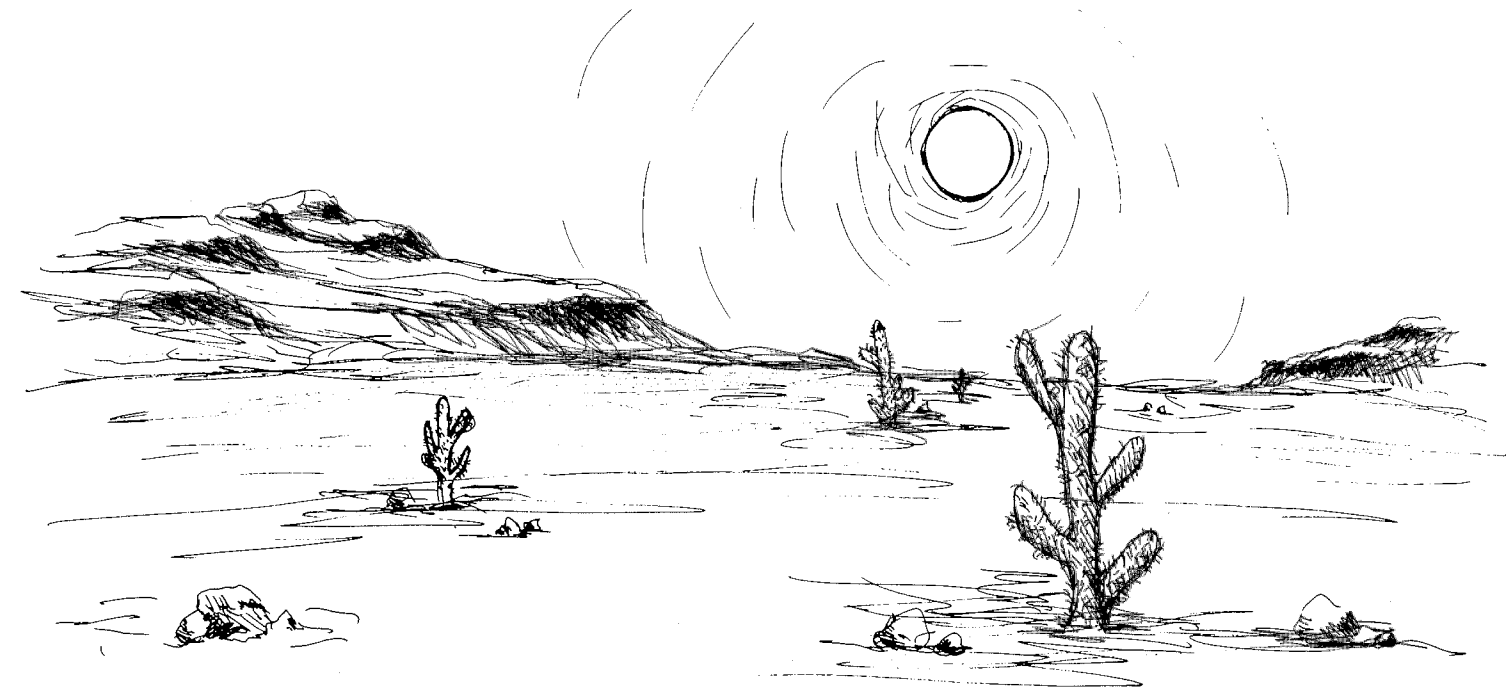
words and music
by Malvina Reynolds

1. I sing of the des-ert, the dirt is so
clean, the air is so fair, The
folks are not mean 'Cause there's no peo-ple
there. I and
that's where I'll bide, And that's where I'll
hide, Till the tide of the cit-ies
pass-es a-way.

Chords: C, am, em, G, B7, G7, C

Annotations: verses 1 thru 4, last verse

2. I sing of the desert,
The bushes are brave,
On the hot sandy plain
They root and survive
Without sprinkler or rain.
3. I sing of the desert,
The snakes and the toads,
They're used to the clime.
If they keep off the roads,
They live a long time.
4. I sing of the desert,
The nights are so clear,
The air is so still,
You can reach for a star
Whenever you will.
5. I sing of the desert,
It's ample and wide,
And that's where I'll stay,
And that's where I'll bide,
And that's where I'll hide
Till the tide of the cities passes away.



Don't Push Me

words and music
by Malvina Reynolds

CHORUS

Don't push me, I'm head-ed my way,
 Don't block my high-way, Don't push me.
 Don't shove me, I'm walk-ing soft-ly,
 So get off me, Don't push me.

VERSE

1. I've been in chains, an i-ron band,
 I need some space, some room to
 stand, I need my breath, I need my

bread, I need some clear sky
 o-ver my head.

You're born to die
 Like any other one,
 You act as though
 You own the earth and sun,
 I'm born to die,
 But till that day
 I am moving my own way.

Chorus

I'm bound around,
 Too many walls,
 You are the walls
 That crowd me in.
 I am too strong
 For any walls,
 I'll break right through and live again.

Chorus

Eight Candles

words and music
by Malvina Reynolds

VERSE

dm A7 dm A7 dm

Eight can-dles shine for the Mac-ca-bees.

A7 dm A7 dm

Eight can-dles shine for the Mac-ca-bees.

F C7 F

Down from the moun-tains with Lib-er-ty's

A7 dm C7 A

sword, They came like the flame of the Lord.

CHORUS F Dance Tempo gm

Dance the ho-rah, light the men-o-rah,

C F gm

This is the time of joy. The road to

dm

free-dom we take to-day With the

A7 dm

Mac-ca-bees lead-ing the way.

Eight candles shine for the Macabees.
Eight candles shine for the Macabees.
The tyrant was routed with all of his men,
And the temple made holy again.

Chorus

Eight candles shine for the Macabees.
Eight candles shine for the Macabees.
Hanukah's children will never forget
The glory that shines for us yet.

Chorus



The Faucets Are Dripping

words and music
by Malvina Reynolds

CHORUS

The faucets are drip-ping in old New York
 Cit-y, The faucets are drip-ping and
 oh, what a pit-y! The re-ser-voir's
 dry-ing be-cause it's sup-ply-ing The
 faucets that drip in New York.

VERSE

You can't ask the land-lord to put in a
 wash-er, He'd rath-er you move than to
 put in a wash-er, The faucets are

drip-ping, they sound in my ears, The
 tap in the bath-room's been run-ning for
 years.

There's a wild streak of green in the sink in the kitchen,
 It comes from the rill trickling out of the plumbing,
 The streams from the mountains, the pools from the lea,
 All run from my faucet and down to the sea.

Chorus

You can't ask the landlord to put in a washer,
 You can't ask the landlord to mend the old stairs,
 He takes in the rents and he lives in Miami,
 Where faucets don't drip and there's sun everywhere.

Chorus

The faucets are dripping, the landlord's content.
 With every new tenant he raises the rent,
 The buildings can crumble, the tenants can cry,
 There's a shortage of housing, you'll live there or die.

Chorus

They're building some buildings and fine city centers,
 It's sure working hard on the low-income renters,
 They're jammed into rooms with the rat and the fly
 Where the faucets all drip and the floor's never dry.

Chorus

From Way Up Here

words by Malvina Reynolds
music by Pete Seeger

From way up here the earth looks ver-y small, It's
just a lit-tle ball of rock and sea and sand,
No big-ger than my hand. From
way up here the earth looks ver-y small, They
shouldn't fight at all Down there, up-on that lit-tle
sphere. Their time is short, a
life is just a day, You'd think they'd find a way.
You'd think they'd get a-long and
fill their sun-lit days with song.

(whistle or play instrument)

From way up here the
earth looks ver-y small, It's just a lit-tle ball, so
small, so beau-ti-ful and clear. Their
time is short, a life is just a day, Must
be a bet-ter way, To use the time that runs
a-mong the dis-tant suns. From
way up here the earth is ver-y small, It's
just a lit-tle ball, so small, so beau-ti-ful and
dear. (instrument or whistle)

Galaxy

words and music
by Malvina Reynolds

CHORUS

You don't care a-bout me, Way out there, Ga-
lax- y, I don't care what the sag- es said in the
Mid- dle Ag- es, You don't care a-bout me.

VERSE

You are beau- ti- ful at night, and that's
right, I'm a bright bit of dust and the
stars are no more, And my soul was- n't
set by a star. It grew like a

flow- er in the earth of the Tribes , It's a
flow- er that I prize, Like the in- de- pen- dent
stars in the skies.

Aquarius and Pisces are light years gone,
I'm a child of the warmth of the Sun,
Like the bug and the panther
And I flourish that way,
With the whale and the falcon
And the jay and the bee,
I rejoice in your sight,
But I follow my own light,
Galaxy.

Chorus



Early in the Morning



words and music
by Malvina Reynolds

Ear-ly in the morn-ing not yet dawn,
 Nev-er was a-wake so ear-ly in the morn,
 One star, two stars, all the rest gone,
 Ear-ly in the morn-ing.

Early in the morning, just before day,
 I can hear the chipmunks rustle in the hay,
 I can hear the rooster high far away,
 Early in the morning.

I can smell the pine trees way over head,
 I can smell the sweet water near to my bed,
 I can smell the wood fire cooking up bread,
 Early in the morning.

God Bless the Grass

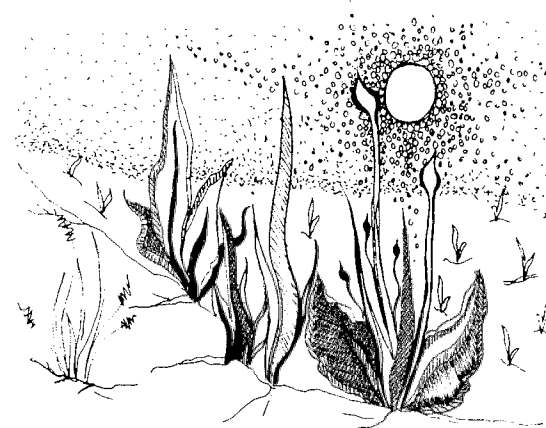
words and music
by Malvina Reynolds

God bless the grass that grows through the crack. They
 roll the con-crete o-ver it to try and keep it back. The
 con-crete gets tired of what it has to do, It
 breaks and it buck-les and the grass grows through, And
 God bless the grass.

God bless the truth that fights toward the sun,
 They roll the lies over it and think that it is done.
 It moves through the ground and reaches for the air,
 And after a while it is growing everywhere,
 And God bless the grass.

God bless the grass that grows through cement.
 It's green and it's tender and it's easily bent.
 But after a while it lifts up its head,
 For the grass is living and the stone is dead,
 And God bless the grass.

God bless the grass that's gentle and low,
 Its roots they are deep and its will is to grow.
 And God bless the truth, the friend of the poor,
 And the wild grass growing at the poor man's door,
 And God bless the grass.



Green Shadows

words and music
by Malvina Reynolds

Musical notation for the song 'Green Shadows'. It consists of four staves of music in G major, 4/4 time. The lyrics are: 'You walk in- to this room, The trees are all a- round you, Green sha- dows kiss your head, The gen- tle sounds sur- round you, Your soul lies down on the pine- y bed.' Chords are indicated above the notes: B7, em, C, B7, A, B7, em.

The walls are random walls,
You do not feel them press you,
Green shadows touch your eyes,
Their silent welcomes bless you,
Your dreams come singing from the skies.

You are no longer one
But all that breathes beside you,
You are the craggy bark,
The leaves that move and hide you,
Green shadows and the rising dark.

You walk into this room,
The trees are all around you,
This is a living day,
No hostile sounds will wound you,
The chain saw's cry is far away.



Griddle Cakes

words and music
by Malvina Reynolds

Musical notation for the song 'Griddle Cakes'. It consists of seven staves of music in G major, 4/4 time. The lyrics are: 'You bring the sor-ghum, The sor-ghum, the sy- rup O, Tuck it in a buck- et, Or lug it in a pail. I'll make the grid- dle cakes, puf- fy- in- the - mid- dle cakes. Tie them up with bac- on and we'll eat them by the bale.' Chords are indicated above the notes: gm, cm, gm, C, gm, cm, F, G, cm, gm, D7, gm.

You come to breakfast,
To breakfast in the morning,
If you are a-hungry
We will feed you some.
We'll fill you with griddle cakes
Till your little middle aches,
We'll put you in a barrow
And we'll trundle you home.

I Live in a City

words and music
by Malvina Reynolds

CHORUS

I live in a ci-ty, yes I do, I live in a ci-ty,
yes I do, I live in a ci-ty, yes I do,

fin. VERSE

Made by hu-man hands. Black hands, white hands,
yel-low and brown, All to-geth-er built this town,
Black hands, white hands, yel-low and brown,
All to-geth-er make the wheels go 'round. (I)

Brown hands, yellow hands, white and black,
Mined the coal and built the stack,
Brown hands, yellow hands, white and black,
Built the engine and laid the track.

Chorus

Black hands, brown hands, yellow and white,
Built the buildings tall and bright,
Black hands, brown hands, yellow and white,
Filled them all with shining light.

Chorus

Black hands, white hands, brown and tan,
Milled the flour and cleaned the pan,
Black hands, white hands, brown and tan,
The working woman and the working man.

Chorus



If You Love Me

words and music
by Malvina Reynolds

E B₇ E

If you love me, if you love, love, love me,

A E

Plant a rose for me, And

A

if you think you'll love me for a

E B₇

long, long, time, Plant an ap-ple tree.

E A

The sun will shine, the wind will blow, The

E

rain will fall and the tree will grow, And

B₇

wh-e-ther you comes, or wh-e-ther you goes,

E B₇ E

I'll have an ap-ple, and I'll have a rose,

A

Love-ly to bite, and nice to my nose, And

E B₇ E

ev-'ry jui-cy nib-ble will be,

am E B₇

A sweet re-mind-er of the time you loved me, And

E 3 F E

plant-ed a rose for me,

B₇ E

And an ap-ple tree.



If You Want a Friend

words and music
by Malvina Reynolds

1. You might have been born a la-dy-bug,
do your-self in if you like.

You might have been born a cat,
You can dis-solve your brain cells in gin if you

like, And that del-i-cate pair of lungs you were

corn or a bat, But
born with To feed you your air, You can

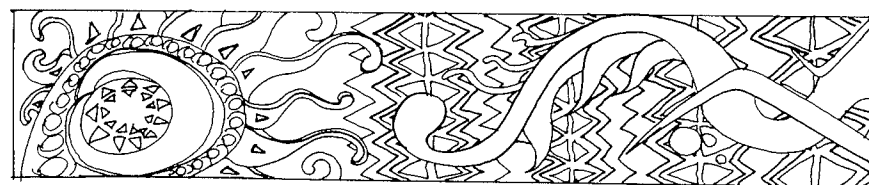
you had luck of a spe-cial kind. You were
choke them on hot smoke in- stead Un- til they turn

born a be- ing with a mind and a
blue and can no lon- ger do what they're meant to

voice, And the pow-er of choice.
do. It's all up to you.

1. A D 2. C

2. You can



It's Up to You

words and music
by Malvina Reynolds

1. You might have been born a la-dy-bug,
do your-self in if you like.

You might have been born a cat,
You can dis-solve your brain cells in gin if you

like, And that del-i-cate pair of lungs you were

corn or a bat, But
born with To feed you your air, You can

you had luck of a spe-cial kind. You were
choke them on hot smoke in- stead Un- til they turn

born a be- ing with a mind and a
blue and can no lon- ger do what they're meant to

voice, And the pow-er of choice.
do. It's all up to you.

1. A D 2. C

2. You can

I've Got a Song

words and music
by Malvina Reynolds

I've got a song, It's a- bout so high, It's a-
bout this big a- round, It's got a won-der-ful
sound, But I can't sing it.
I've got a song, It's a shade of green em-
broidered all o-ver with birds, But I don't know the
words, So I can't sing it. Some
day I'll get on a mount-ain-top and

o-pen up my mouth, And this great big song will come
rol-ling out and ech-o North and South.
I've got a song, It's three miles long, It's
bit-ter and strong and gay, And I'll sing it some
day, And I'll sing it some day.



Jenny Appleseed

words and music
by Malvina Reynolds

am
If I were Jen-ny Ap-ple - seed, in
E7 am
this day and time, I'd have a spe - cial
E7 am
job to do, and this would be mine. I'd
D A
get a great big load - ing truck to car - ry such a
E7
load, And I'd trav - el through this
A E7 A
CODA coun - try on ev - 'ry trav - elled road.
D
Watch what you're do - ing, Please
A
watch what you do, I

E7
can't go on for - ev - er pick - ing
A
up af - ter you.

I'd pick up every bottle,
I'd pick up every tin,
I'd pick up every carton
And I'd pile them all in.
From every bit of countryside
So green and so fine,
I'd pick up all the clutter left
By my human kind.

And when it was a mountain high
And all it could hold,
I'd paint a sign upon the sides
In letters big and bold:
"Oh all you jolly eaters
Of canned chicken stew,
You soda pop drinkers,
You beer drinkers, too,
Please watch what you're doing,
Please watch what you do,
I can't go on forever
Picking up after you."



Johnny Built a House

words and music
by Malvina Reynolds

am
John-ny built a house that was just so high,

G
John-ny built a house with a wind-ow and a door,

am
John-ny built a house that was pret-ty as a pie, But it

E7 am E7 am
did-nt have walls and it did-n't have a floor.

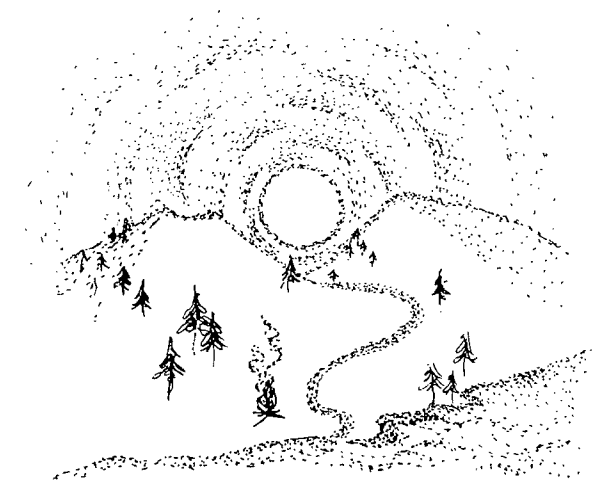
C G
"Hy," said John-ny, "What care I!

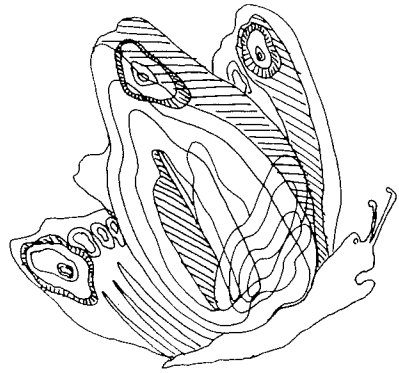
am E7
I can see the wil-low tree and I can see the sky. The

am dm
sky is blue and the wind blows through, And the

E am
grass grows green where the floor might have been."

Johnny built a house that was just so high,
Johnny built a house with a gate and a yard,
The yard was immense 'cause it didn't have a fence,
And he didn't build a fence cause he was just too tired.
"Hy," said Johnny, "What care I!
The wild flowers grow just as blue as the sky,
The red bird sits on my little corn bin,
And I'll move over when the bears move in."





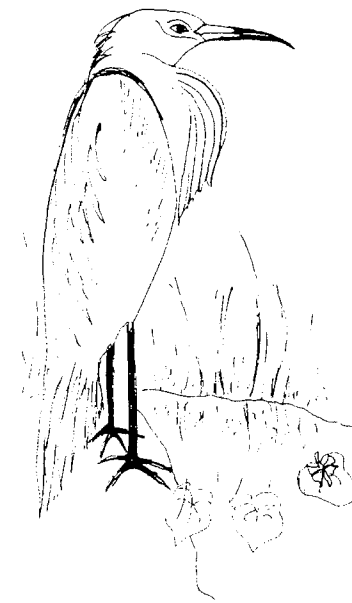
Kennebunkport

words and music
by Malvina Reynolds

Well its fif-ty miles to Ken-ne-bunk-port As the
 crow flies , as the crow flies , And it's fif-ty miles to
 Ken-ne-bunk-port As the crow flies from here. Oh it's
 fif-ty miles to Ken-ne-bunk-port And if
 I was a crow that's the way I'd go, Nei-ther
 crow nor hawk so I'll have to walk To
 Ken-ne-bunk-port from here.

Well, it's fifty miles to Kennebunkport
As the trout swims, as the trout swims,
And it's fifty miles to Kennebunkport
As the trout swims from here.
Oh it's fifty miles to Kennebunkport,
And if I was a trout I'd glide about,
Neither trout nor pike, so I'll have to hike
To Kennebunkport from here.

Well, it's fifty miles to Kennebunkport
As the hare hops, as the hare hops,
And it's fifty miles to Kennebunkport
As the bunny hops from here.
Oh, it's fifty miles to Kennebunkport,
And if I was a hare I'd sure get there;
Neither hare nor doe, so I'll heel and toe
To Kennebunkport from here.



The Lambeth Children

words and music
by Malvina Reynolds

Musical score for 'The Lambeth Children' in C major, 4/4 time. The score consists of five staves of music with lyrics underneath. Chords are indicated above the notes: C, G, am, dm, G, C, G7, em, G, em, G, C.

Fif- ty chil- dren sit- ting in the trees,
Fif- ty chil- dren swing- ing in the breeze,
Up in the branch- es and off their knees, Hoo-
ray for the Lam- beth chil- dren, O, Hoo-
ray for the Lam- beth chil- dren, O.

Eleven fine maples growing in a row,
The road to be widened doomed them to go,
But fifty kids of Lambeth cried "No, no!"
Hooray for the Lambeth children, O.
Hooray for the Lambeth children, O.

The men with the chain saws all stood around,
Cause the kids were in the trees and they wouldn't
come down,
So the lumberjacks packed up and went back to town,
Hooray for the Lambeth children, O,
Hooray for the Lambeth children, O.

Roads we've enough and roads everywhere,
Roads for the cars we can very well spare,
But long live the maple trees, green or bare!
And hooray for the Lambeth children, O,
Hooray for the Lambeth children, O.

Magical Song

words and music
by Malvina Reynolds

Musical score for 'Magical Song' in A major, 4/4 time. The score consists of seven staves of music with lyrics underneath. Chords are indicated above the notes: A, E7, A, F, A, E7, A, E, E, am, G, F, E7, (am), D.C.

I know a mag- i - cal song,
Make you sound like a Chi - nese gong,
Ev-'ry- bod- y will sing a-long to the
mag- i - cal song, Bump- a- doo- dle dee do.
(whistle or hum)
I know a magical tune,
Make you sound like a wild bassoon,
Ride away around the moon,
To the magical tune.
I know a magical toot,
Make you sound like an Indian flute
Tootling into a rubber boot,
Magical toot.
I know a magical sound
Make you sound like a merry-go-round,
Everybody riding up and down,
To this magical sound.

I know a magical tune,
Make you sound like a wild bassoon,
Ride away around the moon,
To the magical tune.

I know a magical toot,
Make you sound like an Indian flute
Tootling into a rubber boot,
Magical toot.

I know a magical sound
Make you sound like a merry-go-round,
Everybody riding up and down,
To this magical sound.

[Repeat 1st verse]

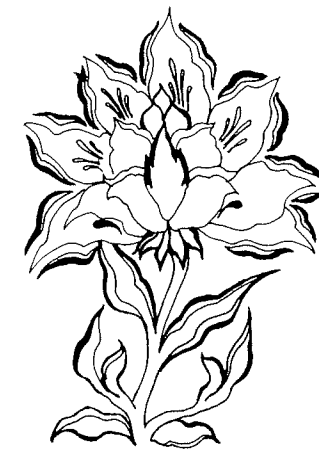


Let It Be

words and music
by Malvina Reynolds

When you walk in the for-est, let it be. There's a
 flow-er in the wood, let it be. There's a
 flow-er in the wood, and it's in-no-cent and good, By the
 stone where it stands, let it be. Let it be, let it
 be, It's so love-ly where it is, let it
 be. Though you want it for your own, if you
 take it from its place, It will not be what it was when you

loved it where it stood in the wood. Let it
 be, let it be. It's so love-ly where it is, let it
 be. It's a thought-ful child,
 in-no-cent and wild, By the stone, by the reed, Let it
 bloom, let it seed, Let it be.



Let Us Come In

words and music
by Malvina Reynolds

We are three wan-d'ring trav-'lers
Out in the wind and the rain,
We saw your light, cheer-y and
bright, And tapped on your win-dow
pane, sing-ing, Let us come in,
Let us come in, In-to your
house so gay. Let us come

in, Let us come in,
Please do not send us a-way.

We heard the music playing,
Sounded like happy time news,
One of us said, "Let's knock on the door!"
The other said, "What can we lose?" singing:

Chorus

One of us plays on the whistle,
Makes such a musical tweet,
One of us sings such beautiful things,
And one keeps time with his feet, singing:

Chorus

Please go ahead with your dinner,
We will just wait till you're through,
But if you find there's enough to go round,
Save us a beefsteak or two, singing:

Chorus

We will make noise very softly,
The landlord won't hear us at all,
And if there's not enough room in the beds
We will just sleep in the hall, singing:

Chorus

One or two extra won't matter,
Plenty of room on the floor,
You'll look around and find we have gone
After a fortnight or more, singing:

Chorus

Little Boxes

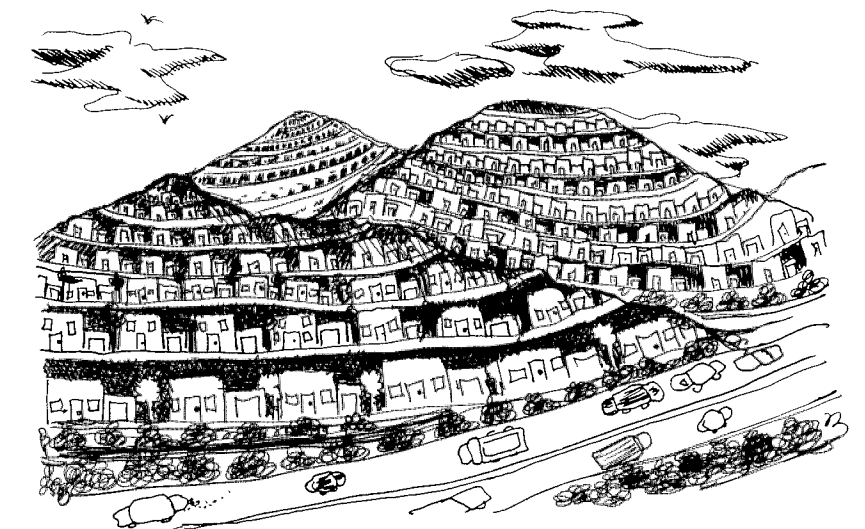
words and music
by Malvina Reynolds

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (D major) and a 2/4 time signature. It consists of six staves of music with lyrics underneath. Chord symbols (D, G, A7) are placed above the notes. The lyrics are: "Lit-tle box-es on the hill-side, lit-tle box-es made of tick-y tack-y, Lit-tle box-es on the hill-side, lit-tle box-es all the same. There's a green one and a pink one and a blue one and a yel-low one, And they're all made out of tick-y tack-y and they all look just the same."

And the people in the houses
All went to the university,
Where they were put in boxes
And they came out all the same.
And there's doctors and lawyers,
And business executives,
And they're all made out of ticky tacky
And they all look just the same.

And they all play on the golf course
And drink their martinis dry,
And they all have pretty children
And the children go to school,
And the children go to summer camp
And then to the university,
Where they are put in boxes
And they come out all the same.

And the boys go into business
And marry and raise a family
In boxes made of ticky tacky
And they all look just the same.
There's a green one and a pink one,
And a blue one and a yellow one,
And they're all made out of ticky tacky
And they all look just the same.



Magic Penny

words and music
by Malvina Reynolds

CHORUS

Love is some-thing if you give it a-way, give it a-way,
 give it a-way, Love is some-thing if you give it a-way, You
 last time, to Coda | G all but last time | C VERSE
 end up hav- ing more. 1. It's just like a
 ma- gic pen- ny, Hold it tight and you
 won't have an- y, Lend it, spend it and you'll
 have so ma- ny, They'll roll all o- ver the
 floor, For more. So let's go danc- ing till the

break of day, And if there's a pi- per,
 we can pay, For love is some-thing if you
 give it a-way, You end up hav- ing more. End

3. Money's dandy and we like to use it,
 But love is better if you don't refuse it,
 It's a treasure and you'll never lose it
 Unless you lock up your door, for





Morningtown Ride words and music by Malvina Reynolds

C
Train whis-tle blow-ing, makes a sleep-y
C F C
noise, Un-der-neath their blan-kets go
dm G7 C
all the girls and boys, Head-ing from the
F C
sta-tion, out a-long the bay,
F C G7
All bound for Morn-ing-town, man-y miles a-
C
way.

Sarah's at the engine, Tony rings the bell,
John swings the lantern to show that all is well.
Rocking, rolling, riding, out along the bay,
All bound for Morningtown, many miles away.

Maybe it is raining where our train will ride,
But all the little travelers are snug and warm inside.
Somewhere there is sunshine, somewhere there is day,
Somewhere there is Morningtown, many miles away.

Never Argue With a Bee

words and music by Malvina Reynolds

CHORUS
E
Ne-ver ar-gue with a bee, He has got a sting-a-
B7
ree, Be he work-er, be he drone,
E end **VERSE**
You had best leave him a-lone. He has got his work to
A E
do, Get-ting hon-ey from the tree,
B7
If you know what's good for you,
E
Do not ar-gue with a bee.

Well, a hornet knows his rights,
And it hurts when he alights.
You will surely get your lumps,
Cause his stinger, it is trumps.

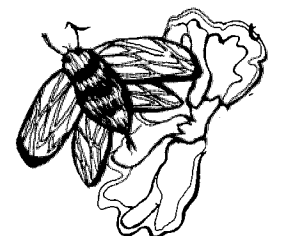
Chorus

And the wasp is very wild
If you bother with his child.
Let him go where he is bound,
Do not try to mess around.

Chorus

You can get along with bees,
Call them mister, ask them please,
Let them work and be content,
But avoid the argument.

Chorus



My Street

words and music
by Malvina Reynolds

C F G
My street is a friend-ly street,

C F G
Peo-ple say hel-lo to the peo-ple they meet,

C
Peo-ple walk a-long with the hap-py feet On

C dm G C
my street, Yes. Lit-tle kids, big kids, the

F G C
wo-men and men, Know you by your name and they

dm G F
knew you when, Know where you're go-ing and

G am G
where you've been, On my street, Yes.

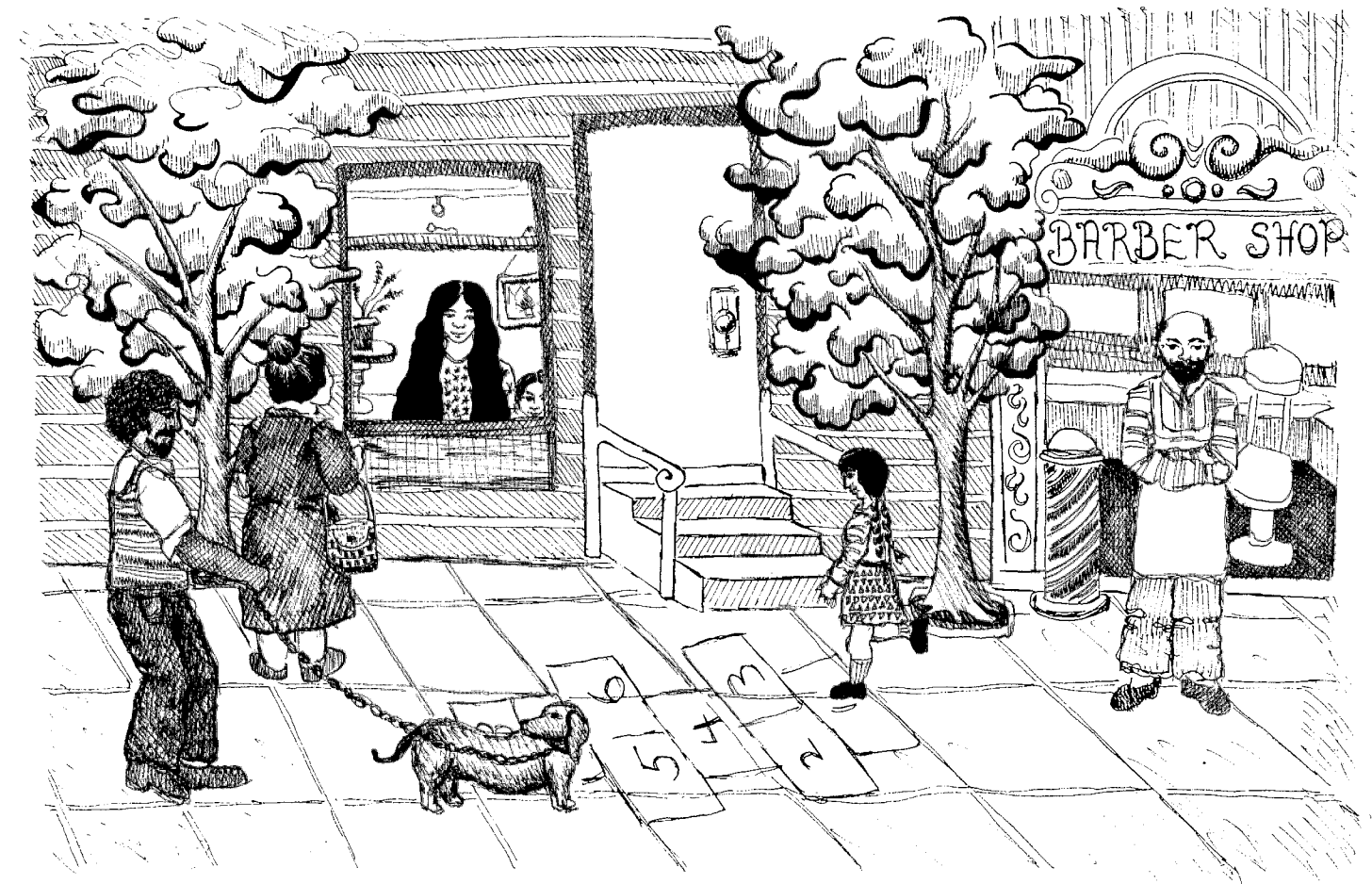
CHORUS F C dm
My street, my street, Kind of a mod-est and

C G dm
shy street, But we're all to-ge-ther and

am F C dm C
care for each oth-er on my street.

My street is a neighborhood,
Makes you feel as though you want to be good,
Want to be liked and understood
On my street, Yes.
Come to my street and you will find,
People are mostly the gentle kind,
You'll feel as tho you can rest your mind
On my street, Yes.

Chorus



Never Touch a Singing Bird

words and music
by Malvina Reynolds

am dm
Nev-er touch a sing-ing bird, a
am G am
wild bird. Nev-er move or
dm A am
say a word, But sit and lis-ten qui-et-ly,
G F
Un-der-neath the for-est tree. You
am dm b°
can-not catch and hold its song, For if it's
dm am dm
tame, it's not the same. The sing-ing bird does
am em am
not be-long To you or me or an-y-one, Or
em B7
an-y-one. This bird won't sing un-less it's
em
free.



The New Restaurant

words and music
by Malvina Reynolds

The musical score is written on a single staff in treble clef with a 3/4 time signature. It consists of seven lines of music. The lyrics are written below the notes. Chord symbols (am, C, G7, F) are placed above the staff at various points. The lyrics are: "I stopped in-to a rest-au-rant and Oh, it was a dream! From a half mile up the high-way you could see the fix-tures gleam. They heat-ed up the cof-fee cups with ex-tra pres-sure steam, But the food was ter-ri-ble."

I stopped in-to a rest-au-rant and
Oh, it was a dream! From a half mile up the
high-way you could see the fix-tures
gleam. They heat-ed up the cof-fee cups with
ex-tra pres-sure steam, But the food
was ter-ri-ble.

The waitresses were charming, they had such lovely eyes,
Their smiles all matched exactly and their uniforms likewise,
Their hair was piled as sweetly as the topping on the pies,
But the food was terrible.

The decor was a symphony in orange, gold and white,
The silver and the crockery would fill you with delight,
The menu was a masterpiece, so witty and so bright,
But the food was terrible.

They must have spent a fortune on the furniture and such,
On the place mats and the napkins, just like linen to the touch,
So the budget for the kitchen really wasn't very much,
And the food was terrible.

Another generation will forget the taste of meat,
Of tomatoes from the garden and of bread that's made of
wheat,
And they'll never even notice, when it's plastic that they eat,
That the food is terrible.



Non-Ads

words by Malvina Reynolds
and Nancy Schimmel
music by Malvina Reynolds

De - ter - gent, de - ter - gent, it gets your laun - dry
white, It backs up in the wa - ter pipes, you
drink it day and night, It makes your kit - chen
spot - less, it keeps your bath - room clean, It
bub - bles from the wa - ter tap and
turns your li - ver green.

Use X or Y brand gasoline,
It doesn't matter which,
It all comes from the same big tanks,
And makes old Texas rich,
It fills the freeways up with cars,
It fills the air with lead,
If you insist on breathing,
You'll have octane in your head.

They fill the ham with water,
I really don't know why,
It's too darn wet to bake
And it's too darn wet to fry,
But packers point with pride
To a method that they've found,
For selling salty water
At ninety cents a pound.

Try our insecticides
We know they're sure to please,
They kill the little bees
That pollinate the trees.
Buy our insecticides
On easy payment terms,
You won't have any apples
But they won't have any worms.



Nothing to Say

words and music
by Malvina Reynolds

Well I brought home re-cords from the
re-cord store, All the rave re-views and the
gol-den star; And I list-ened and I list-ened care-
ful-ly To the words and the styles and the
mel-o-dy, And they all had no-thing to
say to me, No - thing to say.

Well I got a good player with the quadro sound,
And I spun those records round and round,
And the voices were full of agony,
Hysterics, polytechnics, electricity,
And they all had nothing to say to me,
Nothing to say.

So then I turned on the radio,
And then I went to the Broadway show,
And then I watched the color TV
And the media mediocrity,
And they all had nothing to say to me,
Nothing to say.

Tell me something, little katydid,
Tell me something, little skooter kid,
Tell me something, cock-a-doodle-doo,
Cause I can't find anything to listen to,
They've got nothing to say to me or you,
Nothing to say.

Place To Be

words and music
by Malvina Reynolds

Ev-'ry-bod-y has a place to go,
Ev-'ry-bod-y wants a place to be,
When birds fly they're swim-ming in the sky, while
fish are swim-ming in the sea.

Everybody has a place to go,
Everybody wants to be somewhere,
Lobsters live at the bottom of the sea.
While I'm at the bottom of the air.



The Pets

words and music
by Malvina Reynolds

I have a dog-gie, his name is Do-
lal-ly, Oh
Dal-ly Do-
lal-ly, so faith-ful and true. He
lives up-
on flip-flop-pers, gol-ly-whop-pers and
so-da pop-pers, And that makes him hop a-round like
grass-hop-pers do. We love our pets, yes we
do, we do. When they go (woof!
woof!) They're talk-ing to you.
(snore) They're sleep-ing, of course!

I have a kitty,
Her name is Miss Feedle Faddle,
O fit feedle faddle, foot feedle faddle,
Fair as a rose.
She lives upon livers,
And mousey come hithers,
And that's why she slithers
Wherever she goes.

Chorus (Meow! Meow!)

I have a birdie,
His name is MacMurdie,
O wing-feather and tail-feather
And top-feather so bright.
He lives upon prinkles,
And pink periwinkles,
And that's why he twinkles
From morning till night.

Chorus (Tweet! Tweet!)

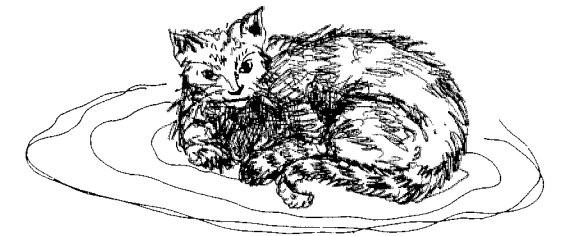
I have a donkey,
His name is Old Klonkey,
O hip hoppity, klip kloppity,
All over town.
He lives upon thistles,
And tin penny whistles,
And that's why he whoops
Like a merry-go-round.

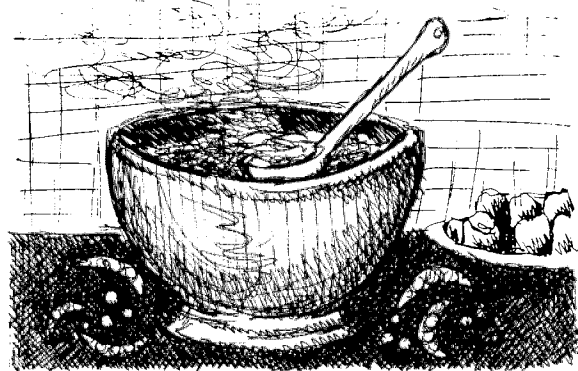
Chorus (Eeaw! Eeaw!)

I have a barnacle,
His name is McGonigle,
O wish washery, slish sloshery
Under my boat.
He lives on the boring
Of old teakwood flooring,
And when he is snoring
He can't sing a note.

Last Chorus:

We love our pets,
Yes we do, we do
When they go (snore).
(Spoken). They're sleeping, of course!





Pea Soup Song of Billings, Montana

words and music
by Malvina Reynolds

Come in-to the kit-chen, I'll sing you a
 song, While the pea soup is boil-ing,
 We'll have it for din-ner, it won't take us
 long, Cause the pea soup is boil-ing.

CHORUS

Dav-id and Kar-en turned the han-dle,
 That's why it's so good to eat. It's
 all full of on-ions, po-ta-toes and

cel-er-y, car-rots and green peas and
 meat.

Meg made the biscuits and appley crispets,
 A special for Bob on the way,
 The nut from the grinder is not in the soup,
 And Daddy will find it some day.

Chorus

Dad's a professor, he works in the basement,
 And nobody knows he is there,
 But when he comes home, we feed him on pea soup,
 And so he has never a care.

Last Chorus

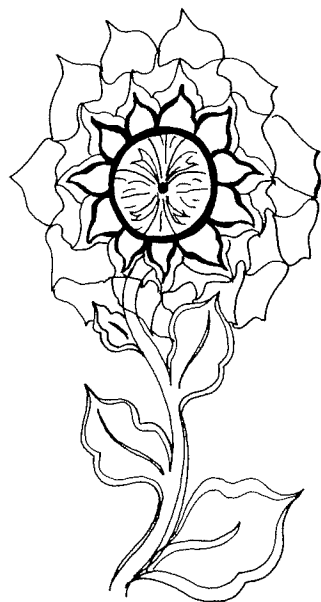
David and Karen turned the handle,
 Made such a wonderful goop.
 There's so much potatoes and ham hocks and
 green peas.
 There wasn't much room for the soup.



Preedle Proddle

words and music
by Malvina Reynolds

C
Pree-dle Prod-dle filled the bot-tle,
F *G* *C*
Glub Glub poured it in the tub,
dm *C*
Splish Splosh did the wash and
G₇ *C*
Flee Fly flapped it dry.



The Rigatoni Song

words and music
by Malvina Reynolds

G *D₇*
I know a lit-tle girl, She likes to dance and
G *C*
sing, She likes to make up fun-ny words, And
G *C*
that's an-o-ther thing; She calls this thing my
G *am* *em*
ri-ga-tar, She likes to hear it sound, So
C *F* *D₇*
while I play a ri-ga-toon, we'll rig-a-jig-jig a
G *C* *G*
round. Oh ri-ga-tar, ri-ga-toon, ri-ga-beat.
(clap) (clap) *D₇* *G*
Ri-ga-to-ni's good to eat.

Quiet

words and music
by Malvina Reynolds

VERSE

D A7

I don't know much a-bout much, And

D

what I don't know I don't say, And

gm dm A7

when I have no-thing to say, I'm

D

qui-et.

CHORUS

G D

When there's oc-ca-sion to hol-ler, I'll

A7 D

buy it, I can make noise with the best.

gm dm

But most of the rest of the time

A7 D (A7)

I'm qui-et.

I've made mistakes in the past,
Things that I blush over yet,
But I hardly ever regret
Having been quiet.

Chorus

I have a T.V. at home
And I do truly enjoy it.
I can just leave it alone
And it's quiet.

Chorus

I'm not unsociable, no,
People are fine in repose;
Somehow my favorites are those
Who are quiet.

Chorus

Quiet's a wonderful sound,
Sweeter than oboe or fiddle,
Someday I'm going to be found in the middle
Of quiet.

Chorus

Sing me a song of the sea
Soft as the breath of a breeze,
Sing me to sleep and then please
Keep quiet.



Ring Like a Bell

words by Malvina Reynolds
music by Pete Seeger

Oh, if I could ring like a bell!
If I could swing like the clapper on a
bell, To tell the world that the
wars are over, Would-n't that be the day!
Oh, if I could sound like the
thunder, If I could sing out the glory and the
wonder, To tell the world that the
wars are over, Would-n't that be the day!
CHORUS (2 times)
Would-n't that be the morn-

ing! Would-n't that be the day!
1. The faces of folks would
2. The news would sound the
smile a-gain and the bombs and the mis-siles would
world a-round and the stars would dance in the
rust a-way. Oh, Oh, Oh,
Milk-y Way.
Oh, if I could ring like a bell! If I could
swing like the clapper on a great bronze bell, To
heav-en-ly bell,
tell the world that the wars are over,
would-n't that be the day!
And won't that be the day.

Run, Run the Tree Is Falling

words and music
by Malvina Reynolds

CHORUS C

Run, run, the tree is fall- ing,

Run, run, the chain saw's at his throat!

am

am

G

end VERSES C

1. Once the red- wood's gone, It will not be the same, It will not be a gi- ant in the his- to- ry of time.

am C am

G

C

dm D.C. to end



Once the grove is gone,
The living fern and bush,
It will not house the yellow deer,
It will not bear the thrush.

Chorus

Once the trees are gone
That drank the heavy rain,
The water maddened rivers
Will tear the land again.

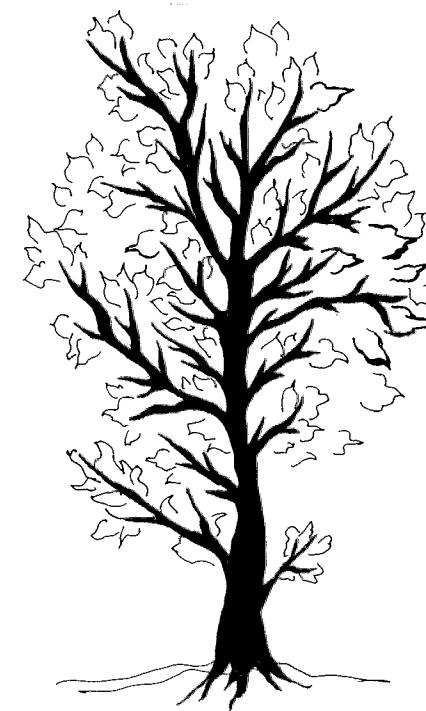
Chorus

Once the forest's gone
That was the creatures' friend,
We'll never have the wilderness
To reach a healing hand.

Chorus

Stop the iron teeth
That only know to kill,
That turn the mighty forest
Into corpses at the mill.

Chorus



Skagit Valley

words and music
by Malvina Reynolds

VERSE

There's a fine green val-ley not
far from Van- cou - ver, The home of the
black bear, the mar-ten and the cou-gar, It's the
tree rich val-ley where the Ska-git Riv-er
flows, A home for God's crea-tures since
Heav-en on-ly knows. Ska-git Val-ley,
Ska-git Val-ley, Ray Wil-lis-ton is
sel-ling you a- way, Ska-git Val-ley,

Ska-git Val-ley, They would
turn you to a mud-pond to run the Co-ca
Co-la cool-ers In Se- at-tle, U. S.
A.

Well, the parks are getting fewer, the trees
are getting thin,
The cities all are reaching out to take the wildwood in,
And the world is getting poorer with every mile they clear,
And they'd sell our Skagit acres for five dollars fifty cents
a year.

Chorus

Oh my sisters and my brothers in this shining northern
land,
It's time to get together and take each other's hand,
And ring around the wilderness to keep the gangs away
Who would ravage our sweet country for a shameful
pocketful of pay.

Last Chorus:

Skagit Valley, Skagit Valley,
No grabber will have you for a prize,
Skagit Valley, Skagit Valley
We'll let no vandal drown you,
We'll keep you as we found you,
British Columbia's forest paradise.



Sweet Stuff

words and music
by Malvina Reynolds

VERSE

Chords: A, D, A, E7, A, C, E7, A

You're so like-a-ble, you're so sweet,
You don't need an-y sug-ar to eat,
You're just per-fect the way you are,
Keep your hands out of the cook-ie jar.

CHORUS

Chords: D, A, E7, A, C, E, A, E, A

Sweet stuff, You've got e-nough,
You don't need an-y sug-ar, Sug-ar,
Ev-'ry-thing plain will taste just right, With-
out a bite of sug-ar.

You're so likeable,
You're so fine,
You don't need sugar
To make you shine.
Just as you are
We like you a lot,
Keep your spoon
Out of the honey pot.

Chorus

You're so likeable
You're complete,
You don't need
Any sugar to eat,
Everything's good
In the natural style,
You don't need sugar
To make you smile.

Chorus

There's Music in the Air

words and music
by Malvina Reynolds

Chords: D, A7, D, A7, D, G, D, A7, D, G, D, A7, D, G, D

There's mus-ic in the air that was
sung long a-go. It flits a-bout and
floats a-bout to find a place to go, a place to
go. And if you are a trum-pet, then
it will make you blow, And if you are a
fid-dle it will dance up-on your bow. If you
are a pi-a-no, you will laugh on ev-'ry
string, And if you are a girl or boy, You'll
sing.

There'll Come a Time

words and music
by Malvina Reynolds

1. There'll come a time the smog will be so
thick, We'll all have to walk with a
long white walk-ing stick, But we won't walk
an-y-how, We'll go by air, And the
hel-i-cop-ters will be so thick we won't get an-y-
where. **CHORUS** There'll come a time,
be-lieve me, son, And when that day is
here I will be gone.

last chorus ending A E7
Won't you be proud, And by that time I'll be
play-ing an un-amp-li-fied harp on an
eight-enth cen-tu-ry cloud.

Such adulteration will have hit the food,
You'll throw way the contents and eat the carton if
you want anything good.
And models will live on synthetic meals,
And they'll all be slender as synthetic eels.

Chorus

There'll come a time the kids will be so smart,
They'll be able to recite their own psychoanalysis by heart,
And they'll all be scientists by the time they're ten,
And thank the Lord I won't have any children then.

Chorus

The cities will be so overpopulated,
We'll all be buried from the same apartment house where
we were created,
And if you take a trip to the country somewhere,
You'll have to be inoculated against fresh air.

Chorus

There'll come a time we'll lose our walking feet,
And food will all be predigested so we won't have to eat,
And children will be made in test-tubes, so we won't have to
wed,
And thank God by that time I will be dead.

Last Chorus:

There'll come a time,
Won't you be proud,
And by that time I'll be playing an unamplified harp
on an eighteenth century cloud.

Turn Around

words and music by
Malvina Reynolds
and Alan Greene

Musical score for 'Turn Around' in 3/4 time. The score consists of ten staves of music with lyrics written below. Chords are indicated above the notes. The lyrics are: 'Where are you go-ing, my lit-tle one, lit-tle one, Where are you go-ing, my ba-by, my own? Turn a-round and you're two, turn a-round and you're four, Turn a-round, and you're a young girl go-ing out of my door. Turn a-round Turn a-round Turn a-round and you're a young girl go-ing out of my door.'

Where are you going, my little one, little one,
Little dirndls and petticoats, where have you gone?
Turn around and you're tiny, turn around and you're grown,
Turn around and you're a young wife with babes of your own.
Turn around, turn around,
Turn around and you're a young wife with babes of your own.

Timing Nancy's Nap

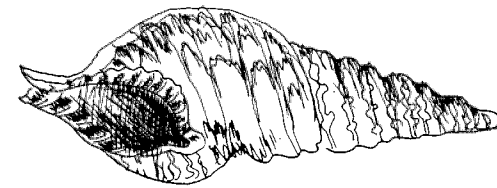
words and music
by Nancy Schimmel

Musical score for 'Timing Nancy's Nap' in 4/4 time. The score consists of five staves of music with lyrics written below. Chords are indicated above the notes. The lyrics are: 'Nan-cy needs a nap in the mid-dle of the day. But if she isn't care-ful she'll sleep her life a-way, So she sets the kitch-en tim-er and jumps in-to bed, And she's got twen-ty min-utes to stop and clear her head.'

Timing Nancy's nap with a tick-tick-tick,
She isn't awfully tired and she isn't getting sick,
But she's feeling kinda spacey and about to come unglued,
And after twenty minutes she'll be in a better mood.

The world's turning round at a pretty lively pace,
And she's grabbing at the bubbles as they dance by her face,
And skipping to the tune that runs through her head,
Till it's time to turn the music down and snuggle into bed.

Timing Nancy's nap with a tick-tick-tock,
She won't be sleeping long, so she doesn't need a clock,
Just enough time to make the world go away
And then bring it back while there's still time to play.



The Whale

words and music
by Malvina Reynolds

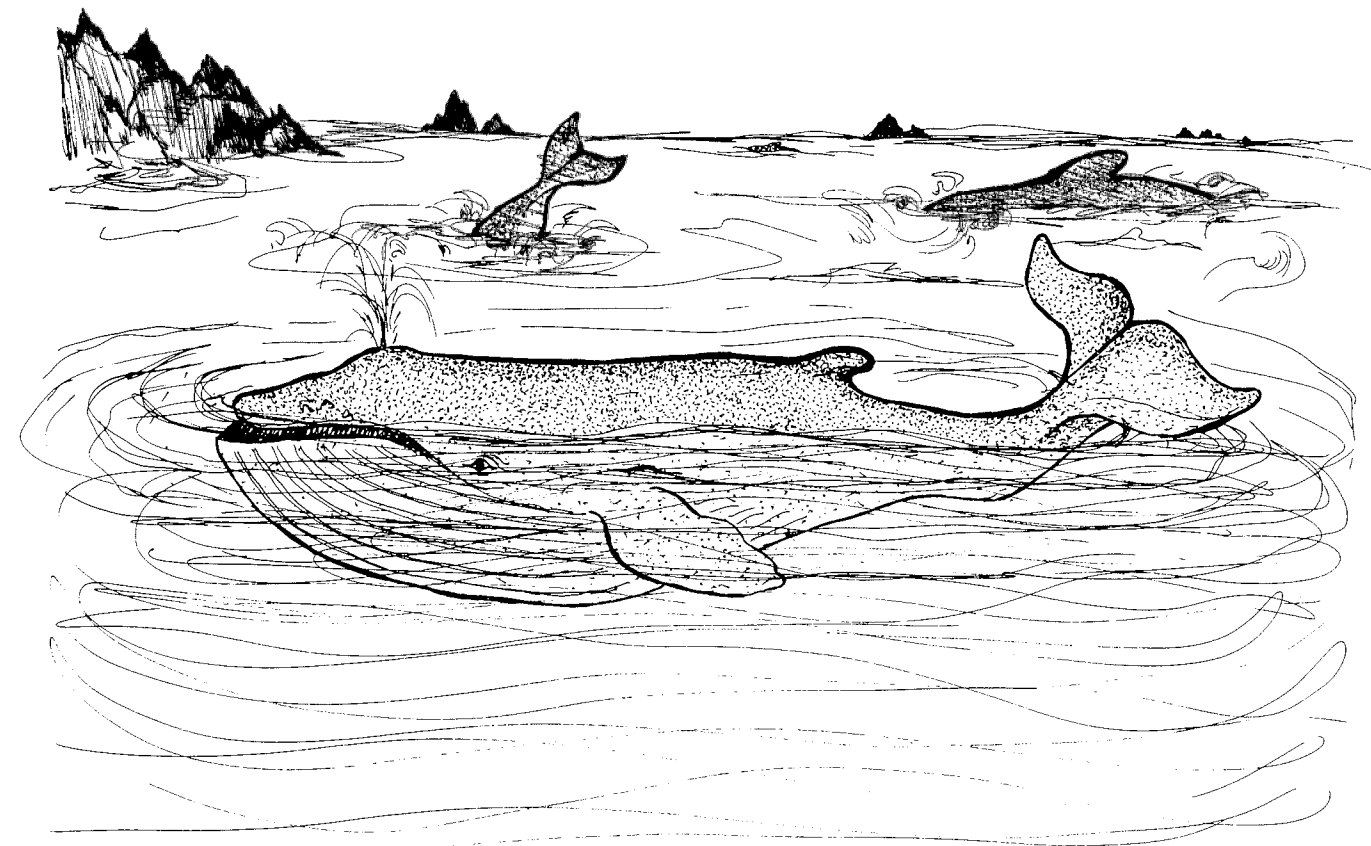
1. The whale, the whale, the cit-i-zen of the
 sea, He has the right to live and so does
 she. In the
 o-cean, in the wild, She moves peace-ful with her
 child, Till the har-poon wounds her young, And she
 hov-ers to pro- tect it, And she's
 done. 2. The

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and common time. It consists of eight staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The melody starts with a quarter rest, followed by a quarter note G, a quarter note A, a quarter note B, and a quarter note C. The lyrics are written below the notes. Chord symbols (G, C, D, F, am, D7) are placed above the staff to indicate accompaniment. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat signs.

The whale, the whale,
 The citizen of the sea,
 He sings his sonic song
 And so does she.
 He finds his mating ground
 Till the whaler tracks him down,
 Every quarter hour, they say,
 One great whale is done away,
 Done away.

The humpback and the blue,
 The bowhead and the right,
 Every quarter hour
 Day and night.
 Ocean creatures large and small,
 There was room enough for all,
 Till there came the rule of man,
 Now the gentle whale is dogmeat
 In the can.

The whale, the whale,
 Four millions used to be
 Their rightful population in the sea.
 Few thousands now remain
 And we harry them again,
 As the whale goes, and the dolphin,
 And the ocean, and the forest,
 So will we.



What Have They Done to the Rain?

words and music
by Malvina Reynolds

VERSE

C dm G

Just a lit-tle rain fal-ling all a-round, The

C

grass lifts its head to the heav-en-ly sound,

am em

Just a lit-tle rain, Just a lit-tle rain,

F G

What have they done to the rain?

CHORUS C dm G

Just a lit-tle boy stand-ing in the rain, the

C

gen-tle rain that falls for years. And the

am em

grass is gone, the boy dis-ap-pears, And

F C

rain keeps fal-ling like help-less tears, And

dm G

what have they done to the rain?

Just a little breeze out of the sky,
The leaves pat their hands as the breeze blows by,
Just a little breeze with some smoke in its eye,
What have they done to the rain?

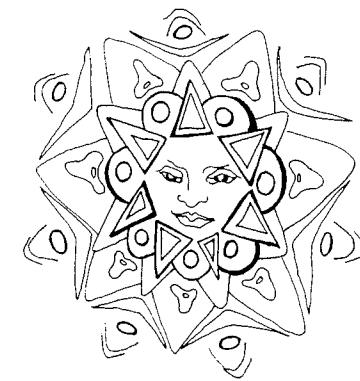


What Time Is It?

words and music
by Malvina Reynolds

C
The birds don't know it's Sun-day, They
G7
fly and sing and feed their young, The
C
fish don't know it's Sun-day, They
F *C* *G7*
nev-er change their clothes. The bees don't know it's
C
Sun-day, They tote and store and go for more, The
G7
bees don't know it's Sun-day, and nei-ther does the
C *and* *fm*
rose. The grand-pa clock it
C
goes tick tock, It seems to know an aw-ful lot, The

fm
cal-en-dars state the day and date They're
C *G7*
ver-y sel-dom wrong, But the rab-bit needs no
C
din-ner chime, and the ducks know when it's
fm
sum-mer time, And an-y day is
G7 *D.C.*
fine for play and fine to sing a-long.



Wheels

words and music
by Malvina Reynolds

VERSE

E

Sun is round, moon is round, And a

B₇

wheel was made to roll, It's

o-ver the hill and down, down, And

E CHORUS D E

sat-is-fy my soul. Wheel was made to roll, roll,

D E

Stand-ing made for square,

A E

Wheel was made to roll, roll,

B₇ E

Car-ry me ev-'ry - where.

Paddle your feet along the street
And over the grassy ground,
Roll along and rolling sweet,
And that's why the wheel is round.

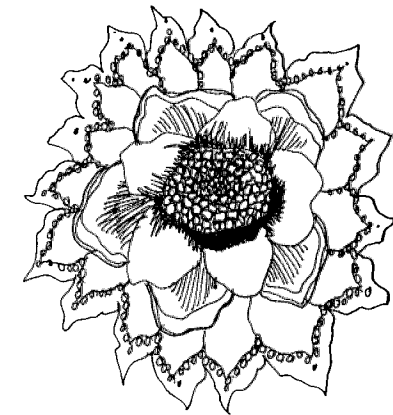
Chorus

Roll in the sun, roll in the rain,
Roll in the wind and snow,
Wheel was made to roll, roll,
And I was made to go.

Chorus

Bird flies in the sunny skies,
Fish swims in the sea,
I ride on the bumpety roll,
Wheels were made for me.

Chorus



You Can't Make a Turtle Come Out

words and music
by Malvina Reynolds

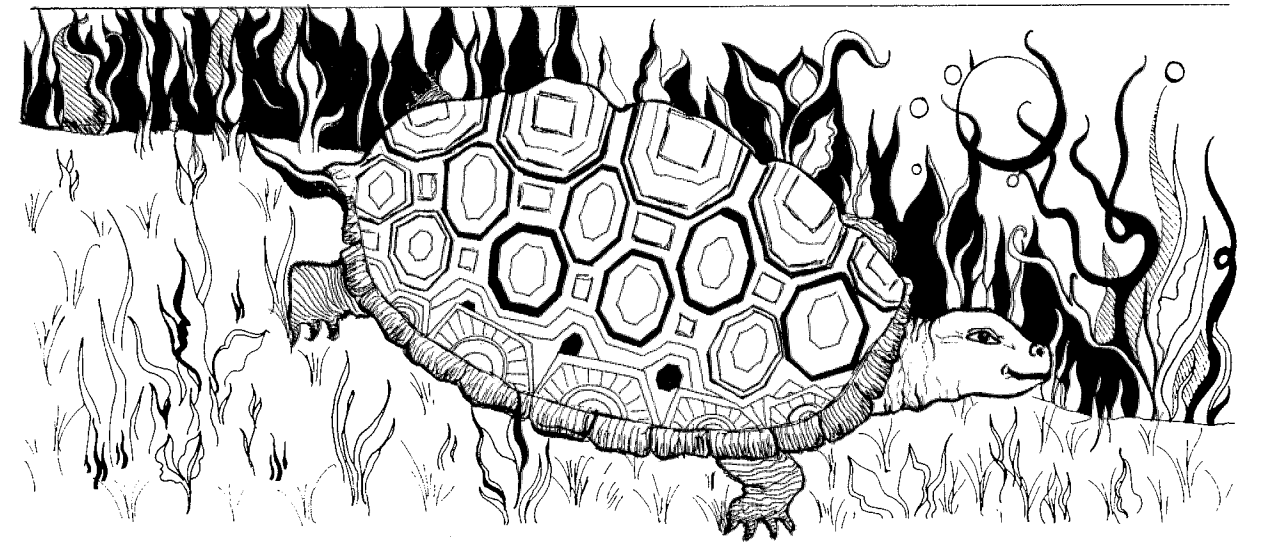
The musical score is written on six staves in treble clef. The lyrics are: "You can't make a turt-le come out, You can't make a tur-tle come out, You can coax him or call him or shake him or shout, But you can't make a turt- le come out, come out, You can't make a turt- le come out." Chord symbols C, G7, F, and G are placed above the notes.

If he wants to stay in his shell,
If he wants to stay in his shell,
You can knock on the door but you can't ring the bell,
And you can't make a turtle come out, come out,
You can't make a turtle come out.

Be kind to your four-footed friends,
Be kind to your four-footed friends,
A poke makes a turtle retreat at both ends,
And you can't make a turtle come out, come out,
You can't make a turtle come out.

So you'll have to patiently wait,
So you'll have to patiently wait,
And when he gets ready, he'll open the gate,
But you can't make a turtle come out, come out,
You can't make a turtle come out.

And when you forget that he's there,
And when you forget that he's there,
He'll be walking around with his head in the air,
But you can't make a turtle come out, come out,
You can't make a turtle come out.



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