

LET'S SING

ANGORA CLUB

ANGORA SPIRIT

1.

I see Angoras climbing
To the summit of the hills.
I hear their songs afloat
And my heart with rapture thrills.
I can see their campfires burning
By the woodland rocks and rills.
While we go hiking on.

2.

Some are sore and harried
By the forest's moaning sound;
I see where they have tarried
By the clearing on the mound;
But they pack their tents & knapsacks
And scramble o'er the ground,
As we go hiking on.

3.

The Chief Guide sounds the warning
That will start the troop away.
We scamper o'er the meadows
Just at the break of day.
We care not for the hardships
And we drive all fear away,
As we go hiking on.

4.

We love the sighing forest
And the mountain's lofty peaks.
We seek the lonely reaches
Where the voice of Nature speaks.
We leave the world behind us
Where the sin of mankind reeks,
As we go hiking on.

5.

Would you leave dull care behind you
Would you ever happy be?
Would you shun the sins that bind you
And destroy your destiny?
Then join the wild Angoras
And thank God that you are free,
As you go hiking on.

Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic

Words by Joseph Mannix.

Tune: End of a Perfect Day.

Words by Robert Service.

Have you ever heard of the Land of Beyond
That dreams at the gates of the day?
Alluring it lies at skirts of the skies,
And ever so far away;
Alluring it calls: O ye the yoke galls,
And ye of the trail over-fond
With saddle and pack, by paddle and track,
Let's go to the Land of Beyond!

Have you ever stood where the silences brood,
And vast the horizons begin,
At the dawn of the day to behold far away
The goal you would strive for and win?
Yet ah! in the night when you gain to the height
With the vast pool of heaven star-spawned,
Afar and a-gleam, like a valley of dream,
Still mocks you the Land of Beyond.

Tune: Every Lassie Has Her Laddie.

With right good will let's climb the hill
And leave behind all sorrow,
Oh, we'll be gay, a bright today
Will make a bright tomorrow.
Oh, we'll be strong! The way is long
That never has a turning.
The hill is high, but there's the sky
And how the West is burning!

Tune: When Johnnie Comes Marching Home.

There's Sunshine in the heart of me,
My blood sings in the breeze;
The mountains are a part of me,
I'm fellow to the trees.
My golden youth I'm squandering
Sun-libertine Am I
A-wandering, a-wandering, until the day I die.

Tune: Just Like a Gypsy.

Like mountain climbers, we've hiked the country o'er
Looking and looking and still we are asking more
Seeking for all things that are sublime,
Hiking, Climbing and watching all the time.
In Clatsop, we found it and here we are going to stop
So we can tell folks that this is the only spot,
Angoras all will show you, for Angoras well know
All the hills and dales, and the best of trails
COME ON – LET'S GO!

Tune: Till We Meet Again

Climb awhile and breathe the morning dew,
When the clouds roll by, you'll get a view;
Then the world will seem more bright
And your burden seem so light;
Gushing streams rush on so merrily,
Why should your heart beat so heavily?
Then join Angoras happy band
And leave dull care behind.

Tune: Avalon

I found my fun with Angora
upon the hill
Forget my cares with Angora
Like Jack and Jill
I dream of the great out-of-doors
From dusk till dawn
And so I think I'll travel on
With Angora.

Tune: Reuben & Rachel

Hikin', Hikin'. keep on Hikin'
Wot's the use o' standing still
Folks wot 'ave no time fer pikin'
Is the folks wot climbs the 'ill.

Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Mine eyes have seen the glory and the grandeur of the hills
With the greenness of their forests and the beauty of their rills
My soul is filled with courage and my heart with rapture thrills;
My country's hills and mine.

Chorus:

Glorious, glorious, are the forests!
Glorious, glorious, are the forests!
Glorious, glorious, are the forests!
My country's woods and mine!

When we go forth, let's all take care to try and save the trees,
Allow no one with vandal hand to burn, each one agrees,
For fire's a dreadful thing to stop when running with a breeze,
My country's trees and mine!

MY COUNTRY'S WOODS

Tune: Maryland, My Maryland

My country's woods in beauty stand
In forest aisles, stately and grand,
Upon the hills, within the vales,
On windblown points, in quiet dales;
But when the fire's raging course
Sweeps over all with horrid force
The beauty dies and streams go dry
And all is drear beneath the sky.

So let us all take utmost care,
And everyone do each his share
To help protect our country's wealth
Of beauty rare in perfect health;
Let all proclaim a solemn vow,
To spread the word and do it now,
And fight if need the woods to save,
Which God in goodness to us gave.

FOREST RANGER

Tune: Darling Clementine

1. In a cabin, on a mountain,
Keeping lookout all the while,
Live a ranger, forest ranger,
Watching many a forest mile.

Chorus:

Oh, you ranger, forest ranger!
Do not fail to give alarm.
You must watch that we may ever
Keep our forests free from harm!

2. In a camp ground, in a forest,
Creeping softly through the duff,
Creeps the fire, campers' fire,
Get's well started — that's enough!

Chorus:

Oh, you ranger, forest ranger!
You have sounded the alarm,
Other rangers to the fire
Rush to save the woods from harm.

3. Through the tree tops, roars the fire,
Killing, burning as it goes;
On the morrow there is only
Blackened stumps, and nothing grows!

Chorus:

Oh, you ranger, forest ranger!
Speed you in your glorious fight,
We will help prevent destruction,
Aid you with the Nation's might.

CAMPING SONG.

Tune: Marching through Georgia.

Vacation time is coming, boys,
We're going out to play —
In the U. S. Forest we will have a holiday,
Guard against the fiend of fire,
And all the rules obey,
While thru' the forest we're tramping.

Chorus:

Hurrah! Hurrah! we'll have a jubilee!
Hurrah! Hurrah! the life that makes us free,
We'll help to guard the Forest
From the Mountains to the sea —
The forest, the forest forever!

Yes, we'll have a jolly time
On mountain, lake and plain;
In the U. S. Forest we will every rule maintain,
Execute the fiend of fire
In Uncle Sam's domain
While in the Forest we're camping.

THE FOREST ON THE HILLS.

Tune: Old Black Joe

Gone are the trees from the forests on the hills,
Gone are the springs, and the rippling, trickling rills,
Gone, for the fire has swept the forest floor
And taken all the beauty that was there before.

Chorus:

I'm weeping, I'm weeping!
And my heart is very sore,
I want to see those trees a-growing
As before.

Here in Clatsop our trees still deck the hills;
Here on our mountains still sing the rippling rills;
Let us all help to keep them growing there
To make our land forever glorious, rich and fair.

Chorus:

I'm working, I'm working!
To grow the woods once more;
I want to see those trees a-growing
As before.

WE'RE HERE FOR FUN.

Tune: Auld Lang Syne

We're here for fun right from the start,
Pray drop your dignity,
Just laugh and sing with all your heart,
And show your loyalty.

May other meetings (outings) be forgot,
Let this one be the best,
Join in the songs we sing tonight.
Be happy with the rest.

MOUNTAIN CLIMBERS
(Sierra Club)

Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic

We are climbing up the mountain
At the early flush of day,
We can see the sun a-shining
As he breaks the clouds away,
We have left our weekly worries
And today we're out for play,
As we go hiking on.

We can see the mountain glistening
With the mist crown round his head,
As we wind along the beauteous trails
Where light-foot deer have sped,
And we'll keep on gaily tramping
Till the western sky is red,
As we go hiking on.

Climbing, climbing, ever upward,
Tramping, tramping, ever onward,
Hiking, hiking, gaily hiking,
As we go hiking on.

Not alone in strengthened muscles
Do we know our effort pays,
In the happy hearts we carry
There's a blessing surely stays
And good friendships we are making
That will last us all our days.
As we go hiking on.

I WANT TO WANDER

Tune: Where the Morning Glories Grow

I want to wander in the mountains,
Where the mountain breezes blow,
'Mid the rocks and the heather
In the fine summer weather,
With my cares and griefs below;
And though I come back to the city
From the fields of ice and snow,
My heart will still be up there
Where the mountain breezes blow.

WE AIN'T A-GOIN' TO

Tune: It Ain't A-goin' to Rain No More

Oh, we ain't gonto hike no more, no more,
We won't hike one mile more,
For nine may mean
There are fourteen
Oh, we ain't a-goin' to hike no more.

Oh, we ain't gonto eat no more, no more,
We won't eat one bean more,
For we're full to the neck
And we feel like a wreck
Oh, we ain't a-goin' to eat no more.

Oh, we ain't gonto sleep no more, no more,
We won't sleep one wink more,
For there's bumps in the bed
And the skeeters ain't fed
Oh, we ain't a-goin' to sleep no more.

Oh, we ain't gonto climb no more, no more,
We won't climb one rock more,
For our feet are bruised
And we feel abused
Oh, we ain't a-goin' to climb no more.

Oh, I ain't gonto slide no more, no more,
I won't take one slide more,
For there's holes in my seat
And I can't keep my feet
Oh, I ain't a-goin' to slide no more.

Oh, we ain't gonto swim no more, no more,
We won't swim one stroke more,
For we've barked our knees
And we're 'bout to freeze
Oh, we ain't a-goin' to swim no more.

Oh, we ain't gonto sing no more, no more,
We won't sing one note more,
For we're out of breath
And we're tired to death
Oh, we ain't a-goin' to sing no more.

HIKE, HIKE, HIKE !
(Round)

Hike, hike, hike up higher every sngle day !
Merrily, merrily, merrily, that's Angora way !

MOUNTAIN VOICES
(Mountaineers)

Tune: Old Black Joe

Far, far away, their snowy peaks I see,
Far, far away, their voices call to me,
And in my soul the echoes surge and roll;
I hear the mountain voices calling,
Softly to me.

Chorus:
I'm coming, I'm coming,
And my heart is light and free'
I hear the mountain voices calling,
Softly to me.

Nearer I come to where the snow fields gleam,
Higher I come, my mate the singing stream.
And as I rise close to the azure skies,
My heart leaps high at voices calling,
Softly to me.

Now over crags, still up I press, and on —
Still step by step, where icy dangers yawn;
Where glist'ning slopes, like shining, blessed hopes,
Invite and lure, their voices calling,
Softly to me.

On, till at last I stand on topmost tip!
Then shall my song burst from my joyful lip!
Then, kin with cloud, my raptured head is bowed,
I hush my heart to hear God calling,
Softly to me.

THEY SAY THE ANGORAS

They say the Angoras they ain't got no style,
They're style all the while,
They're style all the while,
They say the Angoras they ain't got no style,
They're style all the while, all the while.

They say the Angoras they ain't got no pep,
They're pep every step,
They're pep every step,
They say the Angoras they ain't got no pep,
They're pep every step, every step.

THERE'S A LONG, LONG NAIL
(Sierra Club)

There's a long, long nail a-grinding,
 Into the sole of my shoe;
It's ground its way into my foot
 about a yard or two.
There's a long, long hike before me,
 And what I'm thinking about
Is the time when I can sit me down
 And pull that darned nail out.

THERE'S A LONG, LONG CLIMB

There's a long, long climb awaiting
 The ones who go to the top,
Through the wildwood up the canyon,
 Over snow and rock.
There's a steep, steep climb up higher
 To test the nerve that you've got,
Till you find that you are standing
 On the topmost rock.

IT'S A SHORT, SHORT LIFE

It's a short, short life we live here,
 So let's be happy while we may,
With a song for every moment
 Of the whole long day;
What's the use of looking gloomy,
 Or what's the use of shedding tears,
When we know a mummy's had no fun
 For more'n three thousand years.

WE'RE FOREVER CLIMBING MOUNTAINS

Tune: I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles

We're forever climbing mountains,
Mountains with their snow peaks white;
They reach so high, seem to touch the sky,
Like sentinels they rise on high —
Adams, Hood, St. Helens,
These are three we love,
Guarding our Columbia River,
Watching o'er her from above.

IT ISN'T ANY TROUBLE JUST TO S-M-I-L-E

Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic

It isn't any trouble just to s-m-i-l-e;
It isn't any trouble just to s-m-i-l-e;
If you feel that you're in trouble
It will vanish like a bubble
If you'll only take the trouble just to s-m-i-l-e.

(2nd verse) g-r-i-n, grin.

(3rd verse) l-a-u-g-h.

(4th verse) ha-ha-ha-ha-ha.

SOUP! SOUP!

Tune: Hail, Hail the Gang's All Here

Soup, soup, we all take soup,
Tip your bowl and drain it,
Let your whiskers strain it,
Hark, hark, the funny noise
Listen to the gurgling boys.

Meat, meat, we all like meat,
Fresh and juicy cow meat,
Ham and pickled pigs' feet,
Lamb chops and pork chops, too,
Any kind of meat will do.

Pie, pie, we all want pie,
Cocoanut or cherry,
Peach or huckleberry,
Mince pie is mighty fine,
That's the way Angoras dine.

IN THE EVENING BY THE CAMPFIRE

Tune: You Can Hear the Darkies Singing

In the evening by the campfire
You can hear Angoras singing,
In the evening by the campfire
You can hear their voices ringing.
How the home folks would enjoy it,
They would sit all night and listen,
As we sing in the evening by the campfire.

ROCKS IN THE CRADLE WHERE I SLEEP
(Sierra Club)

Tune: Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep

There are rocks in the cradle where I sleep,
And roots and cones imbedded deep,
Aslant I lie upon my bed,
My feet are higher than my head,
I know I shall not hear the call,
My camp is farthest off of all;
And so I dare not go to sleep,
While ants and lizards o'er me creep.

'NEATH THE CRUST OF THE OLD APPLE PIE

Tune: In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree

'Neath the crust of the old apple pie,
There is something for you and for I,
May be a hairpin that the cook has dropped in
Or it may be a dear little fly.
It may be an old rusty hobnail,
Or a piece of puppy dog's tail;
But whatever it be, it's for you and for me
'Neath the crust of the old apple pie.

IT'S A LONG WAY TO THE SUMMIT

Tune: Tipperary

It's a long way up to the summit,
It's a long way to go,
It's a long way up to the summit,
Thru fields of rocks and snow,
Goodbye to the valley;
Farewell cities fair,
It's a long, long way up to the summit,
But I'll soon be there.

WE'VE BEEN SLEEPING ON THE HARD GROUND

Tune: I've been Working on the Railroad

We've been sleeping on the hard ground
All the whole night through,
We've been sleeping on the hard ground
As the goats and nannies do;
We can hear our leader shouting,
Rousing us so early in the morn;
We can hear the gang a-wailing,
"Gee ! My hips are worn!"

THE MOUNTAIN OF LIFE

Tune: Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes

When of the cares of life you are weary
And clouds seem to hide the light;
Close all the doors on strife and toil
And go to the mountain's height,
Gaze on its might and majesty —
The summit is your goal!
Soon you will find repose and rest
And peace will fill your soul.

Life is to us a mountain peak
With pinnacles to attain;
Set your feet firm in the path ahead
And climb with your might and main.
And when you reach the lofty peak
And see the shining sun,
Taken then your well-deserved rest
Rejoice that your task is done!

PERFECT DAY

When you come to the end of a perfect day,
 And you sit alone with your thought,
While the chimes ring out with a carol gay,
 For the joy that the day has brought.
Do you think what the end of a perfect day,
 Can mean to a tired heart,
When the sun goes down with a flaming ray,
 And the dear friends have a part?

Well, this is the end of a perfect day,
 Near the end of a journey, too;
But it leaves a thought that is big and strong,
 With a wish that is kind and true,
For mem'ry has painted this perfect day
 With colors that never fade,
And we find, at the end of a perfect day,
 The soul of a friend we've made.

LISA JANE

I'se got a gal and you's got none, Lil' Liza Jane,
I'se got a gal and you's got none, Lil' Liza Jane.

Chorus

Oh! Eliza, Lil' Liza Jane.

Oh! Eliza, Lil' Liza Jane.

Come my love and marry me,
I will take good care of thee.

Liza Jane done come ter me,
Bot' as happy as can be.

Ev'ry mornin' when I wakes,
Smell de ham and buckwheat cakes.

Never mo' from you I'll roam,
Bestest place is home sweet home.

MOONLIGHT BAY

We were sailing along on Moonlight Bay,
We could hear the voices ringing;
They seemed to say,
"You have stolen my heart, now don't go 'way!"
As we sang Loves's Old Sweet Song,
On Moonlight Bay.

ANGORA MINE

Tune: Sweet Adeline

Angora mine, Angora mine,
No matter how your nose doth shine,
Nor if your step has lost its pep,
I will always love you best, Angora mine.

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties,
Above the fruited plain,
America! America!
God shed his grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea.

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

BEAUTEOUS NIGHT

Tune: Silent Night

Beauteous night, radiant night,
Stars that gleam, murm'ring stream
Cleanse from tho't of self my soul,
Far removed the worldly goal,
Mountains watch will keep
O'er my peaceful sleep.

CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY

Carry me back to old Virginny;
There's where the cotton and the corn and the tatoes grow,
There's where the birds warble sweet in the springtime,
There's where this old darky's heart has long'd to go.
There's where I labored so hard for old massa,
Day after day in the fields of yellow corn,
No place on earth do I love more sincerely,
Than old Virginny, the state where I was born.

Carry me back to old Virginny;
There's where the cotton and the corn and the tatoes grow,
There's where the birds warble sweet in the springtime,
There's where this old darky's heart has long'd to go.

Carry me back to old Virginny;
There let me live till I whither and decay,
Long by the old dismal swamp have I wondered,
There's where this old darky's life will pass away.
Massa and Missis have long gone before me;
Soon we will meet on the bright and golden shore,
Then we'll be happy and free from all sorrow,
There's where we'll meet and we'll never part no more.

OUT WHERE THE WEST BEGINS

Out where the handclasps a little stronger,
Out where the smile dwells a little longer,
 That's where the West begins;
Out where the sun is a little brighter,
Where the snows that fall are a trifle whiter,
Where the bonds of home are a wee bit tighter,
 That's where the West begins.

Out where the skies are a trifle bluer,
Out where friendship's a little truer,
 That's where the West begins.
Out where a fresher breeze is blowing,
Where there's laughter in every streamlet flowing,
Where there's more of reaping and less of sowing,
 That's where the West begins.

Out where the world is in the making,
Where fewer hearts in despair are aching,
 That's where the West begins.
Where there's more of singing and less of sighing,
Where there's more of giving and less of buying,
And a man makes friends without half trying —
 That's where the West begins.

OREGON, MY OREGON

Land of the Empire Builders,
Land of the Golden West,
Conquered and held by freemen,
Fairest and the best.
Onward and upward ever,
Forward and on and on;
Hail to thee, Land of Heroes,
My Oregon.

Land of the rose and sunshine,
Land of the summer's breeze,
Laden with health and vigor,
Fresh from the Western seas.
Blest by the blood of martyrs.
Land of the setting sun;
Hail to thee, Land of Promise,
My Oregon.

THERE'S A GRAND OLD TRAIL

Tune: There's a Long, Long Trail

When your days are long and weary,
Nights are dreary too;
When your work becomes a burden
And you're feeling blue,
Just forget your cares and worries,
Turn your frowns into a smile;
Join our happy band of Angoras,
And you will find that life's worthwhile.

Chorus:

There's a grand old trail a-winding,
To Saddle Mountain so high,
Where the Angoras are climbing
Ever toward the sky.
There's a glorious view awaiting
For all who climb to the top;
Onward, upward is our slogan;
Angoras will never stop.

THREE LIVE GOATS

Tune: Three Blind Mice

Three live goats,
Three live goats;
See how they climb,
See how they climb;
They all are climbing a mountain peak
To get some aches that will last a week;
Can you ever think yourself such a freak
As these live goats?

There's a rainbow round my shoulder,
An Angora goat below.
The sun shines bright,
The world's all right;
I'm on the go!

WHEN JOLLY PEOPLE MEET

Tune: When Johnny Comes Marching Home

When jolly people meet like this,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
It's oh, a merry time we have!
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Then everybody wear a smile,
And let your voice be heard a mile,
For there's always fun
When jolliest people meet.

With games for everyone to play,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll make this one grand holiday,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
If anyone is feeling sad,
We're going to make that person glad,
For there's always fun
When jolliest people meet.

THROW ANOTHER LOG ON THE FIRE

Throw another log on the fire,
Keep my golden memories aglow;
I don't see the face of my loved one
When the logs are burning low;
Throw another log on the fire,
Bring back all the sweetest days I've known;
When our hearts were young in the springtime
And her love was mine alone.
Now there's nothing left but the embers,
Springtime seems so long ago,
Throw another log on the fire,
Keep my golden memories aglow.

I LOVE ANGORAS

Tune: I Love Lassie.

I love Angoras.
The jolly live Angoras;
They're the life of the mountains and the stream,
They can work and play together,
They never mind the weather;
They're Angoras with pep and steam!

BEAUTIFUL ISLE OF SOMEWHERE

Somewhere the sun is shining;
Somewhere the song-birds dwell;
Hush, then thy sad repining.
God lives and all is well.

Chorus:

Somewhere, somewhere,
Beautiful Isle of Somewhere,
Land of the true, where we live anew,
Beautiful Isle of Somewhere.

Somewhere the day is longer;
Somewhere the task is done;
Somewhere the heart is stronger,
Somewhere the guerdon won.

Somewhere the load is lifted,
Close by an open gate;
Somewhere the clouds are rifted,
Somewhere the angels wait.

AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days of auld lang syne?

Chorus:

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne;
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty frien',
And gie's a hand o' thine;
We'll take a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

