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— Warren Truitt, Senior Children’s Librarian, The New York Public Library

JOLLY LUMBERJACK POLKA

(J.F.Wagner / M. Schneider)

High on the hill way up in the breeze,
The lumberjack is sawing his trees.
He saws all day,
And he saws all night.
If you are lucky you just might,
Hear him saw!

High on the mountain up in the trees,
The lumberjack will fall to his knees.
He rolls down the hill,
Just laughing all the way.
When he gets up, he will saw another day.
Can you hear him saw?

TINY BUBBLES IN THE TUB

(L. Pober / M. Schneider)

Tiny bubbles in the tub,
When I’m dirty,
A-rub-a-dub-dub.
Tiny bubbles get me all cleaned up,
Just washing in the bubbles,
Before they go glub, glub, glub.

[continued in next column]

[continued from previous column]

I’m going to scrub my hands and feet.
I’ll wash my face and hair.

Just being clean,
Is a feeling you can’t compare.

[repeat first verse]

HEAD, SHOULDERS, KNEES AND TOES

(Trad.)

Head, shoulders, knees and toes,
(knees and toes!),
Head, shoulders, knees and toes,
(knees and toes!),
Eyes and ears and mouth and nose,
Head, shoulders, knees and toes,
(knees and toes!).

[repeat]

E-I-O POLKA

(F.Yankovic / J.Trolli)

Oh E-I-E-I-E-I-O,
E-I-E-I-E-I-O,
E-I-E-I-E-I-O,
E-I-E-I-E-I-O.



PINT SIZE POLKAS

SING-ALONG LYRIC GUIDE



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WHOOOP POLKA

(R. Adler / F. Yankovic / J. Trolli / J. Pecon)

Everyone is saying whoop!
Lot's of fun just saying whoop!
It's the latest thing,
The greatest thing.
So what are you waiting for?

If you fall in love say whoop!
If you don't, so what? Say whoop!
It's the latest thing,
It's fascinating.
What are you waiting for?

FLYING MACHINE

(R. Goodwin / M. Schneider)

Way up in the sky,
There is a flying machine,
A happy flying machine,
With great big jets on its wings.
It soars on a cloud,
Without a fear or a care,
It is oh so safe,
As it just glides on the air.

Out pops its wheels,
When it's ready to land,
Piloted in,
By the captain's steady hand.
He lands oh so soft,
Like the feathers on a hen.
He hollers in back,
"Let's go flying again!"

Right back in the air,
Goes the flying machine,
Happy flying machine,
With great big jets on its wings.
If you want a ride,
There's only one thing to do,
Yes the flying machine,
Will be coming for you!

ALPHABET POLKA

(E. Blatnick / F. Yankovic)

A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, P.
You can learn the alphabet so easily,
When you do the Alphabet Polka.
Q, R, S, and T, U, V,
W, X, and all the way to Z.
Now you know the letters,
Sing along with me,
When you do the Alphabet Polka.
Take your partner by the h-a-n-d,
Put your right foot o-u-t.
Then you d-a-n-c-e,
It's the p-o-l-k-a you see!

When you're through you'll say O-G!
Let's have one more d-a-n-c-e!
Now you know the letters,
Sing along with me,
When you do the Alphabet Polka.

CHICKEN DANCE

(W. Thomas / T. Rendall / M. Schneider)

First you make your little beaks,
Then you flap your little wings,
Then you wiggle all the way
down to the ground.
Now you do it once again,
Just pretend that you're a hen,
You'll be the best dancer in town.
No, this isn't just a dance,
It is worth a second glance,
It is the greatest dance around.
It is called the Chicken Dance,
If you give it just one chance,
You'll be amazed at what you've found.

Now go and find yourself a partner,
As you twirl around the floor.
And once you've done,
The Chicken Dance,
You'll keep coming back for more.

I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THE RAILROAD (Trad.)

I've been working on the railroad,
All my livelong day.
I've been working on the railroad,
Just to pass my time away.
Can't you hear the whistle blowing?
Rise up so early in the morn'.
Can't you hear the captain shouting?
Dinah blow your horn!

Dinah won't you blow,
Dinah won't you blow,
Dinah won't you blow your horn?
Dinah won't you blow,
Dinah won't you blow,
Dinah won't you blow your horn?

Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah.
Someone's in the kitchen I know.
Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah,
Strumming out the old banjo.

Fe, fi, fiddle E-I-O,
Fe, fi, fiddle E-I-O,
Fe, fi, fiddle E-I-O,
Strumming out the old banjo.
Fe, fi, fiddle E-I-O,
Strumming out the old banjo.

THE HAPPY WANDERER

(A. Ridge / F.W. Moeller)

I love to go a wandering,
Along the mountain track,
And as I go I love to sing,
My knapsack on my back.

Valderi, valdera, valderi,
Valdera-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha,
Valderi, valdera,
My knapsack on my back.
[continued in next column]

[continued from previous column]

I love to wander by the stream,
That dances in the sun.
So joyously it calls to me,
Come join my happy song.

Valderi...valdera,
Come join my happy song.

I wave my hat to all I meet,
And they wave back to me.
And blackbirds call,
So loud and sweet,
From every green wood tree.

Valderi...valdera,
From every green wood tree.

Oh may I go,
A wandering,
Until the day I die.
And may I always laugh and sing,
Beneath God's clear blue sky.

Valderi...valdera,
Beneath God's clear blue sky,
Beneath God's clear blue sky.

EIN MILCH

(G. Kunoth / M. Schneider)

Ein Milch, ein Milch,
Für Gesundheit.
Ein Milch, ein Milch,
Für Gesundheit.

Eins, zwei, drei, trink!

One milk, one milk,
For good strong bones.
One milk, one milk,
For good strong bones.

One, two, three, drink!