

"No Sir"

Tell me one thing tell me truly
Tell me why you scorn me so
Tell me why, when asked the question
You will always answer 'no'?

Chorus:

No sir, no sir, nosir, no sir, no sir,
No sir, no sir, no.

"My father was a Spanish merchant
And before he went to sea
He told me to be sure and answer 'no'
To all you said to me."

"If while walking in the garden
Plucking flowers all wet with dew
Tell me, would you be offended
If I walk and talk with you?"

"And while walking in the garden
I should ask you to be mine
I should tell you that I love you
Would you than my heart decline?"

The Gypsy

My father's the chief of a gypsy tribe, you know
My mother she gave me some counting for to do
And with a knapsack on my back I'll bid you all farewell
And take a trip to London some fortunes for to tell.
And as I was walking on one of the London streets
A handsome young lawyer was the first I chanced to meet.
And with my pretty brown cheeks I knew he loved me well
Said he "my pretty gypsy girl won't you my fortune tell?
"Yes sir, please kind sir, first hold to me your hand,
You have many fine houses and many a piece of land,
You've courted many fine ladies, but cast them all aside
For it's the little gypsy girl that's going to be your
bride."

TRY A LITTLE KINDNESS

If you see your brother standing by the road,
With a heavy load, from the seeds he's sown;
And if you see your sister falling by the way
Just stop and say, you're going the wrong way.

Chorus

You've got to try a little kindness, just show a little kindness,
Shine your light for everyone to see;
And if you try a little kindness, then you'll overlook the blindness
Of the narrow minded people on a narrow minded street.

Don't walk around the down and out, lend a helping hand, inst ead
of doubt;
And the kindness that you show every day, will help someone,
along life's way.

Grandma's Early Life

My father was a farmer in Dakota State you know
My mother she taught me to cook and scrub and sew
With a song in my heart, I left this happy land
To wash and scrub and cook and sew to give our friends a hand.

As I was out walking on one of the Pierpont streets
A handsome young blacksmith was the first I chanced to meet
And with my pretty soft cheeks, I knew he loved me fair
Said he my pretty Syhre girl won't you my fortunes share?

Yes sir, please kind sir then give to me your hand
You've shod many fine horses and worked upon the land
You've courted many fine ladies, now cast them all aside
For it's the little Syhre girl who's going to be your bride.