

There's a long, long hike before me  
 And what I'm dreaming about is the  
 Time when I can sit me down  
 And pull that long nail out,

## VI

Neath the Crust of the Old Apple Pie  
 (In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree)

'Neath the crust of the old apple pie  
 There is something for you and for I  
 It may be a pin that the cook just dropped in  
 Or it may be a dear little fly.  
 It maybe an old rusty nail  
 Or a péece of a pussy cat's tail  
 But whatever it be, its' for you and for me,  
 'Neath the crust of an old apple pie.

## VII

## The Star-Spangled Banner

Oh say can you see, by the dawns early light,  
 What so proudly we hailed at the twilights last gleaming?  
 Those broad stripes and bright stars thru the perilous Fight  
 O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?  
 And the rockets red glare, the bombs bursting in air,  
 Gave proof thru the night that our flag was still there  
 Oh say, does that Star- Spangled Banner still wave  
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

Oh, thus be it ever when free men shall stand  
 Between their loved homes and the wars desolation!  
 Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven rescued land  
 Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation  
 Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,  
 And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!"  
 And the Star-Spangled Banner, in triumph shall wave  
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

## VII America, The Beautiful

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

Oh beautiful for pilgrim fee,  
 Whose stern impassioned stress  
 A thorough fare for freedom beat  
 Across the wilderness.  
 America! America!  
 God mend thine every-thaw  
 Confirm thy soul in self-control  
 Thy liberty in law.

Oh beautiful for patriot dream  
 That sees beyond the years  
 Thine alabaster cities gleam  
 Undimmed by human tears.  
 America! America!  
 God shed his grace on thee,  
 And crown thy good with brotherhood  
 From sea to shining sea.

## IX

## Pussy Song

I know a little pussy,  
 Her coat is soft and gray  
 She lives out in the meadow  
 She'll never run away;  
 She'll always be a pussy  
 She'll never be a cat  
 For she's a pussy-wil low;  
 Now, what do you thing of that?  
 Meow, meow, meow, meow,  
 Meow, meow, meow, meow,  
 Scat! (Shout)

I had a little pit  
 He had a curly tail  
 He was getting plump and fat