

1
(Tune ... Now the Day is Over)

As we are together
May Thy blessing rest
On this PTA, Oh, Father
On each welcome Guest,
Give us joy in service,
Grant that we may see,
As we help each other,
We are serving Thee. Amen.

2
"MULES"
(Tune .. AULD LANG SYNE)

On mules we find
 two legs behind,
And two we find before.
We stand behind
 before we find
What the two behind are for,
When we're behind the two
 behind
We find what these be for,
So stand before the two
 behind
And behind the two before.

3
(Tune ... Revive Us Again)

A voice from within, lets you
know you are ill,
And when you go hunting for
powder and pills
Better never listen to the
chairman,
Leave the powers alone,
Take an hour for recreation,
to revive you again.

I wonder if we like the bonnie
could be,
If we lived in the garden, as
happy as he,
He eats spinach, Do you like it?
He eats carrots, Oh, my,
He eats parsnips, makes him
peppy,
As he passes us by.

With a wink of his eye, as he
nibbles the bean,
As his little nose quivers, He
is sorry it seems,
Eat some colery, eat a radish,
Eat some cabbage, eat a pea,
That's a message his is sending,
You can hoo just like me.

4
POSTURE SONG
(Tune .. "When You Wore a Tulip")

Are you a camel, or aren't you
a camel?
And say, have you got a hump?
Do you sit at the table just as
Straight as you are able,
Or do you sit all in a lump,
lump, lump?

Are you a flapper, a flip
flopping flapper,
Without any starch in your
spine?

Now if you're a flapper, a
flip flopping flapper,
Just find somewhere else to
recline.

5
(Tune .. The Old Oaken Bucket)

How good for our health were
the old fashioned doses.
Which, without prescription,
we once used to take,
No matter what ailed us these
remedies never failed us,
But healed every pain that
this flesh is heir to.
There was Lydia Pinkham and
Old Doctor Munyon,
And Fletcher's Castoria, for
which children cried,
The dear old Smith Brothers
and all the others,
We thirst for the bottle that
stood on the shelf.
The old favorite mixture, the
cure-all elixer,
The bottle that fixed yer,
that stood on the shelf.

6
BELIEVE ME

If you can't be a pine on the
top of the hill
Be a scrub in the valley but be
The best little scrub at the
side of the rill
Be a bush if you can't be a tree
If you can't be a highway then
just be a trail
If you can't be the sun be
a star;
O, it isn't by size that you
win or you fail
Be the best of whatever you are