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William Tell Club Hunting Songs

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Pamp 4360

William Tell Club



HUNTING SONGS

WORDS BY R. J. HODGSON

William Tell Is In His Ancient Glory

(Tune—"Marching Through Georgia.")

I

Get the boys together, with spirits bright and gay,
We will sing of Spencer Mountain and the pond
 across the way,
We'll sing of sport at night, boys, we'll sing of sport
 by day,
For William Tell is in his ancient glory.

Chorus

Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah for William Tell,
Hurrah, hurrah for guides and sports as well,
We will drop the bow and arrow and we'll shoot with
 shot and shell,
For William Tell is in his ancient glory.

II

William Tell is dead and gone, but in his place today,
Is William Tell of nineteen three, and that has come
 to stay.
We'll sing his praise all kinds of ways, we'll sing both
 night and day,
For William Tell is in his ancient glory. [Chorus]

III

We will take the apple as of old and place it on a tree,
We will put a cartridge in each gun and all count
 one, two, three,
And when we hit the centre, boys, our friends can
 plainly see
That William Tell is in his ancient glory. [Chorus]

IV

King David killed a lion, but Charles Wilson killed
 a moose,
Compared to our own President the other was a goose,
With stones and slings and foolish things, this club has
 got no use,
For William Tell is in his ancient glory. [Chorus]

V

Then get the boys together, with spirits bright and gay,
We will sing of Spencer Mountain and the pond across
 the way,
We'll sing of sport at night, boys, we'll sing of sport
 by day,
For William Tell is in his ancient glory. [Chorus]

William Tell Hunting Song

(Tune—"Blow Ye Winds Heigh-O.")

I

Oh the State of Maine is not to blame
For the club called William Tell.
They're frisky chaps and they kick, perhaps,
At the bucket that hangs in the well.
They shoot their deer and they drink their beer,
For they love their stomachs well.
Though wives are alone they never write home
When they're off with the William Tell.

Chorus

Blow ye winds Heigh-O, a roving I will go,
I'll hunt no more on Moosehead shore,
So let the music play.
I'm off by the morning train
To cross the State of Maine,
To meet my girl in Timbuctoo,
Ten thousand miles away.

II

Charles Wilson said as he stood on his head
The President wants more room,
Then he fired his gun at the red-hot sun,
And he thumbed his nose at the moon.
He captured a moose with a big slipnoose,
And rode him into camp,
Then he cut his hair with a rocking chair,
And shaved himself with a lamp. [Chorus]

III

Oh, the guides got tight the very first night,
And went on a three-days' drunk.
They loaded their guns with hot cross buns,
And started out to hunt.
They treed a coon, by the light of the moon,
And all set up a yell.
When they met a bear they shot in the air,
Did the guides of the William Tell. [Chorus]

IV

The cook was a man from Hindostan,
He looked like a Chimpanzee.
He mixed up dough, with a shovel and hoe,
And served with grass-hopper tea.
He wrote his name in the book of fame,
It was an awful hand,
For he couldn't spell, so he wrote Bill Tell,
Did the cook from Hindostan. [Chorus]

V

Oh the boys played pitch, and caught the itch
At the camps on Moosehead shore.
The deer grew bold, like knights of old,
And kicked in the big front door.
The sports took fright, at this terrible sight,
And rushed for their bunks pell-mell,
Where they lived in peace and died in grease,
Like their namesake, William Tell. [Chorus]

Parks' Sunday School Class

(Tune—"When Johnnie Comes Marching Home Again.")

I

Each year Parks' class hikes into the woods,
Hooray, Hooray.
Their Sunday school books they pack in the goods,
Hooray, Hooray.
But the moose and deer and caribou
Get a bump on themselves, you bet they do,
For the aim of the boys is steady and true,
That go to the Sunday school.

II

Says the teacher, "now stand up and recite,"
Hooray, Hooray.
"Just wait a minute, we'll do this right,"
Hooray, Hooray.
So into each glass he puts some med,
Then they all recite till time for bed,
For the aim of the boys is steady and true
That go to the Sunday school.

III

A doughty man is the "Admiral,"
Hooray, Hooray.
No fighter is he but a very good pal,
Hooray, Hooray.
When the game is dead he has the most fun,
He shoots them again with his long range gun,
For the aim of the boys, etc.

IV

Says President Parks to Doctor Journeay,
Hooray, Hooray.
I was never so dry as I am today,
Hooray, Hooray.
This touches the boys in a tender spot,
They all stand up and recite a lot,
For the aim of the boys, etc.

V

“Now listen,” says Mel, the gamey sport,
 Hooray, Hooray.
We’re just the fellows to hold this fort,
 Hooray, Hooray.
Then onto the fire he piles the wood,
Till the boys all say that Mel has made good,
For the aim of the boys, etc.

VI

In Biddeford, lives a portly man,
 Hooray, Hooray.
He is known as a perfect gentleman,
 Hooray, Hooray.
With ten cents up and ten cents down
He loves to do the boys up brown,
For the aim of the boys, etc.

VII

Most every poet has very long hair,
 Hooray, Hooray.
Robert has some, but none to spare,
 Hooray, Hooray.
He can not smoke, he will not drink,
No habits bad, we do not think,
For the aim of the boys, etc.

When William Tell Holds Sway

(Tune—"John Brown's Body.")

I

Gather round the festive board and have a glass of beer,
For William Tell the hunting club, have come to slay
the deer,
Dull care and worry lay aside, for two weeks in the year,
When William Tell holds sway.

Chorus

Glory, Glory, Here's glasses all around,
Glory, Glory, Here's glasses all around,
Glory, Glory, Let good fellowship abound,
Glory, Glory, Raise your voices, shout aloud,
That William Tell holds sway.

II

We will drink another bumper to the good who have
died young.
The good have gone to glory and the bad have all been
hung,
Our President is thirsty so just start another BUNG,
For William Tell holds sway. [Chorus]

III

Here's to Friend McCusker, a hunter brave and bold,
A toast to Henry Estes, who is worth his weight in gold;
And as for our McArthur, the half was never told,
When William Tell holds sway. [Chorus]

IV

Judge Newell has to leave us to see his Nellie home,
Ed. Lowell's Spanish Cavalier is only skin and bone,
The new false teeth of Doctor White are filled with
Pumice-stone,
When William Tell holds sway. [Chorus]

V

Mel Googin takes a whiskey and Sewall takes a rum,
Babbitt stands for anything and Parks don't care a dum,
Plummer's going to pave the road and that will help
us some,
When William Tell holds sway. [Chorus]

VI

We'll go to bed at nine o'clock and sleep as do the just,
We'll wake up in the morning with a head that ought
to bust,
We'll all go out a hunting, for everybody must,
When William Tell holds sway. [Chorus]

The Home of the Club William Tell

(Tune—"In the Sweet By and By.")

I

On a knoll in the wild woods of Maine,
'Neath the shade of old Spencer so dear,
Stands the home of the club William Tell,
Where its members go hunting each year.

Chorus

'Tis the home ('tis the home) of the club (of the club),
'Tis the home of the moose and the deer.
'Tis the home ('tis the home) of the club (of the club),
Where its members go hunting each year.

II

From that knoll we can gaze on a pond,
Spencer Pond, that most beautiful sight,
And the wild ducks in flocks there abound,
Making Spencer the hunters' delight. [Chorus]

III

There's a stream that flows down past that knoll,
From the pond to the lake wends its way,
And the hunters of old William Tell
Sing its praises by night and by day. [Chorus]

IV

Then the knoll that is dear to our hearts,
And the spot that we all love so well,
With its scenery so grand and sublime,
Is the home of the club William Tell. [Chorus]

Tread Lightly, For He's Sleeping

(Tune—"There is a tavern in the town.")

I

There is a camp on Spencer Stream, Spencer Stream,
And there the sportsman reigns supreme, reigns
supreme,
And there Parks brings his under clothes,
How many changes, no one knows.

Chorus

Then tread lightly for he's sleeping,
Do not let him catch you peeping,
For he's naughty when you spoil his nap too soon, too
soon.
Good night, good night old sport, good night, good
night, good night.
He's sleeping now with all his might, all his might,
But when he wakes, you'll hear him yell,
Hip-Hip-Hurrah for William Tell.

II

Fred Webster's made another speech, another speech,
The boys all say it was a peach, was a peach,
But if he makes that speech tonight
Fred Webster's going to have a fight. [Chorus]

III

Bert Gifford climbed a chestnut tree, chestnut tree,
He met a very busy bee, busy bee,
And now Bert stands where once he sat,
How could the busy bee do that. [Chorus]

IV

Some others in our party here, party here,
Who do things we think mighty queer, mighty queer,
We will forbear to give away
Their secrets till another day. [Chorus]

Journey and President Parks

(Tune—"Michael Roy.")

I

In Pittsfield lives a portly man, and he is known to fame.
He is the head of the club called William Tell,
Likewise of the Fish and Game.
He built log camps at Spencer Pond
Where he gathers the sports each year,
To spend their wealth and regain health,
While they hunt the moose and deer.
For oh! For oh! They are the boys for larks,
FOR! They are the men with the big bald heads,
Journey and President Parks.

II

Journey and he went out to hunt, one bright October
day,
They kept in the tote road all the time,
So they couldn't lose their way.
They ate their lunch on a fallen tree
While their tongues wagged fast and loose,
And they wished and wished, how hard they wished
To get a shot at a moose.
For oh! For oh! etc.

III

A moose came trotting by and gazed, no fear was in
his eye,
They shivered and shook, as their guns they took,
And fired at the azure sky.
Then they climbed a tree in double quick time
While the moose looked on with pity,
And he seemed to say in his moose-sy way
They are young men from the city.
For oh! For oh! etc.

IV

Then White and Hodgson came along and they shot
like hunters bold,
The rescue made, the men are saved,
The moose lay dead and cold.
But Parks and Journey begged so hard
They got those sports to say
That moose was killed, his blood was spilled,
By Parks and Doctor Journey.
For oh! For oh! etc.

Good Old William Tell

(Tune—"Anne of the Vale.")

I

When days are cold and dreary,
When toil has made us weary,
Our nature seems to lie beneath a spell,
Then bright smiles come to us,
And warm blood runs through us,
Our thoughts turn back to good old William Tell.

Chorus

Shake-Shake-Shake-Shake-Shake,
Let your voices sound o'er hill and dell,
For bright thoughts steal o'er us
Of happy days before us,
So shake again for good old William Tell.

II

When business cares o'ertake us,
When old time friends forsake us,
Our enemies, our courage seek to quell,
But who can damp our ardor,
We'll try and strive the harder,
Encouraged by our thought of William Tell. [Chorus]

III

Then let us to each other
Stick closer than a brother,
Our troubles and our sorrows, each shall tell,
Our hunting our great pleasure,
We each and all will treasure
In memory of good old William Tell. [Chorus]

The Owls

I

In the noble order of The Owls, within the William T.
We recognize our brethren by the wiggle of the knee.
We now expose our secret work, we have but one degree,
Which all must take who choose to join
The Owls of William T.

Chorus

When you enter in the room at night you first salute
the chair,
Then wink your eye and slap your thigh and jump up
in the air.
Next place your thumb upon your nose, which means
you do not care;
The President stands on one leg and ruffles up his hair.

Refrain

When this noble lodge assembles,
Every night just after eight,
'Tis there we meet for fun and business,
And ten o'clock is voted very late.

II

The object of this order is to shoot with shot and shell,
And do the very best we can, like good old William Tell;
And should we chance across an Owl, that's either live
or dead,
We'll gently raise our little gun and fill him full of lead.

III

We invite our friends to come with us and join our
mystic band,
And all we ask for in return, is prove yourself a man;
We'll show you our new Billy Goat, imported from
Siam,
We'll place you nicely on his back, and ride him if you
can.

President Wilson

(Tune—"Solomon Levi")

I

My name is Charley Wilson, and I hail from Auburn
town,
I'm President of the William Tell, a club of great
renown;
I am the mighty hunter that fought the owl in the dark,
The boys all start for cover, when I go to shoot at a
mark.

Chorus

Oh Charley Wilson, Wilson tra la la la,
Mighty Charley Wilson, tra la la la la.
I am the mighty hunter that fought the owl in the dark;
The boys all start for cover when I go shoot at a mark.

II

I order every one about, make cookee sweep the floor,
And when I find a timid one, you ought to hear me roar,
But I really am not angry, I'm as gentle as a lamb,
When I give off my orders, the boys don't care a flam.
[Chorus]

III

When I give out an interview, I only talk of war,
Let women fight, for men must work; but I only work
my jaw.
It is my greatest pleasure to hear the people yell,
"There goes the mighty hunter, BIG CHIEF of the
William Tell." [Chorus]

Good Night Song

(Tune—"Auld Lang Syne.")

Good night kind friends, a fond good night, until we
meet again
Around some gay and festive board, to sing a glad refrain;
To sing a glad refrain, kind friends, in parting wish you
well,
A hearty hand in friendship clasp, for the sake of
William Tell.

7. D. Kierstead

Hunting of the
Woolshed

Groveton N. H.
9 wide - size 10

Geo P. Hall
41 Lisbon St
Leicester Me

Chas C. Wilson
Hudson Me

Hiram Pickers
Poland Springs
10½ Rubber Me
10½

Henry B. Estes
Continental Mills
7 shoe
wide - Leicester Me

Chas Webb

of

Rogers & Webb
110 State Street

Boston

Geo Berlander

891 ~~89~~ Broad St

Providence