

The Bookmobile Songbook

by
Carol Hole
1989

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This book is dedicated to

The Road Warriors
who daily start their engines
and sally forth from public libraries everywhere
to raise the library flag
on new beachheads,

and to

Bernard Vavrek
the only Library School Professor in America
who cares about them.

Published By:
Russ Topping and Carol Hole
Outreach Consultants
565 West Central Ave
Newberry, FL 32669

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We'll Be There

Tune: "Wild Blue Yonder" (Air Force Song)

We'll be there
If there's a patron waiting
Anywhere
In country or town.
We'll be there
Happily circulating
If the generator is down.
We don't care
If it's precipitating,
If the sky is cloudy or blue.
Through rain or snow
We'll load and go --
Nothing can stop the bookmobile crew!

We'll be there
Wherever the patrons line up,
We don't care
If the going is hard.
We'll be there
Wherever there's folks to sign up
For a new library card.
We don't care
How many hills we climb up,
We'll be there
Waiting for you.
Through rain or snow
We'll load and go --
Nothing can stop the bookmobile crew!

That Old Gerstenslager Of Mine

Tune: It's Only a Shanty in Old Shantytown

She's only a rusty old bucket of bolts
Her wheezy old Kohler is short a few volts
Her steps tend to creak
And her roof tends to leak,
But my old Gerstenslager is somehow unique.
They've closed up her factory
Locked up the door,
They aren't making buses like her anymore,

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But let's drink a toast
In the finest of wine
To that old Gerstenslager of mine.

She's an old-fashioned buggy whose time has gone by
She's bound for that great wrecking yard in the sky.
She's a clumsy old crank
And she drives like a tank
But thousands of readers have got her to thank--
For bringing them laughter
For bringing them tears,
For bringing them joy as she rolled down the years,
So let's drink a toast
In the finest of wine
To that old Gerstenslager of mine.

The Bookworm's Cannonball

Tune: "The Wabash Cannonball"

Every day I whistle as I get behind the wheel
And press the rusty starter of our faithful bookmobile,
The weary years have worn her but she hears those readers call,
"We're waitin' on the corner for The Bookworm's Cannonball."

CHORUS:

Listen to the rattles and the generator's roar
As she rumbles up the mountains
Through the woods and by the shore
She's loaded down with knowledge and fun for one and all
She's an ambulatin' college
Called The Bookworm's Cannonball

She gets four miles a gallon and she leaks in every rain,
At 40 miles an hour you can hear her engine strain,
She won't go any faster, but we love her one and all,
She's a fifteen-ton disaster called The Bookworm's Cannonball.

CHORUS:

Rollin' down the roadway underneath a clear blue sky
I "10-4" my good buddies in the semis whizzin' by,
And all along the highways you can hear my CB call,
"I'm the Bookie of the Byways in The Bookworm's Cannonball."

CHORUS:

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Generator, You're the One

Tune: Rubber Ducky (Sesame Street song)

Librarian's Version:

Generator, you're the one,
You make Bookmobiling fun,
Generator, it's never a bore with you.
(Boop-boop-boop-a-doop.)
Life's a puzzle, full of doubt,
Will you run, or just poop out?
Generator you're a fair-weather friend, it's true.
I don't know--
When it's ninety-three, will you suddenly shut off,
And likewise
When it's ten below, will the power flow cut off--
Freezin' my butt off.

Generator, cold or hot,
Are you running? No you're not!
Generator, I'm under the spell of --
Generator, I'm sick of the smell of --
Generator, I'm tired as hell of you!

Mechanic's Version:

Generator, you're my gal,
You're my buddy, you're my pal,
Generator, my family loves you too.
(Boop-boop-boop-a-doop.)
Every time you fail to crank
I go laughing to the bank.
Generator, you're my very best friend it's true.
Oh if I'm
In a mess with the IRS and I'm quakin'.
You're always
There for me, like a money tree that I'm shakin',
Savin' my bacon.

Generator, thanks a lot
For my limo and my yacht.
Generator, I love to caress you--
Generator, I'm singing God bless you--
Generator, I owe my success to you!

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When the Books Come Rolling By

Tune: When the Saints go Marching In

CHORUS:

Oh when the books come rolling by,
Oh when the books come rolling by,
Oh Lord I want to be on the corner
When the books come rolling by!

Oh my teacher says I'm flunkin'
My assignment 's overdue,
So I'm waiting here on the corner
Till the Bookmobile comes through.

CHORUS:

O I'm just a country fella,
And some would call me poor,
But the riches of the ages
Come a-rollin- to my door.

CHORUS:

O I'm gettin' old and weary,
And I find it hard to drive,
But I'm happy here a-waitin
For the Book Bus to arrive.

CHORUS:

O my mommy always told me
I must stay real close to home,
But the Book Bus stops on the corner
So I have no need to roam.

CHORUS:

O I'm doing time in prison,
And I've lost my liberty,
But as long as I keep reading,
In my mind I can be free.

CHORUS:

(Now make up verses for all the other types of patrons you can think of)

Workin' At The Library

Tune: "I've Been Workin' On The Railroad"

When you're working at the Library
All the whole day through,
When you're working at the Library
And the walls close in on you;
There is only one prescription
For the way you feel--
Load 'er down and crank 'er up
And roll the Bookmobile!

I'm a-gonna roll, I'm a gonna roll.
I'm a-gonna roll that Bookmobile,
I'm a-gonna roll, I'm a gonna roll.
Roll that Bookmobile!

Can't 'ya hear the highway callin'
Can't 'ya hear it callin' you,
Can't 'ya hear the highway callin'
Callin' you to someplace new?

And singin:
So long you stay-at-home guys,
I'll be back but I don't know when,
So long you stay-at-home gals--
Gotta hit the road again!

The Phantom Bookmobile

Tune: "The MTA Song" (The Wreck of Old 97)

Well they gave him the news at the main library:
"Sayin' "Joe, there's a storm on the way,
And you're never gonna make it over Dead Man's Mountain
So you better stay in [today](#)."

CHORUS:

But did he ever return?
No he never returned
And he missed his rendezvous
He's the man of dedication
Who was lost in circulation
He's a long time overdue

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Well he thought of little Suzie waitin' out on the corner
With her books tucked under her arm
And he loaded up the books in the old Moroney,
And he headed out into the storm.

CHORUS:

It's a mighty hard road over Dead Man's Mountain
In the teeth of a howling gale,
It was on that road that the blizzard got him
You can see where he jumped the rail.

CHORUS:

He was coming down the road doin' 90 miles an hour
When his brakes broke into a squeal,
He was found in the wreck buried knee-deep in westerns
With his hands frozen tight to the wheel.

CHORUS:

But sometimes at night when the snow is falling
And the sky is grey as steel,
You can meet him on the road over Dead Man's Mountain,
In his phantom Bookmobile.

CHORUS:

They Asked Me if I knew

Tune: "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes"

They asked me if I knew
My generator blew.
I of course denied
Something deep inside
Could be getting fried.

They told me all was lost,
I said, "It's just exhaust.
When generators run
You must realize,
Smoke gets in your eyes."

Though I chaffed them and I gaily laughed
Like any Bookmobiler would,

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On that day, my truck was blown away,
My books checked out for good.

Well, that was long ago--
Now at last I know
When you're truck's on fire,
You must realize
Smoke gets in your eyes.

Roll the Bookmobile

Tune: "Roll the Union On"

CHORUS:

We're gonna roll (we're gonna roll)
We're gonna roll (we're gonna roll)
 We're gonna roll the bookmobile!
We're gonna roll (we're gonna roll)
We're gonna roll (we're gonna roll)
 We're gonna roll the bookmobile!

VERSE:

If you live out in the country we will roll the books to you,
 We're gonna roll the books to you
 We're gonna roll the books to you,
If you live out in the country we will roll the books to you,
 We're gonna roll the bookmobile.

CHORUS:

More verses:

If you're living in the city we will roll the books to you, etc.

If you're poorer than a pauper we will roll the books to you...

If you're rich as Iacocca we will roll the books to you...

If you're black or white or purple we will roll the books to you...

If you're ninety-nine and holding we will roll the books to you...

If you're just a bitty baby we will roll the books to you...

(continue until totally exhausted).

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The Battle Hymn of the Librarians

Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic

Mine eyes have seen the glory of a noble history:
The men of old who made the people's university.
It's the place to find a story, it's the place I want to be,
It's the Public Library!

CHORUS:

Glory, glory Hallelujah!
Bringing information to ya,
Entertainment to renew ya
It's the Public Library!

Ben Franklin had a notion of a new and better way
To educate the citizens of Philadelph-i-ay,
What his notion set in motion, is his monument [today](#):
It's the Public Library!

CHORUS:

Clever Andrew Carnegie became a millionaire,
He saved up all his pennies and invested them with care,
And everywhere that Andy went arose into the air
A Public Library!

CHORUS:

Mighty Melvil Dewey had an independent mind
For organizing knowledge so it's easier to find
And millions of librarians came marching right behind
To the Public Library!

CHORUS:

The Librarian's Songbook

by
Carol Hole

1986

First published in: *Alternative Library Literature 1986-87: A biennial Anthology*, ed. by Sanford Berman and James P. Dankey, McFarland and Co., Jefferson NC & London, 1988. pp. 216-219. (c) Sanford Berman and James P. Dankey, 1988.

Preface:

In these belt-tightening days, it behooves all libraries to seek ways to make staff more productive. But how?

Well, we know how the Japanese do it. They gather everybody at the start of the business day for a spirited rendition of the company song, thus charging the staff with enough esprit de corps to make it through another day at the old drop-forge.

But alas, how many libraries have an official song? Though the power of music to set the blood racing and the hands working has long been known, American libraries have been slow to take the hint.

To remedy that omission, we offer this collection of songs for librarians. The tunes are common ones. Any gum-chewing reference librarian should be able to find them in the collection in under ten minutes.

Our hope is that soon, from behind closed library doors all across the land, our patrons will hear the thrilling sound of many voices raised song. And a-one!
And a-two!

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My Darlin' Database

Tune: "My Darlin' Clementine"

In a cavern, in the basement
Kept at 65 degrees
Dwelt the hardware that I lived for
And its precious memories.

CHORUS:

O my darlin', O my darlin'
O my darlin' database,
You are loast and gone forever,
You are somewhere lost in space.

Every morning just at seven
I would bring her up on line,
Just to be with her was heaven,
I was hers and she was mine.

CHORUS:

How I loved to stroke her programs
And caress her lovely board,
nd the clacking of her printer
Was the music I adored.

CHORUS:

Then one dark and dreadful morning
Bolts of lightning made a spark,
And I watched with helpless terror
As she lost her every MARC.

CHORUS:

Surging voltage ripped her circuits
In a horrifying rape.
Alas for me, I had neglected
To prepare a backup tape.

CHORUS:

Now my days are sad and dreary
As I go through life alone,
Since I lost my darling data
Cause I failed to make a clone.

CHORUS:

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The Circulation Round

Tune: "Allouette"

Circulation
Is my occupation,
How I love it
Every single day.

First you check them out and then
Check them right back in again.
In and out
Round about

O-o-o-o, Circulation
Is my occupation,
How I love it
Every single day.

First you make them stand in line,
Then you make them pay the fine.
Stand in line
Pay the fine,
In and out
Round about,

O-o-o-o, Circulation
Is my occupation,
How I love it
Every single day.

Sir your book is overdue,
Rotten, rotten shame on you!
Overdue
Shame on you,
Stand in line
Pay the fine,
In and out
Round about,

O-o-o-o, Circulation
Is my occupation,
How I love it
Every single day....

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(Repeat 7 days a week until nausea sets in)

The Acquisitions Lament

Tune: "My Bonny Lies Over the Ocean"

My vendor lies over fulfillment,
My vendor lies over the cost,
My terminal's having the hiccups
And all of my orders are lost.

CHORUS:

Bring back, bring back,
Oh bring back my order to me, to me,
Bring back, bring back,
Oh bring back my order to me.

I ordered the latest best seller,
I asked him to ship U.P.S.
I got the book seven months later
By carrier pigeon express.

CHORUS:

I ordered the second edition,
My vendor he sent me the third,
The hardbacks I ordered were paper
And the paper editions were hard.

CHORUS:

I sent in a serials order,
I haven't got anything yet
But an issue of Snail Raiser's Digest
And twenty-five copies of Jet.

CHORUS:

The next time I go to convention
Among the exhibits I'll hide
Till I locate the booth of my vendor
And punch him right smack in the eye.

CHORUS:

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Patron, Patron: A reference duet

Tune: "Daisy, Daisy" (on a Bicycle Built for Two)

Librarian:

Patron, patron
I'm really flying blind.
I'm frustrated
Trying to read your mind.
If nothing satisfies you
Don't make me analyse you,
 I'm not your shrink
 So stop and think--
Just what do you want to find?

Patron:

Reference, Reference,
Give me the answer do,
What I want is
Simple as two plus two.
It's a book you must remember,
I had it last September.
 I'm sure you've seen
 The one I mean,
It's skinny and tall and blue.

Librarian:

Patron, Patron,
Give me a little clue.
I'm half dead from
Hauling out books for you.
I don't know what to steer for
If I don't know what you're here for,
 Which I'll be durned
 If I have learned
From this reference interview.

The Book-Shelver's Hoedown

Tune: "Gotta Jump Down, Turn Around, Pick A Bale of Cotton"

CHORUS: (repeat twice after each verse)

Gotta jump down, turn around
Shelve a truck an hour,

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Gotta jump down, turn around,
Put a book away.

Gee but it's fun just bein' a page
Bustin' my buns for the minimum wage.

CHORUS:

Patrons take 'em off the shelves,
Think they get back by themselves.

CHORUS:

Reach up high and bend down low
My chiroprator needs the dough.

CHORUS:

Librarians work from sun to sun,
Page's work is never done.

CHORUS:

(repeat at increasing speed until exhausted)

ALA Exhibit-Hall Dirge

Tune: "Git Along Little Dogies"

The road that I walk
Is a long weary road
And each booth I pass
Adds a little to the load,
Gotta pick up those catalogs,
Find out what's new,
But Demco weighs one pound
And Bro-Dart weighs two.

CHORUS:

Plod around the exhibits
Plod around 'em slow,
You've only got twenty
More aisles left to go.

They gave me a button
At CLSI
And Holt had a book
I've been hankerin' to buy,

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There's posters at Pergamon
And pencils at McGraw;
My shoulders are aching
My feet are all raw.

CHORUS:

At Baker and Taylor
They gave me a sack
But the weight of the freebies
Is breaking my back.
Upstart has stickers
And Random has a clown,
But nobody has
Any place to sit down.

CHORUS:

When I die
Don't bury me at all
Just carry my bones
To the old exhibit hall,
Give me a push
Just to start me off agin
And I'll walk forever
And ever, Amen.

CHORUS:

The Children's Work Hymn

Tune: "I love to Tell the Story"

I love the little children
Who visit me each day,
I help them with their homework
And I teach them games to play,
I arbitrate their quarrels
And discipline the pest,
And gather them around me
For what I love the best:

CHORUS: (47-part harmony, please)

I love to tell a story
That's funny sad or gory,
To tell an old, old story
Brings out the ham in me.

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I love to put displays up
To lure them in the door,
And I cut out little nametags
Till my hands are stiff and sore.
Don't know what keeps me at it
As the endless years unroll,
But the crowds of little faces
And the greasepaint in my soul.

CHORUS:

I love to tell a story
That's funny sad or gory,
To tell an old, old story
Brings out the ham in me.

I don't know why I bother
To come to work each day.
I know it's not the money--
Cause look at what they pay!
I know it's not promotion--
It's a job that goes nowhere,
But when they raise the curtain
I know I must be there.

CHORUS:

Cause I love to tell a story,
That's when I'm in my glory,
To tell an old, old story
Brings out the ham in me.

The Bookworm's Cannonball

Tune: "The Wabash Cannonball"

Every day I whistle
As I get behind the wheel
And press the rusty starter
Of our faithful bookmobile,
The weary years have worn her
But she hears those readers call,
"We're waitin' on the corner
For The Bookworm's Cannonball."

CHORUS:

Listen to the rattles and the generator's roar
As she rumbles up the mountains
Through the woods and by the shore.

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She's loaded down with knowlege
And fun for one and all,
She's an ambulatin' college
Called The Bookworm's Cannonball.

She gets four miles a gallon
And she leaks in every rain,
At 40 miles an hour
You can hear her engine strain,
She won't go any faster
But we love her one and all,
She's a fifteen-ton disaster called
The Bookworm's Cannonball.

CHORUS:

Rollin' down the roadway
Underneath a clear blue sky
I "10-4" my good buddies
In the semis whizzin' by,
And all along the highways
You can hear my CB call,
"I'm the Bookie of the Byways
In The Bookworm's Cannonball."

CHORUS:

The Moolah Rag

Tune: "Camptown Races"

Friends of the Lib'ry sing this song:

Moolah! Moolah!
Holding booksales all day long,
Oh moolah, hey!
Gotta sell all night,
Gotta sell all day,
Gotta raise that money for the library
Gotta sock those funds away.
Gotta raise that money for the library
Gotta sock those funds away.

Board of Gov'nors sings this song:

Moolah! Moolah!
Slashing budgets all day long,

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Oh moolah, hey!
Slash at item B,
Slash at item A,
Gotta slash the budget of the library,
Gotta make that sucker pay.

Lib'ry D'rector sings this song:
Moolah! Moolah!
Tottin' up figgurs all night long,
Oh moolah, hey!
Calculate all night,
Calculate all day,
Gotta crunch them figgurs so the library
Can make it through some way.

The First Amendment Fight Song

Tune: "The Caisson Song" ("The Army Goes Rolling Along")

Take a peek, take a look,
Here's another dirty book,
And those censors are gunning for you.
Grab a gun, grab a knife
To defend them with your life,
Cause those censors are gunning for you.

They go Fie! Fie! Fie!
At anything you buy,
This book is rotten through and through!
(SEX AND VIOLENCE!)
Be prepared to fight
Both the left and right
'Cause those censors are gunning for you.
(COMMUNISTIC!)
Yes those censors are gunning for you.

On the track, through the stack
They are planning their attack,
And those censors are gunning for you.
Get your board to agree
On selection policy
'Cause those censors are gunning for you.

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You must fight! Fight! Fight!
For the first Amendment right!
Call out the old ACLU.
 (CALL CHICAGO!)
Be prepared to bleed
For the Right to Read
'Cause those censors are gunning for you.
 (THEY AIN'T KIDDIN'!)
Yes those censors are gunning for you!

The Closing-Time Blues

Tune: "Won't You Come Home, Bill Bailey?"

Won't you go home, dear patrons?
Won't you go home?
It's time to hit the showers.
 We've answered all your questions,
 Checked out your books,
For hours and hours and hours.
Please gather up your stuff now,
 Look at your watch--
Please feel the urge to roam.
 We've all done our stint,
 Why can't you take the hint?
Dear patrons, won't you please go home?

Won't you go home, dear patrons?
Won't you go home?
Our closing time is near.
 We've rung the warning bell and
 Blinked all the lights
But you don't see or hear.
 How can you sit there calmly
 Copying notes
From that enormous tome?
 Whadda we hafta do
 To make it clear to you?
Dear Patrons, won't you PLEASE GO HOME?

The Battle Hymn of the Librarians

Tune: "Battle Hymn of the Republic"

Mine eyes have seen the glory of a noble history,
The men of old who made the People's University.
It's the place to find a story, it's the place I want to be:
It's the Public Library!

CHORUS:

Glory, glory hallelujah!
Bringing information to ya,
Entertainment to renew ya.
It's the Public Library!

Ben Franklin had a notion of a new and better way
To educate the citizens of Philadelph-i-ay,
What his notion set in motion is his monument today:
It's the Public Library!

CHORUS:

Clever Andrew Carnegie became a millionaire,
He saved up all his pennies and invested them with care,
And everywhere that Andy went, arose into the air
A Public Library!

CHORUS:

Mighty Melvil Dewey had a principle in mind
For organizing knowledge so it's easier to find
And millions of librarians came marching right behind
To the Public Library!

CHORUS:

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The Automated Librarian's Songbook

Carol Hole
1989

Note: this book was written when computerization was fairly new and a lot of the songs are dated now.

The Systems Staff

(Tune: "The Grand old Duke of York"
also knowns as: "Helen Had a Steamboat")

O, the Data Systems Staff
They have a thousand plugs
A thousand miles of wire
And a thousand kinds of bugs.
And when they're up, we're up
And when they're down, we're down
And when they wipe the system out
We cuss 'em out of town.

--Traditional library folk song

The Automation Jubilation Spiritual

Tune: "I Ain't Gonna Study War No More"

I'm gonna lay down my rubber stamp
And get computerized,
And get computerized,
And get computerized,
I'm gonna lay down my rubber stamp
And get computerized,
And sta-amp those books no more.

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CHORUS:

I aint a-gonna stamp those books no more
I aint a-gonna stamp those books no more
I aint a-gonna stamp those books no...

(stamp those books no more)

I aint agonna stamp those books no more
I aint a-gonna stamp those books no more
I aint a-gonna stamp those books no more

I'm gonna lock up my typewriter
And get computerized,
And get computerized,
And get computerized,
I'm gonna lock up my typewriter
And get computerized,
And type o-ver-dues no more.

CHORUS:

I aint a-gonna type no overdues,
etc.

I'm gonna close my card catalog,
And get computerized,
And get computerized,
And get computerized,
I'm gonna close my card catalog,
And get computerized,
And fi-ile those cards no more.

CHORUS:

I ainta gonna file those cards no more,
etc.

Oh, How He Lied

(Tune: "There was a Young Lady Who Played Her Guitar"
also called: "Oh, How He Lied")

There was a fine vendor who sold a computer
Sold a computer, Sold a computer.
There was a fine vendor who sold a computer
Sold a com pu-u-u-ter.

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He said he would train us and help us to boot 'er.
Help us to boot 'er, Help us to boot 'er.
He said he would train us and help us to boot 'er.
Help us to boo-oo-oo-t 'er.

He showed up to train us, but just for a day, [etc.]

Then he packed up his toolkit and he went away, [etc.]

In less than a month the machine up and died, [etc.]

He promised to fix it, but oh! how he lied, [etc.]

That upstanding vendor took us for a ride. [etc.]

With Title 11 he covered his hide, [etc.]

The Li'bry Director was fit to be tied, [etc.]

The point of this story is sad but it's true, [etc.]

You better watch out -- it could happen to you.[etc.]

She Wore a Proper Hair Bun

Tune: "She Wore a Yellow Ribbon"

On her head she wore a proper hair bun,
And on her proper body she wore a proper dress
And when they asked her why the heck she wore 'em:
She wore 'em just to show she had a Real MLS.

MLS! MLS!

She wore 'em just to show she had a Real MLS.

In her hand she held a rubber stamper,
She stamped the whole collection and made an awful mess
And when they asked her why the heck she stamped 'em:
She stamped 'em just to show she had a Real MLS.

MLS! MLS!

She stamped 'em just to show she had a Real MLS..

On her face she wore a stern demeanor
And shushing all the patrons was her biggest happiness
And when they asked her why the heck she shushed 'em:
She shushed 'em just to show she had a Real MLS.

MLS! MLS!

She shushed 'em just to show she had a Real MLS.

When she died, they found she was a virgin
Which wasn't too surprising to anyone I guess,
And on her grave they set up this inscription:
"Here lies the last example of a Real MLS."

MLS! MLS!

"Here lies the last example of a Real MLS."

I'm In Love With a Small Green Screen

Tune: "I'm In Love With a Big Blue Frog"
(from Peter, Paul and Mary album)

I'm in Love with a small green screen
A small green screen loves me.
It's not as odd as it appears,
It's a passion for my new PC!

My staff are all disgusted 'cause I'm far away
And I know just what they mean
But somehow I can't seem to stop
When I'm playin' with my small green screen.

My boss would have a kitten if he only knew,
He'd really have a cow,
But he's convinced I'm working hard
Cause I use a lot of paper now!

Oh, I'm in love with a small green screen,
A small green screen loves me.
And someday I might do some work
When I learn to use my new PC.

The Old Cataloger's Lament

Tune: "The Old Rugged Cross"

In the main reading room
Stands a card catalog
That soon they'll be hauling away
And my blood, sweat and tears
For the last twenty years
Will be thrown in the dumpster that day.
So I'll cling to the old catalog
Till it goes where the garbage is piled
I will cling the old catalog
And the three million cards that I filed.

In the main reading room
There are terminals now
But the database isn't quite set.
It is perfectly clear
Automation is here
But it's got a few bugs in it yet.
So I'll cling to the old catalog
It's a clumsy old thing but it's mine,
I will cling to the old catalog
Till they finally get us on line

On the very last day
When they take it away
My spirit to heaven will fly
And with Dewey and Sears
I'll catch up the arrears
In that big catalog in the sky.
Yes I'll fly to that great catalog
I'll go home to my file and be free,
In the heart of that great catalog
There'll be one added entry for me.

That Old Computer*

Tune: "Old Man River"

"Our new software will positively cure that bug and
we promise you'll have it by next week, month, year."

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--any Library Systems Vendor

Patrons all stand at the new computers
Scannin' those screens for the books they seek
Punchin' those keys from the dawn to sunset,
Lookin' for stuff that went out last week.

Once their entry comes in sight
It flashes past at the speed of light,
One brief glimpse and then it's gone,
They try to make it stop
But it goes right o---on. (this is where you hit the low note!)

CHORUS:

Old computer, that old computer
It must know somethin' but won't tell nothin'
It just keeps scrollin'
It keeps on scrollin' along.
It don't do readin', it don't do thinkin'
And them as does 'em, it drives to drinkin'
That old computer
It just keeps scrollin' along.

Library staff in a state of frenzy
Ready to murder and fit to kill,
Beating their fists on the no-scroll buttons
Looking for entries that won't hold still.

Call one up -- it scrolls on by
The screen is faster than the eye,
Ain't no way to make it slow
You make a small mistake
And you start all o---ver.

CHORUS:

*To be sung by bassos only

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Stack Shifters Rag

(Tune: "Ball and the Jack")

First you pick the books up,
Hold 'em tight,
And then you pass 'em to the left
And you pass 'em to the right,
Ya' lift 'em up and down
And Baby, they ain't light!
And then you push 'em up and push 'em up with all your might,

Ya' hold a heavy load way out in space
And then you keep on doin' it for days and days.
You move the fiction forward
Then you move it back,
And that's what they call
Shiftin' the stack.

Be Kind to Your Kiddies

(Tune: "Be Kind to Your Parents")

Be kind to your kiddies
If they seem demented
And just want to stare at
A CRT all day,
Don't call them addicted
And hooked on computers,
Don't force them to go outside and play.

Please understand
They'll soon be grown and gone
To live in the Age of Silicon.

So treat them with patience
And kind understanding
If they want to hack the whole day through.
Someday when you're ready
...They may teach it all to you!

Gimme LAN

Tune: "Don't Fence Me In"

Gimme LAN, losta LAN
Soon as you are able,
Don't fence me in.
Let me talk to my pals
Over miles of cable,
Don't fence me in.

Gimme passwords to use
Soon as you can code 'em,
Programs to learn
Soon as you can load 'em,
Let me talk to the world
When I dial my modem,
Don't fence me in!

The Macintosh Fight Song

Tune: "God Bless America"

I love my Macintosh
My friend in deed
It's a cuter
Computer
'Cause a DOS never knows what you need.
It will guide you
Stand beside you
Till you reach pro-ficiency,
I love My Macintosh
Cause My Mac loves me
I love my Macintosh
Cause Mac loves me.

I love my Macintosh
It's number one,
'Cause a Tandy
Is dandy
But a Mac is a hack that is fun.
Not a sorry
Old Atari,
Or an IB-

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MPC,
I love my Macintosh
Cause my Mac loves me,
I love my Macintosh
Cause my Mac loves me.

Farewell, Artie

Tune: "Hello, Dolly"

For Art Plotnik, on leaving his job as editor of American Libraries

Farewell, Artie,
Fare you well, Artie,
We just gotta stop and drop a little tear.
We'll toll the bell, Artie
Ring the knell, Artie
'Cause without you Huron Street will seem so sad and drear.
Your pencil blue, Artie
Always knew, Artie
How to keep the writing tight and bright and clear,
so,
Before you go, Artie,
Want you to know, Artie,
We're sure gonna miss your talents here!

Farewell, Artie,
Fare you well, Artie,
But as you depart, accept a hearty cheer.
It was your spell, Artie
Made AL, Artie
From a drag into the magazine we hold so dear,
So though we grieve, Artie,
As you leave, Artie
And it's sad to see the ending of an er -
a,
It's been a swell party,
So fare you well, Artie,
Fame and fortune in your new career!

Absolutely Automated Now

Tune: "Everything's Up-to-date in Kansas City"
(from "Oklahoma")

Everything's up to date in my library
We're absolutely automated now.
We bought an Ee-lec-tron-ic public catalog
For twice as much as the budget would allow.
Our Circulation System's kinda scary
It tells you what you oughta do and how,

So you better mind your manners and your data entry too,
Cause it loves to blow the whistle and to send an overdue
And, every time you check a book -- Big Circ is watching you!
 We're absolutely automated now.
 We're absolutely automated now.

Everything's up to date in my library
We're absolutely automated now.
With Infotrack and Datatrek and OCLC too
To put a bundle of wrinkles in your brow.
Some of the new machines are pretty hairy
But they solved our biggest problem anyhow.
They didn't solve it easy and they didn't solve it cheap,
But the vagrants in the reading room no longer go to sleep
'Cause every time they close their eyes -- a terminal goes BEEP!
 We're absolutely automated now.
 We're absolutely automated now.

Everything's up to date in my library
We're absolutely automated now.
We've got a local network to send each other mail
We milk it every morning like a cow.
We're faxing every Tom and Dick and Harry,
The paper's getting deep enough to plow.
Yes, our automated system is complete in every way
And I wouldn't be at all suprised to hear somebody say,
"Let's plug the new Director in and boot her up **today!**"
 Cause we're absolutely automated now.
 We're absolutely automated now.

The Carol of the Cable-Stringers

(Tune: "Deck the Halls")

Wreck the halls with miles of cable,

Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la.

String it over desk and table,

Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la.

From the ceiling, cables dripping,

Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la.

Over cables we are tripping.

Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la.

Now the old routines expire,

Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la.

Hail the new with miles of wire.

Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la.

Plug the plugs in as directed.

Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la.

Pretty soon you'll be connected.

Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la.

See the brave new world before us.

Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la.

Strike the keyboard, join the chorus:

Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la.

Though computers may not suit you,

Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la.

Nonetheless we're gonna boot you!

Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la.