

BANJO TO BEATBOX Lyrics & Credits

JUBILATION

© Cathy Fink & Marcy Marxer, 2 Spoons Music, ASCAP

Cathy: five-string banjo, vocals
Marcy: cello banjo, vocals
Christylez Bacon: beatbox
John Pollard: tuba

Chorus:
Jubliation (jubilation)
Jubilation (jubilation)
One thing that would help this nation
Is more music and JUBILATION!

Use your voice for vocalization
Whistle along with a radiostation
Add instruments for - orchestration
Now all together - collaboration

Catch the train at the train station
Travel to a new location
Go faster- acceleration
Take a break- that's a vacation

Chorus

Stars can form a - constellation
Dream with our - imagination
Go to school for - education
When you're done it's- graduation

People talking – conversation
Join a club – association
Have a party - celebration
You're invited -invitation

Bridge:

Play the banjo, play the drums
Play thumb piano with your thumbs
Whistle a tune and clap your hands
Spread jubilation around the land

Think real hard – concentration
Try real hard – determination

You did great- congratulations
Thank you! Means appreciation

Shake it up – agitation
Light it up – illumination
Mix it up for variation
Put it off- procrastination

ending
We thank you for this exploration
Banjo to hip hop jubilation
A musical cross pollination
Now give yourselves a standing ovation

IT'S THE BEAT BOX

© Christylez Bacon, Christylez Bacon LLC, ASCAP
Beatbox, vocal- Christylez Bacon

I can walk down the street and always have a drum with me
I play it at the show, and they say, "It sounds pretty"
For some strange reason some strange reason
Not everybody can see it
I play it when I'm breathing
and I clean while I'm singing
It got a sound like "tst"
and a sound like "ech"
When you put them both together then it's "tst-ba-ti-ba-ech"
It took a lot of practice, and it started as a hobby
and now I got twenty different drums in my body

It's the Beatbox
The Human-Beatbox

Now, I can make people groove,
cuz it sounds so smooth
with the *beatbox phrase*
and then bring it back
as I bust a rap
and I can keep it going cuz it's cool like that
The beatbox, it started back in the late-80s
People heard the sounds with the month and said, "That's crazy"
and you can make the sounds with the letters in the alphabet
like B's and P's and T's and other things
from clock sounds and door-bell rings
you see, the beatbox, it uses all types of things

Now, I can make it go fast or make it go slow
It's so versatile that I can make it do both

It's the Beatbox
The Human-Beatbox

We all have a million drums that's inside our chest
but, be careful when you use them
you can run out of breath
Now, I can easily cough
and throw the beatbox off
or mix the beat with the cough
and the problem is solved

It's the Beatbox
The Human-Beatbox

THAT SYNCOPATED WASHBOARD RHYTHM SONG

© Marcy Marxer, 2 Spoons Music, ASCAP

Marcy- washboard, banjo uke, percussion & toys, vocal

1. That Syncopated washboard rhythm song

Come on everybody tap along
First you scrub-a-dub
Then you tap and rub
You might have to yell
When you hear the bell
Ring out loud and long, OH!

Everybody scrub along and play
Tap that old time rhythm while you sway
I'm never in a quandary
When it's time to do the laundry
My syncopated washboard rhythm song

2. How I love to play my abs of steel

Some may even wonder if it's real
Hear it tick and tock
When you play the block
Sounds so good when you
Tap on wood
Play with zip and zeal, OH!

Everybody scrub along and play
Grab the soap and scrub your cares away
When it bubble-bubbles up

Then we'll double-double up
That syncopated washboard rhythm song

Rhythm don't be late
Please don't hesitate
While I scrub my wrinkled metal
- wrinkled little metal plate
Now, let's accelerate.
You can play it smooth or jerky
It can be sublime or quirky
My syncopated washboard rhythm song

As my fingertips are flyin'
All the moms and dads are sighin'
That syncopated washboard rhythm song.

SOUP, SOUP

Traditional, Adapted from Bessie Jones & Georgia Sea Island Singers
Arrangement © Cathy Fink & Marcy Marxer, 2 Spoons Music, Christylez Bacon LLC,
ASCAP

Cathy: banjo ukulele, vocals
Marcy: cello-banjo, vocals
Christylez Bacon: beatbox, vocals, spoons

Way down yonder	soup, soup
Beyond the moon	soup, soup
I got a letter	soup, soup
From Alma Stone	soup, soup
She said she's a comin'	soup, soup
To visit my home	soup, soup
Better have soup	soup, soup
For Alma Stone	soup, soup

That chicken soup
That rabbit soup
That gopher soup
That monkey soup
That elephant soup
That elephant soup

That tofu soup
That Rutabega soup
That Blackbean soup
That Split pea soup

That Vegetable soup
That Egg drop soup
That elephant soup
That elephant soup

Well I was feelin' kinda hungry on a winter afternoon
It was kinda cold so I went and got some soup
Chicken noodle soup and I poured it in a bowl
I tried to use a fork but it fell on my clothes
Now I don't understand why it didn't work man
But I know I can't eat the soup with my hands
Now that be kinda silly like I'm in a cartoon
Now I know how to go I gotta go and use a use a spoon

That Won Ton soup
Tortilla soup
French onion soup
That Noodle soup
That Shoelace soup
That Pickle soup
That Peanut soup
That cantelope soup
That elephant soup
That elephant soup
That soup, soup....

FROGGY WENT A COURTIN'

Traditional, Arrangement © Cathy Fink & Marcy Marxer, 2 Spoons Music, ASCAP

Cathy: five-string banjo, vocals

Marcy: cello-banjo, vocals

Froggy went a courtin' and he did ride, uh-huh
Sword and a pistol by his side, uh-huh

He rode right up to Miss Mousie's door, uh-huh
Where he had often been before, uh-huh

He Took Miss Mousie on his knee, uh-huh
Said Miss Mousie, will you marry me, uh-huh,

Without my Uncle Rat's consent, uh-huh
I wouldn't marry the President, uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh

Uncle Rat laughed, and shook his fat sides, uh-huh
To think his niece would be a bride, uh-huh

Uncle Rat rode off to town, uh-huh
To buy his niece a wedding gown, uh-huh

Where shall the wedding supper be, uh-huh
Way down yonder in the hollow tree, uh-huh

What shall the wedding supper be, uh-huh
A Fried mosquito and a black-eyed pea, uh-huh

First to come in were two little ants
Fixing around to have a dance

Next to come in was a bumbly bee, uh-huh
Bouncing a banjo on his knee

Next to come in was Mrs. Cow, uh-huh
She tried to dance but she didn't know how, uh-huh

Next to come in was the big black snake, uh-huh
Ate up all of the wedding cake, uh-huh

Next to come in was an old gray cat, uh-huh
Swallowed the mouse and ate up the rat, uh-huh

Mr.Frog went a-hoppin up over the brooke, uh-huh
A lily white dove came and swallowed him up, uh-huh

Little piece of corn bread lyin' on the shelf, uh-huh
If you want anymore you can sing it yourself, uh-huh

THE BARNYARD DANCE

Traditional, Adapted from versions by Martin, Boga & the Armstrongs
Arrangement © Cathy Fink & Marcy Marxer, 2 Spoons Music, ASCAP

Marcy: vocals, six-string banjo, banjo uke, tango-banjo

Cathy: vocals

Christylez: spoons

It was late one night by the pale moonlight
all the vegetables gave a spree;
they put out a sign that said the dancing's at nine
and all the admission was free,
there was peas and greens and cabbage and beans

it was the biggest crowd you ever did see;
and when mister cucumber struck up that number
you should have heard those vegetables screams

Oh little turnip top was doin' the backwards flop
the cabbage is doin' the shimmy, she couldn't stop
the little red beet shook its feet
and the watermelon died of the cockeyed heat;
little tomato, agitator, shook the shimmy with the sweet potato
and old man garlic dropped dead of the colic
down at the barnyard dance
late this morning.
down at the barnyard dance.

NEW RIVER TRAIN

Traditional, Arrangement © 2008 Cathy Fink & Marcy Marxer, 2 Spoons Music, ASCAP

Cathy: vocals, five-string banjo

Marcy: washboard

Christylez: beatbox

I'm riding on that new river train
Riding on that new river train
Same old train that brought me here
And it's soon gonna carry me away

Verse 1

Darling, you can't love one
Darling, you can't love one
You can't love one and have any fun
Darling, you can't love one

Refrain between each verse

Two- and your little heart be true
Three- and still love me
Four- and love me anymore
Five- and expect to stay alive
Six- or you'll be in a fix
Seven - and expect to get to heaven
Eight - and get through the gate
Nine- and still be mine
Ten - Let's sing it again

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