

# Fall Festival sparks sing-a-long rage...

Last weekend fifteen hundred Dal students sang along with Forum chairman, Ken Nedd. The Gazette, feeling that perhaps "When the Saints come marching in" is no longer relevant to the world situation composed a few songs of its own.

Lyrics: Kim Cameron

Chorus:  
This land was your land,  
and now its our land,  
From the Tonkin waters,  
From the Chinese mainland,  
To the Hanoi Shelters,  
To the Saigon smelters,  
This land was made for you and me!

Well I was walking,  
That Ho Chi Minh trail,  
And there beside me,  
I SAW AN ENTRAIL,  
A human baby,  
A napalmed baby,  
Waving his stumps for you and me.

Chorus.

To the tune of Three Bells - Jimmy Brown's old song

All the villagers were burning  
In the little viet town  
While McNamara was affirming  
Our peaceful role in Vietnam

As the napalm bombs were dropping  
Small reminders from the skies  
It's God the freedom we're defending  
In a war that is unending  
As the Wall Street prices rise

As we fight for our great country  
Race and colour are ignored  
White and black will fight together  
To defeat the yellow hoard.

We shall overcome black power  
On the front lines they must fight  
This is the negro's finest hour  
As black bones are ground to flour  
For we know that white is right.

Our diplomacy is quiet  
Our diplomacy is wise  
We know that Uncle Sam will buy it  
Along with all our war supplies

Lester Pearson's surely noble  
And he's really earned his prize  
Helping CIL ship styrene  
For the napalm bombs they're firing  
To commit more genocide.

To the tune of It Was An Itsy Bitsy Teenie Weenie Yellow Polka dot Bikini

She didn't want to come out of the shelter,  
For the bombs they were falling in clumps,  
But she needed a small drink of water,  
And now she has two blackened stumps.

One, two, three, four,  
Come on tell the people more!

It was an itsee, bitsee,  
Teeny weeny,  
Little yellow phosphoreeny,  
That they dropped on my mother last night,  
It was an itsee, bitsee,  
Tenny weeny,  
Phosphor you-know-what-I-meany,  
That burnt her legs off and ruined her sight.

One, two, three, four,  
Tell about the blood and gore.

From the jungle to the village,  
From the village to the town,  
From the town onto the Highway,  
(Where machine-guns mowed her down  
(Where machine-guns mowed her down)

One, two, three, four,  
My poor mother is no more.

Chorus.

To tune of Rock of Ages

See the children, burn and roast,  
Yellow turning black as toast,  
See the eyeballs puff and steam,  
See the babies writhe and scream,  
Uncle Sam will praise and psalm,  
Drop another Napalm bomb!

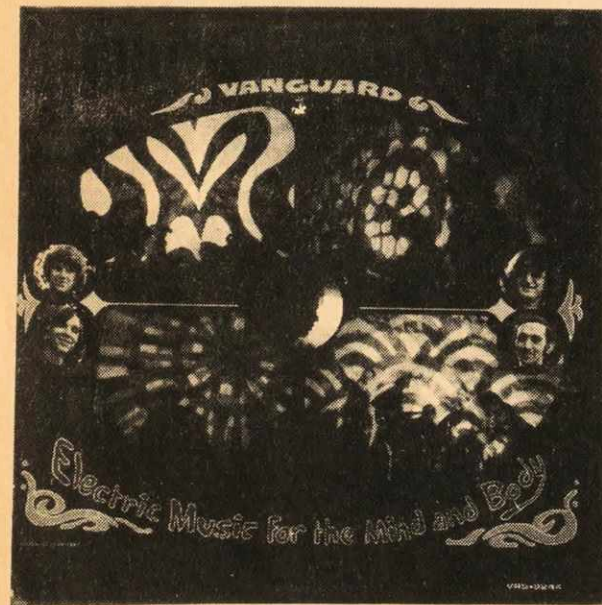
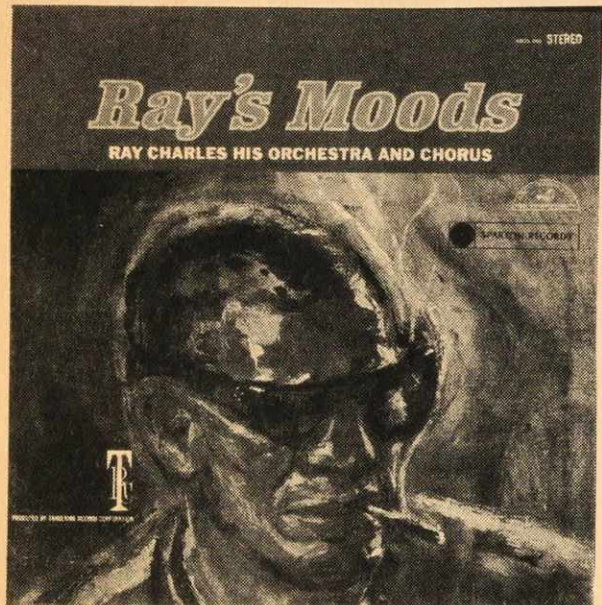
See us bomb and see us pillage  
Yet another Viet village,  
See the bones and piles of skin,  
Where a family once had been,  
Uncle Sam will praise and psalm,  
Drop another Napalm bomb!

See them try to infiltrate,  
Spreading evil, spreading hate,  
How can they be so insane,  
Saying that we're here to maim?  
Uncle Sam will praise and psalm,  
Drop another Napalm bomb!

To the tune of "God made a little sparrow fall"

God made the little Napalm bomb,  
It met his tender view,  
If God so loves his yellow ones,  
Just think how they love you?  
He loves me too, He loves you,  
I know He loves me too  
If God so loves his yellow ones,  
I know he loves me too.

God made the weapons of the field,  
He blessed each little shell,  
If God so loves the Asian hoardes,  
I know he loves me well,  
He loves me well, He loves me well,  
I know he loves his Asian hoardes,  
If God so loves his Asian hoardes,  
I know he loves me well.



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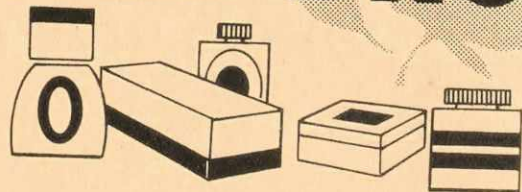
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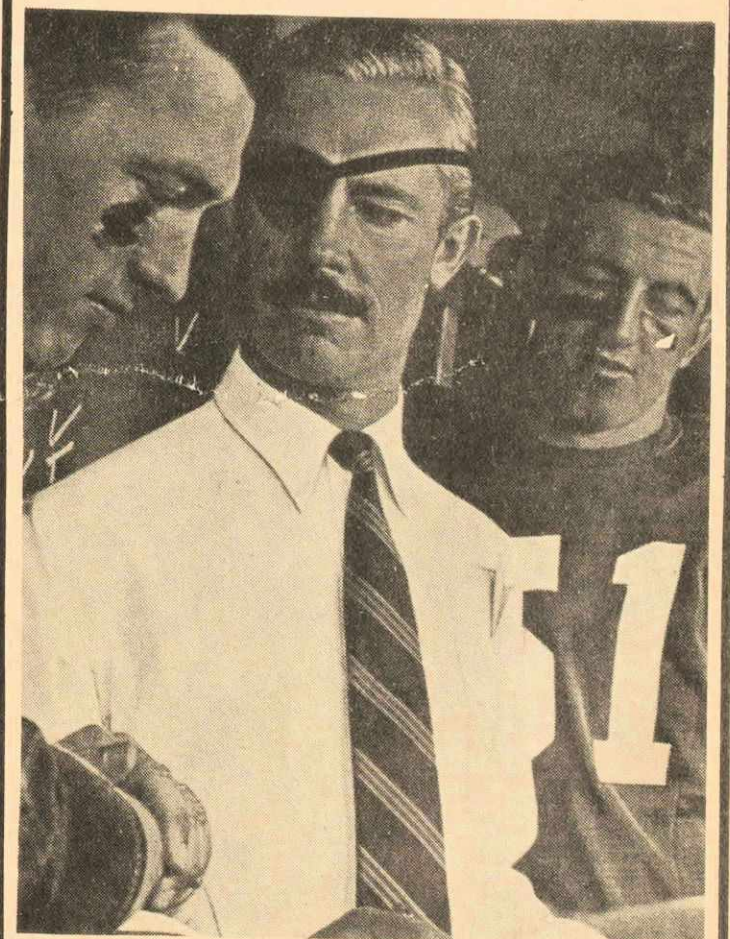
There's nothing like a baby on bayonette,  
To take your mind off troubles and help to forget  
Your girl friend, in Illinois  
There's nothing like machine-guns in your helicopter  
To get the commie schoolkids running helter-skelter...  
It helps you not remember

What Harlem's in pre-September,  
What Johnson's got on his agender,  
If you can help dismember  
Little boys.

There's nothing like a napalm bomb to prove you're not bluffing  
Especially when your eyes drop out and skin starts puffing  
Unless it's shrapnel skewers  
There's nothing like bouncing betty hanging in the trees  
To teach our democratic system to the Vietnamese  
It helps you to forget,  
Your forty thousand dollar debt,  
on the house that you sublet  
to all those WOP spagett  
EEE eaters.

There's nothing like a V.C. turning slowly on a spit  
To keep your mind off rumours that the Democrats are split  
In lovely N.Y.C. ....  
There's no one like the fascists of whom lots of you their fans are  
To appropriate the money we once spent on things like cancer  
It helps you not to see  
Why your mother just died of T.B.,  
But the money's well spent on Premier Ky  
To keep those yellow Saigon bastards free  
From V.D.

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