

# SING ALONG WITH JACK

*Hit Songs from  
the New Frontier*

10529/\$1.00

## Vive La Dynasty



(to the tune of "VIVE L'AMOUR")

Lightly, very brightly

With so man - y

Bb Eb Bb G Eb6 F7

we need a hall. ve la Dy - nas -

m7 Bb Eb

si - tion and pow - er for

**HOME ON THE CAPE**



**I DREAM OF JACKIE  
WITH THE BOUFFANT HAIR**



**ON TOP OF GOLDWATER**

and other favorites arranged for voice, piano, guitar—  
and pure fun. Original lyrics by MILTON M. SCHWARTZ.





# SING ALONG WITH **JACK**

*Hit Songs from the New Frontier*

ARRANGED FOR VOICE, PIANO, GUITAR — AND PURE FUN!

Original lyrics by MILTON M. SCHWARTZ • Arranged by DANNY HURD

Illustrations by DAVID GANTZ

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**S**INCE 1960, some Americans have been singing the praises of the New Frontier.

Also since 1960, some Americans have been singing a slightly different tune.

This song book, therefore, is presented as a public service for all Americans, who have been patiently waiting in the wings for their chance to Sing Along With Jack (and Jackie, Bobby, Caroline, Teddy, Ethel, Eunice, etc., etc., etc.).

Here's your chance

All together now...!

# **C O N T E N T S**

## **VIVE LA DYNASTY**

*to the tune of VIVE L'AMOUR*

## **I DREAM OF JACKIE WITH THE BOUFFANT HAIR**

*to the tune of JEANIE WITH THE LIGHT BROWN HAIR*

## **I'M CALLED LITTLE CAROLINE**

*to the tune of I'M CALLED LITTLE BUTTERCUP*

## **THE PEACE CORPS GOES ROLLING ALONG**

*to the tune of THE CAISSON SONG*

## **NEWT MINOW**

*to the tune of TIT WILLOW*

## **OH, BURY ME NOT**

*to the tune of THE DYING COWBOY*

## **AND THE STOCKS CAME TUMBLIN' DOWN**

*to the tune of JOSHUA FIT THE BATTLE OF JERICHO*

## **GO AWAY, DIXIE LAND!**

**LBJ's LAMENT**

*to the tune of DIXIE*

## **ON TOP OF GOLDWATER**

**JFK's LAMENT**

*to the tune of ON TOP OF OLD SMOKY*

## **LONG, LONG AGO**

**BARRY'S LAMENT**

## **OH WHERE, OH WHERE HAS THE CONGRESS GONE?**

*to the tune of WHERE IS MY LITTLE DOG GONE?*

## **OH, DEAR! WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?**

**CONGRESS WON'T GIVE ME THE VOTES**

## **OH, BRING BACK DICK NIXON TO ME**

*to the tune of MY BONNIE*

## **HOME ON THE CAPE**

*to the tune of HOME ON THE RANGE*



# Vive La Dynasty



(to the tune of "VIVE L'AMOUR")

Lightly, very brightly

Bb

With so man - y

The first system of music features a vocal line in 3/4 time with a key signature of two flats (Bb). The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand. The lyrics "With so man - y" are positioned below the vocal line.

Ken - ne - dys we need a hall. Vi - ve la Dy - nas -

The second system continues the melody. The vocal line includes the lyrics "Ken - ne - dys we need a hall. Vi - ve la Dy - nas -". Above the vocal line, the following chords are indicated: Cm7, Bb, Eb, Bb, Gm, Eb6, and F7. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line.

ty! There's mon - ey, po - si - tion and pow - er for

The third system continues the melody. The vocal line includes the lyrics "ty! There's mon - ey, po - si - tion and pow - er for". Above the vocal line, the following chords are indicated: Bb, Bb, Cm7, Bb, and Eb. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line.

all. Vi - ve la Dy - nas - ty!

The fourth system concludes the melody. The vocal line includes the lyrics "all. Vi - ve la Dy - nas - ty!". Above the vocal line, the following chords are indicated: Bb, Gm, Eb6, F7, and Bb. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line.

Vi - ve la, vi - ve la, vi - ve la Jack! Vi - ve la,

vi - ve la, vi - ve la Bob! Vi - ve la Ted!

Vi - ve la Dad! Vi - ve la Dy - nas - ty!

REFRAINS:

With so many Kennedys we need a hall.  
 Vive la Dynasty!  
 There's money, position and power for all.  
 Vive la Dynasty!

Despite what our critics may say of the Clan,  
 Vive la Dynasty!  
 We're lovely to look at, each lady and man.  
 Vive la Dynasty!

We're all for the plain folk, the poor and the weak.  
 Vive la Dynasty!  
 Are we to be blamed 'cause we're wealthy and chic?  
 Vive la Dynasty!

CHORUSES:

Vive la, vive la, vive la Jack!  
 Vive la, vive la, vive la Bob!  
 Vive la Ted! Vive la Dad!  
 Vive la Dynasty!

Vive la Pat, Eunice and Jean!  
 Vive la Jackie, Ethel and Joan!  
 Vive la Peter, Sargent and Steve!  
 Vive la Dynasty!

Vive la White House! Vive les votes!  
 Vive the President's quotable quotes!  
 Vive la Junior (he's taking notes!) ...  
 Vive la Dynasty!

# I Dream Of Jackie

## With The Bouffant Hair

(to the tune of "JEANNIE WITH THE LIGHT BROWN HAIR")

*Dreamingly*

**Bb9+ Eb Ab Eb Bb7 Eb**

I dream of Jack-ie with the bouf - fant hair.

**Cm Fm Cm Ab Eb. F7 Bb Bb7+ Eb Ab**

Just like a va - por float - ing ev - 'ry - where. I see her trip - ping thru an

**Eb Bb7 Eb Cm F7 Gm Bb Cm7 F7 Bb F7 Bb**

an - tiques dis - play. Hap - py as a dai - sy at a con - cert or play.

**Bb7 Eb7 Ab Eb G7**

Man - y the ar - tis - tic i - de - as in her head. And when I lie sleep - ing in



The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of three flats (B-flat major). It consists of four systems of music. Each system includes a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment with treble and bass staves. Chord symbols are placed above the vocal line. The tempo/mood is marked 'Dreamingly'.

Cm F7 Bb7 Bb7+ Eb Eb7 Ab Abm

Jef - fer - son's bed... I dream of Jack - ie with the

Eb Bb7 Cm F7 Eb B7 Eb Bb7 Eb

bouf - fant hair. Float-ing like a va- por, God knows where! God knows where!



I dream of Jackie with the bouffant hair.  
Just like a vapor floating ev'rywhere.

I see her tripping through an antiques display.  
Happy as a daisy at a concert or play.

Many the artistic ideas in her head.  
And when I lie sleeping in Jefferson's bed...

I dream of Jackie with the bouffant hair.  
Floating like a vapor,  
God knows where! God knows where!



# I'm Called Little Caroline

(to the tune of "I'M CALLED LITTLE BUTTERCUP")

Cheerily

The musical score is written in 3/4 time and consists of four systems. Each system includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a steady bass line with chords in the right hand. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The first system starts with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system concludes the main body of the song. The fourth system provides an ending with two first and second endings, marked 'Fine'.

I'm called lit - tle Car - o - line, Dear lit - tle  
oth - ers I've slight - ed, But those I've re -  
say Dad - dy's pow - er Just blooms like a

Car - o - line, Pam - pered from morn - ing to dusk By  
cit - ed stand out like an el - e - phant's tusk. That's } Sor - en - sen,  
flow - er, But, still, when you strip off the husk, There's

Sal - in - ger, Ste - ven - son, Schles - in - ger, Bun - dy and Dil - lon and Rusk.

1. *Fine* Some The names are so var - ied (Both maid - en and mar - ried), And  
2. *Fine*

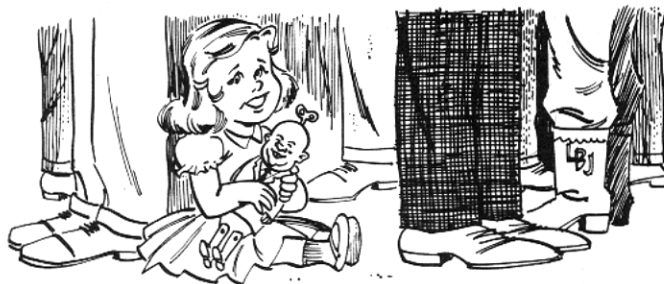
Am F Bm7 E7 Am E7

week - ly there's some-bod - y new. So when I can't keep up I

Am E7 Am D7 G7

qui - et - ly creep up And look in the Har - vard "Who's Who." They

*D. S. al Fine*



I'm called little Caroline,  
 Dear little Caroline,  
 Pampered from morning to dusk  
 By Sorensen, Salinger,  
 Stevenson, Schlesinger,  
 Bundy and Dillon and Rusk.

The names are so varied  
 (Both maiden and married),  
 And weekly there's somebody new.  
 So when I can't keep up  
 I quietly creep up  
 And look in the Harvard "Who's Who."

Some others I've slighted,  
 But those I've recited  
 Stand out like an elephant's tusk.  
 That's Sorensen, Salinger,  
 Stevenson, Schlesinger,  
 Bundy and Dillon and Rusk.

They say Daddy's power  
 Just blooms like a flower,  
 But, still, when you strip off the husk,  
 There's Sorensen, Salinger,  
 Stevenson, Schlesinger,  
 Bundy and Dillon and Rusk.

REPRISE:

So when they are handy  
 I beg them for candy,  
 And find that they never are brusque.  
 Not Sorensen, Salinger,  
 Stevenson, Schlesinger,  
 Bundy and Dillon and Rusk!

# The Peace Corps Goes Rolling Along

(to the tune of "THE CAISSON SONG")

Banner-waving tempo

C

Live in tents, work in mud, While mos -  
back, lose your mind, So the

G7

qui - toes drink your blood, As the Peace Corps goes roll - ing a -  
world will think we're kind, As the Peace Corps goes roll - ing a -

1. C 2. C

long. Break your long. In the far at - olls,

F C Am Am7 D7 G7

Shriv - er drives a Rolls. Some - how it does - n't quite be - long.

C Em F C

Bet - ter walk, don't run... Sun-stroke is - n't fun, As the

G7 1. C 2. C

Peace Corps goes roll-ing a - long. As the long.

Live in tents, work in mud,  
While mosquitoes drink your blood,  
As the Peace Corps goes rolling along.

College boys on the lam  
Find a haven in Siam,  
As the Peace Corps goes rolling along.

Break your back, lose your mind,  
So the world will think we're kind,  
As the Peace Corps goes rolling along.

Native food's awf'ly nice—  
Rice on lamb or lamb on rice,  
As the Peace Corps goes rolling along.

In the far atolls, Shriver drives a Rolls.  
Somehow it doesn't quite belong.

Then it's Hi! Hi! Hee! Spray the DDT.  
Learn how to wear a tight sarong.

Better walk, don't run . . .  
Sunstroke isn't fun,  
As the Peace Corps goes rolling along.  
As the Peace Corps goes rolling along.

Please dispell your doubts,  
This is not the Scouts,  
As the Peace Corps goes rolling along.  
As the Peace Corps goes rolling along.



Aren't they strange over here!  
Aren't those foreign people queer!  
As the Peace Corps goes rolling along.

We must all co-exist—  
Teach the Turks to do the twist!  
As the Peace Corps goes rolling along.

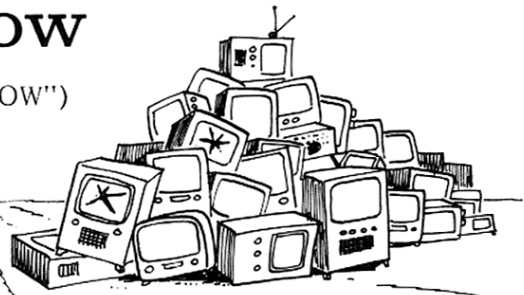
Then it's Hi! Hi! Hee! Have a glass of tea.  
Isn't the meat a trifle strong?

If the world's a mess,  
We could not care less,  
As the Peace Corps goes rolling along.  
As the Peace Corps goes rolling along.



# Newt Minow

(to the tune of "TIT WILLOW")



Con sentimento

G

Is it real - ly a

G+

C

G

D7

waste - land we watch ev - 'ry night, Newt Min - ow, Newt Min - ow, Newt

G

G

G+

C

Min-ow? \_\_\_\_\_ What's the harm in a nice lit - tle blood - y gun

G

D

A7

D

fight, Newt Min - ow, Newt Min - ow, Newt Min - ow? \_\_\_\_\_ Is it

Bm7-5 E7 Am Bm7-5

weak - ness of in - tel - lect we suf - fer from? Are we mere - ly un -

E7 Am F C

tu - tored or chron - ic - 'ly dumb? Are you tell - ing us El - i - ot

C#m7-5 D G C G

Ness is a bum, Newt Min-ow, Newt Min-ow, Newt Min-ow?

Is it really a wasteland we watch ev'ry night,  
Newt Minow, Newt Minow, Newt Minow?  
What's the harm in a nice little bloody gun fight,  
Newt Minow, Newt Minow, Newt Minow?

Is it weakness of intellect we suffer from?  
Are we merely untutored or chronic'ly dumb?  
Are you telling us Eliot Ness is a bum,  
Newt Minow, Newt Minow, Newt Minow?

You have given the networks a terrible fright,  
Newt Minow, Newt Minow, Newt Minow.  
You have slandered the Westerns, and that isn't right,  
Newt Minow, Newt Minow, Newt Minow.

Don't attack the commercials that dwell on our ills,  
With their pictures of stomachs bombarded by pills.  
They may give us a headache, but they pay the bills,  
Newt Minow, Newt Minow, Newt Minow.

Don't bother Ben Casey, whatever your plan,  
Newt Minow, Newt Minow, Newt Minow.  
Or tamper with Kildare, you terrible man,  
Newt Minow, Newt Minow, Newt Minow.

What would millions of tense hypochondriacs do?  
If you stopped Dr. Casey, the women would sue.  
And if you should kill Kildare the girls would kill you,  
Newt Minow, Newt Minow, Newt Minow.

# Oh, Bury Me Not

(to the tune of "THE DYING COWBOY")

Freely

Oh, bur-y me not \_\_\_\_\_ on the New Fron-

tier. \_\_\_\_\_ Make the clock turn back. \_\_\_\_\_ Get me out of

here. \_\_\_\_\_ These words poured out \_\_\_\_\_ As a mourn-ful plea \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ By a man in the John \_\_\_\_\_ Birch So-ci - e - ty. \_\_\_\_\_

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It consists of four systems of music. Each system includes a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a steady bass line and chords that support the melody. The lyrics are: "Oh, bur-y me not \_\_\_\_\_ on the New Fron- tier. \_\_\_\_\_ Make the clock turn back. \_\_\_\_\_ Get me out of here. \_\_\_\_\_ These words poured out \_\_\_\_\_ As a mourn-ful plea \_\_\_\_\_ By a man in the John \_\_\_\_\_ Birch So-ci - e - ty. \_\_\_\_\_". The score includes various musical notations such as rests, notes, and accidentals. Chord symbols are placed above the vocal line: F, Bb, Am, Dm, G7, G7-5, C7, Bb, F, Gm, C7, Bb, Dm, Dm, F, F6, Bb6, C7, Dm, Bb, F, Bb, Am, Gm, Fm, F.



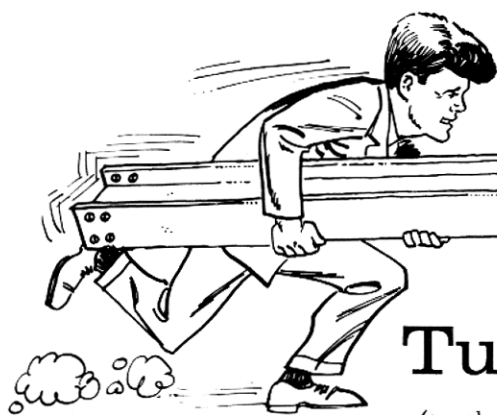
Oh, bury me not  
On the New Frontier.  
Make the clock turn back.  
Get me out of here.

These words poured out  
As a mournful plea  
By a man in the John . . .  
Birch Society.

# And The Stocks

## Came Tumblin' Down

(to the tune of "JOSHUA FIT THE BATTLE OF JERICO")



Wall Street beat

Dm A7 Dm

Ken - ne - dy and Steel were go - ing toe - to - toe, Toe - to - toe, toe - to - toe.  
I - B - M and Po - lar - oid were on the go, On the go, on the go.

A7 1. Dm

When he told the na - tion on the ra - di - o, All the stocks came tum - blin' down.  
Just when the e - con - o - my was bound to grow, All the stocks came tum - blin'

2. Dm Dm A7 Dm A7

down. You can talk a - bout your pan - ic of 'sev - en - ty - three. You can  
talk a - bout your clas - sic ar - gu - ments. You can

Dm A7 Dm A7 Dm A7

talk a - bout your twen - ty - nine. You can talk a - bout the black - est days in  
talk a - bout your great de - bates. But the row be - tween Blough and

Dm A7 Dm A7 Dm

his - to - ry, But I still say Jack did fine. Oh, when the in - dus - try was told to  
Ken - ne - dy was the one that Wall Street hates. Oh, Ken - ne - dy and Steel were go - ing

A7 Dm

hold the price. Rog - er Blough said, "No Dice!" Sud - den - ly the mark - et turned as  
toe - to - toe. Rog said "Yes." Jack said "No!" When they blew the whis - tle it was

A7 (2nd time slower) 1.Dm 2.Dm

cold as ice And the stocks came tum - blin' down. You can down.  
quite a blow... All the stocks came tum - blin'

Kennedy and Steel were going toe-to-toe,  
Toe-to-toe, toe-to-toe.  
When he told the nation on the radio,  
All the stocks came tumblin' down.

IBM and Polaroid were on the go,  
On the go, on the go.  
Just when the economy was bound to grow,  
All the stocks came tumblin' down.

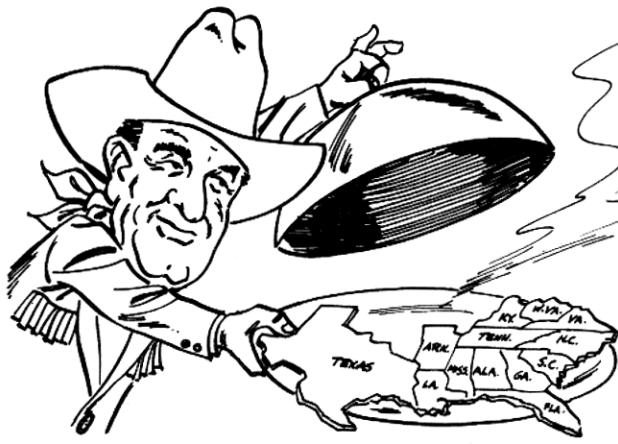
You can talk about your panic of '73.  
You can talk about your '29.  
You can talk about the blackest days in history,  
But I still say Jack did fine. Oh,

When the industry was told to hold the price,  
Roger Blough said, "No dice!"  
Suddenly the market turned as cold as ice  
And the stocks came tumblin' down.

REPRISE (Last half of song only)

You can talk about your classic arguments.  
You can talk about your great debates.  
But the row between Blough and Kennedy  
Was the one that Wall Street hates. Oh,

Kennedy and Steel were going toe-to-toe.  
Rog said, "Yes." Jack said, "No!"  
When they blew the whistle it was quite a blow...  
All the stocks came tumblin' down!



# Go Away, Dixie Land!

LBJ's LAMENT  
(to the tune of "DIXIE")



Dixie tempo (how else?)

C

Oh, I'm all put out a-bout the land of cot-ton,

F C G7

Ha-ven of the mis-be-got-ten. Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie

C F

Land. When they helped e-lect us we were all in clo-ver. Now the hon-ey-

C G7 C

moon is o-ver. Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land. It's the

C C+ F D7 G7 C C+

Old Fron-tier in Dix - ie To - day, to - day. In Dix-ie Land there's

F F#dim C Am D7 G7 C G7

no de-mand for mod-ern pol - i - ties - ie. A - way! A - way! A -

C D7 G7 C C G7 C D7 G7 C

way down South in Dix- ie. A - way! A - way! A - way down South in Dix- ie.

Oh, I'm all put out about the land of cotton,  
Haven of the misbegotten.  
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.

When they helped elect us we were all in clover.  
Now the honeymoon is over.  
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.

It's the Old Frontier in Dixie  
Today, today.  
In Dixie Land there's no demand  
For modern politics-ie.  
Away! Away! Away down South in Dixie.  
Away! Away! Away down South in Dixie.

If you run for office near the old plantation,  
Never mention integration.  
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.

Oh, in Dixie liberty is ever thriving.  
(Why are all those troops arriving?)  
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.

They are gentlemen in Dixie,  
They say! They say!  
But in their fights for civil rights  
They're full of fancy tricks-ie!  
Away! Away! Away down South in Dixie.  
Away! Away! Away down South in Dixie.

# On Top Of Goldwater

JFK's LAMENT  
(to the tune of "On Top of Old Smoky")

Smoky mountain waltz

On top of Gold - wa - ter, who  
Char - lie, and

Detailed description: This system contains the first two measures of the piece. The vocal line starts with a whole rest, followed by a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. The piano accompaniment features a waltz-like pattern of eighth notes in the right hand and quarter notes in the left hand. Chords C and F are indicated above the vocal line.

gets out of hand, There's Tow - er of Tex - as. How  
Time Mag - a - zine, And Dem - o - crat Lau - sche. You

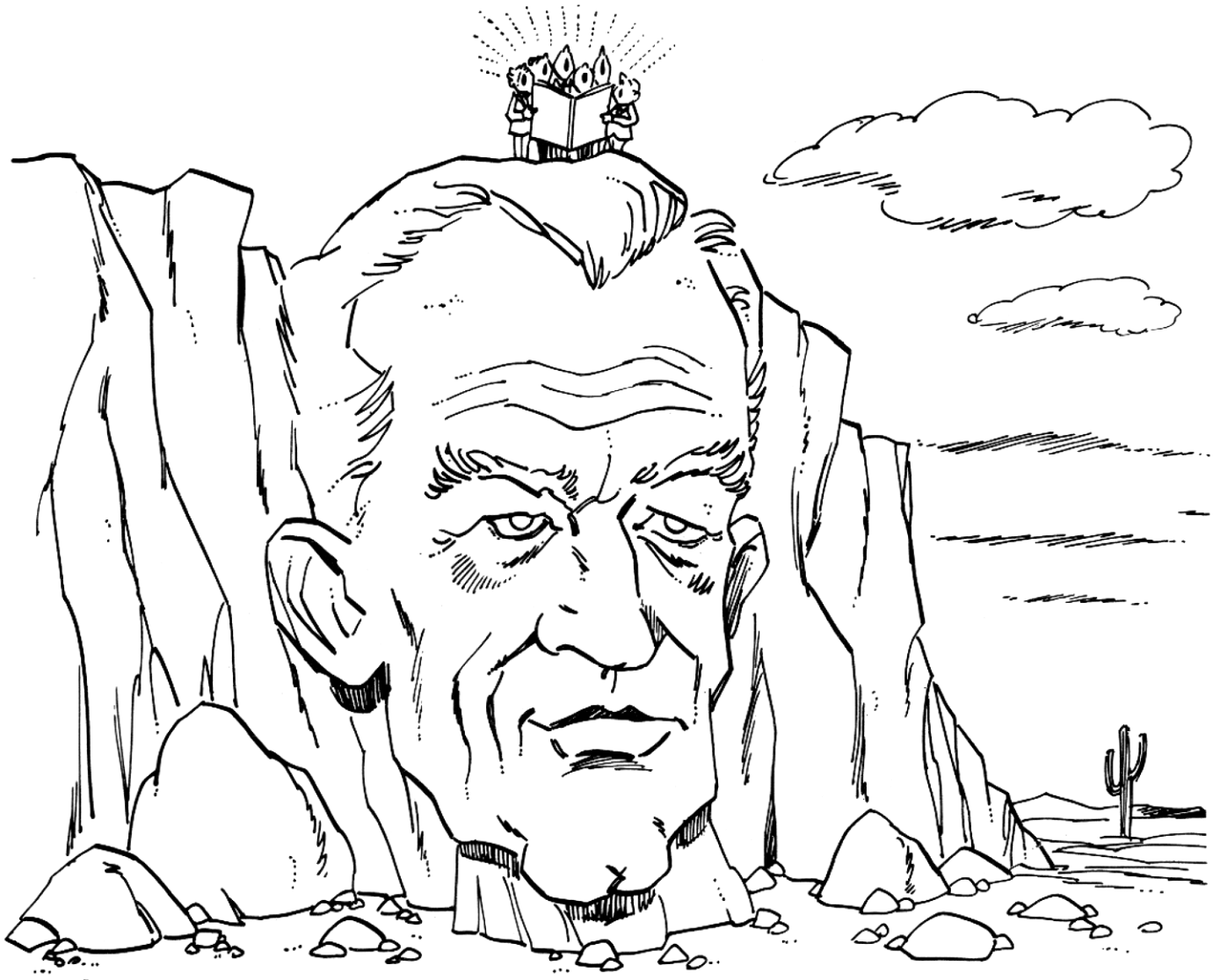
Detailed description: This system contains measures 3 through 6. The vocal line continues with a half note G4, a half note A4, a quarter note B4, and a quarter note G4. The piano accompaniment continues with the waltz pattern. Chords C and G7 are indicated above the vocal line.

much can I stand? There's Ev' - rett and mean.  
know what I

1. C | 2. C

*rit.*

Detailed description: This system contains measures 7 through 10. The vocal line has a first ending (1. C) and a second ending (2. C). The piano accompaniment includes a *rit.* (ritardando) marking in the final measure. The piece concludes with a double bar line.



On top of Goldwater,  
Who gets out of hand,  
There's Tower of Texas.  
How much can I stand?

There's Ev'rett and Charlie,  
And Time Magazine,  
And Democrat Lausche.  
You know what I mean.

With critical letters  
My office is strewn,  
And I've had to cancel  
The Herald Tribune.

They're just being friendly,  
And anxious to please.  
With friends like I've mentioned,  
Who needs enemies?

# Long, Long Ago

BARRY'S LAMENT

Old spinning wheel tempo

F

Bring back the days that to

C7 F

me were so dear. Long, long a - go. Long, long a - go.

F Am F7 Bb Bbm C7

When vest-ed in -t'rests had noth - ing to fear. Long, long a - go, Long a -

F Bb6 F C7 Edim F

go. Stop all this spend - ing. It's driv - ing me mad.



# Oh Where, Oh Where Has The Congress Gone?

(to the tune of "WHERE IS MY LITTLE DOG GONE?")

Searchingly

Oh where, oh where has the

Con - gress gone? Oh where, oh where can they

be? \_\_\_\_\_ With the budg - et a - bout to ex - pire at

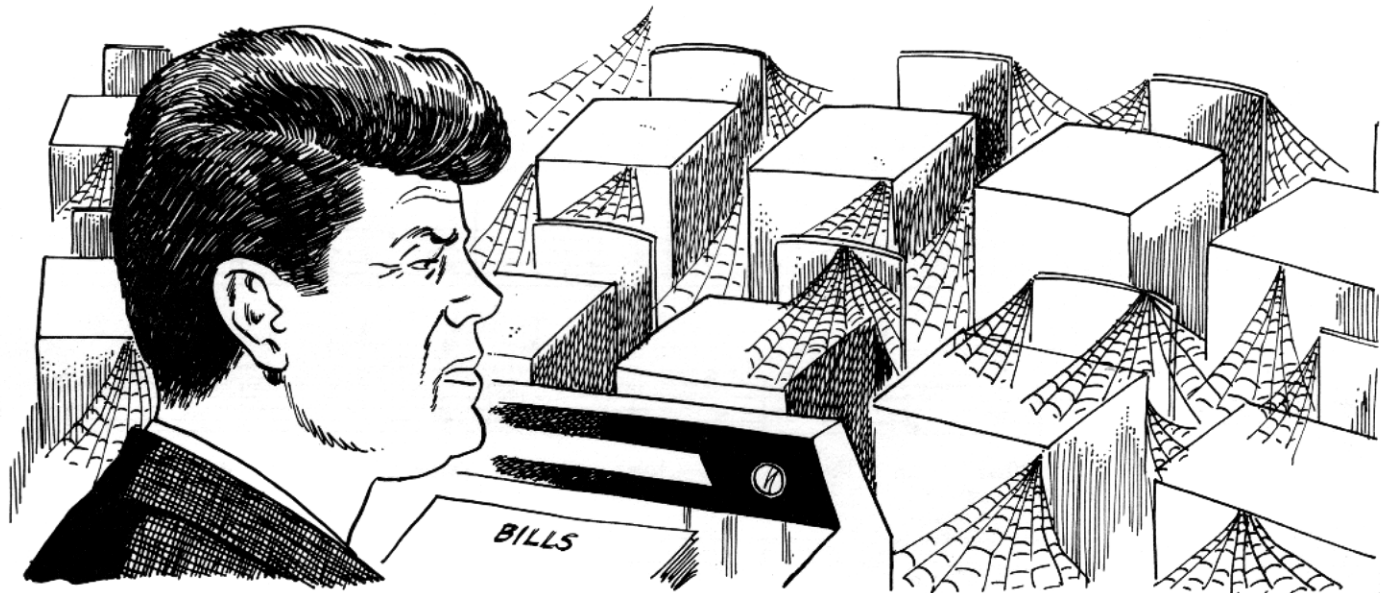
dawn. Oh where, oh where can they be? \_\_\_\_\_

The musical score is written in 3/4 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It consists of four systems of music. Each system includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and a more active treble line. The lyrics are: "Oh where, oh where has the Congress gone? Oh where, oh where can they be? \_\_\_\_\_ With the budget about to expire at dawn. Oh where, oh where can they be? \_\_\_\_\_". Chord markings include F and C7.

QUESTION:

Oh where, oh where has the Congress gone?  
Oh where, oh where can they be?  
With the budget about to expire at dawn,  
Oh where, oh where can they be?

Only empty seats when the heat is on!  
Oh where, oh where can they be?  
There are pickets ruining the White House lawn.  
Oh where, oh where can they be?

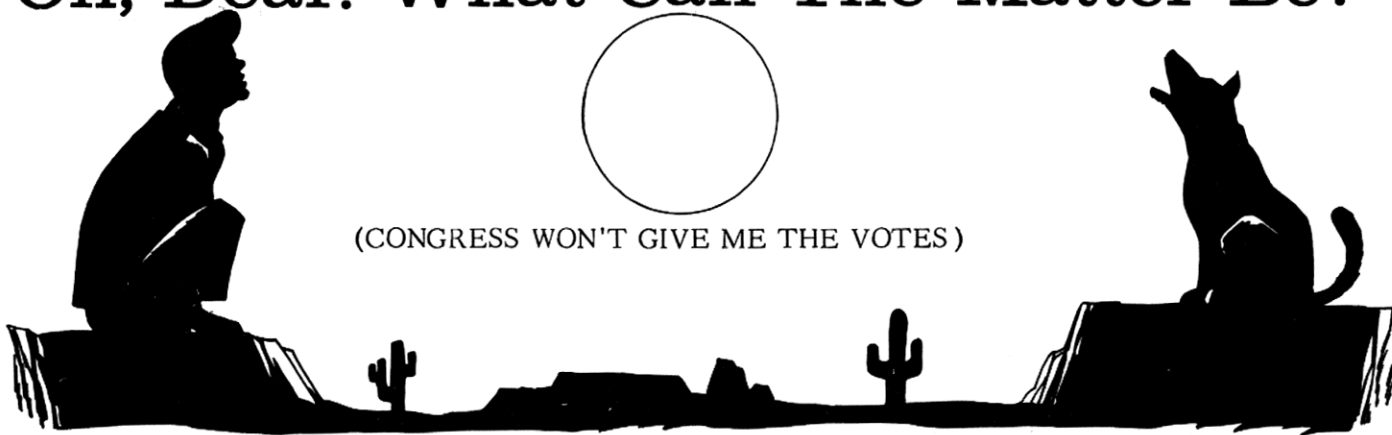


ANSWER:

When they're serving snacks at the Pentagon,  
Or when the whisky is free  
On a pre-paid trip to Saskatchewan,  
Oh there, oh there they will be.



# Oh, Dear! What Can The Matter Be?



(CONGRESS WON'T GIVE ME THE VOTES)

*Petulantly* D

Oh,

A7 D A7 Em7

dear! What can the mat - ter be? Dear, dear,

A7 D A7 D

What can the mat - ter be? Oh, dear! What can the

G6 A7 D

mat - ter be? Con - gress won't give me the votes! \_\_\_\_\_ I

Detailed description: This is a sheet music page for the song 'Oh, Dear! What Can The Matter Be?'. It features a silhouette illustration at the top showing a man on the left and a dog on the right, both looking at a large circle in the sky. Below the illustration is the title and a subtitle '(CONGRESS WON'T GIVE ME THE VOTES)'. The music is written in 3/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The first system includes the tempo marking 'Petulantly' and a 'D' chord above the staff. The second system contains the lyrics 'dear! What can the mat - ter be? Dear, dear,' with chords A7, D, A7, and Em7. The third system contains the lyrics 'What can the mat - ter be? Oh, dear! What can the' with chords A7, D, A7, and D. The fourth system contains the lyrics 'mat - ter be? Con - gress won't give me the votes! \_\_\_\_\_ I' with chords G6, A7, and D. The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand melody and a left-hand bass line.

A7

prom - ised the old folks a med - i - cal care bill. I prom - ised the

Em7                      A7                                      D

cit - ies an ur - ban af - fair bill. I prom - ised New York - ers we'd

G6                      A7                                      D

pass a World's Fair bill, But Con - gress won't give me the votes! \_\_\_\_\_

Oh, dear! What can the matter be?  
 Dear, dear, what can the matter be?  
 Oh, dear! What can the matter be?  
 Congress won't give me the votes!

Oh, dear! What can the matter be?  
 Dear, dear, what can the matter be?  
 Oh, dear! What can the matter be?  
 Congress won't give me the votes!

I promised the old folks a medical care bill.  
 I promised the cities an urban affair bill.  
 I promised New Yorkers we'd pass a World's Fair bill,  
 But Congress won't give me the votes.

It's not a surprise that Republicans spurn me,  
 And certain conservative Democrats burn me.  
 But why should the registered voters return me  
 If Congress won't give me the votes?

Oh, dear! What can the matter be?  
 Dear, dear, what can the matter be?  
 Oh, dear! What can the matter be?  
 Congress won't give me the votes!

I want to send aid to the people of Thailand.  
 I want to build jetties to save Coney Island.  
 It's your land and their land, but surely not my land . . .  
 'Cause Congress won't give me the votes!



# Oh, Bring Back Dick Nixon To Me



(to the tune of "MY BONNIE")

Bonnie waltz Bb

My prob - lems lie

o - ver the o - cean. My prob - lems lie o - ver the

sea. The cold war has numbed my e - mo - tion.

Oh, bring back Dick Nix - on to me.

F7 Cm7 F7 Bb Eb Bb

C7 F7 Bb

Bb Bb Eb C7 F7

Bring back, bring back, Bring back the de -

Bb F7 Bb Bb7

bates on T - V, T - V. Bring back,

Eb C7 F7 Bb

bring back, Oh, bring back Dick Nix - on to me.

My problems lie over the ocean.  
 My problems lie over the sea.  
 The cold war has numbed my emotion.  
 Oh, bring back Dick Nixon to me.

Bring back, bring back,  
 Bring back the debates on TV, TV.  
 Bring back, bring back,  
 Oh, bring back Dick Nixon to me.

Last night as I lay on my pillow,  
 Last night as I lay on my bed,  
 I dreamed I was chatting with Castro  
 Then woke up with pains in my head.

Bring back, bring back,  
 On CBS, AB— or NBC.  
 Bring back, bring back,  
 Oh, bring back Dick Nixon to me.

Some day if I'm renominated,  
 Before all the speeches begin,  
 I must have my poor head examined  
 If I don't help Nixon get in.

Bring back, bring back,  
 Bring Pat and the dog and the family.  
 Bring back, bring back,  
 Oh, bring back Dick Nixon to me.

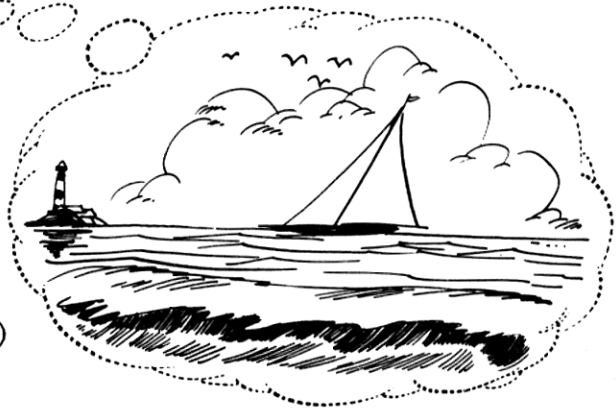
I find all the names so confusing,  
 A challenge to my memory:  
 Nkrumah, Adoula and Phouma.  
 Oh, bring back Dick Nixon to me!

Bring back, bring back,  
 (A pleasanter chap there could never be!)  
 Bring back, bring back,  
 Oh, bring back Dick Nixon to me.



# Home On The Cape

(to the tune of  
"HOME ON THE RANGE")



Wistfully, as in a rocking chair

Oh,

G G+ C Cm6 G  
give me a home By the sea and the foam, Where a man gets a -

Em Am D7 G B7  
way from it all. \_\_\_\_\_ Where we frolic and sport There in

C F7 G D7 D D7 G  
Hy - an - nis Port, And where Con - gress - men won't pay a call. \_\_\_\_\_

Bm Am G D7 G Em

Home, home on the Cape, \_\_\_\_\_ Where the Ken - ne - dys

A7 Am7 D7 G G+

gath - er to play, \_\_\_\_\_ Where sel - dom is heard a Re -

C Am7-5 G D7 G D7 G

pub - li-can word, And re - por - ters are far, far a - way. \_\_\_\_\_

Oh, give me a home  
 By the sea and the foam,  
 Where a man gets away from it all.  
 Where we frolic and sport  
 There in Hyannis Port,  
 And where Congressmen won't pay a call.

Home, home on the Cape,  
 Where the Kennedys gather to play,  
 Where seldom is heard  
 A Republican word,  
 And reporters are far, far away.

How often at night,  
 With the moon shining bright,  
 When the Washington scene becomes still,  
 I hanker so much  
 For a good game of touch  
 Far from Congress and Capitol Hill.

Home, home on the Cape.  
 If I only could go there and stay!  
 Where I laugh at all care  
 In my old rocking chair,  
 And the phones are not ringing all day.





# SING ALONG WITH JACK

*Hit Songs from  
the New Frontier*

NEWT MINOW

I DREAM OF JACKIE WITH THE BOUFFANT HAIR

OH, BURY ME NOT

THE PEACE CORPS GOES ROLLING ALONG

OH, BRING BACK DICK NIXON TO ME

OH WHERE, OH WHERE HAS THE CONGRESS GONE?

AND THE STOCKS CAME TUMBLIN' DOWN

OH, DEAR! WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?

HOME ON THE CAPE

ON TOP OF GOLDWATER

LONG, LONG AGO

GO AWAY, DIXIE LAND!

I'M CALLED LITTLE CAROLINE

VIVE LA DYNASTY

Lyrics by MILTON M. SCHWARTZ

Songs arranged for voice, piano  
and guitar — and pure fun.



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