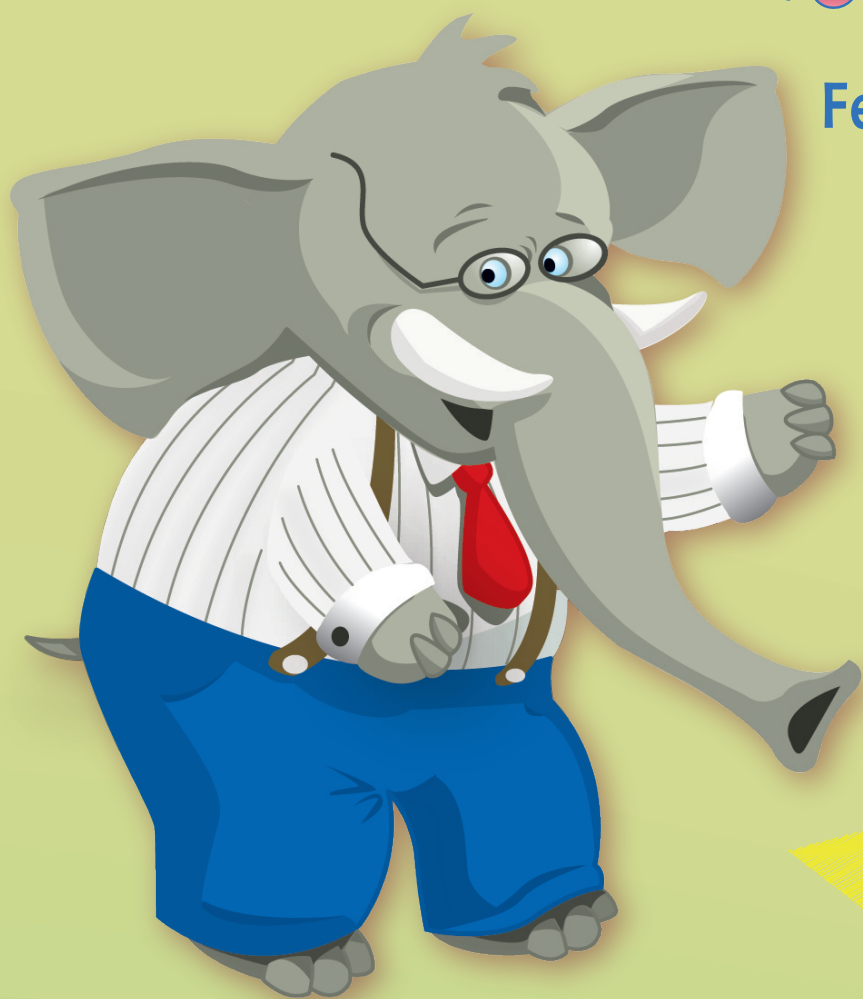


An **Elephant**

**Never Forgets**



Featuring **The  
Elephant Song**  
**LYRICS BOOK**

by **Owen Duggan**

**Digitally  
Remixed and  
Mastered**

## The Elephant Song (An elephant never forgets) by Owen Duggan

An elephant never forgets, forgets,  
An elephant never forgets, my friend,  
An elephant never forgets, forgets,  
An elephant never forgets.

He has a list of things to do,  
He never writes them down.  
He hops into his little car  
And drives around the town.  
He goes for paint at Mac's and then  
It's on to Mr. Woo's,  
And there he buys some stocking caps  
For little kangaroos.

He goes to the cleaners to pick up his shirts  
And then he stops for tea,  
And after that he buys some cakes  
To serve his company.  
He hurries home to start the roast  
And straightens up the hall.  
The doorbell rings, the guests arrive,  
And then he greets them all.

There's Michael and Mona from Old Barcelona,  
And Sammy and Spencer and Sean,  
And Donny and Dahlia from Sydney Australia,  
And Antoinette, Alice and John.  
There's Polly and Payton and Ollie from Dayton,  
And Theo and Cleo and Juan.  
He welcomes them in and the party begins  
And continues till everyone's gone.

©2005 Owen L. Duggan (BMI). All rights reserved.

## Tugboat Ted by Owen Duggan

My name is tugboat Ted,  
I must get out of bed.  
It's five o'clock and there's no-one up  
Except my neighbor Fred.

We must get to the docks  
And punch in our time clocks,  
And start our tugs so they're ready to go  
When the big ships all wake up. (Wake up!)

We head out for the bay,  
And we work hard all day.  
As Fred brings in the big steel ships  
I help him clear the way.  
We pull and push and tug  
Until the whistle blows,  
Then we hurry home to rest our heads  
And start it all again. (Heave ho!)

©2005 Owen L. Duggan (BMI). All rights reserved.

## Farmer Joe by Owen Duggan

Farmer Joe (Farmer Joe), Farmer Joe (Farmer Joe),  
I'm off to weed the garden with my hoe (with my hoe);  
Oh, I like to grow tomatoes  
And some carrots and potatoes,  
And that is why they call me Farmer Joe (Farmer Joe).

Oh the pigs they want their breakfast  
And the cows they need their hay.  
And the chickens all are restless  
'Cause the rooster's run away.  
All the goats are in the garden  
And I've just begun my day.  
My work is never done (never done).

Now I'm off to fetch some apples  
From the orchard over there.  
I could pick a peck of peppers  
And there's rhubarb everywhere.  
Oh I can't forget my pickled beets  
And turnips for the fair.  
My work is never done (never done).

©2005 Owen L. Duggan (BMI). All rights reserved.

## If I Had A Horse by Anne Duggan

If I had a horse I would ride it of course,  
I would ride it of course, I would ride it of course!  
But if I had a bear I wouldn't dare.

If I had a cow I would milk it somehow,  
I would milk it somehow, I would milk it somehow.  
But if I had an ox I'd hitch it to a plough.

If I had a pig I would let it dig;  
I would let it dig; I would let it dig.  
But if I had a sheep I'd let it sleep.

If I had a bee it would make me some honey,  
It would make me some honey, it would make me  
some honey.  
But for something very soft I'd get myself a bunny.

©2005 Anne S. Duggan. Admin. OLDmusic Productions LLC. All rights reserved.

---

## The Marvelous Toy by Tom Paxton

<http://www.peterpaulandmary.com/music/f-10-01.htm>

©Cherry Lane Music (ASCAP). All rights reserved.

---

## The Biplane Evermore by Martin Cooper

Way out in London airport at hangar number four  
A lonely little biplane left whose name was Evermore  
Her working days are over no more would she sail  
Upon her wings above the clouds flying the royal mail

Bye bye biplane once upon a sky plane  
Bye bye hush-a-bye lullaby plane

All the mighty jet planes would look down their nose  
They'd laugh and say Oh I'm so glad that I'm not one of those  
And Evermore would shake away a teardrop from her wings  
And dream of days when she again could do heroic thing

Then one day the fog and rain had closed the airport down  
And all the mighty jet planes were helpless on the ground  
When a call came to the airport for a mercy flight  
Could be too late they couldn't wait someone must fly  
tonight

So they rode the little biplane out to runway number five  
And though she looked so small and weak she knew she  
could survive  
And as she rose into the storm the big jets hung their wings  
And now thy wish like Evermore to do heroic things

And so me baby bundle I have spun a tale for you  
You must learn there's nothing in this world that you can't do  
And do not be discouraged by circumstance or size  
Remember Evermore and set your sights up in the skies

©Martin Cooper Music (ASCAP). All rights reserved. Used by permission.  
As performed by Owen Duggan.

---

## Lady Bug by Anne Duggan

Ladybug, ladybug where do you stay?  
Do you have a little house where your children play?  
Do they miss you while you're gone and are they alone?  
Hurry, hurry ladybug fly away home!

Ladybug, ladybug where do you stay?  
Do you have a little house? Show me the way!  
I will walk so softly not to make a sound;  
I'll just take a little peek and quickly turn around.

©2005 Anne S. Duggan. Admin. OLDmusic Productions LLC. All rights reserved.

---

## At The Codfish Ball by S. Mitchell & L. Pollack Additional lyrics by John Lithgow

[www.bestchildrensmusic.com/lyrc\\_sib.htm](http://www.bestchildrensmusic.com/lyrc_sib.htm)

©Range Road Music, Inc. (ASCAP). All rights reserved.

---

## The Ants Traditional USA Adapted by Owen Duggan

The ants go marching one by one, hurrah, hurrah,  
The ants go marching one by one, hurrah, hurrah,  
The ants go marching one by one,  
The little one stops to have some fun  
And they all go marching down to the ground to get out  
of the rain.  
Boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom.

The ants go marching two by two, hurrah, hurrah,...etc.  
The little one stops to go, "ACHOO!"  
And they all go marching...etc.

The ants go marching three by three, hurrah, hurrah,...etc.  
The little one stops to scoot up a tree  
And they all go marching...etc.

The ants go marching four by four, hurrah, hurrah,...etc.  
The little one stops to snooze and snore  
And they all go marching...etc.

The ants go marching five by five, hurrah, hurrah,...etc.  
And somebody calls out to, "Come alive!"  
And they all go marching...etc.

The ants go marching six by six, hurrah, hurrah, . . . etc.  
The little one stops to play a few licks\*  
And they all go marching . . . etc.

The ants go marching seven by seven, hurrah, hurrah,...etc.  
The little one stops to go to heaven  
And they all go marching...etc.

The ants go marching eight by eight, hurrah, hurrah,...etc.  
The little one stops to clean off his plate  
And they all go marching...etc.

The ants go marching nine by nine, hurrah, hurrah,...etc.  
The little one stops to follow a sign  
And they all go marching...etc.

The ants go marching ten by ten, hurrah, hurrah,...etc.  
The little one stops to begin again  
And they all go marching...etc.

\*"To play a few licks," means to play something jazzy.

©2005 Owen L. Duggan (BMI). All rights reserved.

---

## I Got the Baby Blues by Owen Duggan

Well I woke up in the mornin',  
Couldn't see outside my crib;  
And my dipee needed changin'  
And I was chewin' on my bib.  
Well I hope someone will feed me,  
I got the baby blues.

Well my mom she comes to get me,  
She's got a sleepy lookin' face;  
And my Daddy's makin' coffee  
And he's shufflin' round the place.  
Well I'm tryin' hard to sit up,  
I got the baby blues.

Well the dog has got my blankie  
And the cat has got my bear;  
And my sister's tryin' to tease me  
And I've got cereal in my hair.  
Well I think I'm gonna spit up,  
I got the baby blues.

©2005 Owen L. Duggan (BMI). All rights reserved.

---

## I go up in the swing by Anne Duggan

I go up in the swing and down in the swing  
And up in the swing and back and forth,  
Up in the swing and down in the swing  
And up in the swing and back and forth!

Oh what a wonderful feeling to go up so high!  
I feel like the birds do up there in the sky;  
I look all around me and what do I see?  
I see all the birdies are looking at me!

While I go up in the swing and down in the swing  
And up in the swing and back and forth,  
Up in the swing and down in the swing  
And up in the swing and back and forth!

©2005 Anne S. Duggan. Admin. OLDmusic Productions LLC. All rights reserved.

## My Little Niño By Owen Duggan Spanish version by Annalisa Mendiola

Where will you go my little niño  
Once you are grown and have gone?  
Where will you go my little niño  
Once you are grown and have gone?

What road will you go down  
When fortune comes along?  
Will hopefulness guide your way?  
The seas they may call you  
With their distant song  
I'll love you come what may

A donde iras mi piqueño niño  
Una vez qué haigas crecido?  
A donde iras mi piqueño niño  
Una vez qué haigas crecido?  
Qué camino tomaras quando venga el futuro?  
El mar te puede hablar con su lejana voz  
Te amare no importa qué

©2005 Owen L. Duggan (BMI) and Annalisa Mendiola. All rights reserved.

## Highland Lullaby (Blow the wind southerly & Dream Angus)

Traditional UK Adapted by Owen Duggan

Blow the wind southerly southerly southerly  
Blow the wind south o'er the bonny blue sea  
Blow the wind southerly southerly southerly  
Blow bonny breeze my baby to me

Last night there were ships there were ships in the harbor  
And I hurried down to the deep rolling sea  
But my eyes could not see it wherever might be it  
The boat that was bearing my baby to me

Is it not sweet to hear the breeze singing  
As lightly it falls o'er the deep rolling sea?  
But sweeter and dearer by far when it's bringing  
the boat with my baby home safely to me

Can ye no hush your weepin'?  
All the wee lambs are sleepin'.  
Birdies are nestlin', nestlin' the 'gether;  
Dream Angus is hirplin' o'er the heather\*

Dreams to sell, fine dreams to sell;  
Angus is here with dreams to sell Oh!  
Hush ye my baby and sleep without fear;  
Dream Angus has brought you a dream my dear.

\*ye = you, the 'gether = together, hirplin' = hopping

©2005 Owen L. Duggan (BMI). All rights reserved.



OLDMUSIC  
PRODUCTIONS, LLC

©Owen L. Duggan and OLDmusic Productions L.L.C.  
All rights reserved. www.OldMusicHome.com.