

I LOVE THE ENO

by Keith Nealson

G C
Have you ever given thought to where the water
D G
that you drink comes from? Comes From . . .
G C
And do you even have a clue of exactly what you'd do
D G
if you did not have the water that you do?

C G C G
Sometimes the water bubbles up from below
C G D D
Sometimes it falls as the rain and snow
G C
But an awful lotta water that we need to share
D G
Comes from the river that is right over there.
G C D G
And I love the eno . . . and the eno . . . loves me
G C D G
yes I love the eno . . . and the eno . . . loves me

The river is a place where the animals meet
Where the turtles swim and the herons eat
And if you didn't have a river what would the fishes do?
They cannot move into your house with you.

CHORUS

The river is a place that the plants all know
Where the sycamores and the birches grow
Where the panhandle pebble snail meets his match
And the neuse river water dog plays catch.

CHORUS

The river is a resource we need to share
Help keep it clean just to show we care
And if we take care of the river like we ought to do
Then the river will take care of us too.

CHORUS (as many as you want to)

Banks of the Haw _____

By Keith Neilson

There's no other place like a river
While walking it's banks you might find
Some animals, trees, or an easterly breeze
And possibly peace of mind.

(Chorus)-

G C G
Let's Go for a walk on the river
G C D
There's no telling what we might see
G C G C
I'll say what I saw on the Banks of the Haw
G D G
And you say what you saw to me.

I spotted a belted Kingfisher
He sat in a sourgum tree
He was looking for fish for his supertime dish
But he flew away once he saw me

Wildflowers live by the river
In whites and in yellows and reds
The world would be duller without all their color
So take care of where you tread.

Chorus

A water snake swam on the river
He was swallowing something of note
I asked how it tasted; the question was wasted
He had a frog stuck in his throat.

Beavers abound on the river
Working from dusk until dark
Chewing with care the cambium layer
And spitting out all of the bark

Chorus

I saw a fish jump on the river;
To capture an insect he tried
He went right back under and I had to wonder;
Had he just flyfished or fishflied?

Chorus

The Crawdad Song *By Trad and/or anon*

D

You get a line and I'll get a pole, honey, honey

D

A7

You get a line and I'll get a pole babe, babe

D

G

You get a line and I'll get a pole, we'll go down to the crawdad hole

D

A7

D

Honey, baby of mine.

Get up, old man, you slept too late, honey, honey

Get up, old man, you slept too late, babe, babe

Get up, old man, you slept too late, the crawdad man done passed your gate.

Honey, baby, mine

What you gonna do when you run out of bait? Honey, honey?

What you gonna do when you run out of bait? Babe, babe?

What you gonna do when you run out of bait? Use a smelly old shoe and a roller skate!

Honey, baby, mine

What you gonna do when the pond goes dry, now, honey

What you gonna do when the pond goes dry, oh, babe

What you gonna do when the pond goes dry, gonna watch them poor little crawdads die

Honey, baby, mine

What you gonna do when the sun is too hot, honey, honey?

What you gonna do when the sun is too hot, babe, babe?

What you gonna do when the sun is too hot, might as well swim, might as well not?

Honey, baby, mine

Some of the Trees of the North Carolina Piedmont in Latin **(AKA) it's all Greek to me.** (song by Keith Nealson)

G *C* *G* *D*
Oxydendrum Arboreum . . . that's the sourwood tree
G *F* *C* *D* *G*
Liriodendron tulipifera- yellow polar to you and me

Pinus taeda, pinus echinata, pinus virginiana, too . . .
That's loblolly, short leaf, Virginia pine . . . green the whole year through.

G *F* *C*
I try to learn the latin names for the tree
D *G*
But it still is all Greek to me.

The mighty red maple is the acer rubrum, the Holly is the ilex opaca
Cornus florida is the dogwood tree and river birch- is betula nigra

Ulmus alata (winged elm) you can tell it by the wings upon the twigs
liquidambar styraciflua (the Sweetgum) has got the fungus, too-a

**I try to learn the latin names for the tree
But it still is all Greek to me.

Juniperus virginiana- red cedar- which is not a real cedar at all
Life's a Beech, or a Fagus Grandifolia- leaves turn brown but refuse to fall

Juglans nigra- (Walnut- YUM!) Nyssa sylvatica (black gum)
And Carya tomentosa known as the mockernut hickory to some
**

There's all of those quirky quercus . . .
Like Alba and Rubra, Falcata
And Nigra, prinus, velutina,
Coccinea, and phellos, stellata and michauxii.
(which are white oak and northern red, southern red,
water oak, chestnut and black oak, scarlet and
willow oak, post oak and swamp chestnut oak)

Ostrya virginiana Carpinus caroliniana
(hophornbeam and the musclewood, too- call it a tree if you want to.

Diospyros virginiana- favorite food of the possum
Cercis Canadensis (red bud) got a pretty purple blossom.
**

Spiders and Serpents and Bats (OH MY) *words and music by Keith Neilson*

G *C* *D* *G*
I'll tell you a tale of three interesting critters whose reputations are shot-
Some people fear them and will not go near them and some just dislike them a lot.
F *C* *G* *C*
And for the most part these poor creatures don't deserve the bad press they accrue
F *C* *D* *G*
'cuz they help keep the world very healthy- which is good for both me and for you.
G *C*
Spiders and serpents and bats . . . Oh, my!
G *D*
Spiders and serpents and bats . . . Oh my!
G *C*
Spiders and serpents and bats . . . Oh, my!
G *D* *G*
Spiders and serpents and bats . . . Oh my!

Let's speak of the spiders those eight legged creatures whose webs are woven with care
They can climb up their silk with those of their ilk and hang upside down in mid-air.
Each day they will capture their insect prey and prepare them for marvelous feasts
Why, without what they've done we might be overrun by multiple 6-legged beasts

Chorus

Lets talk about snakes how they wake in the morning and go for a nice pleasant crawl-
How they smell with their tongue, give birth to their young and climb with no legs at all.
And some keep down the mouse population- by eating up rodents galore
Which makes for less mice in houses- a fact I applaud the snakes for

Chorus

Lets talk about bats and their long wing like fingers that helps them to feed in the night
A mammal that flies through the nocturnal skies using echolocation- not sight
If you ever have slapped a mosquito you might stop and give bats their fair due
If it weren't for the work of a handful of bats there would be more of them eating you

Chorus

So please do remember the good these guys do and help to keep them on the scene-
They are precious and needed each day of the year (and not only on Halloween!)

Chorus

The Bee Waggle Dance by Keith Nealon

C

When you're walkin through a meadow and you're looking all around

G

And you are smelling all the flowers on the breeze

Do you ever stop to think that where you spot a lot of flowers

C

There's a good chance you're gonna see bees.

'Cuz the bees get the nectar and they make the nectar honey

F

and the honey is a yummy thing to eat.

F

C

But do you ever wonder how they tell about their plunder

G

C

The they find another honey bee to greet?

When one honey bee spots a lot of little flowers

Where the nectar's really hot

They fly to the hive to convet to all the others

About the little honey of a spot.

But the bees don't talk and they can't draw maps

And they don't keep a compass in their pants

So to tell each other where the pollen is a plenty

They have to do the waggle dance.

CHORUS:

First you walk straight ahead while you're wagglin your bottom

'cuz you're in a happy mood

and the time that you travel and amount that you waggle

is the distance to the food

then you turn to the right and you make a little circle

and you come back just like that

and you don't have to waggle but the angle that you travel

tells 'em where the food is at

then you walk straight ahead once again while you waggle

and your friends begin to buzz

yeah, they're getting all excited cuz they know they've been invited

to the place where the yummy stuff was

then you turn to the left and you circle back around

and you know you're feeling great

and you come back again to the point where you've started

and you've made a figure eight.

Yeah the bees like to waggle and the bees like to buzz

And they do it just to tell you where the nectar was

If you wanna send a message to a bee- take a chance

And do it with a waggle dance.

Where the Wild Things Are

Am *C* *G*
Some people seem to think that to get to wild places
Em *Am*
You have to go a long long ways

You hop into your humvee, or roll up in your rv

And travel for days and for days

The African Savannah . . . the mountains of Montana
Are places that we think of a lot
But I'm here to tell you brother that nearby there is another
Very very wild spot.

G *Em*
And you don't have to go very far . . .
G *G/B* *Em* *Am*
William B. Umstead . . . it's where the wild things are

It's just inside of Raleigh . . . and right beside of Durham
You might even call it 'next door'
There's five thousand five hundred ninety seven acres
waiting for you to you to explore

And of its many features are many varied creatures
What you'll see . . . there is no way to tell
And I think you'll find it neat to come into this retreat
And walk where the wild things dwell

And you don't have to go very far . . .
William B. Umstead . . . it's where the wild things are

Forgive me for these words, but this park is for the birds!
So many winged wonders to see
Look inside the bushes for the juncos and the thrushes
And noisy little wrens and towhees

The cardinal's so red- the bluebird is so blue
The peewee is small and the kinglet is too
But the great blue heron is a mighty big brute
While the chickadee is just so cute

And you don't have to go very far . . .
William B. Umstead . . . it's where the wild things are

Lets talk about the mammals (no, there aint no whales or camels)
But the fur bearing critters abound
The raccoon and the possum and the beaver all are awesome
And the bobcat is shy; but around

Theres squirrel and mice and rabbits that are into safety habits
They run when coyote are near

And there's white tailed deer; and more white tailed deer . . .
And . . . did I mention? Oh yeah, white tailed deer.

And you don't have to go very far . . .
William B. Umstead . . . it's where the wild things are

The reptiles are around, you may see them on the ground
There's a copperhead- now just let him be!
The northern water snake may be swimming in the lake
or the rat snake climbing in a tree

The painted and the spotted and the yellow bellied turtles
Are sunning out there near the shore-
And if you look I think you'll find the five lined skink
Right beside the office door

And you don't have to go very far . . .
William B. Umstead . . . it's where the wild things are

So if you get a notion- to get your feet in motion
Where the sky is the bluest of blue
It isn't solated, it's the forest that's located
Between I40 and glenwood avenue

The critters there are waiting and could be anticipating
Your arrival by foot, bike or car . . .
William B. Umstead . . . it's where the wild things are.
William B. Umstead . . . it's where the wild things are
William B. Umstead . . . it's where the wild things are

Animal Scat

words and music by Keith Nealson, copyright 2001

Every animal eats.
Every animal eats.
Some eat plants, some eat meats
some like salt, some like sweet
no matter what they think is a treat . . .
if they wanna keep livin' they better eat.

Every animal digests
every animal digests
the food goes in, the tummy says yum
it gets broken down and the body takes some
then the body gets rid of the rest
every animal digests

Every animal leaves scat
every animal leaves scat
some is round and some is flat
some is skinny some is fat
and you can tell where an animals at
if you look all around and you find it's scat

Call and repeat:

SCAT . . . SCAT . . . SCAT . . .
SCIDDLY OOM DAT
COME FROM A BIRD OR A BEE OR A BAT
Armadillo eats bugs all day
Got some scat that's full of clay.
Buffalo makes lots o scat-
Got a 12' pie now how about that?
Deer make scat that look real nice
Look like chocolate covered rice
Beer that ate on a big dead deer
Might make scat that's full of hair

SCAT

C-A-C-H-E

C *A* *G* *C*
You wake up in the morning and your tummy starts to say
C *A* *D* *G*
It's time to eat some breakfast just to help you on your way
C *A* *G* *C*
You go down to the kitchen- you hear your mother say
C *A* *G* *C*
Sit down and eat while I make lunch- it's a PB and J (yay!)

Am *Dm* *G* *Am*
But Mr. Squirrel out in the woods he lives inside a tree-
Am *Dm* *G* *Am*
He doesn't have a freezer or an HVAC
Am *Dm* *G* *Am*
He doesn't own a cabinet or microwave or stove
C *A* *G* *C*
He stores his food inside a cache- it's an animal treasure trove!

(CHORUS)

C-A-C-H-E- it's where they put their goods
'cuz there ain't no refrigerators when you're in the woods
Some animals will store their food just like you and me
But they don't use a pantry- they use a C-A-C-H-E.

Mr. Beaver wakes and yawns- it's wintertime, you know
He spends a lot of time asleep whenever there is snow
But when he wakes he's hungry, yeah, he's in a munchie mood
He leaves his lodge behind to find some special winter food

He slips into the water where it is cold and black
He stashed away some branches for a winter bedtime snack.
He nibbles just a little then goes back to his den
And sleeps away until the day he's hungry again.

CHORUS

I had a dream the other night it was crazy as could be
I was checkin out at a walmart with a woodchuck next to me
He had a cart full of yummy plants he was pushing with his nose
When the clerk said 'cache or credit?', which one do you think he chose?

CHORUS

Heard of a Herd

words and music by Keith Neilson

Chord forms are shown- capo on the second fret.

Am

G

Everybody's heard that cows travel in herds

G

Am

Most people know that a flock's a group of birds
A group of wolve's a pack- a pride's a group of lions
Collective nouns are varied and of that there's no denyin
And somewhere in a not too distant land
Some people with too much time on their hands
Have come up with a term to describe, perfectly
Just about every group of animals you see.

A quiver of cobras; a shiver of sharks
A bundle of frogs, and exaltation of larks
A scourge of mosquitos- which is so very fittin'
A clutter of cats- but a kindle of kittens
Geese on the ground are a gaggle it's true
But when they're in the air, it's a skein, who knew?

I bet you've heard of a herd-
I bet you know that a flock's a group of birds-
But did you know there are many other words
To describe groups of animals out there?

A rabble of butterflies might just be all a flutter
A consortium of crabs might just require extra butter
A bask of alligators- a murder of crows
A bloat of hippopotami, a labour of moles
Hamsters and gerbils are a horde when in force
And a congress is a group of baboons- of course!

CHORUS

A prickly of porcupines, a knot of toads
A passel of opossum found dead on the roads
A scurry of squirrels and a mob of kangaroo
A gang of wapiti that will pal around with you
A tittering of magpies; little used terms
And a bunch of worms is called- a bunch of worms.

CHORUS

A sloth of bear; a romp of otter on a mission
When found in groups, cheetahs form a coalition
A rhumba of rattlesnakes, a copse of trees,
A mess of iguanas and a colony of bees
A creep of tortoises will stay on track
And if you're talkin' jellyfish- you're talkin' smack!

The Garden Song (inch by inch) *By Dave Mallet*

D *G* *D* *G* *A* *D*
Inch by inch, row by row. Gonna make this garden grow
G *A* *D* *Bm* *E* *A*
All it takes is a rake and a hoe and a piece of fertile ground.
D *G* *D* *G* *A* *D*
Inch by inch row by row . . .Someone bless these seeds I sow
G *A* *D* *Bm* *E* *A* *D*
Someone warm them from below 'til the rains come a tumbling down.

Pulling weeds and pickin' [stones](#) . . .Man is made of dreams and bones
Feel the need to grow my own 'cause the time is close at hand
Grain for grain, sun and rain find my way in nature's chain
Tune my body and my brain to the music from the land

CHORUS

Plant your rows straight and long temper them with pray'r and song
Mother Earth will make you strong if you give her love and care
Old crow watchin' hungrily from his perch in yonder tree
In my garden I'm as free as that feathered thief up there

CHORUS

Seven Little Bobwhites

C *G*
Seven little bobwhites walkin in a line
G *C*
The littlest bobwhite falls behind
F *C*
“Bob white, bob white” the momma does say
G *F* *C*
And the bobwhites wander off to play

Six little phoebes walkin in a line
The littlest phoebe falls behind
‘fee-bee, fee-bee’ the momma does say
And the fee bees wander off to play.

(you get the picture for the next five verses)

Five little peewees . . .

Four little chickadees . . .

Three little whippoorwills

Two little dickcissels

One little cuckoo

Succession Song

by Keith Neelson

This song is meant to be played with accompanying instruments. Parts are given out to kids and whenever their part is said they must chime in with their instruments. For example- a triangle

Egg shakers (1-3)- on the word **field** shake twice

Spinner flutes (1-3) on the word **meadow** blow

Triangles (1 or 2) hit once on the word **lichen** and once on the word **mosses**

Cymbals (1)- clang once on the word **tree or trees**.

Wood blocks (1 or 2 sets)- on the word **forest**, hit blocks twice.

Cranks (1 or 2)- on the word **grasses, or ferns**, crank

sandpaper blocks (1 or 2)- on the word **bushes** and **shrubs**, scratch it

finger cymbals- on the word **spaces**, chime

this list involves handing out 8-16 instruments.

D *G* *D* *A*
The land that we see now before us . . . is a forest. It's a forest.
D *G* *D* *A* *D*

But many long years before this . . . this forest was a field.
At first in the field there was nothing . . . but some lichens and some mosses
And wide sunny open spaces just waiting for seeds to yield

G *D*
Then suddenly grasses and ferns joined the show

G *A*
And mingled with mosses and lichens and so

D *G* *D* *A* *D*
The field became a meadow- and the meadow continued to grow

So the land that we see now before us . . . was a meadow. Not a forest.
And the meadow joined in on the chorus as plants began to appear
And suddenly there was before us- some shrubs and some bushes
And the forest . . . grew taller . . . and the meadow . . . grew less clear.

And the bushes gave way to the first few trees
They were sweetgums and maples that swayed in the breeze
And lots of small pines that helped to fill the open spaces with ease.

And the trees . . . grew taller- and shaded the floor of the meadow
And the meadow turned into a forest- and the forest was mostly pines
But pines do not do well in shaded spots and so soon this forest
Began to grow oaks and hickory trees- succession was doing just fine

And the lichens and mosses and even the grass
And the ferns grew less common and smaller in mass
And the shrubs and the bushes came and went- succession comes to pass

So a field grew up from a wide open space
And the field turned to meadow- which in turn was replaced
By trees which became a forest- the one we see in this place.

The land that we see now before us- is a forest. It's a forest.
But one day, this forest will be once more a field, believe it my friend
For fire or water or weather or wind will come into this forest
And knock down the trees and open the space and start the whole process again.

Who Lives on the Earth?

By Keith Nealson

G C G
Who lives on the Earth? *(I do!)*

G F D
Who lives on the Earth? *(I do!)*

C D G
Jupiter is not your home

C D G
And Mars is not where the Buffalo Roam

C D G
And Venus is covered in a gassy foam

C D G
Who lives on the Earth? *(I do!)*

C D G
Who lives on the Earth? *(I do!)*

Who Plays on the Earth? *(I do!)*

Who Plays on the Earth? *(I do!)*

Who runs around in the big outside?

Who finds a tree just to seek and hide

Who is always lookin' for a water slide?

Who Plays on the Earth? *(I do!)*

Who Plays on the Earth? *(I do!)*

Who explores the Earth? *(I do!)*

Who explores the Earth? *(I do!)*

Who looks up at the big blue skies?

Who makes the yummiest of mud pies?

While under every log is a special surprise!

Who explores the Earth? *(I do!)*

Who explores the Earth? *(I do!)*

Who takes care of the Earth? *(I do!)*

Who takes care of the Earth? *(I do!)*

Who makes sure to take special care

To save all the water and clean up the air

So every living thing has a planet to share?

Who takes care of the Earth? *(I do!)*

Who takes care of the Earth? *(I do!)*

Your Footprints

By Keith Nealson

G C
For many long years you have walked in this place

G D
And you always have walked with great care

G C
Spending your time as a steward to all

Am C D
of the plants and the animals there

C G
And the job that you chose was not easy

Am C D
And the days that you labored were long

C G
But at each setting sun you have looked at yourself

Am C D
And known that the choice wasn't wrong.

(Chorus)-

G C G
And the paths you have blazed will be frequently tread

Am C D
All the seeds you have planted will grow

G C G
And sometimes you followed and sometimes you led

Am C D
But the people who walked with you know

G C G C
You walked in great beauty, you walked with good grace

Am C D --- G
And your footprints will always be here in this place.

Many the children that you've tried to teach
Of the wonders that walk in the wild
For you know that the future of all that is good
Rests in the hands of the child
From the beautiful banks of the Eno
To the Lakes and the creeks of the east
Then back to the piedmont you traveled;
And your pride in your work never ceased.

(Chorus)

G C
Your footprints will always be here in this place . . .

G D
Your footprints will always be here in this place . . .

G C
Your footprints will always be here in this place . . .

Am C D --- G
Your footprints will always be here in this place . . .

For many long years you have walked in this place
And you always have walked with great care

The Superintendent's Lament

AKA IF I ONLY HAD THE STAFF

To the tune of If I only had a brain, with a whistling Intro

Spoken:

Why if I had the staff . . .

D G
I could while away the hours . . . identify some flowers
D
Which on NRID I could graph
G A
And my park could show pride now I'd be EE certified now
D G D
If I only had the staff

I could schedule a vacation- And raise the staff elation
And maybe get a laugh
There'd be much less of mopin' and I'd get the park to open
If I only had the staff

G F#m Em A D
Oh I could then begin to clean up all this mess;

Em A D
I could maybe do without a little stress
E7 A7
And maybe get to leave my desk

Burnout cases would be lessened when people weren't as stress-ened
Morale'd be up by half
And we'd stop losin' rangers and not have to hire strangers
If I only had the Staff

Instrumental whistle
I could sing my people's praises (and maybe give them raises)
and what could be more fun?
There'd be lilacs on the breezes when there's no more hirin' freezes
If we only had the funds.
I'd be happily a'hummin when we fix the leaky plumbin'
The toilets all re-done
I'd replace the truck that sank into the bog so dark and dank
If I only had the funds
Oh, I could tell you why The Budget's through the floor
I could surplus all those trucks from '84.
And then I'd sit . . . and order more.
All my staff would be behavin and happily out wavin'
Their p-cards in the sun
There would be no contempt and all the buys are tax exempted
If I only had the funds.

Instrumental whistle
I would be able to get out, not have to stomp and pout
I'd leave this desk of mine
I would help give more programs and eradicate the roses
If I only had the time
I could search for all those rare plants, maybe wear some work pants
Eat grapes straight off the vine
I could enter county detox to get off of all that Maalox
If I only had the time
Oh I could tell you why I spend all day indoors
It has to do with a long list of chores
But if I could . . . I would explore
If I didn't have those deadlines, I could have some peace of mind
Relaxation I could find
If I could skip all those meetings and the paperwork proceedings
Oh, then I would have the time

FOOD CHAIN

words by Keith Nealson
Song to 'Chain Gang' (as sung by Sam Cooke)

Before performing this song I teach the kids how to do a little hand motion and sung 'OOOOOH-AHH. OOOOOH-AHH' between verses. That is utterly optional, but I find that most kids do it and like it.

G Em C D
I went out in the woods for a walk 'cuz that is where I like to go.
G Em C D
I made my way to a little lake- While I was there I saw a show.
G Em C D
Over the water was a big old fly and then I saw a fish jump in the sky.

CHORUS:

G C G Em
That's the sound of the woods . . . workin' on a food chain
G C G Em
That's the sound of the woods . . . workin' on a food chain

(with optional oooooh-ahs inserted here)

Well, that little fish he ate the fly- gulped him down in nothing flat
Then he turned and he made to leave- but he froze where he was at!
'Cuz a much bigger fish had come along. As he approached you could hear this song.

CHORUS:

The bigger fish ate the smaller fish then he went to swim away
But an eagle flying overhead proved that it was not his day
He swooped down on the bigger fish and he made himself a seafood dish.

CHORUS:

The eagle soared up and flew away. Where he is, I do not know . . .
One day I know he'll stop his flying and come and join the ground below
He'll decompose in a natural way- then you'll hear the flowers say.

Chords to some environmental songs

Big Yellow Taxi

C-G-/ C D G - /G – C F / C D G –

Dock of the Bay

G B / C A // G E / G E / G A / G E (GD C // // F-D)

Garden Song

D-GD/GAD-/GADBm/ E-A (repeat, end as EAD)

Here Comes the Sun

G – C D7/ rep/ G Cmaj7 A7/GCG D7

River

D-GD/DDAD/DDGD/DADD/DDGA//GGAD/GDGD/GAGD

Rolling Mills of NJ

D-G D/ D D E7 A/ Bm- G D/ D D A D

What a Wonderful World

F Am Bb Am / Gm7 F A7 Dm /Db Gm7 C C7 (repeat)

C7 F C7 F / Dm C Dm C / Dm C F Gm7

Yes, I (D7 Gm7) C F C F

Habitat

G Em C D (x3)/ C G D G

Rainbow Connection

G Em Am CD/G Em C D7/ G Em Am CD/G Em Cmaj7

Cmaj7/F#m7

Am7 D C Bm7 E7/ Am D7 G

(Bridge is) D Em G C G C D7

Hunting Song

F C7 / F D7 G7 C7/ F Bb/ F C7 F

Am E7 (x3)/ Am C7