

Every Month is MONTANA MONTH

Sing these at your Community Meetings,

Sing them in your home,

Sing them while at work.

WE AINTA GOINA SOB NO MOH!

(Air-Chorus of "It ainta goina rain no moh!")

1. Oh, we ainta goina sob no moh! 2. Oh! they ainta goina break no moh!
no moh!
We ainta goina sob no moh! They ainta goina break no moh!
For the Treasure State has The Montana Banks are again in
struck her gait, the ranks
And we're nevah goina stop no And they ainta goina break no moh!
moh!
3. Oh, we ainta goina care no moh, 4. Oh, we ainta goina knock no moh,
no moh!
What Garrett takes us foh- We ainta goina knock no moh!
'Cause we've got the stuff and (And the one who DOES will be what
we'll treat 'em rough WAS-
If they laugh at us any moh! -- A-knockin' at the Golden Dhh!)
5. Oh, we ainta goina leave no 6. Oh, there aint no place like the
moh, no moh! Treasure State
A-lookin' for a sunny sho! Though you search the whole
For we've Switzerland at our very world o'er;
hand;
Say, man! what you lookin' foh?? We've only the best in the Golden
West -
And that's what we're shoutin' foh!
7. Who said it wouldn't rain no moh, no moh?
- Our bins are running o'er;
Says Andy Gump - and he's no chump -
"It's not-a goina rain - but FOUR! 2"

CARRY ME BACK TO OLD MONTANA

- (Air-chorus of "Carry me back to old Virginny")
1. Carry me back to old Montana,
There's where the mountains, lakes
and golden sunsets glow;
There's where the friends are the
best and truest;
There's where this poor old wand'ring I can find a spot of sweet
soul am wont to go. and unmolested dreams.
2. I'm goin' back to old Montana
Back to the hills, the haunts,
and good old fishin' streams
Back to a land, where, if tired
of the city,
3. Oh, take me back to old Montana,
Back to the olden, sweet and burning memories
Back to the singing at night on the waters
Of happy voices and the distant mum'ring
trees.

TAKE YOUR HATS OFF AND CHEER HER!

(Air-Chorus of "Yes, We have no Bananas!")

1. Take-your hats off and cheer her! We're all for Montana today.
We've scenery and playground's
Big cities and fine towns-
The best kind of folks, and say!
We've got the best grain fields
and orchards;
Mines, timber and oil wells;
It's here you'll find every
treasure-
Montana, Montana, HURRAY!
2. Yes, we don't grow bananas,
We'd rather have McIntosh Reds
They take all the prizes
In flavors and sizes -
The best kind of fruit-and say
We've got the high-est grade
of flour -
Lots of water power-
And, yes, we have some po-tah-
tos
We're shipping down south
every day.
3. Yes, we've plenty to live on
And plenty to give to the world;
The crowd-ed city-
It sure is a pity
Those folks can't all live out west;
We've got the joy, bright lights and dancing,
Yes, music entrancing;
And when a day comes that's dreary
We take to the mountains and rest.

4. Repeat 1st Verse.

If I knew you and you knew me, and each of us could clearly
see, and with an inner sight divine, the meaning of your heart
and mine, I know that we should differ less, and clasp our hands
in friendliness; Our thoughts would pleasantly agree, If I knew
you and you knew me.

"JUST AMERICAN"

"Tell me true,
Are you Pole or Russian Jew,
English, Scotch, Italian Russian;
Belgian, Spanish, Swiss, Maravian,
Dutch, or Greek, or Scandinavian?"

"What I was is naught to me,
In this land of liberty.
In my soul as man to man
I am just American."