

The
Rarely
Definitive
Hardly
Complete
and
Mostly
Typo-Free
Conscription Songbook

Featuring, “The
Conscription Program
Book Song”

The Conscription Program Book Song

Words by David E Romm and the entire Conscription committee. Sung to the tune of "The Conscription Program Book Song". Printed in The Conscription Songbook.

Conscription November 2-4, 1990 Bradbury Suites

CHORUS: This is the con which is called Conscription.
Song, dance and light which defies description.
Richard Tatge, Light Show Master.
Saves us all from Dark disaster.

Room 400, "The Pagoda Room": Hours for Registration 4-midnight, *but not one second for tribute!*

Room 500, "Suite Traditions": Smoking Consuite.

Room 501, "19th Hole": Non-smoking Consuite. No sharp objects on the waterbed. Please limit your putting time so others can have a chance.

Room 600, "Desert Sands", Kids Room

Programming in the First Floor Programming Room.

Art Show And Hucksters Room in the Sixth Floor Programming Room.

Jacuzzi open until we leave; exclusive Conscription use late at night.

All room allocations subject to change and last minute chicanery. Tra la, tra la.

CHORUS

Programming

Light Shows will be going on intermittantly in the consuites, in Richard Tatge's Room 300, "Jungle Hut", in the Programming Room, the jacuzzi and possibly other places. Watch for it.

The MN-STF Timeline, begun at Minicon 25, will be posted in the consuite. Feel free to add your memories and experiences.

Friday

7:30 pm, First Floor Programming Room — Opening Ceremonies.

In which Richard Tatge is introduced, Sharon Kahn will explains things, and other stuff will happen.

8:00 pm, First Floor Programming Room — Filksinging.

In which people will sing songs.

9:30 pm, location To Be Announced — Richard Tatge Memorial Dungeon Run.

In which various people will explore Richard's famous dungeon. By invitation or cajoling only.

Saturday

7:00 - 11:00 am, Lobby — Continental Breakfast.

In which awakening and digestion will take place.

1:00 pm, First Floor Programming Room — Light Show Workshop.

In which Richard Tatge will talk about light show technique and equipment, and attendees will make slides and overheads and such. This may not stop when the next event commences.

2:00 pm, First Floor Programming Room — Massage Workshop.

In which Dave Romm will attempt to explain his hands-on technique of relaxation inducement. Audience participation required. This may not stop when the next event commences.

3:00 pm, First Floor Programming Room — Imported Bheer Tasting.

In which Joyce Scrivener, Mark Digre and a Mystery Guest will sample bheer from all over. This may not stop during the rest of the convention.

4:00 pm, Room 301, "County Living" — Mustard Tasting.

In which the attendees savor the fine distinctions in cruciferology! Karen Schaffer will host this peculiarly faannish version of high tea.

5:00 - 8:00 pm, Eating Establishments in the Twin Cities Area — Dinner.

In which sustenance is partaken.

8:00 pm, First Floor Programming Room — SHOCKWAVE.

In which Dave Romm, Jerry Stearns, miniature cows and other assorted personalities perform skits from the internationally renowned radio show.

9:00 pm, First Floor Programming Room — Challenge Belly Dancing.

In which Troup Mon Harr rise to the occasion and dance to music brought by the audience.

Sunday

7:00 - 11:00 am, Lobby — Continental Breakfast.

In which awakening and digestion will take place.

Fol-der-ol, Fol-der-ol, Fol-der-ol-ay.

CHORUS

The Disclaimer Song

Words by Rob Ihinger and David E Romm.

Sung to the tune of "I Blame You Babe". Printed in Rune 76.

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The Conscription Committe Song

By Conscription. Sung to the tune of "People Get Ready". Printed in The Conscription Songbook.

Jeff Alhstrom, Parties
Erik Baker, Press Gang
Corwin Brust, Chair
Reen Brust, Treaury and Registration
Karen Cooper, Happy Deadwood
Jerry Corwin, Hotel
Sharon Kahn, Programming
Erin McKee, Artshow Emeritus
Laramie Sasseville, Artshow/Hucksters
Karen Schaffer, Happy Driftwood
David E Romm, Publications

The Conscription Songbook Song

By David E Romm. Sung to the tune of "The Talking Filk Definition Blues".
Printed in The Conscription Songbook.

"Filk" songs are the faannish equivalent of "folk" songs. Filk songs (or just "filk") are songs written by or for science fiction fans which are about science fiction, subjects of faannish interest, faannish activity or the people who write or read science fiction. Also, quite a few songs have been borrowed from mainstream cultures because the lyrics were good, the subjects of interest or they are just so much fun to sing. Filk songs are usually meant to be sung by a group, often a group with no preparation for filking than a songsheet or a filker with a loud voice to lead them. Therefore, the lyrics are often written around an established tune, so everyone can sing along at once. More bold filk writers pen their own tunes and leave novice filkers to follow along as best they can. Any song is fair game, and as long as the music isn't printed no one worries too much about copyrights. It's not like there's money involved... Author credits are trickier; even in the comparatively rare instances when definitive authorship is known, any transcriber is likely to change a few words or add (or subtract) a few verses. I am not above this. The majority of filk songs are written by the ubiquitous "Anonymous".

The following songs are culled from a variety of sources, by a variety of people and sung to a variety of tunes. Many songs were printed in different places with different words and credits. I have tried to annotate sources, straighten out credits and print the most complete lyrics as possible. I have exercised Editorial Judgement in the case of alternate lyrics or other discrepancies. There are bound to be mistakes and disagreements, and I apologize in advance. One warning: While I have given the names of the songs, where the tunes are not original, I have made no attempt to print chords or music of any original tune; that is outside the purview of this document. If you don't know the tune, make one up.

Golden the Ship Was

Words by Richard Tatge. Music by Nate Bucklin,
based on the Cordwainer Smith Story

From Clowntown our to Earthport
there's rumors going 'round.
I've listened to them carefully and this is what I've found,
From all the whispers I have heard I finally do perceive
Their going to build a ship so big it cannot be believed.

CHORUS: Golden the ship was oh oh oh
Golden the ship was oh oh oh
Golden the ship was oh oh oh
Golden the ship was oh oh oh, oh no.

The Underpeople know of it and speak of it with fear.
The Teli-Keli's heard of it but he'll not interfere
On Alpha Ralpa Bldg with all its changing hues.
The Oracle might speak of it but them it might refuse.

CHORUS

Designed for destruction with fear in every line
Shining sleek and deadly she really does look fine.
Sent her against the enemy and when they get the news
When they see her comin' drives them
crazy when she moves.

CHORUS

They admiral told the overlord they're building us a boat
We'll put her on the deepest sea and see if she will float.
The boat it measures ninety million miles from end to end
She flies before her skipper like a hammer in the wind.

CHORUS

The frightened ministers find refuse from the depths of time
The fleets they sent have vanished now without reason or rhyme.
The citizens are searching for survivors on the shore
The king is wild and gibbering he just can't take no more.

CHORUS

The ship has come and gone again is wasn't meant to stay
The enemy is shattered now his world is mad they say.
On half a hundred planets men ask survivors why
But all they do is cringe and moan and this is what they cry.

CHORUS: (last two words spoken)

Onward Sauron's Soldiers

Words by Richard Tatge, Al Kuhfeld
and Ken Fletcher. Sung to the tune
of "Onward Christian Soldiers". From
The NEFSA Hymnal, among others.

Onward Sauron's soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the eye of Sauron
Going on before
Darkness like a banner
 shadows all the foe.
Forward into battle see the Nazgûl go.

CHORUS Onward Sauron's soldiers,
 Marching as to war,
 With the eye of Sauron
 Going on before.

Trolls and Balrogs mangle
Dragons burn and bite!
With us you must tangle
Or run and scream in fright.
Evil is our watvhworð,
Pain is our delight;
Middle-Earth must crumble,
Under Mordor's might.

CHORUS

From the dread dark tower,
To the black Khazad-dûm.
We'll send elves and hobbits
Shrieking to their tomb.
Men and dwarves together
Go down in defeat.
In the hunger after the battle,
They'll be nice to eat.

CHORUS

Conquer every village!
Yell out the battle cry!
Murder, rape and pillage,
Then spit in their eye!
See the craven victims
Quivering with fear:
We'll be leaving Mordor
Sometime late next year.

CHORUS

Radiation Blues

Words by Ted Cogswell. Music traditional;
something like "Frankie and Johnny".

Published in Songbuch der Filken, among
other places.

Old H-Bomb went off last Tuesday
By the Second Chance Saloon,
There ain't nothing left but the juke box
And it's playing a mornful tune.
Just keeps playing, those radiation blues.

I've been drinking since last Wendesday
And I should be getting high.
But the dehydration's got me,
And all I am is dry.
Can't get no edge on — got radiation blues.

Last evening when the sun went down
I went walking in the park.
Didn't mind those busted street lights,
I was glowing in the dark.
Just call me glow-worm — got radiation blues.

Had a wake for Jake the Barber
One long drink and one short prayer.
He went and shot himself this morning
'Cause the whole town lost its hair.
Came out in handfuls — got radiation blues.

Ain't no use in going noplac —
Whole damn world is just like here.
Bossman really fixed us this time,
Guiness I'll have another beer.
Ain't use singing, those radiation blues.

The Temperance Union

Words and music traditional. From Songbuch
der Filken and unnamed MN-STF songbook.

We're coming, we're coming, our brave little band,
On the right side of temperence we do
take our stand.

We don't chew tobacco because we do think —
That the people who use it are likely to drink.

CHORUS: Away, away, with rum, by gum,
With rum, by gum, with rum, by gum,
Away, away, with rum, by gum —
That's the song of the Temperance Union.

We never eat fruitcake because it has rum,
And one little bite turns a man to a bum.
Can you imagine a sorrier sight,
than a man eating fruitcake until he gets tight?

CHORUS

We never eat cookies because they have yeast,
And one little bit turns a man to a beast.
Can you imagine a sadder disgrace,
Than a man in the gutter with crumbs on his face?

CHORUS

We don't step on grapes because that's
making wine,
And one single stomp turns a man to a swine.
Can you imagine a fuller defeat,
Than a man getting stonkered by licking his feet?

CHORUS

We're coming, we're coming, our brave little band,
On the right side of temperence we do take our
stand.
We all take cold showers because we do think,
That once you start screwing you're likely to drink!

CHORUS

We never touch coffee, it makes our eyes gleam,
At least when they add Irish Whiskey and cream,
Can you imagine a fate more unkind
Than slugging down coffee and and getting stone
blind?

CHORUS

We never sing filksongs, they're evil and lewd,
They celebrate Sin and their language is crude,
Their lyrics are shocking, their politics vile,
And their grammer and rhetoric ain't got no style.

CHORUS

Marsupial Fandom

Words by Denny Lien and Al Kufeld, 1974.
Sung to the tune of "The Temperence Union".
From Songbuch der Filken.

We're coming, we're coming,
our strange little band,
Adoring marsupials, we do take our stand.
We do not like reptiles, because we do think,
That once you like reptiles you must leave a stink!

CHORUS: Hooray, hooray for kangaroos,
For kangaroos, for kangaroos.
Hooray, hooray for kangaroos,
That's the song of marsupial fandom!

We do not bug wombats 'cause wombats bug back,
And no one can live through a Wombat attack.
Oh can you imagine a gorier scene,
Than bugging a wombat until he turns mean?

CHORUS

Tasmanian Devils are mean as can be,
They'll gladly bite you, and they'll gladly bite me.
Oh, can you imagine a scarier sight,
Than Tasmanian Devils a-spoiling to fight?

CHORUS

The furry koala is gentler than these,
He doesn't bite people, he just climes in trees.
Oh, can you imagine a scene with less grief,
Than a koala turning over a new leaf?

CHORUS

We're coming, we're coming,
our strange little band.
Adoring marsupials we do take our stand.
We also like monotremes, but feel that a song,
About them would only be two verses long.

What Can The Matter Be?

First two verses and chorus by Don Thompson,
from Songbuch der Filken. Last three verses
by Don Cochran from unnamed MN-STF
songbook. Sung to the tune of "Oh Dear, What
Can The Matter Be?"

CHORUS: Oh, dear, what can the matter be
When it's converted to energy?
There is a slight loss of parity,
Johnny's so long at the fair.

He promised to buy me a second hand Morris,
A matched set of H-bombs that go off in chorus,
A musically talented, agile slow loris,
And other delights that are rare.

CHORUS

He promised to buy me a used weeping willow,
A pair of chrome booties for my armidillo,
A hand-tatted plaid pterodactyl-down pillow,
And other delights that are rare.

CHORUS

He promised to buy me a magical locket,
A miniature coeurl to keep in my pocket,
A duocorn stallion, a Saturn V rocket,
And other delights that are rare.

CHORUS

He promised to buy me a positron beauty,
A lit'rally minded transistorized cutie,
A chrome-plated robot that does double duty,
And other delights that are rare.

CHORUS

He promised to buy me an incomplete wizard,
A redheaded genie, a hexapod gizzard,
A house-broken dragon, a musical blizzard
And other delights that are rare.

CHORUS

King of the Zines

Written by several Mpls. fans to greet Bova at
the airport when he came to be a Guest of
Honor at Minicon 12. Sund to the tune of
"Herod's Sing" from Jesus Christ, Superstar.
From The NESFA Hymnal.

So you are Ben Bova, Great Editor Bova,
Teach us what it's like to write,
Make us famous overnight;
You make dreams come true —
can you levitate too?
Come on King of the Zines!

So you are Ben Bova, Great Editor Bova.
Glad you made it here alive,
next time use your hyperdrive;
But we won't leve you alone
'Till you bring back Unknown!
Come on King of the Zines,
Come on King of the, come on King of the,
Come on King of the Zines!

Reminder

Words by Buck Coulson. From The NESFA Hymnal, among others.

The Star-Drive was discovered on a planet of Centaurus,
By a race which built its cities while the Earth was flaming gas.
They swept out through the star-lanes in the dawning of creation,
And a million years of Empire came to pass.

Their successors were a race of mighty insect from Orion;
They didn't have the Star-Drive, but they didn't ever die.
They smashed a dying Empire, and they settled down to rule it,
and another million years or so went by.

The insects were supplanted when the Drive was rediscovered:
They couldn't halt rebellion when they couldn't catch their foes,
And the Tzen became the rulers. (they were reptiles from Arcturus,
and they worshipped the Black Swamps from which they rose.)

And the Tzen were few in number and the Universe is mighty,
And they felt their domination start to slip between their claws.
Others fought for domination, and the Universe was chaos —
And on Earth a creature shaped flint with its paws.

Now the First Ones are forgotten, and the insects but a memory,
And the creature called Man stands upon the threshold of his fame.
But remember puny Earthling, there were others here before you,
And still others who will follow in your flame.

Defenestration

Words by Tom Digby. Sung to the tune of "Imagination", I think. Printed
in various odd tomes.

If something has you down,
Makes you worry, fret and frown,
One causes lots of pain and irritation;
You'll be rid of it right quick
If you know this simple trick:
Just use defenestration.

If the tv-watching crowd
Keeps the volume way up loud
And blaring without pause or hesitation;
Just tell them, "That is all,"
And pull the plug out of the wall,
And use defenestration.

If a friend's electric shaver
Ruins your radio's behavior
With static so you cannot hear the station.
Just tell him that you're feared
He will have to grow a beard,
And use defenestration.

If your in-laws all drop in
Time and time again
For a month or two or three of visitation.
They will bother you no more
If you're on an upper floor
When you use defenestration.

Memorandum

Sung to the tune of "Reminder". Selected verses from the unnamed MN-STF songbook, The Filthy Pierre Songbook and other sources.

The stardrive was discovered in 1927
In the city of Sheboygan by a man named Irwin Krause.
He shouted out "Eureka!" and his wife said, "You've been drinking.
Get out and don't you come back in this house."

His successor was a journeyman machinist named O'Ryan
Who worked the four to midnight at the Union Tool and Die.
One day he spilled some coffee on the drive shaft of his drill press
And it turned bright blue and took off for the sky.

But the union said that stardrives weren't in his job discription
And anyway he didn't have the seniority.
So he tried to sell the stardrive to Astounding Science Fiction
Which rejected it in June of '43.

(JWC said it was weak on plot.)

But just 29 years later in the town of Talahassee,
A guy who worked for NASA drawing weather maps of Mars,
One night when sorting laundry, left his stash inside his pocket.
And the Bendix burped and took off for the stars.

So he sent a special package of his secret drive propellant
With a letter of intructions to his boss in Washington.
Now the letter never got there, and they busted him for pushing
While his package orbited the Pentagon.

Now the secret is forgotten and forever lost to mankind,
Safely buried in Dead Letters at the US POD.
But somewhere near Antares, there's an army surpus Bendix,
And a drill press which is worshipped secretly.

Now the first one's on the Bowery and O'Ryan's in a rest home
And some guy from NASA cannot find it in his sums.
But remember little egghead, there were others here before you,
And they all wound up a bunch of drunken bums.

Bouncing Potatoes

Words by Poul Anderson. Sung to the tune of "Waltzing Matilda". From The NESFA Hymnal, among other places; references are to a terrible banquet at Westercon 19 in 1966.

Once a jolly trufan went to join a Westercon;
He had duly registered and paid ev'ry fee,
And he said when he saw what the waitress
put before him there,
"You'll come a-bouncing potatoes with me."

CHORUS: "Bouncing potatoes, bouncing potatoes,
You'll come a-bouncing potatoes with me."
(repeat And he said when he saw what the waitress
3rd line) put before him there,
"You'll come a-bouncing potatoes with me."

"Is this a musketball that was fired at Lexington?"
"No," said the waitress, "that is a pea."
"But," said that fan, "that is here within my coffee cup —
You'll come a-bouncing potatoes with me."

CHORUS

"What," said the fan, "is this gray-green greasy Limpopo,
All set about with a strange fever tree?"
"That," said the waitress, "is roast beef and a salad too."
"You'll come a-bouncing potatoes with me."

CHORUS

"Is this a hippie-type that I see before me here?
It is as hairy as it can be."
"No," said the waitress, "that is your ice cream dessert —
You'll come a-bouncing potatoes with me."

CHORUS

Upchucked the trufan, and leaped into the swimming pool.
"You'll never take me alive!" cried he.
But his ghost can be heard by the call girls
at that swimming pool:
"You'll come a-bouncing potatoes with me."

CHORUS

The Saga of Lime Jello

Words by Barney Neufeld. Sung to the tune of "Pop Goes the Weasel". From The Westerfirk Collection. Note: The references are to a real event which occurred at the 1975 worldcon in Washington DC.

Above the babble of Discon Two
A young pro was heard to bellow,
"The sexiest thing in all the world
Is a bathtub of Lime Jello!"

The forces of fandom organized
And searched through the town.
How many packets does it take
To jello a bathtub down?

While two co-operating pros
Kept our man away,
Room, bathtub and Jello sat
To give our man his day!

This your and unsuspecting pro
(Like the proverbial lamb)
Was led up to his bathroom door,
Went in — and heard it slam!

Before his fogged and bleary eyes
Conspiracy bore fruit —
The tub, full of Lime Jello, stood
In quivering salute.

Now the silence that soon did fall
Was the eye within the storm.
(We can only be sure that what
happened next
Was in true fannish form.)

This tale of Fandom's new frontier
Apochryphal may be —
But fandom will never stand accused
Of shirking depravity!

The Green Hills of Earth

Words by Rhysling, as told to Robert A. Heinlein. Sung to the tune of "Amazing Grace", "The Gilligan's Island Theme Song" or any of several original tunes.

CHORUS:

*We pray for one last landing
On the globe that gave us birth;
Let us rest our eyes on the fleecy skies
And the cool green hills of Earth.*

*The arching sky is calling
Spacemen back to their trade.
All hands! Stand by! Free falling!
And the lights below us fade.*

*Out ride the sons of Terra,
Far drives the thundering jet,
Up leaps the race of Earthmen,
Out, far, and onward yet—*

CHORUS

*We rot in the molds of Venus
We retch at her tainted breath,
Foul are her flooded jungles,
crawling with unclean death*

*We've tried each spinning space-mote
And reckoned it's true worth;
Take us back again to the homes of men
On the cool green hills of Earth.*

CHORUS

*The harsh, bright soil of Luna,
Silent and dead as the grave,
Holds not the soul of the Earthman,
Whose life for Earth's he gave.*

*The rust-red Martian deserts,
Her lonely wandering sands,
Are naught but alien visions
To her on her surface stands*

*There are more verses, but I'm not going to
print them.*

The Orc's Marching Song

Words by different people. Sung to the tune of "Jesse James" Printed in many places including Songbuch der Filken. Choruses interchange.

Now, Sauron had some rings,
and they were mighty useful things,
And he wanted just 'one' to keep.
But Isildur stole the One,
thought he'd have a little fun,
Sauron's finger still inside it, what a creep.

CHORUS 1: Now Sauron had no friend,
to help him at the end,
Not even an Orc or a slave.
It was dirty Frodo Baggins,
that fixed his little wagon,
And laid poor Sauron in his grave.

Now Isildur started forth,
for his palace in the North,
But his fates turned out to be an Indian giver.
For the Orcs caught up with him,
and although he tried to swim,
They shot him, and the ring rolled down the river.

CHORUS 2: Now Sauron had no friends,
to help him at the end,
Not one of his foul Orcish crew.
It was dirty Frodo Baggins,
that fixed his little wagon,
Because it seemed the
faannigh thing to do.

Now Sauron went to war for the glory of Mordor
But his Orcs couldn't stand the sun.
It was marching in the heat
that made them feel so very beat.
So Sauron made them sun-tan lotion by the ton.

Gollum met his ruin while skin-diving in Anduin,
There he found his birthday present;
He gave up steak and pork,
just to eat raw fish and Orc —
Though the flavor was unique it wasn't pleasant.

*There are thousands of verses in the naked
filksong... and I'm not going to print all of this
one either.*

Woad

Sung to the tune of "Men of Harlech". From Songbuch der Filken and The NESFA Hymnal which appends this note: "Woad" was presumably written as a satirical rebuke of the Celtic nationalist movement at the beginning of this century. Woad is a blue dye worn by ancient inhabitants of Britain, in place of clothing.

What's the use of wearing braces,
Hats and spats and shoes with laces,
Vests and coats you buy in places
 Down on Brompton Road?
What's the use of shirts and cotton,
Studs that always get forgotten?
Such affairs are simply rotten,
 Better far is Woad!

Woad's the stuff to show men,
Woad to scare your foemen —
Boil it to a brilliant blue,
And rub it on your leg and your abdomen!
Ancient Britons never hit on
Anything as good as Woad to fit on
Neck and knees and where you sit on —
 Tailors, you be blowed.

Romans came across the channel,
All dressed up in tin and flannel.
Half a pint of Woad per man'll
 Clothe us more than these!
Saxons ye may save your britches,
Building beds for bugs in britches
We have Woad to clothe us which is
 Not a nest for fleas.

Romans save your armor,
Saxons your pajams —
Hairy coats were made for goats,
Gorillas, yaks, retriever dogs and llamas!
So march on Snowdon with your Woad on,
Never mind if you get rained or snowed on,
Never need a button sewed on —
 Woad for us today!

The Conscription Program Book Song (Reprise)

And as Conscription goes gently into that good night, we thank all the people who made this convention what it was, and hope that your voice eventually recovers.

CHORUS