



(Tune, "Glory, Glory, Hallelujah.")

We've been with you these many years
And we're in love with you.
We love your loyal workmen
And we love the "high-ups" too.
We're going to try to do the very best
That we can do
To prove more proud of you.

Chorus

Boosters' Clubs, we must get busy—
Simply boost 'til you are dizzy.
Help us tie a can to Lizzie
And give Frisco her due.

We're losing many tons of freight
And many riders, too.
The busses and the trucks are surely
Bringing many through.
Now don't you think if every one
Would do what they could do
This business we could land.

We've got the forces and the track
And the equipment, too.
And folks are going every day
So it is up to you.
To find out where they're going
And from them the business sue
And give our line a boost.



SONGS

of the

FRISCO CLUBS



These songs were composed by
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Issued by
CENTRAL COMMITTEE ON
FRISCO CLUBS

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Chairman

ST. LOUIS, MO.

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(Tune, "My Maryland.")

We know our Frisco does not go
To Maryland, to Maryland,
But it's five thousand miles or so
Traverses other fairer lands
Over mountains, hills and prairie land,
And verdant fields on every hand,
Make to our eyes a scene more grand
Than Maryland, than Maryland.

We're losing money right and left,
On every hand, on every hand,
While we sit still and take our rest.
Let's be a real live booster band.
Your boss has confidence in you,
So show him just what you can do.
Help make the Frisco's wish come true.
Do what you can—do what you can.

(Tune, "Merrily We'll Roll Along.")

(Gentlemen say)

Good night, ladies,
Good night, ladies,
Good night, ladies,
Good night to one and all.
Gee, we're glad you're here tonight,
Here tonight, here tonight.
Gee, we're glad you're here tonight.
We love you every one.

(By the ladies)

Good night, fellows,
Good night, fellows,
Good night, fellows,
We're glad we came along.

(All sing)

We'll come back another time,
Another time, another time.
We'll all come back another time,
And we hope it will be soon.

(Tune, "Reuben, Reuben, I've Been Thinking.")

Ladies, ladies, here's to our ladies.
What would the good old Frisco do
If it weren't for your praises
And the good that you all do.

Neighbor Jone's wife is a-going
On a journey far away.
How would our agents be a-knowing
If you didn't have your say.

Browns are moving to St. Louis—
Talk of shipping there by dray,
But when you tell them they'd be losing
They decide to ship our way.

All around there's something doing.
Open your eyes and you will see,
All the business we are losing.
So all of you should boosters be.

(Tune, "Mother.")

F is for the friends that you must hustle.
R is for the right way you should go.
I is inspiration—you must have it
If you ever hope to make a show.
S is smiles that go along with service.
C is can't, a word we do not know.
O h is just a word of satisfaction
When you've pulled a deal for our Frisco.

(Yell)

We're Frisco boosters from _____ town
Always up and never down.
Always ready and rearing to go
Where we can boost our own Frisco.

(Tune, "When You Wore a Tulip.")

When you get a rider, a satisfied rider,
Or you land a load of freight,
Then there's a feeling that comes over you a stealing
And you're glad you weren't late,
So go out and get them
And do not forget them,
For they're bound to spend their dough.
You'll sure feel fine and dandy
And glad that you were handy
In boosting the old Frisco.

(Tune, "Old, Oaken Bucket.")

How dear to my heart are the scenes on the Frisco,
There's none to compare, for they sure are sublime.
Its Ozarks surpasses all mountains that I know.
Its lakes, streams and rivers, and millions of pine.
The brooks full of trout and the woods full of
 hunting.
Its caves and its taverns you cannot surpass.
While down in the valleys, so snug and delightful,
Are fields green with verdure, embossed with blue
 grass.

(Chorus)

The dear, dear old Ozarks,
The wonderful Ozarks,
I hope that some day
In your bosom I'll rest.

I love you for leisure, and rest is a pleasure.
For wealth and activity you are renowned.
Your hills reek with wealth in a bounteous measure,
While pines on your hill sides so beautifully grow.
In fact to us all you are our great big treasure.

From your summer zephyrs to your winter's snow
So, Ozarks, we love you in all kinds of weather
And glad that you're located on our Frisco.

(Tune, "Long, Long Trail.")

There's a dandy road extending
From K. C. to Texas Land,
With scenes of rarest beauty,
The best in all the land.
Where the cane, and corn and cotton
And the sweet potatoes grow.
You'll fill up with inspiration
If you'll just ride our Frisco.
Oh, the wheat fields are a-waving
In the soft, balmy breeze,
And the birds are sweetly singing
In the green, green trees.
Some day I may take a journey,
But no matter where I go,
I will always want to come back
To the land of our Frisco.

(Tune, "Old Black Joe.")

Gone is the supper
And, folks, it sure was good.
Where are the girls
That served us such good food?
Gone are the glasses of the good old H2O.
You needn't wash the dishes.
They're licked white as new.

Rig a jig a boom
Rig a jig a boom
Frisco boosters,
Give us room.
Gosh all hemlock,
Can't you see
We're just as crazy
As we can be.

Slip, slap, slum,
Where you from?
We're from _____
Yum, yum, yum.
That's the town
That's full of slap
And helped put the Frisco
On the map.

(Tune, "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia.")

Oh how I love to work on the dear old Frisco.
It's the best of all the railway lines for me.
All that I now have I owe to the Frisco.
I've been with you so long you are a part of me.
Many's the trip you have given me of pleasure;
Many's the happy days together we have spent.
When I'm past working I'll look back with pleasure
To the days I've spent with you—
In work or pleasure bent.

(Tune, "Hail! Hail! The Gang's All Here.")

Hail to the Frisco club,
Every one a booster
Engineer, conductor,
Ticket men and freight men, too.
We're the Frisco booster club.

Biz, biz, we want the biz,
So let's go out and get it.
No one is going to fetch it.
Hurry up and don't delay
Or some of it will get away.

Friends, friends, let's all make friends.
Smile and make them like you.
And they'll be glad to help you.
Boost the road with all your might
And things are bound to come out right.

Pay, pay, we like our pay,
So help the Frisco make it.
Don't simply stand and take it.
Help bring the business in—
Be a booster club, sure "nuff."

(Tune, "Let Me Call You Sweetheart.")

From president on down the line of loyal boys
We're glad to be with you tonight, and share your
joys.

Good business is our one great aim
And as we work, friends let us gain.
When once we've won them, they'll remain
A Frisco fan.

Chorus

So, folks, let's all get busy and work with a vim
And see just how much business we can hustle in.
And when we've done the very best that we can do
We'll be proud to take our pay when it is due.

We're proud of all the many years we've been with
you
And the times we've had with one another, too.
We've enjoyed all of our work and had no desire to
shirk,
For poverty can never lurk while we're with you.

Chorus

Dear old Frisco system, you're our joy and pride.
On your payroll we all hope to long abide.
We like our fellow workmen and our bosses too.
Dear, old Frisco system, we are strong for you.

(Tune, "Keep the Home Fires Burning.")

Sing and let's be happy—
Mama, kids and pappy.
Happiness was made for all,
So why not you?
Pass it on to others—
Parents, sisters, brothers,
And we'll go home happy
When our meeting's through.

Boom alacka
Chick alacka
Boom alacka
Oh—————
Slap Jack
Cracker Jack—
Boost Frisco.

(Tune, "Sidewalks of New York.")

Down in old Missouri,
On south, through Texas land,
O'er the plains of Kansas and
To dear old Alabam'.
Up through Mississippi
And through Arkansas
Runs the dear old Frisco line,
Our pride, our hope, and joy.

Chorus

Eastward, westward,
North and southward too,
Through miles of splendid scenery
Our Frisco will take you.
When you want to travel
For health, or wealth or joy,
Just take a ride on our Frisco line—
A good time's yours, oh, boy!

Mountains, plains and forests,
Wonderful skies, oh, so blue.
And rivers of pure sparkling waters
And prairies oft kissed by the dew.
We knew it could never be equaled,
No matter wherever you go.
If you know of a friend that is traveling
Be sure they ride our Frisco.

Chorus

Anywhere, everywhere,
That they want to go,
We'll give them good connections
And our trains are not so slow.
Its men are real fine fellows
And not afraid to smile,
So ride with us when you go away,
To enjoy yourself a while.

(Tune, "Casey Jones.")

Come on, folks, if you want to hear
All about the railroad that we all hold dear,
The road that we'd gamble in every time,
The road that we are working for—the Frisco Line.
Good equipment and a nice smooth track,
The road that'll put you there and bring you back,
The road that puts you there when you are due
Makes a friend of every rider when they are
through.

Chorus

Frisco line, you're the road I'm crazy over.
Frisco line, you're the road for me.
Frisco line, you're the road I'm raving over
The best line running out of old St. Lou.

The cities on the Frisco all welcome you,
If what the folks all say is true.
Wichita, Memphis, Joplin, too;
Tulsa, Springfield, say, "howdy do!"
Fort Worth, Dallas and Pensacola, say,
That's some town down there on the bay.
Be sure and visit it before you're through,
If that's the very last thing you do.

Chorus

Frisco line, you're the idol of my heart.
Frisco line, I'm full of boost for you.
Frisco line, may we never, never part
'Til I'm through working and my pension's due.

(Tune, "Ta-Ra-Ra-Boom-De-Ra.")

We're gathered 'round our banquet hall
To give our greetings, one and all.
Frisco folks we welcome you—
Officers and employes, too.
We are smiling, don't you see,
Just as happy as can be.
Join in, folks, and watch our style,
We'll keep you smiling all the while.

Smiling puts the "blues" to flight.
Smiling makes each wrong come right.
So what's the use of feeling blue.
Smile and the rest will soon smile too.
Watch our lips, we'll show you how.
That's the way you're smiling now.
Watch our lips, we'll show you how.
That's the way; you're smiling now.

Frisco folks are very gay.
Always smiling on their way.
Join our happy group tonight
And just keep smiling with all your might.
Want to smile? We'll show you how.
That's the way; you're smiling now.
Want to smile? We'll show you how.
That's the way; you're smiling now.

Let us smile, folks, for they say
Things are sure to come their way.
So there's no use in feeling blue.
Smile for them; they'll smile for you.
Want to smile? Of course you do.
Smile and make your wish come true.
Want to smile? Of course you do.
Smile and make your wish come true.

(Tune, "Turkey in the Straw.")

Gee, I'm glad I'm working on the old Frisco.
I'm always up and ready and just rearin' to go
Out and help the boss bring the business in
For I'm mighty sure the Frisco really needs the tin.

I'll not let any biz get away.
I'll do lots of boosting for my line each day.
Then twice a month when I get my pay
I'll not have to turn my head the other way.

It's easy to loaf when you're on a job.
We ought to make "homers" like old Ty Cobb.
Put it up to the fellow when he's at the bat
And you'll bring home the bacon, you can bet on that.

If you wait for the fellows to come to us
They might change their minds and ride a bus
And too much of that will never do,
So every one get busy, pull the Frisco through.

It doesn't cost anything to wear a smile
And while you're making friends, folks, all the while
You're bringing to the Frisco heaps of cash
That help you to pay for your own hash.

(Tune, "Beulah Land.")

From St. Louis to Texas land,
From Kansas plains to Alabam'
Traversing Ozarks' healthy clime,
We're proud of you, our Frisco line.

Chorus

Oh Frisco line, dear Frisco line,
Lodged in our heart you are enshrined.
You mean our bread and bacon too.
Without you what would we all do.
Our very best we'll give to you.
Business along your line we'll strew.

Two times a month we get our pay—
Don't have to wait another day.
We always can depend on you
And so to you we'll be true blue.

Chorus

Oh, Frisco band, dear Frisco band,
See how much business you can land.
Solicit everyone you know
And tell them Frisco they must go.
Sell Frisco service all the while
And watch our bosses laugh and smile.