SHE CHURNED THE BUTTER IN DAD'S OLD BOOT

This one was always a standard to do for kids – young or old. I learned it from Pete Seeger's record, *How to Play the Five String Banjo*, published around 1961. I wonder how many kids today would know what a churn was, or a dasher. Or butter, for that matter. You can hear how Pete did the song with audience participation at https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7TIYfCTAqP8.

RISSELTY ROSSELTY

Traditional

G C G D G
I took me a wife in the month of June, risselty rosselty now, now now.
G C G
I corried her hame by the light of the moon

I carried her home by the light of the moon

CHORUS:

D

Risselty rosselty, hey bombossity nickety-nackety, rustico-quality, willaby-wallaby

Now, now now.

She swept the floor but once a year, *rissselty rosselty now, now now.* With every rake she gave a tear

CHORUS

She combed her hair but once a year, *risselty rosselty now, now now.* She swore her comb was much too dear

CHORUS

She churned the butter in Dad's old boot, *risselty rosselty now, now now.* And for a dasher she used her foot

CHORUS

The butter came out a grisly grey, *risselty rosselty now, now now.* The cheese took legs and ran away

CHORUS

Now the cheese and molasses are on the shelf, *risselty rosselty now, now now*. If you want any more you can sing it yourself

CHORUS