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SONGS FOR THE CABINET DINNER
IN HONOR OF THE PRESIDENT AND MRS. FORD

January 5, 1977

Bob Orben

Bob Hartmann

George Driscoll

Pat Butcher

John H. Wheeler

- 01
07
1. Tune: "Let Me Call You Sweetheart"
(Dedicated to the President)

Let us call you "Jerry,"
Mis-ter Pres-i-dent,
Pro-to-col is awk-ward
Won't you, now, re-lent?
All the love we bear you
Spans a con-ti-nent,
Let us call you "Jerry"
Mis-ter Pres-i-dent.

2. Tune: "I Could Have Danced All Night"
(Dedicated to Betty)

She always danced all night
She always danced all night
And still we begged for more.
With every head of state
And even with her mate
She waltzed across the floor.
We can't let go
She made it so, exciting
One dance with her, was pure, delight
I only know when she
Began to dance with me
I could have danced, danced, danced all night.

3. Tune: "Get me to the Church on Time"
(Dedicated to the Cabinet)

I'm getting fired on Thursday morning,
Ding-dong, the job's no longer mine
What's got me worried; I'm being hurried
To the un-em-ploy-ment line.

We're getting fired on Thursday morning
Just when we had things going fine,
Fame sure is fickle; ain't worth a nickel
So let's all get in line;
Get me there on time;
Rocky, won't you spare a dime?

4. Tune: "The Farmer in the Dell"

America was down,
He brought us all around,
Hi-Ho to Jerry-O
The finest Boss in town.

He whipped inflation now,
When Simon showed him how,
Hi-Ho to Jerry-O
It's time he took a bow.

He brought us peace on earth,
And Henry second birth,
Hi-Ho to Jerry-O
A man of massive worth.

The Fourth was gala day,
With fireworks on display,
Hi-Ho to Jerry-O
We wish we all could stay!

But now it's au revoir,
We split for near and far,
Hi-Ho to Jerry-O
He's still our Superstar.

5. Tune: "Down by the Old Mill Stream"

Down by the old, Palm, Springs,

Where we'll next, meet, you.

Dressed in Pal-mer slacks

Taking Bob Hope whacks

It was there you'll know

How your cares can go

The nineteenth hole --

Will mend your soul --

Down by the old, Palm, Springs.

6. Tune: "California Here I Come"

California, here you come,

Say goodbye to Washington,

A hundred, green fairways

Bloom in the sun

Each morning, at dawning

Birdies sing as golfers swing

So.....

Betty, Jerry, don't be late

Now's your time to celebrate

Nev-er mind the Ship of State

California, here you come.

Encore. Tune: "I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas"

I'm dreaming of a First Lady
Just like the one we've learned to know
With a heart that listens
A smile that glistens
She made the White House really glow.

I'm dreaming of a First Lady
If you guess Betty you'll be right
No one could do better
We'll not forget her
And may all her future days be bright.

6
Tune: California Here I Come

California, here you come,
Say goodbye to Washington,
A hundred, green fairways
Bloom in the sun
Each morning, at dawning
Birdies sing as golfers swing
So.....

Betty, Jerry, don't be late
Now's your time to celebrate
Nev-er mind the Ship of State
California, here you come.

1
Tune: Let Me Call You Sweetheart

(Medicated to the President)

Let us call you "Jerry,"
Mis-ter Pres-i-dent,
Pro-to-col is awk-ward
Won't you, now, re-lent?
All the love we bear you
Spans a con-ti-nent,
Let us call you "Jerry"
Mis-ter Pres-i-dent.



2

~~to the~~ June: "I Could Have Danced All Night")

(Medicated to Betty)

She always danced all night
She always danced all night
And still we begged for more
With every head of state
And even with her mate
She waltzed across the floor

We can't let go

She made it so, *exciting*

Exciting

One dance with her, *was pure, delight*

~~Was pure delight~~

I only know when she
began to dance with me

I could have danced, danced , danced all night

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upin la beoap eyale ons



4

Tune: "The Farmer in the Dell"

America was down,
He brought us all around,
Hi-Ho to Jerry-O
The finest Boss in town.

He whipped inflation now,
When Simon showed him how,
Hi-Ho to Jerry-O
It's time he took a bow.

He brought us peace on earth
And Henry second birth
Hi-Ho to Jerry-O
A man of massive worth.

The Fourth ^{was gala day} ~~had joyous crowds~~
^{with} ~~and fireworks were loud~~ On display

Hi-Ho to Jerry-O
~~He made us all so proud~~ We wish we all could stay!

^{But} ~~and~~ now it's au revoir
We split for near and far
Hi-Ho to Jerry-O
He's still our Superstar,



5

Tune: "Down by the Old Mill Stream"

Down by the old, Palm, Springs,
Where we'll next, meet, you.

Dressed in Pal-mer slacks
Taking Bob Hope whacks
It is there you'll know
How your cares can go
The nineteenth hole --
Will mend your soul --
Down by the old, Palm, Springs.

3

Tune: "Get me to the Church on Time"

Jim *on* *(Decided to the Cabinet)*
~~We're~~ getting fired/Thursday morning,
Ding-dong, the job's no longer mine
What's got me worried; I'm being hurried
To the un-em-ploy-ment line.

on
We're getting fired/Thursday morning
Just when we had things going fine,
Fame sure is fickle; ain't worth a nickel
So let's *all* get in line;
Get me there on time;
Rocky, won't you spare a dime?



Ennoe

Tune: "I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas"

I'm dreaming of a First Lady
Just like the one we've learned to know
With a heart that listens
A smile that glistens
She made the White House really glow

I'm dreaming of a First Lady
If you guess Betty you'll be right
No one ~~can~~^{could} do better
We ~~will~~^{'ll} not forget her
And may all her future days be bright.



Tune: California Here I Come

California, here you come,
Say goodbye to Washington,
A hundred golf courses
Bloom in the sun
Each morning, at dawning
Birdies sing and golfers swing
So.....

Jerry, Betty, don't be late
Now's your time to celebrate
Never mind the Ship of State
California here you come.

Tune: Let Me Call You Sweetheart

Let us call you "Jerry,"
Mister President,
Protocol for three years
Is enough: Repent.
All the love we bear you
Spans a continent,
Let us call you "Jerry"
Mr. President.

Tune: "Down by the Old Mill Stream"

Down by the old Palm Springs,
Where we'll next meet you.
Dressed in Palmer slacks
Taking Bob Hope whacks
It is there you'll know
That your cares can go
The nineteenth hole
Will mend your soul
Down by the old Palm Springs.

Tune: "Get me to the Church on Time"

We're getting fired Thursday morning,
Ding-dong, the job's no longer mine
What's got me worried; I'm being hurried
To the unemployment line.

We're getting fired Thursday morning
Just when we had things going fine,
Fame sure is fickle; not worth a nickel
So let's all get in line; get us there on time,
In the unemployment line.

Tune: "The Farmer in the Dell"

America was down,
He brought us all around,
Hi-Ho to Jerry-O
The finest Boss in town.

He whipped inflation now,
When Simon showed him how,
Hi-Ho to Jerry-O
It's time he took a bow.

He brought us peace on earth
And Henry second birth
Hi-Ho to Jerry-O
A man of massive worth.

The Fourth had joyous crowds
And fireworks were loud
Hi-Ho to Jerry-O
He made us all so proud

And now it's au revoir
We split for near and far
Hi-Ho to Jerry-O
He's still our Superstar

*Eva brought this down. Mrs. Buchen dictated
it to her over the phone.
RTI+ never saw.*

Tune: "Some Enchanted Evening"

Some enchanted evening
You will see the President
You will see the President
Across a White House room.
And somehow you'll feel
That Time will reveal
The greatness that no one
Can ever conceal.

Some enchanted evening
You will hear him laughing
You will hear him laughing
Across a crowded room.
Then rush to his side
And tell him your pride
Or all of your life
You will wish you had tried.
Once you have found him
Never fail to say
Thank you every day.

