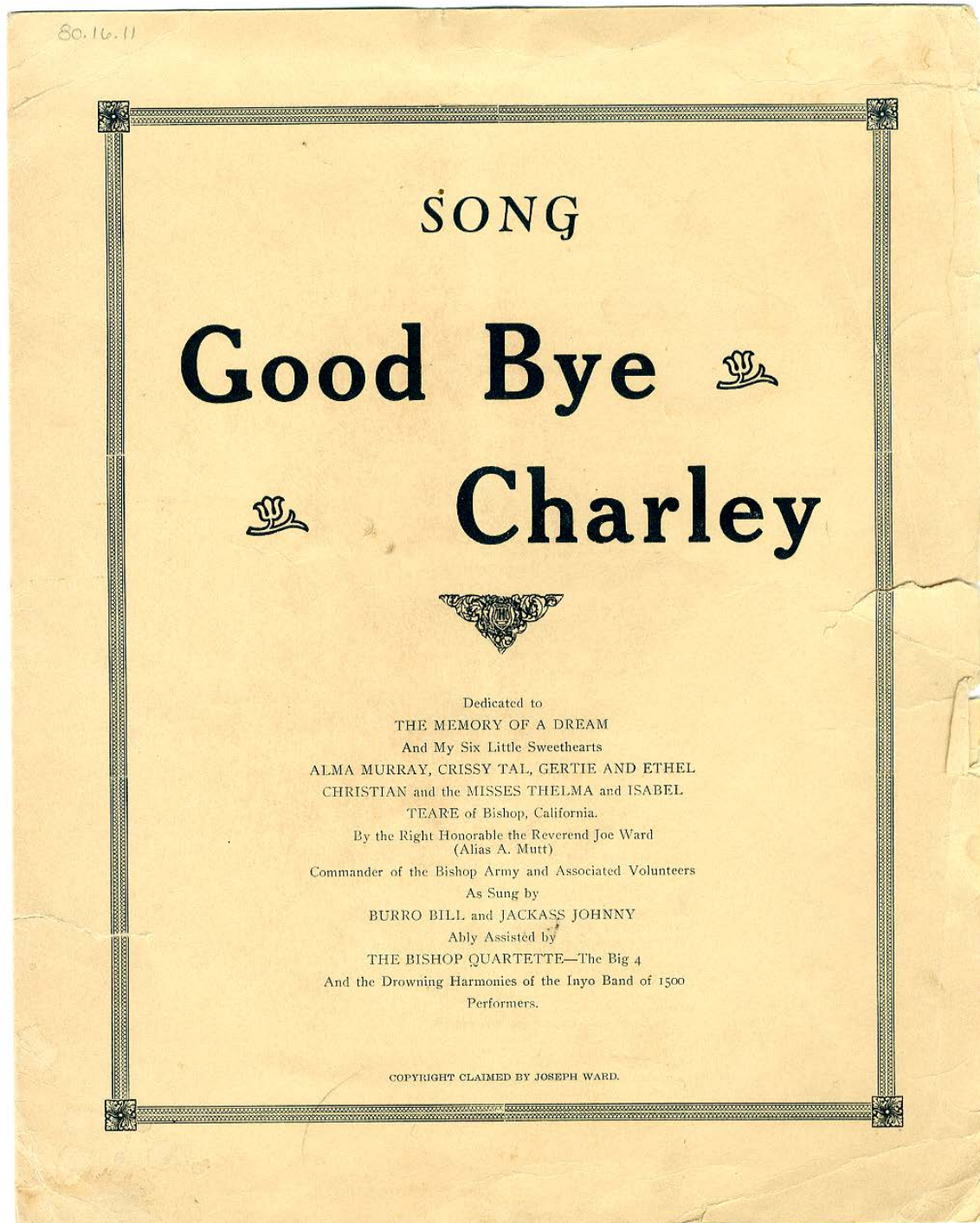


# Good Bye Charlie

By Joseph Ward

1980.16.11: Sheet music

"Good Bye Charley" dedicated to the memory of a dream and my six little sweethearts Alma Murray, Crissy Tal, Gertie and Ethel Christian and the Misses Thelma and Isabel Teare of Bishop, California. By the Right Honorable the Reverend **Joe Ward** (Alias A. Mutt) Commander of the Bishop Army and Associated Volunteers as sung by Burro Bill and Jackass Johnny ably assisted by the Bishop Quartette, The Big 4, and the Drowning Harmonies of the Inyo Band of 1500 Performers.



V. 1.

In the Alabama hills, oh in Inyo's land  
A man must walk with his life in his hand,  
Or he'll meet the bloweruppers and they'll make him stand  
Down by that old Waste Gate.

V. 2.

CHORUS:  
Oh, he'll meet the Blow-eruppers if he has good luck,  
Full of jolly suppers and vim and pluck,  
And if he interferes they'll duck  
Him through that old Waste Gate.

V. 3.

Oh and when the show is over, and they've all gone back,  
For you bet, they put it over tho, with nuts to crack.  
Poor old Bill lay flat on his back,  
When his goat went through that gate.  
Roaring to old Billy to get off the track,  
Or he'd go through that old Waste Gate.

V. 4.

CHORUS:  
Oh, We'll meet Brother Hall at the old Waste Gate,  
He couldn't write music for a big pa-tate,  
But he got Bill's goat for Bill was late  
In reading of the record of his fate.

INTERLUDE:

V. 5.

We are an army in disguise  
Heading straight for Paradise,  
We'll get the mun or a bobcat cries  
In his boots at the old Waste Gate.

V. 6.

You bet Brother Hall we'll get our rights,  
Or the sun will lose his broad day lights,  
Or we'll sit forever on the hill in tights  
A-duckin' old Billy at the gate.  
Down by that Wet old Gate.  
If we freeze to death.

V. 7.

Then it's rearing into Bishop in a 10-mile car,  
A road full of autos and devils in the air,  
Roaring like a big jaguar,  
Coming home from the Lone Pine war.

V. 8.

So it's riding into Bishop in a 10-wheeled car,  
To the Kitty Lee Inn without a jar,  
Oh, Bishop's stock will be at par,  
When we're through with the Lone Pine War.

V. 9.

Yes, we're riding into Bishop in a big tin car,  
We've got Bill's scalp so what do we care,  
He paid the price for he wouldn't play fair,  
And was the cause of the Lone Pine War.

V.10.

Oh, we're riding into Bishop in a 10-wheeled car,  
Putting on the brakes for we're burning up the air,  
We've got Bill's scalp and to yell with the rear,  
For we're victors in the Lone Pine War.

V. 11.

Last I saw of Billy, Tom Mix had him,  
Looking very silly for he was'nt in the swim.  
His picture like his glory was fading in the glim,  
Wash'd out at that old Waste Gate.  
Gone forever, gone through the old Waste Gate.

V. 12.

To the Kitty Lee Inn, oh quick, let us in,  
While we're joking of old Billy and his fate;  
We'll have Brother Hall,  
Up and tell us of it all,  
In his song of the old Waste Gate.

Says Bill, Corpus Christee,  
But it's wet at that old Waste Gate.

V. 13.

We'll meet Brother Hall, oh, in Royal State,  
He knows about it all through he is a little late;  
He's got Bill's gall, but he hasn't got his fate,  
Down by that slippery Gate.

V. 14.

For "Bill" is coming back to Bishop in his boiler suit,  
To protect against the Kaykees and their boss galoot;  
For well he knows that they can shoot,  
If they have to at the old Waste Gate.

V. 15.

(Warning: Dance this quick and sing it quicker, for Bill is coming.)

For the military man,  
Oh, they didn't give a tan,  
Tho living on the uppers of their fate.  
For they had to fight it out,  
So they gave a mighty shout,  
As they said it at the old Waste Gate.

In the mud at the old Waste Gate.

V. 16.

So it's riding into Bishop in a tom cat car,  
Yelling like the devil at the winning of the war,  
With the road full of autos, may the devil have a care,  
Or we'll get him in the Lone Pine War.

V. 17.

So it's riding into Bishop in a 10-lb. car,  
Back from the Alabamas and the Lone Pine War,  
We've another job in Texas and we're going right thar  
In our fiery battle car.

V. 18.

Brigadier Gen'l. Johnson Reb,  
Is watching Bill's old spider webb  
And of his funny biz keeps Teb,  
Down by that Filthy Gate.

V. 19.

With a yank and a crank and a big water tank  
Let Bill take warning of his fate,  
For on Whitney's flank they broke the bank  
And a goat at the old Waste Gate.

Closing Hymn:

He'll have to come through,  
Give the devil his due,  
He knows the reason for.  
But if he pays up,  
The Peace Loving Cup  
Will settle the Inyo War.

Repeat.

He'll have to come through,  
Give the devil his due,  
He knows the reason for.  
Then when he pays up,  
The Peace Loving Cup  
Will settle the Inyo War.

1<sup>st</sup> Edition

ct. 1.