

Oily Peas for Christ

(Tune: Loyalty to Christ)

From over hill and plain there comes the signal strain
Of oily peas, oily peas, oily peas for Christ.
Its music rolls along. The hills take up the song.
Of oily peas, oily peas, yes oily peas for Christ.

Oh, hear, ye brave, the sound that moves the earth around,
Of oily peas, oily peas, oily peas for Christ.
Arise and dare to do. Oh, pick peas not a few.
Oh, oily peas, oily peas, yes oily peas for Christ.

Come, join our loyal throng as we sing our glad song
Of oily peas, oily peas, oily peas for Christ.
Where Satan's beans once grew we'll plant peas not a few.
Oh, oily peas, oily peas, yes oily peas for Christ.

The strength of youth employ, oh, every girl and boy,
For oily peas, oily peas, oily peas for Christ.
Oh, lots of peas we'll grow, then oil them 'til they glow.
Oh, oily peas, oily peas, yes oily peas for Christ.

CHORUS:

"On to victory! On to pick the peas!"
Cries our great commander, "On!"
We'll move at his command, pick peas with every hand
For oily peas, oily peas, yes, oily peas for Christ.

Original Words: Elijah T. Cassel

My Cheeses, I Love Thee

(Tune: My Jesus, I Love Thee)

My cheeses, I love thee -- a pleasure of mine.
For thee all the follies of Spam I resign.
Oh, parmesan and cheddar, my favorites art thou.
If ever I loved thee, my cheeses, 'tis now.

My cheeses, I love thee, an endless delight.
They cheer me and help me feel ever so bright.
On Gouda and Colby Jack I just love to chow.
If ever I loved thee, my cheeses, 'tis now.

My cheeses, I love thee. I'll love thee in death.
That Swiss and mozzarella I'll eat with my last breath.
Any cheese made from the milk of a goat or cow,
If ever I loved thee, my cheeses, 'tis now.

Original Words: William R. Featherstone, 1864