

CUTE COOT

(To the Tune of William Tell)

Refrain:

With a C, with a C, with a C-O-O

With a C, with a C, C-O-O-T

With a C, with a C, with a C-O-O-T

Cute Coots.

Medium-sized, black, duck-like birds with white snoot and red eyes

No web feet, they're not a duck,

Boy, what a real surprise!

(Refrain)

POROUS LIMESTONE BEDROCK

(To the Tune of Three Blind Mice)

Porous limestone bedrock (2 times)

It's found under the Everglades (2 times)

Okeechobee's water flows through this way

To fill Miami's pipes today

It's Everglades water now you say

From porous limestone bedrock.

WHERE DOES MIAMI GET ITS WATER?

(To the Tune of Ruben, Ruben)

Where does Miami get its water?

From the Everglades you know

Flowing south from Okeechobee

To the Gulf of Mexico.

And the water, is it yucky?

Has pollution really won?

No, sawgrass and algae

Make a natural filtering system.

ENVIRONMENT'S THE NAME

(To the Tune of A-Hunting We Will Go)

Environment's the name

Protection's the game

Give a hoot and don't pollute

Your friends should do the same!

A-SLOGGING WE WILL GO

A-slogging we will go

A-slogging we will go

Use your poles and watch for holes

A-slogging we will go!

WHAT'S A HAMMOCK?

(To the Tune of I'm A Ford)

(Girl Scouts)

What's a hammock, do you know?

Tree clumps through the open sawgrass

'Sit on a limestone ridge so high

All year 'round that's why they're dry

High and dry (clap, clap)

High and dry (clap, clap)

High and dry (clap, clap)

High and dry.

I'M THE EVERGLADES KITE

(To the Tune of Sweet Betsy from Pike)

Let me introduce me, I'm the Everglades Kite
A brown hawk whose tail base is banded with white

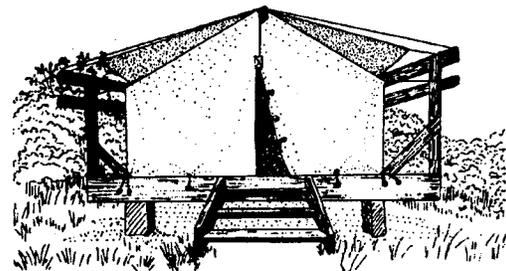
A sharp, hooked beak specialized to my mood
'Cause I'm picky and apple snails are my only food.

THE CAMPERS IN THE PARK

The campers in the Park, the camper's in the Park

Deep in the Everglades, the camper's in the Park

1. The campers' take a tent
2. The tents are put up
3. The sleeping bag is spread
4. The Coleman stove is lit
5. The beef stew is cooked
6. The water is set to boil
7. The dunk bag is dunked
8. The campers go to slog
9. The campers get the hose
10. The campers paddle and hike
11. The campers see the deer
12. The campers see the birds
13. A skunk comes to see
14. The campers retreat



THIS PARK IS YOUR PARK

(To the Tune of This Land is Your Land)
This land is your land, this land is my land
From the coastal prairie to Florida Bay
From 10,000 islands to the Atlantic Ocean
This Park is here for us today.

As I was slogging that river of sawgrass
I saw before me a great blue heron
A cloud of egrets flew in snowy splendor
This Park is here for you today.

The Everglades needs your protection
From the mangrove forests to the dwarf cypress
If we are all conservation-minded
Our Park will last for you and me.

ORCHARD VILLA*

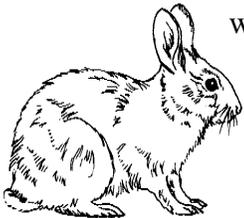
(To the Tune of Mickey Mouse March)
**Substitute your school's name*
(Chant "Orchard Villa, Orchard Villa" first)
Come along and sing our song
Come join our camporee
ORCH - ARD V - I - L - L - A!
Orchard Villa, Orchard Villa
To the Everglades for camping we have come.
We're paddling to Bear Lake and back
With hiking on the way
ORCH - ARD V - I - L - L - A!

ALLIGATOR HOLE

(To the Tune of Kookaburra)
Alligator digs his alligator hole
Preserver of the Everglades is his role
Dig alligator, dig alligator
Dinner is your goal!

HEY, HO

(To the Tune of Hey, Ho, Nobody's Home)
Hey, ho, in nature's home
The Everglades swamp forever
we'll roam
Wild, free, and mer - r - r - ry
(REPEAT)



A FISHY SONG

(To the Tune of Tzena)
Gar fish, bass and bream or sunfish
Mosquito fish, catfish and mudfish
All are living there.

Everglades has lots of water
When we're careful as we 'ought-'ter
It's just everywhere.

We need environmental conservation
It is talked about throughout our nation
With wise use and careful preservation
We can show we really care!

CANOE SONG

Our paddles clean and bright
Flashing like silver
Pride of Seminole
Dip, Dip and Swing

Dip, Dip and wing 'er back
Flashing like silver
Pride of the Seminoles
Dip, Dip and Swing

WATER, WATER ALL ABOUT

(To the Tune of Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star)
Water, water all about
Some is fresh and some is not
Some is salt the tides bring in
It mixes with the fresh and then
Brackish water can be sought
'Tween the fresh and the salt.

EENCY WEENCY MOSQUITO LARVA

(To the Tune of Eency Weency Spider)
The eency weency mosquito larva
floated to the top
Along came a Gambusia
and ate 'im with a pop
Along came all his brothers
to clean up all the rest
So Mother Nature has a way
of wiping out this pest!

PICK IT UP

(Woody Guthrie's Tune)
Dropped some paper, pick it up
pick it up (3 times)
And put it right in the garbage.

Refrain:

Pick-a, picka-a, picka-a
Pick it up, pick it up (3 times)
And put it right in the garbage.

2. Found some cans
3. Saw some litter
4. Saw some critters
Leave 'em be
Just use your eyes to
See 'em.
5. Use your senses
Use 'em all
That is the Everglades'
Call.

POISON IVY

(To the Tune of Are You Sleeping?)
Poison ivy, poison ivy
Don't you touch! Don't you touch!
Shiny leaves of three, shiny leaves of three
Let it be! Let it be!

EACH CAMPFIRE LIGHTS ANEW

Each campfire lights anew
The flame of friendship true
The joys we've had in knowing you
Will last our whole life through

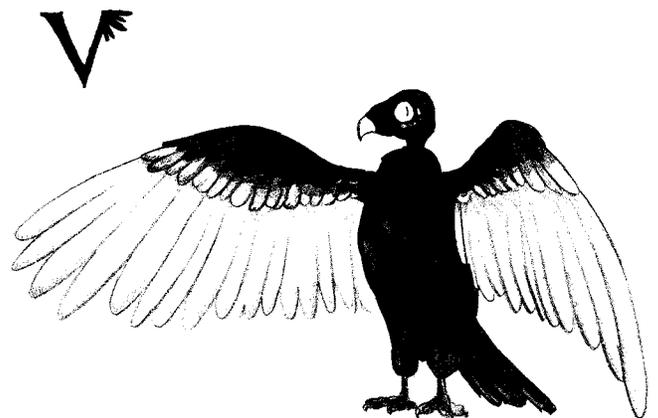
And as the embers die away
We wish that we might ever stay
But since we cannot have our way
We'll meet again some other day.

EVERGLADES A, B, C's

We love the Everglades, you bet
We'll show you with the alphabet.

A is for alligators who glide north and south
B is for bass with a large, large mouth
C is for catfish that don't meow
D is for deer that are smaller than cows
E is for egret, so beautifully white
F is for flamingo, a pink delight
G is for garfish that glide right on by
H is for hammock, a land high and dry
I is for ibis, with a bill curved down
J is for January, when we left town
K is for kite, an Everglades hawk
L is for limpkin with a jerky walk
M is for mosquitoes whose buzz you can tell
N is for nothing - you must clean up well
O is for Okeechobee, a lake far away
P is for Park - we hope it will stay
Q is for questions, we have lots to ask
R is for raccoons who wear a black mask
S is for sawgrass we love to munch
T is for time to be eating your lunch
U is for united, together we stand
V is for vulture, the turkey brand
W is for water — it's everywhere
X is for extra care that we share
Y is for you - we need your concern
Z is for zebra butterflies, their secrets to learn.

With this alphabet, we hope you will see
How we love our Everglades from A to Z!



DON'T BOTHER ME

(To the Tune of Old Texas)

1. Don't bother me with
Everglades plants
You ought to know them
At a glance.

2. Let's start with purple
Pickerel weed
Around those stems apple
Snail eggs bead.

3. Three-cornered sawgrass
Seen out here
Is good food for the
White-tailed deer

4. A tree with shiny red
Peeled bark.
Gumbo Limbo's sought
For the woodcarver's art.

5. A strangler fig will kill
Its host
It has no competition
Close.

6. Leave the mosquito control
To the bladderwort
It has no roots or need for
Dirt.

7. The sabal palm is Florida's
State tree
Now go away and
Let me be.

TURKEY VULTURE

(To the Tune of Clementine)

Turkey vulture, turkey vulture
Soaring high in the sky
Looking for a meal he didn't kill
Keeping one eye on it still.

Yet he drops and drifts yet climbing
Making circles in the sky
Knowing sometime now or later
That an animal will die
Turkey vulture, turkey vulture
Soaring high in the blue
Nature's flying trash collector
A scavenger to me and you.

TWELVE DAYS OF CAMPING

(To the Tune of Twelve Days of Christmas)

On the first day of camping
The ranger showed to me
An ibis in a pine tree

2nd day: Two Alligators

3rd day: Three Gumbo Limbos

4th day: Four Apple Snails

5th day: Five Sna-a-il kites

6th day: Six Cute Raccoons

7th day: Anhingas Dying

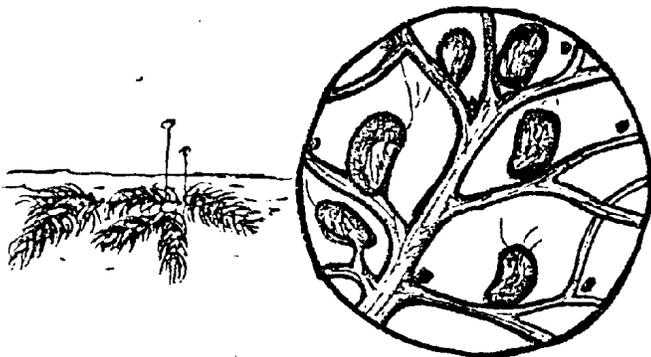
8th day: Eight Miles of Sawgrass

9th day: Nine Mahogany Trees

10th day: Ten Rangers Laughing

11th day: Eleven Mosquitoes Buzzing

12th day: Twelve Campers Slapping



THE SKEETER FISH SONG

(To the Tune of 99 Bottles of Beer on the Wall)

A skillion skeeter fish in the glades
A skillion skeeter fish
A bunch got eaten by the birds
A trillion skeeter fish in the glades.

A trillion skeeter fish in the glades
A billion skeeter fish in the glades
A million skeeter fish in the glades
A thousand skeeter fish in the glades.
By the time a thousand skeeter fish are left
Throughout the glades
The rain will come and hatch their eggs
A skillion skeeter fish in the glades.

WHERE HAVE ALL THE PANTHERS GONE?

(To the Tune of Where Have All the Flowers Gone?)

Where have all the panthers gone?
Long time passing?
Where have all the panthers gone?
Long time ago?
Where have all the panthers gone?
Bounty hunters every one.
When will they ever learn?
When will they ever learn?

(Insert answer in sixth line):

Where have all the crocodiles gone?
Their habitat is almost gone.

Where have all the gators gone?
Shoes and handbags every one.

Where have all the egrets gone?
Fancy hats for every one.

Where have all the tree snails gone?
Into collections every one.

Where have all the snail kites gone?
Their habitat is almost gone.

Where have all the wood storks gone?
No more food to feed their young.

Where have all the children gone?
To zoos and gardens every one.

THE HAPPY SLOUGH SLOGGER

(To the Tune of The Happy Wanderer)

I love to go a-slough slogging
Deep in the muck and ooze
The algae green clings to my jeans
Periphyton's in my shoes. (Ugh)

Refrain:

Gator holes, quick sand
Lost my pole, where's land?
Who said this would be fun?
What's that I hear? Will we die here?
Lost my hat, lost a shoe.
Lost them both in the goo.
Please, get me back alive.

I love to go a-slough slogging
Learning secrets of the glades
Of bladderwort, the plant that dines
On skeeter eggs as they're laid.

(Refrain)

I love to go a-slough slogging
With pack, and net, and pail.
Would an Everglades Kite take this gear
In search of an apple snail?

(Refrain)

If gators eat gars, and gars eat minnows
That feed on the green algae,
To me it's plain, in this whole food chain
Something feeds on you and me.

(Refrain)

The ranger led us slough
slogging
Out in the cypress
swamp.
We heard a splash, saw its
tail flash
It got her with one
chomp.
(Refrain)



**WAY DOWN YONDER IN THE
EVERGLADES SWAMP**

(To the Tune of Ten Little Indians)
Who eats who out in the Everglades?
(3 times)

Bet you can't guess who eats who.

First the mosquitoes eat on you (ouch!) (3 times)
Way down yonder in the Everglades swamp.

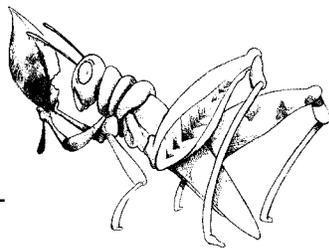
Then the skeeter fish eat the skeeter babies (gulp!)
(3 times)
Way down yonder in the Everglades swamp.

Great big fish come gobble up the skeeter fish.
(3 times)
Way down yonder in the Everglades swamp.

Then the birds and the gators eat the big fish
(snap!) (3 times)
Way down yonder in the Everglades swamp.

Man gets in on the big fun, too. (3 times)
Brings his gun and shoots them
through (pow!)

Gators ain't king in the
Everglades swamp.
(3 times)
Ain't no king in the Ever-
glades swamp.



But there's old man bleeding from the skeeters,
But there's old man swatting at the skeeters,
But there's old man itching from the skeeters,
Ain't no king in the Everglades swamp.

EVERGLADES FRIENDS

(To the Tune of Make New Friends)
Make new friends, but keep the old.
Some are silver, and the others gold.
Once you've made new Everglades friends,
Lifelong friendships never end.

WHITE-TAILED DEER SONG



(To the Tune of In a Cabin in the Woods)

In the sawgrass, in the slough
Little deer stood in plain view.
Saw a Seminole riding by, poling his
canoe.

"Help me, help me, sir," he cried.

"Fore the hunter shoots me dead."

"Come, little deer, come for a ride,
It's safe in yonder hammock."

MY HABITAT

(To the Tune of My Ding-A-Ling)
Oh, My Habitat, My Habitat
It's my home, It's my Habitat
My Habitat, My Habitat,
A Special Place, Now how about that!

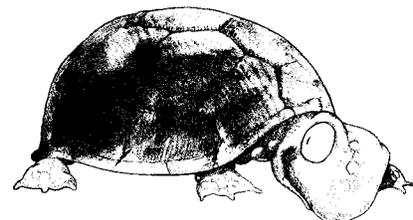
I saw in the tall Sawgrass,
A little Bream and a big fat Bass,
An Alligator looking for his lunch,
He found a Turtle, Munch, Munch, Munch!

I smelled some smoke in the Pines one day,
The Hawk and the Crow both flew away.
The fire will burn lots of plants around,
But soon Wildflowers will cover the ground.

Once I saw in a Hammock Tree,
A Great Horned Owl looking down at me.
The Panther cried and jumped back when
A Snail ate mold and it ran down his chin!

The Sawgrass is wet but hot in the sun,
The Pines are open where the fire may run,
In a Hammock there is so much shade,
The city's our home but we love the Everglades!

MISTER STRANGLER FIG'S DIABOLICAL



ROOT MACHINE

(To the Tune of Mr. Johnny's Sausage Machine)
As I lay back one morning in the shade of an oak
so green,
I heard a shrieking grackle speaking as he stopped
to preen.
He greeted me most civilly from his perch in the
old oak tree
Saying, "Pardon me as I freshen up; I'm meeting
my girl at three."

Refrain:

Oh, Mister, Mister Strangler Fig
how could you be so mean?
You've gone and strangled all the oaks
throughout the Hammock Green.
Although they grew there first,
now they'll never more be seen
Because of Mister Strangler Fig's
diabolical root machine.

He waxed his bill, and fluffed his down,
then combed his dark top-knot,
Then straightened out his bow-tail,
admiring himself a lot.
When he was through,
he wiped his shoe with most exquisite grace.
From that gummy goo, I swear to you,
the tragedy took place.

(Refrain)

Within a minute, the seeds within it
were sending out their sprouts.
Within an hour, such was their power,
they'd grown a foot about.
But the very worst part was the roots had started
to wrap 'round the old oak tree.
The doctors gave him no longer to live
than a month, or two, or three.

(Refrain)

The roots from that magic fig fruit,
they grew so very fast.
Starting up in the crown, they touched the ground
before a week had passed.
They covered the oak, causing it to choke,
and it said with its dying gasp,
I knew life couldn't last."

(Refrain)

The moral of this story, if you love the oaks so

green

Is when you gum your boot in a Strangler fig fruit,
Don't land in a oak to preen.

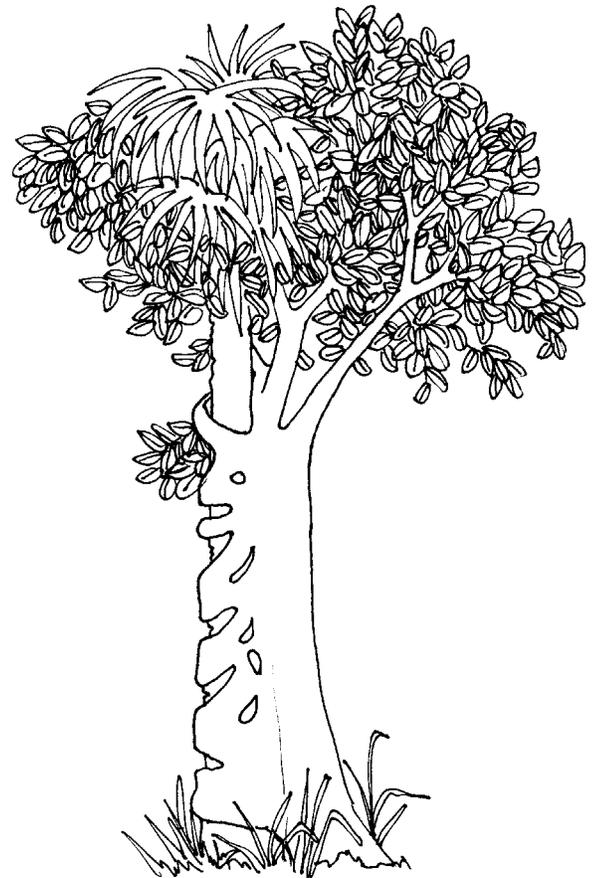
EL CONDOR PASA

I'd rather be a sparrow than a snail. Yes, I would.
If I could, I surely would. Hmmm
I'd rather be a hammer than a nail. Yes, I would.
If I only could, I surely would. Hmmm
Away, I'd rather sail away . . Like a swan . . That's
here and gone.

A man gets tied up to the ground, he gives the
world

Its saddest sound, its saddest sound.

I'd rather be a forest than a street. Yes, I would.
If I could, I surely would
I'd rather feel the earth beneath my feet. Yes, I
would
If I only could, I surely would.



NOTES PAGE