**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>, or on the HFMS Audio Archive page at <http://www.houstonfolkmusic.org/HFS_Audio_Archive.html>.

**RISSELTY ROSSELTY**

**G C G D G**

I took me a wife in the month of June, *risselty rosselty now, now now.*

**G C G**

I carried her home by the light of the moon

**CHORUS:**

**D**

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

**G**

*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**