

The Chief Counselor Waltz

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Lively (♩=180)

I was a coun - selor at the camp this past year,
It was a place where the rules were quite few

Up where the air and the wa - ter are clean.
When to do di - shes, when not to make noise.

Wai - ting for that five do - zen kids to ap - pear,
Kids of that age were a prob - lem, we knew

Half of each sex, a - ges twelve to fif - teen. (2)
Not yet a - dults, not still girls, not still boys.

John, the chief coun - selor, said "Give them their free - dom.

Kids bounce back well from a fall or a hit.

We've got re - pair sup - plies if we should need 'em",

And o - pened the lid of the camp first aid kit.

If bo - dies get scraped where we don't have our clothes on,

We've gauze and we've Band - Aids to keep dirt a - way.

If hot Ju - ly sun is - n't stopped by the o - zone,

We've bot - tles of lo - tion with P - A - B - A.

If fin - gers get burned be - cause some - one's been stu - pid, We've

oint - ment to has - ten the hea - ling by weeks.
----- This line somewhat slower -----

And if some - one gets struck by an ar - row from Cu - pid,

We've Tro - jans and Du - rex and Sheiks,

We've Troj - ans and Du - rex and Sheiks.

(Complete words are on the other side)

The Chief Counselor Waltz

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I was a counselor at camp this past year,
Up where the air and the water are clean.
Waiting for five dozen kids to appear,
Half of each sex, ages twelve to fifteen.
It was a place where the rules were quite few --
When to do dishes, when not to make noise.
Kids of that age were a problem, we knew --
Not yet adults, not still girls, not still boys.
John, the chief counselor, said "Give them their freedom.
Kids bounce back well from a fall or a hit.
We've got repair supplies if we should need 'em",
And opened the lid of the camp first aid kit.

If bodies get scraped where we don't have our clothes on,
We've gauze and we've Band-Aids to keep dirt away.
If hot July sun isn't stopped by the ozone,
We've bottles of lotion with PABA.
If fingers get burned because someone's been stupid,
We've ointment to hasten the healing by weeks.
And if someone gets struck by an arrow from Cupid,
We've Trojans and Durex and Sheiks,
We've Trojans and Durex and Sheiks.

It was a metaphor we could support:
Falling in love is like climbing on rocks.
Both have the dangers of any hard sport,
Both made more safe by a well-supplied box.
Someone asked how we'd be making it known --
Yelling "Free condoms!" is just a bit blunt.
John said, "We'll let them find out on their own,
During a game like a scavenger hunt:
Count all the buckets we use to stop fires.
Find where we toss things that biodegrade.
Name our five uses for old, worn-out tires.
List what we keep in the box marked 'First aid'."

I spend my time in the city these days,
Down where the air and the water both stink.
"Hunting for Love" is what everyone plays,
Getting good exercise lifting a drink.
Sometimes we satisfy hunger for skin
Though there are questions we haven't asked yet.
We may be playing the fools who rush in;
We do not need to play rush in roulette.
When I've a dinner guest I'd like to linger
And share the next sunrise at seven o'clock,
It's not too painful to nick my third finger
And yell for a Band-Aid to show off my stock.

This is based on a true incident, but not one in which I had any part

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