

Firesign Theatre, The Rough-As-A-Cob March

(source: From "Big Book of Plays", page 62-63)

Choir: We're marching, marching to Shibboleth,
With the Eagle and the Sword!
We're praising Zion 'til her death,
Until we meet our last reward!
Men: Our Lord's reward!
Women: Zion! Oh happy Zion!
O'er wrapp'd, but not detained!
Men: Lion, f'rocious Lion!
His beard our mighty mane!
Women: At First and Main!
Men: Oh, we;ll go marching, marching to Omaha,
With the Buckram and the Cord!
Women: You'll hear us "boom"; our State!
Men: Ha, ha! As we cross the final ford!
Women: The flaming Ford!
Choir: Zion! Oh mighty Zion!
Your bison now are dust!
As your cornflakes rise
"Gainst the rust-red skies,
Then our blood requires us must
Go ...
Men: Marching, marching to Shibboleth,
With the Eagle and the ...
Women: The Buckram and the Cord!
Men: Sword! Praising Zion 'til her death!
Women: Ha, ha!
Men: Until we eat our last reward!
Women: The flaming Ford!
Choir: Zion! Oh righteous Zion!
There is no one to blame!
For the homespun pies
'Neath the cracking skies
Shall release the fulsome rain!
Tenor: Shall release!
Men: Shall release!
Soprano: Shall release!
Women: Shall release!
Choir: Shall release the vinyl rein!