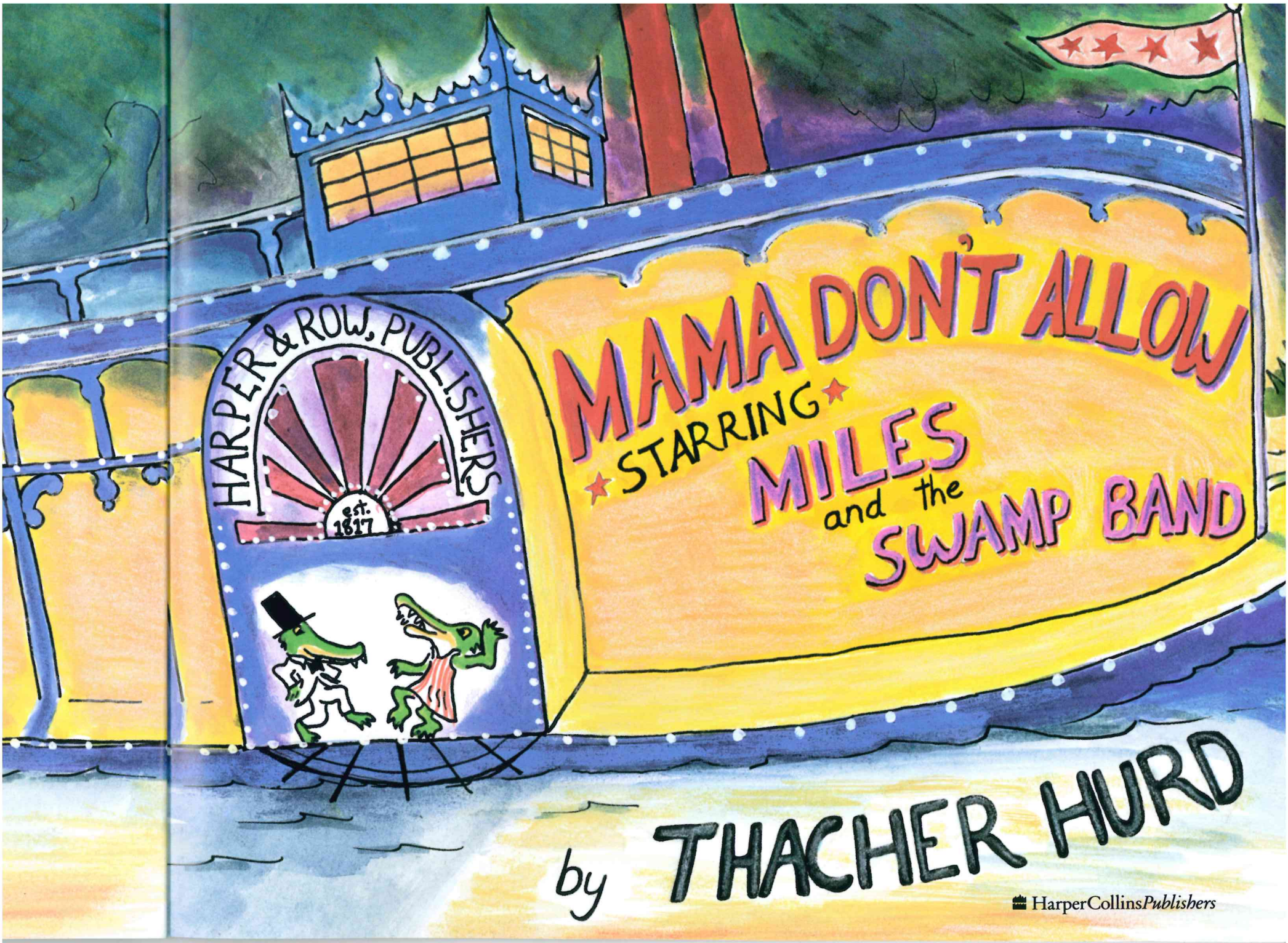


THACHER HURD
MAMA DON'T ALLOW

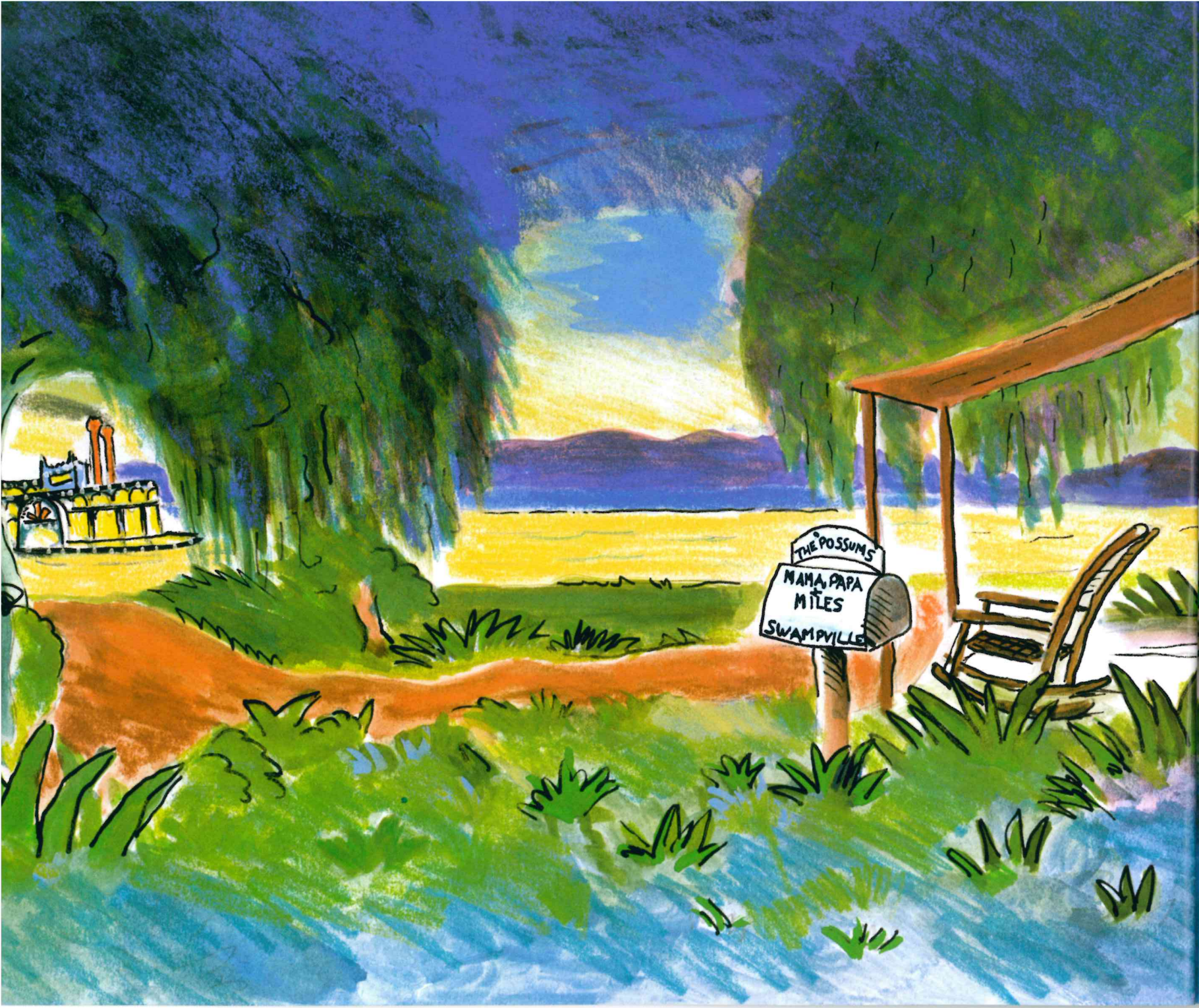


CELEBRATING
25
YEARS

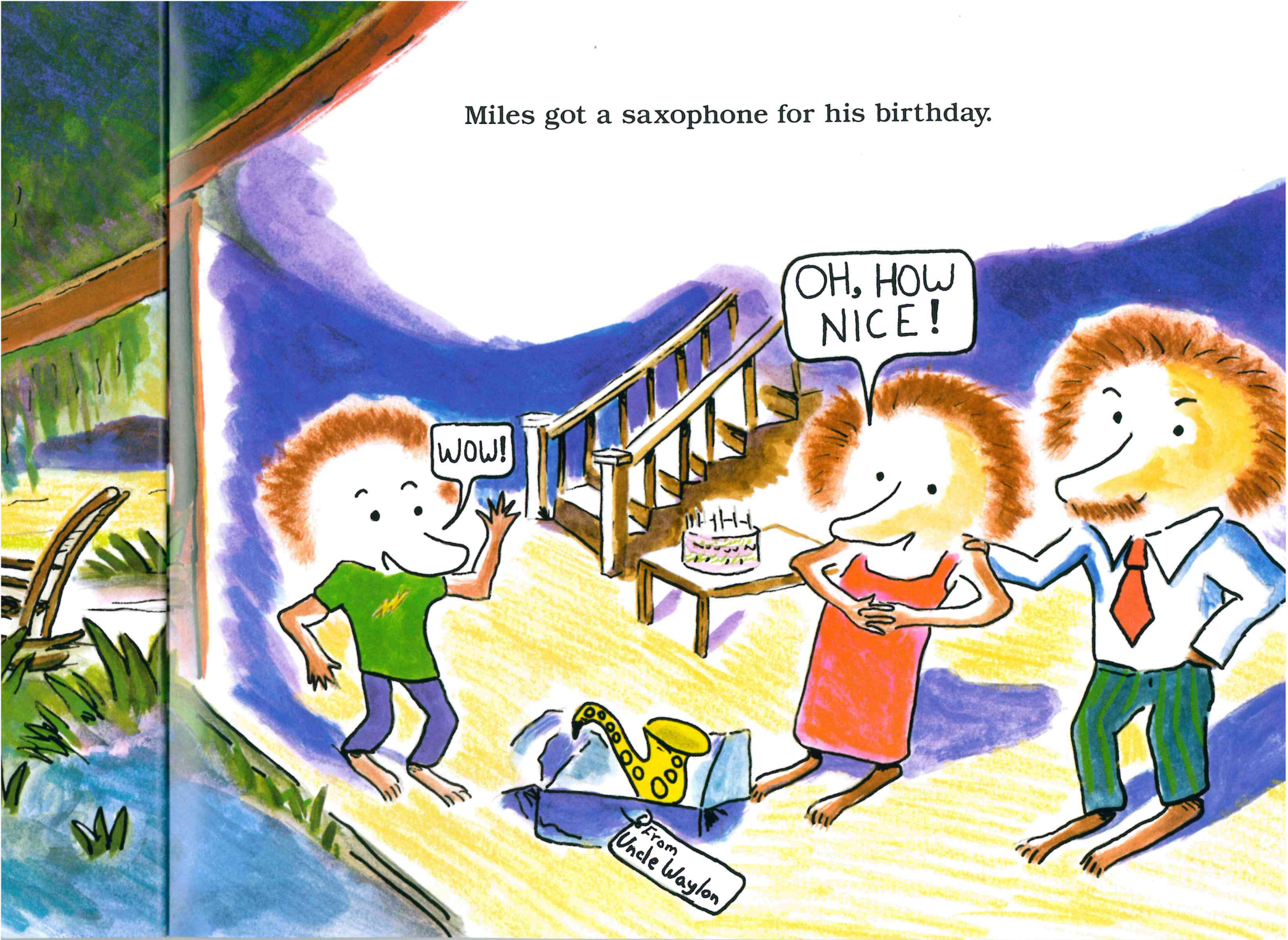




by **THACHER HURD**



Miles got a saxophone for his birthday.

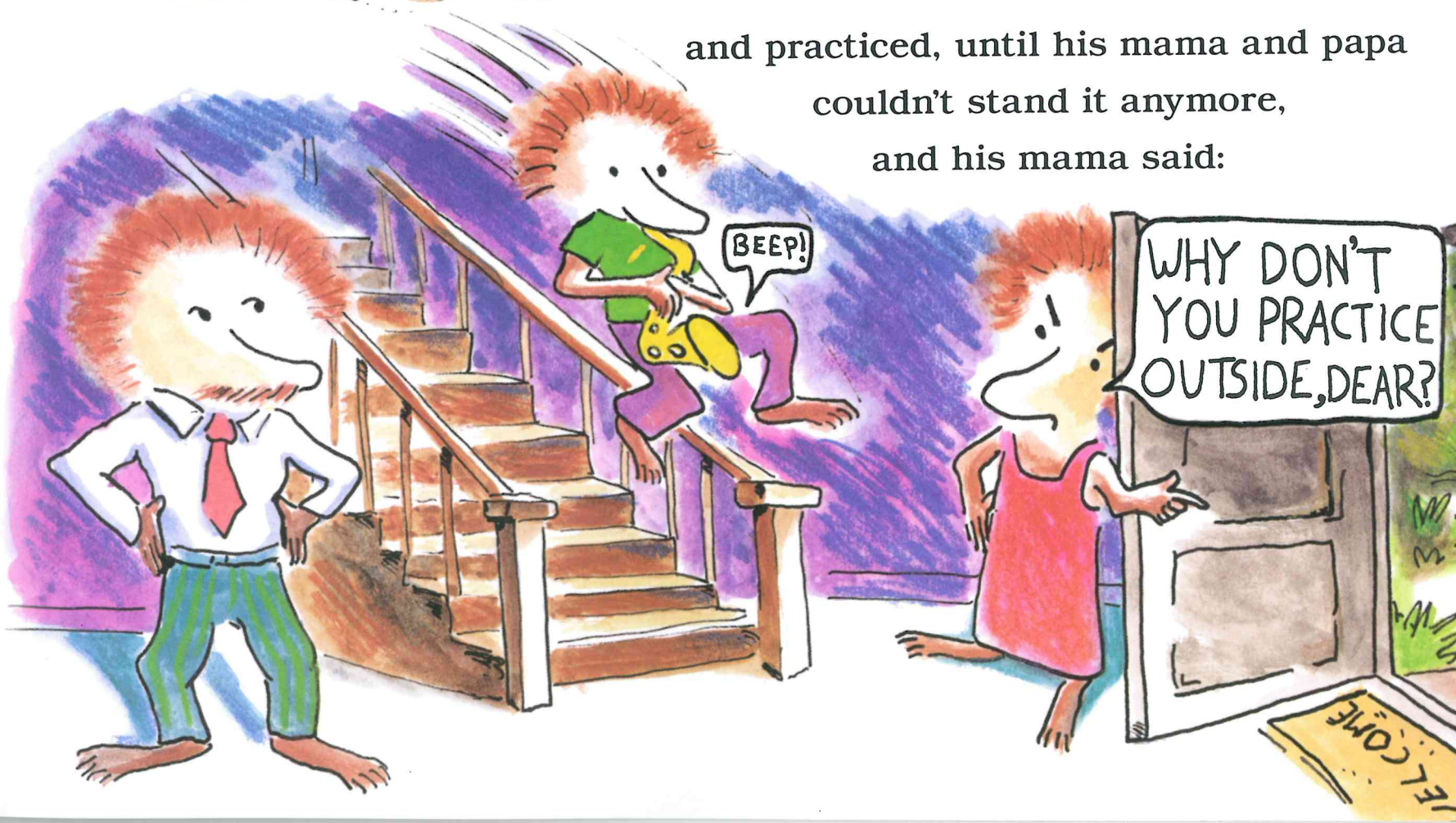




Miles practiced,



and practiced, until his mama and papa
couldn't stand it anymore,
and his mama said:



UGH!

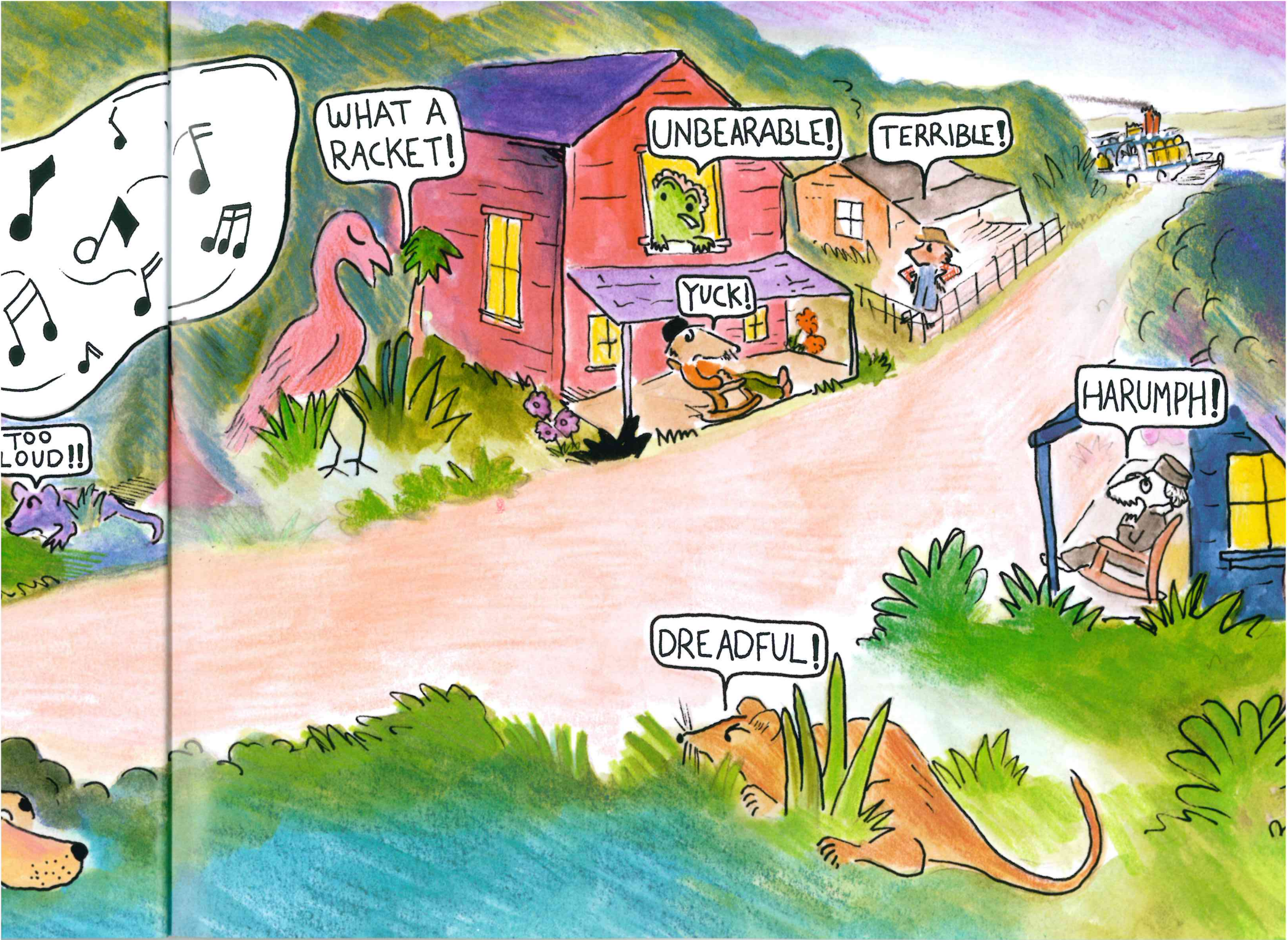
And so he did,
as loud as could be.

TOO LOUD!!

ENOUGH!!!

GRRRRR





TOO LOUD!!

WHAT A RACKET!

UNBEARABLE!

TERRIBLE!

YUCK!

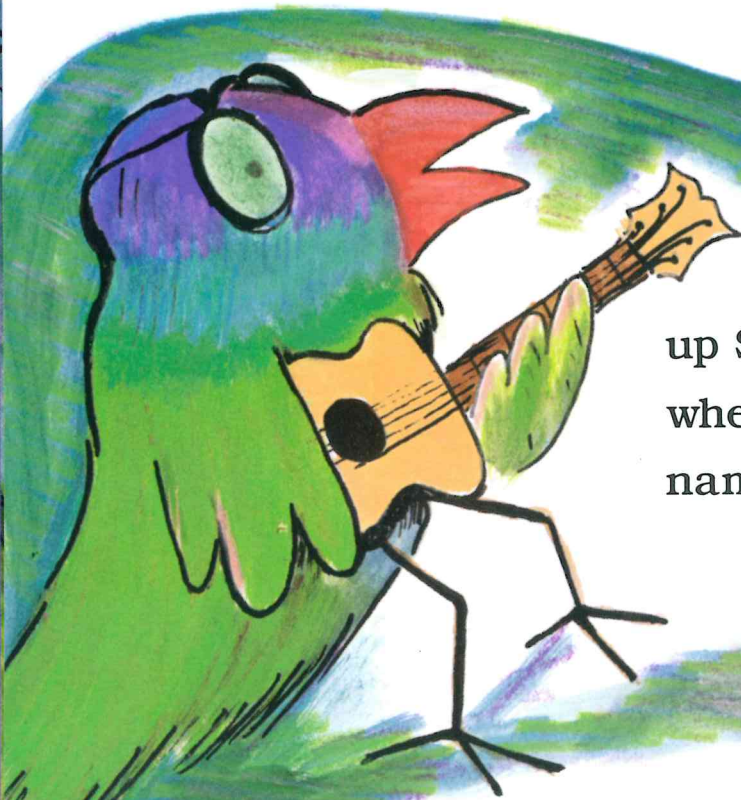
HARUMPH!

DREADFUL!

Miles strolled down Main Street,
where he met a drummer named Al;



up Swamp Lane,
where he met a guitarist
named Bert;



and over Bayou Bridge,
where he met a trumpet player
named Doc.



“Hey, let’s play some music!” said Miles.

“Loud music!” said Al.

“Let’s be a band!” said Bert.

“The Swamp Band!” cried Doc.

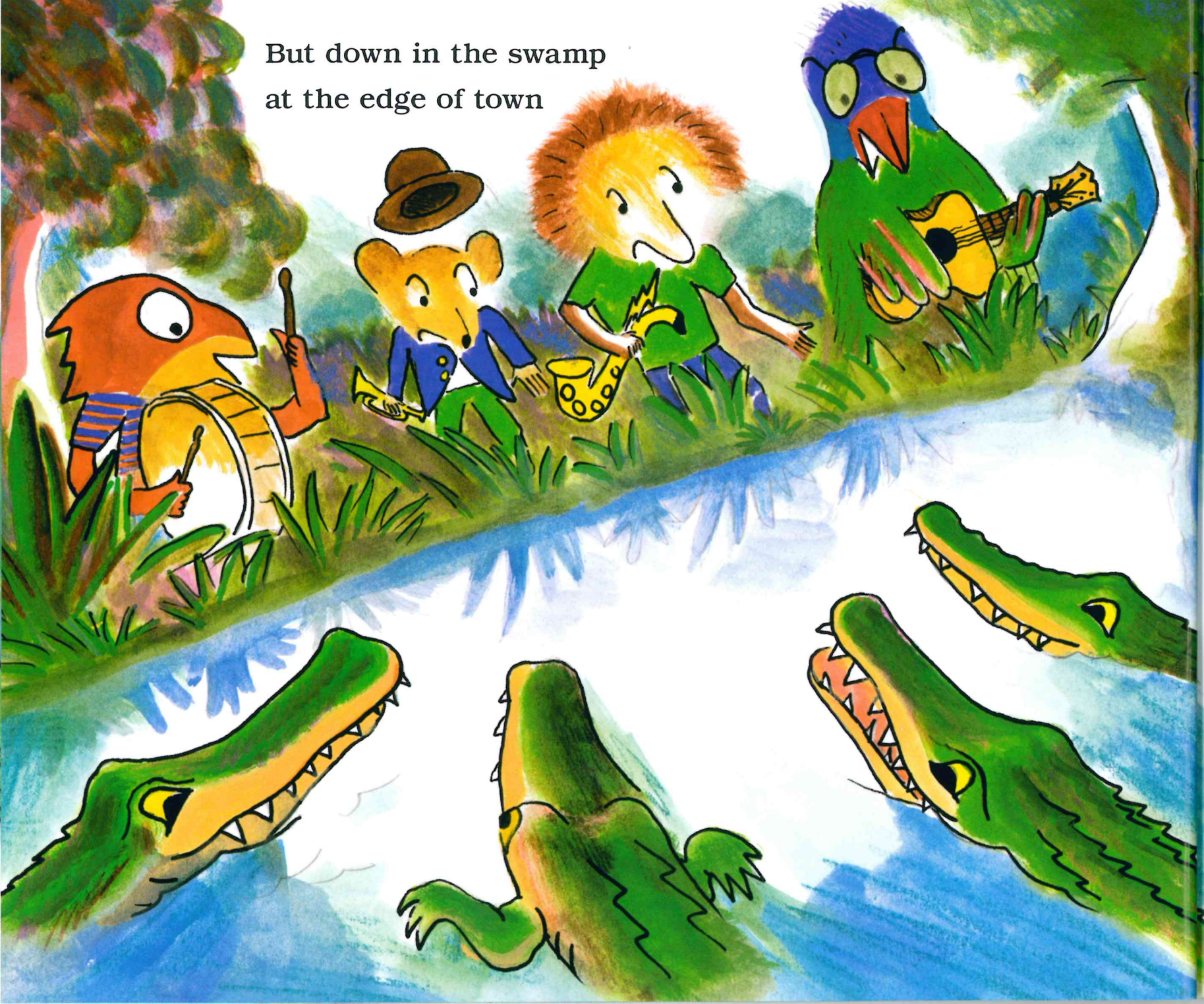
And they played as loud as they could.

Soon the whole town cried out:

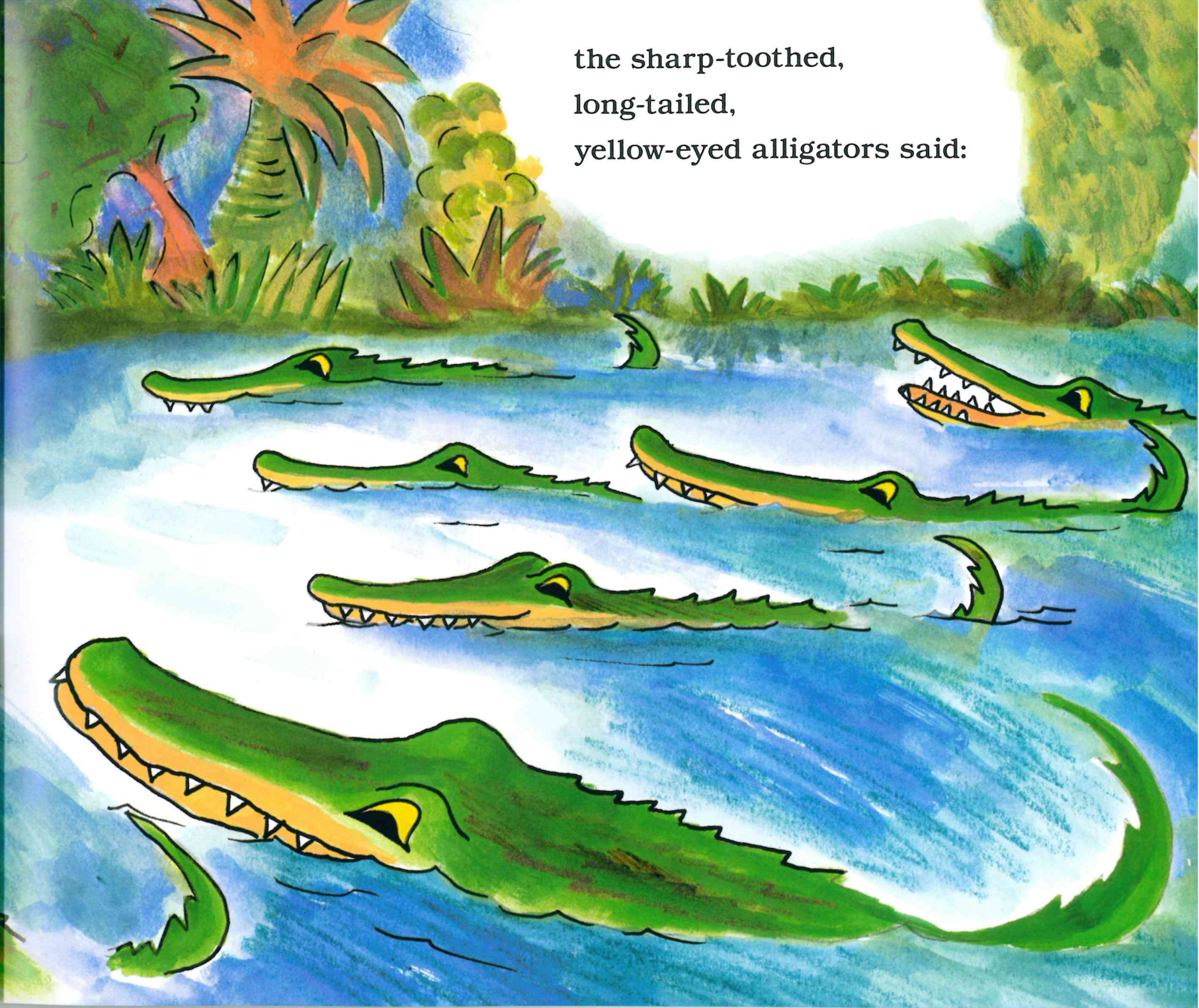
SWAMP BANDS
PLAY IN THE
SWAMP!!



But down in the swamp
at the edge of town



the sharp-toothed,
long-tailed,
yellow-eyed alligators said:





WE LOVE THAT
SWAMP BAND
MUSIC!!

YOU DO?

WE LIKE IT
LOUD!!

REALLY?



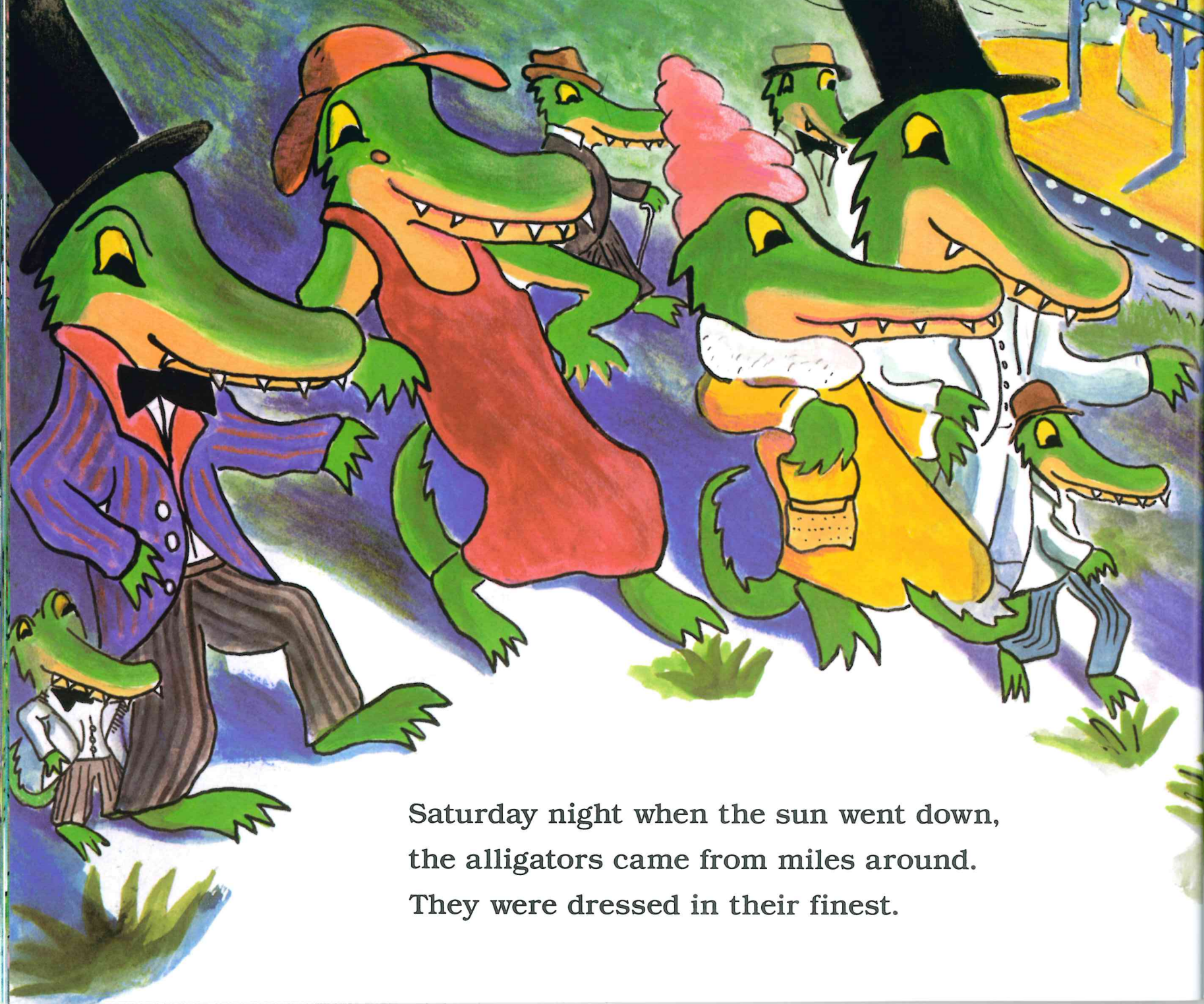
COME AND PLAY
FOR THE
ALLIGATOR BALL!

WHEN?

SATURDAY NIGHT,
AFTER THE SUN
GOES DOWN!

MEET YOU AT
THE RIVERBOAT!!

WE'LL BE
THERE!



Saturday night when the sun went down,
the alligators came from miles around.
They were dressed in their finest.



The Swamp Band played their favorite song.



MAMA DON'T ALLOW

NO

MAMA DON'T ALLOW NO MUSIC

PL



LOW

NO MUSIC PLAYIN' 'ROUND HERE!

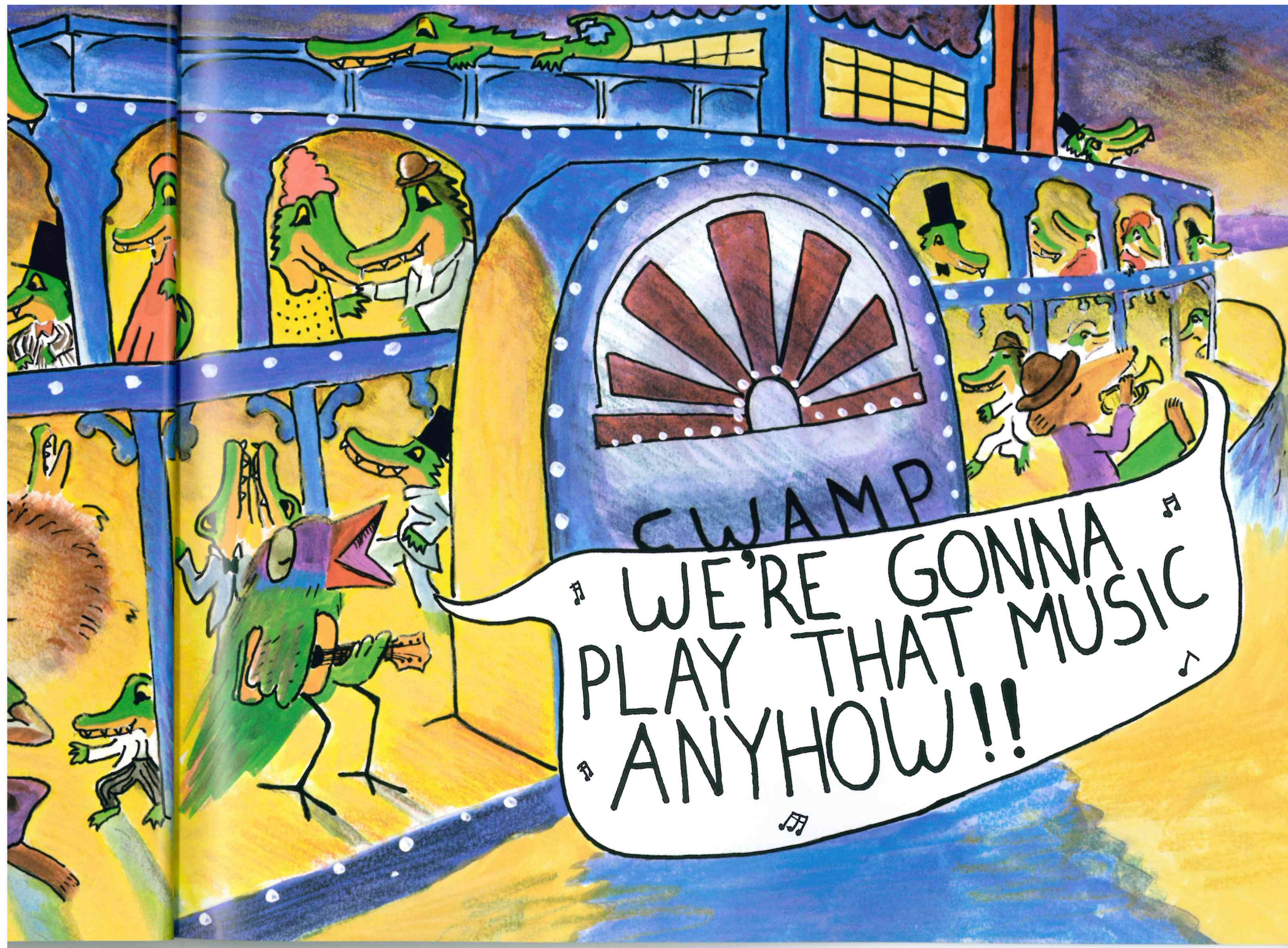
MUSIC

PLAYIN' 'ROUND HERE!









SWAMP

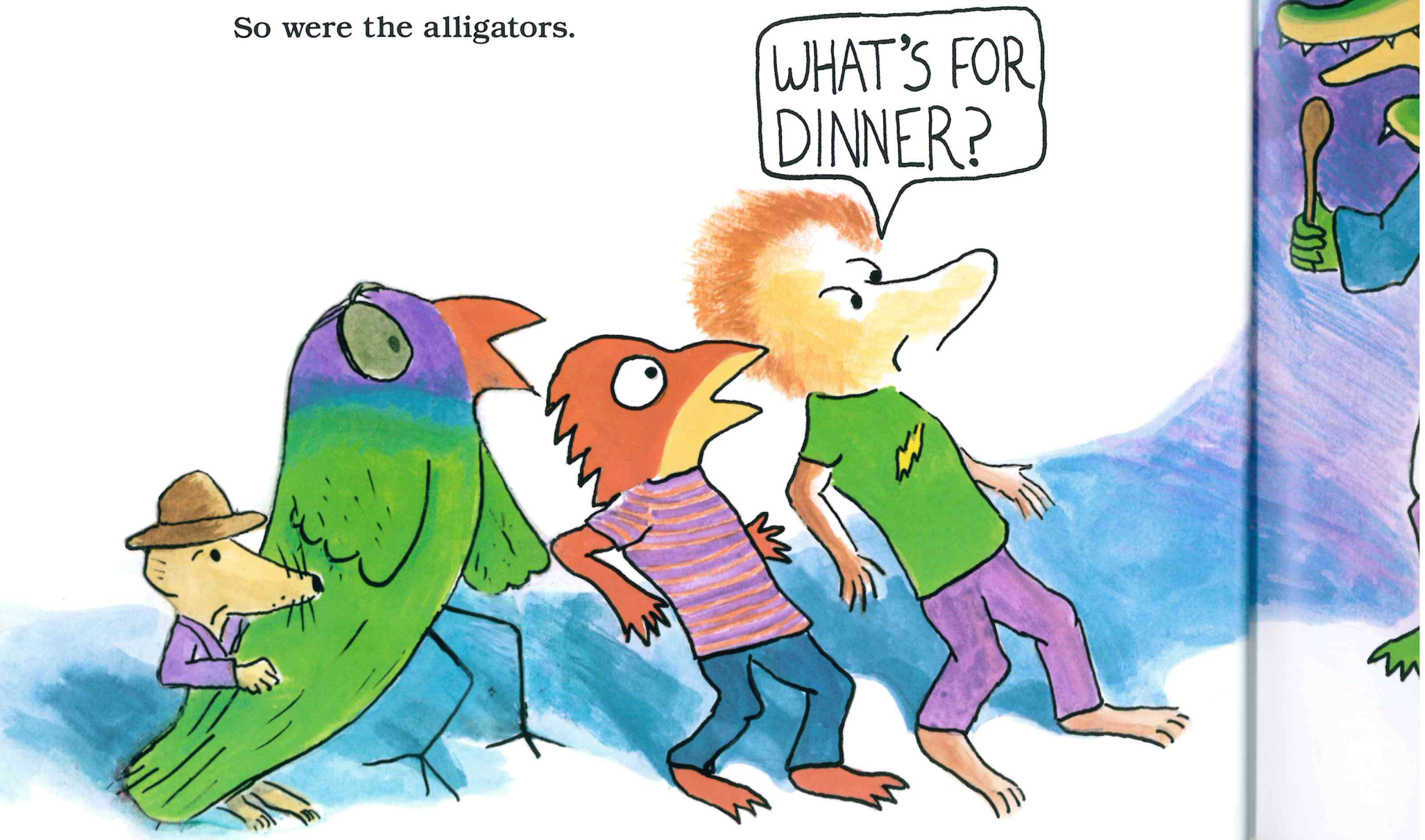
WE'RE GONNA
PLAY THAT MUSIC
ANYHOW!!

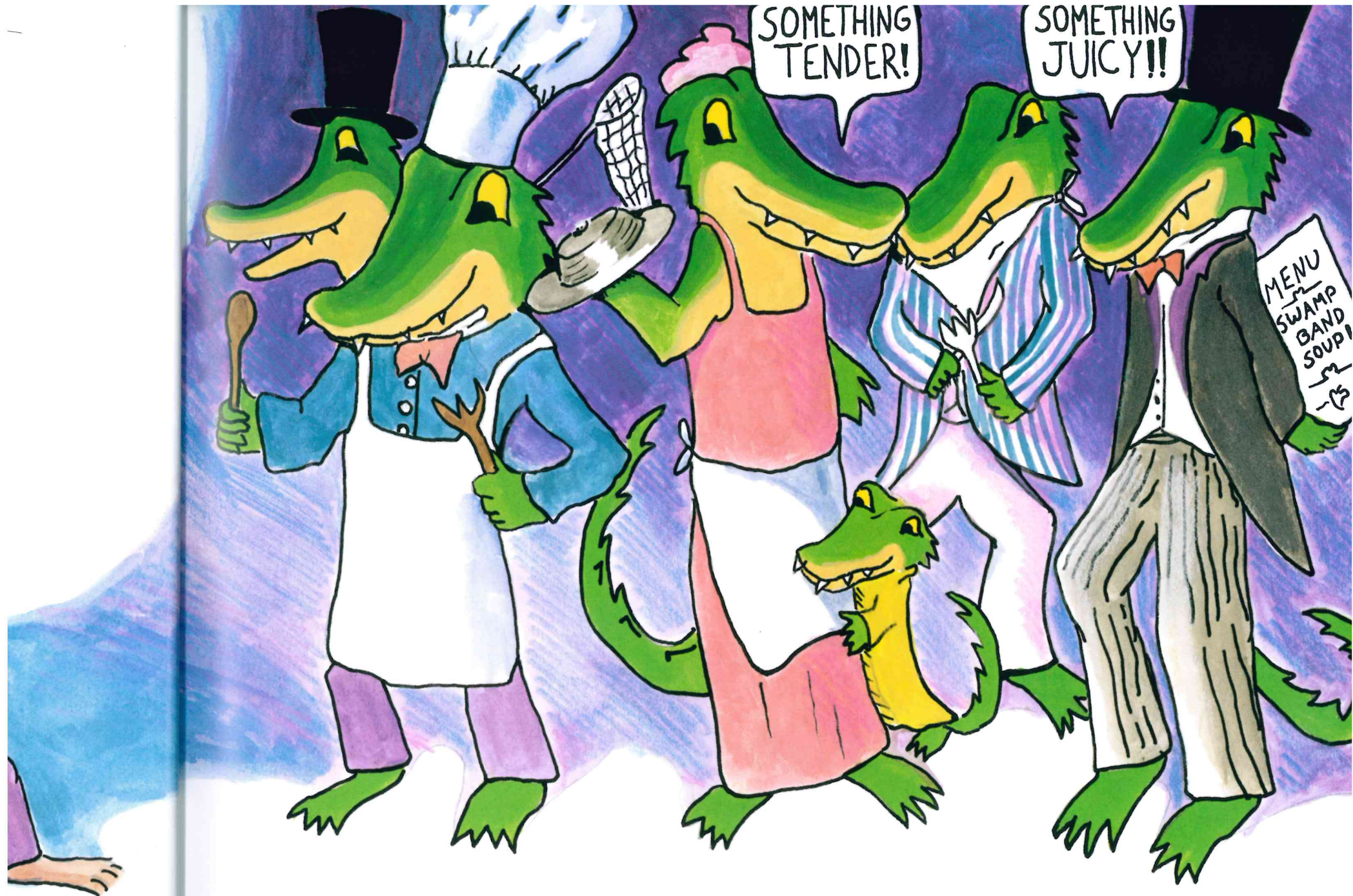


The Swamp Band played far into the night.



When the music was over
the band was hungry.
So were the alligators.








The alligators snapped their jaws
and smacked their lips.





WAIT!
HOW ABOUT
ONE MORE SONG
BEFORE DINNER?

OK.... BUT
MAKE IT
SHORT!

MAKE IT
SWEET!

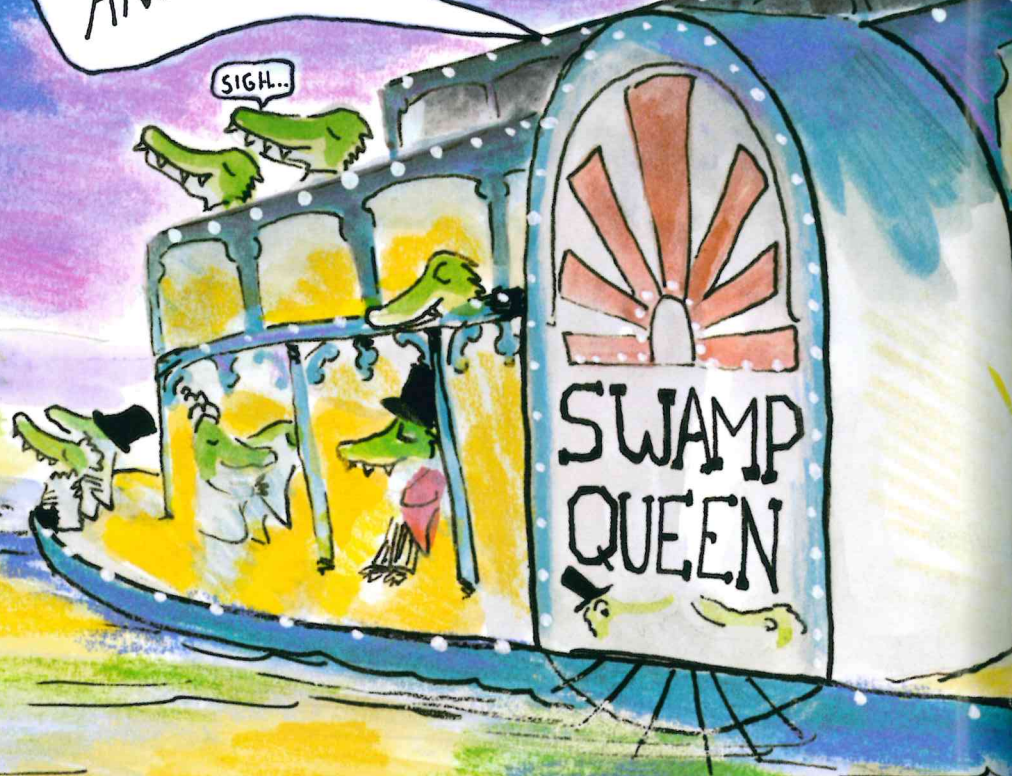
And so the band sang...



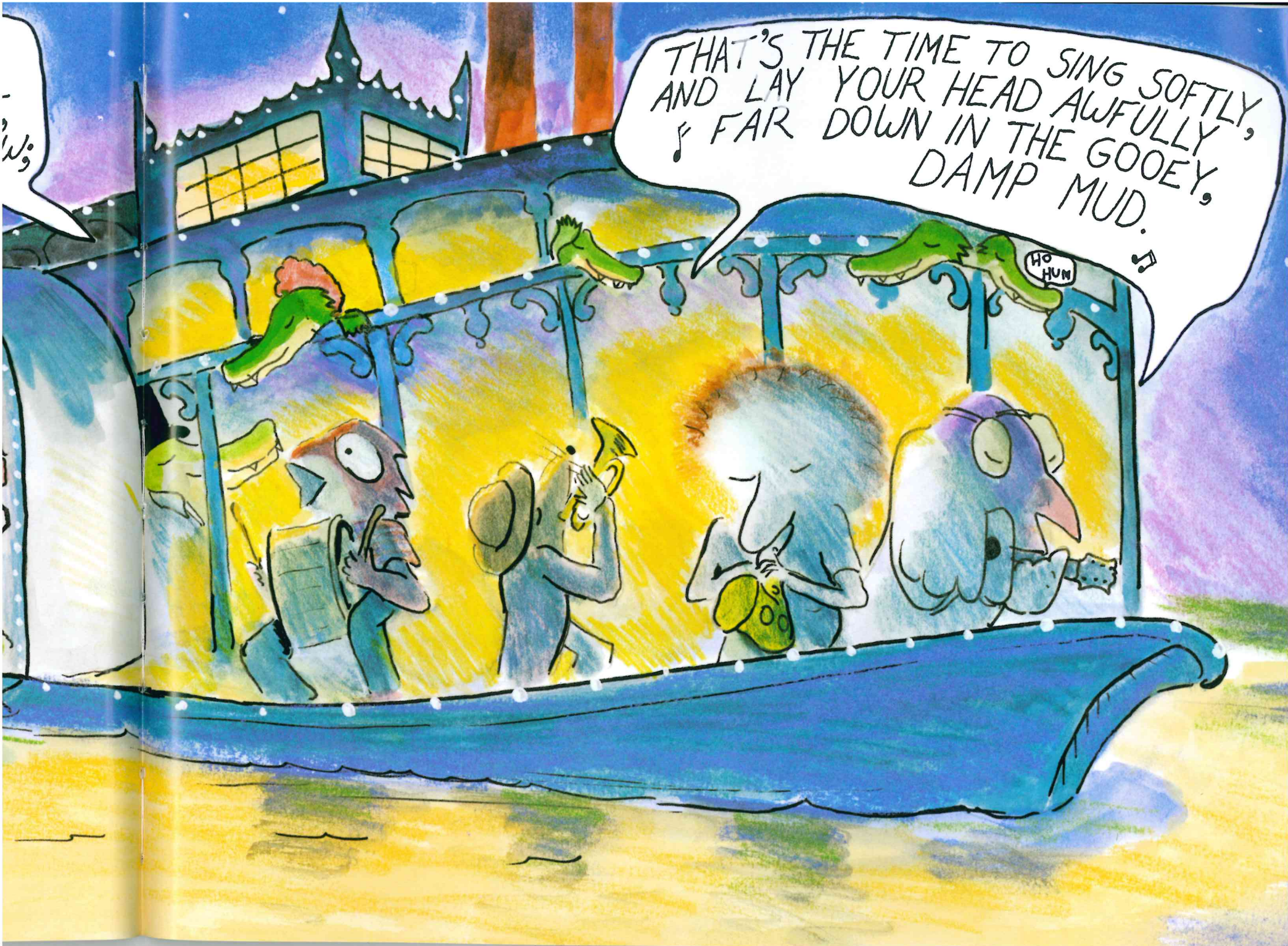
A Lullaby of Swampland:

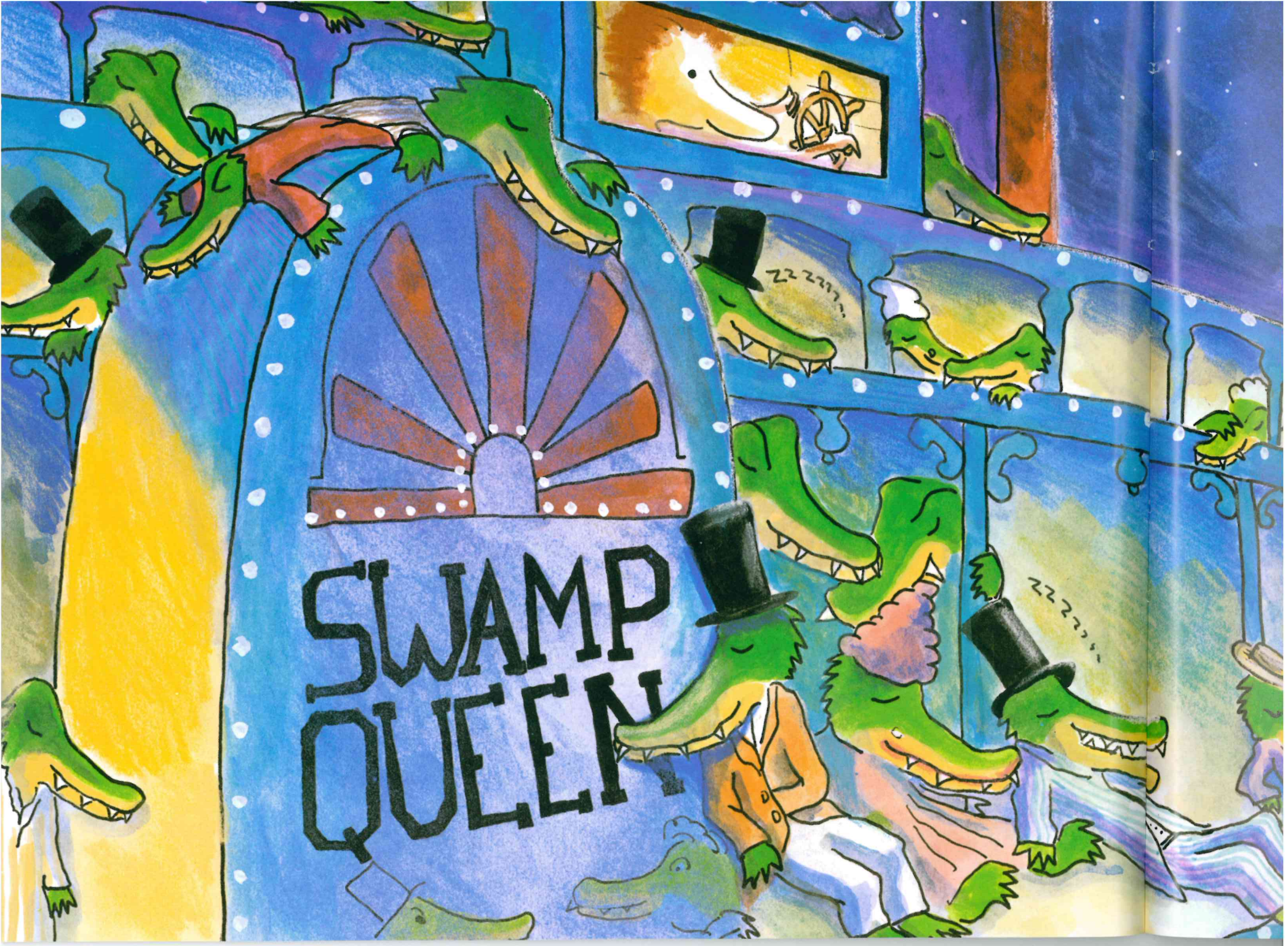
WHEN THE MOON IS RISING,
AND THE MOSS HANGS LOW;
AND THE SWAMP IS QUIET,
AND THE WATERS MOVE SLOW;
AND THE

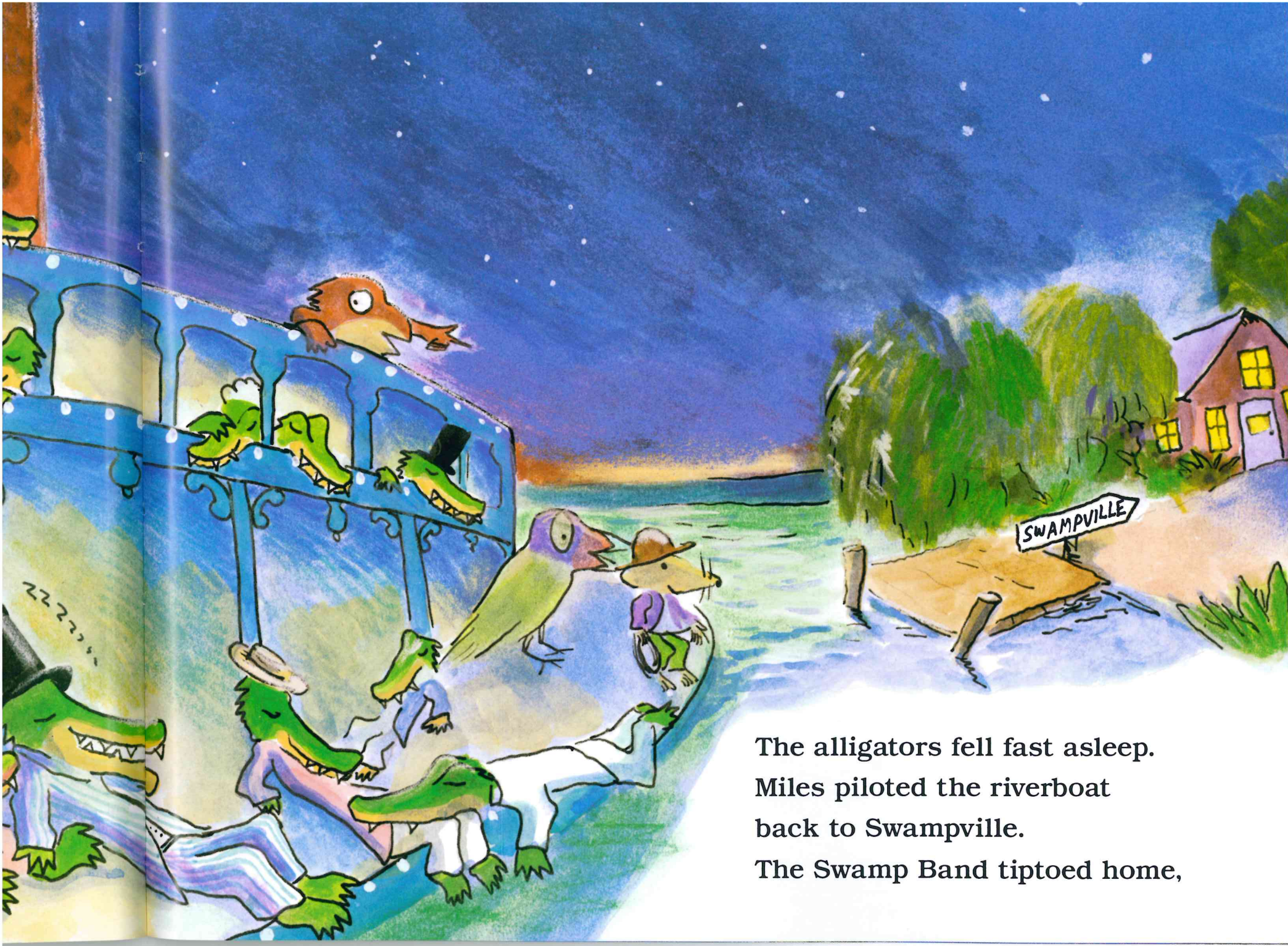
SIGH...



THAT'S THE TIME TO SING SOFTLY,
AND LAY YOUR HEAD AWFULLY
FAR DOWN IN THE GOOEY,
DAMP MUD. ♪

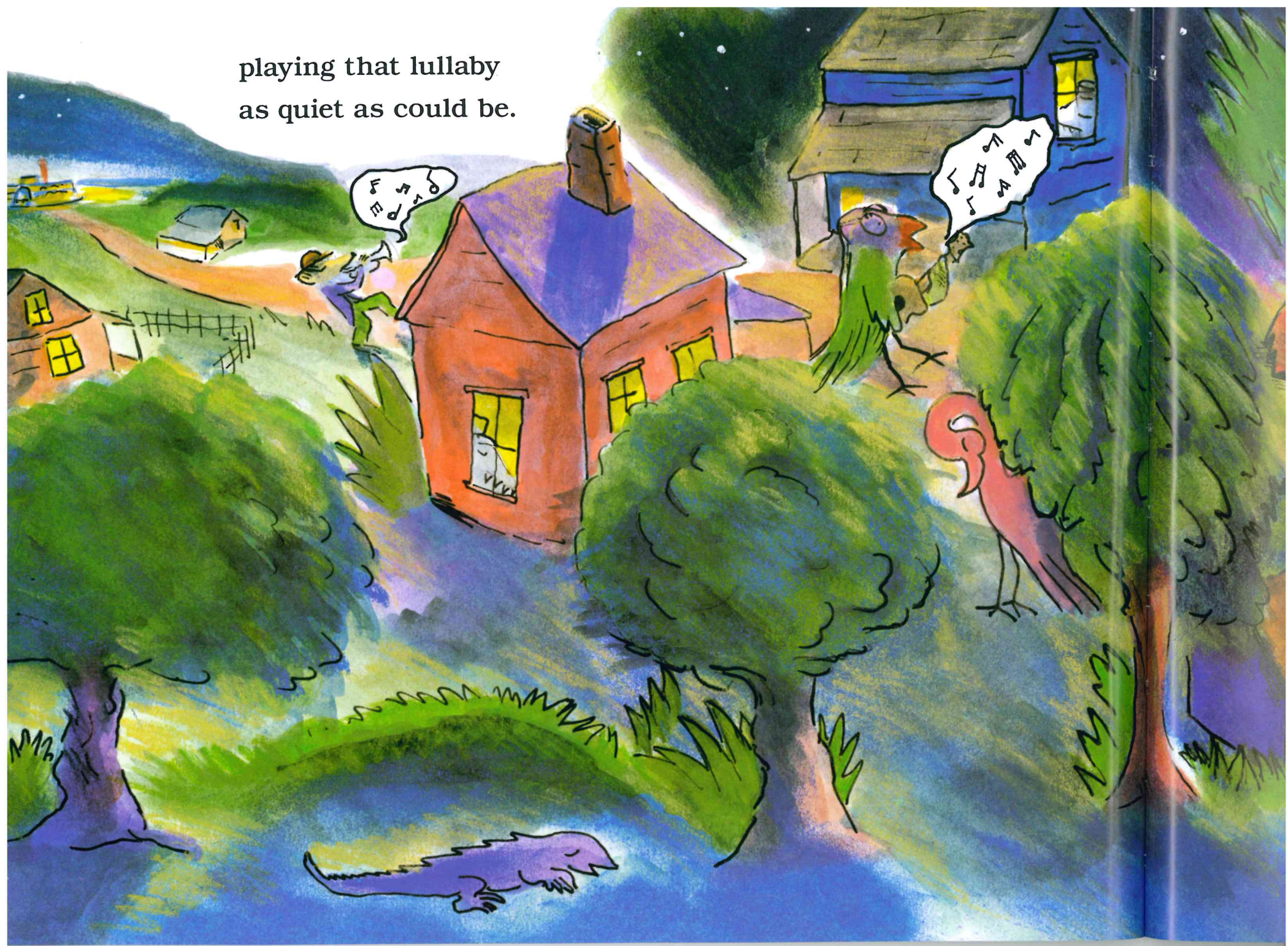






The alligators fell fast asleep.
Miles piloted the riverboat
back to Swampville.
The Swamp Band tiptoed home,

playing that lullaby
as quiet as could be.





Boom
ba
Boom

♪
♪
♪
♪
♪

And Mama said:





OH, HOW
NICE....

THE POSUM
MAMA, PAPA
MILES
SNARVILLE



MAMA DON'T ALLOW

Traditional
arr. by Mark Shafarman

Lively

E7 **A**

Well now, Ma - ma don't allow no mu - sic play - in' 'round here, Ma - ma don't allow no

E7 **A7** **D7**

mu - sic play - in' 'round here, Now we don't care what Ma - ma don't allow gon - na play that mu - sic

Dm7 **A** **E7** **A** **E7**

a - ny how, Ma - ma don't allow no mu - sic play - in' 'round here. Well now,

Mama don't allow no guitar playin' 'round here,
Mama don't allow no guitar playin' 'round here,
Now we don't care what Mama don't allow,
Gonna play that music anyhow,
Mama don't allow no guitar playin' 'round here.
Well now,

Mama don't allow no piano playin' 'round here,
Mama don't allow no piano playin' 'round here,
Now we don't care what Mama don't allow,
Gonna play that music anyhow,
Mama don't allow no piano playin' 'round here.
Well now,

Make up your own verses as you sing this song:
"Mama don't allow no foot stompin'," etc., etc.

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Summary: Miles and the Swamp Band have the time of
their lives playing at the Alligator Ball, until they
discover the menu includes Swamp Band Soup.

[1. Bands (Music)—Fiction. 2. Musicians—Fiction.
3. Alligators—Fiction. 4. Swamps—Fiction] I. Title.
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