When the stars began to twinkle on the mountain
Rip Van Winkle, one fine day, hit the hay
Once upon a midnight dreary as he pondered weak and weary,
Some-one sighed by the side
so they say, of his side.
With his head upon a pillow underneath a weeping willow,
He turned round and got an earful saw a couple looking cheerful
Took a peep then he went to sleep.
There to spoon, on their honey moon
Twenty years he lay asleep the Old Rip asked her for a kiss and
story goes, that is why
But I found out different from some one who knows.
Some one swung on Rip and closed his other eye.
CHORUS

Rip Van Winkle slept with one eye open Way up in the moun-

tain so high,

He saw the spooners under the trees,

Gay honey moongers learning to squeeze Down the moun-
tain he came every evening To watch his wifey all alone Oh!

He saw her dancing with a neighbor and then, Turned right around went up the

mountain again, Say, Rip Van Winkle slept with one eye open That's why he never went home.

Rip Van Winkle Slept etc 2