

GEORGIE'S BLUES

Mike Delaney 3/15/08

It's half past eight and he's still in bed
What's that knocking; it's not in his head?
It's Georgie's Blues
Ooh wee ooh wee ooh It's Georgie's Blues
Ooh wee ooh wee ooh It's Georgie's Blues
I go ooh wee ooh wee ooh to Georgie

The people outside; rolling and rocking
No door bells ringing; No one is knocking
It's Georgie's Blues
Ooh wee ooh wee ooh It's Georgie's Blues
Ooh wee ooh wee ooh It's Georgie's Blues
I go ooh wee ooh wee ooh to Georgie

Georgie rubs his eyes; to the window he goes
His head pops out and everyone knows
It's Georgie's Blues
Ooh wee ooh wee ooh It's Georgie's Blues
Ooh wee ooh wee ooh It's Georgie's Blues
I go ooh wee ooh wee ooh to Georgie

Georgie's like me; he has trouble rising
So tomorrow morning would you be obliging?
With Georgie's Blues
Ooh wee ooh wee ooh It's Georgie's Blues
Ooh wee ooh wee ooh It's Georgie's Blues
Can you go ooh wee ooh wee ooh to me?

Not a wake up call; It's joy we're bringing
On big guitars with lots of bluesy singing
It's Georgie's Blues
Ooh wee ooh wee ooh It's Georgie's Blues
Ooh wee ooh wee ooh It's Georgie's Blues
I go ooh wee ooh wee ooh to Georgie

Now there's this rumor that Georgie got revenge
After this week; Georgie must wait

Patient
Keep his cool

Now after this week, and I'm not lying
Georgie must wait till summer two thousand
nine
For more Georgie's Blues
No more Georgie's blues
Ooh wee ooh wee ooh No more Georgie's
Blues
Ooh wee ooh wee ooh No more Georgie's
Blues
No more ooh wee ooh wee ooh to Georgie

(Over the years as I've sat at breakfast here year after year, I've heard all the stories. That Georgie wasn't a camper at Geneva Point. That he was in France, in Italy, in Russia, on a chain gang, that he was a Gregorian monk, Well last night I learned the truth. Cutting through all the legends and rumors, and even lies. Sitting on the Inn Porch I saw Georgie. He was here all along. Sitting out on the porch, And he was waiting. Waiting through the fall, waiting through the winter, through the spring, and waiting through the early summer. He was waiting for Lorraine and Bennett to come along, with a bunch of fun-loving, musical folkies, to sit down on the Inn porch... to participate in a Slow Jam. This is the truth about Georgie.)

From Tom Wooters

Re: [samwwumb] Favorite moments

It's true, although the reason we adopted it remains shrouded by the mists of time.

It appears to be a traditional camp song. A Google search turned up many versions, including this one where Georgie gets the last laugh.

Tom

Georgie

Every morning at half past eight

I go "naaaah" to Georgie.

And every morning at half past eight

He goes "naaaah" to me.

No need to knock, no need to ring

For as I rub my eyes,

I open my window,

Pop out my head,

And go "naaaah" to Georgie.

Then one morning at half past eight

I went "naaaah" to Georgie.

Opened my window,

Popped out my head

Down came the window

Off rolled my head

And "naaaah" went Georgie.

bennett hammond wrote:

> For me, SAMW is a continuous peak experience. I am surrounded by
> all-stars. Every day at camp dawns with joy, begins with love and

- > excellent company, continues with good work, positive affirmation and
- > lunch, develops into soul-swelling satisfaction and the beach,
- > reaches awe and wonder at the faculty concert, cresting to total
- > arousal and ice-cream, and finally ending with utter exhaustion and
- > contentment after the slow jam. Outstanding amid this generally
- > scintillating over-stimulation, Thursday and Friday constantly erupt
- > into bright sparks of delight and gratification during the concert.
- >
- > The Reverend Robert Jones has been a living SAMW high point since the
- > very beginning. Those favored few lucky enough to have been on the
- > boat to Thompson Island remember the night Lorraine and Robert sang
- > gospel songs together. More people probably remember it than were
- > actually there, that's how legendary it was. Ever since, that gospel
- > session has been an iconic part of whichever week Robert is in.
- >
- > But Georgie is not original to SAMW. It is something people from
- > another group were doing at breakfast the week SAMW first got to
- > Geneva Point. For some reason SAMW has had to keep doing it without
- > them. It was Robert who first took that obligatory re-enactment of
- > someone else's meaningless camper ritual - the sort of thing that
- > makes those of us who did not go to camp as kids glad we didn't - and
- > transformed it into a delightful and deeply, if deliriously,
- > meaningful morning ritual all our own and unlike anything anywhere.

From Kevin Arnold:
Favorite moments

I know this subject has long gone by the boards, but my original attempt to send it did not make it to the listserve for whatever reason. I thought the new campers, and even some of the veterans who don't know the story might enjoy the info.

Yes. The secret is now out. We did not create Georgie. If I may sport my Cliff Claven cap once again... At the first breakfast of the first year at Geneva Point, I believe to take our collective minds off what we were eating (the food was not good back then...), we heard for the first time a little ditty about a boy named Georgie. Seems Georgie was a young lad who just did not enjoy rising early. He was a real-life boy, though a legend in his own time who really did stay in the inn during at least one summer retreat many, many years ago.

Robert's predecessor led that initial performance of "Georgie", as well as a few others during the course of the week. Her name was Dotty. She was a sweetheart. By the end of the week she couldn't wait until the next summer for us to return. I can't remember if it was the next year, or the year after, but Dotty stopped returning. I have a feeling that she's in the dining room in spirit at least two weeks every summer though...

Anyway, I think it might have been the Wednesday breakfast that Robert and his partner in the blues and mischief, Guy Davis could no longer hold back the first of the many "true Georgie stories" to come: Chapter 1 — Georgie was once an unfortunate, but highly musical member of a chain gang... We all learned how to swing a pick and go "WOOMP" that morning. And the rest, as they say (whoever they are) is history. Thank you Georgie. Thank you Dotty. Thank you Dick.