

SKI PATROL

by Bob Gibson, Jim Fuerst and Hans Wehrman

Rubato

Now ev-'ry sport has got its pa-tron saint, With whom it is, with-
what is he the fath-er of? It's not free wine, it's
out it aint, Foot-pads have their Doc-tor Scholl, So-cial-ists have
not free love. He did-n't find the dead sea scroll, He did-n't in-vent the
G. H. Cole cas-ser-ole, Or Bos-ton has its Ca-bot and Lowell, Ski-ing has
cas-ser-ole, Or e-ven the o-ri-gi-nal jal-ly roll, He cre-a-ted
— its Min-ot Dole! — Now
— the Ski Pa-troll —

Spoken: Tell me what is this ski patrol
That you give such honour to Minot Dole?

Rubato

She does-n't know a-bout the Ski Pa-trol, — She does-n't know a-bout
Min-ot Dole, — She does-n't know a-bout the ski Pa-trol, —
She does-n't know a-bout the Ski Pa-trol, — Or Min-ot
Brightly
Dole and the ski Pa-trol, Min-ot Dole and the Ski Pa-trol! —
Refrain Brightly
You're ski-ing a-long and a tree hits you hard,
(You're) schuss-ing a-long and the sky is so blue, A
There is no bran-dy and no St. Ber-nard, Yell for the
run-a-way ski just div-ides you in two, Yell for the

Ski Pa-trol Yell for the Ski Pa-trol! Yell for the Ski Pa-trol!

You're on the ski lift half way up the slope, In- stead of a
 You're at the sum- mit, a blis- ter- ing breeze, The hill is sheer

ca- ble there hangs a frayed rope, Yell for the Ski Pa-trol,
 Ice, the wrong wax on your skis, Yell for the Ski Pa-trol,

Yell for the Ski Pa-trol. The
 Yell for the Ski Pa-trol.

pow- der's so thick that it frost- ed your glass, But ski- ing does
 You meet a las- sie who real- ly can shake it, But when you're on

far more than this to your an- kles. The num- ber of
 skis e- ven Er-rol can't make it. You got a

spills are sta- tis- tic- 'ly few, But tell me who's
 good start then a mile from the top, You re- call you for-

count- ing when one of them's you, Yell for the Ski Pa-trol,
 got how they taught you to stop, Yell for the Ski Pa-trol,

Yell for the Ski Pa-trol! You're

12. ski Pa-trol!