12-1950

Hillman's Musical Milkmen Accompanied by Norm Lambert

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ANNOUNCER, IRVING HUNTER: Hillman’s Daily on the air. Hillman’s Dairy presents eastern Maine’s most popular song stylists Gene Hammons and Hugh Davis with Norm Lambert at the console. Don’t just say milk, say Hillman’s.

[Performers sing the following lyrics.]

Good evening, Mr. Hammons, [inaudible] in mind
Good evening, Mr. Davis, well you’re surely looking fine
We’re the Hillman’s Dairy boys on the air
So relax, take it easy in your easy chair
Ah, ah, don’t touch that dial yet
Lambert’s with us on the organ, and [inaudible]
On each and every Sunday night

Ever star above knows the one I love
Sweet Sue, just you
And the moon on high knows the reason why
Sweet Sue, it’s you
No one else it seems ever shares my dreams
And without you dear, I don’t know what I’d do
In this heart of mine you live all the time
Sweet Sue, just you

Put your arms around me, Honey, and hold me tight
Huddle up and cuddle up with all your might
Oh, gee, won’t you roll those eyes
Eyes that I just idolize
When they look at me, my heart begins to float
Then it starts a rockin’ like a motor boat
Oh, oh, I never knew any girl like you
HUNTER: Well, I’m not sure, but this might be a hint for some fan mail. Hillman Musical Milkmen sing *I’m Going to Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter.*

[Performers sing the following lyrics.]

I’m going to sit right down and write myself a letter
And make believe it came from you
I’m gonna write words, oh, so sweet
They’re gonna knock you off your feet
A lot of kisses on the bottom
You'll be glad you got 'em

I’m gonna smile and say "I hope you’re feelin' better"
And close "with love" the way you do
I’m gonna sit right down and write myself a letter
And make believe it came from you
[Repeated a second time through.]

HUNTER: For mothers everywhere, a tuneful tribute from the Musical Milkmen.

[Performers sing the following lyrics.]

My mom, I love her
My mom, you'd love her
Who wouldn't love her, my mom
That sweet somebody, thinks I'm somebody
My buddy, my sweetheart, my mom
Everything I do she's my only inspiration
Anytime I'm blue she's my only consolation
As years go on her
I gaze upon her
She's my Madonna
My mom

M [record skips a few times]
O means only that she’s growing old
T is for the tears she shed to save me
H is for her heart as pure as gold
E is for her eyes with love light shining
R [record skips] right and right she’ll always be
Put them all together, they spell mother
A word that means the world to me
My mom, I love her
My mom, you'd love her
Who wouldn't love her, my mom

HUNTER: Now some of that, Gene Hammons and Hugh Davis, [record skips].

[Performers sing the following lyrics.]

I want to go home with you
I want to go home with you
I want to meet the family
I'm sure that they'll approve of me
I wanna go home, with you!
And nobody else will do!
Kissing goodnight at your front door
Makes me love you more an' more
I wanna go home with you!

I want to go home with you
I want to go home with you
[inaudible]
Your lovely family
Keep my fingers crossed that they'll approve of me
I want to go home with you
And nobody else will do
Kissing goodnight at your front door
Makes me love you more an' more
I wanna go home with you!

HUNTER: For your listening enjoyment on the Sabbath we always include a sacred song on these weekly broadcasts. Our hymn for tonight, *Rock of Ages*.

[Performers sing the following lyrics.]

Rock of ages, cleft for me
Let me hide myself in thee
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure
HUNTER: Here’s one of those novelty songs with a non-sensical title, the catchy old favorite known as *Doodle-de-do*.

[Performers sing the following lyrics.]

Please play it for me,  
That sweet melody  
Called Doodle-e-do, Doodle-e-do  
I like the rest,  
But what I like best  
Is Doodle-e-do, Doodle-e-do  

Simplest thing,  
There isn't much to it,  
Don't have to sing,  
Just [record skips] doodle-e-doodle-e-doo  

Please play it for me,  
That sweet melody  
Called Doodle-e-do, Doodle-e-do  
I like the rest,  
But what I like best  
Is Doodle-e-do, Doodle-e-do  

Simplest thing,  
There isn't much to it,  
Don't have to sing,  
Just doodle-e-do it  
I love it so  
Wherever I go  
I doodle-e-doodle-e-doo  
I doodle-e-doodle-e-doo  

HUNTER: Hillmen’s Musical Milkmen with an old favorite, ideal for harmonizing, *Til We Meet Again*.

[Performers sing the following lyrics.]

Smile the while you kiss me sad adieu  
When the clouds roll by I'll come to you  
Then the skies will seem more blue  
Down in Lover's Lane, my dearie
Wedding bells will ring so merrily
Every tear will be a memory
Await and pray each night for me
Till we meet again

HUNTER: The finest milk is golden guernsey milk that comes from Hillman’s dairy in Bangor, so don’t say milk, say Hillman’s.

[Performers sing the following lyrics.]

Now, here’s a little secret, let us tell you why
Hillman’s Dairy has the milk that everybody buys
Now if you haven’t tried it
Better call them up right now
That luscious golden guernsey milk
From Hillman’s Dairy, wow!
Hillman’s Dairy, call Hillman’s Dairy
Dial 4767, call them up right now
Hillman’s Dairy, call Hillman’s Dairy
Dial 4767, call them up right now
Dial 4767, call them up right now
Dial 4767, call them up right now

HUNTER: Well, time’s up for now, but we invite you to join us again next Sunday at 6:15 when Hillman’s Dairy presents eastern Maine’s most popular song stylists, Gene Hammons and Hugh Davis with Norm Lambert at the console, and your announcer, Irving Hunter. The Hillman’s Dairy program is transcribed.

[Record skips a few times.]

[transcript ends]

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