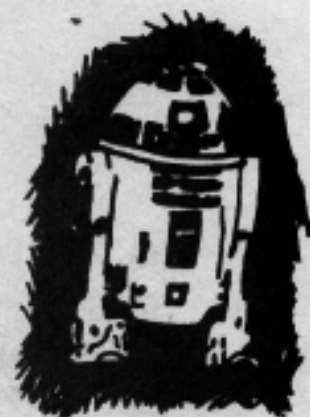


# STAR WARS FILK SONGS



The STAR WARS Filksong Book

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An Introduction to Unwary Readers-----

There are those of you who may not know Julia Howarth personally. Let me merely state, in the interests of Truth, that she is a corruptive, disruptive influence on anyone who gets to know her. Beneath that facade of being a mild-mannered mature genealogical researcher lurks the Real Julia----- who probably (almost certainly) belongs in a nicely padded cell. She uses her reputation for being slightly off the beam in a most unscrupulous way.....She plays on the old psychiatric tradition that madmen and women should be humored at all cost. You may see only a pretty girl with brown hair and a disarming smile----but Watch Out!

I don't know how she coerced the other hapless contributors into turning over their brainchildren to her, but she trapped me in a vulnerable position. After three days at Star Con San Diego and the four days before that spent in the day and night company of Jeri Woods and Julia Howarth, my resistance was low and my insanity level high. So, cramped in a Subaru with a maniac who kept raving that she needed more STAR WARS filk songs IMMEDIATELY, I cranked out my contributions while barricaded in my corner of the car, hoping that the sight of more filk songs appearing would keep her calm between Las Vegas and the time I could escape into my apartment in Salt Lake City.

So, for those of you about to read (or sing) your way through this collection and who marvel at the height (or depth----depends on your approach) of insanity manifest upon these pages, merely consider that the editor is Julia Howarth. Hopefully, you'll find these songs that she's gathered to be much like her----nuts, but a lot of fun.

Enjoy.

Claire Spencer

## EDITORIAL

If you get this far after that brilliant "introduction". . .

I would like to introduce myself. I am Julia Howarth. I am bright, adorable, perfectly mad and (of course) humble. (LIGHTNING BOLT. THUNDER CRASH!)

Less than a month ago I conceived the plan of a completely STAR WARS filk book. I got the idea when my mind kept wanting to write filk at work while my boss wanted me to type claims. Since Utah's own Saltcon was coming up, I decided to get said filk book out by October 14, so we could use it at one of our infamous 3 a.m. filksings. However, more than a week of that month was spent on the trip to California Claire mentioned, and while productive in mad filk, the trip did not aid my publication status any, since we returned with less than two weeks to go before Saltcon! So here I am, on the eve of Saltcon, publishing a much shorter and less elaborate book than planned. This might be called the preliminary run of the STAR WARS Filksong Book.

I hope to put out the longer, more elaborate (better illustrated, better layout. . .) book soon (like within a month) and will welcome any new filk or art. As Claire and I found out, once the muse strikes, it's hard to stop, and we should have lots more by then, so I hope you can think them up, with ours for examples.

So please, if you want more (and better) filksongs in the final edition of the book, send your songs to me, quick. The address:

Julia Howarth  
Starbase Two  
156 Third Ave.  
Salt Lake City, UT 84103

I know that you may not know some of the tunes used in this book. If you can't find the music and really do want to sing the song, write to me. I will endeavor to get the music or a reasonable facsimile thereof to you (especially to things like "Darth Vader Lives!" because no one I know has ever heard of "Monstro the Whale"). Please don't forget a SASE! I'm poor, as well as wonderful.

And now, enough on the editorial already! This is a filksong book, so on to the filk. I hope you enjoy singing them as much as we enjoyed writing them.

*Julia*

P.S. Contributors get free copies of the next filksong book. . .

THE STAR WARS FILKSONG BOOK

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THE REBEL BASE  
(Tune of "Sesame Street")  
BJ Browning

Lousy day  
Blowing the worlds away,  
On my way  
To where the action is:  
Can you tell me how to get,  
How to get to the Rebel Base?

Come and fight,  
Everything's dy-no-mite  
It's all right to fight  
The evil Empire!  
Will you tell me how to get,  
How to get to the Rebel Base?

It's a noble cause, you see,  
Fight to free both you and me  
From the terrible, from the horrible  
Empire.  
Would you tell me how to get,  
How to get to the Rebel Base?  
How to get to the Rebel base. . .

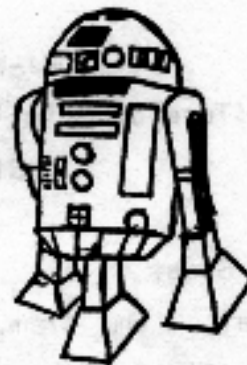
TWO LITTLE REBEL 'DROIDS  
(Tune of "Three Little Maids From School" from THE MIKADO)  
Julia Howarth

Two little rebel 'droids are we  
Sneaking down corridors carefully  
Don't want to be melted down, you see!  
Two little rebel 'droids,  
Two little rebel 'droids.

One rebel 'droid is Artoo Detoo  
Told by the princess what to do:  
He's got to carry his mission through!  
Two little rebel 'droids,  
Two little rebel 'droids.

The tall golden 'droid, See Threepio  
Fears to the spice mines they will go!  
How they'll escape he doesn't know.  
Two little rebel 'droids,  
Two little rebel 'droids.

Two rebel 'droids, the Empire's quarry  
'Cause of the Death Star plans they carry.  
Two little 'droids need sanctuary!  
Two little rebel 'droids,  
Two little rebel 'droids!



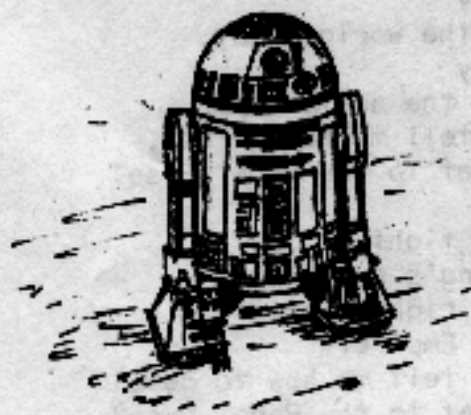
SEND ON THE 'DROIDS  
(Tune of "Send in the Clowns" from A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC)  
Claire Spencer

Isn't it weird,  
Almost obscene?  
Galaxy's freedom depends  
On two machines.  
Send on the 'droids.

But aren't they sweet,  
Charming and smart?  
Isn't it lucky they found  
Two 'droids with heart?  
Find those two 'droids.  
Send on the 'droids.

When all seemed lost, Vader most cruel  
Artoo would save all by sprouting new, secret tools.  
See Threepio to interpret those priceless 'droid bleeps.  
These 'droids will triumph over Darth's creeps. . .

Isn't it odd  
Funny to know  
That these 'droids steal ev'ry scene  
In this whole show?  
So cheer for the 'droids!  
Those marvelous 'droids,  
Artoo, See Threepio.



I'M OBI-WAN, THE GREAT, I AM  
(Tune of "I'm 'Energry the Eighth, I Am")  
Claire Spencer

I'm Obi-Wan, the Great, I am.  
Obi-Wan, the Great, I am, I am.  
I'm a Jedi of the Old Regime,  
Greatest general you've ever seen.  
And all the rebels call for Obi-Wan (Obi-Wan!)  
Darth Vader and the baddies have no chance! (No chance!)  
I am Obi-Wan Kenobi, I'm their only hope.  
Obi-Wan the Great I am, I am.  
Obi-Wan the Great I am.

REFLECTION  
(Tune of "The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down")  
Keegan

Han Solo is my name  
An' smuggling was my game,  
Then Luke and Leia came  
An' nothin' is the same.  
My old life has gone away  
Legality has become my way.  
Although I sometimes dream of what was  
Dreams don't relate with what is, because:

Chorus:

There is a universe to free  
(And riches to be gotten)  
There is a universe to free  
(And some debts to be forgotten)  
(An' Jabba says, "Ha, ha, ha, etc. . .")

Life ain't all what it could be  
A little less work'd help, maybe!  
But that's all I can see  
(Too bad for Chewie and me).  
I suppose I could go now  
But what'd I do, anyhow?  
I guess that I'm not paid very well  
But you know how that goes, what the hell.

Chorus

The days don't seem too long  
And the forces ain't too strong  
But I'll just hang on along  
Who knows, I may be wrong!  
I don't believe in the Force  
However, I may be wrong (of course).  
But that's the way these things seem to go  
(I may just make a profit yet, y'know).

Chorus





REFLECTION  
(Type of "The Night They Drove Old Dixie Out")

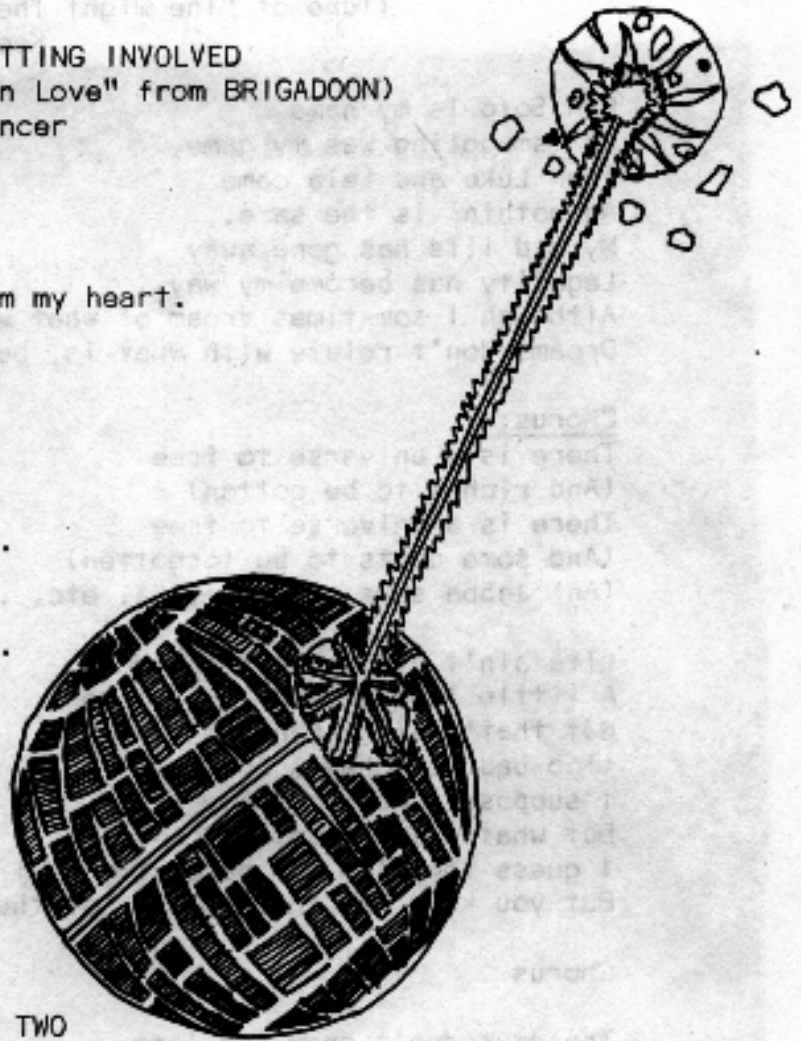
**I DON'T LIKE THIS GETTING INVOLVED**  
(Tune of "Almost Like Being in Love" from BRIGADOON)  
Claire Spencer

Verse:

Maybe my greed gave me the start  
And made me ignore all the warnings from my heart.  
Maybe I thought luck would help, too,  
But now I don't know what to do.

Refrain:

What a day this has been  
What a bad fix I'm in.  
I just don't like this getting involved.  
Vader's Raiders are near  
And they soon will be here.  
I just don't like this getting involved.  
All the gold that the Princess can give  
Won't be useful unless I can live.  
And from the way that things are  
On this cursed Death Star  
I have no more choosing.  
My life I'll be losing  
Because I have gotten involved.



EIGHT FOOT TWO  
Carol Andrus

Eight foot two, eyes of blue.  
Oh! What those eight feet can do!  
Has anybody seen my pal?

Turned up nose, jaunty pose,  
Great at coping with his foes.  
Has anybody seen my pal?

Now if you run into an eight foot two  
Covered with fur,  
Blaster belt across his pelt,  
Bet your life it's Chewbacca.

Oh, could he boo? Would he shoo?  
Should he be back in the zoo?  
Has anybody seen my pal?



HOW TO HANDLE A WOOKIEE  
(Tune of "How to Handle a Woman" from CAMELOT)  
Julia Howarth

How to handle a Wookiee?  
There's a way, says the Corellian.  
A way known by every Wookiee  
Since this whole galaxy began.  
It's not wise to upset a Wookiee  
He might pull off a leg or arm!  
So then how do you get to know one  
Without coming to great harm?  
How to handle a Wookiee  
With no fear of upsetting him?  
The way to handle a Wookiee  
Is to let him  
Have his own way;  
Simply let the  
Wookiee  
Win!

CHEWBACCA  
(Tune of "Galveston")  
Keegan

Chewbacca, oh Chewbacca  
I can see your blue eyes glowin'  
And your dark fur aflowin'  
In the Death Star's halls  
Runnin' after his calls.

Chewbacca, oh Chewbacca,  
Can you remember the saber's slashin'  
And Obi-Wan's empty robe crashin'  
By Vader's hand--  
His soul will stand.

Why was your world invaded,  
Taken by the Empire, sacked and raided?  
The dark hand closes tight,  
Nothing's left but silent nights.

Chewbacca, oh Chewbacca,  
Now it's done and over.  
You've gone with your fellow rover.  
The days have turned and burnt spurs on  
Save the next con. . .  
The next con.

In cantinas from Mos Eisley across the galaxy, and in odd moments aboard the Corellian freighter "Millenium Falcon," you may hear these--and other similar, but unprintable, verses--of a tune that is swiftly becoming a standard at drunken revels:

WHAT DO YOU DO WITH A DRUNKEN WOOKIE?  
(Tune of "What do you do with a Drunken Sailor?")

Chorus:

What do you do with a drunken Wookiee?  
What do you do with a drunken Wookiee?  
What do you do with a drunken Wookiee?  
Early in the morning.

Alternate Chorus:

Way, hey and round she orbits. . .

(Chorus and all verses follow the same pattern: repeat first line three times and add "Early in the morning.")

Verses:

Put him in a spacesuit and toss him out there. . .  
Down in the garbage, smelling something. . .  
Shave his fur and leave him naked. . .  
Throw him to the Dia Nogu. . .

(And on. . .and on. . . as long as your brains can make up verses!)

I WANT MY OWN WOOKIE  
(Tune of "I Want to be Happy" from NO, NO, NANETTE)  
Claire Spencer

I want my own Wookiee,  
But you don't own Wookies,  
'Til Wookies do want you to.  
But when they do want you  
Fur carpets will haunt you.  
Then you must think what to do.  
Though it is hard to tell Wookies "Goodbye!"  
You'd better do it or die.  
For when Wookies embrace you,  
Their strength will deface you.  
You don't want a Wookiee for you!

DARTH'S DILEMMA

(Tune of "I Wonder What the King is Doing Tonight?" from CAMELOT)

Julia Howarth

I wonder what Darth Vader's doing tonight,  
What deviltry can his brain be stewing tonight?  
It seems he's lost the plans; the 'droids have got away  
And where they might have gone the princess won't say.

And so he stalks the station  
Radiating his frustration.  
She resisted even when he used the Force!  
So is he thinking up more evil tonight?  
You bet!  
Of course!

I wonder what Moff Tarkin's planning tonight  
While battlestations he is manning tonight.  
The Death Star is complete, and Leia's in his hands.  
He's got to make her break, and yield to his demands.

He knows he must persuade her  
To tell him or Sith Lord Vader  
The location of the hidden rebel base.  
So Alderaan had better watch it tonight;  
He'll blow them out  
Of space!

You mean that the men who built this station  
Are stuck in this maddening situation  
Because of this princess, so petite and slight?  
Right!

These men with control of all the power  
Of half a star fleet sit and glower  
Because of what this princess can endure?  
Sure!

You mean that the Force is not enough?  
That Vader and Tarkin must get rough;  
That Leia still won't yield to such a stress?  
Yes!

Then Vader better think up something tonight. . .  
A trick? A ruse? A bribe? Abuse?  
Or the rebels will beat the Death Star. . .  
Tonight!

PRINCESS LEIA'S LAMENT  
(Sung to "On Top of Old Smokey")  
Claire Spencer

Within that black Death Star  
All filled up with gloom  
Darth Vader asked questions  
Of me in that room.

But I would say nothing  
That Vader could use  
But they made me an offer  
I couldn't refuse.

Then they broke their promise  
And blew up my home.  
And then they were angry  
That the rebels had flown.

So trust not a Sith Lord  
Or what he may say  
For I learned that lesson  
On the Death Star today.

---

Now, gentle readers. This filk song is a perfect example of the side of Julia that I was telling you about in the introduction. This is a Genuine Written-In-Ten-Minutes Filk Song that would never have seen the light of day except that Ye Fearless Editor decided that she needed a filler.....And since she was at my place.....And, like a fool I didn't run when I saw that gleam in her eye.....At any rate, I think the song's ridiculous, too, so don't blame me. It's Julia's fault. In fact, now that I think of it.....let's make EVERYTHING Julia's fault. Right?



OBI-WAN, OBI-WAN

(Tune of "Matchmaker, Matchmaker" from FIDDLER ON THE ROOF)

Claire Spencer

Obi-Wan, Obi-Wan, make me a knight.  
Make me a Jedi, teach me to fight.  
Make me a knight like my father before.  
The Jedi will rise once more.

Obi-Wan, Obi-Wan, though I am young,  
Feeble of mind, tactless and dumb,  
Show how the Force can remake anyone.  
A hero will I become.

Remember your debt to my father;  
The rebels are depending on you.  
And if you could get me the Princess,  
Well, that is an item I'd "handle," too.

Obi-Wan, Obi-Wan, teach me the way  
I can become like you someday.  
Helping rebellion and doing what's right.  
So teach me to fight,  
Help me grow up,  
Learn to face danger  
Without throwing up. . .  
And make me a Jedi Knight!



DIA NOGU

(Tune of "Oh, Susannah")

BJ Browning

Luke:

Oh he lives down in the garbage  
An awful dirty one.  
To be grabbed by him  
And taken down  
Just isn't any fun.  
Dia Nogu!  
Oh, please don't you get me.  
If you want to be a wrap-around  
Don't do it literally!

Han:

Oh in the garbage chute is he  
With other smelly junk.  
And you can shoot but never hit  
That tentacle hunk.  
Dia Nogu!  
Oh, please don't you get me.  
The reward I'll get is really big  
I'll live in luxury!

Leia:

Oh, he's yucky, slimy, stinky  
Elusive as can be.  
He grabs and takes  
Rejects or keeps  
And is useless thoroughly!  
Dia Nogu!  
Oh, please don't you get me.  
I'm on my way to the Rebel Base  
Besides, I'm Royalty!

Chewbacca:

Oh in that awful place he lives  
So nasty and scary.  
When he grabs at you  
You want to leave  
Even more if you're hairy!  
Dia Nogu!  
Oh, please don't you get me.  
I'm big and fast and really strong  
But I want my mommy!

LOVE SONG FROM LUKE  
(Tune of "Edelweiss" from SOUND OF MUSIC)  
Julia Howarth

Leia, love  
Leia, love,  
At the moment I met you  
Lost my heart.  
From the start  
I could never forget you.

Through all the troubles and pain we've shared  
I have cared;  
And wanted  
You to be  
Here with me,  
Our love forever undaunted.

FORCING EVIL

(Tune of "Singing in the Rain")

Claire Spencer

I'm Forcing evil here.  
I'm Forcing evil there.  
Got the satisfied feeling  
That evil's ev'rywhere.  
I'm laughing aloud  
At victims' alarm.  
They seem to object  
When I slice off an arm.  
But I don't have to stop.  
Even ones like Moff Tarkin  
Admit that I'm tops.  
I smile 'neath my mask  
At all the cries of pain.  
I torture them more  
'Till they're--screaming again.

I stride down the halls.  
Light-saber is near.  
I'm Forcing--  
Yes, Forcing Evil here!



DING, DONG, THE DEATH STAR'S GONE

(Tune of "Ding, Dong, the Witch is Dead" from THE WIZARD OF OZ)

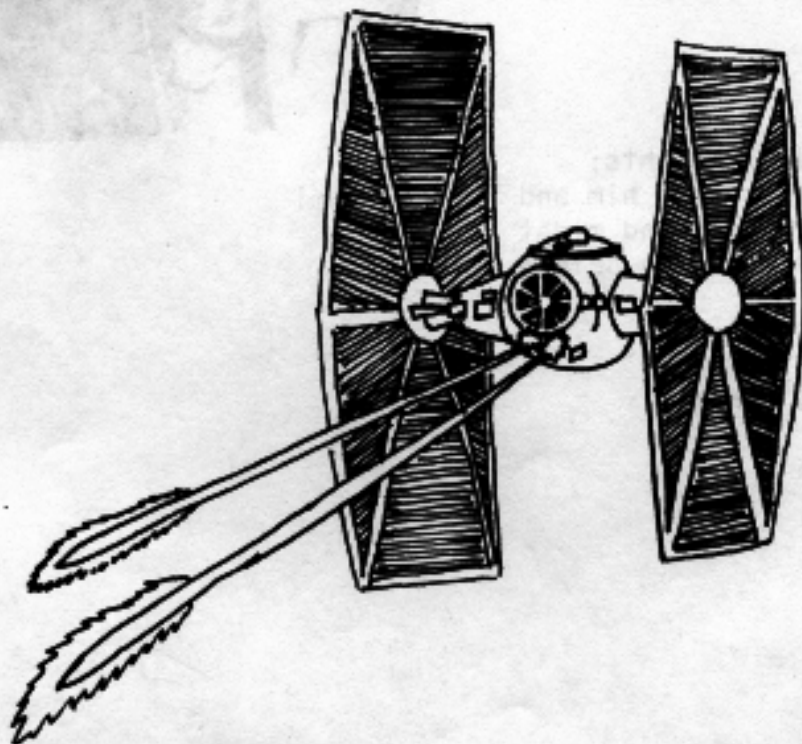
Julia Howarth

Ding, dong, the Death Star's gone!  
Drink a toast to Luke and Han.  
Ding, dong, the evil Death Star's gone.

Cheers for the fighter crew,  
Cheers for Chewie and Artoo.  
Ding, dong, the evil Death Star's gone.

It seemed like a hopeless fight  
But all our brave and selfless men  
Flew out into the night  
To try to save us.

Ding, dong, the Death Star's gone!  
So we'll celebrate 'til dawn.  
Ding, dong, the evil Death Star's gone.





DARTH VADER LIVES!

(Tune of "Monstro the Whale" from PINOCCHIO)

Julia Howarth

Somewhere in space an evil power  
Waits for his proper day and hour.  
Darth Vader lives!  
You'd better watch your back.

His only goal in life, of course, is  
To overwhelm the rebel forces.  
Better beware!  
Who knows when he'll attack?

At the destruction of the Death Star  
In his crippled fighter  
Vader escaped: to wait it out  
'Til times for him were brighter.

He can break  
A neck with one shake.  
He's evil through and through.  
He perverts the Force  
And that's not the worst  
Darth Vader would do.

He can frown  
And shoot a man down  
While standing cool and calm .  
He can kill a girl  
Or destroy a world  
With never a qualm!

He hunted down the Jedi Knights;  
Killed the men who'd trusted him and trained him!  
He sold his soul for power and might  
And his conscience never even pained him.

Watch out for him:  
In his heart grim  
A flame of vengeance burns.  
So you rebel men  
Best be careful when  
Darth Vader returns.





VADER VOCALIZES  
(Tune of "Somewhere" from WEST  
SIDE STORY)

Claire Spencer

There's a place for me.  
Somewhere a place for me.  
Crimes and murder I will admit  
I'll commit---somewhere.

There's a time for me.  
Someday a time for me.  
Time for pillage and torture rare,  
Time to practice atrocities there.  
Someday....  
Somewhere....  
I'll find a way of divorcing  
Failure from evil I'm Forcing  
Somewhere....

There's a time for me  
New sets of crimes for me.  
They think Vader is finished here.  
I'll return undiminished here!  
Somehow....  
Someday....  
Somewhere....

#### REFLECTIONS

(Tune of "The Way I Always Heard It Would Be")

Keegan

Lord Vader stands alone in his world of dark.  
Nothing changes but what is now.  
What is can be altered.  
The only question is how.  
Time can be changed by one who is strong.  
Black gloved fist clenches and breath rasps  
And slowly the hand unclasps.  
Waiting is a game few can grasp.

The Empire stood before and it shall stand again.  
Dark visored head moves slowly and thoughts swiftly race.  
That which wa, will soon regain its rightful place.  
The power will be his again.

Vengeance will be his for what has been wrought.  
His power shall increase tenfold  
Encompassing all he sees.  
All will be his to hold.  
The Jedi are gone as is Tarkin's leash----  
There are no orders to be done  
His will is alone, unfettered.  
An Empire to be begun (again).