

# Cabbage

## The Smothers Brothers

(Marshall Ronald Dean/Traditional)

\*Full title: "Boil Them Cabbages Down"

[SINGING]

Boil that cab-bage down, boy.  
Turn them hoe-cake 'round.  
The on-ly song we sing . . . . .  
(Joobie-doobie, wha-wah-wah) Hehe!

[SPEAKING]

(DICK) Now what was that?

(TOM) That was a little jazz . . .hahaha!

(DICK) Very little jazz.

(TOM) Just wanted to make the point that I've got soul.

(DICK) Alright--you've got what???

(TOM) Soul.

(DICK) That's soul?

(TOM) That is soul.

(DICK) Oh . . . how nice.

(TOM) Filet of sole.

(DICK) "Filet of sole!" --Hahahaha!

[SINGING]

Boil that cab-bage down, boy.  
Turn that hoe-cake 'round.  
On-ly song I ever did sing  
Is 'Boil That Cabbage Down'

Boil that cab-bage down, boy.  
Turn that hoe-cake 'round.  
The on-ly song I ever did sing  
Is 'Boil That Cabbage Down'

[SPEAKING]

(DICK) Take it Tom!

(TOM) No.

I said "no," I didn't want to take it.

(DICK) No, no, don't. You're not supposed to sing that.

(TOM) Well sometimes I've felt he doesn't feel like playing--he just stands right up and says "no."

I didn't wanna--I didn't know it would upset you this much.

I just don't want to fake it.  
(DICK) I just want to get to the song.  
(TOM) Too bad you caught me on an off-night, like that.  
I just don't want to fake it when a fella stands up and says--  
(DICK) Tom, folk singers always "TAKE IT."  
(TOM) I just, I--  
(DICK) You know that?  
You haven't even read the 'Folk Singer's Guide Book.'  
(TOM) You uh--  
(DICK) You haven't even read the 'Folk Singer's Credo.'  
(TOM) You--  
(DICK) You don't know what it IS to be a folk singer.  
(TOM) Oh--  
(DICK) You're a big phony.  
(TOM) You--oh yeah?!  
(DICK) Yeah.  
(TOM) Tommy, have you read the Folk Singer's Credo?  
(TOM) Yeah well--  
(DICK) Are you a folk singer?  
(TOM) Yes I are.  
(DICK) Have you read the guide book?  
Right--and you read the credo.  
Remember when you got the guitar--it came with a book?  
It came with a book and an Arthur Godfrey chord changer.  
(TOM) Yeah, I rem--Mom read it to me.  
(DICK) Yeah okay, what does the folk credo say?  
That all folk singers are obligated . . . to do what?  
Obligated . . . to do what?  
(TOM) I, I, I don't remember what it said in there.  
(DICK) C'mon . . . "all folk singers are obligated . . ."  
(TOM) . . .To take it.  
(DICK) That's right. He said "to take it."  
(TOM) If you feel like it. If you're--  
(DICK) NO, it doesn't say "if you feel like it!"  
It says "all folk singers are obligated to 'take it' without hesitation, without thinking.  
They're to 'take it' like a reflex."  
(TOM) You--  
(DICK) Take it Tom--boom, boom, boom!  
So when I say "take it," I want to see you hop-to-it all the time, every time.  
(TOM) Dickie the dictator!

[SINGING]

(DICK) Boil that cab-bage down . . .take it Tom!  
(TOM) Boom, boom, boom, all the time . . .hehe!

[SPEAKING]

Hundreds of years ago, the railroads started in America.  
Rugged men of yesteryear went around the vast wilderness of early America,  
With a great dream in their minds, and vision in their eyes.  
And big nine-pound hammers clasped in their hands.  
These were men of yesteryear building a vast railroad,  
A vast spiderweb of steel rails spanning across the width and breadth of the country.  
Coiling and inching their way into the--uh, unlucky old, uhhhh.  
They inched and coiled their way across the vast bosom of America.  
Thought I'd throw a little sex into the show . . hehe!

(DICK) Alright, alright!

(TOM) But this wasn't just a fun job.

(DICK) You're a real garbage-mouth, you know that?  
You're talking about history, remember?

(TOM) Well there was--there--these railroad men--it WASN'T fun . . .  
They faced dangers!

These men of yester--where ever they went, there lurked dangers.  
Some of the railroad men--they'd, be working in the mountains,  
And in the mountains, there's a lot of . . .lot of dangers lurking in the mountains--these railroad men sometimes  
would stop, at--like at night, when they were resting . . .  
Sometimes there's--the nerve of some--some of the nervous railroad men--they'd jump outta bed in the middle  
of the night and say . .

"Eh, I saw a--a danger lurk!"

(DICK) Well what kind of dangers?

(TOM) There was dangers lurking in the mountains and they had to build the railroads across . . . raging deserts  
and blazing rivers and across the plains of America and there lurked dangers!

(DICK) Tommy . . . "raging deserts and blazing rivers?"

(TOM) They were tough man! To get across those!

(DICK) Yeah! I think so.

(TOM) And these rail men--to make it even worse, they--they were fearless men, they had to build the railroads  
. . . wait till you hear this!

They had to build the railroads across crevasses!  
Deep crevasses in the ground--these rail men had to span these crevasses . . . with, big railroad pretzels and in  
the bottom of the crevasses . . . often times in the bottom of these crevasses there lurked pumas!

Vicious pu--that's right! Pumas with claws and foam coming out of the puma's mouth--

(DICK) That's wrong! There wasn't--Tommy that's wrong--

(TOM) And they had bad breath too!

(DICK) There weren't any pumas down there--

(TOM) There was pumas! And these railroad men, they'd say "Wow! Look at those pumas down there in that  
crevasse!"

(DICK) Now stop it! There weren't any pumas--

(TOM) "Hey, I don't wanna build a railroad across this crevasse!

I don't care what you say, there's pumas!

(DICK) Tommy, for cryin' out loud! There were NO pumas in the crevasses.

(TOM) There was too--

There wasn't even one puma in one crevasse.

(TOM) There was, there was--

(DICK) No there was not.

(TOM) There was three pumas in that crevasse . . .

Momma puma and poppa puma and a baby puma.

"Who's been sleeping in my crevasse?" haha!

(DICK) Alright now.

Tommy . . . you want me to tell you why there were no pumas . . . in the crevasses?

(TOM) There was pumas.

(DICK) You want me to tell you why?

There--the reason there weren't any, is that we don't have any pumas in this country.

You see? There are no pumas in America.

(TOM) We--we accept everybody in America Dickie.

(DICK) That's right. We do.

But do you want to keep your story truthful?

(TOM) Yes I--

(DICK) Historically correct.

(TOM) Yes I do.

(DICK) Okay, get rid of the pumas right now.

(TOM) Heh! . . . I'm not goin' down that crevasse!

Well there was these vicious beasts in these crevasses.

And these railroad men were sore afraid.

And these railroad men come up to these crevasses and they'd say . . .

"Wow! Look at those vicious beasts in the crevasses!" heh!

"Sure smell like pumas!" heh!

(DICK) Cut that out!

But they worked.

(TOM) They worked. And these railroad men were sore afraid.

Yet the railroad was completed.

Yes Americans, we can look back with pride on the historical achievements of American history.

Where these men of yesteryear completed this giant task--the transcontinental railroad.

It took a Herli-cure-lean effort of the part of these men.

But the task was completed and--and you probably think--if I wonder--when's this song comin'? . . . Maybe.

Well a big feast transpired and the sole substance for this feast for these ravenous . . . railroad men of yesteryear--in this big feast--the sole substance was hotcakes boiled in cabbage juice.

Big giant uh, pancakes umm, boiled in a pot of uh, cabbage juice for uh, several hours.

(DICK) Ew . . . yick!

(TOM) Then they'd eat it . . . hehe!

(DICK) Ew!

[SINGING]

Hotcakes and cabbage juice,

Those guys all think its swell!

But every time I eat the stuff,

I always feel like . . .bleh!

Oh, Boil that cab-bage down, boy.  
Turn that hoe-cake 'round.  
The on-ly song I ever did sing  
Is 'Boil That Cabbage Down'

Workin' on the railroad,  
Workin' all day long.  
Take it . . .

[BIG APPLAUSE INTERLUDE]

[SPEAKING]

(TOM) Well, well, well!

When someone says "Take it," you're supposed to take it!  
I suppose you've read the Folk Singer's Credo--you shot your mouth off about it enough!

And then when I say "take it," ya didn't take it!

When someone says "take it," you're supposed to take it or aren't you a folk singer?

(DICK) Tommy . . . I'm very sorry. Tommy, I'm very sorry, I--

(TOM) Don't get belligerent! I--why didn't ya take it?

When someone says--

(DICK) I'm not trying to get belligerent because you were absolutely right.

(TOM) Boy that really makes me angry when a guy doesn't take it!

(DICK) That's right. And it makes me angry too.

And I think anybody that doesn't take it should be . . . severely chastised Tommy.

'Cause you were right, The way you said "take it," was in the true folk tradition.

You stood up there on your own two feet and you said "take it" with authority.

You knew what you were doing.

You were a--a man who knows where he's going.

That's the way you were, you said "take it" . . . and I didn't take it.

I know that I didn't take it. I don't know . . . what happened.

I--I assumed--you see, I assumed you were going to take it.

(TOM) Well you were supposed to--

(DICK) I know it, I'm supposed to take it.

A folk singer should never assume anybody else is going to take it.

And I should've--I should've known. I should have been alert and I--I wasn't.

I--I guess my mind was just wandering, that's all, and I--I apologize for not taking it, ya know.

I assure you I'll do my best to see that it--it never, ever happens again.

Honestly.

(TOM) I'll let it go this time.

[SINGING]

Workin' on the railroad,  
Workin' all day long.

Take it . . .  
Working, working, working, working, working, working, working!

Boil that cab-bage down, boy.  
Turn that hoe-cake 'round.  
The on-ly song I ever did sing  
'Boil That Cabbage, boil that cabbage, down boy'  
Turn that hoe-cake 'round.  
The on-ly song I ever did sing was  
'Boil That Cab-bage Down' . . . (boil, boil, boil, boil, boil, boil)  
Dooooooooown!

[APPLAUSE TO FADE]

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Lyrics submitted by Doug Hoyer.

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