

# FAMILY TREE

Words and Music by  
John Forster and Tom Chapin

It's fun to really make a family tree. Get a big sheet of paper and write down every member of your family you can think of: mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, uncles, cousins, grandparents. Ask the oldest ones to tell you about other members you never knew. Then you can draw up your official family tree with every "branch" and "twig" and "leaf."



Moderate 2, with a bounce ♩ = 108

D
G
D
A

D

1. Be - fore the days of Jel - lo lived a  
2.3. See additional lyrics

A7

pre - his - tor - ic fel - low who loved a maid and court - ed her be -

D

neath the ban - yan tree. And they had lots of chil - dren and their

A

chil - dren all had chil - dren. And they kept on hav - ing chil - dren un - til

G A D D

one of them had me. We're a fam -

Bm A G D A/C#

'ly, and we're a tree. Our roots go

Bm Bm/A E7 A G

deep down in his - to - ry, from my great - great -

A D F#m D G

last time: { grand - dad - dy } reach - in' up to me; we're a green and  
 { grand - moth - er }

D A To Coda D G

grow - ing fam - 'ly tree.

D A 1. 2. D

2. My

3. D D

4. The folks in Ma - da - gas - car aren't the

A

same as in A - las - kar; — they got dif - f'rent foods, — dif - f'rent moods\_ and

D

dif - f'rent col - ored skin. You may have a

A

dif - f'rent name but un - der - neath we're much the same. — You're prob - a - bly\_ my

G A D

cous - in, — and the whole world is our kin. We're a

*D.S. al Coda* §

Coda

tree. We're a green and

grow - ing - fam - i - ly.

*Additional Lyrics*

2. My grandpa came from Russia; my grandma came from Prussia;  
They met in Nova Scotia, had my dad in Tennessee.  
Then they moved to Yokahama, where Daddy met my mama.  
Her dad's from Alabama and her mom's part Cherokee. *(To Chorus)*
3. One fine day I may go to Tierra del Fuego.  
Perhaps I'll meet my wife there and we'll move to Timbuktu.  
And our kid will be bilingual, and though she may stay single,  
She could, of course, co-mingle with the king of Katmandu. *(To Chorus)*
4. The folks in Madagascar aren't the same as in Alaskar;  
They got different foods, different moods and diffrent colored skin.  
You may hays a different name, but underneath we're much the same.  
You're probably my cousin and the whole world is our kin. *(To Chorus)*