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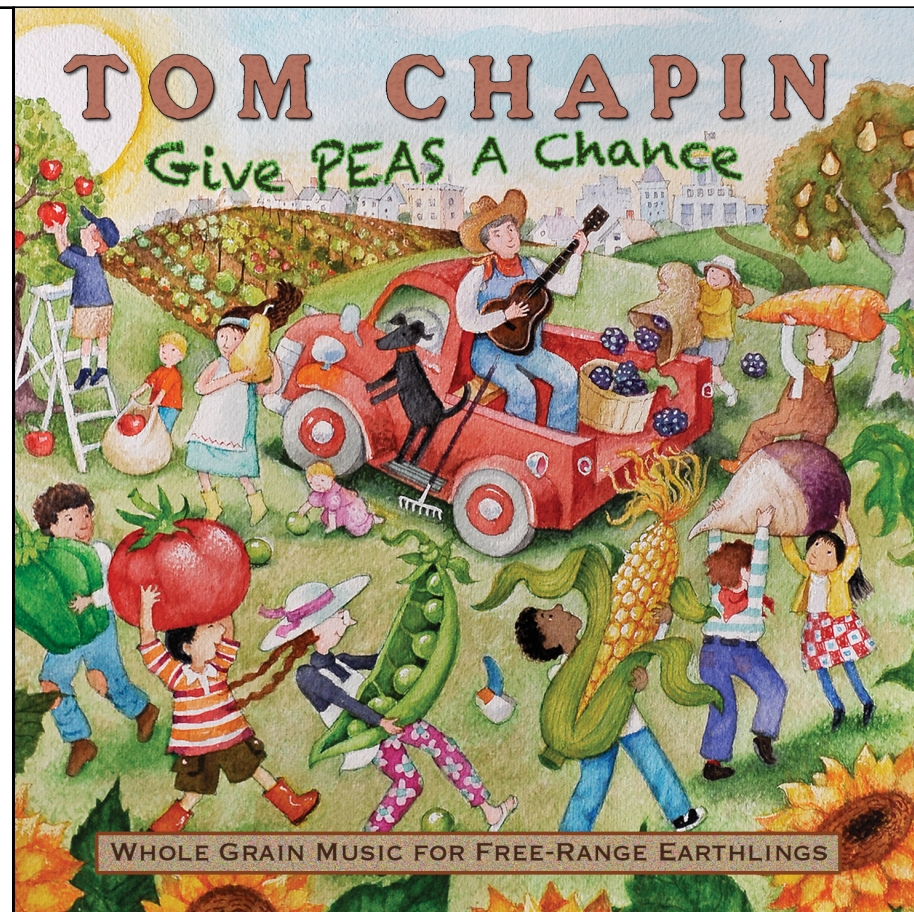
My brother Harry Chapin co-founded **WhyHunger** in 1975. I have been a proud board member since the beginning, and have seen how WhyHunger has touched the lives of millions of people as a strong advocate for innovative, community-based solutions to hunger and poverty.



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You can get more information about hunger and poverty in America and you can make a donation by contacting:

WhyHunger, 505 Eighth Avenue,
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Phone (800) 5-HUNGRY



Farmer's Market Good

by Michael Mark & Tom Chapin
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It's early morning, not quite four.
The farmer's up and out the door.
On little farms all through the state
They're loading bushel, box and crate.
And while you're sleeping safe and sound
The farmer's driving to your town.
Bringing fresh grown, fresh-picked
Food your way as the sun wakes up the day.
*At the Farmer's Market close to home
All the food you'll find there is locally grown.
Like a farm once a week in your neighborhood
It's Farmer's Market good.*

And in the park, some local gents
Set up the tables and some tents.
The little trucks come rolling in
And soon the market can begin.
Flowers straight from the flowerbed
And some fragrant, still-warm bread.
Fruits and veggies of every shape and size
And delicious home-baked pies.
*At the Farmer's Market close to home
All the food you'll find there is locally grown.
Like a farm once a week in your neighborhood
It's Farmer's Market good.*

Good for your breakfast, good for your lunch,
Good for your dinner too.
Good for the farmer, good for the family,
Best of all good for you.

The market changes every week
Depending what crop's at it's peak.
First there's rhubarb, lettuce, peas,

Then spinach and strawberries.
And local peaches are so nice
And watermelon by the slice,
Heirloom tomatoes, corn so tall
And apples in the fall.

Good for your breakfast, good for your lunch,
Good for your dinner too.
Good for the farmer, good for the family,
Best of all good for you.

So if it's still a bit too hard
To try and till your whole backyard,
There's a place right down the street
Where all your savvy neighbors meet.
And like the seeds that the farmers sow
Your whole community will grow,
'Cause beside all the best that the farmer sends,
You'll find a brand new crop of friends.

*At the Farmer's Market close to home
All the food you'll find there is locally grown.
Like a farm once a week
In your neighborhood
It's Farmer's Market, Farmer's Market,
Good for the farmer, good for your family,
Farmer's Market good!*

Don't Try It On Me

by Michael Mark & Tom Chapin
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Dinnertime, I can hardly wait
As I run to the table,
What's that on my plate?
I hope that there's something
That I recognize,
Dinnertime is no time for surprise.

Ah good, that's chicken,
And that looks like peas,
But what's this
That looks like an elephant sneeze?
"It's potatoes au gratin, a new recipe."
Mom says,
"Try it, you'll like it, just try it, you'll see."
Try it, you'll like it. I've heard that before.
I just want to eat. I don't want to explore.
Try it, you'll like it. Try it, you'll see,
You can go ahead and try it,
Just don't try it on me.

My Mom uses the kitchen
Like some mad scientist,
The stuff she calls food
Makes a frightening list.
She's cooks capers and curry
And Dungeness crab.
She says, "Try it, you'll like it."
What am I, a rat in a lab?

Now, I tried ratatouille, I tried couscous.
I tried calamari and babaganoush,
Please give me something that I recognize,
The dinner table is no place for surprise.
Try it, you'll like it. Hey, this tastes okay.
Then I sneak it to the dog
When Mom's looking away.
Otis takes a sniff
And looks at me suspiciously.
He says, "You go ahead and try it,
Just don't try it on me."

Maybe someday I'll cook up dinner my way,
Maybe I'll surprise Mom on Mother's Day
With a grilled cheese sandwich,
A side of pizza and fries,

A hot dog with ketchup
And two banana cream pies.
I'll plop it on her plate
And when she looks at me
I'll say, "Try it, you'll like it, you'll see."
Try it, you'll like it, it sure looks good to me.
You'll notice there's no brussels sprouts,
Spinach, okra, asparagus, endive or broccoli.
No, I don't want it simmered,
Smoked or sauteed,
I'll pass if it's parboiled
Or poached or pureed,
I don't have to try it, I can already see.
I don't have to try it to know I don't like it,
I'm not gonna try it 'less you batter and fry it.
I won't change my diet
So PLEASE don't try it on me.

Chain Of Food

by John Forster & Tom Chapin
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(ASCAP)

Life on earth needs fuel to run
(Talkin' 'bout the chain of food.)
We get our fuel from the light of the sun.
(Talkin' 'bout the chain of food.)
How to use that sunlight energy
To power the likes of you and me?
Well that's the trick you're about to see.
(Talkin' 'bout the chain of food.)

And the geniuses behind this dance
(Talkin' 'bout the chain of food.)
Are the quiet heroes we call plants.
(Talkin' 'bout the chain of food.)
And the trick that only plants can do
Is mix water, dirt and CO2

With sunlight and convert 'em to
The great stuff we call food.

So think of a leaf or a tree or a shrub
(Chain, chain, chain)
As sunlight that's been changed to grub!
(Chain, chain, chain)

So an antelope eats a leafy plant
(Talkin' 'bout the chain of food.)
'Cause the plant makes stuff
That an antelope can't.
(Talkin' 'bout the chain of food.)
So the antelope gets fuel to run
Through the chemical trick the plant has done
With light waves shining from the sun.
(Talkin' 'bout the chain of food.)

And all those plants the antelopes eat
(Chain, chain, chain)
Become delicious antelope meat
(Chain, chain, chain)
To feed the next link in the chain,

Hear a hungry lion roar
(Roar!)
An antelope's what she's looking for.
(Talkin' 'bout the chain of food.)
That solar power she's gonna score
Was stored as plant, then herbivore
And now it'll fuel this carnivore.
(Talkin' 'bout the chain of food.)

So that's how light waves from our star
(Chain, chain, chain)
Can turn up at the salad bar
(Chain, chain, chain)
And out there where the wild things are.

Grow Your Own

by Michael Mark & Tom Chapin
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In first grade you get a little paper cup,
Potting soil to fill it up,
Teacher sends you home with a pumpkin seed.

Put it in the window, warm and light,
Give a little drink each and every night.
Sunshine and water are all you need
To grow your own, grow your own.

Soon you'll see the very first bloom
From your own little farm
In your own little room, just grow your own.
Diddle ee diddle eye diddle-iddle ee doh (3x)
Just grow your own.

A few years later in Earth Science class
Clear a little corner of the High School grass,
Fence and trellis and rows of seeds.
Chess team'll come and measure the plants,
Dance club'll water them before they dance,
Football team come and pull the weeds.
Grow your own, grow your own.
Friends in the garden on bended knee
Sprouting like a bean or a sugar pea,
Just grow your own.
Diddle ee diddle eye diddle-iddle ee doh (3x)
Just grow your own.

Someday you'll be living on the 14th floor
High up above the city's roar,
Make a little space on the balcony.
Get soil and seeds and red clay pots,
Cultivate cukes and cherry tomatoes,
A whole bunch of basil and parsley.

Grow your own, grow your own.

Pesto sauce has extra charm
When it's grown in your very own
High-rise farm, grow your own.
Diddle ee diddle eye diddle-iddle ee doh, (3x)
Just grow your own.
Grow your own, grow your own.

Someday when you're walkin' past an empty lot
Your friends and you will hatch a plot,
To bring it back to life once more.
So you clean out the garbage
And the cans of oil,
Spread some clean organic soil.
Make a city garden with an open door
Grow your own, grow your own.

'Cause food tastes better when you grow it up
From a city garden or a paper cup,
Just grow your own.
Diddle ee diddle eye diddle-iddle ee doh (3x)
Just grow your own

For a little bitty kid or a full-grown man
Or a little old lady with a watering can,
It's all the same and simple plan,
Just grow your own.

Beans Talk

by John Forster & Tom Chapin
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When you're in the White House Garden,
You see a lot of things,
You meet the Press, you're in the public eye.
You're lionized by statesmen,

Fertilized by kings.
It seems history is always passing by...

I'm a beanstalk in Michelle Obama's garden,
When she's talking food,
I'm right there at her side
As we work to get third graders
To eat less fried potatoes
And try some vegetables they've never tried.

I'm a beanstalk in Michelle Obama's garden,
Hand-picked to be a very special thing;
A natural role model, not from a can or bottle,
Who gets served to Queen Elizabeth or Sting.

I'm BFF with Sasha and Malia,
A hero to the K through 7 set.
It's lovely to be needed
And it's heaven to be weeded
To be treated with organic mulch, and yet

For plants like me
Who choose to serve their country,
We sometimes lie awake real late at night
Feeling sad for vegetation
Out there across the nation
That's suffering from aphids, drought or blight.

There's no higher call
Than serving in the Garden,
A member of the few, the proud, the Greens.
As we try to change the way
That kids eat every day
And their strange ideas
Of what nutrition means.
Michelle has talked the talk,
Now we must stalk the stalk
And trust it's more than just a hill of beans.

Locally Grown

by John Forster & Tom Chapin
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(ASCAP)

If I were an apple I'd be very unhapple
Traveling 4000 miles or more
From far off Tasmania,
In a shipping contain-ia
To a shelf in a New Jersey store.

Why should I be tortured
When some New Jersey orchard
Would be totally thrilled to the core
To pick me and crate me
And load me and freight me
Not 4000 miles, but 4.
*An apple should be not far from the tree
Where it ripens in the fall.
Locally grown and locally eaten
Is globally good, good, good for us all.*

If I were a berry I expect I'd be very
Contrary and hardly inclined
To get shipped out from Chili
To a store in North Philly,
Hey, I'd have to be out of my mind.
It seems paradoxical and carbon dioxical
That we force all our food to commute
Wasting gallons of fuel,
Which we know isn't cool
For people or planets or fruit.
*A berry is fine not far from its vine,
Near the farmer's market stall.
Locally grown and locally eaten
Is globally good, good, good for us all.*

So when you're walking the aisle

Past a beautiful pile
Of the fruit you might want to take home,
Do not buy for your table
'Til you check out the label
And determine how far it did roam.
Aside from the karma of helping the farma
Who lives in your county or state.
There is one more good reason
To buy what's in season
The taste is incredibly great!

*So keep buying foods from regional dudes,
Keep your carbon footprint small.
Locally grown and locally eaten
Is globally good, good, good for us all.
Good, good, good for us all.*

The Ultimate Lunchroom

by Tom Chapin & John Forster
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I come in every morning at seven.
I leave every day about four.
My job is to set up the lunch line,
And clean it up after the war.
To the students at William McKinley,
I am not just a lady who stands
At the steam table there with a net in my hair
And the plastic gloves over my hands.

I am part the Ultimate Lunchroom,
And the food here will open your eyes:
Every dish is delish and extremely nutritish,
Every meal is a total surprise.

If you've never had bing cherry tacos,
Well lucky you, here's your big chance.

Plus a dandelion pie and a special stir-fry
Made of backyard collectible plants.

And the hot whole grain breads from our oven
Make a sandwich you'll never forget,
Like the mackerel melt over sourdough spelt
Or the shrimp on a buckwheat baguette.

It's all part of the Ultimate Lunchroom,
Where we nurture the Culture of Try.
Where we serve only food
That was born to be chewed
And that tastes like the 4th of July.

Every morning we head for the garden
And pick what looks good to our eyes,
If it's fennel or turnip
Our cook's gonna churn up
A turnip and fennel surprise.

And as teachers and kids eat together,
Exploring what's there on each plate,
Where it's from, how it grew
Why it nourishes you,
Lunch becomes more than just what you ate.

Chowing down in the Ultimate Lunchroom,
New connections are easy to see
'Cause the gravies and dressin's
Are edible lessons digested with each recipe.
It's just how every class ought to be,

If you've ever been stuck in a lunch line
Then you know just how slow it can be.
That does not happen here
'Cause there is no cashier
And you don't have to pay, 'cause it's free.

And the food is all served on real dishes,
So less plastic and no Styrofoam.
And we compost at school
Which turns out to be cool
Because now the kids compost at home.

And when they're leaving
The Ultimate Lunchroom
The kids and the teachers all say,
As they gather their books
And they wave to the cooks,
"Thanks a lot, it was far and away
The most interesting class of the day."

Every Body

by John Forster
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Whether narrow or wide
There are wonders inside everybody.
There is joy, there is pride,
Curiosity inside everybody.

For health and strength and beauty
Come in every shape and size
And no one has the right to criticize.
So let's all celebrate
Every height, every weight, every body,
Every quirk, every gene,
And the differences between every body.

'Cause health and strength and beauty
Come in every shape and size.
Our differences are blessings in disguise.

From the shell of our skin
To the feelings within everybody,

May we value and love,
May we be respectful of everybody.

Every boy, every girl,
In the whole of the world, everybody,
Every one, every two,
Every me, every you, everybody.

Whether narrow or wide
There are wonders inside everybody.
There is joy, there is pride,
Curiosity inside everybody.

Every boy, every girl,
In the whole of the world, everybody,
Every one, every two,
Every me, every you, everybody.

The Honeybee Waggle

by John Forster, Michael Mark & Tom Chapin
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The Last Music Co. (ASCAP)

I found some nectar. I brought it home
To show everybody in the honeycomb.
I've got some samples,
So foragers, gather 'round.
Gonna dance you directions
To the stuff I found.
Bzzz bzzz The Honeybee Waggle.
Bzzz bzzz Show you where...
Bzzz bzzz The Honeybee Waggle.
Watch and you'll get there,
As I walk a line, waggle and then
Turn in a circle and do it again.
It's a GPS right here in my pants,
The Honeybee Waggle Dance. Yeah!

Bzzz Ooo. Bzzz Oh! Bzzz Wow!
Bzzz Let's go! Bzzz

Ten degrees west of the sun.
Squadron ready for a nectar run.
Distance? Check. Bearings, too.
Plus we've got another job to do.
Spreading pollen bloom to bloom,
Watch the flower population boom.
Buds'll bud. Roots'll root.
We make sure that every fruit will fruit. Yeah!
Bzzz bzzz The Honeybee Waggle.
Bzzz bzzz Not too far...
Bzzz bzzz The Honeybee Waggle.
Where the flowers are.
Pollinate left, some pollen sticks.
Pollinate right and the pollens mix.
It's a male and female flower romance
From the Honeybee Waggle Dance.

Flying home all loaded up,
Clear sweet nectar from a buttercup.
A field of flowers filled this sack.
Come on, fellas, help a bee unpack!
Chew it up and spit it out.
Show what honey making's all about.
Spread it and let it evaporate.
Seal it up with wax and celebrate. Yeah!
Bzzz bzzz The Honeybee Waggle.
Bzzz The original agro-biz...
Bzzz bzzz The Honeybee Waggle.
The sweetest dance there is.
The lindy hop at a fancy ball
Won't make any kind of food at all.
A waltz, a tango, buck 'n wing
Ain't gonna pollinate a single thing.

But the Honeybee Waggle feeds the hive,
Keeping the whole wide world alive.
So if you happen to live on plants,
Be grateful for this happenstance:
That reproduction's not by chance.
It's the Honeybee Waggle Dance.
Bzzz The Honeybee Waggle Dance!

Rappa Dappa Doodle

by John Forster & Tom Chapin
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(ASCAP)
With a nod to John Lennon.

Rappa dappa doodle,
Rappa dappa doodle,
Here's a little song about,
Rappa dappa doodle,
All the foods that I can do without.

Rotten apple, rotten apple
Hanging from my tree.
Rotten apple, rotten apple,
Stay away from me.
Staining my apparel, stinking up the barrel,
Don't be a rotten apple hanging from my tree.
Rappa dappa doodle, rappa dappa doodle,
Hanging from my tree.

Couch potato, couch potato
Planted on my couch.
Couch potato, couch potato,
Don't be such a slouch.
You haven't moved since Easter,
So get up off your keester,
Don't be a couch potato planted on my couch.
Rappa dappa doodle, rappa dappa doodle,
Planted on my couch.

Top banana, top banana, this is how I feel,
Top banana, don't go out
Unless you've got a peel.
Everybody's fed up with your birthday get up.
Top banana don't go out
Unless you've got a peel.
Rappa dappa doodle,
Rappa dappa doodle,
'Less you've got a peel.

One smart cookie, one smart cookie,
Oh how smart you are.
But you're not the only cookie
In the cookie jar.
While you're out there bragging,
All of us are gagging.
You're not the only cookie in the cookie jar.
Rappa dappa doodle,
Rappa dappa doodle,
In the cookie jar.

Rappa dappa doodle,
Rappa dappa doodle,
There's one special food
Guaranteed to put you
In a rappa dappa doodle mood...

Peas be with you, peas be with me,
Peas are pretty plants.
Peas deserve a lot of credit,
Let's give peas a chance.
Grab yourself a plateful,
You will be so grateful.
All we are saying is give peas a chance.
Rappa dappa doodle,
Rappa dappa doodle,
Let's give peas a chance!

Life Grows On

by Michael Mark & Tom Chapin
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Springtime, we plow the field. Life grows on.
Long furrows made to yield. Life grows on.
Seeds dropped into the soil,
Tended with love and toil.
Life grows on and on and on.

Rain falls and splits the seed. Life grows on.
Seeds drink the life they need. Life grows on.
Shoots find the sun-drenched days,
Fields turn a new green haze.
*Life grows on and on and on. Life grows on.
Life grows on. Life grows on and on and on.*

Leaves sprout on plant and tree. Life grows on,
Blossoms attract the bee. Life grows on.
Buds fall and fruit is born,
Beans, barley, pumpkin, corn,
*Life grows on and on and on. Life grows on.
Life grows on. Life grows on and on and on.*

Comes the gathering time
On every branch and stalk and vine.
Time to harvest what we've sown,
Pick what's sweet and ripe and grown.

And in time fields are stripped and bare,
Life grows on,
Turn it under, leave it there.
Life grows on.
Wait for the spring and then
Plow all the fields again,
*Life grows on and on and on.
Life grows on. Life grows on.
Life grows on and on and on.*

The Junk Food Pyramid

by John Forster, Michael Mark & Tom Chapin
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The Last Music Co. (ASCAP)

I got the munchies in the snack food aisle.
I filled my basket with a big fat pile.
Of the cream-filled crud
On the supermarket shelf.
Suddenly I found myself...
In the Junk Food Pyramid.
The Junk Food Pyramid.
Chugging through the chambers,
Creeping through the crypts,
Desperate for a soda pop and chips.
I thought I had it bad, nothing could be worse
Than the curse of the Junk Food Pyramid.

I started scarfin' everything in sight.
Felt like a mummy
Who was wrapped too tight.
Sugar, fat, salt, grease, clogging up the room,
Sealed in a hydrogenated tomb.
In the Junk Food Pyramid.
The Junk Food Pyramid.
Great big gobs of saturated fats
Dripping off the hieroglyphic cats.
Everything was sweet, now it's the reverse,
It's the curse of the Junk Food Pyramid.

King Tut was standin' by the deep fat fryer,
Crankin' out the crullers
As the flames shot higher.
I ate a bag of donuts, my brain went clang,
Went into sugar shock as Nefertiti sang...
Whipped cream and chocolate kiss.
High-yiyiyiyiyiyi-high fructose.
Sweet dreams are made of this.
High-yiyiyiyiyiyi-high fructose.

I dropped my donuts and jumped in the Nile
I got myself back to the snack food aisle.
Left my basket right there on the floor,
I'm never going back no more...
To the Junk Food Pyramid.
Junk Food Pyramid.
Sugar made me crazy, sugar made me crash.
Here's the latest junk food - news flash!
Don't do what I did, kid, just do what I say:
Stay far away from the Junk Food Pyramid.

Slow Food

by John Forster & Tom Chapin
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(ASCAP)

Turn off the TV. Try a new recipe.
Tonight will be 'bout family,
Family and you and me and slow food.

Warm up the big old pot.
Throw in the stuff we got.
Cook up the kind-a meal that time forgot,
It's slow food.

Happy to be with you
Now that the day is through.
Nothing we have to do
But chat and chew our slow food. Slow food.
Nothing we have to do
But chat and chew our slow food.

Life is a run around from place to place.
Home is a settle down, familiar ground,
Face to face.

What did you do today?
Give me a play by play

Talking our cares away,
We linger over slow food. Slow food.
Talking our cares away,
We linger over slow food.

Slow food. Slow food.
Nothing we have to do
But chat and chew our slow food.

Enough For Everyone

by Michael Mark & Tom Chapin
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There is food for everyone,
Father, daughter, mother, son.
There's enough for everyone
In our green and growing home.

In the desert, in the rain,
From the mountain to the plain,
There's enough for everyone
In our green and growing home.

Everyone, no matter who,
There's a place reserved for you.
There's enough for everyone
In our green and growing home.

There is food enough to share,
Up to us to get it there.
There's enough for everyone,
In our green and growing home.

There is food for everyone,
Father, daughter, mother, son.
There's enough for everyone
In our green and growing home.
In our green and growing home.