

# Little Cabin in the Woods Medley

## Performed by the Transparencies

### at Staff Christmas Party, Fri., Dec. 27, '96

Performers: Guitars: Richard Pepper and Shawn Minor; Bass: Robin Harbron; Accordion: Mike Hurlbert; Drums: Darren Foulds; Hunter: Carly McKeever; Bunny: Erin Harbron; Grunge vocals: Chris Minor

Narrated or sung by Richard unless otherwise noted:

In our never-ending search for camp songs to demolish, we have found yet another one:

#### Original

G                    D    G  
Little cabin in the woods. Little man by the window stood.  
                    Am        C    D                                    G  
Saw a rabbit hopping by, knocking at his door.

Now, hang on a sec here. Now, when I learned this song from Dale Jansen. Sarah's mother taught me this song and I learned it. It's translated from German; I don't know how good her German is. But I learned it as "frightened as can be", you see. Now, we're using this version here, kind of, for our purposes, but I want you to think about it, though. "Saw a rabbit hopping by, knocking at his door." Now which is it? Is he hopping by or is he knocking at the door? Or is he hopping by AND knocking at the same time?

G    Am    C    G  
"Help me. Help me. Help!", he said. "Lest the hunter shoot me dead."  
  Em                                        Am    D    G  
"Come, little rabbit, come with me. Happy we will be."

But on the other side of the forest where things are much, much more **Country!**

(Same chords)

Little cabin in the woods. Little man by the window stood.  
Saw a rabbit driving by in his four by four.  
"Help me. Help me. Help!" he cried. "For my wife just up and died."  
"Come, little rabbit, c'mover here. Have yourself a..." Hey!

But on the other side of the forest where things are much, much more **Disco!**

"Sung" by Darren with actions by all except Richard who was operating the cheesy keyboard:

Disco cabin in the woods.  
Little man by the window stood.  
Saw a rabbit hopping by,  
Knocking at the door.  
"Help me. Help me. Help!" he said.  
"Lest the hunter shoot me dead."  
"Come, little rabbit, come inside,  
So that you will be Stayin' Alive. Uh uh uh uh. Stayin' Alive etc.."

Cont'd

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But on the other side of the forest where things are much, much **jazzier**.

Guitar: Richard

Mouth trumpet: Richard

Vocals: Mike

Little cabin in the woods. Little man by the window stood

Saw a rabbit hopping b-b-by, frightened as can b-b-b-be.

“Help me! Help me! Help!” he said.

“Lest the hunter shoot me dead.”

“Come, little rabbit, come inside.

Safely to ab-b-b-bide.”

Mouth trumpet: Richard

Drum solo: Darren

Accordion: Mike

Guitar (and accordion noise by Mike): Richard

But on the other side of the forest where things are much, much more pre-Glasnost **Russian**

Acted out by Carly and Erin.

Little Kremlin in the woods. Little comrade by the window stood.

Saw a comrade hopping by, knocking at his door.

“Help me. Help me. Help me, Red, lest the capitalist shoot me dead.”

“Come, little rabbit, come with me. You can trust me; I’m the KGB.”

Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ho ho ho

The bunny is knocking and he’s knocking at the door.

And he’s hopping and he’s knocking. and he’s hopping and he’s knocking.

Hey, you’re at the wrong part....and he’s knocking at the door.

Blah blah blah....

Benny the Bunny ha ha ha ha ha

In Russian

Larianov, Fedorov, Mogilny, Nemchinov.

Krivokrasov, Fetisov, Titov, Konstantinov.

Zelapukin, Khabibulin, Zhamnov, Rucinsky.

Teverdovsky, Kovalenko, Bure, Bure!

Lapinsky. Lapinsky. Lapinsky. Lapinsky.

Lapinsky. Lapinsky. Lapinsky. Yah!

Lapinsky. Lapinsky. Lapinsky. Lapinsky.

Lapinsky. Lapinsky. Lapinsky is dead!

The Bunny. The Bunny. Oh, I love the Bunny.

I don’t love my Mum or my Dad, just the Bunny.

The Bunny. The Bunny. Yes, I love the Bunny.

I’d give everything I have for the Bunny.

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But on the other side of the forest, yet another side, things are lot more **Rock 'n' Roll**:

There was a little cabin way back in the woods, where lived a little man who by the window stood.  
He saw a rabbit who was hoppin' by, strummin' on his guitar. My oh my!  
"Come, little rabbit, jam with me in the key of G."  
Go! Go, Bunny, go! Go! Go, Bunny, go! etc..  
Bunny B. Goode.

But on the other side of the forest where things are much, much **rappier**.

Rapped and sung by Mike (to the "tunes" of the Fresh Prince theme and Gangstas' Paradise):  
Now this is a story all about how my life got flipped, turned upside down.  
Now it'll only take a minute, so just sit right there. I'll tell you how I got done almost medium rare.

Now I'm a bunny and that makes this a hip hop song.

In the west side of Dorion born and raised. In the forest is where I spent most of my days,  
Chewing on flax 'n' relaxin' in the garden or shootin' some b-ball with Michael Jordan,  
When a couple of hunters, who were up to no good, started shooting bunnies in my neighbourhood.  
And I got frightened when I saw a gun at my head, 'cause that's when the hunter tried to shoot me dead.

We're all running for our lives 'cause they've got arrows, guns and knives.  
It's hard not to get sliced and diced, living in a hunter's paradise.  
They think I taste good with rice. They've got big appetites.  
If you're a bunny, take my advice: stay away from hunter's paradise.

I looked in the window of the cabin as I ran right near and I thought I saw a moose or a bison or deer.  
But I looked again. What did I see inside there but a dark skinned man without any hair?  
I ran up to the cabin 'bout three or four, yelling help me, help me, help me and pounded on the door,  
When the man in the cabin named Philip Banks grabbed me by the neck and said "slurp Thanks".

Now why did he look so kind to me when what he loved was rabbit stew and tea?

Little cabin in Bel Air. Big hungry man without any hair saw a rabbit hopping by, frightened as can be.  
"Help me! Help me! Help me! Help!" he said. "Lest the hunter shoot me dead."  
"Come, little rabbit. Come, little rabbit. Come inside safely... safely to be fried."

No more bunny but on the other side of the forest where things are much, much **grungier**.

Chris Minor growls a shortened version of the Grunge Attakattanoova.