

Clyde Monster (Tune: Clementine)

**Clyde, the Monster, Clyde, the Monster,
Growing uglier every day
He was typical—breathing fire
Turning somersaults every way**

**Clyde, the monster, Clyde, the monster,
Did not like to sleep at night
He was thinking—there were people
Who would scare him, they just might**

**Clyde, the monster, Clyde, the monster,
Often thought, it has been said
That the people—boys and girls
Hid themselves under his bed**

H. Nolan

