

I'm a solid member of your club
And "Grace"-ful too I'm told;
Guess if you can but I will ne'er
My name to you unfold.—Cho.

I'd be a member of your club
And report its trials fair,
If you would only furnish me
A strong reporter's chair.

So please omit the chorus here
As I do not belong;
And go right on and finish up
Your very pretty song.

I am a member of your club,
They call me *Israel*.
To get me out to dance a jig
Just suits you all too well.—Cho.

I am a member of your club,
My name I need not tell;
But when I come you all may know
That Grace is here as well.—Cho.

I am the chairman of the club
That was billed to sing in sport;
You did not know that singing was
The chairman's leading forte.

I'm sure you'll all repent the joke
And ne'er ask me again;
So I'll forgive you one and all
And now will say Amen.—Cho.