



**3<sup>rd</sup> Edition**  
**Songs, Poems, Stories**  
**and More!**

Edited by Bob Felice

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# Introductions

## **Introduction to the 1st Edition**

When I attended my first Go Congress three years ago I was astounded by the sheer number of silly Go songs everyone knew.

At the next Congress, I wondered if all these musical treasures had ever been printed. Some research revealed that the late Bob High had put together three collections of Go songs, but the last of these appeared in 1990. Very few people had these song books, and some, like me, weren't even aware that they existed. While new songs had been printed in the American Go Journal, there was clearly a need for a new collection of Go songs.

Last year I decided to do whatever I could to bring the AGA Song Book up to date. I wanted to collect as many of the old songs as I could find, as well as the new songs that had been written since Bob High's last song book. You are holding in your hands the book I was looking for two years ago.

It goes without saying that this book could not exist without the hard work of many people, but I will say so anyway. To begin with, we would not have anything to print without the creative efforts of our many gifted authors.

But we would also have very little to publish without the diligent efforts of our archivists: Terry Benson, Barbara Calhoun, Craig Hutchinson, Chris Kirschner and Roy Laird.

I would especially like to thank Mary Laird, who made my job much easier when she turned a great deal of the text into computer readable form.

I also wish to acknowledge The British Go Association, especially T. Mark Hall and Francis Roads, for giving us permission to reprint our favorite BGA songs.

Finally, and most importantly, it would not be possible to publish this book without a grant from the American Go Foundation.

Thank you, everyone.

It has been an honor for me to be associated with this project. I hope you enjoy these wonderful songs. And I hope to see **you**, AGA Song Book in hand, at the next U.S. Go Congress songfest!

Bob Felice  
July 1998

## Introduction to the 2nd Edition

In the introduction to first edition of the AGA Song Book, I recounted the story of how I came to the editor of this fine publication.

What I did not share with you was all of the difficulties I faced as editor: how problems with the printers forced me to abandon the original format of the book and jettison much of the work that was slated for publication; how all my efforts were almost thwarted at the last minute by the Santa Fe Kinkos Intellectual Property Police (or how AGA President Roy Laird came to my rescue at literally the last minute to save the day!)

And I don't plan to say any more about those problems here: for these are tales best served up late at night over a cold beer.

I can tell you that all of the material that had to be scrapped for the first edition of the Song Book was preserved, and has found a home in this second edition. I can also tell you that I have been able to include a few gems that, for one reason or another, could not be included in the first edition.

Of course, I have also included all of the winning entries and honorable mentions from the last four Bob High Memorial Song Writing and Poetry Competitions.

And finally, I have been able to include a few more of our favorite songs from the BGA song book.

My special thanks to Chris Kirschner for organizing the Bob High Memorial Song and Poetry competition every year, and also to Ron Snyder, who so ably leads the judging.

I also wish to acknowledge The British Go Association, especially Andrew Grant, Francis Roads and David Sutton, for giving us permission to reprint some more of our favorite BGA songs.

It is always an honor for me to be associated with this project. Once again, it is my hope that you will enjoy these wonderful songs. Let's get together and sing them at the next Go Congress!

Bob Felice  
March 2002

## Introduction to the 3rd Edition

It's been 4 years since the previous edition of this Song Book appeared, which means that it's time to issue a new edition, incorporating the material from the Song Book Supplements.

It's also time to correct a few typos that alert readers and singers have spotted!

And it's a good time to point out that the AGA Song Book (and the Supplements) are available on-line for free download at the AGA web site. The current location is the Bob High Memorial Library page:  
<http://www.usgo.org/bobhighlibrary/>

As both editor and a frequent contributor to the Bob High Memorial Song Competition, I would like to share with you my Three Rules for Making a Good Go Song. I learned these rules the hard way, and you could save yourself some time and energy by reading them before you start writing your next Go song.

### Rule Number 1: A good Go song is sing-able.

There's no use trying to do a Roy Orbison song (ask me sometime for a rendition of "Only the Lonely"/"Only the Komi", and you will see what I mean). Similarly, no matter how inviting Queen's "Bohemian Rhapsody" may appear (for example, the line,

Oh mama mia, mama mia.  
Mama mia, let me go

just *begs* to be re-written as:

Oh, Takeyima, Takeyima,  
Takeyima, let's play Go!

there is no getting around the fact that the late Freddy Mercury had an enormous vocal range, and most of us are nowhere nearly as gifted as Mr. Mercury was.

So, stick with melodies that can be sung by normal people :)

### Rule Number 2: A good Go song is well known.

This means that you should not, for example, waste your time on Talking Heads tunes. Even relatively popular songs, such as "Once in a Lifetime" are unknown to your average judge (trust me on this :)

Similarly, Green Day and Coldplay are out, no matter how talented these groups may appear to you.

Any song that appears on the oldies radio station is a safe bet, as are folk tunes. And do not be put off by the fact that a particular tune is already in the Song Book: the judges will not pass over your entry if your song is good.

### Rule Number 3: A good Go song is clever.

I put this rule last for good reason. Most people have a very clever idea for a song that breaks one of the 1st two rules. Don't waste your time on such a song, unless you are writing it for your own amusement.

Also, don't write a whiny Go song. This isn't a rule, but as Ron Snyder points out, we already have enough whiney Go songs, and I expect that the judges are tired of hearing songs about groups that died when they should have lived and so on.

People are always a good subject for songs, and if you have come to a few Congresses, you may have already found some potential candidates. Note that it's all right to (gently) exaggerate a characteristic, but please, don't be malicious.

All right, then. It's time to start composing entries for next year's Congress. And, speaking of next year's Congress, don't forget to download, print, and bring your copy of the Song Book! I'll see you there!

Bob Felice  
June 2006



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# FOLK & TRADITIONAL SONGS

## Battle Hymn of the 30 Kyu

After "The Battle Hymn of the Republic"

By Robert Sloan

He was just a rookie 30 kyu and surely shook with fear.  
He'd only played a game or two but - the Congress it was near.  
While standing in the check-in line the voice inside his ear  
Said "You ain't gonna win no games."

*Chorus:*

Glory! Glory! What a congress.  
Glory! Glory! What a congress.  
Glory! Glory! What a congress,  
But he ain't gonna win no games.

His alarm went off at six and he prepared for his first game.  
He waited for the pairings and looked thru them for his name.  
He found his board and his first foe: five years of age she claimed!  
And he ain't gonna win no games.

*(Chorus)*

He recorded every move and took them to analysis.  
The pro looked at the game and asked, "Why did you play like this?  
He didn't have an answer and the audience tsk-tsked.  
He ain't gonna win no games.

*(Chorus)*

He signed up for a simul game, with a 7P.  
He took nine stones and played his best, it was a sight to see.  
And when the game was done he found that all his groups were - Dead!  
And he ain't gonna win no games.

*(Chorus)*

The last round came and there he was, his record: zero-five.  
He thought about the self-paired, crazy go, and nine by nine.  
He thought about the friends he'd made and all the fun besides.  
And he finally won a game!

*Final Chorus:*

Glory! Glory! What a congress.  
Glory! Glory! What a congress.  
Glory! Glory! What a congress,  
And he finally won a game!

## The Battle of Britain

after "I've Been Working On The Railroad"

by Roy Laird

We've been working on our go game  
In the USA  
Guess it's time to go to London,  
Just to play on New Year's Day  
European Go's been growing  
For forty years or more —  
That's the reason why we're going:  
To even up the score!

Playing thick or thin....we are sure to win  
That's the way we feel today-ay-ay  
Not afraid to cut...we're gonna see what  
Happens when we play.

Stonehenge isn't made out of go stones  
Stonehenge isn't go stones,  
You know-ow-ow-ow  
Kindly handicap us with no stones —  
What a groovy games is go!

Fuss, fight, fiddle, find a ko,  
Fuss, fight, fiddle, find a ko-o-o-o  
Fuss, fight, fiddle, find a ko —  
What a groovy game is go!

## Bob High

after "Joe Hill"

by Roy Laird

I dreamed I saw Bob High last night  
And he was playing go.  
This game we love will never die,  
I know — he told me so...  
I know, he told me so.

He tapped his foot, pulled his mustache,  
It seemed he was behind —  
But then cried he, triumphantly,  
"How could I be so blind —  
How could I be so blind?"

He won the game, then said, "Go is  
The greatest game man's made!  
The world would be a better place  
If everybody played —  
If everybody played."

"It's more than just a game," said Bob,  
A saying that was wise.  
He did what we all have to do—  
He tried to organize —  
He tried to organize.

I dreamed Bob played white stars, like stones  
Across a darkened sky —  
This game we love will never die,  
And neither will Bob High...  
And neither will Bob High.

---

Note from Roy Laird: This song was written as several of us prepared, with high hopes, to attend the 1989 London Go Congress.

# The British Invasion of the USA

after "Turkey In The Straw"

by Francis Roads

Oh it may be a coupla hundred years  
Or more,  
But we Brits know the game,  
And we have kept the score,  
Oh we know our modern history  
And what occurred  
When the Yankees cocked a snook  
At our King George the Third.

*Chorus:*  
*But in 1989 the Brits came back,*  
*Once more we were there*  
*On the Yankees' track.*  
*Ain't got no arrow, ain't got no bow,*  
*But we'd got determination,*  
*And we all played go.*

In the North-east corner  
They made their first move,  
Of the British taxes  
They could not approve.  
Oh we didn't really mind  
If they just wanna be free,  
But they're really naughty chaps  
For wasting all that tea. *But in...*

Oh we British knew  
Our joseki just fine,  
So we wore red coats,  
And we stood in line.  
General Washington didn't know  
The way to play,  
So he ripped the British troops  
Off with a hamete. *But in...*

So they played their fuseki  
In the Yankee style,  
And the Indians played  
The white stones for a while,  
They woke up one morning  
To a nasty surprise,  
When they found their General Custer  
Couldn't make two eyes. *But in...*

In the middle game they made  
Themselves a big moyo,  
And they gave it names  
Like Tennessee and Idaho,  
There was North and South Dakota,  
Minnesota and Nebraska,  
And they gave the Tsar of Russia  
Fifty dollars for Alaska. *But in...*

Then in 1941  
They had to fight quite hard,  
With a sente yose  
In their own back yard.  
After General MacArthur's  
Long vacation in Japan,  
You'd have thought  
That all the Yankee troops would be six dan.  
*But in...*

Now the Brits and the Yankees  
Are friends once more,  
'Cause liberties are what  
We both are fighting for.  
International brotherhood  
Is all very well,  
But when we play them go,  
We're gonna give them hell! *But in...*

## Buddy, Can You Spare an Eye?

after "Buddy, Can You Spare a Dime?"  
by Karen Gold

Once I built a moyo, made it strong;  
Made it with walls thick and high.  
Once I built a moyo, now it's gone.  
Buddy, can you spare an eye?

Once I touched a weak stone, made it strong,  
Thought I'd develop outside.  
Once I touched a weak stone,  
now mine's gone.  
Buddy, can you spare an eye?

Once I played tenuki, I was done,  
I didn't need to reply.  
Once I played tenuki, I was wrong!  
Buddy, can you spare an eye?

Built another moyo, made it tall,  
Wall eight or nine lines high.  
Opponent had a ladder, I read it wrong.  
Buddy, can you spare an eye?

## Cho Chikun

after "Joe Hill"  
by Marilyn Stern

I dreamed I played Cho Chikun last night  
And claimed a victory.  
Says I to Cho, "Your group is dead,"  
"It never died," said he.  
"It never died," said he.

"In sente, Cho, I killed your shape  
I thought I had it read."  
Says I, "Great God, that group is large."  
Says Cho, "And it ain't dead."  
Says Cho, "And it ain't dead."

"With damezumari I framed you, Cho,  
I got you, Cho," says I.  
Takes more than that to kill a pro:  
Says Cho, "I did not die."  
Says Cho, "I did not die."

He was sittin' there assured of life  
And thinking of the prize.  
Says he, "What you forgot to kill  
Went on to make two eyes —  
Went on to make two eyes."

From San Diego up to Maine  
Wherever folks play go,  
Where black and white engage in fight  
It's there that you'll find Cho —  
It's there that you'll find Cho.

## The Coming of the Pro

after "The Battle Hymn of the Republic"

by Susan Weir

Mine eyes have seen the glory  
Of the coming of the pro,  
She has cast the fatal stones of death  
On each board where she goes  
My moyo's down to six points  
From her terrible swift ko  
Her stones, they ne-ver die.

*Chorus:*

Glory, glory, attach, hane,  
Glory, glory, eight live, six die,  
Glory, glory, make a real eye,  
Her stones, they ne-ver die.

I sat down to a teaching game,  
My handicap was nine,  
She made a knight's approach  
And my move answered her in kind,  
I thought I had the corner,  
'Cause my stones were in a line,  
But her stones, they ne-ver die.

*(Chorus)*

My side stones, they became  
Cut off inside a wall of white  
I tried to make them live,  
But it became a downhill fight  
Then she turned back to my corner  
And bore down with all her might,  
And her stones, they ne-ver die.

*(Chorus)*

After the corner died,  
I looked around the board and thought  
That if I could keep connected,  
A good fight could still be fought  
But 'twas easier said than done,  
And all my efforts came to naught  
And her stones, they ne-ver die.  
*(Chorus)*

By the middle game,  
My whole position was a mess  
And with each ensuing move,  
My territory became less  
I shrugged my shoulders  
And I thought "perhaps I should try chess?"  
'Cause her stones, they never died.

*(Chorus)*

## The Cliffhanger

after "She'll Be Comin' Round the Mountain"  
by Bruce Wilcox

You'll have played a great fuseki when it  
comes, (2x)

You'll have played a great fuseki  
Using no moves that are shaky,  
You'll have played a great fuseki when it  
comes.

You'll have managed through the midgame  
when it comes. (2x)  
You'll have managed through the midgame,  
And none of your groups he did maim,  
You'll have managed through the midgame  
when it comes.

It will happen in the endgame when it  
comes. (2x)  
It will happen in the endgame  
And it sure will be a big shame,  
It will happen in the endgame when it comes.

You will risk damezumari when it comes. (2x)  
You will risk damezumari  
When it happens you'll be sorry  
You will risk damezumari when it comes.

## Congress Farewell

after "Jamaica Farewell"  
by Mike Ryan

Down de way where the shodan play  
An 'de lamplight sparkle on the tabletop,  
I took a ride with me schemes inside  
An' when I reach de Congress I make it stop,

*Chorus:*

But I'm sad to say I'm on my way  
Won't be back for many a day  
My stones are all down  
My clocks not turning around  
I had to leave our little group in  
Lancaster town.

Sounds of laughter everywhere  
An' de dancing stones play by the pro.  
I must declare I had me best games there.  
Tho' I've played from Springfield to  
San Francisco.

*(Chorus)*

Down at de playing room you can hear  
Kjus cry out as they tear their hair  
"The aji's nice but what a price  
My dead group stretches from here to there."  
*(Chorus)*

# The Damsel and the Go Player

after "Sweet Betsy From Pike"

by Francis Roads

As I went a-walkin'  
One morning in May  
A comely young damsel  
Came tripping my way.  
"Come back to my house,"  
I said, "There take your ease.  
I will show you a game  
That is certain to please."

I soon let this pretty maid  
In at my door.  
I said, "This game's usually  
Played on the floor."  
I showed my equipment  
Was in good condition,  
And I showed her  
A very unusual position.

The game was exciting,  
The struggle intense,  
But soon I had  
Stripped away all her defense.

A very deep probe  
In her area I tried,  
And I soon found myself  
Well established inside.

She said, "If we married,  
This game we might play  
From morning to night,  
And until break of day."  
At our wedding breakfast  
We scarcely could wait  
To rush up to our room,  
With our shell and our slate.

Since all this took place,  
Twenty years have slipped past  
Now we've twelve young go players  
Growing up fast.  
So that's the result,  
All you fellows should know,  
If you show a young maiden  
The way to play go.

## Don't Fence Me In

after "Don't Fence Me In"  
by Ken Koester

O give me space, lots of space,  
Where I can throw a stone —  
Don't fence me in!

Just give me cuts, lots of cuts,  
So I can make you groan —  
Don't fence me in!

I want to play in a way  
That will stun your senses,  
Meddle in the middle  
When the fun commences.  
Don't you try to cap me  
'Cause I don't like fences —  
Don't fence me in!

Just ain't no use  
To confine me  
And deprive me  
Of the space  
For making ey-ey-eyes.

'Cause I'll reduce  
Every boundary  
That surrounds me  
'Till I win  
A semiai-ai-ai.

I want to roam far from home  
In the wide expanses,  
Canter through the moyo  
Where you had your chances.  
What was yours is mine now  
'Cause I don't like fences,  
Don't fence me in!

## Dumplin' Shape

after "Short'nin' Bread"  
by Ken Koester

*Chorus:*  
Someone's in the corner with dumplin',  
dumplin',  
Someone's in the corner with dumplin' shape.  
Someone's in the corner with dumplin',  
dumplin',  
Someone's in the corner with dumplin' shape.

v.1 Take up the eye points, cut off escape,  
Someone's in the corner with dumplin' shape.  
Whatever made him think he was safe,  
Caught in the corner with dumplin' shape?

v.2 A stone that you throw in is good for bait,  
For stones in the corner with dumplin' shape.  
'Cause when it is captured, it's far too late,  
Caught in the corner with dumplin' shape.

v.3 Damezumari is just first rate,  
For stones in the corner with dumplin' shape.  
Makes no difference whether clamshell or slate,  
Caught in the corner with dumplin' shape!

v.4 Weak groups with false eyes, we all know  
their fate.  
Someone's in the corner with dumplin' shape.  
Not ko or seki, o what a state!  
Caught in the corner with dumplin' shape.

v.5 Now, the moral is easy: just don't you wait  
To be caught in the corner with dumplin' shape.  
Jump out at once, and jump out straight,  
Get out of that corner with dumplin' shape!

[If more verses are added, v.5 must always be  
the last. Sing the final refrain softly and fade  
away.]

---

Note from Ken Koester: This song is much more effective if someone can make clippety-clop hoofbeat sounds in the background!



# The Drinking Song of the Order of the Black Knife

after "Eating Goober Peas"

by Ken Koester

v.1

Sitting at the go board  
On a summer's day,  
Playing with the black stones  
To pass the time away,  
When suddenly before me  
What do you think I see,  
Grabbing stones by handfuls,  
Eating them with glee?

Refrain:

Stones, stones, stones, stones,  
Eating groups of stones.  
Goodness, how delicious,  
Eating groups of stones!

v.2

"Friend, what are you doing?  
Stones are meant for play.  
Eating them's too desp'rate  
For such a lovely day."  
"I've just come from dinner,  
If by that you can call,  
Hopes so cruelly shattered  
In that wretched hall."

v.3

"Pasta's cooked with sugar,  
But there's none for tea.  
Pork is sliced so thinly  
That through it you can see.  
Oil there is for salad,  
But vinegar there's not.  
Vegetables are stone cold,  
Milk is piping hot!"

v.4

"Beef is just like leather,  
And potatoes too.  
Don't you look too closely  
At what is in the stew.  
Paper plates are lovely  
Except when double-fried.  
Plastic knives are harmless,  
Wounding only pride."

v.5

"Surely you're forgetting  
That desert is great.  
Often I'll be a dozen  
Heaped upon my plate."  
Baleful looks he at me,  
And heaves a soulful sigh,  
"Birds can't live on this food.  
I know, I'll be watched one try!"

v.6

Mournful contemplation.  
Once it's supper time.  
Eating seems so hopeless,  
Almost like a crime.  
I look into my stone bowl  
As people start to queue,  
And reaching for a handful,  
Swallow one or two!

## To Francis and Friends

after "The Star-Spangled Banner"  
by Mike Ryan

O say can you see  
By the dawn's early light  
How completely we've failed  
To keep the British from winning  
Our broad groups of weak stones  
They have swallowed like scones  
And their light-hearted banter  
Made us lose while still grinning  
It just gives us the fits  
That Francis and his Brits  
Gave proof just last night  
That we play go like twits  
O say will they ever  
Let us win one prize  
Above the rank of 6-kyu  
Or third place in size?

## Furikawari

after "The First Noel"  
by Roy Laird

The first "oh, hell"  
my opponent did say,  
Was when I cut his group off  
and ruined his day.  
He saw that to win  
he must start a fight  
So he stared at the board  
all day and all night.

Oh, hell, oh, hell, oh hell, oh hell;  
I cut his group off and killed it as well.

He answered my cut  
with a cut of his own.  
And I couldn't decide where to  
put my next stone.  
I hadn't realized  
this was what he could do  
The move he had found  
had cut my group off, too.

Oh, hell, oh, hell, oh hell, oh hell;  
Now my position did not look so swell.

We cut and we fought,  
we both tried to make life  
Never before had I  
witnessed such strife.  
When at last the smoke had cleared  
I was really quite tired;  
Then I noted that my group  
as well had expired!

Oh, hell, oh, hell, oh hell, oh hell;  
My dead group's bigger; I'm not feeling well.

## The Go-dan Vanity

after "The Golden Vanity"

by Bob High

There was a chap who played  
Upon the low lines three  
And other players knew him as  
The Go-dan Vanity  
But he feared he would be beaten  
By the moyo enemy  
As he played upon the low lines, low lines, low  
As he played upon the low lines three.

Then up spoke a little stone  
And boldly outspoke he  
And he said to the go-dan  
What will you do with me  
If I play inside  
Of the moyo enemy  
And sink it in the low lines, low lines, low  
And sink it in the low lines three?

O I will give you clam shell  
And I will give you slate  
And my own weak young group  
To secure your living fate  
If you'll jump into the moyo  
Its power to negate  
And sink it in the low lines, low lines, low  
And sink it in the low lines three.

Then the stone he made him ready  
And on the board sprang he  
And he played inside  
Of the moyo enemy

And with his placement clever  
He created defects three  
And sank it in the low lines, low lines, low  
And sank it in the low lines three.

Then quickly he jumped out  
Toward security he flew  
But the go-dan would not hear him  
For his promise he did rue  
And he scorned the lonely stone  
After adding one or two  
And left them in the low lines, low lines, low  
And left them in the low lines three.

Then roundabout they turned  
And ran to the left side  
And up unto a friendly group  
Full bitterly they cried  
O bowl-mates link us up  
For we're drifting without eyes  
And we're sinking in the low lines, low lines, low  
And we're sinking in the low lines three.

His bowlmates tried to link  
But the running group it died  
Surrounded by the enemy  
Whose moyo was still wide  
Cut off and isolated  
It was crushed against the side  
As it sank into the low lines, low lines, low  
As it sank into the low lines three.

## Good-bye My Eyes

after "Goodnight Irene"  
by Terry Benson

Sometimes I play with the black stones  
Sometimes I play with the white.  
Somehow it don't seem to matter  
My stones always die in the fight.

*Chorus:*

Good-bye my eye-ai-eyes,  
Good-bye my eyes,  
Good-bye my eyes, good-bye my eyes,  
I'll see you in my dreams.

I've schooled on the tricks of joseki  
With tesuji my poor brain is filled.  
I come out real well in fuseki  
Then weep as my big groups get killed.  
(Chorus)

Sometimes my go game's like dancin'  
Clam shell and slate in a waltz.  
But just like a jezebel temptress  
My eyes go and play me for false.  
(Chorus)

I heard that there was a new game  
Rengo Kriegspiel they said.  
I figured I had to do better  
But filled in my own eyes instead.  
(Chorus)

I don't know why I keep playing  
And losing all the day long.  
But maybe it's seeing my good friends  
Who stay up all night and sing songs.  
(Chorus)

## Grand Prize

after "The Erie Canal"  
by Mark Gilston

Oh I went to my first Go Congress  
Saw a lecture by a pro,  
And I learned that day no matter where I play  
I don't know the first thing about Go.

*Chorus:*

Oh the time on the clock was rising,  
And the bowls were a-getting low,  
And I scarce to think I'm gonna find a chink  
To break into his big moyo.

My opponent was a cagey one,  
And he had a wicked laugh.  
He'd been stoned for days and made fifty plays  
In a minute and a half.  
(Chorus)

Now a fight broke out in the mid-game  
Over Muramasa's sword.  
Boy, was I surprised when I realized  
It was Ko for half the board.  
(Chorus)

Now the clock it was an Ing one.  
It's the kind that beeps and talks.  
It kept telling me, "You're in byo-yomi"  
With a caterwaul o fhigh-pitched squawks.  
(Chorus)

Now the games all around were ending.  
I could hear the loser's groans.  
When I filled a dame, opponent laughed at me  
Then he captured 15 stones.  
(Chorus)

So come all you new Go players.  
And a warning take by me:  
No matter how ahead, you will still be dead  
If you fill your own liberty.

## Green Grow the Ko Threats-Oh!

after "Green Grow the Rushes - Oh!"  
from The British Go Association Songbook

I'll give you one stone.  
Green grow the ko threats-oh!  
Where is your one stone?  
Green grow the ko threats-oh!  
The one eye left is all alone  
And ever more shall be so.

I'll give you two stones.  
Green grow the ko threats-oh!  
Where are your two stones?  
Green grow the ko threats-oh!  
Two-Two's the vital point,  
See the stones around it die,  
The one eye left is all alone  
And ever more shall be so.

I'll give you three stones...  
three-three's alive-oh!, etc.

I'll give you four stones...  
four makes my pon-nuki, etc.

I'll give you five stones...  
five for the naka-de in your group, etc.

I'll give you six stones...  
six for the hane-tsugi, etc.

I'll give you seven stones...  
seven on the 2nd line need one more, etc.

I'll give you eight stones...  
eight for the monkey jump-oh!, etc.

I'll give you nine stones...  
nine for the stones on the hoshi points, etc.

## Hane, Hane

after "Tzena, Tzena"  
by Mike Ryan

Hane, hane, hane, hane  
Can't you see the one-eyed group  
That's in the corner there?  
Hane, hane, hane, hane, hane  
Don't connect, just cut and make  
Sure it has no air.  
Hane, hane — cut this group to pieces  
Tell it its territory's lease is up  
Hane, hane — just make this your thesis  
Those stones are going right back in the cup.  
Hane! Hane! Cut, descend and capture  
Kill that great big one-eyed group  
(Yes, you can snatch her)  
Hane! hane! Go is filled with rapture  
When you kill a great big white stone group.  
Hey!

# Harry Gonshor

after "Barbara Allen"

by Bob High

In Highland Park, on the Eastern coast,  
There was a go-dan on shore  
Made many a player cry "I resign!" —  
His name was Harry Gonshor.

It was in the merry month of May,  
When the trees are ripe with berry  
Young Johnny Nagy came from Metuchen,  
And he challenged wily Harry.

Said John to Harry, "Just one game —  
You'll surely ask for mercy.  
And then I'll have both wealth and fame,  
As champion of New Jersey!"

They played and played 'til the hour grew late  
And Harry said, "Now show me!"  
And when the score was totaled up  
Young John had lost, by komi.

Well slowly, slowly John got up,  
And slowly left the go-ban  
But all he said as he passed the board  
Was "I don't think you're go-dan!"

Well, Harry chuckled to himself  
And rubbed his hands in glee then,  
And the very next words that Harry spoke  
Were "Well, two out of three, then?"

Young John returned to the old go-ban  
And, opening bowls of cherry  
Said he, "You can't trick me again —  
I'm going to beat you, Harry!"

They played and played on the old go-ban  
Until the cocks were crowing —  
A game so wild, who was ahead  
They had no way of knowing.

But finally John's group made a ko,  
While Harry's was alive-o

As John stared down at the game of go  
Said Harry, "Three in five-o?"

They played once more, on the old go board  
Though they were both quite tired,  
'Til Harry said, "Oh, did I make a mistake?"  
And John's hopes newly fired.

The fight was fierce, the score was close  
They'd played most of the day now —  
While Harry peered and scanned the board  
John made his crucial play now.

Upon his move he'd read and read  
But John had failed to note a  
Disastrous flaw eight moves ahead:  
Poor John had died in gote.

"Mother, O mother, wrap my board  
And the go stones that I cherish —  
Today I've lost my kadoban;  
Tonight I'll surely perish!"

Said Harry, "I've spent all my force  
My nemesis to vanquish —  
And now that I have stayed the course  
To pass away's my frank wish."

They laid their go-bans in the ground,  
Their go-bowls followed after  
And o'er the scene came an eerie sound:  
The ghost of Harry's laughter.

When John awoke, to his dismay  
He was in no cemetery;  
He was seated at an old go-ban,  
And opposite sat Harry.

Said John to Harry, "This is Hell!"  
Said Harry, "No, it's Heaven!"  
And, laying slate beside clam shell  
He said, "Four out of seven?"

## Honte

after "Simple Gifts"  
by Ken Koester

'Tis a gift to play simple  
And a gift that is good  
To lay a stone down  
Where you know it should

But once you have laid it down  
Remember this, my friend,  
You may never, ever  
Pick it up again.

Think! Think!  
See the board anew  
Stone that's played too quickly  
Will only aji waste

Look! Look!  
See the board anew  
Stones that's played as honte  
Will ring as true.

'Tis a gift to play simple  
And a joy to play light  
To lay a stone down  
Where you know it's right.

But once you have played this way  
You'll find that in the end  
You can never, ever  
Hamete again.

## How Many Games?

after "Blowin' in the Wind"  
by Roy Laird

How many games must a new player play  
Before they will call him shodan?  
How many times reach the end of the day  
Being sure that he just never can?  
How long before he can say to himself,  
The rules of good play you've obeyed?  
The answer, my friend, is more than you  
have played —  
The answer is more than you have played.

How many moves must a novice set down  
Before he can find the right spot?  
How many times must a strong player say,  
"Your last move was just not that hot?"  
How much incompetent scrambling for life  
Till ignorance someday will fade?  
The answer, my friend, is more than you  
have played —  
The answer is more than you have played.

How many groups absolutely will die  
With no hope of seki or ko?  
How many clouds are there up in the sky?  
How many earthworms below?  
How many wholly unique and distinct  
Arrangements of stones can be made?  
The answer, my friend, is more than you  
have played —  
The answer is more than you have played.

## Ikken Tobi

after Woody Guthrie's "Union Maid"  
by Bob High

There once was a move I made;  
I never was afraid  
Of the pokes and the peeps  
and the enemy leaps  
And the threat from the stones  
my opponent played  
My move's the one-point jump;  
it's just as good as trump  
When enemy troops  
surround your groups  
it always gets you out:

*Chorus:*

Oh, you can't go wrong with ikken-tobi,  
With ikken-tobi, with ikken-tobi.  
No you can't go wrong with ikken-tobi,  
Play ikken-tobi 'till the day you die!

My opponent, he is wise,  
and uchikomi tries  
But I jump one point  
from a bamboo joint  
Connect my stones  
and make two eyes  
You'll always get your way,  
when Go you choose to play  
If this you heed:  
don't bother to read,  
just grab a stone and say:

*(Chorus)*

## I've Been Fighting In The Corner

after "I've Been Working on the Railroad"  
by Ken Koester

I've been fighting in the corner,  
All the live-long game.  
I've been fighting in the corner,  
The result is still the same.  
Can't you see I have a false eye?  
Only ko will do.  
Nearly hopeless is the semiai,  
Fifteen moves to two!

Try a hamete,  
Atari every play,  
Push and peep and poke  
To get away.  
If his keima's thin,  
I've a chance to win,  
Provided that  
I cut again!

Someone's in trouble in the corner,  
Someone's in trouble, I know.  
Someone's in trouble in the corner,  
Fighting a thousand year ko!  
You have to win it once, the thousand year ko.  
You have to win it twice, you know.  
You have to win it three times, that's the rule,  
For living with a thousand year ko!

*Extended ending variant:*

For living with a thousand year,  
Living with a thousand year,  
Living with a thousand year ko!



# I've Got Ko Threats

after "I've Got Sixpence"

by Ken Koester

I've got ko threats  
Lots and lots of ko threats.  
I've got ko threats,  
To last me all the game.  
I've got ko threats to kill,  
And ko threats that will  
Lay waste to the profit  
That you claim.

*Chorus:*

No cuts have I to grieve me,  
No nasty little peeps to deceive me.  
I'm as happy as a clam, believe me,  
As I go throwing, throwing stones.  
Throwing stones, (throwing stones!)  
Throwing stones, (throwing stones!)  
Throwing stones is the way  
I always play.

Happy is the day  
That the game score goes my way,  
As I go throwing, throwing stones!

I've got ko threats,  
Quite a few ko threats, etc...  
I've got ko threats to kill  
And ko threats that will  
Lay waste to some profit  
That you claim.  
(*Chorus*)

I've got ko threats,  
Hardly any ko threats, etc...  
I've got ko threats to kill  
But no threats that will  
Lay waste to the profit  
That you claim.  
(*Chorus*)

I've got no threats,  
Not a single ko threat.  
I've got no threats,  
To last me all the game.  
I've got no threats to kill  
And no threats that will  
Lay waste to the profit  
That you claim.

*Final Chorus:*

A cut have I to grieve me,  
A nasty little peep has deceived me.  
I'm not happy as a clam, believe me,  
As I go throwing, throwing stones.

Throwing stones, (dead stones!)  
Throwing stones, (dead stones!)  
Throwing stones is the way  
I always play.

Unhappy is the day  
That I first learned how to play,  
As I go throwing, throwing stones!

# Invasions Raise Awkward Questions

after "The Streets of Laredo"

by Francis Roads

Invasions spell danger  
With any opponent,  
Don't play in his area  
If there's any doubt.  
Be sure to leave plenty  
Of time for inspection,  
As once you've invaded,  
It's hard to pull out.

Chorus:

Consider the consequence  
Of your invasion;  
It may look attractive  
Before it's been played.  
In enemy areas  
Lurks danger a-plenty,  
Think once and think  
Ten times before you invade.

You think you're so strong  
That once you have invaded  
Your problems are over,  
But they've just begun,  
For then starts the enemy's  
War of attrition,  
He'll pick the invading stones  
Off one by one.  
(Chorus)

Perhaps your opponent  
Won't play like a sportsman,  
Perhaps he learned Go  
In an alien school,  
Perhaps his rules may not  
Be those that you're used to,  
Perhaps he's not playing  
The Suicide Rule.  
(Chorus)

Maybe you've established  
Yourself in his area,  
Maybe you're ahead  
In the territory race.  
You think your group's settled,  
But then comes the danger,  
A placement attack  
May explode in your face.  
(Chorus)

So how many stones  
Had to die in the process,  
And did you count in  
All the influence you lost?  
How long will your game last  
Till you reach the endgame?  
You made your invasion,  
But what was the cost?

## Just Like A Dungeon

after "Dark as a Dungeon"  
by Mike Ryan

Come all ye young shodans  
So young and so tan  
And seek not your fortune  
On the black lined go-ban  
It'll form as a habit and seep in your soul  
Till you live all your life just life a mole.

*Chorus:*

For it's dark as a slate stone  
And closed as a clam,  
Where the time goes on by  
And you don't give a damn,  
Where the sun never shines  
And you eat fast food grub,  
It's just like a dungeon  
In the Boston Go Club.

Well, it's many a man I have seen in my day,  
Who lived just to waste  
His whole life in go play,  
Like a fiend with his dope  
Or a drunkard his wine,  
A man must have lust for life on the first line.  
*(Chorus)*

I hope when I'm gone I come back as a clam.  
My shell will be made  
A white stone you can slam.  
Then I'll look through the soup  
Of my chowdery home,  
And I'll pity the player a-slapping my bones.  
*(Chorus)*

---

Note from Mike Ryan: The Boston Go Club has moved out of its light and airy quarters in Harvard Square and taken up residence in a windowless room with cinderblock walls in the basement of the Social Security building (I think). Access is through a couple of padlocked doors with a gloomy decent of stairs in between. In honor of this change ...

## Katsura Go-ban

after "Copper Kettle"  
by Bob High

Get you a katsura go-ban,  
Get you some stones of slate  
Mix'em with the clam-shell ones,  
'Til the hour is late.

*Chorus:*

You just lie there by the katsura,  
And the clam-shell bright  
Watch the shapes emerging,  
By the pale moonlight.

Build your board with katsura,  
Katsura or kaya will fit  
Don't use no green or rotten wood,  
Or your go-ban it will split.  
*(Chorus)*

I see you're playing joseki;  
My last opponent did too  
I ain't played no joseki  
Since 1972.  
*(Chorus)*

Get you a bottle of sake,  
Maybe a beer or two  
Who knows how many games we'll play,  
Before the evening's through.  
*(Chorus)*

---

Note from Bob High: Dedicated to many evenings of late-night Go on the porch at Woodlands.

## Ko Is A Curse

after "Home on the Range"  
by Roy Laird and Steven Silberblatt

Oh, give me a threat out of which I can get  
An invasion, or sente, or more;  
I'm losing this ko, and I'm feeling so low,  
I forget what we're playing it for.

Ko, ko is a curse  
That can cost you a group or much worse;  
If you do not respond,  
The group of which you're so fond  
Will be deader than it was at first.

## The Ko Player's Dilemma

after "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star"  
by Bruce Wilcox

Twinkle, twinkle, little ko,  
Filling you is much too slow.  
Wish that I could judge your size —  
Wonder if I have two eyes.  
Twinkle, twinkle, little ko,  
How I wonder where to go.

# Learning to Play Go In the West

After "Flora, Lily of the West"

By Bob Felice

(naively)

When first I learned this game of Go  
A thing to flex my mind  
I had no scheme or strategy  
Two eyes to help me find  
My opponent sliced my groups to bits  
They'd all die where they'd stand  
And he used the term: Te-su-ji...  
I could see I'd need a plan.

(eagerly)

And so I studied tactics  
I learned my lessons well  
I mastered throw-ins, snap-backs  
My fighting was just swell  
But the next time that we played a game  
The tables were not turned  
And the term he used: Jo-se-ki...  
I still had lots to learn.

(determinedly)

And so I studied openings  
My poor game to improve  
I learned so many Jo-se-ki  
My failings to remove  
But the next time that we played a game  
My stones gave me distress:  
I'd need to learn Fu-se-ki  
If I would play my best.

(resignedly)

And so I learned the San-ren-sei  
And the High Chinese as well  
I had my act together now  
I'd really give him hell!  
But the next time that we played a game  
He struck a crushing blow:  
His dead groups all sprang back to life...  
And the term he used was: Ko

(darkly)

And now I've filled my head with Go  
I've spent my nights and days  
I now know not just proper moves  
But Ha-me-te — trick plays  
And though it's taken many years  
My training is complete:  
If I can't beat him honestly...  
Then I'll just have to cheat!

# Light-Shaped Group Of Mine

after "My Darling Clementine"

by Niek van Diepen, Nijmegen/Wien, July 1990,  
with advice from Francis Roads

In a large imposing moyo,  
Spaced along the seventh line,  
With a nice amount of aji  
Stood a light-shaped group of mine.

*Chorus:*

Oh this light-shaped, oh this light-shaped,  
Oh this light-shaped group of mine,  
Thou art lost and gone forever  
Dreadful sorry group of mine.

Played kikashi, played atari,  
Played some moves that seemed to shine,  
Almost lived there in the center  
With this light-shaped group of mine.

*Chorus:*

Oh this light-shaped...

Then he played some trick nozoki,  
Crafty fellow was that swine,  
Forcing me to make a dango  
With this damn weak group of mine.

*Chorus:*

Oh this damn weak...

Then I thought I'd found a sequence,  
Read the moves to forty-nine.  
But alas! I could not save it,  
So I lost this group of mine.

*Chorus:*

So I lost this...

How I missed it, how I missed it,  
How I missed this group of mine,  
But I played furikawari  
And forgot that group of mine.

*Final Chorus:*

Oh this light-shaped, oh this light-shaped,  
Oh this light-shaped group of mine,  
But I played furikawari,  
And forgot that group of mine.

## The Little Player

after "The Little Drummer Boy"

by Roy Laird

Said the novice to the 7-kyu:  
 "Do you see what I see?  
 Your group, your group,  
 Dangling in the breeze  
 I could bring you down to your knees —  
 I could bring you down to your knees."

Said the 7-kyu to the neophyte:  
 "Do you know what I know?  
 Your cut, your cut, cannot be denied  
 But I'll get the whole upper side —  
 I will get the whole upper side!"

Said the novice to the upper kyu:  
 "Could we play a game please?  
 I'll try, I'll try, Though my skills are thin  
 With nine stones I think I can win —  
 With nine stones I think I can win."

Said the upper kyu to the lower kyu:  
 "I don't know about this  
 All right, all right, you will try you say  
 If you please just don't try all day —  
 If you please just don't try all day."

Said the lower kyu of the handicap:  
 "What a weird position!

A star, a star, then another star  
 In a row like flies on a bar —  
 In a row like flies on a bar."

Said the upper kyu to the lower kyu:  
 "That is called *san-ren-sei!*  
 Just use their strength; keep me cut apart  
 And then drive a stake in my heart —  
 And then drive a stake in my heart!"

Said the lower kyu when the game was done:  
 "Guess I must be learning!  
 I won! I won! Just they way you said  
 You have six groups and one is dead —  
 You have six groups and one is dead."

Said the lower kyu to the roku-dan:  
 "Please teach me a game sir!  
 You're strong, you're strong, like I want to be  
 Maybe two games or even three —  
 Maybe two games or even three!"

Said the lower kyu when the games were done:  
 "I am getting stronger!  
 Alas - alas - I must tell my wife  
 I will play the rest of my life —  
 I will play the rest of my life!"

## Losing Is Painful

after "O Come All Ye Faithful"

by Roy Laird

O, losing is painful — not at all triumphant  
Your game was very nice, you made a good foe  
You had to catch  
My cutting stones to win it  
You gave them an atari —  
You gave them an atari —  
You gave them an atari but lost the shicho

Then I played another 'cause all men are brothers  
I gave you two stones hoping for a good show  
Then came the ko fight —  
Which was flower-viewing  
You found another ko threat —  
You found another ko threat —  
You found another ko threat but I won the ko!



## The Magic Stone

after "Git Along Little Dogies"  
by Francis Roads

As I was a-walking  
One morning for pleasure  
I saw a go player  
Come riding along.  
His stones were a-rattling,  
His trophies were jingling  
And as he approached  
He was singing this song:

*Chorus:*

"Git along little stones,  
To the right intersection  
You know when I play  
That I haven't a clue.  
Git along, little stones,  
Don't you raise no objections  
When I choose my moves,  
I'm relying on you."

They talk of joseki,  
They talk of tesuji,  
What those clever words mean  
I don't know at all.  
I play without thinking;  
Don't look where I'm playing,  
And trust that li'l stone  
On the right point will fall.  
*(Chorus)*

I thought to myself,  
"Well, we've sure got a sucker."  
I greeted him warmly,  
And said with a smile,  
"Jump down from your horse now  
And give me a go game  
I'll bet fifty dollars  
I'll win by a mile."  
*(Chorus)*

To good points those magic stones  
Drew the man's fingers  
And after just thirty moves  
I'd a lost game.  
I paid him his dollars, and asked,  
"Won't you sell me  
Those wonderful stones;  
Any price that you name?"  
*(Chorus)*

"I'll not take your money;  
My stones I'll sell never,"  
He said, "But for friendship  
I'll give you one stone."  
A puff of white smoke  
Made me close my eyes firmly,  
When I looked again,  
I was standing alone.  
*(Chorus)*

So all I have left  
From this wondrous encounter  
Is one little stone  
I can never play wrong.  
And you never know  
When I'm just going to play it!  
With that scary thought  
I now finish my song.  
*(Chorus)*

# Moyo Completion Prayer

after The Chorus to "Over There"  
by Bob Felice

Over there, over there  
Play a stone, play a stone, over there  
'Cause my moyo's coming  
My moyo's coming  
But I need more time  
To prepare.

Please don't stare, over here  
There is nothing to be seen over here  
I can safely say  
There's no moves to play  
I'm sure the action's — over there!

Hey beware! Over there!  
There's a cut, I say a cut, that needs repair.  
And if I should split you —  
Your groups cut in two  
Your stones wouldn't have a pray'r.

So take care, over there  
Spend some moves, lots of moves, over there.  
Please play over — yes, way, way over  
'Cause I can't connect if you don't play  
Over there!

# Old Players Of Go

after "Old Rosin the Beau"

by Bob High

They live for the Go Association  
While their stones gather dust in their bowls  
But I hope that the next generation  
Will remember old players of go

*Chorus:*

Remember old players of go,  
Remember old players of go  
I hope that the next generation  
Will remember old players of go

They've traveled this country and others  
And now to the next they will go  
For they know that good pairings await them  
To welcome old players of go...  
*(Repeat last line in chorus)*

In the tournament circuit they've traveled  
Nor will they behind leave a foe  
And when their opponents are jovial  
They will drink to old players of go...  
*(Repeat last line in chorus)*

But their game is now drawn to a closing  
As in all it will finally be so  
So we'll play a ju-ban-go at parting  
O the name of old players of go ...  
*(Repeat last line in chorus)*

When they're dead and laid out on the go-ban  
After filling each dame and ko  
Just sprinkle sake with a go fan  
On the corpse of old players of go...  
*(Repeat last line in chorus)*

Then pick out 19 trusty players  
And let them stand all in a row  
You don't have to invite any mayors  
To honor old players of go...  
*(Repeat last line in chorus)*

Then bring out two little brown go bowls  
Place one at the head and the toe  
For we all recognize the time-clock tolls  
End of game for old players of go . . .  
*(Repeat last line in chorus)*

## Onward, Weichi Soldiers

after "Onward, Christian Soldiers"  
by Bill Cobb

Onward Weichi soldiers,  
Never lose sente,  
Use the two space pincer  
To improve your play.  
Cho our lord and master,  
Kisei, Honinbo,  
Showing us enlightenment  
On the path of Go.

Onward Weichi soldiers,  
Guard against the wedge,  
Jump into the center,  
Don't play toward the edge.  
Teachers of the masses,  
Kerwin, Yang and Kim,  
Play away from thickness,  
If you'd honor them.

Onward Weichi soldiers,  
Watch out for hanes,  
Play the ladder breaker,  
Find the simple plays.  
Jujo still our champion  
Redmond eight dan pro,  
Dominate the center,  
Never play too slow.

Onward Weichi soldiers,  
Counting liberties,  
Reading out the cross-cut,  
You can win with ease.  
Nakayama sensei,  
Shows us go is fun.  
When you solve his ladders,  
You're the clever one.

## Play Me Honest

after "Aura Lee"  
by Roy Laird

Play me honest, play me true  
Never make trick plays.  
This is what I'd like to do  
All my livelong days.

Play me honest, play me fair  
It is not sin.  
Oh my darling, if you care,  
Always let me win.

---

Note from the editor: "Aura Lee" was a popular song at the time of the American Civil War. Almost a hundred years later, the tune enjoyed a new wave of popularity when a singer by the name of E. A. Presley used it in a song called "Love Me, Tender."

# Playing Wei-Chi

After "the Maid of Amsterdam"

By Bob Felice

A wei-chi board has 19 lines  
*Mark well what I do say!*  
 A wei-chi board has 19 lines  
 And on your stones I've got designs!  
 I love to play wei-chi all night  
 With you, old friend

*Chorus:*

*Playing wei-chi, yes wei-chi*  
 I'll use my secret strategy  
 And I will win through treachery  
 When I play you!

Wei-chi stones are slate and shell  
*Mark well what I do say!*  
 Wei-chi stones are slate and shell  
 I'm far ahead now, I can tell.  
 I love to play wei-chi all night  
 With you, old friend  
*(Chorus)*

I must extend just one more line  
*Mark well what I do say!*  
 I must extend just one more line  
 Even though you're far behind.  
 I love to play wei-chi all night  
 With you, old friend  
*(Chorus)*

My group's too thin — I can't connect!  
*(Ominously) Mark well what I do say-y-y-y!*  
*(Slower and slower, with mounting despair)*  
 My group's too thin —  
 I can't connect!  
 I've lost this game.  
 Oh...*(Pause)*  
*(Brightly)*  
 What the heck!  
 I love to play wei-chi all night  
 With you, old friend!

*(Pen-Ultimate Chorus)*

*Playing wei-chi, yes wei-chi*  
 My greed has got the best of me  
 But I will win next time — you'll see!  
 When I play you.

*(Final Chorus)*

*Playing wei-chi, yes wei-chi*  
 I'll use my secret strategy!  
 And I will win through treachery  
 When I — play — you!

---

Note from Bob Felice:

*Italicized lines* are sung by the Chorus, with deep, lusty voices, in full harmony, as only the true blooded sons and daughters of sea-faring men can do!

# The Power That My Thickness Brings

after "When the Ship Comes In"

By Bob High

O the time it will arrive /  
 When your groups will cease to thrive  
 And your territory it will stop expanding  
 And you'll feel it in your bones /  
 As you contemplate your stones  
 The power that my thickness brings

Then your moyo will be split /  
 With a solid shoulder hit  
 And your running groups,  
     they will all be shaky  
 And the tide will turn /  
 And a lesson you will learn  
 And your moyo will be breaking

My invading stones will laugh /  
 As they run out of the path  
 Of your desperate attempts to surround them  
 And you'll finally understand /  
 As your lead it slips like sand  
 The power that my thickness brings

And the stones that were played /  
 When your boldest plans were laid  
 Will lie there, useless and divided  
 And the groups you thought were light /  
 Will be scattered left and right  
 And be buried at the bottom of my moyo

O your stones will hug the sides /  
 In an effort to survive  
 And I'll limit your extensions to the third line  
 And you'll learn to respect /  
 If your counting is correct  
 The power that my thickness brings

And your groups they will cower /  
 From my overwhelming power  
 And my center will turn to territory  
 As I drive and push you down /  
 You will scan the board and frown  
 At my thickness in its glory

And before you realize /  
 What's gone on before your eyes  
 My lead will be so great you'll think you're  
     dreamin'  
 But you'll punch your clock and squeal /  
 'Cause you'll know that it's for real  
 The power that my thickness brings

O you'll blink your eyes and seek /  
 Every yose ko-threat peep  
 But we'll shout out the score: your points are  
     numbered  
 And like Shusaku's foes /  
 You'll eventually know  
 On the go board you've been conquered

## Press Me Clock Down

after "Blow the Man Down"

by David Sutton

from The British Go Association Songbook

I've got a weak group with ten seconds to go,  
Heigh, ho, press me clock down,  
If only I'd not started playing so slow,  
Give me some time to press me clock down.

Now he's playing kikashi all over the board,  
Heigh, ho, press me clock down,  
I was doing so well and is this me reward?  
Give me some time to press me clock down.

He's invaded a corner, he shouldn't live there,  
Heigh, ho, press me clock down,  
But I've made a blunder, oh it just isn't fair,  
Give me some time to press me clock down.

So he's started a ko with five seconds to go  
Heigh, ho, press me clock down,  
I'm all in a sweat and I can't find a threat,  
Give me some time to press me clock down.

Now me flags's on the brink  
and I've no time to think  
Heigh, ho, press me clock down,  
(Crescendo)  
This game's a farce,  
pass pass pass pass pass pass  
Oh, for some time to press me clock down.

## Psychological Warfare

after "Don't Think Twice"

by Roy Laird

There ain't no use to sit and wonder why, babe.  
And I mean babe as in the wood  
Then way you've played,  
You don't have to try, babe.  
Any move you play is good.  
You're trying to read it like a magazine  
You got me good —  
how could you be so mean?  
You're the carefulest player  
I have ever seen —  
Don't think twice it's all right.

It ain't no use — any variation  
Is gonna put a hurt on me.  
You just need one move for jubilation —  
I can see two moves or three.  
Come on and play before the crack of dawn  
Don't think too hard or inspiration's gone  
The time you're taking I could mow the lawn —  
Don't think twice it's all right.

That move you played  
really looked quite fine, but  
Now it's time to play again.  
I'm thinking that I really should resign, but  
I'll try another move or ten.  
That's the way — play fast as you can  
Show the world you can play like a dan  
He who hesitates is lost — understand?  
Don't think twice it's all right.

There ain't no use playing out the game now  
At least ain't no use any more  
Cause things have changed —  
They ain't the same now  
When's the last time you checked the score?  
You overlooked my group — to life it came  
That makes your group dead —  
What a crying shame  
Looks like you just gotta resign the game —  
Don't think twice it's all right.

# Sixteen Stones

after Merle Travis's "Sixteen Tons"  
by Bob High

Now some people say a ban's  
made out of wood  
But a poor player's set isn't quite that good;  
Paper board and plastic stones  
A clock that beeps and often goes wrong.

*Chorus:*

You play sixteen stones,  
and what'd'ya know —  
Another move later you're deep in a ko  
Dosaku don't you call me,  
'cause I can't come;  
I'm lookin' for a ko threat  
and I gotta have some!

I gave up chess when I discovered this game  
Fighting and trouble are my middle name  
Give me a knight's move and I'll give you a cut —  
I know it's good for something, I just don't  
know what.

*(Chorus)*

I was born again when I made shodan  
I picked up my stones and I walked to the ban  
Played sixteen moves straight out of the bowl  
When my lack of joseki started takin' its toll.

*(Chorus)*

If a snap-back's comin', better step aside;  
A lot of stones didn't, and a lot of stones died  
Between a pillar of iron and a wall of steel —  
If the right one don't get you, the left one will.

*Final Chorus:*

You play sixteen stones, and what'd'ya know —  
Another move later you're deeper in ko  
Dosaku won't you call me, 'cause I'm all done;  
I'm lookin' for a ko threat  
and I can't find a one!



## The Strong Dutch First Kyū

after "What Shall We Do With A Drunken Sailor"  
 by Andrew Grant, Matthew Madfadyen and Francis Roads  
 from The British Go Association Songbook

What shall we do with the strong  
 Dutch first kyu?

What shall we do with the strong  
 Dutch first kyu?

What shall we do with the strong  
 Dutch first kyu?

If they won't promote him?

Way-ay, make him sho-dan,

Way-ay, make him sho-dan,

Way-ay, make him sho-dan,

Why won't they promote him?

Make him play an even game  
 with Kobayashi (x3)

If they won't promote him!

Way-ay, make him ni-dan (x3),

Why won't they promote him!

Make him give a hundred komi, etc.  
 (make him san-dan...)

Make him play on plastic go ban, etc.  
 (...yon-dan...)

Make him play with a patch  
 on both eyes, etc.  
 (...go-dan...)

Tell him that he's come to a shogi congress, etc.  
 (...roku-dan...)

Put him in atari when he's in the toilet, etc.  
 (...nana-dan...)

Call him to the phone when he's in  
 byo-yomi, etc.  
 (...hachi-dan...)

Lock him in his room, and win  
 by default, etc.  
 (...kyu-dan...)

Make him the director of the  
 next year's congress, etc.  
 (...ju-dan...)

That's what we do with a strong  
 Dutch first kyu, etc.  
 (...meijin...)

## The Squeeze Tesuji

after "Mary Hamilton"

by Bob High

Word is to the monitor  
 And word is to the hall  
 And word is up to madam TD  
 And that's the worst of all  
 (That my opponent's found a move  
 That's the finest tesuji of all)

Last move I had four liberties  
 This move I've but three;  
 There's one on the left  
 And one on the right  
 And one in the corner, you see.

My eyes, my eyes, my opponent dear,  
 My eyes, please say to me  
 What thou hast done with my wee group  
 I tried to make live next to thee?

"I hemmed it in from the wide go-ban  
 I hemmed it in you see  
 That might it live, or might it die  
 It'd never come botherin' me."

My eyes, my eyes, my opponent dear,  
 My eyes, I beg you say  
 In the semeai that then ensued  
 What sequence of moves did you play?

"I took not up the stones of black  
 That in atari I found  
 But added one more stone of white  
 Within what I now did surround."

"And as you furrowed your brow in a frown  
 And a desperate move did seek  
 The monitor's wife and the kibitzer's wife  
 Cried, 'Ach and alas for thee!'"

Ah, you need not weep for me, I cried  
 You need not weep for me  
 For had I not tried to invade  
 This death I would not dee

Ah, little did my poor stones think  
 When from the bowl they were pried  
 The bans they were to travel on  
 And the death they were to die

Last night I washed the clamshell fine  
 And polished up the slate  
 And the only reward I find for this  
 A dango to be my shape

"Cut off, cut off, my stones," I sigh  
 "Cut off and lost to me"  
 My only hope is to look for a ko  
 And let them a ko threat be

Then up and comes a ko itself  
 A ko for a pitiful eye  
 "How now, how now, my opponent dear  
 Perhaps I won't have to die?"

"Ah hold your tongue," my opponent said  
 "And of your folly beware;  
 If you'd a mind your group to save  
 You'd never have played in there."

Last move I had four liberties  
 This move I've but three;  
 You've caught my group  
 In a cruel loop  
 With da-a-me-zu-u-mari.

## That Group of Mine

after "Clementine"  
by Chris Kirschner

Oh my darling, Oh my darling,  
Oh that darling group of mine!  
Somewhat misshapen, but not forsaken;  
Oh that darling group of mine.

In a cluster, in a corner,  
There they numbered eight or nine;  
Oddly angled, there they dangled;  
Oh that darling group of mine.

Oh to save them: how to save them.  
How to save that group of mine;  
If I don't run now, they can be caught now;  
Oh that darling group of mine.

So I ran them, to the center;  
Past thin lines of ghostly stones  
That were strengthened, with walls lengthened:  
To save that darling group of mine.

Then I found an eye in sente;  
And kept them running, sweet and fine.  
Looked for another, just like the other;  
To save that darling group of mine.

At last I found it — but in gote,  
And I saved that group of mine.  
But his moyos danced like yoyos,  
All around that group of mine.

When we counted, I had ten points;  
And his had grown to ninety nine.  
But I had saved them, though he craved them;  
I saved that darling group of mine.

Oh my darling, Oh my darling,  
Oh that darling group of mine!  
Somewhat misshapen, but not forsaken;  
Oh that darling group of mine.

## The Twelve Te's Of Christmas

after "The Twelve Days of Christmas"  
from The British Go Association Song Book

For the 1st te of Christmas  
my opponent gave to me  
(OR: Sensei gave to me)  
A weak group with a false eye.

For the 2nd te of Christmas  
my opponent gave to me  
Two tesuji,  
And a weak group with a false eye.

For the 3rd te...3 thick groups, etc.

For the 4th te...4 corners small, etc.

For the 5th te...5 ko-o-mi  
(White wins jigo), etc.

For the 6th te...6 solid tsugis, etc.

For the 7th te...7 stones in seki, etc.

For the 8th te...8 atekomi, etc.

For the 9th te...9 ishi-no-shtas, etc.

For the 10th te...tengen for starting, etc.

For the 11th te...11 stones a-drifting, etc.

For the 12th te...12 tricky taishas, etc.  
and a DEAD group with a false eye!

# The Tournament Director's Lament

after "To Be A Farmer's Boy"

by Andrew Grant

from The British Go Association Song Book

The final round was due to start, but the draw was incomplete,  
The tournament director slumped despairing in his seat,  
He had tried so hard to match up the card, but in vain his time he'd spent,  
And he wondered why he'd presumed to try to run a tournament, *to run a tournament.*

He'd never been much good at go, but he liked it just the same,  
And many a day he'd passed away in many a hopeless game,  
Then one night in bed to himself he said, "I might be more competent,  
To organize than to make two eyes, let's run a tournament, *let's run a tournament.*"

So he approached his local club all brimful of ideas,  
But their reaction, sad to say, confirmed his darkest fears,  
Though they all did say they would love to play, there was no one with intent,  
To offer aid and to work unpaid to help the tournament, *to help the tournament.*

Though entry forms were soon sent out, not a single one came back,  
Until a week before the day, when they came in by the sack.  
So the tournament hall proved far too small, and he had to pay more rent,  
For a larger room in perpetual gloom to house the tournament, *to house the tournament.*

The night before the tournament, everything was going great,  
When the BGA rang up to say the sets would turn up late.  
Those who came next day had to wait to play, and frustrations they did vent,  
Breathing fire and smoke at the helpless bloke who ran the tournament, *who ran the tournament.*

And when at last round one began, with relief he heaved a sigh,  
But he'd not reckoned with the player who'd had to receive the bye,  
Who bemoaned his lot in a temper hot and in tones irreverent,  
'Till he had to be reimbursed the fee to join the tournament, *to join the tournament.*

Now as I've said, the final round had been proving quite a pain,  
When a party of four had to withdraw so as not to miss their train,  
And that saved the day, the draw worked OK, so let's leave him now content,  
Ere he realizes he's bought no prizes for his first tournament, *for his first tournament.*

---

Note from Andrew Grant: I originally wrote "The Tournament Director's Lament" from a male point of view. Francis Roads adapted it for women and sang it for the "benefit" of a female organiser at a tournament

---

a few years ago. Of course, since "bloke" is British slang for a man, this line was changed to, "Breathing smoke and flame at the helpless dame..."

## Volume 14:3

after "Engine 143"

by Bob High

Along came the AGJ,  
the finest of its kind  
Running on Ventura,  
just an issue or two behind  
The editor was on the phone  
his deadline on his mind  
Receiving one more article from  
an author on the line.

The editor's friend, she came to him,  
concern was on her face  
Saying, "Roy, beware the wear and tear;  
you cannot keep this pace.  
Many a group has lost its life  
when overtime entered the game  
But if you run your Journal right  
you'll get there just the same."

On the PC he got started  
but the hard drive, it had crashed  
And Roy, his heart it nearly burst  
when he found the backups trashed  
Roy heaved a sigh, got back to work  
all weekend he did moan:  
"I'm glad I was born for an editor,  
but I'd like to play some go!"

Roy swore he'd get that Journal out  
no matter what the cost  
But he paled and gave a piteous cry

when the diagrams were lost  
He called a friend, who said he'd send  
his copies, although flawed  
But the only modem they could find  
was just 300 baud.

A month went by, and no one heard  
a single word from Roy  
And UNITAS was threatening  
a replacement to employ  
At last the issue was in place  
each article was sound  
But when Roy tried to run it off  
the printer, it broke down.

The President called, she said to him  
"Oh Roy, I have good news  
"A laserwriter's on the way;  
the AGF came through."  
"Too late!" cried Roy, "That will not do —  
I'm going to quit," said he  
"This issue will be the last for me —  
Volume 14, Number 3!"

The President, she said to Roy  
"I cannot change your mind  
"The blame lies with computers;  
I knew it all the time!"  
But Roy had taken out his stones  
and opened at 3-3,  
And the very last words that Roy did say were  
"Nearer my go to thee!"

## Waltz Of The IGS Pundits

after "Waltzing Mathilda"  
by Ron Snyder

Once a jolly Go-man  
    camped upon the Internet  
Under the shade of his home PC.  
And he sang as he watched  
And waited for the game to start,  
"You'll share your pundit's opinion with me."

*Chorus:*

Pundit's opinion, pundit's opinion,  
You'll share your pundit's opinion with me.  
And he sang as...(3rd line of each verse)  
"You'll share your pundit's opinion with me."

Down came two 5-Dans  
    to play upon the IGS,  
Up jumped the Go-man to kibitz with glee.  
And he sang as he tuned in  
The game upon his monitor,  
"You'll share your pundit's opinion with me."  
*(Chorus)*

Up rode the 2D\* (two dee star)  
    mounted on his high horse,  
In came the one kyu and the three.  
"Are these really 5-Dans,  
They're playing rather poorly now."  
You'll share your pundit's opinion with me.  
*(Chorus)*

The 3K said, "White's group is dead."  
    1K opined, "Black must resign."  
The 2D chimed, "It's all clear to me:  
If they'd only seen those far,  
Far better moves of mine."  
You'll share your pundit's opinion with me.  
*(Chorus)*

"Aaach," sighed the Go-man,  
"These kibitzers are hard to take.  
How can so many fools here be?  
How sad it is that talk is cheap  
When kibitzing on IGS."  
You'll share your pundit's opinion with me.

*Final Chorus:*

Pundit's opinion, uncouth opinion,  
You'll share your pundit's opinion for free.  
You need to say your two cents worth  
But, paradoxically,  
Your two cents makes no sense at all to me.

---

Notes from Ron Snyder, intended to improve  
comprehension:

IGS = Internet Go Server

D = Dan

K = Kyu

5D = An IGS 5-Dan is quite strong, roughly equal to  
AGA 800.

2D\* = An IGS 2-Dan; apparently, most feel eminently  
qualified to criticize 4D and 5D moves (as do others).  
The \*(star) simply indicates an established rank derived  
from 20 or more games. Supposedly, IGS ranks equal a  
stone difference as in the AGA.

## The Weak-Kneed Dans

after Offenbach's "Gendarmes Chorus," or "The Marine Corps Hymn"

by Francis Roads

from The British Go Association Song Book

Oh if we meet a strong professional, then we just don't want to know.  
And if we meet a 5-dan amateur, we're afraid we've got to go.  
But when we find a rank beginner, then we use our usual plans;

*Chorus:*

We rip them off, we rip them off, we rip them off, we rip them o-o-off,  
We show them we're the weak-kneed dans!

Oh, we can talk about tesu-u-ji, and joseki old and new,  
And we're always clutching, firmly closed, an ancient *Go Review*.  
But when the tournament clocks are ticking and when the stones click on the bans:  
(*Chorus*)

Oh, we are rather weak on openings, and our middle game is poor.  
And the way we play our yo-ose is the worst you ever saw.  
But when we're in a lost position, we've still a weapon in our hands:  
(*Chorus*)

You'll find the light's in our opponent's eyes, and his chair is far too small,  
And if his clock's running rather slow, you'll find ours won't go at all.  
So when we've got him in byo-yomi, as he his groups for weak points scans:  
(*Chorus*)

So when it comes to using gamesmanship we can show we're worth our salt.  
And our favorite kind of victory is a game won by default.  
But when we're forced to play our matches then we just take our usual stance:  
(*Chorus*)

And thus our play is like professionals', just as chalk is just like cheese.  
And to impress you we conduct ourselves in the manner Japanese.  
So as we squat in our kimonos And as we grip our faithful fans:  
(*Chorus*)

And now with hope of swift promo-otion our hearts are all in flames.  
For we've every kind of evidence, excepting for won games.  
And if we're thwarted in Committee, we know the chairman understands:

*Final chorus:*

We'll rip him off, we'll rip him off, we'll rip him off, we'll rip him o-o-off,  
We'll show him we're the STRONG ni-dans!

# What Did You Learn About Rules Today?

after Tom Paxton's "What Did You Learn In School Today?"

by Bob High

What did you learn about rules today?  
What did you learn about rules?

I learned that the rules of go are short  
And simpler than any other sport  
But for serious play it's only right  
To get them down in black and white...

*Chorus:*

That's what I learned about rules today  
That's what I learned about rules.

I learned that kos are not so bad  
Though triple ones can drive you mad  
And if they happen at games end  
They can annoy even Go Seigen...  
*(Chorus)*

I learned in seki both groups live  
But to the score no points they give  
Unless the rules are Ing Chang-Ki  
Where they divide them fractionally...  
*(Chorus)*

I learned that komi's five points plus  
Though there are some who make a fuss  
And claim that six would be more fair  
And in Taipei you get eight to spare...  
*(Chorus)*

I learned that suicide is a crime  
Though China allowed it once upon a time  
And that once you've played upon the board  
Self-atari is its own reward...

*(Chorus)*

I learned that dame one must fill  
In alternation else one will  
Run risk of feeling awfully sorry  
For getting in damezumari...

*(Chorus)*

I learned that when both players pass  
The game is over, but alas  
If on groups' fates they disagree  
It may restart repeatedly...

*(Chorus)*

I learned there are two ways to score  
By space or area, and what's more  
The result they give will be the same  
If pass-stones are a part of the game...

*(Chorus)*

I learned more than I wanted to know  
About the "simple" game of go  
And now, I think, I should confess  
I'd really rather go play chess!...

*(Chorus)*



# Where Have All the Clear Points Gone?

after "Where Have All The Flowers Gone"

by Ross Benson

(Youth Entry)

- 1 Where have all the clear points gone? Clock time passing.  
Where have all the clear points gone? Long time ago.  
Where have all the clear points gone?  
Gone to big groups every one.  
When will I ever learn?  
When will I ever learn?
- 2 Where have all the big groups gone? Clock time passing (etc.)  
Cut to long strings every one. (etc.)
- 3 Where have all my long strings gone? (etc.)  
Squeezed to dangos every one. (etc.)
- 4 Dangos...Gone to prisoners...
- 5 Prisoners...Filled my territory...
- 6 Territory...Gone to clear points every one  
A new game has begun  
A new game has begun!

# Vive le Go

after "Vive la Companie"  
by Katherine Wolfthal

Let every good fellow  
Now join in our game  
Vive la companie  
It's pleasures unite us  
Whatever the name  
Vive la companie

Chorus:

Vive le, vive le, vive le go  
Vive le, vive le, vive le go  
Vive baduk, vive wei-qi,  
Vive la companie!

Sometimes you play Black  
And sometimes you play White  
Vive la companie  
When good friends are playing  
They stay up all night  
Vive la companie  
(Chorus)

Now wider and wider  
Our circle expands  
Vive la companie  
We sing to our comrades  
In far away lands  
Vive la companie  
(Chorus)



# TELEVISION, MOVIE & SHOW TUNES

## The Amateur's Song

after "The Admiral's Song,"  
from *H.M.S. Pinafore*  
by Harry Gonshor

When I was a lad I learned some go  
And I went to a Congress just to play a pro.  
I took nine stones and I made a good show;  
And things were going well  
But then occurred a ko.

CHORUS: In the middle of his moyo  
There occurred a ko.

I thought I was leading, territory I had;  
Little did I realize my shape was sad.

CHORUS: He never even noticed  
That his shape was sad.

My groups looked strong, I expected to win,  
But I was not aware that my position was thin.  
The pro kept attacking and I gave him way  
But from my main moyo  
Tried to hold him at bay.

CHORUS: From his main moyo  
He tried to hold at bay.

Then I exclaimed "Oh! Oh!  
My big group dies!"  
With horror I discovered I hadn't two eyes.

CHORUS: To his horror he discovered  
There were not two eyes.

So all go players, listen to me:  
If a stronger player you will want to be  
Just play a pro and expect to lose  
Then have another game  
and try a different ruse.

## Black and White

after "Night and Day"  
by Ken Koester

Black and white, you are such fun;  
The patterns you make on the board mean  
The game has begun.  
With a simple move that's quick,  
Fingers put the stones down with a click:  
That's how I play, black and white.

Black and white, why is it so?  
That this longing to place you makes me  
Sit down and play go?  
Whether kaya wood or spruce,  
Doesn't matter to me what I use,  
I plunk the stones, black and white.

Slate and shell, under the hands of me:  
There's an, o, such a hungry yearning,  
Burning the strands of me.  
And this torment won't be through,  
As long as I see the world in one  
Color or hue, black and white!

[Repeat 1st verse]

## Dangos and Ko's

after "Buttons and Bows"

By Bob Felice

North and East and South and West:  
Play, extend, enclose  
You can't escape the laws of shape:  
Heavy groups will give you woes  
Peeps and cuts bring dangos and ko's.

My group's not light, and now it's fright-  
ful how my dumpling grows!  
I'd be so hap-py to make sa-ba-ki  
Playing bad shape, as you know  
Left me here with dangos and ko's.

I love this game called wei-chi  
But I hate when my groups die  
I'll love it longer, stronger once  
I've learned to make two eyes!

So I announced that I'd been trounced  
Been dealt the fatal blow  
I vamoosed and stopped me usin'  
Those heavy moves that aid my foes:  
No Peeps, no cuts: no dangos and ko's.

Yes, I now play the correct way  
Bad shape I now oppose  
And when I see bad shape from *thee*  
Peeps and cuts I shall bestow  
And leave you there with dangos and kos.

(softer)  
Yes, peeps and cuts I shall bestow  
And leave you there with dangos and kos.  
And dangos and kos  
And dangos...  
And kos!

## False Seki

after "Fascinatin' Rhythm"

by Roy Laird

This is not a seki; no I don't think so  
This is not a seki, there's no way buddy  
This is not a seki; It's thousand-year ko  
If you see a seki then you should study

Go on and try – this should be fun  
I have an eye – and you have none  
Forget it!

It this is a seki – I'll give you a prize  
'Cause before we get there you give a stone up  
If you give a stone up then I have two eyes  
I think on tesuji you better bone up

It's such a shame 'cause up to now  
you did so well  
You will get a seki when it freezes  
over in hell!

# Every Stone Is Sacred

after "Every Sperm Is Sacred"  
 from *The Meaning of Life*  
 by Bob Felice

DD Kyu:  
 There are Dans in the world.  
 There are In-sei.  
 There are Pros, there are Ju-Dan, and then  
 There are people who play like Go Seigen,  
 But I've never been one of them!

I'm just a rank beginner,  
 A beginner deep down to my bones,  
 And one thing they say of beginners is:  
 They'll never give up any stones.

They can't stand of loss of a Dragon.  
 Or the loss of a very small group.  
 They can't stand to lose even one stone:  
 It's a loss that's so hard to re-coupe.

Because...

Every stone is sacred  
 Every stone divine  
 It would make me see red  
 To lose a stone of mine.

Every stone brings rapture  
 Every stone is great  
 If a stone is captured,  
 I get quite irate.

Every threat I'm heeding  
 Every loss deplored  
 Every stone I'm needing,  
 All across the board.

It's not like I've a million:  
 One-eighty's all I've got  
 And if I should lose one,  
 I'd be quite distraught.

The throw-in and the snap-back  
 Depend on sacrifice  
 That's their major draw back:  
 They're not worth the price!

(FINAL CHORUS)  
 No stone is forsaken:  
 For every loss I pine  
 If a stone is taken...  
 I might... as... well... re-sign!

# Great Joseki Debate Number 18

after "Fugue For Tinhorns", from *Guys and Dolls*  
by Bob Felice

Player A:

**I got the move right here**  
**You know it's very clear**  
**That the one-point jump is the play to fear**  
**Can do, can do**  
**This guy says the move can do**  
**If I say the move can do**  
**Can do, can do**  
Can do  
Can do  
This guy says the move can do  
If I say the move can do  
Can do  
Can do  
**The one-point jump is strong**  
**You know it's never wrong**  
**I could tell you why, but it would take too long**  
Not wrong  
Not wrong  
This move is never wrong  
But why would take too long  
Too long  
Too long  
**This move is quite severe**  
**And this is no bum steer**  
**It's from a high Dan player who's real sincere**  
Can do  
Can do  
This guy says the move can do  
If I say the move can do  
Can do  
Can do

**One-point jump!**

**I got the move — right — here!**

Player B:

**Your one-point jump's not much**  
**You use it like a crutch**  
**Small knight's attack keeps you out of Dutch**  
A-ttack  
A-ttack  
To play Go you must a-ttack  
This move is a great a-ttack  
A-ttack  
A-ttack  
**There can be no debate**  
**The small knight's move is great**  
**It's the only logical candidate**  
First rate  
First rate  
This guy says the move's first rate  
If I say the move's first rate  
First rate  
First rate  
**This play is quite refined**  
**And it was all designed**  
**By Go Seigen's brother, who's a - friend of mine**  
Has class  
Has class  
This guy says the move has class

**Small knight's move!**

~~**I got the move — right — here!**~~

Note from Don Wiener: Unwittingly commissioned by Harry Gonshor, perennial 5-dan.

## Hamete Tonight

after "Comedy Tonight"  
from *A Funny Thing Happened  
on the Way to the Forum*  
by Roy Laird

Player C:

Something to trick you — so I can lick you,  
I want to win this game with hamete tonight.  
Hope to confuse you — and then abuse you,  
Don't notice I am playing hamete tonight!  
I'm going to kill you — that's how it's seeming  
You found the answer — I must be dreaming.

I should know better — stick to the letter —  
I should just play a move that's right  
Honesty tomorrow — hamete tonight!

**You guys are in a rut**  
**Look at the push-and-cut**  
**I know it's the right move in my gut**  
Big fight  
Big fight  
To play Go you have to fight  
This move starts a real big fight  
Big fight  
Big fight  
**It's worth a second look**  
**After the time I took**  
**To find this move in a joseki book**  
Big threat  
Big threat  
The book calls this move big threat  
If book calls the move big threat  
Big threat  
Big threat  
**So make it push-and-cut**  
**And think of nothing but**  
**The result it gives you is so clear cut**  
**Push and cut!**

I got the move — right — here!

## Harry's Song

after "If I Were A Rich Man"  
from *Fiddler on the Roof*  
by Don Wiener

If I were a 6-dan (etc.)  
All day long I'd kiri, kiri, kill!  
If I were a real 6-dan.

I wouldn't have to think hard (etc.)  
If I were a bitty-bitty six ya-da  
Deeda roku dee-da dan.

I'd build a big White group  
With points by the dozen  
Right in the center of the board  
Disdaining corners and sides  
To my hearts delight.

And then I'd chase one Black group  
Running from the left  
Right in front of my thickness  
(watch it squirm!!)  
And then I'd kill  
The weak one on the right. (Sigh)

If I were a 6-dan (etc.)  
All day long I'd kiri, kiri, kill!  
If I were a real 6-dan.

Oh, I wouldn't have to think hard (etc.)  
Lord who made the Meijin and Judan  
You decreed I should be just go-dan  
Would it spoil the balance on your great ban,  
If I were a real six dan?!

## I\*N\*G, Or Suicide Is Legal

after "Suicide is Painless"  
from *M\*A\*S\*H*  
by Keith Arnold

From Taiwan comes a man of means,  
To clarify go's rules his dream.  
He thinks the komi's rather lean.  
They way he scores just must be seen.  
Count all your stones, so there's no doubt,  
Bent-four's not dead, just play it out,  
With special rules, he won't agree,  
Remember, fill all your dame.

And Suicide is Legal,  
Ing's rules mean minor changes,  
But why must he spell go with an "e"?

We all owe Ing a debt of thanks,  
His money works to swell our ranks,  
Prizes funded by his largesse,  
Professionals on IGS.  
But when the games are played and done,  
The last fight fought, the last ko won,  
And we struggle to fall asleep,  
Our heads are filled with beep, beep, beep -

And Suicide is Legal,  
There're really minor changes,  
I just wish he'd spell go without the "e,"  
And how about a clock that doesn't  
Beep, beep, beep, beep, beep.



# Kill The Group

after "Kiss The Girl" from *The Little Mermaid*  
by Team Julia Curran, Anna Fraser and Kristin Burrell  
(Youth Entry)

There you see it  
Sitting there across the way  
You don't got a lot to play  
But there's something about it  
And you don't know why  
But you're dying to try  
You wanna kill the group.

Yes, you want to  
Look at it, you know you do  
Possible you're able to  
There is one way to do it  
It just takes a stone  
Just a single stone  
Go on and kill the group

Sha la la la la la  
My oh my  
Look like you a kyu too shy  
Ain't gonna kill the group  
Shal la la la la la  
Ain't that sad?  
Ain't it a shame?  
Too bad, you gonna miss the kill

Now's your moment  
Sente and it's your move  
Kyu you better do it soon  
No time will be better  
It just takes a stone  
And there ain't a stone  
That can save the group

Sha la la la la la  
Don't be scared  
You got the move prepared  
Go on and kill the group  
Sha la la la la la  
Don't stop now  
Don't try to hide it how  
You want to kill the group

Sha la la la la la  
Play along  
And listen to the song  
The song say, "Kill the group"  
Sha la la la la la  
The music play  
Do what the music say  
You got to kill the group

You've got to kill the group  
You wanna kill the group  
You've got to kill the group  
Go on and kill the group.

## Ko Fight

after the theme  
to the TV series "*Rawhide*"  
by Bob Felice

Ko threat, ko threat, ko threat  
Lookin' for a ko threat  
Got to find a ko threat or die!  
Did not secure my group  
And now it's in the soup!  
This ko fight is over an eye  
My head's calculatin'  
That victory is waitin'  
I'll win this game if I make an eye.

Make a threat, answer it  
Take the ko, make a threat  
Answer it, take the ko, ko fight!  
Make a threat, answer it  
Take the ko, make a threat  
AN-SER the KO, Ko fight!

Ko fight, ko fight, ko fight  
Got to win this ko fight  
I will stay here all night and try!  
I can't let this fight throw me  
Oh gosh! I'm in byo-yomi!  
Wishin' the clock was on my side  
I just cannot forget  
To make the bigger threat  
A big threat that will win me an eye.

Make a threat, answer it  
Take the ko, make a threat  
Answer it, take the ko, ko fight!  
Make a threat, answer it  
Take the ko, make a threat  
CON-NECT the KO, Ko fight!  
Ko fight!

## The Major Swindler

after "The Major General's Song,"  
from *The Pirates of Penzance*  
by Harry Gonshor

I am the very model of a swindler  
in the game of go,  
I try to cause confusion as I often play  
a phony ko.  
Even when I'm far ahead  
and surely am not needy,  
I try to go for more and more  
because I am so greedy.  
I try to make opponents rush  
so that them I can bury;  
So they can blunder a big group  
and play damezumari.  
Then they will look and suddenly  
there's something causing sighs:  
They see that their gigantic group  
does not have room for eyes.  
And here's the reason  
that I very often come so low —  
I am the very model of  
a swindler in the game of go.

# Oh, What A Beautiful Ko Threat

after "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning"  
from *Oklahoma!*  
by Roy Laird

There's a quite troubled group in the corner,  
There's a quite troubled group in the corner.  
Some tricks I could use to attack if I choose,  
And if you didn't answer you'd certainly lose.

*Chorus:*

Oh, what a beautiful ko threat,  
Oh, what a beautiful play,  
Now if a ko I can just get,  
For your mistakes you will pay.

There's a strange-looking shape on the side there,  
There's a strange-looking shape on the side there,  
From what I can see, doesn't look live to me,  
And I think it can die if I get a move free.

*(Chorus)*

Your potential is big in the center,  
I could wreck it if I could just enter,  
If I could come in it would get pretty thin,  
And if all of that happened I'd certainly win.

*(Chorus)*

I've just taken a stone you can't take back.  
I've just taken a stone you can't take back.  
I've located my ko and I'm ready to go  
And the end of this game will be your tale of woe.

*Final Chorus:*

Oh, what a beautiful ko threat,  
Oh, what a beautiful play.  
When this game finishes I'll bet  
Everything's going my way,  
Oh, what a beautiful play!

## The Placement Tesuji

after "Sunrise, Sunset"  
from *Fiddler on the Roof*  
by Roy Laird and Bob High

Is this the game that we were playing  
When I got thirsty for some tea?  
Two dame? Weren't we just saying  
I — had — three?

*Chorus:*

I rise — I get — some tea — and yet  
Something's not the same.  
I think you put another stone here  
This is not how I left the game!

I was all set to dance the tango —  
I thought the game was going swell  
Now I've got nothing but a dango:  
What — the — hell?

*(Chorus)*

I'll give you credit, you were trying,  
But you know I was trying, too.  
Now my group looks as if it's dying:  
Da — ye — nu!

*(Chorus)*

But wait! Perhaps I'll make a last stand.  
There is one hope that's left to me.  
If you'd just go away real fast and  
Get — some — tea!

*Final Chorus:*

You rise — you get — some tea — and yet  
Something's not the same.  
That's right, I put another stone there!  
Now you see two can play that game!

## Play There

after "Hey There"  
by Roy Laird

Play there...you with the stone in your hand.  
If you would simply make a move  
That would be really grand.

Play there...I moved ten minutes ago,  
I've better things to do, you know...  
    than take up  
My time till...you wake up.

Better do something...or I will simply resign.  
Maybe you need a handicap  
I would have given nine...

Will you please take your turn...  
    I know it's hard but try  
I guess you're not seeing things too clear.  
I may soon fall asleep, I fear.  
At this rate it will take all year  
If you don't play there.

# The Roku-Dan Song

after Monty Python's "Lumberjack Song"  
by Francis Roads

Chorus:

I'm a roku dan, and I'm all right,  
Play go all day and I sleep all night.  
*He's a roku dan, and I'm all right,  
Plays go all day and he sleeps all night.*

Verses:

I'm learned in joseki  
So I know just where to play,  
My brilliance in byo yo-mi  
Makes my game last all the day.  
*He's learned in joseki  
So he knows just where to play,  
His brilliance in byo yo-mi  
Makes his games last all the day.*  
(Chorus)

I know all my tesjui  
So I'm never in a mess,  
And when I tired of playing go,  
I play a bit of chess.  
*He knows all his tesjui  
So he's never in a mess,  
And when he's tired of playing go,  
He plays a bit of chess.*  
(Chorus)

I play along the second line,  
And then I count the score,  
If that's too few, I jerk the board,  
And then there's nineteen more.  
*He plays along the second line,  
And then he counts the score,  
If that's too few, he jerks the board,  
And then there's nineteen more.*

My pocket's full of go stones,  
From opponent's eyes well hid,  
And if I find that I'm behind,  
I slip some in my lid.

*His pocket's full of go stones,  
From opponent's eyes well hid,  
And if he finds that he's behind,  
He slips some in his lid.*  
(Chorus)

If you wonder how I keep my grade,  
Remember that the man  
Who runs the grading  
Sub-committee is your roku-dan.  
*If you wonder how he keeps his grade,  
Remember that the man  
Who runs the grading  
Sub-committee is your roku-dan.*

Final Chorus:

I'm a roku dan, and I'm OK,  
Play go all night, watch birds all day.  
*He's a roku dan, and he's OK,  
Plays go all night, watches birds all day.*

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Note from Francis Roads: "Matthew Macfadyen is the rokudan to whom this song is dedicated. He has his own adapted version of it; what Barbara would call "the folk process."

## Sensei's Knife

after "Mack the Knife"

by Ken Koester

Oh, the white stones  
Are like shark's teeth,  
And they'll hurt you  
With their bite.

And when sensei  
Lays down his play,  
It will cut you  
Like a knife.

Watch your stones run  
From the corner,  
Seeking safety  
From their plight.

But when sensei  
Makes his next play,  
Stones will stumble  
In the fight.

Now you're gasping  
Hard for life, dear,  
'Cause your moves here  
Were not light.

That ol' sensei  
Makes the right play.  
(It's the shark's way.)  
End of strife.

And that moyo  
You were building  
Seemed so thick there.  
(But not quite.)

Once the sensei  
Lays down his play —  
Sliced and tattered  
From the knife.

Here's the moral:  
Flee the white stones  
Like a minnow  
In a fright,

So that sensei  
Does not display  
Pearly shark's teeth  
Or his knife.

## Sensei's Favorite Things

after "My Favorite Things"  
by Robert Sloane

Playing in corners and then on the side  
Fuseki theory correctly applied  
Extending out to a big double wing  
These are a few of my favorite things.

Playing Joseki that make my shape look grand  
Placing each stone so a fight it can withstand  
Leaving a trap that I later can spring  
These are a few of my favorite things.

When the ladder isn't working  
and my shape is bad  
I simply remember my favorite things  
And then I don't feel so bad.

Killing some stones by taking their eye space  
Fighting back strongly when you play in my space  
Taking rewards that attacking can bring  
These are a few of my favorite things.

Invading a moyo and living inside it  
Makes me so happy I barely can hide it  
Running to safety, dead stones rescuing  
These are a few of my favorite things.

When my ko threat isn't forcing  
and I lose the game  
I simply remember my favorite things  
And then I don't feel so lame.

Playing kikashi to force a reply  
Winning by one move a big semeai  
Every last point from a dead stone to wring  
These are a few of my favorite things.

Ending the game with one final hane  
Finishing up by filling the dame  
Counting the score and a new game starting  
These are a few of my favorite things.

When I'm winning or I'm losing it is all the same  
I simply remember my favorite things  
And how much I love this game!

## Takemiya Masaki Fan Club Victory Song

after "Oklahoma"  
by Bob Felice

TAK-e-mi-ya  
You have turned the go world on its ear!  
(TAK-e-mi-ya!)  
With your cosmic style:  
It sure is wild!  
Let's give the man a great big cheer!

TAK-e-mi-ya  
You leave your opponents "seeing stars."  
(TAK-e-mi-ya!)  
When the dust has settled,  
You have shown you mettle  
You sent them on a trip to Mars!

The scale that you play on is grand,  
So let's give our favorite pro a great big hand!  
From all of us:  
"O-me-de-to Go-za-i-mas(u)"  
Were only saying,  
"Your doing great Takemiya!"  
Tak-e-mi-ya,  
T-A-K-E-M-I-Y-A  
TAK-e-mi-ya  
It's great to be a  
Fan of yours!

## Tesuji

after "Moon River"

by Terry Benson, Barbara Calhoun,  
Harry Gonshor, Les Lanphear, Roy Laird, &  
Haskell Small in the middle of Puget Sound

Te-suji  
White stones never die  
They'll always find an eye — or three  
With sa-baki and ka-rami  
They'll manage to tobi, to nobi, shinogi

Te-suji  
White stones have a way  
To always keep sente, you see  
They'll give you the same hamete  
Every single day  
Every single way  
Te-suji kills me

## That's Playing Wei Chi

after "That's Entertainment"

by Roy Laird

The night...at the club when you fight  
With the dan...who is tricky and strong  
And it's close...but you lose by a nose  
That's playing wei chi

The day...when you go far away  
To be there...at a tournament where...  
You can win...it's about to begin  
That's playing wei chi

The part where you start beating up on your foe  
Ahead? Are you dead?  
Well you really don't know  
It could be seki or ko  
You move and he answers —  
You see you've lost your chances

Back home...you regain your aplomb  
And you look...at your joseki books  
Just to see...how you missed victory  
The board is the world  
The world is a board for playing wei-i-i-i-i chi!



# There's No Threat Like a Ko Threat

after "There's No Business  
Like Show Business"  
from *Gypsy*  
by Roy Laird

There's no threat like a ko threat  
It's like no threat that I know.  
Every move you make is so confusing  
You can kill that White group if you try.  
White gives a response that seems amusing.  
You're sure he's losing — and then you die.

There's no threat like a ko threat  
Although it can seem slow —  
Almost every liberty of yours is filled  
If your play is skilled —  
    you will not get killed.  
You can make it turn out  
    just the way you willed it to —  
Go right on with the ko.

There's no dan like a sho-dan,  
He's like no dan that I know.  
Looking for a defect? You won't spy it  
Unless you're a dan of two or three.  
Reckless play could surely start a riot —  
A dan might try it —  
But that's not me.

There's no dan like a sho-dan  
When the sho-dan plays a ko.  
First he captures, forcing you to find a threat  
Will you win or get tangled in his net?  
Play the nakade 'cause it's not over yet, so  
Go on with the ko-o-o-o  
Let's go on and play go!





# TOP 40

## The Ballad of Keith Arnold and Phil Straus

after "Ob-la-di, Ob-la-da"  
A True Story by Ken Koester

Phil Straus has a moyo in a center space,  
Keith, he has a gleaming in his eye.  
Phil, he says to Arnold,  
"Keith, you can't live there!"  
And as he points, Keith Arnold says,  
"Just watch me try!"

*Refrain:*

Ob la di, ob la da, game goes on,  
La la la, how the game goes on.  
Ob la di, ob la da, game goes wrong,  
La la la, how the game goes wrong!

Arnold takes a cut that Phil's left lying there,  
Snaps his mighty fan shut with a clack!  
Phil Straus hears that sound  
And knows he must beware  
Of semeais with two false eyes  
And a snapback.

*Bridge:*

In a couple of moves,  
Keith has led his stones away.  
And a couple of Phil Straus's groups  
Have turned  
From hunter to hunted prey.

Cut off and pursued through his own moyo now,  
Phil Straus tries in vain to make two eyes.  
Keith, he grins a grin  
and fans his mighty brow,  
But when he places his next stone,  
His white group dies!

Trapped between two walls,  
Keith is without a play;  
So dead are his stones--not even ko.  
Phil Straus heaves a sigh  
and wipes the sweat away,  
And says, "I knew you couldn't live there —  
told you so!"

*Coda:*

And if you want some fun,  
Just play the game of go!

## Big Groups Don't Die

after "Big Girls Don't Cry"  
by Roy Laird and Steven Silberblatt

Big groups...they don't die-ie-ie  
(they don't die)

Big groups...they don't die  
(No need to wonder why)

Big groups...they don't die-ie-ie  
(they don't die)

Big groups...they don't die  
(No need to cry)

You better watch out...don't try to kill  
White's group.

Watch out...you're gonna be in the soup

Watch...you think he's gonna die

But have only one eye-ye-ye

Big groups don't die, etc...

## The Breakthrough To Shodan

after "Downtown"  
by Roy Laird

When you're a kyu  
And losing all your games you  
Know you just want to be — shodan.  
People that strong  
Don't keep on losing for long  
They're better far than me — shodan.

All my friends are trying hard  
To get up there before me  
When they do I'm telling you  
Our games will be quite stormy.  
I might still lose:  
That's when you play real go  
You can forget the atari —  
Just play out the ko —  
When I'm

Sho-dan — everyone else will be  
Sho-dan — still keep abusing me  
Sho-dan — they'll all be two-dan or three!

## Buffalo Shodan

after Bob Marley's "Buffalo Soldier"  
by Janice Kim and friends

He was a Tokyo shodan / A real Go Mastah  
Working for IBM / Transferred to America  
Used to be a 3-kyu / Now he's a "shodan" too!

They asked him where he came from  
He bowed and said "Ohio."

They asked him what his strength was  
He smiled, said "Ay-ya-yay-o."

He lighted up a cigarette  
Bit the end and chewed it.

Masterfully, he slapped his stone  
Somewhere in the twilight zone.

"Mita, mita," came his sighs  
How difficult to make two eyes.

No matter; he played on and on  
Despite the fact his group was gone.

## Bye Bye Black Stones

after "Bye Bye Blackbird"  
by Roy Laird

Just won three games in a row —  
playing go — like a pro  
Bye bye black stones.  
Won all three with more than ten:  
you must then — start again,  
Bye bye black stones.  
Played as cosmically as Takemiya  
Now I say, "White stones I'm glad to see ya!"  
Just Black may not be enough —  
take two stones, I'm playing tough  
Black stones, bye bye!

## Bye-bye Stones

after "Bye-bye Love"  
by Betsy Small

*Refrain:*

Bye-bye stones,  
Bye-bye victory,  
Hello apathy;  
I think I'm a gonna die  
Well bye-bye my stones, good-bye!

There goes my eye space, my connection too;  
Black sure looks happy, I sure am blue;  
And here's the reason I'm in the soup:  
That guy who played me  
Just killed my group!

*Refrain:*

Bye-bye stones...etc.

I'm through with ko threats, I'm through  
with go!

I'm through with countin'  
these games I blow!

That was my moyo 'till he stepped in!  
Good-bye to go games that might have been!

Bye-bye stones...etc.

## Evil Plays

After "Evil Ways", by Santana  
By Bob Felice

You've got to stop  
Your evil plays, Martin  
Or I will stop  
Playing Go with you  
You've got to change, Martin  
Don't make moves  
That you know aren't true!

You've got me running  
From trick plays  
All over the board  
You've got me fighting  
Five false kos  
I should have ignored  
This can't go on!  
Lord knows  
You've got to change,  
Martin, Martin

When we play Go, Martin  
My brain flies off  
To "The Martin Zone."  
You overplay, Martin:  
And I make moves  
I want to dis-own

I'm getting mired  
In sleaze plays  
And eyes that get filled  
I'm getting tired  
Of dead groups  
That cannot be killed  
(*Incredulously*) Another game?  
*Sure!*  
Lord knows  
You'll never change!

---

**Note from Bob Felice:**

Dedicated with affection to Martin Lebl, whose KGS handle, "EvilOne," perfectly describes his playing style.

## Extending from a Star

after "Swinging On A Star"  
by Bob Felice

Would you like to extend from your star  
And acquire points near and far  
And be higher ranked than you are  
Or would you rather be a Kyu?

A Kyu is a player who protects every stone  
He can't stand to leave aji alone.  
His spirit's feisty but his play is weak  
His moves are vulgar, lacking all technique  
And by the way, if double ko confuses you,  
You might turn out to be a Kyu.

Or would you like to extend from your star  
And acquire points near and far  
And be higher ranked than you are  
Perhaps you'd rather be a Dan?

A Dan is a player who has learned all the  
moves  
He's so strong he really can't improve  
His play's aggressive and his reading's deep  
He plays all night because he needs no sleep!  
And if you can fight your way out of a jam  
You might grow up to be Dan

Or would you like to extend from your star  
And acquire points near and far  
And be higher ranked than you are  
Perhaps you'd like to be a Pro?

A Pro is a player who's got Go on the brain  
His quest is to play the perfect game.  
He studies game records relentlessly  
For the smallest defects that he can see  
And if you learn to play at two, or so  
You could grow up to be a Pro.

But if all your games you review  
Your mistakes will jump out at you  
So you see there's lots you could do  
You can be better than you are  
Perfect extensions from your star!

## Fairly Groovy

after "Feelin' Groovy"  
by Roy Laird

Slow down, you move too fast.  
You barely looked where I played last  
Just, plunkin' down another stone  
Quickly as in a sped-up movie.

Hello, white stone, where you goin'?  
I need some time for think' slow 'n'  
I don't want to set you free  
That kind of thing would not be suji.

What'd you say there? "Please move faster?"  
I'm thinking fast as I can, Master!  
Long enough and you'll resign  
Soon as I find the right tesuji.

# The Gambler

with apologies to Kenny Rogers

by Roy Laird

He was born in South Korea,  
And he had an idea  
When he was just a little boy,  
And a solemn vow he took  
He thought, "I want to get stronger  
Before I play much longer  
And what I mean get stronger at,  
Is mastering baduk."

*Chorus:*

He knows where to play 'em —  
So he can slay 'em —  
With all his tricky moves he will go far  
He's as fierce as a lion —  
Big groups are dyin'  
But they're not his groups: not Jimmy Cha!

So he'd fight and he'd study,  
He'd play most anybody  
And after all his efforts  
He became a pro one day  
But before he got stronger  
he said, "I can't stay much longer  
Because it is my dream to live in the USA."  
*(Chorus)*

He was good at trade and barter,  
But he found that it was harder  
Without getting an even match,  
Farther up to climb  
So he played the local strong men —  
His power you could see then  
Giving handicaps to California chaps  
several at a time!  
*(Chorus)*

So he made lots of dollars  
Selling booze and shirts with collars  
But there was no excitement there —  
It was just a dud  
So he went over to Reno  
And he played in a casino  
And he figured out that he could be  
A real good poker stud.

*Chorus - This Time Only*  
He knows when to hold 'em —  
Knows when to fold 'em —  
Playing baduk or cards,  
He wins and doesn't stop  
Whether at the card table  
Or with go pros who are able  
Before your eyes it's no surprise  
If Jimmy Cha's on top.

Now Jimmy took some money,  
And you know what he done? He  
Brought players to the USA —  
Many famous names  
For all the power they could tap,  
He made local folks quite happy  
But no happier than Jimmy was  
To get some even games!  
*(Chorus)*

Well, Jimmy's game was cookin',  
And the Korean pros were lookin'  
And when they saw the way he played,  
They knew they had to act  
For the players that he scored on  
He was moved from 1 to 4-dan  
Even though this was unusual,  
'cause a fact's a fact.  
*(Chorus)*

Although playing him was rocky,  
Some thought that he was cocky  
He said, "I can beat most anyone  
If I am taking black."  
Though he stole groups like a bandit,  
Some people couldn't stand it  
And they started hoping for the day  
He'd have to take it back.  
*(Chorus)*



Then people started saying,  
"In Fujitsu he'll be playin'  
The strongest players in the world —  
There'll be tales to tell."  
But the tale that was told there  
Was that an upset did unfold there  
Before Jimmy Cha was finished there  
Two more victims fell.

*(Chorus)*

He went back the next year then,  
Known as someone to fear then.  
The other pros knew they might lose —  
Knew they'd have to fight  
He beat Cho Chikun there —  
And when he went and won there,  
He showed he could beat most anyone,  
Even taking White!

*(Chorus)*

These days he's more than resident:  
He's actually the President  
Of the Pro Association in the USA  
When they all get together  
It doesn't matter whether  
It's win or lose, everybody wins when the  
pros Csome out to play!

*(Chorus)*

# Go

after "Clouds" by Joni Mitchell  
by Ron Snyder and Karen Gold

Slate and shell and bowls of wood,  
Shapes just vaguely understood  
And play that's rarely any good  
I look at go that way.

If I should need some tesuji  
The right moves are too hard to see.  
But I'll continue valiantly  
To play go anyway.

*Chorus:*  
I've looked at go from both sides now  
From black and white and still somehow  
It's go's confusion I recall  
I really don't know go at all.

My opening way was too slow  
While he produced a large moyo  
I thought invading apropos  
Should have reduced instead.

And now my group is all but caught  
I guess I should have cut and fought  
I didn't play as sensei taught –  
Cause greed got in the way.

*Chorus:*  
I've looked at life from both sides now  
From black and white and still somehow  
Its life's illusion I recall  
I really don't have eyes – at all.

Stones are clicking on the board  
I'm playing ko I can't afford  
So his last ko threat I ignored  
I won the ko that way.

But now his shape is nowhere thin  
I have no eyes and I'm sealed in  
This isn't any way to win  
I don't know where to play.

*Chorus:*  
I've looked at ko from both sides now  
From black and white and still somehow  
It's ko's confusion I recall  
I really don't know ko at all.

The game is close I hope and pray  
There's no mistake in my yose.  
But, oops, my last move was gote  
I lost another game.

I count and count and count the score  
It seems I just need one point more  
I should have thought of this before  
We start to fill dame.

*Chorus:*  
From opening until dame  
I'm never sure just where to play  
It's go's confusion my downfall  
I really don't know go – at all.

## Got Life?

after "Got Rice?"  
by Justin Chiang

It's the E-G-O, man forget the rest,  
San Fran, to Boston, it's the best  
Playin' go, to get to dan and makin' pro someday,  
Study hard, play some more, you'll be there someday.

Joseki, Ahah; Tesu-ji, what you got, huh?  
You got jack, man, see my eyes; I'm A-Live, you betta recognize!  
Got life kid? Got life? Got moves, got the groove, got eyes?  
Got brains like me? Got skills like me? Got skips, got jumps, got threats like me?

What's up, I'm the best, and I'll kill your groups;  
I got money in the bank, from my awesome moves;  
Can I help it if I play and control the duel?  
It don't matter, forget the lot, hey I'm just that good!  
I play hard, pop eyes, I got the moves; take a look, read it out, then I'll play the moves!

Pro plays me, he plays all, he's uber-cool! One-on-one? No way! It's three-on-one, no duels!  
Got life kid? Got life? Any-way you can make some eyes?  
Got stones, got boards, got fights like me? Heck no, you're dead, you can't fool me!  
Take off your stones when you're captured, please,  
or forfeit the game 'cause you're insultin' me!  
Don't mind losing, you'll get used to it; makin' walls; fightin' kos, and that really weird nobi?  
What the heck is that? You think I don't see? Your group is short one liberty!  
Take a chance, don't be scared, you've got a tesu-ji!  
You don't see? That's all right, take some advice from me.  
Got life, kid? Got life? Got life where you might have an eye?  
Your group is dead unless you win that ko, 'cus I killed your eye, man, Time to fly!

## I Feel Like I'm Fixin' To Die Rag

with apologies to Country Joe and the Fish  
by Ken Koester and Roy Laird

One day over yonder in Tokyo  
I got down to playing a game of go,  
Didn't mean to do it —  
    don't know why I played  
'Cause pretty soon all of my groups were daid.  
I looked at the little bit I had got,  
And this is what I thought:

*Chorus:*

And it's 1, 2, 3, what are we fighting for?  
Don't ask me, I ain't got a plan —  
My game ain't worth a damn.  
And it's 5, 6, 7, no time to hesitate  
There ain't no time to make an eye,  
Whoopee! My group's gonna die.

Tried another game and it was just for fun  
As soon as we started I knew I was done.  
This guy was not like other men,  
He seemed as strong as Go Seigen.  
Killed all my groups — put me in shock  
And then we had a little talk.

*(Chorus)*

I asked him whey he played so well  
His answer was brief but my jaw fell  
I know then why groups did fall,  
He said two words but he said it all,  
I knew all I needed to know  
When he told me he was Rin Kaiho!

*(Chorus)*

So if you ever go to Japan  
Make yourself a careful plan  
Play lots of go — don't be shy.  
But if you want to win stay away from this guy  
The Nihon Kiin's playing room's  
    nice and wide —

Stay away from the professional side!

*(Chorus)*

## I've Just Seen a Cut

after "I've Just Seen a Face"  
by Ken Koester

I've just seen a cut I can't resist,  
And when I do, I know I'll miss  
The move that makes it work,  
I'll feel a jerk,  
My cutting stones I'll kiss,  
Go-od bye, by and by.

Had I looked the other way,  
I might have found a better play.  
It's clear my reading was remiss,  
And so it is  
My cutting stones I'll kiss  
Go-od bye, by and by.

*Refrain:*

Dyin', my stones are dyin',  
But I keep tryin'  
To live again.

A ladder that I didn't see  
Has somehow got the best of me.  
Without a breaker on the board  
My stones, I fear,  
Will go to their reward,  
Go-od bye, by and by.

And now the end is drawing near;  
Those liberties we hold so dear  
Have all been taken quite away.  
Another cutting move I'll never play!

*[optional coda:*

To live again,  
To live again,  
One more time,  
To live again.]

# I Made It Miai

after "My Way"

by Roy Laird

And now; we meet again; my dear old friend;  
 You old trap-setter.  
 I'm still; not as strong as you; my skills are few;  
 But getting better.  
 My group; could use good shape;  
 It can't escape; But as you see I  
 Now know; two ways to go; I made it miai.

So fight; hard as you might; you know the  
 Knight...s'  
 Move looks like sente  
 Attack; my thin spaghetti line;  
 And you will find; That it's al dente  
 I did; what I had to do; made no boo-boo;  
 It had to be I  
 Could play; out either way;  
 'Cause I made it miai.

Yes, there were games...as there are still  
 When I cut off more than I could kill  
 I thought I had you up a tree  
 But then a ko confounded me  
 The record shows; you won the ko  
 But I got miai.

Seems when; I try to win; I wind up thin;  
 And quickly cut up  
 And then; your laughter fills the day  
 I want to say: "Will you please shut up?"  
 Push in; from either side; it's no free ride;  
 I needn't flee I  
 Can play; the other way;  
 'Cause I made it miai.

For what then is life; if not two eyes?  
 If I have that, I'll beat the guys  
 It's basic, yes; you seem amused  
 But it just proves; the rule I used  
 Infinite tries; can't fill two eyes  
 Two eyes are miai.

It's known; by many names; but just the same;  
 It serves its purpose  
 You get; one move alone; that fact is known;  
 By simple sherpas.  
 Another chap I know will call it co-  
 dependency I  
 Will claim; a simpler name,  
 I'll call it miai.

## I Played the Pro

After "I Fought the Law"  
 A True Story by Bob Felice  
 With a kind assist from Karen Gold

Signed up for a simul 'cause it — looked fun  
 I played the Pro and the — Pro won (x2)  
 The odds looked good: they were — 8 to 1  
 I played the Pro and the — Pro won (x2)

A big running fight all over the board  
 Attracted everyone  
 The biggest group that I ever had:  
 I played the Pro and the — Pro won (x2)

Needed eye space 'cause I — had none  
 I played the Pro and the — Pro won (x2)  
 I died in gote but it — was fun  
 I played the Pro and the — Pro won (x2)

I lost my big group and I feel so bad  
 I guess this game is done  
 The biggest dragon I ever had:  
 I played the Pro and the — Pro won (x2)  
 Yeah!  
 (Softer and softer)  
 I played the Pro and the — Pro won (x2)

## Janice's Jingle

after "Black and White"  
 by Roy Laird

Your stones are black, my stones are white  
 To scare you I think I'll start a fight,  
 I'll start a fight and you will run  
 And I will be having so much fun — (repeat)

My moves are good, your moves are bad,  
 You soon will discover you've been had —  
 You've been had...

You'll lose the game 'cause facts are facts,  
 Your position is grody to the max,  
 Your stones are slate, my stones are clam,  
 But you are not playing worth a damn.

The harder that you try to win  
 The deeper the trouble you get in —  
 You get in...

My game is won, your game is lost,  
 Now back in the bowls our stones we toss.  
 I hope I haven't spoiled your mood,  
 Your playing was not quite awesome dude —  
 Awesome, dude.

## Komi

after "Call Me"  
by Roy Laird

When you're in a close-fought battle  
There's no reason to get rattled,  
If you're playing White don't worry,  
You can win — no need to hurry.

*Chorus:*

Komi — you can relax you've got  
Komi — no heart attacks, you've got  
Komi — komi can win you the game.

Black has got a great big moyo  
And you say "oh boy oh boyo"  
When your spirits hit the bottom  
Don't forget that you have got 'em  
(*Chorus*)

And when you're scor -rin'  
Seems black has more in  
His proportion of the board.  
But you are betting  
That he's forgetting  
Those five points are your reward.

Now the game is through and done with  
Your opponent you've had fun with.  
You and he can go to dinner  
Knowing that you are the winner.  
(*Chorus*)

## Lament of a Go Player Who Dropped In Rank

after "Yesterday", by Lennon/McCartney  
by Jim Fienup

Yesterday, all my troubles seemed so far away  
Now I've dropped a rank in go today  
How I long for yesterday

Suddenly, I forgot the tesuji  
There's bad aji hanging over me  
How I long for yesterday

Why...I...lost at go,  
I don't know, I can't decide  
False eye, atari, damezumari — stones died.

Yesterday, go was such an easy game to play,  
Now I've dropped a rank in go today  
How I long for yesterday

Mm mm mm mm mm mm mm

---

Note from Roy Laird: Dedicated to Janice Kim, who is actually a much more pleasant and humble person than this song might suggest.

## Make Your Move

after "Hey Jude," by the Beatles  
by Roy Laird

Hey dude — don't be afraid  
Make a bad move, and you'll get better  
The minute you place  
Your stone on the board  
You'll get your reward — by playing better.

Hey dude — don't think too hard  
Put that stone down, and see what happens  
The minute you play  
A terrible move  
You will improve, and you'll get better.

And any time you lose a game —  
Don't feel the pain  
Review your mistakes —  
You won't regret it  
And don't you know  
The games you win  
Have nothing in them  
That you can learn from  
So forget it.....

Hey dude — you'll get there yet  
Take your bad moves,  
And make them better  
The moment  
You play the moves that are wrong  
You will get strong  
By seeing what's better....

## Mister Sandbag

after "Mister Sandman"  
A True Story By Keith Arnold

Mr. Sandbag, you mustn't play there  
Taking two stones, it just isn't fair.  
Avoid that tesuji, make it tight, sir  
Make them think the handicap is right, sir.

*Chorus:*

Sandbag, modest and meek,  
You're just a beginner, your game is so weak  
But when the stones click on the ban  
Mr. Sandbag, looks like you won  
Sandbag, sandbag, sandbag..... (total 15)

Mr. Sandbag, come tournament time  
You claim you are rusty or some other whine  
You're out of practice, enter at 6-kyu  
Then you wield the black stones like Shusaku  
(*Chorus*)

Mr. Sandbag, make your wins close  
Claim you are lucky and win by a nose  
Cause little grief or acrimony  
At least until the awards ceremony.  
(*Chorus*)

Mr. Sandbag, I miss your point  
It's like peeping twice at a bamboo joint  
The prizes are small, you're beating duffers  
And all the while your own game just suffers

*Final Chorus:*

Sandbag, still at 6-kyu  
Your victories many, your promotions few  
But when the stones click on the ban  
Mr. Sandbag, looks like sleaze, sleaze, sleaze...



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# Playing Go Again

after "On the Road Again"

By Keith Arnold

Playing go again  
Invading moyos where I've never been  
My whole life is losing games that I should win  
I can't wait to be playing go again.

Playing go again  
Fighting kos that I should not begin  
My whole life is losing games that I should win  
I can't wait to be playing go again.

Playing go again  
Like a one-eyed fool I keep playing blindly  
At the Congress again  
Hoping that a pro will treat me kindly  
Cause I play blindly.

Playing go again  
Building positions that are far too thin  
My whole life is losing games that I should win  
I can't wait to be playing go again.

## Song to a friend

After "Friend of the Devil"  
by Wanda Metcalf

I lit out for Houston  
All psyched up for self-paired rounds  
Couldn't get to sleep that night  
My ego knew no bounds

*Chorus:*

Set out running but I take my time  
His best move is the same as mine  
If I can handle this ko fight  
I just might win this game tonight

Ran in to a 2-Dan  
He gave me seven stones  
I spent the game defending  
His moves were all unknowns  
*(Chorus)*

Got two reasons why I cry away  
Each lonely night:  
First one are those hamete,  
They sure give me a fright  
Second one is cutting points –  
My group is looking thin  
And if his moves cut me apart,  
He'll have enough to win

I've five stones in a dango  
And nine in atari  
First ones may get sacrificed  
To get the others free  
*(Chorus)*

Got two reasons why I cry away  
Each lonely night:  
First one is tesuji, babe  
I never get them right  
Second one is capture, babe  
White stones on my trial  
If they should catch up with me  
My bid for life will fail

Ran in to the center,  
But the White stones caught mine there  
Lost their final liberty  
And vanished in the air  
*(Chorus)*

I lit out for Houston  
All psyched up for self-paired rounds  
Couldn't get to sleep that night  
My ego knew no bounds  
*(Chorus)*

# Stop the Sudhoff!

After, "Sink the Bismark!"

By Dave Weimer

'Twas Saturday afternoon, the Congress had just begun  
They Kyus gathered in the playing room looking for some fun  
But one by one they encountered that German Go machine  
And one by one his tricks and tesugi picked their groups clean.

Chorus:

We'll play that German Go machine that's mak'in' such a fuss  
We gotta stop the Sudhoff 'cause the Kyus depend on us.  
Play the game with spirit mates, and spread those stones around  
When we play the Sudhoff, we gotta shut'em down.

Some can play it better and some can even play as fast  
But when it comes to staying power no one else can last.  
It seems he hardly eats or drinks and rarely sleeps at all.  
The Sudhoff would play 'round the clock if they didn't close the hall!  
(Chorus)

Talk of great Kyu-killers like the Arnold when he had hair  
But don't forget the Sudhoff who has won more than his share.  
As the Kyus have gotten tougher and wised up to his tricks  
Racking up scores of wins and losses now gives him his kicks.  
(Chorus)

Now when the history's written of the great Congress days  
Those who haven't seen the Sudhoff won't believe how much he played!  
"Just one more game before dinner, we have plenty of time.  
Losing even a minute of play would surely be a crime!"  
(Chorus)

## Stones Get In Your Eyes

after "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes"  
by Mike Ryan

They asked me how I knew  
My play was tesu-u-u-u-ji  
Laughing I replied:  
"My ko deep inside  
Says your invasion died."

They asked me what I saw  
When I played that aw-w-w-w-ful move  
Confident I cried:  
"This good move I spied!  
It can not be defied!"

So I laughed and lightly played away  
To form a large mo-yo  
But I sadly ended in gote  
And I had lost my ko

Now laughing dans deride  
The loss of one whole side  
I with many sighs  
Have come to realize --  
Kos do not make eyes.

## Student of Go

after "King of the Road"  
by Celeste Maris

Go boards for sale or rent;  
Stones to let ... fifty cents.  
No chess, no cards, not bets  
I ain't got no gambling debts.

A few hours picking chords  
Buys another 9x9 board.  
I'm a man of means by all means...  
A student of GO.

Airport shuttle, midnight train,  
Looking for that Washington rain.  
Old worn out clothes and shoes,  
Saved enough for my AGA dues.

I read old Go books I have found –  
Worn, 'cause they have been around.  
I'm a man of means by all means  
A student of GO.

I know of every master in every game.  
Each of their ratings, and each of their names  
And every Chapter in every town  
And every club that's not locked  
When no one's around.

I sing,  
Go boards for sale or rent;  
Stones to let ... fifty cents.  
No chess, no cards, not bets  
I ain't got no gambling debts.

A few hours picking chords  
Buys another 9x9 board.  
I'm a man of means by all means...  
A student of GO.

## Teach Your Children Go

after "Teach Your Children,"  
by Graham Nash  
By Bob Felice

You, who love this game,  
Must pass the flame on to your children.

And so, teach them the rules  
Send them to schools, with knowledge fill them.

Teach your children Go  
They need to know just how to play it.

And feed them on your dreams  
To reach sho-dan in just a wee bit.

Don't you ever ask them why  
Their small groups often die  
Just look at them and sigh  
And watch them play Go.

And you, the kids of Go  
Your progress so unlike your parents.

And so, please help them in their quest  
To play their best: a small recompense.

Teach your parents Go  
The things you know will make them stronger.

And feed them on your dreams  
To reach go-dan before much longer.

Don't you ever ask them why  
Their big groups often die  
Just look at them and sigh  
And watch them play Go.

## That's Atari

after "That's Amore"  
by Roy Laird and Steven Silberblatt

When a stone hits your eye  
In a big semeai —  
That's atari  
When you're caught in shicho  
And there's no place to go —  
That's atari  
And you say,  
"What a pretty play, what a pretty play,  
What a pretty play — I can't parry;  
If I try to get out I will lose,  
There's no doubt —  
That's atari."

When you're caught in a race  
And there's egg on your face —  
That's atari  
Now you feel like a clown  
Cause you just got pushed down  
From above  
Your friend with one strike,  
Devastates you just like  
Mata Hari;  
Then you find the right play  
And it's your turn to say,  
"That's atari!"

---

Note from Bob Felice:

This song is dedicated to every adult who ever taught a child how to play Go, and also to every child who ever taught me something about the game.

## You've Played A Hamete

after "Our Love Is Here To Stay"  
by Roy Laird

It's very clear...you've played a hamete  
You should play here...and not the other way.  
Your mood is just too up;  
If you think I'll screw up  
You'd better think again  
'Cause I've read this sequence  
clear out to the end.

Yes, you will live...but I will get a wall  
Trouble I'll give... you and I'll have a ball  
In time your moyo will crumble  
And then you'll mumble  
"This game I just can't play," but:  
Just don't play hamete!

## What White Was Thinking

After "Cheek to Cheek"  
By Bob Felice

Aji, I see Aji  
And my heart beats  
So that I can hardly speak  
When I think  
Of all the havoc I can wreak  
Upon stones like yours,  
Which look so awfully weak.

Aji, you've got Aji  
And I must say  
That your outlook's pretty bleak  
When you see my next move  
It might make you shriek  
Once you realize  
Your stones are up the creek!

Oh I'd love to make a large group  
It would be so very chic  
But it wouldn't thrill me half as much  
As fighting stones so weak

I'd much rather make a placement  
I could run out either way  
Your hopes sink to the basement  
As your eye space melts away

(Come on and) Fight with me  
With weakness all about you  
Sente plays against you  
Will carry me through...

'Cause you've got Aji, so much Aji  
And your moyo's  
Just about to spring a leak  
As I skillfully apply my sly technique  
Upon stones like yours which look,  
Stones like yours which look,  
Upon stones like yours  
Which look so awfully weak.  
(You've got Aji...)



# BEST SIDE STORY

After "West Side Story"  
by Roy Laird

## Hey, Wonderful Sensei

after "Gee, Officer Krupke"

Of chess I am a master —  
And backgammon as well.  
My friends think I'm a bastard —  
I really give them hell.  
Now they won't even play me:  
They know I'll win and so —  
That is why I started playing go!

Hey, wonderful sensei —  
I thought it would be  
As easy playing go as falling out of a tree,  
But now that I'm playing, I can't even find  
Two eyes — I think I'm going blind!

(Going blind, going blind,  
Going blind, blind, blind;  
Without two eyes you're going blind!)

My opening is horrid —  
My middle game is worse,  
I look over the board, and I just want to curse,  
For all I know my endgame is really up to par —  
I don't even get to play that far.

Hey, wonderful sensei — I need a new plan.  
I try to win my games but I just don't understand  
My groups are connected, my shape is so light —  
Why do I lose in every fight?

(Every fight, every fight,  
Oh you just can't fight:  
You always lose in every fight!)

He said, "Your groups are often as heavy as a log,  
You follow your opponent around just like a dog.  
You think and think forever,  
Then don't know what to do —  
That is how I know you're still a kyu!"

Well, all of my students should learn how to know  
The difference between alive and seki and ko,  
Start learning the ladder: when you understand —  
Then maybe you will be a dan."

(Be a dan, be a dan,  
Be a doggone dan;  
You will never, ever be a dan!)

And then, so I'd get better,  
My sensei played with me.  
He called me a go-getter —  
I played aggressively.  
I kept him separated —  
His groups were looking dead.  
That is when I thought I was ahead.

Hey, wonderful sensei, you've given me hope.  
I think you must give up if I don't play like a dope.  
You keep taking gote — your groups are so thin—  
Gee, wonderful sensei — you win!

## I Love Sente

after "I Feel Pretty"

I love sente...Good old sente  
I can then take the moves that seem right.  
If I meant a...bloody brawl  
Then I would start a fight.

You have gote...Bad old gote  
And I note a concern on your face.  
Better answer...or I'll leave you  
In complete disgrace.

See that silly move in the corner there —  
Whatever could I have in mind?  
Why should you respond? Let the game go on —  
It could be a con — Why did you resign?

It was sente...Real sente...  
And you needed to play one more stone —  
But you didn't...you left your group all alone!

## Joseki

after "Maria"

Being sure to avoid local fights that fail...  
joseki...joseki...joseki...joseki...

Playing moves that make sense on a larger scale...  
Joseki...joseki...joseki...joseki...

Joseki...I wish that I knew more joseki.  
It's something people use  
To really put the screws to me!

Joseki...I come out behind in Joseki.  
And now I understand  
How far away shodan can be!

Joseki...  
Play it right and you get good thickness.  
Play it wrong and you start feeling sickness!  
Joseki...  
I'll never know all the joseki.

Many purposes served by a single play...joseki.

## To Fight

after "Tonight"

To fight, to fight —  
To win you have to fight.  
To win you must extend from your star.

To fight, to fight —  
You really have to fight  
And you'll beat them from near and from far.

Just play...a move that seems attacking,  
Pursue it without slacking,  
No need to be polite.

At first...play light —  
And wait for when the time is just right —  
Then fight!



# The Tournament

after "America"

*Chorus:*

I want to be in a tournament  
Make 'em say "Gee" in a tournament  
Want victory in a tournament  
We're gonna see in a tournament.

Just got in from New York City  
When I play, I have no pity.  
When you play me you should take care —  
What makes you think I will play fair?  
(*Chorus*)

My home is South California  
With victory I'll adorn ya.  
I once was told by a mystic  
Winning's materialistic.  
(*Chorus*)

In Philadelphia we play hard  
We try to set a high standard.  
We're getting stronger in high gear  
One guy made *shodan* in one year.  
(*Chorus*)

I come from Butte and I'm saying  
There I'm the only one playing.  
If I lose there will be no blame.  
I may not even win one game!

*New chorus:*

I'm here to play in a tournament  
Keep 'em at bay in a tournament.  
I'll find a way; in this tournament.  
I'll win today in this tournament.

I just flew in from Miami  
I wish my palms weren't so clammy.  
Back home I show all my friends how —  
What if I don't do so well now?

*Final chorus:*

I'm glad I came to this tournament  
Entered my name in this tournament.  
Always the same in a tournament,  
Lost every game in this tournament!



# Rounds

## Life And Death

after "Row, Row, Row Your Boat"  
by Phil Straus

Go, go, go's a game  
About a group that dies.  
Be aware, be aware, be aware, be aware  
Life is but two eyes.

## Someone's Thinking

after "Frere Jacques"  
by Ken Koester

Someone's thinking,  
Someone's thinking,  
Is it you?  
Is it you?

If your clock is ticking,  
Stones you should be clicking.  
Make your move!  
Make your move!

## Oi-otoshi

after "Frere Jacques"  
by Terry Benson

Oi-o-toshi (2x)  
Nadare (2x)  
Da-a-mezumari (2x)  
Komoku (2x)

## Three Weak Groups

after "Three Blind Mice"  
by Terry Benson

Three weak groups — three weak groups —  
See how they run — see how they run —  
They all ran after the big White group  
Which turned and killed them  
in one fell swoop  
Did you ever see such a sorry troop  
As three weak groups?  
(Last time: three DEAD groups)

## The Yuppie's Lament

after "White Coral Bells"  
by Katherine Wolfthal

White clam shells upon a kaya board,  
That's the kind of set I wish I could afford.  
Oh, how I wish I had those cherry bowls.  
Yen exchange is raking me across the coals!

---

Note from Ken Koester on "Someone's Thinking": To be sung during "instant move" go games to disconcert your opponent, or in the face of totally dilatory players during regular games when you are bored out of your wits.



# THE HONINBO (EXCERPT)

after "*The Mikado*"  
by Bob High

## Gentlemen Who Play Go

after "If You Want to Know Who We Are"

If you want to know who we are,  
We are gentlemen who play go:  
On many a vase and jar —  
You will find us depicted so.  
Our game is a fine pastime;  
As slowly the ranks we climb —  
It surely is not a crime, oh!

If you think that it's done off-hand  
Like some casual sport or game —  
Then you really don't understand  
Which is certainly quite a shame!  
Perhaps you think we're not strong  
Enough to play all day long —  
If that's your idea, you're wrong, oh!

## Ko-Ko's Song

after "Titwillow"

On a chair by the go-ban a kibitzer sat  
Saying "Fill-oh, just fill-oh, just fill-oh!"  
I said "Kibitzer,  
    what makes you think I'd do that?"  
"I won't fill-oh, won't fill-oh, won't fill-oh!"  
"Is it weakness of intellect, buddy?" I cried,  
"Or a kadoban lost that has wounded your pride?"  
With a shake of his poor little head, he replied,  
"Just fill-oh, just fill-oh, just fill-oh!"

He slapped at his brow, as he sat there and said  
"Just fill-oh, just fill-oh, just fill-oh!"  
And a cold perspiration bespangled his head,  
Saying "fill-oh, just fill-oh, just fill-oh!"

He sobbed and he sighed as he saw how I played;  
My enemy took; what a price I had paid!  
My ko threat was bogus; the group that I'd made  
He could kill-oh, could kill-oh, could kill-oh!

Now I feel just as sure as I'm sure that my game's  
Turned to jell-o, to jell-o, to jell-o  
That 'twas pure affectation that made him exclaim,  
"Oh well-oh, oh well-oh, oh well-oh!"  
And if he remains callous and obdurate, I  
Shall die like my group, always wondering why  
A player so clearly inferior should cry  
"Just fill-oh, just fill-oh, just fill-oh!"

(Moral: the kibitzer is always two stones  
stronger.)

## I've Got a Little List

after "They'll None of 'em Be Missed"

As someday it may happen  
That a victim must be found  
    I've got a little list, I've got a little list!  
Of insufferable players  
    Who might well be underground  
    And who never will be missed —  
    Who never will be missed!

There's the pestilential nuisances  
Who blow smoke in your face,  
And those refusing handicaps  
Who won't resign with grace,  
And players up on joseki,  
Who floor you with 'em flat —  
And those who, when they play their stones,  
Play their stones like THAT —  
And know-it-all observers  
Who on commenting insist  
    They'll none of 'em be missed —  
    They'll none of 'em be missed!

CHORUS:  
He's got 'em on the list —  
He's got 'em on the list;  
    And they'll none of 'em be missed —  
    They'll none of 'em be missed.

There's the maniac invader,  
Who a moyo cannot stand,  
    And the contact pugilist —  
    I've got him on the list!  
The one who hits his timeclock  
While his stone's still in his hand  
    He never will be missed—  
    He surely won't be missed!

Those who gallop through joseki  
Just as if it were a race,  
Then proceed to play the yose  
At a truly glacial pace —  
Who politely say "atari"  
When one stone is all they'd take,

But conveniently omit it  
When a larger group's at stake,  
And those who hide their prisoners  
Inside a ham-like fist —  
    They'll none of 'em be missed —  
    They'll none of 'em be missed!  
(Chorus)

And those who drum their fingers  
And make irritating sounds,  
    And mutter "ho!" and "hst!" —  
    I've got them on the list!  
Those who sing and hum and pop their gum  
And make their eyes go round  
    They never will be missed —  
    No, they never will be missed!  
Those who fiddle with their go stones and  
Then drop them on the floor,  
And those who mutter to themselves  
As they attempt to count the score,  
And the overbearing amateur  
Who loses on the board,  
Then proceeds to give a lecture  
On the lessons you've ignored —  
And the one who stares you in the eye,  
The would-be hypnotist —  
    They'll none of 'em be missed —  
    They'll none of 'em be missed!  
(Chorus)

The ones who think the game should be  
Preserved from scruffy types,  
    And the go misogynist —  
    I've got HIM on the list!  
The players who promote themselves  
Before their time is ripe,  
    They never will be missed —  
    they never will be missed!  
Beginners who have swollen heads  
Because they're good at chess,  
And those who try to help you count,  
But only make a mess;

The tournament director  
 Who manipulates the draw —  
 And the championship contender  
 Who thinks he's above the law.

The list is long, I could go on —  
 But I think you've got the gist:  
 They'll none of 'em be missed —  
 They'll none of 'em be missed!

## A Wandering Group Am I

after "A Wandering Minstrel I"

A wandering group am I —  
 A thing of jumps and keimas,  
 Of hanes and ogeimas,  
 Just dreaming of an eye!  
 My full extent is long,  
 Through half the go-ban ranging,  
 As prospects keep on changing,  
 My shape stays as light as a song!  
 Are you in a sacrificial mood?  
     I'll die for you,  
     Oh sorrow!  
 Furikawari do you brood?  
     I'll split in two,  
     Oh sorrow, sorrow!  
 I'll give up half my stones,  
 As queen bees shed their drones;  
 A phoenix from the bones  
     I'll spring anew —  
     Tomorrow, morrow!

But if resolute resistance is in order  
     I'll provide our bold opponent a surprise —  
 For where rival territory has a border  
     I'll cut and thrust and throw in to steal eyes!  
 My scattered stones, apparently so jumbled  
     Have no weakness - or conceal it if they do —  
 And I shouldn't be surprised if moyos crumbled  
     Before my thick reducing moves are through!

CHORUS:  
 We shouldn't be surprised if moyos crumbled  
 Before his thick reducing moves are through!

And if you call for a territ'ry  
     We'll heave our capstone round  
 With a huge moyo in a wining spree  
     A framework wide and deep you'll see —  
     Hurrah! we're safe and sound!

CHORUS:  
 Oh, huge moyo - Hurrah! We're safe and  
 sound!

To float unsettled may be fun  
     If suspense is to your taste,  
 But I'm happiest, when all's said and done  
     When a group my size  
     Has solid eyes  
     And the game's been soundly won, ho ho!  
     And the enemy disgraced!

CHORUS:  
 We link our stones securely - so!  
     As the middle we surround,  
     With a huge moyo,  
     And no threat of ko —  
     Hurrah! We're safe and sound!

## There Is Splendor In a Sudden Semeai

after "There Is Beauty in the Bellow of the Blast"

KAT:

There is splendor in a sudden semeai,  
When you finally find a way to make it die,  
    After everything is ended,  
    And your prisoners appended,  
You luxuriate in triumph by and by!

KO:

Yes, I'm really not offended  
When those dead stones are up-ended  
I'll luxuriate in triumph by and by!

KAT:

There's excitement in a ko fight deftly won,  
Finding ko-threats where you thought that  
you had none,  
    Your opponent says atari,  
    You accept furikawari,  
And emerge with greater profit when it's done!

KO:

Yes, I'll rarely say 'I'm, sorry'  
For dispatching with a quarry  
And emerging with a profit when it's done!

BOTH:

If that is so,  
    Sing cherry bowl, cherry!  
    It's evident, very,  
    Our tastes are one.

Away we'll go,  
    And merrily marry,  
    Not tardily tarry  
    Till day is done!

KO:

There's enjoyment in a yose monkey-jump,  
Keeping sente, you make eight points in a lump;  
    And if you can find another,  
    With more monkey business, brother,  
You can bury your opponent in the dump!

KAT:

With one sente move or other,  
Your opponent you can smother,  
And leave him deeply buried in the dump!

KO:

There is pleasure in an ancient, pitted ban,  
And the go stones cracked and chipped  
    played thereupon,  
    For, though mind you I'm not whining,  
    I can't help but keep opining,  
It'll be that much less time before they're gone!

KAT:

If for YUM-YUM you are pining,  
You'd best leave off such designing;  
It'll be a good long while before I'm gone!

BOTH:

If that is so,  
    Sing cherry bowl, cherry!  
    It's evident, very,  
    Our tastes are one.

Away we'll go,  
    And merrily marry,  
    Not tardily tarry  
    Till day is done!

# The Ko-Threats That Bloom on the Board

after "The Flowers That Bloom In the Spring"

TWENTY-KYU:

The ko-threats that bloom on the board,  
    Tra la,  
Breath promise of profit to be —  
And every one I can afford,  
    Tra la,  
And I promise I've got quite a hoard,  
    Tra la  
Brings victory closer to me.  
And that's what I thought when I carefully scored  
The ko-threats remaining all over the board —  
    Tra la la la la, etc.

ALL:

Tra la la la la, etc.

KOKO:

The ko-threat that bloom on the board,  
    Tra la,  
Have nothing to do with the case;  
I'm going to be tied with a cord,  
    Tra la,  
To a woman who can't be implored,  
    Tra la,  
With a katsura-ban for a face!  
And that's why I say, whether whispered or roared,  
'Oh, bother the ko-threats that bloom on the board!'  
    Tra la la la la, etc.

ALL:

Tra la la la la, etc.







# POEMS & STORIES

## Adam's Fall

by Francis Roads

*Who observes that Adam is quite civilized these days!*

God made young Adam good-looking and bright,  
To his elders and betters extremely polite,  
Until that sad day when he stole from the tree  
Of the fruit that's forbidden, and punished was he.  
As he walked in the garden, he heard that great voice:  
"Choose good or choose evil; but you make the choice.

If you want to stay happy and good, you should know  
Not to eat from the Tree of Knowledge of Go."  
But Adam was tempted; the fruit he did pick  
He ate pips and all; made himself feel quite sick.  
Till he suddenly found, to his unbounded pleasure.  
His go-playing strength he could easily measure.

With players of experience, players from college,  
And players with endless theoretical knowledge.  
For many a day Adam swept all before him,  
Professionals, amateurs, none could ignore him,  
Four dans and five dans defeated he gaily,  
And matches and tournaments won almost daily.

Until came the day he heard calling once more  
That Voice he had heard in the Garden before.  
"I saw you steal fruit from the Tree that's forbidden  
How long did you think such a sin could be hidden?  
I told you to choose between Evil and Good;  
You chose evil — I rather suspected you would.

Did I not create you with good looks, with brightness,  
And (always most welcome in youngsters) politeness?  
To you and your progeny ever to prove  
My great justice and wrath, those gifts I now remove.  
As a go player you may reach sho or ni dan,  
But never again walk in the Garden of Eden."

## Almost Haiku

by Allan Abramson

### Awakening

The late sun hides behind clouds,  
The mountain recedes into the mist.  
Oh! should I have played elsewhere?

### Iron will

The master strides through the woods.  
Each stone he finds an intrusion  
Annoyances in his path.

### Patience

She builds her house most slowly.  
Every room easily connects.  
Wearing armor, she waits. Strikes.

### Learning

He has seen this town before,  
Comfort in its walls. How boring!  
One must hurry to the next.

### Winning

The dancer glides in rhythm,  
Easily bowing and leaping.  
Joining her partner with joy.

## Black's Resurrection

An Elizabethan poem inspired by  
John Dowland's "Tarleton's Resurrection"  
by Betsy Small

*From the point of view of the black stones.*

We stand alone with but one little eye;  
Have we now lost the will to try?  
Shall we just lay us down and die?  
No, we shall not be so sorely caught;  
We shall seek and shall find the perfect move to try.  
Look! A double peep, so that we may keep  
Our strength and our life, while poor white doth sigh!

## The Canterbury Go Tales

by Bob High

**W**hen in July the sweet sun of summer shines  
 And lifts our thirsty souls like foreign wines  
 When sea and soil have cast off winter's chill  
 And flowers bloom upon the grassy hill  
 When dogs begin to pant, and the bold sun  
 His half-course in the Lion's sign has run  
 When work and city life begin to pall  
 And stones and bowls in distant climes do call  
 Then in our hearts and minds we all soon know  
 The time has come to gather and play go,  
 And players weak and strong pack up their bans  
 Whether they be of humble rank, or dans;  
 Then players long to seek the stranger strands  
 Of far-off go-saints, known in other lands;  
 And gathering from countries near and far  
 On Canterbury, England fix their star.  
 It happened in that season, one odd day  
 In New York, at the go club, as I played  
 While idly watching two shodans fight ko  
 Someone suggested, "Why don't we all go?"  
 "To get to Canterbury's no great hump;  
 It's just a hop, a skip and a monkey-jump!"  
 No sooner said, the party had agreed:  
 The thought was welcome parent to the deed  
 And so our little party made its plans:  
 To Canterbury we would take our bans!  
 Now, while I have the time and ample space  
 Before our story picks up in its pace  
 It seems a bit of wisdom to relate  
 The nature of our party, and its fate:  
 Who my companions were upon this trip  
 And something of the tales that crossed the lip  
 For as we planned to travel all together  
 And wanted better converse than the weather  
 To keep our party fresh and never stale  
 It was agreed that each would tell a tale  
 And ere relating some of what they said  
 I'd best attach a body to each head!  
 I'll introduce the party one by one;  
 I'd wot you'll know them well before I'm done!

**A**KIBITZER there was among the crowd  
 Whose comments o'er the go board oft were loud;  
 He'd find a game where two fierce armies vied  
 And take up vigil by the go-ban's side;  
 At first he'd only smile, or crook a brow,  
 But soon he'd nod and mutter "Ah! That's how!"  
 And shake his head, and grimace as they played –  
 Or give a sudden gasp, as stones were laid.  
 And if the players, rising from their game  
 Admonishing would try to show him shame  
 He'd start, and say "I'm really frightfully sorry  
 But look – throw in, extend, and then atari!"  
 And though the other players surely knew  
 That they were dans, and he a lowly kyu  
 And all agreed he couldn't be too bright –  
 God's wounds, three times in four his moves were right!  
 So if you've lately come to slate and shell,  
 Pray mark the moral of this tale full well;  
 T'were best learned now, ere playing any longer:  
 The kibitzer is always two stones stronger.

**A**SAN-DAN and his scribe soon joined the pack;  
 The san-dan's name was Phil; his scribe was MAC.  
 For years this san-dan scrupulously had  
 Pursued a plan some might consider mad:  
 Each game the san-dan played his scribe would save –  
 In truth, upon his memory engrave;  
 Then later, 'neath the gaze of some wise teacher  
 They'd carefully explore each move and feature.  
 Each blunder, aji keshi or mis-timing  
 He'd patiently endure his teacher's sliming.  
 Such discipline might leave some players unnerved,  
 Seeing what lofty scorn their play deserved;  
 Yet, truth to tell, far from engendering shame  
 This studiousness had much improved Phil's game!  
 Nor was our san-dan chary of his time;  
 Despite his plan the ranks of dan to climb,  
 In his home town our san-dan had a club  
 Of which he was the founder, host and hub;  
 He also chaired the rating subcommittee,  
 (For which his wife and friends held him in pity)  
 And sundry other duties carried out  
 To such degree, that I have not a doubt  
 That one could hardly find a finer soul  
 Who ever lifted stones from cherry bowl.

**A** PARODIST we counted in our number  
 To whom the pun was natural as slumber;  
 No sooner would he hear a rhyme or ditty  
 Than he'd be scheming how to make it witty.  
 No poem, song or proverb was immune;  
 The parodist would shape it to his tune,  
 And though the other players did resist  
 Collaboration from them he'd enlist  
 In singing or reciting all his works  
 Ad nauseum, despite their groans and smirks.  
 The only way they found to dim his flame  
 Was challenge him to play a lightning game;  
 Then, when the last fierce battle had been fought  
 He'd scan the board, and sigh, "What hath Go wrought?"

**A**n EDITOR there was among our band  
 Who'd penned his articles in many a land;  
 From far Cathay reports he once had mailed  
 And to the Hermit Kingdom twice he'd sailed.  
 He carried with him journals by the pound  
 An'd when requested gladly passed them round;  
 When asked about the issues overdue  
 He'd stop and stammer, overcome with rue.  
 No malcontent was he, no sad misfit  
 But sociable, and with a ready wit;  
 He could make songs and poems, and recite;  
 Knew how to play the piano, loud and bright  
 Enjoyed a hand of Pits or Liar's Dice  
 And would take up his go stones in a trice.  
 He'd take a drink or two, and something more –  
 He'd learned abroad to use both hands to pour,  
 And when the party started in to sing  
 He was the one got harmonies to ring.  
 On top of this, and just to round the list  
 He was a first-class family therapist!

**A** SECRETARY came among our crew  
 Whose task it was to see our numbers grew  
 For he had charge of all go-playing rolls;  
 Renewal and expansion were his goals.  
 This Secretary led an active life,  
 With multiple enthusiasms rife:  
 He liked to run and hike, to read and play  
 And folded origami night and day.  
 He was in general an amiable sort  
 Though when his patience failed, quick to retort  
 And though he'd gladly join in drink and joking  
 He had but little tolerance for smoking.  
 It happened that the Secretary bore  
 a resemblance to his friend, the Editor.  
 This similarity, as plain as day  
 Made one who came among the party say  
 "The Editor and Secretary look  
 As like as facing pages in a book!"  
 And though the two in truth were no relation  
 Neither was put off by this conflation  
 For they were friends and shared a common passion  
 For jokes and puns, and parodies they'd fashion  
 Adapting old familiar songs to Go.  
 Alas, one difference 'tween the two soon showed:  
 The Secretary had a way with words  
 Was good at math, could juggle roots and surds  
 But though he was a wizard at a sum  
 When singing, it was best if he'd just hum!

**A** PRESIDENT enhanced our little troop:  
 The highest officer among our group.  
 A gracious diplomat, the soul of tact  
 Only a dan diploma did she lack.  
 Our President had traveled far and wide;  
 Adventurous, she'd no need of a guide  
 She'd been to Beijing, Tokyo and Prague  
 And seen Hiroshima, and London's fog.  
 Though at organizing go she was astute  
 Her special love was music, and her lute  
 Would oft be heard, o'er click of clam and slate  
 Once the hour was adequately late;  
 Her voice would soar, in tones both gay and bold  
 Performing compositions new and old.  
 She'd have a round of saki, beer or scotch  
 While members of our party stood and watched  
 Then entertain us merrily anent  
 The Tournament Director's sad lament  
 Or "Harry's Song," "Joseki" or another  
 Penned by the Editor or his false brother  
 And ere our party finally left the scene  
 Inevitably sing "Goodnight Irene."

**A**TOURNAMENT DIRECTOR joined the fold  
 For organizing worth her weight in gold  
 Who, though she knew the rules, frankly preferred  
 To watch: if asked to play, she just demurred.  
 Well known among our players strong and weak  
 Her manner as TD was far from meek:  
 For she'd assert her right (as was her due)  
 To settle all disputes, with dan and kyu.  
 Interminable byo-yomi was her bane –  
 And though Ing's timers caused her to complain  
 In Canterbury she found to her dismay  
 With hourglass and sundial we would play!

**O**ur TD came accompanied by her spouse  
 Who had a strange affection for a mouse  
 Which he had trained and cultivated so  
 That it would pair a tournament of Go!  
 This fellow, who enjoyed a game or two  
 As much as any player in the crew  
 Enjoyed, it must be said, a good bit more  
 A chance to freely share his wide go lore  
 And meeting a beginner 'cross the board  
 He'd soon be laying out the Magic Sword!  
 Both he and his good wife were musical  
 (Indeed, we were a tuneful troop in all)  
 They'd sojourned years before in southern lands  
 And learned the art of talking with their hands  
 And every member of our little party  
 Welcomed them with greetings glad and hearty.

**A** pair of SAILORS next enlarged the throng  
 (Bringing at least a dozen bags along)  
 Though new to Go, their progress had been fast  
 So much so, other players cried, "Avast!"  
 The lady sailor lessons took, like doses;  
 Her husband picked his Go up by osmosis.  
 Our sailors were a fine and hardy pair  
 He had a bushy beard, and she long hair;  
 They both had lively minds, and heads for figures  
 And if your ship lacked sails, they'd gladly rig yours!  
 Their plan was to amass a small nest egg  
 Then sail around the planet, leg by leg  
 Stopping in likely ports of call for go  
 (Or where the natives spoke Esperanto)  
 To earn their cache they programmed for the banks  
 (Less fun, but better pay than at think tanks)  
 They labored long and hard for their employers  
 And met with endless managers and lawyers;  
 The database they'd built would soon see use,  
 And they'd be liberated; on the loose.  
 One iron-clad rule they wisely never spoiled:  
 Not to invest their nest-egg where they'd toiled.  
 That way the couple never would be faced  
 With fear their currency would be debased!  
 The two had formed a circle at their bank  
 (Though all the players were of lowly rank)  
 Of losing to each other they'd grown weary;  
 This circle soon developed an odd theory:  
 Since none sensed any progress, round to round  
 They opined they were dragging all else down.  
 All go play would regress from bad to worse:  
 Like a black hole, collapsing universe!

## Charlie At the Ban

after "Casey At the Bat",  
by Keith L. Arnold, hka

It looked extremely rocky  
for the young TD that day;  
The time stood two to four,  
with yet another round to play.  
And with Straus paired with Small,  
and Ed Downs still the same,  
A pallor wreathed the features  
of the holder of the game.

A grumbling few got up to go,  
leaving there the rest,  
Groaning round three might never end.  
Quipping without jest,  
A perennial two kyu said,  
"I'll sooner be 6 Dan,  
Then see the start of round four,  
with Charlie at the ban."

For Dick Gray was paired with Charlie,  
so club pride was at stake.  
Charles entered byo yomi,  
his san ren sei still to make.  
The director had the hall till eight,  
but as the games went on,  
There seemed little chance of finishing,  
with Charlie at the ban.

But Haskell resigned early,  
to the wonderment of all,  
And the ever-careful Downs  
allowed his flag to fall.  
Now with one game remaining,  
a murmur could be heard,  
"Let's pair round four, and start,  
if a winner can be inferred."

Soon from the gathered 6 Dans,  
there came a joyous call,  
Charlie could win the game,  
and in no time at all.  
"If he simply makes this cut,  
Gray's group is simply gone."  
All eyes were fixed on Charlie  
as he sat before the ban.

There was ease in Charlie's manner,  
seemingly glued in place,  
"Budweiser" on his sweatshirt,  
and a scowl upon his face.  
He glanced at his clock calmly,  
and as the clock clicked on,  
No stranger in the crowd could doubt,  
'twas Charlie at the ban.

All players watching, you could cut  
the tension with a knife,  
Looking for the next move,  
or at least some sign of life.  
Soon every double-digit kyu,  
knew the way to play,  
A cut in sente followed by  
sure death in a hane.

And now a slow and steady hand  
reaches into the bowl,  
And Charlie selects his weapon,  
smooth and round, black as coal.  
Right over the vital point,  
his hand, a moment wandered,  
Then the stone clicked down  
10 lines away, a precious chance squandered.

From the watchers gathered 'round,  
there went up a muffled roar,  
Curious kyus questioned confused dans,  
"What'd he play that for?"  
The move was forcing, true,  
but playable any day,  
A fidgety 4 Dan frowned aloud,  
"No points, but in sente."

With a smile of ignorant bliss,  
Charlie watched Gray respond,  
Suddenly, his frown returned,  
yes, at last the problem found!  
With concentration unparalleled,  
he scans the board alertly,  
Then plays another forcing move,  
filling in his own liberty.

## Chen-Dao Lin

after "Gunga Din"

by Terry Benson

"No!" cried the kyu kibitzer,  
 but after a second look,  
 The young TD was smiling,  
 despite the time Gray took,  
 He knew Dick saw the crisis,  
 and when his shell clicked in place,  
 If Charlie did not cut now,  
 Gray would win the capturing race.

Now Charlie's flag was hanging,  
 it was time to meet his fate,  
 He studied the crucial semeai,  
 and he reached for the slate,  
 And in the eye of Charlie,  
 a glimmer of triumph shown,  
 And now the air is shattered  
 by the force of Charlie's stone.

Oh, somewhere in this favored land,  
 tesujis are shining bright,  
 Josekis are followed somewhere,  
 and somewhere stones are light,  
 And somewhere players are passing,  
 wrapping up a game of Go,  
 But there is no joy for the young TD,  
 mighty Charlie has made Ko.

You may talk o' go and beer  
 When you're playin' safe in 'ere,  
 An' you're stuck w' penny fights amidst the din.  
 But when it come to slaughter  
 For a move you shouldn't oughter  
 You'll be sittin' face to face w' Chen-Dao Lin.  
 Now in Denver's sunny clime  
 Where twice I've spent my time  
 A-slappin' wood to see if I could win,  
 Of all them stone-drunk crew  
 The finest dan I knew  
 Was our oriental wizard, Chen-Dao Lin.  
 He was, "Lin! Lin! Lin!"  
 You spindly diplomatic Chen-Dao Lin.  
 "Hi, tell us, if you please,  
 "How this translates to Chinese"  
 You cautious nosed professor, Chen-Dao Lin.

I sha'n't forgit the night  
 When I fell be'ind the fight  
 W' a dango where my moyo should 'a been.  
 I was chokin' without 'ope  
 From the suji of the bloke  
 'Twas the kindly, courtly killer, Chen-Dao Lin.  
 'E then cut off the 'ead  
 An' poked at where it bled,  
 An' 'e guv me some more 'elp 'e'd learned from Rin  
 "You're playing way too slow,  
 "Are you feeling kind of low?"  
 Asked the kindly sage advisor, Chen-Dao Lin.  
 It was, "Lin! Lin! Lin!"  
 Wha' a fool I was to let the game begin!  
 I'm throwin' stones around  
 To make a pretty sound  
 An' 'ave them carted off by Chen-Dao Lin.

'E hammered me away  
 To where 'is thick stones lay  
 An' a placement come an drilled my big group clean.  
 'E lived himself inside  
 An' just before I died,  
 "I hope you liked your game," says Chen-Dao Lin.  
 So I'll meet 'im later on  
 At the place where 'e is gone  
 Where it's always double ko you 'aven't seen.  
 'E'll be sqattin' by the bowls  
 Giving stones to poor lost souls  
 An' I'll get a game as well from Chen-Dao Lin.  
 For it's, "Lin! Lin! Lin!"  
 You Lao Tsushian leader.  
 Though you beat me when I played you,  
 By the wei-chi god that made you,  
 You're a better dan than I am, Chen-Dao Lin.



## Do Not So Gently Offer To Resign

with apologies to Dylan Thomas  
by Bob High

Do not so gently offer to resign  
Bold dans should burn and rave at end of play;  
Rage, rage unto the dying of your time.  
Though wise dans at the end their scores divine  
Because their moves had built no moyos they  
Do not so gently offer to resign.

Shodans, the yose past, crying how fine  
Their final moves might have seemed played in sente  
Rage, rage unto the dying of their time.  
Wild dans, invading on the second line,  
Learning too late the error of their way  
Do not so gently offer to resign.

Go-dans, near death, who seek some mad design  
False eyes to raise to true through hamete  
Rage, rage unto the dying of their time.  
And you, kyu player, handicapped at nine  
Curse, bless us now with your fierce moves, I pray.  
Do not so gently offer to resign.  
Rage, rage unto the dying of your time.

## Go Fever

After "Sea Fever," by John Masefield  
By Chris Kirschner

I must sit down at the board again,  
To the board with a worthy foe,  
And all I ask is a close game  
Where the groups meet toe to toe,  
And the stone's click and the mind's glow  
And large points waiting,  
And the soft light on the bare board,  
And symmetry breaking.

I must sit down at the board again,  
For the call of competition  
Is an old call and a true call  
And there is no precondition;  
And all I ask is a Dan to play,  
With light stones flying,  
And a sly probe, and a slick trade,  
And the players sighing.

I must sit down at the board again,  
To the carefree player's life;  
To the black way and the white way,  
Where the game is the only strife;  
And all I ask is a wistful tale  
Of an almost wonderful play  
And quiet talk and a sweet thought  
When we finish the day.

## Hikau

Kris Rhodes

A final stone  
the rain falling outside  
and inside, the thunder.

## Houston, We Have a Problem

By Francis Roads

Four brave Americans blast into space  
All risking their lives as they reach for the stars.  
They know that if all goes well, they'll win the race  
To establish the first human contact with Mars.

Before they had lift-off, the orders were clear:  
"We've checked every function; on that please depend,  
Bit if there's a problem: when danger you fear,  
Then this is the call for our help you must send:

*"Mission Control! Mission Control!  
We have a problem, Mission Control!"*

Three months into space, and a problem arises  
There's little to do, and the men get quite bored.  
No TV, no music, no books; it surprises  
That their recreational needs were ignored.

They tried playing checkers, but that was no fun,  
And bridge led to nothing but partnership strife.  
At chess, it was always the captain that won;  
He declared that he'd not been so bored in his life.

So:

*"Mission Control! Mission Control!  
We have a problem, Mission Control!"*

"We thought that might happen," the answer soon came,  
"For the interest of games like chess soon fades away,  
In a secret compartment we've hidden a game  
Which will fascinate, however often you play."

They learned what to do with the stones and the ban,  
But the folks back at Houston forgot that in space,  
Where the gravity's nil, there's a flaw in their plan,  
As the stones just kept floating all over the place.

So:

*"Mission Control! Mission Control!  
We have a problem, Mission Control!"*

Soon came the reply on the inter-space phone:  
"Floating stones should not baffle the astronaut mind.  
Fix a small piece of chewing gum under each stone."  
So at sticky go soon they left kyu grades behind.

Came the time for Mars landing, and soon they were  
grounded,  
And for the first time, our brave heroes felt scared.  
By green bug-eyed monsters their craft was surrounded.  
For this situation they'd not been prepared.

So:

*"Mission Control! Mission Control!  
We have a problem here, Mission Control!"*

To make friends with the Martians, please, how do we try?  
For we cannot speak any more Martian than Greek!"  
"Use American English," soon came the reply,  
"That's what extra-terrestrials usually speak."

To an underground city our heroes were led.  
Were they captives? What now did these Martians intend?  
And the inter-space phone of the captain went dead  
Underground; so this time he could no longer send:

*"Mission Control! Mission Control!  
We have a problem here, Mission Control!"*

Said the King of the Martians, "I'm longing to know  
If you Earthlings are cultured: do you all play go?"  
The captain said quickly: "Please let us return  
To our craft, and our go ban and stones there we'll show."

When the King saw the ban, he said with a sneer:  
"Those 19-lines boards we just use for beginners.  
The standard is 61 lines for us here.  
let us play, and see if Earth or Mars are the winners."

So:

*"Mission Control! Mission Control!  
We have a problem here, Mission Control!"*

Came the answer, "You'll lose, and they'll think we're  
inferior.  
Abort; or the US of A will lose face.  
We must keep up the image that we are superior,  
Shut hatches, blast off, and come straight back to base."

To the King said the captain: "We have to go now,  
We've remembered a dinner date back home on Earth.  
But I've no doubt ere long our Control will allow  
Us to come back to Mars and show just what we're worth."

So:

*"Mission Control! Mission Control!  
We have no problem now, Mission Control!"*

So what can we learn from this heroic story?  
Two precepts all astronauts now need to know:  
If you hope to return from your mission with glory  
Speak American English

and

LEARN TO PLAY GO!



## In Memory Of Iwamoto Kaoru

by Francis Roads

A flash of blinding light;  
Destruction yet without a name  
Two battling senseis bear no blame  
Continuing their fight.

At last all conflicts cease,  
In many lands go starts to flourish.  
Sensei wonder how to nourish  
This great force for peace.

Fifty years have passed  
And sensei's peaceful dreams fulfilled;  
Resources, people found, to build  
Go's citadel at last.

Beneath the bridge now flow  
A decade's water. Sensei's gone  
But let his vision here live on,  
A world of peace through go.

**The Kos**  
after Poe's "The Bells"  
by Bob High

## I

Here the go stones play the kos  
Tiny kos!  
What a world of merriment the slate and clam shell holds!  
How they slide, slide, slide  
On the polished kaya board,  
While the ko threats scattered wide  
Beckon forth on every side  
And the clock beside the board  
Is keeping time, time, time  
In a manic sort of rhyme  
To the joy and fascination that so naturally goes  
With the kos, kos, kos, kos, kos, kos, kos  
With the taking and retaking of the kos.

## II

Hear the players fight the kos  
Modest kos!  
What a world of happiness just winning them would pose!  
How they wink, wink, wink  
Just inviting you to play;  
Take a little time to think  
How your ko threats you can link  
While the time clock ticks away  
Keeping time, time, time  
In a manic sort of rhyme  
With the faint exasperation that occasionally goes  
With the kos, kos, kos, kos, kos, kos, kos  
With the fighting and refighting of the kos.

## III

Hear the struggle over kos  
Urgent kos!  
What a tale of terror now their turbulency shows!  
At the boundary of your wall  
Where you'd hoped to build a framework  
There's a ko, and should it fall  
Good-bye territory, all!  
Somewhere, one ko-threat must lurk  
While the clock keeps ticking time  
In a manic sort of rhyme  
Amid the sheen of perspiration that unfortunately goes  
With the kos, kos, kos, kos, kos, kos, kos  
With the clamour and the clangor of the kos.

## IV

Hear the battle of the kos  
Giant kos!  
What a world of ruin losing this one would expose!  
In the middle of the board  
Where a weak group lately wandered  
A ko you hardly can afford;  
Remaining minutes, once ignored  
The tilting flag suggests you've squandered  
As the clock still keeps its time  
In a manic sort of rhyme  
That fits the air of desperation that eventually goes  
With the kos, kos, kos, kos, kos, kos, kos  
With the moaning and the groaning over kos.

**The Maven**  
after Poe's "The Raven"  
by Roy Laird

Once, amid a game so dreadful  
Of ideas I had a headful  
And of books I had a shed full  
All no help, I saw quite clear

While I pondered, not quite dying  
By the table I was spying  
Someone who our game was eyeing —  
Quoth the maven, "Why not here?"

Each time at the go club lately  
My result had suffered greatly  
My defeats I took sedately  
Knowing I had come quite near

Then, as we would slate-and-clam it  
Through the door (and he would slam it!)  
In would walk this numbskull, dammit:  
Quoth the maven, "Why not here?"

My attention was quite shattered  
Staying calm was all that mattered  
Kibitzers should all be battered  
Their throats slit from ear to ear

If the move is right, can't play it,  
Sportsmanship must needs gainsay it  
If it's wrong, why even say it?  
Quoth the maven, "Why not here?"

Finally my patience withered  
Over many games I'd dithered  
While this snake to my side slithered  
Showing not a sign of fear

I had never seen him playing  
Nor much common sense obeying  
As he studied others saying  
Stupid things like "Why not here?"

I could hold my tongue no longer;  
Said to him, "Let's see who's stronger —  
Let's play now, you kibitz-monger!"  
His response brought me much cheer;

"I just like to watch," he stammered,  
"Of playing I'm not enamored."  
On a nearby board I hammered:  
Quoth I to him, "Let's play here!"

"How strong are you?" I then uttered  
"I don't know," he lamely stuttered  
"Let's play even then," I muttered  
"Just take komi, nothing more."

This event became quite thrilling  
All his groups I looked like killing;  
As he was a dame filling,  
Quoth the maven, "What a bore."

As my tell-tale heart beat madly  
I wanted to beat him badly  
See him rise and slowly, sadly  
Shuffle out the club's front door

Dreams of slaughter then assailed me  
But I fear my tactics failed me  
That was when he really nailed me:  
Quoth the maven, "Count the score."

There was no doubt; he had won it  
How in heaven had he done it?  
I reviewed - it was not fun, it  
Brought the reason to the fore

Prudent play I had not heeded  
Winning everything was needed  
When would this style be repeated?  
I decided, "Nevermore."

## Poems For The Next Generation

by Roy Laird

### Larry And His Goban

Larry had a nice goban  
The white stones were like snow,  
And everywhere that Larry went,  
The board was sure to go.

He took his board to school one day  
To use in "Show And Tell"  
And all the children had to play  
They thought that it was swell.

The local players thought they'd fleece  
The kids, but then got sore;  
They won a hundred games apiece,  
Then lost a hundred more,

By now you've surely figured out  
The ending of this rhyme  
As if it ever was in doubt —  
The kids win all the time!

### Humpty-Dumpty

Humpty-Dumpty made a great wall  
Humpty-Dumpty then lost it all.  
All of his knight's moves and all of his jumps  
Couldn't save Humpty from taking his lumps.

### Jack and Joe

Jack and Joe were playing go  
Each like a couch potato  
They said "One game," but just the same  
They finished ten games later.

## The Quaking

with apologies to Theodore Roethke  
by Anonymous

I rush to play, but take my playing slow.  
I feel my fate but cannot read it clear.  
I learn by going where the shodans go.

We think by hoping. What is there to know?  
I see my rival grin from ear to ear.  
I rush to play, but take my playing slow.

And you, across the table, who are you?  
God damn your eyes! I shall play slowly here  
And learn by going where the shodans go.

White takes the group, but who could see shicho?  
The lowly dragon climbs the winding stair.  
I rush to play, but take my playing slow.

The master has another thing to do  
To torment me. I'll make my move with care  
And learn by going where the shodans go.

This shaking keeps me steady. I should know.  
I take the longest now the end is near.  
I rush to play, but take my playing slow.  
I learn by going where the shodans go.

## Through This Ko, Distress

after "To His Coy Mistress" by Andrew Marvel  
by Mike Ryan

Had we but board enough, and time  
This ko, my friend were no crime.  
We would sit down and think which way  
To walk our stones our long game's day.  
Thou by the Japanese Go Ban's side  
Shouldst tesujis find: I would have tried  
Joseki throughout the game. I would  
Play you ten years before the flood:  
And you should, if you please, refuse  
Till the promotion of the kyus.  
Our vegetable game should grow  
Vaster than empires, and more slow.  
An hundred years should go to apprise  
Thine eyes, and on thy fuseki gaze;  
Two hundred to each crane's nest  
But thirty thousand for the rest.  
An age at least to tsume-go  
And the last age should end this ko;  
For, friend, you deserve this state,  
And I would play at slower rate.  
    But at my side I always hear  
Ing's blabbering time box beeping near,  
And yonder all before us lie  
Deserts of vast byo-yomi.  
Thy hamate shall no more be found,  
Nor in thy marble vault, shall sound  
My echoing stone; then worms shall try  
Thy long preserved shimari,  
And your quaint corner turn to dust,  
And all my probes to sand and must;  
The grave's a fine and private place  
But none, I think, there ladders trace.  
    Now therefore, while the youthful hue  
Sits on thy skin like morning dew,  
And while thy scheming soul conspires  
At every play with twisted gyres  
Now let us end this while we may,  
And now, with rapid clicking play  
Rather at once our time devour  
Than languish in his slow-chapt power  
Let us roll all our threads and all  
Our answers up into one ball  
And end our ko fight with rough strife  
Across this board with stones so rife.  
Thus though we can't make our clock adopt  
Sweet sound, yet we will make him stop.

## 'Twas The Move Before Yose

after "'Twas the Night Before Christmas"  
Author Unknown

'Twas the move before yose and all 'cross the ban  
Not a White stone was living, not even one clam.  
The White stones were strung on the board  
    with great care  
In hopes that St. Dosaku soon would be there.  
With the Black stones all settled  
    and the White stones all dead,  
Visions of territories danced in Black's head.

When from the left corner there arose such a clatter  
The kibitzers sprang to see what was the matter.  
A ko had developed — a ko that would kill  
By atari, atari, atari and fill.  
The light on the crest of the new-fallen group  
Gave a glimmer of hope to the fallen White troop.

When what to White's wondering eyes should appear  
But a monkey jump Black had good reason to fear.  
Black set down a stone there so lively and quick  
That White knew in a moment  
    there must be some trick.  
More rapid than eagles White's coursers they flew  
And began the poor eyeless Black group to pursue.

Now a pitch! Now atari! Now a capping move  
    (boshi)!  
A watari! And now a grand guru mawashi!  
To the top of the board! Against a White wall!  
Now dash away, dash away, dash away all!  
As dry leaves before the wild hurricane fly  
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky.

So up to the corner White's coursers they flew  
Devouring Black stones on their hungry way through.  
And then in a twinkling Black spied on the board  
Another potentially threatening White horde.  
As he drew in his head and was turning around  
Another Black corner came down with a bound.

White sprang to his tsubo, to the board gave a whistle  
And Black's other group fell like the down on a thistle.  
Seeing victory assured after all of his work  
White reassured Black with just a small smirk:  
"'Twas nip and 'twas tuck, but please do not cry.  
Remember just this: 'White stones never die.'"

## Waiting for the Parings

by Francis Roads

We're standing all around.  
Was there something we missed?  
"O Tournament Director, where  
Is Round One's pairing list?"

"Our brand new software crashed.  
Some folks have shown up late.  
We've data missing I'm afraid  
You folks will have to wait."

"There's software tried and true  
That's made us many a draw.  
This is no time for programs which  
We've never seen before."

"And are you just too kind?  
Latecomers shouldn't play.  
To wait for all who might show up  
Would keep us here all day."

I'll go back to my room.  
Right here, I'm losing heart.  
Some extra sleep will do me good,  
I'll be back for the start.

\* \* \*

How many strokes was that  
I heard the church clock chime?  
Oh no! It's noon! I must rush back.  
Too late! I lost on time.

## When I Was A Kyu Of Twenty

after "When I Was One-and-Twenty,"

By A.E. Housman

By Bob Felice

WHEN I was a Kyu of twenty  
I heard a wise man say,  
"Give crowns and pounds and *oba*  
But not your eyes away;

Give points away and *sente*  
But keep your eye-space free."  
But I was a Kyu of twenty,  
No use to talk to me.

When I was Kyu of twenty-one  
I heard him say again,  
"The eye space of an unsettled group  
Was never given in vain;

'Tis paid with sighs a-plenty  
And sold for endless rue."  
And I am two-and-twenty,  
And oh, 'tis true, 'tis true.

## Limericks

Ex-Congress Director Bill Salt  
 Man is eloquent -- so to a fault;  
 A Congress he ran  
 Though not quite single-han-  
 ded; while talking he never did halt!  
 — *Roy Laird*

Ken Koester, our tournaments boss,  
 A teetotaler, has this riposte:  
 When asked, "Do you think  
 You'd care for a drink?"  
 He says, "I prefer SODOS to SOS!"  
 — *Roy Laird*

Our President, Barbara Calhoun  
 Should promote to shodan rather soon:  
 At drinking she's go-dan;  
 At singing there's no dan  
 Who can top her at carrying a tune.  
 — *Roy Laird*

A miss-guided lad in D. C.  
 Succumbed to a lass's fey plea  
 She wanted to play,  
 So they lay on some hay  
 And began a long game of wei chi.  
 — *Fred Hansen*

There once was a shodan from Kent  
 Whose tenuki was rather misspent  
 He stared in surprise  
 Where he thought were two eyes  
 His four in the corner was bent.  
 — *Keith Arnold*

There once was a 2-dan, or worse,  
 Whose handicap style was not terse.  
 He'd give up to nine  
 And still make 'em resign  
 If not with his play, with his verse.  
 — *Roy Laird*

There once was a shodan from Spain  
 Whose tenuki was rather inane  
 His cutting stones tucked  
 And soon to be plucked  
 From their perch in the nest of a crane.  
 — *Keith Arnold*

There once was a shodan from West Point  
 Whose game reached a tsume-go test point  
 But when they played 'Taps'  
 He stated, "Perhaps,  
 Damezumari was not quite the best point."  
 — *Keith Arnold*

A comely young shodan named Becky  
 Imagined she knew the joseki  
 She misplayed a stone;  
 Found it standing alone.  
 And lost the whole game in fuseki.  
 — *Fred Hansen*

While playing around on a night very starry,  
 My opponent succeeded in making me sorry.  
 She gave me a hug  
 And snug as a bug  
 I was captured in damezumari.  
 — *Fred Hansen*







# THE ADVENTURES OF GO KIBURI

## Go Kiburi and the Bees of Antares

by Bob High

On one of his many travels, Go Kiburi, the 25th century Go master, found himself accompanying a group of explorers on one of the first visits to the fifth planet of Antares, populated by a race of large, intelligent social insects (nicknamed "spelling bees" by their Terran visitors).

Upon their arrival, Go Kiburi and his companions were invited to take part in an elaborate formal banquet. A range of exotic foods were placed before them, accompanied by dozens of small dishes with a variety of condiments. A place of honor was reserved for several pots of fine honey. When it came time for the Antarean version of tea, most of the explorers helped themselves liberally to the delicious honey; they were astonished, however, to see Go Kiburi reach into his robe and remove several packets of refined sugar, which he calmly emptied into his drink. Moments later, the party came to an abrupt end when those who had partaken of the honey were seized and unceremoniously stung to death.

After their hasty departure, Go Kiburi's traveling companion Iki Jibiki asked, "Go, how did you know that the honey was reserved for royalty, and that it would be a mortal offense to taste it?"

"Don't be silly," said Go. "Any Go player worth his salt knows that there's death in the honey!"

## Go Kiburi and the Chief's Wraith

by Bob High

One evening, as Go Kiburi and Iki Jibiki were enjoying a game of blindfold four-dimensional go, there came a sudden sharp clap and a figure appeared, wreathed in foul smelling smoke. "I am the ghost of Chief Oki Dango," announced the figure. "Remember, Go, how you humiliated me when we played our san-jubango? I swore I would take revenge after my death, when I would be invulnerable to all your arts and skills, and now I've come to haunt you," he continued. "I will return every night for a week, and on the last night I will take you down to Hell with me!" the apparition finished, vanishing in a swirl of flames.

Iki Jibiki was taken aback, but Go just chuckled and said, "Let's get on with our game." Four-dimensional go being a rather time (and space) consuming game, the two were still in the early opening, having occupied only 13 of the corners, when they retired for the night, so Iki was back the next day to continue. At midnight, the ghost appeared again, looking if anything larger and more menacing than the previous night. It repeated its threats, baring an inordinate number of fangs and constantly sharpening its claws against each other as it spoke. "Oki Dango always was an unstable character," Go remarked after the fiend had departed.

Each evening that week, Go and Iki continued their game, and at precisely midnight the spirit would appear, each time larger, solidier and more threatening in demeanor. Iki became more and more nervous, but Go seemed perfectly calm. Finally, the seventh night arrived. Go had just completed his joseki in the further lower outer left corner of the board and was contemplating extending along one of the 32 edges when the monster arrived. "Now you are mine!" it snarled. But Go just smiled and waved his hand, and suddenly the creature vanished, to be replaced by a red-faced cook in a tall white cap, waving a wooden ladle and spluttering his anger.

"What in the world did you do, Go?" Iki marveled, after the irate figure finally faded away, muttering curses in a mixture of French and Italian. "There was never any problem, Iki," Go replied. "It's easy to change a chief's wraith into a chef's wrath, if you remember the 'i' stealing tesuji!"

## Go Kiburi Gets Rich

by Bob High

Go Kiburi had just won his second consecutive kadoban from his host, Chief Oki Dango. The Chief, losing patience, began cursing Go Kiburi and ended by saying, "If you're so smart, why aren't you rich?"

Go, restraining himself from the obvious retort ("If you're so rich, why aren't you smart?"), smiled and said "In a year and a day I'll be as rich as you. And I'll do it the hard way – on the planet Earth!" Go and his partner Iki Jibiki promptly departed for the nearest chronosynclastic infundibulum, which deposited them on Earth, in the 20th century A.D.

Go first traveled to the Arctic circle, where he introduced the Aleuts to a new physical form of ice, Ice Minus Nine (also known as kurtvonnegutene) with 40 oxygen and 80 hydrogen atoms in each rhombicosahedral molecule. Ice Minus Nine had the remarkable property of actually giving off heat -- warm ice! Before Iki could catch his breath, Go had amassed a sizable fortune selling ice to the Eskimos.

Next, Go traveled to Holland (which had the advantage of being a go-playing nation), and set up shop on one of the wharves, selling a purified form of sea-water – free of all chemical pollutants, plastics and petroleum byproducts – to the sea creatures. On behalf of their fishy cousins, the dolphins and porpoises would bring him pearls, gold and other buried treasure in exchange for the pure sea water (which Go called "Mer-rire", because it made the dolphins happy). He had a bit of competition from Bark Moon, an entrepreneurial young Dutch go player who set up shop on the next pier, but by constantly moving his shop next door to Moon's, Go was able to keep ahead of the game and vastly multiply his fortune.

Finally, Go traveled to the Sahara Desert, where he impressed the Tuareg nomads with his "soft sand" – each grain encased in a tiny force field. The sand didn't cling, or crunch, or grit between one's teeth. Since the force fields depended on Go's transmogrifier power pack, however, he didn't sell the nomads the marvelous sand; he leased it to them. And within a few months, Go had become the most powerful man around, and the owner of oil rights of enormous value. He had more than fulfilled his challenge to Oki Dango before the year was up.  
(continued next column)

## Go Kiburi Meets Dracula

by Fred Hansen

Seeking a change of pace after a strenuous go tournament and inspired by Bram Stoker's Dracula, Go Kiburi and his companion Iki Jibiki leapt at a chance to time-visit a vampire's deathbed.

Arriving at a dimly lit crypt on the outskirts of Victorian London just before sunset, they found themselves watching as Dr. Ted Linkless hammered a sharpened stick deep into the heart of the sleeping Count Dracula. Nothing. Not the slightest change befell the vampire. Supine it lay in shallow susurration. Soon, as the sun set, the Count arose, plucked out the pesky stick, cast it aside, and sauntered forth into the night.

"My goodness," exclaimed the doctor, "How did I fail?"

"Ah," said Go, "Perhaps I can help."

"What do you suggest?" replied Dr. Ted.

"Meet me here tomorrow at high noon."

Came the morrow, Go, Iki and Dr. Ted found the vampire once again comatose within its macabre bed. Picking up the discarded weapon, Go thrust its point through the gently bobbing Adam's apple and on into the flesh below. All of an instant the foul creature withered, crumbling to dust.

"I am astonished," remarked the doctor. "What happened? How did the creature survive my attack?"

"Well, it was obvious to me," replied Go. "Every go player knows it is always better to *stake a neck, Ted.*"  
(If in doubt, read it aloud.)

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*(continued from previous column)*

When they had finally left Earth behind, Iki spoke up and said, "Go, that was really a tour de force! How could you go from next to nothing to become one of the richest men on the planet within a year?"

"Well," said Go, "it's not hard making a killing selling ice to Eskimos if you know the ice dealing tesuji. And it wasn't hard staying ahead of the game selling sea water to fish; I just had to remember that my opponent's quay move was my own quay move. But I have to admit, when I started peddling sand in the Sahara, I was only able to gain all that power and influence because I really knew how to use the sand rents, eh?"

## Go Kiburi Hits the Jackpot

by Joel Sanet

On one occasion, Go Kiburi, Go player extraordinaire, decided to try his hand at games of a chancier nature. He and his trusted companion, Iki Jibiki, hopped a space liner to the nearest gambling site, a wayward planet which had escaped the Vegan solar system some millennia earlier (and was therefore known as "Lost Vega's"). There they were greeted by the planet's wealthiest magnate, the Duke of Oyle, and his father, known to his intimates as "Pa Duke." They proceeded by limo to Squeezer's Palace, the most luxurious casino, where they were met by the grand croupier, "Oy" Otoshi.

"I feel lucky today," said Go. "What's the biggest jackpot?"

"One billion golden moku," Otoshi replied nonchalantly.

"Holy tesuji, Go," exclaimed Iki Jibiki, "you'd be fixed for life!"

"Lead me to the game, O croupier," replied Go.

The party were escorted into a private gambling room with crystal chandeliers and plush red carpets. Upon a raised platform stood a glittering golden cross studded with thousands of arcane symbols. "Before you see the cross of you," said the croupier. "In the shape of your Terran plus sign, it is adorned with the initial letters of every alphabet in the known universe. All you have to do is select the right one, and the billion bullion is yours."

"How many symbols are there?" asked Go.

"Ten thousand, eight hundred and thirty," replied Otoshi.

"Those are rather long odds," remarked Iki. "What does a chance cost?"

"On Lost Vega's we have a tradition," Otoshi explained. "You pay nothing if you win, but if you lose, the cost must be commensurate with the value of the prize. For the ultimate prize, you must risk the ultimate payment...your life. If you lose, you will be flayed alive with the sharp edges of the golden cross."

"Oh no, the dread cross-cut," exclaimed Iki. "You'd have to be insane to try it!"

*(continued next column)*

## Go Kiburi in the Middle Ages

by Bob High

On one occasion, Go Kiburi and his side-kick, Iki Jibiki, took a time trip back to the middle ages. In his researches of the history of Go, Go had run across a reference to an obscure order of monks living in the Carpathian Mountains who had learned the game of Go from descendants of the Mongols, and he was eager to confirm or debunk the tale.

After considerable travail and adventure (Go and Iki had neglected to brush up on the proper temporal dialects, and were forced to impersonate a pilgrim who had taken a vow of silence and his deaf-mute servant), Go and Iki finally arrived at the monastery. Much to their dismay, however, they found the hall abandoned. A woman from a nearby village told them the monks had indeed engaged in "some strange ritual with black and white stones," but that they had all been wiped out by plague the previous year. All, that is, but one hermit living in a cave far up in the mountains.

Never one to miss an opportunity (particularly one he had come thousands of miles and many centuries for), Go turned around and began to climb the mountain again. After some searching, he and Iki discovered the hermit, living alone in a small, drafty cave. To Go's delight, the hermit actually had a Go set with him, and they settled down to a couple of games.

As they descended the mountain that evening, Iki said to Go, "I guess that monk was very lucky to escape the plague that wiped out the rest of the monastery."

"Luck had nothing to do with it, Iki," Go replied. "He simply knew enough to pray away from sickness!"

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*(continued from previous column)*

"Nonsense," Go shouted, and leapt upon the stage, plucking a letter from the cross just where the bars met.

The next day, as they were celebrating Go's new-found wealth at Cho's Bar and Grill, Iki asked, "Go, how did you know which one to choose?"

"It was simple," Go replied. "Everyone knows you pull 'A' at the center of symmetry."

## Go Kiburi on The Planet of the Apes

by Bob High

Go Kiburi, Go player extraordinaire from the 25th century, once paid a visit to the Planet of the Apes with his companion, Iki Jibiki. After a long, dusty walk from the spaceport, they were relieved to come upon a local saloon. The barroom was filled with assorted apes, baboons, gorillas and chimpanzees, all drinking and making monkey business. After fighting their way through to the bar, Go and Iki were astonished to find a couple of monkeys playing Go at the bar!

The bartender informed Go and Iki that on the Planet of the Apes, Go is played as a drinking game, with the loser buying the winner drinks, and with by-standers welcome to make side bets. In the game at hand, a brash baboon had just lost his second game, double-up, to a wily orangutan, and was buying his opponent two pints. They had agreed to another game, again at double stakes, and all the monkeys in the room were crowding around to make side bets – all but one small chimpanzee who remained nursing his drink in the corner.

Go and Iki stayed to watch the game, which the orangutan won, although not without showing the effects of his cumulative winnings. The stubborn baboon insisted on yet another round, again at double the stakes, but only after his opponent had downed the four pints he had just won.

After some consideration (and sampling the strength of the local brew), Iki turned to an amiable neighboring gorilla and placed a side bet on the baboon, figuring that the orangutan must have had one or two too many by then to hold his own. The chimp in the corner just chuckled and continued to nurse his drink. Go remained aloof from the betting. When the dust had settled, the orangutan had won once again, and the baboon finally retired defeated.

As they were trudging down the road away from the bar in search of an inn for the night, Iki remarked to Go, "Go, I thought the monkey chump was worth eight pints." Go replied, "Not always, Iki. But the one pint chimp is never wrong!"

## Go Kiburi Receives His Just Reward

by Bob High

On another occasion, Go Kiburi was selected as a candidate for the title of "Most Distinguished Citizen of the Terran Realm." After numerous rounds of examination and selection, only two candidates remained: Go Kiburi, the Go Master, and Mother Mary May, the founder of a religious order dedicated to service and charity. Witness after witness testified to Mother Mary's selflessness and altruism, describing her more than once as "a true saint," and "someone who lives only for others." On his own behalf, Go Kiburi simply stated that he had never found it possible – or necessary – to transcend his personal identity, desires and attachments, even over the Go board.

Nevertheless, after a brief conference, the judges conferred the title on Go Kiburi. Go turned to Mother Mary and said, "I'm sorry, but I guess it's just a case of 'I have an "I", and you have none!'"

## Go Kiburi Rides Again

by Bob High

Go Kiburi and his companion, Iki Jibiki, once visited the remarkable planet of Veldt, which is inhabited exclusively by giant carnivores (even the plants eat meat!) Mounted four apiece on the backs of lions, which on Veldt have been domesticated as beasts of burden and transport, in place of horses, dromedaries and the like, Go, Iki and a group of their friends set off to explore.

While touring a particularly spectacular but remote portion of the planet, Go and Iki and their party were set upon by a band of giant wolves; surrounded and cut off from any retreat, one lion and its riders attempted to break through the pack of wolves, but was quickly run down and devoured. Two brave volunteers from a second mount remained behind while their companions, on their lightened steed, made another attempt, but without luck; the wolves were still too many and too fast for the lion, and ran it down without difficulty. Finally, Go Kiburi insisted that they take the two who had remained behind on their own mount and attempt to escape; much to the surprise of everyone except Go, their lion put on a tremendous burst of speed, and far outdistanced the wolves.

"That was certainly noble of you, Go," said Iki, when they were safe again. "Taking on the weight of those extra two riders could have spelled certain death for us!"

"Nonsense!" snorted Go. "Anyone knows that on the third lion, four die, but six live!"

## Go Kiburi On Safari

by Bob High

Go Kiburi, the 25th century go master, and his constant companion Iki Jibiki, decided to visit the planet Veldt, which is populated exclusively by giant carnivores. Go and Iki set out with some friends on safari riding on the backs of giant domesticated lions. On Veldt, the king beasts take the place of horses, dromedaries, etc., as beasts of burden and transport. Although the party numbered an even dozen, the mounts were enormous that only two were need to carry them all.

As the twelve adventurers entered a spectacular but remote valley, they were attacked by a pack of giant ravenous wolves. After a hurried conference, two of Go's friends dismounted, allowing their four companions to make a run for it on their lightened steed, but in vain. The wolves easily ran down and devoured both beast and riders.

Go, riding with the other half dozen, then insisted that the two climb on with them. Despite the extra weight, their mount put on a miraculous burst of speed, outdistancing the predators and carrying the party to safety.

"That was close!" exclaimed Iki Jibiki, "It was courageous of you to offer to try and save your friends, Go, but I was sure we were all wolf meat!"

"Nonsense – it was our only chance," replied Go, "Any go player worth his salt knows that on the second lion, eight live and six die!"





## Great Joseki Debate Number 18

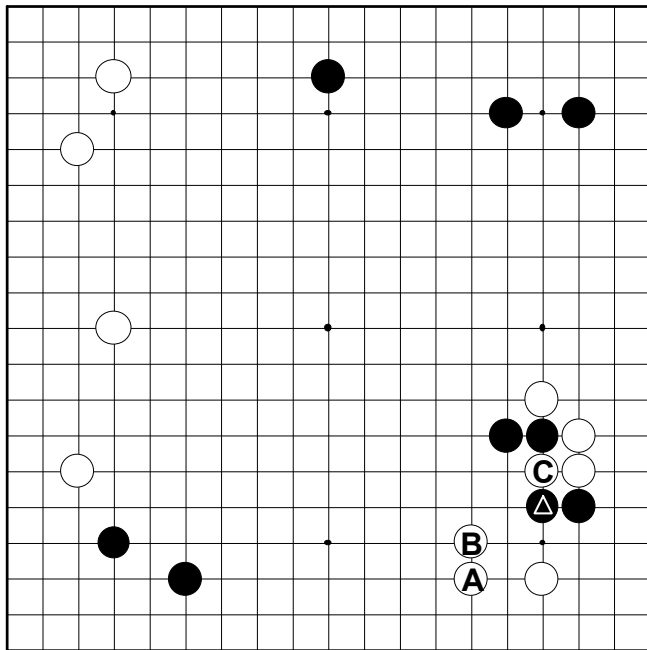
*The problem that inspired the song!*

Black has just played the marked stone.

Players A, B, and C are each proposing White's next move.

Which White move best fits this fuseki:

- The one-point jump of Player A?
- The small knight's move of Player B?
- Or, the push-and-cut sequence suggested by Player C?

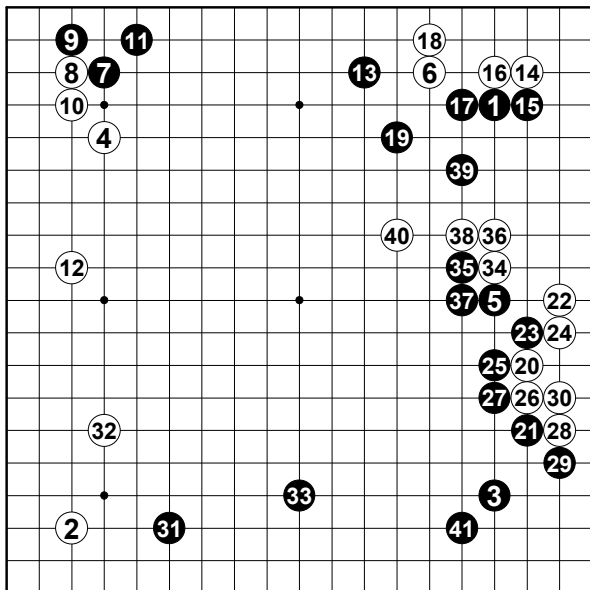


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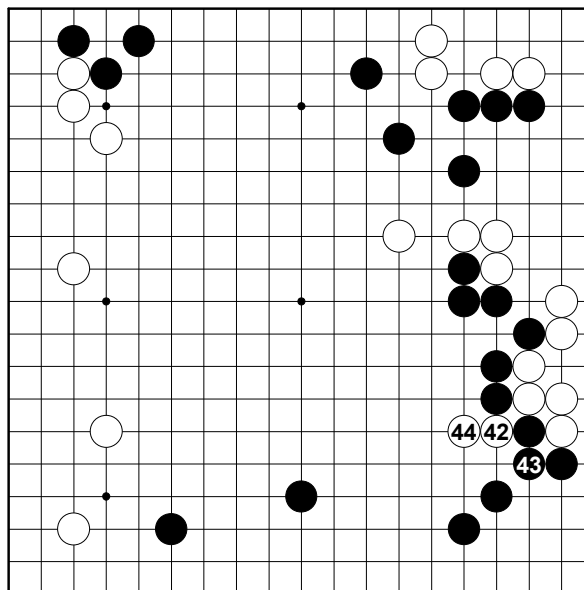
Editor's note: The solution to the problem can be found on page 173 of *The Great Joseki Debates*, Ishi Press, 1992.



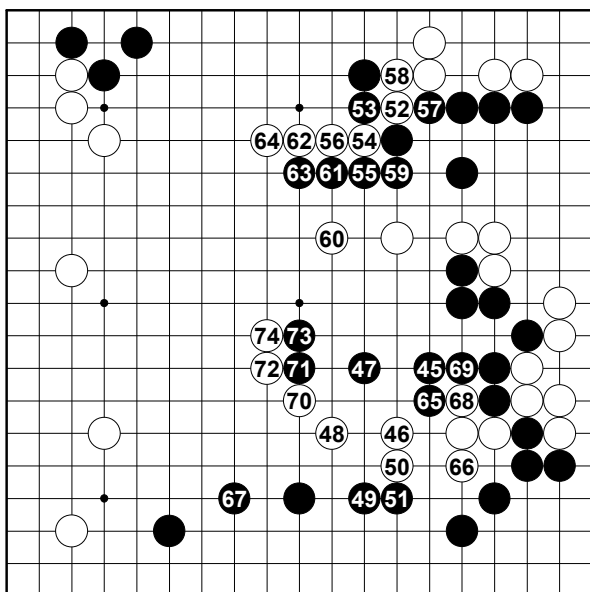
# The Annotated Ballad of Keith Arnold and Phil Straus



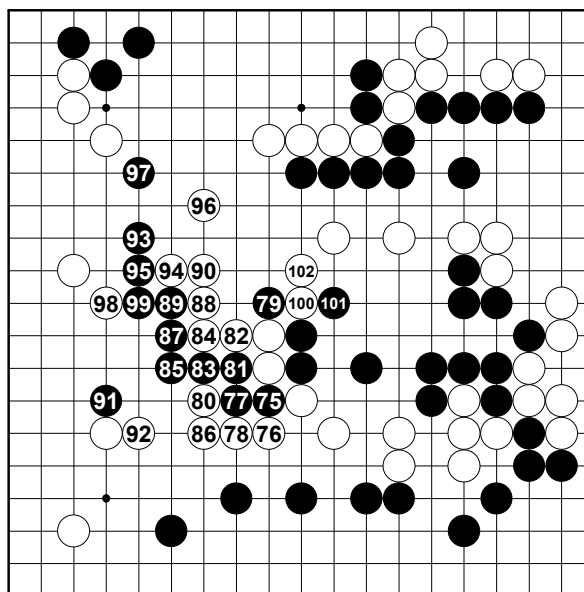
*"Phil Straus has a moyo in a center space..."*



*"Arnold takes a cut that Phil's left lying there..."*



*"...And a couple of Phil Straus's groups have turned from hunter to hunted prey."*

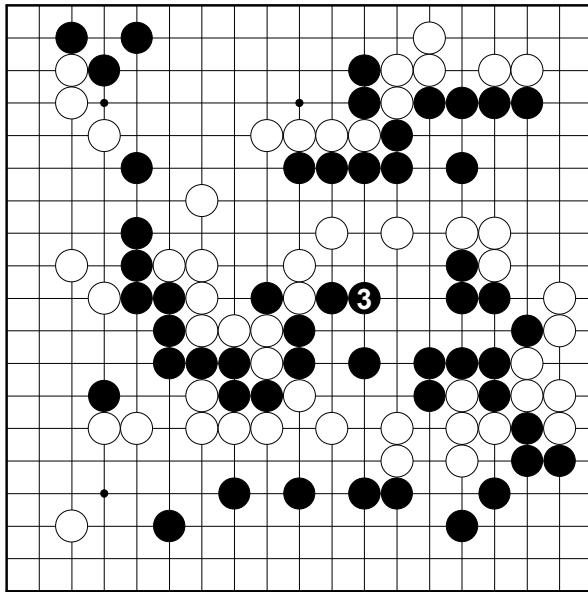


*"Cut off and pursued through his own moyo now..."*

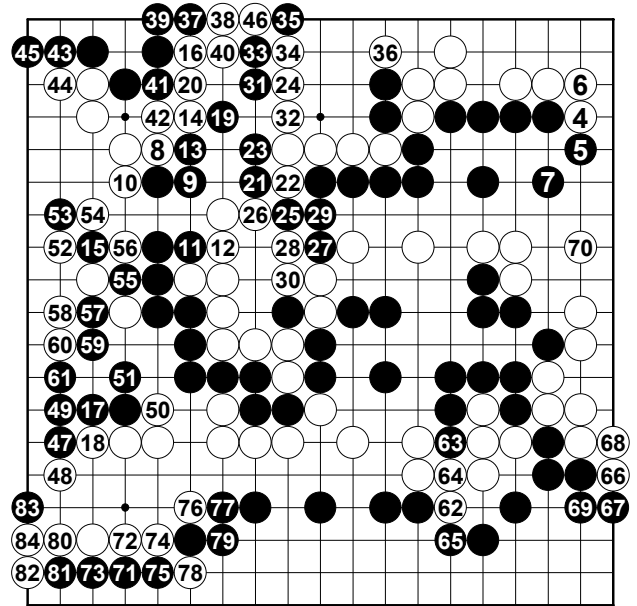
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Editor's note: Here is the game that inspired Ken Koester to write "The Ballad of Keith Arnold and Phil Straus." Annotations by Phil Straus.

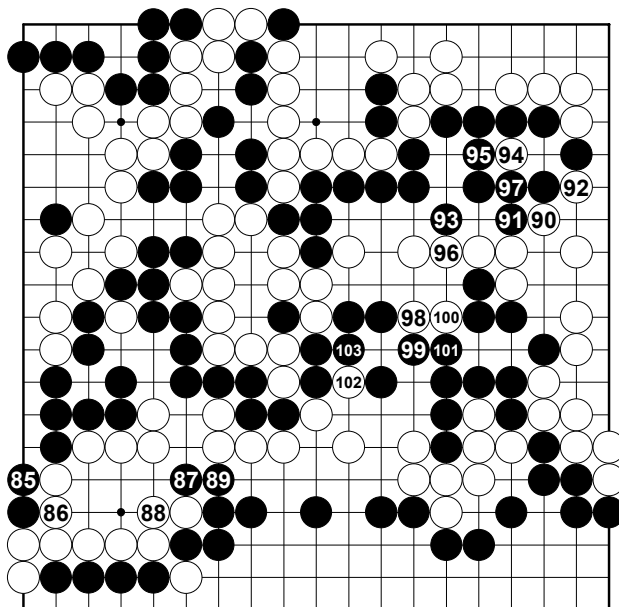




*"Phil Straus tries in vain to make two eyes..."*  
 Actually, Phil made two eyes for his group with 103.



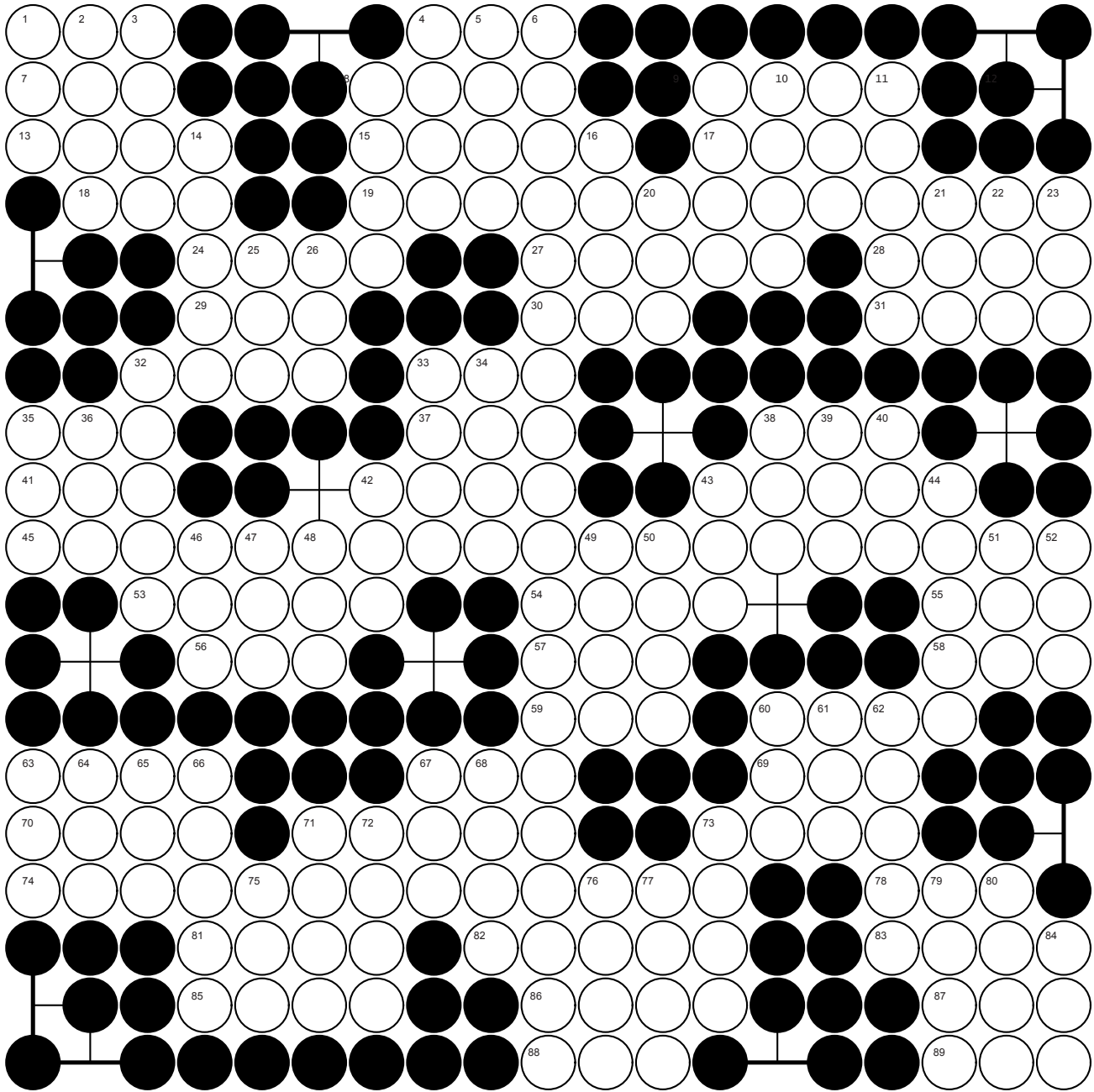
*"But when he places his next stone, his white group dies!"*  
 And Keith's group didn't die right away, either...



Here are the final moves. White resigns after Black 203.

# Last Dango In Rochester

By Bob High



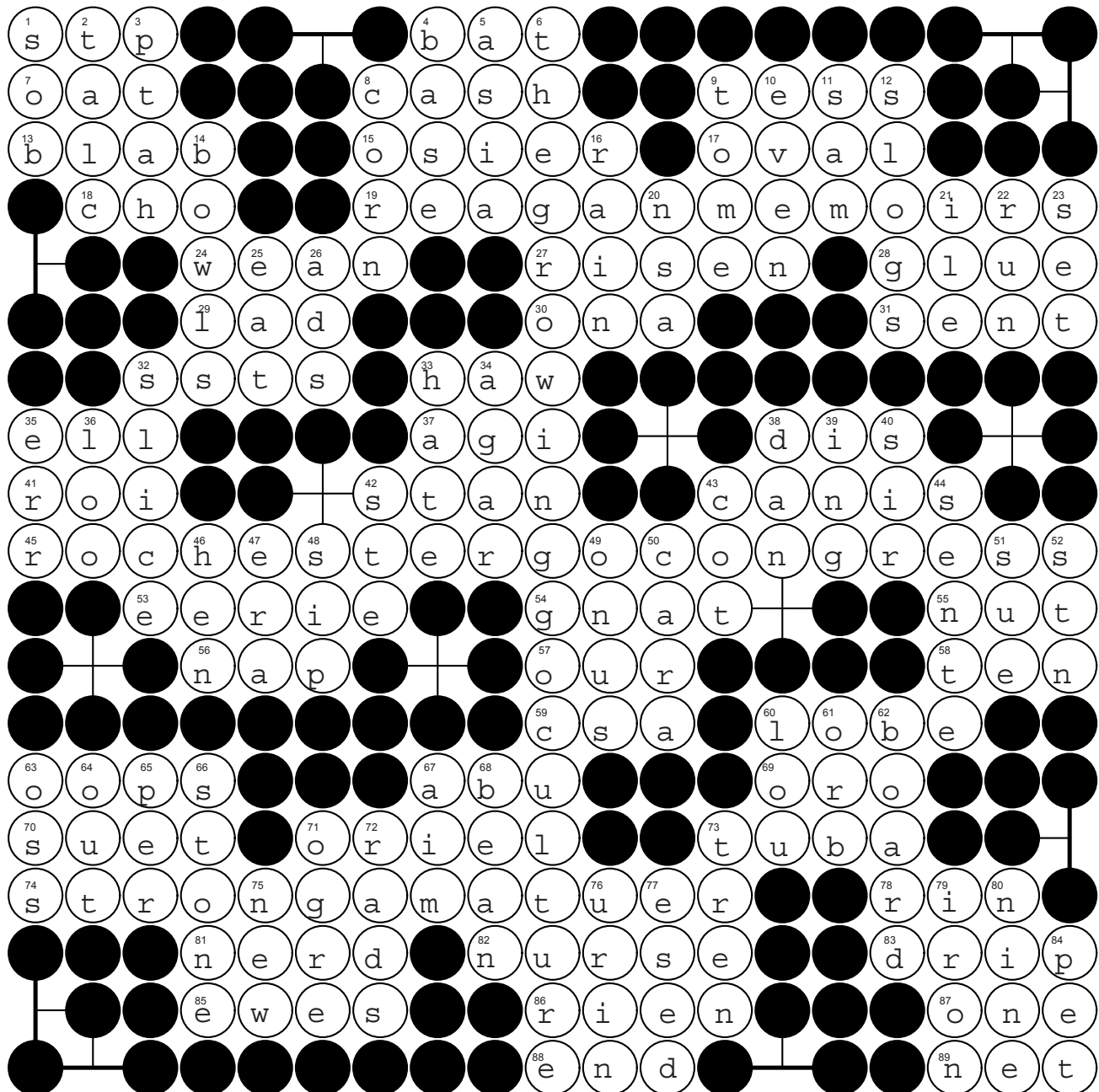
## ACROSS:

- 1.Engine additive.
- 4.Flying mammal.
- 7.Cereal plant.
- 8.Ready money.
- 9.Hardy girl.
- 13.Sing.
- 15.Willow.
- 17.Shape of a Go stone.
- 18.Strong Go player.
- 19.OXYMORON
- 24.Get rid of a habit.
- 27.Gone up.
- 28.Sticky stuff.
- 29.Youth.
- 30.Out — limb.
- 31.Mailed.
- 32.Fast jets.
- 33.Opposite of Gee.
- 35.Wing.
- 37.Go institution.
- 38.Negative prefix.
- 41.What Louis XIV was.
- 42.Laurel or Musial.
- 43.Major or Minor.
- 45.YOU ARE HERE
- 53.Weird.
- 54.Flying insect.
- 55.Booby.
- 56.Cats do it.
- 57.Yours and mine.
- 58.Popular base.
- 59.Union foe.
- 60.This may redden.
- 63.Self-atari exclamation.
- 67.---Dhabi.
- 69.Juan's treasure.
- 70.Fat.
- 71.Bay window.
- 73.A lot of brass.
- 74.OXYMORON
- 78.Strong Go player.
- 81.Dweeb.
- 82.Western amah.
- 83.Trickle.
- 85.Rams' dams.
- 86.This means nothing to Pierre.
- 87.Not enough eyes.
- 88.Result of two passes.
- 89.Bottom line.

## DOWN:

- 1.Wail.
- 2.Soft mineral.
- 3.Egyptian god.
- 4.Something to touch.
- 5.Where Go originated.
- 6.SOURCE OF PRIDE
- 8.Cereal plant.
- 9.Heavy reading.
- 10.Game with komi.
- 11.Hill or Zimmerman.
- 12.Trudges.
- 14.Go need.
- 16.Precipitation.
- 20.Secretive agency.
- 21.Loire sight.
- 22.With 64 Down, response to pincer.
- 23.Board and stones.
- 25.Consume.
- 26.Commercials.
- 32.Cut.
- 33.Detest.
- 34.Culture medium.
- 35.We all do it.
- 36.Water chaser.
- 38.Strong go player.
- 39.Go benefactor.
- 40.Knight's handle.
- 44.We all want it.
- 46.Tom's mom.
- 47.NOW aim.
- 48.Take a drop.
- 49.Burden.
- 50.Maria's face.
- 51.Lawyers do it.
- 52.RR Depot.
- 60.Costello or Grant.
- 61.Sphere.
- 62.Go need.
- 63.CIA predecessor.
- 64.With 22 Down, response to pincer.
- 65.To each.
- 66.Go need.
- 67.Purpose.
- 68.Lima is one.
- 71.Monster.
- 72.Measures of radiation.
- 73.Jose's choo-choo.
- 75.Virgin.
- 76.Ireland.
- 77.Not virgin.
- 79.We all need it.
- 80.Number of hoshi points.
- 84.Animal companion.

## Last Dango In Rochester Solution







# NOTES & ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

This book was composed using Adobe PageMaker 7.0. The diagrams were produced with GO Write 1.4.

The font used for the text and chapter titles is Giovanni Book. Adobe describes it as a modern interpretation of the classic Roman style typefaces. I think it's a very attractive font that is quite readable. The font used for the header and song titles is Bauhaus Medium.

You probably noticed that the song text is larger than what you are used to seeing in a book. I purposely used 12 point type for the songs, reasoning that a song book would be easier to share if everyone involved didn't have to squint.

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