
SONGS

Scout Songs

The Boy Scout Day

(Tune: End of a Perfect Day)

When you come to the end of a Boy Scout day,
And you sit in the campfire light,
And the sky has turned from blue to gray,
With the shades of the coming night,
Do you think what the end of a good Scout day,
Can mean in a real boy's life?
When the bugle blows and the flag comes down,
And there's peace in the world of strife.

Well, this is the end of a Boy Scout day,
And his soul is full to the brim,
For his heart is clean and his tho'ts are big,
And the whole world smiles on him,
And so 'twill be till the end of time,
And you're out 'neath the heaven's blue,
In the flick'ring light of the campfire bright,
With your friends drawn close to you.

Trail The Eagle

(Tune: On Wisconsin)

Trail the Eagle, Trail the Eagle
Climbing all the time,
First the Star and then the Life
Will on your bosom shine, Keep Climbing!
Blaze the trail, and we will follow
Hark, the Eagle's call;
On, Brothers, on until we're Eagles all.

Hail, Hail, Scouting Spirit

Hail! Hail! Scouting Spirit, Best in the land;
Hail! Hail! Scouting Spirit, Best in the land;
Onward and upward we're treading,
Always alert to make Scouting ready,
We are prepared.
Hail! Hail! Scouting Spirit,
Hail! Hail! Hail!

Three Good Turns

(Tune: Polly Wolly Doodle)

A Boy Scout hiked with careless stride
Along a dusty road.
When out from a tree there hopped with glee
A big, fat husky toad.
Says the toad to the Scout, "Hello my lad,
Where are you headed for?"
"I'm on a seven mile hike," says he,
"And I've only one mile more."

Chorus: Hike along, hike along,
Hike along with stride so free;
But when you see an old black bear,
Just let that old bear be.

"What have you done while on this hike?"
Says the old fat toad, says he,
"I've had some fun and I've eaten a bun,
And I've done my Good Turns three."
"What are those three Good Turns, my Scout?"
Says the old fat toad, says he.
"Well, I helped a man to catch a cow
And I found a lost baby."

Chorus

"That's only two," says the old fat toad,
"And you say that you've done three."
"Well, wait a while, till I get my breath,"
Says the Second Class Scout, says he
"As I went up the mountain side,
"I spied a tall oak tree,
And up on the top was a big black bear
A-looking down at me."

Chorus

"And I thought to myself, when I spied that bear,
What an awful shame 'twould be
If I disturbed that big black bear
A-looking down at me.
So I turned around and piked right down
And I let that old bear be;
And that Good Turn with the other two
Just makes the Good Turns three."

Chorus

Together

We're all together again, we're here, we're here,
We're all together again, we're here, we're here,
Who knows when we'll be all together again
Singing all together again, we're here.

Paddle Song

Our paddles keen and bright, flashing like
silver,
Swift as the wild goose flight
Dip, dip and swing.

Dip, dip and swing them back, flashing like
silver,
Swift as the wild goose flight.

Hope He Lives To Be A Hundred

Hope he lives to be a hundred,
Hope he lives to be a hundred,
Hope he lives to be a hundred,
And then a hundred more.

The Blasted, Bloomin' Spider

The blasted, bloomin' spider
Went up the bloomin' spout;
And then the bloomin' rain came down
And washed the blighter out;
And then the bloomin' sun came out
And dried up all the rain, and
The blasted, bloomin' spider
Went up the spout again.

We're On The Upward Trail

We're on the upward trail,
We're on the upward trail,
Singing as we go, Scouting bound.
We're on the upward trail,
We're on the upward trail,
Singing, singing, ev'rybody singing.
Scouting bound.

On My Honor

On my honor I'll do my best — to do my duty
to God
On my honor I'll do my best — To serve my
country as I may.
On my honor I'll do my best — To do my Good
Turn each day.
To keep my body strengthened
And keep my mind awakened.
To follow paths of righteousness.
On my honor I'll do my best.

Happy Wanderer

I love to go a-wandering along the mountain
track,
And as I go I love to sing — my knapsack on my
back.
Val-do-ree, val-do-rei, my knapsack on my back.

I'm Happy When I'm Hiking

Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,
tramp, tramp,
I'm happy when I'm hiking.
Pack upon my back.
I'm happy when I'm hiking.
Off the beaten track.
Out in the open country,
That's the place for me.
With a true Scout friend
To the journey's end
Ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty miles a day.
Tramp, tramp, tramp. (Repeat tramp to end).

Scout Leader's Prayer

Our Father in Heaven above us,
We ask Thee for guidance in our daily task.
May virtue and manhood stand strongly among us
To Thee we give all of our thanks.
The Scout Oath, The Scout Law,
Their lessons unfolding to our youth, in
numbers untold,
Our motto, our Good Turn,
May we live it and teach it,
Great Spirit of Scouting we pray.

For the Beauty of the Earth

For the beauty of the earth,
For the glory of the skies,
For the love from which our birth,
Over and around us lies;
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This hymn of grateful praise.

For the wonder of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flow'r,
Sun and moon, and stars of light;
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This hymn of grateful praise.

For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth and friends above,
For all gentle thoughts and mild;
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This hymn of grateful praise.

Morning Has Broken

Morning has broken like the first
morning,
Blackbird has spoken like the first
bird.
Praise for the singing,
Praise for morning,
Praise for them springing fresh from
the world.

Sweet the rain's new fall sunlit from
heaven,
Like the first dewfall on the first
grass.
Praise for the sweetness of the wet
garden,
Spring in completeness where His
feet pass.

Mine is the sunlight! Mine is the
morning.
Born of the one light Eden saw pay!
Praise with elation, praise every
morning,
God's recreation of the new day.

This is my Father's World

This is my Father's world,
And to my listening ears,
All nature sings and round me rings
The music of the spheres.
This is my Father's world,
I rest me in the thought
Of ricks and trees, of skies and
seas-
His hands the wonders wrought.

This is my Father's world
The birds their carols raise,
The morning light, the lily white,
Declare their Maker's praise.
This is my Father's world,
He shines in all that's fair;
In the rustling grass I hear Him
pass,
He speaks to me everywhere.

Swing Low Sweet Chariot

I looked over Jordan, and what did I
see
Some for to carry me home
A band of Angels coming after me
Come for to carry me home

Chorus: Swing low, sweet chariot,
coming for to carry me home.
Swing low, sweet chariot,
coming for to carry me home.

If you get there before I do
Coming for to carry me home.
Tell all my friends I'm a coming too
Coming for to carry me home.

The brightest day that ever I saw
Coming for to carry me home.
When Heaven washed my sins
away
Coming for to carry me home.

In sometimes up and sometimes
down
Coming for to carry me home.
But still my soul feels heavenly bond
Coming for to carry me home.

Paradise

When I was a child my family would travel
Down to Western Kentucky where
my parents were born
And there's a backwards old town
that's often remembered
So many times that my memories
are worn.

CHORUS:
And daddy won't you take me back
to Muhlenberg County
Down by the Green River where
Paradise lay

Well, I'm sorry my son, but you're
too late in asking
Mister Peabody's coal train has
hauled it away

Well sometimes we'd travel right
down the Green River
To the abandoned old prison down
by Adrie Hill
Where the air smelled like snakes
and we'd shoot with our pistols
But empty pop bottles was all we
would kill. (Chorus)

Then the coal company came with
the world's largest shovel
And they tortured the timber and
stripped all the land
Well, they dug for their coal till the
land was forsaken
Then they wrote it all down as the
progress of man. (Chorus)

When I die let my ashes float down
the Green River
Let my soul roll on up to the
Rochester dam
I'll be halfway to Heaven with
Paradise waiting
Just five miles away from wherever I
am. (Chorus)

Mules

Tune: Auld Lang Syne

On mules we find two legs
behind,
and two we find before,
We stand behind before
we find what they two behind be
for,
When we're behind the two
behind,
we find what these be for,
So stand before the two behind
and behind the two before.

When I Started Scouting

(Tune: "Where O Where Are You
Tonight")

When I started Scouting, all they
ever told me
Was "Go with the boys, and have
lots of fun".
Now all that I do is go to Scout
meetings.
It seems like I'm always the one
on the run.

CHORUS:
Where, oh where, are you
tonight?
Why did you leave me here all
alone?
I fixed the kids dinner and they
are in bed now.
Since you found this Scouting,
you're never at home. (CHORUS)

One day I was told to try basic
training.
I went 'cuz it sounded like lots of
fun.

Now I am in charge of _all_ of the
training.
Oh, Heaven help me! Now what
have I done!?!?! (CHORUS)

Wood Badge was something that
I'd never heard of.
Worked for those beads 'til I was
blue in the face.
One day I came home and she
was spring cleaning:
Threw away those old beads on
that old shoe lace!! (CHORUS)

Trusty Tommy

Tune: Yankee Doodle

TRUSTY Tommy was a Scout
LOYAL to his mother
HELPFUL to the folks about
and FRIENDLY to his brother
COURTEOUS to the girls he
knew
KIND unto his rabbit
OBEDIENT to his father too
and CHEERFUL in his habits
THRIFTY saving for a need
BRAVE but not a faker
CLEAN in thought and word and
deed

and REVERENT to his maker

New Mexico Rain

Smoke cuts the night, in this old
campfire light
And I'm thinking, where I'd rather be
Maybe chasing senorita's, down in
old Mexico
Or standing at the edge of the sea
If I had the money, well I'd tell ya
honey
We'd be on that first plane to Spain
But as long as we're here, the
answer is clear
We'll dance, in the New Mexico rain.

New Mexico rain - It's hot down in
Texas
New Mexico rain - I call this my
home

If I ain't happy here, then I ain't
happy nowhere
New Mexico rain - When my mind
starts to roam.

Oh the lights of the city, keep callin'
my name
And you know, I've been through
that before
It's just a giant hotel on a long four
lane street
With a checkout time on the door.
If I had the money, I'd tell ya honey
We'd be, on the New Delhi train
But as long as we're here, the
answer is clear
We'll waltz in the New Mexico rain.

New Mexico rain - It's hot down in
Texas
New Mexico rain - I call this my
home
If I ain't happy here, then I ain't
happy nowhere
New Mexico rain - When my mind
starts to roam.

I've been talkin' all day, with a man
in town.
And he sure seems unhappy to me
He tells me he's going nowhere,
he's goin' there fast
And he envy's this life that I lead
If I had the money, I'd tell ya honey
I'd keep him from goin' insane
You know there's one thing for sure,
there just ain't no cure
Like a walk in the New Mexico rain.

New Mexico rain - It's hot down in
Texas
New Mexico rain - Oh and I call this
my home
If I ain't happy here, then I ain't
happy nowhere
New Mexico rain - When my mind
starts to roam.

If I ain't happy here, I ain't happy
nowhere
New Mexico rain - When my mind
starts to roam.

Froggie

*The leader or leaders begin this
song by starting the tempo by
slapping their thighs then clapping
their hands. Then yell the
following. Remember - this is an
echo song.*

(body)
Dog
Dog (audience echo)
Dog - Cat
Dog - Cat (audience echo)
Dog - Cat - Mouse
Dog - Cat - Mouse (audience
echo)
Froggie
Froggie (audience echo)
Itty Bitty teeney weenie little
greenie frogie
Itty Bitty teeney weenie little
greenie frogie (audience echo)
Jump, jump, jump little froggie
Jump, jump, jump little froggie
(audience echo)
Little greenie froggie eating all the
bugs and spiders
Little greenie froggie eating all the
bugs and spiders (audience echo)
Fleas and flies are
scrumpditlyitious
Fleas and flies are
scrumpditlyitious (audience echo)
Ribit ribit ribit ribit ribit
CROAK !
Ribit ribit ribit ribit ribit
CROAK ! (audience echo)
(pause)

FASTER ! (speed up the tempo)
FASTER ! (audience echo)
(repeat body)
(pause)

CUB SCOUT SPEED !! (speed up
the tempo)
CUB SCOUT SPEED !! (audience
echo)
(repeat body)
(pause)

SUPER CUB SCOUT SPEED !!!!
(Heres the tricky one)
SUPER CUB SCOUT SPEED !!!!
(audience echo)
Dog croak ! (one slap "Dog", One
clap "Croak")

(After a few times the audience
will get SUPER CUB SCOUT
SPEED)

2

Chorus: When the food stinks,
and back kinks,
And my patience has run dry,
I simply remember my snug bed
at home

And, then I begin.....to CRY!
THE HAPPY WANDERER
I love to go a-wandering, along
the mountain track,
And as I go I love to sing, my
knapsack on my back,

Chorus: Valderee, Valderaah
Valderee, Valderaah-Ha-Ha-Ha-
Ha-Ha-Ha-Ha
Valderee, Valderaah
My knapsack on my back.

I love to wander by the stream,

that dances in the sun,
So joyously it calls to me,
come join our happy song.
Chorus

I wave my hat to all I meet
and they wave back at me,
And blackbirds call so loud
and sweet from every greenwood
tree.
Chorus

High overhead the skylarks wing,
they never rest at home,
But just like me,
they love to sing as o'er the world
they roam.
Chorus

Oh may I go a-wandering, until
the day I die,
And may I always laugh
and sing beneath the clear blue
sky.

1

A Camper's Worst Fears

Tune: A Few of My Favorite Things

Rain drops on Campers and wet
smelly knee socks,
Tents dark & crowded and
sleeping on sharp rocks,
Small biting insects that fly in my
ear,
These are a few of a Camper's
worst fears.

Building a fire with wet wood and
matches,
Lighting the kindling that never
quite catches,
Tryin' to endure the sarcasm and
jeers,
These are a few of a Camper's
worst fears.

Chorus: When the food stinks,
and back kinks,
And my patience has run dry,
I simply remember my snug bed
at home
And, then I begin.....to CRY!

Running to catch up, I fall down
the hillside,
Piles of wet laundry that smells
like a skunk died,
Listenin' to night sounds that no
one else hears,
These are a few of a Camper's
worst fears.
Pond scum and algae in my
swimming hole,
Hot tempers flaring and fights with
my best pal,
Blisters and rashes for me and my
peers,
These are a few of a Camper's
worst fears.

The Shooting of Dan McGrew

By Robert W. Service

A bunch of the boys were whooping
it up
in the Malamute Saloon;
The kid that handles the music box
was hitting a jag-time tune;
Back of the bar, in a solo game,
sat Dangerous Dan McGrew,
And watching his luck was his
light-o'-love,
the lady that's known as Lou.

When out of the nigh, which was
fifty below,
and into the din and the glare,
There stumbled a miner fresh from
the creeks,
dog-dirty, and loaded for bear.
He looked like a man with a foot in
the grave
and scarcely the strength of a louse,

Yet he tilted a poke of dust on the
bar,
and he called for drinks for the
house.
There was none could place the
stranger's face,
though we searched ourselves for a
clue;
But we drank his health, and the last
to drink
was Dangerous Dan McGrew.

There's men that somehow just grip
your eyes,
and hold them hard like a spell;
And such was he, and he looked to
me
like a man who had lived in hell;
With a face most hair, and a dreary
stare
of a dog whose day is done,

As he watered the green stuff in his
glass,
and the drops fell one by one.
Then I got to fingering who he was,
and wondering what he'd do,

And I turned my head - and they're
watching him
was the lady that's known as Lou.

His eyes went rub Bering round the
room,
and he seemed in a kind of daze,
Till at last that old piano fell in the
way
of his wandering gaze.
The rag-time kid was having a drink;
there was no one else on the stool,
So the stranger stumbles across the
room,
and flops down there like a fool.
In a buckskin shirt that was glazed
with dirt
he sat, and I saw him sway;
Then he clutched the keys with his
talon hands -
my God! but that man could play.

Were you ever out in the Great
Alone,
when the moon was awful clear,
And the icy mountains hemmed you
in
with a silence you most could hear;
With only the howl of a timber wolf,
and you camped there in the cold,
A half-dead thing in a stark, dead
world,
clean mad for the muck called gold;
While high overhead, green, yellow
and red,
the North Lights swept in bars? -
Then you've a hunch what the
music meant . . .
hunger and night and the stars.

And hunger not of the belly kind,
that's banished with bacon and
beans,
But the gnawing hunger of lonely
men
for a home and all that it means;
For a fireside far from the cares that
are,
four walls and a roof above;
But oh! so careful of cozy joy,
and crowned with a woman's
love -

A woman dearer than all the world,
and true as Heaven is true -
(God! how ghastly she looks
through her rouge, -
the lady that's known as Lou.)

Then on a sudden the music
changed,
so soft that you scarce could hear;
But you felt that your life had been
looted clean
of all that it once held dear;
That someone had stolen the
woman you loved;
that her love was devil's lie;
That your guts were gone, and the
best for you
was to crawl away and die.
'Twas the crowning cry of a heart's
despair,
and it thrilled you through and
through -
"I guess I'll make it a spread miser,"
said Dangerous Dan McGrew.

The music almost died away . . .
then it burst like a pent-up flood;
And it seemed to say, "Repay,
repay,"
and my eyes were blind with blood.
The thought came back of an
ancient wrong,
and it stung like a frozen lash,
And the lust awoke to kill, to kill . . .

then the music stopped with a
crash,
And the stranger turned, and his
eyes they burned
in a most peculiar way;
In a buckskin shirt that was glazed
with dirt
he sat, and I saw him sway;
Then his lips went in a kind of grin,
and he spoke, and his voice was
calm,
And "Boys," says he, "you don't
know me,
and none of you care a damn;
But I want to state, and my words
are straight,
and I'll bet my poke they're true,

That one of you is a hound of hell . .
.
and that one is Dan McGrew."

Then I ducked my head, and the
lights went out,
and two guns blazed in the dark,
And a woman screamed, and the
lights went up,
and two men lay stiff and stark.
Pitched on his head, and pumped
full of lead,
was Dangerous Dan McGrew.
While the man from the creeks lay
clutched to the breast
of the lady that's known as Lou.

These are the simple facts of the
case,
and I guess I ought to know.
They say the stranger was crazed
with "hooch,"
and I'm not denying it's so.
I'm not so wise as the lawyer guys,
but strictly between us two -

The woman that kissed him and -
pinched his poke -
was the lady that's known as Lou.

Ode to Scoutleaders

(Tune: "Home on the Range")

Aren't Scoutleaders grand
For the programs they plan
And the hours they put in each
night?
If they're ever home
You know they're on the phone
For the boys who they want to
teach right.

CHORUS:

We're at home in the woods.
On weekends with our troops we
stay.
Thought we never get rest,
The boys are doing their best,
And that's what we're getting for
pay!

They hike to their site
Though it takes half the night

Through the wind and the rain
and the snow!
These leaders so brave
They could live in a cave
Except that their wives just say
No!

Camp food tastes just great,
Like an old paper plate,
And the bug juice is not fit to
drink.
So why every year,
For a week we come here
It's not for vacation, we think!

They read magazines
With great camping scenes,
Frustration does things to their
brains.
Champagne is taboo, Tooyees
Lite too,
So for forty eight hours they
abstain.

They feel like old men,
On a camp out, they've been
To be clean, to be warm, to be
dry!
But to tell you the truth,
they're re-living their youth
So in answer they merely reply!

Three Jolly Fishermen

There were three jolly fishermen,
There were three jolly fishermen,
There were three jolly fishermen,
Fisher, fisher, men, men, men,
Fisher, fisher, men, men, men,
There were three jolly fishermen.

The first one's name was
Abraham,
The first one's name was
Abraham,
The first one's name was
Abraham,
Abra, Abra, ham, ham, ham,
Abra, Abra, ham, ham, ham,
The first one's name was
Abraham.

The second one's name was
I-I-saac,
The second one's name was
I-I-saac,
The second one's name was
I-I-saac,
I-I, I-I, saac, saac, saac,
I-I, I-I, saac, saac, saac,
The second one's name was
I-I-saac.
The third one's name was
Ja-a-cob,
The third one's name was
Ja-a-cob,
The third one's name was
Ja-a-cob,
Ja-a, Ja-a, cub, cub, cub,
Ja-a, Ja-a, cub, cub, cub,
The third one's name was
Ja-a-cob.

They all went up to Jericho,
They all went up to Jericho,
They all went up to Jericho,
Jer-I, Jer-I, cho, cho, cho,
Jer-I, Jer-I, cho, cho, cho,
They all went up to Jericho.

They should have gone to
Amsterdam,
They should have gone to
Amsterdam,
They should have gone to
Amsterdam,
Amster, amster, shh, shh, shh,
Amster, amster, shh, shh, shh,
They should have gone to
Amsterdam.

The Open Trail

Tune: "The Army Song"
Over hill, over dale, we will hit the
dusty trail,
As the Wood Badgers go hiking
along.

On and out, all around, you will
never see us frown,
As the Wood Badgers go hiking
along.

Cause it's Hi Hi Hee, Wood
Badge is for me
Shout out our names, and shout it
strong,
WOOD-BADGE-ERS!

For where'er we go, you will
always know,
That the Wood Badgers go hiking
along!

Mom, Wash My Underwear

(Tune: "God Bless America")

Mom, wash my underwear, my only
pair.
We can find them, and move them,

From the heap by the side of the
chair.
To the washer, to the clothesline,
To my backpack, to my rear.
Mom, wash my underwear, my only
pair.
Mom, wash my underwear, my only
pair.

My Name Is Joe

Hey, My name is Joe
And I work in a button factory,
I've got a wife and a dog and a
family,
One day the boss came up to me
and said
Hey Joe, Are you busy? I said no,
He said turn the button with your
_____.

- 1) Left hand
- 2) Right Hand
- 3) Left Foot
- 4) Right Foot
- 5) Butt
- 6) Tongue

Paddle Song

Our paddles keen and bright,
Flashing like silver.
Swift as the wild goose flight,
Dip, dip, and swing.

Dip, dip, and swing them back,
Flashing like silver;
Swift as the wild goose flight,
Dip, dip, and swing.

Great Pud Bird in the Sky

(Tune: Ghost Riders in the Sky)

The mighty troop of Gilwell, one bright Saturday did ride.
To a camp in Longhorn Council, with a strange bird by it's side.
Thirty-six brave leaders came, to learn to better lead.
To a land where ants and chiggers thrive,
A land of heat and rain.

CHORUS:

Yippee-ii-ooo, yippee-ii-aaa,
Great Pud Bird in the Sky.

The first day was confusing, as patrol members did try,
To figure out what's going on, the cried a mournful sigh,
By day three they were sure, it was more than they could bear,
The Pud Bird had just flown right by,
Left no feathers anywhere.

(Chorus)

The tickets they came fast and hard,

How would it all get done.
But finally the Great Pud Bird, left his plumage one by one.
Things must be getting better,
You could tell by smiles from staff
And in the pitch black of night
You could hear the Pud Bird laugh.

(Chorus)

The course will soon be over, and the troop will soon be gone
With everyone remembering, the lessons hard and long
The Pud will take flight, as they scatter through the land
Trying to catch that Gilwell Troop,
His destiny's at hand.

(Chorus)

He Jumped from 40,000 Feet

(Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic)

He jumped from 40,000 feet and forgot to pull the cord,
He jumped from 40,000 feet and forgot to pull the cord,
He jumped from 40,000 feet and forgot to pull the cord,
And he ain't gonna fly no more.

Chorus:

Glory, glory, what a heck of a way to die
Glory, glory, what a heck of a way to die
Glory, glory, what a heck of a way to die
And he ain't gonna fly no more.

He was last to leave the cockpit and the first to hit the ground..
He was last to leave the cockpit and the first to hit the ground..
He was last to leave the cockpit and the first to hit the ground..
And he ain't gonna fly no more.

(Chorus)

He landed on the runway like a blob of strawberry jam.
He landed on the runway like a blob of strawberry jam.
He landed on the runway like a blob of strawberry jam.
And he ain't gonna fly no more.

(Chorus)

They scraped him off the runway with a silver spoon.
They scraped him off the runway with a silver spoon.
They scraped him off the runway with a silver spoon.
And he ain't gonna fly no more.

(Chorus)

They sent him home to mother in a little wooden box.
They sent him home to mother in a little wooden box.
They sent him home to mother in a little wooden box.

And he ain't gonna fly no more.

(Chorus)

His mother didn't want him so she sent him back to us.
His mother didn't want him so she sent him back to us.
His mother didn't want him so she sent him back to us.
And he ain't gonna fly no more.
(Chorus)

Suggested hand motions:

1. last to leave (flap arms like bird) the cockpit..
2. first to (slap hands) hit the..
3. He (slap hands) landed on..
4. They (make scooping motion) scraped him..
5. in a little (make small box with hands) box.
6. so she sent (make overhand throwing motion) him back to us.

Johnny Verbec

Once there was a Dutchman,
His name was Johnny Verbec,
He made the finest sausages,
And sauerkraut and spec;
He made the finest sausages,
That ever could be seen;
And one day he invented
A sausage-makin' machine.

CHORUS:

Oh, Mister Johnny Verbec
How could you be so mean,
I told you you'd be sorry
For inventin' that machine.
Now all the neighbor's cats & dogs
Will never more be seen,
For they'll all be ground to sausages
In Johnny Verbec's machine.

One day a boy came walkin'
A walkin' in the store.

He bought a pound of sausages
And laid them on the floor,
The boy began to whistle,
He whistled up a tune,
And all the little sausages
Went dancin' round the room.

(CHORUS)

One day the thing got busted,
The darn thing wouldn't go,
So Johnny Verbec he climbed
Inside to see what made it so.
His wife she had a nightmare,
And was walkin' in her sleep,
She gave the crank a deuce of a
yank
And Johnny Verbec was meat.

(CHORUS)

The Twelve Days of Wood Badge

On the first day of Wood Badge,
my mommy sent to me
A box of oatmeal cookies.

On the second day of Wood
Badge, my mommy sent to me
Two T-shirts
And a box of oatmeal cookies.

Third Day	Three pairs of sox
Fourth Day	Four woolen caps
Fifth Day	Five underpants
Sixth Day	Six postage stamps
Seventh Day	Seven nose warmers
Eighth Day	Eight Batman Comicbooks
Ninth Day	Nine bars of soap
Tenth Day	Ten Band-Aids
Eleventh Day	Eleven shoestrings
Twelfth Day	Twelve bottles of blood-sucking helicopter repellent

Wood Badge Spirit

I've got that Wood Badge Spirit,
Up in my head (point to head)
Up in my head,
Up in my head.

I've got that Wood Badge Spirit,
Up in my head,
Up in my head to stay.

I've got that Wood Badge Spirit,
Deep in my heart, (point to heart)
ETC...

I've got that Wood Badge Spirit,
Down in my feet, (point to feet)
ETC...

I've got that Wood Badge Spirit,
All over me (Sweep hands all over)
ETC...

I've got that Wood Badge Spirit,
Up in my head (point to head)
Deep in my heart (point to heart)
Down in my feet (point to feet)
I've got that Wood Badge Spirit,
All over me (Sweep hands all over)
All over me to stay.

I'm proud to be a Boy Scout...

(Tune: This is the Music Concert)

I'm proud to be a Boy Scout, as you can plainly see. For if I weren't a Boy Scout a _____ I would be, and as you pass me by, you would hear me cry....

[or]

If I were not a Boy Scout, I wonder what I would be

If I were not a Boy Scout, a

1. A bird watcher I would be
Hark a lark, flying through the park,
SPLAT!

2. A plumber I would be
Plunge it, flush it, look out below!

3. A mermaid I would be
Bloom, bloom, bloom, bloom,
bloom, bloom!

4. A carpenter I would be
Two by four, nail it to the floor!

5. A secretary I would be
z-z-z-z get the point, z-z-z-z get the point?

6. A teacher I would be
Sit down, shut up, throw away your gum!

7. An airline attendant I would be
Coffee, tea, or me, sir; here's your little bag, BLEH!

8. A typist I would be
Tick, tick, tick, tick, tick, tick, ZING!

9. A hippie I would be
Love and peace, my hair is full of grease!
[or] Hey Man! Cool Man! Far out!
Wow!

10. A farmer I would be
Here's a cow, there's a cow, and here's another yuck!
[or] Come on Betsy give... the baby's got to live

11. A laundry worker I would be
Starchy here, starchy there, starchy in your underwear!

12. A cashier I would be
Twenty nine, forty nine, here is your change, sir!

13. A gym teacher I would be
We must, we must, improve the bust!

14. A medic I would be
Turn around, drop your pants, jab, jab, jab!

15. A doctor I would be
Take a pill; pay my bill! I'm going golfing!
[or] Bend Over, Drop Your Pants, This won't hurt a bit.
[or] Needle! Thread! Stick 'me in the head!

16. An electrician I would be
Positive, negative bbzzzzt zap
[or] Check the bulb, flip the switch.
z-z-z-z-z-z-at

17. A fireman I would be
Jump lady, jump... whoa splat!

18. A cook I would be
Mix it, bake it; heartburn-BURP!

19. A ice cream maker I would be
Tutti-frutti, tutti-frutti, nice ice cream!

20. A politician I would be
Raise the taxes, lower the pay, vote for me on election day!

21. A butcher I would be
Chop it up, grind it up, make a little patty!

22. A garbage collector I would be
Lift it, dump it, pick out the good stuff
[or] Pile that garbage. Pile that garbage. Pile it to the sky.

23. A [Domino's] pizza maker I would be
30 minute, fast delivery!

24. A clam digger I would be
Dig one here, dig one there-Oh my frozen derriere!

25. Superman I would be
It's a bird, it's a plane, where is Lois Lane?

26. Lois Lane I would be
Get away, get away, get away,
Clark Kent!

27. A cyclist I would be
peddle, peddle, peddle, peddle; ring,
ring, ring!

28. A truck driver I would be
Here's a curve, there's a curve.
HERE'S A BETTER CURVE!
[Makes outline of shapely woman.]

29. A house cleaner I would be
Ooh, a bug; squish it in the rug!

30. A baby I would be
Mama, Dada, I wove you!

31. A Preacher I would be
Well, well, you never can tell; you
might go to heaven, or you might go
to ...

32. A DJ I would Be,
Miles of smiles on the radio dial.

33. A Stewardess I would be,
Here's your coffee, here's your tea.
here's your paper bag, burro

34. A Baker I would be,
Donuts! Éclairs! Buy My Buns!

35. A Lifeguard I would be,
Save yourself, Man. I'm working on
my tan!
[or] Mouth to Mouth Resuscitate,
What a way to get a date.

36. A Lawyer I would be,
Honest. I swear, My client wasn't
there

37. An Undertaker I would be,
6 x 4, nail them to the floor.

38. An Engineer, I would be,
Push the button, push the button,
kick the darn machine.

39. A Ranger I would be,
Get eaten by a bear, see if I care.

40. A Jockey I would be,
Grab the bridle, grab the bit, watch
out for that pile of...

41. A Dog I would be,
Oh golly, oh gee, I got to find a tree.

42. A Boxer I would be,
Hit him with a left, hit him with a
right, knock out his jaw.

43. A Nose picker I would be,
stick it, pick it, wipe it on the wall

44. A Jester I would be,
Please laugh, don't cry, I don't want
die.

45. A Knight I would be,
bang, clink, clang, how am I
supposed to fight in this thing

46. A Dolly I would be,
Mommy, Daddy, I love you. (blows a
kiss)

47. A Cub master I would be,
A Stomach, no hair, my scouts are
everywhere.

48. A Policeman I would Be,
Here's a Crime...There's a
Crime...Here's a donut shop.

49. A Cereal Killer I would Be,
Cheerios, Lucky Charms, Wearies
your Next.

50. A Scoutmaster I would be,
Do this, do that, I'm gonna take a
nap.
[or] Big belly, no hair, my scouts are
everywhere!

Commercial Mixup

(Tune: Farmer in the Dell)

Last night I watched TV.
I saw my favorite show
I heard this strange commercial
I can't believe it's so.

Feed your dog Chiffon,
Comet cures a cold
Use SOS pads on your face
To keep from looking old.

Mop your floor with Crest.
Use Crisco on your tile.
Clean your teeth with Borateem,
It leaves a shining smile.

For headaches take some Certs,
Use Tide to clean your face.
And do shampoo with Elmer's Glue
It holds your hair in place.
Perhaps I am confused.
I might not have it right.
But one thing that I'm certain of. . .
I'll watch TV. tonight!

The Moose Song

(Leader sings a line, everyone repeats)

There was a great big moose
He liked to drink his juice
There was a great big moose
He liked to drink his juice

Chorus: Singing whoa-oh-oh-oh
Way-oh, way-oh, way-oh, way-oh
Way-oh, way-oh

Way-oh, way-oh, way-oh, way-oh

The moose's name was Fred
He drank his juice in bed
The moose's name was Fred
He drank his juice in bed
Chorus

Now he's a sticky moose
Full of juice
He's a moose
On the loose!
Chorus

Now he's a sticky moose
Full of juice
He's a moose
On the loose!
Chorus

The Battle of New Orleans

In 1814 we took a little trip.
Along with Colonel Jackson down
the Mighty Mississippi
We took a little bacon and we took a
little beans,
And we met the bloody British near
the town of New Orleans.

CHORUS:

We fired our guns the British kept a
coming
There wasn't nigh as many as there
was a while ago.
We fired once more and they began
to running,
On down the Mississippi to the Gulf
of Mexico.

We looked down the river and we
seen the British come...
There must have been a hundred of
'me beating on the drum.
They stepped so high and they
made their bugles ring;
While we stood beside our cotton
bales and didn't say a thing.

Old Hickory said we could take 'em
by surprise.
If we didn't fire a musket till we
looked 'em in the eyes.
We held our fire till we seen their
faces well;
Then we opened up our squirrel
guns and really gave 'em--Well.
They ran through the briars and they
ran thru the brambles,
And they ran thru the bushes where
a rabbit couldn't go.
They ran so fast the hounds couldn't
catch 'em
On down the Mississippi to the Gulf
of Mexico.

We fired our cannon till the barrel
melted down,
So we grabbed an alligator and we
poured another round.
We put the ball between his teeth
and powdered his behind,
And when we touched the powder
off the alligator lost his mind.

They ran through the briars and they
ran thru the brambles,
And they ran thru the bushes where
a rabbit couldn't go.
They ran so fast the hounds couldn't
catch 'em
On down the Mississippi to the Gulf
of Mexico.

Wheat-n-Chew

(Leader says line,
then everyone repeats)

wheat-n-chew

bode sidemen ate
chew-n-chew

its skittle-lid oaten dote
bode sidemen ate
chew-n-chew

oaten dote little beaten
its skittle-lid oaten dote
bode sidemen ate
chew-n-chew

item dittany little kitten
oaten dote little beaten
its skittle-lid oaten dote
bode sidemen ate
chew-n-chew

easel level little beetle
item dittany little kitten
oaten dote little beaten
its skittle-lid oaten dote
bode sidemen ate

chew-n-chew

rudely curdle little turtle
easel level little beetle
item dittany little kitten
oaten dote little beaten
its skittle-lid oaten dote
bode sidemen ate
chew-n-chew

oodles poodle little poodle
rudely curdle little turtle
easel level little beetle
item dittany little kitten
oaten dote little beaten
its skittle-lid oaten dote
bode sidemen ate
chew-n-chew

Do Your Ears Hang Low

Do your ears hang low?
Do they wobble to and fro?
Can you tie them in a knot?
Can you tie them in a bow?
Can you throw them over your
shoulder?
Like a continental soldier?
Do your ears hang low?

Do your ears flip-flop?
Can you use them for a mop?
Are they stringy at the bottom?
Are they curly at the top?
Can you use them for a swatter?
Can you use them for a blotter?
Do your ears flip-flop?

Do your ears hang high?
Do they reach up to the sky?
Do they droop when they're wet?
Do they stiffen when they're dry?
Can you semaphore your neighbor
With a minimum of labor?
Do your ears hang high?

Do your ears hang wide?
Do they flap from side to side?
Do they wave in the breeze
From the slightest little sneeze?
Can you soar above the nation

With a feeling of elation?
Do your ears hang wide?

Do your ears fall off
When you give a great big cough?
Do they lie there on the ground
Or bounce around at every sound?
Can you stick them in your pocket,
Just like little Davey Crocket?
Do your ears fall off

The Ants Go Marching

The ants go marching one by one,
hook-rah, rah-rah,
the ants go marching one by one,
rah-rah, rah-rah,
the ants go machine one by one,
the little one stops to suck his
thumb,
and they all go marching
down into the ground to get out of
the rain.
Boom, boom, boom, boom, boom,
boom, boom.

The ants go marching two by two,
rah-rah, rah-rah.
The ants go marching two by two,
rah-rah, rah-rah.
The ants go marching two by two,
the little one stops to tie his shoe,
and they all go marching
down into the ground to get out of
the rain.
Boom, boom, boom, boom, boom,
boom, boom.

The little one stops to climb a tree.
The little one stops to open a door.
The little one stops to do a jive.
The little one stops to pick up sticks.
The little one stops to look at
heaven.
The little one stops to open a gate.
The little one stops to pick up dime.
The little one stops to say "this is the
end"
or the little one stops to start again.

National Embalming School

(Tune: Oh Christmas Tree)

We live for you, we die for you,
National Embalming School.
We do our best to give you rest,
National Embalming School.
We make a coffin out of tin,
Then dig a hole to put you in.
We live for you, we die for you,
National Embalming School.

To thee we sing, to thee we drool,
National Embalming School.
We stuff the corpse, we stuff the
ghoul,
National Embalming School.
When you feel hollow deep inside,
We fill you up with formaldehyde.

Our boys get hot when you get cool.
National Embalming School.

(Tune: A Hunting We Will Go)
Post mortem, Post mortem, Post
mortem,
Autopsy we must have.
Post mortem, Post mortem, Post
mortem,
Autopsy we must have.

(Tune: The Anvil Chorus)

Cut, slice, slash the body,
We must have a reason.
Gee how the body stinks,
It must be out of season.

We live for you, we die for you,
National Embalming School.

Ravioli

Tune: "Alouette"

All: Ravioli, I like ravioli.

Ravioli, it's the best for me.

Leader: Have I got it on my chin?

All: Yes, you got it on your chin.

Leader: On my chin?

All: On your chin. OH-h-h-h-h

Ravioli, I like ravioli.

Ravioli, it's the best for me.

(Continue tie, shirt, pants, shoes, floor, walls. Point to the items as each new word is added by the song leader. It is repeated by the chorus and all preceding verses are sung in reverse order.)

All: Ravioli, I like ravioli.

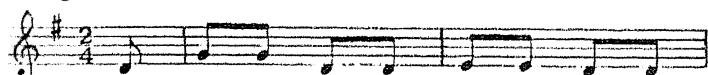
Ravioli, it's the best for me.

Leader: Is it all over?

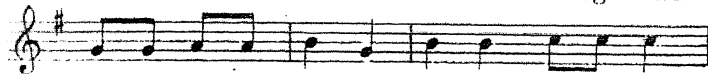
All: Yes, it's all over.

Leader: Yes, it's all over.

Bingo



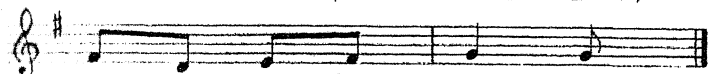
There was a farm - er had a dog and



Bing - o was his name - o, B - I - N - G - O,



B - I - N - G - O, B - I - N - G - O, and



Bing - o was his name - o.

Sing song through six times, the first time just spelling out the name B-I-N-G-O; second time, spell out first four letters and clap the "O"; third time, spell out first three letters and clap the "G" and "O"; etc., until all five letters are clapped out.

If You're Happy



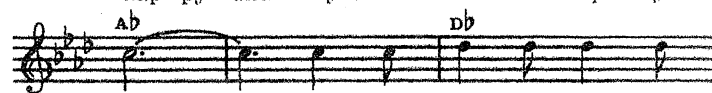
If you're hap - py and you



know it clap your hands — If you're



hap - py and you know it clap your



hands — If you're hap - py and you



know it Then you real - ly ought to show it If you're



hap - py and you know it clap your hands.

If you're happy and you know it,
Clap your hands. *Clap-clap*
If you're happy and you know it,
Clap your hands. *Clap-clap*
If you're happy and you know it,
Then you really ought to show it,
If you're happy and you know it,
Clap your hands. *Clap-clap*

For following verses, repeat first verse and substitute new words and motions.

If you're happy and you know it,
Stamp your feet. *Stamp-stamp*

If you're happy and you know it,
Shout HOORAY!

If you're happy and you know it,
Do all three. *Clap-clap, stamp-stamp, HOORAY!*

We're All Together Again, We're Here

We're all to - geth - er a -
 gain, we're here, we're here.— We're
 all to - geth - er a - gain, we're here, we're
 here.— And who knows when we'll be
 all to - geth - er a - gain? sing - ing
 All to - geth - er a - gain, we're here.—

O Dad O' Mine

Tune: "Sweet Adeline" Key: B Flat Time: 4/4
 Boys use Dad. Fathers echo with Lad.

O Dad o' mine (O Lad o' mine),
 Dear Dad o' mine (Dear Lad o' mine),
 We'll stand as one (We'll stand as one),
 In rain or shine (In rain or shine);
 Each night and day (Each night and day),
 I'll always say (I'll always say),
 You're the best friend in the world,
 O Dad o' mine (O Lad o' mine).

Hello! Hello!

Key: E Flat Time: 4/4

Divide the singers into four groups; each sings one Hello and holds it through to the completion of the full chord. Sing the middle part in unison.

Hel - lo, Hel - lo, Hel - lo, We're glad to meet you,
 We're glad to greet you. Hel - lo, hel - lo, hel - lo, hel - lo.

We're Here for Fun

Tune: "Auld Lang Syne"

We're here for fun right from the start,
 So drop your dignity!
 Just laugh and sing with all your heart,
 And show your loyalty.
 May all your troubles be forgot,
 Let this night be the best;
 Join in the songs we sing tonight,
 Be happy with the rest.

Ham and Eggs

Tune: "Tammany"

The musical score is written on five staves in 2/4 time. The key signature has one flat (Bb). The notes and lyrics are as follows:

- Staff 1: F (chord) | G7 (chord). Notes: F4, A4, Bb4, G4. Lyrics: Ham and eggs, ham and eggs,
- Staff 2: C (chord). Notes: F4, A4, Bb4, G4, F4, A4, Bb4, G4. Lyrics: I like mine fried nice and brown.
- Staff 3: F (chord). Notes: F4, A4, Bb4, G4, F4, A4, Bb4, G4. Lyrics: I like mine fried up-side down.
- Staff 4: F (chord) | G7 (chord). Notes: F4, A4, Bb4, G4, F4, A4, Bb4, G4. Lyrics: Ham and eggs, ham and eggs,
- Staff 5: F (chord) | C7 (chord) | F (chord). Notes: F4, A4, Bb4, G4, F4, A4, Bb4, G4, F4, A4, Bb4, G4. Lyrics: Flip'em Flop'em Flop'em Flip'em Ham and eggs!

I like mine fried upside down.

Second group echoes.

Ham and eggs,

First group sings.

Ham and eggs,

Second group yells.

Flip 'em

First group yells.

Flop 'em

Second group yells.

Flop 'em

First group yells.

Flip 'em

Second group yells.

Ham and eggs!

All sing.

Variation: Divide boys into two groups and sing a second time.

Tap knees rapidly to imitate frying.

Ham and eggs,

First group sings.

Ham and eggs,

Second group sings.

I like mine fried nice and brown.

First group sings.

Mary Had a Little Lamb

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow
And everywhere that Mary went
She threw it out the window,
The window, the window,
She threw it out the window.
And everywhere that Mary went
She threw it out the window.

Variation: Divide the group into two or more teams. One team starts by singing a rhyme. As soon as one team finishes, another starts. A team is eliminated if it fails to start singing as soon as its turn comes.

O Chester!

Tune: "Yankee Doodle"

Sing through once without action. Repeat four times, acting out an additional line each time.

O Chester, did you 'ear about Harry?
Strike chest, touch ears, pat head.
He "chest" got back from the Army.
Strike chest and back, then fold arms.
I 'ear he knows how to wear a rose,
Touch ear, nose, lapel.
Hip! Hip! Hooray — for the Army!
Raise fists for cheers; fold arms.

Throw It Out the Window



Old Moth - er Hub-bard went to the cup-board to



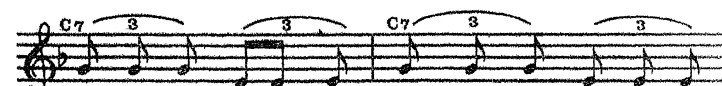
get her poor dog a bone. When she got there the



cup-board was bare, She threw it out the win-dow, the



win-dow, the win-dow, She threw it out the win-dow.



When she got there the cup-board was bare, She



threw it out the win - dow.

Sing as a group song using a new Mother Goose rhyme each time you repeat melody. Substitute She threw it out the win-dow for last line of each rhyme and make throwing motions with arms.

Auld Lang Syne

By Robert Burns

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never bro't to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And days of auld lang syne?

Chorus

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne;
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty friend,
And gie's a hand o' thine;
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

Repeat chorus.

The Torch of Scouting

Words by O. A. Kirkham

Music by V. E. Carroll

The musical score for "The Torch of Scouting" is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of ten staves of music. The lyrics are written below the notes. The score includes various musical notations such as treble clef, key signature (one sharp), time signature (4/4), and various note values (quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes). There are also rests, accidentals (sharps and naturals), and dynamic markings (C, G, Am, D, E). The lyrics are: "For - ward ye sons of men who with might and main, Worked to pre-serve and build a Na - tion. Now with cour - age true, we will dare and do. Know - ing that right is ev - er with us. Car - ry high the torch ev - er mar - ching. Car - ry high the torch of true Scout - ing. For - ward ye sons might and main. We will pre-serve and build a Na - tion."

For - ward ye sons of men who with
might and main, Worked to pre-serve and build a
Na - tion. Now with cour - age true, we will
dare and do. Know - ing that right is ev - er
with us. Car - ry high the torch ev - er
mar - ching. Car - ry high the torch of true
Scout - ing. For - ward ye sons
might and main. We will pre-serve and build a Na - tion.

Words and music by M. H. McMasters



Musical notation for Example 6-10, showing a sequence of notes with accidentals.

[illegible][illegible]

Fires have light - ed in our jam-bo-ree.

Father, guide us, where brave men have trod,
Help us know the Fatherhood of God,
Here beside us—let us know Thy plan,
May we show the Brotherhood of Man.

Words and music by Harry Bartelt



On my hon - or I'll do my best to do my



du - ty to God. On my hon - or I'll do my



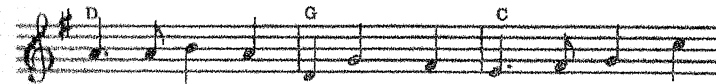
best to serve my coun-try as I may. On my



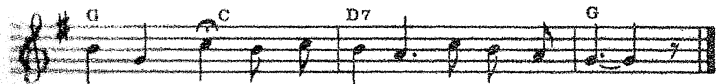
hon-or I'll do my best to do my Good Turn each



day To keep my bod-y strength-ened and



keep my mind a - wakened. To fol-low paths of



right-ous-ness. On my hon - or I'll do my best.

Around the Campfire Bright

O. A. Kirkham

Oh! set the camp-fire burn-ing, Let's sit a-round the
blaze. We'll store some right good mem'-ries up, To
use in com-ing days. A pic-ture of good
com-rades? With fac-es all a - light. Who
sat be-neath the stars and sang, A-round the camp-fire bright.

Scouting Marches On

O. B. Mathews

John T. Boudreau

Scout-ing march-es, Scout-ing march-es, Scout-ing
march - es on. — Strong and read - y,
true and stead-y, Till the goal is won. —
Daunt - ed nev - er, cour - age ev - er, For the
right FIGHT ON! — To our home-land
ev - er loy - al Scout - ing march - es on. —

Tie Me Kangaroo Down

Tie me kangaroo down, sport.
Tie me kangaroo down.
Tie me kangaroo down, sport.
Tie me kangaroo down.

Watch me wallabies feed, mate.
Watch me wallabies feed.
They're a dangerous breed, mate.
So watch me wallabies feed.

Keep me cockatoos cool, cool.
Keep me cockatoos cool.
Can't go away from the pool, pool.
Just keep me cockatoos cool.

Take me koala back, Jack.
Take me koala back.
He lives somewhere out on the track, Mac.
So take me koala back.

Tan me hide when I'm dead, Fred.
Tan me hide when I'm dead.
So we tanned his hides when he died, Clyde.
And that's it hanging on the shed.

Edelweiss

Austrian national

Edelweiss, edelweiss,
Every morning you greet me.
Small and white, clean and bright,
You look happy to meet me.
Blossom of snow, may you bloom and grow,
Bloom and grow forever.
Edelweiss, edelweiss,
Bless my homeland forever.

Mariah

A-way out there they have a name, for rain and wind and fire,
The rain is Tess, the fire is Joe, and they call the wind Mariah.
Mariah blows the stars around and sets the clouds a-flyin',
Mariah makes the mountains sound like folks were out there dyin'.

Chorus

Mariah, Mariah, they call the wind Mariah!

Before I knew Mariah's name, or heard her wailing-whinin',
I had a girl and she had me, and the sun was always shinin'.
Then one day I left that girl, I left her far behind me,
And now I'm lost, so doggone lost, not even God can find me.

Chorus

Out here they have a name for rain, for wind, and fire only,
And when you're lost and all alone, there ain't no word for lonely.
Now I'm a lost and lonely man, without a star to guide me.
Mariah blow my love to me, I need my love beside me.

Chorus

In the Good Old Summertime

chorus **Bb**

In the good old sum - mer - time,

Bb **Bb**

In the good old sum - mer - time,

Bb

Stroll-ing thro' the sha - dy lanes.

C7 **F7**

With your ba - by mine; You

Bb

hold her hand and she holds yours, And

Bb **Bb**

that's a ve - ry good sign That

Bb

she's your toot - sey woot - sey in the

C7 **Bb** **F7** **Bb**

good old sum - mer - time.

Sixteen Tons

Some people say a man is made out of mud,
A poor man's made out of muscle and blood,
Muscle and blood and skin and bones,
A mind that's weak and a back that's strong.

Chorus

You load sixteen tons and what do you get?
Another day older and deeper in debt.
St. Peter don't you call me 'cause I can't go,
I owe my soul to the company store.

I was born one morning when the sun didn't shine.
I picked up my shovel and walked to the mine,
I loaded sixteen tons of number nine coal,
And the strong boss said, "Well, bless my soul."

Chorus

I was born one morning it was drizzling rain.
Fighting and trouble are my middle name.
I was raised in a cave, by an old mama lion.
"Tain't no high-tone woman make me walk the line.

Chorus

If you see me coming, better step aside.
A lot of men didn't and a lot of men died.
One fist of iron, the other of steel,
If the right one don't get you, then the left one will.

Chorus

Scout Law Version

(Repeat verse with score.)

A Scout is trustworthy, Lord, Kum ba yah!
A Scout is loyal, Lord, Kum ba yah!
A Scout is helpful, Lord, Kum ba yah!
O Lord, Kum ba yah.

A Scout is friendly, Lord, Kum ba yah!
A Scout is courteous, Lord, Kum ba yah!
A Scout is kind, Lord, Kum ba yah!
O Lord, Kum ba yah.

A Scout is obedient, Lord, Kum ba yah!
A Scout is cheerful, Lord, Kum ba yah!
A Scout is thrifty, Lord, Kum ba yah!
O Lord, Kum ba yah.

A Scout is brave, Lord, Kum ba yah!
A Scout is clean, Lord, Kum ba yah!
A Scout is reverent, Lord, Kum ba yah!
O Lord, Kum ba yah.

Waltzing Matilda

Once a jol-ly swag-man
 camped by a bil-la-bong Un-der the shade of a
 cool-i-bah tree, And he sang as he watched and
 wait-ed till his bil-ly boiled,
 "You'll come a-waltz-ing, Ma-til-da, with me!"
chorus.
 Waltz-ing Ma-til-da, waltz-ing Ma-til-da,
 You'll come a-waltz-ing Ma-til-da with me. And he
 sang as he watched and wait-ed till his bil-ly boiled.

"You'll come a-waltz-ing Ma-til-da with me!"

Down came a jumbuck to drink beside the billabong,

Up jumped the swagman and seized him with glee;

And he sang as he talked to that jumbuck in his tucker-
 bag;*

"You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me."

Repeat chorus.

Down came the stockman, riding on his thoroughbred;

Down came the troopers one, two, three.

"Where's the jolly jumbuck, you've got in your tucker-
 bag?*"

"You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me."

Repeat chorus.

Up jumped the swagman and plunged into the billabong,

"You'll never catch me alive," cried he.

And his ghost may be heard as you ride beside the billa-
 bong.†

"You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me."

Repeat chorus.

*Substitute this line for third line of chorus

In the Evening by the Moonlight

By James A. Bland

Not too slow

In the ev-'ning by the moon-light You could
 hear those camp - ers sing - ing, In the
 ev - 'ning by the moon - light You could
 hear those ech - oes ring - ing. How the
 camp - ers would en - joy it! They would
 sit all night and lis - ten As we
 sang in the ev-'ning by the moon light.

Tell Me Why

Tell me why the stars do shine, Tell me
 why the i - vy twines, Tell me why the sky's so
 blue, Tell me (Camp) just why I love you.

Because God made the stars to shine,
 Because God made the ivy twine,
 Because God made the skies so blue,
 Dear old (Camp) that's why I love you.

There's a Long, Long Trail

Key: G

There's a long, long trail a-winding
 Into the land of my dreams,
 Where the nightingales are singing
 And a white moon beams:

There's a long, long night of waiting
 Until my dreams all come true;
 Till the day when I'll be going down
 That long, long trail with you.

Campfire Medley

Key: G

Our boys will shine tonite, our boys will shine;
 Our boys will shine tonite, all down the line.
 They're all dressed up tonite, don't they look fine!
 When the sun goes down, and the moon comes up,
 Our boys will shine.

My Bonnie lies over the ocean,
 My Bonnie lies over the sea;
 My Bonnie lies over the ocean,
 O, bring back my Bonnie to me.

Bring back, bring back, O bring back my Bonnie to me,
 to me;
 Bring back, bring back, O bring back my Bonnie to me.

Sailing, sailing, over the bounding main,
 For many a stormy wind shall blow
 Ere Jack comes home again!

Repeat.

Key: F

Goodnight, ladies! Goodnight, ladies!
 Goodnight, ladies! We're going to leave you now.
 Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along,
 Merrily we roll along, o'er the deep blue sea.

Bug Juice*

Tune: "On Top of Old Smoky"

At camp with the Boy Scouts, they gave us a drink.
We thought it was Kool-Aid, because it was pink.
But the thing that they told us would've grossed out a moose.
For that great tasting pink drink was really bug juice.

It looked fresh and fruity, like tasty Kool-Aid.
But the bugs that were in it were murdered with Raid!

We drank it by gallons 'cause we couldn't stop,
But we never noticed the bugs floating on top.

At camp with the Boy Scouts, they gave us a drink.
We thought it was Kool-Aid, because it was pink.

So the next time you drink bug juice, and a fly drives you mad,
He's just getting even 'cause you swallowed his dad.

*This song is performed on the *Boy Scout Songbook* CD, No. AV-059CD, available from the Supply Division.

Scout Wetspurs*

Tune: "O Tannenbaum"

Softly falls the rain today
As our campfire floats away.
Silently each Scout should ask,
Have I packed my diving mask?
Have I checked my raft for leaks?
My PFD's been gone for weeks.
Have I done and have I dared
Everything to be prepared?

Scout's Good-Night Song

Tune: "Santa Lucia"



Foot-steps on dis-tant trail Camp-ward are bend-ing;



Birch fire and bub-bling stew Rich o-dors send-ing;



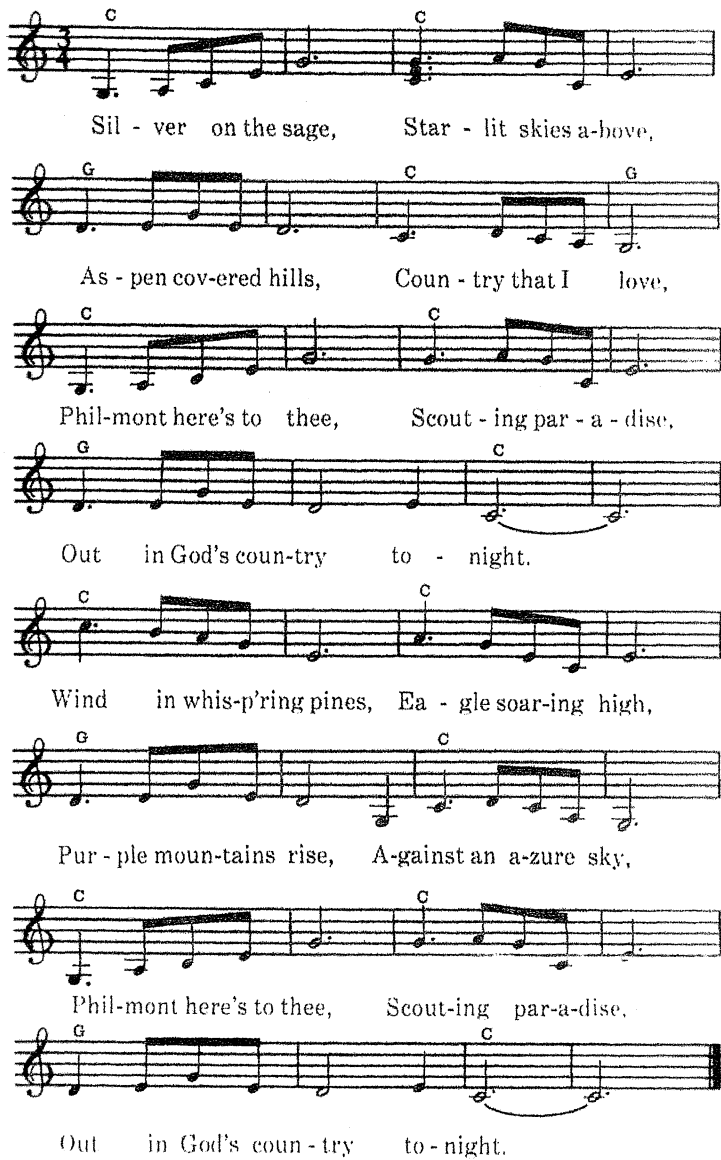
Here is your heart's de-sire, Rest when your feet shall tire;



O - pen air and pals and food and fire; Joy ne'er end-ing.

Campfires are burning low,
No longer leaping;
Scouts sing their evening song,
Shadows come creeping;
Sun sinks below the west,
Good-night and may you rest;
Blankets warm and by soft sounds caressed;
Scouts all are sleeping.

Philmont Hymn



Sil - ver on the sage, Star - lit skies a-bove,
 As - pen cov-ered hills, Coun - try that I love,
 Phil-mont here's to thee, Scout - ing par - a - dise,
 Out in God's coun-try to - night.
 Wind in whis-p'ring pines, Ea - gle soar-ing high,
 Pur - ple moun-tains rise, A-gainst an a-zure sky,
 Phil-mont here's to thee, Scout-ing par-a-dise,
 Out in God's coun-try to - night.

A Boy Scout's Prayer

Words and music by Gwen Beck



Now the day is done; Boy Scouts one by one,
 Bow your head in prayer to the Lord up there.
 Oh I thank you for this beau - ti - ful day, Oh Lord.
 Thank you for the moun-tains, the trees in the lane;
 Thank you for the sun-shine that shines through the rain;
 Thank you for this beau - ti - ful day. And as I
 camp on the trail to - night, and I raise my
 eyes to the moon - lit sky, and I pray, Oh
 hear my prayers to-night, Lord I thank you for this
 beau - ti - ful day. A - - - men.

Scoutin' USA*

Tune: "Surfin' USA"

If everybody had a notion across the USA,
Then everybody'd be campin' just like the BSA.
You'd see 'em wearin' their backpacks and hikin' all the way.
Everybody's gone Scoutin', Scoutin' USA.

You see 'em campin' at Philmont to climb the Tooth of Time.
Lookin' out on the ocean, high adventure unwind.
All over the Rockies, South Padre Island way,
Everybody's gone Scoutin', Scoutin' USA.

If you really want to have fun in the outdoor way,
Then you really oughta sign up for Scoutin' USA.
They're into learnin' computers and trackin' nature's signs.
Everybody's gone Scoutin', Scoutin' USA.

You get them going on rock climbs sleepin' under the stars
Gazing up to the heavens to find out who they are.
Coast to coast from New York to Californ-I-A,
Everybody's gone Scoutin', Scoutin' USA.

You catch them going on rock climbs and sleepin' under
the stars,

Gazing up to the heavens to find out who they are.
Coast to coast from New York to Californ-I-A,
Everybody's gone Scoutin', Scoutin' USA.

Hikin', bikin' USA.

Divin', climbin' USA.

Swimmin', campin' USA.

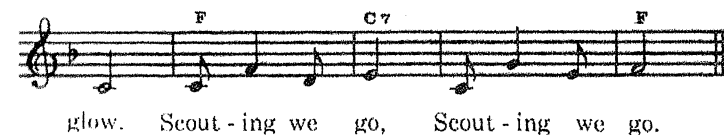
Floatin', backpackin' USA.

Coast to coast from New York to Californ-I-A,

Everybody's gone Scoutin', Scoutin' USA.

Everybody's gone Scoutin', Scoutin' USA.

Scouting We Go



Hail! Hail! Scouting Spirit

Tune: "My Hero"—from *The Chocolate Soldier*

Key: B Flat

Hail! Hail! Scouting Spirit,

Best in the land;

Hail! Hail! Scouting Spirit,

Loyal we stand.

Onward and upward we're treading,

Always alert to make Scouting ready,

We are prepared.

Hail! Hail! Scouting Spirit.

Hail! Hail! Hail!

You Can Tell a Scout

Tune: "Long, Long Trail"

Key: A Flat Time: 4/4

You can tell a Scout from . . .

Insert troop number, city, or camp name in place of dotted lines.

You can tell him by his talk;
You can tell a Scout from . . .
You can tell him by his walk;
You can tell him by his manner,
By his appetite and such.
You can tell a Scout from . . .
But you cannot tell him much.

Here's to the Boy Scouts



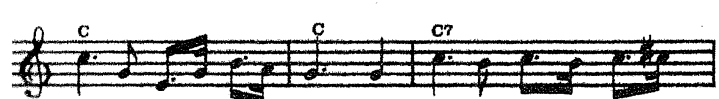
Here's to the Boy Scouts of A - mer - i - cal Here's to the



Scouts where-ev-er they may be, A sal-ute to ev-'ry Scout we



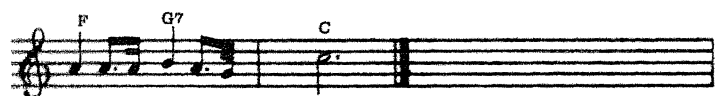
meet, Not a one shall know de - feat. Be - e Pre-



pared our mot-to ev-er be. Our em-blem is the fleur-de-



lis. Our Oath and Law we will o - bey, And we'll



a Good Turn ev - 'ry day!

Scout Hearted Men

Tune: "Stout Hearted Men"

Give me some men, who are Scout hearted men,
Who will fight for the right they adore.

Start me with ten, who are Scout hearted men,
And I'll soon give you ten thousand more.

Oh! Shoulder to shoulder and bolder and bolder
They grow as they go on the fore!

Then — There's nothing in the world can halt or mar a plan
When Scout hearted men can stick together man to man!

Trail the Eagle

Tune: "On Wisconsin"

Key: C Time: 2/4

Trail the Eagle,
Trail the Eagle,
Climbing all the time.
First the Star and then the Life,
Will on your bosom shine.

Keep climbing!
Blaze the trail and we will follow,
Hark the Eagle's call;
On, brothers, on until we're Eagles all.

Copyright by Edwin H. Morris Music Co., Inc., and Broadcast Music, Inc., N.Y.

Pack Up Your Troubles

Tune: "Smile, Smile, Smile"

By George Asaf

Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag,
And smile, smile, smile.

Now we're a'hiking on the old Scout trail,
Smile, boys, that's the style.

What's the use of worrying?
It never was worthwhile . . . SOOO!

Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag,
And smile, smile, smile.

Dogie Song

Sung rhythmically to the swing of riding a horse

As I was a-walk-ing one morn-ing for pleasure I
 spied a bold cow-boy come rid-ing a-long. His
 hat was thrown back and his spurs were a jing-ling And
 as he ap-proached he was sing-ing this song.
chorus
 Whoop-ee ki yi yo o Get a-
 long lit-tle dog-ie. It's your mis-for-tune and
 none of my own. Whoop-ee ki yi
 yo o Get a-long lit-tle dog-ie. I
 know that Wy-om-ing will be your new home.

It's early in the springtime, we round up the dogies,
 Mark—and brand—and bob off their tails;
 Round up the ponies—load up the chuck wagon,
 And throw the dogies out onto the trail.

Chorus

I'm Happy When I'm Hiking*

English hiking song

Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp.
 I'm hap-py when I'm hik-ing, pack up-on my
 back. I'm hap-py when I'm hik-ing off the beat-en
 track. Out in the o-pen coun-try, that's the place for
 me. With a true Scout-ing friend to the jour-ney's end,
 ten, twen-ty, thir-ty, for-ty, fif-ty miles a
 day. Tramp, tramp, tramp. (*Repeat tramp to end.*)

Twelve Days of Summer Camp

Tune: "The Twelve Days of Christmas"

On the first day of summer camp my mother sent to me . . .
 A box of oatmeal cookies.

On the second day of summer camp my mother sent to me . . .
 Two T-shirts, and a box of oatmeal cookies.

On the third day of summer camp my mother sent to me . . .
 Three pairs of socks, two T-shirts, and a box of oatmeal cookies.

Additional verses

Four woolen caps,
 Five underpants,
 Six postage stamps,
 Seven nose warmers,
 Eight Batman comics,
 Nine bars of soap,
 Ten Band-Aids,
 Eleven shoestrings,
 Twelve bottles of insect repellent

Chaparral Song



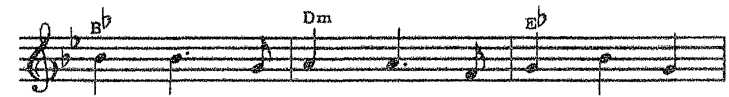
In the land of the Las-sen, where



tim-ber is tall, There are cer-tain brush



patch-es through which we must crawl. Some



spe-cies are lim-ber, while oth-ers are



stiff; And they all will fly



back at your nose with a bill.



Oh, my, gee ain't it fine, To

Oh, my, gee ain't it swell, To



cruise all day long in the tall o-pen pine!

cruise all day long in the darn chap-ar-ral!

Oh, Give Me a Home

Oh, give me a home where the buffalo roam
And the deer and the antelope play,
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Home, home on the range,
Where the deer and the antelope play,
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Shenandoah

Slowly

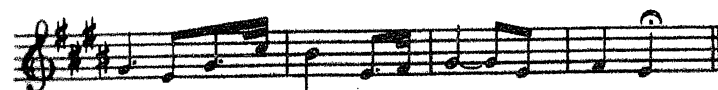
Traditional



Oh, Shen-an-doah, I long to hear you. Way, hey, you roll-ing



river! Oh, Shen-an-doah, I long to hear you, Way,



hey, we're bound a-way 'Cross the wide Mis-sour-i.

Oh, Shenandoah, I love your daughter,
Way, hey, you rolling river!
Oh, Shenandoah, I love your daughter,
Way, hey, we're bound away 'cross the wide Missouri.

Oh, Shenandoah, I'm bound to leave you,
Way, hey, you rolling river!
Oh, Shenandoah, I'll not deceive you,
Way, hey, we're bound away 'cross the wide Missouri.

Oh, we might ride the saddle of a ridge we could stick;
We might spear our grub with the fork of a crick;
Use the riverbed to sleep on;
Eat sawdust for mush,
But we can't scrub our teeth with this darn hillside brush.

Chorus

Be Prepared

Oh Be Pre-pared Pre-pared Pre-pared, the
mot-to of a Boy Scout; Oh Be Pre-pared Pre-
pared Pre-pared, the mot-to of a
Scout. Pre-pared Pre-pared, the
mot-to of a good Scout, Pre-pared Pre-
pared, the mot-to of a Scout.

Hiking

Tune: "Caisson Song"

O-ver hill, o-ver dale, We will hit the green-wood
In and out, all a-round, You will nev-er see us
trail, As the Boy Scouts go hik-ing a-long.
frown, As the Boy Scouts go hik-ing a-long. —
And it's hi! hi! hee! The B. S. A. for me,
Shout out our name and shout it strong. Where'er we go,
we will al-ways know That the Boy Scouts go hik-ing a-long.

We're on the Upward Trail

We're on the upward trail,
We're on the upward trail,
Singing as we go. Scouting bound.
We're on the upward trail,
We're on the upward trail,
Singing, singing, ev'rybody singing,
Scouting bound.

Scout Leader's Prayer

Tune: "Marcheta"

Key: E Flat

By Talman H. Trask

Our Fa-ther in Heav-en a-bove us, We
ask Thee for guid-ance in our dai-ly task. May
vir-tue and manhood stand strong-ly a-mongst us. To
Thee we give all of our thanks. The
Scout Oath, the Scout Law, their les-sons un-fold-ing To
our youth, in num-bers un-told, Our
mot-to, our Good Turn, may we live it and teach it, Great
Spir-it of Scout-ing we pray.

The Animal Fair

I went to the an-i-mal fair,— The
birds and the beasts were there.—
The old ba-boon by the light of the moon, Was
comb-ing his au-burn hair.—
The fun-ni-est was the monk,— He
climbed up the el-e-phant's trunk.—
The el-e-phant sneezed and fell on his knees, And
what be-came of the monk? —
The monk, the monk, the monk, the monk.

Variations

When song is sung through once, a small group may sing the last line over and over as a chant while rest sing the song a second time.

Smile Song

Tune: "John Brown's Body"

Key: B Flat

It isn't any trouble just to S-M-I-L-E,
It isn't any trouble just to S-M-I-L-E.
There isn't any trouble, but will vanish like a bubble,
If you'll only take the trouble just to S-M-I-L-E.

Second verse: It isn't any trouble just to G-R-I-N, etc.

Third verse: It isn't any trouble just to L-A-U-G-H, etc.

Fourth verse: It isn't any trouble just to HA! HA! HA!
HA! HA! etc.

Michael Finnegan

There was an old man named Mich-a-el Fin-ne-gan,
He had whisk-ers on his chin-e-gan, The
wind blew them off and they grew in a-gain,
Poor old Mich-a-el Fin-ne-gan, Be-gin a-gain.

Hello Muddah, Hello Faddah*

(A Letter From Camp)

Tune: "Dance of the Hours"

Hello Muddah, hello Faddah,
Here I am at Camp Grenada.
Camp is very entertaining,
And they say we'll have some fun if it stops raining.

I went hiking with Joe Spivey,
He developed poison ivy.
You remember Leonard Skinner,
He got ptomaine poisoning last night after dinner.

All the counselors hate the waiters,
And the lake has alligators.
And the head coach wants no sissies,
So he reads to us from something called *Ulysses*.

Now I don't want this should scare ya,
But my bunkmate has malaria.
You remember Jeffrey Hardy,
They're about to organize a searching party.

Dearest Muddah, darling Faddah,
How's my precious little bruddah?
Let me come home if you miss me.
I would even let Aunt Bertha hug and kiss me!

Wait a minute, it's stopped hailing!
Guys are swimming, guys are sailing!
Playing baseball, gee that's bettah.
Muddah, Faddah, kindly disregard this letter!

The Stars and Stripes Forever

Words by Bob Russell

Music by John Philip Sousa

Moderately

There a-loft in a soft and friend-ly
breeze Flies the Red, White, and Blue a-bove
you, And un-furled with her world of
mem-o-ries Of the men who said, who
proud-ly said "I love you."
When I see the Stars and the Stripes, —
Then my heart is a drum wild-ly beat-
ing, So proud to be part of the dream
That is al-ways on the march, —
And bless-ed will be ev-'ry breeze, —
That will rus-tle the Stars and Stripes for-
ev-er, I'm part of the gal-lant pa-
rade, — Of those who car-ry on the
Stars and Stripes for - ev - er

The Legendary Llama Song

By Morgan Grantham, 1995
Camp Lawton, Tucson, Arizona

Llama, llama, llama, llama, laaaaaaaaaaaaaa . . .
Llama, llama, llama, llama, laaaaaaaaaaaaaa . . .
Llama, llama, llama, llama laaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa . . .

Chorus (Tune: "Na Na Na Na—Kiss Him Goodbye")

Llama, llama, llama, llama
I ride a . . .

Verses (Tune: "We Will Rock You")

When I was born my parents said I stunk
So they sent me off to be a Tibetan monk.
Now I'm in the Himalayas meditating all day
And during the night I just got to say . . .

Chorus

So where I am now it is very cold,
And I'm gonna shave my head
When I become old,
But I find it peaceful levitating in a cloud
And the avalanches come when I sing real loud!

Chorus

Everyone!
One more time!
Llama, llama, llama, llama, laaaaaaaaaaaaaa . . .
Llama, llama, llama, llama, laaaaaaaaaaaaaa . . .
Llama, llama, llama, llama, laaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa . . .

The Little Birdie Song

Way up in the sky, the little birds fly,
While down in the nest the little birds rest.
With a wing on the left and a wing on the right,
The little bird sleeps all through the night.

Shhhhhhhhhhhhhhh, they're sleeping!

The bright sun comes up,
The dew falls away,
Good morning, good morning,
The little birds say.

Boom! Boom! Gee, It's Great To Be Scouting

The musical notation is written on five staves in a key signature of two flats (Bb and Eb). The melody is simple and rhythmic, with lyrics written below the notes. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. The second staff has a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. The third staff has a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. The fourth staff has a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. The fifth staff has a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. The lyrics are: Boom! Boom! Gee, it's great to be Scout-ing. Boom! Boom! Gee, it's great to be out ing, hik-ing, and camp-ing all day long. Boom! Boom! Gee, it's great to be Scout-ing!

Boy Scouts of America

Words and music by Jack Combs and Jimmy Clark

We're the Boy Scouts of A - mer-i - ca
Scout-ing for things a - new.
Our ac-tiv-i-ties lead to vic-to-ries in
all we set out to do. We're the Boy
Scouts of A - mer-i - ca, We plan hand in
hand each day To do bet-ter than need be done
till all our goals are won champs with a win-ning way.

We're loy-al to pur-pose and in-teg-ri-ty
Pledged to the Scout Oath e - ter-nal-ly. With
verve and con- vic-tion we sing our song to
keep A - mer-i - ca strong. We're the Boy
Scouts of A - mer-i - ca, and this we
have to say Join us and we'll stand be-
side you, be - side you all the way.
The Boy Scouts of A - mer-i - ca
will stand be-side you all the way.

I've Got That Scouting Spirit

Tune: "Joy in My Heart"

I've got that Scouting spirit,
Up in my head,
Up in my head,
Up in my head.
I've got that Scouting spirit,
Up in my head,
Up in my head, to stay.

I've got that Scouting spirit,
Deep in my heart, etc.
Continue as in first verse.

I've got that Scouting spirit,
Down in my feet, etc.
Continue as in first verse.

I've got that Scouting spirit,
All over me, etc.
Continue as in first verse.

I've got that Scouting Spirit,
Up in my head,
Deep in my heart,
Down in my feet.
I've got that Scouting spirit,
All over me,
All over me, always.

There's Something About a Boy Scout

Tune: "There's Something About a Soldier" by Fred Waring

March tempo

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of 16 measures of music, with lyrics written below the notes. The key signature is G major, and the tempo is marked 'March tempo'. The score includes various musical notations such as treble clef, notes, rests, and bar lines. The lyrics are: 'There's some-thing a - bout a Boy Scout, There's some-thing a - bout a Boy Scout, There's some-thing a-bout a Boy Scout that is fine, fine, fine: He'll work for a badge of mer-it. He's proud of the chance to wear it, He's learned to be pre-pared all the time, time, time. He will nev-er be an out-law If he'll o - bey the Scout Law, He's ev - er up and a- bout, he toes the line, line, line. On his oath to do his best, That's e - nough, you know the rest, There's some-thing a-bout a Boy Scout that is fine, fine, fine.'

There's some-thing a - bout a Boy Scout, There's
some-thing a - bout a Boy Scout, There's
some-thing a-bout a Boy Scout that is fine, fine,
fine: He'll work for a badge of mer-it. He's
proud of the chance to wear it, He's learned to be pre-
pared all the time, time, time. He will nev-er be an
out-law If he'll o - bey the Scout Law, He's
ev - er up and a- bout, he toes the line, line,
line. On his oath to do his best, That's e -
nough, you know the rest, There's some-thing a-bout a
Boy Scout that is fine, fine, fine.

The More We Get Together

Tune: "Ach Du Lieber Augustine"

Key: F

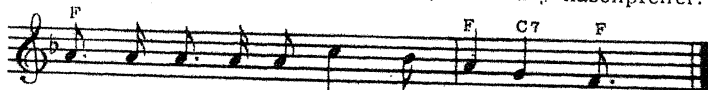
The more we get together, together, together,
The more we get together, the happier we'll be.
For your friends are my friends,
And my friends are your friends,
The more we get together, the happier we'll be.

The more we get together, together, together,
The more we get together, the happier we'll be.
For you know that I know,
And I know that you know,
The more we get together, the happier we'll be.

Camp Menu Song



To-day is Mon-day! To-day is Mon-day! Mon-day hasenpfeffer!



Ev-'ry- bo-dy hap-py? Well, I should say!

As you sing this song, add a day each time until all days are named.

Today is Tuesday! Tuesday, string beans.
Monday, Hasenpfeffer; everybody happy?
Well, I should say!

Today is Wednesday! Sou-ooop, etc.
Today is Thursday! Roast beef, etc.
Today is Friday! Fish, etc.
Today is Saturday! Payday, etc.
Today is Sunday! Church. *Very softly*

Variation: Divide into groups; have each group rise and sing one day's menu.

Down by the Station

Lee Ricks — Slim Gaillard



DOWN BY THE STA - TION ear-ly in the



morn - ing, See the lit-tle puff-er bel-lies



all in a row; See the sta-tion-



mas-ter turn the lit-tle han-dle. Chug, chug,



toot, toot, Off we go.

Are You Sleeping?

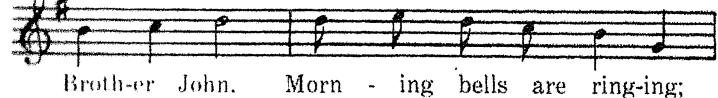
A round

Key: F

One chord entire song



Are you sleep-ing, are you sleep-ing? Broth-er John,



Broth-er John. Morn - ing bells are ring-ing;



Morn-ing bells are ring-ing. Ding ding dong, ding ding dong!

How Do You Do?

Substitute name of person being honored in place of dotted lines.

How do you do, Mis-ter . . . ? How do you do?—

— Is there an - y-thing that we can do for you?

— We'll—do the best we can. —Stand by you like a

man. How do you do Mis-ter . . . ? How do you do?

Hail! Hail! The Gang's All Here

Hail! Hail!— the gang's all here,— Nev - er mind the weath - er

Here we are to - geth - er. Hail!

Hail!— the gang's all here,—

Let the fun be - gin right now.—

The Muffin Man

Do you know the Muffin Man, the Muffin Man, the Muffin Man?
Do you know the Muffin Man, who lives on Gingerbread Lane?

Yes, I know the Muffin Man, the Muffin Man, the Muffin Man.
Yes, I know the Muffin Man, who lives on Gingerbread Lane.

We all know the Muffin Man, the Muffin Man, the Muffin Man.
We all know the Muffin Man, who lives on Gingerbread Lane . . . Hey!

Start with one person asking another. Then the third verse together. Then each of them finds another person to ask, and it keeps repeating until everyone knows the Muffin Man.

My Stomach Has Had It

Tune: "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean"

My breakfast lies over the ocean, my dinner lies over the sea,
My stomach is in a commotion, don't mention my supper to me.

Chorus

Bring back, bring back, O bring back my bucket to me, to me.
Bring back, bring back, O bring back my bucket to me.

I really felt rotten this morning, they tell me I really looked pale,
My stomach gave adequate warning to lean far out over the rail.

Chorus

The sound of a stomach in motion, a murmuring noise inside me,
I looked down and there on the water, was breakfast and dinner and tea.

Chorus

• Buffalo Gals Song •

The Tune:

Lyrics:

Chorus: Buffalo gals, won't you come out tonight?
Come out tonight, Come out tonight?
Buffalo gals, won't you come out tonight,
And dance by the light of the moon.

As I was walking down the street,
Down the street, down the street,
A pretty gal I chance to meet
Under the silvery moon.
Chorus

I asked her if she'd stop and talk,
Stop and talk, Stop and talk,
Her feet covered up the whole sidewalk,
She was fair to view.
Chorus

I asked her if she'd have a dance, have a dance, have a dance
I thought that I might get a chance to shake a foot with her
Chorus

I danced with a gal with a hole in her stockin',
And her heel kep' a-rockin' and her toe kep' a-knockin',
I danced with a gal with a hole in her stockin',
And we danced by the light of the moon.
Chorus

I asked her if she'd be my wife,
Be my wife, be my wife
Then I'd be happy all my life,
If she'd marry me.
Chorus

• 1492 - Columbo Song •

This Song is meant for Boy Scouts.
Decide for yourself if it is appropriate for your younger scouts or not.

Lyrics:

In fourteen hundred and ninety two, (repeat)
A sailor from New Delhi (repeat)
Was walking down the streets of Spain, (repeat)
Selling hot tamales (repeat)

Chorus:

He said the world was roundo (repeat)
He said it could be foundo (repeat)
That hypothetical calculatin' son of a gun Colombo(repeat)

He walked right up to the Queen of Spain (repeat)
And asked for ships and cargo (repeat)
He said I'll be a son of a gun if I don't bring back Chicago (repeat)
- Chorus

The ships cook, the ships cook (repeat)
Yes he was a cookin' (repeat)
He slipped a rat into the pot (repeat)
When no one else was lookin' (repeat)
- Chorus

The second mate, the second mate (repeat)
Yes he was a singin' (repeat)
He hit the second highest note (repeat)
And all our ears were ringin' (repeat)
- Chorus

The first mate, the first mate, (repeat)
Yes he was a biggun (repeat)
He fought and killed an octopus (repeat)
And used its arms for riggin' (repeat)
- Chorus

The captain, the captain, (repeat)
Yes he was a sailin' (repeat)
He guided us around the world (repeat)
And home without a failin' (repeat)
- Chorus

• Billboard Song Song •

The Tune: Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious

Lyrics:

Version 1

As I was walking down the street a billboard caught my eye.
The advertising that was there would make you laugh or cry.
The wind and rain had almost washed that old billboard away.
But the advertising painted there would have that billboard say:

Have a smoke of Coca-Cola. Chew catsup cigarette's.
Watch Lillian Russell wrestle with a box of oysterettes.
Pork and beans will meet tonight in a finish fight.
Hear Chauncey DePeeuw speak upon sapolio tonight.

Bay rum is good for horses; it is the best in town.
Castoria cures the measles, if you pay ten dollars down.
Teeth extracted without pain, a nickel or half a dime.
Ingersolls are selling now, a little behind the times.

Chew Wrigleys for that headache. Eat Campbells for that cough.
There's going to be a swimming bee at the village watering trough.
Buy a case of ginger-ale, it makes the best of broth.
Shinola's good to curl the hair, it will not rub it off!

Version 2

As I was walking down the street one dark and gloomy day
I came upon a billboard and much to my dismay
The sign was torn and tattered from the storm the night before
The wind and rain had done it's work and this is what I saw:

Smoke Coca-Cola cigarettes, chew Wrigley's Spearmint beer,
Ken-L Ration Dog Food keeps your wife's complexion clear
Simonize your baby with a Hershey's candy bar
And Texaco's the beauty cream that's used by all the stars.

So take your next vacation in a brand new Frigidaire
Learn to play the piano in your winter underwear
Doctors say that babies should smoke until they're three
And people over 65 should bathe in Lipton Tea.

• Beverly Hillbillies Song •

This Song is meant for Boy Scouts.

Decide for yourself if it is appropriate for your younger scouts or not.

The Tune:

Lyrics:

Come listen to a story about a man named Jed
A poor mountaineer, barely kept his family fed,
Then one day he was shootin' at some food,
And up from the ground came a bubblin' crude.
Oil that is, black gold, Texas tea.

Well the first thing you know ol' Jed's a millionaire,
His kinfolk said, 'Jed, move away from there!'
They said, 'Californy is the place you oughtta be.'
So, they loaded up the truck and moved to Beverly.
Hills, that is, Swimmin' pools, movie stars.

Well now its time to say goodbye to Jed and all his kin.
And they would like to thank you folks fer kindly droppin' in.
You're all invited back next week to this locality
To have a heapin' helpin' of their hospitality

Hillybilly that is. Set a spell, Take your shoes off.

Y'all come back now, y'hear?

Little Green Frog Song ◆ A Favorite Song ◆

Lyrics:

Eee Ah went the little green frog one day
Eee Ah went the little green frog.
Eee Ah went the little green frog one day
His eyes went Eee and Ah.

Honk, Honk, went the big blue bus one day
Squish, Squash, went the little green frog.
His eyes don't go Eee Ah any more
'Cause he got eaten up by a dog. Woof! Woof!

Tom the Toad Song

◆ A Favorite Song ◆

Tune: Oh, Christmas Tree

Lyrics:

Oh Tom the Toad, Oh Tom the Toad
Why are you lying in the road?
Oh Tom the Toad, Oh Tom the Toad
Why are you lying in the road?
You did not see that car ahead
And you were flattened by the tread.
Oh Tom the Toad, Oh Tom the Toad
Why are you lying in the road?

Oh, Kitty Cat, Oh, Kitty Cat
Why does your tongue hang out like that?
Oh, Kitty Cat, Oh, Kitty Cat
Why does your tongue hang out like that?
You running from the mutts,
Then that truck spread out your guts.
Oh, Kitty Cat, Oh, Kitty Cat
Why does your tongue hang out like that?

Oh Fred the fish, Oh Fred the fish,
Why are you lying on the dish?
Oh Fred the fish, Oh Fred the fish,
Why are you lying on the dish?
You did not see the hook ahead,
And now your head is stuffed with bread.
Oh Fred the fish, Oh Fred the fish,
Why are you lying on the dish?

Oh Bill the bug, oh Bill the bug,
What are you doing on the rug.
Oh Bill the bug, oh Bill the bug,
What are you doing on the rug.
You did not see the foot ahead,
and now your just a spot of red,
Oh Bill the bug, oh Bill the bug,
What are you doing on the rug.

Oh Rog the dog, Oh Rog the dog,
Why did you jump on that green log?
Oh Rog the dog, Oh Rog the dog,
Why did you jump on that green log?
You used to like to play and track.
But now you are a gator's snack.
Oh Rog the dog, Oh Rog the dog,
Why did you jump on that green log?

Oh AL the Gater, Oh AI the gater
You should have waited until later.
Oh AI the Gater, Oh AI the Gater

You should have waited until later.
You sat upon the yellow line,
and now you're just a streak of slime
Oh AL the Gater, Oh AI the gater
You should have waited until later.

Oh Sue the Skunk, Oh Sue the Skunk
Why do you make my tires go thunk?
Oh Sue the Skunk, Oh Sue the Skunk
Why do you make my tires go thunk?
You did not look from East to West
Now on the road there's such a mess.
Oh Sue the Skunk, Oh Sue the Skunk
Why do you make my tires go thunk?

Oh Turtle Ted, Oh turtle Ted,
Your shell's all broken - so's your head.
Oh Turtle Ted, Oh turtle Ted,
Your shell's all broken - so's your head.
In the road you thought you'd travel,
Now you're ground into the gravel.
Oh Turtle Ted, Oh turtle Ted,
Your shell's all broken - so's your head.

Oh Billy Bat, Oh Billy Bat,
Why are you lying still like that?
Oh Billy Bat, Oh Billy Bat,
Why are you lying still like that?
Along the road you swooped and flapped,
But a trucker's windshield got you zapped!
Oh Billy Bat, Oh Billy Bat,
Why are you lying still like that?

Oh Jake the snake, Oh Jake the snake,
Why are you lying on the lake?
Oh Jake the snake, Oh Jake the snake,
Why are you lying on the lake?
You did not see the motor boat,
And now your guts are all afloat
Oh Jake the snake, Oh Jake the snake,
Why are you lying on the lake?

Joel the mole, Oh, Joel the Mole
Why did you fall into that hole?
Joel the Mole, Oh, Joel the Mole
Why did you fall into that hole?
You used to be so short and fat
And now you are a great big SPLAT.
Joel the mole, Oh Joel the Mole
Why did you fall into that hole?

Oh, Tom the Cat, Oh, Tom the Cat,
Why did you have to chase that Rat?
Oh, Tom the Cat, Oh, Tom the Cat,
Why did you have to chase that Rat?
You were so soft, you loved to purr,
But now you're just blood, bones and fur,
Oh, Tom the Cat, Oh, Tom the Cat,
Why did you have to chase that Rat?

Armadillo Bob, Armadillo Bob,
Why did you leave your nice safe log?
Armadillo Bob, Armadillo Bob,
Why did you leave your nice safe log?
Your armor made you brave I think,
Now lying on the road you stink.
Armadillo Bob, Armadillo Bob,
Why did you leave your nice safe log?

Oh Sam the Snake, Oh Sam the Snake
Why do you lie out there and bake?
Oh Sam the Snake, Oh Sam the Snake
Why do you lie out there and bake?
You did not see that truck go by
Now you look like a butterfly.
Oh Sam the Snake, Oh Sam the Snake
Why do you lie out there and bake?

Oh Possum Pete, Oh Possum Pete
There's nothing left but hair and feet
Oh Possum Pete, Oh Possum Pete
There's nothing left but hair and feet
You thought you'd beat that bus across
Now you look like a pile of moss.
Oh Possum Pete, Oh Possum Pete
There's nothing left but hair and feet

Arm'dillo Tex, Arm'dillo Tex,
Why are you looking so perplexed?
Arm'dillo Tex, Arm'dillo Tex,
Why are you looking so perplexed?
Across the yellow line you strayed,
The truck hit you - like a grenade!
Arm'dillo Tex, Arm'dillo Tex,
Why are you looking so perplexed?

Oh Froggie Fred, Oh Froggie Fred,
Why do you lie there stone-cold dead?
Oh Froggie Fred, Oh Froggie Fred,
Why do you lie there stone-cold dead?
You didn't look as you jumped out,
A ten-ton truck ran up your snout!
Oh Froggie Fred, Oh Froggie Fred,
Why do you lie there stone-cold dead?

Oh Swallow Sam, Oh Swallow Sam,
What turned your body into jam?
Oh Swallow Sam, Oh Swallow Sam,
What turned your body into jam?
In the air you'd quickly speed,
An eighteen-wheeler made you bleed.
Oh Swallow Sam, Oh Swallow Sam,
What turned your body into jam?

Oh Doggie Spot, Oh Doggie Spot,
Upon the road you're such a blot.
Oh Doggie Spot, Oh Doggie Spot,
Upon the road you're such a blot.
Out in the lane you boldly went,
Now your bod's not worth a cent!

Oh Doggie Spot, Oh Doggie Spot,
Upon the road you're such a blot.

Oh Bunny Ben, Oh Bunny Ben,
Why is your body flat and thin?
Oh Bunny Ben, Oh Bunny Ben,
Why is your body flat and thin?
Out on the road you quickly jumped,
You didn't count on getting bumped.
Oh Bunny Ben, Oh Bunny Ben,
Why is your body flat and thin?

Oh, Chicken Cluck you never slowed
As you went running cross the road.
Oh, Chicken Cluck you never slowed
As you went running cross the road.
Despite the other's evidence,
Please tell us why you had no sense
Oh, Chicken Cluck you never slowed
As you went running cross the road.

I ran across! I ran across!
In memory of those we lost!
I ran across! I ran across!
In memory of those we lost!
I had to prove to Tom & Sue,
& Sam & Pete, I could get through!
I ran across! I ran across!
In memory of those we lost!

Yodeler on a Mountain So High Song

◆ A Favorite Song ◆

This is a hard one to learn without seeing someone do it. It is an add-on of words, motions, and sounds and is great fun at a campfire.

Lyrics:

1. There once was a yodeler on a mountain so high,
When along came a (cuckoo bird) interrupting his cry.

Ho - leeeee - aaaah,
ho-lee-ah cu-kee-ah, ho-lee-ah (cuckoo)
Ho-lee-ah, cu-kee-ah, ho-lee-ah (cuckoo)
Ho-lee-ah, cu-kee-ah, ooooooh.

Motions:

Ho - leeeee - aaaah, [Rapidly slap knees]
ho-lee-ah [slap knees once], cu-kee-ah [clap], ho-lee-ah [slap knees once], cuckoo [snap fingers]

2. There once was a yodeler on a mountain so high,
When along came an (avalanche) interrupting his cry.

Ho - leeeee - aaaah,
ho-lee-ah cu-kee-ah, ho-lee-ah (cuckoo, Swish!) [swoosh your hands down]
Ho-lee-ah, cu-kee-ah, ho-lee-ah (cuckoo, Swish!)
Ho-lee-ah, cu-kee-ah, ooooooh.

3. There once was a yodeler on a mountain so high,
When along came a (grizzly bear) interrupting his cry.

Ho - leeeee - aaaah,
ho-lee-ah cu-kee-ah, ho-lee-ah (cuckoo, Swish!, Grrr!) [add hands like claws]
Ho-lee-ah, cu-kee-ah, ho-lee-ah (cuckoo, Swish!, Grrr!)
Ho-lee-ah, cu-kee-ah, ooooooh.

4. St. Bernard (woof, woof) [add drooping hands]
5. Jersey Cow (squirt squirt) [milk a cow]
6. Pretty Maid (kiss kiss)
7. Her Father (bang bang) [shoot gun]
8. Girl Scout (COOO-KIES) [huge smile]
9. Butterfly (flutter flutter) [flutter hands like wings]
10. Boogie Man (Boo!) [wave arms in air]
11. Scoutmaster (just silence) [make Scout sign]
12. Road Runner (beep, beep) [fling hand fast across like a bullet]

Littlest Worm Song

◆ A Favorite Song ◆

Like 'I Met a Bear'. Repeat short line after leader, then everyone sings verse together.

Lyrics:

The littlest worm
I ever saw,
Was stuck inside
My soda straw.

everyone: The littlest worm I ever saw, was stuck inside my soda straw.

He said to me,
don't take a sip.
For if you do,
I'll surely slip.

everyone: He said to me don't take a sip, for if you do I'll surely slip.

I took a sip
and he went down
right through my pipes
he must of drowned.

everyone: I took a sip and he went down, right through my pipes he must of drowned.

I coughed him up
and he was dead.
I buried him
in my counselor's bed.

He was my pal.
He was my friend.
But now he's gone
and thats the end.

Old Mother Leary Song

◆ A Favorite Song ◆

The Tune:

Lyrics:

Late one night
When we were all in bed
Old mother Leary left a lantern in the shed
And when the cow kicked it over
She winked her eye and said,
There'll be a HOT time on the old town tonight.
FIRE, FIRE, FIRE!

Backwards Version

Night one late
When bed in all were we
Old Leary mother left a shed the lantern in.
And when the kick cowed it over
She eyed her wink and said,
There'll be an old time on the hot town tonight.
ERIF, ERIF, ERIF!

Baby Bumble Bee Song

◆ A Favorite Song ◆

User your leader's name instead of 'my leader' if it fits. Or, 'my counselor', 'Scoutmaster', or other title.

Lyrics:

(cup hands carrying bee)
I found at camp a baby bumble bee
Won't my leader be so proud of me?
I found at camp a baby bumble bee...
Ouch! It stung me!

(squish hands together)
I'm squashing up my baby bumble bee
Won't my leader be so proud of me?
I'm squashing up my baby bumble bee...
Ew! What a mess!

(put hand in front of mouth like licking)
I'm licking up my baby bumble bee
Won't my leader be so proud of me?
I'm licking up my baby bumble bee...
Ugh! I feel sick!

(hold stomach and bend over)
I'm barfing up my baby bumble bee
Won't my leader be so proud of me?
I'm barfing up my baby bumble bee...
Oh! Another mess!

(pretend mopping, then stand tall and proud)
I'm mopping up my baby bumble bee
Won't my leader be so proud of me?
I'm mopping up my baby bumble bee...
Hey, leader, aren't you proud of me?

I found at camp a baby bumble bee
(clap loud) I got it before it got me!

Milk Song

◆ A Favorite Song ◆

Lyrics:

Give me a long M
'Mmmm'
Give me a short M
'm'

Chorus:

Don't give me no pop, no pop
Don't give me no tea, no tea
Just give me that milk,
moo, moo, moo, moo
Wisconsin milk
moo, moo, moo, moo

Give me a long I
'Iiiii'
Give me a short I
'i'

Chorus

Give me a long L
'Llllll'
Give me a short L
'l'

Chorus

Give me a long K
'Kkkkk'
Give me a short K
'k'

Chorus

Give me a long milk
'Chocolate'
Give me a short milk
'skim'

Chorus

Give me a real milk
'Whole'
Give me a fake milk
'Soy'

Chorus

There's Nothing I'd Rather Be Song

◆ A Favorite Song ◆

This Song is meant for Boy Scouts.

Decide for yourself if it is appropriate for your younger scouts or not.

Lyrics:

I'm glad I am a [camper, boy scout, teenager, ..., whatever your group is], there's nothing I'd rather be
But if I weren't a [camper,...],

1. A bird watcher I would be -
Hark a lark, flying through the park, SPLAT!
2. A plumber I would be
Plunge it, flush it, look out below!
3. A mermaid I would be
Bloop, bloop, bloop, bloop, bloop, bloop!
4. A carpenter I would be
Two by four, two by four, nail it to the floor! OUCH!
[or] Bang, Bang, Smack, Smack, Show a little butt crack.
5. A teacher I would be
Sit down, shut up, throw away your gum!
6. A flight attendant I would be
Coffee, tea, or me, sir; here's your little bag. BLEH!
7. A typist I would be
Ticka, ticka, ticka, ticka, ticka, ticka, ZING!
8. A hippie I would be
Love and peace, my hair is full of grease!
[or] Hey Man! Cool Man! Far out! Wow!
[or] Peace! Love! Here comes the fuzz!
9. A farmer I would be
Here's a cow, there's a cow, and here's another yuck!
[or] Give, Bessy, give, the baby's gotta live!
10. A laundry worker I would be
Starchy here, starchy there, starchy in your underwear!
11. A cashier I would be
Twenty nine, forty nine, here's your change, sir!
12. A gym teacher I would be
We must, we must, improve the bust!
13. A medic I would be
Turn around, drop your pants, jab, jab, jab!
14. An electrician I would be
Positive, negative, bbzzzzt -ZAP!
15. A fireman I would be
Jump lady, jump... whoa splat!
16. A cook I would be
Mix it, bake it; heartburn-BURP!
17. A ice cream maker I would be
Tutti-frutti, tutti-frutti, nice ice cream!
18. A politician I would be
Raise the taxes, lower the pay, vote for me on election day!
19. A butcher I would be
Chop it up, grind it up, make a little patty!
20. A garbage collector I would be
Lift it, dump it, pick out the good stuff
[or] Pile that garbage. Pile that garbage. Pile it to the sky.
21. A [Domino's] pizza maker I would be

- 30 minute, fast delivery!
22. A clam digger I would be
Dig one here, dig one there-Oh my frozen derriere!
23. Superman I would be
It's a bird, it's a plane, where is Lois Lane?
24. Lois Lane I would be
Get away, get away, get away, Clark Kent!
25. A cyclist I would be
peddle, peddle, peddle, peddle; ring, ring, ring!
26. A truck driver I would be
Here's a curve, there's a curve. HERE'S A BETTER CURVE!
[Makes outline of shapely woman.]
27. A house cleaner I would be
Ooh, a bug; squish it in the rug!
28. A baby I would be
Mama, Dada, I wuv you!
29. A Preacher I would be
Well, well, you never can tell; you might go to heaven, or you might go to ...
30. A DJ I would Be,
Miles of smiles on the radio dial.
31. A Stewardess I would be,
Here's your coffee, here's your tea. Here's your paper bag - Blaaah!
32. A Baker I would be,
Donuts! Eclairs! Buy My Buns!
33. A Lifeguard I would be,
Save yourself, Man. I'm working on my tan!
[or] Mouth to Mouth Resuscitate, What a way to get a date.
34. A Lawyer I would be,
Honest. I swear, My client wasn't there
35. An Engineer, I would be,
Push the button, push the button, kick the darn machine.
36. A munchkin I would be,
Follow the road, follow the road, follow the yellow brick road.
37. A Ranger I would be,
Get eaten by a bear, see if I care.
38. A Scoutmaster I would be,
Do this, do that, Where's my coffee at?
[or] Do this, do that, Doughnuts make me fat.
39. An SPL I would be,
Do this, do that, I think I'll take a nap.
40. A doctor I would be
Take a pill; pay my bill! I'm going golfing!
[or] Needle! Thread! Stick 'em in the head!
41. A banker I would be,
Cash the check, what the heck, I'm going golfing.
42. A Grandma I would be
Don't cry, here's some pie, I'm going golfing.
43. A chef I would be,
French toast, fried chicken, what the heck is that?
44. A bus driver I would be,
Swerve, Skid, I almost hit a kid.
45. An ambulance driver I would be,
Scrape 'em off the pavement, but 'em in a bag.
46. A grave digger I would be,
Six feet down, plant 'em in the ground.
47. A grave robber I would be,
Six feet up, chuck 'em in the truck.
48. A policeman I would be,
Bang, Bang, Bang, stop or I'll shoot.

Boom Chicka Boom Song

◆ A Favorite Song ◆

Lyrics:

(repeat each line after song leader)

I said a Boom Chicka Boom
I said a Boom Chicka Boom
I said a Boom Chicka Rocka Chicka Rocka Chicka Boom
Uh huh
Oh yeah
One more time _____ style.

Janitor Style:

I said a Broom Sweep-a Broom
I said a Broom Sweep-a Broom
I said a Broom Sweep-a Mop-a Sweep-a Mop-a Sweep-a Broom

Valley Girl Style:

I said like boom chicka boom
I said a totally boom chicka boom
I said like boom chicka like rocka chicka like gag me with a spoon

Baseball Style:

I said a boom chicka boom
I said a boom chicka boom
I said a boom chicka rocka hit that softball to the moon.

Barn-yard Style:

I said a moo chicka moo
I said a moo chicka moo
I said a moo chicka watch your step, don't track it in the room.

Race Car Style:

I said a vroom shifta vroom
I said a vroom shifta vroom
I said a vroom shifta grind-a shifta grind-a shifta vroom

Astronaut Style:

I said a moon shoot the moon
I said a moon shoot the moon
I said a moon blast-me shoot-me blast-me shoot-me-to-the-moon

Flower Style:

I said a bloom chicka bloom
I said a bloom chicka bloom
I said a bloom chicka blossom smell those flowers chicka bloom

Parent Style:

I said a boom GO TO YOUR ROOM
I said a boom GO TO YOUR ROOM
I said a boom GO TO YOUR ROOM and don't come out 'til next June.

Cheerleader Style:

I said a Boom-Go-Fight-Boom
I said a Boom-Go-Fight-Boom

I said a Boom Go-Fight-Win Go-Fight-Win Go-Fight-Boom

Taco Bell Style:

I said a bean chicka bean
I said a bean chicka bean
I said a bean and cheese burrito and a nacho supreme.

Arnold Schwarzenegger Style: (Dana Q. Pack 75 in Long Beach)
[speak it slowly with a heavy 'Ahnold' accent and shoot a gun on every BOOM]
Ich sprach Boom Chicka Boom
Ich sprach Boom Chicka Boom
Ich sprach Boom Chicka Rocka Chicka Rocka Chicka Boom
Ah hah
Oh ja
Noch ein mal _____ style.

McDonalds Style:
I said a Big Mac and Fries
I said a Big Mac and Fries
I said a Big Mac and Fries and dont forget to Super Size.

Photographer Style:
I said a zoom clicka zoom.
I said a zoom clicka zoom.
I said a zoom clicka Smile Watch the Birdie clicka zoom.

End of the World Style:
I said a Doom Chicka Doom.
I said a Doom Chicka Doom.
I said a Doom Chicka *Huge Explosion Noise* Chicka *Huge Explosion Noise* Chicka Doom.

Homie Style:
I said a grill shiny grill
I said a bling chicka bling
I said a Honda Civic rims a-spinnin' on my Limousine

Fonzie Style:
I said a vroom chicka vroom
I said a vroom chicka vroom
I said a vroom chicka aaaaaaye chicka aaaaaaye chicka vroom

Thunderstorm Style:
I said a boom crasha boom
I said a boom crasha boom
I said a boom crasha flasha crasha flasha crasha boom

Space Style:
I said a space chicka space
I said a space chicka space
I said there's a Pluto there's a Mars there's the Earth and there's the stars

Surfer Style:
I said a dude chicka dude
I said a dude chicka dude
I said a dude chicka wipe out chicka WHOA chicka dude

Conservation Style:
I said a tree hug a tree
I said a tree hug a tree
I said save the whales, save the gas, save the water, hug a tree

Librarian Style:
I said a book read a book
I said a book read a book
I said a book choose a novel, keep it quiet, read a book

Bee Style:
I said a Bzzzz chicka Bzzzz
I said a Bzzzz chicka Bzzzz
I said a Bzzzz flower nectar pollen honey chicka Bzzzz

Fire Style:
I said a OUCH chicka OUCH
I said a OUCH chicka OUCH
I said a OUCH burnt my finger in the fire Chicka OUCH

Speeder Style:
I said a Vroom Squeela Vroom
I said a Vroom Squeela Vroom
I said a Vroom Theres a Coppa Betta Stoppa Chicka Vroom

Cellphone Style:
I said a call me on my cell
I said a call me on my cell
I said a call me, text me, call me, text me, call me on my cell

• Ain't No Bugs on Me Song •

The Tune:

Lyrics:

Oh, there ain't no bugs on me, on me.
There ain't no bugs on me
There may be bugs on some of you mugs
But there ain't no bugs on me.

Oh there ain't no flies on me, on me.
There ain't no flies on me.
There may be flies on some of you guys
But there ain't no flies on me.

Well, the Juney bug comes in the month of June
The lightning bug comes in May
Bed bug comes just any old time
But, they're not going to stay

Well, a bull frog sittin' on a lily pad
Looking up at the sky
The lily pad broke and the frog fell in
He got water all in his eye.

There ain't no frogs on us.
There ain't no frogs on us.
There might be frogs on some of you dogs,
But there ain't no frogs on us.

Mosquito he fly high
Mosquito he fly low
If old mosquito lands on me
He ain't a gonna fly no mo'

A peanut sittin' on a railroad track
His heart was all a flutter
Along come a choo-choo on the track
Toot! Toot! Peanut butter!

A cow walked on the railroad track,
the train was coming fast.
The train got off the railroad track
to let the cow go past!

As I went walking through the woods
Humming a tune so gaily
The wind come whistling through the trees
And froze my ukelele

Oh there ain't no lobsters on me
There, ain't no lobsters on me
There may be lobsters On some of you mobsters
But there ain't no lobsters on me.

Oh it ain't gonna rain no more no more

It ain't gonna rain no more
How in the heck can I wash my neck
When it ain't gonna rain no more?

Well little bugs have littler bugs.
Up on their backs to bite'em
And the littler bugs have still littler bugs
And so ad infinitum.

We had a cat down on our farm
It had a ball of yarn
When those little cats were born
They all had sweaters on

She lay down by the sewer
And by the sewer she died
And at the coroner's inquest
They called it sewer side

We had a goat down on our farm
It ate up old tin cans
When those little goats were born
They came in Ford sedans

Some people say that fleas are black
But I know that ain't so
'Cause Marry had a little lamb
Whose fleece was white as snow

Mary had a little lamb,
so goes the tale of yore.
She loved that little lamb so much,
she passed the plate for more.

I woke up in the morning,
I glanced upon the wall.
The roaches and the bedbugs
were having a game of ball.

The score was six to nothing,
the roaches were ahead.
A bedbug hit a home run
and knocked me out of bed!

The chamber maid came to my bed
Get up you lazy sinner
We need the sheets for table cloths
And it's almost time for dinner

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To try out Jack's new flivver
The car broke down a mile from town
And dumped them in the river.

A doctor fell into a well
and broke his collar bone.
We think that he should tend the sick
and leave the well alone.

A farmer slipped on the old barn roof

when rotten boards gave way,
And as as he fell, he shrugged and said,
'It's time to hit the hay.'

Humpty Dumpty fell right down
and landed on his head,
So, all the horses and the men
had scrambled eggs and bread.

Mountain Dew Song

◆ A Favorite Song ◆

This Song is meant for Boy Scouts.
Decide for yourself if it is appropriate for your younger scouts or not.

Lyrics:

My brother Bill runs a still on the hill
Where he turns out a gallon or two (or three)
And the buzzards in the sky get so drunk they can not fly
Just from sniffing that good ol' mountain dew.

Chorus:

They call it that good ol' mountain dew,
And them that refuse it are few.
I'll hush up my mug if you'll fill up my jug
With that good ol' mountain dew.

My aunt Lucille had an automobile,
It ran on a gallon or two (or three)
It didn't need no gas and it went awful fast
Running on that good ol' mountain dew.
- Chorus

My uncle Mort, he is sawed off and short,
He measures 'bout four foot two (or three)
But he thinks he's a giant when you give him a pint
Of that good ol' mountain dew.
- Chorus

Old Auntie June had a brand new perfume,
It had such a wonderful 'pew' (pee-ew)
But to her surprise, when she had it analyzed,
It was nothing but that good ol' mountain dew
- Chorus

My Uncle Art, he ain't very smart
His IQ is just twenty two (or three)
But he thinks he's a wizard, when he fills up his
gizzard
With that good ol' mountain dew
- Chorus

My Uncle Hank bought an old army tank
Way back in 'forty two (or three).
It wouldn't budge, 'till he gave it a gludge
Of that good ol' mountain dew
- Chorus

I know a guy named Pete, his hair ain't so neat,
Though he fixes it with syrup and blue (what's blue?)
But it stays right in place when he uses just a trace
Of that good ol' mountain dew.
- Chorus

The preacher-he walked by, with a big tear in his eye
Said that his wife had the flu (boo hoo)
And hadn't I ought just to give him a quart

Of that good ol' mountain dew.

- Chorus

My uncle Klaus had a real mean old mouse

It'd beat up a cat or two (or three)

When they asked how it happened,

He said it was a lappin'

That good ol' mountain dew

- Chorus

There's an old hollow tree, just a little way from me

Where you lay down a dollar or two

If you hush up your mug, then they'll give you a jug

Of that good ol' mountain dew.

- Chorus

You take a little trash and you mix it up with ash,

And you throw in the soul of a shoe.

Then you stir it awhile with an old rusty file,

And they call it that good ol' mountain dew.

- Chorus

During the last war, we couldn't get no more,

We didn't have no sugar for the dew

With a few old potatoes and a few ripe tomatoes,

We turned out some stuff, I'm tellin' you.

- Chorus

Old Deacon Crane took a trip in the rain,

Said his wife had come down with the flu,

But she'll be all right if you give her a pint

Of that good ol' mountain dew.

- Chorus

Mr. Franklin Roosevelt, he told me how he felt

The day the old dry law went through:

If your likker's too red, it will swell up your head

Better stick to that good ol' mountain dew.

- Chorus

More verses ...

The scouts yell all day and they like to play

Maybe sing a song or two (or three)

The key may be wrong but they'll sing out strong

For that good ol' Mountain Dew

- Chorus

The summer camp staff could sure use a bath

Maybe one or two (or three)

They surely will laugh if you give 'em a bath

In that good ol' Mountain Dew

- Chorus

The racoons at night sure give us a fright

They come in by ones or twos (or threes)

But we chase them off fast when they come for our glass

Of that good ol' Mountain Dew

- Chorus

The beachfront is great and we hardly can wait

To swim for an hour or two (or three)

The water will fizz when we take a whiz

After drinking that Mountain Dew

- Chorus

Now that we're home we still like the foam

When we drink a can or two (or three)

We'll be back next year and then we'll cheer

For our good ol' Mountain Dew

- Chorus

Our old buddy Paul really is tall

He stands about six foot two (or three)

He got that way from drinking each day

A six-pack of Mountain Dew

- Chorus

Our SPL Pete has bad stinky feet

You can smell 'em for a mile or two (or three)

But they smell awful sweet if you dose 'em in DEET

then rinse 'em with Mountain Dew

- Chorus

My uncle Crocker, he was a boxer

He'd give 'em the old one two (or three)

He wouldn't fight, it just wouldn't be right

Unless it was for his Mountain Dew

- Chorus

We went up the Brule, right before school

To kayak a mile or two (or three)

We sure did row once we had a go

At that good ol' Mountain Dew

- Chorus

That darn IRS wants my money, God Bless!

I'd like to keep a dollar or two (or three)

They'll settle for less, if I fill up their glass

With that good old Mountain Dew

-Chorus

• A Ram Sam Sam Song •

The Tune:

Lyrics:

A ram sam sam, a ram sam sam
Guli guli guli guli guli ram sam sam
A ram sam sam, a ram sam sam
Guli guli guli guli guli ram sam sam
A rafi, a rafi,
Guli guli guli guli guli ram sam sam
A rafi, a rafi,
Guli guli guli guli ram sam sam

Alternate Lyrics

A Pizza Hut, a Pizza Hut
Kentucky Fried Chicken and a Pizza Hut
A Pizza Hut, a Pizza Hut
Kentucky Fried Chicken and a Pizza Hut
McDonald's, McDonald's
Kentucky Fried Chicken and a Pizza Hut

A Burger King, a Burger King
Long John Silvers and a Burger King
A Burger King, a Burger King
Long John Silvers and a Burger King
Red Lobster, Red Lobster
Long John Silvers and a Burger King

A Dairy Queen, a Dairy Queen
Chucky Cheese and a Dairy Queen
A Dairy Queen, a Dairy Queen
Chucky Cheese and a Dairy Queen
Roy Rogers, Roy Rogers
Chucky Cheese and a Dairy Queen

Actions:

Pizza Hut: Make shape of hut in air
Kentucky Fried Chicken: Flap elbows up and down
McDonalds: Put hands on top of head for arches
Burger King: Put hands on head with fingers up to make crown
Long John Silvers: Mimic sword play
Red Lobster: Hold up arms and bring fingers down on thumbs like lobster claws
Dairy Queen: Mimic milking a cow
Chucky Cheese: Mimic throwing a pizza in air
Roy Rogers: Mimic riding a horse.

The Rooster (repeat after me type song)

Verse 1

I had a chicken, no eggs it laid, (leader)
I had a chicken, no eggs it laid (everybody)
I had a chicken, no eggs it laid,
I had a chicken, no eggs it laid
Until that rooster came in our yard,
Until that rooster came in our yard
And caught that chicken completely off guard.
And caught that chicken completely off guard.

Chorus:

We're having eggs, we never used to
Until that rooster came in our yard Bwack, bwack, bwack, bwack.

Verse options:

I had a blender, no smoothies it gave - eggnog
I had a garden, no veggies it gave - eggplant
I had a gum ball machine, no gum it gave - chicklets
I had a dentist, no teeth he gave - extractions
I had a room, no doors it had - exits
I had a teacher no tests she gave - exams
I had a coach no games he played - exercise
I had a gas station no gas it gave - Exxon
I had a museum no displays it had - exhibits
I had a car no road it had - expressway
- or any other combination you can think of that fits the format.

Last Verse:

I had a shotgun, no shells it gave, (leader) I had a shotgun, no shells
it gave (everybody) I had a shotgun, no shells it gave, (leader) I had
a shotgun, no shells it gave (everybody) Until that rooster came in our
yard, Until that rooster came in our yard And caught that shotgun
completely off guard.
And caught that shotgun completely off guard

Chorus:

We're having rooster, we never used to
Until that rooster came in our yard Bwack, bwack, bwack, bwack.

• How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning Song

This Song is meant for Boy Scouts.

Decide for yourself if it is appropriate for your younger scouts or not.

Lyrics:

The other day I chanced to meet a camping friend of mine.
He'd been in camp for several weeks and he was looking fine.
His muscles had developed and his cheeks were rosy red.
I asked him how he liked the camp, and this is what he said:

Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning.
Oh, how I'd love to remain in bed.
For the hardest blow of all,
Is to hear the bugler call;
You've got to get up,
You've got to get up,
You've got to get up this morning.
Someday I'm going to murder the bugler.
Someday they're going to find him dead.
I'll amputate his reveille
and stomp upon it heavily,
And spend the rest of my life in bed!

A bugler at camp is the luckiest of men.
He wakes the boys at five and then goes back to bed again.
He doesn't have to blow again until the afternoon.
If everything goes well with me, I'll be a bugler soon!

Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning.
Oh, how I'd love to remain in bed.
For the hardest blow of all,
Is to hear the bugler call;
You've got to get up,
You've got to get up,
You've got to get up this morning.
Someday I'm going to murder the bugler.
Someday they're going to find him dead.
I'll amputate his reveille
and stomp upon it heavily,
And spend the rest of my life in bed!

• Home On The Range Song •

The Tune:



Lyrics:

Oh, give me a home, where the buffalo roam
Where the deer and the antelope play
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Chorus:

Home, home on the range
Where the deer and the antelope play
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

How often at night, when the heavens are bright
With the light from the glittering stars
I've stood there amazed, and asked, as I gazed,
If their glory exceeds that of ours.

Chorus

The air is so pure, and the zephyrs so free
And the breezes so balmy and light
I would not exchange my home on the range
For all the cities so bright.

Chorus

The Red man was pressed from this part of the west,
He's likely no more to return,
To the banks of the Red River where seldom if ever
Their flickering campfires burn.

Chorus

Oh, I love these wild flowers in this dear land of ours,
The curlew I love to hear cry,
And I love the white rocks and the antelope flocks,
That graze on the mountain slopes high.

Chorus

Oh give me a land where the bright diamond sand,
Flows leisurely down in the stream;
Where the graceful white swan goes gliding along,
Like a maid in a heavenly dream.

Chorus

How often at night, when the heavens are bright,
With the light from the glittering stars,
Have I stood there amazed, and asked as I gaze,
If their glory exceeds that of ours.

Chorus

Yes, give me the gleam of a swift mountain stream,
And the place no hurricanes blow.

Oh, give me the park where the prairie dogs bark,
And the mountains all covered with snow.

Chorus

Oh, give me the hills and the ring of the drills,
And the rich silver ore in the ground.
Yes, give me the gulch where the miners can sluice,
And the bright yellow gold can be found.

Chorus

Oh, give me the mine where the prospectors find
the gold in its own native land,
And the hot springs below, where the sick people go,
And camp on the banks of the Grand.

Chorus

Oh, give me the steed and the gun that I need
To shoot game from my own cabin home.
Then give me the camp where the fire is a lamp,
And the wild rocky mountains to roam.

Chorus

Yes, give me the home where the prospectors roam.
Their business is always alive
In those wild western hills, midst the ring of the drills.
Oh, let me live there 'till I die.

Chorus

• I've Been Working on the Railroad Song •

D

The Tune:

Lyrics:

I've been working on the railroad
All the livelong day
I've been working on the railroad
Just to pass the time away

Can't you hear the whistle blowing
Rise up so early in the morn
Can't you hear the captain shouting
Dinah, blow your horn

Dinah, won't you blow
Dinah, won't you blow
Dinah, won't you blow your horn
Dinah, won't you blow
Dinah, won't you blow
Dinah, won't you blow your horn

Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah
Someone's in the kitchen I know
Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah
Strumming on the old banjo, and singing

Fie, fi, fiddly i o
Fie, fi, fiddly i o
Fie, fi, fiddly i o
Strumming on the old banjo

I've Been Picking Up the Litter

I've been pickin' up the litter,
All the live long day.
I've been pickin' up the litter,
Just to have a place to play.
Can't you see the litter basket,
Sitting on the sidewalk there?
Every little bit will help us,
If you just show you care.
Won't you pick it up?
Won't you pick it up?
Won't you pick it up today, today?
Help us clean it up,
Help us clean it up,
Help clean up the U S A.

Working on the Trash

We've been working on RECYCLING
All the trash we can,
We've been working on recycling,
It's a very simple plan,
Separate your glass and paper,
Separate your plastic and tin.
Take the trash that you've recycled
To your recycling bin!
We've been working on REDUCING
All the trash we can.
We've been working on reducing
It's a very simple plan
Don't go wasting any products,
Use just exactly what you need.
Don't buy things in extra wrapping,
Reduce and you'll succeed!
We've been working on REUSING
All the trash we can.
We've been working on reusing,
It's a very simple plan.
If it's a paper bag you're using,
Don't use it once, use it twice!
Give old clothes and toys to someone,
To reuse them would be nice!

Working on Pollution

I've been workin' on pollution
All the livelong day.
Pickin' up the cans and bottles
That are always in the way.
Can't you see the chimney smokin'
Fillin' the sky with haze.
Do your part to stop pollution
You can help in many ways.

• I'm a Nut Song •

D

The Tune:

Lyrics:

I'm a little coconut,
Sitting under this here tree.
Everybody steps on me,
That is why I'm cracked you see.

Chorus:

I'm a nut,
I'm a nut,
I'm a nut, nut, nut-nut-nut.

Called myself on the telephone
Just to see if I was home.
Made a date for half past eight,
Better hurry or I'll be late!
- Chorus

Took myself to the picture show
Sat myself in the very last row
Wrapped my arms around my waist
Got so fresh I slapped my face!
- Chorus

Bought some roses at the store.
Told myself I wanted more.
That's why I broke up with me.
Now I am a nut that's free!
- Chorus

Gee, I miss me all the time.
Wonder if I'm doing fine.
Maybe I'll stop by to see
If I have a chance with me.
- Chorus

Coca-Cola went to town,
Pepsi-Cola shot him down.
Dr. Pepper fixed him up,
Now we all drink 7-Up.
- Chorus

• Mr. Columbus, Turn the Ship Around Song •

This Song is meant for Boy Scouts.

Decide for yourself if it is appropriate for your younger scouts or not.

Lyrics:

In fourteen hundred ninety two,
three ships set out to sea:
the Nina and the Pinta and the
SANTA MARIE!
And as they sailed the stormy seas
On that historic day
From way up in the crow's nest,
You could hear Luigi say ...

Chorus: (strong italian accent)
PUH-leeZUH Meester Columbus,
Turnah da SHEEP around!
Take-UH me back, I WANNA see
my two feet on the GROUND!
Why-yuh tell-uh Eeezabella
Thatta the world is round?
PULEEEZUH Meester Columbus
Turn-uh da SHEEP around!

Then Chris took out his mandolin
and he began to play.
They sang and danced the Tarantell
until the break of day.
They ate up all the provolone
- that's Italian cheese.
But still up in the crow's nest you could hear
Luigi's pleas ... (Chorus)

And then one day they sighted land
just off the starboard bow.
Columbus said "I told ya so.
The journey's over now."
An Indian girl upon the shore
yelled "I see you up there, man!"
Luigi shouted back, "Ahoy"
and started on a plan.
(Repeat Chorus)

Oh please Mr. Columbus
don't take me back no more.
I wanna stay right here and make
the chief my father-in-law.
I'm glad you told Isabella
that the world was round.
I don't know where we are
but there's pisanos all around.

• Meadow Muffin Blues Song •

Lyrics:

Chorus:

I've got the meadow muffin blues,
On the bottom of my shoes.
Can't seem to shake it,
Got to take it home and scrape it.
I got the meadow muffin blues.

While I was walkin' through a field one day,
Stopped to say good day
A cow dropped her dinner
And I'm standing iner
She quickly smiled and walked away.

Chorus

Now a cow's sense of humor is kind of bent
And the stuff is stickin' like cement.
It started raining and my legs are really straining
So I kicked off my shoes and away I went.

Chorus

You've heard of the dangers in the woods,
And in the city it's the druggies in the hoods.
When you're walking through a pasture
You better walk a little faster
Or your shoes are going to pick up all the goods.

Chorus

• Jon Johnson Song •

Use as thick a 'Norwegian Ole and Sven' type accent as you can.
Just keeping singing it as long as everyone can stand.

Lyrics:

My name is Jon Johnson,
I come from Wisconsin.
I work in the lumberyard there.

When I walk down the street,
All the people I meet
Say, "Hey, What's your name?"
And I tell 'em:

[Repeat]

• Hawaiian Punch Song •

This Song is meant for Boy Scouts, Bear scouts, Webelos scouts.
Decide for yourself if it is appropriate for your younger scouts or not.



The Tune:

Lyrics:

Here's a story of a dole banana
Who was bringing up three very lovely fruit.
All of them had yellow peels, like their mother,
The youngest was a beaut.
Here's a story of a great papaya
Who was living in a tree all on his own.
They were two fruit in the same forest
Yet they were all alone.
Until one day when banana met papaya,
And they knew that it was much more than a hunch
That this fruit could somehow form a fruit drink.
That's the way they all became Hawaiian Punch.
Hawaiian Punch, Hawaiian Punch
That's the way they became Hawaiian Punch.

• Jaws Song •

This Song is meant for Boy Scouts, Webelos scouts.
Decide for yourself if it is appropriate for your younger scouts or not.
Tune: Do Re Mi (wait thru a loooong intro until the pause)



Lyrics:

JAWS - A mouth, a great big mouth
TEETH - The things that rip and crunch
BITE - The friendly sharks 'hello'
US - His favorite juicy lunch
BLOOD - That turns the ocean red
GULP - a single bite of flesh
CHOMP - That means the sharks been fed
That will bring us back to ...

[Repeat quietly, then loudly.]

• It Ain't Gonna Rain No More Song •

Lyrics:

Chorus:

Oh, it ain't gonna rain no more, no more
It ain't gonna rain no more
How in the heck can I wash around my neck
if it ain't gonna rain no more

A bum sat by the sewer
And by the sewer he died
And at the coroners inquest
They called it 'sewer side'
- Chorus

A peanut sat on the railroad track
It's heart was all a-flutter
Along came the 4:15
Toot toot, peanut butter
- Chorus

My father is a butcher
My mother is a cook
And I'm the little hot-dog
With the candy that I took
- Chorus

My father built a chimney
He built it up so high
He had to take it down each night
To let the moon go by.
- Chorus

My daddy is a doctor,
My mommy is a nurse,
And I'm the little needle
That gets you where it hurts.
- Chorus

Mary had a little lamb
She kept it in a closet
And every time she took it out
It left a small deposit
- Chorus

Mary had a little lamb,
Her father shot it dead
Oh, she still takes it off to school
But on a slice of bread.
- Chorus

Mary had a steamboat
The steamboat had a bell.
Mary went to heaven.
The steamboat went to TOOT-TOOT!
- Chorus

My uncle was a chemist.
A chemist he is no more.

For what he thought was H-2-O
Was H-2-S-O-4
- Chorus

Peter was a rabbit
A rabbit he is no more
For what he thought was a rabbit hole
Was a hole in the outhouse floor
- Chorus

• On Top of Old Smokey Song •

This Song is meant for Boy Scouts, Webelos scouts.
Decide for yourself if it is appropriate for your younger scouts or not.
The Tune:

Lyrics:

On top of Old Smokey
All covered with snow,
I lost my true lover
For courting too slow.

Now, courting is a pleasure
And parting is grief,
And a false-hearted lover
Is worse than a thief.

A thief will just rob you
And take what you have,
But a false-hearted lover
Will lead you to the grave.

And the grave will decay you
And turn you to dust;
Not one girl in a hundred
A poor boy can trust.

They'll hug you and kiss you
And tell you more lies
Than the crossties on the railroad
Or stars in the sky.

So, come all you young maidens
And listen to me,
Never place your affection
On a green willow tree.

For the leaves they will wither,
And the roots they will die,
You'll all be forsaken
And never know why.

On top of Old Smokey
All covered with snow,
I lost my true lover
For courting too slow.

On top of Old Smokey,
All covered with sand,
I shot my school teacher,
With an old rubber band.

I shot her with pleasure,

I shot her with pride,
For I couldn't miss her,
She was forty feet wide.

She run out and caught me,
Threwed me 'cross her knee,
But in the seat of my britches,
I had my old Geography.

She reached for her ruler,
And took a swipe at me,
She missed old Kentucky,
But she hit Tennessee.

On top of Old Smokey
All covered with dirt,
I lost my suspenders
My socks and my shirt.

I lost my umbrella.
I lost my pet frog.
My food in my lunch box,
Got ate by a dog.

I lost my left sneaker,
My hat and my comb.
I lost my new toothbrush.
I lost my way home.

I found my way home, then
I did sure enough.
And I found my mommy
With all of my stuff
Yes I did (with all of my stuff!)

On top of my pizza
All covered with sauce
Could not find the mushrooms
I think they got lost.

I looked in the closet
I looked in the sink
I looked in the cup that
Held my cola drink.

I looked in the saucepan
Right under the lid
No matter where I looked
Those mushrooms stayed hid.

Next time you make pizza
I'm begging you, please
Do not give me mushrooms
But just plain old cheese.

On top of spaghetti,
All covered with cheese,
I lost my poor meatball,
When somebody sneezed.

It rolled off the table,
And on to the floor,
And then my poor meatball,
Rolled out of the door.

It rolled in the garden,
And under a bush,
And then my poor meatball,
Was nothing but mush.

The mush was as tasty
As tasty could be,
And then the next summer,
It grew into a tree.

The tree was all covered,
All covered with moss,
And on it grew meatballs,
And tomato sauce.

So if you eat spaghetti,
All covered with cheese,
Hold on to your meatball,
Whenever you sneeze.

• My Bonnie Song •

Tune:

D

Lyrics:

My Bonnie lies over the ocean
My Bonnie lies over the sea
My Bonnie lies over the ocean
Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me.

Chorus:

Bring back, bring back,
Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me, to me.
Bring back, bring back,
Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me.

Other Bonnie verses:

My Bonnie has tuberculosis.
My Bonnie has only one lung.
My Bonnie can cough up raw oysters,
and roll them around on her tongue.

My Bonnie has tuberculosis.
My Bonnie has only one lung.
My Bonnie spits blood in her pocket
And dries it and chews it for gum.

My Bonnie leaned over the gas tank,
The height of its contents to see;
I lighted a match to assist her,
Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me.

Last night as I lay on my pillow,
Last night as I lay on my bed,
I stuck my feet out of the window,
This morning my neighbors were dead.
Bring back, bring back,
Oh bring back my neighbors to me, to me.
Bring back, bring back,
Oh bring back my neighbors to me.

My mother's an apple pie maker.
My father he fiddles for tin.
My sister scrubs floors for a living.
Oh boy, how the money rolls in.
Rolls in, rolls in,
Oh boy, how the money rolls in, rolls in.
Rolls in, rolls in,
Oh boy, how the money rolls in.

My breakfast lies over the ocean.
My dinner lies over the sea.
My stomach is in a commotion,
Don't mention my supper to me.

Chorus

Bring back, bring back,
Oh bring back my bucket to me, to me.
Bring back, bring back,
Oh bring back my bucket to me.

I really felt rotten this morning,
They tell me I really looked pale,
My stomach gave adequate warning,
To lean far out over the rail.

Chorus

The sound of a stomach in motion,
A murmuring noise inside me,
I looked down and there on the water,
Was breakfast and dinner and tea.

Chorus

The best things they had I could see.
They brought it all roasted and sizzling;
They brought back my turkey to me.

Chorus

My turkey has two juicy drumsticks
My turkey has two crispy wings
My turkey has ten pounds of stuffing
But only one wishbone, poor thing!

Chorus

My turkey looked great on the platter
My turkey looked great on my dish
But after that last turkey sandwich
Hold onto that wishbone and wish!

Chorus

Breakfast Song

Your breakfast is calling this morning,
Your bacon is crisp in the pan,
Your pancakes are doing a flip, flop,
I'm cooking as fast as I can.
Get up! Get up!
Oh, roll yourself out of the bed, the bed.
Get up! Get up!
Oh, don't be an old sleepy head.

My Turkey

My turkey went walking one morning
The November weather to see.
A man with a hatchet approached her
Oh, bring back my turkey to me.

Chorus

Gobble, Gobble,
Oh bring back my turkey to me, to me.
Gobble, Gobble,
Oh bring back my turkey to me!

I went down the sidewalk a shoppin'
The sights in show windows to see.
And everywhere hung great fat gobblers.
Oh, bring back my turkey to me.

Chorus

I went out to dinner and ordered

• Popeye the Sailor Man Song •

This Song is meant for Boy Scouts.
Decide for yourself if it is appropriate for your younger scouts or not.

The Tune:

Lyrics:

I'm Popeye the sailor man
I'm Popeye the sailor man
I'm strong to the fin-ich
Cause I eats me spin-ach
I'm Popeye the sailor man.

I'm one tough Gazookus
Which hates all Palookas
What ain't on the up and square.
I biffs 'em and buffs 'em
And always out roughs 'em
But none of 'em gets nowhere.

If anyone dares to risk my Fisk,
It's Boff and it's Wham, understand?
So keep Good Be-hav-or
That's your one life saver
With Popeye the Sailor Man.

I'm Popeye the sailor man
I'm Popeye the sailor man
I'm strong to the fin-ich
Cause I eats me spin-ach
I'm Popeye the sailor man.

I'm Popeye the sailor man
I live in a garbage can.
I eats all the worms
And spits out the germs
I'm Popeye the sailor man.

I'm Popeye the sailor man
I live in a frying pan
I turn up the heat
And burn up my feet
I'm Popeye the sailor man

I'm Popeye the sailor man
I've never stepped foot on the land
I like to go swimmin'
With them mermaid women
And float on my back to get tan.

• My Country Tis of Thee Song •

Tune:

D

Lyrics:

My country, 'tis of thee,
sweet land of liberty, of thee I sing;
land where my fathers died,
land of the pilgrims' pride,
from every mountainside let freedom ring!

My native country, thee,
land of the noble free, thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
thy woods and templed hills;
my heart with rapture thrills, like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
and ring from all the trees sweet freedom's song;
let mortal tongues awake;
let all that breathe partake;
let rocks their silence break, the sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to thee,
author of liberty, to thee we sing;
long may our land be bright
with freedom's holy light;
protect us by thy might, great God, our King.

• Philmont Hymn Song •

This Song is meant for Boy Scouts.
Decide for yourself if it is appropriate for your younger scouts or not.
The Tune:

Lyrics:

Silver on the sage,
Starlit skies above,
Aspen covered hills,
Country that I love.
Philmont, here's to thee,
Scouting Paradise,
Out in God's country, tonight

Wind in whispering pines,
Eagles soaring high,
Purple mountains rise,
Against an azure sky.
Philmont, here's to thee,
Scouting Paradise,
Out in God's country, tonight.

• Ain't That Funky Now Song •

This Song is meant for Boy Scouts.

Decide for yourself if it is appropriate for your younger scouts or not.

This is popular, probably because its just so silly and scouts can easily create more verses. It's more of a chant than a song.

Lyrics:

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall,
All the king's horses and all of the king's men said...
WHOA, ain't that Funky now!
[Clap, Clap]

Jack and Jill went up the hill to fetch a pail of water,
Jack fell down and broke his crown and Jill said...
WHOA, ain't that Funky now!
[Clap, Clap]

Hickery dickery dock, the mouse ran up the clock,
the clock struck one, and down he run and said...
WHOA, ain't that Funky now!
[Clap, Clap]

Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet eating her curds and whey
When along came a spider and sat down beside her and said...
WHOA, ain't that Funky now!
[Clap, Clap]

Baa Baa Black sheep have you any wool,
Yes sir, yes sir, three bags full,
One for my master and one for the dame,
And one for the little boy who said...
WHOA, ain't that Funky now!
[Clap, Clap]

It's raining, it's pouring, the old man is snoring,
he went to bed and bumped his head and said...
WHOA, ain't that Funky now!
[Clap, Clap]

I'm a little tea pot short and stout,
this is my handle and this is my spout,
when you tip me over I will shout...
WHOA, ain't that Funky now!
[Clap, Clap]

Yankee Doodle went to town a-ridin' on his pony,
Stuck a feather in his hat and said...
WHOA, ain't that Funky now!
[Clap, Clap]

Old mother Hubbard went to the cupboard to get her poor dog a bone,
but when she got there, the cupboard was bare and she said...
WHOA, ain't that Funky now!
[Clap, Clap]

Eeny meeny miny moe, catch a tiger by the toe,
if he hollers make him say...

WHOA, ain't that Funky now!
[Clap, Clap]

All around the mulbery bush the monkey chased the weasle,
The monkey thought it was all in fun, and said...
WHOA, ain't that Funky now!
[Clap, Clap]

Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater had a wife and couldn't keep her,
Put her in a pumpkin shell and she said...
WHOA, ain't that Funky now!
[Clap, Clap]

This little piggy went to market,
This little piggy stayed home.
This little piggy had roast beef,
And this little piggy had none.
And this little piggy said...
WHOA, ain't that Funky now!
[Clap, Clap]

The itsy bitsy spider went up the water spout.
Down came the rain and washed the spider out.
Out came the sun and dried up all the water.
The itsy bitsy spider said...
WHOA, ain't that Funky now!
[Clap, Clap]

Rub-a-dub-dub-dub three men in a tub,...
WHOA, ain't that Funky now!
[Clap, Clap]

Ole King Kole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he.
He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl,
And he said...
WHOA, ain't that Funky now!
[Clap, Clap]

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She has so many children, she said...
WHOA, ain't that Funky now!
[Clap, Clap]

Hey diddle diddle the cat and fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon.
The little dog laughed to see such sport
And cat said...
WHOA, ain't that Funky now!
[Clap, Clap]

Little boy blue come blow your horn,
The sheeps in the meadow, the cows in the corn...
WHOA, ain't that Funky now!
[Clap, Clap]

Little Bo Peep has lost her sheep
And doesn't know where to find them...
WHOA, ain't that Funky now!
[Clap, Clap]

Mary had a little lamb, its fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went, the lamb was sure to go...
WHOA, ain't that Funky now!
[Clap, Clap]

• Big Bad John Song •

This Song is meant for Boy Scouts.
Decide for yourself if it is appropriate for your younger scouts or not.
Hear It

Lyrics:

Every morning at the mine you could see him arrive
He stood six foot six and weighed two forty five
Kinda broad at the shoulder and narrow at the hip
And everybody knew ya didn't give no lip to Big John.
Big John
Big Jooooooooohn
Big Bad John

Nobody seemed to know where John called home
He just drifted into town and stayed all alone
He didn't say much, kinda quiet and shy
And if you spoke at all, you just said "Hi" to Big John.

Somebody said he came from New Orleans
Where he got in a fight over a Cajun Queen
And a crashin' blow from a huge right hand
Sent a Louisiana fella to the Promised Land - Big John
Big John
Big Jooooooooohn
Big Bad John

Then came the day at the bottom of the mine
When a timber cracked and men started cryin'
Miners were prayin' and hearts beat fast
Everybody thought that they'd breathed their last-'cept John

Through the dust and the smoke of this man-made hell
Walked a giant of a man that the miners knew well
Grabbed a saggin' timber, gave out with a groan
And like a giant oak tree he just stood there alone - Big John
Big John
Big Jooooooooohn
Big Bad John

With all of his strength he gave a mighty shove
Then a miner yelled out "There's a light up above!"
And twenty men scrambled from a would-be grave
Now there's only one left down there to save - Big John

With jacks and timbers they started back down
Then came that rumble way down in the ground
And then smoke and gas belched out of that mine
Everybody knew it was the end of the line for Big John
Big John
Big Jooooooooohn
Big Bad John

Now they never reopened that worthless pit
They just placed a marble stand in front of it
These few words are written on that stand
At the bottem of this mine lies a big, big man - Big John
Big John
Big Jooooooooohn
Big Bad John

• Brady Bunch Theme Song •

Here's the story,
Of a lovely lady,
Who was bringing up three very lovely girls.
All of them had hair of gold,
Like their mother,
The youngest one in curls.

Here's the story,
Of a man named Brady,
Who was busy with three boys of his own.
They were four men,
Living all together, but they were all alone.

Till the one day when the lady met this fellow,
and they knew that it was much more than a hunch
That this group
Must somehow form a family.
That's the way we all became the Brady Bunch,
The Brady Bunch, the Brady Bunch.
That's the way we became the Brady Bunch.

• Call a Scout Song •

The Tune: If You're Happy

Lyrics:

When you're down and feeling blue,
Call a Scout.
They will know just what to do,
Call a Scout.
If you're ever in a hurry,
Don't take the time to worry,
All you have to do is shout,
Call a Scout.

If you need a helping hand,
Call a Scout.
They'll take your garbage out,
Call a Scout.
If the traffic that you meet,
Has you scared to cross the street,
They'll be there to help you out,
Call a Scout.

Now the Scouts are always helpful,
Don't you see.
They will lend a helping hand,
To you and me.
For they're wise in what they do.
They are kind and cheerful too.
And they always help you out.
Call a Scout.

• Be Kind to Your Webfooted Friends Song •

Be kind to your web-footed friends
For that duck may be somebody's mother,
She lives in a nest in a swamp
Where the weather is always damp.

You may think that this is the end,
Well it is, but to prove we're all liars,
We're going to sing it again,
Only this time we'll sing a little higher.

[Repeat the song but sing it a bit higher. Continue for as many rounds as you can stand.]

Finally, end with:
You may think that this is the end....
Well you're right!

Be kind to your old umbrella,
For some day it may be under the weather.
Be kind to your old pair of shoes,
And they'll keep out the rain and mud.

Be kind to your fur-bearing friends,
For a skunk may be somebody's brother.
Be kind to your friends with the stripes
Including raccoons and snipes.

• Be a Good Scout Song •

Lyrics:

Be a good Scout, and always wear a smile,
Be a good Scout, be cheerful all the while,
It's the creed, yes indeed, that a Scout must practice gaily.

Help those in need - do a Good Turn daily,
Be a good Scout - be Loyal, Clean and Brave,
Never say die, just let your banner wave,
On your honor, do your best
When they put you to the test.
And always be a good scout.

• BoogaLoo Song •

Lyrics:

(have everyone stand in a circle linking arms around their neighbors' shoulders or waists. everyone stomps their feet loudly as marching in place to the beat.)

(when the leader yells out, everyone else has their heads bowed. They raise their heads to yell out "What's that you say?")

Leader: Let me see your BoogaLoo!

All: What's that you say?

Leader: I say, Let me see your BoogaLoo!

All: What's that you say?

Leader: I say, Let me see your BoogaLoo!

All: What's that you say?

All: (everyone unlinks arms and boogies around) I say, ooh, ah ah ah, ooh. Ooh, ah ah ah, ooh.

Leader: (to get everyone linked back up and start their feet stomping again) Aaaand, we're marching, we're marching, we're marching, marching, marching.

Leader: Let me see your Frankenstein!

All: What's that you say?

Leader: I say, Let me see your Frankenstein!

All: What's that you say?

Leader: I say, Let me see your Frankenstein!

All: What's that you say?

All: (everyone unlinks arms and walks around like Frankenstein) around) I say, aaargh, grrr, ... like Frankstein sounds.

Additional Verses:

Let me see your Elephant.

Let me see you Eat Peanut Butter.

Let me see your Grizzly Bear.

Let me see you Kung Fu Fighting.

... more as you can imagine.

• Baby Shark Song •

The fun of this song is in the actions. As the shark gets bigger, so does its mouth you make with your hands and arms.

Lyrics:

(shark mouth with hands connected at wrist)

Baby shark, Doh-doh, doh, doh

Baby shark, Doh-doh, doh, doh

Baby shark, Doh-doh, doh, doh

Baby shark

(shark mouth with forearms connected at elbows)

Momma shark, Doh-doh, doh, doh

Momma shark, Doh-doh, doh, doh

Momma shark, Doh-doh, doh, doh

Momma shark

(shark mouth with full arms)

Daddy shark, Doh-doh, doh, doh

Daddy shark, Doh-doh, doh, doh

Daddy shark, Doh-doh, doh, doh

Daddy shark

(same as Daddy, but with fists instead of fingers to look like no teeth)

Grandpa shark, Doh-doh, doh, doh

Grandpa shark, Doh-doh, doh, doh

Grandpa shark, Doh-doh, doh, doh

Grandpa shark

(swimming crawl motion with arms)

Swimmer dude, Doh-doh, doh, doh

Swimmer dude, Doh-doh, doh, doh

Swimmer dude, Doh-doh, doh, doh

Swimmer dude

(hand on top of head like shark fin. Other hand rubbing stomach with hungry look on face.)

Hungry shark, Doh-doh, doh, doh

Hungry shark, Doh-doh, doh, doh

Hungry shark, Doh-doh, doh, doh

Hungry shark

(backcrawl swimming motion with arms)

Swam away, Doh-doh, doh, doh

Swam away, Doh-doh, doh, doh

Swam away, Doh-doh, doh, doh

Swam away

(same backcrawl, with very frantic actions)

Swam too slow, Doh-doh, doh, doh

Swam too slow, Doh-doh, doh, doh

Swam too slow, Doh-doh, doh, doh

Swam too slow

(hop on one leg to beat)

Lost a leg, Doh-doh, doh, doh

Lost a leg, Doh-doh, doh, doh

Lost a leg, Doh-doh, doh, doh

Lost a leg

(hand on head like shark fin. Other hand rubs stomach with a very satisfied look on face.)

Happy shark, Doh-doh, doh, doh

Happy shark, Doh-doh, doh, doh

Happy shark, Doh-doh, doh, doh

Happy shark

(push cellphone numbers to beat)

Call 9-1-1, Doh-doh, doh, doh

Call 9-1-1, Doh-doh, doh, doh

Call 9-1-1, Doh-doh, doh, doh

Call 9-1-1

(make any dieing actions you want. finger across neck, grabbing heart, fainting away,...)

It's too late, Doh-doh, doh, doh

It's too late, Doh-doh, doh, doh

It's too late, Doh-doh, doh, doh

It's too late

(point to your bottom)

That's the end, Doh-doh, doh, doh

That's the end, Doh-doh, doh, doh

That's the end, Doh-doh, doh, doh

That's the end

• Campfire Closing Song Song •

This Song is meant for Boy Scouts.

Decide for yourself if it is appropriate for your younger scouts or not.

Tune: Down in the Valley

Lyrics:

Lets us all stand now - time we must go,
Silently leaving - thoughts let us know,
Thoughts let us know, thoughts let us know,
Silently leaving - thoughts let us know.

Watch the fire flicker - the last of the flame,
But as we leave you - your friendship we claim,
Your friendship we claim, yes, your friendship we claim,
But as we leave you - your friendship we claim.

Watch the red embers - a memory of light,
We carry it with us, to show us the right.
To show us the right, yes to show us the right.
We carry it with us - to show us the right.

Watch the hot ashes - once it was wood,
Has changed through service - a blessing that's good.
A blessing that's good, yes, a blessing that's good,
Has changed through service - a blessing that's good.

Watch the fire dying - but when it is dead,
Always the memory - will lead us ahead.
Will lead us ahead, yes, will lead us ahead,
Always the memory - will lead us ahead.

• Davy Crockett Song •

Born on a mountain top in Tennessee
Greenest state in the Land of the Free
Raised in the woods so's he knew every tree
Kilt him a b'ar when he was only three.
Davy, Davy Crockett, King of the wild frontier!

In eighteen thirteen the Creeks uprose
Addin' redskin arrows to the country's woes
Now, Injun fightin' is somethin' he knows
So he shoulders his rifle an' off he goes.
Davy, Davy Crockett, The man who don't know fear!

Off through the woods he's a marchin' along
Makin' up yarns an' a singin' a song
Itchin' for fightin' and rightin' a wrong
He's ringy as a b'ar and twice as strong.
Davy, Davy Crockett, The buckskin buccaneer!

Andy Jackson is our general's name
His reg'lar soldiers we'll put to shame
Them redskin varmints us volunteers'll tame
'Cause we got the guns with the sure-fire aim.
Davy, Davy Crockett, The champion of us all!

Headed back to war from the ol' home place
But Red Stick was leadin' a merry chase
Fightin' and burnin' at a devil's pace
South to the swamps on the Florida Trace.
Davy, Davy Crockett, Trackin' the redskins down!

Fought single-handed through the Injun War
Till the Creeks was whipped an' peace was in store
And while he was handlin' this risky chore
Made hisself a legend for evermore.
Davy, Davy Crockett, King of the wild frontier!

He give his word and he give his hand
That his Injun friends could keep their land
And the rest of his life he took the stand
That justice was due every redskin band.
Davy, Davy Crockett, Holdin' his promise dear!

Home fer the winter with his family,
Happy as squirrels in the ol' gum tree,
Bein' the father he wanted to be,
Close to his boys as the pod and the pea.
Davy, Davy Crockett, Holdin' his young 'uns dear!

But the ice went out and the warm winds came
And the meltin' snow showed tracks of game

And the flowers of Spring filled the woods with flame
And all of a sudden life got too tame.
Davy, Davy Crockett, Headin' on West again!

Off through the woods we're ridin' along
Makin' up yarns and singin' a song
He's ringy as a b'ar and twice as strong
And knows he's right 'cause he ain't often wrong.
Davy, Davy Crockett, The man who don't know fear!

Lookin' fer a place where the air smells clean
Where the trees is tall and the grass is green
Where the fish is fat in an untouched stream
And the teamin' woods is a hunter's dream.
Davy, Davy Crockett, Lookin' fer Paradise!

Now he'd lost his love an his grief was gall
In his heart he wanted to leave it all
And lose himself in the forests tall
But he answered instead his country's call.
Davy, Davy Crockett, Beginnin' his campaign!

Needin' his help they didn't vote blind
They put in Davy 'cause he was their kind
Sent up to Nashville the best they could find
A fightin' Spirit and a thinkin' mind.
Davy, Davy Crockett, The man who don't know fear!

The votes were counted and he won hands down
So they sent him off to Washin'ton town
With his best dress suit still his buckskins brown
A livin' legend of growin' reknown.
Davy, Davy Crockett, The Canebrake Congressman!

He went off to Congress and served a spell
Fixin' up the Gover'ment and laws as well
Took over Washin'ton so we heared tell
And patched up the crack in the Liberty Bell.
Davy, Davy Crockett, Seein' his duty clear!

Him and his jokes travelled all through the land
And his speeches made him friends to beat the band
His politickin' was their favorite brand
And everyone wanted to shake his hand.
Davy, Davy Crockett, Helpin' his legend grow!

He knew when he spoke he sounded the knell
Of his hopes for White House and fame as well
But he spoke out strong so hist'ry books tell
And patched up the crack in the liberty Bell.
Davy, Davy Crockett, Seein' his duty clear!

When he come home his politickin' done
The western march had just begun
So he packed his gear and his trusty gun
And lit out grinnin' to follow the sun.
Davy, Davy Crockett, Leadin' the pioneer!

He heard of Houston and Austin and so
To the Texas plains he jest had to go

Where freedom was fightin' another foe
And they needed him at the Alamo.
Davy, Davy Crockett, The man who don't know fear!

His land is biggest and his land is best
From grassy plains to the mountain crest
He's ahead of us all meetin' the test
Followin' his legend into the West.
Davy Davy Crockett, King of the wild frontier!

• Country Roads Song •

This Song is meant for Boy Scouts.

Decide for yourself if it is appropriate for your younger scouts or not.

Lyrics:

Chorus:

Country Roads, take me home to the place I belong -
West Virginia, mountain mama, take me home Country Roads.

1. Almost heaven, West Virginia,
Blue Ridge Mountains, Shenandoah River.
Life is old there, older than the trees,
Younger than the mountains, blowin' like a breeze.
2. All my mem'ries, gather round her
Miner's lady, stranger to blue water.
Dark and dusty, painted on the sky,
Misty taste of moonshine, tear drop in my eye.
3. I hear her voice in the mornin' hours she calls me.
The radio reminds me of my home far away.
And drivin' down the road I get a feelin'
That I should have been home yesterday, yesterday.

• Daniel Boone Song •

Daniel Boone was a man,
Yes, a big man!
With an eye like an eagle
And as tall as a mountain was he!

Daniel Boone was a man,
Yes, a big man!
He was brave, he was fearless
And as tough as a mighty oak tree!

From the coonskin cap on the top of ol' Dan
To the heel of his rawhide shoe;
The rippin'est, roarin'est, fightin'est man
The frontier ever knew!

Daniel Boone was a man,
Yes, a big man!
And he fought for America
To make all Americans free!

What a Boone, what a do-er,
What a dream come-er true-er was he!

• This Land is Your Land Song •

This Song is meant for Boy Scouts.

Decide for yourself if it is appropriate for your younger scouts or not.

The Tune:

Lyrics:

Chorus:

This land is your land, this land is my land
From California, to the New York Island
From the redwood forest, to the gulf stream waters
This land was made for you and me.

As I was walking that ribbon of highway
I saw above me an endless skyway
I saw below me that golden valley
This land was made for you and me.

Chorus

I've roamed and rambled and I followed my footsteps
To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts
And all around me a voice was sounding
This land was made for you and me.

Chorus

When the sun came shining, and I was strolling
And the wheat fields waving and the dust clouds rolling
As the fog was lifting a voice was chanting
This land was made for you and me.

Chorus

As I went walking, I saw a sign there
And on the sign it said, 'No Trespassing'
But on the other side it didn't say nothing!
That side was made for you and me.

Chorus

In the shadow of the steeple I saw my people
By the relief office, I seen my people
As they stood there hungry, I stood there asking
Is this land made for you and me?

Chorus

Nobody living can ever stop me
As I go walking that freedom highway
Nobody living can ever make me turn back
This land was made for you and me.

Chorus

• Yankee Doodle Song •

The Tune:

Lyrics:

Yankee Doodle went to town
A-riding on a pony
Stuck a feather in his hat
And called it macaroni.

Yankee Doodle, keep it up
Yankee Doodle dandy
Mind the music and the step
And with the girls be handy.

Father and I went down to camp
Along with Captain Gooding
And there we saw the men and boys
As thick as hasty pudding.

Yankee Doodle, keep it up
Yankee Doodle dandy
Mind the music and the step
And with the girls be handy.

There was Captain Washington
Upon a slapping stallion
A-giving orders to his men
I guess there was a million.

Yankee Doodle, keep it up
Yankee Doodle dandy
Mind the music and the step
And with the girls be handy.

• Row, Row, Row Your Boat Song •

Lyrics:

Row, row, row your boat
Gently down the stream.
Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily,
Life is but a dream.

Row, row, row your boat
Gently down the stream.
Throw the Leaders overboard
And listen to them scream.

Row, row, row your boat
Underneath the stream.
Ha, ha! Fooled you.
We're in a submarine.

Row, row, row your boat
Careful as can be.
Watch out for that tidal wave,
We're on the open sea.

Row, row, row your boat.
Try to catch a fish.
Snag 'im, reel 'im, clean 'im, fry 'im,
Place 'im on a dish.

Row, row, row your boat.
Quickly cross the creek.
The boat is filling up real fast,
I think it sprung a leak.

Row, row, row your boat.
With your dog named Rover.
Shut up! Sit Down!
Or, you'll tip us over.

Propel, propel, propel your craft
Placidly along the liquid solution.
Ecstatically, ecstatically, ecstatically, ecstatically
Existence is but a delusion.

• Take Me Out to the Scout Camp Song •

Tune: Take Me Out to the Ball Game

Lyrics:

Take me out to the scout camp,
Take me out with my Troop.
Buy me some goodies and leathercrafts,
I don't care if I ever get back.
For it's swim, shoot, climb with the camp staff.
If they're not trained it's a shame.
For it's 1, 2, 3 miles you hike at the old scout camp.

• Star Spangled Banner Song •

Lyrics:

Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.
O say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream:
'Tis the star-spangled banner: O, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave:
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

O, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand,
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation;
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us as a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

• This Land is Your Land Song •

This Song is meant for Boy Scouts.

Decide for yourself if it is appropriate for your younger scouts or not.

The Tune:

Lyrics:

Chorus:

This land is your land, this land is my land
From California, to the New York Island
From the redwood forest, to the gulf stream waters
This land was made for you and me.

As I was walking that ribbon of highway
I saw above me an endless skyway
I saw below me that golden valley
This land was made for you and me.

Chorus

I've roamed and rambled and I followed my footsteps
To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts
And all around me a voice was sounding
This land was made for you and me.

Chorus

When the sun came shining, and I was strolling
And the wheat fields waving and the dust clouds rolling
As the fog was lifting a voice was chanting
This land was made for you and me.

Chorus

As I went walking, I saw a sign there
And on the sign it said, 'No Trespassing'
But on the other side it didn't say nothing!
That side was made for you and me.

Chorus

In the shadow of the steeple I saw my people
By the relief office, I seen my people
As they stood there hungry, I stood there asking
Is this land made for you and me?

Chorus

Nobody living can ever stop me
As I go walking that freedom highway
Nobody living can ever make me turn back
This land was made for you and me.

Chorus

• Yankee Doodle Song •

The Tune:

Lyrics:

Yankee Doodle went to town
A-riding on a pony
Stuck a feather in his hat
And called it macaroni.

Yankee Doodle, keep it up
Yankee Doodle dandy
Mind the music and the step
And with the girls be handy.

Father and I went down to camp
Along with Captain Gooding
And there we saw the men and boys
As thick as hasty pudding.

Yankee Doodle, keep it up
Yankee Doodle dandy
Mind the music and the step
And with the girls be handy.

There was Captain Washington
Upon a slapping stallion
A-giving orders to his men
I guess there was a million.

Yankee Doodle, keep it up
Yankee Doodle dandy
Mind the music and the step
And with the girls be handy.

• Row, Row, Row Your Boat Song •

Lyrics:

Row, row, row your boat
Gently down the stream.
Merrily, merrily, merrily, merilly,
Life is but a dream.

Row, row, row your boat
Gently down the stream.
Throw the Leaders overboard
And listen to them scream.

Row, row, row your boat
Underneath the stream.
Ha, ha! Fooled you.
We're in a submarine.

Row, row, row your boat
Careful as can be.
Watch out for that tidal wave,
We're on the open sea.

Row, row, row your boat.
Try to catch a fish.
Snag 'im, reel 'im, clean 'im, fry 'im,
Place 'im on a dish.

Row, row, row your boat.
Quickly cross the creek.
The boat is filling up real fast,
I think it sprung a leak.

Row, row, row your boat.
With your dog named Rover.
Shut up! Sit Down!
Or, you'll tip us over.

Propel, propel, propel your craft
Placidly along the liquid solution.
Ecstatically, ecstatically, ecstatically, ecstatically
Existence is but a delusion.

• Take Me Out to the Scout Camp Song •

Tune: Take Me Out to the Ball Game

Lyrics:

Take me out to the scout camp,
Take me out with my Troop.
Buy me some goodies and leathercrafts,
I don't care if I ever get back.
For it's swim, shoot, climb with the camp staff.
If they're not trained it's a shame.
For it's 1, 2, 3 miles you hike at the old scout camp.

• Star Spangled Banner Song •

Lyrics:

Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.
O say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream:
'Tis the star-spangled banner: O, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave:
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

O, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand,
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation;
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us as a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

• Everywhere We Go Song •

The Tune:



Lyrics:

(Leader sings a line and all repeat)

Everywhere we go-o
Pe-ople want to know-o
Who we a-are
And where we come from
So we tell them
We're from [name of town]
Mighty, mighty [town]
And if they can't hear us
We sing a little louder

(Repeat, get louder each time until you reach your limit)

...
And if they can't hear us
They must be DEAF!!!!

An alternate version:

Everywhere we go-o
Pe-ople want to know-o
Who we a-are
And, So we tell them
We're the [name of group]
Mighty, mighty [group]
And if they can't hear us
We sing a little louder

• God Bless My Underwear Song •

The Tune: (God Bless America)



Lyrics:

God bless my underwear, my only pair.
Stand beside them, and guide them,
Through the rips, through the holes, through the tears.
From the washer, to the dryer, to my backpack, to my rear.
God bless my underwear, my only pair.
God bless my underwear, or I'll be bare.

God bless my underwear
That I wear down there.
I outgrow them, then throw them,
Those who wear them will never be square
When the bully, gives a wedgie
Pray that they won't ever tear
God bless my underwear, my only pair.
God bless my underwear, or I'll need to share.

• God Bless the USA Song •

This Song is meant for Boy Scouts.
Decide for yourself if it is appropriate for your younger scouts or not.

Lyrics:

If tomorrow all the things were gone,
I'd worked for all my life.
And I had to start again,
with just my children and my wife.

I'd thank my lucky stars,
to be livin' here today.
'Cause the flag still stands for freedom,
and they can't take that away.

And I'm proud to be an American,
where at least I know I'm free.
And I won't forget the men who died,
who gave that right to me.

And I gladly stand up,
next to you and defend her still today.
'Cause there ain't no doubt I love this land,
God bless the USA.

From the lakes of Minnesota,
to the hills of Tennessee.
Across the plains of Texas,
From sea to shining sea.

From Detroit down to Houston,
and New York to L.A.
Well there's pride in every American heart,
and its time we stand and say.

That I'm proud to be an American,
where at least I know I'm free.
And I won't forget the men who died,
who gave that right to me.

And I gladly stand up,
next to you and defend her still today.
'Cause there ain't no doubt I love this land,
God bless the USA.

And I'm proud to be an American,
where at least I know I'm free.
And I won't forget the men who died,
who gave that right to me.

And I gladly stand up,
next to you and defend her still today.
'Cause there ain't no doubt I love this land,
God bless the USA.

• Eddie Koochie Catchinary Song •

Lyrics:

Chorus:

Eddie Koochie Catchinary Toesinary Moesinary Sammy Gammy Wacky Brown
WHO?

Eddie Koochie Catchinary Toesinary Moesinary Sammy Gammy Wacky Brown
Fell into the well,
Fell into the well,
Fell into the deep dark well.

Susie Jones was milking in the barn
Saw him fall and ran inside to tell her mom that...
- Chorus

Susie's Mom was Baking Cracklin Bread
Called old Joe and told him that her Susie said that...
- Chorus

Then Old Joe he laid his plow aside
Grabbed his cane and hobbled into town and cried that...
- Chorus

To the well everybody came
What a shame it took so long to say his name that...
Eddie Koochie Catchinary Toesinary Moesinary Sammy Gammy Wacky Brown
WHO?
Eddie Koochie Catchinary Toesinary Moesinary Sammy Gammy Wacky Brown -
DROWNED!

• Food Song •

The Tune: The Gang's All Here (just the chorus which comes about 35 seconds into the music)



Lyrics:

Soup, soup, we all want soup,
Tip your bowl and drain it,
Let your whiskers strain it,
Hark, hark, that funny noise,
Listening to the gurgling, boys.

Meat, meat, we must have meat,
Fresh and juicy cow meat,
Ham and pickled pigs feet,
Veal, lamb and pork chops too,
Any kind of meat will do.

Fish, fish, we all want fish,
Fish that isn't bony,
Nor a little phony.
Fresh fish, we won't eat stale,
Any kind of fish but whale.

Pie, pie, we all want pie,
Apple, peach and cherry,
Cheese and huckleberry,
Mince pie is very fine.
That's the way that we boys dine!

* Dog Bean Song *

Preparation:

Have at least one accomplice that has a dog name ready.

You should pronounce 'been' formally like 'bean'.

If you start with less obvious names and work towards the obvious, it may take new guys longer to figure out the joke.

Lyrics:

My dog Rover likes to roam
One day Rover left his home
He came back, nice and clean
Where oh where had Rover been?
Rover been, Rover been
Where oh where had Rover been?

[Say this part]

Hey, Joe! (or Bob or Larry or ...)

Yeah?

Do you have a dog?

Yeah!

What's your dog's name?

Jelly!

Joe's dog Jelly likes to roam
One day Jelly left his home
He came back, nice and clean
Where oh where had Jelly bean?
Jelly bean, Jelly bean
Where oh where had Jelly bean?

[Continue asking for other dog names]

Other verses:

Jumping, Mister, Navy, Kidney, Garbanzo, Lima, Coffee

• Follow Me, Boys Song •

Chorus:

Follow me boys, follow me.
When you think your really beat
That's the time to lift your feet,
And follow me boys, follow me.
Pick'em up, put'em down and follow me,
Pick'em up, put'em down pick'em up.

There's a job to do,
There's a fight to win,
Follow me boys, follow me.
And it won't be time till we all pitch in,
Lift your chin with a grin and follow me.
- Chorus

It's a long long climb,
But we've got the will,
Follow me boys, follow me.
When we reach the top
Then It's all down hill,
Till you drop don't you stop and follow me.
- Chorus

So the journey's end
Is beyond our sight,
Follow me boys, follow me.
If we do our best
Then we've done alright,
Pack your load, hit the road and follow me.
- Chorus

• Friends Are Nothing Song •

This Song is meant for Boy Scouts, Webelos scouts.
Decide for yourself if it is appropriate for your younger scouts or not.

Lyrics:

Friends are nothing till they laugh together.
They must laugh the whole day,
They must laugh the night away.
They must laugh, together they must laugh.

Friends are nothing till they sing together.
They must sing the whole day,
They must sing the night away.
They must sing, together they must sing.

Friends are nothing till they dance together.
They must dance the whole day,
They must dance the night away.
They must dance, together they must dance.

Friends are nothing till they camp together.
They must camp the whole day,
They must camp the night away.
They must camp, together they must camp.

Friends are nothing till they part.
They must part through the years,
They must part with many tears.
They must part, and hope to meet again some day.

• Frankenstein Song •

Tune: (Clementine)



Lyrics:

In a castle, on a mountain,
Near the dark and murky Rhine.
Dwelt a doctor, the concoctor,
Of the monster, Frankenstein.

Chorus

Oh my monster, oh my monster,
Oh my monster, Frankenstein.
You were built to last forever,
Dreadful scary Frankenstein.

In a graveyard, near the castle,
Where the sun refused to shine,
He found noses and some toeses
For his monster Frankenstein.

Chorus

So he took them and he built him,
From the pieces he did find.
And with lightning he animated
The scary monster Frankenstein.

Chorus

Scared the townsfolk, scared the Police,
Scared the kids did Frankenstein,
Til with torches, they did chase him,
To the castle by the Rhine.

Chorus

• Battle Hymn Scouting Verses Song •

The Tune:

Lyrics:

The Weekend

I have seen the sky in darkness, I have seen it in the sun,
I have felt the rain upon me, I've enjoyed the snowy fun.
When the weather isn't cloudy or the wind it doesn't blow.
It isn't only raining, it's the weekend too, you know.
Glory, glory, it's the weekend!
Glory, glory, it's the weekend!
I can tell because it's raining and it's 42 below,
As we Scouts go marching on.

Ode to a Den Leader

After raising six sweet daughters, I was glad to have a son.
I thought of all the games we'd play, the picnics, hikes and fun.
I thought of how we'd sit and talk for hours when day is done.
Oh, wasn't I the foolish one.

Chorus:

Glory, glory, I'm a leader.
How'd I get to be a leader?
All I ever wanted was to have a little fun
Cub Scouting with my son.

I tried to make excuses and their pleas to ignore.
I said, 'I'm not equipped!' they said, 'Oh, yes you are, what more,
We will train you in the basics and outfit you for the corps.'
And they shoved me out the door.

Chorus

They taught me how to sing a song and how to tie a knot.
They taught me how to do a skit, make puppets on the spot.
They taught me all I'd need to know, at least that's what I thought.
'Til a Cub came in with a snake that he'd caught!

Chorus

The time arrived for hiking, just my Webelos den and me.
They say the woods are full of many sights for you to see.
I know we sure were sights when we were found, eventually.
And I do this all for free.

Chorus

But even though I mumble and I grumble and I pout
And many times I wonder what's the best way to get out.
When all is said and done there really isn't any doubt.
I'm glad to be a scout!

Glory, glory, I'm a leader!
I'm so glad to be a leader!
When all is said and done and then they lay me to my rest,
They'll say I did my best!

• Anchors Aweigh Song •

This Song is meant for Boy Scouts.
Decide for yourself if it is appropriate for your younger scouts or not.

The Tune:

Lyrics:

Stand, Navy, out to sea, Fight our battle cry;
We'll never change our course, So vicious foe steer shy-y-y-y.
Roll out the TNT, Anchors Aweigh.
Sail on to victory
And sink their bones to Davy Jones, hooray!

Anchors Aweigh, my boys, Anchors Aweigh.
Farewell to college joys, we sail at break of day-ay-ay-ay.
Through our last night on shore, drink to the foam,
Until we meet once more,
Here's wishing you a happy voyage home.

The Original Version

Stand Navy down the field, sails set to the sky.
We'll never change our course, so Army you steer shy-y-y-y.
Roll up the score, Navy, Anchors Aweigh.
Sail Navy down the field and sink the Army, sink the Army Grey.

Get underway, Navy, decks cleared for the fray,
We'll hoist true Navy Blue o Army down your Grey-y-y-y.
Full speed ahead, Navy; Army heave to,
Furl Black and Grey and Gold and hoist the Navy, hoist the Navy Blue

Blue of the Seven Seas; gold of God's great sun
Let these our colors be till all of time be done-n-n-ne,
By Severn shore we learn Navy's stern call:
Faith, courage, service true, with honor over, honor over all.

• Apples and Bananas Song •

Lyrics:

I like to eat, I like to eat, eight apples and bananas
I like to eat, I like to eat, eight apples and bananas

(Repeat replacing all vowels with the long "a", "e",
"i", "o", "u")

For example:

A lAke tA Ate, A lAke tA Ate, Ate Aapples And bAnAnAs ...

• Day-O Song •

Chorus:

Day-o, me say day-o
Daylight come and me wanna go home,
Day-o, me say day-o
Daylight come and me wanna go home.

Work all night 'til the mornin' come,
Daylight come and me wanna go home,
Stack banana 'til the mornin' come,
Daylight come and me wanna go home.

Come mister tally man, tally me banana,
Daylight come and me wanna go home,
Come mister tally man, tally me banana,
Daylight come and me wanna go home.

Chorus

A beautiful bunch o' ripe bananas,
Daylight come and me wanna go home,
Lift six hand, seven hand, eight hand bunch,
Daylight come and me wanna go home.

Come mister tally man, tally me banana,
Daylight come and me wanna go home,
Come mister tally man, tally me banana,
Daylight come and me wanna go home.

Chorus

Day-o, me say day-o,
Daylight come and me wanna go home.

Day Old Bakery

Chorus:

Day-o, me say day-o
Day Old Bakery's the one for me.
Day-o, me say day-o
Day Old Bakery's the one for me.

Year old Twinkies still look fresh.
Day Old Bakery's the one for me.
But if you eat 'em you get a rash.
Day Old Bakery's the one for me.

Stay away from the cream-filled stuff.
Day Old Bakery's the one for me.
See some green stuff, just cut it off.
Day Old Bakery's the one for me.

Noon to six it's 2 for 1.
Day Old Bakery's the one for me.
A chocolate doughnut and a Cinnabun.

Day Old Bakery's the one for me.

Donuts stale but the coffee's hot!
Day Old Bakery's the one for me.
I'll share the cup that I just bought.
Day Old Bakery's the one for me.

Apple fritters, they slide right down.
Day Old Bakery's the one for me.
They taste as good, second time around.
Day Old Bakery's the one for me.

Eat the donuts the cops won't buy.
Day Old Bakery's the one for me.
Jelly-filled ones bounce real high.
Day Old Bakery's the one for me.

Come Mr. Baker Man, bake me some doughnuts.
Day Old Bakery's the one for me.
Day-o, me say day-o
Day Old Bakery's the one for me.

• Gilligan's Island Song •



Tune:

Lyrics:

Just sit right back and you'll hear a tale,
a tale of a fateful trip.
That started from this tropic port,
aboard this tiny ship.

The mate was a mighty sailing man,
the skipper brave and sure.
Five passengers set sail that day,
for a three hour tour.
a three hour tour.

The weather started getting rough,
the tiny ship was tossed.
If not for the courage of the fearless crew,
the Minnow would be lost,
the Minnow would be lost.

The ship took ground on the shore of this
uncharted desert isle,
with Giligan, the skipper too,
The millionaire, and his wife,
The movie star,
The professor, and MaryAnn,
here on Gilligan's Isle.

So this is the tale of our castaways,
they're here for a long, long time.
They'll have to make the best of things,
it's an uphill climb.

The first mate, and his skipper too,
will do their very best
to make the others comfortable
in this tropic island nest.

No Phones, No lights, No Motorcars,
Not a single luxury.
Like Robinson Crusoe
It's primitive as can be.

So join us here each week, my friend,
you're sure to get a smile,
from seven stranded castaways,
Here on Gilligan's Isle!

• Roadkill Stew Song •

Tune: Three Blind Mice

Lyrics:

Roadkill stew
Roadkill stew
Tastes so good
Just like it should

First you go down to the Interstate
You wait for the critter to meet its fate
You take it home and make it great
Roadkill stew
Roadkill stew

Three blind mice are dead
Three blind mice are dead
See how they lie
See how they lie
Cold grey bodies on the slab
Cold grey bodies on the slab
Poor dead mice
Poor dead mice

Egg fried rice
Egg fried rice
King prawn foo yung
King prawn foo yung
Beef with pepper and black bean sauce
Battered round meat things (I hope it's not horse)
Did I remember to order, of course
The egg fried rice

Egg fried rice
Egg fried rice
Crispy won ton
Crispy won ton
Half an aromatic crispy duck
Served with pancakes and hoi sin muck
(I don't think it'd dead 'cause I just heard a 'cluck')
And egg fried rice

Egg fried rice
Egg fried rice
Spring onion
Spring onion
Szechuan chicken washed down with Champagne
Deep fried seaweed and chicken chow mein
Eat it all once, and then eat it again

With egg fried rice

Three small rodents with optical deficiencies,
Three small rodents with optical deficiencies,
Observe how they perambulate,
Observe how they perambulate!
They all hastened after the agriculturist's spouse.
She severed their posterior appendages with a chef's chopping implement.
Have ever you audited such an account in your existence
As three small rodents with optical deficiencies?

Three small mice, three small mice,
They pined for some fun, they pined for some fun.
They made up their minds to set out to roam,
Said they, 'Too dull to remain at home'
And all the luggage they took was a comb,
Three small mice, three small mice.

Three bold mice, three bold mice,
They came to an inn, they came to an inn.
Good evening good host can you give us a bed ?
The host he grinned and shook his head
So they all slept out in a field instead,
Three bold mice, three bold mice.

Three cold mice, three cold mice,
They woke up next morn, they woke up next morn.
They each had a cold and a swollen face
From sleeping all night in an open space;
They rose quite early and left the place.
Three cold mice, three cold mice.

Three hungry mice, three hungry mice,
They searched for some food, they searched for some food.
But all they found was a walnut shell
That lay by the side of a dried-up well;
Who had eaten the nut they could not tell,
Three hungry mice, three hungry mice.

Three starved mice, three starved mice,
They came to a farm, they came to a farm.
The farmer was eating some bread and cheese,
So they all went down on their hands and knees,
Said 'Oh give us a morsel please'.
Three starved mice, three starved mice.

Three glad mice, three glad mice,
They ate all they could, they ate all they could.
They felt so happy they danced with glee
But the farmer's wife came out to see
What might their merrymaking be.
Three glad mice, three glad mice.

Three poor mice, three poor mice,
They soon changed their tune, they soon changed their tune.

The farmer's wife said what are you at,
And why are you dancing around like that ?
Just wait a minute I'll fetch the cat.
Three poor mice, three poor mice.

Three scared mice, three scared mice,
They ran for their lives, they ran for their lives.
They jumped out on the window ledge,
The mention of cats put their teeth on edge
So they hid themselves in a bramble hedge.
Three scared mice, three scared mice.

Three sad mice, three sad mice,
What could they do, what could they do ?
The bramble hedge was most unkind,
It scratched their eyes and made them blind
And soon each mouse went out of his mind.
Three sad mice, three sad mice.

Three blind mice, three blind mice,
See how they run, see how they run.
They all ran after the farmer's wife
Who cut off their tails with a carving knife,
Did you ever see such a sight in your life
As three blind mice, three blind mice.

Three sick mice, three sick mice.
They gave way to tears, they gave way to tears.
They could not see and they had no end
So they went to the doctor and found a friend
Who gave them some Never-Too-Late-To-Mend.
Three sick mice, three sick mice.

Three wise mice, three wise mice,
Rubbed rubbed away, rubbed rubbed away.
And soon their tails began to grow
And their eyes recovered their sight, you know.
They looked in the mirror, it told them so.
Three wise mice, three wise mice.

Three proud mice, three proud mice,
They soon settled down, they soon settled down.
The name of their house I cannot tell,
But they've learned a trade and they're doing well.
If you pay them a visit, just ring the bell,
Three times twice, three times twice.

Rattlin' Bog

CHORUS:

Oh ho the rattlin' bog
The bog down in the valley-oh
Oh ho the rattlin' bog
The bog down in the valley-oh

Now, in this bog,
There was a tree,
A rare tree,
A rattlin' tree,
The tree in the bog,
And the bog down in the valley-oh!

CHORUS

Now, on this tree,
There was a limb,
A rare limb,
A rattlin' limb,
The limb on the tree,
And the tree in the bog,
And the bog down in the valley-oh!

CHORUS

Now, on this limb,
There was a branch,
A rare branch,
A rattlin' branch,
The branch on the limb,
And the limb on the tree,
And the tree in the bog,
And the bog down in the valley-oh!

CHORUS

Repeat with...
...a twig on the branch.
...a nest on the twig.
...an egg in the nest.
...a bird in the egg.
...a feather on the bird.
...a flea on the feather.

Rolling Over the River

CHORUS:

Rolling over the river, rolling over the sea
Rolling over the river and the deep blue sea
Rolling over the river, rolling over the sea
Rolling over the river and the deep blue sea

It's cheese, cheese
It's cheese that make the mice go round
It's cheese, cheese
It's cheese that make the mice go round
It's cheese, cheese
It's cheese that make the mice go round
It's cheese that make the mice go round!

CHORUS

- OVER -

Repeat with...

... it's mice that make the cats go round.
...it's cats that make the dogs go round.
...it's dogs that make the Cubs go round.
...it's Cubs that make the staff go round.
...it's staff that make the world go round.

Scout Wetspurs

Sung to the tune of "O Tannenbaum"

Softly falls the rain today
As our campfire floats away
Silently each scout should ask,
"Have I packed my SCUBA mask?
Have I checked my raft for leaks?
My PFD's been gone for weeks...
Have I done and have I dared
Everything to be prepared?"

Shaving Cream

I have a sad story to tell you
It may hurt your feelings a bit
If any of you are offended
Stick your head in a bucket of...

CHORUS:

Shaving cream
Be nice and clean
Shave every day
And you'll always look keen

A baby fell out of a window
You'd think that its head would be split
But luck was with her that morning
For she fell in a big pile of...

CHORUS

A lady died in a bathtub
She died of a terrible fit
In order to fulfill her wishes
She was buried in six feet of...

CHORUS

Once while in the Army
I looked into my kit
I thought I would find there a sandwich
But instead it was filled up with...

CHORUS

I think I'll break up with my girlfriend
Her actions are strange, I'll admit
Whenever I tell her I love her
She tells me that I'm full of...

CHORUS

And that is the end of my story
I think that it's time that I quit
If anyone didn't like the verses
Stick your head in a bucket of...

CHORUS

Waltzing with Bears

Our Uncle Earl's not right in the head
He's been that way all his life, my mother said
It's not that he's violent or falls down the stairs
It's just he goes waltzing, waltzing with bears

CHORUS:

He goes wa wa wa wa waltzing, waltzing with bears
Raggy bears, shaggy bears, baggy bears too
There's nothing on earth Uncle Earl won't do
So he can go waltzing, wa wa wa wa waltzing
He can go waltzing, waltzing with bears

I went to his room in the middle of the night
I tiptoed in and I turned on the light
But to my surprise, he was nowhere in sight
For my Uncle Earl goes waltzing at night

CHORUS

We gave Uncle Earl a new coat to wear
When he came home it was covered with hair
Lately I've noticed several new tears
I think Uncle Earl's been waltzing with bears

CHORUS

We told Uncle Earl that he should be good
Do all the things that we think he should
But I know that he'd rather be out in the wood
I'm afraid we might lose Uncle Earl for good

CHORUS

Well we begged and we pleaded, "Oh please won't you stay"
Managed to keep him at home for a day
But the bears all barged in and they took him away
Now he's dancing with pandas,
And he can't understand us
And the bears all demand at least one waltz a day

CHORUS

Way Up in the Sky

Way up in the sky
The big birdies fly
While down in the nest
The little birdies rest
Shhh...they're sleeping!
The bright sun comes up
The dew goes away
Good morning! Good morning!
The little birdies say!

Titanic

O, they built the ship Titanic to sail the ocean blue
And they thought they'd built a ship that the water'd never
run through
But the good Lord raised his hand and said, "This ship will
never land!"
It was sad when the great ship went down.

CHORUS:

O it was sad, so sad
It was when the great ship went down
To the bottom of the see-ee-ce-ee
It was sad when the great ship went down.

Well, they were so far England, they were so far from shore
When the rich refused to mingle with the poor
So they put them down below where they'd be the first to go
It was sad when the great ship went down.

CHORUS

Well, the iceberg was so tall and the water was so cold
That the captain shouted, "Men, bring the bug juice from the
hold!"
They poured some over the side and then they drank the rest
and died
It was sad when the great ship went down.

CHORUS

Well, the captain stood on deck with a teardrop in his eye
As the last lifeboat left, he waved them all goodbye
He knew he'd made a slip so he went down with the ship
It was sad when the great ship went down.

CHORUS

Well, they built a sister ship called the S.S. Mary Lou
And they thought they'd built a ship that the water'd never
run through
But they christened her with beer and she sank right off the
pier
It was sad when the great ship went down.

CHORUS

Well, the moral of this story as you can plainly see
Is to wear a life preserver, it's called a PFD!
Titanic never made it across the raging foam
It was sad when the great ship went down.

CHORUS

Tie Me Kangaroo Down

CHORUS:

Tie me kangaroo down sport,
Tie me kangaroo down
Tie me kangaroo down sport,
Tie me kangaroo down

Watch me wallabies feed mate,
Watch me wallabies feed.
They're a dangerous breed mate
So watch me wallabies feed

CHORUS

Keep me cockatoo cool, Curl,
Keep me cockatoo cool
Don't go acting the fool, Curl,
Just keep me cockatoo cool

CHORUS

Take me koala back, Jack,
Take me koala back
He lives somewhere out on the track, Mac,
So take me koala back

CHORUS

Mind me platypus duck, Bill,
Mind me platypus duck
Don't let him go running amok, Bill,
Mind me platypus duck

CHORUS

Play your didgeridoo, Blue,
Play your didgeridoo
Keep playing 'til I shoot thro' Blue,
Play your didgeridoo

CHORUS

Tan me hide when I'm dead, Fred,
Tan me hide when I'm dead
So we tanned his hide when he died Clyde,
And that's it hanging on the shed

CHORUS

Rattlin' Bog

CHORUS:

Oh ho the rattlin' bog
The bog down in the valley-oh
Oh ho the rattlin' bog
The bog down in the valley-oh

Now, in this bog,
There was a tree,
A rare tree,
A rattlin' tree,
The tree in the bog,
And the bog down in the valley-oh!

CHORUS

Now, on this tree,
There was a limb,
A rare limb,
A rattlin' limb,
The limb on the tree,
And the tree in the bog,
And the bog down in the valley-oh!

CHORUS

Now, on this limb,
There was a branch,
A rare branch,
A rattlin' branch,
The branch on the limb,
And the limb on the tree,
And the tree in the bog,
And the bog down in the valley-oh!

CHORUS

Repeat with...
...a twig on the branch.
...a nest on the twig.
...an egg in the nest.
...a bird in the egg.
...a feather on the bird.
...a flea on the feather.

Rolling Over the River

CHORUS:

Rolling over the river, rolling over the sea
Rolling over the river and the deep blue sea
Rolling over the river, rolling over the sea
Rolling over the river and the deep blue sea

It's cheese, cheese
It's cheese that make the mice go round
It's cheese, cheese
It's cheese that make the mice go round
It's cheese, cheese
It's cheese that make the mice go round
It's cheese that make the mice go round!

CHORUS

- OVER -

Repeat with...

... it's mice that make the cats go round.
...it's cats that make the dogs go round.
...it's dogs that make the Cubs go round.
...it's Cubs that make the staff go round.
...it's staff that make the world go round.

Scout Wetspurs

Sung to the tune of "O Tannenbaum"

Softly falls the rain today
As our campfire floats away
Silently each scout should ask,
"Have I packed my SCUBA mask?
Have I checked my raft for leaks?
My PFD's been gone for weeks...
Have I done and have I dared
Everything to be prepared?"

Shaving Cream

I have a sad story to tell you
It may hurt your feelings a bit
If any of you are offended
Stick your head in a bucket of...

CHORUS:

Shaving cream
Be nice and clean
Shave every day
And you'll always look keen

A baby fell out of a window
You'd think that its head would be split
But luck was with her that morning
For she fell in a big pile of...

CHORUS

A lady died in a bathtub
She died of a terrible fit
In order to fulfill her wishes
She was buried in six feet of...

CHORUS

Once while in the Army
I looked into my kit
I thought I would find there a sandwich
But instead it was filled up with...

CHORUS

I think I'll break up with my girlfriend
Her actions are strange, I'll admit
Whenever I tell her I love her
She tells me that I'm full of...

CHORUS

And that is the end of my story
I think that it's time that I quit
If anyone didn't like the verses
Stick your head in a bucket of...

CHORUS

Six Pence

I've got six pence
Jolly jolly six pence
I've got six pence
To last me all my life
I've got two pence to spend
And two pence to lend
And two pence to send home to my wife (poor wife)

CHORUS:

No cars have I to grieve me
No pretty little girls to deceive me
I'm as happy as a lark believe me
As we go rolling rolling home (rolling home)
Rolling home (rolling home)
Rolling home (rolling home)
By the light of the silvery moon
Happy is the day when the staff gets paid!
As we go rolling rolling home

Repeat with...
...four pence.
...two pence.
...no pence.
...credit.

Stay on the Sunny Side

CHORUS:

Stay on the sunny side
Always on the sunny side
Stay on the sunny side of life! Yeehaw!
You'll feel no pain
As we drive you insane
If you stay on the sunny side of life!

Call: Knock knock!
Answer: Who's there?
Call: Eather!
Answer: Eather who?
Call: The Eather Bunny!
Answer: Ha ha.

CHORUS

Repeat with...
...Knock knock... 'Nudder... 'Nudder Eather Bunny!
...Knock knock... Mack... Mack truck go beep beep all over
the Eather Bunnies.
...Knock knock... Boo... Don't cry, Eather Bunnies! I'll be
back next year!
...Knock knock... George Washington... You don't know
who George Washington is?

If I Were Not A...

All (CHORUS):

If I were not a Boy Scout, something I'd rather be...
If I were not a Boy Scout...

Fireman:

A fireman's what I'd be!
Jump lady, jump lady, ooh, splat!

Dairy farmer:

A dairy farmer's what I'd be!
Give, Bessie, give! Momma's gotta live!

Garbage man:

A garbage man's what I'd be!
Pick it up, dump it out, Look for all the good stuff!

Camp cook:

A camp cook's what I'd be!
Pick it up, dump it out, Look for all the good stuff!

Plumber:

A plumber's what I'd be!
Push it, flush it, look out below!

Boxer:

A boxer's what I'd be!
Give 'em a right, give 'em a left,
Knock out his jaw!

Statue:

A statue's what I'd be! (poses)

Girl Scout:

A Girl Scout's what I'd be!
Hey mister, hi mister, wanna buy a cookie?

I've Been Workin' on the Railroad

I've been workin' on the railroad
All the live-long day
I've been workin' on the railroad
Just to pass the time away

Can't you hear the whistle blowin'
Rise up so early in the morn'
Can't you hear the captain shoutin'
Donna blow your horn!

Donna won't you blow, Donna won't you blow
Donna won't you blow your hor-or-orn!
Donna won't you blow, Donna won't you blow
Donna won't you blow your horn!

Someone's in the kitchen with Donna!
Someone's in the kitchen I know-o-o-ow
Someone's in the kitchen with Donna!
Strummin' on the old banjo

And singin' fee fi fiddle-I-oh
Fee fi fiddle-I-oh-oh-oh-oh
Fee fi fiddle-I-oh
Strummin' on the old banjo

It's a Lie

I was born a hundred thousand years ago
And there's nothing in this world that I don't know
I saw Peter, Paul and Moses
Playing ring-around-the-roses,
And I'll lick the guy that says it isn't so!

CHORUS:

It's a lie, it's a lie
Ship ahoy, ship a-hey, ship a-hi-i-i
Oh, I've sailed the seven seas
In my dirty dungarees,
But I never ever ever saw a mermaid.

I saw Satan when he looked the Garden o'er
I saw Eve and Adam driven from the door
I was 'round the corner peakin'
At the apple they were eating'
And in fact, I'm the guy that ate the core!

CHORUS

I saw Jonah when he shoved off in the whale
And I never thought he'd live to tell the tale
But ol' Jonah'd been eatin' garlic
And he gave the whale a colic,
So he coughed him up and let out of jail!

CHORUS

I saw Israel in the Battle of the Nile
Where the arrows flew thick and fast and wild
I saw David with his sling
Pop Goliath in the wing;
I was doin' forty seconds to the mile!

CHORUS

I saw Caesar when he crossed the Rubicon
And I even built the bridge he crossed it on
I saw Hannibal at home,
I saw Nero burning Rome,
And I even saw the fall of Babylon!

CHORUS

I saw Samson when he laid the village cold
I saw Daniel tame the lions in their hold
I helped build the Tower of Babel
Up as high as they was able,
And there's lots of other things I haven't told!

CHORUS

Now you may think that this tale of mine isn't true
But what difference does it really make to you?
I've been feeding you this line
Just to pass away the time,
And now I think I'll quit 'cause I'm through!

CHORUS

Super California Surfers Experts on the Ocean

Super California surfers, experts on the ocean,
Even though that some of them do not wear suntan lotion
When they hit the waves too hard, they're always in the motion.
Super California surfers, experts on the ocean.

Um didle iddle iddle um diddle lie,
Um didle iddle iddle um diddle lie...

Because I was afraid to surf
When I was just a lad
My father took my board away
And told me I was bad.
But then one day I heard the word
That every surfer knows.
The biggest word you ever heard, and this is how it goes:

Super California surfers, experts on the ocean,
Even though that some of them do not wear suntan lotion
When they hit the waves too hard, they're always in the motion.
Super California surfers, experts on the ocean.

Throw It Out the Window

CHORUS:

The window, the window
The second story window
Give me a rhyme
And I'll sing it in time
And throw it out the window

Mary had a little lamb
Its fleaze was white as snow
And every where that mary went
She threw it out
The window...

CHORUS

Humpty dumpty sat on a wall
Humpty dumpty had a great fall
And all the kings horses
And all the kings men
Threw him out, the window...

CHORUS

Jack and jill went up the hill
To fetch a pale of water
Jack fell down and broke his crown
And jill threw him out the window...

Hey diddle, diddle
The cat and the fiddle
The cow jumped over the moon
The little dog laughed to see such fun
That he threw them out the window...

CHORUS

Hickory dickory dock
The mouse ran up
The clock,
The clock struck one, the mouse ran down
So we threw it out the window...

CHORUS

John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmidt

John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmidt,
His name is my name too.
Whenever we go out
The people always shout,
There goes John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmidt!
Da, da, da, da, da, da...

*Repeat several times, getting quieter each time, but keeping
the last line at full volume.*

Kookaburra

Kookaburra sits in the old gum tree
Merry, merry king of the bush is he
Laugh, Kookaburra! Laugh, Kookaburra!
Gay your life must be.

Kookaburra sits in the old gum tree
Eating all the gum drops he can see
Stop, Kookaburra! Stop, Kookaburra!
Leave some there for me.

Kookaburra sits in the old gum tree
Counting all the monkeys he can see
Stop, Kookaburra! Stop, Kookaburra!
That's not a monkey that's me.

Kookaburra sits on a rusty nail
Gets a boo-boo in his tail
Cry, Kookaburra! Cry, kookaburra!
Oh how life can be.

Patsy Orey Orey Ay

CHORUS:
Patsy Orey Orey Ay
Patsy Orey Orey Ay
Patsy Orey Orey Ay
Workin' on the railroad

Eighteen hundred and sixty-one
American Railroad had just begun
American Railroad had just begun
Workin' on the railroad

CHORUS

Eighteen hundred and sixty-two
Found myself with nothin' to do
Found myself with nothin' to do
Workin' on the railroad

CHORUS

Eighteen hundred and sixty-three
American Railroad hired me
American Railroad hired me
Workin' on the railroad

CHORUS

Eighteen hundred and sixty-four
Found my back was mighty sore
Found my back was mighty sore
Workin' on the railroad

CHORUS

Eighteen hundred and sixty-five
Found myself more dead than alive
Found myself more dead than alive
Workin' on the railroad

CHORUS

Eighteen hundred and sixty-six
Dropped a box of dynamite sticks
Dropped a box of dynamite sticks
Workin' on the railroad

CHORUS

Eighteen hundred and sixty-seven
Found myself on the way to heaven
Found myself on the way to heaven
Workin' on the railroad

CHORUS

Eighteen hundred and sixty-eight
Found myself at the Pearly Gates
Found myself at the Pearly Gates
Workin' on the railroad

CHORUS

Eighteen hundred and sixty-nine
Found myself at the end of the line
Found myself at the end of the line
Workin' on the railroad

CHORUS

Amazing Grace

Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me.
I once was lost but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas Grace that taught my heart to fear.
And Grace, my fears relieved.
How precious did that Grace appear
The hour I first believed.

Through many dangers, toils and snares
I have already come;
'Tis Grace that brought me safe thus far
and Grace will lead me home.

The Lord has promised good to me.
His word my hope secures.
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

When we've been here ten thousand years
Bright shining as the sun.
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we've first begun.

Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me.
I once was lost but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

Battle Hymn of the Republic

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath
are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift
sword:
His truth is marching on.

CHORUS:
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling
camps,
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and
damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring
lamps:
His day is marching on.

CHORUS

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemnners, so with you my grace shall
deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his
heel,
Since God is marching on."

CHORUS

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call
retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat:
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

CHORUS

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me:
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

CHORUS

He is coming like the glory of the morning on the wave,
He is Wisdom to the mighty, He is Succour to the brave,
So the world shall be His footstool, and the soul of Time His
slave,
Our God is marching on.

CHORUS

He's Got the Whole World in His Hands

He's got the whole world in His hands,
He's got the whole world in His hands,
He's got the whole world in His hands,
He's got the whole world in His hands.

He's got my brothers and my sisters in His hands,
He's got my brothers and my sisters in His hands,
He's got my brothers and my sisters in His hands,
He's got the whole world in His hands.

He's got the sun and the rain in His hands,
He's got the moon and the stars in His hands,
He's got the wind and the clouds in His hands,
He's got the whole world in His hands.

He's got the rivers and the mountains in His hands,
He's got the oceans and the seas in His hands,
He's got you and he's got me in His hands,
He's got the whole world in His hands.

He's got everybody here in His hands,
He's got everybody there in His hands,
He's got everybody everywhere in His hands,
He's got the whole world in His hands.

We Are the Light of Scouting

Sung to the tune of Scotland the Brave

We are the light of Scouting
We bring fight to the eagles
We are the light of Scouting
All o'er the world.

We'll never be hiked under
Listen to our Scouting thunder
We are the light of Scouting
Throughout the world.

PATRIOTIC SONGS

America (Camp Oest Version)

Sung in a round to close the opening campfire

America, America
How can I tell you how I feel?
You have given me many treasures
I love you so....

The Star-Spangled Banner

Oh, say can you see by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars thru the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.
Oh, say does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines in the stream:
'Tis the star-spangled banner! Oh long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country should leave us no more!
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave:
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and the war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the heav'n rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust."
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Our Paddles Keen and Bright

Sung in a three-part round

Our paddles keen and bright
Flashing like silver
Swift as the wild goose flight
Dip, dip and swing

Dip, dip and swing them back
Flashing like silver
Swift as the wild goose flight
Dip, dip and swing

(Boy) Scout Vespers

Sung to the tune of "O Tannenbaum"

Softly falls the light of day
As our campfire fades away
Silently each Scout should ask,
"Have I done my daily task?
Have I kept my honor bright?
Can I guiltless sleep tonight?
Have I done and have I dared
Everything to Be Prepared?"

(Cub) Scout Vespers

Sung to the tune of "O Tannenbaum"

As the night comes to this land,
On my promise I will stand,
I will help the pack to go,
As our pack helps me to grow.
Yes, I'll always give goodwill,
I'll follow my Akela still.
And before I stop to rest,
I will do my very best.

Scouting Spirit

I've got that Scouting Spirit
Up in my head! Up in my head! Up in my head!
I've got that Scouting Spirit
Up in my head! Up in my head to sta-a-ay!

I've got that Scouting Spirit
Deep in my heart! Deep in my heart! Deep in my heart!
I've got that Scouting Spirit
Deep in my heart! Deep in my heart to sta-a-ay!

I've got that Scouting Spirit
Down in my feet! Down in my feet! Down in my feet!
I've got that Scouting Spirit
Down in my feet! Down in my feet to sta-a-ay!

I've got that Scouting Spirit
All over me! All over me! All over me!
I've got that Scouting Spirit
All over me! All over me to sta-a-ay!

Wood Badge Farewell Song

Sung to the tune of Auld Lang Syne

The time has come for all of us
To bid our fond farewell.
We leave behind, love for mankind
With the field Gilwell.
God Bless us each and everyone.
May Scouting never cease,
May Wood Badge stay within our hearts,
And give us lasting peace

Where e'er we go the world will know
Our fellowship is good.
We'll reach our goal and bells will toll
About Scout brotherhood.
The soul of Baden-Powell lives on
And we shall never fail.
Our course is set. We'll ne'er forget...
We walked the Wood Badge trail.

Please guide the Wood Badge staff dear Lord,
In reverence to thee.
And bless them God, they worked so hard
And taught a Scout like me.
O' Great Scoutmaster of all Scouts,
On you we can rely.
That someday you will call us to
Your Gilwell Field on high.

SCOUTING SONGS

Ging Gang Gooli

Ging gang gooli gooli gooli gooli watcha,
Ging gang goo, ging gang goo.
Ging gang gooli gooli gooli gooli watcha,
Ging gang goo, ging gang goo.

Hayla, oh hayla shayla, hayla shayla, shayla, oh-ho,
Hayla, oh hayla shayla, hayla shayla, shayla, oh.
Shally wally, shally wally, shally wally, shally wally,
Oompah, oompah, oompah, oompah...

On My Honor

On my honor, I'll do my best,
To do my duty to God.

On my honor, I'll do my best,
To serve my country as I may.

On my honor, I'll do my best,
To do my good turn each day.

To keep my body strengthened,
To keep my mind awakened,
To follow paths of righteousness,

Taps

Day is done, gone the sun
From the lake, from the hills, from the sky;
All is well, safely rest, God is nigh.

Fading light, dims the sight,
And a star gems the sky, gleaming bright.
From afar, drawing nigh, falls the night.

Thanks and praise, for our days,
'Neath the sun, 'neath the stars, 'neath the sky;
As we go, this we know, God is nigh.

Sun has set, shadows come,
Time has fled; Scouts must go to their beds
Always true to the promise that they made.

While the light fades from the sight,
And the stars gleaming rays softly send,
To thy hands we our souls, Lord, commend.

This Land is Your Land

This land is your land, this land is my land
From California to the New York Island
From the Redwood Forest to the Gulf Stream waters
This land was made for you and me.

As I went walking that ribbon of highway
I saw above me that endless skyway
I saw below me that golden valley
This land was made for you and me.

I roamed and I rambled and I followed my footsteps
To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts
While all around me a voice was sounding
Saying this land was made for you and me.

When the sun came shining, and I was strolling
And the wheat fields waving and the dust clouds rolling
A voice was chanting, As the fog was lifting,
This land was made for you and me.

This land is your land, this land is my land
From California to the New York Island
From the Redwood Forest to the Gulf Stream waters
This land was made for you and me.

Back to Gilwell

I used to be a Beaver
And a good old Beaver too,
But now I've finishing beavering
And I don't know what to do.
I'm growing old and feeble
And I can Beaver no more
So I'm going to work my ticket if I can.

CHORUS:

Back to Gilwell, happy land,
I'm going to work my ticket while I can.

Repeat, substituting the other patrol names...

...Bobwhite
...Eagle
...Fox
...Owl
...Bear
...Buffalo
...Antelope
...Staff

Quartermaster Store

There are Beavers, Beavers, Beavers,
Wielding rusty cleavers
At the store, at the store
There are beavers, beavers, beavers,
Wielding rusty cleavers
At the quartermaster store

CHORUS:

My eyes are dim
I cannot see
I have not brought
My specs with me
I have hey! not ho!
Brought my specs with me

Repeat with...

...Bob, Bobwhites...flying purple kites.
...Eagles, Eagles, Eagles...with ears as long as beagles'.
...Foxes, Foxes, Foxes...stacking little boxes.
...Owls, Owls, Owls...shredding paper towels.
...Bears, Bears, Bears...with curlers in their hair.
...Buf-a-loes...with mud between their toes.
...Ant-e-lobes...eating cantaloupes.
...Staffers, Staffers, Staffers...hanging from the rafters.

Scout who Never Returned Song

This Song is meant for Boy Scouts.
Decide for yourself if it is appropriate for your younger scouts or not.
The Tune: (Charlie on the MTA)

Let me tell you of a story of a Scout named [name] ,
On that tragic and fateful day;
Put his Scout knife in his pocket;
Kissed his dog and family;
When to hike in the woods far away.

Well, did he ever return?
No, he never returned.
And his fate is still unlearned:
He may roam forever in the woods and mountains,
He's the Scout who never returned.

Now you citizens of [town name],
Don't you think it's a scandal
How ol' [name] got lost that day?
Take the right equipment; TAKE ALONG A BUDDY,
When you hike in the hills that way.

Or else you'll never return,
No, you'll never return.
And your fate will be unlearned, just like [name]
You may roam forever in the woods and mountains,
Like the Scout who never returned.

God Bless America

God Bless America, land that I love,
Stand beside her and guide her
Through the night with the light from above.
From the mountains, to the prairies,
to the oceans, white with foam,
God Bless America, my home sweet home.
God Bless America, my home sweet home.

America (My Country 'Tis of Thee)

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountainside
Let freedom ring!

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing.
Long may our land be bright,
With freedom's holy light,
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God our King.

Maryland, My Maryland

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
Remember Howard's warlike thrust,—
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland, my Maryland!

America the Beautiful

O beautiful, for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America! God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood, from sea to shining sea.

O beautiful, for pilgrim feet
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America! God mend thine ev'ry flaw;
Confirm thy soul in self control, thy liberty in law!

O beautiful, for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved
And mercy more than life!
America! America! May God thy gold refine,
Till all success be nobleness, and ev'ry gain divine!

O beautiful, for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years,
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America! God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood, from sea to shining sea!

Columbia, Gem of the Ocean

O Columbia! the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee;
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
When Liberty's form stands in view;
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the red, white, and blue,
When borne by the red, white, and blue,
When borne by the red, white, and blue,
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the red, white and blue!

(You're a) Grand Old Flag

You're a grand old Flag,
You're a high flying Flag
And forever in peace may you wave.
You're the emblem of
The land I love.
The home of the free and the brave.

Ev'ry heart beats true
'neath the Red, White and Blue,
Where there's never a boast or brag.
Should Auld acquaintance be forgot,
Keep your eye on the grand old flag.

Broad Creek Jazz

Repeat after me! (hats & sunglasses required)

Broad Creek jazz
Broad Creek jazz
Broad Creek Broad Creek razzamatazz
Uh huh
Oh yeah!
One more time
A little bit...

Repeat with...
...higher.
...lower.
...louder.
...softer.
...funky.
...Southern.
...like you're underwater.

Dog Cat (Froggy)

Repeat after me!

Dog!
Dog cat!
Dog cat mouse!
Froggy!
Itsy-bitsy teeny-weenie itty-bitty froggy!
Jump, jump, jump little froggy!
Eatin' lotsa itsy-bitsy bugs and spiders!
Ribbit ribbit ribbit ribbit ribbit croak!

Flea Fly

Repeat after me!

Flea!
Flea fly!
Flea fly mosquito!
June bug!
Calamine, calamine, calamine lotion!
Oh, no more calamine lotion!
Itchy itchy scratchy scratchy, ooh I got one on my back-y!
Eek go the bugs when you spray them with the bug spray!

Broad Creek Blues

Hat and sunglasses required

CHORUS:

And it's all because your momma don't hike
And your daddy don't sleep outside.
Yeah, your momma don't hike
And your daddy don't sleep outside.
'Cause when your pack gets hikin'
Ain't nothin' gonna break that stride.

Now it's your first day of camp
And you're feelin' mighty fine.
Yeah it's your first day of camp
And you're feelin' mighty fine.
'Til you're in the latrine
You get a splinter in your behind!

CHORUS

Now you're down at the pool
And you're sittin' up on the deck.
Yeah you're down at the pool
And you're sittin' up on the deck.
'Til you're about to get in
And staff calls for a buddy check!

CHORUS

Now you're rowin' in the lake
And you're havin' a real good time.
Yeah you're rowin' in the lake
And you're havin' a real good time.
'Til your boat flips over
And you sink beneath the slime!

CHORUS

Now you're eatin' good food
And you're havin' a lot of fun.
Yeah you're eatin' good food
And you're havin' a lot of fun.
'Til you go to get seconds
And the staff says, "Walk! Don't run!"

CHORUS

Now you're workin' with the staff
And you know we're mighty fine!
Yeah you're workin' with the staff
And you know we're mighty fine!
'Til we ask you for a nickel
And we mug you for a dime!

CHORUS

Bug Juice

Sung to the tune of "On Top of Old Smoky"

CHORUS:

At camp with the Cub Scouts
They gave us a drink
We thought it was Kool Aid
Because it was pink

But the thing that they told us
Would've grossed out a moose
For that great tasting pink drink
Was really bug juice

CHORUS

It looked fresh and fruity
Like tasty Kool Aid
But the bugs that were in it
Were murdered with Raid

CHORUS

We drank it by gallons
'Cause we couldn't stop
But we never noticed
The bugs floating on top

CHORUS

So next time you drink bug juice
And a fly drives you mad
He's just getting even
'Cause you swallowed his dad

CHORUS

Bill Grogan's Goat

Repeat after me!

Bill Grogan's goat
Was feelin' fine
Ate three red shirts
Right off the line

Bill took a stick
Gave him a whack
And tied him to
The railroad track

The whistle blew
The train grew nigh
Bill Grogan's goat
Was doomed to die

He gave three groans
Of awful pain
Coughed up the shirts
And flagged the train

But a button caught
Deep in his throat
And that was the end
Of Bill Grogan's goat!

Boom Chicka Boom

Repeat after me!

I said a Boom Chicka Boom
I said a Boom Chicka Boom
I said a Booma Chicka Rocka Chicka Boom
Uh huh
Oh yeah
One more time _____ style.

Janitor Style:

I said a Broom Sweep-a Broom
I said a Broom Sweep-a Broom
I said a Brooma Sweep-a Mop-a Sweep-a Mop-a Sweep-a Broom

Barn-yard Style:

I said a moo chicka moo
I said a moo chicka moo
I said a moo chicka watch your step, don't track it in the room.

Race Car Style:

I said a vroom shifta vroom
I said a vroom shifta vroom
I said a vrooma shifta grind-a shifta grind-a shifta vroom

Astronaut Style:

I said a moon shoot the moon
I said a moon shoot the moon
I said a moon blast-me shoot-me blast-me shoot-me-to-the-moon

Photographer Style:

I said a zoom clicka zoom.
I said a zoom clicka zoom.
I said a zoom clicka Smile Watch the Birdie clicka zoom.

Announcements

CHORUS:
Announcements, announcements, announcements!

A terrible way to die
A terrible way to die
A terrible death to be talked to death
A terrible way to die

CHORUS

Have you ever seen a windbag?
A windbag? A windbag?
Have you ever seen a windbag?
Well, there's one right now!

CHORUS

We sold our cow
We sold our cow
We have no use
For your bull now

CHORUS

Mary had a little lamb
Little lamb, little lamb
Mary had a little lamb
The doctor was surprised

CHORUS

Row, row, row your boat
Gently down the stream
Ha! Ha! fooled you,
I'm a submarine!

CHORUS

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall
All the king's horses and all the king's men
Had omelets!

CHORUS

Swing low, sweet chariot
Scrape!

CHORUS

The Grand Old Duke of York
He had ten thousand men
He marched them up the hill
And they got shot!

CHORUS

Hey diddle diddle
The cat and the fiddle
The cow jumped over the moon
And burned up on reentry!

CHORUS

Hole in the Bottom of the Sea

Call: There's a hole in the bottom of the sea
Answer: There's a hole in the bottom of the sea
All: There's a hole, there's a hole
There's a hole in the bottom of the sea

Call: There's a log in a hole in the bottom of the sea
Answer: There's a log in a hole in the bottom of the sea
All: There's a hole, there's a hole
There's a hole in the bottom of the sea

Call: There's a bump on a log in a hole in the bottom of the sea
Answer: There's a bump on a log in a hole in the bottom of the sea
All: There's a hole, there's a hole
There's a hole in the bottom of the sea

Repeat with...
...there's a frog on the bump...
...there's a toe on the frog...
...there's a wart on the toe...
...there's a hair on the wart...
...there's a fly on the hair...
...there's a wing on the fly...
...there's a mite on the wing...
...there's a smile on the mite...
...there's a tooth in the smile...
...there's a cavity in the tooth...
...there's a filling in the cavity...

The Moose Song

Repeat after me!

There was a great big moose
He liked to drink a lot of juice
There was a great big moose
He liked to drink a lot of juice

CHORUS:
Singing way-oh
Way-oh, way-oh, way-oh, way-oh
Way-oh, way-oh
Way-oh, way-oh, way-oh, way-oh

The moose's name was Fred
He drank his juice in bed
The moose's name was Fred
He drank his juice in bed

CHORUS

He drank his juice with care
He spilled some all on his hair
He drank his juice with care
He spilled some all on his hair

CHORUS

Now he's a sticky moose
Full of juice
He's a moose
On the loose!

CHORUS

The Rooster Song

Repeat after me!

I had a chicken
No eggs it laid
I had a chicken
No eggs it laid
Until that rooster
Came in our yard
And caught that chicken
Completely off guard...

CHORUS

We're having eggs now
We never used to
Until that rooster
Came in our yard
Bok! Bok! Bok! Bok!
We're having eggs now
We never used to
Until that rooster
Came in our yard

Repeat with...

...bubble gum machine...chicklets.
...gas station...Exxon.
...garden...eggplant.
...room...eggs-its (exits).
...medicine cabinet...Eggs Lax (Ex Lax).
...teacher...egg-ams (exams).
...wife...egg heads.
...sister...egg-scuses (excuses).
...blender...egg nog.
...dentist...egg-stractions (extractions).
...shotgun...rooster.

Sippin' Cider through a Straw

Repeat after me!

The prettiest girl
I ever saw
Was sippin' ci-
Der through a straw

I said to her,
"Watcha doin' that for,
A sippin' ci-
Der through a straw?"

First cheek to cheek
Then jaw to jaw
We both sipped ci-
Der through a straw

Every now and then
That straw would slip
And I sipped ci-
Der through her lips

That's how I got
My mother-in-law
By sippin' ci-
Der through a straw

Now forty-nine kids
All call me Pa
From sippin' ci-
Der through a straw

The moral of
This sad sad joke
Is don't sip cid-
Der, sip a Coke

Um Blat

Um blat! went the little green frog one day
Um blat! went the little green frog
Um blat! went the little green frog one da-a-a-a-ay
And the little green frog went
Um blat! Um blat! Um blat blat!
And all the people go Di-Yo-Di-Yo-Di-Yo!
Di-Yo-Di-Yo-Di-Yo! Di-Yo-Di-Yo-Di-Yo!
All the people go Di-Yo-Di-Yo-Di-Yo!
And the little green frog went
Um blat! Um blat! Um blat blat!

FUN CAMP SONGS

Alice the Camel

Alice the Camel has five humps
Alice the Camel has five humps
Alice the Camel has five humps
So go Alice go!
Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

Alice the Camel has four humps
Alice the Camel has four humps
Alice the Camel has four humps
So go Alice go!
Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

Alice the Camel has three humps
Alice the Camel has three humps
Alice the Camel has three humps
So go Alice go!
Boom! Boom! Boom!

Alice the Camel has two humps
Alice the Camel has two humps
Alice the Camel has two humps
So go Alice go!
Boom! Boom!

Alice the Camel has one hump
Alice the Camel has one hump
Alice the Camel has one hump
So go Alice go!
Boom!

Alice the Camel has no humps
Alice the Camel has no humps
Alice the Camel has no humps
'Cause Alice is a horse!

Rise and Shine

CHORUS:

So let's all...
Rise and shine and give God you're glory glory
Rise and shine and give God you're glory glory
Rise and shine and give God you're glory glory
Children of the Lord.

God told Noah he'd send him a floody-floody
God told Noah he'd send him a floody-floody
Get my children out of the muddy-muddy!
Children of the Lord.

CHORUS

God told Noah to build him an arky-arky
God told Noah to build him an arky-arky
Build it out of hick'ry barky-barky!
Children of the Lord.

CHORUS

The animals, the animals, they came on by twosies-twosies
The animals, the animals, they came on by twosies-twosies
Elaphants and kangaroosies-roosies!
Children of the Lord.

CHORUS

It rained and rained for forty daysies-daysies
It rained and rained for forty daysies-daysies
Everything was wet and hazy-hazy!
Children of the Lord.

CHORUS

The sun came out and dried up the landy-landy
The sun came out and dried up the landy-landy
Everything was fine and dandy-dandy!
Children of the Lord.

CHORUS

The animals, the animals, they came off by threesies-threesies
The animals, the animals, they came off by threesies-threesies
Must have been those birds and beesies-beesies!
Children of the Lord.

CHORUS

This is the end of my story-story
This is the end of my story-story
Everything was hunky-dory-dory!
Children of the Lord.

CHORUS

Granny's in the Cellar

Granny's in the cellar.

Oh Lordy can't ya smell her,
Cooking biscuits on that darn old greasy stove.
In her eye there is some matter that keeps drippin' in the batter
And she whistles while the [Sniff] drips down her nose.

CHORUS:

Down her nose, down her nose,
And she whistles while the [Sniff] drips down her nose.
In her eye there is some matter that keeps drippin' in the batter,
And she whistles while the [Sniff] drips down her nose.

Granny's in the cellar.

Oh Lordy can't ya smell her,
Cooking grits on that darn old greasy stove.
On her belly, there's some zits that keep poppin' in the grits,
And she whistles while the [Sniff] drips down her nose.

CHORUS

Granny's in the cellar.

Oh Lordy can't ya smell her,
Cooking Crabs on that darn old greasy stove.
On her elbow, there's some scabs that keep fallin' in the crabs,
And she whistles while the [Sniff] drips down her nose.

CHORUS

Granny's in the cellar.

Oh Lordy can't ya smell her,
Cooking Fries on that darn old greasy stove.
On her belly there's a boil that keeps oozin' in the oil,
And she whistles while the [Sniff] drips down her nose.

CHORUS

Granny's in the cellar.

Oh Lordy can't ya smell her,
Cooking Rice on that darn old greasy stove.
In her hair there is some lice that keep jumpin' in the rice,
And she whistles while the [Sniff] drips down her nose.

CHORUS

Granny's in the cellar.

Oh Lordy can't ya smell her,
Cooking Cobbler on that darn old greasy stove.
Her glass eye is a wobbler and keeps fallin' in the cobbler,
And she whistles while the [Sniff] drips down her nose.

CHORUS

Green Grow the Rushes, Oh!

Call: I'll sing you one ho!
Answer: Green grow the rushes, oh!
What is your one ho?
Call: One is one and all alone,
And ever more shall be it so!

Call: I'll sing you two hos!
Answer: Green grow the rushes, oh!
What are your two hos?
Call: Two, two the lily white boys
Clothed and all in green, ho ho!
Answer: One is one and all alone,
And ever more shall be it so!

Call: I'll sing you three hos!
Answer: Green grow the rushes, oh!
What are your three hos?
Call: Three, three the rivals Hey!
Answer: Two, two the lily white boys
Clothed and all in green, ho ho!
One is one and all alone,
And ever more shall be it so!

Repeat with...

...four for the gospel makers.
...five for the cymbals at your door.
...six for the six proud walkers.
...seven for the seven stars in the sky.
...eight for the April rainers.
...nine for the nine bright shiners.
...ten for the Ten Commandments.
...eleven for the eleven that went to Heaven.
...twelve for the twelve apostles.

I Point to Mine-Self (Top Notcher)

I point to mine-self, I say das, here (point to top of head)
Das is mine top notcher, ya mama dear.
Top notcher, top notcher ya mama dear,
That's what I learned in this school, boom boom.

I point to mine-self, I say das, here (point to forehead)
Das is mine sweat browser, ya mama dear.
Sweat browser, top notcher ya mama dear,
That's what I learned in this school, boom boom.

I point to mine-self, I say das, here (point to eye)
Das is mine eye winker, ya mama dear.
Eye winker, sweat browser, top notcher ya mama dear,
That's what I learned in this school, boom boom.

Repeat with...

...horn blower (nose).
...soup strainer (moustache).
...lunch eater (mouth).
...chin chowser (chin).
...rubber necker (neck).
...chest protector (chest).
...breadbasket (belly).
...bench sitter (backside).
...knee knocker (knees).
...toe tapper (feet).

Kum Ba Yah

Kum ba yah, my Lord, kum ba yah,
Kum ba yah, my Lord, kum ba yah,
Kum ba yah, my Lord, kum ba yah,
Oh, Lord, kum ba yah.

Someone's laughing, Lord, kum ba yah,
Someone's laughing, Lord, kum ba yah,
Someone's laughing, Lord, kum ba yah,
Oh, Lord, kum ba yah.

Someone's crying, Lord, kum ba yah,
Someone's crying, Lord, kum ba yah,
Someone's crying, Lord, kum ba yah,
Oh, Lord, kum ba yah.

Someone's praying, Lord, kum ba yah,
Someone's praying, Lord, kum ba yah,
Someone's praying, Lord, kum ba yah,
Oh, Lord, kum ba yah.

Someone's singing, Lord, kum ba yah,
Someone's singing, Lord, kum ba yah,
Someone's singing, Lord, kum ba yah,
Oh, Lord, kum ba yah.

Michael, Row Your Boat Ashore

Michael, row your boat ashore, Hallelujah!
Michael, row your boat ashore, Hallelujah!

Sister help to trim the sails, Hallelujah!
Sister help to trim the sails, Hallelujah!

Brother, lend a helping hand, Hallelujah!
Brother, lend a helping hand, Hallelujah!

River Jordan is chilly and cold, Hallelujah!
Chills the body but not the soul, Hallelujah!

River Jordan is deep and wide, Hallelujah!
Milk and honey on the other side, Hallelujah!

The Cat Came Back

CHORUS:

But, the cat came back the very next day
O, the cat came back, they thought he was a goner
But the cat came back
He just couldn't stay away, away, away
Yeah, yeah, yeah!

Old man Baker had some troubles of his own
He had a grey cat that wouldn't leave his home
He tried and he tried to give the cat away
And every time he did, the cat just wouldn't stay!

CHORUS

He gave it to a man going way out west
Told him for to give it to the one he loved best
The train jumped the tracks and then they jumped the rail
And no one's left alive today to tell the gory tale!

CHORUS

Gave it to a man going up in a balloon
Told him for the give it to the man on the moon
Balloon landed about ninety miles away
And where the man is today, I really couldn't say!

CHORUS

Gave it to a boy with a five dollar note
Told him for to take it up the river in a boat
He tied a chain around its neck that weighed a hundred pounds
And now they dredge the river for the little boy that drowned!

CHORUS

The man around the corner said he'd shoot the cat on sight
So he loaded up his gun with six sticks of dynamite
He waited and he waited for that cat to come around
But ninety-seven pieces of the man were all they ever found!

CHORUS

The A-bomb fell just the other day
The H-bomb fell in the very same way
Rodney went...Horseshoe went...and dear old Broad Creek too
The whole human race was up and gone without a trace.

CHORUS

Peanut Butter and Jelly

CHORUS:

Peanut, peanut butter
And jelly, and jelly
And lots and lots of jelly
Peanut, peanut butter
And jelly, and jelly
And lots and lots of jelly

First you take the peanuts
And you pick 'em, you pick 'em
You pick 'em, pick 'em, pick 'em
Then you smash 'em, you smash 'em
You smash 'em, you smash 'em, you smash 'em
Then you spread 'em, you spread 'em
You spread 'em, spread 'em, spread 'em

CHORUS

Then you take the grapes
And you pick 'em, you pick 'em
You pick 'em, pick 'em, pick 'em
Then you stomp 'em, you stomp 'em
You stomp 'em, you stomp 'em, you stomp 'em
Then you spread 'em, you spread 'em
You spread 'em, spread 'em, spread 'em

CHORUS

Then you take the snadwich
And you make it, you make it
You make it, make it, make it
Then you bite it, you bite it
You bite it, bite it, bite it
Then you chew it, you chew it
You chew it, chew it, chew it

CHORUS

The Shark Song

Baby shark doo doo (use one hand to make a chomping mouth)

Doo doo doo doo
Baby shark doo doo
Doo doo doo doo
Baby shark doo doo
Doo doo doo doo
Baby shark

Repeat with...

...Mamma shark (use two hands to make a chomping mouth)

...Daddy shark (use two arms to make a chomping mouth)

...Grandma shark (use two fists to make a chomping mouth)

...Simmer (do a swimming stroke)

...Fin (use to hands to make a fin above your head)

...Shark attack! (wave your hands in the air like you just don't care)

...Happy shark (rub tummy contentedly and smile)

REPEAT-AFTER-ME SONGS

The Bear Song

Repeat after me!

The other day,
I met a bear,
Out in the woods,
Away out there.

He looked at me,
I looked at him,
He sized up me,
I sized up him.

He says to me,
'Why don't you run?'
'Cause I can see,
You got no gun.'

I says to him,
'That's a good idea.'
'Now legs get going,
Get me out of here!'

I began to run,
Away from there,
But right behind
Me was that bear.

And on the path
Ahead of me,
I saw a tree,
Oh glory be.

The lowest branch
Was ten feet up,
I'd have to jump
And trust my luck.

And so I jumped
Into the air,
But I missed that branch
Away up there.

Now don't you fret,
And don't you frown,
I caught that branch
On the way back down.

That's all there is,
There ain't no more,
Unless I meet
That bear once more.

Camping at Broad Creek

Sung to the tune of "Waltzing Matilda"

Once a pack of Cub Scouts
Camped up at Broad Creek
Under the shade of an old oak tree.
And they sang as they hiked
And sat around the council fire
"This is the place
Where a Scout likes to be."

Camping at Broad Creek
Camping at Broad Creek
This is the place
Where a Scout likes to be
And they sang as they hiked
And sat around the council fire
"This is the place
Where a Scout likes to be."

Early in the morning
When the day was dawning
They packed up their duffels
And they hiked away.
And they sang as they hiked
And sat around the council fire
"This is the place
Where a Scout likes to stay."

Camping at Broad Creek
Camping at Broad Creek
This is the place
Where a Scout likes to stay
And they sang as they hiked
And sat around the council fire
"This is the place
Where a Scout likes to stay."

Late in the evening
When the sun is sinking low
You hear the sounds of all the Scouts
Who camped here long ago.
And they sang as they hiked
And sat around the council fire
"This is the place
Where a Scout likes to stay."

Do Your Ears Hang Low?

Do your ears hang low?
Do they wobble to and fro?
Can you tie them in a knot?
Can you tie them in a bow?
Can you throw them over your shoulder
like a continental soldier?
Do your ears hang low?

Do your ears flip-flop?
Can you use them for a mop?
Are they stringy at the bottom?
Are they curly at the top?
Can you use them for a swatter?
Can you use them for a blotter?
Do your ears flip-flop?

Do your ears hang high?
Do they reach up to the sky?
Do they droop when they're wet?
Do they stiffen when they're dry?
Can you semaphore your neighbor
with a minimum of labor?
Do your ears hang high?

Do your ears hang wide?
Do they flap from side to side?
Do they wave in the breeze
from the slightest little sneeze?
Can you soar above the nation
with a feeling of elation?
Do your ears hang wide?

Ghost Chickens in the Sky

CHORUS:

Bok bok bok bee-YOK!
Bok bok bok bee-YO-OK!
Ghost chickens in the sky!

A chicken farmer went to work one dark and dreary day
He rested by the henhouse as he went along his way
When suddenly a rotten egg just hit him in the eye
It was a sight he dreaded: ghost chickens in the sky!

CHORUS

The farmer had raised chickens since he was twenty-four
Working for the Colonel for thirty years for more
Raising all those chickens and sending them to fry
They came back for their just revenge: ghost chickens in the sky!

CHORUS

Their beaks are orange and shiny, their eyes are burning red
They have no meat or feathers, these chickens all are dead
They picked the farmer up, they killed him with the claw
They fried him extra crispy, and served him with cole slaw!

CHORUS

ACTION SONGS

Buffalo Dance

I went to the Baltimore Zoo one day
And saw a buffalo there
I walked right to him and said,
"Boy, you're ugly!"
He jumped right over that fence
And then he jumped onto my knee...

CHORUS:

Let's do the buffalo dance
The buffalo dance, the buffalo dance
Let's do the buffalo dance
Let's do the buffalo dance!

I went to the Philadelphia Zoo one day
And saw a buffalo there
I walked right to him and said,
"Boy, you're ugly!"
He jumped right over that fence
And then he jumped onto my spleen...

CHORUS

I went to the San Diego Zoo one day
And saw a buffalo there
I walked right to him and said,
"Boy, you're ugly!"
He jumped right over that fence
And then he jumped all over me...

CHORUS

Dum Dum Da Da

Dum dum da-da (tap hands on knees twice, then tap right
hand to left shoulder twice)
Dum dum da-da (tap hands on knees twice, then tap left
hand to right shoulder twice)
Dum dum da-da da-dum (two, three, four) (repeat motions)

REPEAT VERSE

Dum dum da-da (tap knees, tap left shoulder, tap knees, tap
right shoulder)
Dum dum da-da (tap knees, cross arms and tap knees,
uncross arms and tap knees, throw hands in the air and snap)
Dum dum da-da da-dum (two, three, four) (repeat motions)

REPEAT VERSE

Dum dum da-da (rock forward)
Dum dum da-da (rock backwards)
Dum dum da-da da-dum (two, three, four) (repeat motions)

REPEAT VERSE

Dum dum da-da (Egyptian walk right)
Dum dum da-da (Egyptian walk left)
Dum dum da-da da-dum (two, three, four) (repeat motions)

REPEAT VERSE

Dum dum da-da (tap hands on knees twice, then tap right hand to left shoulder twice)
 Dum dum da-da (tap hands on knees twice, then tap left hand to right shoulder twice)
 Dum dum da-da (tap knees, tap left shoulder, tap knees, tap right shoulder)
 Da-dum (two, three, four) (tap knees, cross arms and tap knees, uncross arms and tap knees, throw hands in the air and snap)

Dum dum da-da (rock forward)
 Dum dum da-da (rock backwards)
 Dum dum da-da (Egyptian walk right)
 Da-dum (two, three, four) (Egyptian walk left)

Grand Old Duke of York

The Grand Old Duke of York
 He had ten thousand men
 He marched them up the hill (stand up)
 And then he marched them down again (sit down)

And when you're up, you're up (stand)
 And when you're down, you're down (sit)
 And when you're only half-way up (squat)
 You're neither up (stand) nor down (sit)

Joe and the Button Factory

Hi, my name is Joe
 And I work
 In a button factory
 I've got a wife, a dog and a family
 One day, my boss came up to me and said,
 "Hey Joe, are you busy?"
 I said, "No,"
 He said, "Turn the button with your right hand."

Repeat with...
 ...left hand.
 ...right foot.
 ...left foot.
 ...butt.
 ...head.
 ...tongue.

My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean

Stand up/sit down on each "b" sound

My Bonnie lies over the ocean
 My Bonnie lies over the sea
 My Bonnie lies over the ocean
 Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me

Bring back, bring back
 Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me, to me
 Bring back, bring back
 Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me

The Cat Song

CHORUS:

What kind of cat are you? What kind of cat are you?
 Tell me tell me true, what kind of cat are you?
 I'll give you some clues. What kind of cat are you?

What kind of cat hangs out in your house? HOUSE CAT!
 What kind of cat hangs out in the alley? ALLEY CAT!
 What kind of cat is a chocolate candy bar? KIT KAT!
 What kind of cat has the first name of Tom? TOM CAT!
 What kind of cat is really really scared? SCAREDY-CAT!
 What kind of cat hangs out at the copy shop? COPYCAT!
 What kind of cat is actually a fish? CATFISH!
 What kind of cat breaks into places at night? CAT BURGLAR!
 What kind of cat hangs out with Bat Man? CAT WOMAN!
 What kind of cat has a thousand legs? CATERPILLAR!
 What kind of cat is a big expensive car? CADILLAC!
 What kind of cat is a great big disaster? CATASTROPHE!
 What kind of cat is an even bigger disaster? CATAclysm!
 What kind of cat rhymes with that and is a long religious recitation?
 CATECHISM!
 What kind of cat is connected to the engine of your car?
 CATALYTIC CONVERTER!
 What kind of cat facilitates a chemical reaction?
 CATALYST!
 What kind of cat comes in the mail from Sears?
 CATALOGUE!
 What kind of cat is a group of things that are similar?
 CATEGORY!
 What kind of cat is a whole bunch of cows? CATTLE!
 What kind of cat throws stuff over the wall of a castle?
 CATAPULT!
 What kind of cat tunnels under the castle? CATAcomb!
 What kind of cat floats on two pontoons? CATAMARAN!
 What kind of cat takes a picture of the inside of your body?
 CAT SCAN!
 What kind of cat obscures your vision? CATARACT!
 What kind of cat is being followed by a moon shadow? CAT STEVENS!
 What kind of cat is the capital of Nepal? KATMANDU!
 What kind of cat carries your golf clubs? CADDY!

The More We Get Together

(Tune: Ach Du Lieber Augustine)

The more we get together, together, together,
The more we get together, the happier are we.
For your friends are my friends
And my friends are your friends;
The more we get together, the happier are we.

(2nd verse with gestures.)

I've Been Dreamin' Round The Campfire

(Tune: I've Been Workin' on the Railroad)

I've been dreaming 'round the campfire,
Burning clear and bright.
Glistening stars were out above me
'Twas on a summer night.
I've been dreaming that my buddies
All were camping with me, too;
Then I woke and looked around me,
And say! That dream was true!

Scouting we'll go;
Scouting we'll go;
Sunlit trails mid woods where waters flow
By the campfire's friendly flaming glow,
Scouting we'll go, Scouting we'll go.

I've Been Working On The Railroad

I've been workin' on the railroad
All the livelong day,
I've been workin' on the railroad,
Just to pass the time away.
Don't you hear the whistle blowing?
Rise up so early in the morn.
Don't you hear the Captain shouting:
"Dinah, blow your horn!"

By The Blazing Council Fire's Light

(Tune: Till We Meet Again)

By the blazing Council Fire's light,
We are met in comradeship tonight,
'Round among the whispering trees,
Guard our golden memories
And now before we close our eyes in sleep,
Let us pledge each other that we'll keep
Scouting friendships, strong and deep,
Till we meet again.

We're the Scouts Of Roosevelt

We're the Scouts of Roosevelt
You hear so much about;
The people stop and look at us
Whenever we go out.
We're not a bit stuck up about
The Scouting things we do;
Other people like us and
We hope you like us, too.

As we go marching,
And the band begins to P L A Y,
You can hear them shouting:
The Scouts of Roosevelt are on the way!

Morning Prayer

(Tune: Maryland, My Maryland)

In this morning hour we pray
For strength to live our best today.
Come closer, Thou, that we may see
The kind of Scouts Thou'd have us be.
In serving others, may we see
That we are truly serving Thee.
Fit us, O Lord, in Thy great plan
That each may stand, Prepared, a man.

Softly Now The Light Of Day

(Tune: Maryland, My Maryland)

Softly now the light of day,
Ere our campfire fades away.
Silently each Scout should ask:
Have I done my daily task?
Have I kept my honor bright?
Can I guiltless sleep tonight?
Oh, have I done and have I dared
Everything to Be Prepared?

Bravo

Bravo, bravo, bravo bravissimo,
Bravo, bravo, Bravissimo.
Bravo, Bravissimo, bravo bravissimo,
Bravo, bravo, bravissimo.
Han-ska-leve,
Han-ska-leve,
Han-ska-leve, yo-ho!
Hoorah, Hoorah, Hoorah, rah rah rah rah.
Han-ska-leve, Han-ska-leve,
Han-ska-leve, yo-ho!

If You Want To Be A Boy Scout

If you want to be a Boy Scout
Just come along with me,
And we'll hike by the light
By the light of the moon.
If you want to be a Boy Scout,
Just come along with me,
And we'll hike by the light of the moon,
By the light — of the silvery moon,
OH, WE WILL HIKE by the light of the moon.
If you want to be a Boy Scout,
Just come along with me,
And we'll hike by the light of the moon.

For He's A Jolly Good Fellow

For he's a jolly good fellow,
For he's a jolly good fellow,
For he's a jolly good fellow,
Which nobody can deny!

Taps

Day is done,
Gone the sun,
From the lake,
From the hills,
From the sky;
All is well, safely rest,
God is nigh.

Be Prepared

(Good marching song for dismissal)
Be prepared, prepared, prepared,
The motto of a good Scout,
Oh, be prepared, prepared, prepared,
The motto of a Scout.
Prepared, prepared,
The motto of a good Scout,
Prepared, prepared,
The motto of a Scout.
Oh, be prepared, prepared, prepared,
The motto of a good Scout,
Oh, be prepared, prepared, prepared,
The motto of a Scout.

Church In The Wildwood

There's a Church in the valley by the wildwood,
No lovelier place in the dale,
No spot is so dear to my childhood,
As the little brown church in the vale.

Chorus: Oh, come, come, come, come,
Come to the church in the wildwood,
Oh, come to the church in the dale,
No spot is so dear to my childhood
As the little brown church in the vale.

Stand Up (Recognition) Song

(Tune: Bring Back My Bonnie to Me)

Stand up, stand up,
Stand up, Mr. , stand up, stand up.
Stand up, stand up,
Stand up, Mr. , stand up.

Now smile, now smile,
Now smile, Mr. , now smile, now smile.
Now smile, now smile,
Now smile, Mr. , now smile.

SIT DOWN, sit down,
Sit down, Mr. , sit down, sit down.
Sit down, sit down,
Sit down, Mr. , sit down.

It Isn't Any Trouble

(Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic)

It isn't any trouble just to S M I L E,
It isn't any trouble just to S M I L E.
If ever you're in trouble
It will vanish like a bubble
If you'll only take the trouble
Just to S M I L E.

Repeat with variations in this order:

1. Smile instead of saying S M I L E.
2. L A U G H
3. HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!
4. G I Giggle E.
5. HE! HE! HE! HE! HE!
6. G R I N Grin.
7. Grin instead of saying G R I N Grin.

THE VIRGIN STURGEON
(tune of Ruben and Rachel)

CAVIAR COMES FROM THE VIRGIN STURGEON
THE VIRGIN STURGEON'S A VERY FINE FISH
VIRGIN STURGEON NEEDS NO URGIN'
THAT'S WHY CAVIAR IS MY DISH.

I FED CAVIAR TO MY GIRL FRIEND
SHE WAS A VIRGIN TRIED AND TRUE
NOW MY GIRL FRIEND NEEDS NO URGIN'
THERE ISN'T ANYTHING SHE WON'T DO.

I FED CAVIAR TO MY GRAMPA
HE WAS A MAN OF NINETY-THREE
SCREAMS AND SHRIEKS WERE HEARD FROM
GRANDMA
HE HAD CHASED HER UP A TREE."

LITTLE MARY WENT SLEIGH RIDING
AND THE SLEIGH TURNED UPSIDE DOWN
LITTLE MARY STARTED SINGING
MASSA'S IN THE COLD COLD GROUND.

THE MAILMAN CAME ONE SUNNY MORNING
THE POLICEMAN CAME THE VERY NEXT DAY
NINE MONTHS LATER THERE WAS HELL TO PAY
WHO FIRED THE SHOT, THE BLUE OR THE
GRAY.

I COULD HAVE DANCED ALL NIGHT

I COULD HAVE DANCED--ALL NIGHT--
I COULD HAVE DANCED, ALL NIGHT!
AND STILL--HAVE BEGGED--FOR MORE.--
I COULD HAVE SPREAD--MY WINGS--
AND DONE A THOUSAND THINGS--
I'VE NEVER DONE BEFORE--
I'LL NEVER KNOW--WHAT MADE IT SO--
EXCITING.--
WHY ALL AT ONCE-- MY HEART TOOK FLIGHT.
I ONLY KNOW WHEN HE--BEGAN TO DANCE
--WITH ME,
I COULD HAVE DANCED--DANCED--
DANCED,--ALL NIGHT--

THE BELL OF ST. MARY'S

THE BELLS OF ST. MARY'S
AH, HEAR THEY ARE CALLING
THE YOUNG LOVES, THE TRUE LOVES
WHO COME FROM THE SEA
AND SO MY BELOVED
WHEN RED LEAVES ARE FALLING
THE LOVE BELLS SHALL RING OUT, RING OUT
FOR YOU AND ME.

ON THE STREET WHERE YOU LIVE

I HAVE OFTEN WALKED--DOWN THIS STREET
BEFORE--
BUT THE PAVEMENT ALWAYS STAYED BENEATH
MY FEET BEFORE--
ALL AT ONCE AM I--SEV'RAL STORIES
HIGH,--
KNOWING I'M ON THE STREET WHERE YOU
LIVE. --

ARE THERE LILAC TREES -- IN THE HEART
OF TOWN?
CAN YOU HEAR A LARK IN ANY OTHER PART
OF TOWN?
DOES ENCHANTMENT POUR OUT OF EVERY
DOOR?
NO, IT'S JUST ON THE STREET WHERE YOU
LIVE.

AND OH. -- THE TOWERING FEELING.
JUST TO KNOW --SOMEHOW YOU ARE NEAR!
THE OVER POWERING FEELING --
THAT ANY SECOND YOU MAY SUDDENLY
APPEAR:

PEOPLE STOP AND STARE, THEY DON'T
BOTHER ME:
FOR THERE'S NOWHERE ELSE ON EARTH THAT
I WOULD RATHER BE.
LET THE TIME GO BY--I WON'T CARE IF
I CAN BE HERE-- ON THE STREET
WHERE YOU LIVE.

RED RIVER VALLEY

FROM THIS VALLEY THEY SAY YOU ARE
GOING
WE WILL MISS YOUR BRIGHT EYES AND
SWEET SMILE
FOR THEY SAY YOU ARE TAKING THE SUN-
SHINE
THAT BRIGHTENS OUR PATHWAY AWHILE
COME AND SIT BY MY SIDE IF YOU LOVE ME
DO NOT HASTEN TO BID ME ADIEU
BUT REMEMBER THE RED RIVER VALLEY
AND THE GIRL WHO HAS LOVED YOU SO TRUE.

I LOVE YOU TRULY

I LOVE YOU TRULY, TRULY DEAR LIFE WITH
ITS SORROWS LIFE WITH ITS TEARS
FADES INTO DREAMS WHEN I FEEL YOU ARE
NEAR
FOR I LOVE YOU TRULY, TRULY DEAR.

SOMEBODY ELSE IS TAKING MY PLACE

SOMEBODY ELSE IS TAKING MY PLACE
SOMEBODY ELSE NOW SHARES YOUR EMBRACE
WHILE I AM TRYING TO KEEP FROM CRYING
YOU GO AROUND WITH A SMILE ON YOUR
FACE
LITTLE YOU CARE FOR VOWS THAT YOU MADE
LITTLE YOU CARE HOW MUCH I HAVE PAID
MY HEART IS ACHING, MY HEART IS BREAK-
ING
FOR SOMEBODY'S TAKING MY PLACE.

GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME

IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME
IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME
STROLLING DOWN THE SHADY LANE
WITH YOUR BABY MINE
SHE HOLDS YOUR HAND AND YOU HOLD HERS
AND THAT'S A VERY GOOD SIGN
THAT SHE'S YOUR TOOTSY-WOOTSY
IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME.

PENNIES FROM HEAVEN

EVERYTIME IT RAINS IT RAINS PENNIES
FROM HEAVEN
DON'T YOU KNOW EACH CLOUD CONTAINS
PENNIES FROM HEAVEN
YOU'LL FIND YOUR FORTUNE FALLING ALL
OVER TOWN
BE SURE THAT YOUR UMBRELLA IS UPSIDE
DOWN
TRADE THEM FOR A PACKAGE OF SUNSHINE
AND FLOWERS
IF YOU WANT THE THINGS YOU LOVE
YOU MUST HAVE SHOWERS
SO WHEN YOU HEAR IT THUNDER DON'T RUN
UNDER A TREE
THERE'LL BE PENNIES FROM HEAVEN
FOR YOU AND ME.

THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL

THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL A WINDING
INTO THE LAND OF MY DREAMS
WHERE THE NIGHTINGALES ARE SINGING
AND A WHITE MOON BEAMS
THERE'S A LONG, LONG NIGHT OF WAITING
UNTIL MY DREAMS ALL COME TRUE
TILL THE DAY WHEN I'LL BE GOING DOWN
THAT LONG, LONG TRAIL WITH YOU.

STOUT HEARTED MEN

GIVE ME SOME MEN, WHO ARE STOUT HEART-
ED MEN
WHO WILL FIGHT FOR THE RIGHT THEY ADORE
START ME WITH TEN WHO ARE STOUT HEARTED
MEN
AND I'LL SOON GIVE YOU TEN THOUSAND
MORE
OH, SHOULDER TO SHOULDER AND BOLDER AND
BOLDER
THEY GROW AS THEY GO TO THE FORE
THEN THERE'S NOTHING IN THIS WORLD CAN
HALT OR MAR A PLAN
WHEN STOUT HEARTED MEN
CAN STICK TOGETHER MAN TO MAN.

THOSE WEDDING BELLS ARE BREAKING UP THAT OLD GANG OF MINE

NOT A SOUL DOWN ON THE CORNER
THAT'S A PRETTY CERTAIN SIGN
THAT THOSE WEDDING BELLS ARE BREAKING
UP
THAT OLD GANG OF MINE
ALL THE GUYS ARE SINGING LOVE SONGS
THEY'VE FORGOT SWEET ADELINE
THOSE WEDDING BELLS ARE BREAKING UP
THAT OLD GANG OF MINE
THERE GOES JACK, THERE GOES JIM
STROLLING DOWN LOVERS LANE
NOW AND THEN, WE MEET AGAIN
BUT THINGS DON'T SEEM THE SAME
HOW I GET THAT LONESOME FEELING
WHEN I HEAR THOSE CHURCH BELLS CHIME
THOSE WEDDING BELLS ARE BREAKING UP
THAT OLD GANG OF MINE.

IN MY MERRY OLDSMOBILE

COME AWAY WITH ME LUCILLE
IN MY MERRY OLDSMOBILE
DOWN THE ROAD OF LIFE WE'LL FLY
AUTOMO-BUBBLING YOU AND I
TO THE CHURCH WE'LL SWIFTLY STEAL
THEN OUR WEDDING BELLS WILL PEAL
YOU CAN GO AS FAR AS YOU LIKE WITH ME
IN MY MERRY OLDSMOBILE.

AIN'T GONNA RAIN NO MORE

Bullfrog sits on a lily pad
Saying his ABCs
Lily pad broke and the frog fell in
And wet his BVDs

Chorus:
Ain't gonna rain no more, no more
Ain't gonna rain no more
How in the heck can I wash my neck
If it ain't gonna rain no more?

Mary had a little lamb
It had a sooty foot
And everywhere that Mary went
It's sooty foot it put

Mary had the little lamb
Her father shot it dead
So now she takes that lamb to school
Between two slabs of bread

Peanut sitting on the track
It's heart was all a-flutter
Around the bend comes number ten
Toot toot, peanut butter

Rich girl uses cold cream
Poor girl uses lard
My girl uses axle grease
And rubs it twice as hard

Rich boy works in an office
Poor boy works on the line
My boy works on camp staff
And he don't make a dime

Chicken sitting on the track
It's heart all a-pallid
Around the bend comes number ten
Toot toot, chicken salad

Thought I saw a black and white cat
He was mighty pretty
I went out to pick him up
He weren't that kind of kitty

An old man lived by the sewer and
By the sewer he died
They couldn't call it murder
So they called it sewer-side

My father built a chimney
He built it up so high
He had to take it down each night
To let the moon go by

My daddy is a doctor
My mommy is a nurse
And I'm the little needle
That gets you where it hurts

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Chorus:
Announcements, announcements,
announcements

A terrible death to die
A terrible death to die.
What a terrible death
You're talked to death
A terrible death to die

(Tune: Frere Jacques)
Words of wisdom, words of wisdom
We don't need, we don't need
Stupid words of wisdom
Stupid words of wisdom.
Dumb, dumb, dumb. Dumb, dumb, dumb

(Tune: How Dry I am)
We sold our cow
We sold our cow
We have no use for your bull now

(Tune: Row, Row, Row Your Boat)
Row row row your boat
Gently down the stream
Throw announcements overboard
And listen to them scream

ANNOUNCEMENTS (continued)

(Tune: London Bridge)

Make announcements short and sweet
Short and sweet
Short and sweet
Make the announcements short and sweet
They're so BORING!

(Tune: Ever Seen a Windmill)

Have you ever seen a windbag
A windbag, a windbag
Have you ever seen a windbag
Well, there's one right now
Swings this way and that way
Swings this way and that way
Have you ever seen a windbag
Well, there's one RIGHT NOW!

(Tune: Row, Row, Row Your Boat)

Row row row your boat
Gently down the stream
Ha ha! Fooled you
I'm a submarine

(Tune: Mary Had a Little Lamb)

Mary had a little lamb
Little lamb, little lamb
Mary had a little lamb.
The doctor was surprised

Old MacDonald had a farm
Had a farm, had a farm
Old MacDonald had a farm
He couldn't believe his eyes

CAMPIN' IN THE RAIN

(Tune: Singin' in the rain)

I'm campin' in the rain
Just campin' in the rain
The tent and campfire are soggy again
The clouds in the sky are making me cry
My waterlogged shoes may never get dry

All the mud in the place is stuck on my face
The frogs and the turtles
Are starting to race
Oh, what should I do? I need a canoe
A webbed--footed weasel
Swam off with my shoe

I'm campin' in the rain
Just campin' in the rain
The good doctor said
I've got water on the brain
I can't light the fire I'm stuck in the mire
The lightning just knocked down
The telephone wire

I'm drownin' in the rain
Just drownin' in the rain
Won't it please stop raining
I hate to complain
My sleeping bag's wet I'm starting to fret
My life jacket wasn't the thing to forget

I'm campin' in the rain
Just campin' in the rain
What a glorious feeling!
Someone just plugged the drain
The pre--cip--i--tate will now dis--a--pate
The sun soon will dry up the puddle I hate
No more campin' in the rain

This Land Is Your Land

As I was walk - ing,
that rib - bon of high - way
I saw a - bove me
That end - less sky - way,
I saw be - low me
That gold - en val - ley,
This land was made for you and me.

Chorus:
This land is your land,
This land is my land,
From Cal - i - for - nia,
To the New York Is - land.
From the red - wood for - est
To the Gulf Stream wa - ters,
This land was made for you and me.

I've roamed and ram - bled
And I followed my foot - steps
To the spar - kling sands of
Her dia - mond des - erts,
And all a - round me
A voice was sound - ing
This land was made for you and me.

When the sun comes shin - ing
and I was stroll - ing
and the wheat fields wav - ing
and the dust clouds roll - ing
As the fog was lift - ing
a voice was chant - ing,
This land was made for you and me.

Blowin' In The Wind

How man - y roads must a man walk down
Before you call him a man?
Yes, 'n' How man - y seas must a white dove sail
Before she sleeps in the sand?
Yes, 'n' How man - y times must the can - non balls fly
be - fore they're for - ev - er banned?

Chorus: The an - swer, my friend,
Is blow - in' in the wind,
The an - swer is blow - in' in the
Wind.

How man - y times must a man look - up
Be - fore he can see the sky?
Yes, 'n' How man - y ears must one man have
Be - fore he can hear peo - ple cry?
Yes, 'n' How man - y deaths will it take 'till he knows
That too man - y peo - ple have died?

How man - y years can a moun - tain ex - ist
Be - fore it's washed to the sea?
Yes, 'n' How man - y years can some peo - ple ex - ist
Be - fore they're allowed to be free?
Yes, 'n' How man - y times can a man turn his head
Pre - tend - ing he just does - n't see?

The Very Last Day

Chorus

Everybody gonna pray, On the Very Last Day, When the falling ball Rings the year away.
Everybody gonna pray when '99 becomes Y2K.

You can try to get Gates to fix it; You can give the Helpline a call,
But the Judgement falls on all mankind When those last few digits fall.
All equal and the same When you have Intel to blame, Get ready brother for that day.....Chorus

One day soon despite what's planned, The chat will be halted in all the land,
And we shall know and we shall see, We should have upgraded Compliantly!
Save your files! Don't delay! Each of us in the very same way. Get ready brother for that day.....Chorus

The fix is good and the bug is known; The plan went out, but the time has flown.
From dust we came and to dust we go, You know the Council done told us so.
All watch the hour hand; Heed the meaning of ESCAPE command. Get ready brother for that day.....Chorus

The Green Berets

Fighting soldiers from the sky; Fearless men who jump and die
Men who mean just what they say: The brave men of the Green Beret.

Silver Wings upon their chest; These are Men, America's best.
One hundred men we'll test today; But only three win the Green Beret.

Trained to live off Nature's land; Trained in combat – hand-to-hand,
Men who fight by night and day, they take the point and lead the way.

Silver Wings upon their chest; These are Men, America's best.
One hundred men they'll test today; But only three win the Green Beret.

Back at home, a young wife waits, her Green Beret has met his fate.
He has died for those oppressed, leaving her this last request:

Put silver wings on my son's chest; Make him one of America's best.
He'll be a man they'll test one day; And he'll win the Green Beret!

Where Have All The Flowers Gone?

Where have all the flowers gone, long time passing? Where have all the flowers gone, long time ago?
Where have all the flowers gone? Young girls picked them, every one! When will they ever learn? When will they ever learn?

Where have all the young girls gone...
Gone to young men, every one...

Where have all the young men gone...
Gone to soldiers, every one...

Where have all the soldiers gone...
Gone to graveyards every one...

Where have all the graveyards gone...
Gone to flowers every one...

Duck Version — *Dum, dum, da, da*

Duck, duck, da, da,
Da, duck, duck, da, da,
Da, duck, duck, da, da, da, da. Quack, quack, quack.

Duck, duck, da, da,
Da, duck, duck, da, da,
Da, duck, duck, da, da, da. Quack!

FLICKER

Flicker of the campfire the wind in the pines.
The moon in the heavens the stars that shine.
A place where people gather making friends of
all kinds.
A place where old man troubles is always left
behind.
So give me the light of the campfire warm and
bright.
And give me some friends to sing with, I'll be
here all night.
For love is for those who find it and I've found
it and I've found mine right here.
Just you and I and the campfire and the songs
we love to hear.

Da Da Daaa Da Da Da Da Da Da

So let the light of the campfire into your night.
And let the dreams that we cherish remain in its
light.
For love is for those who find it I found mine
right here.
Just you and I and the campfire and the songs
we love to hear.

DING DONG

A ding dong, dong, dong, dong.
A ding dong, dong, dong, dong.
A ding (insert name), she don't wear no
socks.
A ding dong, I saw her when she took them
off.
A ding dong, she threw them in the garbage
can.
A ding dong, killed two rats and the garbage
man!

A ding dong, dong, dong, dong.
A ding dong, dong, dong, dong.
A ding (insert name), she don't wear no
socks.
A ding dong, I saw her when she took them
off.
A ding dong, she threw them into the air.
A ding dong, now the birds need Medicare!

A ding dong, she threw them on the railroad
track.
A ding dong, sent the train a mile back.

A ding dong, she threw them into the sky.
A ding dong, now Superman refuses to fly.

A ding dong, she threw them onto the floor.
A ding dong, all the roaches moved next door.

A ding dong, she threw them into a boat.
A ding dong, now that boat just won't float.

A ding dong, she threw them onto the bed.
A ding dong, now my teddy bear is dead.
(continued next page)

A ding dong, she threw them into outer space.
A ding dong, that's the end of the human race.

Shaving Cream

(My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean)

I have a sad story to tell you
It may hurt your feelings a bit
If any of you are offended
Stick your head in a bucket of ...

Chorus:

Shaving cream
Be nice and clean
Shave every day and
You'll always look keen.

A baby fell out of a window
You'd think that its head would be split
But luck was with him that morning
For he fell in a bucket of ...

Chorus

A lady died in her bath tub
She died of a terrible fit
In order to fulfill her wishes
She was buried in six feet of ...

Chorus

Once while in the Army
I looked into my kit
I thought I would find there a sandwich
But the darned thing was loaded with ...

Chorus

I think I'll break off with my girlfriend
Her actions are strange I'll admit
Whenever I tell her I love her
She tells me that I'm full of ...

Chorus

And that is the end of my story
I think its time that I quit
If anyone didn't like the verses
Stick your head in a bucket of ...

Chorus

Scout Vesper Song

Softly falls the light of day,
While our campfire fades away.
Silently each Scout should ask,
"Have I done my daily task?"
"Have I kept my honor bright?"
"Can I guiltless sleep tonight?"
"Have I done and have I dared
Everything to Be Prepared?"

THE BAND PLAYED ON

Casey would waltz with
A strawberry blond
And the band played on
He's glide 'cross the floor
With the girl he adored
And the band played on
But his brain was so loaded
It nearly exploded*
The poor girl would
Shake with alarm
He'd ne'er leave the girl
With the strawberry curls
And the band played on.

CRUISING DOWN THE RIVER

Cruising down the river
On a Sunday afternoon
With one you love the sun above
Waiting for the moon
The old accordion playing
A sentimental tune
Cruising down the river
On a Sunday afternoon.
The birds above all sing of love
A gentle, sweet refrain
The winds around all make a sound
Like softly falling rain
Just two of us together
We'll plan a honeymoon
Cruising down the river
On a Sunday afternoon.

BEAUTIFUL BROWN EYES

Willie, I love you my darling
Love you with all of my heart
Tomorrow we might have been married
But rambling has kept us apart
Beautiful, beautiful brown eyes
Beautiful, beautiful brown eyes
Beautiful, beautiful brown eyes
I'll never love blue eyes again.

BICYCLE BUILT FOR TWO

Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer do
I'm half crazy, all for the love of you
It won't be a stylish marriage
I can't afford a carriage
But you'll look sweet, upon the seat
Of a bicycle built for two.

MY WILD IRISH ROSE

My wild Irish rose
The sweetest flow'r that grows
You may search everywhere
But none can compare
With my wild Irish rose
My wild Irish rose
The dearest flow'r that grows
And some day for my sake
She may let me take
The bloom from my wild Irish rose.

WHIFFENPOOF SONG

From the tables down at Mary's
To the place where Louie dwells
To the dear old Temple Bar
We love so well
Sing the Whiffenpoofs assemble
With their glasses raised on high
And the magic of their singing
Casts a spell
Yes, the magic of their singing
All the songs we love so well
"Shall I Wasting" and "Mavourneen"
And the rest
We will serenade our Louie
Till life and voice shall last
Then we'll pass and be forgotten with
The rest.
We are poor little lambs
Who have lost our ways
Baa, baa, baa
We are little black sheep
Who have gone astray
Baa, baa, baa
Gentlemen songsters off on a spree
Doomed from here to Eternity
Lord have mercy on such as we
Baa, baa, baa.

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN LONELY

Have you ever been lonely?
Have you ever been blue?
Have you ever loved someone
Just as I love you?
Can't you see I'm sorry
For each mistake I've made?
Can't you see I've changed, dear,
Can't you see I've paid?
Be a little forgiving
Take me back in your heart
How can I go on living
Now that we're apart?
If you knew what I've been through
You would know why I ask you
Have you ever been lonely?
Have you ever been blue?

GANG THAT SANG HEART OF MY HEART

Heart of my heart, I love that melody
Heart of my heart, brings back a memory
When we were kids on the
Corner of the street
We were rough and ready guys
And, oh, how we could harmonize.
Heart of my heart
Meant friends were dearer then
Too bad we had to part
I know a tear would glisten
If once more I could listen
To the gang that sang
Heart of My Heart.

THERE'LL BE SOME CHANGES MADE

For there's a change in the weather
There's a change in the sea
So from now on there'll be
A change in me.
My walk will be different
My talk and my name
Nothin' about me is goin'
To be the same,
I'm going to change my way of livin'
If that ain't enough,
Then I'll change the way
I strut my stuff,
"Cause nobody wants you when
You're old and gray
There'll be some changes made today
There'll be some changes made.

AIN'T SHE SWEET

Ain't she sweet?
See her coming down the street
Now I ask you very confidentially
Ain't she sweet?
Ain't she nice?
Look her over once or twice.
Now I ask you very confidentially
Ain't she nice?
Just cast an eye in her direction
Oh, me - oh, my
Ain't that perfection?
I repeat
Don't you think that's
Kind of neat?
And I ask you very confidentially
Ain't she sweet?

FIVE FOOT TWO, EYES OF BLUE

Five Foot Two, Eyes of Blue
But oh, what those five foot could do
Has anybody seen my girl?
Turned up nose, turned down hose,
Never had no other beaus
Has anybody seen my girl?
Now if you run into a five foot two
Covered with fur
Diamond rings and all those things,
Betcha' life it isn't her
But could she love, could she woo?
Could she, could she, could she coo?
Has anybody seen my girl?

YOU ARE MY SUNSHINE

You are my sunshine
My only sunshine
You make my happy
When skies are gray
You'll never know dear
How much I love you
Please don't take my sunshine away.

WHEN YOU WORE A TULIP

When you wore a tulip
A sweet yellow tulip
And I wore a big red rose
When you caressed me,
T'was then Heaven blessed me
What a blessing, no one knows,
You made life cheerier
When you called dearie,
T'was down where the blue grass grows,
Your lips were sweeter than julip
When you wore that tulip
And I wore a big red rose.

ALABAMY BOUND

I'm Alabamy bound
There'll be no heebie jeebies
Hangin' 'round
Just gave the meanest
Ticket man on Earth
All I'm worth
To put my tootsies in
An upper berth
Just hear that choo choosound
I know that soon we're goin'
To cover ground
And then I'll holler so the
World will know, "Here I go"
I'm Alabamy bound.

LAZY RIVER

Up a Lazy River by the old mill run
That lazy lazy river in the noon day sun
Linger in the shade of a kind old tree
Throw away your troubles
Dream a dream with me.
Up a Lazy River where the robin's song
Awakes the bright new morning
We can loaf along.
Blue skies up above
Every one's in love,
Up a Lazy River, how happy you can be
Up a Lazy River with me.

HOW 'YA GONNA KEEP 'EM DOWN ON THE FARM

How 'ya gonna keep 'em down on the farm,
After they've seen Paree?
How 'ya gonna keep 'em
Away from Broadway,
Jazzin' aroun', and paintin' the town?
How 'ya gonna keep 'em away from harm?
That's a mystery.
They'll never want to see a rake or plow
And who the deuce can parleyvous a cow?
How 'ya gonna keep 'em down on the farm
After they've seen Paree?

SIDE BY SIDE

Oh, we ain't got a barrel of money,
Maybe we're ragged and funny
But we'll travel along
Singin' a song
Side by side.
We don't know what's comin' tomorrow
Maybe it's trouble and sorrow;
But we'll travel the road,
Sharing our load
Side by Side.
Through all kinds of weather
What if the sky should fall
Just as long as we're together
It doesn't matter at all.
When they've all had their quarrels and parted
We'll be the same as we started
Just travelin' along - singing a song

IT'S A SIN TO TELL A LIE

Be sure it's true when you say
I love you
It's a sin to tell a lie
Millions of hearts have been broken
Just because those words were spoken
I love you, yes I do, I love you
Though it breaks my heart in two
So be sure it's true
When you say I love you
It's a sin to tell a lie.

HONEY

I'm in love with you, honey
Say you love me too, honey
No one else will do, honey
Seems funny, but it's true.
Loved you from the start, honey
Bless your little heart, honey
Every day would be so sunny, honey
Honey, with you.

CAROLINA IN THE MORNING

Nothing could be finer
Than to be in Carolina in the mornin'
No one could be sweeter
Than my sweetie when I meet her
In the mornin'
When the morning glories
Twine around the door
Whispering pretty stories
I long to hear once more
Strolling with my girlie
Where the dew is pearlie early in the mornin'.
Butterflies all flutter up
And kiss each little buttercup at dawning
If I had Alladin's lamp for only a day
I'd make a wish and here's what I'd say
Nothing could be finer than to be
In Carolina in the mornin'.

BYE BYE BLACKBIRD

Pack up all my care and woe, here I go
Singing low, bye, bye blackbird
Where somebody waits for me, sugar's
Sweet, so is she, bye, bye blackbird
No one here can love and understand me
Oh, what hard luck stories they
All hand me
Make my bed and light the light
I'll arrive late tonight
Blackbird, bye, bye.

I'LL BE WITH YOU IN APPLE BLOSSOM TIME

I'll be with you in apple blossom time
I'll be with you
When you change your name to mine
One day in May, I'll come and say
Happy the bride the sun shines on today
What a wonderful wedding there will be
What a wonderful day for you and me
Church bells will chime
You will be mine
In apple blossom time.
MY GAL SAL

They call her frivolous Sal
A peculiar sort of a gal
With a heart that was mellow
An all 'round good fellow
Was my old pal
Your troubles, sorrows and cares
She was always willing to share
A wild sort of devil
But dead on the level
Was my gal Sal.

LAVENDER BLUE

Lavender blue, dilly dilly
Lavender green
If I were king, dilly, dilly
I'd need a queen
Who told me so, dilly, dilly
Who told me so
I told myself, dilly dilly
I told me so.
If your dilly, dilly heart
Feels a dilly, dilly way
If you'll answer yes
In a pretty little church
On a dilly, dilly day
You'll be wed in a dilly, dilly dress
Of lavender blue, dilly, dilly
Lavender green
Then I'll be king, dilly, dilly
You'll be my queen.

DO RE MI

Doe, a deer, a female deer
Ray, a drop of golden sun
Me, a name I call myself
Far, a long, long way to run
Sew, a needle pulling thread
La, a note to follow sew
Tea, a drink with jam and bread
That will be us back to do oh oh oh ...

I'D LIKE TO TEACH THE WORLD TO SING

I'd like to teach the world to sing
In perfect harmony
I'd like to hold it in my arms
And keep it company

I'd like to build the world a home
And furnish it with love
Grow apple trees and honey bees
And snow white turtle doves

I'd like to see the world for once
All standing hand in hand
And hear them echo through the hills
For peace throughout the land

SING

Sing
Sing a song
Sing out loud
Sing out strong

Sing of happy, not sad
Sing of good things, not bad

Sing
Sing a song
Make it simple
To last your whole life long

Don't worry that it's not good enough
For anyone else to hear
Just sing
Sing a song

WE'RE GONNA SHINE TONIGHT

We're gonna shine tonight
We're gonna shine
We're gonna shine tonight
All down the line
We're all dressed up tonight
We're feeling fine
When the sun goes down
And the moon comes up
We're gonna shine

Let's clap and sing tonight
Let's clap and sing
Let's clap and sing tonight
Voices will ring
We'll all dressed up tonight
We're feeling fine
When the sun goes down
And the moon comes up
We're gonna shine

IF YOU KNEW SUZIE

If you knew Suzie like I know Suzie
Oh, oh, oh what a girl!
There's none so classy
As this fair lassie
Oh, oh, Holy Moses! What a chassis!
We went riding, she didn't balk
Back from Yonkers
I'm the one that had to walk!
If you knew Suzie like I know suzie
Oh, oh what a girl!

I WANT A GIRL

I want a girl, just like the girl
That married dear old Dad,
She was a pearl and the only girl
That Daddy ever had,
A good old fashioned girl,
With heart so true,
One who loves nobody else but you,
I want a girl, just like the girl
That married dear old Dad.

PRETTY BABY

Everybody loves a baby
That's why I'm in love with you,
Pretty Baby, Pretty Baby
And I'd like to be your sister,
Brother, dad and mother too,
Pretty Baby, Pretty Baby.
Won't you come and let me rock you
In my cradle of love,
And we'll cuddle all the time.
Oh, I want a lovin' baby
And it might as well be you,
Pretty Baby of mine.

WAIT TILL THE SUN SHINES NELLIE

Wait till the sun shines Nellie
When the clouds go drifting by
We will be happy Nellie
Don't you cry
Down lovers' lane we'll wander
Sweethearts you and I
Wait till the sun shines Nellie
Bye and Bye.

I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANYTHING BUT LOVE

I can't give you anything but love, Baby
That's the only thing
I've plenty of, Baby
Dream awhile, scheme awhile,
We're sure to find
Happiness and I guess
All those things you've always pined for.
Gee, I'd like to see you
Looking swell, Baby
Diamond bracelets Woolworth
Doesn't sell, Baby,
Till that lucky day,
You know darned well, Baby,
I can't give you anything but love.

BY THE LIGHT OF THE SILVERY MOON

By the light of the silvery moon
I want to spoon
To my honey I'll croon love's tune
Honeymoon, keep a'shinin' in June
Your silvery beams will bring
Love's dreams
We'll be cuddling soon
By the silvery moon.

GREAT GREEN GOBS

(Tune: Old Gray Mare)

Great green gobs
Of greasy, grimy, gopher guts,
Mutilated monkey meat,
Dirty, little birdie feet!
Great green gobs
Of greasy, grimy gopher guts,
And I forgot my spoon!
(But not my straw!)

HE JUMPED FROM 40,000 FEET

(Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic)

He jumped from 40,000 feet and never
pulled the cord (3x)
And he ain't gonna jump no more

Chorus:

Gory, gory, what a heck of a mess he made
(3x)
And he ain't gonna jump no more

He was the last to leave the cockpit and the
first to hit the ground (3x)
And he ain't gonna jump no more

He landed on the runway like a blob of
strawberry jam (3x)
And he ain't gonna jump no more

They scraped him off the runway with a
little silver spoon (3x)
And he ain't gonna jump no more

They sent him home to mother on a slice of
moldy bread (3x)
And he ain't gonna jump no more

His mother didn't want him so she sent him
back to us (3x)
And he ain't gonna jump no more

IT'S A LIE

I was born a hundred thousand years ago
And there's nothing in this world that I
don't know
I saw Peter, Paul and Moses
Playing ring a-round the roses
And I'll lick the guy that says it isn't so

Chorus:

It's a lie, it's a lie
Ship ahoy, ship ahey, ship a hi-yi-yi
Oh, I've sailed the seven seas in my dirty
dungarees
But, I never, never ever saw a mermaid

I saw Satan when he looked the garden o'er
I saw Eve and Adam driven from the door
I was round the corner peekin' at the
apples they were eatin'
In fact, I'm the guy that ate the core

I saw Cain kill Abel in the glade
And I know the game was poker that they
played
I was hiding in the shrub, when he hit him
with a club
And I know it was a diamond, not a spade

I saw Jonah when he shoved off in the
whale
And I thought he'd never live to tell the tale
But ol' Jonah'd eaten garlic, and he gave the
whale the cholic
And it laughed him and let him out of jail

I saw Israel in the Battle of the Nile
Where the arrows flew thick and fast and
wild
When I saw David with his sling pop
Goliath on the wing
I was doing 40 seconds to the mile

I saw Sampson when he laid the village cold
I saw Daniel tame the lions inside their hold
I helped build the Tower of Babel, up as high
as they were able,
And there is lots of other things I haven't
told

IT'S A LIE (continued)

I saw Caesar when he crossed the Rubicon
In fact, I built the bridge he crossed it on
I saw Hannibal at home, and Nero burning Rome
And I even saw the fall of Babylon

I saw Absalom a-hanging by the heir,
When they built the wall of China, I was there
When I saved Solomon's life, he offered me a wife
I said, "Now you're talking business, have a chair"

You may not think this tale of mine is true
What difference does it really make to you
I've been feeding you this line, just to pass away the time
And now, I'm gonna quit because I'm through

JAWS

(Tune: Do re mi)

Jaws, a mouth, a great big mouth
Teeth, the things that kinda crunch
Bite, the friendly shark's hello
Us, his favorite juicy lunch
Blood, that turns the ocean red
Chomp, that makes the swimmers pause
Gulp means the shark's been fed
That will bring us back to
Jaws! Jaws! Jaws! Jaws!

MRS O'LEARYS COW

Late one night
When we were all in bed
Mrs O'Leary
Lit a lantern in the shed
And when the cow kicked it over
She clicked her heels and said
"There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight!"
FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!

MY DEAD DOG ROVER

(Tune: I'm Looking Over a Four-Leaf Clover)

I'm looking over my dead dog Rover
That I ran over with the mower
One leg is missing, the other is gone,
One leg is scattered all over the lawn
No need explaining, the one remaining,
It's nailed to the kitchen floor
I'm looking over my dead dog Rover
That I ran over with the mower

MY LEADER

(Tune: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean)

My leader fell into a pothole
In a glacier while climbing an Alp
He's still there after 50 long winters,
And all you can see is his scalp

Chorus:

Bring back, bring back,
O bring back my leader to me, to me
Bring back, bring back,
O bring back my leader to me, to me

My leader was proud of his whiskers,
To shave them would give him the blues
They hung all the way to his ankles,
And he used them for shining his shoes

My leader had faith in a sailboat
He had built from an old hollow tree
My leader set sail for Australia,
Now my leader lies under the sea

My leader made friends with hyenas,
He gave them a ride on his raft
When a crocodile reached up and grabbed him,
The hyenas just sat there and laughed

My leader annoyed his dear parents
They tossed him right out of the bus
And if we don't mend our behavior,
Why that's what will happen to us

SCOUT WETSPERS

(Tune: Scout Vespers)

Softly falls the rain today
As our campsite floats away
Silently, each Scout should ask
Did I bring my SCUBA mask?
Have I tied my tent flaps down,
Learned to swim so I won't drown,
Have I done, and will I try
Everything to keep me dry?

SHE'LL BE COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN

She'll be comin' round the mountain when
she comes (toot toot)
She'll be comin' round the mountain when
she comes (toot toot)
She'll be comin' round the mountain
She'll be comin' round the mountain'
She'll be comin' round the mountain when
she comes (toot toot)

She'll be drivin' six white horses (whoa
back)

We'll all go out to meet her (Hi, babe!)

We'll kill the old red rooster (hack, hack)

We'll all have chicken and dumplings (yum
yum)

We'll wear our bright red woolies (scratch
scratch)

We'll have to sleep with Grandmas
(e-yuck!)

TOM THE TOAD

(Tune: O Tannenbaum)

Oh, Tom the Toad, Oh, Tom the Toad
Why are you lying in the road?
Oh, Tom the Toad, Oh, Tom the Toad
Why are you lying in the road?
Didn't you see, that light turn red?
Now there are tracks, across your head
Oh, Tom the Toad, Oh, Tom the Toad
Why are you lying in the road?

Oh, Kitty Cat, Oh, Kitty Cat
Why does your tongue hang out like that?
Oh, Kitty Cat, Oh, Kitty Cat
Why does your tongue hang out like that?
Why were you running from the mutts?
Now that truck, spread out your guts
Oh, Kitty Cat, Oh, Kitty Cat
Why does your tongue hang out like that?

Oh Fred the fish, Oh Fred the fish,
Why are you lying on the dish?
Oh Fred the fish, Oh Fred the fish,
Why are you lying on the dish?
You did not see the hook ahead,
And now your head is stuffed with bread
Oh Fred the fish, Oh Fred the fish,
Why are you lying on the dish?

Oh Bill the bug, oh Bill the bug,
What are you doing on the rug
Oh Bill the bug, oh Bill the bug,
What are you doing on the rug
You did not see the foot ahead,
and now your just a spot of red,
Oh Bill the bug, oh Bill the bug,
What are you doing on the rug

Oh Rog the dog, Oh Rog the dog,
Why did you jump on that green log?
Oh Rog the dog, Oh Rog the dog,
Why did you jump on that green log?
You used to like to play and track
But now you are a gators snack
Oh Rog the dog, Oh Rog the dog,
Why did you jump on that green log?

Oh Al the Gater, Oh Al the gater
You should have waited until later
Oh Al the Gater, Oh Al the Gater
You should have waited until later
You sat upon the yellow line,
and now you're just a streak of slime
Oh AL the Gater, Oh Al the gater
You should have waited until later

Oh Sue the Skunk, Oh Sue the Skunk
Why do you make my tires go thunk?
Oh Sue the Skunk, Oh Sue the Skunk
Why do you make my tires go thunk?
You did not look from East to West
Now on the road there's such a mess
Oh Sue the Skunk, Oh Sue the Skunk
Why do you make my tires go thunk?

Oh Sam the Snake, Oh Sam the Snake
Why do you lie out there and bake?
Oh Sam the Snake, Oh Sam the Snake
Why do you lie out there and bake?
You did not see that truck go by
Now you look like a butterfly
Oh Sam the Snake, Oh Sam the Snake
Why do you lie out there and bake?

Oh Possum Pete, Oh Possum Pete
There's nothing left but hair and feet
Oh Possum Pete, Oh Possum Pete
There's nothing left but hair and feet
You thought you'd beat that bus across
Now you look like a pile of moss
Oh Possum Pete, Oh Possum Pete
There's nothing left but hair and feet

Arm'dillo Tex, Arm'dillo Tex,
Why are you looking so perplexed?
Arm'dillo Tex, Arm'dillo Tex,
Why are you looking so perplexed?
Across the yellow line you strayed,
The truck hit you - like a grenade!
Arm'dillo Tex, Arm'dillo Tex,
Why are you looking so perplexed

Oh Froggie Fred, Oh Froggie Fred,
Why do you lie there stone-cold dead?
Oh Froggie Fred, Oh Froggie Fred,
Why do you lie there stone-cold dead?
You didn't look as you jumped out,
A ten-ton truck ran up your snout!
Oh Froggie Fred, Oh Froggie Fred,
Why do you lie there stone-cold dead?

Oh Swallow Sam, Oh Swallow Sam,
What turned your body into jam?
Oh Swallow Sam, Oh Swallow Sam,
What turned your body into jam?
In the air you'd quickly speed,
An eighteen-wheeler made you bleed
Oh Swallow Sam, Oh Swallow Sam,
What turned your body into jam?

Oh Doggie Spot, Oh Doggie Spot,
Upon the road you're such a blot
Oh Doggie Spot, Oh Doggie Spot,
Upon the road you're such a blot
Out in the lane you boldly went,
Now your bod's not worth a cent!
Oh Doggie Spot, Oh Doggie Spot,
Upon the road you're such a blot

Oh Bunny Ben, Oh Bunny Ben,
Why is your body flat and thin?
Oh Bunny Ben, Oh Bunny Ben,
Why is your body flat and thin?
Out on the road you quickly jumped,
You didn't count on getting bumped
Oh Bunny Ben, Oh Bunny Ben,
Why is your body flat and thin?

Oh Billy Bat, Oh Billy Bat,
Why are you lying still like that?
Oh Billy Bat, Oh Billy Bat,
Why are you lying still like that?
Along the road you swooped and flapped,
But a trucker's windshield got you zapped!
Oh Billy Bat, Oh Billy Bat,
Why are you lying still like that?

Oh Turtle Ted, Oh turtle Ted,
Your shell's all broken - so's your head
Oh Turtle Ted, Oh turtle Ted,
Your shell's all broken - so's your head
In the road you thought you'd travel,
Now you're ground into the gravel
Oh Turtle Ted, Oh turtle Ted,
Your shell's all broken - so's your head

Oh, Chicken Cluck you never slowed
As you went running cross the road
Oh, Chicken Cluck you never slowed
As you went running cross the road
Despite the other's evidence,
Please tell us why you had no sense
Oh, Chicken Cluck you never slowed
As you went running cross the road

I ran across! I ran across!
In memory of those we lost!
I ran across! I ran across!
In memory of those we lost!
I had to prove to Tom & Sue,
& Sam & Pete, I could get through!
I ran across! I ran across!
In memory of those we lost!



1. TAVERN IN THE TOWN

THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN, IN THE TOWN,
AND THERE MY DEAR LOVE SITS HIM DOWN,
SITS HIM DOWN
AND DRINKS HIS WINE 'MID LAUGHTER FREE
AND NEVER NEVER THINKS OF ME.

FARE-THEE-WELL, FOR I MUST LEAVE THEE,
DO NOT LET THE PARTING GRIEVE THIEF,
AND REMEMBER THAT THE BEST OF FRIENDS
MUST PART, MUST PART,
ADIEU, ADIEU, KIND FRIENDS, ADIEU,
ADIEU, ADIEU,
I CAN NO LONGER STAY WITH YOU,
STAY WITH YOU,
I'LL HANG MY HARP ON A WEEPING WILLOW TREE
AND MAY THE WORLD GO WELL WITH THEE.

2. SMILES

THERE ARE SMILES THAT MAKE US HAPPY,
THERE ARE SMILES THAT MAKE US BLUE,
THERE ARE SMILES THAT STEAL AWAY
THE TEARDROPS
AS THE SUNBEAMS STEAL AWAY THE DEW,
THERE ARE SMILES THAT HAVE A
TENDER MEANING
THAT THE EYES OF LOVE ALONE MAY SEE,
BUT THE SMILES THAT FILL MY HEART
WITH SUNSHINE
ARE THE SMILES THAT YOU GIVE TO ME.

3. MY LITTLE MARGIE

MY LITTLE MARGIE,
I'M ALWAYS THINKING OF YOU, MARGIE,
I'LL TELL THE WORLD I LOVE YOU
DON'T FORGET YOUR PROMISE TO ME,
I HAVE BOUGHT A HOME AND RING
AND EVERYTHING
FOR MARGIE, YOU'VE BEEN MY
INSPIRATION, DAYS ARE NEVER BLUE,
AFTER ALL IS SAID AND DONE
THERE IS REALLY ONLY ONE,
OH, MARGIE, MARGIE, IT'S YOU.

4. MY GAL SAL

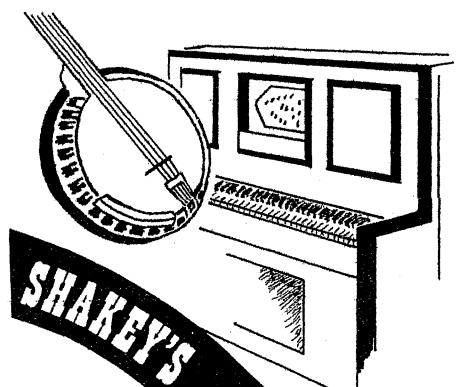
THEY CALL HER FRIVOLOUS SAL,
A PECULIAR SORT OF A GAL
WITH A HEART THAT WAS MELLOW,
AN ALL 'ROUND GOOD FELLOW
WAS MY OLD PAL.
YOUR TROUBLES, SORROWS AND CARE
SHE IS ALWAYS WILLING TO SHARE,
A WILD SORT OF DEVIL
BUT DEAD ON THE LEVEL
WAS MY GAL SAL.

5. IF YOU KNEW SUSIE

IF YOU KNEW SUSIE LIKE I KNOW SUSIE
OH, OH, OH, WHAT A GIRL,
THERE'S NONE SO CLASSY
AS THIS FAIR LASSIE,
OH, OH, HOLY MOSES, WHAT A CHASIS,
WE WENT RIDING, SHE DID'NT BALK,
BACK FROM YONKERS,
I'M THE ONE THAT HAD TO WALK,
IF YOU KNEW SUSIE LIKE I KNOW SUSIE
OH, OH, WHAT A GIRL.

6. THE BAND PLAYED ON

CASEY WOULD WALK WITH
A STRAWBERRY BLONDE
AND THE BAND PLAYED ON,
HE'D GLIDE 'CROSS THE FLOOR
WITH A GIRL HE ADORED
AND THE BAND PLAYED ON,
BUT HIS BRAIN WAS SO LOADED
IT NEARLY EXPLODED,
THE POOR GIRL WOULD SHAKE WITH ALARM,
HE'D NE'ER LEAVE THE GIRL
WITH THE STRAWBERRY CURLS,
AND THE BAND PLAYED ON.



7. BYE BYE BLACKBIRD

PACK UP ALL MY CARES AND WOE,
HERE I GO, SINGING LOW,
BYE, BYE BLACKBIRD,
WHERE SOMEBODY WAITS FOR ME
SUGAR'S SWEET, SO IS SHE,
BYE, BYE BLACKBIRD.
NO ONE HERE CAN LOVE AND
UNDERSTAND ME,
OH, WHAT HARD LUCK STORIES
THEY ALL HAND ME,
MAKE MY BED AND LIGHT THE LIGHT
I'LL ARRIVE LATE TONIGHT,
BLACKBIRD, BYE, BYE.

8. MARY'S A GRAND OLD NAME

FOR IT IS MARY, MARY,
PLAIN AS ANY NAME CAN BE;
BUT WITH PRO-PRI-E-TY,
SO-CI-E-TY WILL SAY MARIE.
BUT IT WAS MARY, MARY,
LONG BEFORE THE FASHIONS CAME;
AND THERE IS SOMETHING THERE
THAT SOUNDS SO FAIR,
IT'S A GRAND OLD NAME.

9. DARKTOWN STRUTTER'S BALL

I'LL BE DOWN TO GET YOU IN A TAXI HONEY,
YOU BETTER BE READY 'BOUT HALF-PAST EIGHT,
NOW HONEY, DON'T BE LATE,
I WANNA BE THERE WHEN THE BAND
STARTS PLAYING,
REMEMBER WHEN WE GET THERE HONEY
THE TWO-STEPS I'M GONNA HAVE EM ALL,
GOIN' TO DANCE OUT BOTH MY SHOES
WHEN THEY PLAY THE JELLY ROLL BLUES,
TOMORROW NIGHT AT THE DARKTOWN
STRUTTER'S BALL.

10. A SHANTY IN OLD SHANTY TOWN

IT'S ONLY A SHANTY IN OLD SHANTY TOWN,
THE ROOF IS SO SLANTY
IT TOUCHES THE GROUND,
BUT MY TUMBLER-DOWN SHACK
BY AN OLD RAILROAD TRACK
LIKE A MILLIONAIRE'S MANSION
IS CALLING ME BACK;
I'D GIVE UP A PALACE IF I WERE A KING,
IT'S MORE THAN A PALACE,
IT'S MY EVERYTHING;
THERE'S A QUEEN WAITING THERE
WITH A SILVER CROWN
IN A SHANTY IN OLD SHANTY TOWN.

11. MY WILD IRISH ROSE

MY WILD IRISH ROSE, THE SWEETEST
FLOWER THAT GROWS,
YOU MAY SEARCH EVERYWHERE, BUT NONE
CAN COMPARE
WITH MY WILD IRISH ROSE,
MY WILD IRISH ROSE, THE DEAREST
FLOWER THAT GROWS,
AND SOME DAY FOR MY SAKE, SHE MAY
LET ME TAKE
THE BLOOM FROM MY WILD IRISH ROSE.

12. YOU'RE A GRAND OLD FLAG

YOU'RE A GRAND OLD FLAG,
YOU'RE A HIGH FLYING FLAG
AND FOREVER IN PEACE MAY YOU WAVE,
YOU'RE THE EMBLEM OF THE LAND I LOVE,
THE HOME OF THE FREE AND THE BRAVE,
EVERY HEART BEATS TRUE
UNDER RED, WHITE AND BLUE
WHERE THERE'S NEVER A BOAST OR BRAG;
BUT SHOULD OLD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT
KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE GRAND OLD FLAG.

13. WHEN YOU WORE A TULIP

WHEN YOU WORE A TULIP, A SWEET YELLOW TULIP
AND I WORE A BIG RED ROSE,
WHEN YOU CARESSED ME, 'T WAS THEN HEAVEN
BLESSED ME, WHAT A BLESSING NO ONE KNOWS,
YOU MADE LIFE CHEERIE
WHEN YOU CALLED ME DEARIE,
'T WAS DOWN WHERE THE BLUE GRASS GROWS,
YOUR LIPS WERE SWEETER THAN JULEP
WHEN YOU WORE THAT TULIP
AND I WORE A BIG RED ROSE.

14. HEART OF MY HEART

HEART OF MY HEART,
HOW I LOVE THAT MELODY
HEART OF MY HEART,
BRING BACK FOND MEMORIES
WHEN WE WERE KIDS
ON THE CORNER OF THE SQUARE,
WE WERE ROUGH AND READY GUYS
BUT OH HOW WE COULD HAR-MO-NIZE - TO
HEART OF MY HEART,
HOW FRIENDS WERE DEARER THEN
TOO BAD WE HAD TO PART,
I KNOW A TEAR WOULD GLISTEN
IF ONCE MORE I COULD LISTEN
TO THAT GANG THAT SANG
HEART OF MY HEART.

15. WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING

WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING, SURE
IT'S LIKE A MORN IN SPRING,
IN THE LILT OF IRISH LAUGHTER
YOU CAN HEAR THE ANGELS SING,
WHEN IRISH HEARTS ARE HAPPY
ALL THE WORLD SEEMS BRIGHT AND GAY,
AND WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING
SURE THEY STEAL YOUR HEART AWAY.

16. SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK

EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE,
ALL AROUND THE TOWN,
THE TOTS SANG "RING-A-ROSIE"
"LONDON BRIDGE IS FALLING DOWN",
BOYS AND GIRLS TOGETHER,
ME AND MAMIE O'RORKE,
TRIPPED THE LIGHT FANTASTIC,
ON THE SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK.

17. I WONDER WHO'S KISSING HER NOW

I WONDER WHO'S KISSING HER NOW,
WONDER WHO'S TEACHING HER HOW,
WONDER WHO'S LOOKING INTO HER EYES
BREATHING SIGHS, TELLING LIES,
I WONDER WHO'S BUYING HER WINE
FOR LIPS THAT I USED TO CALL MINE,
WONDER IF SHE EVER TELLS HIM OF ME,
I WONDER WHO'S KISSING HER NOW.

18. THE MARINES' HYMN

FROM THE HALLS OF MONTEZUMA
TO THE SHORES OF TRIPOLI,
WE FIGHT OUR COUNTRY'S BATTLES
IN THE AIR, ON LAND AND SEA.
FIRST TO FIGHT FOR RIGHT AND FREEDOM
AND TO KEEP OUR HONOR CLEAN;
WE ARE PROUD TO CLAIM THE TITLE OF
UNITED STATES MARINES.

19. THE U.S. AIR FORCE

OFF WE GO INTO THE WILD BLUE YONDER
CLIMBING HIGH INTO THE SUN;
HERE THEY COME, ZOOMING TO MEET OUR THUNDER
AT 'EM BOYS, GIVE 'ER THE GUN
DOWN WE DIVE, SPOUTING OUR FLAME FROM UNDER
OFF WITH ONE HELL-UV-A ROAR
WE LIVE IN FAME OR GO DOWN IN FLAME, HEY!
NOTHING'LL STOP THE U.S. AIR FORCE.

20. THE CAISSONS GO ROLLING ALONG

OVER HILL, OVER DALE,
WE HAVE HIT THE DUSTY TRAIL,
AND THE CAISSONS GO ROLLING ALONG;
IN AND OUT, HEAR THEM SHOUT,
"COUNTER MARCH AND RIGHT A-BOU,"
AND THOSE CAISSONS GO ROLLING ALONG.
THEN IT'S "HI! HI! HEE!"
IN THE FIELD AR-TIL-LE-R-Y;
SOUND OFF YOUR NUMBERS LOUD AND STRONG;
WHERE E'ER YOU GO, YOU WILL ALWAYS KNOW
THAT THOSE CAISSONS ARE ROLLING ALONG

21. ANCHORS A-WEIGH

ANCHORS A-WEIGH MY BOYS, ANCHORS A-WEIGH,
FAREWELL TO COLLEGE JOYS
WE SAIL AT BREAK OF DAY-DAY-DAY-DAY,
THROUGH OUR LAST NIGHT ON SHORE,
ANCHORS A-WEIGH,
UNTIL WE MEET ONCE MORE HERE'S
WISHING YOU A HAPPY VOYAGE HOME.

22. FOUR LEAF CLOVER

I'M LOOKING OVER A FOUR LEAF CLOVER
THAT I OVERLOOKED BEFORE,
ONE LEAF IS SUNSHINE, THE SECOND IS RAIN,
THIRD IS THE ROSES THAT GROW IN THE LANE,
NO NEED EXPLAINING, THE ONE REMAINING
IS SOMEBODY I ADORE,
I'M LOOKING OVER A FOUR LEAF CLOVER
THAT I OVERLOOKED BEFORE.

23. WHIFFENPOOF SONG

FROM THE TABLES DOWN AT MORY'S
TO THE PLACE WHERE LOUIE DWELLS
TO THE DEAR OLD TEMPLE BAR
WE LOVE SO WELL;
SING THE WHIFFENPOOFS ASSEMBLED
WITH THEIR GLASSES RAISED ON HIGH,
AND THE MAGIC OF THEIR SINGING
CASTS A SPELL.
YES, THE MAGIC OF THEIR SINGING
OF THE SONGS WE LOVE SO WELL,
"SHALL I WASTING" AND "MAVOURNEEN"
AND THE REST,
WE WILL SERENADE OUR LOUIE
WHILE LIFE AND VOICE SHALL LAST,
THEN WE'LL PASS AND BE FORGOTTEN
WITH THE REST.
WE ARE POOR LITTLE LAMBS
WHO HAVE LOST OUR WAY,
BAA, BAA, BAA;
WE ARE LITTLE BLACK SHEEP
WHO HAVE GONE ASTRAY,
BAA, BAA, BAA,
GENTLEMEN SONGSTERS OFF ON A SPREE,
DOOMED FROM HERE TO ETERNITY,
LORD, HAVE MERCY ON SUCH AS WE,
BAA, BAA, BAA.

24. SWANEE

SWANEE, HOW I LOVE YOU, HOW I LOVE YOU,
MY DEAR OLD SWANEE. I'D GIVE THE WORLD TO BE
AMONG THE FOLKS IN D-I-X-I-E-VEN NOW MY
MAMMY'S WAITING FOR ME, PRAYING FOR ME
DOWN BY THE SWANEE. THE FOLKS UP NORTH WILL
SEE ME NO MORE, WHEN I GO TO THE SWANEE SHORE.

25. BY THE LIGHT OF THE SILVERY MOON

BY THE LIGHT OF THE SILVERY MOON
I WANT TO SPOON, TO MY HONEY
I'LL CROON LOVE'S TUNE,
HONEY MOON, KEEP A-SHINING IN JUNE,
YOUR SILVERY BEAMS
WILL BRING LOVE DREAMS
WE'LL BE CUDDLING SOON
BY THE SILVERY MOON.

26. ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND

COME ON AND HEAR, COME ON AND HEAR
ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND;
COME ON AND HEAR, COME ON AND HEAR
IT'S THE BEST BAND IN THE LAND;
THEY CAN PLAY A BUGLE CALL
LIKE YOU NEVER HEARD BEFORE,
SO NATURAL THAT YOU WANTA GO TO WAR;
IT'S JUST THE BESTEST BAND WHAT AM,
MY HONEY-LAMB;
COME ON ALONG, COME ON ALONG,
LET ME TAKE YOU BY THE HAND
UP TO THE MAN, UP TO THE MAN
WHO'S THE LEADER OF THE BAND;
IF YOU WANT HEAR THE SWANEE RIVER
PLAYED IN RAGTIME,
COME ON AND HEAR, COME ON AND HEAR
ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND.

**SHAKEY'S
PIZZA**

1471 ROCKVILLE PIKE
ROCKVILLE, MARYLAND
(Wisconsin Avenue --- extended)
427-1510

27. IN MY MERRY OLDSMOBILE

COME AWAY WITH ME, LUCILE,
IN MY MERRY OLDSMOBILE,
DOWN THE ROAD OF LIFE WE'LL FLY,
AUTO-MO-BUBBLING, YOU AND I.
TO THE CHURCH WE'LL SWIFTLY STEAL,
THEN OUR WEDDING BELLS WILL PEAL.
YOU CAN GO AS FAR AS YOU LIKE
WITH ME, IN MY MERRY OLDSMOBILE.

28. ARE YOU FROM DIXIE

ARE YOU FROM DIXIE? I SAID FROM DIXIE?
WHERE THE FIELDS OF COTTON BECKON TO ME,
I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU, TELL ME HOW BE YOU,
AND THE FRIENDS I'M LONGING TO SEE.
IF YOU'RE FROM ALABAMA,
TENNESSEE OR CAROLINE,
ANY PLACE BELOW THE MASON DIXON LINE,
THEN YOU'RE FROM DIXIE,
HURRAY FOR DIXIE!
CAUSE I'M FROM DIXIE TOO!

29. THE YELLOW ROSE OF TEXAS

SHE'S THE SWEETEST LITTLE ROSE-BUD
THAT TEXAS EVER KNEW,
HER EYES ARE BRIGHT AS DIAMONDS,
THEY SPARKLE LIKE THE DEW,
YOU MAY TALK ABOUT YOUR CLEMENTINE
AND SING OF ROSALEE
BUT THE YELLOW ROSE OF TEXAS
IS THE ONLY GIRL FOR ME.

30. TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME

TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME,
TAKE ME OUT WITH THE CROWD
BUY ME SOME PEANUTS AND CRACKERJACK,
I DON'T CARE IF I NEVER COME BACK,
LET ME ROOT, ROOT, ROOT FOR THE HOME TEAM
IF THEY DON'T WIN IT'S A SHAME,
FOR IT'S ONE, TWO, THREE STRIKES, YOU'RE OUT
AT THE OLD BALL GAME.

31. YANKEE DOODLE DANDY

I'M A YANKEE DOODLE DANDY,
YANKEE DOODLE, DO OR DIE.
A REAL LIVE NEPHEW OF MY UNCLE SAM,
BORN ON THE FOURTH OF JULY,
I'VE GOT A YANKEE DOODLE SWEETHEART,
SHE'S MY YANKEE DOODLE JOY.
YANKEE DOODLE CAME TO LONDON
JUST TO RIDE A PONY,
I AM A YANKEE DOODLE BOY.

32. IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME

IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME,
IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME
STROLLING THROUGH THE SHADY LANES
WITH YOUR BABY MINE,
YOU HOLD HER HAND AND SHE HOLDS YOURS,
AND THAT'S A VERY GOOD SIGN
THAT SHE'S YOUR TOOTSEY WOOTSEY
IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME.

33. CAROLINA IN THE MORNING

NOTHING COULD BE FINER THAN TO BE
IN CAROLINA IN THE MORNING.
NO ONE COULD BE SWEETER THAN MY
SWEETIE WHEN I MEET HER IN THE MORNING,
WHERE THE MORNING GLORIES
TWINE AROUND THE DOOR
WHISPERING PRETTY STORIES
I LONG TO HEAR ONCE MORE.
STROLLING WITH MY GIRLIE WHERE THE DEW
IS PEARLY EARLY IN THE MORNING,
BUTTERFLIES ALL FLUTTER UP AND KISS
EACH LITTLE BUTTERCUP AT DAWNING,
IF I HAD ALADDIN'S LAMP FOR ONLY A DAY
I'D MAKE A WISH AND HERE'S WHAT I'D SAY:
NOTHING COULD BE FINER THAN TO BE IN
CAROLINA IN THE MORNING.

THE CREMATION OF SAM MCGEE

by Robert W. Service

There are strange things done 'neath the midnight sun by the men who toil for gold.
The arctic trails have their secret tales that would make your blood run cold.
The northern lights have seen queer sights but the queerest they ever did see,
Was that night on the marge of Lake LeBarge when I cremated Sam McGee.

Now Sam McGee was from Tennessee where the cotton blooms and blows.
Why he left his home in the south to roam 'round the poles, God only knows.
He was always cold, but the land of gold seemed to hold him like a spell,
Though he'd often say in his homely way that he'd sooner live in Hell.

On a Christmas day we were mushing our way over the Dawson trail.
Talk of your cold, through the parka's fold it stabbed like a driven nail.
If our eyes we'd close, then the lashes froze 'til sometimes we couldn't see.
It wasn't much fun, but the only one to whimper was Sam McGee.

And that very night while we lay packed tight in our robes beneath the snow,
and the dogs were fed, and the stars o'er head were dancing heel and toe,
he turns to me, and "Cap" says he "I'll cash in this trip, I guess.
And if I do, I'm asking that you won't refuse my last request."

Well, he looked so low that I couldn't say no, then he says with a sort of a moan,
"It's the cursed cold, it's got right hold 'til I'm chilled clean through to the bone.
Yet tain't being dead, it's my awful dread of an icy grave that pains.
So I want you to swear that foul or fair, you'll cremate my last remains."

Well, a friend's last need is a thing to heed, so I swore I would not fail.
We started on at the streak of dawn, but, God, he looked ghastly pale!
He crouched on the sleigh, and he raved all day of his home in Tennessee,
And before nightfall, a corpse was all that was left of Sam McGee.

There wasn't a breath in that land of death, and I hurried on, horror stricken.
With a corpse half hid, that I couldn't get rid, because of a promise I'd given.
It was lashed to the sleigh, and it seemed to say, "You may tax your brawn and your brains,
But you promised true, and it's up to you to cremate these last remains."

And every day that quiet clay seemed to heavy and heavier grow.
But on I went, though the dogs were spent and the grub was getting low.
The trail was bad, and I felt half mad, but I swore I would not give in.
And I'd often sing to the hateful thing and it harkened with a grin!

Then I came to the marge of Lake LeBarge and a derelict there lay.
It was choked with ice, but I say in a thrice it was named the "Alice May".
I looked at it, and I thought a bit, then I turned to my frozen chum,
And "This" said I with a sudden cry "is my crematorium!"

Some planks I tore from the cabin floor and lit the boiler fire.
Some coal I found that was lying around and heaped the fuel higher.
The furnace roared and the flames they soared, such a blaze you seldom see.
Then I burrowed a hole in the glowing coal and I stuffed in Sam McGee.

Then I made a hike, for I didn't like to hear him sizzle so.
And the heavens scowled and the huskies howled and the wind began to blow.
It was icy cold, but the hot sweat rolled down my cheeks, I don't know why.
And the greasy smoke in an inky cloak went streaking down the sky.

I do not know how long in the snow I wrestled with grisly fear.
But the stars were out and they danced about 'ere again I ventured near.
I was sick with dread, but I bravely said "I'll just take a peek inside.
He's probably cooked, it's time I looked." Then the door I opened wide.

And there sat Sam, looking cold and calm in the heart of the furnace roar.
He wore a smile you could see a mile, and he said "Please shut that door!
It's warm in here, but I greatly fear you'll let in the cold and storm.
Since I left Plumtree, down in Tennessee, it's the first time I've been warm."

There are strange things done 'neath the midnight sun by the men who moil for gold.
The arctic trails have their secret tales that would make your blood run cold.
The northern lights have seen strange sights, but the queerest they ever did see
was that night on the marge of Lake LeBarge when I cremated Sam McGee.

WOOD BADGE BEAR

(Tune: Teddy Bear)

Baby let me be, your lovin' Wood Badge Bear
Put a 'kerchief 'round my neck
Compass bearings anywhere
Oh let me be (Oh let me be)
Your Wood Badge Bear

I don't wanna be a bobwhite
A beaver, fox, or owl
I don't wanna be a buffalo
An eagle, antelope no how, no way, no how

Just wanna be, your Wood Badge Bear
Put a 'kerchief 'round my neck
Compass bearings anywhere
Oh let me be (Oh let me be)
Your Wood Badge Bear

SPL let me be, on service every night
Burn dutch ovens to the max
And we'll scrub 'em clean just right
Oh let me be (Oh let me be)
Your Wood Badge Bear

I don't wanna be a bobwhite
A beaver, fox, or owl
I don't wanna be a buffalo
An eagle, antelope no how, no way, no how

Just wanna be, your Wood Badge Bear
Put a 'kerchief 'round my neck.
Compass bearings anywhere
Oh let me be (Oh let me be)
Your Wood Badge Bear
Oh let me be (Oh let me be)
Your Wood Badge Bear.
I just wanna be your Wood Badge Bear

ON MY HONOR

On my honor, I'll do my best
To do my duty to God
On my honor, I'll do my best
To serve my country as I may
On my honor, I'll do my best
To do my good turn each day
To keep my body strengthened
And keep my mind awakened
To follow paths of righteousness
On my honor, I'll do my best

SCOUT LAW KUM BA YAH

A Scout is trustworthy, Lord, Kum ba yah
A Scout is loyal, Lord, Kum ba yah
A Scout is helpful, Lord, Kum ba yah
Oh, Lord, Kum ba yah

A Scout is friendly, Lord, Kum ba yah
A Scout is courteous, Lord, Kum ba yah
A Scout is kind, Lord, Kum ba yah
Oh, Lord, Kum ba yah

A Scout is obedient, Lord, Kum ba yah
A Scout is cheerful, Lord, Kum ba yah
A Scout is thrifty, Lord, Kum ba yah
Oh, Lord, Kum ba yah

A Scout is brave, Lord, Kum ba yah
A Scout is clean, Lord, Kum ba yah
A Scout is reverent, Lord, Kum ba yah
Oh, Lord, Kum ba yah

THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND

This land is your land, this land is my land
From California to the New York Island
From the redwood forest
To the Gulf Stream waters
This land was made for you and me

As I went walking that ribbon of highway
I saw above me that endless skyway
I saw below me that golden valley
This land was made for you and me

I roamed and rambled
And I followed my footsteps
To the sparkling sands
Of her diamond deserts
All around me a voice was sounding
This land was made for you and me

When the sun came shining
The I was strolling
And the wheat fields waving
And the dust clouds rolling
A voice was chanting as the fog was lifting
This land was made for you and me

TAKE ME HOME, COUNTRY ROADS

Almost heaven, West Virginia
Blue Ridge Mountains, Shenandoah River
Life is old there, older than the trees
Younger than the mountains
Growin' like a breeze

Chorus:
Country Roads, take me home
to the place I belong
West Virginia, mountain momma
Take me home, Country Roads

All my memories gather 'round her
miner's lady, stranger to blue water,
Dark and dusty, painted on the sky
Misty taste of moonshine
Teardrop in my eye

I hear her voice
In the mornin' hours she calls me
The radio reminds me
Of my home far away
And drivin' down the road
I get a feelin' that
I should have been home yesterday

TOM DOOLEY

Chorus:

Hang down your head, Tom Dooley
Hang down your head and cry
Hang down your head, Tom Dooley
Poor boy, you're bound to die

I met her on the mountain
There I took her life
Met her on the mountain
Stabbed her with my knife

This time tomorrow
Reckon where I'll be
Hadn't a been for Grayson
I'd a been in Tennessee

This time tomorrow
Reckon where I'll be
Down in some lonesome valley
Hanging from a wide oak tree

WHERE HAVE ALL THE FLOWERS GONE

Where have all the flowers gone?
Long time passing
Where have all the flowers gone?
Long time ago
Where have all the flowers gone?
Young girls picked them, every one
When will they ever learn?
When will they ever learn?

Where have all the young girls gone?
Long time passing
Where have all the young girls gone?
Long time ago
Where have all the young girls gone?
Gone to young men, every one
When will they ever learn?
When will they ever learn?

Where have all the young men gone?
Long time passing
Where have all the young men gone?
Long time ago
Where have all the young men gone?
Gone for soldiers, every one
When will they ever learn?
When will they ever learn?

Where have all the soldiers gone?
Long time passing
Where have all the soldiers gone?
Long time ago
Where have all the soldiers gone?
Gone to graveyards, every one
When will they ever learn?
When will they ever learn?

Where have all the graveyards gone?
Long time passing
Where have all the graveyards gone?
Long time ago
Where have all the graveyards gone?
Gone to flowers, every one
When will they ever learn?
When will they ever learn?

(THE) WIDE MISSOURI

My lady love
She stands awaitin'
Far across the wide Missouri
On the banks I hear her callin'
To me

Chorus:
A roll
A roll a ree
Across the wide Missouri
A roll
A roll a ree
Across the wide Missouri

For seven years I've been a rollin'
Seven years I left the valley
Now I live just for my true love
To see

I'm pushing off when dawn's a-breakin'
Going 'cross the wide Missouri
Where my love she stands awaitin'
For me

BLUE SKIES

Blue skies smiling at me
Nothing but blue skies
Do I see
Blue birds singing a song
Nothing but blue birds
All day long

Never saw the sun shining so bright
Never saw things going so right
Noticing days hurrying by
When you're in love
My how they fly

Blue days
All of them gone
Nothing but blue skies
From now on

BY THE LIGHT OF THE SILVERY MOON

By the light of the silvery moon
I want to spoon
To my honey
I'll croon love's tune
Honeymoon
Keep a shining in June
Your silvery beams
Will bring love's dreams
We'll be cuddling soon
By the silvery moon

CAROLINA IN THE MORNING

Nothing could be finer than to be in
Carolina in the morning
No one could be sweeter than my sweetie
when I meet her in the morning
Where the morning glories, twine around
the door
Whispering pretty stories, I long to hear
once more
Strolling with my girlie
Where the dew is pearly early in the
morning
Butterflies all flutter up and kiss each little
butter cup at dawning

If I had Aladdin's lamp for only a day
I'd make a wish and here's what I'd say
Nothing could be finer than to be in
Carolina in the morning

MY WILD IRISH ROSE

My wild Irish rose
The sweetest flower that grows
You may search everywhere
But none can compare
With my wild Irish rose

My wild Irish rose
The dearest flower that grows
And someday for my sake
She may let me take
The bloom from
My wild Irish rose

SHINE ON HARVEST MOON

Oh, shine on
Shine on harvest moon
Up in the sky
I ain't had no lovin'
Since January, February, June or July
Snow time ain't no time
To stay outdoors and spoon
So shine on
Shine on harvest moon
For me and my gal

WHEN YOU'RE SMILING

When you're smiling
When you're smiling
The whole world smiles with you

When you're laughing
When you're laughing
The sun comes shining through

But when you're crying
You bring on the rain
So stop your sighing
Be happy again

Keep on smiling
Cause when you're smiling
The whole world smiles with you

THE SPIRIT OF WTOC

by Earl N. Simons

The board is black
The chalk is white,
Together we learn to read and write
To read and write.

At our Center
the trainee can,
clarify his employment plan
his employment plan

And now a man can plainly see
this is the way at WTOC
at WTOC

The road is hard
and the road is long,
It takes many turns, -some right, some wrong
some right, some wrong/

To learn a trade
and learn it right,
Is what we hope is in sight
is in sight.

And now we all must understand
the right to work is for every man
for every man.

You train and work
and when you're through,
you can start to plan anew
to plan anew.

By learning the Center way
your kids will see -
a better day
a better day.

And now a man can plainly see
this is the way at WTOC
at WTOC.

The board is black
The chalk is white,
Together we learn to read and write
To read and write.

SUNNY SIDE OF THE STREET

GRAB YOUR COAT, AND GET YOUR HAT
LEAVE YOUR WORRY ON THE DOOR STEP
JUST DIRECT YOUR FEET--
TO THE SUNNY SIDE OF THE STREET
CAN'T YOU HEAR A PITTER PAT?
AND THAT HAPPY TUNE IS YOUR STEP
LIFE CAN BE SO SWEET
ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF THE STREET.
I USED TO WALK IN THE SHADE
WITH THOSE BLUES ON PARADE
BUT I'M NOT AFRAID
THIS ROVER, CROSSED OVER,
IF I NEVER HAVE A CENT
I'LL BE RICH AS ROCKEFELLER
GOLD DUST AT MY FEET
ON THE SUNNYSIDE OF THE STREET

MY BLUE HEAVEN

WHEN WHIP-POOR-WILLS CALL AND EV'NING
IS NIGH
I HURRY TO MY BLUE HEAVEN
A TURN TO THE RIGHT
A LITTLE WHITE LIGHT
WILL LEAD YOU TO MY BLUE HEAVEN
YOU'LL SEE A SMILING FACE, A FIREPLACE,
A COZY ROOM
A LITTLE NEST THAT'S NESTLED WHERE THE
ROSES BLOOM
JUST MOLLIE AND ME
AND BABY MAKES THREE
WE'RE HAPPY IN MY BLUE HEAVEN.

WHISPERING

WHISPERING WHILE YOU CUDDLE NEAR ME
WHISPERING SO NO ONE CAN HEAR ME
EACH LITTLE WHISPER SEEMS TO CHEER ME
I KNOW IT'S TRUE THERE'S NO ONE DEAR
BUT YOU
YOU'RE WHISPERING WHY YOU'LL NEVER
LEAVE ME
WHISPERING WHY YOU'LL NEVER GRIEVE ME
WHISPER AND SAY THAT YOU BELIEVE ME
WHISPERING THAT I LOVE YOU.

K-K-K-KATY

K-K-K-KATY, BEAUTIFUL KATY
YOU'RE THE ONLY G-G-G-GIRL THAT I ADORE
WHEN THE M-M-MOON SHINES
OVER THE COWSHED
I'LL BE WAITING AT THE K-K-K-KITCHEN
DOOR.

OLD MAN RIVER

OL MAN RIVER, DAT OL MAN RIVER
HE MUST KNOW SUMPIN BUT DON'T SAY
NOTHIN'
HE JUST KEEPS ROLLIN, HE KEEPS ON
ROLLIN ALONG
HE DON'T PLANT TATERS, HE DON'T PLANT
COTTON
AND DEM DAT PLANTS EM IS SOON FORGOTTIN
BUT OL MAN RIVER, HE JUST KEEPS ROLLIN
ALONG
YOU AND ME, WE SWEAT AND STRAIN
BODY ALL ACHIN' AND RACKED WID PAIN
TOTE DAT BARGE, LIFT DAT BALE
GIT A LITTLE DRUNK AND YA LAND IN JAIL
AH GETS WEARY AND SICK OF TRYIN
AHM TIRED OF LIVIN AND FEARED OF DYIN
BUT OL MAN RIVER HE JEST KEEPS
ROLLIN ALONG.

SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK

EASTSIDE, WESTSIDE
ALL AROUND THE TOWN
THE GIRLS SANG RING-AROUND-ROSIE
LONDON BRIDGE IS FALLING DOWN
BOYS AND GIRLS TOGETHER
ME AND MAMIE O'ROURKE
TRIPPED THE LIGHT FANTASTIC
ON THE SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK.

DANNY BOY

OH DANNY BOY THE PIPES, THE PIPES
ARE CALLING
FROM GLEN TO GLEN AND DOWN THE MOUN-
TAIN SIDE
THE SUMMER'S GONE AND ALL THE ROSES
FALLING
IT'S YOU, IT'S YOU MUST GO AND I MUST
BIDE.
BUT COME YE BACK WHEN SUMMER'S IN THE
MEADOW
OR WHEN THE VALLEY'S HUSHED AND WHITE
WITH SNOW
IT'S I'LL BE HERE IN SUNSHINE OR IN
SHADOW
OH DANNY BOY, OH DANNY BOY I LOVE
YOU SO.

BEER BARREL POLKA

THERE'S A GARDEN, WHAT A GARDEN
ONLY HAPPY FACES BLOOM THERE
AND THERE'S NEVER ANY ROOM THERE
FOR A WORRY OR A GLOOM THERE
OH THERE'S MUSIC AND THERE'S DANCING
AND A LOT OF SWEET ROMANCING
WHEN THEY PLAY A POLKA THEY ALL BEGIN
TO SWING
EVERY TIME THEY HEAR THAT OOMPAPA
EVERYBODY FEELS SO TRA-LA-LA
THEY WANT TO THROW THEIR CARES AWAY
THEY ALL GO LAH-DE-LA-DE-AY
THEN THEY HEAR A RUMBLE ON THE FLOOR
IT'S THE BIG SURPRISE THEY'RE WAITING FOR
AND ALL THE COUPLES FORM A RING
FOR MILES AROUND YOU'LL HEAR THEM SING
ROLL OUT THE BARREL
WE'LL HAVE A BARREL OF FUN
ROLL OUT THE BARREL
WE'VE GOT THE BLUES ON THE RUN
ZING! BOOM! TARARREL
RING OUT A SONG OF GOOD CHEER
NOW'S THE TIME TO ROLL THE BARREL
FOR THE GANG'S ALL HERE!

HEART OF MY HEART

HEART OF MY HEART, HOW I LOVE THAT
MELODY
HEART OF MY HEART, BRING BACK FOND
MEMORIES
WHEN WE WERE KIDS ON THE CORNER OF THE
SQUARE
WE WERE ROUGH AND READY GUYS
BUT OH HOW WE COULD HARMONIZE,--TO
HEART OF MY HEART, HOW FRIENDS WERE
DEARER THEN
TOO BAD WE HAD TO PART
I KNOW A TEAR WOULD GLISTEN
IF ONCE MORE I COULD LISTEN
TO THAT GANG THAT SANG, HEART OF MY
HEART.

NOW IS THE HOUR

NOW IS THE HOUR WHEN WE MUST SAY
GOODBYE
SOON YOU'LL BE SAILING FAR ACROSS THE SEA
WHILE YOUR AWAY
OH THEN REMEMBER ME
WHEN YOU RETURN YOU'LL FIND ME WAITING
HERE.

TAVERN IN THE TOWN

THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN, IN THE
TOWN
AND THERE MY TRUE LOVE SITS HIM DOWN,
SITS HIM DOWN
AND DRINKS HIS WINE AS MERRY AS CAN BE
AND NEVER NEVER THINKS OF ME.
FARE THEE WELL, FOR I MUST LEAVE THEE
DO NOT LET THIS PARTING GRIEVE THEE
FOR THE TIME HAS COME FOR YOU AND ME
TO SAY GOODBYE
ADIEU, ADIEU, KIND FRIENDS, ADIEU,
YES ADIEU
I CAN NO LONGER STAY WITH YOU, STAY
WITH YOU
I'LL HANG MY HARP ON A WEEPING WILLOW
TREE
AND MAY THE WORLD GO WELL WITH THEE.

LADY OF SPAIN

LADY OF SPAIN I ADORE YOU
RIGHT FROM THE NIGHT I FIRST SAW YOU
MY HEART HAS BEEN YEARNING FOR YOU
WHAT ELSE COULD ANY HEART DO
LADY OF SPAIN I'M APPEALING
WHY SHOULD MY LIPS BE CONCEALING
ALL THAT MY EYES ARE REVEALING
LADY OF SPAIN I LOVE YOU.

VOLARE

VOLARE, OH, OH
CANTARE, OH, OH, OH, OH
LET'S FLY WAY UP TO THE CLOUDS,
AWAY FROM THE MADD'NING CROWDS;
WE CAN SING IN THE GLOW OF A STAR
THAT I KNOW OF,
WHERE LOVERS ENJOY PEACE OF MIND,
LET US LEAVE THE CONFUSION AND ALL
DISILLUSION BEHIND,
JUST LIKE BIRDS OF A FEATHER A
RAINBOW TOGETHER WE'LL FIND.
VOLARE, OH, OH
CANTARE, OH, OH, OH, OH
NO WONDER MY HAPPY HEART SINGS,
YOUR LOVE HAS GIVEN ME WINGS.

NO BEER IN HEAVEN

IN HEAVEN THERE IS NO BEER
THAT'S WHY WE DRINK IT HERE
AND WHEN WE'RE GONE FROM HERE
OUR FRIENDS WILL BE DRINKING
ALL THE BEER!

WALTZING MATILDA

ONCE A JOLLY SWAGMAN SAT BY A
BILLABONG,
UNDER THE SHADE OF A KOLLABAH TREE,
AND HE SANG AS HE WATCHED AND WAITED
FOR HIS TEA TO BOIL,
YOU'LL COME A WALTZING MATILDA WITH ME.

WALTZING MATILDA, WALTZING MATILDA,
YOU'LL COME A WALTZING MATILDA WITH
GLEE, AND HE SANG AS HE WATCHED AND
WAITED FOR HIS TEA TO BOIL,
YOU'LL COME A WALTZING MATILDA WITH ME.

DOWN CAME A JUMPBUCK TO DRINK AT THE
BILLABONG,
UP JUMPED THE SWAGMAN LAUGHING
WITH GLEE, AND HE SANG AS HE SHOVED
THE JUMPBUCK IN HIS TUCKER BAG,
YOU'LL COME A WALTZING MATILDA WITH ME.

UP RODE THE SQUATTER MOUNTED ON HIS
THOROUGHbred, UP RODE THE TROOPERS
ONE, TWO, THREE, WHERE'S THE JOLLY"
JUMPBUCK YOU PUT IN YOUR TUCKER BAG
YOU'LL COME A WALTZING MATILDA WITH ME.

UP JUMPED THE SWAGMAN DOVE INTO THE
BILLABONG, YOU'LL NEVER CATCH ME
ALIVE SAID HE, AND HIS GHOST MAY BE
HEARD AS YOU WALK BY THAT BILLABONG
YOU'LL COME A WALTZING MATILDA WITH ME.

WALTZING MATILDA, WALTZING MATILDA,
YOU'LL COME A WALTZING MATILDA WITH ME
AND HIS GHOST MAY BE HEARD AS YOU
WALK BY THE BILLABONG,
YOU'LL COME A WALTZING MATILDA WITH ME.

CALIFORNIA HERE I COME

CALIFORNIA HERE I COME
RIGHT BACK WHERE I STARTED FROM
WHERE BOWERS OF FLOWERS BLOOM IN THE
SUN

EACH MORNING AT DAWNING
BIRDIES SING AND EVERYTHING
A SUNKIST MISS SAID DON'T BE LATE
THAT'S WHY I CAN HARDLY WAIT
OPEN UP THAT GOLDEN GATE
CALIFORNIA HERE I COME.

PENNSYLVANIA POLKA

STRIKE UP THE MUSIC
THE BAND HAS BEGUN
THE PENNSYLVANIA POLKA
PICK OUT YOUR PARTNER
AND JOIN IN THE FUN
THE PENNSYLVANIA POLKA
IT STARTED IN SCRANTON
IT' NOW NUMBER ONE
IT'S BOUND TO ENTERTAIN YA
EVERYBODY HAS A MANIA
TO DO THE POLKA FROM PENNSYLVANIA
WHILE THEY'RE DANCING
EVERYBODY'S CARES ARE QUICKLY GONE
SWEET ROMANCING
THIS GOES ON AND ON UNTIL THE DAWN
THEY'RE SO CAREFREE
GAY WITH LAUGHTER
HAPPY AS CAN BE
THEY STOP TO HAVE A BEER
THEN THE CROWD BEGINS TO CHEER
THEY KISS AND THEN THEY START TO
DANCE AGAIN.

THREE COINS IN THE FOUNTAIN

THREE COINS IN THE FOUNTAIN
EACH ONE SEEKING HAPPINESS
THROWN BY THREE HOPEFUL LOVERS
WHICH ONE WILL THE FOUNTAIN BLESS?
THREE HEARTS IN THE FOUNTAIN
EACH HEART LONGING FOR ITS HOME
THERE THEY LIE IN THE FOUNTAIN
SOMEWHERE IN THE HEART OF ROME.
WHICH ONE WILL THE FOUNTAIN BLESS?
WHICH ONE WILL THE FOUNTAIN BLESS?
THREE COINS IN THE FOUNTAIN
THROUGH THE RIPPLES HOW THEY SHINE
JUST ONE WISH WILL BE GRANTED
ONE HEART WILL WEAR A VALENTINE.
MAKE IT MINE! MAKE IT MINE! MAKE IT
MINE!

EVENING BY THE MOONLIGHT

IN THE EVENING BY THE MOONLIGHT
YOU COULD HEAR THOSE DARKIES SINGIN'
IN THE EVENING BY THE MOONLIGHT
YOU COULD HEAR DE BANJO RINGIN'
HOW THE OLD FOLKS WOULD ENJOY IT
THEY WOULD SIT ALL NIGHT AND LISTEN
AS THEY SANG IN THE EVENING BY THE
MOONLIGHT.

GIVE MY REGARDS TO BROADWAY

GIVE MY REGARDS TO BROADWAY
REMEMBER ME TO HERELD SQUARE
TELL ALL THE GANG ON 42ND STREET
THAT I WILL SOON BE THERE
TELL THEM OF HOW I'M YEARNING
TO MINGLE WITH THE OLD CROWD THERE
GIVE MY REGARDS TO OLD BROADWAY
AND SAY THAT I WILL SOON BE THERE.

MARY

FOR IT WAS MARY MARY, PLAIN AS ANY
NAME CAN BE
BUT WITH PROPRIETY, SOCIETY WILL SAY
MARIE
BUT IT WAS MARY, MARY, LONG BEFORE THE
FASHIONS CAME
AND THERE IS SOMETHING THERE
THAT SOUNDS SO SQUARE
IT'S A GRAND OLD NAME.

GRAND OLD FLAG

YOU'RE A GRAND OLD FLAG
YOU'RE A HIGH FLYIN' FLAG
AND FOREVER IN PEACE MAY YOU WAVE
YOU ARE THE EMBLEM OF THE LAND I LOVE
THE HOME OF THE FREE AND THE BRAVE
EVERY HEART BEATS TRUE FOR THE RED
WHITE AND BLUE
WHERE THERE'S NEVER A BOAST OR BRAG
SHOULD OLD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT
KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE GRAND OLD FLAG.

YANKEE DOODLE DANDY

I'M A YANKEE DOODLE DANDY
A YANKEE DOODLE DO OR DIE
A REAL LIVE NEPHEW OF MY UNCLE SAM
BORN ON THE FOURTH OF JULY
I'VE A YANKEE DOODLE SWEETHEART
SHE'S MY YANKEE DOODLE JOY
OH YANKEE DOODLE WENT TO LONDON
JUST TO RIDE THE PONIES
I AM A YANKEE DOODLE BOY.

THE U. OF M. ROUSER

MIN-NE-SO-TA, HATS OFF TO THEE.
TO YOUR COL-ORS TRUE WE SHALL EV-ER BE
FIRM AND STRONG, UNITED ARE WE.
RAH,RAH RAH, FOR SKI-U-MA.
RAH, RAH,RAH,RAH,RAH, FOR THE U-of-M.

NEVER ON SUNDAY

OH, YOU CAN KISS ME ON A MON-DAY,
A MON-DAY IS VER-Y, VER-Y GOOD
OR YOU CAN KISS ME ON A TUES-DAY,
A TUES-DAY, A TUES-DAY, IN FACT I WISH
YOU WOULD.
OR YOU CAN KISS ME ON A WEDNES-DAY,
A THURSDAY, A FRI-DAY AND SAT-UR-DAY
IS BEST.
BUT NEV-ER, NEV-ER ON A SUN-DAY,
A SUN-DAY, A SUN-DAY, CAUSE THATS MY
DAY OF REST
COME AN-Y DAY--AND YOU'LL BE MY GUEST.
ANY DAY YOU SAY,--BUT MY DAY OF REST.
JUST NAME THE DAY--THAT YOU LIKE THE
BEST--
ON-LY STAY A'WAY--ON MY DAY OF REST--
OH, YOU CAN KISS ME ON A COOL DAY,
A HOT DAY, A WET DAY, WHICH-EV-ER ONE
YOU CHOOSE.
OR TRY TO KISS ME ON A GRAY DAY,
A MAY DAY, A PAY DAY, AND SEE IF I
REFUSE.
AND IF YOU MAKE IT ON A BLEAK DAY,
A FREAK DAY, WEEK-DAY, WHY YOU CAN
BE MY GUEST.
BUT NEV-ER, NEV-ER ON A SUN-DAY,
A SUN-DAY, THE ONE DAY I NEED A
LIT-TLE REST.

CHICAGO

CHICAGO, CHICAGO, THAT TODDLING TOWN,
TODDLEING TOWN
CHICAGO, CHICAGO, I'LL SHOW YOU AROUND
I LOVE IT
BET YOUR BOTTOM DOLLAR YOU LOSE THE
BLUES IN CHICAGO, CHICAGO
THE TOWN THAT BILLY SUNDAY COULD NOT
SHUT DOWN
ON STATE STREET THAT GRENT STREET, I JUST
WANT TO SAY,--JUST WANT TO SAY
THEY DO THINGS THEY DON'T DO ON
BROADWAY
SAY, THEY HAVE THE TIME, THE TIME OF
THEIR LIFE
I SAY A MAN, HE DANCED WITH HIS WIFE,
IN CHICAGO, CHICAGO, MY HOME TOWN.

EIN PROSIT DER GEMUTLICHKEIT

EIN PROSIT, EIN PROSIT DER
GEMUTLICHKEIT,
EIN PROSIT, EIN PROSIT DER
GEMUTLICHKEIT!

MARINE CORPS HYMN

FROM THE HALL OF MONTEZUMA
TO THE SHORES OF TRIPOLI,
WE FIGHT OUR COUNTRY'S BATTLES
ON THE LAND AS ON THE SEA
FIRST TO FIGHT FOR RIGHT AND FREEDOM
AND TO KEEP OUR HONOR CLEAN,
WE ARE PROUD TO CLAIM THE TITLE
OF UNITED STATES MARINES.

THE ARMY AIR CORPS

OFF WE GO INTO THE WILD BLUE YONDER,
CLIMBING HIGH INTO THE SUN:
HERE THEY COME ZOOMING TO MEET OUR
THUNDER
AT 'EM BOYS, GIVE ER THE GUN.
DOWN WE DIVE SPOUTING OUR FLAME FROM
UNDER
OFF WITH ONE HELLUVA ROAR.
WE LIVE IN FAME OR GO DOWN IN FLAME
NOTHING ILL STOP THE ARMY AIR CORPS.

ANCHORS AWEIGH

ANCHORS AWEIGH, MY BOYS
ANCHORS AWEIGH,
FAREWELL TO COLLEGE JOYS
WE SAIL AT BREAK OF DAY, DAY, DAY, DAY
THROUGH OUR LAST NIGHT ON SHORE
DRINK TO THE FOAM
UNTIL WE MEET ONCE MORE
HERE'S WISHING YOU A HAPPY VOYAGE
HOME.

THE CAISSONS GO ROLLING ALONG

OVER HILL, OVER DALE
WE HAVE HIT THE DUSTY TRAIL
AND THOSE CAISSONS GO ROLLING ALONG.
(COUNTER MARCH. RIGHT ABOUT)
HEAR THOSE WAGON SOLDIERS SHOUT,
WHILE THOSE CAISSONS GO ROLLING ALONG.
FOR ITS: HI HI HEE IN THE FIELD
ARTILLERY,
CALL OFF YOUR NUMBERS LOUD AND STRONG.
YOU WILL ALWAYS KNOW
THAT THOSE CAISSONS ARE ROLLING ALONG.
(KEEP THEM ROLLING)
THAT THOSE CAISSONS ARE ROLLING ALONG.

OKLAHOMA

OKLAHOMA, WHERE THE WIND COMES
SWEEPIN DOWN THE PLAIN
AND THE WAVIN' WHEAT CAN SURE SMELL
SWEET
WHEN THE WIND COMES RIGHT BEHIND THE
RAIN
OKLAHOMA, EVERY NIGHT MY HONEY LAMB
AND I
SIT ALONE AND WATCH A HAWK MAKIN'
LAZY CIRCLES IN THE SKY
WE KNOW WE BELONG TO THE LAND
AND THE LAND WE BELONG TO IS GRAND
AND WHEN WE SAY YEOW! A-YIP-I-O-EE
AY!
WE'RE ONLY SAYIN' YOU'RE DOIN' FINE,
OKLAHOMA! OKLAHOMA, O.K.

PAPER DOLL

I'M GOIN TO BUY A PA-PER DOLL THAT I
CAN CALL MY OWN,
A DOLL THAT OTH-ER FELLOWS CANNOT STEAL
AND THEN THE FLIRTY, FLIRTY GUYS WITH
THEIR FLIRTY, FLIRTY EYES,
WILL HAVE TO FLIRT WITH DOLLIES THAT
ARE REAL.
WHEN I COME HOME AT NIGHT SHE WILL BE
WAITING,--
SHE'LL BE THE TRUEST DOLL IN ALL THIS
WORLD.--
I'D RATHER HAVE A PAPER DOLL TO CALL
MY OWN,
THAN HAVE A FICKLE MINDED REAL LIVE
GIRL.

HARBOUR LIGHTS

I SAW THE HARBOUR LIGHTS
THEY ONLY TOLD ME WE WERE PARTING
THE SAME OLD HARBOUR LIGHTS
THAT ONCE BROUGHT YOU TO ME.
I WATCHED THE HARBOUR LIGHTS
HOW COULD I HELP IF TEARS WERE STARTING
GOODBYE TO TENDER NIGHTS
BESIDE THE SILV'RY SEA.
I LONGED TO HOLD YOU NEAR AND KISS YOU
JUST ONCE MORE,
BUT YOU WERE ON THE SHIP AND I WAS ON
THE SHORE.
NOW I KNOW LONELY NIGHTS
FOR ALL THE WHILE MY HEART IS
WHISPERING,
SOME OTHER HARBOUR LIGHTS
WILL STEAL YOUR LOVE FROM ME.

IF I HAD A HAMMER

If I had a hammer
I'd hammer in the morning
I'd hammer in the evening
All over this land
I'd hammer out danger
I'd hammer out a warning
I'd hammer out the love
Between my brothers and my sisters
All over this land

If I had a bell
I'd ring it in the morning
I'd ring it in the evening
All over this land
I'd ring out danger
I'd ring out a warning
I'd ring out the love
Between my brothers and my sisters
All over this land

If I had song
I'd sing it in the morning
I'd sing it in the evening
All over this land
I'd sing out danger
I'd sing out a warning
I'd sing out the love
Between my brothers and my sisters
All over this land

Well, I've got a hammer
And I've got a bell
And I've got a song to sing
All over this land
It's the hammer of justice
It's the bell of freedom
It's the song about the love
Between my brothers and my sisters
All over this land

MTA

Well let me tell you of the story
Of a man named Charlie
On a tragic and fateful day
He put ten cents in his pocket
Kissed his wife and family
Went to ride on the MTA

Chorus:
Well did he ever return
No, he never returned
And his fate is still unlearned
He may ride forever
'Neath the streets of Boston
He's the man who never returned

Charlie handed in his dime at the Kendall
Square Station
And he changed for to make a plane
When he got there the conductor
Told him one more nickel
Charlie's couldn't get off of that train

Now all night long, Charlie rides through
the station
Wondering what will become of me
How can I afford to see my sister in
Chelsea
Or my cousin in Roxbury

Charlie's wife goes down to the Scully
Square Station
Everyday at quarter past two
And through the open window
She hands Charlie a sandwich
As the train comes rumbling through

Now you citizens of Boston
Don't you think it's a scandal
How the people have to pay and pay?
Fight the fare increase
Vote for George O'Brien
Get poor Charlie off the MTA

OH, MY DARLING CLEMENTINE

IN A CAVERN, IN A CANYON
EXCAVATING FOR A MINE,
DWELT A MINER, FORTY NINER
AND HIS DAUGHTER CLEMENTINE
REFRAIN:

OH, MY DARLING, OH MY DARLING,
OH, MY DARLING CLEMENTINE,
YOU ARE LOST AND GONE FOREVER,
DREADFUL SORRY, CLEMENTINE.
LIGHT SHE WAS AND LIKE A FAIRY,
AND HER SHOES WERE NUMBER NINE:
HERRING BOXES, WITHOUT TOPS
SANDALS WERE FOR CLEMENTINE.

REFRAIN:

SHE WAS POOR BUT SHE WAS HONEST, THE
VICTIM OF A RICH MAN'S WHIM,
HE SEDUCED HER, THEN FORGOT HER, AND
SHE BORE A CHILD BY HIM.
IT'S THE SAME THE WHOLE WORLD OVER,
IT'S THE POOR WHO GET THE BLAME.
WHILE THE RICH GET ALL THE BLESSINGS
AIN'T IT ALL A DIRTY SHAME.
NOW HE SITS IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,
MAKING LAWS FOR ALL MANKIND,
WHILE SHE ROAMS THE STREETS OF LONDON
SELLING GRAPES FROM OFF HER VINE.

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

GONNA TAKE A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY
GONNA SET MY HEART AT EASE
GONNA MAKE A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY
TO RENEW OLD MEMORIES
GOT MY BAG, I GOT MY RESERVATION
SPENT EACH DIME I COULD AFFORD
LIKE A CHILD IN WILD ANTICIPATION
LONG TO HEAR THAT "ALL ABOARD"
SEVEN, THAT'S THE TIME WE LEAVE
A AT SEVEN
I'LL BE WAITING UP FOR HEAVEN
COUNTIN'

EVERY MILE OF RAILROAD TRACK
THAT TAKES ME BACK
NEVER THOUGHT MY HEART COULD BE SO
"YEARNY"
WHY DID I DECIDE TO ROAM
GOTTA TAKE THIS SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY
SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY HOME.

CAROLINA IN THE MORNING

NOTHING COULD BE FINER THAN TO BE IN
CAROLINA IN THE MORNING.
NO ONE COULD BE SWEETER THAN MY
SWEETIE WHEN I MEET HER IN THE
MORNING
WHERE THE MORNING GLORIES
TWINE AROUND THE DOOR
WHISPERING PRETTY STORIES I LONG TO
HEAR ONE MORE
STROLLING WITH MY GIRLIE WHERE THE DEW
IS PEARLY EARLY IN THE MORNING.
BUTTERFLIES ALL FLUTTER UP AND KISS
EACH LITTLE BUTTERCUP AT DAWNING,
IF I HAD ALLADDINS' LAMP FOR ONLY
A DAY
I'D MAKE A WISH AND HERE'S WHAT I'D SAY
NOTHING COULD BE FINER THAN TO BE IN
CAROLINA IN THE MORNING.

HARVEST MOON

SHINE ON, SHINE ON HARVEST MOON
UP IN THE SKY
I AIN'T HAD NO LOVIN' SINCE
JANUARY, FEBRUARY, JUNE OR JULY
SNOW TIME AIN'T NO TIME TO SIT
OUTDOORS AND SPOON
SO SHINE ON, SHINE ON HARVEST MOON
FOR ME AND MY GAL.

FOR ME AND MY GAL

THE BELLS ARE RINGING FOR ME AND MY
GAL
THE BIRDS ARE SINGING FOR ME AND MY
GAL
EVERYBODY'S BEEN KNOWING TO A WED-
DING THEIR GOING
AND FOR WEEKS THEY'VE BEEN SEWING
EVERY SUSIE AND SAL
THEY'RE CONGREGATING FOR ME AND MY
GAL
THE PARSON'S WAITING FOR ME AND MY GAL
AND SOMEDAY WE'LL BUILD A LITTLE
HOME FOR TWO
OR THREE OR FOUR OR MORE
IN LOVELAND FOR ME AND MY GAL.

I'M SITTING ON TOP OF THE WORLD

I'M SITTING ON TOP OF THE WORLD
JUST ROLLING ALONG, JUST ROLLING ALONG
I'M QUITTING THE BLUES OF THE WORLD
JUST SINGING A SONG, JUST SINGING A
SONG
GLORY HALLELUJAH I JUST PHONED THE
PARSON
HAY PAR GET READY TO CALL
JUST LIKE HUMPTY DUMPTY, I'M GOING TO
FALL
I'M SITTING ON TOP OF THE WORLD
JUST ROLLING ALONG, JUST ROLLING ALONG.

EASTER PARADE

IN YOUR EASTER BONNET, WITH ALL THE
FRILLS UPON IT
YOU'LL BE THE GRANDEST LADY IN THE
EASTER PARADE
I'LL BE ALL IN CLOVER, AND WHEN THEY
LOOK YOU OVER
I'LL BE THE PROUDEST FELLOW IN THE
EASTER PARADE
ON THE AVENUE, FIFTH AVENUE
THE PHOTOGRAPHERS, WILL SNAP US
AND YOU'LL FIND THAT YOU'RE IN THE
ROTOGRAVURE
OH, I COULD WRITE A SONNET, ABOUT
YOUR EASTER BONNET
AND OF THE GIRL I'M TAKING TO THE
EASTER PARADE.

IT HAD TO BE YOU

IT HAD TO BE YOU--IT HAD TO BE YOU
I WANDERED AROUND AND FINALLY FOUND
THE SOMEBODY WHO
COULD MAKE ME BE TRUE, COULD MAKE
ME BE BLUE
AND EVEN BE GLAD, JUST TO BE SAD
THINKING OF YOU
SOME OTHERS I'VE SEEN--MIGHT NEVER BE
MEAN
MIGHT NEVER BE CROSS OR TRY TO BE BOSS
BUT THEY WOULDN'T DO
FOR NOBODY ELSE--GAVE ME A THRILL
WITH ALL YOUR FAULTS I LOVE YOU STILL
IT HAD TO BE YOU, WONDERFUL YOU,
IT HAD TO BE YOU.

HINKY DINKY PARLEE VOUS

MADemoiselle FROM ARMENTIERES
PARLEY VOO
MADemoiselle FROM ARMENTIERES.
PARLEY VOO
MADemoiselle FROM ARMENTIERES
HASN'T BEEN HUGGED FOR FORTY YEARS
HINKY DINKY PARLEY VOO.

FARMER HAVE YOU A DAUGHTER FAIR
PARLEY VOO
FARMER HAVE YOU A DAUGHTER FAIR
PARLEY VOO
FARMER HAVE YOU A DAUGHTER FAIR
WHO WASHES THE FAMILY UNDERWEAR
HINKY DINKY PARLEY VOO.

OH THE FRENCH GIRL HAS A FIGURE FAIR
PARLEY VOO
THE FRENCH GIRL HAS A FIGURE FAIR
PARLEY VOO
THE FRENCH GIRL HAS A FIGURE FAIR
AND WE WOULD LIKE TO SEE IT BARE
HINKY DINKY PARLEY VOO.

OH THE FIRST MARINE WENT OVER THE TOP
PARLEY VOO
THE SECOND MARINE HE DID NOT STOP
PARLEY VOO
THE THIRD MARINE HE STAYED BEHIND
TO KISS THE WOMEN AND DRINK THE WINE
HINKY DINKY PARLEY VOO.

OH THE ARMY'S GONNA WIN THE WAR
PARLEY VOO
OH THE ARMY'S GONNA WIN THE WAR
PARLEY VOO
THE ARMY'S GONNA WIN THE WAR
SO WHAT THE HELL ARE WE FIGHTIN FOR
HINKY DINKY PARLEY VOO.

MADemoiselle FROM GAY PAREE
PARLEY VOO
MADemoiselle FROM GAY PAREE
PARLEY VOO
SHE HAS A KID NAMED AFTER ME
I'LL BET HE WONDERS WHO FATHER CAN BE
HINKY DINKY PARLEY VOO.

MOON RIVER

MOON RIVER, WIDER THAN A MILE:
I'M CROSSIN' YOU IN STYLE SOME DAY.--
OLD DREAM--MAKER, YOU HEART--
BREAKER,
WHEREVER YOU'RE GOIN', I'M GOIN'
YOUR WAY:
TWO DRIFTERS, OFF TO SEE THE WORLD.
THERE'S SUCH A LOT OF WORLD TO SEE,--
WE'RE AFTER THE SAME RAINBOW'S END--
WAITIN 'ROUND THE BEND,--
MY HUCKLEBERRY FRIEND, MOON RIVER
--AND ME.

I'M IN THE MOOD FOR LOVE

I'M IN THE MOOD FOR LOVE
SIMPLY BECAUSE YOU'RE NEAR ME,
FUNNY BUT WHEN YOU'RE NEAR ME
I'M IN THE MOOD FOR LOVE.
HEAVEN IS IN YOUR EYES
BRIGHT AS THE STARS WE'RE UNDER
OH! IS IT ANY WONDER
I'M IN THE MOOD FOR LOVE.
WHY STOP TO THINK OF WHETHER
THIS LITTLE DREAM MIGHT FADE
WE'VE PUT OUR HEARTS TOGETHER
NOW WE ARE ONE, I'M NOT AFRAID
IF THERE'S A CLOUD ABOVE
IF IT SHOULD RAIN WE'LL LET IT,
BUT FOR TONIGHT, FORGET IT
I'M IN THE MOOD FOR LOVE.

ON TOP OF OLD SMOKY

ON TOP OF OLD SMOKY
ALL COVERED WITH SNOW,
I LOST MY TRUE LOVER
COME A COURTIN TOO SLOW.
A COURTIN'S A PLEASURE
BUT PARTING IS GRIEF
AND A FALSE HEARTED LOVER
IS WORSE THAN A THIEF.
FOR A THIEF HE WILL ROB YOU
AND TAKE WHAT YOU HAVE,
BUT A FALSE HEARTED LOVER
WILL SEND YOU TO YOUR GRAVE.
SHE'LL HUG YOU AND KISS YOU
AND TELL YOU MORE LIES,
THAN THE CROSS TIES ON THE RAILROAD
OR THE STARS IN THE SKY.

CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY

CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY
THERE'S WHERE THE COTTON AND CORN AND
'TATERS GROW,
THERE'S WHERE THE BIRDS WARBLE SWEET
IN THE SPRINGTIME,
THERE'S WHERE THIS OLD DARKEY'S HEART
DOES LONG TO GO.
THERE'S WHERE I LABORED SO HARD FOR
OLD MASSA,
DAY AFTER DAY IN THE FIELD OF YELLOW
CORN,
NO PLACE ON EARTH DO I LOVE MORE
SINCERELY
THAN OLD VIRGINNY THE PLACE WHERE I
WAS BORN.

(chorus: First seven lines repeated)

THE WHIFFENPOOF SONG

TO THE TABLES DOWN AT MORRIE'S
TO THE PLACE WHERE LOUIE DWELLS
TO THE DEAR OLD TEMPLE BAR WE LOVE SO
WELL.
SEE THE WHIFFENPOOFS ASSEMBLED
WITH THEIR GLASSES RAISED ON HIGH
AND THE MAGIC OF THEIR SINGING CASTS A
SPELL.
YESS, THE MAGIC OF THEIR SINGING AND THE
SONGS WE LOVED SO WELL
"SHALL I BE WASTING" AND "MAVOUREEN"
AND THE REST.
WE WILL SERENADE OUR LOUIE, WHILE LIFE
AND VOICE SHALL LAST
AND WE'LL PASS AND BE FORGOTTEN WITH
THE REST.

(chorus)

WE'RE POOR LITTLE LAMBS WHO HAVE LOST
OUR WAY
BAA! BAA! BAA!
WE'RE LITTLE BLACK SHEEP WHO HAVE GONE
ASTRAY
BAA! BAA! BAA!
GENTLEMEN SONGSTERS OFF ON A SPREE
DOOMED FROM HERE TO ETERNITY
LORD HAVE MERCY ON SUCH AS WE!
BAA! BAA! BAA!

HE'S GOT THE WHOLE WORLD IN HIS HANDS

HE'S GOT THE WHOLE WORLD IN HIS HANDS,
HE'S GOT THE WHOLE WORLD IN HIS HANDS,
HE'S GOT THE WHOLE WORLD IN HIS HANDS,
HE'S GOT THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD IN HIS
HANDS.

HE'S GOT THE LITTLE TINE BABY, IN HIS
HANDS,
HE'S GOT THE LITTLE TINY BABY, IN HIS
HANDS,
HE'S GOT THE LITTLE TINY BABY, IN HIS
HANDS,
HE'S GOT THE WHOLE WORLD IN HIS HANDS.

HE'S GOT YOU AND ME SISTER IN HIS HANDS
HE'S GOT YOU AND ME SISTER IN HIS HANDS
HE'S GOT YOU AND ME SISTER IN HIS HANDS
HE'S GOT THE WHOLE WORLD IN HIS HANDS.

HE'S GOT EVERYBODY HERE IN HIS HANDS,
HE'S GOT EVERYBODY HERE IN HIS HANDS,
HE'S GOT EVERYBODY HERE IN HIS HANDS,
HE'S GOT THE WHOLE WORLD IN HIS HANDS.

BLUE MOON

BLUE MOON YOU SAW ME STANDING ALONE
WITHOUT A DREAM IN MY HEART
WITHOUT A LOVE OF MY OWN.
BLUE MOON YOU KNEW JUST WHAT I WAS
THERE FOR
YOU HEARD ME SAYING A PRAYER FOR
SOMEONE I REALLY COULD CARE FOR,
AND THERE SUDDENLY APPEARED BEFORE
ME
THE ONLY ONE MY ARMS WILL EVER HOLD.
I HEARD SOMEBODY WHISPER PLEASE
ADORE ME,
AND WHEN I LOOKED, THE MOON HAD
TURNED TO GOLD.
BLUE MOON, NOW I'M NO LONGER ALONE
WITHOUT A DREAM IN MY HEART
WITHOUT A LOVE OF MY OWN.

PUT ON YOUR OLD GREY BONNET

PUT ON YOUR OLD GREY BONNET
WITH THE BLUE RIBBONS ON IT,
WHILE I HITCH OLD DOBBIN TO THE SHAY,
AND THROUGH THE FIELDS OF CLOVER
WE'LL DRIVE UP TO DOVER
ON OUR GOLDEN WEDDING DAY.

MACNAMARA'S BAND

O ME NAME IS MACNAMARA
I'M THE LEADER OF THE BAND
ALTHOUGH WE'RE FEW IN NUMBER
WE'RE THE FINEST IN THE LAND
WE PLAY AT WAKES AND WEDDINGS
AND AT EVERY FANCY BALL
AND WHEN WE PLAY AT FUNERALS
WE PLAY THE BEST OF ALL.

O THE DRUMS GO BANG AND THE CYMBALS
CLANG
AND THE HORNS THEY BLAZE AWAY
MC CARTHY PUMPS THE OLD BAZOON
WHILE I THE PIPES DO PLAY
AND HENNESSY TENNESSY TOOTLES THE
FLUTE
AND THE MUSIC IS SIMPLY GRAND
A CREDIT TO OLD IRELAND IS
MACNAMARA'S BAND.

DA DA DAH---etc.

RIGHT NOW WE ARE REHEARSING
FOR A VERY SWELL AFFAIR
'TIS THE ANNUAL CELEBRATION
ALL THE GENTRY WILL BE THERE
WHEN GENERAL GRANT TO IRELAND CAME
HE TOOK ME BY THE HAND
SAYS HE, I NEVER SAW THE LIKES
OF MACNAMARA'S BAND.

(chorus)

O ME NAME IS UNCLE YULIUS
AND FROM SWEDEN I DID COME
TO PLAY WITH MACNAMARA'S BAND
AND BEAT THE BIG BASE DRUM
AND WHEN I MARCH ALONG THE STREET
THE LADIES THINK I'M GRAND
THEY SHOUT, THERE'S UNCLE YULIUS PLAYING
WITH AN IRISH BAND
OH I WEAR A BUNCH OF SHAMROCKS
AND A UNIFORM OF GREEN
AND I'M THE FUNNIEST LOOKING SWEDE
THAT YOU HAVE EVER SEEN
THERE'S O'BRIENS AND RYANS AND
MOOHANS AND SHEEHANS
THEY COME FROM IRELAND
BUT BY YIMINY I'M THE ONLY SWEDE
IN MACNAMARAS BAND.

(chorus)

I WONDER WHO'S KISSING HER NOW

I WONDER WHO'S KISSING HER NOW
I WONDER WHO'S TEACHING HER HOW
I WONDER WHO'S LOOKING INTO HER EYES
BREATHING SIGHS, TELLING LIES
I WONDER WHO'S BUYING THE WINE
FOR THE LIPS THAT I USED TO CALL MINE
I WONDER IF SHE EVER TELLS THEM OF ME
I WONDER WHO'S KISSING HER NOW.

LET THE REST OF THE WORLD GO BY

WITH SOME ONE LIKE YOU
A PAL GOOD AND TRUE
I'D LIKE TO LEAVE IT ALL BEHIND AND GO
AND FIND
SOME PLACE THAT'S KNOWN TO GOD ALONE
JUST A SPOT TO CALL OUR OWN
WE'LL FIND PERFECT PEACE
WHERE JOYS NEVER CEASE
OUT THERE BENEATH A KINDLY SKY
WE'LL BUILD A SWEET LITTLE NEST
OUT THERE IN THE WEST
AND LET THE REST OF THE WORLD GO BY.

WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING

WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING
SURE'TIS LIKE A MORN IN SPRING
IN THE LILT OF IRISH LAUGHTER
YOU CAN HEAR THE ANGELS SING
WHEN IRISH EYES ARE HAPPY
ALL THE WORLD SEEMS BRIGHT AND GAY
BUT WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING
SURE THEY'LL STEAL YOUR HEART AWAY.

MELANCHOLY BABY

COME TO ME MY MELANCHOLY BABY
CUDDLE UP AND DON'T BE BLUE
ALL YOUR FEARS ARE FOOLISH FANCY MAYBE
YOU KNOW DEAR THAT I'M IN LOVE WITH YOU
EVERY CLOUD MUST HAVE A SILVER LINING
WAIT UNTIL THE SUN SHINES THROUGH
SMILE MY HONEY DEAR
WHILE I KISS AWAY EACH TEAR
OR ELSE I SHALL BE MELANCHOLY TOO.

LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY

SHE'S MY SWEETHEART, I'M HER BEAU
SHE'S MY ANNIE, I'M HER JOE
SOON WE'LL MARRY, NEVER TO PART
LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY IS MY SWEETHEART.

OH WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNING

THERE'S A BRIGHT GOLDEN HAZE ON THE
MEADOW
THERE'S A BRIGHT GOLDEN HAZE ON THE
MEADOW
THE CORN IS AS HIGH AS AN ELEPHANT'S EYE
AN'IT LOOKS LIKE IT'S CLIMBIN' CLEAR UP
TO THE SKY.
OH WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNIN'
OH WHAT A BEAUTIFUL DAY
I GOT A BEAUTIFUL FEELIN
EV'RY THINGS GOIN MY WAY.
ALL THE CATTLE ARE STANDING LIKE STATUES
ALL THE CATTLE ARE STANDING LIKE STATUES
THEY DON'T TURN THEIR HEADS AS THEY
SEE ME RIDE BY
BUT A LITTLE BROWN MAV'RICK IS WINKIN'
HER EYE.
(chorus)
ALL THE SOUNDS OF THE EARTH ARE LIKE
MUSIC
ALL THE SOUNDS OF THE EARTH ARE LIKE
MUSIC
THE BREEZE IS SO BUSY IT DON'T MISS A
TREE
AND A OL' WEEPIN' WILLER IS LAUGHIN' AT
ME.
(chorus)

TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME

TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME
TAKE ME OUT TO THE CROWD
BUY ME SOME PEANUTS AND CRACKER
JACK
I DON'T CARE IF I NEVER GET BACK
AND I'LL ROOT ROOT ROOT FOR THE HOME
TEAM
AND IF THEY DON'T WIN IT'S A SHAME
FOR IT'S ONE TWO THREE STRIKES
YOU'RE OUT
AT THE OLD BALL GAME.

I'LL GET BY

I'LL GET BY AS LONG AS I HAVE YOU
THO'THERE BE RAIN AND DARKNESS TOO
I'LL NOT COMPLAIN, I'LL SEE IT THROUGH
THO'I MAY BE FAR AWAY IT'S TRUE
SAY WHAT CARE I DEAR
I'LL GET BY AS LONG AS I HAVE YOU

DO YOUR EARS HANG LOW?

Do your ears hang low?
Do they wobble to and fro?
Can you tie them in a knot?
Can you tie them in a bow?
Can you throw them over your shoulder
Like a continental soldier?
Do your ears hang low?

Do your ears flip-flop?
Can you use them for a mop?
Are they stringy at the bottom?
Are they curly at the top?
Can you use them for a swatter?
Can you use them for a blotter?
Do your ears flip-flop?

Do your ears hang high?
Do they reach up to the sky?
Do they droop when they're wet?
Do they stiffen when they're dry?
Can you semaphore your neighbor
With a minimum of labor?
Do your ears hang high?

Do your ears hang wide?
Do they flap from side to side?
Do they wave in the breeze
From the slightest little sneeze?
Can you soar above the nation
With a feeling of elation?
Do your ears hang wide?

Do your ears fall off
When you give a great big cough?
Do they lie there on the ground
Or bounce around at every sound?
Can you stick them in your pocket
Just like little Davey Crocket?
Do your ears fall off

(THE) FISHIN' HOLE

(Tune: Theme to Andy Griffith Show)

Well now, take down your fishin' pole
And meet me at the fishin' hole
We may not get a bite all day
But don't you rush away

What a great place to rest your bones
And mighty fine for skipping stones
You'll feel fresh as a lemonade
A settin' in the shade

Whether it's hot
Whether it's cool
Oh what a spot
For whistlin' like a fool

What a fine day to take a stroll
And wander by the fishin' hole
I can't think of a better way
To pass the time of day

FLEE

Flee
Flee fly
Flee fly flo
Veesta

Koomalah koomalah koomalah veesta
Oh no no no da veesta
Eeny meeny dessameeny oo walla walla
meeny
Axsameeny zarlameeny oo walla wa
A beet biddeley oden doten
Bo bo bah deeten darten
Shhhhhh

GHOST CHICKENS IN THE SKY

(Tune: Ghost Riders in the Sky)

A chicken farmer went out on a dark and dreary day
He rested by the coop as he went along his way
When all at once a rotten egg hit him in the eye
It was the sight he dreaded - Ghost Chickens in the sky!

Chorus:

Bok Bok Bok Bookkk; Bok Bok Bok Bookkkk

Ghost Chickens in the Sky

The farmer had raised chickens since he was twenty-four,
Working for the Colonel for thirty years or more
Killing all those chickens and sending them to die
Now the chickens want revenge - Ghost Chickens in the Sky

Their feet were black and shiny; their eyes were burning red
They had no meat or feathers, these chickens all were dead!
They picked the farmer up and he died by their claw
They cooked him extra crispy, and served him with cole slaw

GING GANG GOOLEE

Ging Gang Goolee Goolee Goolee Goolee Watcha
Ging Gang Goo Ging Gang Goo
Ging Gang Goolee Goolee Goolee Goolee Watcha
Ging Gang Goo Ging Gang Goo
Hayla! Hayla Shayla
Hayla Shayla Hayla ho oo oo
Hayla! Hayla Shayla
Hayla Shayla Hayla ho oo oo
Shallywally Shallywally Shallywally Shallywally
Umpah Umpah Umpah Um

GOD BLESS MY UNDERWEAR

(Tune: God Bless America)

God bless my underwear
My only pair
Stand beside them
And guide them
Through the night
With a light from somewhere
From the washer
To the dryer
Up the stairs
To my rear
God bless my underwear, my only pair
God bless my underwear, my only pair

GRANNY'S IN THE CELLAR

Oh, Granny's in the cellar
Oh lordy can't you smell her
Baking bisquits in that darn ole greasy stove
In her eye there is some matter
That keeps falling in the batter
And she whistles as the (sniffle) runs down her nose

Chorus:

Down her nose
Down her nose
And she whistles as the (sniffle) runs down her nose
In her eye there is some matter
That keeps falling in the batter
And she whistles as the (sniffle) runs down her nose

Making jelly -- There are boils on her belly,
that keep rolling in the jelly

Boiling rice -- On her head there are lice,
that keep falling in the rice

Baking cobbler -- In her eye there is a
wobbler, that keeps falling in the cobbler

Boiling crabs -- On her arm there are some
scabs, that keep falling in the crabs

BLOWIN' IN THE WIND

How many roads must a man walk down
Before they call him a man?
How many seas must a white dove sail
Before she sleeps in the sand?
How many times must a cannonball fly
Before they're forever banned?

Chorus:

The answer my friend
Is blowin' in the wind
The answer is blowin' in the wind

How many years must a mountain exist
Before it is washed to the sea?
How many years must some people exist
Before they're allowed to be free?
How many times can a man turn his head
And pretend that he just doesn't see?

How many times must a man look up
Before he can see the sky?
How many ears must one man have
Before he can hear people cry?
How many deaths will it take 'til he knows
That too many people have died?

(THE) CHERRY SONG

I gave my love a cherry that has no stone
I gave my love a chicken that has no bone
I gave my love a ring that has no end
I gave my love a baby with no crying

How can there be a cherry that has no stone?
How can there be a chicken that has no bone?
How can there be a ring that has no end?
How can there be a baby with no crying?

A cherry, when it's blooming, it has no stone
A chicken, when it's piping, it has no bone
A ring, when it's rolling, it has no end
A baby, when it's sleeping, has no crying

HANGMAN

Hangman, hangman, hangman
Slack your rope awhile
I think I see my brother
Ridin' many a mile

Well, brother, did you bring me silver?
Brother, did you bring me gold?
Or did you come to see me
Hangin' from the gallows pole?

No, I didn't bring you any silver
No, I didn't bring any gold
I just come to see you
Hangin' from the gallows pole

Hangman, hangman, hangman
Slack your rope awhile
I think I see my father
Ridin' many a mile

Well, father, did you bring me silver?
Father, did you bring me gold?
Or did you come to see me
Hangin' from the gallows pole?

No, I didn't bring you any silver
No, I didn't bring any gold
I just come to see you
Hangin' from the gallows pole

Hangman, hangman, hangman
Slack your rope awhile
I think I see my sweetheart
Ridin' many a mile

Well, sweetheart, did you bring me silver?
Sweetheart, did you bring me gold?
Or did you come to see me
Hangin' from the gallows pole?

Yes, I brought a little silver
Yes, I brought a little gold
I didn't come to see you
Hangin' from the gallows pole

(THE) QUARTERMASTER'S STORE

There are snakes, snakes, snakes
Big as garden rakes
At the store, at the store
There are snakes, snakes, snakes
Big as garden rakes
At the Quartermaster's store

Chorus:

My eyes are dim, I cannot see
I have not brought my specs with me
I have not brought my specs with me

Snakes - big as garden rakes
Mice - running through the rice
Rats - big as alley cats
Leeches - clinging to the peaches
Peas - pea with wrinkled knees
Snails - big as garbage pails
Butter - rollin' in the gutter
Eggs - little bandy legs
Steaks - that keep us all awake
Lard - they sell it by the yard
Bread - like great big lumps of lead
Kippers - that go about in slippers
Cake - that gives us tummy aches
Beans - as big as submarines
Gravy - enough to float the Navy
Cheese - that makes you want to sneeze
Apes - eating all the grapes
Turtles - wearing rubber girdles
Coke - enough to make you choke
Pepsi - that gives you apoplexy
Roaches - making fancy brooches
Flies - swarming around the pies
Fishes - washing all the dishes
Moths - eating through the cloths
Scouts - eating brussels sprouts

Beavers - welding rusty cleavers
Bobwhites - wearing silken tights
Eagles - with ears as long as beagles
Foxes - stacking little boxes
Owls - shredding paper towels
Bears - with curlers in their hair
Buff-a-loes - with pie between their toes
An-te-lopes - munching cantaloupes
Staffers - swinging from the rafters

(THE) ROOSTER SONG

We had a chicken, no eggs she gave
We had a chicken, no eggs she gave
Until that rooster came in our yard
And caught that chicken completely off guard

Chorus:

We're having eggs now
We never uster
Until that rooster
Came in our yard
Buk buk buk buk
We're having eggs now
We never uster
Until that rooster
Came in our yard

We had a cow, no milk she gave -- We're
having eggnog

We had a dog, no pups she gave - We're
having pooched eggs

We had a garden, no plants it had We're
having eggplant

We had a wall, no doors it had - We're
having exits

We had a plane, no seats it had - We're
having cockpits

We had a shoe store, no shoes it had -
We're having wingtips

We had a gumball machine, no gum it had --
We're having chicklets

We had a gas pump, no gas it gave -- We're
having Exxon

We had a teacher, no tests she gave --
We're having examinations

We had a dentist, no teeth he pulled --
We're having extractions

I had a wife, no kids she gave -- We're
having eggheads

We had a shotgun, no shots it fired We're
having rooster!

ON TOP OF SPAGHETTI

(Tune: On Top of Old Smokey)

On top of spaghetti,
All covered with cheese
I lost my poor meatball,
When somebody sneezed
It rolled off the table,
And onto the floor
And then my poor meatball,
Rolled out of the door
It rolled in the garden,
And under a bush
And then my poor meatball,
Was nothing but mush
The mush was as tasty
As tasty could be,
And early next summer
It grew into a tree
The tree was all covered
With beautiful moss,
It grew lovely meatballs
And tomato sauce
So if you eat spaghetti,
All covered with cheese
Hold on to your meatballs
And don't ever sneeze

PATSY ORY OH!

In eighteen hundred and seventy-one
I found my life had just begun
I found my life had just begun
Working on the railroad

Chorus:
Patsy ory ory oh
Patsy ory ory oh
Patsy ory ory oh
Working on the railroad

In eighteen hundred and seventy-two
I found myself with nothing to do
I found myself with nothing to do
Working on the railroad

In eighteen hundred and seventy-three
American Railroad hired me
American Railroad hired me
Working on the railroad

In eighteen hundred and seventy-four
I found my back was awful sore
I found my back was awful sore
Working on the railroad

In eighteen hundred and seventy-five
I found myself more dead than alive
I found myself more dead than alive
Working on the railroad

In eighteen hundred and seventy-six
I dropped a box of dynamite sticks
I dropped a box of dynamite sticks
Working on the railroad

In eighteen hundred and seventy-seven
I found myself on the way to heaven
I found myself on the way to heaven
Working on the railroad

In eighteen hundred and seventy-eight
I found myself at the pearly gates
I found myself at the pearly gates
Working on the railroad

In eighteen hundred and seventy-nine
I found myself at the end of the line
I found myself at the end of the line
Working on the railroad

In eighteen hundred and seventy-ten
If you like my song, I'll sing it again
If you like my song, I'll sing it again
Working on the railroad

PINK PAJAMAS

(To the tune of "Battle Hymn of the Republic")

Oh, I wear my pink pajamas in the summer
when it's hot,
And I wear my flannel nighties in the winter
when it's not,
And sometimes in the springtime, and
sometimes in the fall,
I jump right in between the sheets with
nothing on at all

Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, what's it to ya?
Balmy breezes blowin' through ya
With nothing on at all!

(THE) CAT CAME BACK

Old man Johnson had troubles of his own
He had a yellow cat that wouldn't leave his home
He tried and he tried to give the cat away
Still it came back the very next day

Chorus:

The cat came back
The very next day
The cat came back
They thought he was a goner
But the cat came back
He just couldn't stay away
Away, away
Yeah yeah yeah!

Gave him to a man going up in a balloon
Told him for to take him to the man in the moon
Balloon landed about ninety miles away
Where the man is I could not say

Gave him to a man going way out west
Told him for to give him to the one he loved best
Train jumped the track and then it jumped the rail
There was no one left to tell the gruesome tale

Gave him to a boy with a five dollar note
Told him for to take him up the river in a boat
Tie a rock around his neck that weighed a hundred pounds
And now they drag the river for the little boy that drowned

The man next door said he'd shoot the cat on sight
He loaded up his gun with six sticks of dynamite
He waited and he waited for the cat to come around
97 pieces of the man was all they ever found

So he gave it to a man in a great big box
Covered in chains and a thousand locks
With the cat inside the man threw it in the sea
Then he went back home and swallowed every key

Then he put it in a rocket ship bound for Mars
For seven days and nights it flew to the stars
It crashed into an asteroid in the middle of space
Pieces floated everywhere and left no trace

Now once a crazy scientist took the yellow cat
And put it in a time machine with one small rat
He sent them back ten thousand years
To the dinosaur and ape
We're here for good, the old man said
There's no possible escape

TOP NOTCHER

I points to myself I say das hear
Das is my "Top Notcher" ya momma dear
Topnotcher Topnotcher ya momma dear
Dats what I learn in zee school BOOM
BOOM

Top Notcher
Sweat Browzer
Eye Blinker
Horn Blower
Soup Strainer
Lunch Eater
Chin Chowzer
Rubber Necker
Chest Protector
Bread Basket
Seat Cushion
Knee Bender

As you sing you add a new part of the body
to each verse and point at each part as you
sing it. After you add the new part of the
body you sing and point to each previous
part from bottom to top.

VALDERI

I love to go a-wandering
Along the mountain track
And as I go, I love to sing
My knapsack on my back

Chorus:
Val-de-ri Val-de-ra Val-de-ri
Val-de-ra ha ha ha ha ha
Val-de-ri Val-de ra
My knapsack on my back

I love to wander by the stream
That dances in the sun,
So joyously it calls to me
"Come! Join my happy song!"

I wave my hat to all I meet
And they wave back to me
And blackbirds call so loud and sweet
From every green wood tree

Oh, mav I go a-wandering
Until the day I die
Oh, may I always laugh and sing
Beneath God's clear blue sky

TIPS FOR SONG LEADING

Morale catches. Smile at your group. Relax. Radiate confidence and enthusiasm, even if you don't feel particularly confident or enthusiastic. Don't stand fixed in one spot -- move around a little to inject some pep and personality.

Don't ask what song they want -- tell them! Choose your songs in advance and make sure you have a good mix. Tailor your selections to fit the location and the occasion, the age group of the Scouts, and the presence of other guests. Be careful to avoid songs with offensive lyrics or inappropriate subject matter. Always warm up the crowd with well-known songs before trying out new ones.

Give them the name of the song. Announce the song clearly and name the tune if it is not an original song.

Go over the words and the melody. Be sure the whole group knows the song. Teach them if necessary -- let singers try a verse at a time, slowly at first. When they master it, pick up speed. Songbooks are useful for this purpose, but have them sing without the books once they are familiar with the song.

Give them the pitch, or key, by singing a few notes. Make sure the whole group has it. If you are too high or too low, by all means stop and start over in a more comfortable key.

Establish the tempo, or speed, of the song. Clapping hands or stomping feet to the rhythm will help you do this. Start the group on the next beat with a slight upward arm motion and then a decisive downward motion (a downbeat). Begin singing yourself on the downbeat. Don't worry if some don't start with the first note - they'll join in quickly. Beat time with a simple up-and-down motion of the arm, but make it definite and brisk. Control volume by raising your hands for loudness and lowering them for softness.

Don't insist on volume, at least not at first. Let them know that it's singing you want, not shouting or noise. That way, if it doesn't go so promising, you can ask them to do it again and this time sound like they mean it.

Spark enthusiasm by dividing the crowd for a song or two. Groups can sing separately when you point to them, and then all together. Vary unison singing with occasional humming, whispering, or rhythm clapping.

Stop before you're stopped. Leave them wanting more, not glad that it's over!

A SCOUT IS REVERENT!

"The Scoutmaster's Benediction"

May the great Scoutmaster of all true Scouts be with us until we meet again.

The Starfish Story - Adapted by Loren Elseley

Once upon a time, there was a wise man who used to go to the ocean to do his writing. He had a habit of walking on the beach before he began his work. One morning, as he was walking along the shore, he looked down and saw a human figure moving like a dancer. He smiled to himself at the thought of someone who would dance in the day, and so, he walked faster to catch up.

As he got closer, he noticed that the figure was that of a young man, and that what he was doing was not dancing at all. The young man was reaching down to the shore, picking up small objects, and throwing them into the ocean. He came closer still and called out "Good morning! May I ask what it is you are doing?"

The young man paused, looked up, and replied "Throwing starfish into the ocean." "I must ask, then, why you are throwing starfish into the ocean?" asked the somewhat startled wise man. To this, the young man replied, "The storm last night washed these starfish ashore. Now the sun is up and the tide is going out. If I don't throw them in, they'll die."

Upon hearing this, the wise man commented, "But, young man, there are miles and miles of beach and hundreds and hundreds of starfish all along every mile! How can you possibly make a difference?"

At this, the young man bent down, picked up yet another starfish, and threw it into the ocean. As the starfish splashed into the water, the young man smiled and said, "It just made a difference to that one!"

• Don't Quit Minute •

This Minute is meant for Boy Scouts.
Decide for yourself if it is appropriate for your younger scouts or not.

Script:

When things go wrong, as they sometimes will,
When the road you're trudging seems all uphill,
When the funds are low, and the debts are high,
And you want to smile, but you have to sigh,
When care is pressing you down a bit,
Rest if you must, but don't you quit.

Life is strange with its twists and turns,
As every one of us sometimes learns,
And many a failure turns about,
Into success 'cause we stuck it out.
Don't give up though the pace seems slow,
You may succeed with another blow.

Success is failure turned inside out,
The silver tint of the clouds of doubt,
And you never can tell how close you are,
It may be near when it seems so far.
So stick to the fight when you're hardest hit,
It's when things seem worse that you must not quit.

• Never Give Up - a true story Minute •

Script:

On July 25, 1962, fourteen year old Monroe County Boy Scout Dennis Churchill was fishing on Lake Erie with four companions when a sudden severe storm capsized their boat six miles from shore. Dennis put on a life jacket then left the others clinging to the boat while he swam for help. With thunder and lightning crashing overhead, high winds gusting and waves six feet high washing over him, he swam for four hours through the storm before finally reaching shore near the Dundee Cement loading docks. He summoned help then went back out on the lake with the Sheriffs Department to find the overturned boat. Dennis was credited with saving four lives that day including his own. On January 31, 1963 he was awarded the Gold Honor Medal by the National Council. Out of the more than 75,000 Monroe County residents that have been members of Scouting since October 16, 1911, he is the only one to ever receive the award. There were only 19 Honor Medals awarded in the nation during 1963 from a national membership of over 5,000,000 boys.

While Dennis was swimming through the stormy waters alone but for God, the violence of the waves literally ripped most of the clothing off those that stayed with the boat. They believed Dennis had drowned in the storm after he had been gone several hours and no help had come for them.

The wind and water took it's toll on Dennis as he struggled to get help. He weighed but 124 pounds that day. He was in a state of total exhaustion at the end but he couldn't give up. The lives of others were depending on him so somehow in those dark lonely moments he found the strength to keep going. Each of you will have times in your lives where you feel alone and you will want to give up on something but you must learn to press on and do your best even if what you are trying to do doesn't seem attainable.

• Living What You Believe - a true story Minute •

Script:

During World War II, there was a young man from Virginia named Desmond Doss who was a member of the Seventh Day Adventist Church and he firmly believed that it was wrong to kill another human. He wanted to serve his country and he had no problem dying for his country but he would not carry a gun or take a life even to save his own.

When Desmond Doss left for boot camp his wife gave him a small bible to carry with him. As his first day in boot camp was ending, he did what he always did which was to get down on his knees and pray at his bedside. The other recruits upon seeing this greeted him with a flurry of name-calling and obscenities and threw boots at him in ridicule. His commanding officers were worried that in the heat of battle American lives might be lost because of his unwillingness to use a gun. So, they made Doss a medic.

About nine months later, they were in the Pacific and had climbed up a steep cliff onto a plateau when the Japanese opened fire upon them. Dozens of men were killed and wounded. The shooting was so intense that the Americans had to pull back leaving the dead and wounded behind. Everyone that could escape over the cliff did, except for one lone medic named Desmond Doss.

Under constant enemy fire, Doss treated the wounded and made a stretcher and tied ropes to it and one by one lowered the wounded over the side of the cliff to safety. Doss worked throughout the afternoon and evening treating and lowering the injured soldiers. When Doss finally came over the side of the cliff, he had single-handedly saved seventy men. Men, who some months earlier had ridiculed him and thrown boots at him as he prayed, now owed their lives to him. Over the next several days, Desmond Doss risked his life again and again to save lives.

Some time later, Doss was treating the wounded on a beach when shrapnel struck him in his legs. He was being carried to safety when he ordered the men carrying him to put him down and place another man on the stretcher who was in worse condition. While Doss lay on the ground waiting for another stretcher, a sniper shot him, shattering his arm. Rather than risk someone else's safety to help him, he tied his shattered arm to a gunstock and crawled 300 yards over rough terrain to an aid station.

After he was in a hospital, he discovered that he had lost the Bible his wife had given him, somewhere on the battlefield. He sent back word to his fellow soldiers that if they found it to please send it to him. Upon hearing of his lost Bible, his entire battalion got on their hands and knees and sifted their fingers through sand, mud and water until one of them finally found it. They dried and cleaned it as best they could and sent it to him.

Desmond Doss spent five full years in hospitals recovering from the injuries he received in the war. He was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor, our nation's highest military award, for his heroism on the battlefield. The Medal of Honor was presented to Desmond Doss by U.S President Harry Truman who said during the ceremony, "I would rather have that medal than be President". A monument was later erected on the plateau where he saved seventy men from death to further honor him. He stayed true to his faith and never carried a gun or took a life. As of the writing of this story, Desmond Doss is still alive and remains a living legend of W.W.II.

passed away 3/2006,

I hope that each of you has a belief in God and that each of you is as strong in your faith as Desmond Doss was in his. Many people say what they believe, but fewer live what they believe.

• Words To Live By - a true story Minute •

Script:

Robert Louis Stevenson, the famous author of Treasure Island and Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde suffered throughout his short life from respiratory illness and he spent many years looking for a climate that would cure him. He died of tuberculosis at the age of 41 and is buried on Samoa.

In spite of his considerable suffering he had twelve positive attitude tips that he lived by that I would like to share with each of you. They are still incredibly good rules to live by.

1. Make up your mind to be happy, learn to find pleasure in simple things.
2. Make the best of your circumstances. Everyone has problems. The trick is to make laughter outweigh the tears.
3. Don't take yourself too seriously, Don't think that somehow you should be protected from misfortunes that befall others.
4. You can't please everybody. Don't let criticism worry you.
5. Don't let your neighbor set your standards. Be Yourself.
6. Do the things you enjoy doing but stay out of debt.
7. Don't borrow trouble. Imaginary burdens are harder to bear than the actual ones.
8. Hate poisons the soul, so don't carry grudges, avoid people who make you unhappy.
9. Have many interests. If you can't travel, read about new places.
10. Don't hold post mortems. Don't spend your life brooding over sorrows and mistakes.
11. Do what you can for those less fortunate than yourself.
12. Keep busy at something. A busy person never has time to be unhappy.

• Astronauts and the Scouting Experience Minute •

This Minute is meant for Boy Scouts.

Decide for yourself if it is appropriate for your younger scouts or not.

Script:

Of the 12 American Astronauts who have walked on the Moon, 11 have been Scouts!

Apollo-Saturn 11 Date: 7/20/69 Time: 2 hr. 31 min. 40 sec.

Neil Armstrong, Edwin 'Buzz' Aldrin

Armstrong (Eagle), Aldrin (Tenderfoot), M. Collins (Non-Scout)

Apollo-Saturn 12 Date: 11/19/69 Time: 7 hr. 45 min. 18 sec.

Charles (Pete) Conrad, Alan Bean

Conrad (Cub Scout), Bean (First Class), Gordon (Star)

Apollo-Saturn 13

Lovell (Eagle), Swigert (Second Class), Haise (Star)

Apollo-Saturn 14 Date: 2/5/71 Time: 9 hr. 22 min. 31 sec.

Alan Shepard, Edgar Mitchell

Shepard (First Class), Mitchell (Life), Roosa (Non-Scout)

Apollo-Saturn 15 Date: 7/30/71 Time: 18 hr. 34 min. 46 sec

James Irwin, David Scott

D. Scott (Life), Worden (First Class), Irwin (Non-Scout)

Apollo-Saturn 16 Date: 4/21/72 to 4/23/72 Time: 20 hr. 14 min. 16 sec.

Charles Duke, John Young

Duke (Eagle), Young (Second Class), Mattingly (Life)

Apollo-Saturn 17 Date: 12/11/72 to 12/13/72 Date: 22 hr. 3 min. 57 sec.

Harrison Schmitt, Eugene Cernan

Cernan (Second Class), Evans (Life), Schmitt (Tenderfoot)

Of the 21 Astronauts who have orbited the Moon,
19 have been Scouts

Of the 214 former and present astronauts, 142 have taken part in Scouting.

Astronaut Scout Experience:

(World Wide)

EAGLE:

Adamson, Armstrong, Bagian, Bluford, Bowersox, Brady, Carr, Carter, Chaffee, Covey, Creighton, Duke, Eisele, Fullerton, W. Gregory, Griggs, Hoffman, Jones, Lee, Lind, Llewellyn (King's Scout, U.K.), Lovell, McCulley, O'Leary, Onizuka, Oswald, Parazynski, Reightler, Searfoss, See, Tanner, Truly, D. Walker

LIFE:

Anders, Basset, Brand, Bridges, Casper, Cooper, Evans, Fabian, G. Gardner, Givens, Gregory, Kregel, Low, Mattingly, McArthur, Mitchell, D. Scott, Spring, Springer, Van Hoften, C. Williams

STAR:

Barry, Cameron, England, W. Fisher, Garriott, R. Gibson, Gordon, Grissom, Haise, Lounge, McNair, Stafford

First Class:

J. Allen, Bean, Clifford, Coats, Engle, Freeman, D. Gardner, E. Gibson, Hammond, Henize, Linnehan, Nelson, Overmyer, Schirra, Schweickart, W. Scott, Shepard, Veach, Worden

Second Class:

Bolden, Buchli, Carpenter, Cernan, Culbertson, Mullane, Parker, Pogue, Shriver, Swigert, W. Thornton, White, Young

Tenderfoot:

Aldrin, Bursch, Hawley, Lousma, McDivitt, Michel, Schmitt, S. Smith

EXPLORER:

O'Connor, D. Williams

CUB SCOUT:

A. Allen, C. Brown, Conrad, Foale (Wolf, Germany), Gernhardt, Henricks, Leestma, Lopez-Alegria, McBride, Meade, Readdy, Rominger, Shepherd, Thomas, Thuot, Wolf

RANK UNKNOWN:

C. Brown, Bull, Clervoy, Garneau, Harris, James Voss

GIRL SCOUT:

E. Collins, Davis, A. Fisher, Helms, Jernigan, Lawrence, Seddon, Sherlock, Sullivan, K. Thornton, Janice Voss, Weber

• Worship Service 1 Grace •

This Grace is meant for Boy Scouts.

Decide for yourself if it is appropriate for your younger scouts or not.

[This is an entire worship service rather than just a grace]

Call to Worship:

The heavens declare the glory of God.

The skies proclaim the work of his hands.

The earth is God's and everything in it.

Praise God.

Opening Song: God Bless America (Please Stand)

God bless America,
Land that I love.
Stand beside her and guide her
Through the night with a light from above.
From the mountains,
To the prairies,
To the oceans white with foam,
God bless America,
My home sweet home!
God bless America,
My home sweet home!

Invocation: Camper's Prayer (Be Seated)

God of the mountains and hills, make me tall and strong;
Tall enough and strong enough to right some wrong.
God of the stars, make me steadfast and sure;
God of the trees and woods, keep me fresh and pure;
God of every lake and stream, flow through my life and make it clean;
Let me do nothing base or mean.
God of the rain, wash from my life all dirt and stain;
Pure and strong let me remain.
God of night and day, through shadows or light, be my stay.
Guide my way.
God of the radiant sun, light my life;
God of the evening peace and quiet, keep me free from fear and strife.
God of the glorious dawn, make each day a fresh start.
God of the free flying birds, sing in my heart.
God of the surging waves and sea, wide horizons give to me;
Help me to see the world as you would have it be;
God of the morning dew, each day my faith renew.
God of all growing things, keep me growing, too.

Song: This Is my Father's World (Please Stand)

This is my Father's world, and to my listening ears,
All nature sings, and round me rings,
The music of the spheres.

This is my Father's world, I rest me in the thought

Of rocks and trees, of skies and seas,
His hands the wonders wrought.

This is my Father's world, the birds their carols raise,
The morning light, the lily white
Declare their Maker's praise.

This is my Father's world, He shines in all that's fair;
In the rustling grass, I hear Him pass,
He speaks to me everywhere.

Responsive Reading:

(Be Seated)

In unison:

O God, how excellent is your name in all of the earth!

Leader:

When I consider the heavens, the work of your hands,
The moon and the stars which you created;
What is man, that you care for him?

Response:

You have put all things under his dominion.
All sheep and oxen,
All the beasts of the field;
The fowl of the air and the fish of the sea,
That man would use and care for your creation.

Silent Meditation - 1 minute to reflect

Song: As the Deer

(Please Stand)

As the deer panteth for the water
So my soul longeth after thee
You alone are my hearts desire
And I long to worship thee

Chorus

You alone are my strength my shield
To You alone may my spirit yield
You alone are my hearts desire
And I long to worship thee

You're my friend and You are my brother,
Even though you are a king.
I love you more than any other,
So much more than anything.

I want You more than gold or silver,
Only You can satisfy.
You alone are the real joy Giver,
And the apple of my eye.

Message: Learned It All in Kindergarten

**Robert Fulgum
(Be Seated)**

Most of what I really need to know about how to live, and what to do, I learned in kindergarten. Wisdom was not at the top of the graduate school mountain, but there in the sandbox. These are the things I learned:

Share everything.

Play fair.

Don't hit people.

Put things back where you found them.

Clean up your own mess.

Don't take things that aren't yours.

Say you're sorry when you hurt somebody.

Wash your hands before you eat.

Live a balanced life. Learn some and think some, and draw and sing and dance and play and work every day some.

Take a nap in the afternoon.

When you go out into the world, watch for traffic, hold hands and stick together.

Be aware of wonder. Remember the little seed in the plastic cup. The roots go down and the plant goes up, and nobody really knows why, but we are all like that. Goldfish and hamsters and white mice and even the little seed in the plastic cup - they all die. So do we.

And then remember the book about Dick and Jane and the first word you ever learned, the biggest word of all:

LOOK

Everything you need to know is in there somewhere.

The golden rule and love and basic sanitation.

Ecology and politics and sane living.

Think of what a better life it would be if we all had cookies and milk about three o'clock every afternoon and then lay down with our blankets for a nap.

Or if we had a basic policy in our nation and other nations always to put things back where we found them and cleaned up our own messes.

And it is still true, no matter how old you are, when you go out into the world, it is best to hold hands and stick together.

Offering

Benediction: Old Irish Blessing

May the road rise up to meet you,
May the wind be always at your back,
May the sun shine warm upon your face,
The rain fall soft upon your fields,
And, until we meet again,

May God hold you in the palm of his hand.

Dismissal

• Scout Camp Grace Grace •

Morning -
Gracious giver of all good,
Thee we thank for rest and food,
Grant that all we do or say,
In thy service be this day. Amen

Noon -
Father for this noonday meal,
We wish to speak the thanks we feel,
Health and strength we have from thee,
Help us lord to faithful be. Amen

Evening -
Tireless guardian on our way,
Thou has kept us well this day,
While we thank thee we request,
Care continue, pardon rest. Amen

• Simple Blessing Grace •

Lord we thank you for this day.
We thank you for the things we learn and do in scouting.
We thank you for the friends we share our scouting with.
We thank you for our families that guide us and help us grow, to be good men, using scouting values.
We gather to ask your blessing;
We gather to thank you in prayer;
Please bless the food & those who prepared it
and keep us in your loving care.

• Camp Buck Toms Dining Prayer Grace •

This Grace is meant for Boy Scouts.
Decide for yourself if it is appropriate for your younger scouts or not.
In silence we seek Thee.
In grace, we believe in Thee.
For the fellowship we feel,
For the blessing of this meal,
Scouting thanks You, oh Lord.
Amen

• Rainey Mountain Grace •

Grace used at Camp Rainey Mountain
Northeast Georgia Council
Clayton, GA

Through the spirit of camping, may you bless this food, Great Creator.
May it keep us strong and steadfast,
In service, devotion, and conservation,
For the tranquility of these hills.
Amen

• Scout's Grace Grace •

Let us be thankful for the food and drinks we are about to receive before us.
Let us be thankful for the shelter that protects us while we sleep at night.
Let us be thankful for the water that rejuvenates our mind, body and soul.
Let us be thankful for the earth we walk on and the air we breathe.
Let us be thankful for the fire that keeps us warm and gives us light.
Let us be thankful for natural surroundings that give the earth beauty and life.
Let us be thankful for the family and friends that are helpful when we need them the most.
Let us be thankful for the staff and leaders that lead us on our way.
Amen

• Simple Thanks Grace •

Thank the Lord for the food we eat,
For camping fun and scouts we meet,
For rushing streams and calm cool breeze,
For rolling meadows and tall green trees.

• **Simple Prayer Grace** •

Thank you, God, for all the wonderful things you have provided me, including this meal.
May everyone in the world be healthy and happy.
May everyone have food and clothes.
May everyone have nice friends.
May everyone be at peace.
This is my prayer.
Amen

Philmont Grace
◆ **A Favorite Grace** ◆

For food, for raiment
For life, for opportunity
For friendship and fellowship
We thank thee, O Lord

• **Beneath These Tall Green Trees Grace** •

Beneath these tall green trees we stand,
Asking blessings from Thy hand.
Thanks we give to thee above,
For Thy help and strength and love.

• **Brotherhood Grace** •

We thank the Lord for all that's good
For food, for life, for brotherhood
For friends and family, near and far
For fellowship right where we are.

• Worship Service 2 Grace •

This Grace is meant for Boy Scouts.

Decide for yourself if it is appropriate for your younger scouts or not.

[This is an entire worship service rather than just a grace]

Call to Worship

Make a joyful noise to the Lord, all the lands.

Serve the Lord with gladness.

Come into His presence with singing.

Know that the Lord is God.

It is He that made us, and we are His;

We are His people, and the sheep of His pasture.

Song: Morning Has Broken

Morning has broken like the first morning,

Blackbird has spoken like the first bird.

Praise for the singing, Praise for the morning,

Praise for them, springing, fresh from the word.

Sweet the rain's new fall, sunlit from heaven,

Like the first dewfall on the first grass,

Praise for the sweetness of the wet garden,

Sprung in completeness where His feet pass.

Mine is the sunlight, mine is the morning,

Born of the one light Eden saw play.

Praise with elation, praise every morning,

God's recreation of the new day.

Responsive Reading:

All:

O most high, almighty, good Lord God,
to you belongs praise, glory, honor and all blessing.

Leader:

Praise God with all his creatures,
and especially, our brother, the sun,
who brings us the day and who brings us the night;
fair is he, and shines with a very great splendor;
O Lord, he signifies You to us.

Response:

Praise God for our sister the moon, and for the stars,
which He has set clear and lovely in the heaven.

Leader:

Praise God for our brother the wind,
and for the air and clouds, and all weather
by which you uphold life in all creatures.

Response:

Praise God for our sister, water,
who is humble and precious and clean.

Leader:

Praise God for our brother, fire,
through whom you give us light in the darkness;
he is bright and pleasant and mighty and strong.

Response:

Praise God for our mother, the earth,
which sustains us and keeps us, and brings forth
grass and fruits and flowers of many colors.

All:

Praise God, and give thanks to Him
and serve Him with great humility.

Silent Meditation - one minute

Prayer

God, sometimes I hold something small in my hand... a piece of moss or a budding twig,
and - peering closely at this tiny world - I feel a sudden wonder.

Help me to remember that you made these worlds, and countless others,
and...in remembering...come closer to you.

God, I thank you today for the world in which you have placed us;
for the universe whose vastness is revealed in the blue depths of the sky;
whose immensities are lit by shining stars beyond the strength of mind to follow.

I thank you for the beauty of our earth, for the sweetness of the flowers,
the solemnity of the stars, the sound of streams and swelling seas,
for stretching lands and mighty mountains which rest and satisfy the soul,
the purity of dawn which calls us to holy dedication,
and the peace of the evening which speaks of everlasting rest.

Above all, I thank you for the dignity you have bestowed upon every human being as the crown of your
Creation.

Give us the grace to let the light of your glory shine through us, in our action, words and thoughts.

Amen

Offering

Closing Song: Mighty Is Our God

Mighty is our God
Mighty is our King
Mighty is our Lord
Ruler of everything.

Glory to our God
Glory to our King
Glory to our Lord
Ruler of everything.

His name is higher, higher than any other name.
His power is greater, for He has created everything.

Benediction:

May God bless and keep you forever;
Grant you peace, perfect peace, and courage in every endeavor.
Lift up your eyes and see His face, and His grace forever.
May the Lord, Mighty Lord, Bless and keep you forever.

Dismissal

P.O.W. OPENING CEREMONY

Equipment: American Flag mounted to a blanket

Personnel: 2 Scouts to hold the flag and a reader

Reader: On a summer day in a prisoner camp during World War II, The prisoners were just completing a talent show when, without any announcement, two soldiers stood up in front of the group holding a rolled up blanket. They looked quickly but carefully in all directions to make sure no guards were watching. Then holding the blanket high, they let it unroll. Fastened to the inside of the blanket was the beautiful Stars and Stripes of the flag of the United States. (Scouts match actions to story.)

At the time of their surrender, one of the soldiers had taken down the flag and somehow managed to wrap it around his body. Covered by his uniform, it was not discovered during the inspection of his personal belongings. He had been able to keep it hidden until he arrived at the prison camp.

As the blanket was unrolled, the other prisoners saw the flag. A ripple of wonder and amazement ran through the group, followed by a deep silence that comes only when the heart is too full to permit words to be spoken. With their eyes still gazing upon this beautiful banner, the soldiers rose to their feet and began to sing softly, but with pride. They sang our National Anthem. Will the audience please rise and join in singing the Star Spangled Banner.

THE DEVIL'S SALE

Colin McKay in Scouting (U.K.) magazine

There is a story that the devil once announced he was going out of business and offered to sell his tools to anyone who would pay the price. On the night of the sale, the tools were all attractively displayed. They were a nasty looking lot-- malice, hatred, envy, jealousy, deceit--each marked with a price tag. A little off from the rest lay a harmless looking wedge-shaped tool, much worn, and priced higher than any of the others.

"What is it?" someone asked the devil.

"That's discouragement," he replied.

"Why is it priced so high?" the prospective customer asked.

"Because," said the devil, "it is more useful to me than any of the others. I can pry open and get inside a person with it when I could never get near him with any of the others. Once inside, I can use the person in whatever way it suits me best. That's why it is so worn, you see. I use it with nearly everybody, because few people yet know that it belongs to me."

It is probably not necessary to add that the devil's price for this tool was so high that there were no bidders. And he is still using it.