

# MacScouter's Book of Songs for Scouts and Scout Leaders



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## **Action Songs**

Here are some action songs -- songs to sing while clapping, making funny motions with your hands, moving about and jumping up and down. Thanks to Delmont Scout Reservation and Resica Falls Scout Reservation 1996 Songbook for most of these. There must be many songs like these, so please send me your favorites and I'll include them here.

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## **Mother Goony-Bird**

(Sung to the tune of Father Abraham)

Mother Goony-Bird has seven chicks  
Seven chicks had Mother Goony-Bird  
And they couldn't fly, and they couldn't swim,  
They could only go like this:  
Right wing (right arm bent in "wing" position, flaps up and down)

Repeat, this time add:  
Left wing (left arm goes along with right wing)

Repeat, this time add:  
Right foot

Repeat, this time add:  
Left foot

Keep repeating add one each time:  
Head up and down  
Chin up  
Tail Out

Turn Around

On the last one, wait until they all turn around about once and then add, Sit DOWN!

-- Thanks to Donna Ransdell, Poway, CA

## **Alice the Camel**

Alice the camel has 10 humps, Alice the camel has 10 humps  
Alice the camel has 10 humps, so go, Alice, GO!!  
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9.

[Continue with 9, 8, 7 . . . humps, until . . . ]

Alice the camel has no humps, Alice the camel has no humps  
Alice the camel has no humps, 'cause Alice is a HORSE!!

## **Baby Beluga**

Baby beluga in the deep blue sea,  
Swim so wild and you swim so free.  
Heaven about you, sea below,  
Just a little white whale on the go.

Baby beluga, baby beluga, is the water warm?  
Is your mother home with you, so happy.

Way down yonder where the dolphins play,  
Where they dive and splash all day,  
The waves roll in and the waves roll out,  
See the water squirting out of your spout.

Baby beluga, baby beluga, sing your little song,  
Sing for all your friends, we like to hear you.

When it's late and you're home and fed,  
Curling up snug in your waterbed.  
Stars are shining and the moon is bright,  
Good night, little whale, goodnight.

Baby beluga, baby beluga, with tomorrow's sun,

Another day has come, you'll soon be waking.

Baby beluga, baby beluga, is the water warm?  
Is your mother home with you, so happy.

Actions: Hands together, make the shape of a small whale jumping over the waves.

## **My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean**

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;  
[Repeat.]

*Action: As you sing each word beginning with the letter B, change from a standing to a sitting position and vice versa. All should be standing at the end of the song. When you have mastered these movements, sing it again, faster.*

## **Boom Chicka Boom**

I said a-boom-chick-a-boom! [Group echoes.]  
I said a-boom-chick-a-boom! [Group echoes.]  
I said a-boom-chick-a-rock-a-chick-a-rock-a-chick-a-boom!  
[Group echoes.]

Uh-huh! [Group echoes.]  
On Yeah! [Group echoes.]  
This time! [Group echoes.]  
We sing! [Group echoes.]  
HIGHER!

*Each time a leader adds a different variation such as: LOWER, WHISPER, LOUDER, TONGUE-IN-CHEEK, SEXY, GROOVY (COOL).*

# The Cat Came Back

Old man Johnson had troubles of his own.  
Had a little cat that wouldn't leave him alone.  
He tried and tried to give him away,  
He gave him to a man going far, far away.

CHORUS:

But the cat came back, the very next day.  
But the cat came back, they thought he was a goner,  
But the cat came back, he just couldn't stay away, away, away.

He gave it to a man going up in a bal.  
Told him to give it to the man in the moon  
The bal. came down about 20 miles away  
And where that man is we just can't say.

(Chorus)

He gave him to a boy with a dollar note,  
Told him to take up the river in a boat,  
Tied a rock round its neck must have weighed a hundred pounds,  
And now they're dredging the river for the little boy who drowned.

(Chorus)

He gave him to a man going way, way out west,  
Told him to give it to the one he favored best,  
First the train jumped track, then it hit the rail,  
And no one is alive today to tell the gruesome tale.

(Chorus)

Old man Johnson said he'd shoot that cat on sight,  
So he loaded up his shotgun with nails and dynamite.  
He waited and waited for that cat to come around,  
But ninety seven pieces of the man were all they ever found

(Chorus)

The H-bomb fell just the other day,  
The A-bomb fell in the very same way,  
Russia went, China went, and the USA  
The human race was destroyed without a chance to pray.

## **Do Your Ears Hang Low?**

[Tune: Turkey in the Straw, refrain]

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 stand high?  
Do they reach up to the sky?  
Do they droop when they're wet?  
Do they stiffen when they 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 elevation?  
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 up at every sound?  
Can you stick them in your pocket,  
Just like Davey Crocket?  
Do your ears fall off?

## **Dum, Dum, Da, Da**

Dum, dum, da, da,  
Da-dum, dum, da, da,

Da-dum, dum, da, da, da, dum, da-dum, dum, dum  
Dum, dum, da, da,  
Da-dum, dum, da, da,  
Da-dum, dum, da, da, da, dum.

First time through: pat both knees twice, then right hand to left shoulder twice;  
pat knees twice, then left hand to right shoulder twice.

Second time through: pat both knees once, then right hand to left shoulder  
once; pat knees once, then left hand to right shoulder once; pat knees, then  
cross arms, uncross arms and then snap fingers.

Third time through: left hand on right elbow, flutter right hand; right hand on  
left elbow, flutter left hand.

Fourth time through: brush hands, then right hand on left elbow; left hand on  
right elbow.

Fifth time through: cross arms, lean alternately forward and back.

## **Fast Food**

Tune: A ram sam Sam

Pizza Hut a Pizza Hut  
Kentucky Fried Chicken and a Pizza Hut  
Pizza Hut a Pizza Hut  
Kentucky Fried Chicken and a Pizza Hut  
McDonald McDonalds  
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

Dairy Queen A Dairy Queen  
Chucky Cheese and a Dairy Queen  
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 a hut in the air*

*Kentucky Fried- Flap elbows up and down in the manner of a demented chicken*

*McDonalds - Put hands on top of head and bridge out and down to produce the "Golden Arches"*

*Burger King - Put hands on head with fingers up to make a crown*

*Long John Silver - mimic sword play*

*Red Lobster - hold up arms and bring fingers down on thumbs like lobster claws snapping*

*Dairy Queen - mimic milking a cow*

*Chucky Cheese - mimic throwing up a pizza*

*Roy Rogers - mimic riding a horse*

## **Little Bunny Fu-Fu**

Little bunny Fu-fu, hoppin' though the forest,  
Scoopin' up the field mice and boppin' them on the head.  
Along came the good fairy, and she said:  
"Little bunny Fu-fu, I don't want to see you  
Scoopin' up the field mice and boppin' them on the head.  
I'll give you three chances to change your ways, and if you  
don't obey, I'll turn you into a goon."

So the next day . . . [Repeat-two more chances . . . ]

So the next day . . . [Repeat-one more chance . . . ]

So the next day . . . [Repeat] "I gave you three chances to change your ways  
and you didn't obey, so now I'm turning you into goon. Poof! You're a goon.  
And the moral of this story is . . . 'Hare today and goon tomorrow.'

## **Goin' On a Lion Hunt**

[Audience echoes each line and sets up clap/lap-slapping rhythm.]

Goin' on a lion hunt.  
Goin to catch a big one.  
I'm not afraid.  
Look, what's up ahead?

Mud!  
Can't go over it.  
Can't go under it.  
Can't go around it.  
Gotta go through it. [Make sloshing sounds and move hands as if slogging.]

*Following verses:*

*Sticks. [Snap fingers.]*

*Tree. [Make gestures climbing up and down.]*

*Gate. [Make gate-opening gestures.]*

*River. [Make swimming gestures.]*

*Cave. [Go in it and find lion. Reverse all motions quickly to get home.]*

## **If I Weren't a Boy Scout ...**

[Tune: This is the Music Concert]

If I were not a Boy Scout, I wonder what I'd be  
If I were not a Boy Scout, a .....

1. A bird watcher I'd 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'd be  
Two by four, nail it to the floor!
5. A secretary I'd 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'd be  
Coffee, tea, or me, sir; here's your little bag, BLEH!
8. A typist I would be  
Ticka, ticka, ticka, ticka, ticka, ticka, 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 gotta 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'd 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] Needle! Thread! Stick 'em in the head!
16. An electrician I would be  
Positive, negative bbzzzt zap
17. A fireman I would be  
Jump lady, jump... whoa spat!
18. A cook I would be  
Mix it, bake it; heartburn-BURP!
19. A ice cream maker I'd 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'd 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'd 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'd be  
Here's a curve, there's a curve. HERE'S A BETTER CURVE!  
[Makes outline of shapely woman.]

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

30. A baby I would be  
Mama, Dada, I wuv 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, urrrp

34. A Baker I would be,  
Donuts! Eclairs! 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 Scoutmaster I would be,  
Do this, do that, I'm gonna take a nap.

Finally: A Girl Scout I would be!

## **I'm a Little Hunk of Tin**

I'm a little hunk of tin, nobody knows where I have been..  
Got four wheels and a running board, I'm a four-by-four-by-four..  
Honk-honk, rattle-rattle, rattle crash, beep-beep  
Honk-hank, rattle-rattle, rattle crash, beep-beep  
Honk-honk, honk, honk.

Actions: honk-pull ears; rattle-shake head; crash-cover face with hands; beep-push on nose with flat of hand

## **Junior Birdmen**

[Tune: On Brave Old Army Team]

Up in the air, Junior Birdmen; up in the air, upside down,  
Up in the air, Junior Birdmen; with your noses to the ground.

And when you hear the grand announcement: that your wings are made of tin.  
Well, then you know, Junior Birdmen, it's time to send your box tops in.

For it takes: 5 box tops, 4 bottle bottoms, 3 coupons, 2  
wrappers, and one thin dime!

*Actions: Make a face mask each time you sing the words, "Junior Birdmen" by lacing your fingers. Then, with thumbs under the chin, twist your hands outwards so that you make goggles for the eyes. On "Upside down," perform a jet plane swoop outstretched arms. On "Ground," bring the swooping arms as near to the ground as possible.*

## **Little Rabbit**

In a cabin in the woods, little old man by the window stood.  
Saw a rabbit hopping by, knocking at his door..  
"Help me, help me, help me." shout the rabbit,  
"Before the hunter shoots me dead."  
Come little rabbit, come inside; safely at my side.

## **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.

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

## **Singing in the Rain**

We're singing in the rain, just singing in the rain.  
What a glorious feeling, we're happy again.

Thumbs up! [Group echoes.]  
A-root-ta-ta, root-ta-ta. root-ta-ta-TA

Add each of the following, in turn:

Thumbs Up  
Arms Out  
Elbows In  
Knees Bent  
Knees together  
Toes together  
Butt out  
Chest out  
Head Back  
Tongue out

## **I've Got That 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 stay.

2. I've got that Scouting spirit deep in my heart.
3. I've got that Scouting spirit down in my feet.
4. I've got that Scouting spirit all over me.

## **Carry Me Aki [hand clap song]**

Carry me aki, go Linstead Market, not a quody would sell.  
Carry me aki, go Linstead Market, not a quody would sell.

CHORUS:

Lord, what a life, not a bite, what a Saturday night,  
Oh Lordy! Lord, what a life, not a bite, what a Saturday night.

All the children go, "Lingo, lingo," not a quody would sell.  
All the children go, "Lingo, lingo," not a quody would sell.

[Chorus]

Everybody come feel Ôem, feel Ôem, not a quody would sell.  
Everybody come feel Ôem, feel Ôem, not a quody would sell.

[Chorus]

[Clap hands out and together in time with words. After each sentence clap together twice, and while saying "Oh Lordy," Clap three times, once on each syllable]



## **Camp Songs**

Here are some miscellaneous camp songs. Many of these songs do not have a tune referenced -- please don't e-mail me asking for the tune, just pick something that has the right rhythm and enjoy it! There must be many more camp songs like these, so please send me your favorites and I'll include them here.

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## **On the Loose**

CHORUS:

On the loose to climb a mountain, On the loose where I am free,  
On the loose to live my life the way I think my life should be.  
For I only have a moment, and a whole world yet to see.  
I'll be lookin' for tomorrow on the loose.

Have you ever seen the sunrise turn the sky completely red?  
Have you slept beneath the moon and stars, a pine bough for your bed?  
Have you sat and talked with friends, though a word was never said?  
Then you're just like me and you've been on the loose.

[CHORUS]

There's a trail that I'll be hiking just to see where it might go,  
Many places yet to visit, many people yet to know.  
But in following my dreams, I will live and I will grow,  
In a world that's waiting out there on the loose.

[CHORUS]

So in search of love and laughter, I am traveling 'cross this land.  
Never sure of where I'm going, for I haven't any plans.  
Anytime when you are ready, come and join me take my hand.  
And together we'll share life out on the loose.

[CHORUS]

As I sit and watch the sunset and the daylight slowly fades,  
I am thinking of tomorrow, and the friendships I have made.  
I will treasure them for always, and I hope that you will too.  
And forever we'll share life out on the loose.

[CHORUS]

## **Barges**

CHORUS:

Barges, I would like to go with you,  
I would like to sail the ocean blue.  
Barges, have you treasures in your hold?  
Do you fight with pirates brave and bold?

Out of my window, looking in the night,  
I can see the barges' flickering light.  
Silently flows the river to the sea,  
As the barges do go silently.

[CHORUS]

Out of my window, looking in the night,  
I can see the barges' flickering light.  
Starboard's shining green and port is glowing red,  
I can see the barges far ahead.

[CHORUS]

Out of my window, looking in the night,  
I can see the barges' flickering light.  
Anchors start to pull and engines start to roar  
As the barges pull away from shore.

[CHORUS]

Out of my window, looking in the night,  
I can see the barges' flickering light.  
Stars are brightly lighting up the sky  
As the barges seem to skip right by.

[CHORUS]

## **Alive, Alert, Awake**

I'm alive, alert, awake, enthusiastic [clap]  
I'm alive, alert, awake, enthusiastic [clap]  
I'm alive, alert, awake,  
I'm alert, awake, alive,  
I'm alive, alert, awake, enthusiastic [clap]

## **Thunderation**

Thunder, Thunder, Thunderation,  
We are the Girl Scout Associatio  
n When we work with determinatio  
n, We create a sensation

[Repeat, going faster each time]

## **Merry-go Round**

The merry-go round broke downoom boom boom,  
It made a funny sound oom beepbeep,  
And I did shout when the lights went out and the  
merry-go round broke down,  
oom boom boom, oom beep beep,  
oom boom oom beep, oom boom beep

## **Mrs. O'Leary's Cow**

Late last night, while we were all in bed,  
Mrs. O'Leary hung a lantern in the shed.  
And when the cow kicked it over, she winked her eye and said,  
"There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight!" FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!

[Sing through, then repeat over and over again, excluding one more of the underlined words each time. After all of these words have been excluded, sing through.]

## **Green Trees**

[Sung before "Taps"]

Green trees around us,  
Blue skies above,  
Friends all around us,  
In a world filled with love.

Taps sounding softly,  
Hearts beating true  
As Girl Scouts say,  
Goodnight to you.

Lollipop

When I come to the end of my lollipop [slurp],  
To the end, to the end of my lollipop [slurp],  
When I come to the end of my lollipop [slurp],  
Plop goes my heart.

Oh gilly oh golly how I love my lollipop right to the very last lick.  
But when I am through with it what shall I do with it,  
all I have left is the stick, Yick!

When I come to the end of my lollipop [slurp],  
To the end, to the end of my lollipop [slurp],  
When I come to the end of my lollipop [slurp],  
Plop goes my heart.

## **Bottle Pop**

[A round]

One bottle pop,  
Two bottle pop,  
Three bottle pop,  
Four bottle pop,  
Five bottle pop,  
Six bottle pop,  
Seven, seven bottle pop.

Don't throw trash in my backyard,  
My backyard, my backyard,  
Don't throw trash in my backyard,  
My backyard's full.

Fish and chips and vinegar,  
Vinegar, vinegar  
Fish and chips and vinegar,  
Pepper, pepper, pepper, salt!

## **Oh, Gee**

Oh! Gee! How happy I feel.  
I got the vision of an automobile.  
I don't have to worry where I get my next meal.  
'CAUSE I'M EATIN' CHICKEN AND I DON'T HAVE TO STEAL!  
Ev'rything's just goin' my way, ev'ry dog's gotta have his own day.  
Well, I've had mine and I'm here to SAY everything's goin' my way.  
Well my clothes are tailor made and my shoes are patent leather.  
All I gotta do is stitch myself together.

Take one look at me and lordy, lordy, lordy,  
EVERYTHING, everything, EVERYTHING, everything, everything's goin' my  
way...  
Hey...

## **Little Red Caboose**

Little red caboose chug, chug, chug.  
Little red caboose chug, chug, chug.  
Little red caboose behind the train, train, train train.  
Smokestack on her back, back, back, back.  
Comin' down the track, track, track, track.  
Little red caboose behind the train. Whoo! Whoo!

## Going Crazy

I am slowly going crazy, .  
1-2-3-4-5-6 switch, .  
Crazy going slowly am I, .  
6-5-4-3-2-1 switch. .  
[Repeat going faster each time] .

## Alligator

The alligator is my friend, he can be your friend too.  
I'd rather wear him on my shirt than wear him as my shoe.  
ALLIGATOR, ALLIGATOR, can be your friend,  
Can be your friend, can be your friend too, ooh, ooh!

The alligator laughs and sings, he never cries the blues.  
If only you could understand that he has feelings too.  
ALLIGATOR, ALLIGATOR, can be your friend,  
Can be your friend, can be your friend too, ooh, ooh!

The alligator swims all day, he never stops to rest,  
If only you could understand that he likes water best.  
ALLIGATOR, ALLIGATOR, can be your friend,  
Can be your friend, can be your friend too, ooh, ooh!

## Animal Fair [round]

We went to the animal fair.  
The birds and the bees were there.  
The big baboon by the light of the moon was combing his auburn hair.  
The monkey fell out of his bunk, boom, and slid down the elephant's trunk,  
whee!,  
The elephant sneezed and fell on his knees,  
And what became of the monkey, monkey, monkey monkey.....

## Early in the Morning

[A repeat song]

Early in the morning--  
When I'm fast asleep--  
I heard a little birdie--  
Goin' cheep cheep--  
And this little birdie--

Has a funny name--  
IT'S--  
CALLED--  
Igga Flygga Fleega Flygga  
Ish Cannish ka nigga nigga  
Igga Flygga Fleega Flygga  
Birrrrdie--  
Gonna buy some birdseed--  
For my windowsill--  
It's just to keep 'im quiet--  
It's just to keep 'im still--  
It's for the little birdie--  
With the funny name--  
IT'S--  
CALLED--  
Igga Flygga Fleega Flygga  
Ish Cannish ka nigga nigga  
Igga Flygga Fleega Flygga  
Birrrrdie--

## **Percy**

Up in the land of ice and sno  
w where the temperature drops to forty below.  
Who's the happiest one up there? Percy the pale-faced polar bear.  
Sleeps all day and then at night, catches his fish by the pale moonlight.  
Has no worries, has no cares? Percy the pale-faced polar bear.

Then one day a hunter came, grabbed poor Percy by the snout.  
Put him in a great big cage... Percy howled and he growled, but he couldn't  
get out!  
Now he's living in the zoo... Funny thing is he likes it too.  
'Cause he met his girlfriend there... And she loves Percy the pale-faced polar  
bear.

Who? Percy the pale-faced polar bear.

## **Kooka-Berra**

Kooka-Berra sits in the old gum tree,  
Merry merry king of the bush is he.  
Laugh Kooka-Berra, laugh Kooka-Berra.  
Gay your life must be.

Kooka-Berra sits in the old gum tree,  
Eating all the gumballs he can see.  
Stop Kooka-Berra, stop Kooka-Berra.  
Save some gum for me.

## **My Grandfather's Clock**

My grandfather's clock was too tall for the shelf, so it stood ninety years on the floor.

It was taller by half than the old man himself, but it weighed not a pennyweight more.

It was bought on the morn of the day that he was born, and was always his treasure and pride.

CHORUS:

But it stopped, short, never to go again when the old man died.

Ninety years without slumbering, tick tock, tick tock.

Life seconds numbering, tick tock, tick tock.

But it stopped, short, never to go again when the old man died.

In watching its pendulum swing to and fro, many hours had he spent while a boy.

And in childhood and manhood, the clock seemed to know, and it shared in his grief and his joy.

And it struck twenty four as he opened up the door, with a blooming and beautiful bride.

[CHORUS]

My grandfather said that of those he could hire, not a servant so faithful he found.

For it wasted no time and had but one desire, at the close of each week to be wound.

And it kept in its place, not a frown upon its face, and its hands never hung by its side;

[CHORUS]

It rang an alarm in the dead of the night, an alarm that for years had been dumb.

And we knew that his spirit was pluming its flight, and his hour of departure had come.

Still the clock kept the time, with a soft and muffled chime, as we silently stood by his side;



[CHORUS]

## Little Green Frog

Mm Mm, went the little green frog one day,  
Mm Mm, went the little green frog.  
Mm Mm, went the little green frog one day.  
'Cause little green frogs go Mm Mm, Aah!  
But, we know frogs go Mm, sha la la la la. Mm, sha la la la la, Mm, sha la la la la.  
We know frogs go Mm sha la la la la. Not Mm Mm Aah!

## Little Green Frog

[Day camp version]

Mm ah went the little green frog one day.  
Mm ah went the little green frog.  
Mm ah went the little green frog one day.  
And his eyes went Mm ah Mm ah Mm ah ah.

Honk honk went the big Mack truck one day,  
Splat splat went the little green frog.  
His eyes didn't go Mm ah anymore,  
'cause they all got eaten by a dog.

## What is That Thing I See?

What is that thing I see?  
Up in the attic there?  
It is a monstrous thing.  
'Cycling round and round.  
It is an elephant  
So wide and elegant.  
With one tail here, .  
And one tail there. .

.  
*[Sing through, then repeat, replacing one line with humming each time it is repeated. When the whole song is hummed, then sing through again] .*

## Tarzan of the Apes

I like bananas, coconuts and grapes. .  
I like bananas, coconuts and grapes. .  
I like bananas, coconuts and grapes. .  
That's why they call me Tarzan of the Apes.

## **Sardines**

Every mornin' by the riverside,  
SARDINES!  
See the people there by my side.  
SARDINES!  
Every mornin' when I open the door,  
SARDINES!  
See the people there beggin' for more.  
SARDINES!  
On a Monday,  
HEY, HEY!  
And on a Tuesday and a Wednesday,  
HEY, HEY!  
And on a Thursday and a Friday,  
HEY, HEY!  
And on a Saturday and Sunday  
HEY, HEY!  
I got sardines on my plate,  
I don't need any steak,  
With sardines,  
HEY!  
And pork and beans.  
HEY!  
And sardines.  
HEY!

## **Texan**

I'm a Texan, I'm a Texan, I'm a Texas star.  
And I come from the west where the cowboys are.  
I can ride 'em, I can rope 'em, I can show you how.  
So come on over to Texas where the six shooters are.  
Bang diddly bang bang, [Whoo, Whoo]

## **I Love a Rabbit**

I love a rabbit.  
A crazy, crazy rabbit.  
Hop, Hop, Bunny, Bunny.  
Hop, Hop, Bunny, Bunny.  
Hop, Hop, Ho Ho, Hop, Hop.

He don't like carrots.  
I'm crazy about carrots.  
Chew, Chew, Bunny, Bunny.  
Chew, Chew, Bunny, Bunny.  
Chew, Chew, Ho Ho, Chew Chew.

And when we go to beddy-bye,  
I kiss he and he kiss I.  
But if he's been a such-and-such,  
he has to sleep in his rabbit hutch.

Oh, I love a rabbit.  
A crazy, crazy rabbit.  
Hop, Hop, Bunny, Bunny.  
Hop, Hop, Bunny, Bunny.  
Hop, Hop, Ho Ho, Hop, Hop.

## **Magic**

CHORUS:  
Magic is the sun that makes a rainbow out of rain.  
And Magic keeps the dream alive to try and try again.  
Magic is the love that stays when good friends have to leave.  
I do believe in Magic, I believe.

When I was young, I thought the stars were made for wishing on.  
And every hole deep in a tree must hide a leprechaun.  
Old houses all had secret rooms, if one could find the key.  
I do believe in Magic, I believe.

CHORUS

Growing up, the grownups said, someday I'd wake to find,  
that Magic's just a childhood dream I'd have to leave behind.  
Like clothes that would no longer fit, and toys that I'd ignore.  
I'd not believe in Magic, anymore.

## CHORUS

When I grew up, I learned again, that much to my surprise,  
Magic did not fade away, it took a new disguise.  
A child, a friend, a smile, a song, the courage to stand tall,  
I do believe in magic, after all.

## CHORUS

## **Campfire's Burning [round]**

Campfire's burning, campfire's burning.  
Draw nearer, draw nearer.  
In the gloaming, in the gloaming.  
Come sing and be merry.

## **I'm a Nut**

I'm a little coconut, sitting under a coconut tree.  
Everybody steps on me, that is why I'm cracked you see.  
I'm a nut, in a rut, I'm cra-a-zy.

Called myself on the telephone, just to see if I was home.  
Asked myself out on a date. Told myself "Be ready by eight."  
I'm a nut, in a rut, I'm cra-a-zy.

Took myself to the picture show. Sat myself in the very front row.  
Wrapped my arms around my waist, got so fresh I slapped my face.  
I'm a nut, in a rut, I'm cra-a-zy.

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.  
I'm a nut, In a rut, I'm cra-a-zy.

Coca-Cola went to town, Pepsi-Cola shot him down.  
Dr. Pepper fixed him up, now we all drink 7-Up.  
I'm a nut, in a rut, I'm cra-a-zy.

7-Up got the flu, now we all drink Mountain Dew.  
Mountain Dew went to a shrink, now we all drink from the sink.  
I'm a nut, in a rut, I'm cra-a-zy.

## Rattlin' Bog

[partial repeat after me]

CHORUS:

Rare bog, a rattlin' bog, way down in the valley-o.

Rare bog, a rattlin' bog, way down in the valley-o.

And in that bog--

There was a tree--

A rare tree--

A rattlin' tree--

And the tree was in the bog, way down in the valley-o,

[CHORUS]

And on that tree-- br> There was a limb--

A rare limb--

A rattlin' limb--

And the limb was in the tree,

And the tree was in the bog, way down in the valley-o,

[CHORUS]

And on that limb--

There was a branch--

A rare branch--

A rattlin' branch--

And the branch was on the limb,

And the limb was in the tree,

And the tree was in the bog, way down in the valley-o,

[CHORUS]

[continue, using twig, nest, egg, bird, wing, feather, tick, hair]

## Ten in a Bed

Ten in a bed, and the little one said, "Roll over, roll over."

So they all rolled over and one fell out and bumped his head and gave a shout.

"Please remember to tie a knot in your pajamas,

Single beds are only made for one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight...

Nine in a bed, and the little one said, "Roll over, roll over."  
So they all rolled over and one fell out and bumped his head and gave a shout.

"Please remember to tie a knot in your pajamas,  
Single beds are only made for one, two, three, four, five, six, seven...

Eight in a bed, and the little one said, "Roll over, roll over."  
So they all rolled over and one fell out and bumped his head and gave a shout.

"Please remember to tie a knot in your pajamas,  
Single beds are only made for one, two, three, four, five, six...

Seven in a bed, and the little one said, "Roll over, roll over."  
So they all rolled over and one fell out and bumped his head and gave a shout.

"Please remember to tie a knot in your pajamas,  
Single beds are only made for one, two, three, four, five...

Six in a bed, and the little one said, "Roll over, roll over."  
So they all rolled over and one fell out and bumped his head and gave a shout.

"Please remember to tie a knot in your pajamas,  
Single beds are only made for one, two, three, four...

Five in a bed, and the little one said, "Roll over, roll over."  
So they all rolled over and one fell out and bumped his head and gave a shout.

"Please remember to tie a knot in your pajamas,  
Single beds are only made for one, two, three...

[Continue, until you get to one]

## **Buzzard Song**

If I had the wings of a buzzard,  
Up to the sky I would fly (would fly),  
There to remain as a buzzard,  
Until the day that I die (I die).

CHORUS:

Chore-us: Oo la la, Oo la la, Oo la, Oo la la, Oo la la la (Repeat!)  
Oo la la, Oo la la, Oo la, Oo la la, Oo la la la.

If I had the wings of an airplane,  
Up to the sky I would fly (would fly),

There to remain as an airplane,  
Until the day that I die (I die).

[CHORUS]

If I had the strength of a pioneer,  
Up to the woods I would chop (would chop),  
There to remain as a pioneer,  
Until the day that I drop (I drop).

[CHORUS]

If I had the strength of a counselor,  
Up to Camp Laurel I'd go (I'd go),  
There to remain as a counselor,  
Until the day that I go (I go)

[CHORUS]

## **The Day I Went to Sea**

When I was one, I sucked my thumb, the day I went to sea...

CHORUS:

I jumped aboard a sailing ship and the captain said to me,  
"We're goin' this way, that way, forward, backward, over the Irish sea.  
With a bottle of Coke, and that's no joke, and that's the life for me", said he.

When I was two, I buckled my shoe, the day I went to sea...

[CHORUS]

When I was three, I scraped my knee, the day I went to sea...

[CHORUS]

When I was four, I slammed the door, the day I went to sea...

[CHORUS]

When I was five, I danced a jive, the day I went to sea...

[CHORUS]

When I was six, I picked up sticks, the day I went to sea...

[CHORUS]

When I was seven, I counted to eleven, the day I went to sea...

[CHORUS]

When I was eight, I was really late, the day I went to sea...

[CHORUS]

When I was nine I got in line, the day I went to sea...

[CHORUS]

When I was ten, I did it again, the day I went to sea...  
[CHORUS]

## My Friends

CHORUS: My friends, my friends are good for me, I like them and they like me.

1. Together we drink our juice and bread; we're so happy when everybody's fed.

[CHORUS]

2. Together we sing and dance around, wiggle our toes in the soft green ground.

[CHORUS]

3. A friend can be 'most short or tall, a friend can be 'most anyone at all.

[CHORUS]

4. Mountains are high and valleys are low; we'll be friends wherever we go.

[CHORUS]

[This may be used as a repeat-after-me song, with the chorus sung all together]

## Swimming

Swimming, swimming;  
In my swimming hole.  
When days are hot,  
When days are cold,  
In my swimming hole.  
Breast stroke,  
Side stroke,  
Fancy diving too.  
Oh don't you wish that you could have nothing else to do

*[Repeat, humming the first line, singing the rest. Repeat again, humming the first 2 lines, singing the rest, and so on until the whole song is hummed. Then*



*sing through]*

## **The Doughnut Song**

[may be used as a repeat-after-me]

Well, I walked 'round the corner  
and I walked 'round the block,  
and I walked right into a bakery shop.

I picked up a doughnut  
and I wiped off the grease,  
and I handed the lady a five cent piece.

Well, she looked at the nickel  
and she looked at me,  
and she said "Hey mister, you can plainly see.

There's a hole in the nickel,  
there's a hole right through."  
Said I, "There's a hole in the doughnut too!  
Thanks for the doughnut, good-bye!"

## **Sitting on Top of an Iceberg**

Sitting on top of an iceberg, out in the ocean wide.  
Nothing to wear but pajamas, nothing to do but dive.  
Oh, but isn't it barney and how the frost does bite.  
You have to hug a polar bear to keep you warm at night.

## **Dreams**

CHORUS: May all of your dreams bloom like daisies in the sun.  
May you always have stars in your eyes.  
And may you not stop running, not until your race is won.  
May you always have blue skies.

A dream is something all your own, to keep within your heart.  
To build on when you're glad, or when your world's been torn apart.  
A dream is something all your own that no one else can steal.  
A dream is something you can make come real.

[CHORUS]

Now you can share a laugh with any stranger you may meet.  
And you can share your money with a beggar on the street.  
But you can only share a dream when love can set it free.  
Please won't you share yours with me?

[CHORUS]

## Friends Are Nothing

1. 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.

2. Sing  
3. Dance  
4. Camp

5. 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.

*[Sing first verse through, then replace underlined word for word provided to create verses 2, 3, and 4. Sing last verse through]*

## We All Fly Like Eagles]

[Echo Song]

We all fly like eagles--  
Flying so high--  
Circling 'round the universe--  
On wings of pure light--  
Ooh ichi aye-oh--  
Ooh ee aye-ay--  
Ooh ichi aye-oh--  
Ooh ee aye-ayÑ

[Repeat 3 times]

## Rise Up, Oh Flame

Rise up, oh flame, by thy light glowing.

Show to us beauty, vision, and joy.

[Repeat continuously until fire is lit, or you want to stop]

## **Thanks Be to God**

Thanks be to God, the Father Almighty.  
Thanks be to God, who gave us the Earth.  
Thanks be to God, the Spirit Eternal.  
Thanks be to God forever.

## **God Has Created A New Day**

God has created a new day,  
Silver and green and gold.  
Live that the sunset may find us  
Worthy his gifts to hold.

## **Silent Grace**

May the Great Spirit in the sky (point up and make circles with your arm)  
Protect you in the future (point forward)  
As in the past (point back)  
With much (hit fists together)  
Great (spread arms out)  
Love (cross arms over heart)

*[Usually done silently, using only the hand motions]*

## **We Are Thankful**

[Tune of "Frere Jaques"]

We are thankful,  
We are thankful,  
For our food,  
For our food,  
And our many blessings,  
And our many blessings,  
Amen, Amen

# Happiness

[A round]

Happiness runs in a circular motion,  
Floating like a little boat upon the sea.  
Everyone is a part of everything anyway,  
You can be a part if you let yourself be.

Happiness runs, happiness runs.  
Happiness runs, happiness runs.  
Happiness runs, happiness runs.  
Happiness runs, happiness runs.

Happiness runs, happiness runs anyway.  
Happiness runs, happiness runs too.  
Happiness runs, happiness runs anyway  
Happiness runs, happiness runs too.

## Rolling Over the Billows

It's cheese, it's cheese, it's cheese that makes the mice go 'round.  
It's cheese, it's cheese, it's cheese that makes the mice go 'round.  
It's cheese, it's cheese, it's cheese that makes the mice go 'round.  
IT'S CHEESE THAT MAKES THE MICE GO 'ROUND.

CHORUS:

Oh, rolling over the billows, rolling over the sea.  
Rolling over the billows in the deep blue sea.  
Oh, rolling over the billows, rolling over the sea.  
Rolling over the billows in the deep blue sea.

2. mice, cats
3. cats, dogs
4. dogs, boys
5. boys, girls
6. girls, love
7. love, world

*[Sing first verse and chorus, then sing the verse, replacing underlined words with new ones provided. Sing through chorus after each verse]*

## Campfire Songs

Here are some good old Campfire Songs. The Campfire Songs I have tried to include here are ones that are not that easy to find. Some of these bring back memories of Day Camp and camp councillor days, a long, long time ago.

Please send me your favorites and I'll include them here.

*Campfire's burning, campfire's burning*

*Draw nearer, draw nearer*

*In the gloaming, in the gloaming*

*Come sing and be merry.*

-- Thank to Rebecca, Maltese Girl Guides.

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## Sarasponda

Sarasponda, sarasponda, sarasponda ret set set.

Sarasponda, sarasponda sarasponda ret set set.

A doray-oh, A doray boomday-oh.

A doray boomday ret set set, ah say pa say oh.

Boom-be-da, boom-be-da, boom-be-da, boomÉ

*[Split group into 2 parts. Sing through together, then one group continues singing the "boom-be-da" part, while the other sings through the verse. Then switch.]*

# Hey Lollee

(This is the classic campfire song for which you make up verses as you go)

Hey Lollee, lollee,  
Hey Lollee, lollee, lo.  
Hey Lollee, lollee,  
Hey Lollee, lollee, lo.

This is a crazy kind of song,  
Hey Lollee, lollee, lo.  
You make it up as you go along,  
Hey Lollee, lollee, lo.

When calypso singers sing this song,  
Hey Lollee, lollee, lo.  
It sometimes lasts the whole day long,  
Hey Lollee, lollee, lo.

First you invent a simple rhyme,  
Hey Lollee, lollee, lo.  
Then another one to rhyme,  
Hey Lollee, lollee, lo.

While you catch on I'll sing a verse,  
Hey Lollee, lollee, lo.  
Then you do one that's even worse,  
Hey Lollee, lollee, lo.

I know a boy named Sammy--C, (or use another name that rhymes)  
Hey Lollee, lollee, lo.  
He sings "Hey Lollee" in just one key,  
Hey Lollee, lollee, lo.

Tonight we've chosen another key,  
Hey Lollee, lollee, lo.  
You won't be hearing from Sammy--C,  
Hey Lollee, lollee, lo.

He sings "Hey Lollee" day and night,  
Hey Lollee, lollee, lo.  
It never seems to come out right,  
Hey Lollee, lollee, lo.

I know a man name Mr. Jones,

Hey Lollee, lollee, lo.  
When he sings, everybody groans,  
Hey Lollee, lollee, lo.

The singer you fast the getter it's tuff,  
Hey Lollee, lollee, lo.  
To line up makes that you won't muff,  
Hey Lollee, lollee, lo.

Let's put this song back on the shelf,  
Hey Lollee, lollee, lo.  
If you want anymore you can sing it yourself,  
Hey Lollee, lollee, lo.

## Clementine

In a cavern, in a canyon, excavating for a mine,  
Lived a miner, forty-niner, and his daughter Clementine.

Chorus

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 topses, sandals were for Clementine.

Drove she ducklings to the water every morning just at nine,  
Hit her foot against a splinter, fell into the foaming brine.

Ruby lips above the water, blowing bubbles soft and fine,  
Alas for me! I was no swimmer, so I lost my Clementine.

In a churchyard near the canyon, where the myrtle doth entwine,  
There grow roses and other posies, fertilized by Clementine.

Then the miner, forty-niner, soon began to peak and pine,  
Thought he oughter join his daughter, now he's with his Clementine.

In my dreams she still doth haunt me, robed in garments soaked in brine,  
While in life I used to hug her, now she's dead I draw the line.

How I missed her, how I missed her, how I missed my Clementine,  
Until I kissed her little sister, and forgot my Clementine.

Now ye Scouts all heed the warning to this tragic tale of mine,  
Mouth-to-mouth resuscitation would have saved my Clementine.

## **Tie Me Kangaroo Down**

*The first verse is almost spoken or narrated*

There's an old Australian stockman - lying, dying...  
And he gets himself up onto one elbow  
And turns to his mates who are all gathered around  
And he says....

I'm going, Blue; this you gotta do,  
I'm not gonna pull through, Blue, so this you gotta do . . .

### **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)

Let me wombats go loose, Bruce,  
Let me wombats go loose.  
They're of no further use, Bruce,  
So let me wombats go lose.

(chorus)

Keep me cockatoo cool, curl  
Keep me cockatoo cool.  
Don't go actin' 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, Mack  
So, take me koala back.

(chorus)

Mind me platypus duck, Bill  
Mind me platypus duck.  
Don't let him go running amuck, Bill  
Just, mind me platypus duck.

(chorus)

Play your diggeridoo, Blue  
Play your diggeridoo.  
(Dying) Like, keep playing it 'til I shoot through, Blue  
Play your diggeridoo.

(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 hangin' on the shed.

(chorus)

-- Thanks to Lew Orans

## **Green Grow the Rushes**

*This is a very old folk song. I present here the Scout version and a published version -- you will understand the difference. This song is structured like the 12 Days of Christmas, in that it builds as the verses progress, until at the end, the singers respond with all 12 lines. It is not sung to a "stock" tune -- you will have to find someone who knows it to learn the tune.*

*Here is how the Scout version begins:*

*Leader:* I'll sing you one ho  
*Group:* Green grow the rushes ho,  
What is your one ho?  
*Leader:* One is one and all alone and ever more shall be it so.

*That is the basic form. Here is the second round:*

*Leader:* I'll sing you two ho

*Group:* Green grow the rushes ho,  
What is your two ho?

*Leader:* Two, two little Boy Scouts, Clothed them all in green ho (or Cub Scouts in Blue)

*Leader and Group:* One is one and all alone and ever more shall be it so

*So, you can see how it goes. Here are the other 10 lines:*

Twelve for the Twelve Apostles  
Eleven for the eleven who went to Heaven  
Ten for the Ten Commandments  
Nine for the night (nine??) bright shiners  
Eight for the April rainers  
Seven for the seven stars in the sky  
Six for the six proud walkers  
Five for symbols at your door  
Four for the Gospel makers  
Three, three the rivals

*According to "Rise Up Singing" published by Sing Out publications the song was first printed in "English Country Songs" by Broadwood and Maitland in 1893. Here are the lyrics:*

One is one and all alone and evermore shall be  
2, 2 the lily white boys, clothed all in green-o  
3, 3 the rivals  
4 for the Gospel makers  
5 for the symbols at your door  
6 for the 6 proud walkers  
7 for the 7 stars in the sky  
8 for the April raiders  
9 for the 9 bright shiners  
10 for the 10 Commandments  
11 for the 11 that went up to heaven  
12 for the 12 Apostles

-- Thanks to Bruce E. Cobern, Larry Ruh and Jeffrey Ross

# Waltzing Matilda

Once a jolly swagman camped by a billabong,  
Under the shade of a coolibah tree,  
And he sang as he watched and waited till his billy boiled  
You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me.

Chorus:  
Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda,  
You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me,  
And he sang as he watched and waited till his billy boiled,  
You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me.

Down came a jumbuck to drink at that billabong,  
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee,  
And he sang as he shoved that jumbuck in his tuckerbag  
You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me.

Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda,  
You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me,  
And he sang as he shoved that jumbuck in his tuckerbag,  
You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me.

Up rode the squatter mounted on his thoroughbred,  
Down came the troopers - one, two, three,  
Whose that jolly jumbuck you've got in your tuckerbag?  
You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me.

Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda,  
You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me,  
Whose that jolly jumbuck you've got in your tuckerbag?  
You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me.

Up jumped the swagman, and sprang into the billabong,  
You'll never catch me alive said he,  
And his ghost may be heard as you pass 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 pass by that billabong,  
You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me.

*Traditional Australian - almost became the official national anthem a few years ago. Pity it didn't! The chosen song is full of pomp and ceremony, fancy words*

*and downright rubbish.*

*I [David Morrison] can explain some of the Australianisms if you wish.*

-- Thanks to David Morrison, Manager, Networks and Comms, Uni of Newcastle, Australia

## **Waltzing Matilda -- An Older Version**

(A.B. Paterson)

Oh, There was once a swagman camped in a billabong  
Under the shade of a coolabah tree  
And he sang as he looked at his old billy boiling  
"Who'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me?"

Who'll come a Waltzing Matilda, my darling,  
Who'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me  
Waltzing Watilda and leading a water-bag  
Who'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me.

Down came a jumbuck to drink at the water hole  
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him in glee  
And he sang as he stuffed him away in his tuckerbag  
"You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me."

(Repeat Chorus)

Down came the squatter, a riding on his thoroughbred  
Down came policemen, One, two and three  
"Whose is the jumbuck you've got in your tuckerbag  
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me."

(Repeat Chorus)

But the swagman, he up and he jumped in the water hole  
Drowning himself by the Coolabah tree  
And his ghost may be heard as it sings in the billabong  
"Who'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me?"

(Repeat Chorus)

-- Thanks to Jim Moriarty

# **Taps**

*Sing with reverence.*

Day is done  
Gone the sun  
From the Lakes  
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.

-- Thanks to The U.S. Scouting Service Project

Here we stand,  
Hand in Hand,  
Wishing Peace,  
Freedom, Joy,  
To each man,  
When there's love,  
In our hearts,  
God is nigh.

-- Thanks to Casey Templin

## **The Story of Taps**

Taps was devised during the Civil War. In 1862, the Union Army of the Potomac, under Major General George McClellan, was transported to the Virginia Peninsula to launch a campaign against the Confederate capital at Richmond. The Army met stiff resistance at the outskirts of Richmond. After a series of battles, McClellan, a cautious general by nature, and misinformed as to the strength of the Confederate army confronting him, elected to "change bases" - a carefully worded synonym for retreat - to a site to the south, on the bank of the James River.

During this retreat, the Army of the Potomac was forced to stand and fight the pursuing Confederate army at Malvern Hill. The Confederate army, rather unwisely, charged the Union line and was defeated. The battle of Malvern Hill was fought on June 28 - July 1, 1862.

On July 2 (134 years ago today), in a miserable rain, the Army of the Potomac completed its depressing and embarrassing retreat to Harrison's Landing on the James River. The retreat was a grim disillusionment for the North, which had expected a short war. For the Army of the Potomac, it was its darkest and saddest hour.

Encamped at Harrison's Landing that summer was Brigadier General Daniel Butterfield. He was the commander of the 3rd brigade of the 1st division of the Army of the Potomac's 5th corps. A fairly undistinguished officer otherwise, General Butterfield had an ear for music. Previously, he had observed that his brigade's bugle call caused confusion in camp, because it could not be distinguished from that of other brigades. So he devised a unique bugle call for the 3rd brigade.

Now, in camp along the James, he noted that the regulation evening bugle call for lights out was neither musical nor inspirational, nor tranquilizing. He devised a alternative tune for his bugler, which, after a couple of attempts, became Taps. The tune became popular, and soon the entire Army of the Potomac was using the call in place of the regulation call for lights out.

Eventually, Taps was adopted by all Union armies, and became official army regulation. Taps remains regulation to this day.

The story of Taps is particularly appropriate for July 2, given that today is the anniversary of the Army of the Potomac's long retreat to the Harrison's Landing camp.

-- Thanks to Roger Claff, Den Leader Coach and Den Leader, Pack 1570, Herndon, VA

## Scout Vespers

*I have two versions, here. The most common one I only have the one verse of. I have that in the 1963 issue of the Boy Scout Songbook, and the Wood Badge Songbook that I recieved in 1995 when I took the class.*

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?

Second version (From my Wood Badge Songbook.)

Quitely we join as one,  
Thanking God for Scouting fun  
May we now go on our way,  
Thankful for another day.  
May we always love and share,  
Living in peace beyond compare.  
As Scout may we find,  
Friendships true with all mankind.

Quietly we now will part,  
Pledging ever in our heart,  
To strive to do our best each day,  
As we travel down life's way.  
Happiness we'll try to give,  
Trying a better life to live,  
'Till all the world be joined in love,  
Living in peace under skies above.

-- Thanks to Chuck Bramlet

## CHARLIE ON THE M.T.A.

Let me tell ya of a story 'bout a man named Charlie, on a tragic and faithful day.  
He put ten cents in his pocket, kissed his wife and family, went to ride on the

M.T.A

Chorus:

But did he ever return?

No, he never returned, and his fate is still unlearned. (Poor old charlie).

He may ride forever 'neath the streets of Boston, he's the man who never returned.

Charlie handed in his dime at the Kendel Square Station and he changed for Jamaca Plains.

When he got there the conductor told him, "one more nickel," Charlie couldn't get off that train

Well all night long Charlie rides through the stations, saying, "What will become of me?

How can I afford to see my sister in Chelsea or my cousin or Roxbury?"

Charlie's wife goes down to the Scully Square station, every day at a quarter past two.

And through the open window, she hands Charlie a sandwich as the train goes a rumbling through.

## **The Scout Who Never Returned**

[Tune: Charlie On The MTA]

Let me tell you of a story of a Scout named . . . ,  
On that tragic and fateful day;  
Put his/her Scout knife in his/her pocket;  
Kissed his/her dog and family;  
When to hike in the woods far away.

Well, did he/she ever return?  
No, he/she never returned.  
And his/her fate is still unlearned:  
He/she may roam forever in the woods and mountains,  
He/she's the Scout who never returned.

Now you citizens of [town name],  
Don't you think it's a scandle  
How ol' [Scout's 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 [Scout's name])  
You may roam forever in the woods and mountains,  
Like the Scout who never returned.

## **Dixie**

I wish I was in the land of cotton,  
Old times there are not forgotten;  
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixieland.  
In Dixieland where I was born in,  
Early on one frosty morning';  
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixieland.

### **Chorus**

Then I wish I was in Dixie, hooray! Hooray!  
In Dixieland I'll take my stand to live and die in Dixie;  
Away, away, away down south in Dixie. [Repeat.]

There's buckwheat cakes and Indian batter  
Makes you fat, but that don't matter;  
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixieland.  
Then hoe it down and scratch your grabble,  
To Dixieland I'm bound to travel,  
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixieland.

## **Down in the Valley**

Down in the valley, the valley so low,  
Hang your head over, hear the winds blow.  
Hear the winds blow, dear, hear the winds blow.  
Hang your head over, hear the winds blow.

Down in the valley, walking between,  
Telling our story, here's what it means.  
Here's what it means, dear, here's what it means,  
Telling our story, here's what it means.

Roses love sunshine, violets love dew,  
Angels in heaven know I love you;

Know I love you, dear, know I love you,  
Angels in heaven know I love you.

Build me a castle forty feet high,  
So I can see him as he rides by;  
As he rides by, dear, as he rides by,  
So I can see him as he rides by.

Writing this letter, containing three lines,  
Answer my question, "Will you be mine?"  
"Will you be mine, dear, will you be mine,"  
Answer my question, "Will you be mine?"

If you don't love me, love whom you please,  
Throw your arms round me, give my heart ease.  
Give my heart ease, dear, give my heart ease,  
Throw your arms round me, give my heart ease.

Throw your arms round me, before it's too late;  
Throw your arms round me, feel my heart break.  
Feel my heart break, dear, feel my heart break.  
Throw your arms round me, feel my heart break.

## Home on the Range

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.

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

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.

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 gazed,  
If their glory exceeds that of ours.

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.

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.

Then I would not exchange my 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.

## **Hot Time In the Old Town Tonight**

Late last night when we were all in bed,  
Mrs. O'Leary left her lantern in the shed.  
Well, the cow kicked it over, and this is what they said:  
"There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight!"

When you hear those bells go ding-a-ling,  
All join 'round and sweetly you must sing.  
And when the verse is through, in the chorus all join in:  
"There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight!"

*For dramatic effect, shout out "FIRE, FIRE, FIRE" at the end of the first verse.*

Silly variant:

Ten nights dark when bed we all were in,  
Old Leary lady hung the shed her lantern in,  
And when the kick cowed it over, she eyed her wink and said  
"There'll be town hot in the time old tonight!"

## 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 sunshine  
Which has brightened our pathways a while.

Chorus

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 that has loved you so true.

I've been thinking a long time, my darling,  
Of the sweet words you never would say,  
Now, alas, must my fond hopes all vanish?  
For they say you are going away.

Won't you think of the valley you're leaving,  
Oh, how lonely and sad it will be,  
Just think of the fond heart you're breaking,  
And the grief you are causing to me.

From this valley they say you are going,  
When you go, may your darling go too?  
Would you leave her behind unprotected,  
When she loves no one other than you.

As you go to your home by the ocean,  
May you never forget those sweet hours,  
That we spent in the Red River Valley,  
And the love we exchanged 'mid the flowers.

I have promised you, darling, that never  
Will a word from my lips cause you pain,  
And my life, it will be yours forever,  
If you only will love me again.

They will bury me where you have wandered,  
Near the hills where the daffodils grow,  
When you're gone from the Red River valley,  
For I can't live without you I know.

## **Shenandoah**

Oh Shenandoah, I long to see you,  
Far away you rolling river,  
Oh Shenandoah, I long to see you,  
Away, we're bound away across the wide Missouri.

I long to see your smiling valley, . . .  
'Tis seven long years since last I saw thee, . . .  
When first I took a rambling notion, . . . To sail across the briny ocean.

## **On Top of Old Smoky**

On top of old Smoky, all covered with snow,  
I lost my true lover from courting too slow.

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

For 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 boy in a hundred a poor girl can trust.

They'll hug you and kiss you and tell you more lies,  
Than cross ties on a railroad or stars in the skies.

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.

## **Oh! Susanna**

I come from Alabama with my banjo on my knee,  
I'm going to Louisiana, my true love for to see.  
It rained all night the day I left, the weather it was dry  
The sun so hot I froze to death, Susanna, don't you cry.

Chorus

Oh! Susanna, Oh don't you cry for me,  
For I come from Alabama with my banjo on my knee.

I had a dream the other night, when everything was still;  
I thought I saw Susanna dear, a coming down the hill.  
A buckwheat cake was in her mouth, a tear was in her eye,  
Says I, I'm coming from the south, Susanna, don't you cry.

I soon will be in New Orleans, and then I'll look around,  
And when I find Susanna, I'll fall upon the ground.  
But if I do not find her, then I will surely die,  
And when I'm dead and buried, Oh, Susanna, don't you cry.

## **Gross Songs -- Part 1**

Our kids love Gross Songs. Our Cub Scout Pack started a tradition of singing one or more songs at the beginning of every Pack meeting. The grosser, the better. Following is a collection of Gross Songs. Some of these are really good for a Pack meeting. Please send me your favorites -- G rated, please -- and I'll include them here.

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- He Ain't Gonna Climb No More
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- Where Will You Be
- Happy Birthday
- Adamms Family Grace

## **Muff the Tragic Wagon**

**(words by Jerry Blacklow, 1985)**

(Sung to the tune of Puff the Magic Dragon)

Muff the Tragic Wagon, lived by the street  
And rolled along the boulevard, through rain and snow and sleet.  
Little Tommy Pumpkin loved that wagon Muff,  
And rolled him home and filled him up,  
With toys and other stuff.

(1)

Together they would travel along the avenue  
Tommy hanging out his leg would scuff his Sunday shoe.  
Taxi cabs and buses would honk as they went past,  
Tragic wagons never seem to need to stop for gas (chorus)

(2)

Children live forever, but not so children's toys,  
Wagons can't forever be a friend to little boys.

And one gray day it happened while Tommy took his nap,  
A garbage truck ran over Muff and turned him into scrap. (chorus)

(3)  
Little Tommy Pumpkin said just off the cuff,  
There will never be another tragic wagon Muff (end or sing chorus)

-- Thanks to Jim Perlberg, EMT N2WKB, Webelos Den Leader, Pack 271,  
Mahopac Falls

## **He Jumped from 40,000 Feet**

*Sung to the tune of 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.

-- Thanks to Jim Speirs

**And here is another version:**

He jumped from 40,000 feet and never pulled the cord,  
He jumped from 40,000 feet and never pulled the cord,  
He jumped from 40,000 feet and never pulled the cord,  
And he ain't gonna jump no more.

Chorus:

Gory, gory, what a heck of a mess he made  
Gory, gory, what a heck of a mess he made  
Gory, gory, what a heck of a mess he made  
And he ain't gonna jump no more.

He landed on the highway like a hunk of strawberry jam.  
He landed on the highway like a hunk of strawberry jam.  
He landed on the highway like a hunk of strawberry jam.  
And he ain't gonna jump no more.

Chorus

They sent him home to mother on a slice of moldy bread.  
They sent him home to mother on a slice of moldy bread.  
They sent him home to mother on a slice of moldy bread.  
And he ain't gonna jump no more.

Chorus

-- Thanks to Scott King Walker

## **Let's try that one again ...**

He jumped without a parachute from 40,000 feet.  
He jumped without a parachute from 40,000 feet.  
He jumped without a parachute from 40,000 feet.  
And he aint gonna jump no more

Chorus:

Glory glory what a terrible way to die  
When ya wearing your suspenders and you don't know how to fly,  
Glory glory what a terrible way to die  
And he aint gonna jump no more.

He landed on the pavement like a lump of strawberry jam.  
He landed on the pavement like a lump of strawberry jam.  
He landed on the pavement like a lump of strawberry jam.  
And he aint gonna jump no more.

Chorus

They sent him home to mum in a white envelope.  
They sent him home to mum in a white envelope.  
They sent him home to mum in a white envelope.  
And he aint gonna jump no more.

Chorus

His mum put him on the mantelpiece for everyone to see.  
His mum put him on the mantelpiece for everyone to see.  
His mum put him on the mantelpiece for everyone to see.  
And he aint gonna jump no more.

Chorus

She put him on the table when the vicar came to tea.  
She put him on the table when the vicar came to tea.  
She put him on the table when the vicar came to tea.  
And he aint gonna jump no more.

Chorus

The vicar put him on his toast and eat him up for tea.  
The vicar put him on his toast and eat him up for tea.  
The vicar put him on his toast and eat him up for tea.  
And he aint gonna jump no more.

Chorus

## **Ooops ... One More Time ...**

### **The Paratrooper Song**

[Note: These are the original words. Appropriate substitutions should be made for scouting.]

"Is everybody happy", cried the Sargeant looking up.  
Our hero, feebly answered "Yes!", and then they stood him up.  
He jumped right out the open door, his static line forgot,  
He ain't gonna jump no more.

Chorus: Gory, gory, what a Helluva Way to Die!  
Gory, gory, what a Helluva Way to Die!  
Gory, gory, what a Helluva Way to Die!  
He ain't gonna jump no more.

He counted loud, he counted long, he waited for the shock.  
He felt the wind, he felt the clouds, he felt the awful drop.  
He jerked his cord, the silk spilled out, but wrapped around his legs,  
He ain't gonna jump no more.

Chorus

The risers wrapped around his neck, connectors cracked his dome.  
The lines were snarled and tied in knots around his skinny bones.  
The canopy became his shroud, as he hurtled to his death.  
He ain't gonna jump no more.

### Chorus

The days he lived, and loved and laughed, kept running through his mind,  
He thought about the girl back home, the one he left behind.  
He thought about the medics and he wondered what they'd find.  
He ain't gonna jump no more.

### Chorus

The ambulances were on the spot, the jeeps were running wild.  
The medics jumped and screamed with glee. They rolled their sleeves and  
smiled.  
For it had been a week or more since last a chute had failed,  
He ain't gonna jump no more.

### Chorus

He hit the ground, the sound was "SPLAT". His blood went spurting high.  
His comrades then were heard to say, "A helluva way to die".  
He lay there rolling round in the welter of his gore,  
He ain't gonna jump no more.

### Chorus

There was blood upon the risers, there was brains upon the chute.  
Intestines were a dangling from the paratroopers boots.  
They picked him up, still in his chute and poured him from his boots.  
He ain't gonna jump no more.

### Chorus

## **Ain't Gonna Rain No More**

### Chorus:

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

### [Verses:]

A bum sat by the sewer  
And by the sewer he died  
And at the coroners inquest  
They call 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  
That runs around the brook

[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,  
Her father shot it dead  
And now she takes it to school  
Between two slices of bread...

-- Thanks to Stephen Mohr, Dennis J. Wilkinson, and Brad Porter

## **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.

Chorus:

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.

Chorus:

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.

Chorus:

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.

Chorus:

## **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

-- Thanks to NASHGOHUMEWAGANAK

## **Jaws**

(Tune: Do Re Mi)

JAWS A mouth, a great big mouth  
TEETH The things that kinda crunch

BITE The friendly sharks "hello"  
US His favorite juicy lunch  
BLOOD That turns the ocean red  
CHOMP That means the sharks been fed  
GULP That will bring us back to  
JAWS! JAWS! JAWS! JAWS!

-- Thanks to Randy Woo

## Gopher Guts

Great green globs of greasy grimy gopher guts,  
Mutilated monkey meat,  
Little birdies dirty feet,  
Great green globs of greasy grimy gopher guts,  
And I forgot my spoon!

Great green gobs of greasy grimy gopher guts,  
Multilated monkey meat,  
Itsy bitsy birdie feet,  
French fried eye-balls,  
Rolling down a muddy street,  
And I forgot my spoon.  
(pause)  
But I got my straw!

Great green gobs of greasy grimey gopher guts,  
Mutilated monkey meat,  
Saturated birdy feet,  
All wrapped up in  
All purpose porpoise pus.  
And me without a spoon!

Gee whiz! (but I've got a straw)

Great green gobs of greasy grimy gopher guts  
Mutilated monkey meat  
Chopped up dirty birdy feet.  
A one pound jar of all purpose porpoise pus  
Swimming in pink lemonade.

Scab sandwich, spit on top  
Monkey vomit, camel snot



Eagle eye and cookie goo  
Made a sandwich just for you.

-- Thanks to Randy Woo, Kathi Parker, Evette Ogden and Laura Has

## **Turkey Day**

*(Tune: Bring Back my Bonnie to Me)*

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:  
Bring back, bring back  
Oh, bring back my turkey to me, to me.  
Bring back, bring back  
Oh, bring back my turkey to me.

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

(Chorus)

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

Brought back, brought back,  
They brought back my turkey to me, to me.  
Brought back, brought back,  
They brought back my turkey to me.

-- Thanks to Randy Woo

## **Worms**

Nobody likes me,

Everybody hates me!  
I'm gonna eat some worms.  
Chorus (Repeat after each verse)  
Long, slim slimey ones,  
Short, fat juicy ones,  
Itsy, bitsy, fuzzy, wuzzy worms.

First you get a bucket,  
Then you get a shovel,  
Oh how they wiggle and squirm.

First you pull the heads off,  
Then you suck the guts out.  
Oh how they wiggle and squirm.

Down goes the first one,  
Down goes the second one,  
Oh how they wiggle and squirm.

Up comes the first one,  
Up comes the second one,  
Oh how they wiggle and squirm.

Everybody likes me,  
Nobody hates me!  
Why did I eat those worms?

Chop up their heads and  
Squeeze out their juice,  
And throw their tails away.  
Nobody knows how I survive  
On worms three times a day!

-- Thanks to Randy Woo

## **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 things that I'm certain of. . .  
I'll watch TV. tonight!

-- Thanks to Randy Woo

## **On Top of Spaghetti**

*(Sung to the tune of On Top of Old Smokey)*

*Actions: make appropriate finger and body actions for the words, and don't leave out a real, live sneeze.*

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.

## **Sam, Sam, the Lavatory Man**

*The motions are a must when singing this song.*

Sam, Sam, the lavatory man,  
Chief inspector of the out house clan (*stand straight like soldier & salute*)  
He issues the tissues, the paper, and the towels (*pass out 'items'*)  
He listens to the sounds of the rumbling bowels (*hold hand to ear*)  
Down, down, down below the ground (*point down on down*)  
Where all the little poopies are swimming around (*swimming motion*)  
There sits Sam, the lavatory man,  
Scooping up the poopies,  
Scooping up the poopies,  
Scooping up the poopies in his little tin can! (*scoop 3x times and proudly hold up 'tin can'*)

-- Thanks to Caroline Pipkins and the Girl Scout Council of Coastal Carolina.

## **The Titanic**

1. Oh, they built the ship Titanic,  
To sail the ocean blue,  
And they built her so  
The water wouldn't go through.  
But the good Lord raised his hand,  
Said the ship would never land,

It was sad when the great ship went down.

Chorus:

It was sad (so sad)

It was sad (mighty sad)

It was sad when the great ship went down

To the bottom of the sea....

(husbands and wives, little children lost their lives)

It was sad when the great ship went down.

2. They were sailing close to England

Not forty miles from shore

When the rich refused to associate with the poor.

So they sent them down below,

Where they'd be the first to go.

It was sad when the great ship went down.

Chorus

3. Twas the 14th of April

The fourth month of the year

The Titanic hit an iceberg

That everyone could hear

They suffered and they cried

"Good Lord don't let us die"

It was sad when the great ship went down.

Chorus

4. They lowered all the lifeboats

To the dark and stormy sea,

As the band was playing

"God Be Close To Me."

The captain tried to wire

But the wires were on fire

It was sad when the great ship went down.

Chorus

5. Oh the moral of this story,

As you can plainly see,

Is to wear a life preserver

When you go out to sea.

The Titanic once was

But never more shall be,

It was sad when the great ship went down.

Chorus

-- Thanks to Sara Crawley, Leader, Junior Troop 500, Service Unit Manager,  
Western Mass GS Council

## **Willies Underwear**

(sung like the old fashioned barber shop quartet would sing it...)

On the night that Willie died...hum  
He called me to his side.....hum  
And he gave me his dirty underwear...dirty underwear.

They were baggy at the knees.....hum  
And they smelled like liver cheese...hum  
Oh the dirty underwear that Willie wore...that Willie wore.

Oh I threw them in the sky.....hum  
And the birds refused to fly...hum  
Oh the dirty underwear that Willie wore...that Willie wore.

Oh I threw them in the well...hum  
And the rats they ran like....heck...hum  
Oh the dirty underwear that Willie wore...that Willie wore.

Now Willie's dead and gone...hum  
But his underwear live on....hum  
And they're hangin' on the line for all to see...for all to see.

Now remember and remember well...hum  
For you can't avoid the smell....hum  
Of the underwear that's Willie's memory...Willie's memory!

-- Thanks to Ted Marconi Allegheny Highlands Council, BSA, Smethport, PA

## **My Dead Dog Rover**

*Tune: "I'm Looking Over a Four-leaf Clover"*

I'm looking over my dead dog Rover,

That I over-ran with the mower.  
One leg is missing the other is gone.  
The third one is scattered all over the lawn.  
No need explaining the one remaining  
It's splattered on the kitchen door.  
I'm looking over my dead dog rover,  
that I over-ran with the mower.

Another verse --

I'm looking over  
My dead dog Rover  
That I overlooked before

One leg is broken, the other is maimed,  
The third I ran over with my CoCo Puff train.  
No use explaining,  
The parts remaining,  
They're mangled beyond repair.  
I'm looking over  
My dead Dog Rover  
That I overlooked, (Big finish)  
That I overlooked,  
That I overlooked before.

## **My Bonnie**

*Tune: "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean"*

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

( Chorus )

Last night as I lay on my pillow,  
Last night as I lay on my bed,  
I stuck my feet out of the window,  
Next morning my neighbors were dead.  
(chorus with bring back my neighbors to me)

My Bonnie has tuberculosis,

My Bonnie has only one lung,  
My Bonnie can cough up raw oysters'  
And roll them around on her tongue.  
(chorus: Roll them, roll them, roll them around on her tongue, her tongue...)

My luncheon lies over the ocean,  
My breakfast lies over the rail.  
My supper lies in great commotion,  
Won't someone please bring me a pail.  
( chorus: Clams & ice cream don't agree with me, with me..")

Who knows what I had for breakfast?  
Who knows what I had for tea?  
Who knows what I had for supper?  
Just look out the window and see!

## **Mom, Wash My Underware**

*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.

-- Thanks to Chuck Bramlet, ASM Troop 323, Thunderbird District, Grand Canyon Council, Phoenix, Az.

## **Underware**

*Tune: "Over There"*

Underware, Underware,  
How I itch in my woolen underwear.  
How I wish I'd gotten a pair of cotton,  
So I wouldn't itch everywhere.



BVDs make me sneeze.  
When the breeze from the trees  
Hits my knees.  
Coming over, I'm coming over,  
In my gosh darned, itchy, woolen underwear.

-- Thanks to Chuck Bramlet, ASM Troop 323, Thunderbird District, Grand Canyon Council, Phoenix, Az.

Underware, Underware  
Send a pair, send a pair I can wear  
For I left mine lyin' outside a dryin'  
And I can't find them anywhere

Underware, Underware  
Send a pair, send a pair I can wear  
Assembly's blowing, I must be going  
And I'll get there if I have to get there bare

-- Thanks to Nathan Roller, a scout from Marin Council, CA

## **He Ain't Gonna Climb No More**

*Tune: "Battle Hymn of the Republic"*

Chorus:

Gory, gory, what a heck of a way to die.  
Gory, gory what a heck of a way to die.  
Gory, gory what a heck of a way to die.  
And he ain't gonna climb no more!

Verse 1:

"Will it go around the chockstone?" called the belayer, looking up.  
Our hero feebly answered, "Yes," and slowly inched on up.  
He was trying to drive a piton when his foothold crumbled out.  
Oh he ain't gonna climb no more!

Chorus:

Verse 2:

He slid on down the chimney and he quickly gathered speed.  
He shot past the belayer, who's forgot the climber's creed.  
An anchor to a piton would've been all he'd ever need.

Oh he ain't gonna climb no more!

Chorus

Verse 3:

The belayer felt the rope pull taught and tried to let it run.  
But it jerked him from position and he knew his time had come.  
He left the ledge behind him and it shot up toward the sun.  
Oh he ain't gonna climb no more!

Chorus

Verse 4:

They sped on down the chimney and they passed the Southern Col.  
They had such good exposure that it made a glorious fall.  
They slithered o'er a friction pitch and sped on down the wall.  
Oh they ain't gonna climb no more.

Chorus

Verse 5:

The medic in the valley watched them through his telescope.  
And as they neared the bottom, his eyes grew bright with hope.  
For it had been a week or more since the parting of the rope.  
Oh they ain't gonna climb no more!

Chorus

Verse 6:

One had a rope around his neck and a piton through his spleen.  
An ice-axe in the rucksack had split the other's bean.  
The trails of red marked their descent as they neared the slopes of green.  
Oh they ain't gonna climb no more.

Chorus

Verse 7:

They hit the ground the sound was "SPLAT" the blood went spurting high.  
Their comrades were heard to say, "What a colorful way to die!"  
And as they lay there rolling in the welter of their gore.  
Oh they ain't gonna climb no more!

Chorus

Verse 8:

There was blood upon the rucksacks, there were brains upon the rope.  
Intestines were entwined across the green and grassy slope.  
We picked them up in a lunch pail after salvaging the rope.  
Oh they ain't gonna climb no more!

Chorus

-- Thanks to Stephen R. Frisby

## **Baby Bumble Bee**

I'm bringing home a baby bumble bee  
Won't my Mommie\* be so proud of me?  
I'm bringing home a baby bumble bee...  
Ouch! It stung me!

I'm squashing up my baby bumble bee  
Won't my Mommie be so proud of me?  
I'm squashing up my baby bumble bee...  
Ew! What a mess!

I'm licking up my baby bumble bee  
Won't my Mommie be so proud of me?  
I'm licking up my baby bumble bee...  
Ugh! I feel sick!

I'm barfing up my baby bumble bee  
Won't my Mommie be so proud of me?  
I'm barfing up my baby bumble bee...  
Oh! Another mess!

I'm mopping up my baby bumble bee  
Won't my Mommie be so proud of me?  
I'm mopping up my baby bumble bee...  
Mommie, aren't you proud of me?

*\* Can be substituted with many other words: Mother, Mama, Daddy, Father, Papa, Grandma, Grammie, Grandpa, Pappy, Auntie, Uncle, etc....*

*The motions: Usually it is sung in a circle, so you can see everyone doing the motions - a big part of the fun! It is best if everyone is standing, but not necessary.*

*Verse 1: Hands are cupped together as if carrying a captured bee. You walk in place and swings hands back and forth as you sing, in time to the music, until*

*you get to the exclamation (Ouch!). Here you stop all movement to emphasize the statement, with an appropriate "unfair of the bee" face. Movement begins again with...*

*Verse 2: Hands are mashed together, back and forth in time to the music, as if squashing the bee. Again movement stops with exclamation (Ew!) as hands are looked at with "icky" faces on...Then*

*Verse 3: While singing (tricky!) hands are pretended to be licked - keeping the hands flat and moving them with a sweeping motion down in front of the mouth, in time to the music. Movement stops with "Ugh!" as "sick" faces are shown and stomachs are held.*

*Verse 4: While still holding stomachs, "bob" up and down from the waist, in time to the music, to simulate barfing. (Oooo, this is fun!) When the "Oh" sounds, "more work" faces are worn.*

*Verse 5: With "mops" in hand, scrub the floor in time to the music. When the "Mommie" is reached, "mops" are held upright and to the side (like the pitchfork in the famous painting :) with the other hand on the hip and the head turned a little on its side.*

--Thanks to Heather Clemens

## **Baby Funnel Webb**

An additional verse to Baby Bumble Bee

"Oooh ahhhh, What's This"  
I'm picking up my baby Funnel Webb  
Won't my Mommie kick me in the head?  
I'm picking up my baby Funnel Webb  
Oooh ahhhh, It bit me. I'm Dead.

-- Last verse thanks to Phil Gardner, Cub Scout Leader, 1st Koorana Scout Group, Wattagans Division, Hunter and Coastal Region, New South Wales Branch, Australia

## **Chicken Lips and Lizard Hips**

Tune: Old Dunderbeck Scout variation:

Oh, when I was a camper, I never liked to eat;  
the cook'd put things upon my plate, I'd dump them on his feet;

but then one day he made this soup, I ate it all in bed;  
I asked him what he'd put in it, and this is what he said. \*Chorus.

\* Chorus: Oh, chicken lips and lizard hips and alligator eyes;  
monkey legs and buzzard eggs and salamander thighs;  
rabbit ears and camel rears and tasty toenail pies;  
stir them all together, it's called the cook's surprise.

I went into the bathroom and stood beside the sink;  
I said I'm feeling slightly ill, I think I'd like a drink;  
The cook he said, "I've just the thing, I'll get it in a wink;  
it's full of lots of protein, and vitamins I think." \*Chorus.

-- Thanks to George Hay Kain, III

## **Where Will You Be**

If you ever see a hearse go by,  
Do you ever think you're going to die.

Chorus.

OOH OOH OOH OOH where will you be in a hundred years from now.

They wrap you up in a crisp white sheet,  
And tuck in the corners all nice and neat.

They put you into a wooden box,  
And cover you over with earth and rocks.

The worms crawl in and the worms crawl out,  
They crawl in thin and they crawl out stout.

Your teeth fall in and your eyes pop out,  
Your brains come trickling down your snout

Chorus.

OOH OOH OOH OOH where will you be in a hundred years from now.

(PAUSE)

DEAD!!!!!!!!!!

*The song is best song in a low pitched soft voice to give the required effect.  
The OOH descend in a scale like fashion and make the DEAD!!! sound really*

*unpleasant for maximum effect.*

-- Thanks to James Harrison

## **Happy Birthday**

Tune: Volga Boat Men

Chorus:

Happy Birthday, Ugh.

Happy Birthday, Ugh.

Ha-a-a-a, Happy Birthday, Ugh.

Verses:

Pain and sorrow in the air,  
Death around us everywhere.  
But...?  
chorus

One year closer to the grave,  
Think of all the food we'll save  
But...?  
chorus

Easter Bunny broke his leg,  
Bled all over the Easter Eggs,  
But...?  
chorus

Santa Claus wrecked his sleigh,  
No more presents on Christmas day.  
but...?  
chorus

-- Thanks to John Kasper, Scoutmaster T-415, Chickasaw Council - Memphis,  
TN USA

## **Adamms Family Grace**

Tune: Addams Family Theme (TV) by Vic Muzzy, 1964

Chorus:

Da da da dum (snap snap)

Da da da dum (snap snap)

Da da da dum

Da da da dum

Da da da dum (snap snap)

We thank you Lord for giving,  
The things we need for living  
The food, the fun, the friendship,  
The Scouting Fam-i-ly.

We thank you for the food Lord,  
For Mom and Dad and you Lord,  
We thank you for the food Lord,  
The Scouting Fam-i-ly.

We thank You Lord for giving  
The food we need for living  
Be with us while we eat it,  
Because we really need it.

Be present at our table LORD,  
Be here and every where adored.  
These mercies bless and grant that we,  
May love serve and obey Thee.

We thank you for this day, Lord  
For friends and family, Lord.  
We thank you for this food, Lord  
For friends and family.  
Ah-ah-amen (snap-snap)\*  
Ah-ah-amen (snap-snap)\*  
Ah-ah-amen, Ah-ah-amen,  
Ah-ah-amen (snap-snap)\*

\*Note: Cross arms when snapping fingers

*Too late for this year, but you could also substitute "Ghoul Scout Family" around Halloween.*

-- Thanks to Sue Moore in Las Vegas, NV, (where we have two seasons... "definitely summer", and "kinda winter"), Lisa Varner, Marguerite Gibson

## **Gross Songs -- Part 2**

Here are more gross songs. Please send me your favorites -- G rated, please -- and I'll include them here.

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## **The Banana Slug Song**

**Sung to the tune of "Twist & Shout". The song uses a lead singer and a backup group (sung by the audience)**

Lead Singer

You know I love my baby  
The way she hugs  
But people don't understand it  
She's a banana slug

Chorus (all)

Ba...Na...Na..Slug

She's got one foot  
And she's got no toes  
She hangs out in the forest  
And helps it decompose

Chorus (all)

Ba...Na...Na..Slug

Backup Group

Love my baby  
Way she hugs  
Don't understand it  
Banana slug

Got one foot  
Got no toes  
Hangs out in the forest  
Helps it decompose



The way she wiggles her antennae  
You know it gives me such bliss  
C'mon C'mon C'mon Banana Slug  
Let me give you a kiss

Wiggles her antennae  
Gives me such bliss  
C'mon banana slug  
Give you a kiss

Chorus (all)  
Ba...Na...Na..Slug

And when she slides through the forest  
You know she looks so fine  
C'mon C'mon C'mon Banana Slug  
Let me lick off your slime

Slides through the forest  
Looks so fine  
C'mon banana Slug  
Lick off your slime

Chorus (all)  
Ba...Na...Na..Slug

Some folks say she's gross  
But I won't hear that jive  
If it weren't for my baby  
The forest might not survive

Say she's gross  
Hear that jive  
Weren't for my baby  
Might not survive

Chorus (all)  
Ba...Na...Na..Slug

(Final verse (all))  
)Ba ba banana slug, banana slug  
Ba ba banana slug, banana slug  
Ba ba banana slug, banana slug  
Ba ba banana slug, banana slug

-- Thanks to Jim Fuller

## Long Johns

(Tune : Bye, bye, blackbird)

I have lost my underwear,  
I don't care,  
I'll go bare,  
Bye, bye long johns.

They were very dear to me,  
Tickled me,  
tee, hee, hee,  
Bye, bye long johns.

If you ever wonder where to find me,  
Just open up that trap door right behind me.  
I have lost my underwear,  
I don't care,  
I'll go bare,  
Bye, bye long johns.

-- Thanks to Elizabeth Grimsley, Volunteer, Shining Trail Council of Girl  
Scouts, Keokuk, Iowa

## **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!

-- Thanks to Anthony M. Becker

## **The MacTavish Brothers**

(to the tune of "The Irish Washerwoman")

Oh, MacTavish is dead and his brother don't know it,  
His brother is dead and MacTavish don't know it,  
There're both of them dead in the very same bed...  
And neither one knows that the other is dead.

-- Thanks to Anthony M. Becker

## The Little Green Frog

Gaaloomph went the little green frog one day  
Gaaloomph went the little green frog  
Gaaloomph went the little green frog one day  
And the frog went gloomph gloomph gloomph

But we all know frogs go [clap] laa dee daa dee daa  
[clap] laa dee daa dee daa [clap] laa dee daa dee daa  
We all know frogs go [clap] laa dee daa dee daa  
They don't go gloomph gloomph gloomph

And we all know frogs go SQUELCH when you step on them  
SQUELCH when you step on them SQUELCH when you step on them  
We all know frogs go SQUELCH when you step on them  
They don't go gloomph gloomph gloomph

And we all know frogs go POP in the microwave  
POP in the microwave POP in the microwave  
We all know frogs go POP in the microwave  
They don't go gloomph gloomph gloomph

And well know frogs go WHZZZ in the blender  
WHZZZ in the blender WHZZZ in the blender  
We all know frogs go WHZZZ in the blender  
They don't go gloomph gloomph gloomph

And we all know frogs go SPLAT in the ceiling fan  
SPLAT in the ceiling fan SPLAT in the ceiling fan  
We all know frogs go SPLAT in the ceiling fan  
They don't go gloomph gloomph gloomph

*The tune to the little green frog song is one of those ones that sounds like a stock tune, but after further thought is very difficult to pin down exactly. As I am not into sending ASCII musical notation, I shall be forced to offer the following:*

*Dee dum dee dee deedle dee dum daa daa  
dee dum dee dee deedle dee dum  
dee dum dee dee deedle dee dum daa daa  
daa dee dum dum dum dum dum*

*Dum dum daa daa daa daa [clap] laa dee daa dee daa  
 [clap] laa dee daa dee daa [clap] laa dee daa dee daa  
 dee daa dum daa daa [clap] laa dee daa dee daa  
 dee daa dum daa daa dum*

*There are a couple of hand actions that go with it, but by and large you can just make them up.*

-- Thanks to Jason B. Standing Esq., ASL 1st Glen Osmond Scout Troop, Adelaide, South Australia

## Oh Tom the Toad

(Sung to the tune of Oh Christmas Tree. O Tannenbaum)

Oh the Toad, Oh, Tom the Toad  
 Why are you lying in the road?  
 Oh the Toad, Oh, Tom the Toad  
 Why are you lying in the road?  
 You see, that light turn red?  
 There are tracks, across your head.  
 Oh the Toad, Oh, Tom the Toad  
 Why are you lying in the road?

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?

-- Thanks to E. Cully

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

Jole the mole, Oh, Jole the Mole  
 Why did you fall into that hole  
 Jole the Mole, Oh, Jole 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  
 Jole the mole, Oh Jole the Mole  
 Why did you fall into that hole

-- Thanks to Beverly Benner, and P.J.

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

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,

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 egatorís snack.  
Oh Rog the dog, Oh Rog the dog,  
Why did you jump on that green log?

Oh Tom the Toad, Oh Tom the Toad  
Why did you jump into the road?  
Oh Tom the Toad, Oh Tom the Toad  
Why did you jump into the road?  
You were so big and green and fat  
But now you're small and red and flat.  
Oh Tom the Toad, Oh Tom the Toad  
Why did you jump into the road?

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?

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?

-- Thanks to Mary Rowell, Troop 148 & 458,  
Lake Mary, FL

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,

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, 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, 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.

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's tracks, across your head.  
Oh, Tom the Toad, Oh, Tom the Toad

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 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 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?

Jole the mole, Oh, Jole the Mole  
Why did you fall into that hole

Why are you lying in 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!

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?

Jole the Mole, Oh, Jole 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  
Jole the mole, Oh Jole the Mole  
Why did you fall into that hole

(Jole the Mole verse thanks to P.J. Benner)

-- Thanks to Randy Woo, and a cast of other  
characters!

## **Announcements! Announcements! Announcements!**

Announcements, announcements, announcements!  
A horrible way to die,  
A horrible way to die,  
A horrible way to to be talked to death,  
A horrible way to die.

We sold our cow,  
We sold our cow,  
We have no need for your bull now.

Sooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo...  
Pile it up in the corner,  
Pile it up in the corner,  
Pile it up in the corner,  
It makes the flowers grow!  
It makes the flowers grow,  
It makes the flowers grow,  
So pile it up in the corner,

Pile it up in the corner,  
Pile it up in the corner  
It makes the flowers grow!

Have you ever seen a windbag, a windbag, a windbag?  
Have you ever seen a windbag, well here's one right now.  
Blows this way and that way,  
And that way and this way,  
Have you ever seen a windbag, well here's one right now.

Keep announcement short and sweet,  
Short and sweet, Short and sweet.  
Keep announcement short and sweet,  
They're so ..... BORING!!!!

(name) has another one, another one, another one,  
(name) has another one, he has them all the time.

I found my cow,  
I found my cow,  
I have some need for your bull now.

What a horrible way to die.  
What a horrible way to die.  
What a horrible way to be bored to death.  
What a horrible way to die!

## Related Verses

The Grand Old Duke of York, He had ten thousand men,  
He marched them up the hill (and they got shot!)

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.

-- Thanks to Stan Hodge, Bruce E. Cobern, Charlotte S. Jerscheid, Ron Fox

## 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 toil 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.

## **Granny's in the Celler**

Granny's in the cellar  
Glory, can't you smell her  
Making biscuits on her brown and dirty stove.  
In her eye there is some matter  
That keeps drippin' in the batter  
As she whistles while the (snort) runs down her nose.

Down her nose.  
Down her nose.  
As she whistles while the (snort) runs down her nose.  
That keeps drippin' in the batter  
As she whistles while the (snort) runs down her nose.

## **Beans**

Ate a bean  
The bean was loaded  
Up went the covers  
Up went the sheet  
Fifty yard dash to the bathroom seat!  
Da-da-da-da-da, pth-ahhh

Beans, Beans, a wonderful fruit  
The more you eat, the more you toot  
The more you toot, the better you feel  
Let's eat beans for every meal!

## **The Outhouse Song**

When you are sleepy and you have to go pee pee,  
You can always go, Outhouse.  
When you are droopy and you have to go poopy,  
You can always go, Outhouse.  
Listen to the frogs sing at the bottom of the toilet.  
If you are a camper  
I am sure you will enjoy it, Outhouse

## **McDonalds**

McDonald's is your kind of place  
Hamburgers in your face  
French fries between your toes  
Dill pickles up your nose  
and don't forget those chocolate shakes  
Made from polluted lakes  
McDonalds is your..... kind of place

## **The MacTavish Brothers**

O'I Malley is dead and O'I Riley don't know it,

O'I Riley is dead and O'I Malley don't know it.  
They're both of them dead in the very same bed,  
And neither one knows that the other one's dead!

-- Thanks to Amanda

## **Big Birdie Song**

Way up in the sky (jump high)  
The big birdies fly (flap arms)  
While down in the nest (form nest with arms)  
The little birdies rest (hands next to head like napping)  
Shhh! THEY'RE SLEEPING! (stage whisper shh! shout they're sleeping)  
The bright sun comes up (jump high with arms above head)  
The dew goes away (hands like banging on a keyboard)  
Good morning, good morning the little birdies say (raise arms up and down)

Of course, it also has a parody: (without motions)  
Way up in the sky  
The big birdies die  
While down in the nest  
So do the rest  
Shhh! THEY'RE DYING!  
The bright sun comes up  
The blood dries away  
Good morning, good morning the happy hunters say.

-- Thanks to Nathan Beauheim, 1997 Scoutcraft Director, Camp Frank Rand  
Chimayo, NM, Great Southwest Council

## **Little Cabin in the Woods**

Little Cabin in the Woods (draw cabin with fingers)  
Little man by the window stood (hand on forehead like blocking sun)  
Saw a rabbit hopping by (two fingers hopping)  
Knocking at my door (knock in air)  
Help me! Help me! Help me he cried! (raise arms up and down)  
'Fore the hunter shoots me dead (make gun with hand)  
Come little rabbit, come inside (come in motion)  
Safely to abide. (cradling one arm with the other)

-- or --

Little Cabin in the Woods

Little Man by the Window Stood  
Saw a Rabbit Hopping By Knocking at my door  
Help me, Help me, Help me cried  
Or the Hunter will Shoot me Dead  
Little Rabbit Come Inside Safely to Abide

Comment: When you're hugging your rabbit, make sure to put ears on it, otherwise you're hugging a log and only Nature Staff does that. (Credit: Will Smith, Program Director 1996-1997 Camp Frank Rand)

## And a parody, inspired by the movie "Texas Chainsaw Massacre", Leatherface

Little arbiteu in the woods (draw arbiteu (Fr) with fingers)  
Leatherface by the window stood (Hold hand over face, or run fingers over cheeks)  
Saw a motorist driving by (hands as if on steering wheel)  
Looking for some gas (hand on forehead blocking sun)  
Help me! Help me! Help me he cried. (raise arms up and down)  
'Cause it's cold and dark outside (hugging self as if shivering)  
Come little motorist, come inside (beckoning motion)  
Fore it's time to die! Rrrmmmmm! (starting a chainsaw)

"Little Cabin in the Woods" and "Leatherface" are both sung by dropping one verse each time while keeping the motions and speeding up.

-- Thanks to Nathan Beauheim, 1997 Scoutcraft Director, Camp Frank Rand  
Chimayo, NM, Great Southwest Council

# The Austrian Yodeller

Once an Austrian went yodeling on a mountain so high  
When along came an avalanche interrupting his cry.  
Oh holeroohahee holerahoohoo, holeroohahee oh hoo rumble rumble

-- Thanks to J M Probasco of Lancaster, Ohio

## An Old Austrian

An old Austrian went climbing on a mountain top high,  
When along came an Avalanche interrupting his cry.....

Oh ley kee (pat Knees)

Oh (pat) ley (clap) KeeKee (snap)  
Oh (pat) ley (clap) kookoo (snap) SWISH (sound/motion for avalanche) 2x  
Oh Ley keekee oh.....

An old Austrian went climbing on a mountain top high  
When along came a grizzly bear interrupting his cry. (GRRR)

*Saint bernard (panting sound)*  
*Milking cow*  
*Fair maiden (kiss)*  
*Maid's papa (BANG) - this verse ends the song!!*

-- Thanks to Denise Liguori

## **Paddy McGinty's Goat**

Paddy McGinty, an Irishman of note  
Fell into a fortune, and bought himself a goat  
Now this very goat, he had an appetite  
And early one morning he ate some dynamite  
One box of matches, a quart of kerosene  
Two pints of nitro, the same of gasoline  
Sat by the fire and didn't give a hang  
A great big spark went down his throat  
And he went off with a BANG! (As loud as they can shout it)

Now if you go to heaven, I'll bet you a dollar note  
The angel with the whiskers  
Is Paddy McGinty's goat, OY!  
Paddy McGinty's goat, OY!  
Paddy McGinty's goat, OY!

## **The Worms Crawl In**

If you should see a hearse go by  
You'll know that you are the next to die  
They wrap you up in a big white sheet  
And bury you down about six feet deep

It all goes well for about a week  
And then the coffin begins to leak  
The worms crawl in, the worms crawl out  
The mice\* play pinochle on your snout

One little worm that isn't so shy  
Craws in your ear and out your eye  
Your eyes they turn a gushy green  
Your stomach turns to whipped ice-cream

You spread it all on a piece of bread  
And that's what you eat when you're dead.

## **Johnnie Verbeck**

There was a Dutch-man,  
his name was John-nie Ver-beck.  
He was a dealer in sausages and sauerkraut and spec.  
He makes the finest sausages that ever you did see.  
But one day he invented a wonderful sausage machine.

Chorus  
Oh, Mister Johnnie Verbeck,  
How could you be so mean?  
I told you you'd be sorry for inventing that machine.  
All the neighbors cats and dogs  
Will never more be seen,  
For they'll be ground to sausage meat  
In Johnnie Verbeck's machine.

One day a little fat boy came a walking in the store  
He brought a pound of sausage and piled them on the floor.  
The boy began to whistle and he whistled up a tune.  
And all the sausages went a dancing 'round the room.

Chorus

One day the machine got busted the blamed thing wouldn't go.  
So Johnnie Verbeck, he climbed inside to see what made it so.  
His wife, she had a nightmare and walking in her sleep  
She gave the crank an awful yank and Johnnie Verbeck was meat.



## ***Girl Scouts and Girl Guides Songs***

Here are some songs more appropriate for Girl Scouts and Girl Guides. There must be many songs known around the world that are more appropriate for these programs, so please send me your favorites and I'll include them here.

### **Table of Contents**

- He's Got the Whole World in His Hands (Girl Scout Version)
- Make New Friends
- On My Honor (the original)
- Where Have all the Daisies Gone...
- Can a Woman?
- Some Alternative Verses to the Brownie Smile Song
- On My Honor - Cookie song
- I'm a Leader
- I'm a Daisy Girl Scout
- Daisy
- Make New Friends
- Hippopotamus
- Dasies, Daisies
- Girl Scouts Together
- Brownie Smile Song

### **He's Got the Whole World in His Hands (Girl Scout Version)**

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 Dainty, Dainty Daisies in His hands  
He's got the Dainty, Dainty Daisies in His hands  
He's got the Dainty, Dainty Daisies in His hands  
He's got the whole world in His hands

He's got the Busy, Busy Brownies in His hands  
He's got the Busy, Busy Brownies in His hands  
He's got the Busy, Busy Brownies in His hands  
He's got the whole world in His hands

He's got the Jazzy, Jazzy Juniors in His hands  
He's got the Jazzy, Jazzy Juniors in His hands  
He's got the Jazzy, Jazzy Juniors in His hands

He's got the whole world in His hands

He's got the Crazy, Crazy Cadettes in His hands  
He's got the Crazy, Crazy Cadettes in His hands  
He's got the Crazy, Crazy Cadettes in His hands  
He's got the whole world in His hands

He's got the Sassy, Sassy Seniors in His hands  
He's got the Sassy, Sassy Seniors in His hands  
He's got the Sassy, Sassy Seniors in His hands  
He's got the whole world in His hands

He's got the Lovely, Lovely Leaders in His hands  
He's got the Lovely, Lovely Leaders in His hands  
He's got the Lovely, Lovely Leaders in His hands  
He's got the whole world in His hands

## **On My Honor**

People don't need to know my name  
If I've done any harm then I'm to blame  
If I've helped another then I've helped me  
If I've opened up my eyes to see

Chorus:  
On my honor, I will try  
There's a duty to be done and I say aye  
There's a reason here for a reason above  
My honor is to try, and my duty is to love

I've tucked away a song or two  
If you're feeling low, there's one for you  
If you need a friend then I will come  
And there's many more where I come from Chorus

Come with me where the fire burns bright  
You can even see better by a candle's light  
You can find more meaning in a campfire's glow  
Than you'll ever find in a year or so.

We've made a promise to always keep  
And to sing Day is Done before we sleep  
We'll be girlscouts forever and when we're done,  
They'll still be a'tryin and a'singin this song

Chorus

-- Thanks to Kathy Williams

## **Make New Friends**

Make new friends, but keep the old  
One is silver, and the other's gold.

A circle is round that never ends,  
And that's how long I'm gonna be your friend.

## **Where Have all the Daisies Gone...**

*This is sung to the tune of "Where Have All the Flowers Gone?"*

Where have all the Daisies gone, long time growing  
Where have all the Daisies gone, in just a year  
Where have all the Daisies gone,  
Gone to Brownies every one  
They've got so much to learn,  
They've got so much to learn.

Where have all the Brownies gone, growing up so fast,  
Where have all the Brownies gone, it took three years.  
Where have all the Brownies gone,  
Gone to Juniors every one.  
There's still some more to learn,  
There's still some more to learn.

Where have all the Juniors gone, no longer little girls,  
Where have all the Juniors gone, middle school's this fall.  
Where have all the Juniors gone  
Gone to Cadettes every one.  
It's groovy, so they say,  
It's groovy, so they say.

Where have all the Cadettes gone, young women standing tall,  
Where have all the Cadettes gone, high school draws near.  
Where have all the Cadettes gone,  
Gone to Seniors every one.  
We love to be Girl Scouts,  
We love to be GIRL SCOUTS!

-- Thanks to Eyeleen, Orange Service Unit #3, Orange, California

## **Can a Woman?**

by Iris Hirsch of GS Central Maryland

(Tune: She'll Be Coming Round the Mountain)

Can a woman fly an airplane?  
Yes she can, yes she can!  
Can a woman build a building?  
Yes she can, yes she can!

Can a woman fight a fire?  
Can a woman change a tire?  
Can a woman lead a choir?  
Yes she can, yes she can!

Can a woman be a lawyer?  
Yes she can, yes she can!  
Can a woman fix an engine?  
Yes she can, yes she can!

Can a woman be a drummer?  
Can a woman be a plumber?  
Can she play ball in the summer?  
Yes she can, yes she can!

Can a woman be a doctor?  
Yes she can, yes she can!  
Can a woman drive a tractor?  
Yes she can. yes she can!

Can a woman lead a nation?  
Can she run a TV station?  
Can she head a corporation?  
Yes she can, yes she can!

Just you wait until we're older,  
then you'll see  
We'll be women in tomorrow's  
history!

As we grow up through the years

We'll sing out loud and clear  
Can we start the process here?  
Yes we can, yes we can!!

-- Thanks to Elizabeth Grimsley, Volunteer, Shining Trail Council of Girl  
Scouts, Keokuk, Iowa

## **On My Honor - Cookie Song**

Chorus:  
On my honor I will try  
To sell Girl Scout cookies all day and night  
We'll sell our cookies until they are gone.  
Cause there's many more where they come from.

People don't need to know my name  
They'll buy my cookies just the same  
For three dollars a box, they get quite a treat  
When they open their box to eat.

### **CHORUS**

I've tucked away a box or two,  
If you buy our cookies you'll have some to.  
If you need samoas then we have some,  
And there's plenty more where they came from.

### **CHORUS**

We sell our cookies at the grocery store,  
and we even go door to door.  
Our Thin Mints, they are really great  
So freeze them now before it's too late

### **CHORUS**

We've set a goal that we plan to keep,  
To sell fifty boxes before we fall asleep  
So buy several boxes so when we're gone,  
You can still be munching and singing this song

### **CHORUS**

With our profits we have lots of fun.  
We sell and sell nearly a ton.

Were going camping, and horse riding too  
and we even get to sleep at the zoo

#### CHORUS

Our cookie sale lasts only two weeks.  
But we have lots of fun with the people we meet.  
So buy our cookies before we go.  
Cause we won't be back for a year or so.

#### CHORUS

-- Thanks to Debbie, Totem Council

## **Some Alternative Verses to the Brownie Smile Song**

I've got something in my pocket  
That I found behind a log  
My leader said to put it back  
But I want to keep this frog

It's cool and green and slimy  
And it wiggles in my hand  
I've also got a wooly worm  
And a pocket full of sand.

-- Thanks to Bev

## **I'm a Leader**

(Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic)

I was glad to have a girl because our first child was a son,  
I thought of all the ruffles, all the frilly bows and fun.  
I thought of how we'd sit and talk at night when day was done,  
Wasn't I the foolish one.

She was only half past seven when they called me to the fore.  
I said "I'm not equipped" They said "Oh, yes you are, what's more;  
We'll train you in the basics, we'll outfit you for the corps"

Why couldn't I have had a son?

Glory, Glory I'm a leader.  
How'd I get to be a leader?  
All I did was have a daughter.  
Is this the price I pay?

They taught me to be thrifty, to be thoughtful, to be true.  
They taught me how to string beads like the noble Indians do.  
I had to learn to dig a trench, and how to use it too.  
And you should taste the stew!

I had to learn to sing songs that I didn't understand.  
I learned to dance the polka and to make a rhythm band.  
To think of what to do and then forget what I had planned.  
And they say Scouting's grand.

Glory, Glory I'm a leader.  
Me, they had to make a leader.  
I can't even build a fire,  
Let alone put up a tent!

We went walking in the woodlands, my Girl Scout troop and me.  
The handbook says that nature has a wealth of sights to see.  
It's true we sure were sights when we were found eventually,  
And I do all this for free.

I'm not meant to be a leader, I don't know which bird is which.  
My weiner fork's all burned up, we come home from hikes and itch.  
The sit-upons all fell apart, I showed them the wrong stitch,  
But no one wants to switch.

Glory, Glory I'm a leader.  
Hallelujah, I'm a leader.  
Tell me why I should be happy,  
When no one envies me.

But even though I grumble and I mumble and I shout.  
Though there are days I wonder what's the best way to get out.  
I guess when all is said and done, there isn't any doubt.  
I'm glad to be a Scout!

Glory, Glory I'm a leader.  
Someone's got to be a leader.  
They can carve it on my tombstone

"Here's a girl who did her best!"

-- Thanks to "Dusty", Diablo Shadows Association, San Francisco Bay Girl Scout Council

## **I'm a Daisy Girl Scout**

(Tune: I'm a Little Teapot)

I'm a Daisy Girl Scout, yes I am  
Here is my tunic, here is my pi.  
When I do a good deed, hear me shout,  
"I'm a Daisy, inside out!"

## **Daisy**

(Tune: Bicycle Built for Two)

Daisy, Daisy, we honor your memory true  
We are Girl Scouts all because of you.  
We follow the path you started  
And live the law you charted.  
We grow and grow, for Juliette Low,  
America's proud of you.

## **Make New Friends**

Make new friends, but keep the old  
One is silver and the other gold.  
The circle is round, it has no end  
That's how long I want to be your friend.

-- Thanks to Wendy Colby, Daisy Troop 153, Suncoast Girl Scout Council, Florida

## **Hippopotamus**

What can make a hippopotamus Smile?  
What can make him walk for more than a mile?  
It's not a party with paper hats  
Or bags of candy that makes him fat



That's not what Hippos do

They ooze in the gooze without any shoes  
They wade in the water til their lips turn blue  
That's what hippos do.

Ssshhh (continue in a whispered voice)

What can make a hippopotamus smile?  
What can make him walk for more than a mile?  
It's not a tune on the ol' violin  
Or listening to the whistling wind  
That's not what Hippos do.

They ooze in the gooze without any shoes  
They wade in the water til their lips turn blue That's what hippos  
Yes that's what hippos  
Yes that's what hippos DO!

-- Thanks to Chopsticks of Totem Council, (Yeah Camp River Ranch!)

## **Daisies, Daisies**

Daisies, Daisies, that is what we are called.  
We are Girl Scouts, though we are very small.  
We all learn the Girl Scout Promise.  
You can depend upon us.  
To "Be Prepared"  
and we will share  
Girl Scouting our whole life long.

-- Thanks to Donna M. Montgomery Troop Leader of Daisy Troop #5045 and  
Brownie Troop #5043 at Cesar Chavez Academy in Detroit, Michigan.

## **Girl Scouts Together**

Girl Scouts together, that is our song  
Winding the old trails, rocky and long  
Learning our motto, living our creed  
Girl Scouts together in every good deed.

## **Brownie Smile Song**

I've got something in my pocket, it belongs across my face.  
I keep it very close at hand, in a most convenient place.  
I'm sure you couldn't guess it if you guessed a long, long while.  
So I'll take it out and put it on, it's a Great Big Brownie Smile!

## ***Patriotic Songs***

Here are some patriotic songs, mostly of use in the United States. You might also want to check the Patriotic Themes page.

### **Table of Contents**

- The Star Spangled Banner
- You're a Grand Old Flag
- My Country 'Tis of Thee
- God Bless America
- America
- Battle Hymn of the Republic
- Yankee Doodle
- I Love America

## **THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER**

O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,  
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming?  
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' 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 thro' the night that our flag was still there'  
O say, does the star-spangled banner yet wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen thro' the midst 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.

Oh! 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 Heav'n-rescued land  
Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a nation.  
Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,  
And this be our motto- "In God is our trust."  
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

## **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 auld acquaintance be forgot,  
Keep your eye on the grand old flag.

## **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 mountain side  
Let freedom ring.  
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.

## **GOD BLESS AMERICA**

God bless America  
Land that I love  
Stand beside her and guide her  
Thru the night with the light from above  
From the mountains, to the prairies  
To the oceans, white with foam.  
God bless America,  
My own sweet home,  
God bless America, my own sweet home.

## **AMERICA**

My country, 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing;  
Land where my fathers died,  
Land of the pilgrims' pride,  
From ev'ry mountain side  
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.

## **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 dew and damp;  
I can read His righteous sentence  
By the dim flaring lamps;  
His day is marching on.

(Repeat 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.

(Repeat 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.

(Repeat chorus)

## **YANKEE DOODLE**

Father and I went down to camp,  
Along with Captain Goodwin,  
And there we saw the men and boys  
As thick as hasty pudding.

(Chorus) Yankee Doodle keep it up,  
Yankee doodle dandy,  
Mind the music and the step,  
And with the girls be handy.

And there was Captain Washington,  
Upon a strapping stallion,  
And giving orders to his men,  
I guess there was a million.

(Repeat Chorus)

And then the feathers on his hat,  
They looked so tarnal finey,  
I wanted peskily to get,  
To give to my Jemimy.

(Repeat Chorus)

And there I see a little keg,  
Its heads were made of leather,  
They knocked upon it with two sticks,  
To call the men together.

(Repeat Chorus)

And there they had a swamping gun,  
As big as a log of maple,

Upon a deuced little cart,  
A load for father's cattle.

(Repeat Chorus)

And every time they fired it off,  
It took a horn of powder,  
It made a noise like father's gun,  
Only a nation louder

(Repeat Chorus)

It scared em so, I run the street,  
As I remember,  
Till I got home and safely locked,  
In granny's little chamber.

(Repeat Chorus)

## **I LOVE AMERICA**

(Tune: "Battle Hymn of the Republic")

I love this great America, The land that God has blessed,  
Where the hope of that stirs The hearts of men Will never be suppressed.  
Through the flame of faith Came forth a nation Choice above the rest,  
This great America.

(Chorus)

Glory to the land of freedom,  
Glory to the land of freedom,  
Glory to the land of freedom,  
I love America.

I love this great America, The land of liberty, For I know the price of freedom  
Countless others paid for me; Do we hear their call  
To carry on And serve as valiantly  
This great America.

(Repeat chorus)

May all men be united By the bonds of brotherhood;  
May we learn to love each other, For in every man is good;  
Let us live in peace upon the land Where men of valor stood;  
This great America.



(Repeat chorus)

I love God's great America, All equal in his sight;  
May we be as one in spirit, As we reach up for the right;  
And may we have humility To match our power and might;  
His great America.

## ***Leader Songs***

Here are some songs more appropriate for leaders, either to sing when in front of the Scouts or when we are off at training, cracker barrels, etc. Please send me your favorites and I'll include them here.

### **Table of Contents**

- I'm Going to Hire a Boy Scout to Decorate Our Home
- The Night They Made the First Cub Scout
- Scouting Leader Spirit
- I'm a Leader

## **I'm Going to Hire a Boy Scout to Decorate Our Home**

from the Akela Calls 1995 Songbook:

Came home late Sunday afternoon...  
Finally got out all my gear as she opened the door  
She said, "You're not gonna do this anymore."

Chorus:

She said, I'm gonna hire a Boy Scout to decorate our home  
So you'll feel more at ease here, and you won't need to roam.  
We'll take down the family pictures, hang backpacks on the wall,  
And we'll lash a latrine seat in our bathroom down the hall.

Just bring those tin foil dinners and I'll cook 'em all right here.  
And we'll drink apple bug juice and good old Dad's Root Beer.  
And just for you I'll keep in stock those all-aluminum cans  
So you can go recycling for your environmental plan.

We'll rip out all the carpet, put pine needles on the floor  
And we'll put up a gateway for when you come through the door.  
And when you want your supper, you can flick your Bic  
And instead of gourmet cooking we'll have hot dogs on a stick.

(Chorus)

Instead of nightly TV, we'll have a campfire show

And you'll get a chance to sing for me those stupid songs you know.  
And I'll do a funny cheer for you each time you tell a joke.  
Hey, as long as you don't repeat old skits I'll laugh until I croak.

Instead of family planning, we'll have a PLC  
And maybe plan our calendar through 2003  
If my trading post is open you can rob your piggy bank  
And when you make Silver Beaver, well you'll have me to thank.

(Modulation)

She said, I'm gonna hire a Boy Scout to decorate our home  
So you'll feel more at ease here, and you won't need to roam.  
So when you want to go camping and you have a weekend free,  
Well there won't be any reason why you can't stay here with me.

(chorus)

-- Thanks to Keith Tilley, Council Commissioner, Rip Van Winkle Council, NY

## **The Night They Made the First Cub Scout**

by Steve Henderson

*Apparently sung to the tune of "Green Aligators"*

Many years ago on this very night  
Some people gathered 'round a campfire's light  
Everyone was saying the world was in a mess  
Not enough people trying to do their best. (So...)

Chorus:

They took a little Blue  
and they took a little Gold  
They took a little boy about eight years old  
Turned him around and lo and behold  
That's how it came about  
The night they made the first Cub Scout

Now they come in every size, they come in every shape  
And everywhere they are, the world's a better place  
Every Bobcat and Bear, every Wolf and Webelos  
Remembers that night many years ago (When...)

(Repeat chorus)

Tiger Cubs are new, the boys aren't very old  
You know it won't be long before they wear the blue and gold  
To Search, Discover, Share with their parents in tow  
Headed down the path that started years ago (When...)

(Repeat Chorus)

Leaders are the ones who make the program go  
And Trainers do their best to put the leaders in the know  
How the Promise and the Law help the Cub Scout Grow  
And Blossom on the trail that started years ago (When...)

(Repeat Chorus)

--Thanks to John Van Blarcom

## Scouting Leader Spirit

*We use this song at our leader training courses to test the level of involvement the trainees have in the Scouting program. We have them stand and tell them when they come to a part that is true for them, they can sit down. We want them to continue singing though.*

*Tune: Scouting Spirit*

I've got the Boy Scout tents in my living room,  
My living room,  
My living room.  
I've got the Boy Scout tents in my living room,  
My living room to stay.

I've got the Cub Scout flags in the back of my car,  
Back of my car,  
Back of my car.  
I've got the Cub Scout flags in the back of my car,  
Back of my car to stay.

I've got boxes of Scout stuff in my bedroom,  
In my bedroom,  
In my bedroom.  
I've got boxes of Scout stuff in my bedroom,  
In my bedroom to stay.

I've got Scouting stuff all over the house,  
All over the house,

All over the house.  
I've got Scouting stuff all over the house,  
All over the house to stay.

I've got the Pinewood track out in my garage,  
In my garage,  
in my garage.  
I've got the Pinewood track out in my garage,  
In my garage to stay.

I've got the Scouting spirit surrounding me,  
Surrounding me,  
Surrounding me.  
I've got the Scouting spirit surrounding me,  
Surrounding me to stay.

I've got the Scouting spirit way up to here,  
Way up to here,  
Way up to here.  
I've got the Scouting spirit way up to here,  
Way up to here to stay.

-- Thanks to Leslie Herman, Training Chairman, Thomas Edison District, Blue Water Council, BSA. With a few added verses by the MacScouter.

## **I'm a Leader**

(Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic)

I was glad to have a girl because our first child was a son,  
I thought of all the ruffles, all the frilly bows and fun.  
I thought of how we'd sit and talk at night when day was done,  
Wasn't I the foolish one.

She was only half past seven when they called me to the fore.  
I said "I'm not equipped" They said "Oh, yes you are, what's more;  
We'll train you in the basics, we'll outfit you for the corps"  
Why couldn't I have had a son?

Glory, Glory I'm a leader.  
How'd I get to be a leader?  
All I did was have a daughter.  
Is this the price I pay?

They taught me to be thrifty, to be thoughtful, to be true.

They taught me how to string beads like the noble Indians do.  
I had to learn to dig a trench, and how to use it too.  
And you should taste the stew!

I had to learn to sing songs that I didn't understand.  
I learned to dance the polka and to make a rhythm band.  
To think of what to do and then forget what I had planned.  
And they say Scouting's grand.

Glory, Glory I'm a leader.  
Me, they had to make a leader.  
I can't even build a fire,  
Let alone put up a tent!

We went walking in the woodlands, my Girl Scout troop and me.  
The handbook says that nature has a wealth of sights to see.  
It's true we sure were sights when we were found eventually,  
And I do all this for free.

I'm not meant to be a leader, I don't know which bird is which.  
My weiner fork's all burned up, we come home from hikes and itch.  
The sit-upons all fell apart, I showed them the wrong stitch,  
But no one wants to switch.

Glory, Glory I'm a leader.  
Hallelujah, I'm a leader.  
Tell me why I should be happy,  
When no one envies me.

But even though I grumble and I mumble and I shout.  
Though there are days I wonder what's the best way to get out.  
I guess when all is said and done, there isn't any doubt.  
I'm glad to be a Scout!

Glory, Glory I'm a leader.  
Someone's got to be a leader.  
They can carve it on my tombstone  
"Here's a girl who did her best!"

-- Thanks to "Dusty", Diablo Shadows Association, San Francisco Bay Girl  
Scout Council

## Scouting Songs

Here are some great Scouting Songs. Some of these are directed to Cub or Boy Scouts, but many can be used by or adapted to any youth group. Please send me your favorites and I'll include them here.

### Table of Contents

- Ging Gang Gooli
- Our Paddles Keen and Bright
- I've Got That Scouting Spirit
- Where have all the Tigers Gone...
- Akela's Son
- Camp School Banana Song
- Quartermaster's Song
- Quartermaster's Store
- Pinewood Derby Racing Song
- Scouting's - "Where Oh Where Are You Tonight"
- I Wanna Be A Scout
- Lord Baden-Powell
- Scout Wetspers
- The Scout's Winter Song
- Scouting "Do You Know What I Know"
- Scoutings Bare Necesitties
- Making a Purple Stew
- Sing Old Sam
- Ode to Joe
- C' C' C' Campfire
- Trusty Tommy
- The Scout Who Never Returned
- Mighty Fine ... Scout Camp
- Be Kind To Your . . . Scouting Friends
- On My Honor
- Philmont Hymn
- Scout Vespers
- Day is Done (Taps)
- Boy Scouts of America
- I Am a Cub Scout
- The Mafeking Man
- If I Weren't a Boy Scout ...

## Ging Gang Gooli

*During the first World Jamboree B.P. was looking for a song that everyone could sing, no matter what their language was. Ging Gang Gooli was the result. It is of no language, but it means a lot of fun. The story was apparently created later.*

In the deepest darkest Africa there is a legend concerning the Great Gray Ghost Elephant. Every year, after the rains, the great gray ghost elephant arose from the mists and wandered throughout the land at dawn. When he came to a village, he would stop and sniff the air, then he would either go around the village or through it. If he went round the village, the village would have a prosperous year, if he went through it, there would be hunger and drought.

The village of War-Cha had been visited three years in a row by the elephant and things were pretty bad indeed. The village leader, Ging-Ganga

was very worried, as was the village medicine man Hay-la-shay. Together, they decided to do something about the problem. Now Ging-Ganga and his warriors were huge men with big shields and spears. They decided to stand in the path of the elephant and shake their shields and spears at it to frighten it away. Hay-la-shay and his followers were going to cast magic spells to deter the elephant by shaking their medicine bags, as the elephant approached. The medicine bags made the sound - shalawally, shalawally, shalawally.

Very early in the morning of the day the Great Gray Ghost Elephant came, the villagers gathered at the edge of the village, on one side were Ging-Ganga and his warriors, (indicate right) and on the other was Hay-la-shay and his followers (indicate left). As they waited the warriors sang softly about their leader - 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. As they waited the medicine men sang of their leader - Heyla, heyla sheyla, Heyla sheyla, heyla ho, Heyla, heyla sheyla, Heyla sheyla, heyla ho.

And they shook their medicine bags - Shalli-walli, shalli-walli, Shalli-walli, shalli-walli.

And from the river came the mighty great gray ghost elephant's reply - Oompa, oompa, oompa...

The elephant came closer, so the warriors beat their shields and sang louder (signal warriors to stand and beat their thighs in time) - 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.

Then the medicine men rose and sang loudly - Heyla, heyla sheyla, Heyla sheyla, heyla ho, Heyla, heyla sheyla, Heyla sheyla, heyla ho. And they shook their medicine bags - Shalli-walli, shalli-walli, Shalli-walli, shalli-walli. And the mighty great gray ghost elephant turned aside and went round the village saying - Oompa, oompa, oompa...

There was great rejoicing in the village and all the villagers joined in to sing .... 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.

Heyla, heyla sheyla,  
Heyla sheyla, heyla ho,  
Heyla, heyla sheyla,  
Heyla sheyla, heyla ho.

Shalli-walli, shalli-walli, Shalli-walli, shalli-walli.

Oompa, oompa, oompa...



## **Our Paddles Keen and Bright**

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

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

*Sing two or three times through, with voices becoming louder and then softer-  
as though canoes were first approaching and then moving away. [Also may be  
sung as a round.]*

## **I've Got That 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 stay.

2. I've got that Scouting spirit deep in my heart.
3. I've got that Scouting spirit down in my feet.
4. I've got that Scouting spirit all over me.

## **Where Have all the Tigers Gone...**

This is sung to the tune of "Where Have All the Flowers Gone?"

Where have all the Tigers gone, long time growing  
Where have all the Tigers gone, in just a year  
Where have all the Tigers gone,  
Gone to Cub Scouts every one  
They've got so much to learn,  
They've got so much to learn.

Where have all the Cub Scouts gone, growing up so fast,  
Where have all the Cub Scouts gone, it took three years.  
Where have all the Cub Scouts gone,  
Gone to Webelos every one.  
There's still some more to learn,  
There's still some more to learn.

Where have all the Webelos gone, no longer little boys,  
Where have all the Webelos gone, fifth grade was last fall.

Where have all the Webelos gone  
Gone to Boy Scouts every one.  
It's a great adventure,  
It's a great adventure.

Where have all the Boy Scouts gone, young men standing tall,  
Where have all the Boy Scouts gone, eighteen draws near.  
Where have all the Boy Scouts gone,  
To fly with Eagles every one.  
We love to be Boy Scouts,  
We love to be BOY SCOUTS!

-- Thanks to Eyeleen, Orange Service Unit #3, Orange, California -- Cub Scout  
translation by Becky Shank, Webelos Leader, Pack 636, Great Western  
District, Greater Cleveland Council.

## **Akela's Son**

### **Sung to tune "Here Comes Peter Cottontail"**

I've never seen a happier lad than one who's obeying his mother or dad.  
He doesn't talk back when he's told just what to do.  
I never have seen a happier lad  
than one who's obeying his mother or dad,  
But he jumps to his job with a snap and a click of his shoes.

So be thankful for all that your mom or dad do,  
And do all you can to make them proud of you.  
You'll find your reward doing the things your told.  
So be thankful for all that your mom or dad do,  
And do all you can to make them proud of you.  
You'll find your reward, doing the things your told.

So honor Akela in every way  
And you'll have many a happy day  
Your mom or dad will be so proud of you  
Just do your best in every way,  
And you'll have many a Happy day  
This is the promise that Akela brings to you.

# **Camp School Banana Song**

## **Sung to tune "Ging Gang Gooley"**

We're a bunch of yellow bananas, we're a bunch, we're a bunch.  
We're a bunch of yellow bananas, we're a bunch, we're a bunch.  
Appealing, yes we're appealing, we've got the feeling  
That we're a bunch of Scouts.  
Appealing, yes we're appealing, we've got the feeling,  
That we're a -{spoken}- Bunch of Scouts!

# **Quartermaster's Song**

## **Sung to tune "Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen"**

Nobody knows the grub that I've seen,  
Nobody knows the mixture.  
Nobody knows the way it's prepared,  
They're better off that way.

The Scouts were ravished beyond compare,  
They gathered and washed their hands.  
They came to the table and said their prayers  
But only I know why!

Cause, nobody knows the grub that I've seen,  
Nobody knows the mixture.  
Oh, nobody asks for my recipes,  
They're better off that way.

Sometimes there is a food fight,  
The hardtack's mighty fine.  
For propelling from a napkin,  
The recipe is mine.

Sometimes the beans are thick,  
and sometimes they are not,  
Can you think of my ingredient, . . .  
I'd tell but I'd rather not.

Cause, Nobody knows the grub that I've seen,  
Oh, nobody knows the mixture,

Nobody knows the way it's prepared,  
They're better off that way.

## Quartermaster's Store

There are rats, rats, as big as alley cats,  
At the store, at the store.  
There are rats, rats, as big as alley cats,  
At the Quartermaster's store.

### *Chorus:*

My eyes are dim, I can not see.  
I have not brought my specks with me. [Repeat.]

Mice . . . running through the rice.  
Snakes . . . as big as garden rakes.  
Beans . . . as big as submarines.  
Gravy . . . enough to float the navy.  
Cakes . . . that give us tummy aches.  
Eggs . . . with scaly chicken legs.  
Butter . . . running in the gutter.  
Lard . . . they sell it by the yard.  
Bread . . . with great big lumps like lead.  
Cheese . . . that makes you want to sneeze.  
Soot . . . they grow it by the foot.  
Goats . . . eating all the oats  
Bees . . . with little knobby knees.  
Owls . . . shredding paper towels.  
Apes . . . eating all the grapes.  
Turtles . . . wearing rubber girdles.  
Bear . . . with curlers in its hair.  
Buffalos . . . with hair between their toes.  
Foxes . . . stuffed in little boxes.  
Coke . . . enough to make you choke.  
Pepsi . . . that gives you apoplexy.  
Roaches . . . sleeping in the coaches.  
Flies . . . swarming 'round the pies.  
Fishes . . . washing all the dishes.  
Moths . . . eating through the cloths  
Scouts . . . eating brussel sprouts.  
Leaders . . . slapping at the skeeters.

## **Pinewood Derby Racing Song**

### **Sung to tune "Take me out to the ball game"**

Take me out to the pinewood, take me out to the crowd.  
Buy me some graphite and a sanding block, I don't care if I ever get back.

We will root root root for my racer,  
If I don't win you can say.  
That I cut, sanded and designed it my self  
In the Cub Scout Way!

B'gosh their starting the race now, I see my friend's in the heat  
He's standing there biting his fingernails, But I am sure that he'll never be  
beat!

For, We'll root root root for my den-mate,  
If he doesn't win we can say.  
That he cut, sanded, and designed it him self  
In the Cub Scout Way!

The Scouts have declared a winner,  
And I am proud to say,  
My racer, it got to the end of the track,  
And my den leader let me bring it back,

For a second heat in consolation,  
Was my decision today.  
But I cut, sanded, and designed it myself  
In the Cub Scout Way!

## **Scouting's - "Where Oh Where Are You Tonight"**

### **Sung to melody of "Where Oh Where Are You Tonight"**

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 Scouting, you're never at home.

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.

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 Scouting, you're never at home.

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!?!?!

Where, oh where, are you tonight?  
Why did you leave me here all alone?  
So sorry you missed your kid's graduation.  
Maybe his wedding will bring you back home.

Woodbadge was something that I'd never heard of.  
Worked for those beads 'till blue in my face.  
One day I came home and she was spring cleaning:  
She threw out those beads on that old shoelace!!

Where, oh where, are you tonight?  
Your oldest daughter just had her first son.  
Should I tell her now of all that's she's in for?  
Her life in Scouting has only begun.

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 Scouting, you're never at home.

## **I Wanna Be A Scout**

### **Sung to tune "Achey Breakey Heart"**

I wanna be a Scout,  
A true blue honest Scout,  
I thought my dad would understand.

A real live Scout,

A campin' trampin' Scout,  
Learning from Akela time and again.

Webelos and Bear,  
Tiger and a Wolf,  
My Dad said I was joining a zoo.

But, I wanna be a Scout,  
A true blue honest Scout,  
I know its the thing for me and you.

We went on a hike,  
A nice long Scouting hike,  
A look at my dad showed he was blue.

I asked how he felt,  
When he dropped down and knelt,  
And this is what I heard him mutter thru.

"My achey breakey back,  
>From my keester to my neck,  
Is tense and my muscles are hot too."

"How do you go on,  
Without feeling like you've gone,  
A hundred miles with an ape on top of you."

Cause I am a Scout,  
A biking hikin' Scout,  
I passed my advancement with no prob.

I know how to hike,  
It's something that I like,  
I'm sorry that its got the best of you.

We got back to camp,  
My dad still had his cramp,  
So I helped him get through our tent door.

I went to get food,  
It would do him some good,  
And he started speaking clearly as he snored.

"I wanna be a Scout,  
A true blue honest Scout,

I thought my dad would understand."

"A real live Scout,  
A campin' trampin' Scout,  
Learning from Akela time and again."

## **Lord Baden-Powell**

### **Tune: Father Abraham**

Lord Baden-Powell had many friends.  
Many friends had Lord Baden-Powell.  
I am one of them and so are you.  
As we go marching thru...  
*(Start first motion and continue while singing the song again)*

*After 2nd time thru add 2nd motion to 1st motion while singing song again. By the time you get to motion #6, you should have every extremity moving and turning in a circle. You will then be ready to SIT DOWN!*

#### *Motions:*

- 1) *Right Arm goes up and down*
- 2) *Left arm goes up and down*
- 3) *Right Foot marches*
- 4) *Left foot marches*
- 5) *Nod your head*
- 6) *Turn around*
- 7) *Sit down*

-- Thanks to Rich Yarnell

## **Scout Wetspers**

### **Tune: Scout Vespers (Oh, Tannenbaum)**

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?"



-- Thanks to Chuck Bramlet

The Twelve Day's of Scout Camp  
sung to tune "The Twelve Days of Christmas"

On the first day of Scout Camp, my mommie sent to me A box of Trails End  
Popcorn.

On the second day of Scout Camp, my mommie sent to me Two Tee-shirts,  
and a <<skip to above>>

On the third day of Scout Camp <<continue wording as above>> Three pairs  
of socks, two <<skip to above>>

Fourth // Four Woolen Caps  
Fifth // Five Underpants  
Sixth // Six postage stamps  
Seventh // Seven cans of bug spray  
Eighth // Eight batman comic books  
Ninth // Nine bars of soap  
Tenth // Ten dry matches  
Eleventh // Eleven shoe strings  
Twelfth // Twelve bandaids

## **The Scout's Winter Song**

**Sung to tune "If your happy and you know it"**

<<Sung>>

If you have a cold and you know it blow your nose  
If you have a cold and you know it blow your nose  
If you really have a cold, then grab just one of those If you really have a cold  
blow your nose.

If you're a Scout and you know it say 'Do Your Best'  
If you're a Scout and you know it say 'Do Your Best'  
If you're a Scout and you know it, then your deeds will surely show it,  
If you're a Scout and you know it say 'Do Your Best'

If you're in a snowball fight, duck your head.  
If you're in a snowball fight, duck your head.

If you're in a snowball fight, then don't freeze up in fright.  
If you're in a snowball fight, duck your head.

If you sing our winter song, then do all three.  
<<sniffle, sniffle, Do Your Best, Kersplat, Too late!>>  
If you sing our winter song, then do all three.  
<<sniffle, sniffle, Do Your Best, Kersplat, Too late!>>  
If you sing our winter song, then the cheer will keep you warm.  
If you sing our winter song, then do all three.  
<<sniffle, sniffle, Do Your Best, Kersplat, Too late!>>

## **Scouting ~Do You Know What I Know"**

### **Sung to tune "Do you hear what I hear"**

Said the Tiger Cub to the Mighty Scout,  
"Do you know what I know?  
With my partner I just learned about,  
Do you know what I know?  
A promise, a promise is swirling in my head, It will bring us the world and fun.  
It will bring us the world and fun."

Said the Wolf Cub to the Mighty Scout,  
"Do you hear what I hear?  
In my den I just learned about,  
Do you hear what I hear?  
A skit, a skit, is practised just for you, It will bring us experience and delight,  
It will bring us experience and delight."

Said the Bear Cub to the Mighty Scout,  
"Have you made what I've made?  
In our shop just the other night,  
Have you made what I've made? A craft, a craft is sitting over there.  
It will bring us good skills to share,  
It will bring us good skills to share."

Said the Webelos to the Mighty Scout,  
"Have you been where I've been?  
In the snow and in the warmth of Spring,  
Have you been where I've been? The camping, the food, our curiosity,  
We are strong to follow your path,  
We are strong to follow your path."

Said the Mighty Scout to cubs gathered there,  
"Do you know what I know?"

In your dens Scouts everywhere,  
Do you know what I know? Your games, your work is shining in your face.  
You will grow to lead the rest,  
You will grow to do your best!

## **Scouting's Bare Necessities**

### **Sung to tune "We've got those bare necessities"**

We like those bare necessities, those SCOUTING bare necessities;  
That keep a Scout's life busy and full of fun.  
We've got those bare necessities, the simple things to rest at ease;  
While the rest of folks have campers with TV's.

I'm talkin' about cooking on an open fire; With only a tin can and part of a tire.  
The food may smell a bit too strong;  
But the aftertaste does not stay long.  
And I know that you'll surely agree,  
It sticks to your ribs and fills your tummy, Now sing along with me!

The bare necessities of life is Scouting's way,  
We're sure today,  
It's the Best Way !

## **Making a Purple Stew**

### **Need Moderator and 2 or 3 savages to start.**

REFRAIN: Making a purple stew wop wop a do wop wop,  
Making a purple stew a scooby dooby a do wop wop.  
Purple potatoes, and Purple tomatoes, and  
You ah ah are purple too.

STORY: One day, I was walking through the woods by my camp enjoying the sights and sounds of nature. When all of the sudden, a group of savages grabbed me and tied me up. They took me to their camp hidden in the forest, and threw me in a great big pot. Then, you know what? They started dancing, and jiving, and singing this C\*R\*A\*Z\*Y song.

<<REFRAIN>>

Well, I started to get a little concerned you know as the pot got hotter and

hotter, so I started looking around. Just then I saw some little brown monkeys a looking at us from behind the trees. Well the savages saw them too. So I yelled "Run Away Little Monkeys, Run Away!" But the monkeys didn't run. And, Do you know why? "Cause Monkeys Are Stupid." So those dancing, jiving savages ran out and caught those monkeys, and threw them in the stew. "Now, it sure is funky to see a purple monkey, singing that crazy song."

<<REFRAIN>>

So, those monkeys and I started getting a bit hot, and we looked around for a way to get out, when all of the sudden I saw some bunnies. So I yelled "Run Away Little Bunnies, Run Away!" But the bunnies didn't run away either. And, Do you know why? Because, Bunnies Are Stupid!" So the savages ran out after the bunnies, they caught them, and they threw the bunnies in the pot. And you know, "It sure is funny to see a purple bunny, singing a crazy song."

<<REFRAIN>>

Well, it was starting to look really bad for me and the little animals. So I started to look low, and I started to look high, and what did I see? Some birds in a tree and I yelled "Fly Away Little Birds, Fly Away!" But, did the birds fly away? Noooo, "Cause Birds Are Stupid!" So the savages climbed the trees real fast and caught those birds and they threw them in the pot. Now, do you know what? "It sure was absurd to see a purple bird, singing that crazy song."

<<REFRAIN>> (can include episode-sure is sad to see a purple dad . . .)

By this time, It was getting mighty hot! Whew. And I knew something had to be done. So I started looking around, when all of the sudden, but what did I see, some mommies looking at me, and I yelled "Run Away Mommies, Run Away!" But did the mommies run away? Nooo, and do you know why <<wait for audience to answer, then say>> Because, Mommies are Special. <<pause>> But the savages ran fast and caught the mommies and threw them in that pot of purple stew. We were getting too hot, so me and the monkeys, and bunnies, and birdies, and mommies put our heads together and made a plan. We started rocking that pot. To the left but the savages stopped us. Then to the right, but they stopped us again. So one more time with all our might to the left, and We all ran free! . . . Now this is my story of the purple stew. But you know late at night on campouts just like this, if you listen real carefully off in the distance you can hear that crazy song. <<in whisper sing refrain>>

## **Sing Old Sam**

## **Sung to tune of "Auld Lang Syne"**

Should old Cub Scouts, be forgot  
If no arrow points have they?  
Or should we burn a candle dear  
To light the Scouting way?

A candle in the dark is bright.  
We feel its warmth and cheer.  
Like Scouting is to all of us,  
It is something we hold dear.

A candle in the dark is bright.  
It gives us light of day.  
We'll burn a candle brightly dear  
To light the Scouting way.

So do your best and be prepared.  
And recall the Scout law too!  
We've sung enough of this tonight  
But may Scouting stay with you.

## **C' C' C' Campfire**

### **Sung to tune "K' K' K' Katie"**

C' C' C' Campfire, beautiful campfire,  
You're the part of our outing I love best!  
C' C' C' Campfire, C' C' C' Campfire,  
You give us warmth and keep my interest!

M' M' M' Marshmallow, M' M' M' Marshmallow,  
Is a flaming torch when I hold it too close!  
My my my leader, Yell's blow it out Peter!  
But I like marshmallows crispy as burnt toast!

When the the Moon shone, on the horizon,  
We stoked you up to be a blazing pyre.  
We sat and told stories, they kept my attention,  
Cause your flames made the story come to life!

C' C' C' Campfire, beautiful campfire,  
You're the part of our outing I love best!  
C' C' C' Campfire, C' C' C' Campfire,

You give us warmth and keep my interest!

When I return home, Mom knows I've been camping.  
I can tell by the speed at which she said:  
"Into the shower, stay there for an hour  
To get rid of the smell on your hair and head!"

C' C' C' Campfire, beautiful campfire  
You're the part of our outing I love best!  
C' C' C' Campfire, C' C' C' Campfire,  
You give us warmth and keep my interest!

## Ode To Joe

### Sung to theme from Beethoven's Fifth Symphony "Ode to Joy"

Last year in scout camp we invented, This song entitled Ode to Joe.  
We sat there trying to decide, What practical joke to pull.

Joe was in his tent sleeping, He had his blankey and his teddy bear.  
We decided to implore him, to go yonder over there.

To retrieve some wood for our cooking, we had specific instructions too!  
And now the following is what we told him, To be sure and go out and do.

We asked for vines and we asked for leaves, knowing full well Joe would get  
poison ivy.  
He started the fire, with Boy Scout ease, As we skeddadled to take our leave.

We had extra work next day at school. Good old Joe was not a fool.  
Practical jokes surely don't pay, Cause Joe was at home with his teddy today!

## Trusty Tommy

Tune: Yankee Doodle

Trusty Tommy was a Boy 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.

## **The Scout Who Never Returned**

[Tune: Charlie On The MTA]

Let me tell you of a story of a Scout named . . . ,  
On that tragic and fateful day;  
Put his/her Scout knife in his/her pocket;  
Kissed his/her dog and family;  
When to hike in the woods far away.

Well, did he/she ever return?  
No, he/she never returned.  
And his/her fate is still unlearned:  
He/she may roam forever in the woods and mountains,  
He/she's the Scout who never returned.

Now you citizens of [town name],  
Don't you think it's a scandle  
How ol' [Scout's 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 [Scout's name])  
You may roam forever in the woods and mountains,  
Like the Scout who never returned.

## **Mighty Fine ... Scout Camp**

The busses that you ride in, they say are mighty fine,  
But when they turn a corner, they leave the wheels behind.

Chorus:

Oh, I don't want no more of Scout Camp Life..  
Gee, Mom, I want to go, but they won't let me go;  
Gee, Mom, I want to go home.

The leaders that they have here, they say are mighty fine,  
But when you get up closer, they look like frankenstein.

The first aid that they give you, they say is mighty fine,  
But if you cut your finger, you're left with only nine.

The water that they have here they say is mighty fine,  
But when you try to drink it, it tastes like turpentine.

The biscuits that they serve you, they say are mighty fine  
But one rolled off the table and killed a friend of mine

The spaghetti that they serve you, they say is mighty fine  
They rinse it the toilet and drain it on the line/

The cocoa that they serve you, they say is mighty fine  
It's good for cuts and bruises and tastes like iodine.

The tents/cabins that you sleep in, they say are mighty fine  
But whoever said this has never slept in mine.

The toilets that they have here are the best that they can get  
Last night my tent mate had to go, they haven't found him/her yet.

## **Be Kind To Your . . . Scouting Friends**

[Tune: Stars and Stripes Forever]

Be kind to your . . . Scouting friends,  
That's a pledge from one Scout to another.  
Be kind to your leaders today,  
'Cause for helping they don't get any pay.  
Be kind to your neighbors and friends,  
'Cause by caring you follow Scouting's letter.  
. . . Scouting and friendship are grand,  
And as we grow, the world will know,  
We've made things better.



## 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,  
On my honor, I'll do my best.

## Philmont Hymn

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

## Scout Vespers

Softly falls the light of day,  
While our campfires fade 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?

## **Day is Done (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 sight,  
And the stars gleaming rays softly send,  
To thy hands we our souls, Lord, commend.

## **Boy Scouts of America**

We're the Boy Scouts of America  
Scouting for things anew.  
Our activities lead to victories  
in all we set out to do.

We're the Boy Scouts of America,  
We plan hand in hand each day  
To do better than need be done  
till all our goals are won  
champs with a winning way.

We're loyal to purpose and integrity  
Pledged to the Scout Oath eternally.  
With verve and conviction we sing our song

to keep America strong.

We're the Boy Scouts of America  
and this we have to say  
Join us and we'll stand beside you,  
beside you all the way.  
The Boy Scouts of America  
will stand beside you all the way.

## **I Am a Cub Scout**

I am a Cub Scout  
And a very happy boy.  
With a uniform of blue and gold  
And a den that gives me joy.  
I am a Cub Scout  
Earning badges one by one  
I do my best and i meet the test  
A god citizen i've become.  
I help out other people when  
I see they need a lot.  
I do my chores around the house  
And i feed my dog named spot.  
I am a Cub Scout  
Doing my duty willingly.  
Someday i'll join a boy scout troop  
And a fine man i will be.

-- Thanks to William Smith

## **The Mafeking Man**

One day in Mafeking a man  
Besieged by Boers thought of a plan  
To help the Nations youths lead better lives  
"I'll teach them how to hunt and track  
And all the parts of the Union Jack  
And how to whittle wood with big sheath knives".

CHORUS

He collected kids from the corner of the streets

Little gutter rats  
He collected kids from the upper class  
Young aristocrats  
And he taught them that they could  
All live in Brotherhood  
Wearing baggy shorts and a funny cowboy hats.

He wrote a book, did old B.P.  
And very soon found that he  
Had little time to spare in a day  
So he left the army and began  
To work upon his Scouting plan  
And get things organized in his own way.

-- Thanks to Carol Smith

## **If I Weren't a Boy Scout ...**

[Tune: This is the Music Concert]

If I were not a Boy Scout, I wonder what I'd be  
If I were not a Boy Scout, a .....

1. A bird watcher I'd 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'd be  
Two by four, nail it to the floor!
5. A secretary I'd 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'd be  
Coffee, tea, or me, sir; here's your little bag, BLEH!
8. A typist I would be

Ticka, ticka, ticka, ticka, ticka, ticka, 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 gotta 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'd 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] Needle! Thread! Stick 'em in the head!

16. An electrician I would be  
Positive, negative bbzzzzt zap

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

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

19. A ice cream maker I'd 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'd 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'd 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'd be  
Here's a curve, there's a curve. HERE'S A BETTER CURVE!  
[Makes outline of shapely woman.]

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

30. A baby I would be  
Mama, Dada, I wuv 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, urrrp

34. A Baker I would be,  
Donuts! Eclairs! 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 Scoutmaster I would be,  
Do this, do that, I'm gonna take a nap.

Finally: A Girl Scout I would be!

## ***Repeat After Me Songs and Chants***

Here are some repeat after me songs and chants. They are great fun for young and old around the campfire. There must be many songs like this for all youth group ages and programs, so please send me your favorites and I'll include them here

### **Table of Contents**

#### **Songs**

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- The Littlest Worm
- Mother Goony Bird
- Sippin Cider
- Boom Chicka Boom

#### **Chants**

- A-Root-Chy-Cha
- Salt and Pepper
- Flea
- The Pizza Chant
- Whattatin Chew!
- Froggie

### **-- Songs --**

## **One Sunny Day**

### **This is a "Repeat after me" song**

One sunny day  
(echo)  
I met a bear  
(echo)  
Out in the woods  
(echo)  
A way out there  
(echo)

(All)  
One sunny day  
I met a bear  
Out in the woods  
A way out there

(other verses sung in the same manner)  
He looked at me  
I looked at him



He sized up me  
I sized up him

He said to me  
Why don't you run?  
I can see you  
Ain't got a gun

And so I ran  
Away from there  
Right behind me was  
That great big bear

In front of me  
There was a tree  
Oh my oh me  
A great big tree

The nearest branch  
Was ten feet up  
I'd have to jump  
And trust to luck

And so I jumped  
Into the air  
I missed that branch  
A way up there

Now don't you fret  
Now 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

Next time I saw  
That great big bear  
He was a rug  
On the bathroom floor

-- Thanks to Lynn Whited

## The Littlest Worm

The littlest worm

(echo)

I ever saw

(echo)

was stuck inside my soda straw

(echo)

(all together)The littlest worm I ever saw, was stuck inside my soda straw.

I took a sip

(echo)

and he went down

(echo)

right through my pipes

(echo)

He'll surely drown

(echo)

(all together)I took a sip and he went down, right through my pipes he'll surely drown.

I burped him up

(echo)

and he was dead

(echo)

i buried him

(echo)

in a flower bed

(all together)I burped him up and he was dead, I buried him in a flower bed.

He was my pal

(echo)

he was my friend

(echo)

and now he's gone

(echo)

and now he's dead

(echo)

(all together)He was my pal he was my friend and now he's gone and now he's dead.

## Princess Pat

The Princess Pat--

Lived in a tree--

She sailed across--  
The seven seas--  
She sailed across--  
The Channel Two--  
And she took with her--  
A rig of bamboo--

CHORUS:

A rig of bamboo--  
Now what is that?--  
It's something made--  
By the Princess Pat--  
It's red and gold--  
And purple too--  
That's why it's called--  
A rig of bamboo--

Now the Captain Jack--  
Had a mighty fine crew--  
He sailed across--  
The Channel Two--  
But his ship did sink--  
And yours will too--  
If you don't take--  
A rig of bamboo--

[CHORUS]

Now the Princess Pat--  
Saved Captain Jack--  
She pulled him out--  
She brought him back--  
She saved his life--  
And his crew too--  
Do you know how?--  
With a rig of bamboo--

[CHORUS]

## **Sippin' Cider**

This is a repeat after me song.

The prettiest girl (echo)  
I ever saw (echo)  
Was sippin' cider (echo)  
Through a straw (echo)

(all together) The prettiest girl I ever saw, was sippin' cider through a straw.

I asked her if (echo)  
She'd teach me how (echo)  
To sip some cider (echo)  
Through a straw (echo)

(all together) I asked her if she'd teach me how, to sip some cider through a straw.

First cheek to cheek (echo)  
Then jaw to jaw (echo)  
We sipped that cider (echo)  
Through that straw (echo)

(all together) First cheek to cheek thrn jaw to jaw, we sipped that cider through that straw.

And now and then (echo)  
That straw did slip (echo)  
And we'd sip cider (echo)  
Lip to lip (echo)

(all together) And now and then that straw did slip, and we'd sip cider lip to lip.

Now 49 kids (echo)  
All call me "pa" (echo)  
From sippin' cider (echo)  
Through a straw (echo)

(all together) Now 49 kids all call me "pa", From sippin' cider through a straw.

The moral of (echo)  
This little joke (echo)  
Is don't sip cider (echo)  
Sip a coke!! (echo)

(all together) The moral of this little joke, is don't sip cider, sip a coke!!

-- Thanks to Kyna Hendra

## Boom Chicka Boom

I said a-boom-chick-a-boom! [Group echoes.]  
I said a-boom-chick-a-boom! [Group echoes.]  
I said a-boom-chick-a-rock-a-chick-a-rock-a-chick-a-boom!  
[Group echoes.]

Uh-huh! [Group echoes.]  
On Yeah! [Group echoes.]  
This time! [Group echoes.]  
We sing! [Group echoes.]  
HIGHER!

Each time a leader adds a different variation such as: LOWER,  
WHISPER, LOUDER, TONGUE-IN-CHEEK, SEXY, GROOVY (COOL).

## Goin' On a Lion Hunt

Audience echos each line. You can also have audience sets up clap or slap legs to the rhythm

Goin' on a lion hunt.  
Goin to catch a big one.  
I'm not afraid.  
Look, what's up ahead?  
Mud!  
Can't go over it.  
Can't go under it.  
Can't go around it.  
Gotta go through it. [Make sloshing sounds and move hands as if slogging.]

Following verses:  
Sticks. [Snap fingers.]  
Tree. [Make gestures climbing up and down.]  
Gate. [Make gate-opening gestures.]  
River. [make swimming gestures.]  
Cave. [Go in it and find lion. Reverse all motions quickly to get home.]

-- Thanks to Delmont Scout Reservation and Resica Falls Scout Reservation  
1996 Songbook

## **-- Chants --**

### **A-Root-Chy-Cha**

Hands up! (they echo & do motion)  
Wrists together! (they echo & do motion)

A-root-chy-cha, a-root-chy-cha, a-root-chy-cha CHA!  
A-root-chy-cha, a-root-chy-cha, a-root-chy-cha CHA!

Hands Up! (echo)  
Wrists together! (echo)  
Elbows In! (echo) (keep adding the motion)

A-root-chy-cha, a-root-chy-cha, a-root-chy-cha CHA!  
A-root-chy-cha, a-root-chy-cha, a-root-chy-cha CHA!

Hands Up! (echo)  
Wrists together! (echo)  
Elbows In! (echo)  
Head back! (echo)

A-root-chy-cha, a-root-chy-cha, a-root-chy-cha CHA!  
A-root-chy-cha, a-root-chy-cha, a-root-chy-cha CHA!

(Keep going back to the beginning, adding one motion each time and doing the "root-chy-cha" chorus. During the chorus, kids are moving to the beat.)

Add:  
Knees together....  
Toes together....  
Bottom out....  
Eyes closed....  
Tongue out.....

-- Thanks to Donna Ransdell, Poway, CA

### **Salt and Pepper**

My name is salt (clap clap clap clap)  
My name is pepper (clap clap clap clap)  
I taste real good (clap clap clap clap)  
I taste like pepper (clap clap clap clap)  
When salt goes away (clap clap clap clap)  
Pepper starts to cry wa wa wa wa

When salt comes back(clap clap clap clap)  
We are together!

## Flea

*In this song, the song leader sings (says) a line and the audience repeats the line. Keep the beat by alternately slapping thighs and clapping hands:*

Flea!  
Flea Fly!  
Flea Fly Mosquito!  
Oh no no no no Mosquito!  
Get that big bad bug with the bug spray!  
PSSSSSSSSSH (spray can sound)

Repeat three or more times, each time a little faster.

Another Version:

Flea!  
Flea Fly!  
Flea Fly Flo!  
Eenie, meenie, decimeenie, oo wall a wall a meenie!  
Ex a meenie, zoll a meenie, oo wall a wall!  
Beep billy ott in dotten oh bo ba beaten dotten shh!

Flea!  
Flea fly!  
Flea fly flow!  
Kumalata kumalata kumalata veeslay!  
Oh, no no no, not the veeslay.  
Ich a mini, satch a mini, oo walla walla mini.  
Des a mini, satch a mini, oo walla wall.  
A beat billy oaten bobin obo a boatin bobin obo a boatin bobin boatin bobin  
boatin bobin boatin bobin sssshh...

Fleas (audience repeats)  
Fleas Flies (audience repeats)  
Fleas Flies Mosquitos (audience repeats)  
Calimine, calimine, calimine lotion  
Oh no, no more calimine lotion  
Itsy bitsy, teeny weeny, itty bitty  
Nasty bitey mosquito -- SQUASH (squash is yelled at top of lungs)

Flea!  
Flea Fly!  
Flea Fly Flo!  
Vista  
Coo-ma-la, Coo-ma-la, Coo-ma-la Vista  
Oh no-no, no, not the vista  
Eenie, meenie, decimeenie, oo walla walla meenie!  
Ex a meenie, zoll a meenie, oo walla wall!  
Beep billy ott in dotten oh bo ba beaten dotten shh!

-- Thanks to Susan Best, Ev Holm, Cathy Porter

## **The Pizza Chant**

(This is a repeat after me chant)

Big  
Big and Hot  
Big, Hot and Juicy  
Eatalota, Eatalota, Eatalota Pizza  
Oh no more Italian pizza  
Pepperoni, mushrooms, anchovies on the pizza  
Mozzerella cheese, and Parmesan too  
Cheese, doesn't matter kind of pizza,  
Doesn't matter kind of pizza  
Mmmm, Mmmm good!

Small  
Small and cold  
small, Cold and Moldy  
Barfalota, Barfalota, Barfalota pizza  
Oh no, 3 week old pizza  
Doesn't matter kind of pizza,  
doesn't matter kind of pizza  
Mmmm, Mmmm good!

## **Whattatin Chew!**

Whattatin Chew!  
Bodo Skedetenat Whattatin Chew!  
It's Skiddlin' Oatin' Dotin' Bodo Skedetenat Whattatin Chew!  
Ishy Dishy Little Fishy, It's Skiddlin' Oatin' Dotin' Bodo Skedetenat Whattatin Chew!  
Itten Ditten Little Kitten, Ishy Dishy Little Fishy, It's Skiddlin' Oatin'>Dotin' Bodo Skedetenat Whattatin Chew!



Oaten Doaten Little Boaten, Itten Ditten Little Kitten, Ishy Dishy Little Fishy, It's Skiddlin' Oatin' Dotin' Bodo Skedetenat Whattatin Chew!  
WHATTATIN CHEW!!!  
-- Thanks to Craig McGarrah

## 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.*

This is a repeat after me song  
This is a repeat after me song (audience echo)

(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 scrumpditllyitious  
Fleas and flies are scrumpditllyitious (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 !!!! *(audiance echo)*

Dog croak ! *(one slap "Dog", One clap "Croak")*

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

## ***Short Songs, Silly Songs and Chants***

Here are some short songs, some silly songs and some songs that are really chants. Some of these have come from summer camp, some from other Scouters. Please send me your favorites and I'll include them here.

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- Two Little Fleas
- Arizona
- At The Boarding House
- Big Nose Billy Blue's Famous Booger Stew
- Three Blind Jellyfish
- Galoomph Went the Little Green Frog
- Lord Baden-Powell
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- Hello
- Bug Juice
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- My Aunt Greet
- There's a Hole in the Bottom of the Sea
- Be Kind to Your Web Footed Friends
- The Camp Shirts Chant
- Bugs
- The Fungus that I Grew
- Singin' in the Rain

### **Mary Had a Swarm of Bees**

Mary had a swarm of bees  
Swarm of bees, swarm of bees  
Mary had a swarm of bees  
and they to save their lives  
had to go where Mary went,  
Mary went, Mary went.  
Had to go where Mary went  
'Cause Mary had the hives.

### **Tree Toad**

Tune: Auld Lang Syne

A tree toad loved a fair she toad

That lived up in a tree;  
She was a fair three-toed tree toad  
But a two-toed toad was he.  
The two-toed tree toad tried to win  
The she toad's friendly nod;  
For the two-toed tree toad loved the ground  
That the three-toed tree toad trod.

Now three-toed tree toads have no care  
For two-toed tree toad love,  
But the two-toed tree toad fain would share  
A tree home up above.  
In vain the two-toed tree toad tried;  
He couldn't please her whim.  
In her tree toad bower with veto power,  
The she toad vetoed him!

## Two Little Fleas

Tune: Auld Lang Syne

Two little fleas together sat  
They cried when one flea said;  
"I've had no place to lay my head,  
Since my old dog is dead.  
I've traveled far from place to place  
And farther will I roam.  
But the next old dog that shows his face  
Will be my home sweet home."

## Arizona Star

I'm an Arizona, Arizona, Arizona star  
And I come from the west where the Cowgirls are  
I can ride 'em, I can rope 'em  
I can show how its done,  
I'm a rootin' tootin' cowgirl with my six-shooting gun  
Bumbadadum, bang bang!

## At The Boarding House

To the old tune of Silver Threads Among the Gold

At the boarding house where I live  
Everything is growing old,  
Silver hairs are on the butter,  
Cheese is growing green with mold.

When the dog died we had hot dogs,  
When the cat died, catnip tea.  
When the landlord died, I left there.  
Spareribs were to much for me!

(In harmony)  
Toooo much foooor meeeeeeee!

-- Thanks to Kat Jensen, Texas, USA

## Big Nose Billy Blue's Famous Booger Stew

Out west I met an outlaw, name of Big Nose Billy Blue.  
He was big & mean & nasty & known to've killed a man or two.  
When asked to stay for vittles I said, "I'd love to Billy Blue".  
He pushed a bowl at me and growled, "eat up it's booger stew".

Booger stewwww  
Boooooooger stewwww

I bit my lip and the tears welled up not wont'in to be rude.  
I gulped "what's in it Billy"? He grinned, "it's just a treat for you".  
His nostrils flared like cannons he said, "it's just my secret brew".  
Then he pulled his six gun and I knew what I'd have to do.

Booger stewwww  
Boooooooger stewwww

I grit my teeth and held my nose and sipped it while I cried.  
It tasted good I told him, but my blood ran cold inside.  
"Now how'd you make it taste so good", I asked him to confide.  
"Chopped beef, you know, hambooger", he said.  
And I sat right down and cried.

Booger stewwww

Booooooger stewwww

-- Thanks to E. Owen Head

## Three Blind Jellyfish

(to the tune of Three Blind Mice)

Three blind jellyfish  
Three blind jellyfish  
Three blind jellyfish  
Sitting on a rock!

But a wave hits and knocks off a jellyfish from the rock! Oh no!

Two blind jellyfish  
Two blind jellyfish  
Two blind jellyfish  
Sitting on a rock!

But a wave hits and knocks off another jellyfish! Oh no!

Two blind jellyfish  
Two blind jellyfish  
Two blind jellyfish  
Sitting on a rock!

But a wave hits and knocks off the last jellyfish off the rock! Oh no!

No blind jellyfish  
No blind jellyfish  
No blind jellyfish  
Sitting on a rock!

And a wave comes in, and we get a jellyfish back! Yeah!

(continue with song, usually until 4 or 5 jellyfish are on the rock)

Movements: for number, hold up that many fingers Blind- hold hands over eyes, with elbows going out to the sides Jellyfish- take hands from eyes and spread like you are doing the breaststroke, and wiggle fingers. When you loose a jellyfish, have one go back in line. Likewise, when you get a jellyfish, have it come from the line to the "rock". This is a good one for summer camp, because you can get many more jellyfish on the rock than you could at a

meeting.

## **The Camp Counselor Song**

Sung to the tune of Mr. Sandman

Camp director, bring us a dream  
Please bring us children who never scream,  
Please make them listen and make them polite  
And put them right to sleep when we turn out the light

Camp director, I'm never alone,  
ain't got no bedroom to call my own  
so please turn on your flashlight beam  
camp director, bring us a dream.

Camp director, I've had enough  
I'm going crazy, I need a day off  
We've had two tick bites and lots of mosquitos  
And I can't get these kids to change their clothes

Camp director, one wet the bed  
Another one's sick with a pain in her head.  
One's got poison ivy, one wants to go home  
And this one's hair really needs a comb

Camp director (yessssss),  
The tents are a mess  
These kids are horrors and they want my address  
I'd send them all home if I could  
Tut they love it here in the woods

## **I'm Only Small**

[Tune: Wonderwall by Oasis]

Today is gonna be the day  
That you've gotta do the washing-up  
By now you should have washed those plates  
And then started on those cups  
I don't believe you've washed those Billies  
The way I asked you to ~~DO~~ SO DO IT NOW!

Chorus:

And all the paths we hike they keep on winding  
And all the torches shining they are blinding  
And even when the leaders nag  
They are trying to help you Ð to get you through  
I think maybe, they're only trying to save me

And after all, I'm only small.  
Backbeat, the word is on the street  
That the cooking fire has gone out  
Everyone starts to panic  
And then starts to run about  
Get some paper, and some matches  
And cut some kindling too Ð THAT'S WHAT TO DO!

Chorus  
And all the paths we hike they keep on winding  
And all the torches shining they are blinding  
And even when the leaders nag  
They are trying to help you Ð to get you through  
I think maybe, they're only trying to save me  
And after all, I'm only small.  
I'm only small,  
I'M ONLY SMALL.

## **My Old Man's a Sailor**

I was a Girl Scout camp counselor this summer at Camp Tik-A-Witha in Van Vleet, MS. This was my absolute favorite camp song. I remember it from when I was at camp as a child. You sing the song over and over, each time replacing the word "sailor" with another occupation.

My old man's a sailor  
now what do you think about that?  
He wears a sailor's collar,  
he wears a sailor's hat.  
He wears a sailor's raincoat,  
he wears a sailor's shoe.  
And every Saturday evening,  
he reads the sailor's news.  
And someday, if I can,  
I'm gonna be a sailor,  
just like my old man.



-- Thanks to Brandy Burnette, Columbus, MS

## **Pizza!**

### **A repeat after me chant**

Pizza!  
Sauce!  
Sauce and cheese  
Sauce and cheese and anchovies  
Eat-a-lotta, eat-a-lotta, eat-a lotta pizza  
Oh, no! Don't drop the pizza!  
If you drop the pizza then nobody eatsa  
Pizza and Coke are srump-dili-icious  
Gobble, gobble, gobble, gobble BURP!

-- Thanks to Curt Abbott -- Pack 183, Warwick, RI

## **Tarzan**

### **The leader leads it, and every line is repeated.**

Tarzan!  
Swinging from a rubber band  
Crashed into a frying pan  
Now Tarzan has a tan

Jane!  
Was flying in an aeroplane  
Crashed into a freeway lane  
Now Jane's got a pain  
Now Tarzan's got a tan

Cheetah!  
Was walking down the street-a  
Moving to the beat-a  
Now Cheetah is Velveeta  
Now Jane's got a pain  
Now Tarzan's got a tan

Shamu!  
Was swimming in the ocean blue  
Crashed into a big canoe  
Now Shamu's gonna sue

Now Cheetah is Velveeta  
Now Jane's got a pain  
Now Tarzan's got a tan

Charlie!  
Was riding on his Harley  
Crashed into Bob Marley  
Now Charlie's not so gnarly  
Now Shamu's gonna sue  
Now Cheetah is Velveeta  
Now Jane's got a pain  
Now Tarzan's got a tan  
Now my friends that is the end.

-- Thanks to Katrina Paruch, Brownie leader, British Columbia, Canada

## **Ghost Chickens In The Sky**

### **Sung to tune "Ghost Riders in the Sky"**

The chicken farmer he went out - one dark and dreary day.  
He rested by the chicken coop as he went on his way.  
When all at once a rotten egg smacked him in the eye.  
It was the sight that he dreaded, . . . Ghost chickens in the sky!

#### **CHORUS**

Brrraawwkk, Brraawwkk, Brraawwkk, Brrrrrrraaaaaawwwwwkkkk  
Brrraawwkk, Brraawwkk, Brraawwkk, Brrrrrrraaaaaawwwwwkkkk  
Ghost chickens, . . . Ghost chickens in the sky!

The farmer had been raising foul, since he was twenty-four.  
Workin' for the Colonel, for thirty years or more.  
Killing all those chickens, and sending them to fry,  
Now they wanted their revenge, . . . Ghost chickens in the sky!

<<chorus>>

Their feet were black and shiny, and their eyes were burning red.  
They had no meat or feathers, these chickens were his dead!  
They plucked the farmer off his feet, and he died by their claw.  
They cooked him extra crispy, . . . And ate him with Cole slaw!

<<chorus>>

## **The Peanut's Surprise**

**Sung to tune "Row, Row, Row Your Boat"**

A peanut sat on the railroad track,  
His heart was all a flutter,  
And round the bend came Number 10.  
(short pause) Egad! He's peanut butter.

{Counter Verse}

Chugga, chugga, chugga, chugga,  
K-thump, K-thump, K-thump  
Too-oot, too-oot, too-oot, too-oot.  
(spoken) Squiiiiisssssshhhh!  
Egad! He's peanut butter.

## **Mama's Soup Surprise**

**Sung to tune "Supercalifragilisticexpialodocious"**

Oh, chicken lips and lizard hips and alligator eyes,  
Monkey legs and buzzard eggs, and salamander thighs,  
Rabbit ears and camel rears, and tasty toenail pies,  
Stir them altogether and its Mama's soup surprise!

## **Greeting Song**

**Sung to 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.

## **Galoomph Went the Little Green Frog**

Galoomph went the little green frog one day  
Galoomph went the litle green frog one day.  
Galoomph went the little green frog one day,  
and his eyes went Galoomph, too.

Honk! honk! went the big Mack truck one day.  
Squish squash went the little green frog  
And his eyes couldn't go Galoomph anymore  
Cause he got eaten up by a dog. Roof! Roof!

## **Road Kill Stew**

Tune: Three Blind Mice

Road Kill stew,  
Road Kill stew,  
Tases so good,  
Just like it should.

First you go down to the Interstate  
You wait for the critter to meet it's fate.  
You take it home and you make it great!  
Road Kill stew,  
Road Kill stew.

-- Thanks to Chuck Bramlet

## **Oni Woni**

Oni Woni Woni, Wah Wah  
Oni Woni Woni, Wah Wah  
Eye Eye Eye yippee Eye Eye  
Eye Eye Eye yippee Eye Eye  
Eye Eye  
Eye Eye

For the next round (same words always), you tap your own knees, then the knees of the guy to your right, then your own, then those of the guy to your left, and so on. This is easy.

For your 'brown belt' of Oni Woni, you fold your arms - one forearm just lying on top of the other. Now try to follow me on this one - its tricky. An arm moves

in line with the beat of the chant, bending only at the elbow, so only the forearm moves, thus:

Start both folded.  
Right arm out (pointing forwards)  
Left arm out  
Right arm in  
Left arm in  
Right arm up (pointing up)  
Left arm up  
Right arm down  
left arm down  
now back to right arm out again, etc.

For the black belt of Oni Woni, you grip your right ear with your left hand, and your middle nose with the other hand. Then swap, completely over: Left ear with right hand, nose with left hand. Try it a few times. It's tricky. Then repeat with the chant.

Hope everyone's laughing by now! With a bit of practice, you can move swiftly on from one movement to the next.

As a finale (Black Belt, 1st Dan) you can double the speed. I guess you could try going in reverse, although I've never tried it! !!

-- Thanks to Chris Boardman, Cub Scout Leader, 1st Bournville Panther Cub Scouts, Birmingham UK

## Hello

*[Tunes: Coca Cola's I'd Like to Teach the World to Sing or Auld Lang Syne (first 3 verses only)]*

I love to hear the word Hello,  
Wherever I may go.  
It's full of friendship  
And good cheer  
And warms the heart up so.

Hello, Hello, Hello, Hello,  
Hello, Hello, Hello.

When e'er we meet  
Like friends let's greet  
Each other with Hello.

Hello, Hello, Hello, Hello,  
Hello, Hello, Hello.

When e'er we meet  
Like friends let's greet  
Each other with Hello.

-- Thanks to Laura Humphrey

## **Bug Juice**

**(Tune: On Top of Old Smokey)**

At camp with the Girl Scouts,  
They gave us a drink,  
We thought it was Koolaid,  
Because it was pink.

But the thing that they told us,  
Would have grossed out a moose,  
For that good tasting pink drink,  
Was really bug juice.

It looked fresh and fruity,  
Like tasty Koolaid,  
But the bugs that were in it,  
were murdered with Raid.

We drank by the gallons,  
We drank by the ton,  
But then the next morning,  
We all had the runs.

Next time you drind bug juice,  
And a fly drives you mad,  
He's just getting even,  
Because you swallowed his dad.

-- Thanks to Robert J. Fisher

## **Calamine Lotion**

**(Tune: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean)**

My body needs calamine lotion.

My body's all red, you can see.  
The flowers I picked for my mommie,  
Turned out to be Poison Ivy.

Don't touch! Don't touch!  
Because it's Poison Ivy, ivy,  
Don't touch! Don't touch!  
Because it's Poison Ivy, ivy.

-- Thanks to Robert J. Fisher

## **Something in My Pocket**

**(Tune: Brownie Smile Song)**

I have something in my pocket,  
That I found behind a log.  
My leader said to let it loose,  
But I want to keep my frog.

It's cool and green and slimey,  
And it squiggles in my hand,  
I also have a wooly worm,  
and a pocket full of sand.

-- Thanks to Robert J. Fisher

## **The Billboard**

As I was walking down the street one dark and dreary day,  
I came upon a billboard, and much to my dismay,  
The sign was torn and tattered from a storm the night before.  
The wind and rain had done its job and this is what I saw:

Smoooooooooke, Coca-Cola Cigarettes  
Chew Wrigley's Spearmint Beer  
Ken-L-Ration Dog Food Makes Your Complexion Clear  
Simonize Your Baby With A Hersey's Candy Bar  
And Texacola Beauty Cream Is Used By All The Stars

Sooooooo Take You Next Vacation In A Brand New Fridgidaire  
Learn To Play Piano In Your Winter Underwear  
Doctors Say That Babies Should Smoke Until They're Three  
And People Over Sixty-five Should Bathe In Lipton Tea...

With Flow Thru Bags!  
--Thanks to Heather Clemens

## **An Annoying Song**

Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic

I know a song that gets on everybody's nerves  
I know a song that gets on everybody's nerves  
I know a song that gets on everybody's nerves  
- And this is how it goes:

*Repeat indefinitely!*

Or --

This is the song that never ends,  
It goes around and round again.  
This is the song that never ends,  
It goes around and round again...

Or --

The cow went up the hill. The cow went up the hill.  
Next verse, same as the first, it never gets better, it only gets worse.  
(repeat)

-- Thanks to Signe Rogers, John Pannell

## **The Life of a Dog is for Me**

Tune: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean

When I'm just a dreamin' and schemin'  
I think of things I'd like to be  
And the thing that I've finally decided,  
Is the life of a dog is for me, for me!  
The life of a dog is for me!

A dogs life is simply quite lovely  
Chasing mailmen would really be fun!



I'd torment the cat and I'd chew up your hat,  
And then I would lie in the sun, the sun!  
Then I would lie in the sun!

When people come by I'd be just a bit shy  
I'd lick them and when I was through  
I'd show them a trick and I'd chase them a stick  
And then I would pee on their shoe, their shoe!  
Then I would pee on their show!

I'd lie on the floor and I'd bark at the door  
And when I was wet I would stink  
I'd scratch at a flea, and I'd climb on your knee  
And out of the toilet I'd drink, I'd drink!  
Out of the toilet I'd drink!

( Words Copyright 1996 Cub Resources)

## **Scout Socks**

Scout socks, the longer you wear them the cleaner they get.  
Some day, I probably will launder them, but something keeps telling me  
To not do it yet, not yet, not yet, not yet.....

-- Thanks to Jim Lindberg

## **Crabs Walk Sideways**

Herman met Sally on the beach one night,  
The sea was calm and the starfish were bright.  
She looked at him and he looked at her it was true love at first sight.

Well, Herman told his folks about the girl that he found, They said,  
"Herman there must be other girls around. 'Cause crabs walk sideways,  
lobsters walk straight and We won't let you take her for your mate."

Chorus:  
Crabs walk sideways and lobsters welk straight,  
And you can't take a crab for your mate.

Well, Herman told his Sally and it broke her heart  
She loved that lobster right from the start  
He took her in his claws and said "I'll always be yours,  
But still, dear, we'll have to part." Chorus:

She said, "Let me talk to your mom and dad,  
I'll show them crabs really aren't that bad."  
But they turned her away  
"What will the neighbors say."  
And they laughed at the funny walk she had. Chorus:

Then one day on the sandbar what did Herman see,  
But his little ol' Sally walking straight as can be.  
He said, "Sweetheart now they'll take you in the family!"  
She said, "Don't you sweetheart me! Hic!" Chorus:

-- Thanks to Brenda Desormeaux

## **Horse and Flea (Boom Boom)**

"A horse and a flea and three blind mice,  
Sat on a kerbstone shooting dice,  
The horse slipped and fell on the flea,  
The flea said whoops there's a horse on me.

Boom Boom aint it grand to be crazy  
Boom Boom aint it grand to be crazy  
Giddy and foolish all day long  
Boom Bomm aint it grand to be crazy"

There are actions --  
A horse -- make large round in air with arms  
A flea -- little as between finger and thumb  
3 -- as 3 fingers  
blind mice -- hands over eyes  
Sat on kerbstone -- left arm across chest  
Shooting dice -- right hand 'shooting dice' across left arm  
The horse -- same again  
slipped -- shooting action with right arm  
and fell on the flea -- same as last time  
the flea -- ditto  
theres a horse -- same again  
on me -- clap on hand down on other hand.

Boom Boom -- clap hands  
Aint it grand to be crazy -- wave arms wildly around  
repeat  
Giddy & foolish all day long -- hug arms round oneself

B - B a i g t b crazy - as before.

-- Thanks to Eileen Kermode, Maghull, Liverpool, England

## Three Little Elephants Went to Play

Three little elephants went to play  
Upon a spiders web one day  
They found it such tremendous fun  
That they called for another elephant to come.

*\*This is played thus - 3 people behind each other with hands on waist of person in front. They heel and toe walk around in time to song, then at the end of the first verse they each choose someone else to join so the next verse is:*

Six little elephants went to play - etc.....

*\*When everyone is heel and toe ing their way round with hands of waist of person in front, the first person puts hands on waist of last person. The circle moves in close and at the given word 'sit' everyone should be able to sit on the knee of the person behind - count to three - and stand up - more often than not everyone falls over.*

-- Thanks to Eileen Kermode

## Honorsorarius

I wish I was a Honorsorarius of Ripamatadomy aha ha ha ha  
But since I'm not and never can hope to be  
A Honorsorarius of Ripamatadomy  
I'm a boon jug; I'm a tee bone  
I huzzed and bit my head upon a tree. aha ha ha.

*\*I know nothing about this song - where or why - a GS taught it to me in 1972 !*

-- Thanks to Eileen Kermode

## My Aunt Greet

My Aunt Greet veeta veeta veet (make female shape in air)

Had a puss veeta veeta vuss (make circle shape in air)  
And that puss veeta veeta vuss (make circle shape in air)  
Had a tail (make tail into air with one arm)  
Now that tail veeta vetta vail (make tail into air again)  
Had a curl veeta veeta vurl (make curl in air)  
And that curl veeta veeta vurl (make curl again)  
Had a tip. Comma (make dot in air) (Comma is 'tip' in a Scandinavian tongue)

Now that tip veeta veeta vip (make dot in air again and continue with previous actions)

Had a curl veeta veeta vurl  
And that curl veeta veeta vurl  
Had a tail  
And the tail veeta veeta vail  
Had a puss veeta veeta vuss  
And that puss veeta veeta vuss  
Had my Aunt. (wolf whistle).

-- Thanks to Eileen Kermode, Maghull, Liverpool, England

## **There's a Hole in the Bottom of the Sea**

There's a hole in the bottom of the sea,  
There's a hole in the bottom of the sea,  
There's a hole, There's a hole,  
There's a hole in the bottom of the sea

*(in the first verse with hands make a horizontal hole, point down, wiggle fingers as sea water)*

There's a whale in the hole at the bottom of the sea,  
There's a whale in the hole at the bottom of the sea,  
There's a whale, There's a whale,  
There's a whale in the hole at the bottom of the sea

*(add to actions a large circle in air for whale)*

There's a tail on the whale in the hole at the bottom of the sea.....etc

*(add to actions a wave upwards of the arm)*

There's a bone in the tail on the whale in the hole at the bottom of the sea  
.....etc

*(add to actions a chop action by side of one hand onto other hand)*

There's a nerve in the bone in the tail on the whale in the hole at the bottom of the sea ..... etc.

*(add to actions a shiver of body)*

By the end of the song most people will be exhausted and ROFL

-- Thanks to Eileen Kermode, Maghull, Liverpool, England

## **Be Kind to Your Web Footed Friends**

Be kind to your web-footed friends  
For a duck may be somebody's brother  
Ducks are the demons of the swamp  
Where the weather is dark and damp

Now you may think this is the end  
Well it is!

## **The Camp Shirts Chant**

Camp Shirts, they never get dirty...  
They longer you wear them the stronger you get...  
Sometimes I think we should wash them,  
But something inside me keeps saying.. not yet not yet not yet

## **Our Honored Guests Are Here!**

*The verses to "Our Honored Guests Are Here!" are easy to make up and are quite variable, depending upon who is attending the Scouting function. Here are a few sample verses. During all verses except the first, the group being named stands up and takes a bow. Members of the audience may call out groups to honor as the song goes on. Here are a few sample verses:*

Sung to the tune, "Farmer in the Dell"

Chorus:  
"Our honored guests are here!  
Our honored guests are here!  
So stand up now and take a bow,

Our honored guests are here!"  
"Our fathers are here!  
Our fathers are here!  
So stand up now and take a bow,  
Our fathers are here!"

*The last verse is a reprise of the first verse. On the last verse, everybody stands up and bows. This song is an excellent icebreaker.*

*Other groups to name, in no particular order:*

Mothers  
Brothers  
Sisters  
Aunts  
Uncles  
Cousins  
Grandfathers  
Grandmothers  
Rovers  
Cub Scouts  
Boy Scouts  
Commissioners  
Girl Guides  
Mayor

-- Thanks to Rodger Morris, Scoutmaster, Troop 852, Ventura County Council

## **Bugs**

Tune: Row, row, row your boat

Catch, catch, catch a bug.  
Put it in a jar.  
Sometimes they fly, sometimes they die,  
but most get squashed on your car.

-- Thanks to Cathy Porter, Pack 987 and Troop 424

## **The Fungus that I Grew**

Tune: Clementine

This here is a story of a fungus that I grew,

It was homework done for science but it quickly went askew  
Had I known then what would happen  
When I mixed some Spam with glue  
I never would have started, on the fungus that I grew!

-- Thanks to Nancy, Assistant Cub Master Pack 3506, Salt Lake City

## **Singin' in the Rain**

(sung to the tune of the original song)

I'm singin' in the rain,  
Just singin' in the rain,  
what a glorious feeling...  
I'm...  
tsh-  
tsh tsh tsh-  
tsh tsh tsh-  
tsh tsh tsh- (these are noises like symbols make)  
Hey! (hands go in air over head every time 'hey' is said)  
tsh  
tsh tsh tsh-  
tsh tsh tsh-  
tsh tsh tsh-  
Hey! (hands go in air over head every time 'hey' is said)

1. Thumbs up! (audience repeats...thumbs up!)

*back to singin' in the rain while holding thumbs up.*

2. Thumbs up! (repeat)  
Elbows Back! (repeat)

*back to singin' in the rain while holding thumbs up and elbows back.*

3. Thumbs up! (repeat)  
Elbows back!(repeat)  
Knees bent! (repeat)  
*back to singin' in the rain while thumbs up, elbows back, knees bent...you get the idea.....it is gonna get crazy here in a minute or two..)*

4. add to the already existing list TOES TURNED IN!

5. " " " " " BUTT OUT!

6. " " " " " CHEST UP!

7. HEAD DOWN!

## 8. TONGUE OUT!

da  
da da da  
da da da  
da da da  
eey!  
da  
da da da  
da da da  
da da da  
eey!

-- Thanks to Ted Marconi Allegheny Highlands Council, BSA, Smethport, PA

## Mind Your Own Business

Everywhere we go,  
People always ask us,  
Who we are,  
And where we come from,  
So we tell them,

Mind your own business,  
Get your nose out of it,  
Bucket on your head,  
And toast down your trousers,  
And if they can't hear us,  
We'll say it very posh

Every where one goes,  
People are always inquiring of one,  
Asking who one is,  
And where one's abode is situated,  
And so one always informs them,  
In the politest possible wayÉ

Mind your own business  
Get your nose out of it,  
Bucket on your head,  
And toast down your trousers,  
And if they can't hear us,  
We'll say it like a hippie man É

Every where I go man,



People are always hassling me,  
Asking who I am inside,  
And where my roots are,  
And so I always meditate to them  
In the calmest possible way É

Mind your own business  
Get your nose out of it,  
Bucket on your head,  
And toast down your trousers,  
And if they can't hear us,  
We'll say it like a Valley Girl.

Everywhere I drive,  
People are always phoning me,  
Asking what my Daddy does  
And where my clothes come from,  
And so I always gossip to them,  
On my mobile phone É

Mind your own business  
Get your nose out of it,  
Bucket on your head,  
And toast down your trousers,  
And if they can't hear us,  
They must be deaf!

-- Thanks to Rachel

## **I'm a Little Piece of Tin**

I'm a little piece of tin,  
Nobody knows what shape I'm in.  
I've got four wheels,  
And a running board.  
I'm not a Chevy and  
I'm not a Ford.  
Honk! Honk!  
Rattle, rattle, rattle,  
Crash! Beep! Beep!  
Honk! Honk!  
Rattle, rattle, rattle,  
Crash! Beep! Beep!  
Honk, Honk.

-- Thanks to Catherine M. Cory, Chesapeake, VA

## **My Dream**

(tune: Home on the Range)

Oh, give me a suit that an astronaut wears,  
And a ship that he flies to the moon.  
And if I study the stars and the planets out there,  
My dreams will surely come true.  
Oh, how I dream of the stars  
And the sky and the planets and moon.  
I know if I dream just as hard as an astronaut does,  
Then I'll be an astronaut too.

## **Moon Walk**

(Tune: La Cucaracha)

I have a spaceship,  
I have a spaceship,  
and I will fly it to the moon.  
I have a spaceship,  
I have a space ship,  
and I will go there very soon.

And when I get there,  
and when I get there,  
I will walk upon the moon.  
And I will see it,  
and I will like it.  
Oh it will be so very cool!

## **Stars and Planets**

(Tune: Swanee River)

Way up among the stars and planets,  
Far, far in space.

That's where we'll find the life and knowledge,  
To live out there some day.  
If you search the Milky Way,  
You may find life there.  
Way up among the stars and planets,  
Far out in Outer Space.

## **The Astronaut's Plea**

(Tune: My Bonnie Lies...)

I went for a ride in my space ship,  
The moon and the planets to see.  
I went for a ride in my space ship,  
Now listen what happen to me.

Chorus:

Bring back, bring back, Oh bring back my spaceship tome, to me.  
Bring back, bring back, Oh bring back my spaceship to me.

I went for a ride in a spaceship,  
The capsule was crowded and I,  
Developed a cramp in my muscles,  
So I decided to walk in the sky. (Chorus)

I went for a walk in my spacesuit.  
The ship was controlled from the ground,  
And someone in charge down at NASA,  
Forgot I was walking around. (Chorus)

## **Little Red Wagon**

You can't ride in my little red wagon  
Backseat's broken and the axles draggen  
You can't ride in my little red wagon  
Maybe tomorrow, but NOT TODAY!  
Second verse, same as the first,  
A whole lot louder and a whole lot worse. etc.

After about four or five verses, no words can be made out in the din that results.

-- Thanks to Nathan Beauheim, 1997 Scoutcraft Director, Camp Frank Rand  
Chimayo, NM, Great Southwest Council

### **3 Cheers for the Bus Driver**

(Sung to "Did You Ever See a Lassie?")

My favorite all time song for the end of the field trip

3 Cheers for the Bus Driver, the bus driver, the bus driver

3 Cheers for the Bus Driver, the bus driver today.

He's married, he's jolly, he's built like a trolley

3 Cheers for the Bus Driver, the bus driver today

God bless him - HE NEEDS IT!

God bless him- HE NEEDS IT!

3 Cheers for the Bus Driver, the bus driver today

### **Sailing, Sailing**

Words by Prof. Evona York, UABC - Mexico (for Las Colinas District Cub Day  
Camp (CA) 1999)

Sailing, sailing -

Sure wish we had a boat

Instead of this leaky old guitar

So we could stay afloat!

Sailing, Sailing,

Hoping the sharks don't bite!

If a big octopus

Does not swallow us,

We may get home tonight!

Sailing, sailing -

Hoping it doesn't rain,

Because if it does,

A terrible fuzz

Will grow on our ears again.

Sailing, sailing

Trying to hitch a ride!

If you ride on a whale

Hold onto his tail

Or you may end up inside!

Sailing, sailing -  
Paddling like a frog,  
You play a kazoo,  
And holler "Wahoo!"  
While splashing through the fog.  
Sailing, sailing,  
What if you cannot swim?  
Just find a seahorse,  
With a saddle, of course,  
And you can ride home on him!

## **Green Socks**

Green socks they never get dirty  
the longer you wear them the stronger they get.  
Sometimes I think I might wash them  
but something inside me keeps saying  
Not Yet Not Yet Not Yet NOT YET!!!!

## **Worms**

The worms crawl in  
The worms crawl out  
The ants play pinochle  
on your snout

Your guts turn green  
Like vaseline  
Your pus runs out  
Like whipping cream

Never laugh  
When a hearse goes by  
Or you may be  
The next to die

They'll wrap you up  
In a bloody sheet  
And throw you down  
About sixty feet

The worms crawl in.....

## WEE WEE

Wee Wee , Wee Wee, Wee Wee Wee Wee Wee, Wee Wee  
When I was a Wee Wee tot  
They took me off my Wee Wee cot  
And put me on my Wee Wee pot  
To see if I could Wee or not

Wee Wee, Wee Wee, Wee Wee Wee Wee, Wee Wee

And when they saw that I could not  
They took me off my Wee Wee pot  
And put me on my Wee Wee cot  
And there I gave it all I've Got!

Wee Wee, Wee Wee, Wee Wee Wee Wee, Wee Wee

## ***More Short Songs, Silly Songs and Chants***

Here are some more short songs, some silly songs and some songs that are really chants. Some of these have come from summer camp, some from other Scouters. Please send me your favorites and I'll include them here.

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### **Bazooka Bubble Gum**

My mom gave me a penny  
She said to buy a henny  
But I didn't buy no henny  
Instead, I bought BUBBLE GUM  
BAZOOKA, ZOOKA BUBBLE GUM  
BAZOOKA, ZOOKA BUBBLE GUM.

My mom gave me a nickel  
She said to buy a pickle  
But I didn't buy no pickle  
Instead, I bought BUBBLE GUM  
BAZOOKA, ZOOKA BUBBLE GUM  
BAZOOKA, ZOOKA BUBBLE GUM.

My mom gave me a dime  
She said to buy a lime  
But I didn't buy no lime  
Instead, I bought BUBBLE GUM  
BAZOOKA, ZOOKA BUBBLE GUM  
BAZOOKA, ZOOKA BUBBLE GUM.

My mom gave me a quarter  
She said to buy some water  
But I didn't buy no water  
Instead, I bought BUBBLE GUM  
BAZOOKA, ZOOKA BUBBLE GUM  
BAZOOKA, ZOOKA BUBBLE GUM.

My mom gave me a dollar  
She said to buy a collar  
But I didn't buy no collar  
Instead, I bought BUBBLE GUM  
BAZOOKA, ZOOKA BUBBLE GUM  
BAZOOKA, ZOOKA BUBBLE GUM.

My mom gave me a five  
She said to stay alive  
But I didn't stay alive  
Instead, I choked on BUBBLE GUM  
BAZOOKA, ZOOKA BUBBLE GUM  
BAZOOKA, ZOOKA BUBBLE GUM.

-- Thanks to Rachel and the Girl Scouts in Maryland

## **The Twinkie Song**

Tune: Do, Re, Mi

Dough the stuff that makes twinkies,  
Ray the guy who makes the twinkies,  
Me the girl who eats Ray's twinkies,  
Fa a far long way to twinkie,  
So I think I'll have a twinkie,  
La la la la la twinkie,  
Tea no thanks I'll have a twinkie,  
And that brings us back to dough twinkie twinkie twinkie dough.

-- Thanks to Andrea I.

## **Bunny Rabbits**

Bunny Rabbits have no tails, have no tails, have no tails,  
Bunny Rabbits have no tails, just big powder puffs!

2nd verse, same as the first,  
a little bit louder and a little bit worse!



Bunny Rabbits.....

3rd verse, same as the 1st,  
a little bit louder and a little bit worse!

Bunny.....

4th.....

Bunny.....

5th.....

etc.

## Three Chartreuse Buzzards

Three (hold up 3 fingers) chartreuse buzzards, (hold your hands fingers down under chin)

Three (hold up 3 fingers) chartreuse buzzards, (hold your hands fingers down under chin)

Three (hold up 3 fingers) chartreuse buzzards, (hold your hands fingers down under chin)

Sitting in a dead tree.(Pose as a dead tree)

Oh, look (point somewhere up) one flew away (sweep finger across the sky)

Two (hold up 2 fingers) chartreuse buzzards,

Two (hold up 2 fingers) chartreuse buzzards,

Two (hold up 2 fingers) chartreuse buzzards,

Sitting in a dead tree

Oh, look one flew away.

One (hold up 1 fingers) chartreuse buzzards,

One (hold up 1 fingers) chartreuse buzzards,

One (hold up 1 fingers) chartreuse buzzards,

Sitting in a dead tree

Oh, look one flew away. (slow and very sad)

No (shake head no) chartreuse buzzard,

No (shake head no) chartreuse buzzard,

No (shake head no) chartreuse buzzard,

Sitting in a dead tree

Oh, look there comes one back! (faster with enthusiasm)

One chartreuse buzzard,  
One chartreuse buzzard,  
One chartreuse buzzard,  
Sitting in a dead tree,  
Oh, look there comes another one back!

Two chartreuse buzzards,  
Two chartreuse buzzards,  
Two chartreuse buzzards,  
Sitting in a dead tree,  
Oh, look there comes another one back!

Three chartreuse buzzards,  
Three chartreuse buzzards,  
Three chartreuse buzzards,  
Sitting in a dead tree,

Three Legged Puppy

(Sung to the Oscar Meyer Wiener Song)

Oh I wish I was a three-legged puppy  
That is what I really wanna be  
Cuz if I was a three-legged puppy  
I wouldn't have to lift my leg to pee!

n Thanks to Amanda Adkins

## The Elf Song

(This is a chant, just like "Joe and the Button Factory")

Hello, I am an elf,  
And I work in a toy factory.  
I have a wife, three kids and a sleigh,  
The other day Santa came up to me,  
And he said, "Hey elf, are ya busy?  
And I said, "No."  
He said, "Then build a toy with your right hand."

*Go through this chant several times, changing only the part about building a toy. Say, "with your left hand," "with your right foot," "with your left Foot," "with your head," "with your tongue," and any other parts of the body appropriate. To "build*

*a toy" simply make a hammering, stomping, or bashing motion with that part of your body.*

-- Thanks to Dan Schroeder

## **Smelly Skunk**

I'm a stinky smelly skunk  
Sleeping under someone's bunk.  
No one wants to sleep with me,  
Because I'm as stinky as can be!!!

## **Starlight, Starbright**

*Kids sing:*

Star Light, Star Bright,  
First Star I see tonight,  
I Wish I may, I wish I might  
Have the wish that I wish tonight

*Leaders reply:*

If you want your wish to come true  
Here is all you have to do  
Just look up wherever you are  
And make a wish on the evening star

*Slur the "Star" at the end of the leaders verse, so that the leaders sing the kids part, and at the same time, the kids start singing the leaders part. Both keep repeating and switching until the song dies out.*

-- Thanks to Chris Polvin

## **Rainbow Of Children**

I was born in Alabama  
Saying Yes sir to a man  
When I found out it got me no where  
Never said it again.

Chorus:

We're a rainbow made of children  
We're an army singin' a song  
There's no weapon that can stop us  
Rainbow lovin' is much to strong

Old Man Tucker got his rifle  
Defendin' ma's apple pie  
When I offered him a flower  
He just stood there and asked me why?

Chorus

I was taught that dark was evil  
I was taught that light was good  
But in a rainbow made of children  
Every color is understood

Chorus

-- Thanks to Laura Lukens

## **A Morning Song**

Early in the morning  
(Repeat)  
When I'm fast asleep  
(Repeat)  
Comes a little chirpin'  
(Repeat)  
Comes a little peep  
(Repeat)  
From a little birdie  
(Repeat)  
With a funny name  
(Repeat)

It's a kinda, kinda, fogle, fogle, arch your back and blow your bugle, ear splittin,  
loud and blumin bird ... ERRRP! ERRRP!!

-- Thanks to Laura Lukens

## **Old Gray Mare**

The old gray mare  
Went swimming in the Delaware  
Lost her underwear  
Couldn't find it anywhere  
Six months later  
Found it on a polar bear  
Long, long time ago.

-- Thanks to Kathy and Emily Cash

## **Belly Button Song**

Me take care of me belly button  
Me make sure its nice and clean  
If me neglects me belly button  
In it grows a fungus green

Some people say they have an outty  
Bigger than the Astro Dome  
Some people say they have an inny  
Deeper than the Grand Canyon

Me take care of me belly button  
Me make sure its nice and clean

n Thanks to Christine Hemeon Pack 127 Auburn, NH

## **My Old Man**

(1st Scout sings)

My old man's a sailor, what do you think about that?  
He wears a sailor's collar, he wears a sailor's hat.  
He wears a sailor's raincoat, he wears a sailor's shoes,  
and every Saturday evening he reads the Sunday News.  
And someday,  
if I can,  
I'm gonna be a sailor, the same as my old man.

(2nd Scout sings)

My old man's a farmer, what do you think about that?  
He wears a farmer's collar, he wears a farmer's hat.  
He wears a farmer's raincoat, he wears a farmer's shoes,  
and every Saturday evening he reads the Sunday News.  
And someday,  
if I can,  
I'm gonna be a farmer, the same as my old man.

(3rd Scout sings)

My old man's a fireman, what do you think about that?  
He wears a fireman's collar, he wears a fireman's hat.  
He wears a fireman's raincoat, he wears a fireman's shoes,

and every Saturday evening he reads the Sunday News.  
And someday,  
if I can,  
I'm gonna be a fireman, the same as my old man.

(Scout leader sings)  
My old man's a cottonpickinchickenplucker, what do you think about that?  
He wears a cottonpickinchickenplucker's collar, he wears a  
cottonpickinchickenplucker's hat.  
He wears a cottonpickinchickenplucker's raincoat, he wears a  
cottonpickinchickenplucker's shoes,  
(gasp!)  
and every Saturday evening he reads the cottonpickin news.  
And someday,  
if I can,  
I'm gonna be a cottonpickinchickenplucker',  
the same as my old man.

-- Thanks to Tony Piatek, Pack 26, Back Creek Valley, West Virginia

## **The Fish is Dead**

(Sung to the tune of Joy to the World)

Joy to the world, the fish is dead.  
We Barbecued his head!  
What happened to his body?  
We flushed it down the potty!  
Around and round it goes,  
Around and round it goes,  
Around and round and round it goes!

-- Thanks to Kathy Vos, Volunteer, Pack 414, Sunrise River District, Columbus Township, MN.

## **More Horse and Flea verses**

Down in the jungle  
Where bananas grow  
A little mouse stepped  
On an elephant's toe  
The elephant cried  
With tears in his eyes  
Why don't you pick on  
Somebody your own size?

Chorus (boom boom etc.)  
Esaw esaw esaw socks  
A dollar a pair  
and a nickel a box  
The longer you wear 'em  
The stronger they get  
You put 'em in the water  
And they don't get wet!

Chorus

-- Thanks to Ann Cundall

## **The Exterminators of Den 11 -- We Will Stomp You**

(Parody of "We will Rock You" By Queen)

Buggy you're a bug make a big noise  
Flying in the air gonna be a big bug some day  
You got food on yo' face  
You big disgrace  
Buzzin' your wings all over the place

'We will we will stomp you  
We will we will stomp you'

Buggy you're a young bug hard bug  
crawlin' in the house gonna go splat some day  
You got food on yo' face  
You big disgrace  
Wavin' your antenna all over the place

'We will we will stomp you'  
'We will we will stomp you'

Buggy you're an old bug poor bug  
Pleadin' with your eyes oh let me live today  
You got food on your face  
You big disgrace  
Somebody better put you back outa this place

'We will we will stomp you'  
'We will we will stomp you'  
'We will we will stomp you'  
'We will we will stomp you'

(Pause -- to "We are the Champions")  
We are the champions - my friend  
And we'll keep on exterminating till the end  
We are the champions  
We are the champions  
No time for losers  
'Cause we are the champions of the world

-- Thanks to Sam English

## **More Socks verses**

Black Socks they never get dirty  
The longer you wear them the BLACKER THEY GET!!  
Some times I think about washing,  
But something inside me says DON'T DO IT YET!!

Knee socks they never stay up  
The longer you wear them THE SHORTER THEY GET!!!  
Some times I think about anklets,  
But something inside me says DON'T DO IT YET!!!

Girl Scouts they never shut up,  
The longer you're with them THE LOUDER THEY GET!!!  
Some times I think about Duct tape  
But something inside me says DON'T DO IT YET!!!

Boy Scouts they never shut up,  
The longer you're with them THE LOUDER THEY GET!!!  
Some times I think about Duct tape,  
And something inside me says DO IT RIGHT NOW!!!

-- Thanks to Amy Johnson

## **You Can Tell a Scout from Texas**

(Sung to the tune of "Yellow Rose of Texas")

You can tell a Scout from Texas, you can tell him by his walk,  
You can tell a Scout from Texas, you can tell him by his talk,  
You can tell him by his manners, his appetite and such,  
You can tell a Scout from Texas, BUT YOU SURE CAN'T TELL HIM MUCH.

--Thanks to Judy Doherty



## Johnny, I Hardly Knew Ye

This is an old Irish folk song and you should sing it with an Irish accent as best you can a copy of this tune can be found on many Clancy Brothers CDS. It dates back to the nineteenth century when the British government recruited Irishmen for the East India service and it's very possible that Lord Baden-Powell heard this song sung(it was revived during WW1.

When on the road to sweet A-thy Haroo-Haroo  
When on the road to sweet A-thy Haroo-Haroo  
When on the road to sweet A-thy. A stick in me hand an a drop in me eye,  
A dole-ful damsel I heard cry, "Johnny I hardly knew ye

### Chorus

With guns an drums an drums and guns Ha-roo Ha-roo  
With guns an drums an drums and guns Ha-roo Ha-roo  
With guns an drums an drums and guns the enemy nearly slew ya  
An my darling dear ya look so queer,Johnny I hardly knew ya.

Where are the eyes that looked so mild? Ha-roo Ha-roo  
Where are the eyes that looked so mild? Ha-roo Ha-roo  
Where are the eyes that looked so mild? When my poor heart ya first be-guiled?  
Why did ye skidadle from me an the child? Johnny I hardly knew ya

### CHORUS

Where are the legs with which ya run? Ha-roo Ha-roo  
Where are the legs with which ya run? Ha-roo Ha-roo  
Where are the legs with which ya run? When first ya went to carry a gun.  
Indeed yer dancin days are done. Johnny I hardly knew ya.

### CHORUS

You haven't an arm you haven't a leg. Ha-roo Ha-roo  
You haven't an arm you haven't a leg. Ha-roo Ha-roo  
You haven't an arm you haven't a leg, your an eyless bonless chikless egg.  
You'll have to be put with a bowl to beg. Johnny I hardly knew ye.

### CHORUS

I'm happy for to see ya home. Ha-roo Ha-roo  
I'm happy for to see ya home. Ha-roo Ha-roo  
I'm happy for to see ya home. All from the island of Ceylon.  
So long of flesh, so pale of bone. Johnny I hardly knew ye.

With your guns an drums and drums and guns. Ha-roo Ha-roo

With your guns an drums and drums and guns. Ha-roo Ha-roo  
With your guns an drums and drums and guns,the enemy NEVER slew ya  
Oh my darling dear ya look so queer,Johnny I harly knew ya.

--Thanks to Russell Belian, Eagle Scout, Assistant Scoutmaster Troop 77 Las Vegas Nevada

## Inside Every Family

*Words by Chris Savage, Pack 107, Den 4 (East Lansing, MI. Here's a song I wrote for and performed (with guitar) at our "Discovering Our Family Heritage" Pack meeting in November.*

(Sung to the tune of "Yankee Doodle Dandy")

If you take the time to have  
A family tree created  
You might find yourself surprised  
To whom you are related

Chorus:  
Inside every family  
There are tales of glory  
Some are famous, some are not  
But each one has a story

Aunts and uncles, dear old granddad  
Moms and dads and brothers  
All have common ancestors  
Who knows what you'll discover?

Chorus

Every family has traditions  
Some might have a mystery  
There's no end to what you'll find  
In your family history

Chorus

So take a look into your roots  
You'll see that it's a pleasure  
To seek out your heritage  
Your greatest family treasure

Chorus

## Scat

Scat makes the world go around  
The forest can't survive without it on the ground  
So next time you step in a pile of scat  
Raise your hand high and say that's where it's at.

It starts with an S and it ends with a T,  
It comes out of you and it comes out of me.  
I know what your thinking don't call it that,  
Just be scientific and just call it scat.

-- Thanks to David Shira

## Watermelon Song

Plant a little watermelon on my grave  
and let the juice (slurp slurp) trickle through.  
Plant a little watermelon on my grave  
That's all I ask of yooooouuu!

Well Southern fried chicken  
Tastes mighty, mighty fine  
But nothing tastes as good  
As a watermelon rrrriiiiiinnnnnd.

Plant a little watermelon on my grave.  
And let the juice (slurp, slurp) trickle through.

Looking out my tent flap, into the night  
I can see the barges, flickering light.

## Barges

Barges, I would like to go with you,  
I would like to sail the ocean blue.  
Barges, have you treasures in your hold,  
Do you fight with pirates, brave and bold?

# ***Silly Holiday Songs***

Here are some silly Scouting Songs, derived from familiar holiday tunes.  
Please send me your favorites and I'll include them here.

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- The Twelve Scouting Days of Christmas
- The Twelve Days of Summer Camp
- "I'm A Snowflake" by Karen Rogers
- Christmas Time
- Santa's Coming
- Randall
- Rudy, the Red-Nosed Cub Scout
- Tommy
- The Twelve Days of Halloween
- More Christmas Stuff, by Rob Stawicki

## **A Scout's Christmas**

By K. Meyers, D. Busker, and the boys of Den 4, Pack 1515, Alexandria, VA  
(tune: Jingle Bells)

Dashing through the den,  
With a rope held by each end,  
Tying a bowline knot  
Then showing what I've got.

Whittling with my knife  
On a practice Dial soap bar.  
I can hardly wait,  
Scout camp can't be far.

Bait a hook,  
Learn to cook,  
Bike ro-de-os.  
Neckerchief slides,  
Canned food drives,  
Learning to take photos.

Pancake mix,  
Carving sticks,  
Keeps us on the run.  
Our families  
Make all these  
Memories so much fun.

Dashing through the camp,  
Putting up the tents,  
Popping all the corn,

Blowing that morning horn.

Of scout camp we all dream  
We'll soon be old enough  
Tigers, Bobcats, Wolves, and Bears  
We're made of real tough stuff!

Half-hitch knots,  
Setting up cots,  
Playing fun new games.  
Hammers and nails,  
Compass and trails,  
Arrow points are the thing.

Santa's coming,  
We've been good,  
As good as we can be...  
Load our stocking  
With a pocket knife,  
Boy Scouts we want to be!

-- Thanks to Pete Farnham, CM, Pack 1515, GW District, NCAC, Alexandria,  
VA

## **The Twelve Scouting Days of Christmas**

(Tune: 12 Days of Christmas. Substitute Christmas for Scouting in the leading  
lines as you wish)

On the first day of Scouting, Akela gave to me.....  
    A Den Leader swinging from a tree!  
On the second day of Scouting, Akela gave to me.....  
    Two Screaming Bobcats,  
    And a Den Leader swinging from a tree!

*OK, you should have the idea by now. Here's the rest of these silly verses:*

Third Day  
    Three Skinny Wolves  
Fourth Day  
    Four Hungry Bears  
Fifth Day  
    Five We be los  
Sixth Day  
    Six Arrow points

Seventh Day  
    Seven Silly Den Chiefs  
Eighth Day  
    Eight Shouting Scouts  
Ninth Day  
    Nine Warring Eagles  
Tenth Day  
    Ten Derby Cars  
Eleventh Day  
    Eleven Funny Den Skits  
Twelfth Day  
    Twelve Wacky Cheers

-- Thanks to Jack W. Weinmann

### **The Twelve Days of Summer Camp**

On the first day of summer camp, my mommy sent to me  
    A box of oatmeal cookies.  
On the second day of summer camp, my mommy sent to me  
    Two T-shirts  
    And a box of oatmeal cookies.

*OK, you should have the idea by now. Here's the rest of these silly verses:*

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 comic books  
Ninth Day  
    Nine bars of soap  
Tenth Day  
    Ten Band-Aids  
Eleventh Day  
    Eleven shoestrings  
Twelfth Day  
    Twelve bottles of blood-sucking helicopter repellent

--Thanks to Chuck Bramlet, ASM Troop 323, Thunderbird District, Grand

Canyon Council, Phoenix, Az. and the Thunderbird District, TRC, Cub Scout Roundtable resource packet, Nov 9, 1989.

### **"I'm A Snowflake" by Karen Rogers**

Tune: Clementine

I'm a snowflake, I'm a snowflake,  
I'm a snowflake yes I am.  
And I'm falling, yes I'm falling,  
Right upon your little head.

Oh, I'm melting, Oh, I'm melting  
Oh, I'm melting yes I am.  
Aren't you glad that I'm not yellow,  
But white like I am.

--Thanks to Chuck Bramlet, ASM Troop 323, Thunderbird District, Grand Canyon Council, Phoenix, Az. and the Thunderbird District, TRC, Cub Scout Roundtable resource packet, Nov 9, 1989.

### **Christmas Time**

Tune: Jingle Bells  
School is out, we won't pout,  
Cubs shout "hip hooray!"  
Something Special's coming soon,  
And it's Christmas day.

Wrap the gift, trim the tree,  
Mind your Mon and Dad.  
You'll get presents if you do,  
Boy, won't you be glad!

### **Santa's Coming**

Tune: Brother John

Santa's coming, Santa's coming,  
Can you hear? Can you hear?  
Jingle Bells are jingling, we are happy singing.  
Christmas Bells, Christmas Bells.

--Thanks to Chuck Bramlet, ASM Troop 323, Thunderbird District, Grand Canyon Council, Phoenix, Az. and the Thunderbird District, TRC, Cub Scout Roundtable resource packet, Nov 9, 1989.

## **Randall**

Tune: Rudolph

Randall, the red-cheeked Cub Scout  
Had a very cold, cold nose.  
And if you ever noticed,  
You could even say it flows.

All of the other Cubbies,  
Used to laugh and point it out.  
That Randall, the red-cheeked Cub Scout  
Had a very runny snout.

Then one day the Den Leader  
Took Randall out of sight (A clear violation of YPT! ;) )  
And told him that it's time he knew  
How to wipe his nose just right.

Now all the other Cubbies  
Think Randall is a "Class-A" Scout.  
Cause Randall, the red-cheeked Cub Scout  
Finally learned to blow his snout.

--Thanks to Chuck Bramlet, ASM Troop 323, Thunderbird District, Grand Canyon Council, Phoenix, Az. and the Thunderbird District, TRC, Cub Scout Roundtable resource packet, Nov 9, 1989.

## **Rudy, the Red-Nosed Cub Scout**

Rudy, the red-nosed Cub Scout,  
Had a very runny nose;  
And if you ever saw it,  
You would prob ly say, Oh, Gross!

All of the other Cub Scouts  
Used to look and say, Oh, Ick! ;  
Parents wouldn t go near Rudy,  
Cause they thought they would get sick.

Then one winter s Pack Meeting,



Akela said, Sign s Up! .  
Rudy, with your nose so wet,  
A box of Kleenex is what you ll get!

Then all the Cub Scouts cheered him,  
As he blew and blew and blew;  
Rudy, the red-nosed Cub Scout,  
We will Do Our Best with you!

-- Words by Kelly Parker, CM, Pack 43, Thunderbird District, Grand Canyon Council (Phoenix, AZ)

### **Tommy the Cub Scout**

Tune: Frosty

Tommy, the Cub Scout  
Was a very happy boy.  
With a uniform of blue and gold  
And a Den that gave him joy.

Tommy, the Cub Scout  
Earned his badges one by one.  
He did his best and met the test.  
A good citizen he's become.

He helps out other people when  
He sees they need a lot.  
He does his chores around the house  
And feeds his dog (named Spot).

Tommy, the Cub Scout  
Does his duty willingly.  
Someday he'll join a Boy Scout Troop  
And a fine man he will be.

--Thanks to Chuck Bramlet, ASM Troop 323, Thunderbird District, Grand Canyon Council, Phoenix, Az. and the Thunderbird District, TRC, Cub Scout Roundtable resource packet, Nov 9, 1989.

### **The Twelve Days of Halloween**

(Sung to the tune of The Twelve Days of Christmas)

On the first day of Halloween, my true love sent to me,  
An owl in an old deed tree.

*And the other eleven verses are:*

Two Trick or Treaters.

Three Black Cats.

Four Skeletons.

Five Scary Spooks.

Six Goblins Gobbling.

Seven Pumpkins Glowing.

Eight Monsters Shrieking.

Nine Ghosts a Booing.

Ten Ghouls a Groaning.

Eleven Masks a Leering.

Twelve Bats a Flying.

-- Thanks to Roger Young

## **More Christmas Stuff,**

**by Rob Stawicki**

Giving time, sharing time, fun for everyone,  
Scouters know that Christmas is  
The time for deeds well done.

Giving time, sharing time, let us all take part.  
Join with Cub Scouts all around,  
And give gifts from the heart.

(Tune: Camptown Races)

Rudolph's pulling Santa's sleigh, ho-ho! ho-ho!  
Rudolph's leading all the way, ho-ho! ho-ho!  
Gonna ride all day, gonna ride all night,  
They'll be flying through the sky, using Rudolph's light.

(Tune: Bingo)

I know a man in a jolly red suit,  
and Santa is his name-o.  
S-A-N-T-A, S-A-N-T-A, S-A-N-T-A  
and Santa is his name-o.

(Tune: Auld Lang Syne)

It's Christmas time around the world,  
You'll hear the Yule bells ring.  
It's time for giving, time for love,  
It's time for hearts to sing.

Merry Christmas to you one and all,  
Goodwill and happiness,  
Good health throughout the coming year,  
May all your days be blessed.

(Tune: Jingle Bells)  
School is out, we won't pout,  
Cubs shout "Hip-hooray!"  
Something special's coming soon,  
And it's Christmas Day.

Wrap the gifts, trim the tree,  
Mind your Mom and Dad.  
You'll get presents if you do,  
Boy, won't we be glad!

(Tune: She'll Be Coming 'Round the Mountain)  
He'll be driving 8 brown reindeer when he comes,  
He'll be driving 8 brown reindeer when he comes,  
He'll be driving 8 brown reindeer, driving 8 brown reindeer,  
He'll be driving 8 brown reindeer when he comes.

(Other verses)  
- He'll be coming down the chimney when he comes.  
- He'll be dressed up in a red suit when he comes.  
- We'll all peek to see him when he comes.  
- We'll give him milk and cookies when he comes.

(Tune: 12 Days of Christmas)  
On the first day of Scouting Akela gave to me... A den leader swinging from a tree  
2nd... 2 screaming Bobcats  
3rd... 3 skinny Wolves  
4th... 4 hungry Bears  
5th... 5 We bel os  
6th... 6 Arrow points  
7th... 7 silly den chiefs  
8th... 8 shouting Scouts  
9th... 9 warring Eagles  
10th.. 10 Derby cars  
11th.. 11 funny den skits  
12th.. 12 wacky cheers

A Hannaka Song

(Tune: Three Blind Mice)  
Eight bright lights, eight bright lights,  
See how they glow, see how they glow,  
They call to mind the Maccabees,  
The struggle for our liberties,  
The glory of their victories,  
Eight bright lights.

## ***The Titanic***

Here are all the verses I can find for the Titanic Song.

### **The Titanic**

They built a ship Titanic to sail the ocean blue  
They thought they had a ship that the water'd never go through  
She was on her maiden trip, when and iceberg hit the ship  
It was sad when the great ship went down

Chorus:

Version 1:

Oh it was sad (so sad)  
It was sad (real tough)  
It was sad when the great ship went down  
to the bottom of the seeee eeeee eeee  
Little children wept and cried  
When the water rushed o'er the side  
It was sad when the great ship went down

Version 2:

Oh it was sad (so sad)  
It was sad (real tough)  
It was sad when the great ship went down  
to the bottom of the seeee eeeee eeee  
Uncle and Aunts, little children lost their parents  
It was sad when the great ship went down.

It was off the English shore, 'bout a hundred miles or more,  
When the rich refused to associate 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

They swung the lifeboats out on the dark and stormy sea  
When the band struck up "So near my God to thee"  
Little children wept and cried, as the water rushed o'er the side  
It was sad when the great ship went down

Chorus

The captain stood on deck with a tear drop in his eye  
As the last boat went out, he waved them all goodbye  
He knew he made a slip, as he went down with his ship  
It was sad when the great ship went down

Chorus They built another ship called the S.S. MaryLou  
They painted her stern red and they painted her bow blue  
They christened her with beer, and she sunk right at the pier  
It was sad when the great ship went down

Chorus

There's an additional verse to Titanic that our troop sings at the end:

Well they built another ship, the SS Titanic 2.  
And they thought they had a ship, that the water could not go through.  
So they christened it with beer, And it sank right off the pier.  
It was sad when the great ship went down.

-- Thanks to Samantha Sovern, leader, Girl Scout Troop #696, Girl Scout Council of Orange County, California

An alternate ending:

Oh the moral of this story, as I am about to tell,  
Is that you should treat your brothers very well,  
For in the good Lord's eyes you're the same as other guys!  
It was sad when the great ship went down!

-- Thanks to Mary Kate Holden GS Troop 917, Greensboro, NC

The boat was full of sin and the sides about to burst  
When the captian shouted "Women and children first!"  
Oh the captian tried to wire but the lines were all on fire  
It was sad when the great ship went down.

We also had two verses at the END that went like this: Well they built a brand new ship and they named her Betty Lou,  
And they painted her stern brown, and they painted her bow blue  
When the christened her with beer, she sank right off the pier  
It was sad when the great ship went down

AND

Well they built a brand new ship and they named her Mickey Mouse,  
They painted her bow black 'cause the captian was a louse  
When they christened her with gin, the whole darn thing fell in  
It was sad when the great ship went down

-- Thanks to Heidi R

The Titanic They built the ship titanic  
to sail the ocean blue  
oh, they thought they had a ship  
that the water wouldn't go through  
but, the good Lord raised his hand,  
said the ship would never land.  
it was sad when the great ship went down.

CHORUS:

It was sad (so sad)  
it was sad (too bad)  
it was sad when the great ship went down  
to the bottom of the sea...  
(husbands and wives, little children lost thier lives)  
it was sad when the great ship went down  
to the bottom of the sea.  
blub, blub, blub, blub...

Off the coast of England  
Not very far from shore  
Where the rich refuse to associate with the poor.  
So they put them down below  
And they were the first to go.  
It was sad when the great ship went down.

CHORUS

The captain stood on deck  
With a tear in his eye  
As he waved the last of his passengers goodbye  
Oh, he thought he made a slip  
So he went down with the ship.  
It was sad when the great ship went down.

(Slowly, somberly) The captain stood on deck, with a teardrop in his eye.  
As the last boat left, he waved them all goodbye.  
Goooooodbye!  
(Fast) He'd knew he made a slip, so he went down with the ship.  
It was sad when the great ship went down!  
Hit the bottom!  
It was sad, so sad. It was sad, too bad!  
It was sad when the great ship went down to the bottom of the sea...  
(Uncles and aunts, little children lost their pants)....

it was sad when the great ship went down. Hit the bottom!

Oh, the captain fell dead  
When the shark got in his bed,  
And the octopus got everyone but me.  
The fish with the pointy nose nibbled on my toes.  
It was sad when the great ship went down.

The other verse is:

Well the ship was filled with sin  
And the sides about to burst  
When the Captain shouted:  
"WOMEN AND CHILDREN FIRST"  
All the women and children cried  
As the waves swept over the side  
It was sad when the great ship went down.

The ending - this should be sung to the same melody but much slower. We would take off our hats as if in mourning

Now because of this wild  
And fatal tragedy  
A might Coast Guard Cutter  
Sails over those cold And raging seeeeeeaaaaaas.  
And every now and then,  
They pass o'er that spot again  
(pick up the pace)  
It was sad when the great ship went down.

Well they built another ship  
And they called her "Mary Jane"  
And the box and the stern  
Were painted just the same  
Well they christened her with beer  
And she sank right off the pier  
It was sad when the great ship went down.

When they built the ship Titanic to sail the ocean blue,  
they thought they'd built a ship that the water wouldn't go through.  
but the good lord raised his hand  
and said "This ship will never land"  
It was sad when the the great ship went down, down, down.

CHORUS:  
It was sad (so sad)



It was sad (halleluja)  
It was sad when the great ship went down to the bottom of the sea  
(froggies and turtles, the ladies lost their girdles)  
It was sad when the great ship went down, down, down.

Lady Esther turned around jsut to see her husband drown  
as the ship Titanic made a gurgling sound.  
So she wrapped herself in mink  
as the ship began to sink.  
It was sad when the great ship went down, down, down

#### CHORUS

The captain faced the bow with a teardrop in his eye  
as he waved the last lifeboat goodbye.  
He knew he'd made a slip  
so he went down with the ship.  
It was sad when the great ship went down, down, down.

#### CHORUS

So the moral of the story as you can plainly see  
is to wear your life preserver when going out to sea.  
It will keep you very happy,  
it will keep you safe and dry.  
it was sad when the great ship went down, down, down.

#### CHORUS

Kerplunk!  
It sunk!  
To the bottom of the sea.

## ***Wood Badge Songs***

Here are some Wood Badge songs, thanks to Craig Tucket. There must be many songs like these, so please send me your favorites and I'll include them here.

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## **The Gilwell Song**

I used to be a Beaver,

And a good old Beaver too.  
but now I've finsihed 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 while I can.

Chorus:

Back to Gilwell, happy land,  
I'm going to work my ticket while I can.

(Repeat using the other patrol names, and the staff)

Beaver  
Bobwhite  
Eagle  
Fox  
Owl  
Bear  
Buffalo

Antelope  
Crow

## In My Dreams

(From the musical play, "We Live Forever" by Ralph Reader)

In my dreams, I'm going back to Gilwell,  
To the joys and happiness I found,  
On those grand weekends,  
With my dear old friends,  
And see the training grounds.

Oh, the grass is greener back in Gilwell,  
And I breathe again that Scouting air,  
And in memory, I see B.P.,  
Who never will be far from there.

## THE EIGHT DAYS OF WOOD BADGE

(Tune: "The Twelve Days of Christmas")

On the first day of Wood Badge,  
My leader said to me,  
You know there's no time to sit down.

2. Two wooden beads
3. Three broad hats
4. Four flying flags
5. Five more leadership skills
6. All patrols a hiking
7. Everyone's a feasting
8. All Scouters leaving.

BRING ON THE SPL

(Tune: The Girl I Left Behind Me)

Oh! the cocoa was spilled on the lodge room floor,  
And the lodge was closed for the night (clap, clap.  
When a candidate came from behind the door,  
By the shadow of-the pale moonlight (clap, clap.)

Oh he lapped up the coca from the lodge room floor

And back on his haunches he fell (clap, clap.)  
And all night long you could hear him roar,  
Bring on the S.P.L!

## OUR LEADER

(Tune: "My Bonnie")

O, I wish I had wings like an eagle,  
O'er these Wood Badge walls I would fly  
Straight to the arms of my mommy,  
And there I'd be willing to cry.

I have met with a broad hatted leader  
With three bars on his sleeve  
He looks with the face of a tiger  
And acts like a sergeant on leave.

He's meeting me tonight in the ax-yard  
So mommy please pray for his soul.  
Yes, pray that the Lord will forgive him,  
He's the head of the leaders patrol.

## LEADERSHIP

(Tune: "Mickey Mouse")

We're the staff of Wood Badge,  
That's here to train you all,  
L E A- DER- S - H I P.  
Doomed till we earn our Wood Badge beads  
Lord help us one and all,  
L E A- DER- S - H I P.

LEADERSHIP, SPL  
LEADERSHIP, SPL

We'll always keep our Scouting  
Spirit high, high, high.  
Through Scouting ways,  
And camping days,  
Throughout the coming years.

L E A- DER- S - H I P.

Yea! Leadership,

Yea, Leadership,

Yea! Wood Badge Leadership!

## **WHEN THE STAFF COMES MARCHING IN**

(Tune: "When the Saints Come Marching In")

Oh, when the staff comes marching in,  
Oh, when the staff comes marching in,  
Lord, How I'd love to be a learner,  
When the staff comes marching in.

Oh, when those competencies begin,  
Oh, when those competencies begin,  
Lord, how I'd love to be a learner,  
When those competencies begin.

And when you earn  
Your Wood Badge beads,  
And when you earn  
Your Wood Badge beads,  
Lord, how I'd love to be a learner,  
When you earn your Wood Badge beads.

## **HE'S GOT THE WOOD BADGE COURSE IN HIS HANDS**

(Tune: "He's Got the Whole World in His Hands")

He's got the Bob White Patrol in his hands,  
He's got the Bob White Patrol in his hands,  
He's got the Bob White Patrol in his hands,  
He's got the whole Patrol in his hands.

(Repeat with the other Patrol names)

Beaver

Bobwhite

Eagle

Fox

Owl

Bear

Buffalo  
Antelope  
Crow

## WOOD BADGE COURSE TO RUN

(Tune: "My Bonnie")

We came to Camp \_\_\_\_\_,  
A Wood Badge course to run,  
And once we arrived at \_\_\_\_\_,  
We sure had a lot of fun.

(Chorus)  
Camping, Camping,  
It's good to be camping again, again.  
Camping, Camping,  
It's good to be camping again.

The tents were erected quite quickly,  
In various sizes and shapes,  
They drooped at the corners most sickly  
And hung from the ridgepole like grapes.

(Repeat chorus)

A session on Getting and Giving,  
Hanging an old honey-pot,  
And then one on Knowing and Using,  
Told us of each other a lot.

(Repeat chorus)

With this campfire,  
This course is growing,  
A good one for all it will be,  
The lights will be out by eleven,  
And then not a learner we'll see.

## WEATHER ROCK-A

(Tune: "Alouette")

(Chorus)

Weather Rock-a,  
Lovely Weather Rock-a  
Weather Rock-a,  
Hanging over there.

When it's dry and warm,  
Then you wear your uniform.  
Dry and warm,  
Uniform.

(Repeat chorus)

When it's cool and wet,  
Then you wear your poncho yet.  
Dry and warm,  
uniform.  
Cool and wet,  
Poncho yet.

(Repeat chorus)

When it's moving to and fro,  
Then it's winds that do blow.  
To and fro,  
Winds do blow.  
Cool and dry,  
Poncho yet.  
Dry and warm,  
Uniform.

(Repeat chorus)

## **Person Stew**

(Gillwell)

I used to be a person  
And a good old person too.  
And then I went to Wood Badge,  
And they made me person stew.  
My feet are wet and blistered.  
I'm aching in the legs  
And my brain is gone.  
And ere too long  
My hair will look like Craig's!\*

\*(take hats off and rub head indicating baldness)

## **I'VE BEEN LISTENING HERE AT WOOD BADGE**

(Tune: I've Been Working On The Railroad")

I've been listening here at Wood Badge,  
All the live long day.  
I've been listening here at Wood Badge,  
Just to hear the Kudu play.  
Can't you hear the Kudu blowing,  
Rise up so early in the morn.  
Can't you hear the leader shouting,  
Woodman blow your horn.

Woodman can't you blow,  
Woodman can't you blow,  
Woodman can't you blow your Kudu horn  
Woodman can't you blow,  
Woodman can't you blow,  
Woodman can't you blow your horn.

Someone's up there a blowing,  
Someone's up there I know, I know,  
Someone's up there a glowing,  
Blowing on the Kudu horn,  
And singing,

Ku Du Kudll I Du  
Ku Du Kudll I Du uuu  
Ku Du Kudll I Du  
Blowing on the old Kudu