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I Want to be Hay
I Would Rather Be In a Shanty In Old Shanty Town
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It's a Small World
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It's a Long, Long Way to Tierary
I've Got a Loverly Bunch of Coconuts
I've Got Sixpence

Jaws
Johnny Aleseed
Johnny Verbeck

Kookaburra

Lilli Marlene
Linger
Littlest Worm
Long Legged Sailor

Make New Friends
Mama Mosquito
Manana (is soon enough for me)
Marching Song
Marching Along Together
Mary Had a Swarm of Bees
McDonald's
Mockin' Bird Hill
Moon in the Meadows
Move It On Over (The Scouts Are Coming To Camp.)
Mr/s. Lucy
My Aardvark
My Dog Rover
My Tall Silk Hat
My Uncle/Aunt
My Uncle/Aunt Roasted a Kangaroo

National Embalming School
Nothing Song

Oh-Oh-Oh-Oh
Oh Dear! What Can the Matter Be
Oh My Frankenstein
Once a XXXX Scout Went to Camp
On My Honor
One Tin Soldier

Pink Pajamas
Prince/ss Pat

Quarter Master's Store

Riding the Crest of the Wave
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Rounds
Run River Run
Sara the Whale
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Scout Prayer (Vespers)
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S/He'll Be Coming
Shine on Harvest Moon
Simple Gifts
Shipwrecked
Silver Threads Among the Gold
Singing in the Rain
Skier's Song
Skip's Song
Smiles
Star Spangled Banner
Star Spangled Banner (full version)
Streets of London
The Sunny Side of Life
Sweedish Scout SongP

Taps
Taps (for Cub Scouts)
Thanks Be to God
There Was and Old Wo/Man
There was a Bee
These are the Days
Tie Me Kangaroo Down
Tom the Toad
Trail the Eagle
Tree Toads
Two Little Fleas

Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree
Unicorn Song

Valkyrie
The Vikings Collection!
Vikings
Vikings Go Sailing
Vikings, Vikings
Viking Adventurers

Wading
Warm and Gentle Fuzzies
When You're Smiling
White Underwear
Why Does the Sun Shine?
Will Rogers Camp Song
Worms
Worm's Eye View

You're the Cream in my Coffee

Sent in by Mr M C Randall (phupf@csv.warwick.ac.uk)

It's got a simple chorus that even scouts should be able to cope with, with the verses sung by the camp leader. I'm really sorry, but I don't know where the tune comes from!

The chorus:

Get away, get away,
It's a mighty fine song so I'll sing it all day,
With a 1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8,9,10,
10,9,8,7,6,5,4,3,2,1,
And a 1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8,9,10,
It's a mighty fine song so I'll sing it again.

Verse 1

To market, to market went my uncle Jim,
When somebody threw a tomato at him,
Now tomatoes are soft and they don't hurt the skin,
But this one it did 'cos it was in a tin!

Verse 2

Now Mary the milkmaid was milking a cow,
But poor little Mary she didn't know how,
She went and she tried, but she pulled the wrong mit,
And all of a sudden was covered in ****!

Verse 3

I called on my girlfriend, her name is Miss Brown,
She was having a bath so she couldn't come down,
I said 'slip on something, be down in tick',
She slipped on the soap and, by God she was quick!

All the Nice Girls Love a Sailor

Sent in by Ian Ross

All the nice girls love a sailor,
All the nice girls love a tar;
For there's something about a sailor --
Well, you know what sailors are!

Bright and breezy, free and easy,
He's the ladies' pride and joy.
Falls in love with Kate and Jane,
Then he's off to sea again --

Ship Ahoy! Ship Ahoy!

Air Scouts Song

Sent in by G. E. Hedrick (geh@a.cs.okstate.EDU)

He was flying a Flying Fortress at forty thousand feet
He was flying a Flying Fortress at forty thousand feet
He was flying a Flying Fortress at forty thousand feet
But he ain't gonna fly no more

Chorus:

Gory, gory, what a terrible way to die
Gory gory what a terrible way to die
Gory gory. what a terrible way to die
And he ain't gonna jump no more

He didn't see the fighters when they pounced him from the sun
He didn't see the fighters when they pounced him from the sun
He didn't see the fighters when they pounced him from the sun
So he ain't gonna fly no more

(chorus)

He heard a bang, the plane broke up and spread across the sky
He heard a bang, the plane broke up and spread across the sky
He heard a bang, the plane broke up and spread across the sky
And it ain't gonna fly no more

(chorus)

He jumped without a parachute from forty thousand feet
He jumped without a parachute from forty thousand feet
He jumped without a parachute from forty thousand feet
But he ain't gonna jump no more

(chorus)

They scraped him off the tarmac like a dollop of strawberry jam
They scraped him off the tarmac like a dollop of strawberry jam
They scraped him off the tarmac like a dollop of strawberry jam
And he ain't gonna jump no more

(chorus)

They spread him on a postcard and they sent him home to Mum
They spread him on a postcard and they sent him home to Mum
They spread him on a postcard and they sent him home to Mum
'cause he ain't gonna jump no more

(chorus)

They buried him in a matchbox at the bottom of the yard
They buried him in a matchbox at the bottom of the yard
They buried him in a matchbox at the bottom of the yard

'cause he ain't gonna jump no more
(chorus)

His ghost jumps without a parachute from forty thousand feet
His ghost jumps without a parachute from forty thousand feet
His ghost jumps without a parachute from forty thousand feet
And he's gonna keep on jumping evermore

Aura Lee

Sent in by Ian Ross

As the blackbird in the spring,
'Neath the willow tree
Sat and piped, I heard him sing,
Singing Aura Lee

CHORUS:

Aura Lee, Aura Lee
Maid with golden hair
Sunshine came along with thee,
And swallows in the air.

On her cheek the rose was born;
'Twas music when she spake;
In her eyes the rays of morn,
With sudden splendour break.

CHORUS

Ali-Bee-Vo

Sent in by Darin McGrew (mcgrew@rahul.net)

This is a rythmic chant, rather than a song. Count about 2 seconds per beat, and start each line on the beat. Then get faster each time you repeat the chant. Note that you can substitute any phrase you want for "Sequoia Brigade Camp"; that's just how I learned it.

Ali-bee-vo [pause]
Ali-bye-vo [pause]
Ali-bee-vo, bye-vo
Bum [pause]
Bum, get a rat trap
Bigger than a cat trap
Bum, get a rat trap
Bigger than a gun
Cannibal, cannibal,
Siss, boom, bah
Sequoia Brigade Camp*
Rah, rah, rah

All Night, All Day

Sent in by G. E. Hedrick (geh@a.cs.okstate.EDU)

All night, all day, (O Lordy)

Angels watching over me, my Lord
All night, all day,
Angels watching over me

Now I lay me down to sleep
Angels watching over me, my Lord
Pray the Lord my soul to keep
Angels watching over me

If I die before I wake
Angels watching over me, my Lord
Pray the Lord my soul to take
Angels watching over me

Alligator

Sent in by G. E. Hedrick (geh@a.cs.okstate.EDU)

The alligator is my friend.
He can be your friend too.
If only you would understand,
That he has feelings too!

Chorus:
Alligator! Alligator!
Can be your friend.
Can be your friend.
Can be your friend, too.

The alligator's happy and smiles.
He never sings the blues.
I'd rather have him as my friend,
than wear him on my shoes.

(chorus)

The alligator swims the swamps.
He never crawls on dirt.
And if you want to see my friend,
You can see him on my shirt.

(chorus)

The alligator ate my friend.
He can eat your friend, too.
If only you will understand,
That he eats dinner too!

(chorus)

America

Sent in by G E Hedrick (geh@a.cs.okstate.edu)

My country 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty.
Of thee, I sing.

Land where my father's died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountainside
Let freedom ring.

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

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

Our fathers' God to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

America The Beautiful

Sent in by G E Hedrick (geh@a.cs.okstate.edu)

Oh beautiful, for spacious skies
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain.
America, America;
God shed his grace on thee.
And crown thy good with brotherhood
from sea to shining sea!

Oh beautiful, for pilgrims' feet,
Whose firm impassioned stress,
A thoroughfare for freedom beat,
accross the wilderness!
America! America! God mend thy every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self control,
Thy liberty in law!

Oh beautiful, for heroes proved,
In liberating strife,
Who more than self --- their country loved,
and mercy more than life!
America! America! May God thy gold refine,
'til all success be nobleness,
and every gain divine!

Oh beautiful for patriot's dream,
That sees beyond the years,
Thine alabaster cities gleam,
Undimmed by human tears.
America! America! God shed his grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea.

Announcements, announcements, announcements!

Sent in by rlewis3@ic3.ithaca.edu

Announcements, announcements, announcements.

A horrible way to die, a horrible way to die,
A horrible way to start the day,
A horrible way to die.

Announcements, announcements, announcements.

What a terrible way to die,
What a terrible way to die,
What a terrible death, to be talked to death.
What a terrible way to die.

Announcements, announcements, announcements.

(How Dry I Am)
We sold our cow, moo.
We sold our cow, moo.
We have no use for your bull now.

Announcements, announcements, announcements.

(London Bridge)
Make the announcements short and sweet,
Short and sweet,
Short and sweet.
Make the announcements short and sweet,
They're so BORING!

Announcements, announcements, announcements.

(Ever Seen a Windmill)
Have you ever seen a windbag,
A windbag, a windbag,
Have you ever seen a windbag.
Well there's one right now.
Swings this way and that way,
Swings this way and that way,
Have you ever seen a windbag,
Well there's one RIGHT NOW!

Announcements, announcements, announcements.

(Freres Jaques)

Words of wisdom,
Words of wisdom.
Here they come,
Here they come.
Boring words of wisdom,
Boring words of wisdom.
Dum, dum, dum,
Dum, dum, dum.

Announcements, announcements, announcements.

(What Do You Do With A Drunken Sailor)
What do you do with a program director?
What do you do with a program director?
What do you do with a program director,
Early in the morning.
Hit him in the face with a chocolate cream pie!
Hit him in the face with a chocolate cream pie!
Hit him in the face with a chocolate cream pie,
Early in the morning!

Announcements, announcements, announcements.

(London Bridge)
Make the Announcements short and sweet,
short and sweet, short and sweet;
Make the Announcements short and sweet,
they're so. . .(shout). . .BORING!

Announcements, announcements, announcements

Row Row Row your Boat
Gently down the stream
throw the announcements overboard and listen to them scream.

Announcements, announcements, announcements

Row, row, row your boat
Gently down the stream.
Ha Ha! Fooled you,
I'm a submarine.

Announcements, announcements, announcements

When you're up, you're up
And when you're down, you're down.
And when you're only halfway up
You're also halfway down. (you'r neither up or down)

Announcements, announcements, announcements

Mary had a little lamb
The doctor was surprised.
Old McDonald had a farm
He couldn't believe his eyes.

Announcements, announcements, announcements

(A slow tempo verse)

I was a farmer, I had some cows. I had some chickens, and great big sows.

The sows said "Oink, oink". The chicks went "Cluck cluck".

But the cows said "Run fast! Here comes the bull!"

Announcements, announcements, announcements

The man stood up to talk. He talked real long and hard.

He talked so long that I wrote this song,

On the lid of a can of lard!

Now lard is used to cook,

And words they make a book.

But if this guy keeps talking up a storm,

We'll be awake no more!

Announcements, announcements, announcements

We've got a silly cheer, that you've just got to hear!

It makes no sense we're sure you know,

The announcements have to GO!

Announcements, announcements, announcements

Speak Freak!

Talk Joc !

Rap Sap!

So whats the point?

Ant Marching Song

Sent in by G E Hedrick (geh@a.cs.okstate.edu)

The ants go marching one by one.

Hurrah, Hurrah.

The ants go marching one by one.

Hurrah, Hurrah.

The ants go marching one by one,

The little one stops to shoot his gun.

And they all go marching,

Down to the ground to get out of the rain.

Boom, boom, boom, boom.

(Insert the following lines, replacing one by one/to shoot his gun, etc.)

Two by two to tie his shoe.

Three by three to climb a tree.

Four by four to close the door.

Five by five to pick up sticks.

Seven by seven to look at heaven.

Eight by eight to shut the gate.

Nine by nine to tell the time.

Ten by ten to say THE END.

Sent in by Jenna Brown, (cat@maple.ufl.edu)

chorus:

So (or "and") they all go marching
Down...to the ground...to get out of the rain"

I've also heard it with a Boom, Boom, Boom after each chorus

Apples and Bananas

Sent in by Darin McGrew (mcgrew@rahul.net)

Repeat several times, each time changing all the vowels to the same vowel sound, a different vowel sound each repetition. Good vowel sounds to use include AH, AY, EE, EYE, OH, and OO.

I want to eat,
I want to eat
Eight apples and bananas
I want to eat,
I want to eat
Eight apples and bananas

April Showers

Sent in by Ian Ross

Though April showers may come your way,
They bring the flowers that bloom in May,
So if it's raining, have no regret,
Because it isn't raining rain you know,
It's raining violets

And when you see clouds up on the hill,
You soon will see crowds of daffodils,
So keep on looking for a bluebird,
And listening for his song,
Whenever April showers come along.

Auld Lang Syne

Sent in by G E Hedrick (geh@a.cs.okstate.edu)

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And days of auld lang syne?
For auld lang syne, my friend,
For auld lang syne;
We'll take a cup of kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

Birds of a Feather

Sent in by David Cooke (s5djc@bath.ac.uk)

We are birds of a feather,

Innon Town is our home.
To all birds of a feather,
Where so ever we roam.

Get your wavelength on the air,
We're going to shout,
"LONDON" calling,
Listen to our Greeings ringing out,
to Birds of a feather,
and the wide wide world.

Bring Back My Neighbors to Me

Sent in by ???

Last night as I lay on my pillow
Last night as I lay on my bed
I stuck my feet out the window
In the morning my neighbors were dead.

Bring back, bring back
Bring back my neighbors to me, to me
Bring back, bring back
Bring back my neighbors to me.

Boy Scouts Together

Sent in by G E Hedrick (geh@a.cs.okstate.edu)

(sung moderately slowly)

Boy Scouts together,
That is our song,
Winding the old trails
rocky and long.
Learning our motto,
living our creed,
Boy Scouts together
in ev'ry good deed.

Sent in by Jenna Brown, (cat@maple.ufl.edu)

I thought Boy Scouts Together was a traditional Girl Scout song called,
not surprisingly, Girl Scouts Together.

Barges

Sent in by G E Hedrick (geh@a.cs.okstate.edu)

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

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.
Starboard shines green and port is glowing red,
You can see them flickering far ahead.

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?

Sent in by (MaureenEH@aol.com)

In compiling/creating my own camp songbook, I've found several additional verses for the song "Barges." While the first two verses seem pretty standard, there seem to be some variations for the last two. Here are the versions I've found. - Maureen

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

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.
Starboard shines green and port is glowing red,
You can see them flickering far ahead.

-Chorus-

Oh, how my heart would love to sail with you
As you sail across the ocean blue.
But I must stay beside my window drear
As I watch you sail away from here.

-Chorus-

Away from my window on into the night
I will watch til they are out of sight.
Taking their cargoes far across the sea
I will watch them sail away from me.

-Chorus-

Other verses:

Out of my window looking in the night
I can see the barges flickering light
Harbour ahead and anchorage in view

I will find my resting place with you.

-Chorus-

Away from my window on into the night
I will watch till they are out of sight.
Taking their cargo far across the sea
I wish that someday they'd take me.

Billboards

Sent in by G E Hedrick (geh@a.cs.okstate.edu)

(Tune: Supercalafragilisticexpiallados)

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

"Smoke Coca-Cola Cigarettes -- chew Wrigley's Spearmint beer
Kennel Ration Dog Food keeps your wife's complexion clear;
Simonize your baby with a Hershey's candy bar
And Texaco's the beauty cream that's used by all the stars!"

"So take your next vacation in a brand new Frigidaire--
Learn to play piano in your winter underwear --
Doctors say that babies should smoke until they are three, (slowly)in
flow-thru tea bags.

Sent in by Jenna Brown, (cat@maple.circa.ufl.edu)

I learned the end as
"Doctors say that babies should smoke til they are three
and people over 65 should bathe in lipton tee--olay!!"

Girl Scout Camp (of course)

Rest is more or less the same but chorus is

I don't wanna go to Girl Scout Camp,
Gee Ma I wanna go
But they won't let me go,
Gee Ma I wanna go home.

And (for Boy Scout Camp) each verse started

The x at Camp (wherever you are), they say are mighty fine...

Black Crow's Spirit

Sent in by Richard barraclough (rbarracl@pine.shu.ac.uk)

BLACK CROWS SPIRIT IN THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUND,
BLACK CROWS SPIRIT IN THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUND,
BLACK CROWS SPIRIT IN THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUND
AND IT'S EVER SO FAR AWAYYY.

CHORUS:

HIGHER, HIGHER, HIGHER WAFFA,
MINI MINI MINI AH,HA
HIGHER, HIGHER, HIGHER WAFFA,
AND ITS EVER SO FAR AWAYYY.

REPEAT THE VERSUES REPLACING THE WORDS BY ACTIONS FROM THE
RED INDIAN SIGN LANGUAGE IN A ONE WORD AT A TIME FASHION.

2ND VERSE : BLACK = HAND OVER FACE = SOUND = UGGH
3RD VERSE : CROW = ARMS OUTSTRETCHED IMITATING A CROW = ARRGH
4TH : SPIRIT = DRINK A BOTTLE = GLUGHEDY GLUGH
5TH : HAPPY = SMILE = AH HA
6TH : HUNTING = BOW AND ARROWS = PTWANG
7TH : GROUND = STAMP ON THE GROUND = OOFFF

LAST VERSE DO ALL ACTIONS AND MAKING THE SOUNDS

Boy Scout Camp

Sent in by G E Hedrick (geh@a.cs.okstate.edu)

Boy Scout Camp. Boy Scout Camp.

The buses, they say they're really fine,
But when they turn the corner
they leave the wheels behind.

I don't wanna go to Boy Scout Camp.
Mo-o-om, I wanna go,
back where the toilets flow.

Clementine

Sent in by Ian Ross

In a cavern, by a canyon,
Excavating for a mine,
Dwelt a miner, Forty-niner,
And his daughter, Clementine.

CHORUS:

Oh, my darling, Oh, my darling,
Oh, my darling Clementine,
Thou 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.

CHORUS

Drove her ducklings to the water
Every morning just at nine,
Stuck her foot against a splinter,
Fell into the foaming brine.

CHORUS

Sent in by David Cooke (ns5djc@bath.ac.uk)

An additional verse to Clemantine:

How I missed her,
How I missed her,
How I missed my clemantine,
So I kissed her little sister,
And forgot my clemantine.

Sent in by Mike Brown (bbm@lightlink.com):

An additional verse to Clemantine:

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

All good Scouts should learn this lesson,
from this little tale of mine,
Artificial Respiration would have saved my Clementine!
Cowboy's Grace

Sent in by G E Hedrick (geh@a.cs.okstate.edu)

Been out on the range
All dusty and tired
Been ridin' and ropin' all day
Around the chuck wagon
We bow down our heads
And sing out the cowboys' grace
Allelujah, Amen Amen

Crazy

Sent in by Kitty Hancock (hancock@kirk.ecs.umass.edu)

chorus:

Boom Boom Ain't it great to be crazy.
Boom boom ain't it great to be just like we are:
Jolly and foolish all day long.
Boom boom ain't it great to be crazy.

Down in the south where banana trees grow
A grasshopper stepped on an elephant's toe.
Elephant said with a tear in his eye,
"Why don't you pick on someone your own size?"

chorus

Horse, flea, three blind mice
Sitting on a toadstool shooting dice.
Horse slipped, fell on the flea.
Flea said, "Oops, there's a horsey on me."

chorus

Campfire's Burning (to the tune "London's Burning")

Sent in by Grant O'Neil (poneilgdo@alpha1.curtin.EDU.AU)

Campfire's burning, campfire's burning
Draw nearer, draw nearer
Campfire, Campfire
Come sing and be merry.

Chigger

Sent in by G E Hedrick (geh@a.cs.okstate.edu)

(Tune: Polly wolly doodle)

Oh there was a little chigger,
And he wasn't much bigger
Than the head of a tiny pin,
But the bump he raises
Just itches like the blazes,
And that's where the scratch comes in.
But the bump he raises
Just itches like the blazes,
And that's where the scratch comes in.

Columbus' Song

Sent in by G E Hedrick (geh@a.cs.okstate.edu)

Tune: Yankee Doodle

chorus:

"Sail on," he said, "Sail on and on,
There's nothing you should dread.
We'll find the new world soon, I'm sure.
Just think of what's ahead."

In fourteen hundred and ninety two,
Columbus sailed from Spain,
With three ships and eighty men,
Across the bounding main.

(chorus)

Columbus was a sailor fine,
He knew his navigation,
And even though his men were scared,

He was their inspiration.

(chorus)

"Don't be frightened men," he said.
"Just think what's on the shore.
Silks and spices, jewels and gold,
What sights there are in store."

(chorus)

All night long he kept his watch.
The ship tossed to and fro
And when the light of dawn appeared,
The first mate yelled, "Land ho!"

(chorus)

Crazy Weather

Sent in by G E Hedrick (geh@a.cs.okstate.edu)

Tune: Stormy weather

Don't know why pigs are falling from the sky.
Crazy weather.
Didn't know that pigs had feathers.
I didn't know they could fly.

Don't know why the cyclone blew through the pig sty.
Farming weather.
Since those darn pigs flew together,
They're landing left and right.

Don't know why I've got pig slime in my eye.
Slimy weather.
Sure hope the weather gets better.
Got pork up to my eyes.

Farmer Brown. Heard he's headed for town.
Well, he'd better
pick up the pigs that are laying
All over my front lawn.

The Crocodile

Sent in by Grant O'Neil (poneilgdo@alpha1.curtin.EDU.AU)

She sailed away, on a lovely summer's day,
On the back of a crocodile.
'You see', said she, 'he's as tame as tame can be,
I'll ride him down the Nile.'
The croc. winked his eye, and the lady waved 'goodbye,
Wearing a happy smile.
At the end of the ride, the lady was inside,
And the smile on the crocodile!

Diver's Song

Sent in by G E Hedrick (geh@a.cs.okstate.edu)

Tune: Sailing, sailing

Diving, diving, into the deep blue sea,
There's many a fish we've scared away.
On that you will agree.

Diving, diving, into the ocean blue,
With flippers and mask and oxygen gas
We'll have an adventure true!

Fun

Sent in by G E Hedrick (geh@a.cs.okstate.edu)

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.

Green Trees Around You

Sent in by G E Hedrick (geh@a.cs.okstate.edu)

Green trees around you, blue skies above;
Friends all about you in a world filled with love.
Taps sounding softly, hearts beating true,
As Boy Scouts sing Good Night to you.

(then you sing Taps)

Sent in by Jenna Brown, (cat@maple.ufl.edu)

Green Trees Around Us:

Green trees around us
Blue skies above,
Friends all around us,
In a world filled with love.
Taps sounding softly,
Hearts beating true,
As we all say, "Good night to you."

Hearts beating true,
As we all say, "Good night to you."

(sing taps)

Daisy Troop #792 Song

Sent in by Robin Hoch (hoch@gate.net)

I am the leader of Daisy Troop #792 in North Lauderdale, Florida.

We wrote our own song. I can't describe the tune, but here are the words. The girls love it and it's very easy to learn.

I'm a Daisy,
You're a Daisy,
She's a Daisy too,
And if you want to be a Daisy,
This is what you do...

You come to a meeting,
You have a lot of fun,
You do arts and crafts
and you clean up when you're done.

We learn a lot of new things,
We make a lot of friends,
We love being Daisies,
and we're sad when it ends!

Easter Parade

Sent in by Ian Ross

In your Easter bonnet,
With all the frills upon it,
You'll be the grandest lady in the Easter Parade.

I'll be all in clover:
And when they look you over,
I'll be the proudest fellow in the Easter Parade.

On the avenue, Fifth Avenue;
The photographers will snap us,
And you'll find that you're in the rotogravure;

I could write a sonnet,
About your Easter Bonnet,
And About the girl I'm taking to the Easter Parade.

Forest Green

Sent in by G E Hedrick (geh@a.cs.okstate.edu)

(Break the boys up between the younger and older. The oldest boys sing the ba,ba,ba, boom with deep voices.)

On a pad in a forest green
ba, ba, ba boom
Crazy Herman was surveying the scene
ba, ba, ba boom
Saw a farmer truck'n by, a rapping at his door.

Like help, like help me please
ba, ba, ba boom
There's a farmer go'n to exterminate me
ba, ba, ba boom
Hey man don't scream and shout
Come in and we'll hang out
HEY

Galoomp

Sent in by Grant O'Neil (poneilgdo@alpha1.curtin.EDU.AU)

Galoomp went the little green frog one day,
Galoomp went the little green frog,
Galoomp went the little green frog one day,
And his eyes went gloomp, gloomp, gloomp

But:

We all know frogs go
Lah dee dah dee dah,
Lah dee dah dee dah,
Lah dee dah dee dah,
We all know frogs go
Lah dee dah dee dah,
They don't go gloomp, gloomp, gloomp.

Repeat but replace 'Lah dee dah dee dah with:
'Pop' in the microwave
'Splat' when you step on them
'Squelch' on the freeway

Using sound effects for the word in quotes and appropriate actions.
Cubs love it!

Ging Gang Gooly

Sent in by Kevin S. Smith (KSmith9513@aol.com)

I have been trying to find the origins of this song, without much luck.
My parents both earned their woodbadge at Gilwell in the early 50's.
They used to sing this song at campfires. Not sure if ANY of the words
are spelt correctly.

Ging Gang Gooly Gooly Gooly Gooly Watcha
Ging Gang Goo Ging Gang Goo.

Ging gang Gooly Gooly Gooly Gooly Watcha
Ging Gang Goo Ging Gang Goo.

Haila! Haila Shaila.. Haila Shaila.. Haila whooo
Haila! Haila Shaila.. Haila Shaila.. Haila whooo

Shallywally Shallywally Shallywally Shallywally.
Umpa Umpa Umpa Umpa..... {Repeat the whole song}

Split the Campfire participants into Four (4) Groups

1st groups starts the the song

2nd group starts the song when the first group reaches....." Haila Haila Shaila"

3rd group Follows the second in the same manner

4th group follows the 3rd.

ALTERNATIVE VERSION OF GING GANG GOOLY...I learnt this during our "Field Day" last year... the tune and style are very similar if not the same

Ging Gang Gooly Gooly Gooly on a push bike
Ging Gang Goo Ging Gang Goo.

Ging gang Gooly Gooly Gooly on a push bike
Ging Gang Goo Ging Gang Goo.

Pedal, you've got to pedal, you've got to pedal up that hill!
Pedal, you've got to pedal, you've got to pedal up that hill!

Down again, down again, down again, down again
Puncture! Puncture, puncture..... {Repeat the whole song}

Sent in by David Lindsay (djlindsay@bradford.ac.uk)

Dolphin Guide Song

Sent in by Lorraine Theuma, (simthe@maltanet.omnes.net)

We are little Dolphin Guides
We are happy we are bright
you have to be five six or seven
to join our fun
We sing and make friends
We learn to be smart
We are little Dolphin Guides
Yes thats what we are!

Our Motto is friendly and helpful.

Erik the Viking

Sent in by G E Hedrick (geh@a.cs.okstate.edu)

Tune: Mr. Ed

A Norse is a Norse of course, of course,
But who's ever heard of a snoring Norse,
Unless, of course, that snoring Norse is
That viking, Erik the Red.

Go right to the source and ask a Norse
If he ever rode on a viking horse.
A member of the Viking force
Is the famous Erik the Red.

Vikings like to sail around to pass the time of day.

But Erik the Red will always sail after his old beard turns gray.

A Norse is a Norse, of course,
And the loudest of all the snoring Norse
Is the famous Norse who looks like a horse,
The famous, ERIK the Red.

For the Beauty of the Earth

Sent in by G E Hedrick (geh@a.cs.okstate.edu)

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

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

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

The Gay Old Desperado

Sent in by Rayette Fisher (fisher@crd.GE.COM)

The gay old desperado from the wild and woolly west,
He rode into Chicago just to give the west a rest.
He wore a big sombrero and two pistols at his side
and everywhere he went he gave his war hoot.

Chorus:

Oh what a big, bold, man was this desperado.
From Cripple Creek clear down in Colorado.
And he horsed around like a big tornado.
And everywhere he went he gave his war hoot.
YEE HA!

He went to Cooney Island just to take in all the sights.
He saw the hoochie coochies and the girls all dressed in tights.
It got him so excited that he shot out all the lights.
And everywhere he went he gave his war hoot.

(Chorus)

The gay desperado was a strollin' down the street.

A big, old fat policeman came a stompin' down the street
He took him by the collar and he took him by the seat.
And put him where he couldn't give his war hoot.

(Chorus) dee dah dee dah,
Lah dee dah dee dah,
Lah dee dah dee dah,
We all know frogs go
Lah dee dah dee dah

Herman the Worm

Sent in by Barbara Harackiewicz (Harackiewicz@pko.dec.com)

Sittin' on the fence post
Chewin' my bubble gum
Chew, chew
Playin' with my yo-yo
Whoo-oo
Then along comes Herman the Worm
And he was this big
(hold your two index fingers 3-inches apart)
And I said, "Herman, what happened?"
And he said, "I ate my sister"

Sittin' on the fence post
Chewin' my bubble gum
Chew, chew
Playin' with my yo-yo
Whoo-oo
Then along comes Herman the Worm And he was this big
(hold your two index fingers 6-inches apart) And I said, "Herman, what
happened?"
And he said, "I ate my brother"

Sittin' on the fence post
Chewin' my bubble gum
Chew, chew
Playin' with my yo-yo
Whoo-oo
Then along comes Herman the Worm
And he was this big
(hold your two index fingers 12-inches apart)
And I said, "Herman, what happened?"
And he said, "I ate my mother"

Sittin' on the fence post
Chewin' my bubble gum
Chew, chew
Playin' with my yo-yo
Whoo-oo
Then along comes Herman the Worm
And he was this big
(hold your two index fingers arms' length)
And I said, "Herman, what happened?"
And he said, "I ate my father"

Sittin' on the fence post
Chewin' my bubble gum
Chew, chew
Playin' with my yo-yo
Whoo-oo
Then along comes Herman the Worm
And he was this big
(hold your two index fingers about 1-inch apart)
And I said, "Herman, what happened?"
And he said, "I burped".

He Jumped Without a Parachute

Sent in by G E Hedrick (geh@a.cs.okstate.edu)

(This is a British version of a song known in the US as Never tie a love knot in
a
parachuters chute)

Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic

He jumped without a parachute from twenty thousand feet
He jumped without a parachute from twenty thousand feet
He jumped without a parachute from twenty thousand feet
And he ain't gonna jump 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 jump no more

They scraped him off the tarmac like a lump of strawberry jam
They scraped him off the tarmac like a lump of strawberry jam
They scraped him off the tarmac like a lump of strawberry jam
And He ain't

(chorus)

They put him in a sardine tin and sent him home to mum
They put him in a sardine tin and sent him home to mum
They put him in a sardine tin and sent him home to mum
And he ain't.....

(chorus)

They put him on the mantle piece for everyone to see
They put him on the mantle piece for everyone to see
They put him on the mantle piece for everyone to see
and he ain't.....

(chorus)

They spread him on a slice of bread when the vicar came to tea
They spread him on a slice of bread when the vicar came to tea
They spread him on a slice of bread when the vicar came to tea
and he ain't.....

(chorus)

Hosea

Sent in by Arden Tohill, xxarden@lerc.nasa.gov

1. Come back to Me with all your heart.
4 Don't let fear keep us apart.
Trees do bend, 'though straight and tall;
so must we to others' call.

Refrain:

Long have I waited for your coming home to Me
and living deeply our new life.

2. The wilderness will lead you
to your heart where I will speak.
Integrity and justice,
with tenderness you shall know.

[repeat refrain]

3. You shall sleep secure with peace,
faithfulness will be your joy.

[repeat refrain]

Harrigan, That's Me

Sent in by Ian Ross

H, A double R, I, G - A - N spells HARRIGAN,
Proud of all the Irish blood that's in me.
Divil the man who says a word agin' me.
H, A double R, I, G - A - N you see,
'Tis a name that no shame ever has bee connected with,
HARRIGAN -- That's me!

Happy Wanderer

Sent in by Ian Ross

I love to go a-wandering,
Along the mountain track,
And as I go, I love to sing,
My knapsack on my back.

CHORUS:

Valderi, Valdera, Valderi,
Valder ra ha ha ha ha ha
Valderi, Valdera,
My knapsack on my back.

I love to wander by the stream
That dances in the sun,

So joyously it calls to me,
"Come! Join my happy song!"

CHORUS

I wave my hat to all I meet,
And they wave back to me,
And blackbirds call so loud and sweet
From ev'ry green wood tree.

CHORUS

Horse Fly

Sent in by G E Hedrick (geh@a.cs.okstate.edu)

Tune: The more we get together

Did you ever see a horse fly?
a horse fly? a horse fly?
Did you ever see a horse fly?
a horse fly? a horse fly?

Did you ever see a board walk?
a board walk? a board walk?
Did you ever see a board walk?
a board walk? a board walk?

Eye drop?
Eye lash?
Ear drum?
(make up your own additional verses)

Hey Lollee

Sent in by G E Hedrick (geh@a.cs.okstate.edu)

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.

How Peculiar

Sent in by G E Hedrick (geh@a.cs.okstate.edu)

Tune: Battle humn of the republic

When one sly snake slid up the slide,
The other sly snake slid down.
When one sly snake slid up the slide,
The other sly snake slid down.
When one sly snake slid up the slide,
The other sly snake slid down.
When one sly snake slid up the slide,
The other sly snake slid down.

Chorus:

Glory, glory, how peculiar,
Glory, glory, how peculiar,
Glory, glory, how peculiar.
When one sly snake slid up the slide,
The other sly snake slide down.
(adjust the two above lines to match the verse being sung)

When one dumb duck dropped in the ditch,
The other dumb duck dropped dead.

(chorus)

When one hedgehog edged up the hedge,
The other hedgehog edged down.

(chorus)

When one flea flew up the flue,
The other flea flew down.

(chorus)

When one black bug bled blue--black blood,
The other black bug bled blue blood back.

(chorus)

When one purple porcupine poked pickled people,
The other purple porcupine poked back.

Hello

Sent in by G E Hedrick (geh@a.cs.okstate.edu)

(Tunes: Coca Cola's I'd Like to Teach the World to Sing -or-Auld Lang Syne)

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...

He's Got the Whole World in His Hands

Sent in by G E Hedrick (geh@a.cs.okstate.edu)

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 wind and the rain in His hands.
He's got the wind and the rain in His hands.

He's got the wind and the rain in His hands.
He's got the whole world in His hands.

He's got the tiny little baby in His hands.
He's got the tiny little baby in His hands.
He's got the tiny little baby in His hands.
He's got the whole world in His hands.

He's got you and me brother in His hands.
He's got you and me brother in His hands.
He's got you and me brother in His hands.
He's got the whole world in His hands.

He's got you and me sister in His hands.
He's got you and me sister in His hands.
He's got you and me sister in His hands.
He's got the whole world in His hands.

There's a Hole in the Bucket

Sent in by Nancy Rimassa (CWRM91A@prodigy.com)

```
'HOLE IN THE BUCKET
'To hear this music, export the note.
'Copy the note to a new file. Name it anything, but add
'a .BAS extension. Quit the text editor or wherever it is
'that your exported files go. Get to the C prompt. Type in
'QBASIC. Choose FILE and select OPEN. Find the new file,
'select it and push OK. Push F5. Before anything will
'happen you must delete this line and all above it.
1 CLS : COLOR 14: PLAY "T130" + "O3": PRINT " Hole in ";
2 PRINT "the Bucket - This song is an old folk song. It"
3 PRINT "has many versions. I think it is a great song"
4 PRINT "for Girl Scouts. My troops have always enjoyed"
5 PRINT "singing it. It is a two-part song. The first"
6 PRINT "group sings the words printed in blue and the"
7 PRINT "second group answers back with the word printed"
8 PRINT "in pink. The pink words should be sung with as"
9 PRINT "much sarcasm as the singers can muster."
10 COLOR 3: PRINT : PRINT "There's a hole in the buck-et";
11 PLAY "L8A-B-" + "L4>C"
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The Human Touch

Sent in by Neil Savage (savage@tle.enet.dec.com)

'Tis the human touch in this world that counts,
The touch of your hand and mine,
Which means far more to the fainting heart
Than shelter and bread and wine;
For shelter is gone when the night is o'er,
And bread lasts only a day
But the touch of the hand and the sound of the voice
Sing on in the soul away.

-Spence Michael Free

Sent in by Margaret (meditt00@servicel.uky.edu):

I was checking out the camp songs listings on the World Wide Web and thought I'd drop you a line about them. I've heard another verse to Human Touch--but it has a different tune than the first one:

May the road rise up to meet you
May the wind be always at your back
May the sunshine warm upon your face
A rain fall softly on your fields
And until we meet again someday
May God hold you in the palm of his hand
May the memories that we have shared
Linger on and on

I've Got a Loverly Bunch of Coconuts

Sent in by Ian Ross

I've got a loverly bunch of coconuts,
There they are, a-standing in a row;
Big ones, small ones, some as big as yer 'ead --
Give 'em a twist, a flick of the wrist,
That's what the showman said. He said:

I've got a loverly bunch of coconuts;
Every ball I throw will make me rich --
There stands me wife, the idol of my life,
Singing, Roll-a-bowl-a-ball-a-penny-a-pitch!

Singing, Roll-a-bowl-a-ball-a-penny-a-pitch!
Singing, Roll-a-bowl-a-ball-a-penny-a-pitch!
Roll-a-bowl-a-ball! Roll-a-bowl-a-ball!
Singing roll-a-bowl-a-ball-a-penny-a-pitch!
13Five Foot Two, Eyes Of Blue

Five foot two, eyes of blue
But oh, what those five foot could do,
Has anybody seen my girl?

Turned up nose, turned down nose,
Never had no other beaus,
Has anybody seen my girl?

Now if you run into a five foot two,
Covered with fur,
Diamond rings and all those things,
Bet-ch life it isn't her,

But could she love, could she woo?
Could she, could she, could she coo?
Has anybody seen my girl?

I Left My Gold

Sent in by G E Hedrick (geh@a.cs.okstate.edu)

Tune: I left my heart in San Francisco
I left my gold on some lost island.
Under a tall and leafy palm.
The tree shook loose two coconuts.
The first one hit my foot.
The second one hit my head.
Thought I was dead.

My gold waits there on that lost island.
But I can't find that darned palm tree.
When that nut hit my head on that lost island
Is when I lost my memory.

I left my brains on that lost island,
So I don't know who I might be.
My name might be Ralph, Ed, or Earl.
I just hope it isn't Pearl,
Or, it might be David, Ben, or Gilligan.

If I could find that sneaky island,
I might regain my memory.
Then I could be the world's richest pirate
That ever sailed the seven seas.

In a Shanty In Old Shanty Town

Sent in by Ian Ross

It's only a shanty in old Shanty Town,
The roof is so slanty it touches the ground:
But my tumble down shack by the old railroad track
Like a millionaire's mansion is calling me back.

I'd give up a palace if I were a king;
It's more than a palace, it's my ev'rything.
There's a queen waiting there with a silvery crown
In a shanty in old Shanty Town.

I Want to be Happy

Sent in by Ian Ross

I want to be happy,
But I won't be happy
Till I make you happy, too.
Life's really worth living
When we are mirth giving --
Why can't I give some to you?

When skies are gray
And you say you are blue.
I'll send the sun smiling through,
I want to be happy
But I won't be happy
Till I make you happy, too.

It's a Small World

Sent in by G E Hedrick (geh@a.cs.okstate.edu)

It's a world of laughter, a world of tears;
It's a world of hopes and a world of fears.
There's so much that we share
That it's time we were aware.
It's a small world after all.

Chorus:

It's a small world after all,
It's a small world after all.
It's a small world after all.
It's a small, small world.

There is just one moon
And one golden sun
And a smile means friendship
to ev'ryone.
Though the mountains divide
and the oceans are wide,
It's a small world after all.

In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree

Sent in by Ian Ross

In the shade of the old apple tree,
Where the love in your eyes I could see,
When the voice that I heard,
Like the song of the bird,
Seem'd to whisper sweet music to me;

I could hear the dull buzz of the bee,
In the blossoms as you said to me,
With a heart that is true,
I'll be waiting for you,
In the shade of the old apple tree.

I Dream of Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair

Sent in by Ian Ross

I dream of Jeanie with the light brown hair,
Borne like a vapour on the summer air;
I see her tripping where the bright streams play,
Happy as the daisies that dance on her way.

Many were the wild notes her merry voice would pour,
Many were the blithe birds that warbled them o'er;
I dream of Jeanie with the light brown hair,
Floating like a vapour on the soft summer air.

I sighed for Jeanie but her light form strayed,
Far from the fond hearts round her native glade;
Her smiles have vanished and her sweet songs flown,
Fitting like dreams that have cheered us and gone.

Now the nodding wild flow'rs may wither on the shore,
While her gentle fingers will cull them no more;
I sigh for Jeanie with the light brown hair,
Floating like a vapour on the soft summer air.

It's an Insect Covered World

Sent in by G E Hedrick (geh@a.cs.okstate.edu)

Tune: It's a small world
It's a world of centipedes, a world of moths;
It's a world of katydids, a world of wasps.
There's so much that we share that its time
We're aware, it's an insect covered world.

Chorus:

It's an insect covered world.
It's an insect covered world.
It's an insect covered world.
It's an insect covered world.

It's a world of beetles, a world of fleas;
It's a world of caterpillars, a world of bees.
In this world that we know, there's so much to show
It's an insect covered world.

(chorus)

I Love the Mountains

Sent in by Edward A. Faulkner III (vbed@ix.netcom.com)

This song is best sung by two groups, one sings the melody:

I love the mountains,
I love the rolling hills.
I love the flowers,
I love the daffodils.
I love the campfires,
When all the lights are low.

While the other sings the harmony:

(I added chords:) C
Boom de a da
Am
Boom de a da
D
Boom de a da
G
Boom de a da

(repeat)

When melody ends, both groups sing a round of Boom de a da's, then the second group

picks up the melody while the first continues the harmony. You can end with a third time
with the melody sung by everyone.

I Would Rather Be

Sent in by James A Lindberg (jal@cray.com)

Characters form into a line across the stage area in order of appearance, character 1 on one end, and the last character on the other end of the line. Each person steps forward 1 big step as he does his character, and then steps back into line when done.

Chorus I: (Everyone)
If I weren't a Boy/Cubscout _____
there's nothing I'd rather be.
If I weren't a Boy/Cubscout

1st person: (Steps forward) A _____ I would be.

Chorus II: (Everyone)
And as you pass him by
you'll always hear him cry...."

1st person: (Does line and actions for character TWICE)

Chorus I: (Everyone)

2nd person: (Steps forward) A _____ I would be.

Chorus II: (Everyone)

2nd person: (Does line and actions for character TWICE)
1st and 2nd person: (Do lines and actions for characters ONCE)

Chorus I: (Everyone)

3rd person: (Steps forward)A _____ I would be.

Chorus II: (Everyone)

3rd person: (Does line and actions for character TWICE)
3rd and 2nd person: (Do lines and actions for characters ONCE)
1st, 2nd and 3rd person: (Do lines and actions for characters ONCE)etc, until last character has been presented...

Chorus: (Everyone)If I weren't a Boy/Cubscout _____there's nothing I'd rather be.

If I weren't a Boy/Cubscout _____Why, there's NOTHING I'd rather be!!!

Characters and lines:

Court Jester - Please laugh, don't cry, I don't wanta die.
King's Cook - Blackbirds, Pig Fat, Stir it in big vat
King's Torturer - Pull the lever, turn the wheel, that'll teach you not to steal
King of England - Blackbirds! Blackbirds! you know I hate this pie

King's Executioner - Drum rolls, heads roll, how I love my job
 Knight - bang, clink, clang, how am I supposed to fight in this thang
 Merlin - Backbirds, Pig Fat, Sir it in a big vat.
 Robin Hood - Rob from the Rich, Give to Poor, Come on Little John let's get some more.
 Queen of England - Pussy cat, Pussy cat, get out from under my chair
 Airline Stewardess: "Here's your coffee. Here's your tea. Here's your paper bag-Urrrrppp!"
 Baker: Donuts! Eclairs! Buy My Buns!
 Birdwatcher: [pointing to sky] Hark. A lark. Flying through the park.
 [Move hand to hit forehead] SPLAT!!
 Carpenter: Two, by four, nail it to the floor.
 Doctor: Needle! Thread! Stick 'em in the head!
 Dolly: Mommy, Daddy, I love you. (blows a kiss)
 Electrician: "Check the bulb, flip the switch. z-z-z-z-z-z-z-zt"
 [shakes violently, arms and legs spread] or "Positive! [places right hand with fist outward as in holding an electrical line] Negative! [places left hand with fist outward as in holding an electrical line]
 Shhhhhh [moves both fists to touch each other as in making an coonection]
 BOOM![moves both fists outward]" (repeat as many times as place in line)
 Engineer: Push the button, push the button, kick the darn machine.
 Farmer:(milking cow) give Bessy give, Momma's gotta live.
 or (pointing around) that duck, that duck, ohhh yuck.
 or There's a cow, and there's a cow, (points to bottom of boot) and there's a cow, yuck!
 Fireman: Jumpy lady, Jump! OOOOOOOO Splat!!
 Garbage collector: [shovelling motion] Pile that garbage. Pile that garbage. Pile it to the sky.
 Camp cook: [shovelling motion] Pile that garbage. Pile that garbage. Pile it to the sky.
 Hippie: Hey Man! Cool Man! Far out! Wow!
 Ice Cream Maker: "Ushy-gushy! Ushy-gushy! Good Ice Cream!" [holds large stick (scout stave) in stirring motion, then rubs tummy]
 Ice Cream Man: Tutti Frutti, nice ice cream.
 Lawyer: Honest. I swear. My client wasn't there.
 Lifeguard: "Here's my oil! Here's my can! Watch out ladies, I'm your man!"
 [holds out suntan oil in one hand, spritz bottle in other]
 or Mouth to Mouth Resucitation. What a way to get a date.
 Park Ranger: Hark, A lark, flying in the park!
 Plumber: "Plunge It! [makes plunging motion with both hands] Flush It! [makes flushing motion with right hand] Look out below! [bends over forward as in looking down drain]" (repeat as many times as place in line)
 Boxer:(swinging) hit him with a left, hit him with a right, knock out his jaw.
 (This works best next to the plumber, you have just ducked to say look out below. TIMING IS EVERYTHING)
 Scoutmaster: Big belly, no hair, my scouts are everywhere!
 Trashman: Pick it up dump it, look for the good stuff.
 Undertaker: 6 x 4, nail them to the floor.

I also saw a version done by one Patrol at a Camporee, in which the names of different Scouter were used in place of the trade names. The second part poked fun at something that the Scouter was known for in the Troop or District. The one instance that I remember, the boys used the name of John Smith, who was also called "Wrong Way". The boy held a compass and said: "A John Smith I would be! This way's north! No, that way's north. This compass doesn't work!"

Johnny Appleseed

Sent in by G E Hedrick (geh@a.cs.okstate.edu)

Oh, the Lord is good to me.
And now I thank the Lord,
for giving me the things I need:
the sun and the rain and the apple tree.
Oh, the Lord is good to me.
Amen.

Sent in by *bwilton* (*bwilton*@man.net)

Oh, the Lord is good to me.
And so I thank the Lord,
For giving me the things I need
The sun and the rain and the appleseed
Oh, the Lord is good to me.

Oh, and every seed I sow
Will grow into a tree.
And someday there'll be apples there
For everyone in the world to share.
Oh, the Lord is good to me.

(if you're using it as a blessing)
Johnny Appleseed, Amen.

Jaws

Sent in by G E Hedrick (geh@a.cs.okstate.edu)

Tune: Do re mi
Jaws, a mouth, a great big mouth
Teeth, the things that kinda crunch
Bite, the friendly shark's hello
Us, his favorite juicy lunch
Blood, that turns the ocean red
Chomp, that makes the swimmers pause
Gulp means the shark's been fed
That will bring us back to
Jaws! Jaws! Jaws! Jaws!

Johnny Verbeck

Sent in by Ronald Oakes (oakes@vervet.cig.mot.com)

The version/title I have always heard (and taught) is Johnny Verbeck:

There was a little Dutch man, his name was Johnny Verbeck.
He was dealer in Sausages, Sauerkraut and Spec.
{I can't remember the next line or two}
{until?} he invented his Wonderful Sausage Machine

Chorus:

Mister, Mister Johnny Verbeck,

How could you be so mean,
I told you you'd be sorry for inventing that machine
Now all the neighbors cats and dogs will never more be seen,
They've all be ground to sausage in Mister Verbeck's Machine.

One day a little Dutch boy came into the store
He bought a pound of sausages, and piled them on the floor
Then he began to whistle, and whistled up a tune,
And all those little sausages began to dance around the room.

Chorus.

One day the machine got busted, the darned thing wouldn't go.
So Johnny Verbeck climed in to see what made that so
His wife was having a nightmare, and walking in her sleep,
She gave the crank and awful yank and Mister Verbeck was meat.

Chorus.

--

The above is from memory (explaining the missing line in the first verse).

Another version sent in by M.Monostori, scoutmaster troop 196,
(mmonosto@vines.etn.com)

There was a little Dutchman, his name was Johnnie Verbeck.
He was a dealer in sausages and sauerkrout and spec.
He made 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 sausages in Johnnie Verbeck's machine.

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

One day the meat inspector came knocking at the door,
He said, "I've come to check your shop, or give me money more !"
Johnnie got real angry and pushed him in the meat,
He fired up the old machine and now there's more to eat.

One day there was a shortage, there was no meat to grind.
So Johnnie called the city pound to see what he could find.
They said, "We're out of business, we keep the strays no more."
"But we'll sent all future finds directly to your door."

One day a scouter leader, he had a brilliant thought.
He'd spend the cash in Johnnies's store for meat the he had sought.
"Mexican Lasagna", the recipe did read.
The irony was that the taste was fabulous, indeed !

Have you ever wondered, when you go to camp,
the food is good and plentiful, and never gives a cramp.
But early in the morning you'll see the trucker go,
and lettered on the driver's door is "Johnnie Verbeck & Co."

One day the machine got busted and 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.

Life is But a Melancholy Flower (tune of 'Frere Jaques')

Sent in by Grant O'Neil (poneilgdo@alpha1.curtin.EDU.AU)

Life is butter, life is butter,
Melancholy flower, melancholy flower,
Life is but a melon, life is but a melon,
Cauliflower, cauliflower.

Little Tom Tinker
Little Tom Tinker sat on a clinker,
Then he began to cry,
'MAMA, MAMA',
Poor little innocent boy.

Sing as a four-part round - jump up on 'MAMA'.

Long Legged Sailor

Sent in by G E Hedrick (geh@a.cs.okstate.edu)

Tune: Turkey in the straw
Have you ever, ever, ever,
In your long legged life
Seen a long legged sailor
With his long legged wife?
No, I've never, never, never,
In my long legged life
Seen a long legged sailor
With his long legged wife.

Have you ever, ever, ever,
In your short legged life
Seen a short legged sailor
With his short legged wife?
No, I've never, never, never,
In my short legged life
Seen a short legged sailor

Have you ever, ever, ever,
In your bow legged life
Seen a bow legged sailor
With his bow legged wife?
No, I've never, never, never,
In my bow legged life
Seen a bow legged sailor

Kookaburra

Sent in by Jenna Brown, (cat@maple.ufl.edu)

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

Kookaburra sits in the old gum tree,
Kookaburra sits in the old gum tree,
Eating all the gum-drops he can see,
Stop, Kookaburra, Stop, Kookaburra,
Leave some there for me.

Kookaburra sits in the old gum tree,
Kissing all the monkeys he can see,
Stop, Kookaburra, Stop, Kookaburra,
That's no monkey, That's ME!!

(can be sung in round)

Sent in by williamsh@CCTR.UMKC.EDU:

Kookabura sits on the railroad tracks,
along comes a train and knocks him flat.
Poor Kookabura, poor Kookabura,
that's the end of that! (Ha! Ha! Ha!)

Linger

Sent in by G E Hedrick (geh@a.cs.okstate.edu)

(hmm) I want to linger
(hmm) a little longer
(hmm) a little longer here with you.

(hmm) It's such a perfect night,
(hmm) It doesn't seem quite right
(hmm) That this should be my last with you.

(hmm) And in September
(hmm) I will remember
(hmm) My camping days and friendships true.

(hmm) And as the years go by
(hmm) I'll think of you and sigh,
(hmm) This is goodnight and not goodbye.

(hmm) I want to linger
(hmm) a little longer
(hmm) a little longer here with you.

Lilli Marlene

Sent in by Ian Ross

Underneath the lantern by the barrack gate.
Darling I remember the way you used to wait;
'Twas there that you whispered tenderly,
That you loved me, you'd always be,
My Lilli of the Lamplight,
My own Lilli Marlene.

Time would come for roll call, Time for us to part.
Darling I'd caress you and press you to my heart.
And there 'neath that far off lantern light,
I'd hold you tight, we'd kiss goodnight,
My Lilli of the Lamplight,
My own Lilli Marlene.

Orders came for sailing, somewhere over there,
All confined to barracks, was more than I could bear;
I knew you were waiting in the street,
I heard your feet, but could not meet;
My Lilli of the Lamplight,
My own Lilli Marlene.

Resting in a billet just behind the line,
Even tho' we're parted your lips are close to mine;
You wait where that lantern softly gleams,
Your sweet face seems to haunt my dreams,
My Lilli of the Lamplight,
My own Lilli Marlene.

Sent in by Frank Pioro (fpioro@jiniper.synapse.net)

Here is a version that we like to sing. I find this version more in step with what Scout campfire songs should be like. I hope you like it.

With the scent of woodsmoke drifting on the air,
And the glow of firelight we always love to share,
Visions of campfires all return,
And as the logs flame up and burn,
We dream of bygone campfires and long for those to come.

Tongues of yellow fire flickering up on high,
Reaching twisting fingers up to a starlit sky,
Voices recall songs old and new,
Songs once dear to our fathers too,
Who dreamed of bygone campfires and longed for those to come.

Gently dying embers cast a rosy glow,
Voices slowly sinking to tones so soft and low,
Slowly upon the still night air,
Fall faithful voices hushed in prayer,
That dream of bygone campfires and long for those to come.

Littlest Worm

Sent in by G E Hedrick (geh@a.cs.okstate.edu)

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

He said to me
Don't take that sip.
For if you do
I'll surely slip.

I took a sip
And he went down.
All through my pipes
he must have drowned.

He was my pal.
He was my friend.
But he's no more,
and that's THE END!

Kumala - Vista

Sent in by Jean-Guy Cayouette (hormed

fy fy
fy fie fy fie
fy fie fo fie. fy fie fo fie
cumala cumala cumala vista
oh no no no no na ta vista
imini simini ouaoua ni
imini souamini ouaoua ni
big bables ou and bables ou tamingka

Little Birdie

Sent in by Barbara Harackiewicz (Harackiewicz@pko.dec.com)

(Echo Song- repeat what's in parenthesis)

Early in the morning
(Early in the morning)
When I'm fast asleep
(When I'm fast asleep)
I hear a little birdie
(I hear a little birdie)
Who goes cheap cheap
(Who goes cheap cheap)
And the little birdie
(And the little birdie)
Has a funny name
(Has a funny name)
It's
(It's)
Called
(Called)
IYGA FYGA .. FLEEGA FLYGA ..ISHGA NISHGA.. NYGA NYGA
IYGA FYGA .. FLEEGA FLYGA ..BIIIRRRDIE.

(IYGA FYGA..FLEEGA FLYGA..ISHGA NISHGA.. NYGA NYGA IYGA
FYGA..FLEEGA FLYGA..BIIIRRRDIE).

I'm gonna buy some bird seed
for my windowsill
Just to keep him quiet
Just to keep him still
It's for the little birdie
With the funny name,
It's,
called,
IYGA FLYGA .. FLEEGA FLYGA .. ISHGA NISHGA .. NYGA NYGA
IYGA FLYGA .. FLEEGA FLYGA .. BIIIRRRDIE.

Maybee

Sent in by MISS MARY MARGARET THOMAS (MXCG94C@prodigy.com)

Maybe I am a dreamer,
Searching for something to hold.
Dreams are the pathways to hope, I'm told.
Hope warms a heart that is cold.

Maybe I'm chasing rainbows,
In search of make-believe gold.
Maybe I'm acting too childish,
Maybe I'm acting too old.

Love changes people,
Changes their lives through and through.
I have a dream; it's a dream about you.
Tell me do you have one too?

So maybe I am a dreamer.
Maybe my dreams won't come true.
But dreams are the pathways to hope, I'm told,
So what more can this dreamer so?

Manana (is soon enough for me)

Sent in by ???

The faucet she is dripping and the fence is falling down,
My pocket needs some money so I can go in to town,
My brother is not working and my sister does not care,
The car she needs a motor so I can not go anywhere.

Chorus: Manana, Manana, Manana is soon enough for me.

My mothers always working, she working very hard,
But every time she looks for me I'm sleeping in the yard,
My mother thinks I'm lazy, and maybe she is right,
I'll go to work Manana but I gotta sleep tonight.

(Chorus)

Oh once I had some money but I gave it to my friend,
He said he'd pay me double, it was only for a lend,
But he said a little later that the horse he was so slow,
why he give the horse my money is something I don't know.

(Chorus)

My brother took a suitcase and he went away to school,
My father said he only learned to be a silly fool,
My father said that I should learn to make a chili pot,
But then I burned the house down the chili was too hot.

(Chorus)

The window she is broken and the rain is coming in,
If someone doesn't fix it I'll be soakin' to my skin,
But if we wait a day or two the rain may go away,
And we don't need a window on such a sunny day!

(Chorus)

Ed. Note - I prefer repeating the chorus 2x

Marching Song

Sent in by Michele & Daniel BreauX (pottie@Felix.TECLink.Net)

mayonaise maiyonaize sure is white (repeat each line)
gee I wish I stayed in bed tonight!
sound off (sound off is chorus)

1,2

bring it on down now

2

2

3

1,2

3,

catchup catchup sure is red
gee I wish I stayed in bed!

(chorus)

mustard mustard sure is yellow
gee I wish I knew a fellow!

(chorus)

May the Road Rise Up to Meet You

Sent in by Nancy Rimassa (CWRM91A@prodigy.com)

To hear this music, export the note. Copy the note to a new file. Name it
anything, but add a .BAS extension.
Quit the text editor or wherever it is that your exported files go. Get to the
C prompt. Type in QBASIC. Choose

FILE and select OPEN. Find the new file, select it and push OK. Push F5. Before anything will happen you must delete this line and all above it.

'MAY THE ROAD RISE UP TO MEET YOU - This song was taught
'to me by some Girl Guides from England. I haven't been
'able to get the tune out of my mind for a good month!
CLS : PLAY "O3" + "T100": COLOR 10: PRINT "May the Road";
PRINT " Rise Up To Meet You - collected in 1994"
PRINT : PRINT "May the road rise up"; : PLAY "L4D."
PLAY "L8DDDEG": PRINT " to me-et you.": PLAY "ML"
PLAY "L4GG16" + "MN" + "L16EG8" + "L2F+" + "P64"
PRINT "May the wind be al-ways"; : PLAY "L4D."
PLAY "L8DDDEG": PRINT " at your back": PLAY "P8" + "L4>C"
PLAY "L8

Mockin' Bird Hill

Sent in by Ian Ross

When the sun in the mornin' peeps over the hill,
And kisses the roses 'round my window sill;
Then my heart fills with gladness when I hear the trill,
Of the birds in the tree tops on Mockin' Bird Hill.

CHORUS:

Tra-la-la twittle-dee-dee-dee
It gives me a trill,
To wake up in the mornin' to the
Mockin' birds trill;
Tra-la-la twittle-dee-dee-dee
There's peace and goodwill;
You're welcome as the flowers
On Mockin' Bird Hill.

Got a three-cornered plow and an acre to till,
And a mule that I bought for a ten dollar bill;
There's a tumble-down shack and a rusty old mill,
But it's my home sweet home up on Mockin' Bird Hill.

CHORUS

When it's late in the evening, I climb up the hill,
And survey my kingdom while everything's still:
Only me and the sky and an old whip-poor-will,
Sing-in' songs in the twilight on Mockin' Bird Hill.

CHORUS

My Dog Rover

Sent in by G E Hedrick (geh@a.cs.okstate.edu)

(Many versions)

(Tune: I'm Looking Over a Four-Leaf Clover)

I'm looking over my dead dog Rover
That I overran with the mower.
One leg is missing, another is gone,
One leg is scattered all over the lawn.
No need explaining, the one remaining,
Is stuck in the kitchen door.
I'm looking over my dead dog Rover
That I overran with the mower.

Version 2

I'm looking over my dead dog Rover
Who died on the kitchen floor.
One leg is broken, the other is lame,
The third leg is missing, the fourth needs a cane.
No need explaining, the tail remaining
Was caught in the oven door.
I'm looking over my dead dog Rover
Who died on the kitchen floor.

Sent in by Rodger Morris & Sue Chatterjee, (OneReader@aol.com)

I'm looking over,
My dead dog Rover,
That I ran over last night.
One leg is broken,
The other is bent,
On the top of his head,
There's a great, big, dent.
There's no need explaining,
The part's remaining,
Are Spread from left to right.
The part's remaining,
Are Spread from left to right.
I'm looking over,
My dead dog Rover,
That I ran over last night!
There's no need explaining,
The parts remaining,
You won't see Rover tonight!!

Mrs. Lucy

Mrs. Lucy had a steamboat
The steamboat had a bell
Mrs. Lucy went to heaven
The steamboat when to
Hello Operator,
Give me number nine
If you disconnect me,
Ill cut of your
Behind the fridgerator
there was a piece of glass
Mrs. Lucy sat upon
It and broke her little
Ask me no more questions

Tell me no more
Flies are in the Park
15 Boys are kissing 15 girls
in the d-a-r-k d-a-r-k d-a-r-k dark!

Moon in the Meadows

Sent in by Neil Savage (savage@tle.enet.dec.com)

Chorus:

Moon on the meadows,
Bugs in our ears.
Smoke in our eyes,
Wet wood and tears,
Upon the meadows, water somewhere,
We were the only ones there
Wild horses rushing, dry lakes and peaks,
Finding the love that everyone seeks.
Making the rainbows, sunsets, and stars,
Just finding out who we are.

(chorus)

We will return here one lucky day,
Our hearts will guide us, they know the way.
People in cities don't understand,
Falling in love with the land.

(chorus)

(note: the last chorus reprise can also be:)

Moon on the meadows,
Bugs in our ears.
Smoke in our eyes,
Wet wood and tears,
Upon the meadows, water somewhere,
With you my friend I am there

My Tall Silk Hat

Sent in by G E Hedrick (geh@a.cs.okstate.edu)

Tune: Funiculi, Funicula

One day, as I was riding on the subway,
My tall silk hat, my tall silk hat.
I laid it on the seat beside me,
My tall silk hat, my tall silk hat.
A big, a-fat-a-lady sat upon it,
My tall silk hat, my tall silk hat.
A big, a-fat-a-lady sat upon it,
My tall silk hat, my tall silk hat.
Christopher Columbo, now what do think of that,
A big, a-fat-a-lady sat upon it,
My tall silk hat, my tall silk hat.

My hat she broke and that's no joke,
My hat she broke and that's no joke.
Christopher Columbo, now what do think of that,
my hat, my hat, my hat she smashed.

Sent in by Richard E. Rambo (72440.2664@compuserve.com)

An Alternative version would be to use "My Boy Scout Hat"
and to avoid offending anyone who might be 'gravitationally enhanced'
say a "Big Scoutmaster" instead of a Big Fat Lady.

My Aunt Came Back

Sent in by Grant O'Neil (poneilgdo@alpha1.curtin.EDU.AU)

(Leader sings line and does actions and is echoed by audience.
Keep doing actions for following verses)

My Aunt came back (My aunt came back)
From old Japan (From old Japan)
And she brought me back (and she brought me back)
A Japanese fan (a Japanese fan)
(Start waving right hand like a fan)

My Aunt came back
From old Hong Kong
And she brought me back
A game of ping pong

(wave left hand like ping-pong bat)

Kampuchea - Rocking Chair

(start rocking back and forward)

Timbuktu - some nuts like you

(stop actions and point at audience)

Magic

Sent in by Langer (slangel@umbc.edu)

(CHORUS):

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

[after the last verse, substitute for the last line of the

chorus- I do believe in magic, for love the greatest magic,
I do believe in magic, 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
And houses all had secret rooms if one could find the door

But who believes in magic anymore?

CHORUS

As I grew up the grown-ups I'd wake one day and find
Magic was a childish thing I'd have to leave behind
Clothes that would no longer fit and toys that I'd ignore
And not believe in magic, anymore.

CHORUS

Although my childhood's far behind I've learned to my surprise
Magic did not fade away it wears a new disguise
A laugh, a smile, a child, the courage to stand tall
For love's the greatest magic of them all.

CHORUS

Mama Mosquito

Sent in by Barb and Bob Booth (rbooth@fwb.gulf.net)

Sung to the tune of K-K-Katie

Mama Mosquito. Mama Mosquito. You're the only b-b-b-bug that I abhor.
When you b-bite me... under my nighty..then I scratch my b-b-b-back 'til
I am sore.

Marching Along Together

Sent in by Ian Ross

Marching along together
Sharing ev'ry smile and tear.
Marching along together,
Whistling till the skies are clear.
Swinging along the highway,
Over the road that's wide,
Without a bugle, without a drum
We mean to chase the jinx.
Oh rum-ti-diddle-di here we come,
We're happy hinkey dinks.
Marching along together,
Life is wonderful, side by side.

My Aardvark

Send in by Ms. Nancy J Rimassa, (CWRM91A@prodigy.com)

I collected this song at an Earth Matters Wider Opportunity, Cactus/Pines
Council Arizona in 1991. Everyone sings it again & again

Collected from Kim Van Gieson

I love my aard-vark, my aard-vark loves me.
I love my aard-vark by the cot-ten-wood tree
My lit-tle aard-vark goes 'Oy! Di-di-di-doy,

Di-doy-di-di-doy-di-di-doy-doy-doy-doy.

(This song adds verses, repeating the action

and vocalizations for each subsequent verse each time through.

(Second verse)

I love my seal, etc.

My lit-tle seal goes ark, ark, ark, ark.

cross arms in front, clap hands together

My lit-tle aard-vark goes 'Oy! Di-di-di-doy,

Di-doy-di-di-doy-di-di-doy-doy-doy-doy.

(Third verse)

I love my octopus, etc.

place out-spread hand on face and make loud sucking sound.) Add seal and
aardvark ending.

(Fourth verse)

I love my tarantula, etc.

run fingers up face and across top of head

while crying 'Wheeeee!') Add previous verses

(Fifth verse)

I love my rock, etc.

drop head to one side, close eyes and count

Add previous verses.

Maybee

Sent in by MISS MARY MARGARET THOMAS (MXCG94C@prodigy.com)

Maybe I am a dreamer,

Searching for something to hold.

Dreams are the pathways to hope, I'm told.

Hope warms a heart that is cold.

Maybe I'm chasing rainbows,

In search of make-believe gold.

Maybe I'm acting too childish,

Maybe I'm acting too old.

Love changes people,

Changes their lives through and through.

I have a dream; it's a dream about you.

Tell me do you have one too?

So maybe I am a dreamer.

Maybe my dreams won't come true.

But dreams are the pathways to hope, I'm told,

So what more can this dreamer so?

McDonald's

Sent in by ???

McDonald's is your kind of place
Hamburgers in your face
French fries up your nose
Mustard between your toes
The last time that I went there
They stole my underwear
McDonald's is the place for me.

Mary Had a Swarm of Bees

Sent in by G E Hedrick (geh@a.cs.okstate.edu)

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.

Make New Friends

Sent in by G E Hedrick (geh@a.cs.okstate.edu)

Make new friends,
but keep the old.
One is silver;
The other is gold.

A circle's round.
It has no end.
That's how long
I want to be your friend.

Sent in by Barbara Harackiewicz (Harackiewicz@pko.dec.com)

You have one hand
I have the other
Put them together
and we have each other.

Move It On Over (The Boy Scouts Are Coming To Camp.)

Sent in by ???

Move It On Over (The Boy Scouts Are Coming To Camp.)

(intro) 1...2...1,2,3, Look out Tallaha, the Boy Scouts are coming to camp.

I left out from my home town,
I said 'Look out boys I'm Tallaha bound.'
I said 'Move it on over...Rock it on over...' (group repeats 'move it on...')

Look out Tallaha, the Boy Scouts are coming to camp.

I went down to Camp Tallaha,
You won't believe just what I saw.
I said 'Move it on over...Rock it on over...'
Look out Tallaha, the Boy Scouts are coming to camp.
At Camp Tallaha there's a lot to do,
We like to Rock and Roll, we don't sing the blues.
We just, 'Move it on over...Rock
Look out Tallaha, the Boy Scouts are coming to camp.
At Tallaha, you camp on the hill,
And when it rains your gonna get a thrill.
Just 'slide it on over...Rock it on over...'
Look out Tallaha, the Boy Scouts are coming to camp.
At Tallaha, we get the job done,
Then we dance all night when our work is done.
We just, 'Party on over...Rock it on over...'
Look out Tallaha, the Boy Scouts are coming to camp.
Just one last thing, let me make it clear,
There's no better place you can camp all year.
You just, 'Drive it on over...Rock it on over...'
Look out Tallaha, the Boy Scouts are coming to camp.
Just move it on over...
Just move it on over...
Just move it on over...
(slower, with feeling)
Look out Tallaha, the Boy Scouts are coming to camp.
(shout) MOVE IT ON OVER

The 1995 Camp Tallaha song. Words by John Kasper

Inspiration by 'Big Country' Jay Rosen and 'Rockin' Robby Scarborough

My Uncle

Sent in by G E Hedrick (geh@a.cs.okstate.edu)

Tune: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean

(Substitute someone else's name for "uncle" if you wish)

My uncle 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 uncle to me, to me.
Bring back, bring back,
O bring back my uncle to me, to me.

My uncle 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 uncle had faith in a sailboat
He had built from an old hollow tree.
My uncle set sail for Australia,
Now my uncle lies under the sea.

(chorus)

My uncle 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 uncle 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.

My Uncle Roasted a Kangaroo

Sent in by Lew Orans (lporans@onramp.net)

A favorite of Wood Badge Courses in Oklahoma City and at Walking Wood Badge at Philmont

Tune: Grand March from Gounod's Faust

My Uncle roasted a kangaroo,
Gave me the gristly end to chew.
Was that a very nice thing to do?
To give me the gristly end of a kangaroo to chew.

When properly performed, a patrol or staff assemble to teach and lead the song. (It is preferable that they each hold a Scout staff). The leader introduces this as a classic Scouting song adapted from grand opera, being careful to point out that the melody -- the Grand March from Gounod's opera Faust is well known to all. (and most unlikely to be known as such by many in the audience -- though the tune is reasonably familiar). They sing the first time through without words as: dah, dah, dah-da-dah-dah-dah, etc. As they do so they march in place in an exaggerated manner. For older Scouters, the staff helps you keep your balance as well as adding a sense of drama. The singing (and the dahs) is done pompously. Generally, laughter ensues. The words are then sung and then after review with the group, the whole thing is done together. (I guess you have to see it to believe it). Enjoy.

National Embalming School

Sent in by G E Hedrick (geh@a.cs.okstate.edu)

Sung to the tune of 'Oh Christmas Tree' John Kasper (jkasper@netten.net)

We live for you we, we die for you,
National Embalming School.
We do our best to give you rest,

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

To thee we sing to thee we drool,
National Embalming School.
We stuff the corpse, we stuff the ghoul,
National Embalming School.
When you feel hollow deep inside,
We fill you with formaldehyde.
Our boys get hot when you get cool
National Embalming School.

(Tune: A-Hunting We Will Go)

Post mortem, post mortem, post mortem,
Autopsy we must have.
Post mortem, post mortem, post mortem,
Autopsy we must have.

(Tune: The Anvil Chorus)

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

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

Nothing Song

Sent in by G E Hedrick (geh@a.cs.okstate.edu)

Tune: Reuben, Reuben

Nothing, nothing. We sing nothing.
We sing nothing all day long.
We sing absolutely nothing.
How do you like our nothing song?

Once a Boy Scout Went to Camp

Sent in by G E Hedrick (geh@a.cs.okstate.edu)

Tune: Head & Shoulders, Knees & Toes

Once a Boy Scout went to camp, went to camp
Went to camp without his lamp, without his lamp
And there he saw a spider in his bed, in his bed
This is what the Boy Scout said, Boy Scout said:

Spider spider, go away, go away,
You are not allowed to stay, allowed to stay
This is what my leader said, leader said

No two bodies in one bed, in one bed.

Once a Girl Scout went to camp, went to camp
Went to camp without her lamp, without her lamp
And there she saw a spider her his bed, in her bed
This is what the Girl Scout said, Girl Scout said:
"Aaaaaauughhhhhh!"

Oh-oh-oh-oh!

Sent in by Jenna Brown, (cat@maple.ufl.edu)

Oh-Oh-Oh-Oh, in the moonlight,
I wanna hold somebody's hand.
Oh-Oh-Oh-Oh, in the moonlight,
I think you'll understand,
All the little birdsies,
All the little beesies,
Always go in twosies,

All the little beesies,
Always go in twosies,
Never go in threesies.
Oh-Oh-Oh-Oh, in the moonlight,
I wanna hold somebody's hand.

Oh-Oh-Oh-Oh, in the moonlight,
I wanna hold somebody's hand.
Oh-Oh-Oh-Oh, in the moonlight,
I think you'll understand,
All the little pansies,
All the little posies,
Always holding handsies,
Never holding toesies,
Oh-Oh-Oh-Oh, in the moonlight,
I wanna hold somebody's hand.
Yeah!!

The Old Fashioned Ford (tune - The Road to Gundagai)

Sent in by Grant O'Neil (poneilgdo@alpha1.curtin.EDU.AU)

There's an old fashioned Ford
Made of rubber, tin and board,
Along the road to Gundagai.
Oh the radiator's hissing,
And half the engine's missing,
The oil tank's running dry.
There's water in the petrol
And sand in the gears,
And it hasn't seen a garage
For more than forty years;
But, oh gosh, hear her roar
When the pedal hits the floor
Along the road to Gundagai.

Oh My Monster Frankenstein

Sent in by aslan@narnia.net

In a castle, near a mountain,
Near the dark and murky Rhine.
Dwelt a doctor, the concoctor,
Of the monster, Frankenstein.

Chorus:

Oh my monster, oh my monster,
Oh my monster, Frankenstein.
You were built to last forever,
Dreadful scary Frankenstein.

In a graveyard, near the castle,
Where the sun refused to shine,
He found noses and some toeses
For his monster Frankenstein.

(Chorus)

On the Loose

Sent in by Nancy Rimassa (CWRM91A@prodigy.com)

To hear this music, export the note. Copy the note to a new file. Name it anything, but add a .BAS extension.
Quit the text editor or wherever it is that your exported files go. Get to the C prompt. Type in QBASIC. Choose FILE and select OPEN. Find the new file, select it and push OK. Push F5. Before anything will happen you must delete this line and all above it.

```
1 REM "On the Loose was written by Judith Keller who"
2 REM "holds the 1971 copyright."
5 CLS
10 PRINT "On the Loose"
11 PRINT "Words and music by Judith Keller. 1971"
15 PLAY "O3"
16 PLAY "T140"
20 PRINT "Have you ev-er watched a sun-rise ";
25 PLAY "L8GB" + "L4>DDD." + "L8D" + "L4D" + "L2"
```

Onni Wonni Wakki

Sent in by Grant O'Neil (poneilgdo@alphal.curtin.EDU.AU)

Onni wonni wakki Wah wah,
Onni wonni wakki Wah wah,
Aye yi yi yippi yi yi yi.
Aye yi, aye yi, aye yi, aye yi

The key thing with this song is not the words, but the actions! Repeat the song three times, doing the actions in rhythm with the music:
During the first verse, put both hands on the knees of the person to your right, then on your own knees, then on the knees of the person to your

left, then back on your own knees.

During second verse, start with arms folded (not tucked in!) in front of your chest; put right hand out, put left hand on top of it, put left hand back in 'folded position, put right hand in 'folded position and then repeat by putting left hand out first.

During last verse, put both hands on knees, then put left hand on nose while crossing right arm over to touch left ear with right hand; then put hands on knees again and this time touch nose with right hand while touching right ear with left hand...

Ode to a Girl Scout Leader

Sent in by Jannette Knieling (jaybird@nauticom.net)

sung to the tune of Battle Hymn of the Republic

I was glad to have a girl
Because my 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 1/2 past 7
When they called me to the fore
I said, "Oh no, I'm not equipped"
They said, "oh yes, what's more
We will train you in the basics
And outfit you for the corp."
And they shoved me out the door.

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 to string beads
Like all the noble Indians do
I had to learn to dig a trench
And how to use it too
And you should taste our 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 to
Forget what I had planned
And they say that 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 woodland
Just my girl scout troop and me
The handbook say that nature
Has a wealth of sights to see
It's true that we were sights
When we were found eventually
And I do this all for free!

I'm not meant to be a leader
I don't know which bird is which
My wiener forks all burn 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
Someone's got to be 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
And some days I just sit and wonder
What's the best way out
I guess when all is said and done
There isn't any doubt
I'm glad to be a scout.

So if you see me packing
For those weekend over nights
With a lot of happy scouts
Agathering tents and pots and lights
We'll be back home when its over
Dirty, tired and covered with bites
But we've seen natures sights.

Glory, Glory, I'm a leader
Hallelujah, I'm a leader
They can carve it on my tombstone
"Here's a gal who did her best."

Oh Dear! What Can the Matter Be

Sent in by Matt Clarck matt.clark@flight642.com)

CHORUS

Oh dear! What can the matter be,
Three old maids got stuck in the lavatory,
They were there from Monday to Saturday,
And nobody knew they were there. -or- And nobody seemed to care.

The first Old Maid was Elizabeth Bender,
She went in to fix her suspender,

It snapped back, hit her feminine gender,
And nobody seemed to care.

CHORUS

The second Old Maid was Old Ms. Potter,
She went in to get rid of superfluous water,
She claimed to be the Earl of Chesterfield's Daughter,
And nobody seemed to care.

CHORUS4

The third old maid was old Ms. Humpfrey,
She sat so long she couldn't get her bum free,
She said 'I don't care for I am quite comfy',
And nobody knew she was there -or- And nobody seemed to care.

On My Honor

Sent in by G E Hedrick (geh@a.cs.okstate.edu)

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 love.
People don't need to know my name.
If I do any harm, then I'm to blame.
When I help another, I help me,
If I've opened up my eyes to see.

(chorus)

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

(chorus)

Come with me where a fire burns bright.
We can even see better in a candle's light.
But we find more meaning in a campfire's glow
Than we'd ever learn in a year or so.

(chorus)

We've made a promise to always keep.
And the day is done before we sleep.
We'll be Boy Scouts together and when we're gone
We'll still be trying and singing this song.

(chorus)

Oh Dear! What Can the Matter Be

Sent in by Ian Ross

CHORUS:

Oh dear! What can the matter be,
Oh dear! What can the matter be,
Oh dear! What can the matter be,
Johnny's so long at the fair?

He promised to buy me a beautiful faring,
A gay bit of lace that the lassies are wearing --
He promised he'd buy me a bunch of new ribbons
To tie up my bonnie brown hair.

CHORUS

He promised to buy me a basket of posies,
A garland of lilies, a wreath of red roses,
A little straw hat to set off the new ribbons
That tie up my bonnie brown hair.

CHORUS

One Fat Hen

Sent in by Darin McGrew (mcgrew@rahul.net)

Leader: One fat hen and a couple of ducks

Group: One fat hen and a couple of ducks

Leader: One fat hen and a couple of ducks, three baby brown bears

Group: One fat hen and a couple of ducks, three baby brown bears

Leader: One fat hen and a couple of ducks, three baby brown bears,
four rabbit running hares

... five fat fidgetty flamingos

... six silly salmon silently swimming sideways

... seven screeching seagulls serenading salamanders

... eight elongated elephants being elevated up an escalator

... nine nice nieces neglecting nine nice nephews with nosebleeds

... ten two-tone two-ton transcontinental tractors with trailers
travelling from Tallahassee, Tennessee, to Tyler, Texas

One Tin Soldier

Sent in by Phyllis Waugh

Listen children to a story that was written long ago
'bout a kingdom on a mountain and the valley folk below
On the mountain was a treasure buried deep beneath a stone
and the valley people swore they'd have it for their very own

Chorus:

Go ahead and hate your neighbour, go ahead and cheat a friend.
Do it in the name of heaven. Justify it in the end.
There won't be any trumpets blowin' come the judgement day
On the bloody morning after, ONE TIN SOLDIER rides away

So the people of the valley sent a message up the hill
asking for the buried treasure, tons of gold for which they'd kill

Came an answer from the kingdom "with our others we will share
all the secrets of our mountain, all the riches buried there"

chorus

Now the valley cried with anger, "Mount your horses, draw your sword"
and they killed the mountain people so they won their just reward
Now they stood beside the treasure on the mountain, dark and red
Turned the stone and looked beneath it "Peace on earth" was all it said."

Pink Pajamas

Sent in by G E Hedrick (geh@a.cs.okstate.edu)

Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic

I wear my pink pajamas in the summer when it's hot.
I wear my flannel nightshirt 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.

Chorus:

Glory, glory, Hallelujah;
Glory, glory, what's it to ya?
Balmy breezes blowing through ya,
With nothing on at all.

The Pumpkin on the Vine

Sent in by Ian Ross
Sung to: The Farmer in the Dell
End line: "Shave and a haircut..."

The pumpkin on the vine
The pumpkin on the vine
I picked the one that weighed a ton
And that's the one that's mine.

I made two funny eyes
A mouth that's oversize
The other gook my mother took
For baking pumpkin pies.

The pumpkin on the vine
The pumpkin on the vine
He's now a jack o' lantern
And you ought to see him shine.

That jack o' lantern of mine!

Riding on the Crest of a Wave

Sent in by David Cooke (s5djc@bath.ac.uk)

All hands aboard boy, All hands aboard boys,
The ship is calling for more.
We getting ready, now for a steady,

To pull away from the home shore.
We off to find adventure any how.
Because we know that now....

chorus:

We're riding along on the crest of a wave,
and the sun is in the sky.
All of our eyes on the distant horizon,
Look out for passers by.
We'll do the HAILING !
When all the ships around are sailing,
We're riding along on the crest of a wave,
And the world is ours.

There is a second verse but I can't remember the words can anyone help ?

Rounds

Sent in by G E Hedrick (geh@a.cs.okstate.edu)

(each group sings the song twice)
White Coral Bells (4 parts)
White coral bells,
Upon slender stalk,
Lilies-of-the-valley
Deck my garden walk.

Oh don't you wish
That you could hear them ring?
But that will only happen
When the fairies sing.

How Lovely Is the Evening (3 parts)
Oh, how lovely is the evening,
Is the evening;
When the bells are sweetly ringing,
sweetly ringing;
Ding, dong, ding;
Ding, dong, ding.

Three Little Angels
3 little angels
All dressed in white
Tried to get to Heaven
On the end of a kite.
But the kite broke and
Down they all fell.
Instead of going to Heaven
They all went to

2 little angels...
1 little angel...

3 little devils
All dressed in red
Tried to get to Heaven

On the end of a thread.
But the thread broke and
Down they all fell.
Instead of going to Heaven
They all went to

2 little devils...
1 little devil...

3 little Martians
All dressed in green
Tried to get to Heaven
On the end of a string.
But the string broke and
Down they all fell.
Instead of going to Heaven
They all went to

2 little Martians...
1 little Martian...

3 little Babies
All dressed in blue
Tried to get to Heaven
On the end of a shoe.
But the shoe broke and
Down they all fell.
Instead of going to Heaven
They all went to

2 little Babies...
1 little Baby...

Don't get excited,
Don't lose your head.
Instead of going to Heaven
They all went to bed.

Fire's burning (4 parts)

Fire's burning,
Fire's burning,
Draw nearer,
Draw nearer,
In the glowing,
In the glowing,
Come sing and be merry.
Frog round (4 parts)

1---bananas (low voice)
2---knee deep (medium voice)
3---tea and coffee (high voice)
4---Hear the lively song
of the frogs in yonder pond
Crik, crik, crikety crik,
Brrrr. . .uh.

Heidi Hey (Echo hiking song)
(Echo hiking song)

Heidi hey. Heidi ho!
Iddly Widdley, woddely wo.
Lift your heads up to the sky;
Boy scouts are passing by.

Heidi hey. Heidi ho!
Iddly Widdley, woddely wo.
Better. Better than the rest.
Will Rogers is the best.

Heidi hey. Heidi ho!
Iddly Widdley, woddely wo.
If you heard what I just said,
Take that cap off your head.

Princess Pat

Sent in by G E Hedrick (geh@a.cs.okstate.edu)

Here are some facts about the song, sent in by Skipper Ian
(ROSS@KRDC.INT.ALCAN.CA):

The song and the music (that I know, anyways) is the song of the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry.
Princess Patricia of Cannaught was the daughter of a Governor General of Canada 1911-1914 and a grand-daughter of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert.

The rigabamboo is correctly the Regimental Camp Colour, affectionately known by the Princess Pat's as "The Ric-a-dam-doo".

The chorus, according to Col. C. Sydney Frost, is...

"A Ric-a-dam-doo, pray what is that?
It was made at home by the Princess Pat,
It's red and gold, and purple-blue
That's what we call The Ric-a-dam-doo, dam-doo, dam-doo"

As to the reference to Captain Dan, I am still working on this one...

The Song:

The Princess Pat (Egyptian hand movement & hips)
Lived in a tree (Arms up over heads, making a tree bow)
She sailed across (wave hands over water)
The seven seas (Seven fingers, wave hands over water)

She sailed across (Repeat hand wave over water)
the Channel too (thumb and finger channel, two fingers)
and took with her (sling bag over shoulder)
a rickabamboo (hands wave down move hips)

(chorus)

A rickabamboo (hands wave down)
Now what is that
Its something made
For the Princess Pat (repeat Egyptian move)
Its red and gold (hand on right hip)
and purple too (hand on left hip)
That's why its called
a rickabamboo (repeat motion)

(chorus)

Now Captain Dan (stand at Alert)
and loyal crew (salute)
They sailed across the channel too (as above)
but their ship sank (hold noses and move body down)
and your's will too (point out and finger two)
if you don't take (sling bag over shoulder)
a rickabamboo (hands wave down)

Sent in by Jenna Brown, (cat@maple.ufl.edu):

(This song is sung to the tune of "The Littlest Worm," "The Cutest Boy," "The Other Day, I met a bear" and other (in)famous scouting songs.
The motions really make the song, they would take up a lot of space written out.
If you'd like them, just e-mail me at cat@maple.ufl.edu)

Leader sings a line and group repeats the line and motions

The Princess Pat
Lived in a tree.
She sailed across
The seven seas.
She sailed across
the channel, too.
And she took with her
A Wrigga-Bamboo.

(refrain--still repeated)

A Wrigga-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

Now Captain Jack
Had a mighty fine crew.
He sailed across
The ocean blue.
But his ship sank,
And so will you,
If you don't take
A Wrigga-Bamboo.

(Chorus)

Sent in by Some User (user@willamette.edu):

A Camp Director I know sings the riggabamboo part "ricket-and-dew". Apparently a "ricket-and-dew" is the stopper in the bathtub and the chain attached to it. Just another version to confound you

Sent in by john rei (jrei@kitimat.sno.net)

Only difference I know is that the line you have as "lived in a tree" in the version from my childhood was "light infantry".

Sent in by MISS MARY MARGARET THOMAS (MXCG94C@prodigy.com):

When we sing "Princess Pat" at my camp, we use the words "wide infantry" instead of "lived in a tree," and the thing the Princess Pat brings with her is a "ricky-dan-doo." I have no idea what that is, but it is how I learned it as a camper and is what we teach our campers now!

Quarter Master's Store

There are roaches, roaches, roaches
Big as football coaches
At the store . . . at the store

There are roaches, roaches, roaches
Big as football coaches
At the Quarter Master's Store- Quarter Masters Store!

(chorus)
My eyes are dim I cannot see
I have not got my specs with me!
I have (hey!)
Got (ho!)
Got my specs with me!

Sent in by: rrk@geatland.bt.co.uk

I don't think there is a complete version. We usually get our cubs to make a few verses up themselves. These have included:

Akela snogging with a sailor
Baloo sitting on the loo

as well as the more well known:-
Gravy, enough to float the navy
rats as big as [blooming] cats
ants as big as elephants
rice as big as any mice

Sent in by Darin McGrew (mcgrew@rahul.net):

I learned this song's refrain with a descant that is sung simultaneously with the main chorus.

Refrain: Descant:
My eyes are dim My ey-y-yes
I cannot see Are di-i-im
I have not brought I ca-a-an
My specs with me Not se-e-ee

I have [clap] not [clap]

And here are the verses I'm familiar with. They all take the form of

There are ANTS, ANTS, ANTS,
Big as ELEPHANTS
At the store, at the store.
There are ANTS, ANTS, ANTS,
Big as ELEPHANTS
At the quartermaster's store.

I have abbreviated them for easy reference.

ANTS, Big as ELEPHANTS
AX, That can barely cut through WAX
BEANS, Big as SUBMARINES
BIRDS, Eating all the CURDS
BOX, Filled with lots of ROCKS
BUGS, Running through the RUGS
BUNCH, Of things that you can MUNCH
BUNS, There are sev'ral TONS
BUTTER, Scraped up from the GUTTER
CAKE, That caused our TUMMY ACHE
CAKES, That no one knows who BAKES
CLERK, He does all the WORK
COD, Though its taste is very ODD
COONS, Licking all the SPOONS
DUCKS, Each one wears a TUX
GRAVY, Enough to float a NAVY
GULLS, Pecking on your SKULL
GUM, Maybe you'll get SOME
MICE, Running through the RICE
NUTS, No IF's or AND's or BUT's
PACKS, Hanging from the RACKS
QUAIL, Too big for the SCALE
RATS, Big as ALLEY CATS
ROACHES, Big as FOOTBALL COACHES
RUST, Under all the DUST
SKUNKS, Running through the TRUNKS
SNAKES, Big as GARDEN RAKES
STUFF, We hope that there's ENOUGH
TRUCKS, Stuck in all the MUCK
WORMS, Big as PACHYDERMS
YAMS, That weigh 10 KILOGRAMS

Enjoy!

Road to Mandalay

Sent in by Ian Ross

Come you back to Mandalay
Where the old flotilla lay,
Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin'
From Rangoon to Mandalay?

On the road to Mandalay
Where the flyin' fishes play,
And the dawn comes up like thunder
Out of China 'cross the bay.

Run River Run

Sent in by Mike L. Walton (waltoml@wkuvx1.wku.edu)

And we go on and on, watching the river run;
churning and running from all we've done,
(something else goes here)
And life's just begun, watching the river run,
watching the river run, run river, run.

Sent in by : Miss Margret Mary Thomas (MXCG94C@prodigy.com)

If you've been thinking you're all that you've got,
Then don't feel alone anymore.
Cuz when we're together, then you've got a lot,
For I am the river, and you are the shore.

CHORUS:

And it goes on and on, watching the river run,
Further and further from things that we've done,
Leaving them one by one,
And we have just begun, watching the river run,
Listening and learning and yearning to run, river, run.

Winding and swirling and dancing along,
We pass by the old willow tree,
Where lovers carress as we sing them our song,
Rejoicing together as we greet the sea.

(CHORUS)

Seashore

Sent in by G E Hedrick (geh@a.cs.okstate.edu)

Tune: Glow little glow worm

Down by the seashore,
Glimmer, glimmer,
There sat a mermaid,
Slimmer, slimmer.
Her teeth were false
And her hair peroxide.
Tell by the moon light
She was cross-eyed.

Ruffles on her petticoat,
Blowing in the breeze,
Light brown sandpaper,
Rubbing on her knees.
She had a wooden leg,
And could not walk home.
Ahhh. I love her just the same.

Shipwrecked

Sent in by G E Hedrick (geh@a.cs.okstate.edu)

Tune: Gilligan's Island

Our troop set sail on the sea one day,
In search of coins of gold.
A group of hearty Boy Scouts
With leaders true and bold.

The weather started getting rough.
The tiny ship was tossed.
If not for the courage of our Scoutmaster,
The whole troop would be lost.

Our boat touched ground on a rocky isle.
And, up walked an old, old man.
He tossed a towel to dry us off.
And, he raised high is right hand.

He said, ``You're a sharp troop of Boy Scouts.
Your courage's brave and sure
To sail out to see like this
For a scouting adventure.''

He gave us directions to get home.
We set sail with good cheer.
We reached home with the setting sun,
And tied up to the pier.

We looked in the bottom of the boat
To see the old man's towel.
His name was stitched along the hem.
His name was Baden--Powell.

Singing in the Rain

Sent in by Barbara Harackiewicz (Harackiewicz@pko.dec.com)

I'm singing in the rain, just singing in the rain
(then say--)
hold it... hold it (arms are held out straight with palms out)
thumbs down...thumbs down
choo cha cha choo cha cha choo cha cha cha
choo cha cha choo cha cha choo cha cha cha

I'm singing in the rain, just singing in the rain (then say--)
hold it... hold it (arms are held out straight with palms out)

thumbs down ... thumbs down (do the motion)
elbows back ... elbows back (do the motion)
choo cha cha choo cha cha choo cha cha cha
choo cha cha choo cha cha choo cha cha cha

I'm singing in the rain, just singing in the rain (then say--)
hold it...hold it (arms are held out straight with palms out)
thumbs down ... thumbs down (do the motion)
elbows back ... elbows back (do the motion)
knees together...knees together (do the motion)
choo cha cha choo cha cha choo cha cha cha
choo cha cha choo cha cha choo cha cha cha

I'm singing in the rain, just singing in the rain (then say--)
hold it...hold it (arms are held out straight with palms out)
thumbs down ... thumbs down (do the motion)
elbows back ... elbows back (do the motion)
knees together...knees together (do the motion)
toes together...toes together (do the motion)
choo cha cha choo cha cha choo cha cha cha
choo cha cha choo cha cha choo cha cha cha

I'm singing in the rain, just singing in the rain (then say--)
hold it...hold it (arms are held out straight with palms out)
thumbs down... thumbs down (do the motion)
elbows back ...elbows back (do the motion)
knees together...knees together (do the motion)
toes together...toes together (do the motion)
bend over...bend over (do the motion)
choo cha cha choo cha cha choo cha cha cha
choo cha cha choo cha cha choo cha cha cha

I'm singing in the rain, just singing in the rain (the say--)
hold it...hold it (arms are held out straight with palms out)
thumbs down...thumbs down (do the motion)
elbows back...elbows back (do the motion)
knees together...knees together (do the motion)
toes together...toes together (do the motion)
bend over...bend over (do the motion)
tongue out...tongue out (do the motion,continue singing)
choo cha cha choo cha cha choo cha cha cha
choo cha cha choo cha cha choo cha cha cha

I'm singing in the rain, just singing in the rain (then say--)
hold it..hold it (arms are held out straight with palms out)
thumbs down...thumbs down (do the motion)
elbows back...elbows back (do the motion)
knees together...knees together (do the motion)
toes together...toes together (do the motion)
bend over...bend over (do the motion)
tongue out...tongue out (do the motion)
sit down....sit down. (do the motion)

Shine On Harvest Moon

Sent in by Ian Ross

Shine on, shine on harvest moon
Up in the sky,
I ain't had no lovin'
Since January, February, June or July
Snow time ain't no time to stay
Outdoors and spoon,
So shine on, shine on harvest moon,
For me and my gal.

Star Spangled Banner

Sent in by G E Hedrick (geh@a.cs.okstate.edu)

Oh say, can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof throughout the night that our flag was still there.
Oh say, does that Star-Spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the land of the brave.

On the shore, dimly seen through the mist 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. Oh long may it wave.
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Sweedish Scout Song

Sent in by Karolina Lindholm (Karolina.Lindholm@juridicum.su.se)

Var rddd om din fyrfota vdn fvr dess mamma kan vara en anka
som simmar omkring i en damm ndr som solen tittar fram
Nu tror du att visan dr slut och det dr den

Sandwich Song

Sent in by G E Hedrick (geh@a.cs.okstate.edu)

Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic
I walk into a restaurant
And this is what I cry:
"I want a chicken sandwich,
Cup of coffee, piece of pie."
Oh, you will surely hear me
Sing this song until I die!
"I want a chicken sandwich,
Cup of coffee, piece of pie."

She'll be comin' 'round the Mountain

Sent in by G E Hedrick (geh@a.cs.okstate.edu)

She'll be coming 'round the mountain when she comes. (Toot Toot!)
She'll be coming 'round the mountain when she comes. (Toot Toot!)
She'll be coming 'round the mountain,
She'll be coming 'round the mountain,
She'll be coming 'round the mountain when she comes. (Toot Toot!)

She'll be driving six white horses when she comes. (Whoa back!)
She'll be driving six white horses when she comes. (Whoa back!)
She'll be coming 'round the mountain,
She'll be coming 'round the mountain,
She'll be coming 'round the mountain when she comes. (Whoa back!)

Oh, we'll all go out to meet her when she comes. (Hi babe!)
Oh, we'll all go out to meet her when she comes. (Hi babe!)
She'll be coming 'round the mountain,
She'll be coming 'round the mountain,
She'll be coming 'round the mountain when she comes. (Hi babe!)

Oh, we'll kill the old red rooster when she comes. (Hack hack!)
Oh, we'll kill the old red rooster when she comes. (Hack hack!)
She'll be coming 'round the mountain,
She'll be coming 'round the mountain,
She'll be coming 'round the mountain when she comes. (Hack hack!)

Oh, we'll all have chicken and dumplings when she comes. (Yum yum!)
Oh, we'll all have chicken and dumplings when she comes. (Yum yum!)
She'll be coming 'round the mountain,
She'll be coming 'round the mountain,
She'll be coming 'round the mountain when she comes. (Yum yum!)

She'll have to sleep with Granny when she comes. (Snore Snore!)
She'll have to sleep with Granny when she comes. (Snore Snore!)
She'll be coming 'round the mountain,
She'll be coming 'round the mountain,
She'll be coming 'round the mountain when she comes. (Snore snore!)

She'll be coming 'round the mountain when she comes. (Toot Toot!)
She'll be coming 'round the mountain when she comes. (Toot Toot!)
She'll be coming 'round the mountain,
She'll be coming 'round the mountain,
She'll be coming 'round the mountain when she comes. (Toot Toot!)

Sent in by: Mats Kronbladh (matsk@Minsk.DoCS.UU.SE)

As we sing it in Sweden, we usually start with the more serious verses and for proceeding with the verses not so serious... Here you have some verses as the song may be sung at a campfire in Stockholm, Sweden:

She'll be coming round the mountain when she comes (tuut-tuut!)
She'll be driving six white horses when she comes (hold back!)
We will all go down to meet her when she comes (hi babe!)
We'll be singing halleluja when she comes (Halleluja!)
She'll be drinking coca-cola when she comes (Clunk-Clunk!)
She'll be smoking Philip Morris when she comes (puff-puff!)

She'll be wearing pink pyjamas when she comes ("whistling")
She'll be wearing NO pyjamas when she comes (...)

Are the last ones some Swedish constructions or have anyone heard about them before?

Seasick Feeling

Sent in by G E Hedrick (geh@a.cs.okstate.edu)

Tune: You've lost that lovin' feeling

Chorus:

We've got that seasick feeling,
Oooh, that seasick feeling.
We've got that seasick feeling.
Lunch is gone, gone, gone. Oh, oh, oh.

We always close our eyes,
When we're sailing on the seas.
There is some shakiness
Going way down to my knees.
We're trying not to show it.
Oh, inside, inside we know it.

(chorus)

I've got a stomach ache
As I stagger toward the rail.
Boy! If I must get sick,
I hope I don't barf on a whale.
You know I just feel like crying.
'Cause something in my stomach is dying.

(chorus)

When I get seasick,
I get down on my knees to pray,
That all my breakfast and lunch
Will in my stomach stay. I need some Tums, some Roloids, Some Alka-seltzer too.
The cook just said he'd made
Another batch of stew.

I need a pail; I need a pail.
I need a pail. I need a pail!
So bring it here please.
Bring it here, please.
Bring it here, please.
Bring it here, please.

(chorus)

Silver Threads Among the Gold

Sent in by Ian Ross

Darling I am growing old,
Silver threads among the gold,
Shine upon my brow to-day,

Life is fading fast away,
But my darling you will be, (will be)
Always young and fair to me,
Yes! My darling you will be,
Always young and fair to me.

CHORUS:

Darling I am growing, growing old,
Silver threads among the gold
Shine upon my brow to-day:
Life is fading fast away.

Sippin' Cider (This is an Echo Song)

Sent in by Becky Selm, Troop Leader, Brownie Troop 929, Kansas
(torpedo@midusa.net)

The prettiest girl (echo: The prettiest girl)
I ever saw (echo: I ever saw)
Was sippin' ci- (echo: was sippin' ci-)
-der through a straw (echo: -der through a straw)
The prettiest girl I ever saw, was sippin' cider through a straw.

I asked her if (echo)
she'd show me how (echo)
To sip some ci- (echo)
-der through a straw (echo)
I asked her if she'd show me how, to sip some cider through a straw.

She said, "Of course" (echo)
She'd show me how (echo)
To sip some ci- (echo)
-der through a straw. (echo)
She said, "Of course," she'd show me how, to sip some cider through a straw.

First cheek to cheek (echo)
Then jaw to jaw (echo)
We sipped some ci- (echo)
-der through a straw (echo)
First cheek to cheek, then jaw to jaw, we sipped some cider through a straw.

Every now and then (echo)
That straw would slip (echo)
And we'd sip ci- (echo)
-der lip to lip (echo)
Every now and then that straw would slip, and we'd sip cider lip to lip.

That's how I got (echo)
My mother-in-law (echo)
And
9 kids (echo)
Who call me "Pa" (echo)
That's how I got my mother-in-law, and
9 kids who call me "Pa".

The moral of (echo)

This little tale (echo)
Is sip your ci- (echo)
-der from a pail (echo)
The moral of this little tale, is sip your cider from a pail!

Sleepy Camper

Sent in by Ian Ross Tune: What do you do With a Drunken Sailor

What do you do with a sleepy camper?
What do you do with a sleepy camper?
What do you do with a sleepy camper
Early in the morning?

Chorus:

Way hey late, ye risers.
Way hey late, ye risers.
Way hey late, ye risers
Early in the morning.

Pull him out of bed with a running bowline.
Throw him in the lake with his pants on backwards.
Put him to bed and hour sooner,
Early in the evening!

Thank the Lord

Sent in by Justin (bovine@nauticom.net)
(to the tune of "Rock Around the Clock")

You gotta thank the Lord, thank him right
Thank him morning noon and night
You gotta thank the Lord, he's alright
You gotta than the Lord, he's outa sight
You gotta thank the Lord above
And give Him all your love
Sh-sh-sh-sh-sh-sh-sh-sh-sh
Thank the Lord
Sh-sh-sh-sh-sh-sh-sh-sh-sh-sh
Amen

There was a Bee

Sent in by Stephen Zabele - gszabele@tasc.com

There Was A Bee-i-ee-i-ee

There was a bee-i-ee-i-ee
Who had a sting-i-ing-i-ing
And he could sting-i-ing-i-ing
Like anything-i-ing-i-ing

There was a boy-oy-oy-oy-oy
Who had a stick-i-ick-i-ick
And he gave that bee-i-ee-i-ee
An awful lick-i-ick-i-ick

And then that bee-i-ee-i-ee
Began to sting-i-ing-i-ing
And he did sting-i-ing-i-ing
Like anything-i-ing-i-ing

And then that boy-oy-oy-oy-oy
Began to yell-i-ell-i-ell
And he told that bee-i-ee-i-ee
To got to

WAY DOWN YONDER IN THE CORNFIELD!

The Thing (by Phil Harris)

Sent in by Ian Ross

While I was walking down the beach one bright and sunny day,
I saw a great big wooden box a floatin' in the bay,
I pulled it in and opened it up and much to my surprise,
Uu I discovered a X-xx, right before my eyes.
Uu I discovered a X-xx, right before my eyes.

I picked it up and ran to town as happy as a king,
I took it to a guy I knew who'd buy most anything,
But this is what he hollered at me as I walked in his shop,
Uu get out of here with that X-xx, before I call a cop.
Uu get out of here with that X-xx, before I call a cop.

I turned around and got right out a runnin' for my life,
And then I took it home with me to give it to my wife,
But this is what she hollered at me as I walked in the door,
Uu get out of here with that X-xx, and don't come back no more.
Uu get out of here with that X-xx, and don't come back no more.

I wandered all around the town until I chanced to meet,
A hobo who was lookin' for a handout on the street,
He said he take most any ole thing he was a desperate man,
But when I showed him the X-xx, he turned around and ran.
OOHH when I showed him the X-xx, he turned around and ran.

I wandered on for many a years a victim of my fate,
Until till one day I came upon St. Peter at the gate,
And when I tried to take it inside he told me where to go,
Get out of here with that X-xx, and take it down below.
Oh get out of here with that X-xx, and take it down below.

(slowly)

The moral of this story is if your out on the beach,
And you should see a great big box and it's within your reach,
Don't ever stop and open it up, thats my advice to you,
Cause you'll never get rid of the X-xx, no matter what you do.
Oh you'll never get rid of the X-xx, no matter what you do. Xx

(Ed. Note - an oldie from the Fifties. An original comedy tune. The song may be found on

Rhino Record's "Doctor Demento presents the Greatest Novelty Records of all Time
- the
1950's" Phil Harris was the band leader on the Jack Benny radio program.)

Today

Sent in by MISS MARY MARGARET THOMAS (MXCG9
C@prodigy.com)

CHORUS:

Today, while the blossoms still cling to the vine,
I'll taste your strawberries, I'll drink your sweet wine.
A million tomorrows shall all pass away,
'Ere I forget all the joy that is mine today.

Well, I'll be a dandy, and I'll be a rover.
You'll know who I am by the song that I sing.
I'll feast at your table, I'll sleep in your clover.
Who cares what tomorrow may bring?

(CHORUS)

I can't be contented with yesterday's glory.
I can't live on promises winter to spring.
Today is my moment and now is my story.
I'll laugh, and I'll cry, and I'll sing.

(CHORUS)

Tom the Toad

Sent in by G E Hedrick (geh@a.cs.okstate.edu)

Tune: Oh, Christmas Tree

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 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 Sue the Skunk, Oh Sue the Skunk
Why do you make my tires go thunk?
Oh Sue the Skunk, Oh Sue the Skunk

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

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

Oh Possum Pete, Oh Possum Pete
There's nothing left but hair and feet
Oh Possum Pete, Oh Possum Pete
There's nothing left but hair and feet
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.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Oh Bill, the bug, Oh Bill, the bug.
What are you doing on the rug?
Oh Bill, the bug, Oh Bill, the bug.
What are you doing on the rug?

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

Sent in by cox@vt8200.vetmed.lsu.edu:

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

Sent in by Gary Morrow (Gary_Morrow@mindlink.bc.ca):

oh soxs the fox
oh soxs the fox
why are you lying
in the box.

you did not see the hunter ahead
and now your head is full of lead.

oh soxs the fox
oh sox the fox
soxs why are you lying
in the box?

Trusty Tommy (Sung to the tune of Yankee Doodle)

Sent in by Ian Ross

Trusty Tommy was a Scout
Loyal to his mother,
Helpful to the folks about
And friendly to his brother.

Courteous to the girls he knew,
Kind unto his rabbits,
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.

Taps

Sent in by G E Hedrick (geh@a.cs.okstate.edu)

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, lights the sky, gleaming bright;
From afar, drawing nigh, falls the night.
God is nigh.
Thanks and praise, for our days
'Neath the sun, 'neath the stars, 'neath the sky;
As we go, this we know:
God is nigh.

Two Little Fleas

Sent in by G E Hedrick (geh@a.cs.okstate.edu)

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."

Taps (for Cub Scouts)

Sent in by dsmith81 (dsmith81@why.net)

As we close
Each Cub knows
What it means
To be fair,
To be true,
To be proud
Of the gold
And the blue.

Meetings through,
Don't be blue;
Meet again
With our den;
Until then
Obey the law;
Join the rest
Do your best.

Sun of gold,
Sky of blue,
Both are gone
From our sight,
Day is through.
Do your best
Then to rest,
Peace to you.

Thanks Be to God

Sent in by G E Hedrick (geh@a.cs.okstate.edu)

Tune: Wendy

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

These are the Days

Sent in by David Cooke (s5djc@bath.ac.uk)

These are the days we shall dream about,
and we'll call them the good old days.
When the years have rolled away we will dream of the times we had,
And the songs we used to sing.

So while we're together, let us laugh at the weather,
And whatever the Gods may bring.
When all our youth is but memory,
And the years bring parting of the ways.

Then believe me fellows.
These are the times we shall dream about
and we'll call them the good old days.

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Tie Me Kangaroo Down

Sent in by Lew Orans (lewiso@aol.com)

(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....

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

Chorus:
All together now...
Tie me kangaroo down, sport
Tie me kangaroo down.
Tie me kangaroo down, sport
Tie me kangaroo down.

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)

Let me Abos go loose, Lou
Let me Abos go loose.
They're of no further use, Lou
So, let me Abos go loose.

(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)

Together

Sent in by David Lindsay (djlindsay.maildb@bradford.ac.uk)

Together, when we're all together
We Know how lucky we are
The world around us is everything
The sound of music
The songs we sing
And even in the coldest winter
The warmest summer arrives
We'll share together
When we're together
The BEST years of our lives

Words and music by Ralph Reader
Written for the London Gang Shows during the 1930's

Trail the Eagle

Sent in by George and Conrad Hutcheson (GeorgeH@Forbin.com)

One that I remember from the '60s.

The tune is a familiar national college fight song but I can't remember who's.

Trail the Eagle, Trail the Eagle
Climbing all the time
First the Star and then the Life
Will on your bosom shine.
Blaze the trail and we will follow
Heark the Eagle's call.
On, brothers, onward 'til we're Eagles all.

Sent in by Nick Allen (nicka@sonic.net):

I'm a Camp program director in Northern California (BSA Camp MAsonite Navarro)
and the song Trail to
eagle is sung and then the tune is hummed while one scout steps out of the crowd
and repeats the law, when he
is done (if timed right) the rest of the staff sings the "on brothers on until
w'ere eagles all part. It makes a
great closing to a campfire program.

Tree Toad

Sent in by G E Hedrick (geh@a.cs.okstate.edu)

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!

There Was an Old Woman

Sent in by G E Hedrick (geh@a.cs.okstate.edu)

There was an old woman
Who swallowed a fly.
I don't know why
she swallowed that fly.
Perhaps she'll die.

There was an old woman
Who swallowed a spider,
Who wriggled and jiggled and tickled
Inside her.
She swallowed the spider
to catch the fly.
I don't know why
she swallowed that fly.
Perhaps she'll die.

There was an old woman
Who swallowed a bird.
How absurd! to swallow a bird.
She swallowed the bird
To catch the spider
Who wriggled and jiggled and tickled
Inside her.
She swallowed the spider
to catch the fly.
I don't know why
she swallowed that fly.
Perhaps she'll die.

There was an old woman
Who swallowed a cat.
Imagine that! to swallow a cat.
She swallowed the cat
To catch the bird.
She swallowed the bird
To catch the spider
Who wriggled and jiggled and tickled
Inside her.
She swallowed the spider
to catch the fly.
I don't know why
she swallowed that fly.
Perhaps she'll die

cat...imagine that!
dog...What a hog!

goat...Just opened her throat

cow...I don't know how

horse...She's dead of course

Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree

Sent in by Barb and Bob Booth (rbooth@fwb.gulf.net)

Under the spreading chestnut tree.
There we sat just you and me.
Oh how happy we would be under the spreading chestnut tree.

(This song has hand motions for each phrase. Each time you repeat the verse, you leave out the phrase for the hand motion and just do the motion. Eventually, all you will do is hand motions.)

Under (make hands over head like an umbrella) the spreading (move hands out like tree branches) chest (point to chest) nut (point to head) tree (move hands out like tree branches again). There we sat (hug yourself) just you (point to somebody else) and me (point to yourself). Oh how happy (smile and point to smile) we would be (hug yourself). Under (make hands over head like an umbrella) the spreading (move hands out like tree branches) chest (point to chest) nut (point to head) tree (move hands out like tree branches).

Unicorn Song

Sent in by G E Hedrick (geh@a.cs.okstate.edu)

The Unicorn song was written by Shel Silverstein - John Kasper
(jkasper@netten.net)

A long time ago when the earth was green
There were more kinds of animals than you'd ever seen
They'd run around free while the earth was being born
But the loveliest of them all was the unicorn

There were green alligators
And long necked geese
Some humpy back camels
And some chimpanzees
Some cats and rats and elephants
but sure as you're born
The loveliest of all was the unicorn

Now God saw some sinnin'

And it gave Him a pain
And He says, "Stand back!
I'm gone to make it rain."
He says, "Hey, Brother Noah,
I'll tell you what to do,
Build me a floating zoo.

And take some of the
Green alligators and long necked geese
Some humpy back camels and some chimpanzees
Some cats and rats and elephants
But sure as you're born
Don't you forget my unicorns."

Old Noah was there to answer the call
He finished up making the ark
Just as the rain started falling
He marched in the animals two by two
And he called out as they went through,
"Hey, Lord, I've got your green alligators,
And long necked geese
Some humpy back camels and some chimpanzees
Some cats and rats and elephants
But, Lord, so forlorn,
I just don't see any unicorns."

Then Noah looked out through the driving rain
The unicorns were hiding, playing silly games
Kicking and splashing while the rain was pouring
Oh them silly unicorns
There was green alligators and long necked geese
Some humpy back camels and some chimpanzees
And Noah cried, "Close the door cause the rain is pouring
And we just can't wait for those darn unicorns."
door
The ark started moving, adrift with the tides
The unicorns looked up from the rocks and they cried
And the waters came down and sort of floated them away
And that's why you'll never see a unicorn to this very day

You'll see green alligators and long necked geese
Some humpy back camels and some chimpanzees
Some cats and rats and elephants
But sure as you're born
You're never gonna see any unicorns.

Underwear (Sung to tune of Over There)

Sent in by Ian Ross

Underwear, underwear,
How I itch, In my wooly underwear,
I wish I'd gotten, a pair of cotten,
So I would itch everywhere.

BVD's, make me sneeze,
When the breeze, from the trees, hits my knees,

I'm coming over, I'm coming over,
I my gosh darn, dong dong, wooly underwear.

(alt. words:)

Underwear, underwear,
Send a pair, send a pair, I can wear.
I left mine lying,
Outside a drying,
Now I need them
And they're not there.

Underwear, underwear,
Get a pair, get a pair, anywhere.
The bugle's blowing,
I must be going,
I've got to get there
If I have to go there bare.

Valkyrie

Sent in by G E Hedrick (geh@a.cs.okstate.edu)

Tune: Der froelich Wanderer (The Happy Wanderer)

I love to sail my viking ship
Out across the sea.
Oh. Now I 've sailed so far away
Don't know where I might be.

Chorus:

Valkyrie, Valkyrah.
Valkyrie, Valkyrah.
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

I sailed my ship for many months,
Until I reached a bay.
The new land, I landed upon
Now is the USA.

(chorus)

I waved my hand to natives there,
And they waved back to me.
Then I turned my ship around
and headed back to sea.

(chorus)

Vikings

Sent in by G E Hedrick (geh@a.cs.okstate.edu)

Tune: A hunting we will go

Brave viking men are we,
We sail the deep blue sea.

We're big and strong as we sail along;
New continents to see.

We sailed to New Zealand.
We were a jolly band.
We settled there without a care
With Thor in command.

Thor was the captain's son.
He was a handsome one.
He sailed away to explore one day,
And discovered Newfoundland.

We're vikings brave and bold.
We lived in lands of old.
And you will see our history.
Our story's finally been told.

Vikings, Vikings

Sent in by G E Hedrick (geh@a.cs.okstate.edu)

Tune: Sailing, sailing

Vikings, vikings, over the ocean blue
This mighty band of sailors looking for a land that's new.
Vikings, vikings, sailing without a fear,
They're heading out to sea to find the Western hemisphere.

Vikings, vikings, they're warriors so it's said.
Sailing for adventure with the great Erik the Red.
Vikings, vikings, the brave Scandinavians;
They're headed west to find the shores of northern Newfoundland.

Vikings Go Sailing

Sent in by G E Hedrick (geh@a.cs.okstate.edu)

Tune: Caissons go rolling along

Over waves, over seas
Viking warriors all are we,
As the vikings go sailing along.

On the high, high sea
We will sing of valkyrie,
Pull all you oarsmen, faster please.
To new lands we'll go
We're the first there, now you know,
As the vikings go sailing along.

Viking Adventurers

Sent in by G E Hedrick (geh@a.cs.okstate.edu)

Tune: Viva la Compagnie

Oh. Now let us sail on oceans so blue.
Viking adventurers.
Sailing our ships on courses set so true.
Viking adventurers.

None of us care what direction we head,
Viking adventurers.
We'll find the new world just like Eric the Red.
Viking adventurers.

Wading

Sent in by G E Hedrick (geh@a.cs.okstate.edu)

Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic

She waded in the water and she got her ankles wet.
She waded in the water and she got her ankles wet.
She waded in the water and she got her ankles wet.
But she didn't get her (clap, clap) wet.

Chorus:
Glory, glory, Hallelujah;
Glory, glory, Hallelujah;
Glory, glory, Hallelujah;
She didn't get her (clap, clap) wet, yet.

She waded in the water and she got her knees wet.
She waded in the water and she got her knees wet.
She waded in the water and she got her knees wet.
But she didn't get her (clap, clap) wet.

(chorus)

She waded in the water and she got her thighs wet.
She waded in the water and she got her thighs wet.
She waded in the water and she got her thighs wet.
But she didn't get her (clap, clap) wet.

(chorus)

She waded in the water and she finally got it wet.
She waded in the water and she finally got it wet.
She waded in the water and she finally got it wet.
She finally got her bathing suit wet.

We Change the World

Sent in by MISS MARY MARGARET THOMAS (MXCG94C@prodigy.com)

This is a Girl Scout song that is relatively new and has quickly become a favorite of a lot of Girl Scouts.

CHORUS:

Change the world, come with me.
Time to let our dreams fly free,

And it comes so easily,
That is our wa-a-a-ay.
Every moment we're alive,
It's our love that will survive.
In the Girl Scouts, together, we change the world.

Sisters of every color, friends from everywhere,
We all make a difference when we show the world we care.
The Girl Scouts are a family, and they show us what we can be,
And I believe, together, we change the world.

(CHORUS)

In America, we have so much to give
To our sisters around the world who are struggling just to live.
We light the light and do our share.
Reach out your hand and someone's there,
And I believe, together we change the world.
(CHORUS)

Warm & Gentle Fuzzies

Sent in by Cris Derrick (crisnik@mailbag.com)

I will give you warm & gentle fuzzies
for I love you as you are.
If you want more warm & gentle fuzzies
open up your heart

New made friends,
like new made wine,
age and mello
with the time.

Will Rogers Camp Song

Sent in by G E Hedrick (geh@a.cs.okstate.edu)

Tune: You're a Grand Old Flag

You're a grand old camp, you're a wonderful camp
And you always and always will be.
When we're here with you, our dreams come true
Will Rogers we're faithful to thee.

We have watched you grow, we have told you hello
And we never will say goodbye
Our hearts are true, we're all for you
Will Rogers will never die -- Hey!

White Underwear

Sent in by Walt Becker (wbecker@awod.com)

Parody to White Coral Bells

White underwear, upon the laundry line.*

Polka dot pajamas, oh my gosh they're mine!
Oh don't you wish that you could have some too!
That will happen only when your seat wears through.
Four part round break (*)

Why Does the Sun Shine?

This is an old song from the 1950's, recently re-done by They Might Be Giants.
The CD single is available in
your local record store (if you like songs with Glockenspeils, this is for you!)

The Sun is a mass of incandescent gas
A gigantic nuclear furnace
Where hydrogen is built into helium
At a temperature of millions of degrees

Yo ho! It's hot!
The Sun is not
A place where we could live
Without the Sun, there'd be no life
We need the light it gives

The Sun is a mass of incandescent gas
A gigantic nuclear furnace
Where hydrogen is built into helium
At a temperature of millions of degrees

(sung)The Sun is hot:

(read)The Sun is so hot that everything on it is a gas- iron, copper, aluminum,
and many
others.

(sung)The Sun is large:

(read)If the Sun were hollow, a million earths could fit inside- and yet the Sun
is only a
middle sized star.

(sung)The Sun is far away:

(read)About 93 million miles away . . and that's why it looks so small.

(sung)And, even when it's out of sight- the Sun shines night and day

(read)The Sun shines due to the nuclear reactions of carbon, nitrogen, and
helium

The Sun is a mass of incandescent gas
A gigantic nuclear furnace
Where hydrogen is built into helium
At a temperature of millions of degrees

Worm's Eye View

Sent in by G E Hedrick (geh@a.cs.okstate.edu)

Tune: Home on the range

Oh, come see my home,
Where I live all alone,
Munching onions and spinach all day.
Now, you might think a worm,
Doesn't deserve his own turn,

But without me the gardner would play.

Chorus:

Home, home in the squash,
Where I live and I sleep and I eat.
The gardner might try
To blow me sky high,
But I'll hide safely inside a beet.

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White Underwear

Sent in by McShane (jcmcshane@loop.com) and Walt Becker (wbecker@awod.com)

(Parody to White Coral Bells)

White underwear, upon the laundry line.*
Polka dot pajamas, oh my gosh they're mine!
Oh don't you wish that you could have some too!
That will happen only when your seat wears through.

Four part round break (*)

(Here's how I learned it as a scout in Ohio:)

Orange striped socks, upon an outstretched line,
Polka dot pajamas, oh my gosh they're mine!
Oh don't you wish that you could wear them too!
Sorry little friend they don't belong to you!

(comment: pronounce "striped" in two syllables..."stri-ped")

Worms

Sent in by G E Hedrick (geh@a.cs.okstate.edu)

Nobody likes me.
Everybody hates me.

I'm gonna eat some worms

Chorus:

Long, slim, slimy 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.

(chorus)

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

(chorus)

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

(chorus)

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

(chorus)

When Your Smiling

Sent in by Ian Ross

When you're smiling, when you're smiling,
The whole world smiles with you;

When you're laughing, when you're laughing,
The sun comes shining through;

And when you're crying, you bring on the rain,
So stop your crying, be happy again;

Keep on smiling, 'cause when you're smiling --
The whole world smiles with you!

Yes She Can

Sent in by George Markward (georgem@digital.net)
Sing to the tune of "She'll be comin' '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!

(Slower)

Just you wait 'til we're older then you'll see.
We'll be women in tomorrow's history.
As we grow up through the years
We will sing out loud and clear!
Can we start the process here?
YES we can, yes we can!

You're the Cream in my Coffee

Sent in by Ian Ross

You're the cream in my coffee,
You're the salt in my stew,
You will always be my necessity,
I'd be lost without you.

You're the starch in my collar,
You're the lace in my shoe,
You will always be my necessity,
I'd be lost without you.

Most men tell love-tales
And each phrase dove-tails.
You've heard each known way,
This is my own way.

You're the sail of my love-boat,
You're the captain and crew,
You will always be my necessity
I'd be lost without you.

The Zooloo King

Sent in by Harackiewicz (stan@eng.pko.dec.com)

The ZOOLOO king with the big nose ring
fell in love with a fair young maid
and every night by the pale moonlight
across the lake he came.

With a hug and a kiss for a ZOOLOO miss
under the bamboo tree
and everynight by the pale moonlight
sounds like this to me.

BA RUMP (xx), BA RUMP (xx)
BA RUMP BE DE A DE AAA
BA RUMP (xx), BA RUMP(xx)
BA RUMP BE DE A DE AAA

We'll build a bungalow, big enough for two.
big enough for two, my darling
big enough for two
then we'll marry. Happy we'll be
under the bamboo, under the bamboo tree

If you'll be m-i-n-e, mine
I'll be t-h-i-n-e, thine
and I'll l-o-v-e, love you
all the t-i-m-e, time.

You are the b-e-s-t, best of all
the r-e-s-t, rest, and I'll
l-o-v-e, love you all of the
t-i-m-e, time

Rack 'em up, stack 'em up
any old time.
match in the gas tank
boom, boom.