



SONGBOOK

2002

Noble and manly music invigorates the spirit,
strengthens the wavering man,
and incites him to great and worthy deeds.
Homer: The Illiad, c.1000 b.c.

"Every staff member should have a song and a story and a game ready to entertain a troop or patrol sitting around its own campfire circle. The boys will listen to the staff member as if he were a pioneer or an explorer." — A staff Manual.

Purpose

This book of camp songs and inspirational readings is intended primarily to encourage camp staff members to learn, teach, sing, lead, and enjoy traditional camp songs. We hope through the process, these songs will also remind you of good times and good leadership at National Camping School in the Northeast Region.

We highly recommend both the Boy Scout Songbook and Cub Scout Songbook as basic references for every camp staff member. Each has over 130 songs—enough to get you started. Often we will refer you to those books rather than reprint the songs here.

Singing is fun and singing contributes to achieving the purposes of Scouting in many ways. Singing teaches leadership skills, builds traditions, and establishes the group. Singing can set the mood or tone, contribute to merriment and inspiration, and leaving lasting impressions.

To those who have chosen to be the leaders of song, we salute you.

"Every camper takes home special memories of a camping experience—everyone cherishes certain moments for certain personal reasons, but all of us remember the warm glowing atmosphere that is created with each campfire program..." —Jack Pearce, Canada.

Leadership in Singing

1. Relax, have fun, smile!
2. Choose your songs ahead of time. Plan a Sequence of Songs.
3. Follow the fire.
4. Begin with a song that everyone knows or one that is very easy to teach.
5. Learn the song yourself.
6. Practice the song yourself.
7. To teach a song:
 - a. Introduce the song.
 - b. Don't talk the song, sing it.
 - c. Help the group capture the melody.
 - d. Invite folks to hum along, sing softly until they get it, chime in.
 - e. Teach the words by singing a line and having the group sing it back.
 - f. Put it all together and review.
 - g. Consider song sheets.
8. An instrument in background (piano, guitar, or harmonica) adds variety—but please don't drown the singers.
9. Put the emphasis on music not on noise.
10. Relax, have fun, smile!

"Every college, every nation has its songs. Music is a tremendous power in developing morale." Second SM Handbook

Once upon a time, wasn't singing a part of everyday life? As much as talking, physical exercise, and religion. Our distant ancestors, wherever they were in this world, sang while pounding grain, paddling canoes, or walking long journeys. Nowadays we tend to put all these things in boxes. —Pete Seeger

Waking Up

Puffer Bellies

Down by the Station,
Early in the Morning,
See the little pufferbellies
All in a row.
See the station master
Turn the little handle.
Puff, Puff.
Choo, choo.
Off we go.

A Birdie Wake-Up Song

Early in the morning,
when I'm fast asleep,
heard a little birdie
Go "Cheep! Cheep!"
And the little birdie
Had a funny name.
It's called Iga Fliga Fleega Flagga, Ishkanishka Nagga Nugga, Igga Fliga Fleega Flagga,
Birdie

I'm gonna buy some bird seed
For my window sill,
Just to keep it quiet,
Just to keep it still.
It's for the little birdie
with the funny name.
It's for Iga Fliga Fleega Flagga, Ishkanishka Nagga Nugga, Igga Fliga Fleega Flagga,
Birdie.

Another Birdie Wake-Up Song

Way up in the sky,
The big birdies fly,
While down in the nest,
The little birdies rest.
Shhhh! They're sleeping!
The bright sun comes up;
The dew goes away.
"Good Morning! Good Morning!"
The little birdies say.

"The best troops are singing troops. The best packs are singing packs."

Rise and Shine!

Chorus:

(So let's all...) Rise and shine and give God the glory glory!
Rise and shine and give God the glory glory!
Rise and shine and give God the glory glory,
Children of the Lord.

Verses:

God told Noah he'd send down a floody floody. (2x)
Get my children out of the muddy muddy,
Children of the Lord.

God told old Noah to build him an arky arky. (2x)
Build it out of hickory barky barky,
Children of the Lord.

The animals, the animals they came on by twosies twosies—
Elephants and kangaroosies roosies,
Children of the Lord.

It rained it rained for 40 day-sies daysies! (2x)
Darn near drove those animals crazy crazy,
Children of the Lord.

The sun came out and dried up the landy landy. (2x)
Everything was fine and dandy dandy,
Children of the Lord

The animals they came off by threesies threesies.(2x)
It must have been those birds and beezies beezies,
Children of the Lord!

This is the end of, the end of my story story. (2x)
Everything was hunky dory dory,
Children of the Lord.

“We Live It, We Love It, We Want More of It”

The Birdie Song

It's been a long, hot summer
And what do the birdies do then?
The poor things.
They'll fly to the pool
To keep themselves cool
With their heads tucked under their wings
The poor things!

It was a long, dry Fall
And what do the birdies do then?
The poor things.
They'll fly to the south
With a worm in their mouth
And their heads tucked under their wings
The poor things!

It was a long, cold Winter
And what do the birdies do then?
The poor things.
They fly in the barn
To keep themselves warm
With their heads tucked under their wings
The poor things!

It was a long, rainy Springtime
And what do the birdies do then?
The poor things.
They fly in the trees
To stay out of the breeze
With their heads tucked under their wings
The poor things!

I'm Alive

I'm alive, awake, alert, enthusiastic.
I'm alive, awake, alert, enthusiastic.
I'm alive, awake, alert.
I'm alert, awake, alive.
I'm alive, awake, alert, enthusiastic.

Actions: Slap knees, clap, hands on opposite shoulders, snap fingers, side to side.

Dead, Asleep, Lethargic, and Unconscious

I'm dead, asleep, lethargic, and unconscious
I'm dead, asleep, lethargic, and unconscious
I'm dead, asleep, lethargic
Lethargic, dead, asleep
I'm dead, asleep, lethargic, and unconscious

Junior Birdmen (Tune: *On Brave old Army Team*)

Make your Junior Birdmen goggles by making the OK sign with your hand. Put the circles around your eyes and your fingers down the sides of your cheeks.

Up in the air, junior Birdmen
Up in the air, upside down
Up in the air, Junior Birdmen
With your noses to the ground

And when you hear the grand announcement
That your wings are made of tin
Then you'll know the Junior Birdmen
Have sent their box tops in

All it takes is: 5 Box tops...4 Bottle Bottoms...3 coupons...2 wrappers...
and one thin dime.

BIRDIE SONG

It's gonna be a longggg springtime.
And what will the birdies do then- the poor things?
They'll fly high in the sky just to keep their feet dry
And tuck their heads under their wings, the poor things.

It's gonna be a longggg summer.
And what will the birdies do then, the poor things?
They'll fly to the pool just to keep themselves cool.
And tuck their heads under their wings, the poor things.

It's gonna be a longggg autumn.
And what will the birdies do then, the poor things?
They'll fly to the south, with a worm in their mouth.
And tuck their heads under their wings, the poor things.

It's gonna be a longggg winter.
And what will the birdies do then, the poor things?
They'll fly to the barn, just to keep themselves warm.
And tuck their heads under their wings, the poor things.

BIRDS IN THE WILDERNESS

Here we sit like birds in the wilderness, Birds in the wilderness, birds in the wilderness.

Here we sit like birds in the wilderness, waiting for _____ to come.

Waiting for _____ to come, Waiting for _____ to come.

Here we sit like birds in the wilderness, Waiting for _____ to come.

"I believe it is the right of all children to sing. Music enriches lives, and we must do all we can to appreciate the joy of music." —Alfred Brendel

Be Our Guest

This unique way to introduce the dining hall to the waiter / host system is used at Camp Massawepie, Adirondack Campus, National Camping School.

STEWARD: Ladies and Gentlemen, it is with great pride and deep satisfaction that we welcome you to the Adirondack Dining Room at Camp Pioneer. Today the chef has prepared a lovely iceberg lettuce salad with available garnishes and a wonderful dressing Français. This will be a perfect compliment to your main entree selection of meatloaf and Maine potatoes. We now, humbly, present: YOUR LUNCH.

**Its a guest, It's a guest
Sakes alive and we'll be blest
Wines been poured, and thank the lord
I've had the napkins freshly pressed
*PRESENTING THE STEWARD...***

- *We'll invite you to enter the dining hall as soon as our meal is ready. Please go quietly, directly to your tables.*
- *Remain standing until we thank the Lord—led today by the staff and rotated to the program troop hereafter.*
- *Then you may be seated.*

**Be our guest, Be our guest.
Put our service to the test.
Tie your napkin round your neck, cheri,
and we provide the rest.
*PRESENTING THE WAITER...***

- *Sits on the end of the table away from the kitchen.*
- *Arrives 15 minutes before the meal and takes his cue from the Steward. Sets tables for ten. Gets two totems of staff guests.*
- *Is the only one to hop up to get something. Traffic Patterns.*
- *Stays after with the other guy on the same bench—the asst. waiter,
-clears the table, wipes and dries it, and sweeps underneath into the aisles.
-then sits and waits for steward to check him/her out.*

**You're alone, and your scared
but the banquets all prepared
No ones gloomy or complaining
While our kitchens entertaining**

**Soup du jour. Hot Hors d'euvres
Why we only live to serve....
Try the gray stuff, it's delicious,
Don't believe us? Ask the dishes...**

PRESENTING THE HOST...

- *Is at the rear corner of the table.*
- *Has the large service plates stacked in front of him.*
- *Serves the scrumptious dinner prepared by our chef and passes plates rather than passing large bowls—a real important point with 11 year old campers.*
- *Introduces the patrol members to the guests at the table.*

**We do tricks, I tell jokes,
With my fellow staffer folks
And its all in perfect taste as you would guess
Come on an lift your glass,
You've got your own free pass,
Be our guest, be our guest, be our guest**

- *There will be entertainment at each meal scheduled by our own captains of entertainment: The program section. See a program director student if you would like to lead a song or otherwise excite our group.*
- *There will be a short presentation du jour at each meal on some camping subject and then,*
- *You will be dismissed by tables, patrols, or some other fashion.*

**Course by course,
One by one,
Til you shout "ENOUGH, I'm done"
Then we'll sing you off to sleep while you digest.
Tonight you'll prop your feet up,
But till then, Lets eat up.
You're our guest, You're our Guest, You're our Guest.**

Cheers and Chants

Bo Bo Ski At In Dat In Ah Ah Ah AH

Bo Bo Ski At In Dat In Ah Ah Ah Ah

Bo Bo Ski At In Dat In Ah Ah Ah AH

Itty Bitty Bo Bo Ski At In Dat In Ah Ah

Itty Bitty Bo Bo Ski At In Dat In Ah Ah

Staff Staff Ah Ah Ah Ah

TE AH TAH

Te Ah Tah,

Te Ah Tah,

Te Ah Tah Ho!

Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

Group forms a circle putting hands over the shoulders on the person on each side.

On lines one, two, and three the group leans right, left, right.

On "Ya" all lean heads forward. On "Ho" heads come back to full upright.

Start mildly and affably and get progressively louder and stronger on each repetition.

This great chant is often done as a welcome song by the Scouts in Lebanon.

Canadian Voyageurs

Leader: Uggi! Response: Oi!

Leader: Uggi! Response: Oi!

Leader: Uggi, Uggi, Uggi! Response: Oi, Oi, Oi!

Waterfront

Leader: Hubba, Hubba! Watch: Ding, Ding!

HAPPY Program Directors

We're Zip, Zip, Zippity

Zap, Zap, Zappity,

H-A-P-P-Y.

We're Happy!

Are We Happy? Well I guess!

Program, Program! Yes! Yes! Yes!

"We have to be willing to relax and be a little silly if we expect our Scouts to do the same. We have to try, if we want our Scouts to try." Mark Amatrucola

MITSUBISHI and other skills

Mitsubishi.....bishi.....bishi.....bishi.....Mitsubishi.....Subaru
Mitsubishi.....bishi.....bishi.....bishi.....Mitsubishi.....Subaru
Toyota.....Honda..Datsun
Toyota.....Honda..Datsun

Make a Pizza.....Pizza.....Pizza. Make a pizza. Make it hot
Make a pizza.....Pizza.....Pizza. Make a pizza. Make a lot
Rigattoni Macaronni
Rigattoni Macaronni

Carabiner.....biner.....biner.....biner. Carabiner figure 8.
Carabiner.....biner.....biner.....biner. Carabiner figure 8.
On belay. Belay is on.
On belay. Belay is on!

HOW THIS CHANT IS DONE:

There are three positions to learn: **CENTER**, **RIGHT** and **LEFT**

- Group arranges itself standing in a circle, shoulder to shoulder. Each person then leans forward slightly, placing their hands on their own knees (called the **CENTER** position)

Group says aloud: "CENTER"

- Each person then shifts their hands "one position" to the right (i.e. place your left hand on your right knee, and your right hand on the left knee of the person next to you. (called the **RIGHT** position) Group says aloud: "RIGHT"

- Next, everyone goes back to **CENTER**. Group says aloud: "CENTER"

- Next, everyone executes **LEFT**, which is the exact opposite of **RIGHT** (i.e. place your right hand on your left knee, and your left hand on the right knee of the person next to you. Group says aloud: "LEFT"

Begin in sequence going from CENTER to RIGHT to CENTER to LEFT. The entire group should be saying the words aloud as they move their hands. This helps to set the pace.

- All: "CENTER", "RIGHT", "CENTER", "LEFT"

- All: "CENTER", "RIGHT", "CENTER", LEFT"

The leader then changes the cadence to the actual verses, keeping the same rhythm, and the group still moving their hands on their knees. The leader says the verse first. Thereafter, the group parrots it back.

- Leader: Toy – oooooooooota, Honda, Datsun

- Group: Toy – oooooooooota, Honda, Datsun

After group has gone through all verses once, the leader speeds up the rhythm going through the verses again—seeing if the group can keep up with the hand motions and the faster pace.

I'm a Hayseed

I'm a hayseed; My hair is seaweed

And my ears are made of leather, and they flop in windy weather.

Gosh oh Hemlock! Tougher than a Pineknot!

For I'm a member of _____.

Rollicking

Boy Scout Songbook: I've got that Scouting Spirit / Throw It Out the Window / She'll be Comin' Round the Mountain / If You're Happy and You Know It / Green Grow the Rushes, Oh /

Cub Scout Songbook: Do your ears hang low? / Damper Song / Sweetly Sings the Donkey, Grand Old Duke of York / Head, Shoulders, Knees, and Toes / Tarzan of the Apes

It's Cool to be at camp.

It's Lots of Fun!

It's cool to be at camp!

It's lots of fun!

Its cool to be at camp!

Everyday, It's going to be a party!

It's cool to be at camp!

There's lots of Scouts;

We're going to make new friends.

There's lots of Scouts;

We'regoing to make new friends.

Everyday, It's going to be a party!

It's cool to be at camp!

Pirate Song

When I was One

I sucked my thumb

Before I went to sea.

I climbed aboard the pirate ship;

The captain said to me,

"Oh we go this way, that way,

Forward and Back,

Over the rolling sea.

A bottle of Coke to sooth my throat.

That's the life for me!"

When I was two... *(Change underlined words; sing to ten.)*

Mrs. O'Leary's Cow

One gray night, when we were all in bed,

Mrs. O'Leary lit a lantern in the shed,

The cow kicked it over, and this is what she said:

"There'll be a hot time in the old town, tonight.

Fire! Fire! Fire!

THE STATE SONG: What Did Delaware?

What did Della wear, boys? What did Delaware?
What did Delaware, boys? What did Delaware?
What did Delaware, boys? What did Delaware?
I ask you now as a personal friend, what did Delaware?

She wore a brand New Jersey. She wore a brand New Jersey!
She wore a brand New Jersey. She wore a brand New Jersey!
She wore a brand New Jersey. She wore a brand New Jersey!
I tell you then as a personal friend, she wore a brand New Jersey!

Where has Ore...gone? (Oregon)
She's gone to her Okla...home....Ma! (Oklahoma)

What did Tenna....see? (Tennessee)
She saw what Arken....saw! (Arkansas)

How did Flora....Die? (Florida)
She died in Misery! (Missouri)

What did Missis...sip? (Mississippi)
She sipped her Minni....soda! (Minnesota)

How did Wiscon....sin? (Wisconsin)
She stole my New...brass..key! (Nebraska)

What does I O weigh? (Iowa)
She weighs a Washing ton. (Washington)

Oh, what does Ida hoe? (Idaho)
She hoes her Merry land. (Maryland)

What does Connie Cut? (Connecticut)
She cut her shaggy Mane. (Maine)

What does Ohi Owe? (Ohio)
She owed her Taxes. (Texas)

The Music Maker

Leader: Ich ben a musikaner

I come from Sheiberland

Ich kanshpila

Crowd: Du kanshpila

Leader: Un der _____

Hey!

Trumpet (Rat a tat tat)

Violin (vio vio vio la)

Triangle (ringa ringa ring ra)

Tuba (oompa oompa oompa pa)

Bagpipe (nastal - nee nee nee pa pa)

Saxophone (saxy saxy saxy phone)

Bass Drum (Boom Boom Boom Boom Boom)

Snare Drum (Rat tat tat tat tat tat)

Piano (Plink, link, plink, etc)

After each verse repeat the previous sounds to build up the orchestra. The final verse is "On my orchestra" with everyone making their sounds at the same time.

Mountain Dew

Chorus:

They call it that good old mountain dew

And those that refuse are few

I'll hush up my mug if you fill up my jug

With that good old mountain dew

My uncle Bill had a still on the hill

Where he put out a jug full or two.

Well the buzzards in the sky get so crazy

They cannot fly from just smellin'

That good old mountain dew.

My uncle Mort is sawed off and short

He measures about four foot two.

Well, he thinks he's a giant if your give him a pint

of that good old mountain dew.

My aunt June bought some perfume

sweet smellin' stuff was too.

Well to her surprise when she got it in her eyes

It was nothin' but good old mountain dew.

My Uncle Hank had an old Army tank

he bought back in World War II

It wouldn't run on gasoline and it wouldn't run on kerosene

But it sure would run on good old mountain dew.

Patsy Orey Orey Aye

In eighteen hundred and thirty-one,
my life on the railroad had just begun,
my life on the railroad had just begun,
working on the railroad

In Eighteen hundred and thirty-two
Found myself with nothin' to do
In Eighteen Hundred and Thirty-three
American Railroad hired me

In Eighteen Hundred and Thirty Four
I found my back was awful sore

In Eighteen Hundred and Thirty Five
Found myself more dead than alive

In Eighteen Hundred and Thirty Six
I dropped a box of Dynamite sticks

In eighteen hundred and thirty seven
Found myself on the way to heaven

In eighteen hundred and thirty eight
Found myself at the pearly gate

In eighteen hundred and thirty nine
Found myself at the end of the line

In eighteen hundred and thirty-ten
Like this song we'll sing it again

Peanurt Butter

Peanut Butter
I love Peanut Butter.
Peanut Butter
Let's have some today.

Is it dripping from my nose?
Yes it's dripping from your nose.
From my nose?
From your nose.
Woooooah...

Is it squishing through my toes?....

Is it sticking in my hair?

More Peanut Butter

Chorus:

Peanut! Peanut Butter! and jelly!

Peanut! Peanut Butter! and jelly!

Verses:

Peanuts!

First you take the peanuts and you

Pick 'em, pick 'em, pick 'em, pick 'em, pick 'em

Then you smash 'em, smash 'em

Smash 'em, smash 'em, smash 'em

Then you spread 'em, spread 'em,

Spread 'em, spread 'em, spread 'em.

Grapes!

First you take the grapes and you

Pick 'em, pick 'em, pick 'em, pick 'em, pick 'em

Then you smash 'em, smash 'em

Smash 'em, smash 'em, smash 'em

Then you spread 'em, spread 'em,

Spread 'em, spread 'em, spread 'em.

Bread!

First you take the sandwich and you

Make it, make it, make it, make it, make it

Then you bite it, bite it

Action:

Both hands down and to the left on "Peanut Butter;" hands to upper right on "Jelly."

Pick peanuts

Pound one fist into open palm. Spread on hand over palm of the other

Pick Grapes

Pound one fist into open palm Spread on hand over palm of the other

Fold two hands together

Hold hands as if eating sandwich

Making chewing motions while singing. Stick tongue to roof of your mouth.

Flea Fly Flow

Flea

Flea-fly

Flea fly flow

Vista

Cuma lada cuma lada cuma lada vista

No no no nok nok na bisca

Eska meenie sala meenie doo wop a wop a meenie

Eska meenie sala meenie doo wop a wop

Bip bap diddle-ee-oatin dot dot shh

Dog Cat

Dog
Dog cat
Dog cat mouse
Froggie!
Itsy bitsy teenie weenie little bitty froggie
Jump Jump Jump little froggie
Spiders and flies scrump-diddle-e-iscous
Ribbit ribbit ribbit ribbit ribbit ribbit CROAK

Sauce Cheese Pizza

Sauce
Sauce Cheese
Sauce Cheese Sausage
PIZZA!
Eat alotta eat a lotta eat alotta pizza
No no no not the pizza
Pizza and Pepsi are scrumdilleeicious.
Gobble, gobble, gobble, gobble, gobble, Burp!

Boom Chicka Boom

I say now: Boom-chick-a-boom! [Group echoes.]
I say now: Boom-chick-a-boom! [Group echoes.]
I say now: Boom-chick-a-rock-a-chick-a-rock-a-chick-a-boom!
[Group echoes.]

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

Each time a leader adds a different variation such as: lower, whisper, louder, tounge-in-lip, Egyptian, resident Nixon, groovy (cool).

My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean

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

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

Blue-Tail Fly

When I was young I used to wait
On my Rover and give him his plate
And pass the bottle when he got dry
And brush away the blue-tail fly.

Chorus:

Jimmy crack corn and I don't care *
Jimmy crack corn and I don't care
Jimmy crack corn and I don't care
My Master's gone away

He'd ride around in the afternoon
I'd follow after with a hickory broom
His pony being rather shy
When bitten by a blue-tail fly.

One day he rode about the farm
The flies so numerous they did swarm
One chanced to bite him on the thigh
The devil take the blue-tail fly

The pony run, he jump, he pitch
He throw'd my master in the ditch
He died and the jury wondered why
The verdict was the blue-tail fly

They laid him neath a 'simmon tree
His epitaph is there to see
Beneath this rock I'm forced to lie
The victim of the blue-tail fly.

Green Green, It's Green They Say

Green, green, it's green , they say
On the far side of the hill
Green, green, I'm going away
To where the grass is greener still

Well, I told my Momma on the day I was born
Don't you cry when you see I'm gone
You know there ain't no woman gonna settle me down
I just got to keep traveling on

There ain't no woman in this whole wide world
Gonna tell me how to spend my time
I'm just a good loving rambling man
Singing, buddy, can you spare me a dime

I don't care when the sun goes down
Where I lay my weary head
Green, green valley or rocky road
It's there I'm gonna lay my head

Fast Food (A Pizza Hut)

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

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

Dairy Queen A Dairy Queen
Chuckey Cheese and a Dairy Queen
Dairy Queen A Dairy Queen
Chuckey Cheese and a Dairy Queen
Roy Rogers Roy Rogers
Chuckey Cheese and a Dairy Queen

Actions

Pizza Hut - *Make shape of a hut in the air*

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

Put hands on top of head and bring out and down to produce the "Golden Arches"

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

Long John Silver - *mimic sword play*

Red Lobster-*hold up arms and bring fingers down on thumbs*

like lobster claws snapping

Dairy Queen-*mimic milking a cow*

Chuckey Cheese - *mimic tossing a pizza in the air*

Roy Rogers - *mimic riding a horse*

"Around the campfire is where the boys will sing best. Choose old favorites. "

Little Bunny Fu-Fu

Little bunny Fu-fu, hoppin' though the forest,
Scoopin' up the field mice and boppin' them on the head.

Along came the good fairy, and she said:
"Little bunny Fu-fu, I don't want to see you
Scoopin' up the field mice and boppin' them on the head.
I'll give you three chances to change your ways, and
if you don't obey, I'll turn you into a goon."
So the next day . . . [Repeat-two more chances . . .]
So the next day . . . [Repeat-one more chance . . .]
So the next day . . . [Repeat]

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

Goin' On a Lion Hunt

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

Goin' on a lion hunt.
Goin to catch a big one.
I'm not afraid.
Look, what's up ahead?
Mud!
Can't go over it.
Can't go under it.
Can't go around it.
Gotta go through it. [Make sloshing sounds and move hands as if slogging.]

Sticks. [Snap fingers.]
Tree. [Make gestures climbing up and down.]
Gate. [Make gate-opening gestures.]
River. [Make swimming gestures.]
Cave. [Go in it and find lion. Reverse all motions quicky to get home.]

Annee Wannee Wakee Wow Wa

Annee Wannee Wakee Wow Wa
Annee Wannee Wakee Wow Wa
Ei Yi Yi Yippee Yi Yi Yi Yi
Ei Yi Yi Yippee Yi Yi Yi Yi
Ei Yi
Ei Yi

"Marching songs and singing can keep morale up on a long hike."

If I were not a Boy Scout.

[Tune: This is the Music Concert]

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

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

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

3. A mermaid I would be
Bloop, bloop, bloop, bloop, bloop, bloop!

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

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

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

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

8. A typist I would be
Ticka, ticka, ticka, ticka, ticka, ticka, ZING!

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

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

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

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

13. A doctor I would be
or] Needle! Thread! Stick 'em in the head!

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

15. A doctor I would be
Take a pill; pay my bill! I'm going golfing!

16. An electrician I would be
Positive, negative bbzzzzt zap

17. A fireman I would be
Jump lady, jump... whoaa slpat!

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

19. A ice cream maker I'd be
Tutti-frutti, tutti-fruitti, nice ice cream!

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

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

22. A garbage collector I'd be
Lift it, dump it, pick out the good stuff
(or) Pile that garbage. Pile that garbage. Pile it to the sky.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

32. A DJ I would Be,

Miles of smiles on the radio dial.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

40. A Scoutmaster I would be,
Do this, do that, I'm gonna take a nap.

Finally: A Girl Scout I would be!

There were Three Jolly Fishermen

There were three jolly fishermen,
There were three jolly fishermen,

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

Heifer Gladys

Chorus:

Well now pass the other udder over to me other brudder
and I'll pass the other udder this-a' way
or now pass the other udder over to me other brudder
O' we surely have our hands full every day!

Well they grows things mighty big down in Kentucky
And there's nothing around that can compair
To a cow that we once had us by the name of Herfer Gladys
Oh you should have seen the neighbors stop and stare.

She stood ten feet tall and had one purple eyeball
And to milk her was a chore and this is why
She had twenty-seven spickets and the neighbors all bought tickets
Just to stand around and see us loudly sigh. *Chorus*

Well on one cloudy morning we.....flipped gladys over
And she said "well come on now what's the gag?"
"Well the reason", says our pop "Is so the cream will be on top!"
And gladys said "Well in that case it's in the bag!" *Chorus*

Oh on those chilly mornings Gladis said she doesn't mind it
She says "Milkin' is the thing I dearly love.
But when that cool chill lingers; I can't stands those icy fingers!
So go back into the house and get your gloves!"

Chorus once more with gusto!

Crocodile Song

She sailed away
On a bright and sunny day
On the back of a crocodile.
"You see," said she, "he's as tame as he can be.
I'll ride him down the Nile."
Well, the crock winked his eye
As she waved them all good-bye
Wearing a great big smile.
At the end of the ride,
The lady was inside
And the smile on the crocodile

"Hold a Scout Songfest with several troops. Even include the parents."

DING DONG (SOCK SONG)

Chorus

A ding dong, dong, dong, dong.

A ding dong, dong, dong, dong.

A ding-dong.

Old Eric don't wear no socks.(a ding dong)
I saw him when he peeled them off.(a ding-dong)
He threw them in the air.(a ding-dong)
Now Superman's on Medicare.

Old Chris don't wear no socks. (a ding-dong)
I saw him when he sand-blasted them off. (a ding-dong)
He threw them at a door. (a ding-dong)
Now that door's an outhouse floor.

He threw them in a boat.(a ding-dong)
Now that boat just don't float.

He threw them in the sky.(a ding-dong)
Now all of the birds refuse to fly.

He threw them at a can.(a ding-dong)
Killed two alley cats and a garbage man.

He threw them at the North Pole.(a ding-dong)
Now there's an ozone hole

He threw them at a wall.(a ding-dong)
And they stuck... [pause]

He threw them across the sea.(a ding-dong)
And started World War III

He threw them at a log (a ding-dong)
And he killed poor Kermit the Frog.

He threw them at a tree
Now the dogs refuse to pee.

He threw them at a pole
Now that pole's a ten foot hole.

He threw them up the hill
And murdered poor Jack and Jill

He threw them in _____'s hair [insert person with 'big hair']
And killed all the little creatures there.

Little Rabbit

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

Little Cabin in the forest green,
Little Herbie by the window screen
Saw a rabbit hoppin by
Knockin' at my door.

"Help me, help me,"
The rabbit said,
Or the hunter will shoot me dead.
"Little rabbit, come inside."
Rabbit stew tonite!

The Muffin Man

Do you know the muffin man,
the muffin man, the muffin man.
Do you know the muffin man,
who lives on gingerbread lane.

Yes I know the muffin man,
the muffin man, the muffin man.
Yes I know the muffin man,
who lives on gingerbread lane.

We all know the muffin man,
the muffin man, the muffin man.
We all know the muffin man,
who lives on gingerbread lane.

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

One man went to mow the meadow

One man went to mow, went to mow the meadow.
One man and his dog, went to mow the meadow.

Two men went to mow, went to mow the meadow.
Two men, one man and his dog, went to mow the meadow.

Three men, two men, one man...

A Man who has plenty of peanuts

A Man who has plenty of peanuts
And giveth his neighbor none.
He shant have any of my peanuts
When his peanuts are gone
When his peanuts are gone
When his peanuts are gone
He shant have any of my peanuts when his peanuts are gone.

Oh let us be joy ful, joyful, joyful.
Oh let us be joyful,
When his peanuts are gone.

A man who has plenty of fresh oranges

Searsucker suits from Simpson Sears

Totem Tower Tickets to ride the Totem Tower.

Sweet Violets

Sweet violets
Sweeter than all the roses
Covered all over from head to toe
Covered all over with sweet violets.

There once was a farmer who took a young miss
In back of the barn where he gave her a...
Lecture on horses and chickens and eggs
Told her that she had such beautiful...
manners that suited a girl of her charms
A girl that he wanted to take in his...
Washing and ironing and then if they could
They would get married and raise lots of...

Sweet violets
Sweeter than all the roses
Covered all over from head to toe
Covered all over with sweet violets.

*"In selecting songs for the boys, care should be taken to avoid vulgarity."
Scoutmaster's Handbook, Second Edition, 1925*

Sipping Cider

The prettiest girl. *Repeat...*

I ever saw. *Repeat...*

Was sipping ci- *Repeat...*

-Der through a straw. *Repeat...*

The prettiest girl I ever saw, was sipping cider through a straw.

Through a straw.

I says to her. *Repeat...*

Watcha doing that fer? *Repeat...*

A sippin' cid- *Repeat...*

-Der through that straw. *Repeat...*

I says to her watcha doing that fer. Sippin cider through that straw, through that straw.

Then cheek to cheek. *Repeat...*

And jaw to jaw. *Repeat...*

We were sippin ci *Repeat...*

Der through that straw. *Repeat...*

The straw did slip. *Repeat...*

I kissed her lip. *Repeat...*

A sippin' ci *Repeat...*

Der through that straw. *Repeat...*

That's how I got. *Repeat...*

My mother in law. *Repeat...*

And the seventeen kids *Repeat...*

That call me PA. *Repeat...*

The moral of. *Repeat...*

This sad, sad tale. *Repeat...*

Is to sip your ci *Repeat...*

Der from a pail. *Repeat...*

SWALLOWED A FLY

I know an old lady who swallowed a fly.
I don't know why she swallowed a fly,
Perhaps she'll die.

I know an old lady who swallowed a spider.
It wiggled and jiggled around inside her.
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly.
I don't know why she swallowed the fly, perhaps she'll die.

I know an old lady who swallowed a bird.
She swallowed a bird, how absurd!
She swallowed a bird to catch the spider,
she swallowed the spider to catch the fly.
I don't know why she swallowed a fly, perhaps she'll die.

I know an old lady who swallowed a cat.
She swallowed a cat, imagine that.
She swallowed the cat to catch the bird,
she swallowed the bird to catch the spider,
she swallowed the spider to catch the fly.
I don't know why she swallowed the fly, perhaps she'll die.

I know an old lady who swallowed a dog.
Swallowed a dog? What a hog!
She swallowed the dog to catch the cat,
she swallowed the cat to catch the bird,
she swallowed the bird to catch the spider,
she swallowed the spider to catch the fly.
I don't know why she swallowed the fly. Perhaps she'll die.

I know an old lady who swallowed a horse,
She's dead, of course.

***Be sure to look for *Hole in the Bottom of the Sea* and *There's a Hole in the Bucket*.*

*"Under no circumstances will Scouts blow bugles on the street at night."
—Scoutmaster's Handbook, Second Edition, 1925.*

Who killed Cock Robin?

Chorus: All the birds of the air were a sighin' and a sobbing
When they heard of the death of poor Cock Robin—
When they heard of the death of poor cock robin.

Who killed Cock Robin?

I, said the Sparrow,
with my bow and arrow,
I killed Cock Robin. *Chorus.*

Who saw him die?

I, said the Fly,
with my compound eye,
I saw him die. Who killed Cock Robin? *Chorus.*

Who caught his blood?

I, said the Fish,
in a chafing dish,
I caught his blood. *Chorus.*

Who'll make the shroud?

I, said the Beetle,
with my thread and needle,
I'll make the shroud. *Chorus.*

Who'll lay the stone?

I, said the Owl,
with my little trowel,
I'll lay the stone. *Chorus.*

Who'll read the verse?

I, said the Rook,
with my little book,
I'll read the verse. *Chorus.*

Who'll be chief mourner?

I, said the Dove,
I mourn for my love,
I'll be chief mourner. *Chorus.*

Who'll bear the pall?

We, said the Wren,
with the cock and the hen,
We'll bear the pall. *Chorus.*

Who'll sing a psalm?

I, said the Thrush,
as she sat on a bush,
I'll sing a psalm. *Chorus.*

Chorus: All the birds of the air were sighin' and a sobbing
When they heard of the death of poor Cock Robin—
When they heard of the death of poor cock robin.

The Rattlin' Bog

Chorus

Ho, ro, the rattlin' bog,
The bog down in the valley-o.
Ho, ro, the rattlin' bog,
The bog down in the valley-o.

Now in that bog there was a tree,
A rare tree and a rattlin' tree,
And the tree in the bog,
And the bog down in the valley-o.

Chorus

Now on that tree there was a branch,
A rare branch and a rattlin' branch,
And the branch on the tree,
And the tree in the bog,
And the bog down in the valley-o.

Chorus

Now on that branch there was a limb,
A rare limb and a rattlin' limb,
And the limb on the branch,
And the branch on the tree,
And the tree in the bog,
And the bog down in the valley-o.

Chorus

Now on that limb there was a nest,
A rare nest and a rattlin' nest,
And the nest on the limb,
And the limb on the branch,
And the branch on the tree,
And the tree in the bog,
And the bog down in the valley-o.

Chorus

Now in that nest there was a bird,
A rare bird and a rattlin' bird,
And the bird in the nest,
And the nest on the limb,
And the limb on the branch,
And the branch on the tree,
And the tree in the bog,
And the bog down in the valley-o.

Chorus

Now on that bird there was a feather,
rare feather and a rattlin' feather,
And the feather on the bird,
And the bird in the nest,
And the nest on the limb,
And the limb on the branch,
And the branch on the tree,
And the tree in the bog,
And the bog down in the valley-o.
Chorus

Now on that feather there was a bug,
A rare bug and a rattlin' bug,
And the bug on the feather,
And the feather on the bird,
And the bird in the nest,
And the nest on the limb,
And the limb on the branch,
And the branch on the tree,
And the tree in the bog,
And the bog down in the valley-o.
Chorus

"At a campfire, follow the fire.

In the dining hall, be mindful of the meal it is."

Dem Bones

Chorus:

I know it brother,
Yes, Indeed I know it brother,
I know it brother
Dem bones gonna rise again

The lord he thought he'd make a man.
DEM BONES GONNA RISE AGAIN!
Took some water and some sand.
DEM BONES GONNA RISE AGAIN!

He took a rib from Adam's side.
Dem bones gonna rise again.
Made Miss Eve to be his bride.
Dem bones gonna rise again.

He put them in a garden wide and fair.
Dem bones gonna rise again.
They could eat what they found there.
Dem bones gonna rise again

But to one tree they could not go.
Dem bones gonna rise again
There the fruit must always grow.
Dem bones gonna rise again

Miss Eve, she came prowling round,
Dem bones gonna rise again
Spied that tree all loaded down.
Dem bones gonna rise again

The Serpent, he crawled round that trunk.
Dem bones gonna rise again
At miss Eve, his eye he wunk.
Dem bones gonna rise again

Now first she took a little pull.
Dem bones gonna rise again
Then she filled her apron full.
Dem bones gonna rise again

Now Adam took a little slice.
Dem bones gonna rise again
Smacked his lips and said "That's Nice."
Dem bones gonna rise again

One day the Lord was walking 'round.
Dem bones gonna rise again
Spied them peels on the ground.
Dem bones gonna rise again

The Lord he rose up in his wrath.
Dem bones gonna rise again
Told them to beat it down the path.
Dem bones gonna rise again

Eve took the needle, Adam took the plow.
Dem bones gonna rise again
That's why we're all a-working now.
Dem bones gonna rise again

To this tale there ain't no more.
Dem bones gonna rise again
Eve got the Apple, and Adam got the core.
Dem bones gonna rise again

Rock-a My Soul

Rock a my soul in the bosom of Abraham
Rock a my soul in the bosom of Abraham
Rock a my soul in the bosom of Abraham
Whoooooooooah, rock-a my soul.

So High can't get over it.
So High can't get over it.
So High can't get over it.
Whoooooooooah, rock-a my soul.

So Low can't get under it. (3x)
Whoooooooooah, rock-a my soul

So wide can't get round it. (3x)
Whoooooooooah, rock-a my soul.

So High can't get over it.
So Low can't get under it.
So wide can't get round it.
Whoooooooooah, rock-a my soul.

Rock a my soul in the bosom of Abraham
Rock a my soul in the bosom of Abraham
Rock a my soul in the bosom of Abraham
Whoooooooooah, rock-a my soul.

Middle of the Road

Boy Scout Songbook: John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmidt / Johnnie Verbeck / Scotland's Burning / Vive l'Amour / Three Jolly Fishermen / Quartermaster Store / Alouette / If you're Happy and You Know It / Animal Fair / We're All Together Again /

Cub Scout Songbook: Alice the Camel, The Dampier Song, Do Your Ears Hang Low?, I've been Working on the Railroad / My High Silk Hat / Animal Fair / Through It Out the Window

The Cat Came Back

Old man Johnson had some problems of his own
And he had a yellow cat that wouldn't live alone.
He tried and he tried to give the cat away
But the cat always came back the very next day.

Chorus:

The cat came back the very next day
Yeah, the cat came back
We thought he was a goner
But the Cat came back
He just couldn't stay away, away, away
Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!

Gave the cat to a man goin' way out west
Told him for to give to the one he loved best.
Train jumped the track, then it jumped the rail
And no one's left alive today to tell the gory tale.

Gave the cat to a boy with a five dollar note.
Told him for to take it up the river in a boat.
Tied a rock around its neck that weighed a hundred pounds.
Now they drag the river for the little boy who drowned.

Gave the cat to a man goin' up in a balloon.
Told him for to take it to the man in the moon.
Balloon touched down about ninety miles away
And where the man is today I really couldn't say.

The man around the corner said he'd shoot that cat on sight
So he loaded up his gun with two sticks of dynamite
He waited and he waited for that cat to come around.
Ninety seven pieces of the man were all they ever found.

A-bomb dropped just the other day
H-bomb followed in the very same way
China went, Russia went then the USA
The whole human race was up and gone without a trace. But...

Beaver Song

Oh,
I'm a beaver
You're a beaver
We are beavers all
And when we get together
We give the beaver call....

Nya nya x28

Hey!

El Pollo (The Chicken)

The Chicken (*Slap hands together over the head.*)
The Chicken with one leg (*Hop on one leg.*)
The chicken with two legs (*Hop on both legs!*)
The chicken with the wings (*Keep hopping and put hands in armpits and flap wings.*)
The chicken with the head (*Add shaking head*)
The chicken with the beak (*Add pecking with beak*)
The chicken with the tail..... (*Add shaking your tail*)

Now it's your turn! (*Point at another patrol or group who repeats the chant.*)

Since this song was taught to us by Scouts from Puerto Rico we retain the Spanish name--but you'll have to go to Puerto Rico to get all the Spanish Words.

*Narrator: "Larry will be performing the traditional Argentinian ballad, 'The Dance of the Cucumber,' in it's original Spanish.
Bob the Tomato will translate."*

Larry: "Miren al pepino"

Bob: "Watch the cucumber"

Che Che Ko Re

Leader: Che Che Ko Re. Reponse: Che Che Ko Re.

Leader: Che Ko Risa. Response: Che Ko Ria.

Leader: Risa Risa Monga. Reponse: Risa Risa Monga.

Leader: Sa Sa Monga. Reponse: Sa Sa Monga.

Leader: Oh Man Che Che. Reponse: Oh Man Che Che.

Taught to us by Yasamasa Nakamura of Kyoto, Japan. A Wolf Cub song without literal translation.

Dum Dum Da Da

Dum Dum Da Da
Da Dum Dum Da Da
Da Dum Dum Da Da Da Da
 Da dum dum dum
Dum Dum Da Da
Dum Dum Da Da
Dum Dum Da Da Da Da

Verse 1: Slap Knees Once, Tap Opposite Shoulder Once. Repeat with other shoulder

Verse 2: Same as verse 1 but double everything

Verse 3: King Tut

Verse 4: lap knees, Cross Shoulders, Same Shoulders, and Clap

Verse 5: Each action twice from above

The Mermaid Song

'Twas Friday morn when we set sail
And our ship wasn't far from the land
When our captain spied a pretty mermaid
With a comb and a brush in her hand

Chorus:

Oh the ocean waves may roll, may roll
And the stormy wind may blow, may blow
But we poor sailors
Go skipping to the top
While the landlubbers lie below.
Below, below, below
While the landlubbers lie down below.

Then up spoke the captain of our gallant ship
And a well spoken man was he
"I've married me a wife in old Salem town
And tonight a widow she'll be."

The up spoke the cook of our gallant ship
And a red hot cook was he.
"I care much more for my pots and pans
Than I do for the bottom of the sea."

Then up spoke the figurehead of our gallant ship
And a well carved figurehead was she,
I'd rather be a figurehead of this gallant ship
Than a log at the bottom of the sea.

Then three times around went our gallant ship
And three times around went she.
Then three times around went our gallant ship
And she sank to the bottom of the sea.

IT'S A LIE

Chorus

It's lie, it's a lie.

Ship ahoy, ship ahey, ship ahi, i i i

Oh I sailed the seven seas and I sniffed the salty breeze,

But I never, ever, ever saw a mermaid.(A mermaid)

I was born a hundred thousand years ago.(years ago)

And there is not anything I do not know.(do not know)

I saw Peter Paul and Moses playing ring around the roses,

And I'll whip the guy that says it isn't so.(it isn't so!)

I's with Satan when he looked the garden o'er.(garden o'er)

I saw Eve and Adam driven from the door.(from the door)

I was round the corner peaking at the apple they was eatin',

And I'll prove that I'm the guy that are the core.(ate the core)

I's with Caesar when he crossed the Rubicon.(the Rubicon)

I'm the stud that lashed the raft he crossed it on. (crossed it on)

I saw Nero burnin' Rome, and Hannibal at home,

And I even saw the fall of Babylon.(Babylon)

I saw Washington float a cake of ice.(cake of ice)

I saw Sherman, Lee and Grant a shootin' dice.(shootin' dice)

I saw Roosevelt's great laugh that split his face in half,

And Pershing set a trap for German mice.(German mice)

You may think that all this bunk it isn't true.(isn't true)

But what difference does it really make to you.(make to you)

We've been handing you this line just to pass away the time,

But now we think we'll quit because we're through.(cause we're through)

Zulu Warrior

See him there, the Zulu warrior.
See him there, the Zulu chief, chief, chief, chief...

A kin a zimba zimba zaya, a kin a zimba zimba zee.
A kin a zimba zimba zaya, a kin a zimba zimba zee.

Zulu Warrior

I come a zimba zimba ziya
I come a zimba zimba zee
I come a zimba zimba ziya
I come a zimba zimba zee
See him there, the zulu warrior
See him there, the zulu chief...chief...

(One half continues singing "chief" while the other half starts over, then the sides switch)

This song is yet another round and not done that often. The whole group sings the first part. Then, after three "chiefs", one half launches into the "A kin" part while the other half keeps chanting "chief chief".

When they have gotten to the end of the "A kin"s, they start singing the "See him there" part. At this time, the whole group will sing it together. After three "chiefs", the groups switch roles. Not hard, once you've done it.

The Backwards Song

Well I walked up the door and I opened the stairs
Said my pajamas and I put on my prayers.
Turned off the bed and jumped into the light
All because he kissed me good night!
Well, I woke up next morning and I scrambled my shoes
Shined up an egg and I toasted the news
Buttered my tie and took another bite
All because he kissed me -
Never could resist me -
All because he kissed me good night!

Singing enriches the quality of our lives, aiding personal health and well-being,

** Has a positive effect on our attitude toward others and the environment,*

** Is the root experience for developing musicianship - keen ear, skilled mind, creative heart, and*

** Challenges and develops the brain's skill and capacity for internalising, memorising, sequencing, ordering and recalling.*

—The Voices Foundation, UK

Emphasize Music, not Noise!

Sixpence

I've got sixpence Jolly Jolly sixpence
I've got sixpence To last me all my life
I've got two pence to spend And two pence to lend
And two pence to send home to my wife (poor wife)

No cares have I to grieve me
No pretty little girls to deceive me
I'm as happy as a lark, believe me
As we go rolling rolling home

Rolling home! Rolling home!
By the light of the silvery moon
Happy is the day when the camp staff gets their pay
And we go rolling rolling home.

On the second verse sing "four pence;"
"...and no pence to send home to my wife..."

On the third verse, sing "two pence"
"...And no pence to lend, and no pence to send home to my wife.."

On the fourth verse, sing "No pence"
"...And no pence to lend, and no pence to send home to my wife..."

Fifth verse:

I've got credit Jolly jolly credit
I've got credit To last me all my life
I've got credit to spend And credit to lend
And credit to send home to my wife (poor wife)
(etc.)

Singin' In The Rain

I'm singing in the rain
Just singing in the rain
What a glorious feeling
I'm happy again!

Actions:

1st verse: Thumbs together
2nd verse: Elbows together!
3rd verse: Knees together!
4th verse: Body bent!
5th verse: Tongue out
6th verse: Turn around!
7th verse: Sit down!

My Hat It Has Three Corners

My hat it has three corners
Three corners has my hat
But had it not three corners
It would not be my hat.

The Titanic

Oh, they built the ship Titanic, to sail the ocean blue
And they thought they had a ship that the water wouldn't go through
But the good Lord raised His hand, said the ship would never land
It was sad when the great ship went down

Chorus:

Oh, it was sad, so sad
It was sad when the great ship went down
To the bottom of the sea
(Husbands and wives, little children lost their lives)
It was sad when the great ship went down.

Ker Plunk. It Sunk. Like Junk.

Oh, they were not far from shore, when they heard a mighty roar
And the rich refused to associate with the poor
So they put them down below, where they'd be the first to go
It was sad when the great ship went down.

It was the middle of the night when they hit the block of ice
And they all decided that it wasn't very nice
To be stuck on a boat that wouldn't even float
It was sad when the great ship went down

Mrs. Brown turned around just to see her husband drown
As the great Titanic made a gurgling sound
So she wrapped herself in mink, just to see the great ship sink
It was sad when the great ship went down

They put the lifeboats out, on the wild and stormy sea,
And the band struck up with Nearer My God to Thee
Little children wept and cried, as the waves rolled o'er the side
It was sad when the great ship went down

The Captain stood on deck, with a teardrop in his eye
As the last boat left, he waved them all goodbye
He went down with the ship to the bottom of the sea
It was sad when the great ship went down

Oh, the USS Cal-i -forn-i -a not a dozen miles away
Never heard the SOS cause the crew had hit the hay
Poor husbands and wives, little children lost their lives
It was sad when the great ship went down.

They built a sister ship which they named the Mary Lou
And the top half was pink and the bottom half was blue
And they christened her with beer, and she sank right off the pier
It was sad when the great ship went down .

Well the moral of the story
As you can plainly see
Is to wear a life preserver
When e'er you go out to sea
The Titanic never made it
Across the raging foam
It was sad when the great ship went down.

Eddystone Light

My father was the keeper of the Eddystone Light
When married a mermaid one strange night.
From that union there came three,
A porpoise and a porgy and the other was me.

Chorus

Yo ho ho! The Winds blow free.
Oh for the life
On the Rolling Sea.

One dark night, as I was trimmin the glim,
Singin' a verse from the evening hymn,
A voice from starboard shouted, "Ahoy!"
And there was me mother, a sittin' on bouy.

"O where are the rest of my children three?"
My mother then she asked of me.
"One was exhibited as a talking fish,
the other was served on a chafing dish."

"I believe it is the right of all children to sing. Music enriches people's lives and we must do all we can to appreciate the joy of music." Alfred Brendel

MacNamara's Band

Oh! Me name is MacNamara,
I'm the leader of the band.
Although we're few in numbers
We're the finest in the land.
We play at wakes and weddings
And at ev'ry fancy ball,
And when we play to funerals
We play the march from Saul.

Oh! The drums go bang
And the crystals clang,
And the horns they blaze away;
McCarthy pumps the old bazoon
While I the pipes do play;
And Hennessy Tennessee tootles the flute,
The music is somethin' grand;
A credit to old Ireland is McNamara's band.

Oh! My name is Uncle Yulius and From Sweden I have come,
To play with McNamara's band And beat the big bass drum,
And when I march along the street The ladies think I'm grand
They shout "There's Uncle Yulius playing with an Irish band."

Oh! I wear a bunch of shamrocks And a uniform of green,
And I'm the funniest looking Swede that you have ever seen.
There's O'Briens and Ryans and Sheehans and Meehans They come from Ireland,
But by Yimminy I'm the only Swede in McNamara's band.

Tad the Toad

To the tune of Maryland, My Maryland

Refrain:

Oh, Tad the Toad; oh, Tad the Toad
Why did you hop up on the road?

Verses:

You were my friend, but now you're dead
You were run o'er by tire tread

You once were green, and round and fat
But now you're red and squished and flat

You hopped onto the yellow line
and now you are a streak of slime

"Music in a group is strength!"

The Austrian Song

An Austrian went yodeling
On a mountain so high.

1. When along came a cuckoo bird Interrupting his cry:

Oh, da la, oh da la kiki, oh da la cuckoo cuckoo
Oh da la kiki, oh da la cuckoo cuckoo
Oh Oh da la kiki, koo
...

1. Cuckoo bird (cuckoo, cuckoo)

2. Grizzly bear (grr)

3. ST. Bernard (slurpppp, slurpp)

4. Dinosaur (uh uh uh uh)

5. Girl Scout (want to buy some Girl Scout cookies?)

6. Boy Scout (where are all the Girl Scouts?)
etc...

The Beaver

After the early Europeans explorers had realized that Canada was not the spice-rich Orient, the main mercantile attraction was the beaver population numbering in the millions. In the late 1600s and early 1700s, the fashion of the day demanded fur hats, which needed beaver pelts. As these hats became more popular, the demand for the pelts grew.

King Henry IV of France saw the fur trade as an opportunity to acquire much-needed revenue and to establish a North American empire. Both English and French fur traders were soon selling beaver pelts in Europe at 20 times their original purchase price.

The trade of beaver pelts proved so lucrative that the Hudson's Bay Company honoured the buck-toothed little animal by putting it on the shield of its coat of arms in 1678. Sir William Alexander, who was granted title to Nova Scotia in 1621, had been the first to include the beaver in a coat of arms.

The beaver was included in the armorial bearings of the City of Montréal when it was incorporated as a city in 1833. Sir Sandford Fleming assured the beaver a position as a national symbol when he featured it on the first Canadian postage stamp - the "Three Penny Beaver" of 1851.

Despite all this recognition, the beaver was close to extinction by the mid-19th century. There were an estimated six million beavers in Canada before the start of the fur trade. During its peak, 100,000 pelts were being shipped to Europe each year; the Canadian beaver was in danger of being wiped out. Luckily, about that time, Europeans took a liking to silk hats and the demand for beaver pelts all but disappeared.

The beaver attained official status as an emblem of Canada when an "act to provide for the recognition of the beaver (*castor canadensis*) as a symbol of the sovereignty of Canada" received royal assent on March 24, 1975.

Away with Rum

We're coming, we're coming,
Our brave little band,
On the right side of temperance we now take our stand

We don't use tobacco because we do think,
That people who smoke are likely to drink.

Chorus

Away, away with rum by gum,
With rum by gum, with rum by gum,
Away, away with rum by gum,
The song of the Temperance Union.

We never eat fruit cake,
Because it has rum,
And one little bite turns a man to a bum.
Oh, can you imagine a sorrier sight,
Than a man eating fruit cake until he is light?

We never eat cookies,
Cause cookies have yeast,
And one little bite turns a man to a beast.
Oh, can you imagine a greater disgrace,
Than a man in the gutter with crumbs on his face?

I'm a Scoutmaster

Tune: I'm a Rambler, I'm a Gambler

Chorus: I'll trade my rambler for a Rover 'cause I'm a long way from home
My wife and my children, why I scarce even know 'em
I put up with antics that make me ask why
But if Scouting don't kill me I'll live 'til I die

I've been a Scoutmaster for many a year.
I spend all me money on new camping gear.
I go to some campground and I set up me tent,
But when I go camping I can't pay the rent. *Chorus.*

I go to some campground in this coun-ter-ree,
Ten Scouts and their gear stashed in my Chev-vee.
They run 'round like crazy, 'til I pull out my hair,
Oh, if only that one could be et by a bear! *Chorus.*

*"There are many types of campfires and songfest.
It is essential to have a sense of the group and the occasion."*

I'm an Old Cowhand from the Rio Grande

Step aside, you ornery tenderfeet,
While I sing my song:

I'm an old cowhand from the Rio Grande,
But my legs ain't bowed and my cheeks ain't tanned.
I'm a cowboy who's never seen a cow,
Never roped a steer 'cause I don't know how;
And I sho' ain't fixin' to learn how now.
Yippy-I-O-Ki-Ay,
Yippy-I-O-Ki-Ay.

I'm an old cowhand from the Rio Grande,
And I learned to ride 'fore I learned to stand.
I'm a ridin' fool who is up-to-date,
I know ev'ry trail in the Lone Star State,
'Cause I ride the range in a Ford V-Eight.
Yippy-I-O-Ki-Ay,
Yippy-I-O-Ki-Ay.

I'm an old cowhand from the Rio Grande,
And I come to town just to hear the band.
I know all the songs that the cowboys know,
'Bout the big corral where the doagies go,
'Cause I learned them all on the radio.
Yippy-I-O-Ki-Ay,
Yippy-I-O-Ki-Ay.

I'm an old cowhand from the Rio Grande,
Where the West is wild 'round the Borderland;
Where the buffalo roam around the zoo,
And the Indians run for Congress, too,
And the old Bar X is a Bar-B-Q.
Yippy-I-O-Ki-Ay,
Yippy-I-O-Ki-Ay.

"On horseback, in a wagon, sitting around the parlour. After a day of hiking, fun and feasting, or working, gathering around the campfire. For hundreds of years it has been thus as tradition, songs, and legends have been passed. As inspiration, enthusiasm, mores have been traded."

The Cowboy's Lament

As I walked out in the streets of Laredo
As I walked out in Laredo one day
I spied a young cowboy wrapped up in white linen
Wrapped up in white linen and cold as the clay.

"I see by your outfit that you are a cowboy"
These words he did say as I boldly stepped by
"Come sit down beside me and hear my sad story
I'm shot in the breast and I know I must die."

"Oh beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly
Play the Dead March as you carry me along
Take me to the green valley and lay the sod o'er me
For I'm a young cowboy and I know I've done wrong."

"It was once in the saddle I used to go dashing
It was once in the saddle I used to go gay
First to the dram house and then to the card house
Got shot in the breast and I'm dying today."

"Get six jolly cowboys to carry my coffin
Get six pretty maidens to bear up my pall
Put branches of roses all over my coffin
Put roses to deaden the clods as they fall."

"Go bring me a cup, a cup of cold water
To cool my parched lips," the young cowboy said
Before I returned, the spirit had left him
And gone to its Maker, the cowboy was dead.

We beat the drum slowly and played the fife lowly
And bitterly wept as we bore him along
For we all loved our comrade, so brave, young and handsome
We all loved our comrade, although he'd done wrong.

Scouter's Lament

As I walked out on Camp Winnebago,
As I walked out at Scout Camp one day,
I spied a young Boy Scout all dress in fine khaki;
All dressed in fine Khaki, on a bright summer day.

I can see by your outfit that you are a Boy Scout.
"I can see by your outfit that you are one too."
We can see by our outfits that we are both Boy Scouts.
So go get your outfit, and be a Boy Scout too.

It isn't any trouble just to S-M-I-L-E

Group 1: HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
Group 2: HO HO HO HO HO HO HO HO
Group 3: HE HE HE HE HE HE HE HE
Group 1: HA HA
Group 2: HO HO
Group 3: HE HE

It isn't any trouble just to S-M-I-L-E
It isn't any trouble just to S-M-I-L-E
So smile away your troubles and they'll vanish like a bubble
No, It isn't any trouble just to S-M-I-L-E

It isn't any trouble just to L-A-U-G-H
It isn't any trouble just to L-A-U-G-H
So laugh away your troubles and they'll vanish like a bubble
No, It isn't any trouble just to L-A-U-G-H

It isn't any trouble just to G-R-I-N Grin
It isn't any trouble just to G-R-I-N Grin
So grin away your troubles and they'll vanish like a bubble
No, It isn't any trouble just to G-R-I-N Grin

It isn't any trouble just to S-M-I-L-E
It isn't any trouble just to S-M-I-L-E
So smile away your troubles and they'll vanish like a bubble
No, It isn't any trouble just to S-M-I-L-E

When one sly snake slid up the slope the other sly snake slid down.
When one sly snake slid up the slope the other sly snake slid down.
When one sly snake slid up the slope the other sly snake slid down.
When one sly snake slid up the slope the other sly snake slid down.

When one dumb duck dropped into the ditch the other dumb duck dropped dead.(4x)

When one black Bug bled blue black blood, the black bug bled blue. (4x)

*We're tenting tonight on the old camp-ground
Give us a song to cheer
Our weary hearts, a song of home
And friends we love so dear.
—Tenting Tonight on the Old Camp-Ground, Walter Kittredge*

Wadlee Atcha

Wadlee Atcha, Wadlee Atcha,
Doodle li doo, Doodle li doo.
Wadlee Atcha, Wadlee Atcha,
Doodle li doo, Doodle li doo.
It's a simple song and there is not much to it.
All you have to do is doodle li do it.
I like the rest, but the part I like the best is
Doodle li doodle li doo.

The Zulu King

Oh the Zulu king with the big nose-ring, Fell in love with a dusky maid
And every night in the pale moon light, Across the lake he came
A hug and a kiss for the pretty little miss, In the shade of the bamboo tree
And every night in the pale moon light, It sounded like this to me

Barump (kiss kiss), barump (kiss kiss),
barump tiddy ahdi day
Barump (kiss kiss), barump (kiss kiss),
barump tiddy ahdi day

We'll build a bungalow big enough for two
Big enough for two, my honey, big enough for two, walla walla
And when we're married, how happy we will be
Underneath the bamboo, underneath the bamboo tree, boom boom

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 the T-I-M-E time

*"Now let's see. If we have twenty people, and everyone knows just one song,
and if they are all different...Now let's see...that would be almost twenty songs
we would know." Name withheld.*

Haul Away, Joe

When I was a little lad
And so my mother told me,
Way, haul away, we'll haul away Joe,
That if I did not kiss the girls
My lips would grow all moldy,
Way, haul away, we'll haul away Joe.

Chorus

Way, haul away, we're bound for better weather, (to me)
Way, haul away, we'll haul away Joe.

King Louis was the King of France
Before the Revolution,
Way, haul away, we'll haul away Joe,
And then he got his head cut off
It spoiled his constitution
Way, haul away, we'll haul away Joe.

Oh the cook is in the galley
Making duff so handy
Way, haul away, we'll haul away Joe,
And the captain's in his cabin
Drinkin' wine and brandy
Way, haul away, we'll haul away Joe.

The song is as necessary to a sailor as the drum and fife to a soldier.
—R. H. Dana, Jr., *Two Years Before the Mast*, 1840

The Great Chicago Fire

Late last night, while we were all in bed,
Mrs. O'Leary lit a lantern in the shed.
When the cow kicked it over,
This is what she said:
There'll be a hot time, in the old town, tonight!
Fire! Fire! Fire!

Repeat three times getting softer and softer each time... then

Night late last, while bed we were all in
Old Leary lady lit a shed in the lantern,
When the kick cowed it over,
She eyed her wink and said,
There'll be a time hot, in the town old, tonight!!!
Erif! Erif! Erif!

Repeat three time getting louder each time.

Smokey the Bear

*Steve Nelson and Jack Rollins, under license of the U.S. Dept. of Agriculture
Songsheets usually available from USDA and your state forest service*

With a Ranger's hat and shovel and a pair of dungarees,
you will find him in the forest always sniffin' at the breeze.
People stop and pay attention when he tells 'em to beware,
'cause ev'rybody knows that he's the Fire Prevention Bear. *Chorus.*

Chorus:

Smokey the Bear, Smokey the Bear.
Prowlin' and a growlin' and a sniffin' the air.
He can find a fire before it starts to flame.
That's why they call him Smokey,
That was how he got his name.

You can take a tip from Smokey that there's nothin' like a tree.
'cause they're good for kids to climb in and they're beautiful to see,
you just have to look around you and you'll find it's not a joke,
to see what you'd be missin' if they all went up in smoke. *Chorus.*

You can camp upon his doorstep and he'll make you feel at home;
You can run and hunt and ramble anywhere you care to roam.
He will let you take his honey and pretend he's not so smart,
but don't you harm his trees for he's a Ranger in his heart. *Chorus.*

If you've ever seen the forest when a fire is running wild,
and you love the things within it like a mother loves her child,
then you know why Smokey tells you when he sees you passing through,
"Remember...please be careful.... its the least that you can do." *Chorus.*

Bill Grogan's goat

Bill Grogan's goat was feeling fine,
Ate three red shirts right off the line!

Bill grabbed a stick, Gave him a whack
And tied him to, The railroad track!

The whistle blew, the train drew nigh
Bill Grogans goat, was doomed to die!

He gave a moan, of awful pain.
Coughed up those shirts, and flagged the train.

National Embalming School

We live for you, we die for you. National Embalming School.
We stuff the corpse. We stuff the ghoul. National Embalming School.
And when you die, we dig a hole, And throw you in to turn to mold.

Our colors are, the black and blue,
National Embalming School.

Post Mortem, Post Mortem, Post Mortem. Autopsy we must go.
Post Mortem, Post Mortem, Post Mortem. Autopsy we must go.

Slash, gash, bash the body. We must find a reason.
Oh, how the body stinks, It must be out of season.

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

How do you do?

Put your elbow on the elbow of the person next to you!
Put your elbow on the elbow of the person next to you!
Put your elbow on the elbow of the person next to you!
Say "How do you do?" How do you do? How do you do?

Each time the leader calls "How do You Do?" the crowd shakes hand with the person next and says, "How do you do!"

Put your forehead on the forehead of the person next to you!
Put your forehead on the forehead of the person next to you!
Put your forehead on the forehead of the person next to you!
Say "How do you do?" How do you do? How do you do?

Put your shoulder blades on the shoulder blades of the person next to you!
Put your shoulder blades on the shoulder blades of the person next to you!
Put your shoulder blades on the shoulder blades of the person next to you!
Say "How do you do?" How do you do? How do you do?

Many people--adults especially--do not sing because they don't think they have a good voice, but all they really need is enthusiasm. —Jane Stobie

ZUM GALI GALI

Zum gali gali gali, zum gali gali.
Zum gali gali gali, zum gali gali.
La la la la la la la, la la la la la.
La la la la la la la, la la la la la.
Hock, suck, spit. Hock, suck, spit.
Hock, suck, spit. Hock, suck, spit.

Looks dumb, I know, but it can be cool. Here's how it goes. The development of the song is similar to the "Paddle Song".

The song leader explains that in the desert, you can hear the caravan trains with the camels long before they pass by the villages. First, faintly in the distance, you can hear the camel drivers as they chant "Zum Gali gali". Then, as they get closer, you can hear the singing of the dancing girls. Finally, as the caravan draws abreast of the village, you can even hear the spitting of the camels.

Then, as the train of animals pass by, the first sound to disappear is the camels. Next, the dancing girls fade into the distance and finally the chanting of the camel drivers. Then, only silence fills the air. Generally, you have the first group come in quietly. Then, when the dancing girls are added, have everyone pick up the volume. Finally, with the camels, it should be a decent volume. Then, each group gets more quiet, fading off in order until no sounds are left. Six times through, (for the camel drivers), four times through, (for the dancing girls), and two time should be enough to get the song done.

Ghost Chickens in the Sky (Tune: Ghost Riders in the Sky)

A Chicken Farmer went out one dark and dreary day.
He rested by the chicken coop as he went along his way.
When all at once a rotten egg hit him in the eye.
It was the sight he dreaded - Ghost chickens in the sky.

Chorus
Bok, bok, bok, bok
Bok, bok, bok, bok
Ghost chickens in the sky

The farmer had raised chickens since he was 24
Working for the Colonel for thirty years or more
Killing all those chickens and sending them to fry
Now they all sought revenge! - Ghost chickens in the sky.

Their feet were black and shiny, their eyes were burning red.
They had no meat or feathers, these chickens were all dead.
They picked up the poor farmer and he died by the claw.
They cooked him extra crispy and ate him with coleslaw!

Slowing it down / Ballads

Boy Scout Songbook: Swing Low, Sweet Chariot / We're on the Upward Trail / Trail the Eagle / Walking at Night (Stodole Pumpa) / Waltzing Matilda / Red River Valley

Cub Scout Songbook: We're on the Upward Trail / I've been Working on the Railroad / Home on the Range

Happy Wanderer

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

Chorus

Valdaree, valdarah, valdaree,
Valdarah-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha
Valdaree, valdarah
My knapsack on my back.

I love to wander by the stream
that dances in the sun
So joyously it calls to me
"Come join my happy song."

I tip my hat to all I meet,
and they wave back to me
The blackbird call so loud and sweet
from every greenwood tree.

High overhead the Skylark wings.
He never stays at home.
And just like me, he loves to sing
as over the world he roams.

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

The Unicorn Song

A long time ago
When the Earth was green
There were more kinds of animals
Than you've ever seen
They'd run around free
While the Earth was being born
But the loveliest of all
Was the Unicorn

Chorus: Now there were green alligators
And long-necked geese
Some humpty-backed 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 seen some sinning
And it gave him a pain
So he said, "Stand Back!
I'm gonna make it rain!"
He said, "Hey, Brother Noah,
I'll tell you what to do;
Build me a floating zoo
(And take some of them green alligators)

Old Noah was there
To answer the callin'
He finished up the ark
Just as the rain started fallin'
He marched in the animals two by two
And called out as they went through:
("Hey Lord! I've got some green alligators)

Then Noah looked out
Through the drivin' rain
But the Unicorns were hidin'
Playing silly games
They were kickin and a splashin
While the rain was pourin'
Oh, them silly unicorns.
(Noah cried, "Close the door,
Cause the rain is pourin'
And we just can't wait for no unicorn.")

The ark started movin'
It drifted with the tide
The Unicorns looked up from their rocks
And they cried
The waters rose up and sort of
Floated them away,
And that's why you never see a unicorn to this very day.
(But you'll see green alligators ...)

Action:

Alligators - Extend arms out in front and clap them like an alligator's mouth

Geese - put arm in the air with hand forming a goose's head

Camels - touch shoulders

Chimpanzees - scratch head and side

Cats - Hands on either side of head with index and middle finger up to form ears

Rats - Hands together in front of nose

with index and middle fingers pointing down as teeth

Elephants - use arm as trunk

Unicorn - hand on forehead with index finger pointing out.

The Erie Canal

I've got a mule, her name is Sal,
Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal.
She's a good ol' worker
and a good ol' pal,
Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal.
We've hauled some barges in our day,
Filled with lumber, coal, and hay,
And now we know ev'ry inch
of the way we know
From Albany to Buffalo.

Chorus:

Low bridge, ev'rybody down!
Low bridge, for we're comin' to a town!
And you'll always know your neighbor,
You'll always know your pal,
if you've ever naviagted on the Erie Canal.

We better get on our way, old pal,
Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal.
'Cause you bet your life
I'd never part with Sal,
Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal.
Get up there mule,
here comes a lock,
We'll make Rome 'bout six o'clock,
One more trip and back we'll go,
Right back home to Buffalo.

(It's not easy) Bein' Green

Joe Raposo

It's not easy bein' green
Having to spend each day the color of the leaves
When I think it could be nicer bein' red or yellow or gold
Or something much more colorful like that

It's not easy bein' green
It seems you blend in with so many other ordinary things
And people tend to pass you over
'Cause you're not standing out like flashy sparkles
On the water or stars in the sky

But green is the color of spring
And green can be cool and friendly like
And green can be big like an ocean
Or important like a mountain or tall like a tree

When green is all there is to be
It could make you wonder why
But why wonder, why wonder?
I am green and it'll do fine, it's beautiful
And I think it's what I want to be

Clementine

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

Chorus

Oh my darling, Oh my darling, Oh my darling Clementine,
You are lost and gone forever, dreadful sorry, Clementine.

Light she was, and like a fairy, and her shoes were number nine,
Herring boxes without topses, sandals were for Clementine.

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

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

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

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

In my dreams she still doth haunt me, robed in garments soaked in brine,

While in life I used to hug her, now she's dead I draw the line.

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

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

Charlie and the MTA

Well let me tell you a story
'bout a man named Charlie
On a tragic and a fateful day
He put ten cents in his pockets
kissed his wife and his family
Took a ride on the MTA.

Chorus:
But did he ever return?
NO! He never returned
And his fate is still unlearned.
He may ride forever
'Neath the streets of Boston
He's the man who never returned.

Charlie handed in his dime
At the Kendall Square Station
And he changed for Jamaica Bay
When he got there
The Conductor said, "One more nickel."
Charlie couldn't get off that train.

Well all night long
Charlie rides through the station
Crying, "What will become of me?
How can I ever afford
To see my sister in Chelsea
Or my cousin in Roxbury?

Well you citizens of Boston
Don't you think it's a scandal
How the people have to pay and pay?
Fight the fare increase
Vote for (Camp Director)
Get poor Charlie off the MTA

Land of the Silver Birch

Land of the silver birch
Home of the beaver
Where still the mighty moose
Wanders at will

Blue lake and rocky shore
I will return once more
Boom did-y-ah-dah
Boom did-y-ah-dah
Boom did-y-ah-dah, boom

My heart is sick for thee
Here in the lowlands
I will return to thee
Hills of the north

Blue lake and rocky shore...

Swift as a silver fish
Canoe of birch bark
By mighty waterways
Carry me forth

Blue lake and rocky shore...

High on a rocky ledge
I'll build my wigwam
Close to the water's edge
Silent and still

Blue lake and rocky shore...

(Try singing Land of the Silver Birch simultaneously with Canoeing Song (Dip, dip and swing)!)

Waltzing Matilda

Chorus

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

Once a jolly swag man camped beside the billabong,
Under the shade of a Coolibah tree.
And he sang as he watched and he waited 'til his billy boiled.
You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me. *Chorus*

Down came a jumbuck, to drink from the billabong.
Up jumped the swag man and grabbed him with glee.
And he stuffed that poor jumbuck in his old tucker bag,
You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me. *Chorus*

Down came the Stockman mounted on his thoroughbred,
Down came the troopers, one, two, three.
"Where's that jolly jumbuck you've got in your tucker bag?"
"You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me." *Chorus*

Up jumped the swag man and sprang into the billabong
"You'll never take me alive" said he.
And his ghost can heard as you ride along the billabong,
"You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me." *Chorus*

A glossary of Australian Terms is on the next page.

Australian terms--*the rest of the story not in the Scout Songbook.*

Swagman - a person who usually has no home (or who chooses not to live in it) but who travels around the country looking for work, moving from one short term job to another around the farms and large properties. They were very prevalent last century and during the Depression when work was hard to come by and there was no Unemployment Benefits (dole).

Swag - the bag of personal belongings that the swagman carries everywhere with him. It was often carried on the end of a stick which rested over one shoulder--and called a Matilda. Waltzing Matilda means carrying it from place to place with you in your travels.

Billy - billy can, a cooking pan used on outdoor fires, usually for boiling water, or for soup, stew, etc. Originally made from a coffee can or used #10 can.

Billabong - spring, watering hole, an oasis of the outback.

Jumbuck - young sheep

Tucker - is food, so guess what is kept in a tucker bag! This is significant as some property owners (the less wealthy) would pay for small jobs done by giving them food rather than money.

Trooper - a mounted policeman.

Stockman - probably a cattleman or sheepman. (Sometimes this term is replaced by Squatter. A squatter is a property owner who acquired the land by taking up residence and working it. It was never bought and paid for. Working on the principle that possession is nine tenths of the law, these men often squatted on and acquired very large tracts of land and became very wealthy. They were allowed to keep the land by the Government of the time as people were desired to settle in the new country.)

So here it is: The swagman was trying to steal a young sheep to supplement his depleted tuckerbag but got caught in the act. Stealing cattle or sheep was a very serious offence in those days in which the song was written and carried a stiff penalty. It would have meant a long term in jail. Someone who was used to travelling the open roads all his life would have found that intolerable.

The Whistling Gypsy Rover

Leo Maguire

The gypsy rover came over the hill. Down through the valley so shady.
He whistled and he sang till the green woods rang and he won the heart of a lady.

Chorus:

Ah dee du, ah dee du da day. Ah dee du, ah dee day dee.
He whistled and he sang till the green woods rang and he won the heart of a lady.

She left her father's castle gate. Left her own fond lover.
Left her servants and her estate to follow the gypsy rover.

Her father saddled his fastest steed. Searched these valleys all over.
Seeking his daughter at great speed and the whistlin' gypsy rover.

At last he came to a castle gate along the river Claydee,
And there was music and there was wine for the gypsy and his lady

"He is no gypsy, my father," she said. "But lord of these lands all over.
And I will stay till my dying day with the whistlin' gypsy rover.

Ah dee du, ah dee du da day. Ah dee du, ah dee day dee.
He whistled and he sang till the green woods rang, till the green woods rang,
till the green woods rang, And he won the heart of a lady.

Blowin' in the Wind

Bob Dylan

How many roads must a man walk down before you call him a man?
Yes, 'n' how many seas must a white dove sail before she sleeps in the sand?
Yes, 'n' how many times must the cannon balls fly before they're forever banned?
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind. The answer is blowin' in the wind.

How many times must a man look up before he can see the sky?
Yes, 'n' how many ears must one man have before he can hear people cry?
Yes, 'n' how many deaths will it take 'till he knows that too many people have died?
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind. The answer is blowin' in the wind.

How many years must a mountain exist before it's washed to the sea?
Yes, 'n' how many years can some people exist before they're allowed to be free?
Yes, 'n' how many times can a man turn his head, pretending he just doesn't see?
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind. The answer is blowin' in the wind.

If I had a Hammer

If I had a hammer, I'd hammer in the morning
I'd hammer in the evening, All over this land
I'd hammer out danger. I'd hammer out a warning
I'd hammer out love between My brothers and my sisters
All over this land

Second verse: If I had a bell...

Third verse: If I had a song...

Final verse:

Now I've got a hammer, And I've got a bell
And I've got a song to sing
It's the hammer of justice. It's the bell of Freedom
It's a song about love between My brothers and my sisters
All over this land

Danny Boy

Oh, Danny Boy, the pipes... the pipes are calling,
From glen to glen and down the mountain side.
The summer's is gone and all the leaves are falling,
It's you, it's you must go and I must bide.

But come ye back, when summer's in the meadow,
and all the valley's hushed and white with snow.
It's I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow,
Oh, Danny Boy, Oh, Danny Boy, I love you so!

But when ye come, and all the flowers are dying
If I be dead, as dead I well may be.
Then come and find the place where I am lying,
And kneel and say an Ave there for me.

And I shall hear, though soft your tread above me,
And all my grave will warmer, sweeter be.
And you shall bend, and tell me that you love me,
And I shall rest in peace until you come to me.

"It may be the image of the bright flames that triggers our memories, or maybe it is the dancing of the orange and red coals that warms our souls.

Whatever the reason, there is magic to a campfire that encourages not just our own memories but also the shared memories of a group truly together."

Marvelous Toy

(Tom Paxton)

When I was just a wee little lad full of health and joy
My father homeward came one night and gave to me a toy
A wonder to behold, it was, with many colors bright
And the moment I laid eyes on it it became my heart's delight

It went "zip" when it moved and "bop" when it stopped
And "whirr" when it stood still
I never knew just what it was and I guess I never will.

The first time that I picked it up, I had a big surprise
For right on its bottom were two big buttons that
Looked like big green eyes.
I first pushed one and then the other, and then I twisted its lid
And when I set it down again, this is what it did:

It first marched left and then marched right
And then marched under a chair
And when I looked where it had gone, it wasn't even there:
I started to sob and my daddy laughed, for he knew that I would find,
When I turned around, my marvelous toy, chugging from behind.

Well, the years have gone by too quickly, it seems,
I have my own little boy
And yesterday I gave to him my marvelous little toy.
His eyes nearly popped right out of his head
And he gave a squeal of glee,
Neither one of us knows just what it is,
but he loves it, just like me.

Cockles and Mussels

In Dublin's fair city,
where the girls are so pretty
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone
As she wheel'd her wheel barrow
Thro' streets broad and narrow
Crying "Cockles and Mussels alive, alive O!"

Chorus: Alive, alive O! Alive, alive O
Crying Cockles and Mussels Alive, alive O!

She was a fishmonger,
But sure 'twas no wonder,
For so were her father and mother before,
And they each wheel'd their barrow
Thro' streets broad and narrow,

Crying "Cockles and Mussels alive, alive O!"
She died of a fever
And no one could save her,
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone;
But her ghost wheels her barrow
Thro' streets broad and narrow
Crying "Cockles and Mussels alive, alive O!"

Anne Boleyn

O in the Tower of London large as life
The ghost of Anne Boleyn walks they declare
For Anne Boleyn was once King Henry's wife
Until he had the axeman bob her hair.
O yes he done her wrong long years ago
And she comes back each night to tell him so...

Chorus:

**With her head tucked underneath her arm
She walks the bloody tower
With her head tucked underneath her arm
At the midnight hour.**

She's going to find King Henry; she's giving him what for.
Gadzooks she's going to tell him off for having spilt her gore
And just in case the axeman wants to give her an encore
She's got her head tucked underneath her arm. *Chorus*

Along the drafty corridors for miles and miles she goes
She sometimes catches cold, poor thing, it's cold there when it blows
And it's awfully awkward for the queen when she has to blow her nose
With her head tucked underneath her arm. *Chorus*

Now sometimes King Henry throws a spread
For all his pals and gals—a ghostly crew.
The axeman carve the joint and cuts the bread
When Anne Boleyn walks in to spoil the "do."
She holds her head up with a wild war whoop
And Henry says, "Don't drop it in the soup." *Chorus*

One day she found old Henry, he was in his castle lair,
Said he, "Are you Jane Seymore, Anne Boleyn, or Catherine Parr?
How the heck am I to know just whom you are
With your head tucked underneath your arm? *Chorus*

The sentires think that it's a football that she carries in.
And when they see her they all shout, "Is Army going to win?"
For they think that it's Red Grange instead of poor old Anne Boleyn
With her head tucked underneath her arm. *Chorus*

Graces and Spirituals

Johnny Appleseed

The Lord is good to me
And So I thank the Lord
For givin' me, the things I need:
The sun, the rain, and an apple seed.
Yes, he's been good to me.

I owe the Lord so much
For everything I see
I'm certain if, it warn't for Him
There'd be no apples on this limb.
Yes, He's been good to me

(bridge)

Oh here am I 'neath a blue, blue sky, a doin' as I please
Singin' with my feathered friends, hummin' with the bees

I wake up every day,
As happy as can be
Because I know, that with His care,
My apple trees, the will still be there,
Oh the Lord's been good to me.

Blessed art Thou (Jewish)

"Baruch attah Adonoy, Elohainu melach ha'olam, ha'motzei lechem meen ha'aretz."
Translation: "Blessed art Thou, Lord our God, Ruler of the Universe, who brings forth bread from the earth."

Bless Us, O Lord (Catholic)

Bless Us, O Lord,
And these your gifts
Which we are about to receive
From your bounty,
through Christ our Lord. Amen.

Doxology (Christian)

Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Breakfast

Gracious giver from all good
Thee we thank for rest and food
Grant that all we do or say
In thy service be this day. Amen.

Lunch

Father for this noon day meal
We would speak the praise we feel
Health and strength we have from thee
Help us lord to faithful be. Amen.

Evening

Tireless guardian on our way
Thou has kept us well this day
While we thank thee we request
Care continued, pardon, rest. Amen.

Wilderness Grace

*from Northern Tier Canoe Base. Legend, on the Canadian Lakes and in Ely, Minnesota,
has it that this grace used at Region 7 and 10 canoe bases pre-dated Philmont grace.*

For food, for raiment
For life and opportunity,
For sun and rain,
For water and portage trails,
We thank thee, O Lord. Amen.

Philmont Grace

For food, for raiment
For life, for opportunity,
For friendship and fellowship,
We thank thee, O Lord.

Do Lord

Chorus:

Do Lord, oh do Lord, oh do remember me
Do Lord, oh do Lord, oh do remember me
Do Lord, oh do Lord, oh do remember me
Look away beyond the blue

I've got a home in glory land that outshines the sun
I've got a home in glory land that outshines the sun
Look away beyond the blue. *Chorus*

I took Jesus as my savior you take him too
I took Jesus as my savior you take him too
I took Jesus as my savior you take him too
Look away beyond the blue. *Chorus*

I read about it in the book of revelation you read it too
I read about it in the book of revelation you read it too
I read about it in the book of revelation you read it too
Look away beyond the blue. *Chorus*

Do Lord, oh do Lord, oh do remember me
Do Lord, oh do Lord, oh do remember me
Do Lord, oh do Lord, oh do remember me
Look away beyond the blue. *Chorus with Gusto!*

Heavenly Father

Tune: Are You Sleeping?

Heavenly Father, Heavenly Father,
Once Again, Once Again,
We will ask thy blessing. We will ask thy blessing.
Amen. Amen.

Amen

A-a-men, A-a-men, A-a-men
Amen, Amen.

Sing it over: A-a-men
A little Stronger: A-a-men
Shout it out now: A-a-men
Amen, Amen.

Thank You for the Food We Eat

Tune: Michael Row the Boat Ashore

Thank you for the food we eat, Hallelujah.
Thank you for the friends we meet hallelujah.
Thank you for the birds that sing, Hallelujah.
Thank you Lord for everything, Hallelujah.

Allelu, Praise ye the Lord.

Allelu, Allelu, Allelu, Allejuia
Praise ye the Lord.

Allelu, Allelu, Allelu, Allejuia
Praise ye the Lord.

Praise ye the Lord.
Allejuia

Praise ye the Lord.
Allejuia

Praise ye the Lord.
Allejuia.

Praise ye the Lord.

Split group. One half sings the "Allelujia," and one half sings the "Praise ye the Lord."
The entire group sings the final "Praise ye the Lord."

Thanks be to God

(Tune: Wendy)

Thanks be to God, the father almighty
Thanks be to God, who gives us our bread. (or: who gave us the earth)
Thanks be to God, the spirit eternal (or: father eternal or: for making us Scouts))
Thanks be to God, forever.

He gives us the starry sky!
He gives us the birds that fly!
He gives us the rainbows high
above the clouds, above the clouds.

Thanks be to God, the father almighty
Thanks be to God, who gave us the earth
Thanks be to God, for making us Scouts
Thanks be to God, forever.

Go, Tell it on the Mountain

Chorus: Go, tell it on the mountain,
Over the hills and everywhere
Go, tell it on the mountain,
That Jesus Christ is born.

While shepherds kept their watching
Over silent flocks by night
Behold throughout the heavens
There shone a holy light.

The shepherds feared and trembled,
When lo! above the earth,
Rang out the angels chorus
That hailed the Savior's birth.

Down in a lowly manger
The humble Christ was born
And God sent us salvation
That blessed Christmas morn.

Inspiration

Boy Scout Song Book: Taps / Kum By Yah / Tell Me Why /

Cub Scout Songbook: Cub Vespers, Taps, At Dusk

Long Long Trail Awinding

There's a long, long trail awinding
Into the land of my dreams.
Where the nightengales are singing
And the white moon beams.
There's a long, long night of waiting
Until my dreams all come true
Til the day that I'll be going
Down that long, long trail with you.

By that Blazing Council Fire

By the blazing council fire's light
We have met in comradeship tonight.
Round about the whispering trees
Guard our golden memories.
And so before we close our eyes in sleep
Let us pledge each other that we'll keep
Scouting's memories, strong and deep,
'Til we meet again.

Scout Vespers

Softly falls the light of day,
As our campfire fades away.
Silently each Scout should ask:
Have I done my daily task?
Have I kept my honor bright?
Can I guiltless sleep tonight?
Have I done and have I dared
Everything to be prepared?

Philmont Hymn

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

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

On My Honor

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

On My Honor (as a Scout)

On my Honor as a Scout
I'll be loyal, brave and stout
Let the truth command
Take a fighting stand
Lend a helping hand
To those in need
Clean in body
Clean in mind
Always faithful
Always kind
I'll be loyal to my God and my Country
On my honor, as a Scout.

The Paddle Song

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

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

*"A singing movement is a winning movement. Over the years,
you'll find the magic made by the right song at the right place and time."
—Pete Seeger*

"Ging gang gooli" (sim! essa mesma)

Ging gang gooli, gooli, gooli, gooli, watcha,
Ging, gang goo, Ging, gang goo,
Ging gang gooli, gooli, gooli, gooli, watcha,
Ging, gang goo, Ging, gang goo.

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

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

Oompa, oompa, oompa, oompa...

A Little Fellow Follows Me

—*Lee Fisher*

A careful man I want to be,
A little fellow follows me;
I do not dare to go astray,
For fear he'll go the self-same way,

I cannot once escape his eyes
hate'er he sees me do, he tries;
Like me he says he's going to be,
The little chap who follows me.

He thinks that I am good and fine,
Believes in every word of mine;
The base in me he must not see,
The little chap who follows me.

I must remember as I go,
Through summer's sun and winter's show;
I am building for the years to be
That little chap who follows me.

Each Campfire

Each campfire lights anew
A flame of friendship true
The joy we've had in knowing you
Will last our whole life through

And as the embers fade away
We wish that we could always stay
But since we cannot have our way
We'll come again some other day.

WEAVE ME THE SUNSHINE

Peter Yarrow

They say that the tree of loving
Shine on me again.
They say it grows on the bank of the river of suffering.
Shine on me again, and

Chorus:

Weave, weave, weave me the sunshine out of the falling rain
Weave me the hope of a new tomorrow, fill my cup again

If only I could heal your sorrow
Shine on me again.
I'd help you to find your new tomorrow.
Shine on me again. *Chorus*

I've seen the steel and the concrete crumble
Shine on me again.
The proud and the mighty all have stumbled.
Shine on me again. *Chorus*

Only you can climb that mountain
Shine on me again.
If you want a drink from the golden fountain.
Shine on me again. *Chorus*

As The Flames Point Upwards.

As the flames point upwards
So be our aims.
As the red logs glow -
So be our sympathies.
As the grey ash fades -
So be our errors.
And as the good fire has warmed
The circle of our council fire tonight
So may our ideals warm the world.

The Prayer of Mother Theresa

Lead us from death to life
From falsehood to truth.
Lead us from despair to hope
From fear to trust.
Lead us from hate to love
From war to peace.
Let peace fill our hearts,
Our world, our universe.

Valediction

Whatever you are, be noble;
Whatever you do, do well;
Whenever you speak, speak kindly;
Spread happiness, wherever you dwell.

Scoutmaster's Benediction

May the Great Master of all Scouts
Be with us 'til we meet again.

PATRIOTIC

Boy Scout Songbook: God Bless America / America / America the Beautiful

Cub Scout Songbook: Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean / Make America proud of you /
Battle Hymn of the Republic / National Anthem

The Ragged Old Flag

(Original text from a 1974 Johnny Cash song—modified to include some more current events.)

I walked through a county courthouse square
And on a park bench an old man was sitting there
I said, "Your old courthouse is a kinda run down."
He said, "Naw, it'll do for our little town."
I said, "Your old flagpole's kinda leaned a little bit
And that's a mighty ragged old flag you've got hangin' on it."
He said, "Have a seat?" And so I sat down.
He said, "This the first time you've been in our little town?"
I said, "I think it is." He said, "Well, we don't like to brag
But round here, were's mighty proud of the Ragged Old Flag.

See, we got a little hole in that flag there
When Washington took it across the Delaware
And it got powder burned on the night that Francis Scott Key
Sat watchin' and a-writin' "Oh, say, can you see..."
It got a big rip in New Orleans
With Packingham and Jackson tuggin' at its seams.
It almost fell at the Alamo
Beside the Texas flag it waved on, though.
It got cut with a sword at Shiloh Hill
And got cut again at Chancellerville.
There was Robert E. Lee, Beauregard and Bragg
And the South wind blew hard on that Ragged Old Flag.

At Flanders field in World War One
She got a big hole from a Bertha gun.
She turned blood red in World War Two
She was in Korea, and in Vietnam
She was in Korea, and in Vietnam
She went wherever she was sent by her Uncle Sam.
At the ruins of an Embassy in Beirut
Sailors and Marines pulled her out of the rubble and soot.
She waved from our ships on the briny foam,
But now they've just about quit waving her back here at home.
In her own good land, here she's been abused

She's been burned, dishonored, denied, refused
And the government for which she stands
Has been scandalized throughout the land.
She is getting threadbare, and she's worn a little thin-

But she's in pretty good shape, for the shape she's in.
And she's been through the fire before
So I believe she can take a whole lot more.

To Desert Storm she went flying above the land
And made it through the grit, the grim and the sand.
When terrorists attacked the heart of our country's power
And the innocent people in the New York City towers
Once again the country came together and we all watched
As firefighters, police officers and others came to the rescue.
Soon others came to take their places
From all over our nation and saw tears in their faces.
And we watched as our flag was hoisted again.
Hoping soon this unhappiness for all in the world would end.

That's why we raise her every morning,
Take her down every night,
Never let her touch the ground,
And always fold her up right.

"On second thought," he said to me, "I do like to brag.
'Cause I'm mighty proud of that Ragged Old Flag."

You're a Grand Old Flag

You're a grand old flag! You're a high flying flag!
And forever in peace, may you wave.

You're the emblem of the land I love,
The home of the free and the brave.

Every heart beats true for the red, white, and blue;
Where there's never a boast or brag.

But should old acquaintance be forgot,
Keep your eye on the grand old flag.

Yankee Doodle Boy

I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy,
A yankee doodle, do or die;
A real live nephew of my Uncle Sam's,
Born on the Fourth of July.
I've got a Yankee Doodle sweetheart;
She's my Yankee Doodle joy!
Yankee doodle went to London
Just to ride the ponies.
I am that Yankee Doodle Boy.

"There it is—Old Glory!"

—*William Driver, as the colors were first brken on the new merchantman Salem of which he had been appointed master. 10 August 1831—probably the origin of the term "Old Glory."*

I Am Old Glory

For more than ten score years, I have been the banner of hope and freedom for generation after generation of Americans.

Born amid the first flames of America's fight for freedom, I am the symbol of a country that has grown from a little group of thirteen colonies to a united nation of fifty sovereign states.

Planted firmly on the high pinnacle of American faith, my gentle flutterings have proved an inspiration to untold millions.

Men have followed me into battle with unwavering courage. They have looked to me as a symbol of national unity. They have prayed that they and their fellow citizens might continue to enjoy the life, liberty and pursuit of happiness that have been granted to every American as the heritage of a free people.

So long as Americans love liberty more than life itself; so long as they treasure the priceless privileges brought with the blood of our forbearers; so long as principles of truth, justice, and charity for all remain deeply rooted in American hearts, I shall continue to be the enduring banner of the United States of America for...

I am old Glory.

Maine Stein Song

Fill the steins to dear old Maine;
Shout 'til the rafters ring!
Stand...and drink a toast once again!
Let every loyal Maine man sing.
Drink to all the happy hours,
Drink to the careless days.
Drink...to Maine our Alma Mater,
The college of our hearts always.

To the trees, to the sky! To the Spring in its glorious happiness.
To the youth, to the fire. To the life that is moving and calling us.
To the gods, to the fates. To the rulers of men and their destinies.
To the lips, to the eyes. To the girls who will love us some day.
Repeat first stanza.

America, the Beautiful

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

O Canada!

O Canada! Our home and native land
True patriot love in all thy sons command.
With glowing hearts we see thee rise,
The True North strong and free,
And Stand on guard, O Canada,
We stand on guard for thee.

Oh Canada! Glorious and Free!
We stand on guard, we stand on guard for thee.
O Canada, we stand on guard for thee.

This Land is Your Land

(Woody Guthrie)

Chorus:

This land is your land, this land is my land
From California to the New York Island,
From the redwood forest to the gulf stream water,
This land was made for you and me.

As I went walking that ribbon of highway
I saw above me that endless skyway,
I saw below me that golden valley
This land was made for you and me.

I roamed and I rambled
and I followed my footsteps
O'er the sparkling sands of
her diamond deserts,
While all around me
a voice was sounding, saying
This land was made for you and me.

America Round

America, America,
How can we tell you how we feel?
You have given us your treasures.
We love you so.

This song can be, and usually is, sung in a round. The second group should join in after the first has finished the first line. This is excellent for the end of a campfire when the mood of the group should be more somber.

Moth-eaten Rag

A moth-eaten rag on a worm-eaten pole,
It does not look likely to stir a man's soul,
Tis the deads that were done 'neath that moth-eaten rag
When the pole was a staff and the rag was a flag.

—Sir Edward B. Hamley, 1824-1924

Hats Off!

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of the bugles, a ruffle of drums.
A flash of color beneath the sky:
Hats off!
The Flag is passing by.

—Henry Holcomb Bennett, 1863-1924

The Flag Goes By

I have seen the glories of art and architecture and the mountains and the rivers;
I have seen the sunset on Jungfrau, and the full moon rise over Mont Blanc.
But the fairest vision on which these eyes ever looked
was the vision of the flag of my country in a foreign land.

—George Frisbie Hoar, 1826-1924

When you raise hell, do it at least a mile from the flagpole.

Staff Songs on Pay Day

Green Back Dollar

Chorus

Well, I don't give a damn about a green back dollar
Spend it fast as I can
For a wailing song and a good guitar
Are the only things that I understand
Oh Lord, the only things that I understand

Some people say I'm a no count
Others say I'm no good
But I'm just a natural born traveling man
Doing what I think I should
Oh Lord, doing what I think I should

When I was a little baby, my mother said, hey son
Travel where you will
And grow to be a man
And do what must be done
Oh Lord, do what must be done

Now that I'm a grown man
I've traveled here and there
I've learned that a bottle of brandy and a song
Are the only ones who ever care
Oh Lord, are the only ones who ever care

Mr. Stevenson

Oh I wish I were Mr. Stevenson.
Pay Me my money now.
Sit's on the rock and watch the work done,
Pay me my money down.

Pay me, Oh Pay Me
Pay me my money down.
Pay me or go to Jail.
Pay me my money down

Prinderella

Prinderella and the Prandsome Since

Tonce upon a wime there was a gretty little pirl named Prinderella. Prinderella had two sisty uglers and a micked wedstutter, who made her flub the scoors, wean the clindows, pine the shots and shans, and do all the other wirty dirk. Wasn't that a shirty dame?

One day the Ping issued a kroclamation that all geligible irls were invited to a Drancy Fess Ball. Prindella's two sisty uglers could go, but Prinderella couldn't go because she didn't have a drancy fess, only a rirty dag that fidn't dit. Wasn't that a shirty dame?

All of a sudden, in the eyeling of a twink, Prinderella's gairy fodmother appeared, and turned the cumpkin into a poach, the hice into morses, and Prinderella's rirty dag into a drancy fess. But she warned Prinderella that she must be home by the moke of stridnight. Wasn't that a shirty dame?

Well, Prindella went to the Drancy Fess Ball, and she pranced all night with the Cince, and at the moke of stridnight she ran down the Stalace Peps. But on the bottom Pep she slopped her dripper! Wasn't that a shirty dame?

The next day the Ping issued another kroclamation that all geligible irls were to sly on the tripper. Prinderella's two sisty uglers slipped on the tripper but it fidn't dit. So Prinderella slied on the tripper, and it fid dit! So Prinderella and the Cince were married and lived happily ever afterwards.

Nor that wasn't such a shirty dame, was it?

Sherlock Homes

Sherlock Holmes and Dr Watson went on a camping trip. After a good meal, they lay down for a good night's sleep. Some hours later, Holmes awoke and nudged his faithful friend. "Watson, look up at the sky and tell me what you see."

Watson replied, "I see millions and millions of stars."

"What does that tell you?" Watson pondered for a minute.

"Astronomically, it tells me that there are millions of galaxies and potentially billions of planets. Astrologically, I observe that Saturn is in Leo.

Horologically, I deduce that the time is approximately a quarter past three.

Theologically, I can see that God is all powerful and that we are small and insignificant. Meteorologically, I suspect that we will have a beautiful day tomorrow.

What does it tell you?"

Holmes was silent for a minute, then spoke.

"Watson, you pillock. Someone has stolen our tent."

Laughter overcomes negativity

The barriers to cheerfulness are many. Envy and jealousy are two of the challenges we face on an ongoing basis. Jamie Sams suggests we use laughter as a defense against the negative energy that we face. She advises:

No harmful intent can flourish in the face of laughter. Laughter is the lubricant that keeps negativity from sticking. We break the stranglehold of any malicious intent when we do not fear it but rather engage in laughter, joy, and love. The more skillful we become, disengaging from negativity, the stronger we become spiritually, emotionally, mentally, and physically.

Using play and laughter as part of your management style only makes sense. This is particularly true when you want to ensure you attract and retain talented individuals to work in your organization. For too many years, play and laughter were seen as unnecessary evil that should be done away with. After all, if you were playing and laughing, you weren't being productive. We left elementary school where learning and working with others was fun and entered into higher levels of education and work where we had to be serious all the time. No time for play here, we frown on that type of behavior.

I recently went to my son's third grade school musical event. It was held early in the day so parents could take just a little time off from work. We were there to observe the lessons our children had learned through the schools music program. We were early to the event because seating is always scarce. I watched the other parents file in with gloomy expressions on their faces. You could literally tell that most of them were there because they felt obligated to attend the event.

The third graders sang songs and danced for their parents. The teachers and the kids were having a great time. I noticed after a while that the parents were beginning to enjoy the songs and dances. Their serious faces were beginning to smile as their kids tried their best to entertain their parents.

My son Sage told us that there was a secret about the school event and that we'd find out after we got there. We soon found out that the parents were going to join their children for a special dance on the floor and that participation wasn't optional.

The parents came down from the bleachers and joined hands with their children and the music soon began. As the parents and their children held hands they began moving in a circle around the room. Before long they were weaving in and out of the other moms and dads who were holding hands with their own third graders. The music went on for several minutes. The smiles and laughter were every bit as discernable as the music that poured from the speakers that lined the gymnasium. By the end of the song everyone was smiling and laughing.

The gloomy faces that entered the gymnasium less than an hour earlier were now replaced with grins that spread from ear to ear. The energy level in the gymnasium was off the charts. What a remarkable change in such a short period of time. And why was that? They had taken a few minutes to play and laugh with others.

I wondered how long it had been since many of these adults had actually played and laughed? Did they have jobs that frowned on the idea of playfulness in the workplace? Did they realize the difference in their own countenance from the time they entered into the gymnasium until they finished dancing with their children?

As managers, we overlook the power and usefulness of play and laughter at our own risk. If the last time you seriously got into play was at the playground when you were in elementary school, you may want to rethink the usefulness of play.

—Lt. Col. Robert L. Boggs, Ph.D., 121 Air Refueling Wing, Ohio Air National Guard

Singing is Fun.

Singing has Tremendous Power.

Singing is part of your patrol and troop program.

Singing establishes the group.

Singing builds enthusiasm.

Singing sets the mood.

There are songs for every mood and every occasion.

Singing builds leadership.

Singing can be creative.

Singing makes work go faster.

Singing can be done camping, hiking, working.

Singing makes a ceremony special.

Singing can be done in the rain.

Singing can be done in the morning.

Singing can be done inside or outside.

Singing and Songfests are part of the campfire program.

Singing is a meal ticket.

Singing is international.

Singing builds traditions.

Singing builds strong troops and patrols.

Singing build friendships.

Singing passes time in lines and on trips.

Singing builds Scout Spirit.

Boys like to sing.

—Michael J. L'Abbé

*Who hath smelt woodsmoke at twilight?
Who hath heard the birch log burning?
Who is quick to read the noises of the night?
Let him follow with the others.*

*For the young men's feet are turning,
To the camps of proved desire and known delight.*
—Rudyard Kipling

Singing's Contribution to the Aims and Methods of Scouting

A I M S

Citizenship: A group project

Character: Leadership

Mental Fitness: Ability to take a complex task and teach it to others

Physical Fitness: Some songs take this too

M E T H O D S

Boy Leadership Development: Teaches Poise, Self-Confidence, Getting and Giving Info, Controlling the Group, Guiding Discovery of Others, Camaraderie for young and older Scouts

Adult Role Model: Model an attitude, Model the MC qualities we expect of boys, Praise other for good singing, Participation under a Scout's leadership, Modeling Enthusiasm

Outdoor Program: Key part of campfires, great for hikes, while traveling, while working

Advancement: Organizing campfire or Court of Honor, Music MB, Leadership, Service, Scout Spirit

Personal Growth: Build Confidence, Set a goal to learn and do

Ideals: On my Honor, Patriotic Songs, Religious Songs, Scout Vespers, International Brotherhood

Patrols: Builds Patrol Spirit

—Michael J. L'Abbé

Singing enriches the quality of our lives, aiding personal health and well-being.

**Has a positive effect on our attitude towards others and the environment.*

**Is the root experience for developing musicianship—keen ear, skilled mind, creative heart, and*

**Challenges and develops the brain's skill and capacity for internalising, memorising, sequencing, ordering, and recalling.*

—The Voices Foundation, UK

*"Set aside your routine pleasures for this most important thing.
Take the time to teach your children to sing. "*
—Schooner Fare



Do you have a correction or a better idea?

Michael J. L'Abbé
24 Lady Slipper Lane
Topsham, Maine 04086
(207) 725-5741