



CAMP STAFF SONG BOOK



NEW BIRTH OF FREEDOM COUNCIL, BSA





STAFF SONGBOOK

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AMAZING GRACE

Amazing grace, how sweet the sound, that saved a wretch like me. I once was lost, but now am found, was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, and grace my fears relieved; how precious did that grace appear, the hour I first believed.

Through many dangers, toils and snares, I have already come. It's grace that brought me safe thus far, and grace will lead me home.

When we've been there ten thousand years, bright shining as the sun. We've no less days to sing God's praise, than when we first begun.

Amazing grace, how warm the sound; that gave new life to me. He will my shield and portion be, His word my hope secures.

AMERICA

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

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

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

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

AMERICA, THE BEAUTIFUL

O, beautiful for spacious skies, for amber waves of grain, for purple mountain majesties above the fruited plain. America, America, God shed His grace on thee, and crown thy good with brotherhood from sea to shining sea.

O, beautiful for pilgrims' feet, whose stern, impassioned stress, a thoroughfare for freedom beat, across the wilderness. America, America, God mend thine every flaw, confirm thy soul in self-control, thy liberty in law.

O, beautiful for heroes proved, in liberating strife, who more than self their country loved, and mercy more than life. America, America, may God thy gold refine, till all success be nobleness, and every gain divine.

O, beautiful for patriot dream, that sees, beyond the years, thine alabaster cities gleam, undimmed by human tears. America, America, God shed His Grace on thee, and crown thy good with brotherhood from sea to shining sea.

BACK IN THE SADDLE

I'm back in the saddle again, Out where a friend is a friend, Where the longhorn cattle feed, On the lowly jimson weed; I'm back in the saddle again.

Riding the range once more, Totin' my old forty-four, Where you sleep out ev'ry night, Where the only law is right; I'm back in the saddle again,

Whoo-pi-ti-yi-yo, Rockin to and fro back in the saddle again, Whoo-pi-ti-yi-aya I go my way, Back in the saddle again.

THE BALLAD OF NEW ORLEANS

In 1814 we took a little trip, along with Colonel Jackson down the mighty Mississippi. We took a little bacon and we took a little beans, and we caught the bloody British in a town in New Orleans. *Chorus.

* Chorus: We fired our guns and the British kept a-coming, there wasn't near as many as there was a while ago. We fired once more and they began a-running, from down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico.

We looked down the river and we see'd the British come--there must have been a hundred of 'em beating on the drum. They stepped so high and they made the bugles ring; we stood beside our cotton fields and didn't say a thing. *Chorus.

Old Hickory said we could take 'em by surprise, if we didn't fire our muskets till we looked them in the eyes. We held our fire till we see'd their faces well; then we opened up our Squirrel Guns and really gave 'em -- well. *Chorus.

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



We fired our cannon till the barrel melted down, so we grabbed an alligator and we fought another round. We filled his head with cannon balls and powdered his behind, and when we touched the powder off the 'gator lost his mind. *Chorus.

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

THE BEAR SONG

One day I met; a great big bear; up in the woods; oh way up there.

I looked at him; he looked at me; I sized up him; he sized up me.

He said to me; why don't you run; for I can see; you have no gun.

And so I ran; right out of there; but right behind; me was that bear.

In front of me; there was a tree; a great big tree; oh golly gee.

The nearest branch; was ten feet up; I'd have to jump; and trust my luck.

And so I jumped; into the air; but I missed that branch; oh way up there.

Now don't you fret; nor don't you frown; for I caught that branch; on my way down.

That's all there is; there ain't no more; unless I meet; that bear once more.

BIG BAD JOHN

Every morning at the mine, you could see him arrive.
He stood 6 foot 6, weighed 245.
Kind of broad at the shoulders, narrow at the hip.
And everybody knew you didn't give no lip to Big John.
*Chorus.

* Chorus: Big John, Big John, Big Bad John, Big John.

Nobody seemed to know where John called home.
He just drifted into town and stayed all alone.
He didn't say much, kind of quiet and shy.

And if you spoke at all, you'd just said 'hi' to Big John.
Somebody said he came from New Orleans,
Where he got into a fight over a Cajun Queen.
And a crashing blow from a huge right hand,
sent a Louisiana fella to the promise land. *Chorus.

Then came the day at the bottom of the mine,
when a timber cracked and men started crying.
Miners were praying, and hearts beat fast, and everybody thought they'd breathed their last 'cept John.
Through the dust and the smoke of this man-made hell,
walked a giant of a man that the miners knew well.
Grabbed a sagging timber and gave out with a groan,
and like a giant oak tree he just stood there alone, Big John. *Chorus.

And with all of his strength, he gave a mighty shove.
Then a miner yelled out, 'there's a light up above!'
And 20 men scrambled from a would-be grave.
Now there's only one left down there to save, Big John.
With jacks and timbers, they started back down,
then came that rumble way down in the ground.
And as smoke and gas belched out of that mine,
everybody knew it was the end of the line, for Big John.
*Chorus.

Now they never re-opened that worthless pit,
they just placed a marble stand in front of it.
These few words are written on that stand,
'At the bottom of this mine, lies a big, big man - Big John.
*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 Grogan's goat, was doomed to die!

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

THE BIRDIE SONG

Way up in the sky, the big birdies fly; while down in the nest, the little birdies rest. (With a wing on the left, and a wing on the right; the little birdies sleep, all through the night.) Shhhh! They're sleeping! Up comes the sun, the dew goes away. Good morning, good morning! The little birdies say.



BOOM-CHICKA-BOOM

[Leader:] I say: Cha boom, chick a boom.
 [All:] I say: Cha boom, chick a boom.
 [Leader:] I say: Cha boom, chick a boom.
 [All:] I say: Cha boom, chick a boom.
 [Leader:] I say: Cha boom, chick a rocka, chick a rocka,
 chick a boom.
 [All:] I say: Cha boom, chick a rocka, chick a rocka,
 chick a boom.
 [Leader:] Uh huh.
 [All:] Uh huh.
 [Leader:] Oh yeah.
 [All:] Oh yeah.

[Leader:] This time.
 [All:] This time.
 [Leader:] Higher.

[Continue with:]
 (Higher.) Lower. Louder. Softer. Faster. Slower.
 Masculine. Feminine. Underwater. No more.

Janitor: Broom, Sweepa, Moppa, Sweepa, Moppa, Sweepa
 Broom.

THE BUFFALO DANCE

I went to the Baltimore Zoo one day,
 And saw a buffalo there.
 I walked right up to him and said, "Boy, are you ugly!"
 He jumped right over the fence and started dancing on my
 knee!
 Pshhhh, pshhhh.
 Let's do the buffalo dance, the buffalo dance, the buffalo
 dance, let's do the buffalo dance, let's do the buffalo
 dance.

Repeat with different zoos. Replace "knee" with "spleen"
 and "all over me."

THE CAT CAME BACK

* Chorus: But, 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 wouldn't stay away, away,
 away. Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Old man Johnson had troubles of his own. He had an old
 cat that wouldn't leave him alone. He tried and he tried to
 give that cat away. But every time he did the cat wouldn't
 stay. *Chorus.

He gave him to a man goin' up up in a balloon. He told
 the man to take him to the man in the moon. The balloon

landed just about 90 miles away. And where the man is
 now, I just couldn't say. *Chorus.

Gave him to a man goin' way way out west. He told the
 man to take him to the one that he loved best. The train
 jumped the track, and then it jumped the rail. And no one
 is alive to tell the gory tale. *Chorus.

He gave him to a boy with a five dollar note. He told the
 boy to take him up a river in a boat. Tied a rock around
 his neck that weighed a hundred pounds. And now they
 drag the river for the little boy that drowned. *Chorus.

The man next door said he'd shoot that cat on sight. So he
 loaded up his gun with some nails and dynamite. He
 waited and he waited for the cat to come around. But 97
 pieces of man were all they found. *Chorus.

The A bomb dropped just the other day. The H bomb fell
 in the very same way. China went... Russia went... And
 then the U.S.A. The whole human race destroyed without
 a chance to pray. *Chorus.

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 family, took a ride on the
 MTA. *Chorus.

*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 put his dime at the Kendell 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! *Chorus.

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?"
 *Chorus.

Charlie's wife goes down to the Scollay Square Station,
 Every day at a quarter past two, And thru the open
 window she hands Charlie a sandwich, As the train comes
 rumblin' thru. *Chorus.

Well you citizens of Boston don't you think it's a scandal
 how the people have to pay and pay? Fight the far
 increase, vote for (camp director), get poor Charlie off the
 MTA. *Chorus.



CHICKEN LIPS AND LIZARD HIPS

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

Oh, when I was a little kid I never liked to eat; mama'd put things on my plate, I'd dump them on her feet; but then one day she made this soup, I ate it all in bed; I asked her what she put in it, and this is what she said. *Chorus.

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

CLEMENTINE

* Chorus: Oh my darling, oh my darling, oh my darling Clementine. You are lost and gone forever. Dreadful sorry, Clementine.

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

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

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

Saw her lips above the water, blowing bubbles, mighty fine. But alas I was no swimmer, so I lost my Clementine. *Chorus.

In a corner of the churchyard, where the myrtle boughs entwine. Grow the roses and the posies, fertilized by Clementine. *Chorus.

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

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

How I missed her, how I missed her. How I missed my Clementine. But alas I kissed her sister, and forgot my Clementine. *Chorus.

Now you Boy Scouts learn a lesson, from this tragic tale of mine. Artificial respiration would have saved my Clementine. *Chorus.

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 all wrapped in white linen, Wrapped in white linen and cold as the clay.

"I see by your get-up that you are a cowboy," This is what he said as I boldly walked by; "Now sit down beside me and hear my sad story, I was shot in the breast and I know I must die."

"Twas once in the saddle I used to go rovin', Twas once in the saddle I used to go gay, Twas first to drinkin' and then to card playin', Got shot in the breast, I am dying today."

"Get six jolly cowboys to carry my coffin, Get six pretty girls to carry my pall, Put bunches of roses all over my coffin, Roses to deaden the clods as they fall."

"Oh, beat the drums slowly and play the fife lowly, Play the dead march as they carry me along, Take me to the green valley and lay the sod o'er me, For I'm a young cowboy and know I've done wrong."

DEM DEER

This song by Lou & Peter Barryman seems perfect for Tuckahoe!

Hope you don't mind when an old man sings -
Helps me to keep my mind on t'ings.
So when I go where the animals thrive,
I sing dis song on the treacherous drive. *Chorus

* Chorus (sing twice):
Dem deer dey're here, den dey're dere
Dey're here, dey're dere
Dey're everywhere

At dawn in fields and coniferous groves,
Bucks and does come alive in droves.
Just when you think that the coast is clear
There in the road is a whitetail deer. *Chorus

In venison-land as the day goes by,
Deer lay low when the sun is high.
Sun goes down and the night draws near,
Twilight brings out the whitetail deer. *Chorus

Bucks bed down where de tall grass grows
Fawns dey doze where the doe does doze
Dose does doze dere, dose does doze here
And dose are de habits of de whitetail deer! *Chorus



THE DESPERADO

* Chorus: For a bold bad man was this desperado; from Badman's Gulch way down in Colorado. And he rode around like a big tornado; and everywhere he went he gave his big whoop - Hey.

He was a desperado from the wild and woolly West; but ev'ry now and then he'd go and give the West a rest. He'd saddle up his horse, put on his spurs and leather vest; and everywhere he went he gave his big whoop - Hey.
*Chorus.

He had a skunk named Arnie but he thought he was a hat; he'd put him up on top his head and wear him just like that. And everywhere they'd go the people'd point and say what's that; and Arnie'd wag his tail and give his big whoop - Hey. *Chorus.

He had a horse named Lightnin' but she wasn't very quick; she never liked to run but she could snort and buck and kick. And when our Desperado saddled up and gave a kick; she'd throw him and you'd really hear his big whoop - Hey. *Chorus.

DOWN AT THE TRADING POST

Oh, when the sun beats down, and burns the tile up on the roof. And your boots get so hot, you wish your tired feet were fire-proof. *Chorus.

* Chorus: Down at the Trading Post, in a comfortable seat, yeah. On a blanket with my Baby Ruth is where I'll be. Baw, baw, baw, bawp. Down at the Trading Post; out of the sun. Down at the Trading Post; we'll be having some fun. Down at the Trading Post; people walking around. Down at the Trading Post; where the bargains are found. Down at the Trading Post, Trading Post.

Oh, from the campsite you hear the happy sound of the pop machine. And it makes you so thirsty you'll run all the way from the latrine. *Chorus.

DOWN IN THE MEADOW

Down in the meadow is a liddle biddy pool, where there were three liddle fithies and a mudda fithie too. "Thwim," thaid tha mudda fithie, "thwim if you can." And they thwam and they thwam right over the dam.

*Chorus – Diddle-ee eye, eye a boogie, a boogie; Diddle-ee eye, eye a boogie, a boogie; Diddle-ee eye, eye a boogie, a boogie; (sing the last line of the verse)

Down in the meadow in a pond in the sun, lived an old mother duck and her little duck one. "Quack," said the mother duckie, "quack," said the one, and they quacked and were happy in their pond in the sun. *Chorus.

Down in the meadow in a stream so blue, lived an old mother fish and her little fishies two. "Glub," said the mother fishy, "glub" said the two, and the swam and were happy in their stream so blue.

Down in the meadow in a nest in a tree, lived an old mother bird and her little birds three. "Tweet," said the mother birdie, "tweet" said the three, and they sang and were happy in their nest in the tree. *Chorus.

Down in the meadow on a rock by the shore, lived an old mother frog and her little frogs four. "Croak," said the mother froggy, "croak" said the four. And they croaked and were happy on their rock by the shore.

Down in the meadow in a big bee hive, lived an old mother bee and her little bees five. "Buzz," said the mother bee, "buzz" said the five, and they buzzed and were happy in the big bee hive.

Down in the meadow in the noonday sun, there was a pretty mother and her little baby one. "Listen," said the mother, "to the ducks and the bees, to the frogs and the fish and the birds in the trees." And the little baby laughed just to hear such fun.

Down in the jungle where nobody goes, there's a boogie woogie washer woman washin' her clothes with a scrub-a-dub here, and a scrub-a-dub there, the boogie woogie washer woman washin' her hair. *Chorus.

DUNDERBECK

* Chorus: Oh, Dunderbeck, Dunderbeck, how could you be so mean? We told you, you'd be sorry for inventing that machine. All the rats and pussycats and dogs will never more be seen, for they'll be ground to hot dogs in Dunderbeck's machine.

There was a little Dutchman, his name was Dunderbeck. He was a dealer in hot dogs and sauerkraut and spec. He made the finest hot dogs that ever you did see. And then one day he invented that wonderful hot dog machine.
*Chorus.

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



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

Now, if you have some cats and dogs, you'd better keep them locked. 'Cause if you don't, I'm warning you, you're in for one big shock. If you buy some sausages at Dunderbeck's right now, you'll hear the little sausages meow and bow wow wow. *Chorus.

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 every inch of the way we know,
From Albany down to Buffalo. *Chorus

* Chorus: Low bridge, everybody down!
Low bridge, for we're comin' to a town!
And you'll always know your neighbor,
And you'll always know your pal,
If you've ever navigated 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. *Chorus

THE FINEST TROOP OF BOY SCOUTS

We're the finest Troop of Boy Scouts, that you have ever seen. We're loyal and we're honest, we're never rude or mean. We're proud to wear our uniforms, we like the tan and green. You know that you can count on us, to live our Promise clean.

We follow our Scoutmaster, we always do our best. We work on our advancement, we rarely stop to rest. We learn while earning badges, Boy Scouts know more than most. We learn to be good citizens, about that we can boast.

We love our God and Country, we respect our fellow man. We're busy doing good turns, we help each time we can. We're proud to be Americans, we fly our flag to show. Our land is free for you and me, to live and learn and grow.

FLEE FLY

Flee.
Flee fly.
Flee fly flow.
Fies-ka.
Cuma-lada, cuma-lada, cuma-lada, fies-ka.
Oh, no, no, not the fies-ka.
Eenie-meenie, decka-meenie, uh-wah, da-wa-na--meenie.
Eska-meenie, sola-meenie, uh-wah, da-wah.
Ish biddlee oatindot, bodot skadeetindot, shhhhhhh.

FOLLOW ME, BOYS!

*Chorus: Follow me boys, follow me,
When you think you're really beat
That's the time to lift your feet,
And follow me boys, follow me,
Pick'em up, put'em down and follow me,
Pick'em up, put'em down pick'em up.

There's a job to do,
There's a fight to win,
Follow me boys, follow me,
And it won't be done till we all pitch in,
Lift your chin with a grin and follow me. *Chorus.

It's a long long climb,
But we've got the will,
Follow me boys, follow me,
When we reach the top
Then it's all down hill,
Till you drop don't stop and follow me.

So the journey's end
Is beyond our sight,
Follow me boys, follow me,
If we do our best
Then we've done alright,
Pack your load, hit the road and follow me. *Chorus.

FRED THE MOOSE

Once there was a moose; he liked to drink his apple juice.
Once there was a moose; he liked to drink his apple juice.
*Chorus.
* Chorus : Singing oh-ay-oh-ay! Oh-ee-oh-ee-oh-ee-ay!
Oh-ay, oh-ay! Oh-ee-oh-ee-oh-ee-ay!

The moose's name was Fred; he liked to drink his juice in bed. The moose's name was Fred; he liked to drink his juice in bed. *Chorus.

He drank his juice with care; he never got it on his hair.
He drank his juice with care; he never got it on his hair.
*Chorus.



One day he spilled his juice; he became a sticky moose.
One day he spilled his juice; and he's on the loose!

*Chorus.

FROGGIE!

Dog.

Dog, cat.

Dog, cat, mouse.

Froggie!

Itsy bitsy, teenie weenie, little bitty froggie.

Jump, jump, jump little froggie.

Gobble up all the little worms and spiders.

Fleas and flies are scrumpdiddlyiscious.

Ribbit, ribbit, ribbit, ribbit, ribbit, ribbit, croak!

GHOST CHICKENS

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

* Chorus: Bok, bok, 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 their revenge – Ghost Chickens in the sky. *Chorus

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!

GHOST RIDERS

An old cowpoke went riding out, one hot and windy day; upon a ridge he rested as he went along his way; when all at once a mighty herd of red-eyed cows he saw; a-plowin' through the ragged skies and up the cloudy draw.

*Chorus.

* Chorus: Yip-i-ya-a, yip-i-ya-o. Ghost riders in the sky.

Their brands were still on fire and their hooves were made of steel. Their horns were black and shiny and their hot breath he could feel. A bolt of fear went through him as they thundered through the sky. For as he saw the riders coming hard he could hear their mournful cry. *Chorus.

Their faces gaunt, their eyes were blurred, their shirts all soaked with sweat. They're ridin' hard to catch that herd, but they ain't caught them yet. They've got to ride for-evermore on that range up in the sky. On horses snorting fire, as they ride, I hear them cry. *Chorus.

And as the riders loped on by, he heard them call his name. If you want to save your soul from hell a-riding on the range. Then cowboy better change your ways or with us you will ride; trying to catch the devil's herd across the endless sky. *Chorus.

GOD BLESS AMERICA

God bless America, land that I love, stand beside her, and guide her, through the night with a light from above, from the mountains, to the prairies, to the oceans white with foam, God bless America, my home sweet home, God bless America, my home sweet home.

THE GRAND OLD DUKE OF YORK

The grand old Duke of York, he had ten thousand men. He marched them up the hill, and then he marched them down again. And when you're up, you're up; and when you're down, you're down; and when you're only halfway up, you're neither up nor down.

GREEN GROW THE RUSHES

[Leader:] I'll sing you one ho.

[All:] Green grow the rushes, ho. What is your one ho? One is one and all alone and evermore shall be it so.

[Leader:] I'll sing you two ho.

[All:] Green grow the rushes, ho. What is your two ho? Two, two lily white boys, clothed in all their green ho. One is one and all alone and evermore shall be it so.

[Leader:] I'll sing you three ho.

[All:] Green grow the rushes, ho. What is your three ho? Three, three the rivals. I'll sing you; two, two lily white boys, clothed in all their green ho. One is one and all alone and evermore shall be it so.

[Continue as previous verses.]

I'll sing you four ho...four for the gospel makers.

I'll sing you five ho...five for the symbols at your door.

I'll sing you six ho...six for the six proud walkers.



I'll sing you seven ho...seven for the seven stars in the sky.

I'll sing you eight ho...eight for the April rainers.

I'll sing you nine ho...nine for the nine bright shiners.

I'll sing you ten ho...ten for the ten commandments.

I'll sing you eleven ho...eleven for the eleven that went to heaven.

[Leader:] I'll sing you twelve ho.

[All:] Green grow the rushes, ho. What is your twelve ho? Twelve for the twelve apostles. Eleven for the eleven that went to heaven. Ten for the ten commandments. Nine for the nine bright shiners. Eight for the April rainers. Seven for the seven stars in the sky. Six for the six proud walkers. Five for the cymbals at your door. Four for the gospel makers. Three, three the rivals. I'll sing you; two, two lily white boys, clothed in all their green ho. One is one and all alone and evermore shall be it so.

Happy Trails to You

Happy trails to you, until we meet again. Happy trails to you, keep smilin' until then. Who cares about the clouds, when were together? Just sing a song, and think of sunny weather. Happy trails to you, till we meet again.

THE HAPPY WANDERER

I love to go awandering, along the mountain track. And as I go, I love to sing, my knapsack on my back. *Chorus.

* Chorus: Val-de-ri. Val-de-ra. Val-de-ri. Val-de-rha ha ha ha ha ha. Val-de-ri. Val-de-ra. [Sing last phrase of the verse.]

I love to wander by the stream, that dances in the sun. So joyously it calls to me, come join my happy song. *Chorus.

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

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

Oh, may I go awandering, until the day I die. Oh, may I always laugh and sing, beneath God's clear blue sky. *Chorus.

HEAD, SHOULDERS, KNEES, AND TOES

Head, shoulders, knees, and toes; knees and toes. Head, shoulders, knees, and toes; knees and toes. Two eyes, two ears, one mouth, one nose. Head, shoulders, knees, and toes; knees and toes.

Ankles, elbows, feet, and seat; feet and seat. Ankles, elbows, feet, and seat; feet and seat. Hair and hips and chin and cheeks. Ankles, elbows, feet, and seat; feet and seat.

Head, tummy, knees, and thighs; knees and thighs. Head, tummy, knees, and thighs; knees and thighs. Two ears, one mouth, one nose, two eyes. Head, tummy, knees, and thighs.

HOME ON THE RANGE

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

* Chorus: Home, home on the range; where the deer and the antelope play, where seldom is heard a discouraging word, and the skies are not cloudy all day.

Where the air is so pure, the zephyrs so free, the breezes so balmy and light; that I would not exchange, my home on the range, for all of the cities so bright. *Chorus.

Yes, give me the gleam of a swift mountain stream, and the place where no hurricanes blow. Oh give me the park where the prairie dogs bark, and mountains all covered with snow. *Chorus.

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

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

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

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



I LOVE THE MOUNTAINS

I love the mountains, I love the rolling hills, I love the flowers, I love the daffodils, I love the fireside when all the lights are low. Boom de ah da, boom de ah da, boom de ah da, boom de ah da.

IT'S A LIE

* Chorus: It's a lie. It's a lie. Ship ahoy, ship ahoy, ship ahoy. Oh I've sailed the seven seas, in my dirty dungarees, but I never, never, never saw a mermaid.

I was born a 100,000 years ago, years ago. And there's nothing in this world I do not know, do not know. I saw Peter, Paul, and Moses playing ring around the roses. I can lick the guy who says it isn't so, isn't so. *Chorus.

I saw Satan when he looked the garden o'er, garden o'er. I saw Adam and Eve when driven from the door, from the door. I was round the corner peeking, at the apple they were eating. I can prove that I'm the guy who ate the core, ate the core. *Chorus.

I saw Cain kill Abel in the glade, and I know the game was poker that they played. I was hiding in the shrub, when he hit him with a club, and I know it was a diamond, not a spade. *Chorus.

I saw Jonah when he was swallowed by the whale, by the whale. And I never thought he'd live to tell the tale, tell the tale. But Jonah had eaten garlic, and he gave the whale colic. So he coughed him up and let him out of jail, out of jail. *Chorus.

I saw Israel in the battle of the Nile, where the arrows flew thick and fast and wild. When David with his sling, popped Goliath on the wing, I was doin' forty seconds to the mile. *Chorus.

I saw Sampson when he laid the village cold, I saw Daniel tame the lions in their hold. I helped build the Tower of Babel, up as high as they were able; and there's lots of other things I haven't told. *Chorus.

I saw Caesar when he crossed the Rubicon, in fact I built the bridge that he crossed on. I saw Hannibal at home, Nero burning Rome, and I even saw the fall of Babylon. *Chorus.

I saw Washington floating on a cake of ice. I saw Sherman, Lee, and Grant a shakin' dice. I saw Roosevelt's great laugh, that split his face in half; while Pershing set a trap for German mice. *Chorus.

You may not think this tale of mine is true, but what difference does it really make to you. I've been feeding you this line, just to pass away the time, but now I'm gonna quit because I am through. *Chorus.

You may not think this tale of mine is true, but I'm wondering if you've really thought this through. I've been feeding you this line just to while away the time, so you see that the joke is all on you. *Chorus.

I'VE BEEN WORKIN' ON THE RAILROAD

I've been workin' on the railroad, all the livelong day; I've been workin' on the railroad, just to pass the time away. Can't you hear the whistle blowing? Rise up so early in the morn; can't you hear the captain shouting: "Dinah blow your horn!"

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

Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah, someone's in the kitchen I know; someone's in the kitchen with Dinah, strummin' on the old banjo.

Fee-fi-fiddely-I-oh! Fee-fi-fiddely-I-oooh!
Fee-fi-fiddely-I-oh! Strummin' on the old banjo.

I'VE GOT THAT SCOUTING SPIRIT

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

[Continue as first verse.]

I've got that Scouting spirit, deep in my heart.

I've got that Scouting spirit, down in my feet.

I've got that Scouting spirit, all over me.

I've got that Scouting spirit, up in my head, deep in my heart, down in my feet. I've got that Scouting spirit, all over me, all over me, always.

I've had that Scouting spirit, right up to here, right up to here, right up to here. I've had that Scouting spirit right up to here, right up to here, I'm through!



JOHN HENRY

Well, John Henry, he was a little baby,
 He was sittin' on his momma's knee,
 Well, he picked up a hammer in his little right hand,
 Said, "Hammer gonna be the death of me, Lord, Lord,
 Hammer gonna be the death of me!"

Well, now some say he was born down in Texas.
 Others say he was born up in Maine.
 But, well, I just know he was a Pennsylvania man,
 And the leader of a steel-driving chain gang,
 Leader of a steel-driving gang.

Well, John Henry, he said to his shaker,
 He said, "Shaker, you had better pray!
 For if I miss that six feet of steel,
 Tomorrow's gonna be your burying day, Lord, Lord,
 Tomorrow's gonna be your burying day!"

Well, the captain, he said to John Henry,
 "I'm gonna bring that steam drill 'round.
 I'm gonna bring that steam drill out on the job,
 It's gonna whop that steel right down,
 It's gonna whop that steel right down!"

So John Henry, he said to the captain,
 "You know a man ain't nothing but a man,
 But before I let that steam drill beat me down,
 I'm gonna die with a hammer in my hand, Lord, Lord,
 Die with a hammer in my hand."

Well, John Henry was a-working on the right side,
 And the steam drill was a-working on the left.
 And he beat that steam drill out on the job,
 But he hammered him poor self to death!

Well, they took John Henry to the tunnel,
 And they buried him in the sand.
 And every train that goes rolling down the line,
 Says, "There lies a steel driving man, Lord, Lord,
 There lies a steel driving man!"

JOHNNY APPLESEED PRAYER

The Lord's been good to me, and so I thank the Lord!
 For giving me the things I need:
 The sun and the rain and the apple seed.
 The Lord's been good to me!

KUM BA YAH

Kum ba yah, my Lord, kum ba yah! Kum ba yah, my
 Lord, kum ba yah! Kum ba yah, my Lord, kum ba yah! O
 Lord, kum ba yah.

[Continue as first verse.]

Someone's crying, Lord, kum ba yah!

Someone's laughing, Lord, kum ba yah!

Someone's singing, Lord, kum ba yah!

Someone's praying, Lord, kum ba yah!

Come by here, my Lord, come by here! Come by here,
 my Lord, come by here! Come by here, my Lord, come
 by here! Oh, Lord, come by here.

THE LIGHT OF SCOUTING

We are the light of Scouting. We give flight to Eagles.
 We are the light of Scouting all through the world. We'll
 never be hiked under. Listen to the Scouting thunder. We
 are the light of Scouting all through the world.

LILY THE PINK

* Chorus: We'll drink, a drink, a drink; to Lily the Pink,
 the Pink, the Pink; savior of the human race. She invented
 medicinal compound, most applicatious in every case.

Here's a story, a little bit gory, a little bit happy, a little bit
 sad, about Miss Lily's medicinal compound, and how it
 drove her to the ground. *Chorus.

Uncle Ebenezer thought he was Julius Caesar, so they put
 him in a home. Then they gave him medicinal compound,
 and now he's Emperor of Rome. *Chorus.

Uncle Paul, he was rather small, he was the smallest man
 in town. So they gave him medicinal compound, and now
 he's only half a pound. *Chorus.

Johnny Hammer had a terrible stammer, he could hardly
 say a word. So they gave him medicinal compound, and
 now he's seen but never heard. *Chorus.

The camp director, thought he was Adolf Hitler; so they
 locked him in his cabin. There they gave him, medicinal
 compound. Now he acts like Joseph Stalin. *Chorus.

Poor Miss Lily died and went to heaven, all the church
 bells they did ring. She took with her, medicinal
 compound. Hark! The Herald Angels Sing! *Chorus.



THE LITTLE GREEN FROG

Kir-plop went the little green frog one day, kir-plop went the little green frog. Kir-plop went the little green frog one day, and the little green frog went kir-aagh!

Well you've all seen frogs go aagh, aagh, aagh; and you've all seen frogs go aagh, aagh, aagh. Well you've all seen frogs go aagh, aagh, aagh; but you've never seen a frog go kir-aagh!

THE LITTLEST WORM

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

He said to me, "Don't take a sip, for if you do, I'll surely flip."

I took a sip, and he went down, all through my pipes, he must have drowned.

He was my pal, he was my friend, and now he's gone, and that's the end.

The moral of, this little tale, if you see a worm, just don't inhale.

MEAL CALL

Come and get your chow, boys, come and get your chow. Come and get your chow, boys, it's ready for you now.

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.

* Chorus: Oh the ocean waves may roll, and the stormy wind may blow; but we poor sailors go skipping to the top, while the landlubbers lie down 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 Salem-by-the-sea, and tonight a widow she'll be." *Chorus.

Then up spoke the cabin boy of our gallant ship, and a brave young lad was he. "I have a girl, in old Salem town, and tonight she's a waiting for me!"

Then up spoke the cook of our gallant ship, and a red hot cook was he. "I care much more for my kettles and my pots, than I do for the bottom of the sea." *Chorus.

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." *Chorus.

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. *Chorus.

MOUNTAIN DEW

* Chorus: They call it that good old mountain dew, and them that refuse it are few; you may go 'round the bend, but you'll come back again for that good old mountain dew.

Well you mix up a mash out of all kinds of trash, and you throw in an old rubber shoe; then you mix it up a while with an old rusty file, for making that good old mountain dew. *Chorus.

The preacher came by with a tear in his eye, he said that his wife had the flu; we told him he ought, to give her a shot of that good old mountain dew. *Chorus.

Our cousin Ned has no hair on his head, not even a strand or two; but he'll grow you a wig, if you give him a swig of that good old mountain dew. *Chorus.

My aunty June has a brand new perfume, it has such a sweet-smelling pu; imagine her surprise when she had it analyzed, and it was nothing but that good old mountain dew. *Chorus.

With that fragrance so rare, starts to fill up the air, you know that they're just about through. Take a few sips, it'll pucker your lips, it's that good old mountain dew. *Chorus.

Crazy old Mord, has a beat up old Ford, it was built back in nineteen-oh-two. It doesn't run on gas, you just give it a blast, of that good old mountain dew. *Chorus.

Old Rev'rend Gus, ya never heard him cuss, not even a word or two; but ya should have heard him swear when he didn't get his share of that good old mountain dew. *Chorus.



My buddy Hank had an old army tank, that he got back in forty-two; it wouldn't move a nudge till he gave it a gludge, of that good old mountain dew. *Chorus.

My uncle Mort he is sawed-off and short, he stands about four foot two; but he thinks he's a giant, when he guzzles a pint, of that good old mountain dew. *Chorus.

THE MUSIC MAN

[Leader:] I am a music man from another land.

[All:] I am a music man from another land.

[Leader:] I can play.

[All:] I can play.

[Leader:] Play the violin.

[All:] Play the violin. Vio, vio, vio la. Vio la, vio la.

Vio, vio, vio la. Vio vio la.

[Leader:] I am a music man from another land.

[All:] I am a music man from another land.

[Leader:] I can play.

[All:] I can play.

[Leader:] Play the cymbals.

[All:] Play the cymbals. Klang klang, klang klang, klang klang klang. Klang klang klang, klang klang klang.

Klang klang, klang klang, klang klang klang. Klang klang, klang klang klang. Vio, vio, vio la. Vio la, vio la.

Vio, vio, vio la. Vio, vio la.

[Continue as previous verses.]

The trombone - Umpa.

MY BONNIE

(with Alternate Verses)

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.

Last night as I lay on my pillow, last night as I lay on my bed. I stuck my feet out of the window, next morning my neighbors were dead. [Chorus:] Bring back, bring back, oh bring back my neighbors to me, to me. Bring back, bring back, oh bring back my neighbors to me.

My Bonnie has tuberculosis, my Bonnie has only one lung. My Bonnie can cough up raw oysters, and roll them around on her tongue. [Chorus:] Roll them, roll them, oh roll them around on her tongue, her tongue. Roll them, roll them, oh roll them around on her tongue.

My Bonnie looked into a gas tank, the height of its contents to see. She lighted a match to assist her, oh bring back my Bonnie to me. [Chorus:] Bring back, bring back, oh bring back my Bonnie to me, to me. Bring back, bring back, oh bring back my Bonnie to me.

My breakfast lies over the ocean, my luncheon lies over the rail. My supper lies in great commotion, will someone please bring me a pail? [Chorus:] Please bring, please bring, oh please bring a pail to me, to me. Please bring, please bring, oh please bring a pail to me.

OH SUSANNA

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

* Chorus: Oh, Susanna, oh, don't you cry for me; for I've come from Alabama, with my banjo on my knee. Oh, Susanna, oh, don't you cry for me; for I've come from Alabama, with my banjo on my knee.

I had a dream the other night, when everything was still; I thought I saw Susanna, a coming down the hill. The buckwheat cake was in her mouth, the tear was in her eye; says I, I'm coming from the South; Susanna, don't you cry. *Chorus

OH WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNING

Oh, what a beautiful morning; oh, what a beautiful day. I've got a beautiful feeling; everything's going my way.

There's a bright golden haze on the meadow; there's a bright golden haze on the meadow. The corn is as high as an elephant's eye; and it looks like it's climbing way up to the sky.

Oh, what a beautiful morning; oh, what a beautiful day. I've got a beautiful feeling; everything's going my way.

OLD MCDONALD

Old McDonald had a farm, E-I-E-I-O!
And on this farm he had a cow, E-I-E-I-O!
With a moo, moo here, and a moo, moo, there,
Here a moo, there a moo, everywhere a moo, moo!
Old McDonald had a farm, E-I-E-I-O!



This song works best when the audience is divided into sections, and each is assigned a specific animal. With staff encouragement, this can become a competition.

Geese ... Honk, Honk	Duck ... Cluck, Cluck
Pig ... Oink, Oink	Sheep ... Baa, Baa
Turkey ... Gobble, Gobble	Dog ... Bark, Bark
On My Honor	

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

ONE BOTTLE OF POP

One bottle of pop, two bottle of pop, three bottle of pop, four bottle of pop, five bottle of pop, six bottle of pop, seven bottle of pop, pop!

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

Fish & chips & vinegar, vinegar, vinegar, fish & chips & vinegar, pepper, pepper, pepper, salt!

ONE FINGER, ONE THUMB

One finger, one thumb, one hand, keep moving. One finger, one thumb, one hand, keep moving. One finger, one thumb, one hand, keep moving. And we'll all be happy and gay.

One finger, one thumb, one hand, two hands, keep moving. One finger, one thumb, one hand, two hands, keep moving. One finger, one thumb, one hand, two hands, keep moving. And we'll all be happy and gay.

[Continue with:]
(One finger, one thumb, one hand. Two hands.) One arm. Two arms. One leg. Two legs. Stand up-Sit down. Turn around.

ON THE BANKS OF SHERMAN'S CREEK

On the banks of Sherman's Creek, Hidden Valley stands. For its youth and all its glory, scouting for this land. All our goals are to see Eagle, through the scouting ranks. So to you dear Hidden Valley, we give all our thanks.

We who know the woods that grace thee, traced thy meadows ore. Learned the flowers that bloom upon thee, watched the birds that soar. Boyhood passes into manhood through summers' golden days. Scouts and Scouters raise your voices, in Hidden Valley's praise.

Linger yet around the fire, catch its last bright glow. Let us learn its ready message, just before we go. Let the warmth of Scouts and camping be in our memory. Hidden Valley last forever, true we'll always be.

ON TOP OF SPAGHETTI

On top of spaghetti, all covered with cheese; I lost my poor meatball, when somebody sneezed.

It rolled off the table, and onto the floor; and then my poor meatball, rolled out of the door.

It rolled in the garden, and under the bush; by now my poor meatball, was nothing but mush.

The mush was as tasty, as tasty as could be; and then the next summer, it grew into a tree.

The tree was all covered, all covered with moss; and on it grew meatballs, and tomato sauce.

So if you eat spaghetti all covered with cheese, Hold on to your meatball and don't ever sneeze.

THE PADDLE SONG

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

PATSIE-ORIE-ORIE-AYE

* Chorus: Patsie-orie-orie-aye. Patsie-orie-orie-aye. Patsie-orie-orie-aye. Working on the railroad.

In 1861, my life on the railroad had just begun; my life on the railroad had just begun. Working on the railroad.

*Chorus.

In 1862, I was sitting around with nothing to do; sitting around with nothing to do. Working on the railroad.

*Chorus.

In 1863, American Railroad hired me, American Railroad hired me. Working on the railroad. *Chorus.



In 1864, I found myself in the Civil War, found myself in the Civil War (found my back was awful sore). Working on the railroad. *Chorus.

In 1865, I found myself more dead than alive, found myself more dead than alive. Working on the railroad. *Chorus.

In 1866, I dropped a box of dynamite sticks, dropped a box of dynamite sticks. Working on the railroad. *Chorus.

In 1867, I found myself on the way to heaven, found myself on the way to heaven. Working on the railroad. *Chorus.

In 1868, I found myself at the Pearly Gate, found myself at the Pearly Gate. Working on the railroad. *Chorus.

In 1869, this here song ran out of time, this here song ran out of time. Working on the railroad. *Chorus.

In 1860-ten, you like my song I'll sing it again, you like my song I'll sing it again. Working on the railroad. *Chorus.

THE PENGUIN SONG

To be sung with an exaggerated speech impediment, so that both "r" and "l" (unless terminal) are pronounced like the letter "w."

Penguins, attention!
Penguins, salute!
Right flipper!
Have you ever seen, a penguin drinking tea?
Take a look at me, a penguin you will see?
And now... you'll never guess... the best part... we dance!

Repeat as appropriate, adding the left flipper as well as the right and left "flippy-foots."

PIONEERING SCOUT

I like knot-tying, splicing, and lashing.
I like knot-tying, splicing, and lashing.
I like knot-tying, splicing, and lashing.
That's why they call me – PIONEERING SCOUT!

THE PIRATE SONG

When I was one, life had just begun, before I went to sea!
I climbed aboard a pirate ship and the captain said to me,
"We sail this way, that way, forward, backward, over the briny sea. A bottle of coke, to soothe my throat, now that's the life for me! Hey!"

(Continued on page A-16)

Two... I tied my shoe.
Three... I skinned my knee.
Four... I shut the door.
Five... I felt so alive.
Six... I picked up sticks.
Seven... I prayed to heaven.
Eight... I shut the gate.
Nine... I tied the line.
Ten... I'd do it all again.

PIZZA!

Sauce! Sauce, cheese! Sauce, cheese, anchovy! Pizza!
Eat a lotta, eat a lotta, eat a lotta pizza!
Don't, don't, don't drop the pizza!
'Cause if you drop the pizza, no body eatsa!
Gobble, gobble, gobble, gobble, gobble, gobble, burp!

[Repeat after me; faster each time.]

THE QUARTERMASTER STORE

* Chorus - 1: My eyes are dim, I cannot see. I have not brought my specs with me. I have, not brought, my specs with me.

* Chorus - 2: My eyes are dim, I cannot see. I have, not brought, my specs with me.

There are mice, mice running through the rice at the store, at the store. There are mice, mice running through the rice at the quartermaster's store. *Chorus.

[Continue as first verse.]

There are snakes, snakes big as garden rakes.
There are beans, beans big as submarines.
There are bugs, bugs crawling in the mugs.
There are bats, bats big as alley cats.
There is butter, butter running through the gutter.
There are rats, rats big as baseball bats.
There are staffers, staffers swinging from the rafters.
There are eggs, eggs with bandy little legs.
There is steak, steak that keeps us all awake.
There is bread, bread like great big lumps of lead.
There are cakes, cakes that give us tummy aches.
There is coke, coke that makes you want to choke.



REVEILLE

You gotta get up, you gotta get up, you gotta get up in the morning!
 You gotta get up, you gotta get up, you gotta get up today!
 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

[Continue adding items in the following sequence]

Bug on a feather on a bird in a nest on a limb on a branch
 on the tree in the bog down in the valley-o.

RISE AND SHINE

* Chorus: 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.

The Lord said to Noah there's goin' to be a floody, floody.
 Lord said to Noah there's goin' to be a floody, floody. Get
 My children out of the muddy, muddy. Children of the
 Lord. *Chorus.

So Noah he built him, he built him an arky, arky. Noah he
 built him, he built him an arky, arky. Made it out of
 hickory barky, barky. Children of the Lord. *Chorus.

The animals they came on, they came on by twosie,
 twosie. Animals they came on, they came on by twosie,
 twosie. Elephants and kangaroosies, roosies. Children of
 the Lord. *Chorus.

It rained and poured for forty dayises, daysies. Rained
 and poured for forty daysies, daysies. Nearly drove those
 animals crazy, crazy. Children of the Lord. *Chorus.
 So Noah he sent out he sent out a dovey, dovey. Noah he
 sent out he sent out a dovey, dovey. Sent him to the
 heavens abovey, bovey. Children of the Lord. *Chorus.

The sun came out and dried up the landy, landy. Sun
 came out and dried up the landy, landy. Everything was
 fine and dandy, dandy. Children of the Lord. *Chorus.

The animals they came out, they came out by threesie,
 threesie. Animals they came out, they came out by
 threesie, threesie. Learned about the birds and beesie,
 beesie. Children of the Lord. *Chorus.

This is the end of, the end of the story, story. This is the
 end of, the end of the story, story. Everything is hunky
 dory, dory. Children of the Lord. *Chorus.

SCOUT SOCKS

Scout socks make everything better,
 The longer you wear them the stronger they get!
 Sometimes I think I should launder them,
 Something keeps telling me no, no, not yet!

You may sing this song in a round by having one group
 repeating "not yet" while the other sings the verse.

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?"

SCOUT WETSPERS

Softly falls the rain today, as our campsite floats away.
 Silently each scout should ask: "Have I done my daily
 task. Have I tied my tent flaps down, learned to swim so I
 won't drown. Have I done and have I tried, everything to
 keep me dry!"

SCOUTING WONDERLAND

Cow-bells ring, are you listening?
 On the ropes, dew is glistening.
 The perfect campsite, we're happy tonight,
 Working in a Scouting Wonderland.

In the meadow we will build a tower,
 A monkey-bridge, a swing, a carousel.
 All the Scouts will wander by and wonder,
 "How do they tie their knots so very well?"

Later on, by the fire,
 We'll sing songs, like a choir,
 Put on a great show, so the campers will know,
 We're working in a Scouting Wonderland.
 She'll Be Coming 'Round the Mountain



She'll be comin' 'round the mountain when she comes.
 "Whoo, hoo!" She'll be comin' 'round the mountain when
 she comes. "Whoo, hoo!" She'll be comin' 'round the
 mountain, she'll be comin' 'round the mountain, she'll be
 comin' 'round the mountain when she comes. "Whoo,
 hoo!"

She'll be drivin' six white horses when she comes. "Whoa
 back!" She'll be drivin' six white horses when she comes.
 "Whoa back!" She'll be drivin' six white horses, she'll be
 drivin' six white horses, she'll be drivin' six white horses
 when she come. "Whoa, back! Whoo, hoo!"

[Continue as previous verses.]

And we'll all go out to meet her - when she comes. "Hi,
 Babe!"

And we'll kill the old red rooster - when she comes.
 "Hack, hack!"

And we'll all have chicken'n'dumplings - when she comes.
 "Yum, yum!"

And we'll wear our bright red woollies - when she comes.
 "Scratch, scratch!"

SINGING IN THE RAIN

Singing in the rain, just singing in the rain. What a
 glorious feeling, I'm happy again. Thumbs out. Chuga
 chuga chuga chuga, choo choo choo. Chuga chuga chuga
 chuga, choo choo choo.

Singing in the rain, just singing in the rain. What a
 glorious feeling, I'm happy again. Thumbs out. Thumbs
 together. Chuga chuga chuga chuga, choo choo choo.
 Chuga chuga chuga chuga, choo choo choo.

[Continue with:]
 (Thumbs out. Thumbs together.) Elbows together. Knees
 together. Body down. Thumbs on nose. Tongue out.

SIX PENCE

I got six pence, jolly, jolly six pence. I got six pence to
 last me all my life. I 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 happy as a lark believe me as we go
 rolling, rolling home.

Rolling home; rolling home by the light of the silvery
 moon. Happy as the day when we line up for our pay; and
 we go rolling, rolling home.

[Continue as first verse.]

I got four pence, jolly, jolly four pence. I got four pence
 to last me all my life. I got two pence to spend and two
 pence to lend and no pence to send home to my wife, poor
 wife.

I got two pence, jolly, jolly two pence. I got two pence to
 last me all my life. I got two pence to spend and no pence
 to lend and no pence to send home to my wife, poor wife.

I got no pence, jolly, jolly no pence. I got no pence to last
 me all my life. I got no pence to spend and no pence to
 lend and no pence to send home to my wife, poor wife.

I got credit, jolly, jolly credit. I 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.

SLEEPY CAMPER

* Chorus: Way hey late, ye risers. Way hey late, ye
 risers. Way hey late, ye risers, early in the morning.

What do you do with a sleepy camper? What do you do
 with a sleepy camper? What do you do with a sleepy
 camper, early in the morning? *Chorus.

[Continue as first verse.]

Pull him out of bed with a running bowline.

Throw him in the lake with his pants on backwards.

Hit him in the face with a sopping wet towel.

Put him to bed an hour sooner.

SPLICING

Splicing, splicing, each and every day.
 I like to splice rope every single way!
 Back splice, short splice, and the eye splice too,
 Oh, didn't you know that splicing rope was fun for me and
 you?



THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER

O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light, what so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming! Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight, o'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming. And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air, gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there! O say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mist of the deep, where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes, what is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep, as it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses? Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam, in full glory reflected, now shines on the stream--'tis the star-spangled banner. O long may it wave o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore; that the havoc of war and the battle's confusion, a home and a country shall leave us no more? Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution. No refuge could save the hireling and slave, from the terrors of flight or the gloom of the grave; and the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave, o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Oh, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand, between their loved home and wild war's desolation, blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land, praise the pow'r that hath made and preserved us a nation. Then conquer we must when our cause it is just, and this be our motto: "In God is our trust!" And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave, o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

THE STATE SONG

Oh, what did Tenna-see, boys; oh, what did Tenna-see?
Oh, what did Tenna-see, boys; oh, what did Tenna-see?
Oh, what did Tenna-see, boys; oh, what did Tenna-see? I ask you again, as a personal friend; oh, what did Tenna-see? [Tennessee]

She saw what Arkin-saw, boys; she saw what Arkin-saw.
She saw what Arkin-saw, boys; she saw what Arkin-saw.
She saw what Arkin-saw, boys; she saw what Arkin-saw.
I'll tell you again, as a personal friend; she saw what Arkin-saw. [Arkansas]

[Continue as previous verses.]

Where has Ora-gone, boys? [Oregon]
She's taking Okla-home, boys. [Oklahoma]

How did Wiscon-sin, boys? [Wisconsin]
She stole a New-brass-key, boys. [Nebraska]

What did Della-ware, boys? [Delaware]
She wore a New Jersey, boys. [New Jersey]

What did Io-weigh, boys? [Iowa]
She weighed a Washing-ton, boys. [Washington]

Where did Ida-hoe, boys? [Idaho]
She hoed in Merry-land, boys. [Maryland]

What did Missy-sip, boys? [Mississippi]
She sipped her Mini-soda, boys. [Minnesota]

What did Connie-cut, boys? [Connecticut]
She cut her shaggy Mane, boys. [Maine]

What did Ohi-owe, boys? [Ohio]
She owed her Taxes, boys. [Texas]

How did Flora-die, boys? [Florida]
She died of Misery, boys. [Missouri]

Why did Calie-phon-ya? [California]
She phoned to say How-a-ya. [Hawaii]

Stay on the Sunny Side

* Chorus: Stay on the sunny side, always on the sunny side, stay on the sunny side of life. [clap, clap] You will feel no pain as we drive you insane, so stay on the sunny side of life.

Leader: Knock, knock!
All: Who's there?
Leader: A little old lady.
All: A little old lady who?
Leader: I didn't know you could yodel!

This song continues, alternating knock-knock jokes with the chorus for as long as desired. Here is a list of some of our favorite jokes, though others may be substituted.

Ether... ether bunny!
Nutter... nutter ether bunny!
Stella... stella nutter ether bunny!
Consumption... consumption be done about all these ether bunnies?
Cargo... cargo "beep, beep" and run over all the ether bunnies!
Orange... orange you glad we've only got 50 more jokes?
George Washington... you don't know who George Washington is?
Boo... don't cry, this song won't last forever!
Dishes... dishes the end.



THE SUNDAY SCHOOL SONG

* Chorus: Young folks, old folks, everybody come.
Come to the Sunday School and have a lot of fun. Just
park your chewing gum and candy at the door; and we'll
tell ya Bible stories that you never heard before.

The world was made in six days and finished on the
seventh. According to the contract, it should've been the
eleventh. But the painters wouldn't paint, and the workers
wouldn't work. So the cheapest thing to do was to fill it in
with dirt. *Chorus.

Adam was the first man that ever was invented. He lived
all alone and he never was contented. Made out of mud in
the days gone by, and hung on the fence in the sun to dry.
*Chorus.

Adam was the first man, Eve was his spouse. They got
together and started keeping house. Everything was fine
till the baby came, and then they started raising Cain.
*Chorus.

Noah was a carpenter who stumbled in the dark. He
picked up a hammer and built himself an ark. In came the
animals two by two. You'd have thought it to be a zoo.
*Chorus.

Pharaoh had a daughter, she had a winsome smile. She
found the infant Moses, a-floatin' in the Nile. She took
him to her father with that old familiar tale. Which is
about as probable as Jonah and the whale. *Chorus.

Samson was a strong man, strongest in the land. He could
do anything that dynamite can. So he pushed on the
pillars till the temple fell, and everybody went run
like...mad. *Chorus.

David was a shepherd, a plucky little cuss. Along came
Goliath a-looking for a fuss. David said he'd beat him or
darn him he would bust. So he took up a slingshot and
bashed in his crust. *Chorus.

Daniel was a prophet who wouldn't obey the king; the
king said he wouldn't stand for any such thing. So he
threw him in a lions' den, with lions underneath; but
Daniel was a dentist and pulled the lions' teeth. *Chorus.

Jonah was a sailor, so runs the Bible tale. He took an
ocean voyage on a transatlantic whale. Jonah didn't like
the ride, he said that swimming's best. So he pressed the
belly button and the whale did the rest. *Chorus.

Salome was a dancer she danced before the king. She
wiggled and she waggled and she wobbled everything.
The king said, "Salome, we'll have no scandal here."

Salome said, "The heck we won't," and kicked the
chandelier. *Chorus.

God made Satan. Satan made sin. God made a hot place
to put Satan in. Satan didn't like it, he said he wouldn't
stay. He's been actin' like the devil ever since that day.
*Chorus.

SUPER LIZARD

Super lizard, super lizard; see him swim, see him swim; in
and out the water, in and out the water; with his fins, with
his fins.

SWIMMING

Swimming, swimming, in the swimming pool; when days
are hot and days are cold; in the swimming pool.
Breaststroke, sidestroke, fancy diving too, don't you wish
you had nothing else to do. But... [Repeat]

TAPS

Day is done, gone the sun, from the lake, from the hills,
from the sky; all is well, safely rest, God is nigh.

Fading light, dims the sight, and a star, gems the sky,
gleaming bright; from afar, drawing nigh, falls the night.

Thanks and praise, for our days, 'neath the sun, 'neath the
stars, 'neath the sky; as we go, this we know, God is nigh.

TARZAN OF THE APES

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

THIS IS MY FATHER'S WORLD

This is my Father's world, and to my list'ning ears, all
nature sings, and around me rings; the music of the
spheres. This is my Father's world, I rest me in the
thought, of rocks and trees, of skies and seas; His hand the
wonders wrought.

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



This is my Father's world, O let me ne'er forget, that though the wrong seems oft so strong, God is the Ruler yet. This is my Father's world, the battle is not done, Jesus who died shall be satisfied, and earth and heaven be one.

This is the Day

This is the day, this is the day. That the Lord hath made, that the Lord hath made. We will rejoice, we will rejoice. And be glad in it, and be glad in it. This is the day that the Lord hath made, we will rejoice and be glad in it. This is the day, this is the day. That the Lord hath made.

THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND

This land is your land, this land is my land, from California to the New York Island, from the red-wood forest to the Gulf Stream waters, this land was made for you and me.

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

I roamed and rambled, and followed my footsteps, to the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts, and all around me a voice was sounding, this land was made for you and me.

When the sun came shining, than I was strolling, and the wheat fields waving, and the dust clouds rolling, a voice was chanting as the fog was lifting, this land was made for you and me.

This land is your land, this land is my land, from California to the New York Island, from the red-wood forest to the Gulf Stream waters, this land was made for you and me.

As I went walking, I saw a sign there, on the sign it said "No Trespassing", But on the other side it didn't say anything, That side was made for you and me.

In the squares of the city, in the shadows of a steeple, By the relief office, I seen my people, As they stood there hungry, I stood there asking, Is this land made for you and me?

Nobody living can ever stop me, As I go walking that freedom highway, Nobody living can make me turn back, This land was made for you and me.

This land is my land, it sure ain't your land. I got a shotgun, and you ain't got one. You'd better move on, before I use one, this land is my property.

'TIL WE MEET AGAIN

By the blazing council fire's light,
We have met in fellowship 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 friendship strong and deep,
'Til we meet again.

TITANIC

* Chorus: It was sad, so sad. It was sad when the great ship went down, to the bottom of the.... Husbands and wives, little children lost their lives. It was sad when the great ship went down.

Oh they built the ship Titanic, to sail the ocean blue, and they said it was a ship, that the sea could not break through. It was on her maiden trip when an iceberg hit the ship. It was sad when the great ship went down. *Chorus.

It was near to England's shore, 'bout a hundred miles or more, when the rich refused to associate with the poor. So they put them down below, where they'd be the first to go. It was sad when the great ship went down. *Chorus.

Well the iceberg was so tall and the water was so cold. So the captain shouted out, "Men, get those people from the hold! Help put the lifeboats o'er the side!" And so they did before they died. It was sad when the great ship went down. *Chorus.

Oh, the ship was sinking fast in the North Atlantic fog, when the First Mate wrote the last word in the log. And the Captain tried to wire but the lines were all on fire. It was sad when the great ship went down. *Chorus.

Little children wept and cried, as the waves swept over the side, and the band they played, "Oh Lord, with us abide." And the strong they helped the weak as the ship began to creak. It was sad when the great ship went down. *Chorus.

Mrs. Astor turned around just to see her husband drown, as the old Titanic gave a gurgling sound. She was wrapped up in her mink but it only made her sink. It was sad when the great ship went down. *Chorus.

Now the ship was going down and the seams about to burst, when the Captain shouted "Women and children first!" Then he kissed his wife goodbye and wiped a tear drop from her eye. It was sad when the great ship went down. *Chorus.



Oh they lowered all the lifeboats to the dark and stormy sea, and the band played on with “Nearer My God to Thee.” Oh the heroes saved the weak as the ship began to leak. It was sad when the great ship went down. *Chorus.

The captain stood on deck, with a tear in his eye, as the last boat left he waved them all good-bye. He thought he made a slip, so he went down with the ship. It was sad when the great ship went down. *Chorus.

Oh the moral to be gained, from this tale of woe and pain, is that if you're rich and powerful, you should not be so vain, 'cause in the good Lord's eyes, you're the same as other guys. It was sad when the great ship went down. *Chorus.

They built her sister ship called the S.S. Mary Lou, and they thought they had a ship that the water would ne'er run through. But they christened her with beer and she sank right off the pier. It was sad when the great ship went down. *Chorus.

Well the moral of this story, as you can plainly see, is to always wear a life-vest, and ne'er go out to sea (it's called a PFD!). The Titanic never made it across the raging foam. It was sad when the great ship went down. *Chorus.

TRAIL THE EAGLE

Trail the Eagle, trail the Eagle, climbing all the time. First the Star and then the Life, will on your bosom shine. Keep climbing! Blaze the trail and we will follow, hark the Eagle's call; on, brothers, on until we're Eagles all.

THE TUCKAHOE SONG

There's a camp along the Dogwood Run,
Camp Tuckahoe's its name.
From the rising sun, 'til the day is done,
There's lots of fun for all!
In the waters deep we go to swim,
Come right on in with us!
With crafts and skills all day,
All done in the Scouting way,
It's the camp along the Appalachian Trail!
(Not Sinoquipe!)
It's the camp along the Appalachian Trail.
(Not Tuscarora!)
It's the camp along the Appalachian Trail.
(So don't forget us!)
It's the camp along the Appalachian Trail!

THE UNICORN SONG

A long time ago when the Earth was green there were more kinds of animals than you've ever seen. They would 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. There were cats and rats and elephants but sure as you're born the loveliest of all was the Unicorn.

Now God seen some sinnin' and it gave him a pain. So he said, “Stand Back! I'm gonna make it rain!” He said, “Hey, Brother Noah, Let me tell you what to do; Build me a floating zoo. And bring me some of them green alligators... *Chorus.

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 shouted out as they went through: “Hey Lord! I've got some green alligators... *Chorus.

Old Noah looked out through the pourin' rain but the unicorns were running round and playing silly games. They were kickin and a splashin in the misty morn, oh, them silly unicorns.

Then the goat started goatin' and the snake started snakin'. The elephant started elephantin'. The boat started shakin'! Noah cried, “Close the door, cause the rain is pourin' and everyone's aboard but the Unicorn.”

The rain kept on fallin'. The boat lifted with the tide. The Unicorns looked up from their rocks and they cried. The waters rose up and sort of floated them away. That's why we don't have any unicorns today. But we've still got green alligators... *Chorus.

WADLEE ATCHA

Wadlee Atcha, Wadlee Atcha,
Doodle li doo, doodle li doo.
Wadlee Atcha, Wadlee Atcha,
Doodle li doo, doodle li doo.
Some folks say there ain't nothing to it.
All you got to do is doodle li doo it.
I like the rest, but the part I like best,
Goes doodle li, doodle li doo.



WALTZING MATILDA

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

* Chorus: Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda, you'll come a waltzing Matilda with me. [Sing the last line of the verse].

Down came a jumbuck to drink beside the billabong, up jumped the swagman and seized him with glee. And he sang as he talked to that jumbuck in his tuckerbag, "You'll come a waltzing, Matilda, with me." *Chorus.

Down came the stockman riding on his thoroughbred, down came the troopers one, two, three. "Where's the jolly jumbuck, you've got in your tuckerbag? You'll come a waltzing, Matilda, with me." *Chorus.

Up jumped the swagman and plunged into the billabong, "You'll never catch me alive," cried he. And his ghost may be heard as you ride beside the billabong, "You'll come a waltzing, Matilda, with me." *Chorus.

WATERFRONT INSTRUCTORS

We're the waterfront instructors. We're the lifeguards that you know. We're the people that can save your life; even if we have to reach, throw, row, go. Come and visit our department, if you want to have some fun. Oh, the waterfront is really fun. We promise satisfaction. We are department number one. We are department number one.

WE ARE MERELY BOY SCOUTS

We are merely Boy Scouts as you can plainly see. And if I weren't a Boy Scout, a farmer I would be. Come on Betsy, come on Betsy; give a little milk. Squirt. Come on Betsy, come on Betsy; give a little milk. Squirt.

We are merely Boy Scouts as you can plainly see. And if I weren't a Boy Scout, a janitor I would be. Sweep the floor, sweep the floor; and sweep it out the door. Whooish. Sweep the floor, sweep the floor; and sweep it out the door. Whooish. Come on Betsy, come on Betsy; give a little milk. Squirt.

We are merely Boy Scouts as you can plainly see. And if I weren't a Boy Scout, an undertaker I would be. Dig a ditch, dig a ditch; and throw the body in. Plop. Dig a ditch, dig a ditch; and throw the body in. Plop. Sweep the floor, sweep the floor; and sweep it out the door. Whooish. Come on Betsy, come on Betsy; give a little milk. Squirt.
[Continue as previous verses.]

Gambler - Try your luck, try your luck; Here's my chance to win a buck. Yeah.

Lifeguard - Save yourself, man! I'm working on my tan!

Nurse - CPR, Resuscitate! What a way to get a date!

Bus Driver - Sit down. Behave. You'll put me in my grave. Ugh.

Statue - (does nothing)

Cleaner - Wishy, washy, wishy, washy. Missed a spot. Squirt.

Beautician - Do your nails. Do your hair. Everyone will turn and stare. Wow.

Fireman - Jump lady, jump lady; into the net. Oops.

Hippie - Love, peace; my hair is full of grease. Yuk.

Doctor - Are you ill? Take this pill. Now it's time to pay my bill! Ha.

Electrician - Positive, negative; connect. Zap.

Girl Scout - Ew, a bug, squish it in the rug! Squish.

Quarterback - Set, hut; kick 'em in the butt. Wham.

Superman - It's a bird! It's a plane! Anyone see Lois Lane?

Bird Watcher - Hark, a lark; flying in the park. Splat.

Carpenter - Two by four. Nail it to the floor! Ouch.

Plumber - Plunge it, flush it; look out below. Yuk.

Lawyer - Honest! I swear! My client wasn't there!

Teacher - Raise your hand. Raise your hand. Why can't I make you understand?

Preacher - Well, well, you never can tell. You might go to heaven and you might go to ...

WE'RE ALL TOGETHER AGAIN

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



THE YODELING SONG

Oh, an Austrian went yodeling,
 On a mountain so high.
 When along came a cuckoo bird interrupting his cry:
 *Chorus

* Chorus Oh, de, la! Oh, de, la, kiki ah, oh, de, la, cuckoo
 koo, Oh, de, la, kiki ah, oh, de, la, cuckoo koo,
 Oh, de, la, kiki ah, oh, de, la, cuckoo koo,
 Oh, de, la, kiki ah, koo!

[Repeat multiple times, replacing “cuckoo bird” with
 additional interruptions. Extend the chorus by adding
 each sound effect to the end in the sequence sung.]

Grizzly Bear (Grrr! Grrr!)

St. Bernard (Pant twice with tongue hanging out)

Pretty Girl (Kissing sound)

Avalanche (Aah! Aah!)



THE TUCKAHOE SONG

There’s a camp along the Dogwood Run,
 Camp Tuckahoe’s its name.
 From the rising sun, ‘til the day is done,
 There’s lots of fun for all!
 In the waters deep we go to swim,
 Come right on in with us!
 With crafts and skills all day,
 All done in the Scouting way,
 It’s the camp along the Appalachian Trail!
 (Not Sinoquipe!)
 It’s the camp along the Appalachian Trail.
 (Not Tuscarora!)
 It’s the camp along the Appalachian Trail.
 (So don’t forget us!)
 It’s the camp along the Appalachian Trail!

YOU’RE A GRAND OLD FLAG

You’re a grand old flag, you’re a high flyin’ flag,
 And forever in peace may you wave.
 You’re the emblem of, the land I love,
 The home of the free and the brave.
 Every heart beats true under red, white, and blue,
 Where there’s never a boast or brag,
 But should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 Keep your eye on the grand old flag.



THE HIDDEN VALLEY SONG

There’s a camp along the Dogwood Run,
 Hidden Valley’s its name.
 From the rising sun, ‘til the day is done,
 There’s lots of fun for all!
 In the waters deep we go to swim,
 Come right on in with us!
 With crafts and skills all day,
 All done in the Scouting way,
 It’s the camp along the Appalachian Trail!
 (Not Hidden Valley!)
 It’s the camp along the Appalachian Trail.
 (Not Tuscarora!)
 It’s the camp along the Appalachian Trail.
 (So don’t forget us!)
 It’s the camp along the Appalachian Trail!



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THE BRIDGE BUILDER



An old man going a lone highway,
 Came at evening, cold and gray,
 To a chasm vast and wide and steep,
 With waters rolling cold and deep.
 The old man crossed in the twilight dim,
 The sullen stream had no fears for him;
 But he turned when safe on the other side,
 And built a bridge to span the tide.

“Old man,” said a fellow pilgrim near,
 “You are wasting your strength with building here
 Your journey will end with the ending day,
 You never again will pass this way;
 You’ve crossed the chasm deep and wide,
 Why build you this bridge at eventide?”

The builder lifted his old gray head,
 “Good friend, in the path I have come,” he said,
 “There followeth after me today,
 A youth, whose feet must pass this way;
 The chasm that was as naught to me,
 To that fair-haired youth may a pitfall be;
 He too must cross in the twilight dim,
 Good friend, I am building this bridge for him.”



CAMPFIRE LAMENT

The kindling's dwindling; the log won't catch.
The only blaze is the new-struck match.
The flames are low; the smoke is high.
The wood is green and so am I.

THE CREMATION OF SAM MCGEE

There are strange things done in the midnight sun by the men who toil for gold;
The Arctic trails have their secret tales that would make your blood run cold;
The Northern Lights have seen queer sights, but the queerest they ever did see
Was that night on the marge of Lake Lebarge I cremated Sam McGee.

Now Sam McGee was from Tennessee, where the cotton blooms and blows.
Why he left his home in the South to roam 'round the Pole, God only knows.
He was always cold, but the land of gold seemed to hold him like a spell;
Though he'd often say in his homely way that "he'd sooner live in hell."

On a Christmas Day we were mushing our way over the Dawson trail.
Talk of your cold! through the parka's fold it stabbed like a driven nail.
If our eyes we'd close, then the lashes froze till sometimes we couldn't see;
It wasn't much fun, but the only one to whimper was Sam McGee.

And that very night, as we lay packed tight in our robes beneath the snow,
And the dogs were fed, and the stars o'erhead were dancing heel and toe,
He turned to me, and "Cap," says he, "I'll cash in this trip, I guess;
And if I do, I'm asking that you won't refuse my last request."

Well, he seemed so low that I couldn't say no; then he says with a sort of moan:
"It's the cursèd cold, and it's got right hold, till I'm chilled clean through to the bone.
Yet 'tain't being dead — it's my awful dread of the icy grave that pains;
So I want you to swear that, foul or fair, you'll cremate my last remains."

A pal's last need is a thing to heed, so I swore I would not fail;
And we started on at the streak of dawn; but God! he looked ghastly pale.
He crouched on the sleigh, and he raved all day of his home in Tennessee;
And before nightfall a corpse was all that was left of Sam McGee.

There wasn't a breath in that land of death, and I hurried, horror-driven,
With a corpse half hid that I couldn't get rid, because of a promise given;
It was lashed to the sleigh, and it seemed to say: "You may tax your brawn and brains,
But you promised true, and it's up to you, to cremate those last remains."

Now a promise made is a debt unpaid, and the trail has its own stern code.
In the days to come, though my lips were dumb, in my heart how I cursed that load.
In the long, long night, by the lone firelight, while the huskies, round in a ring,
Howled out their woes to the homeless snows — Oh God! how I loathed the thing.
And every day that quiet clay seemed to heavy and heavier grow;
And on I went, though the dogs were spent and the grub was getting low;
The trail was bad, and I felt half mad, but I swore I would not give in;
And I'd often sing to the hateful thing, and it hearkened with a grin.

Till I came to the marge of Lake Lebarge, and a derelict there lay;
It was jammed in the ice, but I saw in a trice it was called the "Alice May."
And I looked at it, and I thought a bit, and I looked at my frozen chum;
Then "Here," said I, with a sudden cry, "is my cre-ma-tor-eum."



Some planks I tore from the cabin floor, and I lit the boiler fire;
Some coal I found that was lying around, and I heaped the fuel higher;
The flames just soared, and the furnace roared — such a blaze you seldom see;
And I burrowed a hole in the glowing coal, and I stuffed in Sam McGee.

Then I made a hike, for I didn't like to hear him sizzle so;
And the heavens scowled, and the huskies howled, and the wind began to blow.
It was icy cold, but the hot sweat rolled down my cheeks, and I don't know why;
And the greasy smoke in an inky cloak went streaking down the sky.

I do not know how long in the snow I wrestled with grisly fear;
But the stars came out and they danced about ere again I ventured near;
I was sick with dread, but I bravely said: "I'll just take a peep inside.
I guess he's cooked, and it's time I looked"; ... then the door I opened wide.

And there sat Sam, looking cool and calm, in the heart of the furnace roar;
And he wore a smile you could see a mile, and said: "Please close that door.
It's fine in here, but I greatly fear, you'll let in the cold and storm —
Since I left Plumtree, down in Tennessee, it's the first time I've been warm."

There are strange things done in the midnight sun by the men who moil for gold;
The Arctic trails have their secret tales that would make your blood run cold;
The Northern Lights have seen queer sights, but the queerest they ever did see
Was that night on the marge of Lake Lebarge I cremated Sam McGee.

DON'T QUIT

When things go wrong as they sometimes will,
When the road you're trudging seems all uphill,
When the funds are low and the debts are high,
When you want to smile, but you have to sigh,
When care is pressing you down a bit,
Rest if you must, but don't you quit.

Life is weird with its twists and turns,
As everyone of us sometimes learns,
And many a failure turns about,
When he might have won, had he stuck it out,
Don't give up though the pace seems slow,
You might succeed with another blow.

Often the goal is nearer than,
It seems to a faint and faltering man,
Often the struggler has given up,
When he might have captured the victor's cup,
And he learned too late when the night slipped down,
How close he was to the golden crown.

Success is failure turned inside out,
The silver lining of the clouds of doubt,
And you can never tell how close you are,
It may be near when it seems so far,
So stick to the fight when you're hardest hit,
It's when things seem worst that you must not quit.



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.

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 fluttering 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 bought with the love of our forebears; 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.

IF

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or, being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or, being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

If you can dream - and not make dreams your master;
If you can think - and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with triumph and disaster
And treat those two imposters just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,

Or watch the things you gave your life to broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with wornout tools;
If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breath a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on";



If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with kings - nor lose the common touch;
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you;
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run -
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And - which is more - you'll be a Man my son!

A LITTLE FELLOW FOLLOWS ME

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,
Whate'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 snow;
I am building for the years to be,
That little chap who follows me.

MEMORY LAKE

This limpid water, oh, so blue,
Serene and fresh as morning dew.
Reflects a bit of earth and sky,
Deep walled with mountains towering high.

Within this lake reflected here,
Are singing birds and graceful deer.
The flowers that make the spring so fair,
And autumn hues that are so rare.

Just tarry here and rest a while.
Enjoy, relax, reflect and smile,
And you will find upon the sod,
Your footprints following those of God.



THE RAGGED OLD FLAG

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 is 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, we're mighty proud of that 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 Chancellorsville.
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 hung limp and low a time or two.
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
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.
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."



TAKE TIME TO SEE

It seems so hard to understand
As I look out across the land
That all I view belongs to me.
I ought to take more time to see!

The distant hills and mountains high,
The rolling clouds and bright blue sky,
No one can take these views from me
As long as I have eyes to see.

A timid deer with haunting look
Who stands refreshed by yonder brook
Knows not that he belongs to me.
Oh, what a thrilling sight to see!

The song of birds so gay and clear
That fill the morning air with cheer,
And fragrant flowers of every hue
That stand erect bedecked with dew.
All these and more belong to me,
If I but use my eyes to see.

When evening shadows gather nigh
And twinkling stars light up the sky
I hear My Master say to me
“I made it all for you to see.”
My heart grows warm with faith and pride
To know that He is by my side.

TO AN OLD CAMPER

You may think, my dear, when you grow quite old, You have left camp days behind,
But I know the scent of wood smoke will always call to mind,
Little fires at twilight and trails you used to find.

You may think some day you have quite grown up, And feel so worldly wise,
But suddenly from out of the past a vision will arise,
Of merry folk with brown, bare knees and laughter in their eyes.

You may live in a house built to your taste, In the nicest part of town,
But some day for your old camp togs you'd change your latest gown,
And trade it all for a balsam bed where the stars all night look down.

You may find yourself grown wealthy – Have all that gold can buy,
But you'd toss aside a fortune for days 'neath an open sky,
With sunlight on blue water, and white clouds sailing high.

For once you have been a camper, Then something has come to stay,
Deep in your heart forever which nothing can take away,
And heaven can only be heaven with a camp in which to play.



WOODSMOKE AT TWILIGHT

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.

YOU NEVER KNOW

You never know when someone may catch a dream from you.
You never know when a little word or something you may do,
May open up the windows of a mind that seeks the light –
The way you live may not matter at all, but you never know – it might.

And just in case it could be that another's life, through you,
Might possibly change for the better, with a broader and brighter view,
It seems it might be worth a try at pointing the way to the right –
Of course, it might not matter at all, but then again – it might.

YOUR NAME

When you got it from your father, it was all he had to give.
Now it's yours to use and cherish for as long as you might live.
If you lose that watch he gave you it can always be replaced,
But the black mark on your name, son, can never be erased.
So be sure to use it wisely, for when all is said and done,
You'll be glad your name is spotless when you give it to your son.