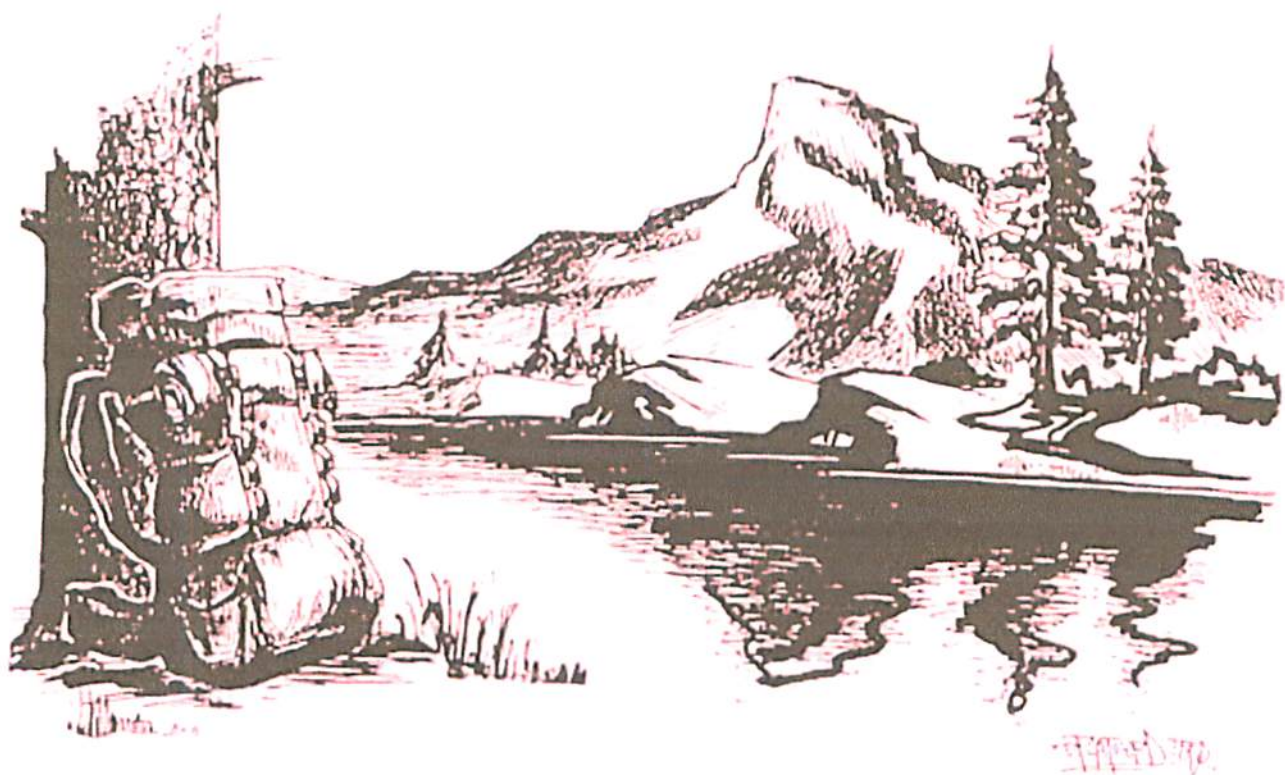




# THE OFFICIAL CAMP BARTON SONG BOOK



Compiled by Jeff Andrews (2006)

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**Alouette**  
(A “Repeat After Me” Song)

*Chorus:*

Alouette, getile alouette,  
Alouette, je te plumerai

*Leader:* Je te plumerai la tete.

*All:* Je te plumerai la tete.

*Leader:* Et la tete.

*All:* Et la tete. Ohhh.

*Leader:* Je te plumerai la bec.

*All:* Je te plumerai la bec.

*Leader:* Et la bec.

*All:* Et la bec.

*Leader:* Et la tete.

*All:* Et la tete. Ohhh.

*Continue as Previous Verses:*

La nez, Le cou, Le dos, Les ailes, Les pattes, Les pieds.

**Ain't It Great to Be Crazy**

*Chorus:*

Boom, boom, ain't it great to be crazy.

Boom, boom, ain't it great to be crazy.

Silly and foolish all day long.

Boom, boom, ain't it great to be crazy.

Way down South where bananas grow,

A flea stepped on an elephant's toe.

The elephant cried with tears in his eyes,

Why don't you pick on someone your own size?

Eli, Eli, he sells socks,

A dollar a pair, a nickel a box.

The longer you wear them, the shorter they get.

You put 'em in water and they don't get wet.

Late last night I had a real strange dream,  
Ate a nine pound marshmallow mamma gave me.  
When I woke up I knew something was wrong,  
I looked around and saw that my pillow was gone.

Johnny, Johnny went out west,  
Where he thought the food was best.  
Now they lay him down to rest,  
With a concrete meatball in his chest.

Horse and the flea and the three blind mice,  
Were out in the barnyard, shooting dice.  
Horse slipped and fell on flea,  
"Oops," said the flea, "There's a horse on me!"

## 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 father's 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,  
'Til 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.

### **Angels Watchin' Over Me**

*Chorus:*

All night, all day,  
Angels watchin' over me, my Lord.  
All night, all day,  
Angels watchin' over me.

Now I lay me down to sleep,  
Angels watchin' over me, my Lord.  
Pray my Lord, my soul to keep,  
Angels watchin' over me.

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

The sun is setting in the West,  
Angels watchin' over me, my Lord.  
This camp staff just is the best,  
Angels watchin' over me.

### **The Austrian Yodeler**

*Chorus:*

Oh, ve go,  
Yo-deo-lay-ee, Yo-deo (woosh!)  
Yo-deo-lay-ee, Yo-deo (woosh!)

Yo-deo-lay-ee, Yo-deo

An Austrian went yodeling,  
On a mountain so high,  
When along came an Avalanche,  
Interrupting his cry.

*Continue as Previous verse, adding the new sound, in parenthesis, to the chorus:*

When along came a Saint Bernard... (Pant, pant!)  
When along came a Koo Koo bird... (Koo, koo!)  
When along came a Boy Scout... (I don't want to!)  
When along came a Staff Member... (Do it anyway!)  
When along came a Pretty Maid... (Kiss, kiss!)  
When along came a Jersey Cow... (Squirt, squirt!)

### **Ballad of Harry Lewis** (Tune of Battle Hymn of the Republic)

*Chorus:*

Glory, Glory Harry Lewis!  
Glory, Glory Harry Lewis!  
Glory, Glory Harry Lewis!  
His cloth goes shining on!

I'll sing you the story of a great man of the cloth.  
His name was Harry Lewis, and he worked for Irving Roth.  
He died while cutting velvet on a hot July Fourth,  
And his cloth goes shining on!

When the big fire broke out, Harry stood by his machine,  
And when the firemen broke in, they discovered him between,  
A pile of roasted Dacron and some French-fried gabardine,  
And his cloth goes shining on!

Harry Lewis perished in the service of his cord.  
He had the finest funeral the Union could afford.  
He's trampling through the warehouse where the drapes of Roth are stored,  
And his cloth goes shining on!



## Battle Hymn of the Republic

*Chorus:*

Glory, Glory Hallelujah!  
Glory, Glory Hallelujah!  
Glory, Glory Hallelujah!  
His truth is marching on!

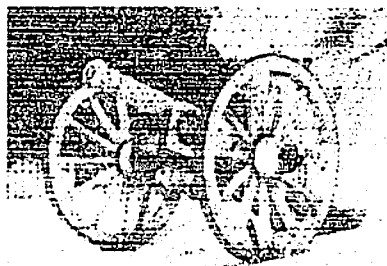
Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord,  
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored,  
He has loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword,  
His truth is marching on!

I have seen him in the watch fires of a hundred circling camps,  
They are building him an altar in the evening dews and damps,  
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps,  
His day is marching on!

I have read a fiery Gospel writ in burnished rows of steel:  
“As you deal with my contemnor so with you my grace shall deal!”  
Let the hero born of woman crush the serpent ‘neath his heel,  
Since God is marching on!

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat,  
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment seat.  
Oh be swift, my soul, to answer Him, be jubilant my feet,  
Our God is marching on!

In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across the sea,  
With a grace in his bosom that transfigures you and me.  
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,  
His truth is marching on!



## Battle of New Orleans

### *Chorus:*

We fired our guns and the British kept a comin'  
There wasn't nigh as many as there was a while ago.  
We fired once more and the British began a runnin'  
Down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico.

In 1814, we took a little trip,  
Along with Colonel Jackson down the mighty Mississip.  
We took a little bacon and we took a little beans,  
And we caught the bloody British in the town of New Orleans.

We looked down the river and we seen the British come,  
And there must have been a hundred of 'em beatin' on the drum,  
They stepped so high and they made the bugles ring.  
We stood behind our cotton bales and didn't say a thing.

Old Hickory said we could take 'em by surprise,  
If we didn't fire our muskets till we looked 'em in the eyes.  
We held our fire till we seed their faces well,  
Then we opened up our squirrel guns and really gave 'em... Well, we...

Yeah 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,  
On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico.

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

Yeah 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,  
On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico.

## **Bear Song**

(A "Repeat After Me" Song)

The other day (group repeats); I met a bear (group repeats); In tennis shoes (group repeats); A dandy pair (group repeats).

(All together:)The other day, I met a bear, In tennis shoes, A dandy pair!

He looked at me; I looked at him; He sized up me; I sized up him.  
He said to me; "Why don't you run; I see you ain't; Got any gun!"  
And so I ran; Away from there; But right behind; Me was that bear.  
Ahead of me; There was a tree; A great big tree; Oh glory be.  
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; And don't you frown; Cuz I caught that branch; On my way  
back down.  
That's all there is; there ain't no more; unless I meet; That bear once more.

## **BINGO**

There was a farmer who had a dog,  
And Bingo was his name-o,  
B-I-N-G-O, B-I-N-G-O, B-I-N-G-O,  
And Bingo was his name-o.

*(repeat, but each time take off another letter off of Bingo's name by inserting a clap instead)*

## **The Birdie Song**

Way up in the sky,  
The big birdies fly.  
While down in the nest,  
The little birdies rest.

Shhh! There sleeping.  
The sun rises up, The dew goes away.  
"Good morning, Good morning!" The little birdies say.



## **The Birdie Song- Revised**

Way up in the sky,  
The big birdies die!  
While down in the nest,  
I kill all the rest!

Shhh! They're hiding.

My gun rises up, I blow them away.  
"God help us, God help us!" The little birdies pray!

## **Blowing in the Wind**

*Chorus:*

The answer, my friend, is blowing in the wind.  
The answer is blowing in the wind.

How many roads must a man walk down,  
Before you can call him a man?  
Yes 'n how many seas must the white dove sail,  
Before she sleeps in the sand?  
Yes 'n how many times must the cannonballs fly,  
Before they're forever banned?

How many times must a man look up,  
Before he can see the sky?  
Yes 'n how many ears must one man have,  
Before he can hear people cry?  
Yes 'n how many deaths will it take till he knows,  
That too many people have died?

How many years can a mountain exist,  
Before it is washed to the sea?  
Yes 'n how many years can some people exist,  
Before they're allowed to be free?  
Yes 'n how many times can a man turn his head,  
Pretending he just doesn't see?

## **Brady Bunch Theme Song**

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

It's a story of a man named Brady,  
Who was busy with three boys of his own.  
They were four men, living all together,  
Yet they were all alone.

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

The Brady Bunch,  
The Brady Bunch,  
That's the way we became the Brady Bunch.

## **Bug Juice**

(Tune of: "On Top of Old Smokey")

At camp with the Boy Scouts, they gave us a drink.  
We thought it was Kool-Aid because it was pink.  
But the thing that they told us would've grossed out a moose,  
For that great tasting pink drink was really Bug Juice.  
It looked fresh and fruity, like tasty Kool-Aid,  
But the bugs that were in it were murdered with Raid.  
So next time you drink Bug Juice and a fly drives you mad,  
He's just getting even 'cause you swallowed his dad.

## **Bumblebee Song**

I'm bringing home my baby bumblebee.  
Won't my mommy be so proud of me?  
I'm bringing home my baby bumblebee.  
Ouch! It stung me!

I'm mashing up my baby bumblebee.  
Won't my mommy be so proud of me?  
I'm mashing up my baby bumblebee.  
Mmmm! Looks tasty!

I'm licking up my baby bumblebee.  
Won't my mommy be so proud of me?  
I'm licking up my baby bumblebee.  
Aggh! I feel sick!

I'm throwing up my baby bumblebee.  
Won't my mommy be so proud of me?  
I'm throwing up my baby bumblebee.  
Ohh! What a mess!

I'm cleaning up my baby bumblebee.  
Won't my mommy be so proud of me?  
I'm cleaning up my baby bumblebee.  
Good! The end of the song!

## **The Camp Barton Song**

Oh there's a Boy Scout Camp at Frontenac,  
A camp that's really worth your while.  
I've seen a dozen other scouting camps,  
But Barton's got them beat a mile, or two or three.  
You better come to Frontenac today,  
Put on your shorts and come prepared to stay.  
When camping time comes 'round again you'll say, again you'll say:  
"Camp Barton is the place for me!"

## **Camp Granada**

Hello Mada, Hello Fada, here I am at Camp Granada.  
Camp is very entertaining, and they say we'll have some fun if it stops raining.  
I went hiking with Joe Spivey, he developed Poison Ivy.  
You remember, Lenard Skinner, he got tomain poisoning last night after dinner.  
All the counselors hate the waiters and the lake has Alligators.  
And the head coach wants no sissies, so he reads to us from something called  
Ulysses.  
Now I don't want this to scare yea, but my bunkmate has malaria.  
You remember Jeffrey Hardy, they're about to organize a searching party.

Take me home, Oh Mada, Fada, take me home, I hate Granada.  
Don't leave me out in the forest, where I might get eaten by a bear.  
Take me home, I promise I will not make noise, Or mess the house with other  
boys.  
Please don't make me stay; I've been here one whole day...

Dearest Father, Darling Mother, how's my precious little brother.  
Let me come home, if you miss me, I would even let Aunt Bertha hug and kiss me.  
Wait a minute, it stopped hailing. Guys are swimming, guys are sailing.  
Playing baseball, gee that's betta', Mother, Father please disregard this letter.

## **Camptown Races**

*Chorus:*

Going to run all night, going to run all day,  
I'll bet my money on de bob-tail nag, somebody bet on de bay.

De Camptown ladies sing dis song, doodah, doodah!  
De Camptown racetrack five miles long, Oh doodah day!  
I come down with my head caved in, doodah, doodah!  
I go back home with a pocket-full of tin, Oh doodah day!

De long tail'd filly an' de big black hoss, doodah, doodah!  
Dey fly de track an' dy both cut 'cross, Oh doodah day!  
De blind hoss stick in a big mud hole, doodah, doodah!  
Can't touch the bottom with a ten foot pole, Oh doodah day!

## The Cat Came Back

### *Chorus:*

The cat came back the very next day  
Yeah, the cat came back, they thought he was a goner,  
But the cat came back, he just couldn't stay away, away, away  
(Hey, Hey, Hey)

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

He gave it to a man going up in a balloon.  
He told him to give it to the man in the moon.  
The balloon came down about 90 miles away,  
And where that man is today, we cannot say.



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

He gave it to a man going way, way out west,  
He told the man to give it to the one he liked best.  
First the train jumped the tracks, and then it hit the rail,  
And no one is alive today to tell the gruesome tale.

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

There was a secret agent who said he was a spy.  
When asked if he could stop that cat he said, "I'll try."  
He made a bomb, he set a trap and then he lied to wait.  
The cat possessed nine lives, the agent only eight.

They put him in a rocket and they shot him into space.  
They thought they could send him to some faraway place.



They lost the ship on radar, didn't hear another sound,  
The ship must have crashed because it never came down.

They put him on a ship and they set out to sea.  
They set their sails for warm Hawaii.  
About halfway out they dropped him over the side,  
But when they got to port they couldn't believe their eyes.

The H-bomb fell just the other day,  
The A-bomb fell in the very same way,  
England went, Russia went, and the USA.  
All men died without a chance to pray.

## **The Cat's In the Cradle**

*Chorus:*

And the cat's in the cradle with the silver spoon.  
Little Boy Blue and the man in the moon.  
"When you comin' home, Dad?" "I don't know when,  
But we'll get together then, yeah,  
You know we'll have a good time then."

My child arrived just the other day,  
He came to the world in the usual way.  
But there were planes to catch,  
And there were bills to pay.  
He learned to walk while I was away,  
And he was talking 'fore I knew it,  
And as he grew he'd say,  
"I'm gonna be like you, Dad,  
You know I'm gonna be like you."

My son turned ten just the other day.  
He said, "Thanks for the ball, Dad, come on let's play,  
Can you teach me to throw?" I said, "Not today,  
I got a lot of work to do." He said "That's okay."  
And he walked away, but his smile never dimmed,  
He said, "I'm gonna be like him, yeah,  
You know I'm gonna be like him."

Well he came home from college just the other day,  
So much like a man I just had to say,  
“Son, I’m proud of you, can you sit for awhile?”  
He shook his head and he said with a smile,  
“What I’d really like, Dad, is to borrow the car keys.  
See you later, can I have them please?”

I’ve long since retired, my son’s moved away.  
I called him up just the other day.  
I said, “I’d like to see you, if you don’t mind,”  
He said, “I’d love to Dad, if I could find the time,  
You see my new job’s a hassle and the kids have the flu,  
But it’s sure nice talking to you, Dad,  
It’s sure nice talking to you.”  
And as I hung up the phone it occurred to me,  
He’d grown up just like me, yeah,  
My boy was just like me...

And the cat’s in the cradle with the silver spoon.  
Little Boy Blue and the man in the moon.  
“When you comin’ home, Son?” “I don’t know when,  
But we’ll get together then, yeah,  
You know we’ll have a good time then.”

### **Chicken Lips and Lizard Hips** (Tune of: Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious)

#### *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 toe nail pies,  
Stir it all together; it’s Mama’s soup surprise.

Oh, when I was a little kid I never liked to eat,  
Mama 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:

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."

## **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 with his daughter, Clementine.

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

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

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

In a corner of the churchyard, where the myrtle boughs entwine,  
Grow the roses 'mongst the posies, fertilized by Clementine.

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

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.

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

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

## Cock Robin

*Chorus:*

Oh the birds of the air fell sighing and a sobbing,  
When they heard of the death of poor Cock Robin,  
When they heard of the death of poor Cock Robin. (Sing it!)

*Option 1:*

Tre la, tre la, tre la la, hey  
Tre la, tre la, tre la la, hey  
Tre la, tre la, tre la la, hey

*Option 2:*

Tree la, tre la la la la la, tre la la la la la, tre la la la la la,  
Tree la, tre la la la la la, tre la la la la la, la.

*Leader:* Who saw him die? (Strum!)

*Fly:* I said the Fly, (Strum!)

With my compound eye, (Strum!)

I saw him die.

*Leader:* Who caught his blood? (Strum!)

*Fish:* I said the Fish, (Strum!)

With my little dish, (Strum!)

I caught his blood.

*Leader:* Who knit his shroud? (Strum!)

*Beetle:* I said the Beetle, (Strum!)

With my knitting needles, (Strum!)

I knit his shroud.

*Leader:* Who dug his grave? (Strum!)

*Owl:* I said the Owl, (Strum!)

With my potting trowel, (Strum!)

I dug his grave.

*Leader:* Who carved his tombstone? (Strum!)

*Weasel:* I said the Weasel, (Strum!)

With my hammer and chisel, (Strum!)

I carved his tombstone.

*Leader:* Who said the prayer? (Strum!)

*Rook:* I said the Rook, (Strum!)  
With my holy little book, (Strum!)  
I said the prayer.

*Leader:* Who killed Cock Robin? (Strum!)  
*Sparrow:* I said the sparrow, (Strum!)  
With my bow and arrow, (Strum!)  
I killed Cock Robin!

## Country Roads

*Chorus:*  
Country roads, take me home,  
To the place, I belong,  
West Virginia, mountain momma,  
Take me home, Country roads.

Almost heaven, West Virginia,  
Blue Ridge Mountains, Shenandoah River.  
Life is old there, older than the trees,  
Younger than the mountains, blowing like a breeze.

All my memories gather 'round her,  
Miner's lady, stranger to blue water.  
Dark and dusty painted on the sky,  
Misty tasting moonshine, teardrop in my eye.

I hear her voice in the morning hour she calls me.  
The radio reminds me of my home far away,  
And driving down the road I get a feeling  
That I should have been home yesterday, yesterday.

## Damper Song

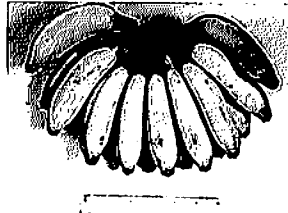
Oh you push the damper in  
And you pull the damper out  
And the smoke goes up the chimney just the same  
Just the same  
Just the same  
And the smoke goes up the chimney just the same  
Boom Boom.

*(Sing the song with motions and repeat. On the second time through don't sing the first line, but just do the hand motion. Repeat and so on.)*

## Day-o

Day-o Day-o  
Daylight come and me wanna go home  
Day, me say day, me say day, me say day, me say day-o  
Daylight come and me wanna go home

Work all night for a drink of rum.  
Daylight come and me wanna go home.  
Stuff banana till the morning come.  
Daylight come and me wanna go home.



Come Mister Tally-man, tally me banana.  
Daylight come and me wanna go home.  
Come Mister Tally-man, tally me banana.  
Daylight come and me wanna go home.

Six foot, seven foot, eight foot, bunch!  
Daylight come and me wanna go home.  
Six foot, seven foot, eight foot, bunch!  
Daylight come and me wanna go home.

A beautiful bunch or ripe bananas.  
Daylight come and me wanna go home.  
Highly deadly black tatantula.

Daylight come and me wanna go home.

Six foot, seven foot, eight foot, bunch!  
Daylight come and me wanna go home.  
Six foot, seven foot, eight foot, bunch!  
Daylight come and me wanna go home.

Come Mister Tally-man, tally me banana.  
Daylight come and me wanna go home.  
Come Mister Tally-man, tally me banana.  
Daylight come and me wanna go home.

Day-o Day-o  
Daylight come and me wanna go home  
Day, me say day, me say day, me say day, me say day-o  
Daylight come and me wanna go home

## **Dem Bones**

### *Chorus:*

I know it, I know it, indeed I know it, brother.  
I know it, Hey! Dem Bones gonna rise again.

Now in the beginning, the Lord decided to make a man.  
Dem bones gonna rise again!  
So he took a little water and he took a little sand.  
Dem bones gonna rise again!

### *Other verses:*

Now Adam, He was terribly blue.  
He didn't quite know what to do.

So the Lord took a rib from Adam's side.  
And he made Miss Eve to be his bride.

He put them in a garden fair.  
Thought they'd be most happy there.

A suit of clothes the two did weave.

One piece for Adam, two piece for Eve.

“Peaches, pears, fruits and such.  
But of that tree you must not touch.”

Now around that tree old Satan slunk.  
And at Miss Eve his eye he wunk.

“Miss Eve, them apples mighty fine.  
Take one gal, the Lord won’t mind.”

So she took a pick and she took a pull.  
Till she had her little fig leaf full.

Now the next day the Lord came down.  
And spied those cores all over the ground.

“Adam, Adam, where art thou?”  
“Here I am, Lord, coming now!”

“Adam, who all these cores did leave?”  
“I don’t know Lord, must have been Eve.”

“Adam you’re gonna have to leave this place.  
And earn your living by the sweat of your face.”

So he took a pick and he took a plow.  
And that’s why we’re all working now.

As Adam left he made this crack:  
I sure do wish I had that old rib back.

That’s all there is, there ain’t no more.  
Eve got the apple, Adam got the core.

This story has a meaningful omen:  
Never underestimate the power of a woman.

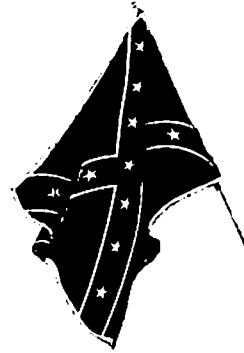


## Dixie

### *Chorus:*

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

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



There's buckwheat cakes and Indian batter,  
Makes you fat or little fatter.  
Look away, look away, look away, Dixieland.  
Then hoe it down and scratch your grabble,  
To Dixieland I'm bound to travel.  
Look away, look away, look away, Dixieland.

## Do Your Ears Hang Low

Do your ears hang low? Do they wobble to and fro?  
Can you tie them in a knot? Can you tie them in a bow?  
Can you throw them o'er your shoulder like a continental soldier?  
Do your ears hang low?

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

Do your ears hang wide? Do they flop from side to side?  
Do they wave in the breeze, from the slightest little sneeze?  
Can you soar above the nation, with a feeling of elation?  
Do your ears hang wide?

Do your ears fall off, when you give a great big cough?  
Do they lie there on the ground, or bounce up at every sound?  
Can you stick them in your pocket, just like Davy Crockett?  
Do your ears fall off?

## **Drunken Sailor**

*Chorus:*

Way, hey, and up she rises, (3x)  
Early in the morning.

What shall we do with a drunken sailor, (3x)  
Early in the morning.

*Continue as Previous Verses:*

Put him in a longboat 'til he's sober.  
Pull out the plug and wet him all over.  
Put him in the scuppers with a hosepipe on him.  
Heave him by the leg in a running bowline.  
Shave his belly with a rusty razor.  
Put him in the bed with the Captain's daughter.



## **Dum Dum Da Da**

Dum Dum Da Da  
Dum Dum Da Da  
Dum Dum Da Da Da Da  
Dum Dum Da Da  
Dum Dum Da Da  
Dum Dum Da Da Da Da

*Verse 1: Slap knees once, tap opposite shoulder once (repeat with other shoulder)*

*Verse 2: Same as verse 1, but double everything*

*Verse 3: King Tut (Egyptian hand movements)*

*Verse 4: Slap knees, cross shoulders, same shoulders, and clap*

*Verse 5: Each action twice from above*

## Dummy Line

*Chorus:*

On the dummy line, on the dummy line,  
Ride, ride, ride on the dummy line.  
Rain or shine, I'll pay my dime,  
And ride, ride, ride on the dummy line.

I got on the train and didn't have the fare.  
The conductor said, "Whatcha doin' there?"  
He grabbed me by the collar and shoved me out the door.  
Said, "I don't want to see you on this line no more!"

Little Willy was home by himself.  
Found a chocolate cake on the kitchen shelf.  
Willy said, "If I eat this cake,  
Sis won't get a belly ache."

Willy fell down the elevator.  
Wasn't found till ten days later.  
All the neighbors said, "Gee wiz,  
What a spoiled child Willy is!"

Little Willy saw a mill saw buzz,  
Didn't know quite what it was.  
Now his arm is full of nicks,  
And, alas poor Willy, he's cut in six.

Little Willy found some dynamite,  
He didn't understand it quite,  
But curiosity never pays.  
It rained Willy for several days.

Little Willy coming home from school,  
Spied a half a dollar at the foot of a mule.  
Stooped down to pick it up, quiet as a mouse.  
Funeral tomorrow at little Willy's house.

Little birdie in the sky,  
Dropped some whitewash in my eye.

Says I to me, says me to I,  
“I’m sure glad that cows don’t fly!”

There was a boy by the name of Jack,  
Pitched his tent on a railroad track.  
Midnight express came around the bend.  
What kind of flowers did you send?

There once was a doctor, his name was Peck,  
He fell in a well and broke his neck.  
It served him right, for he should’ve known:  
To tend to the sick and leave the well alone.

There once was a hunter, his name was O’Hare.  
He was chased by a grizzly bear.  
The people all thought he was out of his mind,  
Running down the street with a bear behind.

There was an old witch by the name of Nan,  
Who tried to pass as a good-humored man.  
Couldn’t fool the kids, they all stayed home.  
They would not buy from an ice cream crone.

My Grandpa had a car, it was a Ford machine.  
His whiskers came in handy for straining gasoline.  
My Grandma had a habit of chewing in her sleep.  
She chewed on Grandpa’s whiskers and dreamed of shredded wheat.

## Dunderback

*Chorus:*

Oh Dunderback, oh Dunderback,  
How could you be so mean,  
To ever have invented the sausage meat machine?  
Now all the rats and cats and dogs will never more be seen,  
They’ve all been ground to sausage meat in Dunderback’s machine.



In the town of Palimar, there lived a mean old man,  
His name was Mr. Dunderback and he was surely grand.

One day he invented the sausage meat machine,  
And all the rats and cats and dogs will never more be seen.

One day a boy came walking, a-walking in the store.  
He ordered up some sausages and laid them on the floor.  
The boy began to whistle, he whistled up a tune,  
And all the little sausages went dancing 'round the room.

One night the darn thing busted, the darn thing wouldn't go,  
So Dunderback climbed in it, the reason for to know.  
His wife was having a nightmare, a-walking in her sleep,  
She gave the crank one hell-of-a yank and Dunderback was meat!

### Edelweiss

Edelweiss, Edelweiss, every morning you greet me.  
Small and white, clean and bright, you look happy to meet me.  
Blossom of snow, may you bloom and grow, bloom and grow forever.  
Edelweiss, Edelweiss, bless my homeland forever.  
Blossom of snow, may you bloom and grow, bloom and grow forever.  
Edelweiss, Edelweiss, bless my homeland forever.

### Erie Canal

Low bridge, everybody down.  
Low bridge, 'cause 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.

I've got a mule and her name is Sal,  
Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal.  
She's a good ol' worker and a good ol' pal,  
Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal.

We've hauled some barges in our day,  
Filled with lumber, coal and hay.

And now we know every inch of the way,  
From Albany to Buffalo.

We've better get on our way, old pal,  
Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal.  
'Cause you bet your life, I'll 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.

## **Face to the Wind**

*Chorus:*

With your face to the wind  
I see you smiling again  
Spirits moving within  
I know that you're gonna win

You've been down this road before  
Something inside tells you what's in store  
Gotta remember what we are all here for  
Eat up the apple and spit out the core

You can get angry and you can curse  
You can shout it out in rhyme or verse  
You can tell me that it's never been worse  
Then take that sow's ear and turn it into a purse

There are gifts that come like the rain  
They make the plants grow and drench you all the same  
There are gifts that took you years to see  
Like the gift of a friend that you've been to me

There are hands here to comfort you  
And if you need there are tears to cry with you too

There are hearts that will sing with you  
And voices to cheer when you finally make it through

Sometimes it takes the dark to let us see the light  
You can't have that victory unless you fought the fight  
Sometimes it takes a winding road to lead us home  
While you're winding around my friend just don't go winding round alone

### **Fast Food** (A "Repeat After Me" Song)

A Pizza Hut, a Pizza Hut.  
A Kentucky Fried Chicken and a Pizza Hut.  
A Pizza Hut, a Pizza Hut.  
A Kentucky Fried Chicken and a Pizza Hut.  
McDonalds, McDonalds.  
A Kentucky Fried Chicken and a Pizza Hut.  
McDonalds, McDonalds.  
A Kentucky Fried Chicken and a Pizza Hut.

#### *Other verses:*

Taco Bell, El Pollo Loco, Wendy's  
Burger King, Jack in the Box, Carls Jr.

### **Five Constipated Men**

#### *Chorus:*

There were five, five constipated men in the bible, in the bible.  
There were five, five constipated men in the bible, in the bible.

The first, first constipated man was Cain, he wasn't Abel.  
The first, first constipated man was Cain, he wasn't Abel.

#### *Other verses:*

The second, second constipated man was Moses, he took two tablets.  
The third, third constipated man was Sampson, he brought the house down.  
The fourth, fourth constipated man was Soloman, he sat for hours.  
The fifth, fifth constipated man was Noah, he had an ark full.

**Flea Fly**  
(A “Repeat After Me” Song)

Flea,  
Flea fly.  
Flea fly flo.  
Visca.  
Kuma latti, kuma latti, kuma latti, visca.  
Oh, no, no not la visca.  
Eska-meenie, sola-meenie, uh-wah, da-wah-meenie.  
Eska-meenie, sola meenie, uh-wah- da-wah.  
Be bibbly ope-en dope-en, be bibbly dopp-en, bopp-en shhhhh.

**Froggie**  
(A “Repeat After Me” Song)

Dog.  
Dog, cat.  
Dog, cat, mouse.  
Froggie!  
Itsy bitsy teeny weeny little yellow froggie.  
Eatin’ up all the little flies and spiders.  
Spiders and flies are scumdidldiscious.  
Jump, jump, jump little Froggie.  
Ribbit, ribbit, ribbit, ribbit, ribbit, ribbit, CROAK!

**Gary Owen**

*Chorus:*

Gary Owen, Gary Owen, Gary Owen. (Gary Owen!)  
In the valley of Montana, all alone. (All alone!)  
There are better days to be,  
In the seventh cavalry,  
When we charge again for dear old Gary Owen. (Gary Owen!)

I can hear those sioux bucks singing, Sgt. Flynn. (Sgt. Flynn!)  
I can hear those tom-toms ringing, Sgt. Flynn. (Sgt. Flynn!)



I can hear those sioux bucks singing,  
I can hear those tom-toms ringing,  
But they don't yet know the tune to Gary Owen. (Gary Owen!)

It's first call I hear it sounding, Sgt. Flynn. (Sgt. Flynn!)  
And it sounds like taps a-rounding, Sgt. Flynn. (Sgt. Flynn!)  
Oh me lads, here's something fancy,  
Take a break, it's Private Clancy.  
And you'll feel better when he strikes up Gary Owen. (Gary Owen!)

For it's boots and saddles sounding, Sgt. Flynn. (Sgt. Flynn!)  
Along the line the men are bounding, Sgt. Flynn. (Sgt. Flynn!)  
So let saddle-up and fall in,  
For the trumpets are a-callin'.  
And the band is tuning up for Gary Owen. (Gary Owen!)

For it's forward we're advancing, Sgt. Flynn. (Sgt. Flynn!)  
And the breeze guides are a-lancing, Sgt. Flynn. (Sgt. Flynn!)  
Walk, trot, gallop, charged by thunder,  
We will ride those cut throats under.  
Drive your sabers to the hilt for Gary Owen. (Gary Owen!)

We are ambushed and surrounded, Sgt. Flynn. (Sgt. Flynn!)  
Yet recall has not been sounded, Sgt. Flynn. (Sgt. Flynn!)  
Gather round me and we'll rally,  
Make one last stand in the valley.  
For the Seventh Regiment and Gary Owen. (Gary Owen!)

You are cut, and scalped, and battered, Sgt. Flynn. (Sgt. Flynn...)  
All your men are dead and scattered, Sgt. Flynn. (Sgt. Flynn...)  
I will make your bed tomorrow,  
With my head bowed down in sorrow.  
O'er your grave, I'll whistle Taps and Gary Owen! (Gary Owen!)

## **Ghost Chickens in the Sky**

(Tune of: "Ghost Riders in the Sky")

*Chorus:*

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

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

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



Their feet were black and shiny; their eyes were burning red.  
They had no meat or feathers; these chickens all were dead.  
They carried off the farmer and he died by the claw.  
They cooked him extra crispy and ate him with cole slaw!

## **Ghost Riders in the Sky**

*Chorus:*

Yip-ee-yi-ay,  
Yip-ee-yi-oo.  
Ghost riders in the sky.

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.

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.

Their faces gaunt, their eyes were blurred, their shirts all soaked with sweat.  
They're ridin' hard to catch the heard, 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.

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.

### **Gilligan's Isle Theme Song**

Just sit right back and you'll hear a tale, a tale of a fateful trip,  
That started from the tropic port aboard this tiny ship.  
The mate was a mighty sailing man, the skipper brave and sure,  
Five passengers set sail that day for a three-hour tour, a three-hour tour.

The weather started getting rough, the tiny ship was tossed.  
If not for the courage of the fearless crew, the Minnow would be lost, the Minnow  
would be lost.  
The ship set ground on the shore of this uncharted isle,  
The Gilligan, the Skipper too, the Millionaire and his Wife, the Movie Star,  
Professor and MaryAnn, here on Gilligan's Isle.

Now this is the tale of our castaways, they're here for a long, long time.  
They'll have to make the best of things, it's an uphill climb.  
The first mate and his skipper too will do their best to make the others comfortable  
in a tropic island nest.  
No phones, no lights, no motorcars, not a single luxury, like Robinson Caruso, it's  
primitive as can be.  
So join us here each week my friend, you're sure to get a smile,  
From seven stranded castaways here on Gilligan's Isle.

## **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 praries, to the oceans white with foam.  
God bless America, my home sweet home,  
God bless America, my home sweet home.

## **God Bless My Underwear** (Tune of: "God Bless America")

God bless my underwear, my only pair.  
Stand beside it and guide it,  
Through the rips and the holes and the tears.  
From my body, to the washer, to the dryer, to my rear.  
God bless my underwear, my only pair.  
God bless my underwear or I'll go bare!

## **Grandma's Feather Bed**

### *Chorus:*

It was nine feet high and six feet wide and soft as a downy chick.  
It was made from the feathers of forty-'leven geese, took a whole bolt of cloth for  
the tick.  
It'd hold eight kids and four hound dogs, and the piggy we stole from the shed.  
We didn't get much sleep, but we had a lot of fun, on Grandma's feather bed.

When I was a little bitty boy, just up off the floor,  
We used to go down to Grandma's house, every month end or so.  
Have chicken pie and country ham, and homemade butter on the bread,  
But the best darn thing about Grandma's house was her great big feather bed.

After supper we'd sit around the fire and old folks'd spit and chew.  
Pa would talk about the farm and the war, and Granny'd sing a ballad or two.  
I'd sit and listen and watch the fire till the cobwebs filled my head,

And the next thing I'd know I'd wake up in the morning in the middle of the old feather bed.

Well I love my Ma, I love my Pa, I love Granny and Grandpa too.  
I've been fishing with my Uncle, I wrestled with my cousin, I even kissed Aunt Lou-oo.

But if I ever had to make a choice I guess it ought to be said.  
That I'd trade them all plus the gal down the road for Grandma's feather bed.

### **The Grand Old Captain Kirk** (Tune of: "The Grand Old Duke of York")

The grand old Captain Kirk, he had ten thousand men.  
He beamed 'em up to the ship, and he beamed 'em down again.  
And when you're up, you're up.  
And when you're down, you're down.  
And when you're only half way up, you're no where to be found.

### **The Grand Old Duke of York**

The grand old Duke of York, he had ten thousand me.  
He marched 'em up the hill, and he marched 'em down again.  
And when you're up, you're up.  
And when you're down, you're down.  
And when you're only half way up, you're neither up or down.

### **Grand Old Flag**

It's a Grand Old Flag,  
It's a high flying flag.  
Wherever there's truth may it wave.  
It's the emblem of the land I love,  
The home of the free and the brave.  
Every heart beats true for that red, white and blue,  
Where there's never a boast or brag.  
Let auld acquaintance be forgot,  
Keep your eye on that Grand Old Flag!

## Grandfather's Clock

### *Chorus:*

Ninety years without slumbering, tick, tock, tick tock,  
His life seconds numbering, tick, tock, tick, tock,  
It stopped, short, never to go again, when the old man died.

My Grandfather's clock was too large for the shelf,  
So it stood ninety years on the floor.  
It was taller by half than the old man himself,  
Though it weighed not a pennyweight more.  
It was bought on the morn of the day that he was born,  
And was always his treasure and pride.  
But it stopped, short, never to go again,  
When the old man died.

In watching its pendulum swing to and fro,  
Many hours had he spent as a boy.  
And in childhood and manhood the clock seemed to know,  
And to share both his grief and his joy.  
For it struck twenty-four when he entered at the door,  
With a blooming and beautiful bride.  
But it stopped, short, never to go again,  
When the old man died.

My Grandfather said that of those he could hire,  
Not a servant so faithful he found,  
For it wasted no time, and had but one desire,  
At the close of each week to be wound.  
And it kept in its place, not a frown upon its face,  
And its hands never by its side.  
But it stopped, short, never to go again,  
When the old man died.

It rang in alarm in the dead of the night,  
An alarm that for years had been dumb.  
And we knew that his spirit was plumbing in flight,  
That his hour of departure had come.  
Still the clock kept the time with a soft and muffled chime,  
As we silently stood by his side.

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

## **Green Grow the Rushes, Ho**

*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 cymbals 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  
I'll sing you twelve ho...twelve for the twelve apostles.

## 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, until we meet again.

## The Happy Wanderer

*Chorus:*

Valderi, Valdera, Valderi  
Valdera-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha  
Valderi, Valdera,  
My knapsack on my back.

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

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

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

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.

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



**Harvey and Sheila**  
(Tune of: "Hava Naglia")

Harvey and Sheila, Harvey and Sheila, Harvey and Sheila  
Oh, the day they met  
Harvey and Sheila, Harvey and Sheila, Harvey and Sheila  
No one will forget  
Harvey's a CPA, He works for IBM  
He went to MIT and got his PhD  
Sheila's a girl I know at B.B.D.&O.  
She works the P.B.X. and makes out the checks  
Then came one great day when  
Harvey took the elevator  
Sheila got on two floors later  
Soon they both felt they were falling  
Everyone heard Sheila calling,  
"Ring the bell," but they fell  
Harv and Sheila fell in love.  
Harvey and Sheila, Harvey and Sheila, Harvey and Sheila  
Chose a wedding ring  
Harvey and Sheila, Harvey and Sheila, Harvey and Sheila  
Married in the Spring  
She shopped at A&P, He bought a used M.G.  
They sat and watched T.V. on their R.C.A.  
Borrowed from H.F.C., Bought some A.T.&T.  
And on Election Day, worked for J.F.K.  
Then they went and got a  
Charge-A-Plate from R.H. Macy  
Bought a layette, pink and lacy  
Then they had twin baby girls  
Both with dimples, both with curls,  
One named Bea, One named Kay  
Soon they joined the PTA.  
Harvey and Sheila, Harvey and Sheila, Harvey and Sheila  
Moved to West LA  
Harvey and Sheila, Harvey and Sheila, Harvey and Sheila  
Flew TWA  
They bought a house one day, Financed by FHA  
It had a swimming pool, full of H<sub>2</sub>O  
Traded their used MG, For a new XKE

Switched to the GOP  
That's the way things go  
Oh that Harvey, he was  
Really smart, he used his noodle  
Sheila bought a white French poodle  
Went to Europe with a Visa  
Henry's rich, they say that he's a VIP  
This could be, only in the USA!

### **Head, Shoulders, Knees, and Toes**

Head, shoulders, knees and toes, knees and toes.  
Head, shoulders, knees and toes, knees and toes.  
Eyes and ears and mouth and 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.

### **He's Got the Whole World in His Hands**

He's got the whole world in His hands.  
He's got the whole wide world in His hands.  
He's got the whole world in His hands.  
He's got the whole world in His hands.

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

#### *Other Verses:*

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

## Home on the Range

### *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.

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.

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.

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 the mountains all covered with snow.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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

*Chorus:*

Gory, Gory, what a heck of a way to die (3x)  
And he ain't gonna jump no more.

He jumped from 40,000 feet without a parachute (3x)  
And he ain't gonna jump no more.

*Other verses:*

The bloke who made the parachute forgot to fix the straps.

He was the last to leave the airplane, but the first to hit the ground.

They scratched him off the highway like a piece of strawberry jam.

They put him in a matchbox and they sent him up to mum.

She put him on the mantelpiece together with his Dad.

## **How I Hate to Get Up**

Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning,  
Oh, how I'd love to remain in bed,  
For the hardest blow of all is to hear the bugler's call:  
"You gotta get up, you gotta get up, you gotta get up in the morning!"

Someday I'm going to murder the bugler,  
Someday they're going to find him dead.  
I'll amputate his reveille and stomp upon it heavily,  
And then spend the rest of my life in bed.

## **I Love the Flowers**

I love the flowers, I love the daffodils,  
I love the mountains, I love the rolling hills,  
I love the fireside when the light is dim.

A-boom-di-ada, boom-di-ada, boom-di-ada, boom-di-ada, boom-di-ada,  
ada, boom-di-ada, boom-di-ada

## **The Iddy Biddy Washerwoman**

*Chorus:*

Diddle ee eye dye, a diddle ee, a diddle ee,  
Diddle ee eye dye a diddle ee, a diddle ee,  
Diddle ee eye dye a diddle ee a diddle ee,  
(Last line of verse.) (Woo!)

Down in the forest where nobody goes,  
Lives an iddy biddy washerwoman, just washin' her clothes.  
With a rub-a-dub here and a rub-a-dub there,  
The iddy biddy washerwoman's washin' her hair.

Down in the meadow in an iddy biddy pool,  
Swam three little fishees and the mother fishee too.  
Swim said the mother fishee, swim if you can,  
And they swam, and they swam right over the dam.

## **If I Had a Hammer**

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

If I had a bell,  
I'd ring it in the morning, I'd ring it in the evening,

All over this land.  
I'd ring out danger, I'd ring out a warning,  
I'd ring out the love between my brothers and my sisters,  
All over this land.

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

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

## **I'm My Own Grandpa**

*Chorus:*

I'm my own Grandpa, I'm my own Grandpa  
It sounds funny, I know, but it really is so  
Oh, I'm my own Grandpa

Now many, many years ago, when I was twenty-three,  
I was married to a widow who was pretty as could be.  
This widow had a grown-up daughter who had hair of red.  
My father fell in love with her, and soon they, too, were wed.

This made my dad my son-in-law and changed my very life,  
My daughter was my mother, cause she was my father's wife.  
To complicate the matter, even though it brought me joy,  
I soon became the father of a bouncing baby boy.

My little baby then became a brother-in-law to Dad,  
And so became my Uncle, though it made me very sad.  
For if he was my Uncle, then that also made him Brother

Of the widow's grown-up daughter, who, of course, was my stepmother.

Father's wife then had a son, who kept him on the run,  
And he became my grandchild, for he was my daughter's son.  
My wife is now my mother's mother, and it makes me blue,  
Because, although she is my wife, she's my grandmother, too.

Now if my wife is my grandmother, then I'm her grandchild,  
And every time I think of it, it nearly drives me wild,  
For now I have become the strangest case you ever saw,  
As husband of my grandmother, I am my own Grandpa!

### **An Irish Ballad**

About a maid I'll sing a song,  
Sing Rickety-Tickety-Tin.  
About a maid I'll sing a song,  
Who didn't keep her family long.  
Not only did she do them wrong,  
She did everyone of them in, them in,  
She did everyone of them in.

One morning in a fit of pique,  
Sing Rickety-Tickety-Tin.  
One morning in a fit of pique,  
She drowned her father in a creek.  
The water tasted bad for a week,  
And they had to make do with gin, with gin,  
They had to make do with gin.

Her mother she could never stand,  
Sing Rickety-Tickety-Tin.  
Her mother she could never stand,  
And so cyanide soup she planned.  
The mother died with spoon in hand,  
And her face in a hideous grin, a grin,  
Her face in a hideous grin.

She set her sister's hair on fire,  
Sing Rickety-Tickety-Tin.  
She set her sister's hair on fire,  
And as the flames rose higher and higher,  
She danced around the funeral pyre,  
Playin' a violin, olin,  
Playin' a violin.

She weighted her brother down with stones,  
Sing Rickety-Tickety-Tin.  
She weighted her brother down with stones,  
And sent him off to meet Davy Jones.  
All they ever found were some bones,  
And occasional pieces of skin, of skin,  
And occasional pieces of skin.

One day when she had nothing to do,  
Sing Rickety-Tickety-Tin.  
One day when she had nothing to do,  
She cut her baby brother in two,  
And served him up as an Irish stew,  
And invited the neighbors in, bors in,  
Invited the neighbors in.

And when at last the police came by,  
Sing Rickety-Tickety-Tin.  
And when at last the police came by,  
Her little pranks she did not deny.  
To do so, she would have had to lie,  
And lying, she knew, was a sin, a sin,  
And lying, she knew, was a sin.

My tragic tale I won't prolong,  
Sing Rickety-Tickety-Tin.  
My tragic tale I won't prolong,  
You've yourselves to blame if it's too long.  
You should never have let me begin, begin,  
You should never have let me begin.



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

It ain't gonna rain no more, no more,  
It ain't gonna rain no more.  
So how in the heck can I was my neck,  
If it ain't gonna rain no more.

## **It's a Lie**

### *Chorus:*

It's a lie, it's a lie,  
Ship ahoy, ship ahoy, ship ahie,  
For I've sailed the seven seas in my dirty dungarees,  
But I never ever ever saw a mermaid. (twice!)

I was born about ten thousand years ago. (years ago!)  
And theres' nothing in this world that I don't know. (I don' know!)  
I saw Peter, Paul and Moses, playin' ring around the roses,  
And I'll lick the guy who says it isn't so! (isn't so!)

### *Other verses:*

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

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

I saw Jonah when he shoved off in the whale.  
And I thought he'd never live to tell the tale.  
But Jonah'd eaten garlic and it gave the whale a-colic,  
And he coughed him up and let him outta jail!

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 doing' forty seconds to the mile!

The Queen of Sheba fell in love with me,  
We were married in Milwaukee secretly.  
In Washington I shook her to join with General Hooker,  
Chasing 'skeeters out of sunny Tennessee!

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 are lots of other things I haven't told!

I saw Caesar when he crossed the Rubicon,  
In fact I built the bridge he crossed it on.  
I saw Hannibal at home, Nero burning Rome,  
And I even saw the fall of Babylon!

I saw Caesar as he lay there in his gore,  
And the Senators were skating 'round the floor.  
I'm the one, who swiped the crown that he foolishly turned down,  
And I hocked it in a shop in Baltimore!

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.

You may think that this tale of mine is true,  
But what difference does it really make to you?  
I've been feeding you a line just to while away the time,  
But now I'm gonna quit because I'm through!

### **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 blowin'? Rise up so early in the morn.  
Can't you hear the captain shouting? "Dinah blow your horn!"

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

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

And singin' fee-fi-fiddely-I-oh, fee-fi-fiddely-I-oh, fee-fi-fiddely-I-oh,  
Strummin' on the old banjo!

### **John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmidt**

John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmidt, his name is my name too.  
Whenever we go out, the people always shout:  
"There goes John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmidt!"  
Na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na

### **Junior Birdmen**

Up in the air, Junior Birdmen,  
Up in the air, upside down.  
Up in the air, Junior Birdmen,  
With your noses to the ground.  
And when you hear the grand announcement,  
That your wings are made of tin.  
You will know that Junior Birdmen,  
Have sent their box tops in.  
It takes five bottle tops, four bottle bottoms, three box tops, two labels, and one  
thin dime!

### **Kum Ba Yah (Scout Law Version)**

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

A Scout is friendly, Lord, kum ba yah.

A Scout is courteous, Lord, kum ba yah.  
A Scout is kind, Lord, kum ba yah. O Lord, kum ba yah.

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

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

### **The Light of Scouting** (Tune of: "Scotland the Brave")

*Chorus:*

Dum, dum, da dada dada,  
Dum, dum, da dada dada,  
Dum, dum, da dada dada,  
Dum, dum, dum, dum.

We are the light of Scouting,  
We bring the light to Eagles,  
We are the light of Scouting,  
All o'er the world.

We'll never be hiked under,  
Listen to our Scouting thunder,  
We are the light of Scouting,  
All o'er the world.

### **Lily the Pink**

*Chorus:*

We'll drink, a drink, a drink,  
To Lily the Pink, the Pink, the Pink,  
The 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.

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.

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.

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.

The Camp Director thought he was Adolf Hitler,  
So they locked him in his cabin.  
There they gave him medicinal compound,  
And now he acts like Joseph Stalin.

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!

### **Little Piece of Tin**

I'm a little piece of tin.  
Nobody knows what shape I'm in.  
Got four wheels and a running board,  
I'm not a Chevy and I'm not a Ford.  
Honk, honk, rattle, rattle, crash, beep, beep.  
Honk, honk, rattle, rattle, crash, beep, beep.

## Lord of the Dance

### *Chorus:*

Dance then wherever you may be,  
I am the Lord of the Dance, said He,  
And I'll lead you all wherever you may be,  
And I'll lead you all in the dance said He.

I danced in the morning when the world was begun,  
And I danced in the moon, and the stars, and the sun,  
And I came down from heaven, and I danced on the earth  
At Bethlehem I had my birth.

I danced for the scribe and the Pharisee,  
But they wouldn't dance, and they wouldn't follow me.  
I danced for the fishermen, for James and John,  
They came with me and the dance went on.

I danced on the Sabbath and I cured the lame,  
The holy people said it was a shame,  
They whipped and they stripped and they hung me high,  
And they left me there on a cross to die.

I danced on a Friday when the sky turned black,  
It's hard to dance with the world on your back.  
They buried my body and they thought I'd gone,  
But I am the Dance and I still go on.

They cut me down but I leapt up high,  
For I am the Life, that'll never, never die,  
And I'll live in you if you'll live in Me,  
I am the Lord of the Dance said He.

## **Lord of the Spam**

(Tune of: "Lord of the Dance")

### *Chorus:*

Spam, Spam, wherever you may be,  
I am the Lord of the Spam said he,  
And I live in a can with a tiny metal key,  
And I'll make you eat all the Spam, said he.

The Lord of the Spam is a happy little elf,  
He lives in a can on the supermarket shelf.  
You can share it with a friend or eat it by yourself,  
The Lord of the Spam takes care of your health.

We don't know what it is and we don't know what it's for,  
We do know it lasts through a plaque or a war.  
You can put it on your sandwich; you can retiling your floor,  
These aren't the only uses, there's about a million more.

It comes from the cannery; it comes from the store.  
You can use it as a weapon in a medieval war.  
We don't know if it's legal, but it evens up the score,  
A can full of the Spam is so hard to ignore.

## **Mariah**

A way out here we've got a name,  
For rain and wind and fire.  
The rain is Tess, the fire's Jove,  
And they call the wind Mariah.

Mariah blows the stars about,  
And sends the clouds a flyin'.  
Mariah makes the mountains sound,  
Like folks were up there dyin'.

*Chorus:*

Mariah, Mariah,  
They call the wind Mariah.  
Mariah, Mariah,  
They call the wind Mariah.

Before I knew Mariah's name,  
And heard her wail and whining'.  
I had a gal and she had me,  
And the sun was always shinin'.

And then one day I left my gal,  
I left her far behind me.  
And now I'm lost, so dog gone lost,  
Not even God can find me.

*Chorus*

A way out here we got a name,  
For rain and fire only,  
But when you're lost and all alone,  
Oh there ain't no word for lonely.

Well I'm a lost and lonely man,  
Without a star to guide me.  
Mariah blow my love to me,  
I need my gal beside me.

Mariah, Mariah,  
They call the wind Mariah.  
Mariah, Mariah,  
Blow my love to me.

**McDonalds**

McDonalds is my kind of place, they serve rattlesnake,  
French fries up your nose, hot dogs between your toes.  
The last time that I was there, they fried my underwear.  
McDonalds is my kind of place!



## Mermaid Song

### *Chorus:*

Oh the ocean waves may roll,  
And the stormy winds 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.

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

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

Then up spoke the mate of our gallant ship,  
And a smart young lad was he,  
"This fishy mermaid has warned us of our doom,  
We shall sink to the bottom of the sea."

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

Then up spoke the cabin boy of our gallant ship,  
And a scurvy little rascal was he.  
"I've nary a soul in old Salem town,  
Who will care what happens to me?"

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

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

### **Michael Row the Boat Ashore**

*Chorus:*

Michael, row the boat ashore, Hallelujah.  
Michael, row the boat ashore, Hallelujah.

Sister help to trim the sail, Hallelujah.  
Sister help to trim the sail, Hallelujah.

River Jordan is chilly and cold, Hallelujah.  
Chills the body, but not the soul, Hallelujah.

The river is deep and the river is wide, Hallelujah.  
Milk and honey on the other side, Hallelujah.

Brother lend a helping hand, Hallelujah.  
Brother lend a helping hand, Hallelujah.

Men fight on with sword and gun, Hallelujah.  
Don't they know the battle's won, Hallelujah.

### **The More We Get Together**

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

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

## Mountain Dew

### *Chorus:*

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

### *Chorus Variation:*

They call it that good ol' Mountain Dew, and them that refuse it are few.  
You may go 'round the bend, but you'll come back again,  
For that good ol' Mountain Dew.

My Uncle Bill has a still on the hill where he fills up a jug full or two,  
Well the buzzards in the sky get so crazy they can't fly,  
Just from smellin' that good ol' Mountain Dew.

My Aunt June bought some perfume, sweet smellin' stuff was too,  
But to her surprise when she got it in her eyes,  
It was nothin' but that good ol' Mountain Dew.

You and me know that there's an old hollow tree, where you lay down a dollar or  
two,  
If you hush up your mug, they'll slip you a jug,  
Of that good ol' Mountain Dew.

Way up on the hill there's an old whiskey still, run by a hard working crew,  
You can tell by the whiff, you can tell by the smell,  
When they're making that good ol' 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 ol' Mountain Dew.

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 quart,  
Of that good ol' Mountain Dew.

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 ol' Mountain Dew.

My Uncle Fred had a still in the bed, where he brewed up a gallon or two,  
His wife drank it all, then you heard the matin' call,  
Just from drinkin' that good ol' Mountain Dew.

My Uncle Ron had a still on the john, where he brewed up a gallon or two,  
When the feds came a rushin', he'd give it a flushin',  
Of that good ol' Mountain Dew.

My Uncle Mort, was sawed-off and short, he measured 'bout four foot two,  
Well he thinks he's a giant, when you give him a pint,  
Of that good ol' Mountain Dew.

My Uncle Hank had an old Army tank, which he bought back in World War II,  
Well it didn't run on gasoline, it didn't run on kerosene,  
It ran on that good ol' Mountain Dew.

### **Mrs. Shady**

Oh Mrs. Shady, she was a lady.  
She had a daughter that I adore.  
I used to court her, I mean her daughter.  
Every Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday,  
afternoon at half past four.

*(Each time you sing it, you must add another week onto the end of the song. The object is not to breathe while singing the weeks.)*

### **MTA**

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

Well let me tell you a story about a man named Charlie,  
On a tragic and fateful day,  
He put ten cents in his pocket, kissed his wife and his family  
And took a ride on the MTA.

Charlie handed in his dime at the Scolay Square Station,  
And he changed for Jamaica Bay  
When he got there the conductor told him "One more nickel!"  
Charlie couldn't get off that train.

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

Charlie's wife goes down to the Kendall Square Station,  
Every day at quarter past two,  
And through the open window she throws Charlie a sandwich  
As the train goes rumbling through.

Now you citizens of Boston, don't you think it's a scandal,  
How you people have to pay and pay?  
Fight the fare increase, vote for GEORGE O'CONNELL\*  
And get Charlie off the MTA!

*\* One of the founders of Camp Barton's Scoutcraft Open Singing*

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

*Chorus:*

Bring back, bring back, oh bring back my bonnie to me, to me. (2x)

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, to me.

Last night as I lay on my pillow,  
Last night as I lay on my bed,  
Last night as I lay on my pillow,  
I dreamt that my Bonnie was dead, was dead.

*Other variations:*

My breakfast is over the railing,  
My luncheon lies over the rail,  
My supper lies in great commotion,  
Will someone please bring me a pail, a pail?

My Bonnie's complexion was make-up,  
Her face, it was beauteous to see,  
Until she got caught in a rainstorm,  
Oh bring back my Bonnie to me, to me.

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

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

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

## **My Hat It Has Three Corners**

My hat it has three corners, three corners has my hat,  
And had it not three corners, it would not be my hat.

## **Oh Susanna**

*Chorus:*

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

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,  
Susana don't you cry!

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,"  
Susana don't you cry!

## **Oh, What a Beautiful Morning**

There's a bright golden haze on the meadow, there's a bright golden haze on the  
meadow.  
The corn is as high as an elephant's eye, 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.

## **On My Honor**

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

## **One Bottle O' Pop**

*Part 1:*

One bottle o' pop, two bottle o' pop, three bottle o' pop, four bottle o' pop,  
Five bottle o' pop, six bottle o' pop, seven bottle o' pop, Pop.

*Part 2:*

Don't chuck your muck in my dust bin, my dust bin, my dust bin,  
Don't chuck your muck in my dust bin, my dust bin's full.

*Part 3:*

Fish and chips and vinegar, vinegar, vinegar,  
Fish and chips and vinegar, vinegar and Salt.

## **Our Paddles**

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.



## **Patsy-atsy-orey-aye**

### *Chorus:*

Patsy-atsy-orey-aye, patsy-atsy-orey-aye, patsy-atsy-orey-aye,  
Workin' on the railroad.

### *Chorus Variation:*

Patsy-orey-orey-aye, patsy-orey-orey-aye, patsy-orey-orey-aye,  
Workin' on the railroad.

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

In eighteen hundred and sixty-two, I found myself with nothing to do,  
I found myself with nothing to do, working on the railroad.

### *Continue as earlier verses:*

In eighteen hundred and sixty-three, American railroad hired me.  
In eighteen hundred and sixty-four, Found my back was awful sore.  
In eighteen hundred and sixty-five, Found myself more dead than alive.  
In eighteen hundred and sixty-six, I dropped a box of dynamite sticks.  
In eighteen hundred and sixty-seven, Found myself on the way to heaven.  
In eighteen hundred and sixty-eight, Found myself at the pearly gate.  
In eighteen hundred and sixty-nine, Found myself at the end of the line.  
In eighteen hundred and sixty-ten, You like this song, we'll sing it again.

## **Peanut Butter**

### *Chorus:*

Peanut butter, lots of peanut butter,  
Peanut butter, that's the best for me!

*Leader:* Have I got it on my chin?

*All:* Yes, you got it on your chin.

*Leader:* On my chin?

*All:* On your chin. Ohhh...

*(Continue with forehead, ear, tie, etc. with assistant putting peanut butter in each place as the song continues.)*

## **Peanut Butter and Jelly**

*Chorus:*

Peanut, Peanut Butter, Jelly. Peanut, Peanut Butter, Jelly.

First you take the peanuts and you pick ‘em,  
You pick ‘em, you pick ‘em, pick ‘em, pick ‘em.  
Then you smash ‘em, you smash ‘em, you smash ‘em, smash ‘em, smash ‘em.

Then you take the grapes and you pick ‘em,  
You pick ‘em, you pick ‘em, pick ‘em, pick ‘em.  
Then you squash ‘em, you squash ‘em, you squash ‘em, squash ‘em, squash ‘em.

Then you take the bread and you spread ‘em,  
You spread ‘em, you spread ‘em, spread ‘em, spread ‘em.  
Then you eat ‘em, you eat ‘em, you eat ‘em, eat ‘em, eat ‘em.

## **Pink Pajamas**

(Tune of: “Battle Hymn of the Republic”)

I wear my pink pajamas in the summer when it’s hot.  
I wear my flannel nightie in the winter when it’s not.  
And sometimes in the springtime and sometimes in the fall,  
I jump between the sheets with nothing on at all.

Glory, Glory, how peculiar.  
Glory, Glory, what’s it to yah.  
Balmy breezes blowing through yah,  
With nothing on at all.

## **The Pirate Song**

When I was one, I sucked my thumb,  
Before I went to sea.  
I climbed aboard the pirate ship, the Captain said to me:  
“We go this way, that way, forward, backwards, over the rolling sea,  
A bottle of coke to soothe my throat and that’s the life for me.”

*Continue as Previous Verse:*

When I was two, I tied my shoe  
When I was three, I climbed a tree  
When I was four, I shut the door  
When I was five, I took a dive  
When I was six, I picked up sticks  
When I was seven, I went to heaven  
When I was eight, I shut the gate  
When I was nine, I took more time  
When I was ten, I did it again

## Poison Ivy

*Chorus:*

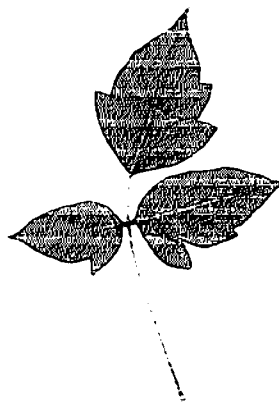
Poison ivy, poison ivy, well,  
Late at night while you're sleeping,  
Poison ivy comes a creepin' around.

She comes on like a rose,  
And everybody knows,  
She'll get you in dutch,  
You can look but you'd better not touch.

She's pretty as a daisy,  
But look out man she's crazy,  
She'll really do you in,  
If you let her get under your skin.

Measles make you bumpy and mumps'll make you lumpy,  
And chicken pox'll make you jump and twitch.  
A common cold'll cool you but whooping cough'll fool you,  
But poison ivy's gonna make you itch.

You're gonna need an ocean,  
of calamine lotion.  
You'll be scratching like a hound,  
The minute you start to mess around.



## **Puff the Magic Dragon**

*Chorus:*

Oh, Puff the magic dragon lived by the sea,  
And frolicked in the autumn mist in a land called Honilee.

Puff the magic dragon lived by the sea,  
And frolicked in the autumn mist in a land called Honilee.  
Little Jackie Paper, loved that rascal Puff,  
And brought him string and sealing wax and other fancy stuff.

Together they would travel on a boat with billowed sail,  
Jackie kept a lookout perched on Puff's gigantic tail.  
Noble kings and princes would bow when 'er they came,  
Pirate ships let down their flag when Puff roared out his name.

A dragon lives forever, but not so little boys,  
Giant strings and painted wings make way for other toys.  
One gray night it happened, Jackie Paper came no more,  
Puff that mighty dragon ceased his fearless, mighty roar.

His head was bent in sorrow; green scales fell like rain,  
Puff no longer came to play along the cherry lane.  
Without his lifelong friend Puff could not be brave,  
So Puff that magic dragon sadly slipped into his cave.

## **The Quartermaster's Store**

*Chorus:*

My eyes are dim, I cannot see.  
I have not brought my specs with me.  
I have not brought my specs with me.

There are mice, mice, mice running through the rice,  
At the store, at the store.  
There are mice, mice, mice running through the rice,  
At the Quartermaster's Store.

*Continue as first verse:*

There are snakes, snakes, snakes big as garden rakes.  
There are beans, beans, beans enough to fill your jeans.  
There are rats, rats, rats big as alley cats.  
There is butter, butter, butter running through the gutter.  
There is cheese, cheese, cheese that brings you to your knees.  
There are cakes, cakes, cakes that give us tummy aches.  
There is gravy, gravy, gravy rejected by the navy.  
There is bread, bread, bread with great big lumps of lead.  
There is meat, meat, meat that knocks you off your feet.  
There are eggs, eggs, eggs with bandy little legs.  
There are bees, bees, bees with knobby little knees.  
There is steak, steak, steak that keeps us all awake.  
There is lard, lard, lard that sells by the yard.  
There is coke, coke, coke that makes you want to choke.

## **Rattlin' Bog**

*Chorus:*

Way, hey, the rattlin' bog, the bog down in the valley-o,  
Way, hey, the rattlin' bog, the bog down in the valley-o

Well in that bog there was a hole, a rare hole, a rattlin' hole.  
The hole in the bog, and the bog down in the valley-o.

Well in that hole there was a tree, a rare tree, a rattlin' tree.  
The tree in the hole, the hole in the bog, and the bog down in the valley-o.

*Other verses:*

Limb, branch, twig, nest, egg, bird, wing, feather, flea

## **The Rich Man and the Poor Man**

*Chorus:*

Hi Ro Jerum, sing Hi Ro Jerum  
Skinna Malinky Doodlium,  
Skinna Malinky Doodlium,  
Glory Hallelujah, Hi Ro Jerum!

There was a rich man and he lived in Jerusalem.  
Glory Hallelujah, Hi Ro Jerum.  
He wore a silk hat and his coat was very sprucium.  
Glory Hallelujah, Hi Ro Jerum.

And at his gate there stood a human wreckium.  
Glory Hallelujah, Hi Ro Jerum.  
He wore a straw hat with the brim around his neckium.  
Glory Hallelujah, Hi Ro Jerum.

*Continue as earlier verses:*

The poor man asked for a piece of bread and cheesium.  
The rich man replied, "I'll call for a policium!"

The poor man died and his soul went to Heavnum.  
He danced with the angels till a quarter past elevenium.

The rich man died, but he didn't fare so wellium.  
He couldn't get to Heaven, so he went straight to Hellium.

The moral of this story is "Rishes are no jokium."  
We'll all go to Heaven 'cause we're all stony brokium.

## **Rise and Shine** (Better known as "Arky, Arky")

*Chorus:*

Rise and shine and give God your glory, glory.  
Rise and shine and give God your glory, glory.  
Rise and shine and give God your glory, glory.  
Children of the Lord.

God said to Noah, there's gonna be a floody, floody.  
God said to Noah, there's gonna be a floody, floody.  
Get my children out of the muddy, muddy.  
Children of the Lord.

So Noah, he built him, he built him an Arky, Arky.  
Noah, he built him, he built him an Arky, Arky.  
Built it out of hickory barky, barky.  
Children of the Lord.

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

It rained and poured for forty daysies, daysies.  
It rained and poured for forty daysies, daysies.  
Nearly drove those animals crazy, crazy.  
Children of the Lord.

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.

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

The animals they came out, they came out by threesies, threesies.  
The animals they came out, they came out by threesies, threesies.  
Learned about the birds and beesies, beesies.  
Children of the Lord.

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.

## **Rocky Mountain High**

He was born in the summer of his twenty-seventh year,  
Coming home to a place he'd never been before.  
He left yesterday behind him; you might say he was born again.  
You might say he found the key to every door.

When he first came to the mountains, his life was far away,  
On the road, and hanging by a song.  
But the string's already broken and he doesn't really care,  
It keeps changing fast and it don't last for long.

But the Colorado Rocky Mountain High,  
I've seen it rainin' fire in the sky.  
The shadow from the starlight is softer than a lullaby.  
Rocky Mountain High, in Colorado.  
Rocky Mountain High.

He climbed Cathedral Mountains, he saw silver clouds below,  
He saw everything as far as he could see.  
And they say that he got crazy once and he tried to touch the sun,  
And he lost a friend, but kept his memory.

Now he walks in quiet solitude, the forest and the stream,  
Seeking grace in every step he takes.  
His sight has turned inside himself to try and understand,  
The serenity of a clear, blue mountain lake.

But the Colorado Rocky Mountain High,  
I've seen it rainin' fire in the sky.  
Talk to God and listen to the casual reply.  
Rocky Mountain High, in Colorado.  
Rocky Mountain High.

Now his life is full of wonder, but his heart still knows some fear,  
Of a simple thing he cannot comprehend.  
Why they try to tear the mountains down to bring in a couple more,  
More people, more scars upon the land.



And the Colorado Rocky Mountain High,  
I've seen it rainin' fire in the sky.  
I know he'd be a poor man if he never saw an eagle fly.  
Rocky Mountain High.  
It's a Colorado Rocky Mountain High.  
I've seen it rainin' fire in the sky.  
Friends around the campfire and everybody's high.  
Rocky Mountain High, in Colorado.  
Rocky Mountain High.

### **Row, Row, Row Your Boat**

Row, row, row your boat, gently down the stream.  
Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily, life is but a dream.

#### *Other Verses:*

Row, row, row your boat, gently up the stream.  
Throw your leader overboard and listen to him scream.

Row, row, row your boat, gently down the stream.  
Ha, ha fooled ya, I'm a submarine.

Propel, propel, propel your craft, placidly down the liquid solution.  
Ecstatically, ecstatically, ecstatically, ecstatically, existence is but an illusion.

### **Scout Socks**

Scout socks they never get dirty,  
The more that you wear them, the cleaner they get.  
Sometimes I think I should launder them,  
Then I think to myself, oh no not yet, not yet, not yet.

### **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 campfire 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 Spirit

I've got that scouting spirit,  
Up in my head (where?), up in my head (where?), up in my head  
I've got that scouting spirit up in my head,  
Up in my head to stay.

*Other verses:*

Deep in my heart, down in my feet, all over me.

## Second Story Window

Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard, to get her poor dog a bone.  
When she got there, the cupboard was bare,  
She threw it out the window, the window, the second story window.  
When she got there, the cupboard was bare; she threw it out the window.

Mary had a little lamb, its fleece as white as snow,  
And everywhere that Mary went,  
She threw it out the window, the window, the second story window.  
And everywhere that Mary went, She threw it out the window.

*Other Verses: (Continue as previous verses)*

Jack and Jill went up the hill to fetch a pail of water.  
Jack fell down and broke his crown...

Old King Cole was a merry old soul, a merry old soul was he.  
He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl...

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner, eating a fresh baked pie.  
He put in his thumb and he pulled out a plum...

Yankee doodle came to town; riding on a pony,  
He stuck a feather in his cap...

Jack Sprat could eat no fat; his wife could eat no lean.  
And so between the both of them...

## Seven Old Ladies

*Chorus:*

Oh dear, what can the matter be,  
Seven old ladies stuck in the lavatory.  
They were there from Sunday till Saturday,  
And nobody knew they were there.

*Pick Any Seven Verses:*

The first to go in was old Mrs. Flynn, she prided herself on being quite thin,  
But when she sat down, she fell right in,  
And nobody knew she was there.

The next to go in was old Mrs. Murray, she was in one heck of a hurry,  
But when she sat down it was too late to worry,  
And nobody knew she was there.

The next to go in was old Mrs. Stein, when she got there she hadn't a dime,  
So she vaulted the door and fractured her spine,  
And nobody knew she was there.

The next to go in was old Mrs. Humphrey, she sat down and got real comfy,  
She went to get up, but couldn't get her rump free,  
And nobody knew she was there.

The next to go in was old Mrs. Bender, she came in to fix her suspender,  
The suspender snapped and fractured her feminine gender,  
And nobody knew she was there.

The next to go in was old Mrs. Shaper, when she was done she found no paper,  
And then she was overcome by the vapor,  
And nobody knew she was there.

The next to go in was old Mrs. Draper; she sat herself down but found no paper,  
She was forced to clean with a plasterer's scraper,  
And nobody knew she was there

The next to go in was Old Mrs. Potter; she went in to pass some superfluous water,  
She pulled on the chain and the rising tide caught her,  
And nobody knew she was there.

The next to go in was old Mrs. Clancy; she went there 'cause something tickled her  
fancy,  
But when she got there it was just ants in her pantsy,  
And nobody knew she was there.

The next to go in was old Mrs. Shuster, she sat on the handle, she thought  
somebody goosed her;  
She said, "It don't feel like it used to",  
And nobody knew she was there.

The next to go in was old Mrs. Mason, the stalls were all full so she pissed in the  
basin,  
And that is the water that I washed my face in,  
And nobody knew she was there.

The next to go in was old Mrs. McArthur, she needed to go, to the washroom she  
darted;  
But when she sat down she only farted,  
And nobody knew they were there...

The next to go in was Old Mrs. Dover, always known as a bit of a rover,  
She passed out in the ladies napkin disposal,  
And nobody knew she was there.

The last to go in was old Mrs. Slaughter, she was the Duke of Earlington's  
daughter,  
She had gone in to pass excess water,  
And nobody knew she was there.

The janitor came in the early morning, he opened the door without any warning,  
The seven old ladies their seats were adorning,  
And nobody knew they were there.

### **Shalom Chaverim**

Shalom, chaverim. Shalom, chaverim. Shalom, shalom.  
Lehitraot, lehitraot. Shalom, shalom.

Farewell, good friends. Farewell, good friends. Farewell, farewell.  
Till we meet again, till we meet again. Farewell, farewell.

### **She'll Be Comin' 'Round the Mountain**

#### *Optional Chorus:*

Singin' ti-yi-yipee-yipee-yay, singin' ti-yi-yipee-yipee-yay,  
Singin' ti-yi-yipee-yipee, ti-yi-yipee-yipee, ti-yi-yipee-yipee-yay.

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

She'll be drivin' six white horses 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 comes. (Whoa Back, Toot, Toot!)

#### *Continue as previous verse:*

And we'll all go out to meet her when she comes. (Hi Babe!)  
Well the dogs'll start to holler when she comes. (Bark, Bark!)  
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!)  
We'll be sipping sasparilla when she comes. (Slurp, Slurp!)  
And we'll wear our bright red woolies when she comes. (Scratch, Scratch!)  
And she'll have to sleep with Grandma when she comes. (Snore, Snore!)

## Singing in the Rain

*All:* I'm singing in the rain, just singing in the rain,  
What a glorious feeling, I'm happy again.

*Leader:* Thumbs up!

*All:* Choo choo, cha cha, choo choo, cha cha, cha cha cha,  
Choo choo, cha cha, choo choo, cha cha, cha cha cha.

*All:* I'm singing in the rain, just singing in the rain,  
What a glorious feeling, I'm happy again.

*Leader:* Thumbs up! Elbows in!

*All:* Choo choo, cha cha, choo choo, cha cha, cha cha cha,  
Choo choo, cha cha, choo choo, cha cha, cha cha cha.

*(Continue with knees together, butt out, chest out, tongue out.)*

## Six Pence

I've got six pence, jolly, jolly six pence, I've got six pence to last me all my life.  
I've got two pence to spend, and two pence to land, and two pence to send home to  
my wife. (Poor wife!)

No cares have I to grieve me, no sassy little girls to deceive me,  
I'm as happy as a lark, believe me as we go rolling, rolling home.  
Rolling home, (Rolling home!) Rolling home, (Rolling home!)  
By the light of the silvery moon,  
Happy as the day when the staff gets paid,  
As we go rolling, rolling home.

I've got four pence, jolly, jolly four pence, I've got four pence to last me all my  
life.

I've got two pence to spend, and two pence to land, and no pence to send home to  
my wife. (Poor wife!)

No cares have I to grieve me, no sassy little girls to deceive me,  
I'm as happy as a lark, believe me as we go rolling, rolling home.  
Rolling home, (Rolling home!) Rolling home, (Rolling home!)  
By the light of the silvery moon,  
Happy as the day when the staff gets paid,

As we go rolling, rolling home.

*(Continue with "I've got two pence" and then "I've got no pence." End the song with "I've got credit," ending at the line: "I've got credit to send home to my wife. (Yeah right!).")*

## **Sixteen Tons**

*Chorus:*

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

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

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

I was born one mornin' in a drizzlin' rain,  
And a fightin' trouble is my middle name.  
I was raised in a cane-brake by an old mama lion,  
Can't no high-toned woman make me walk no line.

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

## **The Sloop John B.**

*Chorus:*

So hoist up the John B. sails, see how the main sails sets.  
Send for the Captain ashore, let me go home.  
Let me go home, I want to go home.  
I feel so break-up, I want to go home.

We come on the Sloop John B., my Grandfather and me.  
'Round Nassau town we did roam.  
Drinking all night, got into a fight,  
Well I feel so break-up, I want to go home.

The first mate, he got drunk, and broke-up the people's trunk,  
The Constable had to come and take him away.  
Sheriff John Stone, why don't you leave me alone?  
Well I feel so break-up, I want to go home.

The poor cook he caught the fits, threw away all of my grits,  
Then he took and ate up all of my corn.  
Let me go home, I want to go home,  
This is the worst trip I've ever been on.

## **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 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 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 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 freeman 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.

### **Star Wars Jingle**

(Tune of: "Are You Sleeping, Brother John")

R2-D2, R2-D2, C-3PO, C-3PO,  
Obi-wan Kenobi, Obi-wan Kenobi, Han Solo, Han Solo.

Princess Leia, Princess Leia, Luke Skywalker, Luke Skywalker,  
Yoda the Jedi Master, Yoda the Jedi Master, And Lando, And Lando.

Grand Moff Tarkin, Grand Moff Tarkin, Jabba the Hutt, Jabba the Hutt,  
Emperor Palpatine, Emperor Palpatine, Darth Vader, Darth Vader.

## The State Song

### *Part 1: (Delaware)*

Oh, what did Della-ware, boys, oh, what did Della-ware?  
Oh what did Della-ware, boys, oh, what did Della-ware?  
Oh what did Della-ware, boys, oh, what did Della-ware?  
I ask you again, as a personal friend, oh, what did Della-ware?

### *Part 2: (New Jersey)*

She wore a New Jersey, boys, she wore a New Jersey.  
She wore a New Jersey, boys, she wore a New Jersey.  
She wore a New Jersey, boys, she wore a New Jersey.  
I'll tell you again, as a personal friend, she wore a New Jersey.

### *Other Verses:*

What did Tenna-see, boys? (Tennessee)  
She saw what Arkin-saw, boys. (Arkansas)

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 Io-weigh, boys? (Iowa)  
She weighed a Washing-ton, boys. (Washington)

Where did Ida-hoe, boys? (Idaho)  
She hoed her Merry-land, boys. (Maryland)

What did Missy-sip, boys? (Mississippi)  
She sipped a 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 back taxes. (Texas)

Why did Calie-phone-ya? (California)  
She phoned to say How-ah-yee. (Hawaii)

How did Flora-die, boys? (Florida)  
She died of Misery, boys. (Missouri)

### **Super Suffocation**

*Chorus:*

Suffocation, super suffocation.  
Suffocation, the game we like to play.

First you take a garden hose, then you stick it up your nose.  
Turn it on, then you're gone. Oh...

Next you take a plastic bag, then you put it on your head.  
Go to bed, wake up dead. Oh...

Next you take a piece of rope, then you put it 'round your throat.  
Pull it tight, out of sight. Oh...

### **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 pain, and the workers wouldn't work.  
So the cheapest thing to do was to fill it in with dirt.

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.

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.

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.

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

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 everyone ran like hell.

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.

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.

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.

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 she kicked the chandelier.

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 a devil ever since that day.

### **Sunny Side**

Stay on the sunny side, always on the sunny side,  
Stay on the sunny side of life.  
You'll feel no pain as we drive you insane,  
If you'll stay on the sunny side of life.

*(Insert a knock, knock joke in between each 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.

### **Sweet Betsy from Pike**

*Chorus:*

Singin' too-ral-li-oo-ral-li-oo-ral-li-ay. Singin' too-ral-li-oo-ral-li-oo-ral-li-ay.

Did you ever hear tell of Sweet Betsy from Pike,  
Who crossed the wide praries with her lover Ike,  
Two yoke of cattle, a large yeller dog,  
A tall Shanghai rooster, and a one-spotted hog.

One evening quite early they camped on the Platte,  
'Twas near by the road on a green shady flat.  
Betsy, sore-footed, lay down to repose,  
With wonder Ike gazed on that Pike County rose.

Out on the prairie one bright, starry night,  
They broke out the whiskey, and Betsy got tight.  
She sang and she shouted and danced o'er the plain,  
And she showed her bare arse to the whole wagon train.

The Shanghai ran off and the cattle all died,  
That morning the last piece of bacon was fried.  
"Dear old Pike County, I'll go back to you"  
Says Betsy, "You'll go by yourself if you do!"

They soon reached the desert, where Betsy gave out,  
And down in the sand she lay rolling about.  
While Ike in great terror looked on in surprise,  
Saying, "Betsy get up, you'll get sand in your eyes."

Sweet Betsy got up in a great deal of pain,  
And declared she'd go back to Pike County again.  
Then Ike heaved a sigh and they fondly embraced,  
And she traveled along with his arm 'round her waist.

The wagon tipped over with a terrible crash,  
And out on the prairie rolled all sorts of trash.  
A few little baby clothes done up with care,  
Looked rather suspicious though 'twas on the square.

The Injuns came down in a thundering horde,  
And Betsy was scared they would scalp her adored.  
So under the wagon-bed Betsy did crawl,  
And she fought off the Injuns with musket and ball.

They swam the wide rivers and crossed the tall peaks,  
And camped on the desert for weeks upon weeks.  
Starvation and cholera, hard work and slaughter,  
They reached California 'spite of hell and high water.

Long Ike and sweet Betsy attended a dance,  
Where Ike wore a pair of his Pike County pants.  
Sweet Betsy was covered with ribbons and rings,  
Quote Ike, "You're an angel, but where are your wings?"

A miner said, "Betsy, will you dance with me?"  
"I will that, old hoss, if you don't make too free.  
Don't dance me hard; do you want to know why?  
Doggone you, I'm chock-full of strong alkali."

Long Ike and sweet Betsy got married of course,  
But Ike getting jealous obtained a divorce.  
And Betsy well satisfied, said with a shout,  
"Goodbye, you big lummo, I'm glad you backed out!"

### **Swimming Hole**

Swimming, swimming in the swimming hole,  
When days are hot, when days are cold, it's in the swimming hole.  
Breaststroke, sidestroke, fancy diving too,  
Don't you wish you hadn't had anything else to do?

### **Swing Low, Sweet Chariot**

*Chorus:*

Swing low, sweet chariot, comin' for to carry me home.  
Swing low, sweet chariot, comin' for to carry me home.

Well I looked over Jordan and what did I see, comin' for to carry me home.  
A band of angels comin' after me, comin' for to carry me home.

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

I'm sometimes up and sometimes down, comin' for to carry me home.  
But still my soul feels heav'nly bound, comin' for to carry me home.

The brightest day that I can say, comin' for to carry me home.  
When Jesus wash'd my sins away, comin' for to carry me home.

## Tale of Tom Gilligan

*Chorus:*

Singing too-ra-lee-oo-ra-lee ay me boys  
Singing too-ra-lee-oo-ra-lee ay

Come all ye good people, attend to my song,  
And I'll tell you a story that's not very long.  
It's the tale of Tom Gilligan, the farmer from Maine,  
And I'll tell it just once and I'll tell it again.

Tom Gilligan he had a fine ten-acre field,  
Full of turnips and cabbages, a marvelous yield,  
But the birds, they were eating the best of his crop,  
So he built him a scarecrow to persuade them to stop.

Tom Gilligan was walking through his field one dark night,  
When he suddenly heard a most terrible fright,  
For as just as he came to the end of his walk,  
The Scarecrow accosted him and started to talk.

Tom trembled and shook and he instantly swore,  
"For the rest of me days, I'll not drink a drop more."  
But the Scarecrow piped up, "Friend you're perfectly sane,  
I'm the first talking Scarecrow in the whole state of Maine."



Now people started coming from far and from wide,  
To admire ol' Tom's Scarecrow, his joy and his pride.  
"That Scarecrow's a wonder," said Big Jim McGrew,  
"Let's run him for Senator and see how he'll do!"

The Scarecrow campaigned the whole summer long,  
He didn't say much right, but he didn't say much wrong.  
So when Election Day came, well the choice was quite plain,  
The Scarecrow was elected as the Senator from Maine.

The Scarecrow puffed up, he looked mighty proud,  
As he smiled, he bowed, and he waved to the crowd,  
But then up stood a young boy and bravely he cried,  
"Why you're just an old Scarecrow all puffed up with pride!"



Now my tale has a moral as you clearly can see,  
If a scarecrow starts talking, well just let him be.  
Don't start conversing or he'll take you all in,  
And don't run him for Senator, in case he should win!

### **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 (and Friends)**

I like bananas, coconuts, and wild grapes! (Uh!)  
I like bananas, coconuts, and wild grapes! (Uh!)  
I like bananas, coconuts, and wild grapes! (Uh!)  
That's why they call me: Tarzan of the Apes!

I like Spinach packed up in a can!  
I like Spinach packed up in a can!  
I like Spinach packed up in a can!  
That's why they call me: Popeye the Sailor Man!

I like lasagna, enough to make me fat!  
I like lasagna, enough to make me fat!  
I like lasagna, enough to make me fat!  
That's why they call me: Garfield the Cat!

I like a honey pot full of sticky goo!  
I like a honey pot full of sticky goo!  
I like a honey pot full of sticky goo!  
That's why they call me: Winnie the Pooh!

## **There Ain't No Flies on Us**

There ain't no flies on us, there ain't no flies on us,  
There may be flies on some of you guys, but there ain't no flies on us.

## **There's a Hole in My Bucket**

*Georgie:* There's a hole in my bucket, dear Liza, dear Liza.  
There's a hole in my bucket, dear Liza, a hole.

*Liza:* Then mend it, dear Georgie, dear Georgie, dear Georgie.  
Then mend it, dear Georgie, dear Georgie, mend it.

*Georgie:* With what shall I mend it, dear Liza, dear Liza?  
With what shall I mend it, dear Liza, with what?

*Liza:* With a straw, dear Georgie, dear Georgie, dear Georgie.  
With a straw, dear Georgie, dear Georgie, a straw.

*Continue as Previous Verses:*

*Georgie:* The straw is too long...

*Liza:* Then cut it...

*Georgie:* With what shall I cut it...

*Liza:* With a knife...

*Georgie:* The knife is too blunt...

*Liza:* Then sharpen it...

*Georgie:* With what shall I sharpen it...

*Liza:* With a stone...

*Georgie:* The stone is too dry...

*Liza:* Then wet it...

*Georgie:* With what shall I wet it...

*Liza:* With some water...

*Georgie:* With what shall I fetch it...

*Liza:* With a bucket...

*Georgie:* But, there's a hole in my bucket...

## **There Was an Old Lady**

There was an old lady, who swallowed a fly,  
I don't know why she swallowed that fly, I guess she'll die.

There was an old lady, who swallowed a spider,  
That wriggled and jiggled and wiggled inside her.  
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly,  
I don't know why she swallowed that fly, I guess she'll die.

There was an old lady, who swallowed a bird,  
How absurd to swallow a bird.  
She swallowed the bird to catch the spider,  
That wriggled and jiggled and wiggled inside her.  
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly,  
I don't know why she swallowed that fly, I guess she'll die.

*Continue as Previous Verses:*

There was an old lady who swallowed a cat, fancy that to swallow a cat.  
There was an old lady who swallowed a dog, what a hog to swallow a dog.  
There was an old lady who swallowed a goat, just opened her throat and swallowed  
a goat.  
There was an old lady who swallowed a cow; I don't know how she swallowed a  
cow.  
There was an old lady who swallowed a horse; She's dead of course!

## **This is My Father's World**

This is my Father's world, and to my listening ears,  
All nature sings and 'round me rings, the music of the spheres.  
This is my Father's world; I rest me in the thought,  
Of 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; oh 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 has made, that the Lord has made.  
We will rejoice, we will rejoice and be glad in it, and be glad in it.  
This is the day that the Lord has made,  
We will rejoice and be glad in it.  
This is the day, this is the day that the Lord has 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 redwood forest to the Gulf Stream waters,  
This land was made for you and me.

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

I roamed and rambled and 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 then 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.

## **Three Sharp-Toothed Buzzards**

Three sharp-toothed buzzards, three sharp-toothed buzzards,  
Three sharp-toothed buzzards sitting in a dead tree.  
One flew away, what a shame!

Two sharp-toothed buzzards, two sharp-toothed buzzards,  
Two sharp-toothed buzzards sitting in a dead tree.  
One flew away, what a shame!

*(Continue until there are no sharp-toothed buzzards left, and then have them return one by one.)*

## **Tie Me Kangaroo Down**

*Chorus:*

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

Watch me wallaby's feed, mate, watch me wallaby's feed.  
They're a dangerous breed, mate, so watch me wallaby's feed.

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

Mind me platypus duck-bill, mind me platypus duck.  
Don't let him go running amok, Bill, just mind me platypus duck.

Let me Abos go loose, Lew, let me Abos go loose.  
They're of no further use, Lew, so let me Abos go loose.

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

## The Titanic



*Chorus:*

Oh it was sad, (so sad!)

Yes, it was sad, (so sad!)

It was sad when the great ship went down to the bottom of the...

*Part 1:* sea-e-e-e

*Part 2:* 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 thought they had a ship that the sea would not go through,  
But the Lord's almighty hand knew the ship would never land.  
It was sad when the great ship went down.

Oh they were not far from shore, 'bout a thousand miles or more  
When the rich refused to associate with the poor,  
So they put them down below where they were the first to go.  
It was sad when the great ship went down.

Oh the ship was full of sin with the hull about to burst.  
When the Captain shouted, "Women and children first!"  
Oh the Captain tried to wire, but the lines were all on fire.  
It was sad when the great ship went down.

Oh they swung the lifeboats out, o'er the deep and raging sea,  
When the band struck up with nearer my God to thee.  
Little children wept and cried as the waves swept o'er the side.  
It was sad when the great ship went down.

So they built another ship and they called her Mary Lou,  
And the bow was pink and the stern was baby blue.  
They christened her with (root) beer and she sank right off the pier.  
It was great when the sad ship went down

*Different Chorus For Last Verse:*

Oh it was great, (so great!)

Oh it was great, (so great!)

It was great when the sad ship went down to the bottom of the...

*Part 1:* sea-e-e-e

*Part 2: Uncles and Aunts, little children wet their pants.  
It was great when the sad ship went down.*

## **Top-notcher**

I points to myself, right here, right here, *(point to top of head)*  
Vas is mine Top-notcher, ya mama dear,  
Top-notcher, Top-notcher, ya mama dear.  
Dat's what I learned at der scout camp.

I points to myself, right her, right here, *(point to forehead)*  
Vas is mine Sweat-browser, ya mama dear,  
Sweat-browser, Top-notcher, ya mama dear.  
Dat's what I learned at der scout camp. Boom, boom.

*Continue as previous verses, repeating each previous body part in order during the third line:*

<i>Sing:</i>	<i>Point to:</i>
Eye-winker	Eyes
Horn-blower	Nose
Soup-strainer	Mustache/upper lip
Bull-shooter	Mouth
Chin-chowser	Chin
Rubber-necker	Neck
Chest-protector	Chest
Bread-basket	Stomach
Knee-knocker	Knees
Foot-stomper	Feet

## **Waltzing Matilda**

*Chorus:*  
Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda,  
“Who’ll come a waltzing Matilda with me?”  
And he sang as he set and waited while his billy boiled,  
“Who’ll come a waltzing Matilda with me?”

Once a jolly swagman camped beside a billabong,  
Under the shade of a coolibah tree,  
And he sang as he sat and waited while his billy boiled,  
“Who’ll come a-waltzing Matilda with me?”

Down came a jumbuck to drink at the billabong,  
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee,  
And he sang as he stowed that jumbuck in his tuckerbag,  
“Who’ll come a waltzing Matilda with me?”

Up came the squatter, mounted on his thoroughbred,  
Down came the troopers: one, two, three.  
“Where’s that jolly jumbuck you’ve got in your tuckerbag?”  
“Who’ll come a waltzing Matilda with me?”

Up jumped the swagman and sprang into the billabong,  
“You’ll never take me alive,” said he.  
And his ghost may be heard as you pass beside that billabong,  
“Who’ll come a waltzing Matilda with me?”

*(Translation: Billabong: Pond, Billy: Stew Pot, Jumbuck: Sheep, Swagman: Hobo, Squatter: Landowner, Tuckerbag: Knapsack)*

## **When Johnny Comes Marching Home**

When Johnny comes marching home again, Hurrah, Hurrah,  
We’ll give him a hearty welcome then, Hurrah, Hurrah,  
The men will cheer and the boys will shout,  
The ladies they will all turn out,  
And we’ll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching home.

The old church bell will peal with joy, Hurrah, Hurrah,  
To welcome home our darling boy, Hurrah, Hurrah,  
The village lads and lassies say,  
With roses they will strew the way,  
And we’ll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching home.



Get ready for the Jubilee, Hurrah, Hurrah,  
We'll give the hero three times three, Hurrah, Hurrah,  
The laurel wreath is ready now,  
To place upon his loyal brow,  
And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching home.

### **When the Saints Go Marching In**

Oh, when the Saints go marching in, oh, when the Saints go marching in,  
Oh Lord how I want to be in that number, oh, when the Saints go marching in.

#### *Other Verses:*

And when the revelation comes.  
Oh, when the new world is revealed.  
Oh, when they gather 'round the throne.  
And when they crown Him King of Kings.  
And when the sun no more will shine.  
And when the moon has turned to blood.  
And when the Earth has turned to fire.  
And on the hallelujah day.

### **Where Have All the Flowers Gone**

Where have all the flowers gone? Long time passing.  
Where have all the flowers gone? Long time ago.  
Where have all the flowers gone? Young girls picked them, everyone.  
When will they ever learn? When will they ever learn?

Where have all the young girls gone? Long time passing.  
Where have all the young girls gone? Long time ago.  
Where have all the young girls gone? They've gone to young men, everyone.  
When will they ever learn? When will they ever learn?

#### *Continue as Previous Verses:*

Where have all the young men gone? ... They've gone to soldiers, everyone.  
Where have all the soldiers gone? ... They've gone to graveyards, everyone.  
Where have all the graveyards gone? ... They've gone to flowers, everyone.  
Where have all the flowers gone? ... They've gone to young girls, everyone.

## **Worms**

*Chorus:*

Long, slim, slimy ones; short, fat, juicy ones; itsy, bitsy, fuzzy, wuzzy worms.

Nobody likes me; everybody hates me,  
I'm gonna eat some worms.

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

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

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

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

## **Yankee Doodle**

*Chorus:*

Yankee Doodle, keep it up. Yankee Doodle, dandy.  
Mind the music and the step, and with the girls be handy.

Yankee Doodle went to town, riding on a pony,  
Stuck a feather in his cap and called it macaroni.

Father and I went down to camp, along with Captain Goodwin,  
And there we saw the men and boys as thick as hasty puddin'.

And there we saw a thousand men, as rich as Squire David,  
And what they wasted every day, I wished it could be saved.

And there they had a swamping gun, big as a log of maple,  
They tied it to a wooden cart, a load for Father's cattle.

And every time they shoot it off, it takes a horn of powder,  
And makes a noise like Father's gun, only a nation louder.

## **You Are My Sunshine**

*Chorus:*

You are my sunshine, my only sunshine.  
You make me happy, when skies are gray.  
You'll never know dear, how much I love you.  
Please don't take my sunshine away.

The other night, dear, as I lay sleeping,  
I dreamed I held you in my arms.  
When I awoke, dear, I was mistaken,  
So I hung my head and cried.

I'll always love you and make you happy,  
If you will only say the same,  
But if you leave me, to love another,  
You'll regret it all some day.

You told me once, dear, you really loved me,  
And no one else could come between.  
But now you've left me, to love another,  
You have shattered all my dreams.