

 *More*
Songs

(Less Popular/Known)



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Muff the Tragic Wagon

(Sung to the tune of Puff the Magic Dragon)

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

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

Children live forever, but not so children's toys,
Wagons can't forever be a friend to little boys.
And one gray day it happened while Tommy took his nap,
A garbage truck ran over Muff and turned him into scrap. (chorus)

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

Turkey Day

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

My turkey went walking one morning
The November weather to see.
A man with a hatchet approached her.
Oh, bring back my turkey to me.

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

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

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

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



Jaws

(Tune: Do Re Mi)

JAWS A mouth, a great big mouth
TEETH The things that kinda crunch
BITE The friendly sharks "hello"
US His favorite juicy lunch
BLOOD That turns the ocean red
CHOMP That means the sharks been fed
GULP That will bring us back to
JAWS! JAWS! JAWS! JAWS!

Gopher Guts

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

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

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

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

Commercial Mixup

(Tune: Farmer in the Dell)

Last night I watched TV.
I saw my favorite show
I heard this strange commercial
I can't believe it's so.

Feed your dog Chiffon,
Comet cures a cold
Use SOS pads on your face
To keep from looking old.

Mop your floor with Crest.
Use Crisco on your tile.
Clean your teeth with Borateem,
It leaves a shining smile.

For headaches take some Certs,
Use Tide to clean your face.
And do shampoo with Elmer's Glue
It holds your hair in place.



Perhaps I am confused.
I might not have it right.
But one things that I'm certain of. . .
I'll watch TV. tonight!

Sam, Sam, the Lavatory Man

The motions are a must when singing this song.

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

The Titanic

1. Oh, they built the ship Titanic,
To sail the ocean blue,
And they built her so
The water wouldn't go through.
But the good Lord raised his hand,
Said the ship would never land,
It was sad when the great ship went down.
Chorus:
It was sad (so sad)
It was sad (mighty sad)
It was sad when the great ship went down
To the bottom of the sea....
(husbands and wives, little children lost their lives)
It was sad when the great ship went down.
2. They were sailing close to England
Not forty miles from shore
When the rich refused to associate with the poor.
So they sent them down below,
Where they'd be the first to go.
It was sad when the great ship went down.
Chorus
3. Twas the 14th of April
The fourth month of the year
The Titanic hit an iceberg
That everyone could hear
They suffered and they cried
"Good Lord don't let us die"
It was sad when the great ship went down.
Chorus
4. They lowered all the lifeboats
To the dark and stormy sea,
As the band was playing
"God Be Close To Me."
The captain tried to wire
But the wires were on fire
It was sad when the great ship went down.



Chorus

5. Oh the moral of this story,
As you can plainly see,
Is to wear a life preserver
When you go out to sea.
The Titanic once was
But never more shall be,
It was sad when the great ship went down.

Chorus

Willies Underwear

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Long Johns

(Tune : Bye, bye, blackbird)

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

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

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



The MacTavish Brothers

(to the tune of "The Irish Washerwoman")

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

Oh Tom the Toad

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

Oh, Tom the Toad, Oh, Tom the Toad
Why are you lying in the road?
Oh, Tom the Toad, Oh, Tom the Toad
Why are you lying in the road?
Didn't you see, that light turn red?
Now there are tracks, across your head.
Oh, Tom the Toad, Oh, Tom the Toad
Why are you lying in the road?

Oh, Kitty Cat, Oh, Kitty Cat, Why does your tongue hang out like that? x2
Why were you running from the mutts? Now that truck, spread out your guts...

Oh Fred the fish, Oh Fred the fish, Why are you lying on the dish? x2
You did not see the hook ahead, And now your head is stuffed with bread ...

Oh Bill the bug, oh Bill the bug, What are you doing on the rug. x2
You did not see the foot ahead, and now your just a spot of red,

Oh Rog the dog, Oh Rog the dog, Why did you jump on that green log? x2
You used to like to play and track. But now you are a gator's snack.

Oh AL the Gater, Oh Al the gater You should have waited until later. x2
You sat upon the yellow line, and now you're just a streak of slime

Oh Sue the Skunk, Oh Sue the Skunk Why do you make my tires go thunk? x2
You did not look from East to West Now on the road there's such a mess.

Oh Sam the Snake, Oh Sam the Snake Why do you lie out there and bake? x2
You did not see that truck go by Now you look like a butterfly.

Oh Possum Pete, Oh Possum Pete There's nothing left but hair and feet x2
You thought you'd beat that bus across Now you look like a pile of moss.

Arm'dillo Tex, Arm'dillo Tex, Why are you looking so perplexed? x2
Across the yellow line you strayed, The truck hit you - like a grenade!

Oh Froggie Fred, Oh Froggie Fred, Why do you lie there stone-cold dead? x2
You didn't look as you jumped out, A ten-ton truck ran up your snout!

Oh Swallow Sam, Oh Swallow Sam, What turned your body into jam? x2
In the air you'd quickly speed, An eighteen-wheeler made you bleed.

Oh Doggie Spot, Oh Doggie Spot, Upon the road you're such a blot. x2
Out in the lane you boldly went, Now your bod's not worth a cent!

Oh Bunny Ben, Oh Bunny Ben, Why is your body flat and thin? x2
Out on the road you quickly jumped, You didn't count on getting bumped.



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

Related Verses

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

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall, Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.
All the King's horses and all the King's men
Had omelets.

The Cremation of Sam McGee

There are strange things done 'neath the midnight sun
by the men who toil for gold.
The arctic trails have their secret tales
that would make your blood run cold.
The northern lights have seen queer sights
but the queerest they ever did see,
was that night on the marge of Lake LeBarge
when I cremated Sam McGee.

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

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

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

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



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

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

And every day that quiet clay
seemed to heavy and heavier grow.
But on I went, though the dogs were spent
and the grub was getting low.
The trail was bad, and I felt half mad,
but I swore I would not give in.
And I'd often sing to the hateful thing
and it harkened with a grin!

Then I came to the marge of Lake LeBarge
and a derelict there lay.
It was choked with ice, but I say in a thrice
it was named the "Alice May".
I looked at it, and I thought a bit,
then I turned to my frozen chum,
and "This" said I with a sudden cry
"is my crematorium!"

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

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

I do not know how long in the snow
I wrestled with grisly fear.
But the stars were out and they danced about
'ere again I ventured near.



I was sick with dread, but I bravely said
"I'll just take a peek inside.
He's probably cooked, it's time I looked."
Then the door I opened wide.

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

There are strange things done 'neath the midnight sun
by the men who toil for gold.
The arctic trails have their secret tales
that would make your blood run cold.
The northern lights have seen strange sights,
but the queerest they ever did see
was that night on the marge of Lake LeBarge
when I cremated Sam McGee.

My Dead Dog Rover

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

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

Another version --

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

Mom, Wash My Underwear

Tune: "God Bless America"

Mom, wash my underwear, my only pair.
We can find them, and move them,
From the heap by the side of the chair.
To the washer, to the clothesline,
To my backpack, to my rear.
Mom, wash my underwear, my only pair.
Mom, wash my underwear, my only pair.



Underwear

Tune: "Over There"

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

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

Baby Bumble Bee

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

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

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

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

I'm mopping up my baby bumble bee
Won't my Mommie be so proud of me?
I'm mopping up my baby bumble bee...
Mommie, aren't you proud of me?
Can be substituted with many other words

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

Verse 1: Hands are cupped together as if carrying a captured bee. You walk in place and swings hands back and forth as you sing, in time to the music, until you get to the exclamation (Ouch!). Here you stop all movement to emphasize the statement, with an appropriate "unfair of the bee" face. Movement begins again with...

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

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

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

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



Where Will You Be

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

Chorus.

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

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

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

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

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

Chorus.

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

(PAUSE)

DEAD!!!!!!!!!!

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

Happy Birthday

Tune: Volga Boat Men

Chorus:

Happy Birthday, Ugh.

Happy Birthday, Ugh.

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

Verses:

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

But...?

chorus

One year closer to the grave,
Think of all the food we'll save

But...?

chorus

Easter Bunny broke his leg,
Bled all over the Easter Eggs,

But...?

chorus

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

but...?

chorus

Adamms Family Grace

Tune: Addams Family Theme (TV)



Chorus:
Da da da dum (snap snap)
Da da da dum (snap snap)
Da da da dum
Da da da dum
Da da da dum (snap snap)

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

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

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

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

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

*Note: Cross arms when snapping fingers

A Scout's Christmas
(tune: Jingle Bells)

Dashing through the den,
With a rope held by each end,
Tying a bowline knot
Then showing what I've got.

Whittling with my knife
On a practice Dial soap bar.
I can hardly wait,
Scout camp can't be far.

Bait a hook,
Learn to cook,
Bike ro-de-os.
Neckerchief slides,
Canned food drives,
Learning to take photos.

Pancake mix,



Carving sticks,
Keeps us on the run.
Our families
Make all these
Memories so much fun.

Dashing through the camp,
Putting up the tents,
Popping all the corn,
Blowing that morning horn.

Of scout camp we all dream
We'll soon be old enough
Tigers, Bobcats, Wolves, and Bears
We're made of real tough stuff!

Half-hitch knots,
Setting up cots,
Playing fun new games.
Hammers and nails,
Compass and trails,
Arrow points are the thing.

Santa's coming,
We've been good,
As good as we can be...
Load our stocking
With a pocket knife,
Boy Scouts we want to be!

"I'm A Snowflake"

Tune: Clementine

I'm a snowflake, I'm a snowflake,
I'm a snowflake yes I am.
And I'm falling, yes I'm falling,
Right upon your little head.

Oh, I'm melting, Oh, I'm melting
Oh, I'm melting yes I am.
Aren't you glad that I'm not yellow,
But white like I am.

Christmas Time

Tune: Jingle Bells

School is out, we won't pout,
Cubs shout "hip hooray!"
Something Special's coming soon,
And it's Christmas day.

Wrap the gift, trim the tree,
Mind your Mom and Dad.
You'll get presents if you do,
Boy, won't you be glad!



Santa's Coming

Tune: Brother John

Santa's coming, Santa's coming,
Can you hear? Can you hear?
Jingle Bells are jingling, we are happy singing.
Christmas Bells, Christmas Bells.

Randall

Tune: Rudolph

Randall, the red-cheeked Cub Scout
Had a very cold, cold nose.
And if you ever noticed,
You could even say it flows.

All of the other Cubbies,
Used to laugh and point it out.
That Randall, the red-cheeked Cub Scout
Had a very runny snout.

Then one day the Den Leader
Took Randall out of sight (A clear violation of YPT! ;))
And told him that it's time he knew
How to wipe his nose just right.

Now all the other Cubbies
Think Randall is a "Class-A" Scout.
Cause Randall, the red-cheeked Cub Scout
Finally learned to blow his snout.

OR:

Rudy, the Red-Nosed Cub Scout

Rudy, the red-nosed Cub Scout,
Had a very runny nose;
And if you ever saw it,
You would prob'ly say, Oh, Gross!

All of the other Cub Scouts
Used to look and say, Oh, Ick! ;
Parents wouldn't go near Rudy,
Cause they thought they would get sick.

Then one winter s Pack Meeting,
Akela said, Sign's Up! .
Rudy, with your nose so wet,
A box of Kleenex is what you'll get!

Then all the Cub Scouts cheered him,
As he blew and blew and blew;
Rudy, the red-nosed Cub Scout,
We will Do Our Best with you!

Tommy the Cub Scout

Tune: Frosty



Tommy, the Cub Scout
Was a very happy boy.
With a uniform of blue and gold
And a Den that gave him joy.

Tommy, the Cub Scout
Earned his badges one by one.
He did his best and met the test.
A good citizen he's become.

He helps out other people when
He sees they need a lot.
He does his chores around the house
And feeds his dog (named Spot).

Tommy, the Cub Scout
Does his duty willingly.
Someday he'll join a Boy Scout Troop
And a fine man he will be.

The Twelve Days of Halloween

(Sung to the tune of The Twelve Days of Christmas)

On the first day of Halloween, my true love sent to me,
An owl in an old deed tree.

And the other eleven verses are:

Two Trick or Treaters.
Three Black Cats.
Four Skeletons.
Five Scary Spooks.
Six Goblins Gobbling.
Seven Pumpkins Glowing.
Eight Monsters Shrieking.
Nine Ghosts a Booming.
Ten Ghouls a Groaning.
Eleven Masks a Leering.
Twelve Bats a Flying.

More Christmas Stuff,

Giving time, sharing time, fun for everyone,
Scouters know that Christmas is
The time for deeds well done.

Giving time, sharing time, let us all take part.
Join with Cub Scouts all around,
And give gifts from the heart.

(Tune: Camptown Races)

Rudolph's pulling Santa's sleigh, ho-ho! ho-ho!
Rudolph's leading all the way, ho-ho! ho-ho!
Gonna ride all day, gonna ride all night,
They'll be flying through the sky, using Rudolph's light.

(Tune: Bingo)

I know a man in a jolly red suit,
and Santa is his name-o.



S-A-N-T-A, S-A-N-T-A-,S-A-N-T-A
and Santa is his name-o.

(Tune: Auld Lang Syne)

It's Christmas time around the world,
You'll hear the Yule bells ring.
It's time for giving, time for love,
It's time for hearts to sing.

Merry Christmas to you one and all,
Goodwill and happiness,
Good health throughout the coming year,
May all your days be blessed.

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

He'll be driving 8 brown reindeer when he comes,
He'll be driving 8 brown reindeer when he comes,
He'll be driving 8 brown reindeer, driving 8 brown reindeer,
He'll be driving 8 brown reindeer when he comes.

(Other verses)

- He'll be coming down the chimney when he comes.
- He'll be dressed up in a red suit when he comes.
- We'll all peek to see him when he comes.
- We'll give him milk and cookies when he comes.



The Cat Came Back

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

CHORUS:

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

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

(chorus)

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

(chorus)

He gave hime to a man going way, way out west,
Told him to give it to the one he favored best,
First the train jumped track, then it hit the rail,



And no one is alive today to tell the gruesome tale.

(chorus)

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

(chorus)

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

Lion Hunt

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

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

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

If I Were Not a . . . Scout

[Tune: This is the Music Concert]

Now I'm a [Boy/Girl] Scout, as you can plainly see.
But if I weren't a [Boy/Girl] Scout, . . .

1. A bird watcher I'd be Hark a lark, flying through the park, SPLAT!
2. A plumber I would be Plunge it, flush it, look out below!
3. A mermaid I would be Bloop, bloop, bloop, bloop, bloop, bloop!
4. A carpenter I'd be Two by four, nail it to the floor!
5. A secretary I'd be z-z-z-z get the point, z-z-z-z get the point?
6. A teacher I would be Sit down, shut up, throw away your gum!
7. An airline attendant I'd be Coffee, tea, or me, sir; here's your little bag, BLEH!
8. A typist I would be Ticka, ticka, ticka, ticka, ticka, ticka, ZING!
9. A hippie I would be Love and peace, my hair is full of grease!
10. A farmer I would be Here's a cow, there's a cow, and here's another yuck! [or] Give betsy give... the baby's gotta live
11. A laundry worker I would be Starchy here, starchy there, starchy in your underwear!
12. A cashier I would be Twenty nine, forty nine, here is your change, sir!
13. A gym teacher I'd be We must, we must, improve the bust!
14. A medic I would be Turn around, drop your pants, jab, jab, jab!
15. A doctor I would be Take a pill; pay my bill! I'm going golfing!



16. An electrician I would be Positive, negative bbzzzzt zap
 17. A fireman I would be Jump lady, jump... whoaa slpat!
 18. A cook I would be Mix it, bake it; heartburn-BURP!
 19. An ice cream maker I'd be Tutti-frutti, tutti-fruitti, nice ice cream!
 20. A politician I would be Raise the taxes, lower the pay, vote for me on election day!
 21. A butcher I would be Chop it up, grind it up, make a little patty!
 22. A garbage collector I'd be Lift it, dump it, pick out the good stuff
 23. A [Domino's] pizza maker I'd be 30 minute, fast delivery!
 24. A clam digger I would be Dig one here, dig one there-Oh my frozen derriere!
 25. Superman I would be It's a bird, it's a plane, where is Lois Lane?
 26. Lois Lane I would be Get away, get away, get away, Clark Kent!
 27. A cyclist I would be peddle, peddle, peddle, peddle; ring, ring, ring!
 28. A truck driver I'd be Here's a curve, there's a curve. HERE'S A BETTER CURVE! [Makes outline of shapely woman.]
 29. A house cleaner I'd be Ooh, a bug; squish it in the rug!
 30. A baby I would be Mama, Dada, I wuv you!
 31. A Preacher I would be Well, well, you never can tell; you might go to heaven, or you might go to hell!
 32. A DJ I would Be, Miles of smiles on the radio dial.
 33. A Scoutmaster I would be, Do this, do that, I'm gonna take a nap.
- Finally: A Girl Scout I would be!

Junior Birdmen

[Tune: On Brave Old Army Team]

Up in the air, Junior Birdmen; up in the air, upside down,
Up in the air, Junior Birdmen; with your noses to the ground.
And when you hear the grand announcement: that your wings are made of tin. Well, then you know, Junior Birdmen, it's time to send your box tops in. For it takes: 5 box tops, 4 bottle bottoms, 3 coupons, 2 wrappers, and one thin dime!

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

Barges

Out of my window looking in the night,
I can see the barges flickering light.
Silently flows the river to the sea,
And the barges too go silently.
Barges, I would like to go with you;
I would like to sail the ocean blue.
Barges, have you treasures in your hold?
Do you fight with pirates brave and bold?
Out of my window looking in the night,
I can see the barges flickering light.
Starboard shines green and port is glowing red,
You can see them flickering far ahead.
Barges, I would like to go with you;
I would like to sail the ocean blue.
Barges, have you treasures in your hold?
Do you fight with pirates brave and bold?

Michael Finnegan

There was an old man named Michael Finnegan,



He had whiskers on his chinigan,
Along came the wind and blew them in again,
Poor old Michael Finnegan. Begin again.

There was an old man named Michael Finnegan,
He kicked up an awful dinnegan,
Because they said he must not sing again,
Poor old Michael Finnegan. Begin again.

There was an old man named Michael Finnegan,
He went fishing with a pinnegan,
Caught a fish and dropped it in again,
Poor old Michael Finnegan. Begin again.

There was an old man named Michael Finnegan,
He grew fat and then grew thin again,
Then he died and had to begin again,
Poor old Michael Finnegan. Begin again.

Oh, How I Hate to Get up in The Morning

Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning.
Oh, how I'd love to remain in bed.
For the hardest part of all, Is to hear the bugler call;

You've got to get up, You've got to get up,
You've got to get up in this morning.

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

The Death of Cock Robin

Chorus All the birds of the air fell a sighin' and sobbin',
When they heard of the death of poor cock robin,
When they heard of the death of poor cock robin.

Who killed cock robin?
"I", said the sparrow, "with my bow and arrow." "I killed cock robin."
Who saw him die?
"I", said the fly, "with my little eye."
Who'll make his shroud?
"I", said the beetle, "with my thread and needle."
Who'll dig his grave ?
"I", said the owl, "with my little trowel."
Who'll give the memorial?
"I", said the rook, "with my little book."
Who'll be chief mourner?
"I", said the dove, "with my undying love."
Who'll bear the coffin?
"I", said the wren, "with rooster and the hen."
Who'll let him down?
"I", said the crane, "with my golden chain."
Who'll cover him over?
"I", said the crow, "with my little hoe."
Who'll toll the bell?



"I", said the bull, "because I can pull."
Who'll mark the grave?
"I", said the thrush, "with my paint and brush."
Who'll keep the vigil?
"I", said the lark, "so long as it's not dark."

Dixie

I wish I was in the land of cotton, Old times there are not forgotten;
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixieland.

In Dixieland where I was born in, Early on one frosty morning';
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixieland.

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

There's buckwheat cakes and Indian batter, Makes you fat, but that don't matter;
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixieland.

Then hoe it down and scratch your grabble, To Dixieland I'm bound to travel,
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixieland.

Home on the Range

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

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

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

Oh, Susanna

I come from Alabama,
With my banjo on my knee;
I'm goin' to Louisiana,
My true love for to see.

It rained all night the day I left,
The weather it was dry;
The sun so hot I froze to death;
Susanna, don't you cry.

Chorus:
Oh, Susanna, oh, don't you cry for me;
I've come from Alabama,



With my banjo on my knee.

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

I had a dream the other night,
When everything was still;
I thought I saw Susanna
A-commin' down the hill.

The buckwheat cake was in her mouth,
The tear was in her eye;
Says I, I'm commin' from the South;
Susanna, don't you cry.

Chorus

Alouette

(All sing the first four lines, then the leader sings and the group repeats eg: Et la tete, (repeat:) et la tete.)

Alouette, gentilie alouette,
Alouette, jete plumerai.
Jete plumerai la tete, Jete plumerai la tete.
Et la tete, (Et la tete), Alouette; (Alouette). Ohhh!

Alouette, gentilie alouette,
Alouette, jete plumerai.
Jete plumerai le bec, Jete plumerai le bec.

Et le bec, (Et le bec).
Et la tete, (Et la tete). Alouette,
(Alouette). Ohhh!

Alouette, gentilie alouette,
Alouette, jete plumerai.
Jete plumerai le nez, Jete plumerai le nez.
Et le nez, (Et le nez).
Et le bec, (Et le bec). Et la tete, (Et la tete).

Alouette, gentilie alouette,
Alouette, jete plumerai.
Jete plumerai le cou, Jete plumerai le cou.
Et le cou, (Et le cou).
Et le nez, (Et le nez). Et le bec, (Et le bec).
Et la tete, (Et la tete).
Alouette, (Alouette). Ohhh!

Alouette, gentilie alouette,
Alouette, jete plumerai.
Jete plumerai le dos, Jete plumerai le dos.
Et le dos, (Et le dos).
Et le cou, (Et le cou). Et le nez, (Et le nez).
Et le bec, (Et le bec). Et la tete, (Et la tete).
Alouette, (Alouette). Ohhh!

Waltzing Matilda

Note: the third line of each verse becomes the third line in the Chorus.



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

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

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

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

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

Clementine

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

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

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

Chorus

Drove she ducklings to the water,
Ev'ry morning just at nine;
Hit her foot against a splinter,
Fell into the foaming brine.

Chorus

Saw her lips above the water,
Blowing bubbles, mighty fine;
But alas! I am no swimmer,



So I lost my Clementine.

Chorus

In a corner of the churchyard,
Where the myrtle boughs entwine,
Grow the roses and the posies,
Fertilized by Clementine.

Chorus

When the miner forty-niner,
Soon began to peak and pine,
Thought he oughter "jine" his daughter,
Now he's with his Clementine.

Chorus

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

Chorus

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

Shenandoah

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

Along Came Jones

I plopped down in my easy chair
And I turned on channel two.
A bad gunslinger named Salty Sam
Was chasin' poor Sweet Sue.
He trapped her in the old sawmill
And said with an evil laugh,
"If you don't give me the deed to
your ranch I'll saw y'all in half.

And then he grabbed her...
(help he grabbed me!)
He tied her up...
(Help he's tyin' me up!)
He turned on the BUZZ-SAW...
(He's turnin' on the buzz saw)

And then...and then...

And then along came Jones.
Tall thin Jones.
Slow walkin' Jones,



Low talkin' Jones.
Along came long lean lanky Jones.

Commercial came on,
so I got up to fix myself a snack.
You should have seen what was going on by the time that I got back.
Down in the old abandoned mine,
Sweet Sue was havin' fits,
That villain said "Give me the deed to your ranch,
or I'll blow y'all to bits".

And then he grabbed her...
(Help he grabbed Me)
He tied her up...
(Help, he's tying me up)
He lit the fuse to the dynamite...
(He's lightin' the fuse to the dynamite)

And then...and then...
And then along came Jones
Tall thin Jones.
Slow walkin' Jones, Low talkin' Jones.
Along came long lean lanky Jones.

I got so bugged I turned it off and turned on another show.
But there was the same old shoot- em-up,
and the same old rodeo.
Salty Sam was tryin' to stuff Sweet Sue in a burlap sack.
"If you don't give me the deed to your ranch
I'll throw you on the railroad track!"

And then he grabbed her...
(Help he grabbed me, help)
He tied her up...
(Here we go again, tyin' me up)
He threw her on the railraod track,
The train started commin'
(Ohhh! Here comes the train)

And then...and then...
And then along came Jones
Tall thin Jones.
Slow walkin' Jones, Low talkin' Jones.
Along came long lean lanky Jones.

This Land is Your Land

Chorus This land in your land, this land is my land,
From California, to the New York Island,
From the redwood forests to the Gulf Stream waters,
This land was made for you and me.

As I was 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've roamed and rambled and I 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.

I followed your low hills and I followed your cliff rims,
Your marble canyons and sunny bright waters,
This voice came calling, as the fog was lifting,
This land was made for you and me.

As the sun was shining and I was strolling,
Through the wheat fields waving and the dust clouds rolling,
I could feel inside me and see all 'round me
This land was made for you and me.

Be Kind To Your . . . Scouting Friends

[Tune: Stars and Stripes Forever]

Be kind to your . . . Scouting friends,
That's a pledge from one Scout to another.
Be kind to your leaders today, 'Cause for helping they don't get any pay.
Be kind to your neighbors and friends, 'Cause by caring you follow Scouting's letter. . . .
Scouting and friendship are grand,
And as we grow, the world will know, We've made things better.

On My Honor

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

People don't need to know my name.
If I do any harm, then I'm to blame.
When I help another, I help me,
If I've opened up my eyes to see.
I've tucked away a song or two.
If you're feeling low, there's one for you.
When you need a friend, then I will come.
There are many more where I come from.

Chorus:

Come with me where a fire burns bright.
We can even see better in a candle's light.
But we find more meaning in a campfire's glow
Than we'd ever learn in a year or so.
We've made a promise to always keep.
And the day is done before we sleep.
We'll be Girl Scouts together and when we're gone
We'll still be trying and singing this song.

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

Under the Lilac



Under the lilac she played her guitar (violin action)
Played her guitar,
Played her guitar,
Under the lilac, she played her guitar,
Played, --her -- gui--tar--ar--ar--ar.

He sat down beside her and smoked his cigar (smoking action)
Smoked etc

He told her he loved her and oh how she sighed, [or -- and oh he lied]
Oh how etc

They were to be married but somehow she died,
Somehow they etc

He went to her funeral, but just for the ride,
Just for etc

She went up to heaven, & flip flop she flied,
Flip flop etc

He went to the other place, and sizzled and fried
Sizzled & etc

The moral of the story is don't tell no lies,
Don't tell etc

The Haggis Song

Away up in the highlands, there is a Haggis farm
There's great big hairy gillies to keep them all from harm
They stand on guard from morn till night, then from night till morn
They tuck them in their little beds to keep their whiskers warm

*Chorus Oh, how many legs has a Haggis, and how high can it fly
Has it got wings and such like things to shove it through the sky?
I dearly love to see it, its such a bonny sight
Countin' the legs on a Haggis on a braw bricht moon-licht nicht*

Now Sassenachs are surely a disbelieving crowd
They won't believe a Haggis is a thing of which we're proud
We've told them fairy tales, but the one that is absurd
Is the way we try to kid them on, a Haggis is a bird.

Chorus

We had a Burns Supper, the speaker was in place
The great man rose to give forth about the Pudden Race
He spoke those well known words and drew his dagger from its pouch
He shoved it in up to the hilt, and the Haggis shouted 'ouch'

Chorus

They sent for Doctor Findlay to see if he could help
It's only when it's wounded that a Haggis gives a yelp
An operation then took place, the patient's doing fine
They sewed it up and then it sang a verse of 'Auld Lang Syne'

Chorus

