

**FAVORITE SCOUTING CAMPFIRE SONGS**  
**Ross Statham, Troop 39, Northeast Georgia Council**  
[rstatham@mindspring.com](mailto:rstatham@mindspring.com)

Hog Calling Time In Nebraska ..... 2  
Home on the Range ..... 2  
If You're Happy and You Know It..... 2  
Little Bunny Foo Foo..... 2  
Pink Pajamas..... 2  
Taps ..... 2  
This Land is Your Land ..... 3  
Three Fishermen ..... 3  
Zulu Chief (round) ..... 3  
Clementine ..... 3  
Do Your Ears Hang Low? ..... 4  
Happy Wanderer ..... 4  
Trail To Eagle ..... 4  
Quartermaster's Store ..... 4  
One Finger, One Thumb ..... 5  
Oh I Wish I Were..... 5  
Bear In Tennis Shoes ..... 5  
Sippin' Cider ..... 6  
Trusty Tommy ..... 6  
The Battle of New Orleans ..... 6  
Twelve Days of Summer Camp ..... 6  
Sleepy Camper..... 6  
Waltzing Matilda ..... 7  
Threw It Out the Window ..... 7  
Johnnie Verbeck ..... 7  
My Bonnie ..... 7  
She'll Be Comin' Round the Mountain ..... 8  
Ravioli ..... 8  
Robert Baden Powell ..... 8  
The Mighty Duke of York ..... 9  
Deep In The Heart Of Texas..... 9  
Scout Vespers ..... 9  
Oh, How I Hate To Get Up in the Morning ..... 9

## Hog Calling Time In Nebraska

When it's hog calling time in Nebraska,  
When it's hog calling time in Nebraska,  
When it's hog calling time in Nebraska,  
Then it's hog calling time in Nebraska.

## Home on the Range

1. 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.

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

3. How often at night, when the heavens are birght,  
With the light from the glittering stars,  
Have I stood there amazed, and asked as I gazed  
If their glory exceeds that of ours.

4. Oh give me a land where the bright diamond sand,  
Flows leisurely down the stream;  
Where the graceful white swan goes sliding along,  
Like a maid in a heavenly dream.

5. I love the wild flowers in this dear land of ours,  
And the corlew I love to hear scream;  
I love the white rocks and the antelope flocks,  
Grazing on the great mountain tops green.

## If You're Happy and You Know It

If You're Happy and You Know It clap you hands, (CLAP CLAP)  
If You're Happy and You Know It clap you hands, (CLAP CLAP)  
If you're happy and you know it, and you really want to show it,  
If you're happy and you know it clap you're hands. (CLAP CLAP)

2. If you're happy and you know it stomp your feet.  
3. If you're happy and you know it shout "Boy Scouts!"  
4. If your happy and you know it do all three.

## Little Bunny Foo Foo

**Chorus:** Little Bunny Foo Foo  
Hopping through the forest,  
Picking up the field mice,  
and bop 'em on the head.

So along came the good fairy and she said:  
Little bunny Foo Foo, you've been a bad rabbit!  
I'll give you two more chances.  
And if you don't mind me, I'm gonna turn you into a goon.  
(Chorus)

So along came the good fairy and she said:  
Little bunny Foo Foo, you've been a bad rabbit!  
I'll give you one more chance.  
And if you don't mind me, I'm gonna turn you into a goon.  
(Chorus)  
So along came the good fairy and she said:

Little bunny Foo Foo, you've been a bad rabbit!  
This is your last warning.  
And if you don't mind me, I'm gonna turn you into a goon.  
(Chorus)  
So along came the good fairy and she said:  
Little bunny Foo Foo, you've been a bad rabbit!  
I've given you three warnings.  
Now, since you didn't mind me, I'm gonna turn you into a goon!  
AND SHE DID!

FLASH! (someone with a mask on here would be good)

The moral of the story is:  
Hare today, goon tomorrow!

## Pink Pajamas

I wear my pink pajamas in the summer when it's hot  
I wear my flannel nighties in the summer when it's not.  
And sometimes in the springtime and sometimes in the fall  
I jump between the sheets with nothing on at all! (Woo!)

*(Chorus):*  
*Glory, glory, Hallelujah!*  
*Glory, glory, what's it to ya'.*  
*Balmy breezes blowing through ya',*  
*With nothing on at all*

I wake up in the morning with sheets upon my head,  
My little tootsie wootsies are a hangin' out of bed,  
Three times out of four times, I am lying on the floor.  
I ain't gonna drint that milk no more!

## 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.

Fades the light, Falls the night,  
O'er the vale, O'er the hill,  
O'er the sky;  
From afar, Shines a star;  
Falls the night.

Dear one, rest! In the West,  
Sable night, Lulls the day;  
On her breaths.  
Sweet, goodnight! Ah, so soon!  
Peaceful dreams.

Soldier rest, Gently pressed,  
To the calm, Mother Earth's  
Waiting breast;  
Duty done, Like the sun:  
Going West.

Thanks and praise, for our day,  
'Neath the sun, 'neath the stars,  
'Neath the sky.  
As we go, this we know,  
God is nigh.

Starry bright, Be you flight,  
To the goal, Of the soul,  
Shining white;  
God is near, Have no fear,  
In His light.

Sleep and dream, Every beam,  
God keep watch o'er all  
Thru the night  
We shall meet with the morn',  
So good night.

### **This Land is Your Land**

*(Chorus):*

*This land is your land, this land is my land,  
From California, to the New York island,  
From the redwood forest, to the Gulf stream waters,  
This land was made for your 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 roamed and rambled, and I followed my footsetps,  
To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts,  
All around me a voice was sounding,  
This land was made for you and me.

When he sun came shining, then I was strolling,  
And the wheat fields waving, and the dust clouds rolling,  
As the fog was lifting, a voice was chanting,  
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.

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

As I went walking, I saw a sign there,  
And on that sign it said "no trespassing"  
But on the other side, it didn't say nothing,  
This side was made for you and me.

### **Three Fishermen**

Once there were three fishermen...  
Once there were three fishermen...  
Fisher, fisher—men, men, men.  
Fisher, fisher—men, men, men.  
Once there were three fishermen.  
The first one's name was Abraham...  
The first one's name was Abraham...  
Abra, Abra, ham, ham, ham.  
The first one's name was Abraham.

The second one's name was I-I-saac. ...  
The second one's name was I-I-saac. ...  
I, I, sac, sac, sac.  
The second one's name was I-I-saac. ...

The third one's name was Ja-a-cob. ...  
Ja, Ja, cob, cob, cob.  
Ja, Ja, cob, cob, cob.  
The third one's name was Ja-a-cob.

They all went down to Jericho.  
They all went down to Jericho.  
Jeri, Jeri, cho, cho, cho.  
They all went down to Jericho.

They should have gone to Amsterdam.  
They should have gone to Amsterdam.  
Amster, Amster, shh, shh, shh.  
They should have gone to Amsterdam.

They shouldn't have said that naughty word.  
They shouldn't have said that naughty word.  
naughty, naughty, word, word, word.  
They shouldn't have said that naughty word.

### **Zulu Chief (round)**

I-come-a-zimba-zimba-zay-a  
I-come-a-zimba-zimba-zee  
I-come-a-zimba-zimba-zay-a  
I-come-a-zimba-zimba-zee

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

(for a round ½ sing "Chief", ½ sing melody)

### **Clementine**

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

*(Chorus):*

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

Light she was and like a fairy,  
And her shoes were number nine.  
Cardboard boxed 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.

Saw her lips above the water,  
Blowing bubbles, mighty fine;  
But alas, I was no swimmer,  
So I lost my Clementine.  
In a churchyard, near the canyon,  
Where the myrtle doth entwine,  
There grow roses and other posies,  
Fertilized by Clementine.

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

In my dreams, she still doth haunt me,  
Robed in garments soaked with 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,  
'Till I kissed her little sister,  
And forgot my Clementine.

### 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 eyeballs droop?  
Do they wobble in your soup?  
Can you tie them in a knot?  
Can you tie them in a loop?  
Can you throw them o'er your shoulder,  
Like a continental soldier?  
Do your eyeballs droop?

Does your nose hang down?  
Does it drag upon the ground?  
Can you tie it in a knot?  
Can you tie it in a crown?  
Can you throw them o'er your shoulder,  
Like a continental soldier?  
Does your nose hang down?

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

Do your ears hang wide?  
Can you soar and can you glide?  
Can you hike the Grand Canyon?  
While you're touching both sides?  
Do they get nice and soar,  
When you're walking through the door?  
Do your ears hang wide?

Do your ears hang askew?  
Can you use one stirring stew,  
while the other's picking berries,  
or making mountain dew?  
Can you hold an elevator,  
while you signal to a waiter?  
Do your ears hang askew?

Do your ears fall off?  
When you sneeze or when you cough?  
When you're slopping up the hogs,  
Do they wind up in the trough?  
Would they both be gone,  
If mommy didn't sew them on?  
Do your ears fall off?

Do your eyes bug out?  
Do they roll around your snout?  
Do you go cross-eyed,  
When you're looking for a trout?  
Can you see your image clearer,

Without looking in the mirror?  
Do your eyes bug out?

### Happy Wanderer

I love to go a-wandering along the mountain track,  
And as I go, I love to sing,  
My nap-sack on my back.  
Valderee, valderah, Valderee, valderah ha ha ha ha ha.  
Valderee, valderah, my nap-sack on my back.

I love to wander by the brook that dances in the sun.  
So joyously it calls to me, Come join my happy fun.  
Valderee, valderah, Valderee, valderah ha ha ha ha ha.  
Valderee, valderah, my nap-sack on my back.

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.  
Valderee, valderah, Valderee, valderah ha ha ha ha ha.  
Valderee, valderah, my nap-sack on my back.

Oh, may I go a-wandering, until the day I die,  
Oh may I always laugh and sing,  
Beneath God's clear blue sky.  
Valderee, valderah, Valderee, valderah ha ha ha ha ha.  
Valderee, valderah, my nap-sack on my back.

### Trail To Eagle

(Tune: "On Wisconsin")

Trail to Eagle, Trail to Eagle,  
Climbing all the time.  
First to Star, and then to Life,  
Will on your bosom shine.  
Keep climbing!  
Blaze the trail and we will follow,  
Hark the Eagle's call;

### Quartermaster's Store

There are snakes, snakes, snakes,  
Big as garden rakes,  
At the store, at the store.  
There are snakes, snakes, snakes,  
Big as garden rakes,  
At the Quartermaster's Store

(Chorus):  
*My eyes... are dim... I can... not see—ee—ee,  
I have—not—brought my specks with me.*

There are mice, mice, mice,  
Running through the rice...  
Etc. & chorus

There are rats, rats, rats,  
As big as alley cats...  
Etc. & chorus

There are spiders, spiders, spiders,  
Swimming in the cider...  
Etc. & chorus

There are fleas, fleas, fleas,  
Landing on the cheese...

Etc. & chorus

There are bats, bats, bats,  
Bigger than the rats...  
Etc. & chorus

There are beavers, beavers, beavers,  
Running from the cleavers...  
Etc. & chorus

There are eagles, eagles, eagles,  
Chasing all the beagles...  
Etc. & chorus

There are foxes, foxes, foxes,  
Sitting on the boxes...  
Etc. & chorus

There are owls, owls, owls,  
Eating paper towels...  
Etc. & chorus

There are bears, bears, bears,  
With curlers in their hair...  
Etc. & chorus

There was butter, butter, butter  
Scraped up from the gutter,  
Etc. & chorus

There was gravy, gravy, gravy,  
Enough to sink the navy ...  
Etc. & chorus

There were tables, tables, tables,  
With legs like Betty gables ...  
Etc. & chorus

There were chairs, chairs, chairs,  
Floating down the stairs ...  
Etc. & chorus

There were lice, lice, lice,  
packaged up like rice ...  
Etc. & chorus

There were ants, ants, ants,  
Wearing rubber pants ...  
Etc. & chorus

There were kippers, kippers, kippers,  
That go about in slippers ...  
Etc. & chorus

There was cake, cake, cake,  
That gave us tummy ache ...  
Etc. & chorus

There were beans, beans, beans,  
As big as submarines ...  
Etc. & chorus

There were eggs, eggs, eggs,  
That walk about on legs ...  
Etc. & chorus

There were turtles, turtles, turtles,  
Wearing rubber girdles ...  
Etc. & chorus

## One Finger, One Thumb

One finger one thumb keep moving  
One finger one thumb keep moving  
One finger one thumb keep moving  
And we'll all be happy today!

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

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

(Add one at a time) One arm, Two  
arms, One leg, Two legs.

## Oh I Wish I Were

(Tune: is similar to "If You're Happy and You Know It")

Oh, I wish I were a little bar of soap.  
Oh, I wish I were a little bar of soap. I would slippy and I'd slidey,  
Over everybody's hidey.  
Oh, I wish I were a little bar of soap.

Oh, I wish I were a little hunk of mud.  
Oh, I wish I were a little hunk of mud.  
I would ooey and I'd gooey,  
Under everybody's shoeey.  
Oh, I wish I were a little hunk of mud.

Oh, I wish I were a little can of pop.  
Oh, I wish I were a little can of pop.  
I'd go down with every slurp, and come up with every burp.  
Oh, I wish I were a little can of pop.

Oh, I wish I were a little slippery root.  
Oh, I wish I were a little slippery root.  
I would sit upon the trail,  
And knock everyone on his tail.  
Oh, I wish I were a little slippery root.

Oh, I wish I were a little brown moskeeter.  
Oh, I wish I were a little brown moskeeter.  
I'd go buzzy and I'd bitey,  
Under everybody's nighty.  
Oh, I wish I were a little mosquito.

Oh, I wish I were a little bitty orange.  
Oh, I wish I were a little bitty orange.  
I'd go squirty, squirty, squirty,  
Over everybody's shirty.  
Oh, I wish I were a little bitty orange.

## Bear In Tennis Shoes

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

Continue in a similar manner with:

He said to me, "Why don't you run,  
Because 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 big, 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 missed that branch, on the way up there.

Now don't you fret, now don't you frown,  
'Cause I caught that branch,  
On the way back down.

The moral of, this story is  
Don't talk to bears, in tennis shoes.

### Sippin' Cider

The prettiest girl, (repeat)  
I ever saw, (repeat)  
Was sippin' ci-(repeat)  
Der through a straw. (repeat)

(All) The prettiest girl I ever saw,  
Was sippin' cider through a straw.

*Continue in a similar manner:*

I said to her, "What ya doin' that fer, A sippin' ci-der through a  
straw."

First cheek to cheek, then jaw to jaw, We both sipped ci-der  
through a straw.

Every now and then, that straw would slip, And I sipped ci-der  
through her lips.

That's how I got my mother in law,  
By sippin' ci-der through a straw.

Now forty-nine kids, all call me  
Pa, From sippin' ci-der through a straw.  
The moral of this sad, sad, joke,  
Is don't sip ci-der sip a Coke.

### Trusty Tommy

Tune: "Yankee Doodle Dandy"

TRUSTY Tommy was a Scout, LOYAL to his mother, HELPFUL  
to the folks about, and FRIENDLY to his brother.  
COURTEOUS to the girls he knew, KIND unto his rabbit,  
OBEDIENT to his father too, and CHEERFUL in his habits.  
THRIFTY saving for a need, BRAVE, but not a faker, CLEAN in  
thought and word and deed, and REVERENT to his Maker.

### The Battle of New Orleans

1) In 1814 we took a little trip,  
Along with Colonel Jackson down the mighty Mississippi'  
We took a little bacon and we took a little beans,  
And we met the bloody British near the town of New Orleans.

**Chorus:** We fired our guns and the British kept a comin'.  
There wasn't nigh as many as they was a while ago.  
We fired once more and they begin to runnin',  
On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico.

2) We looked down the river and we see'd the British come...  
There must have been a hundred of 'em beatin' on the drum.  
They stepped so high and they made their bugles ring;  
While we stood beside our cotton bales and didn't say a thing.  
(Chorus)

3) Old Hickory said we could take 'em by surprise.  
If we didn't fire a musket till we looked 'em in the eyes.  
We held our fire till we see'd their faces well;  
Then we opened up our squirrel guns and really gave 'em--Well.  
(Chorus)

4) 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  
Down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico.  
(Chorus)

5) We fired our cannon till the barrel melted down,  
So we grabbed an alligator and we poured an other round.  
We put the ball between his teeth and powdered his behind,  
And when we touched the powder off the 'gator lost his mind.  
(Chorus)

6) 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.

### Twelve Days of Summer Camp

Tune: "The twelve days of Christmas"

On the first day of summer camp My mother sent to me.  
A box of oatmeal cookies.

On the second day of summer camp My mother sent to me...  
Two T-shirts,  
and a box of oatmeal cookies.

On the third day of summer camp My mother sent to me...  
Three pairs of socks, Two T-shirts,  
And a box of oatmeal cookies.

Four woolen caps, etc.  
Five underpants,  
Six postage stamps,  
Seven nose warmers,  
Eight Batman comics,  
Nine bars of soap,  
Ten Band-aids,  
Eleven shoestrings,  
Twelve bottles of insect repellent,

### Sleepy Camper

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

**Chorus:** Way hey late, ye risers. Way hey late, ye risers.  
Way hey late, ye risers.

Early in the morning.

2. Pull him out of bed with a running bowline.  
Pull him out of bed with a running bowline.  
Pull him out of bed with a running bowline  
Early in the morning.  
(Chorus)

Throw him in the lake with his pants on backwards.  
Throw him in the lake with his pants on backwards.  
Throw him in the lake with his pants on backwards  
Early in the morning.  
(Chorus)

Put him in to bed an hour sooner.  
Put him in to bed an hour sooner.  
Put him in to bed an hour sooner.  
Early in the evening.  
(Chorus)

### **Waltzing Matilda**

(Banjo Patterson)  
(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."  
(Chorus)

### **Threw It Out the Window**

Notes: Sing as a group song using a new Mother Goose rhyme each time you sing the chorus, substituting "She threw it out the window" for the last line of each rhyme and making throwing motions with arms.

Old Mother Hubbard went to the cup-board  
To get her poor dog a bone.  
When she got there the cupboard was bare,  
So she threw it out the window!

**Chorus:** The window, the second story window!  
With a heave and a ho and a mighty throw,  
She through it out the window!

Mary had a little lamb,  
It's fleece was white as snow.  
And every where that mary went,  
She threw it out the window!

The window, the second story window!  
With a heave and a ho and a mighty throw,  
She through it out the window!

Variation: Divide the group into two or more teams. One team starts by singing a rhyme. As soon as one team finishes, another starts. A team is eliminated if it fails to start singing as soon as it's turn comes.

### **Johnnie Verbeck**

Once there was a Dutchman,  
His name was Johnnie Verbeck.  
He ran a kosher deli,  
Selling sausages and spec.  
He made the finest sausages  
That ever you did see.  
But one day he invented,  
A sausage making machine.

**Chorus:** *Oh, Johnnie Verbeck, Oh, Johnnie Verbeck,  
How could you be so mean?  
I told you you'd be sorry  
for inventing that machine.  
Now all the neighbors' cats and dogs  
Will never more be seen,  
They'll all be ground to sausages  
In Johnnie Verbeck's machine.*

One day a little fat boy  
Came walking in the store,  
He bought a pound of sausages  
And put them on the floor.  
The boy began to whistle,  
He whistled up a tune,  
And all the little sausages  
Went dancing 'round the room.  
(Chorus)

One day the machine got busted,  
The darned thing wouldn't go.  
So Johnnie Verbeck, he crawled  
inside to see what made it so.  
Mrs. Verbeck had a nightmare,  
And walking in her sleep,  
She gave the crank a deuce of a yank  
And Johnnie Verbeck was meat.  
(Chorus)

### **My Bonnie**

Action version: Stand up on the first word that starts with a "b". Then sit down the next "b" word and so on. The whole group should end the song sitting down.

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.

**Chorus:** *Bring back, bring back,  
Oh, bring back my bonnie to me, to me.  
Bring back, bring back,  
Oh, bring back my bonnie to me.*

*Variations: instead of doing the action version, sing these additional verses.*

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

**Special Chorus:** *Bring back, bring back,  
Oh, bring back my neighbors to me, to me.  
Bring back, bring back, Oh, bring  
back my neighbors to me.*

My Bonnie 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.  
(Chorus)

My breakfast lies over the ocean,  
My luncheon lies over the rail.  
My supper lies in a commotion.  
Won't somebody bring me a pail?

**Special Chorus:** *Please bring, please bring,  
Oh please bring a pail to me, to me.  
Please bring, please bring,  
Oh please bring a pail to me.*

Who knows what I had for breakfast?  
Who knows what I had for tea?  
Who knows what I had for supper?  
Just look out on the sidewalk and see.

**Special Chorus:** *Clams, clams, clams, clams,  
Clams and ice cream don't agree with me.  
Clams, clams, clams, clams,  
Clams and ice cream don't agree with me.*

## She'll Be Comin' Round the Mountain

Sing each stanza making appropriate motions and sounds. Then at the end of each stanza, repeat all previous sounds and motions. This works much better, however, when you have multiple tables in a dining hall or other individual groups to be responsible for their sound in order at the end of each verse.

She'll be commin' 'round the mountain when she comes,  
"Who, Who!"  
She'll be commin' 'round the mountain when she comes,  
"Who, who!"  
She'll be commin' 'round the mountain  
She'll be commin' 'round the mountain  
She'll be commin' 'round the mountain when she comes,  
"Who, who!"

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!, Who, Who!"

We will all go out to meet her when she comes,  
Hi, Babe!"

We will all go out to meet her when she comes,  
"Hi, Babe!"  
We will all go out to meet her we  
will all go out to meet her  
We will all go out to meet her  
When she comes,  
"Hi, Babe!, Whoa back!, Who, who!"

We will kill the old red rooster when she comes,  
Hack, Hack!"  
We will kill the old red rooster when she comes,  
"Hack, Hack!"  
We will kill the old red rooster  
We will kill the old red rooster  
We will kill the old red rooster  
When she comes,  
"Hack, Hack!, Hi Babe!, Whoa back!, Who, who!"

We will all have chicken an' dumplings when she comes,  
"Yum, Yum!"  
We will all have chicken an' dumplings when she comes,  
"Yum, Yum!"  
We will all have chicken an' dumplings we will all have  
chicken an' dumplings we will all have chicken an' dumplings  
When she comes,  
"Yum, Yum!, Hack Hack!, Hi Babe!, Whoa back!, Who, who!"

## Ravioli

Tune: Alouette

All: Ravioli, I like ravioli.  
Ravioli, it's the best for me.

Leader: Have I got it on my chin?  
All: Yes, You've got it on your chin.  
Leader: On my chin?

*Chorus: (All): On your chin. Oh-h-h-h-h  
Ravioli, I like ravioli.  
Ravioli, it's the best for me.*

(Continue with tie, shirt, pants, shoes, floor, walls. Point to the items as each new word is added by the song leader. each time the chorus is sung, the previous verses are sung in reverse order.)

## Robert Baden Powell

Note: when you get to the end of each verse, the appropriate body part starts moving and continues to move until the end of the song.

Robert Baden Powell had many scouts  
Many scouts had Robert Baden Powell.  
I am one of them, and so are you.  
Let me tell you what to do...  
Right arm.

Robert Baden Powell had many scouts  
Many scouts had Robert Baden Powell  
I am one of them, and so are you.  
Let me tell you what to do...  
Right arm, left arm.

Robert Baden Powell had many scouts  
Many scouts had Robert Baden Powell  
I am one of them, and so are you.  
Let me tell you what to do...  
Right arm, left arm, right leg.

Robert Baden Powell had many scouts  
Many scouts had Robert Baden Powell  
I am one of them, and so are you.  
Let me tell you what to do...  
Right arm, left arm, right leg,  
left leg.

Robert Baden Powell had many scouts  
Many scouts had Robert Baden Powell  
I am one of them, and so are you.  
Let me tell you what to do...  
Right arm, left arm, right leg,  
left leg, Stand up, sit down,  
The end.

### **The Mighty Duke of York**

Tune: "A Hunting We Will Go"

Note: First time through, Just sing the song, to be sure all know it, then when the word up is sung, everyone stands up, and when the word down is sung, everyone sits down. Go through the song several times, getting faster each time.

The Mighty Duke of York,  
He had ten thousand men.  
First he marched them up the hill, and  
Marched them down again.  
And when they're up they're up.  
And when they're down they're down,  
And when they're only halfway up,  
They're neither up nor down.

### **Deep In The Heart Of Texas**

The stars at night are big and bright, (clap-clap-clap-clap!)  
(clap-clap-clap-clap!)  
Deep in the heart of Texas;  
Reminds me of, the one I love  
(clap-clap-clap-clap!)  
Deep in the heart of Texas!

The prairie sky is wide and high,  
(clap-clap-clap-clap!)  
Deep in the heart of Texas.  
The sage in bloom is like perfume,  
(clap-clap-clap-clap!)  
Deep in the heart of Texas;

The coyotes wail along the trail,  
(clap-clap-clap-clap!)  
Deep in the heart of Texas;  
The rabbits rush around the brush,  
(clap-clap-clap-clap!)  
Deep in the heart of Texas.

The cowboys cry, "Ki-Yip-Pee-Yi",  
(clap-clap-clap-clap!)  
Deep in the heart of Texas;  
The doggies bawl, and bawl and bawl,  
(clap-clap-clap-clap!)  
Deep in the heart of Texas.

### **Scout Vespers**

(Sing softly and with reverence.)  
Sing to tune of: "Oh Christmas Tree"

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?"

### **Oh, How I Hate To Get Up in the Morning**

(World War I Army Song)

Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning,  
Oh, how I long to remain in bed!  
For the hardest blow 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 this morning."

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

Oh, a Bugler in the Army is the luckiest of men,  
He wakes the boys at five and then goes back to bed again.  
He doesn't have to blow again until the afternoon.  
If everything goes well then I will be a bugler soon.