

REFLECTIONS

Morning Has Broken

Morning has broken like the first morning,
Blackbird has spoken like the first bird.
Praise for the singing, praise for the morning,
Praise for them springing fresh from the world.

Sweet the rain's new fall, sunlit from heaven,
Like the first dewfall on the first grass.
Praise for the sweetness of the wet garden
Sprung in completeness where His feet pass.

Mine is the sunlight, mine is the morning,
Born of the one light Eden saw play.
Praise with elation, praise every morning,
God's recreation of the new day!

He's Got The Whole 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 the whole world in His hands,
He's got the whole world in His hands!

He's got the wind and rain in His hands,
(repeat twice)
He's got the whole world in His hands!

He's got the tiny baby in His hands,
(repeat twice)
He's got the whole world in His hands!

He's got you and me brother in His hands,
(repeat twice)
He's got the whole world in His hands!

He's got you and me sister in His hands,
(repeat twice)
He's got the whole world in His hands!

Kumbaya

Kumbaya my Lord, kumbaya
Kumbaya my Lord, kumbaya
Kumbaya my Lord, kumbaya
Oh Lord kumbaya

Someone's crying my Lord, kumbaya
Someone's crying my Lord, kumbaya
Someone's crying my Lord, kumbaya
Oh Lord kumbaya

Repeat the verses with someone praying, singing, laughing, or anything else you wish.

Troop 957 Song Book



Songs originally compiled by unknown persons for The First Edition of the Wood Badge Song Book created for Wood Badge Course SR-161, Longhorn Council, Fort Worth, Texas. SR-161 was held in the fall of 1996 at Sid Richardson Scout Ranch.

Additional Songs compiled by Debbie Rollinson, Asst Scoutmaster, Wood Badge Course SR-442. SR-442 held by Sam Houston Area Council at Camp Strake in the fall of 2001.

A few other songs added by Chris Counts, SM Troop 957 from a variety of sources. Credit is given with the song where it is known.

It's time to sing a song,
I feel it comin' on,
Get off your seat,
Get on your feet,
It's time to sing a song!

Debbie Rollinson, ASM, WB SR-442

Philmont Grace

For food,
For raiment,
For life,
For opportunity,
For friendship and fellowship
We thank Thee, Oh Lord.

With 'is 'mussick' on 'is back,
'E would skip with our attack,
An' watch us till the bugles made "Retire",
An' for all 'is dirty 'ide
'E was white, clear white, inside
When 'e went to tend the wounded under fire!

It was "Din! Din! Din!"
With the bullets kickin' dust-spots on the green.
When the cartridges ran out,
You could hear the front-files shout,
"Hi! ammunition-mules an' Gunga Din!"

I shan't forgit the night
When I dropped be'ind the fight
With a bullet where my belt-plate should 'a' been.
I was chokin' mad with thirst,
An' the man that spied me first
Was our good old grinnin', gruntin' Gunga Din.

'E lifted up my 'ead,
An' he plugged me where I bled,
An' 'e guv me 'arf -a-pint o' water-green:
It was crawlin' and it stunk,
But of all the drinks I've drunk,
I'm gratefulest to one from Gunga Din.

It was "Din! Din! Din!"
'Ere's a beggar with a bullet through 'is spleen;
'E's chawin' up the ground,
An' 'e's kickin' all around:
For Gawd's sake git the water, Gunga Din!"

'E carried me away
To where a dooli lay,
An' a bullet come an' drilled the beggar clean.
'E put me safe inside,
An' just before 'e died,
"I 'ope you liked your drink", sez Gunga Din.

So I'll meet 'im later on
At the place where 'e is gone --
Where it's always double drill and no canteen;
'E'll be squattin' on the coals
Givin' drink to poor damned souls,
An' I'll get a swig in hell from Gunga Din!

Yes, Din! Din! Din!
You Lazarushian-leather Gunga Din!
Though I've belted you and flayed you,
By the livin' Gawd that made you,
You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din

STORIES**Gunga Din**

by Rudyard Kipling

You may talk o' gin and beer
 When you're quartered safe out 'ere,
 An' you're sent to penny-fights an' Aldershot it;
 But when it comes to slaughter
 You will do your work on water,
 An' you'll lick the bloomin' boots of 'im that's got it.

Now in Injia's sunny clime,
 Where I used to spend my time
 A-servin' of 'Er Majesty the Queen,
 Of all them blackfaced crew
 The finest man I knew
 Was our regimental bhisti, Gunga Din.

He was "Din! Din! Din!
 You limpin' lump o' brick-dust, Gunga Din!
 Hi! slippery 'hitherao!
 Water, get it! 'Panee lao!
 You squidgy-nosed old idol, Gunga Din."

The uniform 'e wore
 Was nothin' much before,
 An' rather less than 'arf o' that be'ind,
 For a piece o' twisty rag
 An' a goatskin water-bag
 Was all the field-equipment 'e could find.

When the sweatin' troop-train lay
 In a sidin' through the day,
 Where the 'eat would make your bloomin' eyebrows crawl,
 We shouted "Harry By"
 Till our throats were bricky-dry,
 Then we wopped 'im 'cause 'e couldn't serve us all.

It was "Din! Din! Din!
 You 'eathen, where the mischief 'ave you been?
 You put some 'juldee' in it
 Or I'll 'marrow' you this minute
 If you don't fill up my helmet, Gunga Din!"

'E would dot an' carry one
 Till the longest day was done;
 An' 'e didn't seem to know the use o' fear.
 If we charged or broke or cut,
 You could bet your bloomin' nut,
 'E'd be waitin' fifty paces right flank rear.

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YOU CAN TELL A SCOUT FROM TEXAS

(Tune: Yellow Rose of Texas)

You can tell a Scout from Texas,
 You can tell him by his talk.
 You can tell a scout from Texas,
 You can tell him from his walk.
 You can tell him by his manners,
 By his appetite and such.
 You can tell a Scout from Texas
 But you cannot tell him much!

You can tell a Scout from Texas,
 His campsite is top notch.
 You can tell a Scout from Texas,
 His lashings never stop.
 A better friend you'll never have,
 In winter, spring or fall.
 You can tell a Scout from Texas
 His smile's a mile long!

PATRIOTIC SONGS**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 pilgrim feet,
Whose stern impassion'd stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness.
America! America! God men thine ev'ry
flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law.

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.

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.

Our fathers' God to Thee,
Author of Liberty,
To thee we sing,
Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light,
Protect us by thy might
Great God, our King.

Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean

O' Columbia, the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee.
Thy mandates make heros assemble,
When liberty's form stands in view;
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the red, white and blue.
When borne by the red, white and blue.
When borne by the red, white and blue.
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the red, white and blue.

God Bless America

God bless America, land that I love
Stand beside her and guide her
Through the night with the light from above.
From the mountains to the prairies,
To the oceans white with foam,
God Bless America, my home sweet home.
God Bless America, my home sweet home.

This Land is Your Land

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.

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 you and me.

When the sun came shining, and I was strolling
And the wheat was waving, and the dust clouds rolling,
The voice was chanting, as the fog was lifting
This land was made for you and me. (Chorus)

I roamed and rambled, and followed my footsteps
Thru the sparkling sands of, her diamond deserts
All around me, a voice was sounding.
This land was made for your and me. (Chorus)
When the sun came shining, and I was strolling
And the wheat was waving, and the dust clouds rolling,
The voice was chanting, as the fog was lifting
This land was made for your and me. (Chorus)

The Pizza Chant

Big
Big and Hot
Big, Hot and Juicy
Eatalota, Eatalota, Eatalota Pizza
Oh no more Italian pizza
Pepperoni, mushrooms, anchovies on the
pizza
Mozzerella cheese, and Parmesan too
Cheese, doesn't matter kind of pizza,
Doesn't matter kind of pizza
Mmmm, Mmmm good!

Small
Small and cold
Small, Cold and Moldy
Barfalota, Barfalota, Barfalota pizza
Oh no, 3 week old pizza
Doesn't matter kind of pizza,
Doesn't matter kind of pizza
Mmmm, Mmmm good!

Pizza! (variation)

Pizza!
Sauce!
Sauce and cheese
Sauce and cheese and anchovies
Eat-a-lotta, eat-a-lotta, eat-a lotta pizza
Oh, no! Don't drop the pizza!
If you drop the pizza then nobody eatsa
Pizza and Coke are srump-dili-icious
Gobble, gobble, gobble, gobble BURP!

Flea Fly and several variations

[Rhythm: Same as "Froggie"]

Flea.
 Flea, fly.
 Flea, fly, mosquito.
 Swat 'em!
 Calamine, calamine, calamine lotion.
 Oh, no more calamine lotion.
 Itchy, itchy, scratchy, scratchy, got one on my backy, backy.
 Ohy, ohy, owwy, owwy, wish he'd go away.
 Quick get the bug spray, I think he went that-a-way ---shhhhhh! [Make spraying motions.]

Flea!
 Flea Fly!
 Flea Fly Flo!
 Eenie, meenie, decimeenie, oo wall a wall a meenie!
 Ex a meenie, zoll a meenie, oo wall a wall!
 Beep billy ott in dotten oh bo ba beaten dotten shh!

Flea!
 Flea fly!
 Flea fly flow!
 Kumalata kumalata kumalata veeslay!
 Oh, no no no, not the veeslay.
 Ich a mini, satch a mini, oo walla walla mini.
 Des a mini, satch a mini, oo walla wall.
 A beat billy oaten bobin obo a boatin bobin obo a boatin bobin boatin bobin boatin bobin
 boatin bobin sssshh...

Flea!
 Flea Fly!
 Flea Fly Flo!
 Vista
 Coo-ma-la, Coo-ma-la, Coo-ma-la Vista
 Oh no-no, no, not the vista
 Eenie, meenie, decimeenie, oo walla walla meenie!
 Ex a meenie, zoll a meenie, oo walla wall!
 Beep billy ott in dotten oh bo ba beaten dotten shh!

- Some variations from Susan Best, Ev Holm, Cathy Porter

Yankee Doodle

Father and I went down to camp
 Along with Captain Goodlin.
 And there we saw the men and boys
 As thick as hasty puddin'.

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

And there was a Captain Washington
 Upon a slapping stallion,
 A giving orders to his men;
 I guess there was a million.
 (chorus)

Star Spangled Banner

O! say can you see by the dawn's early light,
 What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
 Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
 O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming?
 And the Rockets' red glare, the Bombs bursting in air,
 Gave proof through 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 through the mists of the deep,
 Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
 What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
 As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
 Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
 In full glory reflected now shines in the stream,
 Tis the star-spangled banner, O! long may it wave,
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Texas, Our Texas

The Official State Song of Texas

Texas, Our Texas! All hail the mighty State!
 Texas, Our Texas! So wonderful so great!
 Boldest and grandest, withstanding ev'ry test
 O Empire wide and glorious, you stand supremely blest.

Chorus:
 God bless you, Texas! And keep you brave and strong,
 That you may grow in power and worth, throughout the ages long.
 God bless you, Texas! And keep you brave and strong,
 That you may grow in power and worth, throughout the ages long.

Texas, O Texas! Your freeborn single star,
 Sends out its radiance to nations near and far,
 Emblem of Freedom! It set our hearts aglow,
 With thoughts of San Jacinto and glorious Alamo. (chorus)

Texas, dear Texas! From tyrant grip now free,
 Shines forth in splendor, your star of destiny!
 Mother of heroes, we come your children true,
 Proclaiming our allegiance, our faith, our love for you. (chorus)

WESTERN SONGS & BALLADS**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-plowing through the ragged skies and up the cloudy draw.

Yip-I-ki-a, Yip-I-ki-o,
 Ghost Riders in the Sky.

Their brands were still on fire and the 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 the thundered through the sky.
 For as he saw the riders coming hard he could hear their mournful cry.

Yip-I-ki-a, Yip-I-ki-o,
 Ghost Riders in the Sky.

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

Yip-I-ki-a, Yip-I-ki-o,
 Ghost Riders in the Sky.

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.

Yip-I-ki-a, Yip-I-ki-o,
 Ghost Riders in the Sky.

CHANTS**Whadat-n-Chew**

*(Leader says line,
 then everyone repeats)*

whadat-n-chew

bodo skideeten aten
 whadat-n-chew

its skittle-li oaten doten
 bodo skideeten aten
 whadat-n-chew

oaten doten little boaten
 its skittle-li oaten doten
 bodo skideeten aten
 whadat-n-chew

itten ditten little kitten
 oaten doten little boaten
 its skittle-li oaten doten
 bodo skideeten aten
 whadat-n-chew

The Camp Shirts Chant

Camp Shirts, they never get dirty...
 They longer you wear them the stronger you get...
 Sometimes I think we should wash them,
 But something inside me keeps saying..
 not yet not yet not yet

Green socks they never get dirty
 the longer you wear them the stronger they get.
 Sometimes I think I might wash them
 but something inside me keeps saying
 Not Yet Not Yet Not Yet NOT YET!!!!

Froggie! (Keep the beat by alternately slapping thighs and clapping hands:

Dog.

Dog, cat.

Dog, cat, mouse.

Froggie!

Itsy bitsy, teeny weeny little bitty froggie.

Jump, jump, jump, little froggie.

Spiders and flies are scrum-deli-icious.

Ribbit, Ribbit, Ribbit, Ribbit, Ribbit, Ribbit, Ribbit, Ribbit, Croak.

eatel leetel little beetle
 itten ditten little kitten
 oaten doten little boaten
 its skittle-li oaten doten
 bodo skideeten aten
 whadat-n-chew

urdel lurdle little turtle
 eatel leetel little beetle
 itten ditten little kitten
 oaten doten little boaten
 its skittle-li oaten doten
 bodo skideeten aten
 whadat-n-chew

oodle loodle little poodle
 urdel lurdle little turtle
 eatel leetel little beetle
 itten ditten little kitten
 oaten doten little boaten
 its skittle-li oaten doten
 bodo skideeten aten
 whadat-n-chew

A DJ I would Be,
Miles of smiles on the radio dial.

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

A Lifeguard I would be,
Mouth to Mouth Resuscitate,
What a way to get a date.

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

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

An Indian I would be,
String the bow and shoot the buffalo!

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

A Dog I would be,
Oh golly, oh gee, I gotta find a tree.

A Boxer I would be,
Hit him with a left, hit him with a right,
knock out his jaw

A Jester I would be,
Please laugh, don't cry, I don't wanta
die.

If I Had A Head Like A Ping Pong Ball (Tune: William Tell Overture)

If I had a head like a ping pong ball,
If I had a head like a ping pong ball,
If I had a head like a ping pong ball,
Like a ping pong ball.

Like a ping pong, ping pong, ping pong,
ping pong, ping pong, ping pong, ping
pong ball,
Like a ping pong, ping pong, ping pong,
ping pong, ping pong, ping pong, ping
pong ball.

If I had a head like a ping pong ball,
If I had a head like a ping pong ball,
If I had a head like a ping pong ball,
(slowly) I'd f-l-o-a-t away!

A Decorator I would be,
Paint that wall, move that chair,
oh its so divine.

A Knight I would be,
bang, clink, clang,
how do 'ya fight in this thang

A Cubmaster I would be,
A Stomach, no hair,
my scouts are everywhere.

A Policeman I would Be,
Here's a Crime...There's a Crime...
Here's a donut shop.

A Cereal Killer I would Be,
Cheerios, Lucky Charms,
Wheaties your Next.

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

[or] Big belly, no hair,
my scouts are everywhere!

A Girl Scout I would be

Paw Paw Patch

Where, oh where, oh where is Susie?
Where, oh where, oh where is Susie?
Where, oh where, oh where is Susie?
Way down yonder in the paw paw patch!

Chorus:
Picking up paw paws, put 'em in the basket,
Picking up paw paws, put 'em in the basket,
Picking up paw paws, put 'em in the basket,
Way done yonder in the paw paw patch!

2. Come on boys, let's go find her. (chorus)
3. She can do the hula hula. (chorus)
4. She's the queen of old Hawaii. (chorus)

SCOUTING SONGS

On My Honor (Traditional Version)

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 a good turn each day.
To keep my body strengthened,
And to keep my mind awakened.
To follow paths of right-eous-ness,
On my honor, I'll do my best.

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.

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 Boy Scouts together and when we're
gone
We'll still be trying and singing this song.

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?

Paddle Song

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

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

The Happy Wanderer

Tempo: Brisk

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

(chorus)
Valdereee,
Valderaaa,
Valdereee,
Valderaaa-ha-ha-ha-ha,
(repeat last line of verse)

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

(chorus)
"I wave my hat to all I meet
And they wave back to me,
And blackbirds call so loud and sweet,
From every greenwood tree."

(chorus)
"High overhead the skylarks wing,
They never rest at home,
But just like me they love to sing
As o'er the world we roam."

(chorus)
Oh, may I go a-wandering
Until the day I die.
And may I always laugh and sing
Beneath the clear blue sky

Follow Me Boys –

*Robert B. Sherman and Richard M. Sherma,; From the Walt Disney Film "Follow Me Boys",
Based upon the book: God and My Country By MacKinlay Kantor*

Follow me boys, Follow me!
When you think you're really beat,
That's the time to lift your feet,
And follow me boys, follow me!
Pick them up, put them down,
And follow me.

Sergeant Reilley said, There's a fight to win!
Follow me boys, follow me!
And it won't be done till we all pitch in.
Lift your chin with a grin and follow me!
(Chorus)

Shout: Pick them up, put them down,
pick them up!

It's a long long time, but we've got the will.
Follow me boys, follow me!
When we reach the top then it's all down hill.
Till you drop, don't stop, and follow me!
(Chorus)

Going Down The Valley

NOTE: This song is to be sung with gradually changing volume to create the sense of going down, then up, a valley.

(First verse sung in normal tone.)

We are going down the valley,
Going down the valley,
Going down the valley,
one by one, one by one.
We are going down the valley,
Going down the valley,
Going to the setting of the sun.

(Repeat twice, each time softer)

(Second verse sung first in very soft tone.)

We are coming up the valley,
Coming up the valley,
Coming up the valley,
One by one, one by one.
We are coming up the valley,
Coming up the valley,
Coming to the rising of the sun.

(Repeat twice, each time louder)

Though the journey's end is beyond our sight.
Follow me boys, follow me!
If we do our best then we've done all right.
Pack you load, hit the road, and follow me!
(Chorus)

Shout: Pick them up, put them down, pick them up!

We were all packed in when the sergeant said,
Follow me boys, follow me!
We got off our backs and prepared our attack,
When our sergeant hollered, Follow me!
(Chorus)

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

Be A Boy Scout!

I've got songs to sing,
And I'll sing 'em, sing 'em , sing 'em,
I've got songs to sing, I say.
I've got songs to sing,
And I'll sing 'em, sing 'em, sing 'em,
And I'll sing 'em till the break of day.

Chorus:
And I will be a Boy Scout,
Be a Boy Scout,
Be a Boy Scout,
I will do my best.
And I will be a Boy Scout,
Be a Boy Scout,
Be a Boy Scout,
Do my best!

Repeat by substituting different phrases like "tents to pitch," "friends to meet," "dishes to wash," etc. It's fun to let the group suggest the next verse as you go along!

I'm proud to be a Boy Scout...

(Tune: This is the Music Concert)

I'm proud to be a Boy Scout,
as you can plainly see.
But if I weren't a Boy Scout
a _____ I would be,

[or]

If I were not a Boy Scout,
I wonder what I would be
If I were not a Boy Scout, a

A bird watcher I would be
Hark a lark, flying through the park,
SPLAT!

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

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

A carpenter I would be
Hammer, Two by four,
nail it to the floor!

A secretary I would be
z-z-z-z get the point,
z-z-z-z get the point?

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

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

[or] Here's your coffee, here's your tea.
here's your paper bag, urrrp

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

A hippie I would be
Hey Man! Cool Man!
Far out! Wow!

A farmer I would be
Give Betsy give...
the baby's gotta live

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

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

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

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

An electrician I would be
Check the bulb, flip the switch
z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z

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

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

A ice cream maker I would be
Tutti-frutti, tutti-fruitti,
nice ice cream!

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

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

A garbage collector I would be
Lift it, dump it,
pick out the good stuff

[or] Pile that garbage. Pile that garbage.
Pile it to the sky.

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

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

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

A house cleaner I would be
Ooh, a bug; squish it in the rug!

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

A Preacher I would be
praise the Lord, AMEN,
pass the plate around again!

Boom Chick a Boom

I says a-boom-chick-a-boom! [Group echoes.]
 I says a-boom-chick-a-boom! [Group echoes.]
 I says a-boom-chick-a-rock-a-chick-a-rock-a-chick-a-boom!
 [Group echoes.]

Uh-huh! [Group echoes.]
 Oh Yeah! [Group echoes.]
 One more time! [Group echoes.]
 Janitor style! [Group echoes.]

I says a-broom push-a-broom! [Group echoes.]
 I says a-broom push-a-broom! [Group echoes.]
 I says a-boom-chick-a-rock-a-chick-a-rock-a-chick-a-boom!
 [Group echoes.]

Uh-huh! [Group echoes.]
 Oh Yeah! [Group echoes.]
 One more time! [Group echoes.]
 Higher now! [Group echoes.]

Each time a leader adds a different variation such as: LOWER, WHISPER, LOUDER, TONGUE-IN-CHEEK, SEXY, GROOVY (COOL).

Scout Camp

The leaders that they have here,
 they say are mighty fine,
 But when you get up closer,
 they look like Frankenstein.

(Chorus)
 Gee, Mom, I want to go,
 but they won't let me go;
 Gee, Mom, I want to go home.

The first aid that they give you,
 they say is mighty fine,
 But if you cut your finger,
 you're left with only nine.
 (Chorus)

The water that they have here,
 they say is mighty fine,
 But when you try to drink it
 it tastes like turpentine.
 (Chorus)

The toilets that they have here
 are the best that they can get
 Last night my buddy had to go,
 they haven't found 'em yet.
 (Chorus)

When I Started Scouting

(Tune: "Where O Where Are You Tonight")

When I started Scouting, all they ever told me
 Was "Go with the boys, and have lots of fun".
 Now all that I do is go to Scout meetings.
 It seems like I'm always the one on the run.

CHORUS:

Where, oh where, are you tonight?
 Why did you leave me here all alone?
 I fixed the kids dinner and they are in bed now.
 Since you found this Scouting, you're never at home. (CHORUS)

One day I was told to try basic training.
 I went 'cuz it sounded like lots of fun.
 Now I am in charge of all of the training.
 Oh, Heaven help me! Now what have I done? (CHORUS)

Quartermaster Song

There are beavers, beavers, beavers,
 Wielding rusty cleavers,
 At the store, at the store.

There are beavers, beavers, beavers,
 Wielding rusty cleavers,
 At the Quartermaster' store.

CHORUS: 2 parts

My eyes are dim, I cannot see, (Part 1)
 My... eyes... are... dim... (Part 2)
 I have not got my specks with me. (Part 1)
 I... can... not... see... (Part 2)
 I have not got my specks with me. (Both)

There are bob, bobwhites,
 Wearing silken tights. Etc... (Chorus)

There are eagles, eagles, eagles,
 Chasing little beagles. Etc... (Chorus)

There are foxes, foxes, foxes
 Wrapped in little 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 are buffaloes,
 With mud between their toes (etc.)
 (chorus)

There are antelopes,
 Eating cantaloupes (etc.) (chorus)

Alternate verses...

There are snakes, snakes, snakes,
 Big as garden rakes, ... (Chorus)

There are fleas, fleas, fleas,
 Crawling on our knees, ... (Chorus)

There is mer... chan... dise,
 Sold at twice the price, ... (Chorus)

There are mice, mice, mice,
 Running through the rice, ... (Chorus)

There are rats, rats, rats,
 Big as alley cats, ... (Chorus)

There is ice, ice, ice,
 If you don't talk nice, ... (Chorus)

The first verses are from the traditional Wood Badge version of the song. Other verses can easily be made up for fun.

FUN SONGS**Three Jolly Fishermen**

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

The first one's name was Abraham,
 The first one's name was Abraham,
 The first one's name was Abraham,
 Abra, Abra, ham, ham, ham,
 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,
 The second one's name was I-I-saac,
 I-I, I-I, saac, saac, saac,
 I-I, I-I, saac, saac, saac,
 The second one's name was I-I-saac.

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

They all went up to Jericho,
 They all went up to Jericho,
 They all went up to Jericho,
 Jer-I, Jer-I, cho, cho, cho,
 Jer-I, Jer-I, cho, cho, cho,
 They all went up to Jericho.

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

Ode to Scout Leaders

(Tune: "Home on the Range")

Aren't Scout Leaders grand
 For the programs that they plan
 And the hours they put in each night?
 If they're ever at home
 You know they're on the phone
 Helping the Troop run just right.

CHORUS:

We're at home in the woods.
 On weekends with our troops we stay.
 Though we never get rest,
 The boys are doing their best,
 And that's what we're getting for pay!

They hike to their site
 Though it takes half the night
 Through the wind & the rain & the snow!
 These leaders so brave
 They could live in a cave
 Except that their spouses say No!

Camp food tastes just great,
 Like an old paper plate,
 And the bug juice is not fit to drink.
 So why every year,
 For a week we come here
 It's not for vacation, we think!

They read magazines
 With great outdoor scenes,
 Frustration does things to their brains.
 Champagne is taboo, TV watching is too,
 So for two days they must abstain.

They feel like old men,
 On a camp out, they've been
 To be clean, to be warm, to be dry!
 But to tell you the truth,
 they're re-living their youth
 So in answer they merely reply!

Chicken Lips and Lizard Hips

Oh, when I was a camper, I never liked to eat;
 the cook'd put things upon my plate, I'd dump them on his feet;
 but then one day he made this soup, I ate it all in bed;
 I asked him what he'd put in it, and this is what he said.

(Chorus)

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

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

The Littlest Worm

(Repeat after the Leader)

The littlest worm
 I ever saw
 Was stuck inside
 My soda straw
 (all)
 The littlest worm I ever saw,
 was stuck inside my soda straw.

I took a sip
 And he went down
 Right through my pipes
 He'll surely drown
 (all)
 I took a sip and he went down,
 right through my pipes he'll surely drown.

I burped him up
 and he was dead
 I buried him
 in a flower bed
 (all)
 I burped him up and he was dead,
 I buried him in a flower bed.

He was my pal
 He was my friend
 And now he's gone
 And that's the end!
 (all)
 He was my pal he was my friend
 and now he's gone and that's the end!

Viva La Compagnie

Let every good fellow now join in a song,
 Vive la Compagnie!
 Success to each other and pass it along,
 Vive la Compagnie!

(CHORUS)

Vive le, vive le, vive l'amour
 Vive le, vive le, vive l'amour
 Vive roi, vive l'amour
 Vive la Compagnie!

A friend on your left
 and a friend on your right,
 Vive la compagnie!
 In joy and good fellowship let us unite,
 Vive la Compagnie!

(chorus)

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 over your shoulder
 Like a continental soldier?
 Do your ears hang low?

Do your ears flip-flop?
 Can you use them for a mop?
 Are they stringy at the bottom?
 Are they curly at the top?
 Can you use them for a swatter?
 Can you use them for a blotter?
 Do your ears flip-flop?

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?
 Do they flap 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 around at every sound?
 Can you stick them in your pocket,
 Just like little Davey Crocket?
 Do your ears fall off

The Other Day

(Tune: Sippin' Cider)

The other day (echo)
 I met a bear (echo)
 A great big bear (echo)
 A way out there (echo)

The other day I met a bear, (all)
 A great big bear a way out there.

(Continue song in same manner)

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.

In front of me,
 there was a tree,
 A great big tree,
 O Lawdy me.

The nearest branch,
 was six feet up,
 I'd have to jump,
 and trust my luck

And so I jumped,
 into the air
 But I missed that branch,
 a way up there

But don't you fret,
 and don't you frown
 Cause I caught that branch,
 on the way back down

This is the end,
 There' ain't no more
 Unless I meet,
 That bear once more.

Ghost Chickens in the Sky

(Tune: Ghost Riders in the Sky)

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

CHORUS:

Bok-Bok-Bok Bok
 Bok-Bok-Bok Bok
 Ghost chickens in the sky

The farmer had raised chickens since he was twenty-four,
 Working for the colonel for thirty years or more,
 Killing all those chickens and sending them to fry,
 Now the want revenge Ghost chickens in the sky.
 (CHORUS)

Their feet were black and shinny their eyes were burning red,
 They had no meat or feathers these chickens were all dead,
 They picked the farmer up and he died by the claw,
 They cooked him extra crispy and ate him with cole slaw.
 (CHORUS)

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!

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.

The Ants Go Marching

The ants go marching one by one, hoo-rah, hoo-rah,
 the ants go marching one by one, hoo-rah, hoo-rah,
 the ants go machine one by one,
 the little one stops to suck his thumb,
 and they all go marching
 down into the ground to get out of the rain.
 Boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom.

The ants go marching two by two, hoo-rah, hoo-rah.
 The ants go marching two by two, hoo-rah, hoo-rah.
 The ants go marching two by two,
 the little one stops to tie his shoe,
 and they all go marching
 down into the ground to get out of the rain.
 Boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom.

Three-by-three
 The little one stops to climb a tree.

Four-by-four
 The little one stops to open a door.

Five-by-five
 The little one stops to do a jive.

Six-by-six
 The little one stops to pick up sticks.

Seven-by-seven
 The little one stops to look at heaven.

Eight-by-eight
 The little on stops to open a gate.

Nine-by-nine
 The little one stops to pick up dime.

Ten-by-ten
 The little one stops to say "this is the end"
 or the little on stops to start again.

Bug Juice

(Tune: 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!

We drank it by gallons;
 We drank it by tons.
 And the next morning,
 We all had the runs!
 So the next time you drink bug juice,
 And a fly drives you mad,
 He's just getting even,
 'Cause you swallowed his dad.

The Battle of New Orleans

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

CHORUS:

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

We looked down the river and we see'd the British come...
 There must have been a hundred of 'em 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.

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.

They ran through the briars and they ran thru the brambles,
 And they ran thru the bushes where a rabbit couldn't go.
 They ran so fast 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 put the ball between his teeth and powdered his behind,
 And when we touched the powder off the 'gator lost his mind.

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

Pink Pajamas

(Tune: "Battle Hymn of the Republic")

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

Glory, glory, hallelujah!
 Glory, glory, what's it to ya?
 Balmy breezes blowin' through ya
 With nothing on at all!