

Scouting Song Book



Dear Scouters,

I found this compilation of songs on the Internet and I reformatted it into Microsoft Word. I'm also interested in adding to the collection and keeping it going. Please send me any songs you think should be part of this collection. My thanks to Mike Halpin for putting the original together.

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The following is a collection of "fun" songs that I have used in various song books I have compiled for Wood Badge Courses, Junior Leader Training Conferences, Basic Training Programs, and any other time someone asked me to help make a song book. Feel free to use, pass on, give away, or ignore, which is basically what I did. If you are looking for anything in particular, e-mail me at mrhalpin@aol.com.

Keep the Outing In Scouting.
Mike Halpin
Scoutmaster - Silver Axe Conference
Grand Canyon Council Junior Leader Training Program
Phoenix, Arizona

CONTENTS

| | |
|---|----|
| ALIVE, AWAKE, ALERT..... | 6 |
| ANNOUNCEMENTS, ANNOUNCEMENTS..... | 6 |
| THE ANTS GO MARCHING..... | 6 |
| AN AUSTRIAN..... | 7 |
| BEAR SONG..... | 7 |
| WE'LL ALL BE SINGING..... | 9 |
| BIG ROCK CANDY MOUNTAIN (SCOUTING)..... | 9 |
| BINGO..... | 10 |
| BIRDIE SONG..... | 10 |
| BIRDS IN THE WILDERNESS..... | 10 |
| BOA CONSTRICTOR..... | 11 |
| MY BONNIE (variations)..... | 11 |
| BOOM CHICKA BOOM..... | 12 |
| CANNIBAL KING..... | 12 |
| THE CAPTAIN..... | 13 |
| SIPPIN' CIDER..... | 13 |
| COMMERCIAL MIXUP..... | 14 |
| COMPUTER SONG..... | 15 |
| THE COO-COO BIRD..... | 15 |
| COWPIES..... | 15 |
| CUTEST BEAR..... | 16 |
| DEACON WENT DOWN..... | 17 |
| DING-A-LING..... | 18 |
| DO YOUR EARS HANG LOW?..... | 19 |
| ALL YOU ETA..... | 20 |
| FLEA..... | 20 |
| FOUND A PEANUT..... | 20 |
| FROGS GO POP..... | 21 |
| GHOST CHICKENS IN THE SKY..... | 21 |
| GHOST STAFFERS IN THE SKY..... | 22 |

| | |
|--|----|
| GING GANG GOOLI..... | 23 |
| GOAT SONG..... | 23 |
| MY GOOSE..... | 24 |
| GRANNY'S IN THE CELLAR..... | 24 |
| LITTLE GREEN FROG..... | 24 |
| GROUND ROUND..... | 24 |
| HAM AND EGGS..... | 25 |
| IF YOU'RE HAPPY..... | 25 |
| HEAD AND SHOULDERS..... | 25 |
| OH HERE WE ARE..... | 25 |
| HEY HO! NOBODY HOME..... | 26 |
| THERE'S A HOLE IN THE BUCKET..... | 26 |
| HOLE IT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA..... | 26 |
| OH! HOW I HATE TO GET UP IN THE MORNING..... | 27 |
| INSECT COVERED WORLD..... | 27 |
| OH I WISH I WERE..... | 28 |
| HE JUMPED FROM 40,000 FEET..... | 28 |
| I'M A JUVENILE DELINQUENT..... | 28 |
| THE KEEPER..... | 29 |
| KING OF THE CAMP..... | 30 |
| CAMP KOOKAMONGA..... | 30 |
| LONDON'S BURNING..... | 32 |
| CAMPERS' LULLABY..... | 32 |
| MENU SONG..... | 32 |
| MORE WE GET TOGETHER..... | 33 |
| MULES..... | 34 |
| MY OLD MAN'S A SAILOR..... | 34 |
| MEN FROM NAIROBI..... | 34 |
| NOTHING MORE TO SAY..... | 35 |
| I'M A NUT..... | 35 |
| O CHESTER..... | 35 |
| PINK PAJAMAS..... | 36 |
| PAW-PAW PATCH..... | 36 |
| PEANUT, PEANUT BUTTER JELLY..... | 36 |
| ON TOP OF A PIZZA..... | 37 |
| I POINTS TO MINESELF..... | 37 |
| YOU'VE BEEN PRIMPING..... | 37 |
| QUEER BIRD..... | 37 |
| RAVIOLI..... | 38 |
| ROADKILL STEW..... | 38 |
| ROOSTER SONG..... | 38 |
| DEAD DOG ROVER..... | 39 |
| JOHN JACOB JINGLEHEIMER SCHMIDT..... | 40 |
| LITTLE SKUNK..... | 40 |
| ARE YOU SLEEPING?..... | 40 |
| SLEEPY CAMPER..... | 41 |
| ON TOP OF SPAGHETTI..... | 41 |
| YOU'LL WAKE THE STUPID BIRDS!!..... | 41 |
| TARZEN OF THE APES..... | 42 |
| THIS OLD MAN..... | 42 |
| THROW IT OUT THE WINDOW..... | 42 |
| TIP TOE THRU THE TULIPS..... | 42 |
| WE'RE ALL TOGETHER AGAIN..... | 43 |
| TOOTY TA..... | 43 |

| | |
|--|----|
| A TRIO OF RODENTS WITH IMPERFECT VISION..... | 44 |
| UNDERWEAR..... | 44 |
| VISTAY..... | 44 |
| WADDELEY-ACHEE..... | 44 |
| HAPPY WANDERER..... | 44 |
| MOM, WASH MY UNDERWEAR..... | 45 |
| A WEALTHY MAN..... | 45 |
| BE KIND TO YOUR WEB FOOTED FRIENDS..... | 46 |
| WE'RE HERE BECAUSE..... | 46 |
| WHERE O WHERE ARE YOU TONIGHT?..... | 46 |
| WORMS..... | 47 |
| WORST IS YET TO COME..... | 48 |
| GRAND OLD DUKE OF YORK..... | 48 |
| ZULU WARRIOR..... | 48 |
| I LOVE YOU ARIZONA..... | 48 |
| BACK IN THE SADDLE AGAIN..... | 49 |
| BICYCLE BUILT FOR TWO..... | 49 |
| BIG IRON..... | 49 |
| BIG ROCK CANDY MOUNTAIN..... | 51 |
| BILL BAILEY WON'T YOU PLEASE COME HOME..... | 52 |
| BLOWING IN THE WIND..... | 52 |
| BRITISH GRENADIERS..... | 53 |
| THE DYING COWBOY..... | 54 |
| THE OLD CHISOLM TRAIL..... | 54 |
| COOL WATER..... | 55 |
| COUNTRY ROADS..... | 55 |
| DANNY BOY..... | 56 |
| DESPERADO..... | 56 |
| DON'T FENCE ME IN..... | 57 |
| DOWN IN THE VALLEY..... | 58 |
| FIRE ON THE MOUNTAIN..... | 58 |
| FOUR-LEAF CLOVER..... | 59 |
| THE GAMBLER..... | 59 |
| GHOST RIDERS IN THE SKY..... | 60 |
| HAIL HAIL THE GANG'S ALL HERE..... | 61 |
| HAPPY TRAILS..... | 61 |
| MY HEROES HAVE ALWAYS BEEN COWBOYS..... | 61 |
| HOME ON THE RANGE..... | 62 |
| HOME, SWEET HOME..... | 63 |
| LOCH LOMAND..... | 63 |
| THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL..... | 64 |
| LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG..... | 64 |
| MARIAH..... | 64 |
| MOON RIVER..... | 65 |
| MOUNTAIN DEW..... | 65 |
| I LOVE THE MOUNTAINS..... | 66 |
| MR. BOJANGLES..... | 67 |
| THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS..... | 68 |
| VIVA! NUEVO MEJICO!..... | 69 |
| THE OLD GREY MARE..... | 69 |
| ON TOP OF OLD SMOKIE..... | 70 |
| ONE TIN SOLDIER..... | 70 |
| PUFF THE MAGIC DRAGON..... | 71 |
| RED RIVER VALLEY..... | 71 |

| | |
|--|----|
| THE RIDDLE SONG | 72 |
| ROCKY MOUNTAIN HIGH..... | 72 |
| ROCKY TOP..... | 73 |
| ROW, ROW, ROW YOUR BOAT..... | 74 |
| SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY | 74 |
| SHE'LL BE COMIN' | 75 |
| SINGING IN THE RAIN..... | 75 |
| SIXTEEN TONS..... | 75 |
| SLEWFOOT | 76 |
| THE SOUND OF MUSIC | 76 |
| LAREDO | 77 |
| LAREDO | 77 |
| WAIT TILL THE SUN SHINES NELLIE..... | 78 |
| SWEET BETSY FROM PIKE | 78 |
| TENNESSEE STUD | 80 |
| TODAY..... | 81 |
| LITTLE TOM TINKER..... | 82 |
| TUMBLING TUMBLEWEEDS | 82 |
| VIVE L'AMOUR..... | 82 |
| WABASH CANNONBALL | 83 |
| WALTZING MATILDA..... | 84 |
| WHATEVER WILL BE, WILL BE | 84 |
| WHEN THE SAINTS GO MARCHING IN..... | 84 |
| WHERE HAVE ALL THE FLOWERS GONE..... | 85 |
| I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THE RAILROAD..... | 85 |

ALIVE, AWAKE, ALERT

Chorus:

I'm alive, awake, alert, enthusiastic!
I'm alive, awake, alert, enthusiastic!
I'm alive, awake, alert, Alert, awake, alive.
I'm alive, awake, alert, enthusiastic!

(when you sing:

I'm alive----- tap thighs
Awake ----- clap hands
Alert ----- snap fingers
Enthusiastic - wiggle torso)

ANNOUNCEMENTS, ANNOUNCEMENTS

Announcements, announcements, announcements,
A horrible way to die,
A horrible way to die,
A horrible way to get talked to death.
A horrible way to die,

Make announcements short and sweet
Short and sweet, short and sweet.
Make announcements short and sweet
Short and sweet, short and sweet.
For they are boring.

(sing this any time the four-letter word announcements is used)

THE ANTS GO MARCHING

The ants go marching one by one. Hurrah! Hurrah!
The ants go marching one by one. Hurrah! Hurrah!
The ants go marching one by one.
The little one stops to suck his thumb.
And they all go marching down,
To the ground, to get out of the rain.
Boom! Boom! Boom!

(other verses)

two by two tie his shoe
three by three climb a tree
four by four shut the door
five by five take a dive
six by six pick up sticks
seven by seven pray to heaven
eight by eight shut the gate
nine by nine check the time

ten by ten say "The End"

AN AUSTRIAN

Oh, an Austrian went yodeling on a mountain so high,
When along came a cuckoo bird interrupting his cry.

Oh Le De

Yoddle le kee kee,

Yoddle le coo coo, coo coo

Yoddle le kee kee,

Yoddle le coo coo, coo coo

Yoddle le kee kee,

Yoddle le coo coo, coo coo

Yoddle le kee kee oh.

Grizzly bear Grr.

Lumberjack Timber

Avalanche shhhh

Two lovers kiss, kiss

Preacher man Amen

BEAR SONG

The other day (repeat)

I met a bear (repeat)

Up in the woods (repeat)

A way up there. (repeat)

(all sing)

The other day I met a bear,

Up in the woods a way up there.

He looked at me (repeat)

I looked at him (repeat)

He sized up me (repeat)

I sized up him. (repeat)

(all sing)

He looked at me I looked at him

He sized up me I sized up him.

He said to me; (repeat)

Why don't you run? (repeat)

Because I see (repeat)

You have no gun. (repeat)

(all sing)

He said to me; "Why don't you run

Because I see you have no gun."

And so I ran (repeat)

Away from there (repeat)

But right behind me (repeat)

Came that bear. (repeat)

(all sing)
And so I ran away from there
But right behind me came that bear.

Ahead of me (repeat)
I saw a tree (repeat)
Oh glory be (repeat)
A great big tree. (repeat)
(all sing)
Ahead of me I saw a tree.
Oh glory be a great big tree.

The nearest branch (repeat)
Was ten feet up (repeat)
I'd have to jump (repeat)
And trust to luck. (repeat)
(all sing)
The nearest branch was ten feet up
I'd have to jump and trust to luck.

And so I jumped (repeat)
Into the air (repeat)
But I missed that branch (repeat)
A way up there. (repeat)
(all sing)
And so I jumped into the air
But I missed that branch a way up there.

Now don't you fret (repeat)
Now don't you frown (repeat)
I caught that branch (repeat)
On the way back down. (repeat)
(all sing)
Now don't you fret now don't you frown
I caught that branch on the way back down.

The moral of (repeat)
This story is (repeat)
Don't talk to bears (repeat)
In NIKE shoes. (repeat)
(all sing)
The moral of this story is
Don't talk to bears in NIKE shoes.

This is the end (repeat)
There ain't no more (repeat)
Unless I meet (repeat)
That bear once more. (repeat)
(all sing)
This is the end there ain't no more

Unless I meet that bear once more.

WE'LL ALL BE SINGING

One finger we'll all keep singing.
One finger we'll all keep singing.
One finger we'll all keep singing.
We'll all be merry and bright.

2. One finger, one thumb
3. One finger, one thumb, one arm
4. One finger, one thumb, one arm, one leg
5. One finger, one thumb, one arm, one leg, a nod of the head,
6. One finger, one thumb, one arm, one leg, a nod of the head, stand up - sit down
7. One finger, one thumb, one arm, one leg, a nod of the head, stand up - sit down, stick out your tongue.

BIG ROCK CANDY MOUNTAIN (SCOUTING)

On a summer's day in the month of May,
A Tenderfoot Scout came hiking,
Down a shady lane in the sugar cane;
He was looking for his liking.
As he strolled along he sang a song
Of a land of milk and honey,
Where a Scout can stay for many a day,
And he don't need any money.

Chorus:

O the buzzin' of the bees
And the chocolate trees,
And the root beer fountain,
Where lemonade springs,
And the bluebird signs,
On the Big Rock Candy Mountain.

On the Big Rock Candy Mountain
All the frogs have wooden legs,
The bulldogs all have rubber teeth,
The hens lay soft boiled eggs,
The farmer's trees are full of fruit,
The barn's full of hay,
So I wanna go where there ain't no snow,
Where the sleet don't fall
And the wind don't blow,
On the Big Rock Candy Mountain.

CHORUS

There's a beach of sun,
Where we can have fun,
And the ice cream grows on bushes;

In the new mown hay,
We can sleep all day,
And the malls all have free lunches.
Where the rock and roll pops,
And the music never stops,
And the folks are tender hearted,
Where you never change your socks,
And you never throw rocks,
And you hair is never parted.

CHORUS

Oh, a farmer and his son,
They were on the run,
To the hay field they were bounding,
Said the Scout to the son,
“Why don’t you come
To that Big Rock Candy Mountain?”
So the very next day they hiked away,
The mile posts they kept counting,
But they never arrived at the lemonade tide
On the Big Rock Candy Mountain

CHORUS

BINGO

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

BIRDIE SONG

Way up in the sky,
The little birds fly,
While down in the nest,
The little birds rest.
With a wing on their left,
And a wing on their right,
The little birds slumber,
All through the night.
Shhhhhh!

BIRDS IN THE WILDERNESS

(tune: Old Gray Mare)
Here we sit like birds in the wilderness,
Birds in the wilderness,
Birds in the wilderness.
Here we sit like birds in the wilderness,
Waiting for (whomever) to come.
Waiting for (whomever) to come.

Waiting for (whomever) to come.
Here we sit like birds in the wilderness,
Waiting for (whomever) to come.

(put any name in the "whomever" spot)

BOA CONSTRICTOR

(Chorus is sung by everyone, the Leader does the spoken parts, then everyone sings the chorus, another individual does the snake parts at the end)

Chorus:

I'm being swallowed by a boa constrictor, a boa constrictor, a boa constrictor.
I'm being swallowed by a boa constrictor, a boa constrictor, a boa constrictor.
And I don't like snakes one bit.

LEADER SPOKEN PARTS

Oh no! He's swallowed my toe.
Oh gee! He's up to my knee.
Oh my! He's up to my thigh.
Oh jelly! He's up to my belly.
Oh heck! He's up to my neck.
I'm nearly all in,
he's up to my chin!
Oh dread! He's swallowing my....

SNAKE: BURP! 'CUSE ME.

MY BONNIE (variations)

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.

Bring back, Bring back, Bring back
My neighbors to me, to me.
Bring back, Bring back, Bring back
My neighbors to me, to me.

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

Bring back, Bring back, Bring back
My Bonnie to me, to me.
Bring back, Bring back, Bring back
My Bonnie to me, to me.

My breakfast lies over the ocean,
My luncheon lies over the rail,

My supper lies in great commotion,
Will someone please bring me a pail?

Please bring, please bring, please
bring a pail to me, to me.
Please bring, please bring, please
bring a pail to me, 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 the window and see.

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.

BOOM CHI CKA BOOM

(Everyone repeats what the leader says)
I said a boom chicka boom
I said a boom chicka boom
I said a boom chicka rocka chicka rocka chicka boom
Oh ya'
Auh huh
One more time now.

Then:
Higher
Lower
Faster
Slower
Louder
Softer

CANNIBAL KING

The cannibal king with a big nose ring,
Fell in love with a fair young dame—
And ev'vy night by the pale moonlight,
Across the lake he came.
Oh, a hug and kiss for a Zulu miss,
In the shade of the old palm tree----
And it sounded like this to me.

Chorus:
Barrumph (kiss, kiss)
Barrumph (kiss, kiss)
Barrumph ti di a di aye ----
Barrumph (kiss, kiss)

Barrumph (kiss, kiss)
Barrumph ti di a di aye.

The Cannibal King went out on a fling
Out with his fair young dame—
And so that night by the pale moonlight,
Across the lake he came.
He placed a band upon her hand,
And so that night by the pale moonlight,
They pitched a little woo.

CHORUS

THE CAPTAIN

(tune: My Bonnie)
The sailors, they eat in the galley,
The captain, he eats in the nob.
It isn't he eats any better,
It's so they won't know he's a slob.

Chorus:
Shape Up! Shape Up!
O shape up or ship out today, today.
Shape Up! Shape Up!
O shape up or ship out today.

The sailors, they sleep in their hammocks,
The captain, he sleeps in his bed.
It's not that he sleeps any better,
He's 20 feet neared the head.

CHORUS

The sailors, they ride in the longboat.
The captain, he rides in his gig.
It's not that he rides any better,
It makes the old buzzard feel big.

CHORUS

SIPPIN' CIDER

(Leader sings a line and everyone repeats.)
The prettiest girl (repeat)
I ever saw (repeat)
Was sippin' ci- (repeat)
Der through a straw. (repeat)
(all sing)
The prettiest girl, I ever saw
Was sippin' cider through a straw.

Says I to her (repeat)
What you doin' that fer? (repeat)
A sippin' ci- (repeat)
Der through a straw. (repeat)
(all sing)
Says I to her; -What you doin' that fer?
A sippin' cider through a straw.

Then cheek to cheek (repeat)
And jaw to jaw (repeat)
We both sipped ci- (repeat)
Der through a straw. (repeat)
(all sing)
Then cheek to cheek and jaw to jaw,
We both sipped cider through a straw.

And now and then (repeat)
That straw would slip (repeat)
And we'd sip ci- (repeat)
Der lip to lip. (repeat)
(all sing)
And now and then that straw would slip,
And we'd sip cider lip to lip.

That's how I got (repeat)
My mother-in-law (repeat)
And forty-nine kids (repeat)
That call me Paw. (repeat)
(all sing)
That's how I got my mother-in-law
And forty-nine kids that call me Paw.

The moral of (repeat)
This story is (repeat)
Don't sip your ci- (repeat)
Der, drink ROOT BEER! (repeat)
(all sing)
The moral of this story is
Don't sip your cider, drink ROOT BEER!

COMMERCIAL MI XUP

(tune: Farmer In the Dell)
Last night I watched TV.
I saw my favorite show.
I heard a strange commercial.
I can't believe it's so.

Feed your dog Chiffon.
Comet cures a cold.
Use S.O.S. pads on your face

To keep from looking old.

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 thing I am certain of,
I'll watch TV tonight.

COMPUTER SONG

(tune: Take Me Out to the Ballgame)
8 6 5 4 3 2 1
8 6 5 4 3 2
7 7 7 5 6 7 9 3 1
5 5 5 6 7 9 0 3 1, OH
8 6 5 4 3 2 1
1 3 2 4 5 6 8, and it's
9 9 9 7 6 5 4 2 5 6 8

THE COO-COO BIRD

In the springtime around the lake,
As I wandered along,
I spied a young coo-coo bird,
A singing this song.

Chorus:
Boom a lac-a kee-a, Boom a lac-coo-coo.
Boom a lac-a kee-a, Boom a lac-coo-coo.
Boom a lac-a kee-a, Boom a lac-coo-coo.
Boom a lac-a kee-a, Boom.

In the springtime around the lake,
As I wandered along,
I spied two young coo-coo birds,
A singing this song.

(Repeat chorus and add another coo-coo bird to the chorus.)
(For each additional bird, add another coo-coo to the chorus.)

COWPIES

(tune: Rawhide)
Watch 'em, watch 'em, watch 'em
Keep your eyes peeled for 'em
Think we're headed for some
COWPIES -----

They're round and green and mushy
They come from a cow's tushy
And soon they will be covered
With flies ---

Walkin' thru this pasture
Please don't walk no faster
It could be disaster
COWPIES -----

Don't try an' understand 'em
Just try an' walk around 'em
You could miss 'em if
You tried ----

Workin' in a stable
Scoop 'em if yer able
Do a dude a favor
COWPIES -----

He's riding on a pillow
His boots are armadillo
If he steps in one he surely
Would die ----

So, scoop em up, shovel 'em up,
Rake 'em up, pick 'em up
COWPIES -----

CUTEST BEAR

The cutest bear (repeat)
I ever saw (repeat)
Was sittin' in the road (repeat)
With a sandwich in his paw (repeat)
(all sing)
The cutest bear I ever saw.
Was sittin' in the road with a sandwich in his paw.

I asked him if (repeat)
He'd pose for me (repeat)
He said he would (repeat)
For a nominal fee (repeat)
(all sing)
I asked him if he'd pose for me.
He said he would for a nominal fee.

I walked right up (repeat)
And looked at him (repeat)
He opened his mouth (repeat)
And shoved me in (repeat)

(all sing)

I walked right up and looked at him.
He opened his mouth and shoved me in.

Now here I sit (repeat)
Inside this Bear (repeat)
I need some HELP (repeat)
And a little fresh air (repeat)

(all sing)

Now here I sit inside this Bear.
I need some HELP and a little fresh air.

DEACON WENT DOWN

Oh, the deacon went down (repeat)
To the cellar to pray. (repeat)
He found a jug, (repeat)
And he stayed all day. (repeat)
(all)
Oh, the deacon went down to the cellar to pray.
He found a jug, and he stayed all day.
I ain't a gonna grieve my Lord no more.

If you get to Heaven, (repeat)
Before I do (repeat)
Just poke a hole (repeat)
And pull me through. (repeat)
(all)
If you get to Heaven, before I do
Just poke a hole, and pull me through.
I ain't a gonna grieve my Lord no more.

Oh you can't get to Heaven (repeat)
In (insert name) shoes. (repeat)
Cause the Lord don't allow (repeat)
No war canoes. (repeat)
(all)
Oh you can't get to Heaven in (insert name) shoes.
Cause the Lord don't allow no war canoes.

Oh, you can't get to Heaven (repeat)
On roller skates. (repeat)
You'll roll right by (repeat)
Those pearly gates. (repeat)
(all)
Oh, you can't get to Heaven on roller skates.
You'll roll right by those pearly gates.
I ain't a gonna grieve my Lord no more.

Oh, you can't get to Heaven (repeat)
In a (insert name) car, (repeat)

Cause the gosh darn thing, (repeat)
Won't go that far. (repeat)
(all)
Oh, you can't get to Heaven in (insert name) car,
Cause the gosh darn thing, won't go that far.
I ain't a gonna grieve my Lord no more.

Oh, you can't get to Heaven (repeat)
With (insert name) nose. (repeat)
Cause the Lord don't allow (repeat)
No fire hose. (repeat)
(all)
Oh, you can't get to Heaven with (insert name) nose.
Cause the Lord don't allow no fire hose.
I ain't a gonna grieve my Lord no more.

You can't get to Heaven (repeat)
On a pair of skis, (repeat)
You'll shuse right through (repeat)
Saint Peter's knees. (repeat)
(all)
You can't get to Heaven on a pair of skis,
You'll shuse right through Saint Peter's knees.
I ain't a gonna grieve my Lord no more.

That's all there is (repeat)
And dere ain't no more, (repeat)
Saint Peter said (repeat)
As he closed the door. (repeat)
(all)
That's all there is and dere ain't no more,
Saint Peter said as he closed the door.
I ain't a gonna grieve my Lord no more.

(Last chorus):
I ain't a gonna grieve my Lord no more,
I ain't a gonna grieve my Lord no more,
I ain't a gonna grieve my Lord no more.

DING-A-LING

When I was a little bitty boy,
My grandmother gave me a brand-new toy.
Silver Bells on a string,
She told me it was
My ding-a-ling-a-ling.

CHORUS

My ding-a-ling, my ding-a-ling,
Won't you play with my ding-a-ling.
My ding-a-ling, my ding-a-ling,

Won't you play with my ding-a-ling.

On my way to Grammar School,
I stopped in at the vestibule.
Every time the bell would ring,
They caught me playing with
My ding-a-ling-a-ling.

CHORUS

Went to cross turtle creek,
Snapper snappin' at my feet.
Sure was hard to cross that thing,
With both hands on
My ding-a-ling-a-ling.

CHORUS

I climbed upon the garden wall,
Slipped and had an awful fall.
I fell so hard, I heard bells ring,
But I held on to
My ding-a-ling-a-ling.

CHORUS

This little song, it ain't so bad,
Best little song you ever did have.
For those of you who will not sing,
You must be playing with
Your own ding-a-ling-a-ling.

CHORUS

SWEETLY SINGS THE DONKEY

Sweetly sings the donkey,
At the break of day;
If you do not feed him,
This is what he'll say:
Hee-haw! Hee-haw!
Hee-haw! Hee-haw! Hee-haw!

DO YOUR EARS HANG LOW?

(tune: Turkey in the Straw)
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 hang high?

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

ALL YOU ETA

All you eta, think of all you eta,
All you eta, think of all you et.
Think of all the soup you et,
Think of all the soup you et,
Soup you et, soup you et.....OH...

All you eta, think of all you eta,
All you eta, think of all you et.
Think of all the corn you et,
Think of all the corn you et,
corn you et, corn you et.....OH...

(other verses; meat, salad, pie, cobbler, potatoes, lobster, etc.)

FLEA

(Everyone repeats what the leader says)
Flea
Flea, fly,
Flea fly flo
Vista
Kumala, kumala, kumala vista
Oh no no no not the vista
Ene mene esta mene oowah oowah a meenie
Dese mene soo la mene oowah oowah a meenie
Beep billy oat n dote n bo bo ba deet n dat n
SHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

FOUND A PEANUT

(tune: Clementine)
Found a peanut, found a peanut,
Found a peanut just now.
Just now found a peanut,
Found a peanut just now

It was rotten, it was rotten,
It was rotten just now.
Just now it was rotten,
It was rotten just now.

(other verses)
Ate it any way

Got a stomach.
Called the doctor.
Had surgery.
Died anyway.
Went to heaven.
Forgot my teddy bear.
Back in heaven.
Kicked an angle.
Went the other way.
Shoveling coal.
Found a peanut.
It was rotten.
Threw it away.

FROGS GO POP

(tune: The Old Gray Mare)

We all know frogs go POP in the microwave,
POP in the microwave, POP in the microwave,
We all know frogs go POP in the microwave,
When you turn it on.

We all know frogs go
SQUELCH when you step on them,
SQUELCH when you step on them,
SQUELCH when you step on them,
We all know frogs go
SQUELCH when you step on them,
So better wipe your shoes.

We all know frogs go WHIZZ in the blender,
WHIZZ in the blender, WHIZZ in the blender,
We all know frogs go WHIZZ in the blender,
When you turn it oooooonnnnnnnnn!

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 coop,
As he went along his way.
When all at once a rotten egg
Hit him in the eye.
It was the sight he dreaded...
Ghost chickens in the sky.

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

The farmer has 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 they want revenge...
Ghost chickens in the sky.

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

Their feet were black and shiny,
Their eyes were burning red.
They had no meat or feathers,
These chickens all were dead.
They picked the farmer up
And he died by the CLAW.
They cooked him EXTRA CRISPY,
And ate him with cole slaw.

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

GHOST STAFFERS IN THE SKY

The S - P - L went hiking out
One dark and windy day,
Upon his staff he rested
As he went along his way,
When all at once a motley crew
Of red-eyed staff he saw,
A plowin' through the ragged skies
And up a dusty draw.

Yip-i-ya-a, yip-i-ya-o,
Ghost Staffers in the sky.

Their feet were still on fire
And their hearts were made of steel
Their boots were black and grungy
And their hot breath he could feel.
A bolt of fear went through him
As they stumbled down the trail.
For as he saw the staffers fallin hard
He could hear their mournful wail.

Yip-i-ya-a, yip-i-ya-o,
Ghost Staffers in the sky.

Their faces were gaunt,
Their eyes were red,
Their shirts all soaked with sweat,
They're workin hard to catch the point,
But they ain't caught it yet.
They've got to work forevermore
On that course up in the sky.
Driven by a heartless man,
On listen to them cry.

Yip-i-ya-a, yip-i-ya-o,
Ghost Staffers in the sky.

And as their leader went on by,
He heard him call his name,
If you want to save your soul
From hell a hikin with this pain
Then S-P-L you'd better change your ways
Or with us you will hike
Trying to catch the devil's staff
Along this endless pike.

Yip-i-ya-a, yip-i-ya-o,
Ghost Staffers in the sky.

GI NG GANG GOOLI

Ging gang gooli gooli gooli gooli
Ging gang goo, ging gang goo.
Ging gang gooli gooli gooli gooli watcha
Ging gang goo, ging gang goo.

Hay la, hay la shay la,
Hay la shay la hay la ho-o.
Hay la, hay la shay la.
Hay la shay la hay la ho.
Shawly wally, shawly wally,
Shawly wally, shawly wally
Umpa, umpa, umpa, umpa!

(One part of the group repeats the umpa, umpa etc. while the other repeats the verse)

GOAT SONG

There was a man, (repeat)
Now please take note. (repeat)
There was a man. (repeat)
He had a goat. (repeat)
He loved that goat. (repeat)

One day that goat (repeat)
Felt frisky and fine. (repeat)
Ate three red shirts (repeat)
From off the line. (repeat)
the man he grabbed (repeat)
It by the back, (repeat)
And tied it to (repeat)
The railroad track (repeat)

And when the train (repeat)
pulled into sight, (repeat)
That goat grew green (repeat)
And pale with fright. (repeat)
It heaved a sigh, (repeat)
As if in pain, (repeat)
Coughed up those shirts (repeat)
And flagged the train. (repeat)

MY GOOSE

Why shouldn't my goose, sing as well as thy goose?
When I paid for my goose, twice as much as thou?

GRANNY'S IN THE CELLAR

Oh, granny's in the cellar
Oh, dearie, can't you smell her?
She's cookin' on that gosh darn dirty stove.
In her eye there is a matter
That keeps drippin' in the batter.
And the (sniff) keeps runnin' down her nose.
Down her nose.(sniff)
Down her nose. (sniff)
And the (sniff) keeps runnin' down her nose.

LITTLE GREEN FROG

Baroomp went the little green frog one day.
Baroomp went the little green frog one day.
Baroomp went the little green frog one day.
And his eyes went BLAP! BLAP! BLAP!

GROUND ROUND

(tune: Downtown)
When you eat meat but hate the meat you're eating
Then you've surely got GROUND ROUND.
It's so unnerving when they're constantly serving
It in eating spots—GROUND ROUND.
It may be called Salisbury, cube steak, or beef patty,
No matter what it's called,
It's always overcooked and fatty.

What can you do?
Sound off to your waiter there,
Loudly pound on the table,
Stand up on your chair,
And shout, GROUND ROUND.
Always they're conning me, GROUND ROUND.
Piled on my plate, I see GROUND ROUND.

HAM AND EGGS

Ham and eggs, ham and eggs,
I like mine fried nice and brown,
I like mine fried upside down;
Ham and eggs, ham and eggs,
Flip 'em, flop 'em,
Flop 'em, flip 'em,
Ham and eggs!

IF YOU'RE HAPPY

If you're happy and you know it,
Clap your hands.
If you're happy and you know it, clap your hands.
If you're happy and you know it,
Then you really ought to show it,
If you're happy and you know it, clap your hands.

(Repeat as above with):
Stomp your feet
Shout "Hoo-ray" (or "A-men")
Do all three.

HEAD AND SHOULDERS

Head and shoulders, knees and toes, knees and toes.
Head and shoulders, knees and toes, knees and toes.
Eyes and ears and mouth and nose,
Head and shoulders, knees and toes, knees and toes.
(touch each part of the body with both hands as you sing)

OH HERE WE ARE

Oh, here we are (repeat)
About our fire (repeat)
And here we'll stay (repeat)
Until we tire (repeat)
Oh, here we are about our fire,
And here we'll stay until we tire.

Oh, we ain't gonna leave our friends no more.
We ain't gonna leave our friends no more,
We ain't gonna leave our friends no more.

HEY HO! NOBODY HOME

Hey, ho! Nobody home.
Meat nor drink nor money have I none;
Yet will I be merry.
Hey, ho! Nobody home.

(sung as a round)

THERE'S A HOLE IN THE BUCKET

There's a hole in the bucket dear Liza, dear Liza,
There's a hole in the bucket dear Liza, a hole.
Well, fix it dear Henry, dear Henry, dear Henry,
Well, fix it dear Henry; Fix it.

With what shall I mend it,
With a straw.

The straw is too long,
Then cut it.

With what shall I cut it,
With an ax.

The ax is too dull,
Then sharpen it,

With what shall I sharpen it,
With a stone.

The stone is too dry,
Then wet it.

With what shall I wet it,
With water.

With what shall I fetch it,
With a bucket.

There's a hole in the bucket.

HOLE IN THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA

There's a hole in the bottom of the sea.
There's a hole in the bottom of the sea.
There's a hole.
There's a hole.
There's a hole in the bottom of the sea.

There's a log in the hole in the bottom of the sea.
There's a log in the hole in the bottom of the sea.

There's a log.
There's a log.
There's a hole in the bottom of the sea.

(other verses)

There's a bump on the log
There's a frog on the bump
There's a leg on the frog
There's a foot on the leg
There's a toe on the foot
There's a wart on the toe
There's a hair on the wart
There's a flea on the hair
There's a smile on the flea ...

OH! HOW I HATE TO GET UP IN THE MORNING

Chorus:

Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning,
Oh, how I'd love to remain in bed ---
For the hardest blow of all,
Is to hear the bugler call;
You've got to get up, you've got to get up,
You've go 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 step upon it heavily,
And spend the rest of my life in bed.

CHORUS

INSECT COVERED WORLD

(tune: It's a Small World)

It's a world of mosquitoes, a world of moths,
It's a world of centipedes, a world of wasps,
There's so much that we share
That it's time we're aware,
It's an insect covered world.

Chorus:

It's an insect covered world.
It's an insect covered world.
It's an insect covered world.
It's an insect covered world.

It's a world of beetles, a world of fleas,
It's a world of caterpillars, a world of bees,
In this world that we know,

There is so much to show,
It's an insect covered world.

CHORUS

OH I WISH I WERE

Oh, I wish I were a little bar of soap.
Oh, I wish I were a little bar of soap.
I would slip and I'd slide,
Over everybody's hiney.
Oh, I wish I were a little bar of soap.

Hunk of mud - I'd ooey and I'd gooey
Under everybody's shoe.

Can of pop - I'd go down with a slurp
And I'd come up with a burp.

Slippery root - I'd sit upon the trail
And knock everyone on his tail.

(Make up your own verses)

HE JUMPED FROM 40,000 FEET

He jumped from 40,000 feet and didn't pull the cord.
He jumped from 40,000 feet and didn't pull the cord.
He jumped from 40,000 feet and didn't pull the cord.
And he ain't gonna jump no more.

Chorus:

Gory! Gory! What a heck of mess he made.
Gory! Gory! What a heck of mess he made.
Gory! Gory! What a heck of mess he made.
And he ain't gonna jump no more.

(Other Verses)

He landed on the pavement like a glob of strawberry jam.
They scraped him off the pavement on a piece of moldy bread.
They took him home to Mama on that piece of moldy bread.
She hung him on the mantle for all the world to see.
He slipped off the mantle and he landed in the fire.
He went up the chimney in a puff of dirty smoke.
He drifted up to Heaven and he landed on a cloud.
Now he's happy up in Heaven and he's living on a cloud.

I'M A JUVENILE DELINQUENT

I'm a juvenile delinquent,
Roam the streets from one to four.
Hang around with all the guys and gals

Waiting for the pickup to come.

Oh, I'm a juvenile delinquent,
Afraid to go home anymore, my mama hates me.
Afraid to go home anymore, my daddy beats me.
Afraid to go home anymore, and then there's Granny
Swingin' on the outhouse door, just like she owned it
Swingin' on the outhouse door, without her nighty,
Swingin' on the outhouse door, this is the last time,
Swingin' on the outhouse door, Ha, Ha, I fooled you,
Swingin' on the outhouse door.

THE KEEPER

The keeper did a hunting go,
And under his cloak, he carried a bow.
All to shoot a merry little doe
Among the leaves so green-o.

Chorus:

| | |
|---------------|------------|
| (group A) | (group B) |
| Jackie Boy? | Master! |
| Sing ye well? | Very well! |
| Hey down! | Hoe down! |

(all)

Derry, derry down among the leaves so green-o

| | |
|-----------|-----------|
| (group A) | (group B) |
| To my hey | To my hoe |
| down down | down down |
| Hey down! | Hoe Down! |

(all)

Derry, derry down among the leaves so green-o

The first doe he shot at, he missed.
The second doe he trimmed, he kissed.
The third doe went where nobody missed.
Among the leaves so green-o.

CHORUS

The fourth doe she got caught by a tree,
Because of this she could not flee.
So he slew her quite leisurely,
Among the leaves so green-o.

CHORUS

The fifth doe she did cross the brook.
The keeper brought her back with his crook.
Where she is now, you must look,
Among the leaves so green-o.

CHORUS

KI NG OF THE CAMP

(tune: King of the Road)

Flies, bugs, and bumblebees,
Chigger bites on my knees;
Band-aides from head to toes,
Gotta sunburn on my nose;
I've got sand in the food I eat,
I've got blisters on both my feet;
I'm in pain but I can't complain,
I'M KING OF THE CAMP!

The parents bring their kids to stay
Here until Labor Day!
When they become a drag,
I give them a plastic bag;
I've got cuts, bruises, and some bumps,
Chicken pox, and the mumps;
I've got ulcers just because,
I'M KING OF THE CAMP!

I know all the moms and dads
And all their brats;
All of their doggies
and all of their cats;
If the same kids are as great
As the parents all say,
Then how come every summer
They send them away?

Meanwhile, back at the pool,
Water is nice and cool;
Kids splashing all around
While I teach 'em how to drown.
I lose more brats that way,
I lose some in the woods each day;
I'm a bitter babysitter,
I'M KING OF THE CAMP!

CAMP KOOKAMONGA

In 19 and 89 We took a little hike
With our Scoutmaster
Down to Lake A-Nik-A-Nike.
We took a little Pizza
And some sour kraut
And we marched along together
'Til we heard the Girl Scouts.

We're the boys from Camp Kookamonga
Our mothers' sent us here
For to study nature's ways.
We learned to make sparks
By rubbin' sticks together
But, if we catch the Girl Scouts,
We'll set the woods a blaze.

Well, we crept up to the water
And we see'd The girls a swimmin'
There must of been a hundred
Of them pretty young wimmin.
They looked so fine
Even birds forgot to sing.
We laid down in the poison oak
And didn't say a thing.

We're the boys from Camp Kookamonga
Our mothers' sent us here
For to study nature's ways.
We learned to make sparks
By rubbin' sticks together
But, if we catch the Girl Scouts,
We'll set the woods a blaze.

Well, our counselor said
We could take 'em by surprise.
If we didn't say a word
'Til we looked them in the eyes.
We kept real still
And we had our eyes a glued;
We saw how they were dressed,
They were swimmin' in the—
WELL NOW.

Well, 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
Even we couldn't catch 'em
From Lake A-Nik-A-Nike
All the way to Buffalo.

We ran right after them
'Till everyone was pooped.
So we rested for a minute
And our forces we regrouped.
And then we saw the girls

Behind some evergreens,
Captured by a company
Of United States Marines.

We're the boys from Camp Kookamonga
Our mothers' sent us here
For to study nature's ways.
We learned to make sparks
By rubbin' sticks together
But, if we catch the Girl Scouts,
We'll set the woods a blaze.

Well, 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
Even we couldn't catch 'em
From Lake A-Nik-A-Nike
All the way to Buffalo.

SPOKEN (by all)
A rooty-toot-toot,
A rooty-toot-toot,
We are the boys from
the Boy Scout Troop.
We don't smoke
And we don't chew,
And we don't go
With the girls that do.

LONDON'S BURNING

London's burning, London's burning.
Look it yonder, look it yonder.
Fire fire, fire fire,
And we have no water.

CAMPERS' LULLABY

Lullaby and goodnight,
Go to sleep little campers,
Do not fear, do not dread
Tho' there's bed bugs in your bed.
When you go to the john,
Look for skunks all around
But please, do not scream
For it's time now to dream.

MENU SONG

Today is Monday! Today is Monday!

Monday is Hasenpfeffer!
Is everybody happy? Well, I should say.

Today is Tuesday! Today is Tuesday!
Tuesday is String Beans!
Monday is Hasenpfeffer!
Is everybody happy? Well, I should say.

Today is Wednesday! Today is Wednesday!
Wednesday is Sou -oop!
Tuesday is String Beans!
Monday is Hasenpfeffer!
Is everybody happy? Well, I should say.

Today is Thursday! Today is Thursday!
Thursday is Roast Beef!
Wednesday is Sou -oop!
Tuesday is String Beans!
Monday is Hasenpfeffer!
Is everybody happy? Well, I should say.

Today is Friday! Today is Friday!
Friday is Fish!
Thursday is Roast Beef!
Wednesday is Sou -oop!
Tuesday is String Beans!
Monday is Hasenpfeffer!
Is everybody happy? Well, I should say.

Today is Saturday! Today is Saturday!
Saturday is Payday!
Friday is Fish!
Thursday is Roast Beef!
Wednesday is Sou -oop!
Tuesday is String Beans!
Monday is Hasenpfeffer!
Is everybody happy? Well, I should say.

Today is Sunday! Today is Sunday!
Sunday is Church.
Saturday is Payday!
Friday is Fish!
Thursday is Roast Beef!
Wednesday is Sou -oop!
Tuesday is String Beans!
Monday is Hasenpfeffer!
Is everybody happy? Well, I should say.

MORE WE GET TOGETHER

The more we get together, together, together,

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

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

MULES

(tune: Auld Lang Syne)
On mules we find two legs behind
And two we find before;
We stand behind before we find
What the two behind be for.
When we're behind the two behind
We find what these be for;
So stand before the two behind,
And behind the two before.

MY OLD MAN'S A SAILOR

My old man's a sailor,
What do you think about that?
He wears a sailor's collar.
He wears a sailor's hat.
He wears a sailor's raincoat,
And wears a sailor's shoes,
And every Saturday evening,
He reads the Sunday News.
And someday, ay, ay, if I can,
I want to be a sailor,
The same as my old man.

Anthropologist ...
Refrigerator Repairman ...
Cotton Pickin' Fingerlickin' Chicken Plucker

(or anything else you want to be)

MEN FROM NAIROBI

Oh, we're from Nairobi,
Our team is a good one,
We play the Watusi,
They're seven feet tall.
The cannibals may eat us.
But they'll never beat us,
'Cause we're from Nairobi,

And we're on the ball.

Singing, singing, singing,
Ungawa, ungawa, ungawa, ungawa,
Ungawa, ungawa, ungawa-wa-wa
Ungawa, ungawa, ungawa, ungawa,
Ungawa, ungawa, ungawa-wa-wa.

We took fourteen players from Killamanjaro
And went to Uganda to play volleyball.
When we said let's spike them,
They thought we said spice them.
When we said well done,
They said let's cook them all.

NOTHING MORE TO SAY

(tune: Farmer In the Dell)
There's nothing more to say,
There's nothing more to say,
Don't ask me why, I must reply,
There's nothing more to say.

I'M A NUT

I'm a little acorn brown
Lying on the cold, cold ground.
Everybody steps on me
That is why I'm cracked you see.

Chorus:
I'm a nut, so what
I'm a nut, I'm a nut, I'm a nut.

I called myself on the telephone
Just to see if I was home.
Asked myself out for a date,
Picked me up at half past eight.

CHORUS
Took myself to a picture show
Sat myself on the very first row,
Put my arms around waist,
Got so fresh I slapped my face.

CHORUS

O CHESTER

Tune: Yankee Doodle

O Chester, did you 'ear about Harry?

(Strike chest, touch ears, pat head)
He "chest" got back from the Army.
(Strike chest, back then fold arms.)
I 'ear he knows how to wear a rose,
(Touch ear, nose, lapel)
Hip! Hip! Hooray - for the Army!
(Raise fists for cheers; fold arms.)

PI NK PAJAMAS

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

Chorus:
Glory, glory, Hallelujah;
Glory, glory, what's it to you.
Balmy breezes blowing through you,
With nothing on at all.

PAW-PAW PATCH

(Where, oh where is Suzie)
Where, oh where, oh where is Suzie?
Where, oh where, oh where is Suzie?
Where, oh where, oh where is Suzie?
Way down yonder in the paw-paw patch

Chorus:
Pickin' up paw-paws, put 'em in a basket.
Pickin' up paw-paws, put 'em in a basket.
Pickin' up paw-paws, put 'em in a basket.
Way down yonder in the paw-paw patch

(other verses)
Come on boys, let's go and find her.

She' the queen of old Hawaii.
She can teach you how to hula.

PEANUT, PEANUT BUTTER JELLY

Peanut, peanut butter—jelly,
Peanut, peanut butter—jelly,
First you take the peanuts
And you pick them, you pick them,
You pick them, pick them, pick them,
Then you smash them, you smash them,
You smash them, smash them, smash them,
Then you spread them, you spread them,
And you get peanut, peanut butter—jelly

Peanut, peanut butter—jelly.

Then you take the berries, etc.
Then you take the sandwich,
And you bite it, etc.
And you chew it, etc.
Then you swallow, etc.
And you get mmmmmmm—jelly.
Peanut, peanut butter—jelly.

ON TOP OF A PIZZA

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

It rolled off the table and on to the floor.
And then my poor meatball rolled out of the door.

It rolled into the street And there it was smashed.
And now my poor meatball is a pile of hash.

So, when you eat pizza all covered with cheese,
Hold on to your meatball, whenever you sneeze.

I POINTS TO MINESELF

I points to mineself, Vas is das here?
Das is mine topnotcher, Ya, ma-ma dear.
Topnotcher, topnotcher, Ya, ma-ma dear.
Dat's vat I learned in der school, ya ya.

Sweatbrowser
Eyewinker
Hornblower
Soup-strainer
Lunch-eater
Chin-chowser
Rubber-necker
Chest-protector
Breadbasket
Foot-stomper

YOU'VE BEEN PRIMPI NG

You've been primping,
You've been primping,
Now you're late, now you're late.
Better hurry next time,
Better hurry next time,
We won't wait, we won't wait.

QUEER BIRD

My froggy him am a queer bird
Him ain't got no tail almost hardly
Him run and him yump
When him yump him fall down
And he ain't got no tail almost hardly.

I know how ugly I are,
I know that my face ain't no star,
But I does not mind it
Cuz I is behind it
And the ones in the front get the jar.
Har! Har!

RAVIOLI

(tune: Alouette)
All: Ravioli, I like ravioli,
Ravioli, it's the best for me
Ldr: Have I got it on my chin?
All: Yes, you've got it on your chin.
Ldr: On my chin?
All: On your chin, Oh-h-h-h-
Ravioli, I like ravioli
Ravioli, it's the best for me

(Continue tie, shirt, pants, shoes, floor, walls. Point to the items as each new word is added by the song leader. It is repeated by the chorus and all preceding verses are sung in reverse order.)

All: Ravioli, I like ravioli,
Ravioli, it's the best for me
Ldr: Is it all over?
All: Yes, it is all over.
Ldr: Yes, it is all over.

ROADKILL STEW

(tune: Three Blind Mice)
Roadkill stew,
Roadkill stew,
Tastes so good,
Just like it should.

First you go down the interstate.
You wait for the critter to meet its fate.
You take it home and you make it great.

Roadkill stew,
Roadkill stew.

ROOSTER SONG

We had some chickens no eggs would they lay.
We had some chickens no eggs would they lay.
My wife said; Honey, we're losin' money,
And that ain't funny.
No eggs will they lay.

One day a rooster came in our yard
And caught those chickens
Right off their guard.
They're layin eggs now just like they used to
Ever since that rooster came in our yard.

We had a milk cow, no milk would she give.
We had a milk cow, no milk would she give.
My wife said; Honey, we're losin' money,
And that ain't funny.
No milk will she give.

One day a rooster came in our yard
And caught that milk cow (WOW)
Right off her guard.
She's giving egnog in quart containers
Ever since that rooster came in our yard.

We had a gumball machine, no gum would it give.
We had a gumball machine, no gum would it give.
My wife said; Honey, we're losin' money,
And that ain't funny.
No gum would it give.

One day a rooster came in our yard
And caught that gumball machine
Right off its guard.
It's giving chicklets
Now just like it used to
Ever since that rooster came in our yard.

We had some fish, no young would they raise.
We had some fish, no young would they raise.
My wife said; Honey, we're losin' money,
And that ain't funny.
No young will they raise.

One day a rooster came in our yard
And caught those fish
Right off their guard.
This ends our story, it's plain to see,
We raise the finest Chicken of the Sea.

DEAD DOG ROVER

I'm looking over my dead dog Rover,
That I ran over with a pow'r mow'r,
One leg is missing,
The other is gone,
The third leg is scattered
All over the lawn.
No need explaining the one remaining
It's out by the outhouse door.
I'm looking over my dead dog Rover,
That I ran over with a pow'r mow'r.

JOHN JACOB JINGLEHEIMER SCHMIDT

John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmidt,
His name is my name too.
Whenever we go out,
The people always shout,
John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmidt!
Da-da, da-da, da-da, da-da.

LITTLE SKUNK

Well, I stuck my head
In a little skunk's hole,
And the little skunk said,
Well, bless my soul,
Take it out, take it out,
Take it out, take it out,
Remove it.

If you don't take it out,
Then I'll have to do
What I sure, sure, sure
Didn't want to do
Take it out, take it out,
Take it out, take it out,
Remove it.

Well, I didn't take it out,
And the little skunk said,
If you don't take it out,
You'll wished you had,
Take it out, take it out,
Take it out, take it out,
Remove it.

Pssstt.....
I removed it.....too late.

ARE YOU SLEEPING?

Are you sleeping,

Are you sleeping?
Brother John, brother John.
Morning bells are ringing;
Morning bells are ringing,
Ding ding dong, ding ding dong!

SLEEPY CAMPER

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?

Way hey late, ye risers.
Way hey late, ye risers.
Way hey late, ye risers
Early in the morning.

Pull him out of bed with a running bowline.
Throw him in the lake with his pants on backwards.
Hit him in the face with a sopping towel.
Put him to bed an hour sooner,
Put him to bed an hour sooner,
Put him to bed an hour sooner,
Early in the evening.

ON TOP OF SPAGHETTI

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

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

It rolled in the garden, and under a bush.
And now my poor meatball is nothing but mush.

A mush that was tasty as tasty could be,
And early next summer it grew into a tree.

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

YOU'LL WAKE THE STUPID BIRDS!!

The bright sun comes up,
The dew falls away,
Good morning! Good morning!
The little birds say.

WARNING: The Senior Patrol Leader loves to sing this song to the after-reveille sackhounds!

TARZEN OF THE APES

I like bananas, coconuts, & grapes.
I like bananas, coconuts, & grapes.
I like bananas, coconuts, & grapes.
That's why they call me:
TARZEN OF THE APES!

THIS OLD MAN

This old man, he played (one;)
He played nick-nack (on my drum),
With a nic-nack, paddy-wack,
Give the dog a bone;
This old man came rolling home.

(substitute for the words in parenthesis)

... two ... on my shoe
... three ... on my knee
... four ... on my door
... five ... on my hide
... six ... on my sticks
... seven ... up in heaven
... eight ... on my gate
... nine ... on my spine
... ten ... over again

THROW IT OUT THE WINDOW

Old Mother Hubbard, went to the cupboard,
To get her poor dog a bone.
When she got there, the cupboard was bare,

Chorus:
So she threw it out the window, the window, the window,
She threw it out the window.
When she got there the cupboard was bare,
So she threw it out the window.
Mary had a little lamb, it's fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went,

Chorus:
She threw it out the window, the window, the window,
She threw it out the window.
And everywhere that Mary went,
She threw it out the window.
(any nursery rhyme may be used, simply drop its last line and substitute the chorus)

TIP TOE THRU THE TULIPS

Tip-toe thru the tulips, thru the tulips
That is where I'll be.

Come tip-toe thru the tulips with me.

Walking thru the tulips, thru the tulips
That is where I'll be.
Come walk thru the tulips with me.

Strolling thru the tulips, thru the tulips
That is where I'll be.
Come stroll thru the tulips with me.

Running thru the tulips, thru the tulips
That is where I'll be.
Come run thru the tulips with me.

Stomping thru the tulips, thru the tulips
That is where I'll be.
Come stomp thru the tulips with me.

No more little tulips, for me.
We'll plant nasturtiums, nasturtiums,
Nasturtiums for you and me.
Come Monster Mash thru the nasties with me.

WE'RE ALL TOGETHER AGAIN

We're all together again, we're here.
We're all together again,
We're here, we're here.
And who knows when,
We'll be all together again?
Singing.....
We're all together again, we're here.

TOOTY TA

Chorus:
We're singing in the rain,
Just singing in the rain.
Oh what a feeling I'm happy again.

Thumbs up! Tooty ta, tooty ta, tooty ta ta.
(directions, add one of the following each time after singing the chorus)

Thumbs up
Elbows in
Toes out
Knees together
Chest out,
Buns back
Chin down
Tongue out

A TRIO OF RODENTS WITH IMPERFECT VISION

(tune: Three Blind Mice)

A trio of rodents with imperfect vision.

A trio of rodents with imperfect vision.

Observe their manner of fleeing.

Observe their manner of fleeing.

They all pursued the agriculturist's spouse,

She amputated their appendages with a well honed instrument.

have you ever observed such a spectacle in your existence.

As a trio of rodents with imperfect vision.

UNDERWEAR

(tune: Over There)

Underwear, underwear,

How I itch in my woolly underwear.

How I wished 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.

VISTAY

Cummala, cummala, cummala vistay

Oh no, no, no, not ta vistay

Vistay

Vistay

Eenie, meenie, decimeenie

Ooo ah, ah, Amarameenie

Acha, kacha, komerachie, ooh, ahh, ahh, ooh

Eish Skilly oh 'n dote 'n dit dat

'N what not and shhhh

WADDELEY-ACHEE

Waddeley-achee, Waddeley-achee

Doodley-do, Doodley-do.

Waddeley-achee, waddeley-achee

Doodley-do, Dooley-do.

Simplest thing, there isn't much to it,

All you've got to do is doodley do it.

I like the rest, but the part I like best,

Is the doodley, doodley-do.

HAPPY WANDERER

I love to go a-wandering,

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

Chorus:
Valderi, Valdera, Valderi
Valdera-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha, Valderi,
Valdera, my knapsack on my back.

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

CHORUS
I wave my hat to all I meet
And they wave back to me,
And blackbirds call so loud & 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!
Oh, may I always laugh and sing,
Beneath God's clear blue sky!

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.

A WEALTHY MAN

When I came into this land,
I was not a wealthy man.
So I bought myself a farm
And did the best I could.
And I called that farm
Muscle in the arm.

When I came into this land,
I was not a wealthy man.
So I bought myself a shack
And did the best I could.
And I called that shack
Pain in the back.
And I called that farm
Muscle in the arm.

Horse - Dead, of course
Cow - No milk now
Pig - Not so big
Wife - Run for your life
Son - Son of a gun
(Sing slowly)
When I came into this land
I was not a wealthy man.

BE KIND TO YOUR WEB FOOTED FRIENDS

(tune: Stars and Stripes Forever)
Be kind to your web footed friends
For a duck may be somebody's mother
Left all alone in the swamp,
In the weather that's cold and damp
Now you may think that this is the end,
Well --- It is.

WE'RE HERE BECAUSE

We're here because we're here
because we're here because we're here.

We're here because we're here
because we're here because we're here.

WHERE O WHERE ARE YOU TONIGHT?

By Gary Jones

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 always seems like
I'm on the run.

Where O Where are you tonight?
Why did you leave me here alone?
I fixed the kids dinner

And they are in bed now,
Since you found Scouting,
You never come home.

One day I was told to try Basic Training,
I went 'cuz it sounded fun.
Now I'm in charge of all of the training,
Oh, heaven help me,
What have I done?!?!?

Where O Where are you tonight?
Why did you leave me here alone?
So sorry you missed your kid's graduation,
Maybe his wedding will bring you back home.

Wood Badge was something
I never heard of,
Worked for those beads,
'Till I was blue in the face,
One day I came home
And she was spring cleaning,
She threw away those
Old beads and shoe lace.

Where O Where were you last night?
Your oldest daughter had her first son.
Should I tell her now of all that she's in for?
Her life in Scoutin has only begun!

WORMS

Chorus:
Long, slim, slimy ones,
Short, fat, juicy ones,
Itsy, bitsy, fuzzy wuzzy worms.
Nobody likes me,
Everybody hates me,
I'm goona eat some worms.

First you get a bucket,
Then you get a shovel.
Oh, how the wiggle and squirm.

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

CHORUS
Down goes the first one,
Down goes the second one.

Oh, how they wiggle and squirm.

CHORUS

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

CHORUS

WORST IS YET TO COME

(tune: Farmer In the Dell)
The worst is yet to come,
The worst is yet to come,
Wait for the speeches, folks.
The worst is yet to come.

GRAND OLD DUKE OF YORK

The grand old Duke of York,
He had ten thousand men.
He marched them up the hill,
And marched them down again.
And when you're up, you're up,
And when you're down, you're down.
And when you're only half way up,
You're neither up nor down.

ZULU WARRIOR

I kumma zimba zimba ziya
I kumma zimba zimba zee.
I kumma zimba zimba ziya
I kumma zimba zimba zee.

See him there, the Zulu Warrior!
See him there, the Zulu Chief.
Chief, Chief, Chief.

One part of the group continues to chant "Chief, Chief, Chief..." while the other repeats the verse.

I LOVE YOU ARIZONA

I love you Arizona,
Your mountains and deserts and streams.
The rising Don Cebezas,
And Outlaws I see in my dreams.

I love you Arizona,
Superstitions and all,
The warmth you give at sunrise,

Your sunsets put music in us all.

Oooo Arizona, you're magic in me.
Oooo Arizona, you're the lifeblood of me.

I love you Arizona,
Desert dust on the wing,
the sage and cactus blooming,
And the smell of rain on your skin

Oooo Arizona, you're magic in me.
Oooo Arizona, you're the lifeblood of me.

BACK IN THE SADDLE AGAIN

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

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

Whoopi-ti-yi-yo!
Rockin' to and fro in the saddle again.
Whoopi-ti-yi-ya!
I go my own way, back in the saddle again.

BICYCLE BUILT FOR TWO

Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer do
I'm half crazy all for the love of you.
It won't be a sylish marriage
I can't afford a carriage
But you'll look neat upon the seat
Of a bicycle built for two.

BIG IRON

To the town of Agua Fria
Rode a stranger one fine day.
Didn't speak to folks around him,
Didn't have too much to say.
No one dared to ask his business,
No one dared to make a slip.
For the stranger there among them
Wore a big iron on his hip,
Big Iron on his hip.

It was early in the morning
When he rode into town.
He came riding from the south side
Slowly looking around.
He's an outlaw loose and running
Came the whisper on each lip,
And he's here to do some business
With the big iron on his hip,
Big Iron on his hip.

In this town the lived an outlaw
By the name of Texas Red.
Many men had tried to take him,
And many men were dead.
He was vicious and a killer through;
He used a forty-four,
And the notches on his six gun
Numbered one and nineteen more,
One and nineteen more.

Now the stranger started talking,
made it plain to folks around,
Was an Arizona Ranger,
Wouldn't be too long in town.
He was here to take an outlaw
Back alive or maybe dead,
And he said it didn't matter,
He was after Texas Red,
After Texas Red.

Wasn't long the story
Was relayed to Texas Red,
But the outlaw didn't worry
Men who had tried before were dead.
Twenty men had tried to take him,
Twenty men had made a slip.
Twenty one would be the ranger
With the big iron on his hip,
Big Iron on his hip.

Now the morning passed so quickly
It was time for them to meet.
It was twenty past eleven
When they walked into the street.
Folks were watching from their windows
Everybody held their breath.
For they new the handsome stranger
Was about to meet his death,
About to meet his death.

There was forty feet between them
When they stopped to make their play,
And the swiftness of the ranger
Is still talked about today.
Texas Red had not cleared leather
When the bullet plainly ripped,
And the ranger's aim was deadly
With the big iron on his hip,
Big Iron on his hip.

It was over in a moment,
And the folks had gathered 'round.
There before them lay the body
Of the outlaw on the ground.
Well, he might have gone on living,
But he made one final slip
When he tried to match the ranger
With the big iron on his hip,
Big Iron on his hip.

BIG ROCK CANDY MOUNTAIN

On a summer's day in the month of May,
A burley bum came hiking,
Down a shady lane in the sugar cane;
He was looking for his liking.
As he strolled along he sang a song
Of a land of milk and honey,
Where a bum can stay for many a day,
And he don't need any money.

Chorus:
O the buzzin' of the bees
And the cigarette trees,
And the sody water fountain,
Where lemonade springs
And the bluebird signs
On the Big Rock Candy Mountain.

On the Big Rock Candy Mountain
All the cops have wooden legs,
The bulldogs all have rubber teeth,
The hens lay soft boiled eggs,
The farmer's trees are full of fruit,
The barn's full of hay,
So I manna go where there ain't no snow,
Where the sleet don't fall
And the wind don't blow,
On the Big Rock Candy Mountain.

CHORUS

There's a lake of gin,
We can both jump in
And the Handouts grow on bushes;
In the new mown hay,
We can sleep all day,
And the bars all have free lunches.
Where the mail train stops,
And there ain't no cops,
And the folks are tender hearted,
Where you never change your socks,
And you never throw rocks,
And you hair is never parted.

CHORUS

Oh, a farmer and his son,
They were on the run,
To the hay field they were bounding,
Said the bum to the son,
"Why don't you come
To that Big Rock Candy Mountain?"
So the very next day they hiked away,
The mile posts they kept counting,
But they never arrived at the lemonade tide
On the Big Rock Candy Mountain

CHORUS

BILL BAILEY WON'T YOU PLEASE COME HOME

Won't you come home, Bill Bailey
Won't you come home?
She moans the whole night long
I'll do de cookin', honey
I'll pay de rent
I knows I done you wrong
'Member dat rainy evenin'
I drove you out
Wid nothin' but a fine tooth comb?
I know I'se to blame
Well ain't dat a shame
Bill Bailey won't you please come home?

BLOWING IN THE WIND

How many roads must a man walk down
Before you can call him a man?
Yes, and how many seas must a white dove sail
Before she sleeps in the sand?
Yes, and how many times
Must the cannonball fly

Before they are forever banned?

Chorus:

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

How many years must a mountain exist
Before it is washed to the sea?
Yes, and how many years must a people exist
Before they're allowed to be free?
Yes, and how many times
Can a man turn his back
And pretend that he just doesn't see?

CHORUS

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

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

BRI T I S H GRENADI ERS

Some talk of Alexander and some of Hercules
Of Hector and Lysander and such great men as these.
But of all the world's great heroes,
There's none that can compare,
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row, tow
For the British Grenadiers.

Those heroes of antiquity never saw a cannon ball
Or knew the force of powder to slay their foes withal,
But our brave boys do know it and banish all their fears,
Sing tow, row, row, row, row, row, tow
For the British Grenadiers.
When e'er we are commanded to storm the palisades
The officers march with fuses and we with hand grenades.
We throw them form the trenches about the enemies ears;
Sing tow, row, row, row, row, row, tow
For the British Grenadiers.

And when the siege is over, we to the town repair.
The townsmen cry, "Hurrah, boys, here comes a grenadier.
Here comes the grenadiers my boys, who know no doubts or fears."
Sing tow, row, row, row, row, row, tow
For the British Grenadiers.

Then let us fill a bumper and drink a health to those
Who carry caps and pouches, and wear the louped clothes;
May they and their commanders live happily all their years,
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row, tow
For the British Grenadiers.

THE DYING COWBOY

Oh, bury me not, on the lone prairie.
These words came low, and mournfully,
From the pallid lips of a youth who lay,
On his dying bed, at the close of day.

Oh, bury me not, on the lone prairie.
Where the wild coyotes will howl on me,
In a narrow grave, just six by three,
Oh, bury me not, on the lone prairie.

Oh, bury me not, but his voice failed there,
But, we took no heed, of his dying prayer.
In a narrow grave, just six by three,
We buried him there, on the lone prairie.

And the cowboys now, as they roam the plain,
For they marked the spot, where his bones were lain,
Fling a handful of roses, o'er his grave,
With a prayer to Him, for his soul to save.

THE OLD CHISLUM TRAIL

Well, come along boys and listen to my tale.
I'll tell you about my troubles on the Old Chislum Trail.
Chorus:
Come a ti yi yippy, yippy yay, yippy yay!
Come a ti yi yippy, yippy yay.

On a ten dollar horse and a fifty dollar saddle,
I started out a punching those long horned cattle.

CHORUS
I'm up in the morning before daylight,
And 'fore I giats to sleepin', the moon's shinning bright.

CHORUS
Oh, it's bacon and beans almost every day;
And I'd sooner be eatin' plain prairie hay.

CHORUS
I went to the boss to draw my roll.
He had it figured that I was nine dollars in the hole.

CHORUS

So I went to the boss and said, "I won't take that."
And I slapped him in the face with my old slouch hat.

CHORUS

I'll sell my outfit just as soon as I can,
"Cause I ain't punching cattle for no mean boss man.

CHORUS

With my knees in the saddle and my feet in the sky,
I'll quit punchin' cattle in the sweet by and by.

CHORUS

COOL WATER

All day I've faced the barren waste
Without a taste of water Cool Water.
Old Dan and I with throats burned dry
And souls that cry for water ...
Cool (water), Clear (water), Water (water).

Chorus:

Keep a movin', Dan, don't you listen to him, Dan,
He's a devil not a man,
And he spreads the burning sand with water.
Dan, can't you see that big green tree,
Where the water's running free,
And it's waiting there for you and me? ...
Water, Cool, Clear, Water.

The nights are cool and I'm a fool.
Each star's a pool of water ... Cool Water.
But, with the dawn, I'll wake and yawn
and carry on to water ... Cool, Clear, Water.

CHORUS

The shadows sway and seem to say
Tonight we'll pray for water ... Cool Water.
And way up there, he'll hear our prayer,
And show us where there's water ...
Cool (water), Clear (water), Water.

CHORUS

COUNTRY ROADS

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

Chorus:

Country Roads, take me home, to the place I belong,
West Virginia, mountain momma,
Take me home, country roads.
All my memories gather 'round her,
Miner's lady, stranger to blue water,
Dark and dusty painted on the sky,
Misty tasting moonshine, teardrop in my eye.

CHORUS

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

CHORUS

DANNY BOY

Oh Danny Boy, the pipes are calling,
From glen to glen and down the mountainside.
The summer's gone and all the flowers are dying.
'Tis you. 'Tis you must go and I must 'bide.

But come you back when summer's in the meadow,
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow,
'Tis I'll be there in sunshine or in shadow.
Oh Danny Boy, Oh Danny Boy, I love you so.

And if you come when all the flowers are dying,
And I am dead, as dead I well may be,
You'll come and find the place where I am lying,
And kneel and say an "Ave" there for me.

And I shall hear, tho' soft you tread above me,
And all my dreams will warm and sweeter be,
If you will not fail to tell me that you love me.
Then I simply sleep in peace, until you come to me.

DESPERADO

Desperado, why don't you come to your senses?
You've been out riding fences for so long now.
Oh, you're a hard one,
And I know that you've got your reasons,
But these things that are pleasing you
Will hurt you somehow.

Don't draw the Queen of Diamonds, boy,
She'll beat you if she's able.
You know the Queen of Hearts is always your best bet.
Now it seems to me some fine things

Have been laid upon your table,
But you only want the ones that you can't get.

Desperado, oh, you ain't gettin' no younger.
Your pain and your hunger, they're driving you on.
Your freedom, oh, freedom.
Well, that's just some people talking.
We're prisoners walking through this world all alone.

Don't your feet get cold in the winter time,
The sky won't snow, and the sun won't shine.
It's hard to tell the nighttime from the day.
You're losin' all your highs and lows.
Ain't it funny how the feeling goes ... away.

Desperado, why don't you come to your senses?
Come down from your fences—open the gate.
It may be raining,
But there's a rainbow above you.
You'd better let somebody love,
Before it's too late.

DON'T FENCE ME IN

O give me land, lots of land
Under starry skies above
Don't fence me in
Let me ride thru the wide
Open country that I love,
Don't fence me in.

Let me be by myself
In the evening breeze
Listen to the murmur
Of the cottonwood tree
Send me off forever
But I ask you please
Don't fence me in.

Just turn me loose
Let me straddle my old saddle
Underneath the western skies
On my cayuse
Let me wander over yonder
Till I see the mountains rise

I want to ride to the ridge
Where the west commences
Gaze at the moon
'Till I lose my senses
Can't look at hobbles

And I can't stand fences
Don't fence me in.

DOWN IN THE VALLEY

Down in the valley, the valley so low,
Hang your head over, hear the wind blow.
Hear the wind blow, love, hear the wind blow,
Hang your head over, hear the wind blow.

Roses love sunshine, violets love dew,
Angels in heaven know I love you.
Know I love you, dear; know I love you,
Angels in heaven know I love you.

If you don't love me, love whom you please,
Throw your arms around me, give my heart ease.
Give my heart ease, love, give my heart ease,
Put your arms around me, give my heart ease.

Write me a letter, send it by mail,
Send it in care of the Birmingham Jail.
Birmingham Jail, love, Birmingham Jail,
Send it in care of the Birmingham Jail.

Build me a castle forty feet high,
So I can see her as she rides by.
As she rides by, love, as she rides by,
So I can see her as she rides by.

Down in the valley, the valley so low,
Hang your head over, hear the wind blow.
Hear the wind blow, love, hear the wind blow,
Hang your head over, hear the wind blow.

FIRE ON THE MOUNTAIN

Took my family away from my Carolina home,
Had dreams about the West and started to roam.
Six long months on a dust covered trail,
They say heaven's at the end, but so far it's been hell.

Chorus:
And there's fire on the mountain, lightenin' in the air.
Gold in them hills and it's waitin' for me there.

We were diggin' and siffin' from five to five,
Sellin' everything we had, just to stay alive.
Gold flowed free, like the whiskey in the bar.
Sinnin' was the best thing Lord, and Satan was the star.

CHORUS

Dance hall girls was the evenin' treat.
Empty cartons and blood lined the gutters of the street.
Men were shot down for the sake of fun,
Or just to hear the noise of their forty-four guns.

CHORUS

Now my widow she weeps by my grave,
Tears flow free for her man, she couldn't save.
Shot down by a gun that carried fame,
All for a useless and no good, worthless claim.

CHORUS

CHORUS

.... waitin' for me there.

FOUR-LEAF CLOVER

I'm looking over a four-leaf clover,
That I overlooked before.
One leaf is sunshine,
The second is rain,
The third is the roses,
That bloom in the lane.
No need explaining the one remaining.
It's somebody I adore.
I'm looking over a four-leaf clover,
That I overlooked before.

THE GAMBLER

On a warm summer's eve, on a train bound for Dover
I met up with a gambler, we were both too tired to sleep.
So we took turns a'starin', out the window at the darkness,
And when boredom overtook us, he began to speak:
He said; "Son I've made a life out of readin' peoples' faces
Knowin' what their cards say by the way they held their eyes
So if you don't mine me sayin', I can see you're out of aces
For a taste of your whiskey, I'll give you some advice."
So I handed him my bottle, and he drank down my last swallow
Then he bummed a cigarette, and asked me for a light.
And the night got deathly quiet,
And his face lost all expression.
"If you're going to play the game boy,
You got to play it right."

Chorus:

You've go to know when to hold 'em, know when to fold 'em,
Know when to walk away, know when to run.
You never count your money, when you're sittin' at the table
There'll be time enough for countin' when the dealin's done.

Every gambler knows, there's a secret to survivin',
Knowin' what to throw away, knowin' what to keep.
'Cause every hand's a winner, and every hand's a loser.
And the best you can hope for is to die in your sleep.

And when he finished speaking, he turned back to the window,
Crushed out his cigarette, and faded off to sleep.
And somewhere in the darkenss, the gambler he broke even,
And in his final words, I found an ace that I could keep.

CHORUS
CHORUS
CHORUS

GHOST RIDERS IN THE SKY

An old cowpoke went riding out
One hot and windy day,
Upon a ridge he rested
As he went along his way,
When all at once a mighty herd
Of red-eyed cows he saw,
A plowin' through the ragged skies
And up the cloudy draw.

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

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

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

Their faces were gaunt,
Their eyes were blurred,
Their shirts all soaked with sweat,
They're ridin hard to catch that
herd,
But they ain't caught them yet.
They've got to ride forevermore
On that range up in the sky.
On horses snorting fire,
As they ride, I hear them cry.

Yip-i-ya-a, yip-i-ya-o,

Ghost riders in the sky.

And as the riders loped on by,
He heard them call his name,
If you want to save your soul
From hell a ridin' on the range,
Then cowboy you'd better change your ways
Or with us you will ride,
Trying to catch the devil's herd
Across the endless sky.

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

HAIL HAIL THE GANG'S ALL HERE

Hail! Hail! The gang's all here.
Never mind the weather,
Here we are together.
Hail! Hail! The gang's all here.
Let the fun begin right now.

Hail! Hail! The gang's all here.
What the heck do we care,
Here we are together.
Hail! Hail! The gang's all here.
Let the fun begin right now.

HAPPY TRAILS

Happy trails to you,
Until we meet again.
Happy trails to you,
Keep smilin' until then.
Happy trails to you,
'Till we meet again.

MY HEROES HAVE ALWAYS BEEN COWBOYS

I grew up dreaming of being a cowboy,
And loving the cowboy ways.
Pursuing the life of my high riding heroes,
I burned up my childhood days.
I learned all the rules of the modern day drifter.
Don't you hold on to nothing too long.
Just take what you need from the ladies,
And leave them with the words of a sad country song.

Chorus:
My heroes have always been cowboys,
They still are it seems.
Sadly in search of and one step in back of

Themselves and their slow-moving dreams.

Cowboys are special, with their own brand of misery
From being alone too long.
To die from the cold in the arms of a nightmare,
Knowing well that your best days are gone.
And picking up hookers instead of my pen,
I let the words of my youth fade away.
Old worn out saddles, and old worn out memories
With on one, and no place to stay.

CHORUS

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 pure, and the zephyrs so sure,
With the breezes so balmy and light.
I would not exchange, my home on the range,
For the wealth of the city so bright.

CHORUS

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

CHORUS

Oh, give me the land where the bright diamond sand
Flows so leisurely down with the stream.
The graceful white swan glides so gently along
Like a mald in a heavenly dream.

CHORUS

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

CHORUS

Yes, give me the glean of a swift mountain stream,

And the place no hurricanes blow.
Oh, give me the park where the prairie dogs bark,
And the mountains all covered with snow.

CHORUS

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

CHORUS

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

CHORUS

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

CHORUS

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

CHORUS

HOME, SWEET HOME

'Mid pleasures and palaces
Though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble,
There's no place like home
A charm from the skies
Seems to hallow us there
Which seek through the world,
Is ne'er met with elsewhere
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There's no place like home,
Oh, there's no place like home,
There's no place like home.

LOCH LOMAND

By yon bonny banks, and by yon bonny braes,
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomand,
Where me and my true love were ever wont to gae,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomand.

Chorus:

Oh, ye'll take the high road, and I'll take the low road,
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye.
But me and my true love, we'll never meet again
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomand.

T'was there that we parted in yon shady glen,
On the steep, steep side of Ben Lomand.
Where in purple hue the highland hills we view,
And the moon coming out in the gloaming.

CHORUS

The wee birdies sing, and the wild flowers spring,
And in sunshine the waters are sleeping,
But the broken heart kens, nae second spring again,
Tho' waeiful may cease frae their greeting

CHORUS

THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL

There's a long, long trail a winding
Into the land of my dreams,
Where the nightingales are singing
And a white moon beams.

There's a long, long trail a waiting
Until my dreams all come true,
'Till the day when I'll be going down,
That long, long trail with you.

LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG

Just a song at twilight,
When the lights are low,
And the flick'ring shadows
Softly come and go;
Tho the heart be weary,
Sad the day and long,
Still to us at twilight
Comes love's old sweet song,
Comes love's old sweet song.

MARIAH

A - way out here, they have a name
For rain and wind and fire.
The rain is Tess; the fire's Joe,
And they call the wind Mariah.
Mariah blows the stars around,
And sets the clouds a flyin'.
Mariah makes the mountains sound

Like folks are out there dying'.

Chorus:

Mariah, Mariah, they call the wind Mariah.

Before I knew Mariah's name
Or heard her wailin' - whinin',
I had a girl and she had me,
And the sun was always shinin'.
Then one day I left that girl;
I left her far behind me,
And now I'm lost, so doggone lost,
Not even God can find me.

CHORUS

Out here they have a name
For rain, for wind, and fire only.
But when you're lost and all alone,
There ain't no word but lonely.
Now I'm a lost and lonely man,
Without a star to guide me.
Mariah blow my love to me,
I need my love beside me.

CHORUS

MOON RIVER

Moon river, wider than a mile,
I'm crossing you in style someday
Oh dream-maker, you heart-breaker,
Wherever you're going, I'm going your way.
Two drifters off to see the world,
There's such a lot of world to see.
We're after the same rainbow's end,
Waitin' round the bend,
My Huckleberry friend,
Moon river and me.

MOUNTAIN DEW

Down the road from me, there's an old holler tree,
Where you lay down a dollar or two (or two).
You go 'round the bend, and you come back again,
And there's a jug of that Good Old Mountain Dew.

Chorus:

They call it that Good Old Mountain Dew! Dew! Dew!
And them that refuse it are few (dern few),
I'll hush up my mug, if you fill up my jug
With that Good Old Mountain Dew.

My Uncle Bill has a still on the hill
Where he brews up a gallon or two (or two).
The buzzards in the sky, get so drunk they can't fly
Just from sniffin' that Good Old Mountain Dew.

CHORUS

Old Rev'rend Gus, ya never heard him cuss,
Not even a word or two (or two).
But ya should have heard him swear,
When he didn't get his share
Of that Good Old Mountain Dew.

CHORUS

My Sister Sue bought some sweet sellin' pew,
And she called it that good old par - fume (par - fume),
And to her surprise, when she had it analyzed,
It was nuttin' more than that Good Old Mountain Dew.

CHORUS

My Uncle Art, he ain't very smart
His I - Q is just twenty two (twenty two),
But he thinks he's a wizard, when he fills up his gizzard
With that Good Old Mountain Dew

CHORUS

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

CHORUS

My Uncle Hank had an old army tank
That he got back in 'forty two ('forty two).
It would move a nudge, 'till he gave it a gludge
Of that Good Old Mountain Dew.

CHORUS

My Uncle Ron had a still on the john
Where he brewed up a gallon or two (or two).
When the revenueurs came a rushin, he'd give it a flushin'
Of that Good Old Mountain Dew.

CHORUS

My Cousin Mort, he's sawed off and short.
He stands about four foot two (four two).
But he thinks he's a giant, when he guzzles a pint
Of that Good Old Mountain Dew.

CHORUS

I LOVE THE MOUNTAINS

I love the mountains.
I love the rolling hills.
I love the chaparral.
I love the daffodils.
I love the fireside,
When the lights are low.
Boom de ad a, Boom de ad a,
Boom de ad a, Boom de ad a.

(or)

Boom shel-lac-a, Boom shel-lac-a,
Boom shel-lac-a, Boom shel-lac-a.

MR. BOJANGLES

I knew a man Bojangles and he danced for you,
In worn out shoes.
With silver hair, a ragged shirt, and baggy pants,
The old soft shoe.
He jumped so high, jumped so high,
Then he lightly touched down.
Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles - dance.

I met him in a cell in New Orleans,
I was down and out.
He looked at me to be the eyes of age,
As he spoke right out.
He talked of life, talked of life,
He laughed, slapped his leg a step.

He said his name Bojangles, then he danced a lick,
Across the cell.
He grabbed his pants, a better stance, oh, he jumped so high
And he clicked his heels.
He let go a laugh, let go a laugh,
Shook back his clothes all around.

He danced for those at minstrel shows and county fairs,
Throughout the South.
He spoke with tears of fifteen years, how his dog and he
Traveled about.
His dog up and died, he up and died,
After twenty years, he still grieved.

He said, "I dance now at every chance in honky tonks
For drinks and tips.
But, most of the time I spend behind the county bars,"
He said, "I drinks a bit."
He shook his head, and as he shook his head,
I heard someone ask please,
Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Boljangles, Mr. Bojangles - dance.

THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS

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

We fired our guns
And the British kept a-comon',
There wasn't nigh as many
As there was a while ago.
We fired once more
And they began a-runnin',
From down the Mississippi
To the Gulf of Mexico.

We looked down the river
And we see'd the British come -
There must have been a hundred of 'em
Beatin' on the drum.
They stepped so high
And made their bugles ring;
We stood beside our cotton bales
And didn't say a thing.

We fired our guns
And the British kept a-comon',
There wasn't nigh as many
As there was a while ago.
We fired once more
And they began a-runnin',
From down the Mississippi
To the Gulf of Mexico.

Old Hickory said we could
Take 'em by suprise,
If we didn't fire our muskets
'Til 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 NOW.

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

The hounds couldn't catch 'em;
From down the Mississippi
To the Gulf of Mexico.

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

We fired our guns
And the British kept a-comon',
There wasn't nigh as many
As there was a while ago.
We fired once more
And they began a-runnin',
From down the Mississippi
To the Gulf of Mexico.

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
The hounds couldn't catch 'em;
From down the Mississippi
To the Gulf of Mexico.

VIVA! NUEVO MEJICO!

There is a land of dusty roads,
Rattlesnakes and horny toads.
It never rains, it never snows.
The wind and sand,
They say always blows!
And how we live, God only knows.
Viva! Neavo Mejico!

THE OLD GREY MARE

Oh, the old grey mare,
She ain't what she used to be,
Ain't what she used to be,
Ain't what she used to be,
Many long years ago.
Many long years ago,
Many long years ago,
Oh, the old grey mare,

She ain't what she used to be,
Many long years ago.

ON TOP OF OLD SMOKIE

On top of old smokie,
All covered with snow.
I lost my true lover,
From courtin' too slow.
For courtin's a pleasure,
And partin's a grief.
But a false hearted lover,
Is worse than a thief.
For a thief he will rob you,
And turn you to dust.
One girl in a million,
A poor man can trust.
Oh, the leaves they will wither,
The roots they will die.
Will all be forsaken,
And never know why.
Bury me on smokie,
On smokie so high
Where the wild birds in heaven,
Will hear my sad cry.

ONE TIN SOLDIER

Listen children, to a story
That was written long ago,
'Bout a kingdom on a mountain
And a valley fold below.
On a mountain was a treasure
Buried deep beneath a stone,
And the valley people swore
They'd have it for their very own.

Chorus:
Go ahead and hate your neighbor,
Go ahead and cheat a friend.
Do it in the name of Heaven,
You can justify it in the end.
There won't be any trumpets blowin',
Come the Judgment Day.
On the bloody morning after,
One Tin Soldier rides away.

So the people of the valley
Sent a message up the hill,
Asking for the buried treasure,
Tons of gold for which they'd kill.

Came an answer from the kingdom,
"With our brothers we will share
All the secrets of the mountain,
All the riches buried there."

CHORUS

Now the valley cried with anger,
"Mount your horses, draw your swords!"
And they killed the mountain people,
So they won their just reward.
Now they stood beside the buried treasure,
On the mountain, dark and red.
Turned the stone and looked beneath it,
"Peace on Earth" was all it said.

PUFF THE MAGIC DRAGON

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

Chorus:

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

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

CHORUS

A dragon lives forever, but not so little boys.
Painted wings and giant strings, make way for other toys.
One gray night did happen, Jackie Paper came no more,
And Puff that mighty dragon, he ceased his fearless roar.

CHORUS

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

CHORUS

RED RIVER VALLEY

From this valley they say you are going.

We will miss your bright eyes and sweet smile.
For they say you are taking the sunshine
That brightens our pathway awhile.

Come and sit by my side if you love me.
Do not hasten to bid me adieu;
But remember the Red River Valley,
And the cowboy that loved you so true.

Oh, just think of the valley you are leaving;
Oh, how lonely and sad it will be;
And just think of the fond heart you'r breaking,
And the grief you are causing to me.

I have promised you darling, that never
Will a word from my lips cause you pain,
And my love, it shall be yours forever
If you only will be mine again.

As you go to your home by the ocean,
May you never forget those sweet hours
That we spent in the Red River Valley
And the love that was ours 'mid the flowers.

THE RIDDLE SONG

I gave my love a cherry that had no stone.
I gave my love a chicken that had no bone.
I gave my love a ring that had no end.
I gave my love a baby with no cryin'.

How can there be a cherry that has no stone?
How can there be a chicken that has no bone?
How can there be a ring that has no end?
How can there be a baby with no cryin'?

A cherry when it's bloomin' has no stone.
A chicken when it's pippin' has no bone.
A ring when it's rollin' has no end.
A baby when it's sleepin' has no cryin'.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN HIGH

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

When he first came to the mountains, his life was far away
On the road, and hanging by a song.

But the string's already broken and he really doesn't care.
It keeps changing fast and it doesn't last for long.
But the Colorado Rocky Mountain high,
I've seen it in the sky.
The shadow from the starlight is softer than a lullabye.
Rocky Mountain High, in Colorado.
Rocky Mountain High, in Colorado.

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

Now he walks in quiet solitude, the forest and the stream,
Seeking grace in every step he takes.
His sight has turned inside himself to try and understand
The serenity of a clear blue mountain lake.
And the Colorado Rocky Mountain High,
I've seen it rainin' fire in the sky.
Talk to God and listen to the casual reply.
Rocky Mountain high in Colorado.

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

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

ROCKY TOP

Wish that I was on old Rocky Top,
Down in the Tennessee hills.
Ain't no smog on Rocky Top,
Ain't no telephone bills.
I once met a girl on Rocky Top,
Half bear, the other half cat
Wild as a mink, but sweet as soda pop,
I still dream about that.

Chorus:

Rocky Top, you'll always be
Home Sweet Home to me.
God ol' Rocky Top,
Rocky Top, Tennessee,
Rocky Top, Tennessee.

Once two strangers climbed ole Rocky Top,
Looking for a moonshine still.
Strangers ain't come down from Rocky Top,
Reckon they never will.

CHORUS

Corn won't grow at all on Rocky Top,
Dirt's too rocky by far.
That's why all the folks on Rocky Top
Drink their corn from a jar.

CHORUS

I've had years of cramped up city life,
Stuck like a duck in a pen.
All I know is it's a pity life
Can't be simple again.

CHORUS

ROW, ROW, ROW YOUR BOAT

Row , row, row your boat
Gently down the stream;
Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily
Life is but a dream.

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

Going to take a sentimental journey
Going to set my heart at ease,
Going to take a sentimental journey,
To renew old memories.

Got my bag, got my reservation,
Spent every dime, I could afford,
Like a child in wild anticipation,
Sentimental journey home.

Seven, that's the time it leaves, at seven,
I've been heading up to heaven,
Countin' every mile of railfoad track,
That takes me back.

Never knew my heart could be so yearning,
Why did I decide to roam?
Going to take a sentimental journey,
Sentimental journey home.

SHE'LL BE COMI N'

She'll be comin' 'round the mountain when she comes
She'll be comin' 'round the mountain when she comes
She'll be comin' 'round the mountain when she comes
She'll be comin' 'round the mountain when she comes
She'll be comin' 'round the mountain when she comes
She'll be drivin' six white horses when she comes
She'll be drivin' six white horses when she comes
She'll be drivin' six white horses when she comes
She'll be drivin' six white horses when she comes
She'll be drivin' six white horses when she comes

Oh, we'll all go out to meet her when she comes
Oh, we'll all go out to meet her when she comes
Oh, we'll all go out to meet her when she comes
Oh, we'll all go out to meet her when she comes
Oh, we'll all go out to meet her when she comes

We'll kill the old red rooster when she comes
We'll kill the old red rooster when she comes
We'll kill the old red rooster when she comes
We'll kill the old red rooster when she comes
We'll kill the old red rooster when she comes

SINGING IN THE RAIN

Singing in the rain, just singing in the rain
What a glorious feeling, I'm happy again.
I'm laughing at clouds, so dark above.
The sun's in my heart and I'm ready for love.

Let the stormy clouds,
Chase everyone from the place.
Come on with the rain,
I've a smile on my face.
I'll walk down the lane,
With a happy refrain.
And singing, just singing in the rain.

SIXTEEN TONS

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

Chorus:

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

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

CHORUS

Now when you see me comin', you'd better step aside,
Alot o' men didn't and alot o' men died.
One fist of iron and the other of steel,
If the right one don't get then the left one will.

CHORUS

SLEWFOOT

High on a mountain tell me what do you see?
Bear tracks, bear tracks looking back at me.
Better find a ranger boys, before it's too late,
'Cause that bear's got all our food
And headin' for the gate.

Chorus:

Well, he's big around the middle
And he's broad across the rump,
Runnin' ninety miles and hour
Taking thirty feet a jump.
He ain't never been caught;
He ain't never been treed.
Some folks say, he's a lot like me.

Freeze dried pork chops, crackers, and cheese,
We put 'em in a bear bag and hung 'em in a tree.
Looked in the trees and our rations were gone
Ole Slewfoot's done made himself at home.

CHORUS

Well, I got me a ranger and I got me a gun,
We found ole Slewfoot and got him on the run.
Chased him up a holler and down in the well,
We shot him in the bottom just to listen to him yell.

THE SOUND OF MUSIC

The hills are alive with the sound of music,
With songs that have been sung for a thousand years.

The hills are alive with the sound of music,
My heart wants to sing every song it hears.

My heart wants to beat like the wings
Of the birds that rise from the lake to the trees.
My heart wants to sigh like a chime
That flies from a church on a breeze,
To laugh like a brook when it trips
And falls over stones on its way.
To sing through the night like a lark
Who is learning to pray.

I come to the hills when my heart is lonely,
I know I will hear what I've heard before.
My heart will be blessed with the sound of music,
And I'll sing one more.

LAREDO

As I walked out on the streets of Laredo,
As I walked out in Laredo one day.
I spied a poor cowboy
All wrapped in white linen,
All wrapped in white linen
As cold as the clay.

Oh, beat the drum slowly,
And play the fife lowly,
And play the dead march
As you carry me along.
Take me to the green valley,
There place the sod o'er me;
For I'm a young cowboy
And I know I've done wrong.

LAREDO

As I walked out,
On the streets of Laredo,
As I walked out,
In Laredo one day.
I spied a poor cowboy,
All wrapped in white linen,
All wrapped in white linen,
As cold as the clay.

I see by your outfit,
That you are a cowboy,
These words he did say,
As I boldly stepped by
Come, sit down beside me,

And hear my sad story,
I'm shot in the heart,
And I'm going to die.

Now once in the saddle,
I used to go dashing.
Yes, once in the saddle,
I used to be gay.
I'd dress myself up,
And go to the card-house.
I got myself shot,
And I'm dying today.

Get six husky cowboys
To carry my coffin.
Get six lovely maidens
To sing me a song.
And beat the drum slowly,
And play the fife lowly,
For I'm a young cowboy
And I know I've done wrong.

Oh, please go and bring me
A cup of cold water
To cool my parched lips,
They are burning, he said.
Before I could get it,
His soul had departed,
And gone to it's Maker,
The cowboy was dead.

We, beat the drum slowly,
And played the fife lowly,
And wept in our grief,
As we bore him along.
For we all loved the young cowboy,
So brave and so handsome.
We loved the young cowboy,
Although he done wrong.

WAIT TILL THE SUN SHINES NELLIE

Wait till the sun shines, Nellie
And the grey skies turn to blue,
You know I love you, Nellie, 'deed I do.
We'll face the years together,
Sweethearts, you and I.
So won't you wait till the sunshines, Nellie,
Bye and bye.

SWEET BETSY FROM PIKE

Did you ever hear tell of sweet Betsy for Pike,
Who crossed the wide prairie with her lover Ike,
With two yoke of cattle and one spotted hog,
A tall Shanghai rooster and an old yaller dog?

Chorus:

Sing too-ral-li-oo-ral-li-oo-ral-li-ay

Sing too-ral-li-oo-ral-li-oo-ral-li-ay

One evening quite early they camped on the Platte,
'Twas near by the road on a green shady flat,
Where Betsy, quite tired, lay down to repose,
While with wonder Ike gazed on his Pike County rose.

CHORUS

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

CHORUS

Out on the prairie one bright starry night,
They broke out the whiskey and Betsy got tight;
She sang and she shouted and danced o'er the plain,
And made a great show for the whole wagon train.

CHORUS

The injun came down in a wild yelling horde,
And Betsy was skeered they would scalp her adored;
Behind the front wagon wheel Betsy did crawl,
And fought off the injuns with musket and ball.

CHORUS

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

CHORUS

The alkai desert was burning and bare,
And Issac shrank form the death that lurked there;
"Dear old Pike County, I'll go back to you."
Says Betsy, "You'll go by yourself if you do."

Saying, Good-bye, Pike County, Farewell for a while;
I'd go back tonight, if it was but a mile.

CHORUS

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

CHORUS

The wagon tipped over with a terrible crash,
And out on the prairie rolled all sorts of trash;
A few little baby clothes done up with care,
Looked rather suspicious - though t'was all on the square.

CHORUS

The Sahanghai ran off and the cattle all died,
The last piece of bacon that morning was fried;
Poor Ike got discouraged and Betsy got mad,
The dog wagged his tail and looked wonderfully sad.

CHORUS

One morning they climbed up a very high hill,
And with wonder looked down into Placerville;
Ike shouted and said as he cast his eyes down,
"Sweet Betsy, my darling, we've got to Hangtown."

CHORUS

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

CHORUS

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

CHORUS

Long Ike and seet Betsy got married of course,
But Ike getting jealous obtained a divorce;
And Betsy, well satisfied, said with a shout,
"Good-bye, you old lummo, I'm glad you backed out."

Saying, Good-bye, dear Issac, Farewell for a while;
But, come back in time, to replenish my pile.

CHORUS

TENNESSEE STUD

Along about eighteen-hundred and twenty-five,
I left Tennessee very much alive,
And I never would have got through the Arkansas mud
If I hadn't been ridin' that Tennessee Stud.
I had some trouble with my sweetheart's Pa,
And one of here brothers was a bad outlaw.
I sent her a letter by my Uncle Fud,

Then I rode away on the Tennessee Stud.

Chorus:

The Tennessee Stud was long and lean,
The color of the sun and his eyes were green.
He had the nerve and he had the blood,
And there never was a horse like the Tennessee Stud.

We drifted on down into no-man's land,
We crossed that river called the Rio Grand.
I raced my horse with the Spaniards' folks,
'Till I got me a skin covered with silver and gold.

CHORUS

Me and a gambler, we couldn't agree,
We got in a fight over a pair of queens.
We jerked our guns and he fell with a thud,
And I got away on that Tennessee Stud.

CHORUS

Well, I got just as lonesome as a man can be,
A dreaming of my girl in Tennessee.
The Tennessee Stud's green eyes turned blue,
'Cause he was a dreamin' of a sweetheart too.

CHORUS

We dropped right back across Arkansas,
I whipped her brother, I whipped her Pa.
When I found that girl with the golden hair,
She was a ridin' that Tennessee Mare.

CHORUS

Stirrip in stirrip, and side by side,
We crossed them mountains and the valleys wide,
We came to Big Muddy, then we forded a flood,
On the Tennessee Mare and the Tennessee Stud.

CHORUS

There's a pretty little baby on the cabin floor,
And a little horse colt, laying around the door.
I love that girl with the golden hair,
And the Tennessee Stud loves the Tennessee Mare.

(spoken)

They's good horses.

CHORUS

TODAY

Chorus:

Today, while the blossoms still cling to the vine,
I'll taste your strawberries, I'll drink your sweet wine.
A million tomorrows shall all pass away;
Ere I forget all the joy that is mine, today.

I'll be a dandy and I'll be a rover.
You'll know who I am by the songs that I sing.
I'll feast at your table, I'll sleep in your clover.
Who cares what tomorrow shall bring.

CHORUS

I can't be contented with yesterday's glory.
I can't live on promises, winter to spring.
Today is my moment and now is my story.
I'll laugh and I'll cry and I'll sing.

CHORUS

LITTLE TOM TINKER

Little Tom Tinker got burned by a clinker,
And he began to cry. Ma! Ma!
Poor little innocent guy.

TUMBLING TUMBLEWEEDS

See them tumbling down,
Nodding their heads to the ground,
Lonely, but free I'll be found,
Drifting along with the tumblin' tumbleweeds.

Cares of the past left behind,
Nowhere to ride but I'll find,
Just where the trail will wind,
Drifting along with the tumblin' tumbleweeds.

I know when night is gone,
There's a new world born at dawn,
Deep in my heart is a song,
Here on the range I belong,
I'll keep rollin' along,
Drifting along with the tumblin' tumbleweeds.

VIVE L'AMOUR

Come all you young fellows and join in our song,
Vive la compagnie!
Success to each other and pass it along,
Vive la compagnie!

Chorus:
Vive la, vive la, vive l'amour.

Vive la, vive la, vive l'amour.
Vive l'amour, vive l'amour,
Vive la compagnie!

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

CHORUS

Now wider and wider, our circle expands,
Vive la compagnie!
We sing to our comrades, in far away lands,
Vive la compagnie!

CHORUS

WABASH CANNONBALL

From the green Atlantic Ocean to the white Pacific Shore,
From the green flowing mountains,
To the southbound along the shore,
She's mighty tall and handsome,
She's known quite well by all
The regular combination on that Wabash Cannonball.

Chorus:

Listen to that jingle, the rumble and that roar,
As she glides along the woodlands,
O'er hills and by the shore.
Hear the mighty rush of the engine,
Hear the lonesome hobos call
As they ramble on across the country
On that Wabash Cannonball.

Well the eastern states are dandy, you hear most people say,
From New York to St. Louis and ole Chicago by the way,
To the hills of Minnesota, where them ripping waters fall,
No changes need be taken on that Wabash Cannonball.

CHORUS

Well here's to Daddy Flagston, may his name forever stand,
And here's for Tennessee, many places throughout the land,
The Darmouth race is over,
And curtains have been pulled and drawn.
Gonna take them back to Dixie on that Wabash Cannonball.

CHORUS

We came down to Nashville on a warm November day,
When we rolled into that station I heard somebody say,
The boys are from Carolina, they're big and thick and tall.
They're comin' down to pick us a few,
They rode the Wabash Cannonball.

CHORUS

WALTZING MATILDA

Once a jolly swagman camped beside the 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

(sing the last two lines of each verse)

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 jump the swagman and seized him with glee,
And he sang as he talked to the 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 you tuckerbag.
You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me.

CHORUS

Up jumped the swagman and plunged into the Billabong,
You'll never take me alive, said he.
And his ghost may be heard as you pass along the Billabong,
You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me.

WHATEVER WILL BE, WILL BE

When I was just a little girl
I ask my mother: "What will I be?
Will I be pretty? Will I be rich?"
Here's what she said to me:
"Que sera, sera, whatever will be, will be;
The future's not ours to see.
Que sera, sera, whatever will be, will be.
Que sera, sera!"

WHEN THE SAINTS GO MARCHING IN

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

(other verses)

Oh, when the new world is revealed.

Oh, when they gather 'round the throne.
And when they crown Him King of Kings.
And when the sun will shine no more.
And when the moon has turned to blood.
And when the earth has turned to fire.
And on that hallelujah day.
Oh, when the Saints go marching in.

WHERE HAVE ALL THE FLOWERS GONE

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

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

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

Where have all the soldiers gone? Long time passing.
Where have all the soldiers gone? Long time ago.
Where have all the soldiers gone?
They've gone to graveyards everyone.
When will they ever learn? When will they ever learn?

Where have all the graveyards gone? Long time passing.
Where have all the graveyards gone? Long time ago.
Where have all the graveyards gone?
They've gone to flowers everyone.
When will they ever learn? When will they ever learn?

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

I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THE RAILROAD

I've been working on the railroad
All the live long day,
I've been working on the railroad

To pass the time away.
Don't ya' hear the whistle blowin'
Rise up so early in the morn'
Don't you hear the captain shoutin',
Dinah, blow yo' horn.