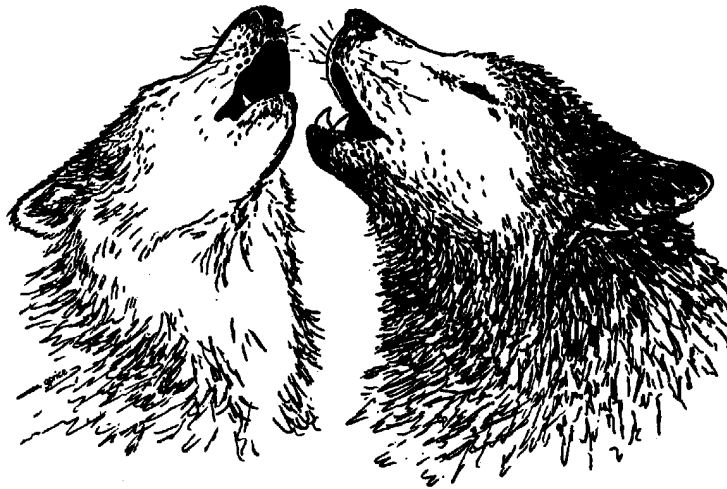


Pine Tree Campfire Book

A Collection of Songs
2005 Draft Edition



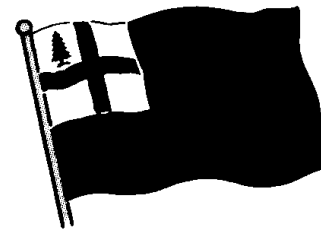
“Who hath smelt woodsmoke at twilight?
Who hath heard the birch log burning?
Who is quick to read the noises of the night?
Let him follow with the others.
For the young men’s feet are turning,
To the camps of proved desire and known delight.”

– *Rudyard Kipling*

Pine Tree Camp
Council Junior Leader Development Conference
Viking Council, B.S.A.

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SONGS OF SCOUTING

On My Honor

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

Be Prepared

Oh Be Prepared, Prepared, Prepared,
The Motto of the Boy Scouts.
Be Prepared, Prepared, Prepared,
The Motto of a Scout.
Prepared, Prepared,
The Motto of a good Scout.
Prepared, Prepared,
The Motto of the Scouts.

The Grey Wolf Song

Adapted from the Gilwell Song

I used to be an (*insert Patrol Name*)
A good old too.
But now I'm finisheding
I don't know what to do.
I'm growing old and feeble
And I can no more
So, I'm going back to Grey Wolf if I can.

Chorus

Back to Grey Wolf, happy land
I'm going back to Grey Wolf if I can.

We're on the Upward Trail

(Sung as a round)

We're on the upward trail ..
We're on the upward trail ..
Singing as we go,
Scouting bound.

We're on the upward trail ..
We're on the upward trail ..
Singing, singing,
Everybody singing,
Scouting bound.

I've Got That Scouting Spirit

I've got that Scouting spirit ..
Up in my head,
Up in my head,
Up in my head.
I've got that Scouting spirit up in my head
Up in my head to stay.

I've got that Scouting spirit ..
Deep in my heart ... etc.

I've got that Scouting spirit ..
Down around my feet ... etc.

I've got that Scouting spirit ..
Up in my head,
Deep in my heart
Down round my feet
I've got that Scouting spirit .. all over me,
All over me to stay.

TRADITIONAL SONGS & OLD FAVORITES

Frere Jacques

Traditional French round

Frere Jacques, Frere Jacques,
Dormez-vous? Dormez-vous?
Sonnez les matines, sonnez les matines,
Ding, dang, dong! Ding, dang, dong!

One Dark Night

Traditionally derived from the Great Chicago Fire

One dark night when we were all in bed,
Old Lady Leary left a lantern in the shed,
And when the cow kicked it over,
She winked her eye and said:
"There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight."
FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!

Allouette

(Traditional French-Canadian song)

Allouette, Gentile Allouette,
Allouette, Je te plumerai.
Je te plumerai la tete,
Je te plumerai la tete;
Et la tete,
Et la tete;
Allouette,
Allouette;
Oh....

2. Le Bec
3. La Nez
4. La Cou
5. La Pied
6. La Dos
7. Les Pettes

Deep and Wide

This appears quite simple, but is it?

Deep and wide,
Deep and wide,
There's a fountain flowing,
Deep and wide.

We're All Together Again

Traditional Scout song

We're all together again,
We're here, we're here.
We're all together again,
We're here, we're here.
Who knows when, we'll be all together again?
Singing "All together again, we're here, we're here."

Green Grow the Rushes Ho

I'll sing you one Ho,
Green grow the rushes Ho,
What is your one Ho,
One is one and all alone and ever more shall be so.

I'll sing you two Ho,
Green grow the rushes Ho,

What is your two Ho,
Two two the lily white boys cloth-ed all in green Ho,
One is one and all alone and ever more shall be so.

Three three their rivals
Four for the gospel makers
Five for the symbols at your door
Six for the six proud walkers
Seven for the seven stars in the sky
Eight for the April rainers
Nine for the nine bright shiners
Ten for the Ten Commandments
Eleven for the eleven who went to heaven
Twelve for the twelve apostles

My Grandfather's Clock

A real Old Timer

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

Chorus

Ninety years without slumbering,
Tick, tock, tick, tock;
His life's seconds numbering,
Tick, tock, tick, tock.
It stopped short never to go again,
When the old man died.

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

Repeat Chorus

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

Repeat Chorus

It rang an alarm in the dead of the night,
An alarm that for years had been dumb;
We know that his spirit was plumbing for flight,
That his hour of departure had come.
Still the clock kept the time with a soft muted chime
As we silently stood by his side.
It stopped short never to go again,
When the old man died.

Repeat Chorus

MacTavish is Dead

British Scouting song

MacTavish is dead
and his brother don't know it,
His brother is dead
and MacTavish don't know it.
They are both of them dead,
and in the very same bed,
But neither of them know
that the other is dead.

Let Us Sing Together

From the UK Guides "Diamond Jubilee Songbook"

Let us sing together, let us sing together,
One and all a joyous song.
Let us sing together,
One and all a joyous song.
Let us sing again and again.
Let us sing again and again.
Let us sing again and again,
One and all a joyous song.

Oh Noah

The Lord said to Noah, there's gonna be a floody, floody
The Lord said to Noah, there's gonna be a floody, floody
Get those animals out of the muddy, muddy
Children of the Lord.

Chorus

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

Oh Noah, oh Noah, he built him an arky, arky
Oh Noah, oh Noah, he built him an arky, arky
Made it out of hickory barky, barky
Children of the Lord.

Chorus

The animals they came in ,
 they came in by twosies, twosies
The animals they came in ,
 they came in by twosies, twosies
Elephants, giraffes and kangaroosies, roosies
Children of the Lord.

Chorus

It rained and rained for forty daysy, daysy
It rained and rained for forty daysy, daysy
Darn near drove those animals crazy, crazy
Children of the Lord.

Chorus

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

Chorus

This is the end of, the end of my story, story
This is the end of, the end of my story, story
Everything is hunky dory, dory
Children of the Lord.

Chorus

The Titanic

Oh, they built the ship Titanic to sail the ocean blue;
They thought they had a ship that the water wouldn'y go
through.
But the Lord's almighty hand knew this ship would
bnever stand --
It was sad when that great ship went down.

Chorus

Oh, it was sad; it was sad;
It was sad when that great ship went down (to the
bottom of the) --
Husbands and wives and little children lost their lives --
It was sad when that great ship went down.

Oh, they sailed from England, they were almost to the
shore,
When the rich refused to associate with the poor;
So they put them down below, where they were the first
to go --
It was sad when that great ship went down.

The boat was full of sin, and the sides about to burst,
When the captain shouted: "Women and children first!"
Oh, the captain tried to wire, but the lines were all on fire
--
It was sad when that great ship went down.

Oh, they swung rhe lifeboats out o'er the deep and
raging sea,
And the band struck up with, "Nearer My God to Thee."
Little children wept and cried, as the waves swept o'er
the side --
It was sad when that great ship went down.

The Happy Wanderer

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

Refrain

Val-de ri- Val-de ra-
Val-de ri-Val-de ha ha ha ha ha ha
Val-de ri- Val-de ra.
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!",

Refrain

I wave my hat to all I meet,
And they wave back to me,
And blackbirds call so loud and sweet
From ev'ry green-wood tree.

Refrain

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.

Refrain

Oh, may I go awandering
Until the day I die!
Oh, may I always laugh and sing,
Beneath God's clear blue sky!

Refrain

SONGS OF THE CIVIL WAR

The Battle Hymn of the Republic

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

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

I have seen him in the watchfires
of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded him an altar
in the morning dews and damps;
I can read his righteous sentence
in the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

Glory! Glory Hallelujah! Glory! Glory Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory Hallelujah! His day is marching on.

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

Glory! Glory Hallelujah! Glory! Glory Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory Hallelujah! Our God is marching on.

Marching Through Georgia

Bring the good old bugle boys,
we'll sing another song --
Sing it with a spirit
that will start the world along --
Sing it as we used to sing it,
fifty thousand strong,
While we were marching through Georgia.

Chorus

Hurrah! Hurrah! we bring the jubilee!
Hurrah! Hurrah! the flag that makes you free!
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,
While we were marching through Georgia.

SPIRITUALS & FOLK SONGS

Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin' for to carry me home,
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin' for to carry me home,

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

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

The brightest day that ever I saw,
Comin' for to carry me home,
Heaven wash'd my sins away,
Comin' for to carry me home.

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

Michael Row the Boat Ashore

Michael row the boat ashore, Hallelujah!
Michael row the boat ashore, Hallelujah!

Michael's boat's a gospel boat, Hallelujah
Michael's boat's a gospel boat, Hallelujah

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

Jordan's River is chilly and cold, Hallelujah
Kills the body but not the soul, Hallelujah
Jordan's River is deep and wide, Hallelujah
Meet my mother on the other side, Hallelujah

Gabriel, blow the trumpet horn, Hallelujah
Blow the trumpet loud and long, Hallelujah

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

Michael row the boat ashore, Hallelujah!
Michael row the boat ashore, Hallelujah!

This Land is Your Land

(Woody Guthrie)

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

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

I roamed and rambled, and I followed my footsteps,
To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts,
All around me a voice was sounding,
This land was made for you and me.

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

WESTERN SONGS

Clementine

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

Chorus

Oh my darling, Oh my darling
Oh my darling, Clementine,
Thou art lost and gone forever,
Dreadful sorry, Clementine.

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

Repeat Chorus

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

Repeat Chorus

Ruby lips above the water,
Blowing bubbles, mighty fine;
But alas! I was no swimmer,
So I lost my Clementine.

Repeat Chorus

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

Repeat Chorus

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

Repeat Chorus

Sweet Betsy from Pike

Did you ever hear tell of sweet Betsy from Pike,
Who crossed the wide prairies with her husband Ike,
With two yoke of oxen, a big yellow dog,
A tall Shanghai rooster, and one spotted hog,
Singing too ra li, too ra li, too ra li ay!

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

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'd reach California come hell or high water.
Singing too ra li, too ra li, too ra li ay!

The injuns 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 there fought the injuns with musket and ball.
Singing too ra li, too ra li, too ra li ay!

The alkali desert was burning and bare,
And Ike cried in fear, "We are lost, I declare!
My dear old Pike County, I'll come back to you!"
Vowed Betsy, "You'll go by yourself if you do."
Singing too ra li, too ra li, too ra li ay!

'Twas out on the desert that Betsy gave out,
And down in the sand she lay rolling about,
Poor Ike, half distracted, looked down in surprise,
Saying "Betsy, get up, you'll get sand in your eyes."
Singing too ra li, too ra li, too ra li ay!

Then Betsy got up and gazed out on the plain,
And said she'd go back to Pike County again,
But Ike heaved a sigh, and they fondly embraced,
And they headed on west with his arm 'round her waist.
Singing too ra li, too ra li, too ra li ay!

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.

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

Chorus

Oh, give me the land where the bright diamond sand
Flows leisurely down to the stream,
Where the graceful white swan glides slowly along
Like a maid in a heavenly dream.

Chorus

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

Chorus

Oh, Susanna

By Stephen Foster

I come from Alabama,
With my banjo on my knee;
I'm going to Louisiana,
My true love for to see.
It rained all night the day I left,
The weather it was dry;
The sun so hot I froze to death;
Susanna, don't you cry.

Chorus

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

I had a dream the other night,
When everything was still;
I thought I saw Susanna
A-comin down the hill.
The buckwheat cake was in her mouth,
The tear was in her eye;
Says I, I'm coming from the South;
Susanna, don't you cry.

Repeat Chorus

Paradise

A favorite of "Griz" Olson of Willmar.

When I was a child, my family would travel
Down to Western Kentucky where my parents were born.
There's a backwoods old town that's often remembered
So many times that my memories are worn.

Chorus

And Daddy won't you take me back to Muehlenberg
County,
Down by the Green River where Paradise lay.
Well, I'm sorry, my son, but you're too late in asking
Mister Peabody's coal train has hauled it away.

Well, sometimes we'd travel down the Green River
To the abandoned old prison down by Adrie Hill,
Where the air smelled like snakes, and we'd shoot with
our pistols
But empty pop bottles is ail we would kill.

Chorus

Then the coal company came with the world's largest
shovel
And they tortured the timber and stripped all the land.
They dug for their coal 'til the land was forsaken,
And they wrote it all down as the progress of man.

Chorus

When I die let my ashes float down the Green River
Let my soul roll on up to the Rochester Dam.
I'll be half-way to heaven with paradise waiting
Just five miles away from wherever I am.

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.

Refrain

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 girl that has loved you so true.

Won't you think of the valley you're leaving?
Oh, how lonely, how sad it will be.
Oh, think of the fond heart you're breaking,
And the grief you are causing to me.

Refrain

From this valley they say you are going;
When you go, may your darling go, too?
Would you leave her behind unprotected,
When she loves no other but you?

Refrain

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

Refrain

The Streets of 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 and cold as the clay.

"I see by your outfit that you are a cowboy,"
These words he did say as I boldly walked by.
"Come sit down beside me, and hear my sad story;
I'm shot in the breast, and I know I must die."

'Twas once in the saddle I used to go dashing
'Twas once in the saddle I used to go play;
First down to Rosie's and then to the cardhouse;
Got shot in the breast and I'm dying today.

Get six jolly cowboys to carry my coffin.
Get six pretty maidens to sing me a song.
Out to the graveyard and lay the sod o'er me,
For I'm a young cowboy and I know I've done wrong.

Oh beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly,
And play the dead march as you carry me all;
Put bunches of roses all over my coffin,
Put roses to deaden the clods as they fall.

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 and cold as the clay.

CAMPFIRE SONGS

There's a Long, Long Trail

Popular in England since World War I

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

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

Vive L'Amour

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

Chorus

Vive 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!

Repeat Chorus

Should time or occasion compel us to part,
Vive la compagnie!
These days shall forever enliven our heart,
Vive la compagnie!
Repeat Chorus

Now wider and wider our circle expands,
Vive la compagnie!
We sing to our fellows in faraway lands,
Vive la compagnie!
Repeat Chorus

The Paddle Song

Sung quietly as the paddlers approach, louder as they pass, and quietly as they fade into the distance.

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

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

By the Blazing Council Fire

By the blazing council fires light,
We have met in fellowship tonight.
Round about the whispering trees
Guard our golden memories.
And now before we close our eyes in sleep,
Let us pledge each other that we'll keep,
Scouting friendships strong and deep,
Till we meet again.

Scout Vespers

Softly falls the light of day
As our campfire fades away.
Silently each Scout should ask,
Have I done my daily task,
Have I kept my honor bright,
Can I guiltless sleep tonight,
Have I done and have I dared
Everything to be prepared.

The Eengonyama Chant

Baden-Powell first heard this chant on a hillside in Natal as a Zulu Impi (Miliary Regiment) approached. He taught it to the first Scouts around the campfire at Brownsea Island.

Eengonyama - Gonyama - Invoboo.
Yaboo - Yaboo - Invoboo

*Translation: "He is a lion! Yes! He is better than a lion:
He is a hippopotamus!"*

FUN & NONSENSE SONGS

The Mule Song

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.

When it's Hog Calling Time in Nebraska

*Old Wisconsin Scout song
Tune: "Red River Valley"*

Oh, when it's hog calling time in Nebraska,
Well, it's hog calling time in Nebraska,
Yes, it's hog calling time in Nebraska,
When it's hog calling time in Nebraska.

George Washington Bridge

*An old New York and New Jersey standby. To tune of:
"When you're in love, it's the loveliest night of the year"*

George Washington Bridge,
George Washington, Washington Bridge
George Washington Bridge,
George Washington, Washington Bridge
George Washington Bridge,
George Washington, Washington Bridge
George Washington Bridge,
George Washington, Washington Bridge
George Washington, Washington Bridge

My Boy Scout Hat

A New York Scouting tune from the days when all Scouts wore the old campaign hats. Tune: "Finculee Fincula"

One day I took with me upon the subway,
My Boy Scout hat, my Boy Scout hat.
I laid it down upon the seat beside me,
My Boy Scout hat, my Boy Scout hat.
A big fat lady came and sat upon it.
My Boy Scout hat, she squashed it flat!
A big fat lady came and sat upon it.
My Boy Scout hat, she squashed it flat!

Christopher Columbus!
Now what do ya' think of that?
A big fat lady sat upon my hat.
My hat she broke, and that's no joke!
My hat she broke...
Christopher Columbus!
Now what do ya' think of that?

Rikitee-Tikitee-Tin

After Tom Lehrer, an instructor in mathematics at Harvard University in the 1950's.

About a maid, I'll sing a song,
Rikitee, tikitee, tin.
About a maid, I'll sing a song,
She did not have her family long.
Not only did she do them wrong,
She did every one of them in, them in.
She did every one of them in.

One mornin' in a fit of heat,
Rikitee, tikitee, tin.
One mornin' in a fit of heat,
She drowned her father in the creek.
The water tasted bad for a week,
So they had to make do with gin, with gin.
They had to make do with gin.

Her mother she could never stand,
Rikitee, tikitee, tin.
Her mother she could never stand,
And so a cyanide soup she planned.
The mother died with the spoon in her hand,
And her face in a hideous grin, a grin,
Her face in a hideous grin.

She set her sister's hair on fire,
Rikitee, tikitee, tin.
She set her sister's hair on fire,
And as the smoke and flames grew higher,
She danced around the funeral pyre,
Playin' her violin, 'olin,
Playin' her violin.

She weighted her brother down with stones.
Rikitee, tikitee, tin.
She weighted her brother down with stones,
And sent him off to Davy Jones.
And all they ever found were bones,
And occasional pieces of skin, of skin,
Occasional pieces of skin.

One day when she had nothing to do,
Rikitee, tikitee, tin.
One day when she had nothing to do,
She cut he baby brother in two
And served him up as an Irish Stew,
And invited the neighbors in, 'bors in,
And invited the neighbors in.

And when at last the police came by,
Rikitee, tikitee, tin.
And when at last the police came by,
Her little pranks she did not deny.
For to do so she would have to lie,
And lying she knew was a sin, a sin
And lying she knew was a sin.

My tragic tale I won't prolong,
Rikitee, tikitee, tin.
My tragic tale I won't prolong,
And if you do not enjoy my song,
You've yourselves to blame if it's too long,
You should never have let me begin, begin.
You should never have let me begin.

My Uncle Roasted a Kangaroo

A traditional song of "Walking Wood Badge" as Held at Philmont Scout Ranch in the 1980s. Sung to the tune of the March Militaire from Gounod's Opera "Faust."

My uncle roasted a Kangaroo.
Gave me the gristly bits to chew.
Was that a very nice thing to do,
To give me the gristly bits of a kangaroo to chew.

The song is usually introduced with the staff singing it without the words and just using the "dum-dum" technique. That is:

Dum, dum da da-da-da da da ...
Dum, dum da da-da-da da da ...
Dum, dum da da-da-da da da ...
Da-da-da-da, da-da-da-da-da, da-da.

Tie Me Kangaroo Down Sport

An Australian favorite. The first verse is almost spoken or narrated.

There's an old Australian stockman - lying, dying...
And he gets himself up onto one elbow
And turns to his mates who are all gathered around
And he says....

Watch me wallabies feed, mate
Watch me wallabies feed.
They're a dangerous breed, mate
So, watch me wallabies feed.

All together now...

Chorus

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

Keep me cockatoo cool, curl
Keep me cockatoo cool.
Don't go actin' the fool, curl
Just keep me cockatoo cool.

All together now...

Chorus

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

All together now...

Chorus

Let me Abos go loose, Lou
Let me Abos go loose.
They're of no further use, Lou
So, let me Abos go loose.

All together now...

Chorus

Mind me platypus duck, Bill
Mind me platypus duck.
Don't let him go running amuck, Bill
Just, mind me platypus duck.

All together now...

Chorus

Play your diggeridoo, Blue
Play your diggeridoo.
(Dying) Like, keep playing it 'til I shoot through, Blue
Play your diggeridoo.

All together now...

Chorus

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

All together now...

Chorus

The Hampton Yell

An English Scout troop yell based on loudspeaker announcements at a public campground

1st: (*singing*): Calling Bob.

2nd: (*same tune*): Calling Joe.

1st: (*as before but more insistent*): Calling Bob !

2nd: (*as before but more insistent*): Calling Joe !

1st: (*Mob-like*): We Want Bob !

2nd: (*Mob-like*): We Want Joe !

1st: Bob !

2nd: Joe !

1st: Bob ! *rising*

2nd: Joe ! *crescendo*

1st: Bob !

2nd: Joe !

1st & 2nd (*together in great disgust*): Oh ! Charlie !

Waltzing Matilda

Traditional Australian

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

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

Down came a jumbuk, to drink at that billabong -
Up jumped the swagman,
And grabbed him with glee -
And he sang as he shoved that jumbuk in his tucker bag
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda,
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me-
And he sang as he shoved that jumbuk
in his tucker bag -
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Up rode the squatter, mounted on his thoroughbred -
Down came the troopers, ONE, TWO, THREE -
Who's that jolly jumbuk,
You've got in your tuckerbag.
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda,
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me-
Who's that jolly jumbuk,
You've got in your tuckerbag.
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Up jumped the swagman and sprang into the billabong
You'll never catch me alive said he -
And his ghost may be heard
As you pass that billabong -
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda,
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.
And his ghost may be heard
As you pass by that billabong -
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

And his ghost may be heard
As you pass by that billabong -
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

CLASS A HANDCLAP

A standard of old Troop 242, Roslyn, Long Island, NY.
This manual exercise has been around for at least
100 years. It has always been a good attention getter.
Build up to a very fast tempo.

The count for clapping in unison is:

1-2-3-4, 1-2, 1-2.

1-2-3-4, 1-2, 1-2.

1-2-3-4,

1-2-3-4

Pause

1.

The last clap is very loud.

There is an enhanced version to recognize and celebrate very special events. It substitutes the last loud clap with a loud troop shout of "Bully!" This was Teddy Roosevelt's well known and favorite exclamation of joy and enthusiasm. It came into use in Scouting on Long Island most likely because Roosevelt's home, "Sagamore Hill" is located on the North Shore of Long Island at Oyster Bay, NY, and Teddy Roosevelt was a lifelong supporter of Scouting in its formative years. He is the only person to have held the National Council title of "Chief Scout Citizen."

SONGS FOR FLAG CEREMONIES

America (Day 2)

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims pride,
From ev'ry mountainside,
Let freedom ring.

Our fathers' God to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright,
With freedom's holy light,
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

Yankee Doodle (Day 3)

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

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

Yankee Doodle (Day 4)

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

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

The Star Spangled Banner (Day 5)

O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming!
Whose broad stripes and bright stars,
thro' the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched
were so gallantly streaming.
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there!
O say, does the star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

America the Beautiful (Day 6)

O, beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties,
Above the fruited plain.
America! America! God shed his grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea.

O, beautiful for patriot dream,
That sees, beyond the years,
Thine alabaster cities gleam,
Undimmed by human tears.
America! America! God shed his grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea.

God Bless America (Day 7)

God bless America
Land that I love
Stand beside her
And guide her
Thru the night - with a light - from above.
From the mountains
To the prairies
To the oceans white with foam
God bless America
My home sweet home
God bless America
My home sweet home