

CAMP SONG BOOK RANCHO ALEGRE 2009



Los Padres Council, BSA

SONGS and PRAYERS FOR MEALS

Philmont Grace

For food, for raiment
For life, for opportunity
For friendship and fellowship
We thank thee, O Lord.

Adams Family Grace

(To the tune of "The Adams Family")

We thank the Lord for giving
The food we need for living
Because we really need it
And we like to eat it.

Chorus:

na na na nah (snap fingers twice)
na na na nah (snap fingers twice)
na na na nah (sing three times)
(then snap fingers twice, last time say Amen)

We're thirsty and we're hungry
Want something in our tummy
The food looks mighty yummy
And so we thank the Lord.
Chorus

We thank you Lord for giving
The food we need for living
For friends, fun and family
We thank you now oh Lord.
Chorus

Breakfast Grace

God Has Created a new day,
silver and green and gold,
live as the sunset may find us,
worthy his gifts to hold.

For Health and Strength

Dinner
(a round)

For health and strength and daily bread,
We praise thy name, oh Lord.

Dinner Grace

For Food and Health is happy day,
accept our thanks to thee we pray,
in serving others,
lord may we,
repay our debts,
of love,
to thee.

CAMPFIRE SONGS: Cub Scouts

Akela's Trail

Tune: It's A Small World

It's a world of fun, it's a world of joy,
And a smile comes easy to every boy.
Things that we've learned today,
Lead along Akela's way.
We are Cub Scouts after all.

Chorus:

We are Cub Scouts after all,
To all Cub Scouts send the call.
Show Akela we stand tall,
We are Cub Scouts after all.

When we seek our quest, we will do our best,
On Akela's trail, we will never fail.
Without any doubt's,
We will be loyal Scouts.
We are Cub Scouts after all.
Chorus

The (Wolf) (Bear) (Webelos) Went Over the Mountain

Tune: For He's a Jolly Good Fellow

The Wolf went over the mountain,
The Wolf went over the mountain,
The Wolf went over the mountain,
To see what he could see.

And all that he could see,
And all that he could see,
Was the other side of the mountain,
The other side of the mountain.
The other side of the mountain,
Was all that he could see.

Sing first using "Wolf," then "Bear," and finally "Webelos."

Cub Scouts Whistle While they Work

Tune: Whistle While You Work

Cub Scouts whistle while they work!

Whistle

They pitch right in, and laugh, and grin,
And whistle while they work.

Cub Scouts hum a merry tune!

Hum

They hum all day at work and play,
They hum a merry tune.

Before they join the Scouts,
They have to know the rule,
Of being courteous and kind
In both their home and school.

Cub Scouts whistle while they work!

Whistle

They do their bit, they never quit,
Cub Scouts whistle while they work.

Scouting Spirit

Tune: "Joy in My Heart"

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
continue as in first verse

I've got that Scouting spirit,
Down in my feet
continue as in first verse

I've got that Scouting spirit,
All over me
continue as in first verse

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

CAMPFIRE SONGS

Baby Shark

Baby Shark Do do do do do-a do
Baby Shark Do do Do do do-a do
Baby Shark!

Mama Shark Do do do do do-a do
Mama Shark Do do do do do-a do
Mama Shark!

Daddy Shark Do do do do do-a do
Daddy Shark Do do do do do-a do
Daddy Shark!

Grandma Shark Do do do do do-a do
Grandma Shark Do do do do do-a do
Grandma Shark!

Grandpa Shark Do do do do do-a do
Grandpa Shark do do do do do-a do
Grandpa Shark!

People swimming (Do's)

People swimming (Do's)
People swimming!

Shark attack (Do's)
Shark attack (Do's)
Shark attack!

Where's my arm? (Do's)
Where's my arm? (Do's)
Where's my arm!?

Where's my leg? (Do's)
Where's my leg? (Do's)
Where's my leg!?

Call for help (Do's)
Call for help (Do's)
Call for help!

CPR (Do's)
CPR (Do's)
CPR!

Was too late (Do's)
Was too late (Do's)
Was too late!

Go to heaven (Do's)
Go to Heaven (Do's)
Go to Heaven!

...& COME BACK AS A... Baby shark! (Do's) *start over*

Banana Boat Song

Day-o, Day-ay-ay-o
Daylight come and me wan' go home
Day, me say day, me say day, me say day
Me say day, me say day-ay-ay-o
Daylight come and me wan' go home

Work all night on a drink a' rum
Daylight come and me wan' go home
Stack banana till the mornin' come
Daylight come and me wan' go home

Come, Mister tally man, tally me banana
Daylight come and me wan' go home
Come, Mister tally man, tally me banana
Daylight come and me wan' go home

It's six foot, seven foot, eight foot BUNCH!
Daylight come and me wan' go home
Six foot, seven foot, eight foot BUNCH!
Daylight come and me wan' go home

Day, me say day-ay-ay-o
Daylight come and me wan' go home
Day, me say day, me say day, me say day...
Daylight come and me wan' go home

A beautiful bunch a' ripe banana
Daylight come and me wan' go home
Hide the deadly black tarantula
Daylight come and me wan' go home

It's six foot, seven foot, eight foot BUNCH!
Daylight come and me wan' go home
Six foot, seven foot, eight foot BUNCH!
Daylight come and me wan' go home

Day, me say day-ay-ay-o
Daylight come and me wan' go home
Day, me say day, me say day, me say day...
Daylight come and me wan' go home

Come, Mister tally man, tally me banana
Daylight come and me wan' go home
Come, Mister tally man, tally me banana
Daylight come and me wan' go home

Day-o, day-ay-ay-o
Daylight come and me wan' go home
Day, me say day, me say day, me say day
Me say day, me say day-ay-ay-o
Daylight come and me wan' go home

Bazooka Bubblegum Song

My momma
She gave me a dollar
She told me to buy a collar

But I didn't buy no collar
Instead I bought some bubblegum
BAZOOKA, ZOOKA bubble gum (x2)

My momma
She gave me a quarter
She told me to tip the porter
But I didn't tip no porter
Instead I bought some bubblegum
BAZOOKA, ZOOKA bubble gum (x2)

My momma
She gave me a dime
She told me to buy a lime
But I didn't buy no lime
Instead I bought some bubblegum
BAZOOKA, ZOOKA bubble gum (x2)

My momma
She gave me a nickel
She tole me to buy a pickle
But I didn't buy no pickle
Instead i bought some bubblegum
BAZOOKA, ZOOKA bubble gum (x2)

My momma
She gave me a penny
She told me to buy some bubblegum
But I didn't buy no bubblegum
Because I'm sick of bubblegum
BAZOOKA, ZOOKA bubble gum (x2)

Boa Constrictor

I'm being swallowed by a boa constrictor,
I'm being swallowed by a boa constrictor,
I'm being swallowed by a boa constrictor,
And I don't like it very much.

Oh no, he swallowed by toe.

Oh gee, he's up to my knee.

Oh fiddle, he's up to my middle,

Oh heck, he's up to my neck.

Oh dread, he swallowed my (slurp-swallow)

Bug Juice

Tune: On Top of Old Smokey

At the camp with the Boy Scouts,
They gave us a drink.
We thought it was kool-aid,
because it was pink.

But the thing that they told us,
would've grossed out a moose,
For that great tasting pink drink,
was really bug juice.

It looked fresh and fruity,
like tasty kool-aids,
But the bugs that were in it,
were murdered with Raid.

We drank it by gallons,
we drank it by tons,
And the next morning,
we all had the runs.

So the next time you drink bug juice,
and a fly drives you mad,
He's just getting even,
'Cause you swallowed his Dad'.

Camp Granada

Hello muddah, hello faddah
Here I am at Camp Granada
Camp is very entertaining
And they say we'll have some fun if it stops raining.

I went hiking with Joe Spivy
He developed poison ivy

You remember Leonard Skinner
He got ptomaine poisoning last night after dinner.

All the counselors hate the waiters
And the lake has alligators
And the head coach wants no sissies
So he reads to us from something called Ulysses.

How I don't want this should scare ya
But my bunkmate has malaria
You remember Jeffrey Hardy
They're about to organize a searching party.

Take me home, oh muddah, faddah
Take me home, I hate Granada
Don't leave me out in the forest where
I might get eaten by a bear.
Take me home I promise I will not make noise
Or mess the house with other boys.
Oh please don't make me stay
I've been here one whole day.

Dearest faddah, darling muddah,
How's my precious little bruddah
Let me come home, if you miss me
I would even let Aunt Bertha hug and kiss me.

Wait a minute, it's stopped hailing.
Guys are swimming, guys are sailing
Playing baseball, gee that's better
Muddah, faddah kindly disregard this letter.

Follow Me Boys

Chorus:

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

There's a job to do,
There's a fight to win,

Follow me boys, follow me,
And it won't be done till we all pitch in,
Lift your chin with a grin and follow me.
Chorus

It's a long long climb,
But we've got the will,
Follow me boys, follow me,
When we reach the top
Then it's all down hill,
Till you drop don't stop and follow me.

So the journey's end
Is beyond our sight,
Follow me boys, follow me,
If we do our best
Then we've done alright,
Pack your load, hit the road and follow me.
Chorus

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!

Chorus:

Bok, Bok, Bok, Bok.
Bok, Bok, Bok, Bok.
Ghost Chickens in the Sky!

The Farmer had raised chickens since he was 24,
Workin' for the Colonel for 30 years or more,
Killing all those chickens and sending them to fry.
Now they want revenge....Ghost Chickens in the sky.
Chorus

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.
Chorus

Hawaiian Punch

Sung to the tune of the Brady Bunch

Here's the story of a dole banana.
Who was raising three very lovely fruits.
Each of them had peels of gold.
The youngest one was green

Here's the story of a ripe papaya.
Who was busy with three fruits of its own.
There were four fruits living in the same tree,
But they were all alone

Until one day when banana met papaya,
And they knew that they were much more than a bunch.
Yes, this crew would somehow form a fruit drink.
That's the way they became Hawaiian Punch!
Hawaiian Punch, Hawaiian Punch!
That's the way they became Hawaiian Punch!

I Love the Mountains

I love the mountains, I love the rolling hills
I love the flowers, I love the daffodils
I love the fireside when all the lights are low
Boom-de-ada, boom-de-ada, ...

If I Were Not a Boy Scout

Tune: This is the Music Concert

If I were not a Boy Scout, I wonder what I'd be
If I were not a Boy Scout, a

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

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

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

A carpenter I'd be
Two by four, nail it to the floor!

A secretary I'd be

z-z-z-z get the point, z-z-z-z get the point?

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

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

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

A hippie I would be
Love and peace, my hair is full of grease!
[or] Hey Man! Cool Man! Far out! Wow!

A farmer I would be
Here's a cow, there's a cow, and here's another yuck!
[or] Come on Betsy give... the baby's gotta live

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

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

A gym teacher I'd be
We must, we must, improve the bust!

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

A doctor I would be
Take a pill; pay my bill! I'm going golfing!
[or] Needle! Thread! Stick 'em in the head!

An electrician I would be
Positive, negative bbzzzt zap

A fireman I would be
Jump lady, jump... whoa spat!

A cook I would be

Mix it, bake it; heartburn-BURP!

A ice cream maker I'd be
Tutti-frutti, tutti-frutti, nice ice cream!

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

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

A garbage collector I'd be
Lift it, dump it, pick out the good stuff
[or] Pile that garbage. Pile that garbage. Pile it to the sky.

A [Domino's] pizza maker I'd be
30 minute, fast delivery!

A clam digger I would be
Dig one here, dig one there-Oh my frozen derriere!

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

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

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

A truck driver I'd be
Here's a curve, there's a curve. HERE'S A BETTER CURVE!
[Makes outline of shapely woman.]

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

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

A Preacher I would be
Well, well, you never can tell; you might go to heaven, or you might go to ...

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

A Stewardess I would be,
Here's your coffee, here's your tea. here's your paper bag, urrrp

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

A Lifeguard I would be,
Save yourself, Man. I'm working on my tan!
[or] Mouth to Mouth Resuscitate, What a way to get a date.

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

An Undertaker I would be,
6 x 4, nail them to the floor.

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

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

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

Finally: A Girl Scout I would be!

Little Birds

Way up in the sky
The bid birdies fly
Way down in the nest
The little birds rest
With a wing on the left
And a wind on the right
The little birds sleep
all through the night

(softly) SHHHH!!

(loud) They're sleeping!

The bright sun comes out
The dew falls away
"Good morning! Good morning!"
The little birds say

Milk Song

Give me a long M
M.....
Give me a short m
M
don't want no pop no pop
don't want no tea no tea
don't want no pop
don't want no tea
just give me milk
moo moo moo moo (one person sticks out thumbs and another pulls them as if
milking a cow)
wisconsin milk
moo moo moo moo
Give me a long I
I.....
Give me a short i
I
don't want no pop no pop
don't want no tea no tea
don't want no pop
don't want no tea
just give me milk
moo moo moo moo (one person sticks out thumbs and another pulls them as if
milking a cow)
wisconsin milk
moo moo moo moo
Give me a long L
L.....
give me a short L
L
don't want no pop no pop
don't want no tea no tea
don't want no pop
don't want no tea
just give me milk
moo moo moo moo (one person sticks out thumbs and another pulls them as if
milking a cow)
wisconsin milk
moo moo moo moo

Give me a long K
K.....
give me a short k
K
don't want no pop no pop
don't want no tea no tea
don't want no pop
don't want no tea
just give me milk
moo moo moo moo (one person sticks out thumbs and another pulls them as if
milking a cow)
wisconsin milk
moo moo moo moo
Give me a long milk
MILK.....
give me a short milk
mike
don't want no pop no pop
don't want no tea no tea
don't want no pop
don't want no tea
just give me milk
moo moo moo moo (one person sticks out thumbs and another pulls them as if
milking a cow)
wisconsin milk
moo moo moo moo

Muffin Man

*Starts with two people; one sings first verse while jumping up and down.
Then second person sings second verse jumping up and down. At "Switch"
each goes out into the audience to pick two others. This continues until
everyone is doing the Muffin Man simultaneously.*

First Verse:

Oh, do you know the muffin man,
The muffin man, the muffin man,
Oh, do you know the muffin man,
That lives on Drury Lane?

Second Verse:

Oh, yes, I know the muffin man,
The muffin man, the muffin man,
Oh, yes, I know the muffin man,
That lives on Drury Lane.

Ode to Spam

Oh SPAM! Oh SPAM! Gourmet delight!
My food by day, my dreams by night.
To carve, to slice, to dice you up -
pureed in a blender and sipped from a cup.

What shining deity from Olympus knelt
down to the earth and hog butt smelt?
Creating then man's eternal desire
for swine entrails congealed by fire.

On some corporate farm, a pig has died.
Eyes, tongue, and snout end up inside
that cube of SPAM hidden in the can
I now hold in my trembling hand.

More than mere food, SPAM is for me
a hedonistic expression of gluttonous glee.
Mottled with pork fat, the pink cube engrosses.
My mouth takes it in, my intestine disposes.

Long have my arteries clogged to the sound
of sizzling SPAM when there's no one around -
furtively chewing or swallowing whole.
Triple bypass by forty, my medical goal.

Other processed meat products I've tried or declined
Vienna Sausages, Treet, even pig's feet in brine.
Though each may be tasty in different ways,
none matches SPAM for gelatinous glaze.

That glistening pinkness beckons me
with gristle, fat, and BHT.
Oh Spam, my Spam - the taste, the smell -
The sacred meat product from Hormel.

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 and keep my mind awakened.

To follow paths of righteousness.
On my honor, I'll do my best.

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 on to the floor,
And then my poor meatball,
Rolled out of the door.

It rolled in the garden,
And under a bush,
And then my poor meatball,
Was nothing but mush.

The mush was as tasty
As tasty could be,
And then the next summer,
It grew into a tree.

The tree was all covered,
All covered with moss,
And on it grew meatballs,
And tomato sauce.

So if you eat spaghetti,
All covered with cheese,
Hold on to your meatball,
Whenever you sneeze.

One Tin Soldier

Listen children to a story that was written long ago.
'bout a kingdom on a mountain and the valley folk below.

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

Chorus

Now the valley cried with anger mount your horses, draw your sword.
And they killed the mountain people so they won there just reward.

Now they stood beside the treasure on the mountain, dark and red.
Turned the stone and looked beneath it "Peace On Earth" was all it said.

Chorus

Peanut Butter

Chorus:

Peanut, peanut butter, jelly!
Peanut, peanut butter, jelly!

First you take the peanuts and you pick 'em, you pick 'em,
You pick 'em, pick 'em, pick 'em
Then you crush 'em, crush 'em,
You crush 'em, crush 'em, crush 'em
Then you spread 'em, spread 'em,
You spread 'em, spread 'em, spread 'em...
(Chorus)

Then you take the berries and you pick 'em, you pick 'em,
You pick 'em, pick 'em, pick 'em
Then you crush 'em, crush 'em,
You crush 'em, crush 'em, crush 'em
Then you spread 'em, spread 'em,
You spread 'em, spread 'em, spread 'em...
(Chorus)

Actions:

Pick: pretend to pick berries

Crush: squish something between your hands

Spread: use one hand to spread pb/jam over other hand

Pile of Tin

This song can be sung in a two part round. Start the second group after the word tin.

Pull on the ear for the word honk.

Shake the head for the word rattle.

Put the palm of the hand on the chin for the word crash.

Pat the nose with the fingers for the word beep.

I'm a little pile of tin
Nobody knows what shape I'm in
Got four wheels
And a running board
I'm not a Chevy, I'm a Ford

Honk, Honk
Rattle, Rattle, Rattle
Crash
Beep Beep
(Repeat this section 3 times total)
Honk, Honk

Pizza Man

Repeat each line

Hey Bo Diddley Bop

I wish I was back on the block
With a pizza in my hand
Cause then I 'd be the pizza man

Other Verses:

*With a donut in my hand
Cause then I 'd be the policeman,
The pizza man

*With some ice cream in my hand
Cause then I 'd be the ice cream man,
The policeman, the pizza man

*With some nunchuks in my hand

Cause then I 'd be Jean Claude Van Damme,
the ice cream man, the policeman, the pizza man

*With a b-ball in my hand,
Cause then I 'd be Michael Jordan,
Jean Claude Van Damme, the ice cream man, the policeman, the pizza man.

*With a guitar in my hand,
Cause then I 'd be Eric Clapton!

*With some bad guys in my hand,
Cause then I 'd be Superman!

*With a toothbrush in my hand
Cause then I 'd be plaque fighting man!

*With a coffee in my hand
Cause then I 'd be the Starbucks man!

Princess Pat Song

(a slight variation on the current one with an echo)

Oh, the Princess Pat,
Lived in a tree,
she sailed across
the seven seas,
she sailed across
the channel too
and took with her
a ricka bamboo

a ricka bamboo,
now what is that,
its something made
by the princess pat,
its red and gold,
and purple too,
thats why it's called
a ricka bamboo

Oh, the captain Jack,
had a mighty fine crew,
he sailed across
the channel two,
but his ship sank

and so will you
if you don't take
a ricka bamboo

a ricka bamboo,
now what is that,
its something made
by the princess pat,
its red and gold,
and purple too,
thats why it's called
a ricka bamboo

Quartermaster's Store

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

Chorus:

My eyes are dim I can-not see.
I have not got my specs with me.
I have HEY! Not HO! got my specs with me.

There are mice, mice, mice
Running though the rice,
At the store! At the store!
There are mice, mice, mice,
Running through the rice, at the Quartermaster's store.
Chorus

Continue with each of the following:

3. lice - living on the mice.
4. rats - big as alley cats.
5. roaches - big as football coaches
6. watches - big as sasquaches
7. snakes - big as garden rakes
8. bears - but no one really cares
9. beavers - with little meat cleavers
10. foxes - stuffed in little boxes

Ravioli

Tune: Alouette

All:

Ravioli, I like ravioli.
Ravioli, It's the best for me.

Leader:

Have I got it on my chin?

All:

Yes, you have it on your chin.

Leader:

On my chin?

Leader:

On your chin. OH-h-h-h
Ravioli, I like ravioli.
Ravioli, It's the best for me.

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

Road Kill Stew Tune: Three Blind Mice

Road Kill stew,
Road Kill stew,
Tastes so good,
Just like it should.

First you go down to the Interstate
You wait for the critter to meet it's fate.
You take it home and you make it great!
Road Kill stew,
Road Kill stew.

Scout Vesper

Tune: "Tannenbaum"

Softly falls the light of day,
While 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?"

Listen Lord, oh listen Lord,
As I whisper soft and low,
Bless my Mom and bless my Dad,
There is something they should know.
I have kept my honor bright.
The Oath and Law has been my guide.
Mom and Dad, this you should know,
Deep in my heart I love you so.

Second Story Window

The window, the window
The second-story window
If you don't know a nursery rhyme
We'll throw you out the window!

Mary had a little lamb, its fleece was white as snow
And everywhere that Mary went -
She threw it out the window!
The window, the window...
(Repeat with other nursery rhymes until you run out! You can also divide your singing group into teams and sing this song as a competition.)

Soap and Towel

(Tune - "Row, Row, Row Your Boat")

Soap, soap, soap and towel;
towel and water please.
Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily, wash your dirty knees.

Actions - *place hands on knees, and in time with the song open and close knees while swapping hands from one knee to the other when the knees come together (as in the 1920's "Charleston" dance, for those who can remember it...) If done correctly, every second time the knees move apart the right hand will be on the left knee and left hand on right knee, with the arms crossed.*

Song That Gets on Everybody's Nerves

I know a song that gets on everybody's nerves
I know a song that gets on everybody's nerves
I know a song that gets on everybody's nerves
It's really easy, these are all the words!

Take Me Out to the Scout Camp

Tune: "Take Me Out to the Ballpark"

Take me out to the scout camp,
Take me out with my Troop,
Buy me some goodies and leathercrafts,
I don't care if I ever get back,
For it's swim, shoot, climb with the camp staff
If they're not trained it's a shame
For it's 1, 2, 3 miles you hike at the old scout camp

Tarzan

Tarzan
Swinging on a rubber band
Tarzan
Smacked into a frying pan
Oooo that's hurts
Now Tarzan has a tan
And I hope he doesn't peel
Like a banana

Jane
Cruisin' in her airplane
Jane
Crashed into a freeway lane
Ooo, that hurts
Now Jane has a pain
And Janie has a painie
And she has to use a cane-y
And Tarzan has a tan
And I hope he doesn't peel
Like a banana

Cheetah
Dancing on a pizza
Cheetah
Swallowed an amoeba
Now Cheetah is velveeta
And Jane has a pain

And Janie has a painie
And she has to use a cane-y
And Tarzan has a tan
And I hope he doesn't peel
Like a banana
Like a banana

The Grand ol' Captain Kirk

The Grand ol' Captain Kirk
He had ten thousand men
He beamed them to the Enterprise
Then he beamed them down again

And when you're up you're up
And when you're down you're down
And when you're only halfway up
You're nowhere to be found

(Stand up when you sing "up"
Sit when you sing "down"
And half stand at "halfway up"
Spin in a circle at "nowhere to be found")

There Was a Great Big Moose

(It's a repeat-after-me song. It repeats after every line)

There was a great big moose!
He liked to drink a lot of juice.
There was a great big moose!
He liked to drink a lot of juice.
Singin' oh way oh
Way oh way oh way oh way oh
Way oh way oh
Way oh way oh way oh way oh

The moose's name was Fred.
He liked to drink his juice in bed.
The moose's name was Fred.
He liked to drink his juice in bed.
Singin' oh way oh
Way oh way oh way oh way oh
Way oh way oh
Way oh way oh way oh way oh

He drank his juice with care,
but he spilled some in his hair.
He drank his juice with care,
but he spilled some in his hair.
Singin' oh way oh
Way oh way oh way oh way oh
Way oh way oh
Way oh way oh way oh way oh

Now he's a sticky moose
Because he's all covered in juice!
Singin' oh way oh
Way oh way oh way oh way oh
Way oh way oh
Way oh way oh way oh way oh

Top-Notcher

I points to myself, Vas is das here?
Das is my top-notch, ya mama dear. (Top of head)
Top-Notcher, top-notch, ya mama dear,
Das wot I learned in der school, boom-boom.

I points to myself, Vas is das here?
Das is my sweat browser, ya mama dear. (Wipe forehead)
Sweat browser, top notch, ya mama dear,
Das wot I learned in der school, Boom, Boom.

I points to myself, Vas is das here?
Das is my eye winker, ya mama dear. (Eye)
Eye winker, sweat browser, top notch, ya mama dear,
Das wot I learned in der school, Boom, Boom.

I points to myself, Vas is das here?
Das is my soup strainer, ya mama dear. (Upper lip)
Soup strainer, eye winker, sweat browser,
top notch, ya mama dear,
Das wot I learned in der school, Boom, Boom.

I points to myself, Vas is das here?
Das is my luch eater, ya mama dear. (teeth/mouth)
Lunch eater, soup strainer, eye winker,
sweat browser, top notch, ya mama dear,
Das wot I learned in der school, Boom, Boom.

I points to myself, Vas is das here?
Das is my chin chowser, ya mama dear. (Chin)
Chin chowser, lunch eater, soup strainer, eye winker,
sweat browser, top notcher, ya mama dear,
Das wot I learned in der school, Boom, Boom.

I points to myself, Vas is das here?
Das is my rubber necker, ya mama dear. (Neck)
Rubber necker, Chin chowser, lunch eater, soup strainer,
eye winker, sweat browser, top notcher, ya mama dear,
Das wot I learned in der school, Boom, Boom.

I points to myself, Vas is das here?
Das is my chest protector, ya mama dear. (Chest)
Chest protector, Rubber necker, Chin chowser, lunch eater,
soup strainer, eye winker, sweat browser, top notcher, ya mama dear,
Das wot I learned in der school, Boom, Boom.

I points to myself, Vas is das here?
Das is my bread basket, ya mama dear. (Stomach)
Bread basket, Chest protector, Rubber necker, Chin chowser
Lunch eater, Soup strainer, Eye winker, Sweat browser,
Top notcher, ya mama dear,
Das wot I learned in der school, Boom, Boom.

I points to myself, Vas is das here?
Das is my foot stomper, ya mama dear. (Foot)
Foot stomper, Bread basket, Chest protector, Rubber necker,
Chin chowser, Lunch eater, Soup strainer, Eye winker,
Sweat browser, Top notcher, ya mama dear,
Das what I learned in der school, Boom, Boom.

Action: *Point to the body part and clap or stomp feets at boom-boom.*

Waddle Lee Ah Cha

Waddle lee ah cha
Waddle lee ah cha
Doodle lee do
Doodle lee do

Waddle lee ah cha
Waddle lee ah cha
Doodle lee do
Doodle lee do

Simplest thing

Isn't much to it
All you got to do is
Doodle lee do it

I like the rest
but the part I like best
goes doodle lee
Doodle lee, Do Woo

Weenie Man

I know a weenie man
He owns a weenie stand
He sells most anything
From hotdogs on down, down, down, down.
One day I'll join his life
I'll be his weenie-wife
HOT DOG! I love that weenie man
A-weenie, weenie, weenie
And a bun, bun, bun
And mus-tard too!
A-weenie, weenie, weenie
And a bun, bun, bun
And mus-tard too! HUH!

Yogi Bear

(Tune - "Camptown Races")

I know someone you don't know,
Yogi, Yogi,
I know someone you don't know,
Yogi, Yogi Bear,
Yogi, Yogi Bear,
Yogi, Yogi Bear,
I know someone you don't know,
Yogi, Yogi Bear.

Yogi has a little friend,
BooBoo, BooBoo, Bear...

Yogi has a sweet girlfriend,
Cindy, Cindy Bear...

Yogi lived in Jellystone,

Jelly, Jellystone...

Yogi has an enemy,
Ranger, Ranger Smith...

Yogi has a favorite food,
Picnic basket
GULP!