



SONGS OF CAMP OSCEOLA
AND THE
H. ROE BARTLE SCOUT CAMP

2000 EDITION

PUBLISHED FOR THE USE OF
SCOUTS AND CAMP STAFF



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FAVORITE BARTLE CAMP SONGS

TABLE OF CONTENTS

ALICE.....	2
ALICE DE CAMEL	2
ALOUETTE	2
AMERICA	2
AMERICA, AMERICA.....	2
AMERICA, THE BEAUTIFUL.....	3
AN ODE(R) TO HIS SHOES	3
ANTS GO MARCHING, THE.....	3
ARMY AIR CORP.....	4
AROUND THE MESS HALL AT OSCEOLA.....	4
AULD LANG SYNE	4
AUSTRIAL YODLER	4
BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.....	5
BEAR SONG, THE.....	5
BE PREPARED	5
BE PRESENT AT OUR TABLE, LORD	6
BIRDIE SONG, THE.....	6
BIRDS IN THE WILDERNESS	6
BRAVO!!.....	6
CAISSONS SONG	6
CAT CAME BACK, THE	6
CHICKA-BOOM	6
CHICAGO FIRE.....	7
CHICKEN LIPS AND LIZARD HIPS.....	7
CHISHOLM TRAIL, THE OLD	7
CLEMENTINE	8
DA DA	9
DAY-O	9
DESPERADO, THE.....	9
DIXIE	9
DOWN BY THE OLD MILL STREAM.....	10
DOWN IN THE PAW-PAW PATCH.....	10
DOWN IN THE VALLEY	10
DO YOUR EARS HANG LOW (HIGH)?.....	10
DEEP AND WIDE.....	11
FLEE FLY	11
FOLLOW ME BOYS.....	11
FOUND A PEANUT	11
GEE MOM I WANT TO GO HOME.....	11
GHOST CHICKENS.....	12
GOD BLESS AMERICA	12
GO TELL IT ON THE MOUNTAIN	12
GRAND OLD DUKE OF YORK.....	13
GOD BLESS AMERICA	13
GREEN GROW THE RUSHES, OH	13
HAPPY BIRTHDAY	14
HEY, HO!.....	14
HILLS OF OSCEOLA, THE	14
HOME ON THE RANGE.....	14
HOKEY POKY.....	14
HOW PECULIAR	15
I POINTS TO MYSELF	15
IF YOU'RE HAPPY AND YOU KNOW IT.....	16
AN INDIAN CHIEF.....	16
I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THE RAIL ROAD.....	16
JOHN JACOB JINGLEHEIMER SCHMIDT.....	16
JOHNNIE VERBECK	17
JUNIOR BIRD MAN	17
KUM BA YAH	17

LITTLE BUNNY FOO FOO!.....	18
LITTLE CABIN IN THE WOODS	18
LITTLE SKUNK.....	18
MARINE'S HYMN	18
MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB	18
MEN FROM NAIROBI, THE	19
MOUNTAIN DEW	19
MY BROTHER BILL.....	20
O CHESTER!	20
OH! HOW I HATE TO GET UP IN THE MORNING.....	20
OH, SUSANNA.....	20
OLD KING COLE.....	20
ON MY HONOR.....	21
ON TOP OF SPAGHETTI.....	21
OOMPAH.....	21
OVER HILL ... OVER DALE.....	21
PEANUT BUTTER.....	22
PINK PAJAMAS.....	22
PROPEL, PROPEL, PROPEL, YOUR CRAFT	22
ROUND THE MESS HALL.....	22
ROVER.....	22
SCOUT MASTER BENEDICTION	22
SCOUT VESPER	22
SHE'LL BE COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN.....	22
SINGING IN THE RAIN.....	23
SHORT BIRTHDAY SONG	23
SAD VERSION BIRTHDAY SONG.....	23
SIPPIN' CIDER.....	23
SMILE	24
SIX PENCE.....	24
STAR SPANGLED BANNER	25
SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.....	25
THERE WAS A HOLE.....	25
TELL ME WHY	27
THESE BONES.....	27
THIS LITTLE SCOUTING LIGHT OF MINE	27
TITANIC.....	27
THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND	28
TOM THE TOAD.....	28
TRAIL THE EAGLE.....	28
TRUSTY TOMMY	28
UP, UP WITH PEOPLE.....	28
VIOLA-VIOLA	29
WA-DA-LEE-AH-CHA.....	30
WE'RE THE SCOUTS FROM OSCEOLA.....	30
WHEN THE SAINTS GO MARCHING IN	30
WINGS OF A BUZZARD.....	30
YOU WANT TO BE A BOY SCOUT, IF.....	31
YOU ARE MY SUNSHINE	31
ZULU WARRIOR.....	31

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FAVORITE BARTLE CAMP SONGS

Alice

Alice stepped into the bathtub
And pulled the stopper out
Oh! My goodness
Oh! My soul
There goes Alice down the hole
Glug, glug, glug!

Alice De Camel

(Audience stands)

Alice De Camel has three humps
Alice De Camel has three humps
Alice De Camel has three humps
So go Alice, Go!
Boom, Boom, Boom (bounce hips against neighbor's)

Alice De Camel has two humps
Alice De Camel has two humps
Alice De Camel has two humps
So go Alice, Go!
Boom, Boom, Boom (bounce hips against neighbor's)

Alice De Camel has one hump
Alice De Camel has one hump
Alice De Camel has one hump
So go Alice, Go!
Boom, Boom, Boom (bounce hips against neighbor's)

Alice De Camel has no humps
Alice De Camel has no humps
Alice De Camel has no humps
'Cause Alice is a horse!

Alouette

Alouette, gentile Alouette
Alouette, Je te plumerai.
Je te plumerai le tete, Jete plumerai la tete
Et la tete; Et la tete OH!

Alouette, gentile Alouette
Alouette, Je te plumerai.
Je te plumerai le bec, Je te plumerai la bec
Et la bec; Et la bec OH!

Alouette, gentile Alouette
Alouette, Je te plumerai.
Je te plumerai le nez, Je te plumerai la nez
Et la nez; Et la nez OH!

Alouette, gentile Alouette
Alouette, Je te plumerai.
Je te plumerai le cou, Je te plumerai la cou
Et la cou; Et la cou OH!

Alouette, gentile Alouette
Alouette, Je te plumerai.
Je te plumerai le pied, Je te plumerai la pied

Et la pied; Et la pied OH!

Alouette, gentile Alouette
Alouette, Jete plumerai.
Je te plumerai le dos, Je te plumerai la dos
Et la dos; Et la dos OH!

Alouette, gentile Alouette
Alouette, Je tè plumerai.
Je te plumerai les pattes, Je te plumerai les pattes
Et les pattes; Et les pattes OH!

America

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

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love the rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

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.

America, America

(sing as a round)

America, America
How can I tell you how I feel,
You have given me many treasures,
I love you so; I love you so.

FAVORITE BARTLE CAMP SONGS

America, The Beautiful

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

O, beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress,
A thoroughfare for freedom beat,
Across the wilderness!
America! America! God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

O, beautiful for heroes proved,
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life!
America! America! My God thy gold refine,
Till all success be nobleness,
And every gain divine!

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 they good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea.

An Ode(r) To His Shoes

(Tune: Clementine)

Rotten Reeboks, dirty sweaty socks; generating toxic fumes.
I've seen flies die, struck in midair, fatal venture to his room.
In my brother's bedroom closet, stinkarooing like refuse.
Dwelt a size 10 pair of sneakers with a smell you couldn't lose.
Aging tennies, in a corner, turns the air a bluish green.
Hope the county doesn't visit, they'd condemn us sight unseen.
I've tried bug balm, lemon air scent, even spray that smells
like pine

Must be something that can cut it, something like to turpentine.
Even Weirdo, crazy mutt dog, who has breath you can't adore,
Makes a wide turn cuz his eyes burn, every time he
nears the door.

"What's the big deal?" asks ol' Bigfoot, none of his friends notice it.

"Proves they're brain dead," says my sister.

"Doesn't sur-prise me a bit."

"Not to worry;" says my father, "Could be money after all.

Pentagon might pay a bundle for the secret of it all.:

Ants Go Marching, The

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 littlest stops to suck his thumb.

And they all go marching down, to the ground, to get out,
of the rain,
Boom, boom, boom

The ants go marching two by two, hurrah, hurrah.
The ants go marching two by two, hurrah, hurrah.
The ants go marching two by two, the littlest stops to
tie his shoe.

And they all go marching down, to the ground, to get out,
of the rain,
Boom, boom, boom

The ants go marching three by three, hurrah, hurrah.
The ants go marching three by three, hurrah, hurrah.
The ants go marching three by three, the littlest stops to
climb a tree.

And they all go marching down, to the ground, to get out,
of the rain,
Boom, boom, boom

The ants go marching four by four, hurrah, hurrah.
The ants go marching four by four, hurrah, hurrah.
The ants go marching four by four, the littlest stops to
close the door.

And they all go marching down, to the ground, to get out,
of the rain,
Boom, boom, boom

The ants go marching five by five, hurrah, hurrah.
The ants go marching five by five, hurrah, hurrah.
The ants go marching five by five, the littlest stops to
take a drive.

And they all go marching down, to the ground, to get out,
of the rain,
Boom, boom, boom

The ants go marching six by six, hurrah, hurrah.
The ants go marching six by six, hurrah, hurrah.
The ants go marching six by six, the littlest stops to
pick up sticks.

And they all go marching down, to the ground, to get out,
of the rain,
Boom, boom, boom

The ants go marching seven by seven, hurrah, hurrah.
The ants go marching seven by seven, hurrah, hurrah.
The ants go marching seven by seven, the littlest stops to
gaze at heaven.

And they all go marching down, to the ground, to get out,
of the rain,
Boom, boom, boom

The ants go marching eight by eight, hurrah, hurrah.
The ants go marching eight by eight, hurrah, hurrah.
The ants go marching eight by eight, the littlest stops to
close the gate.

And they all go marching down, to the ground, to get out,
of the rain,
Boom, boom, boom

FAVORITE BARTLE CAMP SONGS

The ants go marching nine by nine, hurrah, hurrah.
The ants go marching nine by nine, hurrah, hurrah.
The ants go marching nine by nine, the littlest stops to
pay a fine.
And they all go marching down, to the ground, to get out,
of the rain,
Boom, boom, boom

The ants go marching ten by ten, hurrah, hurrah.
The ants go marching ten by ten, hurrah, hurrah.
The ants go marching ten by ten, the littlest stops to
sing it again.
And they all go marching down, to the ground, to get out,
of the rain,
Boom, boom, boom

Army Air Corp

Off we go, into the wild blue yonder,
Climbing high into the sun;
Here they come, zooming to meet our thunder,
At 'em boys, give her the gun.
Down we dive, spouting our flame from under,
Off with one terrible roar;
We live in fame, or go down in flame.
Nothing can stop the Army Air Corp.

Around the Mess Hall at Osceola

'Round the mess hall at Osceola,
We'll sip the soup and shovel the beans away-ay-ay.
'Round the mess hall at Osceola,
We'll sip the soup and shovel the beans away.
SIP THE SOUP! (Sip the soup!)
SHOVEL THE BEANS! (Shovel the beans!)
We'll sip the soup and shovel the beans away-ay-ay
SIP THE SOUP! (Sip the soup!)
SHOVEL THE BEANS! (Shovel the beans!)
We'll sip the soup and shovel the beans away.

'Round the showers at Osceola,
We'll slip the soap and wash the dirt away-way-way
(Etc. -)
(Chorus -)
'Round the campfire at Osceola,
We'll sing the songs and drive the blues away-way-way.
(Etc. -)
(Chorus -)

Auld Lang Syne

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never bro't to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And days of auld lang syne?
CHORUS:
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne;
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty friend,
And gie's a hand o' thine;
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

Austrian Yodeler

(Audience participation with hand motions)
Oh once an Austrian went yodeling ;
on a mountain so high.
When along came a COOKOO BIRD;
Interrupting his cry

Refrain: (Clap on Legs; Clap Hands; Snap Fingers)
Ooooh yode de la kee yod de la COO COO
Yode de la kee yode de la COO COO

Oh once an Austrian went yodeling ;
on a mountain so high.
When along came an Avalanche;
Interrupting his cry

Refrain: (Roll hands over each other)
Ooooh yode de la kee yod de la Rumble, rumble
Yode de la kee yode de la Rumble, rumble

Oh once an Austrian went yodeling ;
on a mountain so high.
When along came a Grizzly Bear;
Interrupting his cry

Refrain: (hands make bear claws)
Ooooh yode de la kee yod de la Rrrrrrrrr.
Yode de la kee yode de la Rrrrrrrrr.

Oh once an Austrian went yodeling ;
on a mountain so high.
When along came a Skier;
Interrupting his cry

Refrain: (Use finger to imitate a ski jumper off your nose)
Ooooh yode de la kee yod de la Swiiiiisssssh!!
Yode de la kee yode de la Swiiiiisssssh!!

Oh once an Austrian went yodeling ;
on a mountain so high.
When along came a Milk Cow.
Interrupting his cry

Refrain: (Each hand milks a cow)
Ooooh yode de la kee yod de la Squirt Squirt
Yode de la kee yode de la Squirt Squirt

Oh once an Austrian went yodeling ;
on a mountain so high.
When along came a Swiss Miss;
Interrupting his cry

Refrain: (Kiss to each side)
Ooooh yode de la kee yod de la Kiss (sound) twice
Yode de la kee yode de la Kiss (sound) twice

FAVORITE BARTLE CAMP SONGS

Oh once an Austrian went yodeling ;
on a mountain so high.
When along came a Her Father;
Interrupting his cry

Refrain: (Carry a gun)
Ooooh yode de la kee yod de la Bang, Bang
Yode de la kee yode de la Bang, Bang.

Oh once an Austrian went yodeling ;
on a mountain so high.
When along came a Dinosaur;
Interrupting his cry

Refrain: (run away)
Ooooh yode de la kee yod de la AAAHHHHH!!!
Yode de la kee yode de la AAAHHHHH!!!

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 lighting of
His terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

CHORUS:

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

I have seen Him in the watch fires of a hundred circling camps;
The have builded Him an alter in the evening dew and damp;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

CHORUS:

Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
His truth 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.

Bear Song, The

(Tune: Sippin' Cider, Audience repeats)

The other day (repeat)
I met a bear (repeat)
In tennis shoes (repeat)
A dandy pair (repeat)
The other day I met a bear
In tennis shoes, a dandy pair

He said to me (repeat)
Why don't you run (repeat)
Because he ain't (repeat)
Got no gun (repeat)

He said to me why don't you run
Because he ain't got no gun

And so I ran (repeat)
Away from there (repeat)
And right behind (repeat)
Me was that bear (repeat)
And so I ran away from there
And right behind me was that bear.

Ahead of me (repeat)
I saw a tree (repeat)
A great big tree (repeat)
Oh Glory be (repeat)
Ahead of me I saw a tree
A great big tree Oh Glory be

The nearest branch (repeat)
Was ten feet up (repeat)
I'd have to jump (repeat)
And trust to luck (repeat)
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 the branch (repeat)
A way up there (repeat)
And so I jumped into the air
But I missed the branch a way up there.

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

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

That's all there is (repeat)
There ain't no more (repeat)
So what the heck (repeat)
Are we singing for (repeat)

Be Prepared

Oh Be Prepared, prepared, prepared: the motto of a Boy Scout
Oh Be Prepared, prepared, prepared: the motto of a Scout
Prepared, prepared: the motto of a true Scout
Prepared, prepared: the motto of a Scout

Oh Be Prepared, prepared, prepared: the motto of a Boy Scout
Oh Be Prepared, prepared, prepared: the motto of a Scout
Prepared, prepared: the motto of a true Scout
Prepared, prepared: the motto of a Scout

FAVORITE BARTLE CAMP SONGS

Be Present at Our Table, Lord

(sung as a prayer before meals)

Be present at our table, Lord
Be here and everywhere adored,
These mercies bless and grant that we
May ever love and serve but thee.

(Another version)

Be present at our table, Lord
Be here and everywhere adored,
These mercies bless and grant that we
May feast in paradise with thee.

Birdie Song, The

Way up in the sky, the little birds fly,
While down in the nest, the little bird's rest.
With a wing on the left, and a wing on the right,
The little birds sleep, all through the night.
(Sshhh, they're sleeping!)

The bright sun comes up, the dew falls away,
"Good morning, good morning," the little birds say.

Birds In The Wilderness

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 _____ (OR for the rest to come.)
Waiting _____ (OR for the rest to come;)
Waiting _____ (OR for the rest to come;)
Here we sit like birds in the wilderness
Waiting _____ (OR for the rest to come.)

Bravo!!

Bravo! Bravo! Bravo! Bravissimo!
Bravo! Bravo! Bravissimo!
Bravo! Bravissimo! Bravo! Bravissimo!
Bravo! Bravo! Bravissimo!

Han skaal leve, Han skaal leve,
Hans skaal le-e-ve. Hey! Hey!

Caissons Song

Over hill, over dale we have hit the dust trail
AS the Caissons go rolling along;
In and out, round about,
Hear those wagon soldiers shout
As the Caissons go rolling along.
Then its Hi! Hi! Hee!
For the field artillery,
Rise up with voices loud and strong.
And where'ere you go
You will always know
That the Caissons are rolling along.

Cat Came Back, The

Old Mister Johnson had troubles of his own,
He had a darned old yeller cat that would not leave his home.
He tried and he tried to give that cat away,
He gave him to a man who was going far away.

CHORUS:

But, the cat came back, the very next day.
Oh, the cat came back, they thought he was a goner,
But, the cat came back, he just wouldn't stay away, away.

He gave him to a man, who was going way out west.
He told the man to give that cat to the girl that he loves best.
First the train hit the curb, then it jumped the rail,
Not a single soul was left to tell the gruesome tale.

CHORUS:

But, the cat came back, the very next day.
Oh, the cat came back, they thought he was a goner,
But, the cat came back, he just wouldn't stay away, away.

He gave him to a boy with a ten dollar note.
He told that boy to take that cat out in a boat.
He tied a rope around his neck, it must have weighed ten pounds,
Now they drag the river for the little boy who drowned.

CHORUS:

But, the cat came back, the very next day.
Oh, the cat came back, they thought he was a goner,
But, the cat came back, he just wouldn't stay away, away.

The man around the corner, said he'd shoot that cat on sight (bang!)
He loaded up his shotgun with nails and dynamite.
He waited and waited for that cat to come around,
Ninety-seven pieces of that man were all they found.

CHORUS:

But, the cat came back, the very next day.
Oh, the cat came back, they thought he was a goner,
But, the cat came back, he just wouldn't stay away, away.

Someone pushed the button, an atomic holocaust.
It looked as though the whole of America was lost.
Old Mister Johnson laughed with foolish glee (hee, hee, hee, hee)
No that darned old yeller cal will never bother me.

CHORUS:

But, the cat came back, the very next day.
Oh, the cat came back, they thought he was a goner,
But, the cat came back, he just wouldn't stay away, away.

Chicka-Boom

(Slap legs then clap hand to keep time)

I said a boom-chicka-boom (repeat)
I said a boom-chicka-rocka (repeat)
I said a boom-chicka-rocks-chicka-rocks-chicka-boom (repeat)
Uh huh (repeat)
Oh yeah....One more time...this time

FAVORITE BARTLE CAMP SONGS

Higher

I said a boom-chicka-boom (repeat)

I said a boom-chicka-rocka (repeat)

I said a boom-chicka-rocks-chicka-rocks-chicka-boom (repeat)

Uh huh (repeat)

Oh yeah....One more time...this time

Lower

I said a boom-chicka-boom (repeat)

I said a boom-chicka-rocka (repeat)

I said a boom-chicka-rocks-chicka-rocks-chicka-boom (repeat)

Uh huh (repeat)

Oh yeah....One more time...this time

Under water

I said a boom-chicka-boom (repeat)

I said a boom-chicka-rocka (repeat)

I said a boom-chicka-rocks-chicka-rocks-chicka-boom (repeat)

Uh huh (repeat)

Oh yeah....One more time...this time

To the worms

I said a boom-chicka-boom (repeat)

I said a boom-chicka-rocka (repeat)

I said a boom-chicka-rocks-chicka-rocks-chicka-boom (repeat)

Uh huh (repeat)

Oh yeah....One more time...this time

To your arm pit

I said a boom-chicka-boom (repeat)

I said a boom-chicka-rocka (repeat)

I said a boom-chicka-rocks-chicka-rocks-chicka-boom (repeat)

Uh huh (repeat)

Oh yeah....One more time...this time

Stick out your tounge

I said a boom-chicka-boom (repeat)

I said a boom-chicka-rocka (repeat)

I said a boom-chicka-rocks-chicka-rocks-chicka-boom (repeat)

Uh huh (repeat)

Oh yeah....One more time...this time

Chicago Fire

One dark night

when we were all in bed

Ole' mother Leary

left the lantern in the shed

When the cow kicked it over

it winked its eye and said

there will be at hot time

in the ole' town tonight

Fire Fire Fire

Backwards:

One night dark

when bed all were we
Ole' Leary mother
left the shed in the lantern

When the kick cowed it over
it eyed its wink and said
There will be a time hot
in the town ole' tonight.

Erif Erif Erif

Chicken Lips and Lizard Hips

(Tune: Supercalifragilisticexpalidocious)

Oh, when I was a little kid I never like to eat.
Mama'd put things on my plate
I'd dump them on her feet
But then one day she made this soup
I ate it all in bed
I asked her what she put in it
And this is what she said:

CHORUS:

Oh, chicken lips and lizard hips and alligator eyes,
Monkey legs and buzzard eggs and salamander thighs,
Rabbits ears and camel rears, and tasty toenail pies,
Stir in all together its mama's soup surprise.

I went into the bathroom and stood beside the sink
I said I'm feeling slightly ill, I think I'd like a drink,
Mama said, "I've got jus the thing, I'll get it in a wink,"
It's full of lots of protein and vitamins, I think

CHORUS:

Oh, chicken lips and lizard hips and alligator eyes,
Monkey legs and buzzard eggs and salamander thighs,
Rabbits ears and camel rears, and tasty toenail pies,
Stir in all together its mama's soup surprise.

Chisholm Trail, The Old

Come along boys and listen to my tale
And I'll tell you of my troubles on the old Chisholm trail.

CHORUS:

Coma ti yi yippy, Yippy yay, yippy yay,
Coma ti yi yippy, Yippy yay.

I started up the trail October twenty-third
I started up the trail with the 2U herd

CHORUS:

Coma ti yi yippy, Yippy yay, yippy yay,
Coma ti yi yippy, Yippy yay.

On a ten dollar hoss an' a forty dollar saddle
An' I'm goin' to punchin' Texas cattle.

CHORUS:

Coma ti yi yippy, Yippy yay, yippy yay,
Coma ti yi yippy, Yippy yay.

FAVORITE BARTLE CAMP SONGS

I woke up one morning on the old Chisholm trail,
Rope in my hand an' a cow by the trail.

CHORUS:
Coma ti yi yippy, Yippy yay, yippy yay,
Coma ti yi yippy, Yippy yay.

I'm up in the morning afore day light,
An' afore I sleep the moon shines bright.

CHORUS:
Coma ti yi yippy, Yippy yay, yippy yay,
Coma ti yi yippy, Yippy yay.

Old Ben Bolt was blamed good boss,
But he'd go t' see his gal on a sore back hoss.

CHORUS:
Coma ti yi yippy, Yippy yay, yippy yay,
Coma ti yi yippy, Yippy yay.

My horse throwed me off at the creek called mud,
He throwed me off round the 2U herd.

CHORUS:
Coma ti yi yippy, Yippy yay, yippy yay,
Coma ti yi yippy, Yippy yay.

It's cloudy in the West an' a-lookin' like rain,
And my durned old slicker's in the wagon again.

CHORUS:
Coma ti yi yippy, Yippy yay, yippy yay,
Coma ti yi yippy, Yippy yay.

We hit Caldwell an' we hit 'er on the fly,
We bedded down the cattle on a hill close by.

CHORUS:
Coma ti yi yippy, Yippy yay, yippy yay,
Coma ti yi yippy, Yippy yay.

Stray in the herd an' the boss says kill it,
So I shot 'im in the rump with the handle of a skillet.

CHORUS:
Coma ti yi yippy, Yippy yay, yippy yay,
Coma ti yi yippy, Yippy yay.

We rounded 'em up an' put 'em in the cars,
An' that was the last of the old two bars.

CHORUS:
Coma ti yi yippy, Yippy yay, yippy yay,
Coma ti yi yippy, Yippy yay.

Oh, it's bacon an' beans, 'most every day,
I just as soon be eatin' prairie hay.

CHORUS:
Coma ti yi yippy, Yippy yay, yippy yay,
Coma ti yi yippy, Yippy yay.

I went to the boss to draw my roll,
He had it figgered out nine dollars in the hole.

CHORUS:
Coma ti yi yippy, Yippy yay, yippy yay,
Coma ti yi yippy, Yippy yay.

I'll sell y outfit soon as I can,
I won't punch cattle fer no darn man.

CHORUS:
Coma ti yi yippy, Yippy yay, yippy yay,
Coma ti yi yippy, Yippy yay.

Goin' back to town to draw my money,
Goin' back home to see my honey.

CHORUS:
Coma ti yi yippy, Yippy yay, yippy yay,
Coma ti yi yippy, Yippy yay.

With my knees in the saddle an' my seat in the sky,
I'll quit punchin' cows in the sweet by and by.

CHORUS:
Coma ti yi yippy, Yippy yay, yippy yay,
Coma ti yi yippy, Yippy yay.

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 are lost and gone forever;
Dreadful sorry, Clementine.

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

CHORUS:
Oh, my darling, oh my darling,
Oh, my darling Clementine!
Thou are lost and gone forever;
Dreadful sorry, Clementine.

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

FAVORITE BARTLE CAMP SONGS

CHORUS:

Oh, my darling, oh my darling,
Oh, my darling Clementine!
Thou are lost and gone forever;
Dreadful sorry, Clementine.

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

CHORUS:

Oh, my darling, oh my darling,
Oh, my darling Clementine!
Thou are lost and gone forever;
Dreadful sorry, Clementine.

Da Da

(participation song)

CHORUS:

Da da de da da
Da da de da da
Da da da da

Hand motions:

Thigh, thigh
Clap, clap

Thigh, thigh
Left chest (right hand)
Thigh, thigh
Right chest (left hand)

Laugh, Laugh

Egyptian style

Etc.

Day-O

Day-O, Day-O, Daylight come and me wanna go home,
Day-O, Day-O, Daylight come and me wanna go home,

Work all night on a drink o' rum
Daylight come and me wanna go home.

Stock banana's till the morning come,
Daylight come and me wanna go home.

Come Mr. Tally man, Tally me bananas,
Daylight come and me wanna go home.
Daylight come and me wanna go home.

Pick six foot, seven foot, eight foot bunch,
Daylight come and me wanna go home.
Daylight come and me wanna go home.

A beautiful bunch of ripe banana,
Daylight come and me wan' go home.
Might deadly black tarantula.
Daylight come and me wan' go home.

Day-O, Day-O, Daylight come and me wanna go home,
Day-O, Day-O, Daylight come and me wanna go home,

Desperado, The

There was a desperado from the wild and woolly west.
Who went up to Chicago just give the west a rest.
He wore a big sombrero and two guns beneath his vest,
And everywhere he went he gave his warr hoop!

CHORUS:

He was a big, bad man. He was a desperado.
From Cripple Creek way out in Colorado,
And he walked around like big tornado,
And everywhere he went he gave his warr hoop!

He went to Coney Island just to take in all the sights.
To see the hoochy-coochy girls and girls all dressed in tights.
He got so all excited that he shot out all the lights,
And then he couldn't see to give his warr hoop.

CHORUS:

He was a big, bad man. He was a desperado.
From Cripple Creek way out in Colorado,
And he walked around like big tornado,
And everywhere he went he gave his warr hoop!
There was a big policeman just a walkin' on his beat.
He saw the desperado come a shootin' down the street.
He grabbed him by his collar and he grabbed him by his seat,
And put him where he couldn't give his warr hoop.

CHORUS:

He was a big, bad man. He was a desperado.
From Cripple Creek way out in Colorado,
And he walked around like big tornado,
And everywhere he went he gave his warr hoop!

Dixie

I wish I was in the land of cotton,
Old times there are not forgotten;
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixieland.

In Dixieland where I was born,
Early on one frosty morn';
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixieland.

CHORUS:

Then I wish I was in Dixie. Hooray! Hooray!
In Dixieland I'll take my stand to live and die in Dixie;

Away, Away. Away down south in Dixie.
Away, Away. Away down south in Dixie.

FAVORITE BARTLE CAMP SONGS

There's buckwheat cake and Indian batter,
Makes you fat and a little fatter;
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixieland.

Then hoe it down and scratch your stubble,
To Dixieland I'm bound to travel,
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixieland.

Down By the Old Mill Stream

Down by the old mill stream,
Where I first met you;
With your eyes of blue,
Dressed in gingham too,
It was there I knew,
That you loved me true;
You were sixteen,
My village Queen,
Down by the old mill stream.

(Lively and Syncopated)
Down by the old, (not the new but the old)
Millstream, (not the river but the stream)
Where I first, (not second but first)
Met you, (not me by you)
With your eyes, (not your ears but your eyes)
So blue, (not black but blue)
Dressed in gingham, (not silk but gingham), too.
It was there, (not here but there)
I knew, (not guessed but knew)
That you loved, (not hated but loved)
Me true, (not false but true)
You were sixteen, (just sweet sixteen)
My village queen, (not the king but the queen)
Down by the old, (not the new but the old)
Mill, (not the smithy but the mill)
Stream, (not - the - River - but - the - Stream).

Down in the Paw-Paw Patch

Where, oh where, oh where is Susie?
Where, oh where, oh where is Susie?
Where, oh where, oh where is Susie?
Way down yonder in the Paw-Paw patch.

Pickin' up paw-paws puttin' 'em in a basket;
Pickin' up paw-paws puttin' 'em in a basket;
Pickin' up paw-paws puttin' 'em in a basket;
Way down yonder in the paw-paw patch.

Come along, boys; and let's go an' find her;
Come along, boys; and let's go an' find her;
Come along, boys; and let's go an' find her;
Way down yonder in the paw-paw patch.

She's the queen of old Hawaii;
She's the queen of old Hawaii;
She's the queen of old Hawaii;
Way down yonder in the paw-paw patch.

She will teach you how to hula;
She will teach you how to hula;
She will teach you how to hula;
Way down yonder in the paw-paw patch.

Down in the Valley

Down in the valley, The valley so low
Hand your head over, Hear the wind blow;
Hear the wind blow, dear, heard the wind blow;
Hand your head over, hear the wind blow.

If you don't love me, love whom you please;
Throw your arms 'round me, give my heart ease.
Throw your arms 'round me, before it's too late;
Throw your arms 'round me, feel my heart break.

Build me a castle, forty feet high;
So I can see him, as he goes by;
Roses love sunshine, violets love dew;
Angels in heaven, know I love you.

Do Your Ears Hang Low (High)?

(sing several time, each time getting faster)

Do your ears hang low?
Do they wobble to and fro?
Can you tie them in a knot?
Can you tie them in a bow?
Can you throw them o'er your shoulder like a Continental soldier?
Do your ears hang low?

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

Deep and Wide

(Hand motions go with "deep," "wide," "fountain," & "flowing.")
(each round substitute an "ugh" as follows:)

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

"UGH" and wide, "UGH" and wide,
There's a fountain flowing "UGH" and wide.

"UGH" and "UGH", "UGH" and "UGH",
There's a fountain flowing "UGH" and "UGH."

"UGH" and "UGH", "UGH" and "UGH",
There's a "UGH" flowing "UGH" and "UGH."

"UGH" and "UGH", "UGH" and "UGH",
There's a "UGH" "UGH" "UGH" and "UGH."

FAVORITE BARTLE CAMP SONGS

Flee Fly

(each line is said by song leader and then echoed by Scouts. A clap rhythm should be established first and then carried through the song.)

Flee
Flee fly
Flee fly flo
Vesta
Qum a la, Qum a la, Qum a la, vesta
No, no, no, no, no, the vesta
E-nee, me-nee, des-a-me-nee, OO-ah-ah-wan-ah-me-nee
Es-a-me-nee, Sol-a-me-nee, OO-ah-ah-wan-ah-me-nee
Bo, Bo, squat-en, dat-en, what-en, not-en chow
Beet billy oten boten bo bo, bo beeten doten, bo bo squat-en, not-en
What-en not-en chow
(All) Yea, Camp _____.

Follow Me Boys

(From the movie, "Follow Me Boys," starring Fred MacMurray)

CHORUS:

Follow me boys, follow me
When you move your hand and feet
Then you're bound to get the beat
Follow me boys, follow me boys
Pick'm up and put'm down and follow me

Sergeant Riley said there's a fight to win
Follow me boys, follow me
And it won't get done till we all pitch in
Lift your chin with a grin and follow me

CHORUS:

Follow me boys, follow me
When you move your hand and feet
Then you're bound to get the beat
Follow me boys, follow me boys
Pick'm up and put'm down and follow me

It's long, long hike to a --top the world
Follow me boys, follow me
But when you get up there and it's all downhill
Lift your chin with a grin and follow me

CHORUS:

Follow me boys, follow me
When you move your hand and feet
Then you're bound to get the beat
Follow me boys, follow me boys
Pick'm up and put'm down and follow me

Found A Peanut

(Tune: "Clementine")

Found a peanut, found a peanut, found a peanut just now.
Just now I found a peanut, found a peanut just now.

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

Ate it anyway, Ate it anyway, Ate it anyway just now.
Just now ate it anyway, ate it anyway just now.

Got sick, got sick, got sick just now.
Just now got sick, got sick just now.

Called a doctor, Called a doctor, Called a doctor just now.
Just now called a doctor, called a doctor just now.

Had surgery, had surgery, had surgery just now.
Just now had surgery, had surgery just now.

Died anyway, died anyway, died anyway just now.
Just now died anyway, died anyway just now.

Went to Heaven, went to heaven, went to heaven just now.
Just now went to heaven, went to heaven just now.

Forgot my teddy bear, forgot my teddy bear, forgot my teddy bear
just now.
Just now forgot my teddy bear, forgot my teddy bear just now.

Went after it, Went after it, went after it just now.
Just now went after it, went after it just now.

Back in heaven, back in heaven, back in heaven just now.
Just now back in heaven, back in heaven just now.

Kicked an angel, kicked an angel, kicked an angel just now.
Just now kicked an angel, kicked an angel just now.

Shoveling coal, shoveling coal, shoveling coal just now.
Just now shoveling coal, shoveling coal just now.

Found a peanut, found a peanut, found a peanut just now.
Just now I found a peanut, found a peanut just now.

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

Threw it away, threw it away, threw it away just now.
Just now threw it away, threw it away just now.

Gee Mom I Want to Go Home

CHORUS:

Gee Mom I want to go
But they won't let me go.
Gee Mom I want to go home.

The biscuits here at <camp name>
They say are mighty fine
One rolled off the table
And killed a friend of mine
Oh, I don't want no more of <camp name> life.

CHORUS:

Gee Mom I want to go
But they won't let me go.
Gee Mom I want to go home.

FAVORITE BARTLE CAMP SONGS

The coffee here at <camp name>
They say is mighty fine
Its good for cuts and bruises
And taste like iodine
Oh, I don't want no more of <camp name> life.

CHORUS:
Gee Mom I want to go
But they won't let me go.
Gee Mom I want to go home.

The pool here at <camp name>
they say is mighty fine.
It is really great for swimming
If you can cut the slime
Oh, I don't want no more of <camp name> life

CHORUS:
Gee Mom I want to go
But they won't let me go.
Gee Mom I want to go home.

The leaders here at <camp name>
they say is mighty fine
they made it through the session
without a drop of wine.
Oh, I don't want no more of <camp name> life

CHORUS:
Gee Mom I want to go
But they won't let me go.
Gee Mom I want to go home.

The staff here at <camp name>
they say is really good
their hearts are made of metal
and their heads are made of wood.
Oh, I don't want no more of <camp name> life

CHORUS:
Gee Mom I want to go
But they won't let me go.
Gee Mom I want to go home.

The skipper here at <camp name>
they say is mighty fine
He has legs like Betty Grable
and a face like Frankenstein
Oh, I don't want no more of <camp name> life

CHORUS:
Gee Mom I want to go
But they won't let me go.
Gee Mom I want to go home.

The women here at <camp name>
They say are mighty fine.
They're either under seven
Or over eight-nine.

Oh, I don't want no more of <camp name> life

CHORUS:
Gee Mom I want to go
But they won't let me go.
Gee Mom I want to go home.

Ghost Chickens (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 twenty-four.
Working for the Colonel for thirty years or more.
Killing all those chickens and sending them to fry.
Now they wanted revenge.....
Ghost Chickens in the Sky.

CHORUS:
Bok,bok,bok,bok..... Bok,bok,bok,bok.....
Ghost Chickens in the sky.

Their feet were black and shinny, 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 cold slaw

CHORUS:
Bok,bok,bok,bok..... Bok,bok,bok,bok.....
Ghost Chickens in the sky.

God Bless America

God bless America, land that I love
Stand beside her and guide her
Through 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

Go Tell It On the Mountain

CHORUS:
Go tell it on the mountain, over the hills and everywhere.
Go tell it on the mountain, that Jesus Christ is born.

When I was a sinner, I prayed both night and day;
I asked the Lord to help me, and He showed me the way.

CHORUS:

FAVORITE BARTLE CAMP SONGS

Go tell it on the mountain, over the hills and everywhere.
Go tell it on the mountain, that Jesus Christ is born.

When I was a seeker, I sought both night and day;
I asked the Lord to help me, and He taught me to pray.

CHORUS:

Go tell it on the mountain, over the hills and everywhere.
Go tell it on the mountain, that Jesus Christ is born.

Grand Old Duke of York

(Every time you say "up," stand up; every time you say "down," sit down. Each round of the song gets faster and faster. Then reverse the procedure: every time you say "up," sit down, every time you say "down," stand up.)

The grand old Duke of York, he had ten thousand me,
He marched them up the hill, and then he marched them down again.
And wen 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.

God Bless America

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.

Green Grow the Rushes, Oh

I'll sing you one Ho, Green grow the rushes, oh,
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, oh,
What is your two Ho!
Two, two lily white boys cloth-ed all in green ho,
One is one and all alone and ever more shall be so.

I'll sing you three Ho, Green grow the rushes, oh,
What is your three Ho!
Three, three the rivals, Hey!
Two, two lily white boys cloth-ed all in green oh.
One is one and all alone and ever more shall be so.

I'll sing you four Ho, Green grow the rushes, oh,
What is your four Ho!
Four, for the gospel makers.
Three, three the rivals, Hey!
Two, two lily white boys cloth-ed all in green oh.
One is one and all alone and ever more shall be so.

I'll sing you five Ho, Green grow the rushes, oh,
What is your five Ho!
Five for the symbols at your door.

Four for the gospel makers.
Three, three the rivals, Hey!
Two, two lily white boys cloth-ed all in green oh.
One is one and all alone and ever more shall be so.

I'll sing you six Ho, Green grow the rushes, oh,
What is your six Ho!
Six for the six proud walkers.
Five for the symbols at your door.
Four for the gospel makers.
Three, three the rivals, Hey!
Two, two lily white boys cloth-ed all in green oh.
One is one and all alone and ever more shall be so.

I'll sing you seven Ho, Green grow the rushes, oh,
What is your seven Ho!
Seven for the seven stars in the sky.
Six for the six proud walkers.
Five for the symbols at your door.
Four for the gospel makers.
Three, three the rivals, Hey!
Two, two lily white boys cloth-ed all in green ho.
One is one and all alone and ever more shall be so.

I'll sing you eight Ho, Green grow the rushes, oh,
What is your eight Ho!
Eight for the April rainers.
Seven for the seven stars in the sky.
Six for the six proud walkers.
Five for the symbols at your door.
Four for the gospel makers.
Three, three the rivals, Hey!
Two, two lily white boys cloth-ed all in green ho.
One is one and all alone and ever more shall be so.

I'll sing you nine Ho, Green grow the rushes, oh,
What is your nine Ho!
Nine for the nine bright shiners.
Eight for the April rainers.
Seven for the seven stars in the sky.
Six for the six proud walkers.
Five for the symbols at your door.
Four for the gospel makers.
Three, three the rivals, Hey!
Two, two lily white boys cloth-ed all in green ho.
One is one and all alone and ever more shall be so.

I'll sing you ten Ho, Green grow the rushes, oh,
What is your ten Ho!
Ten for the ten commandments.
Nine for the nine bright shiners.
Eight for the April rainers.
Seven for the seven stars in the sky.
Six for the six proud walkers.
Five for the symbols at your door.
Four for the gospel makers.
Three, three the rivals, Hey!
Two, two lily white boys cloth-ed all in green ho.
One is one and all alone and ever more shall be so.

FAVORITE BARTLE CAMP SONGS

I'll sing you eleven Ho, Green grow the rushes, oh,
What is your eleven Ho!
Eleven for the eleven that went to heaven.
Ten for the ten commandments.
Nine for the nine bright shiners.
Eight for the April rainers.
Seven for the seven stars in the sky.
Six for the six proud walkers.
Five for the symbols at your door.
Four for the gospel makers.
Three, three the rivals, Hey!
Two, two lily white boys cloth-ed all in green ho.
One is one and all alone and ever more shall be so.

I'll sing you twelve Ho, Green grow the rushes, oh,
What is your twelve Ho!
Twelve for the twelve apostles.
Eleven for the eleven that went to heaven.
Ten for the ten commandments.
Nine for the nine bright shiners.
Eight for the April rainers.
Seven for the seven stars in the sky.
Six for the six proud walkers.
Five for the symbols at your door.
Four for the gospel makers.
Three, three the rivals, Hey!
Two, two lily white boys cloth-ed all in green ho.
One is one and all alone and ever more shall be so.

Happy Birthday

(Short Version)

This is your birthday song, It isn't very long.

(Sad Version)

Oh Happy Birthday, Oh Happy Birthday

There is sadness in the air,
People Dying Every were,
But Happy Birthday, Oh Happy Birthday

Easter Bunny broke his leg
Bled all over the Easter Egg,
But Happy Birthday, Oh Happy Birthday

Santa Claus lost his sleigh
There will be no Christmas Today,
But Happy Birthday, Oh Happy Birthday.

Hey, Ho!

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

Hills of Osceola, The

The hills of Osceola are calling me today,
"Come back along the Scouting trail," their voice seem to say.
I dream of woodland valleys, and pathways that I knew,
And answer, "Osceola dear, I'm coming back to you."

The trees of Osceola lift up their branches high,
The leafy curtain that they spread is green against the sky.
And when the shades of evening have chased away the light,
The stars above come shining through, God's watchmen
of the night.

The friends of Osceola have walked the trail with me,
And 'round the campfire we have met in joyous company.
Oh friends of rain and sunshine, so loyal and so true,
Thank God for hills and trees and stars - for country,
home and you!

Home on the Range

Oh give me a home where the buffalo roam,
Where the deer and the antelope play,
Were 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 so pure, the zephyrs so free.
The breezes so balmy and lite.
That I would not exchange my home on the range,
For all the cities so bright.

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.

Hokey Poky

You put your right arm in, you put your right arm out
You put your right arm in and you shake it all about
You do the hokey poky and you turn yourself around
That's what its all about.

You put your left arm in, you put your left arm out
You put your left arm in and you shake it all about
You do the hokey poky and you turn yourself around
That's what its all about.

You put your right leg in, you put your right leg out
You put your right leg in and you shake it all about
You do the hokey poky and you turn yourself around
That's what its all about.

You put your left leg in, you put your left leg out
You put your left leg in and you shake it all about
You do the hokey poky and you turn yourself around
That's what its all about.

FAVORITE BARTLE CAMP SONGS

You put your butt in, you put your butt out
You put your butt in and you shake it all about
You do the hokey poky and you turn yourself around
That's what its all about.

You put your tongue in, you put your tongue out
You put your tongue in and you shake it all about
You do the hokey poky and you turn yourself around
That's what its all about.

You put your self in, you put your self out
You put your self in and you shake it all about
You do the hokey poky and you turn yourself around
That's what its all about.

How Peculiar

(Tune: Battle hymn of the Republic)

CHORUS:

Glory, Glory, how peculiar
Glory, Glory, how peculiar

When one sly snake slid up the slide
The other sly snake slid down.
When one sly snake slid up the slide
The other sly snake slid down.

CHORUS:

Glory, Glory, how peculiar
Glory, Glory, how peculiar

When one dumb duck dropped dead in the ditch
The other dumb duck dropped dead.

CHORUS:

Glory, Glory, how peculiar
Glory, Glory, how peculiar

When one read rooster ran up the road,
The other dumb rooster ran down.

CHORUS:

Glory, Glory, how peculiar
Glory, Glory, how peculiar

When one black bug bled blue-black blood,
The black bug bled blue.

CHORUS:

Glory, Glory, how peculiar
Glory, Glory, how peculiar

When one pink porpoise popped into the pool,
The other pink porpoise popped out.

I Points to mineself.

I points to myself. Vass ist das?
This is my TOP NOTCHER
Ya mama dear.

CHORUS:

TOP NOTCHER

Ya mama dear
That's wot I learned in the school, Boom! Boom!

I points to mineself. Vass ist das?
This is my SWEAT BROWSER
Ya mama dear.

CHORUS:

SWEAT BROWSER (point to forehead)
TOP NOTCHER (point to top of head)
Ya mama dear
That's wot I learned in the school, Boom! Boom!

I points to mineself. Vass ist das?
This is my SOUP STRAINER
Ya mama dear.

CHORUS:

SOUP STRAINER (point to lips)
SWEAT BROWSER (point to forehead)
TOP NOTCHER (point to top of head)
Ya mama dear
That's wot I learned in the school, Boom! Boom!

I points to mineself. Vass ist das?
This is my CHIN CHOWSER
Ya mama dear.

CHORUS:

CHIN CHOWSER (point to chin)
SOUP STRAINER (point to lips)
SWEAT BROWSER (point to forehead)
TOP NOTCHER (point to top of head)
Ya mama dear
That's wot I learned in the school, Boom! Boom!

I points to mineself. Vass ist das?
This is my RUBBER NECKER
Ya mama dear.

CHORUS:

RUBBER NECKER (point to neck)
CHIN CHOWSER (point to chin)
SOUP STRAINER (point to lips)
SWEAT BROWSER (point to forehead)
TOP NOTCHER (point to top of head)
Ya mama dear
That's wot I learned in the school, Boom! Boom!

I points to mineself. Vass ist das?
This is my BELLY ACHER
Ya mama dear.

CHORUS:

BELLY ACHER (point to belly)
RUBBER NECKER (point to neck)
CHIN CHOWSER (point to chin)
SOUP STRAINER (point to lips)

FAVORITE BARTLE CAMP SONGS

SWEAT BROWSER (point to forehead)
TOP NOTCHER (point to top of head)
Ya mama dear
That's wot I learned in the school, Boom! Boom!

I points to mineself. Vass ist das?
This is my TRAIL BLAZER
Ya mama dear.

CHORUS:

TRAIL BLAZER (point to leg)
BELLY ACHER (point to belly)
RUBBER NECKER (point to neck)
CHIN CHOWSER (point to chin)
SOUP STRAINER (point to lips)
SWEAT BROWSER (point to forehead)
TOP NOTCHER (point to top of head)
Ya mama dear
That's wot I learned in the school, Boom! Boom

If You're Happy And You Know It

If you're happy and you know it
Clap your hands (clap, clap)
If you're happy and you know it
Clap your hands (clap, clap)
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 (clap, clap)

If you're happy and you know it
Stomp your feet (stomp, stomp)
If you're happy and you know it
Stomp your feet (stomp, stomp)
If you're happy and you know it,
Then you really ought to show it,
If you're happy and you know it,
Stomp your feet (stomp, stomp)

If you're happy and you know it
Stand and yell (stand, yell)
If you're happy and you know it
Stand and yell (stand, yell)
If you're happy and you know it,
Then you really ought to show it,
If you're happy and you know it,
Stand and yell (stand, yell)

If you're happy and you know it
Shout amen (shout, shout)
If you're happy and you know it
Shout amen (shout, shout)
If you're happy and you know it,
Then you really ought to show it,
If you're happy and you know it,
Shout amen (shout, shout)

If you're happy and you know it
Do all three (clap, clap, stomp, stomp, stand, yell, shout amen)

If you're happy and you know it
Do all three (clap, clap, stomp, stomp, stand, yell, shout amen)
If you're happy and you know it,
Then you really ought to show it,
If you're happy and you know it,
Do all three (clap, clap, stomp, stomp, stand, yell, shout amen)

An Indian Chief

An Indian chief with a big hooked nose
Got stuck on an Indian maid and
Every night when the moon was bright
Across the Osage he'd wade
They'd sit and croon under the dusky
Moon under a big oak tree and
When they met they sand a duet
That sounded like this to me
Ewah Chewah Osceola

I've Been Working On the Rail Road

I've been workin' on the railroad, All the live long day,
I've been workin' on the railroad, Just to pass the time away,
Can't you hear the whistle blowing? Rise up so early in the morn;
Can't you hear the captain shouting: "Dinah blow your horn!"

Dinah won't you blow, Dinah, won't you blow
Dinah won't you blow your horn, your horn
Dinah won't you blow, Dinah, won't you blow,
Dinah won't you blow your horn!

Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah,
Someone's in the kitchen I know;
Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah,
Strummin' on the old banjo.

Fee-fi-fiddely—I—oh!
Fee-fi-fiddely—I—o-o-o-oh!
Fee-fi-fiddely—I—oh!
Strummin' on the old banjo.

Fee-plunk, fi-plunk, fiddely-I-oh plunk!
Fee-fi-fiddely-I-oh, plunk, plunk, plunk!
Fee...fi...fiddely-Iohhh...
Strummin' on the old banjo.

John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmidt

John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmidt
he's my friend too
Whenever he goes out
the people always shout
there goes
John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmidt
Naa Naa Na Naa Naa Naa Naa

(Softer)
John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmidt
he's my friend too
Whenever he goes out

FAVORITE BARTLE CAMP SONGS

the people always shout
there goes
John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmidt
Naa Naa Na Naa Naa Naa
(More soft)
John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmidt
he's my friend too
Whenever he goes out
the people always shout
there goes
John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmidt
Naa Naa Na Naa Naa Naa

(Softer again)
John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmidt
he's my friend too
Whenever he goes out
the people always shout
there goes
John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmidt
Naa Naa Na Naa Naa Naa

(Softest)
John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmidt
he's my friend too
Whenever he goes out
the people always shout
there goes
John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmidt
Naa Naa Na Naa Naa Naa

Johnnie Verbeck

There was a little Dutchman, his name was Johnnie Verbeck
He was a dealer in sausage and sauerkraut and spec;
He made the finest sausage that ever been see.
But one day he invented a sausage machine.

CHORUS:
Oh, Mister Johnnie Verbeck, How could you be so mean?
I told you you'd be sorry for inventing that machine.
All the neighbors' cats and dogs will never more be seen;
For they'll be ground into sausages in Johnnie Verbeck's machine.

One day a little fat boy came walking in the store.
He bought a pound of sausage and laid them on the floor;
Then he began to whistle and he whistled up a tune,
And all the little sausages went dancing around the room.

CHORUS:
Oh, Mister Johnnie Verbeck, How could you be so mean?
I told you you'd be sorry for inventing that machine.
All the neighbors' cats and dogs will never more be seen;
For they'll be ground into sausages in Johnnie Verbeck's machine.

One day the machine got busted and the darned thing wouldn't go.
So Johnnie Verbeck, he climbed inside to see what made it so;
His wife, she had a nightmare while walking in her sleep.
She gave the crank a deuce of a yank and Jhonnie Verbeck was meat.

CHORUS:
Oh, Mister Johnnie Verbeck, How could you be so mean?
I told you you'd be sorry for inventing that machine.
All the neighbors' cats and dogs will never more be seen;
For they'll be ground into sausages in Johnnie Verbeck's machine.

Junior Bird Man

(Don't forget your Junior Bird man goggles.)

Up in the air Junior Bird Men,
Up in the air, upside down.
Up in the air, Junior Bird Men,
With your noses to the ground.

And wen you hear the grand announcement,
That your wings are made of tin,
Then you'll know that Junior Bird Men,
Have sent their box tops in.

Cause it takes.....

Five box tops,
Four bottom bottoms,
Three wrappres,
Two coupons,
And one thin dime.

Brrrrrrrrrr!

Kum Ba Yah

Kum ba yah, my Lord, Kum ba yah,
Kum ba yah, my Lord, Kum ba yah,
Kum ba yah, my Lord, Kum ba yah,
Oh Lord, Kum ba yah.

Someone's crying, Oh Lord, Kum ba yah
Someone's crying, Oh Lord, Kum ba yah
Someone's crying, Oh Lord, Kum ba yah
Oh Lord, Kum ba yah.

Someone's singing, Oh Lord, Kum ba yah
Someone's singing, Oh Lord, Kum ba yah
Someone's singing, Oh Lord, Kum ba yah
Oh Lord, Kum ba yah.

Someone's praying, Oh Lord, Kum ba yah
Someone's praying, Oh Lord, Kum ba yah
Someone's praying, Oh Lord, Kum ba yah
Oh Lord, Kum ba yah.

Scout version
A Scout is Trustworthy, Lord, Kum ba yah
A Scout is Loyal, Lord, Kum ba yah
A Scout is Helpful, Lord, Kum ba yah
Oh Lord, Kum ba yah
A Scout is Friendly, Lord, Kum ba yah
A Scout is Courteous, Lord, Kum ba yah
A Scout is Kind, Lord, Kum ba yah
Oh Lord, Kum ba yah

FAVORITE BARTLE CAMP SONGS

A Scout is Obedient, Lord, Kum ba yah
A Scout is Cheerful, Lord, Kum ba yah
A Scout is Thrifty, Lord, Kum ba yah
Oh Lord, Kum ba yah
A Scout is Brave, Lord, Kum ba yah
A Scout is Clean, Lord, Kum ba yah
A Scout is Reverent, Lord, Kum ba yah
Oh Lord, Kum ba yah

Little Bunny Foo Foo!

CHORUS:

Little bunny foo foo, hoppin' through the forest
Scoopin' up the field mice and boppin' on the head.
Along came the good fairy and she said.

Little bunny foo foo
I don't want to see you
Scoopin' up the field mice and boppin them on the head.
I will give you three chances to be good then I will turn you into a goon.

CHORUS:

Little bunny foo foo, hoppin' through the forest
Scoopin' up the field mice and boppin' on the head.
Along came the good fairy and she said.

Little bunny foo foo
I don't want to see you
Scoopin' up the field mice and boppin them on the head.
I will give you two chances to be good then I will turn you into a goon.

CHORUS:

Little bunny foo foo, hoppin' through the forest
Scoopin' up the field mice and boppin' on the head.
Along came the good fairy and she said.

Little bunny foo foo
I don't want to see you
Scoopin' up the field mice and boppin them on the head.
I will give you one more chance to be good then I will turn you into a goon.

CHORUS:

Little bunny foo foo, hoppin' through the forest
Scoopin' up the field mice and boppin' on the head.
Along came the good fairy and she said.

"Bunny foo foo I gave you three chances to be good, now I have to turn you into a goon".

Little bunny foo foo said, "Oh well Hare today Goon tomorrow".

Little Cabin in the Woods

(hand signs for: rabbit, cabin, window, door, hunter, inside, abide.)

A little cabin in the woods
A little man by the window stood
Saw a rabbit hopping by

Knocking at my door.
Help me! Help me! Help me! He said.
Before the hunter shoots me dead.
Little rabbit come inside
Safely to abide.

Little Skunk

Oh, 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, remove it."

Well, I didn't take it out, take it out, take it out, take it out.
And the little skunk said, "You'll be sorry if you don't,
Take it out, take it out, take it out, remove it."

Well, I didn't take it out, take it out, take it out,
And the little skunk said, "You'll wish you had
Took it out, took it out, took it out."

S-s-s-s-s-s-s-s.

I removed it - too late!!

The Marine Hymn

From the halls of Montezuma,
To the shores of Tripoli,
We have fought our country's battles,
On the land and on the sea.

First to fight for right and freedom
And to keep our honor clean,
We are proud to claim the title
Of United States Marines.

Mary Had a Little Lamb

Mary had a little lamb, its fleece was white as snow.
Shouting out the battle cry of free-ee-dom.
And everywhere that Mary went, that lamb was sure to go.
Shouting out the battle cry of free-ee-dom.

CHORUS:

Hurrah for Mary, hurrah for the lamb.
Hurrahs for the teacher that didn't give a particle
If all the lambs in ___(camp)___ came marching into school,
Shouting out the battle cry of free-ee-dom.

Mary had a little lamb, its foot was black as soot.
Shouting out the battle cry of free-ee-dom.
And everywhere that Mary went, that sooty foot he put.
Shouting out the battle cry or free-ee-dom.

CHORUS:

Hurrah for Mary, hurrah for the lamb.
Hurrahs for the teacher that didn't give a particle
If all the lambs in ___(camp)___ came marching into school,
Shouting out the battle cry of free-ee-dom.

Mary had a little lamb, she also had a bear.
Shouting out the battle cry of free-ee-dom.

FAVORITE BARTLE CAMP SONGS

I've often seen her little lamb, I've never seen her bear.
Shouting out the battle cry of free-ee-dom.

CHORUS:

Hurrah for Mary, hurrah for the lamb.
Hurrahs for the teacher that didn't give a particle
If all the lambs in ___(camp)___ came marching into school,
Shouting out the battle cry of free-ee-dom.

Mary had a little lamb, she fed it very well.
Shouting out the battle cry of free-ee-dom.
One day she fed it dynamite, and blew it all to pieces.
Shouting out the battle cry of free-ee-dom.

CHORUS:

Hurrah for Mary, hurrah for the lamb.
Hurrahs for the teacher that didn't give a particle
If all the lambs in ___(camp)___ came marching into school,
Shouting out the battle cry of free-ee-dom.

Mary had a little lamb, her father shot it dead.
Shouting out the battle cry of free-ee-dom.
Now she takes it to school between three hunks of bread.
Shouting out the battle cry of free-ee-dom.

CHORUS:

Hurrah for Mary, hurrah for the lamb.
Hurrahs for the teacher that didn't give a particle
If all the lambs in ___(camp)___ came marching into school,
Shouting out the battle cry of free-ee-dom.

Mary had a steamboat, and the steamboat had a bell.
Shouting out the battle cry of free-ee-dom.
Mary went to heaven, and the steamboat went ... toot-toot.
Shouting out the battle cry of free-ee-dom.

CHORUS:

Hurrah for Mary, hurrah for the lamb.
Hurrahs for the teacher that didn't give a particle
If all the lambs in ___(camp)___ came marching into school,
Shouting out the battle cry of free-ee-dom.

Men from Nairobi, The

We're the men from Nairobi and our team's 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, the best of them all.

CHORUS:

Si-ing um-ga-wa, um-ga-wa, um-ga-wa, um-ga-wa,
um-ga-wa, um-ga-wa, um-ga-wa.

The men from Raikenya know our team's a good one,
We played them 'bout this time last year.
Their number one hero was disqualified, when he fell on a Nairobi
Spear - (What a shaft!)

CHORUS:

Sing-ing: "Um-ga-wa, um-ga-wa, um-ga-wa, um-ga-wa,

Um-ga-wa, um-ga-wa, um-ga-wa-wa."

They sent 15 men down from Kilimanjaro, but they didn't have wh
it takes.

They took all the losers out in the jungle,
And left them tied up for the snakes - (Poor snakes!)

CHORUS:

Sing-ing: "Um-ga-wa, um-ga-wa, um-ga-wa, um-ga-wa,
um-ga-wa, um-ga-wa, um-ga-wa-wa."

Mountain Dew

My uncle Bill had a still on the hill,
Here he'd mix up a gallon or two,
But the buzzards in the sky
Got so drunk they couldn't fly,
From smellin' that good old mountain dew.

CHORUS:

They call it that good old mountain dew,
And them that refuse it are few,
I'll hush up my mug if you fill up my jug,
With that good old mountain dew.

My Uncle Mort, he was sawed-off and short,
He stood about four feet two,
Be he'd fell like a giant,
If you gave him a pint
Of that good old mountain dew.

CHORUS:

They call it that good old mountain dew,
And them that refuse it are few,
I'll hush up my mug if you fill up my jug,
With that good old mountain dew.

Well, the preacher came by, with a tear in his eye
Said his wife had caught the flu.
So we said that he 'ort
To give her a snort
Of that good ol' mountain dew.

CHORUS:

They call it that good old mountain dew,
And them that refuse it are few,
I'll hush up my mug if you fill up my jug,
With that good old mountain dew.

There's an old hollow tree down the road here from me
Where you lay down a dollar or two,
Then you drive round the bend
And when you come back again
You will find a jug of mountain dew.

CHORUS:

They call it that good old mountain dew,
And them that refuse it are few,
I'll hush up my mug if you fill up my jug,
With that good old mountain dew.

FAVORITE BARTLE CAMP SONGS

My Brother Bill

My brother Bill is a fireman
cuz he puts out fires.
He went to a fire last night I'zz told
cuz he puts out fires

That fire did lit some dynamite
blew poor Bill plum out of site.
But where he's goin he'll be alright
cuz he puts out fires.

O Chester!

(tune: Yankee Doodle)

O Chester, did you 'er about Harry?
(strike chest, touch ears, pat head)

He "chest" got back from the Army.
(strike chest back, then fold arms)

I 'er he knows how to wear a rose,
(touch ear, nose, lapel)

Hip! Hip! Hooray – for the Army!
(raise fists for cheers; fold arms)

Oh! How I Hate To Get Up In The Morning

"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 got to get up this morning!
Someday I'm going to murder the bugler,
Someday they're going to find him dead –
I'll amputate his reveille, and step upon it heavily,
And spend the rest of my live in bed."

Oh, Susanna

I come from Alabama,
With a 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 say Susanna
A-coming 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.

Old King Cole

(Divide the singers into groups, each one taking a part at the chorus)

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he.
He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his privates three.

CHORUS:

"We do all the work," said the privates.
"Merry men are we.
There's none so fair as can compare
With the Fighting Infantry."

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he.
He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his corporals three.

CHORUS:

"One two, One two, one," said the corporals.
"We do all the work," said the privates.
"Merry men are we.
There's none so fair as can compare
With the Fighting Infantry."

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he.
He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his sergeants three.

CHORUS:

"Mulligan again today," said the sergeants.
"One two, One two, one," said the corporals.
"We do all the work," said the privates.
"Merry men are we.
There's none so fair as can compare
With the Fighting Infantry."

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he.
He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his captains three.

CHORUS:

"We want 10 days leave," said the captains.
"Mulligan again today," said the sergeants.
"One two, One two, one," said the corporals.
"We do all the work," said the privates.
"Merry men are we.
There's none so fair as can compare
With the Fighting Infantry."

FAVORITE BARTLE CAMP SONGS

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he.
He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his majors three.

CHORUS:
"Hold my horse by the head," said the majors.
"We want 10 days leave," said the captains.
"Mulligan again today," said the sergeants.
"One two, One two, one," said the corporals.
"We do all the work," said the privates.
"Merry men are we.
There's none so fair as can compare
With the Fighting Infantry."

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he.
He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his colonels three.

CHORUS:
"Where are my boots and spurs," said the colonels.
"Hold my horse by the head," said the majors.
"We want 10 days leave," said the captains.
"Mulligan again today," said the sergeants.
"One two, One two, one," said the corporals.
"We do all the work," said the privates.
"Merry men are we.
There's none so fair as can compare
With the Fighting Infantry."

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he.
He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his generals three.

CHORUS:
"The Army's going to the dogs," said the generals.
"Where are my boots and spurs," said the colonels.
"Hold my horse by the head," said the majors.
"We want 10 days leave," said the captains.
"Mulligan again today," said the sergeants.
"One two, One two, one," said the corporals.
"We do all the work," said the privates.
"Merry men are we.
There's none so fair as can compare
With the Fighting Infantry."

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 server my country as I may.
On my honor I'll do my best
To do my good tern each day
To keep my body strengthened and
Keep my mind a-wakened.
To follow paths of righteousness
On my honor I'll do my best.

On Top Of Spaghetti

(Tune: On Top of Old Smokey)

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 then my poor meatball, was nothing by 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, and don't ever sneeze.

OOMPAH

(Half of group set rhythm by chanting Oompah, Oompah,
Oompah, etc. When established, remaining half sing)

O shinai, inai, inai, inai,
Aice, quee, quoh
Quee, quai, yah, quee, quai, yah.
O shinai, inai, inai, inai,
Aice, quee, quoh
Quee, quai, yah, quee, quai, yah.
O mai, o dee mo
O shiani, iani, oompah
O mai, o dee mo
O shaini, inai, oompah.

(Those singing verse pick up oompah rhythm from last word of the
verse and continue to sing oompah, oompah, oompah, while other 1
take verse.

Over Hill ... Over Dale

Over hill over dale as we hit the dusty trail
As those Scouters go marching along
In and out hear them shout gee I'm glad that I'm a Scout
As the Scouts go marching along.

Then it's hi hi he that's the life for me
Start the day and end it with song
Where ere you go you will always know
That those Scouters are marching along
KEEP THEM MARCHING ...
That those Scouters are marching along.

FAVORITE BARTLE CAMP SONGS

Peanut Butter

CHORUS:

Pea-nut, peanut butter, Jelly.
Pea-nut, peanut butter, Jelly.

First you take the peanuts and
You pick 'em, pick 'em, you pick 'em, pick 'em, pick 'em.
Then you smash 'em, smash 'em, you smash 'em,
smash 'em, smash 'em.
Then you spread 'em, spread 'em, you spread 'em,
spread 'em, spread 'em, spread 'em.

CHORUS:

Pea-nut, peanut butter, Jelly.
Pea-nut, peanut butter, Jelly.
Then you take the grapes and
You pick 'em, pick 'em, you pick 'em, pick 'em, pick 'em.
Then you smash 'em, smash 'em, you smash 'em,
smash 'em, smash 'em.
Then you spread 'em, spread 'em, you spread 'em,
spread 'em, spread 'em, spread 'em.

CHORUS:

Pea-nut, peanut butter, Jelly.
Pea-nut, peanut butter, Jelly.

Then you take the sandwich and
You bit it, bite it, you bite it, bite it, bite it.
Then you yew it, yew it, you yew it, yew it, yew it.
Then you swallow, swallow, you swallow, swallow, swallow.

CHORUS:

Pea-nut, peanut butter, Jelly.
Pea-nut, peanut butter, Jelly.

Pink Pajamas

(Tune: Battle Hymn)

I wear my pink pajamas in the summer when it's hot
I wear my flannel nighties in the winter when it's not
And sometimes in the spring time 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 ya.
Balmy breezes blowing through ya
With nothing on at all.

Propel, Propel, Propel, Your Craft

(to the tune of Row, Row, Row, Your boat. Can be sung in a round)

Propel, propel, propel your craft
Placidly down the liquid solution.
Happily, happily, happily, happily,
Existence is but an illusion.

Round the Mess Hall

Round the mess hall at Osceola

We'll sip the soup and shovel the beans away,
Way, way

Round the mess hall at Osceola
We'll sip the soup and shovel the beans away,
Sip the soup (response)
Shovel the beans (response)
We will sip the soup and shovel the beans away

Round the shower at Osceola
We'll slip the soap and shovel the dirt away

Round the campfire at Osceola
We'll sing the songs and drive the blues away.

Rover

I'm looking over my dead dog Rover
That I over ran with the mower.
One leg is missing, the other is gone,
The other leg is scattered all over the lawn.
There's no need explaining the one remaining,
It's nailed to the kitchen door.
Oh, I'm looking over my dead dog Rover,
The I over ran (clap, clap)
The I over ran (clap, clap)
That I over ran with the mower.

Scout Master Benediction

Now may the blessings of our heavenly Scoutmaster
Rest upon you and all regular Scouts, and may we follow
Trail that leads to him.
A good Scout is always prepared (response)
A good Scout always does at least on good turn
each and every day (response)
Then I charge you to carry on for Family, God, Country
And all boys that want to be come Scouts (response)

Scout Vesper

Softly fall 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?"

She'll Be Comin' Round the Mountain

She'll be comin' round the mountain when she comes...
"Woo, hoo!" (Pull down on whistle cord. Twice)

She'll be drivin' six white horses when she comes...
"Whoa, back!" (pull back on reins)

And we'll all go to meet her when she comes...
"Hi, Babe!" (wave hand left to right)

FAVORITE BARTLE CAMP SONGS

And we'll kill the old red rooster when she comes...

"Hack, Hack!" (chopping motion)

And we'll all have chicken 'n' dumplings when she comes...

"Yum, yum!" (rub tummy)

And we'll wear our bright red woolies when she comes...

"Scratch, scratch!" (scratch ribs)

Singing in the Rain

(Audience participation. Requires body motions)

CHORUS:

I'm singing in the rain what a glorious feeling I'm happy again.

Singing in the rain what a glorious feeling I'm happy again.

(hands in the air, swaying back and forth)

"Thumbs up." (repeat)

(audience repeat and put thumbs in air moving back and forth)

Tu, te, ta, Tu, te, ta, Tu, te, ta, ta, Hey!

Tu, te, ta, Tu, te, ta, Tu, te, ta, ta, Hey!

CHORUS:

I'm singing in the rain what a glorious feeling I'm happy again.

Singing in the rain what a glorious feeling I'm happy again.

"Thumbs up." (repeat)

"Arms back." (repeat)

Tu, te, ta, Tu, te, ta, Tu, te, ta, ta, Hey!

Tu, te, ta, Tu, te, ta, Tu, te, ta, ta, Hey!

CHORUS:

I'm singing in the rain what a glorious feeling I'm happy again.

Singing in the rain what a glorious feeling I'm happy again.

"Thumbs up." (repeat)

"Arms back." (repeat)

"Chest out." (repeat)

Tu, te, ta, Tu, te, ta, Tu, te, ta, ta, Hey!

Tu, te, ta, Tu, te, ta, Tu, te, ta, ta, Hey!

CHORUS:

I'm singing in the rain what a glorious feeling I'm happy again.

Singing in the rain what a glorious feeling I'm happy again.

"Thumbs up." (repeat)

"Arms back." (repeat)

"Chest out." (repeat)

"Butt out." (repeat)

Tu, te, ta, Tu, te, ta, Tu, te, ta, ta, Hey!

Tu, te, ta, Tu, te, ta, Tu, te, ta, ta, Hey!

CHORUS:

I'm singing in the rain what a glorious feeling I'm happy again.

Singing in the rain what a glorious feeling I'm happy again.

"Thumbs up." (repeat)

"Arms back." (repeat)

"Chest out." (repeat)

"Butt out." (repeat)

"Knees together." (repeat)

Tu, te, ta, Tu, te, ta, Tu, te, ta, ta, Hey!

Tu, te, ta, Tu, te, ta, Tu, te, ta, ta, Hey!

CHORUS:

I'm singing in the rain what a glorious feeling I'm happy again.

Singing in the rain what a glorious feeling I'm happy again.

"Thumbs up." (repeat)

"Arms back." (repeat)

"Chest out." (repeat)

"Butt out." (repeat)

"Knees together." (repeat)

"Pigeon toed." (repeat)

Tu, te, ta, Tu, te, ta, Tu, te, ta, ta, Hey!

Tu, te, ta, Tu, te, ta, Tu, te, ta, ta, Hey!

CHORUS:

I'm singing in the rain what a glorious feeling I'm happy again.

Singing in the rain what a glorious feeling I'm happy again.

"Thumbs up." (repeat)

"Arms back." (repeat)

"Chest out." (repeat)

"Butt out." (repeat)

"Knees together." (repeat)

"Pigeon toed." (repeat)

"Tongue out." (repeat)

Tu, te, ta, Tu, te, ta, Tu, te, ta, ta, Hey!

Tu, te, ta, Tu, te, ta, Tu, te, ta, ta, Hey!

CHORUS:

I'm singing in the rain what a glorious feeling I'm happy again.

Singing in the rain what a glorious feeling I'm happy again.

Short Birthday Song

This is your Birthday Song

It isn't very long

Hey!!

The Sad Version

Oh Happy Birthday, Oh Happy Birthday

There is sadness in the air,

People Dying Every were,

But Happy Birthday, Oh Happy Birthday

Easter Bunny broke his leg

Bled all over the Easter Egg,

But Happy Birthday, Oh Happy Birthday

Santa Claus lost his sleigh

There will be no Christmas Today,

But Happy Birthday, Oh Happy Birthday.

Sippin' Cider

(Audience repeats)

FAVORITE BARTLE CAMP SONGS

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

I says to her (repeat)
"What you doin' that fer, (repeat)
a sippin' ci- (repeat)
Der through a straw? (repeat)
I says to her "What you doin' that fer
a sippin' cider through a ...
Cider through a straw.

She says to me, (repeat)
"Why don't you know, (repeat)
That sippin' ci- (repeat)
Der's all I know." (repeat)
She says to me, "Why don't you know,
That sippin' cider
Der's all I know.

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

Then all at once, (repeat)
That straw did slip, (repeat)
And we sipped ci- (repeat)
Der lip to lip. (repeat)
Then all at once, That straw did slip,
And we both sipped cider there ...
Cider there lip to lip.

Now forty-nine kids, (repeat)
All call me pa, (repeat)
From sippin' ci- (repeat)
Der through a straw. (repeat)
Now forty-nine kids, All call me pa,
From sippin' cider through a...
Cider through a straw.

The moral of (repeat)
This little tale, (repeat)
Is sip your ci- (repeat)
Der from a pail. (repeat)
The moral of, this little tale,
Is sip your cider der from a...
Der from a pail.

Smile

Smile and the world smiles with you, sing a song
Don't be weary, just be cheery all day long
When ever your trials, your troubles and your cares

Seem to be more than you can really bear
Smile and the world smiles with you, sing a song.

Six Pence

I've got six pence, jolly, jolly six pence.
I've got six pence to last me all my life.
I've got two pence to spend, and two pence to lend
And two pence to send home to my wife.

CHORUS:

No cares have I to grieve me,
No pretty little girls to deceive me,
Happy as a king, believe me,
As we go rolling, rolling home.
Rolling home, rolling home,
Rolling home, rolling home,
By the light of the silvery moon,
Happy is the day,
When we line up for our pay,
As we go rolling, rolling home.

I've got six pence, jolly, jolly six pence.
I've got six pence to last me all my life.
I've got no pence to spend, and two pence to lend
And two pence to send home to my wife.

CHORUS:

No cares have I to grieve me,
No pretty little girls to deceive me,
Happy as a king, believe me,
As we go rolling, rolling home.
Rolling home, rolling home,
Rolling home, rolling home,
By the light of the silvery moon,
Happy is the day,
When we line up for our pay,
As we go rolling, rolling home.

I've got six pence, jolly, jolly six pence.
I've got six pence to last me all my life.
I've got no pence to spend, and no pence to lend
And two pence to send home to my wife.

CHORUS:

No cares have I to grieve me,
No pretty little girls to deceive me,
Happy as a king, believe me,
As we go rolling, rolling home.
Rolling home, rolling home,
Rolling home, rolling home,
By the light of the silvery moon,
Happy is the day,
When we line up for our pay,
As we go rolling, rolling home.
I've got six pence, jolly, jolly six pence.
I've got six pence to last me all my life.
I've got no pence to spend, and no pence to lend
And no pence to send home to my wife.

FAVORITE BARTLE CAMP SONGS

CHORUS:

No cares have I to grieve me,
No pretty little girls to deceive me,
Happy as a king, believe me,
As we go rolling, rolling home.
Rolling home, rolling home,
Rolling home, rolling home,
By the light of the silvery moon,
Happy is the day,
When we line up for our pay,
As we go rolling, rolling home.

I've got Visa, jolly, jolly Visa.
I've got Visa to last me all my life.
I've got Visa to spend, and Visa to lend
And Visa to send home to my wife.

CHORUS:

No cares have I to grieve me,
No pretty little girls to deceive me,
Happy as a king, believe me,
As we go rolling, rolling home.
Rolling home, rolling home,
Rolling home, rolling home,
By the light of the silvery moon,
Happy is the day,
When we line up for our pay,
As we go rolling, rolling home.

Star Spangled Banner

O say, can you see, by the dawns' 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 that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mist of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As I fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream-
'Tis the star-spangled banner. O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

And where is that band who so dauntingly swore,
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave,
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Sweet Hour of Prayer

Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer
That calls me from a world of care
And bids me at my father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known
In seasons of distress and grief
My soul has often found relief
And oft escaped the tempter's snare
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

There was a Hole

(Audience repeats lines)

There was a hole (repeat)
The deepest hole (repeat)
That you ever did see (repeat)

CHORUS:

And the green grass grows all around, all around,
And the green grass grows all around.

And in this hole (repeat)
There was a seed (repeat)
The tiniest seed (repeat)
That you ever did see (repeat)

CHORUS:

Well, the seed in the hole,
And the hole in the ground,
And the green grass grows all around, all around,
And the green grass grows all around.

And from this seed (repeat)
There grew some roots (repeat)
The biggest roots (repeat)
That you ever did see (repeat)

CHORUS:

The roots from the seed,
The seed in the hole,
And the hole in the ground,
And the green grass grows all around, all around,
And the green grass grows all around.

And from these roots (repeat)
There grew a tree (repeat)
The tallest straightest tree (repeat)
That you ever did see (repeat)

CHORUS:

The tree from the roots,
The roots from the seed,
The seed in the hole,
And the hole in the ground,
And the green grass grows all around, all around,
And the green grass grows all around.

And from this tree (repeat)
There grew some limbs (repeat)
The biggest, strongest limbs (repeat)

FAVORITE BARTLE CAMP SONGS

That you ever did see (repeat)

CHORUS:

The limb on the tree,
The tree from the roots,
The roots from the seed,
The seed in the hole,
And the hole in the ground,
And the green grass grows all around, all around,
And the green grass grows all around.

And on this limb (repeat)
There was a nest (repeat)
The incie, tinniest nest (repeat)
That you ever did see (repeat)

CHORUS:

The nest on the limb,
The limb on the tree,
The tree from the roots,
The roots from the seed,
The seed in the hole,
And the hole in the ground,
And the green grass grows all around, all around,
And the green grass grows all around.

And in this nest (repeat)
There was an egg (repeat)
The bluest egg (repeat)
That you ever did see (repeat)

CHORUS:

The egg in the nest,
The nest on the limb,
The limb on the tree,
The tree from the roots,
The roots from the seed,
The seed in the hole,
And the hole in the ground,
And the green grass grows all around, all around,
And the green grass grows all around.

And on this egg (repeat)
There was a bird (repeat)
The ugliest bird (repeat)
That you ever did see (repeat)

CHORUS:

The bird on the egg,
The egg in the nest,
The nest on the limb,
The limb on the tree,
The tree from the roots,
The roots from the seed,
The seed in the hole,
And the hole in the ground,
And the green grass grows all around, all around,
And the green grass grows all around.

And on this bird (repeat)

There was a feather (repeat)
The fluffiest feather (repeat)
That you ever did see (repeat)

CHORUS:

The feather on the bird,
The bird on the egg,
The egg in the nest,
The nest on the limb,
The limb on the tree,
The tree from the roots,
The roots from the seed,
The seed in the hole,
And the hole in the ground,
And the green grass grows all around, all around,
And the green grass grows all around.

And on this feather (repeat)
There was a tick (repeat)
The brownest tick (repeat)
That you ever did see (repeat)

CHORUS:

The tick on the feather,
The feather on the bird,
The bird on the egg,
The egg in the nest,
The nest on the limb,
The limb on the tree,
The tree from the roots,
The roots from the seed,
The seed in the hole,
And the hole in the ground,
And the green grass grows all around, all around,
And the green grass grows all around.

And on this tick (repeat)
There was a flea (repeat)
The cutest flea (repeat)
That you ever did see (repeat)

CHORUS:

The flea on the tick,
The tick on the feather,
The feather on the bird,
The bird on the egg,
The egg in the nest,
The nest on the limb,
The limb on the tree,
The tree from the roots,
The roots from the seed,
The seed in the hole,
And the hole in the ground,
And the green grass grows all around, all around,
And the green grass grows all around.

And on this flea (repeat)
There was a rhinoceros (repeat)
The fattest rhinoceros (repeat)
That you ever did see (repeat)

FAVORITE BARTLE CAMP SONGS

CHORUS:

The rhinoceros on the flea,
The flea on the tick,
The tick on the feather,
The feather on the bird,
The bird on the egg,
The egg in the nest,
The nest on the limb,
The limb on the tree,
The tree from the roots,
The roots from the seed,
The seed in the hole,
And the hole in the ground,
And the green grass grows all around, all around,
And the green grass grows all around.

Tell Me Why

Tell me why the starlit sky
Tell me why the oak trees high
Tell me why the sunset's hue
Tell me, Osceola, why we all love you.

Because God made the starlit sky
Because God made the oak trees high
Because God made the sunset's hue
That's why, Osceola why we all love you.

These bones

The good Lord thought he'd make a man
These bones shall rise again (refrain)
He took a little water and he took a little sand (refrain)

CHORUS:

I know it brother, I know it brother, I know it brother, these bones shall rise again

He thought he'd make a woman too (refrain)
He didn't know just what to do (refrain)

CHORUS

He took a rib from Adam's side
He gave it to him for his bride

CHORUS

He put them in a garden fair
He did not tell what was in there

CHORUS

Now Eve began to huff and pout
She ordered hubby all about

CHORUS

Now Adam said I'm holding the sack
Wish I had my old rib back

CHORUS

Now this is where my story ends
HURRAY!!!

Guess I'd rather not begin again
HURRAY!!

CHORUS

This Little Scouting Light of Mine

This little Scouting light of mine
I'm goin' to let it shine.
This little Scouting light of mine
I'm goin' to let it shine.
This little Scouting light of mine
I'm goin' to let it shine.
Let it shine all the time, let it shine.

Take my little light round the block,
I'm goin' to let it shine.
Take my little light round the block,
I'm goin' to let it shine.
Take my little light round the block,
I'm goin' to let it shine.
Let it shine all the time, let it shine.

Cover it with a bushel – No!
I'm goin' to let it shine
Cover it with a bushel – No!
I'm goin' to let it shine
Cover it with a bushel – No!
I'm goin' to let it shine
Let it shine all the time, let it shine.

Don't you "phoo" my little light out,
I'm goin' to let it shine.
Don't you "phoo" my little light out,
I'm goin' to let it shine.
Don't you "phoo" my little light out,
I'm goin' to let it shine.
Let it shine all the time, let it shine.

Titanic

The built the ship Titanic
To sail the ocean blue
And they thought they had a ship
That the water wouldn't go through.
But the good Lord raised his hand...
Said the ship will never land.
It was sad when the great ship went down.

CHORUS:

It was sad (so sad).
It was sad (so sad).
It was sad when the great whip went down.
To the bottom of the sea.
Husbands and wives, little children lost their lives.
It was sad when the great ship went down.

They were nearing the Iceland shore
When the rain began to pour
And the rich refused to associate with the poor.
So they put them down below

FAVORITE BARTLE CAMP SONGS

Where they'd be the first to go.
It was sad when the great ship went down.

CHORUS:

It was sad (so sad).
It was sad (so sad).
It was sad when the great whip went down.
To the bottom of the sea.
Husbands and wives, little children lost their lives.
It was sad when the great ship went down.
Oh, they put the lifeboats out
On the dark and stormy sea
And the band struck up
Oh, near my God to Thee.
Oh, the captain tried to wire
But he found the wire on fire.
It was sad when the great ship when down.

CHORUS:

It was sad (so sad).
It was sad (so sad).
It was sad when the great whip went down.
To the bottom of the sea.
Husbands and wives, little children lost their lives.
It was sad when the great ship went down.

The moral of this story
Is when you go out to sea
Wear a life preserver
Or on the bottom you'll be.
Oh the good ship never was
And never more shall be.
It was sad when the great ship went down.

CHORUS:

It was sad (so sad).
It was sad (so sad).
It was sad when the great whip went down.
To the bottom of the sea.
Husbands and wives, little children lost their lives.
It was sad when the great ship went down.

This Land Is Your Land

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 fore you and me.

As I went waling 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.

Tom the Toad

(Tune: Oh Tannenbaum)

Oh Tom the toad, oh Tom the toad
Why are you lying in the road?
Oh Tom the toad, oh Tom the toad

Why are you lying in the road?
You did not see that car ahead
And now your bodies tire tread
Oh Tom the toad, oh Tom the toad
Why are you lying in the road?

Oh Matt the rat, oh Matt the rat
Why did you tease my pussy cat
You used to be so brown and thin
And now you are inside of him.

Oh Jake the snake, oh Jake the snake
How did you find my garden rake?
You used to be so long and slick
And now you are so short and "ICK"

Oh Doug the bug, oh Doug the bug
Why did you fall into my rug?
I really liked to play with you
And now you're stuck upon my shoe.

Trail The Eagle

Trail the Eagle,
Trail the Eagle,
Climbing all the time.
First a star and then the life,
Will on your bosom shine.

Keep Scouting!
Blaze the trail and we will follow,
Mark the Eagle's call;
On, brothers, on until we're Eagles all.

Trusty Tommy

(tune: Yankee Doodle Dandy)

Trusty Tommy was a Scout
Loyal to his mother,
Helpful to the folks about,
And Friendly to his brother.
Courteous to the girls he knew,
Kind unto his rabbit.
Obedient to his father too,
And Cheerful in his habits.
Thrifty saving for a need,
Brave, but no a faker,
Clean in thought and word and deed,
And Reverent to his maker.

Up, Up with People

CHORUS:

Up, Up with people, you meet them wherever you go.
Up, up with people, they're the best kind of folks I know.
If more people were for people, all people everywhere.
There'd be a lot less people to worry about, and a lot more people
who care.
There'd be a lot less people to worry about, and a lot more people
who care.

Revised: 05/02/0

FAVORITE BARTLE CAMP SONGS

It happened just this morning, I was waling down he street.
The milkman and the postman, and the policeman I did meet.
And there is every window, and every single door.
I recognized people, I never noticed before.

CHORUS:

Up, Up with people, you meet them wherever you go.
Up, up with people, they're the best kind of folks I know.
If more people were for people, all people everywhere.
There'd be a lot less people to worry about, and a lot more people
who care.
There'd be a lot less people to worry about, and a lot more people
who care.

The people from the south land and the people from the north;
Like a mighty army, I saw them coming forth.
It was a great reunion, befitting of a king.
And then I realized people are more important than things.

CHORUS:

Up, Up with people, you meet them wherever you go.
Up, up with people, they're the best kind of folks I know.
If more people were for people, all people everywhere.
There'd be a lot less people to worry about, and a lot more people
who care.
There'd be a lot less people to worry about, and a lot more people
who care.

Well, inside everybody, there's some bad and there's some good,
But don't let anybody go knocking peoplehood.
Love them as they are, and fight for them to be
Great men and great women as God intended them to be.

CHORUS:

Up, Up with people, you meet them wherever you go.
Up, up with people, they're the best kind of folks I know.
If more people were for people, all people everywhere.
There'd be a lot less people to worry about, and a lot more people
who care.
There'd be a lot less people to worry about, and a lot more people
who care.

Viola-Viola

(Get people on stage to be the different instruments, conductor points
to each instrument being played on the stage. Can even make it lively
by acting out)

I am a music conductor, I come from Sorber land
Ick con sphelen
Ophenheim Viola

CHORUS:

(Hand motions like playing a violin)
Vio Vio Viola, viola, viola
Vio Vio Viola, viola, viola, Hey!

I am a music conductor, I come from Sorber land
Ick con sphelen
Ophenheim Trumpet

CHORUS:

(Hand motions like playing a trumpet)
Pa Pa Pa, Pa pa, Pa pa,
Pa Pa Pa, Pa pa, Hey!
(Hand motions like playing a violin)
Vio Vio Viola, viola, viola
Vio Vio Viola, viola, Hey!

I am a music conductor, I come from Sorber land
Ick con sphelen
Ophenheim Trombone

CHORUS:

(Hand motions like playing a trombone)
Um pa pa, Um pa pa, Um pa
Um pa pa, Um pa pa, Hey!
(Hand motions like playing a trumpet)
Pa Pa Pa, Pa pa, Pa pa,
Pa Pa Pa, Pa pa, Hey!
(Hand motions like playing a violin)
Vio Vio Viola, viola, viola
Vio Vio Viola, viola, Hey!

I am a music conductor, I come from Sorber land
Ick con sphelen
Ophenheim Flute

CHORUS:

(Hand motions like playing a flute)
Whistle tune
(Hand motions like playing a trombone)
Um pa pa, Um pa pa, Um pa
Um pa pa, Um pa pa, Hey!
(Hand motions like playing a trumpet)
Pa Pa Pa, Pa pa, Pa pa,
Pa Pa Pa, Pa pa, Hey!
(Hand motions like playing a violin)
Vio Vio Viola, viola, viola
Vio Vio Viola, viola, Hey!

I am a music conductor, I come from Sorber land
Ick con sphelen
Ophenheim Drumer

CHORUS:

(Hand motions like playing a drum)
Rat tat tat, Rat tat, Rat tat
Rat tat tat, Rat tat, Hey!
(Hand motions like playing a flute)
Whistle tune
(Hand motions like playing a trombone)
Um pa pa, Um pa pa, Um pa
Um pa pa, Um pa pa, Hey!
(Hand motions like playing a trumpet)
Pa Pa Pa, Pa pa, Pa pa,
Pa Pa Pa, Pa pa, Hey!
(Hand motions like playing a violin)
Vio Vio Viola, viola, viola
Vio Vio Viola, viola, Hey!

FAVORITE BARTLE CAMP SONGS

I am a music conductor, I come from Sorber land
Ick con sphelen
Ophenheim Conducten

CHORUS:

(Hand motions like conducting orchestra)
move hands in silence.

(Hand motions like playing a drum)

Rat tat tat, Rat tat, Rat tat

Rat tat tat, Rat tat, Hey!

(Hand motions like playing a flute)

Whistle tune

(Hand motions like playing a trombone)

Um pa pa, Um pa pa, Um pa

Um pa pa, Um pa pa, Hey!

(Hand motions like playing a trumpet)

Pa Pa Pa, Pa pa, Pa pa,

Pa Pa Pa, Pa pa, Hey!

(Hand motions like playing a violin)

Vio Vio Viola, viola, viola

Vio Vio Viola, viola, Hey!

Wa-Da-Lee-Ah-Cha

(faster each time. Hand motions:

1. Slap knee twice, clap hands twice
2. Pass right hand over left hand twice
3. Pass left hand over right hand twice
4. Touch nose w/ right hand, then touch left ear leave hand there
5. Touch nose w/ left hand, then touch right ear and leave there
6. Put hands in air and pinch fingers together 3 times

Wa-da-lee-ah-cha, Wa-da-lee-ah-cha,
Doodle-ee-do, doodle-ee-do

Wa-da-lee-ah-cha, Wa-da-lee-ah-cha,
Doodle-ee-do, doodle-ee-do

Some folks say there ain't nothin' to it,
All ya gotta do is doodle-ee-do-it.

But I'm like the rest and the part I like best,
Goes doodle-ee-doodle-ee do !

Toot, toot!

We're the Scouts from Osceola

Oh we're the Scouts from Osceola you've heard so much about.
The People always look at us whenever we go out.
We're noted fro the clever things we always say and do,
As well as for the snappy way we carry our duties thru.
As we go marching, as the band begins to P-L-A-Y,
You can hear them shouting: The Scouts from Osceola are out today.
Rah! Rah!

When the Saints Go Marching In

Oh, When the Saints go marching in,
Oh, when the Saints go marching in,

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

And when the revelation comes,
And when the revelation comes,
Lord, how I want to be in that number,
when the revelation comes.

And when the new world is revealed,
And when the new world is revealed,
Lord, how I want to be in that number,
When the new world is revealed.

And when the sun begins to shine,
And when the sun begins to shine,
Lord, how I want to be in that number,
When the sun begins to shine.

And when they gather 'round the throne,
And when they gather 'round the throne,
Lord, how I want to be in that number,
When they gather 'round the throne.

Wings Of A Buzzard

(Audience repeats lines)

If I had the wings of a buzzard, (repeat)
into the woods I would fly. (repeat)
And there I would remain as a buzzard, (repeat)
until the day that I die. (repeat)

CHORUS:

OOLA DA OOLA DA OOLA DA OOLA (repeat)
OOLA DA OOOOLA LA LA LA. (repeat)
OOLA DA OOLA DA OOLA DA OOLA (repeat)
OOLA DA OOOOLA LA LA LA. (repeat)

If I had the wings of a Rplane, (repeat)
into the woods I would fly. (repeat)
And there I would remain as a Rplane, (repeat)
until the day that I die. (repeat)

CHORUS:

OOLA DA OOLA DA OOLA DA OOLA (repeat)
OOLA DA OOOOLA LA LA LA. (repeat)
OOLA DA OOLA DA OOLA DA OOLA (repeat)
OOLA DA OOOOLA LA LA LA. (repeat)

If I had the wings of a Do Do bird, (repeat)
into the woods I would fly. (repeat)
And there I would remain as a Do Do bird, (repeat)
until the day that I die. (repeat)

CHORUS:

OOLA DA OOLA DA OOLA DA OOLA (repeat)
OOLA DA OOOOLA LA LA LA. (repeat)
OOLA DA OOLA DA OOLA DA OOLA (repeat)
OOLA DA OOOOLA LA LA LA. (repeat)

FAVORITE BARTLE CAMP SONGS

If I had the wings of a (your Scoutmaster), (repeat)
into the woods I would fly. (repeat)
And there I would remain as a (your Scoutmaster), (repeat)
until the day that I die. (repeat)

CHORUS:
OOLA DA OOLA DA OOLA DA OOLA (repeat)
OOLA DA OOOOLA LA LA LA. (repeat)
OOLA DA OOLA DA OOLA DA OOLA (repeat)
OOLA DA OOOOLA LA LA LA. (repeat)

You Want to be a Boy Scout, If

If you want to be a Boy Scout,
Just come along with me,
And we'll hike by the light,
By the light of the moon.
If you want to be a Boy Scout,
Just come along with me,
And we'll hike by the light of the moon.

CHORUS:
By the light of the silvery moon,
Oh we will hike!!!
By the light of the moon,
If you want to be a Boy Scout,
Just come along with me and
We'll hike by the light of the Mo-oo-oo-oon.

(Whistle the verse again, and then sing the chorus.)

You Are My Sunshine

You are my sunshine
my only sunshine
you make me happy
when skies are gray
you will never know dear
how much I love you
so please don't take my sunshine away

the other night dear
while I lay sleeping
I dreamt I held you in my arms
When I awoke dear
I was mistaken
So I hung my head and I cried

You are my sunshine
my only sunshine
you make me happy
when skies are gray
you will never know dear
how much I love you
so please don't take my sunshine away

Zulu Warrior

(to be sung in a round)

I cum-a zimba, zimba zia
I cum-a zimba, zimba zee
(Repeat)

Hold them high you Zulu warriors
Hold them high you Zulu chief, chief, chief, chief, CHIEF