

Scouting Resources

Songbook – 11

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Goat Song

There was a man, (repeat)
Now please take note. (repeat)
There was a man. (repeat)
He had a goat. (repeat)
He loved that goat. (repeat)
One day that goat (repeat)
Felt frisky and fine. (repeat)
Ate three red shirts (repeat)
From off the line. (repeat)
the man he grabbed (repeat)
It by the back, (repeat)

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

My Goose

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

Granny's In The Cellar

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

Little Green Frog

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

Ground Round

(tune: Downtown)

When you eat meat but hate the meat you're eating
Then you've surely got GROUND ROUND.
It's so unnerving when they're constantly serving
It in eating spots—GROUND ROUND.
It may be called Salisbury, cube steak, or beef patty,
No matter what it's called,
It's always overcooked and fatty.
What can you do?
Sound off to your waiter there,
Loudly pound on the table,
Stand up on your chair,
And shout, GROUND ROUND.
Always they're conning me, GROUND ROUND.
Piled on my plate, I see GROUND ROUND.

Ham And Eggs

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

If You're Happy

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

(Repeat as above with):

Stomp your feet
Shout "Hoo-ray" (or "A-men")
Do all three.

Head And Shoulders

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

Oh Here We Are

Oh, here we are (repeat)
About our fire (repeat)
And here we'll stay (repeat)
Until we tire (repeat)
Oh, here we are about our fire,
And here we'll stay until we tire.
Oh, we ain't gonna leave our friends no more.
We ain't gonna leave our friends no more,
We ain't gonna leave our friends no more.

Hey Ho! Nobody Home

Hey, ho! Nobody home.
Meat nor drink nor money have I none;
Yet will I be mer - ry.
Hey, ho! Nobody home.
(sung as a round)

There's A Hole In The Bucket

There's a hole in the bucket dear Liza, dear Liza,
There's a hole in the bucket dear Liza, a hole.
Well, fix it dear Henry, dear Henry, dear Henry,
Well, fix it dear Henry; Fix it.
With what shall I mend it,
With a straw.
The straw is too long,
Then cut it.
With what shall I cut it,
With an ax.
The ax is too dull,
Then sharpen it,
With what shall I sharpen it,
With a stone.
The stone is too dry,
Then wet it.
With what shall I wet it,
With water.
With what shall I fetch it,
With a bucket.
There's a hole in the bucket.

Hole It The Bottom Of The Sea

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

(other verses)

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

Oh! How I Hate To Get Up In The Morning

Chorus:

Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning,
Oh, how I'd love to remain in bed ---

For the hardest blow of all,
Is to hear the bugler call;
You've got to get up, you've got to get up,
You've 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 life in bed.

Chorus

Insect Covered World

(tune: It's a Small World)

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

Chorus:

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

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

It's a world of beetles, a world of fleas,
It's a world of caterpillars, a world of bees,
In this world that we know,
There is so much to show,
It's an insect covered world.

Chorus

Oh I Wish I Were

Oh, I wish I were a little bar of soap.
Oh, I wish I were a little bar of soap.
I would slippy and I'd slidy,
Over everybody's hiney.
Oh, I wish I were a little bar of soap.
Hunk of mud -I'd ooey and I'd gooey
Under everybody's shoey.
Can of pop - I'd go down with a slurp
And I'd come up with a burp.
Slippery root - I'd sit upon the trail
And knock everyone on his tail.

(Make up your own verses)

He Jumped From 40,000 Feet

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

Chorus:

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

(Other Verses)

He landed on the pavement like a glob of strawberry jam.
They scraped him off the pavement on a piece of moldy bread.

They took him home to Mama on that piece of moldy bread.
She hung him on the mantle for all the world to see.

He slipped off the mantle and he landed in the fire.
He went up the chimney in a puff of dirty smoke.

He drifted up to Heaven and he landed on a cloud.
Now he's happy up in Heaven and he's living on a cloud.

I'm A Juvenile Delinquent

I'm a juvenile delinquent,
Roam the streets from one to four.
Hang around with all the guys and gals
Waiting for the pickup to come.
Oh, I'm a juvenile delinquent,
Afraid to go home anymore, my mama hates me.
Afraid to go home anymore, my daddy beats me.
Afraid to go home anymore, and then there's Granny
Swingin' on the outhouse door, just like she owned it
Swingin' on the outhouse door, without her nighty,
Swingin' on the outhouse door, this is the last time,
Swingin' on the outhouse door, Ha, Ha, I fooled you,
Swingin' on the outhouse door.

The Keeper

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

Chorus:

(group A)
(group B)

Jackie Boy?
Master!

Sing ye well?
Very well!

Hey down!
Hoe down!

(all)

Derry, derry down among the leaves so green-o

(group A)
(group B)

To my hey
To my hoe

Spoken (by all)

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

down down
down down

Hey down!
Hoe Down!

(all)

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

Chorus

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

Chorus

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

Chorus

King Of The Camp

(tune: King of the Road)

Flies, bugs, and bumblebees,
Chigger bites on my knees;
Band-aides from head to toes,
Gotta sunburn on my nose;

I've got sand in the food I eat,
I've got blisters on both my feet;
I'm in pain but I can't complain,
I'M KING OF THE CAMP!

The parents bring their kids to stay
Here until Labor Day!
When they become a drag,
I give them a plastic bag;

I've got cuts, bruises, and some bumps,
Chicken pox, and the mumps;
I've got ulcers just because,

Camp Kookamonga

In 19 and 89 We took a little hike
With our Scoutmaster
Down to Lake A-Nik-A-Nike.
We took a little Pizza
And some sour kraut
And we marched along together
'Til we heard the Girl Scouts.
We're the boys from Camp Kookamonga
Our mothers' sent us here
For to study nature's ways.
We learned to make sparks
By rubbin' sticks together
But, if we catch the Girl Scouts,
We'll set the woods a blaze.
Well, we crept up to the water
And we see'd The girls a swimmin'
There must of been a hundred
Of them pretty young wimmin.
They looked so fine
Even birds forgot to sing.
We laid down in the poison oak
And didn't say a thing.
We're the boys from Camp Kookamonga
Our mothers' sent us here
For to study nature's ways.
We learned to make sparks
By rubbin' sticks together
But, if we catch the Girl Scouts,
We'll set the woods a blaze.
Well, our counselor said
We could take 'em by surprise.
If we didn't say a word
'Til we looked them in the eyes.
We kept real still
And we had our eyes a glued;
We saw how they were dressed,
They were swimmin' in the—

I'M KING OF THE CAMP!

I know all the moms and dads
And all their brats;
All of their doggies
and all of their cats;

If the same kids are as great
As the parents all say,
Then how come every summer
They send them away?

Meanwhile, back at the pool,
Water is nice and cool;
Kids splashing all around
While I teach 'em how to drown.

I lose more brats that way,
I lose some in the woods each day;
I'm a bitter babysitter,
I'M KING OF THE CAMP!

Well Now.

Well, they ran through the briars
And they ran through the brambles,
And they ran through the bushes
Where a rabbit couldn't go.
They ran so fast
Even we couldn't catch 'em
From Lake A-Nik-A-Nike
All the way to Buffalo.
We ran right after them
'Till everyone was pooped.
So we rested for a minute
And our forces we regrouped.
And then we saw the girls
Behind some evergreens,
Captured by a company
Of United States Marines.
We're the boys from Camp Kookamonga
Our mothers' sent us here
For to study nature's ways.
We learned to make sparks
By rubbin' sticks together
But, if we catch the Girl Scouts,
We'll set the woods a blaze.
Well, they ran through The briars
And they ran through The brambles,
And they ran through the bushes
Where a rabbit couldn't go.
They ran so fast
Even we couldn't catch 'em
From Lake A-Nik-A-Nike
All the way to Buffalo.

London's Burning

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

Campers' Lullaby

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

Menu Song

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

More We Get Together

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

Mules

(tune: Auld Lang Syne)

On mules we find two legs behind
And two we find before;
We stand behind before we find
What the two behind be for.
When we're behind the two behind
We find what these be for;
So stand before the two behind,
And behind the two before.

My Old Man's A Sailor

My old man's a sailor,
What do you think about that?
He wears a sailor's collar.
He wears a sailor's hat.
He wears a sailor's raincoat,
And wears a sailor's shoes,
And every Saturday evening,
He reads the Sunday News.
And someday, ay, ay, if I can,
I want to be a sailor,
The same as my old man.
Anthropologist ...
Refrigerator Repairman ...
Cotton Pickin' Fingerlickin' Chicken Plucker
(or anything else you want to be)

Men From Nairobi

Oh, we're from Nairobi,
Our team is a good one,
We play the Watusi,
They're seven feet tall.
The cannibals may eat us.
But they'll never beat us,
'Cause we're from Nairobi,
And we're on the ball.
Singing, singing, singing,
Ungawa, ungawa, ungawa, ungawa,
Ungawa, ungawa, ungawa-wa-wa
Ungawa, ungawa, ungawa, ungawa,
Ungawa, ungawa, ungawa-wa-wa.
We took fourteen players from Killimanjaro
And went to Unganda to play volleyball.
When we said let's spike them,
They thought we said spice them.
When we said well done,
They said let's cook them all.