

Scouting Resources

Songbook – 13

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Mom, Wash My Underwear

(tune: God Bless America)

Mom, wash my underwear, my only pair.
We can find them and move them,
From the heap by the side of the chair.
To the washer, to the clothesline,
To my backpack, to my rear.
Mom, wash my underwear, my only pair.
Mom, wash my underwear, my only pair.

A Wealthy Man

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

And I called that farm
Muscle in the arm.

When I came into this land,
I was not a wealthy man.
So I bought myself a shack
And did the best I could.

And I called that shack
Pain in the back.

And I called that farm
Muscle in the arm.

Horse - Dead, of course

Cow - No milk now

Pig - Not so big

Wife - Run for your life

Son - Son of a gun

(Sing slowly)

When I came into this land
I was not a wealthy man.

Be Kind To Your Web Footed Friends

(tune: Stars and Stripes Forever)

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

We're Here Because

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

Where O Where Are You Tonight?

By Gary Jones

When I started Scouting,
All they ever told me,
Was go with the boys,
And have lots of fun.

Now, All that I do is go to Scout Meetings,
It always seems like
I'm on the run.

Where O Where are you tonight?
Why did you leave me here alone?

I fixed the kids dinner
And they are in bed now,
Since you found Scouting,
You never come home.

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

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

Wood Badge was something
I never heard of,
Worked for those beads,
'Till I was blue in the face,

One day I came home
And she was spring cleaning,
She threw away those
Old beads and shoe lace.

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

Worst Is Yet To Come

(tune: Farmer In the Dell)

The worst is yet to come,
The worst is yet to come,
Wait for the speeches, folks.
The worst is yet to come.

Worms

Chorus:

Long, slim, slimy ones,
Short, fat, juicy ones,
Itsy, bitsy, fuzzy wuzzy worms.

Nobody likes me,
Everybody hates me,
I'm goona eat some worms.

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

Chorus

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

Chorus

Down goes the first one,
Down goes the second one.
Oh, how they wiggle and squirm.

Chorus

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

Chorus

Grand Old Duke Of York

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

Zulu Warrior

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

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

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

I Love You Arizona

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

I love you Arizona,
Superstitions and all,
The warmth you give at sunrise,
Your sunsets put music in us all.

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

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

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

Back In The Saddle Again

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

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

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

Bicycle Built For Two

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

Big Iron

To the town of Agua Fria
Rode a stranger one fine day.

Didn't speak to folks around him,
Didn't have too much to say.

No one dared to ask his business,
No one dared to make a slip.

For the stranger there among them
Wore a big iron on his hip,
Big Iron on his hip.

It was early in the morning
When he rode into town.
He came riding from the south side
Slowly looking around.

He's an outlaw loose and running
Came the whisper on each lip,
And he's here to do some business
With the big iron on his hip,
Big Iron on his hip.

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

Now the stranger started talking,
made it plain to folks around,
Was an Arizona Ranger,
Wouldn't be too long in town.

He was here to take an outlaw
Back alive or maybe dead,
And he said it didn't matter,
He was after Texas Red,
After Texas Red.

Bill Bailey Won't You Please Come Home

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

Wasn't long the story
Was relayed to Texas Red,
But the outlaw didn't worry
Men who had tried before were dead.

Twenty men had tried to take him,
Twenty men had made a slip.
Twenty one would be the ranger
With the big iron on his hip,
Big Iron on his hip.

Now the morning passed so quickly
It was time for them to meet.
It was twenty past eleven
When they walked into the street.

Folks were watching from their windows
Everybody held their breath.
For they new the handsome stranger
Was about to meet his death,
About to meet his death.

There was forty feet between them
When they stopped to make their play,
And the swiftness of the ranger
Is still talked about today.

Texas Red had not cleared leather
When the bullet plainly ripped,
And the ranger's aim was deadly
With the big iron on his hip,
Big Iron on his hip.

It was over in a moment,
And the folks had gathered 'round.
There before them lay the body
Of the outlaw on the ground.

Well, he might have gone on living,
But he made one final slip
When he tried to match the ranger
With the big iron on his hip,
Big Iron on his hip.

Big Rock Candy Mountain

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

Chorus:

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

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

Chorus

Blowing In The Wind

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

Chorus:

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

How many years must a mountain exist
Before it is washed to the sea?
Yes, and how many years must a people exist
Before they're allowed to be free?

The Dying Cowboy

Oh, bury me not, on the lone prairie.
These words came low, and mournfully,
From the pallid lips of a youth who lay,
On his dying bed, at the close of day.
Oh, bury me not, on the lone prairie.
Where the wild coyotes will howl on me,
In a narrow grave, just six by three,
Oh, bury me not, on the lone prairie.
Oh, bury me not, but his voice failed there,

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

Chorus

Oh, a farmer and his son,
They were on the run,
To the hay field they were bounding,
Said the bum to the son,
"Why don't you come
To that Big Rock Candy Mountain?"

So the very next day they hiked away,
The mile posts they kept counting,
But they never arrived at the lemonade tide
On the Big Rock Candy Mountain

Chorus

Yes, and how many times
Can a man turn his back
And pretend that he just doesn't see?

Chorus

How many times must a man look up
Before he can see the sky?
Yes, and how many ears must one man have
Before he can hear people cry?

Yes, and how many deaths
Will it take till he knows
That too many people have died?
The answer my friend is blowing in the wind,

The answer is blowing in the wind.

But, we took no heed, of his dying prayer.
In a narrow grave, just six by three,
We buried him there, on the lone prairie.
And the cowboys now, as the roam the plain,
For they marked the spot, where his bones were
lain,
Fling a handful of roses, o'er his grave,
With a prayer to Him, for his soul to save.

British Grenadiers

Some talk of Alexander and some of Hercules
Of Hector and Lysander and such great men as
these.

But of all the world's great heroes,
There's none that can compare,
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row, tow
For the British Grenadiers.

Those heroes of antiquity never saw a cannon
ball
Or knew the force of powder to slay their foes
withal,
But our brave boys do know it and banish all their
fears,
Sing tow, row, row, row, row, row, tow
For the British Grenadiers.

When e'er we are commanded to storm the
palisades
The officers march with fuses and we with hand
grenades.

We throw them from the trenches about the
enemies ears;
Sing tow, row, row, row, row, row, tow
For the British Grenadiers.

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

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

The Old Chisolm Trail

Well, come along boys and listen to my tale.
I'll tell you about my troubles on the Old Chisolm
Trail.

Chorus:

Come a ti yi yippy, yippy yay, yippy yay!
Come a ti yi yippy, yippy yay.

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

Chorus

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

Chorus

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

Chorus

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

Chorus

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

Chorus

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

Chorus

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

Chorus

Cool Water

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

Chorus:

Keep a movin', Dan, don't you listen to him, Dan,
He's a devil not a man,
And he spreads the burning sand with water.

Dan, can't you see that big green tree,
Where the water's running free,
And it's waiting there for you and me? ...
Water, Cool, Clear, Water.

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

Chorus

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

Chorus

Country Roads

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

Chorus:

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

Chorus

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

Chorus

Danny Boy

Oh Danny Boy, the pipes are calling,
From glen to glen and down the mountainside.
The summer's gone and all the flowers are dying.
'Tis you. 'Tis you must go and I must 'bide.
But come you back when summer's in the meadow,
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow,
'Tis I'll be there in sunshine or in shadow.

Oh Danny Boy, Oh Danny Boy, I love you so.
And if you come when all the flowers are dying,
And I am dead, as dead I well may be,

You'll come and find the place where I am lying,
And kneel and say an "Ave" there for me.
And I shall hear, tho' soft you tread above me,
And all my dreams will warm and sweeter be,
If you will not fail to tell me that you love me.
Then I simply sleep in peace, until you come to me.

Desperado

Desperado, why don't you come to your senses?
You've been out riding fences for so long now.
Oh, you're a hard one,
And I know that you've got your reasons,
But these things that are pleasing you
Will hurt you somehow.
Don't draw the Queen of Diamonds, boy,
She'll beat you if she's able.
You know the Queen of Hearts is always your best bet.
Now it seems to me some fine things
Have been laid upon your table,
But you only want the ones that you can't get.
Desperado, oh, you ain't gettin' no younger.
Your pain and your hunger, they're driving you on.
Your freedom, oh, freedom.
Well, that's just some people talking.
We're prisoners walking through this world all alone.
Don't your feet get cold in the winter time,
The sky won't snow, and the sun won't shine.
It's hard to tell the nighttime from the day.
You're losin' all your highs and lows.
Ain't it funny how the feeling goes ... away.
Desperado, why don't you come to your senses?
Come down from your fences—open the gate.
It may be raining,
But there's a rainbow above you.
You'd better let somebody love,
Before it's too late.