

The First Aider's Song
The Banana Song
Alice the Camel
Quartermaster's Store
Pizza Hut
Pink Pyjamas
Bobby Bingo
Kum-Ba-Ya
From Chicka Boom
Purple Stew
Hello, My Name's Joe
On Top of Spaghetti
My Low, Sweet Chariot
On Ilkley Moor Bar
If It's Raining
Wangaroo Down
Went Down to the River
I saw a bird
Ears hang low?
Show Me the Way to go Home
The Day I Went to Sea
Wild Rover
Oh you'll never go to Heaven
He Jumped Without a Parachute
Everywhere We Go

Sipping Cider Through a Straw
She'll be Coming Around the Mountain
Found a Peanut
Walkzing Matilda
Campfire's burning
My Father's A Lavator
Green Grow the Rushes
My Stomach Has
There's a Hole in my
Worms
Penguin
One More Step
Animal Fair
Yogi Bear
Singing Waterfall
Ging Gang Gooli
Cecil
Tarzan of the Apes
Scout Camp
The Ants



75 CAMP FIRE SONGS

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Alice the Camel

Alice the camel had five humps

Alice the camel had five humps

Alice the camel had five humps

So go Alice go! Boom boom boom

Alice the camel had four humps

Alice the camel had four humps

Alice the camel had four humps

So go Alice go! Boom boom boom

. . . repeat counting down until . . .

Alice the camel has no humps

Alice the camel has no humps

Alice the camel has no humps

Because Alice is a horse!

Animal Fair

I went to the animal fair

The birds and the beasts were there

The big baboon by the light of the moon

Was combing his auburn hair

The monkey fell out of his bunk, (*clap*)

Slid down the elephant's trunk, weeeee

The elephant sneezed and fell on his knees

And what became of the monkey, money

Battle Hymn of the Republic

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

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;
They have builded Him an alter in the evening dews and damps;
I can read his righteous message by their 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 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

Bee

(To the same tune as "Old Hogan's Goat")

There was a bee-i-ee-i-ee

Sat on a wall i-all-i-all

And he could sting i-ing-i-ing

And that's not all-i-all-i-all

There was a boy-i-oy-i-oy

He gave that bee-i-ee-i-ee

An awful lick i-ick-i-ick

And then that bee i-ee-i-ee

Began to sting i-ing-i-ing

He stung that boy i-oy-i-oy

An' then that boy began to yell i-ell-i-ell

He told the bee i-ee-i-ee

To go to - - - way down yonder in the corn patch,

Where they don't sell lemonade or pop-pop-bang

Black Velvet Band

Her eyes they shine like the diamonds
You'd think she was Queen of the land
And her hair bung over her shoulder
Tied up with a black velvet band

As I went walking on Broadway
Not tending to stay very long
I met with a quarrelsome damsel
As she came tripping along
And what she pulled out of her pocket
And slipped right into my hand
On the very first day that I met her
Bad luck to her black velvet band

Bobby Bingo

I knew a man who had a dog
Its name was Bobby Bingo
B-I-N-G-O
B-I-N-G-O
B-I-N-G-O
Its name was Bobby Bingo

(Repeat, replacing the letter at the front with a clap each time)

(Clap) -I-N-G-O

(Clap)-(Clap)-N-G-O

(Clap)-(Clap)-(Clap)-G-O

(Clap)-(Clap)-(Clap)-(Clap)-O

Also known as:

There was a man who had a dog and
Bingo was his name-o

B-I-N-G-O

B-I-N-G-O

B-I-N-G-O

And Bingo was his name-o

*(Continues same was as Bobby Bingo,
losing the front letter each time)*

I know a man who had a dog

(To the tune of Bingo)

I know a man who had a dog

I hit with my Pick-Up Truck

S-P-L-A-T

I hit with my Pick-Up Truck

Boom Chicka Boom

I said a-boom-chick-a-boom *(echo)*

I said a-boom-chick-a-boom *(echo)*

I said a-boom-chick-a-rock-a-chick-a-rock-a-chick-a-boom! *(Echo)*

Uh-huh! *(Echo)*

Oh Yeah! *(Echo)*

One more time! *(Echo)*

(Choose someone's name) Style! *(Echo)*

The person whose name was chosen then repeats, each person chanting in a different style.

Examples: High/low pitched, loud/quiet, fast/slow, posh, foreign, emotional, dramatic etc.

Bringing Home a Baby Bumblebee

I'm bringing home a baby bumblebee

Won't my Mummy be surprised with me

I'm bringing home a baby bumblebee

Ooh, eee, the bee stung me!

I'm squashing up my baby bumblebee,

Won't my Mummy be surprised with me

I'm squashing up my baby bumblebee

Ooh, eee, I'm all sticky!

I'm licking up my baby bumblebee . . .

Ooh, eee, the bee's in me!

I'm throwing up my baby bumblebee . . .

Ooh, eee, there's my bee!

I'm digging up my baby bumblebee . . .

Ooh, eee, no more bee!

Actions for each stage of the song: squashing, licking hand, throwing up and digging.

Campfire's burning

Campfire's burning, campfire's burning

Draw nearer, draw nearer,

In the glowing, in the glowing

Come sing and be merry

Cecil

Cecil was a caterpillar, Cecil was my friend

The last time I saw Cecil he was **this* big (fingers about an inch apart)*

How big? **This* big*

I said "Ooh, Cecil! What have you done?"

And Cecil said

"I've eaten all the cabbages in the garden"

Cecil was a caterpillar, Cecil was my friend

The last time I saw Cecil he was **this* big (hands apart six inches apart)*

How big? **This* big*

I said "Ooh, Cecil! What have you done?"

And Cecil said

"I've eaten all the cabbages in the street"

Repeats: Town, county, country, continent, world, universe.

And so on until Cecil is so big you have to run across the circle to indicate size, and Cecil's eaten all the cabbages in the universe.

Cecil was a caterpillar, Cecil was my friend

The last time I saw Cecil he was **this* big (fingers about an inch apart)*

I said "Ooh, Cecil! What have you done?"

And Cecil said

"I've been sick"

Choo Choo

Choo Choo went the little red train one day

Choo Choo went the little red train

Choo Choo went the little red train one day

The little red train went Choo Choo Choo

But we all know trains go

Lah de dah de dah

Lah de dah de dah

Lah de dah de dah

They don't go Choo Choo Choo

Repeat with:

Oink Oink went the little pink pig . . .

Ribbet Ribbet went the little green frog . . .

And any more you can think of!

Clementine

CHORUS:

Oh my darling, Oh my darling, Oh my darling Clementine,

You are lost and gone forever, dreadful sorry Clementine

Light she was, and like a fairy, and her soles were number nine,

Herring boxes without topes, sandals were for Clementine

Chorus

Drove she ducklings to water every morning just as nine,
Hit her foot against a splinter, fell into the morning brine

Chorus

Ruby lips above the water, blowing bubbles soft and fine,
Alas for me! I was no swimmer, so I lost my Clementine

Chorus

In a churchyard near the canyon, where the myrtle doth entwine
There grow roses and other posies, fertilized by Clementine

Chorus

Then the miner, forty-niner, soon began to peak and pine,
Thought he ought'er join his daughter, now he's with Clementine

Chorus

In my dreams she still doth haunt me, robed in garments soaked in brine,
While in life I used to hug her, now she's dead I draw the line

Chorus

How I missed her, how I missed her, how I missed my Clementine,
Until I kissed her little sister, and forgot about Clementine

Chorus

Now ye Scouts all heed the warning to this tragic tale of mine,
Mouth-to-mouth resuscitation would have saved my Clementine.

Dixie

I wish I was in the land of cotton
Old times there are not forgotten;
Look away! Look away! Dixieland
In Dixieland where I was born in,
Early on one frosty morning;
Look away! Look away! Dixieland

Chorus

Then I wish I was a Dixie, hooray! Hooray!
In Dixieland I'll take my stand to live and die in Dixie;
Away, away, away down south in Dixie (*Repeat*)

There's buckwheat cakes and Indian batter
Makes you fat, but that don't matter;
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixieland
Then hoe it down and scratch your grabble,
To Dixieland I'm bound the travel,
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixieland

Chorus

Then I wish I was a Dixie, hooray! Hooray!
In Dixieland I'll take my stand to live and die in Dixie;
Away, away, away down south in Dixie (*Repeat*)

Do your ears hang low?

(To the tune of Turkey in the Straw, refrain)

Do your ears hang low, do they waggle 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 stick out, can you waggle them about?
Can you flap them up and down as you fly around the town?
Can you shut them up for sure when you hear an awful bore?
Do your ears stick out?
Do your ears stand high, do they reach up to the sky?
Do they hang down when they’re wet, do they stand up when they’re dry?
Can you semaphore your neighbour with the minimum of labour?
Do your ears stand high?

Everywhere We Go

Several versions from over the years, all of which can be mixed into one using the group’s favourite version. One lead person shouts line by line, the rest of the group repeat:

VERSION 1

Everywhere We Go
People want to know
Who we are
Where we come from
We’re from Edgware
The great 2nd Edgware
And if they can’t hear us
We’ll sing a little louder

VERSION II

Everywhere We Go
People always ask us
Who we are
And where we come from
We’re from Edgware
The great 2nd Edgware
And if they can’t hear us
We’ll sing a little louder

VERSION III

Everywhere We Go
People always ask us
Who we are
And where we come from
So we Tell them
We’re from 2nd Edgware
Mighty, Mighty Edgware
And if they can’t hear us
We shout a little louder

(Repeat several times, louder each time until...)

And if they can't hear us

THEY MUST BE DEAF!

Found a Peanut

Found a peanut, found a peanut, found a peanut yesterday

Yesterday I found a peanut, found a peanut yesterday

Continue in the same manner with:

It was rotten . . .

Ate it anyway . . .

Got sick . . .

Called the doctor . . .

Had surgery . . .

Died anyway . . .

Went to heaven . . .

Kicked an angel . . .

Went the other way . . .

Found a peanut . . .

Threw it away . . .

Fred the Moose

(One person leads, everyone repeats)

There was a crazy moose
Who liked to drink a lot of juice
There was a crazy moose
Who liked to drink a lot of juice

CHORUS:

Singing way-oh, way oh
Way-oh, way-oh, way-oh way-oh
Way oh, way oh
Way-oh, way-oh, way-oh, way-oh

The moose's name was Fred
He liked to drink his juice in bed

Chorus

He drank his juice with care,
But he spilled some in his hair

Chorus

All his hair went stiff
So he combed it in a quiff

Chorus

His friends began to laugh
So he had to take a bath

And as the water went down
Fred the moose began to drown

Singing glug-glug-glug-glug
Glug glug, glug glug, glug glug, glug glug
Glug glug, glug glug
Glug glug, glug glug, glug glug, glug glug

Now let's all count to five-
1, 2, 3, 4, 5
Fred the moose is back alive!

Chorus

Additional add-ons:

He was hungry moose
So he cooked himself a goose

Now this crazy moose
Had a crazy pal called Bruce

And his friend said "Look!"
A hunter wants you for the cook!

But Fred was far too smart
Sat down to think and had a fart!

Fred the moose's plan
Was to capture the hunter-man!

So as the man passed by
He fell into a trap, which made him cry!

The moose scared him off
With a rather loud, big cough!

So Fred the moose lived on
And the hunters were-a-gone!

Funky Chicken

"Left, Left, Left, Right, Left"

I said "A Left, Left, Left, Right, Left"

I said, "Let me see your funky chicken"

"What's that you say?"

I said, "Let me see your funky chicken"

"What's that you say?"

I said "Ooh Ah Ah Ah Ah Ooh Ah Ah Ah Ah",

"One more time"

"Ooh Ah Ah Ah Ah Ooh Ah Ah Ah Ah"

Chorus:

I said, "Let me see your Pamela Anderson"

Chorus:

I said, "Let me see Arnold Schwarzenegger"

Chorus:

I said, "Let me see your Balerina"

Chorus:

I said, "Let me see your regurgitation"

Chorus:

I said, "Let me see your constipation"

Chorus:

I said, "Let me see your funky chicken"

Ging Gang Gooli

VERSION I

Ging---Gang---Gooli---Gooli---Gooli---Gooli---Watcha

Ging---Gang---Goo---Ging---Gang---Goo

Ging---Gang---Gooli---Gooli---Gooli---Gooli---Watcha

Ging---Gang---Goo---Ging---Gang---Goo

Heyla—Heyla—Sheyla—Heyla—Sheyla—Heyla—Ho

Heyla—Heyla—Sheyla—Heyla—Sheyla—Ho

VERSION II

Ging gang gooli gooli gooli gooli

Ging gang goo, ging gang goo.

Ging gang gooli gooli gooli gooli watcha

Ging gang goo, ging gang goo.

Hay la, hay la, shay la,

Hay la shay la hay la ho-o

Hay la, hay la shay la

Hay la shay la hay la ho

Shawly wally, shawly wally,

Shawly wally, shawly wally

Umpa, umpa, umpa, umpa!

VERSION III

Ging gang gooli gooli gooli watcha,

Shali walli, shali, walli, shali walli, shali walli,

Ging gang goo, ging gang goo.

Oompha, Oompha . . .

Ging gang gooli gooli gooli watcha,

Sing as a round, with one group continuing the “Oompah” and another singing the song from the beginning; then switch.

Ging gang goo, ging gang goo

Green Grow the Rushes O

I'll sing you one o

Green grow the rushes o

What is your one o

One is one and all alone

And ever more shall be so

I'll sing you two o

Green grow the rushes o

What is two o

Two, two the lily white boys

Clothed in green o o

One is one and all alone

And ever more shall be so

I'll sing you three o

Green grow the rushes o

What is your three o

Three, three the rivals. . .

Four for the Gospel makers

Five for the symbols at your door

Six for the six brown walkers

Seven for the seven stars in the sky

Eight for the April rainers

Nine for the nine bright shiners

Eleven for the eleven that went to heaven

Ten for the Ten Commandments

Twelve for the twelve apostles

He Jumped Without a Parachute

(To the tune of John Brown's Body)

He jumped without a parachute from twenty thousand feet

He jumped without a parachute from twenty thousand feet

He jumped without a parachute from twenty thousand feet

And he ain't gonna jump no more

CHORUS:

Glory glory what a hell of a way to die

Glory glory what a hell of a way to die

Glory glory what a hell of a way to die

And he ain't gonna hump no more

He landed on the pavement like a lump of strawberry jam

He landed on the pavement like a lump of strawberry jam

He landed on the pavement like a lump of strawberry jam

And he ain't gonna jump no more

Chorus

They put him in a match box and they sent him home to mum

They put him in a match box and they sent him home to mum

They put him in a match box and they sent him home to mum

And he ain't gonna jump no more

Chorus

She put him on the mantel piece for everyone to see

She put him on the mantel piece for everyone to see

She put him on the mantel piece for everyone to see

And he ain't gonna jump no more

Chorus

She put him on the table when the Vicar came to tea

She put him on the table when the Vicar came to tea

She put him on the table when the Vicar came to tea

And he ain't gonna jump no more

Chorus

The Vicar spread him on some toast and said what lovely jam

The Vicar spread him on some toast and said what lovely jam

The Vicar spread him on some toast and said what lovely jam

And he ain't gonna jump no more

Glory glory what a hell of a way to die

Suspended by your braces when you don't know how to fly

Glory glory what a hell of a way to die

And he ain't gonna jump no more

He's got the Whole World in His Hand

CHORUS:

He's got the whole world, in his hand

He's got the whole wide world, in his hand

He's got the whole world, in his hand

He's got the whole world in his hand

He's got the wind and the rain, in his hand

He's got the wind and the rain, in his hand

He's got the wind and the rain, in his hand

He's got the whole world in his hand

Chorus

He's got the sun and the moon, in his hand

He's got the sun and the moon, in his hand

He's got the sun and the moon, in his hand

He's got the whole world in his hand

Chorus

He's got the plants and creatures in his hand

He's got the plants and creatures in his hand

He's got the plants and creatures in his hand

He's got the whole world in his hand

Chorus

He's got everybody here, in his hand

He's got everybody here, in his hand

He's got everybody here, in his hand

He's got the whole world in his hand

Chorus

Hello, My Name's Joe

VERSION 1:

Hello, My Name's Joe (*Echo*)

I've got a wife and 3 kids (*Echo*)

And I work in a button factory (*Echo*)

One day my boss came up to me and said (*Echo*)

"Joe are you busy, are you busy, are you Joe?" (*Echo*)

And I said No (*Echo*)

And he said (*Echo*)

"Joe, push this button with your Left Hand Joe" (*Echo*)

Everyone pushes an imaginary button with their left hand and keeps doing it through the whole song. Then repeat the song but each time replace the body part in the song with a new one, whilst still pushing buttons from the other rounds.

Right Hand

Left Elbow

Left Elbow

Left Foot

Right Foot

Left Knee

Right Knee

Bottom

Head

Tongue

When you run out of new actions to add:

Hello, My Name's Joe (*Echo*)

I've got a wife and 3 kids (*Echo*)

And I work in a button factory (*Echo*)

One day my boss came up to me and said (*Echo*)

"Joe are you busy, are you busy, are you Joe?" (*Echo*)

And I said YES!!! (*Echo*)

VERSION II:

Hi, my name's Joe (*Echo*)

I've got a wife and 3 kids (*Echo*)

And I work in a button/button pushing factory (*Echo*)

One day my boss came up to me (*Echo*)

And said: "Joe, are you busy lad?" (*Echo*)

And I said No (*Echo*)

And he said (*Echo*)

"Joe, push this button with your Left Hand" (*Echo*)

And then the song continues in the same style as the first version but with the lyrics above.

VERSION III:

The same as version II, however each time, whoever is leading the song, will change the 'I've got a wife and 3 kids' each round (i.e. different number of children, wives, pets, husbands etc.).

I Love the Daffodils

I like the flowers

I love the daffodils

I like the mountains

I love the rolling hills

I like the fireside

When the lights are high

bom di ada, bom di ada, bom di a

bom di ada, bom di ada, bom di ada, bom d-i-a!

I like the flowers

I love the daffodils

I like the mountains

I love the rolling hills

I like the fireside

When the lights are low

Each line has a different action for it

I saw a bird

I saw a bird

With a yellow bill

It landed on

My window sill

I coaxed it in

With (something harmless that rhymes with the next line)

And (killed it with something that rhymes)

Examples:

I coaxed it in with a Slipknot Poster / And put it in, the electric toaster

I coaxed it in with a digestive / And pressed it through, a wire sieve

I Went Down to the River

Leader:

Scouts:

I went down to the river

Yeah Man!

And I started to drown

Yeah Man!

But then I thought of (*something good related to what you've been doing*)

Yeah Man!

And I just couldn't go down!

Yeah Man!

I said a One

One

Two

Two

Three, Four, Five,

(*Join in with Leader*)

Edgware Kids don't take no dive

(*Join in with Leader*)

I said a Six

Six

Seven

Seven

Eight, Nine, Ten

(*Join in with Leader*)

Let's start this rhyme all over again

(*Join in with Leader*)

If it's raining

(To the tune of If You're Happy and You Know It)

If it's raining and you know it clap your hands *(Clap, Clap)*

If it's raining and you know it clap your hands *(Clap, Clap)*

If it's raining and you know it then your clothes will surely show it

If it's raining and you know it clap your hands *(Clap, Clap)*

If the mud is only knee deep, stamp your feet *(Stamp, Stamp)*

If the mud is only knee deep, stamp your feet *(Stamp, Stamp)*

If the mud is only knee deep and you wish that it were hip deep

If the mud is only knee deep, stamp your feet *(Stamp, Stamp)*

If the wind is really blowing, shake your head *(Shake, Shake)*

If the wind is really blowing, shake your head *(Shake, Shake)*

If the wind is really blowing, and your permanent is going

If the wind is really blowing, shake your head *(Shake, Shake)*

If the temperature is falling, rub your hands *(Rub, Rub)*

If the temperature is falling, rub your hands *(Rub, Rub)*

If the temperature is falling, and your spirits are appalling

If the temperature is falling, rub your hands *(Rub, Rub)*

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 and you really want to show it

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

Repeat with:

Click your fingers

Slap your knees

Stamp your feet

Shout we are

Do all five

Jaws

(To the tune of Do Re Mi)

JAWS A mouth, a great big mouth

TEETH The things that kinda crunch

BITE The friendly sharks "hello"

US His favourite juicy lunch

BLOOD That turns the ocean red

CHOMP That means the sharks been fed

GULP That will bring us back to

JAWS! JAWS! JAWS! JAWS!

Kum-Ba-Ya

Kum-Ba-Ya, My Lord, Kum-Ba-Ya

Kum-Ba-Ya, My Lord, Kum-Ba-Ya

Kum-Ba-Ya, My Lord, Kum-Ba-Ya

O Lord, Kum-Ba-Ya

Someone's crying My Lord, Kum-By-Ya

Someone's crying My Lord, Kum-By-Ya

Someone's crying My Lord, Kum-By-Ya

O Lord, Kum-Ba-Ya

Someone's singing . . .

Someone's praying . . .

Someone's laughing . . .

Kum-Ba-Ya, My Lord, Kum-Ba-Ya

Kum-Ba-Ya, My Lord, Kum-Ba-Ya

Kum-Ba-Ya, My Lord, Kum-Ba-Ya

O Lord, Kum-Ba-Ya

There is also a sillier version of the song which changes the lyrics slightly. The song is still sung in the same way but with these verses:

Kum-Ba-Ya, my Lord

Come By Car, my Lord

Cucumber, my Lord

Columbia, my Lord

Little Rabbit Foo Foo

CHORUS:

Little rabbit Foo Foo, hopping through the forest

Scooping up the field mice, and bopping them on the head

And down came the good fairy, and she said

“Little rabbit Foo Foo, I don’t want to see you

Scooping up the field mice, and bopping them on the head.”

“I’ll give you three chances, And then I’ll turn you into a goon.”

But the very next day . . . (*Chorus*)

“I’ll give you two more chances, And then I’ll turn you into a goon.”

But the very next day . . . (*Chorus*)

“I’ll give you one more chance, And then I’ll turn you into a goon.”

But the very next day . . . (*Chorus*)

“I gave you three chances, so now I’ll turn you into a goon.” – Zap!

(Narrated :) The moral of this story is: “Hare today; goon tomorrow.”

Chorus actions:

Little Rabbit Foo Foo: Use two fingers as rabbit ears, hop your hand across in front of you

Scooping up the field mice: scoop up an invisible mouse, bop it on the head

Good fairy: wave arms as if holding a magic wand

I don’t want to see you: wag index finger back and forth as “no”

Morning has Broken

Morning has broken
Like the first morning
Blackbird has spoken
Like the first bird
Praise for the singing
Praise for the morning
Praise for the springing
Fresh from the word

Sweet the rain's new fall
Sunlit from heaven
Like the first dewfall
On the first grass
Praise for the sweetness
On the wet garden
Sprung in completeness
Where his feet pass

Mine is the sunlight
Mine is the morning
Born of the one light
Eden saw play
Praise with elation
Praise every morning
God's re-creating
Of the new day

My Father's A Lavatory Cleaner

(To the tune of My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean)

My father's a lavatory cleaner
He works both by day and by night
And when he comes home in the evening
He's covered all over in Shine
Up your buttons with Brasso
It's only three pence for a tin
You can buy it or nick it from Woolworths
But I doubt if they'll have any in

Some say he died of a fever
Some say he died of a fit
But I know what my father died of
He died of the swell of the Shine
Up your buttons with Brasso
It's only three pence for a tin
You can buy it or nick it from Woolworths
But I doubt if they'll have any in

Some say that he's buried in a graveyard
Some say that he's buried in a pit
But I know where my father's buried
He's buried in six feet of Shine
Up your buttons with Brasso
It's only three pence for a tin
You can buy it or nick it from Woolworths
But I doubt if they'll have any in

My Stomach Has Had It

(To the tune of My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean)

My breakfast lies over the ocean,

My dinner lies over the sea,

My stomach is in a commotion,

Don't mention my supper to me

CHORUS:

Bring back, bring back, Oh bring

Back my bucket to me, to me . . .

Bring back, bring back, Oh bring

Back my bucket to me, to me . . .

I really felt rotten this morning,

They tell me I really looked pale,

My stomach gave adequate warning,

To lean far out and over the rail

Chorus

Bring back, bring back, Oh bring

Back my bucket, to me . . .

The sound of a stomach in motion,

A murmuring noise inside me,

I looked down and there on the water,

Was breakfast and dinner and tea.

Chorus

Oh you'll never go to Heaven

(One person leads, the group then repeats after each line except for the chorus where everyone sings together)

Oh you'll never go to heaven

In a baked bin tin

Coz a baked bean tin

Has got baked beans in *(repeat)*

CHORUS:

I Ain't gonna grieve my Lord no more

I Ain't gonna grieve my Lord no more

I Ain't gonna grieve my Lord no more

Oh you'll never go to heaven

In *(name a Scout)*'s car

'Cause *(that Scout)*'s car

Won't go that far *(repeat)*

Chorus

Oh you'll never go to heaven

In a rowing boat

'Cause the rowing boat

Won't even float *(repeat)*

Chorus

Oh you'll never go to heaven

On roller skates

'Cause you'll roll right by

Those pearly gates

Chorus

Oh you'll never go to heaven

In a jumbo jet

'Cause the Lord ain't got

No runways yet (*repeat*)

Chorus

Oh you'll never go to heaven,

In (name a Scout)'s bra

'Cause (that Scout)'s bra,

Won't stretch that *far* (*repeat*)

Chorus

Oh you'll never go to heaven

In (name a Scout)'s pants

'Cause (that Scout)'s pants

Are full of ants (*repeat*)

Chorus

Oh I want to go to heaven,
So I'll do it right,
I'll go up to heaven
All dressed in white
Oh one fine day,
And it won't be long,
You'll look for me,
And I'll be gone
Oh if you get to heaven,
Before I do
Just dig a hole,
And pull me through

Chorus

Well I get to heaven,
Before you do
I'll dig a hole,
And spit on you
That's all there is
There ain't no more
Saint Peter said,
As he closed the door

Additional verses:

Oh you can't get to heaven, in a rocking chair.
'Cause the Lord don't allow, no lazybones there

Oh you can't get to heaven, on water skis.
'Cause the Lord don't allow, no hairy knees.

Oh you can't get to heaven in a limousine,
'Cause the Lord don't sell no gasoline.

Oh you can't get to heaven on a motor bike,
'Cause you'll get halfway, then you'll have to hike.

Oh you can't get to heaven with powder and paint,
'Cause it makes you look like what you ain't.

Oh you can't get to heaven in a strapless gown,
'Cause the gosh darn thing might fall right down.

Oh you can't chew terbaccy on the golden shore,
'Cause the Lord don't have no cuspidor.

Old MacDonald

Old MacDonald had a farm, ee-i ei-i oh
And on that farm he had a cow, ee-i ei-i oh
Big cow, little cow, little cow, big cow
Fat cow, thin cow, thin cow, fat cow

Old MacDonald had a farm, ee-i ei-i oh
And on that farm he had a pig, ee-i ei-i oh
Big pig, little pig, little pig, big pig
Fat pig, thin pig, thin pig, fat pig
Big cow, little cow, little cow, big cow
Fat cow, thin cow, thin cow, fat cow
Old MacDonald had a farm, ee-i ei-i oh

(Keep going with Chicken, Goat, Sheep, Dog)

Also known as:

Old MacDonald had a farm, EE-I-EE-I-O,
And on that farm he had a *(name an animal)*, EE-I-EE-I-O,
With a *(noise of animal twice)* here and *(noise of animal twice)* there
Here a *(animal noise)*, there a *(animal noise)*, everywhere a *(animal noise twice)*
Old MacDonald had a farm, EE-I-EE-I-O.

One Finger, One Thumb

One finger, one thumb, one hand, keep moving
One finger, one thumb, one hand, keep moving
One finger, one thumb, one hand, keep moving
And we'll be happy again!

One finger, one thumb, one hand, two hands, keep moving
One finger, one thumb, one hand, two hands, keep moving
One finger, one thumb, one hand, two hands, keep moving
And we'll be happy again!

Add on to the song each time:

One arm

Two arms

One leg

Two legs

Stand up-sit down

(Stand up) Turn around (Sit down)

On Ilkley Moor Bar

On Ilkley Moor Bar t'at

Where thou been since I saw thee, I saw thee

On Ilkley Moor Bar t'at

Where hast thou been since I saw

Where hast thou been since I saw

Where has thou been since I saw

On Ilkley Moor bar t'at, on Ilkey Moor bar t'at

On Ilkley Moor bar t'at

I've been a courting Mary Jane, Mary Jane

On Ilkley Moor bar t'at

I've been a courting Mary

I've been a courting Mary

I've been a courting Mary Jane

On Ilkley Moor bar t'at, on Ilkley Moor bar t'at

On Ilkley Moor bar t'at

Then thou will catch thy death of cold, death of cold

On Ilkley moor bar t'at

Then thou will catch thy death of

Then thou will catch thy death of

Then thou will catch thy death of cold

On Ilkley Moor bat t'at, on Ilkley Moor bar t'at

On Ilkley Moor bar t'at

Then we shall have to bury thee, bury thee

On Ilkley Moor bar t'at

Then we shall have to bury

Then we shall have to bury

Then we shall have to bury thee

On Ilkley Moor bat t'at, on Ilkley Moor bar t'at

On Ilkley Moor bar t'at

Then worms will come and eat thee up, eat thee up

On Ilkley Moor bar t'at

Then worms will come and eat thee

Then worms will come and eat thee

Then worms will come and eat thee up

On Ilkley Moor bat t'at, on Ilkley Moor bar t'at

On Ilkley Moor bar t'at

Then ducks'll come and eat up worms, eat up worms

On Ilkely Moor bar t'at

Then ducks'll come and eat up

Then ducks'll come and eat up

Then ducks'll come and eat up worms

On Ilkley Moor bat t'at, on Ilkley Moor bar t'at

On Ilkley Moor bar t'at

Then we shall come and eat up ducks, eat up ducks

On Ilkley Moor bar t'at

Then we shall come and eat up

Then we shall come and eat up

Then we shall come and eat up ducks

On Ilkley Moor bat t'at, on Ilkley Moor bar t'at

On Ilkley Moor bar t'at

So we shall have eaten thee, eaten thee

On Ilkley Moor bar t'at

So we shall have eaten

So we shall have eaten

So we shall have eaten thee

On Ilkley Moor bat t'at, on Ilkley Moor bar t'at

On Ilkley Moor bar t'at

On Top of Spaghetti

On top of spaghetti all covered in cheese

I lost my poor meatball when somebody sneezed

It rolled off the table and on to the floor

And then my poor meatball rolled out of the door

It rolled down the garden and under a bush

And then my poor meatball was nothing but mush

If you have spaghetti, all covered in cheese,

Hold on to your meatball

'Cos someone might sneeze!

Additional verse:

And then my poor meatball was nothing but mush...

A mush that was tasty, as tasty could be,

And early next summer it grew into a tree

One Man Went to Mow

One man went to mow

Went to mow a meadow

One man and his dog, *Spot, bottle of pop, old mother Riley had a cow*

Went to mow a meadow

Two men went to mow

Went to mow a meadow

Two men, one man and his dog, *Spot, bottle of pop, old Mother Riley had a cow*

Went to mow a meadow

One More Step

One more step along the world I go,
One more step along the world I go,
From the old things to the new
Keep me travelling along with you

CHORUS:

And it's from the old I travel to the new
Keep me travelling along with you

Round the corners of the world I turn,
More and more about the world I learn
And the new things that I see
You'll be looking at along with me

Chorus

As I travel through the bad and good
Keep me travelling the way I should
Where I see no way to go
You'll be telling me the way, I know

Chorus

Give me courage when the world is rough
Keep me loving though the world is tough
Leap and sing in all I do
Keep me travelling along with you

Chorus

You are older than the world can be
You are the younger than the life in me
Ever old and ever new
Keep me travelling along with you

Chorus

Penguin

Have you ever seen a penguin come to tea
Take a look at me a penguin you will see
Penguins attention
Penguins begin
Right arm
Have you ever seen a penguin come to tea
Take a look at me a penguin you will see
Penguins attention
Penguins begin
Right arm, Left arm
Have you ever seen a penguin come to tea
Take a look at me a penguin you will see
Penguins attention
Penguins begin
Right arm, Left arm, Right leg
Have you ever seen a penguin come to tea
Take a look at me a penguin you will see
Penguins attention
Penguins begin
Right arm, Left arm, Right leg, Left leg
Have you ever seen a penguin come to tea
Take a look at me a penguin you will see
Penguins attention
Penguins begin
Right arm, Left arm, Right leg, Left leg, Nod the head
Have you ever seen a penguin come to tea
Take a look at me a penguin you will see
Penguins attention
Penguins sit down

Actions: When body part called out, flap arms side to side like a penguin, kick legs in and out and nod your head. After a body part has been called out keep doing the action all through the song until the line "penguins attention". Then you stop and wait for it to be called out again. When "Sit down" is called out at the end you stop and sit down.

Additional verse:

Tongues out

Father Abraham

Father Abraham had many sons

Many sons had Father Abraham

I am one of them, and so are you

Let me tell you what to do . . .

Right Arm

Father Abraham had many sons

Many sons had Father Abraham

I am one of them, and so are you

Let me tell you what to do . . .

Right arm, left arm

. *Continue with:*

Right arm,

Left arm,

Right leg,

Left leg,

Nod your head,

Stick out your tongue,

Turn around, sit down

(can also sing as "Robert Baden-Powell had many Scouts")

For actions, simply move the indicated part of the body. After the first verse start swinging your right arm, swing both arms after the second verse, swing both arms and right leg after third verse and so on . . .

Pink Pyjamas

(To the tune of Battle Hymn of the Republic)

I wear my pink pyjamas in the summer when it's hot.

I wear my flannel nighties in the winter when it's not.

And sometimes in the springtime and sometimes in the fall,

I jump right between the sheets with nothing on at all.

Glory, glory hallelujah;

Glory, glory what's it to ya?

Balmy breezes blowing through ya,

With nothing on at all.

Pizza Hut

A Pizza Hut, a Pizza Hut, Kentucky Fried Chicken and a Pizza Hut

McDonalds, McDonalds, Kentucky Fried Chicken and a Pizza Hut

A Ford Escort, a Ford Escort, a Mini, Mini, Mini and a Ford Escort

Lamborghini, Lamborghini, a Mini, Mini, Mini and a Ford Escort

A snotty nose Cub, a snotty nose Cub, a know it all Scout and a snotty nose Cub

An Explorer, an Explorer, a know it all Scout and a snotty nose Cub

A Fat Girl Guide, a Fat Girl Guide, a skinny little Brownie and a Fat Girl Guide

A Leader, a Leader, a skinny little Brownie and a Fat Girl Guide

A little Chef, a little Chef, a happy, happy, eater and a little Chef

A Wimpy, a Wimpy, a happy, happy eater and a little Chef

Other versions of this song replace the Scouts with:

A Jumbo jet, a Jumbo jet, a heli- heli- copter and a Jumbo jet

A concord, a Concord

A heli- heli- copter and a Jumbo jet

Ferrari, Ferrari, A Mini, Mini, Mini and a Ford Escort

Purple Stew

I'm stirring my purple stew

Stir it, stir it, stir it

I'm stirring my purple stew

Stir it, stir it, stir it

In goes the purple spud

In goes the purple meat

Next to go in is you!

Quartermaster's Store

There are rats, rats as big as alley cats

In the stores, in the stores

There are rats, rats as big as alley cats

In the Quartermaster's store

My eyes are dim, I cannot see

I have not brought my specks with me

I have not brought my specks with me

Mice . . . running through the rice
Snakes . . . as big as garden rakes
Beans . . . as big a submarines
Gravy . . . enough to float the navy
Cakes . . . that give us tummy aches
Eggs . . . with scaly chicken legs
Butter . . . running into the gutter
Lard . . . they sell it by the yard
Bread . . . with great big lumps like led
Cheese . . . that makes you want to sneeze
Soot . . . they grow it by the foot
Goats . . . eating all the oats
Bees . . . with little knobbly knees
Owls . . . shredding paper towels
Apes . . . eating all the grapes
Turtles . . . wearing rubber girdles
Bear . . . with curlers in its hair
Buffalos . . . with hair between their toes
Foxes . . . stuffed in little boxes
Coke . . . enough to make you choke
Pepsi . . . that gives you apoplexy
Roaches . . . sleeping in the coaches
Flies . . . swarming 'round the pies
Fishes . . . washing all the dishes
Moths . . . eating all the clothes
Scouts . . . eating Brussel sprouts
Leaders . . . slapping at the skeeters

... and anything else you can think of!

We often do a verse about everyone around the campfire – which can be a bit of a challenge.

Rare Bog And A Rattling Bog

CHORUS:

Rare bog, a rattlin' bog, deep down in the valley o'

Rare bog, a rattlin' bog, deep down in the valley o'

And in that bog there was a tree, a rare tree and a rattlin' tree

A tree in a bog and a bog down in the valley o'

Chorus

And in that tree there was a branch, a rare branch and a rattlin' branch

A branch in a tree and tree in a bog and a bog down in the valley o'

Chorus

And on that branch there was a twig, a rare twig and a rattlin' twig

A twig on a branch, and a branch in a tree and a tree in a bog and a bog down in the valley o'

Chorus

And on that twig there was a nest, a rare nest and a rattlin' nest

A nest on a twig, and a twig on a branch, and a branch in a tree, and a tree in a bog, and bog down in the valley o'

Chorus

And in that nest there was an egg, a rare egg and a rattlin' egg

An egg in a nest, and a nest on a twig, and a twig on a branch, and a branch in a tree, and a tree in a bog, and bog down in the valley o'

Chorus

And on those eggs there was a bird a rare bird and a rattlin' bird

A bird on an egg, and an egg in a nest, and a nest on a twig, and a twig on a branch, and a branch in a tree, and a tree in a bog, and bog down in the valley o’

Chorus

And on that bird there was flea a rare flea and a rattlin’ flea

A flea on a bird, and a bird on an egg, and an egg in a nest, and a nest on a twig, and a twig on a branch, and a branch in a tree, and a tree in a bog, and bog down in the valley o’

Chorus

And on that flea there was an elephant! A rare elephant and a rattlin’ elephant!

An elephant on a flea, and a flea on a bird, and a bird on an egg, and an egg in a nest, and a nest on a twig, and a twig on a branch, and a branch in a tree, and a tree in a bog, and bog down in the valley o’!

Ravioli

(To the tune of Alouette)

Ravioli, I like ravioli; ravioli, it’s the dish for me

Leader: Do I have it in my hair?

Yes you do have it in your hair

Leader: In my hair? OHHH...

Ravioli, I like ravioli; ravioli, it’s the dish for me

Leader: Do I have it on my . . . ?

Chin . . .

Tie . . .

Shorts/Skirt . . .

Shoes . . .

Floor . . .

Scout Camp

. . . Scout Camp . . . Scout Camp

The busses that you ride in, they say are mighty fine,
But when they turn a corner, they leave the wheels behind.

CHORUS:

Oh, I don't want to go to . . . Scout Camp.
Gee, Mom, I want to go, but they won't let me go;
Gee, Mom, I want to go home.

The leaders that they have here, they say are mighty fine
But when you get up closer, they look like Frankenstein
The first aid that they give you, they say is mighty fine
But if you cut your finger, you're left with only nine
The water that they have here they say is mighty fine
But when you try to drink it, it tastes like turpentine
The biscuits that they serve you, they say are mighty fine
But one rolled off the table and killed a friend of mine
The spaghetti that they serve you, they say is mighty fine
They rinse it the toilet and drain it on the line
The cocoa that they serve you, they say is mighty fine
It's good for cuts and bruises and tastes like iodine
The tents that you sleep in, they say are mighty fine
But whoever said this has never slept in mine
The toilets that they have here are the best that they can get
Last night my tent mate had to go, they haven't found him yet

Singing in the Rain

I'm singing in the rain,

Just singing in the rain

What a glorious feeling

I'm happy again

Shoulders up (*group echo and do the action*)

A roo cha cha, a roo cha cha, a roo cha cha cha

A roo cha cha, a roo cha cha, a roo cha cha cha

Repeat each time, adding on to the actions

Shoulders up . . .

Knees bent . . . A little bit more . . . A little bit more . . .

Bums out . . .

Thumbs up . . .

Tongues out . . .

Singing Waterfall

There's a singing waterfall in the mountains far away

That's where I'd go to meet her at the close of every day

That's where my darling's sleeping there beyond the spray

I often sit and wonder why the Lord took her away

We'd go there every evening when the sun was sinking low

And we'd listen to the water as it rippled soft and low

But since she's gone to heaven I miss her most of all

Tonight my darling's sleeping by the singing waterfall

Last night as I lay sleeping I hear my darling call

And then I went to meet her by the singing waterfall

She took me in her arms just like she'd used to do

And then I heard the whisper, we'll meet beyond the blue

Sipping Cider Through a Straw

The prettiest girl (*Echo*), I ever saw, (*Echo*)

Was sipping cider through a straw

The prettiest girl (*Echo*), I ever saw, (*Echo*)

Was sipping cider through a straw

I asked her if, (*Echo*) she'd show me how, (*Echo*)

To sip that cider through a straw

I asked her if, (*Echo*) she'd show me how, (*Echo*)

To sip that cider through a straw

Then cheek to cheek, and jaw to jaw

We sipped that cider through a straw

Every now and then, the straw would slip

I'd sip some cider from her lip

The parson came to her backyard

A sipping cider from a straw

And now I have a mother-in-law

And fourteen kids to call me Pa

(Narrated:)

The moral of this little tale

Is sip your cider from a pail!

She'll be Coming Around the Mountain

She'll be comin' 'round the mountain when she comes (*Toot, Toot*)

She'll be comin' 'round the mountain when she comes (*Toot, Toot*)

She'll be comin' 'round the mountain

She'll be comin' 'round the mountain

She'll be comin' 'round the mountain when she comes (*Toot, toot*)

Other verses:

She'll be driving six white horses when she comes (*Woah back!*)

Oh, we'll all go out to meet her when she comes (*Hi Babe!*)

And we'll kill the old red rooster when she comes (*Rooster call*)

We'll all have chicken and dumplings when she comes (*Yum, yum!*)

Oh she'll have to sleep with Grandma when she comes (*Snore, snore!*)

She'll be wearing wool pyjamas when she comes (*Scratch, scratch*)

Show Me the Way to go Home

Show Me the Way to go Home

I'm tired and I want to go to bed

Oh, and I had a little drink about an hour ago

And it's gone right to my head

Wherever I may roam, on land or sea or foam

You will always hear me singing this song

Show me the way to go home

Indicate the way to my habitual abode

I'm fatigued and I wish to retire

Oh, I had a little beverage 60 minutes ago

And it's gone right to my cranium (*place that keeps my ears apart*)

Wherever I may perambulate, on land or sea
or atmospheric pressure

You will always hear me chanting this melody

Show me the way to my abode

Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

CHORUS:

Swing Low, sweet chariot, comin' for to carry me home,

Swing low, sweet chariot, comin' for to carry me home.

Comin' for to carry me home;

A band of angels coming after me,

Comin' for to carry me home

If you get to heaven before I do,

Comin' for to carry me home;

Just tell all my friends that I'm a coming too,

Comin' for to carry me home

Chorus

I'm sometime sup and sometimes down,

Comin' for to carry me home;

But still my soul feeds heavenly bound,

Comin' for me to carry me home

Chorus

I've never been to heaven, but I've been told,

Comin' for to carry home;

That the streets in heaven are paved with gold,

Comin' for to carry me home

Tarzan of the Apes

(Tune: John Brown's Body)

I like ripe bananas, monkey nuts and grapes,

I like ripe bananas, monkey nuts and grapes,

And that's why they call me TARZAN of the APES

Splat

Ten Sticks of Dynamite

(To the tune of ten green bottles)

Ten sticks of dynamite hanging on the wall

Ten sticks of dynamite hanging on the wall

And if one stick of dynamite should accidentally fall

There'd be no sticks of dynamite and no bloomin' wall

The Ants

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 and the little one stopped to tie his shoe

And they all go marching: -

Across the floor

Under the floor

Down the Drain, into the Rain

Zoom, Zoom, Zoom

Repeat above with:

Four by Four (shuts the door)

Six by Six (picks up sticks)

Eight by Eight (Jumped the Gate)

Ten by Ten (if you want any more you can sing it again)

The Banana song

One person lead and the rest of the group repeat. Each line has actions which are of miming the banana and doing exactly what the line says.

Bananas of the world unite!

Peel banana, peel peel banana

Chop banana, chop chop banana

Mash banana, mash mash banana

Drop banana, drop drop banana

Pick up banana, pick up banana

Smell banana, smell smell banana

Taste banana, taste taste banana

Eat banana, eat eat banana

Bad banana, bad bad banana

*(Sick)*EURGH!* banana, *EURGH! EURGH!* banana*

Pick up banana, pick up banana

Stare at banana, stare at banana

Smell banana, smell smell banana

Taste banana, taste taste banana

Eat banana, eat eat banana

Bad banana, bad bad banana

Poo banana, poo poo banana!

Bananas of the world unite!

The Day I Went to Sea

When I was one, I *(did something rhyming with the number)*,

The day I went to sea

I jumped aboard a pirate ship

And the Captain said to me:

'We're going this way, that way, *(Lean side to side)*

Forwards and backwards, *(Lean forwards and backwards)*

Over the Irish Sea *(Use hand to make waves like a snake)*

A bottle of rum to fill my tum *(Pretend to drink then rub tummy)*

And that's the life for me. *(Slap your knee on 'me')*

Repeat the song going up in age to ten. Sometimes you can choose a Scout at random and ask them to make up sometime to rhyme with the age. 'When I was Ten...' is often done as '... I started again'

The First Aider's Song

(To the tune of The Twelve Days of Christmas)

On the first day of camping the Leader sent to me

A boy who had a skinned his knee

On the second day of camping the Leader sent to me

Two bandaged heads and a boy who had skinned his knee.

Three nose-bleeds . . .

Four mozzie bites . . .

Five nettle-stings . . .

Six boys with splinters . . .

Seven upset tummies . . .

Ten homesick Leaders . . .

Eight cuts and grazes . . .

Eleven boys with measles . . .

Nine twisted ankles . . .

Twelve angry parents . . .

The Twelves Days of Summer Camp

(To the tune of The Twelve Day of Christmas)

On the first day of Summer Camp my family sent to me

A sausage roll for my Tea

On the second day of Summer Camp my family sent to me

Two skinned knees,

And a sausage roll for my Tea

Three Bic Pens . . .

Four Flashlights . . .

Five Bathing Suits . . .

Six Chocolate Bars . . .

Seven Missing Buttons . . .

Eight Leaders Sleeping . . .

Nine pairs of skivvies

Ten Noisy Squirrels

Eleven Lost Swimmers

Twelve Soggy Towels

There's a Hole in my Bucket

There's a hole in my bucket

Dear Liza, dear Liza

There's a hole in my bucket

Dear Liza, a hole

Well fix it, dear Henry

Dear Henry, dear Henry

Well fix it, dear Henry, well fix it

With what shall I fix it

Dear Liza, dear Liza

With what shall I fix it

Dear Liza, with what

With straw, dear Henry,

Dear Henry, dear Henry

With straw, dear Henry, with straw

The straw is too long . . .

Well cut it . . .

With what shall I cut it . . .

With an axe . . .

The axe 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 . . .

In what shall I fetch it . . .

With a bucket . . .

There's a hole in my bucket . . .

Three Blind Jellyfish

Three blind jellyfish, three blind jellyfish,

3 blind jellyfish sitting on a rock,

Along comes a wave

Woooooosh (*Mexican Wave*)

2 blind jellyfish . . .

Tie Me Kangaroo Down

The first verse is always spoken or narrated:

There's an old Australian stockman – lying, dying...

And he gets himself up onto one elbow

And he turns to his mates who are all gathered around

And he says...

I'm going, Blue: this is what you gotta do,

I'm not gonna pull through, Blue, so this you gotta do . . .

CHORUS:

Tie me kangaroo down, sport

Tie me kangaroo down

Tie me kangaroo down, sport

Tie me kangaroo down

Watch me wallabies feed, mate

Watch me wallabies feed

They're a dangerous breed, mate

So, watch me wallabies feed

Chorus

Let me wombats go lose, Bruce
Let me wombats go lose
They're of no further use, Bruce
So, let me wombats go lose

Chorus

Keep me cockatoo cool, Curl
Keep me cockatoo cool
Don't go acting the fool, Curl
Just keep me cockatoo cool

Chorus

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

Chorus

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

Chorus

Play your digeridoo, Blue

Play your diggeridoo

(Dying) Like, keep playing it 'til I shoot through Blue

Play your diggeridoo

Chorus

Tan me hide when I'm dead Fred

Tan me hide when I'm dead.

So, we tanned his hide, when he died, Clyde

And that's it hangin' on the shed

Chorus

Two Little Fleas

(To the tune of Auld Lang Syne)

Two little fleas together sat

They cried when one flea said;

"I've had no place to lay my head,

Since my old dog is dead

I've travelled far from place to place

And farther will I roam

But the next old dog that shows his face

Will be my home sweet home"

Waltzing Matilda

Once a jolly swagman camped by a billabong,
Under the shade of a coolibah tree,
And he sang as he watched and waited till his billy boiled
You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me

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

Down came a jumbuck to drink at that billabong,
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee,
And he sang as he shoved that jumbuck in his tuckerbag,
You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me

Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda,
You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me,
And he sang as he shoved that jumbuck in his tuckerbag
You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me

Up rode the squatter mounted on his thoroughbred,
Down came the troopers – one, two, three
Whose that jolly jumbuck you've got in your tuckerbag?
You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me

Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda,
You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me

Whose that jolly jumbuck you've got in your tuckerbag?

You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me

Up jumped the swagman, and sprang into the billabong

You'll never catch me alive said he,

And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that billabong

You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me

Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda,

You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me,

And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that billabong,

You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me

Wild Rover

I've been as wild rover for many the year

And I've spent all my money on whiskey and beer

And now I'm returning with gold in great store

And I never will play the wild rover no more

And it's no, nay, never

No, nay never no more (*clap, clap, clap, clap*)

Will I play the wild rover

No never no more

I went into an ale house I used to frequent

And I told the landlady my money was spent

I asked for credit, she answered me "nay

Sure 'tis a custom like yours I can get any day"

I took out from my pocket 10 sovereigns bright
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight
She said "Sir, I have whiskey and wines of the best
And the words I haven spoke they were only in jest"

I'll go home to parents – confess what I've done
And I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son
And then they'll caress me as oft times before
And I'll never will play the wild rover no more

Hell's Angel (Wild Biker)

I've been a Hell's Angel for many's the year
And I've spent all me money on black leather gear
Me bike is all rusty and I'm saddled sore
And I never will play the Hell's Angel no more

I went into a bikeshop I used to frequent
And I told the mechanic me camshaft was bent
I asked for a new one, he answered "No way!"
I said "Ta very much, mate, I'll have a new bike"

I took from me pocket me Hitler Youth knife
And his eyes opened wide and he fled for his life
Saying "I was just joking, take whatever you like!"
I said "Ta very much, mate, I'll have a new bike!"

This bike needed greasing before I could ride
So I took it and lay underneath it outside
But I'd only just started when in from me eyes
I saw two great jackboots with black shiny toes!

And now, as I lie here – both legs in a cast
That's the first fight I've had and I swear it's me last!
And when I get out of the intensive care ward
Sure I never will play the hell's angel no more!

Worms

Nobody likes me, everybody hates me,
I'll go and dig some worms;
Long thin skinny ones;
Big fat juicy ones,
See how they wriggle and squirm

Bite their head off,
Suck their juice out,
Throw their skins away,
Nobody knows how much I thrive
On worms three times a day

Long thin skinny ones slip down easily,
Big fat juicy ones stick;
Hold your head back,
Squeeze their tail,
And their juice goes drip, drip

Yogi Bear

I know someone you don't know

Yogi Yogi

I know someone you don't know

Yogi Yogi Bear

Yogi Yogi Bear, Yogi Yogi Bear

I know someone you don't know

Yogi Yogi Bear

Yogi has a girlfriend

Cindy Cindy

Yogi has a girlfriend

Cindy Cindy Bear

Cindy Cindy Bear, Cindy Cindy Bear

I know someone you don't know

Cindy Cindy Bear

Yogi has a little friend

Booboo Booboo

Yogi has a little friend

Booboo Booboo Bear

Booboo Booboo Bear, Booboo Booboo Bear

I know someone you don't know

Booboo Booboo Bear

Yogi has an enemy

Ranger Ranger

Yogi has an enemy

Ranger Ranger Smith

Yogi lives in Jellystone

Jelly Jelly

Yogi lives in Jellystone

Jelly Jellystone

I know someone you don't know

Yogi Yogi

I know someone you don't know

Yogi Yogi Bear

Zigger Zagger

A Leader shouts what's on the left and everyone else shouts what's on the right. This is only for the first section, and everyone shouts together come 'Give a yell'.

Zigger Zagger Zigger Zagger Oi Oi Oi

Zigger Zagger Zigger Zagger Oi Oi Oi

Had a good job to my left Right

Had a good job to my right Left

Sounds On One, Two

Sounds Off Three Four

Three Four One Two

One Two Three Four

Give a yell, Give a yell, Give a great substantial yell

And when we yell we yell like hell, and this is what we yell:

Alaman, Alaman, Alamantiago, Santiago

Hiskus-piskus kick 'em in the kishkus

Hocus Pocus try and chock us

Yell 'Team'!

Hey Vevo, Hey Vivo, Hey ve-vi-vo-ho

Hefty, Wefty, Walla Walla Wefty

Chinchilla, Winchilla, Woof Woof Woof!

Zigger Zagger is usually only done once in a row (not repeated), loud but clear.

These songs were collected in 2016

They contain a mix of old and new favourites

You can find them all on our website: edgwarecouts.org.uk

2nd Edgware Scout Group