

A

Ali Baba Had a Camel

(the tune to "BINGO")

Ali Baba had a camel.

And Ralphy was his name-O.

R-A-L-P-H

R-A-L-P-H

R-A-L-P-H

And Ralphy was his name.

Alice the Camel

Alice the camel has 10 humps

Alice the camel has 10 humps

Alice the camel has 10 humps

So go Alice, go

Boom, boom, boom

Alice the camel has 9 humps...

Alice the camel has 8 humps...

Alice the camel has 7 humps...

Alice the camel has 6 humps...

Alice the camel has 5 humps...

Alice the camel has 4 humps...

Alice the camel has 3 humps...

Alice the camel has 2 humps...

Alice the camel has 1 hump...

Alice the camel has no humps...

Now Alice is a horse!

Alive, Awake, Alert

I'm alive, awake, alert and enthusiastic

I'm alive, awake, alert and enthusiastic

I'm alive, awake, alert

I'm alert, awake, alive

I'm alive, awake, alert and enthusiastic!

Alvin

Have you ever been down the water pipe, pipe?

Down to the bottom of the water system?

There you'll see a little alligator

Who answers to the name of Alvin

'Cause he's mine, I lost him

I threw my Alvin down the water pipe, pipe
Down to the bottom of the water system
'Cause he's getting to big for his britches
And now I'm feeling lonely
'Cause he's gone, I miss him!

America the Ugly

Oh beautiful for smoggy skies - insecticided grain
For stripmined mountains magesties, above the asphalt plains.
America, America! Man sheds his waste on thee,
And hides the pines with billboard signs from sea to oily sea.

The Ants Go Marching

The ants go marching One by one
Hooray! Hooray!
The ants go marching One by one
Hooray! Hooray!
The ants go marching One by one
The little one stops To have some fun
And they all go marching
Down into the ground
To get out of the rain.
Boom boom boom

Additional verses:

Two: to tie his shoe

Three: to climb a tree

Four: to close the door

Five: to scrath his hives

Six: to pick up sticks

Seven: to go to heaven

Eight to shut the gate

Nine: to swing on the vine

Ten: to start again.

B

The Beaver Song

Beavers one, beavers all
Let's all do the beaver call
Tt tt tt, tt tt tt
Tt tt tt tt tt tt
Beavers two, beavers three
Let's all climb the beaver tree

Tt tt tt, tt tt tt
Tt tt tt tt tt tt tt
Beavers four, beavers five
Let's all do the beaver jive
Tt tt tt, tt tt tt
Tt tt tt tt tt tt tt
Beavers six, beavers seven
Let's all go to beaver heaven
Tt tt tt, tt tt tt
Tt tt tt tt tt tt tt
Beavers eight, beavers nine
Stop! It's beaver time!
Tt tt tt, tt tt tt
Tt tt tt tt tt tt tt
Beavers all, Beavers ten, Let's do the song all over again!

Billboard

As I was walking down the street
One dark and dreary day
I came upon a billboard
And much to my dismay,
The sign was torn and tattered
From the storm the night before.
The wind and rain had done its job
And this is what I saw...
Drink Coca Cola cigarettes
Chew Wriggly's spearmint beer,
Kennel Ration dog food
Makes your wife's complexion clear
Simonize your baby
With a Hershey candy bar,
Texacola beauty cream
Is used by all the stars,
So, take your next vacation
In a brand new Frididaire;
And learn to play the piano
In your new winter underwear.
Doctors say that babies
Should smoke until they're three,
And people over 65
Should bathe in Lipton Tea
With flow-through tea bags
Hey!

Black Socks

Black socks, they never get dirty
The longer you wear them; the stronger they get
Sometimes, I think I should wash them
But something inside me keeps saying "Not yet, not yet, not yet!"

White socks, they always get dirty
The longer you wear them; the weaker they get
Sometimes, I think I shouldn't wash them
But something inside me keeps saying "Right now, right now, right now!"

Boogie, Woogie, Washer Woman

Far, far away in a land of the jungle
There's a boogie, woogie, washer woman washing her hair
With a scrub a dub here and a scrub a dub there
Boogie, woogie, washer woman washing her hair
Tiddly-I-ti a boogie, a boogie
Tiddly-I-ti a boogie, a boogie
Tiddly-I-ti a boogie, a boogie
A boogie, woogie, washer woman washing her hair
Yes, Sir!

Boom Chica Boom

I said a boom chica boom
I said a boom chica boom
I said a booma chica rocka chica rocka chica boom
Uh huh; Oh yeah
One more time
Underwater style

(Baby style, mommy style, Austalian style, English style, rock star style, valley girl style, chicken style, motercycle style, janitor style)

Boom Boom

Boom, boom
Ain't it great to be Scouting?
Boom, boom
Ain't it great to be Outing?
Camping, Hiking All day long,
Boom, boom
Ain't it great to be Scouting?
(Usually sung as a round.)

Bug Juice

At camp with the Girl Scouts
They gave us a drink.
We thought it was Kool--Aid,
Because it was pink.

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

It looked fresh and fruity,
Like tasty Kool--Aid,
But the bugs that were in it
Were murdered with RAID!

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

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

C

Camp Hoffman

Some call it fun
But some may call it madness
So come along with us
And wipe away your sadness
Happy campers are we
Having fun 'neath the trees
And when we are gone
You'll remember our song
'Cause we're from
Camp, Camp Hoffman
Camp, Camp Hoffman
Camp, Camp Hoffman
Camp, Camp Hoffman
Camp!

Chester

This song was taught to me by "Domino" from Maryland. There are all sorts of hand motions to it, like when you sing "have you heard", point to your ear. Another one is Chest-er. Point to your chest when you say his name. Most of the words in the song have some body part to point to, see if you can figure them all out! (Hint: When you say "wear a rose", point to your lapel (the place on a suit jacket wear men put flowers)) I love this song!

Chester have you heard about Harry
Just got back from the Army

I hear he knows how to wear a rose
Hip! Hip! Hooray! For the Army!
Chester have you heard about Harry
Just got back from the Army
I hear he knows how to face defeat
Hip! Hip! Hooray! For the Army!

Comet!

Comet!
It makes your mouth turn green!
Comet!
It smells like Listerine
Comet!
It makes you vomit!
So drink up some comet today!

Comet!
It tastes like gasoline!
Comet!
It makes your mother scream
Comet!
It make you vomit!
So try out your comet today!

Crazy Rabbit

*Chorus: Hop, hop, bunny, bunny
Hop, hop, bunny, bunny
Hop, hop, ho, ho, hop, hop

I have a rabbit; a crazy, crazy rabbit

*

He don't like carrots; I'm crazy about carrots

*

When I go to beddy bye;
I kiss he and he kiss I
But if he's been a such and such;
he has to sleep in the rabbit hutch
I love a rabbit; a crazy, crazy rabbit

D

Daisy On My Toe

I've got a daisy on my toe
It is not real, it does not grow
It's just a tattoo of a flower

So I look good taking a shower

It's on the second toe of my right foot

Da, da, da

It has no stem; It has no roots

'Cause it wouldn't look good

It's just a daisy on my toe

My left foot loves my right foot so

Dewy

Dewy was an admiral on Manila Bay

Dewy is the morning in the month of May

Dewy were her eyes as she professed her love so true

Do we love each other? Yes! Indeed we do.

Do we love each other? Yes! Indeed we do.

Dipping Queen Song

(Tune: The Tin Song) This is a song that Rita and I made up together :) The dipping queen refers to me because I always ended up dipping people's messkits. If you don't know what that means, I'll explain. When you're done eating, you wash you mess kit. It's not always totally clean, so you have to dip it in boiling water to sterilize it. It's a hot job and no one wants to do it, except for yours truly. So here it is:

I'm a little dipping queen

Nobody knows what I have seen

Got a dip tank and a pole

I'm a dip queen; I work with coal

Drink, Drink

Drink, Drink, Drink, Drink,

Drunk, Drunk, Drunk, Drunk

Drunk last night, drunk the night before

And I'm gonna drink again like I've never drunk before

'Cause when I'm drinking, I'm as happy as can be

'Cause I'm a member of the Navy you see

And the Navy unit is the best unit that ever came over from the old salt pond

With a port tent and a starboard, mid-ships tent and a shack counciler

Sing glorious, sing glorious

Sing eight full kegs for all of us!

Sing glory be to God that their ain't no more of us!

'Cause one of us can drink them all up

Darn right, Darn drunk!

Down by the Bay

Replace the words "Did you ever see a moose kissing a goose?" with one of the suggestions down below every time you sing the song. You can also make up your own rhyme!

Down by the bay where the watermelons grow
Back to my home I dare not go
For if I do, my mother would say
Did you ever see a moose kissing a goose?
Down by the bay

(Did you ever see a whale with a polka-dotted tail?
Did you ever see a bug sleeping on top of a rug?
Did you ever see a fly wearing a tie?
Did you ever see a bear combing his hair?
Did you ever see llamas eating pajamas?
Did you ever see a cat wearing lots of hats?
Did you ever have a time when you couldn't make a rhyme
This song's gone on to long!)

E

Ezekiel

Ezekiel saw two wheels a rolling, way in the middle of the air
A wheel within a wheel a rolling, way in the middle of the air
One wheel ran by faith, the other ran by the grace of God
A wheel within a wheel a rolling, way in the middle of the air
Ezekiel saw two flames a-burning, way in the middle of the air,

A flame within a flame a-burning, way in the middle of the air,
One flame burned by faith,
And the other flame burned by the grace of God,
Ezekiel saw two flames a-burning,
Way in the middle of the air.

F

Fish and Chips and Vinegar

1 bottle pop
2 bottle pop
3 bottle pop
4 bottle pop
5 bottle pop
6 bottle pop
7 bottle pop, pop

Fish and chips and vinegar
Vinegar, vinegar
Fish and chips and vinegar
Pepper, pepper, pepper, salt

Don't throw your trash in my backyard
My backyard, my backyard
Don't throw your trash in my backyard
My backyard's full

Fishing

One day I went a fishing
On a bright and sunny day
With all the little fishes
Swimming in and out the bay
With their hands in their pockets
And their pockets in their pants
And all the little fishes doing the hootchie cootchie dance

The Forest

Oh the forest
Is
A wonderful place
Filled
With
Frogs and snakes
I wanna see a salamanders face
The forest is a wonderful place
I wanna go there!

G

God Bless My Underwear

Tune: God Bless America

God bless my underwear, my only pair.
Stand beside them, and guide them,
Through the rips, through the holes, through the tears.
From the washer, to the dryer, to the clothesline in the air.
God bless my underwear, my only pair!

Gonk-Gonk

Gonk-gonk went Mr. Froggy
Gonk-gonk went the lady froggy too
Gonk-gonk went them both together
And their eyes went woo woo woo
As they kiss eachother
Smooch smooch
Just like little froggies do
And she said "Good-bye"
And he said "Oh, my!"
Gong, gong! Smooch smooch!
"I'm coming too!"

Great Green Globs

Great, green globs of
Greasy, grimey gopher guts
Mutilated monkey feet
Chopped up baby parakeet
French fried eyeballs
Sailing in a cream puff
Oops! I forgot my spoon
But there are straws!

Green and Yellow

Where have you been
Henry, my son?
Where have you been?
My beloved one
At the pond, dear mother, at the pond dear mother
Oh Mother, come quick
cause I'm very, very sick
and I wanna lay down and die.

What were you doing,
Henry my son?
What were you doing,
My beloved one?
Eating dear Mother, Eating dear Mother,
Oh Mother come quick
cause I'm very, very sick
and I wanna lay down and die.

What were you eating,
Henry my son?
What were you eating,
My pretty one?
Eels, dear Mother,
Eels, dear Mother,
Oh Mother, come quick

cause I'm very, very sick
and I wanna lay down and die.

What color were they,
Henry my son?
What color were they,
My beloved one?
Green and Yellow,
Green and Yellow,
Oh Mother come quick
cause I'm very, very sick
and I wanna lay down and die.

Those were not eels you ate
Henry my son,
Those were not eels you ate,
My beloved one.
What then?, dear Mother,
What then?, dear Mother,
Oh Mother come quick
cause I very, very sick
and I wanna lay down and die.

Those were snakes you ate
Henry my son
Those were snakes you ate
My beloved one
Ewww!, dear mother
Ewww!, dear mother
Oh Mother come quick
cause I very, very sick
and I wanna lay down and die.

Shall we bury you
Henry, my son
Shall we bury you,
My beloved one
Yes, dear mother, yes, dear mother
Oh Mother come quick
cause I very, very sick
and I wanna lay down and die.

What color of flowers do you want,
Henry my son?
What color of flowers do you want,
My beloved one?
Green and Yellow,
Green and Yellow,
Oh Mother come quick
cause I'm very, very sick
and I wanna lay down and die.

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
Flip'em Flop'em
Ham and eggs.

Henry the Eighth

I'm Henry the Eighth, I am
Henry the Eighth, I am, I am
I got married to the widow next door
She's been married seven times before
And everyone's been a Henry
There's never been a Willy or a Sam, no Sam
I'm her eighth old man, I'm Henry
Henry the Eighth I am!

Second verse, same as the first
Just a little bit louder and a little bit worse!

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 part 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 in 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.

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I Knew an Old Lady Who Swallowed a Fly

I knew an old lady who swallowed a fly
I don't know why she swallowed the fly
Perhaps she'll die

I knew an old lady who swallowed a spider
That wiggled and jiggled and tickled inside her
She swallowed a spider to catch the Fly
I don't know why she swallowed the fly
Perhaps she'll die

I knew an old lady who swallowed a Bird
How absurd, to swallow a bird
She swallowed a bird to catch the spider
That wiggled and jiggled and tickled inside her
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly
I don't know why she swallowed the fly
Perhaps she'll die

I knew an old lady who swallowed a cat
Imagine that, she swallowed a cat
She swallowed the cat to catch the bird,
She swallowed a bird to catch the spider
That wiggled and jiggled and tickled inside her
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly
I don't know why she swallowed the fly
Perhaps she'll die

I knew an old lady who swallowed a dog
What a hog, to swallow a dog
She swallowed the dog to catch the cat,
She swallowed the cat to catch the bird,
She swallowed a bird to catch the spider
That wiggled and jiggled and tickled inside her
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly
I don't know why she swallowed the fly
Perhaps she'll die

I knew an old lady who swallowed a goat
She opened her throat and swallowed the goat
She swallowed the goat to catch the dog,
She swallowed the dog to catch the cat,
She swallowed the cat to catch the bird,
She swallowed a bird to catch the spider
That wiggled and jiggled and tickled inside her
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly
I don't know why she swallowed the fly
Perhaps she'll die

I knew an old lady who swallowed a cow
I don't know how she swallowed the cow
She swallowed the cow to catch the goat,
She swallowed the goat to catch the dog,
She swallowed the dog to catch the cat,
She swallowed the cat to catch the bird,
She swallowed a bird to catch the spider
That wiggled and jiggled and tickled inside her
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly
I don't know why she swallowed the fly
Perhaps she'll die

I knew an old lady who swallowed a horse
She's dead of course!

Indians

Indians are high minded
Bless my soul, they're double jointed
They climb hills and don't mind it
All day long

Itsy Bitsy's Birthday

The itsy bitsy spider climbed up the birthday cake.
Itsy bitsy quickly learned he'd made a big mistake.
He climbed up on the candle before the cake was cut.
The itsy bitsy spider, he burned his little butt!

J

John Pierre loves Anne Marie

Anne Marie loves John Pierre
It's written on cafe sidewalks everywhere
John Pierre loves Anne Marie
It's written in a heart that's carved into a tree
Anne Marie, she said one day
I love you very much so let us run away
John Pierre, he said "Wee, wee!"
And ran to tell his friends, "I'm marrin' Anne Marie"
They ran off into the park
But they were getting hungrey and it was getting dark
They went home before too late
'Cause Anne Marie was seven and John Pierre was eight

Junior Bird Man

Up in the air Junior Bird Man.
Up in the air and upside-down.
Up in the air Junior Bird Man
With your nose to the ground.
And when you hear the grand announcement
That your wings are made of tin.
Then you will know the Junior Bird Man
Have sent his box-tops in.
'Cause it takes: Five box tops
Four bottle bottoms
Three wrappers
Two labels
And one thin dime.

K

Kookaburra

Kookaburra sits in the old gum tree.
Merry merry king of the bush is he.
Laugh kookaburra, Laugh kookaburra
Gay your life must be.

Kookaburra sits in the old gum tree
Eating all the gumdrops he can see
Stop kookaburra, Stop kookaburra,
Leave some there for me.

Kookaburra sits in the old gum tree,
Counting all the monkeys he can see.
Stop kookaburra, Stop kookaburra,
That's not a monkey, that's me!

Kookaburra sits on the telephone wire
Jumping up and down 'cause his butt's on fire
Cry kookaburra, Cry kookaburra
You are going to expire!

Kookaburra sits on the railroad tracks
Better get off or he'll be flat
Run kookaburra, run kookaburra
Uh-Oh!, Watch Out!, SPLAT!

L

Late Last Night

Late last night while we were all in bed
Old Lady Leary hung a lantern on the shed
And when the cow kicked it over
She winked her eye and said
There's going to be a hot time in the old town tonight
Fire, Fire, Fire !!!

(Water, Water, Water !!!, Save my Child, Save my Child !!!, Roast beef well done)

A Letter Home

(Tune: Dance of the Hours) I made most of this up for my camp, so if you want, you can create your own verses to go along with your camp.

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

The beach sand, will burn your feet
And the mud here is three feet deep
The latrines smell, really yucky
And the lake even has a three-eyed ducky

The changing tent, is hot and sticky
And putting socks on sandy feet, is really icky
I think the Program Director, is a little manic
And the boats were made by the people who made Titanic

The bugs are, the size of grizzly bears
And my leader's size, almost could compare
The water tastes, just like a piece of tin
And in the lake yesterday I saw a shark's fin

The leaders here, don't know anything
The head lifeguard is a real ding-a-ling
Then there's this other one, who's really slow
On her cranky days we like to call her "Old Flo"

The camp director, is called Sunshine
The only thing she does, is sit on her behind
The first aid procedures are a little wacky
In general, the whole staff here is quacky

Making crafts, is super boring
The girl next to me, started snoring
Now we're singing, a stupid song
I can't believe I put up with this all day long

They make us eat, all our lunch
And if we don't, we'll get no punch

They made us clean, the toilet seat
And go for a ten-mile hike in this heat

We have to lite fires, with just one match
And do a million steps, for just one patch
I wish that I, could go back home
Where those monstrous mosquitos will leave me alone

I hate this place, I want to leave
Camping has turned into, my pet peeve
What did I do, to deserve all this?
I promise you, this camp I will never miss

Wait a minute, it stopped raining
They're starting to do, some entertaining
Learning archery, gee that's bettah,
Muddah, Faddah kindly disregard this letter!!!

Little Red Caboose

Little red caboose
Chug, chug, chug
Little red caboose
Chug, chug, chug
Little red caboose
Behind the train, train, train, train
Smokestack on his back, back, back, back
Comin' 'round the track, track, track, track
Little red caboose behind the train
Toot! Toot!

Lollypop

Oh, I'd rather suck on a lemon drop
Than try my luck with a lollypop
'Cause a lollypop I always drop
And it gets all over icky
Oh, it makes me sick
The way it sticks
It gets all over my hands
And with a jelly bean
I'm always clean
But a lollypop I always drop

I've tried and tried
But still I can't find
A lollypop
POP!
That's half way refined

So, I'd rather suck on a lemon drop

Than try my luck with a lollypop
'Cause a lollypop I always drop
And it gets all over icky, icky, icky, icky, icky, BLAH!

M

Middies, Bloomers

Middies, bloomers
Middies bloomers all the time
Nah, nah, nah
Middies, bloomers
Middies bloomers all the time
Nah, nah, nah
She wears 'em in the morning
She wears 'em at noon,
She only takes 'em off by the light of the moon
Wooh!
Middies, bloomers
Middies bloomers all the time
Nah, nah, nah
Nah, nah, Wooh!, Nah, nah, Wooh!
Nah, nah, nah, nah, nah, nah, nah
Nah, nah, nah
White shirts, greenies...
Straw hats, knee socks...

Mississippi Mud

Sun goes down, tide goes out
People gather round
and they begin to shout, (clap, clap)
"Hey, hey, Uncle Fudd
It's a treat to beat your feet
on the Mississippi Mud
It's a treat to beat your feet
on the Mississippi Mud"

What a dance they do
Lordy, how I'm telling you, (clap, clap)
"Hey, hey, Uncle Fudd
It's a treat to beat your feet
on the Mississippi Mud
It's a treat to beat your feet
on the Mississippi Mud"

Mmm - Att

Mmm-att went the little green frog
Mmm-att went the little green frog one day
Mmm-att went the little green frog
And all the other frogs went:
"Froody-oodo oody-oh, Froody-oodo oody-oh, Froody-oodo oody-oh"
And all the other frogs went:
"Froody-oodo oody-oh"
But this little frog went:
Mmm-att, mmm-att, mmm-att-att

Muff the Tragic Wagon

*Chorus: Muff the tragic wagon, lived by the street,
and rolled along the boulevard, through rain and snow and sleet.
Little Tommy Pumpkin loved that wagon Muff,
And rolled him home and filled him up, with toys and other stuff.

Together they would travel, along the avenue,
Tommy hanging out his leg would scuff his Sunday shoe.
Taxi cabs and buses would honk as they went by,
Tragic wagons never seem to need to stop for gas.

*

Children live forever, but not so children's toys,
Wagons can't forever be a friend to little boys.
and one gray day it happened while Tommy took his nap,
A garbage truck ran over Muff and turned him into scrap.

*

Little Tommy Pumpkin said just off the cuff,
There will never be another tragic wagon Muff.

The Muffin Man

Do You know the Muffin Man?
The Muffin Man, The Muffin Man?
Do You know the Muffin Man,
Who Lives on Gingerbread Lane?

Yes I know the Muffin Man,
The Muffin Man, The Muffin Man.
Yes I know the Muffin Man,
Who Lives on Gingerbread Lane

We all know the Muffin Man,
The Muffin Man, The Muffin Man.
We all know the Muffin Man
Who lives on Gingerbread Lane

(First Person stands in front of other and squats and stands in time as asking the question.
Second Person does same action while answering now still first person
Both people link arms and swing each other around during third verse
Both people find another person each and repeat until everyone knows the muffin man)

My Big-A-Tall Hat

One day, while I was riding on the subway
My big-a-tall hat; It looka like that
I placed it on the seat beside me
My big-a-tall hat; It looka like that
A big a fat a lady came and sat upon it
My big-a-tall hat; It looka like that
A big a fat a lady came and sat upon it
My big-a-tall hat; It looka like that
Christopher Columbus, now what do you think of that?
A big a fat a lady she sat upon my hat, my hat
She broke, it was no joke, my hat she broke, it was no joke
Christopher Columbus, now what do you think of that?
My hat!

N

National Embalming School

Tune: "Oh Christmas Tree"

We live for you we, we die for you,
National Embalming School.
We do our best to give you rest,
National Embalming School.
We make a coffin out of tin,
Then dig a hole to put you in.
We live for you we, we die for you,
National Embalming School.
To thee we sing to thee we drool,
National Embalming School.
We stuff the corpse, we stuff the ghoul,
National Embalming School.
When you feel hollow deep inside,
We fill you with formaldehyde.
Our boys get hot when you get cool
National Embalming School.

Tune: "A-Hunting We Will Go"

Post mortem, post mortem, post mortem,
Autopsy we must have.
Post mortem, post mortem, post mortem,
Autopsy we must have.

Tune: The Anvil Chorus

Cut, slice, slash the body,

We must have a reason.
Gee, how the body stinks,
It must be out of season.

We live for you we, we die for you,
National Embalming School

The New Mmm-Att

Mmm-att went the little green frog
Mmm-att went the little green frog one day
Mmm-att went the little green frog
And mmm-mmm-att went the little green frog
But little green frogs go (clap) "Sha-na-na-na-na"
(Clap) "Sha-na-na-na-na", (clap) "Sha-na-na-na-na"
But little green frogs go (clap) "Sha-na-na-na-na"
They don't go Mmm-mm-Att



Ode to a Girl Scout Leader

Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic
By: Jannette Knieling (jaybird@nauticom.net)

I was glad to have a girl
Because my first child was a son
I thought of all the ruffles
All the frilly bows and fun
I thought of how we'd sit and talk
At night when day was done
Wasn't I the foolish one?

She was only 1/2 past 7
When they called me to the fore
I said, "Oh no, I'm not equipped"
They said, "oh yes, what's more
We will train you in the basics
And outfit you for the corp."
And they shoved me out the door.

Glory, Glory, I'm a leader
How'd I get to be a leader?
All I did was have a daughter
Is this the price I pay?

They taught me to be thrifty
To be thoughtful, to be true
They taught me to string beads
Like all the noble Indians do

I had to learn to dig a trench
And how to use it too
And you should taste our stew.

I had to learn to sing songs that
I didn't understand
I learned to dance the polka
And to make a rhythm band
To think of what to do and to
Forget what I had planned
And they say that scouting's grand

Glory, Glory, I'm a leader
Me, they had to make a leader
I can't even build a fire
Let alone put up a tent.

We went walking in the woodland
Just my girl scout troop and me
The handbook say that nature
Has a wealth of sights to see
It's true that we were sights
When we were found eventually
And I do this all for free!

I'm not meant to be a leader
I don't know which bird is which
My wiener forks all burn up
We come home from hikes and itch
The sit-upons all fell apart
I showed them the wrong stitch
But no one wants to switch!

Glory, Glory, I'm a leader
Someone's got to be a leader
Tell me why I should be happy
When no one envies me.

But even though I grumble
And I mumble and I shout
And some days I just sit and wonder
What's the best way out
I guess when all is said and done
There isn't any doubt
I'm glad to be a scout.

So if you see me packing
For those weekend over nights
With a lot of happy scouts
Agathering tents and pots and lights
We'll be back home when its over
Dirty, tired and covered with bites
But we've seen natures sights.

Glory, Glory, I'm a leader

Hallelujah, I'm a leader
They can carve it on my tombstone
"Here's a gal who did her best."

P

The Peppiest Camp

The peppiest camp I ever did see never goes a poking
If I were to tell you the pep it had you'd think I was joking
It's not the pep in a pepper pop or the pep in a popcorn popper
It's not the pep in a mustard jar or the pep in a vinegar stopper
It's good old fashioned PEP!
The kind that here is proud
O'Camp Hoffman, O' Camp Hoffman
The peppiest camp around, Hey!

Pink Pajamas

(Tune: The Battle Hymn of the Republic)

This is a classic that people from all parts of the country and the world know. Coming soon, I will have a Skit Page, and I can tell you a great skit for Pink Pajamas!

I wear my pink pajamas in the summer when it's hot
And I wear my flannel nighty in the winter when it's not
And sometimes in the spingtime and the fall
I jump beneath the covers with nothing on at all
Glory, glory hallelujah
Glory, glory what's it to ya?
Balmy breezes blowin' right through ya
With nothing on at all!

The Polar Bear Song

This is a song sung at Camp Hoffman during Polar Bear swim. Polar Bear swim is when you wake up at 6AM and go swimming. You earn a pin in the end if you can do this faithfully for one week. You sing this song really, really loud while in the water to wake up all the rest of the camp. I've done this swim before and boy, is it cold!

We are the polar bears; brave and bold
We never get hot and we never get cold
Because going swimming often occurs
And the rest of the time we have plenty of fur!
Grrrrrrrrrrrrrr!

Poor Little Bug on the Wall

Poor little bug on the wall
No one to help him at all
No one to wash his clothes
No one to tickle his toes
Poor little bug on the wall
Underwater style

(Low style, high style, baby style, Australian style, English style, Jamaican style)

Prairie Flower

While at camp, if you lose something, you must sing this song solo in front of your whole unit while bobbing up and down, in order to get your item back. This song is a funny way to teach you not to lose you things again.

I'm a little prairie flower
Growing taller by the hour
I wish I may, I wish I might
Have the thing I lost last night

Q

R

Ram, Sam, Sam

A ram sam sam, a ram sam sam, gooli gooli gooli gooli ram sam sam.
A ram sam sam, a ram sam sam, gooli gooli gooli gooli ram sam sam.
Arra-tay arra-tay, gooli gooli gooli gooli ram sam sam
Arra-tay arra-tay, gooli gooli gooli gooli ram sam sam

Ravioli

Tune: "Alouette"

*Chorus: Ravioli, I like ravioli
Ravioli, It's the best for me!

Leader: Do I have it on my shirt?
Group: Yes you have it on your shirt.
Leader: On my shirt?
Group: On your shirt !
All: Ohhhhhhhhhhhhh.....

*

(Repeat the song with other things like: pants, hat, socks, shoes, hair, face...)

Rufes Rafus

One of my favorites. When you get to the "C, that's the way..." use sign language to spell out all the letters of the word "Chicken"

Rufes, rafus, Johnson, Brown
What ya gonna do when the rent rolls round
What ya say? What ya gonna pay?
What ya gonna do on the judgement day?
Oh, you know I know rent means dough
Landlord's gonna throw you out in the snow
Oh, rufes, rafus, Johnson, Brown
What ya gonna do when the rent rolls round

C, that's the way it begins
H, I'm the second letter in
I, I am the third letter
C, I'm the fourth letter in that word
Oh, K, I'm fillin' in
E, I'm near the end
Oh, C-H-I-C-K-E-N
That's the way you spell chicken!

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S

Sarah the Whale

In Frisco Bay there lived a whale
They fed her oysters by the pail
By thimble, by teacup, by bathtub, and by schooner
Her name is Sarah and when she smiles
She showed her teeth for miles and miles
And tonsils, and spareribs, and things too fierce to mention
Oh, what do you do with a whale like that?
Oh, what would you do if she sat on your hat?
Or your toothbrush or your counselor?
Or anything helpless like that?

Second Story Window

Old King Cole was a merry of soul,
a merry old soul was he.
He call for his pipe
he called for his bowl
And he threw it out the window
The window, the second story window.
He call for his pipe
he called for his bowl
And he threw it out the window .

Mary had a little lamb
It's fleece was white as snow
And everywhere that Mary went
She threw it out the window
The window, the second story window
And everywhere that Mary went
She threw it out the window

(Additional Verses: Old Mother Hubbard, Little Jack Horner, Little Miss Muffet, Jack and Jill, Humpty Dumpty, Peter Peter Pumpkin eater, ect.)

Squishy Orange

Oh, I wish I were a little squishy orange (squish, squish)
Oh, I wish I were a little squishy orange (squish, squish)
I'd go squirty, squirty, squirty over everybodys shirty
Oh, I wish I were a little squishy orange!
Oh, I wish I were a little soda pop (guzzle, guzzle)
Oh, I wish I were a little soda pop (guzzle, guzzle)
I'd go down with a slurp and come up with a burp
Oh, I wish I were a little soda pop!

Oh, I wish I were a little set of wheels (beep, beep)
Oh, I wish I were a little set of wheels (beep, beep)
I'd go speedy, speedy, speedy over everybodys feety
Oh, I wish I were a little set of wheels!
Oh, I wish I was a little bar of soap
Oh, I wish I was a little bar of soap
I'd go shiney, shiney, shiney over everybodys hiney
Oh, I wish I was a little bar of soap

Swimming

Swimming, Swimming, Swimming
In the swimming hole
When days are hot
And days are cold
In the swimming hole.
Breaststroke, Sidestroke, Butterfly,
Fancy diving, too
Don't you wish you never
Had anything else to do.
But.....(Three times faster)

T

Take Me Out of This Camp, Please!

Tune: "Take Me Out To The Ballgame"

Take me out of this camp, please
Take me out of this zoo
I'm sick and tired of arts and crafts
And diving off all the same crummy rafts
All we do is clean the latrines
No one lets us have any fun
So its run, run, run away from here
'Til we can go home.

Tarzan of the Apes

I like bananas, coconuts and grapes
I like bananas, coconuts and grapes
I like bananas, coconuts and grapes
That's why they call me Tarzan of the Apes

Three Little Angels

Three little angels all dressed in white
Trying to get to heaven on the end of a kite
But the kite string broke and down they all fell
Instead of going to heaven the all went to...
Two little angels...
One little angel...
Three little devils all dressed in red
Trying to get to heaven on the end of a thread
But the thread string broke and down they all fell
Instead of going to heaven the all went to...
Two little devils...
One little devil...
Three little witches all dressed in black
Trying to get to heaven in a caddilac
But the caddalac broke and down they all fell
Instead of going to heaven the all went to...
Two little witches...
One little witch... All dressed in brown
Trying to get to heaven dressed as a clown
But the clown costume ripped and down they all fell
Instead of going to heaven they all went to...
Two little pumpkins...
One little pumpkin...
Three little goblins all dressed in green
Trying to get to heaven in a submarine
But the submarine broke and down they all fell
Instead of going to heaven they all went to... (third time only) BED!
Two little goblins...
One little goblin...

The Three Bears

This is a hard song to learn and an even harder song to teach. Clapping your hands and slapping your knees will help you keep the rhythm, but you really need to hear it to learn it. There isn't much of a tune either.

Once upon a time in a nursery rhyme there were three bears
One was mama bear, one was papa bear, and one was a wee bear
They all went a walking in the deep woods a talking
And along came the girl with the long golden hair
She knocked on the door but no one was there

Along came those three bears
"Someone's been eating my porrage"
Said the papa bear, said the papa bear
"Someone's been eating my porrage"
Said the mama bear, said the mama bear
"Hey mama wee bear," said the little wee bear,
"Someone has broken my chair" Haah!

Along came those three bears
"Someone's been sitting in my chair"
Said the papa bear, said the papa bear

"Someone's been sitting in my chair"
Said the mama bear, said the mama bear
"Hey mama wee bear," said the little wee bear,
"Someone has broken my chair" Haah!

Along came those three bears
"Someone's been sleeping in my bed"
Said the papa bear, said the papa bear
"Someone's been sleeping in my bed"
Said the mama bear, said the mama bear
"Hey mama wee bear," said the little wee bear,
"Someone has broken my chair" Haah!

Goldylocks woke up and broke up the party
And beat it on outta there
"Bye, bye, bye, bye, bye," said the papa bear
"Bye, bye, bye, bye, bye," said the mama bear
"Hey mama wee bear," said the little wee bear,
"So goes the story of the three little bears" Haah!

Tin Song

I'm a little piece of tin
Nobody knows what I have been
Got four wheels and a running board
I'm a four door; I'm a Ford
Honk, honk, rattle, rattle, crash, beep, beep
Honk, honk, rattle, rattle, crash, beep, beep

Tom the Toad

(Tune: Oh, Christmas Tree)

Oh Tom the Toad, Oh Tom the Toad
Why did you jump into the road?
You were so big and green and fat
But now you're small and red and flat.
Oh Tom the Toad, Oh Tom the Toad
Why did you jump into 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 you were flattened by the tread.
Oh Tom the Toad, Oh Tom the Toad
Why are you lying in the road?

Oh Sue the Skunk, Oh Sue the Skunk
Why do you make my tires go thunk?
You did not look from East to West
Now on the road there's such a mess.

Oh Sue the Skunk, Oh Sue the Skunk
Why do you make my tires go thunk?

Oh Possum Pete, Oh Possum Pete
There's nothing left but hair and feet
You thought you'd beat that bus across
Now you look like a pile of moss.
Oh Possum Pete, Oh Possum Pete
There's nothing left but hair and feet

Arm'dillo Tex, Arm'dillo Tex,
Why are you looking so perplexed?
Arm'dillo Tex, Arm'dillo Tex,
Why are you looking so perplexed?
Across the yellow line you strayed,
The truck hit you - like a grenade!
Arm'dillo Tex, Arm'dillo Tex,
Why are you looking so perplexed?

Oh Froggie Fred, Oh Froggie Fred,
Why do you lie there stone-cold dead?
You didn't look as you jumped out,
A ten-ton truck ran up your snout!
Oh Froggie Fred, Oh Froggie Fred,
Why do you lie there stone-cold dead?

Oh Swallow Sam, Oh Swallow Sam,
What turned your body into jam?
In the air you'd quickly speed,
An eighteen-wheeler made you bleed.
Oh Swallow Sam, Oh Swallow Sam,
What turned your body into jam?

Oh Doggie Spot, Oh Doggie Spot,
Upon the road you're such a blot.
Out in the lane you boldly went,
Now your bod's not worth a cent!
Oh Doggie Spot, Oh Doggie Spot,
Upon the road you're such a blot.

Oh Bunny Ben, Oh Bunny Ben,
Why is your body flat and thin?
Out on the road you quickly jumped,
You didn't count on getting bumped.
Oh Bunny Ben, Oh Bunny Ben,
Why is your body flat and thin?

Oh Billy Bat, Oh Billy Bat,
Why are you lying still like that?
Along the road you swooped and flapped,
But a trucker's windshield got you zapped!
Oh Billy Bat, Oh Billy Bat,
Why are you lying still like that?

Oh Turtle Ted, Oh turtle Ted,

Your shell's all broken - so's your head.
In the road you thought you'd travel,
Now you're ground into the gravel.
Oh Turtle Ted, Oh turtle Ted,
Your shell's all broken - so's your head.

Oh, Tom the toad, oh, Tom the toad
Why are you lying in the road
You used to be so good and cautious,
But now you just make me nauseous. 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 used to be so big and sweet,
But now you're just coyote meat
Oh, Tom the toad, oh, Tom the toad
Why are you lying in the road

Trail's End Song

Tune: Frerai's Jacka I am hungry, I am thirsty
When is lunch?, When is swim?
Have you seen my buddy?
Can I have my snack now?
Hug a tree, Can we eat?

U

Um Plucky Plucky

She sat on a hillside and played her guitar, played her guitar, played her guitar
She sat on a hillside and played her guitar
Played her guitar
Um plucky, plucky, um plucky, plucky, um pluck, pluck, pluck
He sat down beside her and smoked his cigar, smoked his cigar, smoked his cigar
He sat down beside her and smoked his cigar
Smoked his cigar
Um plucky, plucky, um plucky, plucky, um pluck, pluck, pluck
He said that he loved her but oh how he lied, oh how he lied, oh how he lied
He said that he loved her but oh how he lied
Oh how he lied
Um plucky, plucky, um plucky, plucky, um pluck, pluck, pluck
They were to be married but somehow she died, somehow she died, somehow she died
They were to be married but somehow she died
Somehow she died
Um plucky, plucky, um plucky, plucky, um pluck, pluck, pluck
He went to her funeral but just for the ride (beep-beep), just for the ride (beep-beep), just for
ride (beep-beep)
He went to her funeral but just for the ride (beep-beep)
Just for the ride (beep-beep)

Um plucky, plucky, um plucky, plucky, um pluck, pluck, pluck
He sat on her tombstone and laughed till he cried, laughed till he cried, laughed till he cried
He sat on her tombstone and laughed till he cried, laughed till he cried
Um plucky, plucky, um plucky, plucky, um pluck, pluck, pluck
The tombstone fell over and squish-squash he died, squish-squash he died, squish-squash he died
The tombstone fell over and squish-squash he died
Squish-squash he died
Um plucky, plucky, um plucky, plucky, um pluck, pluck, pluck
She flew up above him and flittered and flyed, flittered and flyed, flittered and flyed
She flew up above him and flittered and flyed
Flittered and flyed
Um plucky, plucky, um plucky, plucky, um pluck, pluck, pluck
He went down below her and sizzled and fried, sizzled and fried, sizzled and fried
He down below her and sizzled and fried
Sizzled and fried
Um plucky, plucky, um plucky, plucky, um pluck, pluck, pluck
The moral of this is never to lie, never to lie, never to lie
The moral of this is never to lie
Never to lie
Um plucky, plucky, um plucky, plucky, um pluck, pluck, plink!

V

W

The Weekend

[Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic] I have seen the sky in darkness, I have seen it in the sun, I have felt the rain upon me, I've enjoyed the snowy fun. When the weather isn't cloudy or the wind it doesn't blow. It isn't only raining, it's the weekend too, you know. Glory, glory, it's the weekend!
[Repeat.] I can tell because it's raining and it's 42 below, As we Scouts go marching on.

Whooping Cough

Way down yonder, not far off
I bluejay died of a whooping cough
He whooped and he whooped and he whooped so hard
He whooped his head and his tail right off

Second verse, same as the first, just a little bit louder and a little bit worse

Wieney Man

I know a Wieney Man
He owns a wieney stand
He sells everything from hot dogs on down

Someday I'll be his wife
His little wieney wife
Hot dog! I love that Wieney Man!
Wieney Man!
Wieney Man!
GO Wieney Man!

The Woodcutter's Song

(Tune: The Polar Bear Song) Another song Rita made up :) While we were at CPA (Camp Program Aid) training, the leaders told us to get wood. Well, I have never had so much fun gathering wood because we ended up bringing back whole trees! (they were dead, of course) We rumaged through thick woods trying to find fallen trees that were just right for burning. Our whole unit worked together to drag the trees back to camp. This was our cheer that kept us going!

We are the woodcutter's; tall and mean
We always get dirty and we never get clean
Because cutting trees often occurs
And the rest of the time we have plenty of wood
Arrrrrrrr!

X

Y

Yogi Bear

I have a friend that you don't know, Yogi, Yogi
I have a friend that you don't know, Yogi, Yogi Bear
Yogi, Yogi Bear; Yogi, Yogi Bear
I have a friend that you don't know, Yogi, Yogi Bear
Yogi has a little friend, Boo Boo, Boo Boo
Yogi has a little friend, Boo Boo, Boo Boo Bear
Boo Boo Bear, Boo Boo Bear
Yogi has a little friend, Boo Boo, Boo Boo Bear
Yogi has a girlfriend, Cindy, Cindy
Yogi has a girlfriend, Cindy, Cindy Bear
Cindy, Cindy Bear, Cindy, Cindy Bear
Yogi has a girlfriend, Cindy, Cindy Bear
Yogi has an enemy, Ranger, Ranger
Yogi has an enemy, Ranger, Ranger Smith
Ranger, Ranger Smith, Ranger, Ranger Smith
Yogi has an enemy, Ranger, Ranger Smith
Yogi lives in Jellystone, Jelly, Jelly
Yogi lives in Jellystone, Jelly, Jellystone
Jelly, Jellystone, Jelly, Jellystone

Yogi lives in Jellystone, Jelly, Jellystone
Yogi has a problem, eating, eating
Yogi has a problem, eating, eating food
Eating, eating food, eating, eating food
Yogi has a problem, eating, eating food

You Can't Get To Heaven

*Chorus: Oh you can't get to heaven
On roller skates
'Cause you'll roll right by
Those pearly gates

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.
I ain't gonna grieve My lord no more.

Oh you can't get to heaven:
In xxxxxx's shoes,
'Cause the lord don't allow
Those big canoes.

In a pair of skis
'Cause you'll slide right through
St. Peter's knees.

In a Camp Hoffman boat
'Cause the gosh darn things
Don't even float.

In a limousine
'Cause the lord don't sell
No gasoline

If you get to heaven
Before I do,
Just drill a hole
And pull me through

Z

Zulu King

The Zulu king with the big nose ring, fell in love with a fair young maid
And everynight, by the pale moonlight, across the lake he came
With a hug and a kiss for his zulu miss under the bamboo tree
And everynight, by the pale moonlight, it sounds like this to me
Barump (kiss, kiss) Barump (kiss, kiss) Barump by the Audiea
Barump (kiss, kiss) Barump (kiss, kiss) Barump by the Audiea

I'll build a bongalo for two, my darling, big enough for two, big enough for two my darling, big
enough for two
And you'll be M-I-N-E mine all the T-I-M-E time
And I will L-O-V-E love you all the T-I-M-E time
You are the B-E-S-T best of all the R-E-S-T rest
And I will L-O-V-E love you all the T-I-M-E time
Match in the gas tank BOOM! BOOM!

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