
PACK 1323

SONGBOOK

It's time to sing a song!
I feel it coming on!
Get off your seat,
and on your feet–
It's time to sing a song!

And if you can't sing –

SING LOUD!!!

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Table of Contents

THE BEAVER SONG.....	4
FROGGY!	4
SCOUT VESPERS	5
I'VE GOT THAT SCOUTING SPIRIT	6
TAPS	6
GOD BLESS AMERICA.....	7
ON MY HONOR.....	7
TAKE ME OUT TO THE FOREST	7
THE BEAR.....	8
TAKE ME HOME, COUNTRY ROADS.....	9
CUB SCOUT JOY.....	9
ROCKY TOP	10
THE COWBOY'S LAMENT	11
GHOST RIDERS IN THE SKY.....	12
HOME ON THE RANGE.....	13
GIT ALONG LITTLE DOGIES.....	14
AMAZING GRACE.....	15
MY HEROES HAVE ALWAYS BEEN COWBOYS	16
BLOWING IN THE WIND.....	17
AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL.....	18
BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC	19
SHAVING CREAM.....	20
DEEP IN THE HEART OF TEXAS	21
STAR SPANGLED BANNER.....	21
RING OF FIRE	22
SCOUTER'S SMILE	22

FINEST PACK OF CUB SCOUTS.....	23
FIVE HUNDRED MILES	23
COMPETITION SONG.....	25
HEAD, SHOULDERS, KNEES AND TOES	25
TOM THE TOAD.....	26
JAWS.....	27
PINEWOOD DERBY RACING SONG	28
SAFARI SONG	29
THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND.....	30
BOOM CHICA BOOM SONG.....	30
OL' SLEWFOOT	31
HIKING.....	31
DARK AS A DUNGEON.....	32
AKELA'S TRAIL.....	33
JOE	33
THE QUARTERMASTER'S STORE.....	34
THE GRAND OLD DUKE OF YORK.....	35
AMERICA.....	35
DIXIE	36
IF I HAD A HEAD LIKE A PING PONG BALL	36
THE MINSTREL BOY.....	37
BAZOOKA BUBBLEGUM SONG.....	39
BABY SHARK SONG	40

THE BEAVER SONG

Beaver none Beaver one let's all have some beaver fun

**(Make beaver teeth with your hands and make a
ch,ch.ch.ch.ch,ch,ch,ch,ch sound)**

Beaver 2 beaver 3 lets all climb the beaver tree

**(Pantomime climbing while repeating the
ch,ch.ch.ch.ch,ch,ch.ch,ch sound)**

Beaver 4 beaver 5 let's all do the beaver jive

**(Point up and down diagonally across your body while making
the ch,ch.ch.ch.ch,ch,ch.ch,ch sound)**

Beaver 6 beaver 7 let's all go to beaver heaven

**(Make a halo over your heads and make an AAAH choir-like
sound)**

Beaver 8 beaver 9 STOP! Its beaver time!!!

(Spin and jump around for this part)

GO BEAVERS

GO BEAVERS

GO, GO, GO BEAVERS!!!

FROGGY!

(A repeat after me song)

Dog! [Repeat]

Dog, Cat! [Repeat]

Dog, Cat, Mouse! [Repeat]

Froggy! [Repeat]

Itsy, bitsy, teensy, weensy, little, bitty Froggy! [Repeat]

Fleas and flies are scrumdillicious! [Repeat]

Jump, jump, jump, little Froggy! [Repeat]

Froggy! [Repeat]

SCOUT VESPERS

(Tune: Oh Christmas Tree)

Softly falls the light of day,
While our campfire fades away.
Silently each Scout should ask,
"Have I done my daily task?
Have I kept my honor bright?
Can I guiltless sleep tonight?
Have I done and have I dared
Everything to be prepared?"

Quietly we join as one,
Thanking God for scouting fun
May we now go on our way,
Thankful for another day.
May we always love and share,
Living in peace beyond compare.
As Scout may we find,
Friendships true with all mankind.

Quietly we now will part,
Pledging ever in our heart,
To strive to: do our best each day,
As we travel down life's way.
Happiness we'll try to give,
Trying: a better life to live,
'Till all the world be joined in love,
Living in peace under God above.

I'VE GOT THAT SCOUTING SPIRIT

I've got that Scouting Spirit,

Up in my head,

Up in my head,

Up in my head,

I've got that Scouting Spirit,

Up in my head,

Up in my head to stay.

Deep in my heart, etc.

Down in my feet, etc.

All over me.

TAPS

Verse 1

Day is done,

Gone the sun,

From the lakes,

From the hills,

From the sky.

All is well,

Safely rest,

God is nigh.

Verse 2

Fading light,

praise,

Dims the sight,

And a star,

Gems the sky,

Gleaming bright,

From afar,

Drawing nigh,

Falls the night.

Verse 3

Thanks and

For our days,

Neath the sun,

Neath the stars,

Neath the sky,

As we go,

This we know,

God is nigh.

The bugle call was written during the Peninsula Campaign of the Civil War by General Butterfield, with an assist from his bugler, Oliver W. Norton, in 1862.

"TAPS" went on from its origin as an alternative to "Lights Out" to become not only a signal that day was done, but also to say good-bye to a fallen comrade

GOD BLESS AMERICA

God bless America
Land that I love
Stand beside her
And guide her
Thru the night with
A light from above.
From the mountains, to the prairie
To the oceans white with foam.
God Bless America
My home sweet home.
God Bless America
My home sweet home.

ON MY HONOR

On my honor, I'll do my best, to do my duty to God.
On my honor, I'll do my best, to serve my country as I may.
On my honor, I'll do my best, to do my good turn each day,
To keep my body strengthened and keep my mind awakened.
To follow paths of righteousness.
On my honor, I'll do my best.

TAKE ME OUT TO THE FOREST

(Tune: Take me out to the Ballgame)

Take me out to the forest
Take me out to the wild
Find me a skunk and some old bear tracks
I don't care if I ever get back
For its look, look look at your compass
If it rains, then it pours
For its ouch, slap, sting and you're bit
In the great out-doors!

THE BEAR

The other day I met a bear (repeat)

Out in the woods away out there (repeat)

The other day I met a bear, out in the woods away out there

He said to me why don't you run (repeat)

Cause I can see you've got no gun (repeat)

**He said to me why don't you run, cause I can see you've got no
gun**

And so I ran right out of there (repeat)

But right behind me was the bear (repeat)

**And so I ran right out of there, but right behind me was the
bear**

On the trail ahead of me (repeat)

There was a tree, oh glory be (repeat)

On the trail ahead of me, there was a tree, oh glory be

The lowest branch was ten feet up (repeat)

I'd have to jump and trust my luck (repeat)

**The lowest branch was ten feet up, I'd have to jump and trust
my luck**

And so I jumped into the air (repeat)

But missed that branch a-way up there (repeat)

**And so I jumped into the air, but missed that branch a-way up
there**

Now don't you fret and don't you frown (repeat)

Cause I caught that branch on the way back down (repeat)

**Now don't you fret and don't you frown, cause I caught that
branch on the way back down**

That's all there is there ain't no more. (Repeat)

Unless I meet that bear once more. (Repeat)

**That's all there is there ain't no more, unless I meet that bear
once more.**

TAKE ME HOME, COUNTRY ROADS

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

CHORUS:

Country roads, take me home
To the place, I belong
West Virginia, mountain momma
Take me home, country roads

All my mem'ries, gather 'round her
Miner's lady, stranger to blue water
Dark and dusty, painted on the sky
Misty taste of moonshine, teardrops in my eyes

CHORUS

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

CHORUS

CUB SCOUT JOY

(Tune: "Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee")

Cub Scouts, Cub Scouts, we salute you!
Full of friendships; full of joy.
Laughing, learning, playing, joining;
Something new for every boy.
Growing stronger; growing reverent,
Always try to Do Our Best!
Strive to do a good turn daily;
Facing life with hope and zest!

ROCKY TOP

Wish that I was on old Rocky Top
Down in the Tennessee hills
Ain't no fog or smog on Rocky Top
Ain't no telephone bills.
I once met a girl on Rocky Top,
Half bear, the other half cat.
Wild as a mink, but sweet as soda pop,
I still dream about that.

CHORUS:

Rocky Top, you'll always be
Home sweet home to me.
Good ol' Rocky Top,
Rocky Top, Tennessee,
Rocky Top, Tennessee.

Once two strangers climbed old Rocky Top,
Looking for moonshine still.
Strangers ain't come down from Rocky Top,
Reckon they never will.

CHORUS

Corn won't grow at all on Rocky Top,
Dirt's too rocky by far.
That's why all the folks on Rocky Top
Drink their corn from a jar.

CHORUS

I've had years of cramped-up city life,
Struck like a duck in a pen.
All I know is it's a pity life
Can't be simple again.

CHORUS

THE COWBOY'S LAMENT

As I walked out in the streets of Laredo,
As I walked out in Laredo one day,
I spied a young cowboy all wrapped in white linen
All wrapped in white linen as cold as the clay.

CHORUS:

Oh, beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly,
Play the death march as you carry me along;
Take me to the valley and lay the sod o're me.
For I'm a young cowboy and I know I've done wrong.

"I see by your outfit that you are a cowboy"
These words he did say as I boldly walked by;
"Come sit down beside me and hear my sad story,
I'm shot in the breast and I know I must die.

Go fetch me some water, a cool cup of water
To cool my hot lips then the poor cowboy said
Before I return his spirit had left him
Had gone to his maker the cowboy was dead

CHORUS

GHOST RIDERS IN THE SKY

An old cowpoke went riding out, one hot and windy day,
Upon a ridge he rested as he went along his way,
When all at once a mighty herd of red-eyed cows he saw,
A-plowin' through the ragged skies and up the cloudy draw.

CHORUS:

yip-i-ya-a, Yip-i-ya-o, Ghost Riders in the sky.

Their brands were still on fire and their hooves were made of
steel.

Their horns were black and shiny and their hot breath he could
feel.

A bolt of fear went through him as they thundered through the
sky.

He saw the riders coming hard he could hear their mournful cry.

CHORUS

Their faces gaunt, their eyes were blurred, their shirts all soaked
with sweat,

They're riding' hard to catch the herd, but they ain't caught
them yet.

They've got to ride forever on that range up in the sky.
On horses snorting fire- as they ride on, hear them cry.

CHORUS

And as the riders loped on by him, he heard them call his name,
If you want to save your soul from hell a-riding on our range,
Then cowboy change your ways today, or with us you will ride,
Trying to catch the devil's herd across the endless sky.

HOME ON THE RANGE

Oh, give me a home where the buffalo roam
And the deer and the antelope play
Where seldom is heard, a discouraging word
And the sky is not cloudy all day.

CHORUS:

Home, home on the range,
Where the deer and the antelope play
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,
And the sky is not cloudy all day.

How often at night when the heavens are bright
With the light from the glittering stars
Have I stood there amazed and asked as I gazed
If their glory exceeds that of ours

CHORUS

Oh, give me a land where the bright diamond sand
Flows leisurely down the stream;
Where the graceful white swan goes gliding along
Like a maid in a heavenly dream.

CHORUS

Where the air is so pure, the zephyrs so free,
The breezes so balmy and light,
That I would not exchange my home on the range
For all the cities so bright.

CHORUS

Oh, I would not exchange my home on the range,
Where the deer and the antelope play;
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

CHORUS

GIT ALONG LITTLE DOGIES

As I was a walkin' one morning' for pleasure,
I spied a cowpuncher a ridin' alone
His hat was thrown back and his spurs were a-jinglin'
And as he approached he was singin' this song.

CHORUS:

Whop-ee ti-yi-yo git along little dogies;
It is your misfortune and none of my own;
Whoop-ee ti-yi-yo git along little dogies,
You know that Wyoming will be your new home.

Its early spring when we round up the dogies.
We mark 'em and brand 'em and bob off their tails,
Round up the horses and load the chuck wagon,
Then throw the little doggies upon the long trail.

CHORUS

Your mother was raised a way down in Texas,
Where the jimson weed and the sand burr grow.
We'll fill you up on prickly pear and cholla,
'Till you are ready for Idaho.

CHORUS

AMAZING GRACE

CHORUS:

Amazing grace! How sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

T'was grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
Now precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

CHORUS

Through many dangers, toils
And snares, I have already come;
It's grace that brought me
Safe thus far, and grace
Will lead me home.

CHORUS

When we've been there ten
Thousand years, Bright
Shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing
God's praise, Then when
We first begun.

CHORUS

Amazing Grace! How warm the sound
That gave new life to me
He will my shield and portion be
His Word my hope secures.

CHORUS

MY HEROES HAVE ALWAYS BEEN COWBOYS

I grew up a dreaming of being a cowboy
And loving the cowboy ways
Pursuing the life of my high-riding heroes
I burned up my childhood days.
I learned all the rules of the modern day drifter
Don'tcha hold on to nothing too long.
Just take what you need from the ladies and leave them
With the words of a sad country song.

CHORUS:

My heroes have always been cowboys
They still are it seems.
Sadly in search of and one-step in back of
Themselves and their slow-moving dreams.

Cowboys are special, with their own brand of misery
From being alone too long
To die from the cold in the arms of a nightmare
Knowing well that your best days are gone
And picking up girls instead of my pen
I let the words of my youth fade away
Old worn out saddles and old worn out memories
With no one, and no place to stay.

CHORUS

BLOWING IN THE WIND

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

CHORUS:

The answer my friends is blowing in the wind
The answer is blowing in the wind.

How many years must the mountain exist before it is washed to
the sea?
And how many years must a people exist
Before they're allowed to be free?
And how many times can a man turn his back
And pretend that he just doesn't see?

CHORUS

How many times must a man look up
Before he can see the sky?
And how many ears must one man have
Before, he can hear people cry?
And how many deaths will it take till he knows
That too many people have died?

CHORUS

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

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

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

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

Oh beautiful for patriot dream,
That sees, beyond the years,
Thine alabaster cities gleam,
Undimmed by human tears,
America! America! God shed His grace on thee,
From sea to shining sea.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the
Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of
wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful 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 building Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
Our God is marching on.

CHORUS

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel;
"As ye deal with my condemners, so with you my grace shall
deal;
Let the hero, born of woman; crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

CHORUS

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! By jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

CHORUS

In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

CHORUS

SHAVING CREAM

I have a sad story to tell you.
It may hurt your feelings a bit.
Last night when I walked into my bathroom,
I stepped in a big pile of...

CHORUS:

Ssshhhhhaving cream, be nice and clean.
Shave everyday and you'll always look keen.

I think I'll break off with my girlfriend.
Her antics are strange, I'll admit.
Each time I say, "Darling, I love you",
She tells me that I'm full of...

CHORUS

Our baby fell out of the window.
You'd think that her head would be split.
But good luck was with her that morning;
She fell in a barrel of...

CHORUS

An old lady died in a bathtub;
She died from a terrible fit.
In order to fulfill her wishes,
She was buried in six feet of...

CHORUS

When I was in France with the army,
One day I looked into my kit.
I thought I would find me a sandwich,
But the darn thing was loaded with...

CHORUS

And now, folks, my story is ended.
I think it is time I should quit.
If any of you feel offended,
Stick your head in a barrel of...

CHORUS

DEEP IN THE HEART OF TEXAS

The stars at night - are big and bright (clap x 4)

DEEP IN THE HEART OF TEXAS

The prairie sky - is wide and high (clap x 4)

DEEP IN THE HEART OF TEXAS.

The Sage in bloom - is like perfume (clap x 4)

DEEP IN THE HEART OF TEXAS

Reminds me of - the one I love (clap x 4)

DEEP IN THE HEART OF TEXAS.

The cowboys cry - ki-yip-pie-yi (clap x 4)

DEEP IN THE HEART OF TEXAS

The rabbits rush - around the brush (clap x 4)

DEEP IN THE HEART OF TEXAS.

The coyotes wail - along the trail (clap x 4)

DEEP IN THE HEART OF TEXAS

The doggies bawl - and bawl and bawl (clap x 4)

DEEP IN THE HEART OF TEXAS.

STAR SPANGLED BANNER

Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
what so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thru the perilous fight,
o'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?

And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.

O say, does that Star - Spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

RING OF FIRE

Love Is a Burning Thing
And It Makes a Fiery Ring
Bound By Wild Desire
I Fell Into a Ring of Fire

CHORUS:

I Fell Into a Burning Ring of Fire
I Went Down, Down, Down
And The Flames Went Higher
And It Burns, Burns, Burns
The Ring of Fire
The Ring of Fire

Repeat CHORUS

The Taste of Love Is Sweet
When Hearts like Ours Meet
I Fell For You like A Child
Ohh, But the Fire Went Wild

Repeat CHORUS

Repeat CHORUS

And It Burns, Burns, Burns
The Ring of Fire
The Ring of Fire

SCOUTER'S SMILE

(Tune: When Irish Eyes are smiling)

When Scouters all are smiling,
Sure it's like a morn in spring
For amid their joy and laughter
You can hear the music ring.
When all the crowd are happy
And the night seems bright and gay,
With that fine old Scouting spirit,
Sure it wins you right away.

FINEST PACK OF CUB SCOUTS

(Tune of the Yellow Rose of Texas)

We're the finest Pack of Cub Scouts That you have ever seen,

We're loyal and we're honest, we're never rude or mean.

We're proud to wear our uniform, we like the Gold and Blue.

You know that you can count on us, to live our Promise true.

We follow our Akela, We always do our best.

We work on our advancement, we rarely stop to rest.

We learn while earning badges, Cub Scouts know more than most.

We learn to be good citizens, about that we can boast.

We love our God and country, we respect our fellow man.

We're busy doing good turns, we help each time we can.

We're proud to be Americans; we fly our flag to show

Our land is free for you and me to live and learn and grow.

FIVE HUNDRED MILES

If you miss the train I'm on

You will know that I am gone

You can hear the whistle blow, a hundred miles.

A hundred miles, a hundred miles

A hundred miles, a hundred miles

You can hear the whistle blow, a hundred miles.

CHORUS:

Lord, I'm one, Lord I'm two

Lord, I'm three, oh Lord I'm four

ord, I'm five hundred miles away from home.

Not a shirt on my back

Not a penny to my name

Lord, I can't go back home this-a-way

This a way, this a way

This a way, this a way,

Lord, I can't go back home this a way.

CHORUS

BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS

In 1814, we took a little trip, along with Colonel Jackson down the
mighty Mississipp'.

We took a little bacon & we took little beans, we fought the bloody
British in the town of New Orleans

CHORUS:

Well, we fired our guns and the British kept a comin',
There wasn't quite as many as there was a while ago.

We fired once more and they began a running,
Down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico.

We looked down the river and we see the British come; there must
have been a hundred of 'em beatin' on the drum.

They stepped so high and they made the bugles ring, well, we
stood beside our cotton bales and never said a thing.

CHORUS

O! Hick'ry said we could take 'em by surprise, if we didn't fire a
musket till we looked 'em in the eyes.

We stood quite still till we saw their faces well, then we opened up
our squirrel guns and really gave 'em..... well.

CHORUS

Well, they ran through the briars and they ran through the
brambles, and they ran through the bushes where the rabbits
couldn't go.

They ran so fast that the hounds couldn't catch 'em, down the
Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico.

Well, we fired our cannon till the barrel melted down, then we
grabbed an alligator and we fought another round.

We stuffed his head with cannon balls and powdered his behind,
and when we touched the powder off, the 'gator lost his mind.

CHORUS

Well, they ran through the briars and they ran through the
brambles, and they ran through the bushes where the rabbits
couldn't go.

They ran so fast that the hounds couldn't catch 'em, down the
Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico.

COMPETITION SONG

(Tune: "When the Saints Go Marching In")

Oh, when the Pack begins to sing;
Oh, when the Pack begins to sing;
Sometimes, I just can't tell who's the loudest;
When the Pack begins to sing!

(Each Den in turn :)

Oh, when Den _____ begins to sing;
Oh, when Den _____ begins to sing;
We're gonna try to sing out the loudest;
When Den _____ begins to sing!

Oh, when the parents begin to sing;-etc.

Oh, when the Pack sings all together;
Oh, when the Pack sings all together;
That's when we always sing the PROUDEST;
When the Pack sings all together!

HEAD, SHOULDERS, KNEES AND TOES

Head, shoulders, knees and toes,
Knees and toes,
Head, shoulders, knees and toes,
Knees and toes,
And eyes and ears and mouth and nose,
Head, shoulders, knees and toes.
Knees and toes.

TOM THE TOAD

(Tune: Oh Christmas Tree)

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?
Didn't you see that light turn red?
Now there are tracks across your head.
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?
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, Al the Gator, oh Al the Gator,
You should have waited until later.
Oh, Al the Gator, oh Al the Gator,
You should have waited until later.
You sat upon the yellow line,
And now you're just a streak of slime.
Oh, Al the Gator, oh Al the Gator,
You should have waited until later.

Oh, Jake the Snake, oh Jake the Snake,
Why are you lying in the lake?
Oh, Jake the Snake, oh Jake the Snake,
Why are you lying in the lake?
You did not see the motor boat,
And now your guts are all afloat!
Oh, Jake the Snake, oh Jake the Snake,
Why are you lying in the lake?

GHOST CHICKENS

(Tune: "Ghost Riders in the Sky")

A chicken farmer went out one dark and dreary day.
He rested by the coop as he went along his way.
When all at once a rotten egg hit him in the eye.
It was a sight he dreaded---Ghost Chickens in the sky!

CHORUS:

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

The farmer had raised chickens since he was twenty four.
Working for the Colonel for thirty years or more.
Killing all those chickens, and sending them to fry.
Now they want their revenge---Ghost Chickens in the sky!

CHORUS

Their beaks were black and shiny; their eyes were burning red.
They had no meat or feathers, those chickens were all dead.
They picked up the farmer and he died by the claw.
They cooked him extra crispy---and ate him with cole slaw!

CHORUS

CHORUS

JAWS

(Tune: Do Re Mi)

JAWS a shark, a great big shark
TEETH The things that kinda crunch
BITE the friendly sharks "hello"
US His favorite juicy lunch
BLOOD that turns the ocean red
CHOMP that means the sharks been fed
GULP I guess that we're now dead
That brings us back to
JAWS! JAWS! JAWS! JAWS!

PINEWOOD DERBY RACING SONG

(Tune: Take me out to the Ballgame)

Take me out to the Pinewood
Take me out to the crowd
Buy me some graphite and test track
I don't care if I ever get back
We will root, root root for my racer
If I don't win I can say
That I cut, sanded and designed it myself
In the cub scout way!

B'gosh they're starting the race now
I see my friend's in the heat
He's standing there biting his fingernails
But I am sure he'll never be beat
We will root, root root for my den mate
If he doesn't win we can say
That he cut, sanded and designed it himself
In the Cub Scout way!

It's my turn to race now
And I'm proud to say
My car got to the end of the track
My den leader let me bring it back
The judges have declared a winner
Second was my decision today
But I cut, sanded and designed it myself
In the Cub Scout way!

SAFARI SONG

(Tune: "If you're happy and you know it")

If you're a Tiger and you know it,
Clap your hands.
If you're a Tiger and you know it,
Clap your hands.
If you're a Tiger and you know it,
Then your growl should really show it
If you're a Tiger and you know it,
Clap your hands.

If you're a Wolf and you know it,
Howl out loud.
If you're a Wolf and you know it,
Howl out loud.
If you're a Wolf and you know it,
Then your howl should really show it
If you're a Wolf and you know it,
Howl out loud.

If you're a Bear and you know it,
Shake your paw.
If you're a Bear and you know it,
Shake your paw.
If you're a Bear and you know it,
Then your mighty claws should show it
If you're a Bear and you know it,
Shake your paw.

If you're a Webelos and you know it,
Shout Good Turn.
If you're a Webelos and you know it,
Shout Good Turn.
If you're a Webelos and you know it,
Then your helping hands should show it
If you're a Webelos and you know it,
Shout Good Turn.

THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND

CHORUS:

This land is your land, this land is my land
From California to the New York Island
From the Redwood Forests to the Gulf Stream waters—This Land
was made for you and me.

As I was walking that ribbon of trail ways
I saw below me that endless skyway
I saw a below me that golden valley
This land was made for you and me

CHORUS

I roamed and rambled and followed my footsteps
To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts
And all around me a voice was sounding
This land was made for you and me.

CHORUS

When the sun came shining and I was strolling
The wheat fields waving and dust clouds rolling
A voice was chanting as the for was lifting
This land was made for you and me.

CHORUS

BOOM CHICA BOOM SONG

I said a boom chica boom (repeat)
I said a boom chica boom (repeat)
I said a boom chica racha chica racha chica boom (repeat)
Alright (repeat)
Ok (repeat)
A little softer
A little louder...
A little slower...
A little faster...
Baby style (speak in a high pitched voice)
Janitor Style (broom sweep a broom, sweep-a mop-a)

OL' SLEWFOOT

High on a mountain tell me what do you see?
Bear tracks, bear tracks, looking back at me.
Better find a ranger, boys, before it's too late.
Cause that bear's got all our food and headin' for the gate.

CHORUS:

Well, he's big around the middle and he's broad across the
rump.

Running ninety miles an hour taking thirty feet a jump.
He ain't never been caught; he ain't never been treed.
Some folks say he's a lot like me.

Freeze-dried pork chops, crackers and cheese,
We put 'em in a bear bag and hung 'em in a tree.
Looked in the trees and our rations were gone
Ole Slewfoot's done made himself at home.

CHORUS

Well, I got me a ranger and I got me a gun.
We found ole Slewfoot and got him on the run.
Chased him up a holler and down a well,
We shot him in the bottom just to listen to him yell.

CHORUS

HIKING

Tune: "Caisson Song"

Over hill, over dale, We will hit the wooded trail,
As the Cub scouts go hiking along.
In and out, all around, You will never see us frown,
As the Cub Scouts go hiking along.
And it's hi! hi! hee!
The Cub Scouts are for me,
Shout out our name and shout it strong.
Wherever we go, you will always know,
That the Cub Scouts go hiking along.

DARK AS A DUNGEON

Come all you young fellows, so young and so fine,
And seek not your for-tune in a dark drear-y mine,
It will form as a habit and seep in your soul,
'Till the stream of your blood runs as black as the coal.

CHORUS:

Where it's dark as a dungeon and damp as the dew,
Where the danger is double and the pleasures are few.
Where the rain never falls and the sun never shines,
It's dark as a dungeon way down in the mines. ----

Come on all you young fellows, so young and so fine, and seek
not your fortune in a dark dreary mine,
It will form as a habit and seep in your soul till the stream of
your blood runs as black as the coal.

CHORUS

It's many a man I've seen in my day,
Who lived just to labor his life away,
Like a fiend with his dope and drunkard his wine,
A man will have a lust for the lure of a mine.

CHORUS

I hope when I'm dead and the ages shall roll,
My body will blacken and turn into coal,
Then I'll look from the door of my heavenly home,
And pity the miner a-digging my bones.

CHORUS

AKELA'S TRAIL

(Tune: It's a Small World)

It's a world of fun, it's a world of joy,
and a smile comes easy to every boy.
Things that we've learned today,
Lead along Akela's way.
We are Cub Scouts after all.

CHORUS:

We are Cub Scouts after all;
to all Cub Scouts send the call.
Show Akela we stand tall,
we are Cub Scouts after all.

When we seek our quest, we will do our best,
On Akela's trail, we will never fail.
Without any doubt's,
we will be loyal Scouts.
We are Cub Scouts after all.

CHORUS

JOE

In this one the audience repeats each line straight after the leader and keeps the ever increasing actions going through the whole thing.

Hi
my names Joe
I work in a button factory
One day my boss says to me
are you busy?
So I say no
so he says push this button with your right hand.

As the song progresses, you add in more bits to push the button with until you are leaping around like mad. You can push buttons with almost anything including hands, legs, heads, and backsides.

THE QUARTERMASTER'S STORE

There are rats, rats, as big as alley cats,
At the store, at the store.
There are rats, rats, as big as alley cats,
At the Quartermaster's store.

CHORUS:

My eyes are dim, I cannot see.
I have not brought my specks with me.

Snakes . . . as big as garden rakes.
Beans . . . as big as submarines.
Gravy . . . enough to float the navy.
Cakes . . . that give us tummy aches.
Goats . . . eating all the oats
Bees . . . with little knobby knees.
Apes . . . eating all the grapes.
Flies . . . swarming 'round the pies.
Fishes . . . washing all the dishes.
Scouts . . . eating brussel sprouts.
Leaders . . . slapping at the skeeters.
Antelopes . . . eating cantaloupes.
Beavers...wielding rusty cleavers.
Bears . . . with curlers in their hair.
Bobwhites . . . wearing silken tights.
Buffalos . . . with mud between their toes.
Eagles . . . chasing little beagles.
Foxes . . . stuffed in little boxes.
Owls . . . eating paper towels.

THE GRAND OLD DUKE OF YORK

When the word up is sung, everyone stands up, and when the word down is sung, everyone sits down. Go through the song several times, getting faster each time.

The Grand Old Duke of York,
He had ten thousand men.
He marched them up the hill, and
then he marched them down again.
And when they're up they're up.
And when they're down they're down,
But when they're only halfway up,
They're neither up nor down.

AMERICA

(My Country 'Tis of Thee)

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountainside
Let freedom ring!

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

DIXIE

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

CHORUS:

I wish I was in Dixie, hooray! Hooray!
In Dixieland I'll take my stand to live and die in Dixie;
Away, away, away down south in Dixie.

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 to travel,
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixieland.

CHORUS

IF I HAD A HEAD LIKE A PING PONG BALL

(Tune: Lone Ranger Theme - William Tell Overture)

If I had a head like a ping pong ball,
If I had a head like a ping pong ball,
If I had a head like a ping pong ball
Like a piiiiiiiiiiing pong ball
Like a ping pong (7 times) ball
Like a ping pong (6 times) Ball
If I had a head like a ping pong ball
If I had a head like a ping pong ball,
If I had a head like a ping pong ball
I'd flyyyyyyyyyyyyyy away!

THE MINSTREL BOY

The Minstrel Boy to the war is gone
In the ranks of death you will find him;
His father's sword he hath girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him;"
Land of Song!" said the warrior bard,
"Tho' all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The Minstrel fell! But the foeman's chain
Could not bring that proud soul under;
The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder;
And said "No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and brav'ry!
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slavery!"

YOGI BEAR

(Tune: Camptown Races)

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 little friend,
Boo-boo, Boo-boo,
Yogi has a little friend,
Boo-boo, Boo-boo Bear,
Boo-boo, Boo-boo Bear, Boo-boo, Boo-boo Bear,
Yogi has a little friend,
Boo-boo, Boo-boo Bear,
Yogi has a girlfriend too,
Cindy, Cindy,
Yogi has a girlfriend too,
Cindy, Cindy Sue,
Cindy, Cindy Sue, Cindy, Cindy Sue,
Yogi has a girlfriend too,
Cindy, Cindy Sue,
They all have an enemy,
Ranger, Ranger,
They all have an enemy,
Ranger, Ranger Smith,
Ranger, Ranger Smith, Ranger, Ranger Smith,
They all have an enemy,
Ranger, Ranger Smith,
They all live in Jellystone,
Jelly, Jelly,
They all live in Jellystone,
Jelly, Jellystone,
Jelly, Jellystone, Jelly, Jellystone,
They all live in Jellystone,
Jelly, Jellystone,

BAZOOKA BUBBLEGUM SONG

My momma gave me a penny
She told me to go eat at Denny's
But I didn't buy no Denny's

CHORUS:

Instead, I bought bubblegum.
Bazooka-zooka bubblegum
Bazooka-zooka bubblegum

My momma gave me a nickel
She told me to buy a pickle
But I didn't buy no pickle

CHORUS

My momma gave me a dime
She told me to buy a lime
But I didn't buy no lime

CHORUS

My momma gave me a quarter
She told me to buy some water
But I didn't buy no water

CHORUS

My momma gave me a dollar
She told me not to holler
But I am gonna holler

CHORUS

For some bubblegum.
Bazooka-zooka bubblegum
Bazooka-zooka bubblegum

BABY SHARK SONG

Baby Shark dut do dut dut dut-do Baby Shark dut do dut dut
dut-do Baby Shark dut do dut dut dut-do Baby Shark...

Repeat with: Mama shark

Daddy shark

Grandpa shark

Great white Shark

Swimmer guy

See the fin

Swimming faster

Shark attack

Happy shark

ACTIONS:

Baby shark Alligator with hands

Mama shark Alligator with elbows and hands

Daddy shark Alligator with entire arms

Grandpa shark alligator with fists

Hungry shark-make fin on your head, rub your stomach

Swimmer guy- Act like you are swimming

See the fin- make fin on head and move around

Swim faster – swim faster

Shark attack – jump around

happy shark Make-fin on head and smile