

S O N G S

The attached songs were handed in as camp related songs from various leaders. These songs may/may not have been orginated from the submitters. As far as we know these songs are public domain.

SONGS

A singing camp is a happy camp. Of all the forces that break down the barriers of reserve and shyness, that promote morale and good fellowship, none exceed community songs around the campfire.

Campfire songs should express the true spirit of Christ; they should make loyalty to Christian ideals something natural and sincere. This part of the campfire may well inspire reverence, quicken comradeship, and still express plenty of honest fun and good spirits.

WHERE TO FIND CAMP SONGS

Community song sheets, consisting of large folders containing the words of many songs but no music, may be obtained at a nominal cost in lots of 100 or more. These are recommended:

- "Community Songs" by National Recreation Assn.,
315 4th Ave., New York City
- "Community Songs" by Association Press
291 Broadway, New York City
- "Camp Songs 'n' Things" (words, action and music)
by Carl E. Zander and Wes H. Klusmann, catalog
number 3249, National Supply Service, Boy
Scouts of America
- "Action Songs" (words, action and music) -
National Recreation Association

Special camp songs and local parodies may be mimeographed; this is a good way to teach new songs.

RULES FOR SONG LEADERS

New material should seldom be taught to the whole group at the campfire; the dining hall is a better place to put it across, using mimeo sheets for the words.

1. Relax - you don't have to be a singer or a symphony director to lead Council fire songs. A simple, easy up and down beat is enough.
2. Explain clearly just what they are going to sing, and make sure they know the words.
3. Give them the proper key by humming it, or by means of some musical instrument. Start all together with a down beat.
4. Preserve your sense of humor; you are dealing with boys, so don't expect perfection.
5. An instrumental background is fine, even if it is merely a harmonica.
6. A staff quartet will be an excellent nucleus for a good song session - it will carry both words and music, and put across any song.
7. Have each patrol sing a song, then get everybody together to combine. This is an old song-leader's trick; it is still as good as ever. For example, have the staff sing, then the campers, then all together.
8. As a general proposition all songs that are not too long should be sung twice . . . once for practice, and once for perfection.
9. Explain that all songs should not be sung loudly. After you get the group really singing, try one verse very softly, then a little louder for barbershop harmony.

SONGS CON'T

RULES FOR SONG LEADERS CON'T.

10. Action songs are generally "hit numbers" - but be sure you know them well. This also applies to rounds, such as "Row Your Boat" and "Three Blind Mice."
11. Never ask, "What shall we sing next?" You will get as many answers as there are campers. Have your songs in mind beforehand, and hold a few in reserve. This will tend to sidetrack numbers with somewhat doubtful lyrics that may be suggested. Above all, make sure your opening song is a natural hit number, loved by all, and that your finale has a patriotic or spiritual flavor, and allows the holy spirit to manifest itself.

STUNTS FOR YOUR SONG LEADER

While by no means musical, the following stunts are good fun, and your song leader may be the logical man to put them across. They are useful as ice-breakers, and to get the group into a singing mood.

THE SINGING LESSON

The leader explains that after much study he has reduced the art of singing to a few simple exercises, the mastery of which will start anyone on the road to stardom. The three basic vocal sounds are "Oh", "Ah", and "Eee." To visualize these, use the arms in a circle above the head to represent "Oh." Say, "The shape of a wash-tub." "Ah" is made by opening the mouth vertically as far as possible . . . one arm straight up and the other down. "Eee" is made by starting with both hands at the lips as if pulling a string, straighten them out horizontally . . . the mouth takes the same shape, showing the teeth.

The sounds must accompany the action. The climax is reached when, after some practice, the leader says, "Now we'll have an examination . . . you make the motions and sounds, I'll just make the motions." He starts in the order "Oh," "Ah," "Eee," speeding up the "Oh," "Ah," "Eee." He then ends in a most terrible mixup . . . waving his arms around wildly with the crowd trying to follow. Pass them all in the examination . . . then sing.

THE NOISE MACHINE

The leader assigns a certain phrase to each of three groups, and asks everybody to control the volume by means of his arm which acts as a noise-machine switch. As he raises his arm the noise gets louder, as he lowers it the noise dies down to a whisper. He starts with his arm down.

One group is to say, "Rhubarb, rhubarb." A second group must say; "Hi babe." With a rather fast up and down motion of the arm switch, some unusual effects will be produced.

VARIATION

The gestures make this amusing. One group says, "Walla, walla," and

SONGS CON'T.

VARIATION ON THE NOISE MACHINE CON'T.

waves an arm in farewell. Another says, "Hee, haw," and wiggles hands to simulate long ears. A third group taps palms on lips, says "Ki, yi, yi," and peers all around, Indian-fashion. Rehearse each group separately - then all together.

GIANT SNEEZE

This is a good ice-breaker. The leader states that some Indian tribes believe that a good sneeze clears the mind. He rehearses each group in making these sounds, using a third of the assembly for each:

1. O-HISHIE!
2. O-HASHIE!
3. O-HOOSHIE!

Now everybody combines in one giant sneeze. The leader's response is "God bless you!"

THE "CLASS A" HANDCLAP

When a leader earns some special applause, it is good to give him a "Class A" which is a rhythm handclap. This stunt is good for teaching coordination, and may be very amusing if the Leader confuses his group by pretending to complete the handclap, then suddenly stopping. Leaders are warned that this may happen, and are told to watch the leader and do exactly as he does.

The tempo is very fast; the right hand strikes down into the left. The count is (1-2-3-4) (1-2) (1-2);
(1-2-3-4) (1-2) (1-2);
(1-2-3-4) (1-2-3-4) (Pause)
(1). (This last clap is very loud.)

After perfecting this handclap, the leader suddenly stops just before the final (1) clap. There will be plenty of red faces when several of the group complete this last clap in spite of themselves.

SOUND EFFECTS

The leader tells his group that he wants to test their ability to do things together, to show teamwork and cooperation, using the following:

RAIN

Clapping hands very fast, with the tempo of falling rain, the leader slowly raises his hands well above his head. With hands low the clapping is very, very, soft, hardly audible. As the hands are raised higher the group finally reaches wild handclap applause . . . then the rain dies away to complete silence as the hands are lowered.

THE ARMY MARCHES BY

The tempo here is much slower. The hands are clapped with a steady marching tempo, but the volume is built up and reduced as explained above, as the army gets closer and closer . . . then recedes. However, the steady marching tempo must not be increased.

THE HAPPY WANDERER

I love to go a-wandering, Along the mountain
track
And as I go, I love to sing my knapsack on
my back

TAPS

Day is gon, gone the sun
From the lake, from the hills, from the sky
All is wll, safely rest, God is nigh.

Fading light dims the sight
And a star gems the sky, gleaming bright
From afar, drawing nigh, Falls the night.

Thanks and praise, for our days
'Neath the sun, 'neath the stars, 'neath the sky
As we go, this we know, God is nigh.

DROOL SONG

Just put a watermelon rind upon my grave
And let the juice.....seep through
Just put a watermelon rind upon my grave
That's all I ask of you.

I've tasted fried chicken and it tastes mighty
fine
But nothing tastes better than watermelon
rind.

Just put a watermelon rind upon my grave
And let the juice.....seep through.

WE'RE ALL TOGETHER AGAIN,
WE'RE HERE

We're All together again, we're here, we're here,
We're all together again, we're here, we're here,
And who knows when we'll be all together
again
Singing all together again, we're here

I POINTS TO MINESELF

I points to mineself, vas is das here?
Das is mine top-notcher, ya mama dear
Top-notcher, top-notcher, ya mama dear
Dat's wot I learned in der school, boom, boom!

I points to mineself, vas is das here?
Das is mine sweat-browser, ya mama dear
Sweat-browser, top-notcher, ya mama dear
Dat's wot I learned in der school, boom-boom!

Top notcher.....top of head
 Sweat-browser.....brow
 Eye-winker.....eye
 Horn-blower.....nose
 Soup-strainer.....moustache
 Lunch-eater.....mouth
 Chin-chowser.....chin
 Rubber-necker.....neck
 Chest-protector.....chest
 Bread-basket.....tummy
 Foot-stamper.....foot

JOHN JACOB JINGLIHEIMER SCHMIDT

John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmidt
 His name is my name too
 When ever we go out, the people always shout,
 'John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmidt'
 da - da - da - da - da - da

DIE ORCHESTRA

Ich kann spiele musica (repeat)
 Volle ganz die musica (repeat)
 Ich kann spiele (repeat)
 Du don spiele (repeat)
 Speile die piano

die viola
die tuba
die big bas drum
die bagpipes
die orchestra

PADDLE SONG

Our paddles keen and bright, flashing like
 silver
 Swift as the wild goose flight, dip, dip, and
 swing
 Dip, dip, and swing them back, flashing like
 silver
 Swift as the wild goose flight, dip, dip and
 swing

 (Some boys can sing throughout, dip, dip, and swing):

ONE FINER' ONE THUMB

One finger, one thumb, one hand keep moving,
 One finger, one thumb, one hand keep moving,
 One finger, one thumb

 One finger, one thumb, one hand keep moving,
 And we'll all be Praise the Lord!

 One finer, one thumb, one hand, two hands
 keep moving.....

.....one arm
.....two arms
.....one leg
.....two legs
.....stand-up, sit-down
.....turn around

HEAD AND SHOULDERS' KNEES AND TOES

Head and shoulders, knees and toes, knees and toes
Head and shoulders, knees and toes, knees and toes
Eyes and ears and mouth and nose
Head and shoulders, knees and toes, knees and toes.

THE GRAND OLD DUKE OF YORK
(Tune: A-Hunting We will go)

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

DOWN BY THE STATION

Down by the station, early in the morning,
See the little pufferbellies all in a row.
See the station master turn the little handle,
Chug-chug, toot-toot, of we go!
(4 part round)

IF YOUR HAPPY

If your happy and you know it, clap your hands
If your happy and you know it, clap your hands
If your happy and you know it, then you really
ought to show it
If your happy and you know it, clap you hands

.....Stamp you feet
.....Shout hooray
.....Do all three

ONE FAT HEN

One fat hen,
And a couple of ducks,
Three baby brown bears,
Four rabbit-running hares,
And five fat figgity females,
Six Simple Simons selling salt in Siam,

Seven slimey sailors sniffing snuse,
And eight elongated elephants being elevated
in an escalator
Nine nasty-nose nymbrios nibbling on nine
nasty-nose nymbriots
And ten two-ton, two-tone transcontinental
trucks, with trailor, traveling from Tallahassee,
Tennessee to Tyler, Texas!

HAM AND EGGS

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

GING GANG GOOLI

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, heyla ho.

Shalli-walli, shalli-walli, shalli-walli,
shalli-walli, oompa-oompa-oompa-oompa

NOTE: One half sings 'oompas' while chorus is
sung and then halves change sides.

FURTHER NOTE: Should we end together?

ZULU WARRIOR

I kama zimba zimba zaya, I kama zimba zimba zee.
I kama zimba zimba zaya, I knam zimba zimba zee..
See him there, the Zulu warrior
See him there the Zulu Chief, chief, chief, chief.
See him there the Zulu warrior
See him there the Zulu Chief, chief, chief.

CAMP MENU SONG

Today is Monday, today is Monday,
Monday, BREAD and BUTTER
Is everybody happy?
Well, I should say!

Today is Tuesday, today is Tuesday,
Tuesday, STRING BEANS
Is everybody happy?
Well, I should say!

WEDNESDAY...Sou-oop; THURSDAY...Roast beef; FRIDAY... fi-ish; SATURDAY...payday
SUNDAY...church (quietly)

CALAMINE LOTION

Flea!
Flea, Fly!
Flea, Fly, Mosquito
Calamine, calamine, calamine, lotion
Oh, no more calamine lotion
Itchy, itchy, scratchy, scratchy,
Oo-oo I've got one on my back-y!

I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THE RAILROAD

I've been working on the railroad all the live long day
I've been working on the railroad just to pass the time away;
Can't you hear the whistle blowing
Rise up so early in the morn;
Can't you hear the captain shouting,
"Dinah blow your horn!"

Donah won't you blow, Dinah won't you blow
Dinah won't you blow your horn, your horn
Dinah won't you blow, Dinah won't you blow
Dinah won't you blow your horn!

Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah
Someone's in the kitchen I know
Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah
Strummin' on the old banjo

Fee-fi-fiddely-I-oh! Fee-fi-fiddely-I-o-oh!
Fee-fi-fiddely-I-Oh!
Strummin' on the old banjo.

Fee-plunk, fi-plunk, fiddely-I-oh-plunk!
Fee-fi-fiddely-i-oh, plunk-plunk-plunk!
Fee...Fi...Fiddely-I-oh
Strummin' on the old banjo.

KUM BA YAH

Kum ba yah, my Lord, kum ba yah!
Kum ba yah, my Lord, kum ba yah!
Kum ba yah, my Lord, kum ba yah!
O'Lord, kum ba yah.

Someone's crying, Lord.....
Someone's singing, Lord.....
Someone's praying, Lord.....

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 mornin';
Look away, look away, look away, Dixeland

CHORUS:

Then 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..
Away, away, away down south in Dixie.

There's buckwheat cakes and Indian batter,
Makes you fat or a little fatter;
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.

CLEMENTINE

Oh, my darling, oh, my darling, oh, my darling Clementine
Thou art lost and gone for ever; Dreadful sorry, Clementine!

Light she was and like a fairy, and her shoes were number
nine;
Herring boxes, without topes, Sandals were for Clementine.

Drove she ducklings to the water, ev'ry morning just at nine;
Hit her foot against a splinter, Fell into the foaming brine..

Saw her lips above the water, Blowing bubbles, mighty fine;
But alas! I was no swimmer, So I lost my Clementine.....

SHENANDOAH

Oh, Shenandoah, I long to hear you
Away you rolling river
Oh, Shenandoah, I long to hear you
Away, we're bound away 'cross the wide Missouri

Oh, Shenandoah, I love your daughter
Away, you rolling river
Oh, Shenandoah, I love your daughter
Away, we're bound away 'cross the wide Missouri

Oh, Shenandoah, I'm bound to leave you
Away, you rolling river
Oh, Shenandoah, I'll not deceive you
Away, we're bound away 'cross the wide Missouri.

THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND

This land is your land, this land is my land
From California to the New York Island
From the redwood forest to the gulf stream waters
This land was made for you and me

As I went walking that ribbon of highway
I saw above me that endless skyway
I saw below me that golden valley
This land was made for you and me

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

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

SHE'LL BE COMING AROUND THE MOUNTAIN

She'll be coming around the mountain when she comes (who-hoo)
She'll be coming 'round the mountain when she comes
She'll be coming 'round the mountain, she'll be
'round the mountain
She'll be coming 'round the mountain when she comes.

-She'll be drivin' six white horses when she comes (whoa, back)
-And we'll all go out to meet her when she comes (Hi, Babe)
-And we'll kill the old red rooster when she comes (hack-hack)
-And we'll all have chick'n 'n dumplings when she comes (yum--yum)
-And we'll wear our bright red woolies when she comes (scratch-scratch)

RED RIVER VALLEY

From this valley they say you are going
We will miss your bright eyes and sweet smile
For they say you are taking the sunshine
That brightens our pathway a while
Come sit by my side if you love me
Do not hasten to bid me adieu,
But remember the Red River Valley
And the girl that has loved you so true.

Do you think of the valley your leaving?
Oh, how lonely, how sad it will be
Oh, think of the fond heart you're breaking
And the grief you are causing me to see

From this valley they say you are going
When you go, may your darling go too
Would you leave her behind unprotected?
While she loves no other but you.

As you go to your home by the ocean
May you never forget those sweet hours
That we spent in the Red River Valley
And the love we exchanged 'mid the flowers.

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.

Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
His truth is marching on....

I have seen him in the watchfires of a hundred circling
camps;
They have builded him an alter in the evening dew and damps
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring
lamps
His day is marching on....

He has sounded forth his trumpet that shall never call
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...

HE'S GOT THE WHOLE WORLD IN HIS HANDS

He's got the Whole World in his hands
He's got the Big Round World in his hands
He's got the Wide World in his hands
He's got the whole world in his hands

.....Little bitty baby
.....You and me brother
.....Everybody here
.....Whole world, whole wide world
.....Wind and the rain, Sun and the moon

WON'T YOU COME WITH ME

Won't you come with me to my father's house,
to my father's house, to my father's house
Won't you come with me to my father's house
There is peace, peace, peace.

There's sweet contentment there.....

There'll be no parting there.....

FAITH OF OUR FATHERS

Faith of our fathers, living still
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword
Oh how our hearts beat high with joy
When'er we hear that glorious word

CHORUS:

Faith of our fathers, holy faith
We will be true to thee til death

Faith of our fathers, we will strive
to win all nations unto thee
And through the truth that comes from God
Mankind shall then indeed be free

CHURCH IN THE WILDWOOD

There's a church in the valley by the wildwood
No Lovelier place in the dale,
No spot is so clear to my childhood
As the little brown church in the vale

CHORUS:

O, come, come, come, come
Come to the church in the wildwood,
O, come to the church in the dale
No spot is so dear to my childhood
As the little brown church in the vale.

How sweet on a bright sabbath morning
To list to the clear running bells
It's tones so sweetly are calling,
O, come to the church in the vale.

WORTH OF CHRISTMAS

Light of our Father's love, still
In light of day, we live and grow
Oh how our hearts beat fast with joy
When at we hear your glorious name

SONG:

Light of our Father's love, still
In light of day, we live and grow
Oh how our hearts beat fast with joy
When at we hear your glorious name
Light of our Father's love, we will arrive
To win all hearts and lives
For through the night that comes from God
Marking that light, we live

CHRIST IN THE WOODS

There's a church in the valley by the wood
No longer there to the light
No spot is so clear as my childhood
As the little town that is the site

VERSE:

O, come, come, come, come
Come to the church in the wood
O, come to the church in the vale
No spot is so clear as my childhood
As the little town that is the site
The seat on a hill in the wood
To live in the church, my dear
It's here so sweetly and calm
O, come to the church in the vale