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Ballads of the Trail
-many chorded for guitar

BOY SCOUT SONGBOOK



BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA

Judy -
So glad you
came & became a
Scout -
Helen Clegg

1979 Printing
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Introduction

Singing is fun, and learning to sing and lead songs is an important part of your patrol and troop program.

Songs are a natural for troop meetings, hikes, camping trips, or when you and your buddies are simply working together.

A good songfest is a part of most campfire programs. Around a blazing campfire you and your fellow Scouts will enjoy singing most.

Songs will create enthusiasm and set a mood for your meetings.

The songs in this book are the kind Scouts are singing every day at camp, troop meetings, and on hikes. Ranging from songs for gay moments to those for quieter times, they are the favorites of Scouts and Scouters across America.

Song Leading

Relax, you don't have to be a professional singer or the director of a symphony to lead campfire songs. Use simple deliberate up-and-down motions with one or both hands to fit the beat or the words. With practice you can develop a style of your own.

For the first song you lead, choose one that is simple and well known by the group. Try an old favorite as a warmer-upper.

Select your songs in advance and be sure you know them well enough to teach them with ease.

Set the pitch for songs by humming or singing the first few bars.

Get the correct pitch and the whole group will sing easily. If you pitch your song too high or too low, stop the song, get the correct pitch, and start over.

Loud singing in good spirit is fine, but a group shouting a song to make noise will soon get out of control.

Never ask the group what song they would like to sing. You will receive too many suggestions and become confused. Be enthusiastic and wear a smile as you lead songs. The way you feel will soon catch on with the group you are leading.

To teach a song, sing it through a couple of times so the boys have a chance to learn the words and tune. Then try quietly singing it together, so everyone will get the feel of it.

An instrumental background will help, even if it is provided by only a single instrument such as a harmonica or guitar. Guitar chords are shown for each song.

Try to organize a singing group in your troop. This group will make a nucleus for a good song session. It can learn new songs in advance and put them across when taught to the troop.

At campfires, follow the fire as you lead songs. Begin with lively songs while the flames leap high. As the fire dies down, sing quiet songs. Close meetings, campfires, or songfests with songs that have a patriotic or inspirational flavor. Lasting impressions will be made as boys quietly sing a favorite closing song.

Songs of Greeting

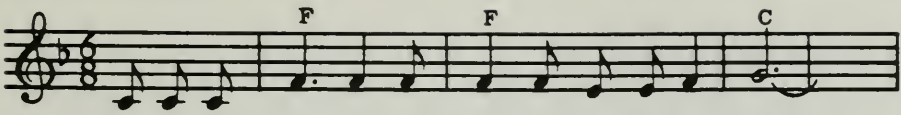
Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of six staves of music. The lyrics are written below the notes. Chord symbols (G, D7) and accents (>) are placed above certain notes. The score includes a repeat sign with first and second endings at the bottom.

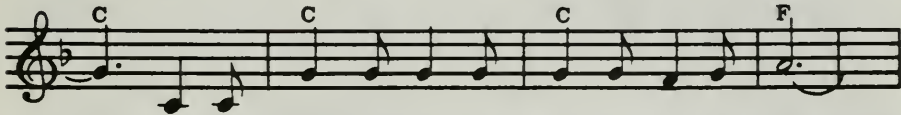
Hail! Hail!— the gang's all
here,— Nev - er mind the weath - er
Here we are to - geth - er. Hail!
Hail!— the gang's all here,—
Let the fun be - gin right
now.— now.—

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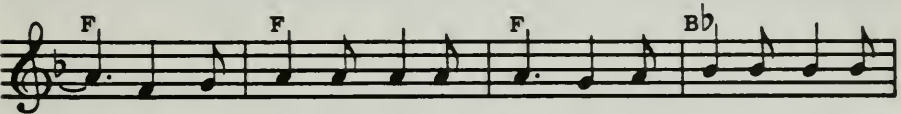
How Do You Do?



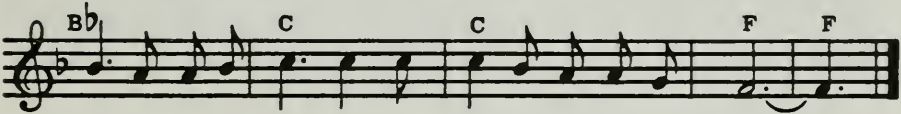
How do you do, Mis-ter . . . ? How do you do?—



— Is there an - y-thing that we can do for you?



—We'll—do the best we can —Stand by you like a



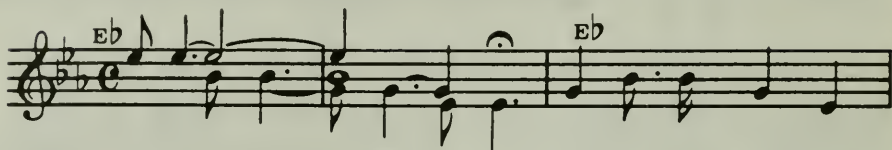
man. How do you do Mis-ter . . . ? How do you do?

Substitute name of person being honored in place of dotted lines.

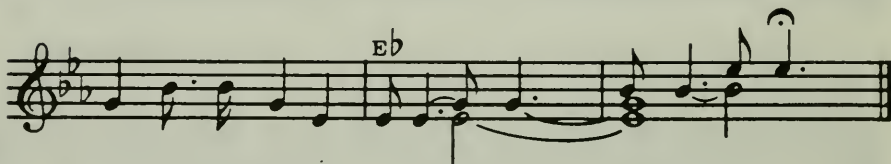
Hello! Hello!

Key: E Flat. Time: 4/4

Divide the singers into four groups; each sings one Hello and holds it through to the completion of the full chord. Sing the middle part in unison.



Hel - lo, Hel - lo, Hel - lo, We're glad to meet you,



We're glad to greet you. Hel - lo, hel - lo, hel - lo, hel - lo.

We're Here for Fun

Tune: "Auld Lang Syne"

We're here for fun right from the start,
So drop your dignity!
Just laugh and sing with all your heart,
And show your loyalty.
May all your troubles be forgot,
Let this night be the best;
Join in the songs we sing tonight,
Be happy with the rest.

We're All Together Again, We're Here

We're all to - geth - er a -
gain, we're here, we're here.— We're
all to - geth - er a - gain, we're here, we're
here.— And who knows when we'll be
all to - geth - er a - gain? sing - ing
All to-gether a-gain, we're here.—

O Dad O' Mine

Tune: "Sweet Adeline"

Key: B Flat. Time: 4/4

Boys use Dad. Fathers echo with Lad.

O Dad o' mine (O Lad o' mine),
Dear Dad o' mine (Dear Lad o' mine),
We'll stand as one (We'll stand as one),
In rain or shine (In rain or shine);
Each night and day (Each night and day),
I'll always say (I'll always say),
You're the best friend in the world,
O Dad o' mine (O Lad o' mine).

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The More We Get Together

Tune: "Ach Du Lieber Augustine"

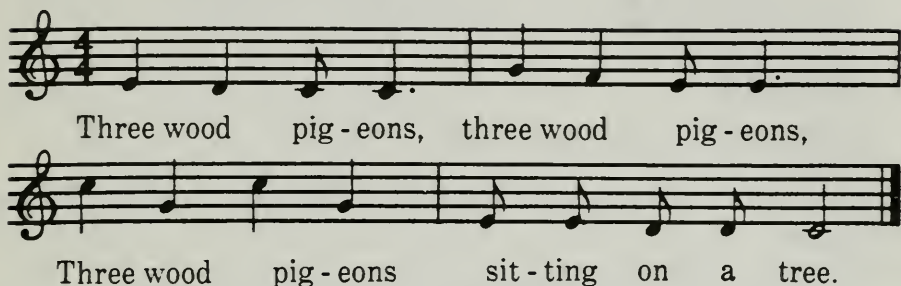
Key of F

The more we get together, together, together,
The more we get together, the happier we'll be.
For your friends are my friends,
And my friends are your friends,
The more we get together, the happier we'll be.

The more we get together, together, together,
The more we get together, the happier we'll be.
For you know that I know,
And I know that you know,
The more we get together, the happier we'll be.

Action Songs

Three Wood Pigeons



Leader: Look! One has flown away?

Group: Oh! *Wailing*

Two wood pigeons, two wood pigeons, etc.

Leader: Look! Another has flown!

Group: Oh-h-h! *Louder wailing*

One wood pigeon, one wood pigeon, etc.

Leader: Oh, oh, oh! There goes the last one!

Group: Oh-h-h! *Very loud wailing*

No wood pigeons, no wood pigeons, etc.

Leader: Look! One has returned! *Joyfully*

Group: Ah-h!

One wood pigeon, etc.

Leader: Another has returned! *Loud cheers*

Two wood pigeons, etc. *More rapidly*

Leader: Hurray! The third one has returned! *Tremendous cheers*

Three wood pigeons, etc. *Rapidly and enthusiastically*

Variation: Three persons may represent the pigeons and "fly" in or out with comical antics.

John Brown's Baby

Tune: "John Brown's Body"

John Brown's baby had a cold upon its chest,
John Brown's baby had a cold upon its chest,
John Brown's baby had a cold upon its chest,
And they rubbed it up with camphorated oil,.

Motions

1st time—sing straight through

2d time—omit singing "baby" and substitute motion of rocking baby

3d time—omit "cold" and substitute a coughing sound

4th time—same as third only substitute striking chest for "chest"

5th time—same as fourth only omit last line and rub chest

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 them up the hill,
Everyone stands up
And marched them down again.

Everyone sits down
And when you're up, you're up;
Everyone up
And when you're down, you're down.
Everyone down

And When you're only halfway up,
Everyone halfway up
You're niether up nor down.
All up All down

Repeat several times; each time getting faster.

Ravioli

Tune: "Alouette"

All: Ravioli, I like ravioli.

Ravioli, it's the best for me.

Leader: Have I got it on my chin?

All: Yes, you got it on your chin.

Leader: On my chin?

All: On you chin. OH-h-h-h-h

Ravioli, I like ravioli.

Ravioli, it's the best for me.

(Continue tie, shirt, pants, shoes, floor, walls. Point to the items as each new word is added by the song leader. It is repeated by the chorus and all preceding verses are sung in reverse order.)

All: Ravioli, I like ravioli.

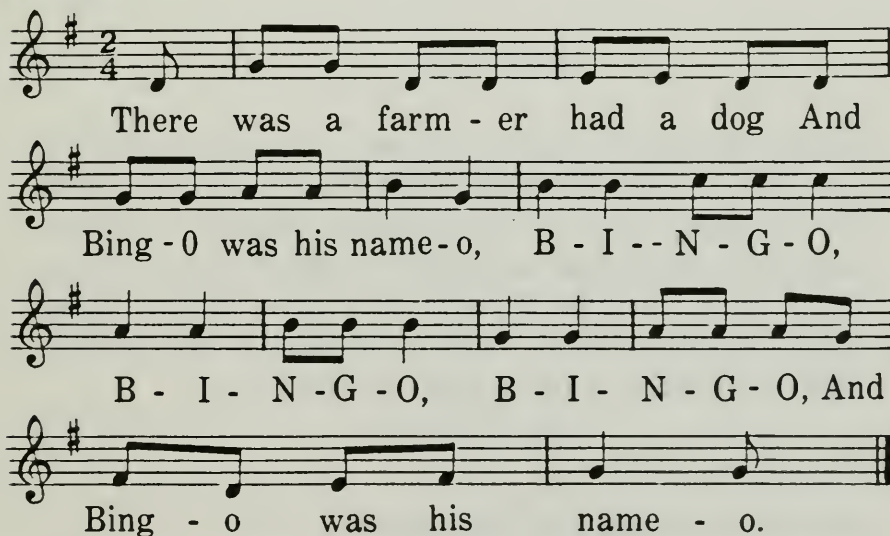
Ravioli, it's the best for me.

Leader: Is it all over?

All: Yes, it's all over.

Leader: Yes, it's all over.

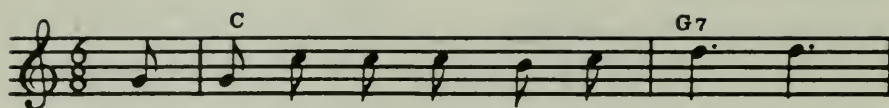
Bingo



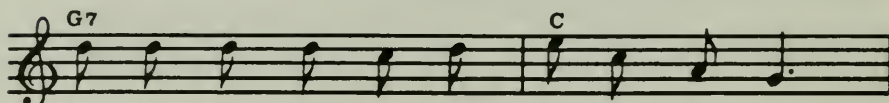
There was a farm - er had a dog And
Bing - o was his name - o, B - I - - N - G - O,
B - I - N - G - O, B - I - N - G - O, And
Bing - o was his name - o.

Sing song through six times, the first time just spelling out the name B-I-N-G-O; second time, spell out first four letters and clap the "O"; third time, spell out first three letters and clap the "G" and "O"; etc., until all five letters are clapped out.

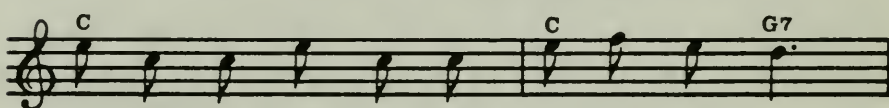
I Points to Mineself



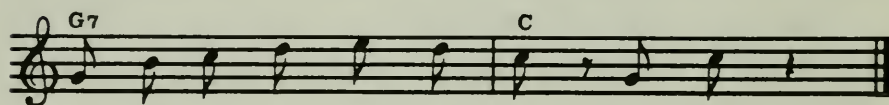
I points to mine-self, vas is das here;



Das is mine top-notch-er, ya ma - ma dear.



Top-notch-er, top-notch-er, ya ma-ma dear.



Dat's wot I learned in der school, boom-boom!

As you sing this action-fun song, point to the proper part of your body when you mention it in the song. For example: Point to the top of your head as you sing topnotcher. Continue singing and add another part of your body for each verse and repeat others, going backward from last item to first. Try as many verses as you want, using the list below. For the boom—boom, clap hands, bang on tables, or stamp feet.

Chorus (Repeat after each verse.)

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

Repeat chorus.

Point to

Sing

Top of head

Topnotcher

Brow

Sweat browser

Eye

Eye winker

Nose

Horn blower

Mustache

Soup strainer

Mouth

Lunch eater

Chin

Chin chowser

Neck

Rubber necker

Chest

Chest protector

Tummy

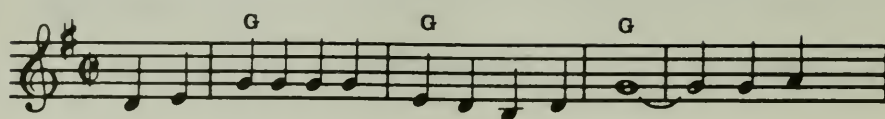
Breadbasket

Foot

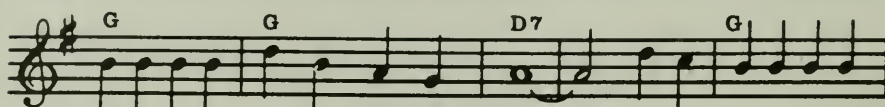
Foot stomper

She'll Be Comin' 'Round the Mountain

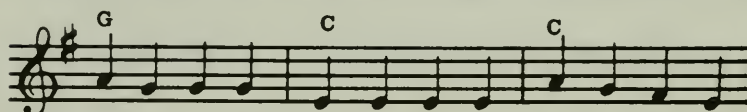
Novelty arrangement in italics



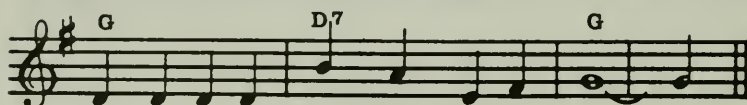
She'll be com-ing 'round the moun-tain when she comes —. She'll be



com-ing 'round the moun-tain when she comes —. She'll be com-ing 'round



the moun-tain, She'll be com-ing 'round the moun-tain, She'll be



com-ing round the moun-tain when she comes.

Sing each stanza and make appropriate gestures three times. Following the last singing of each stanza, repeat sounds and gestures of all preceding stanzas.

For example: At the end of the sixth stanza you say Scratch, scratch!; Yum, yum!; Hack, hack!; Hi, Babel; Whoa, back!; Woo, hoo! and go through all the motions.

She'll be comin' 'round the mountain
When she comes, "Whoo, hoo!"

Pull down on imaginary whistle cord twice.

She'll be drivin' six white horses
When she comes, "Whoa, back!"

Pull back on reins.

And, we'll all go out to meet her
When she comes, "Hi, Babe!"

Wave right hand, palm front, left to right.

And we'll kill the old red rooster
When she comes, "Hack, hack!"

Chopping motion with right hand.

And we'll all have chicken 'n' dumplings
When she comes, "Yum, yum!"

Rub stomach.

And we'll wear our bright red woollies
When she comes, "Scratch, scratch!"

Scratch ribs.

Tra, La, La

Swiss

(Refrain) Tra la la la la la la la la,

Tra la la la la la la la la,

Tra la la la la la la la la,

Tra la la la la la la. —

(Sing the refrain at the beginning and after each verse, swaying on the refrain and doing the appropriate motions for each verse.)

1. And in and out, and left and right, etc.
2. And up and down, and left and right, etc.
3. And up and down, and left and right,
And in and out, and left and right, etc.

If You're Happy

If you're hap - py and you
know it clap your hands — If you're
hap - py and you know it clap your
hands — If you're hap - py and you
know it Then you real - ly ought to show it If you're
hap - py and you know it clap your hands.

If you're happy and you know it,
Clap your hands. *Clap-clap*
If you're happy and you know it,
Clap your hands. *Clap-clap*
If you're happy and you know it,
Then you really ought to show it,
If you're happy and you know it,
Clap your hands. *Clap-clap*

For following verses, repeat first verse and substitute new words and motions.

If you're happy and you know it,
Stamp your feet. *Stamp-stamp*

If you're happy and you know it,
Shout HOORAY!

If you're happy and you know it,
Do all three. *Clap-clap, stamp-stamp*, HOORAY!

One Finger, One Thumb

One fin - ger, one thumb, one hand, Keep
mov - ing. One fin - ger, one thumb, one hand, Keep
mov - ing. One fin - ger, one thumb, one hand, Keep
mov - ing. And we'll all be hap - py and gay.—

The musical notation consists of four staves. The first staff is in 8/8 time, the second in 6/8, the third in 4/4, and the fourth in 2/4. The melody is written in a treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The lyrics are written below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across notes.

2. One finger, one thumb, one hand, two hands,
Keep moving.
Repeat three times.
And we'll all be happy and gay.

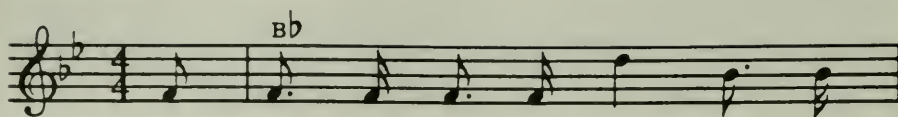
Add in turn:

3. One arm
4. Two arms
5. One leg
6. Two legs
7. Stand up—sit down
8. Turn around

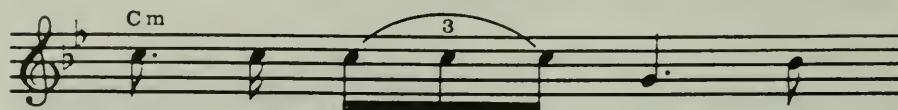
NOTE

Words are accompanied by motions with finger, thumb, hand, raising arms, stamping foot, standing-up and sitting-down actions.

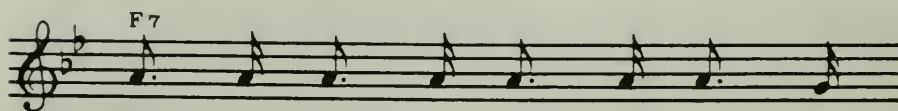
Johnnie Verbeck



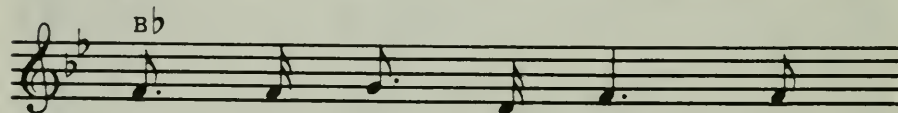
There was a lit - tle Dutch - man, his



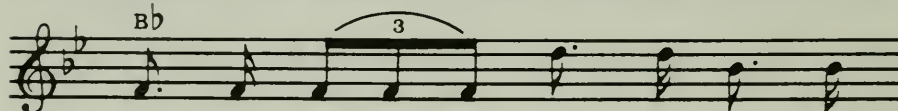
name was John - nie Ver - beck. He



was a dealer in sau - sa - ges and



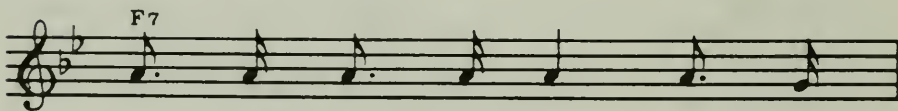
sau - er - kraut and spec. He



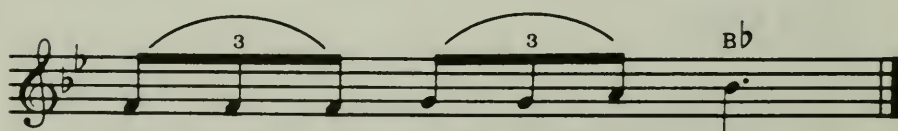
made the fin - es - t sau - sa - ges that



ev - er you did see. But



one day he in - vent - ed a



won - der - ful sau - sage ma - chine.

Chorus

Oh, Mister Johnnie Verbeck,
How could you be so mean?
I told you you'd be sorry
For inventing that machine.
All the neighbors' cats and dogs
Will never more be seen,
For they'll be ground to sausages
In Johnnie Verbeck's machine.

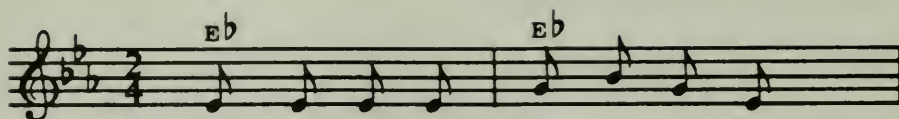
One day a little fat boy came walking in the store,
He bought a pound of sausage and piled them on the floor;
The boy began to whistle and he whistled up a tune,
And all the little sausages went dancing 'round the room.

Repeat chorus.

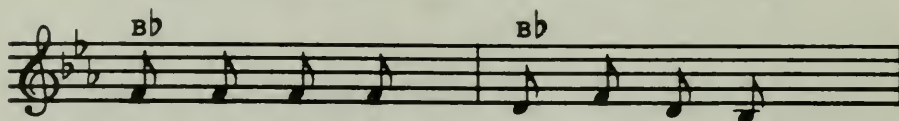
One day the machine got busted and the blamed thing
wouldn't go.
So Johnnie Verbeck, he climbed inside to see what made
it so;
His wife, she had a nightmare and walking in her sleep,
She gave the crank an awful yank and Johnnie Verbeck
was meat.

Repeat chorus.

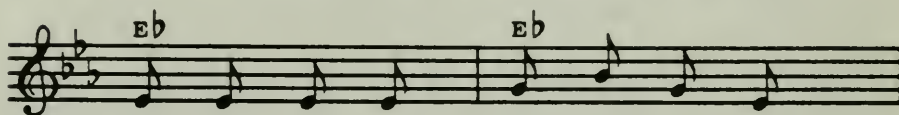
Paw-Paw Patch



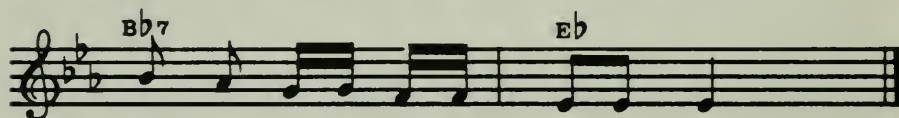
Where, oh where, oh where is Su - sie?



Where, oh where, oh where is Su - sie?



Where, oh where, oh where is Su - sie?



Way down yon-der in the paw-paw patch.

Chorus

Picking up paw-paws; put 'em in a basket.
Picking up paw-paws; put 'em in a basket.
Picking up paw-paws; put 'em in a basket.
Way down yonder in the paw-paw patch.

Come along, boys, and let's go find her.
Come along, boys, and let's go find her.
Come along, boys, and let's go find her.
Way down yonder in the paw-paw patch.

Repeat chorus.

She's a queen of old Hawaii.
She's a queen of old Hawaii.
She's a queen of old Hawaii.
Way down yonder in the paw-paw patch.

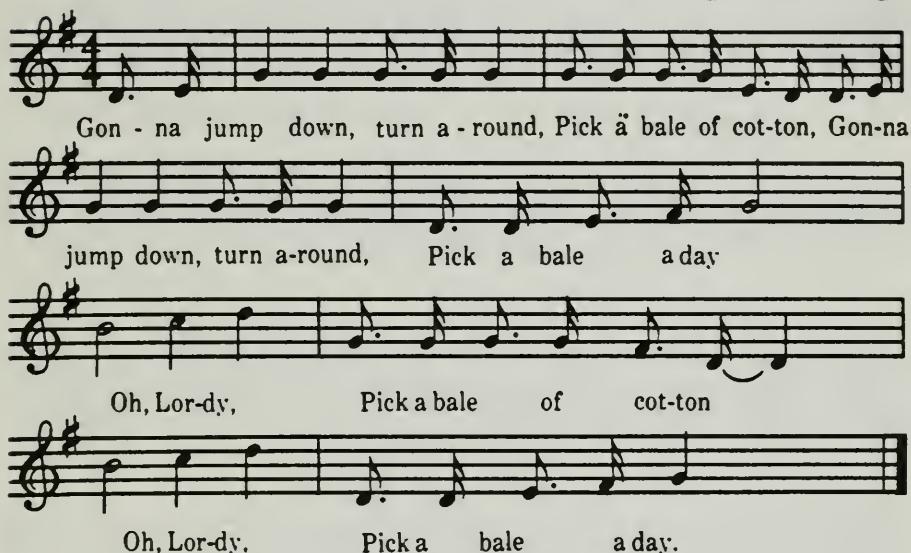
Repeat chorus.

She can teach you how to hulu.
 She can teach you how to hulu.
 She can teach you how to hulu.
 Way down yonder in the paw-paw patch.

Repeat chorus.

Pick a Bale of Cotton

Negro work song



Gon - na jump down, turn a - round, Pick a bale of cot-ton, Gon-na
 jump down, turn a-round, Pick a bale a day
 Oh, Lor-dy, Pick a bale of cot-ton
 Oh, Lor-dy. Pick a bale a day.

Me and my wife's gonna pick a bale of cotton,
 Me and my wife's gonna pick a bale a day.
 Me and my wife's gonna pick a bale of cotton,
 Me and my wife's gonna pick a bale a day.

Gonna pick-a, pick-a, pick-a, pick a bale of cotton,
 Gonna pick-a, pick-a, pick-a, pick-a, pick a bale a day.
 Gonna pick-a, pick-a, pick-a, pick-a, pick a bale of cotton,
 Gonna pick-a, pick-a, pick-a, pick-a, pick a bale a day.

Repeat chorus.

Three Jolly Fishermen

There were three jol - ly
fish - er - men, There
were three jol - ly fish - er - men
— “Fish - er, fish - er”; “men, men, men.”
“Fish - er, fish - er”; “men, men, men.” There
were three jol - ly fish - er - men.

The first one's name was Abraham,
The first one's name was Abraham,
Abra, Abra; ham, ham, ham, etc.

The second one's name was I-I-saac,
The second one's name was I-I-saac,
I-I, I-I; zik, zik, zik, etc.

The third one's name was Ja-a-cob,
The third one's name was Ja-a-cob,
Ja-a, Ja-a; cub, cub, cub, etc.

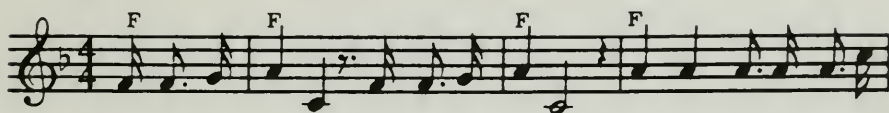
They all went up to Jericho,
They all went up to Jericho,

Jer-i, Jer-i; cho, cho, cho, etc.

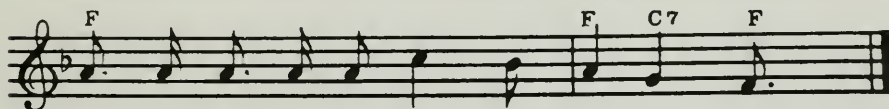
They should have gone to Amsterdam,
They should have gone to Amsterdam,
Amster, Amster; sh, sh, sh, etc.

Variation: Have one group shout Fisher, fisher and a second group shout men, men, men. Repeat this for Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Jericho, and Amsterdam.

Camp Menu Song



To-day is Mon-day! To-day is Mon-day! Mon-day Hasenpfeffer!



Ev - 'ry- bo - dy hap - py? Well, I should say!

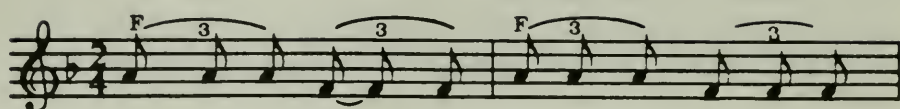
As you sing this song, add a day each time until all days are named.

Today is Tuesday! Tuesday, string beans.
Monday, Hasenpfeffer; everybody happy?
Well, I should say!

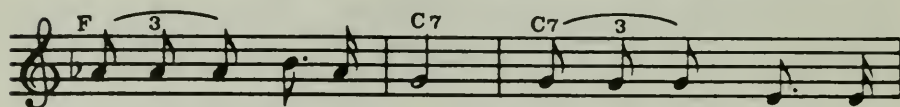
Today is Wednesday! Sou-oop, etc.
Today is Thursday! Roast beef, etc.
Today is Friday! Fish, etc.
Today is Saturday! Payday, etc.
Today is Sunday! Church. *Very softly*

Variation: Divide into groups; have each group rise and sing one day's menu.

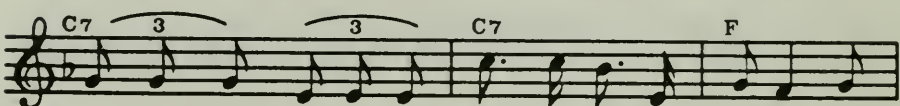
Throw It Out the Window



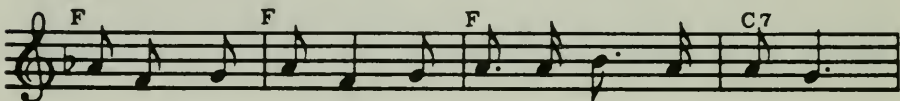
Old Moth - er Hub-bard went to the cup-board to



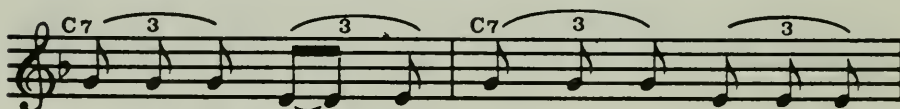
get her poor dog a bone. When she got there the



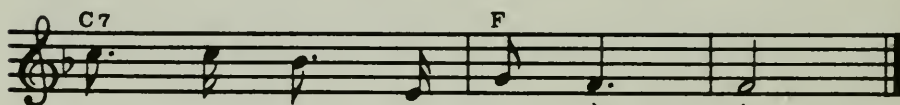
cup-board was bare, She threw it out the win-dow, the



win-dow, the win-dow, She threw it out the win-dow.



When she got there the cup-board was bare, She



threw it out the win - dow.

Sing as a group song using a new Mother Goose rhyme each time you repeat melody. Substitute She threw it out the win-dow for last line of each rhyme and make throwing motions with arms.

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow
And everywhere that Mary went
She threw it out the window,
The window, the window,
She threw it out the window.
And everywhere that Mary went
She threw it out the window.

Variation: Divide the group into two or more teams. One team starts by singing a rhyme. As soon as one team finishes, another starts. A team is eliminated if it fails to start singing as soon as its turn comes.

O Chester!

Tune: "Yankee Doodle"

Sing through once without action. Repeat four times, acting out an additional line each time.

O Chester, did you 'ear about Harry?

Strike chest, touch ears, pat head.

He "chest" got back from the Army.

Strike chest and back, then fold arms.

I 'ear he knows how to wear a rose,

Touch ear, nose, lapel.

Hip! Hip! Hooray — for the Army!

Raise fists for cheers; fold arms.

Ham and Eggs

Tune: "Tammany"

The musical score is written on five staves in 2/4 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). The notes are as follows:

- Staff 1: F (chord), Bb4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), F4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), F4 (quarter), G4 (quarter). Chords: F, G7.
- Staff 2: C4 (half), Bb4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), F4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), F4 (quarter), G4 (quarter). Chord: C.
- Staff 3: F4 (half), E4 (quarter), D4 (quarter), C4 (quarter), Bb4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), F4 (quarter). Chord: F.
- Staff 4: F4 (half), E4 (quarter), D4 (quarter), C4 (quarter), Bb4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), F4 (quarter). Chords: F, G7.
- Staff 5: F4 (half), E4 (quarter), D4 (quarter), C4 (quarter), Bb4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), F4 (quarter). Chords: F, C7, F.

Lyrics:

Ham and eggs, Ham and eggs,
I like mine fried nice and brown.
I like mine fried up side down.
Ham and eggs, Ham and eggs,
Flip'em Flop'em Flop'em Flip'em Ham and eggs!

*Variation: Divide boys into two groups and sing a second time.
Tap knees rapidly to imitate frying.*

Ham and eggs,
First group sings.

Ham and eggs,
Second group sings.

I like mine fried nice and brown.
First group sings.

I like mine fried upside down.

Second group echoes.

Ham and eggs,

First group sings.

Ham and eggs,

Second group yells.

Flip 'em

First group yells.

Flop 'em

Second group yells.

Flop 'em

First group yells.

Flip 'em

Second group yells.

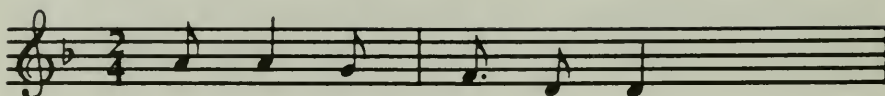
Ham and eggs!

All sing.

Rounds

The Paddle Song

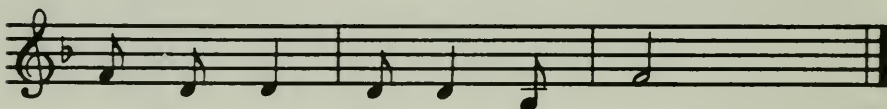
D minor throughout song



Our pad-dles keen and bright,

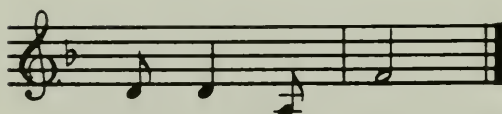


Flash-ing like sil-ver. Swift as the



wild goose flight, Dip, dip, and swing.

Some boys can sing throughout song



dip, dip, and swing

Dip, dip, and swing them back,
Flashing like silver;
Swift as the wild goose flight,
Dip, dip, and swing.

Hi Ho! Nobody Home

Three-part round

Hi, ho no - bod - y home,
meat nor drink nor mon-ey have I none.
Yet will I be mer - - - r - y.

The musical score is written on three staves in G minor (three flats). The first staff begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and features a melodic line with notes G4, A4, Bb4, and G4. Above the staff are the chords Fm and C. The second staff continues the melody with notes G4, A4, Bb4, A4, G4, and F4. Above the staff are the chords Fm and C. The third staff concludes the phrase with notes G4, A4, Bb4, A4, G4, and F4. Above the staff are the chords Fm and C. The piece ends with a double bar line.

Three Blind Mice

A round Key: D. Time: 6/8

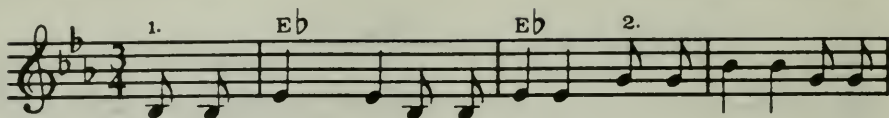
Three blind mice, three blind mice, See how they run,
see how they run. They all ran af-ter the
farm-er's wife, She cut off their tails with a
carv-ing knife. Did you ev - er see such a
sight in your life As three blind mice?

The musical score is written on five staves in D major (two sharps) and 6/8 time. The first staff includes the chords D and A7 above the notes. The second staff continues the melody. The third staff continues the melody. The fourth staff continues the melody. The fifth staff concludes the phrase with a double bar line. The text 'continue pattern' is written above the first staff.

London's Burning

Three-part round

(Continue one chord)



Lon-don's burn-ing, Lon-don's burning. Look it yon-der, look it



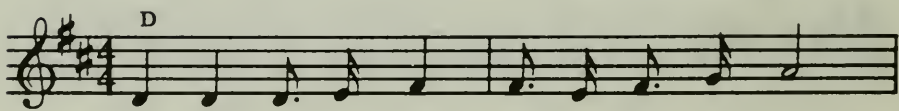
yon-der. Fire, Fire, Fire, Fire, And we have no wa-ter.

Variation: Have part of group (very few) imitate sirens throughout the song, and others may imitate noise of fire equipment by shaking keys, tapping chair or table with pencil, etc.

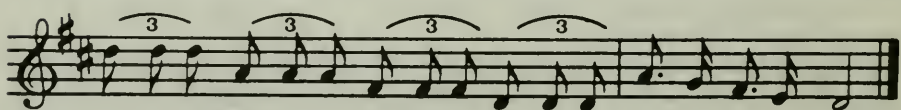
Row, Row, Row Your Boat

A round

One chord entire song



Row, row, row your boat Gent - ly down the stream;



Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly Life is but a dream.

Down by the Station

Lee Ricks — Slim Gaillard

DOWN BY THE STA - TION ear-ly in the
 morn - ing, See the lit-tle puff-er bel-lies
 all in a row; See the sta-tion-
 mas-ter turn the lit-tle han-dle. Chug, chug,
 toot, toot, Off we go.

The musical score is written on a single treble clef staff in 2/4 time. The key signature has two flats (Bb and Eb). The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes. Chords Eb and Bb7 are indicated above the staff at various points. The piece ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign, with first and second endings marked.

Are You Sleeping?

A round

Key: F

One chord entire song

. Are you sleep-ing, are you sleep-ing? Broth-er John,
 Broth-er John. Morn - ing bells are ring-ing;
 Morn-ing bells are ring-ing, Ding ding dong, ding ding dong!

The musical score is written on a single treble clef staff in 4/4 time. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes. A G chord is indicated above the first measure. The piece ends with a double bar line.

Lively Songs

The Horses Run Around

The hor - ses run a - round, their
feet are on the ground, Oh,
who will wind the clock while I'm a-
way, a- way, Go get the ax, there's a
hair on ba - by's chest; Oh, a
boy's best friend is his mo-ther, his mo-ther.

The musical score is written on six staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written in a simple, lively style. The lyrics are placed below the staves, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes. The score includes several chord markings: 'C' (C major) above the first staff, 'G7' (G dominant seventh) above the fourth staff, and 'F' (F major) above the fifth staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line on the sixth staff.

While looking out the window, a second-story window,
I slipped and sprained my eyebrow on the pavement, the
pavement,

Go get the Listerine, sister has a beau,
Oh, who cut the sleeves off father's vest, his vest.

A-peeking through the knothole, in grandpa's wooden
leg,
Oh, who has built the shore so near the ocean, the ocean,
Go get the alcohol, Willy wants a rub,
For grandma's teeth will soon fit baby, fit baby.

While walking in the moonlight, the bright and sunny
moonlight,
She kissed me in the eye with a tomato, tomato,
We feed the baby garlic so we find him in the dark,
An onion, is a husky vegetable, a table.

She spanked him with a shingle, and made his panties
tingle.
Because he socked his little baby brother, his brother,
A snake's belt always slips, just because he has no hips,
And he wears a necktie around his middle, his middle.

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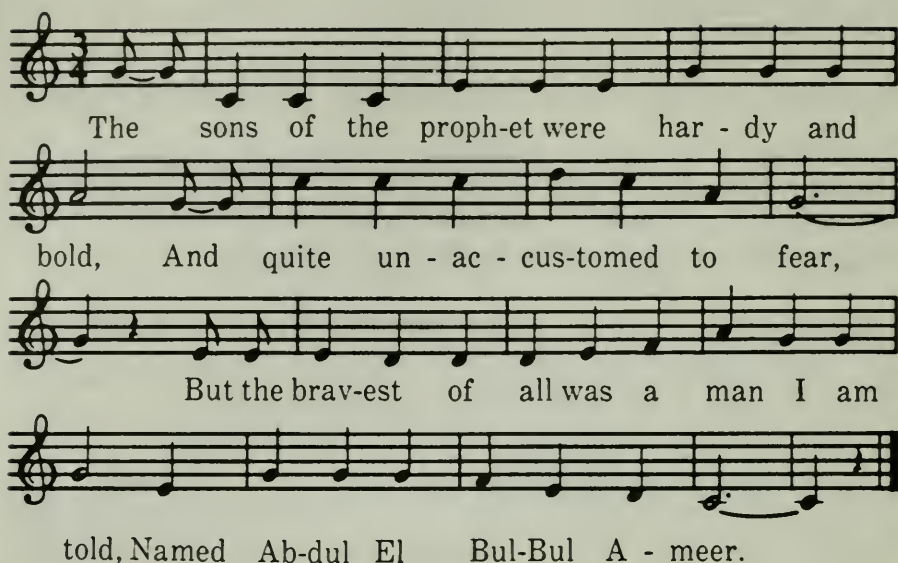
I Want a Girl

Key: C

I want a girl, just like the girl
That married dear old Dad;
She was a pearl and the only girl
That Daddy ever had.
A good, old-fashioned girl with heart so true,
One who loves nobody else but you,
I want a girl, just like the girl
That married dear old Dad.

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Ivan Skizavitzsky Skivar



If they wanted a man to encourage the van,
Or to harass the foe in the rear;
Or to storm a redoubt, they would set up a shout,
For Abdul El Bul-Bul Ameer.

There were heroes in plenty and men known to fame,
Who fought in the ranks of the Czar;
But none of more fame than a man by the name
Of Ivan Skizavitzsky Skivar.

He could sing like Caruso, both tenor and bass,
He could play on the Spanish guitar;
In fact, quite the cream of the Muscovite team
Was Ivan Skizavitzsky Skivar.

One day this bold Muscovite shouldered his gun
And walked down the street with a sneer;
He was looking for fun when he happened to run
Upon Abdul El Bul-Bul Ameer.

"Young man," said Bul-Bul, "is existence so dull,
That you're anxious to end your career?"

For, infidel, know you have trod on the toe
Of Abdul El Bul-Bul Ameer.

“So take your last look at the sunshine and brook,
And send your regrets to the Czar;
By which I imply that you are going to die,
Mister Ivan Skizavitzsky Skivar.”

I’ve Been Workin’ on the Railroad

I’ve been workin’ on the railroad
All the livelong day,
I’ve been workin’ 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!”

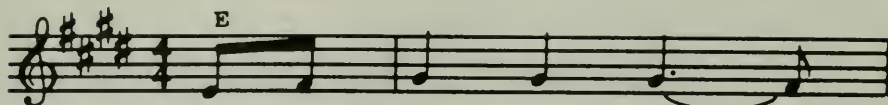
Dinah won’t you blow, Dinah won’t you blow,
Dinah won’t you blow your horn, your horn!
Dinah won’t you blow, Dinah won’t you blow,
Dinah won’t you blow your horn!

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.

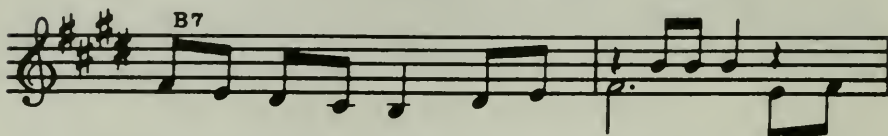
Fee-fi-fiddely—I—oh!
Fee-fi-fiddely—I—o-o-o-oh!
Fee-fi-fiddely—I—oh!
Strummin’ on the old banjo.

Fee-plunk, fi-plunk, fiddely-I-oh plunk!
Fee-fi-fiddely-I-oh, plunk, plunk, plunk!
Fee . . . fi . . . fiddely-I-ohhh . . .
Strummin’ on the old banjo.

The Quartermaster's Store



There are snakes, snakes, snakes



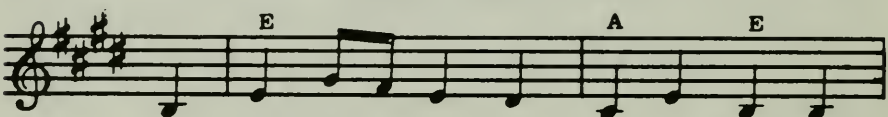
big as gar-den rakes, at the store, at the



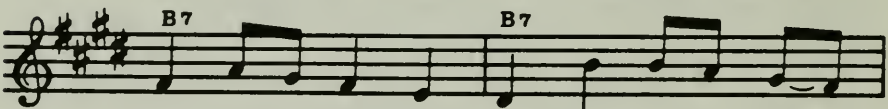
store. There are snakes, snakes, snakes



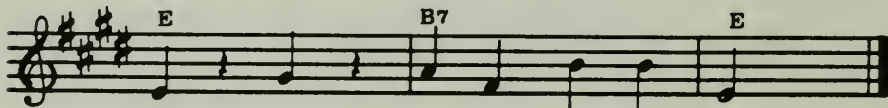
big as garden rakes, at the Quar-ter-mas-ter's store.



My eyes are dim, I can-not see. I



have not got my specks with me. I



have not got my specks with me.

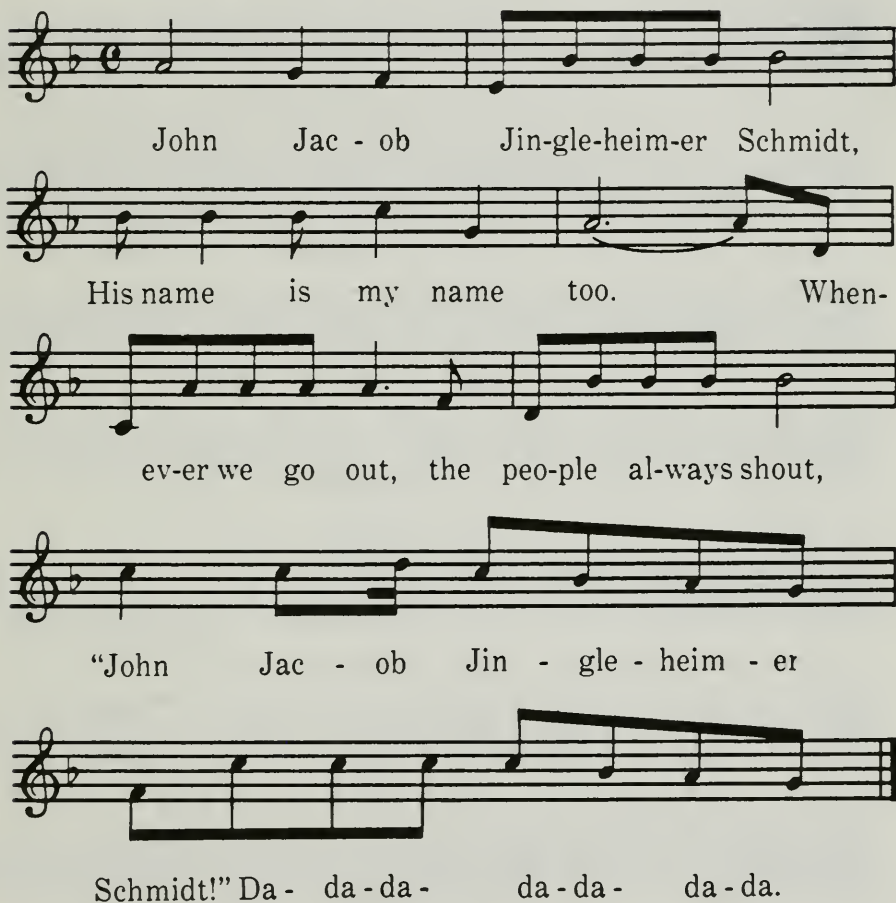
There are mice, mice running through the rice,
At the store, at the store.
There are mice, mice, running through the rice,
At the quartermaster's store.

Repeat chorus.

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

Repeat chorus.

John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmidt



John Jac - ob Jin-gle-heim-er Schmidt,

His name is my name too. When-

ev-er we go out, the peo-ple al-ways shout,

"John Jac - ob Jin - gle - heim - er

Schmidt!" Da - da - da - da - da - da - da.

Repeat four times, each time softer until, on the last verse, mouth the first four lines and end by singing Da - da - da - da - da - da - da.

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The Animal Fair

The musical score is written on ten staves, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is simple and repetitive, using eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are written below the staves, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across notes. The first line of music corresponds to the first line of lyrics, and so on. The final line of music ends with a double bar line and repeat dots, indicating the end of the piece.

I went to the an - i - mal fair,— The
birds and the beasts were there.—
The old ba-boon by the light of the moon, Was
comb - ing his au - burn hair.—
The fun - ni - est was the monk,— He
climbed up the el - e - phant's trunk.—
The el - e - phant sneezed and fell on his knees, And
what be - came of the monk? —

The monk, the monk, the monk, the monk.

Variations

When song is sung through once, a small group may sing the

last line over and over as a chant while rest sing the song a second time.

Other lyrics for the “monkey” line: “The monkey he got drunk, and fell on the elephant’s trunk.”

Smile Song

Tune: “John Brown’s Body”

Key: B Flat

It isn’t any trouble just to S-M-I-L-E,
It isn’t any trouble just to S-M-I-L-E.
There isn’t any trouble, but will vanish like a bubble,
If you’ll only take the trouble just to S-M-I-L-E.

Second verse: It isn’t any trouble just to G-R-I-N, Grin, *etc.*

Third verse: It isn’t any trouble just to L-A-U-G-H, *etc.*

Fourth verse: It isn’t any trouble just to HA! HA! HA!
HA! HA! *etc.*

Oh! How I Hate To Get Up in the Morning

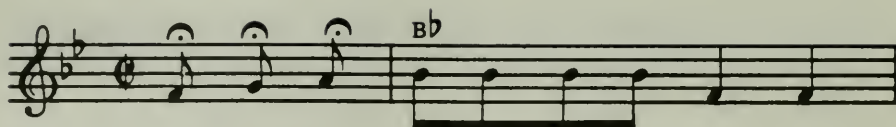
By Irving Berlin

Chorus

“Oh! how I hate to get up in the morning,
Oh! how I’d love to remain in bed—
For the hardest blow 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 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.”

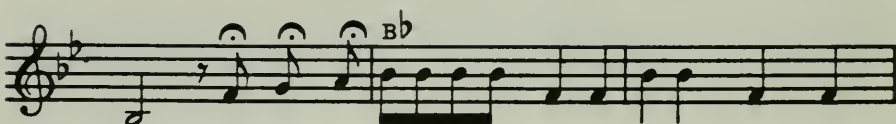
Drool Song



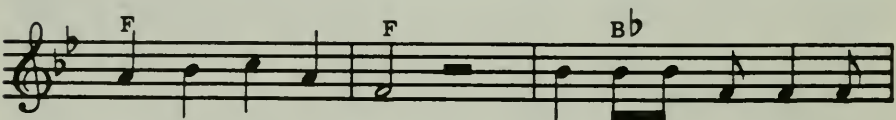
Just plant a wat - er-mel - on seed up-



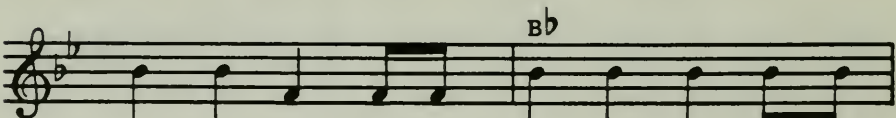
on my grave and let the juice run



through. Just plant a watermelon seed up-on my grave, That's



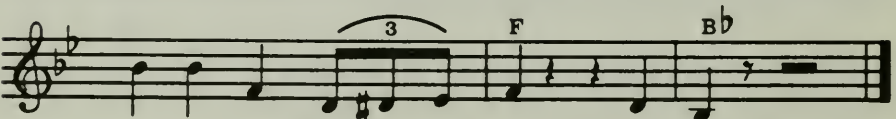
all I ask of you. Chick-en and pos-sum are



might - y fine, But there ain't no taste like a



wat-er-mel-on rind. Just plant a wat-er-mel-on seed up-



on my grave and let the juice run through.

Pink Pajamas

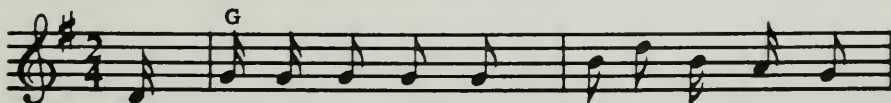
Tune: "Battle Hymn of the Republic"

I wear my pink pajamas in the summer when it's hot.
I wear my flannel nighties in the winter when it's not.
And sometimes in the springtime and sometimes in the fall,
I jump right in between the sheets with nothing on at all.

Chorus

Glory, glory, Hallelujah;
Glory, glory, what's it to you.
Balmy breezes blowing through you,
With nothing on at all.

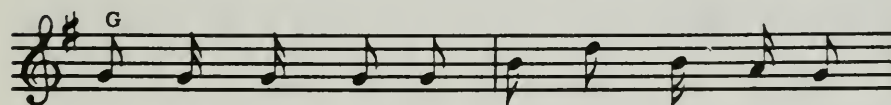
Michael Finnegan



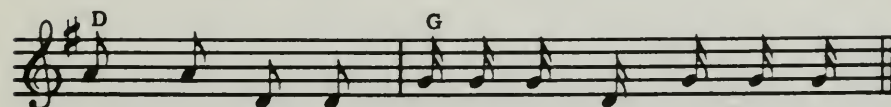
There was an old man named Mich-ael Fin-ne-gan,



He had whisk-ers on his chin - e - gan, The



wind blew them off and they grew in a-gain,



Poor old Mich-ael Fin-ne-gan, Be - gin e - gan.

Patriotic Songs

The Stars and Stripes Forever

Words by Bob Russell

Music by John Philip Sousa

Moderately

The musical score is written on ten staves of five-line music paper. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a common time signature 'C'. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are printed below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes. The score includes a repeat sign (double bar line with two dots) after the sixth staff. The key signature changes to one sharp (F#) at the beginning of the seventh staff. The piece concludes with a final double bar line on the tenth staff.

There a-loft in a soft and friend - ly
breeze Flies the Red, White, and Blue a - bove
you, And un - furled with her world of
mem - o - ries Of the men who said, who
proud - ly said "I love you."
When I see the Stars and the Stripes, —
— Then my heart is a drum wild - ly beat -
ing, So proud to be part of the dream —

That is al - ways on the march, —

And bless - ed will be ev - 'ry breeze, —

That will rus - tle the Stars and Stripes for -

ev - er, I'm part of the gal - lant pa -

rade, — Of those who car - ry on the

Stars and Stripes for - ev - er

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America

By Rev. Samuel F. Smith

Key: G. Time: 3/4

My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From ev'ry mountain side
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.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of Liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light,
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

God Bless America

By Irving Berlin

Moderately

God bless A - mer-i - ca Land

that I love — Stand be - side her — and

guide her — Thru the night with a light from a -

bove — From the moun-tains — to the prai - ries -

— To the o - ceans white with foam —

God bless A - mer - i - ca — My home

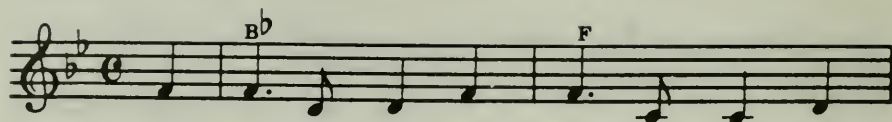
sweet home — God bless A - mer-i-ca —

— My home sweet home. —

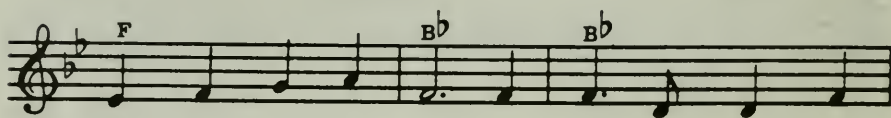
America, the Beautiful

By Katherine Lee Bates

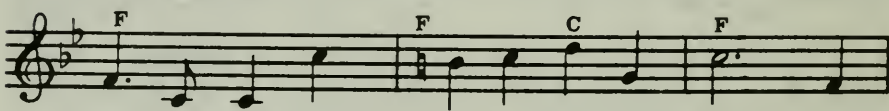
Key: B Flat. Time: 4/4



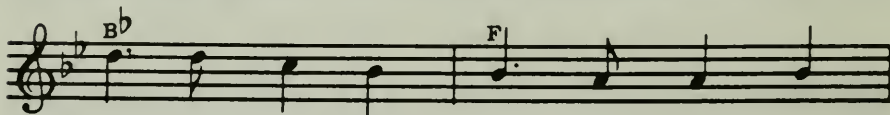
O, beau - ti - ful for spa - cious skies, For



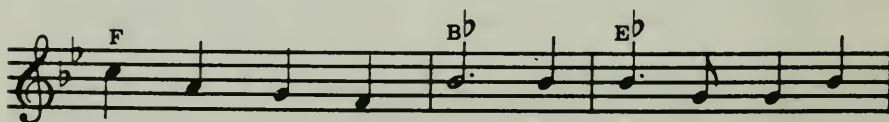
am - ber waves of grain, For pur - ple moun - tain



maj - es - ties A - bove the fruit-ed plain. A -



mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God



shed His grace on thee, And crown thy good with



broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing sea.

O, 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!

O, 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!

O, 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,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea.

The Star-Spangled Banner

By Francis Scott Key

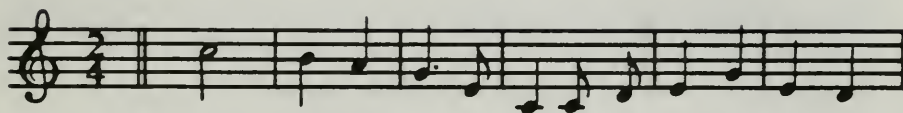
Key: A Flat. Time: 3/4

O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' 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 thro' the night that our flag was still there!
O say, does the star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

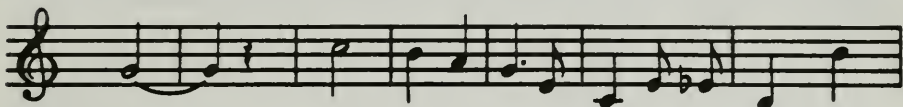
On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mist of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream—
'Tis the star-spangled banner. O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Forward America

Music by Larry Corbett, Jr.



For - ward A-mer-i-ca, It's my home and my coun-



try. For - ward A-mer-i-ca, It's the land most



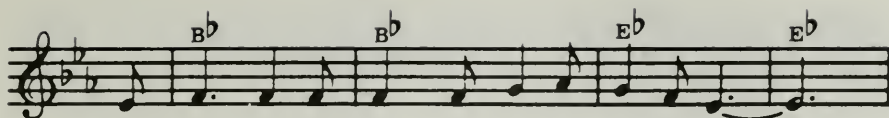
Songs of Scouting

Boy Scouts of America

Words and music by Jack Combs and Jimmy Clark

The musical score is written on a single staff in 6/8 time, with a key signature of two flats (Bb and Eb). The melody is composed of eighth and quarter notes, with some rests. Chord symbols are placed above the staff at various points: Eb, Bb, Eb, Eb, Bb, Bb, Bb, Bb, Bb, F, F, Bb, Bb, Eb, Bb, Eb, Eb, Ab, Ab, Eb, Eb, Eb, Eb, Eb, Fm, Fm, Eb, Bb, Eb, Eb. The lyrics are written below the staff, aligned with the notes.

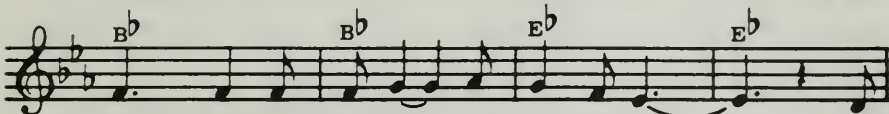
We're the Boy Scouts of A - mer-i - ca
Scout-ing for things a - new.
Our ac-tiv-i-ties lead to vic-to-ries in
all we set out to do. We're the Boy
Scouts of A - mer-i - ca, We plan hand in
hand each day To do bet-ter than need be done
till all our goals are won champs with a win-ning way.



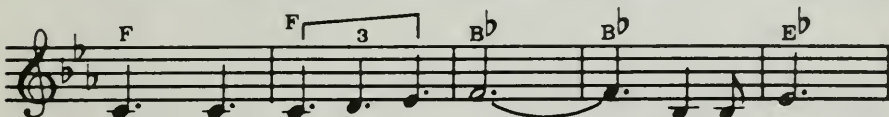
We're loy-al to pur-pose and in-teg-ri-ty



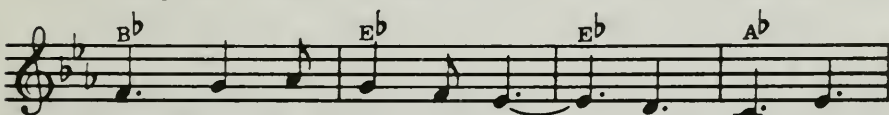
Pledged to the Scout Oath e - ter-nal-ly. With



verve and con- vic-tion we sing our song to



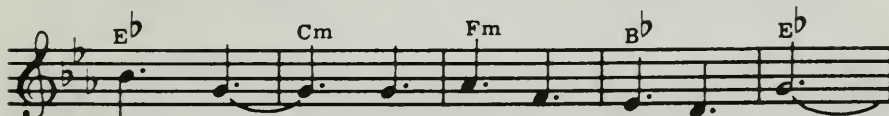
keep A - mer-i - ca strong. We're the Boy



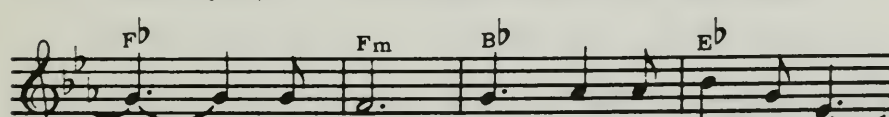
Scouts of A - mer- i - ca, and this we



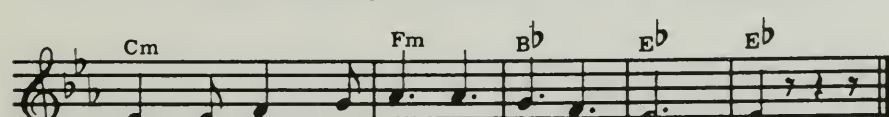
have to say Join us and we'll stand be-



side you, be - side you all the way.



The Boy Scouts of A - mer-i - ca



will stand be-side you all the way.

There's Something About a Boy Scout

Tune: "There's Something About a Soldier" by Fred Waring

March tempo

The musical score is written on a single staff in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of eight measures of music. The notes are: G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), A4-G4 (beamed eighth notes), F#4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), D4 (half). The lyrics are: "There's some-thing a - bout a Boy Scout, There's some - thing a - bout a Boy Scout, There's some-thing a-bout a Boy Scout that is fine, fine, fine; He'll work for a badge of mer-it. He's proud of the chance to wear it, He's learned to be pre-pared all the time, time, time. He will nev-er be an out-law If he'll o - bey the Scout Law, He's ev - er up and a- bout, he toes the line, line,". Chord symbols are placed above the staff: Bb (above the first measure), Bb (above the second measure), Bb (above the third measure), F (above the fourth measure), F (above the fifth measure), F (above the sixth measure), Bb (above the seventh measure), Bb (above the eighth measure), and Cm (above the ninth measure).

There's some-thing a - bout a Boy Scout, There's
some - thing a - bout a Boy Scout, There's
some-thing a-bout a Boy Scout that is fine, fine,
fine; He'll work for a badge of mer-it. He's
proud of the chance to wear it, He's learned to be pre-
pared all the time, time, time. He will nev-er be an .
out-law If he'll o - bey the Scout Law, He's
ev - er up and a- bout, he toes the line, line,

line. On his oath to do his best, That's e -
 nough, you know the rest, There's some-thing a-bout a
 Boy Scout that is fine, fine, fine.

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Boom! Boom! Gee It's Great To Be Scouting

Boom! Boom! Gee it's great to be
 Scout-ing. Boom! Boom! Gee it's great to be
 out-ing, hik-ing and camp-ing all day long. Boom!
 Boom! Gee it's great to be Scout-ing!

I've Got That Scouting Spirit

Tune: "Joy in My Heart"

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.

I've got that Scouting spirit,
Deep in my heart, etc.

Continue as in first verse.

I've got that Scouting spirit,
Down in my feet, etc.

Continue as in first verse.

I've got that Scouting spirit,
Allover me, etc.

Continue as in first verse.

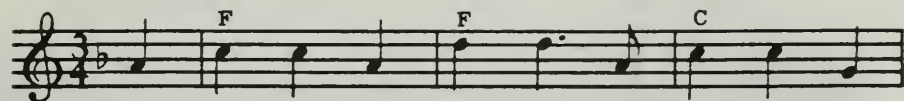
I've got that Scouting Spirit,
Up in my head,
Deep in my heart,
Down in my feet.
I've got that Scouting spirit,
Allover me,
Allover me, all ways.

Scout Leader's Prayer

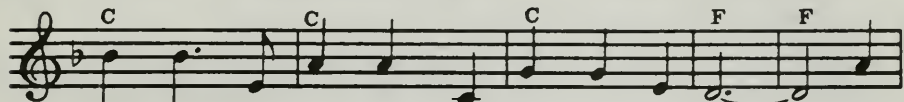
Tune: "Marcheta"

Key: E Flat

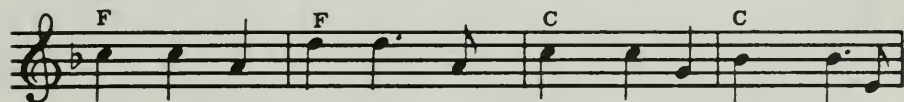
By Talman H. Trask



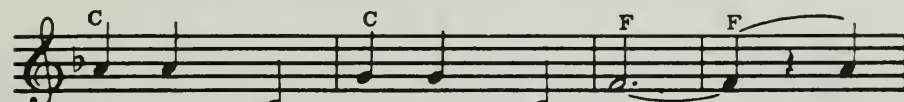
Our Fa - ther in Heav - en a - bove us, We



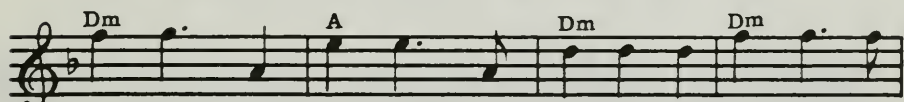
ask Thee for guid - ance in our dai - ly task. May



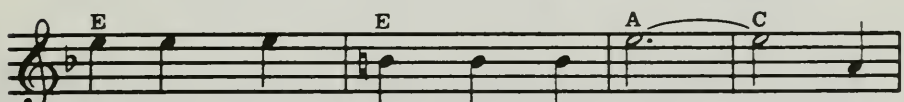
vir - ture and manhood stand strong - ly a - mongst us. To



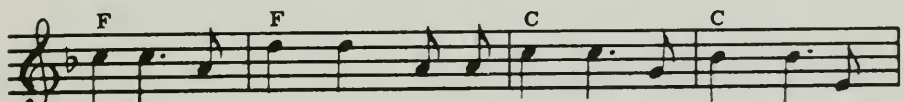
Thee we give all of our thanks. The



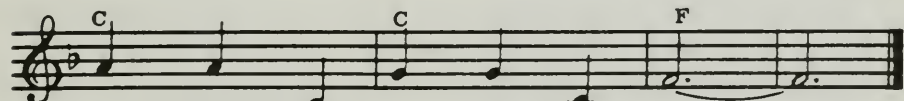
Scout Oath, the Scout Law, their les - sons un - fold - ing To



our youth, in num - bers un - told, Our



mot - to, our Good Turn, may we live it and teach it, Great



Spir - it of Scout - ing we pray.

Be Prepared

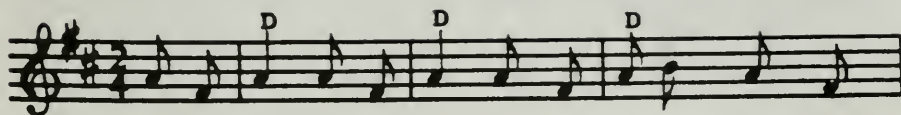
Oh Be Pre-pared Pre-pared Pre-pared, the
 mot - to of a Boy Scout; Oh Be Pre-pared Pre-
 pared Pre-pared, the mot - to of a
 Scout. Pre - pared Pre - pared, the
 mot - to of a good Scout, Pre-pared Pre-
 pared, the mot - to of a Scout,

We're on the Upward Trail

We're on the upward trail,
 We're on the upward trail,
 Singing as we go. Scouting bound.
 We're on the upward trail,
 We're on the upward trail,
 Singing, singing, ev'rybody singing,
 Scouting bound.

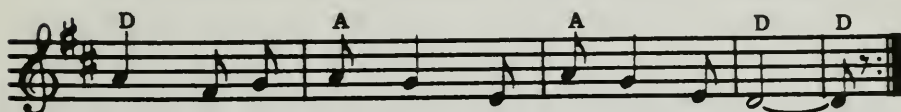
Hiking

Tune: "Caisson Song"



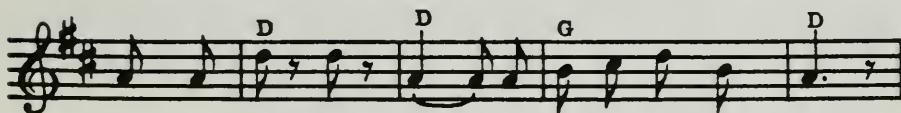
O-ver hill, o-ver dale, We will hit the green-wood

In and out, all a-round, You will nev-er see us



trail, As the Boy Scouts go hik-ing a - long.

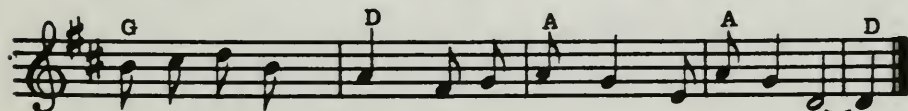
frown, As the Boy Scouts go hik-ing a - long. —



And it's hi! hi! hee! The B. S. A. for me,



Shout out our name and shout it strong. Where'er we go,

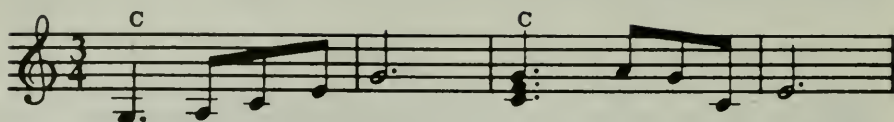


we will al-ways know That the Boy Scouts go hik-ing a-long.

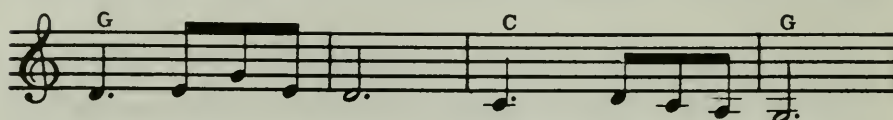
Philmont Grace

For food, for raiment,
For life, for opportunity,
For friendship and fellowship . . .
We thank Thee, O Lord.

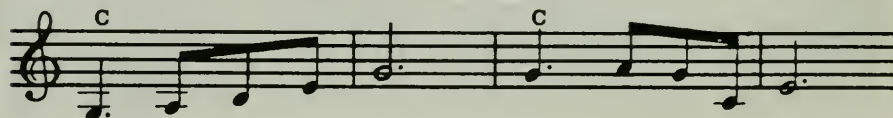
Philmont Hymn



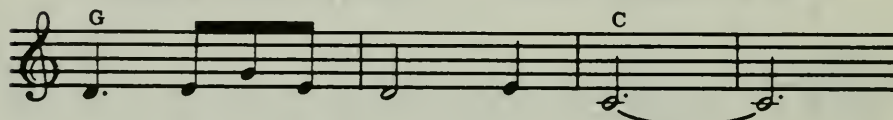
Sil - ver on the sage, Star - lit skies a-bove,



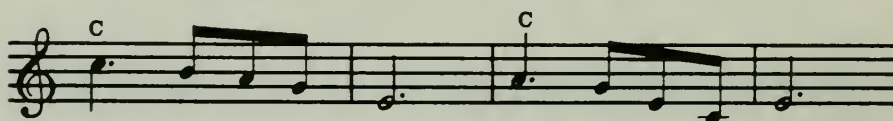
As - pen cov-ered hills, Coun - try that I love,



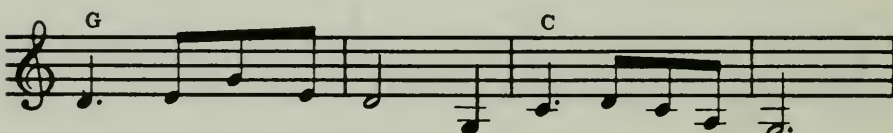
Phil-mont here's to thee, Scout - ing par - a - dise,



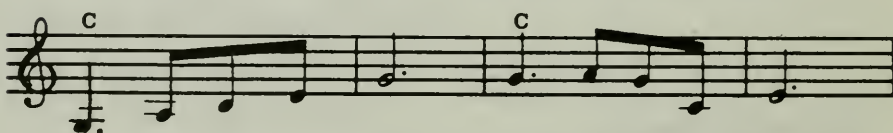
Out in God's coun-try to - night.



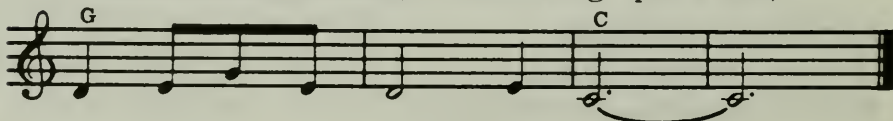
Wind in whis-p'ring pines, Ea - gle soar-ing high,



Pur - ple moun-tains rise, A-gainst an a-zure sky,



Phil-mont here's to thee, Scout-ing par-a-dise,



Out in God's coun - try to - night.

Trail the Eagle

Tune: "On Wisconsin"

Key: C. Time: 2/4

Trail the Eagle,
Trail the Eagle,
Climbing all the time.
First the Star and then the Life,
Will on your bosom shine.

Keep climbing!
Blaze the trail and we will follow,
Hark the Eagle's call;
On, brothers, on until we're Eagles all.

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Pack Up Your Troubles

Tune: "Smile, Smile, Smile"

By George Asaf

Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag,
And smile, smile, smile.

Now we're a'hiking on the old Scout trail,
Smile, boys, that's the style.

What's the use of worrying?
It never was worthwhile . . . SOOO!

Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag,
And smile, smile, smile.

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The Torch of Scouting

Words by O.A. Kirkham

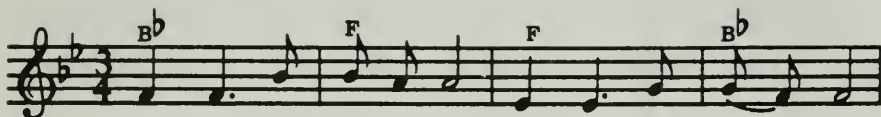
Music by V.E. Carroll

For - ward ye sons of men who with
might and main, Worked to pre-serve and build a
Na - tion. Now with cour - age true, we will
dare and do. Know - ing that right is ev - er
with us. Car - ry high the torch ev - er
mar-ching. Car - ry high the torch of true
Scout - ing. For-ward ye sons
might and main. We will pre-serve and build a Na-tion.

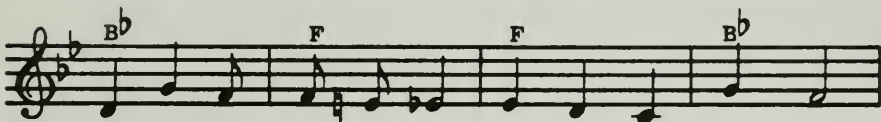
The musical score is written on ten staves of music. The melody is in G major, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The time signature is 4/4. The score includes various musical notations such as treble clefs, notes, rests, and accidentals. Chord symbols (C, G, E, D, Am) are placed above the staves to indicate the harmonic structure. There are several triplets marked with a '3' and a slur. The lyrics are written below the staves, aligned with the corresponding notes.

Scout's Good-Night Song

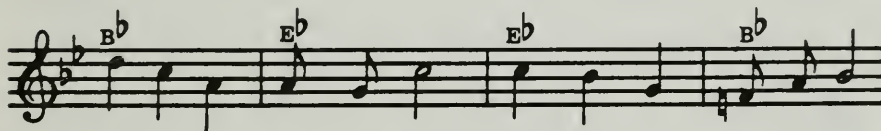
Tune: "Santa Lucia"



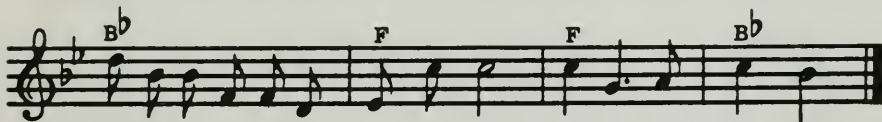
Foot-steps on dis-tant trail Camp-ward are bend-ing;



Birch fire and bub-bling stew Rich o-dors send-ing;



Here is your heart's de-sire, Rest when your feet shall tire;

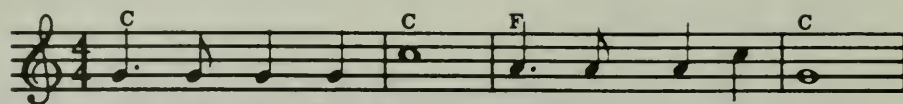


O - pen air and pals and food and fire; Joy nev'er end-ing.

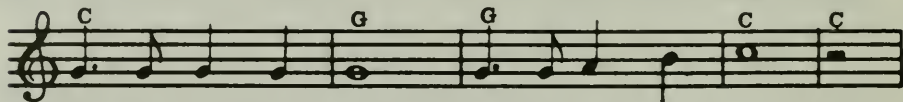
Campfires are burning low,
No longer leaping;
Scouts sing their evening song,
Shadows come creeping;
Sun sinks below the west,
Good-night and may you rest;
Blankets warm and by soft sounds caressed;
Scouts all are sleeping.

A Boy Scout's Prayer

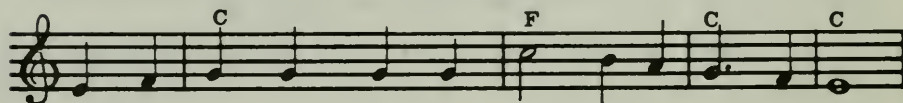
Words and music by Gwen Beck



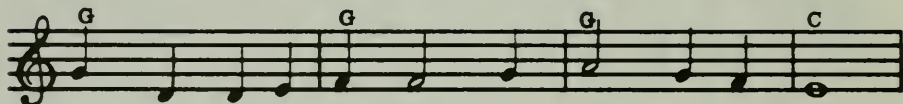
Now the day is done; Boy Scouts one by one,



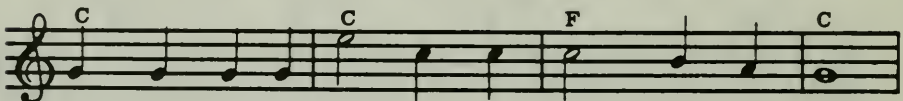
Bow your head in prayer to the Lord up there.



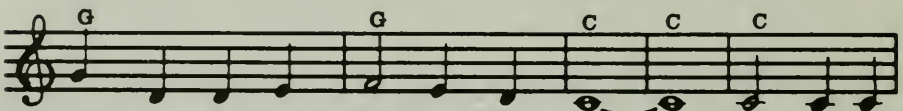
Oh I thank you for this beau-ti-ful day, Oh Lord.



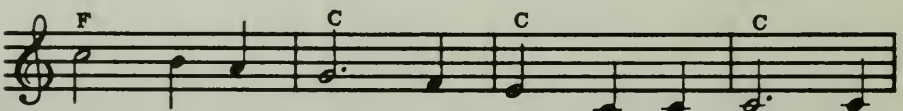
Thank you for the moun-tains, the trees in the lane;



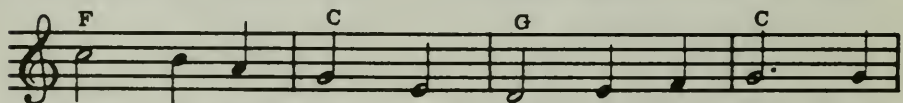
Thank you for the sun-shine that shines through the rain;



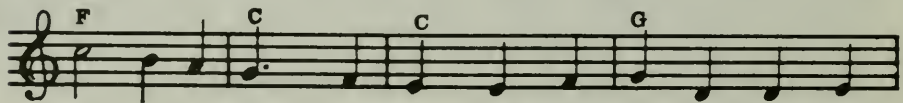
Thank you for this beau-ti-ful day. And as I



camp on the trail to-night, and I raise my



eyes to the moon-lit sky, and I pray, Oh



hear m-y prayers to-night. Lord I thank you for this



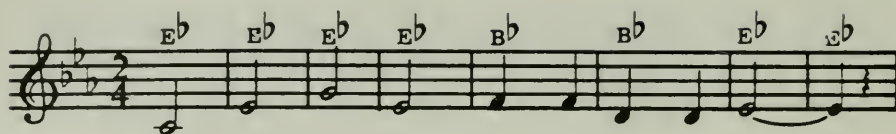
On My Honor

Words and music by Harry Bartelt

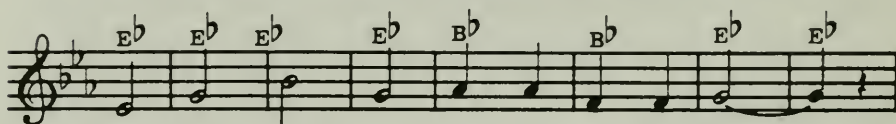
On my hon - or I'll do my best to do my
du - ty to God. On my hon - or I'll do my
best to serve my coun-try as I may. On my
hon-or I'll do my best to do my Good Turn each
day To keep my bod-y strength-ened and
keep my mind a - wakened. To fol-low paths of
right-eous-ness. On my hon - or I'll do my best.

Camporee or Jamboree Hymn

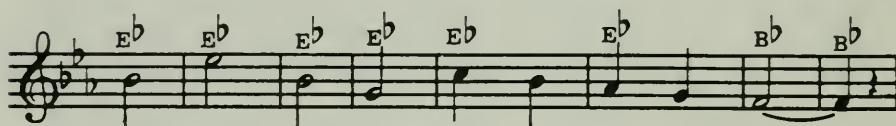
Words and music by M.H. McMasters



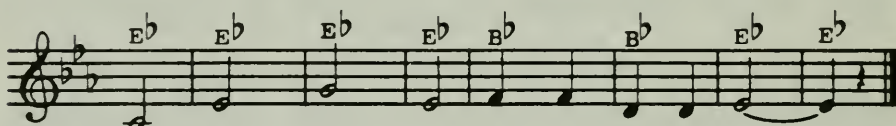
Blaz - ing camp-fires make our spir - its light,



As we meet in fel - low - ship to - night;



Scouts u - nit - ed for a world that's free,



Fires have light - ed in our jam-bo-ree.

Fading campfires 'neath a starry sky,
Silv'ry bugles sound their lullaby,
Scouting friendships fashioned here today,
Bind us closer—when we are away.

Father, guide us, where brave men have trod,
Help us know the Fatherhood of God,
Here beside us—let us know Thy plan,
May we show the Brotherhood of Man.

I'm Happy When I'm Hiking

English hiking song

The musical score is written on a single staff in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). The melody is simple and rhythmic, with lyrics written below the notes. Chord symbols (F, Gm, C7) are placed above the staff at various points. The lyrics are: "Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp. I'm hap - py when I'm hik - ing, pack up - on my back. I'm hap - py when I'm hik - ing off the beat - en track. Out in the o - pen coun - try, that's the place for me. With a true Scout - ing friend to the jour - ney's end, ten, twen - ty, thir - ty, for - ty, fif - ty miles a day. Tramp, tramp, tramp. (Repeat tramp to end.)"

Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp.

I'm hap - py when I'm hik - ing, pack up - on my

back. I'm hap - py when I'm hik - ing off the beat - en

track. Out in the o - pen coun - try, that's the place for

me. With a true Scout - ing friend to the jour - ney's end,

ten, twen - ty, thir - ty, for - ty, fif - ty miles a

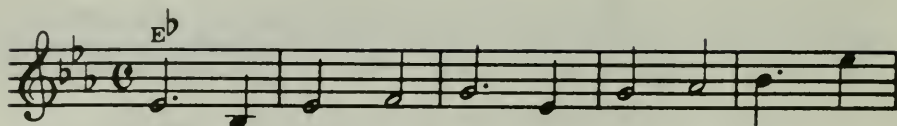
day. Tramp, tramp, tramp. (*Repeat tramp to end.*)

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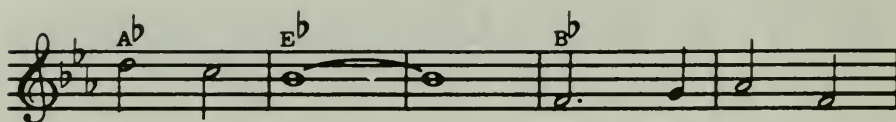
Scouting Marches On

O.B. Mathews

John T. Boudreau

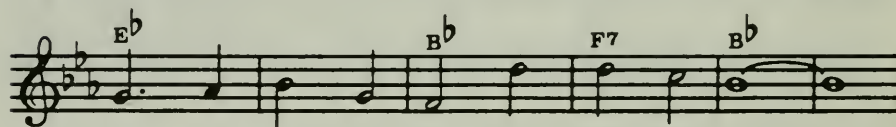


Scout-ing march-es, Scout-ing march-es, Scout-ing

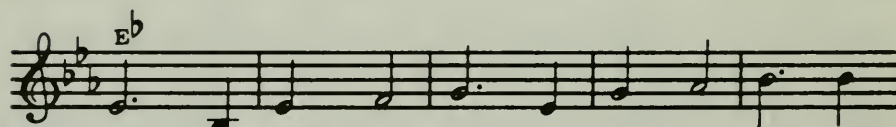


march - es on. —

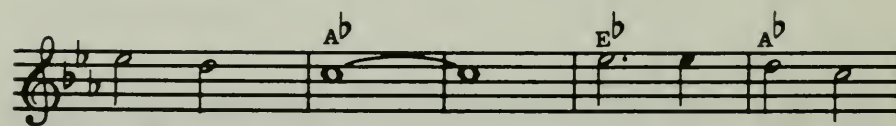
Strong and read - y,



true and stead-y, Till the goal is won. —

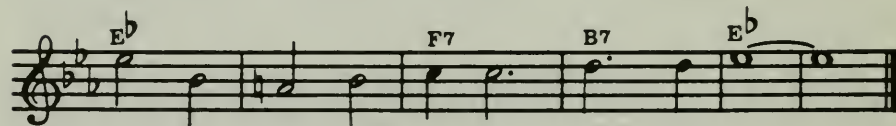


Daunt - ed nev - er, cour - age ev - er, For the



right FIGHT ON! —

To our home-land



ev - er loy - al Scout - ing march - es on. —

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Scouting We Go

Scout - ing we go, Scout - ing we
go, Sun - lit trails and lands where wa - ters
flow By the camp-fire's friend - ly, flam - ing
glow. Scout - ing we go, Scout - ing we go.

Hail! Hail! Scouting Spirit

Tune: "My Hero"—from *The Chocolate Soldier*

Key: B Flat

Hail! Hail! Scouting Spirit,

Best in the land;

Hail! Hail! Scouting Spirit,

Loyal we stand.

Onward and upward we're treading,

Always alert to make Scouting ready,

We are prepared.

Hail! Hail! Scouting Spirit.

Hail! Hail! Hail!

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You Can Tell a Scout

Tune: "Long, Long Trail"

Key: A Flat. Time: 4/4

You can tell a Scout from . . .

Insert troop number, city, or camp name in place of dotted lines.

You can tell him by his talk;
You can tell a Scout from . . .
You can tell him by his walk;
You can tell him by his manner,
By his appetite and such.
You can tell a Scout from . . .
But you cannot tell him much.

Song title copyrighted by M. Witmark & Sons, N.Y.
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Scout Hearted Men

Tune: "Stout Hearted Men"

Give me some men, who are Scout hearted men,
Who will fight for the right they adore.

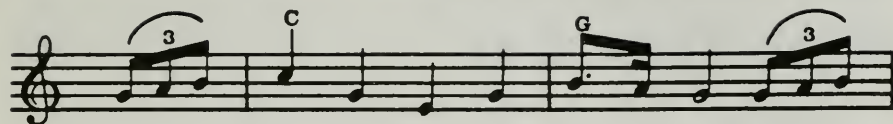
Start me with ten, who are Scout hearted men,
And I'll soon give you ten thousand more.

Oh! Shoulder to shoulder and bolder and bolder
They grow as they go on the fore!

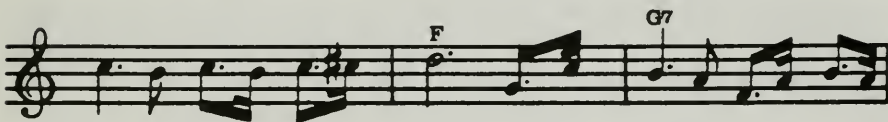
Then — There's nothing in the world can halt or mar a plan
When Scout hearted men can stick together man to man!

Copyright by Harms, Inc., N.Y. This paraphrase used by permission.

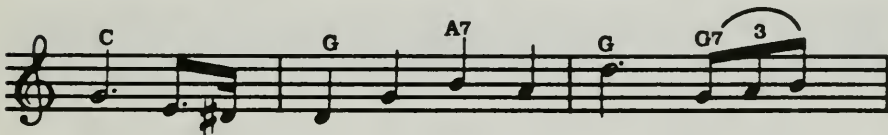
Here's to the Boy Scouts



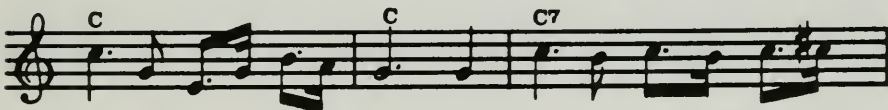
Here's to the Boy Scouts of A - mer - i - ca! Here's to the



Scouts where-ev-er they may be, A sal-ute to ev-'ry Scout we



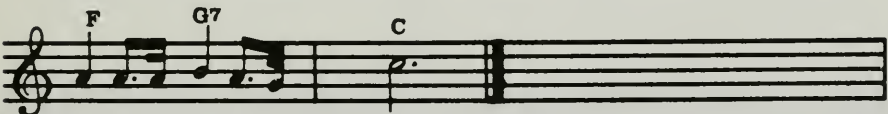
meet, Not a one shall know de - feat. Be - e Pre-



pared our mot-to ev-er be. Our em-blem is the fleur-de-



lis. Our Oath and Law we will o - bey, And we'll

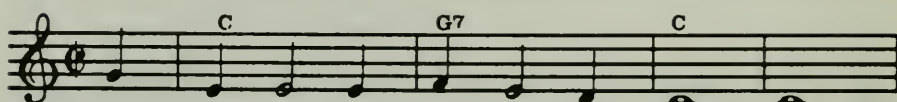


a Good Turn ev - 'ry day!

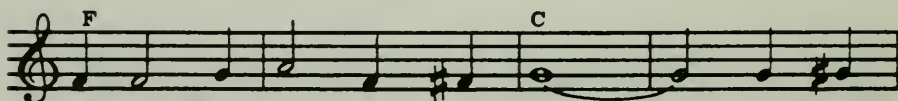
Western Ballads

Back in the Saddle Again

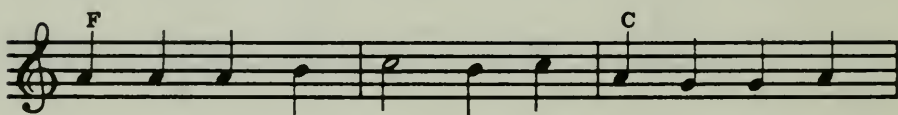
Words and music by Gene Autry and Ray Whitley



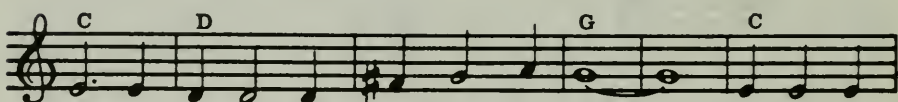
I'm back in the sad-dle a - gain —



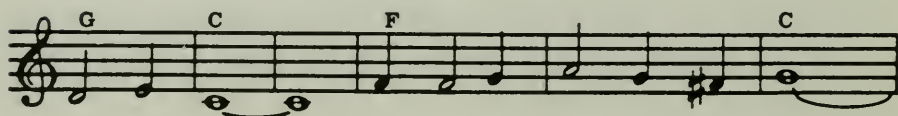
Out where a friend is a friend — Where the



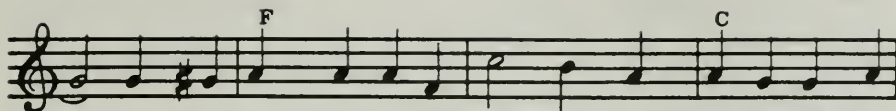
long-horn cat-tle feed, on the low-ly jim-son



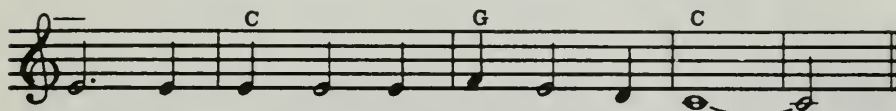
weed; I'm back in the sad-dle a - gain. — Rid-in' the



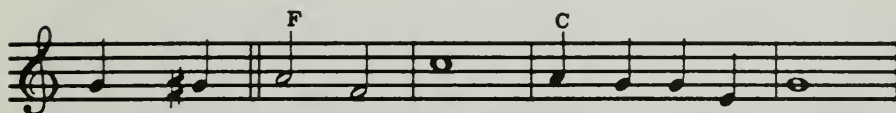
range once more, Tot-in' my old fort-y - four —



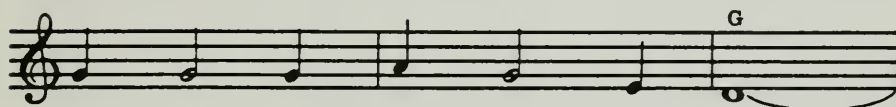
Where you sleep out ev-'ry - night where the on-ly law is



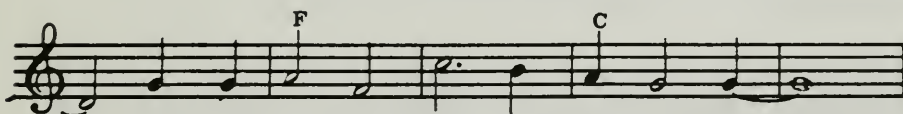
right; I'm back in the sad-dle a - gain. —



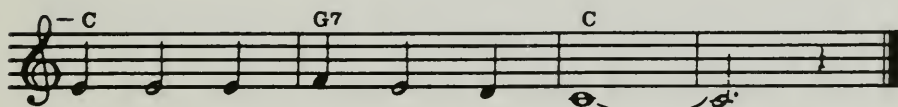
Whoo - pi - ti - yi - yo Rock-in' to and fro



back in the sad dle a - gain. —



Whoo - pi - ti - yi - ya I go my way —

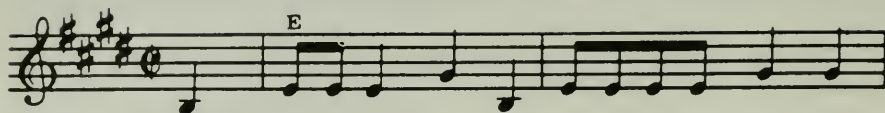


back in the sad-dle a - gain. —

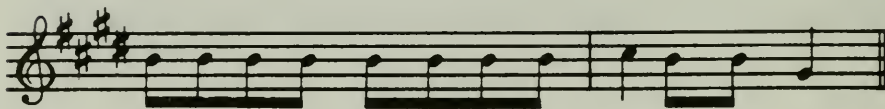
The Old Chisolm Trail

Lively

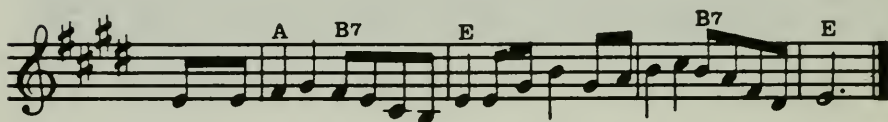
Traditional



Well, come a-long, boys, and lis-ten to my tale. I'll



tell you all my trou-bles on the old Chis-holm trail.



Come-a ti yi yip-py, yip-py yay, yip-py yay! Come-a ti yi yip-py, yip-py yay!

On a ten dollar horse and a forty dollar saddle
I started out a-punchin' those long-horned cattle.

I'm up in the morning before daylight
And before I gets to sleepin' the old moon's shining bright.

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

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

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

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

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

Red River Valley

Not too slow

From this val - ley they say you are
go - ing, We will miss your bright eyes and sweet
smile, For they say you are tak - ing the
sun - shine, — That —
bright - ens our path - way a - while.

The first verse of the song is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of five lines of music. The first line has a G chord above the second measure. The second line has a C chord above the first measure and a G chord above the fifth measure. The third line has a D chord above the first measure and a G chord above the fifth measure. The fourth line has a C chord above the first measure. The fifth line has a G chord above the first measure, a D chord above the fourth measure, and a G chord above the eighth measure. The melody is simple and folk-like, with a mix of eighth and quarter notes.

Refrain

Come and sit by my side if you
love me, — Do not hast - en to bid me a -
dieu, — But re - mem - ber the Red Riv - er
Val - ley, And the girl that has loved you so true. —

The refrain consists of four lines of music. The first line has a G chord above the fifth measure. The second line has a C chord above the first measure and a G chord above the fifth measure. The third line has a D chord above the first measure and a G chord above the fifth measure. The fourth line has a C chord above the first measure, a G chord above the fifth measure, a D chord above the seventh measure, and a G chord above the eighth measure. The melody continues the simple folk style from the verse.

Do you think of the valley you're 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,
When 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 flow'rs.

The Cowboy's Sweet Bye and Bye

Tune: "My Bonnie"

Key: G. Time: 3/4

Last night as I lay on the prairie
And gazed at the stars in the skies,
I wondered if ever a cowboy
Could drift to that sweet bye and bye.

Chorus

Roll on, roll on,
Roll on, little dogies,
Roll on, roll on,
Roll on, roll on,
Roll on little dogies, roll on.

The road to that bright heavenly region
Is a dim narrow trail, so they say,
But the road that leads down to perdition
Is posted and blazed all the way.

Repeat chorus.

They speak of another Great Owner
Who's never o'erstocked, so they say
But who always makes room for the sinner
Who drifts from the straight narrow way.

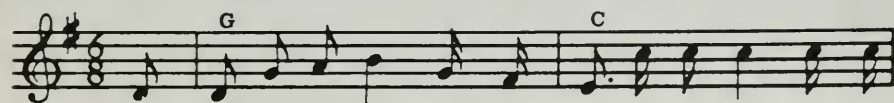
Repeat chorus.

They tell of another great roundup,
Where cowboys like dogies will stand,
To be marked by the Riders of Judgment,
Who are posted and know every brand.

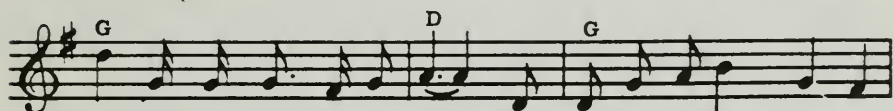
Repeat chorus.

Courtesy of Bill Pollock.

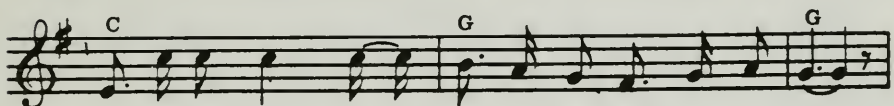
Home on the Range



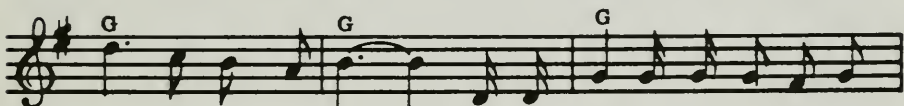
Oh give me a home where the buf-fa-lo roam, Where the



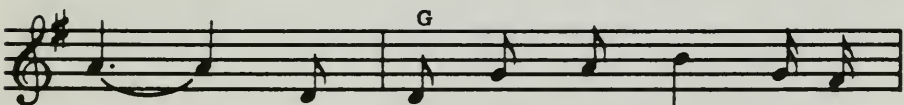
deer and the an-te-lope play. Where sel-dom is heard a dis-



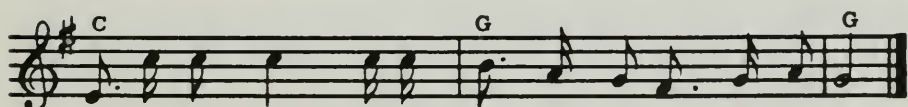
cour-ag-ing word, And the skies are not cloud-y all day.



Home, home on the range, Where the deer and the an-te-lope



play — Where sel - dom is heard a dis-

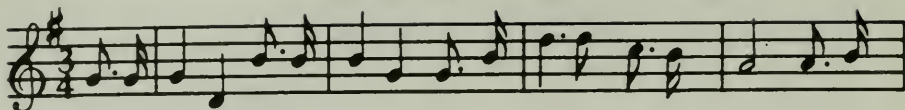


cour-ag-ing word, And the skies are not cloud-y all day.

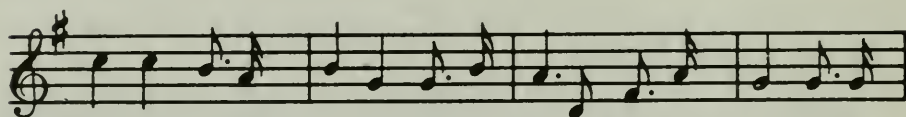
Where the air is so pure,
The zephyrs so free,
The breezes so balmy and lite,
That I would not exchange my home on the range,
For all of the cities so brite

Clementine

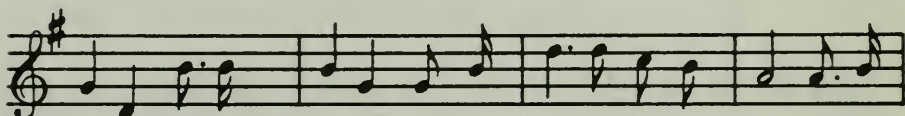
Key: G. Time: 3/4



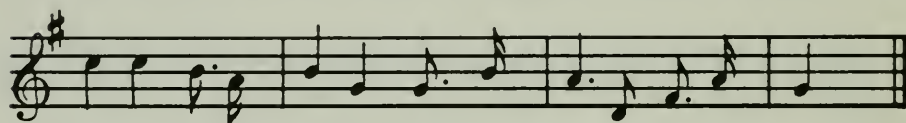
In a cav-ern, in a can-yon, Ex-ca - vat - ing for a mine, Dwelt a



min-er, For-ty-nin-er, And his daugh - ter, Cle - men-tine. Oh my



dar-ling, Oh my dar-ling, Oh my dar - ling Cle-men-tine, You are



lost and gone for-ev-er, Dread - ful sor-ry, Cle - men - tine.

Chorus

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

Repeat chorus.

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

Repeat chorus.

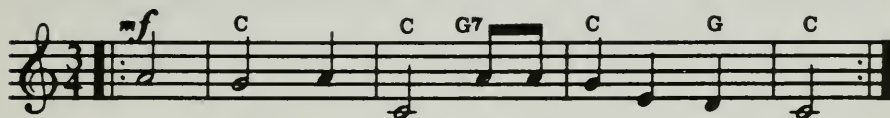
Saw her lips above the water,
 Blowing bubbles, mighty fine;
 But alas! I was no swimmer,
 So I lost my Clementine.

Repeat chorus.

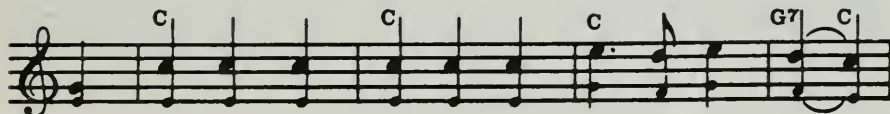
Old Paint

Smoothly

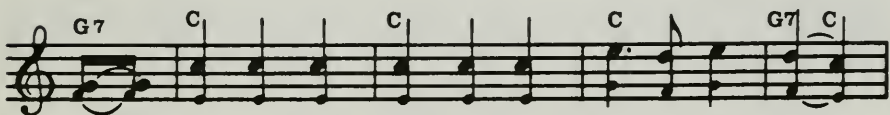
Cowboy song



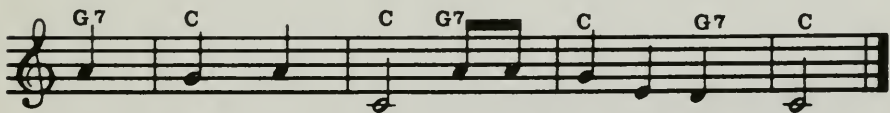
Good - by, old Paint, I'm a-leav-ing Chey - enne,



My foot in the stir - rup, my po - ny won't stand;



I'm a - leav-ing Chey-enne and I'm off to Mon - tan'.



Good - by, old Paint, I'm a - leav - ing Chey - enne.

I'm riding old Paint and a leading old Fan;
 Good-by, little Annie, I'm off to Montan'.
 Good-by, old Paint, I'm a-leaving Cheyenne.
 Go hitch up your horses and give them some hay,
 And seat yourself by me as long as you stay.
 Good-by, old Paint, I'm a-leaving Cheyenne.

The Dying Cowboy

Rather slowly

The musical score is written on five staves in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The melody is simple and expressive, with a tempo marking of 'Rather slowly'. Chords G and D are indicated above the notes. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words split across lines.

"O bur- y me not on the lone prair-
ie"; These words came low and mourn-ful-
ly, From the pal- lid lips of a youth who
lay On his dy - ing
bed at the close of day.

It matters not, I've oft been told,

Where the body lies when the heart grows cold,

Yet grant, oh grant this wish to me:

O bury me not on the lone prairie.

“O bury me not” and his voice failed there,

But we took no heed of his dying prayer.

In a narrow grave just six by three,

We buried him there on the lone prairie.

And the cowboys now as they roam the plain,

For they marked the spot where his bones were lain,

Fling a handful of roses o’er his grave,

With a prayer to Him who his soul will save.

The Happy Wanderer

Antonia Ridge

Friedn W. Möller

I love to go a-wander-ing, A-long the
moun-tain track,—And as I go, I love to
sing, My knap-sack on my back.—Val-de
ri— Val-de ra— Val-de ra— Val-de
ha ha ha ha ha Val-de ri,— Val-de
ra. My knap-sack on my back.

I love to wander by the stream

That dances in the sun,
So joyously it calls to me,
“Come! Join my happy song!”

I wave my hat to all I meet,
And they wave back to me,
And blackbirds call so loud and sweet
From ev’ry green-wood tree.

High overhead, the skylarks wing,
They never rest at home
But just like me, they love to sing,
As o’er the world we roam.

Oh, may I go awandering
Until the day I die!
Oh, may I always laugh and sing,
Beneath God’s clear blue sky!

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This Land Is Your Land

Woody Guthrie

Gospel Tune

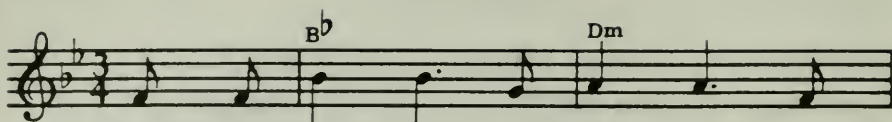
This land is your land,—this land is my land,—
From Cal-i-for-nia—to the New York Is-land,
From the red-wood for-est—to the Gulf Stream wa-ters,
This land was made for you and me.—

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.

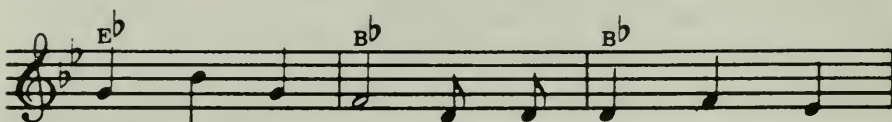
I roamed and rambled, and I followed my footsteps,
To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts,
All around me a voice was sounding,
This land was made for you and me.

When the sun came shining, than I was 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.

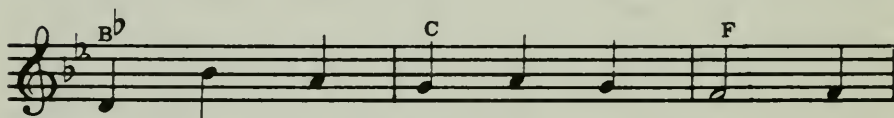
Chaparral Song



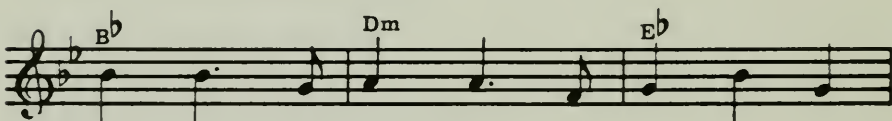
In the land of the Las-sen, where



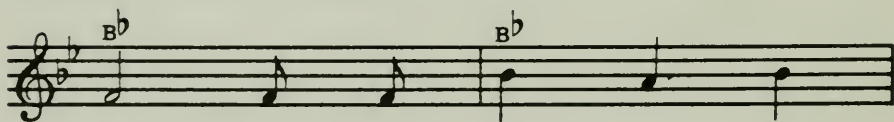
tim-ber is tall, There are cer-tain brush



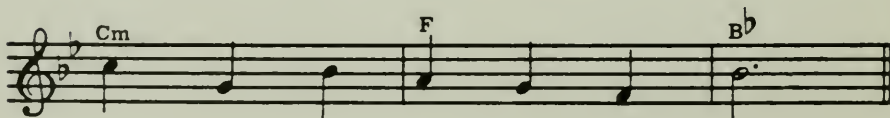
patch-es through which we must crawl Some



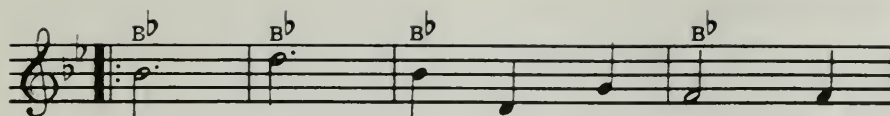
spe-cies are lim-ber, while oth-ers are



stiff; And they all will fly

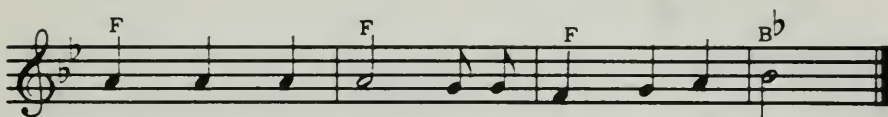


back at your nose with a biff.



Oh, my, gee ain't it fine, To

Oh, my, gee ain't it swell, To



cruise all day long in the tall o-pen pine!

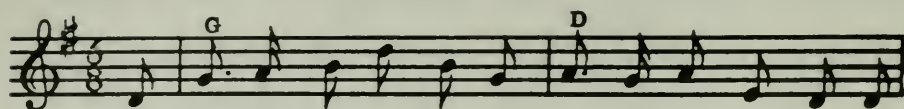
cruise all day long in the darn chap-ar-ral!

Oh, we might ride the saddle of a ridge we could stick;
We might spear our grub with the fork of a crick;
Use the riverbed to sleep on;
Eat sawdust for mush,
But we can't scrub our teeth with this darn hillside brush.

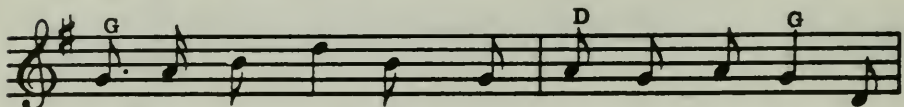
Chorus

Dogie Song

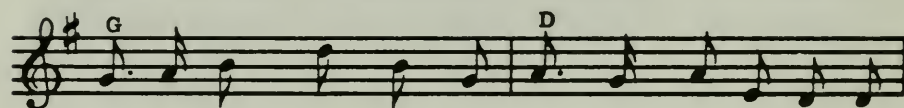
Sung rhythmically to the swing of riding a horse



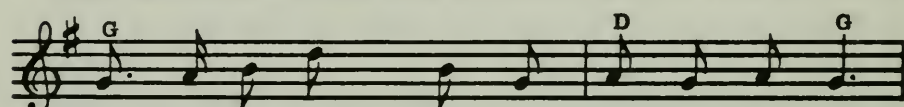
As I was a-walk-ing one morn-ing for pleasure I



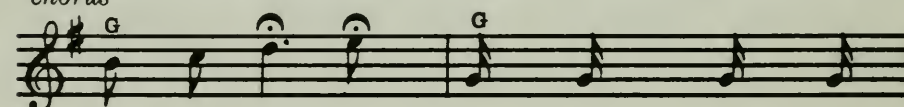
spied a bold cow-boy come rid-ing a - long. His



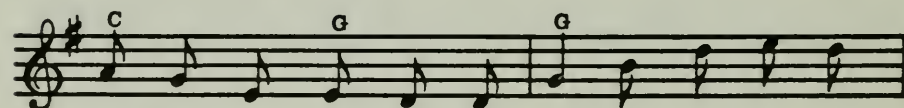
hat was thrown back and his spurs were a jing-ling And



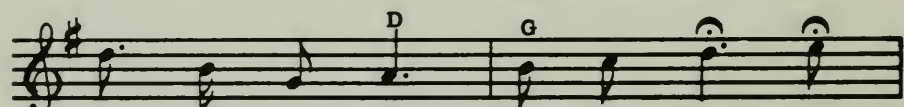
as he ap-proached he was sing-ing this song.
chorus



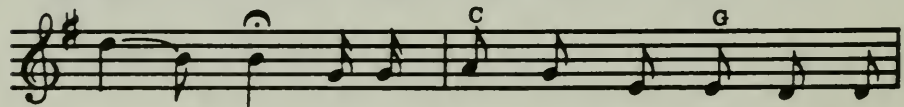
Whoop - ee ki yi yo Get a -



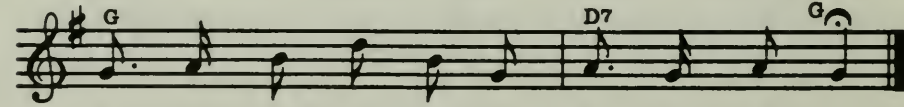
long lit - tle dog-ie. It's your mis-for-tune and



none of my own. Whoop-ee ki yi



yo — o Get a -long lit-tle dog - ie. I



know that Wy - om - ing will be your new home.

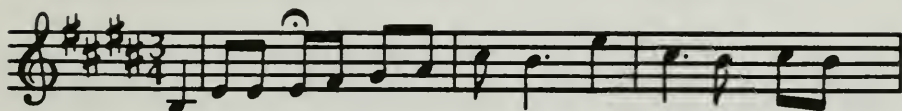
It's early in the springtime, we round up the dogies,
 Mark—and brand—and bob off their tails;
 Round up the ponies—load up the chuck wagon,
 And throw the dogies out onto the trail.

chorus

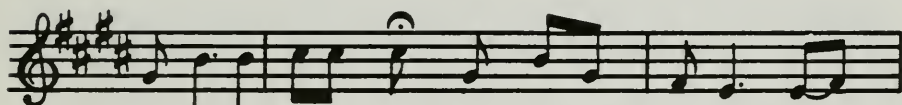
Shenandoah

Slowly

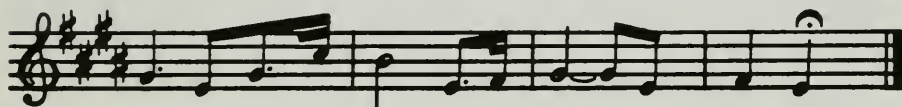
Traditional



Oh, Shen-an-doah, I long to hear you. Way, hey, you roll - ing



river! Oh, Shen - an - doah, I long to hear you, Way,



hey, we 're bound a-way 'Cross the wide Mis - sour - i.

Oh, Shenandoah, I love your daughter,
 Way, hey, you rolling river!
 Oh, Shenandoah, I love your daughter,
 Way, hey, we're bound away 'cross the wide Missouri.

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

International Songs

Waltzing Matilda

Once a jol - ly swag - man

camped by a bil - la - bong Un - der the shade of a

cool - i - bah tree, And he sang as he watched and

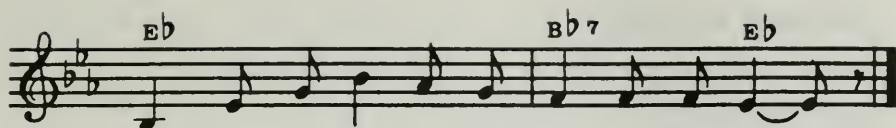
wait - ed till his bil - ly boiled,

chorus. "You'll come a-waltz-ing, Ma - til - da, with me!"

Waltz-ing Ma - til - da, waltz-ing Ma - til - da,

You'll come a-waltz-ing Ma - til - da with me. And he

sang as he watched and wait - ed till his bil - ly boiled.



"You'll come a-waltz-ing Ma - til - da with me!"

Down came a jumbuck to drink beside the billabong,
 Up jumped the swagman and seized him with glee;
 And he sang as he talked to that jumbuck in his tucker-
 bag;*

"You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me."

Repeat chorus.

Down came the stockman, riding on his thoroughbred;

Down came the troopers one, two, three.

"Where's the jolly jumbuck, you've got in your tucker-
 bag?*"

"You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me."

Repeat chorus.

Up jumped the swagman and plunged into the billabong,

"You'll never catch me alive," cried he.

And his ghost may be heard as you ride beside the billa-
 bong,*

"You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me."

Repeat chorus.

**Substitute this line for third line of chorus*

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Walking at Night

Translated version and

Czech folk song by A.D. Zanzig

mf

Walk-ing at night a - long the mead - ow way,

Home from the dance be - side my maid - en gay,

Walk - ing at night a - long the mead - ow way,

Home from the dance be - side my maid - en gay. Hey!

Much faster *but second time pp*

f *>*

Sto - do - le, sto - do - le, sto - do - le, pum - pa,

>

Sto - do - le, pum - pa, sto - do - le, pum - pa,

Sto - do - le, sto - do - le, sto - do - le, pum - pa,

> *>* *>*

Sto - do - le, pum - pa, pum, pum, pum.

Nearing the wood, we heard the nightingale,
Sweetly it echoed over hill and dale.
Nearing the wood, we heard the nightingale,
Sweetly it echoed over hill and dale. Hey!

Many the stars that brightly shone above,
But none so bright as her one word of love.
Many the stars that brightly shone above,
But none so bright as her one word of love. Hey!

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Auld Lang Syne

By Robert Burns

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never bro't to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And days of auld lang syne?

Chorus

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne;
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty friend,
And gie's a hand o' thine;
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

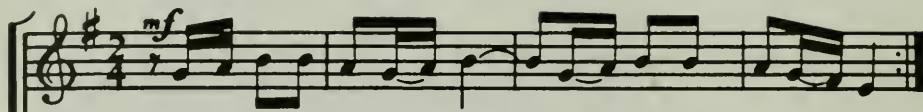
Repeat chorus.

Zum Gali Gali

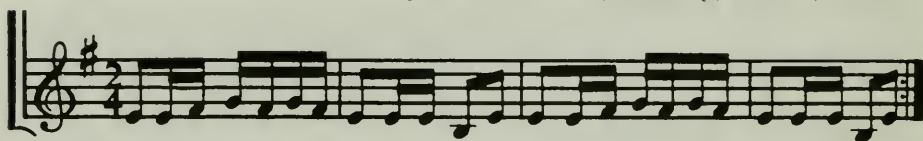
Palestinian Folk Tune

Key: E minor

Steadily



As we work we sing a song, We sing it all day long.
When we reach the end of the day, We will dance, and sing, and be gay.



Zum ga-li ga-li gal-li, Zum gal-li gal-li, Zum ga-li gal-li gal-li, Zum ga-li gal-li.

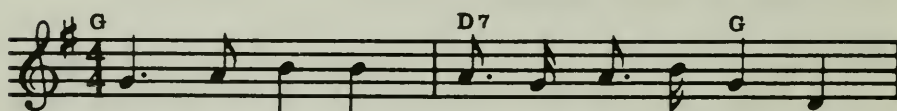
Alouette

French-Canadian canoe song

Allegretto

Each time you sing the melody, add a new word in the measure before the Oh! Have group repeat this and sing all preceding verses in reverse.

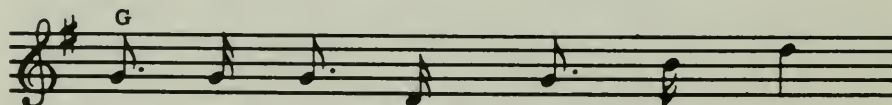
3. Le nez; 4. Le cou; 5. Le pied; 6. Le dos; 7. Les pattes



Al - ou - et - te, Gen-tile Al - ou - et - te,



Al - ou - et - te, Je te plu - me - rai.



Je te plu - me - rai la tete,

Je te plu - me - rai la tete.

Et la tete; Et la tete; Oh!

The Far Northland

Tune: "Road to the Isles"—from *Songs of the Hebrides*

By M. Kennedy-Fraser

It's the far North - land that's a-

call-ing me a-way As take I with my pack-sack to the

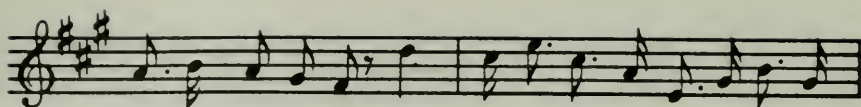
road, It's the call on me of the

for-est in the North As step I with the sun-light for my

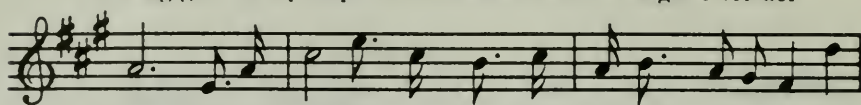
load. It's the load. By Lake Dun-can and Clear-wa-ter to

Bear-skin I will go, Where you see the loon and hear his plain-tive

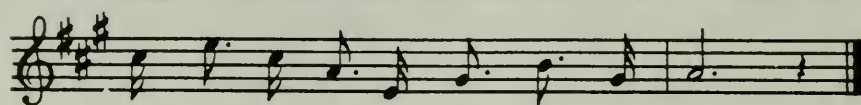
wail; If you're think-ing in your in-ner heart there's



swag-ger in my step, You've nev-er been a-long the bor-der

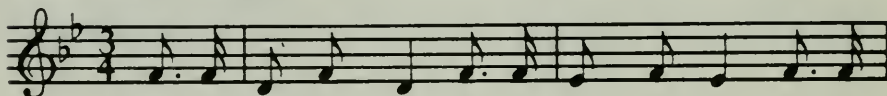


trail. It's the far North-land that's a-call-ing me a-way As

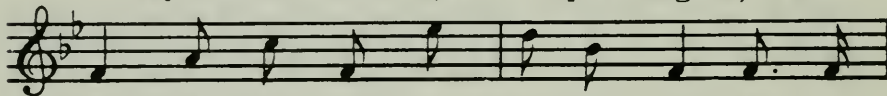


take I with my pack-sack to the road.

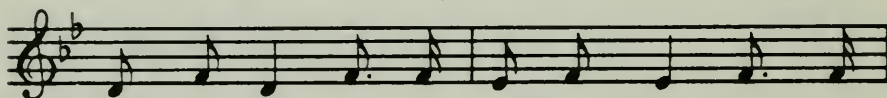
Yodeling Song



By an old Swiss mill, On a spark-ling rill, U-lee-



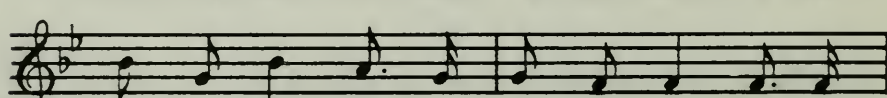
o, U - lee - o - e, U - lee - o, Lives a



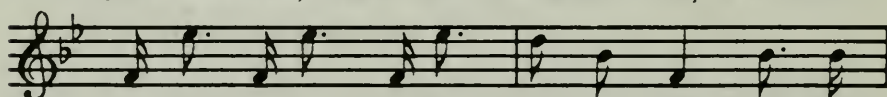
maid - en fair, In a gar - den rare; U - lee -



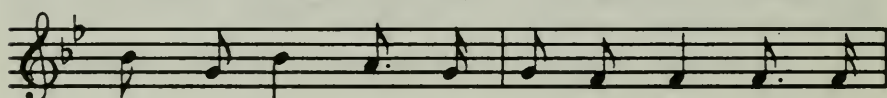
o, U - lee - o - lee! U - lee - o! I am



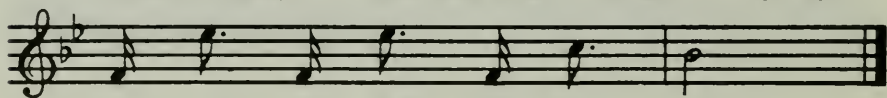
glad to know, That she loves me so, U - lee -



o - e, o - e, o - e, U - lee - o! Tho I



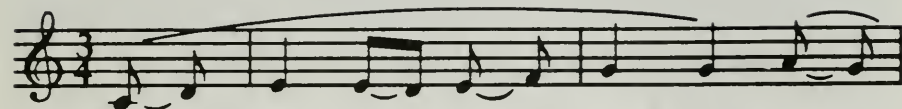
cross the sea, She will wait for me. U - lee -



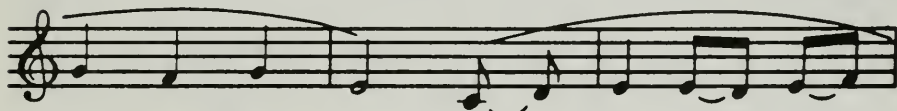
o - e, - o - e, o - e, o!

The Herdsman

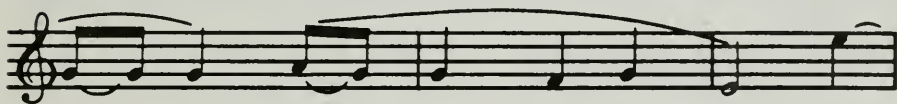
With spirit



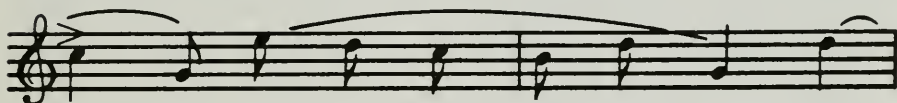
1. The — herds - man — is — mer - ry, he —



sings all day long; He — seek - eth — his —



flock — as he — chant - eth this song. Ho -



le - a, Ho - le - e - e - e - a, Ho -



lé - a, Ho - lé - é - é - é - á. Ho - lé - a, Ho - lé - é -



é - é - a, Ho - lé - a, Ho - lé - é - a!

In the morning he is milking on the hillside till noon,
But at evening Bellé calls him:
“Come Hans!” “Coming soon.”

Folk Songs and Spirituals

Battle Hymn of the Republic

Folk melody

Key: B Flat. Time: 4/4

By Julia Ward Howe

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 watchfires of a hundred circling
camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and
damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring
lamps;
His day is marching on.

Repeat 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! be jubilant, my
feet!
Our God is marching on.

Repeat chorus.

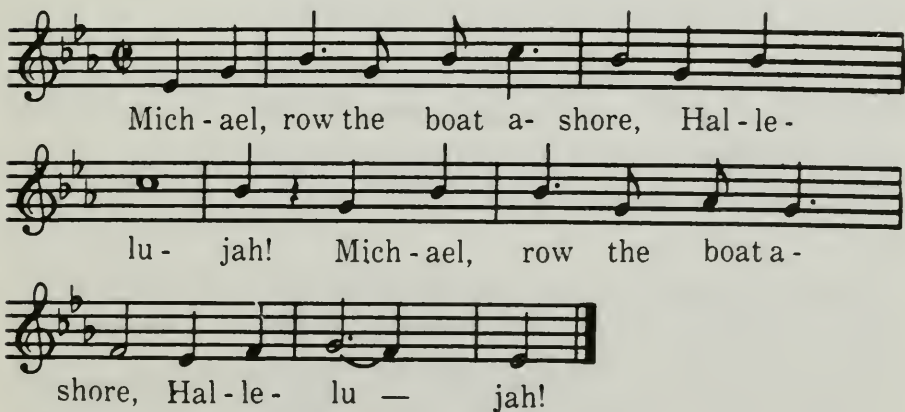
Roll, Jordan, Roll



Roll, Jor-dan, roll, Roll, Jor-dan, roll. I
want to go to Heav-en when I die, to hear Jor-dan roll.
1. Oh, broth-ers, you ought t'have been there, Yes, my
Lord! A - sit-ting in the Kingdom, To hear Jor-dan roll.

Oh, preachers, you ought t'have been there,
Yes, my Lord! A-sitting in the Kingdom,
To hear Jordan roll.

Michael Row the Boat Ashore



Mich - ael, row the boat a- shore, Hal - le -
lu - jah! Mich - ael, row the boat a -
shore, Hal - le - lu — jah!

You Can Dig My Grave

The musical score is written on five staves in G major (one sharp, F#) and 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef. Chord symbols are placed above the staff: Bb (first staff), F7 (second staff), Bb (third staff), Eb and Bb (fourth staff), and Bb, F, and Bb (fifth staff). The lyrics are written below the staff, with some words split across lines.

You can dig my grave with a
 sil-ver spade, You can dig my grave with a
 sil - ver spade, You can
 dig my grave with a sil-ver spade, Cause I
 ain't a-gon-na be here much long - er.

There's a long white robe up in Heaven for me,
 There's a long white robe up in Heaven for me,
 There's a long white robe up in Heaven for me,
 'Cause I ain't a-gonna be here much longer.

There's a starry crown up in Heaven for me,
 There's a starry crown up in Heaven for me,
 There's a starry crown up in Heaven for me,
 'Cause I ain't a-gonna be here much longer.

There's a golden harp up in Heaven for me,
 There's a golden harp up in Heaven for me,
 There's a golden harp up in Heaven for me,
 'Cause I ain't a-gonna be here much longer.

You can pluck one string and the whole Heaven rings,
 You can pluck one string and the whole Heaven rings,
 You can pluck one string and the whole Heaven rings,
 'Cause I ain't a-gonna be here much longer.

Repeat first verse.

Jacob's Ladder

Key: B Flat

We are climb - ing Ja - cob's lad - der, We are

climb - ing Jac - ob's lad - der, We are climb - ing

Ja - cob's ladder, Sol - diers of the Cross.

Every round goes higher and higher, etc.
 Soldiers of the cross.

Do you think I'd make a soldier? etc.
 Soldiers of the cross.

Yes, I'd like to be a soldier, etc.
 Soldiers of the cross.

We are climbing higher and higher, etc.
 Soldiers of the cross.

In the Good Old Summertime

chorus

Bb

In the good old sum - mer - time,

Eb **Bb**

In the good old sum - mer - time,

Bb

Stroll-ing thro' the sha - dy lanes,

C7 **F7**

With your ba - by mine; You

Bb

hold her hand and she holds yours, And

Eb **Bb**

that's a ve - ry good sign That

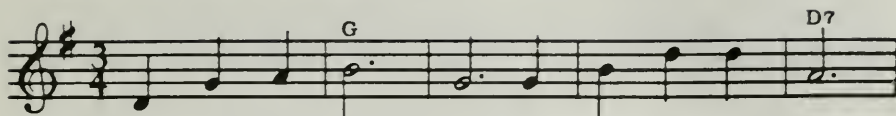
Bb

she's your toot - sey woot - sey in the

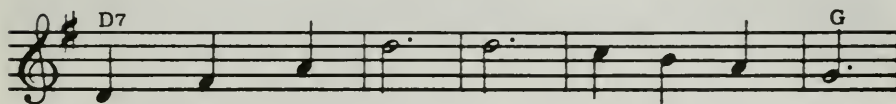
C7 **Eb** **F7** **Bb**

good old sum - mer - time.

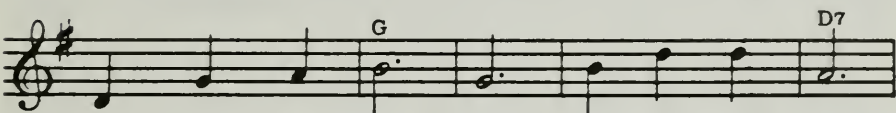
Down in the Valley



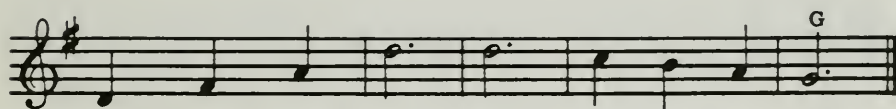
Down in the val - ley, the val-ley so low,



Hang your head o - ver, hear the wind blow;



Hear the wind blow, dear, hear the wind blow;



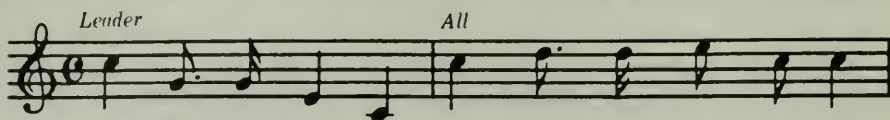
Hang your head o - ver, hear the wind blow.

Write me a letter containing three lines,
Answer my question: Will you be mine?
Will you be mine, dear? Will you be mine?
Answer my question: Will you be mine?

Build me a castle forty feet high,
So I can see her, as she rides by;
As she rides by, dear, as she rides by;
So I can see her, as she rides by.

Roses love sunshine, violets love dew,
Angels in heaven, know I love you;
Know I love you, dear, know I love you;
Angels in heaven, know I love you.

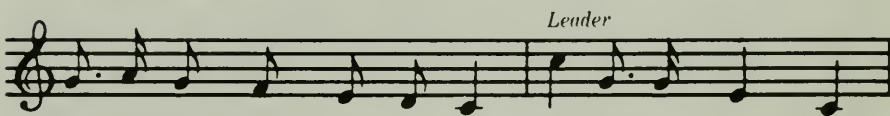
Green Grow the Rushes, Oh



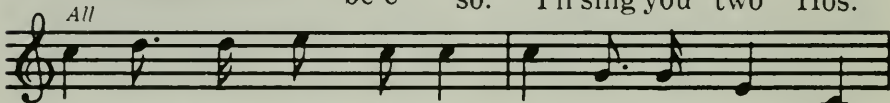
I'll sing you one Ho. Green grow the rush-es, oh,



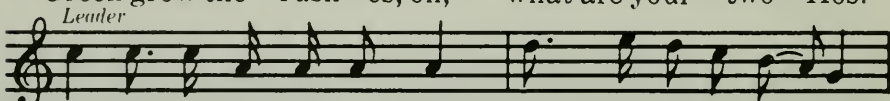
what is your one Ho! One is one and all a-lone and



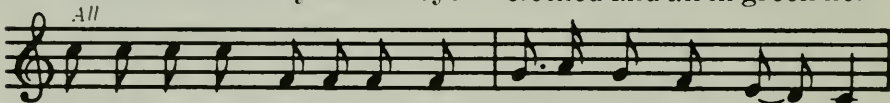
ev - er more shall be-e so. I'll sing you two Hos.



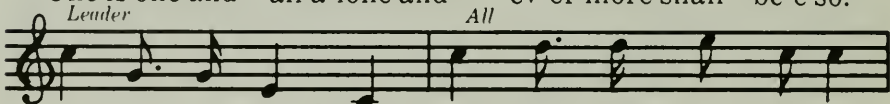
Green grow the rush - es, oh, what are your two Hos!



Two two the lil - y white boys clothed and all in green ho.



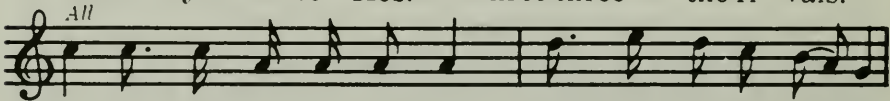
One is one and all a-lone and ev-er more shall be-e so.



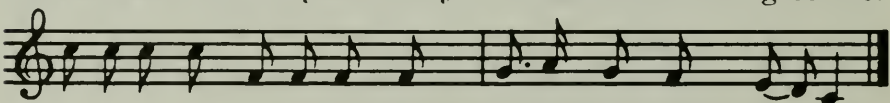
I'll sing you three Hos. Green grow the rush-es, oh,



what are your three Hos. Three three the ri - vals.



Two two the lil-y white boys clothed and all in green ho.



One is one and all a-lone and ev-er more shall be-e so.

Leader continues to add one more verse while group joins in singing back through all of previous verses. This song is a lot of fun and will prove popular with the crowd once they catch on to it.

Four for the gospel makers
Five for the cymbals at your door
Six for the six proud walkers
Seven for the seven stars in the sky
Eight for the April rainers
Nine for the nine bright shiners
Ten for ten commandments
Eleven for the eleven that went to Heaven
Twelve for the twelve apostles

Dixie

Words and music by Dan D. Emmett

Key: C

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! Dixieland.

Chorus

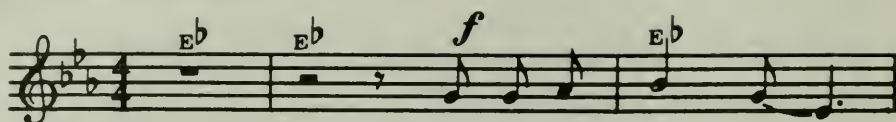
Then I wish I was in Dixie, Hooray! Hooray!
In Dixieland I'll take my stand to live and die in Dixie;
Away, away, away down south in Dixie.
Away, away, away down south in Dixie.

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.

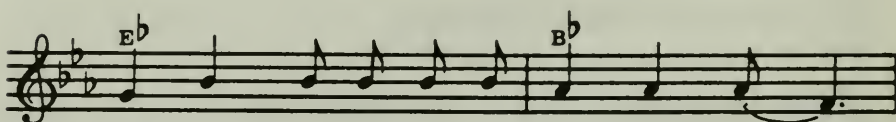
Repeat chorus.

He's Got the Whole World in His Hands

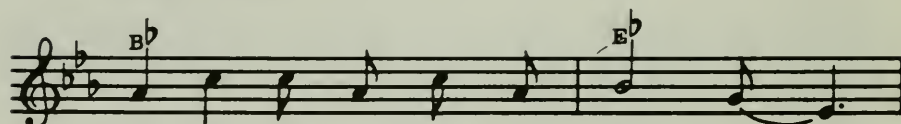
Moderately fast



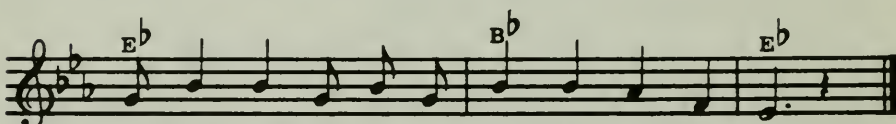
He's got the whole world



in His hands, He's got the big, roun' world



in His hands, He's got the wide world



in His hands; He's got the whole world in His hands.

He's got the wind and the rain in His hands,
He's got the sun and the moon in His hands,
He's got the wind and the rain in His hands;
He's got the whole world in His hands.

He's got the little bitty baby in His hands,
He's got the little bitty baby in His hands,
He's got the little bitty baby in His hands;
He's got the whole world in His hands.

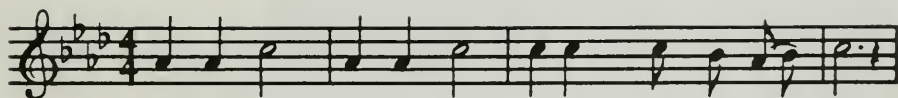
He's got you and me, brother, in His hands,
He's got you and me, brother, in His hands,
He's got you and me, brother, in His hands;
He's got the whole world in His hands.

He's got everybody here in His hands,
He's got everybody here in His hands,
He's got everybody here in His hands;
He's got the whole world in His hands.

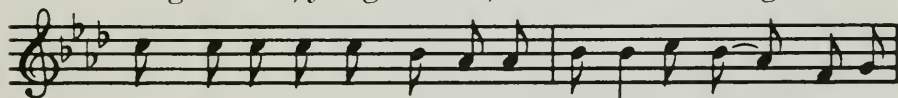
He's got the whole world in His hands,
He's got the whole wide world in His hands,
He's got the whole world in His hands;
He's got the whole world in His hands.

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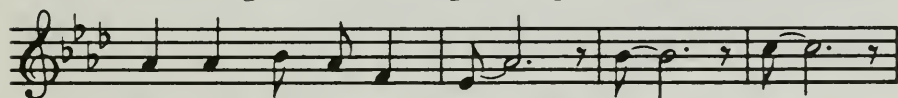
I Got Shoes



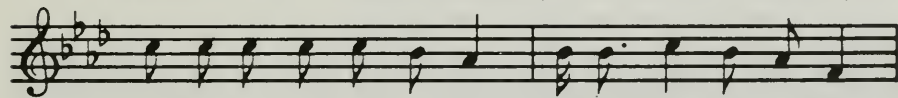
I got shoes, you got shoes, All God's chil-dren got shoes.



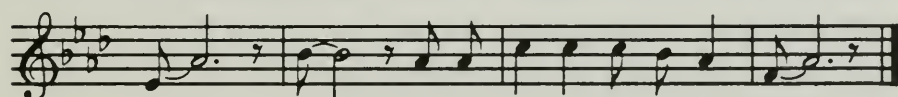
When I go to Heab'-n gon-na put on my shoes, Gon-na



walk all ob- er God's Heab'n, Heab'n, Heab'n;



Ev'-ry-bod-y talk a-bout Heab-n' ain't go-in' there,



Heab'n, Heab'n, Gon-na walk all ob-er God's Heab'n.

When the Saints Go Marching In

Oh, when the Saints go march-ing

in, Oh, when the Saints go

march - ing in, Lord, I want to

be in that num-ber, When the

Saints go march - ing in.

And when the revelation comes,
 And when the revelation comes,
 Lord, how I want to be in that number,
 When the revelation comes.

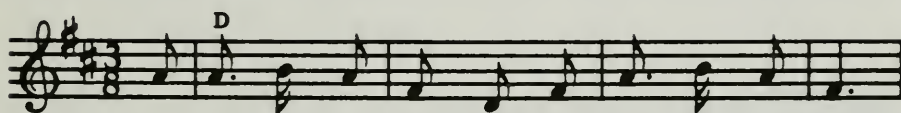
And when the new world is revealed,
 And when the new world is revealed,
 Lord, how I want to be in that number,
 When the new world is revealed.

And when the sun begins to shine,
 And when the sun begins to shine,
 Lord, how I want to be in that number,
 When the sun begins to shine.

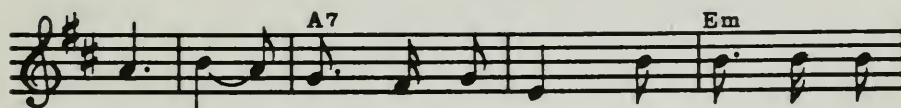
And when they gather 'round the throne,
And when they gather 'round the throne,
Lord, how I want to be in that number,
When they gather 'round the throne.

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Blow the Man Down



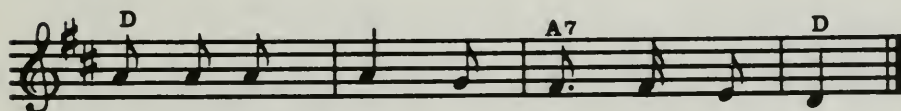
Oh, blow the man down, lad-dies, blow the man down,



Way, aye, blow the man down! Oh, blow the man

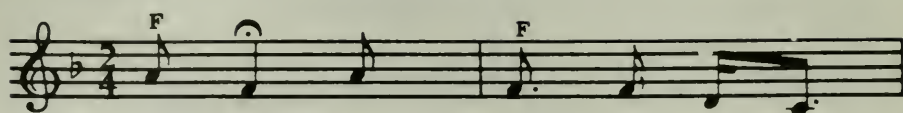


down, lad - dies, blow the man down,

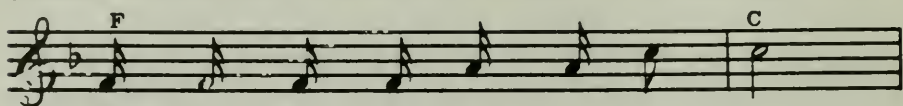


Give us some time to blow the man down.

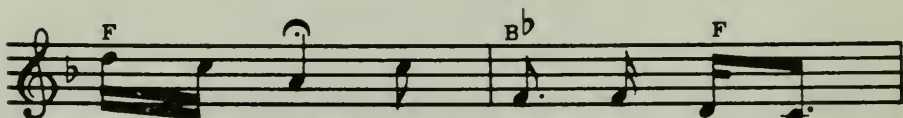
Swing Low, Sweet Chariot



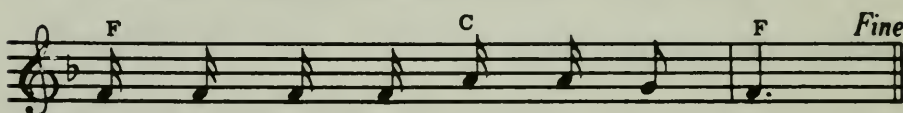
chorus Swing low, sweet char - i - ot,



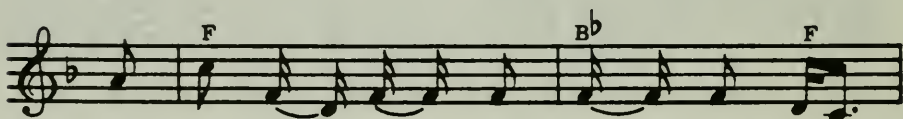
Com - in' for to car - ry me home,



Swing low, sweet char - i - ot,



Com - in' for to car - ry me home.



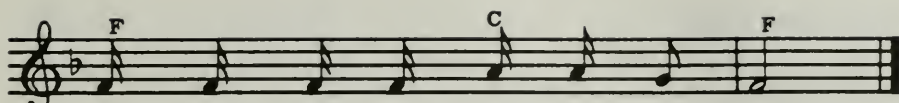
I looked o-ver Jor-dan and what did I see,
If you get there be - fore I do,
The bright-est day that ev-er I saw,
I'm some-times up and some-times down,



Com-in' for to car - ry me home, A
Tell



band of an - gels com-in' af-ter me, But
all my friends I'm com - in' too, When
Heav - en wash'd my sins a - way, F
still my soul feels heav'n - ly bound,



Com - in' for to car - ry me home.

Oh, Susanna

By Stephen Foster

Key: F

I come from Alabama,
With my banjo on my knee;
I'm going to Louisiana,
My true love for to see.
It rained all night the day I left,
The weather it was dry;
The sun so hot I froze to death;
Susanna, don't you cry.

Chorus

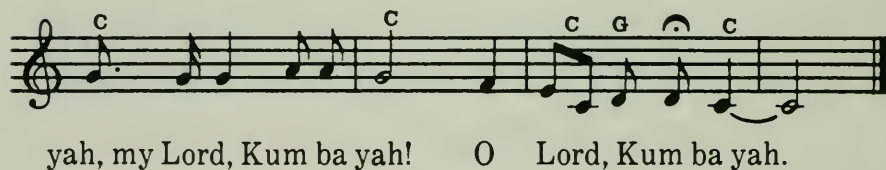
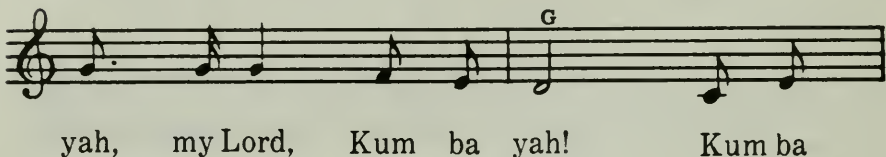
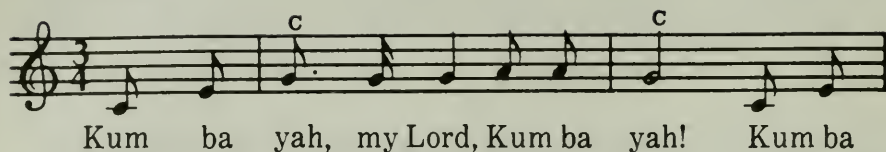
Oh, Susanna, oh, don't you cry for me;
I've come from Alabama,
With my banjo on my knee.
Oh, Susanna, oh, don't you cry for me;
I've come from Alabama.
With my banjo on my knee.

I had a dream the other night,
When everything was still;
I thought I saw Susanna
A-coming down the hill.
The buckwheat cake was in her mouth,
The tear was in her eye;
Says I, I'm coming from the South;
Susanna, don't you cry.

Repeat chorus.

Kum Ba Yah

Slowly



Someone's crying, Lord, Kum ba yah!
Someone's crying, Lord, Kum ba yah!
Someone's crying, Lord, Kum ba yah!
O Lord, Kum ba ya.

Someone's singing, Lord, Kum ba yah!
Someone's singing, Lord, Kum ba yah!
Someone's singing, Lord, Kum ba yah!
O Lord, Kum ba ya.

Someone's praying, Lord, Kum ba yah!
Someone's praying, Lord, Kum ba yah!
Someone's praying, Lord, Kum ba yah!
O Lord, Kum ba ya.

SCOUT LAW VERSION

(Repeat verse with score.)

A Scout is trustworthy, Lord, Kum ba yah!
A Scout is loyal, Lord, Kum ba yah!
A Scout is helpful, Lord, Kum ba yah!
O Lord, Kum ba ya.

A Scout is friendly, Lord, Kum ba yah!
A Scout is courteous, Lord, Kum ba yah!
A Scout is kind, Lord, Kum ba yah!
O Lord, Kum ba ya.

A Scout is obedient, Lord, Kum ba yah!
A Scout is cheerful, Lord, Kum ba yah!
A Scout is thrifty, Lord, Kum ba yah!
O Lord, Kum ba ya.

A Scout is brave, Lord, Kum ba yah!
A Scout is clean, Lord, Kum ba yah!
A Scout is reverent, Lord, Kum ba yah!
O Lord, Kum ba ya.

These words were introduced at the National Council Annual Meeting held in Cleveland, Ohio, May 1964.

Songs of Inspiration

Onward, Christian Soldiers

Key: E Flat

By Sabine Baring-Gould and Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan

Onward, Christian soldiers!
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.
Christ, the royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See His banners go!

Chorus

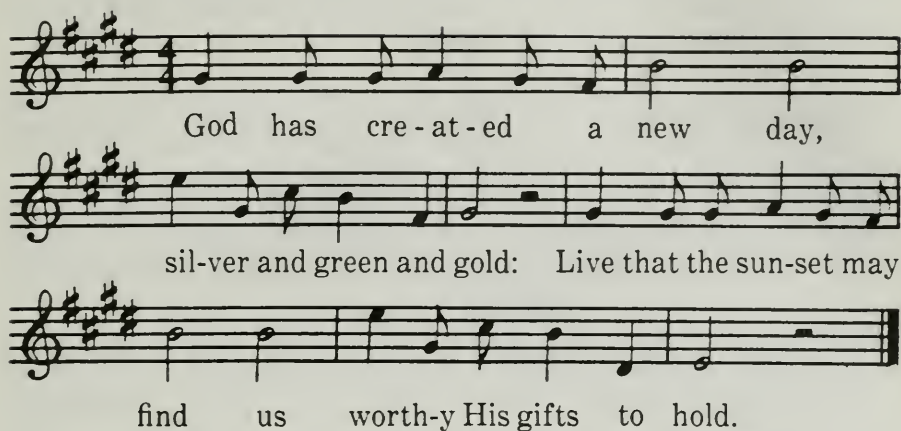
Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.

Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song;
Glory, laud, and honor
Unto Christ the King;
This thro' countless ages
Men and angels sing.

Repeat chorus.

Grace

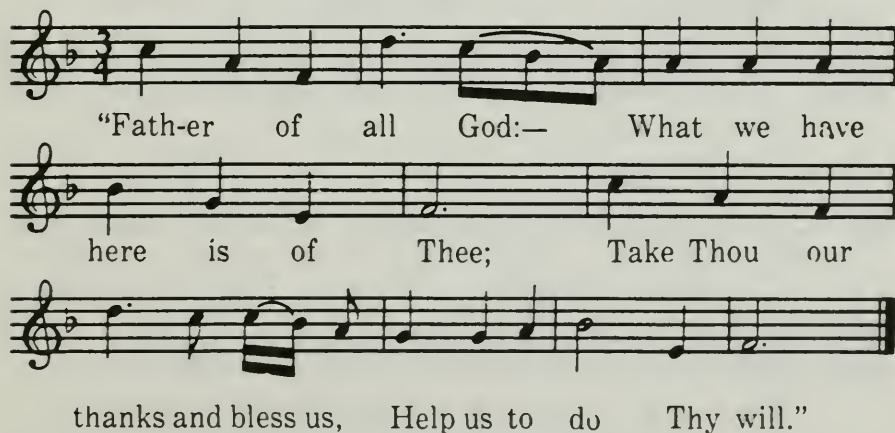
By Marie Gaudettel



God has cre-at-ed a new day,
sil-ver and green and gold: Live that the sun-set may
find us worth-y His gifts to hold.

Grace Song

By Gen. Lew Wallace and Laurence Danforth



"Fath-er of all God:— What we have
here is of Thee; Take Thou our
thanks and bless us, Help us to do Thy will."

Sholom A'leychem

Peace to You, Angels of God. Give Us of Your Blessings.

A melody sung on Friday evening to welcome God's Angels to
the home in accordance with legend

I. Goldfarb

Not too fast

Sho-lom a'-ley-chem mal-a'-chey ha-sho-reys

mal-a'-chey el - yon Mi -me-lech

ma-chey ha-m' lo-chim ha-ko-dosh bo-ruch hu.

Bo-a'-chem l'- sho-lom mal-a'-chey ha-sho-lom

mal - a' - chey el - yon Mi - me - lech

mal-chey ha - m' lo-chim ha-ko-dosh bu - ruch hu.

Bor-chu- ni l'-sho- lom mal-a'-chey ha-sho-lom

mal-a'-chey el - yon Mi - me-lech

mal-chey ha - m'lo-chim ha-ko-dosh bo - ruch hu.

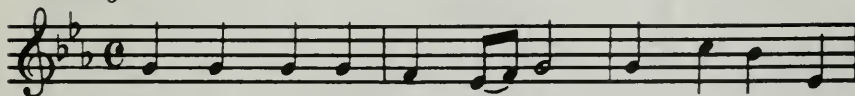
Fine

Come, O Sabbath Day

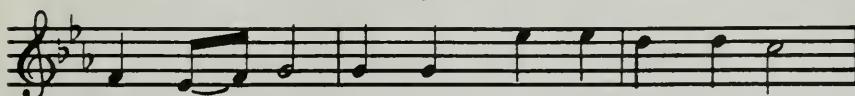
A simple melody in keeping with the Sabbath, the day of rest

By G. Gottheil and A.W. Binder

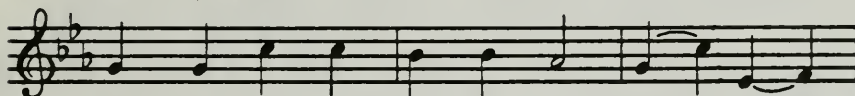
Slowly



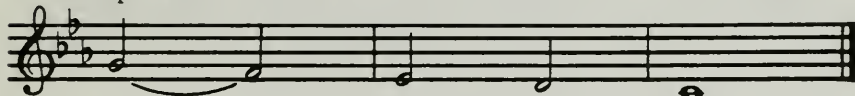
Come, O Sab-bath day, and bring peace and heal-ing



on thy wing. And to ev - 'ry trou - bled breast



Speak of the di - vine be-hest. Thou shalt



rest, Thou shalt rest!

Wipe from ev'ry cheek the tear,

Banish care and silence fear.

All things working for the best,

Teach us the divine behest.

Thou shalt rest, Thou shalt rest!

O Come, All Ye Faithful

Tune: "Adeste Fideles"

Key: A

O come, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant,

O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem!

Come and behold Him, born the King of Angels!

O come, let us adore Him,

O come, let us adore Him,

O come, let us adore Him, Christ, the Lord.

Abide With Me

Henry F. Lyte, 1847

William H. Monk, 1861

A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven tide;
The dark-ness deep-ens; Lord, with me a - bide! |
When oth - er help-ers fail, and com- forts flee,
Help of the help- less, O a - bide with

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Abide With Me'. It consists of four staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is written in treble clef. The lyrics are printed below the notes. The first staff ends with a double bar line. The second staff ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The third and fourth staves continue the melody and lyrics.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!

Faith of Our Fathers

Key: G

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

Chorus

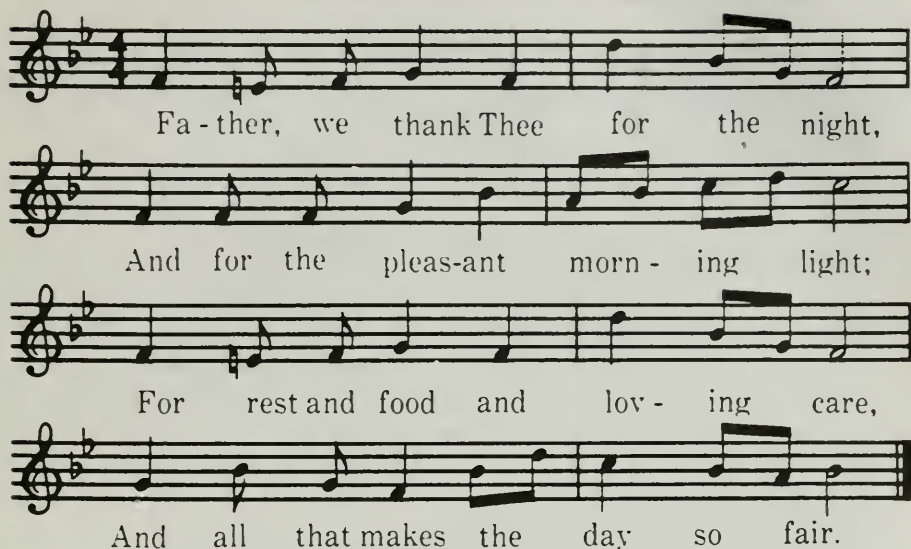
Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

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.

Repeat chorus.

Father, We Thank Thee for the Night

By Rebecca J. Weston and Daniel Batchellor



Help us to do the things we should,
To be to others kind and good;
In all we do, in work or play,
To grow more loving ev'ry day.

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O Worship the King

Key: A Flat

O worship the King all glorious above,
O gratefully sing His power and His love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

The earth, with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power hath founded of old,
Hath stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It steams from the hills, it descends to the plain.
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.

All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name

Tune: "Coronation"

By Edward Perronet and Oliver Holden

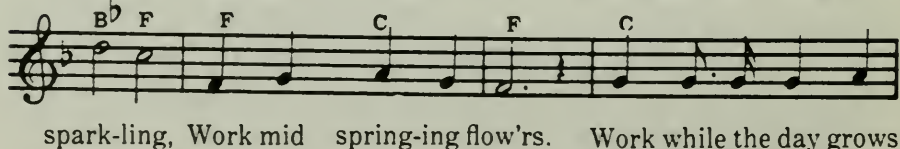
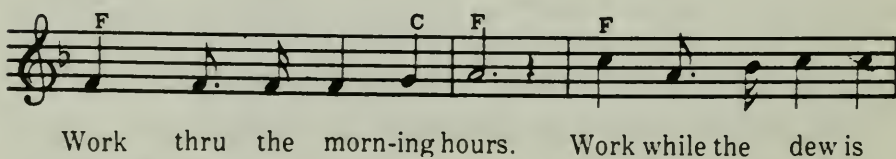
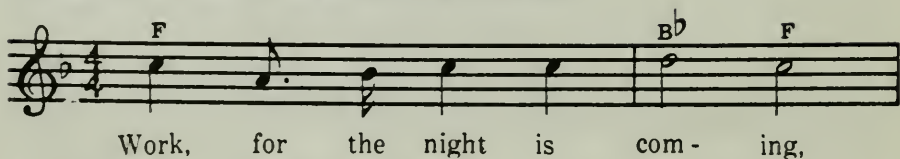
All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all. *(Repeat last two lines)*

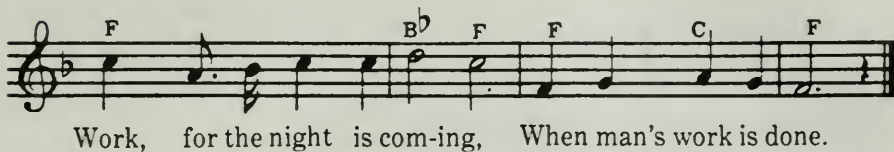
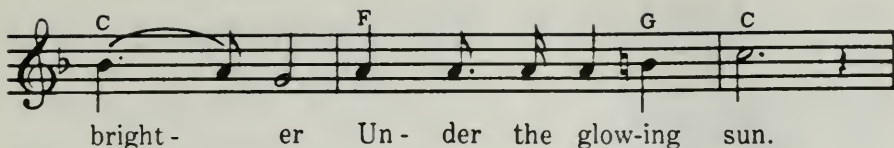
Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this floating ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown Him Lord of all. *(Repeat last two lines)*

Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe
On this terrestrial ball
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all. *(Repeat last two lines)*

Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all. *(Repeat last two lines)*

Work for the Night Is Coming





Work, for the night is coming,
 Work thru the sunny noon.
 Fill brightest hours with labor,
 Rest comes sure and soon.

Give ev'ry flying minute
 Something to keep in store.
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man's work is o'er.

Church in the Wildwood

There's a church in the valley by the wildwood,
 No lovelier place in the dale,
 No spot is so dear 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 ringing bell,
 Its tones so sweetly are calling,
 O, come to the church in the vale.

Repeat chorus.

Day Is Dying in the West

Tune: "Chautauqua"

Key: A Flat. Time: 6/4

Day is dying in the west,
Heaven is touching earth with rest;
Wait and worship while the night
Sets her evening lamps a-light
Through all the sky.

Chorus

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts!
Heaven and earth are full of Thee,
Heaven and earth are praising Thee,
O Lord Most High!

When forever from our sight,
Pass the stars, the day, the night,
Lord of angels, on our eyes
Let eternal morning rise,
And shadows end.

Repeat chorus.

Come, Thou Almighty King

Key: G

Come, Thou Almighty King,
Help us Thy name to sing,
Help us to praise:
Father! all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of Days!

Come, holy Comforter!
 Thy sacred witness bear
 In this glad hour:
 Thou, who almighty art,
 Now rule in every heart,
 And ne'er from us depart,
 Spirit of power!

My Father's House

Oh, won't you come with me to my fath-er's

house, To my fath-er's house, to my Fath-er's

house. Oh, won't you come with me to my Fath-er's

house. There is peace, peace, peace.

There's sweet communion there, in my Father's house,
 In my Father's house, in my Father's house.
 There's sweet communion there, in my Father's house.
 There is peace, peace, peace.

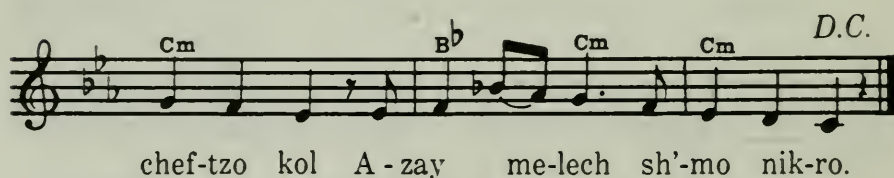
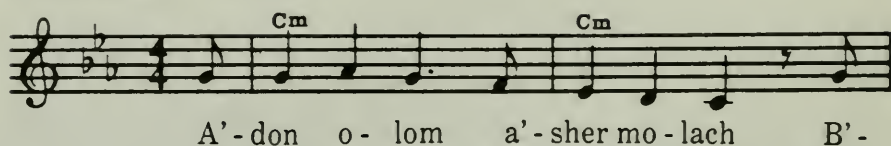
There'll be no parting there, in my Father's house,
 In my Father's house, in my Father's house.
 There'll be no parting there, in my Father's house.
 There is peace, peace, peace.

A'don Olom

Lord of the World, Who Reigned Alone While Yet the Universe
Was Naught, With Him My Soul Rests in Fearless Calm.

The traditional Jewish hymn which ends the Sabbath and high
holyday services

Moderately



V'ach-aray kich-los ha-kole
L-vah-do yim-loch no-raw
V'hoo haw-yah, v'hoo ho-veh
V'hoo yee-yeh b'sif-araw.

B'yah-do af-kid roo-chee
B'ace e-shan v'ah-eraw
V'im roo-chee g'vee-yah-see
Adonoi lee v'lo e-raw.

Campfire Ballads

There's a Long, Long Trail

Key: G

There's a long, long trail a-winding
Into the land of my dreams,
Where the nightingales are singing
And a white moon beams:

There's a long, long night of waiting
Until my dreams all come true;
Till the day when I'll be going down
That long, long trail with you.

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Around the Campfire Bright

O.A. Kirkham

Oh! set the camp-fire burn-ing, Let's sit a-round the
blaze. We'll store some right good mem'-ries up, To
use in com-ing days. A pic-ture of good
com-rades? With fac-es all a-light. Who
sat be-neath the stars and sang, A-round the camp-fire bright.

The musical score is written on five staves in G major (one sharp, F#) and 4/4 time. The melody is simple and catchy, with a mix of eighth and quarter notes. Chord symbols are placed above the staff: F (first staff), Bb (first staff), F (second staff), G7 (third staff), C7 (third staff), F (third staff), Bb (fourth staff), F (fourth staff), C7 (fifth staff), and F (fifth staff). The lyrics are written below the staff, with some words underlined for emphasis.

Tell Me Why

Tell me why the stars do shine, Tell me
why the i- vy twines, Tell me why the sky's so
blue, Tell me (Camp) just why I love you.

Because God made the stars to shine,
Because God made the ivy twine,
Because God made the skies so blue,
Dear old (Camp) . . . that's why I love you.

Campfire Medley

Key: G

Our boys will shine tonite, our boys will shine;
Our boys will shine tonite, all down the line.
They're all dressed up tonite, don't they look fine!
When the sun goes down, and the moon comes up,
Our boys will shine.

My Bonnie lies over the ocean,
My Bonnie lies over the sea;
My Bonnie lies over the ocean,
O, bring back my Bonnie to me.

Bring back, bring back, O bring back my Bonnie to me,
to me;
Bring back, bring back, O bring back my Bonnie to me.

Sailing, sailing, over the bounding main,

For many a stormy wind shall blow
Ere Jack comes home again!

Repeat.

Key: F

Goodnight, ladies! Goodnight, ladies!
Goodnight, ladies! We're going to leave you now.
Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along,
Merrily we roll along, o'er the deep blue sea.

In the Evening by the Moonlight

James A. Bland

Not too slow

In the ev'-ning by the moon-light You could
hear those camp - ers sing - ing, In the
ev - 'ning by the moon - light You could
hear those ech - oes ring - ing. How the
camp - ers would en - joy it! They would
sit all night and lis - ten As we
sang in the ev'-ning by the moon- light.

Vive l'Amour

Let ev - 'ry good fel - low now

join in a song, Vi - ve la com - pag -

nie! Suc - cess to each oth - er and pass it a - long,

Vi - ve la com - pag - nie!

Vi - ve la, vi - ve la, vi - ve l'a - mour,

Vi - ve la, vi - ve la vi - ve l'a - mour,

Vi - ve l'a - mour, vi - ve l'a - mour,

Vi - ve la com - pag - nie.

A friend on your left, and a friend on your right,
 Vive la compagnie!
 In love and good fellowship let us unite,
 Vive la compagnie!

Repeat chorus.

Now wider and wider our circle expands,
Vive la compagnie!
We sing to our comrades in faraway lands,
Vive la compagnie!

Repeat chorus.

Scout Vesper

Tune: "Tannenbaum"

Key: G. Time: 3/4

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?"

By the Blazing Council Fire

Tune: "Till We Meet Again"

Key: A Flat. Time: 3/4

By the blazing council fire's light,
We have met in comradeship tonight.
Round about the whispering trees
Guard our golden memories
And so before we close our eyes in sleep,
Let us pledge each other that we'll keep
Scouting friendships, strong and deep,
Till we meet again.

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Taps

Key: F. Time: 4/4

Day is done, gone the sun,
From the lake, from the hills,
From the sky;
All is well, 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.

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