

Scouting Resources

Songbook – 02

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Doodley Doo

Please sing to me that sweet melody
Called doodley doo, doodley doo.
I like the rest,
but the part I like best
Goes doodley doo, doodley doo.
It's the simplest thing
there isn't much to it
I like it so, wherever I go,
It's doodley doodley doo.
Come on and waddaly atcha, waddaly atcha
Waddaly o, waddaly o
Waddaly atcha, waddaly atcha
Waddaly o, waddaly o
It's the simplest thing
there isn't much to it
I like it so, wherever I go,
It's doodl ey doodley doo.

Actions

slap knees twice, clap hands twice
pass the right hand over the left hand twice
pass the left hand over the right hand twice
touch the nose with the right hand twice, then
touch the left shoulder with the right hand and leave it there.
touch the nose with the left hand, then
touch the right shoulder with the left hand and leave it there.
tap the shoulders twice
put both hands in the air and snap fingers twice
slap knees twice, clap hands twice

Three Little Angels

Three little angels
All dressed in white
Tried to get to Heaven
On the end of a kite.
But the kite broke and
Down they all fell.
Instead of going to Heaven
They all went to...
Two little angels...
One little angel...
Three little devils
All dressed in red
Tried to get to Heaven
On the end of a thread.
But the thread broke and
Down they all fell.
Instead of going to Heaven
They all went to...
Two little devils...
One little devil...
Three little Martians
All dressed in green

Tried to get to Heaven
On the end of a string.
But the string broke and
Down they all fell.
Instead of going to Heaven
They went to...
Two little Martians...
One little Martian...
Three little babies
All dressed in blue
Tried to get to Heaven
On the end of a shoe.
But the shoe broke and
Down they all fell.
Instead of going to Heaven
They all went to...
Two little babies...
One little baby...
Don't get excited,
Don't lose your head.
Instead of going to Heaven
They all went to bed.

Scout Prayer

(Tune: O Christmas Tree)

Softly falls the light of day
As our campfire fades away,
Silently each girl 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?"
"I have kept my honour bright.
I can guiltless sleep tonight.
I have done and I have dared
Everything to be prepared."

The Chigger

(Tune: Polly Wolly Doodle)

Oh, there was a little chigger
And he wasn't much bigger
Than the head of a tiny pin.
But the bump he raises
Just itches like the blazes,
And that's where the scratch comes in.
But the bump he raises
Just itches like the blazes,
And that's where the scratch comes in.

Pink Pyjamas

(Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic)

I wear my pink pyjamas in the summer when it's hot.
I wear my flannel nighties in the winter when it's not.
And sometimes in the springtime and sometimes in the fall,
I jump right in between the sheets with nothing on at all.
Glory, glory, Hallelujah;
Glory, glory, what's it to ya?
Balmy breezes blowing through ya,
With nothing on at all.

Wading

I
She waded in the water and she got her ankles wet.
She waded in the water and she got her ankles wet.
She waded in the water and she got her ankles wet.
But she didn't get her (clap, clap) wet.
Glory, glory, Hallelujah;
Glory, glory, Hallelujah;
Glory, glory, Hallelujah;
She didn't get her (clap, clap) wet, yet.
2. knees
3. thighs
4. She waded in the water and she finally got it wet.
She finally got her bathing suit wet.

The Great Meat Pie

The great meat pie was a tidy size,
And it took a week to make it,
A day to carry it to the shop,
And just a week to bake it.
And if you'd seen it,
I'll be bound,
Your wonder you'd scarce govern.
They were forced to break the front wall down
to get it in the oven.
It too full thirty sacks of flour,
It's a fact now that I utter,
Three hundred pails of water, too,
And a hundred tubs of butter.
The crust was nearly seven feet thick,
You couldn't easily bruise it,
And the rolling pin was such a size
It took ten men to use it.
There were twenty-five spareribs of pork,
I'm sure I'm not mistaken,
With two and thirty hams for York,
And twenty sides of bacon.
The pie was made by fifty cooks,
And all of them first raters,
And then they filled up all the nooks
with a ton of kidney 'taters.

My Uncle

(Tune: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean)

My uncle fell into a pothole
In a glacier while climbing an Alp.
He's still there after 50 long winters,
And all you can see is his scalp.

Chorus

Bring back, bring back,
O bring back my uncle to me, to me.
Bring back, bring back,
O bring back my uncle to me, to me.

My uncle was proud of his whiskers, To shave them would give him the blues. They hung all the way to his ankles, And he used them for shining his shoes.

Chorus

My uncle had faith in a sailboat
He had built from an old hollow tree.
My uncle set sail for Australia,
Now my uncle lies under the sea.

Chorus

My uncle made friends with hyenas,
He gave them a ride on his raft.
When a crocodile reached up and grabbed him,
The hyenas just sat there and laughed.

Chorus

My uncle annoyed his dear parents
They tossed him right out of the bus.
And if we don't mend our behaviour,
Why that's what will happen to us.

My Tall Silk Hat

(Tune: Funiculi, Funicula)

One day, as I was riding on the subway,
My tall silk hat, my tall silk hat.
I laid it on the seat beside me,
My tall silk hat, my tall silk hat.
A big, a-fat-a-lady sat upon it,
My tall silk hat, my tall silk hat.
A big, a-fat-a-lady sat upon it,
My tall silk hat, my tall silk hat.
Christopher Columbo, now what do think of that,
A big, a-fat-a-lady sat upon it,
My tall silk hat, my tall silk hat.
My hat she broke and that's no joke,
My hat she broke and that's no joke.
Christopher Columbo, now what do think of that,
my hat, my hat, my hat she smashed.

Sarah the Whale

(Tune: Dixie)

In Frisco town there lived a whale
They fed her peanuts by the pail,
And washtubs and bathtubs
And sailboats and schooners.
Her name is Sarah and she's a peach,
But don't put food within her reach
Or babies, or nursemaids
Or chocolate ice cream sodas.
She loves to smile and when she smiles
You can see her teeth for miles and miles,
And her tonsils and her spare ribs
And things too fierce to mention.
Now what can you do in a case like that,
There's nothing to do but sit on your hat,
Or your toothbrush, or your best friend,
Or anything else that's helpless.

This Little Scouting Light

This little Scouting light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine.

[Repeat twice more.]

Let it shine all the time, let it shine.

All around the neighborhood, I'm gonna let it shine. . . .

Hide it under a bushel-NO!- I'm gonna let it shine. . . .

Don't you try to blow it out, I'm gonna let it shine. . . .

All around this world of ours, I'm gonna let it shine. . . .

Hey Lollee

This song is meant to be made up by the singers as you go along. But if you decide to play it this way, you might want to sing a chorus between each verse to let the next person think up some lines.

Hey Lollee, lollee,
Hey Lollee, lollee, lo.
Hey Lollee, lollee,
Hey Lollee, lollee, lo.
This is a crazy kind of song,
Hey Lollee, lollee, lo.
You make it up as you go along,
Hey Lollee, lollee, lo.
When calypso singers sing this song,
Hey Lollee, lollee, lo.
It sometimes lasts the whole day long,
Hey Lollee, lollee, lo.
First you invent a simple rhyme,
Hey Lollee, lollee, lo.
Then another one to rhyme,
Hey Lollee, lollee, lo.
While you catch on I'll sing a verse,
Hey Lollee, lollee, lo.
Then you do one that's even worse,
Hey Lollee, lollee, lo.
I know a girl named Emily, (or use another name
that rhymes)
Hey Lollee, lollee, lo.

She sings "Hey Lollee" in just one key,
Hey Lollee, lollee, lo.
Tonight we've chosen another key,
Hey Lollee, lollee, lo.
You won't be hearing from Emily,
Hey Lollee, lollee, lo.
S/he sings "Hey Lollee" day and night,
Hey Lollee, lollee, lo.
It never seems to come out right,
Hey Lollee, lollee, lo.
I know a man name Mr. Jones,
Hey Lollee, lollee, lo.
When he sings, everybody groans,
Hey Lollee, lollee, lo.
The singer you fast the getter it's tuff,
Hey Lollee, lollee, lo.
To line up makes that you won't muff,
Hey Lollee, lollee, lo.
Let's put this song back on the shelf,
Hey Lollee, lollee, lo.
if you want anymore you can sing it yourself,
Hey Lollee, lollee, lo.

There Was An Old Woman

Verse 1

There was an old woman
Who swallowed a fly.
I don't know why
she swallowed that fly.
Perhaps she'll die.

Verse 2

There was an old woman
Who swallowed a spider,
Who wriggled and jiggled and tickled
Inside her.
She swallowed the spider
to catch the fly.
I don't know why
she swallowed that fly.
Perhaps she'll die.

Verse 3

There was an old woman
Who swallowed a bird.
How absurd! to swallow a bird.
She swallowed the bird
To catch the spider
Who wriggled and jiggled and tickled

Inside her. She swallowed the spider
to catch the fly.
I don't know why
she swallowed that fly.
Perhaps she'll die.

Verse 4

There was an old woman who swallowed a cat.
Imagine that! to swallow a cat.
She swallowed the cat To catch the bird.
She swallowed the bird
To catch the spider
Who wriggled and jiggled and tickled
Inside her.
She swallowed the spider
to catch the fly.
I don't know why
she swallowed that fly.
Perhaps she'll die.

5. dog...What a hog!
6. goat...Just opened her throat
7. cow...I don't know how
8. horse...She's dead of course(that ends the
song)

Tom The Toad

(Tune: Oh, Christmas Tree)

Oh Tom the Toad, Oh Tom the Toad
Why did you jump into the road?
Oh Tom the Toad, Oh Tom the Toad
Why did you jump into the road?
You were so big and green and fat
But now you're small and red and flat.
Oh Tom the Toad, Oh Tom the Toad
Why did you jump into the road?
Oh Tom the Toad, Oh Tom the Toad
Why are you lying in the road?
Oh Tom the Toad, Oh Tom the Toad
Why are you lying in the road?
You did not see that car ahead
And you were flattened by the tread.
Oh Tom the Toad, Oh Tom the Toad
Why are you lying in the road?
Oh Sue the Skunk, Oh Sue the Skunk
Why do you make my tires go thunk?
Oh Sue the Skunk, Oh Sue the Skunk
Why do you make my tires go thunk?
You did not look from East to West
Now on the road there's such a mess.
Oh Sue the Skunk, Oh Sue the Skunk
Why do you make my tires go thunk?
Oh Sam the Snake, Oh Sam the Snake
Why do you lie out there and bake?
Oh Sam the Snake, Oh Sam the Snake
Why do you lie out there and bake?
You did not see that truck go by
Now you look like a butterfly.
Oh Sam the Snake, Oh Sam the Snake
Why do you lie out there and bake?
A ten-ton truck ran up your snout!
Oh Froggie Fred, Oh Froggie Fred,
Why do you lie there stone-cold dead?
Oh Swallow Sam, Oh Swallow Sam,
What turned your body into jam?
Oh Swallow Sam, Oh Swallow Sam,
What turned your body into jam?
In the air you'd quickly speed,
An eighteen-wheeler made you bleed.
Oh Swallow Sam, Oh Swallow Sam,
What turned your body into jam?
Arm'dillo Tex, Arm'dillo Tex,
Why are you looking so perplexed?
Arm'dillo Tex, Arm'dillo Tex,
Why are you looking so perplexed?

Across the yellow line you strayed,
The truck hit you - like a grenade!
Arm'dillo Tex, Arm'dillo Tex,
Why are you looking so perplexed?
Oh Froggie Fred, Oh Froggie Fred,
Why do you lie there stone-cold dead?
Oh Froggie Fred, Oh Froggie Fred,
Why do you lie there stone-cold dead?
You didn't look as you jumped out,
Oh Doggie Spot, Oh Doggie Spot,
Upon the road you're such a blot.
Oh Doggie Spot, Oh Doggie Spot,
Upon the road you're such a blot.
Out in the lane you boldly went,
Now your bod's not worth a cent!
Oh Doggie Spot, Oh Doggie Spot,
Upon the road you're such a blot.
Oh Bunny Ben, Oh Bunny Ben,
Why is your body flat and thin?
Oh Bunny Ben, Oh Bunny Ben,
Why is your body flat and thin?
Out on the road you quickly jumped,
You didn't count on getting bumped.
Oh Bunny Ben, Oh Bunny Ben,
Why is your body flat and thin?
Oh Billy Bat, Oh Billy Bat,
Why are you lying still like that?
Oh Billy Bat, Oh Billy Bat,
Why are you lying still like that?
Along the road you swooped and flapped,
But a trucker's windshield got you zapped!
Oh Billy Bat, Oh Billy Bat,
Why are you lying still like that?
Oh Turtle Ted, Oh turtle Ted,
Your shell's all broken - so's your head.
Oh Turtle Ted, Oh turtle Ted,
Your shell's all broken - so's your head.
In the road you thought you'd travel,
Now you're ground into the gravel.
Oh Turtle Ted, Oh turtle Ted,
Your shell's all broken - so's your head.
Oh Possum Pete, Oh Possum Pete
There's nothing left but hair and feet
Oh Possum Pete, Oh Possum Pete
There's nothing left but hair and feet
Oh Possum Pete, Oh Possum Pete
There's nothing left but hair and feet
You thought you'd beat that bus across
Now you look like a pile of moss.

Tom the Toad (and friends)

[Tune: O, Tannenbaum]

Oh, Tom the toad, oh Tom the toad, why are you lying in the road? *[Repeat]*
You did not see the truck ahead, and now your looking oh so dead.
Oh, Tom the toad, oh Tom the toad, so sad you're lying in the road?
Oh, Tom the toad, oh Tom the toad, why did you jump out in the road? *[Repeat]*
You were so big and green and fat, but now you're small and red and flat.
Oh, Tom the toad, oh Tom the toad, why did you jump out in the road?
Oh, Tom the toad, oh Tom the toad, why did you jump out in the road? *[Repeat]*
You were alive but now you're dead, your face looks like a tire tread.
Oh, Tom the toad, oh Tom the toad, why did you jump out in the road?
Oh, Tom the toad, oh Tom the toad, why are you lying in the road? *[Repeat]*
You used to hop and jump about, and now your guts are spilling out.
Oh, Tom the toad, oh Tom the toad, so sad you're lying in the road?
Oh, Jake the snake, oh Jake the snake, why are you belly-up in the lake? *[Repeat]*
You did not see that motor boat, propeller got you by the throat.
Oh, Jake the snake, oh Jake the snake, so sad you swam out in the lake?
Oh, Mat the cat, oh Mat the cat, why is your tail so crooked like that? *[Repeat]*
You caught it in the vacuum machine [Eyoww!], and now your acting awfully mean.
Oh, Mat the cat, oh Mat the cat, that's why your tail is crooked like that.

The Tree Toad

(Tune: Auld Lang Syne)

A tree toad loved a fair she toad
That lived up in a tree;
She was a fair three-toed tree toad
But a two-toed toad was he.
The two-toed tree toad tried to win
The she toad's friendly nod;
For the two-toed tree toad loved the ground
That the three-toed tree toad trod.
Now three-toed tree toads have no care
For two-toed tree toad love,
But the two-toed tree toad fain would share
A tree home up above.
In vain the two-toed tree toad tried;
He couldn't please her whim.
In her tree toad bower with veto power,
The she toad vetoed him !

My Dog Rover

(Tune: I'm Looking Over a Four-Leaf Clover)

Verse 1

I'm looking over my dead dog Rover
That I overran with the mower.
One leg is missing, another is gone,
One leg is scattered all over the lawn.
No need explaining, the one remaining,
Is stuck in the kitchen door.
I'm looking over my dead dog Rover
That I overran with the mower.

Verse 2

I'm looking over my dead dog Rover
Who died on the kitchen floor.
One leg is broken, the other is lame,
The third leg is missing, the fourth needs a cane.
No need explaining, the tail remaining
Was caught in the oven door.
I'm looking over my dead dog Rover
Who died on the kitchen floor.

Boom Chicka Boom

I says a-boom-chick-a-boom! *[Group echoes.]*
I says a-boom-chick-a-boom! *[Group echoes.]*
I says a-boom-chick-a-rock-a-chick-a-rock-a-chick-a-boom!
[Group echoes.]
Uh-huh! *[Group echoes.]*
On Yeah! *[Group echoes.]*
This time! *[Group echoes.]*
We sing! *[Group echoes.]*
HIGHER!
Each time a leader adds a different variation such as: LOWER,
WHISPER, LOUDER, TONGUE-IN-CHEEK, SEXY, GROOVY (COOL).

Do Your Ears Hang Low?

[Tune: Turkey in the Straw, refrain]
Do your ears hang low, do they waggle to and fro?
Can you tie them in a knot, can you tie them in a bow?
Can you throw them o're your shoulder like a continental soldier?
Do your ears hang low?
Do your ears stick out, can you waggle them about?
Can you flap them up and down as you fly around the town?
Can you shut them up for sure when you hear an awful bore?
Do your ears stick out?
Do your ears stand high, do they reach up to the sky?
Do they hang down when they're wet, do they stand up when they're dry?
Can you semaphore your neighbor with the minimum of labor?
Do your ears stand high?

Flea Fly

[Rhythm: Same as "Froggie"]
Flea.
Flea, fly.
Flea, fly, mosquito.
Swat 'em!
Calamine, calamine, calamine lotion.
Oh, no more calamine lotion.
Itchy, itchy, scratchy, scratchy, got one on my backy, backy.
Ohy, ohy, owwy, owwy, wish he'd go away.
Quick get the bug spray, I think he went that-a-way-shhhhhh!
[Make can-spraying motions.]

Froggie!

Dog.
Dog, cat.
Dog, cat, mouse.
Froggie!
Itsy bitsy, teeny weeny little bitty froggie.
Jump, jump, jump, little froggie.
Spiders and flies are scrum-deli-icious.
Ribbit, Ribbit, Ribbit, Ribbit, Ribbit, Ribbit, Ribbit, Ribbit,
Croak.

Actions: Set up a clap/lap-slapping rhythm, and repeat each line after the leader. On the first run-through, do it slowly; with each repetition go faster, until the audience tires.

If I Were Not a . . . Scout

[Tune: This is the Music Concert]

Now I'm a [Boy/Girl] Scout, as you can plainly see.
But if I weren't a [Boy/Girl] Scout, . . .

1. A bird watcher I'd be
Hark a lark, flying through the park, SPLAT!
2. A plumber I would be
Plunge it, flush it, look out below!
3. A mermaid I would be
Bloop, bloop, bloop, bloop, bloop, bloop!
4. A carpenter I'd be
Two by four, nail it to the floor!
5. A secretary I'd be
z-z-z-z get the point, z-z-z-z get the point?
6. A teacher I would be
Sit down, shut up, throw away your gum!
7. An airline attendant I'd be
Coffee, tea, or me, sir; here's your little bag,
BLEH!
8. A typist I would be
Ticka, ticka, ticka, ticka, ticka, ticka, ZING!
9. A hippie I would be
Love and peace, my hair is full of grease!
10. A farmer I would be
Here's a cow, there's a cow, and here's another
yuck!
11. A laundry worker I would be
Starchy here, starchy there, starchy in your
underwear!
12. A cashier I would be
Twenty nine, forty nine, here is your change, sir!
13. A gym teacher I'd be
We must, we must, improve the bust!
14. A medic I would be
Turn around, drop your pants, jab, jab, jab!
15. A doctor I would be
Take a pill; pay my bill! I'm going golfing!
16. An electrician I would be
Positive, negative; turn on the juice-ZZZT!

17. A fireman I would be
Jump lady! Jump lady! Whoo-ooah! GOTCHA!
 18. A cook I would be
Mix it, bake it; heartburn-BURP!
 19. A ice cream maker I'd be
Tutti-frutti, tutti-fruitti, nice ice cream!
 20. A politician I would be
Raise the taxes, lower the pay, vote for me on
election day!
 21. A butcher I would be
Chop it up, grind it up, make a little patty!
 22. A garbage collector I'd be
Lift it, dump it, sort out the goodies!
 23. A [Domino's] pizza maker I'd be
30 minute, fast delivery!
 24. A clam digger I would be
Dig one here, dig one there-Oh my frozen
derriere!
 25. Superman I would be
It's a bird, it's a plane, where is Lois Lane?
 26. Lois Lane I would be
Get away, get away, get away, Clark Kent!
 27. A cyclist I would be
peddle, peddle, peddle, peddle; ring, ring, ring!
 28. A truck driver I'd be
Here's a curve, there's a curve. **HERE'S A
BETTER CURVE!** [Makes outline of shapely
woman.]
 29. A house cleaner I'd be
Ooh, a bug; squish it in the rug!
 30. A baby [toddler] I would be
Mama, Dada, I wuv you!
 31. A Preacher I would be
Well, well, you never can tell; you might go to
heaven, or you might go to hell!
- Finally: A [Opposite organization] Scout I would
be!