



1st Daviot Oldmeldrum Scout Group CAMPFIRE SONG BOOK

Incorporating "The Keith Millar Songbook"

Campfire's Burning

Campfire's burning, campfire's burning
Draw nearer, draw nearer,
In the gloaming, in the gloaming
Come sing and be merry



INTRODUCTION

This campfire song book has been put together over a number of years by various people however the contribution of former GSL Keith Millar is gratefully acknowledged as it was Keith who first collected together and organised our song list. Some new songs have been added since then.

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Auch Ellele

Auch Ellele,
Apere Tika Tumba,
Amos, Amos, Amossa,
A Baloo, Baboola, Baboole

E Makeke,
Apere Tika Tumba,
Amos, Amos, Amossa,
E Maku, Mamuka, Mamuke

Coffin, The

Oh, here comes the coffin,
Bloody great tree trunk,
Isn't it grand boy, to be bloody well dead?
Oh don't just sniffle; lets have a bloody
good cry.
And always remember the longer you live,
the sooner you bloody well die.

Oh, here come the mourners,
Bloody great hypocrites,
Isn't it grand boy, to be bloody well dead?
Oh don't just sniffle; lets have a bloody
good cry.
And always remember the longer you live,
the sooner you bloody well die.
Isn't it grand boy, to be bloody well dead?

Oh, here come the flowers,
All bloody withered,
Isn't it grand boy, to be bloody well dead?
Oh don't just sniffle; lets have a bloody
good cry.
And always remember the longer you live,
the sooner you bloody well die.

Oh, here's the gravestone,
Bloody great boulder,
Isn't it grand boy, to be bloody well dead?
Oh don't just sniffle; lets have a bloody
good cry.
And always remember the longer you live,
the sooner you bloody well die.

Pizza Hut

(do appropriate actions)

A Pizza Hut, a Pizza Hut
Kentucky Fried Chicken and a Pizza Hut
A Pizza Hut, a Pizza Hut

Kentucky Fried Chicken and a Pizza Hut
MacDonalds! MacDonalds!
Kentucky Fried Chicken and a Pizza Hut

A Ford Escort, a Ford Escort
A mini mini mini and a Ford Escort
A Ford Escort, a Ford Escort
A mini mini mini and a Ford Escort
Ferarri! Ferarri!
A mini mini mini and a Ford Escort

A Burger King, a Burger King,
An Irn Bru and a Burger King
A Burger King, a Burger King,
An Irn Bru and a Burger King
A Wimpy! A Wimpy!
An Irn Bru and a Burger King

A fat Girl Guide, a fat Girl Guide
A skinny little Brownie and a fat Girl Guide
A fat Girl Guide, a fat Girl Guide
A skinny little Brownie and a fat Girl Guide
A Ranger!, a Ranger!
A skinny little Brownie and a fat Girl Guide

Rutland Bog

Chorus

A rare bog a Rutland bog,
A bog down in the valley-o
A rare bog a Rutland bog
A bog down in the valley-o

1. And in that bog there was a tree
(a rare tree a Rutland tree)
A tree in the bog and the bog down in the
valley-o

Repeat Chorus

2. And on that tree there was a bough
(a rare bough a Rutland bough)
A bough on the tree, the tree in the bog
and the bog down in the valley-o

Repeat Chorus

Add successive lines:

3. and on that bough there was a limb
4. and on that limb there was a branch
5. and on that branch there was a twig
6. and on that twig there was a leaf
7. and on that leaf there was a nest
8. and on that nest there was an egg
9. and on that egg there was a bird
10. and on that bird there was a wing
11. and on that wing there was a feather



12. and on that feather there was a flea

...the flea on the feather, & the feather on the wing, the wing on the bird, the bird on the egg, the egg on the nest, the nest on the leaf, the leaf on the twig, the twig on the branch, the branch on the limb, the limb on the bough, the bough on the tree, the tree in the bog and the bog down in the valley-o!

She'll Be Coming Round The Mountain

She'll be coming round the mountain when she comes.(woo hoo)
She'll be coming round the mountain when she comes.(woo hoo)
She'll be coming round the mountain, Coming round the mountain, Coming round the mountain when she comes.(woo hoo)

(Chorus)

*Singing aye aye ippy ippy aye
Singing aye aye ippy ippy aye
Singing aye aye ippy
Aye aye ippy
Aye aye ippy ippy aye*

She'll be driving six white horses when she comes.
(whoa back, woo hoo)
She'll be driving six white horses when she comes.
(whoa back, woo hoo)
She'll be driving six white horses, Driving six white horses,
She'll be driving six white horses when she comes.
(whoa back, woo hoo)

And we'll all go out to meet her when she comes
(hi babe, whoa back, woo hoo)
And we'll all go out to meet her when she comes
(hi babe, whoa back, woo hoo)
And we'll all go out to meet her, All go out to meet her
And we'll all go out to meet her when she comes
(hi babe, whoa back, woo hoo)

Oh we'll kill the old red rooster when she comes.
(hack hack, hi babe, whoa back, woo hoo)

Oh we'll kill the old red rooster when she comes.
(hack hack, hi babe, whoa back, woo hoo)
We'll kill the old red rooster, Kill the old red rooster,
Oh we'll kill the old red rooster when she comes.
(hack hack, hi babe, whoa back, woo hoo)

She'll be wearing purple bloomers when she comes.
(scratch scratch, hack hack, hi babe, whoa back, woo hoo)
She'll be wearing purple bloomers when she comes.
(scratch scratch, hack hack, hi babe, whoa back, woo hoo)
She'll be wearing purple bloomers, Wearing purple bloomers,
She'll be wearing purple bloomers when she comes.
(scratch scratch, hack hack, hi babe, whoa back, woo hoo)

Irish Lullaby

It's of a girl I sing this song,
Sing rickety, tickety tin.
It's of a girl I sing this song,
She didn't have her family long.
Not only did she do them wrong,
But she did everyone of them in; them in;
them in,
She did everyone of them in.

One day when she had nothing to do,
Sing rickety, tickety tin.
One day when she had nothing to do,
She cut her baby brother in two.
And turned them into an Irish stew,
And invited the neighbours in; 'bours in;
'bours in,
She invited the neighbours in.

Her mother she could never stand,
Sing rickety, tickety tin.
Her mother she could never stand,
So a cyanide soup for her she planned.
Her mother died with a spoon in her hand,
And her face in a horrible grin; a grin; a grin,
And her face in a horrible grin.

One morning in a fit of pique,
Sing rickety, tickety tin.
One morning in a fit of pique,



She drowned her father in the creek.
The water tasted bad for a week,
And they had to make do with gin (hic);
with gin (hic); with gin (hic),
And they had to make do with gin.

She set her sister's hair on fire,
Sing rickety, tickety tin.
She set her sister's hair on fire,
And as the flames grew higher and higher.
She danced across the funeral pyre,
Playing her violin; 'olin; 'olin,
Playing her violin.

And when at last the law came by,
Sing rickety, tickety tin.
And when at last the law came by,
Her little crimes she didn't deny.
For to do she would have to tell a lie,
And lying she knew was a sin; a sin; a sin,
And lying she knew was a sin.

Where Will Ye Be

Did you ever think, as the years roll by?
That some day soon you're going to die,
O-o-o-oh, where will ye be in a hundred
years from now?

The men come by in their big black hats,
They come to feed you to the rats,
O-o-o-oh, where will ye be in a hundred
years from now?

They put you in this big brown box,
They nail the nails and lock the locks,
O-o-o-oh, where will ye be in a hundred
years from now?

They drop you in this big deep hole,
And cover you over with lots of soil,
O-o-o-oh, where will ye be in a hundred
years from now?

You'll be all right for about a week,
And then your coffin begins to leek,
O-o-o-oh, where will ye be in a hundred
years from now?

The worms crawl in and the worms crawl
out,
They crawl in thin but they crawl out
stout,
O-o-o-oh, where will ye be in a hundred
years from now?

They come from near and they come from
far,
They come to increase their 2nr
O-o-o-oh, where will ye be in a hundred
years from now?

Your eyes fall in and your teeth fall out,
Your brains come trickling down your
snout,
O-o-o-oh, where will ye be in a hundred
years from now?

The moral of this tale related -
Don't be buried -
BE CREMATED

Lord Of The Dance

I danced in the morning when the world
was begun,
I danced in the moon and the stars and
the sun,
I came down from heaven and I danced on
the earth,
At Bethlehem I had my birth.

(Chorus)

*Dance then, wherever you may be,
I am the Lord of the dance said He
'I'll lead you all wherever you may be.
I'll lead you all in the Dance said He*

I danced for the scribe and the Pharisee,
But they would not dance and they would
not follow me.
I danced for the fishermen, for James and
John,
And they came with me and the dance
went on.

I danced on a Sunday and I cured the
lame,
The holy people said it was a shame.
They whipped and they stripped and they
hung me on high,
And they left me there on the cross to die.

I danced on a Friday when the sky turned
black,
It's hard to dance with the devil on your
back.
They buried my body and they thought I
was gone,
But I am the dance and it still goes on.

They cut me down but I leapt up high,



I am the life that will never, never die.
I'll live in you if you'll live in me,
For I am the Lord of the dance said He.

Ging Gang Gooli

Ging gang gooli, gooli, gooli, gooli, watcha
Ging gang goo, ging gang goo
Ging gang gooli, gooli, gooli, gooli, watcha
Ging gang goo, ging gang goo.
Heyla - oh heyla sheyla, oh heyla sheyla
heylo ho-o.
Heyla - oh heyla sheyla, oh heyla sheyla
heylo ho-o.
Shally wally, shally wally, shally wally,
shally wally,
Oompah, oompah, oompah.

Yogi Bear

(to the tune of The Campdown Races)

I know someone you don't know,
Yogi, Yogi,
I know someone you don't know,
Yogi, Yogi bear.
Yogi, Yogi bear, Yogi, Yogi bear.
I know someone you don't know,
Yogi, Yogi bear.

Yogi has a little friend,
Booboo, Booboo,
Yogi has a little friend,
Booboo, Booboo bear.
Booboo, Booboo bear, Booboo, Booboo
bear.
Yogi has a little friend,
Booboo, Booboo bear.

Yogi lives in Jellystone,
Jelly, Jelly,
Yogi lives in Jellystone,
Jelly, Jellystone...

Yogi has an enemy,
Ranger, Ranger,
Yogi has an enemy,
Ranger, Ranger Smith...

Yogi has a cute girlfriend,
Cindy, Cindy,
Yogi has a cute girlfriend,
Cindy, Cindy bear...

variation of last line (traditional):

Yogi has a cute girlfriend,
Cindy, Cindy...

... I've often seen Yo-o-gi, but never Cindy
bare!

Flower Of Scotland

(to the tune of ~~Land of Hope & Glory~~
Flower of Scotland)

1. Oh flower of Scotland, when will we see
your like again
That fought and died for your wee bit hill
and glen

Chorus

And stood against him
Proud Edward's army
And sent him homeward
Tae think again

2. The hills are bare now, and autumn
leaves lie thick and still
O'er land that is lost now, which those so
dearly held

3. Those days have gone now and in the
past, they must remain
But we can still rise now, and be a nation
again

Repeat Verse One

Johnny Had A Pigeon

(© Vaughn-Williams; Hymns A & M¹)
[Divide congregation into two]

Team 1: Johnny had a pigeon, a pigeon, a
pigeon,
Johnny had a pigeon, a pigeon had he.
It flew in the morning
It flew in the night
And when it came back it was covered in...

**2nd Team Repeat *Immediately* and
*Louder!***

Vary with...

Johnny had a badger etc.

Continue until your ears bleed

¹ Unexpurgated version



We're All Together Again

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

Auld Lang Syne

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And days o' auld lang syne

(Chorus)

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

And here's a hand my trusted friend
and gie's a hand o thine.
We'll tak a right good willie waught,
For auld lang syne.

Going Down The Valley

We are going down the valley
Going down the valley
Going down the valley one by one.
We are going down the valley
Going down the valley
Going to the setting of the sun.

We are coming up the valley
Coming up the valley
Coming up the valley one by one.
We are coming up the valley
Coming up the valley
Coming to the rising of the sun.

Sunshine Mountain

Climb, climb up Sunshine Mountain
Where the little birdies go tweet tweet
tweet
Climb, climb up Sunshine Mountain
Faces all aglow
Turn, turn your back on sorrow
Hold you hands up high

Climb, climb up Sunshine Mountain
You and I

Choose partner & continue

Head, Shoulders, Knees & Toes

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

I Am The Music Man

I am the music man and I come from
down your way
And I can play

What can you play?

I can play the piano

Then let us hear you

Oh, pia pia piano, piano, piano.
pia pia piano, pia piano.

Big bass drum - boom boom boom

Triangle - ting a ling a ling

Bagpipes - na na na na

Trombone - um pa, umpa, um pa pa

Violin - vio vio vio lin

The Grand Old Duke Of York

Oh, the grand old Duke of York,
He had ten thousand men,
He marched them up to the top of the hill
And he marched them down again.
And when they were up they were up,
And when they were down they were down,
And when they were only half way up,
They were neither up nor down.



Meatball (On Top Of Spaghetti)

'Twas on the spaghetti, all covered in
cheese,
I lost my poor meatball, when somebody
sneezed.
It fell on the table and onto the floor,
And then my poor meatball rolled out of
the door.
Out into the garden and under a bush,
And then my poor meatball was nothing
but mush.
The very next summer there grew up a
tree,
And on it were meatballs, to have for my
tea.

Worms

Nobody likes me, everybody hates me,
Think I'll go and eat worms.
Long thin skinny ones, short fat juicy
ones,
See how they wriggle and squirm.
Bite their heads off; suck their juice out,
Throw the skins away.
You should see how well I thrive on
Worms three times a day.

You'll Never Go To Heaven

O a preacher went down (o a preacher
went down)
To a cellar to pray (to a cellar to pray)
And he got so drunk (and he got so drunk)
That he stayed all day. (That he stayed all
day).
O a preacher went down to a cellar to pray
And he got so drunk that he stayed all day
I aint gonna grieve, my lord no more
I aint gonna grie-ee eeve, my lord no mo-
o ore
I aint gonna grieve, my lord no more
O you'll never get to heaven (o you'll
never get to heaven)
In Ian's car - 'Cause Ian's car - Won't get
that far.
In Michael's car - 'Cause Michael's car -
Stops at every bar.
In a limousine - 'Cause the Lord ain't got -
No gasoline.

In a Jumbo jet - 'Cause the Lord ain't got -
No runways yet.

In a wicker chair - 'Cause the Lord don't
want - No baskets there.

With Fraser Clark - 'Cause Fraser Clark - Is
scared of the dark.

In a biscuit tin - 'Cause a biscuit tin's - Got
biscuits in.

In a girl guides bra - 'Cause a girl guides
bra - Won't stretch that far.

With a big girl guide - 'Cause the pearly
gates - Ain't built that wide.

In a rocking chair - 'Cause the Lord don't
like - No rockers there.

On a Cub Scouts knee - 'Cause a cub
Scouts knee - Is too knobbly.

With superman - 'Cause the Lord he is - A
batman fan.

In Mike's new buggie - Cause Mike's new
buggie - Goes chug chug chuggie.

As an architect - 'Cause the Lord don't
want - His mansions wrecked.

On in-line skates - "Cause you'll skate
right past - The pearly gates.

In a drunken state - 'Cause you wont get
in - As they'll shut the gate.

The best way to heaven - The best by far -
Is to teach your wife - How to drive the
car.

The quickest way to heaven - The best by
far - Is the eagle ridge - On Lochnagar.

If you get to heaven - Before I do - Then
dig a hole - And pull me through.

If I get there - Before you do - I'll dig a
hole - And spit on you.

This is the end - There is no more - The
dear Lord said - As he closed the door.



This is the end - Saint Peter said - And he closed the book - And he went to bed.

Bear Hunt

We're going on a bear hunt (We're going on a bear hunt)
And we're not scared (And we're not scared)
'Cause we got guns ('Cause we got guns)
And bullets (And bullets)
Lots of them (Lots of them)

Come to a mountain
Can't go round it, can't go through it,
Gotta go over it.

Come to a river
Can't go round it, can't go over it,
Gotta go through it.

Come to long grass
Can't go round it, can't go over it,
Gotta go through it.

Come to Tesco's
Can't go over it, can't go round it,
Gotta go through it.

Come to a cave
Can't go round it, can't go over it,
Have to go through it.

What is this?
It's soft,
It's fluffy,
It's a bear.

Johnny Was An Airman

(to the tune of the Battle Hymn of the Republic)

1. Johnny was an airman in the Royal Flying Corps
(Repeat twice more)
And he ain't gonna fly no more

Chorus

Glory, glory what a hell of a way to die
(Repeat twice more)
And he ain't gonna fly no more

Repeat using the following verses:

2. He jumped from forty thousand feet without a parachute
3. He landed on the runway like a blob of strawberry jam
4. We scraped him off the tarmac with a bread and butter knife
5. We put him in a jam jar and we sent him home to mum
6. She put him on the mantelpiece for everyone to see

Zulu Warrior

Hold him down you zulu warrior
Hold him down you zulu chief
Hold him down you zulu warrior
Hold him down you zulu chief, chief chief
...

(Chorus)

I ziga zumba zumba zumba
I ziga zumba zumba zai

Tipperary

It's a long way to Tipperary
It's a long way to go
It's a long way to Tipperary
To the sweetest girl I know.
Good-bye Piccadilly
Farewell Leicester Square.
It's a long long way to Tipperary
But my heart lies there.

Pack Up Your Troubles

Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag
and smile, smile, smile
While you've a Lucifer to light your fire,
smile boys that's the style.
What's the use of worrying, it never was
worthwhile, so
Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag
and smile, smile, smile.

Three Blind Jellyfish

(three volunteers to be jellyfish, one to be the waves)

3 blind jellyfish, 3 blind jellyfish,
3 blind jellyfish sitting on a rock



Along came a big wave
(washes one jellyfish off)

2 blind jellyfish, 2 blind jellyfish,
2 blind jellyfish sitting on a rock

Along came a big wave
(washes one jellyfish off)

(Repeat till no blind jellyfish are left)

Repeat again until 1 blind jellyfish is back
on the rock

One-Nil to the jellyfish!
One-Nil to the jellyfish!
One-Nil to the jellyfish!
One-Nil, One-Nil

(Repeat until all three jellyfish are back)

Quartermasters Stores

(Chorus)

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

There were fleas, fleas, with kilts and hairy
knees.

There were mice, mice, eating all the rice.

There was gravy, gravy, enough to sink a
navy.

There were rats, rats, as big as giant cats.

There were peas, peas, with little hairy
knees.

There were chips, chips, bigger than battle
ships

Drunken Sailor

What shall we do with the drunken sailor?
What shall we do with the drunken sailor?
What shall we do with the drunken sailor?
Earlye in the morning.

(Chorus)

*Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,*

Earlye in the morning.

Take him and shake him and try to wake
him...

Give him a taste of a Bosun's rope end...

Give him a dose of salt and water...

Put him in the scuppers with a hosepipe on
him...

Put him in a longboat till he's sober...

That's what to do with the drunken sailor

Three Crows

Three crows sat upon a wa',
Sat upon a wa', sat upon a wa'
Three crows sat upon a wa',
On a cold and frosty morning.

The first crow couldna' flee at a',
Couldna' flee at a', couldna' flee at a',
The first crow couldna' flee at a',
On a cold and frosty morning.

The second crow was greetin' for his ma,
greetin' for his ma, greetin' for his ma,
The second crow was greetin' for his ma,
On a cold and frosty morning.

The third crow fell and broke his jaw,
fell and broke his jaw, fell and broke his
jaw,
The third crow fell and broke his jaw,
On a cold and frosty morning.

The fourth crow wisnae there at a',
Wisnae there at a', wisnae there at a',
The fourth crow wisnae there at a',
On a cold and frosty morning.

Green Grow The Rushes O

I'll sing you one o,
Green grow the rushes o.
What is your one o,
One is one and all alone and ever more
shall be so.

I'll sing you two o,
Green grow the rushes o.
What is your two o,



Two, two the lily-white boys, clothed all in
green hi ho,
One is one and all alone and ever more
shall be so.

Three, three the rivals

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 the ten commandments

Eleven for the eleven that went to heaven

Twelve for the twelve apostles

Wild Rover

I've been a wild rover for many's a year,
And I've spent all me money on whisky
and beer,
But now I'm returning with gold in great
store,
And I never will play the wild rover no
more.

(Chorus)

*And it's no nay never. No nay never no
more,
Will I play the wild rover, no never no
more.*

I went into an alehouse I used to frequent,
And I told the landlady me money was
spent,
I asked her for credit and she answered
me nay,
Such a custom as yours I can get any day.

Put me hand in my pocket pulled handfuls
of gold,
And upon the round table it glittered and
rolled,
She says 'We have got whisky and beers
of the best',
Sure the words that I told you were only in
jest.

I'll go back to my parents confess what
I've done,
And I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal
son,
And if they forgive me as oft times before
Then I never will play the wild rover no
more.

My Bonnie

My bonnie lies over the ocean,
My bonnie lies over the sea.
My bonnie lies over the ocean,
So bring back my bonnie to me.

*Bring back, oh bring back,
Oh bring back my bonnie to me, to me.
Bring back, oh bring back,
Oh bring back my bonnie to me, to me.*

Oh, blow ye winds over the ocean,
Oh blow ye winds over the sea,
Oh, low ye winds over the ocean,
And bring back my Bonnie to me.

Last night as I lay on my pillow,
Last night as I lay on my bed,
Last night as I lay on my pillow,
I dreamt that my Bonnie was dead.

The winds have blown over the ocean,
The winds have blown over the sea,
The winds have blown over the ocean,
And brought back my Bonnie to me.

Clementine

In a cavern, in a canyon,
Excavating for a mine.
Dwelt a miner, forty-niner,
And his daughter Clementine.

(Chorus)

*Oh my darling, oh my darling,
Oh my darling Clementine.
Thou art lost and gone forever,
Dreadful sorry, Clementine.*

Drove the ducklings, to the water,
Every morning, just at nine.
Hit her foot against a splinter,
Fell into the foaming brine.

Saw her lips, above the water,



Blowing bubbles, mighty fine.
But, alas, I was no swimmer,
So I lost my Clementine.

In a corner, in the churchyard,
Where the myrtle boughs entwine.
Grow the roses in their poses,
Fertilised by Clementine.

Then the miner, forty-niner,
Soon began to peek and pine.
Thought he aughter join his daughter,
Now he's with his Clementine.

In my dreams she, still doth haunt me,
Robed in garments soaked in brine.
Though in life I used to hug her,
Now she's dead I'll draw the line.

How I missed her, how I missed her,
How I missed my Clementine.
But I kissed her little sister,
And forgot my Clementine.

There's a moral, to this story,
Every Scout should learn in time.
Artificial respiration,
Could have saved my Clementine.

Skye Boat Song

(Chorus)

*Speed, bonny boat, like a bird on the wing,
Onward, the sailors cry.
Carry the lad that's born to be king,
Over the sea to sky.*

Loud the wind howls, loud the waves roar,
Thunder claps rend the air.
Baffled, our foes stand by the shore,
Follow they will not dare.

Though the waves leap, soft Charlie sleep,
The ocean's a royal bed.
Rocked on the deep, Flora will keep,
Watch by your weary head.

Many's the lad, fought on that day,
Well the claymore could wield.
When the night came, silently lay,
Dead on Culloden's field.

Burnt are our homes, exile and death,
Scatter our loyal men.
Yet ere the sword's, cold in its sheath,

Charlie will come again.

On Ikley Moor Bar T'at

Where hast thou been since I saw thee, I
saw thee,
On Ikley Moor bar t'at.
Where hast thou been since I saw thee, I
saw thee.
Where hast thou been since I saw thee, I
saw thee.
On Ikley Moor bar t'at. On Ikley Moor bar
t'at.
On Ikley Moor bar t'at.

I've been a courting Mary Jane, Mary Jane.
On Ikley Moor bar t'at.
I've been a courting Mary Jane, Mary Jane.
I've been a courting Mary Jane, Mary Jane.
On Ikley Moor bar t'at. On Ikley Moor bar
t'at.
On Ikley Moor bar t'at.

Then thou will catch thy death of cold,
death of cold.
On Ikley Moor bar t'at.
Then thou will catch thy death of cold,
death of cold.
Then thou will catch thy death of cold,
death of cold.
On Ikley Moor bar t'at. On Ikley Moor bar
t'at.
On Ikley Moor bar t'at.

Then we shall have to bury thee, bury
thee.
On Ikley Moor bar t'at.
Then we shall have to bury thee, bury
thee.
Then we shall have to bury thee, bury
thee.
On Ikley Moor bar t'at. On Ikley Moor bar
t'at.
On Ikley Moor bar t'at.

Then t'worms will come and eat thee up,
eat thee up.
On Ikley Moor bar t'at.
Then t'worms will come and eat thee up,
eat thee up.
Then t'worms will come and eat thee up,
eat thee up.
On Ikley Moor bar t'at. On Ikley Moor bar
t'at.
On Ikley Moor bar t'at.



Then ducks will come and eat up t'worms,
eat up t'worms.
On Ilkley Moor bar t'at.
Then ducks will come and eat up t'worms,
eat up t'worms.
Then ducks will come and eat up t'worms,
eat up t'worms.
On Ilkley Moor bar t'at. On Ilkley Moor bar
t'at.
On Ilkley Moor bar t'at.

Then we shall come and eat up ducks, eat
up ducks.
On Ilkley Moor bar t'at.
Then we shall come and eat up ducks, eat
up ducks.
Then we shall come and eat up ducks, eat
up ducks.
On Ilkley Moor bar t'at. On Ilkley Moor bar
t'at.
On Ilkley Moor bar t'at.

Then we shall all have eaten thee, eaten
thee.
On Ilkley Moor bar t'at.
Then we shall all have eaten thee, eaten
thee.
Then we shall all have eaten thee, eaten
thee.
On Ilkley Moor bar t'at. On Ilkley Moor bar
t'at.
On Ilkley Moor bar t'at.

Oggy, Oggy, Oggy,

Oggy, Oggy, Oggy,
Oi, Oi, Oi,
Oggy, Oggy, Oggy,
Oi, Oi, Oi,
Oggy,
Oi,
Oggy,
Oi,
Oggy, Oggy, Oggy,
Oi, Oi, Oi,

Cockles And Mussels (In Dublin's Fair City)

In Dublin's fair city,
Where the girls are so pretty,
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone.
As she wheeled her wheelbarrow,
Through streets broad and narrow,
Crying cockles and mussels, alive, alive
Oh.

(Chorus)

*Alive, alive oh. Alive, alive oh,
Crying cockles and mussels, alive, alive
Oh.*

She was a fishmonger,
But it sure 'twas no wonder,
For so were her father and mother before.
And they each wheeled their barrow,
Through streets broad and narrow,
Crying cockles and mussels, alive, alive
Oh.

She died of a fever,
And no one could save her,
And that was the end of sweet Molly
Malone.
But her ghost wheels a barrow,
Through streets broad and narrow,
Crying cockles and mussels, alive, alive
Oh.

Westering Home

(Chorus)

*Westering home and a song in the air,
Light in the eye and it's good-bye to care.
Laughter o' love and a welcoming there,
Isle of my heart, my own one.*

Tell me o' lands of the Orient gay,
Speak o' the riches and joys of Cathay.
Eh, but it's grand to be walking all day,
To find yourself nearer to Islay

Where are the folk like the folk of the
west,
Canty and couthy and kindly the best.
There I would hie me and there I would
rest,
At hame wi' my ain folk in Isla

Hiking Song

Come along, come along, let us foot it out
together,
Come along, come along, be it fair or
stormy weather,
With the hills of home before us and the
purple of the heather,
Let us sing in happy chorus,
Come along, come along.



O gaily sings the lark, and the sky's all
awake,
With the promise of the day, for the road
we gladly take,
Bidding farewell to the town, for the
welcome that awaits us,
Ere the sun goes down.

It's the call of sea and shore, It's the tang
of bog and peat,
And the scent of brier and myrtle, That
puts magic in our feet,
So it's on we go rejoicing, over bracken,
over stile
And it's soon we will be tramping,
Out the last long mile.

The Great American Railway

In eighteen hundred and sixty one,
The American railway was begun,
The American railway was begun,
The Great American Railway.

(Chorus)

*Patsy ory ary ay,
Patsy ory ary ay,
Patsy ory ary ay,
The Great American Railway.*

In eighteen hundred and sixty two,
I found myself with nothing to do,
I found myself with nothing to do,
Beside the American Railway.

In eighteen hundred and sixty three,
The overseer accepted me,
The overseer accepted me,
For work upon the Railway.

In eighteen hundred and sixty four,
My hands were tired and my feet were
sore,
My hands were tired and my feet were
sore,
Through work upon the Railway.

In eighteen hundred and sixty five,
I found myself more dead than alive,
I found myself more dead than alive,
From working on the Railway.

In eighteen hundred and sixty six,
I happened to stand on some dynamite
sticks,

I happened to stand on some dynamite
sticks,
While working on the Railway.

In eighteen hundred and sixty seven,
I found myself half way to heaven,
I found myself half way to heaven,
Above the Railway.

In eighteen hundred and sixty eight,
I found myself at the Golden Gate,
I found myself at the Golden Gate,
Above the Railway.

In eighteen hundred and sixty nine,
A cherubs harp and wings were mine,
A cherubs harp and wings were mine,
Above the Railway.

In eighteen hundred and sixty ten,
If you want any more you can sing it
again,
If you want any more you can sing it
again,
About the Railway.

Deep And Wide

Deep and wide, deep and wide,
There's a fountain flowing deep and wide.
Deep and wide, deep and wide,
There's a fountain flowing deep and wide.

Irish Rover

In the year of our Lord eighteen hundred
and six
We set sail coal quay of Cork
We were sailing away with a cargo of
bricks
For the grand city hall in New York
We'd an elegant craft she was rigged fore
and aft
And how the trade winds drove her
She had twenty three masts, and she
stood several blast
And they called her the Irish Rover.

There was Barney Magee from the banks
of the lee
There was Hogan from County Tyrone
There was Johnny McGurk who was scared
stiff of work
And a chap from Westmeath named
Malone



There was Slugger O'Toole, blind drunk as
a rule
And fighting Bill Tracy from Dover
And our man Mick McCann, from the banks
of the Bann
Was the skipper of the Irish Rover.

We had one million bags of the best sligo
rags
We had two million barrels of bone
We had three million bales of old Nanny
goat's tails
We had four million barrels of stone
We had five million hogs, and six million
dogs
And seven million barrels of porter
We had eight million sides of old blind
horses hides
In the hold of the Irish Rover.

We had sailed seven years when the
measles broke out
And the ship lost her way in the fog (Big
fog)
And the whole of the crew was reduced
down to two
'Twas myself and the Captain's old dog
Then the ship struck a rock, Lord what a
shock
It nearly tumbled over
It turned nine times around, and the poor
old dog was drowned
I'm the last of the Irish Rover

Twelve Days Of Scout Camp

On my first day of Scout camp, my mother
sent to me
A gadget for making Scouter's tea.

Two rubber boots

Three dish cloths

Four sleeping bags

Five frozen peas

Six china mugs

Seven woolly vests

Eight bags of goodies

Nine dead rabbits

Ten tins of tuna

Eleven tartan toories

Twelve Tetley tea bags

Kum Ba Yah

Kum ba yah, my Lord, Kum ba yah,
Kum ba yah, my Lord, Kum ba yah,
Kum ba yah, my Lord, Kum ba yah,
O Lord, Kum ba yah.

Someone's crying Lord, Kum ba yah...

Someone's singing Lord, Kum ba yah...

Someone's praying Lord, Kum ba yah...

Oni Woni Woki Wa Wa

Oni woni woki wa wa (wa wa)
Oni woni woki wa wa (wa wa)
aye aye aye ippy aye aye aye aye
aye aye aye ippy aye aye aye aye
aye aye
aye aye.

Oh Wa Ta Na Siam

(To the tune of the British National
Anthem)

Oh wa ta na Siam
Oh wa ta na Siam
Oh wa ta nas.

Taps

Day is done, gone the sun
From the sea, from the hills, from the sky.
All is well, safely rest
God is nigh.

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



Northern Lights of Old Aberdeen

*The northern lights of old Aberdeen,
Mean home sweet home to me,
The northern lights of Aberdeen,
Are what I long to see.
I've been a wanderer all of my life,
And many a sight I've seen.
God speed the day when I'm on my way,
To my home in Aberdeen.*

When I was a lad, a tiny wee lad, my
mother said to me,
"Come see the Northern Lights my boy,
They're bright as they can be".
She called them the heavenly dancers,
Merry dancers in the sky.
I'll never forget that wonderful sight,
They made the heavens bright.

I've wandered in many far-off lands,
And travelled many a mile,
I've missed the folk I've cherished most,
The joy of a friendly smile.
It warms up the heart of the wanderer,
The clasp of a welcoming hand,
To greet me when I return,
Home to my native land.

I Belong to Glasgow

I belong to Glasgow, dear old Glasgow
toon,
There's something the matter wi Glasgow
for
it's going roon and roon.
I'm only a common old working chap
As anyone here can see.
But when I get a couple of pints on a
Saturday
Glasgow belongs to me.

Glencoe

*Oh cruel is the snow that sweeps Glencoe
And covers the graves o' Donald.
Oh cruel was the foe that raped Glencoe
And murdered the house of MacDonald.*

They came from Fort William with murder
in mind,
The Campbells had ordered King William
had signed.
Put all to the sword, these words
underlined,

And leave none alive called MacDonald.

They came in a blizzard, we offered them
heat,
A roof o'er their heads, dry shoes for their
feet.
We wined them and dined them and gave
them our meat
And they slept in the house of MacDonald.

They came in the night when our men
were asleep,
This band of Argylls through snow soft and
deep.
Like murdering foxes among helpless
sheep,
They murdered the house of MacDonald.

Some died in their beds at the hands of
their foe.
Some died in the night and were lost in
the snow.
Some lived to accuse him that struck the
first blow
And slaughtered the house of MacDonald.

Mairi's Wedding

*Step the gaily on we go, heel for heel and
toe for toe
Arm in arm and row on row, all for Mairi's
wedding.*

Over hillways up and down, myrtle green
and bracken brown,
Past the sheiling thro' the town, all for the
sake of Mairi.

Red her cheeks as rowans are, bright her
eye as any star,
fairest o' them a' by far, is our darling
Mairi.

Plenty herring, plenty meal, plenty peat to
fill her creel,
Plenty bonnie bairns as weel, that's the
toast for Mairi.

Scotland The Brave

Hark when the night is falling,
Hear hear the pipes are calling,
Loudly and proudly calling,
Down through the glen.
There where the hills are sleeping,



Now feel the blood a-leaping
High as the spirit of the old highland men.

*Tow'ring in gallant fame,
Scotland my mountain hame,
High may your proud banners gloriously
wave,
Land of my high endeavour,
Land of the shining river,
Land of my heart forever,
Scotland the brave.*

High in the misty highlands,
Out by the purple islands,
Brave are the hearts that beat beneath
Scottish skies,
Wild are the winds to meet you,
Staunch are the friends to greet you,
Kind as the love that shines from fair
maidens eyes.

Far off in sunlit places,
sad are the Scottish faces,
Yearning to feel the kiss of sweet Scottish
rain,
Where tropic skies are beaming,
Love sets the heart a-dreaming,
Longing and dreaming for the homeland
again.

To A Haggis

Fair fa' your honest sonsie face,
Great Chieftain o' the pudding race
Aboon them a' ye take your place,
Painch tripe or thairm
Weel are ye wordy o' a grace
As lang's my arm.

The groaning trencher there ye fill
your hurdies like a distant hill
Your pin wad help to mend a mill
In time o' need,
While thro' your pores the dews distil
Like amber bead.

His knife see rusty Labour dight,
An' cut you up wi' ready sleight,
Trenching your gushing entrails bright
Like ony ditch;
And then, O what a glorious sight,
Warm-reekin', rich!

And then horn for horn,
They stretch an' strive:
Deil tak the hindmost! On they drive

Till a' their weel-swallow'd kytes belyve,
Are bent lyke drums;
Then auld Giudman, maist like to rive,
"Bethankit!" hums.

Is there that owre his French ragout
Or olio that wad staw a sow
Or fricasse wad mak her spew
Wi' perfect sconner,
Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view
On sic a dinner.

Poor Devil! See him owre his trash,
As feckless as a wither'd rash,
His spindle shank, a guid whip-lash
His nieve a nit;
Thro' bloody flood or field to dash'
O how unfit.

But mark the Rustic, haggis fed
The trembling earth resounds his tread.
Clap in his walie nieve a blade,
He'll mak it whistle;
An' legs an' arms, an' heads will send,
Like taps o' thrissle.

Ye Pow'rs wha mak mankind your care,
And dish them out their bill o' fare,
Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware
That jaups in luggies;
But, if ye wish her gratefu' prayer,
Gie her a Haggis!

B P Spirit

I've got that B P spirit, deep in my heart,
deep in my heart, deep in my heart,
I've got that B P spirit, deep in my heart,
Deep in my heart to stay.

Here in my head...

All round my feet...

Deep in my heart...

All over me...

Blowing in the Wind

How many roads must a man walk down
Before they call him a man
And how many seas must a white dove
sail
Before she sleeps in the sand



How many times must a cannonball fire
Before they're forever banned.

*The answer my friend is blowing in the wind
The answer is blowing in the wind.*

How many years can a mountain exist
Before it is washed in the sea
How many years can some people exist
Before they're allowed to be free
How many times can a man turn his head
And pretend that he just doesn't see.

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

National Anthem

God save our gracious Queen
Long live our noble Queen;
God save the Queen!
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us;
God save the Queen.

Thy choicest gifts in store
On her be pleased to pour;
Long may she reign;
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the Queen!.

Alouette

Alouette, gentille Alouette,
Alouette, je te plumerai.

Boom Chicka Boom

Boom chicka boom, (repeat)
Boom chicka boom, (repeat)
Boom chicka rocka chicka rocka chicka boom (repeat)
That's fine (repeat)

OK (repeat)
Just one more time (repeat)

Crest Of A Wave

We're riding along on the crest of a wave
And the sun is in the sky,
All our eyes on the distant horizon, look out for passers-by.
We'll do the hailing, while all the ships around are sailing.
We're riding along on the crest of a wave
And the world is ours.

Singing In The Rain

I'm singing in the rain, just singing in the rain;
What a glorious feeling, I'm happy again.

Thumbs out;

Choo-cha-cha, choo-cha-cha, choo-cha-cha-cha
Choo-cha-cha, choo-cha-cha, choo-cha-cha-cha

elbows in; knees bent; chests out; bums out;
heads back; leg up; tongues out.

Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

*Swing low, sweet chariot,
Coming for to carry me home,
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Coming for to carry me home.*

I looked over Jordan and what did I see,
Coming for to carry me home,
A band of angels coming after me,
Coming for to carry me home.

Loch Lomond

By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie braes
Where the sun shines bright on loch Lomond
Where me and my true love were want to age
On the bonnie bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.



*O ye'll tak the high road and I'll tak the
low road
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye
But me and my true love will never meet
again
On the bonnie bonnie banks of Loch
Lomond.*

Twas there that we parted in yon shady
glen
On the steep, steep side of Ben Lomond
Where in purple hue the highland hills in
view
An the moon comin' out in the gloamin'.

The wee birdies sing and the wild flowers
spring
And in sunshin the waters are sleeping
But the broken heart it has nay second
spring
Tho' the woefu' may cease frae their
greetin'.

The Bear Went Over The Mountain

The bear went over the mountain
The bear went over the mountain
The bear went over the mountain
To see what he could see.

And what do you think he saw
And what do you think he saw
The other side of the mountain
Was all that he could see.

Teacup

(To the tune of Clementine)

I'm a tea cup, I'm a teacup,
I'm a teacup yes I am
But I'd rather be a teacup than a mug.

I'm a bloodstain, I'm a bloodstain,
I'm a bloodstain yes I am
But I'd rather be a bloodstain than a clot.

I'm a raindrop, I'm a raindrop,
I'm a raindrop yes I am
But I'd rather be a raindrop than a drip.

I'm a mosquito, I'm a mosquito,
I'm a mosquito yes I am
But I'd rather be a mosquito than a nit

Ham And Eggs

1st Group

Ham and eggs
I like mine fried nice and brown
Flip `em
Flip `em
Ham and eggs

2nd Group

Ham and eggs
I like mine fried upside down
Flop `em
Flop `em
Ham and eggs

I Like Bananas

I like bananas, monkey nuts and grapes.
I like bananas, monkey nuts and grapes.
I like bananas, monkey nuts and grapes.
That's why they call me Tarzan of the
apes.

Row Row Row

Row row row the boat
Gently down the stream
Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily
Life is but a dream.

We're On The Scouting Trail

We're on the Scouting trail
We're on the Scouting trail
Singing, singing everybody singing
Scouting bound.

Can't Put Your Muck In Our Dustbin

You can't put your muck in our dustbin,
our dustbin, our dustbin,
You can't put your muck in our dustbin,
our dustbin's full.

Fish and chips and vinegar, vinegar,
vinegar,



Fish and chips and vinegar, pepper,
pepper pepper pot.

One bottle beer, two bottles beer, three
bottles beer, four,
Five bottles beer, six bottles beer, seven
bottle beer.

The Mule

(To the tune of Auld Lang Syne)

The mule he has two legs behind and two
he has before,
You stand behind before you find what the
two behind be for
If you stand behind the two behind you
find what they be for
So stand before the two behind but behind
the two before.

Nicky Tams

Faun I wis only ten year aul' I left the
village squeel,
Ma faither fed me tae the mains tae earn
ma milk and meal.
A first pit on ma narra breeks tae hap ma
spinnal drams,
Syne buckled roon knappin knees
A pair o nicky tams.

It's the first a got on for wylie long and
syne a got on for third,
An then of course a hid t' get the
horseman's grippin' word.
A loaf a bread tae be ma piece an a bottle
for drinkin drams
But ye canna gang through the calf hoose
door
Without your nicky tams.

The fairmer I am wie the noo he's wealthy
but he's mean,
Though corns cheap, his horse is done his
harness fairly dien.
He guards us lot wir carts ower fu' his
conscience hisna qualms,
But fan bree straps bracks there's naethin'
like
A pair o nicky tams.

Am courtin bony Annie noo Rob
Tammson's richie dame,
She is five and forty and I am seventeen.

She cuts a muckle piece tae me wi
different kinds o jam,
And she tells me that every night
She admires ma nicky tams.

A started oot the Sunday tae the kirkie for
tae gang,
Ma collar it wis awfie tight ma breeks was
neer o'er lang.
A hid ma bible in ma pooch likewise ma
book o psalms,
When Annie roars "ye muckle gype
Tak aff yer nicky tams".

Though I swear I took them aff the lassie
for tae please,
But aye ma breeks they jerked up a roun'
about ma knees.
A muckle wasp crawled up ma leg in the
middle of the psalms,
So I never again will I enter the kirk
Withoot ma nicky tams.

I've often thought I'd like tae be a bobby
on the force,
Or maybe I'll get on the cars and drive a
pair o horse.
But fitever it's ma luck tae be the bobbies
or the trams,
I'll never forget the happy days
A wore ma nicky tams.

Six Blue Bottles

There were six blue bottles standing on
the meat.
Six blue bottles standing on the meat.
And if one blue bottle should wipe his dirty
feet,
Then Monday's dinner won't be fit to eat.

There were five blue bottles standing on
the meat.
Five blue bottles standing on the meat.
And if one blue bottle should wipe his dirty
feet,
Then Tuesday's dinner won't be fit to eat.

There were four blue bottles standing on
the meat.
Four blue bottles standing on the meat.
And if one blue bottle should wipe his dirty
feet,
Then Wednesday's dinner won't be fit to
eat.



There were three blue bottles standing on the meat.
Three blue bottles standing on the meat.
And if one blue bottle should wipe his dirty feet,
Then Thursday's dinner won't be fit to eat.

There were two blue bottles standing on the meat.
Two blue bottles standing on the meat.
And if one blue bottle should wipe his dirty feet,
Then Friday's dinner won't be fit to eat.

There was one blue bottles standing on the meat.
One blue bottles standing on the meat.
And if one blue bottle should wipe his dirty feet,
Then Saturday's dinner won't be fit to eat.

There were no blue bottles standing on the meat.
No blue bottles standing on the meat.
And if one blue bottle should wipe his dirty feet,
Then Sunday's dinner will be fit to eat.

The Barnyards O' Delgaty

As I gaed down tae Turra market
Turra market for tae fee
I fell in wi a wealthy fairmer
The Barnyards o' Delgaty.

Lint-a-naddy, tour-a-naddy
Lint-a-naddy, tour-a-nee
Lintin, lowrin', lowrin', lowrin'
The Barnyards o' Delgaty.

He promised me the one best horse
That ever I set my een upon
Fan I got tae the barnyards
There was nothin' there but skin and bone.

I can drink and no be drunk
I can fecht and no be slain
I can court wi' anithir man's lass
And still be welcome tae my ain.

As I go doon tae the kirk on Sunday
Mony's the bonny lass I see
Sittin' by her mither's side
Winkin' o'er the pews at me.

Now my candle is burnt oot

My snotters fairly on the wain
Fare ye well ye barnyards
You'll never see me here again.

The Bricklayer's Song

Dear Sir I write this note to you to tell you
of my plight
For at the time of writing it, I'm not a
pretty sight
My body is all black and blue, my face a
deathly grey
And I write this note to say why I am not
at work today.

While working on the fourteenth floor
some bricks I had to clear
But tossing them down from such a height
was not a good idea
The foreman wasn't very pleased he is an
awkward sod
And he said I had to cart them down the
ladders in me hod.

Well clearing all these bricks by hand it
was so very slow
So I hoisted up a barrow and secured a
rope below
But in me haste to do the job I was too
blind to see
That a barrow full of building bricks was
heavier than me.

And so when I untied the rope the barrow
fell like lead
And clinging tightly to the rope I started
up instead
I shot up like a rocket and to my dismay I
found
That half way up I met the bloody barrow
coming down.

Well the barrow broke me shoulder as to
the ground it sped
And when I reached the top I banged the
pulley with me head
But I clung on tightly numb with shock
from this almighty blow
While the barrow spilt out half its bricks
some fourteen floors below.

Now when these bricks had fallen from the
barrow to the floor
I then outweighed the barrow and so
started down once more



But I clung on tightly to the rope me body
racked with pain
And half way down I met the bloody
barrow once again.

The force of this collision half way down
the office block
Caused multiple abrasions and a nasty
case of shock
But I clung on tightly to the rope as I fell
towards the ground
And I landed on the broken bricks the
barrow scattered round.

Well I lay there on the floor I thought I'd
past the worst
But the barrow hit the pulley wheel and
then the bottom burst
A shower of bricks rained down on me I
didn't have a hope
As I lay there bleeding on the ground I let
go the bloody rope.

The barrow now being heavier it started
down once more
It landed right across me as I lay there on
the floor
It broke three ribs and my left arm and I
can only say
I hope you'll understand why I am not at
work today.

Old MacDonald Had A Farm

Old MacDonald had a farm, E I E I O
And on that farm he had some pigs, E I E I
O
With a snort snort here and a snort snort
there,
Here a snort, there a snort, everywhere a
snort snort,
Old MacDonald had a farm E I E I O.

Cows - Moo Moo

Sheep - Ba Ba

Camels - Hump Hump

Snakes - Hiss Hiss

Giraffes - Neck Neck

Frogs - Croak Croak

Chimpanzee - Scratch Scratch

Ten In A Bed

There were ten in a bed and the little one
said, roll over, roll over,
So they all rolled over and one fell out,
But just remember - to tie a knot in your
pyjamas
Single beds were only meant for
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

There were nine in a bed and the little one
said, roll over, roll over,
So they all rolled over and one fell out,
But just remember - to tie a knot in your
pyjamas
Single beds were only meant for
1 2 3 4 5 6 7

There were eight in a bed and the little
one said, roll over, roll over,

There were seven in a bed and the little
one said, roll over, roll over,

There were six in a bed and the little one
said, roll over, roll over,

There were five in a bed and the little one
said, roll over, roll over,

There were four in a bed and the little one
said, roll over, roll over,

There were three in a bed and the little
one said, roll over, roll over,

There were two in a bed and the little one
said, roll over, roll over,

There was one in a bed and the little one
said, roll over, roll over,

There were none in a bed so nobody said,
roll over, roll over,
No one rolled over and no one fell out,
But just remember - to tie a knot in your
pyjamas
Single beds were only meant for
Sleeping

Men Of Harlech

Dauntless sons of Celtic sires, whose souls
the love of freedom fires,
your country's harp to war inspires,
On bold Snowdonia's side.



Shall heart rending sounds of woe be,
heard where Conway's waters flow
Shall you before the vaunting foe,
as willing slaves abide.

From the hill and valley,
from the passes sally,
from Philimon's lofty brow
Around your chieftain rally,
Harlech from thy frowning tow'rs
Pour forth thy never failing pow'rs
A glorious vict'ry shall be yours
March on your countries pride.

Now to battle they are going, every heart
with courage flowing
Pride and passion overflowing,
In the furious strife.
Lo the din of war enrages, vengeance
crowns the hate of ages
Sternly foe with foe engages
Feeding death with life.

With their lances flashing
Warriors are crashing
Through the tyrants serried ranks
Whilst onwards they are dashing
Now the enemy is flying
Trampling on the dead and dying
Victory aloft is crying
Cambria wins the field.

Land Of My Fathers

Oh land of my fathers the land of the free
The home of the harp so soothing to me
Thy noble defenders were gallant and
brave
For freedom their heart's life they gave.

*Wales! Wales! Home sweet home is Wales
Till death be pass'd my love shall last
My longing my yearning for Wales.*

Though Eden of bards and birthplace of
song
The sons of thy mountains are valliant and
strong
The voice of thy streamlets is soft to the
ear
Thy hills and thy valleys, how dear.

Tho' slighted and scorn'd by the proud and
the strong
The language of Cambria still charms us in
song

The Awen survives nor have envious tales
Yet silenced the harp of dear Wales.

I'm A Little Teapot

I'm a little teapot
short and stout.
Here's my handle
Here's my spout.
When I get all steamed up I just shout
Tip me up and pour me out.

If You're Happy And You Know It

If you're happy and you know it, clap your
hands
If you're happy and you know it, clap your
hands
If you're happy and you know it and you
surely want to show it
If you're happy and you know it clap your
hands

... Snap your fingers

... Slap your thighs

... Stamp your feet

... Shout "Amen"

... Do all five

Elephants Came In One By One

The elephants came in one by one
Some were deaf and some were dumb
Chorus

Singing E I E I O E I E I O
The elephants came in two by two
Some were black and some were blue

Chorus
The elephants came in three by three
Some were big and some were wee

Chorus
The elephants came in four by four
Some through the window and some
through the door

Chorus
The elephants came in five by five



Some were dead and some were alive

Chorus

The elephants came in six by six
Some on crutches and some on sticks

Chorus

The elephants came in seven by seven
Some from and some from heaven

Chorus

The elephants came in eight by eight
Some through the hedge and some
through the gate

Chorus

The elephants came in nine by nine
Some were drinking elderberry wine

Chorus

The elephants came in ten by ten
If you liked this song we can sing it again

Chorus

Black Sox

Black sox, they never get dirty
The longer you leave them the stronger
they get
Sometimes, I think I should wash them
But something keeps telling me, no, no,
not yet
Not yet, not yet

Repeat



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