

*Little George's Cub Scout Songbook
Pow Wow – University of Scouting - 2007*

Little George's Cub Scout Songbook



Pow Wow – University of Scouting – 2007

Billy the Cub Scout

[*Em* Now Here's a Story 'bout *Am* Billy the *Em* Cub Scout.
[*B7* He could sing and he could shou-out. *Em*
[*Em* He earned his Bobcat, when he was just 2. *Am* *E*
[*B7* You won't believe all the things he could do. *Em*

Start of Chorus

[*E* Hey-de-hey-de-hey-de-ho!
Hee-be-dee-be-dee-be-hey
Hula-mama-na -nu!
[*B E* A-labba jabba ja goo!

End of Chorus

He earned His wolf badge - before he was five.
He had more awards than any scout alive.
Webelos and Bear - Arrow points by the score.
He earned every badge and he still wanted more!

He said when I'm grown, and I get old
I'll still be true to the blue and the gold.
Mom and Dad - hear what I say,
I'm gonna be a cubber 'till my dyin' day!

Cub Scouts Sound off

I don't know but I been told!
Cub Scouts love that blue and gold!

Sound off Sound off
Cub Scouts Cub Scouts
One, Two Three Four
Lemme hear ya cub scouts: one two
THREE FOUR!

Tiger Cubs are on your side
Wear the orange shirt with pride

We'll be Cubs through thick and thin
We've all earned that Bobcat pin.

You'll know Cubs are on the prowl
When you hear that wolf Cub howl.

You'll know Cubs are everywhere.
When the roar of the Bear it fills the air.

Webelos scouts are the very best.
We're the ones who've passed the test!

She'll Be Comin' Round the Mountain (Cub Scout Style)

[^G She'll be comin' 'round the mountain when she comes, "Whoo, Whoo!"

[^D She'll be comin' 'round the mountain when she comes, "Whoo, whoo!"

[^G She'll be comin' 'round the mountain ^C She'll be comin' 'round the mountain

[^D She'll be comin' 'round the mountain ^G when she comes, "Whoo, whoo!"

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

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

She'll be drivin' six white horses She'll be drivin' six white horses

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

We will all go out to meet her when she comes, "Hi, Babel!"

We will all go out to meet her when she comes, "Hi, Babel!"

We will all go out to meet her we will all go out to meet her

We will all go out to meet her When she comes, "Hi, Babel, Whoa back!, Whoo, whoo!"

We will kill the old red rooster when she comes, Hack, Hack!"

We will kill the old red rooster when she comes, "Hack, Hack!"

We will kill the old red rooster. We will kill the old red rooster

We will kill the old red rooster When she comes,

"Hack, Hack!, Hi Babel, Whoa back!, Whoo, whoo!"

We will all have chicken an' dumplings when she comes, "Yum, Yum!"

We will all have chicken an' dumplings when she comes, "Yum, Yum!"

We will all have chicken an' dumplings we will all have chicken an' dumplings

We will all have chicken an' dumplings When she comes,

"Yum, Yum!, Hack Hack!, Hi Babel, Whoa back!, Whoo, whoo!"

Boom Chick-a Boom

I says a-boom-chick-a-boom!

I says a-boom-chick-a-boom!

I says a-boom-chick-a-rock-a-chick-a-rock-a-chick-a-boom!

Uh-huh!

On Yeah!

This time!

We sing!

HIGHER!

Each time a leader adds a different variation such as:

LOWER, WHISPER, LOUDER, TONGUE-IN-CHEEK, SEXY,
GROOVY (COOL).BACKWARDS(?)

Bug Juice

[^D At camp with the ^G Boy Scouts
[^D They gave us a drink.
[^A We thought it was Kool--Aid,
[^D Because it was pink.

But the thing that they told us
Would've grossed out a moose,
For that great tasting pink drink
was really bug juice.

It looked fresh and fruity,
Like tasty Kool--Aid,
But the bugs that were in it
Were murdered with RAID!

We drank it by gallons;
We drank it by tons.
And the next morning,
We all had the runs!

So the next time you drink bug juice,
And a fly drives you mad,
He's just getting even,
'Cause you swallowed his dad.

Shaving Cream

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

Start of Chorus

[^AShhhhhaving cream, be nice and clean,
[Shave every day and you'll always look keen.^E ^A

End of Chorus

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

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

I went for a hike with Troop 80,
At lunch time I looked in my kit,
I thought I would find me a sandwich, But the darned thing was loaded with...

While watching a swell game of baseball,
One player got him a nice hit.
While on his way down to first base, He stepped in a big pile of...

Our baby got into some peaches,
We thought he had swallowed a pit.
Next morning we looked in his diaper, But the darned thing was loaded with...

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

Banana Boat Song

Start of Chorus

[^A ^D ^A
Day-O, Day-O,
[^D ^A ^E ^A
Daylight come and me wan' go home,
[^A ^D ^A
Day-O, Day-O,
[^D ^A ^E ^A
Daylight come and me wan' go home,

End of Chorus

ORIGINAL WORDS

[^A
Work all night on a drink of rum
[^E ^A
Daylight come and me wan' go home.
[^A
Stock bananas till the morning come,
[^E ^A
Daylight come and me wan' go home.

Come Mr. Tally man, Tally me bananas,
Daylight come and me wan' go home.
(repeat)

Pick six foot, seven foot, eight foot bunch,
Daylight come and me wan' go home.
(repeat)

A beautiful bunch of ripe banana,
Daylight come and me wan' go home.
Hide the deadly black tarantula.
Daylight come and me wan' go home.

KIDS WORDS

[^A
Stay in school till the day is done!
[^E ^A
Daylight come and me wan' go home.
[^A
At night go to Cub Scouts to have some fun!
[^E ^A
Daylight come and me wan' go home.

[^A Hey teacher don't gimme any of your homework!
[^E Daylight come and me wan' go home.
[^A Cuz' all the kids say that you're nothin' but a big jerk!
[^E Daylight come and me wan' go home.

[^A A boil or a zit or an ugly blister!
[^E Daylight come and me wan' go home.
[^A Not as bad as my little sister!
[^E Daylight come and me wan' go home.

Boa Constrictor

Here's a Cute song, but there's no "kids part"

[^E I'm being swallowed by a boa-constrictor,
[^A by a boa-constrictor,
[^{B7} by a boa-constrictor,
[^E I'm being swallowed by a boa-constrictor,
[^B And I don't like it one bit.

[^B Oh, no, he's got my toe,
[^B O gee, he's up to my knee,
[^B Oh, my, he's reached my thigh,
[^B O fiddle, he's at my middle,
[^B Oh heck, he's up to my neck,
[^B O dread, He's got my GULP!!!

Battle of New Orleans

[^G In Eighteen-Fourteen we ^C took a little trip,
[^{D7} A- long with Colonel Jackson down the ^G mighty Mississip'
[We took a little bacon and we ^C took a little beans,
[^{D7} And we ^G caught the bloody British in the town of New Orleans.

Chorus 1>>>

[^G We fired our guns and the British kept a-comin,
[^{D7} But, there wasn't nigh as many as there ^G was a while a- go.
We fired once more and they began to runnin'
[^{D7} On down the Mississippi to the ^G Gulf Of Mexi- co.

We looked down the river and we see'd the British come.
And there must have been a hundred of 'em beatin' on the drum.
They stepped so high and they made their bugles ring,
We stood beside our cotton bales and didn't say a thing.

Repeat 1st Chorus>>>

Ol Hickory said we could take 'em by surprise,
If we didn't fire our muskets 'til we looked 'em in the eyes.
We held our fire till we see'd their faces well,
Then, we opened our squirrel guns and really gave 'em.....well,

Chorus 2>>>

Yeah, they ran through the briars and they ran through the brambles,
[^{D7} And they ran through the bushes where a ^G rabbit couldn't go.
They ran so fast that the hounds couldn't catch 'em,
[^{D7} On down the Mississippi to the ^G Gulf Of Mexic- o.

We fired our cannon 'til the barrel melted down.
So, we grabbed an alligator and we fought another round.
We filled his head with cannonballs and powdered his behind,
And when we set the powder off, the 'gator lost his mind.

Ravioli (To the Tune of "Alouette")

[^E All: Ravioli, I like ravioli.

[^B Ravioli, it's the best for me.

Leader: Have I got it on my chin?

[^B All: Yes, You've got it on your chin.

[^B Leader: On my chin?

[^B All: On your chin.

Oh-h-h-h-h

[^E Ravioli, I like ravioli.

Ravioli, it's the best for me.

Continue with tie, shirt, pants, shoes,
floor, walls. Point to the items as each
new word is added by the song leader.
each time the chorus is sung, the
previous verses are sung in reverse order

My Bonnie (With Cub Scout Words)

[^G My ^C Bonnie ^G lies over the ocean,
[^G My ^C Bonnie ^D lies over the sea.
[^G My ^C Bonnie ^G lies over the ocean,
[^C Oh, ^D bring ^G back my bonnie to me.
[^G Bring ^C back, bring back,
[^D Oh, ^G bring back my bonnie to me, to me.
[^G Bring ^C back, bring back,
[^D Oh, ^G bring back my bonnie to me.

Last night as I lay on my pillow,
Last night as I lay on my bed,
I stuck my feet out of the window,
Next morning my neighbors were dead.
Bring back, bring back, Oh, bring
back my neighbors to me, to me.
Bring back, bring back, Oh, bring
back my neighbors to me.

My Bonnie leaned over the gas tank,
The height of its contents to see.
I lighted a match to assist her,
Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me.
Bring back, bring back,
Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me, to me.
Bring back, bring back,
Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me.

My breakfast lies over the ocean,
My luncheon lies over the rail.
My supper lies in a commotion.
Won't somebody bring me a pail?
Please bring, please bring,
Oh please bring a pail to me, to me.

Little George's Cub Scout Songbook
Pow Wow – University of Scouting - 2007

Who knows what I had for breakfast?
Who knows what I had for tea?
Who knows what I had for supper?
Just look out the window and see.
Clams, clams, clams, clams,
Clams and ice cream don't agree with me.
Clams, clams, clams, clams,
Clams and ice cream don't agree with me.

My car is hung up on the race track.
The darn thing won't move up or down.
If only I'd followed instructions.
I'd have the best race car in town

Bring back, Bring back
Oh, Bring back my race car to me
Bring back, Bring back
The race, cause next time I'll win.

Another Pinewood Derby Song

Tune: Camptown Races

[^E
Cub Scouts all join in the song,
[^B
Do-da, do-dah!
[^E
Pine car track is mighty long,
[^B ^E
Oh, do-day-day!

Start of Chorus

[^E
Going to run so fast,
[^A ^E
Going to get ahead,
Bet my money on a blue pine car,
[^B ^E
Somebody bet on the red.

End of Chorus

Black cars, blue cars, green and gray,
Do-da, do-da!
Are running on the track today,
Oh, do-da-day!

Pine cars do have lots of class,
Do-da, Do-dah!
Even though they don't use gas,
Oh, do-da-day!

They're the pride of all the Dens,
Do-da, do-da!
Built by Cub Scouts and their friends,
Oh, do-da-day!

Trash Rap

We pick up the trash and pick up the litter
We tell our parents and the baby-sitter;
"Garbage is a mess, it makes the world dirty
If we keep this up, by the time we're thirty
We'll be sitting on piles of non-decaying plastic,
Disposal diapers and pieces of elastic,
Broken glass and old tin cans.
Clean up the world! That's the name of the plan."
We're the Vikings, comin' on through
Recycling trash and we're doing it for you!
We don't claim to have the whole solution
We're just trying to stop the pollution!

The water is filthy - it's not fit to drink
And the air around us - it really stinks!
We have to start now to clean up our act
Or we're gonna kill the Earth and that's a fact!
The Government is working to pass some legislation
To make the Earth fit for future generations
But you'll agree that it's not enough
It's up to us and we've got to be tough!
We're the Vikings, comin' on through
Recycling trash and we're doing it for you!
We don't claim to have the whole solution
We're just trying to stop the pollution!

The other day I asked my mother
If we could recycle my baby brother
"No way!" she said. "And listen, hear mister,
Don't even think about your big sister!
Or Nick's dog or Jeremiah's cat!
You can only do garbage and that is that!"
This recycling stuff isn't much fun
But we're doing it cuz it has to be done.
Separating garbage and picking up litter
We'll help to make our planet look better.
We're the Vikings, comin' on through
Recycling trash and we're doing it for you!
We don't claim to have the whole solution
We're just trying to stop the pollution!

Chester Bankowski
SA Troop 62 Monroe, CT
cbankows@dasw.com

God Bless My Underwear

Tune: God Bless America

[G D C G
God bless my underwear, my only pair.
[C G
Stand beside them, and guide them,
[Am7 D G
Through the rips, through the holes, through the tears.
[Am7 G
From the washer, to the dryer,
[D G
to the clothesline in the air.
[C G D C G
God bless my underwear, my only pair.

[G D C G
Mom, wash my underware, my only pair.
[C G
We can find them, and move them,
[Am7 D G
From the heap by the side of the chair.
[Am7 G
To the washer, to the clothesline,
[D G
To my backpack, to my rear.
[C G D C D
Mom, wash my underwear, my only pair.
[C G D C G
Mom, wash my underware, my only pair.

Little George's Ten Rules For Using Songs And Music At Cub Scout Meetings:

1. Nobody came to your Cub Scout meeting to hear you sing. It's not a concert. They came to have fun. Your job is to help them do that.
2. Don't worry about whether or not you're on-key. If you sing so badly that the kids try to drown you out, you win.
3. If you're not having fun, neither will they. If the kids aren't singing along, it may be because you don't look like you're enjoying yourself.
4. Remember - you're there to sing and play Kid's Music, (not children's music). This isn't the "Barney" show, and you're not a purple dinosaur.
5. Make sure that every song you sing has a part for the kids to sing.
6. If you know how to play an instrument (guitar, banjo, whatever), don't forget rule 1. If you don't know how to play an instrument, get some help. Maybe there's someone in your church or sponsoring organization who will agree to play a little guitar at your meetings. But make sure they understand the rules.
7. Kids can make their own instruments at den meetings and join in the fun .
8. Help the kids in your Pack, Troop or Den to Write their own song.
9. Remember - Gross is Good
10. Remember - Louder is Better