

Songs of Treasure Island



Summer Camp 2000

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From A Collection By Steve Ranjo
June 2000*

Reprinted June 2003

*** Songs Just For Fun ***

(Heard in the Treasure Island Dining Hall)

We're Here Because We're Here

Sing to tune of: "Auld Lang Syne"

We're Here Because We're Here
Because We're Here Because We're Here
We're Here Because We're Here
Because We're Here Because We're Here

Alice the Camel

Alice the camel has three Humps
Alice the Camel has three humps
Alice the Camel has three humps
So go alice, Go
Boom, Boom, Boom

Alice the camel has two humps
Alice the camel has two humps
Alice the camel has two humps
So go Alice, Go
Boom, Boom

Alice the camel has one hump
Alice the camel has one hump
Alice the camel has one hump
So go alice, Go
Boom

Alice the camel has no humps
Alice the camel has no humps
Alice the camel has no humps
'Cause Alice is a horse!

Clementine

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

Chorus:

Oh my darling, Oh my darling, Oh my darling
Clementine, You are lost and gone forever,
Dreadful sorry, Clementine. Light she was and
like a fairy, And her shoes were number nine;
Herring boxes, without topes, Sandals were for
Clementine.

Verses:

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

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

In a corner of the churchyard, Where the myrtle
boughs entwine, Grow the roses and the posies,
Fertilized by Clementine.

When the miner forty-niner, Soon began to
peak and pine, Thought he oughter "jine" 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 draw the line.

Now you Boy Scouts, learn a lesson, From this
tragic tale of mine: Artificial respiration would
have saved My Clementine.

She'll Be Commin'

'Round The Mountain

She'll be commin' 'round the mountain when she comes, "Toot, Toot!"
She'll be commin' 'round the mountain when she comes, "Toot, Toot!"
She'll be commin' 'round the mountain
She'll be commin' 'round the mountain
She'll be commin' 'round the mountain when she comes, "Toot, Toot!"

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!, Toot, Toot!"

We will all go out to meet her when she comes, Hi, Babe!"
We will all go out to meet her when she comes, "Hi, Babe!"
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, Babe!, Whoa back!, Toot, Toot!"

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 Babe!, Whoa back!,
Toot, Toot!"

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 Babe!,
Whoa back!, Toot, Toot!"

We will wear our new red flannel when she comes, "Scratch, Scratch!"
We will wear our new red flannel when she comes, "Scratch, Scratch!"
We will wear our new red flannel,
We will wear our new red flannel,
We will wear our new red flannel,
When she comes,
"Scratch, Scratch!, Yum, Yum!, Hack, Hack!, Hi Babe!, Whoa back!, Toot Toot!"

We will have to sleep with Grandma when she comes, "Snore, Snore!"
We will have to sleep with Grandma when she comes, "Snore, Snore!"
We will have to sleep with Grandma,
We will have to sleep with Grandma,
We will have to sleep with Grandma,
When she comes,
"Snore, Snore!, Scratch, Scratch!, Yum, Yum!,
Hack, Hack!, Hi Babe!, Whoa back!, Toot,
Toot!"

Mules

(Tune: "Auld Lang Syne")

On mules we find two legs behind
And two we find before;
We stand behind before we find
What the two behind be for.
When we're behind the two behind
We find what these be for;
So stand before the two behind,
And behind the two before.

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, and
then he marched them down again.

And when they're up they're up,
And when they're down they're down,
But when they're only halfway up,
They're neither up nor down.

Hole In The Bottom of The Sea

There's a hole in the bottom of the sea,
There's a hole in the bottom of the sea,
There's a hole, there's a hole,
There's a hole in the bottom of the sea.
There's a log in the hole in the bottom of the
sea,
There's a log in the hole in the bottom of the
sea,
There's a hole, there's a hole,
There's a hole in the bottom of the sea.
There's a bump on the log in the hole ... etc.
There's a frog on the bump on the log ... etc.
There's a fly on the frog on the bump ... etc.
There's a wing on the fly on the frog ... etc.
There's a flea on the wing on the fly on the frog
On the bump on the log in the hole in the
bottom of the sea
There's a hole, there's a hole,
There's a hole in the bottom of the sea.

My Bonnie

My Bonnie lies over the ocean,
My Bonnie lies over the sea.
My Bonnie lies over the ocean,
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.

Gee Ma, I Wanna Go Home

(Old Army Song)

The biscuits that they have here
They say are mighty fine,
But one rolled off the table
And killed a friend of mine.

Chorus:

Oh, I don't want no more of TI life,
Gee Ma, I wanna go home.

The staffers that they have here
The say are mighty fine,
The one that teaches swimming
He looks like Frankenstein.

Chorus

The chicken here at TI,
They say is mighty fine,
But once two drumsticks got up,
And started beating time.

Chorus

Father Abraham

Father Abraham, had seven sons,
Seven sons had Father Abraham.
And they never laughed,
And they never cried,
All they did was go like this:

With a right (right hand in the air as you go.
Then repeat)
With a left (add left hand)
With a right (add right foot)
With a left (add left foot)
With a turn (turn around)

Oh, Susanna

(Stephen Foster)

I come from Alabama,
With my banjo on my knee;
I'm goin' 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-commin' down the hill.
The buckwheat cake was in her mouth,
The tear was in her eye;
Says I, I'm commin' from the South;
Susanna, don't you cry. **Chorus**

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 between the
sheets with nothing on at all.

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

Alouette

(All sing the first four lines, then the leader sings and the
group repeats eg: Et la tete, (repeat:) et la tete.)

Alouette, gentilie alouette,
Alouette, jete plumerai.

Jete plumerai la tete, Jete plumerai la tete.
Et la tete, (Et la tete), Alouette; (Alouette).
Ohhh!

Alouette, gentilie alouette,
Alouette, jete plumerai.

Jete plumerai le bec, Jete plumerai le bec.
Et le bec, (Et le bec).
Et la tete, (Et la tete). Alouette,
(Alouette). Ohhh!
Alouette, gentilie alouette,
Alouette, jete plumerai.

Jete plumerai le nez, Jete plumerai le nez.
Et le nez,
(Et le nez).
Et le bec, (Et le bec).
Et la tete, (Et la tete).

Alouette, gentilie alouette,
Alouette, jete plumerai.

Jete plumerai le cou, Jete plumerai le cou.
Et le cou, (Et le cou).
Et le nez, (Et le nez).
Et le bec, (Et le bec).
Et la tete, (Et la tete).
Alouette, (Alouette). Ohhh!

Alouette, gentilie alouette,
Alouette, jete plumerai.

Jete plumerai le dos, Jete plumerai le dos.
Et le dos, (Et le dos).
Et le cou, (Et le cou).
Et le nez, (Et le nez).
Et le bec, (Et le bec).
Et la tete, (Et la tete).
Alouette, (Alouette). Ohhh!

On Top of Spaghetti

On top of spaghetti, all covered with cheese,
I lost my poor meatball, When somebody
sneezed.

It rolled off the table, and onto the floor,
And then my poor meatball, Rolled out of the
door.

It rolled in the garden, and under a bush, And
then my poor meatball, Was nothing but mush.

The mush was as tasty as tasty could be, And
early next summer, It grew into a tree.

The tree was all covered with beautiful moss, It
grew lovely meatballs, And tomato sauce.

So if you eat spaghetti, all covered with cheese,
Hold on to your meatballs, And don't ever
sneeze.

Mountain Dew

Chorus:

They call it that good old mountain dew,
And them that refuse it are few,
I'll hush up my mug, if you fill up my jug,
With that good old mountain dew.

Verses:

My Uncle Mord had a beat up old Ford,
It was built back in nineteen-o-two.
It don't use no gas, ya' just give it a blast,
A blast of that good old mountain dew. Yahoo!

My Uncle Fred has no hair on his head,
Not even a strand or two.
But he'll grow you a wig, if you give him a
swig,
A swig of that good old mountain dew. Yahoo!

My Uncle Jake dun got bit by a snake,

And we thought that his days were few.
But he got right up well, with only a smell,
A smell of that good old mountain dew. Yahoo!

My Uncle Frank had an old Army tank,
Built back in forty-two,
But it wouldn't budge till you gave it a gludge,
A gludge of that good old mountain dew. Yahoo!

The preacher walked by,
In his suit and tie.
Said that his wife had the flu.
We said that ort just to give her a snort,
A snort of that good old mountain dew. Yahoo!

My cousin Mort, He's sawed off and short,
He measures just four foot two,
But he thinks he's a giant, when you give him a
pint,
A pint of that good old mountain dew. Yahoo!

My Uncle Ned's got an old wooden shed,
With holes cut out for two.
He don't use it no more,
Cause it's filled to the floor,
Filled with that good old mountain dew. Yahoo!

Oh, the Staff here at camp, they think they're the
champs,
They are a mighty fine crew.
But the thing they gets them up –
And it always drives the truck,
Is nothin' but that good old mountain dew.
Yahoo!

Chorus

Hi Ho! Nobody Home

(Three part round)

Hi, ho! Nobody home,
Meat nor drink nor money have I none.
Yet will I be very merry.

Green Grow The Rushes

Leader: I'll sing you one ho

Group: Green grow the rushes ho,
What is your one ho?

Leader: One is one and all alone and ever more
shall be it so.

*That is the basic form. Here is the second
round:*

Leader: I'll sing you two ho

Group: Green grow the rushes ho,
What is your two ho?

Leader: Two, two little Boy Scouts, Clothed
them all in green ho

Leader and Group: One is one and all alone
and ever more shall be it so

*So, you can see how it goes. Here are the other
10 lines:*

Twelve for the Twelve Apostles

Eleven for the eleven who went to Heaven

Ten for the Ten Commandments

Nine for the nine bright shiners

Eight for the April rainers

Seven for the seven stars in the sky

Six for the six proud walkers

Five for symbols at your door

Four for the Gospel makers

Three, three the rivals

Tom The Toad

Chorus:

Oh Tom the Toad, Oh Tom the Toad,
Why did you hop up on the road? (Repeat)

Verses:

You were my friend and now you're dead.
You bear the marks of tire tread. (Chorus)

You did not see the passing car.
And now you're stretched out on the tar.
(Chorus)

You hopped out on the yellow line.
And turned into a streak of slime. (Chorus)

It's clear to all you're in a rut.

We all did see your gushing gut. (Chorus)

There was a loud and awful crash.
For poor old Tom had just got smashed.
(Chorus)

To cross the road you thought a thrill.
You never noticed the bright chrome grill.
(Chorus)

Now you're safe in the land of light.
It's time to go, so Tom goodnight.
(Chorus)

State Song

Question: Oh, what did Tenna-See boys, what
did Tenna-See? (Sing 3 times)

I ask you again as a personal friend, what did
Tenna-See?

Answer: She saw what Arkin-Saw boys, she saw
what Arkin-Saw. (Sing 3 times)

I tell you again, as a personal friend she saw
what Arkin-Saw.

Similarly:

-Where has Ore-Gone?

She's taken Okla-Home.

-How did Wiscon-Sin?

She stole a New-Brass-Key.

-What did Dela-Ware?

She wore a New Jersey.

-What did Io-Weigh?

She weighed a Washing-Ton

-Where did Ida-Hoe?

She hoed a Merry-Land.

-What did Missy-Sip?

She sipped her Mini-Soda.

-What did Conneti-Cut?

She cut right through the Maine.

-What did Ohi-Owe?

She owed her back Texas.

-How did Flori-Die?

She died in Misery

-Why did Calif-ponia?

She to say How-I-Ya!

Little Bunny Foo-Foo

Leader: Little Bunny Foo-Foo, hopping through the forest, scoopin' up the field mice and boppin' them on the head.

Down came the good Fairy, and said: "Little Bunny Foo-Foo, I don't want to see you, scoopin' up the field mice and boppin' them on the head."

"Little Bunny Foo-Foo, I'm going to give you three chances, and if you continue to scoop up the field mice and bop them on the head, I'm going to turn you into a goon!"

Next day... Leader: Little Bunny Foo-Foo, hopping through the forest, scoopin' up the field mice and boppin' them on the head.

Down came the good Fairy, and said: Little Bunny Foo-Foo, I don't want to see you, scoopin' up the field mice and boppin' them on the head."

"Little Bunny Foo-Foo, I gave you three chances, and now you only have two left. If you continue to scoop up the field mice and bop them on the head, I'm going to turn you into a goon!"

Next day... Leader: Little Bunny Foo-Foo, hopping through the forest, scoopin' up the field mice and boppin' them on the head.

Down came the good Fairy, and said: "Little Bunny Foo-Foo, I don't want to see you, scoopin' up the field mice and boppin' them on The head."

"Little Bunny Foo-Foo, I gave you three chances, and now you only have two left. If you continue to scoop up the field mice and bop them on the head, I'm going to turn you into a goon!"

Next day...Leader: Little Bunny Foo-Foo, hopping through the forest, scoopin' up the field mice and boppin' them on the head.

Down came the good Fairy, and said: "Little Bunny Foo-Foo, I don't want to see you, Scoopin' up the field mice and boppin' them on the head."

"Little Bunny Foo-Foo, I gave you three chances, and now you only have one left. If you continue to scoop up the field mice and bop them on the head, I'm going to turn you into a goon!"

Next day...Leader: Little Bunny Foo-Foo, hopping through the forest, scoopin' up the field mice and boppin' them on the head.

Down came the good Fairy, and said: "Little Bunny Foo-Foo, I don't want to see you, scoopin' up the field mice and boppin' them on the head."

"Little Bunny Foo-Foo, I gave you three chances, and now you've used them all up. so now I'm going to have to turn you into a goon!" POOF, GOON!

The moral: Hare today, Goon tomorrow!

If You're Happy And You Know It

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).

If you're happy and you know it
Stamp your feet (stamp, stamp)

Shout "Amen!" ("A-men!")

Do all three (clap, clap, stamp, stamp, etc.)

Rise and Shine

Chorus: Oh, rise and shine and give God your glory, glory. Rise and shine and give God your glory, glory. Rise and shine and give God your glory, glory. Children of the lord!

Verses:

The Lord told Noah' there's gonna be a floody, floody. The Lord told Noah' there's gonna be a floody, floody. Get those animals out of the muddy, muddy, Children of the Lord!
(Chorus)

So Noah, he built him, he built him an arky, arky.
So Noah, he built him, he built him an arky, arky.
Built it out of Hickory barky, barky.
Children of the Lord! (Chorus)

The animals they came on, they came on by twosies, twosies.
The animals they came on, they came on by twosies, twosies.
Elephants and kangaroosies, roosies. Children of the Lord! (Chorus)

It rained and poured for forty daysies, daysies.
It rained and poured for forty daysies, daysies.
All most drove those animals crazy, crazy.
Children of the Lord! (Chorus)

The sun came out and dried up the landy, landy. The sun came out and dried up the landy, landy. Everything was fine and dandy, dandy. Children of the Lord! (Chorus)

Noah sent dovie to go take a peakie, peakie.
Noah sent dovie to go take a peakie, peakie.
He came back with a leaf in his beakie, beakie,
Children of the Lord! (Chorus)

The animals they came off,
They came off by threesies, threesies.
The animals they came off,

They came off by threesies, threesies.
Must have been those birds and beesies, beesies.
Children of the Lord! (Chorus)

So, this is the end of,
The end of my story, story.
This is the end of,
The end of my story, story.
Everything is Hunky-Dory, Dory.
Children of the Lord! (Chorus)

The TI Goat

(Audience repeats each line after song leader)

The TI goat (repeat)
Was feeling fine (repeat)
Ate three staff shirts (repeat)
Right off the line (repeat)

Oh, (name) got mad,
Gave him a whack,
And tied him to,
The railroad track.

The whistle blew,
The train grew nigh,
The TI goat,
Was doomed to die.

He gave three groans,
Three groans of pain,
Coughed up the shirts,
And flagged the train!!

But one got stuck,
In the middle of his throat.
And was the end,
Of the TI goat.

The Cat Came Back

Old man Johnson had some problems of his own.
He had a yellow cat that wouldn't leave him alone.
He tried and he tried, to give that cat away.
He gave it to a man going far, far away...

Chorus:

But!! The cat came back, the very next day.
Oh yeah, the cat came back,
They thought he was a goner,
But the cat came back,
He just couldn't stay away, away, away,
Yea, yea, yea!!!

The man around the corner swore he'd shoot that cat on sight.
So, he loaded up his gun with nails and dynamite.
He waited and he waited for that cat to come around,
But ninety-eight pieces of man were all they ever found...

He gave it to a boy with a dollar note.
Told him to take it up the river in a boat.
Tied a rock around his neck – it must have weighed a hundred pounds.
And now they drag the river for the boy that drowned...

Gave it to a man going up in a balloon,
Told him to give it to the man on the moon.
Balloon came down 'bout ninety miles away,
But where that man is today, we cannot say?..

Gave it to a man going way out West.
Told him to give it to the one he loved best.
First the train hit a curve, then it jumped the rail,
And not a soul's alive today to tell the gruesome tale...

On a telegraph wire, the birds were sitting in a bunch.
The cat saw an even number, said he'd eat them for his lunch.
Climbed softly up the pole, till he reached the top.
Put his foot upon the wire, it tied him in a knot...

The "A-Bomb" fell just the other day,
The "H-Bomb" fell in the very same way.
England went – oohhh!! Russia went – oohhh!!
Then the USA
The human race was destroyed without a chance to pray...

The Happy Wanderer

I love to go a-wandering,
Along the mountain track,
And as I go, I love to sing,
My pack upon my back.
Val-de-ri – Val-de-ra –
Val-de-ri – Val-de-ra ha ha ha ha ha,
Val-de-ri – Val-de-ra.
My pack upon 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 they roam.
Oh, may I go a-wandering
Until the day I die!
Oh, may I always laugh and sing,
Beneath God's clear blue sky

Cock Robin

Chorus:

Ohhhh... The birds of the air fell a sighin' and a sobbin', when they heard of the death of poor Cock Robin – when they heard of the death of poor Cock Robin.

Tri La, Tri La, La, La, La, La, Hey!

Tri La, La, La, La, La, Hey!

Tri La, La, La, La, La, Hey!

Tri La, La, La, La, Laaaaaaaa

Tri La, La, La, La, Laaaaaaaa, Laaaa...

Verses:

Leader: "Who saw him die?" (Strummm)

Fly: "I, said the fly, with my compound eye, I saw him die!"

Leader: "Who caught his blood?" (Strummm)

Fish: "I, said the fish, with my little dish, I caught his blood!"

Leader: "Who knit his shroud? (Strummm)

Beetle: "I, said the beetle, with my knitting needles, I knit his shroud!"

Leader: "Who dug his grave? (Strummm)

Owl: I, said the owl, with my little trowel, I dug his grave!"

Leader: "Who carved his tombstone? (Strum)

Weasel: I, said the weasel, with my hammer and cheesel, I carved his tombstone!

Leader: "Who said the prayer?" (Strummm)

Rook: "I, said the rook, with my little book, I said the prayer!"

Leader: "Who shot Cock Robin?"

Sparrow: "I, said the sparrow, with my bow and arrow, I shot Cock Robin!"

(Final chorus)

Patsy Orie Orie Ay

Chorus:

Patsy Orie Orie Ay,
Patsy Orie Orie Ay,
Patsy Orie Orie Ay,
Workin' on the railroad.

Verses:

In 1861, The American railroad had just begun.
American railroad had just begun,
Workin' on the railroad.... (Chorus)

In 1862, I found myself with nothin' to do,
Found myself with nothin' to do,
Workin' on the railroad.... (Chorus)

In 1863, the American railroad hired me,
The American railroad hired me,
Workin' on the railroad.... (Chorus)

In 1864, I found myself in the Civil War,
Found myself in the Civil War,
Workin' on the railroad.... (Chorus)

In 1865, I found myself more dead than alive,
Found myself more dead than alive,
Workin' on the railroad.... (Chorus)

In 1866, I got blown up by dynamite sticks,
Got blown up by dynamite sticks,
Workin' on the railroad.... (Chorus)

In 1867, I found myself on the way to heaven,
Found myself on the way to heaven,
Workin' on the railroad.... (Chorus)

In 1868, I found myself at the pearly gates,
Found myself at the pearly gates,
Workin' on the railroad.... (Chorus)

In 1869, I found myself at the end of the line,
I found myself at the end of the line,
Workin' on the railroad.... (Chorus)

Quartermaster's Store

Chorus:

My eyes are dim, I can not see,
I have not brought my specks with me.
I have not brought my specks with me.

Verses:

There are snakes, snakes, snakes,
Big as garden rakes,
At the store, at the store.
There are snakes, snakes, snakes,
Big as garden rakes,
At the Quartermaster's Store

There are mice, mice, mice,
Running through the rice...

There are rats, rats, rats,
As big as alley cats...

There are spiders, spiders, spiders,
Swimming in the cider...

There are fleas, fleas, fleas,
Landing on the cheese...

There are bats, bats, bats,
Bigger than the rats...

There are beavers, beavers, beavers,
Running from the cleavers...

There are eagles, eagles, eagles,
Chasing all the beagles...

There are foxes, foxes, foxes,
Sitting on the boxes...

There are owls, owls, owls,
Eating paper towels...

There are bears, bears, bears,
With curlers in their hair...

There was butter, butter, butter,
Scraped up from the gutter,

There was gravy, gravy, gravy,
Enough to sink the navy ...

There were tables, tables, tables,
With legs like Betty Grables' ...

Threw It Out The Window

Old Mother Hubbard went to the cup-board
To get her poor dog a bone.

When she got there the cupboard was bare,
So she threw it out the window!

The window, the second story window!

With a heave and a ho and a mighty throw,
She through it out the window!

Mary had a little lamb,
It's fleece was white as snow.
And every where that mary went,
She threw it out the window!

The window, the second story window!

With a heave and a ho and a mighty throw,
She through it out the window!

Titanic

Chorus: Oh, It was sad, so sad
It was sad when the great ship went down
To the bottom of the –
Husbands and wives, little children
Lost their lives!
It was sad when the great ship went down!!!

Verses:
Well, they built the ship Titanic
To sail the ocean blue,
And they thought they had a ship
That the sea could not go through.
But the good Lord raised his hand,
Said the ship would never land ---
It was sad when the great ship went down!!
(Chorus)

They were not far from England,
They were not far from shore
When the rich refused to mingle with the poor,
So they put them down below,
Where they'd be the first to go –
It was sad when the great ship went down!!
(Chorus)

Well, they threw the lifeboats out
On that cold and stormy sea
While the band played on with
“Nearer My God To Thee!”
Little children screamed and cried,
As they threw them o'er the side,
It was sad when the great ship went down!!
(Chorus)

Well, the captain stood on deck,
With a tear drop in his eye,
As the last boat left
He waved them all goodbye.
He knew he made a slip,
So he went down with his ship
It was sad when the great ship went down!!
(Chorus)

So they built another ship,
They called the “S.S. Mary Lou,”
And they thought they had a ship
That the water n'er run through,
But they christened it with cheer,
And it sank right off the pier,
It was sad when the great ship went down!!
(Chorus)

Well, the moral of this tale,
As you can plainly see,
Is to wear a life preserver,
And never go out to sea.
The Titanic never made,
Across the ragin' foam –
It was sad when the great ship went down!!
(Chorus)

(Alternate ending verse)
Well, the moral of this tale,
Of all this woe and pain,
Is that when you're rich,
You should not be too vain.
For in the good Lord's eye,
You're as good as the other guy –
It was sad when the great ship went down!!
(Chorus)

*** Songs For Inspiration ***

(Heard at Treasure Island Campfires)

On My Honor

On my honor I'll do my best
To do my duty to God.

On my honor I'll do my best
To serve my country as I may.

On my honor I'll do my best
To do a good turn each day.

To keep my body strengthened.

To keep my mind awakened.

To follow paths of righteousness..

On my honor, I'll do my best.

Trail The Eagle

(Tune: "On Wisconsin")

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.

Kum Ba Yah

(Scout Law Version)

A Scout is trustworthy, Lord, Kum ba yah! A
Scout is loyal, Lord, Kum ba yah!

A Scout is helpful, Lord, Kum ba yah!
Oh, Lord, Kum ba yah.

A Scout is friendly, Lord, Kum ba yah!
A Scout is courteous, Lord, Kum ba yah!

A Scout is kind, Lord, Kum ba yah!
Oh, Lord, Kum ba yah.

A Scout is obedient, Lord, Kum ba yah!
A Scout is cheerful, Lord, Kum ba yah!

A Scout is thrifty, Lord, Kum ba yah!
Oh, Lord, Kum ba yah.

A Scout is brave, Lord, Kum ba yah!
A Scout is clean, Lord, Kum ba yah!

A Scout is reverent, Lord, Kum ba yah!
Oh, Lord, Kum ba yah.

Hiking

(Tune: "Caisson Song")

Over hill, over dale,
We will hit the green-wood trail,
As the Boy scouts go hiking along.

In and out, all around, You will never see us
frown, As the Boy Scouts go hiking along.

And it's hi! hi! hee! The B.S.A.'s for me, Shout
out our name and shout it strong.

Where ever we go, you will always know, That
the Boy Scouts go hiking along.

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,
Deep in my heart, Deep in my heart, I've got
that Scouting Spirit, Deep in my heart, Deep in
my heart, to stay.

I've got that Scouting Spirit, Down in my feet,
Down in my feet, Down in my feet, I've got that
Scouting Spirit, Down in my feet , Down in my
feet , to stay.

I've got that Scouting Spirit, All over me, all
over me, All over me, I've got that Scouting
Spirit, All over me, All over me, to stay.

I've got that Scouting Spirit, Up in my head,
Deep in my heart, Down in my feet, I've got
that Scouting Spirit, All over me, All over me,
to stay.

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!
Oh Lord, Kum ba yah.

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

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

Someone's laughing, Lord, Kum ba yah!
Someone's laughing, Lord, Kum ba yah!
Someone's laughing, Lord, Kum ba yah!
Oh Lord, Kum ba yah.

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

Come by here, Lord, Kum ba yah!
Come by here, Lord, Kum ba yah!
Come by here, Lord, Kum ba yah!
Oh Lord, Kum ba yah.

This Land is Your Land

Chorus:

This land is your land, this land is my land.
From California to the New York Island
From the Redwood forest to the Gulf Stream
waters.

This was made for your and me.

Verses:

As I went walking, that ribbon of highway
I saw above me that endless skyway
I saw below 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 golden deserts,
And all around me a voice was sounding,
This land was made for you and me.

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

(Harmony Verse)

This land is your land, this land is mine.
From Maine to Montana,
Desert to the shore.

We sing that,
This land is your land, this land is mine,
Yes, it's made for you and me .

There's A Camp Along The Delaware

There's a camp along the Delaware,
Treasure Island is its name.
From the rise of sun,
Till the day is done,
There is lots of fun up there.

In the waters deep, we go to swim,
Come right on in with us!
We've got the eats to make you look,
Gee how those cooks can cook,
At Treasure Island on the Delaware....
It's not the Schuylkill....
Treasure Island on the Delaware.

Long, Long Trail

There's a long, long trail a-winding,
Into the camp of my dreams;
Where the evening campfire's glowing,
And the bright moon beams.
There'll be long, long months of waiting,
Until my dreams all come true,
Till the day when I'll be going down,
That T.I. trail with you.

Scout 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 to the fore.
Then – There's nothing in the world can halt
Or mar our plan.
When Scout-hearted men can stick together
Man to man.

The Paddle Song

(Round)

Our paddles Keen and bright,
Flashing like silver,
Swift as the wild goose flight,
Dip, dip, and swing.
Dip, dip, and swing them back,
Flashing like silver,
Swift as the wild goose flight.
Dip, dip, and swing.

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,
Everybody singing, Scouting bound.

Come To Treasure Island

(Tune: "The Pagan Love Song")

Come to Treasure Island,
At the woodland's call.
There are sparkling waters,
Calling one and all.
Mighty hills surround her,
Beauty all the while.
Home of birds and flowers;
God made Treasure Isle.

This Is My Country

This is my country, land of my birth.
This is my country, grandest on earth.
I pledge thee my allegiance –
America the bold...
For this is my country
To have and to hold.

Treasure Island Marching Song

(Tune: "Your Land and My Land")

We sing about the Delaware
And the camp we all love,
With green fields and great trees
And the blue sky above.
We're all Scouts together
No matter where we may roam,
We're coming back to Treasure Island,
We'll sing as we go marching home.

The Treasure Island Staff
Campfire Medley
(Sung by the Staff as Campers Depart the Campfire)

Treasure Island Camp Song

By E. Urner Goodman

By the river that surrounds thee,
Rolling mile on mile,
Neath the stars that shine above thee,
Dear Ole Treasure Isle.
We, who know thy woodland treasures,
Pause in thought awhile,
Calling back to mind thy pleasures,
Dear Ole Treasure Isle.

We have known the woods that grace thee,
Traced thy meadows o'er,
Learned the flowers that bloom upon thee,
Watched the birds that soar.
Often have thy waters blessed us,
Oft the sun's bright smile,
Brought a touch of health and gladness,
Dear Ole Treasure Isle.

Linger yet around the fire,
Catch its last bright glow.
Let us learn its ready message,
Just before we go.
Let the warmth of Scout and brother,
Dwell in rank and file,
Still abiding when we leave thee,
Dear Ole Treasure Isle.

All Night, All Day

Chorus:

All night, all day,
Angels watchin' over me my Lord.
All night, all day,
Angels watchin' over me.

Verses:

Now I lay my down to sleep,
Angels watchin' over me my Lord.
Pray the Lord my soul to keep,
Angels watchin' over me.

If I should die before I wake,
Angels watchin' over me my Lord.

Pray the Lord my soul to take,
Angels watchin' over me.

The sun is setting in the West,
Angles watchin' over me my Lord.
This Camp Staff just is the best!!!
Angles watchin' over me.

Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

Chorus:

Swing low, sweet chariots,
Comin' forth to carry me home.
Swing low, sweet chariots,
Comin' forth to carry me home.

Verses:

I looked over Jordan, and what did I see,
Comin' forth to carry me home,
A band of angels comin' after me,
Comin' forth to carry me home.
(Repeat chorus.)

If I Had A Hammer

If I had a hammer, I'd hammer in the morning,
I'd hammer in the evening, all over this land.
I'd hammer out danger, I'd hammer out
warning;

I'd hammer out love between my brothers and
my sisters, all over this land, oooooooh!!!

If I had a bell, I'd ring it in the morning; (etc.)

If I had a song, I'd sing it in the morning; (etc.)

Well, I have a hammer, and I've got a bell,
And I've got a song to sing, all over this land.

It's the hammer of justice.

It's the bell of freedom.

It's the song about the love between my brothers
and my sisters,

All over this land, oooooooh!!!

Camp Hart Song

To Hart we sing,
Where fun is never ending,
Where Scouts are close,
To God, His home on high.
Where sing the birds,
In sunshine's golden glimmering,
And stars above,
Light up the night time sky.

Hail to the Chiefs, The Pioneers, and Delawares.
Thy praises ring, Above Unami's falls.
Where Scouting friendship,
Strong and never severing.
At Hart Scout Reservation,
Binds us brothers all.

Eagle Island Camp Song

Join with our mighty chorus,
Sing Eagle's praises high,
Of camping and adventure,
And golden days gone by.
Where brotherhood and friendship,
Have left their marks to be,
Embedded in its trails and goals,

Lasting eternally.

Down on a mighty river,
Named the Delaware,
There's fun and skills and practice,
One feels them in the air.
To thee we'll all be loyal,
And humbly boast thy name,
Our reverie, Twice blest will be,
With Scouting and with fame.

Till We Meet Again

By the blazing council fire's light,
We have met in comradeship tonight.
'Round about the glistening 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.

Scout Vesper Song

Sing with reverence.
(Sing to tune of: "Oh Christmas Tree")

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?

Taps

Sing with reverence.

Day is done
Gone the sun
From the Lakes
From the hills
From the sky
All is well
Safely rest
God is nigh.

(ADDITIONAL MEDLEY SONGS)

We Are With You

Chorus:

We are with you to answer Scouting's call,
We are shoulder to shoulder with you all.
We are standing with you at TI camp,
We're your campstaff, together we stand.

On an island many miles from home,
Fun and fellowship will surely come.
You miss your loved ones,
But there's a job you've got to do,
Cause of what you're doin',
You've got glory to take home true.

Repeat Chorus.

With your buddies to help you blaze a trail,
You know back home you'll tell a mighty tale.
At Treasure Island one thing you should know,
We are with you wherever you should go.

Repeat Chorus

Resica Falls Scout Reservation Song

(Tune: My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean)

Last night as I camped by the Bushkill,
The roar of the falls I could hear,
Way up in the Pocono Mountains,
The Lenape trail I was near.

I've gone, I've gone,
I've gone where pine mountains call, they call,
I've gone, I've gone,
I've gone to Resica Falls.

They say there are bass, trout and pickerel,
That lurk in the waters so cool,
Adventure and hiking and camping,
With the Scout Oath and Law as our rule.

I've gone, I've gone,
I've gone where pine mountains call, they call,
I've gone, I've gone,
I've gone to Resica Falls.

The Camp Delmont Song (By The Shores of Old Unami)

(Tune: Cornell "Alma Mater")

By the shores of old Unami,
Stands our Delmont Camp.
There the Boy Scouts live together,
Through life's pleasant tramp.

As we gather 'round the campfire,
In its soft, warm glow,
There we'll find the true, great spirit,
As all Boy Scouts know.

Where the fragrant cedar grows,
Where Unami flows,
Stands our beautiful Camp Delmont,
Pride of all our heart.

Camp Delmont – Camp Delmont,
Full of memories dreams,
Camping fun and true adventure:
Scouting's greatest teams.

Camp Garrison Song

(Words and music by: Bob Kestler)

Camp Garrison, Camp Garrison,
We come to sing your praise.
Camp Garrison, Camp Garrison,
The place where Scouts amaze.
From Fort Akela
To Safeguard Castle,
The Native American Village,
Ship U.S. Cradle of Liberty.
(Chorus)

Dr. Michael J. Kelly – UPSTAIRS

Adapted from narrations of Shorty Rolston

Dr. Michael J. Kelly stopped under a street lamp and looked once more at the strip of train tickets in his hand. To him they represented the real beginning of his life, the end of long years in medical school, of struggling to pay for books and instruments, the end of the internship in the big hospital where he saw and felt nothing but the dreary poverty of the Chicago slums.

He fingered the last ticket, which declared in bold print that the bearer was entitled to passage to New York City. New York City and the Bellevue Hospital! Michael Kelly picked up his heavy suitcase and set off again with quick stride toward the station. There was a smile on his lips as he exulted in the thought that he was no longer a poor and eager medical student, but a doctor with a residency at the famous Bellevue Hospital in New York.

Into the last block from the station he swung, his suitcase bumping at his knee. At the sound of screeching he halted abruptly. He winced at the thud, which told him that the driver had stopped too late. There was the tinkling sound of glass, the rush of running feet. Michael Kelly hesitated; his cheap watch told him there was only three minutes to make the New York train. He turned and with quick steps made his way back to the gathering crowd.

Shouldering his way through the crowd he knelt down beside the man who struggled to pull himself up on the bumper of the stalled car. Dr. Kelly gently pressed that man back on the glass-lettered street and told a policeman to send for an ambulance. It was a man young Dr. Kelly vaguely remembered as one of those who flocked into the clinic from the congested poor district. The man's eyes were bright with pain and he was shabby, dirty—helpless. Michael Kelly smiled down at him and saw the fear drop from the man's eyes and a smile slowly come to his lips.

Young Dr. Kelly stood up and found his train tickets still clutched in his hand. He turned the tickets over slowly and disturbing scenes crept back into his mind. Scenes which he had wanted to forget, which had nothing to do with Bellevue Hospital and the success and security which were rightfully his. He saw the clinic and the abject poverty of the tenements to which he had been called. He remembered the implicit faith these people had placed in him and their sincere gratefulness, which was all they could offer in return. The man at his feet breathed a scarcely audible "Thanks Dr. Mike," as the ambulance drove up to take him away. Someone was softly saying to him now: "These people need someone like you, Michael Kelly."

He awoke to his surroundings and found the car and the crowd gone; only the scattered glass remained. Quietly he put the tickets in his pocket, picked up his suitcase, and slowly walked away from the station and the train to New York City.

Michael Kelly put away his dreams and took up his work among his people. He rented a little second floor office whose entrance you could find by the small brightly polished shingle on the door: "DR. MICHAEL J. KELLY—UPSTAIRS." Then you went up a long flight of narrow creaking steps and at the top in a tiny room you could find Dr. Kelly. Up those narrow steps came hundreds of poor folks to ask help of their beloved "Dr. Mike." He treated them all – white and black, Gentile and Jew; they were all his people.

Sometimes he would remove from his old leather wallet a strip of train tickets and consider them wistfully. Then he would smile and carefully slip them back into his wallet, with no regrets. The tickets still represented to him the real beginning of his life.

The years slipped quietly by and Dr. Kelly lost himself in endless days of service. His returns were small and often his patients could not pay him even the food or old clothing, which he sometimes received. Although the years added lines to his kindly face, whitened his hair and slowed his steps, he was still amply repaid by the gratitude of his helpless patients.

But there came one day when "Dr. Mike." Old and tired, no longer rose up from his iron bed. In the peace of the night he had gone to his rest. He had only sufficient money put aside for a cheap coffin and a small plot of ground. And there the poor folk gathered, their eyes filled with tears for the loss of their friend. They wanted to do something to show their appreciation of this man to whom they had so often turned for help. They had little money; any sort of monument they could buy would be far too small for their "Dr. Mike."

Then one of their number, a metal worker, hesitatingly offered his skill to make an iron arch for the small grave. They collected the few dollars possible from the neighborhood, and gave it to him to start his work. He labored long and carefully, the people constantly following his progress, marveling at the beauty of his work, and offering suggestions if a part did not seem fine enough. Into the monument went all of the love and affection, which "Dr. Mike" had lavished upon the people of the neighborhood for thirty years.

Suddenly it was finished, and the people planned a simple unveiling. They gathered at the grave and prayed. Then a little girl, dressed in white, pulled away the heavy canvas to reveal the arch. It was a thing of beauty; beauty created for someone loved. Each fine, intricate whirl and figure of the grilled archway showed the hours of painstaking labor. The crowd marveled and then was suddenly hushed, for there in the center of the arch, hanging from two hooks was the small brightly polished shingle, reading:

“DR. MICHAEL J. KELLY – UPSTAIRS”

Ragged Old Flag by Johnny Cash

*I walked through a county courthouse square,
On a park bench an old man was sitting there.
I said, "Your old courthouse is kinda rundown,"
He said, "Naw, it'll do for our little town."
I said, "Your old flagpole has leaned a bit,
And that's a Ragged Old Flag you got hanging on it."*

*

*He said, "Have a seat," and I sat down.
"Is this the first time you've been to our little town?"
I said, "I think it is." He said, "I don't like to brag,
But we're kinda proud of that Ragged Old Flag."*

*

*"You see, we got a little hole in that flag there
When Washington took it across the Delaware.
And it got powder-burned the night Francis Scott Key
Sat watching it writing 'Oh Say Can You See.'
And it got a bad rip in New Orleans
With Packingham and Jackson tuggin' at its seams."*

*

*'And it almost fell at the Alamo
Beside the Texas flag, but she waved on though.
She got cut with a sword at Chancellorsville
And she got cut again at Shiloh Hill.
There was Robert E. Lee, Beauregard, and Bragg,
And the south wind blew hard on that Ragged Old Flag.*

*

*"On Flanders Field in World War One
She got a big hole from a Bertha Gun.
She turned blood red in World War Two
She hung limp and low by the time it was through.
She was in Korea and Vietnam.
She went where she was sent by her Uncle Sam."*

*

*She waved from our ships upon the briny foam,
And now they've about quit waving her here back home.
In her own good land she's been abused...
She's been burned, dishonored, denied and refused."*

*

*"And the government for which she stands
is scandalized throughout the land.
And she's getting threadbare and wearing thin,
But she's in good shape for the shape she's in.
'Cause she's been through the fire before
And I believe she can take a whole lot more."*

*

*"So we raise her up every morning,
Take her down every night.
We don't let her touch the ground
And we fold her up right.
On second thought, I do like to brag,
Cause I'm mighty proud of that Ragged Old Flag."*

In Camp

By Rufus T. (Uncle Rufe) Davis

You hark alone to the waters drone

**As you watch the stream out there.
From whence it flows and whither it goes,
You pause and you wonder; Where?**

**There etched in the shale you find the trail
Of life before our ken.
A million years' mid the roaming spheres,
You look and you wonder; When?**

**The flock sails high through the trackless sky
Through the mists and the moonlight blue,
Safe led by Him through the shadows dim,
You gaze and you wonder; Who?**

**The streams that flow and things that grow
Are stamped with the Maker's stamp.
And you whisper a prayer to the One up there
You're nearer to God in camp.**

These are the last four verses of a sixteen stanza narrative poem composed in 1928. These words were burned into wooden planks and hung at the North End of Treasure Island at a spot, which became known as "Inspiration Point."