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Boys and Parents of Cub Scouting
(Tune: Clementine)

Boys:
Oh my father, oh my mother,
We are glad to have you here,
Glad to have you join in Cubbing
Glad to have you share our cheer.

Everybody:
All the boys and friends together
Lift their voices so you’ll hear,
Pals in good and stormy weather
Every day throughout the year.

Parents:
Listen fellows, listen fellows
We are proud to share your fun
We will help you with your Cubbing
Till the highest badge is won!
Where is Susie

Where oh where oh where is Susie
Where or where oh where is Susie
Where or where oh where is Susie
Way down yonder in the paw paw patch.
Picking up paw paws and put ‘em in my pocket.
Picking up paw paws and put ‘em in my pocket.
Picking up paw paws and put ‘em in my pocket.
Way on down yonder in a paw paw patch.

NOTE:
This is a fun way to start a song.
Slip a Susan B. Anthony coin into someones pocket. As you sign the song, have everyone look for the coin. The person who has the coin comes forward and picks a song. You can also have a song picked and the person who has the coin leads the song.

Taps

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

Fading light, dims the sight,
And a star gems the sky, gleaming bright.
From afar, drawing nigh, falls the night.

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

Sun has set, shadows come,
Time has fled, Scouts must go to their beds
Always true to the promise that they made.

While the light fades from sight,
And the stars gleaming rays softly send,
To thy hands we our souls, Lord, commend.
Ants Go Marching

The ants go marching one by one, Hurrah!!

The ants go marching one by one, Hurrah!!

The ants go marching one by one,
The little one stopped to suck his thumb,
And they all go marching down, around,
and up-side down.

Continue in successive rounds:

Two by two/Tie his shoe
Three by three/Climb a tree
Four by four/Slam the door
Five by five/Take a dive
Six by six/Pick Up sticks
Seven by seven/At a 7-11

Alice the Camel

Alice the camel has 4 humps,
Alice the camel has 4 humps
Alice the camel has 4 humps so go Alice go
wibble wobble wibble
Alice the camel has 3 humps,
Alice the camel has 3 humps
Alice the camel has 3 humps so go Alice go
wibble wobble wobble wibble
Alice the camel has 2 humps,
Alice the camel has 2 humps
Alice the camel has 2 humps so go Alice go
wibble wobble wobble wibble
Alice the camel has 1 hump,
Alice the camel has 1 hump
Alice the camel has 1 hump so go Alice go
wibble wobble wobble wibble
Alice the camel has 0 humps,
Alice the camel has 0 humps
Alice the camel has 0 humps
Because Alice was a donkey.
Good night, Cub Scouts.
Good night, Cub Scouts.
Good night, Cub Scouts.
We’re going to leave you now.
Merrily, we cub along, cub along, cub along.
Merrily, we cub along
Up the Cub Scout trail.

Oh Blue and Gold
(Tune: Oh Tannenbaum)

Oh Blue and Gold, Oh Blue and Gold,
You know it stands for truth untold.
Oh Blue and Gold, Oh Blue and Gold,
The youth that wear it aren’t so old.
So carry on your colors bright,
Until the whole world you will light.
Oh Blue and Gold, Oh Blue and Gold,
The mem’ries live though we grow old.

Bug Juice

Tune: On Top of Old Smokey
At the camp with the Cub Scouts
So the next time you drink bug juice,
They gave us a drink, and a fly drives you mad,
We thought it was kool-aid, He’s just getting even,
because it was pink. “Cause you swallowed his Dad!
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-aids,
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.

Good Night, Cub Scouts
(tune: Good Night, Ladies)

Good Night, Cub Scouts.
Good Night, Cub Scouts.
Good Night, Cub Scouts.
We’re going to leave you now.
Merrily, we cub along, cub along, cub along.
Merrily, we cub along
Up the Cub Scout trail.

Oh Blue and Gold
(Tune: Oh Tannenbaum)

Oh Blue and Gold, Oh Blue and Gold,
You know it stands for truth untold.
Oh Blue and Gold, Oh Blue and Gold,
The youth that wear it aren’t so old.
So carry on your colors bright,
Until the whole world you will light.
Oh Blue and Gold, Oh Blue and Gold,
The mem’ries live though we grow old.
**Home on the Range**

Oh give me a home where the buffalo roam,
Where the deer and the antelope play,
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Chorus:
Home, home on the range,
Where the deer and the antelope play,
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

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

How often at night when the heavens are bright,
With the light from the glittering stars,
Have I stood there amazed and asked as I gazed,
If their glory exceeds that of ours.

Oh, I love these wild flowers in this dear land of ours,
The curlew I love to hear cry,
And I love the white rocks and the antelope flocks,
That graze on the mountain slopes high.

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**I Am a Cub Scout**

(Tune: Frosty the Snowman)

I am a Cub Scout
And a very happy boy.
With a uniform of blue and gold
And a den that gives me joy.

I am a Cub Scout
Earning badges one by one
I do my best and I meet the test
A good citizen I’ve become.

I see they need a lot.
I do my chores around the house
And I feed my dog named spot.

I am a Cub Scout
Doing my duty willingly.
Someday I’ll join a boy scout troop
And a fine man I will be.
Cub Scout Advancement Song
(Tune: “Farmer in the Dell”)

Cub Scouting we will go, Cub Scouting we will go,
Hi, ho, the daireo, Cub Scouting we will go.
Tiger Cub makes a Wolf, Tiger Cub makes a Wolf,
Hi, ho, the daireo, Tiger Cub makes a Wolf!
The Wolf makes a Bear, the Wolf makes a Bear,
Hi, ho, the daireo, the Wolf makes a Bear!
Then next is Webelos, then next is Webelos,
Hi, ho, the daireo, next is Webelos!
Webelos makes a Scout, Webelos makes a Scout,
Hi, ho, the daireo, Webelos makes a Scout!
A-Scouting we will go, a-Scouting we will go,
Hi, ho, the daireo, a-Scouting we will go!

There was a farmer who had a dog, There was a farmer
who had a dog
And Bingo was his name-o. And Bingo was his name-o.
B-I-N-G-O (clap)-(clap)-(clap)-G-O
B-I-N-G-O (clap)-(clap)-(clap)-G-O
B-I-N-G-O (clap)-(clap)-(clap)-G-O
And Bingo was his name-o. And Bingo was his name-o.
There was a farmer who had a dog, There was a farmer
who had a dog.
And Bingo was his name-o. And Bingo was his name-o.
(clap)-I-N-G-O (clap)-(clap)-(clap)-(clap)-O
(clap)-I-N-G-O (clap)-(clap)-(clap)-(clap)-O
(clap)-I-N-G-O (clap)-(clap)-(clap)-(clap)-O
And Bingo was his name-o. And Bingo was his name-o.
There was a farmer who had a dog, There was a farmer
who had a dog.
And Bingo was his name-o. And Bingo was his name-o.
(clap)-(clap)-N-G-O (clap)-(clap)-(clap)-(clap)
(clap)-(clap)-N-G-O (clap)-(clap)-(clap)-(clap)
(clap)-(clap)-N-G-O (clap)-(clap)-(clap)-(clap)
And Bingo was his name-o. And Bingo was his name-o!
The Cub Scouts Went Over the Mountain

Tune: For He's a Jolly Good Fellow

The Wolf went over the mountain,
The Wolf went over the mountain,
The Wolf went over the mountain,
To see what he could see.
And all that he could see,
And all that he could see,
Was the other side of the mountain,
The other side of the mountain,
Was all that he could see.
Following verses use “Bear,” and finally “Webelos.”

If It’s Raining and You Know It
(Tune: “If You’re Happy and You Know It”)

If it’s raining and you know it, clap your hands. (Clap, clap.)
If it’s raining and you know it, clap your hands. (Clap, clap.)
If it’s raining and you know it, then your clothes will really show it,
If it’s raining and you know it, clap your hands. (Clap, clap.)
If the mud is only knee deep, stamp your feet.
(Stamp, stamp.)
If the mud is only knee deep, stamp your feet.
(Stamp, stamp.)
If the mud is only knee deep, and you wish that it were hip deep,
If the mud is only knee deep, stamp your feet.
(Stamp, stamp.)
If the wind is really blowing, shake your head.
(Shake head twice.)
If the wind is really blowing, shake your head.
(Shake head twice.)
If the wind is really blowing, and your rosy cheeks are glowing,
If the wind is really blowing, shake your head.
(Shake head twice.)
Oh, say can you see by the dawn’s early light
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight’s last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars thru the perilous fight,
O’er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket’s red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.
Oh, say does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O’er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

Tune: If You’re Happy and You Know It
Oh, I wish I were a little hunk of mud. (repeat)
I’d ooey and I’d be gooey,
Under everybody’s shoey.
Oh, I wish I were a little hunk of mud.
Oh, I wish I were a little can of pop. (repeat)
I’d go down with a slurp
and come up with a burp.
Oh, I wish I were a little can of pop.
Oh, I wish I were a little slippery root. (repeat)
I would sit upon the trail,
And knock everyone on his tail.
Oh, I wish I were a little slippery root.
Oh, I wish I were a little bitty mosquito. (repeat)
I’d be buzzy and I’d be bitey,
Under everybody’s nighty.
Oh, I wish I were a little bitty mosquito.
The Twelve Days of Summer Camp

On the first day of summer camp
My mother sent to me:
A box of oatmeal cookies.

On the second day of summer camp
My mother sent to me:
Two T-shirts,
And a box of oatmeal cookies.

On the third day of summer camp
My mother sent to me:
Three pairs of socks,
Two T-shirts,
And a box of oatmeal cookies.

Four woolen caps,
Five underpants,
Six postage stamps,
Seven nose warmers,
Eight Batman comics,
Nine bars of soap,
Ten Band-aids,
Eleven shoestrings,
Twelve bottles of insect repellent.

(1) My country, 'tis of thee,
sweet land of liberty, of thee I sing;
land where my fathers died,
land of the pilgrims' pride,
from every mountainside let freedom ring!

(2) My native country, thee,
land of the noble free, thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
thy woods and templed hills;
my heart with rapture thrills, like that above.

(3) Let music swell the breeze,
and ring from all the trees sweet freedom's song;
let mortal tongues awake;
let all that breathe partake;
let rocks their silence break, the sound prolong.

(4) Our fathers' God, to thee,
author of liberty, to thee we sing;
long may our land be bright
with freedom's holy light;
protect us by thy might, great God, our King.
You’re a grand old flag,
You’re a high flying flag
And forever in peace may you wave.
You’re the emblem of
The land I love.
The home of the free and the brave.
Ev’ry heart beats true
‘neath the Red, White and Blue,
Where there’s never a boast or brag.
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
Keep your eye on the grand old flag!

(Tune: Oh Christmas Tree)
Softly falls the light of day,
As 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.
Listen Lord, Oh Listen Lord,
As I whisper soft and low,
Bless my Mom and Bless my Dad,
there is something they should know;
I will keep my honor bright,
the Oath and Law will be my guide,
Mom and Dad this you should know,
Deep in my heart I love you so!
I’ve Got that Cub Scout Spirit

(1) I’ve got that Cub Scout spirit, (3) I’ve got that Cub Scout spirit,
Up in my head, Down in my feet
Up in my head, (continue as first verse)
Up in my head. I’ve got that Cub Scout spirit
I’ve got that Cub Scout spirit, Down in my feet,
Up in my head, Down in my feet to stay.
Up in my head to stay.

(2) I’ve got that Cub Scout spirit, (4) I’ve got that Cub Scout spirit,
Deep in my heart Up in my head,
(continue as in first verse) Deep in my heart,
I’ve got that Cub Scout spirit, Down in my feet.
Deep in my heart, I’ve got that Cub Scout spirit
Deep in my heart to stay. All over me.
All over me to stay

Chick A Boom
(repeat each line after song leader)

I said a Boom Chicka Boom
I said a Boom Chicka Boom
I said a Boom Chicka Rocka Chicka Rocka Chicka Rocka Chicka Boom
Uh huh
Oh yeah
One more time ______ style.

Janitor Style:
I said a Broom Sweep-a Broom
I said a Broom Sweep-a Broom
I said a Broom Sweep-a Mop-a Sweep-a Mop-a Sweep-a Broom

Valley Girl Style:
I said like boom chicka boom
I said a totally boom chicka boom
I said like boom chicka like rocka chicka like gag me with a spoon

Baseball Style:
I said a boom chicka boom
I said a boom chicka boom
I said a boom chicka rocka hit that softball to the moon.
Oh, beautiful for Cub Scouts dreams
That see beyond the rest.
For families that help us grow,
And learn to do our best.
O blue and gold! O blue and gold!
Akela lead us well.
For God and country we’ll be strong;
We’re Cub Scouts and we’re proud.

God Bless America

God Bless America,
Land that I love!
Stand beside her, and guide her
Thru the night with a light from above.
From the mountains, to the prairies,
To the oceans, white with foam
God bless America, My home sweet home.
God bless America, My home sweet home!

The Grand Old Duke of York,
He had ten thousand men.
(Hand above head with fingers spread out)
First He marched them up the hill,
[Everyone stands up]
And marched them down again.
[Everyone crouches down]
And when you’re up, you’re up;
[Everyone stands up]
And when you’re down, you’re down.
[Everyone crouches down]
And when you’re only halfway up,
[Everyone crouch Half way down]
You’re neither up nor down!
(Stand up then crouch down fast)

Keep increasing Tempo until everyone is
tired or cannot keep up!
Pinewood Derby Song

Take me out to the Pinewood, take me out to the crowd.
Buy me some graphite and a sanding block, I don't care if I ever get back.
We will root, root, root for my racer,
If I don't win you can say
That I cut, sanded and designed it myself
In the Cub Scout Way!
(2) B'gosh they're starting the race now, I see my friend's in the heat.
He's standing there biting his fingernails, but I am sure that he'll never be beat!
For, we'll root, root, root for my den-mate,
If he doesn't win we can say
That he cut, sanded, and designed it himself
In the Cub Scout Way!
(3) The Scouts have declared a winner,
And I am proud to say,
My racer, it got to the end of the track,
And my den leader let me bring it back
For a second heat in consolation,
Was my decision today.
But I cut, sanded, and designed it myself
In the Cub Scout Way!

This Land Is Your Land

Words and Music by Woody Guthrie

This land is your land This land is my land
From California to the New York island;
From the red wood forest to the Gulf Stream waters
This land was made for you and Me.

As I was walking that ribbon of highway,
I saw above me that endless skyway:
I saw below me that golden valley:
This land was made for you and me.

I've roamed and rambled and I followed my footsteps
To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts;
And all around me a voice was sounding:
This land was made for you and me.

When the sun came shining, and I was strolling,
And the wheat fields waving and the dust clouds rolling,
As the fog was lifting a voice was chanting:
This land was made for you and me.

As I went walking I saw a sign there
And on the sign it said “No Trespassing.”
But on the other side it didn't say nothing,
That side was made for you and me.

In the shadow of the steeple I saw my people,
By the relief office I seen my people;
As they stood there hungry, I stood there asking
Is this land made for you and me?

Nobody living can ever stop me,
As I go walking that freedom highway;
Nobody living can ever make me turn back
This land was made for you and me.
1316 Competition Song

(Tune: “When The Saints Go Marching In”)

Oh, when the Pack begins to sing;
Oh, when the Pack begins to sing;
Sometimes, I just can’t tell who’s the loudest;
When the Pack begins to sing!
(Each Den in turn - wolves, bears, Webelos, parents:)
Oh, when the_______begins to sing;
Oh, when the_______begins to sing;
We’re gonna try to sing out the loudest;
When Den_______begins to sing!

America! America! America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved
And mercy more than life!
America! America!
May God thy gold refine,
Till all success be nobleness,
And every gain divine!

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!
(Tune: "Yankee Doodle")
Trusty Tommy was a Scout, LOYAL to his mother, HELPFUL to the folks about, and FRIENDLY to his brother. COURTEOUS to the girls he knew, KIND to his rabbit, OBEIDENT to his father too, and CHEERFUL in his habits. THRIFTY saving for a need, BRAVE, but not a faker. CLEAN in thought and word and deed, and REVERENT to his Maker.

(Tune: "She’ll Be Coming ‘Round The Mountain")
We’ll be hiking in the woods from dawn to dusk. We’ll be hiking in the woods from dawn to dusk. We’ll be hiking in the woods, yes, we’ll be hiking in the woods; Yes, we’ll be hiking in the woods from dawn to dusk. We’ll be swatting fat mosquitoes as we go... We’ll be tripping over tree roots as we go... We’ll be eating moldy hotdogs for our lunch... We’ll be scratching poison ivy on our arms... We’ll be slashing every puddle that we see... We’ll be singing out of tune along the way... We’ll all be glad to see our beds tonight... (Note: Actions or sounds can easily be added to this song to make it more fun)