

If You're Cheering for the Girl Scouts

(tune: If You're Happy and You Know It)

If you're cheering for the Girl Scouts, clap your hands!
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If you're cheering for the Girl Scouts,
If you're cheering for the Girl Scouts,
If you're cheering for the Girl Scouts, clap your hands!

(2) If you're cheering for the Girl Scouts, stomp your feet!

(3) If you're cheering for the Girl Scouts, shout, "hooray!"

(4) If you're cheering for the Girl Scouts, do all three!

(5) If you're cheering for the Boy Scouts, clap your hands!

-oops, I missed!

(6) If you're cheering for the Boy Scouts, stomp your feet!

-where's the floor?

(7) If you're cheering for the Boy Scouts, shout, "hooray!"

-lost my voice.

(8) If you're cheering for the Boy Scouts, do all three!

-oops, I missed! -where's the floor? -lost my voice.

Bug Juice

(tune: On Top of Old Smokey)

At the camp with the Girl Scouts,
They gave us a drink.
We thought it was Kool-aid,
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 when you drink bug juice,
and a fly drives you mad,
He's just getting even,
'Cause you swallowed his Dad'.

Make New Friends

Make new friends, but keep the old.
One is silver, and the other gold.

A circle's round; it has no end.
That's how long I want to be your friend.

A fire burns bright; it warms the heart.
We've been friends from the very start.

You have a hand, and I have another.
Put them together, and we have each other.

Across the land; across the sea.
Friends forever we will always be.

White Coral Bells

White coral-bells upon a slender stalk
Lilies of the valley deck my garden walk.
Oh don't you wish that you could hear them ring?
That will happen only when the fairies sing

Little Black Things

(tune: Darling Clementine)

**Chorus: Little black things, little black things,
Crawling up and down my arms,
If I wait till they have babies,
I can start a black things farm!*

Haven't had a bath in two years,
And I never change my clothes,
But I've got these little black things,
Where they come from, Heaven knows!

**Chorus:*

Once a cute boy, tried to kiss me,
But he screamed and gave a yell,
And he ran before I asked him,
Was it the black things or the smell?

**Chorus:*