

Campfire Sing-a-Longs (page 3)

47 JOHN HENRY (STEEL DRIVIN' MAN)

When John Henry was just a little baby boy,

No bigger than the palm of your hand,

His mammy looked down at John Henry and said:

My Johnny' be a steel drivin' man, Lord, Lord,

My Johnny' be a steel drivin' man.

John Henry said to the captain,

"Captain, why don't you learn to swing.

I'm drivin' forty nine pounds from my hip bottom down,

Love to hear that cold steel ring, Lord, Lord,

Love to hear that cold steel ring."

John Henry had a pretty little

woman, and her name was Polly Ann.

John Henry took sick and had to go to bed,

Polly drove steel like a man, Lord, Lord,

Polly drove steel like a man.

John Henry went up on a mountain,

that steam hammer by his side,

But he'd beat that drill through to

the end of the line,

When he laid down his hammer and he

cried, Lord, Lord,

He laid down his hammer and he cried.

John Henry drove steel round that

mountain, till the hammer put out

fire.

For that very last word I hear John

Henry say, A cool glass of water

I'm gonna die, Lord, Lord,

A cool glass of water I'm gonna

die.

Well they buried John Henry in the

graveyard,

They lay him six feet under the

sand,

Every time a freight train go

rollin' on by,

They say yonder lies a steel

drivin' man, Lord, Lord,

Yonder lies a steel drivin' man.

48 FORTY ACRES

He was headed into Boston in a big old diesel truck

It was his first shift and he was havin' lots of luck.

He went the wrong direction down a one way street in town.

And this is what he said when the police chased him down.

CHORUS:

Give me 40 acres and I'll turn this rig around.

It's the easiest way that I've found.

Some guys can turn it on a dime or

turn it right downtown,

But I need 40 acres to turn this rig around.

When he finally found where to

unload, he had a dreadful shock.

His trailer pointed to the road,

And his cab right to the dock.

And as he looked around him,

through his tears he made this

sound:

Give me 40 acres and I'll turn this

rig around.

CHORUS

When he finally got unloaded, he

was asked to leave the town.

He was very, very happy, going back

to Alabam.

When up ahead he saw a sign said,

you are northward bound.

Give me 40 acres and I'll turn

this rig around.

CHORUS

He was drivin' down the right lane

when ahead he saw a sign,

He had to make a left turn, but he

could not get in line.

The tears were streamin' down his

cheeks and they all heard him yell:

Give me 40 sticks of dynamite 'n I'll

blow this rig to...

Give me 40 acres and I'll turn this

rig around.

It's the easiest way that I've

found.

Some guys can turn it on a dime or

turn it right downtown;

But I need 40 acres to turn this

rig around.

49 THE BOLL WEEVEL SONG

Brook Benton

Spoken:

Let me tell you a story about a

boll weevil Now some of you may not

know, but a boll weevil is an

insect And he's found mostly where

cotton grows Now where they come

from, nobody really knows But this

is the way the story goes.

The farmer said to the boll weevil,

I see you're on my square.

The boll weevil said to the farmer,

Yep, my whole darn family's here.

We gotta have a home, we gotta have
a home.

The farmer said to the boll weevil;

Say, why'd you pick my farm?

The weevil just laughed at the farmer
and said;

We ain't gonna do much harm.

We're lookin for a ho o o o ome.

And the boll weevil spied him a
lightnin' bug.

He said; yea, I'd like to make a
trade with you,

Cuz' you see, if I was a lightnin' bug,
I'd search the whole night through.

A searchin' for a home I'd have me
plenty of homes.

And the boll weevil called the

farmer and said;

You better sell your old machines

'Cause when I'm through with your

cotton, heh,

You can't even buy gasoline.

I wanna take me a home, gotta have

a home.

And the boll weevil said to the

farmer;

Say farmer, I'd like to wish you

well.

Farmer said to the boll weevil;

Yea, 'n I wish that you went to...

Lookin' for a home, lookin' for a

home.

Ah, you'd have a home all right,

you'd have a real hot home.

51 DAY-O

CHORUS:

Day-O, Day-O,

Daylight come and me wan' go home,

Day-O, Day-O,

Daylight come and me wan' go home.

Work all night on a drink of rum

Daylight come and me wan' go home.

Stock bananas till the morning come,

Daylight come and me wan' go home.

Come Mr. Tally man, Tally me bananas,

Daylight come and me wan' go home.

(repeat)

CHORUS

Pick six foot, seven foot, eight

foot bunch,

Daylight come and me wan' go home.

(repeat)

CHORUS

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.

CHORUS

52 THE ANTS GO MARCHING

The ants go marching one by one

hurrah, hurrah,

The ants go marching one by one

hurrah, hurrah,

The ants go marching one by one,

The little one stopped to suck his

thumb, And they all go marching

Down to the ground, to the earth.

Boom, boom, boom, boom.

Two by two - to tie his shoe

Three by three - to scratch his knee

Four by four - to shut the door

Five by five - to dance and jive

Six by six - to pick up sticks

Seven by seven - to look to heaven

Eight by eight - to shut the gate

Nine by nine - to have a shoe shine

Ten by ten - he want's to start

again!!!

53 BOA-CONSTRICTOR

I'm being swallowed by a boa-

constrictor,

I'm being swallowed by a boa-

constrictor,

And I don't like it one little bit.

Oh, no, he's got my toe,

O gee, he's up to my knee,

Oh, my, he's reached my thigh,

O fiddle, he's at my middle,

Oh heck, he's up to my neck,

O dread, He's got my GULP!!!

54 GREEN GRASS (THERE WAS A HOLE)

(repeat each line after leader)

There was a hole The prettiest

little hole that you ever did see,

CHORUS: (ALL) And the green grass

grew all around, all around, And

the green grass grew all around.

And in that hole There was a tree

The prettiest little tree that you

ever did see,

(ALL) And the tree was in the hole,

And the hole was in the ground,

CHORUS (ALL)

CONTINUE ADDING ONE LINE AT A TIME

Now on that tree there was a branch...

the prettiest little etc...

...limb on the tree

...nest on the limb

...egg in the nest

...bird in the egg

...wing on the bird

...feather on the wing

...bacteria on the feather

LAST VERSE

And the bacteria was on the
feather, And the feather was on the
wing, And the wing was on the bird,
And the bird was in the egg, And
the egg was in the nest, And the
nest was on the limb, And the limb
was on the tree, And the tree was
in the hole, And the hole was in
the ground,

CHORUS

55 HOLE IN 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.

56 I-VEE

(TUNE: MY BONNIE)

My body has calomine lotion,

My body's as sore as can be,

The flowers I gathered for Granny,

Turned out to be poison I-Vee.

Don't touch, don't touch,

You'll get a rash from I-Veee,

I-Vee

It will, itch bad,

And it looks worse than ac-nee.

57 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.

58 MOUNTAIN DEW

My uncle Bill has a still on the hill,

Where he runs off a gallon or two,

The birds in the sky get so drunk

they can't fly,

In that good old mountain dew.

CHORUS:

They call it that good old

mountain dew,

And them that refuse it are few,

I'll hoist up my mug if you fill

up my jug,

With that good old mountain dew.

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 of that

good old mountain dew.

CHORUS

Down the raod here from me there's

a big hollow tree,

Where you lay down a dollar or two,

You go 'round the bend, and come

back again,

There's a jug of that good old

mountain dew.

CHORUS

My brother Don has a still in the

john,

Where he'll run off a gallon or two.

When the Revenuers come rushin'

He'd just give it a flush'n'

There'd go that good old

mountain dew.

Chorus

Make up your own verses for other

names!

59 THERE'S A HOLE IN THE BUCKET

Liza: Henry! Fetch me some water!

Henry: There's a hole in the

bucket dear Liza, dear Liza

There's a hole in the

bucket dear Liza, a hole.

Liza: Well, fix it dear Henry, dear

Henry, dear Henry, well,

fix it dear Henry, dear

Henry, fix it.

Henry: With what shall I fix it ...

Liza: With a straw dear Henry ...

Henry: The straw is too long ...

Liza: Well, cut it dear Henry ...

Henry: With what shall I cut it ...

Liza: With an axe dear Henry ...

Henry: The axe is too dull dear Liza .

Liza: Well, sharpen it dear Henry ...

Henry: With what shall I sharpen it ...

Liza: With a stone dear Henry ...

Henry: The stone is too dry dear Liza ...

Liza: Well, wet it dear Henry ...

Henry: With what shall I wet it ...

Liza: With water dear Henry ...

Henry: In what shall I fetch it ...

Liza: In a bucket dear Henry ...

Henry: There's a hole in the bucket,

dear Liza ...

60 ALICE THE CAMEL

Alice the camel has ten humps,

Alice the camel has ten humps,

Alice the camel has ten humps,

Go Alice go. (hit hips)

Repeat verses down to no humps

Alice the camel has no humps,

Alice the camel has no humps,

Alice the camel has no humps,

Alice is a HORSE.

61 HEAD, SHOULDERS, KNEES AND 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.

Note: Touch each part of the body

as you sing it. Second time leave

out word "head", just touch it, and

so on. Last verse will be all actions, no words.

62 ALONG CAME JONES

I plopped down in my easy chair

And I turned on channel two.

A bad gunslinger named Salty Sam

Was chasin' poor Sweet Sue.

He trapped her in the old sawmill

And said with an evil laugh,

"If you don't give me the deed to

your ranch I'll saw y'all in half.

And then he grabbed her...

(help he grabbed me!)

He tied her up...

(Help he's tyin' me up!)

He turned on the BUZZ-SAW...

(He's turnin' on the buzz saw)

And then...and then...

And then along came Jones.

Tall thin Jones.

Slow walkin' Jones, Low talkin'

Jones.

Along came long lean lanky Jones.

Commercial came on, so I got up to

fix myself a snack.

You should have seen what was going

on by the time that I got back.

Down in the old abandoned mine,

Sweet Sue was havin' fits,

That villain said "Give me the deed

to your ranch, or I'll blow y'all

to bits".

And then he grabbed her...

(Help he grabbed Me)

He tied her up...

(Help, he's tying me up)

He lit the fuse to the dynamite...

(He's lightin' the fuse to the

dynamite)

And then...and then...

And then along came Jones

Tall thin Jones.

Slow walkin' Jones, Low talkin'

Jones.

Along came long lean lanky Jones.

I got so bugged I turned it off and

turned on another show.

But there was the same old shoot-

em-up, and the same old rodeo.

Salty Sam was tryin' to stuff Sweet

Sue in a burlap sack.

"If you don't give me the deed to

your ranch I'll throw you on the

railroad track!"

And then he grabbed her...

(Help he grabbed me, help)

He tied her up...

(Here we go again, tyin' me up)

He threw her on the railraod track,

The train started commin'

(Ohhh! Here comes the train)

And then...and then...

And then along came Jones

Tall thin Jones.

Slow walkin' Jones, Low talkin'

Jones.

Along came long lean lanky Jones.

63 THIRTY THOUSAND POUNDS OF BANANAS

by HARRY CHAPIN

It was just after dark as the truck

started down

The hill that leads into Scranton

Pennsylvania.

Carryin' thirty thousand pounds of

bananas.

Yes carryin' thirty thousand pounds

of bananas.

He was a young driver, just out on

his second job.

Carryin' the next days pasty fruit,

To everyone in that coal scarred

city

Where children play without despair

In backyard slag piles.

And folks manage to eat each day

Just about thirty thousand pounds

of bananas,

Yes there were thirty thousand

pounds of bananas.

He passed a sign that he should

have seen

Saying "shift to low gear or fifty-

dollar fine, my friend"

He was thinking perhaps about the

warm breathed woman who was

waitin' at the journey's end.

He started down the two-mile drop--

the winding road that ran from

the top of the hill.

He was pushing on through the

shortening miles

That ran down to the depot.

Just a few more miles to go,

And he'd go home and have her ease

his long cramped day away.

And the smell of thirty thousand

pounds of bananas.

Yes the smell of thirty thousand
pounds of bananas.

He was pickin' up speed
As the city spread it's twinklin'
lights below him.

But he paid no heed as the
shiverrin' thought of the nights
delights went through him.

His foot nursed the brakes to slow
him down,

But the peddle floored easy without
a sound.

He said, "CHRIST."

It was funny how he'd named the
only one who could save him now.

He was trapped inside a dead-end
hell-slide,

Riding on his fear-hunched back was
every one of those yellow-green.

I'm telling you thirty thousand
pounds of bananas.

Yes there were thirty thousand
pounds of bananas.

He barely made the sweeping curve
that led into the steepest grade.

And he missed a thankful passing
bus at ninety miles an hour.

And he said, "God make it a dream"

As he rode his last ride down.

And he said, "God make it a dream"

as he rode his last ride down.

And he sideswiped nineteen neat-
parked cars.

Clipped off thirteen telephone
poles.

Hit two houses, bruised eight
trees, and blue-crossed seven
people.

It was then he lost his head, not
to mention an arm or two before
he stopped.

And he smeared for four-hundred
yards along the hill that leads
into Scranton, Pennsylvania,
All those thirty thousand pounds of
bananas.

You Know the man who told me about
it on the bus, as it went up the
hill out of Scranton,
Pennsylvania.

He shrugged his shoulders, he shook
his head, and He said,
"Boy it sure must have been
something.

Just imagine, thirty thousand
pounds of bananas.

Yes there were thirty thousand

pounds of mashed bananas.

64 THEY'RE COMING TO TAKE ME AWAY

Remember when you ran away,

And I got on my knees and begged

you not to go because I'd go BERSERK!!

Well you left me anyhow and then

the days got worse and worse,

And now you see I've gone

completely out of my mind!

And...

They're coming to take me away,

Ha Ha!

They're coming to take me away,

Ho Ho, He He, Ha Ha!

To the funny farm, where life is

beautiful all the time,

And I'll be happy to see those nice

young men in their clean white

coats.

And they're coming to take me away,

Ha Ha!!!

I cooked your food, I cleaned your

bed,

And this is how you pay me back for

all my kind unselfish loving deeds?

HUH!!

Well, you just wait, they'll find you yet,

And when they do they'll put you in

the A.S.P.C.A., you MANGEY MUTT!!!

And, They're coming to take me away

Ha Ha!

They're coming to take me away,

Ho Ho, He He, Ha Ha!

To the happy home, with trees and

flowers and chirping birds, and

basket weavers who sit and

twiddle their thumbs and toes,

And they're coming to take me away,

Ha Ha!

To the funny farm,

And I'll be happy to see those nice

young men in their clean white

coats.

And they're coming to take me away,

Ha Ha!!

65 ONE DARK NIGHT

(Tune: "There'll Be a Hot

Time in the Old Town Tonight")

Divide the Audience into four

parts, and assign each part as

follows, "FIRE", "WATER" "JUMP" OR

"SPLAT". after singing it through,

do it faster, and/or "backwards" as

shown below.

One dark night when we were all in

bed,

Old lady Leary left a lantern in

the shed,

And when the cow kicked it over,

She winked her eye and said:

"There'll be a hot time in the old

town tonight.

" FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!

WATER! WATER! WATER!

JUMP! LADY, JUMP!

AHHHHHH, SPLAT!

One night dark, when bed we all

were in,

Old Leary lady left the shed a

lantern in.

And when the kick, cowed it over,

She eyed her wink and said:

"There'll be a time hot in the town

old tonight.

" IFER! IFER! IFER!

RETAW! RETAW! RETAW!

LADY! JUMP, LADY!

SPLAT, AHHHHHHH!

66 BEEP BEEP

Note: Start out the song very slowly, then increase the speed as you go along, until you are virtually going as fast as you can by the end of the song.

While riding in my Cadillac,

Much to my surprise.

A little Nash-Rambler right behind.

'Bout one half my size.

CHORUS:

The guy must have wanted to pass me

up As he kept on blowing his

horn.

I'll show him that a Cadillac is

not a car to scorn.

Beep Beep! Beep Beep!

His horn went Beep Beep Beep!

I put my foot down to the floor,

To give the guy the shake.

But the little Nash-Rambler stayed

right behind,

He still had on his brake.

CHORUS

I shifted into passing gear,

And it became a race.

For a Rambler to beat a Caddy,

Would be a big disgrace.

CHORUS

Now we're going a hundred and

twenty,

As fast as I can go.

The little Nash Rambler pulled up

beside just like we're going slow.

The fellow rolls down his

window,

And yells for me to hear,

Hey buddy how can I get this car

Out of second gear!