

## **Paddy McGinty's Goat**

Paddy McGinty, an Irishman of note  
Fell into a fortune, and bought himself a goat  
Now this very goat, he had an appetite  
And early one morning he ate some dynamite  
One box of matches, a quart of kerosene  
Two pints of nitro, the same of gasoline  
Sat by the fire and didn't give a hang  
A great big spark went down his throat  
And he went off with a BANG! (As loud as they can shout it)

Now if you go to heaven, I'll bet you a dollar note  
The angel with the whiskers  
Is Paddy McGinty's goat, OY!  
Paddy McGinty's goat, OY!  
Paddy McGinty's goat, OY!

## **Granny's in the Celler**

Granny's in the cellar  
Glory, can't you smell her  
Making biscuits on her brown and dirty stove.  
In her eye there is some matter  
That keeps drippin' in the batter  
As she whistles while the (snort) runs down her nose.

Down her nose.  
Down her nose.  
As she whistles while the (snort) runs down her nose.  
That keeps drippin' in the batter  
As she whistles while the (snort) runs down her nose.

## **Beans**

Ate a bean  
The bean was loaded  
Up went the covers  
Up went the sheet

**Fifty yard dash to the bathroom seat!**  
**Da-da-da-da-da, pth-ahhh**

**Beans, Beans, a wonderful fruit**  
**The more you eat, the more you toot**  
**The more you toot, the better you feel**  
**Let's eat beans for every meal!**

## **The Outhouse Song**

When you are sleepy and you have to go pee pee,  
You can always go, Outhouse.  
When you are droopy and you have to go poopy,  
You can always go, Outhouse.  
Listen to the frogs sing at the bottom of the toilet.  
If you are a camper  
I am sure you will enjoy it, Outhouse

## **Pink Pajamas**

**(To the tune of "Battle Hymn of the Republic")**

**Oh, I wear my pink pajamas in the summer when it's hot,**  
**And I wear my flannel nighties in the winter when it's not,**  
**And sometimes in the springtime, and sometimes in the fall,**  
**I jump right in between the sheets with nothing on at all.**

**Glory, glory, hallelujah!**  
**Glory, glory, what's it to ya?**  
**Balmy breezes blowin' through ya**  
**With nothing on at all!**

## **Do Your Ears Hang Low?**

**[Tune: Turkey in the Straw, refrain]**

**Do your ears hang low?**  
**Do they wobble to and fro?**  
**Can you tie them in a knot?**

Can you tie them in a bow?  
Can you throw them over your shoulder  
Like a continental soldier?  
Do your ears hang low.

Do your ears stand high?  
Do they reach up to the sky?  
Do they droop when they're wet?  
Do they stiffen when they dry?  
Can you semaphore your neighbor.  
With a minimum of labor?  
Do your ears hang high?

Do your ears hang wide?  
Do they flap from side to side?  
Do they wave in the breeze,  
From the slightest little sneeze?  
Can you soar above the nation  
with a feeling of elevation?  
Do your ears hang wide?

Do your ears fall off,  
When you give a great big cough?  
Do they lie there on the ground,  
Or bounce up at every sound?  
Can you stick them in your pocket,  
Just like Davey Crocket?  
Do your ears fall off?

**Singing in the Rain**

We're singing in the rain, just singing in the rain.  
What a glorious feeling, we're happy again.

Thumbs up! [Group echoes.]  
A-root-ta-ta, root-ta-ta. root-ta-ta-TA

Add each of the following, in turn:

Thumbs Up  
Arms Out  
Elbows In  
Knees Bent  
Knees together  
Toes together  
Butt out  
Chest out  
Head Back  
Tongue out

## **My Dead Dog Rover**

*Tune: "I'm Looking Over a Four-leaf Clover"*

I'm looking over my dead dog Rover,  
That I over-ran with the mower.  
One leg is missing the other is gone.  
The third one is scattered all over the lawn.  
No need explaining the one remaining  
It's splattered on the kitchen door.  
I'm looking over my dead dog rover,  
that I over-ran with the mower.

Another verse --

I'm looking over  
My dead dog Rover  
That I overlooked before

One leg is broken, the other is maimed,  
The third I ran over with my CoCo Puff train.  
No use explaining,  
The parts remaining,  
They're mangled beyond repair.  
I'm looking over  
My dead Dog Rover  
That I overlooked, (Big finish)

That I overlooked,  
That I overlooked before.

## **My Bonnie**

*Tune: "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean"*

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

( Chorus )

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.  
(chorus with bring back my neighbors to me)

My Bonnie has tuberculosis,  
My Bonnie has only one lung,  
My Bonnie can cough up raw oysters'  
And roll them around on her tongue.  
(chorus: Roll them, roll them, roll them around on her tongue, her tongue...)

My luncheon lies over the ocean,  
My breakfast lies over the rail.  
My supper lies in great commotion,  
Won't someone please bring me a pail.  
( chorus: Clams & ice cream don't agree with me, with me..")

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!

## **Mom, Wash My Underware**

*Tune: "God Bless America"*

Mom, wash my underwear, my only pair.

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

## He Jumped from 40,000 Feet

*Sung to the tune of Battle Hymn of the Republic*

He jumped from 40,000 feet and forgot to pull the cord,  
He jumped from 40,000 feet and forgot to pull the cord,  
He jumped from 40,000 feet and forgot to pull the cord,  
And he ain't gonna fly no more.

Chorus:

Glory, glory, what a heck of a way to die  
Glory, glory, what a heck of a way to die  
Glory, glory, what a heck of a way to die  
And he ain't gonna fly no more.

He was last to leave the cockpit and the first to hit the ground..  
He was last to leave the cockpit and the first to hit the ground..  
He was last to leave the cockpit and the first to hit the ground..  
And he ain't gonna fly no more.

Chorus

He landed on the runway like a blob of strawberry jam.  
He landed on the runway like a blob of strawberry jam.  
He landed on the runway like a blob of strawberry jam.  
And he ain't gonna fly no more.

Chorus

They scraped him off the runway with a silver spoon.  
They scraped him off the runway with a silver spoon.  
They scraped him off the runway with a silver spoon.  
And he ain't gonna fly no more.

Chorus

They sent him home to mother in a little wooden box.  
They sent him home to mother in a little wooden box.  
They sent him home to mother in a little wooden box.

**And he ain't gonna fly no more.**

**Chorus**

**His mother didn't want him so she sent him back to us.  
His mother didn't want him so she sent him back to us.  
His mother didn't want him so she sent him back to us.  
And he ain't gonna fly no more.**

**Chorus**

***Suggested hand motions:***

- 1. last to leave (flap arms like bird) the cockpit..**
- 2. first to (slap hands) hit the..**
- 3. He (slap hands) landed on..**
- 4. They (make scooping motion) scraped him..**
- 5. in a little (make small box with hands) box.**
- 6. so she sent (make overhand throwing motion) him back to us.**