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CLUB SONGS AND YELLS

Boys' and Girls' Club Circular 13

COLUMBIA, MO.

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COOPERATIVE EXTENSION WORK IN AGRICULTURE AND HOME ECONOMICS

UNIVERSITY OF MISSOURI COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE AND THE UNITED
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Songs and Yells

for

Missouri Boys' and Girls' Clubs

FOREWORD

This is a compilation of songs that have been used in Boys' and Girls' Club work. A large number of these songs are being sung by more than half a million club members throughout the United States. They are songs that the boys and girls have selected for themselves because they express their real feelings about their own club activities. Also these songs are classics in the sense that they have lived and helped to "carry on" the real spirit and true sentiments of club work.

From the very beginning of Boys' and Girls' Club work, songs and yells have been used by the most successful club leaders as a very effective means for unifying groups of strange boys and girls at county, district, state, interstate, and national club events.

In the local club meetings, songs and yells have been used to develop group spirit, which usually has resulted in genuine loyalty to and commendable pride in the local club and home community.

This collection of songs and yells will furnish suggestive material for most any occasion that may arise in club work. It is submitted with the hope that spirited club songs and yells may become an enjoyable feature of every club meeting; that demonstration teams may give songs and yells about their work; and that all local achievement exercises and county round-ups, club camps and club tours, may be enlivened by appropriate club songs and yells.

Some of these club songs and yells are strictly Missourian. It is hoped that many more appropriate ones will be originated by leaders and club groups as they gain new experiences.

Grateful acknowledgment is made for helpful suggestions that have come from many other states.

The Boys' and Girls' Club
Committee on Songs and Yells
Theodore T. Martin, Chairman
R. H. Emberson
Miss Jane Hinote.

SONGS

FOR WE'RE MEMBERS OF THE 4-H CLUBS

(Tune.—For I'm a Son of Old Missou.)

We're boys and girls from old Missou, the grand old Show-me State.
That's where we learn the meaning of the word co-operate.
We feed the pigs, we milk the cows, we can and sew and bake
For we're members of the 4-H clubs of the grand old Show-me State.

Chorus

For we're the 4-H boys and girls of the state of old Missou.
We're here to see _____ and learn a thing or two,
(Name Place)
But if you're looking for a home in the best state in the land
Just come down to old Missouri and we'll give you the welcome hand.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH OLD MISSOU

We're here to advertise, and quietly advise,
And give the people pointers on our State, Sir;
It's strictly up-to-date, a place to educate,
The darling little chappies of this land.
So lend an ear, and kindly hear
The sort of State we cheer.

Well, what's the matter with Old Mizzou, Mizzou, rah, rah,
What's the matter with old Mizzou.
There's nothing at all my friends.
Her sons are loyal, brave and true,
With wit that's wit and grit like glue
We'll show the world a thing or two,
For we're from Old Mizzou.

OUR CLUB WILL SHINE TONIGHT

Our club will shine tonight,
Our club will shine;
We'll shine with beauty bright,
All down the line;
We're all dressed up tonight,
That's one good sign:
When the sun goes down and the moon comes up,
Our club will shine.

EVERYBODY HAPPY

Everybody happy?
 Sure we are!
 Anybody feelin' blue?
 I feel sorry for the man who cannot smile,
 For when he's dead—he's dead an awful long while.

Everybody happy?
 Sure we are!
 Then go and make your neighbor happy too.

HAIL! HAIL! THE CLUB'S ALL HERE

(Tune: Hail! Hail! The Gang's all Here)

Hail! Hail! the club's all here!
 Do we like our club work? YES! we like our club work,
 Hail! Hail! We're full of cheer!
 Do we like our club work? YES!

WHEN WE ARE TOGETHER

(Tune: Ach, Du Lieber Augustine)

Oh, when we are together, together, together
 Oh, when we are together how happy are we.
 For *your friends are †my friends and †my friends are *your friends,
 Oh, when we are together how happy are we.

(*Point to someone near)
 (†Point to self.)

HOW-DO-YOU-DO

(Tune: Help it On)

How-do-you-do Mr. (or Mrs.) -----how-do-you-do?
 Is there anything that we can do for you?
 We'll do the best we can,
 We'll stand by you like a man,
 How-do-you-do, Mr.-----, how-do-you-do?

("Kind friends" may be substituted for Mr.)

WE ARE THE CLUB GIRLS*(Junior Chautauqua Song)*

We are the club girls, club girls are we
 Singing with gladness right merrily
 And now that we are together, happy are we
 Club life is the life for me, Rah! Rah!

We are the club girls, club girls are we
 Singing with gladness right merrily,
 And now that we are together, happy are we
 Club life is the life for me!

HONOR SONG*(Tune. Chorus, Boola, Boola)*

Mr.-----Mr.-----
 We are singing
 Praises ringing
 We shall never know your equal
 Mr.-----here's to you.

HONOR SONG

(Tune: Boola, Boola)
 Boys' and Girls' Clubs,
 Boys' and Girls' Clubs,
 We are singing,
 Praises ringing,
 We shall never
 Know your equal
 Boys' and Girls' Clubs,
 Here's to you.

SOME GUY (OR GIRL)*(Tune: Reuben, Reuben)*

Mr. (Mrs. or Miss)-----you're a wonder
 And when you are old and gray,
 The boys and girls will say by thunder
 You were some guy (or girl) in your day!

THANKS TO YOU

(Tune: Help it On)

Thanks to you, kind friends
Thanks to you,
Is there anything that we can do for you?
We'll do the best we can,
We'll stand by you like a man
Thanks to you, kind friends
Thanks, to you!

(Mr., Miss, or Mrs. may be substituted for "kind friends when speaker is through.)

HE AIN'T GOT NO STYLE

They say that the club work
It ain't got no style.
It's style all the while,
It's style all the while
They say that the Club Work
It ain't got no style.
It's style all the while, all the while.

They say that the club work
It ain't got no pep.
It's pep every step
It's pep every step.
They say that the club work
It ain't got no pep
It's pep every step, every step.

MISTRESS SHADY

Oh, Mistress Shady, she is a lady
She has a daughter, whom I adore;
Each day I court her, I mean the daughter,
Ev'ry Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday,
Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday afternoon
at half-past four.

HONOR SONG*(Tune: Mistress Shady)*

Oh, Mr.-----He is a dandy,
 He has a great (fair, club, camp, etc.)
 Which we adore
 We are for you,
 We mean your great (fair, club, camp, etc.)
 Every Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday,
 Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday afternoon
 at half-past four.

PARTING SONG*(Tune: Till We Meet Again)*

Four-H Club folks that we love so well,
 You're the folks that in our memories dwell,
 When we part from our friends here,
 We'll boost club work all the year,
 And the friends we've met so merrily,
 One in all we'll hold in memory
 So farewell, Four-H friends, we say,
 'Till we meet again.

(Tune: Till We Meet Again)

Smile a while and give your face a rest (all smile);
 Stretch a while and ease your manly chest (arms to side);
 Reach your hands up toward the sky (hands up);
 While you watch them with your eye (heads up);
 Jump a while and shake a leg—there, sir (jump lively);
 Now step forward, backward, as you were (step back and forth);
 Reach right out to someone near (shake hands with neighbor);
 Shake his hand and smile (all smile).

THE BEAR WENT OVER THE MOUNTAIN

The bear went over the mountain,
 To see what he could see!
 And all that he could see
 Was the other side of the mountain,
 Was all that he could see!

GOOD-NIGHT, LADIES

Good-night, la-dies! Good-night, ladies! Good-night ladies!
We're going to leave you now.

Chorus

Mer-ri-ly we roll along, roll along, roll along,
Mer-ri-ly we roll along, O'er the dark blue sea.
Fare-well, ladies! Fare-well, la-dies! Fare-well, la-dies!
We're going to leave you now.

Repeat Chorus

Sweet dreams, la-dies, sweet dreams, la-dies, sweet dreams, la-dies,
We're going to leave you now.

Repeat Chorus**BOOST FOR CLUB WORK**

(Tune: Good-Night, Ladies)

Boost for club work,
Boost for club work
Boost for club work
For we are in to win.

Chorus

Merrily we push it on, push it on, push it on,
Cheerily we push it on;
Bound to do our best.

Pigs and cattle,
Hens and Chickens,
Corn and taters
We're farmers all you see.

Sewing, canning
Blanching, dipping,
Basting, mending,
Home-makers all are we.

Boost for club work,
Boost for club work
Boost for club work
Missouri boys and girls.

WAITER, WON'T YOU WAIT ON ME*(Tune: Ja-Da)*

Waiter, waiter, waiter won't you wait on me.
 Waiter, waiter, waiter won't you wait on me.
 First I want a chicken
 Then I want a roast
 I'm so hungry I could eat dry toast
 Waiter, waiter, waiter won't you wait on me.

(Tune: Ja-Da)

Wear-a, wear-a, wear-a little 4-H sign,
 Wear-it, wear-it, just to show that you're in line,
 Wear a 4-H button just to show that you're in style,
 Wear a 4-H button just because it's well worth while,
 Wear-a, wear-a, wear-a little 4-H sign.

JINGLE BELLS

Jingle, bells! Jingle, bells! Jingle all the way!
 Oh! what fun it is to ride in a one-horse open sleigh!
 Jingle, bells! Jingle, bells! Jingle all the way!
 Oh! what fun it is to ride in a one-horse open sleigh!

JINGLE BELLS*(Tune: Jingle Bells)*

Club work girls, club work boys,
 Club work every day,
 Oh! what joy it is to work,
 And Oh! what fun to play.
 Head and heart, hand and health,
 That is what we say,
 Stands for club work everywhere,
 In our good old U. S. A.

(Repeat whole song)

THE 4-H CLOVER

(Tune: *Whispering*)

Club folks all have something to tell you,
And it's worth while listening to,
It's just the 4-H clover glory,
And it will bring good luck to you.

Chorus

Here's to the head that does the thinking,
Here's to the hands that do the working,
Here's to the heart that must be willing,
Health we must have to be cheerful and happy.
Now can our luck never fail us,
If we must prove it, come and watch us,
We'll always keep the clover with us,
Fortune it will ever bring.

AND I TELLS 'EM

We're known as club workers,
We don't like the shirkers,
We work on the farms far and near;
As we walk down the street
All the people we meet
Ask how we come to be there.
AND I TELLS 'EM.

We all work together
"To make the best better;"
We play the achievement game fair;
As we walk down the street
All the people we meet
Ask how we come to be there
AND I TELLS 'EM.

AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and never brought to mind,
Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and days of auld lang syne?
For auld lang syne, my dear, for auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet, for auld lang syne.

OLD MAC DONALD HAD A FARM

Old Mac Donald had a farm, E-I-E-I-O!
 On this farm he had some chicks, E-I-E-I-O
 With a chick-chick here and a chick-chick there;
 Here a chick, there a chick, ev'ry-where a chick-chick;
 Old Mac Donald had a farm, E-I-E-I-O:

Old Mac Donald had a farm, E-I-E-I-O!
 On this farm he had some ducks, E-I-E-I-O
 'Twas a quack-quack here,
 And a quack-quack there;
 Here a quack, there a quack,
 Everywhere a quack-quack;
 Chick-chick here, Chick-chick there;
 Here a chick, there a chick,
 Everywhere a chick-chick;
 Old Mac Donald had a farm, E-I-E-I-O.

Old Mac Donald had a farm, E-I-E-I-O!
 On this farm he had some turkeys, E-I-E-I-O
 'Twas a gobble-gobble here
 And a gobble-gobble there;
 Here a gobble, there a gobble,
 Everywhere a gobble-gobble;
 Quack-quack here, Quack-quack there;
 Here a quack, there a quack,
 Everywhere a quack-quack;
 Chick-chick here,
 Chick-chick there;
 Here a chick, there a chick,
 Everywhere a chick-chick;
 Old Mac Donald had a farm, E-I-E-I-O.

(Repeat with mule for fourth stanza
 A hee-haw here, and a hee-haw there;
 Here a hee; there a haw;
 Everywhere a hee-haw,
 repeating with turkey, duck and chick).

(Repeat with Ford for fifth stanza
 A rattle-rattle here,
 And a rattle-rattle there;
 Here a rattle, there a rattle;
 Everywhere a rattle rattle;
 repeating for mule, turkey, duck and chick).

JOHN BROWN'S BABY*(Tune: John Brown)*

John Brown's baby had a cold upon its chest,
 John Brown's baby had a cold upon its chest
 John Brown's baby had a cold upon its chest
 And he rubbed it with camphorated oil.

(For the second verse, repeat the first, but instead of saying "baby", swing arms back and forth as though rocking a baby.)

(For the third verse, repeat the second, but instead of saying "cold", cough lightly.)

(For the fourth verse, repeat the third, but instead of saying "chest", place hands on chest.)

(For the fifth verse, repeat the fourth, but instead of saying rubbed, rub hands across chest.)

(For the sixth verse, repeat the fifth, but instead of saying "camphorated", sniff as though smelling camphor.)

Chorus to Follow:

Glory, glory, hallelujah!
 Glory, glory, hallelujah
 Glory, glory, hallelujah
 His soul is marching on.

LIZA JANE

I'se got a gal an' you got none,
 Li'l Liza Jane,
 I'se got a gal an' you got none,
 Li'l Liza Jane.

Come my love, and live with me,
 Li'l Liza Jane,
 I will take good care uv thee,
 Li'l Liza Jane.

Chorus

Ohe Liza, Li'l Liza Jane,
 Ohe Liza, Li'l Liza Jane.

Liza Jane done cum ter me,
 Li'l Liza Jane,
 Bof as happy as can be,
 Li'l Liza Jane.

WE HAVE A CLUB

(Tune: Liza Jane)

We have an agricultural club
 We're on the go.
 We raise calves and pigs and corn,
 Just watch us grow.

Chorus:

Oh, come on in
 Club work is fine,
 We are the workers,
 Fall right in line.

We have a home economics club
 We're on the go
 We make clothing, cook and can,
 Just watch us sew.

Chorus

Head and heart and hand we pledge
 Then health will glow,
 Let 4-H's be our sign
 Where'er we go.

(Tune: Liza Jane)

We've got a bunch in this grand State,
 Club girls and boys,
 You must run to follow our gait;
 Club girls and boys.

Chorus

Oh, Missouri
 Let's make a noise,
 Oh, Missouri
 Club girls and boys.

We are a team with lots of pep,
 Club girls and boys,
 "Make the best better," step by step,
 Club girls and boys.

Oh, we'll work hard and try to win,
 Club girls and boys,
 Uncle Sam's Achievement Pin

LET EVERY FAMILY OWN A COW*(Tune: Yankee Doodle)*

Oh, father, won't you buy a cow
 And turn her in the pasture
 To feed the baby and the pig
 And see which grows the faster?

Chorus:

Let every family own a cow,
 She'll pay her way twice over;
 Buy a good one, buy her now,
 She'll help you live in clover.

The father scratched his old bald head
 And said, "I can't afford her;"
 Then ma, she said, "Pa, if you will,
 I'll take another boarder."

Chorus

The teacher said, "I've got a hunch,
 I do not think I'm fooled, sir;
 We'll use the milk in our hot lunch,
 And have a better school, sir."

Chorus

The doctor said, "This child needs milk,
 That's why it keeps on crying;
 You'd see it fatten in a month
 Instead of nearly dying."

Chorus

The merchant said, "My dear Mrs. Jones,
 I need good country butter,
 I cannot meet the calls I have,
 And prices are much better."

Chorus

The neighbor said, "My friend, be wise,
 And don't for love of mercy,
 Invest your money in a scrub,
 But get a purebred Jersey."

Chorus

OLD BLACK JOE

Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay;
 Gone are my friends from the cotton fields away;
 Gone from the earth to a better land I know,
 I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe."

I'm coming, I'm coming, for my head is bending low
 I hear those gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe."

Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain?
 Why do I sigh that my friends come not again?
 Grieving for forms now departed long ago,
 I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe."

CLUB WORK, OH!

(Tune: Old Black Joe)

Gone are the days when my work returned no pay,
 Gone are the times when I idled hours away,
 Gone are my doubts for the better things I know,
 I hear the home folks voices calling,
 Club Work, Oh.

Chorus

I'm coming, I'm coming
 For my bank is full of dough,
 I hear the home folks voices calling
 Club Work, Oh.

Why do I hoe and can and feed and keep
 Record of all I do and knowledge seek?
 So that myself and others too may know,
 How best to make the better be
 Club Work, Oh.

Chorus

I'm coming, I'm coming,
 I'll produce and save the grub,
 I hear Missouri's Juniors calling,
 Standard Club.

WE'RE FOREVER BLOWING BUBBLES*(Tune: Bubbles)*

We're forever boosting Club work,
 Boys' and Girls' Clubs everywhere;
 Our aim is high;
 We will always try,
 To keep our banner in the sky,
 Achievement is our watchword;
 The four-leaf clover rare,
 Means health and happiness forever.
 Boys' and Girls' Clubs everywhere.

SEWING*(Tune: Bubbles)*

I'm sewing seams
 In all my dreams;
 I'm making stitches nigh,
 They're fine and true;
 Mistakes are few—
 Just like the caster's die,
 And when the stitches are drawing
 I finish them at dawning.

Chorus

I'm forever making garments,
 Pretty garments every day.
 Even though I try.
 Seams will go wry,
 Still there's no time to sigh or cry;
 Aprons, caps and middies,
 We need them every day;
 I'm forever making garments, pretty
 garments every day.

BRING BACK MY BONNIE TO ME

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.

Refrain

Bring back, bring back,
 Bring back my Bonnie to me, to me,
 Bring back, bring back,
 Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me.

Last night as I lay on my pillow
 Last night as I lay on my bed,
 Last night as I lay on my pillow,
 I dreamt that my Bonnie was dead.

HAPPY SEWERS CLUB SONG

(Tune: My Bonnie)

Our girls are ever so busy,
 Our girls are doing their best;
 They're making the very best garments,
 So mothers can have their rest.

Chorus

Happy Sewers!
 We'll do lots of sewing this year, this year
 Happy Sewers!
 We'll do lots of sewing this year.

Hurrah for the club at -----
 They're sewing and stitching each day,
 They're making their best ever better,
 They're sewing on buttons to stay.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' CLUBS FOR ME

(Tune: Smiles)

There are boys that take to banking,
There are boys that like the law,
There are boys that think the busy doctor,
Is the one whose life has not a flaw,
There are boys that strive to make big fortunes
But for us you need not feel alarm,
For the boys that we want in the future,
Are the boys on the good old farm.

There are girls that think the city
Is the only place to go,
There are girls that do not care for cooking,
Or have no time to knit or sew,
There are girls that think the joy of living,
Is an auto or a dress so fine,
But the girls that we want in the future,
Are the girls with the 4-H sign.

There are clubs for girls in sewing,
There are clubs in canning too,
There are clubs that teach us to feed poultry,
As the best of poultry feeders do,
There are clubs for raising corn and taters,
Feeding pigs, or calves, or sheep so fine.
All these clubs to make us better farmers,
Are the clubs of the 4-H sign.

There are clubs to spend your money,
There are clubs to join for fun,
There are clubs to chase along the cattle,
Or with clubs sometimes a game is won.
There are clubs we often swing as dumb bells,
There are clubs that father took to me,
But of all the clubs you e'er could mention,
Are the Boys' and Girls' Clubs for me.

MISSOURI SMILES*(Tune: Smiles)*

There are smiles in old Kentucky,
 There are smiles in Idaho,
 There are smiles from Maine to California,
 From Wisconsin to New Mexico.
 There are smiles throughout this whole great nation
 In whatever state your footsteps fall,
 But the smiles you find in Missouri
 Are the smiles that are best of all.

4-H CLUB WORKERS*(Tune: Juanita)*

When in our Club work,
 We have learned to cook and sew,
 Then work's a pleasure,
 More like play, you know.
 And when someone calls us,
 "Come and help your mother now,"
 We will never grumble,
 For we know just how.

Chorus

Workers, 4-H workers,
 Tell me why you look so gay!
 Leader, 4-H leader,
 Now our work is play.

Pig comes a-grunting,
 Rubs his nose against my shoe;
 "Ugh-ugh" he's hungry,
 Now I've work to do.
 I'll raise maize to feed him,
 Treat the seed and grow the best,
 Keep my record daily,
 And he'll beat the rest.

Chorus

What fun to be a producer,
 Working for our county fair.
 Head, Heart, Hands and Health pledges,
 Each to do his share.

WAY DOWN UPON THE FARM*(Tune: Swanee River)*

'Way down upon the farm they found me,
 Lonesome and sad;
 Work seemed to me to be such trouble,
 'Twas just the same with dad.

Chorus

Now the world seems glad and cheery
 Everywhere I go,
 Oh, how my thoughts are turning ever,
 Back to our own Club Work.

BRING THE GOOD OLD 4-H SIGN*(Tune: Marching Through Georgia)*

Bring the good old 4-H sign,
 We'll give a hearty cheer,
 For the club work training,
 That it gives us every year,
 Heart and Head and Hands and
 Health are all remembered here,
 In making the best even better.

Chorus

Hurrah! Hurrah! We'll make the echoes ring!
 Hurrah! Hurrah! The club work is the thing!
 We'll boost the farm and country 'till old
 Agriculture's king,
 By making the best even better.

WORKING ON THE RAILROAD

I've been workin' on the railroad
 All the live-long day,
 I've been workin' on the railroad
 Just to pass the time away;
 Don't you hear the darkies singing
 Rise up early in the morn,
 Don't you hear the captain calling
 Dinnah! Blow your horn

CLUB SONG

(Tune: The Long, Long, Trail)

There's a long, long trail a-winding,
Into the land of our dreams,
With the boys and girls in Club work
And their demonstration teams.
We'll have lots of drill in canning,
Untill our dreams all come true,
And we're going to show the public
How Missouri clubs come through.

It's a long, long job in farming
To teach an old dog new tricks,
When you try to show him something
He at once begins his kicks,
But the youngster is the fellow
Who will always come through,
And we're going to show the public
What Missouri clubs can do.

There's a long, long time for hoeing
To keep your garden all clean,
When the summer sun is shining
And the woods are growing green
When you'd like to play at baseball,
Or take a ride in your Ford so new,
But we are going to show the public
How the boys and girls come through.

LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG

Once in the dear dead days beyond recall,
When on the world the mists began to fall,
Out of the dreams that rose in happy throng,
Low to our hearts Love sang an old sweet song,
And in the dusk where the firelights gleam,
Softly it wove itself into our dreams.

Chorus

Just a song at twilight, when the lights are low,
And the flick'ring shadows softly come and go;
Tho' the heart be weary, sad the day and long,
Still to us at twilight comes love's old song,
Comes love's old sweet song.

OUR CANNING CLUBS

(Tune: Marching Through Georgia)

Bring the good fresh fruit along,
We'll can every quart!
Can it with syrup
That will sweeten every part!
Can it as we ought to can it,
Cold Pack from the start,
While we are saving the products!

Chorus

Hurrah! Hurrah! We'll can from vine and tree!
Hurrah! Hurrah! We'll having a canning bee!
We'll can the surplus products that are good for you and me,
While we are working together.

We're Uncle Sam's own canning clubs,
We can your corn and meat,
We use the Cold Pack method
And the right amount of heat.
Yes, we can your squash and peas
And everything keeps sweet,
While we are canning together.

Chorus

Hurrah! Hurrah! We'll can up all the greens!
Hurrah! Hurrah! We'll all be canning queens!
We'll can the surplus products from the pumpkins to the
beans,
While we are working together.

CANNING CLUB SONG

(Tune: Marching Through Georgia)

Bring the juicy berries, girls, we'll sing another song!
Sing it with a spirit that will help the world along;
Sing it as we used to sing it, half a million strong;
While we are canning the berries.

Chorus

Oh girls, oh girls, we're on the job today;
Oh girls, oh girls, we'll seal them up to stay;
Seal them up with sugar in the good old-fashioned way;
While we are canning the berries.

JOLLY GOOD FELLOW*(Tune: The Bear Went Over The Mountain)*

The farmer's a jolly good fellow
 That nobody can deny;
 For if we do we die,
 He feeds the loafing fellow
 Who can't be made to try.

He's up at 4 in the morning
 To work until high noon
 He's gone again at one,
 It's not a lazy man's calling
 He returns by the light of the moon.

We'll be the men of tomorrow
 For we're the boys of today.
 We've learned to rake the hay
 We follow the plow and the harrow
 Club work has led the way.

TODAY IS MONDAY

Today is Monday,
 Today is Monday.
 Monday we hoe a row;
 All ye garden fellers,
 We wish the same to you.

Today is Tuesday,
 Today is Tuesday.
 Monday we hoe a row,
 Tuesday we sew a seam.
 All ye sewing daughters,
 We wish the same to you.

Today is Wednesday,
 Today is Wednesday.
 Monday we hoe a row,
 Tuesday we sew a seam,
 Wednesday we feed the pig.
 All ye pig-club fellers,
 We wish the same to you.

Today is Thursday,
Today is Thursday.
Monday we hoe a row,
Tuesday we sew a seam,
Wednesday we feed the pig,
Thursday we can a can.
All ye canning members,
We wish the same to you.

Today is Friday,
Today is Friday.
Monday we hoe a row,
Tuesday we sew a seam,
Wednesday we feed the pig,
Thursday we can a can,
Friday we raise a hen.
All ye poultry fellers,
We wish the same to you.

Today is Saturday,
Today is Saturday.
Monday we hoe a row,
Tuesday we sew a seam,
Wednesday we feed the pig,
Thursday we can a can,
Friday we raise a hen,
Saturday we bake a bun.
All ye bread-club daughters,
We wish the same to you.

Today is Sunday,
Today is Sunday.
Monday we hoe a row,
Tuesday we sew a seam,
Wednesday we feed the pig,
Thursday we can a can,
Friday we raise a hen,
Saturday we bake a bun,
Sunday we go to church,
All ye good club children,
We wish the same to you.

(Tune: Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Charms)

O, friends as we gather once more to renew
 Our hope and our faith for our task,
 May our failures all fade
 As the mists and the dew
 While strength for new duties we ask.
 We must work with new zest;
 We must all do our best,
 In the struggle for making men free.
 Then let's all join hands,
 Go forth for the test,
 To render the service we see.

IN THE EVENING BY THE MOONLIGHT

In the evening by the moonlight
 You can hear those darkies singing;
 In the evening by the moonlight
 You can hear those banjoes ringing;
 How the old folks would enjoy it,
 They would sit all night and listen,
 As we sang in the evening by the moonlight.

THE CHIGGER SONG

(Tune: Polly-Wolly-Doodle)

O, there was a little chigger,
 And he wasn't bigger
 Than the point of a very small pin;
 But the lump that he raises
 Just itches like the blazes,
 And that's where the rub comes in.

Comes in, comes in,
 O, that's where the rub comes in
 The lump that he raises
 Just itches like the blazes,
 And that's where the rub comes in.

PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES IN YOUR OLD KIT BAG

Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag
 And smile, smile, smile.
 While you've a lucifer to light your fag,
 Smile boys that's the style.
 What's the use of worrying?
 It never was worth while, so
 Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag
 And smile, smile, smile.

CLUB CAMP SONG

(Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic)

Mine eyes have seen the value of the club work in our state;
 We have worked all thru the summer and now have come to celebrate
 The other boys and girls were hanging on the garden gate
 While we came to the camp.

Chorus

Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!
 Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!
 Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!
 The camp goes marching on.

You may think to win in club work is an easy thing to do
 That the road that leads to vict'ry is quite easy to pursue;
 But believe me, it's a tussle from the start 'till we get through,
 But we came to the camp.

We are farmer lads and lassies and we know just how to toil,
 We are always up and doing and make profit from the soil;
 We raise winning pigs and chickens and can fruit that will not spoil,
 So we can come to camp.

We started in the club work, we went in to do or die,
 Now we're here while all the others are lamenting with a sigh;
 And we'll have some fun at camping or will know the reason why,
 That's why we came to camp.

(This camp song may be changed to the Fair.)

(Tune: *Glory, Glory Hallelujah!*)

(Suggestion: Repeat leaving out S-M-I-L-E, L-A-U-G-H and smile and laugh instead.)

Oh, It isn't any trouble just to S-M-I-L-E
 It isn't any trouble just to S-M-I-L-E
 If you get a little pig and you feed him 'till he's big,
 Then it isn't any trouble just to S-M-I-L-E.

It is isn't any trouble just to L-A-U-G-H (ha, ha)
 It isn't any trouble just to L-A-U-G-H (ha, ha)
 So if you have any trouble, it will vanish like a bubble,
 For it isn't any trouble just to L-A-U-G-H (ha, ha, ha, ha)

DIXIE LAND

I wish I was in the land ob cotton,
 Old times dar am not forgotten,
 Look away! look away! Dixie land
 In Dixie Land whar I was born in,
 Early on one frosty mornin'.
 Look away! look away! look away! Dixie Land.

Chorus

Den I wish I was in Dixie, Hooray! Hooray!
 In Dixie Land I'll take my stand,
 To lib and die in Dixie.
 Away, away, away down South in Dixie.
 Away, away, away down South in Dixie.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home,
 'Tis summer, the darkies are gay:
 The corn tops ripe and the meadows are in bloom,
 While the birds make music all the day:
 The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
 All merry, all happy and bright,
 By'n by "Hard Times" comes a-knocking at the door,
 Then my old Kentucky home good-night.
 Weep no more my lady,
 Oh, weep no more today;
 We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
 For the old Kentucky home far away.

TENTING TO-NIGHT

We're tenting to-night on the old Camp Ground.
 Give us a song to cheer
 Our weary hearts, a song of home
 And friends we love so dear.

Chorus

Many are the hearts that are weary to-night
 Wishing for the war to cease;
 Many are the hearts that are looking for the right
 To see the dawn of peace.
 Tenting to-night, tenting to-night, tenting on the old camp ground.

We've been tenting to-night on the old Camp ground,
 Thinking of days gone by,
 Of the loved ones at home that gave us the hand
 And the tear that said "Good-bye".

Chorus

We are tired of the war on the old Camp ground
 Many are dead and gone
 Of the brave and true who've left their homes,
 Others been wounded long.

Chorus

CHURCH IN THE WILDWOOD

There's a church in the valley by the wildwood—
 No lovelier place in the dale—
 No spot is so dear to my childhood
 As the little brown church in the vale.

(Tenor): O come, come, come, come,
 (Cho): Come to the church in the wildwood,
 O come to the church in the vale,
 No spot is so dear to my childhood,
 As the little brown church in the vale.

How sweet on a bright sabbath morning
 To list to the clear—ringing bell,
 Its tones so sweetly are calling
 O come to the church in the vale

CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY

Carry me back to old Virginny,
 There's where the cotton and the corn and tatoes grow,
 There's where the birds warble sweet in the springtime,
 There's where the old darkey's heart am long'd to go,
 There's where I labored so hard for old Massa,
 Day after day in the field of yellow corn,
 No place on earth do I love more sincerely
 Than old Virginny the state where I was born.

Chorus

Carry me back to old Virginny,
 There's where the cotton and the corn and tatoes grow,
 There's where the birds warble sweet in the springtime,
 There's where this old darkey's heart has long'd to go.

Carry me back to old Virginny,
 There let me live 'till I wither and decay,
 Long by the old Dismal Swamp have I wandered,
 There's where this old darkey's life will pass away.
 Massa and Missis have long gone before me,
 Soon we will meet on that bright and golden shore,
 There we'll be happy and free from all sorrow,
 There's where we'll meet and we'll never part no more.

Chorus

ROUND: ROW, ROW, ROW YOUR BOAT

Row, row, row your boat
 Gently down the stream;
 Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily,
 Life is but a dream.

Hoe, hoe, hoe your row,
 Through the summer heat;
 Merrily do your bit, cheerily stick to it,
 Raising beans and wheat.

Save, save, save the wheat,
 Meat and sugar, too!
 Corn and potatoes and rice and tomatoes
 Are mighty good for you!

Hoe, hoe, hoe your row,
 Steadily every day,
 Merrily, merrily, cheerily, cheerily,
 Half our work is play.

Can, can all you can,
 Everything comes our way,
 Merrily, merrily, cheerily, cheerily,
 Half our work is play.

Grow, grow, grow a pig,
 Fatter every day,
 Merrily, merrily, cheerily, cheerily,
 Growing a pig will pay.

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING

Work, for the night is coming,
 Work thro' the morning hours;
 Work while the dew is sparkling,
 Work 'mid springing flow'rs;
 Work, when the day grows brighter,
 Work in the glowing sun;
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man's work is done.

Work, for the night is coming,
 Work thro' the sunny noon;
 Fill brightest hours with labor,
 Rest comes sure and soon:
 Give every flying minute,
 Something to keep in store:
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man works no more.

Work, for the night is coming,
 Under the sunset skies;
 While their bright tints are glowing,
 Work, for daylight flies:
 Work, 'till the last beam fadeth
 Fadeth, to shine no more;
 Work while the night is dark'ning
 When man's work is o'er

OUR STANDARD CLUB

(Tune: The End of a Perfect Day)

When we learn of the work of a Standard Club,
 And we try to achieve this goal,
 As we view the work of the boys and girls,
 Who have labored with heart and soul;
 Do you think what a year of such earnest work,
 Can bring to us every one,
 When the year rolls round and the seal is won,
 That will show what the club has done?

When we've earned the seal of a Standard Club
 And our team lines up with the rest,
 Let us ever strive with a high ideal
 To make our State the best,
 Let us each one try with a willing hand
 To help our neighbor, too,
 Let us earn a trip to State College farm,
 And learn methods tried and true.

FRENCH-CANADIAN BOATING SONG

All: Allouetta, gentile Allouetta;
 Allouetta, J'et a plumare.

Leader: J'et a plumare le tete?

All: J'et a plumare le tete.

Leader: Et le tete?

All: Et le tete.

Leader: Allouetta?

All: Allouetta.

All: Allouetta, gentile Allouetta,
 Allouetta, J'et a plumare.

(Repeat adding the following:)

Et le bek

Et le do

Et le nu

Et le zhn

Et le na

Et le tres.

BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES

Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness,
Sowing in the noon-tide and the dewy eves;
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,
We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

Chorus

Bringing in the sheaves;
Bringing in the sheaves;
We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

(Repeat)

Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,
We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

Going forth with weeping, sowing for the Master,
Tho' the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;
When our weeping's over,
He will bid us welcome,
We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME

Way down upon the Swanee ribber,
Far, far away,
Dere's wha my heart is turning ebber,
Dere's wha de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation,
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for de old plantation,
And for de old folks at home.

Chorus

All de world am sad and dreary,
Ebry where I roam,
Oh! darkeys, how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home.

All 'round de little farm I wander'd
When I was young,

Den many happy days I squander'd,
 Many de songs I sung.
 When I was playing wid my brudder,
 Happy was I,
 Oh! take me to my kind old mudder,
 Dere let me live and die.

One little hut among de bushes,
 One dat I love,
 Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,
 No matter where I rove.
 When will I see de bees a-humming,
 All round de comb?
 When will I hear de bango tumming,
 Down in my good old home?

AMERICA, THE BEAUTIFUL

Oh 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.

Oh 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.

Oh 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.

YELLS

Chi-hee, chia, chi-hah—hah-hah
Canning Club, Canning Club, rah! rah! rah!

Rickety, rickety, rickety, boom!
Who! which! what! whom!
Boys' clubs, girls' clubs, give us room!

When you're up, you're up,
When you're down, you're down
When you're up against.....
You're up side down!

Pepper, pepper, pepperation
We're Missouri Aggregation
We create a great sensation,
Pepper, Pepper, Pepperation!

Wash 'em out, wring 'em out,
Hang 'em on the line.
We're strong for the Club Work
Any old time.

Rattle up a tin can
Shinny up a tree,
We're for Club Work
As strong as can be!

Thunder, Lightning,
Rain or Sleet
Club Work, Club Work
Can't be beat!

Wee! wee! wee! who are we?
Missouri Pig Club, come and see,
Rip rah, Zip rah, rip rah ree
Piggy wiggy, Ugh, ugh,
Wee! wee! wee!

Rickety, rickety, rickety, Rep!
"Show-me-state" club girls have the Pep.
Watch us bake, watch us sew,
We are club girls, Yea! let's go.

Hoc-a-tee, Wick-a-tee,
Yak-a-tee! Spat
Feed-a-dem-well! Make-a-dem-fat.
Twist-a-da-tail, Whoa! there kew
Missouri calf club, Moo! Moo! Moo!

1-2-3-4

Whom are we for?

----- Club

Rah! Rah! Rah!

5-6-7-8

Whom do we appreciate?

 ("Mr." or "Mrs." "our leader" "our visitors", etc.)

Rah! Rah! Rah!

I'm Missouri born,
 I'm Missouri bred,
 And when I die
 I'm Missouri dead.
 Rah, Rah, for Missouri,
 Rah, Rah for Missouri,
 Rah, Rah, for Missouri,
 Rah! Rah! Rah!

Your pep, your pep
 You've got it,
 Now keep it,
 Dog gone it,
 Don't lose it,
 Your pep, your pep.

What's the matter with ----- (leader)

He's (or she) all right (club members)

Who's all right? (Leader)

-----, -----, Rah! Rah! Rah! (Members)

Rizzle, razzle, sizzle, sazzle,
 Siss, boom, bah!
 Boys' and Girls' Club Work
 Rah! Rah! Rah!

Stand us on our heads,
 Stand us on our feet,
 Boys' and Girls' Club work
 Can't be beat.

Sisssssssss -----

Boom! -----

Bah! -----

Club Work, Club Work, Rah! Rah! Rah!

Rah! Rah! Rah-Rah-Rah!
 Rah! Rah! Rah-Rah-Rah!
 Rah! Rah! Rah-Rah-Rah!
 Missouri! Missouri! Missouri!

