

SECTION I

MOWGLIS SONGS

The Graduates' Hymn

*Mrs. Elizabeth Ford Holt*

*Tune: "Fair Harvard"*

NOTE: This hymn is sung only on certain occasions—standing

O Mowglis! thy sons have grown sturdy and strong,  
Some must part from the Jungle today;  
Their faces are turned to the pathways beyond,  
But their hearts with their brothers will stay—  
The call of the Pack  
They ne'er can forget,  
"We be of one blood, Brothers All!"  
Good hunting! to those who are loyal and brave!  
Then hark ye! O hark to the Call!

The Trail of the Man-Cub

*Mrs. Elizabeth Ford Holt*

*Tune: In the Evening by the Moonlight*

There's a trail that thou must follow,  
O! thou man-cub of tomorrow!  
Strong of limb and clean of heart,  
Let thy hunting help the weaker.  
Towards the path that's straight and narrow,  
On the trail that shows no favor,  
Brothers all—we hunt together!

## Men of Mowglis

*Richard Benson (1932)*

*Tune: Men of Harlech*

Men of Mowglis, see the glory,  
Told in Kipling's Jungle story,  
Of Akela's friendship learn ye,  
Hark then to the tale.  
With Baloo we tear asunder,  
At Kaa's strength we gaze in wonder,  
Hathi's cry sounds as the thunder,  
Through Waingunga's vale.  
Warned by Black Bagheera,  
Danger creeping nearer,  
Fend and fight for all thy life,  
To guard those who are dearer.  
Oh! Man Cub ever, by endeavor,  
March right on, let nothing sever  
Truth and God from life; forever  
Reach for Victory.

Look upon these friendly brothers,  
Ikki, Chil, and Mang and others,  
Rakshah, bravest of all mothers,  
Scan ye now the tale.  
In our camp fire see the waking  
Of the Red Flower, Shere Khan's breaking,  
Rama's herd the earth is shaking,  
Rushing down the dale.  
See Shere Khan is flying,  
Fear without denying,  
Comes the end can he forefend?  
All evil now is dying.  
To truth and God we reach ne'er quailing,  
Wrong on every side assailing,  
Forward press with heart unfailing,  
On to Victory.

## Song of the Wolf Pack

*Rudyard Kipling*

As the dawn was breaking the sambar belled,  
Once, twice, and again!  
And a doe leaped up—and a doe leaped up  
From the pond in the wood where the wild deer sup.  
This I scouting alone beheld,  
This I scouting alone beheld,  
Once, twice, and again!

As the dawn was breaking the sambar belled,  
Once, twice, and again!  
And a wolf stole back—and a wolf stole back  
To carry the word to the waiting pack;  
And we sought and we found and we bayed on his  
track,  
And we sought and we found and we bayed on his  
track,  
And we sought and we found and we bayed on his  
track,  
Once, twice, and again.

As the dawn was breaking the wolf-pack yelled,  
Once, twice, and again!  
Feet in the Jungle that leave no mark!  
Eyes that can see in the dark—the dark!  
Tongue—give tongue to it. Hark! O, Hark!  
Tongue—give tongue to it. Hark! O, Hark!  
Tongue—give tongue to it. Hark! O, Hark!  
Once, twice, and again.

## The Jungle Song

*Words and Music by Harvey R. Russell (1935)*

Hear the song of the Jungle,  
Hear it soft and low;  
With the winds that are sighing through the trees,  
And the crickets that chirp below.  
Hear it in the moonlight,  
Hear it in the sun,  
'Tis a song of light and a song of might,  
And a song that seems to grow!  
Brothers of the Jungle,  
Come join the throng;  
Come back to Mowglis,  
Where the days are never long.  
Loyalty to the Pack we love,  
Raise the song to the skies above,  
Right to Cardigan let it run!  
Lift the Jungle Song!

## Night Song in the Jungle

*Rudyard Kipling*

*Tune: Gypsy Patteran*

When Rann, the Kite, brings home the night  
That Mang, the Rat, sets free—  
The herds are shut in byre and hut,  
For loosed till dawn are we.  
O, hear the call!—Good hunting all } *(Repeat)*  
That keep the Jungle Law!

This is the hour of pride and power,  
Talon and tush and claw;  
O, hear the call! Good hunting all  
That keep the Jungle Law!  
O, hear the call!—Good hunting all } *(Repeat)*  
That keep the Jungle Law!

## Hail to Mowglis

*Words and Music by  
Harvey R. Russell (1934)*

Up among New Hampshire's wooded hills lies Lake  
Pasquaney's waters  
There you'll find a camp that's full of cheer and  
whose spirit never falters.  
Hail then to Mowglis!  
Hail to the Cubs and Pack!  
We love the life there;  
It's always great to be back!  
Crews, hikes and camp-fires—  
Days all with pleasure packed;  
So let's all give a cheer—lift a song loud and clear  
for Mowglis our own!

## Mowglis Evening Hymn

*Robert Holt Iglehart (1938)*

*Tune: Sibelius' Finlandia  
(Spirited)*

Come, raise the song of Mowglis men united;  
Blaze high the flame of fellowship and cheer.  
Here let the fires of brotherhood be lighted,  
And Mowglis' name ring out in echoes clear.  
Fame to our founder and her noble vision!  
Hail, Mowglis men! Hail, Brothers, far and near!  
*(Hymn: more slowly)*

O God of all above, below these skies,  
Thy gifts bestowed upon these boys and men  
Make us as one beneath Thy kindly eyes;  
We live as brothers here within Thy ken.  
Lord, bring to Mowglis wisdom, joy and unity,  
That we, her sons, may stronger, happier be!

## Mowglis Good-Night Song

*Words and Music by Harvey R. Russell*

Evening's sunset paints the sky  
Smoke from campfire drifts on high;  
Songs and stories we like best.  
Just before we go to rest.  
Good night to every Mowglis  
Say "good-night" to those away and these with in our  
sight  
The fun we've had we will not soon for-get  
The things we've done and the pals we've met—and  
so  
Good-night to every Mowglis,  
Say "Good-night,"  
Above may each boy's star send forth its light,  
While songs from Cubs and Pack now wing their  
flight,  
Good-night, Good-night, Good-night.

## SECTION 2

### CAMP FIRE SONGS

#### Mowglis We Go Singing On

*R. MacKaye (1920)*

*Tune: Gypsy Patteran*

Mowglis we go singing on  
Into the coming years.  
Comrades! shortly each must choose  
Whither and how he steers.  
For it's Hi-oh! Hi-oh! } (Repeat)  
Whither and how he steers. }

Brothers, under the silver moon,  
Over the mist-hid lake,  
Wandering where the mountains loom,  
Is the road we take.  
For it's Hi-oh! Hi-oh! } (Repeat)  
Is the road we take. }

Marching! we are on our way  
Into an unknown land,  
Swiftly days slip out behind,  
Moulded by our hand.  
For it's Hi-oh! Hi-oh! } (Repeat)  
Moulded by our hand. }

Whispering pines admonish us!  
Soften our sleep sweet night!  
Mowglis, be our guide awhile,  
Granting us thy light.  
For it's Hi-oh! Hi-oh! } (Repeat)  
Granting us thy light. }

### There's a Lake in the Mountains Gleaming

*Theodore Spencer (1921)*

*Tune: There's a Long, Long Trail*

There's a lake in the mountains gleaming,  
With a sunset glow above,  
Where a crescent moon is shining  
On the camp we love.  
And while daylight fades to evening  
And shadows creep o'er the sky,  
We'll sing tonight by campfire light  
To a Mowglis day gone by.

### Just a Song at Twilight

*Stephen Hopkins and W. M. McKee (1928)*

*Tune: Just a Song at Twilight*

Just a song at twilight,  
As the campfire burns,  
And our loyal Mowglis,  
For his comrade yearns;  
While the strains of voices  
Echo far and near,  
Through the jungle traces  
Of our camp so dear,  
Of our camp so dear.

### A Smart Mowglis Man

*William Spofford (1912)*

*Tune: Trinity*

Oh! a smart Mowglis man conceived a mighty plan  
And at once he put the project into motion;  
For he built a great big boat  
And he set the thing afloat.  
Now Mowglis's the gem of all the ocean!

*Chorus*

So Hip, Hip, Hurray!  
We'll sing till dawn of day,  
And each to the other pledge devotion.  
Here's health to you and me,  
Long may she ever be  
Mowglis, the gem of all the ocean!  
*(Repeat Chorus faster)*

### Mowglis Hiking Song

*William G. Land (1928)*

*Tune: As the Backs Go Tearing By*

As the clouds go tearing by,  
We climb nearer to the sky.  
We are the Mowglis Pack;  
We climb the mountain track,  
As the clouds go tearing by.  
When the sun shines on the trail,  
When the rain comes down like hail,  
We are always full of vim,  
We will fight—and we will win,  
As the clouds go tearing by.

### Canoe Along

(1905)

*Tune: Chant*

Canoe along, canoe along.  
The summer's just begun, boys!  
Summer's just begun, boys!  
Summer's just begun.  
Canoe along, canoe along.  
The summer's just begun, boys;  
Cheer for the Old Mowglis.  
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Canoe along, canoe along.  
The summer's just for fun, boys! Etc.

Canoe along, canoe along.  
The summer's halfway done, boys, Etc.

Canoe along, canoe along.  
The summer's almost done, boys! Etc.

### Show Me the Scotchman

*Dr. John H. T. Sweet, Jr. (1911)*

*Tune: Show Me the Scotchman*

Show me the Scotchman that doesn't love the thistle,  
Show me the Englishman that doesn't love the rose,  
Show me the Mowglis—the son of the forest—  
That doesn't love the place—where—

*(Strike heart twice)*

The pine-tree grows.

### Old Ford Hall

*C. E. Hadley (1925)*

*Tune: H. P. S. Hartford High*

Up on the hill in old Ford Hall  
We've listened to the Mowglis Call,  
Learning the lesson we Cubs must know,  
Thinking of days to come.  
Some day the Pack will be proud to know  
Us as we come to the camp below.  
Ready to fight for right,  
Just as in old Ford Hall.

Oh, give a cheer for old Ford Hall.  
In our hearts she's first of all.  
May we ne'er forget to sing  
Praises to her name.

We're (seventeen) boys in Mowglis gray,  
As we go marching on to victory.  
And when we're Dennites grave,  
We'll look back to our Cave  
And give a long cheer for old Ford Hall.

## We Are the Cubs

*Matthew Baird, 3rd (1928)*

*Tune: Here they Come with Fife and Drum*

We'll rise and sing!  
Let voices ring  
With a song we echo long and loud.  
Our voices raise  
To sing the praise  
Of a name of which we all are proud.  
We play the game  
For Mowglis fame,  
May her honor never fall.  
Oh, hear us howl, *howl*, HOWL!  
Oh, hear us growl, *growl*, GROWL!  
We are the Cubs, from old Ford Hall.

## 1938 Cub Song

*Words: Lewis W. Clough*

*Music: Harvey R. Russell*

We live in Ford and Rann,  
We're loyal to a man,  
We're (eighteen) husky Cubs in very proud array.  
A picnic, swim, or hike  
Are some of the things we like.  
Oh, we love the life at Mowglis every day.

The first thing that you know,  
We'll all go down below.  
And join up with the Pack in sturdy old Baloo.  
In the sweet bye and bye,  
How fast the time will fly  
In Akela, Toomai, yes, and Panther, too.

A little while and then  
We'll all be in the Den.  
Our life at Mowglis Camp will soon be nearly o'er  
But you can safely bet  
We never will forget  
Those happy, happy days of yore.

## TOOMAI SONG

(Philip B. and William B. Hart)

There is a dorm you know  
That's ever on the go,  
And if you think awhile you'll guess its name;  
We're youngest of the Pack,  
But spirit never lack,  
And far and wide is spread our claim to fame!  
We have a brook we guard,  
Right in our own back yard,  
(Perhaps this clue will tell you who we are!);  
For though we're only ten,  
We have the strength of men,  
And we expect to travel very far!

So here's to great Toomai,  
Our ever proud Toomai,  
Of all the Pack she certainly is best.  
And to our dear Toomai  
We lift our voices high,  
And then go on to live our lives with zest.  
Rah! Rah! Rah! Toomai!  
Rah! Rah! Rah! Toomai!  
She stands for all the things we know are right.  
Then Stand for old Toomai,  
Our ever bold Toomai,  
These Mowglis years will then be ever bright.

### Toomai Song

*Tune: All Pals Together*

(1937)

All pals together,  
In fair or stormy weather,  
Cheer—for—Toomai,  
Tell of her glory;  
Ever we'll love her.  
Seeking new trails to discover,  
Or the Pack we're the leaders,  
Cheer for old Toomai!

### Baloo Song

Come let us sing a song, boys,  
To our sturdy home Baloo;  
Of all the camp she's finest,  
Filled with campers strong and true.  
In Baloo we are ever loyal,  
In Baloo we're glad to say  
We're very proud we belong to the Mowglis Pack,  
And follow the Mowglis way!

### BALOO SONG

(W.B. Hart)

Of all the camp there is  
No other dorm that is  
Quite so spectacular  
As old Baloo!  
She really has the class,  
All others does surpass  
In all particulars,  
Does old Baloo!  
Out on the mountain trail  
She leads them all,  
She has the spirit  
And she's on the ball! Hey!  
Here's to the dorm that's best,  
She'll always lead the rest,  
Stand up and give a cheer  
For old Baloo!

Named for Baloo the bear,  
We always do our share  
In weather foul or fair,  
Our dorm is great!  
We're always on the ball,  
Hark to the Mowglis Call,  
"Good Hunting, one and all!"  
Let's celebrate!  
In camp or on the trail,  
We do our best;  
In all the camping ways  
We pass the test.  
Never a dorm so fine,  
We love her all the time,  
Stand up and give a cheer  
For old Baloo!



### Akela Song

*William Eareckson (1933)*

When our camp days are over  
And we're all grown men,  
Our thoughts will turn backward  
To Mowglis again.  
And foremost in memory  
Akela will stand,  
Where we lived as brothers,  
Hand in hand.

For we love one another  
And give and take;  
In all fields of action  
New records we make!  
"Akela will fight hard  
And never say die!"  
That's the motto  
That we live by.

### Panther Beata

*C. E. Hadley (1919)*

*Tune: Bowdoin Beata*

Give a cheer for an answer when they call the name  
of Panther

She is the fairest dormitory here.

Dear old Mowglis is our Mother,

We own the Pack as brothers,

With loyalty our motto evermore.

### *Chorus*

Then fight! fight! fight for the right!  
Fight and keep on fighting till you die!  
Mowglis taught the name of Brother,  
True love for one another,  
Now Panther shouts that message to the sky!

### 1920 Den Song

*C. E. Hadley*

*Tune: Marching Through Georgia*

We live in dear old Mowglis,  
And we have a mighty name;  
Our dormitory leads the Pack  
In every kind of game.  
Our graduates have left their tracks  
High in the halls of fame.  
Den leads you onward to glory.

### *Chorus*

Hurrah! Hurrah!  
Three cheers for dear old Den.  
Hurrah! Hurrah!  
She makes true Mowglis men.  
Oh, we love her dear, we have no fear,  
Her name will never die,  
Den's marching onward to glory.

The CAVITES say they're satisfied  
To live in old Ford Hall.  
The TOOMAITES and BALOITES  
Each think they're best of all.  
The black and yellow PANTHERITES  
All raise a lusty call,  
But they'd love to be DENITES tomorrow.

### *Chorus*

### Good Camp-Fire Days

By Charles Jathro (1916)

*Tune: Sweet Adeline*

Good camp-fire days,  
Old camp-fire days:  
With fellows few,  
And good cheer, too:  
By Newfound Lake  
We'll Sugar Loaf wake,  
And we'll sing our camping lays—  
Good camp-fire days.

### Keep the Camp-Fires Burning

By Charles Jathro (1916)

*Tune: Keep the Home Fires Burning*

Keep the camp-fire burning,  
Heart for Mowgli yearning—  
Always have a welcome word for all the Pack.  
Play the game with spirit,  
Never quit—nor fear it!  
Play the game, and play it well  
With a good come-back!

### The Mowglis Boating Song

Wilton E. Henley (1933)

*Tune: Eaton Boating Song.*

When Mowglis men are rowing  
On fair Pasquaney Lake,  
They make a gallant showing  
With every stroke they take.

#### *Chorus*

So swing, swing together,  
Whether you're Red or Blue;  
Swing, swing together  
Thinking *not* of yourself, but the *crew*.

When Crew Day brings elation  
And we put our boats afloat,  
Each stroke needs concentration:  
Remember now . . . EYES IN THE BOAT.

As you swing, swing, etc.

And when the race is finished  
And oars are put away,  
Our joy is undiminished  
If we've rowed in the proper way.

So swing, swing, etc.

### Abdul-La-Bullbull-La-Mere

The sons of the prophets are valiant and bold  
And wholly impervious to fear;  
But the bravest of all or at least so I'm told  
Is Abdul-La-Bullbull-La-Mere.

There are brave men in plenty all well known to fame  
In the army that's led by the Czar,  
But the bravest of all is a man by the name  
Of Ivan-Skivinski-Skivar.

He could imitate Irving, tell fortunes at cards,  
And play on the Spanish guitar,  
In fact, quite the cream of the Muscovite team  
Was Ivan-Skivinski-Skivar.

One day this bold Russian he shouldered his gun,  
And with his most cynical sneer,  
Went walking downtown when he came right upon  
Brave Abdul-La-Bullbull-La-Mere.

"Young man," said Bullbull, "is existence so dull  
That you wish to end your career?  
For infidel, know, you have trod on the toe  
Of Abdul-La-Bullbull-La-Mere."

Then this warrior bold swore a swear, so I'm told  
That brought the good folk from afar,  
And with murder intent he ferociously went  
For Ivan-Skivinski-Skivar.

The Sultan rode up the disturbance to quell  
And to give to the victor a cheer,  
He arrived just in time to take hasty farewell  
Of Abdul-La-Bullbull-La-Mere.

There lieth a stone where the Danube doth roll  
And on it in characters clear,  
Is "Stranger, remember to pray for the soul  
Of Abdul-La-Bullbull-La-Mere."

A Muscovite maiden her vigil doth keep  
In the land of the cold Northern Star,  
And the name that she murmurs so oft in her sleep  
Is Ivan-Skivinski-Skivar.

### The Happy Wanderer

1. I love to go a-wandering  
Along the mountain track,  
And as I go I love to sing,  
My knapsack on my back.

#### *Refrain*

Valderee, Valdera  
Valderee, Valdera-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha  
Valderee, Valdera  
My knapsack on my back.

2. I wave my hat to all I meet,  
And they wave back to me.  
And blackbirds call so loud and sweet,  
From every greenwood tree.

#### *Refrain*

3. Oh may I go a-wandering  
Until the day I die.  
Oh may I always laugh and sing  
Beneath God's clear blue sky.

#### *Refrain*

### There's One Wide River to Cross

Old Noah he built himself an Ark,  
There's one wide river to cross;  
He thatched it up with hickory bark,  
There's one wide river to cross.

#### Chorus

One wide river, that one wide river is Jordan;  
One wide river, there's one wide river to cross.

The animals came in one by one,  
There's one wide river to cross,  
The elephant munching a caraway bun,  
There's one wide river to cross.

#### Chorus

The animals came in two by two,  
There's one wide river to cross;  
The monkey and the kangaroo,  
There's one wide river to cross.

#### Chorus

The animals came in three by three,  
There's one wide river to cross;  
The bug and the bear and the bumblebee,  
There's one wide river to cross.

#### Chorus

The animals came in four by four,  
There's one wide river to cross;  
Old Noah got mad and hollered for more,  
There's one wide river to cross.

#### Chorus

The animals came in five by five,  
There's one wide river to cross;  
With wardrobe trunks they did arrive,  
There's one wide river to cross.

#### Chorus

The animals came in six by six,  
There's one wide river to cross;  
The leopard laughed at the monkey's tricks,  
There's one wide river to cross.

#### Chorus

The animals came in seven by seven,  
There's one wide river to cross;  
Now you may think there's at least eleven,  
But there ain't!

### My Castle on the River Nile

Oh, in my castle on the River Nile  
I'm going to live in elegant style:  
Baboon butler at my door,  
Diamond carpets all over the floor.  
I'm going to marry the princess of Kalamazoo  
My blood's going to change from red to blue:  
Entertain royalty all the while  
In my castle, castle, castle, on the  
River, River Nile!

### It Was Friday Night When We Set Sail

It was Friday night when we set sail,  
And we were not far from the land.  
When the captain spied a lovely mermaid  
With a comb and a brush in her hand, hand, hand,  
With a comb and a brush in her hand.

#### *Chorus*

Oh! the ocean waves may roll, may roll,  
And the stormy winds may blow, may blow,  
While we poor sailors go skipping to the tops  
While the land-lubbers lie down below, below, below,  
While the land-lubbers lie down below.

Then up spoke the captain of our gallant ship,  
And a well-spoken man was he;  
"I have married a wife in Salem Town,  
And tonight she a widow will be, will be,  
And tonight she a widow will be."

Then up spoke the cook of our gallant ship,  
And a red hot cook was he;  
"I care much more for my kettles and my pots  
Than I do for the bottom of the sea, sea, sea,  
Than I do for the bottom of the sea."

Then three times round, went our gallant ship  
And three times round went she;  
Then three times round went our gallant ship  
And sank to the bottom of the sea, sea, sea,  
And sank to the bottom of the sea.

### The Little Brown Bug

First came in a little brown bug,  
A-ha! A-ha!  
First came in a little brown bug  
And ran around the cider jug,  
A-ha! A-ha!

Then came in a little black snake,  
A-ha! A-ha!  
Then came in a little black snake  
And curled around the jelly cake,  
A-ha! A-ha!

Then came in a little white chick,  
A-ha! A-ha!  
Then came in a little white chick  
Who ate so much he made himself sick,  
A-ha! A-ha!

Then they called for Doctor Fly,  
A-ha! A-ha!  
Then they called for Doctor Fly  
Who said that chick must surely die,  
Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo!

The song book lies upon the shelf,  
A-ha! A-ha!  
The song book lies upon the shelf,  
If you want more why sing yourself!  
A-ha! A-ha!

## By the Light of the Moon

By the light of the moon,  
By the light of the moon,  
By the light, by the light,  
By the light of the moon;  
If you want to be a Mowgli  
Just come along with me  
By the light,  
By the light of the moon!

A Thomas cat sat on a fence  
His feet were full of blisters.  
By the light, by the light,  
By the light of the moon.  
He was picking his teeth with a monkey wrench  
And the wind blew through his whiskers—  
By the light,  
By the light of the moon!

*(Repeat 1st Verse)*

A boy stood on the railroad track,  
He heard the engine squeal—  
By the light, by the light,  
By the light of the moon.  
The engineer climbed slowly down  
And scraped him off the wheel!  
By the light,  
By the light of the moon!

*(Repeat 1st Verse)*

## SECTION 4

### GENERAL SONGS

#### I've Been Working on the Railroad

I've been working on the railroad  
All the live-long day.  
I've been working on the railroad  
Just to pass the time away.  
Can't you hear the whistle blowin',  
Rise up so early in the morn.  
Can't you hear the Captain calling,  
"Dinah, blow your horn."

Dinah won't you blow?  
Dinah won't you blow?  
Dinah won't you blow your horn, your horn?  
Dinah won't you blow?  
Dinah won't you blow?  
Dinah won't you blow your horn?

Some one's in the kitchen with Dinah,  
Some one's in the kitchen I know.  
Some one's in the kitchen with Dinah,  
Strummin' on the old banjo.

Singin' Fe-fi-fiddly-i-o  
Fe-fi-fiddly-i-o-o-o-o  
Fe-fi-fiddly-i-O,  
Strummin' on the old banjo.

### Dunderbeck

There was a fat old Dutchman  
And his name was Dunderbeck.  
He was very fond of sausage-meat  
And sauerkraut and speck.  
He had the finest butcher shop,  
The finest ever seen,  
And he ground himself some sausage meat  
In Dunderbeck's machine.

#### *Chorus*

Oh, Dunderbeck, Oh, Dunderbeck!  
How could you be so mean?  
I'm sorry you invented that terrible machine.  
For all the cats and all the rats  
Will never more be seen,  
For they've all been ground to sausage meat  
In Dunderbeck's machine.

One day a very little boy  
Came walking in the store,  
He ordered up some sausage-meat  
And eggs, a half a score.  
And while he stood a-waiting  
He whistled up a tune,  
And the sausage meat it started up  
And danced around the room.

#### *Chorus*

One day when he was working  
The machine it would not go.  
So Dunderbeck, he crawled inside  
The reason for to know.  
His wife she had a night-mare  
And came walking in her sleep.  
And she gave the crank an awful yank  
And Dunderbeck was meat.

#### *Chorus*

### I Got Sixpence

I got sixpence, jolly, jolly sixpence;  
I got sixpence to last me all my life.  
I got tupence to spend and tupence to lend  
And tupence to send home to my wife, poor wife.

#### *Refrain*

No cares have I to grieve me,  
No pretty little girls to deceive me;  
I'm as happy as a lark believe me,  
As we go rolling, rolling home.  
Rolling home, Rolling home,  
By the light of the silvery moon.  
Happy is the day when the counsellors get their pay,  
As we go rolling, rolling home.

I got fourpence, jolly, jolly fourpence;  
I got fourpence to last me all my life.  
I got tupence to spend and tupence to lend  
And nopence to send home to my wife, poor wife.

#### *Refrain*

I got tupence, jolly, jolly tupence;  
I got tupence, to last me all my life.  
I got tupence to spend and nopence to lend  
And nopence to send home to my wife, poor wife.

#### *Refrain*

I got nopence, jolly, jolly nopence;  
I got nopence to last me all my life.  
I got nopence to spend and nopence to lend  
And nopence to send home to my wife, poor wife.

#### *Refrain*