

Camp Digalus 2008 Song Sheet

Ogie Ogie Oggie

1st Group: Oggy Oggy Oggy!
2nd Group: Oi Oi Oi!

1st Group: Oggy Oggy Oggy!
2nd Group: Oi Oi Oi!

1st Group: Oggy!
2nd Group: Oi!

1st Group: Oggy!
2nd Group: Oi!

1st Group: Oggy Oggy Oggy!
2nd Group: Oi Oi Oi!

No Flies On Us

1st Group: There are no flies on us
2nd Group: There are no flies on us
1st Group: There may be flies
2nd Group: On some of you guys
All: But there are no flies on us

The Moose Song

There was a great big moose
Who liked to drink a lot of juice
There was a great big moose
Who liked to drink a lot of juice

Chorus:
Singing whoa-oh-oh-oh
Way-oh way-oh way-oh way-oh
Way-oh, way-oh!
Way-oh way-oh way-oh way-oh

The moose's name was Fred
He liked to drink his juice in bed
The moose's name was Fred
He liked to drink his juice in bed

He drank his juice with care
But he spilt it in his hair
He drank his juice with care
But he spilt it in his hair

Now there's a sticky moose
Full of juice...
On the loose... s

Ging Gang Gooli

Ging gang goolie goolie goolie watcha,
Ging gang goo, ging gang goo.
Ging gang goolie goolie goolie watcha,
Ging gang goo, ging gang goo.
Hayla, oh hayla shayla, hayla shayla, shayla, oh-ho,
Hayla, oh hayla shayla, hayla shayla, shayla, oh.
Shally wally, shally wally, shally wally, shally wally,
Oompah, oompah, oompah, oompah.

Captain Kirk

Tune: "A-Hunting We Will Go"

The Grand Old Captain Kirk
He Had A Thousand Men,
He Beamed 'em Up To The Enterprise
And Beamed 'em Down Again.
And When You're Up Your Up,
And When You're Down Your Down,
And When You're Only Half Way Up,
You're Nowhere to Be Found

I Like Bananas

I like bananas, coconuts and grapes;
I like bananas, coconuts and grapes;
I like bananas, coconuts and grapes;
That's why they call me...

TARZAN OF THE APES!!! (Beat chest)

Ghost Chickens In The Sky

A chicken farmer went walking out one dark and dreary day
He rested by the coop as he went on along his way
When all at once a rotten egg hit him in the eye
It was the sight he dreaded
Ghost chickens in the sky!

Bok bok bok BOK
Bok bok BOK
The ghost chickens in the sky

The farmer had raised chickens since he was 24
A-working for the Colonel for thirty years or more
Killing all those chickens and sending them to fry
Now they want revenge...
Ghost chickens in the sky.

Bok...

Their feet were black and shiny, their eyes were burning red
They had no meat or feathers, these chickens all were dead
They carried off the farmer and he died by the claw
They cooked him extra crispy
And ate him with cole slaw

Bok...

Scout Vespers

Tune: "Oh Christmas Tree"

Softly falls the light of day,
While our campfire fades away.
Silently each Scout should ask
Have I done my daily task?
Have I kept my honor bright?
Can I guiltless sleep tonight?
Have I done and have I dared
Everything to be prepared?