

# CAMPFIRE



## SONGS



## GHOST STORIES



# SONG LYRICS

## Row, Row, Row Your Boat

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

Canon, 2 voice, 3 voice

## Old MacDonald Had A Farm

Old MacDonald had a farm,  
E-I-E-I-O.  
And on his 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,  
Everywhere a chick, chick,  
Old MacDonald had a farm,  
E-I-E-I-O.



2. Duck - quack
3. Turkey - gobble
4. Pig - oink, oink
5. Cow - moo, moo
6. Cat -meow, meow
7. Mule - Heehaw
8. Dog - bow wow
9. Turtle - nerp, nerp



## B-I-N-G-O

There was a farmer who had a dog,  
And Bingo was his name-o.  
B-I-N-G-O  
B-I-N-G-O  
B-I-N-G-O  
And Bingo was his name-o.  
There was a farmer who had a dog,  
And Bingo was his name-o.  
(clap)-I-N-G-O  
(clap)-I-N-G-O  
(clap)-I-N-G-O  
And Bingo was his name-o.  
There was a farmer who had a dog,  
And Bingo was his name-o.  
(clap)-(clap)-N-G-O  
(clap)-(clap)-N-G-O  
(clap)-(clap)-N-G-O  
And Bingo was his name-o.

There was a farmer who had a dog,  
And Bingo was his name-o.  
(clap)-(clap)-(clap)-G-O  
(clap)-(clap)-(clap)-G-O  
(clap)-(clap)-(clap)-G-O  
And Bingo was his name-o.  
There was a farmer who had a dog,  
And Bingo was his name-o.  
(clap)-(clap)-(clap)-(clap)-O  
(clap)-(clap)-(clap)-(clap)-O  
(clap)-(clap)-(clap)-(clap)-O  
And Bingo was his name-o.  
There was a farmer who had a dog,  
And Bingo was his name-o.  
(clap)-(clap)-(clap)-(clap)-(clap)  
(clap)-(clap)-(clap)-(clap)-(clap)  
(clap)-(clap)-(clap)-(clap)-(clap)  
And Bingo was his name-o.

## John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmidt

John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmidt His name is my name too!  
Whenever we go out,  
The people always shout

“There goes John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmidt!” Nanananananana



## This Little Light of Mine

This little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine. This little light of mine,  
I'm gonna let it shine. This little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine,  
Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine.

I'm gonna bring my light to the world, I'm gonna let it shine. (3X) Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine.

## The Happy Wanderer (Valderi, Valdera)

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

Chorus:  
Val-der-ri, val-der-ra  
Val-der-ra, val-der-ha ha ha ha ha ha  
Val-der-ri, val-der-ra

(My knapsack on my back) – repeat last line of each verse with chorus

I wave my hat to all I meet  
And they wave back at me  
And blackbirds call so loud and clear  
From every greenwood tree

Chorus

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

Chorus



## This Land Is Your Land

Chorus:

This land is your land, This land is my land  
From California to the New York island;  
From the red wood forest to the Gulf Stream waters  
This land was made for you and Me.

As I was walking that ribbon of highway,  
I saw above me that endless skyway:  
I saw below me that golden valley:  
This land was made for you and me.



Chorus

I've roamed and rambled and I followed my footsteps  
To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts;  
And all around me a voice was sounding:  
This land was made for you and me.

Chorus

When the sun came shining, and I was strolling,  
And the wheat fields waving and the dust clouds rolling,  
As the fog was lifting a voice was chanting:  
This land was made for you and me.

Chorus

As I went walking I saw a sign there  
And on the sign it said "No Trespassing."  
But on the other side it didn't say nothing,  
That side was made for you and me.

*(continues on next page)*



Chorus

In the shadow of the steeple I saw my people,  
By the relief office I seen my people;  
As they stood there hungry, I stood there asking  
Is this land made for you and me?

Chorus

Nobody living can ever stop me,  
As I go walking that freedom highway;  
Nobody living can ever make me turn back  
This land was made for you and me.

Chorus

## You're a Grand Old Flag

You're a grand old flag,  
You're a high flying flag  
And forever in peace may you wave.  
You're the emblem of  
The land I love.  
The home of the free and the brave.  
Ev'ry heart beats true  
'neath the Red, White and Blue,  
Where there's never a boast or brag.  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
Keep your eye on the grand old flag.



# GHOST STORIES

(with funny endings)



Source: <http://www.thecampingfamily.com/short-campfire-ghost-stories.html>

## The Ghost of The Bloody Finger

Be sure to make the ghost's voice very mysterious and spooky. Have him get louder and louder and scarier and scarier as the story progresses. Then, at the last sentence, *change his voice completely*. Make him sound conversational and friendly.

### The story

In a small town not far from here, there was an old abandoned house. No one ever went near it because everyone said that it was haunted.

One day, a bunch of local people were sitting in a coffee shop, chatting about bravery.

One man in particular was bragging loudly. "I'm not afraid of anything!" he boasted.

"Oh yeah?" asked his buddy. "I'll bet that you aren't brave enough to spend a night alone in that old abandoned house!" The boaster didn't want to admit that he was afraid, so he agreed to sleep in the house that very night.

At dusk, he arrived at the house alone. He checked every room and found nothing unusual. He chose an upstairs bedroom, spread out his sleeping bag on the floor, and tried to sleep.

He had just dozed off when he heard a faint noise from downstairs. He strained to hear what it was. It sounded like someone moaning these words:

"I am the ghost of the bloody finger! I am in the front hall!"

The man told himself that he was just imagining things. It must be the wind, he thought.

But then he heard, a bit louder,

"I am the ghost of the bloody finger! I am at the bottom of the stairs!"

"My imagination is running wild!" thought the man. "I am just going to go to sleep, and soon it will be morning."

But then he heard, even louder,

"I am the ghost of the bloody finger! I am at the top of the stairs!"

The man dove inside his sleeping bag, but he could still hear the ghost coming closer.

"I am the ghost of the bloody finger! I am in the upstairs hall!"

The man hid his head under his pillow, but he could hear the ghost coming even closer.

"I am the ghost of the bloody finger! I am at the bedroom door!"

The man was shaking with terror. The door creaked open.



“I am the ghost of the bloody finger! I am in the bedroom!”

The ghost paused in the doorway.

“I am the ghost of the bloody finger!” (pause)  
“Do you have a bandaid?”

The End ☺

## Rap, Rap, Rap



Here's another classic scary and funny ghost story. Be sure to make your voice very mysterious when you say the last sentence. Pause dramatically before revealing the last words.

### The story

There was once a woman who inherited an old house. The neighbors told her that it was haunted, but she didn't believe them. When she inspected the house, she was delighted to see that it was completely furnished. She didn't see anything out of the ordinary, and she moved right in.

On her first night in the house, she got into bed happily. She was just drifting off to sleep when she heard an odd sound, way off in the distance. It sounded like this: “Rap, rap, rap.”

She tried to ignore the sound, but she couldn't. Finally she decided to get out of bed and investigate.



When she opened her bedroom door, the sound was louder: “Rap, rap, rap”.

She walked down the hallway. The sound got louder: “Rap, rap, rap”.

She headed downstairs. Now it was even louder! “Rap, rap, rap.”

She went into the dining room. It was so loud! “Rap, rap, rap.”

The sound seemed to be coming from a corner of the room. She walked in that direction. “Rap, rap, rap.”

There was a chest of drawers in the corner. The sound was overwhelming now. “Rap, rap, rap.”

She opened the top drawer. There was nothing there.  
“Rap, rap, rap.”

She opened the second drawer. There was nothing there.  
“Rap, rap, rap.”

She opened the third drawer. There was nothing there.  
“Rap, rap, rap.”

She opened the bottom drawer - and saw ..... a roll of wrapping paper!

The End ☺

