

Camp Tamaqua Songs #3

The Worm Song

Nobody likes me, everybody hates me, think I'll eat some worms

Big ones, little ones, fat ones, skinny ones, worms that wiggle and squirm.

Gonna chop off the head, suck out the juice, and throw the skin away,

I don't know why people don't eat worms three times a day.

Land of the Silver Birch

(sung mostly at campfires)

Land of the silver birch, home of the beaver

Where once the mighty moose wandered at will

Blue lake and rocky shores, I will return once more

Boom diddy boom boom (repeat twice)

High on this rocky ledge I will build my wigwam

Close to the water's edge silent and still

Blue lake and rocky shores I will return once more

Boom diddy boom boom (repeat twice)

The Ship Titanic

Oh they built the ship Titanic to sail the ocean blue

And they said this was the ship that the water would never go thru

But the good lord raised his hand, Said the ship would never sail

It was sad when the great ship went down.

Chorus Oh it was sad, oh it was sad, it was sad when the great ship went down.

To the bottom of the, Husbands and Wives little children lost their lives

It was sad when the great ship went down.

Oh they were not far from England and headed for the shore

When the rich refused to associate with the poor

So they put them down below, where they were the first to go

It was sad when the great ship went.

Chorus Oh it was sad, oh it was sad, it was sad when the great ship went down

To the bottom of the, Uncles and aunts, little children wet their pants

It was sad when the great ship went down.

Oh they put the lifeboats out in the wild and raging sea

And the band started playing near my God to me

Little children wept and cried, as the waves crashed over their sides

It was sad when the great ship went down.

Three times round, went the mighty ship, And three times round went she

Three times round went the valiant ship, as she sank to the bottom of the
sea, the sea, the sea

And she sank to the bottom of the sea.

Oh the ocean waves may roll may roll and the stormy winds may blow

As we poor sailors go skipping to the top and the land lovers lie down
below, below, below

And the land lovers lie down below.