

*Twin Valley Council
Great Bend District*

*Cub Scout
Day Camp and Fun with Son
Official Songbook*

A Singing Scout is a Happy Scout

Ode to a Den Leader

(Tune Battle Cry of the Republic)

After raising six sweet daughters, I was glad to have a son.
I thought of all the games we'd play, the picnics, hikes and fun.
I thought of how we'd sit and talk for hours when day is done.
Oh, wasn't I the foolish one.

Chorus:

Glory, glory, I'm a leader.
How'd I get to be a leader?
All I ever wanted was to have a little fun
Cub Scouting with my son.

I tried to make excuses and their pleas to ignore.
I said, I'm not equipped! they said, Oh, yes you are, what more,
We will train you in the basics and outfit you for the corps.'
And they shoved me out the door.

Chorus

They taught me how to sing a song and how to tie a knot.
They taught me how to do a skit, make puppets on the spot.
They taught me all I'd need to know, at least that's what I
thought.

'Til a Cub came in with a snake that he'd caught!

Chorus

(Continued on next Page)

Boom Chicka Boom Song

(repeat each line after song leader)

I said a Boom Chicka Boom
I said a Boom Chicka Boom
I said a Boom Chicka Rocka Chicka Rocka Chicka Boom

Chorus:

Uh huh, Oh yeah

One more time _____ style.

Janitor Style:

I said a Broom Sweep-a Broom
I said a Broom Sweep-a Broom
I said a Broom Sweep-a Mop-a Sweep-a Mop-a Sweep-a Broom

Surfer Style:

I said a dude chicka dude
I said a dude chicka dude
I said a dude chicka wipeout chicka WHOA chicka dude

Speeder Style:

I said a Vroom Squeela Vroom
I said a Vroom Squeela Vroom
I said a Vroom Theres a Coppa Betta Stoppa Chicka Vroom

Ants Go Marching Song

The ants go marching one by one, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching one by one, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching one by one,
The little one stops to suck his thumb
And they all go marching down under the ground
To get out of the rain, BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The ants go marching two by two, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching two by two, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching two by two,
The little one stops to tie his shoe
And they all go marching down under the ground
To get out of the rain, BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

- 3 - The little one stops to climb a tree**
- 4 - The little one stops to shut the door**
- 5 - The little one stops to take a dive**
- 6 - The little one stops to pick up sticks**
- 7 - The little one stops to pray to heaven**
- 8 - The little one stops to shut the gate**
- 9 - The little one stops to check the time**
- 10- The little one stops to say 'THE END'**

Ode to a Den Leader (Continued)

(Tune Battle Cry of the Republic)

The time arrived for hiking, just my Webelos den and me.
They say the woods are full of many sights for you to see.
I know we sure were sights when we were found,
eventually.

And I do this all for free.

Chorus

But even though I mumble and I grumble and I pout
And many times I wonder what's the best way to get out.
When all is said and done there really isn't any doubt.
I'm glad to be a scout!

Glory, glory, I'm a leader!
I'm so glad to be a leader!
When all is said and done and then they lay me to my rest,
They'll say I did my best!

The Bug Juice Song

(Tune of On Top of Old Smokey)
At camp with the Boy Scouts,
they gave us a drink.
We thought it was kool-aid
because it was pink.

But the thing that they gave us
would gross out a moose,
for that great-tasting pink drink
was really bug juice.

It looked fresh and fruity
like tasty kool-aid
but the bugs that were in it
were murdered with raid.

We drank it by gallons.
We drank it by tons.
But, then the next morning
we all had the runs.

So if you drink bug juice
and a fly drives you mad
he's just getting even
because you swallowed his dad.

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BINGO Song

There was a farmer 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.

(clap)-I-N-G-O
(clap)-I-N-G-O
(clap)-I-N-G-O

(clap)-(clap)-N-G-O
(clap)-(clap)-N-G-O
(clap)-(clap)-N-G-O

(clap)-(clap)-(clap)-G-O
(clap)-(clap)-(clap)-G-O
(clap)-(clap)-(clap)-G-O

(clap)-(clap)-(clap)-(clap)-O
(clap)-(clap)-(clap)-(clap)-O
(clap)-(clap)-(clap)-(clap)-O

(clap)-(clap)-(clap)-(clap)-(clap)
(clap)-(clap)-(clap)-(clap)-(clap)
(clap)-(clap)-(clap)-(clap)-(clap)
And Bingo was his name-O.

The Norseland Song

I used to be a Bobcat, a good ol' Bobcat too
But now I'm finished Bobcating and don't know what to do
I'm growing older and smarter and I can Bobcat no more
So I'm going to work my advancements if I can.

(Chorus)

***Back to Norseland, Happy Land
I'm going to work my advancements if I can.***

I used to be a Tiger

I used to be a Bear

I used to be a Webelo

I used to be a Boy Scout

I used to be a Cubmaster

Final Verse

I used to be a Scoutmaster, a good ol' Scoutmaster too
But now I'm finished Scoutmastering and don't know what to do
I'm growing old and feeble and can Scoutmaster no more
So I'm going to work my ticket if I can

Back to Gilwell, Happy Land
I'm going to work my ticket if I can

13

Finest Pack of Cub Scouts

(Tune The Yellow Rose Of Texas)

We're the finest Pack of Cub Scouts,
That you have ever seen.
We're loyal and we're honest,
We're never rude or mean.
We're proud to wear our uniform,
We like the Gold and Blue.
You know that you can count on us,
To live our Promise true.

We follow our Akela,
We always do our best.
We work on our advancement,
We rarely stop to rest.
We learn while earning badges,
Cub Scouts know more than most.
We learn to be good citizens,
About that we can boast.

We love our God and country,
We respect our fellow man.
We're busy doing good turns,
We help each time we can.
We're proud to be Americans,
We fly our flag to show
Our land is free for you and me
To live and learn and grow.

7

Home on the Range

Oh, give me a home, where the buffalo roam
Where the deer and the antelope play
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Chorus:

Home, home on the range
Where the deer and the antelope play
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

How often at night, when the heavens are bright
With the light from the glittering stars
I've stood there amazed, and asked, as I gazed,
If their glory exceeds that of ours.

Chorus

The air is so pure, and the zephyrs so free
And the breezes so balmy and light
I would not exchange my home on the range
For all the cities so bright.

Chorus

9

I Wish I Were

(Tune If You're Happy and You Know It)

Oh, I wish I were a little hunk of mud.
Oh, I wish I were a little hunk of mud.
I would be ooey and I'd be goeey,
Under everybody's shoeey.
Oh, I wish I were a little hunk of mud.

Oh, I wish I were a little can of pop.
Oh, I wish I were a little can of pop.
I'd go down with a slurp,
and come up with a burp.
Oh, I wish I were a little can of pop.

Oh, I wish I were a little slippery root.
Oh, I wish I were a little slippery root.
I would sit upon the trail,
And knock everyone on his tail.
Oh, I wish I were a little slippery root.

Oh, I wish I were a little bitty mosquito.
Oh, I wish I were a little bitty mosquito.
I'd be buzzy and I'd be bitey,
Under everybody's nighty.
Oh, I wish I were a little bitty mosquito.

11

I've Got That Scouting Spirit

I've got that Scouting spirit,
Up in my head,
Up in my head,
Up in my head.
I've got that Scouting spirit,
Up in my head,
Up in my head to stay.

I've got that Scouting spirit,
Deep in my heart
(continue as in first verse)

I've got that Scouting spirit,
Down in my feet.

I've got that Scouting spirit,
All over me.

I've got that Scouting spirit,
Up in my head,
Deep in my heart,
Down in my feet.
I've got that Scouting spirit,
All over me,
All over me to stay.

8

Twelve Days of Summer Camp

(Tune of Twelve Days of Christmas)

On the first day of summer camp
My mother sent to me:
A box of oatmeal cookies.

On the second day of summer camp
My mother sent to me:
Two T-shirts,
And a box of oatmeal cookies.

On the third day of summer camp
My mother sent to me:
Three pairs of socks,
Two T-shirts,
And a box of oatmeal cookies.

Four woolen caps,
Five underpants,
Six postage stamps,
Seven nose warmers,
Eight Batman comics,
Nine bars of soap,
Ten Band-aids,
Eleven shoestrings,
Twelve bottles of insect repellent.

14

Pinewood Derby Song

(Tune of Take me out to the Ball Park)

Take me out to the Pinewood, take me out to the crowd.
Buy me some graphite and a sanding block, I don't care if I ever
get back.

We will root, root, root for my racer,
If I don't win you can say
That I cut, sanded and designed it myself
In the Cub Scout Way!

B'gosh their starting the race now, I see my friend's in the heat.
He's standing there biting his fingernails, but I am sure that he'll
never be beat!

For, we'll root, root, root for my den-mate,
If he doesn't win we can say
That he cut, sanded, and designed it himself
In the Cub Scout Way!

The Scouts have declared a winner,
And I am proud to say,
My racer, it got to the end of the track,
And my den leader let me bring it back

For a second heat in consolation,
Was my decision today.
But I cut, sanded, and designed it myself
In the Cub Scout Way!

12

My Country Tis of Thee

My country, 'tis of thee,
sweet land of liberty, of thee I sing;
land where my fathers died,
land of the pilgrims' pride,
from every mountainside let freedom ring!

My native country, thee,
land of the noble free, thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
thy woods and templed hills;
my heart with rapture thrills, like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
and ring from all the trees sweet freedom's song;
let mortal tongues awake;
let all that breathe partake;
let rocks their silence break, the sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to thee,
author of liberty, to thee we sing;
long may our land be bright
with freedom's holy light;
protect us by thy might, great God, our King.

10

Competition Song

(Tune: "When The Saints Go Marching In")

Oh, when the Pack begins to sing;
Oh, when the Pack begins to sing;
Sometimes, I just can't tell who's the loudest;
When the Pack begins to sing!

(Each Den in turn:)

Oh, when Den _____ begins to sing;
Oh, when Den _____ begins to sing;
We're gonna try to sing out the loudest;
When Den _____ begins to sing!

Oh, when the parents begin to sing;-etc.

Oh, when the Pack sings all together;
Oh, when the Pack sings all together;
That's when we always sing the PROUDEST;
When the Pack sings all together!

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(Substitute Webelos for Pack and Your Color Patrol for Den when at Camps)

15

Trusty Tommy

(Tune: "Yankee Doodle")

Trusty Tommy was a Scout, **LOYAL** to his mother,
HELPFUL to the folks about, and **FRIENDLY** to his brother.
COURTEOUS to the girls he knew, **KIND** to his rabbit,
OBEDIENT to his father too, and **CHEERFUL** in his habits.
THRIFTY saving for a need, **BRAVE**, but not a faker.
CLEAN in thought and word and deed, and **REVERENT** to his Maker.

17

THE BATTLE OF PLENTY COUP

(words by Troop 68
sung to the tune of "The Battle of New Orleans")

In 1982 we took a little trip,
along with Captain Roberts. Oh we must have been some dips.
We took a little clothing, and we took some extra shoes.
We fought the mighty skeeters in the camp of Plenty Coup.

(Refrain)

We sprayed our cans but the skeeters kept a coming.
There wasn't as many as there was a while ago.
We sprayed once more and they began a buzzing
Down the paths and trails, to the waterfront they go.

Well, we looked down the trail and we seen the skeeters come.
There must have been a million of them, thought that we should run.

They buzzed so low that they made the people duck.
We hid behind the trees and bushes. Didn't have much luck.

(Refrain)

19

CAMP GRENADA II

Hello Mudda. Hello Fadda. I am back at Camp Grenada.
And I'm writing you this letter just to say my compound
fracture's getting better.
No one here knows; where my trunk is. And my bunk is; where
the skunk is.
And I guess the food's improving, cause the little black things in
it are not moving.

The camp nurse here; is quite a swimmer. She says swimming;
makes you slimmer.

Her name's Mrs. Pelagreeny. Have you ever seen a whale in a
bikini?

All our bathrooms; have such thin doors. Gee, I wish they'd;
move them indoors.

We're all tired of Mother Goose here, so next Friday night
they're having Lenny Bruce here.

Let me stay, oh Mudda, Fadda, let me stay; I love Grenada.
Every night the campfire's keen. Oh ma, please send some
Ovalteen.

Let me stay up here in Mother Nature's land, and tip toe
through the tulips grand.

To leave early; would be a shame. Besides, I'd miss; the poker
game.

Webelos Rock You

Buddy you're a young man, a camper, working hard to be a
Scout someday
Got no blood on your knife, and no gun fights
Hanging out all night by the Fire ring site
**(Chorus) Singing, Webelos, Webelos, Rock you. Webelos,
Webelos, Rock you.**

Buddy you're a Cub Scout, working to a Boy Scout, Then a man
someday
Ya tie 5 great Knots; you know your rocks,
Just don't smell our dirty socks
(Chorus)

Buddy you're my best friend, a true friend, got your back in
every way.
Ya raise the Flag; fold it tight with all your might
Keeping the Scout code always in sight.
(Chorus)
**We just, We just, Rocked you. We just, We just, Rocked
you**

(Action) Background Clapping and Stomping to "We Will
Rock You" by Queen

18

GOD BLESS MY UNDERWEAR

(tune: God Bless America)

God bless my
underwear
My Only pair.
Stand beside them,
and guide them,
As they sit in a heap
by the chair.

From the washer, to
the dryer,
To my backpack, to
my rear,
God bless my
underwear, my only
pair.
God bless my
underwear, or I'll be
bare.

God bless my
underwear
That I wear down
there.
I outgrow them, then
throw them,
Those who wear them
will never be square

When the bully, gives
a wedgie
Pray that they won't
ever tear
God bless my
underwear, my only
pair.
God bless my
underwear, or I'll need
to share

16

(continued)

CAMP GRENADA II

Let me stay, oh Mudda, Fadda, let me stay. I love Grenada.
Every night the campfire's keen. Oh ma, please send some
Ovalteen.

Let me stay up here in Mother Nature's land, and tip toe
through the tulips grand.

To leave would be a shame. Besides, I'd miss the poker game.

Please don't worry fadda, mudda. I'll take care of little brudda.
He plays ball here, and he rows here, and I hope they teach
him how to blow his nose here.

He wakes up at half past six and walks directly to the
quicksand.

He was lonely. Now he's better. He's like all of us except his
bed is wetter.

22

THE BATTLE OF PLENTY COUP : Part 1

(words by Troop 68

sung to the tune of "The Battle of New Orleans")

3) Well, old' Steven said we could take them by surprise
If we didn't spray our cans 'till we looked them in the eyes.
Held our spraying 'till we saw their stingers well,
Then we opened up those Cutter's cans and really gave them...
Well, we...

(Refrain)

They buzzed through the bushes, and they buzzed through the
trees,
and they buzzed all around us as we dropped to our knees.
They buzzed so fast that the birds couldn't get them.
Down the paths and trails, to the waterfront we let them

(Refrain)

4) Well, we sprayed our cans till the fizzle sizzled out.
Then we lead them to the bathrooms where we hoped to stink
them out.
They got so close that they dropped dead left and right.
We won the war of Plenty Coup using all our might.

(Refrain)

20

Announcements

Lyrics

Announcements
Announcements
Announcements

A terrible death to die
A terrible death to die
A terrible death to be talked to death
A terrible death to die

23

Grand Old Captain Kirk

Lyrics

Grand old Captain Kirk, he had ten thousand men, First he beamed them up into his ship, and beamed them down again.

And when you're up, you're up,(stand) and when you're down, you're down,(crouch way down) and when you're only halfway up, you're nowhere to be found.(crouch halfway and wave arms back and forth)

Action

stand when you sing "up"
crouch way down when you sing "down"
crouch and wave arms back and forth
when you sing "nowhere to be found"

27

Captain Jack (a repeat after me song)

Hi Ho Captain Jack
Meet me down by the railroad tracks
With your hiking boots in your hands
I'm gonna be your hikin' man

Chorus:

Go Left, go right
Go left, right, left
Go-o left, go right, go swing around steps, go left, go right,
go left

Hi Ho Captain Jack
Meet me down by the railroad tracks
With your swimming suit in your hands
I'm gonna be your swimmin' man
(CHORUS)

(Continued on Next Page)

25

Scout Vespers

(tune as Oh Christmas Tree)

Softly falls the light of day,
As 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.

Listen Lord, Oh Listen Lord,
As I whisper soft and low,
Bless my Mom and Bless my Dad,
there is something they should know;

I will keep my honor bright,
the Oath and Law will be my guide,
Mom and Dad this you should know,
Deep in my heart I love you so!

29

(continued)

Captain Jack (a repeat after me song)

Hi Ho Captain Jack
Meet me down by the railroad tracks
With your basketball in your hands
Im gonna be your slam-dunkin' man

Chorus:

Go Left, go right

Go left, right, left

**Go-o left, go right, go swing around steps, go left, go right,
go left**

Hi Ho Captain Jack
Meet me down by the railroad tracks
With your fishing pole in your hands
I'm gonna be your fishin'man

(CHORUS)

Hi Ho Captain Jack
Meet me down by the railroad tracks
With your pizza in your hands
I'm gonna be your delivery man

(CHORUS)

26

Rainy Vesperse

Softly falls the rain today
As a campsites float away
Silently each scout should ask
Have I packed my scuba mask?
Have I tied my tent flaps down?
Learn to swim so I don't drown
Have I done and have I did
every thing to be dry.

30

Kumbaya (Be With Us)

Someone's singing Lord Kumbaya (Be with us). (3X)
Oh Lord be with us.

A Scout is trustworthy Lord Kumbaya (Be with us).
A Scout is loyal Lord Kumbaya (Be with us).
A Scout is helpful Lord Kumbaya (Be with us).
Oh Lord Kumbaya (Be with us)

A Scout is friendly Lord Kumbaya (Be with us).
A Scout is courteous Lord Kumbaya (Be with us).
A Scout is kind Lord Kumbaya (Be with us).
Oh Lord Kumbaya (Be with us)

A Scout is obedient Lord Kumbaya (Be with us).
A Scout is cheerful Lord Kumbaya (Be with us).
A Scout is thrifty Lord Kumbaya (Be with us).
Oh Lord Kumbaya (Be with us)

A Scout is brave Lord Kumbaya (Be with us).
A Scout is clean Lord Kumbaya (Be with us).
A Scout is reverent Lord Kumbaya (Be with us).
Oh Lord be Kumbaya (Be with us)

24

The Grand Old Duke of York

The Grand old Duke of York,
He had ten thousand men.
(Hand above head with fingers spread out)
First He marched them up the hill,
[Everyone stands up]
And marched them down again.
[Everyone crouches down]
And when you're up, you're up;
[Everyone stands up]
And when you're down, you're down.
[Everyone crouches down]
And when you're only halfway up,
[Everyone crouch Half way down]
You're neither up nor down!
(Stand up then crouch down fast)

**Keep increasing Tempo until everyone is tired
or can Not keep up!**

28

Hiking In The Woods

(Tune: "She'll Be Coming 'Round The Mountain")

We'll be hiking in the woods from dawn to dusk.
We'll be hiking in the woods from dawn to dusk.
We'll be hiking in the woods, yes, we'll be hiking in the woods;
Yes, we'll be hiking in the woods from dawn to dusk.

We'll be swatting fat mosquitoes as we go. Etc.

We'll be tripping over tree roots as we go. Etc.

We'll be eating moldy hotdogs for our lunch. Etc.

We'll be scratching poison ivy on our arms. Etc.

We'll be slashing every puddle that we see. Etc.

We'll be singing out of tune along the way. Etc.

We'll all be glad to see our beds tonight. Etc.

(Note: Actions or sounds can easily be added to this song to make it more fun)

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31

I'm In The Cub Scouts Now

(Tune: "I'm In The Army Now")

I'm in the Cub Scouts now.
A great gang to join, and how!
Make friendships that last; while learning new tasks;
I'm in the Cub Scouts now

I'm using the skills I got,
And learning to tie some knots.
While making sheep shanks, I'm working on rank;
I'm using the skills I got.

I'm achieving my outdoor goals,
And starting to cook on coals.
I'm going on hikes, by foot or by bike,
I'm achieving my outdoor goals.

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33

This Land is Your Land

(Chorus)

*This land is your land
This land is my land
From California, to the New York Islands.
From the Red Wood Forests,
To the Gulf Stream Waters.
This land was made for you and me.*

- 1) 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]**
- 2) As I roamed and rambled, and I followed my footsteps;
To the sparkling sands of, her diamond deserts.
And all around me, that voice kept sounding,
This land was made for you and me. **[chorus]**
- 3) As the sun came shining, and I was strolling;
And the wheat fields waving, and the dust clouds rolling.
As the fog was lifting, that voice kept chanting;
This land was made for you and me. **[chorus]**

35

The Weekend Battle Cry

(Tune Battle Cry of the Republic)

I have seen the sky in darkness,
I have seen it in the sun,
I have felt the rain upon me,
I've enjoyed the snowy fun.
When the weather isn't cloudy
or the wind it doesn't blow.
It isn't only raining,
it's the weekend too, you know.

Glory, glory, it's the weekend!
Glory, glory, it's the weekend!
I can tell because it's raining and it's 42 below,
As we Scouts go marching on.

37

Camper's Lament

(Tune: "Battle Hymn Of The Republic")

The first rain drop began to fall as I arrived at camp.
Then followed many million more as it began to pour!
My father said, "Don't worry son; it won't be lasting long."
When will I see the sun?

Chorus:

Pouring, pouring, not a single speck of light.
Pouring, pouring, thru the day and thru the night.
Pouring, pouring, wish my boots were water tight.
When will I see the sun?

First my socks, and then my pants were wringing, sopping wet.
My sleeping bag's a water bed, a drenched cap on my head.
The tent I slept in floated 'way; my food's a dripping goo.
When will I see the sun?

Chorus:

Today's the day I'm leaving camp, and LO! What do I see?
A ray of sun a-streaming thru a patch so bright and blue!
The clouds are parting; dove's returning with an olive branch;
I finally saw the sun!

Chorus: (Change last line to: I finally saw the sun!)

(Lyrics copyrighted 1994 by Clare Mansfield, GWRC)

Oh Beautiful, for Cub Scout Dreams

O beautiful for Cub Scouts dreams
That see beyond the rest.
For families that help us grow,
And learn to do our best.
O blue and gold! O blue and gold!
Akela lead us well.
For God and country we'll be strong;
We're Cub Scouts and we're proud.

The ABC Grace

A-B-C-D-E-F-G
Thank you, God for feeding me

Lollypop Grace

(Tune unknown; say as a poem)

We thank the Lord for a hundred things.
For flowers that bloom and the birds that sing.
For the sun that shines and the rain that drops.
For ice cream and rainbows and lollypops.

TEN BIG THANK YOUS TO GOD

(Tune- Ten Little Indians)

One little, two little, three little thank you's.
Four little, five little, six little thank you's,
Seven little, eight little, nine little thank you's,
Ten big thank you's to God.

America

My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From ev'ry mountain side
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong

Johnny Appleseed Grace

Oh, the Lord's been good to me.
And, so i thank the Lord;
For giving me, the things I need,
The sun and the rain and the appleseed;
The Lord's been good to me.

Philmont Grace

For food, for raiment
For life, for opportunity
For friendship and fellowship
We thank thee, O Lord

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Scout Camp Grace

Morning -

Gracious giver of all good,
Thee we thank for rest and food,
Grant that all we do or say,
In thy service be this day. Amen

Noon -

Father for this noonday meal,
We wish to speak the thanks we feel,
Health and strength we have from thee,
Help us lord to faithful be. Amen

Evening -

Tireless guardian on our way,
Thou has kept us well this day,
While we thank thee we request,
Care continue, pardon rest. Amen

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Superman Grace

Thank you Lord, for giving us food
(actions: raise right arm overhead as Superman flying)

Thank you Lord, for giving us food
(actions: raise left arm flying)

For the food that we eat
(actions: standing with both arms over head, to the left)

For the friends that we meet
(actions: standing with both arms over head, to the right)

Thank you Lord, for giving us food!
(actions: move both hands in fists to hips and stand strong like Superman)

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Notes

World Hunger Grace

For food in a world where many walk in hunger,
For faith in a world where many walk in fear,
For friends in a world where many walk alone,
We give Thee humble thanks, Oh, Lord.

Brotherhood Grace

We thank the Lord for all that's good
For food, for life, for brotherhood
For friends and family, near and far
For fellowship right where we are.

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