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Boys' and Girls' Club Work: Songs and Yells

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BOYS' AND GIRLS' CLUB WORK

Club Songs and Yells



EXTENSION DIVISION

South Dakota State College of Agriculture
and Mechanic Arts and U. S. Department
of Agriculture, Co-operating

C. Larsen, Director

JUNIOR EXTENSION WORK

Paul J. Scarbro.....State Leader
Irene DunneAssistant State Leader
Selma RongstadAssistant State Leader
A. L. HaynesAssistant State Leader

Brookings, S. D

AMERICA

My country 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of Liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every 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 song 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.

2 THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER

Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last
gleaming,

Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the
perilous fight,

O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so gallantly
streaming?

And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in
air

Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still
there,

O, say, does the star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen, thro the mist of the deep,
Where the foes' haughty host in dread silence
reposes,

What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering
steep,

As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first
beam,

In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream.

'Tis the star-spangled banner, oh, Long may it
wave,

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

Oh, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their lov'd home and the wild war's deso-
lation;

Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n rescued
land

Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserv'd us
a nation!

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,

And this be our motto, "In God is our trust."

And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

3 BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of
the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes
of wrath are stored,
He has loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible
swift sword,
His truth is marching on.

CHORUS—

Glory, glory, hallelujah. Glory, glory, hallelujah.
Glory, glory, hallelujah, His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watchfires of a thousand
circling camps;
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews
and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and
flaring lamps.
His day is marching on.

4 MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA

Bring the good old bugle, boys!
We'll sing another song—
Sing it with a spirit that will move the world
along—
Sing it as we used to sing it, fifty thousand strong,
While we were marching through Georgia.

Hurrah! Hurrah! We bring the jubilee!
Hurrah! Hurrah! The flag that makes you free!
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,
While we were marching through Georgia.

DIXIE LAND

I wish I was in the land of cotton,
 Old times dar am not forgotten,
 Look away! Look away! Look away! Look away!
 In Dixie land, whar I was born,
 Early on a frosty morn,
 Look away! Look away! Look away! Look away!
 I wish I was in Dixie, Hooray! Hooray!
 In Dixie land I'll take my stand.
 To live and die in Dixie.
 Away! Away! Away down south in Dixie!
 Away! Away! Away down south in Dixie!

THE U. S. A. FOREVER

The following words by Edmund Vance Cook and intended to be sung to the tune of "Dixie" have a swing well suited to the stirring old Southern Tune. This modern version is rapidly becoming a favorite patriotic song in schools and public assemblages:

I'm glad I live in the land I live in,
 Best to get and best to give in,
 Hip Hooray! Hip Hooray! Hip Hooray! U. S. A.
 Old Uncle Sam's by best relation,
 Hip Hooray! Hip Hooray! Hip Hooray! U. S. A.
 So it's the U. S. A. forever, Hooray! Hooray!
 I thank the fates that fixed my dates
 In the U. S. A. forever;
 Hooray, I say. The U. S. A. forever.
 I say, Hooray! The glorious States forever.

SOUTH DAKOTA

(Composed by **Willis E. Johnson**, President of
State College)

South Dakota, land of sunshine,
Under God the people rule;
Thee we love and all thy blessings,
Home and state, and church and school.

CHORUS—

South Dakota, land of sunshine,
Under God the people rule.

South Dakota, land of plenty,
To health and wealth the open door;
Land of fertile plain and prairie,
Mountains filled with gems and ore.

South Dakota, land of virtue,
May this noblest title crown;
That the lavish gifts of nature
Measure manhood's true renown.

CLUB GREETING SONG

How do you do, Mr.....
How do you do?
Is there anything that we can do for you?
We'll do the best we can.
Stand by you like a man.
How do you do, Mr.....
How do you do?

HONOR SONG

(Tune—Chorus, Boola, Boola)

Mr..... Mr.....
We are singing,
Praises ringing,
We shall never
Know your equal.
Mr..... Here's to you!

CLUB SONG

Our club will shine tonight;
Our club will shine.
We'll shine with beauty bright
All down the line.
We're all dressed up tonight;
That's one good sign.
When the sun goes down,
And the moon comes up,
Our club will shine.

11

(Tune—Smiles)

There are clubs that make you happy,
There are clubs that make you blue,
But the 4-H clubs of South Dakota
Are the clubs that cheer you thru and thru,
We're the sunshine clubs of this great nation
And we work for you and you and you.
Do come visit us in South Dakota
And we'll show you what we can do.

12

(Tune—Maryland, My Maryland)

Oh! South Dakota boys and girls
Our club work is a pleasure.
It brings us health, it brings us wealth
And life in fullest measure.
We love the work, the games and play
The proceeds from our working days.
Oh! South Dakota boys and girls
Stand by our club work ever.

13

HAIL! HAIL!

Hail! Hail!
The gang's all here.
Boys and girls in club work.
Bet'cha we can all work.
Hail! Hail!
The gang's all here.
We are all doing club work now

14

SMILE, SMILE, SMILE

Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag
And smile, smile, smile.
While you're a club member you shouldn't lag,
Smile boys, that's the style.
What's the use of worrying?
It never was worth while;
So pack all your troubles in your old kit-bag
And smile, smile, smile.

15

4-H CLUB MOBILE

(Tune—Old Gray Mare)

Let's take a ride in the 4-H Club Mobile,
4-H Club Mobile, 4-H Club Mobile,
Let's take a ride in the 4-H Club Mobile,
For many long years to come.

CHORUS—

For many long years to come,
For many long years to come,
Let's take a ride in the 4-H Club Mobile,
4-H Club Mobile, 4-H Club Mobile,
Let's take a ride in the 4-H Club Mobile,
For many long years to come.

(The second stanza is as follows: "With our Club
Leaders to guide this Club Mobile.")

16 OLD McDONALD HAD A FARM

Old McDonald had a farm,
Ee-igh, ee-igh, o
On this farm he had some chicks,
Ee-igh, ee-igh, o
And a chick-chick here
And a chick-chick there.
Here a chick, there a chick,
Everywhere a chick-chick,
Old McDonald had a farm,
Ee-igh, ee-igh, o.

(Repeat with ducks, turkeys, donkey, Ford,
repeating backward, adding each stanza.)

17 GARDNERS

(Tune—K-K-Katy)

G-g-g-gardners—Dakota gard'ners,
We have worked until our muscles all are sore.
And when the b-b-b-boats sail
Over the ocean
W'll have food enough to fill them more and more.

Gone are the days, when my work returned no pay,
 Gone are the times, when I idled hours away,
 Gone are my doubts for the better things I know,
 I hear the home folk voices calling,
 Club work, oh.

CHORUS—

I'm coming, I'm coming,
 For my bank is full of dough,
 I hear the home folks calling
 Club work, oh.

Why do I reap where once no crop would grow?
 Why do I think and do my work just so?
 Tooting my horn with pleasure as I go,
 I hear by neighbors' voices calling,
 Club work, oh.

Why do I hoe, and can and feed and keep
 Record of all I do and knowledge seek?
 So that myself and others, too, may know
 How best to make the better be
 In Club work, oh.

19 I'M FOREVER BLOWING BUBBLES

I'm dreaming dreams, I'm scheming schemes,
 I'm building castles high; they're born a-new,
 Their days are few, just like a sweet butterfly,
 And as the daylight is dawning, they come again in
 the morning.

CHORUS—

I'm forever blowing bubbles, pretty bubbles in the
 air,
 They fly so high, nearly reach the sky,
 Then like my dreams they fade and die,
 Fortune's always hiding, I've looked everywhere,
 I'm forever blowing bubbles, pretty bubbles in the
 air.

When shadows creep, when I'm asleep,
 To lands of hope I stray, then at daybreak when I
 awake,
 My bluebird flutters away.
 Happiness you seem so near me, happiness come
 forth and cheer me.

ELIZA JANE

(Victory Song)

We've got a club down in our school; We're on
the go;
We raise calves, and pigs and corn. Just watch
us grow.

CHORUS—

O, come on in, Club work is fine,
We are the workers, fall right in line.

France and Belgium need more food ,Germany too,
We must feed the hungry world. It's up to you.

Farmers must be business men, that well we know,
Club work teaches us to think, as well as hoe.

Head and heart and hand we pledge, then health
will flow,
Let 4 H's be our sign where're we go.

**21 IT'S A FINE THING TO BE A
CLUB GIRL**

(Tune—It's a Long Way to Tipperary)

It's a fine thing to be a club girl,
It's a fine thing to do,
It's a fine thing to be a club boy
And raise a pig or two.
That's why we are canning,
And raising gardens too.
For we're going to feed the people
Before we get through.

22 HE AIN'T GOT NO STYLE

They say Mr.....

He ain't got no style.

He's style all the while,

He's style all the while.

They say Mr.....

He ain't got no style.

He's style all the while, all the while.

23 KEEP THE CLUB WORK GROWING

(Tune—Keep the Homefires Burning)
We were called in from our baseball
We were called out from our books
For our country needed gardens
And our country needed cooks;
And we'll not complain of duties
As the summer days pass by
For we're proud to help our country,
So we sing instead of sigh.

CHORUS—

Keep the gardens growing
When the sun is glowing,
When the soil bakes hard and cracks
Just cultivate.
There's a fine crop growing
We'll all keep up our hoeing
Make our garden weedless, too,
Till the crops are reaped.

24 THE BATTLE CRY OF FEED 'EM

Yes, we'll rally round the farm, boys
We'll rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of Feed 'Em
We've got the ship and money
And the best of fighting men,
Shouting the battle cry of Feed 'Em.

The onion forever, the beans and the corn,
Down with the tater—it's up the next morn,
While we rally round the plow, boys,
And take the hoe again,
Shouting the battle cry of Feed 'Em.

25 LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG

Once in the dear, dear days beyond recall,
When in the world the mists began to fall,
Out of the dreams that rose in happy throng
Low to our hearts love sang an old, sweet song
And in the dusk where fell the fire-lights gleam,
Softly it wove itself into our dream.

CHORUS—

Just a song at twilight, when the lights are low,
And the flickering shadows softly come and go,
Though the heart be weary, sad the day and long,
Still to us at twilight, comes love's old song,
Comes love's old song.

26 (Tune—Keep the Homefires Burning)

There were Club Boys on the hillside,
There were Club Boys on the plain,
And the country found them ready
At the call for meat and grain—
Let no one forget their service,
As the Club Boys pass along,
For although the war is over,
They are singing still this song:

CHORUS—

“Keep the Home-cow milking,
And the Club-corn silking,
Tell the idle boys and girls
We work for HOME;
There's a Club-pig growing,
While the grain we're sowing,
Boost the Club Work day and night,
Till we LIVE AT HOME.”

There were Club Girls near the roadside.
There were Club Girls by the wood,
And the county found them ready
At the call for “fighting food”—
Let no one forget their chickens
As the Club Girls pass along,
And although the “bugs” are many,
They are singing still this song:

CHORUS—

Keep the babe-chicks growing,
While the rooster's crowing
Tell the idle boys and girls
We work for HOME;
Push the yearly garden
While your muscles harden,
Fight tomato bugs and blight
Till we "LIVE AT HOME."

27

MICKEY

CHORUS—

Mickey, pretty Mickey,
With your hair of raven hue;
In your smiling so beguiling,
There's a bit of Killarney, bit of the Blarney, too.
Childhood in the wildwood,
Like a mountain Flow'r you grew;
Pretty Mickey, pretty Mickey,
Can you blame anyone for falling in love with you?

28

SOUP SONG

Today is Monday, today is Monday,
Monday—wash day.
All American mothers, they wish the same to you
Today is Tuesday, Tuesday, soup.
Today is Wednesday, Wednesday, roast beef.
Today is Thursday, Thursday, string beans.
Today is Friday, Friday, fish.
Today is Saturday, Saturday, pay day.
Today is Sunday, Sunday, church.

29

(Tune—There's a Long, Long Trail)
There's a long, long trail a winding
Into the land of our dreams,
Where the boys and girls in Club Work
And their demonstration teams
We'll have lots of drill in canning
Until our dreams all come true
And we're going to show the public
How Dakota girls come through.

30

There's a long, long time for hoeing
To keep your garden all clean
When the summer sun is shining
And the weeds are growing green.
When you'd like to play at baseball
Or take a ride in your Ford so new
But we're going to show the public
How the boys and girls come through.

JOHN BROWN'S BABY

(Tune—John Brown. Motion Song)

1. John Brown's baby has a cold upon his chest,
John Brown's baby has a cold upon its chest,
John Brown's baby has a cold upon its chest,
And he rubbed it with camphorated oil.
2. Repeat the first verse, but instead of saying
"baby" swing arms as though rocking a baby.
3. Repeat the second verse, but instead of saying
"cold," cough lightly.
4. Repeat the third verse, but instead of saying
"chest" place hand on chest.
5. Repeat the fourth verse, but instead of saying
"rubbed," rub hand across chest.
6. Repeat fifth verse, but instead of saying "cam-
phorated," sniff as tho smelling camphor.
(This may be whistled instead of sung.)

There are boys that take to banking,
 There are boys that like the law,
 There are boys that think the busy doctor,
 Is the one whose life has not a flaw.
 There are boys that strive to make big fortunes,
 But for us you need not feel alarm,
 For the boys that we want in the future
 Are the boys on the good old farm.

There are girls that think the city
 Is the only place to go,
 There are girls that do not care for cooking,
 Or have no time to knit or sew.
 There are girls that think the joy of living,
 Is an auto or a dress so fine.
 But the girls that we want in the future,
 Are the girls with the 4 H sign.

There are clubs for girls in sewing,
 There are clubs in canning, too,
 There are clubs that teach us to feed poultry,
 As the best of poultry breeders do.
 There are clubs for raising corn and taters,
 Feeding pigs, or calves, or sheep so fine.
 All these clubs to make us better farmers,
 Are the clubs of the 4 H sign.

There are clubs to spend your money,
 There are clubs to join for fun.
 There are clubs to chase along the cattle,
 Or with clubs sometimes a game is won.
 There are clubs we often swing for dumb bells,
 There are clubs that father took to me.
 But of all the clubs you ere could mention
 Are the Boys' and Girls' Clubs for me.

How dear to our hearts are our little club gardens
 They cheer us and help us to be happy always.
 They help us to feed the hungry and needy,
 And make us forget our own troubles each day.
 *We hoe and we sew our seed with a will,
 And hope that our crops will be worthy our work.*
 ‡Our vegetables grow in rows so straight,
 And lack of weeds show we don't shirk,‡
 Our little club gardens, our food saving gardens.
 Our wonderful gardens that help feed the world.
 (Explanation: Sing ‡ to ‡ same tune as * to *.)

CLUB SONG

I'm a gard'ner this year, tho' I never was before;
I hoe and I rake, 'till my muscles all are sore.
But when I'm gardening,
I'm as happy as can be,
For I'm a member of a club, you see!

CHORUS—

Glorious, Glorious, raising spuds for the four of us,
Glory be, there are no more of us for the four of us
could eat it all alone.

We're canning this year as we never did before,
We can everything from the skin to the core,
And while we're canning, we are happy as can be,
For we are soldiers of the 4 H Club.

Glorious, glorious, canning up food for the four
of us,
Glory be, there are no more of us for the four of us
can eat it all alone.

Today is Monday,
 Today is Monday.
 Monday we hoe a row,
 Monday we hoe a row,
 All ye garden fellers,
 We wish the same to you.

Today is Tuesday,
 Today is Tuesday.
 Monday we hoe a row,
 Tuesday we sew a seam,
 All ye sewing daughters,
 We wish the same to you.

Today is Wednesday,
 Today is Wednesday,
 Monday we hoe a row,
 Tuesday we sew a seam,
 Wednesday we feed the
 pig,
 All ye pig club fellers,
 We wish the same to you.

Today is Thursday,
 Today is Thursday.
 Monday we hoe a row,
 Tuesday we sew a seam,
 Wednesday we feed the
 pig,
 Thursday we can a can,
 All ye canning members,
 We wish the same to you.

Today is Friday,
 Today is Friday.
 Monday we hoe a row,
 Tuesday we sew a seam,
 Wednesday we feed the
 pig,
 Thursday we can a can,
 Friday we raise a hen,
 All ye poultry fellers,
 We wish the same to you.

Today is Saturday,
 Today is Saturday.
 Monday we hoe a row,
 Tuesday we sew a seam,
 Wednesday we feed the
 pig,
 Thursday we can a can,
 Friday we raise a hen,
 Saturday we bake a bun,
 All ye bread club daugh-
 ters,
 We wish the same to you.

Today is Sunday,
 Today is Sunday.
 Monday we hoe a row,
 Tuesday we sew a seam,
 Wednesday we feed the
 pig,
 Thursday we can a can,
 Friday we raise a hen,
 Saturday we bake a bun,
 Sunday we go to church,
 All ye good club chil-
 dren,
 We wish the same to you.

1

hoe, hoe, hoe your row,
Thru the summer heat
Merrily do your bit
Cheerily stick to it,
Raising beans and wheat.

2

Hoe, hoe, hoe your row,
Steadily every day,
Merrily, merrily,
Cheerily, cheerily,
Half our work is play.

3

Can, can all you can,
Everything comes our
way.

Merrily, merrily,
Cheerily, cheerily,
Half our work is play.

4

Sew, sew all you can
Everything comes our
way,

Merrily, merrily,
Cheerily, cheerily,
Half our work is play.

5

Bake, bake all you can,
Everything comes our
way,
Merrily, merrily,
Cheerily, cheerily,
Half our work is play.

6

Plant, plant all you can,
Everything comes our
way,

Merrily, merrily,
Cheerily, cheerily,
Half our work is play.

7

Grow, grow, grow a pig
Fatter every day.

Merrily, merrily,
Cheerily, cheerily,
Growing a pig will pay.

8

Grow, grow, grow your
chicks,

Feed them every day.
Merrily, merrily,
Cheerily, cheerily,
Chicks will surely pay.

37 **GOOD MORNING, MR. ZIP**

Good morning Mister Zip, Zip. Zip, with your hair
cut just as short as mine.

Good morning Mister Zip, Zip. Zip, you're surely
looking fine.

Ashes to ashes and dust to dust, if school work
don't get you, the club work must.

Good morning, Mister Zip, Zip, Zip, with your hair
cut just as short as, your hair cut just as short
as, your hair cut just as short as mine.

38 **WE'VE BEEN WORKING**

(Tune—I've Been Working on the Railroad)

We've been working on the farm, boys,
All the live long day;
We've been working in the home, girls,
Just to pass the time away.
Oh, what fun we have in working
With our strength and might!
We're a jolly bunch of members;
Yes ,and we're all right!

39 **SEWING**

(Tune—Ja Da, Ja Da)

Sewing, sewing, sewing, sewing, sewing, sew.
That's the kind of work that we like to do,
With the kind of work that will make others stew.
Sewing, sewing, sewing, sewing, sewing, sew.

40 **SEWING**

(Tune—Mickey)

Sewing, we are sewing,
With stitches small and fine,
In our sewing, we are going,
To win all the prizes, all kinds of sizes, too.
(Pepeat)

CONFERENCE SONG

(Tune—Believe Me If All Those Endearing
Young Charms)

Oh, friends as we gather once more to renew
Our hope and our faith in our task.
May our failures all fade
As the mists and the dew
While strength for new duties we ask.
We must work with new zest.
We must all do our best.
In the struggle for making men free,
Then let's all join hands,
Go forth for the test
To render the service we see.

(Tune—I'll Say She Does)

De we make everybody stare?
We'll say we do.
Do we furnish the bill of fare?
We'll say we do.
Do we raise the potatoes?
And do we raise the tomatoes?
Do we? We'll say we do.
And do they crave our beans and everythin'
We'll say they do.
We belong to the 4-H club, Hoorah, Hooroo.
And can we cook? And can we sew?
Can we do a lot of things you don't know?
Can we? We'll say we can.

43 ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS

Onward Christian soldiers, marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus going on before.
Christ the Royal Master, leads against the foe,
Forward into battle, see His banners go.
Onward Christian soldiers, marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus, going on before.

HOLY, HOLY, HOLY

Holy, Holy, Holy, all the saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy
sea,

Cherubin and Seraphin, falling down before thee,
Which were and art, and evermore shall be.

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty,
All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth and
sky and sea,

Holy, Holy, Holy, merciful and mighty.
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity.

Y E L L S

45 STATE CLUB YELL

(Sing)
SOUTH DAKOTA.

(Yell)
Boys and girls, Rah, Rah,
Boys and girls, Hoo-Rah,
Club work, Club Work, yes...
(Yell part may be repeated.)

46

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7,
All club members go to heaven,
When they get there, they will yell,
Poor old.....went to
Razzle, dazzle, razzle, dazzle, Sis! Boom! Bah!
Our team will clean yours. Ha! Ha! Ha!

47

Boom a ra-ka, Boom a ra-ka, Boom a ra-ka Ray
Chick will lik-to, Chick will lik-to, Chick will lik-to
lay.

48

With a vevo, with a vivo, with a vevo, vivo vuni,
Johnny get a rat trap, bigger'n a cat trap,
Johnny get a rat trap, bigger'n a gun.
CANON BALL! CANON BALL! Sis, Boom, Bah!
Boys and girls Club Work, Rah! Rah! Rah!

49

Are we in it? Well, I guess yes.
C H I C K E N S .

50

Boom-a-lacka, Boom-a-lacka, Boom-a-lacka, Bite,
Feed a pig, Feed a pig, Feed a pig, right.
We are in it every minute, with all our might,
South Dakota pig feeders, settin' tight.

51

One stitch, two stitches, three stitches, oh!
Watch our sewing, watch it grow.
Strong are the stitches, strong are we,
For we are members of the 4-H C.

52

One-a-zibble, two-a-zibble, three-a-zibble, Zub,
We are members of the baby pork club.
We use our heads, we use our hands,
To raise good pigs with loins and hams.

53

Packety pack! Packety pack!
Get out of the way and clear the track.
Kipity kip and kipity klack!
Hurrah! Hurrah! For the old COLD PACK.

54

Who are we? Who are we?
We are members of the 4-H C.
Are we in it? Well, you bet.
We'll be in it for a long time yet.

55

Hippity, Hippity, Huss!
We're not allowed to cuss,
But nevertheless we will can this mess.
There's nothing the matter with us.

56

Up in the morning, out in the field,
Cultivate corn to increase the yield.

57

Chickens, turkeys, geese. We'll try
P O U L T R Y .

58

Boom Chicka Boom! Boom Chicka Boom!
Boom Chicka, Ricka, Chicka, Boom! Boom! Boom!
Hoop La La, Ho La La, Club Work! Club Work!
Rah! R ah! Rah!

59

Click-ety! Click-ety! SIS! BA! BOOM!
Clear the track and give us room.
Corn, Corn, C-O-R-N, Corn.

60

Corn and oats,
And bran and rye.
P O U L T R Y !
First we feed 'em
Then we eat 'em
P O U L T R Y !

61

Corn-Corn-Seed-Corn.
Who saves seed corn?
Club members do
Sure as you're born.

62

Two, four, six, eight.
Who do we appreciate:
(Name yelled 3 times)

63

Say: (One division)
What: (Other division)
What's What?
That's what they all say.
What's what they all say?
Beat (Name other team)

64

Pigs and chickens, calves and iambs,
All eat corn to fatten their hams,
CORN! CORN! CORN!