

# UNIVERSITY OF IDAHO

EXTENSION DIVISION

L. W. FLUHARTY  
DIRECTOR

## JUNIOR CLUB SONGS

Compiled by JESSIE WHARRINGTON  
*Assistant State Club Leader*

COOPERATIVE EXTENSION SERVICE IN AGRICULTURE  
AND HOME ECONOMICS OF THE STATE OF IDAHO  
UNIVERSITY OF IDAHO EXTENSION  
DIVISION AND U. S. DEPARTMENT OF  
AGRICULTURE COOPERATING

## FARM BUREAU JUNIOR CLUBS

Printed and distributed in furtherance of the purposes of the Cooperative  
Agricultural Extension Service provided for in Act of Congress, May 8, 1914

# CONTENTS

	Page
America .....	6
Are You for Club Work?.....	4
Boosting Club Work (Bubbles).....	9
Club Days (School Days).....	9
Canning Club Song (Maryland, My Maryland).....	5
Canning Club Song (Payette County).....	5
Culling (Auld Lang Syne).....	17
Darning (K-K-K-aty).....	17
Eliza Jane.....	14
Farm Bureau Juniors (Boola, Boola).....	16
Good-bye Bugs (Long Boy).....	8
Hail! Hail! The Club's All Here.....	3
Hike Song (Glory Hallelujah).....	9
How Do You Do.....	3
Hoe and Can (Three Blind Mice).....	11
Idaho, Oh, Idaho.....	4
If Our Country Needs a Laddie.....	12
It's a Long Way to Club Perfection.....	12
Join a Club (Over There).....	14
Keep the Garden Growing.....	8
"Long, Long Trail".....	7
Modern Battle Cry (Battle Cry of Freedom).....	7
Old McDonald Had a Farm.....	15
On With Club Work (On Wisconsin).....	10
Our Club Will Shine.....	3
Rounds .....	16
Sewing Together (Marching Thru Georgia).....	17
Star Spangled Banner.....	6
"Smile, Smile, Smile".....	13
The Canning Club Forever (Dixie Land).....	13
'Way Down Upon the Farm (Swanee River).....	10
We're Here for Fun.....	3
We're Here to See the Fair.....	11
We've Been Working.....	12
What Do We Learn From Clubs, Girls?.....	16
Yells .....	Pages 4-5-15

# JUNIOR CLUB SONGS

Compiled by JESSIE WARRINGTON  
*Assistant State Club Leader*

---

## HAIL! HAIL! THE CLUB'S ALL HERE

Hail! Hail! The club's all here.

Do we like our club work—YES, we like our club work,  
Hail! Hail! We're full of cheer.

Do we like our club work, yes. YES!

---

## WE'RE HERE FOR FUN

(Tune: *Auld Lang Syne*)

We're here for fun right from the start,

Pray drop your dignity;

Just laugh and sing with all your heart,

And show your loyalty.

May other meetings be forgot—

Let this one be the best.

Join in the songs we sing today—

Be happy with the rest.

---

## HOW DO YOU DO?

How do you do, .....

How do you do?

Is there anything that we can help you do?

We'll do the best we can,

We'll stand by you like a man,

How do you do, ....., how do you do?

---

## THANKS TO YOU

Thanks to you, Mr. .... (or kind friends)

Thanks to you.

Is there anything that we can do for you?

We'll do the best we can,

We'll stand by you like a man—

Thanks to you, Mr. .... (or kind friends).

---

## OUR CLUB WILL SHINE

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.

**IDAHO, OH IDAHO**(Tune: *Maryland, My Maryland*)

The boys and girls of Idaho, Idaho, Oh, Idaho,  
They'll make the sheep and chickens grow,

In Idaho, Oh, Idaho.

They'll can the fruit and dry the corn;

They'll help their daddies on the farm;

They'll work at eve; they'll work at morn,

In Idaho, Oh, Idaho.

The boys and girls of Idaho, Idaho, Oh, Idaho;

They'll keep the weeds from every row,

In Idaho, Oh, Idaho.

They'll grow the pigs that can't be beat,

And Idaho shan't want for meat;

They'll put the farmers on their feet,

In Idaho, Oh, Idaho.

The boys and girls of Idaho, Idaho, Oh, Idaho,

The girls are learning how to sew,

In Idaho, Oh, Idaho.

Of spuds the clubs will raise a crop,

So Idaho will be on top,

They'll grow the beets so they can't stop,

In Idaho, Oh, Idaho.

—David H. Manwaring.

---

**ARE YOU FOR CLUB WORK?**(Tune: *Are You From Dixie?*)

Are you for Club Work—

Boys' and Girls' Club Work,

The Farm Bureau Junior Club Work, you know?

We're glad to see you,

We always need you

To help our club work to grow.

If you're a farmer, doctor, lawyer or a business man,

You will surely want to help us all you can.

Say you're for club work!

Hurrah for Club Work!

'Cause we're for Club Work, too!

—J. W., Idaho.

---

**A CLUB YELL**  
**A-M-E-R-I-C-A!**

Club Work! Club Work!

U. S. A.



**PAYETTE CANNING CLUB SONG**

(Tune: *Maryland, My Maryland*)

Our Junior Clubs are scattered o'er  
Idaho, our Idaho.  
Diffusing commissary lore  
In Idaho, my Idaho.  
With prices soaring to the skies  
'Tis time the girls and boys arise  
And do whatever in them lies  
To help the cause in Idaho.  
  
And now we'll get right down to work  
In Idaho, our Idaho.  
There's not a boy or girl will shirk  
In Idaho, our Idaho.  
We'll help our dear old Uncle Sam  
Reduce the price of apple jam  
And beef and mutton, pork and ham,  
In Idaho, our Idaho.  
  
Our calves and pigs will grow and grow,  
In Idaho, fair Idaho.  
And we will cook and can and hoe  
With all our might in Idaho.  
And H. C. L. will have to flee  
While we proclaim a victory.  
We'll smile and smile and happy be  
In Idaho, fair Idaho.

---

**CANNING CLUB**

(Tune: *Maryland, My Maryland*)

Of all the clubs we love the best,  
'Tis canning club, the canning club;  
We'll put our products to the test,  
Oh, canning club, our canning club.  
The Cold Pack method we'll maintain,  
Thy honored name we'll keep from stain,  
Uphold our members, might and main,  
Canning club, Oh, canning club.  
—Fremont County.

---

**A CLUB YELL**

Stand them on their heads,  
Stand them on their feet,  
Farm Bureau Junior Clubs  
Can't be beat!

**THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER**

O 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 thru the perilous fight,

On the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming;  
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air  
Gave proof thru the night that our flag was still there;

O say! does that Star Spangled banner yet wave

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

On the shore dimly seen thru the mists of the deep

Where the foe's 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! O, long may it wave

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

O, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand

Between their loved homes and the war's desolation;  
Blessed with victory and peace, may the Heaven-rescued land

Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.  
Then conquer we must, for 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. .

---

**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.

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.

**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  
Have their demonstration teams;  
Where there's lots of drill in canning  
And in the stock judging, too,  
Where we're going to show the public  
What our boys and girls can do.  
—J. W., Idaho.

**MODERN BATTLE CRY**

(Tune: *Battle Cry of Freedom*)

Yes, we'll rally round the hoe, boys,  
And join the ranks of toil,  
Shouting the battle cry of "Feed 'em!"  
We will train the crops to grow, boys,  
As tillers of the soil,  
Shouting the battle cry of "Feed 'em!"

**CHORUS:**

Nature, kind master, will aid in our need;  
Down with the 'tatoes, and up with the weed!  
So we'll rally round the hoe, boys,  
And train the crops to grow,  
Shouting the battle cry of "Feed 'em!"  
Yes, we'll save our food to can, girls,  
And join the rank of cooks,  
Shouting the battle cry of "Feed 'em!"  
When we've closed our year of school  
And put away our books,  
Shouting the battle cry of "Feed 'em!"

When our peas and beans do grow,  
 We will gather on the spot,  
 Shouting the battle cry of "Feed 'em!"  
 To cook them we'll make haste, girls,  
 And can them while they're hot,  
 Shouting the battle cry of "Feed 'em!"

SECOND CHORUS:

Nature, kind master, will aid in our need,  
 Down with the waster and up with the feed,  
 For we'll gather round the stove, girls,  
 And can them while they're hot,  
 Shouting the battle cry of "Feed 'em!"

—Illinois.

KEEP THE GARDEN GROWING

(Tune: *Keep the Home Fires Burning*)

We were called out from our playtime,  
 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 our summer days pass by,  
 For we're proud to help our country,  
 So we sing instead of sigh.

CHORUS:

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

—Illinois.

GOOD BYE BUGS

(Tune: *Long Boy*)

Good-bye grubs, good-bye rot,  
 Good-bye bugs on our garden plot;  
 We may not know how to save from drought  
 But you bet our club will soon find out!  
 Then all potato bugs beware!  
 Soon there won't be any there;  
 We'll use our spray and our fingers, too,  
 And show you what our club can do!

—Illinois.



**HIKE SONG**

(Tune: *Glory Hallelujah*)

**A**

We'll hike, hike, hike along the Club Turnpike,  
We'll hike, hike, hike along the Club Turnpike,  
We'll hike, hike, hike along the Club Turnpike,  
Till we strike, strike, strike H. C. L.

**B**

Glory, Glory, Hallelujah,  
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah,  
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah,  
As we go hiking on!

(Let division B start song at same time as division A.)

---

**BOOSTING CLUB WORK**

(Tune: *I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles*)

We're forever boosting Club work—  
Junior Club work on the square;  
Our aim's so high,  
We'll reach the sky,  
It is no dream to fade and die.  
Good things always waiting,  
We find them everywhere.  
We're forever boosting Club work—  
Junior Club work on the square.

---

**CLUB DAYS**

(Tune: *School Days*)

Club days, Club days,  
Dear old golden Club days;  
Weeding and feeding and growing wheat,  
Baking and canning and sewing neat;  
Those are the days we love the best,  
Farm Bureau Junior, yes, yes, yes;  
Why ask what we're doing—just come and see,  
You're welcome at any time.

—Fremont County.

**'WAY DOWN UPON THE FARM**(Tune: *Swanee River*)

'Way down upon the farm they found me,  
Lonesome and sad;  
Work seemed to me to be such trouble,  
'Twas just the same with dad.

**CHORUS:**

Now the world seems glad and cheery  
Everywhere I go.  
Oh, how my thoughts are turning ever,  
Back to our Farm Bureau.  
—Fremont County.

---

**ON WITH BOYS' AND GIRLS' CLUBS**(Tune: *On Wisconsin*)

On with boys' clubs! On with girls' clubs!  
Plunge right in the work;  
Let no laggards join our numbers,  
For we never shirk.  
On with girls' clubs! On with boys' clubs!  
Let this be our cry—  
We'll "start up, keep up, finish up,"  
Win or die.

—*Farm Boys' and Girls' Leader.*

---

**ON WITH CLUB WORK**(Tune: *On Wisconsin*)

On with club work! On with club work!  
In our fair Gem state;  
We thy loyal sons and daughters  
Hail club work as great!  
On with club work! On with club work!  
In our Idaho.  
We'll talk and plan club work  
Where'er we go.  
On with club work! On with club work!  
Do you hear the call?  
Club work is the big idea,  
Heed it, one and all.  
On with club work! On with club work!  
Plunge right thru the line,  
Vict'ry will be ours 'neath the  
Four H sign.

—J. W., Idaho.

HOE AND CAN

(Tune: *Three Blind Mice*)

Hoe, hoe, hoe,  
Steadily every day,  
We're members of the Garden Club,  
We're not afraid to dig and grub,  
We'll give our elders an awful "rub,"  
Hoe, hoe, hoe.

Can, can, can,  
Nothing must go to waste,  
When winter comes we'll not be blue,  
We'll put up a million cans or two,  
Without us what would the Nation do?  
Can, can, can.

—Illinois Club Songs.

WE'RE HERE TO SEE THE FAIR

(Tune: *Battle Hymn of the Republic*)

We are winners in the club work from the counties of the state,  
We have worked all thru the summer, now we're here to celebrate;  
We have left the other members hanging on the garden gate,  
While we came to the Fair.

CHORUS:

Glory, Glory Hallelujah!  
Glory, Glory Hallelujah!  
Glory, Glory Hallelujah!  
Yes, we came to the Fair.

You may think to win in club work is an easy thing to do,  
That the road that leads to vict'ry is quite easy to pursue.  
But, believe me, it's a tussle from the start till we get thru,  
To win and see the Fair.

We are farmer lads and lassies and we know just how to toil,  
We are always up and doing making profit from the soil.  
We raise winning pigs and chickens and can fruit that will not spoil,  
So we can see the Fair.

When we started in the club work, we went in to do or die,  
Now we're here while all the others are lamenting with a sigh.  
And we'll have fun here at Fair school or we'll know the reason why,  
While we are at the Fair.

—Oklahoma.

**IF OUR COUNTRY NEEDS A LADDIE**

(Tune: *Comin' Thru the Rye*)

If our country needs a laddie  
For to plant the rye,  
If a farmer calls a laddie,  
Such a lad am I.

**CHORUS:**

Every farm shall have its laddies,  
Strong of arm and gay,  
All raising food for hungry folks,  
To keep the wolf away.

If our country needs a laddie  
For to plant the wheat,  
If a farmer calls a laddie,  
Here's a lad that's fleet.  
Far and wide thru all our country  
Come the lads to work,  
Uncle Sam receives them gladly,  
None of them will shirk.  
—Illinois.

---

**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 keep the wolf away.  
Oh, what fun we have in working,  
Morning, noon, and night!  
We're a jolly bunch of members;  
Yes, and we're all right!  
—Illinois.

---

**IT'S A LONG WAY TO CLUB PERFECTION**

(Tune: *Tipperary*)

It's a long way to club perfection,  
It's a long way to go,  
But we'll raise pigs, chicks, calves and gardens,  
And we'll cook and can and sew;  
Good-bye, loss and failure; good-bye, doubt and fear—  
It's a long, long way to club perfection,  
But we're getting near.

—J. W., Idaho.



SMILE, SMILE, SMILE

Can all the fruit and vegetables you can  
And smile, smile, smile;  
While there is anything at all to can,  
Smile, girls, that's the style;  
What's the use of worrying  
While canning is worth while,  
So, can all the fruit and vegetables you can  
And smile, smile, smile.

Raise all the pigs and calves and crops you can,  
And smile, smile, smile;  
While there is anything that you can raise,  
Smile, boys, that's the style;  
What's the use of worrying  
While club work is worth while,  
So, raise all the pigs and chicks and crops you can,  
And smile, smile, smile.

—J. W., Idaho.

THE CANNING CLUB FOREVER

(Tune: *Dixie*)

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!  
Oh, canning club is the best foundation,  
Help's me can the family's ration.  
Hip-Hooray! Hip-Hooray!  
Hip-Hooray! U. S. A!

CHORUS:

Then it's canning club forever,  
Hooray! Hooray!  
I thank the fates that fixed my dates  
In club work now and ever,  
Hooray! I say!  
The canning club forever!  
I say, Hooray! The 4-H clubs forever!

—Ina Scrivner.

**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 see us grow.

**CHORUS:**

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

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 four H's be our sign,  
Where'er we go.

---

**JOIN A CLUB**

(Tune: *Over There*)

Farmer, is your boy in a club, in a club?  
Let him join today, join today, no delay;  
Make some money all his own,  
Then perhaps he'll stay at home.  
Give your boy a chance, girl a chance, both a chance,  
Make your children glad to have had such a dad,  
Tell your bright boy now's the time  
T' make the farm begin to shine.

**CHORUS:**

Join a club, join a club,  
Grow a pig, can the fruit, join a club.  
For your boy will like it, your girl will "love" it,  
They all should join it while they can.  
Now's the time, we're going fine,  
Get the pig, get the pig, now's the time.  
Set the old hen, select the acre,  
Let us make.....a better place to live.

—Tennessee Club Song.

**OLD McDONALD HAD A FARM**

Old McDonald had a farm,  
Ee-igh, ee-igh, O;  
And on this farm he had some chicks,  
Ee-igh, ee-igh, O;  
A chick-chick here,  
A chick-chick there,  
And 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 preceding stanza.)

Old McDonald had a farm,  
Ee-igh, ee-igh, O;  
And on this farm he had a Ford,  
Ee-igh, ee-igh, O;  
'Twas a rattle-rattle here  
And a rattle-rattle there;  
Here a rattle, there a rattle,  
Everywhere a rattle-rattle;  
A hee-haw here,  
A hee-haw there;  
And here a hee, there a haw,  
Everywhere a hee-haw;  
A gobble-gobble here  
A gobble-gobble there;  
And here a gobble, there a gobble,  
Everywhere a gobble-gobble;  
A quack-quack here  
A quack-quack there;  
And here a quack, there a quack,  
Everywhere a quack-quack;  
A chick-chick here,  
A chick-chick there;  
And here a chick, there a chick,  
Everywhere a chick-chick;  
Old McDonald had a farm,  
Ee-igh, ee-igh, O.

**A CLUB YELL**

1-2-3-4

3-2-1-4

Who are we for?

The FARM BUREAU!

## FARM BUREAU JUNIORS

(Tune: *Boola Boola*)

We all are members of Boys' and Girls' Clubs,  
We're on the job, too,  
We're here to tell you!  
We are a branch of your own Farm Bureau,  
And we are with you,  
In all you do.

—J. W., Idaho.

## WHAT DO WE LEARN FROM CLUBS?

(Tune: *Where Do We Go From Here, Boys?*)

What do we learn from clubs, girls,  
What do we learn from clubs?  
How to can and sew and stew,  
Choose the best; cut out the scrubs,  
And when we want to learn some more,  
We'll join some other clubs.  
Oh, joy, oh, girls,  
What do we learn from clubs?

## ROUNDS

(Tune: *Row, Row, Row Your Boat*)

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

Can, can all we can;  
Everything comes our way;  
Merrily, merrily, cheerily, cheerily;  
Half our work is play.

Sew, sew, all you can;  
Everything comes our way;  
Merrily, merrily, cheerily, cheerily,  
Half our work is play.

Raise, raise, raise a pig,  
Make him into pork;  
Show the other boys and girls  
We can do the work.

Raise, raise, raise a chick  
To get an egg or two;  
Merrily, merrily, cheerily, cheerily,  
Save the feathers, too.



SEWING TOGETHER

(Tune: *Marching Thru Georgia*)

Bring your needle and your thread,  
We're going to have a sew.  
All we club girls doing team work  
Make it fun, you know;  
We'll plan our work most carefully  
And make it full of go.  
While we are sewing together.

CHORUS:

Hurrah, hurrah, the good old sewing bee!  
Hurrah, hurrah, there's no stupidity  
About a piece of work that's done  
When we have compan-ee,  
And we are sewing together!

—Montana.

---

D-D-D-ARNING

(Tune: *K-K-K-atie*)

D-d-d-d-arning, miserable darning,  
You're the only j-j-j-j-ob that I abhor;  
I will d-d-o you, when there's c-c-ompany,  
Then you won't seem such a t-t-t-t-iresome bore.

—Montana.

---

CULLING

(Tune: *Auld Lang Syne*)

Should we not weed the loafers out,  
And whack the Bolshevik,  
Let's get to culling out our flock  
And pure-bred biddies seek.  
Then cull the hen that doesn't lay,  
And put her into soup,  
And keep the hen that earns her board.  
In a palatial coop.

—Montana.

(Write your new club song here)

**THE AMERICAN'S CREED**

By WILLIAM TYLER PAGE

I believe in the United States of America as a government of the people, by the people, for the people; whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic; a sovereign Nation of many sovereign states; a perfect union, one and inseparable; established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes.

I therefore believe it my duty to my country to love it, to support its constitution, to obey its laws, to respect its flag and to defend it against all enemies.

---

**A PLEDGE TO THE FLAG**

I pledge allegiance to my flag and to the republic for which it stands; one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.

---

**IDAHO FARM BUREAU JUNIOR CLUB PLEDGE**

I pledge my head to clearer thinking,  
My heart to greater loyalty,  
My hands to larger service,  
And my health to better living  
For my Club, my Community, and my Country.

