

U.C.H.C. SONG SHEET

OFFICIAL Club Song: WE'RE LOSTED

Tune: Salvation Army Song

We're losted, we're losted, we'll never be found;  
They'll find us next spring on the hard frozen ground,  
They'll send out a party, they'll look all night long,  
But they'll never, never find us because we turned wrong.

We'll smell, we'll smell, we'll smell like hell,  
We'll smell, like hell, we'll smell like hell,  
We'll smell, we'll smell, we'll smell like hell,  
That's the song of the good old Bear Hikers.

We've hiked and we've hiked on for hundreds of miles;  
And if we aren't found soon we'll drop dead in piles.  
The more we go further, the more we all think,  
Of the glories of springtime and how we all stink.

The night's long and weary, it'll never get light;  
And we hope it doesn't 'cause we're sure a sight.  
The most we can hope for is it never be said,  
That the good old Bear Hikers were never misled.

THE FOX Tune: The Fox

O the fox went out on a chilly night, he prayed for the moon to give  
him light;  
For he had many a mile to go that night, before he reached the town, O  
The town, O, the town, O, He'd many a mile to go that night before  
he reached the town, O.

He ran til he came to a great big pen, the ducks and the geese were  
penned therein;  
A couple of you will grease my chin before I leave this town, O.  
The town, O, the town, O, a couple of you will grease my chin etc.

He grabbed the grey goose by the neck, threw the duck across his back,  
He didn't mind the quack, quack, quack or the legs all dangling down, O.  
Down, O, down, O, He didn't mind the quack, quack, quack etc.

Old Mrs. Flipper Flopper hopped out of bed, out of the window she  
stuck her head;  
Cried John, John, the grey goose is gone and the fox is on the town, O.  
The town, O, the town, O, Cried John, John etc.

John he ran to the top of the hill, blew his horn both loud and shrill  
Fox, he said "I'd better flee with my kill, or they'll soon be on my  
trail, O.

The trail, O, the trail, O, Fox, he said I'd better flee etc.

He ran til he came to his cozy den, there were the little ones, eight,  
nine, ten;  
they said, "Daddy better go back again, 'cause it must be a mighty  
fine town, O.  
The town, O, the town, O, They said Daddy better go back etc.