A Scout's Campfire Songbook

CAMP FIRE OPENINGS.

The simple life and friendly cheer,
May all those find who gather here.

Sweet is the brotherhood to which we belong,
And doubly sweet is the brotherhood of song.

CAMP FIRE'S BURNING

Camp fire's burning, camp fire's burning,
Draw nearer, draw nearer,
In the gloaming, in the gloaming,
Come sing and be merry.

IT'S A GOOD TIME TO GET ACQUAINTED
(Tune - Tipperary)

It's a good time to get acquainted
It's a good time to know
Who is sitting close beside you
And to smile and say "Hello"
Goodbye, chilly feeling
Goodbye, glassy stare
If we all join hands and pull together
We're sure to get there.

WE'RE ALL TOGETHER AGAIN.

We're all together again, we're here, we're here,
We're all together again, we're here, we're here,
And who knows when we'll be all together again
Singing all together again, we're here.

ALL THINGS SHALL PERISH.

All things shall perish from under the sky.
All things shall perish from under the sky.
Music alone shall live,
Music alone shall live,
Music alone shall live,
Never to die.

WHEN THE SCOUTS COME HIKING IN.
(Tune: When the Saints go Marching In)

Oh when the Scouts come hiking in,
When the Scouts come hiking in,
    I want to be at that camp-fire
When the Scouts come hiking in.

Now here comes Dave - he needs a shave -
When the Scouts come hiking in,
    And we'll have Dave at that camp-fire,
When the Scouts come hiking in.

Now here comes John, with his short shorts on ...

Now here comes Pete, with his aching feet ...

Now here comes Tom, going like a bomb ...

Now here comes Keith, with his clean white teeth..

Now here comes Skip, with a merry quip ...

Now here comes Kim - Oh No, not him!

ON TOP OF SPAGHETTI
(Tune: On Top of Old Smokey)

On top of spaghetti,
All covered in cheese,
I lost my poor meat ball
When somebody sneezed.

It rolled off the table
And unto the floor,
And then my poor meat ball
Rolled out of the door.
It rolled down the garden
and under a bush,
And then my poor meat ball
was nothing but mush!

So,
If you have spaghetti,
All covered in cheese,
Hold onto your meat ball,
'Cause someone might sneeze!

QUARTER MASTER'S STORES.

Chorus:
    My eyes are dim, I cannot see,
    I have not brought my specs with me,
    I have not brought my specs with me!

There was bread, bread harder than your head
In the stores, in the stores
There was bread, bread just like lumps of lead
In the quarter master's stores.
There were rats, rats big as blooming cats
In the stores, in the stores
There were rats, rats lying about on mats
In the quarter master's stores.

There was cake, cake hard as cattle cake
In the stores, in the stores
There was cake, cake give you belly ache
In the quarter master's stores.

There was skip, skip giving us the slip
In the stores, in the stores
There was skip, skip giving us the slip
In the quarter master's stores.

SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

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Under the spreading chestnut tree
Where I held you on my knee,
We were happy as could be,
Under the spreading chestnut tree

Actions

Spreading -	arms outstretched over head.
Chest -	strike chest
Nut -	tap head
Tree -	arms outstretched over head.
Held -	arms as though embracing.
Knee -	strike knee.
Happy -	Scowl and emit a growl.

Last line same as first.

SHE'LL BE COMING ROUND THE MOUNTAIN

She'll be coming round the mountain when she comes
(Wooh Wooh)
She'll be coming round the mountain when she comes
(Wooh Wooh)
She'll be coming round the mountain, she'll be coming round the mountain
She'll be coming round the mountain when she comes
(Wooh Wooh)
She'll be riding six white horses when she comes
(Whoa back)
She'll be riding six white horses when she comes
(Whoa back)
She'll be riding six white horses, riding six white horses,
She'll be riding six white horses when she comes
(Whoa back, Wooh Wooh)
Oh we'll all go down to meet her when she comes
(Hi Babe)
Oh we'll all go down to meet her when she comes
(Hi Babe)
Oh we'll all go down to meet her, we'll all go down to meet her
Oh we'll all go down to meet her when she comes
(Hi Babe, etc)
She'll be wearing silk pyjamas when she comes
(Whistle twice)
She'll be wearing silk pyjamas when she comes
(One whistle)
She'll be wearing silk pyjamas, She'll be wearing silk pyjamas
She'll be wearing silk pyjamas when she comes
(Whistle twice, etc)
Oh we'll kill the old red rooster when she comes
(hack hack), etc.
Oh we'll all have chicken and dumplings when she comes (Yum Yum), etc.
Oh she'll have to sleep with grandma when she comes
(Snore snore), etc.

HE JUMPED FROM 40,000 FEET

He jumped from 40,000 feet without a parachute
He jumped from 40,000 feet without a parachute
He jumped from 40,000 feet without a parachute
And he ain't gonna jump no more.

Chorus

Glory, glory, what a hell of a way to die. Hey!
Glory, glory, what a hell of a way to die. Hey!
Glory, glory, what a hell of a way to die.
And he ain't gonna jump no more.

They scraped him off the tarmac like a lump of strawberry jam.

They put him in a matchbox and they sent him home to mum.

She put it on the mantelpiece beside his dear old dad.

He fell from the mantelpiece into the roaring flames

The moral of the story is to look before you leap

THE WILD ROVER.

I've been a wild rover for many a year,
And I've spent all my money on whiskey and beer,
But now I'm returning with gold in great store,
And I never will play the wild rover no more.

Chorus

And it's no nay never, no nay never no more,
Will I play the wild rover, No nay never no more.

I went into an ale house I used to frequent,
And I told the landlady my money was spent,
I asked her for credit, she answered me 'nay',
'Sure it's custom like yours I can have anyday'.

Then out of my pocket I drew sovereigns bright,
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight,
She said 'I have whiskey and wines of the best,
And the words that I spoke you were only in jest.

I'll go home to my parents, confess what I've done,
And I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son,
And if they forgive me as oft times before,
Then I never will play the wild rover no more.

I'VE BEEN A SCOUT LEADER

I've been a Scout Leader for many a year
And entered this game with trepidation and fear
But now that its over I feel somewhat glad
And I never will rejoin this newfangled fad

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Chorus
And it's no nay never, no! nay! never, no more
Will I be a Scout Leader, no, never no more.

I went into a Scout Den I used to frequent
And I told the young lads our funds they were spent
Then out of my trailer I took camping gear
And the cries of dismay turned to yells of good cheer.

BADGER'S ARMY
By David Walsh

We're all part of Badger's army,
Sandford Scout Troop, Thirty three,
Hills and mountains we will climb,
We love Scouting all the time
And Badger is our leader dressed in green.

Bivouacking on a hillside,
Hiking on the Wicklow Way
Singing songs with all our might
Round the camp-fire in the night
With Roy on his guitar to lead the way

We go hiking in the winter
We go even when it snows
In the summertime we camp
Even if it's very damp
In Powerscourt where the Dargle river flows.

OLD MACDONALD

Old MacDonald had a farm, ee-i, ee-i, o,
And on his farm he had some pigs, ee-i, ee-i, o,
Tall pigs, short pigs, short pigs, tall pigs,
Fat pigs, thin pigs, thin pigs, fat pigs,
Old MacDonald had a farm, ee-i, ee-i, o,

Old MacDonald had a farm, ee-i, ee-i, o,
And on his farm he had some cows, ee-i, ee-i, o,
Tall cows, short cows, short cows, tall cows,
Fat cows, thin cows, thin cows, fat cows,
Tall pigs, short pigs, short pigs, tall pigs,
Fat pigs, thin pigs, thin pigs, fat pigs,

Old MacDonald had a farm, ee-i, ee-i, o,

KOOKABURRA

Kookaburra sits on the old gum tree.
Merry merry King of the bush is he
Laugh Kookaburra, Laugh, Kookaburra
Gay your life must be

WORMS

Nobody likes me, everybody hates me,
Think I'll go and eat worms,
Long thin skinny ones, short fat juicy ones,
See how they wriggle and squirm,
Bite their heads off, suck their juice out,
Throw the skins away.
You should see how well I thrive,
On worms three times a day.

FOUND A PEANUT

Found a peanut, found a peanut, found a peanut over there,
Thought I'd eat it, thought I'd eat it, thought I'd eat it, didn't care.

Rather tasty, rather tasty, rather tasty but now,
Got a pain, got a pain, got a pain, don't know how.

Fetch a doctor, fetch a doctor, fetch a doctor, fetch him quick.
Appendicitis, appendicitis, appendicitis, feeling sick

Cut him open, cut him open, cut him open, save his life.
Sew him up, sew him up, sew him up around my knife.

Cut him open, cut him open, cut him open 'til its found,
Sew him up, sew him up, have you seen my specs around.

Cut him open, cut him open, cut him open, - ad nauseam.

YOU'LL NEVER GET TO HEAVEN.

You'll never get to heaven
In an old Ford car
'Cos an old Ford car
Won't go that far

You'll never get to heaven in an old Ford car
'Cos an old Ford car won't go that far
I ain't gonna grieve my Lord no more.

I ain't gonna grieve my Lord
I ain't gonna grieve my Lord
I ain't gonna grieve my Lord no more.

You'll never get to heaven in a limousine
'Cos the Lord ain't got no gasoline.

You'll never get to heaven in a Jumbo jet
'Cos the Lord ain't got no runways yet.

You'll never get to heaven in a Girl Guides arms
'Cos the Lord doesn't want those feminine charms.
You'll never get to heaven in a biscuit tin
'Cos a biscuit tin's got biscuits in.

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You'll never get to heaven in an apple tree
'Cos an apple tree's got roots you see

B-P SPIRIT

I've got that B-P spirit,
Right in my head, right in my head, right in my head,
I've got that B-P spirit right in my head,
Right in my head to stay.

Deep in my heart,

All round my feet,

I've got that B-P spirit, All over me, all over me, all over me,
I've got that B-P spirit all over me,
All over me to stay.

THERE WAS AN OLD MAN CALLED MICHAEL FINIGININ

There was an old man called Michael Finigin
He grew whiskers on his chinigin
The wind came up and blew them inigin
Poor old Michael Finigin! Beginigin!

There was an old man called Michael Finigin
He kicked up an awful dinigin
Because they said he must not singingin
Poor old Michael Finigin! Beginigin!

There was an old man called Michael Finigin
He went fishing with a pinigin
Caught a fish but dropped it inigin
Poor old Michael Finigin! Beginigin!

There was an old man called Michael Finiginin
He grew fat and then grew thinigin
Then he died and had to beginigin
Poor old Michael Finigin! STOP!

IF YOU'RE HAPPY AND YOU KNOW IT

If you're happy and you know it, clap your hands
If you're happy and you know it, clap your hands
If you're happy and you know it, and you really want to show it,
If you're happy and you know it, clap your hands

If you're happy and you know it, stamp your feet

If you're happy and you know it, click your fingers

If you're happy and you know it, nod your head

If you're happy and you know it, say "We are!"

If you're happy and you know it, do all five.

FLOWER OF SCOTLAND

Oh Flower of Scotland
When will we see your like again
That fought and died for
Your wee bit hill and glen.

Chorus.
That stood against him
Proud Edward's army
And sent him homeward
Tae think again.

The hills are bare now
And Autumn leaves lie thick and still
O'er land that is lost now
Which those so dearly held.

Those days are passed now
And in the past they must remain
But we can still rise now
And be the nation again.

Repeat verse one.

CAMPING.
(Tune: Daisy)

Camping, camping, that's what we like to do
Ev'ry summer, we're off for a week or two
We never mind the weather
As long as we're together
But we don't approve of no room to move,
In a hike tent that's built for two.

FOOD, TERRIBLE FOOD

Food, terrible food, burnt sausage and mustard
We're not in the mood for cold porridge and custard
Fried eggs with their edges black
What next is the question
We're all gonna suffer from indigestion
Food, terrible food, those soggy old cornflakes
That lumpy fruit duff, that's all that our cook makes
We have to eat the stuff, don't want to be rude
But food - horrible food - sickening food - terrible food.

McTAVISH IS DEAD

Oh, McTavish is dead and his brother don't know it
His brother is dead and McTavish don't know it,
They're both of them dead and in the same bed
And neither one knows that the other is dead.

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Ging Gang Gooli

Ging gang gooli gooli gooli watcha
Ging gang goo, ging gang goo,
Ging gang gooli gooli gooli watcha
Ging gang goo, ging gang goo,
Hayla - hayla shayla - hayla shayla hayla hoo
Hayla - hayla shayla - hayla shayla hayla hoo
Shally-wally, shally-wally, Shally-wally, shally-wally,

Oompah, oompah, oompah

The singers are divided into two parts. All sing the song through, then Part 1 keeps up the "Oompah, Oompah" whilst Part II starts again. When they meet at the end Part I sings the words whilst Part II takes over the "Oompah, Oompah".

CHEER BOYS CHEER.

One dark night when we were all in bed,
Old Mrs O'Leary left a light on in the shed
The cow kicked it over, then winked her eye and said
"There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight"

Chorus

Cheer, Boys, Cheer, the school is burning down
Cheer, Boys, Cheer, it's burning to the ground
Cheer, Boys, Cheer, it's the only one in town,
"There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight"

APPLE PIE BAKER.

My mother's an apple-pie baker,
My father, he fiddles for tin,
My sister scrubs floors for a living
Oh boy, how the money rolls in.

Rolls in, rolls in,
Oh boy, how the money rolls in.
Rolls in, rolls in,
Oh boy, how the money rolls in.

OH, WE AIN'T GONNA SING

Oh we ain't gonna sing no more, no more,
We ain't gonna sing no more,
That old song's got whiskers on,
So we ain't gonna sing no more,

I MET A BEAR

The other day
I met a bear,
Up in the woods
Away up there.

He looked at me
I looked at him
He sized up me
I sized up him

He said to me
Why don't you run,
I see you ain't
Got any gun

And so I ran
Away from there
But right behind
Me was that bear.

And then I saw
Ahead of me,
A great big tree
O Lordy Me

The nearest branch
Was ten feet up
I'd have to jump
And trust to luck

And so I jumped
Into the air
But I missed that branch
Away up there

Now don't you fret
Now don't you frown
For I caught that branch
On the way back down

That's all there is
There ain't no more
Unless I meet
That bear once more
And that bear I
Did meet once more
He was a mat
On the bedroom floor.

THE JELLYFISH SONG

Three blind jellyfish, three blind jellyfish,
Three blind jellyfish, sitting on a rock.

And along came a big wave, WOOOOSH.

A WOONEY GOONEY

A wooney gooney cha a wooney
A wooney gooney cha a wooney
I, I, I, ippee I, I, anna
I, I, I, ippee I, I, anna
A wooney, A wooney, cheche!

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AN OLD AUSTRIAN YODELLER

An old Austrian Yodeller,
On an mountain top high,
Met up with an Avalanche,
Interrupting his cry.

Yo de le hi, Yo de le hi hi,
I .... Shhh !
Yo de le hi hi.

(2) A shaggy dog - arf! arf!
(3) A grizzly bear - grr! grr!
(4) A milking cow - shh! shh!
(5) A pretty maid - X! X!
(6) Her father - Bang! Bang!

CAPTAINS

Captains they do nothing,
Lieutenants they do less
Patrol leaders go watering
and get themselves a mess.
Seconds they go wooding,
that's if they want some sup,
But all that's left for the jolly Girl Guides
is the dirty washing up.

Oh, we ain't gonna work no more no more,
We ain't gonna work no more.
We worked last year and the year before,
We ain't gonna work no more.

Captains they have scented soap,
Lieutenants, they have Pears,
Patrol Leaders have Yardley
and give themselves such airs.
Seconds they have Sunlight
to make their faces shine,
But all that's left for the jolly Girl Guides
is the Lifeboy every time.

Oh, we ain't gonna wash no more, etc.

Captains, they have turkey,
Lieutenants they have duck,
Patrol Leaders have chocolate
and think themselves in luck,
Seconds they have bully beef
and sometimes they have ham,
But all that's left for the jolly Girl Guides
is a slice of bread and jam.

Oh, we ain't gonna eat no more, etc.

Captains, they are married,
Lieutenants they're engaged,
Patrol Leaders are courting,
although they're under age,
Seconds they have boy friends,
as many as they please,
But all that left for the jolly Girl Guides
are the Scouts with knobbly knees.

Oh, we ain't gonna court no more, etc.

DO YOUR EARS HANG LOW?

Do your ears hang low?
Can they waggle to and fro?
Can you tie them in a knot?
Can you throw them over your shoulder
Like a regimental soldier?
Do your ears hang low?

Yes, my ears hang low.
And they waggle to and fro
I can tie them in a knot,
I can tie them in a bow.
I can throw them over my shoulder
Like a regimental soldier
Yes, my ears hang low!

THE RATTLING BOG

Chorus
Ro, ro the rattling bog
The bog down in the valley o
Rare bog a rattling bog
a bog down in the valley o.

And on that bog there was a tree,
A rare tree, a rattling tree,
The tree in the bog and the bog down in the valley o.

And on that tree there was a limb.
And on that limb there was a branch.
And on that branch there was a twig.
And on that twig there was a leaf.
And on that leaf there was a nest.
And in that nest there was an egg.
And on that egg there was a bird.
And on that bird there was a wing.
And on that wing there was a feather.
And on that feather there was a flea,
A rare flea, a rattling flea,
The flea on the feather and the feather on the wing,
And the wing on the bird and the bird on the egg,
And the egg on the nest and the nest on the leaf,
And the leaf on the twig and the twig on the branch,
And the branch on the limb and the limb on the tree
And the tree in the bog and the bog down in the valley -
O.

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LAND OF THE SILVER BIRCH.

Land of the silver birch,
Home of the beaver,
Where still the mighty moose
Wanders at will

Chorus
Blue lake and rocky shore,
I will return once more,
Boom-did-di-eye-di, Boom-did-di-eye-di,
Boom-did-di-eye-di, Boom

My heart is sick for you,
Here in the lowlands,
I will return to you,
Hills of the north.

Swift as the silver fish,
Canoe of birch bark,
Thy mighty waters,
Carry me forth.

There where the blue lake lies,
I'll set my wigwam,
Close to the water's edge,
Silent and still.

TZENA
Israeli - Words by Henry Morris

Tzena, Tzena, Tzena, Tzena,
Can't you hear the music playing
In the village square?
Tzena, Tzena, join the celebration,
There'll be people there from every nation,
Dawn will find us dancing in the sunlight,
Dancing in the village square.

SAILING

I am sailing, I am sailing,
home again 'cross the sea,
I am sailing stormy waters,
To be near you, to be free.

I am flying, I am flying,
Like a bird 'cross the sky
I am flying, passing high clouds
To be with you, to be free.

Can you hear me, can you hear me
Thro' the dark night far away
I am dying, forever trying,
To be with you who can say.

We are sailing, we are sailing,
Home again 'cross the sea
We are sailing stormy waters
To be near you, to be free.

LET IT BE

When I find myself in times of trouble
Mother Mary comes to me
Speaking words of wisdom - let it be

And in my hour of darkness
She is standing right in front of me
Speaking words of wisdom - let it be

And when the broken hearted people
Living in the world agree
There will be an answer - let it be.

LET US SING TOGETHER

Let us sing together,
Let us sing together,
One and all a joyous song.
Let us sing together,
One and all a joyous song.
Let us sing again and again,
Let us sing again and again,
One and all a joyous song.

TOO OLD TO CAMP
(Tune: When I grow too old to dream)

When I grow too old to camp
I'll have this to remember;
When I grow too old to camp
I'll have this night to recall;
So, good Scouting all,
Whate'er may be our part;
For when I grow too old to camp
This night will live in my heart.

WHO'LL COME A-SCOUTING?
(Tune: Waltzing Matilda)

Once a mighty soldier, beloved by his fellow men
Under the shade of the flag of the free
Took some boys and trained them,
Made them strong and brave and true.
Who'll come a-Scouting, a Scouting with me?

Chorus:
Keep on a-working, never a-shirking,
Carry out the rules as he wanted them to be,
And we'll sing as we put our shoulders
And our brains to work,
Who'll come a-Scouting, a Scouting with me?

Soon the little band grew, swelling great in number,
Through other countries, one, two, three,

Then around the world it spread,
Stronger, ever stronger,
Who'll come a-Scouting, a Scouting with me?

Chorus:
Keep on praying, keep on saying,
If we work hard enough, then we'll stay free.
And we'll sing as we put our shoulders
And our brains to work,
Who'll come a-Scouting, a Scouting with me?

SCOUTER'S SMILE
(Tune: When Irish Eyes are Smiling)

When Scouters all are smiling,
Sure it's like a morn in spring
For amid their joy and laughter
You can hear the music ring.
When all the crowd are happy
And the night seems bright and gay,
With that fine old Scouting spirit,
Sure it wins you right away.

WITH THE SCENT OF WOODSMOKE
(Tune: Lilli Marlene)

With the scent of woodsmoke drifting on the air,
And the glow of firelight we always love to share,
Visions of camp-fires all return,
And as the logs flame up and burn,
We dream of bygone camp-fires and long for those to come.

Tongues of yellow fire flickering up on high,
Reaching twisting fingers up to a starlit sky,
Voices recall songs old and new,
Songs once dear to our fathers too,
Who dreamed of bygone camp-fires and longed for those to come.

Gently dying embers cast a rosy glow,
Voices slowly sinking to tones so soft and low,
Slowly upon the still night air,
Fall faithful voices hushed in prayer,
That dream of bygone camp-fires and
long for those to come.

THE SCOUTING DAY
(Tune: Perfect Day)

When you come to the end of a Scouting day,
And you sit in the camp-fire light,
And the sky has turned from the blue to the grey,
With the shades of the coming night,
Do you think what the end of a Scouting Day
Can mean in a real boy's life,
When the whistle blows and the flag comes down,
And there's peace in the world of strife?

Well, this is the end of a Scouting day,
Near the end of our journey, too,
And the days that are gone cannot be recalled:
What have they ment to you?
For we've shared the same tent and, side by side,
The streets of this old world trod.
In sun and rain we've done our best,
And we're closer grown to God.

WE SHALL NOT BE MOVED

Chorus:
We shall not, we shall not be moved,
We shall not, we shall not be moved,
Just like a tree that's standing by the water side,
We shall not be moved.

We're on our way to heaven,
We shall not be moved,
We're on our way to heaven,
We shall not be moved.

We're on that road to freedom,
We're brothers together,
We're on our way to heaven

WE SHALL OVERCOME

We shall overcome,
We shall overcome,
We shall overcome some day,
Oh, deep in my heart,
I do believe,
We shall overcome some day,

THE GIPSY ROVER

The Gipsy rover came over the hill
Down to the valley so shady
He whistled and he sang till the green woods rang
And he won the heart of a lady.

Chorus:
Ah dee doo, ah dee doo dah day
Ah dee doo, ah dee day dee
He whistled and he sang till the green woods rang
And he won the heart of a lady.

She left her father's castle gates
She left her own fond lover
She left her servants and her state
To follow the gipsy rover.

Her father saddled up his fastest steed
Roamed the valleys all over
Sought his daughter at great speed
And the whistling gipsy rover.

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He came at last to a mansion fine
Down by the River Plady
And there was music and there was wine
For the gipsy and his lady

"He is no gipsy, father dear,
But lord of these lands all over,
And I will stay till my dying day
With my whistling gypsy rover."

ANY DREAM WILL DO

I closed my eyes, drew back the curtain
To see for certain what I thought I knew
Far far away someone was weeping
but the world was sleeping, any dream will do.
I wore my coat with golden lining,
Bright colours shining wonderful and new
And in the east the dawn was breaking
And the world was waking, any dream will do.
A crash of drums, a flash of light
My golden cloak flew out of sight
the colours faded into darkness, I was left alone.
May I return to the beginning, the light is dimming
And the dream is too.
The world and I, we are still waiting,
Still hesitating, any dream will do.

BLOWING IN THE WIND

How many roads must a man walk down
Before they call him a man?
How many seas must a white dove sail,
Before they sleep on the sand?
How many times must a cannon-ball fly,
Before they're forever banned?

The answer, my friend, is blowing in the wind
The answer is blowing in the wind.

How many years must a mountain exist,
Before it is washed to the sea?
How many years can some people exist,
Before they're allowed to be free,
How many times can a man turn his head,
And pretend that he just doesn't see?

THE BATTERED ELM TREE

From out the battered elm tree
The owl's cry we hear
And from the distant forest
The cuckoo answers clear
Cuckoo, cuckoo, tu-whit, tu-whit, tu-whoo,
Cuckoo, cuckoo, tu-whit, tu-whit, tu-whoo.

TEACH THE WORLD TO SING

I'd like to teach the world to sing
In perfect harmony
And hold it close and in my arms
And keep it company.

I'd like to see the world for once
All standing hand in hand
And hear it echo through the years
Of peace throughout the land.

MORNINGTON RIDE

Chorus:
Rocking, rolling, riding
Out along the bay
All bound for Mornington
Many miles away.

Driver at the engine
Fireman rings the bell
Sandman swings the lantern
To show that all is well

Somewhere there is sunshine
Somewhere there is rain
Somewhere there is Mornington
Many miles away.

AMAZING GRACE

Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me,
I once was lost but now I'm found,
Was blind but now I see.

'T'was grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my heart relieved,
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed.
Thro' many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come,
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

LEWIS BRIDAL SONG

Step we gaily on we go,
Heel for heel and toe for toe,
Arm in arm and row on row,
All for Mari's wedding.

Over hillways up and down,
Myrtle green and bracken brown,
Past the sheiling thro' the town,
All for sake of Mari.

Chorus
Red her cheeks as rowans are,

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Bright her eye as any star,
Fairest o' them a' by far,
Is our darling Mari.

Chorus
Plenty herring, plenty meal,
Plenty peat to fill her creel,
Plenty bonnie bairns as weel,
That's the toast for Mari.

Chorus.

MINGULAY BOAT SONG

Hill you ho boys, let her go boys,
Bring her head round, now all together,
Hill you ho boys, let her go boys,
Sailing home, home to Mingulay.
What care we tho' white the Minch is?
What care we, for wind and weather,
Let her go boys, ev'ry inch is,
Wearing home, home to Mingulay.

Chorus.

Wives are waiting on the bank,
Or looking seaward from the heather.
Pull her round boys, and we'll anchor,
Ere the sun sets at Mingulay.

Chorus.

THE BLAIR ATHOLL SONG.

Here in the heart of Scotland,
Nature's glories never cease.
Amid the soft green hills of Pertshire,
We have known Blair Atholl's peace.

Haste ye back, haste ye back,
Haste ye back and don't forget
Happy days here at Blair Atholl,
May God bless our Jamborette.

We have clasped our hands in friendship
We have talked into the night,
Each has sung of his own homeland
By the camp-fire's fading light.
Chorus

Some men are blessed with vision,
Jack Stewart was such a man.
He's no longer here to guide us
But we'll carry out his plan.
Chorus

Now the Jamborette is over
In parting some shed tears
Time can't rob us of the memories.
May they warm us through the years.

Chorus, chorus.

THE HAPPY WANDERER.

I love to go a wandering,
Along the mountain track,
And as I go, I love to sing,
My knapsack on my back.
Val-da-ri Val-da-ra Val-da-ri Val-da-ra
ha ha ha ha ha ha Val-da-ri Val-da-ra
My knapsack on my back.

I love to wander by the stream
That dances in the sun,
So joyously it calls to me,
"Come join my happy song!"

Chorus
I wave my hat to all I meet,
And they wave back to me.
And blackbirds call so loud and sweet,
From ev'ry greenwood tree.

Chorus
Oh may I go awandering,
until the day I die!
Oh may I always laugh and sing,
Beneath God's clear blue sky!
Chorus.

CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

Heigh Ho, anybody home,
Meat or drink or money have I none
Still I will be happy.
(Start quiet, then get louder and louder, then quiet again).

BARGES

Out of my window looking in the night,
I can see the barges flickering light,
Silently flows the river to the sea,
And the barges too go silently.

Chorus.
Barges, I would like to go with you,
I would like to sail the ocean blue,
Barges, have you treasure in your hold,
Do you fight with pirates brave and bold.

Out of my window looking in the night,
I can see the barges flickering light,
Starboard shines green and port is glowing red

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I can see them flickering far ahead.
Out of my window looking in the night
I can see the barges flickering light
Harbour ahead and anchorage in view
I will find my resting place with you.

Away from my window on into the night
I will watch till they are out of sight
Taking their cargo far across the sea
I wish that someday they'd take me.

A SCOUT HYMN

Grant us, O God, that in our youth
We may learn duty, faith and truth
And by our Promise and our Law
Serve the great end our Founder saw.

In brotherhood throughout the world
May the Scout banner be unfurled;
Let not our feet in sin be snared,
Help us in life to Be Prepared.
For Thee, O God, our spirits search;
For Thee, our colours in Thy church;
For Thee, our hope, for Thee, our pride;
For Thee, our strength and all beside.

ONWARD, BOY SCOUTS, ONWARD
(Tune: Onward, Christian Soldiers)

Onward, Boy Scouts, onward,
Brothers for the right;
Live our Scout Laws gladly,
Onward in their light;
Let our Promise loyally
Mark our trail each day;
So this legend guide our journey,
"Be Prepared" always.

Onward, Boy Scouts, onward,
Brothers for the right;
Live our Scout Laws gladly,
Onward in their light.

Live the life of honor,
Word that truth designed;
Loyal be and helpful,
Friendly, courteous kind;
Practice now obedience
With a cheerful part;
Thrifty, brave and clean completely,
Reverent in heart.

MORNING HAS BROKEN

Morning has broken
like the first morning;
blackbird has spoken
like the first bird,
Praise for the singing!
praise for the morning!
Praise for them, springing
fresh from the word.

Sweet the rain's new fall
sunlit from heaven,
like the first dewfall
on the first grass,
Praise for the sweetness
of the wet garden,
Sprung in the completeness
where his feet pass.

Mine is the sunlight!
Mine is the morning,
Born of the one light
Eden saw play!
Praise with elation,
praise every morning,
God's recreation
of the new day!

KUM BY YA.

Kum by ya, my Lord, kum by ya,
Kum by ya, my Lord, kum by ya,
Kum by ya, my Lord, kum by ya,
O Lord, kum by ya.

Someone's crying, Lord, kum by ya,
O Lord, kum by ya.

Someone's praying, Lord, kum by ya,
O Lord, kum by ya.

Someone's singing, Lord, kum by ya,
O Lord, kum by ya.

ROCK MY SOUL

Rock my soul in the bosom of Abraham,
Rock my soul in the bosom of Abraham,
Rock my soul in the bosom of Abraham,
O rock my soul.

Too high, can't get over it,
Too high, can't get over it,
Too high, can't get over it,
Got to through the door, O Lordy.

Too wide, can't get round it,

Too deep, can't get under it,

Too high, can't get over it,

Too wide, can't get round it,
Too deep, can't get under it,
Got to through the door, O Lordy.

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING
(Tune - Morning has broken)

Praise and thanksgiving, Father we offer,
for all things living thou madest good;
Harvest of sown fields, fruits of the orchard
hay from the mown fields, blossom and wood.

Bless thou the labour we bring to serve thee,
that with our neighbour we may be fed.
Sowing or tilling, we would work with thee;
Harvesting, milling, for daily bread.

Father, providing food for thy children,
thy wisdom guiding teaches us share
one with another, so that rejoicing
with us, our brother may know thy care.

Then will thy blessing reach every people;
all men confessing thy gracious hand.
Where thy will reigneth no man will hunger;
thy love sustaineth; fruitful the land.

MICHAEL ROW THE BOAT ASHORE

Chorus
Michael row the boat ashore, Alleluia
Michael row the boat ashore, Alleluia

Sister help to trim the sail, Alleluia
Sister help to trim the sail, Alleluia

The river Jordan is chilly and cold, Alleluia
Chills the body but not the soul, Alleluia

The river is deep and the river is wide, Alleluia
Milk and honey on the other side, Alleluia

SPIRIT OF GOD

Chorus
Spirit of God, unseen as the wind,
gentle as is the dove,
teach us the truth and help us believe,
show to us Jesus' love.

You spoke to us long, long ago,
gave us the written word,
we read it still, needing its truth,
through it Gods voice is heard.
Without your help, we fail our Lord,
We cannot live his way,
We need your power, we need your strength,
following Christ each day.

JOHNNY APPLESEED.

The Lord is good to me,
And so I thank the Lord,
For giving me the things I need,
The sun, the rain and the appleseed.
The Lord is good to me.

And every seed that grows
Will grow into a tree.
And one day soon
There'll be apples there,
For everyone in the world to share.
The Lord is good to me.

MAKE ME A CHANNEL OF YOUR PEACE

Make me a channel of your peace:
where there is hatred let me bring your love,
where there is injury, your pardon, Lord,
and where there's doubt, true faith in you:

O Master, grant that I may never seek
so much to be consoled as to console;
to be understood as to understand,
to be loved, as to love with all my soul!

Make me a channel of your peace:
where there's despair in life let me bring hope,
where there is darkness, only light,
and where there's sadness, ever joy:
O Master, grant .....

Make me a channel of your peace:
it is in pardoning that we are pardoned,
in giving of ourselves that we receive,
and in dying that we're born to eternal life.

ONE MORE STEP

One more step along the world I go,
one more step along the world I go:
from the old things to the new
keep me travelling along with you:

And it's from the old I travel to the new;
keep me travelling along with you.

Round the corner of the world I turn,
more and more about the world I learn;
all the new things that I see
you'll be looking at along with me:

As I travel through the bad and good,
keep me travelling the way I should;
where I see no way to go
you'll be telling the way, I know:

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Give me courage when the world is rough,
keep me loving though the world is tough;
leap and sing in all I do,
keep me travelling along with you:

You are older than the world can be,
you are younger than the life in me;
ever old and ever new,
keep me travelling along with you:

GIVE ME OIL IN MY LAMP

Give me oil in my lamp, keep me burning,
give me in my lamp, I pray;
Give me oil in my lamp, keep me burning,
keep me burning till the break of day.

Sing hosanna, sing hosanna,
sing hosanna to the King of kings!
Sing hosanna, sing hosanna,
sing hosanna to the King !

Give me joy in my heart, keep me praising,
give me joy in my heart, I pray;
give me joy in my heart, keep me praising,
keep me praising till the break of day.

Give me peace in my heart, keep me loving,
give me peace in my heart, I pray;
give me peace in my heart, keep me loving,
keep me loving till the break of day.

Give me love in my heart, keep me serving,
give me love in my heart, I pray;
give me love in my heart, keep me serving,
keep me serving till the break of day.

IN MY FATHERS HOUSE.

Oh come and go with me,
To my father's house,
To my father's house,
To my father's house,
Oh come and go with me,
To my father's house,
Where there's peace, peace, peace.
There's sweet communion there.
There'll be no parting there.

WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING

When Irish eyes are smiling,
Sure its like a morn in Spring
With a lilt of Irish laughter,
You can hear the angels sing.

When Irish hearts are happy,
All the world seems bright & gay,
But when Irish eyes are smiling
Sure they'd steal your heart away.

MOLLY MALONE

In Dublin's fair City, where the girls are so pretty
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone
Where she wheeled her wheel-barrow,
Through streets broad and narrow,
Crying, Cockles and Mussels, Alive, Alive Oh.
Chorus

Alive, Alive Oh.
Alive, Alive Oh.
Crying, Cockles and Mussels,
Alive, Alive Oh.

She was a fishmonger,
And sure 'twas no wonder,
For so were her father and mother before,
And they both wheeled their barrow,
Through streets broad and narrow,
Crying, Cockles and Mussels, Alive, Alive Oh.

She died of a fever,
And no one could save her,
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone,
Now her ghost wheels her barrow,
Through streets broad and narrow,
Crying, Cockles and Mussels, Alive, Alive Oh.
MOUNTAINS OF MOURNE.

Oh Mary this London's a wonderful sight
With people here working by day and by night
They don't sow potatoes, nor barley, nor wheat
But there's gangs of them digging for gold in the streets

At least when I asked them that's what I was told
So I just took a hand at this digging for gold
But for all that I found there I might as well be
where the mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea.

You remember young Peter O'Loughlin of course
Well now he is here at the head of the force
I met him today he was crossing the strand
And he stopped the whole street with one wave of his hand

And there we stood talking of days that were gone
While the whole population of London looked on
But for all his great powers he is wishful like me
To be back where the dark Mourne sweeps down to the sea.

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BANKS OF MY OWN LOVELY LEE.

How oft do my thoughts in their fancy take flight
To the home of my childhood away,
To the days when each patriot's vision seemed bright
And I dreamed that these joys should decay.

Then my heart was as wild as the wild winds that blow
Down the Mardyke through each elm tree
There I sported and played 'neath the green leafy shade
On the banks of my own lovely Lee.
There I sported and played 'neath the green leafy shade
On the banks of my own lovely Lee.

ORO SE DE BEATA 'BHAILE.

Oro se de beata 'bhaile
Oro se de beata 'bhaile
Oro se de beata 'bhaile
Anois ar teacht an samhraidh

Se de beata a bhean ba leanmhar
B'e ar gcreach tu bheit i ngeibhinn
Do dhuice brea i seilbh meirleac
'S tu diolta na Gallaibh.

Ta Grainne Mhaol ag teacht thar saile
Oglaigh armtha lei mar gharda;
Gaeil iad fein no Gaill na Spainnig
'S cuirfid ruaig ag Gallaibh

A bhui le ri na bhfeart go bhfeiceann
Muna mbeim beo 'na dhiaidh ach seachtain
Grainne Mhaol agus mile gaiscioc
Ag fogairt fain ar Gallaigh.

CLEMENTINE

In a cavern, in a canyon,
Excavating for a mine
Lived a miner, forty-miner
And his daughter, Clementine.

Oh my darling, Oh my darling,
Oh my darling Clementine
Thou art lost and gone for ever
Dreadful sorry, Clementine.

Light she was and like a fairy
And her shoes were number nine;
Herring boxes without topses
Sandals were for Clementine.

Drove she ducklings to the water
Every morning just at nine
Hit her foot against a splinter
Fell into the foaming brine

Saw her lips above the water
Blowing bubbles mighty fine
But alas I was no swimmer
So I lost my Clementine

How I messed her, how I missed her
How I missed my Clementine,
But I kissed her little sister
And forgot my Clementine.

And the moral of this story
All you Scouts may well define
Mouth-to-Mouth resuscitation
Would have saved my Clementine

EVERYBODY LOVES SATURDAY NIGHT

Everybody loves Saturday night
Everyone loves Saturday night
Everybody, everybody,
Everybody, everybody,
Everybody loves Saturday night

Tout la monde aime Samedi soir(French)
Jederman liebt Samstag abend (German)

WHAT SHALL WE DO

What shall we do with a ----- who's dozy
Lies in bed when the morn is rosy,
Won't get up 'cos he says he's cosy
Early in the morning.

Hooray an' up he rises,
Hooray an' up he rises,
Hooray an' up he rises,
Early in the morning.

Take him, shake him and jolly well wake him,
Take him, shake him and jolly well wake him,
Take him, shake him and jolly well wake him,
Early in the morning.

TAPS

Day is done, Gone the sun,
From the sea, from the hills, from the sky.
All is well, safely rest,
God is nigh.

Fading light dims the sight;
And a star gems the sky, gleaming bright,
From afar, drawing nigh,

Falls the night.

DAYLIGHT TAPS

Thanks and praise for our days
'Neath the sun, 'neath the stars, 'neath the sky.
As we go, this we know.
God is nigh.

A VESPER.
(Tune: Tannenbaum)

Softly falls the light of day,
While our camp-fire fades away;
Silently each Scout should ask
'Have I done my daily task?'
'Have I kept my honour bright?'
'Can I guiltless sleep tonight?'
'Have I done and have I dared, in
Everything to be prepared?'

THE DAY THOU GAVEST.

The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended;
The darkness falls at Thy behest;
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

GO WELL AND SAFELY.

Go well and safely,
Go well and safely,
Go well and safely,
The Lord be ever with you.

Stay well and safely,
Stay well and safely,
Stay well and safely,
The Lord be ever with you.

GOODNIGHT, LADIES.

Goodnight ladies, goodnight ladies,
Goodnight ladies, we're going to leave you now.

Chorus
Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along,
Merrily we roll along,
O'er the deep blue sea.

Goodnight Cub Scouts,
Goodnight Scouts,
Goodnight Girl Guides,

Alternative first verse and chorus

Goodnight campers, goodnight campers,
Goodnight campers, it's time to say goodnight.

Chorus
Sadly it's time to part, time to part, time to part,
Sadly it's time to part, and to say goodnight

NORWEGIAN ECHO

We have campfired here
By the deep blue sea
And the slender trees
On a lonesom isle

All that we hold dear
In the north and south
Can be seen so clear
in the golden glow

As the sun goes down
Everything is still
Then our camp-fire song
Echoes o'er the hill.

We have campfired here,
By the deep deep fjord.
And the slender trees,
On Norwegian soil.

AN tAMHRAN NAISUNTA

Sinne Fianne Fail, ata faoi gheall ag Eireinn
Buion dar slua thar toinn do rainig chugainn
Faoi mhoiod bheith saor, seantir ar sinsear feasta
Ni fhagtar faoin tioran na faoinn traill.

Anocht a theam sa bearna baoil
Le gean a Ghaeil chun bais no saoil,
Le gunna-screach, faoi lamhach na boilear
Seo libh canaig amhran na bhfiann.

Or

Soldiers are we whose lives are pledged to Ireland
Some have come from a land beyond the wave,
Sworn to be free, no more our ancient sireland
Shall shelter the despot or the slave.
Tonight we'll man the "bearna baoil"
In Erin's cause, come woe or wail,
'Mid cannons' roar and rifles' peal
We'll chant a soldiers song.