

**SCOUTS-L**

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**CAMPFIRES AND  
RELATED TOPICS**

## **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

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

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.

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  
singigin

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 FiniginSTOP!

### **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.

### Ging Gang Goo

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!

### 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.

### 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?

### A 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 way.

### 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.

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 gipsy 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,  
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 Perthshire,  
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  
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 honour,  
Word that truth designed;  
Loyal be and helpful,  
Friendly, courteous kind;  
Practise 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:

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.

#### 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 breá 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 Samstagabend  
(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.**

## Prayers for use at a Scouts Own

### A Morning Prayer.

Thank you, Lord, for keeping us safe through the past night; be with us also through today. Help us to be kind to one another; to be patient with one another's mistakes; to work hard and to enjoy our fun. Help us to have a happy day together, remembering that we are all your children. Amen.

### Confession.

O Lord, forgive what we have been; sanctify what we are; and order what we shall be. Amen

### The Lords Prayer.

Our Father, who art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name: Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done; On earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread: and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us: and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

For thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

or

### Paidir an Tiarna.

Ar nAthair ata ar Neamh, go naofar d'ainm, go dtaga do Ríocht, go ndeantar do thoil ar an dtalamh mar a dheantar ar Neamh. Ar n-aran laethuil tabhair duinn inniu, agus maith duinn ar bhfiacha mar a mhaithimidne dar bhfeichiuna fein, agus na lig sinn i gcathu, ac saor sinn o olc. Amen.

### The Scout Promise.

Lord, help us when we make our promise to mean what we say. It's a difficult Promise, Lord. It's hard to keep. But help us to understand that if everyone in the world tried to live their lives according to the Scout Promise, the world would be a much happier place and there would be no wars and injustice. Help us to want to keep it and help us to do our best to try. Amen.

### The Prayer of Ignatius Loyola.

Teach us, good Lord,  
to serve Thee as Thou deservest;  
to give and not to count the cost;  
to fight and not to heed the wounds;  
to toil and not to seek for rest;  
to labour and and to ask for any reward,

save that of knowing that we do Thy will.

**Morning Prayer for hikes and expeditions.**

Lord, we shall be very busy today. Even if we forget all about you, please don't forget about us.

The Grace.

The Grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit, be with us all evermore. Amen.

Date: Fri, 20 Oct 1995 19:02:27 -0400  
From: gerald w avery <gavery@IN.NET>  
Subject: ghost hunt

Here are the words: Have fun

**LET'S GO ON A GHOST HUNT**

Want to go on a ghost hunt?  
Then repeat everything I say and do.

All right?

Let's go!  
(Begin to walk in place while slapping thighs with hands. Keep this up during the following chant.)

Oh look!  
There a bridge!  
Can't go 'round it.  
Can't go under it.  
Better go over it.

All right?  
Let's go!  
(Beat your chest to make a thumping sound for crossing the bridge. When you read the other side, begin walking again.)

Oh look!  
There's a field.  
Can't go round it.  
Can't go under it.  
Better go through it.

All right?  
Let's go!  
(Make motions of parting grass and tiptoeing through, making swish...Swish" sounds. After having crossed the field, begin walking again.)

Oh look!  
There's a swamp!  
Can't go round it.

**Can't go under it.  
Better wade in it.**

**All right?  
Let's go!**

**(Pretend your hands are boots: pick them up one by one and make sucking noises with your mouth as you wade across the swamp. When you reach the other side, start walking again.)**

**Oh look!  
There's a stream!  
Can't go 'round it.  
Can't go under it.  
Better swim through it.**

**All right?  
Let's go!**

**(Making swimming motions with your arms: after you have crossed the stream, begin walking again.)**

**Oh look!  
There's a tree!  
Can't go 'round it.  
Can't go under it.  
Better climb up it.**

**All right?  
Let's go!**

**(Make motions of climbing a tree. When you are at the top, put hand to brow and look out one way.)**

**Oooooooooohhhhhhhh!  
(Look other way)**

**Oooooooooohhhhhhhh!  
I see a house!  
It looks like a haunted house.**

**All right?  
Let's go!**

**(Make motions of climbing down a tree. When you are at the bottom, continue walking very softly and cautiously as you enter the haunted house.)**

**OOOOOOOOHHHHHHHH!  
It's DARK in here!  
I see some stairs.  
Better go up them.  
(Walk upstairs cautiously.)**

**I see a dark, dark door.  
Better open it.  
(Open door with one hand, making screeching noise.)**

**Oh NO!**

**(Reach out with your hand as if feeling something.)**

**I feel something.**

**(Put your hand to your ear.)**

**I hear something.**

**It sounds like a GHOST.**

**(Cup hands around your eyes and look ahead.)**

**I see something.**

**It looks like a GHOST.**

**IT IS A GHOST!!!**

**(Jump in the air.)**

**LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!!**

**(Retrace your steps as rapidly as possible doing all the motions.)**

**Out the door...**

**Down the steps...**

**Up the tree...**

**Down the tree...**

**Across the stream...**

**Through the swamp...**

**Across the field...**

**Over the bridge...**

**Back home and**

**SLAM THE DOOR!**

Date: Mon, 13 Nov 1995 15:57:54 -0500  
From: Jim Speirs <speirs@UUNORTH.NORTH.NET>  
Subject: Updated Home Page.

Now that the 'initial rush' of the new year has tapered off, I've had an opportunity to update my home page at:

<http://www.dfc.com/dfc/scouts/speirs.htm>

Additions to the page with this version (3.0) comprise:

- 1) an additional 60 Scouting files on various topics;
- 2) 3 files of games for Beavers;
- 3) 6 plain text files of games for Cubs;
- 4) A plain text file "Magic Campfire Starts" by Stewart Bowman;
- 5) A song index page that is a cross-reference of Rob Quianthy's songbook, the songbook on the U.S. Scouting Service Project page, (courtesy of Chris Marsey), and some songs of mine. Total Scouting songs referenced is over 300.
- 6) A revised version of my Campfire Skit and Stunt Book, comprising 195 skits and stunts.

The page now resides on it's own server, courtesy of the nice people at DFC International, who have given me 'quite a bit' of disk space for Scouting and Scouting-related files. I'm actively recruiting files that can be placed on the page, so if you have ANY Scouting information that you would like to share with your fellow Scouters, (either text or graphics) please send it to me, and it will be added on the next version.

Although I've not been overly interested in the volume of 'hits' that the page receives, David at DFC International (David@dfc.com) turned on the counters for a test period about two weeks ago. During the 14-hour test run, he tells me that the entire page received over 10,000 'hits'. Although I don't get a lot of direct mail feedback, it's nice to see that the information is being accessed.

YIS,

Jim.

Date: Tue, 16 Jan 1996 09:12:56 CDT  
From: Scott Killen <SKILLEN@autotester.com>  
Subject: Storytelling

I too tell stories to my Scouts. In fact, it is the MOST rewarding thing I do in scouts. Favorite memories?

The time I told Jack London's "To Build a Fire" on a VERY cold January campout. By the time I finished, I was nearly cooked because the kids kept scooting closer to the campfire.

Every time I tell a story 60+ kids get so quiet you can hear the wind through the trees! It's a magic thing.

Or the countless times I have had scouts run up to me breathless and ask "Mr. Killen, are you going to tell a story tonight?"

I can give some good advice on storytelling. These guidelines have worked well for me.

- 1) Never tell the same story to the group twice. Make sure if you retell a story that 95% of your audience hasn't heard it. Otherwise, those kids that have heard it will get bored and disrupt.
- 2) Tell stories that are of interest to the boys. For example, I am partial to stories of Texas, because my kids are familiar with the locale. Be sure the story has some significance to their lives. (This is the main reason the Jack London story worked, because they were COLD at the time)
- 3) Tell a story you can tell well. If someone says they know of a great story and you read it and it doesn't strike you. Don't tell it. Not every story can be told by every storyteller and not every story that's good to read can be translated orally with success.
- 4) Don't get too hung up on words. You don't have to memorize a whole story (unless its a poem). Just remember 8 or 10 central events in the story and then fill in between them with your own words. Gesticulate, exaggerate, ham it up. The kids love it.
- 5) Source of stories? Books for me. I haven't had the opportunity to know a great storyteller mentor, but I find plenty of material in the library and in used bookstores. Some sources: Civil War, Indian stories, Local folklore, County histories, Pioneer stories etc.

There are wonderful sources of stories on the Internet. One of the best is provided at the Native American homepage. Unfortunately I do not have the address at hand but I know it is indexed through YAHOO. Thats how I found it.

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Date: Tue, 2 Apr 1996 16:23:09 -0600  
From: Stan Hodge <STANH@MAIL.TDOC.TEXAS.GOV>  
Subject: Camping Idea Source

I just got a comp issue of a fairly new magazine (looks like its just starting

its second year) in my box at work. Its Rodale's Guide to Family Camping.

The spring issue which I am looking at is loaded with great info on the same things scouts are always concerned about. Equipment reports with kid use in mind (lanterns, adhesive bandages, sleeping pads and mattresses). How to build a great portable camp kitchen. Recipes for quick and easy campfire desserts. Ways to save money. Suggestions for camping areas.

I've just started looking at it, but it seems well worth the cover price of \$3.95.

The editor's note would be worth the price of the mag by itself to me. It's about telling tales (campfire ghost stories in particular). It includes a ghost story remembered and highlights the experiences of a master story teller and scoutmaster "Doc" William Forgey who has written several books full of ghost stories. It lists his advice for would be storytellers:

(Greatly condensed)--

1. Relax and have fun.
2. Make eye-to-eye contact.
3. The closer the better.
4. Tired audiences are best.
5. You must have a campfire.
6. Forget the tricks.
7. Use voice inflections.
8. Stick with credible stories.

I really think a lot of you might enjoy this mag. Sorry if its been discussed before, but in almost that a year that I've been participating here (more lurking than participate -- I have tried to refrain unless I felt I had something significant to add.) This does seem significant and worth a closer look. Had to tell you about it.

Date: Wed, 3 Jul 1996 07:30:10 -0500  
From: "Greg L. Gough" <ggough@MAIL.ORION.ORG>  
Subject: Re: Pine cones in camp fire

DeLane,

Here are a few chemicals you can use to soak pinecones, wood chips, newspaper, etc. Wood should be soaked for 1 or 2 days submerged in solution in a burlap bag.

Blue - Copper Sulfate

Yellow - Table Salt

Red - Strontium

Purple - Lithium Chloride

Vivid Green - Borax

Apple Green - Barium Nitrate

Orange - Calcium Chloride

Lavender - Potassium Chloride

Emerald Green - Copper Nitrate

USE RUBBER GLOVES, APRON & FACE PROTECTION<  
mix at a ratio of 1/2 lb to 1/2 gal of water.



Or, check out the hardware dept at Wal-Mart in the wood stove section, they have burn sticks to produce multi-color flames.  
Hope this helps.

Greg Gough

SM Troop 201, Ozark, MO. I used to be an Owl but I will always be an Eagle!

Date: Wed, 3 Jul 1996 13:09:26 -0600

From: Gary Rayson <garayson@NMSU.EDU>

Subject: colors in a fire

To: Multiple recipients of list SCOUTS-L <SCOUTS-L@TCUBVM.IS.TCU.EDU>

Greetings from the "sunny" southwest.

I have just read, with considerable interest, some discussion regarding adding metal salts to a fire to produce "unusual" colors (red, blue, green, etc.). An earlier reply provided an excellent "layman's" explanation of the source of the colors. Because I happen to spend a great amount of time in my "other life" (i.e., outside of scouting, a.k.a. work), I thought I might be able to shed some more light <big grin> on the subject.

First a word about the use of chemicals of any kind. All chemicals can be either beneficial or dangerous depending on how they are used and how much us used. They should all be treated with the respect they "demand". (Yes even water has an LD-50 toxic limit.) When ever non-food chemicals are used, it is always wise to keep them away from food preparation or serving areas. If that is not possible, be certain to wipe down the surface with a damp paper towel (if corrosives are used, follow the safety precautions included with the product). Avoid direct contact with skin, eyes, etc. if possible. This is not meant to be a comprehensive discussion of chemical safety but only a general indication of some "common sense" practices. When in doubt, read the warnings or call the appropriate "authorities".

Now back to the issue of making colored fire. Many of the materials used in pyrotechnics to produce the brilliant colors will work in a campfire. A source might be a fireworks manufacturer (sic) both in terms of selection and availability. Another source of some of the more "exotic" metal salts might be the local high school chemistry lab (you won't need very much to produce the desired effect).

A few possibilities are:

- lithium salts for a deep red
- strontium salts for a crimson
- calcium salts for a red
- barium for a deep green
- lanthanum for a definite purple (much better than potassium)

most of the "rare earth" elements, as soluble salts, will produce various colors.

A possible side exercise, once you have selected and acquired the "colors" you want, is to dip into the metal salt solution a small piece of wire with a small loop in one end and the other end in some sort of thermal insulator,

such a being sealed in a piece of glass tubing (another item that should be available from the high school lab). Placing the metal-wire loop into the flame of a propane torch (the hardware store variety) will yield the appropriate colored flame. This will allow the boys (or who ever) to experiment with different metal solutions and combinations before producing the "final product".

I hope this helps.

YiS

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