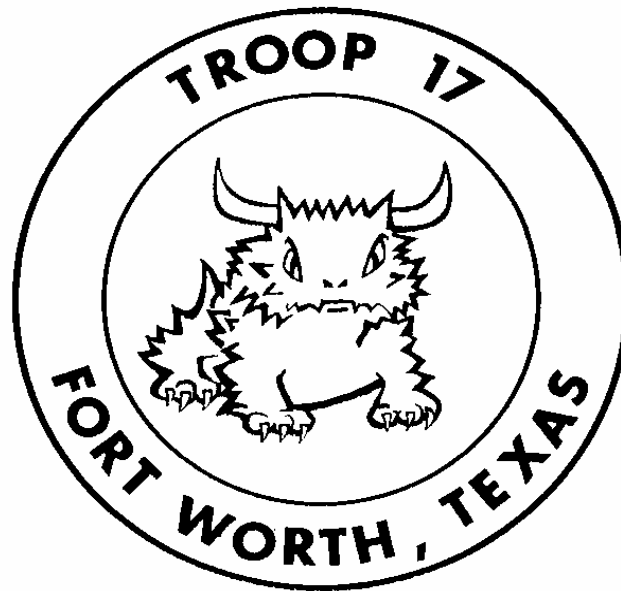


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FORT WORTH, TEXAS

SONGBOOK

TROOP MEETING
TUESDAY NIGHTS 7:30 - 9:00 PM
HARRY R. MALE SCOUT LODGE
CORNER OF SANDAGE & McPHEARSON
NEAR THE TCU CAMPUS & FORT WORTH ZOO

ALLEN EDMONDS, SCOUTMASTER

If you don't know the tune, just sing a little louder!



WE ARE LOOKING FOR MORE SONGS
Please send suggested changes via e-mail to:
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SONGBOOK EDITION # 2004

MAY 2004

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Fort Worth, Texas

If you don't know the tune, just sing a little louder!

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If you don't know the tune, just sing a little louder!

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TIPS ON LEADING SONGS

- **Enthusiasm!** Be enthusiastic! Enthusiasm is contagious and as the leader, it must start with you. Remember . . . smile and speak so the back row can hear you.
- **Lead songs you know**, and then you will not need a book and this is important. It will give you confidence.
- **To start the song, get your hands up!** Often the people in the rear of the group cannot hear you or see your face. They need to see when to start. When you bring your hands down, start singing.
- **Keep the hands up and moving.** Lead the tempo and rhythm with your hands and the group will stay together.
- **Use action songs** to give the group, and yourself, a sense of rhythm and enthusiasm.
- **Sing three types of songs.**
 - Sing starter songs that the group knows at the beginning.
 - Sing action songs for rhythm and to "loosen" the group up.
 - Sing a quieting song to soothe the group at the end of the campfire.
- **Practice ahead of time** by singing and leading songs.

If you don't know the tune, just sing a little louder!

A BRIEF HISTORY OF TROOP 17

Troop 17 was first organized at Broadway Presbyterian Church in March of 1922. The pastor of the church, O. F. McDonnell; J. W. Stitt; and George Beggs Anderson were members of the troop committee. Other committeemen whose families were long-term members of the church were T. B. Gilliland and D. A. Cowan. The Troop's charter was dropped in March of 1931, but the seeds of Scouting were planted in the Broadway Church community. Scouting families of this era who would reappear in the reorganization of the Troop were Cowan, Irvine, and Cecil.

The Troop was rechartered on December 31, 1936 with Charles H. Dobbs as Scoutmaster. He was a mathematics teacher in the Fort Worth public schools. Assistant Scoutmaster was Don Cowan, Jr. Members of the troop committee were Harry R. Male; W. D. Cecil; W.A. Dean; Don Cowan, Sr.; O.S. Hockaday, of the family of Hockaday School in Dallas; A.W. Christian; A.J. Fulkerson; Dr. J.F. Hardies, Pastor of Broadway Presbyterian Church; C.E. Ashmore; and Ralph Campbell, of the Johnson-Campbell Lumber and Insurance Company. Charter member Scouts were Bill Christian; Harold and Darrel Cryer; George Lewellyn; Frank Metts, who later was a Post 17 Leader; Jimmy Morgan; Donald Mitchell; Ed Ramussen, who is still a member of the church; W.C. Riley; and Joe Purvis. In 1939 E.E. Stewart (Ed) became Scoutmaster. Post 17 was chartered in 1941 with Harry R. Male as leader and Frank Metts, Kenneth Garrett, and Tom Stewart as Assistants. Senior Scouts Frank Winfrey, Kelly Shryoc, Norman Powers, Robert Kelso Garrett, and Jack Edwards were on the Post Charter with some of the Scouts who were on the 1939 Troop Charter.

For a generation, two men dominated the activities of Troop 17 and Post 17: Harry R. Male and Ed Stewart. From 1939 until 1959 Ed Stewart served as Scoutmaster. Even after his sons Tom and George grew up through the Troop, he continued to work with boys. He was a shy man who didn't care for public speaking, but he had a quiet way of guiding boys into manhood. In later years he called all scouts "Dub," presumably after W.C. (Dub) Riley. He developed, not only men from boys, but leaders of men. He practiced non-directed guidance before teachers and educators recognized it as an effective technique for developing leadership skills from within a peer group. Ed Stewart will be remembered for his shock of white hair which he always wore in a crew cut and for his expression, "Let's go to the house" when it was time to end the Scout meeting or activity. But most of all, he is remembered for his patient and devoted service to the scouts of Troop 17. Harry R. Male was Institutional Representative for most of the years from 1937 to his death in 1955. He organized the Post in 1941 and served as its leader whenever a "younger man" could not be found. He worked tirelessly with both the Troop and the Post. He was the chief stabilizing influence on the organizations. In his position as Intertype (Linotype) operator (Senior Press Printer) at the Fort Worth Press, he was able to print a one-page weekly newspaper, the "Good Turn Weekly" for 19 years from 1937 until his death. This little newspaper chronicled the activities of the Troop, Post, and their alumni from 1937 through the Second World War and Korean War. The newspaper was a unique communications vehicle for Scouting. Mr. Male, although having little formal education, was homespun intellectual since he "read" everything. He was unbeatable speller with a phenomenal recognition vocabulary. He was only slightly over five feet tall and wore a derby hat to cover his baldhead, which had only a little white hair on the sides. After his first wife died and his children were grown, he devoted all of his time to the Fort Worth Press, the church, and the Boy Scouts. He will be remembered for his ability to ride a unicycle, to balance a broom on his chin, and to skate smoothly and effortlessly across the ice. It was said that he could canoe a figure eight in only eight strokes from one side the canoe. The skating and canoeing skills were legacies of his Canadian origin. Not only did he train Scouts in the usual skills, but also he encouraged such unusual skills as basket weaving and bookbinding. He nurtured the spiritual growth of the Troop and Post as well. Singing and other activities, which developed Troop comradeship, were always part of meeting and camping activities. Mr. Male, an elder of the Presbyterian Church, provided the religious leadership of the troop. His firm religious convictions influenced his Scouts. At least nine Scouts became ministers, including Tom and George Stewart, Joe Cochran, C.B. Fraser, Dan Barfield, and Earl C. Scott. He was a recipient of the Silver Beaver Award in 1937 for his years of service to Scouting in Brownwood, Texas. In all, he gave over 31 years of service to Scouting. It is impossible to imagine how a volunteer Scout leader could have had a more enduring influence on so many Boy Scouts. Truly, there was never a bigger man.

Kelly Scryoc and Louis Page also provided notable leadership of the Post; Shryoc in the late forties and Page in the late fifties. The Troop and Post were camping oriented units. Near the end of the Second World War there were monthly campouts. In the 1950's there were eight or nine campouts per year. Each year the Troop camped at Worth Ranch with the campsite know as "The Point" as their favorite spot. The camp on Lake Worth, which was later known a camp Leroy Shuman; the Irvine Farm; and the Dean Ranch were other frequent camping spots. Scouts were also encouraged to go to Philmont and the National and International Jamborees of the late forties and fifties.

During and even after World War Two, collecting scrap paper was a never-ending activity of the Troop. The money earned supplemented the budget of the Troop activities. Swimming parties, ice skating outings, ushering for T.C.U. Football games were some of the Troop's favorite activities, and, of course, each year there were the annual Christmas Party, Alumni Reunion, and Parents' Night during Boy Scout Week. The Troop always participated with enthusiasm in the Scout Circuses of the forties and early fifties and the various Scout-O-Ramas of the later fifties.

In 1948 when the Broadway Church decided to move to a new site off Park Hill and Forest Park Blvd., the Scout House was the first building of the new church complex. Much of it was paid for by money collected from scrap paper. Shortly thereafter, the Church's name was changed to St. Stephen Presbyterian Church.

At the end of 1959, four years after the death of Harry Male with Ed Stewart in failing health, no new adult leadership could be found from within the church community for the Troop. The Troop's Charter was again dropped in May of 1960, but it would again be reorganized in the seventies.

Other Troops of the Horned frog District and the Longhorn Council will always remember the singing of the Troop's theme song. The rendition was not always appreciated or welcomed by other Troops, but the reaction to its singing fostered an "Us Against the World" attitude that strengthened he Troop into a solid unit. Perhaps the tradition got started to remember the Scouts of the Troop away serving in the Second World War, but all Scouts, Explorers, and Leaders of Troop and Post 17 will remember the "Red River Valley" and those good Scouting times we had.

June 29, 1979

Joe H. Gallagher

Member Troop and Post 17 1951 - 1958

BLOWING IN THE WIND

How Many Roads Must A Man Walk Down
 Before You Call Him A Man
 Yes And How Many Seas Must The White Dove Sail
 Before She Sleeps In The Sand
 Yes And How Many Times Must The Cannon Balls Fly
 Before They're Forever Banned

Chorus;
 The Answer My Friend Is Blowing In The Wind
 The Answer Is Blowing In The Wind

How Many Times Must A Man Look Up
 Before He Can See The Sky
 Yes And How Many Ears Must One Man Have
 Before He Can Hear People Cry
 Yes And How Many Deaths Will It Take Till He Knows
 That Too Many People Have Died

Chorus

How Many Years Can A Mountain Exist
 Before It Is Washed To The Sea
 Yes And How Many Years Can Some People Exist
 Before They're Allowed To Be Free
 Yes And How Many Times Can A Man Turn His Head Pretending That
 He Just Doesn't See

Chorus

ALOUETTE

Alouette, gentile alouette
 Alouette, je te plumerai
 Je te plumerai la tête
 Je te plumerai la tête
 Bût la tête, et lat tête
 Alouette, Alouette, ah...
 Alouette, gentile alouette
 Alouette, je te plumerai

...je te plumerai le bec
 et le bec, et le bec,
 et la tête, et lat tête
 Alouette, Alouette, ah...

le nez...
 les pattes...
 le cou...
 les ailes...
 la queue...

YELLOW ROSE OF TEXAS

There's a yellow rose in Texas,
 I'm going there to see,
 No other fellow knows her,
 Nobody only me.
 She cried so when I left her
 It almost broke my heart
 And if we ever meet again
 We never more shall part.

CHORUS

She's the sweetest rose of color
 This fellow ever knew,
 Her eyes are bright as diamonds
 They sparkle like the dew
 You may talk about your Annabell
 And sing of Rosalee
 But the yellow rose of Texas
 Beats the belles of Tennessee.

TODAY

I'll be a dandy and I'll be a rover;
 You know who I am by the song that I sing;
 I feast at your table, I'll sleep in your clover;
 Who cares what tomorrow may bring.

CHORUS

Today, while blossoms still cling to the vine,
 I taste your strawberries, I drink your sweet wine;
 A million tomorrow's will all pass away
 Ere I forget all the joys that were mine today.

I can't be contented with yesterday's glories;
 I can't live on promises winter to spring;
 Today is my moment and now is my story;
 I laugh and I cry and I sing.

When I was young I was a boy scout,
 Our activities were indoors and out.
 We would go off to camp,
 In good weather, or damp,
 That is what scouting is all about!!

WATERLOO

Now old Adam was the first in history
 With an apple he was tempted and deceived.
 Just for spite the devil made him take a bite
 And that's where old Adam met his Waterloo.

CHORUS

Waterloo, Waterloo,
 Where will you
 Meet your Waterloo?
 Every puppy has his day
 Everybody has to pay
 Everybody has to meet his Waterloo.

Little General Napoleon of France
 Tried to conquer the world but lost his pants.
 Met defeat known as Bonaparte's Retreat
 And that's when Napoleon met his Waterloo.

Now a feller whose darling proved untrue
 Took her life but lost his too
 Now he swings where the little birdie sings
 And that's where Tom Dooley met his Waterloo.

Uncle Homer the other day was found
 In a barrel of moonshine where he drowned
 And they'll lay him in his last resting place
 Soon as they can wipe that smile off his face.

Now a feller by the name of Jimmy Haynes
 Took a shotgun and blowed out all his brains
 Got a job where he needs no brains of course
 He's a flatfoot on the Dallas Police Force.

The Long Ranger and Tonto rode the trail
 Catching outlaws and putting them in jail,
 The Lone Ranger shot Tonto cause it seems
 He just found out what Kemo Sabe means.

Superman his heart was made of steel
 Lois Lane offered a kiss, he said, "Big Deal."
 And he found himself in quite a plight
 When she pushed him in a vat of Kryptonite.



ON MY HONOR

On my honor, I'll do my best
 To do my duty to God;
 On my honor, I'll do my best
 To serve my country as I may;
 On my honor, I'll do my best
 To do my Good Turn each day;
 To keep my body strengthened,
 And keep my mind awakened,
 To follow paths of righteousness;
 On my honor, I'll do my best

SONG OF THE ORDER

Firm bound in Brotherhood, gather the clan
 That cheerful service brings to fellow man.
 Circle our council fire, weld tightly every link
 That binds us in Brotherhood, Wimachtendienk.

WE'RE ON THE UPWARD TRAIL

We're on the upward trail,
 We're on the upward trail,
 Singing as we go,
 Scouting bound.

We're on the upward trail,
 We're on the upward trail
 Singing, singing,
 Everybody, Singing,
 Scouting bound.

There was a scoutmaster named Brent
 Who slept every night in a tent.
 Every night, every season,
 He was there for a reason,
 For his sleeping he did not pay any rent!!

SCOUTING WE GO

Scouting we go, scouting we go,
 Sunlit trails where gleaming waters flow,
 Moonlit paths with campfires burning low,
 Scouting we go, scouting we go.

THE HAPPY WANDERER

I am a happy wanderer,
 Who roams the mountain track,
 And as I go I love to sing,
 My knapsack on my back.

CHORUS

Val-du-ree, Val-du-rah,
 Val -du-ree,
 Val -du-rah-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha,
 Val-du-ree, Val-du-rah,
 (My knapsack on my back).
 (Repeat last line from previous verse)

I wave my hand to all I meet,
 And they wave back to me,
 A blackbird sings so loud and sweet,
 Beneath the greenwood tree.

I love to wander by the brook
 That dances in the sun,
 And joyously it says to me,
 Come join our happy fun.

<p>A mathematician called Newton While under a tree that was fruitin' Got hit by an apple — Which forced him to grapple With gravity needin' computin'!</p>

I'd love to go a-wandering.
 Until the day I die,
 And as I go, I laugh and sing,
 Beneath God's clear blue sky.

OH WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNING

There's a bright golden haze on the meadow,
 There's a bright golden haze on the meadow,
 The corn is as high as an elephant's eye,
 And it looks like it's climbin' clear up to the sky.

Chorus

Oh what a beautiful mornin', Oh what a beautiful day.
 I've got a wonderful feelin', Everything's going my way.

The cattle are standin' like statues
 The cattle are standin' like statues
 They don't turn their heads as they see me ride by,
 But a little brown maverick is winkin' her eye.

All the sounds of the earth are like music,
 All the sounds of the earth are like music,
 The breeze is so busy it don't miss a tree,
 And an ol' weepin' willer is laughin' at me.

SALVATION ARMY SONG

We're coming, we're coming, our brave little band,
 On the right side of temperance we now take our stand.
 We don't use tobacco because we do think,
 That the people who use it are likely to drink.

CHORUS

Away, away with rum, by gum!
 With rum, by gum, with rum, by gum!
 Away, away with rum, by gum!
 It's the Song of the Salvation Army.

We never eat cookies because they have yeast,
 And one little bite turns a man to a beast,
 And can you imagine a sadder disgrace,
 Than a man in the gutter with crumbs on his face?

We never eat fruit-cake because it has rum,
 And one little bite turns a man to a bum,
 And can you imagine a more terrible sight,
 Than a man eating fruit-cake until he gets tight?

We never eat cereal because it's called mush,
 And one little bite turns a kid to a lush,
 Oh, can you imagine the pain of his ma,
 To see Little Junior act just like his pa?

We think that a back rub is worse than a crime,
 And we always denounce them in verse and in rhyme,
 An alcohol back rub is worse than straight gin,
 When you think of the liquor absorbed thru the skin.

BE KIND TO YOUR SCOUTING FRIENDS

[Tune: Stars and Stripes Forever]
 Be kind to your Boy Scouting friends,
 That's a pledge from one Scout to another.
 Be kind to your leaders today,
 'Cause for helping they don't get any pay.

Be kind to your neighbors and friends,
 'Cause by caring you follow Scouting's letter.
 Scouting and friendship are grand,
 And as we grow, the world will know,
 We've made things better.

PHILMONT HYMN

Silver on the sage,
Starlit skies above,
Aspen covered hills,
Country that I love.
Philmont, here's to thee,
Scouting paradise,
Out in God's country tonight.

Winds on whispering pines,
Eagles soaring high,
Purple mountains rise
Against an azure sky.
Philmont, here's to thee,
Scouting paradise,
Out in God's country tonight.

TRAIL THE EAGLE

Trail the Eagle, trail the Eagle,
Climbing all the while;
First the Star and then the Life,
Will on your bosom shine--keep
climbing;
Blaze the trail and we will follow
Hark, the Eagles call;
On, brothers, on,
Until we're Eagles all.

SCOUT VESPER

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 honor bright?
Can I guiltless sleep tonight?
Have I done, and have I dared
Everything to be prepared?

THE LIMERICK SONG

Chorus:

Aye-aye-aye-aye
In China they never grow chilly
So sing me another verse
That's worse than the other verse
Make sure that it's foolish and silly

LEADER:

A canner exceedingly canny

GROUP: canny ?

LEADER:

One morning remarked to his granny

GROUP: his granny!

LEADER:

A canner can can anything that he can
But a canner can't can a can, can he?

Repeat Chorus

LEADER:

A tutor who tooted the flute

GROUP: the flute?

LEADER:

Tried to tutor two looters to toot

GROUP: to toot!

LEADER:

Said the two to the tutor Is it tougher to
toot

Or to tutor two looters to toot?

Repeat Chorus

Add your own limericks ...

GREASY GRIMY GOPHER GUTS

Great green gobs of greasy grimy gopher guts,
Mutilated monkey meat,
Little birdie's dirty feet,
Great green globs of greasy grimy gopher guts,
And I forgot my spoon.

ON TOP OF OLD SMOKY

On top of Old Smoky,
All covered with snow,
I lost my true lover,
For courtin' too slow.

And courtin's a pleasure,
But partin's a grief,
And a false-hearted lover
Is worse than a thief.

A thief will just rob you,
And take what you have,
But a false-hearted lover
Will lead you to your grave.

For the grave will decay you,
And turn you to dust,
One girl in a hundred,
A poor boy can trust.

She'll hug you and kiss you,
And tell you more lies,
Than cross-ties on railroads
Or stars in the skies.

Come all you young dandies,
And listen to me,
Don't place your affection
On a green willow tree.

But the leaves they will wither
The roots they will die,
You will be forsaken,
And never know why.

VIVE L'AMOUR

Come all you young fellows
And join in our song,
Vive la compagnie;
It may be short or
It may be long,
Vive la compagnie.

CHORUS

Vive la, vive la, vive l'amour
Vive la, vive la, vive l'amour
Vive 'amour, vive l'amour,
Vive la compagnie.

A friend on your left
And a friend on your right,
In love and good fellowship
Let us unite.

Now wider and wider
Our circle expands,
We sing to our comrades
In far away lands.

With friends all around us
We'll sing out our song,
We'll banish our troubles,
It won't take us long.

Should time or occasion
Compel us to part,
These days shall forever
Enliven the heart.

MOUNTAIN DEW

My Uncle Bill has a still on the hill Where he brews up a gallon or two (or three) The buzzards in the sky get so drunk they can't fly Just from sniffin' that good ol' Mountain Dew.	You take a little trash and you mix it up with ash, And you throw in the soul of a shoe, Then you stir it awhile with an old rusty file, And they call it that good old mountain dew.
CHORUS: They call it that good ol' Mountain Dew, dew, dew, And them that refuse it are few (are few) If you'll bring out your jug, You can fill up my mug, With that good ol' Mountain Dew.	Old Deacon Crane took a trip in the rain, Said his wife had come down with the flu, But she'll be all right if you give her a pint Of that good old mountain dew.
Old Reverend Gus, ya never heard him cuss Not even a word or two (or three) But ya should have heard him swear When he didn't get his share Of that good ol' Mountain Dew.	During the last war, we couldn't get no more, We didn't have no sugar for the dew With a few old potatoes and a few ripe tomaters, We turned out some stuff, I'm tellin' you
My cousin Rick, kept his jug in the crick where he'd cool it a degree or two, (or three) but you couldn't feel the chill when you'd drank up your fill, Of that good ol' Mountain Dew.	Mr. Franklin Roosevelt, he told me how he felt The day the old dry law went through: If your likker's too red, it will swell up your head Better stick to that good old mountain dew
My Uncle Hank had an old army tank, That he got back in 'forty-two ('forty-two) It wouldn't move a nudge 'til he gave it a gludge Of that good ol' Mountain Dew.	My Uncle Gord had a beat up ol' Ford It was dated bout 19 - 0 - 2 It don't run on gas You jus' give it a glass Of that good old Mountain Dew.
My Uncle Mort, he's sawed-off and short He measures about four-foot two (four 'two) But he thinks he's a giant when you give him a pint Of that good old Mountain Dew.	My brother Hank had a US Army tank An' with it, he didn't know what to do So he pulled out the crank And he filled up that tank With that good ol' Mountain Dew!
My Cousin Art He ain't very smart His IQ is just 22, But he thinks he's a wizard when you fill up his gizzard, With that good ol' Mountain Dew.	I know a guy named Pete, his hair ain't so neat, Though he fixes it with syrup and blue, But it stays right in place, when he uses just a trace, Of that Good Ol' Mountain Dew.
My Auntie June had some brand new perfume, It had such a sweet smelling phew, Imagine her surprise when we had it analyzed It was nothing but that good ol' Mountain Dew.	My cousin Mort, he was hauled up in court For shootin' a revenuer or two - or three wed the sentence was commuted and the jury executed When the judge had some good ol' mountain dew
My Cousin Don hides a still in the john, Where he runs off a gallon or two, When the Feds give him a rush, he just gives it flush, And away goes that good ol' Mountain Dew.	Old auntie Bess she had hair on her chest We asked if she put it there with glue She said heck no it just stared to grow When I took up that good ol' mountain dew
The preacher came by with a tear in his eye, He said that his wife had the flu, I said you outta give her a quart Of that good ol' Mountain Dew.	My cousin Jake he was bit by a snake And they thought that he wouldn't pull thru But he danced up a jig when they gave him a swig Of that good ol' mountain dew
My aunt Lucille had an automobile, It ran on a gallon or two. It didn't need no gas and it didn't need no oil, It just ran on that good old mountain dew.	There's an old hollow tree, just a little way from me Where you lay down a dollar or two If you hush up your mug, then they'll give you a jug Of that good old mountain dew

If you don't know the tune, just sing a little louder!

THE STREETS OF LAREDO

As I walked out in the streets of Laredo,
 As I walked out in Laredo one day,
 I spied a poor cowboy all wrapped in white linen,
 Wrapped in white linen as cold as the clay.

"I see by your outfit that you are a cowboy,"
 These words he did say as I boldly walked by,
 "Come sit down beside me and hear my sad story,
 I'm shot in the breast and I know I must die."

Once in the saddle I used to go dashing,
 Once in the saddle I used to go hay,
 First down to Rosie's and then to the card house,
 But I'm Shot in the breast, and I'm dying today

"Get sixteen gamblers to carry my coffin,
 Six purty maidens to sing me a song,
 Take me to the valley and lay the sod o'er me,
 For I'm a young cowboy and know I done wrong."

"Oh, beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly,
 Play the dead march as they carry me along,
 Put bunches of roses all over my coffin,
 Roses to deaden the clods as they fall."

"Go fetch me a cup, a cup of cold water,
 To cool my parched lips," the cowboy then said,
 Before I returned, the spirit had left him,
 And gone to its maker; the cowboy was dead.

We beat the drum slowly and played the fife lowly,
 And bitterly wept as we bore him along;
 For we all loved our comrade so brave, young, and handsome,
 We all loved our comrade although he'd done wrong.

<p>Twas a lad of the brainer kind Had erogenous zones in the mind He liked the sensations of solving equations (But of course in the end he went blind)</p>

HOME ON THE RANGE

Oh, give me a home
 Where the buffalo roam,
 Where the deer and the antelope play,
 Where seldom is heard
 A discouraging word,
 And the skies are not cloudy all day.

CHORUS:

Home, home on the range,
 Where the deer and the antelope play,
 Where seldom is heard
 A discouraging word,
 And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Oh, give me a land,
 Where the bright diamond sand,
 Flows leisurely down the stream,
 Where the graceful white swan
 Goes gliding along
 Like a maid in a heavenly dream.

Where the air is so pure
 The zephyrs so free,
 The breezes so balmy and bright,
 That I would not exchange
 My home on the range
 For all of the cities so bright.

How often at night
 When the heavens are bright
 With the light of the glittering stars,
 I've stood there amazed,
 And asked as I gazed,
 If their glory exceeds that of ours.

YOU'RE A GRAND OLD FLAG

You're a grand old flag, you're a high-flying flag,
 Forever in peace may you wave.
 You're the emblem of, the land I love,
 The home of the free and the brave.
 Every heart beats true for the red, white, and blue,
 Where there's never a boast or a brag.
 But should old acquaintance be forgot,
 Keep your eye on the grand old flag.

BECAUSE I AM A BOY SCOUT IN T-17.

tune: She Wore a Yellow Ribbon

Upon my head, I wear a purple ball cap.
 I wear it every Tuesday and every camping trip.
 And if, you ask, me why the heck I wear it?
 Because I am a Boy Scout in Troop 17!

CHORUS:

Seventeen,
 Seventeen,
 Because I am a Boy Scout in Troop 17.

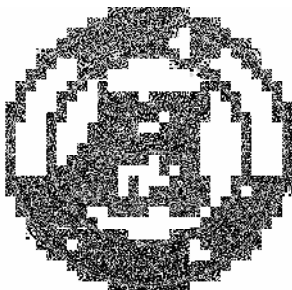
Around my neck, I wear a purple kerchief.
 I wear it every Tuesday and every camping trip.
 And if, you ask, me why the heck I wear it?
 Because I am a Boy Scout in Troop 17!

Upon my back, I wear a khaki scout shirt.
 I wear it every Tuesday and every camping trip.
 And if, you ask, me why the heck I wear it?
 Because I am a Boy Scout in Troop 17!

Upon my hips, I wear a pair of scout shorts.
 I wear them every Tuesday and every camping trip.
 And if, you ask, me why the heck I wear it?
 Because I am a Boy Scout in Troop 17!

Upon my legs, I wear a pair of scout socks.
 I wear them every Tuesday and every camping trip.
 And if, you ask, me why the heck I wear it?
 Because I am a Boy Scout in Troop 17!

My full, class-A, scout uni-form
 I wear it every Tuesday and every camping trip.
 And if, you ask, me why the heck I wear it?
 Because I am a Boy Scout in Troop 17!



The scouts went to camp feeling scared,
 Their folks wanted to know how they fared.
 After a week at the site
 When it rained day and night,
 They fared well because of "be prepared"

WORTH RANCH SONG

If you've had the smell of cedar in your nose,
 If you've hiked the trail with very little Clothes,
 If you've baked in wind and sun
 Till you're very nearly done
 And you've grinned and come back for more--

If you've ever felt the spirit wild and strange
 That calls you to that old Kyle Mountain range,
 If you've ever felt the grip
 of the Worth Ranch Fellowship,
 You will wear the Worth Ranch Brand forevermore.

RED RIVER VALLEY

From this valley they say you are going,
 I will miss your bright eyes and sweet smile
 For you take with you all of the sunshine
 That brightened my pathway a while.

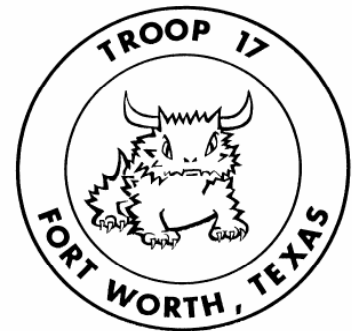
CHORUS

Come sit by my side if you love me,
 Do not hasten to bid me adieu,
 But remember the Red River Valley
 And the one who has loved you so true.

For a long time I have been waiting
 For those dear words you never would say
 But at last all my fond hopes have vanished
 For they say you are going away.

Won't you think of the valley you're leaving
 Oh, how lonely and sad it will be
 Oh, think of the fond heart you're breaking
 And the grief you are causing poor me.

As you go to your home by the ocean
 May you never forget these sweet hours,
 That we spent in the Red River Valley
 And the love we exchanged mid the flowers.



HAMMER CHARLIE

Let me tell y'a story 'bout a man named Charlie,
 On a tragic and fateful day.
 He put a dime in his pocket, kissed his wife and his family,
 Went to work for the B. S. of A.

CHORUS

And did he ever return,
 no he never returned
 And his fate is still unknown.
 He may work forever at the Big Adventure,
 He's the man who never returned.

Charlie turned in his contract at the Worth Ranch office,
 Thought he'd work for a month or two, (or three)
 But when the Camp Director said, "Charlie, go to Camp Leonard!"
 Charlie said, "To hell with you!"

CHORUS

All summer long Charlie worked at the Hammer,
 Crying, "What will become of me, (ohhh!)
 How can I afford to keep a wife in Fort Worth,
 And a mistress in Granbury!"

CHORUS

All summer long Charlie worked in the kitchen,
 For the Camp Director, Fink, (P.U.)
 No matter how hard he tried, they just piled on more dishes,
 Charlie couldn't get out of that sink.

CHORUS

One day Charlie went down to the bottoms,
 And he took the River Freeway,
 Three vehicles collided and the pieces went a'flyin',
 'Twas the work of the B. S. of A.

AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
 And never brought to mind?
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot
 And days of auld lang syne?

For auld lang syne, my friend,
 For auld lang syne;
 We'll take a cup of kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.

THE GYPSY ROVER

The gypsy rover came over the hill,
 Bound thru the valley so shady,
 He whistled and he sang
 Till the green woods rang,
 And he won the heart of a lady.

CHORUS

Ah di do, ah di do da day,
 Ah di do, ah di 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 gate,
 She left her own true lover,
 She left her servants and her estate,
 To follow the gypsy rover.

Her father saddled his fastest steed,
 Roamed the valley all over,
 Sought his daughter at great speed,
 And the whistling gypsy rover.

He came at last to a mansion fine,
 Down by the river Clayde,
 And there was music, and there was wine,
 For the gypsy and his lady.

He's no gypsy, my Father, said she,
 But Lord of these lands all over,
 And I will stay till my dying day,
 With my whistling gypsy rover.

MY DOG ROVER

(Tune: I'm Looking Over a Four-Leaf Clover)

I'm looking over my dead dog Rover
 That I overran with the mower.
 One leg is missing, another is gone,
 One leg is scattered all over the lawn.
 No need explaining, the one remaining,
 Is stuck in the kitchen door.
 I'm looking over my dead dog Rover
 That I overran with the mower.

GILIGAN'S ISLAND

Just sit right back and you'll hear a tale,
a tale of a fateful trip.
that started from this tropic port,
aboard this tiny ship.

The mate was a mighty sailing man,
the skipper brave and sure.
Five passengers set sail that day,
for a three hour tour.
a three hour tour.

The weather started getting rough,
the tiny ship was tossed.
If not for the courage of the fearless crew,
the minnow would be lost,
the minnow would be lost.

The ship struck ground on the shores of this uncharted desert isle,
`with Giligan, the skipper too. The millionaire and his wife.
The moviestar, the professor and Maryann, here on Giligan's Isle.

So this is the tale of our castaways,
they're here for a long, long time.
They'll have to make the best of things,
it's an uphill climb.

The first mate and the skipper too,
will do their very best,
to make the others comfortable,
in their tropic island nest.

No Phone! No Boat! No Motorcar
Not a single luxury.
Like Robinson Crusoe
As primitive as can be.

So join us here each week my friends,
you're sure to get a smile,
from seven stranded castaways,
Here on Giligan's Isle!.

<p>A brilliant sculptor named Hannett - Quite clearly the best on the planet... Created a bust From resin and dust And everyone took it for granite!</p>
--

QUARTERMASTER'S STORE

There are rats, rats, as big as alley cats,
 At the store, at the store.
 There are rats, rats, as big as alley cats,
 At the Quartermaster's store.

Chorus

My eyes are dim, I can not see.
 I have not brought my specks with me. [Repeat.]

Mice . . . running through the rice.
 Snakes . . . as big as garden rakes.
 Beans . . . as big as submarines.
 Gravy . . . enough to float the navy.
 Cakes . . . that give us tummy aches.
 Eggs . . . with scaly chicken legs.
 Butter . . . running in the gutter.
 Lard . . . they sell it by the yard.
 Bread . . . with great big lumps like lead.
 Cheese . . . that makes you want to sneeze.
 Soot . . . they grow it by the foot.
 Goats . . . eating all the oats
 Bees . . . with little knobby knees.
 Owls . . . shredding paper towels.
 Apes . . . eating all the grapes.
 Turtles . . . wearing rubber girdles.
 Bear . . . with curlers in its hair.
 Buffalos . . . with hair between their toes.
 Foxes . . . stuffed in little boxes.
 Coke . . . enough to make you choke.
 Pepsi . . . that gives you apoplexy.
 Roaches . . . sleeping in the coaches.
 Flies . . . swarming 'round the pies.
 Fishes . . . washing all the dishes.
 Moths . . . eating through the cloths
 Scouts . . . eating brussel sprouts.
 Leaders . . . slapping at the skeeters.

<p>A cheerful old bear at the Zoo Could always find something to do. When it bored him, you know, To walk to and fro, He reversed it and walked fro and to.</p>

THE BRITISH GRENADIERS

Some talk of Alexander and some of Hercules,
Of Hector and Lysander and such great men as these,
But of all the world's great heroes, There's none that can compare,
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row, for the British Grenadiers.

Those heroes of antiquity never saw a cannon ball
Or knew the force of powder to sway their foes withal
But our brave boys do know it and banish all their fears,
Sing tow, row, row, etc.

When e'er we are commanded to storm the palisades
The officers march with fuses and we with hand grenades
We throw them from the trenches about the enemies ears;
Sing tow, row, row, etc.

And when the siege is over, we to the town repair
The townsmen cry. Hurrah, boys, here comes a grenadier,
Here come the Grenadiers my boys, who know no doubts or fears."
So a tow, row, row, etc.

Then let us fill a bumper and drink a health to those
We carry caps and pouches, and wear the louped clothes;
May they and their commanders live happy all their years,
With a tow, row, row, etc.

GOD BLESS AMERICA

God bless America, land that I love.
Stand beside her, and guide her,
Through the night with the light from above.

From the mountains to the prairies,
To the oceans white with foam.
God bless America, my home, sweet home.
God bless America, my home, sweet home.

<p>I'd rather have Fingers than Toes; I'd rather have Ears than a Nose; And as for my Hair, I'm glad it's all there: I'll be awfully said, when it goes.</p>
--

GREEN GROW THE RUSHES

I'll sing you one, Ho;
 Green grow the rushes, Oh;
 What is your one, Ho;
 One is one and all alone.
 And evermore shall be it so.

I'll sing you two, Ho;
 Green grow the rushes, Oh;
 What are your two, Ho;
 Two - two the lily-white boys
 Clothed and all in green-o,
 One is one and all alone,
 And evermore shall be it so.

Three - three the rivals,
 Four for the gospel makers,
 Five for the cymbals at your door,
 Six for the six proud walkers,
 Seven for the seven stars in the
 sky,
 Eight for the April rainers,
 Nine for the nine bright shiners,
 Ten for ten commandments,
 Eleven for the eleven that went to
 Heaven,
 Twelve for the twelve apostles.

WALTZING MATILDA

Once a jolly swagman camped by a billabong,
 Under the shade of a collabah tree,
 And he sang as he sat and waited while his billy boiled.

CHORUS

You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me,
 Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda,
 You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me.
 (Repeat last line of previous verse.)
 You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me.



Down came a jumbuck to drink at the billabong,
 Up jumped the swagman, grabbed him with glee,
 And he sang as he shoved that jumbuck in his tuckerbag.

Down came the squatter mounted on his through bred
 Up came the troopers, one, two, three,
 "Who's that jolly jumbuck you've got in your tuckerbag?"

Up jumped the swagman, sprang into the billabong,
 "You'll never take me alive," cried he,
 Now his ghost may be heard as you pass beside the billabong.

GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK

My grandfather's clock was too large for the shelf,
 So it stood ninety years on the floor,
 It was taller by half than the old man himself,
 Though it weighed not a pennyweight more.
 It was bought on the morn of the day that he was born,
 And was always his treasure and his pride

CHORUS

But it stopped, short-never to go again,
 When the old man died.
 Ninety years without slumbering
 Tick, tock, tick, tock.
 His life seconds numbering,
 Tick, tock, tick, tock,
 It stopped, short-never to go again,
 When the old man died.

In watching its pendulum swing to and fro
 Many hours had he spent while a boy;
 And in childhood and manhood the clock seemed to know
 And to share both his grief and his joy
 For it struck twenty-four when he entered at the door,
 With a blooming and beautiful bride.

My grandfather said of those he could hire,
 Not a servant so faithful he found,
 For it wasted no time and had but one desire,
 At the close of each week to be wound.
 And it kept in its place, not a frown upon its face,
 And its hands never hung by its side.

It rang an alarm in the dead of the night
 An alarm that for years had been dumb;
 And we knew that his spirit was pluming its flight
 That his hour of departure had come.
 Still the clock kept the time with a soft and muffled chime
 As we silently stood by his side.

As we grow up, we open an ear,
 Exploring the cosmic frontier.
 In this coming of age,
 We turn in our cage,
 All alone on a tiny blue sphere.

PINK PAJAMAS

Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic

I wear my pink pajamas in the summer when it's hot.
I wear my flannel nighties in the winter when it's not.
And sometimes in the springtime and sometimes in the fall,
I jump right in between the sheets with nothing on at all.

Glory, glory, Hallelujah;
Glory, glory, what's it to ya?
Balmy breezes blowing through ya,
With nothing on at all.

THE WEEKEND

Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic

I have seen the sky in darkness, I have seen it in the sun,
I have felt the rain upon me, I've enjoyed the snowy fun.
When the weather isn't cloudy or the wind it doesn't blow.
It isn't only raining, it's the weekend too, you know.

Glory, glory, it's the weekend! [Repeat.]
I can tell because it's raining and it's 42 below,
As we Scouts go marching on.

ROAD KILL STEW

(tune: Three Blind Mice)

Roadkill stew,
Roadkill stew,
Tastes so good,
Just like it should.
First you go down the interstate.
You wait for the critter to meet its fate.
You take it home and you make it great.
Roadkill stew,
Roadkill stew.

SEVEN OLD LADIES**Chorus**

Oh dear, what can the matter be,
 seven old ladies stuck in the lavatry
 they were there from Sunday to Saturday,
 and nobody knew they were there.

The first to go in was old Mrs. Flynn,
 she prided herself on being so thin,
 but when she sat down, she fell right in,
 and nobody knew she was there.

The next to go in was old Mrs. Humphrey,
 when she sat down, she got cozy and comfy,
 but when she stood up she couldn't get her bum free,
 and nobody knew she was there.

The next to go in was old Mrs. Dickel,
 who hurdled the door 'cause she hadn't a nickel,
 she got her foot caught, oh what a pickle,
 and nobody knew she was there.

The next to go in was old Mrs. Slodder,
 she was the Duke of Effington's daughter,
 she went to pass some superfluous water,
 and nobody knew she was there.

The next to go in was old Mrs. Brewstter,
 who couldn't see as good as she used to,
 when she sat down, she swore somebody goosed her,
 and nobody knew she was there.

The next to go in was old Mrs. Fender
 who went in to fix a broken suspender,
 it snapped and injured her feminine gender
 and nobody knew she was there.

The next to go in was old Mrs. Draper
 who couldn't find the toilet paper,
 all she could find was a rusty paint scraper,
 and nobody knew she was there.

The next to go in was old Mrs. Murry,
 who had to go in a hell of a hurry,
 when she got there, there was no need to worry,
 and nobody knew she was there.

The last to go in was old Mrs. Mason
 there wasn't a place, so she went in the basin,
 "the one that I washed my face in,"
 and nobody knew she was there.

GHOST RIDERS IN THE SKY

An old cowpoke went riden' out
 One dark and windy day
 Upon a ridge he rested
 As he went along his way.
 When all at once a mighty herd
 Of red-eyed cows he saw
 A-plowin' thru the ragged skies,
 And up a cloudy draw.

CHORUS

Yip-pi-i-o
 Yip-pi-i-a,
 Ghost Riders in the Sky.

Their brands were still on fire,
 And their hooves were made of steel
 Their horns were black and shiny,
 And their hot breath he could feel.
 A bolt of fear went thru him,
 As they thundered thru the sky,
 For he saw the riders commin' hard,
 And he heard their mournful cry.

Their faces gaunt, their eyes all blurred
 Their shirts all soaked with sweat
 They're ridin' hard to catch that herd
 But they ain't caught 'em yet;
 For they've got to ride forever,
 In that range up in the sky,
 On horses breathing fire,
 As they ride on, hear their cry.

As the riders loped on past him,
 He heard one call his name,
 "If you want to save your soul from hell
 A-ridin' on our range,
 Then cowboy, change your way today,
 Or with us you will ride,
 A-tryin' to catch the Devil's herd,
 Across these endless skies."

GHOST CHICKENS

(To the tune of Ghost Riders In The Sky)

A chicken farmer went to work one dark and dreary day.
He rested by the henhouse as he went along his way.
When all at once a rotten egg just hit him in the eye.
It was the sight he dreaded.....ghost chickens in the sky.

(Chorus)

Bok, bok, bok, bok.
Bok, bok, bok, bok.
Ghost chickens in the sky.

The farmer had raised chickens since he was 24.
Working for the Colonel for thirty years or more.
Killing all those chickens and sending them to fry.
Now they want their just revenge....ghost chickens in the sky.

Their feet were orange and shiny, their eyes were burning red.
They had no meat or feathers, these chickens all were dead.
They picked the farmer up, they killed him with their claws.
They cooked him Extra Crispy, and served him with cole slaw.

THE PIG

It was early last December
As near as I remember
While walking down the street In tipsy pride
No one was I disturbing
When I lay down by the curbing
When a pig came up and lay down by my side

As I lay there in the gutter
Thinking thoughts I cannot utter
A lady passing by was heard to say
You can tell a man who boozes
By the company he chooses
Then.....the pig got up and slowly walked away

BLEST BE THE TIE THAT BINDS

Blest be the tie that binds, my collar to my shirt.
I'm wasting no dollars to buy a new collar to hide that ring of dirt.

I know how ugly I are, I know my face ain't no star
But I don't mind it, because I'm behind it, The people out front get the jar.

Oh froggy him am a queer bird, him ain't got no tail almost hardly;
When him runs him jumps, when him jumps him sits down,
Where he ain't got no tail almost hardly.

AMERICA

My country tis of Thee
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.
Land where my fathers died
Land of the Pilgrim's pride
From every mountainside
Let freedom ring.

My native country thee,
Land of the noble free
Thy name I love.
I love thy rocks and rills
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above

Let music swell the breeze
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedoms song.
Let mortal tongues awake
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break
The sound prolong.

Our fathers God to Thee
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing.
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light.
Protect us by thy might
Great God our King.

GOOBER PEAS

Sitting by the roadside on a summer's day
Chatting with my messmates, passing time away
Lying in the shadow underneath the trees
Goodness, how delicious, eating goober peas
Peas, peas, peas, peas, eating goober peas
Goodness, how delicious, eating goober peas

CLEMENTINE

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

CHORUS

Oh, my darling, Oh my darling,
Oh, my darling Clementine;
Thou art lost and gone forever,
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.

Ruby lips above the water,
Blowing bubbles soft and fine,
Alas for *me!* I was no swimmer,
So I lost my Clementine.

In a corner of the churchyard,
Where the myrtle boughs entwine,
Grow the roses in their posies,
Fertilized by Clementine.

Then the miner, forty-niner,
Soon began to peak and pine,
Thought he oughter join his daughter,
Now he's with his Clementine.

In my dreams she still doth haunt me,
Robed in garments soaked in brine,
Though in life I used to hug her
Now she's dead I'll draw the line.

Now you Boy Scouts, there's a moral,
To this little tail of mine,
Artificial respiration,
Would have saved my Clementine.

If you don't know the tune, just sing a little louder!

BLOW YE WINDS

Twas advertised in Boston,
 New York and Buffalo;
 Five hundred brave Americans
 A-whaling for to go.

CHORUS

Blow, ye winds, in the morning;
 Blow, ye winds, I-0;
 Haul away your runnin' gear,
 And blow, ye winds, I-0.

They send you to New Bedford,
 A famous whaling port,
 And give you to some Land Sharks,
 To board and fit you out.

They tell you of the Clipper Ship
 A-runnin' in and out,
 And say you'll take 500 sperm,
 Before you're six months out.

And now we're out to sea, my boys,
 The wind comes on to blow,
 One-half the watch is sick on deck
 The other half below.

The skipper's on the quarter deck
 A-squintin' at the sails,
 When up above, the lookout sights
 A mighty school of whales.

Then lower down the boats, my boys,
 And after him we'll travel,
 But if you get too near his fluke
 He'll kick you to the Devil.

And now that he is ours, my boys,
 We'll tow him along side,
 Then over with our blubberhooks,
 And rob him of his hide.

When we get home, our ship made fast
 And we get thru our sailing,
 A brimming glass around we'll pass
 And darn this blubber whalin'.

If you don't know the tune, just sing a little louder!

AMAZING GRACE

Amazing grace, how sweet the sound,
That gave new life to me.
I once was lost, but now am found
Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed.

When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun;
We've no less days to sing His praise
Than when we've first begun.

AIN'T A'GONNA GRIEVE MY LORD NO MORE

I grieve my Lord (I grieve my Lord)
From day to day (From day to day)
I left the straight (I left the straight)
And narrow way (And narrow way).

CHORUS

I grieve my Lord from day to day
Left the straight and narrow way
Ain't gonna grieve my Lord no more
Ain't gonna grieve my Lord no more,
Ain't gonna grieve my Lord no more,
Ain't gonna grieve my Lord no more.

Now one of these nights (repeat)
Bout twelve o'clock (repeat)
This here old world (repeat)
Gonna reel and rock (repeat)

NOTE: Substitute above words in chorus.

Oh, you can't get to heaven (oh, you can't get to heaven)
In a Worth Ranch jeep (in a Worth ranch jeep)
'Cause the darned old thing ('cause the darned old thing)
Just goes "beep beep" (just goes "beep beep")

Oh, you can't get to heaven (oh, you can't get to heaven)
On Worth Ranch beans (on Worth Ranch beans)
'Cause the Lord don't have ('cause the Lord don't have)
No good latrines (no good latrines)

You can't get to heaven on roller skates You'll roll right by those pearly gates.

If you get to heaven before I do Just bore a hole and pull me through.

KUM BA YAH

Kum-ba-yah, My Lord, Kum-ba-yah,
 Kum-ba-yah, My Lord, Kum-ba-yah,
 Kum-ba-yah, My Lord, Kum-ba-yah,
 Oh, Lord, Kum-ba-yah.

Someone's cryin', Lord, Kum-bayah,
 Someone's cryin', Lord, Kum-ba-yah,
 Someone's cryin', Lord, Kum-ba-yah,
 Oh, Lord, Kum-ba-yah.

Someone's singin', etc.

Someone's prayin', etc.

Come by here, My Lord, come by
 Come by here, My Lord, come by
 Come by here, My Lord, come by
 Come by here, My Lord, come by.

SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT

Swing low, sweet chariot,
 Commin' for to carry me home;
 Swing low, sweet chariot,
 Commin' for to carry me home.

I looked over Jordan,
 And what did I see,
 Commin' for to carry me home,
 A band of angels comm' after me,
 Commin' for to carry me home.

If you get there before I do,
 Commin' for to carry me home,
 Tell all my friends I'm commin' too
 Commin' for to carry me home.

The brightest day ever I saw,
 Commin' for to carry me home.
 When Jesus washed my sins away.
 Commin' for to carry me home.

I'm sometimes up and sometimes down,
 Commin' for to carry me home.
 But still my soul feels heav'nly bound.
 Commin' for to carry me home.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

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

CHORUS

Glory, glory, Hallelujah;
 glory, glory, Hallelujah;
 glory, glory, Hallelujah,
 His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch fires of a hundred circling camps
 They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps
 I can read His righteous message by the dim and flaring lamps
 His truth is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel
 As ye deal with my condemners, so with you My grace shall deal
 Let the Hero born of woman crush the serpent with his heel.
 For God is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat
 He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat
 O be swift my soul to answer Him, be jubilant my feet
 Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea
 With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me
 As He died , O let us live to make men free
 While God is marching on.

WHAT-A-GA-CHEW

(Leader speaks line, audience repeats...)

1. WHAT-A-GA-CHEW
2. BO-DOTE SKI-DETEN-DATEN WHAT-A-GA-CHEW
3. IT SKIDDLE OTEN DOTEN BO-DOTE SKITTLE-DATEN WHAT-A-GA-CHEW
4. OTEN-DOTEN LITTLE-BOTEN IT SKIDDLE OTEN DOTEN BO-DOTE SKITTLE-DATEN
WHAT- A-GA-CHEW
5. ITTEN DITEN LITTLE KITTEN OTEN-DOTEN LITTLE-BOTEN IT SKIDDLE OTEN DOTEN
BO-DOTE SKITTLE-DATEN WHAT-A-GA-CHEW

(all together) WHAT-A-GA-CHEW WHAT-A-GA-CHEW WHAT-A-GA-CHEW

JOHNNY VERBEC

Once there was a Dutchman,
 His name was Johnny Verbec
 He made the finest sausages
 and surkraut and spec.
 He made the finest sausages
 That ever could be seen.
 And one day he invented
 A sausage-making machine.

CHORUS

Oh, Mister Johnny Verbec,
 How could you be so mean?
 I told you you'd be sorry
 For inventing that machine.
 Now all the neighbors' cats & dogs
 Will never more be seen.
 They'll all be ground to sausages
 In Johnny Verbec's machine.

One day a boy came walkin'
 A-walkin' in the store.
 He bought a pound of sausages,
 And laid them on the floor.
 The boy began to whistle,
 He whistled up a tune.
 And all the little sausages
 Went dancin' round the room.

One day the thing got busted,
 The darn thing wouldn't go.
 So, Johnny Verbec, he climbed inside
 To see what made it so.
 His wife, she had a nightmare,
 And, walkin' in her sleep,
 She gave the crank a heck of a yank,
 And Johnny Verbec was meat.

IT'S A LIE

I was born one hundred thousand years ago. (Years ago).
 There is nothing in this world I do not know. (Do not know).
 I saw Peter, Paul, and Moses playing ring around the roses,
 And I'll lick the guy who says it isn't so. (It isn't so).

CHOURUS:

It's a lie; It's a lie,
 Ship ahoy, ship ahey, Ship a hi-hi-hi,
 Oh I've sailed the Seven Seas,
 And sniffed the salty breeze,
 And I never, never, never saw a mermaid, a mermaid.

I saw Satan when he looked the garden o'er, (Garden o'er).
 I saw Adam and Eve driven from the door, (From the door)
 I was round the corner peeking at the apple they were eating,
 And I'll prove that I'm the guy that ate the core,(Ate the core).

I taught Solomon his little A-B-C's, (A-B-C's).
 I showed Noah how to make Limburger Cheese, (Limburger Cheese).
 I was sailing down the bay with Methuselah one day,
 And saved his long white whiskers from the fleas.(From the fleas).

I remember when the country had a King, (Had a King).
 I seen Cleopatra pawn her wedding ring, (Wedding Ring).
 I played ring around the roses with Abednego and Moses,
 And I'll fight the man that says I cannot sing. (You can't sing).

I was there when Caesar crossed the Rubicon, (Rubicon),
 I'm the guy that built the raft he crossed it on, (Crossed it on),
 I saw Nero burning Rome, and Hannibal at home,
 Why I even saw the fall of Babylon, (Babylon).

I saw Washington afloat a cake of ice, (Cake of ice).
 I saw Sherman, Grant, and Lee a-shaking dice, (A-shaking dice).
 I saw Roosevelt's great laugh, that split his face in half,
 While Pershing set a trap for German mice, (German mice).

You may think that all this bunk, it isn't true, (It isn't true),
 But what difference does it really make to you, (Make to you?)
 I've been handing you this line just to pass away the time,
 And now I'm going to quit because I'm through, (You're through).

BACK IN THE SADDLE AGAIN

I'm back in the saddle again,
 Out where a friend is a friend,
 Where the longhorn cattle feed,
 On the lowly jimson weed;
 I'm back in the saddle again.
 Ridin' the range once more,
 Totin' my old forty four,
 Where you sleep out ev'ry night,
 Where the only law is right;
 I'm back in the saddle again.
 Whoopi-ti-yi-yo!
 Rockin' to and fro in the saddle
 again.
 Whoopi-ti-yi-ya!
 I go my own way, back in the
 saddle again.

IS YOUR BLOOD SUGAR LOW

(tune: Do your ears hang low)

Is your blood sugar low?
 Do you wobble to and fro?
 Is your stomach in a knot?
 Are you hunched up like a bow?
 Are you draped over a boulder
 Like a dead or wounded soldier?
 Is your blood sugar low?

COMPUTER SONG

tune: Take Me Out to the Ballgame

8 6 5 4 3 2 1
 8 6 5 4 3 2
 7 7 7 5 6 7 9 3 1
 5 5 5 6 7 9 0 3 1, OH
 8 6 5 4 3 2 1
 1 3 2 4 5 6 8, and it's
 9 9 9 7 6 5 4 2 5 6 8

IT'S AN INSECT COVERED WORLD

Tune: It's a Small World

It's a world of centipedes, a world of
 moths.
 It's a world of katydids, a world of
 wasps.
 There's so much that we share that
 it's time we're aware
 It's an insect covered world.

Chorus

It's an insect covered world.
 It's an insect covered world.
 It's an insect covered world.
 It's an insect covered world.

It's a world of beetles, a world of
 fleas,
 It's a world of caterpillars and a world
 of bees.
 In this world that we know, there is so
 much to show,
 It's an insect covered world.

(Chorus)

It's a world of snakes and a world of
 snails.
 It's a world of turtles and a world of
 whales.
 Big or little, great or small, it's a
 wonder to us all,
 It is Mother Nature's world.

(Chorus)

If you don't know the tune, just sing a little louder!

"Did you hear about the Scout who often broke into song ...

CHOPPED LIVER

Tune: Moon River

Chopped Liver, onions on the side
my social life has died, from me
my friends shun me, they out-run me,
the smell of my breath, is slow death, sad but

true

My odors' twice as bad as beer,
and people who drink beer agree,
I know that my breath will not end,
always I'll offend, my halitosis friends
Chopped liver, in me.

KING OF THE LOAD

Tune: Roger Miller's King of the Road

Pony for sale or rent
One leg's gone
And his tail is bent.
Can't take him out of the state
Too fat and got a rotten gait.

No shoes, saddle, bridle or bit
He can't stand but he sure can sit.
He's a horse, of course, but no prize
He ain't got no eyes.

Knows every clover patch on ev'ry hill
Won't leave until he's eaten his fill.
He's a good candidate for the glue factory.
Please, Mister, won't you buy him from me?

I sing...Pony for sale or rent
One leg's gone
And his tail is bent.
Can't take him out of the state
Too fat and got a rotten gait,
He's King of the Load....He's King of the
Load...
He's King of the Load.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBO

(A Cadence Call)

In fourteen-hundred and ninety-two
A sailor from New Delhi
Was walkin' round the streets of
Spain Sellin' hot tamales

He said the world was round-o
He said it could be found-o
That navigational, calculational
son-of-a-gun Columbo

He marched right up to Isabelle
demanding ships and cargo,
He said he'd be a son of a gun if
he didn't bring back Chicago.

Said Ferdinand to Isabelle his
plan looks mighty hazy,
Said Isabelle to Ferdinand I think
the fellows crazy.

"Just wait a bit," said Isabella.
"Let's not forget essentials,
For I've a mind to think this out
And check on his credentials."

The queen she gave him three fine
ships they all were triple decker.
The queen waved her
handkerchief Columbo just gave a
snicker.

The first mate the first mate
His toes were like a Pigeon
He wrapped a rope around the mast
And climbed right up the riggin'

He said the world was round-o
He said it could be found-o
That navigational, calculational
son-of-a-gun Columbo

If you don't know the tune, just sing a little louder!

FAMILY TREE

1. Many Many years ago
when I was twenty Three
I got married to a widow
who was pretty as could be.
2. This Widow had a grown up daughter
who had hair of red
My father fell in love with her
and soon the two were wed
4. To complicate the matters worse
Although it brought me joy
I soon became a father
Of a bouncing baby boy
- 3.. This made my dad my son in law
and changed my very life
my daughter was my mother
For she was my father's wife
5. My little baby then became
a brother in law to dad
and so became my uncle
Thought it made me very sad
6. For if he was my uncle
Then that also made him brother
To the widows grown up daughter
Who of course was my step mother
7. Fathers wife then had a son
who kept them on the run
and he became my grandson
for he was my daughters son
8. My wife is now my mothers ' mother
and it makes me blue
because although she is my wife
she is my grandma too.
9. If she is my grandmother
Then I am her grandchild
And every time I think of it
It simply drives me wild
10. For now I have become
The strangest case I ever saw
I am the husband of my grandmother
And I am my own grandpa

FLINTSTONES GRACE

Tune: Flintstones Theme Song

God is--great--and God is--good
And let us thank Him for our food.
God is--great--and God is--good
And let us thank Him for our food.
Amen. Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-men.
Amen. Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-men.
God is--great--and God is--good
And let us thank Him for our...
We'll thank Him for our...
We'll thank Him for our food!

ADDAMS FAMILY GRACE

TUNE: Addams Family Theme

Be present at our table LORD,
Be here and every where adored.
These mercies bless and grant that
we,
May love serve and obey Thee.
Ah-ah-amen (snap-snap)*
Ah-ah-amen (snap-snap)*
Ah-ah-amen, Ah-ah-amen,
Ah-ah-amen (snap-snap)*

*Note: Cross arms when snapping fingers

ROCK YOU GRACE

TUNE: We Will Rock You

Heavenly Father, LORD and King,
You provide us with everything.
We've got Food on our plate,
Tastin' great.
Thank you for the food we already
ate.
Singing thank you Father, thank you!
Thank you Father, thank you!

If you don't know the tune, just sing a little louder!

ILKA MOOR BAHT ET (In two parts)

Where hast thou been since I saw thee (I saw thee)
 On Ilka Moor baht et
 Where hast thou been since I saw (Where hast thou been since I
 saw thee)
 Where hast thou been since I saw (Where hast thou been since I
 saw thee)
 On Ilka Moor baht et (baht et)
 On Ilka Moor baht et (baht et)
 On Ilka Moor baht et (baht et, baht et)

I've been a courtin' Mary Jane.

Thou'st goin' to catch thy death of cold.

Then we Will come and bury thee.

Then the worms will come and eat thee up.

Then the birds will come and eat the worms.

Then we will come and eat the birds

Then we will have our lairid back.

There is a moral to this tale (to this tale)
 On Ilka Moor baht et
 There is a moral to this (There Is a moral to this tale)
 There is a moral to this (There is a moral to this tale)
 Don't court without your hat (your hat)
 Don't court without your hat (your hat)
 Don't court without your hat (your hat, your hat).

GREENSLEEVES

Alas my love you do me wrong
 To cast me out discourteously
 For I have loved you so long
 Delighting in your company.

CHORUS

Greensleeves is all my joy
 And Greensleeves is my delight
 Greensleeves, my heart of gold,
 And who but my lady, Greensleeves.

I have been ready at your hand
 To grant whatever you would crave
 I have both waged life and land
 Your love and goodwill for to have.

Will I pray to God on high
 That thou my love mayst see
 And that yet once before I die
 That thou will show thy love for me.

Greensleeves, farewell, adieu
 I pray to God to prosper thee
 For I am still thy lover true
 Come once again and love with me.

SCOUT WETSPERS

Softly falls the rain today
 As our campsite floats away
 Silently, each Scout should ask
 Did I bring my SCUBA mask?
 Have I tied my tent flaps down,
 Learned to swim so I won't drown,
 Have I done, and will I try
 Everything to keep me dry?

MY BONNIE LIES OVER THE OCEAN

My Bonnie lies over the ocean,
 My Bonnie lies over the sea,
 My Bonnie lies over the ocean,
 Oh bring back my Bonnie to me.
 Bring back, bring back, Oh bring back my Bonnie to me, to me;
 [Repeat.]

Action: As you sing each word beginning with the letter B, change from a standing to a sitting position and vice versa. All should be standing at the end of the song. When you have mastered these movements, sing it again, faster.

BOOM CHICKA BOOM

I said a-boom-chick-a-boom! [Group echoes.]
 I said a-boom-chick-a-boom! [Group echoes.]
 I said a-boom-chick-a-rock-a-chick-a-rock-a-chick-a-boom!
 [Group echoes.]

Uh-huh! [Group echoes.]
 On Yeah! [Group echoes.]
 This time! [Group echoes.]
 We sing! [Group echoes.]
 HIGHER!

Each time a leader adds a different variation such as: LOWER, WHISPER, LOUDER, TONGUE-IN-CHEEK, SEXY, GROOVY (COOL) , "STEVEN LEARY STYLE".

SHOVIN' RIGHT OFF FOR HOME

Over the sea, let's go men
 We're shovin' right off, we're shovin' right off again
 Nobody knows where or when
 We're shovin' right off, we're shovin' right off again
 We're leaving today It's anchors away
 Sally and Sue don't be blue
 We'll just be gone for years and years and then
 We're shovin' right off for home
 Shovin' right off for home
 Shovin' right off for home again!

THE CAT CAME BACK

Old man Johnson had troubles of his own.
 Had a little cat that wouldn't leave him alone.
 He tried and tried to give him away,
 He gave him to a man going far, far away.

CHORUS:

But the cat came back, the very next day.
 But the cat came back, they thought he was a goner,
 But the cat came back, he just couldn't stay away, away, away.

He gave it to a man going up in a balloon
 Told him to give it to the man in the moon
 The balloon came down about 20 miles away
 And where that man is we just can't say.

He gave him to a boy with a dollar note,
 Told him to take up the river in a boat,
 Tied a rock round its neck must have weighed a hundred pounds,
 And now they're dredging the river for the little boy who drowned.

He gave him to a man going way, way out west,
 Told him to give it to the one he favored best,
 First the train jumped track, then it hit the rail,
 And no one is alive today to tell the gruesome tale.

Old man Johnson said he'd shoot that cat on sight,
 So he loaded up his shotgun with nails and dynamite.
 He waited and waited for that cat to come around,
 But ninety seven pieces of the man were all they ever found

The H-bomb fell just the other day,
 The A-bomb fell in the very same way,
 Russia went, China went, and the USA
 The human race was destroyed without a chance to pray

THE HOKEY POKEY

You put your right foot in
 You put your right foot out
 You put your right foot in and you shake it all about
 You do the Hokey Pokey and you turn yourself around
 That's what it's all about

- | | |
|-------------------|----------------|
| 2. left foot | 8. rear end |
| 3. right hand | 9. elbows |
| 4. left hand | 10. knees |
| 5. right shoulder | 11. nose |
| 6. left shoulder | 12. thumb |
| 7. head | 13. whole self |

DO YOUR EARS HANG LOW?

[Tune: Turkey in the Straw, refrain]

Do your ears hang low?
 Do they wobble to and fro?
 Can you tie them in a knot?
 Can you tie them in a bow?
 Can you throw them over your shoulder
 Like a continental soldier?
 Do your ears hang low.

Do your ears stand high?
 Do they reach up to the sky?
 Do they droop when they're wet?
 Do they stiffen when they dry?
 Can you semaphore your neighbor.
 With a minimum of labor?
 Do your ears hang high?

Do your ears hang wide?
 Do they flap from side to side?
 Do they wave in the breeze,
 From the slightest little sneeze?
 Can you soar above the nation
 with a feeling of elevation?
 Do your ears hang wide?

Do your ears fall off,
 When you give a great big cough?
 Do they lie there on the ground,
 Or bounce up at every sound?
 Can you stick them in your pocket,
 Just like Davy Crocket?
 Do your ears fall off?

THE ANIMAL FAIR?

We went to the animal fair,
 the birds and the beasts were there,
 By the light of the moon the big baboon
 was combing his auburn hair.
 The monkey, he got drunk,
 and fell on the elephant's trunk,
 The elephant sneezed and fell on his knees,
 And that was the end of the monk-ey, monk-ey, monk...

DAISY, DAISY

Daisy, Daisy, Give me your answer true.
 I'm half crazy over the likes of you.
 It won't be a stylish marriage, I can't afford a carriage.
 But you'll look sweet, upon the seat, of a bicycle built for two.

Michael, Michael, here is your answer true.
 I'm not crazy over the likes of you.
 If you can't afford a carriage, there'll be no bloomin' marriage.
 For I'll be damned, if I'll be jammed, On a bicycle built for two!

THREE SHORT NECK BUZZARDS

Three SHORT NECK buzzards	(Hunch back--look like a buzzard)
Sitting in a dead tree	(Put out arms like branches)
Three SHORT NECK buzzards	(Hunch back--look like a buzzard)
Sitting in a dead tree	(Put out arms like branches)
One flew a-way!	(Move arm to show where the buzzard flew)
Oh dear	(Put hands to hips)
Oh My	(Put hand to forehead)
What-a-Shame!	(Speak sweetly)

(Repeat but with two buzzards and then one buzzard.)

No SHORT NECK buzzards	(Same actions as before)
Sitting in a dead tree	(Put out arms like branches)
Oh Joy	(Put hands in air)
Oh My	(spread hands apart)
One returned	(Move arm to show where the buzzard flew)
Oh Happy day!	(Clasp hands in front of chest)

(repeat pattern until all buzzards are back)

STAND BY ME

When the night has come
 and the land is dark
 And the moon is the only light I
 see,
 No, I won't be afraid
 No I won't be afraid
 Just as long as you stand
 Stand by me.

So darling, darling,
 Stand by me
 Oh stand by me,
 Oh stand, stand by me,
 stand by me

If the sky that we look upon
 should crumble and fall
 or the mountain
 should crumble to the sea
 I won't cry, I won't cry,
 No I won't shed a tear
 Just as long as you stand,
 Stand by me

THE BALLAD OF AL GORE

Tune: "The ballad of Jed Clampett"

Come and listen to my story 'bout a man named Gore
 A snippy Democrat, who was really quite a bore
 On election day of his Presidential bout
 He thought he lost the fight but he got to recount
 ballots that is... punch cards... butterflies

Well the next thing you know they're countin' 'em again
 He lost a second time so he gave it all some spin
 They said Palm Beach is the place you oughta be
 So he hired legal experts from Tallahassee
 Florida that is... sunshine state... deadlocked

Well the next thing you know they wanna change the rules
 And play around with votes cause they think we're friggin
 fools
 They riled lotsa folks and they made a lotta fuss
 Till Cheney came along and started kickin' butts
 Buttocks that is... liberal hineys... left-wing tuchas

Al Gore whined that the system wasn't fair
 After countin' ballot holes that weren't even there
 Kate Harris said that the recount was a joke
 But that didn't stop the liberals from tallyin' votes
 Democrat votes that is... hangin' chad... dimpled ballots

Well the State Supreme Court gave Gore another break
 They let him count again cause the party was at stake
 But just when he thought that his dream was born anew
 The overseas votes gave it all to W
 George W that is... Texas Governor... 43rd President

Now it's time to say good-bye to Al and all his kin
 He tried to steal some votes but it didn't help him win
 You're all invited over to his house in Tennessee
 To sit around and blubber at his pity-parteeeee
 Nashville that is... pout a while... have some sour grapes
 Ya'll have fun now... Ya Hear?

LITTLE BUNNY FU-FU

Little bunny Fu-fu, hoppin' though the forest,
 Scoopin' up the field mice and boppin' them on the head.
 Along came the good fairy, and she said:
 "Little bunny Fu-fu, I don't want to see you
 Scoopin' up the field mice and boppin' them on the head.
 I'll give you three chances to change your ways, and if you
 don't obey, I'll turn you into a goon."
 So the next day . . . [Repeat-two more chances . . .]
 So the next day . . . [Repeat-one more chance . . .]
 So the next day . . . [Repeat]
 "I gave you three chances to change your ways and you didn't
 obey, so now I'm turning you into goon. Pooff! You're a goon.
 And the moral of this story is . . . 'Hare today and goon
 tomorrow.'

AMAZING G-R-A-C-E

tune: The Mickey Mouse Club Song:

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
 Amazing Grace (amazing grace)
 Amazing Grace (amazing grace)
 Forever let us hold His banner high! (high! high!)

a-m-a-z-i-n-g g-r-a-c-e
 I once was lost but now I'm found was blind but now I see!

SONS OF AUNT DINAH

We're the Sons of Old Aunt Dinah,
 And we go where we've a mind'to.
 And right now we've a mind'to,
 Go home an rest a spell.
 But when we are through with sleep'in,
 Them Yanks will take a beat'in.
 You will see them Yanks retreat'in,
 when we give our Rebel Yell!

HAIRY APE

The other day (repeat)
 Out by the lake. (repeat)
 I ran into, (repeat)
 A hairy Ape. (repeat)
 The other day out by the lake,
 I ran into a hairy Ape.

(Other verses)

I shook with fear:
 I shook with fright.
 A ten-foot ape,
 Is quite a sight.

I backed away;
 The ape advanced.
 I crossed my legs,
 I wet my pants.

I closed my eyes,
 I held my breath
 I waited there
 For certain death.

But then that ape
 Began to laugh.
 He said, "I won't
 Rip you in half"

He said, "I see
 That you're a Scout.
 Can you tell me
 What that's about?"

I said, "We camp."
 I said, "We hike."
 "It's something that
 I really like."

He said, "It sounds
 Like lots of fun
 To be a Scout.
 Can I be one?"

He's still a Scout,
 This very day.
 He's Eagle rank;
 He's in O.A

The moral is
 That scouting is fun,
 And Scouting is
 For everyone.

IF YOU'RE HAPPY - JUST DO THIS

If you're happy and ya know it.
 Just try this. (scratch head)
 (Repeat above two lines)
 If you're happy and ya know it,
 Then ya really ought to show it
 If you're happy and ya know it,
 Just try this (scratch head)

(other verses)

Scratch armpit, Say, "Oooo, Oooo", Do all three.

FOLLOW ME BOYS

Robert B. Sherman and Richard M. Sherman
 From the Walt Disney Film "Follow Me Boys"
 Based upon the book: God and My Country By MacKinlay Kantor

Chorus:

Follow me, boys, Follow me!
 When you think you're really beat,
 That's the time to lift your feet,
 And follow me, boys, follow me!
 Pick them up, put them down,
 And follow me.

Sergeant Reilley said, There's a fight to win!
 Follow me, boys, follow me!
 And it won't be done till we all pitch in.
 Lift your chin with a grin and follow me!

Chorus

Shout: Pick them up, put them down, pick them up!
 It's a long long time, but we've got the will.
 Follow me, boys, follow me!
 When we reach the top then it's all down hill.
 Till you drop, don't stop, and follow me!

Chorus

Though the journey's end is beyond our sight.
 Follow me, boys, follow me!
 If we do our best then we've done all right.
 Pack you load, hit the road, and follow me!

Chorus

Shout: Pick them up, put them down, pick them up!
 We were all packed in when the sergeant said,
 Follow me, boys, follow me!
 We got off our backs and prepared our attack, When our sergeant
 hollered, Follow me!

Chorus

There's a job to do, there's a fight to win,
 Follow me, boys, follow me!
 And it won't be done till we all pitch in.
 Lift your chin with a grin, and follow me!

THERE WERE THREE JOLLY FISHERMEN

There were three jolly fishermen,
 There were three jolly fishermen,
 Fisher, fisher, men, men, men,
 Fisher, fisher, men, men, men,
 There were three jolly fishermen.

The first one's name was Abraham,
 The first one's name was Abraham,
 Abra, Abra, ham, ham, ham,
 Abra, Abra, ham, ham, ham,
 The first one's name was Abraham.

The second one's name was I-I-saac,
 The second one's name was I-I-saac,
 I-I, I-I, saac, saac, saac,
 I-I, I-I, saac, saac, saac,
 The second one's name was I-I-saac.

The third one's name was Ja-a-cob,
 The third one's name was Ja-a-cob,
 Ja-a, Ja-a, cub, cub, cub,
 Ja-a, Ja-a, cub, cub, cub,
 The third one's name was Ja-a-cob.

They all went up to Jericho,
 They all went up to Jericho,
 Jer-i, Jer-i, cho, cho, cho,
 Jer-i, Jer-i, cho, cho, cho,
 They all went up to Jericho.

They should have gone to Amsterdam,
 They should have gone to Amsterdam,
 Amster, amster, shh, shh, shh,
 Amster, amster, shh, shh, shh,

They should have gone to Amsterdam.

IF I WERE NOT A BOY SCOUT... (FARKLE FAMILY SINGERS)

Tune: This is the Music Concert

If I were not a Boy Scout, I wonder what I'd be

If I were not a Boy Scout, a

1. A bird watcher I'd be
Hark a lark, flying through the park, SPLAT!
2. A plumber I would be
Plunge it, flush it, look out below!
3. A mermaid I would be
Bloop, bloop, bloop, bloop, bloop, bloop!
4. A carpenter I'd be
Two by four, nail it to the floor!
5. A secretary I'd be
z-z-z-z get the point, z-z-z-z get the point?
6. A teacher I would be
Sit down, shut up, throw away your gum!
7. An airline attendant I'd be
Coffee, tea, or me, sir; here's your little bag, BLEH!
8. A typist I would be
Ticka, ticka, ticka, ticka, ticka, ticka, ZING!
9. A hippie I would be
Love and peace, my hair is full of grease!
[or] Hey Man! Cool Man! Far out! Wow!
10. A farmer I would be
Here's a cow, there's a cow, and here's another yuck!
[or] Come on Betsy give... the baby's gotta live
11. A laundry worker I would be
Starchy here, starchy there, starchy in your underwear!
12. A cashier I would be
Twenty nine, forty nine, here is your change, sir!
13. A gym teacher I'd be
We must, we must, improve the bust!
14. A medic I would be
Turn around, drop your pants, jab, jab, jab!
15. A doctor I would be
Take a pill; pay my bill! I'm going golfing!
[or] Needle! Thread! Stick 'em in the head!
16. An electrician I would be
Positive, negative bbzzzzt zap
17. A fireman I would be
Jump lady, jump... whoaa splat!
18. A cook I would be
Mix it, bake it; heartburn-BURP!

If you don't know the tune, just sing a little louder!

19. A ice cream maker I'd be
Tutti-frutti, tutti-frutti, nice ice cream!
20. A politician I would be
Raise the taxes, lower the pay, vote for me on election day!
21. A butcher I would be
Chop it up, grind it up, make a little patty!
22. A garbage collector I'd be
Lift it, dump it, pick out the good stuff
23. A [Domino's] pizza maker I'd be
30 minute, fast delivery!
24. A clam digger I would be
Dig one here, dig one there-Oh my frozen derriere!
25. Superman I would be
It's a bird, it's a plane, where is Lois Lane?
26. Lois Lane I would be
Get away, get away, get away, Clark Kent!
27. A cyclist I would be
peddle, peddle, peddle, peddle; ring, ring, ring!
28. A truck driver I'd be
Here's a curve, there's a curve. **HERE'S A BETTER CURVE!** [Makes outline of shapely woman.]
29. A house cleaner I'd be
Ooh, a bug; squish it in the rug!
30. A baby I would be
Mama, Dada, I wuv you!
31. A Preacher I would be
Hallaleula, A-Men, pass the plate around again.
32. A DJ I would Be,
Miles of smiles on the radio dial.
33. A Stewardess I would be,
Here's your coffee, here's your tea. hear's your paper bag, Hurrpp
34. A Baker I would be,
Donuts! Eclairs! Buy My Buns!
35. A Lifeguard I would be,
Save yourself, Man. I'm working on my tan!
[or] Mouth to Mouth Resuscitate, What a way to get a date.
36. A Lawyer I would be,
Honest. I swear, My client wasn't there
37. An Engineer, I would be,
Push the button, push the button, kick the darn machine.
38. A Ranger I would be,
Get eaten by a bear, see if I care.
39. A Scoutmaster I would be,
Do this, do that, I'm gonna take a nap.

Finally: A Girl Scout I would be!
(walk like a girl off stage..ALL CHASE GIRL SCOUT OFF STAGE)

LITTLE RABBIT

In a cabin in the woods, little old man by the window stood.
 Saw a rabbit hopping by, knocking at his door..
 "Help me, help me, help me." shout the rabbit,
 "Before the hunter shoots me dead."
 Come little rabbit, come inside; safely at my side.

THE BOARDING HOUSE

In the boarding house where I lived
 Everything was green with mold.
 Grandma's hairs were in the butter -
 Silver threads among the gold (among the gold!).

When the dog died we had hot dogs.
 When the cat died, catnip tea.
 When the landlord died, I left there -
 Spare ribs were too much for me (too much for me!).

MY REINDEER FLIES SIDEWAYS

Tune: "Pomp and Circumstance"

My reindeer flies sideways
 Mine's better than yours.
 My reindeer can cha cha
 And she can open the doors.

My reindeer is purple
 Yours is a pea green.
 My reindeer's a Boy Scout
 And he can dig a latrine.

EDELWEISS

Edelweiss, Edelweiss. Every morning you greet me.
 Small and white, clean and bright,
 You look happy to greet me.

Blossoms of snow, may you bloom and grow,
 Bloom and grow forever,
 Edelweiss, Edelweiss. Bless my homeland forever!

SINGING IN THE RAIN

We're singing in the rain, just singing in the rain.
What a glorious feeling, we're happy again.

Thumbs up! [Group echoes.]
A-root-ta-ta, root-ta-ta. root-ta-ta-TA

Add each of the following, in turn:
Thumbs Up Arms Out Elbows In
Knees Bent Knees together Toes together
Butt out Chest out Head Back Tongue out

I'VE GOT THAT SCOUTING SPIRIT

I've got that Scouting spirit up in my head,
up in my head, up in my head.
I've got that Scouting spirit up in my head,
up in my head to stay.

2. I've got that Scouting spirit deep in my heart.
3. I've got that Scouting spirit down in my feet.
4. I've got that Scouting spirit all over me.

JOYFUL, JOYFUL WE ADORE THEE

Joyful, Joyful we adore thee,
God of glory, Lord of love!
Hearts unfold like flow'rs before thee,
Praising thee, their sun above.

Melt the clouds of sin and sadness,
Drive the gloom of doubt away.
Giver of immortal gladness,
Fill us with the light of day.

All thy works with joy surround thee,
Earth and heav'n reflect thy rays,
Stars and angles sing around thee,
Center of unbroken praise.

Field and forest, vale and mountain
Flow'ry meadow, flashing sea,
Chanting bird, and flowing fountain
Call us to rejoice in thee.

CHARLIE ON THE M.T.A

Let me tell ya of a story 'bout a man named Charlie,
 on a tragic and fateful day.
 He put ten cents in his pocket,
 kissed his wife and family,
 went to ride on the M.T.A

Chorus:

But did he ever return?
 No, he never returned,
 and his fate is still unlearned.
 (Poor old charlie).
 He may ride forever'neath the streets of Boston,
 he's the man who never returned.

Charlie handed in his dime at the Kendel Square Station
 and he changed for Jamaca Plains.
 When he got there the conductor told him,
 "one more nickle," Charlie couldn't get off that train

Well all night long Charlie rides through the stations, saying, "What will
 become of me?
 How can I afford to see my sister in Chelsea
 or my cousin or Roxbury?"

Charlie's wife goes down to the Scully Square station,
 every day at a quarter past two.
 And through the open window,
 she hands Charlie a sandwich
 as the train goes a rumbling through.

I LOVE THE MOUNTAINS

I love the mountains,
 I love the rolling hills,
 I love the flowers,
 I love the daffodils.
 I love the campfires,
 When the lights are burning low.

Boom-De-Ada, Boom-De-Ada.
 Boom-De-Ada, Boom-De-Ada.

DOWN IN THE VALLEY

Down in the valley, the valley so low,
 Hang your head over, hear the winds blow.
 Hear the winds blow, dear, hear the winds blow.
 Hang your head over, hear the winds blow.

Down in the valley, walking between,
 Telling our story, here's what it means.
 Here's what it means, dear, here's what it means,
 Telling our story, here's what it means.

Roses love sunshine, violets love dew,
 Angels in heaven know I love you;
 Know I love you, dear, know I love you,
 Angels in heaven know I love you.

Build me a castle forty feet high,
 So I can see him as he rides by;
 As he rides by, dear, as he rides by,
 So I can see him as he rides by.

Writing this letter, containing three lines,
 Answer my question, "Will you be mine?"
 "Will you be mine, dear, will you be mine,"
 Answer my question, "Will you be mine?"

If you don't love me, love whom you please,
 Throw your arms round me, give my heart ease.
 Give my heart ease, dear, give my heart ease,
 Throw your arms round me, give my heart ease.

Throw your arms round me, before it's too late;
 Throw your arms round me, feel my heart break.
 Feel my heart break, dear, feel my heart break.
 Throw your arms round me, feel my heart break.

SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME

Show me the way to go home,
 I'm tired and I want to go to bed.
 Oh, I had a little drink about an hour ago,
 and it's gone right to my head.
 Wherever I may roam, on land or sea or foam.
 You will always hear me singing this song:

Show me the way to go home.

THE ERIE CANAL

I've got a mule, her name is Sal,
 Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal.
 She's a good ol' worker and a good ol' pal,
 Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal.
 We've hauled some barges in our day,
 Filled with lumber, coal, and hay,
 And now we know ev'ry inch of the way
 From Albany to Buffalo.

Chorus:

Low bridge, ev'rybody down!
 Low bridge, for we're comin' to a town!
 And you'll always know your neighbor,
 You'll always know your pal,
 if you've ever navigated on the Erie Canal.

We better get on our way, old pal,
 Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal.
 Cause you bet your life I'd never part with Sal,
 Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal.
 Get up there mule, here comes a lock,
 We'll make Rome 'bout six o'clock,
 One more trip and back we'll go,
 Right back home to Buffalo.

PADDLE SONG

Our paddles keen an bright,
 Flashing like silver.
 Swift as the wild goose flight,
 Dip, dip, and swing.

Dip, dip, and swing them back,
 Flashing like silver.
 Swift as the wild goose flight,
 Dip, dip, and swing.

WHERE HAVE ALL THE FLOWERS GONE

Where have all the flowers gone, long time passing
 Where have all the flowers gone, long time ago
 Where have all the flowers gone,
 young girls picked them, every one
 When will they ever learn,
 When will they ever learn,

Where have all the young girls gone...
 ...gone to young men every one
 When will they every learn

Where have all the young men gone...
 ...they're all soldier's, every one
 When will they ever learn

Where have all the soldiers gone
 ...gone to graveyards, every one
 When will they ever learn

Where have all the graveyards gone
 ...gone to flower, every one
 When will they ever learn
 When will they ever learn

If you don't know the tune, just sing a little louder!

DEM BONES

Lord be thought he'd Make a Man
 DEN BONES GONNA RISE AGAIN
 Made him out of mud and a little bit a sand
 DEM BONES~ GONNA RISE AGAIN

I KNOWED IT BROTHER, YES INDEED I KNOWED IT BROTHER
 I KNOWED IT HEY; DEM BONES GONNA RISE AGAIN

2. Thought he'd Make a woman too The Lord didn't know quite what to do
3. Took a rib from Adam's side For to make Miss Eve, to be his bride
4. Put 'em in a garden wide and fair Told 'em to eat what they found there
5. Peaches, pears, plums, and such But the apple tree you better not touch
6. One day Miss Eve was walking around Spied that tree all loaded down
7. Serpent crawling around that trunk At Miss Eve, his eye he wunk
8. Eve, she just took just a little pull Then she filled her fig leaf full
9. Adam he took just a little bite Said um-um woman that sure am nice
10. One day the Lord was walking around Spied those peelings all over the ground
11. Then the Lord cried out in his Mighty voice That shook the heavens to the joists
12. Cried, Adam, Adam where art thou Here I is Lord, I'm coming ' now
13. Adam, Adam did you eat these No massa Lord, I spect it was Eve
14. Then the Lord rose up in his Mighty wrath Said ya'll just beat it right down the path
15. Put an angel at the door Said ya'll don' t come back here no more
17. Well, she took the needle, Adam took the plow That's why we're all working now
18. To this tale there is no more, Eve got the apple, Adam got the core.

SIDE BY SIDE

Oh we ain't got a barrel of money, maybe we're ragged and funny,
 But we'll travel along, singing a song, side by side.
 Don't know what's coming tomorrow, maybe it's trouble and sorrow,
 But we'll travel the road, sharing our load, side by side.
 Through all kinds of weather, what if the sky should fall,
 Just as long as we're together, it doesn't matter at all.
 When they've all had their troubles and parted,
 We'll be the same as we started,
 Just trav'ling along, singing our song, side by side.

If you don't know the tune, just sing a little louder!

HOTEL CALIFORNIA

On a dark desert highway, cool wind in my hair
 Warm smell of colitas, rising up through the air
 Up ahead in the distance, I saw a shimmering light
 My head grew heavy and my sight grew dim
 I had to stop for the night
 There she stood in the doorway;
 I heard the mission bell
 And I was thinking to myself,
 'This could be Heaven or this could be Hell'
 Then she lit up a candle and she showed me the way
 There were voices down the corridor,
 I thought I heard them say...

Welcome to the Hotel California ,
 Such a lovely place, Such a lovely face ,
 Plenty of room at the Hotel California
 Any time of year, you can find it here

Her mind is Tiffany-twisted, she got the Mercedes Benz
 She got a lot of pretty, pretty boys, that she calls friends
 How they dance in the courtyard, sweet summer sweat.
 Some dance to remember, some dance to forget

So I called up the Captain,
 'Please bring me my wine'
 He said, 'We haven't had that spirit here since nineteen sixty nine'
 And still those voices are calling from far away,
 Wake you up in the middle of the night
 Just to hear them say...

Welcome to the Hotel California ,
 Such a lovely place , Such a lovely face ,
 They livin' it up at the Hotel California
 What a nice surprise, bring your alibis

Mirrors on the ceiling,
 The pink champagne on ice
 And she said 'We are all just prisoners here, of our own device'
 And in the master's chambers,
 They gathered for the feast
 They stab it with their steely knives,
 But they just can't kill the beast

Last thing I remember, I was
 Running for the door
 I had to find the passage back
 To the place I was before
 'Relax,' said the night man,
 We are programmed to receive.
 You can checkout any time you like,
 but you can never leave!

DON'T FENCE ME IN

Just turn me loose, let me straddle my old saddle
Underneath the western skies.
On my Cayuse, let me wander over yonder
Till I see the mountains rise.

I want to ride to the ridge where the west commences
And gaze at the moon till I lose my senses
And I can't look at hovels and I can't stand fences
Don't fence me in.

CHORUS

Oh, give me land, lots of land under starry skies,
Don't fence me in.
Let me ride through the wide open country that I love,
Don't fence me in.
Let me be by myself in the evenin' breeze
And listen to the murmur of the cottonwood trees
Send me off forever but I ask you please,
Don't fence me in

Just turn me loose, let me straddle my old saddle
Underneath the western skies
On my Cayuse, let me wander over yonder
Till I see the mountains rise.

I want to ride to the ridge where the west commences
And gaze at the moon till I lose my senses
And I can't look at hovels and I can't stand fences
Don't fence me in.

WASHER WOMAN

Way down south where nobody goes
There's a wishy washy washer women washing her clothes
She goes "Ooh Ahh, Ooh Ahh" (accompanied by hip gesticulations)
And that's how the washer woman washes her clothes

Wallyacha agootchie gootchie gootchie
Wallyacha agootchie gootchie gootchie
And that's how the washer woman washes her clothes

HAPPY TRAILS TO YOU

Happy trails to you
 Until we meet again;
 Happy trails to you
 Keep smilin' until then.

Who cares about the clouds if we're together?
 Just sing a song and bring the sunny weather.

Happy trails to you
 Until we meet again;
 Happy trails to you
 Keep smilin' until then.

Who cares about the clouds if we're together?
 Just sing a song and bring the sunny weather.

Happy Trails to you
 Till we meet again.

ON TOP OF SPAGHETTI

On top of spaghetti,
 All covered with cheese,
 I lost my poor meatball,
 When somebody sneezed.

It rolled off the table,
 And on to the floor,
 And then my poor meatball,
 Rolled out of the door.

It rolled in the garden,
 And under a bush,
 And then my poor meatball,
 Was nothing but mush.

The mush was as tasty
 As tasty could be,
 And then the next summer,
 It grew into a tree.

The tree was all covered,
 All covered with moss,
 And on it grew meatballs,
 And tomato sauce.

So if you eat spaghetti,
 All covered with cheese,
 Hold on to your meatball,
 Whenever you sneeze.

TELL ME WHY

Tell me why the stars do shine,
 Tell my why the ivy twines,
 Tell me why the sky's so blue,
 And I will tell you just why I love you.

Because God made the stars to shine,
 Because God made the ivy twine,
 Because God made the sky so blue,
 Because God made you, that's why I love you.

I do believe that God above,
 Created you for me to love,
 He picked you out from all the rest,
 Because he knew that I'd love you the best.

I think of you the livelong day,
 Climb with the stars their Milky Way,
 And pin a dream on every star,
 Darling, my heart is where you are.

NATIONAL EMBALMING SCHOOL

We'll live for you, we'll die for you
 National Embalming School.
 We'll lift you up, we'll set you down
 About six feet underground.

Post Mortum, Post Mortum, Post Mortum
 Autopsy we won't have
 (Repeat 2 lines)

Slash, gash, smash, bash
 We've got to find the reason
 Oh, how the body stinks
 It must be out of season

We'll live for you, we'll die for you
 National Embalming School.

NIGHT RIDER'S LAMENT

While I was out riding the graveyard shift,
Midnight to dawn
The moon was as bright as a reading light
For a letter from an old friend back home.

CHORUS

He asked me, "Why do you ride for your money,
Tell me why do you rope for short pay?"
"You ain't getting nowhere and your losing your share.
Boy, you must have gone crazy out there."

He tells me last night he run onto Jenny
She's married and has a good life
Boy you sure missed the track
When you never came back
She's a perfect professional's wife.

But they've never seen the Northern Lights
They've never seen a hawk on the wing
They've never seen the spring at the Great Divide
And they've never heard old camp cookie sing.

Well, I read up the last of my letter
I tore off the stamp for "Black Jim"
When Billy rode up to relieve me
He just looked at my letter and grinned.

Because they've seen the Northern Lights
They've never seen the hawk on the wing
They've never seen the spring at the Great Divide
And they've never heard old camp cookie sing.

SOAP AND TOWEL

[Tune: "Row, Row, Row Your Boat"]

Soap, soap, soap and towel; towel and water please.
Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily, wash your dirty knees.

If you don't know the tune, just sing a little louder!

TIE ME KANGAROO DOWN

There's an Australian stockman lying dying. But he gets himself up on one elbow and turns to his mates and says--

Watch me wallabies feed, mate.
 Watch me wallabies feed;
 They're a dangerous breed, mate,
 So watch me wallabies feed.

CHORUS

All together now;
 Tie me kangaroo down, sport,
 Tie me kangaroo down,
 Tie me kangaroo down, sport,
 Tie me kangaroo down.

Keep me cockatoo cool, curl
 Keep me cockatoo cool
 Don't go acting the fool, curl
 Keep me cockatoo cool.

Take me koala back, Jack.
 Take me koala back.
 He lives somewhere outback, Jack,
 So take me koala back.

Let me aboos go loose Lew.
 Let me aboos go loose.
 They're of no further use, Lew.
 So let me aboos go loose.

Mind me platypus duck, Bill;
 Mind me platypus duck.
 Don't let him run amok, Bill,
 So mind me platypus duck.

Play your didgeridoo, Blue,
 Play your didgeridoo.
 Keep playing till I'm thru, Blue,
 Play your didgeridoo.

Tan me hide when I'm dead, Fred,
 Tan me hide when I'm dead.
 So we tanned his hide when he died, Clyde.
 And that's it hanging on the shed.

If you don't know the tune, just sing a little louder!

SCOTLAND THE BRAVE

Hark when the nights are falling,
 Hear, hear, the pipes are calling,
 Loudly and proudly down through the glen,
 There where the hills are sleeping,
 Now feel the blood a leaping
 High as the spirit of old highland men.

CHORUS

Towering in Galic Fame
 Scotland my mountain home
 High may your proud standards gloriously wave
 Land of my high endeavor, land of the shining river
 Land of my heart forever, Scotland the brave.

High in the misty highlands
 Out by the purple islands
 Brave are the heart that beat
 Beneath the Scottish skies
 Wild are the winds that greet you,
 Sure are the friends that greet you
 Kind as the love that shines
 From fair maidens eyes.

Far off in sunlit spaces
 Sad are the Scottish faces
 Yearning to feel the kiss
 Of sweet Scottish rain
 Where Scottish skies are beaming
 Love sets my heart to dreaming
 Yearning and dreaming of my homeland again.

WHEN I FIRST CAME TO THIS LAND

When I first came to this land,
 I was not a wealthy man.
 So I bought myself a farm.
 And I did what I could.

Well, I called my shack,
 Break my back.

Well, I called my duck
 Out of luck.

Well, I called my horse,
 lame, of course.

Well, I called my wife,
 The love of my life.

Well, I called my farm,
 The muscle in my arm.
 But the land was sweet and good,
 And I did what I could.

Well, I called my cow,
 No milk now.

Well, I called my son,
 My works done.

If you don't know the tune, just sing a little louder!

SIPPIN' CIDER

The prettiest girl (the prettiest girl)
 I ever saw (I ever saw)
 Was sippin' ci- (was sippin' ci-)
 Der thru a straw (der thru a straw)

CHORUS: A repeat without refrain

I says to her
 watcha doing that fur
 A sippin' ci-
 der thru a straw?

Then all at once
 that straw did slip
 And I sipped ci-
 der from her lip.

She says to me
 Why don't you know
 That sippin' ci-
 der's all I know?

Now seventeen kids
 all call me paw
 From sippin' ci-
 der from a straw.

So cheek to cheek
 and jaw to jaw
 We sipped that ci-
 der thru a straw.

That's how I got
 my mother-in-law
 From sippin' ci-
 der from a straw.

The moral of
 this little tale
 Is sip your ci-
 der from a pail.

DRUNKEN SAILOR

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE DRUNKEN SAILOR
 WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE DRUNKEN SAILOR
 WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE DRUNKEN SAILOR
 EARLY IN THE MORNING

chorus;

WHEY HEY AND UP SHE RISES
 WHEY HEY AND UP SHE RISES
 WHEY HEY AND UP SHE RISES
 EARLY IN THE MORNING

PUT HIM IN THE SCUPPERS WITH A HOSE-PIPE ON HIM
 PUT HIM IN THE SCUPPERS WITH A HOSE-PIPE ON HIM
 PUT HIM IN THE SCUPPERS WITH A HOSE-PIPE ON HIM
 EARLY IN THE MORNING

PUT HIM IN THE LONGBOAT UNTIL HE'S SOBER
 TIE HIM BY THE LEGS IN A RUNNING BOWLINE
 GIVE HIM THE HAIR OF THE DOG THAT BIT HIM
 HOIST HIM UP TO THE TOPSAIL YARDARM
 FEED HIM SOME OF THAT WORTH RANCH COOKING

If you don't know the tune, just sing a little louder!

BEAUTIFUL WORTH

(Sung to the tune of Paul McCartney's Mull of Kintyre"
--Words by members of the '85 Worth Ranch Staff.)

CHORUS

Beautiful Worth,
the Sun rising over Mount Kyle,
The sweet earth,
is filled with the Spirit of beautiful Worth.

Painted Comanches, with faces afire,
Riding on horses, for lands dark and dire,
Indian gods, of fire and of earth,
And they're part of that Spirit of beautiful Worth.

Conquistadors, crossed o'er the sea,
Bringing their horses and sweet Trinity,
In search of the promise of gold from the earth,
and they're part of that Spirit of beautiful Worth.

Cattlemen driving their herds o'er the hills,
Past golden meadows and silver windmills,
Riding the range, from moment of birth,
And they're part of that Spirit of beautiful Worth.

Scouts from all over, have come to this place,
Called by that Spirit, that heavenly Grace,
Gathering now, round campfires of mirth,
And they're part of that Spirit of beautiful Worth.

THE OLD FAMILY TOOTHBRUSH

Tune: The Old Oaken Bucket

The old family toothbrush
The old family toothbrush
The old family toothbrush
That hung by the sink.

First it was father's,
Then it was mother's,
Now it is sister's,
And soon 'twill be mine!

Father abused it,
Mother misused it,
Sister refused it,
And now it is mine!

First it was yellow,
Then it was purple,
Now it is green
And all covered with slime

If you don't know the tune, just sing a little louder!

WHAT IS A SCOUT ?

The Boy Scouts Year Book,
The Boy Scouts Of America, Published 1921

A SCOUT! He enjoys a hike through the woods more than he does a walk over the city's streets. He can tell north or south or east or west by the "signs." He can tie a knot that will hold, he can climb a tree which seems impossible to others, he can swim a river, he can pitch a tent, he can mend a tear in his trousers, he can tell you which fruits and seeds are poisonous and which are not, he can sight nut-bearing trees from a distance; if living near ocean or lake he can reef a sail or take his trick at the wheel, and if near any body of water at all he can pull an oar or use paddles and sculls; in the woods he knows the names of birds and animals; in the water he tells you the different varieties of fish.

A Scout walks through the woods with silent tread. No dry twigs snap under his feet and no loose stones turn over and throw him off his balance. His eyes are keen and he sees many things that others do not see. He sees tracks and signs which reveal to him the nature and habits of the creatures that made them. He knows how to stalk birds and animals and study them in their natural haunts. He sees much, but is little seen.

A Scout, like an old frontiersman, does not shout his wisdom from the housetops. He possesses the quiet power that comes from knowledge. He speaks softly and answers questions modestly. He knows a braggart but he does not challenge him, allowing the boaster to expose his ignorance by his own loose-wagging tongue. A Scout holds his honor to be his most precious possession, and he would die rather than have it stained. He knows what is his duty and all obligations imposed by duty he fulfills of his own free will. His sense of honor is his only task-master, and his honor he guards as jealously as did the knights of old. In this manner a Scout wins the confidence and respect of all people.

A Scout can kindle a fire in the forest on the wettest day and he seldom uses more than one match. When no matches can be had he can still have a fire, for he knows the secret of the rubbing sticks used by the Indians, and he knows how to start a blaze with only his knife blade and a piece of flint. He knows, also, the danger of forest fires, and he kindles a blaze that will not spread. The fire once started, what a meal he can prepare out there in the open! Just watch him and compare his appetite with that of a boy who lounges at a lunch counter in a crowded city. He knows the unwritten rules of the campfire and he contributes his share to the pleasures of the council. He also knows when to sit silent before the ruddy embers and give his mind free play.

A Scout practices self-control, for he knows that men who master problems in the world must first master themselves. He keeps a close guard on his temper and never makes a silly spectacle of himself by losing his head. He keeps a close guard on his tongue, for he knows that loud speech is often a cloak to ignorance, that swearing is a sign of weakness and that untruthfulness shatters the confidence of others. He keeps a close guard on his appetite and eats moderately of food which will make him strong; he never uses alcoholic liquors because he does not wish to poison his body; he desires a dear, active brain, so he avoids tobacco.

A Scout never flinches in the face of danger, for he knows that at such a time every faculty must be alert to preserve his safety and that of others. He knows what to do in case of fire, or panic, or ship-wreck; he trains his mind to direct and his body to act. In all emergencies he sets an example of resourcefulness, coolness and courage,

If you don't know the tune, just sing a little louder!

and considers the safety of others before that of himself. He is especially considerate of the helpless and weak.

A Scout can make himself known to a brother Scout wherever he may be by a method which only Scouts can know. He has brothers in every city in the land and in every country in the world. Wherever he goes he can give his signs and be assured of a friendly welcome. He can talk with a brother Scout without making a sound or he can make known his message by imitating the click of a telegraph key.

A Scout is kind to everything that lives. He knows that horses, dogs and cats have their rights and he respects them. A Scout prides himself upon doing "good turns," and no day in his life is complete unless he has been of aid to some person.

A Scout does not run away or call for help when an accident occurs. If a person is cut he knows how to stop the flow of blood and gently and carefully bind up the wound. If a person is burned his knowledge tells him how to alleviate the suffering. If any one is dragged from the water unconscious, a Scout at once sets to work to restore respiration and circulation. He knows that not a minute can be lost.

A Scout knows that people expect more of him than they do of other boys and he governs his conduct so that no word of reproach can truthfully be brought against the great brotherhood to which he has pledged his loyalty. He seeks always to make the word "Scout" worthy of the respect of people whose opinions have value. He wears his uniform worthily.

A Scout knows his city as well as he knows the trails in the forest. He can guide a stranger wherever he desires to go, and this knowledge of short-cuts saves him many needless steps. He knows where the police stations are located, where the fire-alarm boxes are placed, where the nearest doctor lives, where the hospitals are, and which is the quickest way to reach them. He knows the names of the city officials and the nature of their duties. A Scout is proud of his city and freely offers his services when he can help.

A Scout is a patriot and is always ready to serve his country at a minute's notice. He loves Old Glory and knows the proper forms of offering it respect. He never permits its folds to touch the ground. He knows how his country is governed and who are the men in high authority. He desires a strong body, an alert mind and an unconquerable spirit, so that he may serve his country in any need. He patterns his life after those of great Americans who have had a high sense of duty and who have served the nation well.

A Scout chooses as his motto "Be Prepared," and he seeks to prepare himself for anything—to rescue a companion, to ford a stream, to gather firewood, to help strangers, to distinguish right from wrong, to serve his fellowmen, his country and his God—always to "Be Prepared."

- Author Unknown

YOUR SCOUT KNIFE

The Boy Scouts Year Book,
Published 1921 by The Boy Scouts Of America.

THE small blade of your pocket knife is a relic of olden times, that has been retained although the small blade is no more so universally required. The pocket knife with the spring action is really only of most recent origin as periods count in history. It was conceived during the eighteenth century. Before that only rigid knives were used and our historians have proved that iron or steel bladed knives of this character have been in use as far as historical knowledge stretches back into the ages. The first knives employed by human beings were knives made from stone. These are still found in the so called prehistoric settlements.

The small blade of the modern knife originally was used for the purpose of cutting the nibs in quill pens. For this work very sharp knives made from the best steel were required. These were ground as fine as are ground today the best razor blades. Such knives were still in use during the beginning of the last century and are made even at the present time for artists who need a very sharp knife for pointing pencils.

Scout knives carry as a rule, besides the two blades, a few useful implements attached. A can opener, a file, or a saw, come very handy when camping and add much to the usefulness of a pocket knife. In former years cutlery makers glorified in making pocket knives embracing a great variety of blades and a corresponding number of implements. A dozen and more blades were joined to the knife and with it went a saw, a nail cleaning outfit, a file, a corkscrew, a horse shoe cleaner, a cartridge thrower, scissors and many other articles of more or less doubtful use.



If you don't know the tune, just sing a little louder!

SELECTED WRITINGS OF ROBERT W. SERVICE

Bessie's Boil**A Lancashire Ballad****by Robert W. Service**

Says I to my Missis: "Ba goom, lass! you've something I see, on your mind."

Says she: "You are right, Sam, I've something. It 'appens it's on me be'ind."

A Boil as 'ud make Job jealous. It 'urts me no end when I sit."

Says I: "Go to 'ospittel, Missis. They might 'ave to coot it a bit."

Says she: "I just 'ate to be showin' the part of me person it's at."

Says I: "Don't be fussy; them doctors see sights more 'orrid than that."

So Misses goes off togged up tasty, and there at the 'ospittel door
They tells 'er to see the 'ouse Doctor, 'oose office is Room Thirty-four.
So she 'unts up and down till she finds it, and knocks and a voice says:
"Come in,"

And there is a 'andsome young feller, in white from 'is 'eels to 'is chin.
"I've got a big boil," says my Missis. "It 'urts me for fair when I sit,
And Sam (that's me 'usband) 'as asked me to ask you to coot it a bit."
Then blushin' she plucks up her courage, and bravely she shows 'im the
place,

And 'e gives it a proper inspection, wi' a 'eap o' surprise on 'is face.
Then 'e says wi' an accent o' Scotland: "Whit ye hae is a bile, Ah can feel,
But ye'd better consult the heid Dockter; they caw him Professor O'Neil.
He's special for biles and carbuncles. Ye'll find him in Room Sixty-three.
No charge, Ma'am. It's been a rare pleasure. Jist tell him ye're comin'
from me."

So Misses she thanks 'im politely, and 'unts up and down as before,
Till she comes to a big 'andsome room with "Professor O'Neil" on the
door.

Then once more she plucks up her courage, and knocks, and a voice
says: "All right."

So she enters, and sees a fat feller wi' whiskers, all togged up in white.
"I've got a big boil," says my Missis, "and if ye will kindly permit,
I'd like for to 'ave you inspect it; it 'urts me like all when I sit."

If you don't know the tune, just sing a little louder!

So blushin' as red as a beet-root she 'astens to show 'im the spot,
 And 'e says wi' a look o' amazement: "Sure, Ma'am, it must hurt ye a lot."
 Then 'e puts on 'is specs to regard it, and finally says wi' a frown:
 "I'll bet it's as sore as the divvle, especially whin ye sit down.
 I think it's a case for the Surgeon; ye'd better consult Doctor Hoyle.
 I've no hisitation in sayin' yer boil is a hill of a boil."
 So Misses she thanks 'im for sayin' her boil is a hill of a boil,
 And 'unts all around till she comes on a door that is marked: "Doctor
 Hoyle."
 But by now she 'as fair got the wind up, and trembles in every limb;
 But she thinks: "After all, 'e's a Doctor. Ah moosn't be bashful wi' 'im."
 She's made o' good stuff is the Missis, so she knocks and a voice says:
 "Oos there?"
 "

It's me," says ma Bessie, an' enters a room which is spacious and bare.
 And a wise-lookin' old feller greets 'er, and 'e too is togged up in white.
 "It's the room where they coot ye," thinks Bessie; and shakes like a jelly
 wi' fright.

"Ah got a big boil," begins Missis, "and if ye are sure you don't mind,
 I'd like ye to see it a moment. It 'urts me, because it's be'ind."
 So thinkin' she'd best get it over, she 'astens to show 'im the place,
 And 'e stares at 'er kindo surprised like, an' gets very red in the face.

But 'e looks at it most conscientious, from every angle of view,
 Then 'e says wi' a shrug o' 'is shoulders: "Pore Lydy, I'm sorry for you.

It wants to be cut, but you should 'ave a medical bloke to do that.
 Sye, why don't yer go to the 'orsespittel, where all the Doctors is at?

Ye see, Ma'am, this part o' the buildin' is closed on account o' repairs;
 Us fellers is only the pynters, a-pyntin' the 'alls and the stairs."

Grin

By Robert W. Service

If you're up against a bruiser and you're getting knocked about --
Grin.

If you're feeling pretty groggy, and you're licked beyond a doubt
 --
Grin.

Don't let him see you're funkng, let him know with every clout,
 Though your face is battered to a pulp, your blooming heart is
 stout;

Just stand upon your pins until the beggar knocks you out --
And grin.

This life's a bally battle, and the same advice holds true
Of grin.

If you're up against it badly, then it's only one on you,
So grin.

If the future's black as thunder, don't let people see you're blue;
 Just cultivate a cast-iron smile of joy the whole day through;

If they call you "Little Sunshine",
 wish that *they'd* no troubles, too --

You may -- grin.

Rise up in the morning with the will that, smooth or rough,
You'll grin.

Sink to sleep at midnight, and although you're feeling tough,
Yet grin.

There's nothing gained by whining, and you're not that kind of stuff;
 You're a fighter from away back, and you *won't* take a rebuff;

Your trouble is that you don't know when you have had enough --
Don't give in.

If Fate should down you, just get up and take another cuff;
 You may bank on it that there is no philosophy like bluff,

And grin.

The Shooting of Dan McGrew By Robert W.

Service

A bunch of the boys were whooping it up in the Malamute saloon;
 The kid that handles the music-box was hitting a jag-time tune;
 Back of the bar, in a solo game, sat Dangerous Dan McGrew,
 And watching his luck was his light-o'-love,
 the lady that's known as Lou.

When out of the night, which was fifty below,
 and into the din and the glare,
 There stumbled a miner fresh from the creeks,
 dog-dirty, and loaded for bear.
 He looked like a man with a foot in the grave
 and scarcely the strength of a louse,
 Yet he tilted a poke of dust on the bar,
 and he called for drinks for the house.
 There was none could place the stranger's face,
 though we searched ourselves for a clue;
 But we drank his health, and the last to drink
 was Dangerous Dan McGrew.

There's men that somehow just grip your eyes,
 and hold them hard like a spell;
 And such was he, and he looked to me
 like a man who had lived in hell;
 With a face most hair, and the dreary stare
 of a dog whose day is done,
 As he watered the green stuff in his glass,
 and the drops fell one by one.
 Then I got to figgering who he was,
 and wondering what he'd do,
 And I turned my head -- and there watching him
 was the lady that's known as Lou.

His eyes went rubbering round the room,
 and he seemed in a kind of daze,
 Till at last that old piano fell in the way of his wandering gaze.
 The rag-time kid was having a drink;
 there was no one else on the stool,
 So the stranger stumbles across the room,
 and flops down there like a fool.
 In a buckskin shirt that was glazed with dirt
 he sat, and I saw him sway;

If you don't know the tune, just sing a little louder!

Then he clutched the keys with his talon hands
 -- my God! but that man could play.
 Were you ever out in the Great Alone,
 when the moon was awful clear,
 And the icy mountains hemmed you in
 with a silence you most could hear;
 With only the howl of a timber wolf,
 and you camped there in the cold,
 A half-dead thing in a stark, dead world,
 clean mad for the muck called gold;
 While high overhead, green, yellow and red,
 the North Lights swept in bars? --
 Then you've a haunch what the music meant. . .
 hunger and night and the stars.

And hunger not of the belly kind,
 that's banished with bacon and beans,
 But the gnawing hunger of lonely men for a home
 and all that it means;
 For a fireside far from the cares that are,
 four walls and a roof above;
 But oh! so cramful of cosy joy,
 and crowned with a woman's love --
 A woman dearer than all the world,
 and true as Heaven is true --
 (God! how ghastly she looks through her rouge, --
 the lady that's known as Lou).

Then on a sudden the music changed,
 so soft that you scarce could hear;
 But you felt that your life had been looted clean
 of all that it once held dear;
 That someone had stolen the woman you loved;
 that her love was a devil's lie;
 That your guts were gone, and the best for you
 was to crawl away and die.
 'Twas the crowning cry of a heart's despair,
 and it thrilled you through and through --
 "I guess I'll make it a spread misere",
 said Dangerous Dan McGrew.

If you don't know the tune, just sing a little louder!

The music almost died away. . .
 then it burst like a pent-up flood;
 And it seemed to say, "Repay, repay",
 and my eyes were blind with blood.
 The thought came back of an ancient wrong,
 and it stung like a frozen lash,
 And the lust awoke to kill, to kill. . .
 then the music stopped with a crash,
 And the stranger turned, and his eyes they burned
 in a most peculiar way;
 In a buckskin shirt that was glazed with dirt
 he sat, and I saw him sway;
 Then his lips went in in a kind of grin,
 and he spoke, and his voice was calm,
 And "Boys," says he, "you don't know me,
 and none of you care a damn;
 But I want to state, and my words are straight,
 and I'll bet my poke they're true,
 That one of you is a hound of hell. . .
 and that one is Dan McGrew."

Then I ducked my head, and the lights went out,
 and two guns blazed in the dark,
 And a woman screamed, and the lights went up,
 and two men lay stiff and stark.
 Pitched on his head, and pumped full of lead,
 was Dangerous Dan McGrew,
 While the man from the creeks lay clutched to the breast
 of the lady that's known as Lou.

These are the simple facts of the case,
 and I guess I ought to know.
 They say the stranger was crazed with "hooch",
 and I'm not denying it's so.
 I'm not so wise as the lawyer guys,
 but strictly between us two --
 The woman that kissed him and -- pinched his poke --
 was the lady that's known as Lou.

The Cremation of Sam McGee

By Robert W. Service

There are strange things done in the midnight sun
 By the men who toil for gold;
 The Arctic trails have their secret tales
 That would make your blood run cold;
 The Northern Lights have seen queer sights,
 But the queerest they ever did see
 Was that night on the marge of Lake Lebarge
 I cremated Sam McGee.

Now Sam McGee was from Tennessee, where the cotton blooms and blows.
 Why he left his home in the South to roam
 'round the Pole, God only knows.
 He was always cold, but the land of gold
 seemed to hold him like a spell;
 Though he'd often say in his homely way
 that he'd "sooner live in hell".

On a Christmas Day we were mushing our way over the Dawson trail.
 Talk of your cold! through the parka's fold
 it stabbed like a driven nail.
 If our eyes we'd close, then the lashes froze
 till sometimes we couldn't see;
 It wasn't much fun, but the only one to whimper was Sam McGee.

And that very night, as we lay packed tight
 in our robes beneath the snow,
 And the dogs were fed, and the stars o'erhead
 were dancing heel and toe,
 He turned to me, and "Cap," says he, "I'll cash in this trip, I guess;
 And if I do, I'm asking that you won't refuse my last request."

Well, he seemed so low that I couldn't say no;
 then he says with a sort of moan:
 "It's the cursed cold, and it's got right hold
 till I'm chilled clean through to the bone.
 Yet 'tain't being dead -- it's my awful dread
 of the icy grave that pains;
 So I want you to swear that, foul or fair,
 you'll cremate my last remains."

If you don't know the tune, just sing a little louder!

A pal's last need is a thing to heed, so I swore I would not fail;
 And we started on at the streak of dawn;
 but God! he looked ghastly pale.
 He crouched on the sleigh, and he raved all day
 of his home in Tennessee;
 And before nightfall a corpse was all that was left of Sam McGee.

There wasn't a breath in that land of death,
 and I hurried, horror-driven,
 With a corpse half hid that I couldn't get rid,
 because of a promise given;
 It was lashed to the sleigh, and it seemed to say:
 "You may tax your brawn and brains,
 But you promised true, and it's up to you
 to cremate those last remains."

Now a promise made is a debt unpaid,
 and the trail has its own stern code.
 In the days to come, though my lips were dumb,
 in my heart how I cursed that load.
 In the long, long night, by the lone firelight,
 while the huskies, round in a ring,
 Howled out their woes to the homeless snows --
 O God! how I loathed the thing.

And every day that quiet clay seemed to heavy and heavier grow;
 And on I went, though the dogs were spent
 and the grub was getting low;
 The trail was bad, and I felt half mad,
 but I swore I would not give in;
 And I'd often sing to the hateful thing, and it hearkened with a grin.

Till I came to the marge of Lake Lebarge, and a derelict there lay;
 It was jammed in the ice, but I saw in a trice
 it was called the "Alice May".
 And I looked at it, and I thought a bit,
 and I looked at my frozen chum;
 Then "Here", said I, with a sudden cry, "is my cre-ma-tor-eum."

Some planks I tore from the cabin floor, and I lit the boiler fire;
 Some coal I found that was lying around, and I heaped the fuel higher;
 The flames just soared, and the furnace roared --
 such a blaze you seldom see;
 And I burrowed a hole in the glowing coal, and I stuffed in Sam McGee.

If you don't know the tune, just sing a little louder!

Then I made a hike, for I didn't like to hear him sizzle so;
 And the heavens scowled, and the huskies howled,
 and the wind began to blow.
 It was icy cold, but the hot sweat rolled
 down my cheeks, and I don't know why;
 And the greasy smoke in an inky cloak went streaking down the sky.

I do not know how long in the snow I wrestled with grisly fear;
 But the stars came out and they danced about
 ere again I ventured near;
 I was sick with dread, but I bravely said:
 "I'll just take a peep inside.
 I guess he's cooked, and it's time I looked";. . .
 then the door I opened wide.

And there sat Sam, looking cool and calm,
 in the heart of the furnace roar;
 And he wore a smile you could see a mile,
 and he said: "Please close that door.
 It's fine in here, but I greatly fear
 you'll let in the cold and storm --
 Since I left Plumtree, down in Tennessee,
 it's the first time I've been warm."

There are strange things done in the midnight sun
 By the men who toil for gold;
 The Arctic trails have their secret tales
 That would make your blood run cold;
 The Northern Lights have seen queer sights,
 But the queerest they ever did see
 Was that night on the marge of Lake Lebarge
 I cremated Sam McGee.

The Men That Don't Fit In

By Robert W. Service

There's a race of men that don't fit in,
 A race that can't stay still;
 So they break the hearts of kith and kin,
 And they roam the world at will.
 They range the field and they rove the flood,
 And they climb the mountain's crest;
 Theirs is the curse of the gypsy blood,
 And they don't know how to rest.

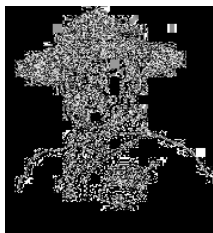
If they just went straight they might go far;
 They are strong and brave and true;
 But they're always tired of the things that are,
 And they want the strange and new.
 They say: "Could I find my proper grove,
 What a deep mark I would make!"
 So they chop and change, and each fresh move
 Is only a fresh mistake.

And each forgets, as he strips and runs
 With a brilliant, fitful pace,
 It's the steady, quiet, plodding ones
 Who win in the lifelong race.
 And each forgets that his youth has fled,
 Forgets that his prime is past,
 Till he stands one day, with a hope that's dead,
 In the glare of the truth at last.

He has failed, he has failed; he has missed his chance;
 He has just done things by helf.
 Life's been a jolly good joke on him,
 And now is the time to laugh.
 Ha, ha! He is one of the Legion Lost;
 He was never meant to win;
 He's a rolling stone, and it's bred in the bone;
 He's a man who won't fit in.

If you don't know the tune, just sing a little louder!

Baden-Powell: The Siege of Mafeking



B.-P. once spoke of the Boer War as a wretched affair. In his previous experiences of South Africa he had come to like the Boers and to respect their independent spirit and their deep love for the free life of the veldt. But for years trouble had been mounting up between the two peoples, British and Boers. Neither side was solely to blame. The opening up of a great country like South Africa to the settler, the prospector and the miner, some of them little better than self-seeking rogues, was bound to lead to clashes, and perhaps if either side had been less stubborn, war would have been avoided.

His knowledge of the country and of the people made B.-P. realize that the struggle would not be the easy business some people expected; he knew, for instance, that almost every Boer was a first-class shot and was a natural scout who would take every advantage of the nature of the country. But his warnings fell on deaf ears.

Soon after his arrival in England in June, 1899, B.-P. was summoned to the War Office, and there Lord Wolseley, the Commander-in-Chief, asked him to go out to South Africa as soon as possible and organize two regiments of Mounted Rifles for service on the north-western frontier of the South African Republic, or the Transvaal as it was usually called.

Here is part of their typical conversation:

Wolseley : I want you to go out to South Africa.

B.-P. : Yes, sir.

Wolseley : Well, can you go on Saturday next ?

B.-P. : No, sir.

Wolseley : Why not ?

B.-P. : There's no ship on Saturday, but I can go on Friday.

At this Wolseley burst out laughing, and went on to explain the nature of the special mission which B.-P. was to carry out. War had not yet begun, but only a miracle then could have prevented it, and the Commander-in-Chief did not wish to leave anything to chance.

The map will explain the situation. Cape Colony and Natal would be the bases from which British troops could operate, but on the west of the two Boer Republics was Bechuanaland, and on the north, Matabeleland or Southern Rhodesia. It would be of the greatest importance that these should be well guarded, not only to forestall any help the natives might give to the Boers, but to keep part of the Boer forces occupied away from the British Colonies. B.-P.'s job was to raise these two regiments as quickly as possible, and to take up positions on the western frontiers in readiness for any trouble.

He arrived at the Cape in July, 1899. Here he met all kinds of difficulties. The authorities there were still hoping to avoid war, and did not therefore want to do anything to annoy the Boers any further; the public enlistment of men would obviously be regarded with suspicion. So B.-P. decided to go at once north and do his recruiting there. He selected as his two centres Mafeking and Bulawayo. When he had gone out to Matabeleland in 1896 the railway had ended at Mafeking, but by 1899 it had been constructed as far as Bulawayo.

This town was well away from the Transvaal frontier, but Mafeking was just inside the frontier of Cape Colony and just outside the Transvaal. In order to avoid trouble, he at first concentrated on Bulawayo. There he had, as his chief helper, Lieut.-Colonel Herbert Plumer, with whom he had worked so happily in the Matabele Campaign.

If you don't know the tune, just sing a little louder!

It was a stiff task he had to face. He had to recruit his men, train them, and organize the whole force within a few months. It was done by using the methods that had already proved so successful with his scouts in the 5th Dragoon Guards; the men were divided up into small groups each under a responsible N.C.O. There was not time for a lot of drill, so most attention was given to shooting and horsemanship, and the training was mainly carried out by frequent field days and sham fights. So well did this scheme work that within two months the men were ready for the field. By this time war was obviously only a matter of weeks. His own regiment, the 5th Dragoon Guards, had landed in Natal, and he hoped that he would be allowed to return to his command. But he could not be spared; had he done so he would have been besieged in Ladysmith instead of Mafeking.

In making his plans should war break out, B.-P. had decided to divide his forces into two; he put Plumer in command of one regiment to operate in Southern Rhodesia; he himself went with the other regiment, with Lieut.-Colonel Hore in command, to Mafeking. B.-P. knew the importance of this little frontier town, and the Boers also recognized it, for, as soon as war was declared in October, General Cronje with 9,000 men marched towards it.

Under modern conditions Mafeking could not have been held for a day; a few tanks could have gone right through it; but in 1899 there were no tanks and no aeroplanes, and the explosives used would now be thought primitive. The town had no natural means of protection. It lay on the open veldt (wild grassland) with a river, the Molopo, running through it. The population consisted of some 8,000 natives who lived in their own town, and about 1,800 whites. The garrison was made up of the Protectorate Regiment under Colonel Hore (489 officers and men), with a mixed force of B.S.A. Police, Cape Police and Bechuanaland Rifles (in all, 276 officers and men). The Town Guard numbered 300 men. Others were recruited, such as railwaymen and Cape boys (coloured). Altogether, B.-P. had at his disposal 1,250 armed men, but many of these were untrained and some of them were of doubtful loyalty to Britain. All through the siege there was trouble with spies; the natives could be used for sending out messages, as they could slip out at night and were very skilled in hiding any written note.

A system of trenches with small forts was hastily constructed round the town, just in time to face Cronje's army. The Boer general was surprised that the British did not yield at once, for it seemed folly to attempt to defend such a place. He was not anxious to lose many men in direct attacks, and doubtless thought that in a short time the besieged would come to their senses, so he drew a cordon right round the town and sat down to wait for the surrender.

B.-P.'s reputation as a scout was well known to the Boers and they respected him for his skill, but they had yet to learn his other qualities - chief of which were his astonishing ability in inventing means of deceiving the enemy, and his way of inspiring all who came in contact with him, soldiers and civilians alike, with his own gaiety and determination. He was not content to sit still and wait for what the Boers might do; he knew that action was important for keeping up the spirits of his men, and that surprise moves would worry the Boers more than anything else.

The artillery at Mafeking was absurdly out of date. There were four small guns, but the fittings were worn and the fuses so shrunken with age that they had to be wedged into the shells with paper. Two guns were added during the siege. First of all the railway workshops manufactured one out of the steam-pipe of an engine reinforced with some old iron railings melted down and shrunk into it; the whole was mounted on the wheels of a threshing-machine. This home-made affair proved most useful at night. It would be moved as near the Boer lines as possible, with its wheels wrapped in canvas to deaden any sound, and blankets hung round it to hide the flash when it was fired. Locating this mysterious gun became part of the Boers' regular time-table. It was christened 'the Wolf', and is now preserved in the Royal United Services Museum in London.

If you don't know the tune, just sing a little louder!

The second gun was found by accident. Major Godley (later General Sir Alexander Godley, of Anzac fame) noticed that a gate-post of a farm was an old 18th-century carronade; it was dug up, and on it were the maker's initials - B.P.! It fired a shot like a cricket ball, but it helped to keep the enemy at a respectful distance.

At the beginning of the siege good use was made of an armoured train. A few days after war broke out a party of Boers was observed approaching from the north. The train set out, and, supported by some troops, a useful small action resulted which heartened the besieged and discouraged the enemy. But this could not be repeated often, for soon the Boers had cut the railway line on each side of the town. One of the last exploits of the train was unintentional. There was a store of dynamite in the town which B.-P. felt was dangerous, as it might be blown up by a chance shell; so he ordered it to be loaded into two trucks, which were then pushed out of the town by an unattached engine to the top of the gradient. As the trucks slid down the line, the enemy opened fire; they thought it was another armoured train, and were considerably astonished when their firing blew up the whole lot. This made them more cautious than ever.

B.-P. called the siege a great game of bluff; he was full of ideas for ruses, and his example encouraged others to invent schemes for outwitting the besiegers. Thus a number of apparently explosive mines were laid all around the town. Notices were put up explaining that it was dangerous to go near them; B.-P. knew that this information would be quickly passed on to the Boers by spies. Then he announced that they would be tested, and he and an engineer went out and set one off. Actually the mines were boxes full of sand, and the one that went off was a specially prepared one - B.-P. pushed a stick of dynamite into an ant-bear hole, lit the fuse and then took cover. It produced the most satisfying explosion, and again helped to make the Boers more cautious of approaching the town at night. That was B.-P.'s main purpose, for he knew that darkness was his chief enemy.

Another ruse was invented by a commercial traveller in the town - anyone with special knowledge was soon enlisted in the defence. This man sold acetylene lamps, and he had a small store of acetylene with him. A lamp was fixed on top of a pole and a big reflector made with a biscuit tin. Then one night it was taken to one of the forts and suddenly switched on like a searchlight. It was then hurriedly moved to another fort, and again the light shone out. The Boers got the impression that there must be a whole series of searchlights, so they were still further discouraged from making night attacks.

B.-P. himself was the chief safeguard against such attempts, for he would spend most of the night scouting beyond the lines, peering into the darkness and listening for any sign of movement from the enemy.

Major Godley said:

"Had it not been for B.-P.'s amazing energy, personality and ubiquity, I think that there would have been a good deal of alarm and despondency in the garrison. But he was always thinking of various stunts to keep up our spirits, and there was nobody and no part of the defences that he did not visit continually. Frequently, after spending, as one did, most of the night wandering around and visiting the outposts, I have lain down for a little sleep, and have been awakened at daybreak - to see B.-P. sitting at the edge of my dug-out, having walked out before the sun rose. It really was a rather strenuous time, and it is curious to reflect that one never had one's boots off for eight months, except in the daytime."

If you don't know the tune, just sing a little louder!

And again:

"His courage was unbounded, his versatility was extraordinary, and his sympathy with all sections of the community most marked."

It was during one of his night prowlings that B.-P. found he was stalking one of his own scouts. He was reconnoitring the position of a gun, and as he lay hidden among some rocks, he noticed a man with a black face cautiously approaching. B.-P. froze, but as the man came nearer he recognized him as one of his own scouts who had blackened his face by way of camouflage.

During the day-time B.-P. spent much time on a lookout tower which had been erected near his headquarters. Here he would search the surrounding country with his glasses for any movements of the enemy, trying, as it were, to read the intentions of the Boers from any signs he could notice. When did he sleep? That was rather a mystery. He seemed able to do with a few snatched hours from time to time; and occasionally passers would notice him stretched out on a long chair on his veranda during a lull, but as often as not he would be sketching rather than sleeping. This constant wakefulness encouraged the inhabitants; they felt that as long as the Colonel was on the watch, they had little to fear.

The greatest source of danger was a 94-pounder seige gun which the Boers brought up towards the end of October. It was christened 'Old Creaky', and by a system of warnings from the look-out, the people were able to take cover before the shell arrived. Fortunately many of the shells did not burst, and then there was a rush for souvenirs.

In November Cronje made one determined attack from the south, but this was beaten off after heavy casualties on both sides. Soon afterwards Cronje withdrew with 6,000 men and left General Snyman in command with 3,000 Boers. The new commander was reluctant to risk lives in attacking Mafeking, but preferred to draw the cordon tighter in the hope of starving the besieged into surrender. Even by then the seige of this small town had been of great value to the British, for the 6,000 men who had been kept there for two months might well have made all the difference if they had been free to join the Boer forces in Natal or elsewhere.

Things were not going well with the British. There had been a series of defeats in the field, and Kimberley (with Rhodes inside) and Ladysmith were also besieged. The way in which Mafeking held out came as one of the bright spots in an otherwise gloomy picture.

B.-P. knew the value of keeping people cheerful. His own habit of whistling popular tunes - sometimes done when he was feeling annoyed - was itself encouraging to others, but he also set to work to organize all kinds of entertainments and sports. By unwritten agreement on both sides, Sunday was observed as a truce. Even here a bit of bluff was carried out. It had been noticed that when the Boers came out of their camps, they carefully stepped over the barbed wire that surrounded them. The British had no barbed wire, but they went through all the motions of stepping over it just to make the Boers think that it was there!

In addition to sports of all kinds, there were competitions. One of these was for the best life-sized dummy figures representing men of the Defence Forces; these had to be equipped with mechanical arms. They were then placed in various forts, and moved from time to time to give the enemy the impression that all forts were fully manned. Actually some of the forts themselves were only dummies.

B.-P. himself took a leading share in these pastimes; he would play the part of a meditative coster, or his favourite role of a sergeant-major, or he would appear as a circus-director to organize a mock circus. Far from lowering his authority as commander, these very human activities added to his influence, and helped to spread confidence.

If you don't know the tune, just sing a little louder!

As the siege dragged on, with food getting short and little news coming from outside, there was need for encouragement. Every scrap of news was published in the 'Mafeking Mail'; this newspaper, 'issued daily, shells permitting', was another source of good fun. It had, for instance, a daily list of quotations for the price of souvenirs. As the time passed it had to be printed on an odd assortment of paper; but it managed to carry on in spite of bombardment.

In January, 1900, Lord Roberts, with Lord Kitchener, arrived in Cape Town to take over supreme command. At once a new spirit entered the conduct of the war. Roberts sent encouraging messages to Mafeking, but wisely did not raise false hopes. The little town was a long way from Cape Town and the main enemy forces were between the two. Relief would not be possible until these had been defeated.

On Boxing Day an attack was planned on one of the Boer forts; spies, however, did their work well, and the enemy received full information of the scheme. The result was a bad setback for the defenders, but it did not shake their determination to hang on to the end.

Food supplies were carefully rationed. B.-P. and his staff lived on a smaller ration than the rest of the population 'to judge', as he explained, 'how little was necessary for keeping us going'.

One by one the horses, and later the donkeys, had to be killed for food. Nothing was wasted. The mane and tail were used for stuffing pillows and mattresses in the hospital. The shoes were melted down for shells. The flesh became sausages. The skin and hoofs and head were boiled for hours and ultimately became a kind of brawn. The bones were used in soup. Horses' oats were made into biscuits, and the husks after soaking became 'a paste closely akin to that used by bill-stickers. This was called sowens, a sour kind of mess, but very healthy and filling.'

Money, too, was needed, so they printed their own bank-notes from a design drawn by B.-P. Then stamps were required for the town post. The first issue had B.-P.'s head on them, but this had been done without his knowledge and as a pleasant surprise for him. It was indeed a surprise; and although he had it altered to a boy riding on a bicycle, the legend still lasts that his head was used for his own glorification!

The boy on the bicycle is important, because he is one of the links between scouting for soldiers and scouting for boys. The man-power of the town was very fully employed in the defence, but the boys were organized by Lord Edward Cecil, the chief staff officer, into a cadet corps. They ran messages and did all kinds of odd jobs. Their leader was a boy named Goodyear - he might also be called the first Boy Scout. They were dressed in khaki, and wore either a forage cap, or a 'smasher' hat - that is, a cow-boy hat with one side turned up. For a time they used donkeys and bicycles, but gradually the donkeys had to disappear into the kitchens. They had competitions of their own, and the following one will be recognized by many a Boy Scout of to-day.

"Each cadet will receive a letter on the Recreation Ground. He will carry it to the Staff Officer; route via Carrington Street. He will there receive a verbal answer and return to the Recreation Ground to the sender, and repeat the verbal message to him in a loud, clear tone of voice."

The tide of war turned at the end of February, 1900, when Cronje surrendered to Roberts at Paardeberg. Kimberley had been relieved a fortnight earlier, and Ladysmith a few days later. Now all eyes were turned on the little town which was still besieged. Plumer was making every effort to reach it from the north, but his force was too small.

If you don't know the tune, just sing a little louder!

On the 1st April Queen Victoria sent the following telegram to B.-P.:

"I continue watching with confidence and admiration the patient and resolute defence which is so gallantly maintained under your ever resourceful command."

In the middle of April more Boer troops arrived to join the besiegers; with them was a young Field Cornet, Sarel Eloff, a grandson of President Kruger. This young officer was eager to make an attack on Mafeking, but General Snyman was cautious. Eloff sent in a message to B.-P. suggesting that the Boers should bring a cricket team into the town to play the defenders. B.-P. replied,

"Mafeking, in the game it is playing at present is 180 [the days the siege had then lasted] not out against the bowling of Cronje, Snyman and Eloff. Don't you think you had better change the bowling?"

At last, however, Eloff persuaded Snyman to launch a great attack. It started on 12th May. The scheme was for Eloff to attack from the west along the river and through the native town, while Snyman would at the same time attack from the east. Eloff carried out his part of the plan; he fired the native town and even captured some of the British. B.-P. was watching the battle from his tower, and calmly gave his orders as he saw how events were developing. His counter-attack ended with the capture of Eloff and his men, who were escorted into the town by the cadets who had been on duty all day. Meantime Snyman had carried out his share of the scheme in a half-hearted fashion and was repulsed.

That very day news at last came through from Lord Roberts that a determined effort to relieve Mafeking was to be made. A force of some 1,000 men was assembled at Barkly West, some 200 miles south-west of Mafeking; this was to co-operate with Plumer's regiment, which was to the north-west. These two forces had to fight their way before they could meet; and then between them and their goal lay a strong force of Boers under one of their best commanders, Delarey. A hard-fought battle dispersed these, and in the evening of the 16th May an advance party of the relieving force rode into Mafeking. Amongst them was Major Baden Baden-Powell of the Scots Guards. He immediately went to greet his brother and, for once, found him asleep! It was as if, feeling confident of the result, he had decided that at last he could safely relax his watchfulness.

The next day B.-P. rode out to meet the main relieving force and to bring it into Mafeking. The siege had lasted 217 days, and some 20,000 shells had been fired into the town. Casualties numbered 813, and half the officers had been killed or wounded.

The news of the relief was greeted with an outbreak of wild enthusiasm throughout the Empire, which reached its climax in London. Crowds assembled outside the house of B.-P.'s mother, and were not satisfied until again and again she had appeared in answer to their cheers. Then London went mad with delight, and the word 'mafficking' was coined to describe the scenes.

I was a boy at the time, but I vividly remember the news of the relief appearing on the placards - there was, of course, no wireless in those days. In honour of the event, boys wore a button badge with B.-P.'s portrait on it, showing him with the hat which will always be connected with his name. He became the hero of us all.

Queen Victoria sent the following telegram:

"I and my whole Empire greatly rejoice at the relief of Mafeking after the splendid defence made by you through all these months. I heartily congratulate you and all under you, military and civil, British and native, for the heroism and devotion you have shown. V.R. and I"

B.-P. received the C.B. for his achievement, and he was at once promoted to the rank of Major-General - the youngest officer in the army to be a general. He was forty-three.

If you don't know the tune, just sing a little louder!

THE CRACKED POT

A water bearer in India had two large pots, each hung on each end of a pole which he carried across his neck. One of the pots had a crack in it, and while the other pot was perfect and always delivered a full portion of water at the end of the long walk from the stream to the master's house, the cracked pot arrived only half full.

For a full two years this went on daily, with the bearer delivering only one and a half pots full of water to his master's house. Of course, the perfect pot was proud of its accomplishments, perfect to the end for which it was made. But the poor cracked pot was ashamed of its own imperfection, and miserable that it was able to accomplish only half of what it had been made to do. After two years of what it perceived to be a bitter failure, it spoke to the water bearer one day by the stream.

"I am ashamed of myself, and I want to apologize to you." "Why?" asked the bearer. "What are you ashamed of?" "I have been able, for these past two years, to deliver only half my load because this crack in my side causes water to leak out all the way back to your master's house. Because of my flaws, you have to do all of this work, and you don't get full value from your efforts," the pot said.

The water bearer felt sorry for the old cracked pot, and in his compassion he said, "As we return to the master's house, I want you to notice the beautiful flowers along the path."

Indeed, as they went up the hill, the old cracked pot took notice of the sun warming the beautiful wild flowers on the side of the path, and this cheered it some. But at the end of the trail, it still felt bad because it had leaked out half its load, and so again it apologized to the bearer for its failure.

The bearer said to the pot, "Did you notice that there were flowers only on your side of your path, but not on the other pot's side?"

That's because I have always known about your flaw, and I took advantage of it. I planted flower seeds on your side of the path, and every day while we walk back from the stream, you've watered them.

For two years I have been able to pick these beautiful flowers to decorate my master's table. Without you being just the way you are, he would not have this beauty to grace his house."

Each of us has our own unique flaws. But in love's plan nothing goes to waste! As love calls you to your appointed tasks don't be afraid of your flaws. You are indeed special!

Jesse Veale, Killed by Indians on Ioni Creek

February 22, 1873

Palo Pinto County: During February of 1873, P. Veale, Jesse Veale, and Jo E. Corbin, who lived at Palo Pinto went out to Ioni Creek and camped near the mouth of Harris Branch, for the purpose of fishing, hunting bear, deer, turkey, and other wild game then found so abundantly in the brakes of the Brazos and its tributaries. February 21, the Veale brothers and Jo Corbin found some Indian saddles and stolen Indian horses, in the cedar brakes, while hunting near the Reasoner or Garland Bend. But somewhere up the river from the mouth of Ioni, Henry Veale lost either a blowing or powder horn. During the same day the Veale brothers and Jo Corbin also set some fishing hooks in the Brazos near the mouth of Ioni Creek. Early in the morning of February 22, P. and Henry Veale went back up the river to find the lost horn. Jesse Veale and Jo Corbin, who were together, returned to the hooks set during the preceding day. The hooks were only about one and one-half miles away. So Jesse Veale and Jo Corbin were soon riding toward their camp.

After they crossed Ioni Creek, about one mile above its mouth, and rode upon the west bank, Jo Corbin, who was in the lead, said, "Jesse, we are surrounded by Indians, what shall we do?" Jesse replied, "Run out." About this time, Jesse Veale was wounded in the knee with an arrow, and since he was riding a nervous pony, saddled with one of the Indian saddles found during the preceding day, several citizens have surmised that his horse ran under a limb, forcing Jesse to dismount. It is possible, however, Veal's horse jumped so quickly, it ran from under its rider; or that Jesse said, "Fight it out." Instead of saying, "Run out," as Joe Corbin understood, as there were only about six or eight Indians. And it was about this time, Jesse Veale was wounded. An Indian attempted to get Jo Corbin's bridle reins, but when Corbin fired his pistol, this Indian ducked away, and Corbin dashed on up the road toward the camp. Jesse Veale's pony, without a rider, followed closely behind. When Veale was last seen by his companion, he was on the ground, fighting desperately.

Joe Corbin soon reached the mesquite flats, a short distance west of Ioni, and southeast of the old Cam Williams Place. Here he stopped, and tied Jesse Veale's horse to a mesquite tree. Corbin then hurried on to the Mark Lynn Ranch home, near where the Watson ranch-house now stands.

Mark Lynn was at the ranch at the time. W. W. (Bud) Price, and John Mapes, had gone to the Smith Lynn Ranch, which was the old J. J. Metcalf place, near the Metcalf Gap, to get some harness. Jo Corbin related what had happened.

So Mark Lynn fired his pistol as a signal for W. W. Price and John Mapes to hurry on to the ranch, for they had been gone sufficiently long to be within hearing distance of the gun. When he fired, Price and Mapes heard the signal, dropped their harness, near the Ioni Falls and rushed on to the Lynn ranch, for fear it was being attacked by Indians. When they reached the ranch, John Mapes remained to protect those present, and W. W. Price, M. O. Lynn, and Jo Corbin hurried back to Jesse Veale. Instead of riding down into the creek bottom, however, the three stopped on the little hill, about two hundred yards west of where Jesse Veale was last seen. Jo Corbin told W. W. Price that he left Jesse on the west bank of the First Crossing of Ioni above its mouth. And while Mark Lynn and Joe Corbin waited on the hill, Bud Price, accompanied only by his dog, went into the Ioni bottoms, and found Veale sitting up, dead, against the trunk of a double-elm tree, the stump of which still stands. Veale's hat and gun were gone, but he was not scalped, and the local signs disclosed that he had fought the savages a desperate fight.

If you don't know the tune, just sing a little louder!

W. W. (Bud) Price was the very first man to reach him, for P. and Henry Veale were still up the river, but sufficiently close to hear the guns fire. Veale was killed about ten thirty a. m., and when Price reached him, it was hardly eleven thirty. And about this time, the Indians were evidently nursing their wounded in a little ravine, on the eastern side of Ioni, about two hundred yards to the southeast, for here they were trailed and treed by Bud Price's dog. Price then returned to Jo Corbin and Mark Lynn, who were waiting on the little hill about two hundred yards to the west. Corbin and Lynn remained to convey the news to P. and Henry Veale, who were still up the river, and W. W. Price hurried on to the ranch of Henry Belding, about three miles to the west.

Belding told Price that he had heard the bombardment of the guns, that he counted fourteen shots, and greatly regretted that Jesse Veale had been killed. Bud Price reached the Belding Ranch just at noon. He then hurried on to the old George Jowell Ranch, on Bluff Creek, about three miles further west. The Jowell Ranch was known as the old "Jolly-Place." The ranch-house was constructed of stone, and contained portholes.

It was after the noon-hour that P. and Henry Veale came back from up the river. When they crossed Ioni, and rode up the west bank, P. and Henry found Jesse sitting in a stooping posture, against the double-elm tree. The two brothers found Jesse before Mark Lynn and Jo Corbin were able to convey the news. The wagon was then brought from the camp, and in a short time, P. and Henry started slowly with Jesse to Palo Pinto. Jo Corbin also came to town. It is probable that he followed the wagon for a considerable distance, and then loped on ahead, before they reached their destination, for he was the first to bring the news to Palo Pinto. Since it was very late in the evening when the news arrived, and since it was not known where and in which direction the Indian trail would likely lead, it was agreed the volunteers from Palo Pinto should wait until the succeeding day to start after the Indians.

The next morning the citizens were in their saddles, and in a short time, strung out all the way from Palo Pinto to the Mouth of Ioni. Some went down Harris Branch, but, perhaps, a majority crossed over the top of Crawford Mountain. Lim Vaughan and Scott Warren numbered among the very first to pick up the trail where Jesse Veale was killed. The trail led across the creek to the east side of Ioni, and up into a little ravine to the southeast, where a small branch found its way from the flats, and where W. W. Price's dog, bayed the Indians, the day before. Here they found a dead Indian Jesse Veale had killed and Veale's missing hat was on the head of this savage. The streams of blood showed unmistakably, that at least two other Indians were also wounded. From the dead savage, the trail, which was blazed with the blood of the two wounded Indian warriors, led in a southeasterly direction, up the nearest tall mountain, and toward the cliffs. Lim Vaughan, Scott Warren and others followed the Indians' trail on up the west side of the mountain.

About this time, W. J. Hale and others, came down the Harris Branch, and then followed an old trail or roadway between the west side of Crawford Mountain, and the round hill that stands southeast of the mouth of Harris Branch. While they were still in the flats far below the retreating Indians, Lim Vaughan, Scott Warren and companions told Hale and the others the Indians had gone to the mountain. So they rode around to the north, and went up an old trail through the little canyon to the top of the tableland, where they soon joined others that had crossed over the crest of Crawford Mountain. They then scouted along the cliff while Lim Vaughan, Scott Warren and others followed the Indian trail on the west side. Shortly afterward, and before any savages were discovered, the Indians shot Al Bennet in the hip, about the time he stepped across a crevice on the top of the tall cliff. That, of course, was sufficient warning the Indians had been found. Then shortly after Al Bennett was wounded,

If you don't know the tune, just sing a little louder!

some of the citizens saw the Indians passing around a rock under the bluff and it was about this time several shots were fired. The Indians were retreating toward a cave or crevice, that made a natural barrier and fortification. When the Indians were at or near this place Ben Slaughter, a negro, or "Buffalo soldier," as he was called by Indians, looked over the cliff, but no guns fired, so Jim Warren then stepped over to the cliff to see if Indians could be seen, and the savages shot him in the jaw. W. K. Bell helped carry Jim Warren away. The Indians were now surrounded, and with several citizens above and below, their escape seemed impossible. They were kept in this cave during the remaining part of the day. Al Bennett, Jim Warren, and his brother, Scott Warren, their father Armenus Warren, Jerry Hart, Lim Vaughan, W. J. Hale, Isom Wilder, W. K. Bell, Wm. Hittson, Geo. Kisinger, and Ben Slaughter, the negro, numbered among those who were on and under the cliff where the Indians were trapped. While the Indians were surrounded there was little firing. When night came, the citizens remained to keep the red men from escaping.

The next morning when P. and Henry Veale arrived, they were so infuriated over the death of their brother, P. and Henry took their guns and bowie knives, and made a dash into the cave where the Indians were concealed. Several other citizens followed for they did not want to see their friends torn to pieces.

Into the dark caverns of death they charged, where several wild demons were waiting. Such a daring exploit and dangerous adventure was seldom known in the history of the Southwest. Everybody breathlessly awaited the outcome, and the thundering of guns of both Indians and citizens. Forward the two brothers dashed to avenge the death of their brother. But when they entered, the Indians had accomplished the seemingly impossible; the warriors had slipped away and were gone.

Sometime during the same day, W. W. (Bud) Price saw where four Indians had recrossed the river, and were headed toward the "Shutins." A few months later, along the course they pursued, the body of a second dead Indian was found. Unquestionably this deceased warrior had been wounded by Jesse Veale, or the citizens during the brief fighting among the cliffs and crags of Crawford Mountain. According to reports, only two Indians finally reached the reservation. So after all, the Indians paid dearly for their dastardly deed.

The dead Indian, found across the creek about two hundred yards from Jesse Veale, was moved to Palo Pinto and after remaining at the old log jail for two or three days, the citizens carried his body to the hill north of Palo Pinto. Dr. C. B. Rains, however, saved the Indian's skull, and it was reported that sometime later a stranger, perhaps, from the reservation in Oklahoma, came to Palo Pinto and made inquiries about the Indians that were killed. When he was shown this particular skull, according to reports, he said, "Alas, poor Iris, I knew him well." The mission of this stranger was never fully known, and he disappeared as mysteriously as he came.

Near the body of the dead Indian, Lim Vaughan found the Indian's bow and this weapon was placed in a hall closet at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Taylor, where it remained for a long time. Jesse Veale was buried in the Upper Graveyard, about one and one-fourth miles southwest of Palo Pinto. He was the last person killed by Indians in Palo Pinto County; furthermore was the third Indian victim to be buried in the Upper Graveyard, and the seventh laid to rest in the two Palo Pinto cemeteries.

The above story is from the book, *The West Texas Frontier*, by Joseph Carroll McConnell.

If you don't know the tune, just sing a little louder!

Scout Worship Services Inspirational Thoughts and Messages

THE GOLDEN PRINCIPLE

Blessed are those who prefer others before themselves. - Baha'i Faith

Hurt not others in ways that you would you yourself would find hurtful. - Buddhism

Do unto others as you would have them do unto you. - Christianity

This is the sum of all duty: treat others as you yourself would be treated. - Hinduism

No one of you is a believer until you desire for another that which you desire for yourself. - Islam

Our Spiritual Compass

For Scouts on a hike or canoe trip, a compass is an important tool. Because it gives you a stable reference point (magnetic north), you can set a course and follow it. As long as your compass is accurate and you don't damage it, it will serve you faithfully. If you trust it.

Our faith or spirituality is something like that. We have a point of reference that does not change, God. And we have a compass, so to speak, in our relationship with God. It's something we have learned and continue to learn about, just as we learn to use a compass properly.

In happiness and suffering, in joy and grief, regard all creatures as you would regard your own self. - Jainism

What is hateful to you, do not do to your neighbor. - Judaism

Be not estranged from another for God dwells in every heart. - Sikhism

Human nature is good only when it does not do unto another whatever is not good for its own self. - Zoroastrianism

We use our spirituality and faith to get us through this grand journey we call life. If we are prepared to trust the things we have learned about God and creative living, our spirituality can guide us through the joys and temptations of life. We can use it to show us what service we may give and what potential dangers to stay away from. We can use it to guide us in our friendships, in our work, in what we say to people and about people, and in how we treat our natural world.

If you don't know the tune, just sing a little louder!

The Devil's Sale

There is a story that the devil once announced he was going out of business and offered to sell his tools to anyone who would pay the price. On the night of the sale, the tools were all attractively displayed. They were a nasty looking lot-malice, hatred, envy, jealousy, deceit-each marked with a price tag. A little off from the rest lay a harmless looking wedge-shaped tool, much worn, and priced higher than any of the others.

"What is it?" someone asked the devil. "That's discouragement," he replied. "Why is it priced so high?" the prospective customer asked. "Because," said the devil, "it is more useful to me than any of the others. I can pry open and get inside a person with it when I could never get near him with any of the others. Once inside, I can use the person in whatever way it suits me best. That's why it is so worn, you see. I use it with nearly everybody, because few people yet know that it belongs to me."

It is probably not necessary to add that the devil's price for this tool was so high that there were no bidders. And he is still using it.

THE SCOUT BEATITUDES

Blessed are the Scouts who are taught to see beauty in all things around them..
for their world will be a place of grace and wonder.

Blessed are the Scouts who are led with patience and understanding...

for they will learn the strength of endurance and the gift of tolerance.

Blessed are the Scouts who are provided a home where family members dwell in harmony and close communion... for they shall become the peacemakers of the world.

Blessed are the Scouts who are taught the value and power of truth... for they shall search for knowledge and use it with wisdom and discernment.

Blessed are the Scouts who are guided by those with faith in a loving God...
for they will find Him early and will walk with Him through life.

Blessed are the Scouts who are loved and know that they are loved...
for they shall sow seeds of love in the world and reap joy for themselves and others.

Proverbs 3:13 - 26

Happy is the man who finds wisdom,
And the man who gets understanding,
For the gain from it is better than gain
from silver, And its profit is better than
gold.

She is more precious than jewels,
And nothing you desire can compare
with her. Long life is in her right hand;
In her left hand are riches and honor.

Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.
She is a tree of life to those who lay
hold of her;
Those who hold her fast are called
happy.

The Lord by wisdom founded the earth;
By understanding he established the
heavens;
By His knowledge the deeps broke forth,
And the clouds drop down the dew.

My son, keep sound wisdom and
discretion;
Let them not escape from your sight,
And they will be life for your soul
And adornment for your neck.

Then you will surely walk on your way
securely And your foot will not stumble.
If you sit down, you will not be afraid;
When you lie down, your sleep will be
sweet.

Do not be afraid of sudden panic, or of
the ruin of the wicked, when it comes;
For the Lord will be your confidence and
will keep your foot from being caught.

On the subject of Death: "The Other Side"

A sick man turned to his doctor, as he was preparing to leave the examination room and said, "Doctor, I am afraid to die. Tell me what lies on the other side." Very quietly, the doctor said, "I don't know."

You don't know? You, a Christian man, do not know what is on the other side?"

The doctor was holding the handle of the door; on the other side of which came a sound of scratching and whining, and as he opened the door, a dog sprang into the room and leaped on him with an eager show of gladness. Turning to the patient, the doctor said, "Did you notice my dog? He's never been in this room before. He didn't know what was inside. He knew nothing except that his master was here, and when the door opened, he sprang in without fear. I know little of what is on the other side of death, but I do know only one thing...I know my Master is there and that is enough."

When night ends...

"How can we determine the hour of dawn - when the night ends and the day begins?" the rabbi asked of his students.

"When, from a distance, you can distinguish between a dog and a sheep?" one of his students suggested.

"No" the rabbi answered.

"Is it when you can distinguish between a fig tree and a grapevine?" another student asked.

"No" he replied.

"Please tell us the answer, then" said the students.

"It is when you can look into the face of a human being and have enough light to recognize in him your brother," the wise teacher replied.

"Until then, it is night, and the darkness is still with us."

The Traveller and the Tracker...

Once a Traveller and a Tracker set out to explore the world together. As they wound their way through the wilderness, the Traveller was amazed at the Tracker's habit of pausing several times a day to pray.

"Why do you pray to something intangible?" the Traveller asked. "How do you know there is a God?"

Now the Tracker was very skilled in noticing things and, through the years, had gained much insight reading the smallest signs. And he answered the Traveller this way:

"I know there is a God when I see the leaves turning yellow. I know there is a God when a trout jumps at a fly, and when grass waves in the dry wind. I know there is a God when clouds shade my head and the stars wink at night."

"So you see," said the Tracker, "I know there is a God, for I can see his footprints throughout the Universe."

It's All Yours

Fall, the Hunting Moon of our predecessors. Leaves changing and last year's pine needles falling.... Nature's carpet springing up after each step, leaving no track. Shafts of sunlight striking through beech and birch, spruce and maple.

Smell it! Open your arms, throw out your chests. Drink it in. Help yourself; it's all yours. Did you ever smell anything so wonderful as the fragrance of the pines?

Open your eyes! See the sun on the river. See the eddies past the beaver dam. See that partridge dart off through the trees...

Open your hearts. God is here.

THE SCOUT OATH

On my honor . . .

By giving your word, you are promising to make every effort to live by the high ideals of the Scout Oath. Your success is a measure of your honor. AS a Scout, you must hold your honor sacred.

. . . I will do my best . . .

You have many talents, skills, and interests. Do your best with them, and use them for good purposes. Don't be satisfied with less than your best effort even when less is required of you. Measure your achievements against your own high standards, not against the performance of others. As a Scout and through-out your life, you will have opportunities to learn and to help many people. You will also be faced with challenges that may severely test you. Use your abilities to do your very best. That is what Scouting requires.

. . . To do my duty to God . . .

Your family and religious leaders teach you to know and love God and the ways in which God can be served. As a Scout, you do your duty to God by following the wisdom of those teachings in your daily life, and by respecting the rights of others to have their own religious beliefs.

. . . and my country . . .

As you study our country's history, you learn about the men and women who toiled to make America great. Most contributed in quiet ways. Others sacrificed their lives for our country. All of them did their part to build the nation we have today. Help keep the United States strong by obeying its laws. Learn about our system of government and your role as a citizen and future voter. Do all you can to help your family and neighbors live happy, productive lives. The land itself is an important part of our national heritage. Work for the conservation of our natural resources. Teach others respect for the land. Your efforts really will make a difference.

. . . and to obey the Scout Law; . . .

The twelve points of the Scout Law are the rules of Scouting. They are also rules you can apply to your whole life. The Scout Law sets forth ideals to live up to. By using the Scout Law as a guide, you will know you are always doing your best. Others will respect you for the way you live. Most importantly, you will respect yourself.

. . . To help other people at all times; . . .

There are many people who need you. Your young shoulders can help them carry their burdens. A cheerful smile and a helpful hand will make life easier for many who need assistance. By helping whenever aid is needed and by doing a Good Turn daily, you prove yourself a Scout. You are doing your part to make this a better world.

. . . To keep myself physically strong, . . .

Take care of your body. Protect it and develop it so that it will serve you for an entire lifetime. That means eating nutritious foods and being active to build strength and endurance. It also means avoiding drugs, alcohol, tobacco, and any other practices that can destroy your health.

. . . mentally awake, . . .

Develop your mind. Strive to increase your knowledge and make the greatest use of your abilities. Be curious about the world around you. Learn all you can both in class and beyond school. With an open attitude and the willingness to ask questions, you will get the most out of your life.

. . . and morally straight.

To be a person of strong character, guide your life with honesty, purity, and justice. Respect and defend the rights of all people. Your relationship with other should be honest and open. Be clean in your speech and actions, and faithful in your religious beliefs. The values you follow as a Scout will help you become virtuous and self-reliant.

When You Walk Through Woods

When you walk through woods, I want you
to see

The floating gold of a bumblebee,
Rivers of sunlight, pools of shade,
Toadstools sleeping in mossy jade,
A cobweb net with a catch of dew,
Treetop cones against the blue,
Dancing flowers, bright green flies,
And birds that put rainbows in your eyes.

When you walk through woods, I want you
to hear

A million sounds in your eager ear;
The scratch and rattle of wind-tossed
trees,
The rush as a timid chipmunk flees,
The cry of a hawk from the distant sky,

The purr of leaves when a breeze rolls by,
Brooks that mumble, stones that ring,
And birds that teach your heart to sing.

When you walk through woods, I want you
to feel

That no mere human could make this real,
Could paint the throb of a butterfly's wing,
Could teach a wood thrush how to sing,
Could create these wonders of earth and
sky;

There's something greater than you or I.

When you walk through woods and the
cedars nod,
Please, meet a friend of mine named God.

A SCOUT'S THANKSGIVING PRAYER

With reverence in our hearts,
We, Your many children of many beliefs,
United in common purpose,
Gather to offer this our humble prayer,
In Thanksgiving.

As scouts we are thankful for:

The many gifts and talents given to our fellow scouts, and to ourselves;
The freedom we have to join together and as a team accomplish more than
any of us could alone;
The opportunity to be of service to young people, parents, other scouts and our
community;
Our joy at seeing so many young people become excited as they grow and are
able to meet challenges;
Being reminded by their ceremonies and legends that he who serves his
fellows, is of his fellows greatest;
And most importantly we are thankful for the gift of knowing that our prayers
are heard.

We each in own way take this moment to silently add our own thanksgivings .

(pause)

With thanks in our hearts we offer our prayers and ask that You, the Great
Scoutmaster of All Scouts, be with each of us until
we meet again.

AMEN

OPENING PRAYER:

Almighty God, creator of us all; grant us the patience to wait and listen to your voice. Help us not to seek the answers in the silence of prayer, but rather let your thoughts, God, travel to us and through us as we dare to ascend your mountain of law, your holy hill of truth.

O God, how thankful we are that you have come into our lives through the Holy Spirit. You know, Lord, that we're not perfect, that we want to improve. Show us where we can.

We pray today for God's children - all the children of the world. May they find peace and love in their families and schools and learn the love of Jesus Christ for each and every one of them through our lives as we interact with them on a daily basis. We also pray for our young people, who are seeking a cause which is worthy of their life's commitment and a leader who is deserving of their devotion. We know that our youth must deal with a host of options. So, we pray that they may choose Jesus Christ.

We pray you will be with our Scouts as they continue to follow the Scout Law and work toward being trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean and reverent.

Psalms 19

1. The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handywork.
2. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.
3. There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard.
4. Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,
5. Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.
6. His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.
7. The law of the LORD is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the LORD is sure, making wise the simple.
8. The statutes of the LORD are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the LORD is pure, enlightening the eyes.

9. The fear of the LORD is clean, enduring for ever: the judgments of the LORD are true and righteous altogether.

10. More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

11. Moreover by them is thy servant warned: and in keeping of them there is great reward.

12. Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.

13. Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

14. Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O LORD, my strength, and my redeemer.

Psalms 23:

1. The LORD is my shepherd; I shall not want. 2. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters. 3. He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. 4. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. 5. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. 6. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the LORD for ever.

Proverbs 13:

1. A wise son heareth his father's instruction: but a scorner heareth not rebuke. 2. A man shall eat good by the fruit of his mouth: but the soul of the transgressors shall eat violence. 3. He that keepeth his mouth keepeth his life: but he that openeth wide his lips shall have destruction. 4. The soul of the sluggard desireth, and hath nothing: but the soul of the diligent shall be made fat. 5. A righteous man hateth lying: but a wicked man is loathsome, and cometh to shame. 6. Righteousness keepeth him that is upright in the way: but wickedness overthroweth the sinner. 7. There is that maketh himself rich, yet hath nothing: there is that maketh himself poor, yet hath great riches. 8. The ransom of a man's life are his riches: but the poor heareth not rebuke. 9. The light of the righteous rejoiceth: but the lamp of the wicked shall be put out. 10. Only by pride cometh contention: but with

the well advised is wisdom. 11. Wealth gotten by vanity shall be diminished: but he that gathereth by labour shall increase. 12. Hope deferred maketh the heart sick: but when the desire cometh, it is a tree of life. 13. Whoso despiseth the word shall be destroyed: but he that feareth the commandment shall be rewarded. 14. The law of the wise is a fountain of life, to depart from the snares of death. 15. Good understanding giveth favour: but the way of transgressors is hard. 16. Every prudent man dealeth with knowledge: but a fool layeth open his folly. 17. A wicked messenger falleth into mischief: but a faithful ambassador is health. 18. Poverty and shame shall be to him that refuseth instruction: but he that regardeth reproof shall be honoured. 19. The desire accomplished is sweet to the soul: but it is abomination to fools to depart from evil. 20. He that walketh with wise men shall be wise: but a companion of fools shall be destroyed. 21. Evil pursueth sinners: but to the righteous good shall be repayed. 22. A good man leaveth an inheritance to his children's children: and the wealth of the sinner is laid up for the just. 23. Much food is in the tillage of the poor: but there is that is destroyed for want of judgment. 24. He that spareth his rod hateth his son: but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes. 25. The righteous eateth to the satisfying of his soul: but the belly of the wicked shall want.

Proverbs 12:

1. Whoso loveth instruction loveth knowledge: but he that hateth reproof is brutish. 2. A good man obtaineth favour of the LORD: but a man of wicked devices will he condemn. 3. A man shall not be established by wickedness: but the root of the righteous shall not be moved. 4. A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband: but she that maketh ashamed is as rottenness in his bones. 5. The thoughts of the righteous are right: but the counsels of the wicked are deceit. 6. The words of the wicked are to lie in wait for blood: but the mouth of the upright shall deliver them. 7. The wicked are overthrown, and are not: but the house of the righteous shall stand. 8. A man shall be commended according to his wisdom: but he that is of a perverse heart shall be despised. 9. He that is despised, and hath a servant, is better than he that honoureth himself, and lacketh bread. 10. A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast: but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel. 11. He that tilleth his land shall be satisfied with bread: but he that followeth vain persons is void of understanding. 12. The wicked desireth the net of evil men: but the root of the righteous yieldeth fruit. 13. The wicked is snared by the transgression of his lips: but the just shall come out of trouble. 14. A man shall be satisfied with good by the fruit of his mouth: and the recompence of a man's hands shall be rendered unto him. 15. The way of a fool is right in his own eyes: but he that hearkeneth unto counsel is wise. 16. A fool's wrath is presently known: but a prudent man covereth shame. 17. He that speaketh truth sheweth forth righteousness: but a false witness deceit. 18. There is that speaketh like the piercings of a sword: but

the tongue of the wise is health. 19. The lip of truth shall be established for ever: but a lying tongue is but for a moment. 20. Deceit is in the heart of them that imagine evil: but to the counsellors of peace is joy. 21. There shall no evil happen to the just: but the wicked shall be filled with mischief. 22. Lying lips are abomination to the LORD: but they that deal truly are his delight. 23. A prudent man concealeth knowledge: but the heart of fools proclaimeth foolishness. 24. The hand of the diligent shall bear rule: but the slothful shall be under tribute. 25. Heaviness in the heart of man maketh it stoop: but a good word maketh it glad. 26. The righteous is more excellent than his neighbour: but the way of the wicked seduceth them. 27. The slothful man roasteth not that which he took in hunting: but the substance of a diligent man is precious. 28. In the way of righteousness is life: and in the pathway thereof there is no death.

Proverbs 14:

1. Every wise woman buildeth her house: but the foolish plucketh it down with her hands. 2. He that walketh in his uprightness feareth the LORD: but he that is perverse in his ways despiseth him. 3. In the mouth of the foolish is a rod of pride: but the lips of the wise shall preserve them. 4. Where no oxen are, the crib is clean: but much increase is by the strength of the ox. 5. A faithful witness will not lie: but a false witness will utter lies. 6. A scorner seeketh wisdom, and findeth it not: but knowledge is easy unto him that understandeth. 7. Go from the presence of a foolish man, when thou perceivest not in him the lips of knowledge. 8. The wisdom of the prudent is to understand his way: but the folly of fools is deceit. 9. Fools make a mock at sin: but among the righteous there is favour. 10. The heart knoweth his own bitterness; and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy. 11. The house of the wicked shall be overthrown: but the tabernacle of the upright shall flourish. 12. There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death. 13. Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful; and the end of that mirth is heaviness. 14. The backslider in heart shall be filled with his own ways: and a good man shall be satisfied from himself. 15. The simple believeth every word: but the prudent man looketh well to his going. 16. A wise man feareth, and departeth from evil: but the fool rageth, and is confident. 17. He that is soon angry dealeth foolishly: and a man of wicked devices is hated. 18. The simple inherit folly: but the prudent are crowned with knowledge. 19. The evil bow before the good; and the wicked at the gates of the righteous. 20. The poor is hated even of his own neighbour: but the rich hath many friends. 21. He that despiseth his neighbour sinneth: but he that hath mercy on the poor, happy is he. 22. Do they not err that devise evil? but mercy and truth shall be to them that devise good. 23. In all labour there is profit: but the talk of the lips tendeth only to penury. 24. The crown of the wise is their riches: but the foolishness of fools is folly. 25. A true witness delivereth souls: but a deceitful witness speaketh lies. 26. In the fear of the LORD is strong confidence: and his

children shall have a place of refuge. 27. The fear of the LORD is a fountain of life, to depart from the snares of death. 28. In the multitude of people is the king's honour: but in the want of people is the destruction of the prince. 29. He that is slow to wrath is of great understanding: but he that is hasty of spirit exalteth folly. 30. A sound heart is the life of the flesh: but envy the rottenness of the bones. 31. He that oppresseth the poor reproacheth his Maker: but he that honoureth him hath mercy on the poor. 32. The wicked is driven away in his wickedness: but the righteous hath hope in his death. 33. Wisdom resteth in the heart of him that hath understanding: but that which is in the midst of fools is made known. 34. Righteousness exalteth a nation: but sin is a reproach to any people. 35. The king's favour is toward a wise servant: but his wrath is against him that causeth shame.

Proverbs 16:

1. The preparations of the heart in man, and the answer of the tongue, is from the LORD. 2. All the ways of a man are clean in his own eyes; but the LORD weigheth the spirits. 3. Commit thy works unto the LORD, and thy thoughts shall be established. 4. The LORD hath made all things for himself: yea, even the wicked for the day of evil. 5. Every one that is proud in heart is an abomination to the LORD: though hand join in hand, he shall not be unpunished. 6. By mercy and truth iniquity is purged: and by the fear of the LORD men depart from evil. 7. When a man's ways please the LORD, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him. 8. Better is a little with righteousness than great revenues without right. 9. A man's heart deviseth his way: but the LORD directeth his steps. 10. A divine sentence is in the lips of the king: his mouth transgresseth not in judgment. 11. A just weight and balance are the LORD's: all the weights of the bag are his work. 12. It is an abomination to kings to commit wickedness: for the throne is established by righteousness. 13. Righteous lips are the delight of kings; and they love him that speaketh right. 14. The wrath of a king is as messengers of death: but a wise man will pacify it. 15. In the light of the king's countenance is life; and his favour is as a cloud of the latter rain. 16. How much better is it to get wisdom than gold! and to get understanding rather to be chosen than silver! 17. The highway of the upright is to depart from evil: he that keepeth his way preserveth his soul. 18. Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall. 19. Better it is to be of an humble spirit with the lowly, than to divide the spoil with the proud. 20. He that handleth a matter wisely shall find good: and whoso trusteth in the LORD, happy is he. 21. The wise in heart shall be called prudent: and the sweetness of the lips increaseth learning. 22. Understanding is a wellspring of life unto him that hath it: but the instruction of fools is folly. 23. The heart of the wise teacheth his mouth, and addeth learning to his lips. 24. Pleasant words are as an honeycomb, sweet to the soul, and health to the bones. 25. There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death. 26. He that laboreth laboreth for himself; for his mouth

craveth it of him. 27. An ungodly man diggeth up evil: and in his lips there is as a burning fire. 28. A froward man soweth strife: and a whisperer separateth chief friends. 29. A violent man enticeth his neighbour, and leadeth him into the way that is not good. 30. He shutteth his eyes to devise froward things: moving his lips he bringeth evil to pass. 31. The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness. 32. He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city. 33. The lot is cast into the lap; but the whole disposing thereof is of the LORD.

Ecclesiastes 10:

1. Dead flies cause the ointment of the apothecary to send forth a stinking savour: so doth a little folly him that is in reputation for wisdom and honour.
2. A wise man's heart is at his right hand; but a fool's heart at his left.
3. Yea also, when he that is a fool walketh by the way, his wisdom faileth him, and he saith to every one that he is a fool.
4. If the spirit of the ruler rise up against thee, leave not thy place; for yielding pacifieth great offences.
5. There is an evil which I have seen under the sun, as an error which proceedeth from the ruler:
6. Folly is set in great dignity, and the rich sit in low place.
7. I have seen servants upon horses, and princes walking as servants upon the earth.
8. He that diggeth a pit shall fall into it; and whoso breaketh an hedge, a serpent shall bite him.
9. Whoso removeth stones shall be hurt therewith; and he that cleaveth wood shall be endangered thereby.
10. If the iron be blunt, and he do not whet the edge, then must he put to more strength: but wisdom is profitable to direct.
11. Surely the serpent will bite without enchantment; and a babbler is no better.
12. The words of a wise man's mouth are gracious; but the lips of a fool will swallow up himself.
13. The beginning of the words of his mouth is foolishness: and the end of his talk is mischievous madness.
14. A fool also is full of words: a man cannot tell what shall be; and what shall be after him, who can tell him?
15. The labour of the foolish wearieth every one of them, because he knoweth not how to go to the city.
16. Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child, and thy princes eat in the morning!
17. Blessed art thou, O land, when thy king is the son of nobles, and thy princes eat in due season, for strength, and not for drunkenness!
18. By much slothfulness the building decayeth; and through idleness of the hands the house droppeth through.
19. A feast is made for laughter, and wine maketh merry: but money answereth all things.
20. Curse not the king, no not in thy thought; and curse not the rich in thy bedchamber: for a bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter.

Proverbs 26:20-21

20. Where no wood is, there the fire goeth out: so where there is no talebearer, the strife ceaseth. 21. As coals are to burning coals, and wood to fire; so is a contentious man to kindle strife.

Proverbs 30:33

33. Surely the churning of milk bringeth forth butter, and the wringing of the nose bringeth forth blood: so the forcing of wrath bringeth forth strife.

Proverbs 17:17

17. A friend loveth at all times, and a brother is born for adversity.

Ecclesiastes 4:9-10

9. Two are better than one; because they have a good reward for their labour. 10. For if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow: but woe to him that is alone when he falleth; for he hath not another to help him up.

I Corinthians 15:33

33. Be not deceived: evil communications corrupt good manners.

Colossians 3:23

23. And whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men;

Camp Etiquette: Cleanliness is next to godliness - the "bare" facts

Deuteronomy 23:12-13

23:12 "You shall have a place outside the camp and you shall go out to it;

23:13 and you shall have a stick with your weapons; and when you sit down outside, you shall dig a hole with it, and turn back

RESPONSIVE READING:

Leader: "The Scout law is a guiding light to millions of boys and young adults throughout the world today, but the principles of the law have been brought to us from ancient days." (Exodus 20:16)

Scout: A Scout is trustworthy.

Congregation: He who is faithful in a very little is faithful also in much; and he who is dishonest in a very little is dishonest also in much. (Luke 16:10)

Scout: A Scout is loyal

Congregation: You shall not take vengeance or bear any grudge against the sons of your own people, but you shall love your neighbor as yourself. (Leviticus 19:18)

Scout: A Scout is helpful

Congregation: Love one another with brotherly affection; outdo one another in showing honor. (Psalm 133)

Scout: A Scout is friendly

Congregation: Let no evil talk come out of your mouths, but only such as is good for edifying, as fits the occasion, that it may impart grace to those who hear. (Ephesians 6:1-3)

Scout: A Scout is courteous

Congregation: A righteous man has regard for the life of his beast, but the mercy of the wicked is cruel. (Proverbs 12:10)

Scout: A Scout is kind

Congregation: Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right. Honor the first commandment with promise; that it may be well with thee and thou mayest live long on the earth. (Ephesians 6:1-3)

Scout: A Scout is obedient

Congregation: A glad heart makes a cheerful countenance, but by sorrow of heart the spirit is broken. The mind of him who has understanding seeks knowledge, but the mouths of fools feed on folly. All the days of the afflicted are evil, but a cheerful heart has a continual feast.

Scout: A Scout is cheerful

Congregation: Go to the ant, O sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise. Without having any chief, officer or ruler, she prepares her food in summer, and gathers her sustenance in harvest. (Proverbs 6:6-8)

Scout: A Scout is thrifty

Congregation: Be strong and of good courage, do not fear or be in dread of them: for it is the Lord your God who goes with you; he will not fail you or forsake you. (Deuteronomy 31:6)

Scout: A Scout is brave

Congregation: Who shall ascend the hill of the Lord? And who shall stand in his holy place? He who has clean hands and a pure heart, who does not lift up his soul to what is false, and does not swear deceitfully. He will receive blessing from the Lord, and vindication from the God of his salvation. (Psalm 24:3-5)

Scout: A Scout is clean

Congregation: And you shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, and with all your soul, and with all your mind, and with all your strength. This is the first commandment. (Mark 12:30)

All Scouts Together: A Scout is reverent, he is reverent toward God. He is faithful in his religious duties and respects the convictions of others in matters of custom and religion.