

THE BOY SCOUT
CAMP FIRE
SONG BOOK



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Editor's Note:

The reader is reminded that these texts have been written a long time ago. Consequently, they may use some terms or use expressions which were current at the time, regardless of what we may think of them at the beginning of the 21st century. For reasons of historical accuracy they have been preserved in their original form.

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Hand movements in beating time.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN

God save our gracious Queen!
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen!
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the Queen!

The choicest gifts in store,
On her be pleased to pour;
Long may she reign!
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice
God save the Queen!

O CANADA!

O Canada, our home, our native land!
True patriot love thou dost in us command.
With glowing hearts we see thee rise;
The True North, strong and free;
And stand on guard, O Canada,
We stand on guard for thee!
O Canada, glorious and free!
We stand on guard, we stand on guard for thee!
O Canada, we stand on guard for thee!
O Canada, where pines and maples grow;
Great prairies spread, and lordly rivers flow;
How dear to us thy broad domain,
From east to western sea;
Thou land of hope for all who toil,
Our True North strong and free!

THE MAPLE LEAF FOR EVER

G

In days of yore from Britain's shore,
Wolfe, the dauntless hero, came,
And planted firm Britannia's flag
On Canada's fair domain.
Here may it wave, our boast, our pride,
And joined in love together,
The Thistle, Shamrock, Rose entwined,
The Maple Leaf forever!

Chorus:

The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear,
The Maple Leaf forever!
God save our Queen and Heaven bless
The Maple Leaf forever!

On Merry England's far-famed land
May Kind Heaven sweetly smile!
God bless old Scotland ever more,
And Ireland's Emerald Isle!
Then swell the song, both loud and long,
Till rocks and forests quiver:
God save our Queen and Heaven bless
The Maple Leaf forever!

HEIGH HO — ANYBODY HOME

(Sing very softly, getting louder on the second and third repeats, and fading on the fourth and fifth)

Heigh ho, anybody home,
Food, or drink, or money have I none,
Still, I will, be ha-a-a-py —

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 for ever,
Oh, my darling, 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,
Ev'ry morning just at nine;
Hit her foot against a splinter,
Fell into the foaming brine.

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

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

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

AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought tae mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot.
And days of auld lang syne;

Chorus:
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne;
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
We've wander'd mony a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty friend,
And gie's a hand o' thine;
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

BONNIE BANKS O' LOCH LOMOND F

By yon bonnie banks, and by yon bonnie
Where the sun shines bright o'er Loch Lomon',
Where I and my true love were ever wont to gae,
On the bonnie, bonnie, banks o' Loch Lomon',

Oh, you'll tak' the high road, and I'll tak' the low road,

And I'll be in Scotland afore ye;
But I and my true love will never meet again,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomon'.

'Twas there that we parted, in yon shady glen,
On the steep, steep side o' Ben Lomon',
Where, in purple hue, the Hieland hills we view,
An' the moon comin' out in the gloamin'¹.

THE BELLS OF ST. MARY'S

The bells of St. Mary's ah, hear! They are calling
The young loves, the true loves, who come from the sea;
And, so, my beloved, when red leaves are falling,
The love bells shall ring out – ring out for you and me.

GING GANG GOO.

Ging gang gooli, gooli, gooli, gooli, watcha,
Ging gang goo, Ging gang goo.
Ging gang gooli, gooli, gooli, gooli, watcha,
Ging gang goo, Ging gang goo.
Heyla, heyla sheyla,
Heyla sheyla, heyla ho.
Heyla, heyla sheyla,
Heyla sheyla, heyla ho.

*Note: One half sing "oompa, oompa, oompa" while the
chorus is sung and then halves change sides.
At the end all join in singing "Shalli-walli, Shalli-
walli, Shalli-walli, Shalli-walli."*

ALOUETTE

Alouette, gentille Alouette,
Alouette, je t'y plumerai;
Alouette, gentille Alouette,
Alouette, je t'y plumerai;

Je t'y plumerai la tet',
Je t'y plumerai la tet',
Et la tet', et la tet',
Alouett', Alouett' Ah!
Alouette, gentille Alouette,
Alouette, je t'y plumerai!

Alouette, gentille Alouette,
Alouette, je t'y plumerai!
Je t'y plumerai les yeux,
Je t'y plumerai les yeux,
Et les yeux, et les yeux,
Et la tet', et la tet',
Alouett', Alouett' Ah!
Alouette, gentille Alouette,
Alouette, je t'y plumerai!

3 Je t'y plumerai le bee.
4 Je t'y plumerai le cou.
5 Je t'y plumerai les ailes.
6 Je t'y plumerai les pattes.
7 Je t'y plumerai le dos.
8 Je t'y plumerai la queue.

THE KEEPER

(All) The Keeper would a hunting go,
And under his cloak he carried a bow,
All for to shoot at a merry little doe,
Among the leaves so green-o.

Chorus.

<i>Group 1</i>	<i>Group 2</i>
Jacky-boy!	Master!
Sing ye well?	Very well.
Hey down	Ho down

All. Derry, derry down,
Among the leaves so green-o.

The first doe he shot at he missed;
The second doe he trimmed, he kissed;
The third doe went where nobody wist,
Among the leaves so green-o.

Chorus.

The fourth doe she did cross the plain,
The Keeper fetched her back again,
Where she is now she may remain,
Among the leaves so green-o.

Chorus.

The fifth doe she did cross the brook,
The Keeper fetched her back with his crook,
Where she is now, you must go and look,
Among the leaves so green-o.

Chorus.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME

D

‘Way down upon de Swanee ribber,
Far, far away,
Dere’s whar my heart is turning ebber,
Dere’s whar the old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation,
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for de old plantation,
And for de old folks at home.

Chorus:

All de world am sad and dreary,
Eb’rywhere I roam.
Oh! darkies, how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home.

All round de little farm I wander’d,
When I was young,
Dere many happy days I squander’d,
Many de songs I sung.
When I was playing wid by brudder,
Happy was I,
Oh! take me to my kind old mudder,
Dere let me lib and die.

IN THE EVENING BY THE MOONLIGHT E-b

In the evening by the moonlight
You can hear those darkies singing,
In the evening by the moonlight
You can hear those banjos ringing:
How the old folks would enjoy it!
They would sit all night and listen
As we sang in the evening by the moonlight.

Chorus:

Weep no more, my lady,
O weep no more today!
We will sing one song for my old Kentucky home,
For my old Kentucky home far away.

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon,
On the meadow, the hill and the shore;
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
On the bench by the old cabin door.

The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow where all was delight;
The time has come when the darkies have to part.
Then my old Kentucky home, good night.

CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY

Carry me back to old Virginny,
There's where the cotton and the corn and tatoes grow,
There's where the birds warble sweet in the springtime,
There's where the old darkie's am long to go.

There's where I laboured so hard for old Massa,
Day after day in the fields of yellow corn;
No place on earth do I love more sincerely,
Than old Virginny the state where *I* was born.

(For Chorus repeat first four lines.)

MASSA'S IN THE COLD, COLD GROUND D

'Round de meadow am a-ringin'
De darkies' mournful song,
While de mockin' bird am a-singin'
Happy as de day is long.
Where de ivy am a'creepin'
O'er de grassy mound,
Dere ol' Massa am a-sleepin'
Sleepin' in de coP, col' ground.

Chorus:

Down in de co'nfield,
Hear dat mournful sound;
All de darkies am a-weepin',
Massa's in de col', col' ground.

When de autumn leaves were fallin',
When de days were cold,
'Twas hard to hear ol' Massa calling
'Cause he was so weak an' old.
Now de orange am a' bloomin'
On de sandy shore,
Now de summer days am comin',
Massa never calls no more.

TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND B-b

We're tenting tonight on the old camp ground,
Give us a song to cheer
Our weary hearts, a song of home
And friends we love so dear.

Chorus:
Many are the hearts that are weary tonight,
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts looking for the right,
To see the dawn of peace.
Tenting tonight,
Tenting tonight,
Tenting on the old camp ground.

We've been tenting tonight on the old camp ground
Thinking of days gone by,
Of the lov'd ones at home that gave us the hand,
And the tear that said "Good-bye!"

From out the Batter'd Elm Tree

A TWO-PART ROUND

The musical notation is a two-part round in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The first part begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody starts on G4 and proceeds with eighth and quarter notes. The second part begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody starts on G4 and proceeds with eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are written below the staves.

From out the batter'd elm tree the owl's cry we hear and
down the distant forest the cuckoo answers clear, Cuc-koo, cuckoo, cuc-
koo, cuckoo, cuc-koo, cuckoo, cuc-koo, cuckoo.

GREEN GROW THE RUSHES-HO.

Solo 1. I'll sing you one-ho.
Chorus. Green grow the rushes-ho.
Solo 2. What is your one-ho?
Solo 1. One is one and all alone, and ever more shall be so.
Solo 1. I'll sing you two-ho.
Chorus. Green grow the rushes-ho.
Solo 2. What is your two-ho?
Solo 1. Two, two the lily-white boys,
Cloth-ed all in green-ho.
Chorus. One is one and all alone,
And ever more shall be so.
Solo 1. I'll sing you three-ho,
Chorus. Green grow the rushes-ho.
Solo 2. What is your three-ho?
Solo 1. Three, three the rivals,
Chorus. Two, two the lily-white boys,
Cloth-ed all in green-ho.
One is one and all alone,
And ever more shall be so.
Solo 1. I'll sing you four-ho.
Chorus. Green grow the rushes-ho.
Solo 2. What is your four-ho?
Solo 1. Four for the gospel makers,
Three, three the rivals,
Two, two the lily-white boys, etc.
Solo 1. I'll sing you five-ho.
Chorus. Green grow the rushes-ho.
Solo 2. What is your five-ho?
Solo 1. Five for the symbols at your door,
Chorus. Four for the gospel makers, etc.

Carry on as above with –

Six for the proud walkers, (to five)
Seven for the seven stars in the sky. (to six)
Eight for the April rainers. (to seven)
Nine for the nine bright shiners, (to eight)
Ten for the ten commandments, (to nine)
Eleven for the eleven went up to heaven, (to ten)
Twelve for the twelve apostles, (to eleven)

A CAPITAL SHIP

C

A capital ship for an ocean trip
Was the Walloping Window Blind.

No wind that blew dismayed her crew,
Or troubled the captain's mind;
And the man at the wheel was made to feel
Contempt for the wildest blow-ow-ow,
Though it often appeared when the gale had cleared
That he'd been in his bunk below.

Chorus:

Then blow, ye winds, heigho!
A-roving I will go.
I'll stay no more on England's shore,
So let the music play-ay-ay!
I'm off on the morning train
To cross the raging main,
I'm off to my love with a boxing-glove,
Ten thousand miles away.

The bo's'n's mate was very sedate,
Yet fond of amusement, too;
He'd play hopscotch with the starboard watch,
While the captain he tickled the crew.
And the gunner we had was apparently mad,
For he sat on the after rai-ai-ail
And fired salutes with the captain's boots
In the teeth of the booming gale.

The captain sat on the commodore's hat
And dined in a royal way
Off toasted pigs and pickles and figs
And gunnery bread each day;
And the cook was Dutch and behaved as such,
For the diet he gave the crew-ew-ew
Was a number of tons of hot-cross buns
Served up with sugar and glue.

All nautical pride we laid aside,
And we ran the vessel ashore
In the Gulliby Isles, where the Poo poo smiles
And the rubbly Ubdugs roar;
And we sat on the edge of a sandy ledge
And shot at the whistling bee-e-e
And the cinnamon bats wore waterproof hats
As they dipped in the shiny sea.

On Rugbug bark, from morn till dark,
We dined till we had grown

Uncommonly shrunk, when a Chinee junk
Came up from the Torriby Zone.
She was chubby and square, but we didn't much care
So we cheerily put to sea-e-e,
And we left the crew of the junk to chew
On the bark of the Rugbug tree.

SHIP AHOY

All the nice girls love a sailor,
All the nice girls love a tar,
For there's something about a sailor,
Well, you know what sailors are!
Free and easy, bright and breezy,
He's the ladies' pride and joy;
Falls in love with Kate and Jane,
Then he's off to sea again,
Ship ahoy! Ship ahoy!

SOME FOLKS DO

B-b

Some folks like to sigh,
Some folks do, some folks do;
Some folks long to die,
But that's not me nor you.

Chorus –
Long live the merry, merry heart
That laughs by night and day,
Like the Queen of Mirth
No matter what some folks say.

Some folks like to smile,
Some folks do, some folks do;
Others laugh through guile,
But that's not me nor you.

Some folks fret and scold,
Some folks do, some folks do;
They'll soon be dead and cold,
But that's not me nor you.

Some folks get grey hairs,
Some folks do, some folks do;
Brooding o'er their cares,
But that's not me nor you.

Some folks toil and save,
Some folks do, some folks do;
To buy themselves a grave,
But that's not me nor you.

THE MERMAID

A-b

'Twas Friday morn when we set sail,
And we were not far from the land,
When the Captain spied a lovely Mermaid,
With a comb and a glass in her hand.

Chorus:

O, the ocean waves may roll,
And the stormy winds may blow,
While we poor sailors go skipping to the top,
And the land lubbers lie down below, below, below;
And the land lubbers lie down below.

Then up spake the Captain of our gallant ship,
And a well spoken man was he:
"I have married a wife in Salem town,
And tonight she a widow will be."

Then up spake the cook of our gallant ship,
And a red hot cook was he:
"I care much more for my kettles and my pots
Than I do for the depths of the sea."

Then three time around went our gallant ship,
And three times around went she,
Then three times around went our gallant ship,
And she sank to the bottom of the sea.

VIVE LA COMPAGNIE

Oh now let us sing this remarkable song,
Vive la compagnie!
Remarkably loud and remarkably long,
Vive la compagnie!

Chorus —

Vive le, vive le, vive le roi!
Vive le, vive le, vive le roi!
Vive le roi! vive la reine!
Vive la compagnie!

A friend on the left and a friend on the right, (vive)
In joy and good fellowship let us unite, (vive)
Chorus.

Let ev-er-y married man drink to his wife, (vive)
The joy of his bosom and plague of his life, (vive)

Let ev'ry good fellow now join in the song, (vive)
Success to each other and pass it along, (vive)

Come fill up your glasses, I'll give you a toast, (vive)
Here's a health to our friend, our kind worthy host, (vive)

TOO OLD TO CAMP

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

WALTZING MATILDA

Once a jolly swagman camped by a billabong,
Under the shade of a coolibah tree;
And he sang as he watched and waited 'till his billy boiled,
"You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me."

Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda;
You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me;
And he sang as he watched and waited 'till his billy boiled,
"You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me."

Down came a jumbuck to drink at the billabong,
Up jumped the swagman, laughing with glee;
And he caught the little jumbuck and put him in his tucker bag,
"You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me."

CARRY ON

All pull together through the stormy weather,
Carry on! Carry on! Carry on!
Keep on trying, keep the old flag flying;

Carry on! Carry on! Carry on!
The sun is shining above the cloudy sky,
A silver lining will greet you by and by, SO –
All pull together through the stormy weather;
Carry on! Carry on! Carry on!

JINGLE BELLS

G

Dashing thro' the snow,
In a one-horse open sleigh,
O'er the fields we go,
Laughing all the way;
Bell on Bobtail ring,
Making spirits bright;
What fun it is to ride and sing
A sleighing song tonight!

Jingle, bells, jingle, bells, jingle all the way,
Oh! what fun it is to ride on a one-horse open sleigh!
(Repeat)

A day or two ago,
I thought I'd take a ride,
And soon Miss Fanny Bright
Was seated by my side.
The horse was lean and lank;
Misfortune seemed his lot;
He got into a drifted bank,
And we – we got upsot.

THE GOOD OLD OPEN TRAIL

(Tune: Jingle Bells.)
Skies are warm and bright,
Our hearts are light and gay;
Ev'rything's all right,
And bright the world today;
Let's be on the march
Over hill and dale,
On a happy hike we go once more
On the good old open trail!

Chorus:
March along! March along!
Singing all the while,
Shouting out a rousing song

As we reel off mile on mile.
(Keep time there!)

March along! March along!
Spirits never fail
When again we're on our way
On the good old open trail!

When the camp fire's lit,
And we're many miles from town,
Singing ringing songs,
Of the trails we've hiked along:
Of happy days we've known
On the good old open trail!
Round the fire we sit and sing
While the stars are looking down.
James L. Montague.

OLE FAITHFUL

Ole Faithful, we rode the range together,
Ole faithful, in every kind of weather.
When your round-up days are over,
There'll be pastures white with clover,
For you Ole Faithful pal o' mine.
Hurry up ole feller, 'cause the moon is yellor tonight,
Hurry up ole feller, 'cause the moon is mellow and bright.
There's a coyote howlin' to the moon above,
So carry me back to the one I love,
Hurry up ole feller 'cause we gotta get home tonight.

THE BOY SCOUT DAY

A-b

(Tune: Perfect Day.)

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

Well this is the end of a Boy Scout day,
Near the end of our journey, too,
And the days that are gone cannot be recalled:

What have they meant to you?
For we've shared the same tent, and side by side
The streets of the old world trod.
In sun and rain we've done our best,
And we're closer grown to God.

ANCHORS A-WEIGH

Anchors a-weigh, my boys,
Anchors a-weigh.
Farewell to idle joys,
We sail at break of day, day, day, day.
Through out last night ashore,
Drink to the foam,
Until we meet once more
Here's wishing you a happy voyage home.

I GRIEVES MY LORD

I grieves my Lord, (I grieves my Lord),
From day to day, (From day to day),
I left the straight, (I left the straight),
And narrow way, (And narrow way).
I grieves my Lord from day to day,
I left the straight and narrow way,
I ain't agonna grieve, my Lord no more.

Chorus:

I ain't agonna grieve my Lord no more,
I ain't agonna grieve my Lord no more,
I ain't agonna grieve, my Lord no more.

If you wanna get to heaven,
You've gotta go right.
You've gotta go to heaven,
All dressed in white, (repeat and chorus)

You can't get to heaven,
On feathery wings,
You've gotta go to heaven,
Without those things, (repeat and chorus.)

If you get to heaven,
Before I do,
Just tell my friends,
I'se coming too. (repeat and chorus.)

Get on your knees,
And hope and pray,
For soon will come,
The judgement day. (repeat and chorus.)

HOW DO YOU DO! F

(Sing immediately after the guest is introduced.)

How-do-you-do, Mr. _____, how-do-you-do,
Is there anything that we can do for you?
We are with you to a man,
We will help you all we can;
How-do-you-do, Mr. _____, how-do-you-do?

THE BEAR WENT OVER THE MOUNTAIN

(Tune: We Won't Go Home Until Morning.)

The bear went over the mountain,
The bear went over the mountain,
The bear went over the mountain,
To see what he could see.

And all that he could see,
And all that he could see,
Was the other side of the mountain,
The other side of mountain,
The other side of mountain,
Was all that he could see.

Kookaburra
A FOUR-PART ROUND

The musical notation for 'Kookaburra' is presented in three staves. The first staff shows the beginning of the melody with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The second staff continues the melody, featuring a triplet of eighth notes and a four-measure rest. The third staff shows the final part of the melody, ending with a double bar line. The lyrics are written below the staves: 'Kookaburra sits on an old gum tree; Merry, merry King of the bush is he Laugh kookaburra! Laugh kookaburra! Gay your life must be!'.

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

POLLY-WOLLY-DOODLE

Oh, I went down South for to see my Sal,
Sing “Polly-wolly-doodle” all the day!
My Sal she am a spunky gal,
Sing “Polly-wolly-doodle” all the day!

Chorus:
Fare thee well! Fare thee well!
Farewell, my fairy fay!
Oh! I’m off to Louisiana, for to see my Susy Anna,
Sing “Polly-wolly-doodle” all the day!

Oh, my Sal she am a maiden fair;
Sing “Polly-wolly-doodle” all the day!
With laughing eyes and curly hair,
Sing “Polly-wolly-doodle” all the day!

Oh! I came to a river an’ I couldn’t get across,
Sing “Polly-wolly-doodle” all the day!
An’ I jumped upon a nigger, for I thought he was a hoss,
Sing “Polly-wolly-doodle” all the day!

Oh! a grasshopper sittin’ on a railroad track,
Sing “Polly-wolly-doodle” all the day!
A-pickin’ his teef wid a carpet tack,
Sing “Polly-wolly-doodle” all the day!

Behind de barn down on my knees,
Sing “Polly-wolly-doodle” all the day!
I thought I heard a chicken sneeze,
Sing “Polly-wolly-doodle” all the day!

He sneezed so hard wid de hoopin’ cough,
Sing “Polly-wolly-doodle” all the day!
He sneezed his head and his tail right off,
Sing “Polly-wolly-doodle” all the day!

THE TALE OF THE THREE GOOD TURNS

G

(Tune: Potty Wolly Doodle.)

A Boy Scout hiked with a careless stride
Along a dusty road,
When out from a tree there hopped with glee
A big, fat, husky toad.

Chorus:

Hike along, hike along,
Hike along with a stride so free,
But when you see an old, black bear,
Just let that old bear be.

Says the toad to the Scout, "Hello, my lad,
Where are you headed for?"
"I'm on my seven-mile hike," says he,
"And I've only one mile more."

"What have you done while on this hike?"
Says the fat old toad, says he.
"I've had some fun and I ate a bun
And I've done my good turns three."

"What were these good turns three, my Scout?"
Says the fat old toad, says he.
"Well, I helped a man to catch a cow,
And I found a lost baby."

"That's only two," says the fat, old toad,
"And you told me you'd done three."
"Well, wait a while till I get my breath,"
Says the Second Class Scout, says he.

"As I went up the mountain side,
I spied a tall oak tree,
And up in the top was a big, black bear
A-looking down at me.

"And I thought to myself when I spied that bear,
What an awful shame it would be
If I disturbed that big black bear
A-looking down at me.

"So I turned around and I piked right down,
And I let the old bear be;
And that good turn with the other two
Makes the good turns three."

PACK UP YOUR DUFFLE AND YOUR OLD CAMP KIT A-b

(Tune: Pack Up Your Troubles.)

Pack up your duffle and your old camp kit
And hike a mile, hike a mile and smile;
Sunshine or rain-pour, never mind a bit,
Hike boys, that's the style!
We're going to do no worrying
For a Scout is always fit, SO
Pack up your duffle and your old camp kit
And hike a mile, hike a mile and smile.

BOHUNKUS

(Tune: Auld Lang Syne.)

There was a man who had two sons,
And these two sons were brothers;
Bohunkus was the name of one,
Bohankus was the other's.

Now these two boys had suits of clothes,
And they were made for Sunday,
Bohunkus wore his every day,
Bohankus his on Monday.

Now these two boys to the theatre went,
Whenever they saw fit;
Bohunkus in the gallery sat,
Bohankus in the pit.

Now these two boys they were two sons,
And each son was a twin,
Bohunkus had his father's smile
Bohankus had his grin.

Now these two boys they joined the Scouts
When they were four feet high;
Bohunkus earned the Tailor's Badge,
Bohankus one for pie.

Now these two boys to college went
As soon as they were twenty;
Bohunkus studied football lore,
Bohankus studied candy.

Now these two boys are dead and gone,
Long may their ashes rest!
Bohunkus of the cholera died,
Bohankus by request.

LI'L LIZA JANE

I's got a gal an' you got none,
Li'l Liza Jane:
I's got a gal an' you got none,
Li'l Liza Jane.

Chorus:
Oh Liza, Li'l Liza Jane!
Oh Liza, Li'l Liza Jane.

Come my love and live with me,
Li'l Liza Jane;
I will take good care of thee,
Li'l Liza Jane.

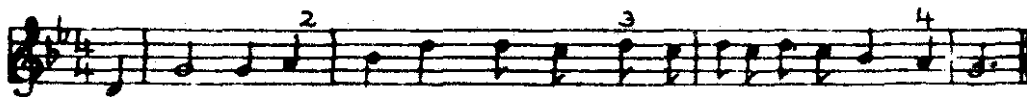
Liza Jane done cum ter me,
Li'l Liza Jane;
Bof as happy as can be,
Li'l Liza Jane.

Ev'ry mawnin' when I wakes,
Li'l Liza Jane;
Smell de ham and buckwheat cakes,
Li'l Liza Jane.

Nevah mo' from you I'll roam,
Li'l Liza Jane;
Bestes' place is home sweet home,
Li'l Liza Jane.

The WIND IN THE WILLOWS

FOUR-PART ROUND



The wind in the wil-lows sigh-ing like a soli-tary soul a-lone.

OH BURY ME NOT

Oh bury me not on the lone prairie,
These words came low and mournfully,
From the pallid lips of the youth who lay,
On his dying bed at the close of day.

Oh bury me not on the lone prairie,
Where the coyotes howl and the wind blows free,
In a narrow grave just six by three,
Oh bury me not on the lone prairie.

It matters not I've oft been told,
Where the body lies when the heart grows cold,
Yet grant, oh grant this wish to me,
Oh bury me not, on the cold prairie.

Oh bury me not on the lone prairie,
Where the wolves can howl and growl o'er me.
Place a red, red rose o'er my lonely grave,
With a prayer to Him who my soul will save.

"Oh bury me not" and his voiced failed there,
But we took no heed of his dying prayer,
In a narrow grave, just six by three,
We buried him there on the lone prairie.

Yes, we buried him there on the lone prairie,
Where the owl all night, hoots mournfully,
And the blizzard beats and the wind blows free,
O'er his lonely grave on the lone prairie.

THE THREE CROWS

D-b

There were three crows sat on a tree,
O Billy Magee Magar!
There were three crows sat on a tree,
O Billy Magee Magar! There were three crows sat on a tree,
And they were black as black could be.

Chorus:
And they all flapped their wings and cried,
Caw, caw caw!
And they all flapped their wings and cried,
O Billy Magee Magar!

Said one old crow unto his mate,
O Billy Magee Magar!
Said one old crow unto his mate,
O Billy Magee Magar!
Said one old crow unto his mate,
“What shall we do for grub to ate?”

“There lies a horse on yonder plain,”
O Billy Magee Magar!
“There lies a horse on yonder plain/
O Billy Magee Magar!
“There lies a horse on yonder plain,”
Who’s by some cruel butcher slain.”

“We’ll eat the meat before it’s stale,”
O Billy Magee Magar!
“We’ll eat the meat before it’s stale,”
O Billy Magee Magar!
“We’ll eat the meat before it’s stale,”
Till nought remain but bones and tail.”

WE ARE GOING DOWN THE VALLEY

(Start loud, getting softer.)
We are going down the valley (3)
One by one, one by one,
We are going down the valley (2)
We are going to the setting of the sun.

(Start soft, getting louder)
We are coming up the valley (3)
One by one, one by one,
We are coming up the valley (2)
We are coming to the rising of the sun.

JOHN PEEL

Hallo! Hallo! Hallo! Hallo! Hallo! Hallo!
D’ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay,
D’ye ken John Peel at the break of day,
D’ye ken John Peel, when he’s far, far away,
With his hounds and his horn in the morning.

Chorus

For the sound of his horn brought me from my bed,
And the cry of the hounds, which he oft times led,
Peel's view Hallo would awaken the dead
Or the fox from his lair in the morning.

Then here's to John Peel, from my heart and soul,
Let's drink to his health, let's finish the bowl;
We'll follow John Peel through fair and through foul,
If we want a good hunt in the morning.

ONE MORE RIBBER TO CROSS

E-b

Oh Noah once he built an ark;
Dar's one more ribber to cross;
And patched it up wid hickory bark:
Dar's one more ribber to cross.

Chorus:

Dar's one more ribber,
An' dat's de ribber of Jordan;
One more ribber,
Dar's one more ribber to cross.

He went to work to load his stock:
Dar's one more ribber to cross;
He anchored de ark wid a great big rock:
Dar's one more ribber to cross.

De animals went in one by one, etc.
De camel was eatin' a cinnamon bun, etc.

De animals went in two by two,
De rhinoceros an' de kangaroo.

De animals went in three by three,
De bear, de flea an' de bumble-bee.

De animals went in four by four,
De hippopotamus stuck in de door.

De animals went in five by five,
Some were dead and some were alive.

De animals went in six by six,
De hyena laughed at de monkey's tricks.

De animals went in seven by seven,
Said de ant to de elephant, "Who is you shovin'?"

De animals went in eight by eight,
Some were early and some were late.

De animals went in nine by nine,
Said de whale, "Not me, de water's fine."

De animals went in ten by ten,
De ark she blowed her whistle den.

And den de voyage did begin,
Noah he pulled de gang-plank in,

Dey nebber knowed whar dey were at
Till de old Ark bumped on Ararat.

De old Ark landed high and dry.
De baboon kissed de cow good-bye.

PERPETUAL MOTION

One man went to mow, went to mow a meadow,
One man and his dog, went to mow a meadow.

Two men went to mow, went to mow a meadow,
Two men, one man, and his dog, went to mow a meadow.
(And so forth ad. infin.)

SOMEONE'S IN DE KITCHEN

Someone's in de kitchen wid Dinah;
Someone's in de kitchen, Ah know;
Someone's in de kitchen wid Dinah,
Playin' on de ole banjo.
Fee, fie, fid-ly-i-o,
Fee-fie-fid-ly-i-o:
Fee, fie, fid-ly-i-o,
Playin' on de ole banjo!

ACH VON THE MUSICA

(Caller) Ach von de musica.
(all) Deutches Vaderland.
(Caller) Ach von spieler.

The Boy Scout Camp Fire Song Book

(all) Ach von spieler.
(Caller) Ich-en-bee-en- zumba-za.

Chorus. Zumba, zumba, zumba-za (four times)

The action of this song is to imitate a bass fiddle player on the Zumba, zumba, zumba-za, and the other instruments as below,

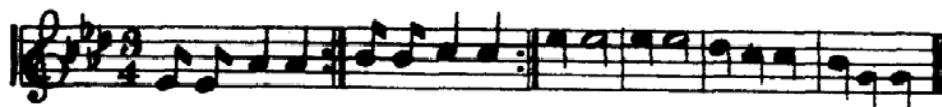
2. Viola-la (violin)
3. Piccolo-la (Piccolo – whistle)
4. Trumpet-ra (dat drrat, drrat, dat da.)
5. Piano-la (piano.)

THE LAME TAME CRANE



My dame has a lame tame crane;
My dame has a crane that is lame.
Pray, gentle Jane, take my dame's lame tame crane,
Feed, and bring home again.

LONDON'S BURNING



(Round)
London's burning! London's burning!
Look'e yonder! Look'e yonder!
Fire, fire! fire, fire!
And we have no water!

MERRILY, MERRILY



(Round)

Merrily, merrily greet the morn:
Cheerily, cheerily sound the horn.
Hark to the echoes! Hear them play,
O'er hill and dale and far away.

ROW YOUR BOAT



(Round)

Row, row, row your boat,
Gently down the stream;
Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily;
Life is but a dream.

ARE YOU SLEEPING?



(Round)

Are you sleeping, are you sleeping?
Brother John, Brother John,
Morning bells are ringing,
Morning bells are dinging:
Ding ding dong, ding ding dong!

KILLI WATCH



Kil-li kil-li, kil-li, kil-li, watch, watch, watch, watch. Kay you kin cum ka- wah :

Hay ha hay chal ma hay chal - ma po - ly wa - ma,

(shouted.)

Hay ha hay chal - ma hay chal - ma po - ly wah! Eough.

LOVELY EVENING

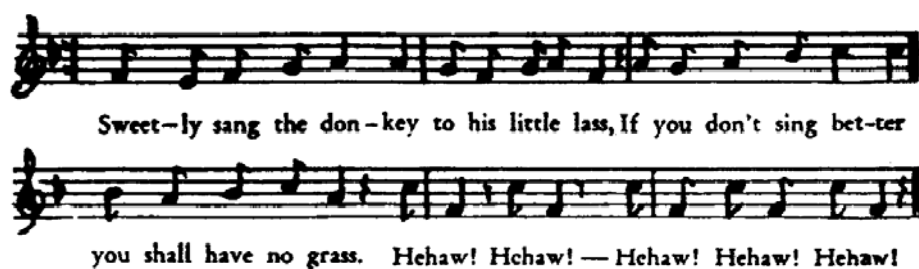


1. 2.

(Round)
Oh, how lovely is the evening, is the evening,
When the bells are sweetly ringing, sweetly ringing!
Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong.

SWEETLY SANG THE DONKEY

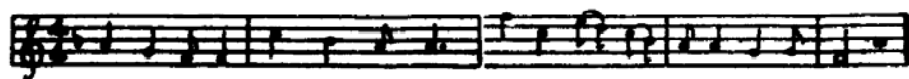
(Round)



Sweet-ly sang the don-key to his little lass, If you don't sing bet-ter

you shall have no grass. Hehaw! Hehaw! — Hehaw! Hehaw! Hehaw!

THREE WOOD PIGEONS



Three wood pigeons, three wood pigeons,
Three wood pigeons, sitting on a tree.

The Boy Scout Camp Fire Song Book

Solo: 'Look! One has flown away!

Chorus (subdued): Oh!

Two wood pigeons, two wood pigeons, etc.

Solo: Look! Another has flown!

Chorus (louder): Oh!

One wood pigeon, etc.

Solo: The last has flown!

Chorus (very loud wailing and crying): Oh!

(Very slowly and tearfully:)

No wood pigeons, no wood pigeons, etc.

Solo: Oh, Look! One has returned!

(Chorus of subdued cheers.)

One wood pigeon, one wood pigeon, etc. (quicker)

Solo: Another has returned! (Loud cheers.)

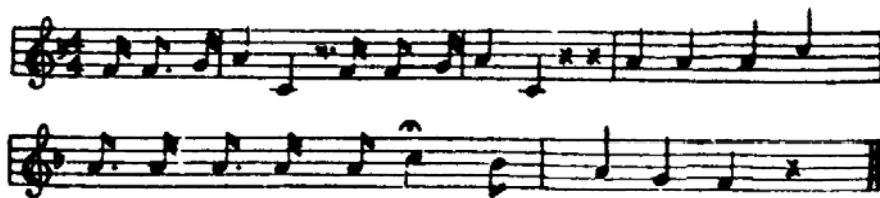
Two wood pigeons, etc. (more rapidly and loudly)

Solo: The third has returned! All have returned!

(Tremendous cheers.)

Three wood pigeons, etc. (very rapidly and loudly.)

THE SCOUT GRUB SONG



Today is Monday! Today is Monday!

Monday wash day. Everybody happy?

Well I should smile!

Today is Tuesday! Today is Tuesday!

Tuesday so – oo – oup, Monday washday.

Everybody happy?

Well I should smile!

Today is Wednesday; Today is Wednesday!

Wednesday hunter's stew, Tuesday so – oo – oup,

Monday washday. Everybody happy?

Well I should smile!

Thursday beans.
Friday fish.
Saturday hash,
Sunday church (very slowly, repetition very rapid.)

S-M-I-L-E

G

(Tune: John Brown's Body.)

It isn't any trouble just to S-M-I-L-E!
It isn't any trouble just to S-M-I-L-E!
And if you've any trouble
It will vanish like a bubble
If you'll only take the trouble
Just to S-M-I-L-E!
G-R-I-N-GRIN!
G-I-GG-LE-EE!
Ha-Ha-Ha-Ha-Ha!

MARY HAD A WILLIAM GOAT

(Tune: London Bridge)

Mary had a William goat,
William goat, William goat;
Mary had a William goat,
'Twas lined inside with zinc.

Chorus:

Whoop-ti-doodle, doodle, do
Doodle do, doodle do,
Whoop-ti-doodle, doodle do,
'Twas lined inside with zinc.

It fed on nails and circus bills,
And relished hobble skirts.

One day it ate an oyster can
And a clothes-line full of shirts.

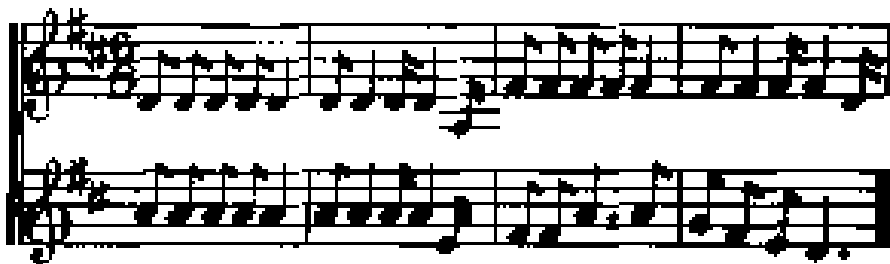
The shirts can do no harm inside,
But the oyster can.

The can was filled with dynamite,
Which Billy thought was cheese.

He rubbed against poor Mary's side
For the pain to ease

Now William's way up eating clouds,
And Mary's with him too.

ONE FINGER, ONE THUMB



One finger, one thumb, one hand,
Keep moving, (Repeat three times.)
And we'll all be happy and gay.

One finger, one thumb, one hand, one arm,
Keep moving, (Repeat three times.) etc.

One finger, one thumb, one hand, one arm, both arms, Keep moving, etc.

One finger, one thumb, one hand, one arm, both arms, one leg, Keep moving, etc.

One finger, one thumb, one hand, one arm, both arms, one leg, both legs. Keep moving,
etc.

One finger, one thumb, one hand, one arm, both arms, one leg, both legs, stand up, sit
down. Keep moving, etc.

Note: Words accompanied by gesticulation with finger, thumb, hand, both hands, etc.

LITTLE PETER RABBIT

(Mimetic song. Tune: John Brown's Body.)

Little Peter Rabbit had a fly upon his ear;
(Repeat three times.)
And he flipped it till it flew away.

Second time – the same and omit words “Peter Rabbit” and hold up “paws.”

Third time – the same and omit the word “fly,” and flutter the extended hands.

Fourth time – the same and omit the word “ear,” and place hands to ears.

Fifth time – the same and omit the words “Flipped it,” and flip ears with open hands.

JOHN BROWN'S BABY

John Brown's baby had a cold upon its chest,
(Repeat three times.)
And they rubbed it up with camphorated oil.

Second time – the same, omitting “baby” and substituting motion of rocking baby.
Third time – the same, omitting “cold” and substituting a coughing sound.
Fourth time – the same, omitting “chest” and rubbing the chest.
Fifth time – the same, omitting the last line and substituting the striking of the chest.

THE BINGO FARM

Oh, they grow potatoes small over there! (Repeat)
Oh, they grow potatoes small,
So they eat them skins and all;
Oh, they grow potatoes small over there!
B-I-N-G-O-! B-I-N-G-O-! B-I-N-G-O-!
Down on the Bingo farm.

(Tomatoes, Cucumbers, Onions, etc.)

HO FOR THE SLUM!

(Tune: Solomon Levi.)
When you've hiked a half a hundred miles and your legs begin to shake,
When your stomach caves together with an awful ache,
When you pull up by the campfire in the evening with your chum,
There's nothing does the business like a pot of steaming slum.

Chorus –
Ho, for the slum, boys; Mulligan tra la la la,
It sticks to your ribs boys, tra la la la la la la la
Throw in a hunk of bacon and the laces from your shoe,
A bottle of sarsaparilla and a pound or so of glue;
Rice and bread and breakfast food, a cherry and a plum,
Season it with castor oil and you'll have a bully slum.
I stepped into a restaurant, it was a stylish place,
A pompous waiter came to me with whiskers on his face,
Said he, “What will you have Sir;” Said I, “You keep it mum,
And tell your cook to stir up a barrel or two of slum.”

Chorus –
Ho, for the slum, boys; Mulligan, tra la la la,
It sticks to your ribs, boys, tra la la la la la la la
Throw in a chunk of meat, boys, potatoes cold or hot,

The Boy Scout Camp Fire Song Book

Chorus:

Just a song at twilight, when the lights are low,
And the flick'ring shadows softly come and go;
Tho' the heart be weary, and the day be long,
Still to us at twilight comes Love's old song,
Comes Love's old sweet song.

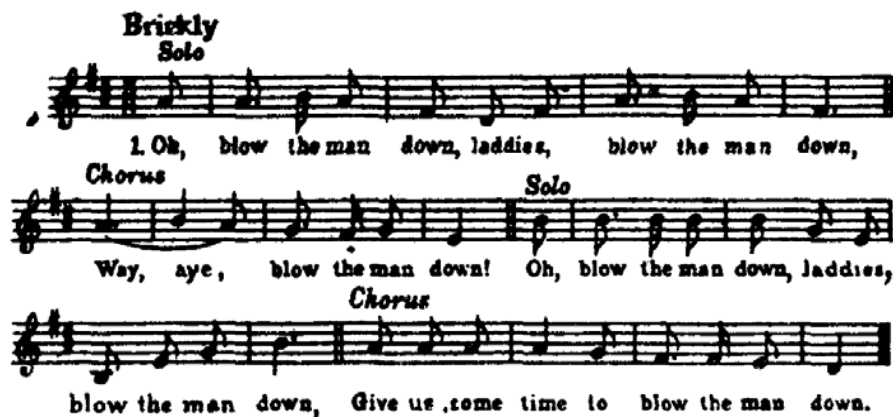
Scout Chorus:

Just a group of Boy Scouts around the camp fire's blaze,
With our songs of camp life and of other days;
When the fire burns dimmer, and the sparks fly low
To our homes and loved ones how our thoughts go!
How our thoughts all go!

SOMEWHERE A VOICE IS CALLING

Dusk, and the shadows falling, o'er land and sea:
Somewhere a voice is calling, calling for me.
Dusk, and the shadows falling, o'er land and sea,
Somewhere a voice is calling, calling for me.
Night, and the stars are gleaming, tender and true;
Dearest, my heart is dreaming, dreaming of you. (Repeat)

BLOW THE MAN DOWN



Solo: Come *all* ye young fellow that follow the sea,
Chorus: With a *yeo-ho!* blow the man down!
Solo: And *please* pay attention and listen to me,
Chorus: Give us some time to blow the man down!
Solo: On *board* the Black Bailer I first served my time.
Chorus: With a *yeo-ho!* blow the man down!
Solo: And *in* the Black Bailer I wasted my time,
Chorus: Give us some time to blow the man down!
Solo: There were *tinkers* and tailors and sailors and all,

Chorus: With a *yeo-ho!* blow the man down!
Solo: They *shipped* for good seamen on board the *Black Ball*,
Chorus: Give us some time to blow the man down!
Solo: 'Tis larboard and starboard, you jump to the call,
Chorus: With a *yeo-ho!* blow the man down!
Solo: When *kicking* Jack Williams commands the *Black Ball*,
Chorus: Give us some time to blow the man down!

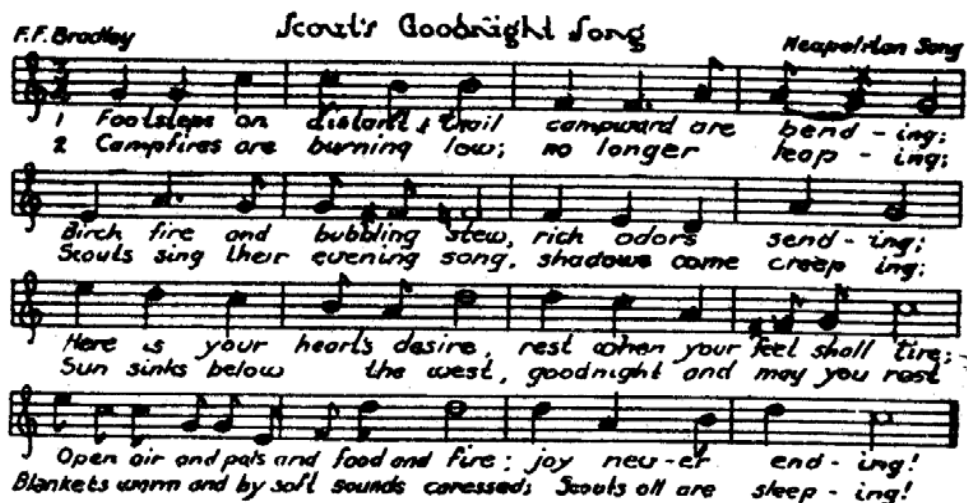
RIO GRANDE

Moderately

1 Ri - o Grande is no place for me, A - way, Ri - o, —
I'll pack my bag and go to sea For we're bound to Ri - o Grande.
And a - way — Ri - o, — a - way — Ri - o, — Sing
fare you well, my bon - ny young lass For we're bound to Ri - o Grande.

Solo: The anchor is weighed and the sails they are set,
Chorus: Away Rio,
Solo: The girls that we're leaving we'll never forget,
Chorus: For we're bound to Rio Grande.
And away Rio, etc.
Solo: So, good-by, fair ladies, we know in this town,
Chorus: Away Rio,
Solo: We've left you enough to buy a silk gown,
Chorus: For we're bound to Rio Grande.
And away Rio, etc.
Solo: We've a ship stout and strong, and a jolly good crew,
Chorus: Away Rio,
Solo: A brass-knuckled mate, and a rough skipper, too,
Chorus: For we're bound to Rio Grande.
And away Rio, etc.

F.F. Bradley *Scout's Goodnight Song* *Heapselton Song*



1 Footsteps on distant trail, campward are bend - ing;
 2 Campfires are burning low; no longer keep - ing;
 Birch fire and bubbling stew, rich odors send - ing;
 Scouts sing their evening song, shadows come creep ing;
 Here is your heart's desire, rest when your feet shall tire;
 Sun sinks below the west, goodnight and may you rest;
 Open air and pats and food and fire; joy new - er end - ing!
 Blankets warm and by soft sounds caressed; Scouts all are sleep - ing!

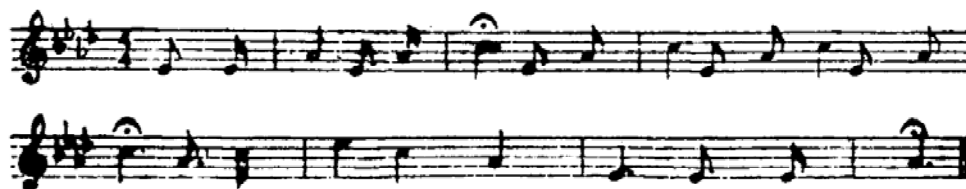
THE CAMP FIRE TRAIL

G

(Tune: Long Long Trail)

There's a long, long trail a-winding
 Into the camp of my dreams;
 Where the evening camp fire's glowing
 And the bright moon beams,
 There'll be long, long months of waiting
 Until my dreams all come true
 'Til the day when I'll be going down
 That old camp trail with you.

TAPS



Day is done, gone the sun
 From the lake, from the hills,
 From the sky. All is well,
 Safely rest. God is nigh.

SCOUT VESPER SONG

(Tune: "Maryland, My Maryland.")

Softly falls the light of day
 While our Campfire fades away;
 Silently each Scout should ask,
 Have I done my daily task?

Have I kept my honour bright?
Can I guiltless rest to-night?
Have I done and have I dared
Everything to "Be Prepared."

'TIL WE MEET AGAIN

B-b

By the blazing council fire's light
We have met in comradeship to-night,
Round about, the whispering trees
Guard our golden memories;
And so before we close our eyes in sleep
Let us pledge each other that we'll keep
Scouting friendship strong and deep,
'Til we meet again.

GLORY TO THEE MY GOD

Glory to Thee my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of Kings,
Beneath thine own Almighty wings.

HYMNS

WHILE the following carefully selected hymns are sung in practically all churches, the Scoutmaster of a troop made up of boys of various churches and denominations should make sure that participation in such singing is in accord with the church rules of each boy concerned. If not approved, the boys should be directed to retire during the singing.

TABLE BLESSING

(Tune: Doxology)

We thank Thee, Father, for Thy Care,
And for Thy bounty everywhere;
For this and every other gift,
Our grateful hearts to Thee we lift.

HOLY NIGHT, PEACEFUL NIGHT

Holy night, peaceful night,
Through the darkness beams a light,
Yonder, where they sweet vigils keep,
O'er the Babe who in silent sleep,
Rests in heavenly peace,
Rests in heavenly peace.

Silent night, holiest night,
Darkness flies, and all is light!
Shepherds hear the angels sing:
“Alleluia! Hail the King!
Jesus, the Saviour is here!
Jesus, the Saviour is here!”

Silent night, holiest night,
Wondrous star, O lend thy light,
With the angels let us sing
“Alleluia to our King,
Jesus, our Saviour is here!
Jesus, our Saviour is here!”

HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING

Hark! the herald angels sing,
“Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!”
Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim
“Christ is born in Bethlehem.”
Hark! the herald angels sing,
“Glory to the new-born King!”

Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Son of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth,
Hark! the herald angels sing,
“Glory to the new-born King!”

ADESTE FIDELES

O come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem!
Come and behold Him
Born the King of Angels!

O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

Sing, choirs of Angels;
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above;
Glory to God
In the highest!
O come, etc.

Yea, Lord we greet Thee,
Born this happy morning,
Jesus, to Thee be glory given;
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing.
O come, etc.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT A-b

Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead thou me on.
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus; nor pray'd that thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on.
I loved the garish day; and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.

So long thy pow'r has blest me sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angels faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS! B-b

Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus

Going on before!
Christ the royal Master,
Leads against the foe:
Forward into battle
See His banners go.

Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.

Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God:
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;

We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope, in doctrine,
One in charity.

HARK! HARK, MY SOUL!

E

Hark! hark, my soul; Angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat shore;
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.

Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night,
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
And, thro' the dark its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.

Angels of Jesus, etc.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.

Angels of Jesus, etc.

Rest comes at length, tho' life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

JOY TO THE WORLD

C

Joy to the world! The Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heav'n and nature sing,
And heav'n and nature sing,
And heav'n, And heav'n and nature sing.

Joy to the world! The Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy,
Repeat the sounding joy,
Repeat, Repeat the sounding joy.

No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found,
Far as the curse is found,
Far as, Far as the curse is found.

He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love,
And wonders of His love,
And won – , And wonders of His love.

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN

D

Jerusalem the golden!
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppress'd.
I know not – Oh, I know not,
What joys await me there,
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.

They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.
There is the throne of David,
And there from toil released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast.

And they who with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever, and forever,
Are clad in robes of white.
Oh, land that see'st no sorrow!
Oh, state that fear'st no strife!
Oh, royal land of flowers!
Oh, realm and home of life!

Oh, sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
Oh, sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit ever blest.

NEARER TO THEE

G

Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

NOW THE DAY IS OVER

A

Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Fall across the sky.

Father, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose,
With thy tend'rest blessing
May our eyelids close.

When the morning wakens,
Then may we arise,
Pure and fresh and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

ABIDE WITH ME

E-b

Abide with me, fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
Oh, Thou who changest not, abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:

In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

PARTING HYMN

E-b

Saviour, again to Thy dear name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,
Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy name.

Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

Grant us Thy peace, throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

O JESUS I HAVE PROMISED.

Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou for ever near me,
My Master and My Friend.:
I shall not fear the battle
If Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway,
If Thou wilt be my guide.

O let me feel Thee near me;
The world is ever near;
I see the lights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear;
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

O Jesus, Thou hast promised,
To all who follow Thee,

That where Thou are in glory
There shall Thy servant be;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end:
O give me grace to follow,
My Master and my Friend.

EZEKIEL SAW A WHEEL

Ezekiel saw a wheel a-rolling,
Away in the middle of the air.
A wheel within a wheel a-rolling,
Away in the middle of the air.
The big wheel ran by Faith
And the little wheel ran by the Grace of God,
Ezekiel saw a wheel a-rolling,
Away in the middle of the air.

YOU CAN DIG MY GRAVE

You can dig my grave with a silver spade (3)
'Cause I ain't goin' to stay here no longer.

There's a long white robe up in – heaven for me (3)
There are silver wings up in – heaven for me (3)
There are silver shoes up in – heaven for me (3)
There's a golden crown up in – heaven for me (3)
There's a golden harp up in – heaven for me (3)
You can touch one string, and the whole heavens ring (3).

ILKLEY MOOR

(Bar t'kat – means without a hat.)
Where hast thou been since I saw thee,
On Ilkley Moor bar t'hat.
Where hast thou been since I saw thee, (2)

CHORUS.

On Ilkley Moor bar t'hat,
On Ilkley Moor bar t'hat,
On Ilkley Moor bar t'hat.

I've been a-courting Mary Jane, etc.
Then thou wilt catch thy death o' cold, etc.
Then we will have to bury thee, etc.
Then worms will coom and eet thee oop, etc.

Then dooks will coom and eet oop worms, etc.
Then we will coom and eet oop dooks, etc.
Then we will all have eaten thee, etc.

MACNAMARA'S BAND

O my name is MacNamara,
I'm the leader of the band,
Altho we're few in number,
We're the finest in the land.
Of course I am conductor
And we very often play
Before the great musicians,
That you hear of every day.

Chorus:

The drums go bang, the cymbals clang,
The trumpets blaze away,
McCarthy pounds the big bass drum
While I the horns do play.
When Hennessy Tennessee tootles the flute,
The music is simply grand,
A credit to old Ireland is MacNamara's Band.

We play at wakes and weddings,
And at every fancy ball,
At every dead man's funeral,
We play the March from Saul.
When General Grant to Ireland came,
He took me by the hand,
Said he, There's none can beat the like
Of MacNamara's Band.
(chorus.)

THE Q.M.'S STORES.

There's cheese, cheese, with shocking dirty knees,
In the stores, in the stores,
There's cheese, cheese, with shocking dirty knees
In the Quartermaster's Stores.

Chorus:

My eyes are dim, I cannot see,
I have not brought my specs with me,
I have not brought, my specs with me.

There's Eggs – on little bandy legs.
There's Steak – that keeps us all awake.
There's Lard – they sell it by the yard.
There's Bread – like great big lumps of lead.
There's Kippers – that go about in slippers.
There's Cake – that gives us tummy ache.
There's Beans – as big as submarines.

SHORT'NIN BREAD

Put on de skillet, put on the lead,
Mammy's goin' to bake a little short'nin bread,
Dat ain't all she's gain' to do,
Mammy's goin' to make a little coffee too.

Chorus:

Mammy's little baby loves short'nin, Short'nin,
Mammy's little baby loves short'nin bread, (repeat.)

Three little darkies lyin' in bed,
Two was sick an' other 'most dead!
Sent fo' de doctor – de doctor said,
Feed dose darkies on short'nin bread, (chorus)
Slip to de Kitchen, slip up de lead,
Fill ma pockets full of short'nin bread.
Stole de skillet, stole de lead,
Stole the gal making short'nin bread.

Dey caught me wid the skillet.
Caught me wid de lead.
Caught me wid the gal, makta' short'nin bread;
Paid six dollahs for de skillet,
Paid six dollahs for the lead,
Spent six months in jail eatin' short'nin bread.

ZUM GALI GALI

Hechalutz le 'man avodah;
Avodan le 'man hecgalutz.

Chorus:

Zum gali gali gali, Zum gali gali,
Zum gali gali gali, Zum gali gali.

Avodah le 'man hechalutz,
Hechalutz le 'man avodah.

Hechalutz le 'man hab'tulah,
Hab'tulah le 'man hechalutz.

Hashalim le 'man ha'amim,
Ha'amim le 'man hashalom.