



THE CAMP FIRE *Song Book*

Revised 1961



PUBLISHED BY THE CANADIAN GENERAL COUNCIL
OF THE BOY SCOUTS ASSOCIATION, OTTAWA

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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 express sentiments 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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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!

Thy 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 and native land!
True patriot love in all thy sons 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!

Chorus

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, TERRE DE NOS AÏEUX

O Canada! Terre de nos aïeux,
Ton front est ceint de fleurons glorieux!
Car ton bras sait porter l'épée,
Il sait porter la Croix!
Ton histoire est une épopée
Des plus brillants exploits,
Et ta valeur, de foi trempée,
Protégera nos foyers et nos droits (bis)

THE MAPLE LEAF FOREVER

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 entwine
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-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!
You are lost, and gone for ever,
Dreadful sorry, Clementine.

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

Drove she ducklings to the water,
Ev'ry 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;
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 to 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 take a cup of kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

Faut-il nous quitter sans espoir
Sans espoir de retour?
Faut-il nous quitter sans espoir
De nous revoir un jour?

Ce n'est qu'un au revoir, mes freres,
Ce n'est qu'un au revoir,
Oui, nous nous reverrons, mes freres,
Ce n'est qu'un au revoir.

LOCH LOMOND

By yon bonnie banks, and by yon bonnie braes;
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond,
Where me and my true love were ever wont to gae
On the bonnie, bonnie, banks o' Loch Lomond.

Oh, you'll take the high road, and I'll take the low road,
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye;

But me and my true love we'll never meet again,
On the bonnie, bonnie, banks o' Loch Lomond.
'Twas then that we parted, in yon shady glen,
On the steep, steep side of Ben Lomond,
Where, in purple hue, the Highland hills we view,
And the moon coming out in the gloamin'.

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 GOOLI

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

(Leader) Alouette, gentille Alouette,
Alouette, je te plumerai;

(All) Alouette, gentille Alouette,
Alouette, je te plumerai;

(Leader) Je te plumerai la tête,

(All) Je te plumerai la tête,

(Leader) Et la tête,

(All) Et la tête,

(Leader) Alouett',

(All) Alouett' Ah !

(All) Alouette, gentille Alouette,
Alouette, je te plumerai !

2 Je te plumerai le bec.

3 Je te plumerai le nez.

4 Je te plumerai le dos.

5 Je te plumerai les pattes.

6 Je te plumerai le cou.

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

Group 1	Group 2
Jackie boy!	Master!
Sing ye well?	Very well.
Hey down	Ho down

(Both)

Derry derry down,
Among the leaves so green O.

To my hey	To my hoe
down down	down down
Hey down	Ho down

(Both)

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 hook,
Where she is now, you must go and look,
Among the leaves so green O.

Chorus

The sixth doe she ran over the plain
But he with his hounds did turn her again.
And it's there he did hunt in a merry, merry vein
Among the leaves so green O.

Chorus

OLD FOLKS AT HOME

'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 my brudder,
Happy was I,
Oh! take me to my kind old mudder,
Dere let me lib and die.

IN THE EVENING BY THE MOONLIGHT

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.

WE ARE THE RED MEN

We are the Red Men, tall and quaint,
In our feathers and war paint;
Pow wow, Pow wow.
We're the men of the Old Dun Cow.

Chorus

We are the Red Men,
Feathers in our head, men,
Down among the dead men.
Pow wow.

We can fight with sticks and stones,
Bows and arrows, bricks and bones,
Pow wow, etc.

We come hunting from afar,
Greeted by our long nosed squaw,
Pow wow, etc.

OLD BLACK JOE

Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay,
Gone are my friends from the cotton field away,
Gone from the earth to a better land, I know,
I hear their gentle voices calling "Old Black Joe".

Chorus

I'm coming, I'm coming, for my head is bending low;
I hear those gentle voices calling "Old Black Joe".

Where are the hearts, once so happy and so free?
The children so dear, that I held upon my knee?
Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to go. I hear their gentle voices calling "Old Black Joe".

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

The sun shines bright on my old Kentucky home,
 'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;
The corn-top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom,
 While the birds make music all the day.
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
 All merry, all happy and bright;
By'n by hard times comes a-knocking at the door,
 Then my old Kentucky home, good night.

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 'taters grow,
There's where the birds warble sweet in the springtime,
There's where this old darkie's heart has longed 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 place where I was born.

(For Chorus repeat first four lines.)

LAND OF THE SILVER BIRCH

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

Chorus

Blue lake and rocky shore,
I will return once more,
Boom diddi-eye-di,
Boom diddi-eye-di,
Boom diddi-eye-di, Boom!

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

TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND

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 loved ones at home that gave us the hand,
And the tear that said "Good-bye!"

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 six 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

A capital ship for an ocean trip

Was the Walloping Window Blind.

No gale that blew dismayed her crew,

Or troubled the captain's mind;

The man at the wheel was made to feel

Contempt for the wildest blow-ow-ow,

And it often appeared, when the gale had cleared,

That he'd been in his bunk below.

Chorus

Then blow, ye winds, heigh-ho!

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!
I'll 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;
And he'd play hopscotch with the starboard watch,
While the captain 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 in a commodore's hat,
And dined, in a royal way,
On toasted pigs and pickles and figs
And gummery bread, each day.
But the cook was Dutch and behaved as such,
For the food that he gave the crew-ew-ew
Was a number of tons of hot-cross buns
Chopped up with sugar and glue.

Then nautical pride we laid aside,
And we cast the vessel ashore
In the Gulliby Isles, where the Poohpooh 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 rubagub bark, from dawn to dark,
We fed till we all had grown
Uncommonly shrunk, - when a Chinese junk
Came by from the torriby zone.
She was stubby and square, but we didn't much care
And we cheerily put to sea-e-e,
And we left the crew of the junk to chew
The bark of the rubagub 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,

They're the ladies' pride and joy;
Fall in love with Kate and Jane,

Then they're off to sea again,
Ship ahoy! Ship ahoy!

SOME FOLKS DO

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

'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, may roll,
And the stormy winds may blow, may they blow,
But we poor sailors go skipping to the top,
While the land lubbers lie down below, below, below;
While 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 bottom of the sea"

Then three times 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 sat and waited
while his billy boiled,
"You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me."

Chorus
Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda;
You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me.

And he sang as he sat and waited
while his billy boiled,
"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 tucker bag,
"You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me."

Down came the squatter mounted on his thoroughbred,
Up came the troopers, one, two, three,
"Whose that jolly jumbuck you've got
in your tucker bag?
"You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me."

Up jumped the swagman, sprang into the billabong,
"You'll never catch me alive!" said he.
And his ghost may be heard as you pass
by that billabong:
"You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me."

JINGLE BELLS

Dashing thro' the snow,
 In a one-horse open sleigh,
O'er the fields we go,
 Laughing all the way;
Bells 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 campfire'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 yeller 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

(Tune: Perfect Day)

When you come to the end of a Boy Scout day,
And you sit in the campfire 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 our last night ashore,
Drink to the foam,
Until we meet once more
Here's wishing you a happy voyage home.

I GRIEVE MY LORD

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).

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

Chorus

I ain't gonna grieve my Lord no more,
I ain't gonna grieve my Lord no more,
I ain't gonna 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 ?

(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.

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!
 Fare thee well, 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! 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

(Tune: Polly 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 hiked right down,
And I let the old bear be;
And that good turn with the other two
Makes up the good turns three."

**PACK UP YOUR DUFFLE AND YOUR
OLD CAMP KIT**

(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,
Josephus was the other's.

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

Now these two boys to the theatre went,
Whenever they saw fit;
Bohunkus in the gallery sat,
Josephus in the pit.
Now these two boys they were two sons,
And each son was a twin,
Bohunkus had his father's smile
Josephus had his grin.

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

Now these two boys to college went
As soon as they were twenty;

Bohunkus studied football lore,
Josephus studied candy.

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

LI'L LIZA JANE

I'se got a gal an' you got none,
Li'l Liza Jane;
I'se got a gal an' you got none,
Li'l Liza Jane.

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

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 voice 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

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! (Imitate crows)
And they all flapped their wings and cried,
 O Billy Magee Magar!

Said one old crow unto his mate, } twice
 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," } twice
 O Billy Magee Magar!
"There lies a horse on yonder plain,
Who's by some cruel butcher slain."

"The meat we'll eat before it's stale," } twice
O Billy Magee Magar! }
"The meat we'll eat 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

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

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

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

ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS

Old Noah once he built an ark;
There's one more river to cross;
He built it all with hickory bark:
There's one more river to cross.

Chorus

There's one more river,
An' that's the river of Jordan;
One more river,
There's one more river to cross.

He went to work to load his stock:
There's one more river to cross;
He anchored the ark with a great big rock:
There's one more river to cross.

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

The animals went in two by two,
The rhinoceros an' the kangaroo.

The animals went in three by three,
The bear, the flea an' the bumble-bee.

The animals went in four by four,
The hippopotamus stuck in the door.

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

The animals went in six by six,
The hyena laughed at the monkey's tricks,

The animals went in seven by seven,
Said the ant to the elephant, "Who is you shovin'?"
The animals went in eight by eight,
Some were early and some were late.

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

The animals went in ten by ten,
The ark she blowed her whistle then.

And then the voyage did begin,
Noah he pulled the gang-plank in.

They never knowed where they were at
Till the old Ark bumped on Ararat.

The old Ark landed high and dry.
The baboon kissed the cow good-bye.

DINAH

Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah;
Someone's in the kitchen, I know;
Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah,
Strumming on the old banjo.

Fee, fie, fid-ly-i-o,
Fee-fie-fid-ly-i-o :
Fee, fie, fid-ly-i-o,
Strumming on the old banjo!

ONE MAN WENT TO MOW

(Variation, for four parts)

- 1) One man went to mow
 - 4) Went to mow a meadow
 - 1) One man
 - 3) – and his dog
 - 4) Went to mow a meadow
 - 2) Two men went to mow
 - 4) Went to mow a meadow
 - 2) Two men
 - 1) One man
 - 3) and his dog
 - 4) Went to mow a meadow
 - 1) Three men went to mow
 - 4) Went to mow a meadow
 - 1) Three men
 - 2) Two men
 - 1) One man
 - 3) and his dog
 - 4) Went to mow a meadow
- Etc. etc. etc.

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!

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 ringing:
Ding ding dong, ding ding dong!

FRÈRE JACQUES (Round)

Frère Jacques, Frère Jacques,
Dormez-vous? Dormez-vous?
Sonnez les matines, sonnez les matines,
Din, din, don; din, din, don!

LOVELY EVENING (Round)

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

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.

MUSIC ALONE SHALL LIVE

(All things shall perish)

All things shall perish from under the skys
Music alone shall live (3)
Never to die.

THREE WOOD PIGEONS

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

S-M-I-L-E

(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!

L-A-U-G-H!

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,
Keep moving, (Repeat three times.)
And we'll all be happy and gay.

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

One finger, one thumb, one hand, two hands, one arm,
Keep moving, etc.

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

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

One finger, one thumb, one hand, two hands, one arm,
both arms, one leg, both legs, 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.)

ICH BIN DER MUSIKANT

Leader: Ich bin der Musikant,
Deutsches Vaterlande.
Ich kann es spielen.
Chorus : Was kanst du spielen?
Leader: Spielen on my violin,
Vio-vio-vio-la.
Chorus : Vio-vio-vio-la.
Vio-vio-vio-la,
Leader : Ich bin der Musikant,
Deutsches Vaterlande.
Ich kann es spielen.
Chorus : Was kanst du spielen?
Leader : Spielen on my bass viol,
Zum-ba-zum-ba-zum-ba-zah,
Chorus : Zum-ba-zum-ba-zum-ba-zah,
Zum-ba-zum-ba-zum-ba-zah.
Vio-vio-vio-la,
Vio-vio-vio-la.

(Similarly, repeating all previously used verses in reverse order, with appropriate actions :)

I am the musician
Of the German Fatherland.
I can play on -
What can you play on?
Play on my violin,
Vio-vio-vio-la.
Vio-vio-vio-la,
Vio-vio-vio-la.

THE TREK CART SONG

(Tune : Artillery Song)

Over hill, over dale,
As we hit the river trail,
And the trek cart goes rolling along.
In and out, hear them shout,
Gee, I'm glad that I'm a Scout!
And the trek cart goes rolling along.

Chorus
Then hi-hi-hee, it's the life for me;
Start the day and end it with a song:
Where'er you, go you will always know
That our trek cart goes rolling along –
(Keep it rolling!)
That our trek cart goes rolling along.

Round the fire, all the night;
Skies are dark but hearts are light,
For we're far from the sound of the throng:
Scouts around on the ground
Listen to the merry sound,
For we've brought all our voices along.

THREE BLIND MICE

Three blind mice, Three blind mice,
See how they run, See how they run,
They all ran after the farmer's wife,
She cut off their tails with a carving knife,
Did you ever see such a sight in your life, as
Three blind mice, Three blind mice, etc.

LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG

Once in the dear, dead days beyond recall,
When on the world the mists began to fall,
Out of the dreams that rose in happy throng,
Low to our hearts Love sang an old sweet song;
And in the dusk where fell the firelight gleam
Softly it wove itself into our dream.

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, sad the day and 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 'round the campfire'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!

McTAVISH IS DEAD

(Tune: The Irish Washerwoman)

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

(First time, moderately slowly; repeat getting faster and faster.)

BLOW THE MAN DOWN

Solo Come *all ye* young fellows 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 Baller I first served my time.
Chorus With a *yeo-ho!* blow the man down!
Solo And *in* the Black Baller 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

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.

THE CAMPFIRE TRAIL

(Tune: *Long Long Trail*)

There's a long, long trail a-winding
Into the camp of my dreams;
Where the evening campfire'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

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.

EZEKIEL SAW A WHEEL

Ezekiel saw a wheel a-rolling,
'Way in the middle of the air.
A wheel within a wheel a-rolling,
'Way 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,

'Way in the middle of the air.

YOU CAN DIG MY GRAVE

1. You can dig my grave with - a silver spade (3)
'Cause I ain't goin' to stay here no longer.
2. There's a long white robe up in - heaven for me (3)
3. There are silver wings up in - heaven for me (3)
4. There are silver shoes up in - heaven for me (3)
5. There's a golden crown up in - heaven for me (3)
6. There's a golden harp up in - heaven for me (3)
7. You can touch one string, and the - whole heavens ring (3).

ILKLEY MOOR

(Bar t'hat - means without a hat)

1. 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,

2. I've been a-courting Mary Jane, etc.
3. Then thou will catch thy death o'cold, etc.
4. Then we will have to bury thee, etc.
5. Then worms will coom and eet thee oop, etc.
6. Then dooks will coom and eet oop worms, etc.
7. Then we will coom and eet oop dooks, etc.
8. 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 likes
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 de lead,
Mammy's goin' to bake a little short'nin' bread,
Dat ain't all she's goin' to do,
Mammys 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' de 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 de gal making short'nin' bread.

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

ZUM GALI GALI

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

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.

Hashalom le 'man ha'amim.
Ha'amim le 'man hashalom.

GLORY TO THEE MY GOD (Canon)

(Sing like a round, each new voice entering at the asterisk)*

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 vigil 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, choir 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

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 angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS!

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!

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.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

JOY TO THE WORLD

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 wonders, wonders of His love.

FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT

Fight the good fight with all thy might,
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.

Run the straight race through God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek his face;
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide;
His boundless mercy will provide;
Trust, and the trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

Faint not, nor fear, his arms are near,
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.

FAIREST LORD JESUS

Fairest Lord Jesus,
Ruler of all nature,
O thou of God and man the Son;
Thee will I cherish, thee will I honour,
Thou my soul's glory, joy, and crown.

Fair are the meadows,
Fairer still the woodlands,
Robed in the blooming garb of spring;
Jesus is fairer, Jesus is purer,
Who makes the woeful heart to sing.

Fair is the sunshine,
Fairer still the moonlight,
And fair the twinkling, starry host;
Jesus shines brighter, Jesus shines purer,
Than all the angels heaven can boast.

All fairest beauty
Heavenly and earthly,
Wondrously, Jesus, is found in thee;
None can be nearer, fairer or dearer,
Than thou, my Saviour, art to me.

NOW THE DAY IS OVER

Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal 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

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

Saviour, again to Thy dear name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless Thee, e'er 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

O 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 sights 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 art 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.