

AUSTRALASIAN

JAMBOREE

Camp fire

SONG BOOK



BRADFIELD - N. S. W.
1938 - 1939



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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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AUSTRALASIAN JAMBREE CAMPFIRE SONG BOOK

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1

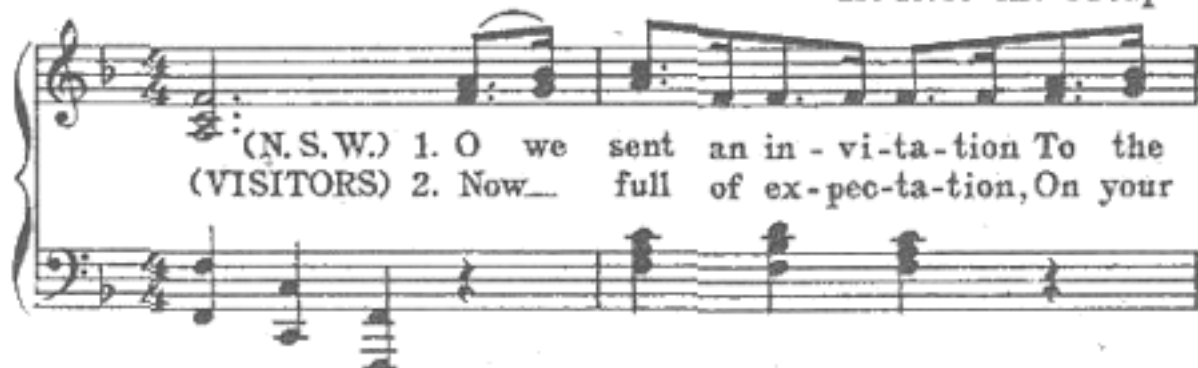
THE J. «MBOXFE SONG

Words and Music by

S.M

McNALLY

1st Roseville Group



(N. S. W.) 1. O we sent an in - vi - ta - tion To the
(VISITORS) 2. Now full of ex - pec - ta - tion, On your



Scouts of ev - 'ry na - tion To join us in a Jam - bo -
kind - ly in - vi - ta - tion We've joined you at the Jam - bo -



ree,
ree,
And they've told all their re - la - tions They're
And we like the ion You



spend - ing their va - ca - tions Un - der can - vas at the Jam - bo
cboee l'ot our ma - ca - tooa Els - der oaa - was et tte Jsæ - bo

ree. _____ There'll be plac - es to walk a - bout,
 ree. _____ So we've start - ed to walk a - bout,
 (ALL) So while gath - ered to - geth - er here,

Camp - sites to talk a - bout, Plen - ty to do and
 Seen lots to talk a - bout, Hap - py with you to
 Let's raise a heart - y cheer For our Chief Scout, B.

see. > > You'll en - joy the sit - u - a - tion And re -
 be, With a deep ap - pre - ci - a - tion Of our
 P. And his no - ble in - spi - ra - tion Of the

ekee con - sid - tr - s - tio» Wben you jein ze at te Jamöt - <ee.
 o" p is • H - or - a - tion, Aad\$oor Aria•tzalaeian Jam•bo. rec.
 wide co - op - er - a - tion We're en - joying at the Jam - bo - ree.

2

SiO WE COME

Words by JOHN LEA

Music by N. T. HOPE, A.T.C.L.

By Aer-o-plane we've scurried Cross land and sea we've hurried We're

now no long-er wor-ried cos we're here! Far

coun-try Scouts and ci - ty Both fat and thin and witty We'll

sing this lit-tle dit-ty cos we're here From

lands far dis - tant_ We've come a - cross the sea Our

aim con - sis - tent to the Jam - bo - ree.

Birds of a feath - er_ We're shout - ing all to - geth - er_ No

mat - ter what the weather Jam - bo - ree.

3

THE VESPER

Words by JOHN LEA

Music by N. T. HOPE, A.T.C.L.

Sun sinks and eve-ning is nigh Stars light up

The first system of musical notation for 'The Vesper'. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics 'Sun sinks and eve-ning is nigh Stars light up' are written below the staff.

in the sky Lord grant us sleep and

The second system of musical notation. The melody continues from the first system. The lyrics 'in the sky Lord grant us sleep and' are written below the staff.

rest till morn For all in

The third system of musical notation. The melody continues. The lyrics 'rest till morn For all in' are written below the staff.

life that's best For health and youth and zest

The fourth system of musical notation, which is the final system on the page. The melody concludes with a final cadence. The lyrics 'life that's best For health and youth and zest' are written below the staff.

Now let our voices ring With our songs of
 thanksgiving Through the bush-land ech-o-ing.

This musical system consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the notes.

BOY SCOUTS OF AUSTRALIA

Words and Music by
 Marcia

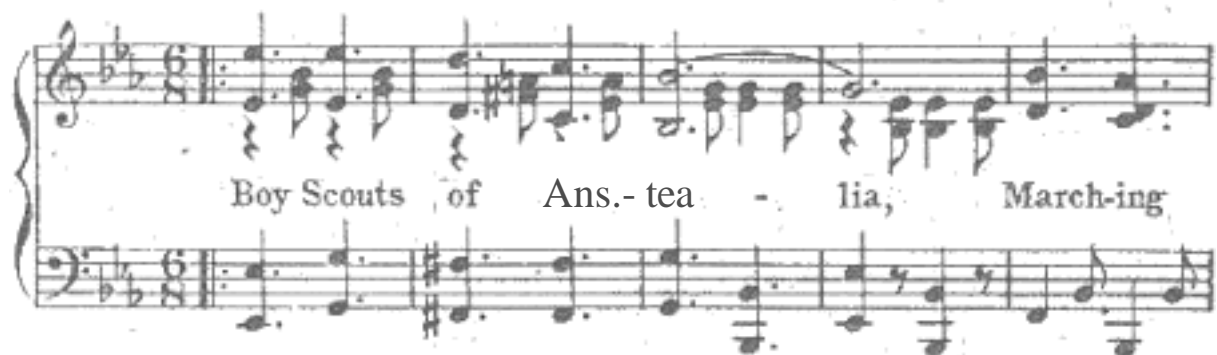
IFARLBY COOPb

1. Why are we so hap-py? Why, oh why, oh why?
 2. Round a-bout the camp-fires, -bo - ree,
 3. Now we are to - geth-er, Let our lungs ex-pand,

Its a sim-ple ques-tion, Here is our re - ply: We're
 Let your voic-es ring boys, Shout out mer-ri - ly. We're
 Show them what we're made of, Can we beat the band? We're

This musical system continues with two staves in the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the notes. The system ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

CĪJUHUS



Boy Scouts of Ans.- tea - lia, March-ing



side by side. Proud are



we to al - ways be, Read-v to help,



ready to serve or guide. Do -

ing our du - - ty, Hon - our - ing our

code _____ Boy Scouts of Aus -

tra - lia, Marching a-long the Em - pire's

1 2
road. _____ We're road. _____

5 AN AUSTRALASIAN JAMBOREE SONG.

Also "Jamboree Ball."

To every brother Scout, we give a friendly hand,
And 'se a joyous shout, of welcome to our land,
A brato we will shout,
our Chief Scout,
From North and South and East and West
We gi+'e fa you ay hest.

Jamboree, Jamboree, Jambo Jamboree,
The Au^t*al ia" la-beree, Jambe Janiboree,

We do not know your creed, we all assemble here,
And station do not heed, in this fair Southern sphere,
Our colour every hue,
Our greetings ever true,
And in our different tongues we'll sing
And make the welcome ring.

Jamboree, Jamboree, Jambo Jamboree,
The Australasian Jamboree, Jambo Jamboree.

6

A SONG OF PARTING.

("Skipper"), Albury.

The Jamboree soon will be over,
The days of our camping done
And every one—Cub, Scout and Rover,
Will tell of the new friends won;
We've spent happy hours together,
We've camped and we've wandered afar
We've laughed through all kinds of weather
And lustily cheered "hurrah";
Now homeward our faces we're turning,
We've wonderful tales to tell,
And with sadness and hearts that are burning,
We'll give you a fond "farewell."

Coo-ee, my comrades
The cry floxce over tke Ozs:
Coo-ee, my comrades,
God speed you across the ———

Tin '."R(diug Uv n fr<nn June,.

+

Fzafl L. Browo.

("Skipper"), Albury.

liking down to Sydney—to the Jamboree,
Come e happS Bej' fieouMfulf of life wan he;
 P'rying-ï>on and gadgets—sleuping-bag >o next,
 Hike-tent, aroupd-aheet, ru«sac—every think com
 plete.

-Stepping out so jtailx—sunshine, min or cloud,
 D awing nearer deny—feeling nether protid;
 Whistling as he's hiking—sinstng merrily,
 "T ttis is to iny likink—1t's the life for me."

Up and up he's climbi soon he toys the bil
 Camp spread out before hin—heei't jumps xs'ith a
 thrill;
 Dosvn the hill he's racing—earioess i past,
 through the camp he's pacing—â'es, he's there at

Tent i» soon erected—snuzlr settled down,
 AU his gear collected—now he'll look "round town";
 Up <nd down he wandvts—heart bri in full of glea,
 Ioyiultt he ponder "It's the life ter me."

Oh, the dax s thai followed—tasks and gamee cad

Meeting hosts of comrades—mn ny a new I rlend won;
 Csmprfire songs and storie lnoqhrer gas ar<l *red,
 to his friends he u•hisper "It's the life for me."

Jamboree has envied—homeward now' he goes,
 Thoughts on high ascended—1.cart within hint glows;
 Gi vitig thnijlis foI' 5eo\ ting—cnn>rz<Tes brotherly;
 Hear him madly shouting—"It's the lite for we."

8

ON THE TRACK

Words by R. M. EWING

Music by N. T. HOPE, A.T.C.L.

*Allegretto et con spirito**a tempo**rall.*

On the track with pack and tent on our back We go

on

our

way.

Hearts are high. And by our

Is kept

blue

all

day;

Where the gums are tall And the koo - kas call

There the bush free So (sing togeth-er)

Take the road And help to there«ate in-o - ther's load,

Cob - bers we.

ENJOY TRR *AMBOREF.

fo:"t€vonre , Mtrzlo jail."

BetjPeth the stars to-cight wr. Citty,
 is bzotbeuo f\zzn anal Watt
 Of Scouting joys for ex'er S'oung,
 OI tnendship 6tzong tn last,
 Of camping happiness to share
 With Scouts from o'er the sea.
 In every way,
 thj•ough every far,
 Enjoy the Jamboree,
 'then let us one and eIl onite
 3'o enjoy the J3oiboree.

home z »e Tom Azdic re one
 And come front sunex isles,
 \Vhi!t others maul the desert,
 Or 'jon<l svh ch ever em>\en,
 }fave Colne to beip cs here, an<i made
 A camp ef v eRtest glee.
 In mans a ii'a;
 They shout and tn timer,
 Enjoy the J authors e,
 'then lot us itli lbern join and shouti
 Eiijoj' the Jamboree.

10 LET'S ALL BE AT THE JAMBOREE.

"Come to the Jamboree, the Jamboree, the Jamboree."

A. T/. Hall.

A9M. 7 how L mb(w.

L#Vs #1 be

At the ,Ts nhorre,

Think of all the good times, when we go,
 Are we joining tn mis.s 'ein? to! he! ! NO!!!

There we'll see,

Our Chief I2.V.,

'I'Len Shouting at it's best 'TT realize,

And the Scouts from countries; near and far
 With a left-hand sbske, arfl grin.

Will prove their F ItEx DSH IP to thg Skres.

1 DCNO ARK J%MBOREE LONG



28m-Mr.im. Varn b9-see, âau - bo-res. da n-bo.res.

Jam - bo-ree, Jam-bo-ree, Jam! Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!

Jam - bo-ree, Jam-bo-ree, Jam - bo-ree, Jam-bo-ree,

.tant - ho - ee> Jan - ice - tee. Job! flé•!

8ooond Verse. Hum the Tyne, ycil the hqa- ,

Thi rd Yerse. fsifii th tfie tuate,yell the lix-ha'u.

Potirth Yerse. ;S lense for as many tests a The tane is.loiu. yell the
ma-had.

12 ARROW R PARK J AMBOREE SONG



J - A - If - It - O - k - E - B, J - .t - iyl - B -

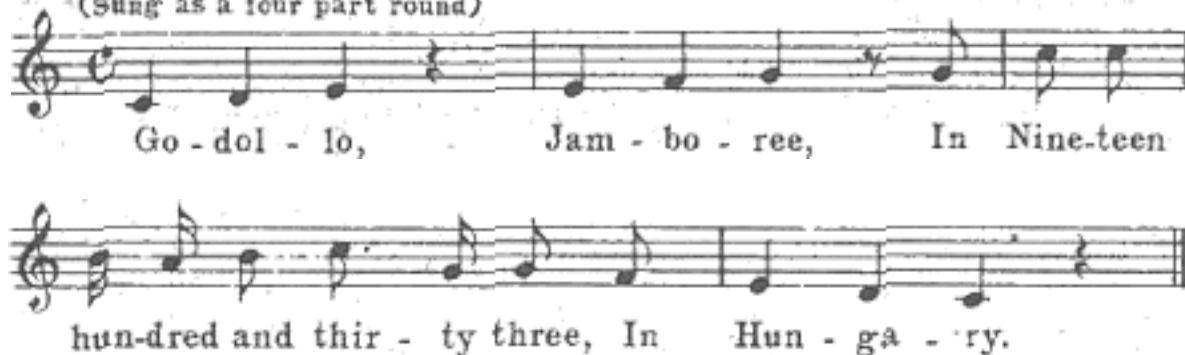
O - R - E - E, J - A - M - B - O - R - E - E, J - A - M - B -

O - R - E - E, A - R - R - O - W - E (Shout)-ARROWE!!

13' GODOLLO JAMBOREE LONG

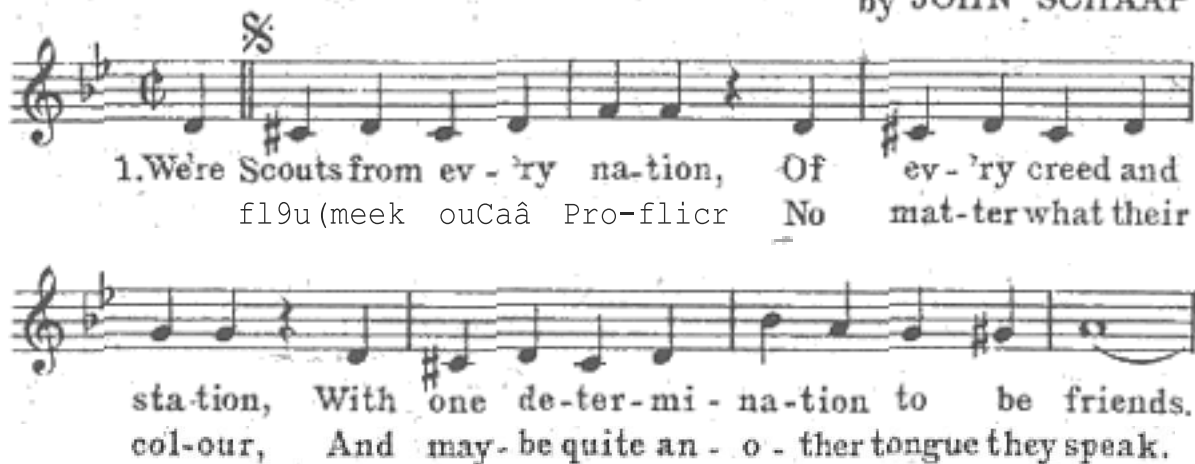
1933

(Sung as a four part round)

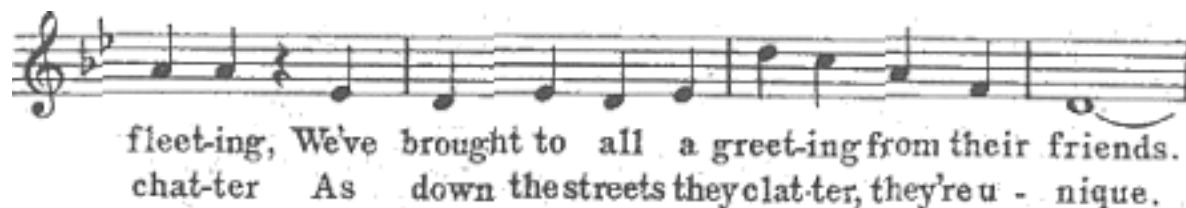


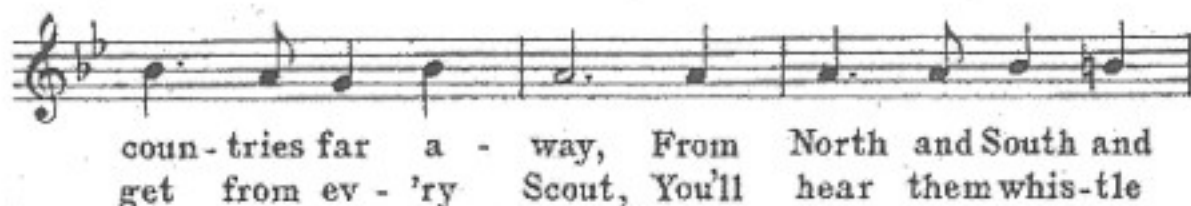
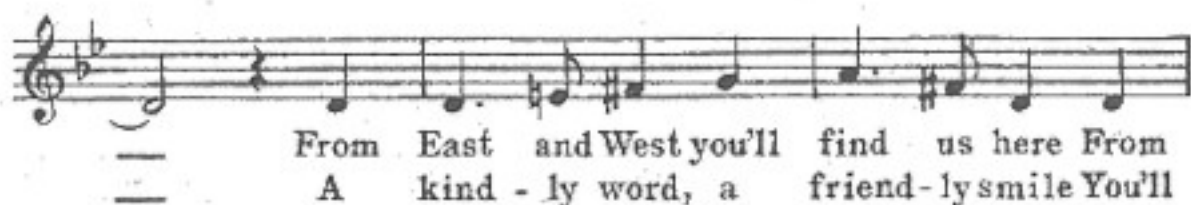
4 HOLLAND JAMBOREE SING

by JOHN SCHAAP

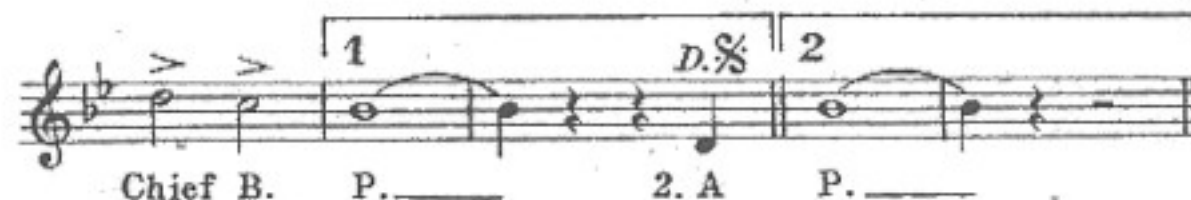
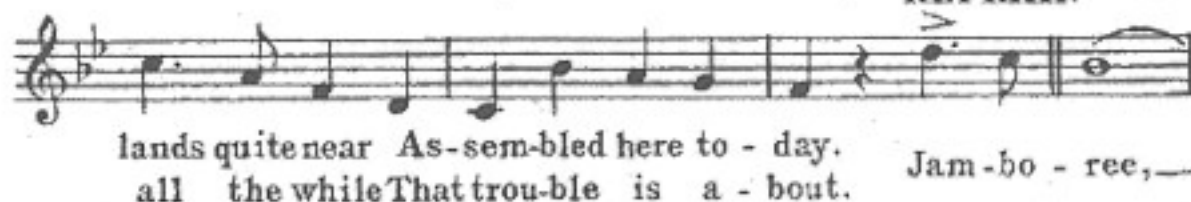


We'x'e.gntttere fi tor a meet-irig, A tsp d*y« Pitt-ly
It real-ly does not mat-ter, km tl11wi11;iea then





REFRAIN



INTERNAL ICiNAL SGOUT-.MARCH

15

Rem=MMB Gon 'Jmbom\$

Osezkéa'

(Jamboree Daily, Godollo, 1933)



Let us march a»t sink' to - getii - er, from wh at -



'ev - er clime we come Or what - ev - er kind of



weath-er We have left i»e-h iad at home. Be it



cold, with ice and snow, my boys, Or heat, with trop-ic



rai n, Let oa smi ie aft d whis • lie till we meet a -



gain! Fer a Scout meets tico»I as



bro•tfer, I i what - «v - er ptace it be, And sa -
na. I in no . That w th cause all War to ce as e, Aed to



lu - ting one an - o - ther, As a tok - en they are
fu - ture gen - er - a - tions Bring the fruits of hap - py



free And are not the slaves of ty-rants, But will
peace, Then those men will be the lead-ers Who have



hon-our what is true, As their Chief has shown each
cour-age to do right, And old wrongs the on - ly



one the way to do — So will
foes we have to fight — — Let us



march and sing to - geth - er, From what - ev - er clime we



come, And what - ev - er kind of - weath - er We have



left be-hind at home, Be it cold, with ice and



snow, my boys, Or heat, with trop - ic rain, Let us



smile and whis-tle till we meet a - gain!



For we are brothers all of what - ev - er de -
come my gal-lant lads on the high-way to



gree, From Wolf-Cubs to Ro-vers And Scouts of the
tramp, Then in - to the wood-land And there pitch our



Sea, All the world's our play-ground When
camp. Light a crack-ling fire— And



we've a mind to roam Hail each hard ad -
pot a hun - ter's stew Sing while that's a -



ven - ture, Be - fore we trek for home; There's
cook - ing, As on - ly Scout's can do; Then



man - y sca - ly drag-ons on a path up - hill and
serve it up with "pep - per" and be sure you've got e -



rough, But on my bud - ly bops, well give 'ea> hot
nough, So on my but - l'r L , sell gire 'eæ hot

stuff! So, on, my bul - ly boys, we'll

give 'em hot stuff! So stuff! Let us

march and sing to - geth - er, From what -

ev - er clime we come Mr what - ev - er kiad of

teeth - er We have left be - hind at

heee. De it cold, with ice and snow, my boys, Or

heat, with trop - ic rain, Let us

smile and whis - tle till we meet a - gain!

SIWF IISIH SGOUT SONG

6

{. Q'i• trip o\•r Ihe deg cov-ered lulls, hill, bills, The
 .The winds tbro' e dozy for-end sigh, high, shh , Life
 3. So ores-ri - ly to tit-er with our hearts a - fi re,

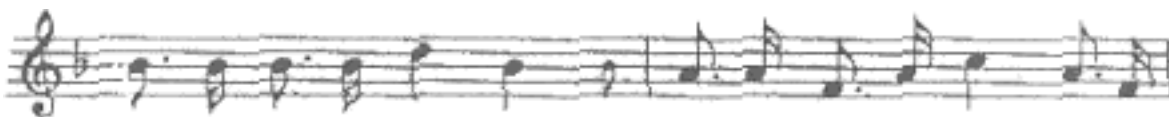


lush green grass - es and the rills, rills, rills, Our
 notes of an or - gan ris - ing , , , high, Our
 We are tramping to our hearts de - sire, sire, sire, The



hearts with joy will sing and mer-ry songs we'll sing, As we
 trou - bles soft-ly pass as we tread the kind-ly grass, And the
 land of fai-ry dreams, which with treasures brightly gleams, Yes we

@amy her Th» dew - - ca- «red hftJs, hI , Site Our
 w o6s tbro the jerk for- eg sgh, B/b,, sgh. Ustr
 tza mp fo Ifie load @ oor Wnrf s da - xIre, aire, szre, Tfie



hearts with joy will sing and mer-ry songs we'll sing, As we
 trou-bles soft-ly pasx as we toad the find-ly grass, And th
 land of for-ryttresiiu, wliich witht res bright@gleann, Yessrr



tramp o'er the dew - eov-ered hills, hills, hills.
 winds thro' the dark for - eat sigh, sigh, sigh.
 tramp to the land of our hearts de - sire, sire, sire.

THERE SHALL BE SUNCHINE

17

Words by W. P. FOOKS and
Dr. MITCHELL (Sth. Australia)



1. There shall be sun - shine, there shall be
2. 7 tie eun is Minh - ieg, the sun is



sun-shine, From morn - ing till night; The sun is
sink - ing, And fail - ing light. The shad - ows



fleaw - irg, the e i gleim - ii , And



we are al - right.
day in - to night.

Our hearts Are
.4. hush canoes



danc - ing with life en - tranc - ing Un - til falls the
ateal - iog a breath re - «eat - ing The day in its



night— There shall be sun - shine, there shall be
flight— A day now sepAi - Eng, s soft - ly



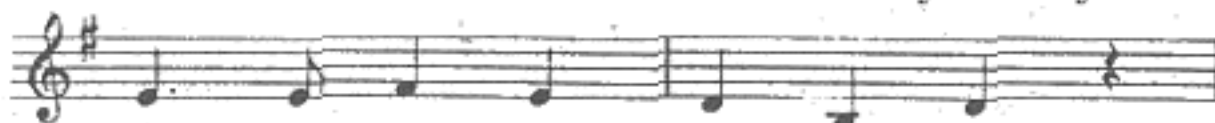
sun - atice, Prom morii - ing ti11 eight .
- ink, days safi - ly *'Good - aight'.

YOUTH IS CALLING

Words by W. P. FOOKS
(South Australia)



1. Youth is call - ing as we climb,
2. Out a - long high - way clear
3. Up the rug - ged moun - tains side
4. Bed the star - ry sky



Op - en air and rain or
Stal - wart friend and right good cheer,
Wind - ing path with care - less stride,
Camp fire glim - mer close - ly by

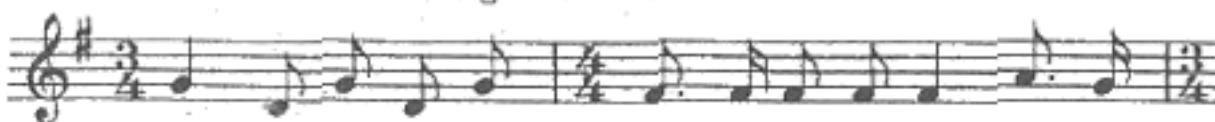


Youth is call - ing fair or fine Who'll
Friends who're not a - fraid to share Who'll
Through wild na - ture's coun -
Wind that whis - ties, pines that sigh Who'll

CHORUS



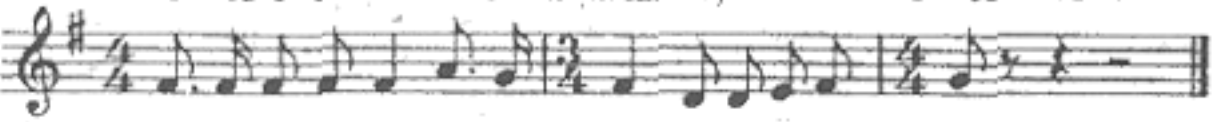
come a - rov - ing with me? O - lav -



i ol-i ol-i isht ah ha ha ha, O - lav -



i ol-i ol-i isht ah ha ha ha, O-lav - i ol-i ol-i



isht ah ha ha ha, O-lav - i ol-i ol-i isht!

(NOTE: The original German words of the Chorus have been altered by usage to those printed above, which are easier to sing.)

The són is a-shinin't on valley and hill,

With u tretgh-ho, conte on the hike.

Of toiling in tier we're alt had out fill,

i> ith a l i h-liv, •!>•••e on tub lii]:c

fet the easirle frequenters i-eeline at their ease,

We have. 'orked .with our hana« and our feet and

uuv- *knees*,

Come, then, tall yourselves mcn,

llet sis oit on the traeü in the **raorning**,

So haul out your rucsacs as quick as you like,

With a heigh-ho, come on the hike.

There are cant tracks for horses certh "trippers"

@alore. -

11eiÜii-hò, eome on the liihe,

And tracks that Fave seldoni been travelled before,

fi"rth a heigh-ho, come on the hike-

There ate pfoces i'ith lirlitl murks for Teiidcrfoot

Scouts,

And "super severes" with the land marks left out,

Come then, ca l yourselves »nen,

We'll be out on the hills in the morning.

So "rosI out your rucsacs us t mck us fou like,

With a heigh-ho, come oh the hike.

There rire i'iàvei fo r aiainiriiiing and beaches tor smi,

U'ith e heigh-bo, cóme on the hike. '

Aoxi cinip ertes all eo've1-cd with brneiien 'aft& turf,

With a heigir-ho, coine on the hike.

There ere fresh eggs and baeon fou. breakfast at

e>ht,

And plenty oí porridge, no bi-iug a ooop plate-

Come then, call yourselves men,

Wel be.out on the liills .in the nio*n tuq,

So rout out your iuésacs and run for the mare,

Ceiie hen,.eonie a l ye meu, come oli ye • n,-come

all ye men

Make for the hi](s in 'the morning..

Heigh by, home on. the }>ike,

9DNG CF TRE WOODCHxPI Pâ7R0L9.

Tnn*:"What Cao U= M*mz t."

(Reprinted from the Western Australian Scout Song Book.)

V'e're bPothai in woodcraft and otie happy family,
Scouts who are helpii:; aai'e trees for humsnity,
Sning the Cash Irent the match tiend't, inzapity,
Boyg of the Foreat Pattol.

Grey shirts, z'e'i-e fare:cds of the weather,
lii yrey st:irts we're ali in high feather,
In key st ints 'e erant tn know whether
You'll join ir. the Fol'est Patrol.

On cmete, or or foot wn wander the by-ways,
Y'e took out for smoke as we travel the highwaya,
We learn all the footpaths and also the nighways,
Box'g Of thg Porest Patcc'l.

There's la*reh «url liarri ord tuart and marry,
And black butt and yofreli and waodoo anal morreil,
And rsnz mnre lrees that youfll learn to be brother
to
Boys uf the Forest Patrod,

21 HIKING ON THE ROAD TO ANYWHERE.

Tune: "The Road to the Isles."

V'e'te hiking brothers down the roadk any here,
V*t'ro hlñink down a road beside the sea,
So let your feet keep step and sing a merry song—
And let t:se .air be rest with bsrmony,

Refrain:

l2r Jet it go, end tiny it so
the bñd9 wiI Ande And:
We're sinning with u spirit y dna *ree.
So let it go, and sing it so.
.All Natiire nuderstanda,
We're united in a happy melody.

Go keep to Bether pals, there's music in the air
 When hiking down the road beside the sea,
 If you know where be bzo't we is as we pass thought
 any where,
 No let the air be rent with haimoni'.

Refrain:

Let it go, and sing it so
 Our spirit fills the air,
 the world has need of spirit of this kind.
 So let it go, and sing it so
 The music spreads around
 Among the corners of the human Kind.

22

"HI HO FOR SCOUTING, OH!"

Tune: "Hi Ho, the Merrie."

It's the wonder programme of all the century.
 Hi Ho for Scouting, Oh!
 She's good enough for me.
 Here's a song for Scouting, let's sing it merrily.
 Hi Ho for Scouting, Oh!
 She's good enough for me.
 Just like a good Scout we are growing
 We start to see in our lives and we'll keep it lively.
 Soon a million Boy Scouts,
 A million more you'll see.
 Hi Ho for Scouting, Oh!
 Ain't good enough for me.

The look of our motto;
 Prepared we'll ever be,
 Hi Ho for Scout work, Oh!
 She's good enough for me.
 Our Scout Law we will cherish,
 To serve God and Country,
 Hi Ho for Scouting, Oh!
 She's good enough for me.
 Our pioneer spirit is far-reaching,
 To learn by doing is our aim and teaching.
 Wherever you may wander
 Good Scouts there will be,
 Hi Ho for Scouting, Oh!
 She's good enough for me.

23

THE BOY SCOUT'S DAY.

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 thrust from the blue to grey,
 With the shadow of the coming bright;
 Do you think what the end of a good scout day
 Can mean in a man's life,
 When the bugle blows and the fag comes dog
 And there's peace in the work of a tribe.

Well this is the end of a Boy Scout's day,
 Near the end of our journey, too,
 And the things that are gone cannot be recalled;
 What have they meant to you?
 You'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.

2g

CAMP FIRE SONG.

Tune: "Love's Old Sweet Song."

(Key, A Flat. Time, 4/4.)

Glad are the Scouts when the time is here,
 And we can meet our friends from far and near
 Join in the pleasures of the gay camp life,
 Far from the city's sound if toil end strike.
 Dwelling in Nature as the days go by,
 Learning our lessons from the earth and sky.

Chorus:

Just a group of Boy Scouts,
 'Round the campfire's blaze,
 With our songs in camp life
 Afraid of other dare,
 When the fire burns dimmer,
 And the sparks fly low,
 To our home and loved ones
 How our thoughts go; how our thoughts all go.

Abd then et n rät benenth thü an mp flFe's rsy,
 l d y n'e gather at the close of dai ;
 V'hile up. rtbote the ;t are el eveniiit, gIon
 Sending a message to us below;
 And o'er the cnrn p a roystie spell doth fall,
 As the svinds schn to w:nisper, "Brothers all."
 (Chorus).

25 SCOUT'S GOOD-NIGHT SONG.

Tune: "Neapolitan Song."

(Key C. Time, 3/4.)

F. Bradley.

Footsteps on distant trail,
 impoard are LenJ ng;
 Wood fire and bubbling stew,
 Rich odours sentnr;
 Here is your heart's desire,
 Rest svheii your feet slial! tiie,
 Open aiP und p;ls and food and fre ;
 Joy never en<ting.

CaznB fires Art Lurning to \",
 No longer leaping;
 |5couLs sing üvir ercnin Hong,
 snadows come creeping
 Sun sinks below the west,
 Guodrtig lit und wsa\ yurt rend,
 Blankets warm and by soft sounds caressed;
 Scouts are all sleeping.

2Ö OR TSE CltSST OF . AVE.

"From 'The Gang Show' by Ralph Reader."

We're riding along on the crest of a wave
 And the sun is in the sky,
 All our eyes on
 The distant horizon
 EuoY-out Er j>«Kse»s-by.
 Tel) de the hi ins
 When other ships are round us sailing.
 We're riding along on the crest of a wave
 And the wo'ld is oui's!

TREK CART SONG

1. O - ver hill, o - ver dale, As we hit the riv - er
 *.dound tlia I ire, fails lbe ri2-ht, Ski«s are dark t»t hearts arc



trail, And the trek cart goes roll - ing a - long.
 light, For we're far from the sound of the throng;

In and out, hear them shout, Gee! I'm glad that I'm a
 Scouts a - round, on the ground, Lis - ten to the mer - ry

Scout—And the trek cart goes roll - ing a - long.
 sound, For we've sll brengjit ovr vo•= - cs - foug. ____

f k

CHORUS

Then hi - hi - bee: it's the Itt'e for in,

Start ih« aay end' end I with a song, ____ Wher -



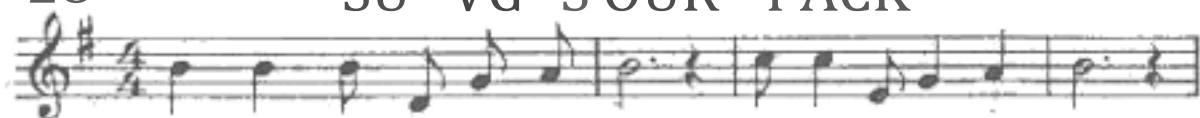
c'er you go, you will al - ways know That our



trek cart goes roll - ing a - long— (Keep it



roll - ing) That our roll - ing a - long. ____



Eli iip your pay k a-Eross your back , Ct1eer•i - 1) hit the t rail *



reamp up-h,il ii h a toy - al li, rev—ei word i ke ta i l;



Dull or fair,yet do or dare, Clad-c<I or clear the day,



Sling your pack a-cross your back, Hiking a-long the way.

CHORUS



Sling your pack a - cross your back, Cheer-i - ly hik-ing a -



long the track., In-to the pace co stead - i - ly so'iuq°,



hey•er foz•get what a Scout sheuld brinp. Sling your pack a -



cross your back, Cheer-i - ly hit-ting the trail,



Tie map tip-hi II »'ilita loy - ml will, Ne*-er â z'ord lix e la i l.

From 'The Boy Scout Song Book' published by C. C. Birchard & Co. Boston, Mass. Used by permission.

29

TWINKLE IN YOUR EYE.

"From 'The Gang Show' by Ralph Reader."

Oh, the sun is always shining, shining in the sky,
If you walk round this funny old earth
With a twinkle in your eye.

'Theie's a reiiiboi looking for you.
It vth get you, b2 ach bt,
If you wiilk round xvith your face all mmilès,
And a twinkle in ?yi'nr eye.

You'll be spreading happiness down every single
street,

You'll be piviug happinc.se to eveiyone you inclt,
And the '11 bring you a l'cur-leaf omver,
That's a luck you can't deny.

.End j'ou'['l end up sitting on top of the world,
Y'ith a tiv'iukle in vour.et'e.

30

OH, WHAT A MERRY LAND IS ENGLAND.

Aunt Jemima had a well
Which the plumber built her;
Oh, what a merry land is England,
rid inta iL ppor Aunt ie fe11
fio no»- we use a filtei'.
Eh, whnh 'a :ii»rej toont is tragisch.

Horus:

Rule, Rule Britannié,
Long live the King,
'Ha d tinten,.hard tiines,
Never let tes sing•,
If okey-Jiokey, peiiny a tuinp,
Cash before you buy.
O h, whet a nierry lartd is England,

Williè" in one of 'hit rico blue sashes,
Peil- in the fire and s'as burt* to ashes.
.Oh, hs t a inei-ry snd i* Eu Eland.
And pre.ently the room gre ' chillt',
'c» noi»oav iireü t no e <o> Willie.
Oh, what a merry land is England.

"Oh, what it that," said little back,
 "S pread oot like i4spberry jam
 Oh, what a merry land is England.
 "flush, hush, ny boy, it.i yo«t payx,
 Run over by a tram."
 Oh, what a merry land is England.

We'll lay him out and nail him up
 lii Oi s Iittie coffin.
 Oh, what a merry land is England.
 A'"l for well 1a;R 8 f°"e
 A <houce ve donK g<C ofen.
 Oh, wknt o met rj' land ig England.

IF EV'RYONE DID A GOOD TURN EVERY DAY.

Some say the world is wrong,
 The world's all right,
 If the peep le liVirtg in it,
 Siiiiierl a Iittie i'vry miJutei
 If i\le rheere<l each other all day long
 Hearts would be light,
 3't' YOUI& lzugfi Bt i S Of \$rGy,
 7'roubles rile ivou1<l fade aña*.

Chorus:

I 'zS'TyOtW dial cutiysOt• a god they ed' fy dR3;
 how has pystit old > or!il would be!
 If ei"rione siriled upotl someone evh'y day.
 The suri •a'omlit alows's sliinc oil yotj rind Inc;
 1"hethrr it's a fond en hrnce,
 When he° it's a kiss or two,
 9 hether it's a sinili«p fa'e,
 On a hzipIti hand to see hint th rough.
 If ev'ryone did ev'ryone a good turn ev'ry day,
 flow £a9t>y this o:d world woul<l be!

fi men we are Kelli g blue,
 An<J s<>me one smites,
 How we find that smile so cheering,
 Like a rainbow just appearing,
 Monie kind spoéen u'ord will lessen, too,
 The weâry miles,
 It's ao wonderful and ture
 What these htth things enn do,

THE CAMPER'S SONG



1. Fol - low the to the o - pen air, A -
 2. Fol - low the trail to the o - pen air



done with the best of sky ; _____ A pack on your back and
 bet-tide of dos shy Sy. _____ A smile on your lips, a



new - er e care, Let - ting the di9rs ship by.
 soig in your bear I, One with the hills ei9t shy.



Heel - ing fra-Franca of pines in the dark



Glow from the camper's fire. _____ Sea - gett and swo99 aad



mus - ic of waves, While the grey smoke curls high'r.

THE ANN OF THE STARRY PKY

Tope: "Light Cavalry"

1. O, — this is the day, it is
2. Through the val - ley low at

up and a-way At the jeep of ear - ly
our ease we go, To the tone the brook is

morn - ing, With staff in hand, an
sing - ing; We mouot the hill with a

ea - ger band, And heart as light as
stur - dy will, spi - rits ev - er

Io - the drum and fibe, ther» is
high; — F,, the goal i» tilt, nd

joy in life As the earth our feet — are
know the night To the har - dy band — is

scorn - ing, And off we start, with
bring - ing In - vit - ing beds for

bouy - nn* heart j¥od nev- or e thought or'
we r)- lirsrds, At tha for or' the St ar - ry Sky.

IT'S A GOOD TIME TO GET ACQUAINTED.

34

Tune: "Tipperary."

It's a good time to get acquainted;
It's a good time to know
Who is sitting close beside you,
And to smile and say "Hello!"
Goodbye, lonesome feeling,
Farewell glassy stare,
Here's my hand, my name is _____
So put yours right there.

¥' PRF DER8 rORFUN.

Tune: "Auld Lang Syne."

iflkr E'. Time, 4'4.)

We're here for fun *:gmt fi'om the stow I
So drop your dignity—
Just isugh and ring with all your heart
And show your loyalty.
Nny all- jo u• troubles be forgot
Let this night be the best.
Join in the songs we sing to-night,
Be happy with the rest.

36

YAWNING IN THE MORNING.

Tune: "Roamin' in the Gloamin'."

(Key F. Time, 4/4.)

â awning in the morning,
When the neveille we hear;
Yawning in the morning,
then cut' sleep is very dear.
And when we*ré fulli' dressed,
'Aftil i e think vze look our 'bé8t,
Still xre gc on awning, in the morning.

Vo\\ "ninp n"the morriin@,
When the S.M. gives his roar;
We've only had two hours of sleep,
And wish we had some more.
How we wish we'd gone to bed,
When the sun was setting red;
Then we'd not be yawning in the morning.

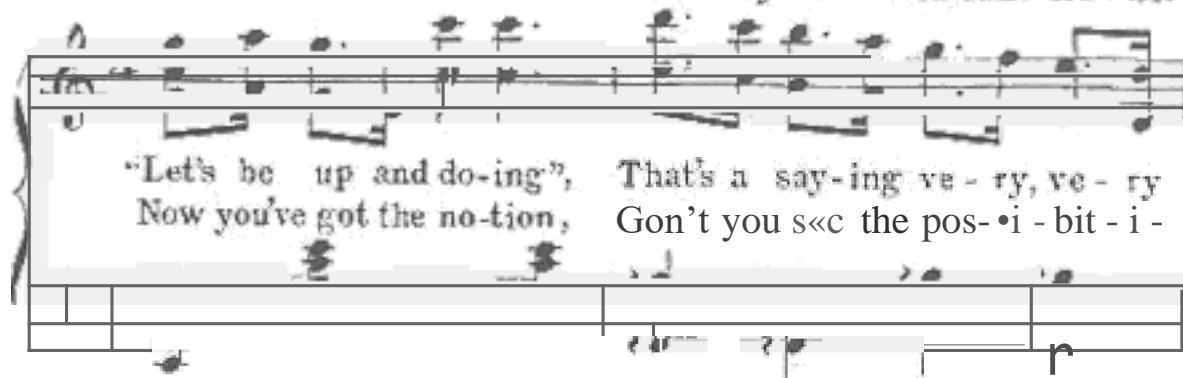
1. Oh, my name is Mac - Na - ma - ra, I'm the
 lead-er of the band, Al-though we're few in num-ber We're the
 fin-est in Of course, I am con-duct-or And we
 ve - ry of-ten play Be - fore the great mu-sic-ians That you
 CHORUS
 hear of ev - 'ry day. Tra la, Tra la, la,
 la, la, Tra la, la, la, la, la; Tra la, Tra la, la,
 la, la. Tra la, la, la, la, la! Boom, boom! Bang, bang!
 (Shout)

2. O, the drums go bang, the cymbals clang,
 And the horns they blaze away,
 McCarthy pumps the big bassoon,
 And I the pipes do play.
 Oh, Hennessy, Hennessy tootles the flute
 And the music is simply grand,
 A credit to old Ireland is
 bl.ae Namern'B Bz nd.

ÄoDI2e. T'fiû ĨR tFR ĩa la etc.

FIARL IN TH BORN ING

by "A HOLBORN ROVER"



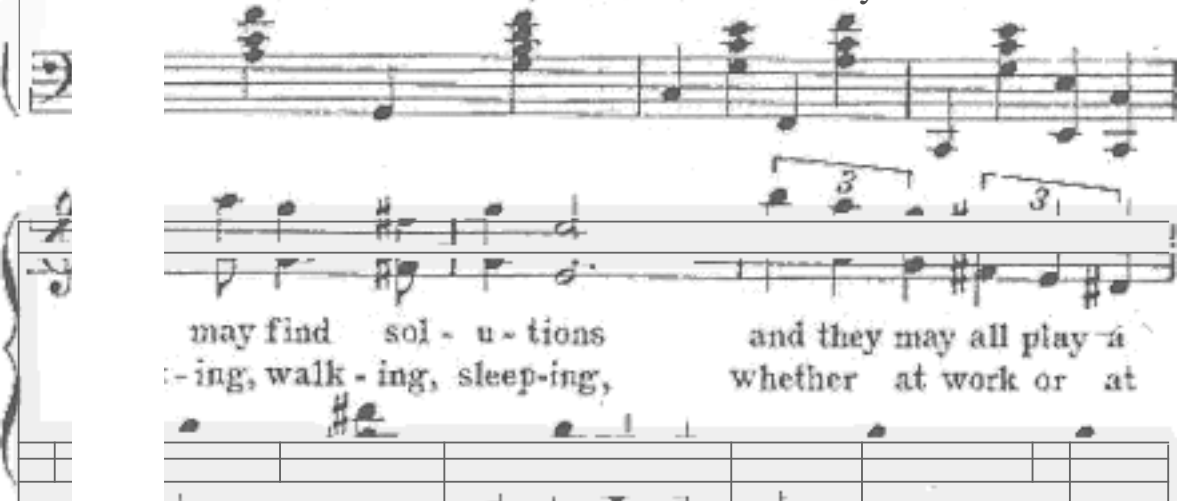
"Let's be up and do-ing", That's a say-ing ve - ry, ve - ry
Now you've got the no-tion, Gon't you s«c the pos-i - bit - i -



old— but true, "Let's be up and do-ing", Now
ty of fun? Two -6le in the mo-tion



-bout ap-ply-ing i to me—
Here's a tai ly for ev - ry - ene.



may find sol - u - tions and they may all play a
-ing, walk - ing, sleep-ing, whether at work or at

part,
play,

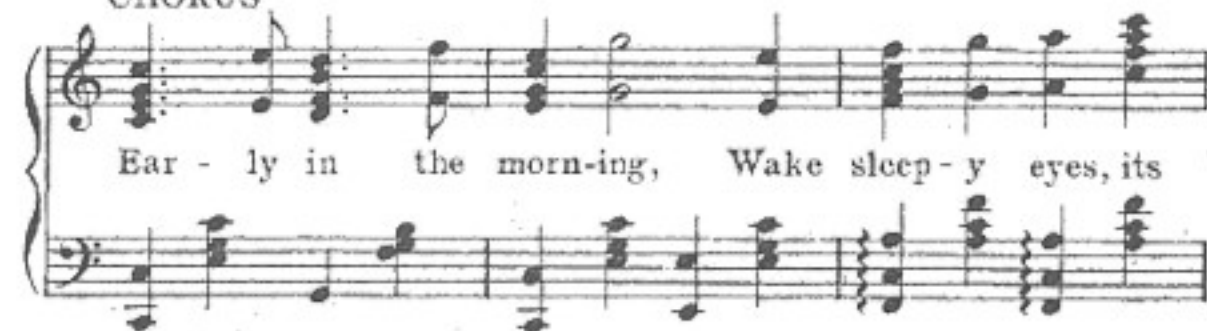
But keep - i»g res - o - 1«-lions
Here's u thiou hid worUi Iteel-iip,

oft-en de-pends on the slart. So we won't de-
so let's be-gin it to - day. Join the Gang, be

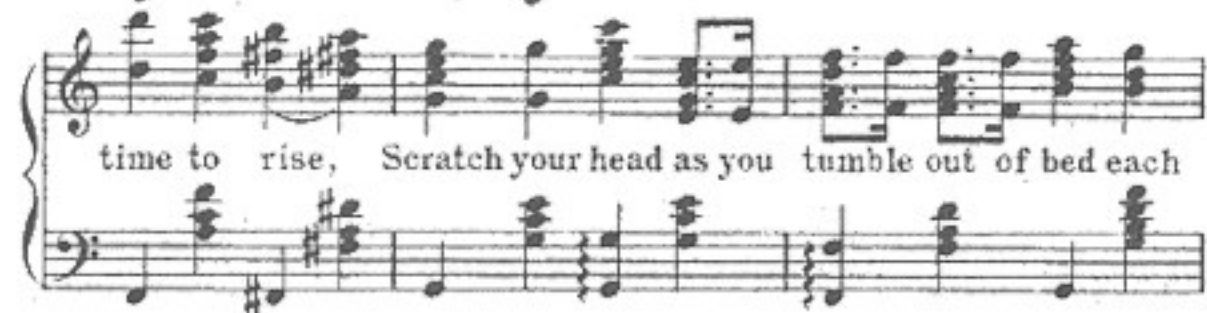
lay to - mor - row, _____
"op - ti - mis - tic mind-ed", _____

Let me tell you when to be - gin! _____
With The God, re-inc ni-her to say: _____

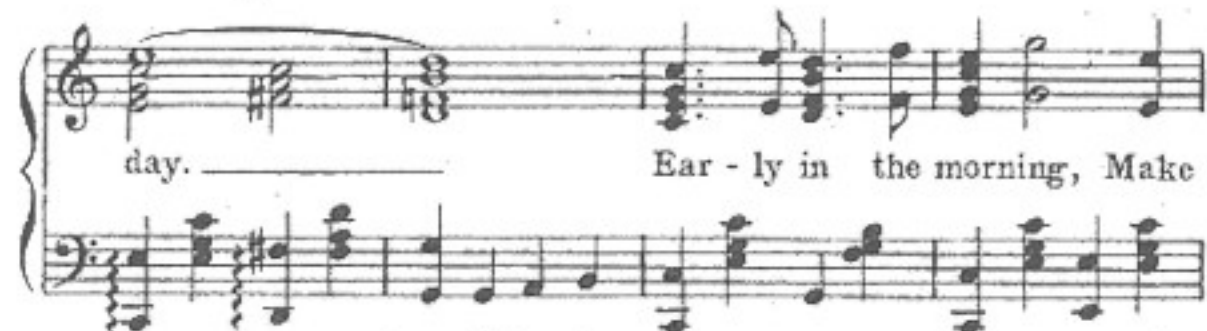
CHORUS



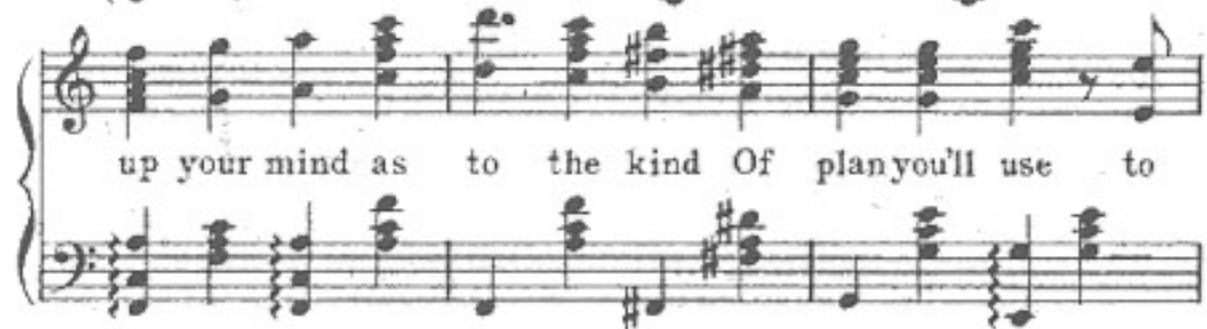
Ear - ly in the morn-ing, Wake sleep-y eyes, its



time to rise, Scratch your head as you tumble out of bed each



day. _____ Ear - ly in the morning, Make



up your mind as to the kind Of plan you'll use to



ban-ish all the blues a - way. _____

Though the clouds are rid - ing Head o - ver heels by the

sun, ct the Dawn is hid - ing Just re - mem - ber

one thing, Ear - ly in the morn - ing, The

on - ly way to start O. K. Is wear a grin, for you

know that it - 'll win the Day. D.C.

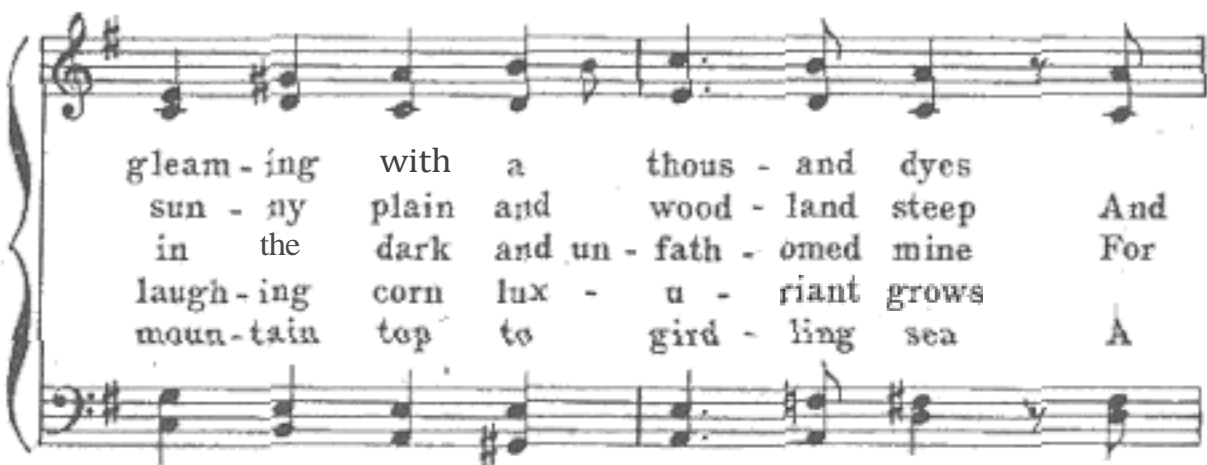
SONG OF AUSTRALIA

Words by Mrs C. J. CARLETON

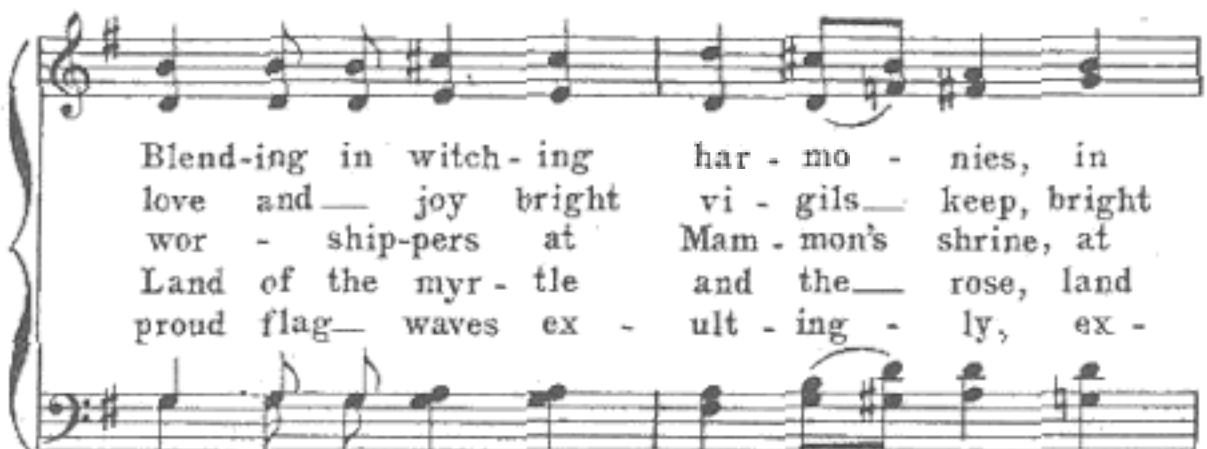
Music by C. LINGER



1. There is a sum - mer skies Are
 2. There is a land where home-steads cop From
 3. There is a land where treas - uses whine Deep
 4. There is a land where hon - ey flows Where
 5. There is a land where float - ing free



gleam - ing with a thous - and dyes
 sun - ny plain and wood - land steep And
 in the dark and un - fath - omed mine For
 laugh - ing corn lux - u - riant grows
 moun - tain top to gird - ling sea A



Blend - ing in witch - ing har - mo - nies, in
 love and — joy bright vi - gils — keep, bright
 wor - ship - pers at Mam - mon's shrine, at
 Land of the myr - tle and the — rose, land
 proud flag — waves ex - ult - ing - ly, ex -

har - mo - nies And grass - y knoll and—
 vi - gils— keep Where the glad voice of—
 Mam - mon's shrine Where gold lies hid and—
 of the— rose On hill and plain the—
 ult - ing - ly And free-dom's sons the—

for - est height Arc flush - ing in the—
 child - ish glee Is ming - ling with the—
 ru - bies gleam And fa - bled wealth no—
 clus - t'ring vine Is gush - ing out with—
 ban - ners bear No shack - led slave can

ro - sy light And all a - bove is— a - zure bright,
 mel - o - dy Of na - tures hid - den min - strel - sy,
 more doth seem The i - dle fan - cy— of a dream,
 pur - ple wine And cups are quaff'd to— thee and thine,
 breathe the air Fair - est of Brit - ain's daugh - ters fair,

REFRAIN

Aus - tra - li - a, Aus - tra - li - a, Aus - tra - li - a!

GUNDAGAI

JACK O'HAGAN

There's a track wind-ing back to an old fash-ioned

The first system of musical notation for 'GUNDAGAI'. It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and common time. The treble staff has a G chord above the first measure and a D7 chord above the fifth measure. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords.

shack a-long the road to Gunda - gai—(Back to Gun-da-
(Gun - da - gai)

The second system of musical notation. The treble staff has a D7 chord above the fourth measure and a G chord above the eighth measure. The bass staff continues the accompaniment. The lyrics are split across two lines, with a repeat sign in the middle.

gai) Where the blue gums are grow-ing and the

The third system of musical notation. The treble staff has a C chord above the fourth measure. The bass staff continues the accompaniment. The lyrics continue across the system.

Mur - rum - bid - gee's flow-ing be - neath that

The fourth system of musical notation. The treble staff has a G chord above the first measure and an A7 chord above the seventh measure. The bass staff continues the accompaniment. The lyrics conclude the system.

12
sun-ny sky,— (that sun-ny sky) Where my dad-dy and
(su - ny sky)

mo-ther are wait-ing for me,— And the pals of my

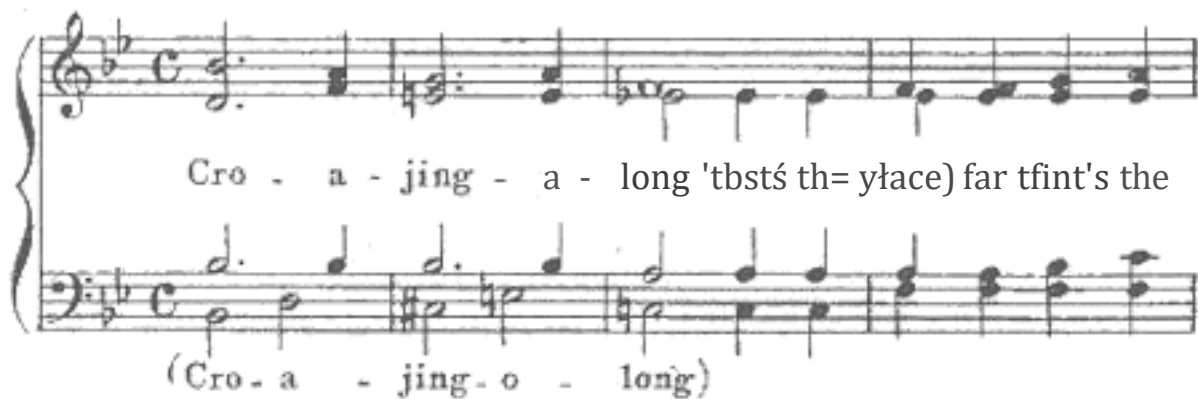
A7 D7 G
child-hood once more I will see,— Then no more will I

D7 G
room, When I'm head-ing right for home,— A - long the

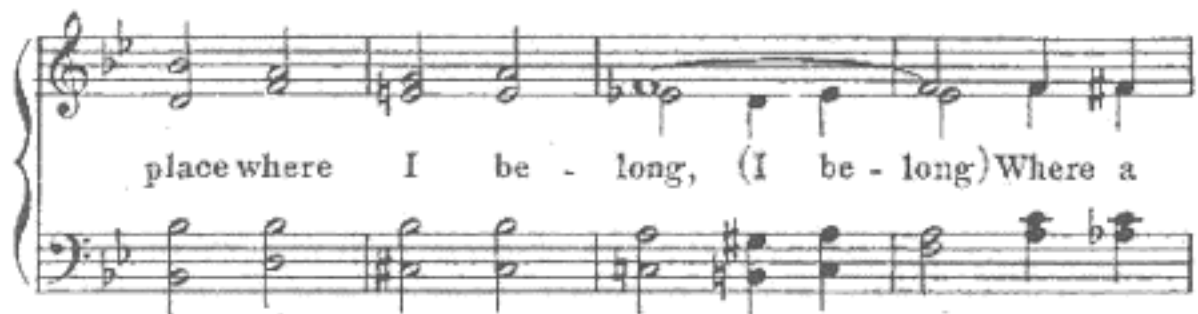
D7 G
road to Gun-da - ğsi (to Gun-da - gai.)

ALICE LIND

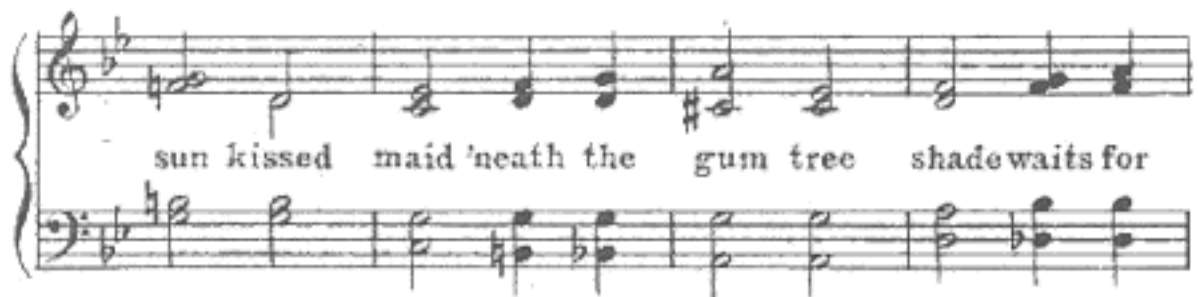
PAT DUNLOP



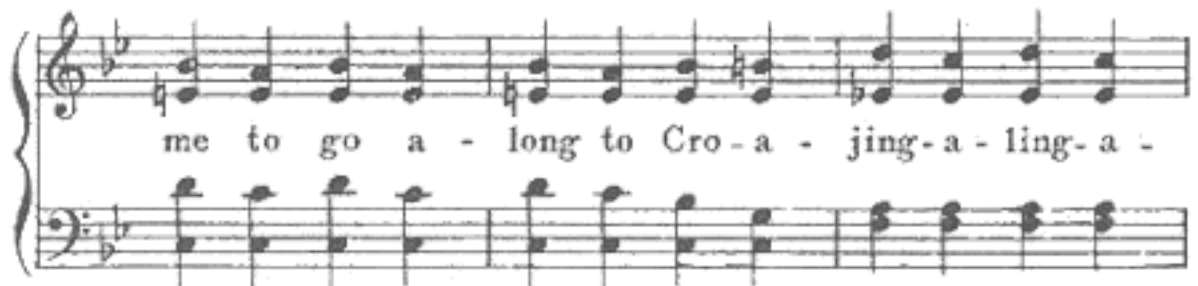
Cro - a - jing - a - long 'tbst's th= ylace) far tfint's the
(Cro - a - jing - o - long)



place where I be - long, (I be - long) Where a



sun kissed maid 'neath the gum tree shade waits for



me to go a - long to Cro - a - jing - a - ling - a -

ling-a-long: No long-er will I roam (no long-er

roam) From my own Aus-tral-ian home (Aus-sie

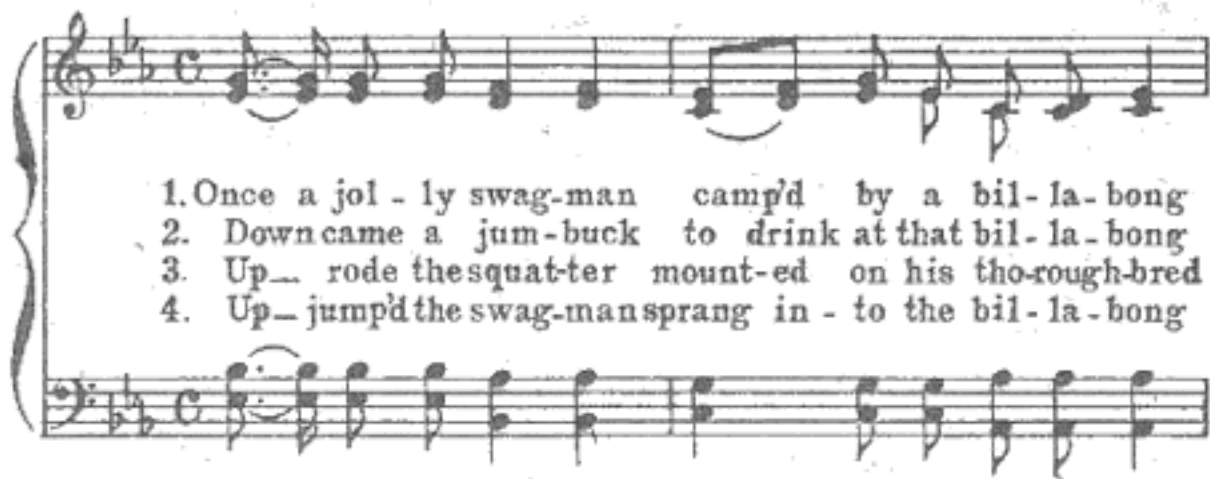
home) So I'll hump my blu-ey, and I'll

shout a Coo-ee, Back to Cro-a-jing-a-

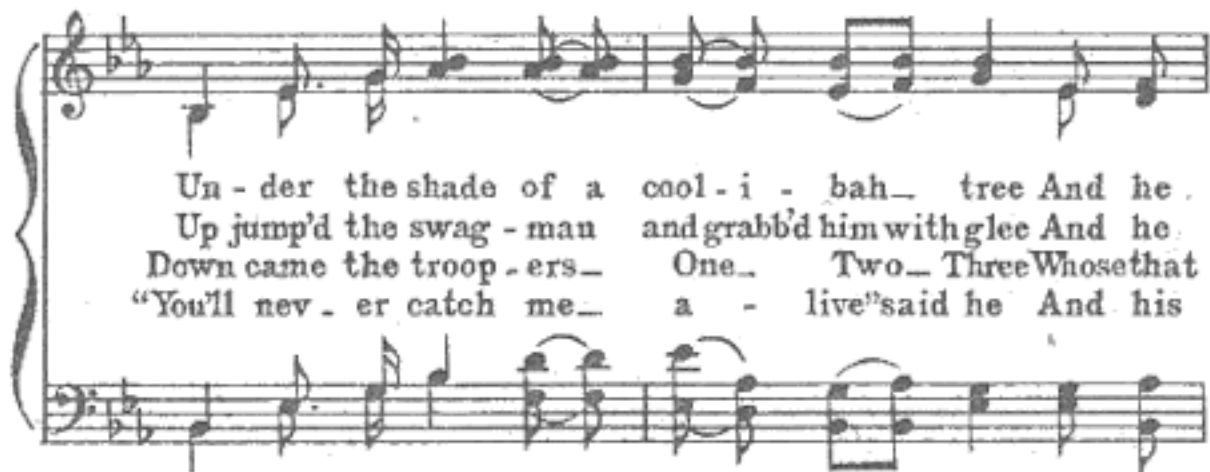
ling-a-ling-a-long (Cro-a-jing-o-long).

A. B. PATERSON

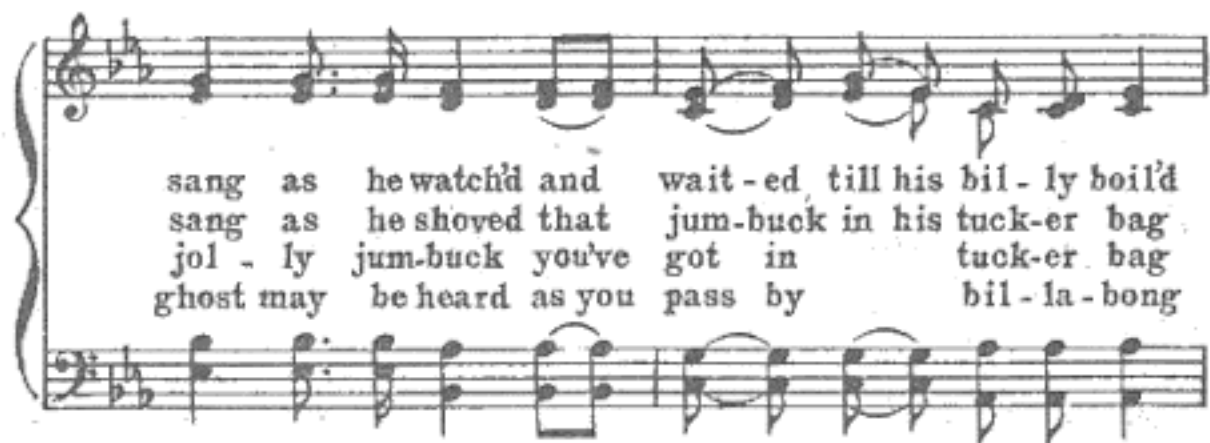
MARIE COWAN



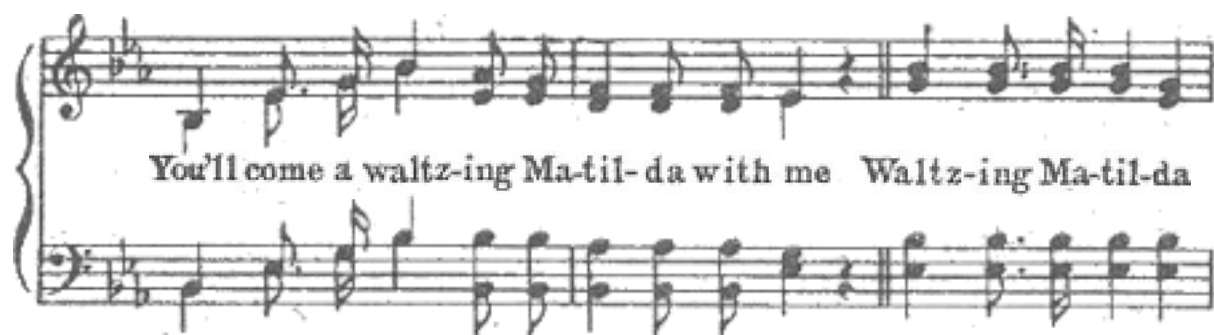
1. Once a jol - ly swag-man camp'd by a bil-la-bong
 2. Down came a jum-buck to drink at that bil-la-bong
 3. Up— rode the squat-ter mount-ed on his tho-rough-bred
 4. Up— jump'd the swag-mansprang in - to the bil-la-bong



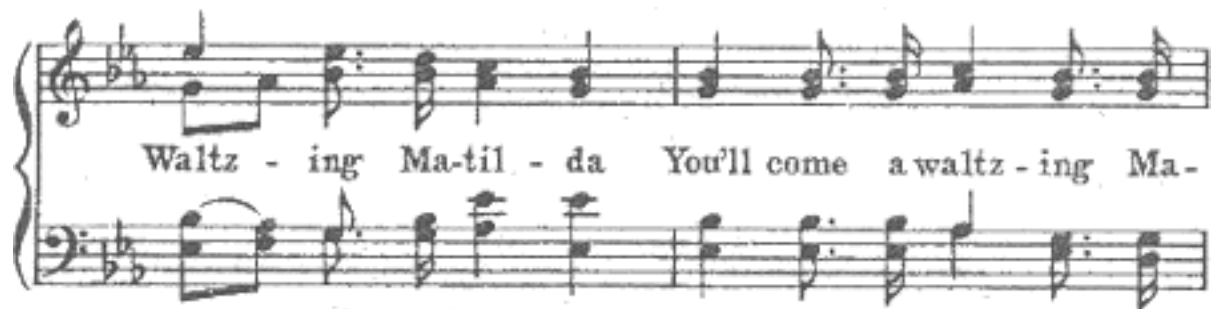
Un - der the shade of a cool - i - bah— tree And he
 Up jump'd the swag - man and grabb'd him with glee And he
 Down came the troop - ers— One— Two— Three Whose that
 "You'll nev - er catch me— a - live" said he And his



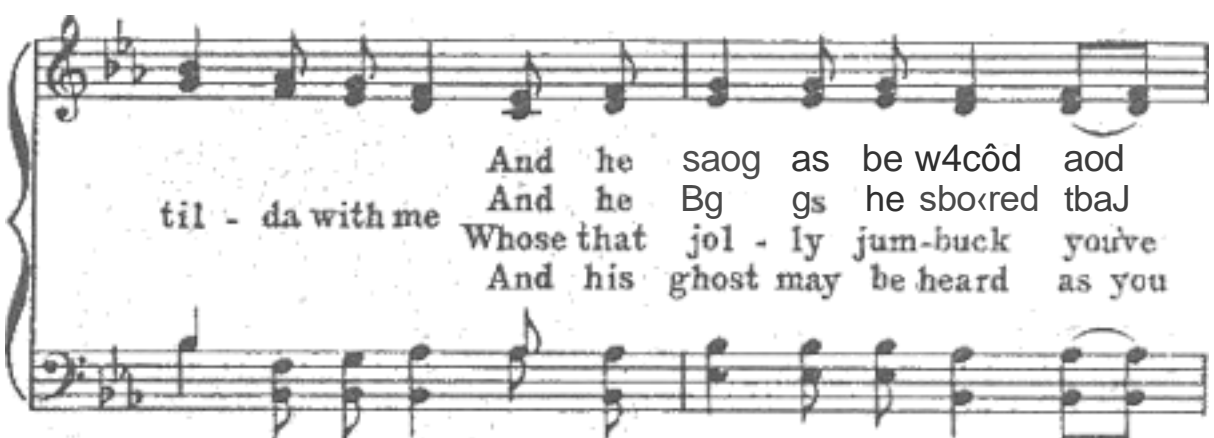
sang as he watch'd and wait-ed, till his bil - ly boild
 sang as he shov'd that jum-buck in his tuck-er bag
 jol - ly jum-buck you've got in tuck-er bag
 ghost may be heard as you pass by bil-la-bong



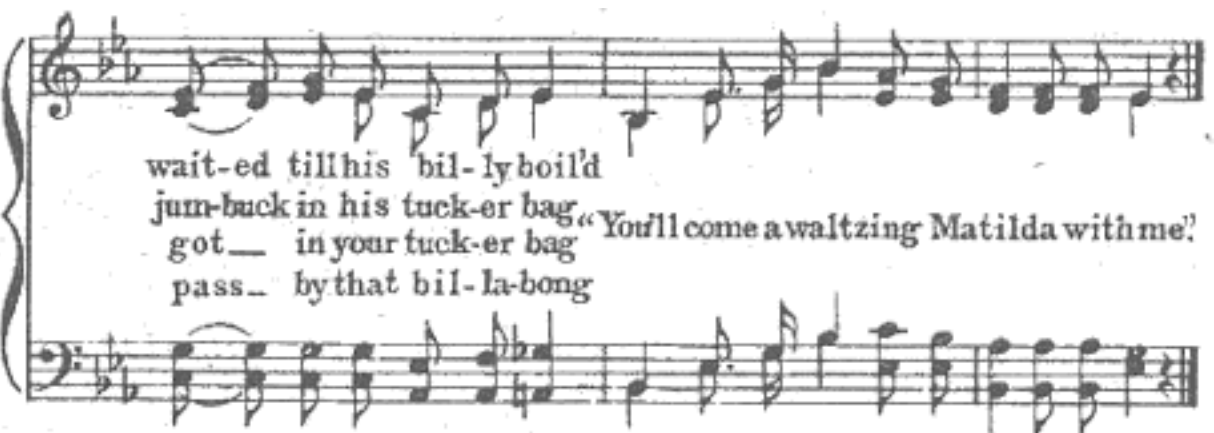
You'll come a waltz-ing Ma-til-da with me Waltz-ing Ma-til-da



Waltz - ing Ma-til - da You'll come a waltz - ing Ma-

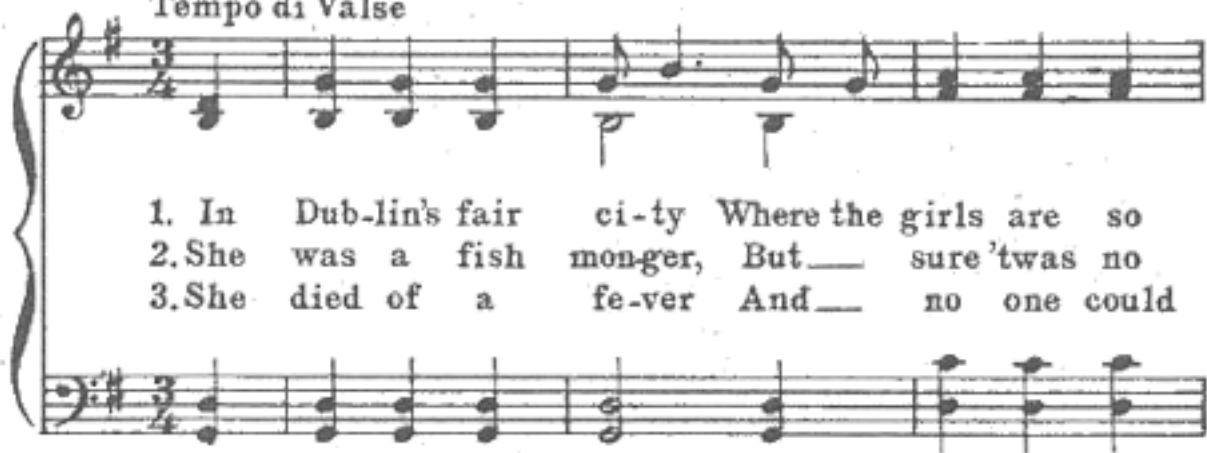


til - da with me And he saog as be w4côd aod
 And he Bg gs he sbored tbaJ
 Whose that jol - ly jum-buck you've
 And his ghost may be heard as you

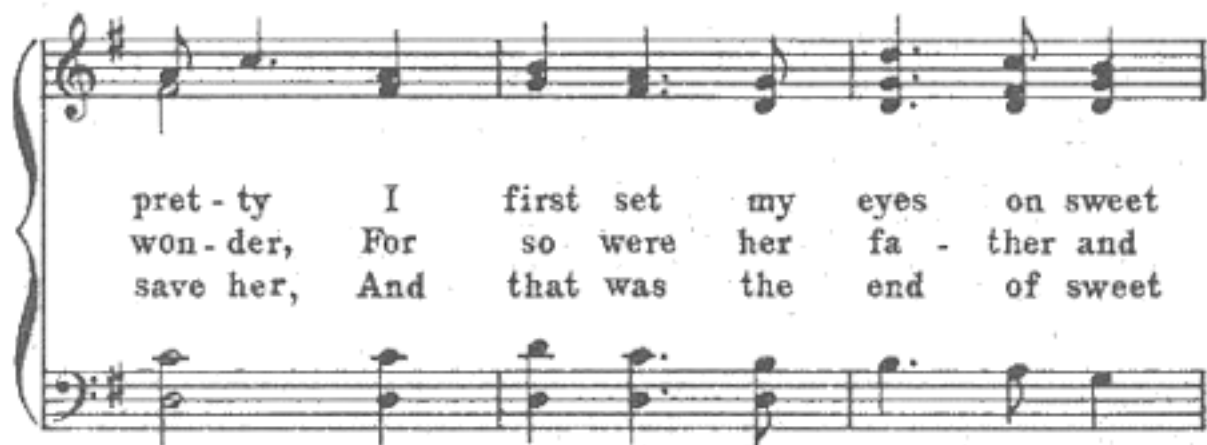


wait-ed till his bil-lyboild
 jum-buck in his tuck-er bag
 got__ in your tuck-er bag "You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me!"
 pass_ by that bil-la-bong

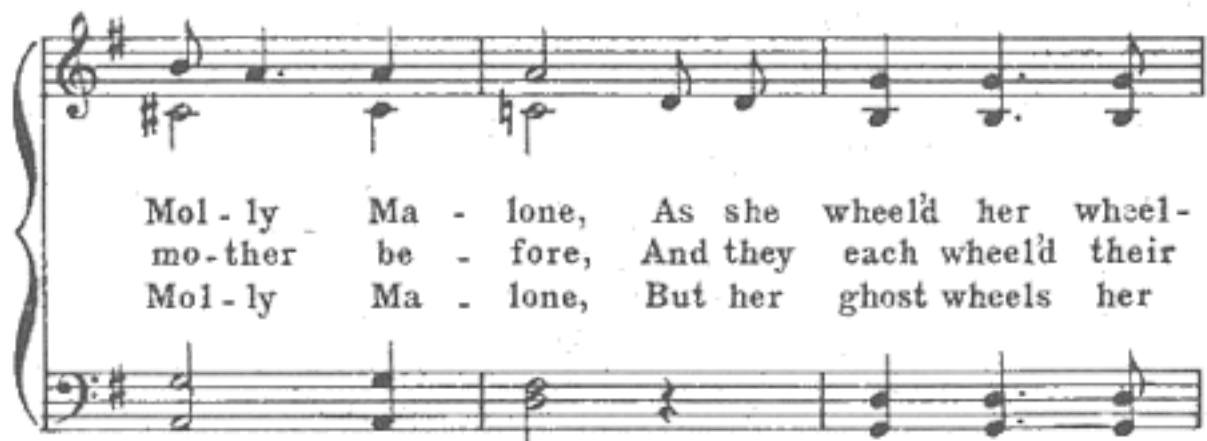
Tempo di Valse



1. In Dub-lin's fair ci-ty Where the girls are so
 2. She was a fish monger, But— sure 'twas no
 3. She died of a fe-ver And— no one could



pret - ty I first set my eyes on sweet
 won - der, For so were her fa - ther and
 save her, And that was the end of sweet



Mol - ly Ma - lone, As she wheel'd her wheel-
 mo - ther be - fore, And they each wheel'd their
 Mol - ly Ma - lone, But her ghost wheels her

bar-row Thro' streets broad and nar-row, Cry-ing

Cock-les and mus-sels a - live, a - live,

CHORUS

O! A - live a - live O! — A -

live a - live O! — Cry-ing Cock-les and

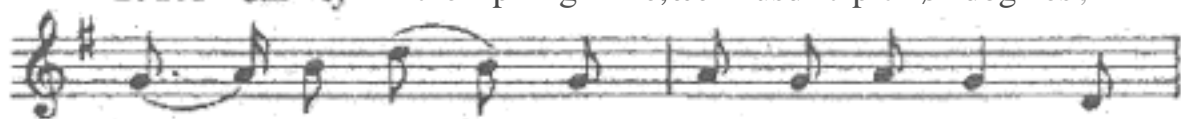
mus-sels a - live a - live O!

(Sung rhythmically to the swing of riding a horse—not dragged.)



1. As I was a walk - one morn-ing for pleas-ure I

2. It's ear-ly in the x pzing•lime, æe musd tip thø dog-ies,



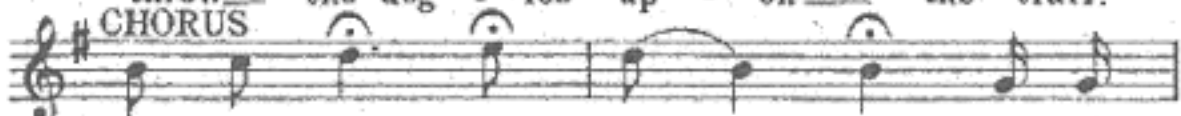
spied a bold cow-boy come rid-ing a-long His
Mark—and brand—and bob off their tails;



hat was thrown back and his spurs were a-jing-ling And
Round up the po-nies load up i b« chunk rug-for, Th*n



as he ap-proach'd he was sing-ing this song—
throw the dog-ies up-on the trail.



Whoop-ee ti yi-yo-o Get a-



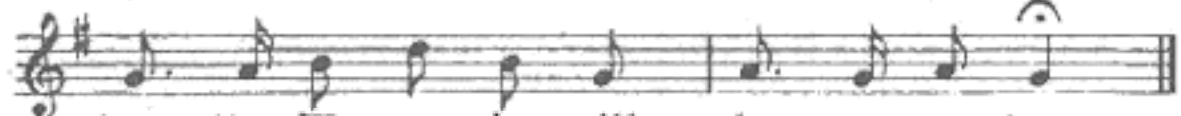
long lit-tle dog-ie It's your mis-for-tune and



none of my own. Whoop-ee ti yi-



yo-o Get a-long lit-tle dog-ie I



know that Wy-om-ing will be your new home.

ALOU ELE

French-Canadian Canoeeman's Song

Chorus



1. Al - ou - e - te, gen - tile Al - ou - et - te, - ou - et - te,
 2. Al - ou - e - te, gen - tile Al - ou - et - te, Af - on - «t . te,

Fine Solo



je te plum - er - ai. Je te plum - er - ai la tete.
 je te plum - er - ai. Je te plum - er - ai le bec.

Chorus Solo Chorus = *D.C.*




Je te plum - er - ai la tete. Et la tete. Et la tete. Oh!
 Je te plum - er - ai le bec. { Et le bec. Et le bec. } Oh!
 { Et la tete. Et la tete. }


3. Je te plumerai le nez. Et le nea.
4. Je te plumerai le dos. Et le dos.
5. Je te plumerai les pattes. Et les pattes.
- d. Je tø pl9meen le con. Et le coe.

The bow man sang the first line of the refrain and it was echoed by the stern man as they paddled along. They sang it to the black dove—its eyes, its feet, etc. in the hope that it would bring them luck on their journey.

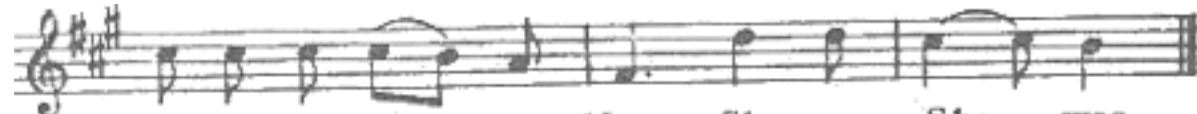
SHE wAs



She was so good and so kind to me like



all the rest of the fa - mi - ly; I shall



ne-ver for-get - my Mary, She was. She... was.

THE RED RIVER VALLEY



1. It's a long time now I've been wait-ing_ For those
 2. When you go to your home o'er the o - cean, 'O, re -
 3. And_ should you ev - er_ re - turn To this



words that you nev - er will say; And its
 mem - ber the man - y - py hours, That you
 lone prair - ie land of the West, May the



now that my fond meant is break-ing_ For they
 nant in the Red Riv - er Val - ley_ And the
 re - mem - ber,_ That the



say you are go - ing a - way.
 love you ex - chang'd 'midst its bowers. Then_
 Red Maid - en loved you best.

lin - ger a - whi ie ere you leacs us Do not

has - ten to bid os a - dieti. Bet re -

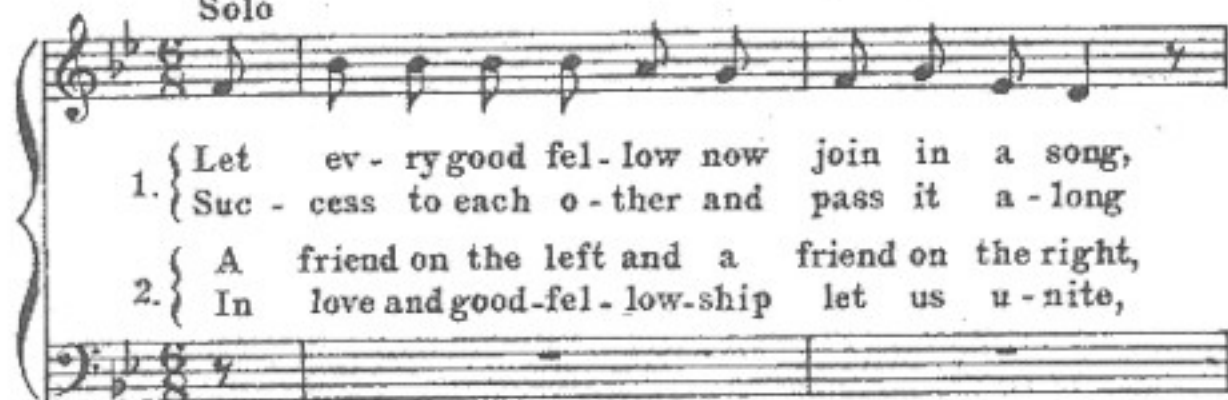
ber the Red Riv - er Val - ley_ And the

mai - den who loved you so true.

VIVE L'AMOUR

Words adapted by STEPHEN FAY

Solo



1. { Let ev - ry good fel - low now join in a song,
Suc - cess to each o - ther and pass it a - long

2. { A friend on the left and a friend on the right,
In love and good - fel - low - ship let us u - nite,

Chorus

CHORUS



Vi - ve la com - pa - gnie! Vi - ve - la, Vi - ve - la, Vi - ve l'a - mour,



Vi - ve - la, Vi - ve - la, Vi - ve l'a - mour, Vi - ve l'a - mour,



Vi - ve l'a - mour, Vi - ve la com - pa - gnie!—

HAN SKAL LÉÍVE

Daniel Meneor Chores

Han skal le - ve, Han skal le - ve, Han skal
 le - ve hoit, Hur - rah, Hur - rah, Hur - rah, Hur -
 rah, Hur-rah, Hur-rah, Hur - rah, Hur - rah, Hur -
 rah, Hur-rah, Hur-rah, Han skal le - ve, Han skal
 le - ve, Han skal le - ve hoit, hur - rah!
 Bra - vo, Bra - vo, Bra - vo Bra - vis - si - mo,
 Bra - vo, Bra - vo, Bra - vis - si - mo.
 Bra-vo, Bra - vis - si - mo. Bra-vo, Bra - vis - si - mo.
 (drawn out)
 Bra - vo, Bra - vo, Bra-vis - si - mo.

This song has become very popular in camps over the country. In Denmark the song is used when you want to laud a person particularly at meetings, parties and around the camp fire. The text is pronounced thus: "Han skal levay hoit, Hurrah!" all a's being pronounced as in "hard". The translation is: "May he live splendidly. Hurrah!"

ADIRII

50

No €'amp and Camping friends.

8.S,8.8.: 'Wavers in tbe T -."

Our eamn is over, No the town, to the towa,
be must a\\'sy and set Lie <down, settle . dos\\rn,
And bill dareset! to mo\\ntain nnd to set,
And life out of doorJ..ao gay and,

Chorus:

date thee well, for I must leave thee,
Do not leC iée pafl•ng sheve the,
And remember that the feet of friends must part,
must part.

Ad4eu, odieu, kind Tr ends géieu, adieu, ad eu,
I can no' loiiyer 8tey with you, stay with you;
101 hang ifiy harp on a weeping .willow tree,
And may the nowld go ivel} wi*h thee.

lVe've ranged the moors arid bi!o together, hills
together,
f'nrer! aJT snrts oE win anrl sunny weaLher, sunny
weather;
.Ind tion u'here'er our Inture pnth mziy lead,
Through storm or shine we'il Ash "God «peed."
flhovus:—Face thee weil, etn.

And if our road were long and dusty, long and dusty,
Dtii' feet kept lirne to soti0 sri lusi, song so lusty,
That our care st>ll ning' with the su'inging tuneful
jaunt.

htie ghosts ot jokes our recmories hnunt.

Chorus:—Fare thee • e11, etc.

51

TELL rEr ___T AG*I .

Tune: "Till We Meet Again."
(Key, A Flat. Time, 3/4.)

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 clo9e our eyes in sleep,
Let us pledge each othei• that we*11 keep
gcoutinl friendships, strong and deeg,
'tilt v'e meet sgnitt.

52

TYPsi SONG



1. Fad - ing light, dims the sight, And a
 2. Day is done, gone the sun, From the
 star gems the sky, gleam-ing bright, From a -
 lake from the hills, from the sky; All is
 far, draw - ing nigh, Falls the night.

(To fix the sequence of the last verse in mind remember the order the sun disappears—first lake and last from sky.)

53

GOOD NIGHT, COMRADES.

Tune: "Good night, Ladies."

flood right, O»mrades!
 Good night, Comrades!
 Good night, Comrades!
 We're going to leave you now.

Chorus:

Meiy we sCol aong
 trolT xlors, stro)l along,
 5\erril! *e stroll along,
 O'er the dark green fields.

greet dxøsr e, Comrade»!
 Sweet dreams, Comrades!
 Sweet dreaft's, Comrades!
 We're going to leave you now.

Chorus:

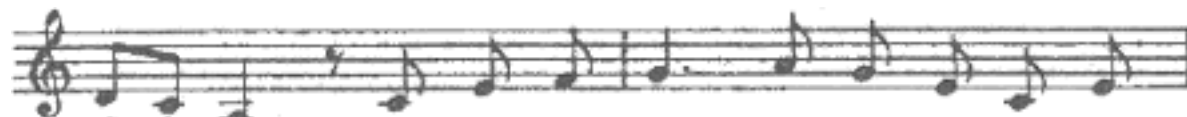
SUNDOWN

Adap•ed from Words by
r. s. TILI oTson



1. There is a camp t'fret lies be - neath the

2. The sol - emn peace that bruat lies up - on the



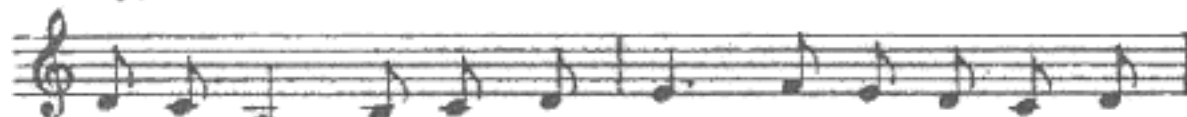
hill - crest That looks a - cross the val - ley and the

hill - side ll heal th th of the



town; And there for ev - mile the t

day, And on the breeze that gent - ly moves a, cross the



in the west, And long - est waits be - fore the sun goes

val - ley wide Each trou - bled thought will id - ly flee a -

CHORUS

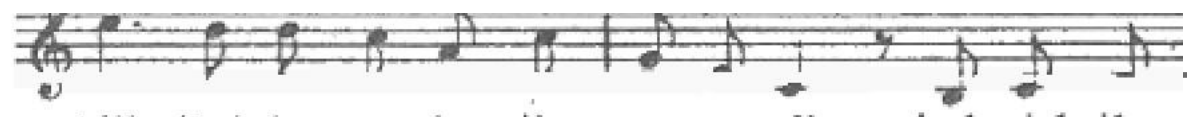


down. — So if the day has made your soul grow

way. —



wea - ry, And brought your eyes the sha - dow of a frown, Go, climb the



hills that show you where the o - cean rolls, And watch the



clouds light up be - fore the sun goes down. —

Memoranda

One e Sepiant went belencing,
Yr o i'ool *.o fool on R pt eco ol otri n ,
be though 1 1 ouch anamueing slunl,
That he called for r another little
elephant.

Ten elephants went balancing,
From foot to foot on R piece of string,
They nil cut such an aGqzinr d sL,
T •t the string brole, nn& the• cRme
down GRASH.

Kangaroos on Paunches,
Tiger Culs on haunches
all the way from Java.
Speakee, speakee, no palava

Memoranda

Back, back, back; Akela's
calling.

See the Wolf Cubs how they come
Skelter skelter from their lair,
To the Old Wolf standing there
It's a call that must be
answered at the hour

Glory to Thee, my God this
night
For all the blessings of the light.
Keep me, oh Keep me, King of
Thine Kings, everlasting
Beneath ~~the shelter of thy~~
Wings.