

# Longhorn Council

## Songbook

WOOD  
BADGE



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This First Edition of the Wood Badge Songbook  
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# Table of Contents

<b>PATRIOTIC SONGS</b> .....	<b>5</b>
America, The Beautiful .....	6
God Bless America.....	6
This Land is Your Land.....	6
America .....	6
Yankee Doodle .....	6
Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean .....	7
Star Spangled Banner .....	7
<b>RELIGIOUS SONGS</b> .....	<b>8</b>
For the Beauty of the Earth .....	9
Kum Ba Yah.....	9
Morning Has Broken.....	9
This is my Father’s World.....	9
<b>WESTERN SONGS &amp; BALLADS</b> .....	<b>10</b>
Ghost Riders in the Sky.....	11
Paradise .....	11
New Mexico Rain.....	11
<b>SCOUTING SONGS</b> .....	<b>12</b>
On My Honor (Traditional Version) .....	13
Scout Vespers .....	13
On My Honor .....	13
The Happy Wanderer .....	13
Follow Me Boys .....	14
When I Started Scouting.....	14
Paddle Song.....	14
Ode to Scoutleaders.....	14
Three Jolly Fishermen .....	15
<b>WOOD BADGE SONGS</b> .....	<b>16</b>
Back to Gilwell.....	17
Wood Badge Spirit .....	17
Great Pud Bird in the Sky.....	17

The Twelve Days of Wood Badge ..... 17

Wood Badge Farewell Song..... 18

## **FUN SONGS**..... 19

Beer Was Spilled..... 20

Granny's in the Cellar ..... 20

Johnny Verbec..... 20

Ghost Chickens in the Sky ..... 20

Commercial Mixup..... 20

Do Your Ears Hang Low..... 21

Boom Chick a Boom ..... 21

He Jumped from 40,000 Feet ..... 21

Pink Pajamas ..... 21

Mom, Wash My Underwear..... 22

The Ants Go Marching..... 22

Bug Juice ..... 22

National Embalming School ..... 22

The Battle of New Orleans ..... 22

I'm proud to be a Boy Scout..... 23

Viva La Compagnie..... 25

Whadat-n-Chew..... 25

## **STORIES**..... 26

The Cremation of Sam McGee..... 27

The Shooting of Dan McGrew ..... 28

Gunga Din ..... 29

# PATRIOTIC SONGS



## America, The Beautiful

O beautiful for spacious skies,  
For amber waves of grain,  
For purple mountain majesties  
Above the fruited plain.  
America! America! God shed His grace on thee,  
And crown thy good with brotherhood  
From sea to shining sea.

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,  
Whose stern impassion'd stress  
A thoroughfare for freedom beat  
Across the wilderness.  
America! America! God men thine ev'ry flaw,  
Confirm thy soul in self-control,  
Thy liberty in law.

O beautiful for patriot dream  
That sees beyond the years  
Thine alabaster cities gleam,  
Undimmed by human tears.  
America! America! God shed His grace on thee,  
And crown thy good with brotherhood  
From sea to shining sea.

## God Bless America

God bless America, land that I love  
Stand beside her and guide her  
Through the night with the light from above.  
From the mountains to the prairies,  
To the oceans white with foam,  
God Bless America, my home sweet home.  
God Bless America, my home sweet home.

## This Land is Your Land

As I went walking, that ribbon of highway  
I saw above me, that endless skyway  
I saw below me, that golden valley.  
This land was made for you and me.

CHORUS:  
This land is your land, this land is my land.  
From California, to the New York Island  
From the Redwood forest, to the Gulf Stream waters.  
This land was made for you and me.

When the sun came shining, and I was strolling  
And the wheat was waving, and the dust clouds rolling,  
The voice was chanting, as the fog was lifting  
This land was made for you and me. (Chorus)

I roamed and rambled, and followed my footsteps  
Thru the sparkling sands of, her diamond deserts  
All around me, a voice was sounding.  
This land was made for your and me. (Chorus)

When the sun came shining, and I was strolling  
And the wheat was waving, and the dust clouds rolling,  
The voice was chanting, as the fog was lifting  
This land was made for your and me. (Chorus)

*Ending Chorus (Philmont):*  
This land is your land, this land is my land.  
From Baldy Mountain, to Rayado Canyon  
From Cimmaroncito, to the rugged Tooth of Time.  
This land was made for you and me.

*Ending Chorus (Sid Richardson):*  
This land is your land, this land is my land.  
From the Richardson Outpost, to Windy Point  
From Gilwell Hall, to Buchanan Springs.  
This land was made for you and me.

## America

My country, 'tis of Thee,  
Sweet Land of Liberty  
Of thee I sing;  
Land where my fathers died,  
Land of the pilgrims' pride,  
From every mountain side  
Let Freedom ring.

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

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

## Yankee Doodle

**(Part 1)**  
Father and I went down to camp  
Along with Captain Goodlin.  
And there we saw the men and boys  
As thick as hasty puddin'.

Yankee Doodle keep it up,  
Yankee Doodle dandy,  
Mind the music and the step,  
And with the girls be handy.

**(Part 2)**  
And there was a Captain Washington  
Upon a slapping stallion,  
A giving orders to his men;  
I guess there was a million.

Yankee Doodle keep it up,  
Yankee Doodle dandy,  
Mind the music and the step,  
And with the girls be handy.

## Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean

O Columbia, the gem of the ocean,  
The home of the brave and the free  
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,  
A world offers homage to thee.  
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,  
When liberty's form stands in view;  
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,  
When borne by the red, white and blue.  
When borne by the red, white and blue.  
When borne by the red, white and blue.  
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,  
When borne by the red, white and blue.

## Star Spangled Banner

O! say can you see by the dawn's early light,  
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,  
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,  
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?  
And the Rockets' red glare, the Bombs bursting in air,  
Gave proof through the night that our Flag was still there;

O! say does that star-spangled Banner yet wave,  
O'er the Land of the free, and the home of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,  
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,  
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,  
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?  
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,  
In full glory reflected now shines in the stream,

Tis the star-spangled banner, O! long may it wave,  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

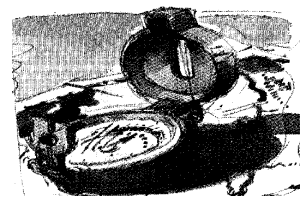
And where is that band who so vauntingly swore  
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,  
A home and a country, shall leave us no more?  
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.  
No refuge could save the hireling and slave,  
From the terror of fight or the gloom of the grave,

And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave,  
O'er the Land of the Free, and the home of the Brave.

O! thus be it ever when freemen shall stand,  
Between their lov'd home, and the war's desolation,  
blest with vict'ry and peace, may the Heav'n rescued land,  
Praise the Power that hath made and preserv'd us a nation!  
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,  
And this be our motto - "In God is our Trust;"

And the star-spangled Banner in triumph shall wave,  
O'er the Land of the Free, and the Home of the Brave.

# RELIGIOUS SONGS





## For the Beauty of the Earth

For the beauty of the earth,  
For the glory of the skies,  
For the love from which our birth,  
Over and around us lies;  
Lord of all, to Thee we raise  
This hymn of grateful praise.

For the wonder of each hour  
Of the day and of the night,  
Hill and vale, and tree and flow'r,  
Sun and moon, and stars of light;  
Lord of all, to Thee we raise  
This hymn of grateful praise.

For the joy of human love,  
Brother, sister, parent, child,  
Friends on earth and friends above,  
For all gentle thoughts and mild;  
Lord of all, to Thee we raise  
This hymn of grateful praise.

## Kum Ba Yah

Kum by yah, my Lord, Kum ba yah  
Kum by yah, my Lord, Kum ba yah  
Kum by yah, my Lord, Kum ba yah  
O Lord, Kum by yah

Someone's crying Lord, Kum by yah  
Someone's crying Lord, Kum by yah  
Someone's crying Lord, Kum by yah  
O Lord, Kum by yah

Someone's singing...  
Someone's praying...  
Someone's hoping...

## Morning Has Broken

Morning has broken like the first morning,  
Blackbird has spoken like the first bird.  
Praise for the singing,  
Praise for morning,  
Praise for them springing fresh from the world.

Sweet the rain's new fall sunlit from heaven,  
Like the first dewfall on the first grass.  
Praise for the sweetness of the wet garden,  
Spring in completeness where His feet pass.

Mine is the sunlight! Mine is the morning.  
Born of the one light Eden saw pay!  
Praise with elation, praise every morning,  
God's recreation of the new day.

## This is my Father's World

This is my Father's world,  
And to my listening ears,  
All nature sings and round me rings  
The music of the spheres.  
This is my Father's world,  
I rest me in the thought  
Of ricks and trees, of skies and seas-

His hands the wonders wrought.

This is my Father's world  
The birds their carols raise,  
The morning light, the lily white,  
Declare their Maker's praise.  
This is my Father's world,  
He shines in all that's fair;  
In the rustling grass I hear Him pass,  
He speaks to me everywhere.

# WESTERN SONGS & BALLADS



## Ghost Riders in the Sky

An old cowpoke went riding out, one hot and windy day,  
Upon a ridge he rested as he went along his way,  
When all at once a mighty herd of red-eyed cows he saw,  
A-plowing through the ragged skies and up the cloudy draw.

CHORUS: Yip-I-kid-a, Yip-I--o,  
Ghost Riders in the Sky.

Their brands were still on fire and the hooves were  
made of steel.  
Their horns were black and shiny and their hot breath  
he could feel.

A bolt of fear went through him as the thundered  
through the sky.

For as he saw the riders coming hard he could hear  
their mournful cry. (Chorus)

Yip-I-a-a, Yip-I--o,  
Ghost Riders in the Sky.

Their faces gaunt, their eyes were blurred, their shirts all  
soaked with sweat,  
Their riding hard to catch that herd, but they ain't  
caught them yet,  
They've got to ride for-evermore on that range up in the sky.  
On horses snorting fire, as they ride,  
I hear them cry. (Chorus)

Yip-I-a-a, Yip-I--o,  
Ghost Riders in the Sky.

As the riders loped on by, he heard them call his name,  
If you want to save your soul from hell a-riding on the range,  
Then cowboy better change your ways or with us you will ride,  
Trying to catch the devil's herd across the endless sky.

Yip-I-a-a, Yip-I--o,  
Ghost Riders in the Sky.

## Paradise

by John Prine

When I was a child my family would travel  
Down to Western Kentucky where my parents were born  
And there's a backwards old town that's often remembered  
So many times that my memories are worn.

CHORUS:  
And daddy won't you take me back to Muhlenberg County  
Down by the Green River where Paradise lay  
Well, I'm sorry my son, but you're too late in asking  
Mister Peabody's coal train has hauled it away

Well sometimes we'd travel right down the Green River  
To the abandoned old prison down by Adrie Hill  
Where the air smelled like snakes and we'd shoot with our pistols  
But empty pop bottles was all we would kill. (Chorus)

Then the coal company came with the world's largest shovel  
And they tortured the timber and stripped all the land  
Well, they dug for their coal till the land was forsaken  
Then they wrote it all down as the progress of man. (Chorus)

When I die let my ashes float down the Green River  
Let my soul roll on up to the Rochester dam  
I'll be halfway to Heaven with Paradise waiting  
Just five miles away from wherever I am. (Chorus)

## New Mexico Rain

by Michael Hearne

Smoke cuts the night, in this old campfire light  
And I'm thinking, where I'd rather be  
Maybe chasing senorita's, down in old Mexico  
Or standing at the edge of the sea  
If I had the money, well I'd tell ya honey  
We'd be on that first plane to Spain  
But as long as we're here, the answer is clear  
We'll dance, in the New Mexico rain.

New Mexico rain - It's hot down in Texas  
New Mexico rain - I call this my home  
If I ain't happy here, then I ain't happy nowhere  
New Mexico rain - When my mind starts to roam.

Oh the lights of the city, keep callin' my name  
And you know, I've been through that before  
It's just a giant hotel on a long four lane street  
With a checkout time on the door.  
If I had the money, I'd tell ya honey  
We'd be, on the New Delhi train  
But as long as we're here, the answer is clear  
We'll waltz in the New Mexico rain.

New Mexico rain - It's hot down in Texas  
New Mexico rain - I call this my home  
If I ain't happy here, then I ain't happy nowhere  
New Mexico rain - When my mind starts to roam.

I've been talkin' all day, with a man in town.  
And he sure seems unhappy to me  
He tells me he's going nowhere, he's goin' there fast  
And he envy's this life that I lead  
If I had the money, I'd tell ya honey  
I'd keep him from goin' insane  
You know there's one thing for sure, there just ain't no cure  
Like a walk in the New Mexico rain.

New Mexico rain - It's hot down in Texas  
New Mexico rain - Oh and I call this my home  
If I ain't happy here, then I ain't happy nowhere  
New Mexico rain - When my mind starts to roam.

If I ain't happy here, I ain't happy nowhere  
New Mexico rain - When my mind starts to roam.

(Popular song sung at Philmont 1996, recorded by Rod Taylor a camper, staffer and now ranch cowboy)

# SCOUTING SONGS



## On My Honor (Traditional Version)

On my honor, I'll do my best.  
To do my duty to God.  
On my honor, I'll do my best.  
To serve my country as I may.  
On my honor, I'll do my best.  
To do a good turn each day.  
To keep my body strengthened,  
And to keep my mind awakened.  
To follow paths of right-eous-ness,  
On my honor, I'll do my best.

## Scout Vespers

(Tune: Tannenbaum)

Softly falls the light of day,  
As our campfire fades away.  
Silently each scout should ask,  
Have I done my daily task.  
Have I kept my honor bright?  
Can I guiltless sleep tonight?  
Have I done and have I dared  
Everything to be prepared?

## On My Honor

Chorus:

On my honor I will try.  
There's a duty to be done and I say aye.  
There's a reason here for a reason above.  
My honor is to try and my duty is love.

People don't need to know my name.  
If I do any harm, then I'm to blame.  
When I help another, I help me,  
If I've opened up my eyes to see.

I've tucked away a song or two.  
If you're feeling low, there's one for you.  
When you need a friend, then I will come.  
There are many more where I come from.

Come with me where a fire burns bright.  
We can even see better in a candle's light.  
But we find more meaning in a campfire's glow  
Than we'd ever learn in a year or so.  
We've made a promise to always keep.  
And the day is done before we sleep.  
We'll be Boy Scouts together and when we're gone  
We'll still be trying and singing this song.

## The Happy Wanderer

*Tempo: Brisk*

I love to go a-wandering  
Along the mountain track.  
And as I go, I love to sing  
My knapsack on my back.

(chorus)  
Valdereee,  
Valderaaa,  
Valdereee,

Valderaaa-ha-ha-ha-ha,  
(repeat last line of verse)

I love to wander by the stream  
That dances in the sun.  
So joyously it calls to me,  
"Come, join my happy song."

(chorus)  
"I wave my hat to all I meet  
And they wave back to me,  
And blackbirds call so loud  
and sweet,  
From every greenwood tree."

(chorus)  
"High overhead the skylarks wing,  
They never rest at home,  
But just like me they love to sing  
As o'er the world we roam."

(chorus)  
Oh, may I go a-wandering  
Until the day I die.  
And may I always laugh and sing  
Beneath the clear blue sky.

## Follow Me Boys

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

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

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

(Chorus)  
Shout: Pick them up, put them down, pick them up!

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

(Chorus)

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

(Chorus)  
Shout: Pick them up, put them down, pick them up!

We were all packed in when the sergeant said,  
Follow me boys, follow me!  
We got off our backs and prepared our attack,  
When our sergeant hollered, Follow me!

(Chorus)

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

(Chorus)

## When I Started Scouting

(Tune: "Where O Where Are You Tonight")

When I started Scouting, all they ever told me  
Was "Go with the boys, and have lots of fun".  
Now all that I do is go to Scout meetings.  
It seems like I'm always the one on the run.

CHORUS:  
Where, oh where, are you tonight?  
Why did you leave me here all alone?  
I fixed the kids dinner and they are in bed now.  
Since you found this Scouting, you're never at home.  
(CHORUS)

One day I was told to try basic training.  
I went 'cuz it sounded like lots of fun.  
Now I am in charge of \_all\_ of the training.  
Oh, Heaven help me! Now what have I done!!???!! (CHORUS)

Wood Badge was something that I'd never heard of.  
Worked for those beads 'til I was blue in the face.  
One day I came home and she was spring cleaning:  
Threw away those old beads on that old shoe lace!!  
(CHORUS)

## Paddle Song

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

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

## Ode to Scoutleaders

(Tune: "Home on the Range")

Aren't Scoutleaders grand  
For the programs they plan  
And the hours they put in each night?  
If they're ever home  
You know they're on the phone  
For the boys who they want to teach right.

CHORUS:  
We're at home in the woods.  
On weekends with our troops we stay.  
Thought we never get rest,  
The boys are doing their best,  
And that's what we're getting for pay!

They hike to their site  
Though it takes half the night  
Through the wind and the rain and the snow!  
These leaders so brave  
They could live in a cave  
Except that their wives just say No!

Camp food tastes just great,  
Like an old paper plate,  
And the bug juice is not fit to drink.  
So why every year,  
For a week we come here  
It's not for vacation, we think!

They read magazines  
With great camping scenes,  
Frustration does things to their brains.  
Champagne is taboo, Tooyees Lite too,  
So for forty eight hours they abstain.

They feel like old men,  
On a camp out, they've been  
To be clean, to be warm, to be dry!  
But to tell you the truth,  
they're re-living their youth  
So in answer they merely reply!

## Three Jolly Fishermen

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

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

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

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

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

# WOOD BADGE SONGS





## Back to Gilwell

I used to be a Beaver,  
And a good old Beaver too,  
But now I've finished Beavering,  
I don't know what to do,  
I'm growing old and feeble,  
And I can Beaver no more,  
So I'm going to work my ticket if I can.

### CHORUS:

Back to Gilwell, happy land,  
I'm going to work my ticket if I can.

(Insert each patrol name in order, it is not appropriate to use other actions than the patrol name and -ing, as listed below.)

Beaver	Beavering
Bobwhite	Bobwhiting
Eagle	Eagling
Fox	Foxing
Owl	Owling
Bear	Bearing
Buffalo	Buffaloing
Antelope	Anteloping
Staffer	Staffing

**Note:** Each patrol stands when they sing their verse, and the entire troop stands for the chorus.

## Wood Badge Spirit

I've got that Wood Badge Spirit,  
Up in my head, (point to head)  
Up in my head,  
Up in my head.

I've got that Wood Badge Spirit,  
Up in my head,  
Up in my head to stay.

I've got that Wood Badge Spirit,  
Deep in my heart, (point to heart)  
ETC...

I've got that Wood Badge Spirit,  
Down in my feet, (point to feet)  
ETC...

I've got that Wood Badge Spirit,  
All over me, (Sweep hands all over)  
ETC...

I've got that Wood Badge Spirit,  
Up in my head, (point to head)  
Deep in my heart, (point to heart)  
Down in my feet, (point to feet)

I've got that Wood Badge Spirit,  
All over me, (Sweep hands all over) All over  
me to stay.

## Great Pud Bird in the Sky

(Tune: Ghost Riders in the Sky)

The mighty troop of Gilwell, one bright Saturday did ride.  
To a camp in Longhorn Council, with a strange bird by it's side.  
Thirty-six brave leaders came, to learn to better lead.  
To a land where ants and chiggers thrive,  
A land of heat and rain.

### CHORUS:

Yippee-ii-ooo, yippee-ii-aaa, Great Pud Bird in the Sky.

The first day was confusing, as patrol members did try,  
To figure out what's going on, the cried a mournful sigh,  
By day three they were sure, it was more than they could bear,  
The Pud Bird had just flown right by,  
Left no feathers anywhere.

(Chorus)

The tickets they came fast and hard,  
How would it all get done.  
But finally the Great Pud Bird, left his plumage one by one.  
Things must be getting better,  
You could tell by smiles from staff  
And in the pitch black of night  
You could hear the Pud Bird laugh.

(Chorus)

The course will soon be over, and the troop will soon be gone  
With everyone remembering, the lessons hard and long  
The Pud will take flight, as they scatter through the land  
Trying to catch that Gilwell Troop,  
His destiny's at hand.

(Chorus)

## The Twelve Days of Wood Badge

On the first day of Wood Badge, my mommy sent to me  
A box of oatmeal cookies.

On the second day of Wood Badge, my mommy sent to me  
Two T-shirts  
And a box of oatmeal cookies.

Third Day	Three pairs of sox
Fourth Day	Four woolen caps
Fifth Day	Five underpants
Sixth Day	Six postage stamps
Seventh Day	Seven nose warmers
Eighth Day	Eight Batman Comicbooks
Ninth Day	Nine bars of soap
Tenth Day	Ten Band-Aids
Eleventh Day	Eleven shoestrings
Twelfth Day	Twelve bottles of blood-sucking helicopter repellent

## Wood Badge Farewell Song

(Tune: Auld Lang Syne)

The time has come for all of us  
to bid our fond farewell.

We leave behind, love for mankind  
within the field Gilwell.

God bless us each and everyone.

May Scouting never cease.

May Wood Badge stay within our hearts,  
and give us lasting peace.

Where evre we go the world will know  
our fellowship is good.

We'll reach our goal and bells will toll  
About Scout brotherhood.

The soul of Baden-Powell lives on  
and we shall never fail.

Our course is set. We'll never forget...  
we walked the Wood Badge trail.

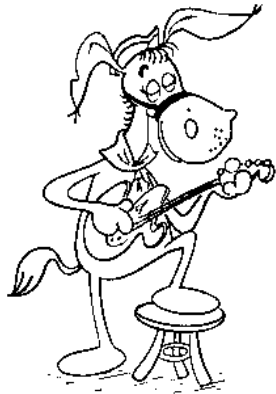
Please guide the Wood Badge staff dear Lord,  
in reverence to thee.

And bless them God, they worked so hard  
and taught a Scout like me.

O! Great Scoutmaster of all Scouts,  
on you we can rely.

That someday you will call us  
to your Gilwell Field on high.

# FUN SONGS



## Beer Was Spilled

O' the beer was spilled on the bar room floor,  
And the bar was closed for the night,  
When outta his house came a little brown mouse, and he sat in  
the pale moon light.

He lapped up the beer on the bar room floor,  
And back on his haunches he sat,  
And all night long you could hear him say  
Bring on the old Tom Cat!

## Granny's in the Cellar

O, Granny's in the cellar,  
Lordy can't you smell her,  
Cooking biscuits on that hot old greasy stove.  
And that little bit a matter,  
that keeps dripping in the batter,  
as that little bit of (SNIFF) runs down her nose.

Down her nose, down her nose  
as that little bit of (SNIFF) runs down her nose.

## Johnny Verbec

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

CHORUS:

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

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

(CHORUS)

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

(CHORUS)

## Ghost Chickens in the Sky

(Tune: Ghost Riders in the Sky)

A chicken farmer went out one dark and dreary day.  
He rested by the coup as he went along his way.  
All at once a rotten egg hit him in the eye  
It was the sight he dreaded Ghost chickens in the sky

CHORUS:

Bok-Bok-Bok Bok  
Bok-Bok-Bok Bok  
Ghost chickens in the sky

The farmer had raised chickens since he was twenty-four  
Working for the colonel for thirty years or more  
Killing all those chickens and sending them to fry  
Now the want revenge Ghost chickens in the sky  
(CHORUS)

Their feet were black and shinny their eyes were burning red  
They had no meat or feathers these chickens were all dead  
They picked the farmer up and he died by the claw  
They cooked him extra crispy and ate him with cole slaw.  
(CHORUS)

## Commercial Mixup

(Tune: Farmer in the Dell)

Last night I watched TV.  
I saw my favorite show  
I heard this strange commercial  
I can't believe it's so.

Feed your dog Chiffon,  
Comet cures a cold  
Use SOS pads on your face  
To keep from looking old.

Mop your floor with Crest.  
Use Crisco on your tile.  
Clean your teeth with Borateem,  
It leaves a shining smile.

For headaches take some Certs,  
Use Tide to clean your face.  
And do shampoo with Elmer's Glue  
It holds your hair in place.  
Perhaps I am confused.  
I might not have it right.  
But one things that I'm certain of. . .  
I'll watch TV. tonight!

## Do Your Ears Hang Low

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

Do your ears flip-flop?  
Can you use them for a mop?  
Are they stringy at the bottom?  
Are they curly at the top?  
Can you use them for a swatter?  
Can you use them for a blotter?  
Do your ears flip-flop?

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

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

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

## Boom Chick a Boom

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

Uh-huh! [Group echoes.]  
Oh Yeah! [Group echoes.]  
One more time! [Group echoes.]  
Janitor style! [Group echoes.]

I says a-broom push-a-broom! [Group echoes.]  
I says a-broom push-a-broom! [Group echoes.]  
I says a-boom-chick-a-rock-a-chick-a-rock-a-chick-a-boom!  
[Group echoes.]

Uh-huh! [Group echoes.]  
Oh Yeah! [Group echoes.]  
One more time! [Group echoes.]  
Higher now! [Group echoes.]

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

## He Jumped from 40,000 Feet

(Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic )

He jumped from 40,000 feet and forgot to pull the cord,  
He jumped from 40,000 feet and forgot to pull the cord,  
He jumped from 40,000 feet and forgot to pull the cord,  
And he ain't gonna fly no more.

Chorus:  
Glory, glory, what a heck of a way to die  
Glory, glory, what a heck of a way to die  
Glory, glory, what a heck of a way to die  
And he ain't gonna fly no more.

He was last to leave the cockpit and the first to hit the ground..  
He was last to leave the cockpit and the first to hit the ground..  
He was last to leave the cockpit and the first to hit the ground..  
And he ain't gonna fly no more.

(Chorus)  
He landed on the runway like a blob of strawberry jam.  
He landed on the runway like a blob of strawberry jam.  
He landed on the runway like a blob of strawberry jam.  
And he ain't gonna fly no more.

(Chorus)  
They scraped him off the runway with a silver spoon.  
They scraped him off the runway with a silver spoon.  
They scraped him off the runway with a silver spoon.  
And he ain't gonna fly no more.

(Chorus)  
They sent him home to mother in a little wooden box.  
They sent him home to mother in a little wooden box.  
They sent him home to mother in a little wooden box.  
And he ain't gonna fly no more.  
(Chorus)  
His mother didn't want him so she sent him back to us.  
His mother didn't want him so she sent him back to us.  
His mother didn't want him so she sent him back to us.  
And he ain't gonna fly no more.  
(Chorus)

Suggested hand motions:

1. last to leave (flap arms like bird) the cockpit..
2. first to (slap hands) hit the..
3. He (slap hands) landed on..
4. They (make scooping motion) scraped him..
5. in a little (make small box with hands) box.
6. so she sent (make overhand throwing motion) him back to us.

## Pink Pajamas

(Tune: "Battle Hymn of the Republic")

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

Glory, glory, hallelujah!  
Glory, glory, what's it to ya?  
Balmy breezes blowin' through ya  
With nothing on at all!

## Mom, Wash My Underwear

(Tune: "God Bless America" )

Mom, wash my underwear, my only pair.  
We can find them, and move them,  
From the heap by the side of the chair.  
To the washer, to the clothesline,  
To my backpack, to my rear.  
Mom, wash my underwear, my only pair.  
Mom, wash my underwear, my only pair.

## The Ants Go Marching

The ants go marching one by one, hook-rah, rah-rah,  
the ants go marching one by one, rah-rah, rah-rah,  
the ants go machine one by one,  
the little one stops to suck his thumb,  
and they all go marching  
down into the ground to get out of the rain.  
Boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom.

The ants go marching two by two, rah-rah, rah-rah.  
The ants go marching two by two, rah-rah, rah-rah.  
The ants go marching two by two,  
the little one stops to tie his shoe,  
and they all go marching  
down into the ground to get out of the rain.  
Boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom.

The little one stops to climb a tree.  
The little one stops to open a door.  
The little one stops to do a jive.  
The little one stops to pick up sticks.  
The little one stops to look at heaven.  
The little one stops to open a gate.  
The little one stops to pick up dime.  
The little one stops to say "this is the end"  
or the little one stops to start again.

## Bug Juice

(Tune: On Top of Old Smokey)

At camp with the Boy Scouts  
They gave us a drink.  
We thought it was Kool-Aid,  
Because it was pink.

But the thing that they told us  
Would've grossed out a moose,  
For that great tasting pink drink  
Was really bug juice.

It looked fresh and fruity,  
Like tasty Kohl--Aid,  
But the bugs that were in it  
Were murdered with RAID!

We drank it by gallons;  
We drank it by tons.  
And the next morning,  
We all had the runs!  
So the next time you drink bug juice,  
And a fly drives you mad,  
He's just getting even,  
'Cause you swallowed his dad.

## National Embalming School

(Tune: Oh Christmas Tree)

We live for you, we die for you,  
National Embalming School.  
We do our best to give you rest,  
National Embalming School.  
We make a coffin out of tin,  
Then dig a hole to put you in.  
We live for you, we die for you,  
National Embalming School.

To thee we sing, to thee we drool,  
National Embalming School.  
We stuff the corpse, we stuff the ghoul,  
National Embalming School.  
When you feel hollow deep inside,  
We fill you up with formaldehyde.  
Our boys get hot when you get cool.  
National Embalming School.

(Tune: A Hunting We Will Go)  
Post mortem, Post mortem, Post mortem,  
Autopsy we must have.  
Post mortem, Post mortem, Post mortem,  
Autopsy we must have.

(Tune: The Anvil Chorus)

Cut, slice, slash the body,  
We must have a reason.  
Gee how the body stinks,  
It must be out of season.

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

## The Battle of New Orleans

In 1814 we took a little trip.  
Along with Colonel Jackson down the Mighty Mississippi  
We took a little bacon and we took a little beans,  
And we met the bloody British near the town of New Orleans.

CHORUS:  
We fired our guns the British kept a coming  
There wasn't nigh as many as there was a while ago.  
We fired once more and they began to running □,  
On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico.

We looked down the river and we seen the British come...  
There must have been a hundred of 'me beating □ on the drum.  
They stepped so high and they made their bugles ring;  
While we stood beside our cotton bales and didn't say a thing.

Old Hickory said we could take 'em by surprise.  
If we didn't fire a musket till we looked □ me in the eyes.  
We held our fire till we seen their faces well;  
Then we opened up our squirrel guns and really gave 'em--Well.

They ran through the briars and they ran thru the brambles,  
And they ran thru the bushes where a rabbit couldn't go.  
They ran so fast the hounds couldn't catch 'em  
On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico.

We fired our cannon till the barrel melted down,  
So we grabbed an alligator and we poured another round.  
We put the ball between his teeth and powdered his behind,  
And when we touched the powder off the alligator lost his mind.

They ran through the briars and they ran thru the brambles,  
And they ran thru the bushes where a rabbit couldn't go.  
They ran so fast the hounds couldn't catch 'me  
On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico.

## I'm proud to be a Boy Scout...

(Tune: This is the Music Concert)

I'm proud to be a Boy Scout, as you can plainly see. For if I  
weren't a Boy Scout a \_\_\_\_\_ I would be, and as you  
pass me by, you would hear me cry....

[or]

If I were not a Boy Scout, I wonder what I would be  
If I were not a Boy Scout, a .....

1. A bird watcher I would be  
Hark a lark, flying through the park, SPLAT!
2. A plumber I would be  
Plunge it, flush it, look out below!
3. A mermaid I would be  
Bloom, bloom, bloom, bloom, bloom, bloom!
4. A carpenter I would be  
Two by four, nail it to the floor!
5. A secretary I would be  
z-z-z-z get the point, z-z-z-z get the point?
6. A teacher I would be  
Sit down, shut up, throw away your gum!
7. An airline attendant I would be  
Coffee, tea, or me, sir; here's your little bag, BLEH!
8. A typist I would be  
Tick, tick, tick, tick, tick, tick, ZING!
9. A hippie I would be  
Love and peace, my hair is full of grease!  
[or] Hey Man! Cool Man! Far out! Wow!
10. A farmer I would be  
Here's a cow, there's a cow, and here's another yuck!  
[or] Come on Betsy give... the baby's got to live
11. A laundry worker I would be  
Starchy here, starchy there, starchy in your underwear!
12. A cashier I would be  
Twenty nine, forty nine, here is your change, sir!
13. A gym teacher I would be  
We must, we must, improve the bust!
14. A medic I would be  
Turn around, drop your pants, jab, jab, jab!
15. A doctor I would be  
Take a pill; pay my bill! I'm going golfing!  
[or] Bend Over, Drop Your Pants, This won't hurt a bit.  
[or] Needle! Thread! Stick 'me in the head!
16. An electrician I would be  
Positive, negative bzzzzt zap  
[or] Check the bulb, flip the switch. z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z
17. A fireman I would be  
Jump lady, jump... whoa splat!
18. A cook I would be  
Mix it, bake it; heartburn-BURP!

19. A ice cream maker I would be  
Tutti-frutti, tutti-frutti, nice ice cream!
20. A politician I would be  
Raise the taxes, lower the pay, vote for me on election day!
21. A butcher I would be  
Chop it up, grind it up, make a little patty!
22. A garbage collector I would be  
Lift it, dump it, pick out the good stuff  
[or] Pile that garbage. Pile that garbage. Pile it to the sky.
23. A [Domino's] pizza maker I would be  
30 minute, fast delivery!
24. A clam digger I would be  
Dig one here, dig one there-Oh my frozen derriere!
25. Superman I would be  
It's a bird, it's a plane, where is Lois Lane?
26. Lois Lane I would be  
Get away, get away, get away, Clark Kent!
27. A cyclist I would be  
peddle, peddle, peddle, peddle; ring, ring, ring!
28. A truck driver I would be  
Here's a curve, there's a curve. HERE'S A BETTER CURVE!  
[Makes outline of shapely woman.]
29. A house cleaner I would be  
Ooh, a bug; squish it in the rug!
30. A baby I would be  
Mama, Dada, I love you!
31. A Preacher I would be  
Well, well, you never can tell; you might go to heaven, or you  
might go to ...
32. A DJ I would Be,  
Miles of smiles on the radio dial.
33. A Stewardess I would be,  
Here's your coffee, here's your tea. here's your paper bag, burro
34. A Baker I would be,  
Donuts! Éclairs! Buy My Buns!
35. A Lifeguard I would be,  
Save yourself, Man. I'm working on my tan!  
[or] Mouth to Mouth Resuscitate, What a way to get a date.
36. A Lawyer I would be,  
Honest. I swear, My client wasn't there
37. An Undertaker I would be,  
6 x 4, nail them to the floor.
38. An Engineer, I would be,  
Push the button, push the button, kick the darn machine.
39. A Ranger I would be,  
Get eaten by a bear, see if I care.
40. A Jockey I would be,  
Grab the bridle, grab the bit, watch out for that pile of...
41. A Dog I would be,  
Oh golly, oh gee, I got to find a tree.
42. A Boxer I would be,  
Hit him with a left, hit him with a right, knock out his jaw.
43. A Nose picker I would be,  
stick it, pick it, wipe it on the wall
44. A Jester I would be,  
Please laugh, don't cry, I don't want die.
45. A Knight I would be,  
bang, clink, clang, how am I supposed to fight in this thing
46. A Dolly I would be,  
Mommy, Daddy, I love you. (blows a kiss)
47. A Cub master I would be,  
A Stomach, no hair, my scouts are everywhere.
48. A Policeman I would Be,  
Here's a Crime...There's a Crime...Here's a donut shop.
49. A Cereal Killer I would Be,  
Cheerios, Lucky Charms, Wearies your Next.

50. A Scoutmaster I would be,  
Do this, do that, I'm gonna take a nap.  
[or] Big belly, no hair, my scouts are everywhere!

A Girl Scout I would be!



## Viva La Companies

bode sidemen ate  
chew-n-chew

Let every good fellow now join in a song,  
Vive la Companies!  
Success to each other and pass it along,  
Vive la Companies!

(CHORUS)

Vive le, vive le, vive le amour  
Vive le, vive le, vive le amour  
Vive roil, vive le amour  
Vive la Companies!

A friend on your left and a friend on your right,  
Vive la companies!  
In joy and good fellowship let us unite,  
Vive la Companies!  
(chorus)

## Wheat-n-Chew

*(Leader says line,  
then everyone repeats)*

wheat-n-chew

bode sidemen ate  
chew-n-chew

its skittle-lid oaten dote  
bode sidemen ate  
chew-n-chew

oaten dote little beaten  
its skittle-lid oaten dote  
bode sidemen ate  
chew-n-chew

item dittany little kitten  
oaten dote little beaten  
its skittle-lid oaten dote  
bode sidemen ate  
chew-n-chew

easel level little beetle  
item dittany little kitten  
oaten dote little beaten  
its skittle-lid oaten dote  
bode sidemen ate  
chew-n-chew

rudely curdle little turtle  
easel level little beetle  
item dittany little kitten  
oaten dote little beaten  
its skittle-lid oaten dote  
bode sidemen ate  
chew-n-chew

oodles poodle little poodle  
rudely curdle little turtle  
easel level little beetle  
item dittany little kitten  
oaten dote little beaten  
its skittle-lid oaten dote

# STORIES

## The Cremation of Sam McGee

by Robert W. Service

There are strange things done 'neat the midnight sun  
by the men who toil for gold.  
The arctic trails have their secret tales  
that would make your blood run cold.  
The northern lights have seen queer sights  
but the queerest they ever did see,  
was that night on the merge of Lake Lafarge  
when I cremated Sam McGee.

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

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

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

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

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

There wasn't a breath in that land of death,  
and I hurried on, horror stricken.  
With a corpse half hid, that I couldn't get rid,  
because of a promise I'd given.  
It was lashed to the sleigh, and it seemed to say,  
"You may tax your brawn and your brains,  
but you promised true, and it's up to you  
to cremate these last remains."  
And every day that quiet clay

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

Then I came to the merge of Lake Lafarge  
and a derelict there lay.  
It was choked with ice, but I say in a thrice  
it was named the "Alice May".  
I looked at it, and I thought a bit,  
then I turned to my frozen chum,  
and "This" said I with a sudden cry  
"is my crematorium!"

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

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

I do not know how long in the snow  
I wrestled with grisly fear.  
But the stars were out and they danced about  
'ere again I ventured near.  
I was sick with dread, but I bravely said  
"I'll just take a peek inside.  
He's probably cooked, it's time I looked."  
Then the door I opened wide.  
And their sat Sam, looking cold and calm  
in the heart of the furnace roar.  
He wore a smile you could see a mile,  
and he said "Please shut that door!  
It's warm in here, but I greatly fear  
you'll let in the cold and storm.  
Since I left Plum tree, down in Tennessee,  
it's the first time I've been warm."

There are strange things done 'neat the midnight sun  
by the men who toil for gold.  
The arctic trails have their secret tales  
that would make your blood run cold.  
The northern lights have seen strange sights,  
but the queerest they ever did see  
was that night on the merge of Lake Lafarge  
when I cremated Sam McGee.

## The Shooting of Dan McGrew

by Robert W. Service

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

When out of the nigh, which was fifty below,  
and into the din and the glare,  
There stumbled a miner fresh from the creeks,  
dog-dirty, and loaded for bear.  
He looked like a man with a foot in the grave  
and scarcely the strength of a louse,

Yet he tilted a poke of dust on the bar,  
and he called for drinks for the house.  
There was none could place the stranger's face,  
though we searched ourselves for a clue;  
But we drank his health, and the last to drink  
was Dangerous Dan McGrew.

There's men that somehow just grip your eyes,  
and hold them hard like a spell;  
And such was he, and he looked to me  
like a man who had lived in hell;  
With a face most hair, and a dreary stare  
of a dog whose day is done,

As he watered the green stuff in his glass,  
and the drops fell one by one.  
Then I got to fingering who he was,  
and wondering what he'd do,  
And I turned my head - and they're watching him  
was the lady that's known as Lou.

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

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

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

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

The music almost died away . . .  
then it burst like a pent-up flood;  
And it seemed to say, "Repay, repay,"  
and my eyes were blind with blood.  
The thought came back of an ancient wrong,  
and it stung like a frozen lash,  
And the lust awoke to kill, to kill . . .

then the music stopped with a crash,  
And the stranger turned, and his eyes they burned  
in a most peculiar way;  
In a buckskin shirt that was glazed with dirt  
he sat, and I saw him sway;  
Then his lips went in a kind of grin,  
and he spoke, and his voice was calm,  
And "Boys," says he, "you don't know me,  
and none of you care a damn;  
But I want to state, and my words are straight,  
and I'll bet my poke they're true,  
That one of you is a hound of hell . . .  
and that one is Dan McGrew."

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

These are the simple facts of the case,  
and I guess I ought to know.  
They say the stranger was crazed with "hooch,"  
and I'm not denying it's so.  
I'm not so wise as the lawyer guys,  
but strictly between us two -

The woman that kissed him and - pinched his poke -  
was the lady that's known as Lou.

## Gung Din

by Rudyard Kipling

You may talk o' gin and beer  
When you're quartered safe out 'ere,  
An' you're sent to penny-fights an' Alders hot it;  
But when it comes to slaughter  
You will do your work on water,  
An' you'll lick the blooming' boots of 'imp that's got it.

Now in India's sunny clime,  
Where I used to spend my time  
A-serving' of 'Err Majesty the Queen,  
Of all them blackface crew  
The finest man I knew  
Was our regimental bits, Gung Din.

He was "Din! Din! Din!  
You limping' lump o' brick-dust, Gung Din!  
Hi! slippery 'hitherto!  
Water, get it! 'Pane load!  
You sludgy-nosed old idol, Gung Din."  
The uniform 'e wore  
Was nothing' much before,  
An' rather less than 'arc o' that behind,  
For a piece o' twisty rag  
An' a goatskin water-bag  
Was all the field-equipment 'e could find.

When the sweating' troop-train lay  
In a siding' through the day,  
Where the 'eat would make your blooming' eyebrows crawl,  
We shouted "Harry By!"  
Till our throats were brick-dry,  
Then we wiped 'imp 'cause 'e couldn't serve us all.

It was "Din! Din! Din!  
You 'earthen, where the mischief 'aver you been?  
You put some 'julep' in it  
Or I'll 'marrow' you this minute  
If you don't fill up my helmet, Gung Din!"

'E would dot an' carry one  
Till the longest day was done;  
An' 'e didn't seem to know the use o' fear.  
If we charged or broke or cut,  
You could bet your blooming' nut,  
'I'd be waiting' fifty paces right flank rear.

With 'is 'music' on 'is back,  
'E would skip with our attack,  
An' watch us till the bugles made "Retire",  
An' for all 'is dirty 'idea  
'E was white, clear white, inside  
When 'e went to tend the wounded under fire!

It was "Din! Din! Din!"  
With the bullets kicking' dust-spots on the green.  
When the cartridges ran out,  
You could hear the front-files shout,  
"Hi! ammunition-mules an' Gung Din!"

I shan't forget the night  
When I dropped behind the fight  
With a bullet where my belt-plate should 'a' been.  
I was choking' mad with thirst,

An' the man that spied me first  
Was our good old grinning', grunting' Gung Din.

'E lifted up my 'egad,  
An' he plugged me where I bled,  
An' 'e gum me 'pint-a-pint o' water-green:  
It was crawling' and it stunk,  
But of all the drinks I've drunk,  
I'm grate fullest to one from Gung Din.

It was "Din! Din! Din!  
'Era's a beggar with a bullet through 'is spleen;  
'E's chain' up the ground,  
An' 'em's kicking' all around:  
For Bawd's sake get the water, Gung Din!"

'E carried me away  
To where a dole lay,  
An' a bullet come an' drilled the beggar clean.  
'E put me safe inside,  
An' just before 'e died,  
"I 'open you liked your drink", sees Gung Din.  
So I'll meet 'imp later on  
At the place where 'e is gone --  
Where it's always double drill and no canteen;  
'I'll be squatting' on the coals  
Giving' drink to poor damned souls,  
An' I'll get a swig in hell from Gung Din!

Yes, Din! Din! Din!  
You Lazarus lan-leather Gung Din!  
Though I've belted you and flayed you,  
By the living' Gad that made you,  
You're a better man than I am, Gung Din!