

Scouting Resources

Songbook – 17

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The Erie Canal

I've got a mule, her name is Sal,
Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal.
She's a good ol' worker and a good ol' pal,
Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal.

We've hauled some barges in our day,
Filled with lumber, coal, and hay,
And now we know ev'ry inch of the way
From Albany to Buffalo.

Chorus:

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

We better get on our way, old pal,
Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal.
'Cause you bet your life I'd never part with Sal,
Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal.

Get up there mule, here comes a lock,
We'll make Rome 'bout six o'clock,
One more trip and back we'll go,
Right back home to Buffalo.

Handcart Song

Ye Saints who dwell on Europe's shore,
Prepare yourself for many more

To leave behind your native land,
For sure God's judgements are at hand.

For you must cross the raging main
Before the promised land you gain,
And with the faithful make a start
To cross the plains with your handcart.

Chorus:

For some must push and some must pull
As we go marching up the hill;
So merrily on the way we go
Until we reach the valley-o!

And long before the valley the valley's gained,
We will be met upon the plains
With music sweet and friends so dear
And fresh supplies our heart to cheer.

And then with music and with song,
How cheerfully we'll march along
And thank the day we made a start
To cross the plains with our handcart.

Chorus:

Happy Wanderer

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

Chorus

Valdaree, valdarah, valdaree,
Valdarah-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha
Valdaree, valdarah
My knapsack on my back.

I love to wander by the stream
that dances in the sun
so joyously
it calls to me

"Come join my happy song."
I tip my hat to all I meet,
and they wave back to me

The blackbird call
so loud and sweet
from every greenwood tree.

High overhead the Skylark wings.
He never stays at home.
And just like me,
he loves to sing
as over the world he roams.

Oh may I go a-wandering
until the day I die.
Oh may I always
laugh and sing
beneath God's clear blue sky.

Chorus

Hot Time In the Old Town Tonight

Late last night when we were all in bed,
Mrs. O'Leary left her lantern in the shed.

Well, the cow kicked it over, and this is what they said:
"There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight!"

When you hear those bells go ding-a-ling,
All join 'round and sweetly you must sing.
And when the verse is through, in the chorus all join in:
"There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight!"

For dramatic effect, shout out "FIRE, FIRE, FIRE" at the end of the first verse.

Silly variant:

Ten nights dark when bed we all were in,
Old Leary lady hung the shed her lantern in,
And when the kick cowed it over, she eyed her wink and said
"There'll be town hot in the time old tonight!"

Johnnie Verbeck

There was a Dutch-man,
his name was John-nie Ver-beck.
He was a dealer in sausages and sauerkraut and spec.
He makes the finest sausages that ever you did see.
But one day he invented a wonderful sausage machine.

Chorus

Oh, Mister Johnnie Verbeck,
How could you be so mean?
I told you you'd be sorry for inventing that machine.
All the neighbors cats and dogs
Will never more be seen,
For they'll be ground to sausage meat
In Johnnie Verbeck's machine.

One day a little fat boy came a walking in the store
He brought a pound of sausage and piled them on the floor.
The boy began to whistle and he whistled up a tune.
And all the sausages went a dancing 'round the room.

Chorus

One day the machine got busted the blamed thing wouldn't go.
So Johnnie Verbeck, he climbed inside to see what made it so.
His wife, she had a nightmare and walking in her sleep
She gave the crank an awful yank and Johnnie Verbeck was meat.

Chorus

Land of Oden

In the land of Oden,
there lies a mountain,
Ten thousand miles, in the air
From edge to edge
This mountain measures,
Ten thousand miles square

A little bird comes a winging
Once every thousand years or so
Sharpens its beak on teh mountain
And then he swiftly flies away
And when this mountain
has worn away
that in eternity will be

But one single day.
In the land of Oden,
There lies a mountain
Ten thousand miles in the air
In the air
In the air.

The Mermaid

'Twas Friday Morn When we set sail,
and our ship wasn't far from the land.
When our captain spied a pretty mermaid,
with a comb and a glass in her hand.

Chorus:

Oh, the ocean waves may roll
and the stormy winds may blow
But we poor sailors go skipping to the top
While the landlubbers lie down below, below,
below
While the landlubbers lie down below, below.

Then up spoke the captain of our gallant ship,
and a fine old man was he.
"This fishy mermaid has warned us of our doom,
we shall sink to the bottom of the sea."

Chorus

Then up spoke the mate of our gallant ship
and a well spoken man was he.
"I've married me a wife in old Salem Town,
and tonight a widow she'll be."

Chorus

Then up spoke the cook of our gallant ship,
and a red hot cook was he.
"I care more for my pots and my pans,
than I do for the bottom of the sea."

Chorus

Then up spoke the figurehead of our gallant ship
and a well carved figure was she.
"I'd rather be a figurehead of this gallant ship
than a log at the bottom of the sea."

Chorus

Then up spoke the cabin boy of our gallant ship
and a dirty little rat was he.
"There's nary a soul in old salem town,
who gives a lick 'bout me."

Chorus

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

Chorus

... Mighty Fine.... . . Scout Camp

The busses that you ride in, they say are mighty fine,
But when they turn a corner, they leave the wheels behind.

Chorus

Oh, I don't want no more of Delmont Life..
Gee, Mom, I want to go, but they won't let me go;
Gee, Mom, I want to go home.

The leaders that they have here, they say are mighty fine,
But when you get up closer, they look like frankenstein.

The first aid that they give you, they say is mighty fine,
But if you cut your finger, you're left with only nine.

The water that they have here they say is mighty fine,
But when you try to drink it, it tastes like turpentine.

The biscuits that they serve you, they say are mighty fine
But one rolled off the table and killed a friend of mine

The spaghetti that they serve you, they say is mighty fine
They rinse it the toilet and drain it on the line/

The cocoa that they serve you, they say is mighty fine
It's good for cuts and bruises and tastes like iodine.

The tents/cabins that you sleep in, they say are mighty fine
But whoever said this has never slept in mine.

The toilets that they have here are the best that they can get
Last night my tent mate had to go, they haven't found him/her yet.

The Scout Who Never Returned

[Tune: *Charlie On The MTA*]

Let me tell you of a story of a Scout named . . . ,
On that tragic and fateful day;
Put his/her Scout knife in his/her pocket;
Kissed his/her dog and family;
When to hike in the woods far away.
Well, did he/she ever return?
No, he/she never returned.
And his/her fate is still unlearned:
He/she may roam forever in the woods and mountains,
He/she's the Scout who never returned.
Now you citizens of [town name],
Don't you think it's a scandle
How ol' [Scout's name] got lost that day?
Take the right equipment; TAKE ALONG A BUDDY,
When you hike in the hills that way.
Or else you'll never return,
No, you'll never return.
And your fate will be unlearned: (just like [Scout's name])
You may roam forever in the woods and mountains,
Like the Scout who never returned.

Our Paddles Keen and Bright

Our paddles keen and bright, flashing like silver,
Swift as the wild goose flies, dip, dip, and swing.
Dip, dip, and swing them back, flashing like silver,
Swift as the wild goose flies, dip, dip, and swing.
Sing two or three times through, with voices becoming louder
and then softer-as though canoes were first approaching and then
moving away. [Also may be sung as a round.]

Red River Valley

From this valley they say you are going,
We will miss your bright eyes and sweet smile,
For they say you are taking the sunshine
Which has brightened our pathways a while.

Chorus

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

I've been thinking a long time, my darling,
Of the sweet words you never would say,
Now, alas, must my fond hopes all vanish?
For they say you are going away.

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

From this valley they say you are going,
When you go, may your darling go too?
Would you leave her behind unprotected,
When she loves no one other than you.

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

I have promised you, darling, that never
Will a word from my lips cause you pain,
And my life, it will be yours forever,
If you only will love me again.

They will bury me where you have wandered,
Near the hills where the daffodils grow,
When you're gone from the Red River valley,
For I can't live without you I know.

Shenandoah

Oh Shenandoah, I long to see you,
Far away you rolling river,
Oh Shenandoah, I long to see you,
Away, we're bound away across the wide Missouri.
I long to see your smiling valley, . . .
'Tis seven long years since last I saw thee, . . .
When first I took a rambling notion, . . . To sail across the
briny ocean.

On Top of Old Smoky

On top of old Smoky, all covered with snow,
I lost my true lover from courting too slow.
Now, courting is pleasure and parting is grief,
And a false-hearted lover is worse than a thief.
For a thief will just rob you and take what you have,
But a false-hearted lover will lead you to the grave.
And the grave will decay you and turn you to dust;
Not one boy in a hundred a poor girl can trust.
They'll hug you and kiss you and tell you more lies,
Than cross ties on a railroad or stars in the skies.
So, come all you young maidens and listen to me,
Never place your affection on a green willow tree.
For the leaves they will wither, and the roots they will die,
You'll all be forsaken and never know why.

Oh! Susanna

I come from Alabama with my banjo on my knee,
I'm going to Louisiana, my true love for to see.
It rained all night the day I left, the weather it was dry
The sun so hot I froze to death, Susanna, don't you cry.

Chorus

Oh! Susanna, Oh don't you cry for me,
For I come from Alabama with my banjo on my knee.

I had a dream the other night, when everything was still;
I thought I saw Susanna dear, a coming down the hill.
A buckwheat cake was in her mouth, a tear was in her eye,
Says I, I'm coming from the south, Susanna, don't you cry.

I soon will be in New Orleans, and then I'll look around,
And when I find Susanna, I'll fall upon the ground.
But if I do not find her, then I will surely die,
And when I'm dead and buried, Oh, Susanna, don't you cry.

All Together Again

We're all together again, we're here, we're here,
We're all together again, we're here, we're here.
And who knows when, we'll be all together again?
Singing all together again, we're here!

Philmont Hymn

Silver on the sage, Wind in whispering pines,
Starlit skies above, Eagles soaring high,
Aspen covered hills, Purple mountains rise,
Country that I love. Against an azure sky.
Philmont Here's thee, Philmont here's to the,
Scouting Paradise, Scouting Paradise,
Out in God's country, tonight Out in God's country Tonight.

Scout Vespers

Softly falls the light of day,
While our campfires fade 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?

Boy Scouts of America

We're the Boy Scouts of America
Scouting for things anew.
Our activities lead to victories
in all we set out to do.
We're the Boy Scouts of America,
We plan hand in hand each day
To do better than need be done
till all our goals are won
champs with a winning way.
We're loyal to purpose and integrity
Pledged to the Scout Oath eternally.
With verve and conviction we sing our song
to keep America strong.
We're the Boy Scouts of America
and this we have to say
Join us and we'll stand beside you,
beside you all the way.
The Boy Scouts of America
will stand beside you all the way.

This Land is Your Land

Chorus

This land in your land, this land is my land,
From California, to the New York Island,
From the redwood forests to the Gulf Stream
waters,
This land was made for you and me.

As I was 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.

I've roamed and rambled and I followed my
footsteps,
To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts,

And all around me a voice was sounding,
This land was made for you and me.

I followed your low hills and I followed your cliff
rims,
Your marble canyons and sunny bright waters,
This voice came calling, as the fog was lifting,
This land was made for you and me.

As the sun was shining and I was strolling,
Through the wheat fields waving and the dust
clouds rolling,
I could feel inside me and see all 'round me
This land was made for you and me.

The Star-Spangled Banner

Oh, 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.
Oh, 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 on the stream:
'Tis the star-spangled banner; oh, 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 terrors of flight 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.
Oh, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand,
Between their loved ones and wild war's desolation,
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land,
Praise the pow'r that hath made and preserved 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!

Battle Hymn of the Republic

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

Chorus

Glory, glory hallelujah!
Glory, glory hallelujah!
Glory, glory hallelujah,
His truth is marching on.

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

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

The Weekend

[Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic]

I have seen the sky in darkness, I have seen it in the sun,
I have felt the rain upon me, I've enjoyed the snowy fun.
When the weather isn't cloudy or the wind it doesn't blow.
It isn't only raining, it's the weekend too, you know.
Glory, glory, it's the weekend! [Repeat.]
I can tell because it's raining and it's 42 below,
As we Scouts go marching on.

All Night, All Day

All night, all day, (O Lordy)
Angels watching over me, my Lord.
All night, all day,
Angels watching over me.
1. Now I lay me down to sleep.
Angels watching over me, my Lord.
Pray the Lord my soul to keep.
Angels watching over me.
2. If I die before I wake
Angels watching over me, my Lord.
Pray the Lord my soul to take.
Angels watching over me.

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.

Green Trees Around You

Green trees around you, blue skies above;
Friends all about you in a world filled with love.
Taps sounding softly, hearts beating true,
As Girl Scouts sing Good Night to you.
(then you sing Taps)