

Scouting Resources

Songbook – 05

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<http://www.scoutingresources.org.uk/>

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The Cat Came Back

Old farmer Johnson had troubles of his own.
He had a yellow cat that wouldn't leave him alone.
He tried and he tried to give that cat away;
Gave him to a man going very far away.

Chorus

But the cat came back, the very next day
Oh the cat came back, they thought he was a
gonner,
But the cat came back, he just couldn't stay
away, away,
away.

Gave it to a man going way out west.
Told him to give it to the one he loved the best.
First the train jumped the track, then it slipped the
rail.
No one is alive today to tell the sad detail.

Gave it to someone going up in a balloon.
Told him to give it to the man in the moon.
Balloon came down about 90 miles away;
But where the pilot is today I cannot say.

Gave it to a little boy with a dollar and a note.
Told him to go up the river in a little boat.
To tie a rope around its neck and a weight of 20
pounds.
Now they tell the tale of the little boy that
drowned.

Man on the corner swore he'd shoot that cat on
sight.
He loaded up his shotgun with nails and
dynamite.
He waited and he waited for that cat to come
around.
Nine-seven pieces of that man is all they found.

The bombs started dropping just the other day.
The missiles were fired in the very same way.
Russia went, China went, and the USA [Sobs].
The human race perished with hardly a chance to
pray.

The Death of Cock Robin

Chorus

All the birds of the air fell a sighin' and sobbin',
When they heard of the death of poor cock robin,
When they heard of the death of poor cock robin.

1. Who killed cock robin?

"I", said the sparrow, "with my bow and arrow."
"I killed cock robin."

2. Who saw him die?

"I", said the fly, "with my little eye."

3. Who'll make his shroud?

"I", said the beetle, "with my thread and needle."

4. Who'll dig his grave ?

"I", said the owl, "with my little trowel."

5. Who'll give the memorial?

"I", said the rook, "with my little book."

6. Who'll be chief mourner?

"I", said the dove, "with my undying love."

7. Who'll bear the coffin?

"I", said the wren, "with rooster and the hen."

8. Who'll let him down?

"I", said the crane, "with my golden chain."

9. Who'll cover him over?

"I", said the crow, "with my little hoe."

10. Who'll toll the bell?

"I", said the bull, "because I can pull."

11. Who'll mark the grave?

"I", said the thrush, "with my paint and brush."

12. Who'll keep the vigil?

"I", said the lark, "so long as it's not dark."

The Ghost of Anne Bolelyn

Now in the Tower of London, large as life, (large as life)
The ghost of Anne Bolelyn walks, I declare. (I declare)
Now, Anne Bolelyn was once King Henry's wife, (Henry's wife)
Until he had the axeman bob her hair. (bob her hair)
It happened many long years ago, (long years ago)
But she still comes back at night to tell him so. (tell him so)

Chorus

With her head tucked underneath her arm, she walks the bloody tower.
With her head tucked underneath her arm, at the midnight hour.
Oh, once in a while King Henry gives a spread, (gives a spread)
For all his pals and gals, a ghostly crew. (ghostly crew)
The axeman carves the meat and cuts the bread, (cuts the bread)
And in walks Anne Bolelyn to spoil the stew (spoil the stew)
She holds her head up high with a wild wa-whoop, [bloodcurdling scream]
King Henry cries, "Don't drop it in the soup!" (in the soup)
Along the drafty corridors for miles and miles she goes,
She often catches cold, poor thing, it's drafty when it blows,
And it's awfully awkward when she has to blow her nose.
With her head tucked underneath her arm.

Suggested presentation: Make paper mache 'head' or draw a face on an ordinary balloon. The song leader uses this to act out the words as the audience sings along.

The Thing

As I was walking down the beach one bright and sunny day.
I saw a great big wooden box a-floatin' in the bay.
I pulled it in and opened it up and much to my surprise,
I discovered a -, -,right before my eyes!
Oh, I discovered a -, -,right before my eyes!
I picked it up and ran to town as happy as a king.
I took it to a guy I know who'd buy most anything.
But this is what he hollered at me as I walked in his shop,
"Oh, get out of here with that -, -,before I call a cop!"
[Repeat]
I turned around and got right out a-runnin' for my life,
And then I took it home with me to give it to my wife.
But this is what she hollered at me as I walked in the door,
"Oh get out of here with that -, -, and don't come back no more." [Repeat]
I wandered all around the town until I chanced to meet
A hobo who was looking for a handout on the street.
He said he'd take most any old thing, he was a desperate man,
But when I showed him the -, -, he turned a-round and ran.

[Repeat]

I wandered on for many years, a victim of my fate,
Until one day I came upon Saint Peter at the gate.
And when I tried to take it inside he told me where to go;
"Get out of here with that -, -, and take it down be-low!"

[Repeat]

The moral of this story is; if you're out on the beach
And you should see a great big box, and it's within your
reach,
Don't ever stop and open it up, that's my advice to you,
'Cause you'll never get rid of the -, -,no matter what you
do! [Repeat]

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 scandal
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.

Three Fishermen

There were three jolly fishermen. [Repeat.]
Fisher, fisher, men, men, men. [Repeat.]
There were three jolly fishermen.
The first one's name was Abraham. [Repeat.]
Abra, abra, ham, ham, ham. [Repeat.]
The first one's name was Abraham.
The second one was Isaac. [Repeat.]
I-i, i-i, zac, zac, zac. [Repeat.]
The second one was Isaac.
The third one's name was Ja-acob. [Repeat.]
J-a, j-a, cub, cub, cub. [Repeat.]
The third one's name was Ja-acob.
They all sailed up to Jericho. [Repeat.]
Jeri, jeri, co, co, co. [Repeat.]
They all sailed up to Jericho.
They should have gone to Amsterdam. [Repeat.]
Amster, amster, shh, shh, shh. [Repeat.]
They should have gone to Amsterdam.
You must not say that naughty word. [Repeat.]
Naughty, naughty, word, word, word. [Repeat.]
You must not say that naughty word.
I'm going to say it anyway...

Twelve Days of [Summer] Camp

On the first day of [summer] camp my family sent to me,
A PFD in a pine tree.

- | | |
|--------------------|------------------------|
| 2. skinned knees | 8. counselors sleeping |
| 3. Bic pens | 9. pairs of skivvies |
| 4. flashlights | 10. noisy chipmunks |
| 5. bathing suits | 11. lost swimmers |
| 6. bars of candy | 12. soggy towels |
| 7. missing dollars | |

Hint: Consider this a sample; tailor individual verses to suit your own situation.

Blow, Ye Winds

Oh, a ship was all rigg'd and ready for sea,
And all of her sailors were fishes to be.

Chorus

So, blow ye winds westerly, westerly blow.
We're bound for the south'ard, so steady she goes.

Oh, first came the herring, the kind of the sea,
He jumped on the poop, "I'll be captain," said he.

The next was a flat fish, they call him the skate:
"If you be the captain, why, sure, I'm the mate."

The next came the hake, as black as a rook.
Says he, "I'm no sailor, I'll ship as the cook."

The next came the shark, with his two rows of teeth:
"Cook mind the cabbage, and I'll mind the beef."

And then came the codfish, with his chuckle head,
He jumped in the chains, began heaving the lead.

The next came the flounder, as flat as the ground:
"Damn your eyes, chuckhead, mind how you sound."

The next comes the mack'rel with his striped back,
He jumped to the waist for to board the main tack.

And then came the sprat, the smallest of all,
He jumped on the poop, and cried, "Main topsail haul!"

Greenland Fisheries

'Twas in eighteen hundred and fifty three,
On June the thirteenth day,
That our gallant ship her anchor weighed,
And for Greenland bore away, brave boys,
And for Greenland bore away.
The lookout in the crosstrees stood
With a spyglass in his hand.
"There's a whale, there's a whale, there's a
whalefish" he
cried
And she blows at every span, brave boys.
And she blows at every span.
The captain stood on the quarter-deck,
And a fine little man was he.
"Overhaul! Overhaul! let your davit-tackles fall,
And launch your boats for the sea, brave boys,
And launch your boats for the sea."
Now the boats were launched and the men
aboard,
And the whale was full in view.
Resolved was each seaman bold,
To steer where the whalefish blew, brave boys,

To steer where the whalefish blew.
We struck the whale, and the line paid out,
But she gave such a flourish with her tail,
That the boat capsized and four men were lost,
And we never caught that whale, brave boys,
And we never caught that whale.
"To lose that whale" our captain said
"It grieves my heart full sore,
But to lose four of our gallant sailor boys,
It grieves me ten times more, brave boys,
It grieves me ten times more."
"The winter star doth now appear,
So, boys, we'll anchor weigh.
It's time to leave this cold country,
And homeward bear away, brave boys,
And homeward bear away."
Oh, Greenland is a dreadful place,
A land that's never green.
Where there's ice and snow, and the whalefishes
blow,
And the daylight's seldom seen, brave boys,
And the daylight's seldom seen.

It was Friday Night When We Set Sail (The Mermaid)

It was Friday night when we set sail,
And we were not far from the land.
When the captain spied a lovely mermaid
With a comb and a brush in her hand, her hand,
With a comb and a brush in her hand.

Chorus

Oh! the ocean waves may roll, may roll,
And the stormy winds may blow, may blow-o,
But we poor sailors go skipping to the tops
While the land-lubbers lie down below, below, below,
While the land-lubbers lie down below.
Then up spoke the captain of our gallant ship,
And a fine old man was he,
Saying, "This fishy mermaid has warned us of our doom;
We shall sink to the bottom of the sea, the sea, the sea,
We shall sink to the bottom of the sea!"
Then up spoke the mate of our gallant ship,
And a well spoken man was he;
"I've married a wife in Salem Town,
And tonight she a widow will be, will be, will be,
And tonight she a widow will be."
Then up spoke the cook of our gallant ship.
And a RED HOT cook was he;
"I care much more for my kettles and my pots
Than I do for the bottom of the sea, the sea, the sea,
Than I do for the bottom of the sea."
Then up spoke the cabin boy of our gallant ship.
And a scurvy little rascal was he;
"I've nary a soul in Salem Town
Who will care what happened to me, to me, to me,
Who will care what happened to me."
SLOWLY
Then three times round, went our gallant ship
Then three times round went she;
Then three times round, went our gallant ship
And she sank to the bottom of the sea, the sea, the sea,
And she sank to the bottom of the sea.

Sloop John B.

We came on the sloop John B., my grandfather and me,
Round Nassau town we did roam,
Drinking all night, got into a fight,
Well, I feel so break-up, I want to go home.

Chorus

So, hoist up the John B.'s sails, see how the main sails set,
Send for the Captain ashore, let me go home;
Let me go home, I want to go home,
I feel so break-up, I want to go home.
Well, the first mate, he got drunk,
Broke up the people's trunk,
Constable has to come and take him away,
Sheriff John Stone, please leave me alone.
I feel so break-up, I want to go home.
The poor cook he got fits, throw'd away all my grits,
Then he went and ate up all of my corn,
Oh, let me go home, I want to go home,
This is the worst trip I've ever been on.

The Ship Titanic

Oh, they built the ship Titanic to sail the ocean blue,
And they thought they had a ship that the water would never leak through,
But the Lord's almighty hand knew that ship would never stand.
It was sad when the great ship went down.

Chorus

Oh, it was sad, it was sad; it was sad, it was sad;
It was sad when the great ship went down, to the
bottom of the
Husbands and wives, little-bitty children lost their
lives,
It was sad when that great ship went down.

Oh, they sailed away from England, and were
almost to the shore,
When the rich refused to associate with the poor,
So they put them down below, where they were
the first to go.
It was sad when the great ship went down.

The boat was full of din, and the sides about to
burst,
When the captain shouted "Women and children
first!"
Then the captain tried to wire, but the wireless
was on fire.
It was sad when the great ship went down.

So they swung the lifeboats out o're the deep and
raging sea
The band struck up with 'Nearer My God to
Thee',
Little children wept and cried, as the waves
swept, o're the side,
It was sad when the great ship went down.

Oh the moral to be gained from this tale of woe
and pain,
Is that if you're rich you should not be so vain.
For in the good Lord's eyes, you're the same as
other guys.
It was sad when the great ship went down.

Oh they built another ship they called, "Titanic II."
They were sure this time that the water would
never leak thorough.
So they launched it with a cheer, and it sank right
off the pier.
It was sad when the great ship went down.

All Through the Night

Sleep, my child, and peace attend thee,
All through the night;
Guardian angels God will send thee,
All through the night.
Soft the drowsy hours are creeping,
Hill and vale in slumber sleeping,
I my loving vigil keeping,
All through the night.
While the moon her watch is keeping,
All through the night;
While the weary world is sleeping,
All through the night.
O'er thy spirit gently stealing,
Visions of delight revealing,
Breathes a pure and holy feeling,
All through the night.
Though I roam a minstrel lonely,
All through the night;
My true harp shall praise thee only,
All through the night.
Love's young dream, alas! is over,
Yet my strains of love shall hover,
Near the presence of my lover,
All through the night.
Hark! A solemn bell is ringing,
Clear through the night;
Thou, my love, art heav'nward winging,
Home through the night.
Earthly dust from off the shaken,
Soul immortal shalt not waken,
With thy last dim journey taken,
Home through the night.

Come, Come, Ye Saints

Come, come ye Saints, no toil or labor fear; but with joy wend your way.
Though hard to you this journey may appear, grace shall be as your day.
'Tis better far for us to strive, our useless cares from us drive;
Do this and joy your hearts will swell. All is well! All is well!
Why should we mourn or think our lot is hard? 'Tis not so; all is right.
Why should we think to earn a great reward if we now shun the fight?
Gird up your loins, fresh courage take, our God will never us forsake;
And soon we'll have this tale to tell: All is well! All is well!

Hymn of Scouting

[Tune: The Church's One Foundation]

Oh Father we would bring Thee a Scoutship strong and true,
A life of loving service and struggle well won through,
A Scoutship that our Founder would surely love to see,
Of utter self-surrender and spotless purity.
Oh knit us all together as loyal friends of all,
And make us every ready to help up those who fall,
As Scouts we must be trusted to others to do good,
God bless and keep and strengthen the Scouting brother[/sister]hood.
So as we stand before Thee we give our promise true,
That we will on our honor love God and country too.
We'll help all others daily in all we say and do,
And live the laws of Scouting as Thou would'st have us do.
And so Thee our Captain, as loyal Scouts we come,
And ask that Thou will leads us 'til Scouting days are done.
We face tomorrow's struggles strong in Thy strength alone:
Look down and bless our Scoutship, for we would be Thine own.

Michael Row the Boat

Michael, row the boat ashore, Alleluia
Michael, row the boat ashore, Alleluia.
Sister, help to trim the sail,
Sister, help to trim the sail,
Brother, lend a helping hand,
Brother, lend a helping hand,
Jordan's river is chilly and cold,
Chills the body but not the soul,
Jordan's river is deep and wide,
Milk and honey on the other side.
Gabriel blow the trumpet horn
Blow the trumpet loud and long.

Morning Has Broken

Morning has broken, like the first morning,
Blackbird has spoken, like the first bird.
Praise for the singing, praise for the morning,
Praise for them springing fresh from the word.
Sweet the rain's new fall, sunlit from heaven,
Like the first dew fall on the first grass.
Praise for the sweetness of the wet garden,
Sprung in completeness where His feet pass.
Mine is the sunlight, mine is the morning,
Born of the one light Eden saw play.
Praise with elation, praise every morning,
God's re-creation of the new day.
Cool the gray clouds roll, peaking the mountains,

Gull in her free flight, swooping the skies.
Praise for the mystery, misting the morning,
Behind the shadow, waiting to shine.
I am the sunrise, warming the heavens,
Spilling my warm glow over the earth.
Praise for the brightness of this new morning,
Filling my spirit with Your great love.
Mine is a turning, mine is a new life,
Mine is a journey closer to You.
Praise for the sweet glimpse, caught in a
moment,
Joy breathing deeply, dancing in flight.

Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

Chorus

Swing low, sweet chariot, comin' for to carry me home;
Swing low, sweet chariot, comin' for to carry me home.

I looked over Jordan, and what did I see,
Comin' for to carry me home;

A band of angels coming after me,
Comin' for to carry me home.

If you get to heaven before I do,
Comin' for to carry me home;

Just tell all my friends that I'm a coming too,
Comin' for to carry me home.

I'm sometimes up and sometimes down,
Comin' for to carry me home;

But still my soul feels heavenly bound,
Comin' for to carry me home.

I've never been to heaven, but I've been told,
Comin' for to carry me home;

That the streets in heaven are paved with gold,
Comin' for to carry me home.

Dese Bones gonna Rise Again

The Lord he though he'd make a man,
Dese bones gonna rise again.
Took a little bit of water and a little bit of sand,
Dese bones gonna rise again.

Chorus

I know it, brother, [Repeat twice more.]
Dese bones gonna rise again!

He thought he'd make a woman too,
Dese bones gonna rise again.

Didn't know 'xactly what to do.
Dese bones gonna rise again.

Took a rib from Adam's side,
Dese bones gonna rise again.

Made Miss Eve for to be his bride.
Dese bones gonna rise again.

Put 'em in a garden rich and fair,
Dese bones gonna rise again.

Told 'em they could eat whatever was there.
Dese bones gonna rise again.

But to one tree they must not go,
Dese bones gonna rise again.

Must leave the apples there to grow.
Dese bones gonna rise again.

Serpent, he came 'round the trunk,
Dese bones gonna rise again.

At miss Eve, his eye he wunk.

Dese bones gonna rise again.

He said, "Those apples taste mighty fine.
Dese bones gonna rise again.

Just take one, the Lord won't mind."
Dese bones gonna rise again.

De Lord, he came a-wanderin round,
Dese bones gonna rise again.
Spied dem peelings on de ground.
Dese bones gonna rise again.

You ate my apples, I believe?
Dese bones gonna rise again.

'T wasn't me Lord, I spect twas Eve.
Dese bones gonna rise again.

The Lord he rose up in his wrath,
Dese bones gonna rise again.

Told 'em to beat it down the path.
Dese bones gonna rise again.

He put a angel at the door,
Dese bones gonna rise again.

Told them not to come no more.
Dese bones gonna rise again.

Clementine

In a cavern, in a canyon, excavating for a mine,
Lived a miner, forty-niner, and his daughter Clementine.

Chorus

Oh my darling, Oh my darling, Oh my darling Clementine,
You are lost and gone forever, dreadful sorry, Clementine.
Light she was, and like a fairy, and her shoes were number nine,
Herring boxes without topses, sandals were for Clementine.
Drove she ducklings to the water every morning just at nine,
Hit her foot against a splinter, fell into the foaming brine.
Ruby lips above the water, blowing bubbles soft and fine,
Alas for me! I was no swimmer, so I lost my Clementine.
In a churchyard near the canyon, where the myrtle doth entwine,
There grow roses and other posies, fertilized by Clementine.
Then the miner, forty-niner, soon began to peak and pine,
Thought he oughter join his daughter, now he's with his Clementine.
In my dreams she still doth haunt me, robed in garments soaked in brine,
While in life I used to hug her, now she's dead I draw the line.
How I missed her, how I missed her, how I missed my Clementine,
Until I kissed her little sister, and forgot my Clementine.
Now ye Scouts all heed the warning to this tragic tale of mine,
Mouth-to-mouth resuscitation would have saved my Clementine.

Down in the Valley

Down in the valley, the valley so low,
Hang your head over, hear the winds blow.
Hear the winds blow, dear, hear the winds blow.
Hang your head over, hear the winds blow.
Down in the valley, walking between,
Telling our story, here's what it means.
Here's what it means, dear, here's what it means,
Telling our story, here's what it means.
Roses love sunshine, violets love dew,
Angels in heaven know I love you;
Know I love you, dear, know I love you,
Angels in heaven know I love you.
Build me a castle forty feet high,
So I can see him as he rides by;
As he rides by, dear, as he rides by,
So I can see him as he rides by.
Writing this letter, containing three lines,
Answer my question, "Will you be mine?"
"Will you be mine, dear, will you be mine,"
Answer my question, "Will you be mine?"
If you don't love me, love whom you please,
Throw your arms round me, give my heart ease.
Give my heart ease, dear, give my heart ease,
Throw your arms round me, give my heart ease.
Throw your arms round me, before it's too late;
Throw your arms round me, feel my heart break.
Feel my heart break, dear, feel my heart break.
Throw your arms round me, feel my heart break.