

Scouting Resources

Songbook – 14

www.scoutingresources.org.uk

Don't Fence Me In.....	2
Down In The Valley.....	2
Fire On The Mountain.....	3
Four-Leaf Clover.....	3
The Gambler.....	4
Ghost Riders In The Sky.....	4
Hail Hail The Gang's All Here.....	5
Happy Trails.....	5
My Heroes Have Always Been Cowboys.....	5
Home On The Range.....	6
Home, Sweet Home.....	6
Loch Lomand.....	7
There's A Long, Long Trail.....	7
Love's Old Sweet Song.....	7
Mariah.....	8
Moon River.....	8
Mountain Dew.....	9
I Love The Mountains.....	9
Mr. Bojangles.....	10
The Battle Of New Orleans.....	10

Scouting Resources

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

Compiled by Darren Dowling

webmaster@scoutingresources.org.uk

Don't Fence Me In

O give me land, lots of land
Under starry skies above
Don't fence me in
Let me ride thru the wide
Open country that I love,
Don't fence me in.

Let me be by myself
In the evening breeze
Listen to the murmur
Of the cottonwood tree
Send me off forever
But I ask you please
Don't fence me in.

Just turn me loose
Let me straddle my old saddle
Underneath the western skies
On my cayuse
Let me wander over yonder
Till I see the mountains rise
I want to ride to the ridge
Where the west commences
Gaze at the moon
'Till I lose my senses
Can't look at hobbles
And I can't stand fences
Don't fence me in.

Down In The Valley

Down in the valley, the valley so low,
Hang your head over, hear the wind blow.
Hear the wind blow, love, hear the wind blow,
Hang your head over, hear the wind blow.

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.

If you don't love me, love whom you please,
Throw your arms around me, give my heart ease.
Give my heart ease, love, give my heart ease,
Put your arms around me, give my heart ease.

Write me a letter, send it by mail,
Send it in care of the Birmingham Jail.
Birmingham Jail, love, Birmingham Jail,
Send it in care of the Birmingham Jail.

Build me a castle forty feet high,
So I can see her as she rides by.
As she rides by, love, as she rides by,
So I can see her as she rides by.

Down in the valley, the valley so low,
Hang your head over, hear the wind blow.
Hear the wind blow, love, hear the wind blow,
Hang your head over, hear the wind blow.

Fire On The Mountain

Took my family away from my Carolina home,
Had dreams about the West and started to roam.
Six long months on a dust covered trail,
They say heaven's at the end, but so far it's been hell.

Chorus:

And there's fire on the mountain, lightenin' in the air.
Gold in them hills and it's waitin' for me there.

We were diggin' and siffin' from five to five,
Sellin' everything we had, just to stay alive.
Gold flowed free, like the whiskey in the bar.
Sinnin' was the best thing Lord, and Satan was the star.

Chorus

Dance hall girls was the evenin' treat.
Empty cartons and blood lined the gutters of the street.
Men were shot down for the sake of fun,
Or just to hear the noise of their forty-four guns.

Chorus

Now my widow she weeps by my grave,
Tears flow free for her man, she couldn't save.
Shot down by a gun that carried fame,
All for a useless and no good, worthless claim.

Chorus

Chorus

.... waitin' for me there.

Four-Leaf Clover

I'm looking over a four-leaf clover,
That I overlooked before.
One leaf is sunshine,
The second is rain,
The third is the roses,
That bloom in the lane.
No need explaining the one remaining.
It's somebody I adore.
I'm looking over a four-leaf clover,
That I overlooked before.

The Gambler

On a warm summer's eve, on a train bound for Dover
I met up with a gambler, we were both too tired to sleep.
So we took turns a'starin', out the window at the darkness,
And when boredom overtook us, he began to speak:
He said; "Son I've made a life out of readin' peoples' faces
Knowin' what their cards say by the way they held their eyes
So if you don't mine me sayin', I can see you're out of aces
For a taste of your whiskey, I'll give you some advice."
So I handed him my bottle, and he drank down my last swallow
Then he bummed a cigarette, and asked me for a light.
And the night got deathly quiet,
And his face lost all expression.
"If you're going to play the game boy,
You got to play it right."

Chorus:

You've got to know when to hold 'em, know when to fold 'em,
Know when to walk away, know when to run.
You never count your money, when you're sittin' at the table
There'll be time enough for countin' when the dealin's done.

Every gambler knows, there's a secret to survivin',
Knowin' what to throw away, knowin' what to keep.
'Cause every hand's a winner, and every hand's a loser.
And the best you can hope for is to die in your sleep.
And when he finished speaking, he turned back to the window,
Crushed out his cigarette, and faded off to sleep.
And somewhere in the darkenss, the gambler he broke even,
And in his final words, I found an ace that I could keep.

Chorus

Chorus

Chorus

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 plowin' through the ragged skies
And up the cloudy draw.
Yip-i-ya-a, yip-i-ya-o,
Ghost riders in the sky.
Their brands were still on fire
And their 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 they thundered through the sky.
For as he saw the riders comin hard
He could hear their mournful cry.
Yip-i-ya-a, yip-i-ya-o,
Ghost riders in the sky.
Their faces were gaunt,

Their eyes were blurred,
Their shirts all soaked with sweat,
They're ridin hard to catch that
herd,
But they ain't caught them yet.
They've got to ride forevermore
On that range up in the sky.
On horses snorting fire,
As they ride, I hear them cry.
Yip-i-ya-a, yip-i-ya-o,
Ghost riders in the sky.
And as the riders loped on by,
He heard them call his name,
If you want to save your soul
From hell a ridin' on the range,
Then cowboy you'd better change your ways
Or with us you will ride,
Trying to catch the devil's herd
Across the endless sky.
Yip-i-ya-a, yip-i-ya-o,
Ghost riders in the sky.

Hail Hail The Gang's All Here

Hail! Hail! The gang's all here.
Never mind the weather,
Here we are together.
Hail! Hail! The gang's all here.
Let the fun begin right now.
Hail! Hail! The gang's all here.
What the heck do we care,
Here we are together.
Hail! Hail! The gang's all here.
Let the fun begin right now.

Happy Trails

Happy trails to you,
Until we meet again.
Happy trails to you,
Keep smilin' until then.
Happy trails to you,
'Till we meet again.

My Heroes Have Always Been Cowboys

I grew up dreaming of being a cowboy,
And loving the cowboy ways.
Pursuing the life of my high riding heroes,
I burned up my childhood days.
I learned all the rules of the modern day drifter.
Don't you hold on to nothing too long.
Just take what you need from the ladies,
And leave them with the words of a sad country song.

Chorus:

My heroes have always been cowboys,
They still are it seems.

Sadly in search of and one step in back of
Themselves and their slow-moving dreams.
Cowboys are special, with their own brand of misery
From being alone too long.
To die from the cold in the arms of a nightmare,
Knowing well that your best days are gone.
And picking up hookers instead of my pen,
I let the words of my youth fade away.
Old worn out saddles, and old worn out memories
With on one, and no place to stay.

Chorus

Home On The Range

Oh, give me a home, where the buffalo roam,
Where the deer and the antelope play.
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Chorus:

Home, home on the range,
Where the deer and the antelope play.
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Where the air is pure, and the zephyrs so sure,
With the breezes so balmy and light.
I would not exchange, my home on the range,
For the wealth of the city so bright.

Chorus

I love the wild flow'rs in this dear land of ours,
And the curlew I love to hear scream;
I love the white rocks and the antelope flocks,
Grazing on the great mountain tops green.

Chorus

Oh, give me the land where the bright diamond
sand
Flows so leisurely down with the stream.
The graceful white swan glides so gently along
Like a mald in a heavenly dream.

Chorus

How often at night, when the heavens are bright,
With the light from the glittering stars,
Have I stood there amazed, and asked as I gaze,
If their glory exceeds that of ours.

Chorus

Home, Sweet Home

'Mid pleasures and palaces
Though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble,
There's no place like home
A charm from the skies
Seems to hallow us there
Which seek through the world,
Is ne'er met with elsewhere
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There's no place like home,
Oh, there's no place like home,
There's no place like home.

Yes, give me the glean of a swift mountain
stream,
And the place no hurricanes blow.
Oh, give me the park where the prairie dogs bark,
And the mountains all covered with snow.

Chorus

Oh, give me the hills and the ring of the drills,
And the rich silver ore in the ground.
Yes, give me the gulch where the miners can
slice,
And the bright yellow gold can be found.

Chorus

Oh, give me the mine where the prospectors find
the gold in its own native land,
And the hot springs below, where the sick people
go,
And camp on the banks of the Grand.

Chorus

Oh, give me the steed and the gun that I need
To shoot game from my own cabin home.
Then give me the camp where the fire is a lamp,
And the wild rocky mountains to roam.

Chorus

Yes, give me the home where the prospectors
roam.
Their business is always alive
In those wild western hills, midst the ring of the
drills.
Oh, let me live there 'till I die.

Chorus

Loch Lomand

By yon bonny banks, and by yon bonny braes,
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomand,
Where me and my true love were ever wont to gae,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomand.

Chorus:

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

But me and my true love, we'll never meet again
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomand.
T'was there that we parted in yon shady glen,
On the steep, steep side of Ben Lomand.
Where in purple hue the highland hills we view,
And the moon coming out in the gloaming.

Chorus

The wee birdies sing, and the wild flowers spring,
And in sunshine the waters are sleeping,
But the broken heart kens, nae second spring again,
Tho' waeful may cease frae their greeting

Chorus

There's A Long, Long Trail

There's a long, long trail a winding
Into the land of my dreams,
Where the nightingales are singing
And a white moon beams.
There's a long, long trail a waiting
Until my dreams all come true,
'Till the day when I'll be going down,
That long, long trail with you.

Love's Old Sweet Song

Just a song at twilight,
When the lights are low,
And the flick'ring shadows
Softly come and go;
Tho the heart be weary,
Sad the day and long,
Still to us at twilight
Comes love's old sweet song,
Comes love's old sweet song.

Mariah

A - way out here, they have a name
For rain and wind and fire.
The rain is Tess; the fire's Joe,
And they call the wind Mariah.
Mariah blows the stars around,
And sets the clouds a flyin'.
Mariah makes the mountains sound
Like folks are out there dying'.

Chorus:

Mariah, Mariah, they call the wind Mariah.
Before I knew Mariah's name

Or heard her wailin' - whinin',
I had a girl and she had me,
And the sun was always shinin'.
Then one day I left that girl;
I left her far behind me,
And now I'm lost, so doggone lost,
Not even God can find me.

Chorus

Out here they have a name
For rain, for wind, and fire only.
But when you're lost and all alone,
There ain't no word but lonely.
Now I'm a lost and lonely man,
Without a star to guide me.
Mariah blow my love to me,
I need my love beside me.

Chorus

Moon River

Moon river, wider than a mile,
I'm crossing you in style someday
Oh dream-maker, you heart-breaker,
Wherever you're going, I'm going your way.
Two drifters off to see the world,
There's such a lot of world to see.
We're after the same rainbow's end,
Waitin' round the bend,
My Huckleberry friend,
Moon river and me.

Mountain Dew

Down the road from me, there's an old holler tree,
Where you lay down a dollar or two (or two).
You go 'round the bend, and you come back again,
And there's a jug of that Good Old Mountain Dew.

Chorus:

They call it that Good Old Mountain Dew! Dew!
Dew!
And them that refuse it are few (dern few),
I'll hush up my mug, if you fill up my jug
With that Good Old Mountain Dew.

My Uncle Bill has a still on the hill
Where he brews up a gallon or two (or two).
The buzzards in the sky, get so drunk they can't fly
Just from sniffin' that Good Old Mountain Dew.

Chorus

Old Rev'rend Gus, ya never heard him cuss,
Not even a word or two (or two).
But ya should have heard him swear,
When he didn't get his share
Of that Good Old Mountain Dew.

Chorus

My Sister Sue bought some sweet sellin' pew,
And she called it that good old par - fume (par - fume),
And to her surprise, when she had it analyzed,
It was nuttin' more than that Good Old Mountain Dew.

I Love The Mountains

I love the mountains.
I love the rolling hills.
I love the chaparral.
I love the daffodils.
I love the fireside,
When the lights are low.
Boom de ad a, Boom de ad a,
Boom de ad a, Boom de ad a.

(or)

Boom shel-lac-a, Boom shel-lac-a,
Boom shel-lac-a, Boom shel-lac-a.

Chorus

My Uncle Art, he ain't very smart
His I - Q is just twenty two (twenty two),
But he thinks he's a wizard, when he fills up his gizzard
With that Good Old Mountain Dew

Chorus

My Uncle Fred had a still in the bed
Where he brewed up a gallon or two (or two).
His wife drank it all, then you heard the matin' call
Just from drinkin' that Good Old Mountain Dew.

Chorus

My Uncle Hank had an old army tank
That he got back in 'forty two ('forty two).
It would move a nudge, 'till he gave it a gludge
Of that Good Old Mountain Dew.

Chorus

My Uncle Ron had a still on the john
Where he brewed up a gallon or two (or two).
When the revenueurs came a rushin, he'd give it a flushin'
Of that Good Old Mountain Dew.

Chorus

My Cousin Mort, he's sawed off and short.
He stands about four foot two (four two).
But he thinks he's a giant, when he guzzles a pint
Of that Good Old Mountain Dew.

Chorus

Mr. Bojangles

I knew a man Bojangles and he danced for you,
In worn out shoes.
With silver hair, a ragged shirt, and baggy pants,
The old soft shoe.
He jumped so high, jumped so high,
Then he lightly touched down.
Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles -
dance.
I met him in a cell in New Orleans,
I was down and out.
He looked at me to be the eyes of age,
As he spoke right out.
He talked of life, talked of life,
He laughed, slapped his leg a step.
He said his name Bojangles, then he danced a
lick,
Across the cell.
He grabbed his pants, a better stance, oh, he
jumped so high
And he clicked his heels.
He let go a laugh, let go a laugh,

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 caught the bloody British
In the town of New Orleans.
We fired our guns
And the British kept a-comon',
There wasn't nigh as many
As there was a while ago.
We fired once more
And they began a-runnin',
From down the Mississippi
To the Gulf of Mexico.
We looked down the river
And we see'd the British come -
There must have been a hundred of 'em
Beatin' on the drum.
They stepped so high
And made their bugles ring;
We stood beside our cotton bales
And didn't say a thing.
We fired our guns
And the British kept a-comon',
There wasn't nigh as many
As there was a while ago.
We fired once more
And they began a-runnin',
From down the Mississippi
To the Gulf of Mexico.
Old Hickory said we could
Take 'em by suprise,
If we didn't fire our muskets
'Til we looked'em in the eyes.
We held our fire

Shook back his clothes all around.
He danced for those at minstrel shows and
county fairs,
Throughout the South.
He spoke with tears of fifteen years, how his dog
and he
Traveled about.
His dog up and died, he up and died,
After twenty years, he still grieved.
He said, "I dance now at every chance in honky
tonks
For drinks and tips.
But, most of the time I spend behind the county
bars,"
He said, "I drinks a bit."
He shook his head, and as he shook his head,
I heard someone ask please,
Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Boljangles, Mr. Bojangles -
dance.

'Till we see'd their faces well,
Then we opened up our squirrel guns
And really gave 'em—WELL NOW.
They ran through the briars
And they ran through the brambles,
And they ran through the bushes
Where a rabbit couldn't go.
They ran so fast
The hounds couldn't catch 'em;
From down the Mississippi
To the Gulf of Mexico.
We fired our cannon
'Till the barrel melted down,
So we grabbed an alligator
And we fought another round.
We filled his head with cannonballs
And powered his behind,
And when we touched the powder off,
The gator lost his mind.
We fired our guns
And the British kept a-comon',
There wasn't nigh as many
As there was a while ago.
We fired once more
And they began a-runnin',
From down the Mississippi
To the Gulf of Mexico.
They ran through the briars
And they ran through the brambles,
And they ran through the bushes
Where a rabbit couldn't go.
They ran so fast
The hounds couldn't catch 'em;
From down the Mississippi
To the Gulf of Mexic