

Music Merit Badge - Fall 2015
A Boy Scouts' Patrol Song - 1913

THESE are *our* regulations—
There's just one law for the Scout
And the first and the last, and the present and the past,
And the future and the perfect is "Look out!"
I, thou and he, look out!
We, ye and they, look out!
Though you didn't or you wouldn't
Or you hadn't or you couldn't;
You jolly well *must* look out!

Look out, when you start for the day
That your kit is packed to your mind;
There is no use going away
With half of it left behind.
Look out that your laces are tight,
And your boots are easy and stout,
Or you'll end with a blister at night,
(*Chorus*) All Patrols look out!

Look out for the birds of the air,
Look out for the beasts of the field
They'll tell you how and where
The other side's concealed.
When the blackbird bolts from the copse,
Or the cattle are staring about,
The wise commander stops
And (*chorus*) All Patrols look out!

Look out when your front is clear,
And you feel you are bound to win.
Look out for your flank and your rear—
That's where surprises begin.

For the rustle that isn't a rat,
For the splash that isn't a trout,
For the boulder that may be a hat
(*Chorus*) All Patrols look out!

For the innocent knee-high grass,
For the ditch that never tells,
Look out! Look out ere you pass—
And look out for everything else!
A sign mis-read as you run
May turn retreat to a rout—
For all things under the sun
(*Chorus*) All Patrols look out!

Look out when your temper goes
At the end of a losing game;
When your boots are too tight for your toes;
And you answer and argue and blame.
It's the hardest part of the Law,
But it has to be learnt by the Scout
For whining and shirking and "jaw"
(*Chorus*) All Patrols look out!

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Hello Mudder, Hello Fadder Lyrics

Hello Mudder - Hello Fadder
Here I am at - Camp Granada
And it's very - entertaining
And they say we'll have some fun if it stops raining

I went hiking - with Joe Spivey
He developed - Poison Ivy
You remember - Leonard Skinner
He got ptomaine pois'ning last night after dinner

Take me home, oh Mudder, Fadder
Take me home, I hate Granada
Don't leave me, out in the forest
Where I might get eaten by a bear-ear

No I don't want - to-oo scare ya
But my best mate - has malaria
You remember - Jeffrey Hardy
They're about to organise a searching party

Take me home, I promise I will not, make noise
Or mess the house with oth-ther boys
Oh please don't make me stay
I've been here one whole day

Dearest Fadder - Darling Mudder
How's my precious - little bruddah
Let me come home - if you miss me
I would even let Aunt Bertha hug and kiss me

Wait a minute - it's stopped hailing
Guys are swimming - guys are sailing
Playing cricket - gee that's better
Mudder, Fadder kindly disregard this letter

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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 impassioned stress
A thoroughfare of freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife.
Who more than self their country loved
And mercy more than life!
America! America!
May God thy gold refine
Till all success be nobleness
And every gain divine!

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!