



The Scout's Reciter

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Editor's Note:

The reader is reminded that these texts have been written a long time ago. Consequently, they may use some terms or use expressions which were current at the time, regardless of what we may think of them at the beginning of the 21st century. For reasons of historical accuracy they have been preserved in their original form.

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THE SCOUT'S RECITER.

HINTS ON ELOCUTION.

EVERY boy has no doubt at some time or another stood up before an audience, it may be of merely a few friends, and given a recitation. It is a "good turn" which almost any Scout can do by way of passing a dull hour, and no doubt a considerable number have found that their first attempt has brought a good deal of applause. On the strength of this, perhaps, they have procured a book of verses, and learnt half-a-dozen recitations, only to find that each time they have rendered them the applause has steadily decreased, till eventually they have become so down-hearted that they have, literally, crept back into their shells, and left the entertaining to someone else.

This lack of appreciation can only be accounted for in one way – that is that the performer has failed to *hold* his audience. This may be because the pieces chosen have not been suitable to that particular audience, or possibly not to the performer himself (there are very few people who can recite a humorous and a dramatic item with equal effect) or the voice may have been weak or strained, a breath may have had to be hastily snatched in the middle of a sentence; possibly he may have appeared too stiff and

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“starchy,” or on the other hand his actions may have been so elaborate as to appear grotesque.

Mere details, perhaps, some of these may seem, but success in elocution depends solely on details. Remember – “tis the tiniest twigs make the top of the tree.”

Breathing.

A beginner's first care must be to acquire a clear speaking voice. You may say – “How can I help my voice? – it is the only one I have.” Quite true, but it depends on your treatment of it whether you make it or break it.

In the first place – always keep your lungs clean and pure. A few deep breaths in the open air whenever the opportunity arises will do this; and of course it is not necessary to warn Scouts against intemperance or excessive smoking. Secondly, do not strain your voice. Even if your team has scored a goal, do not shout yourself hoarse, and if you want to sing – stick to the notes you can reach. Thirdly, try to talk and breathe comfortably at the same time. The usual practice in ordinary conversation is to keep talking until all the breath has left the lungs, and then to snatch another breath before continuing, but to an elocutionist this would often mean breaking a sentence, and probably spoiling the whole “turn,” so he has to “be prepared” to get another breath without breaking off. This is somewhat difficult at first, but once achieved it is a big step on the highway to successful elocution.

The Voice.

Always recite in a normal voice. A screeching voice is monotonous and irritating, while a very low pitched voice can seldom be heard at the back of the theatre. Do not drawl; merely take sufficient time for the clear pronunciation of each word, and don't “bite” your words, obliterating the last syllable. Do not accentuate the last word in each line just because it happens to rhyme, think where the accent is required to make it sound sense, and keep it there. Above all, open your mouth, or you will never be heard.

Pose and Action.

The correct position of the body is with the weight evenly distributed between both feet, one being slightly in advance of the other, with the heel about parallel to the root of the toes of the rear foot. Hold the trunk erect, with one arm hanging loosely at the side, the other elbow being bent with the forearm crossed in front of the body, this arm being used for any necessary actions. The head is held well back, allowing for the full expansion of the lungs.

It is a good plan before a large audience to fix your attention on someone in the centre of the back row, and without actually staring, imagine you are addressing him. This serves two purposes – it takes your mind off your audience and helps you to concentrate on your subject, and also if you regulate your voice so that it can be heard in the back row you can rest well assured that everyone else can hear you comfortably.

General Notes.

Do not overact. Slight bodily actions are very necessary, but care should always be taken to avoid any resemblance to an “acrobatic display.” An affectionate farewell, for

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instance, can be made quite effective by a mere half-turn of the body, a slight droop of the head, and an out-stretched hand, with the voice suitably toned.

Do not try to be funny. If you are not naturally humorous, confine your attention to serious pieces.

Always pay careful attention to your appearance. Untidy hair or a tie on one side will give a bad impression before you open your mouth, and it is always easier to live up to a good impression than to live down a bad one.

If at a Scout entertainment by all means wear uniform, but never at any other time – it is against Headquarters Regulations to appear on a public stage in uniform, except when the entertainment is given in aid of a Scout cause.

Now, a word about your bow, which must always be made before leaving the stage. Overcome the desire to rush it, it is a very important item. Properly made, it enhances even the best reputation, and should you not have come quite up to expectation a graceful, smiling retreat may cover a multitude of sins. Give your audience time to realise that you have finished speaking before commencing to make your bow, then take a short step to the rear with the right foot, stiffen the left leg. With the right arm at the side, bring the left across the front of the body, draw the hips backward, incline the trunk slightly forward, at the same time drooping the head to an almost horizontal position. Recover by slowly straightening the body, and withdrawing the left foot. Finally, never turn your back on your audience on leaving the stage.

Having progressed thus far, all that remains is for the reader to persevere. Do not be down-hearted if things do not come right at first – Rome was not built in a day – but by carefully following these instructions, and selecting recitations to suit your own individual style, there is no reason why your name should not very soon be a welcome addition to any programme.

BE PREPARED.

Scouts, fulfil your motto true,
“ Be Prepared.”
Britain's future lies with you
Don't be scared!
Help uphold old England's fame,
Scouts I bring honour to her name,
Keep it free from sin and shame.
“Be Prepared.”

Brother Scouts, who in the War,
Did their bit,
Gained a reputation for
Sticking it.
And it's up to you to show,
You can play the game also,
So, as Scouts, where'er you go
Show your grit.

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Do your best to reassure
Those in doubt.
Don't let people say that you're
A lazy lout.
Do your duty cheerfully,
Help uphold your colours three,
By your life let people see
You're a Scout.

RALLY ROUND THE FLEUR – DE – LYS.

Boys of Britain, boys of Britain,
Sons of freedom, liberty.
Are you ready, staunch and steady
England's leaders soon to be?
Keep Britannia's rule secure
And her honour ever pure.
Train then, brothers, hard and sure,
Rally round the Fleur-de-lys.

Boys of *Surrey*, boys of *Surrey*,
You have all a life to face –
Joy to-morrow, next day sorrow,
“Be Prepared” in either case.
Joy may make you face life naively
Sorrow bid you face it gravely,
Learn through all to face it bravely,
Rally round the Fleur-de-lys.

Boys of *Farnham*, boys of *Farnham*,
Quit the shirking, street-gang crowd.
Vulgar joking, woodbine smoking.
Keep the old town's name still proud.
Learn to march and signal, too,
Morals, mind, and health renew.
There's a blank file here for you,
Rally round the Fleur – de – lys.

Words in italic should be localised as required.

JUST A BADGE.

Just a little metal badge
Shaped as a “Fleur-de-lys.”
Worth a penny at the most.

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What value can it be?
Yet each boy who wears this token
Has a solemn promise spoken
Which by him must ne'er be broken;
For a true Boy Scout is he.

Just a little metal badge –
But see those three points bared.
Their meaning? – it is this
Each Scout must “Be Prepared”
From loyal service ne'er to stray,
The Scout Law always to obey,
To do some good turn every day;
That is the oath he has declared.

Just a little metal badge
Yet known, without a doubt
As the sign of Brotherhood
The whole wide world throughout.
If the Fleur-de-lys you're showing
Care not where life's course is flowing,
There's a welcome always going
For another Brother-Scout.

PLAYING THE GAME.

Tom Jones was a typical Scout, sir,
And sure he was worthy the name.
Trusted and true beyond doubt, sir,
His honour unsullied by shame.
A pal and a partner, a brother, a friend,
Obedient and cheerful, a Scout till the end
And noted for “Playing the Game.”

And many's the “rag” he has shared, sir,
And many's the time he's stood “mum”
Because the real culprit was scared, sir,
And Tom wouldn't split on a chum.
If asked why he paid for what someone else did,
He'd smile and say, “Well, he was only a kid
And it wouldn't be ‘Playing the Game.’”

A King's Scout he was, and he earned it,
For everything worth while he knew,
And once he had properly learned it,
He'd teach all the other chaps too.

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His arms were not smothered in badges galore;
As Leader, he kept his Patrol to the fore,
In thoroughly "Playing the Game."

There's many an old feeble widow
And many a shy little maid
Who gained by the good turns he did, though
They knew he would never be paid.
And many's the horse or the dog who would greet
The figure of Tom in his uniform neat,
Whose motto was "Playing the Game."

And now that poor Tom is no more, sir,
I'll tell you the way he "went Home,"
'Twas down by that cliff on the shore, sir,
On which flocks of sheep used to roam,
'Twas only a lamb he was trying to save –
He slipped – and the sea down below is the grave
Of a Scout who died "Playing the Game."

THE GOOD TURN.

Jest what do Oi think o' they Scouts, sir?
Be that what ye're wantin' to know?
Well, now, sir, Oi'll make it a story
If ye're in no 'urry to go.

'Twas twel' month ago come next 'Arvest,
And we was jest fetchin' it home,
When up to me out in the meadow
One o' they young Scout fellers come.

Says 'e – "We be out this way trekkin'
And thought, sir, as 'ow p'raps you might
Allow us jest room in yon' corner
To stick up a tent for the night."

Well, Oi wasn't feelin' too great, sir,
For things had gone awk'ard that day,
And so, sir, Oi'll leave ye to 'magine
My words, as Oi sent him away.

Maybe, if he'd answered me likewise
Oi might not have argued 'im out,
But he jest smiles, and says he is sorry
An' leaves with a swagger saloot.

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He goes 'cross the road to old Jones's
An gets round the right side of he.
(His son was a Scout, so you see, sir,
He knew more about 'em than me.)

That night Oi turned in pretty early,
But midnight, or jest thereabouts
Oi woke with a start, and Oi cursed, sir,
The yells o' they blitherin' Scouts.

Oi went to the window intendin'
To give 'em a bit o' my mind,
But what do you think Oi discovered
As soon as Oi lifted the blind?

The 'ouse we was in was on fire, sir,
And there was the missus and me
Upstairs – with the smoke all around, sir,
Cut off every way Oi could see.

The missus, well she took to faintin', –
(That's jest like a woman, thinks Oi.)
But Oi might as well done the same, though,
Instead o' jest waitin' to die.

Then suddenly, bang! goes the window
And then, well Oi thinks 'tis the last,
Oi stands all a-totterin' and tremblin'
And kind o' takes stock o' the past.

But there warn't no fun'ral for me, sir!
That bang warn't made that way at all,
'Twer made by our old rickyard ladder
They Scouts had rigged up 'gainst the wall!

And next thing, Oi finds at my elbow
The chap Oi 'ad "choked off" that day.
'E pushes me out on the ladder
And tells me to "scoot all the way."

As soon as Oi reaches the bottom,
Oi looks up from where Oi 'ad come,
And there was that boy in the window,
An' over his shoulder was "Mum."

He struggles out on to the ladder,

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And slowly he carries her down.
Oi trembled for fear 'e would drop 'er
(She weighs fourteen stone, if a pound.)

But no, not for once did he falter
Till they was both safe by my side,
The missus shed tears as she thanked 'im,
An' me, well, Oi durn'd near cried.

There aint very much more to add, sir,
We fought 'gainst that fire but in vain,
For all the remains o' the farm, sir,
Be that old field-gate down the lane.

But now, sir, ye've 'card tell my story –
Not much of a yarn though may be –
Perhaps Oi can leave you to judge, sir,
My views on the boys of "B.P."

BUGLE CALLS.*

Reveille.

Hark! to the bugle! "Reveille" it sounds,
Show-a-leg! Show-a-leg there, lazy young hounds,
It's turned six o'clock and the sun rising fast
Show-a-leg! Show-a-leg there, ah! woke up at last.
Now then, follow me for a jolly cold tub,
That's fine! Now then, boys, don't be shy of a rub.

Cookhouse.

Ah! that one'll fetch 'em, they don't need that twice;
The jolly old cookhouse, does it not sound nice?
Breakfast is ready, fall round on the grass,
What! don't like the porridge you silly young ass.
Hi! Orderly, bring out the bacon and ham.
(Oh, no, sir, our breakfast in camp is no sham!)

* To obtain the best effect this item should be given in a camp scene, the bugler sounding the calls before each verse.

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Fall In,

Now, boys, fall in smartly, 'tis no time to rot
(No, Simpkins, I did not say fall in the pot).
"Troop Alert," "Right Dress," "Number," "Form
Two Deep," that's fine.
Just a little bit forward down there, Number Nine,
Now then, shoulders back, toes apart, eyes quite straight
And now for the bugle, the clock's striking eight.

General Salute.

"Troop Salute" – now just watch as it floats to the breeze
The flag of old England, the Queen of the Seas.
Salute it with reverence, and remember one thing
"A Scout must be loyal to God and the King."
It may be a hard task allotted to you
But stick to it, boys, for the red, white and blue.

Dismiss.

"Troop, Dismiss." Now then, boys you are free, break away
Except the patrol that's on duty to-day,
For an ideal life what more perfect can be
Than camp-life, dear camp-life, the one life for me.
For time passes madly each hour crowned with fun
Till the last bugle call finds us tired everyone.

Lights Out.

"Lights out!" Are you ready! Here goes! Eh! What's that
Something tickling your feet? Oh, it's only a rat
What I you've lost your blanket? Hush, don't say a word
You won't have to fold it to-morrow, old bird,
Now then, once again, "Are you ready? – All right.
Oh dear, I am sleepy, you fellows. Good-night."

THE SCOUT LAW.

If you want to be a Boy Scout there's a lot that you must do,
To tie your knots, dissect your flag, and read your Scout signs too.
But far the most important your "Tenderfoot" to earn –
The ten laws of the Scout which you must understand and learn.

By Scout Law No. 1 a Boy Scout's honour you can trust,
If he is on his honour he will see it through – or "bust."

By No. 2 he's loyal to his King and Country too,

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And to his Troop and officers he's always staunch and true.

By No. 3 he's useful – 'tis his duty so to be
The handyman at home, just like the sailor on the sea.

By No. 4 he's out to be a pal to everyone
And never let the sun go down till some good turn he's done.

By No. 5 he's chivalrous, to everyone polite.
The poor, the sick, the aged, he'll help with all his might.

By No. 6 to Animals a friend he'll always be
And do his best to save them from all pain and agony.

By No. 7 a Scout obeys commands without delay –
He does not stop to argue, or fool the time away.

By No. 8 he's cheerful. A whistle and a smile
When things look rather blue, he finds, is always well worth while.

By No. 9 he's thrifty – does not throw his cash away
But always tries to keep a little for a rainy day.

And lastly No. 10 he's pure in thought, in deed, and word;
Collects each piece of good, and spurns the filth he may have heard.

So if you'd be a Boy Scout there's lots that you must do
To tie your knots, dissect your flag, and read your Scout signs too.
But far the most important your "Tenderfoot" to earn
These ten laws of the Scout you'll have to keep as well as learn.

THE SCOUT'S ALPHABET.

A is the Attention to orders all Scouts pay,
B is "Be Prepared" the motto we obey.
C is for the "Cornwell" the badge we strive to earn.
D is for Discipline which every Scout must learn.
E is just for England to which we're loyal and true.
F is for the Freedom it gives to me and you.
G is for the "Granny" the knot we never tie.
H is the Scout's Honour; he'll never tell a lie.
I is the Importance of camps to one and all.
J is the Jolly times thoughts of them recall.
K is for the King whom we give all honour due.
L is for our Loyalty to Troop and Leaders too.

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M is for our Mother, whom every Scout adores.
N is just for Nature whose wonders he explores.
O is the Obedience to orders which he shows,
P the Patrol Leader who tells us all he knows.
Q is for the Questions to which we seek reply,
R is for the Readiness with which he'll have a try,
S is for the Signals and Signs we learn to read.
T is to be Thrifty, that's jolly hard indeed.
U is to be Useful, some real good turn to do.
V is the Variety of Jobs we "tackle," too.
W is the Whistling when things won't work a bit
X (we'll keep on whistling, for nothing seems to fit)
Y is for the Youths who in the Scouts we'd like to see.
Z's the Zeal with which they'd join if they knew as much as we.

ON GUARD. (A 1914 Episode.)

Left, left, left, the steady beat,
The martial sound of tramping feet.
The sentry paces back and forth
This bitter night, with wind due north.
He halts! His figure, hand to eyes,
Silhouetted 'gainst the glowering skies
Is boyish, cowboy hat, knees bared,
He looks his motto, "Be Prepared."

He listens, Ah! a whispered oath
A cracking twig in the underground
There, near at hand the bushes part
He sees a huddled figure dart
Towards the rails. "Halt! Who comes there?"
His voice rings in the midnight air.
The figure turns upon the spot
A gutt'ral voice exclaims "Mein Gott."

Then from the rear the boy is gripped
His shirt from off his back is ripped.
He turns, and grapples his new foe;
They fight, they feint, they fall, but no,
They rise again. Ah! boy, well played.
But what! the other calls for aid.
The first man comes, the boy goes down,

His legs and arms are cruelly bound.

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The men have gone. The boy, bound, wet
And cold, sees, like a cigarette
A spark upon the railway track.
He wriggles over on his back.
And inch by inch he works his way
For where the glowing ember lay.
Struggling along, a sight forlorn
Cut by his bonds, and bruised and torn.

Hark! a faint rumble meets his ear,
He knows it is the troop train near
And he is still a yard away,
His face paled to an ashen grey,
Manfully struggling on and on,
Oft-times his strength has well nigh gone;
But, as the train comes round the bend
He finds at last his journey's end.

Wriggling, writhing, bruised and grazed,
The object on his feet is raised
A sudden jerk. It clears the rail,
A kick, and see its lightning trail
Down the bank. Then a flash, a thundrous blast,
But the troop train rushes safely past
While shattered trees down in the glen
Bespeak the fate designed for men.

The boy is silent, pale and still
Oblivious to both pain and chill.
Unconscious, stretched upon his back,
Scarce two-feet from the railway track.
And that far-distant rumbling sound
The troop-train safely southward bound,
A thousand lives saved from the Hun,
A Boy Scout's duty nobly done.

THE SONG OF THE BACKWOODSMEN.

- All Wah-hoo-la! Wah-hoo-la!
 Three backwoodsmen bold are we.
 Wah-hoo-la! Wah-hoo-la!
 From all cares and troubles free.
1. We sleep each night 'neath the sheltering trees,
 2. We wake at dawn to the morning breeze,

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3. With frozen feet and tottering knees.
All Wah-wah-wah-hoo-la!
- All Wah-hoo-la! Wah-hoo-la!
Three backwoodsmen bold we are.
Wah-hoo-la! Wah-hoo-la!
Through the wilds we wander far.
1. We kill our food as along we go,
2. We bake or stew in the camp-fire's glow,
3. But how we eat it, I do not know.
All Wah-wah-wah-hoo-la!
- All Wah-hoo-la! Wah-hoo-la!
We are three backwoodsmen bold.
Wah-hoo-la! Wah-hoo-la!
Nature's beauties we behold,
1. Trace wild creatures to their native lair.
2. Finding fruit and flowers and fungi rare.
3. Mosquitoes come and tell us they are there.
All Wah-wah-wah-hoo-la!
- All Wah-hoo-la! Wah-hoo-la!
We are bold backwoodsmen three.
Wah-hoo-la! Wah-hoo-la!
Pals, wherever we may be,
1. Gath'ring nightly 'neath the big white moon
2. Singing every latest ragtime tune –
3. That's what makes the lark get up so soon.
All Wah-wah-wah-hoo-la!

HULLO!

W'en you see a man in woe
Walk right up and say "Hullo!"
Say, "Hullo" an' "How d'ye do?"
"How's the world a-using you?"
Slap the fellow on the back,
Bring your han' down with a whack;
Walk right up, an' don't go slow.
Smile, shake hands, and say "Hullo!"

He may be clothed in rags. Even so
Walk right up an' say "Hullo!"
A rag is but a cotton roll
Jest for wrapping up a soul

An' a soul is worth a true
Hale an' hearty "How d'ye do!"
Don't wait for the crowd to go;
Walk right up an' say "Hullo!"

When big vessels meet, they say,
They saloot, an' sail away.
Jest the same are you an' me,
Lonesome ships on life's great sea;
Each one sailing his own jog,
For a port beyond the fog.
Let yer speaking-trumpet blow,
Lift yer horn and cry "Hullo!"

Say "Hullo" an' "How d'ye do!"
Other folks are good as you.
W'en we leave our house of clay,
To wander in the Far Away,
When we travel through the strange
Country t'other side the range,
Then the souls we've cheered will know
Who we be, an' say "Hullo!"

S. W. Foss.

THE TRAIL.

There's a sting in the air
That dispels every care,
There's a feeling that Life is worth while,
When you hump up your pack
And get out on the track,
And face every squall with a smile.

Over Nature's broad face
There's a whole lot to trace,
And each search makes you eager for more.
Be it hill, be it vale,
Every son of the trail
Finds a joy that was hidden before.

Every bird, every flower,
Every shadow or shower
Has a place in Life's wonderful scheme,
And each wonder explored
Brings an ample reward

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To the chaps who discover – not dream.

For the health that they find
In the sting of the wind,
Or the strain of a difficult climb,
Makes them sturdy and fit
Gives them vigour and grit –
Makes a man of them every time.

THE LEADER, AND THE SECOND, AND THE TENDERFOOT.

- All Our Troop of Scouts is going strong; do you know the reason why?
It has the three essentials, all its troubles to defy.
We are those three essentials, and we hold our honour high.
We're the Leader and the Second and the Tenderfoot.
- P.-L. Oh! I'm the Patrol Leader, the big noise you'll all agree.
2nd And I'm His noble Second; he'd be nothing but for me.
Tft. The Tenderfoot am I, I do the dirty work you see.
P.-L. I'm the Leader, (2nd) I'm the Second, (Tft.) I'm the Tenderfoot.
- P.-L. All Scouts obey my orders, for my badge demands respect,
2nd And if they don't obey him, why some "ginger" I inject.
Tft. Kind Friends, I get the "ginger"; gaze upon me and reflect.
P.-L. I'm the Leader, (2nd) I'm the Second, (Tft.) I'm the Tenderfoot.
- P.-L. I go to Courts of Honour held around the Council Rock.
2nd I fear the serious mien is apt to cause my knees to knock.
Tft. I go to Courts of Honour, too, but always in the dock.
P.-L. I'm the Leader, (2nd) I'm the Second, (Tft.) I'm the Tenderfoot.
- P.-L. I lead the whole Patrol when we go Scouting in the wood
2nd I superintend the transport, the equipment and the food.
Tft. And I am just the transport – I behave as transports should.
P.-L. I'm the Leader, (2nd) I'm the Second, (Tft.) I'm the Tenderfoot.
- P.-L. At Camp I find my duties occupy most of the day,
2nd But all the fellows follow us and recognise our sway,
Tft. But when it comes to rations – why I beat them all the way.
P.-L. I'm the Leader, (2nd) I'm the Second, (Tft.) I'm the Tenderfoot.

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THE FLEET.

You! – you if you should fail to understand
What England is, and what her all-in-all,
On you will come the curse of all the land
Should our old England fall
Which Nelson left so great.

His isle, the mightiest Ocean power on earth,
Our own fair isle, the lord of every sea,
Her fuller franchise – what would that be worth?
Her ancient Fame of free
Were she a fallen state?

Our dauntless army, scattered and so small,
Our island myriads fed from alien hands;
The Fleet of England is her all-in-all,
And in her Fleet – her Fate.

Oh! you! – you that have the ordering of her Fleet,
If you should only compass her disgrace
When all men starve, the wild mobs' million feet
Will kick you from your place,
But then too late – too late.

Tennyson.

THE CALL OF THE DRUM.

March along, march along, to the music of the drum –
Br-r-r-rrr, Br-r-r-rrr.
In its voice we rejoice – never find us looking glum –
Br-r-r-rrr, Br-r-r-rrr.
When the drummer leads the way
We will follow night and day.
And fatigue is all forgotten when the drum begins to say
Br-r-r-r-rrr, Bom-bom.

Though trumpets may blow and bugles loudly blaze –
Br-r-rrr, Br-r-rrr.
There's still an absent force till the kettle-drummer plays
Br-r-rrr, Br-r-rrr.
Then life takes on a new lease,
Even packs seem to decrease,
We will march to death or glory if the drum will never cease –
Br-r-r-r-rrr, Bom-bom.

The Scout's Reciter

Now if you were to ask any Leader for his views –
 Br-r-rrr, Br-r-rrr.
He would give you perhaps an astounding piece of news –
 Br-r-rrr, Br-r-rrr.
 He would tell you that it's true
 When hard jobs we have to do
It's the magic of the drum that sees his orders carried through –
 Br-r-r-r-rrr, Bom-bom.

Sound the drum, sound the drum – never let its music stop –
 Br-r-rrr, Br-r-rrr.
Where it leads we will go if it calls us till we drop –
 Br-r-rrr, Br-r-rrr.
 Though with every passing mile
 We may say it's not worth while,
If the drummer keeps on calling we will follow with a smile.

Note. – After lines 1 and 2 in each verse the drummer should sound two single rolls, and at the end of the verses a double roll and two single taps. A better effect is obtained if in addition a “drum solo” is given on reciter's entrance.