

# Scouting Resources

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## Joe Hill

My will is easy to decide,  
For I have nothing to devide  
My kin won't have to weep and moan,  
Moss does not cling to a rolling stone.  
My body, Oh if I should choose,  
Would turn to ashes and reduce,  
And let the gentle breezes blow,  
To where perhaps a flower grow  
And perhaps a faded flower then  
Would spring to life and bloom again  
This is my last and final will,  
Good Luck to al lof you, Joe Hill

## Giligan's Island

Just sit right back and you'll hear a tale,  
a tale of a fateful trip.  
It started from this tropic port,  
aboard this tiny ship.  
The mate was a mighty sailing man,  
the skipper brave and sure.  
Five passengers set sail that day,  
for a three hour tour.  
a three hour tour.  
The weather started getting rough,  
the tiny ship was tossed.  
If not for the courage of the fearless crew,  
the minnow would be lost,  
the minnow would be lost.  
The ship struck ground on the shores of this  
uncharted desert isle,  
`with Giligan, the skipper too. The millionaire and  
his wife.

The moviestar, the professor and maryann, here  
on giligan's isle.  
So this is the tale of our castaways,  
they're here for a long, long time.  
They'll have to make the best of things,  
it's an uphill climb.  
The first mate and the skipper too,  
will do their very best,  
to make the others comfortable,  
in their tropic island nest.  
No Phone! No Boat! No Motorcar  
Not a single luxury.  
Like Robinson Crusoe  
As primitive as can be.  
So join us here each week my friends,  
you're sure to get a smile,  
from seven stranded castaways,  
Here on Giligan's Isle!.

## The Great Meat Pie

The great meat pie was a tidy size,  
And it took a week to make it,  
A day to carry it to the shop,  
And just a week to bake it.  
And if you'd seen it,  
I'll be bound,  
Your wonder you'd scarce govern.  
They were forced to break the front wall down  
to get it in the oven.  
It too full thirty sacks of flour,  
It's a fact now that I utter,  
Three hundred pails of water, too,  
And a hundred tubs of butter.

The crust was nearly seven feet thick,  
You couldn't easily bruise it,  
And the rolling pin was such a size  
It took ten men to use it.  
There were twenty-five spareribs of pork,  
I'm sure I'm not mistaken,  
With two and thirty hams for York,  
And twenty sides of bacon.  
The pie was made by fifty cooks,  
And all of them first raters,  
And then they filled up all the nooks  
with a ton of kidney 'taters.

## Pooh Corner

Christopher Robin and I  
walked along under branches  
Lit up by the moon  
Posing our questions to  
owl and Eor as our  
Days disappear much too soon  
But I wandered much further  
Today than I should  
And I can't seem to find  
my way back to the woods

### Chorus:

So help me if you can  
I've got to get back  
To the house of Pooh Corner by one  
You'd be surprised there's  
so much to be done

Count all the bees in the hive  
Chase all the clouds from the skies  
back to the days of Christopher Robin and Pooh  
Winnie the Pooh doesn't know what to do  
He's got a honey Jar stuck on his nose.  
He came to me asking help and advice  
And from here no one knows  
Where he goes  
So I sent him to ask  
Of ten owl who lives there  
How to loosen the jars from  
The nose of a bear

## My Dog Rover

*(Tune: I'm Looking Over a Four-Leaf Clover)*

I'm looking over my dead dog Rover  
That I overran with the mower.  
One leg is missing, another is gone,  
One leg is scattered all over the lawn.  
No need explaining, the one remaining,  
Is stuck in the kitchen door.  
I'm looking over my dead dog Rover  
That I overran with the mower.  
I'm looking over my dead dog Rover  
Who died on the kitchen floor.  
One leg is broken, the other is lame,  
The third leg is missing, the fourth needs a cane.  
No need explaining, the tail remaining  
Was caught in the oven door.  
I'm looking over my dead dog Rover  
Who died on the kitchen floor.

## Greasy Grimy Gopher Guts

Great green gobs of greasy grimy gopher guts,  
Mutilated monkey meat,  
Little birdie's dirty feet,  
Great green globs of greasy grimy gopher guts,  
And I forgot my spoon.