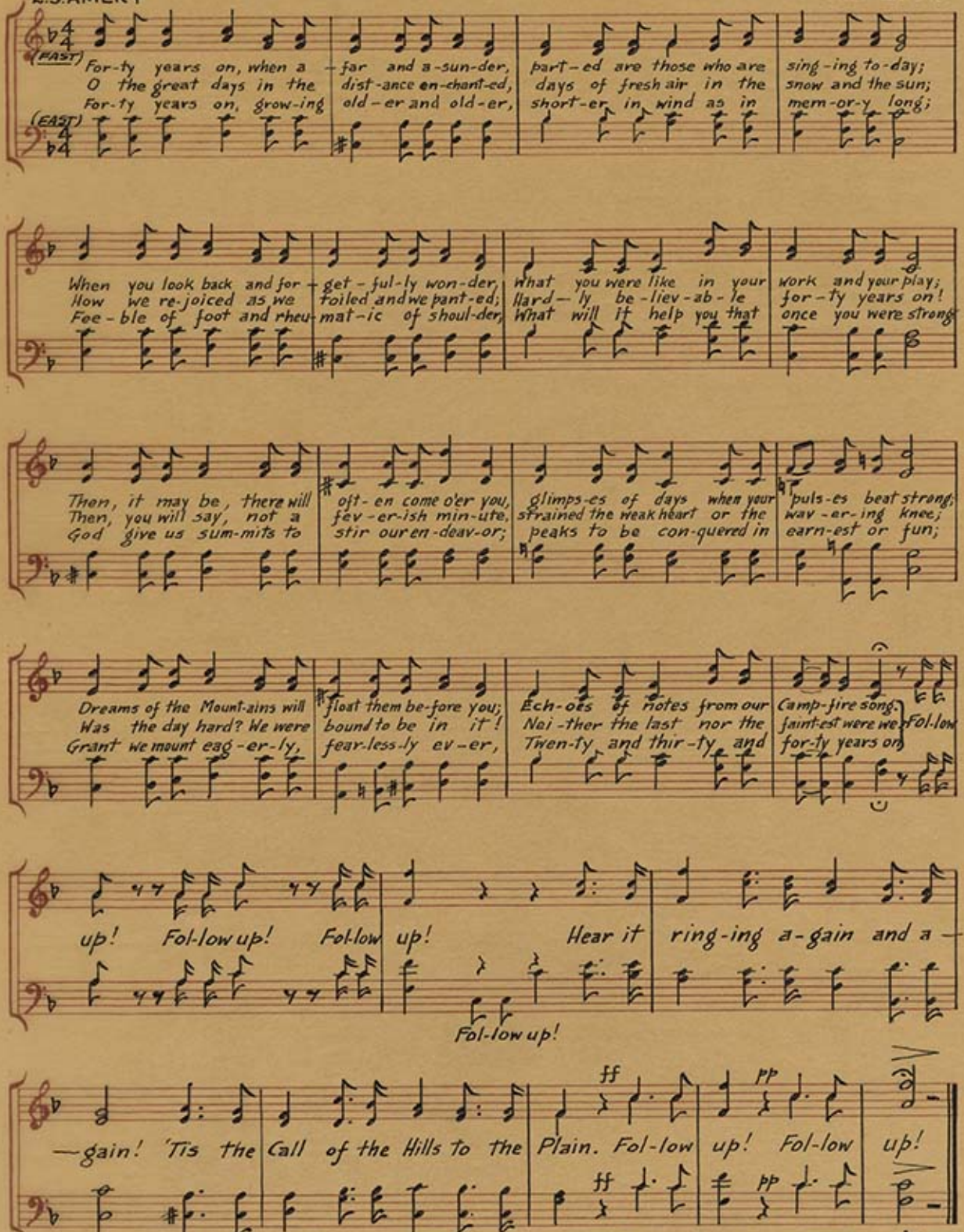
FOLLOW UP!

THE OFFICIAL CLUB SONG

L.S. AMERY

OLD BOOK

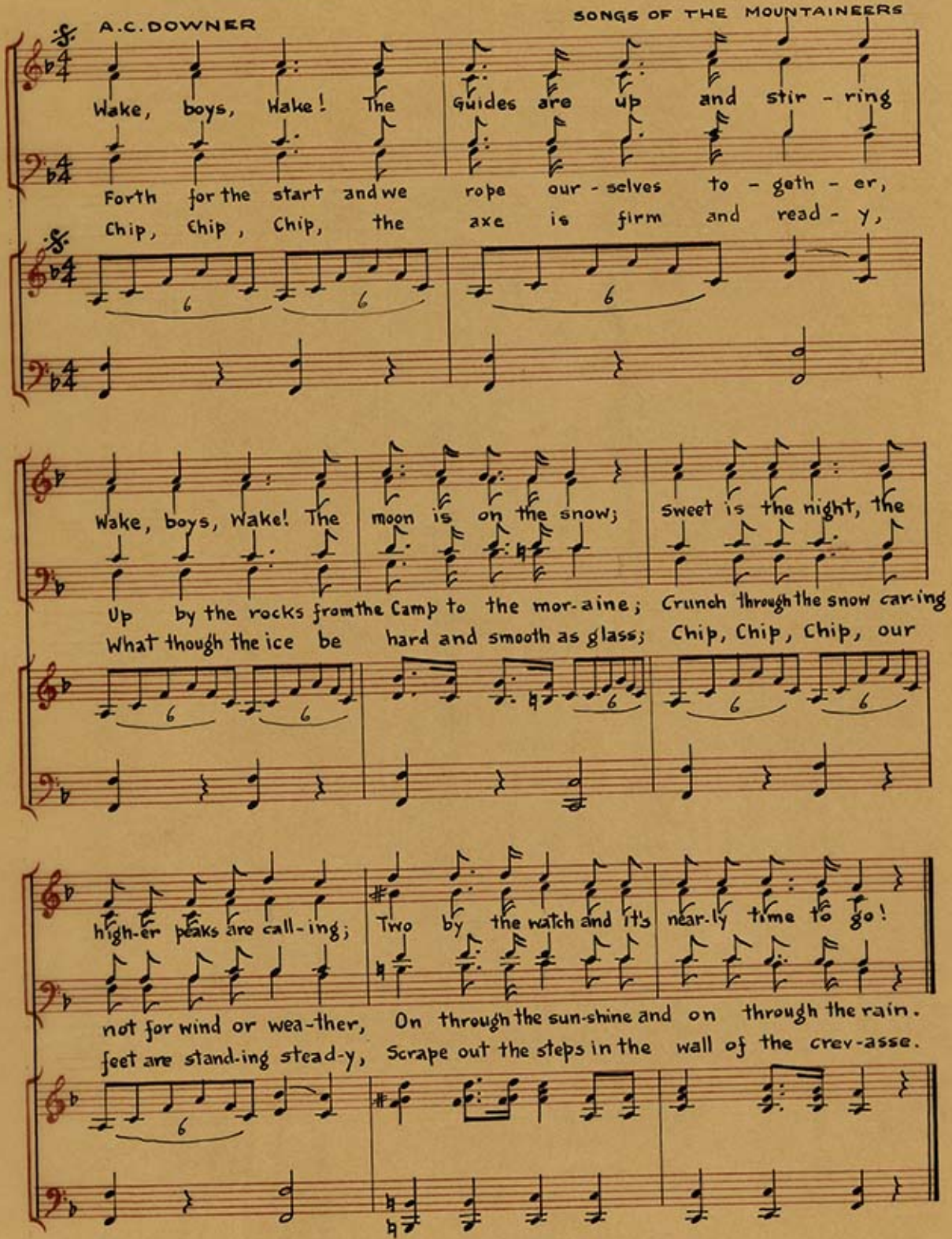


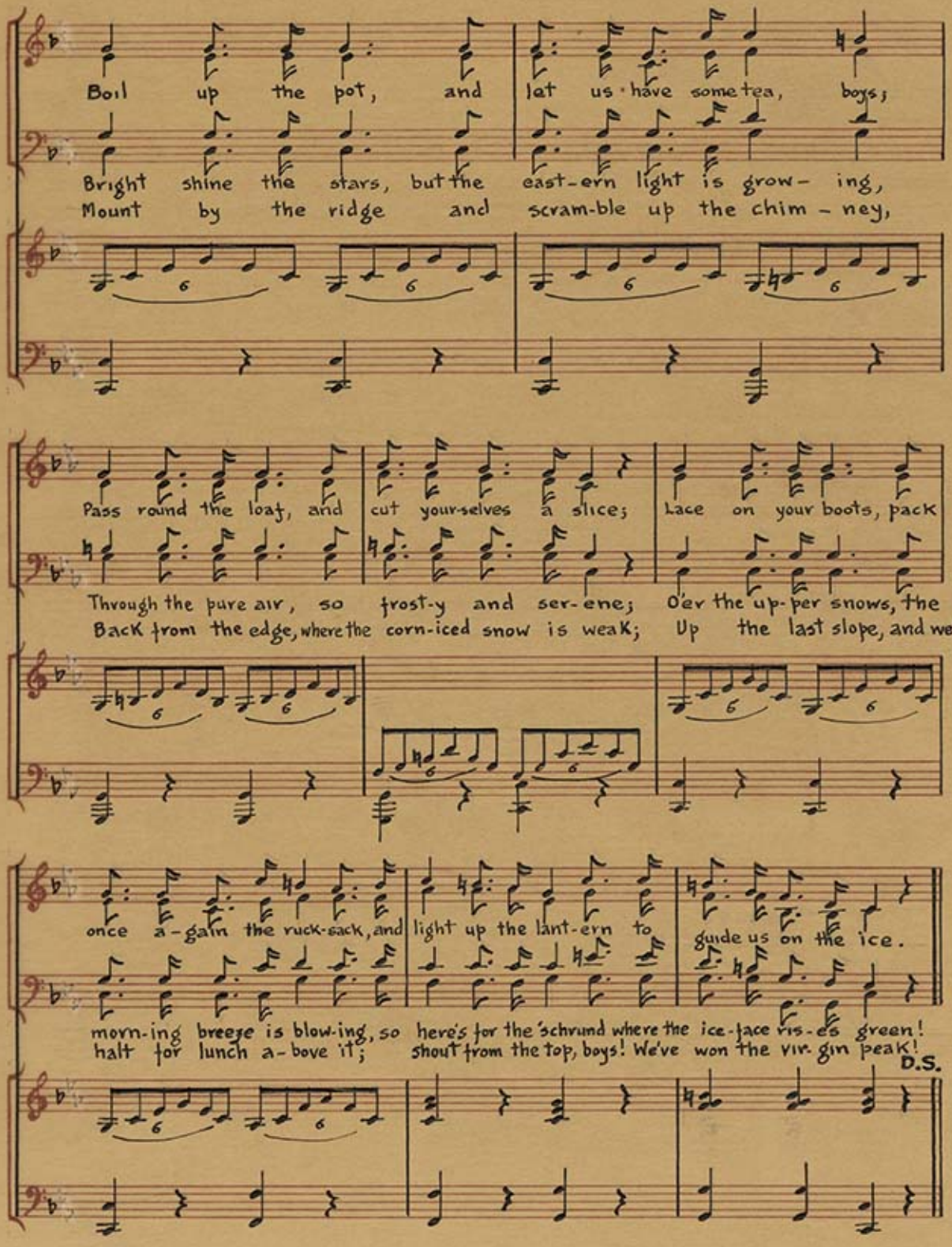
"Follow up" should be sung BOLDLY not like a dirge. Quartettes will modify the time of such words as "believable", "memory", "summits", as good taste suggests.

WAKE BOYS, WAKE!

A.C. DOWNER

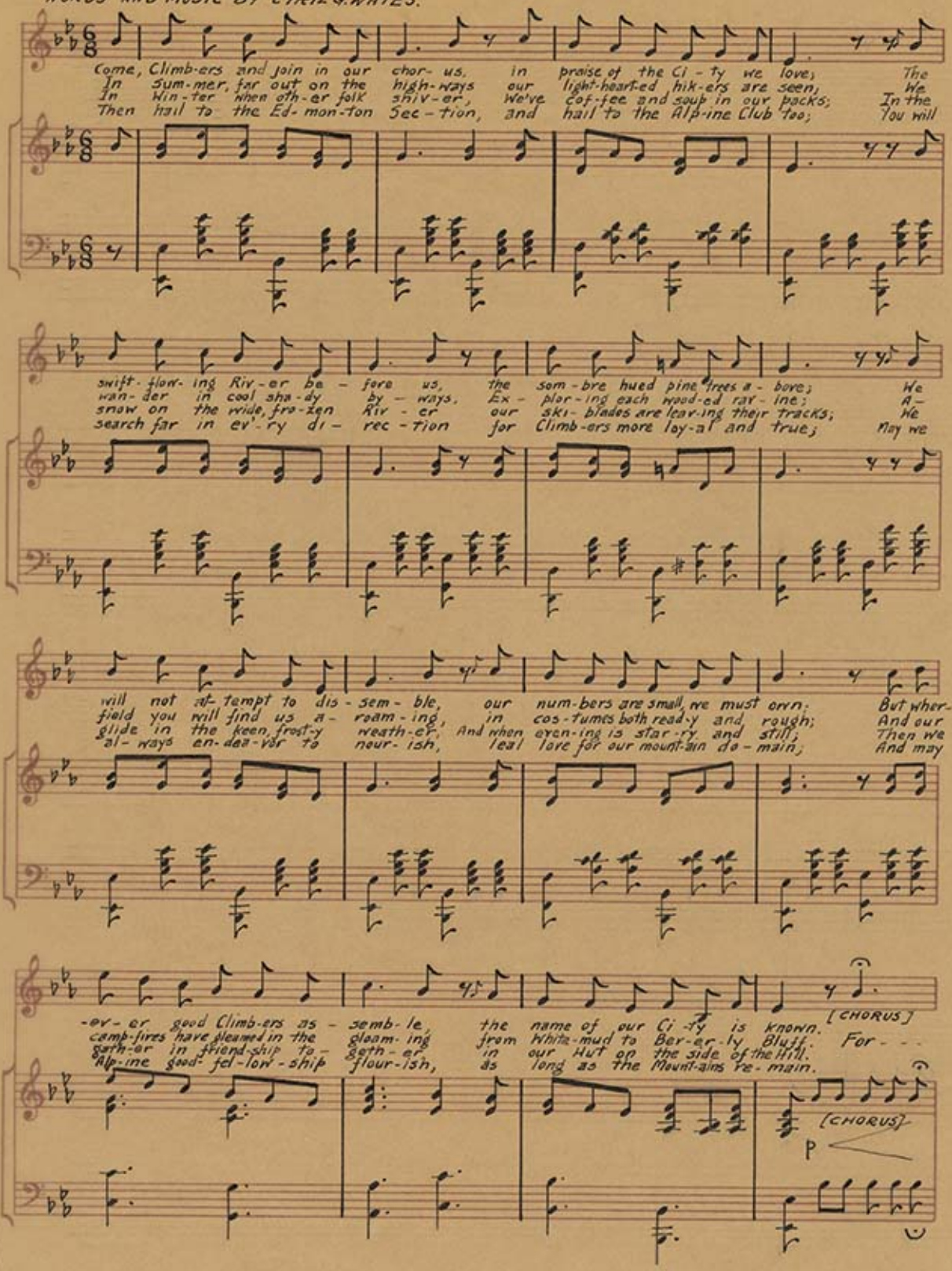
SONGS OF THE MOUNTAINEERS

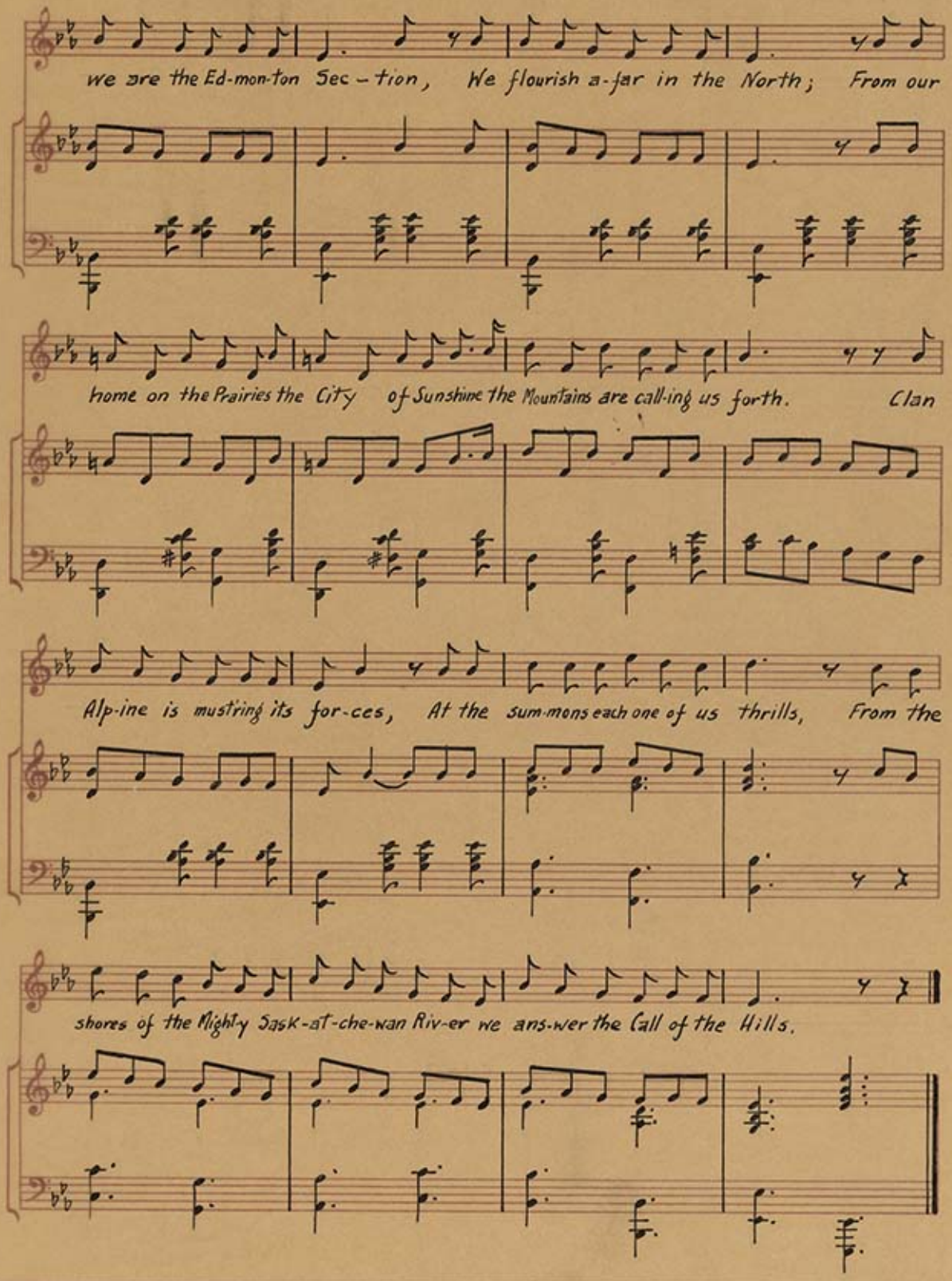



Boil up the pot, and lat us have some tea, boys;
Bright shine the stars, but the east-ern light is grow- ing,
Mount by the ridge and scram-ble up the chim - ney,
Pass round the loaf, and cut your-selves a slice; Lace on your boots, pack
Thvough the pure air, so frost-y and ser-ene; O'er the up-per snows, the
Back from the edge, where the corn-iced snow is weak; Up the last slope, and we'll
once a-gain the ruck-sack, and light up the lant-ern to guide us on the ice.
morn-ing breeze is blow-ing, so here's for the 'schrund where the ice-face ris-es green!
halt for lunch a-bove it; shout from the top, boys! We've won the vir-gin peak!
D.S.

SONG OF THE EDMONTON SECTION

WORDS AND MUSIC BY CYRIL G. WATES.

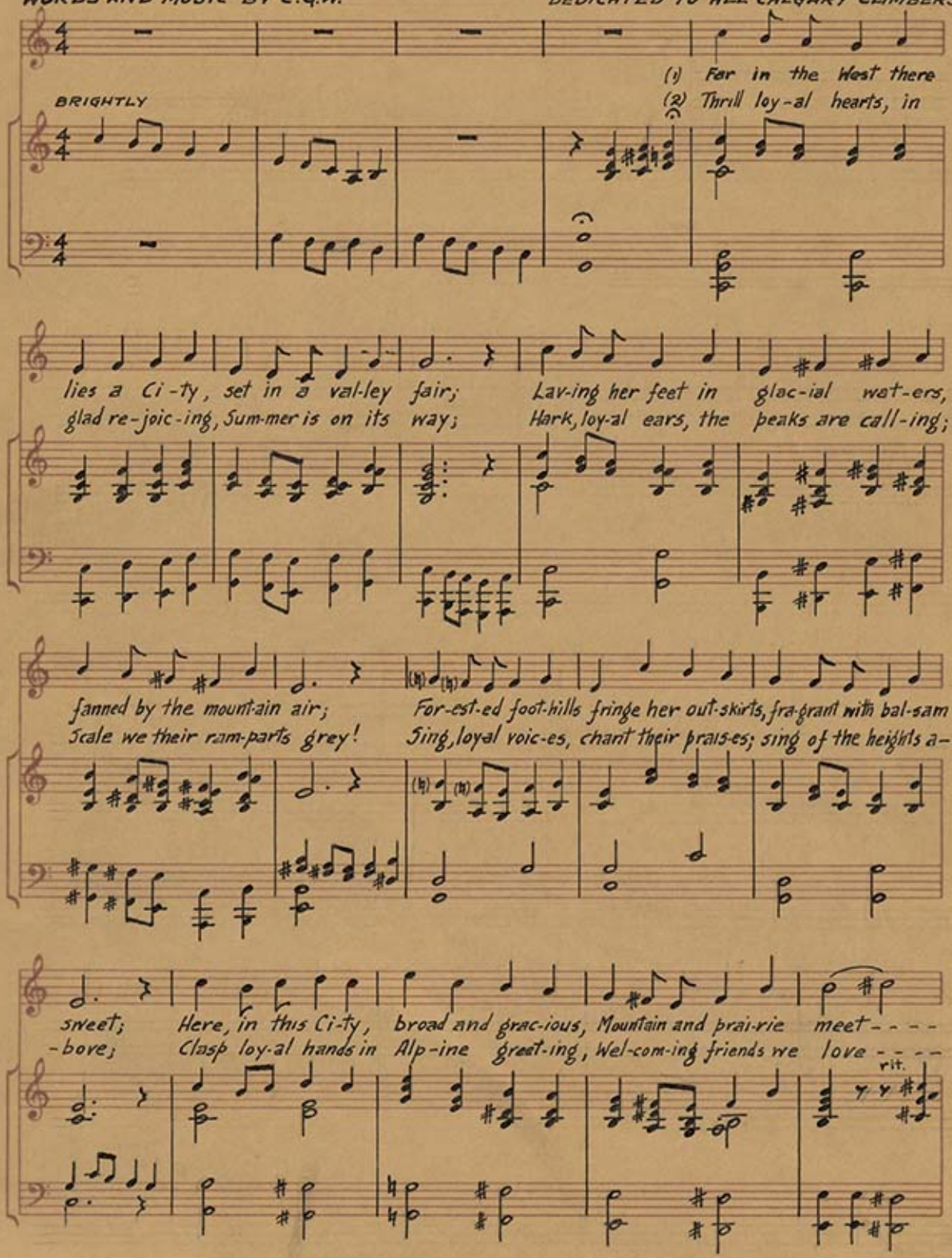


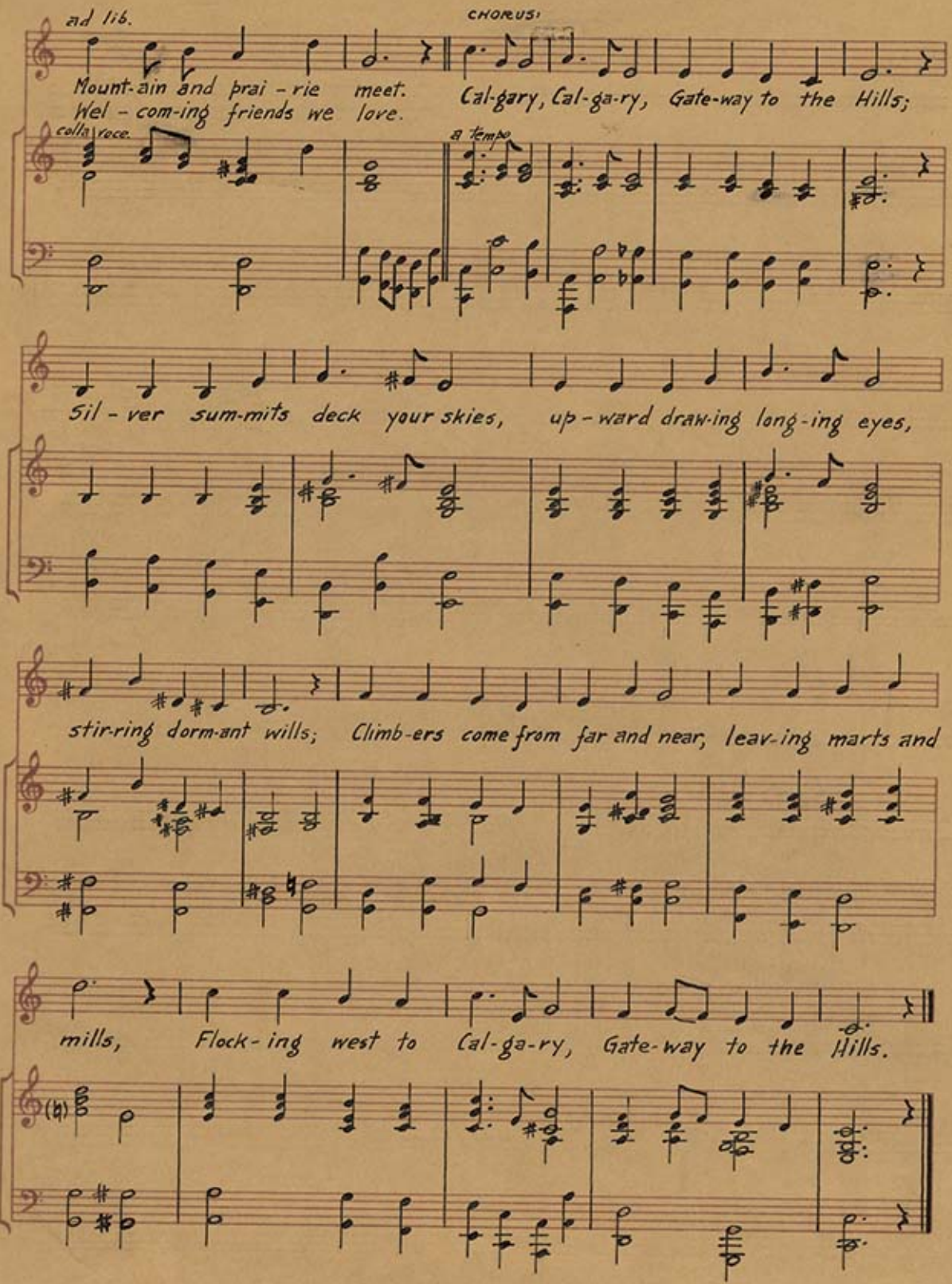

We are the Ed-mon-ton Sec-tion, We flourish a-far in the North; From our
home on the Prairies the City of Sunshine the Mountains are call-ing us forth. Clan
Alp-ine is mustring its for-ces, At the sum-mons each one of us thrills, From the
shores of the Mighty Sask-at-che-wan Riv-er we ans-wer the Call of the Hills.

"GATEWAY TO THE HILLS"

WORDS AND MUSIC BY C.G.W.

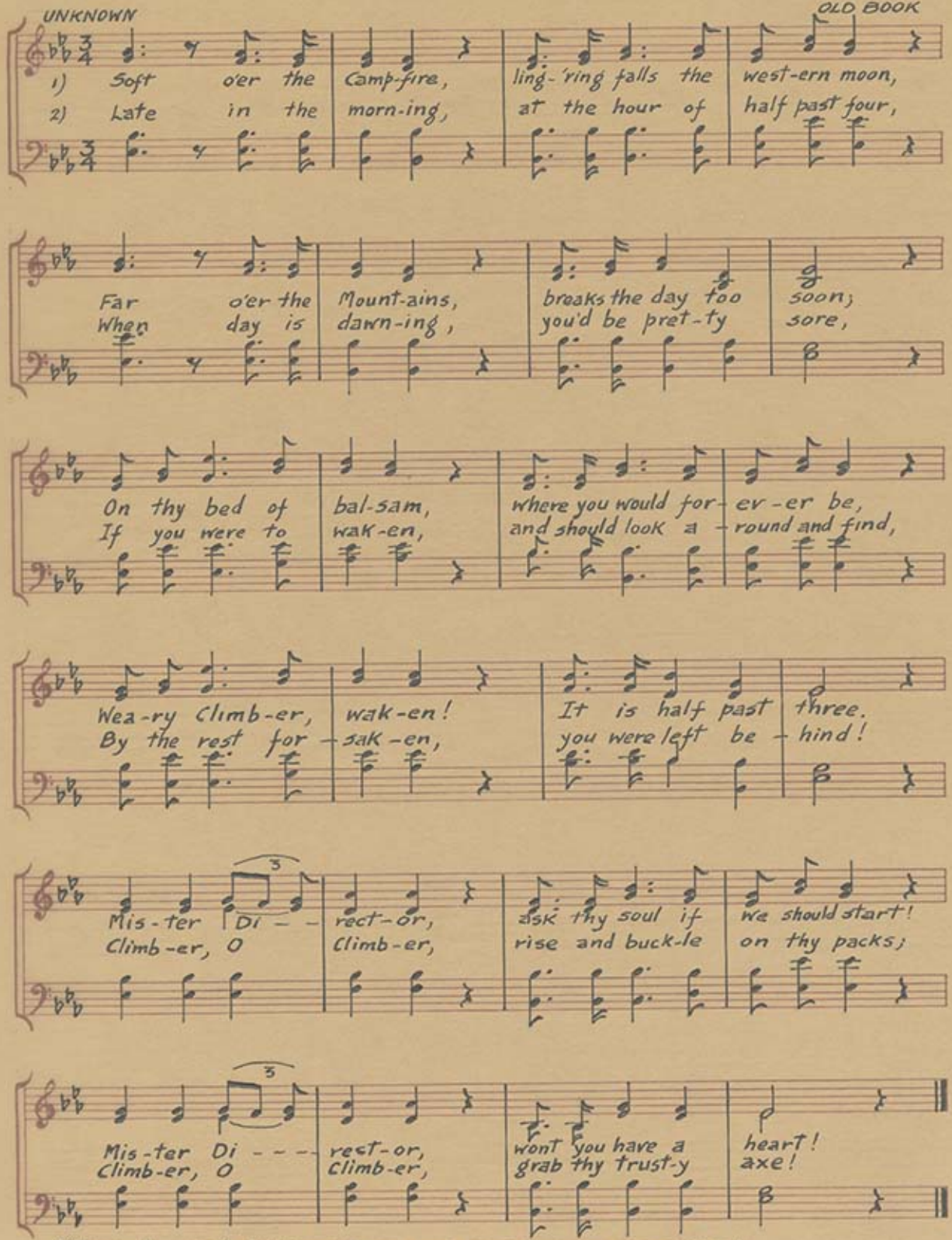
DEDICATED TO ALL CALGARY CLIMBERS




ad lib.
CHORUS:
Mount-ain and prai-rie meet. Cal-gary, Cal-ga-ry, Gate-way to the Hills;
Wel-com-ing friends we love.
colla voce.
a tempo
Sil-ver sum-mits deck your skies, up-ward draw-ing long-ing eyes,
stir-ring dorm-ant wills; Climb-ers come from far and near, leav-ing marts and
mills, Flock-ing west to Cal-ga-ry, Gate-way to the Hills.

AN EARLY CALL

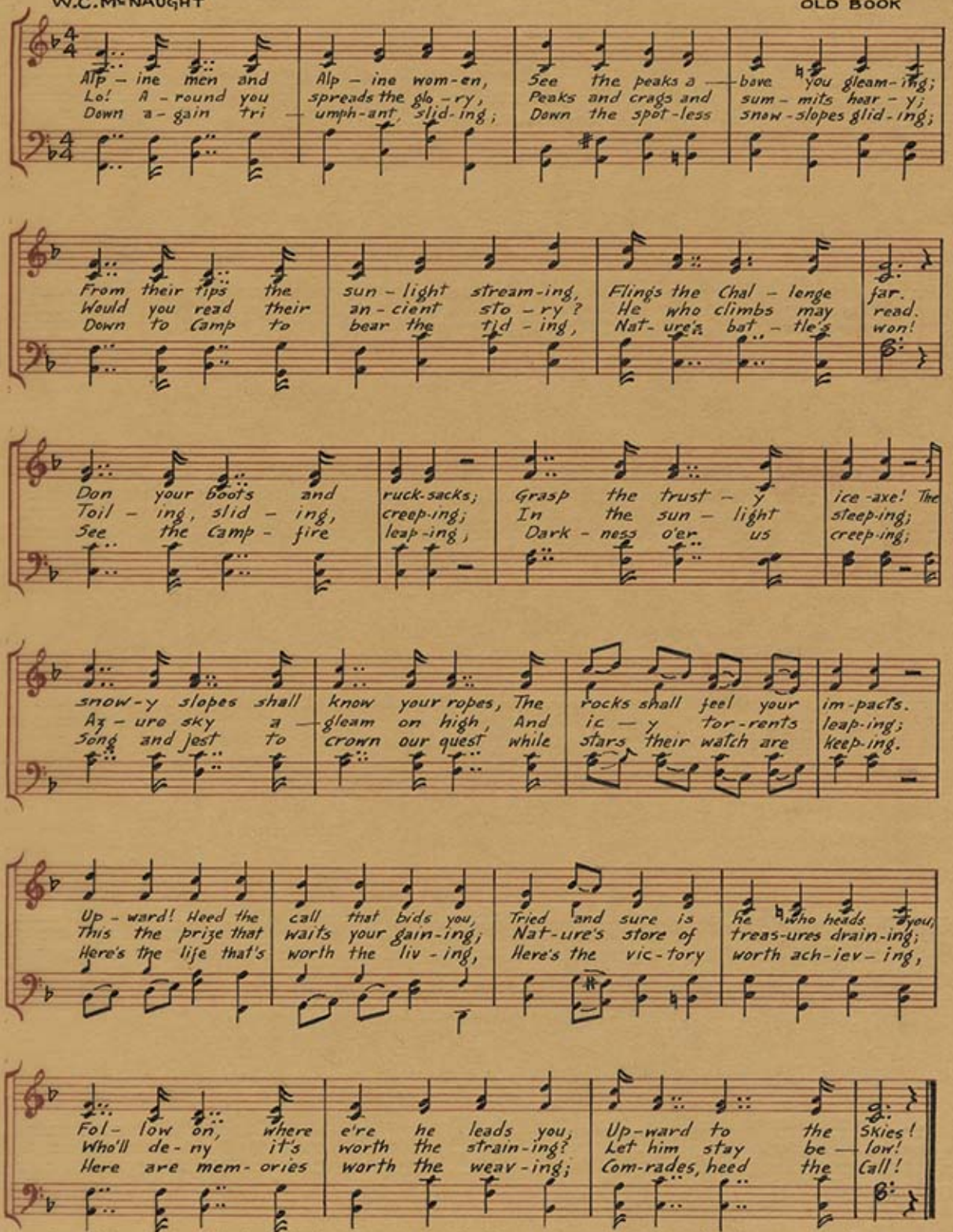
UNKNOWN — OLD BOOK



("MISTER DIRECTOR" - A.O. WHEELER, FOR MANY YEARS DIRECTOR OF THE CLUB.)

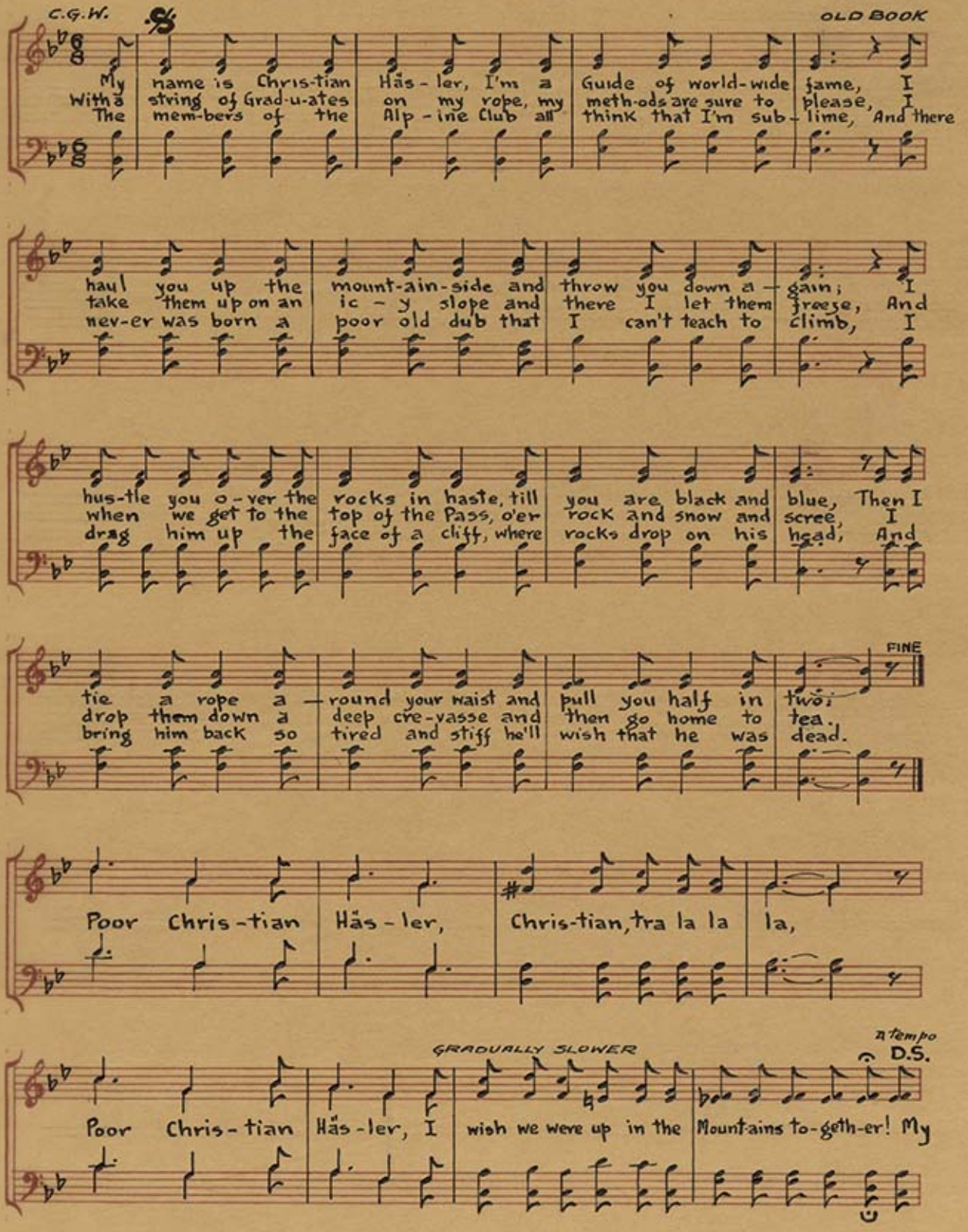
THE CHALLENGE OF THE MOUNTAINS

W.C. McNAUGHT — OLD BOOK



Quartettes should sing this in Ab. Copies in this key may be obtained from the Secretary.

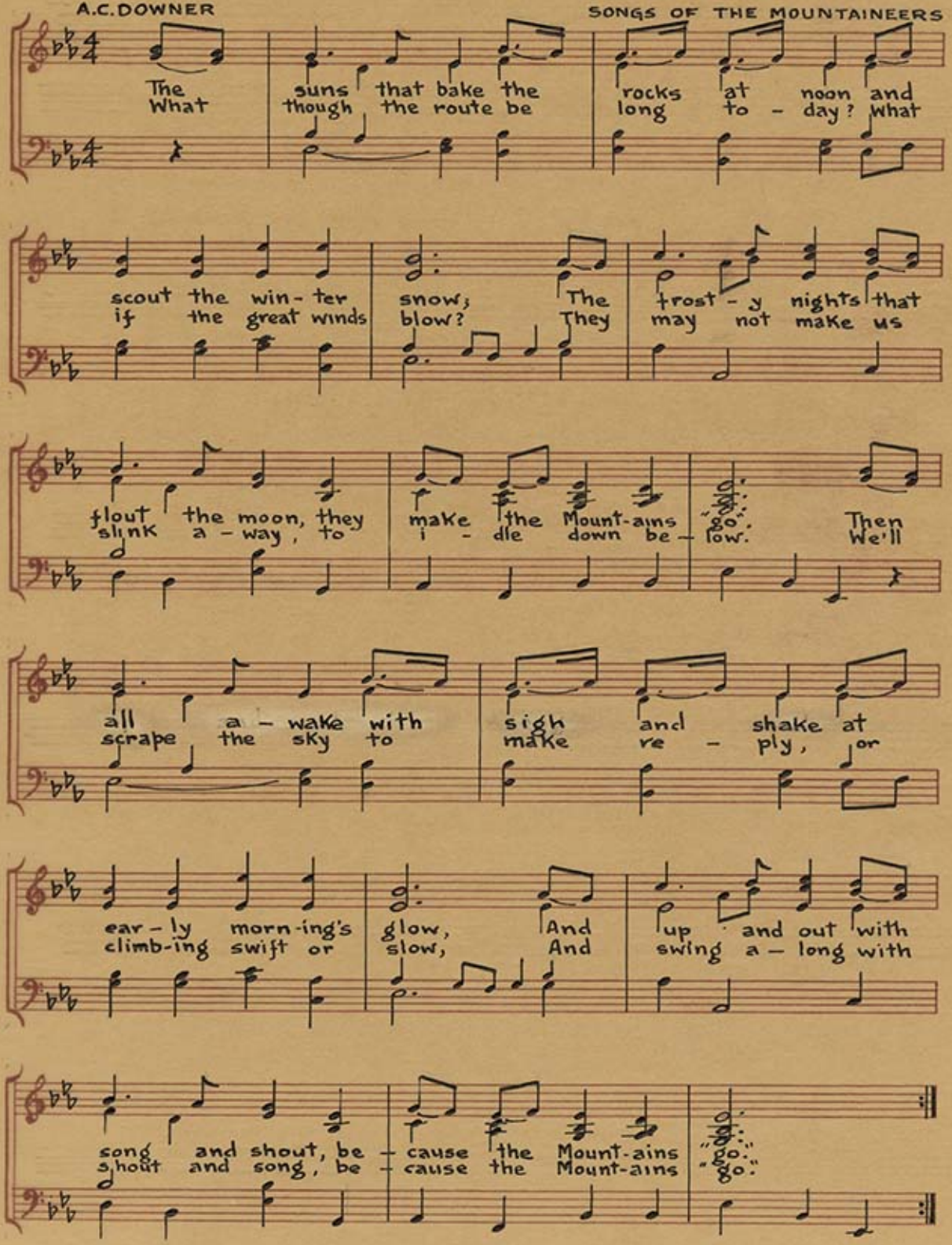
THE GUIDE'S SONG



BECAUSE THE MOUNTAINS GO

A.C. DOWNER

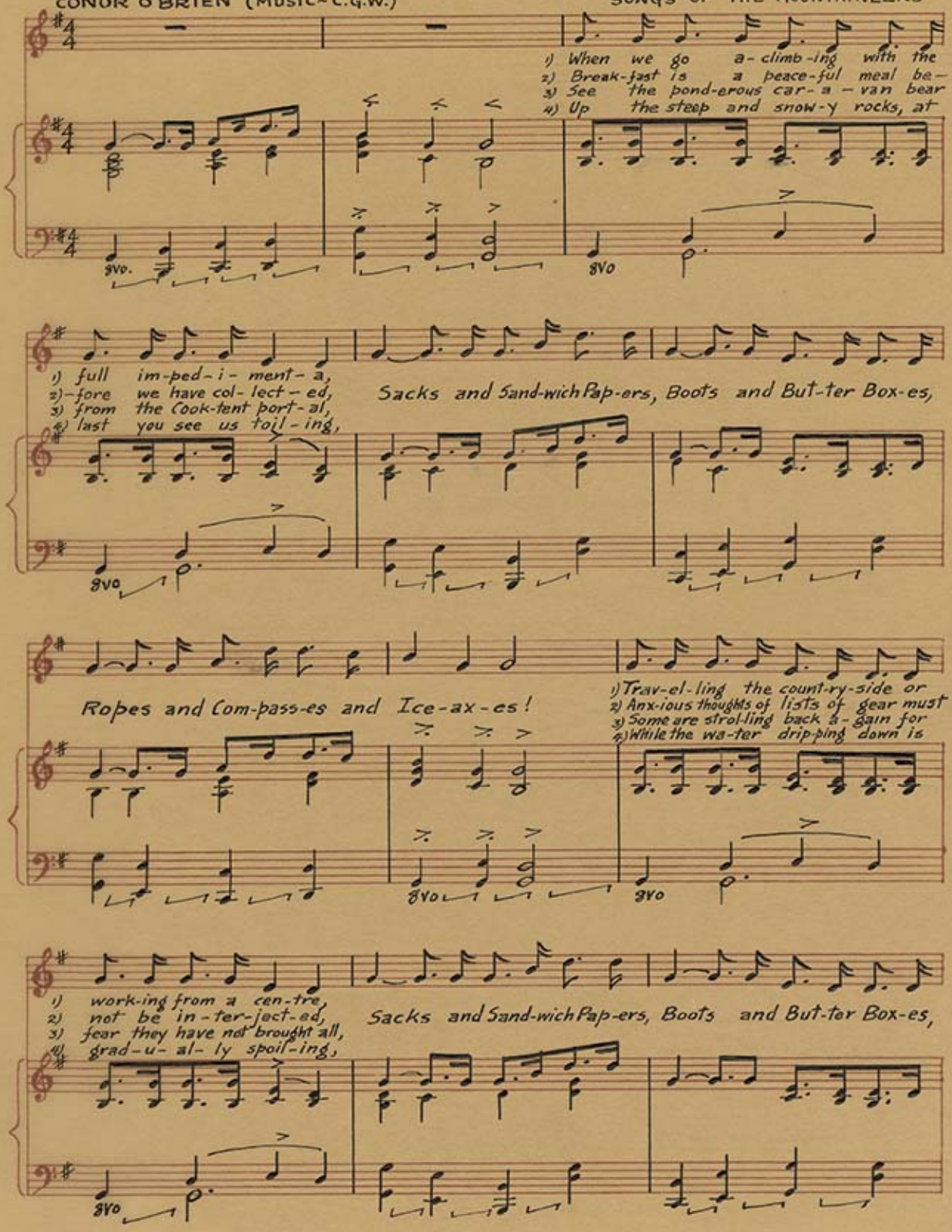
SONGS OF THE MOUNTAINEERS

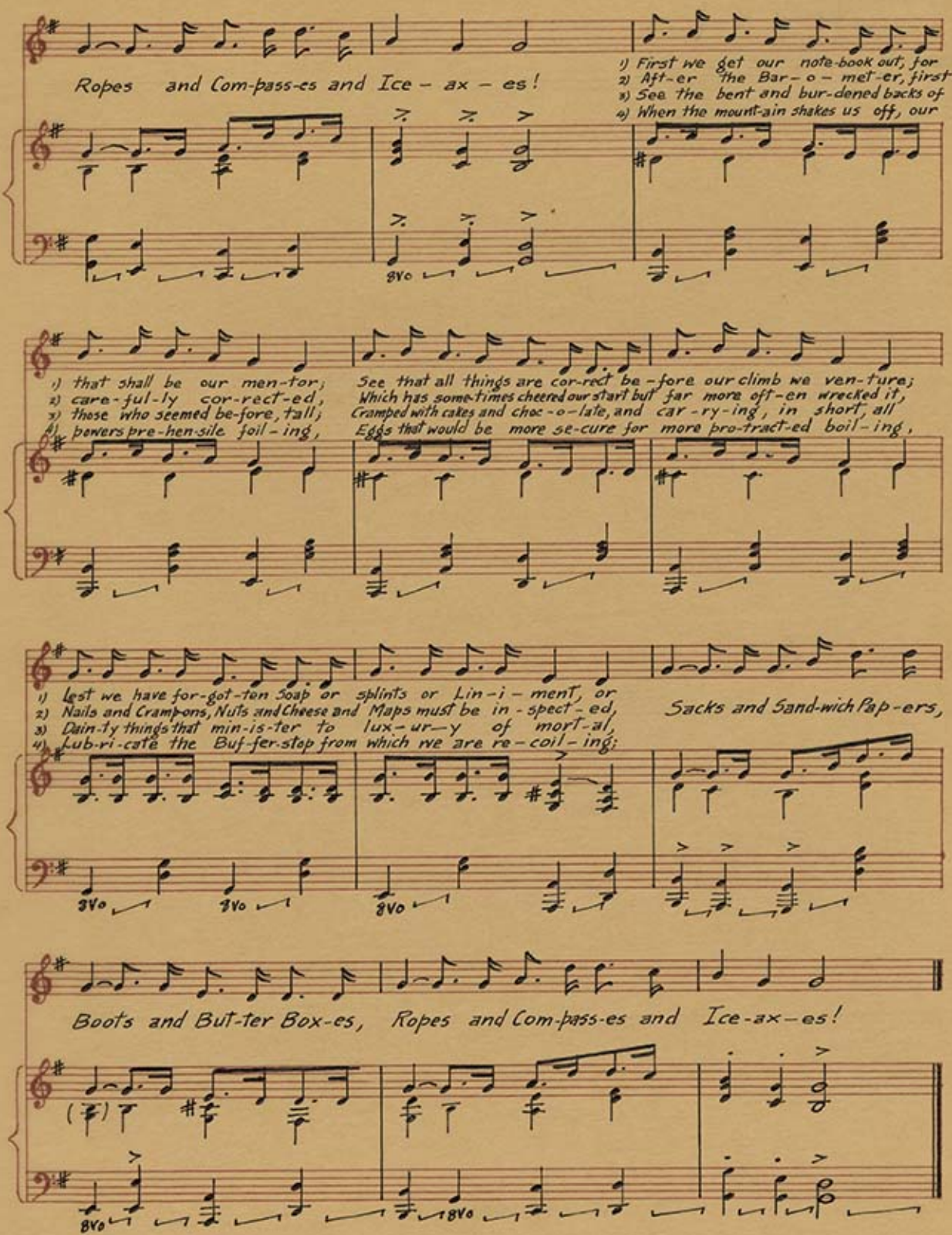


BOOTS AND BUTTERBOXES

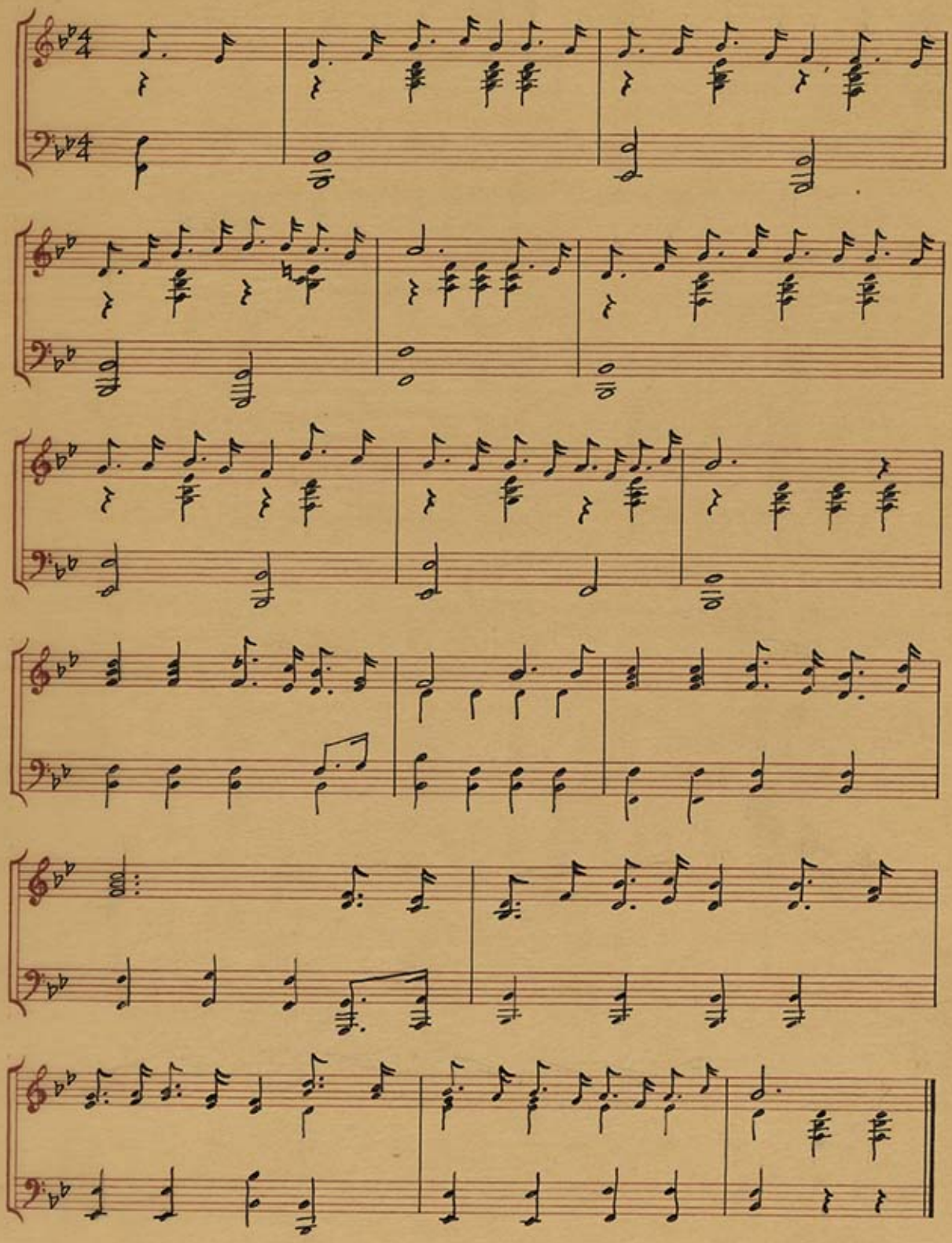
CONOR O'BRIEN (MUSIC~C.G.W.)

SONGS OF THE MOUNTAINEERS




Ropes and Com-pass-es and Ice - ax - es!
1) First we get our note-book out, for
2) Aft-er the Bar-o-met-er, first
3) See the bent and bur-dened backs of
4) When the mount-ain shakes us off, our
8va
1) that shall be our men-tor;
2) care-ful-ly cor-rect-ed,
3) those who seemed be-fore, tall;
4) powers pre-hen-sile foil-ing,
See that all things are cor-rect be-fore our climb we ven-ture;
Which has some-times cheered our start but far more oft-en wrecked it,
Cramped with cakes and choc-o-late, and car-ry-ing, in short, all
Eggs that would be more se-cure for more pro-tract-ed boil-ing,
1) Lest we have for-got-ten Soap or splints or Lin-i-ment, or
2) Nails and Cramp-ons, Nuts and Cheese and Maps must be in-spect-ed,
3) Dain-ty things that min-is-ter to lux-ur-y of mort-al,
4) Lub-ri-cate the Buf-fer-stop from which we are re-coil-ing;
Sacks and Sand-wich Pap-ers,
8va
8va
8va
Boots and But-ter Box-es, Ropes and Com-pass-es and Ice-ax-es!
(f)
8va
8va

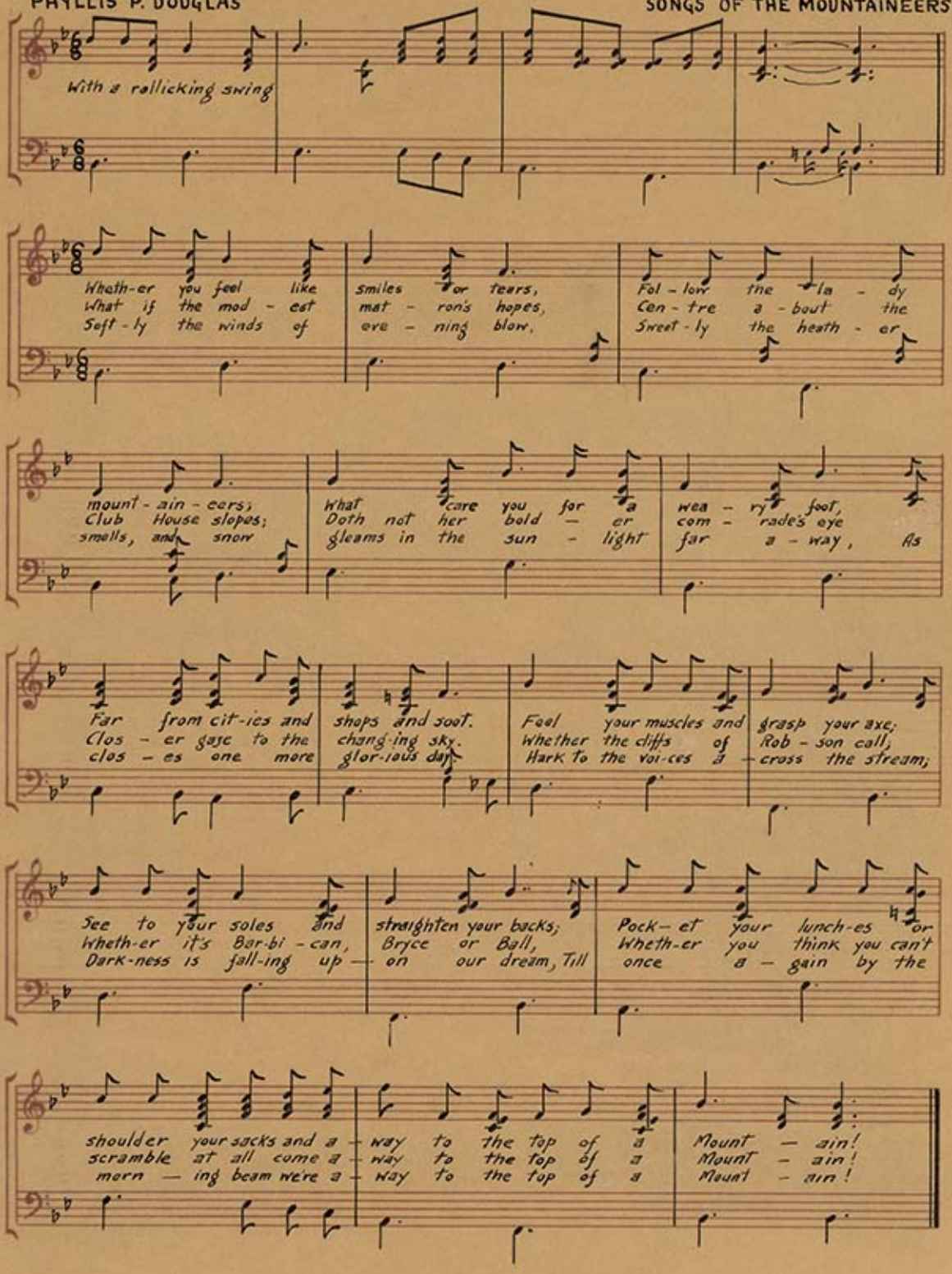
"HAUL! HAUL! HAUL!"



THE TOP OF A MOUNTAIN

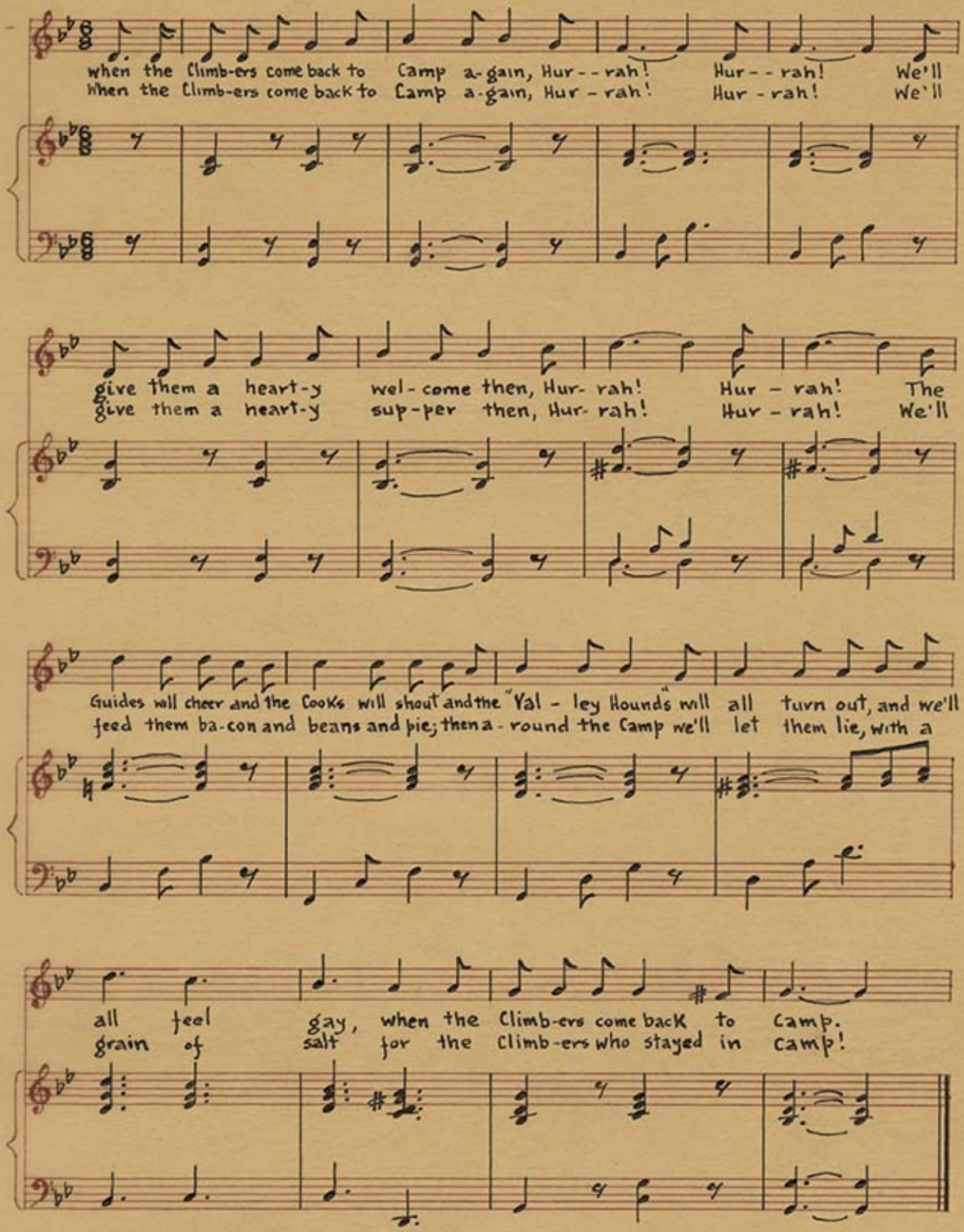
PHYLLIS P. DOUGLAS

SONGS OF THE MOUNTAINEERS



"WHEN THE CLIMBERS COME BACK—"

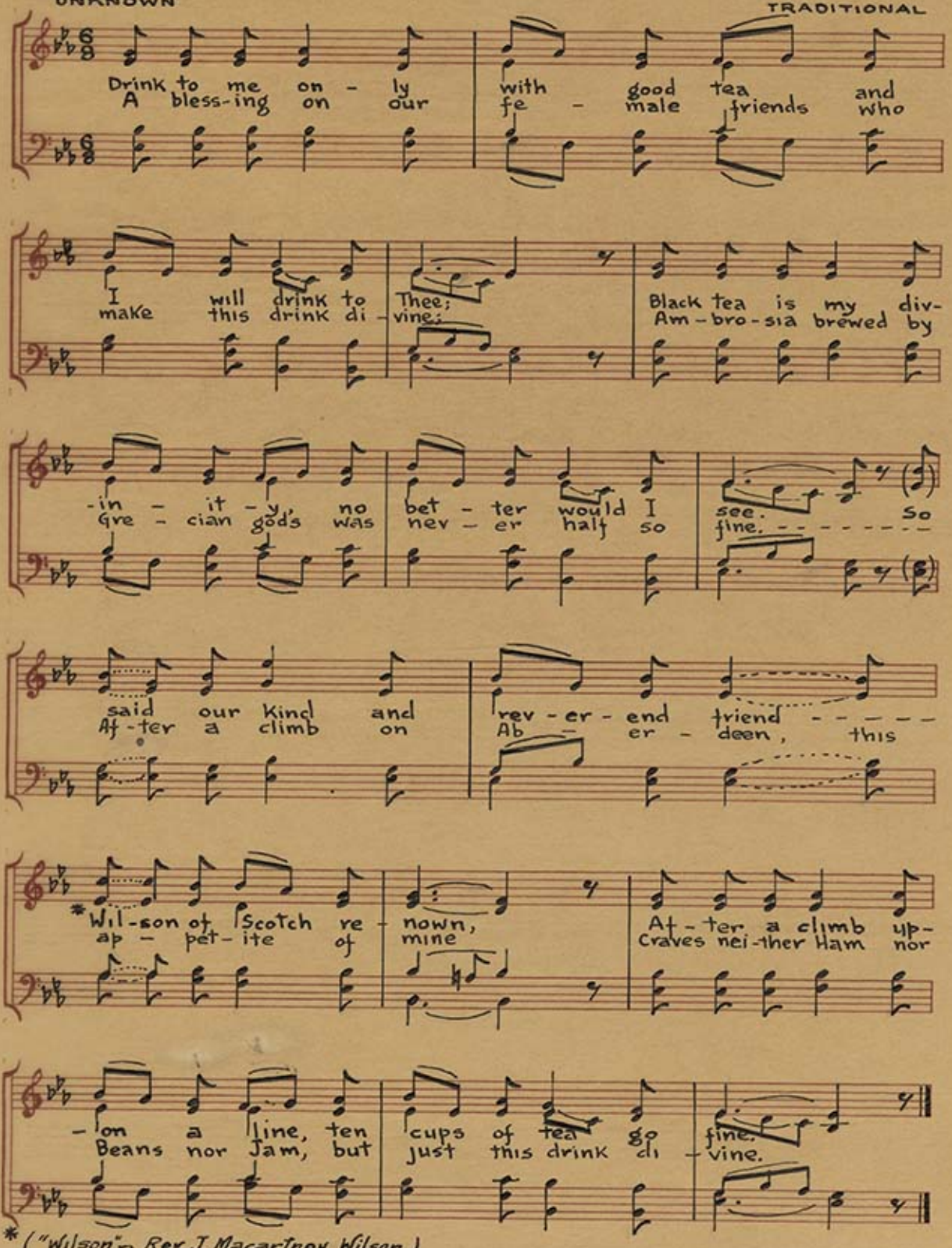
C.G.W.



ODE TO TEA

UNKNOWN

TRADITIONAL



*("Wilson" — Rev. J. Macartney Wilson.)

"BRING BACK MY BEAUTY"

UNKNOWN

OLD BOOK

1) My com-plex-ion lies up in the Mount-ains, Ten thou-sand feet up from the sea;
2) I cov-ered my face up with grease-paint, I wore a big green cot-ton veil,
3) I fear my own Moth-er wont know me, My face is all swol-len and black;

My com-plex-ion lies up in the Mount-ains; O bring back my beau-ty to me!
I put on some bright yel-low gog-gles, But naught did my ef-forts a-vail.
O, wont some kind doc-tor please show me How to make my lost beau-ty come back!

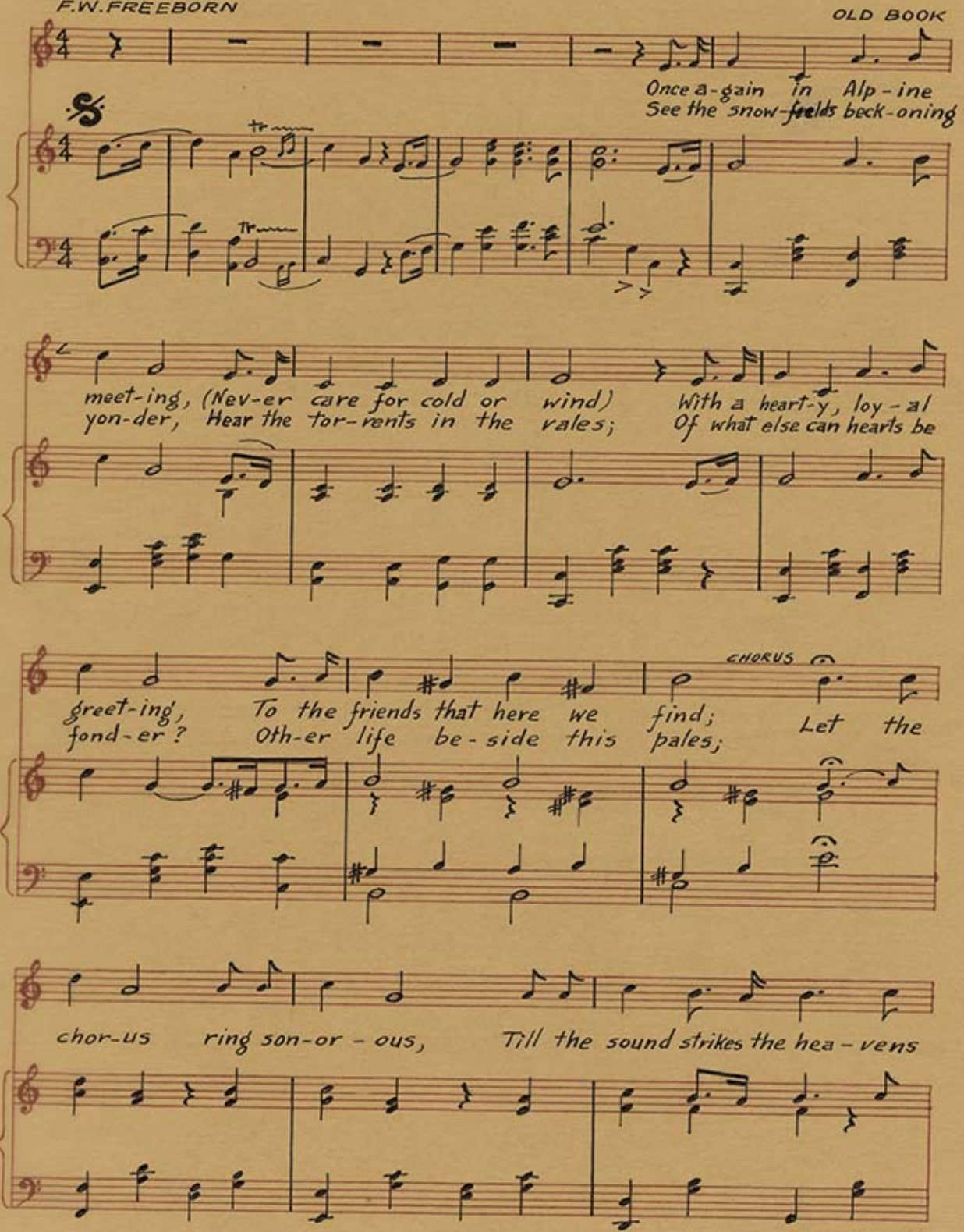
Bring back, bring back, O bring back my beau-ty to me, to me!

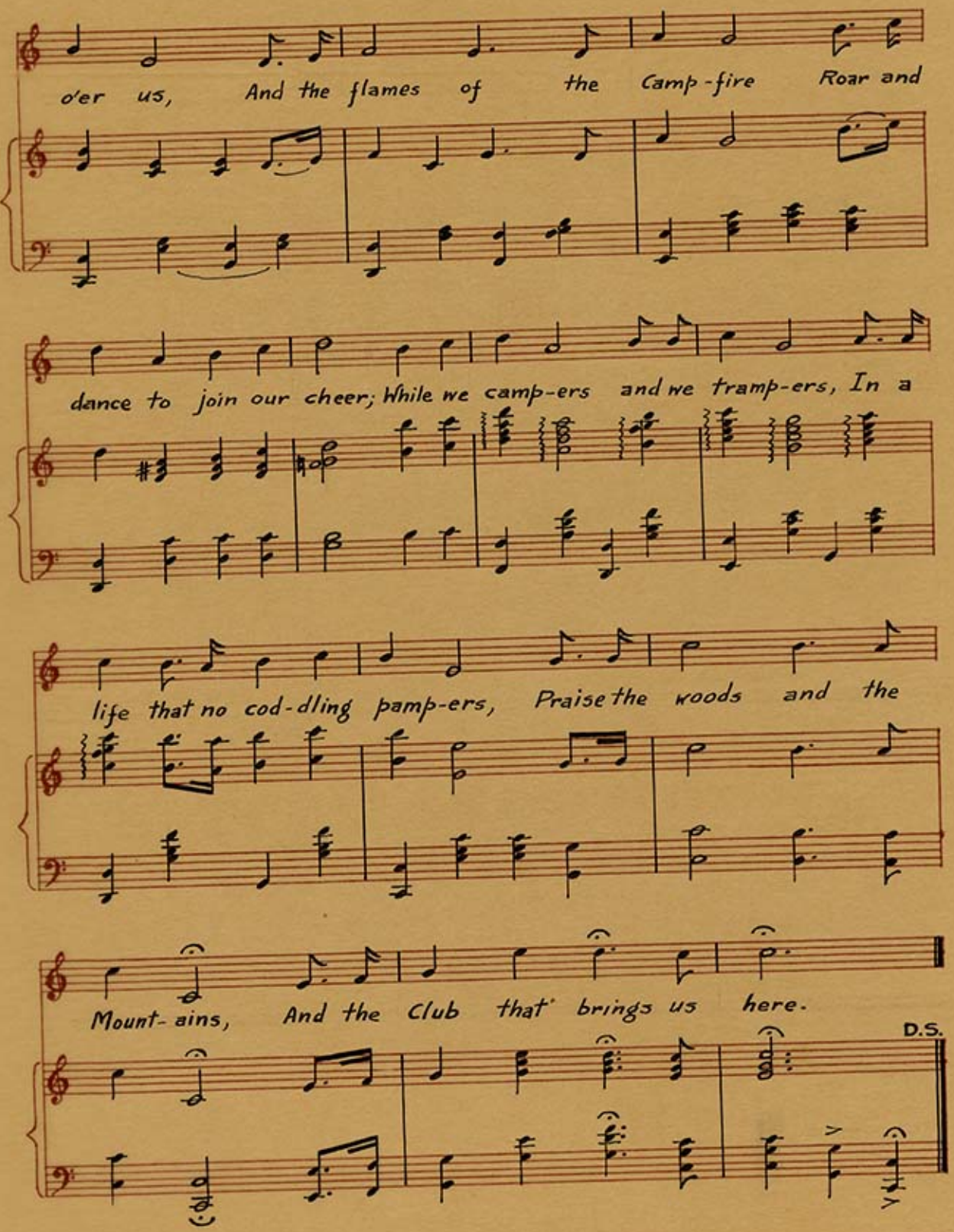
Bring back, bring back, O bring back my beau-ty to me!

CAMP LIFE

F.W. FREEBORN

OLD BOOK




o'er us, And the flames of the Camp-fire Roar and
dance to join our cheer; While we camp-ers and we tramp-ers, In a
life that no cod-dling pamp-ers, Praise the woods and the
Mount-ains, And the Club that' brings us here.
D.S.

CHORUS OF THE QUALIFIED

F.W. FREEBORN AND TORONTO SECTION

OLD BOOK

(softly) Climb-ing, climb-ing, o-ver the rock and snow, With
Sleep-ing, sleep-ing, is-n't it simp-ly grand, You

axe and pole and res-o-lute soul, to Can-a-da's peaks we go;
lay your head on a bal-sam bed and sleep to beat the band!

Slid-ing, strid-ing, back to the Camp at night, Our
Wak-ing, wak-ing, does-n't it make you ache? You're

(cres.) work is done, our place is won, we're "Act-ives" now, by right!
out of the door at the hour of four, you eat be-fore you wake!

HIT THE TRAIL

CHORUS

Hit the Trail, O hit the Trail, ye Climb-ers! Hit the Trail, O hit the Trail to Camp!

Solo Chorus Solo Chorus Solo Chorus

Pack your Dunnage bags and go Pack your Dun-nage bags and go Hit the Trail! Hit the Trail Dun-nage Bags, Dunnage Bags Oh!

THE CAMP FIRE

HECTOR DONALD — CAMP FIRE CLUB OF AMERICA

1.) Do you ev - er watch the Camp Fire,
2.) Do you ev - er sit there think - ing,

When the wood has tall - en low, And the ash - es
'Mid your pipe's grey, pun - gent breath, Till the Fire's last

fade and whit - en Round the em - ber's crim - son glow;
tee - ble flick - er Meets a tra - gic, glow - worm's death;

With the night sounds all a - bout you,
Tell me, are you ev - er near - er

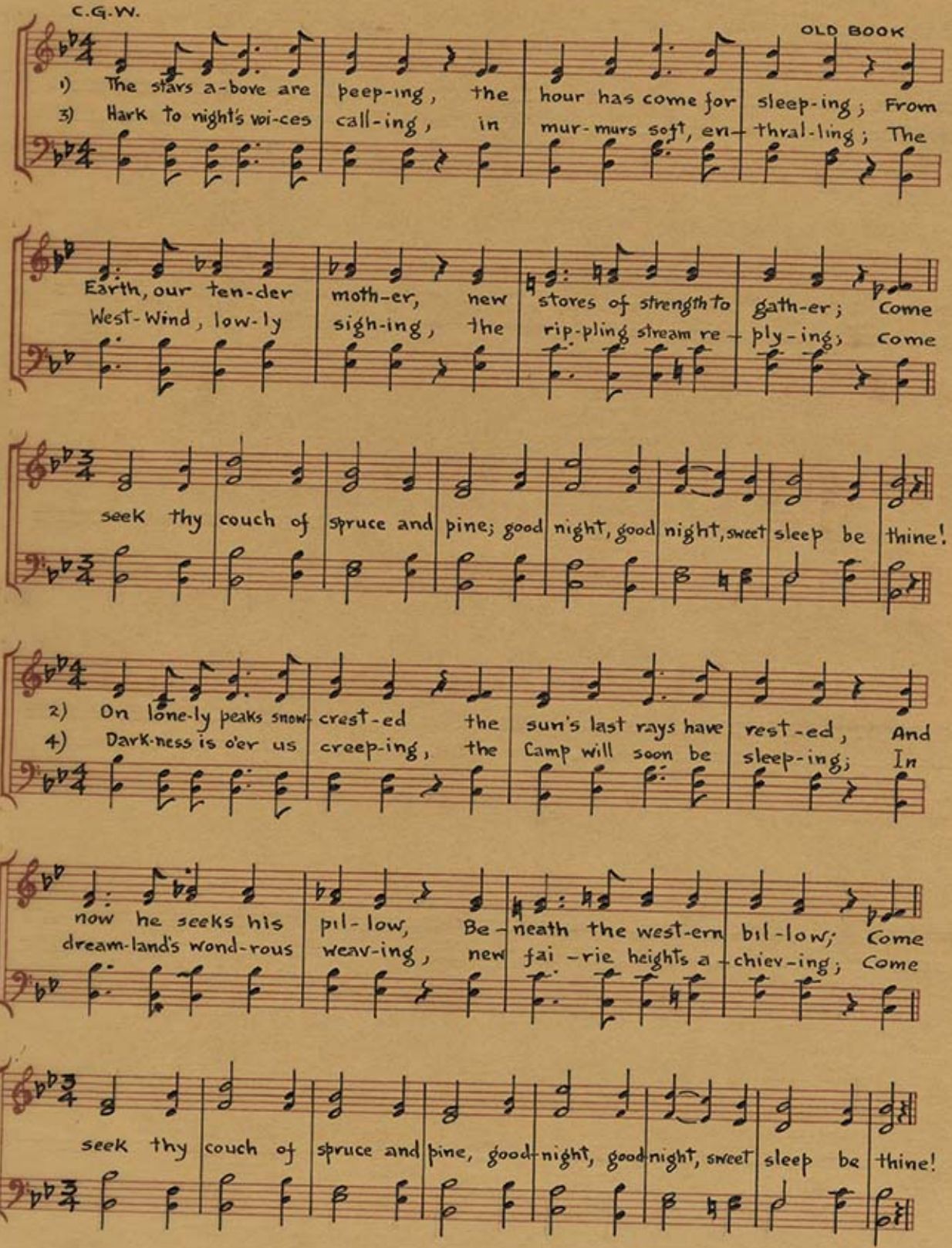
Mak - ing si - lence doub - ly sweet, And a full moon
To the land of Heart's Des - ire, Than when you lie

high a - bove you, That the spell may be com - plete?
i - dly smok - ing, With your feet up to the Fire?

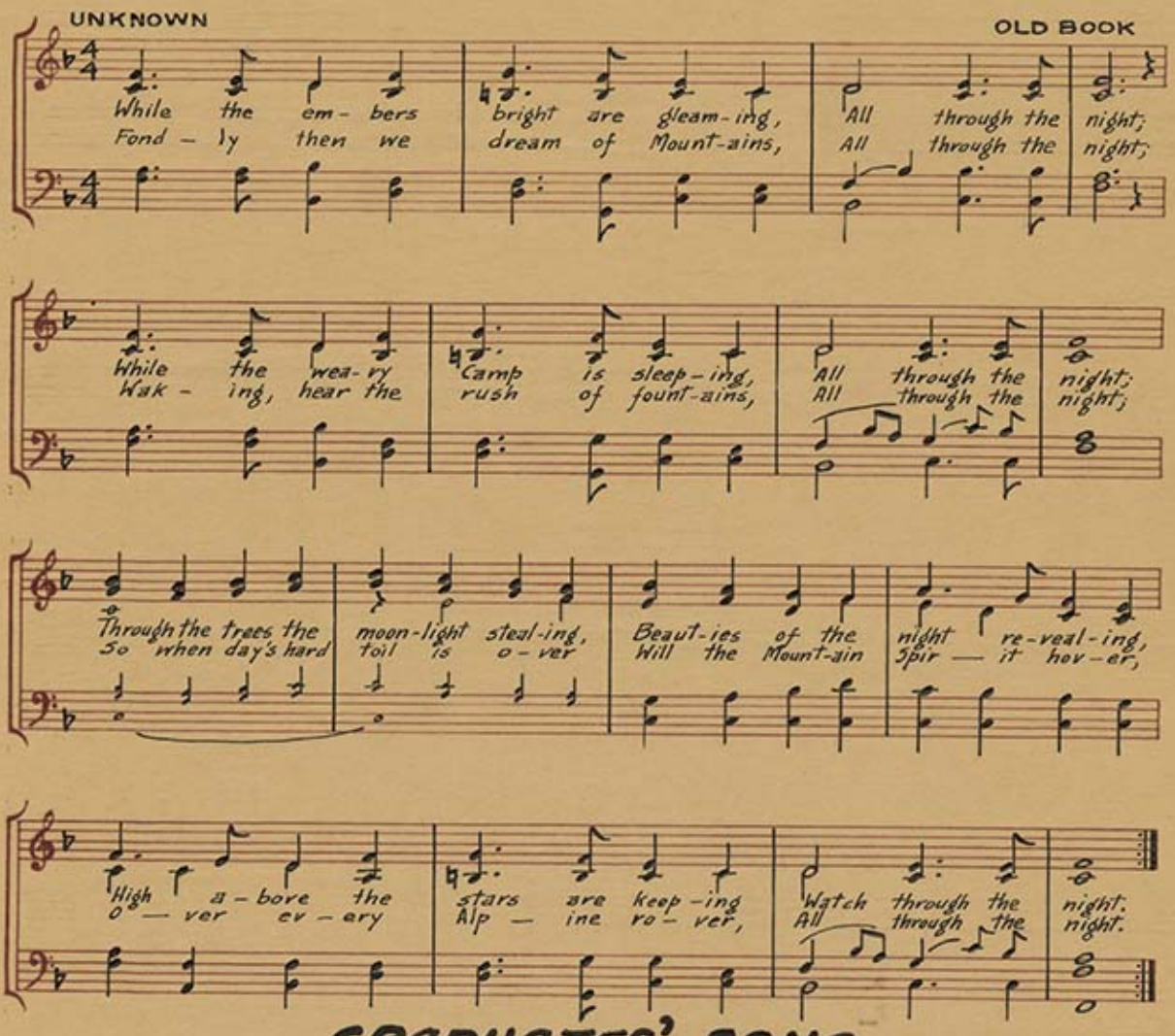
GOODNIGHT

C.G.W.

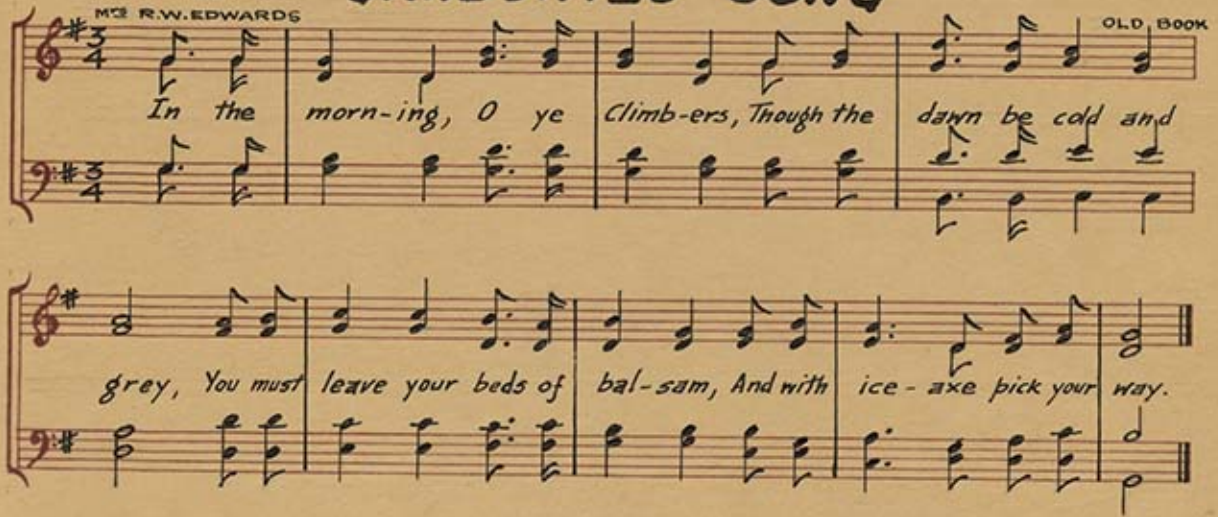
OLD BOOK



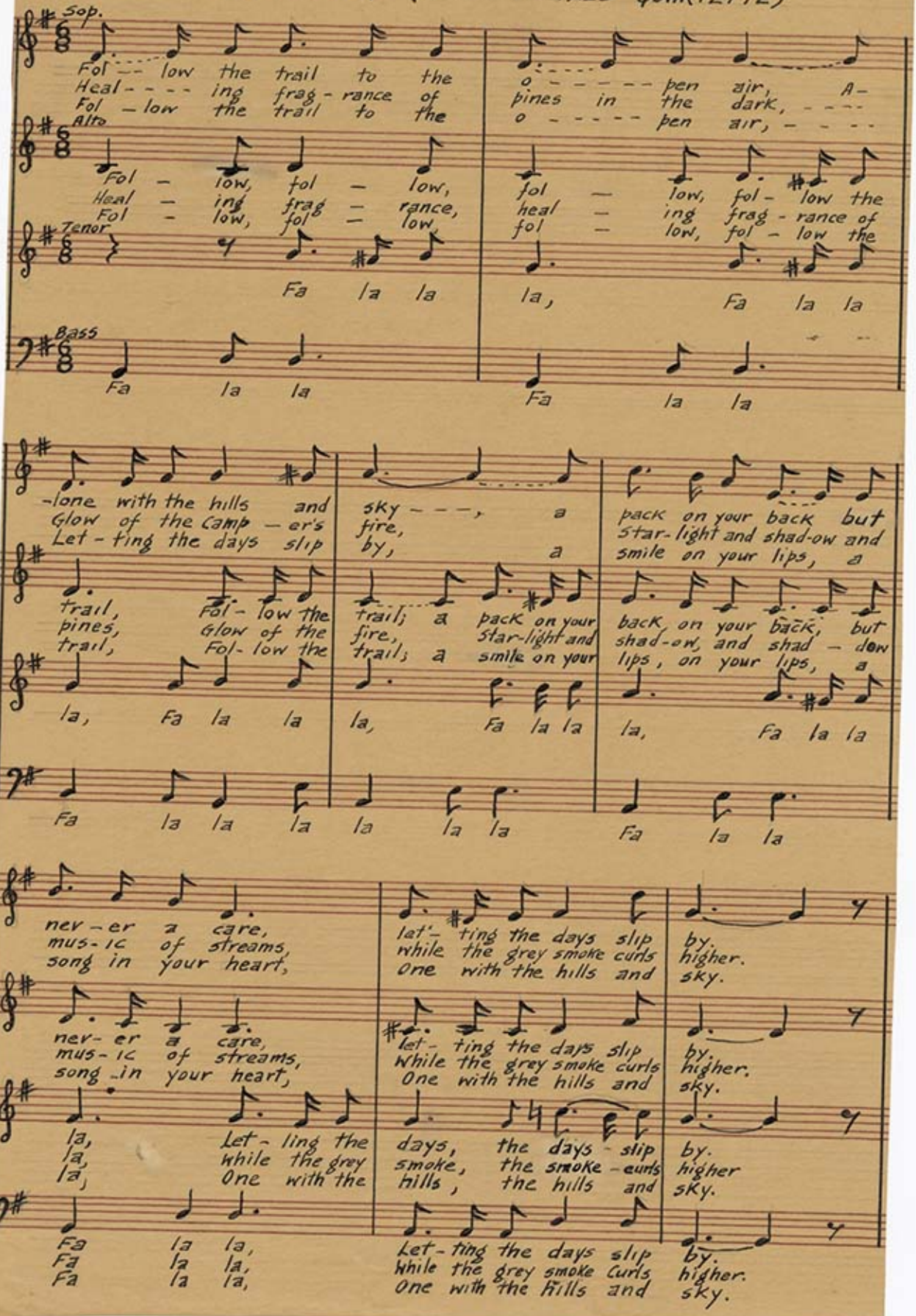
ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT



GRADUATES' SONG



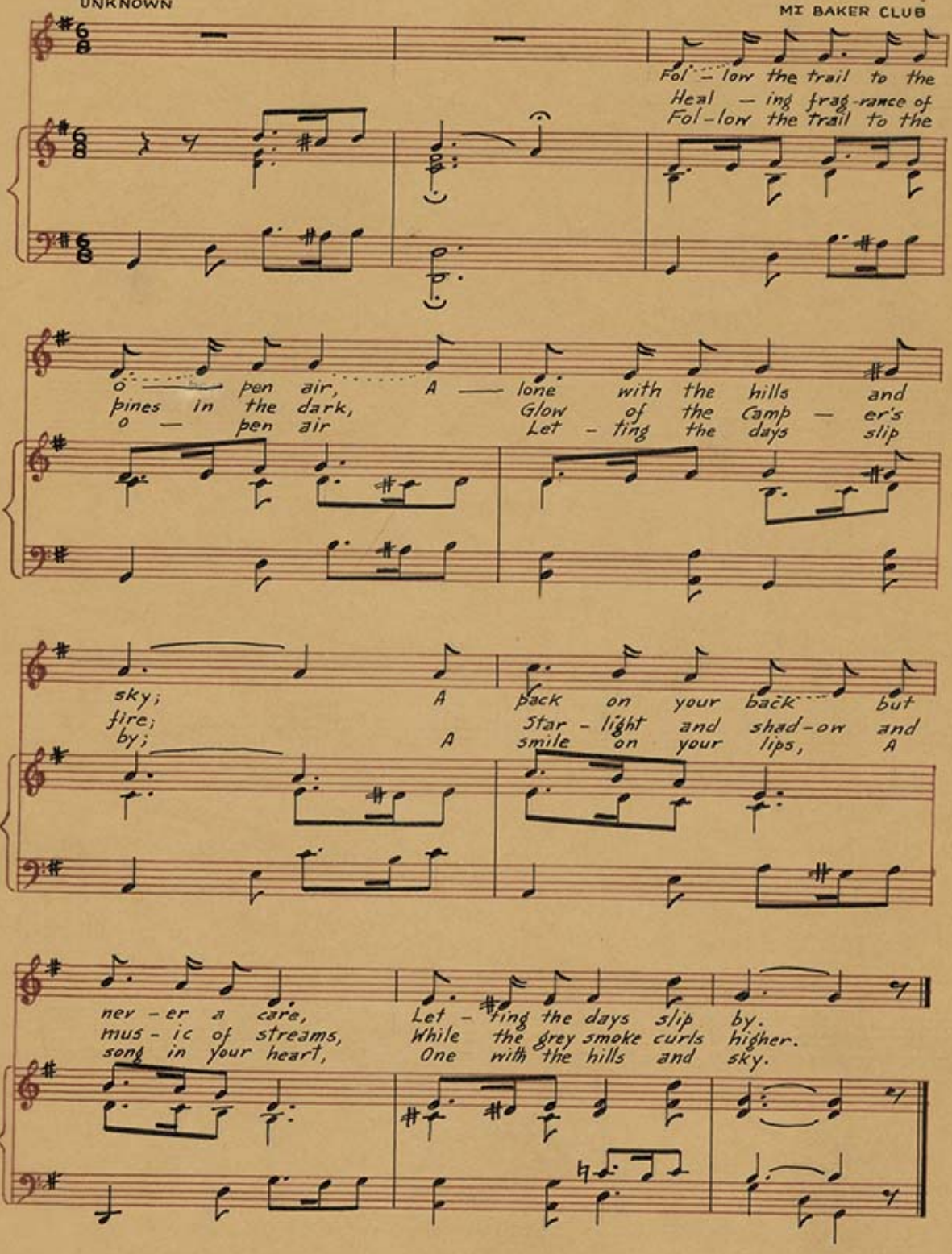
"THE TRAIL SONG" (ARR. FOR MIXED QUARTETTE)



TRAIL SONG

UNKNOWN

MI BAKER CLUB



LAMENT OF THE SOFT-BOILED EGG

HAZEL DE BERARD

C.G.W.

BRIGHTLY

1) I
2) My
3) So

used to be-long to the hard boiled bunch - and gal - loped o- ver the
moth - er said to me: "Now, my child, let's try the shore for a-
if the day should ev - er come that you could - n't e - - ven

peaks; In Sum - mer time I nev - er came down for
-while; Let's spend all Aug - ust in e - ven - ing clothes, and,
walk, You can Sit and knit on the Club House porch, and

weeks and weeks and WEEKS! I nev - er mind-ed a
do things up in style; I thought it sound-ed ex-
talk and TALK and TALK! Though I'll nev-er ad - mit that

day that was hot or cared if I broke a leg; Oh, I
-ceed-ing-ly nice, your sym - path - y now I beg; Oh, I
wag-ging the Tongue is as good as shak-ing a leg; You can

rall.

used to climb with the hard - boiled bunch but now I'm a soft-boiled Egg!
nev - er count-ed the ter - ri - ble price and now I'm a Soft-Boiled Egg!
sit and brag of the thing you've done, when you were a Hard-Boiled Egg!

LAMENT OF THE SOFT-BOILED EGG

HAZEL DE BERARD

C.G.W.

1) I
2) My
3) So

used to be- long to the hard boiled bunch, and gal - - - loped o - ver the
moth - er said to me: "Now, my child, let's try the shore for a -
if the day should ev - er come that you could - n't e — ven

Peaks; In Sum - mer time I nev - er came down for
-while; Let's spend all Aug - ust in ev - en - ing clothes, and
walk, You can sit and knit on the Club House porch, and

weeks and weeks and weeks. I nev - er mind-ed a
do things up in style." I thought it sound-ed ex-
talk and talk and talk. Though I'll nev - er ad - mit that

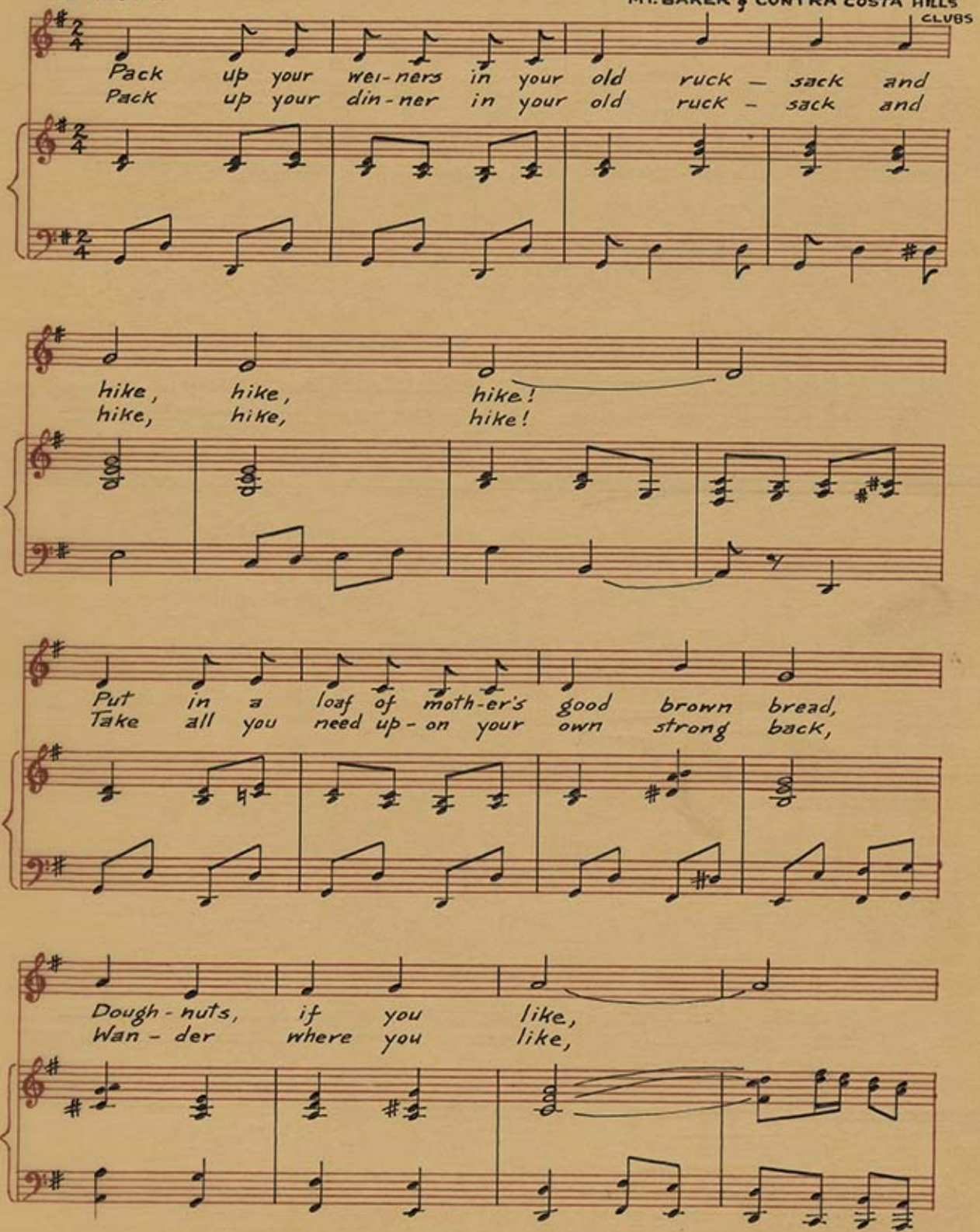
day that was hot or cared if I broke a leg; Oh, I
-ceed-ing-ly nice; Your sym-path-y now I beg; Oh, I
wag-ging the tongue is as good as shak-ing a leg; You can

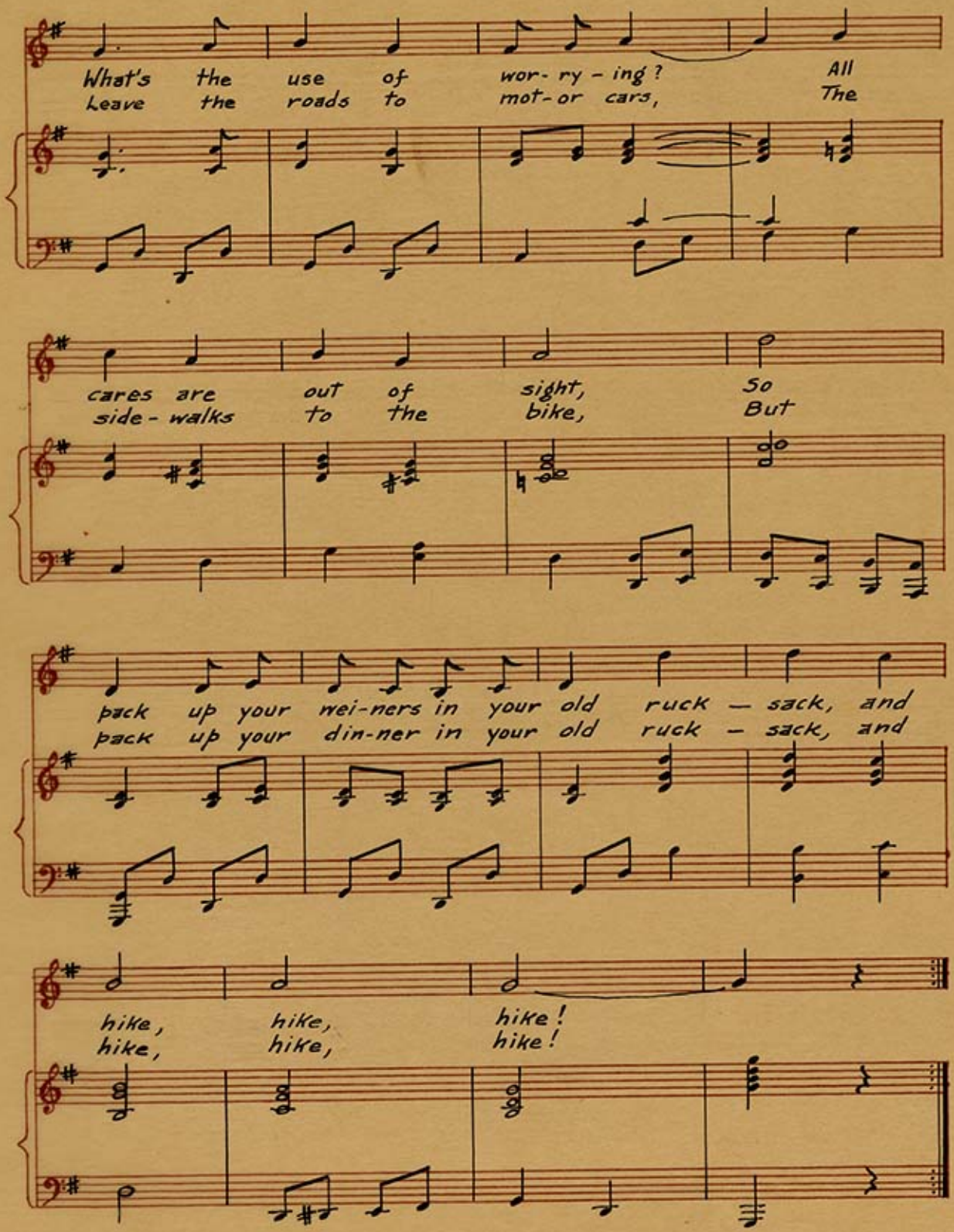
used to climb with the hard boiled bunch, but now I'm a Soft - Boiled Egg!
nev - er count-ed the ter-ri-ble price, and now - I'm a Soft - Boiled Egg!
sit and brag of the things you've done, when you were a Hard - Boiled Egg!

HIKING SONG

UNKNOWN

MT. BAKER & CONTRA COSTA HILLS CLUBS

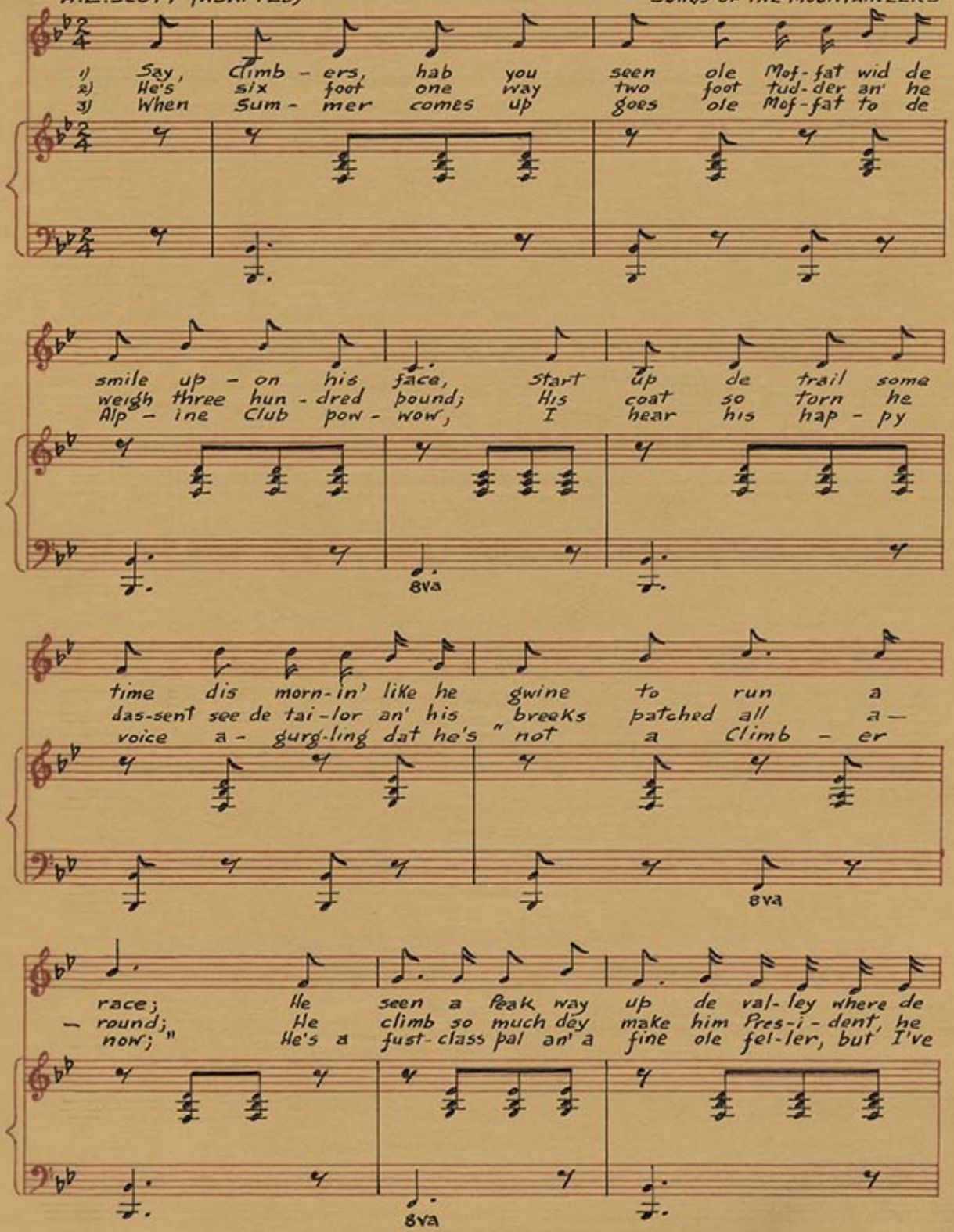


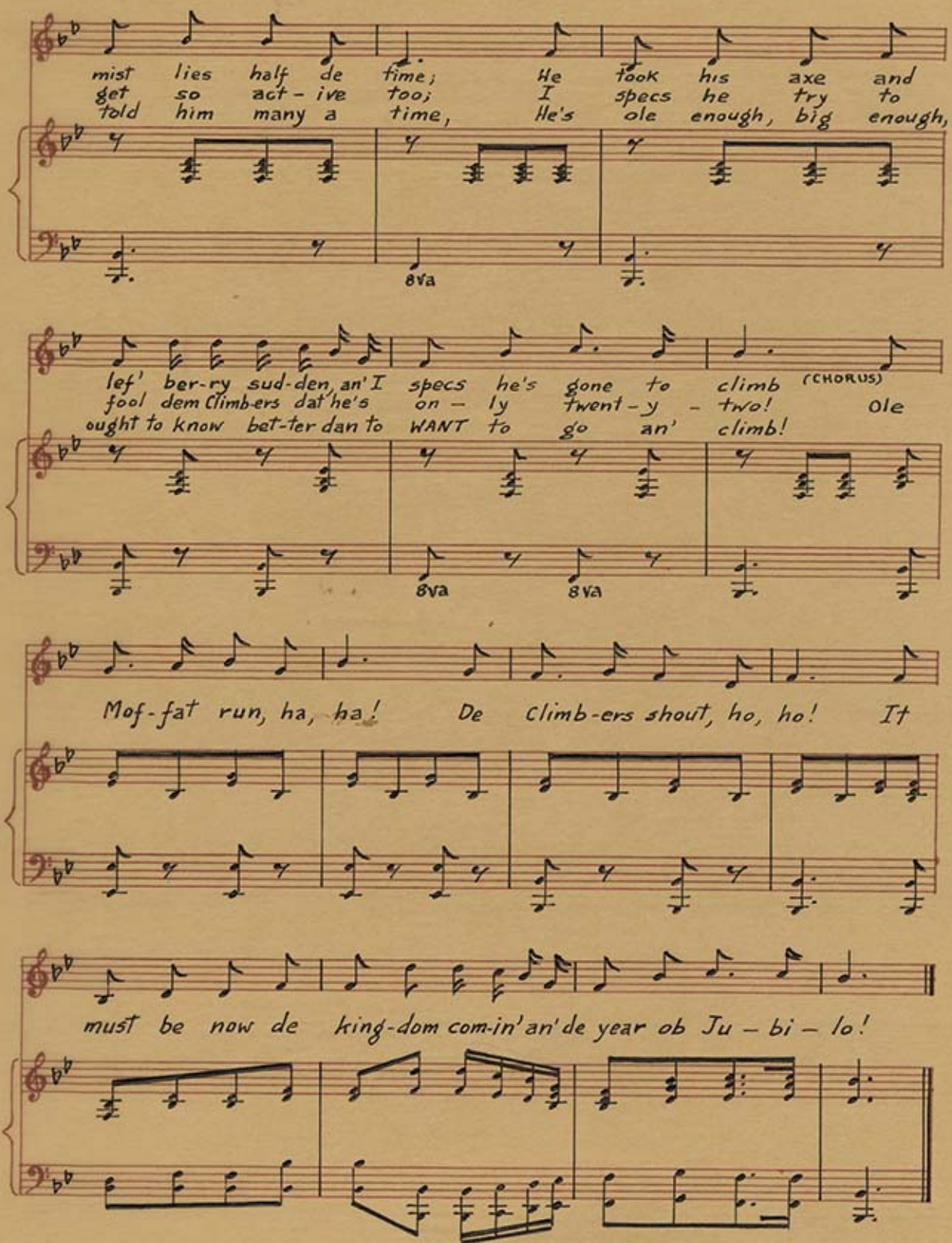

What's the use of wor- ry - ing? All
Leave the roads to mot- or cars, The
cares are out of sight, So
side - walks to the bike, But
pack up your wei-ners in your old ruck — sack, and
pack up your din-ner in your old ruck — sack, and
hike, hike, hike!
hike, hike, hike!

OLE MOFFAT

H.E. SCOTT (ADAPTED)

SONGS OF THE MOUNTAINEERS

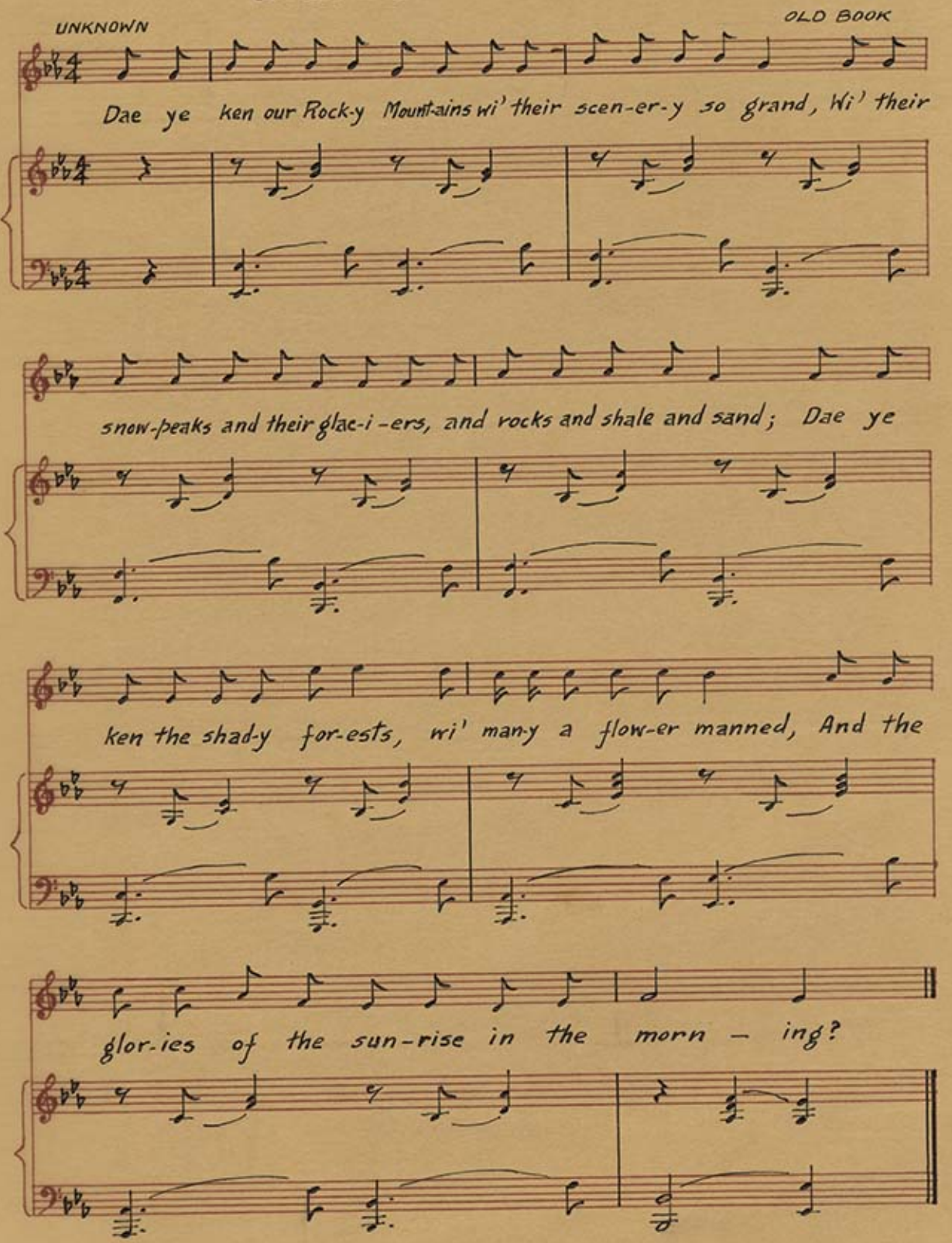



mist lies half de time; He took his axe and
get so act-ive too; I specs he try to
told him many a time, He's ole enough, big enough,
8va
lef' ber-ry sud-den, an' I specs he's gone to climb (CHORUS)
fool dem Climb-ers dat he's on-ly twent-y-two! Ole
ought to know bet-ter dan to WANT to go an' climb!
8va
8va
Mof-fat run, ha, ha! De Climb-ers shout, ho, ho! It
must be now de king-dom com-in' an' de year ob Ju-bi-lo!

CELEBRITIES

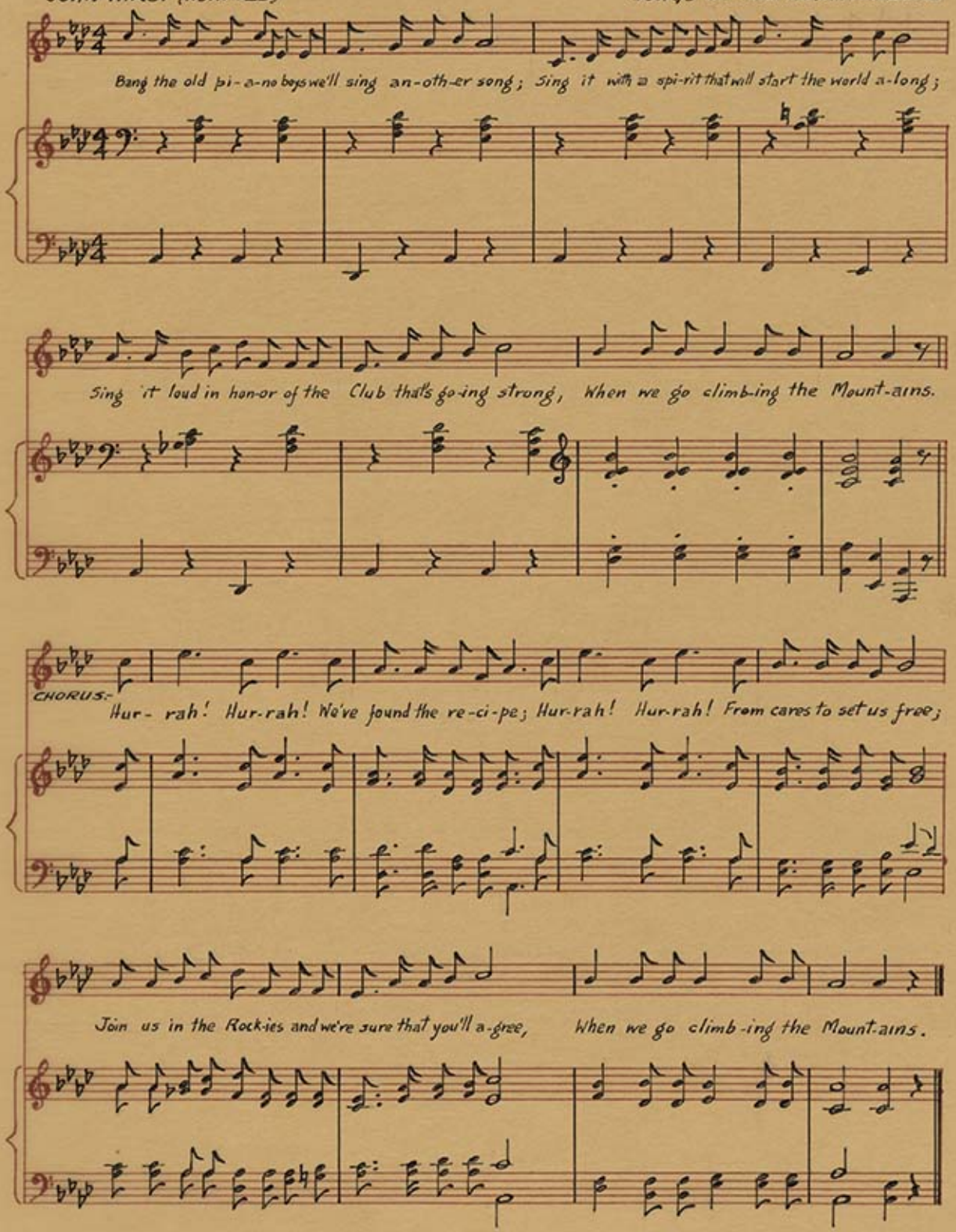
UNKNOWN

OLD BOOK



CLIMBING THE MOUNTAINS

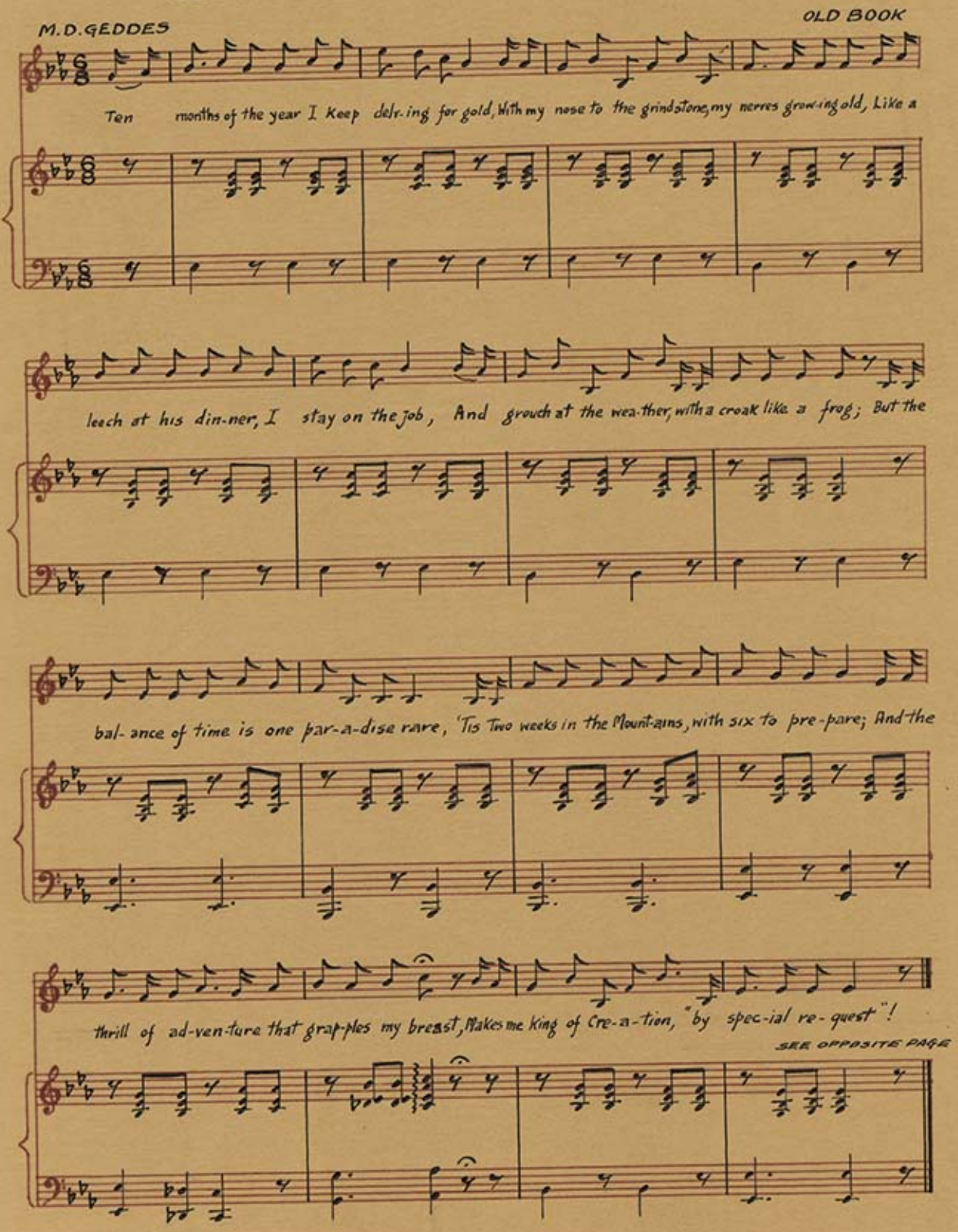
JOHN HIRST (ADAPTED) — SONGS OF THE MOUNTAINEERS



THE CALL OF THE ALPINE

M.D. GEDDES

OLD BOOK

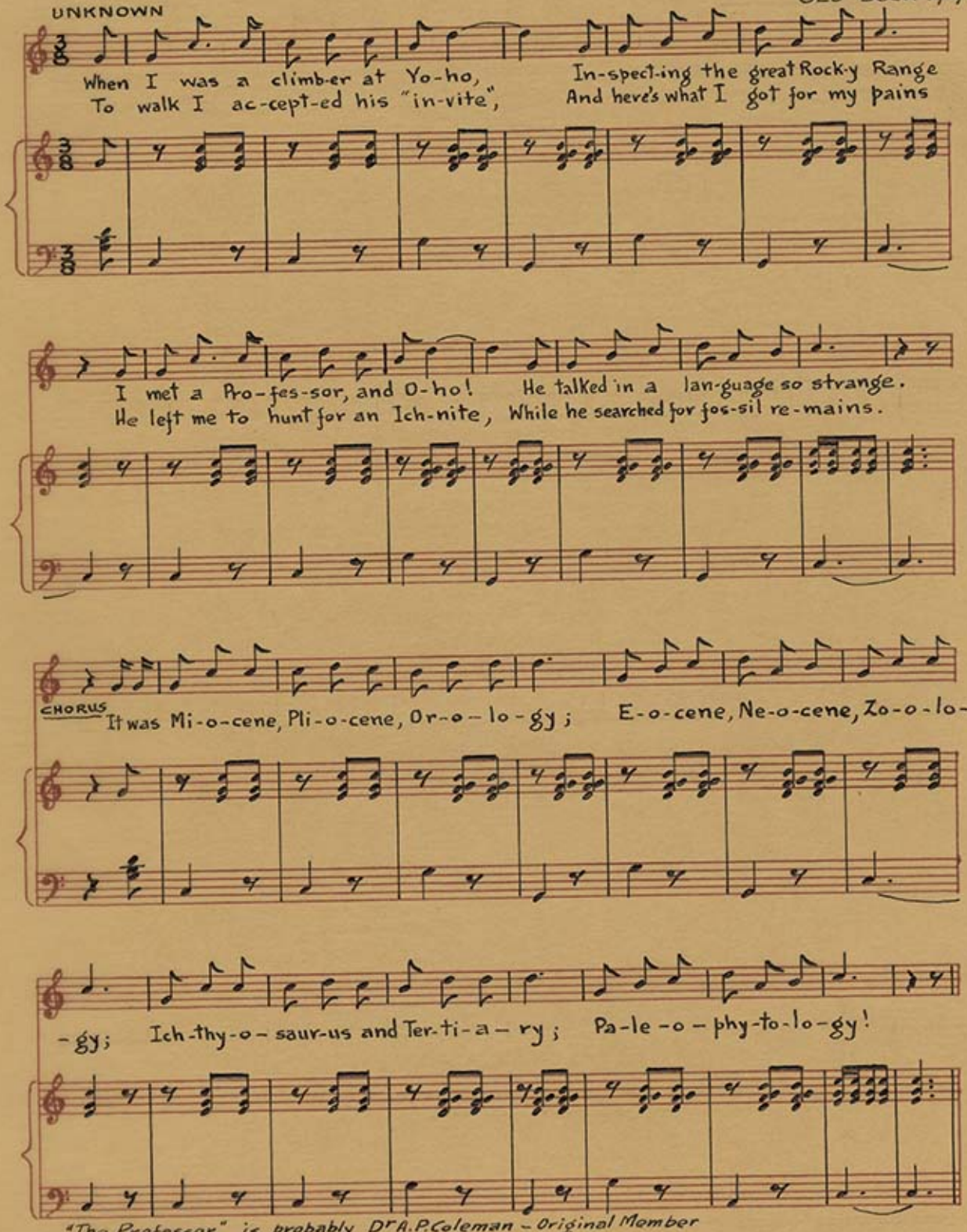


SEE OPPOSITE PAGE

GEOLOGIST'S SONG

UNKNOWN

OLD BOOK-1909?



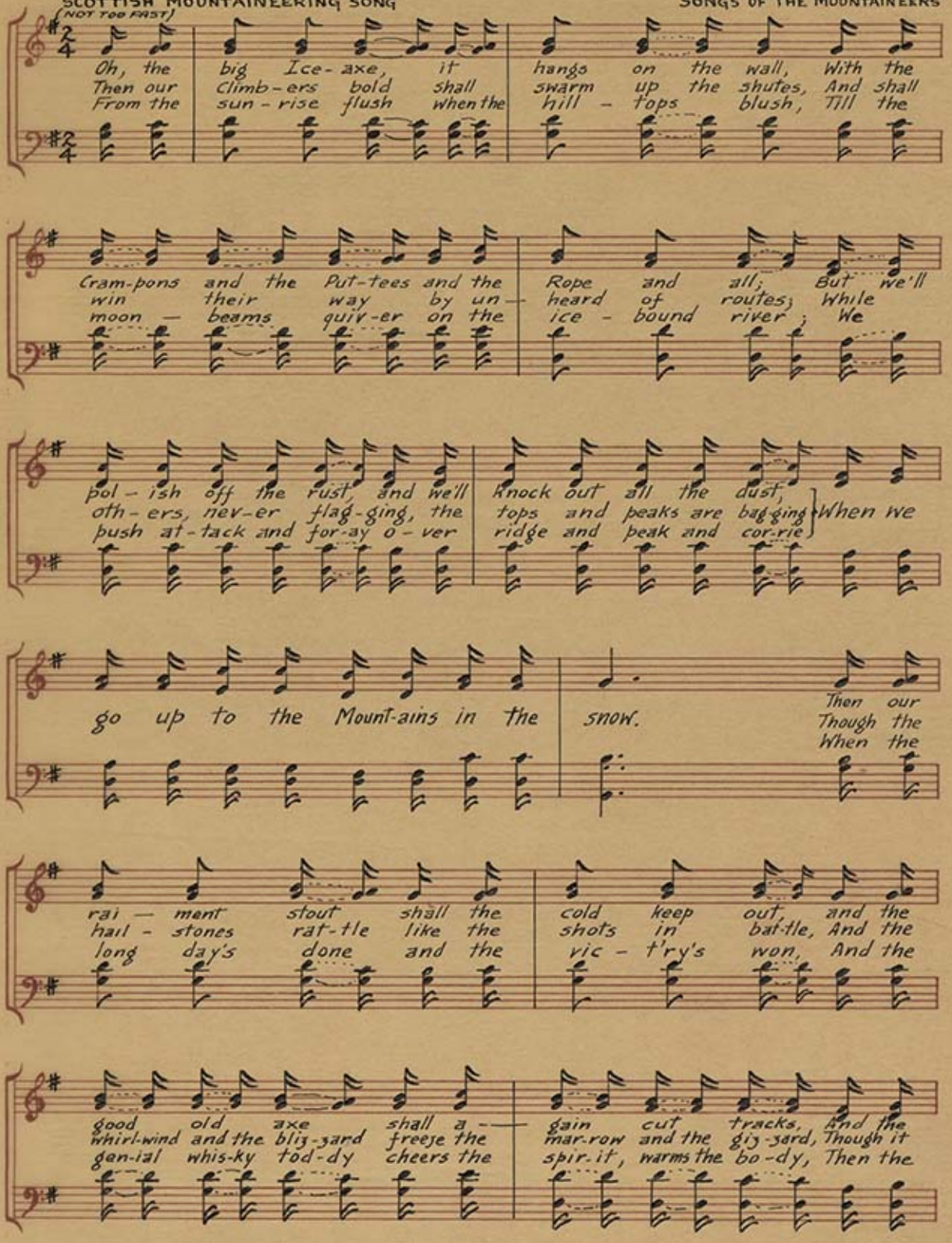
"The Professor" is probably Dr A.P. Coleman – Original Member

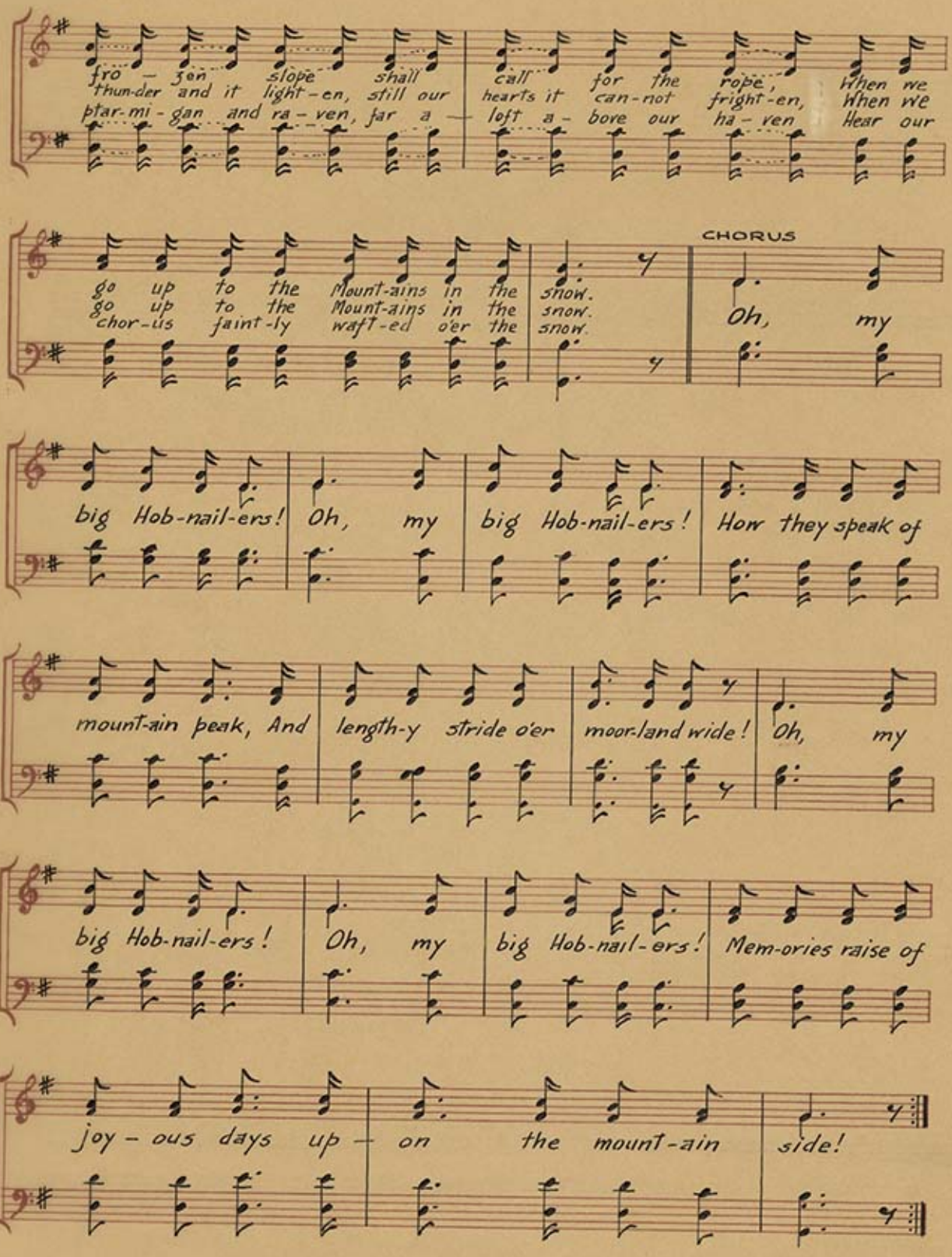
OH, MY BIG HOBNAILERS!

SCOTTISH MOUNTAINEERING SONG

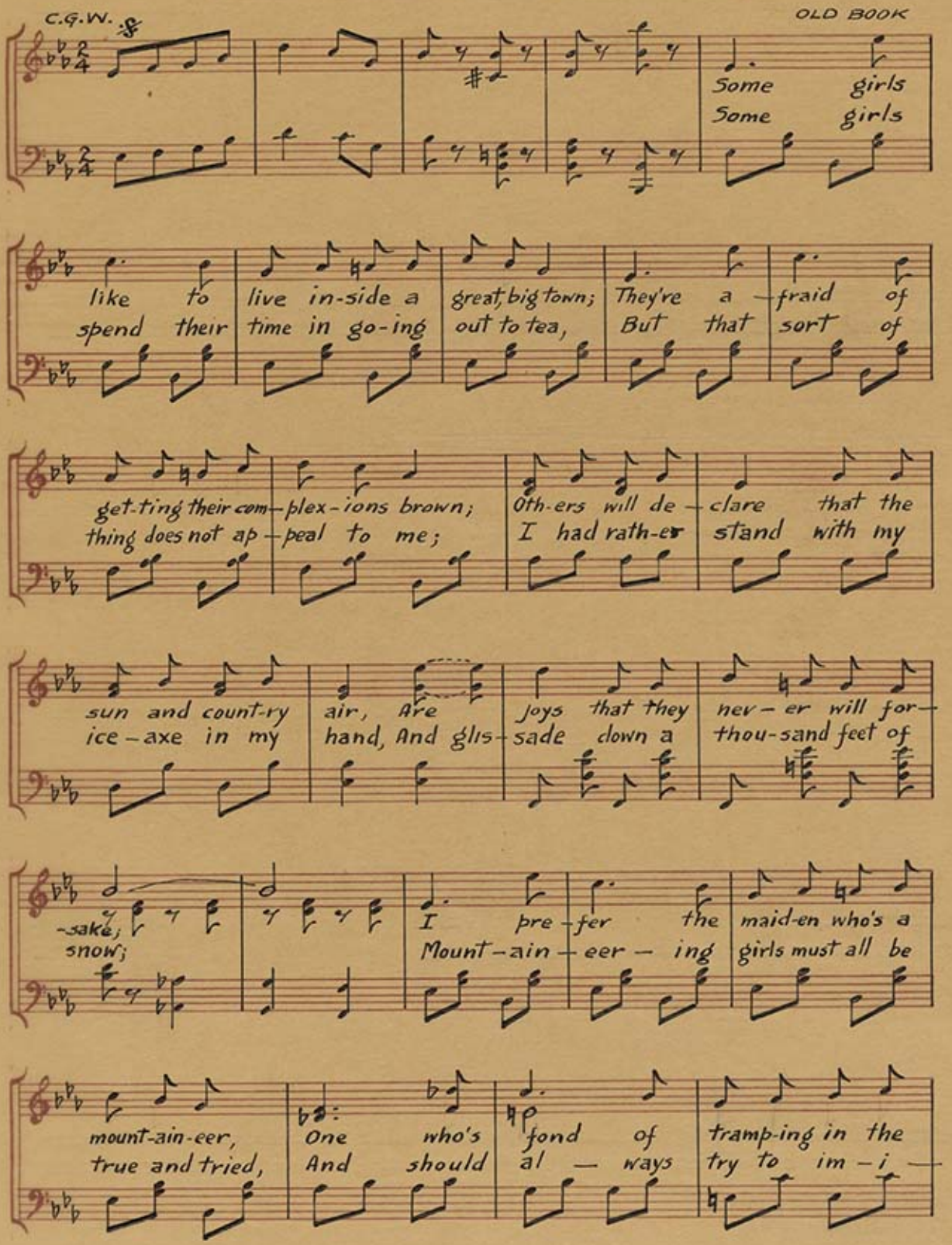
(NOT TOO FAST)

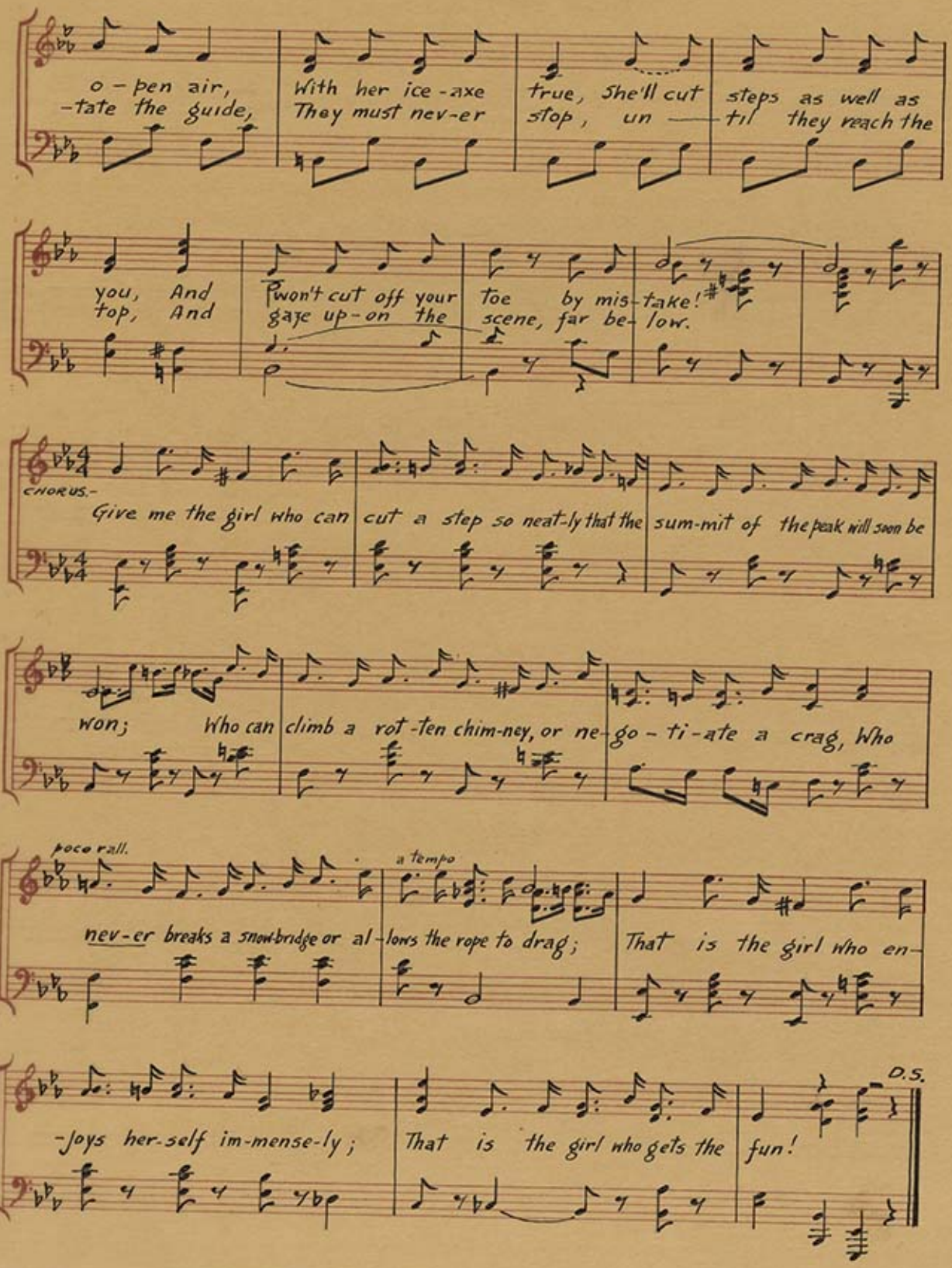
SONGS OF THE MOUNTAINEERS




fro - zen slope shall call for the rope, When we
thun-der and it light-en, still our hearts it can-not fright-en, When we
ptar-mi-gan and ra-ven, far a - loft a - bove our ha-ven Hear our
go up to the Mount-ains in the snow.
go up to the Mount-ains in the snow.
chor-us faint-ly waft-ed o'er the snow.
CHORUS
Oh, my
big Hob-nail-ers! Oh, my big Hob-nail-ers! How they speak of
mount-ain peak, And length-y stride o'er moor-land wide! Oh, my
big Hob-nail-ers! Oh, my big Hob-nail-ers! Mem-ories raise of
joy - ous days up - on the mount-ain side!

THE CLIMBING GIRL

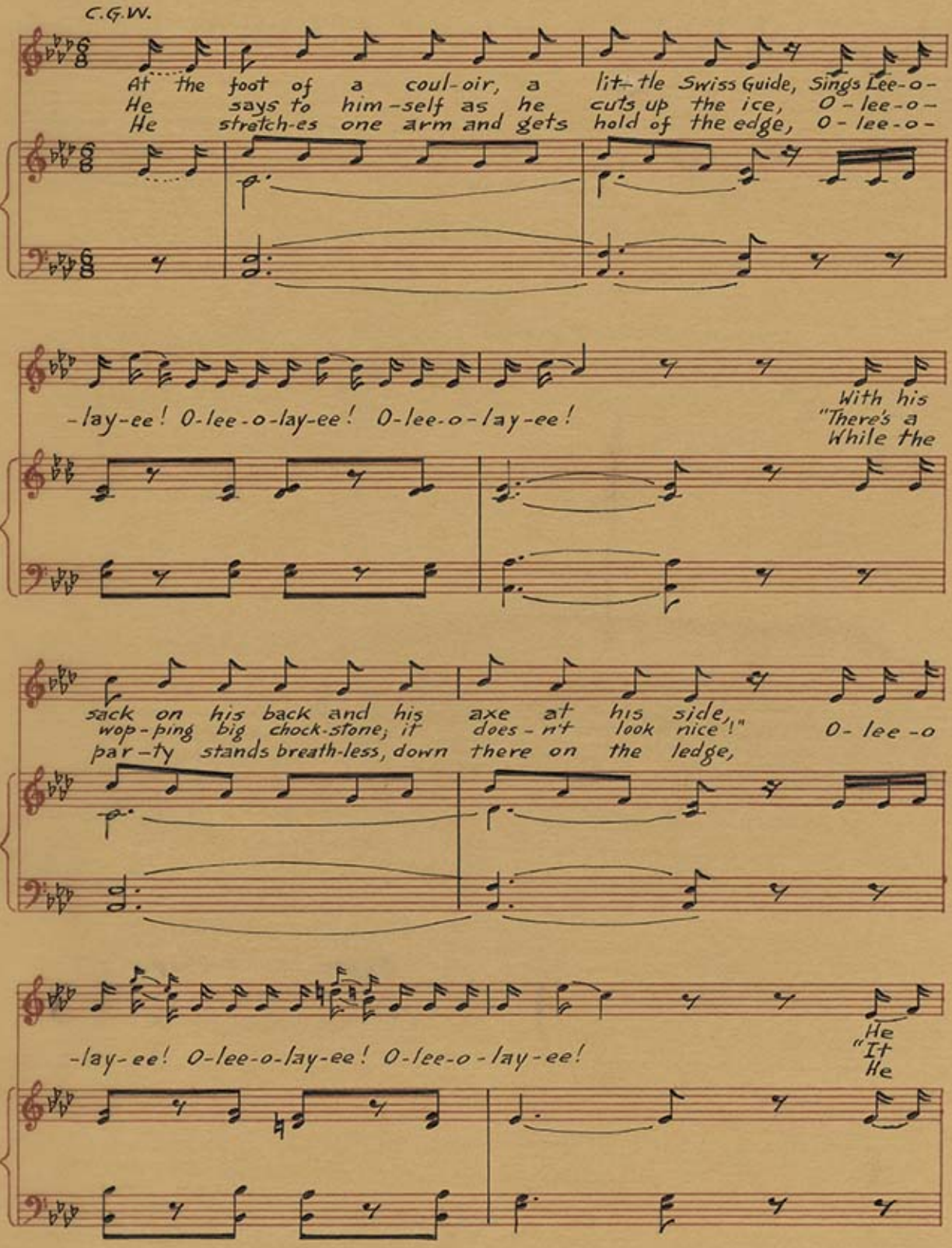


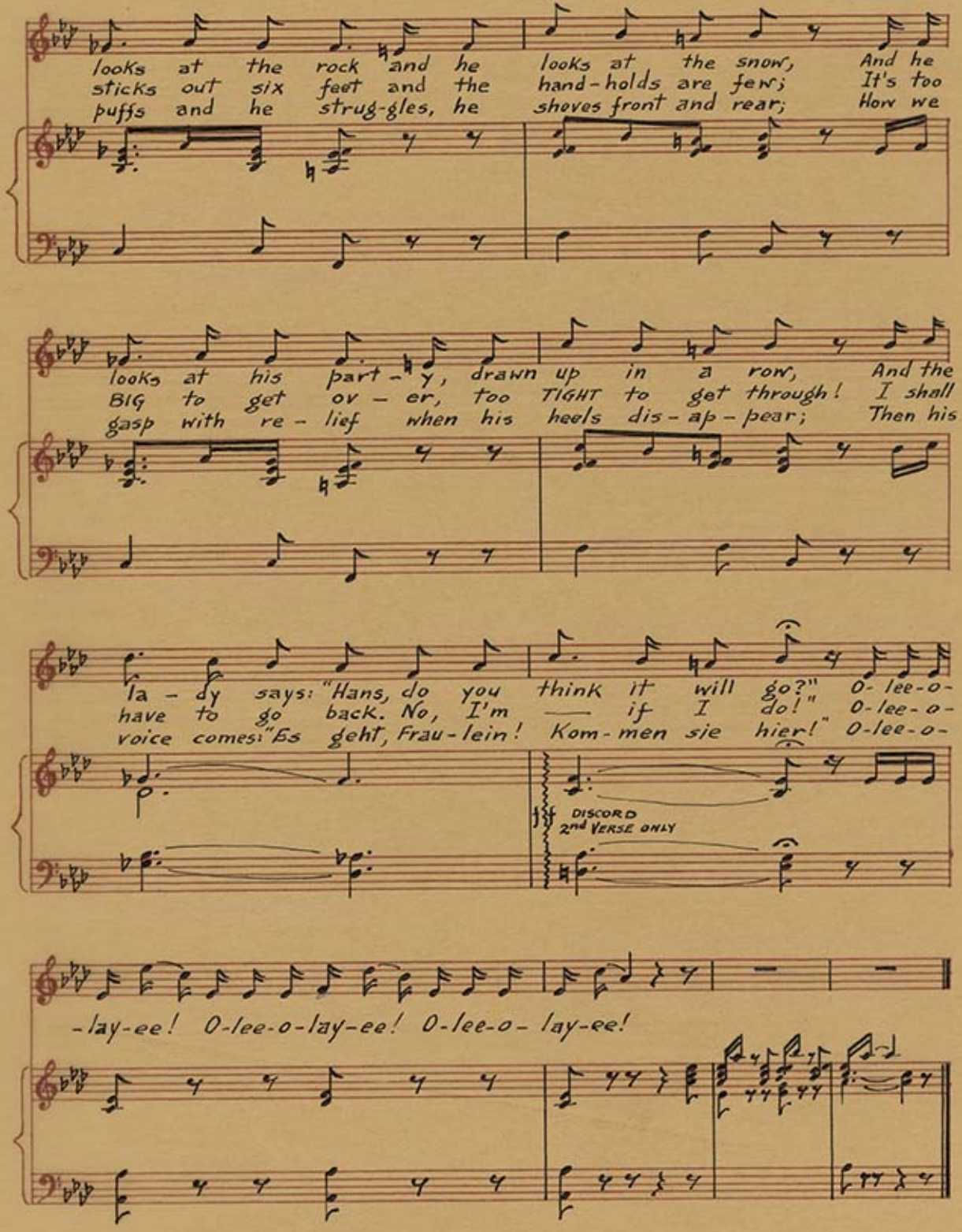

o - pen air, With her ice - axe true, She'll cut steps as well as
-tate the guide, They must nev-er stop, un - til they reach the
you, And I won't cut off your toe by mis-take!
top, And gaze up-on the scene, far be-low.
CHORUS.-
Give me the girl who can cut a step so neat-ly that the sum-mit of the peak will soon be
won; Who can climb a rot-ten chim-ney, or ne-go - ti-ate a crag, Who
poco rall.
a tempo
nev-er breaks a snowbridge or al-lows the rope to drag; That is the girl who en-
-joys her-self im-mense-ly; That is the girl who gets the fun!
D.S.

THE COULOIR

AN INCIDENT ON MIGEIKIE - AUG. 12th 1931

C.G.W.




looks at the rock and he looks at the snow, And he
sticks out six feet and the hand-holds are few; It's too
puffs and he strug-gles, he shoves front and rear; How we
looks at his part-y, drawn up in a row, And the
BIG to get ov-er, too TIGHT to get through! I shall
gasp with re-lief when his heels dis-ap-pear; Then his
la-dy says: "Hans, do you think it will go?" O-lee-o-
have to go back. No, I'm — if I do!" O-lee-o-
voice comes: "Es geht, Frau-lein! Kom-men sie hier!" O-lee-o-
DISCORD
2nd VERSE ONLY
-lay-ee! O-lee-o-lay-ee! O-lee-o- lay-ee!

SONG OF THE FOOTHOLD

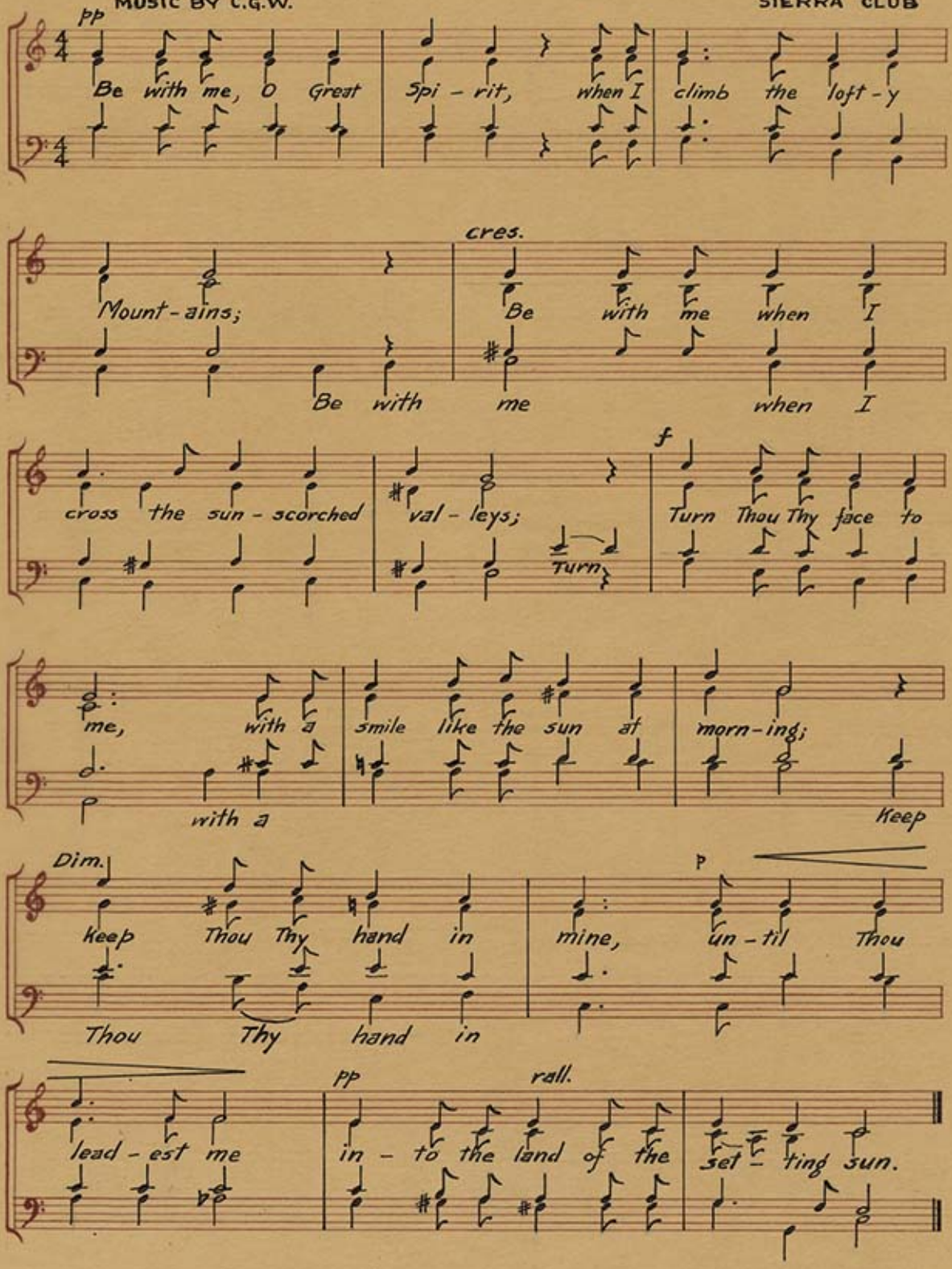
C.G.W. (Words and Music)

Composed in a spirit of gratitude in a chimney on the Ramparts

I'm just a lit-tle Foot-hold a-
But one day came a Mount-ain-eer, he
-way up on a peak; No-bo-dy ev-er
climbed with skill and grace; He put his great big
vis-its me, or list-ens when I speak; I'm
hob-nailed boot, right square up-on my face; The
some-times ve-ry lone-ly, for I'm
words he whisp-ered to me then, have
all a-lone, you see, I'm just a lit-tle
filled my heart with song: "Heaven bless you lit-tle
Foot-hold and no-bod-y cares for me.
Foot-hold! You're just where you be-long!"

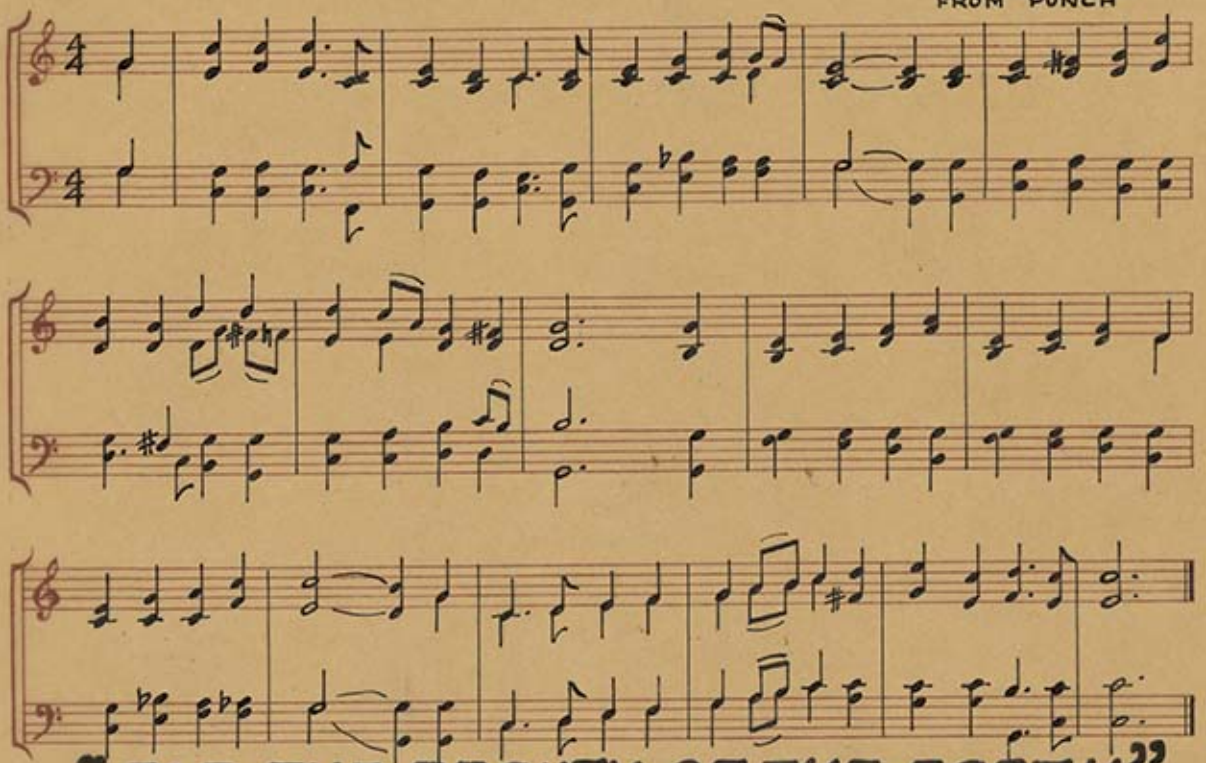
AN INDIAN PRAYER

MUSIC BY C.G.W. SIERRA CLUB

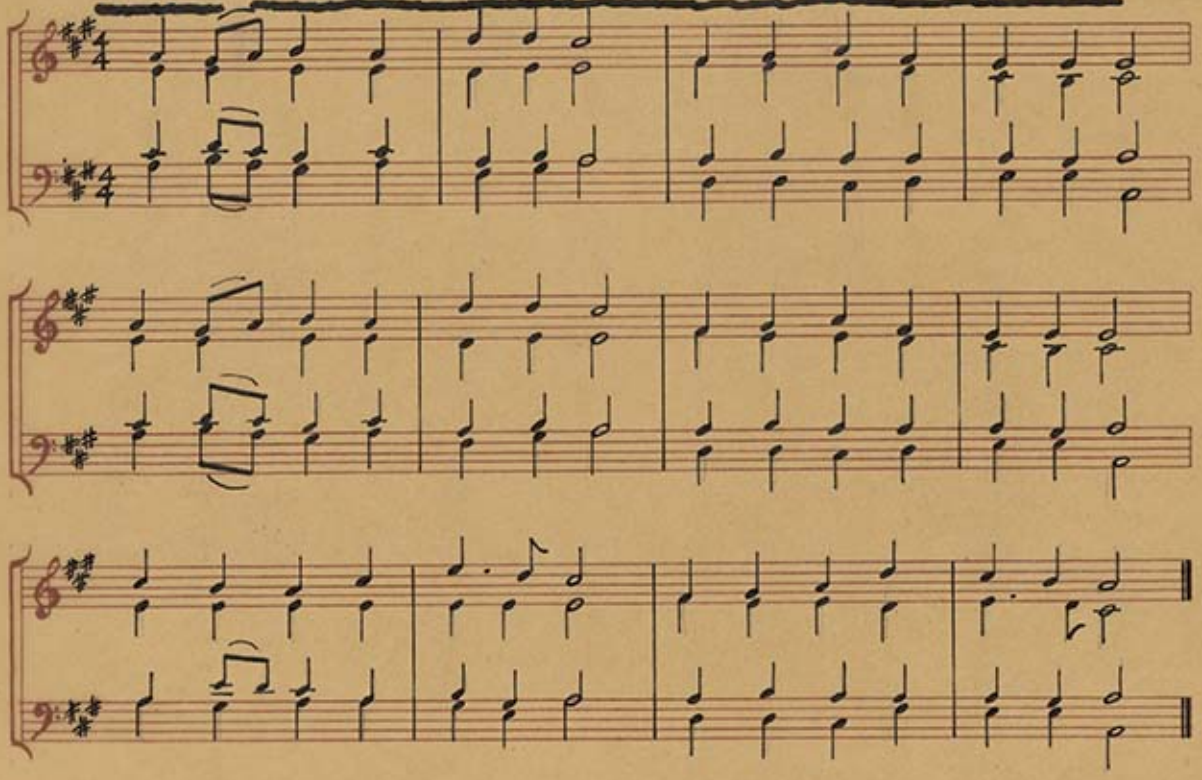


HYMN FOR HIGH PLACES

FROM "PUNCH"

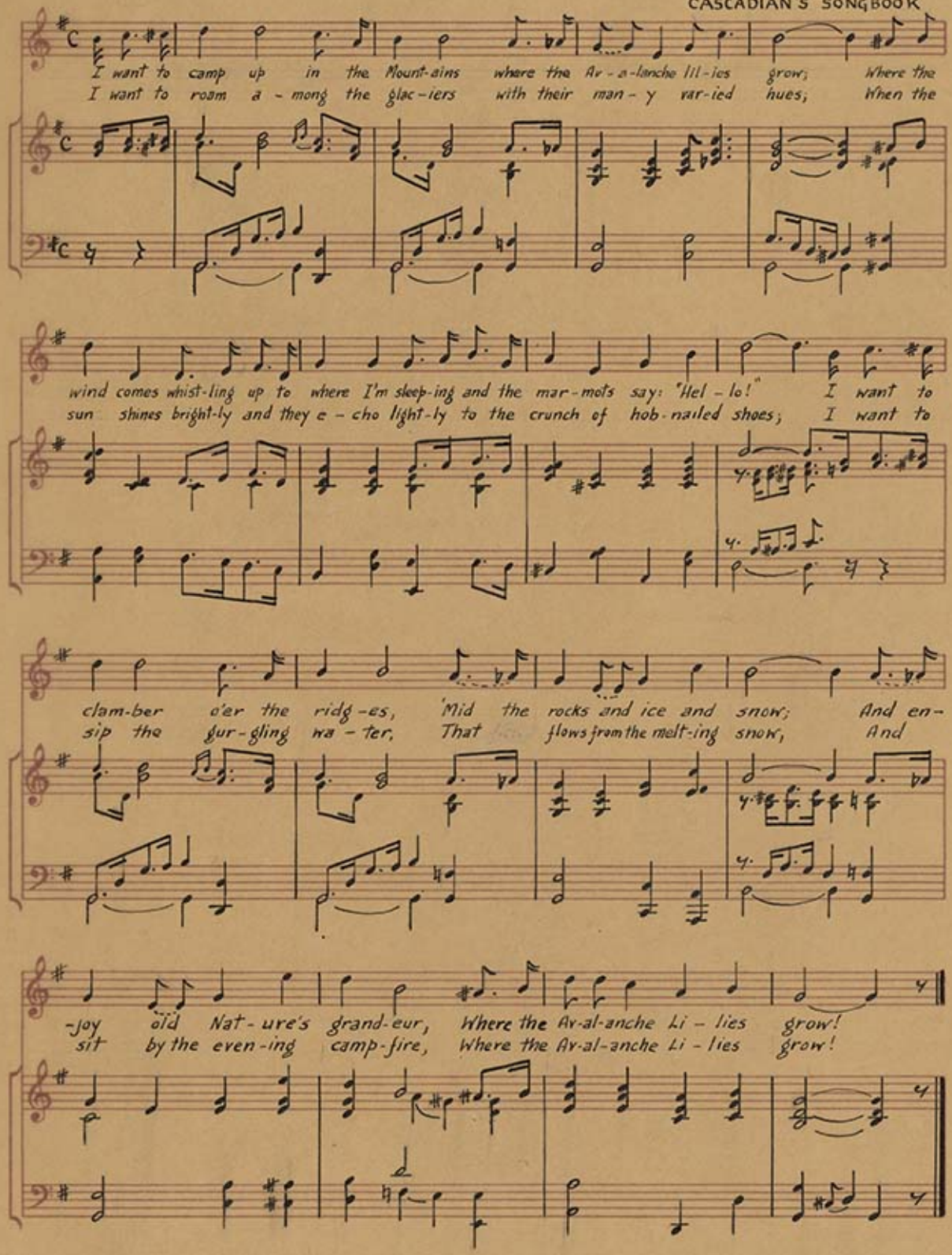


"FOR THE BEAUTY OF THE EARTH"



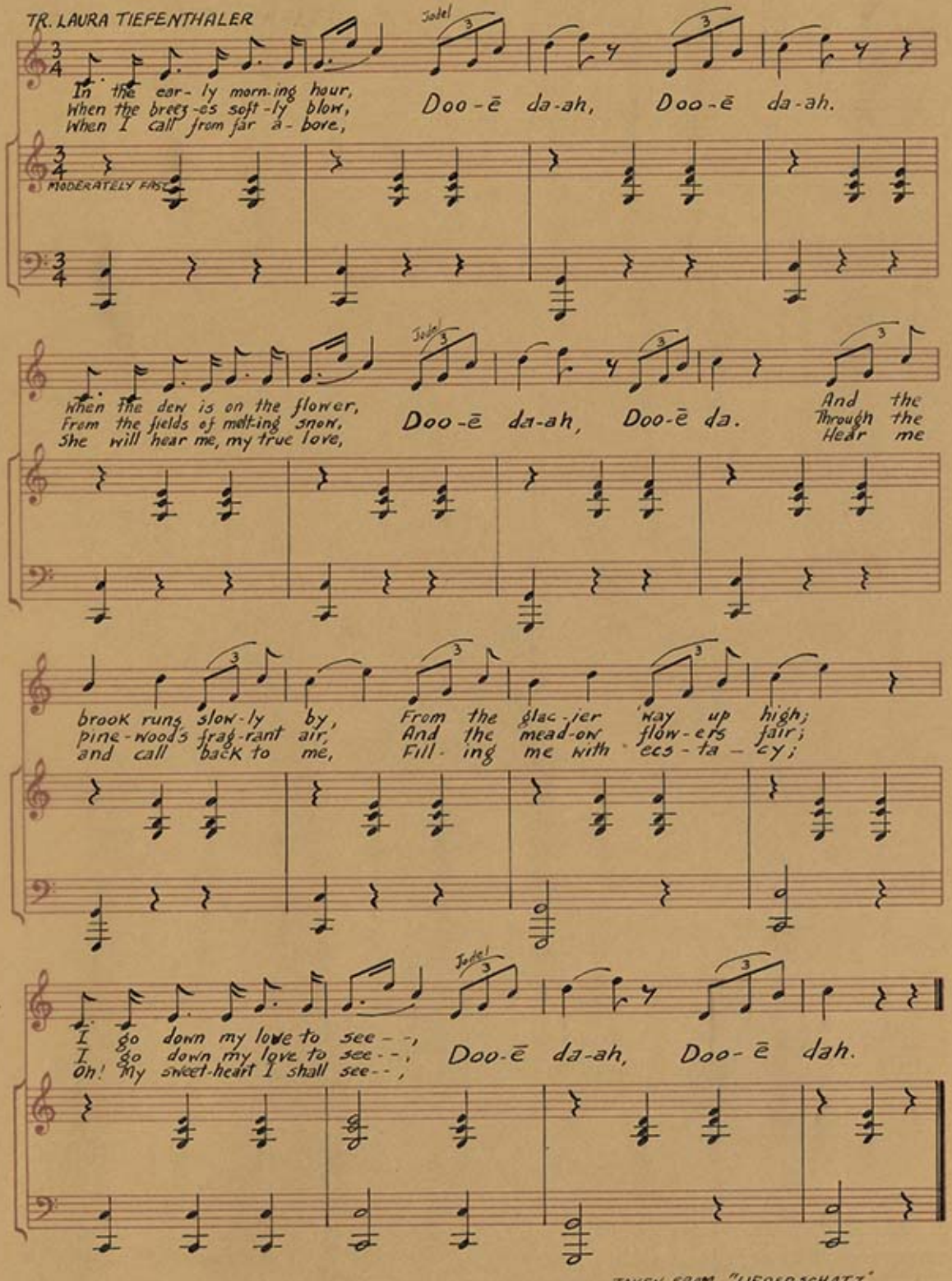
58 WHERE THE AVALANCHE LILIES GROW

CASCADIAN'S SONGBOOK



TYROLESE SONG

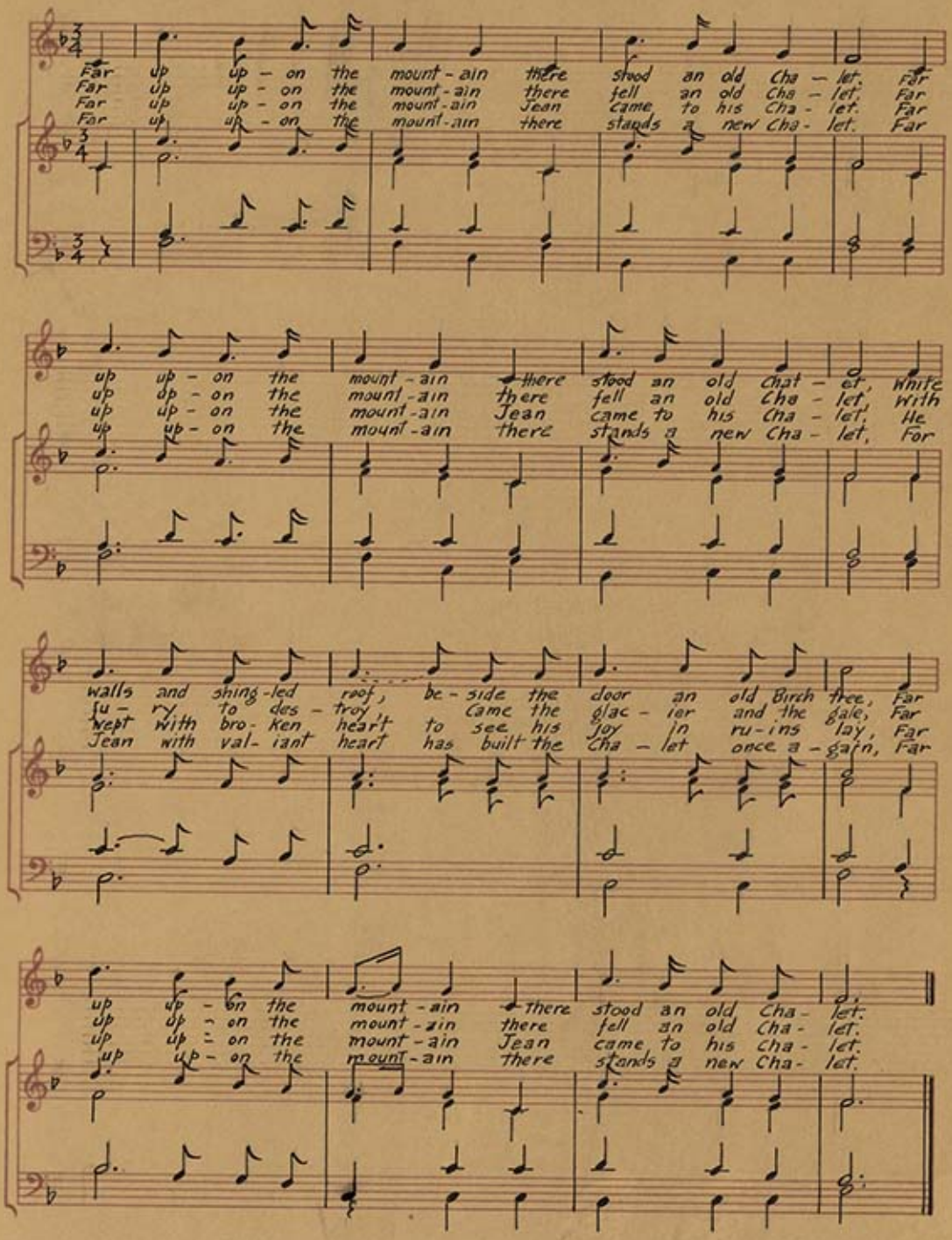
TR. LAURA TIEFENTHALER



TAKEN FROM "LIEDERSCHATZ"

60

THE OLD CHALET



WHILE THE SUN'S BEHIND THE MOUNTAIN

NEILL C. WILSON

SIERRA CLUB

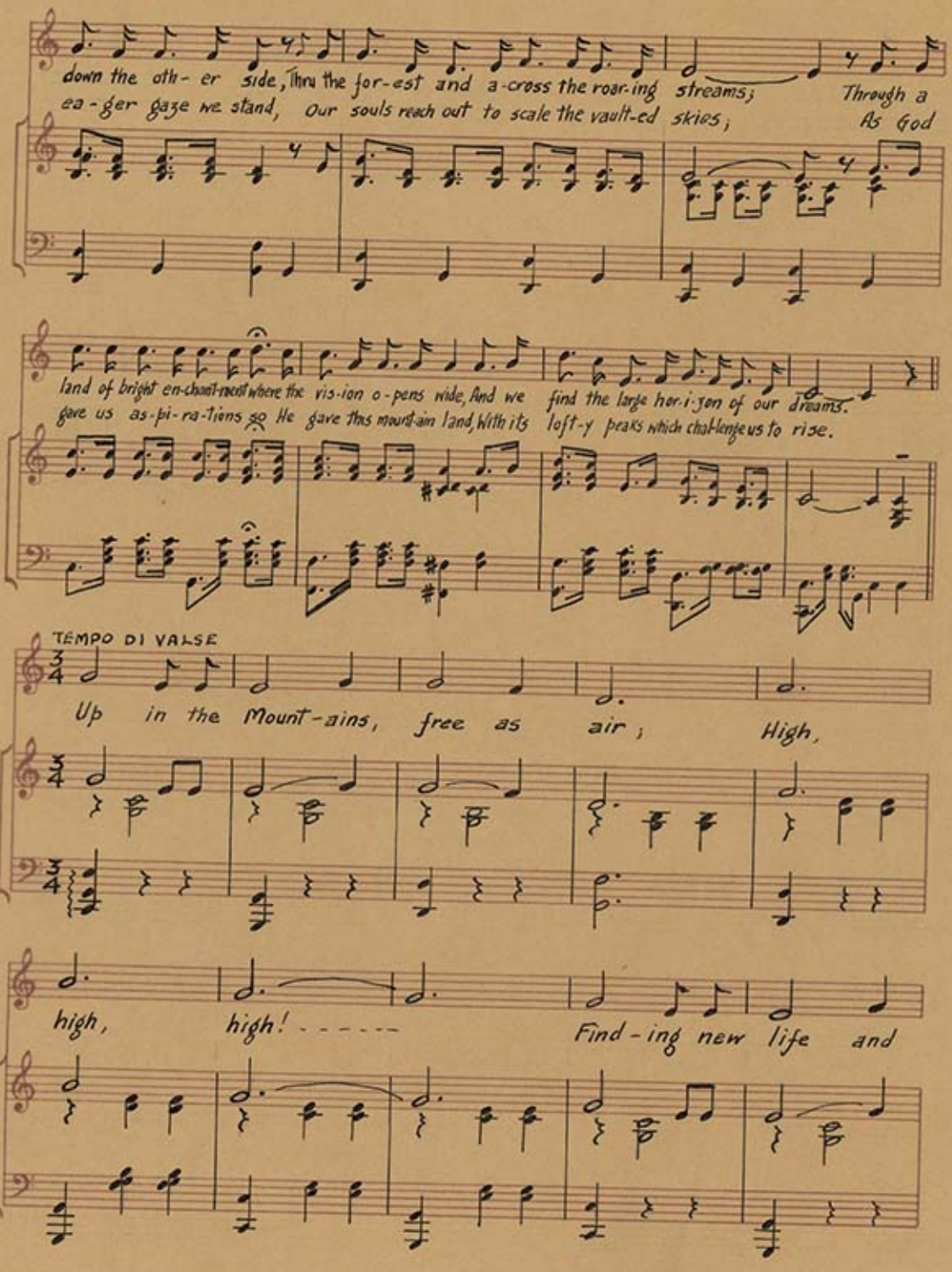
TEMPO DI MARCIA

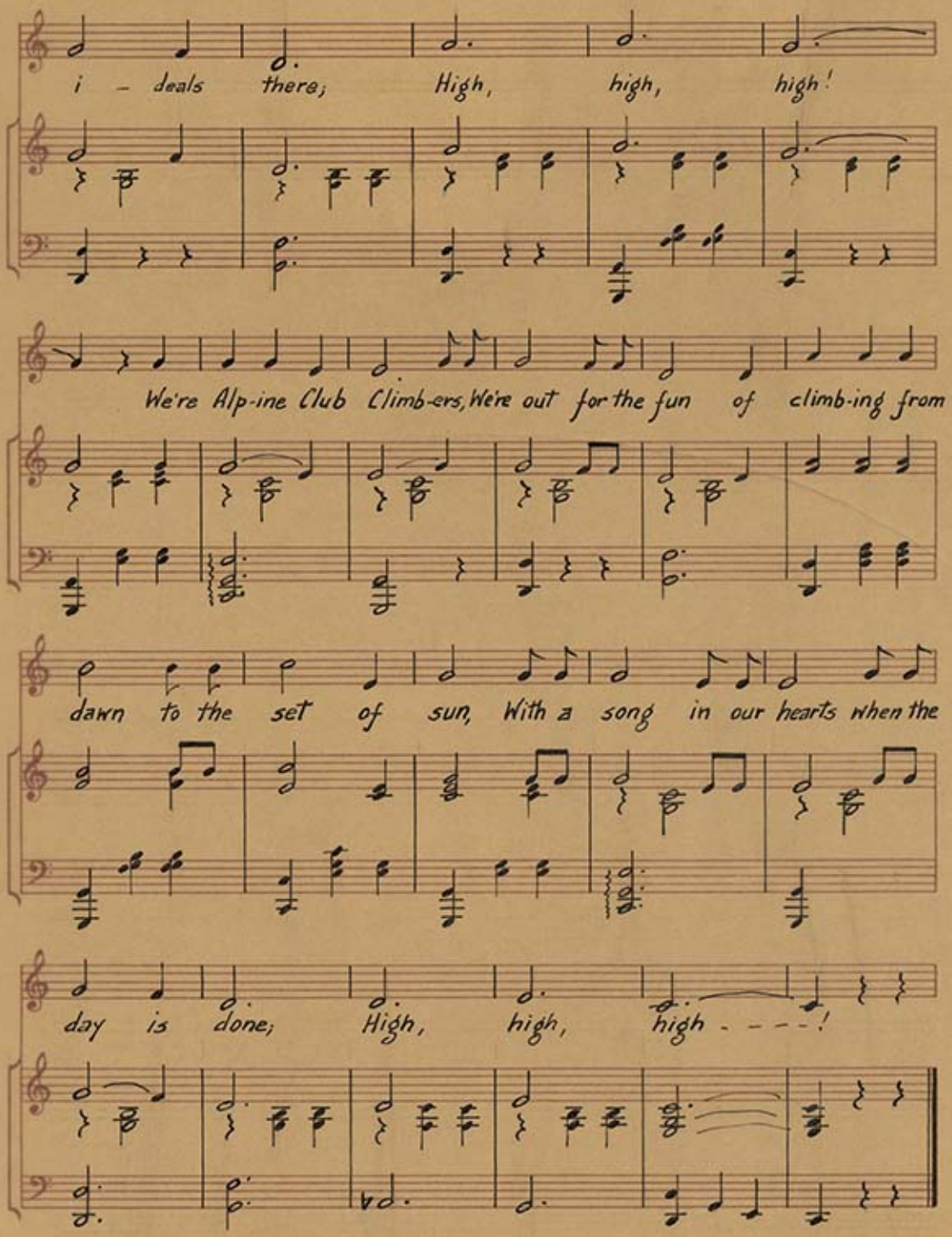
While the
Wheth-er

sun's be-hind the mount-ain and the frost is in the air, We are up and off and climbing on our
o - ver flow-ered mea-dow or a - cross the up-land snow, Be - side the stream or on the rock-y

way;
We don't know where we're go-ing and we don't su-preme-ly care, But we'll
herght;
Our hearts are full of hap-pi-ness which-ev-er way we go, And our

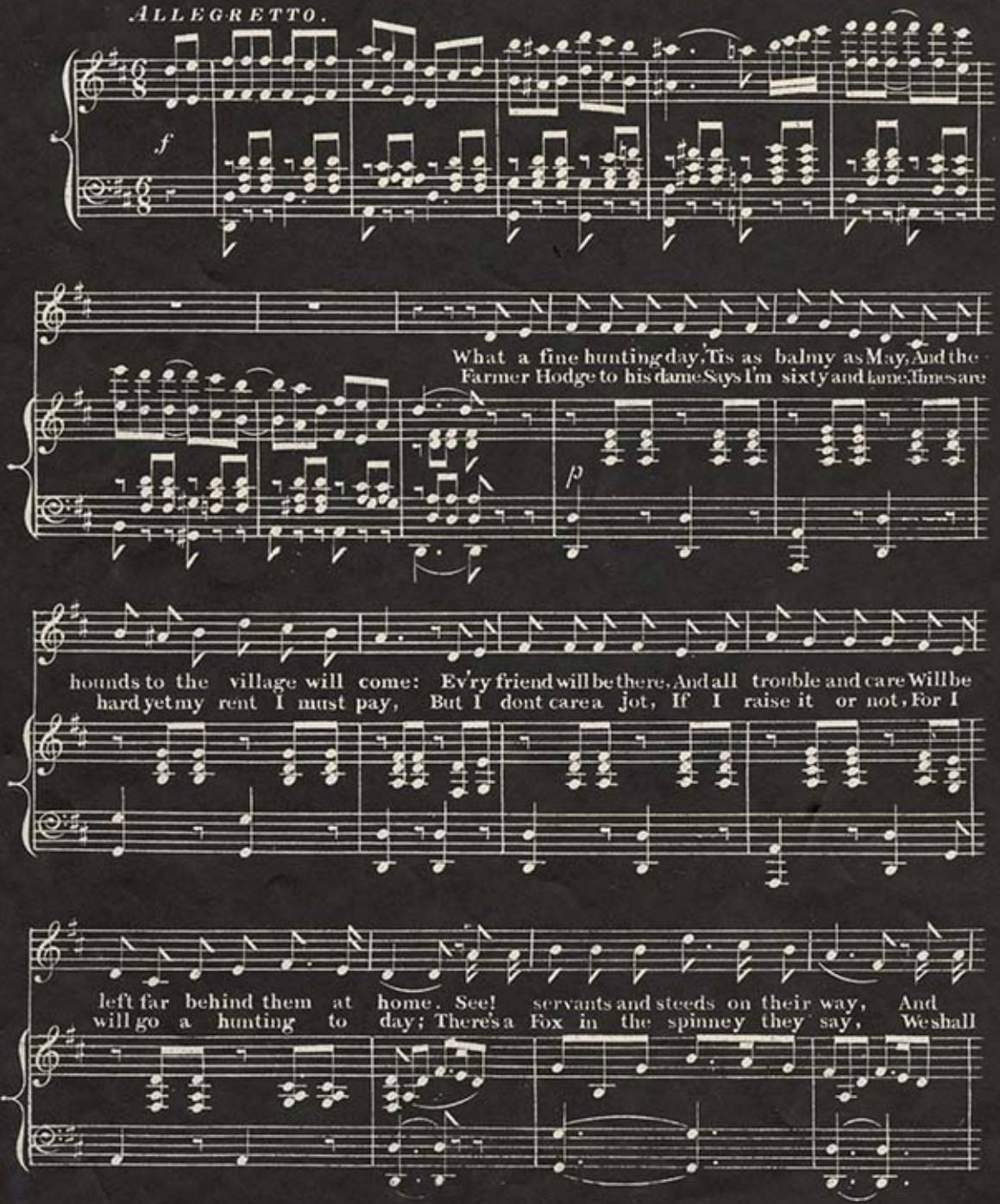
be there when the eve-ning ends the day - - -;
Up the rock-y slopes we clam-ber and then
days are sun-ny treas-ures of de- light - - -;
Un- a -fraid on snow-y mount-ain tops, with


down the oth- er side, Thru the for-est and a-cross the roar-ing streams; Through a
ea-ger gaze we stand, Our souls reach out to scale the vault-ed skies, As God
land of bright en-chant-ment where the vis-ion o-pens wide, And we find the large hor-i-zon of our dreams.
gave us as-pi-ra-tions so He gave this mount-ain land, With its loft-y peaks which chal-lenge us to rise.
TEMPO DI VALSE
Up in the Mount-ains, free as air; High,
high, high! - - - - - Find-ing new life and


i - deals there; High, high, high!
We're Alp-ine Club Climb-ers, We're out for the fun of climb-ing from
dawn to the set of sun, With a song in our hearts when the
day is done; High, high, high - - - -!

THE HUNTING DAY.

ALLEGRETTO.



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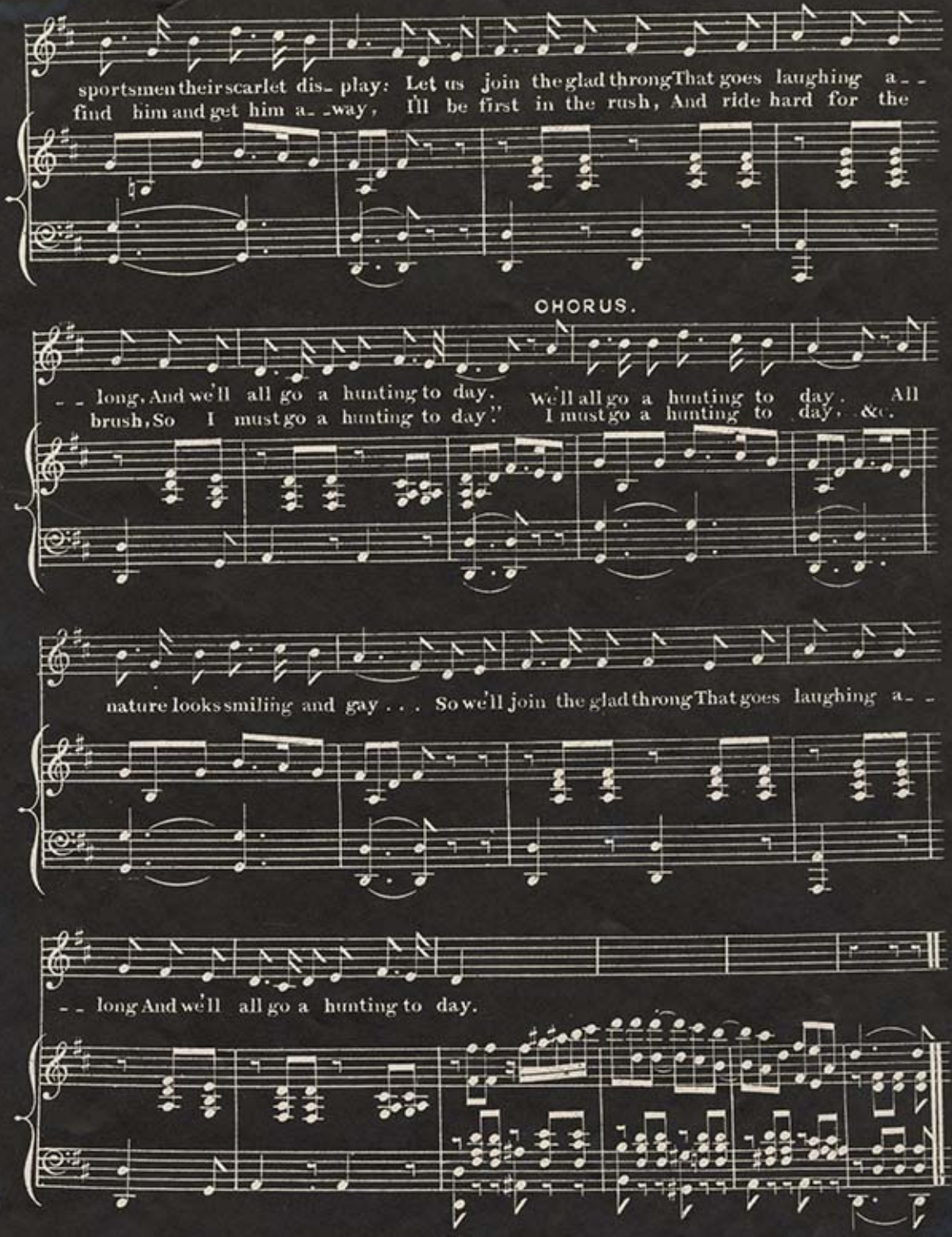

sportsmen their scarlet dis_ play: Let us join the glad throng That goes laughing a_ _
find him and get him a_ _way, I'll be first in the rush, And ride hard for the
CHORUS.
_ _ long, And we'll all go a hunting to day. We'll all go a hunting to day. All
brush, So I must go a hunting to day." I must go a hunting to day, &c.
nature looks smiling and gay . . . So we'll join the glad throng That goes laughing a_ _
_ _ long And we'll all go a hunting to day.

INDEX

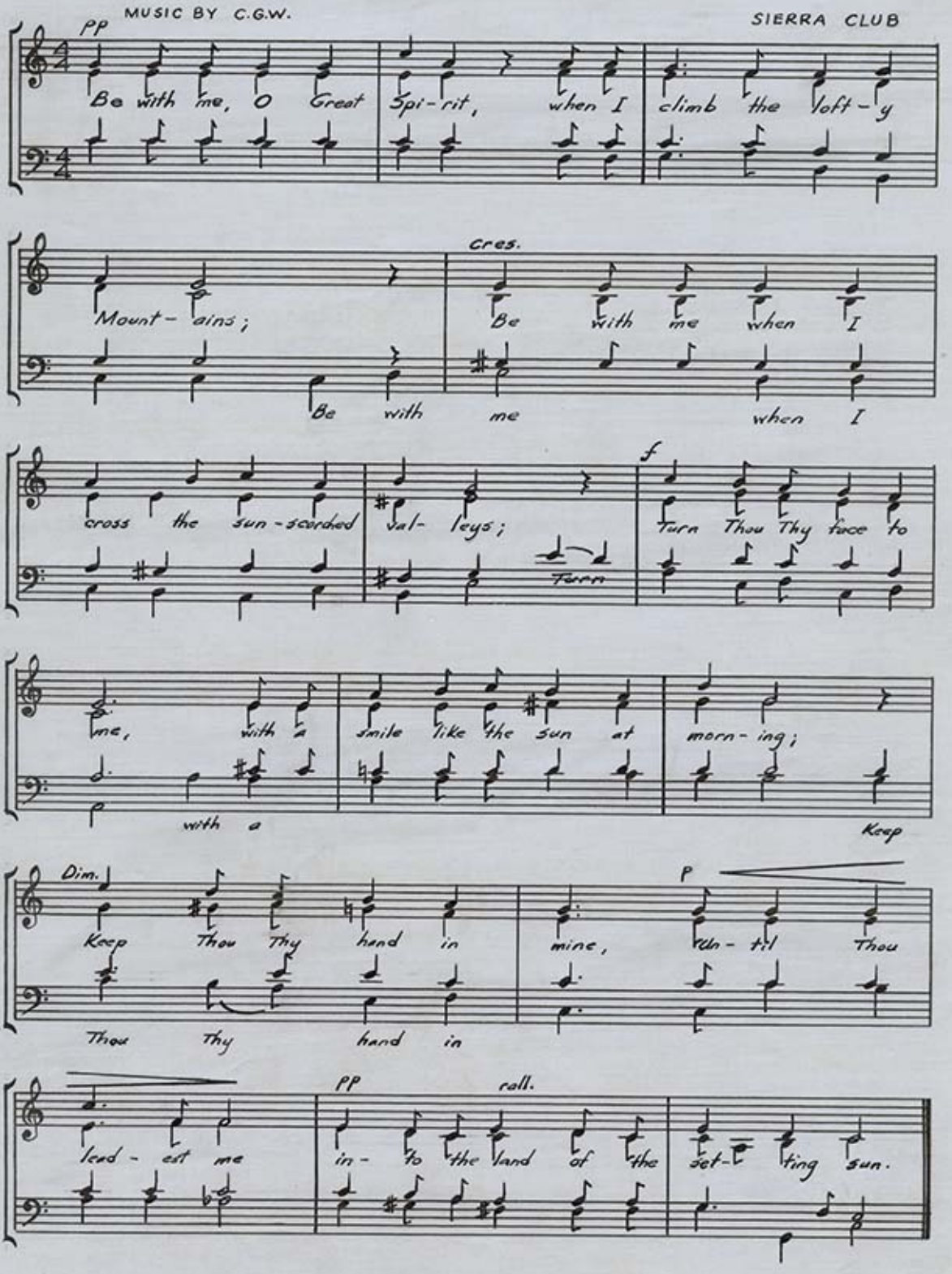
WORDS		MUSIC
0	CANADA	
1	HAIL! HAIL!	
2	FOLLOW UP	1
3	THE CALL OF THE ALPINE	40
4	TRAIL SONG	28
5	WHERE THE AVALANCHE LILIES GROW	58
6	WAKE, BOYS, WAKE!	2
7	HIT THE TRAIL	22
8	AN EARLY CALL	8
9	CHALLENGE OF THE MOUNTAINS	9
10	A FINE CLIMBING DAY	
11	WHILE THE SUN'S BEHIND THE MOUNTAINS	62
12	GUIDE'S SONG	11
13	O MY BIG HOBNAILERS	42
14	HAUL! HAUL! HAUL!	14
15	THE GLORIOUS MOUNTAINS	*
16	GRADUATES' SONG	26
17	I AIN'T GOT WEARY YET	
18	CHORUS OF THE QUALIFIED	22
19	THE CLIMBING GIRL	44
20	TOP OF A MOUNTAIN	16
21	ALPINE MOUNTAINEERS	
22	BOOTS AND BUTTERBOXES	12
23	BECAUSE THE MOUNTAINS GO	10
24	THE NAIL SONG	
25	CLIMBING THE MOUNTAINS	36
26	BRING BACK MY BEAUTY	19
27	ODE TO TEA	18
28	WHEN THE CLIMBERS COME BACK	17
29	THE CAMP FIRE	24
30	CLIMBS	
31	TRAMPING CHORUS	
32	MOUNTAIN CLIMBERS	
33	CAMP LIFE	20
34	WE AIN'T GOIN' TO	
34A	BEAUTIFUL FIRE	
35	ONE WARM SWEET GLOW	*
36	GOODNIGHT	25
37	ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT	26
38	LAMENT OF THE SOFT BOILED EGG	29
39	OLD MEN OF THE MOUNTAIN	61
40	GEOLOGIST'S SONG	41
41	BEAUTIFUL BANFF	*
42	CELEBRITIES	34
43	OLE MOFFAT	32
44	EDMONTON SECTION SONG	4
44A	O LAKE O'HARA	*
45	CLUB HOUSE SONG	
46	A WINTER HIKE	40
47	HIKING SONG	30
48	TYROLESE SONG	59
49	GATEWAY TO THE HILLS	6
50	OLD CHALET	60
51	THE MOUNTAINEERO	*
52	TEA FOR JACK	*
53	ROAD TO THE STARS	48
54	FEMININE CREW	*
55	THE COULOIR	46
56	SONG OF THE FOOTHOLD	54
57	INDIAN PRAYER	55
58	UNTO THE HILLS	
59	HYMN FOR HIGH PLACES	56
60	ABIDE WITH ME	
61	SUN OF MY SOUL	
62	AGAIN THE MORN OF GLADNESS	
63	LEAD KINDLY LIGHT	
64	O GOD, OUR HELP IN AGES PAST	
	FOR THE BEAUTY OF THE EARTH	56

STANDARD MUSIC *

AN INDIAN PRAYER

MUSIC BY C.G.W.

SIERRA CLUB



HAUL! HAUL! HAUL!

SADIE SPENCE CLEPHAN *(Adapted)* SONGS OF THE MOUNTAINEERS

When I climb upon the rocks, I suffer horrid shocks,
As up gully, crag and chimney I am led;
I scramble and I tussle, for I haven't any muscle,
And I'm sadly inefficient in the head!

CHORUS

Haul! Haul! Haul! My feet are slipping;
My hand-holds all are loose and wet.
Oh! hold me very tight, for my balance isn't right;
I've Eternity below me, don't forget!

~

Up Mount Pinnacle, sublime, I started out to climb,
But I found the "Fixed-Rope Chimney" very tight;
And when I reached the "Nose", to add to all my woes,
Fell and dangled on the rope, and got a fright!

~

On Mount Geikie's East Arête, I got into such a state,
That to use the "Stirrup-Rope" I was compelled;
But I could not get the knack, so was hauled up like a sack,
And my knuckles on the rocks contused and swelled.

~

(SOFTLY)

Even in my bed asleep, about the rocks I creep,
With my nightclothes fairly whirling in the gale;
With the rope around my neck, and my nerves a perfect wreck,
And loose boulders falling down on me like hail!

~

HIT THE TRAIL

Hit the trail, O hit the trail ye Climbers;
Hit the trail, O hit the trail for Camp.

Solo:- Pack your dunnage bags, and go!
Chorus:- Pack your dunnage bags, and go!
Solo:- Hit the trail! Chorus:- Hit the trail!
Solo:- Dunnage Bags! Chorus:- Dunnage Bags! O-o-o ....!

Hit the trail, etc.

Solo:- Sign your name in Tweedy's Book;
Chorus:- Sign your name in Tweedy's Book;
Solo:- Hit the Trail! Chorus:- Hit the Trail!
" Dunnage Bags! " Dunnage Bags!
" Tweedy's Book! " Tweedy's Book! O-o-o ---!

Hit the trail, etc. etc.

REFRAINS	ECHOES
See above	Hit the Trail.
" "	Dunnage Bags.
" "	Tweedy's Book.
Fill yourself with Pork and Beans.	Pork and Beans.
Make your way above the Scree.	Up the Scree.
Scramble up the rocky Cliffs.	Rocky Cliffs.
Gather round the Summit Cairn.	Summit Cairn.
Glissade homeward down the Snow.	Down the Snow.
Crawl into your Sleeping Bags.	Sleeping Bags.

(Final Chorus gradually slower and slower.)

Note:- "Echoes" to be sung in the above order, <u>not</u> reversed, as in the original song.

GRADUATES' SONG

Mrs R.W. EDWARDS — OLD BOOK

In the morning, O ye Climbers,
Though the dawn be cold and grey,
You must leave your beds of balsam,
And with ice-axe pick your way.

You must climb above the timber,
Cross the fields of ice and snow,
Ere the avalanche be on you
Or crevasses wider grow.

Though the shale be slipping, slipping,
Though the rocks are flying fast,
Though your brow with sweat be dripping,
You will reach your goal at last.

Up the chimney, round the cornice,
Then a traverse on the ridge;
Hold the rope taut! Here's a chasm;
One by one you'll have to bridge.

Grip with knee, with toe, with finger;
There's the peak with cairn in sight;
When you've scaled it, you may linger
With a Mountaineer's delight.

Then retrace your footsteps slowly,
To the glacier fields below,
Where you glissade homeward swiftly,
Coasting, sliding down the snow.

O the welcome that they give you
When you reach the Camp at night,
And they lead you to the Camp-fire,
Where you've earned a seat by right.

CELEBRITIES

Dae ye ken our Rocky Mountains, wi' their scenery so grand,
Wi' their snow-peaks and their glaciers, and rocks and shale and sand,
Dae ye ken the shady forests, wi' many a flower manned,
And the glories of the sunrise in the morning?

Dae ye ken our Mister Wheeler, who knocks upon your door,
And says- "Be up and ready; your climb's at half past four"?
And when you've had your porridge and perhaps a little more,
He starts you on your climb in the morning.

Dae ye ken our Mister Mitchell, wi' his smile that's aye sae bland,
Who sees your name is registered, and gi'es you the glad hand?
Dae ye ken our Mister Moffat, who makes a Camp-Boss grand,
And can always take a rope in the morning?

Dae ye ken our Doctor Bell, who tends to all our ills,
And sets us up upon our feet and ne'er presents our bills?
He's a hard yin to follow when you're out upon the hills,
Or climbing up the mountains in the morning.

Dae ye ken our Charlie Richardson, who makes the Alpine Camps;
Wi' his gang of scouts and workers, whose ardor nothing damps?
Dae ye ken Jim Pong, wi' whom few Cooks can rank,
Wi' his Ding! Dong! Ding! in the morning.

Dae ye ken Feuz and Häsler, wi' iceaxe and wi' rope,
Who lead you safely up the cliffs and o'er the snowy slope?
Dae ye ken Kain and Aemmer, who wi' any peak can cope,
And they'll land you on the summit in the morning?

If ye ken no' our mountains wi' their snowfields and their dells,
And all the great Celebrities of whom my story tells,
My friend, you're missing half your life! Before the morning bells,
Come out and join us here, in the morning!

CLIMBING THE MOUNTAINS

JOHN HIRST *(Adapted)* SONGS OF THE MOUNTAINEERS

Bang the old piano, boys, we'll sing another song,
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along,
Sing it loud in honor of the Club that's going strong,
When we go climbing the Mountains.

CHORUS

Hurrah! Hurrah! We've found the recipe;
Hurrah! Hurrah! From cares to set us free;
Join us in the Rockies, and we're sure that you'll agree,
When we go climbing the Mountains.

~

Pack the good old Dunnage Bag, your Boots and Ice-axe take,
Hop into your berth, and in the morning when you wake,
Hit the forest trail that winds by valley stream and lake,
When we go climbing the Mountains.

~

How the Guides will cheer us when they hear the joyful sound;
How the Cooks will bless us when at meals we gather round;
How we'll swallow beans and pie and bacon by the pound,
When we go climbing the Mountains.

~

Keep the old Club going, whether fortune smiles or frowns;
Life resembles climbing, for it has its ups and downs;
Long may we be spared to leave our troubles in the towns,
When we go climbing the Mountains.

~

THE CALL OF THE ALPINE

M.D. GEDDES — OLD BOOK

Ten months of the year I keep delving for gold,
With my nose to the grindstone, my nerves growing old;
Like a leech at his dinner, I stay on the job,
And grouch at the weather, with a croak like a frog.
But the balance of time is one paradise rare,
'Tis two weeks in the Mountains with six to prepare
And the thrill of adventure that grapples my breast
Makes me king of creation — by special request!

~

Clan Alpine's great chief sent a message to me,
So I'm packing my dunnage with masterful glee;
In a week I'm away on our annual trip;
Old Grouch disappears like a crack of a whip;
And the thought of old friends and the new ones I'll meet
Has killed all emotions except joy complete;
So I'm firmly convinced that this Club's atmosphere
Will dispel all that's bad from each member, each year.

~

Far away in the Mountains, where bigness abounds,
Man's worth is not rated in dollars or pounds;
The gold of our natures is sifted from dross;
Our friendships are real, without tarnish or gloss.
There we live as our Maker intended we should,
Each thought building truly for one common good;
Thus while Mountains abide, and true love doth endure,
There is nothing can equal the Alpine Club's lure.

~

A WINTER HIKE

(Music- "Bonnie Dundee" - previous page.)

UNKNOWN

PRAIRIE CLUB

To the hikers assembled one bright Winter day,
Their leader cried- "Come, I will show you the way!
Sae let each bonnie lassie and braw laddie too,
Follow me till the snow-covered landscape we view."

CHORUS:-
Come, Hikers, fall in! Pass the word down the line;
The Leader has given the rear-guard the sign.
So, shoulder your Rucksacks, and let us away;
For the Alpine Club's hiking cross-country today!

~

There was ice on the streamlets and snow on the fiel's
And 'twas woe to the lass wi' silk hose and high heels!
But not one of the party held back on the way,
As they followed the trail of their leader that day.
CHORUS:- Come, Hikers, fall in! etc.

~

As they crossed the broad valley, the sun burst in view,
And the sky was resplendent; each color and hue,
From the green and the gold, to the purple and grey,
A welcome proclaimed to that dashing array.
CHORUS:- Come, Hikers, fall in! etc.

~

They have started the Camp-fire and, warmed at the blaze,
With lusty young voices the chorus they raise,
And when the moon shines on the glistening snow,
Then, homeward and happy, they merrily go.
CHORUS:- Come, Hikers, fall in! etc.

~

THE ROAD TO THE STARS

(Sic itur ad Astra)

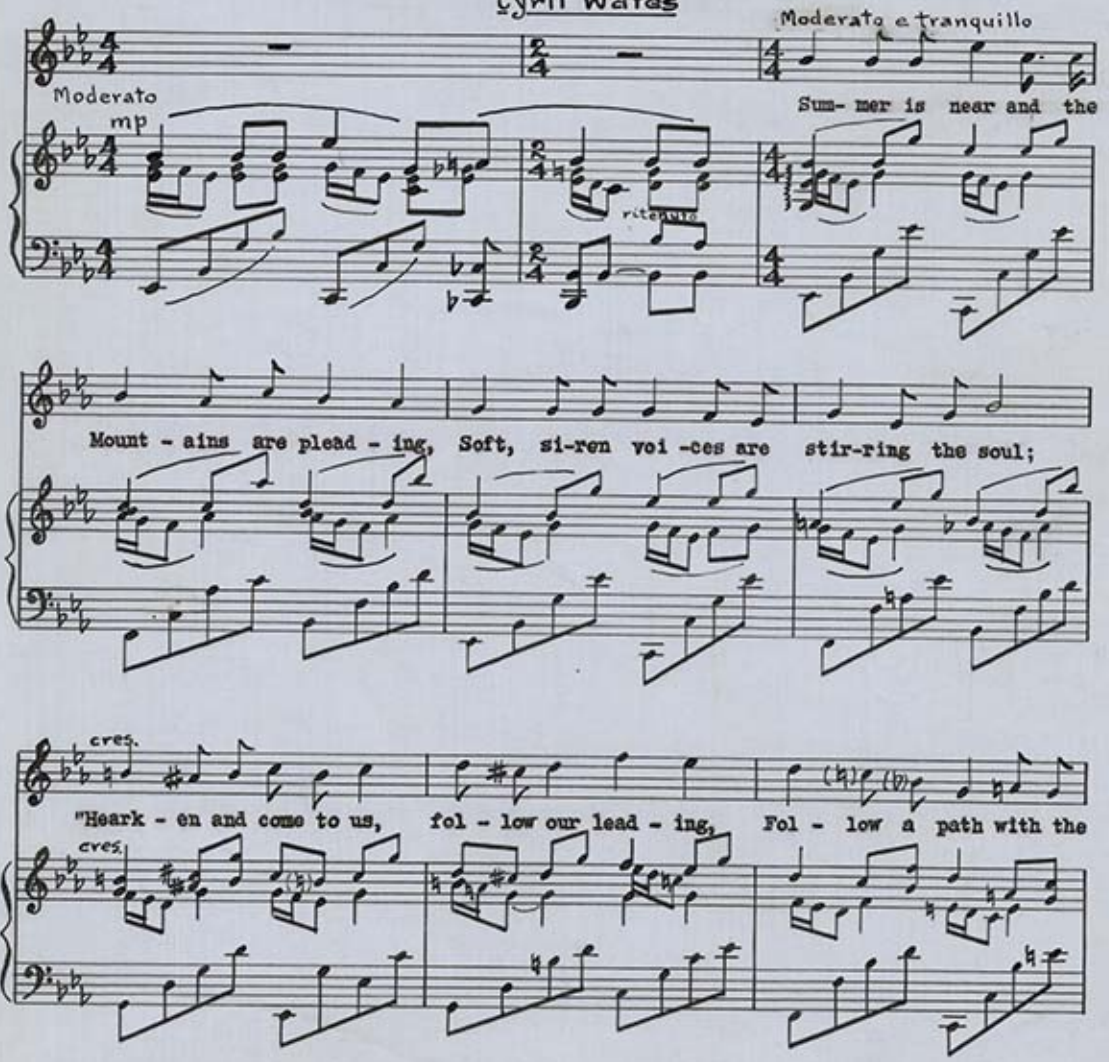
A Song of the Peaks

Dedicated to the Alpine Club of Canada

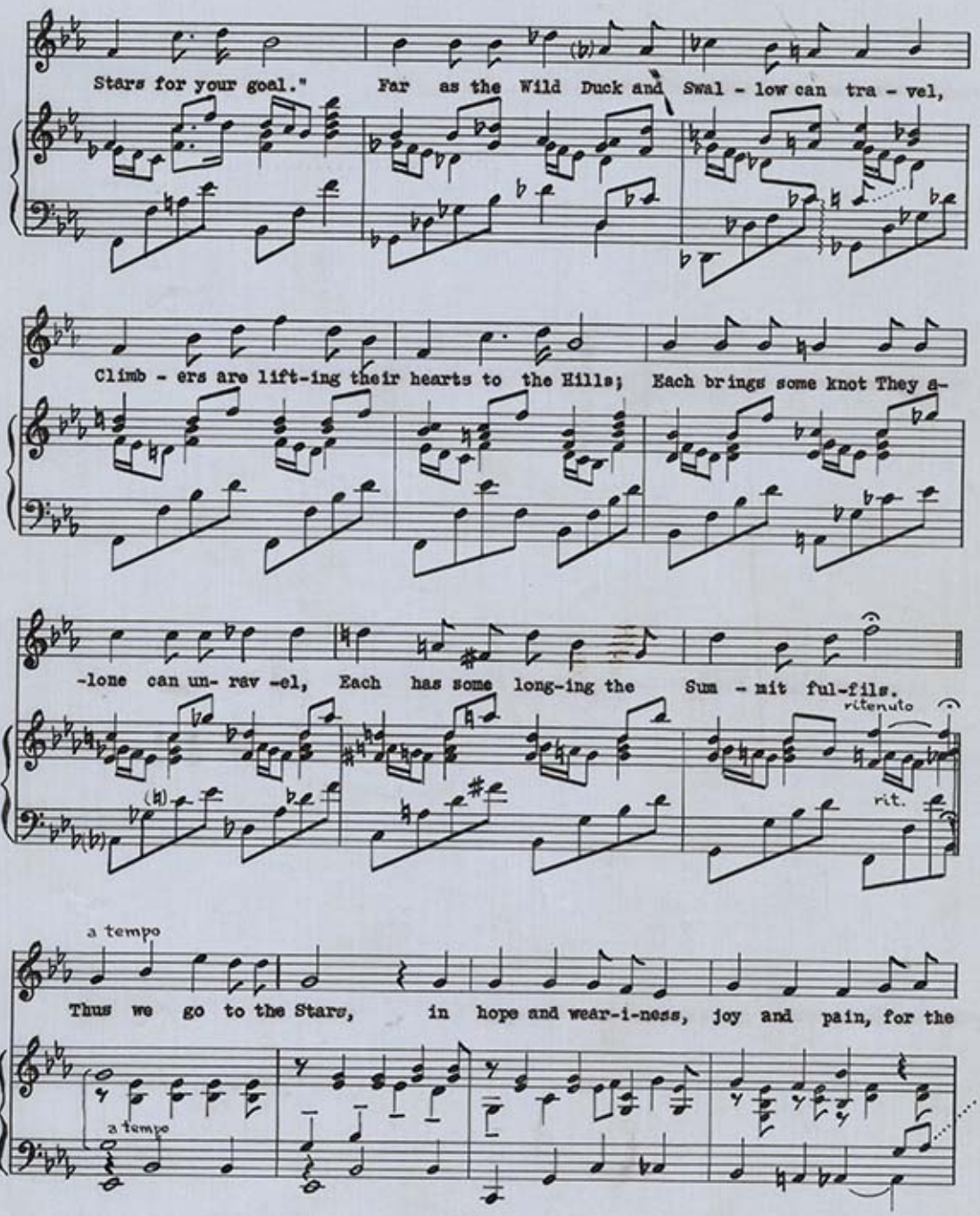
Words and Music

by

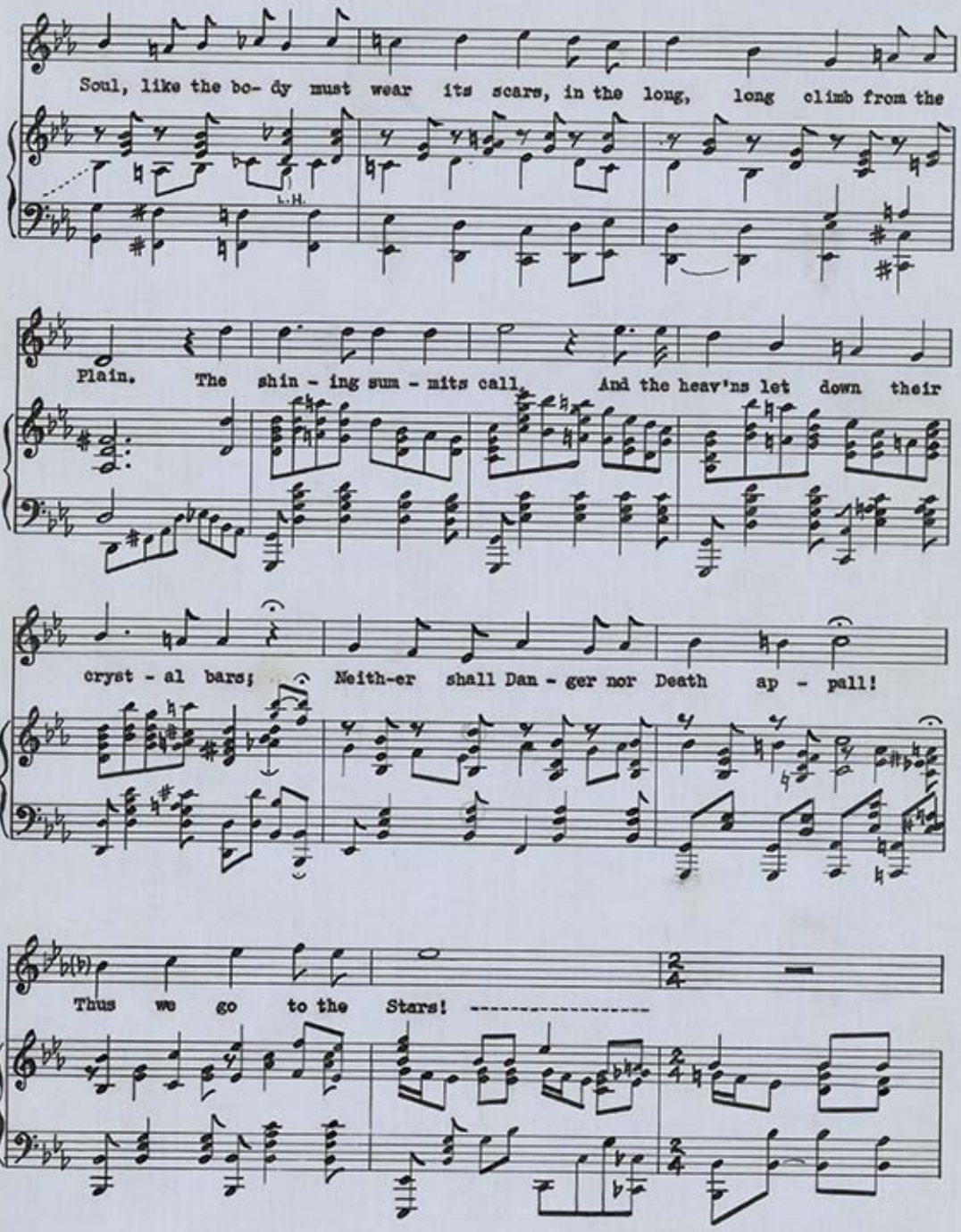
Cyril Wates

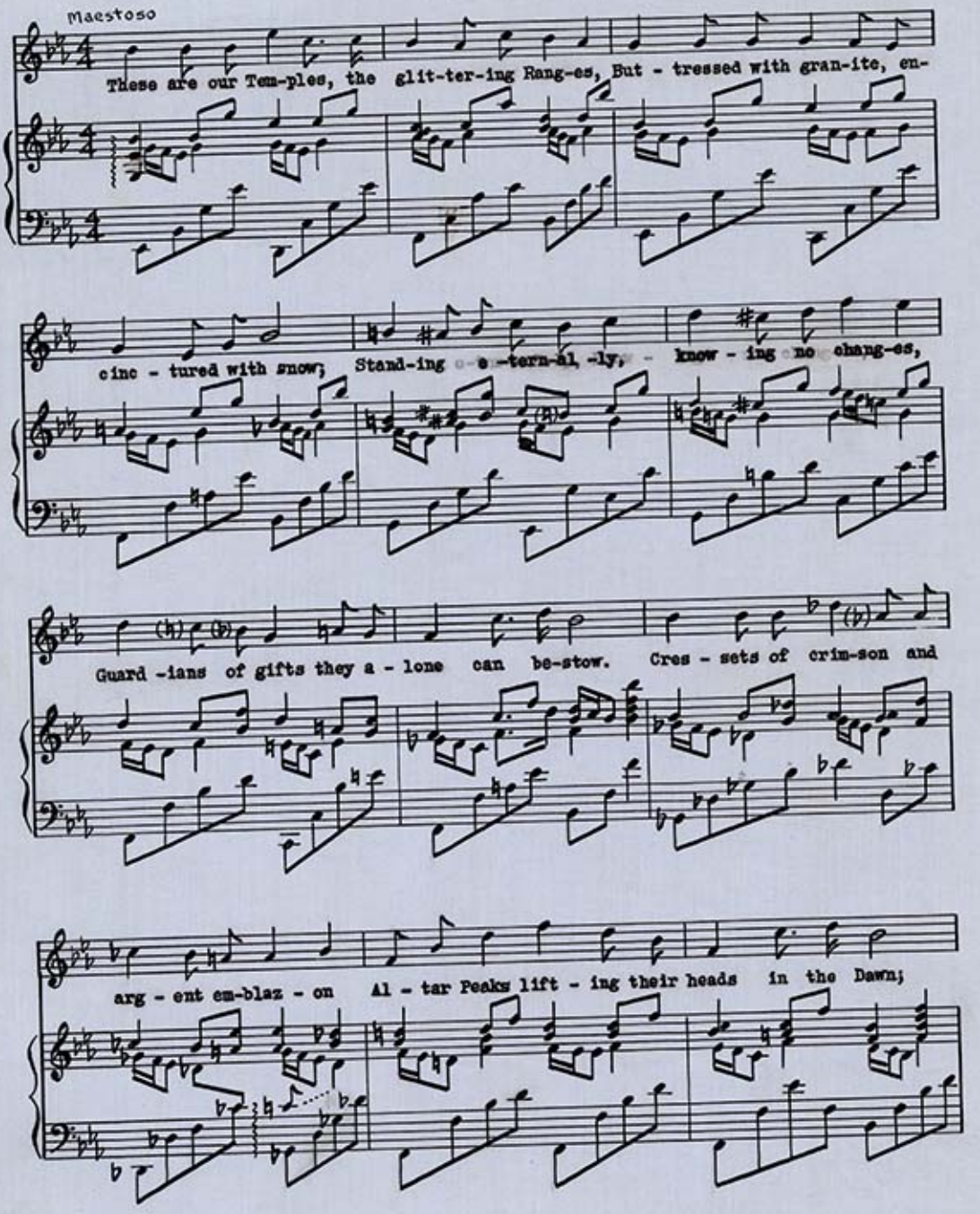


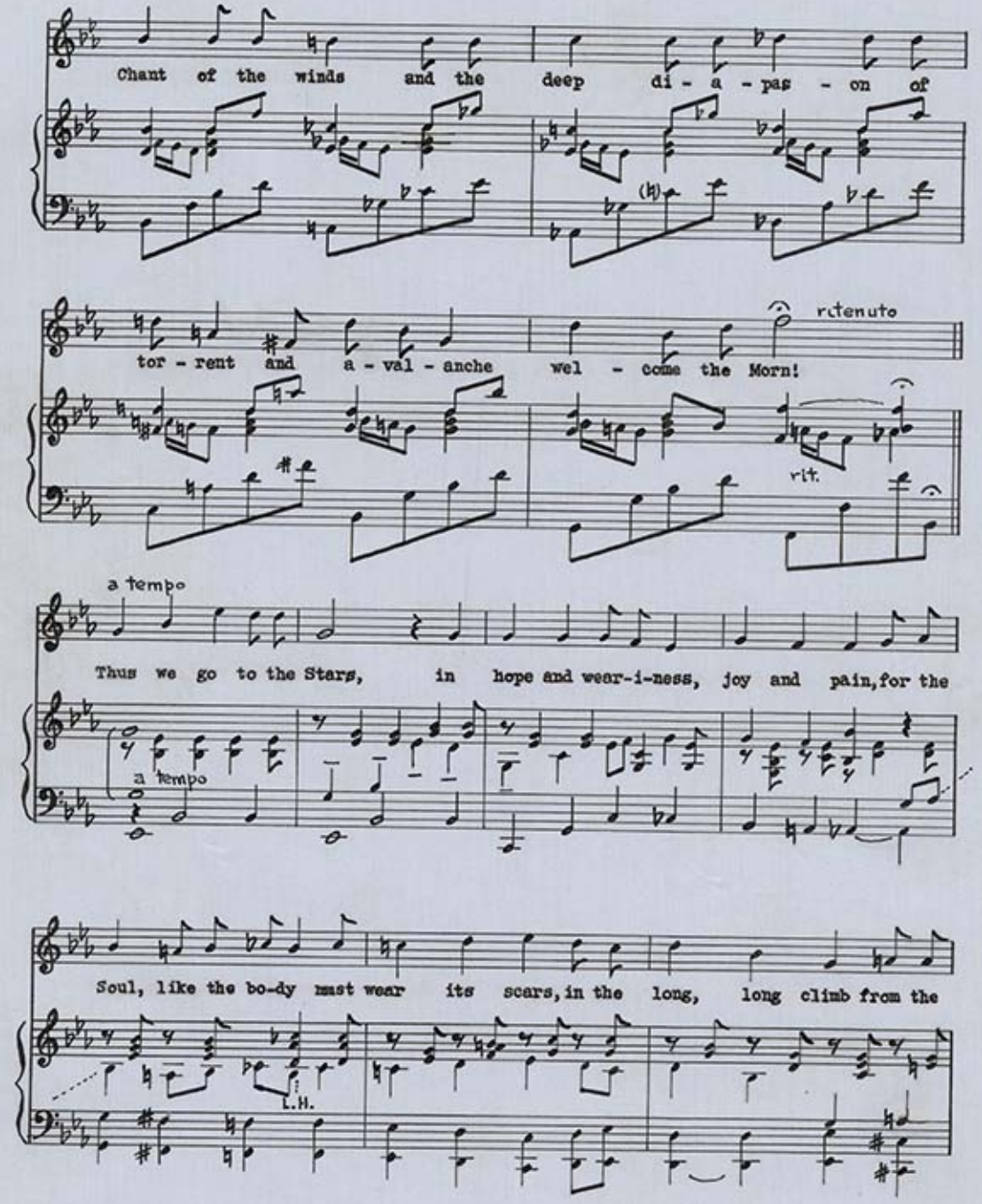
(The author gratefully acknowledges the generous assistance of Mr Vernon W.Barford in the task of arranging the accompaniment)

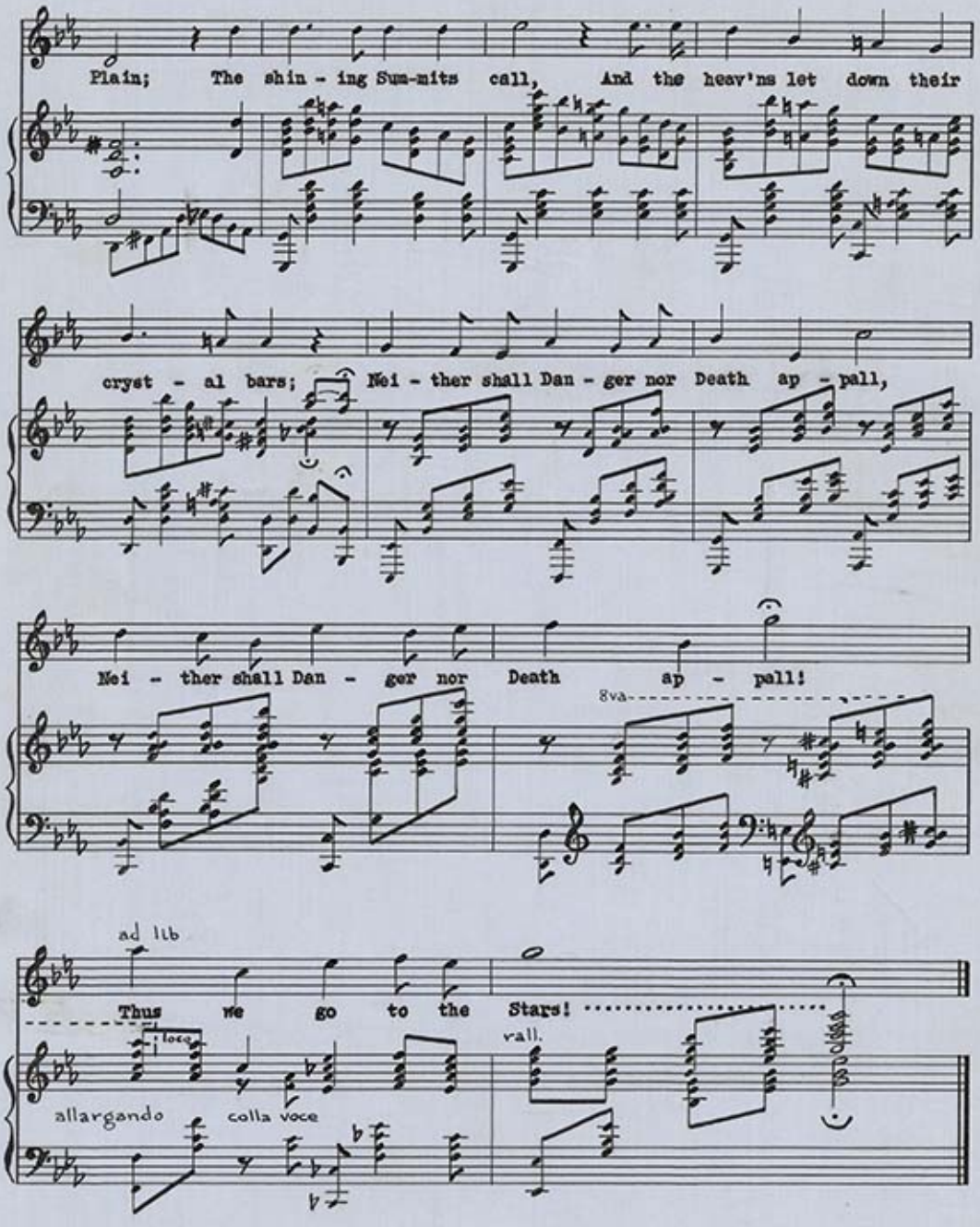

Stars for your goal." Far as the Wild Duck and Swal - low can tra - vel,
Climb - ers are lift-ing their hearts to the Hills; Each brings some knot They a-
-lone can un- rav -el, Each has some long-ing the Sum - mit ful-fils.
ritenuto
rit.
a tempo
Thus we go to the Stars, in hope and wear-i-ness, joy and pain, for the
a tempo

50


Soul, like the bo- dy must wear its scars, in the long, long climb from the
L.H.
Plain. The shin - ing sum - mits call. And the heav'ns let down their
cryst - al bars; Neith-er shall Dan - ger nor Death ap - pall!
Thus we go to the Stars! ----------


Maestoso
These are our Tem-ples, the glit-ter-ing Rang-es, But - tressed with gran-ite, en-
cinc - tured with snow; Stand-ing e -tern-al -ly, know - ing no chang-es,
Guard -ians of gifts they a - lone can be-stow. Cres - sets of crim-son and
arg - ent em-blaz - on Al - tar Peaks lift - ing their heads in the Dawn;


Chant of the winds and the deep di - a - pas - on of
tor - rent and a - val - anche wel - come the Morn!
ritenuto
rit.
a tempo
Thus we go to the Stars, in hope and wear-i-ness, joy and pain, for the
a tempo
Soul, like the bo-dy must wear its scars, in the long, long climb from the
L.H.


Plain; The shin - ing Sum-mits call, And the heav'ns let down their
cryst - al bars; Nei - ther shall Dan - ger nor Death ap - pall,
Nei - ther shall Dan - ger nor Death ap - pall!
8va
ad lib
Thus we go to the Stars!
loco
rall.
allargando
colla voce

HYMN FOR HIGH PLACES

In darkened days of strife and fear, when far from home and hold,
I do essay my soul to cheer, as did wise men of old;
When folks do go in doleful guise, and are for life afraid,
I to the Hills will lift mine eyes, from whence doth come mine aid.

~

I shall my soul a temple make, where Hills stand up on high;
Thither my sadness shall I take and comfort there descry.
For every good and noble mount this message doth extend,
That evil men must render count and evil days must end.

~

For sooth it is a kingly sight to see God's Mountain tall,
That vanquisheth each lesser height, as great hearts vanquish small;
Stand up, stand up, ye holy hills, as saints and seraphs do,
That we may bear these present ills, and lead men safely through.

~

Let high and low repair and go to where great Hills endure;
Let strong and weak be there to seek their comfort and their cure;
And for all Hills in fair array, now thanks and blessing give,
And bearing healthful hearts away, home go, and stoutly live.

~

FOR THE BEAUTY OF THE EARTH

For the beauty of the earth,
For the glory of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies,
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This, our grateful psalm of praise.

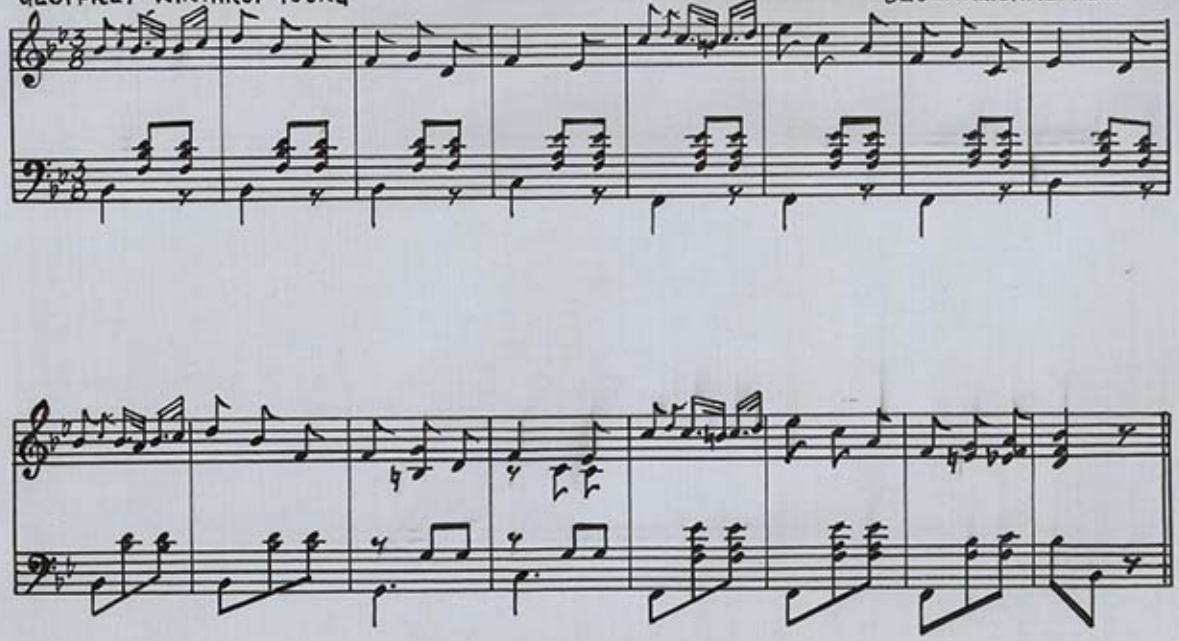
~

For the wonder of each hour
Of the day and of the night;
Hill and vale and tree and flower,
Sun and moon and stars of light;
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our grateful psalm of praise.

~

OLD MEN OF THE MOUNTAIN

GEOFFREY WINTHROP YOUNG "BEDENKLICHKEITEN"

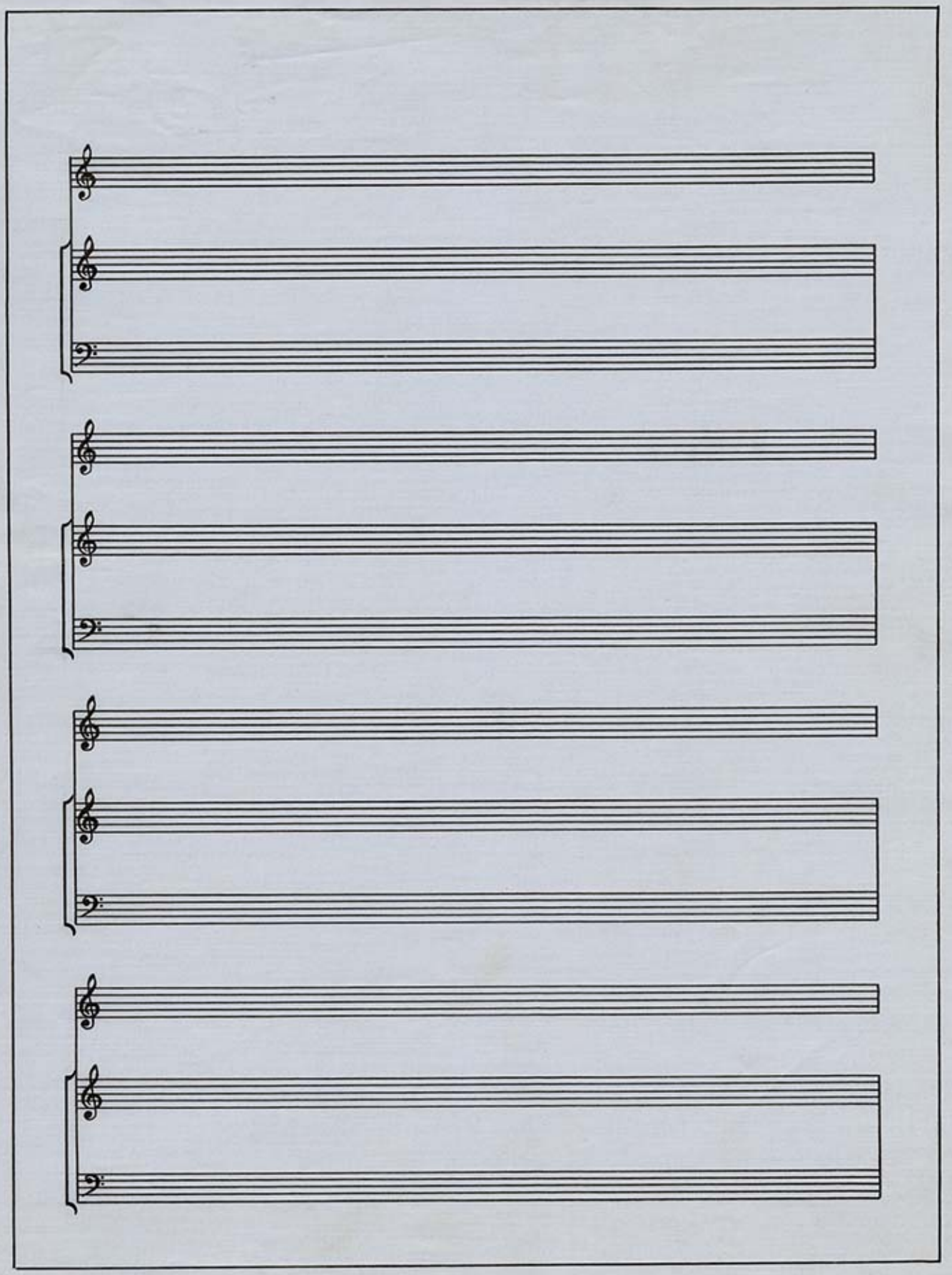


If it's the truth that we feel our limbs older,
If in good sooth, we find summer climbs colder,
Is it for old mountaineers to explain
Why we return here again and again?

What though we stroll in a bunch up the track,
What though so soon after lunch we turn back,
What though we linger and yarn in the porch,
How would you have us else "hand on the torch?"

What though we seem to smile less in the slack times?
What though we dream awhile over our crack climbs?
What though we like a long snooze on the top?
Is that a reason for shutting up shop?

Life has no bogies but patience will mend them;
Hills have no "fogies" but nature will end them;
Bear with us kindly when we're on the shelves,
Children, why, you'll be the old bores yourselves!



Songs of Canadian Climbers