



THIS IS THE FIELD

by

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*As Originally Written and Performed by Scottish Scout Leader Simon Lamb during the
34th Scottish International Patrol Jamborette held in Blair Atholl, Scotland, Summer 2014*

Blair Atholl - Bringing the world together since 1946

This is the Field, the Field of dreams
The Field of friendship, the Field of teams

This is the Field, the Field of tears
The Field of hopes and the Field of fears

This is the Field where the world has fun
Beneath a big ball of yellow called 'Blair Atholl Sun'

This is the Field where you camped for ten days
And it felt like a lifetime that passed in a haze

Think of the things that you all did achieve
This is the Field that you don't want to leave

So remember each second, you won't want to forget
The jokes that you told and the friends that you met

Tell stories of Atholl, the adventure you had
Tell of the good times, tell of the bad

Because it's the bad times that make better times better
Sunny times sunnier and wetter times wetter

Like that one time when you sat there and screamed
Because your dining shelter's lashings weren't as tight as they seemed

Like that time at inspection when you felt slightly bitter
Because 'someone' in your patrol hadn't picked up the litter

Like that time when it rained, yeah, it rained in your tent
Like that time in Pitlochry when your money was spent

And you said to yourself: "I don't want to roam"
You said to yourself: "I wish I were home"

Yes, there may have been upsets; there may well have been tears
But let me tell you - after weeks, months and years

The bits you'll remember are the bits when you smiled
And you splashed in the mud and you laughed like a child

When you camped for ten days with the world at your fingers
When you danced with the dancers and sang with the singers

When you stood to attention and, the flags, you saluted
When you drank orange juice not fully diluted

When you plucked up the courage and, haggis, you tried
And you sipped Irn-Bru and you thought that you'd died

When you ran through the Field with the wind in your face
And you thought to yourself: "I'm King of this place!"

You learnt from your Uncles, your Cousins and Aunts,
You sang subcamp songs and chanted some chants

You cheered for your subcamp, you battled to be best
You partied like a Kaveman in the Wild Wild West

And was it a good night? As if you need proof
The place was so hot there was sweat on the roof

The Gibraltans *La Bombàd*, they put on a show
But here is a question: Where Did Wilson Go?

The bugler bugled each morning, alone
Until he was joined by a jazz saxophone

The Atholl Experience is surely no dud

Disclaimer: Don't take this activity unless YOU LOVE THE MUD!

The sun's always shining, it's shining again
Except for the campfire when we sang in the rain

Altogether now...

"There was a crazy moose!"
{There was a crazy moose!}

And a "Froggyyyyyyy!" too
{Froggyyyyyyy!}

And a "Start wearing purple, wearing purple!"
{Na-na-na-na-na!}

And a "Hi there, how are you?"

"Where are you from?" "No, sorry, where's that?"
"Do you mind if I borrow your brown Stetson hat?"

“What’s for dinner tonight?” “No, you take a look
I’m sick of the sight of the Camp Menu book”

“You call them chips? We call them fries”
“Hey, dude, I’m not crying – there’s smoke in my eyes”

“Have you seen my toothbrush?” “Why do they have a tree?”
“Excuse me, yeah, hi there, will you go home with me?”

“Yes, yes, I will, you’ve answered my wishes”
“Yer no’ leavin’ this subcamp ‘til you’ve done yer dishes!”

Alas, it can’t last; alas, it must end
If only the rules of time we could bend

And stay here forever at one with the Park
‘til days are done and the world goes dark

But the camp must end so it can start anew
In two years’ time with a brand new crew

So onwards we travel by bus, plane or car
We say *auf wiedersehen* or perhaps *au revoir*

Because there is a world outside of the Field
Though sometimes it does seem as if we are sealed

Inside a big bubble, all cosy and quaint
Your ‘average Scout camp’? I’m sorry, this ain’t

This is Blair Atholl, the greatest camp ever
This is the Field where it’s Friendship Forever

So remember each second, for just like the sand
Memories vanish like grains through your hand

So instead scoop them up and blow them on out
Across the world wide, make a stand, make a shout

This is your challenge, this is your quest
Make it be known that Blair Atholl’s the best

Because just like this fire, you are the flame
Of the Spirit of Atholl, you carry its name

You're the ambassadors, eager and keen
Forever to be known as the Class of '14

So don't let the flame of Blair Atholl die
Carry it with you wherever you fly

Spread out your wings, raise a cheer and a shout
Tell the whole world that I AM A SCOUT!

iEat iSleep iScout iBlair
2014 - I was there

And this is the truth, a secret, it seems
You are the Field, the Field of dreams

You are the heroes of Target Park
You are the champions of daylight and dark

You are the Field, a world class mix
Blairing out since '46

You are Blair Atholl Jamborette
And this is the Field you'll never forget

