



# THIS IS THE FIELD

by

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*As Originally Written and Performed by Scottish Scout Leader Simon Lamb during the  
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***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

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