

Ode to a Leader
(Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic)

I was glad to have a girl, because our first child was a son.
I thought of all the ruffles, all the frilly bows and fun.
I thought of how we'd sit and talk at night when day was done.
Wasn't I the foolish one?

She was only half past seven when they called me to the fore.
I said, "I'm not equipped!" They said, "Oh, yes you are, what's more
We will train you in the basic, we'll outfit you for the corp."
And they shoved me out the door.

Glory, Glory, I'm a leader, How'd I get to be a leader?
All I did was have a daughter. Is this the price I pay?

They taught me to be thrifty, to be thoughtful, to be true.
They taught me how to string beads like the noble Indians do.
I had to learn to dig a trench, and how to use it too,
And you should taste the stew!!

I had to learn to sing songs that I didn't understand.
I learned to dance the polka, and to make a rhythm band,
To think of what to do, and to forget what I had planned.
And they say Girl Scouting's grand!

Glory, Glory, I'm a leader, Me – They had to make a leader.
I – can't even build a fire, let alone put up a tent!!

We went walking in the woodland, my Girl Scout troop and me.
The handbook says that nature has a wealth of sight to see.
It's true – we sure were sights when we were found eventually –
And I do all this for free!!

I'm not meant to be a leader, I don't know which bird is which.
My wiener forks all burn up, we come home from hikes and itch.
The sit-upons all fell apart, I showed them the wrong stitch,
But no one wants to switch!!

Glory, Glory, I'm a leader, Halleluja, I'm a leader.
Tell me why I should be happy, when no one envies me!!

But even though I grumble, and I mumble, and I shout
Though there are days I wonder, what's the best way to get out,
I guess when all is said and done, there isn't any doubt
I'm glad to be a Scout!!

Glory, Glory, I'm a leader, Someone's got to be a leader.
They can carve it on my tombstone, "Here's a gal who did her best!"

