

## Barebones 2006 Song Contest

*Songs about orienteering sung to any tune from the Sound of Music.  
Entrants are remaining anonymous for judging purposes.*

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### Something Good

Imagine Maria, standing in the gazebo, softly telling the Captain about what happened on the way to control #8... (the tune: Something Good)

Perhaps I had a careless route choice,  
Perhaps my bearing wasn't so good,  
But somewhere on that reckless, miserable leg  
I must have had some undeserved luck.  
Imagine me, quite amazed, spiking it  
Whether or not I should  
So somewhere on that careless, miserable leg  
I must have had done something good.

Errors and more errors  
Running through the woods  
But somewhere on that careless, miserable leg  
I must have done something good

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### Edelweiss for "O"

Edelweiss, it's so nice  
To be out in the forest  
Here and there, everywhere  
I think my feet are the sorest!

Marker of orange may you be right there  
That is where you should be.....(I think)  
Edelweiss, Jesus Christ!  
I'm so lost I could cry!

Edelweiss, been here twice –  
Not such great navigation.  
Thick green slogs, crossing bogs,  
And I call this a vacation!

Wait - there it is – I can punch and run  
Oh what fun in pyjamas!  
Zig and zag, it's in the bag –  
Ill finish smiling at cameras!

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### How do you Relocate?

Sung to the tune of 'Maria'

How do you relocate when there's no features?  
How do you stop the panic in your chest?  
What do you call a control that is nowhere?  
A migraine attack! An end of all hopes! I'm dead!

Many a feature you wish you would have noticed  
Many a path you wish you could have found  
But how do you find it now  
When you have no clue at all  
How do you save your run before the end?

Oh, How do you relocate when there's no features?  
How do you relocate when you've no clue?

When I'm out here I'm confused  
Out of focus and bemused  
And I never know exactly where I am  
Course as difficult as ever  
Controls are hiding in the weeds

It's so painful! It's a loss! It's all over!

How do you relocate when there's no features?  
How do you stop the panic in your chest?  
What do you call a control that is nowhere?  
A migraine attack! An end of all hopes! I'm dead!

Many a feature you wish you would have noticed  
Many a path you wish you could have found  
But how do you find it now  
When you have no clue at all  
How do you save your run before the end?

Oh, How do you relocate when there's no features?  
How do you relocate when you've no clue?

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## Sixteen going on Seventeen

Someone is starting at time 'nineteen'...

I wait at the start of the call-up line  
For someone to call my name out  
I start my race in three minutes time  
'til then I have to chill out.

To chill out...

It is sixteen going on seventeen  
Shortly, it's time to start  
Better beware, be canny and careful  
Shortly, I'm on the mark.

It is seventeen going on eighteen  
Move to the map view line  
Take a sneak peak and think of technique  
Everything feels so fine!

Totally well-prepared am I  
I train'd a lot this year  
Focused and calm and relax'd am I  
Confident, without fear!

I look at my compass one more time  
Knowing what it will say  
Now its eighteen going on nineteen  
I'll be on my way

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## How Do You Map The Foothills and The Prairies?

(to the tune of How Do You Solve a Problem Like Maria?)

You drive too far, bog down your car in mud that sticks like glue.  
It takes two hours to turn around, two hours you couldn't lose.  
And underneath your ball cap, there's repellant in your hair.  
I even heard you swearing in the forest!  
A mapper works alone all day, for introverts it's grand.  
But don't get spooked by predator tracks or thunder in the land.  
I hesitate to say it but I very firmly feel  
That mapping's just as fun as competition.  
I'd like to say a word on it's behalf;  
Good contours make me laugh.

Refrain:

How do you map the foothills and the prairies?  
How do you map a marsh that has no edge?  
How do you draw a hill without a high point?  
A path that has no start and has no end?  
Many a thing you'd like to eat at lunch time,  
Many a thing you'd like to eat right now,  
But how to you keep the pace, a quarter square k per day?  
How do you walk and draw and classify?  
Oh, how do you map the foothills and the prairies?  
How do you hold a form line in your hand?

When I'm mapping I feel fine, I'm in focus and alive,  
And I always know exactly where I am.  
You can map in any weather, if it's cold so much the better.  
It'll keep the darn mosquitoes off your hands.  
Someone blew up beaver dams, where there used to be a pond,  
Now a vast expanse of muddy open land  
And it seems that rubber boots are my favorite kind of shoe,  
And my daypack's ...always soaked with ... rain or sweat.

(Refrain)

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## **My Fav-O-rite Things**

Contours on hillsides, describing reentrants;  
Green vegetation around a depression;  
Long winding pathways that lead just like strings;  
These are a few of my fav-O-rite things.

Handrails like fences and no parallel features;  
Distinct attack points with intricate contours;  
Simplification so that the map sings;  
These are a few of my fav-O-rite things.

Puffing up hillsides and running down ridges;  
Sprinting on pathways and leaping o'er ditches;  
Flying through meadows as though I had wings;  
These are a few of my fav-O-rite things.

When I get lost,  
When the code's wrong,  
And I nearly quit,  
I simply remember my fav-O-rite things,  
And then the map details fit.

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