

Eeny, meeny, miny moe,  
On which of these paths shall I go,  
To the right or to the left,  
I haven't a clue - I'm b----y bereft!



Adam's a charmer, it's plain to us all,  
Presenting some wine to wee Angela  
Hall,  
I'll tell you the reason, so you don't  
forget,  
It's because he lost out on a foolish  
shorts bet.

Ann's a great walker and a bit of a wit,  
If you don't get the joke, she'll call  
you a twit,  
But as you can see, she means you no  
harm,  
She'll defuse any tension with a wave  
of her arm.





Arnold's a wow with the girls, so it seems,

He knows just where to tickle to bring out the beams,

So it's good news for Maureen that this talent he's got,

Is just for the doggies - not for us lot.

If Derek were here, I'm sure that he'd know,

He'd work it all out with his little gizmo,

Then he'll shout it so loud, its almost a crime,

"C'mon Ladies, in yer own time!"



Dougie would take us through a bog I'd bet,

He seems to be happy when we all get wet,

His memory for routes is really fantastic,

But ask the distance and the miles are elastic!

I don't know about you, but I know what I make,

That Elaine's got a long wait to get a handshake,

He's made out of stone, can't you see that it's true,

So let's get on our way before I turn blue.





Gretchen leads rambles in Derbyshire's Peaks,

The Queen would be proud of the way that she speaks,

We can tell her our troubles and she'll sort out them all,

Just so long as we lift her when she's had a fall.

Ian would resort to his trusty map,  
He's even been seen wearing one as a cap,  
Cool as a cucumber, even in the Bahamas,  
But what's that smell? Pooh - Rotting Bananas!



Jack looks so lonely, has he done it again,

And gone to Slovakia instead of Ogwen,

But then I remember, he's not on his own,

'Cos the camera can't take any photos alone.

Jean's looking pensive 'bout which way to go,

Perhaps she should get a Derek gizmo,

But I know she's not fussed about such a thing,

'Cos she works it all out with a small piece of string.





Joan looks quite jealous of the llama's nice perm,

But I can see yet another concern,

If she gets up closer – not much, just a bit,

She might get covered in thick llama spit.

Keith needs a pick-me-up for his icy frame,

It seems such a pity, it seems such a shame,

That a good leader's life should be on the line,

So let's have a whipround to buy a glühwein.



Ken's a good lad, of Barlick he's king,

He ran Silentnight, he's done everything,

He's even been known to tell Derek the route,

(Not that he listens, he cares not a hoot).



Linda takes hundreds and hundreds of pics,  
Then puts down her camera and picks up  
her sticks,  
With consummate ease they help her go  
quicker,  
To get back with photos and upload them to  
Flickr.



Malcolm's so peaceful whilst having a  
nap,  
But Ken's not right pleased (look  
under his cap),  
It'll end up OK, I think I can say,  
'Cos in just a minute he'll be up and  
away.

Martin's our sec, and a good one at  
that,  
He's wearing his jacket, but not his  
warm hat,  
But this techie guy the last laugh will  
have,  
He'll get us all home with his fancy  
satnav.





Rosemary's fair and Karen is dark,  
But they both enjoy a stroll in the park,  
As leaders they'll look you right in the eye,  
Then Karen will serve up a huge tater pie.

Roy likes a joke and tells us some funny 'uns,  
Being a grocer he should know his onions,  
Bearing gifts of fruit he often comes,  
Impressing us all with the size of his plums.



Tom's a real gent, as we can all see,  
Holding the gate so very coolly,  
His cool it continues in the way he turns out,  
He must never have heard of 'ne'er cast a clout'.



When all else is done, who knows where  
we're going,

But there's one thing for sure, we'll probably  
need showing,

So in rambling or life, atheists or pleaders,

We should all find a way to thank God for  
our leaders.

