

# The Lonely Bead

(to all trainers - past and present)

A lonely little Woodbadge bead  
Lain lightly in a drawer  
He wanted to be somewhere else  
He wanted to be more.

He'd heard about the history  
Of Woodbadge beads afar  
Of relatives in Africa  
From Chad to Zanzibar

He'd often wax so proudly  
On Baden-Powell's beads  
That were given to trained leaders  
For their work and for their deeds

Chief Dinizulu's beads were  
B.P.'s gift and legacy -  
An acknowledgement of their hard work  
For all the world to see

The lonely little Woodbadge bead  
Only wanted to be like the rest  
Of those carved pairs of beads  
Strung proudly now and hanging on a chest.

He was keen on being added  
To a Scouter's leather thong  
Aside a brother bead of wood  
He'd hear the "Gilwell Song".

But, alas, he found himself alone  
And full of misery  
Till a Scouter grabbed him forcefully  
And made him one of three.

Truth now dawned upon the bead  
And he stopped being a complainer  
He was merely waiting for that time  
He'd be worn by a Woodbadge trainer.

*Source:  
Alan Smason  
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