**Camp Songs**

So many memories of singing around a campfire; there is so much to be said about that feeling of comradeship. Boys and girls who would never think of singing “old songs” suddenly feel a part of a group. Close your eyes; sing these songs, and return to those days.

Here are the lyrics of thirty-seven songs that have been sung by countless Scouts over decades of campfires.

**America, America** (sung as a round)

America, America

How can I tell you how I feel?

You have given me many treasures

I love you so

**Be, Be, Be prepared**

Be, be, be prepared

The motto of the Boy Scouts!

Be, be, be prepared the motto of the Scouts!

Prepared! Prepared!

The motto of the Boy Scouts

Prepared! Prepared! The motto of the Scouts.

**Camp Famous Eagle Song**

(borrowed from Camp Eagle-Omaha

 Words by Jack Jaworski)

Chorus: Rolling hills, winding trails,

 Famous Eagle challenges you.

 Building friendships,

 Camp under the stars, the stars.

Famous Eagle, land of a million Scouter’s dreams,

Famous Eagle time to discover golden schemes

Famous Eagle chance to find out what Scouting means

Chorus

So if you come, and you want to understand,

Just what it is, that will make a boy a man,

Famous Eagle calls, do you listen if you can?

Chorus

**Camp Gamble Song** (words by John Nicoletti)

Gamble’s the place you want to be

Gamble’s the place you want to be

Chorus: Gamble will never die

 And here’s the reason why,

 Gamble’s the place you want to be.

Swimming and boating at the Lake

Swimming and boating at the Lake

Chorus

Hiking and camping are such fun

Hiking and camping are such fun

Chorus

Scouting is here and over there

Scouting is here and over there.

Chorus

**Camp Irondale Song**

(Tune: Far Above Cayuga’s Waters-Cornell)

Where the crest of Ozark mountains,

Meet the western sky.

Lies a camp where Boy Scouts gather

On a hilltop high.

Chorus: Irondale, camp we love,

 Live for ere’, in our memories.

May the Scouts be ever loyal

Irondale to thee!

When the evening shadows lengthen,

And the sun sinks low,

How we love to get together,

In the campfire’s glow.

Chorus

When we say “Farewell to Irondale”’

Camping days are o’er,

May the joys of new-found comrades,

Live forevermore.

Chorus

**Camp Lewallen Song**

(Tune: On Wisconsin)

Camp Lewallen, Camp Lewallen,

Boy Scouts, USA!

Hiking, camping, fishing, boating,

Each and every day….Rah, Rah, Rah

Camp Lewallen, Camp Lewallen,

We love you so true,

Camp Lewallen, oh Camp Lewallen…

Silva, MO…63964

**Camp Lewallen Staff Song**

(Tune: I’ve Been Working on the Railroad)

We’re the staff of Camp Lewallen,

Cheerful, brave, and kind.

We’re the staff of Camp Lewallen,

We’re ready all the time.

If you ever, ever need us,

Just call and we’ll be there.

We’re the staff of Camp Lewallen,

Always Be Prepared!

**Camp Lion’s Den Song**

(Tune: Back in the Saddle Again)

At Lion’s Den we’re gathered again

Out where a Scout is a friend

Where we work hard every day

In a rough and ready way

Traditions of Camp Lion’s Den.

Hiking the hills once more

Learning to use Scouting lore

Where we sleep out every night

And the Oath and law are right

Traditions of Camp Lion’s Den

**Camp May Alma Mater**

(Tune: Soldier’s Farewell)

Camp May, we sing to thee

Pride of our Scouting days.

Scouts true, and Scouters too

Sing loud thy praise.

Camping together here,

Playing the Scouting game.

Friendships are found anew

As campfires flame.

Hiking o’er woodland hills

‘Neath brightly sunlit skies.

Scouts pledge to live their oath

As spirits rise.

We’ll say farewell to you,

When camping days are o’er.

Camp May, all hail to thee

Forever more.

**Camp May Song**

(Tune: Don’t Give up the Ship)

Scouts of May together, camping in the woods.

Scouting ways forever,

For Scouts and leaders bound in brotherhood

To our Oath and Scout Law,

True we’ll always be.

Our loyalty to thee we give,

As long as life is ours to live,

Scouts of May are we.

**Camp Sakima Opening Campfire Song**

(Tune: One of Those Songs-

 Words by Gary Appel and Dan Kelley)

Oh! This is one of those camps that you’ll never forget,

This is Sakima, the best you’ve had yet.

The cooking is thrilling, the food is just fine,

The program’s a ball, if you have enough time.

And when the Scout week is over,

The campfires are out

Activities ended,

And there is no doubt

That Sakima’s the greatest,

The best in the land.

So stand up you Scouts and shout,

That’s what it’s all about,

We know Sakima’s the best! (Ya da da da…)

**Camp Sakima Closing Campfire Song**

(Words by Gary Appel and Dan Kelley)

Well now this week is done

You’ve had Sakima fun

And some experience with cooking you have done

The staff enjoyed each day

We wish that you could stay

But when tomorrow comes you must be on your way

So now that you’ve been here

You’ll hold Sakima dear

So don’t despair good Scouts

We’ll see you all next year!

We’ll see you all next year..ear..ear…ear

**Cape Cod Chantey**

Chorus: Heave away my bully bully boys,

 Heave away…heave away,

 Heave away, now don’t you make a noise,

 We’re bound for Australia!

Cape Cod girls they have no combs,

Heave away…heave away

They comb their hair with codfish bones,

We’re bound for Australia

Chorus

Cape Cod boys they have no sleds,

Heave away…heave away,

The slide down hills on codfish heads,

We’re bound for Australia.

Chorus

Cape Cod wives they have no pins,

Heave away…heave away,

They pin their gowns with codfish pins,

We’re bound for Australia.

Chorus

Cape Cod men they have no sails,

Heave away…heave away,

They sail their ships with codfish tails,

We’re bound for Australia.

Chorus

Cape Cod doctors have no pills,

Heave away…heave away

They give their patients codfish gills,

We’re bound for Australia.

Chorus

**Chay Chay Koolay**

(Response song)

Chay chay koolay…(chay chay koolay)

Chay kofeesa…(chay kofeesa)

Kofeesa longa…(kofeesa longa)

Longa chumonga…(Longa chumonga )

Hey a-yay-lay…(Hey a-yay-lay)

**The Grand Old Duke of York**

The Grand Old Duke of York

He had ten thousand men

He marched them up the hill

And then he marched them down again

And when you’re up, you’re up

And when you’re down, you’re down

And when you’re only half way up

You’re neither up nor down.

**Hail, Hail Scouting Spirit**

(Tune: My Hero, from the Chocolate Soldier)

Hail! Hail! Scouting spirit,

Best in the land.

Hail, hail Scouting spirit,

Loyal we stand.

Onward and upward we’re treading,

Always alert to make Scouting ready.

We are prepared.

Hail, hail Scouting spirit,

Hail!, Hail!, Hail!

**The Happy Wanderer**

I love to go a-wandering

Along the mountain track

And as I go I love to sing,

My knapsack on my back.

Chorus: Val-de-ri, val-de-ra

 Val-de-ri, val-de-ra-ha-ha-ha-ha

 Val-de-ri, val-de-ra

 (My knapsack on my back)

 (From every greenwood tree)

 (Beneath God’s clear blue sky)

I wave my hat to all I meet

And they wave back to me

And blackbirds call so loud and sweet

From every greenwood tree

Chorus

O may I go a wandering

Until the day I die

And may I always laugh and sing

Beneath God’s clear blue sky

Chorus

**If You’re Happy and You Know It**

If you’re happy and you know it

Clap your hands (clap clap)

If you’re happy and you know it,

Clap your hands (clap clap)

If you’re happy and you know it,

And you really ought to show it.

If you’re happy and you know it

Clap your hands (clap clap)

2nd: Stomp your feet

3rd: Shout Amen!

**The Itsy Bitsy Spider**

The itsy bitsy spider climbed up the water spout

Down came the rain and washed the spider out

Out came the sun and dried up all the rain

And the itsy bitsy spider climbed up the spout again.

**John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmidt**

John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmidt,

His name is my name too.

Whenever we go out,

The people always shout:

There goes John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmidt!

Ya da da da da da da da

**Johnny Verbeck**

There was a jolly Dutchman,

His name was Johnny Verbeck.

He made the finest sausages, sauerkraut, and speck.

He made the finest sausages, that evermore be seen.

Til one day he invented a sausage making machine.

Chorus: O Mr. Johnny Verbeck how could you be so mean?

 I told you, you’d be sorry for inventing that machine.

 Now all the neighbors cats and dogs

 Will never more be seen.

 For they’ve all been ground to sausages

 In Johnny Verbeck’s machine.

One day a boy came walkin’, a walkin’ through the door,

He bought a pound of sausages and laid them on the floor.

The boy began to whistle. He whistled up a tune.

And all the little sausages went dancing ‘round the room!

Chorus

One day the machine got busted,

The darn thing wouldn’t go.

So Johnny Verbeck, he climbed inside,

To see what made it so.

His wife, she had a nightmare,

And went walking in her sleep.

She gave that crank an awful yank,

And Johnny Verbeck was meat!

Chorus

**Kum Ba Yah**

(African Kum ba yah meaning: Come this way)

Kum ba yah, my Lord, kum ba yah (x2)

Oh Lord, kum ba yah!

A Scout is sleeping, Lord…

A Scout is crying, Lord…

A Scout is singing Lord,…

A Scout is praying Lord….

Kum ba yah, my Lord….

**Little Cabin in the Woods**

Little cabin in the woods,

Little man by the window stood.

Saw a rabbit hopping by,

Knocking at my door.

Help me! Help me! Help me! He cried.

Or the hunter will shoot me dead!

Little rabbit, come inside,

Safely by my side.

**On My Honor**

On my honor, I’ll do my best

To do my duty to God.

On my honor, I’ll do my best

To serve my country as I may.

On my honor, I’ll do my best,

To do a good turn each day.

To keep my body strengthened,

To keep my mind awakened,

To follow paths of righteousness,

On my honor, I’ll do my best.

**The Paddle Song**

(Sung as a round)

Our paddles keen and bright,

Flashing like silver.

Swift as the wild goose flight,

Dip, dip, and swing.

Dip, dip and swing them back.

Flashing like silver.

Swift as the wild goose flight,

Dip, dip and swing.

**The Philmont Hymn**

Silver on the sage,

Starlit skies above,

Aspen covered hills,

Country that I love.

Philmont, here’s to thee,

Scouting paradise,

Out in God’s country…tonight.

**Proud to be at Swift**

(Tune: Proud to be an American)

I’m proud to be an Explorer Scout,

Where at least I know I’m free.

I I won’t forget Lord Baden-Powell

Who gave that right to me.

And I’ll proudly stand up, next to Swift,

And defend her still today.

‘Cause there ain’t no doubt,

I love this camp,

God Bless the BSA!

**The Quartermaster Store**

There are snakes, snakes, snakes

As big as garden rakes,

At the store, at the store!

There are snakes, snakes, snakes as big as garden rakes

At the quartermaster store.

Chorus: My eyes are dim,

 I cannot see,

 I have not got my specs with me.

 I have- not-got my specs with me.

There are mice, mice, mice,

Running through the rice,

At the store, at the store.

There are mice, mice, mice,

Running through the rice,

At the Quartermaster store!

Chorus

3. Lice-living on the mice.

4. Rats-as big as alley cats

5. Roaches-big as football coaches

6. Bears-but no one really cares

7. Foxes-stuffed in little boxes

**‘Round the Blazing Council Fire’s Light**

(Tune: Til’ We Meet Again)

Round the blazing council fire’s light,

We have met in comradeship tonight.

‘Round about the whispering trees,

Guard our golden memories.

And so before we close our eyes to sleep,

Let us pledge each other that we’ll keep;

Scouting’s friendship, strong and deep,

‘Til we meet again.

**Scout Vespers**

Softly falls the light of day,

As our campfire fades away.

Silently each Scout should ask;

Have I done my daily task?

Have I kept my honor bright?

Can I guiltless sleep tonight?

Have I done,

And have I dared,

Everything to Be Prepared?

**Scouting Spirit**

I’ve got that Scouting spirit,

Up in my head,

Up in my head,

Up in my head.

I’ve got that Scouting spirit,

Up in my head,

Up in my head to stay!

2. Deep in my heart

3. Down in my feet

4. All over me

**The Spirit of Sakima**

(Written by Charlie Boehme)

From a bridge upon the water,

You can see the moon on high,

As it travels slowly westward,

‘Cross the wide Missouri sky.

As the oak and hick’ry forest,

Cast its scent upon the air,

You will dream of Camp Sakima,

And wish that you were there.

 When you see a crimson sunset,

 Crystal waters, skies of blue,

 When the wind blows through the forest,

 Camp Sakima’s calling you.

Makes no difference where you travel,

Where on earth you choose to roam.

You will sometimes feel a presence,

When you know that you’re alone.

You may search in vain to find it,

But you’ll never see it once.

But sometimes between the setting

And the rising of the sun,

You will hear a ghostly echo,

Of a voice so clear and true.

It’s the Spirit of Sakima.

And it’s calling me and you.

**Swift Means all to Me**

(tune: The Philmont Hymn)

Sails across the lake

Never ending skies

Rolling wooded hill

Lakeshore paradise

Swift means all to me

Exploring challenges

Have the time of your life,

At swift

Crimson evening light

Always a sunset

Over wandering minds

Never to forget

Swift means all to me

Exploring challenges

Have the time of your life,

At Swift!

**Taps**

Day is done, gone the sun,

From the lake, from the hills, from the sky.

All is well, safely rest, God is nigh.

Fading light, dims the sight,

And a star gems the sky, gleaming bright.

From afar, drawing nigh, falls the sky.

Thanks and praise, for our days,

‘Neath the sun, ‘neath the stars, ‘neath the sky.

As we go, this we know, God is nigh.

Sun has set, shadows come,

Time has fled, Scouts must go to their beds.

Always true to the promise that they made.

While the light fades from sight,

And the stars gleaming rays softly send.

To thy hands we our souls, Lord, commend.

**Tell Me Why**

Tell me why the stars do shine

Tell me why the ivy twines

Tell me why the sky’s so blue

And I will tell you just why I love you.

Because God made the stars do shine

Because God made the ivy twine

Because God made the sky so blue

Because God made you,

That’s why I love you.

**They Call the Old Place; Camp Lewallen**

(Tune: The Wreck of the Edmond Fitzgerald

 Words by Charlie Boehme)

In the pine covered country of Southeastern MO

There’s a place where Scouting folks gather

It lies on the edge of the Ozark plateau

And they call the old place Camp Lewallen

The land was once home to the ancients unknown

The Spanish and French staked their claims there.

Then the Cherokee passed through and the Delaware too,

Through the land that’s known as Lewallen.

Oh the river still winds through the towering pines,

The Osage and Creole once trapped there.

Now the waters are plied by canoes as they glide,

Silently past Camp Lewallen.

Old Logan looks down from his leaf covered crown,

The guardian of all that surrounds him.

And the tipis below cast a magical glow,

From the flickering fires of Lewallen.

Through history peoples have come and they’ve gone.

,

But there’s one thing the years cannot challenge;

That the spirit of Scouting will always live on,

In the place they call Camp Lewallen.

In the pine covered country of Southeastern MO,

They call the old place Camp Lewallen

**Trail the Eagle**

(Tune: On Wisconsin!)

Trail the Eagle, trail the Eagle,

Climbing all the time.

First to Star and then to Life;

Will on your bosom shine, keep climbing!

Blaze the trail, and we will follow,

Hark the eagle’s call.

On brothers on, until we’re Eagles all!