

The Campfire Song

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For Tim Casgrain

The dry tinder catches, the kindling's alight
The campfire crackles on a warm summer's night
A wisp of smoke curls, rising up to the moon
From out on the lake comes the call of a loon
The fire's burning down to a few glowing coals
We've chocolate bars, marshmallows, hot dogs and rolls
And when we've all eaten, it won't be too long
Till somebody asks for a song.

CHORUS

Let's sing an old song that everyone knows
La-la-la-la – we all know how it goes
Sing out in harmony pure, sweet, and strong
Singing a campfire song.

Our first song's a campsong that's known far and wide
My Grandfather's Clock, Rise and Shine, Side by Side
Or On Top of Old Smokey, The Erie Canal
Take Me Out to the Ball Game, For Me and My Gal
Then one of those songs we all help to compose
Like *Down by the Bay* (where that watermelon grows)
And how 'bout some action songs—I think we should
Head and Shoulders, My Bonnie, Little Cabin in the Wood.

Add-a-verse memory songs none can resist:
With every new stanza, sing back through the list
Then how 'bout a round, we all know a few
First I'll start, then you start, then you start, then you
Let's not forget there are folksongs galore
Log Driver's Waltz, Michael Row the Boat Ashore
This Land Is Your Land, Irene, Four Strong Winds
Wayfaring Stranger, the Saints Marching In.

How 'bout some show tunes or old Rock 'n' Roll
Some Country or Cowboy or Doo Wop or Soul
I know we'll sing Beatles before the night ends
And try to get by with a little help from our friends
There's hymns for cathedrals, and shanties for ships
There's cheers for arenas, canoe songs for trips
But any song counts as a campfire song
If it's one we all know
In the campfire's glow
If it's one where we all sing along.