



Camp Songs

Taps

Day is done, gone the sun
From the lake, from the hills,
From the sky;
All is well,
Safely rest,
Good Night

Fading light, dims the sight,
And a star gems the sky,
Gleaming bright
From afar,
Drawing nigh,
Fall the night.



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Hit The Hay

Let's hit the hay, my hearties
For bed's where we belong.
We've been having fun
that is fun;
We've been at it all day long.
Don't be afraid to yawn;
Yawn with all your might.
There's another day not touched yet
So to all a warm good night!



Sunset Song

O'er the hills of sunset splendor
Dazzles every eye.
See the gray smoke from the campfire
Cross the crimson sky.
Thus another day has ended
We're glad we spent it here.
(Where?) At BIRCH ROCK CAMP!
Let your voices ring out
In a thundering sunset cheer.



Alma Mater

By waters blue there stood a rock
In ages long ago.
It bore the summer's rain and
The winter's frost and snow.
Upon its top a seed took root,
And flourished there and grew
To be the graceful tree we know,
The birch of silver hue.

The rock is our foundation stone
For building character strong;
Endurance, firmness, strength it gives,
With which to combat wrong.
No selfish thought, no tempting
Can make us say or do
The things we learned at Birch Rock Camp
Were not both kind and true.

And from the rock and birch grows up,
So beautiful, white and tall
That beauty is truth; truth, beauty
It teaches us one and all.
Its whiteness stands for purity
Of thought and word and deed.
Its upward growth, toward heaven above
Our hearts shall ever lead.

As on through life we wend our way,
Our path will pleasanter be,
Because the days in Birch Rock
Shall live in memory.
The work, the play, the fellowship,
The spirit strong and true,
Recall to us our trusting place;
So Birch Rock, here's to you.

Help the Other Fellow

At Birch Rock Camp,
On Lake McWain,
“Help the Other Fellow”
Shall be our aim.
When you can’t have your way,
Don’t sulk and fret:
Doing things for other people is better yet.



Hiking Song

Hike, hike along the way,
Birch Rock Campers happy.
We’re out for fun today,
Stepping out so snappy,
We don’t care where we’re bound,
Nor how far we tramp;
Shout! Pass the word round –
We hail from Birch Rock Camp!



Wannigan

W – A double N –I-G –A- N spells wannigan, wannigan,
That's the kind of thing you want to mortgage, mortgage
Just before you come upon a portage, portage,
W-A double N-I-G-A-N you see.

First you lift it,
Then you shift it,
Next you flop it,
Then you drop it –
And it's wannigan on me.



Semper Fidelis

B-I-R-C-H R-O-C-K! Hey!
Birch Rock, oh Birch Rock
We'll sing to thee
Finest of camping spots,
Finest of company.

We'll say so!

Oft' we'll return to thee
Faithful we'll be.
Birch Rock, oh Birch Rock
For you and me!



The Chant of the Chesty Child

We are a bunch of intelligent boys
who like East Waterford, Maine.
We'd rather spend the summer here
than any place else you can name.
We think our camp's the cat's meow,
we hate like sin to knock
But there's not another around like ye
olde Camp Birch Rock!

Yeah, boys, you said it!
Birch Rock! Sis-boom-bah!

Yeah, boys, we're for it!
We'll say we are!

We swim and carve and fish and shoot
And paddle canoes and row;
'Bout birds and minerals, trees and flowers
There's nothing we don't know.
We've roamed this region round about
On picnics that are grand
We are a happy, healthy, hustling, hopping, howling band! HEY!



This Land is Your Land

This land is your land, this land is my land,
From California to the New York island,
From the redwood forests to the Gulf Stream waters,
This Land was made for you and me.

As I walking that ribbon of highway
I saw above me that endless skyway
I saw below me that golden valley,
This land was made for you and me.

(Chorus)

I've roamed and rambled and followed my footsteps
To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts,
And all around me a voice was sounding,
This land was made for you and me.

(Chorus)

When the sun come shining and I was strolling
And the wheat fields waving and the dust clouds rolling
As the fog was lifting a voices was chanting
This land was made for you and me.

(Chorus)

This land is your land, this land is my land,
From Bonavista to Vancouver Island
From the Artic Circle to the Great Lake waters,
This land was made for you and me.



The Crimson and the Gray

With crimson and gray for colors
 Birch Rock Camp will sally forth.
Whatever may betide us,
 We are bound to show our worth.
Raise high our glorious banner!
 May it fly for many a day!
Hats off every Birch Rock camper
 For the crimson and the gray!

Birch Rock! (Repeat eight times)

All hail to the gray and crimson
 Of the camp we love so well.
We are proud to wear its colors,
 And its benefits to tell.
Long life to our camp so glorious!
 May it thrive for many a day!
Hats off every Birch Rock camper,
 To the crimson and the gray!



Birch Rock Marching Song

From the campfires by our cabins,
To the shores of Ranglely Lake,
We shall help the other fellow,
And good friendships we shall make.

We shall strive for truth and charity
And to everyone we'll claim,
We are proud to spend our summers,
On the shores of Lake McWain.



I Would Be True

I would be true, for there are those who trust me;
I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare,
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.

I would be friend, of all- the foe the friendless;
I would be giving, and forget the gift.
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would look up, and laugh, and love, and lift.
I would look up, and laugh, and love, and lift.



Desperado

There was a desperado from the wild and wooley west,
He went out to Chicago just to give the west a rest.
He wore a big sombrero and a gun beneath his vest;
And everywhere he went he gave his warhoop-WHOOP!

Big bold man was this desperado
From Cripple Creek way down in Colorado
And he walked around just like a big tornado
And everywhere he went he gave his warhoop- WHOOP!

He went to Coney Island just to take in all the sights.
He saw the hoochy-goochies and the girls all dressed in tights.
He got so darn excited that he shot out all the lights.
And everywhere he went he gave his warhoop-WHOOP!

(Chorus)

A big fat policeman came a walking on his beat.
He saw the desperado come a walking down the street.
He grabbed him by his whiskers and he grabbed him by his seat;
And put him where he couldn't give his warhoop.

(Chorus)

