

Campfire Openings

The Campfire Openings are provided by Hans Hussman.

Brother Scouts, in the light of the campfire,
Let us come together with thankful hearts;
And let our ideals be ever before us like a blazing torch
Lighting a warm and steady path,
The light not dimming
And the peace not slackening.
The campfire is open.

As our music cheers us, so be the melody of our lives;
As our mirth unites us, so be the harmony of our hearts;
As our spirits rise to the lilt of our song, so may the Great Spirit uplift us to renewed
endeavour;
And may the happy fellowship of this circle go out into all the world.

The stars shining over us,
Their light shines before us,
Oh God of Nature,
Grant to us a perfect peace.

Kneel always when you light a fire;
Kneel reverently and thankful be,
For God's unfailing charity.

May this fire touch us with the magic of its mystery;
May we see in its dance the ever changing beauty of the world;
May this fire be good medicine where fellowship, adventure, and fun sit side by side;
May this fire tonight remain forever in our hearts;
Even as the first fire kindled by our ancestors has remained alight through the ages.

Tall trees that reach the sky,
Mountains and lakes nearby;
Draw near my friends,
Come sing, my friends,
Our campfire time is nigh.

The fire is lit, come lift your voice;
Let song and skit beguile the hours;
The fire is lit, so let's rejoice,
Our hearts are full, the night is ours.
Cold nights weigh down the forest bough,
Strange shapes go flitting through the gloom;
But see... a spark, a flame and now
The Wilderness is home.

The life of a fire is like the life of a person.
In its infancy, it is faint and weak and must be carefully nourished and tended.
As it catches, it crawls and spreads like a child exploring the world.
In its adolescence, it flares fast and bright, racing for new height.
Soon, it will burn with the steady heat and light of its adulthood.
And finally give us the warmth and glowing friendship of old age.

As the flames leap upward, so be our aims,
As the red logs glow, so be our sympathies;
As the grey ash fades, so be our errors,
As this good fire warms us, so may the scout ideal warm the world.

Leap high, O golden flame, the day is dead,
Bring warmth and cheer, O flame, the sun has fled;
Stoutly your gleam maintain, youths not abed,
Ring out the heart's refrain, goodwill to all.

Who hath smelt wood smoke at twilight?
Who hath heard the birch log burning?
Who is quick to read the noises of the night?
Let him follow with the others,
For the young men's feet are turning
To the camps of proved desire and known delight.

(Rudyard Kipling)

The simple life and friendly cheer,
May all those find who gather here.

Deep peace of the running wave to you,
Deep peace of the flowing air to you,
Deep peace of the quiet earth to you,
Deep peace of the shining stars to you,
Deep peace of the Son of Peace to you.

Behold the fire my comrades,
May its flames purify your hearts,
Let no unfriendly thoughts be harboured,
Let no uncouth word be spoken
Keep the spirit of the campfire in your hearts forever,
Peace be to all men.

The forests of long ago
Stored up in themselves the warmth of the sunshine of ages past,
And then perished to give it out again and make fleeting pictures in our fire.

As glow the hearts of the logs upon the fire,
So may our hearts glow, and our thoughts be kind,
And peace and deep contentment fill every mind.

Here soon there will be ashes that once were trees,
In Spring they gave us delight,
In Summer, shade,
In Autumn, the colours of their falling leaves,
In Winter the beauty of their branches.
May our lives, like theirs, be lives of service.

Let my voice ring out and over the Earth,
Through all the grief and strife,
With a golden joy and a silver mirth,
Thank God for life!

When dusk descended, purple shadows lenthened,
And evenings sombre hues begin to show,
As darkening skies, the gleaming starlight strengthens,
We're gathered round the campfire's golden glow.

Here is an emblem,
Sparks that upward fly,
So may our hearts be young,
And our spirits high.

Logs burn, flames rise,
Hearts glow, troubles die,
Each for all and all for each,
Happiness within our reach,
Joined together by the good,
Of world-wide Scoutings brotherhood.

Flames leaping - fire bright,
We be brothers here tonight.

Scent of smoke in the evening,
Smell of rain in the night,
The trees, the grass, the flowers,
The campfires are our delight.

Sparks that upward fly,
Then as they reach the sky,
Memories flood in and warmth prevails,
Fore those who climb the Scouting trails.

Whose hand above the flame is lifted,
Shall be with magic touch engifted,
Brother Scouts, the campfire is open.

From the North,
From the South,
From the East,
From the West,
May good Scouting come to you always.

May shadows that surround us in the night,
Be swept away in firelights glow;
Let spirits rise, and let us all delight
In the songs we know.

Tall trees that reach the sky,
Mountains and lakes nearby;
Draw near my friends,
Come sing my friends,
Our campfire time is nigh.

The fire is lit, come lift your voice;
Let song and skit beguile the hours;
The fire is lit, so let's rejoice,
Our hearts are full, the night is ours.

Come, come, light up the fire,
Come, come, join in the ring,
Here find dreams to inspire,
Stories to tell, songs to sing.

Come what may,
Time and hours run through the roughest day,
Let fun and laughter now our hearts beguile,
And let's forget our troubles for awhile.

These things I have loved;
Starlight and the smell of burning wood,
The flaming campfire,
And the joy of friends close by.

Friends are for caring, when the whole world's down,
Friends are for laughing, when the whole world frowns;
Friends are for good times, when the road is long,
Friends are for sharing, around a campfire.

A little bit of kindness, to each other now and then;
A little bit of blindness to the faults of others when;
A little bit of happiness, a lively Scouting smile;
A little bit of friendship, we'll find its all worthwhile.

I have known the peace of the silent hills,
Have learned, whate'er betide,
Though paths of life turn east and west,
Camp friends can ne'er divide.

Wood smoke at eventide soothes the soul,
And makes an easy ladder for a prayer;
May the smoke of this fire carry your thoughts heavenward,
And make your hearts strong for Scouting.

As our campfire smoke curls upward,
May all that is evil go along with it,
And may some kind evening breeze waft it away,
Never to be seen again,
And may peace and deep contentment be our lot.

As our campfire grows and grows,
Let the smoke from its flames rise to
Carry our troubles and bad thoughts away,
Never to be seen again.
Let the heat of its flames warm us all, and,
As we share its warmth,
We share each other's peace and contentment.

Onward and upward day by day,
Straight is the course, and narrow the way,
But others before us, the path have trod,
And the top of the hill is the heart of God.

The North Wind brings the cold that brings endurance,
(Torch bearer comes into the circle from the north)
The South Wind brings the warmth of friendship,
(Torch bearer comes into the circle from the south)
The East Wind brings the light of day,
(Torch bearer comes into the circle from the east)
The West Wind, from the direction where the sun sinks, brings night and stars.
(Torch bearer comes into the circle from the west)
(On direction from the leader, all light fire)

May this campfire be good medicine,
Where fellowship, adventure, and fun go side by side.

By these clear waters,
Stand the tents of our Pack (Troop) .
Dark behind them stands the forest.
Oh, Great Spirit in heaven,
Send us a flame to light our campfire,
That we may for this be grateful,
Oh, Great Spirit we ask this of thee;
Send us fire, and we shall praise thee.
(Fire is lit)
Thank you Great Spirit in heaven,
For this fire and the friendship we will share tonight.

Behold the campfire, my young wolves,
May its flames clean our hearts.
Let no unfriendly thoughts remain,
Let no hurting words be spoken.
Keep the spirit of this campfire in your heart,
For, together, its flame makes us stronger.

Oh Fire!
Long years ago when our fathers fought with great animals,
You were the protection.
From the cruel cold of winter, you saved them.
When they needed food, you changed the flesh of beast
Into savory meat for them.
During all the ages
Your mysterious flame has been a symbol
To them for spirit.
So tonight we light our fire in remembrance of the
Great Spirit who gave you to us.

Where the campfire's dusky smoke
Blends with the eventide,
I can breathe that smoke once more
And live by nature's signs,
The mountain torrent's muffled roar,
The silence of the pines.

Camping time is here again
The maple leaves are falling,
This is the glorious season when
The out-of-doors is calling.