

Campfire Closings

The Campfire Closings are provided by Hans Hussman

As darkness creeps into our circle of light,
Embers that glow and sigh
Draw our friendship circle closer,
Whisper memories that will not die;
God's magic danced in our fire's flames,
And fills the gathering night
With mystery and a wondrous peace.
That bids safe sleep 'til morning's light.

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

Once you have been a camper,
Something has come to stay
Something has come that nothing
Will ever take away.
We came as strangers, we became friends, we part as brothers.

The day was long; we've worked and played,
And round this fire, we've good friends made;
We've shared a friendship fine and deep,
And now this circle leaves to sleep.

A fire, in it's later life, goes dim.
No longer does it have the fierce brightness of it's youth.
Still, it gives a gentle, steady warmth, just as an elderly man or woman shares the
warmth of understanding and the steadiness of experience.

And, this is a fact of life: all things must die.
The memory of those passed on lives deep and dear in our hearts.
This fire will fade to cold ash, but it's flame will glow in our memory
- Leader, May '91.

Around the fire's glow the silent night
Pressed close and closer to the dying flame,
And in the narrowing circle of it's light
Closer and closer to its heart we came.

Wood and water, wind and tree,
Wisdom, strength and courtesy,
Scouting favour go with thee.

Sparkling Thoughts

You need enough sugar to give everyone in the circle a small handful. After the closing, ask the group to gather around the dying embers. Pass around the jar of sugar and quietly ask people to take some and hold onto it. When everyone is ready, together toss the sugar on the fire. You can compare the flashing sparks and quick flames to happy thoughts or simply enjoy these happy thoughts in silence.

When through the woods and forest glades I wander,
And hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees,
When I look from lofty mountain grandeur,
And hear the brook and hear the gentle breeze,
Then sings my soul, my saviour God to Thee,
How great thou art, how great Thou art.

Where little furred and feathered folk,
In leafy coverts hide,
And where the campfire's dusky smoke,
Blends with the eventide,
I want to breathe that smoke once more,
And live by nature's signs,
And mountain torrents muffled roar,
The silence of the pines.

Whatever you are, be noble.
Whatever you do, do well.
Whenever you speak, speak kindly,
Spread happiness wherever you dwell.

There is a destiny that makes us all brothers
None goes his way alone.
What we put into the lives of others,
Comes back into our own.

We came as strangers,
We became friends,
We part as brothers.

Wood and water, wind and tree,
Wisdom, strength and courtesy,
Jungle favor go with thee.

I sought my soul, but my soul I could not see,
I sought my God, but God eluded me,
I sought my brother -- and found all three.

(After a rainy day)
It ain't no use to grumble and complain,
It's just cheap and easy to rejoice,
When God sorts out the weather and sends rain,
Why? Rain's my choice.

By the blazing council's firelight,
We have met in comradeship tonight,
Round among 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 friendships strong and deep,
Till we meet again.

Slowly the flames flicker and fade,
As friends of each this fire has made,
Black ashes now, once were livid coals,
Reminders to us of Scouting's goals.

May the spirit of Scouting rest with you,
May the blessing of God remain with you,
To each of the message true,
Scouting will stand or fall by you.

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

Deep peace of the running stream 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.

Did you ever watch the campfire, when the wood has fallen low,
And the ashes start to whiten round the embers crimson glow,
Tell me, were you ever nearer to the land of hearts desire,
Than when you sat there thinking with your face towards the fire.

(to the tune of Taps)

Day is done, gone the sun,
From the lake, from the hills, from the sky,
All is well, safely rest, God is nigh.

Around the fire's glow, the silent night,
Pressed close and closer to the dying flame,
And in the narrowing circle of its light,
Closer and closer to its heart we came.

A fire, in its later life, goes dim. No longer does it have the fierce brightness of its youth. Still, it gives a gentle, steady warmth, just as an elderly man or woman shares the warmth of understanding and the steadiness of experience.

And, this is a fact of life: all things must die. The memory of those passed-on lives deep and dear in our hearts. This fire will fade to cold ash, but its flame will glow in our memory.

- Greybeard

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

Those trees have served us well,
That have brought warmth and cheer
To our campfire.
May we, like these, bring warmth and cheer,
To the lives of others.

And so, before we close our eyes in sleep,
Let us pledge each other that we'll keep
Scouting friendships, strong and deep,
Till we meet again.

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 good Scouting.

Now Chil the kite brings home the night,
That Mang the bat sets free.
The herds are shut in byre and hut,
For loosed till dawn are we.
This is the hour of pride and power,
Talon, tusk and claw.
Oh, hear the call -- Good Hunting all,
That keep the Jungle Law.

Day is dying in the west,
Heaven is touching earth with rest;
Wait and worship while the night
Sets her evening lamps alight,
Thro' all the sky.

To do our best each day
Is our aim in every way;
Be with us good, through the night;
That tomorrow we might
Perform our duties, learn and play,
Grow ever stronger, the Scouting way.

My Friends -
The coals of the council fire burn low,
Our council is nearly ended;
Let the smoke of the dying embers,
Carry our prayers to the Great Spirit;
Our council is ended.

The embers of our campfire
Are now slowly dying,
The birds and wood folk
have gone to thier rest.

The stars shining o'er us,
Their light shines before us;
Oh God of nature,
Grant to us a perfect peace.

37) Let's remember the food we've shared,
The games we've played, the songs we've sung;
Let's remember all of these things.

Let's remember the skit's we've played,
The hikes we've hiked, the problems we've shared;
Let's remember all of these things.

Let's remember the games we've played,
The friends we've made, the fires we've burned;
Let's remember all of these things.

Yes, let's remember all of these things;
I now declare this council fire closed,
Its memories stored forever in our hearts and minds.

May you sleep deep and wake refreshed,
With the sun shining down on you and a happy heart.

Zulu Farewell-

Go well and safely, go well and safely, go well and safely, the Lord be ever with you.
Stay well and safely, stay well and safely, stay well and safely, the Lord be ever with
you.

Once you have been a camper,
Something has come to stay,
Something has come that nothing
Will ever take away.
We came as strangers, we became friends, we part as brothers.

LAST CAMPFIRES

Comes the last day of many days,
The last campfire of all too few,
Last - but not lost.
In years ahead,
These times our memories shall renew.

Each campfire lights anew,
A flame of friendship true,
The joy we've had in knowing you,
Will last the whole year through.

Now as we close our last campfire,
Let's pause for a moment and praise
The Almighty God who saw fit to inspire
Our founder, who gave us these days.
May the Lord grant us His blessing,
And fill our hearts with the spirit
Of truth and peace, now and forever more.

Try this at a closing campfire. Each of the eight speakers holds up a large card showing his or her letter. You can spell out just about any word that has meaning to the people at your campfire.

M is for the memories we share tonight-the memories of camp.
O is for the opportunities we have to grow together, to learn new skills, and to share fellowship around this campfire tonight.
S is for the super things we have done here and the super people we have met and made our friends.
Q is for the quiet times we experience together times to reflect and give thanks.
U is for the ultimate peacefulness of the outdoors.
I is for the inspiration we receive from nature and from our friends.
T is for the terrific leaders who have been with us at camp.
O is for "On with the Show!"
Put them all together, and what do you have?

MOSQUITO!