

TRAIL BLAZER CAMPS



Rooftree Revisited

**A Compendium of
Original LC/TBC Songs,
Early “Life Lifer” Favorites,
LC/TBC Ceremonial Songs,
TBC Girls’ Camp Small Camp Songs,
and Bird Songs**

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Inside cover

Acknowledgments

This song book was created by Juanita Barrena for Trail Blazer Camps, and is a re-envisioning of the publication *Rooftree* (1980, © Trail Blazer Camps) authored by Jane Granzow and Sandra Running.

Trail Blazer Camps recognizes the monumental role that Lois Goodrich's leadership played in Trail Blazers' history and in creating the rich cultural legacy that is documented in this book.

Trail Blazer Camps is indebted to the counselors who, during the course of their work with campers, created songs that capture Trail Blazers' unique program, environment and experiences.

And, finally, Trail Blazer Camps thanks the many members of the Trail Blazer community who have contributed facts and ideas for this collection, reviewed drafts, and have been helpful and supportive in so many ways.

Dear Reader,

This song book was created for Trail Blazer Camps (TBC) by Juanita Barrena (former TBC camper and counselor), and is a re-envisioning of the publication *Rooftree* (1980, © Trail Blazer Camps) authored by Jane Granzow (former TBC Nurse) and Sandra Running (former TBC counselor). Although there are hundreds of songs in TBC's repertoire, this compendium, like the 1980 edition of *Rooftree*, includes a subset of songs that were created by TBC counselors during the course of their work with campers (indicated by a ©) and/or help to tell the story of TBC's unique history, program and environment.

Like the original *Rooftree*, this publication also includes historical narrative. However, unlike the 1980 edition, where the narrative prefaces a collection of photographs and songs, and the emphasis is on capturing the beauty and craftsmanship of the Mashipacong estate that TBC calls home; in this revision, the narrative is interspersed and the emphasis is on how the songs tell the story of Trail Blazer Camps.

Unfortunately, the story of Trail Blazer Camps, like many camps in the United States, includes instances of misappropriation of "Native American-inspired" practices in its program, while failing to sufficiently acknowledge and teach campers about the specific Native Lenape people who were driven from the land where the camp is located. Not surprisingly, this is also reflected in some of the songs in this booklet, especially those written in the late 1930's/early 1940's. Indeed, some of the songs include racial stereotypes and language that is known to be offensive. Although we have included all the original songs from that era of Trail Blazers' long history, it is important to note that Trail Blazers is actively engaged in reviewing all of its policies and practices to ensure that they promote diversity, equity, inclusion and a sense of belonging for members of all groups.

The songs in this book have been organized into groups that are accompanied by narratives that explain the origin of the songs and how they relate to TBC history, program, and environment. A few additional songs that are linked to specific elements of TBC’s history and traditions have also been included. In most cases, these additions are either copyrighted by TBC or it has been ascertained that these songs are in the “public domain.” In the case of songs that were not included in the 1980 collection, are not in the public domain, or copyright is believed to be owned by an entity other than TBC, the title of the song and other information about the song are included, but lyrics are not.

The narrative relating to TBC’s organizational history draws heavily from the 1980 edition of *Roofree* and Juanita’s research on TBC over the years. However, much of the narrative relating to the use of songs is anecdotal, drawn from the personal memories of members of the TBC community passed between generations. Therefore, as in the game of telephone, the story that comes out at the end may be different from the story told at the beginning; and, we apologize for any discrepancies between the two.

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“SONGS FROM MASHIPACONG”

The songs in this section are original songs from the booklet *SONGS from “MASHIPACONG” LIFE GIRLS’ CAMP, Summer, 1942*, published by Life Camps. These songs were created by counselors (primarily Dorothy Van Kirk and Doris Falk Stillman) during the course of their employment at Life Camps and as part of their work with campers. Copyrights to the individual songs and *SONGS FROM MASHIPACONG* booklet are claimed by Trail Blazer Camps as successor to Life Camps. The front cover is reprinted on p. 9, along with the acknowledgement made on the inside cover. On the pages that follow, lyrics to each of the booklet songs along with a description of the song’s use over the years are printed on the left hand page (even #) and sheet music, lyrics and illustrations from the booklet are reprinted on the right page (odd #)

Trail Blazer Camps’ origin story begins in 1887 as **Life’s Fresh Air Farm** in Branchville, CT, established by John Mitchell, editor of *Life*, a popular humor magazine of the time (the predecessor of *LIFE* magazine, the famous photo journal). With support primarily from *Life*’s readership, groups of ~200 children were able to spend 2 weeks in the country at Life’s “Farm.” In 1923, a second property in Pottersville, NJ, was obtained for a second farm for boys called Camp Raritan and the Branchville property became the camp for Girls. Initially, the children lived in dormitories and most activities were centralized. However, in 1925, L.B. Sharp was appointed Executive Director of what became known as Life Camps; and, by 1930, “small group decentralized camping” was introduced. Lois Goodrich arrived as a counselor in 1931, and became Director of the Girls’ Camp in 1934. Eventually, *Life* began to fail financially; and, in 1936, was purchased by **TIME, Inc.** to create the photo journal *LIFE*. Fortunately, **TIME** decided to keep supporting Life Camps; and, in 1937, a third camp for older boys, Camp Raritan, was established in Matamoras, PA. In 1938, Doris Duke, the tobacco heiress and philanthropist, purchased the 1000 acre Mashipacong estate in Montague Township, NJ for the Girls’ Camp to accommodate expansion of the new model of decentralized camping (Branchville was only 14 acres), and the Girls’ Camp moved to the property in 1939, with Lois Goodrich as the Girls’ Camp Director. In 1952, **TIME/LIFE** discontinued its support of Life Camps and Lois Goodrich led the effort to reopen the Girls Camp and bring the Boys’ Camp Raritan to Mashipacong. And, in 1953, Life Camps was renamed Trail Blazer Camps and has continued to this day without missing a year of operation.

SONGS
from
"MASHIPACONG"
LIFE GIRLS' CAMP
Summer, 1942



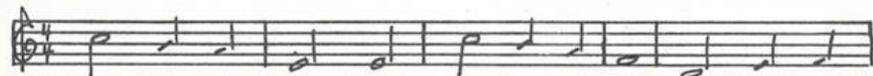
Acknowledgement is hereby made to Dorothy Van Kirk and Doris Falk and the other counselors who have given patient and skillful leadership in helping the children create these songs. The songs are illustrated from tracings the girls had made for their camp paper.

Indian Night© The song is identified with the small camp Amadahi, which was one of the first 10 small camps at Mashipacong, but was discontinued in 1940. In later years, The song was sometimes sung by the small camp Unami (also one of the original 10) until replaced by the song “Land of the Silver Birch”).

Soft is the night breeze,
Gentle and cool,
Rustling the tall trees,
Rippling the pool,
High in the heavens,
Star sparks of light,
Moon god of darkness,
Silvers the night.
Shimmering teepees,
Smoke curling high,
Red man finds peace,
Great Spirit is nigh.



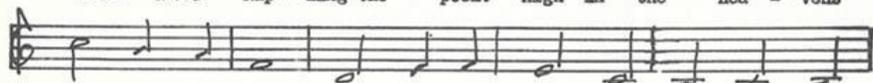
INDIAN NIGHT
Amadahi



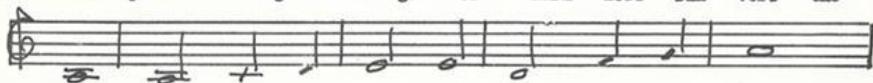
Soft is the night breeze Gen-tle and cool. Rust-ling the



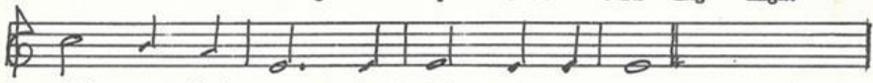
tall trees Rip-ling the pool. High in the hea-vens



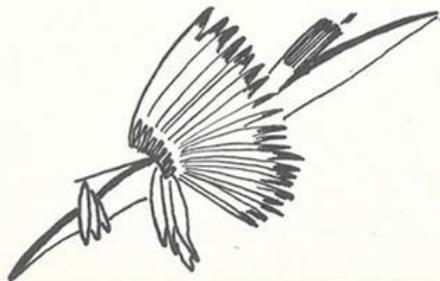
Star sparks of light Moon god of dark-ness Sil-vers the



night. Shim-mer-ing tee-pees Smoke curl-ing high.



Red man finds peace, Great Spir-it is nigh.



Sparkling Day © May have been used as an early Trail Blazers small camp song, but also sung by all, especially as a hiking song. Although Trail Blazers was one of the original 10 Mashipacong small camps, it was discontinued for several years. It was re-established in 1954, the year after the entire camp took on its name. For most of Trail Blazers small camp history, the group sang “My Little Mule Wagon” written by Arthur Schwartz and Howard Dietz for the 1936 film “Under Your Spell.”

This is a sparkling day
The kind of day for taking a hike
The kind of day that all of us like
This is a sparkling day.

This is a hiking day
With winds that blow
Your worries and sighs
Above the trees and up to the skies.

With brooks to cross and
Mountains to climb and
Trails to follow
Forgetting the time.

It's hike, hike, hike, hike
Ah, ah, ah, ah
This is a sparkling day.



SPARKLING DAY
Trailblazers

This is a sparkling day The kind of day for tak-ing a hike The
 kind of day that all of us like This is a spark-ling day.

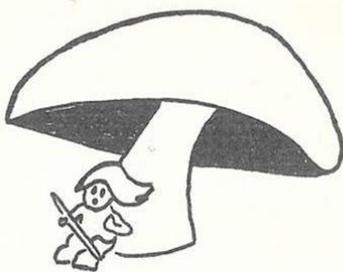
This is a hik-ing day With winds that blow your worries and sighs A-
 bove the trees and up to the skies With brooks to cross and
 mountains to climb and trails to fol-low for-getting the time, Its hike, hike,
 hike, hike, Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah, This is a sparkling day .



Pixie Song© Created for “Under the Toadstool.” This small camp was established in 1940 and its name was changed to Pixieland (Pixies) in 1945. The song continued to be used as a Pixie small camp song, with the addition of “I thought I saw a Pixie” as a second Pixie song in later years.

If you ever see a Pixie smiling,
Won't you smile, won't you smile along.
If you ever see a Pixie singing,
Won't you join, won't you join the song.
But, if you ever see a Pixie crying,
That will never, never do.
Just take that little Pixie,
Underneath a toad stool,
And she'll smile at you.

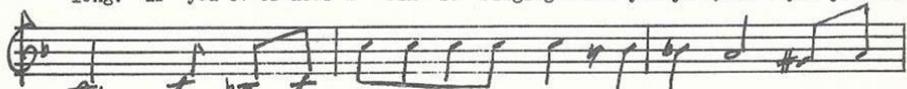
PIXIE SONG
Under the Toadstool



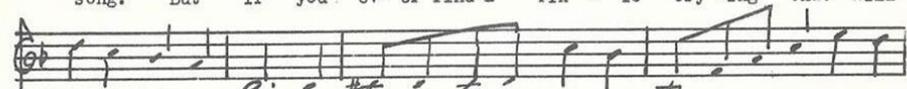
If you ev-er see a Pix-ie smiling Won't you smile won't you smile a-



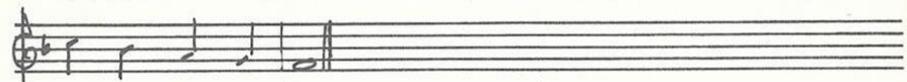
long. If you ev-er hear a Pix- ie singing Won't you join, won't you join the



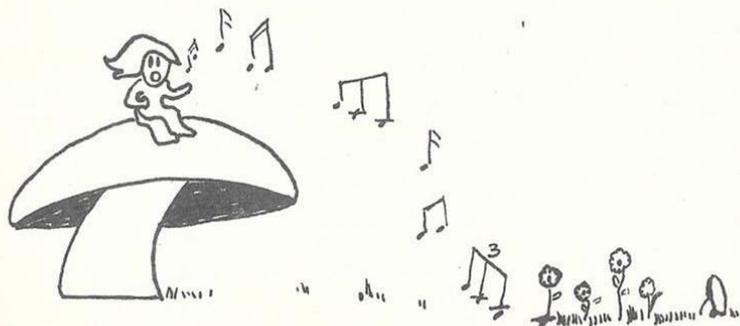
song. But if you ev-er find a Pix - ie cry -ing that will



ne-ver, ne- ver do. Just take that lit -tle Pix -ie Un-- der-neath a toadstool



And she'll smile at you.



Burrito's Lullaby© Written during a year when a baby donkey named Burrito was born. May have been a Fern Hill Farm song, but soon became an all camp song, The song is also often associated with the memory of Nita Baumgardner, long term summer Assistant Director, who established one of the earliest decentralized small camps (Donkey Trail) in Connecticut, and who could always be counted on to cajole the donkeys into being somewhat cooperative. Nita also called Fern Hill Farm (est. in 1941) her summer home during most of her tenure.

Sigh, Burrito, Sigh
Sigh, Burrito, Sigh
Now gone the golden sky Now
gone the golden sky Slowly
fade the clouds of rose
Little burro's eyelids close, so
Sigh, Burrito, sigh
Sigh, Burrito, sigh

Sleep, Burrito, Sleep
Sleep, Burrito, sleep
The woods are dark and deep
The woods are dark and deep
But, your mother's side is warm
Little burro fear no harm, so
Sleep, Burrito, sleep
Sleep, Burrito, sleep

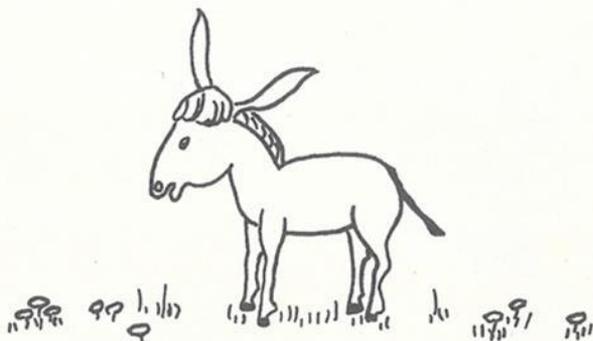
Wake, Burrito, Wake
Wake, Burrito, Wake
The silver night clouds break
The silver night clouds break
All the shining meadows say
Little burro come and play, so
Wake Burrito, wake
Wake, Burrito, wake!

BURRITO'S LULLABY
Fern Hill Farm

Sigh, Burrito sigh. Sigh Burri - to sigh. Now gone the gold - en
sky, Now gone the gold-en sky. Slow-ly fades the clouds of rose
Lit -tle Bur-ro's eye-lids close, So |Sigh, Bur - ri - to sigh,
1st Ending & 2nd Ending 3rd Ending
Sigh, Bur - ri - to Sigh.

2nd. Sleep, Burrito, Sleep
Sleep, Burrito. Sleep
The Woods are dark and deep
The woods are dark and deep
But your mother's side is warm
Little Burro fear no harm, so
Sleep, Burrito, Sleep
Sleep, Burrito, Sleep.

3rd. Wake, Burrito, Wake
Wake, Burrito, Wake
The silver night clouds break
The silver night clouds break
All the shining meadows say
Little Burro come and play, so
Wake, Burrito, Wake
Wake, Burrito, Wake.



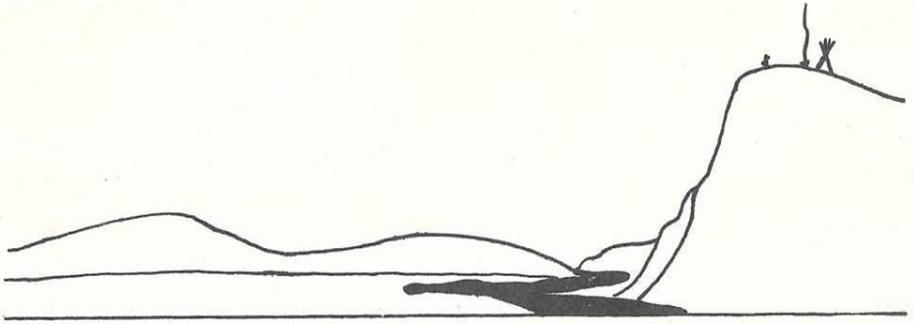
High Far Seeing Places© Written by Camper Leaders in 1941 and identified in the booklet with Homesteaders (one of the first 10 Mashipacong small camps), but was sung as an all camp song for many years. In the 1980's, the song was adopted by Aquila as their small camp song, but also persisted as a kind of LC/TBC "Theme Song" to sing at major TBC gatherings. The song is also often associated with the memory of Lois Goodrich, long term Director of the Life Camp's Girls' Camp, who led the reincorporation of Life Camp as Trail Blazer Camps when LIFE abandoned its support, and who served as Executive Director from 1957-1980. In many ways, the song reflects both the actual story of Lois's wagon train journey as a child from the lower plains of Texas to the high plains of the Llano Estacado escarpment of West Texas and her pioneering spirit in all things.

High far seeing places
From the valley's lowly plain,
Stir the pioneer within me,
Make my soul stretch forth again

My plodding feet be quickened
To a rhythm strong and sure
And the mountains lure me onward,
Higher up and high.

To the crested peak I go,
And the valley falls below me.
My horizon lies beyond
Each tow'ring mountain rim.

Hum the first two verses and then sing the last verse with gusto



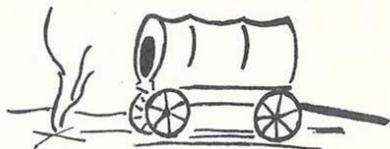
HIGH FAR SEEING PLACES
Homesteaders

High far see-ing pla-ces From the val-ley's low-ly plain. Stir the
Pi - o - neer with- in me, Make my soul stretch forth a- gain My
Plod- ding feet be- quick - en to a rhy- thm strong and sure And the
Moun- tains lure me on- ward High- er up and high. To the
crested peak I go, And the val- ley falls be- low me. My ho-
ri - zon lies be - yond each tow 'ring moun - tain rim.

Rolling Along© Probably sung as a small camp song by Pioneers (established in 1934 in Connecticut when Lois Goodrich acquired the first set of farm wagons, and one of the original Mashipacong 10). The song was later replaced by two other original Pioneer small camp songs (“The Road is Never too Rocky,” and “Silently Flows the Little Brook”).

Rolling along, rolling along
O'er quagmire and trail they went
Rolling along, rolling along,
Rolling along, Rolling along.
Undaunted by danger
Both cowman and ranger
Joined hands in the task
And went rolling along
Rolling along, rolling along
O'er prairie and ford they went
Rolling along
Not deepest of rivers,
Not winds that sent shivers
Could stop wagon trains
From just rolling along
Rolling along, rolling along
O'er desert and field they went
Rolling along, rolling along
They turned all the wasteland
To ranches and farmland
'Twas then that the wagon stopped
Rolling along.

ROLLING ALONG
Pioneers



Rolling along Rolling along O'er quagmire and trail they went rolling along Rolling a-
long. Rolling along Un - daunted by dan - ger Both cow - man and ran - ger Joined
hands in the task And went rolling a - long Rolling a - long Rolling a - long O'er
prairie and ford they went ro-----lling a - long. Not deepest of riv - ers, not
winds that sent shi-vers Could stop wagon trains from just rolling a-long Rolling a-
long, Rolling a-long O'er desert and field they went ro---lling a-long. Rolling a-
long, Rolling a-long They turned all the wasteland to ran-ches and farm-land, T'was
then that the wa - gon stopped Ro-----lling a - long.



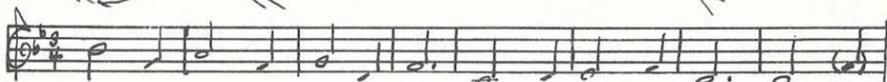
Fallen Chestnut© Originally sung by the small camp Outpost (established in 1940, dissolved in 1944) and later by Hermit Glen, but soon became incorporated into the core repertoire of LC/TBC original songs to sing at major gatherings. When the song was written the small camp's pow-wow circle was surrounded by large limbs from a giant American Chestnut tree that had been killed by chestnut blight. One of the limbs curved around the circle (the curved embrace at the end of the song).

Once the tree was green and brown,
Now it's gray and bare.
A fallen giant silvery smooth,
We see it lying there.
Sleeping in the forest still,
Silhouette in light.
Sharing secrets with the moon,
Guardian of the night.

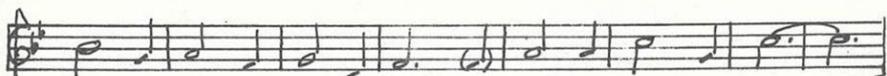
Secrets of the woodland folk,
Elves and Pixies too.
Secrets of the timid deer,
Browsing in the dew.
From its branches I would swing.
Far out into space,
Or sit with quiet thoughts and rest,
Within its curved embrace.



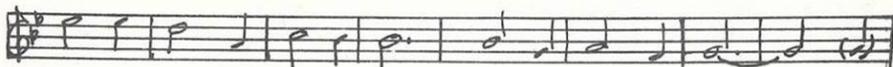
FALLEN CHESTNUT
Outpost



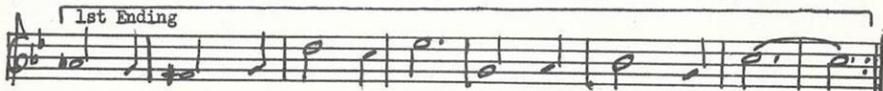
1. Once the tree was green and brown, Now its gray and bare . A
2. Se - crets of the woodland folk, Elves and Pix - ies too.



fall-en gi - ant sil-very smooth We see it ly - ing there .
Se - crets of the tim-id deer Browsing in the dew .



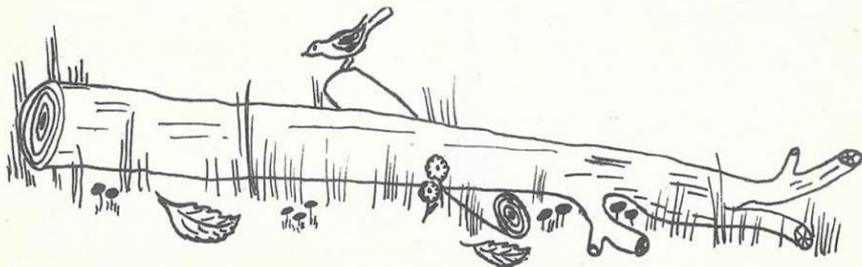
Sleeping in the for-est still Sil-hou - ette in light .
From its bran-ches I would swing Far out in - to space Or



Shar-ing sec - rets with the moon, Guar-dian of the night .



Sit with qui - et thoughts and rest with-in its curved em - brace.



Indian World© Originally sung by the small camp Laynee (established in 1940, but soon dissolved), and later by Awanasa (established in 1944) for many years, until replaced by two other original Awanasa songs. For many years, a Thunderbird totem was a hallmark of the Awanasa small camp (hence the reference to “thunder god” in the last stanza.

Over the valley high above, Stand
the mountain tops, Pattering
comes the friendly rain, Silver
arrow drops.

In the deep dark forest,
Stand the tall green trees,
Sloping down so gently,
Rocking with the breeze.

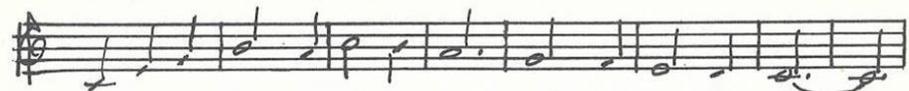
Living in teepees cozy warm,
Indian braves so tall,
High in the clouds, the thunder god,
Watches over all.

INDIAN WORLD

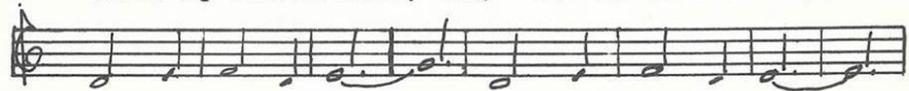
Laynee



O - ver the val - ley high a - bove, Stand the moun - tain tops.



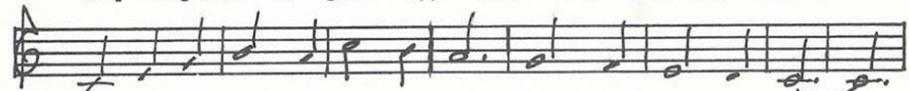
Pat - ter - ing comes the friendly rain, Sil - ver ar - row drops.



In the deep dark for - est Stand the tall green trees,



Slop - ing down so gent - ly, Rock - ing with the breeze.



Liv - ing in tee - pees co - zy warm In - dian braves so tall.



High in the clouds the thun - der god Wat - ches o - - - - - ver all.



THE GARDEN SONG© Originally sung by the small camp Brae Tarn (established in 1940), but soon became incorporated into the core repertoire of LC/TBC songs to sing at major gatherings (and in the garden, of course). Brae Tarn's song later became the original "How Beautiful our Woodland by the Lake." The song is often associated with the memory of Betty Faust, long term Associate Director of TBC, because of her love of gardening and the small camp Brae Tarn (where she had been a counselor and which was her summer small camp home).

Some people think that work is work,
And some think work is play.
Gard'ning used to seem like work,
until the other day
I felt the soil between my hands,
The soil so rich and brown.
I dropped the seeds along the row,
And gently pressed them down

And then I looked across blue hills,
Where rain clouds gathered low.
I breathed the prayer of pioneers,
To make my garden grow.
My garden grow.

THE GARDEN SONG

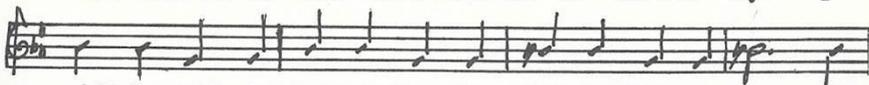
Brae Tarn



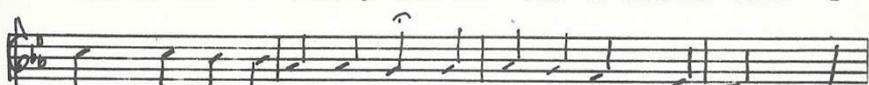
Some peo - ple think that work is work And some think work is play.



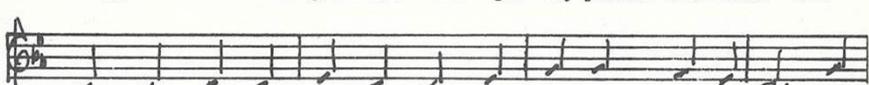
Gard 'ning used to seem like work un - til the oth - er day. I



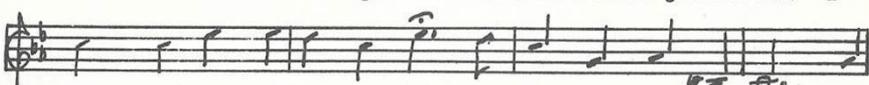
felt the soil be - tween my hands the soil so rich and brown. I



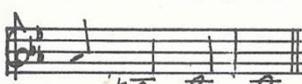
dropped the seeds a - long the row And gen - tly pressed them down. And



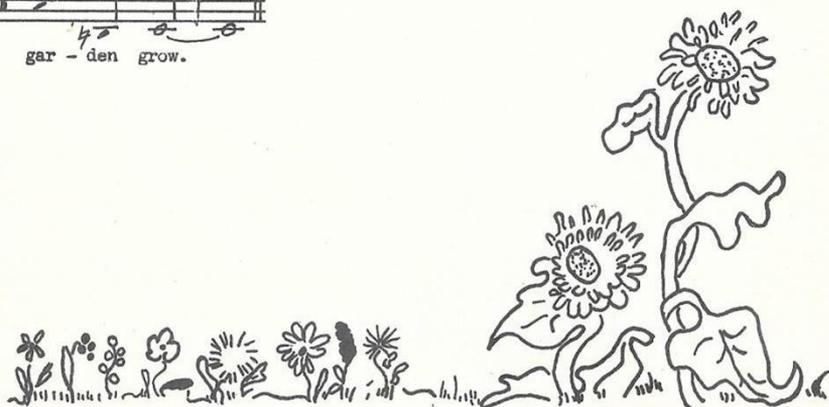
then I looked a - cross green hills Where rain clouds gathered low. I



breathed the prayer of Pi - o - neers To make my gar - den grow - My

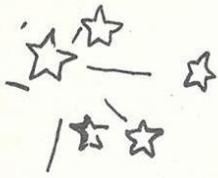


gar - den grow.



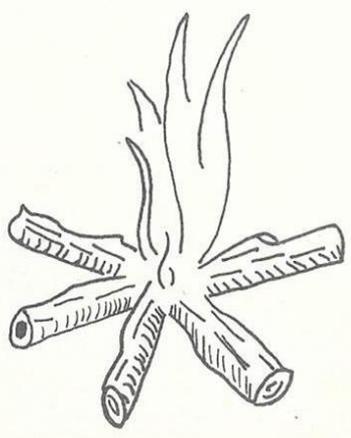
Evening Song© May have been sung by Timber Ridge (one of the original Mashipacong 10) as their small camp song, but replaced by the LC/TBC Timber Ridge Song (“Timber Timber”) by Elizabeth Roller in 1946. Unfortunately, Evening Song did not persist for very long in the LC/TBC repertoire of songs.

Rustling of trees in still of night
Fires that gleam so bright
Shadows that dance around the fire
Twinkling stars of light
Birches of night that bend quite low
Breeze blowing soft and strong
Circle of friends around the fire
Join our evening song.



EVENING SONG
Timber Ridge

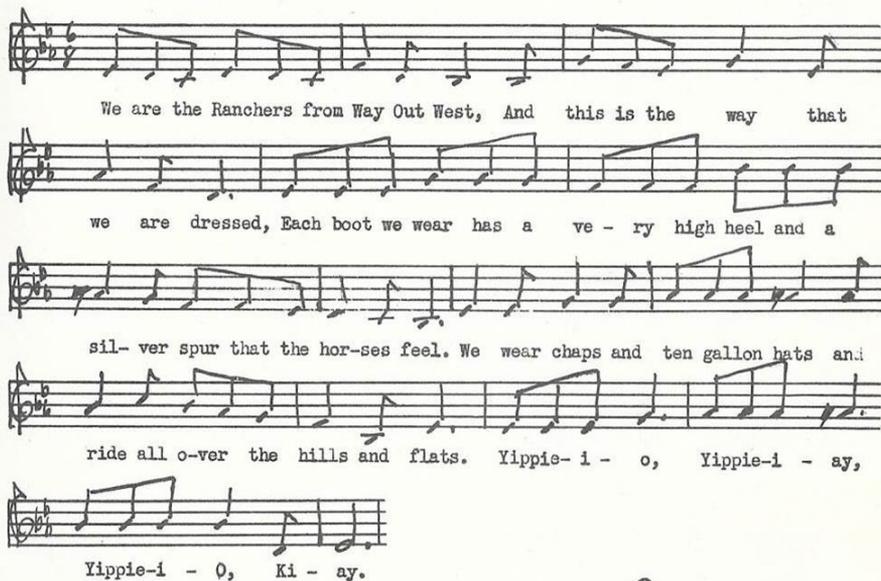
Rust - ling of trees in still of night, Fir - es that
gleam so bright. Shad - ows that dance a - round the
fire, Twink - ling stars of light . Birches of night that
bend quite low. Breeze blowing soft and strong. Cir - cle of
friends a - round the fire Join our even - ing song.



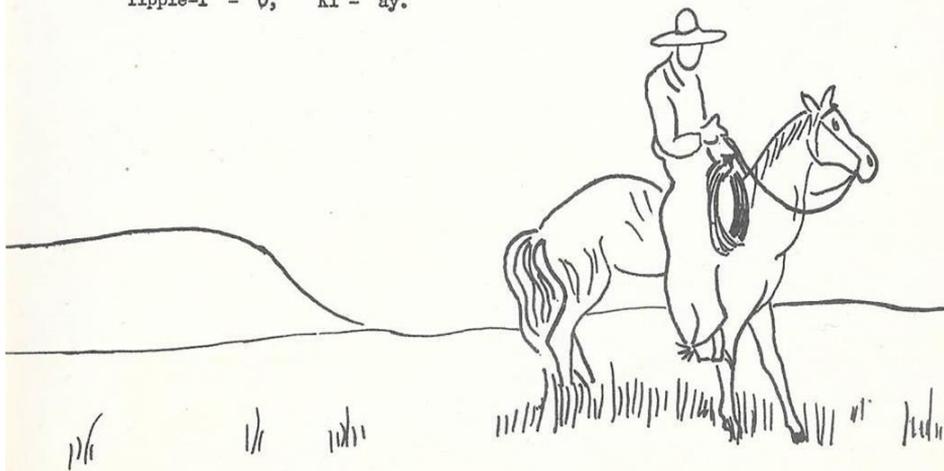
Rancher's Song© Way out West was the name of a short lived Mashipacong small camp (1940 only) . Like the small camp name, the song quickly went out of use.

We are the ranchers from way out west,
And this is the way that we are dressed
Each boot we wear has a very high heel
And silver spur that the horses feel.
We wear chaps and ten gallon hats
And ride over the hills and flats
Yipp-i-ay, Yipp-i-ay

RANCHER'S SONG
Way Out West



We are the Ranchers from Way Out West, And this is the way that
we are dressed, Each boot we wear has a ve - ry high heel and a
sil - ver spur that the hor - ses feel. We wear chaps and ten gallon hats and
ride all o-ver the hills and flats. Yippie-i - o, Yippie-i - ay,
Yippie-i - o, Ki - ay.



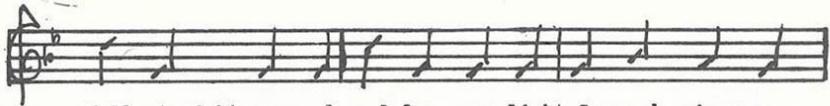
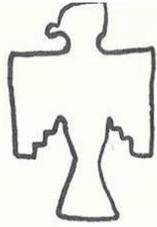
Indian Corn©: Probably sung by the small camp Unami (one of the original Mashipacong 10) during the early years; but for most years, the small camp sang “Indian Night” and/or “Land of the Silver Birch,” a Canadian folk song from the 1920’s, and the Indian Corn song did not persist in the TBC repertoire.

Tall straight rows of yellow sunlight
Sun god gives us golden food. Springing
from the brown earth mother
Corn that whistles in the breezes.

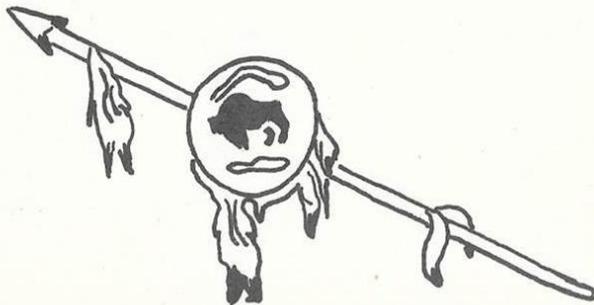
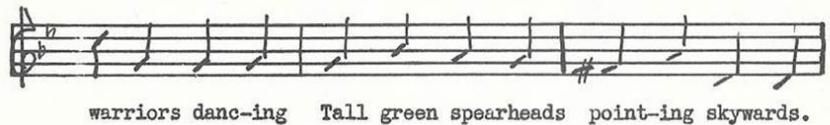
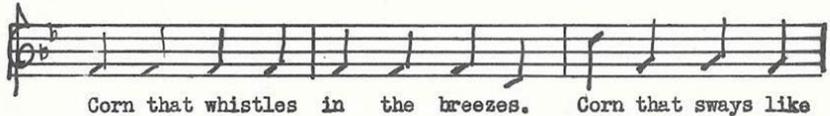
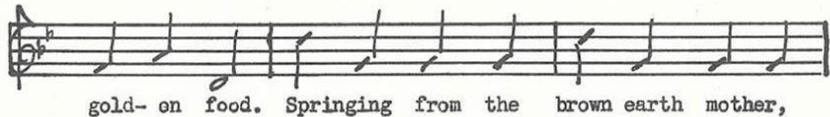
Corn that sways like warriors dancing
Tall Green spearheads pointing skywards.
Meeting arrows of the rain god.
Now Great Spirit gives us harvest
Ever thankful is red brother.



INDIAN CORN
Unami



Tall straight rows of yel-low sun-light Sun god gives us

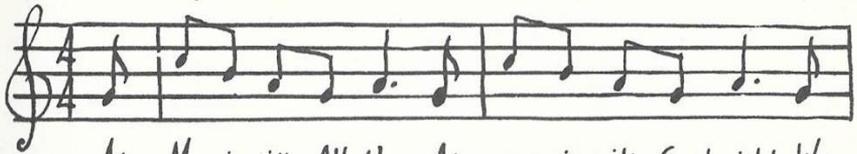


A Pole Bridge Greeting© Written by Vincent Loscalzo, a Pole Bridge camper and counselor. Although the song is included in the *SONGS FROM MASHIPACONG* song book, it differs from all the others, which were songs created at Life Camps Girls' Camp either in Connecticut or Mashipacong. Pole Bridge was one of two of Life Camps Boys' Camps, and from 1939 to 1952, the Mashipacong property was only for Life Camps Girls' Camp. Pole Bridge (which had six small camp groups for older boys) was established in 1937 and was located in Matamoras, PA. Pole Bridge closed in 1947 due to lack of funding. The other Boys' Camp was Camp Raritan, which, from 1925 to 1952, was located on a property in Pottersville, NJ. In 1953, when Life Camps was reopened as Trail Blazer Camps, Lois Goodrich moved what had been Life's Camp Raritan to what had been the Life Camps "National Camp" educational training site on the Mashipacong property (National Camp had recently been moved and reincorporated under the separate leadership of L. B. Sharp). So, in effect, Camp Raritan became the Trail Blazer Camps Boys' Camp on the side of the Lake opposite to the Girls' Camp.

At morning it's All-Up
At evening it's Good-night
We even have a dif'-rent way
To greet you right.
We have no fancy words,
But just to let you know
We greet you with a Pole Bridge Smile
And say Hel-lo.

A Pole Bridge Greeting

V. Loscalzo



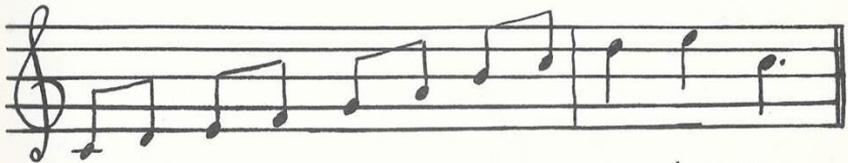
At Mor-ning it's All-Up, At eve-ning it's Good-night, We



e-ven have a dif'-rent way to greet you right. We



have no fan-cy words, but just to let you know, We



greet you with a Pole Bridge Smile and say Hel-lo.

ADDITIONAL LC/TBC ORIGINAL SONGS

The following songs were also written by counselors during the course of their employment and as part of their work with campers at Life Camps (prior to 1953) or Trail Blazer Camps (1953 onward). Again, where known, the counselor author or small camp group origin is given. In each case, copyright to the songs is claimed by Trail Blazer Camps as employer under its current name or as the successor organization of Life Camps.

The Poncho Song© (Probably composed by Dorothy Van Kirk, early 1940's)

The valley deep is laced across
With silver strings of rain
Beneath the heavy dripping leaves
Unhappy birds complain
All furry folk impatiently wait for a sunlit sky
But snug beneath my poncho
I am warm and dry
Let torrents roar
Let winds ride high
Snug beneath my poncho
I am warm and dry.

Winding Road© (By Dorothy Van Kirk, early 1940's)

We're off on a road
A winding road
Not very smooth or wide
But any road's fun
'Neath sky and sun
A hand to hold
A joke to be told
And a river to journey beside.

All roads through years
Are winding roads
Not very smooth or wide
But God be thanked
For sun and sky
For hands to hold
And jokes to be told
And rivers to journey beside.

Blue Skies, Sunshine© (Written by Awanasa
pre-camp counselor group in ~1973)

Blue skies, sunshine, wind in the trees
I like it!
Birds trill, flute-like, blossoms on the breeze

These paths are so familiar now,
Yet each day we're aware
Of how much more there is to see
And how much more to share

Working all together now,
Lending helping hands,
I like it
We're as one big family
Though we're from many lands

The time is now, the place is here
The company is right
The peace I know,
The joy I feel together every night

I feel alive and whole inside
I really like this day!

EARLY “LIFE LIFER” FAVORITES

The term “Life Lifer” (shortened to LL) is derived from the Life Camps’ motto “Once a Life Camper, a camper for life.” The term has been used over much of camp’s history to refer to camper alumni, regardless of the location they attended or whether they attended camp when it was named Life Camps (before 1953) or Trail Blazer Camps (after 1953),. However, it was coined by and initially applied only to alumnae of the Girls’ Camp.

A group of camper alumni from the late 1930’s (referred to hereafter as “Early Life Lifers”) played an important role in fostering connections among alumni from the different Life Camp properties of their generation and helped to create a seamless transition across generations of alumni from the multiple Life Camps of yesterday to the single Trail Blazer Camps of today.

In the late 1930’s, the Early Life Lifers of the Girls’ and Boys’ Camps created alumni associations. The Girls’ Camp association, which was called “Life Lifers” (aka, “LL club”) persisted into 1990’s. The Boys’ Camp association, which was called the “Embers Club,” dissolved earlier, and their members were welcomed into the L.L. Club. In 1940, the year after the Girls’ Camp was moved to Mashipacong, these Early Life Lifers built the camp site called “Old Timers Camp” (off the road between the Great Hall and the Barn) that could be used by camper alumni during the summer or during “LL Camp,” the camp session held at the end of summer sessions for children (introduced in early 1940’s and later known as Alumni Camp). Old Timers and LL Camp provided alumni who had “aged out” the opportunity to return to camp to reunite with camp friends, and share their camp experience with their families. Although most of these early Life Lifers have passed away, some of their children and grandchildren, who have themselves been campers and are Life Lifers in their own right, continue to attend Alumni Camp.

The songs in this section were selected because of their association with this group of Early Life Lifers who carried them over to Mashipacong. Most of them are based on traditional camp cheers modified to include the name of Life Camp. Others are traditional camp songs that have persisted in the TBC repertoire .

The Peppiest Camp (derived from a camp song of the 1920's)

The peppiest girls I ever saw,
they never come a poking
If I were to tell you the pep they have,
you'd think I was a joking
It's not the pep of the pepper pot,
or the pep of the popcorn popper
It's not the pep of the mustard jar,
or the pep of the vinegar stopper
It's good old fashioned P E P,
the kind you never doubt
Life Camp, Life Camp,
the peppiest camp about.

Life Camp (likely adapted from a traditional camp cheer)

Life Camp, Oh, Life Camp,
Ever loyal we'll always be.
We will cheer for the black and orange,
And the glory of dear L. C.
True camp spirit, Oh, how we love you.
We will show you by what we do.
Life Camp, Life Camp, Life Camp
We're all for you. Zlggity Boom Rah!

The Spelling Song (undetermined origin)

Some folks come to Life Camp
for the F-U-N they get
Others come for knowledge,
and they get I-T, you bet
But we have come to love the whole B-U-N-C-H
Of all the girls in all the world,
we're the B-E-S-T, best
Halleluia, G-L-O-R-Y,
to Life Camp, now we sing
It's P-E-A-C-H-Y places,
ever you have seen
Ms. G-O-O-D Goodrich
is a member of it too
I think that's S-P-L-E-N-D-E-D,
Don't you? We do!

Witchcraft (adapted from Margaret Snyder's song, copyright registered 1937 by Snyder. Assumed to now be "public domain" since copyright does not appear to have been timely renewed)

If there were witchcraft, I'd make two wishes,
a winding road that beckons me to roam,
and then I'd wish for a blazing campfire, to
welcome me when I'm returning home. But,
in this real world there is no witchcraft
And golden wishes do not grow on trees. Our
fondest day dreams must be the magic
That brings us back our happy memories.
Memories that linger, constant and true,
memories we'll cherish, Life Camps of you.

Council Fire's Light (traditional camp song; also sung by the Boys' Camp as their opening Council Fire Song)

By the blazing council fire's light,
We have met in comradeship tonight.
Round among the whispering trees,
Guard our golden memories.

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

Each Campfire Lights Anew (traditional camp song; also sung by the Boys' Camp as their closing Council Fire song)

Each campfire lights anew,
The flame of friendship true.
The joy we've had in knowing you,
Will last our whole life through.
And as the embers die away,
We wish that we might always stay.
But since we cannot have our way,
We'll come again some other day.

CEREMONIAL SONGS

Pow-Wow Songs : At LC/TBC, the Native American term “Pow-Wow” has been applied to the evening campfire gatherings of each small camp group. One or both of the songs below have been sung as a ceremonial Pow-Wow opening song upon the lighting of the campfire. Before “Kneel Always” was written, “Each Campfire Lights Anew” was sung by the Early Life Lifers at the beginning of Pow-Wow. “Taps” was the ceremonial song used to conclude Pow-Wow.

Kneel Always© (first verse of the poem “Sacrament of Fire” by John Oxenham, ~1917; set to music at TBC in the 1940’s; sung by the Girls’ Camp on lighting the fire)

Kneel Always when you light a fire!
Kneel reverently, and thankful be
For God’s unfailing charity,
And, on the ascending flame inspire
A little prayer, that shall upbear
The incense of your thankfulness
For this sweet grace of warmth and light!
Is here again, a sacrifice
For your delight.

Rise Up O Flame (English chant from the 1600’s, traditionally sung by the Boys’ Camp upon lighting the fire.)

Rise up, O Flame, by thy light glowing
Show to us beauty, vision and joy.

COUNCIL FIRE SONGS: An all-camp “Council Fire” was held at the beginning and end of each session. In the years when the groups for boys and groups for girls were on opposite sides of the lake (or located on different properties) and functioned as quasi-independent communities,

separate “Boys’ Camp” and “Girls’ Camp” Council Fires were held in their respective Council Fire spots. At both Council Fires, the fire was lit with flint and steel, and the children read small camp “scrolls.” At the opening Council Fire, the scrolls were messages to current groups written by small camps from the prior session. At the closing Council Fire, each group read a scroll that they had written to the group that would follow. Singing was a big part of Council Fire with special songs used to open and close the Council Fire. In the Boys’ Camp, “Council Fire’s Light” (p. 41) was sung at the opening and “Each Campfire Lights Anew” (p. 41) was sung at the closing. The next two songs are the Girls’ Camp Council Fire songs.

Down the Shaded Trails of Night© (TBC original, used to open both the first and last Council Fire in the Girls’ Camp, after singing “Kneel Always When You Light a Fire.” Probably created in early 1940 by Dorothy Van Kirk and Doris Falk. Describes the Girls’ Council Fire spot, lighting the fire with flint and steel, and the reading of scrolls).

Down the shaded trails of night
Leaps a spark and gleams a light
Slow the flame and smoke upcurling
Fill the silence, warmth unfurling
God of starlight
God of firelight
Touch our tiny planet whirling.

Where the glow of firelight shines
Dance the shadows of tall pines
Here are heat and light to cheer us
Friends to speak and friends to hear us
God of starlight
God of firelight
Let us feel thy presence near us.

Where My Caravan Has Rested© (derived from the 1910 song by Hermann Lohr (m), and Edward Teschemacher (l); now in the public domain; Traditionally sung in the Girls' Camp at the end of the last Council Fire. During the song at Council Fire, each person leaves a flower on the ground. The song has also often been used by Alumni to commemorate the life and legacy of members of the TBC community. Some of the words and melody are different from the original. Copyright to this revised version is asserted by Trail Blazer Camps.)

Where my caravan has rested
Flowers I leave you on the grass
All the flowers of love and memory
You will find them when you pass
Ah, Ah, Ah Ah Ah
You will find them when you pass

You will understand their meaning
Stoop to kiss them where they lie
All the flowers of love and memory
Leaving thoughts that never will die
Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah Ah Ah
Leaving thoughts that never will die.

TBC GIRLS' CAMP SMALL CAMP SONGS

Beginning in the early years of decentralized camping at Life Camps, the Girls' Camp developed a strong and long lasting tradition wherein each small camp group had what they called their "small camp song." Most often, like the songs in the *SONGS FROM MASHIPACONG* section, the small camp song was an original song that the children helped create by contributing to the lyrics under the leadership of counselors who put them into musical compositions. In a few cases, an existing song was adopted; but, whether original or adopted, what was special about small camp songs is that they focused on a group's programmatic theme, their campsite, or some other shared group experience. Therefore, they helped to create a sense of group identity and cohesion among group members. And, since the custom was that a song identified by a small camp as its song would only be sung by that group, even at all camp gatherings and meals, they helped create group pride in being recognized as an independent unit that was respected and valued by the greater camp community. Each group also sang their small camp song at the last Council Fire after reading their group scroll.

In the early days of decentralized camping at Life Camps, small camp group names came and went, sometimes lasting only one year (e.g., Amadahi and Way Out West). And, in some cases, even when a particular small camp name persisted for many years (e.g., Pioneers), the small camp songs identified with the group name changed, though some of these songs persisted in the LC/TBC repertoire of songs as all camp songs.

When Life's Girls' Camp moved to Mashipacong in 1939, the names of the 10 small camps were: Dutch Settlers, Amadahi, Homesteaders, Shawano, Unami, Trail Blazers, Pioneers, Unaliyi, Trail Patch, and Timber Ridge.

Between 1939 and reincorporation of Life Camps in 1953 as Trail Blazer Camps, small camp names continued to come and go (e.g., Outpost, Trailsend, Wepacqk). However, in 1953, when Life Camps was re-envisioned as Trail Blazer Camps and small camps for boys were established at Mashipacong, the location of campsites, names of the small camps, shelter type, and age order of groups remained relatively constant for many years. The history of the small camp names under the new name of Trail Blazer Camps from 1953-1980 are summarized below. After this period, most of these group names and campsites (with the addition of Baker's Acre in 1989) have been retained. However, there have been many changes in the use of the campsites, shelter type, and the ages and/or gender of campers in the different groups..

In 1953, there were five small camps for boys: Forest Teepee, Backwoodsmen, Sleepy Hollow, Lumberjacks, and Conestoga. In 1954, a sixth small camp, Frontiersmen, was added; and in 1955, Pathfinders replaced Sleepy Hollow. From 1954-1971, there were no changes in the names or locations of the boys' small camps. However, in 1972, Lumberjacks was dissolved, and a new campsite called Pahok was added. And, in 1974, Forrest Teepee was dissolved and the new campsite Cayuga was established. Therefore, in 1980, there were six boys' small camps (in order of camper ages): Backwoodsmen, Pathfinders, Conestoga, Frontiersmen, Cayuga, and Pahok.

In 1953, there were nine small camps for girls (in camper age order): Pixies, Fern Hill Farm, Homestead, Awanasa, Pioneers, Unami, Hermit Glen, Brae Tarn, and Timber Ridge. The small camp Trail Blazers, one of the original Mashipacong 10, was not open in 1953, but was returned in 1954 (between Pioneers and Unami). These 10 small camps remained constant until 1980, when Pioneers was dissolved (because of visibility from the public road) and a new camp Aquila for older girls was established.

In most cases, the small camp songs are original TBC songs created by counselors during the course of their employment by Trail Blazer Camps and as part of their work with campers. As such, copyright is held by Trail Blazer Camps, and these songs are identified with a © notice. Lyrics and music to one of the songs is known to be under copyright protection of non-TBC authors; lyrics to two songs are TBC original put to existing non-TBC music; the source of one song cannot be determined; and two are traditional songs in the public domain.

PIXIES

Pixie Song © (original, from *SONGS FROM MA-SHIPACONG* (lyrics on p.14) . The song continued to be used as a Pixie small camp song, with the addition of “I thought I saw a Pixie” as a second song in later years).

I Thought I Saw a Pixie! (source could not be determined, though the first verse is similar to the first verse of “The Elf Poem by Linda Brown, “I saw an elf all dressed in green— The cutest elf I’d ever seen!” However, the Pixies did have a bulletin board beneath an old oak tree where messages were left. So, it may be a TBC original in whole or in part.)

I thought I saw a Pixie,
All dressed in coat of green
the cutest little Pixie,
That I have ever seen.

I called out, “Pixie, wait for me.”
She answered, “No, siree.
But, I’ll leave you a note
Upon that board,
Beneath the old oak tree,
Beneath the old oak tree.

FERN HILL FARM (FARMERS)

Happy Plowman (Traditional Swedish folk song sung by Fern Hill Farm in the 1950's and into the 1960's)

Near a home in a wood
With a horse very good,
A poor young farmer
Smiled as he stood
Looking down at his plough,
In his heart was a glow
When he sang as he ploughed the row.

CHORUS:

Heigh-ho my little buttercup
We'll dance until the sun comes up."
Thus he sang as he ploughed,
And he smiled as he sang
While the woods and welkin rang.

In a house near the wood,
Where the farmer stood,
There lived his helpmate, lovely and good;
As she cooked and she stirred,
She was glad that she heard,
And she echoed every word:

CHORUS:

"Heigh-ho, my little buttercup!
We'll dance until the sun comes up!"
Thus she sang as she stirred,
And she smiled as she sang,
While the woods and the welkin rang.

Welcome to Fern Hill Farm© (original, sung by Farmers beginning in the early 1970's, written by TBC counselor Charlotte Garnet Jefferson)

On a Hill not far away
Where the green ferns bend and sway
There's a happy family that lives there
Who work and play from day to day
On a hill not far away

At night at twilight time,
When they all are gathered round,
You can hear the sound of their laughter ring,
As they dance and play and sing,
On a hill not far away.

If you ever visit there,
They'll be glad to have you share,
Their dreams, their cares, their little world,
That nature holds in her loving arm,
You'll be welcome to Fern Hill Farm.

HOMESTEAD

The Homesteaders© (original, written by TBC counselor Jill Goldwasser in the late 1960's early 1970's)

Here we are the Homesteaders,
To make the soil free.
We lift the rocks to raise our crops,
Beneath the apple tree.

Near our camp arbutus grows,
And lady slippers too.
We keep watch o'er these,
Rare gifts as all good woodsfolk do.

At night the lanterns flicker on,
To stir our memories.
With candles bright and bonnets white,
Like old times used to be.

So together we will work,
Singing all the way,
As we build our Homestead site,
From dawn 'till end of day.

AWANASA

Awanasa's Woodland Home (original lyrics, 1978 or 1979 by TBC counselor Pamela Abernethy to the, music of "Se vuol ballare" from the Opera Figaro by Mozart)

As you approach, walk softly, heart open,
And you will hear the thrush and beach trees rustling.
Tall tipis standing so deep in the woods,
Welcoming all who come, Awanasa,
Into our woodland home, Awanasa.

Awanasa-Ah! © (created by TBC counselor
Pamela Abernethy, 1972)

Awanasa, here are we,
Awanasa, with beech tree and tipi.
Awanasa, we're Indians so,
Awanasa, as Indians we'll go. Sh!
Awanasa, Awanasa, Awanasa, Ah.

Awanasa, our guiding star, Awansans
learn from Thunderbird. Awanasans,
with the sun as our guide, Awanasa, our
hearts are open wide. Sh! Awanasa,
Awanasa, Awanasa, Ah.

PIONEERS

Quietly Flows the Little Brook© (written by TBC
counselor Joyce Borgman Develder, late 1970's)

Quietly flows the little brook,
Past the wagons high up on the hill.
Never stopping, always flowing,
You can hear its story, if you be still.

Long ago by this little brook,
Pioneers lived and worked here too.
They built a mill to grind their grain,
And washed their clothes, just like we do.
Every night as we go to sleep,
Under the trees and starry sky.
The little brook sings its music softly,
And whispers thoughts that will never die.

Pioneer Song-The Road is Never too Rocky© (original,
written by Elizabeth Roller, 1947)

The road is never too rocky,
The way is never too bare,
As long as we have a song in our heart,
And laughter to carry us there.

We're happy and merry and always ready,
To make work seem like play.
We look for adventure in wind and storm,
And find something new every day.

Our axes always sharp,
Our woodpile high and dry,
Like the pioneers whence we got our name,
We lift our eyes to the sky.

So, when you hear our merry song,
And laughter ringing clear,
You'll know that we're on the trail again,
With never a worry or care.

TRAIL BLAZERS

My Little Mule Wagon (from the 1936 film "Under Your Spell," song by H. Dietz and A. Schwartz, and still under copyright protection. Although permission to reprint the lyrics was requested, no response was received by the time of this publication. Therefore lyrics are not reprinted here. However, a clip from the film with the song, performed by Lawrence Tibbett can be seen on You-tube and sheet music can be purchased on line. Trail Blazers did not sing the prelude, but began the song with the lyric line "My Little Mule Wagon.")

UNAMI

Land Of the Silver Birch (1920's traditional Canadian folk song in the public domain, substitutes the small camp name Unami for a third "boom did-di-ya da" in the chorus)

Land of the silver birch,
Home of the beaver,
Where still the mighty moose,
Wanders at will.
Blue lake and rocky shore,
I will return once more.
Boom did-di-yada,
Boom did-di-yada, Unami.

My heart goes out to you
Here in the lowland
I will return to you
Hills of the north
Blue lake and rocky shore
I will return once more.
Boom did-di-yada,
Boom did-di-yada, Unami.

Swift as the silver fish,
Canoe of birch bark,
O'er mighty waterways,
Carry me forth.
Blue lake and rocky shore,
I will return once more.
Boom did-di-yada,
Boom did-di-yada, Unami.

High on a rocky ledge, I'll
build my wigwam, Close
to the forest edge, Silent
and still.
Blue lake and rocky shore,
I will return once more.
Boom did-di-yada,
Boom did-di-yada, Unami.

HERMIT GLEN

Hermit Glen Song (lyrics written by 1973 Hermit Glen group, revised by Virginia Gregory in 1978, sung to the tune of “Pass It On” by Kurt Kaiser. Lyrics © by TBC; Music under copyright by Kurt Kaiser or successors.)

Here in our forest glen,
We live as Hermit Gleners,
We work and play as friends,
We learn to love each other;
Our pine tree stands so high,
It reaches to the sky,
As we reach toward each other day by day.

We meet at night by fire,
Our friends good thoughts inspire,
We talk and sing camp songs,
By the light of twilight fire,
We all can have our say,
To help each other find our way,
As we reach toward each other day by day.

BRAE TARN

Brae Tarn's Song© (original by TBC counselor
Francoise Boudard, probably mid 1950's)

How beautiful our woodland by the lake,
Beneath the swaying branches of the trees,
Where deer creep past at night,
And birds at morn awake,
What friendships we have found at Brae Tarn.
La la – la la la la – la la la la
La la – la la la la la la la la –
We all have fun each day,
In both our work and play,
What friendships we have found at Brae Tarn.

TIMBER RIDGE

Timber Ridge Song© (written by TBC counselor
Elizabeth Roller, 1946)

Timber, Timber
The sound of axes ringing clear,
Through the forest glade.
The chips fly upward out of sight,
From the shining blade.

Wood for shelters from the weather,
Wood to cook our meals,
Wood for tables, paper, books,
Ships, tall masts, and keels.
So, we chop and we sing to the rhythm of the swing,
With the hum of the saw through the grain,
And when our work is done,
We hike toward the sun,
Woodsmen, merry are we.
Timber - Timber!

Chestnut, oak, and tall black ash,
Reaching toward the sky,
As we hike along the trail,
Clouds go drifting by.
Tall trees rise on either side,
Oak and maple too,
Green leaves fall and turn to brown,
'Fore the summer's through.

So, we chop and we sing to the rhythm of the swing
With the hum of the saw through the grain,
And when our work is done,
We hike toward the sun
Woodsmen, merry are we.
Timber – Timber!

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BIRD SONGS FROM BARBARA BEITZEL'S SONGS WITH WINGS

Since 1939, Trail Blazer Camps has had the privilege of being able to operate its camping and outdoor education programs on a 1000 acre parcel of land in Montague Township, New Jersey. This parcel of land, originally part of the territory of the Leni Lenape people, has remained intact since it was first laid out by surveyors as Great Lot #15 and “gifted” to Lord Walter Rutherford by King George III in 1775. Although ownership of the parcel changed a few times between then and its purchase by Doris Duke in 1938 for use by Life Camps, human development and use of the land was minimal, leaving most of the property in its natural state. In addition, since 1924, the property has been surrounded by two state parks, providing a buffer against encroachment by real estate developers. And, in 1991, shortly before her death, Doris Duke donated the land to “The Nature Conservancy” to ensure preservation of its unique ecosystems and provided for its continued use by Trail Blazer Camps.

The property, re-named “Mashipacong Bog Preserves” by the Nature Conservancy and referred to by Trail Blazers as its “Mashipacong Estate,” boasts a mixed oak forest, two glacial bogs surrounded by a black spruce/tamarack swamp, and a 46 acre “lake” (named “Mashipacong Pond” on maps) created in 1848 when one of the swamps on the property was impounded. Needless to say, these ecosystems support an abundance of animal wildlife, including a plethora of songbird species. Since engagement in environmentally focused outdoor experiences has always been at the core of Trail Blazers’ program, it’s hard to imagine a more ideal setting for campers to learn about the natural world. And, fortunately, the Trail Blazer program also attracts talented trainers and counseling staff who are both passionate and knowledgeable about the natural world and effective in engaging children in experiential learning activities that enable them to develop knowledge, skills, and values for life.

It is well known that singing has a positive impact on child development, including improving language and communication skills, creating a sense of belonging to a group, and facilitating learning about specific subject matter. And, importantly, it's a FUN way of learning. So, it's not surprising that singing is such a big part of youth programs, in general, and that many of the songs sung at Trail Blazers focus on teaching campers about the natural world. In this regard, Trail Blazers has been able to include in its repertoire a unique collection of songs about birds that were created by Barbara Beitzel and were taught to campers and counselors by Barbara during her many years of association with Trail Blazers or by her sister Mary Beitzel after Barbara's death in 1981.

Barbara was a TBC counselor from the early 1950's to the mid-60's who worked with younger campers (Farmers or Homestead) during her counselor years. Barbara's soft spoken and calming demeanor, enjoyment of children, impishly playful spirit, sense of wonder about the natural world, vivid imagination, and artistic abilities created a safe, fun, and growing experience for her campers. Barbara could aptly be described as a nature lover whose interests encompassed all of nature's wonders. However, she was especially enthralled by the songbirds of the region, whose sounds and behaviors she "captured" in the melodies and lyrics of songs that she created about them. The first of these songs (The Towhee) was written in 1959 with many to follow, culminating in a published collection of music and lyrics for 17 bird songs, titled *Songs With Wings* (copyright registered by Barbara A. Beitzel, 1975 and 1976). In the foreword to the collection, Barbara noted that "[m]any times, inspiration [for the songs] came while working with the children of Trail Blazer Camps in Sussex County, New Jersey;" and it is certainly the case that children were and continue to be inspired by her songs to learn about birds. Barbara's songs are unique in that most include the actual musical notes of the bird's song in the melody, so that children can learn to identify specific birds by their song. And, their lyrics often describe other characteristics of the bird in a way that is fun and accessible to children.

Barbara's association with Trail Blazers continued well beyond her tenure as a counselor. She was a frequent visitor to the Mashipacong Estate where she continued to delight campers and counselors with her natural history expertise and musical talent, and also continued to teach her songs. Following Barbara's death in 1981, her sister Mary Beitzel, who had been a Life Camps counselor in the late 1940's, was instrumental in preserving Barbara's legacy of bird songs in the TBC repertoire. Like Barbara, Mary was an avid birder and talented musician. In 1988, Mary reprinted *Songs With Wings* and provided copies to TBC staff. And, from the late 1980's until close to the time of her death in 2006, Mary, who had relocated to nearby Milford, PA, visited Mashipacong regularly and would take groups on bird walks and teach the bird songs during her visits. .

With Barbara's permission, the lyrics to several of the songs from *Songs With Wings* were included in TBC's 1980 edition of *Rooftree*, and these are carried forward to this revised edition. Since we were unable to ascertain the identity of the current copyright owner(s) of *Songs With Wings* to obtain permission to reprint the lyrics of songs that were not included in the 1980 *Rooftree* compilation, only the titles to those songs are noted. For the same reason, we are unable to print the sheet music to any of the songs. However, their melodies remain in the memories of camper and staff alumni, some of whom also own printed copies of *Songs With Wings* that were gifted to them by Barbara or Mary Beitzel. And, importantly, the songs continue to be taught to campers and counselors and sung at Trail Blazers.

**BIRD SONGS FROM *SONGS WITH WINGS* BY BARBARA BEITZEL
INCLUDED BY PERMISSION IN THE 1980 ROOFTREE COMPILATION**

The Towhee (the first of Barbara's bird songs, the melody includes the song of the bird three times and the notes of its call at the end of the song.)

"Drink your tea," said the little bird.
So, I drank my tea right away.
It was cold and sweet and so very very good,
That I thanked him for reminding me. Towhee!

The Goldfinch (includes the notes of the birds contact call twice, and describes how it is usually given in its undulating flight.)

Oh, see him fly against the sky,
A yellow roller coaster.
The Goldfinch sings with open wings.
His notes come tumbling after.

The Tufted Titmouse (includes the notes and the "peter, peter" words that describe the song of the bird, and describes the circumstances that inspired the song and the appearance of the small bird with a big voice.)

On our way on our vagabond today,
When we stopped to eat our food,
We found him in a gay old mood.
Peter, Peter, Peter, Peter
Came the call of the tufted titmouse
Oh, so small.
Peter, Peter, Peter, Peter
Loud he said, with a crest
Upon his head.

The Wood Thrush (includes the notes and words used to describe the bird's song in the first line, and describes the flute-like sound of the song.

E-lo-we, e-lo-we, singing high up in a tree.
I believe that the wood thrush sings his
Flute-like song for me.
Sings his flute-like song for me.

The Whip-poor-will (one of the few bird songs that does not include the actual notes of the bird song in the melody. Instead the song describes a place called Sussex View that was often used as a "Vagabond" (camping trip away from small camp homes) destination during counselor training and by older campers. Sussex View is at the crest of a hill near an Appalachian Trail entrance, approximately 3 miles from Trail Blazers, and overlooks a wide valley. The song describes the scene and the call of the whip-poor-will at nightfall.)

From the top of the highest hill,
Valleys lie below me.
Lakes and fields and forests green
Make a lovely scene.
Now the call of the whip-poor-will
Fills the earth and the sky.
Above my home on the highest hill,
Stars will light the sky.
Long ago when the Indians roamed
Through the forest still,
Were they thrilled, as I, to hear
The call of the whip-poor-will?

The Veery (the last two lines of the song are sung to the musical notes of the downward spirally ethereal song of the Veery Thrush, and describes the fact that the Veery, like some of its thrush cousins is often heard at dusk and the early evening).

In the forest deep,
Just before I sleep,
Songs that have no words,
Sung by little birds,
Fill my heart at night,
Fill it with delight.
Every time the Veery sings,
He sings his song just right.

The Vesper Sparrow (includes the notes of the bird's song four times in the melody, and like "The Whip-poor-will song was inspired by scene at Sussex View, where the vesper sparrow that inhabits grasslands and fields sings at dusk.)

Hear the vesper sparrow,
As he sings,
Joy he brings;
In the cool of evening.
Across the field.

When you go to see the view,
I will go too.
In the dusk we'll hear him sing,
What a lovely thing!

Hear the vesper sparrow,
As he sings,
Joy he brings;
In the cool of evening,
Across the field.

The Baltimore Oriole (includes the notes of the bird's song twice in the first line of the song, and describes the distinctive coloring of the bird and its unique shaped nest).

Ev'-ry time I hear
 His voice so sweet and clear,
I begin to look
 For black and orange colors near.
Hanging in my tree,
 His basket nest I see.
Now I know the Oriole
 Will stay near me.

The Robin (Includes the notes of the typical robin song three times, and commenting on the fact that robins are prolific singers—e.g., it has been estimated that on heavy singing days in the breeding season, a robin may sing its song 13,000 times.)

If you see a bird you never heard,
 You must stop and listen well.
For it might be true
 That he will sing for you.
When you hear a robin
 Hear his lovely song,
He will serenade you
 Almost all day long.
Soon you will not have to see
 A Robin anywhere.
He will sing his song
 And you will know he is there.

ADDITIONAL BIRD SONGS INCLUDED IN *SONGS WITH WINGS*

Songs about several other birds were written by Barbara Beitzel and included in her *Songs With Wings* compilation. Like the songs in the previous section, the melodies of these songs include portions that mimic the bird's songs and the lyrics speak to physical or behavioral characteristics of the birds. Chronologically, most of these were written after those included in the previous section. Therefore, they were not in the Trail Blazer repertoire of songs as long and not as widely known, which, in part, is why they were not included in the 1980 edition of *Rooftree*. The titles of these songs are listed below.

The Wood Pewee

The Black Throated Green Warbler

The Indigo Bunting

The House Finch

The Ovenbird

The Mockingbird

The Mourning Dove

The Chickadee

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