

By The Camp Fire *

Also Published for Male or Mixed Voices

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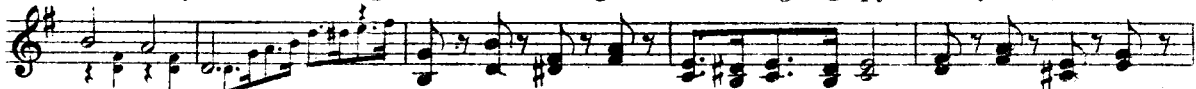
Till Voice



Where the wa - ters
I can see the



kiss the si - lent shore, There's a lit - tle spot that I a - dore, When the even - ing shadows fall, — And the
moonlight on your hair, Dart - ing flames are flit - ting here and there, Lighting up your beauty rare, — In the

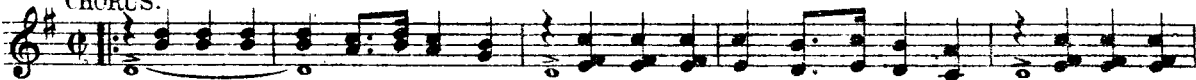


night winds call, In a nook just un - der - neath the trees, Where old nat - ure
fire lights glare, That is where I long to be with you, Long to hear you



sends a gen - tle breeze, I will build a camp - fire, dear, — Just to cheer, while you're near, —
tell me you'll be true, There be - neath the sum - mer skies, — Magic lies, in your eyes. —

CHORUS.



Come where the camp - fire is gleaming, Come where the fire - flies are beam - ing, Down where the



riv - er is stream - ing by, — There I'll be wait - ing for you, wait - ing where the flames are



glow - ing, To tell you I a - dore you, un - der - neath the clear moon - light so



bright, Come where my ban - jo is ring - ing, Where sum - mer breez - es are sing - ing,



Down where the night owl is wing - ing, too; I hear him call - ing you,



Yes, the owl is call - ing you, Oh, my hon - ey, Come by the camp - fire,



Come by the campfire bright.

bright.

* You should get this splendid song for your Talking Machine or Player Piano.

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