

We're the Scouts of 97,
We're the best this side of heaven,
We're the Scouts of 97,
The best troop in the land!

[Eyes of Texas]

N I N E T Y S E V E N, that's us.
N I N E T Y S E V E N, that's us.
N I N E T Y S E V E N, that's us.
And that spells 97!

Glory, glory 97,
Glory, glory almost heaven,
Glory, glory 97,
The best troop in the land!

[Battle Hymn of the Republic]

The sun shines bright in Troop 97's camp,
And sometimes we also have rain.
The air is pure, and the mountains are real grand.
But for now, Troop 97, good night.

Sleep well, my Scouting buddies;
Stay warm, and 'pleasant dreams'.
We will sing once more with the rising of the sun,
But for now, Troop 97, good night.

[My Old Kentucky Home]

Almost heaven—97!
Rocky Mountains. Cache la Poudre River.
Take me home, mountain trail,
To the troop I belong—
97, almost heaven, we're the best, we're the best.

[Country Road]