

DON'T FENCE ME IN
ROBERT FLETCHER, COLE PORTER - 1934

OH, GIVE ME LAND, LOTS OF LAND UNDER STARRY SKIES ABOVE
DON'T FENCE ME IN
LET ME RIDE THROUGH THE WIDE-OPEN COUNTRY THAT I LOVE
DON'T FENCE ME IN

LET ME BE BY MYSELF IN THE EVENIN' BREEZE
AND LISTEN TO THE MURMUR OF THE COTTONWOOD TREES
SEND ME OFF FOREVER BUT I ASK YOU PLEASE
DON'T FENCE ME IN

JUST TURN ME LOOSE, LET ME STRADDLE MY OLD SADDLE
UNDERNEATH THE WESTERN SKIES
ON MY CAYUSE, LET ME WANDER OVER YONDER
TILL I SEE THE MOUNTAINS RISE

I WANT TO RIDE TO THE RIDGE WHERE THE WEST COMMENCES
AND GAZE AT THE MOON TILL I LOSE MY SENSES
AND I CAN'T LOOK AT HOBBLER AND I CAN'T STAND FENCES
DON'T FENCE ME IN

OH, GIVE ME LAND, LOTS OF LAND UNDER STARRY SKIES ABOVE
DON'T FENCE ME IN
LET ME RIDE THROUGH THE WIDE-OPEN COUNTRY THAT I LOVE
DON'T FENCE ME IN - DON'T FENCE ME IN

THANKS FOR PLAYING
OPEN RANGE

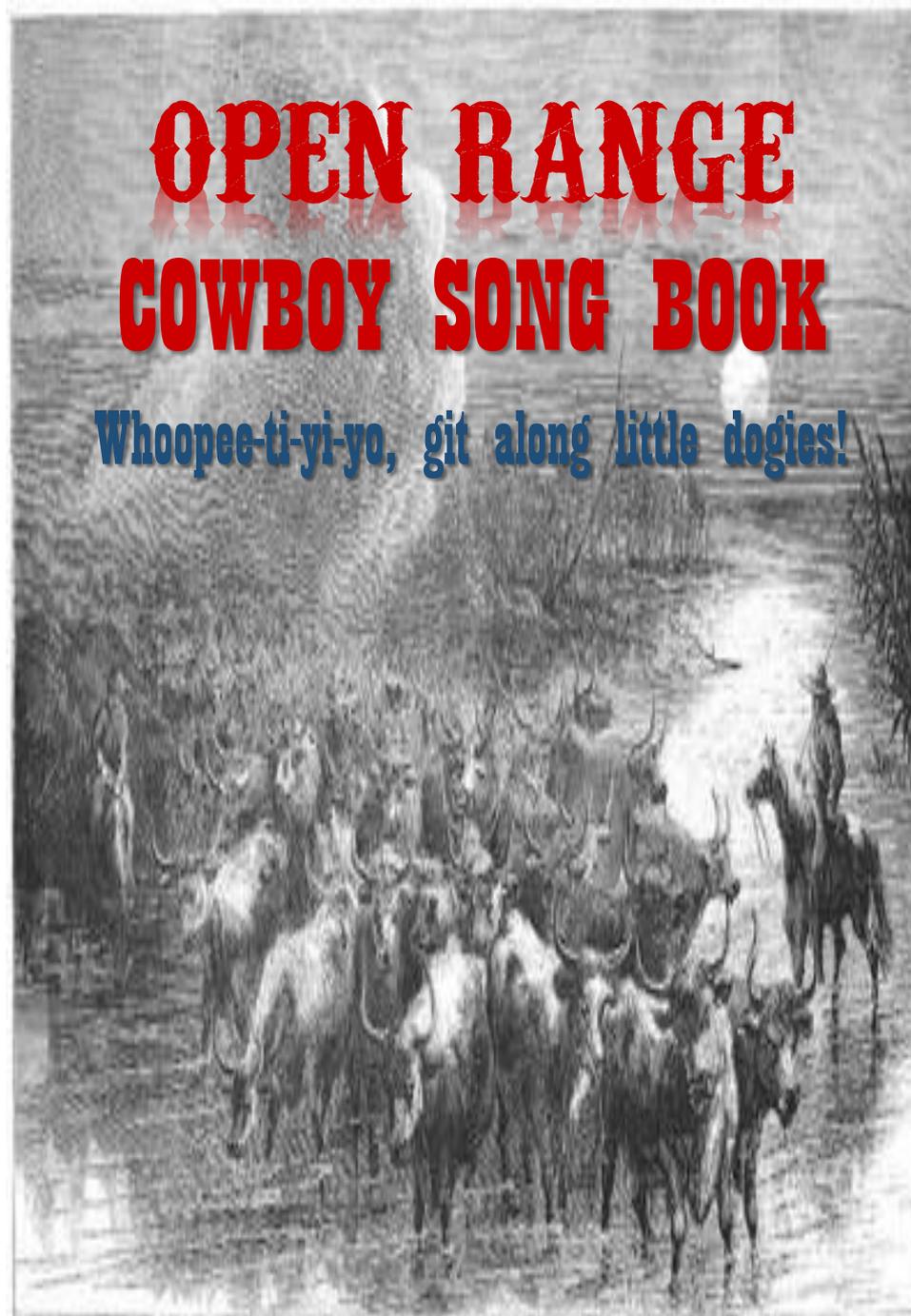
<http://www.fireballforward.com/ruthless.html>

[PRINT THIS SONGBOOK AS DOUBLE SIDED AND COLLATED.
FOLD THE PRINTED COPIES IN HALF TO CREATE A SONG BOOKLET.]

VERSION 5 09/06/2023

STAPLE

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OPEN RANGE COWBOY SONG BOOK

Whoopee-ti-yi-yo, git along little dogies!

SINGING TO THE HERD -

Cowboys traditionally talked soothingly and sang to their cattle to keep them calm when the herd was bedded down at night and often during the day on the Trail to pass the time.

So, too, in **OPEN RANGE**, players may sing to calm the herd!

Any player singing two (2) verses and the chorus of any traditional Cowboy song AUTOMATICALLY calms the Main Herd in that turn, i.e., reduces the MH's temperament to **CALM**.

Singing is an Action. Only one (1) Cowboy needs to sing to have this effect.

If the MH (or Stray) is **running or at Stampede!** singing has no effect.

Get this free, online **OPEN RANGE Cowboy Song Book** containing traditional and popular cowboy songs at <http://www.fireballforward.com/ruthless.html>.

If you are not familiar with some of these traditional songs, YouTube contains many video recordings of these songs being performed by a variety of traditional and modern artists. *Check them out!*

A HOME ON THE RANGE

BREWSTER M. HIGLEY 1872

OH, GIVE ME A HOME WHERE THE BUFFALO ROAM,
WHERE THE DEER AND THE ANTELOPE PLAY,
WHERE SELDOM IS HEARD A DISCOURAGING WORD
AND THE SKIES ARE NOT CLOUDY ALL DAY.

CHORUS:

HOME, HOME ON THE RANGE,
WHERE THE DEER AND THE ANTELOPE PLAY;
WHERE SELDOM IS HEARD A DISCOURAGING WORD
AND THE SKIES ARE NOT CLOUDY ALL DAY.

WHERE THE AIR IS SO PURE, THE ZEPHYRS SO FREE,
THE BREEZES SO BALMY AND LIGHT,
THAT I WOULD NOT EXCHANGE MY HOME ON THE RANGE
FOR ALL OF THE CITIES SO BRIGHT.

HOW OFTEN AT NIGHT WHEN THE HEAVENS ARE BRIGHT
WITH THE LIGHT FROM THE GLITTERING STARS,
HAVE I STOOD HERE AMAZED AND ASKED AS I GAZED
IF THEIR GLORY EXCEEDS THAT OF OURS.

OH, GIVE ME A LAND WHERE THE BRIGHT DIAMOND SAND
FLOWS LEISURELY DOWN THE STREAM;
WHERE THE GRACEFUL WHITE SWAN GOES GLIDING ALONG
LIKE A MAID IN A HEAVENLY DREAM.

HOME, HOME ON THE RANGE,
WHERE THE DEER AND THE ANTELOPE PLAY;
WHERE SELDOM IS HEARD A DISCOURAGING WORD
AND THE SKIES ARE NOT CLOUDY ALL DAY

THE STREETS OF LAREDO

TRADITIONAL BALLAD

ARRANGED BY FRANK H. MAYNARD - 1924

AS I WALKED OUT IN THE STREETS OF LAREDO
AS I WALKED OUT IN LAREDO ONE DAY
I SPIED A YOUNG COWBOY, ALL WRAPPED IN WHITE
LINEN
WRAPPED UP IN WHITE LINEN, AS COLD AS THE CLAY

I SEE BY YOUR OUTFIT THAT YOU ARE A COWBOY
THESE WORDS HE DID SPEAK AS I SLOWLY WALKED BY
COME SIT HERE BESIDE ME AND HEAR MY SAD STORY
FOR I'M A YOUNG COWBOY AND KNOW I MUST DIE

CHORUS:

SO, BEAT THE DRUM SLOWLY AND PLAY THE FIFE
LOWLY
SING THE DEATH MARCH AS YOU CARRY ME ALONG
TAKE ME TO THE VALLEY, THERE LAY THE SOD O'ER ME
FOR I'M A YOUNG COWBOY AND I KNOW I'VE DONE
WRONG

ONCE IN THE SADDLE I USED TO GO DASHING
ONCE IN THE SADDLE I USED TO GO GAY
FIRST TO THE CARDHOUSE AND THEN DOWN TO ROSY'S
BUT I'M SHOT IN THE BREAST AND I'M DYIN' TODAY

BRING SIX TALL YOUNG COWBOYS TO CARRY MY CASKET,
SIX PRETTY MAIDS FOR TO SING ME A SONG
TAKE ME TO GREEN VALLEYS, THERE LAY THE SOD O'ER
ME
FOR I'M A YOUNG COWBOY AND I KNOW I'VE DONE
WRONG

TEXAS RIVER SONG

TRADITIONAL BALLAD

WE CROSSED THE WILD PECOS
WE FORDED THE NUECES
WE SWUM THE GUADALUPE
AND WE FOLLOWED THE BRAZOS
RED RIVER RUNS RUSTY
THE WICHITA CLEAR
BUT DOWN BY THE BRAZOS
I COURTED MY DEAR

CHORUS:

SINGING LI, LI, LI, LE, LE, LE
LEND ME YOUR HAND
LI, LI, LI, LE, LE, LE
LEND ME YOUR HAND
LI, LI, LI, LE, LE, LE
LEND ME YOUR HAND
THERE'S MANY A RIVER
THAT WATERS THE LAND

-
NOW THE FAIR ANGELINA
RUNS GLOSSY AND GLIDING
THE CROOKED COLORADO
RUNS WEAVING AND WINDING
THE SLOW SAN ANTONIO
COURSES THE PLAINS
BUT I NEVER WILL WALK
BY THE BRAZOS AGAIN

-
SHE KISSED ME AND SHE HUGGED ME
AND SHE CALLED ME HER DANDY
THE TRINITY'S MUDDY
BUT THE BRAZOS QUICK SANDY
SHE KISSED ME AND SHE HUGGED ME
AND SHE CALLED ME HER OWN
BUT DOWN BY THE BRAZOS
SHE LEFT ME ALONE

THE NIGHT HERDING SONG

HARRY STEPHENS, CIRCA 1890 -

ARRANGEMENT BY SYD MASTERS ON *FRONTIER COWBOY SONGS* © 2013

OH SLOW UP DOGIES, QUIT ROVING AROUND.
YOU VE WANDERED AND TRAMPLED ALL OVER THE GROUND.
OH, GRAZE ALONG, DOGIES, AND FEED KINDA SLOW,
AND DON'T ALWAYS BE ON THE GO.
MOVE SLOW, LITTLE DOGIES, MOVE SLOW.

I'VE CIRCLED HERDED, TRAIL=HERDED, NIGHT=HERDED TOO
BUT TO KEEP YOU TOGETHER, IS ALL I CAN DO.
MY HORSE IS LEG=WEARY AND I'M AWFUL TIRED,
IF'N YOU GET AWAY, I'LL BE FIRED!
BUNCH UP, LITTLE DOGIES, BUNCH UP.

SAY, LITTLE DOGIES, WHEN YOU GONNA LAY DOWN?
AND QUIT THIS FOREVER A-SHIFTIN' AROUND?
MY LIMBS ARE SO WEARY, MY SEAT IS ALL SORE
LAY DOWN LIKE YOU VE LAID DOWN BEFORE,
LAY DOWN, DOGIES, LAY DOWN.

LAY STILL, LITTLE DOGIES, SINCE YOU HAVE LAID DOWN
AND STRETCH AWAY OUT ON THE BIG OPEN GROUND.
SNORE LOUD, LITTLE DOGIES, AND DROWN THE WILD SOUND
THAT'LL LEAVE WHEN THE DAY ROLLS AROUND,
LAY STILL, DOGIES, LAY STILL.

HARRY STEPHENS, AN AMERICAN COWBOY, WROTE THIS SONG CIRCA 1890, WHILE HE WAS HERDING WILD HORSES IN CANADA. WHILE THE REST SLEPT, ONE OR TWO UNLUCKY COWBOYS ALWAYS HAD TO STAND GUARD OVERNIGHT. CALLED THE NIGHT HAWK , THIS JOB WAS ONE OF THE WORST A COWBOY COULD DRAW, AND THEY BELIEVED THE SOUND OF MUSIC WOULD KEEP THE HERDS CALM.

FROM: *THE NIGHT HERDING SONG, A COWBOY TUNE* - GIFFORD MACSHANE
[HTTPS://GIFFORDMACSHANE.COM/2018/04/27/NIGHT-HERDING-SONG-LYRICS/](https://giffordmacshane.com/2018/04/27/night-herding-song-lyrics/)

GOODBYE, OLD PAINT

TRADITIONAL BY BLACK COWBOY, CHARLEY WILLIS - AS RECORDED BY THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, 1942

FAREWELL FAIR LADIES, I'M LEAVIN' CHEYENNE
FAREWELL FAIR LADIES, I'M LEAVIN' CHEYENNE.
GOODBYE MY LITTLE DONEE, MY PONY WON T STAND

CHORUS

OLD PAINT, OLD PAINT, I'M A-LEAVIN' CHEYENNE
GOODBYE OLD PAINT, I'M LEAVIN' CHEYENNE
OLD PAINT'S A GOOD PONY AND SHE PACES WHEN SHE CAN.

IN THE MIDDLE OF THE OCEAN THERE GROWS A GREEN TREE
BUT I'LL NEVER PROVE FALSE TO THE GIRL WHO LOVES ME.
OH WE SPREAD DOWN THE BLANKETS ON THE GREEN GRASSY GROUND
AND THE HORSES AND THE CATTLE WERE A-GRAZIN' ALL AROUND

OH THE LAST TIME I SAW HER IT WAS LATE IN THE FALL
SHE WAS RIDIN' OLD PAINT AND A-LEADIN' OLD BALL
OLD PAINT HAD A COLT DOWN ON THE RIO GRANDE
AND THE COLT COULDN'T PACE AND THEY NAMED IT CHEYENNE

OH MY FEET'S IN MY STIRRUPS AND MY BRIDDL'E S IN MY HAND,
GOODBYE MY LITTLE DONEE, MY PONY WON T STAND

(OTHER VERSION LYRICS)

GOODBYE, OLD PAINT, I'M A-LEAVIN' CHEYENNE;
GOODBYE, OLD PAINT, I'M A-LEAVIN' CHEYENNE.

I'M A-LEAVIN' CHEYENNE, I'M OFF TO MONTAN'
GOODBYE, OLD PAINT, I'M A-LEAVIN' CHEYENNE:

OLD PAINT'S A GOOD PONY, HE PACES WHEN HE CAN,
GOODBYE, OLD PAINT, I'M A-LEAVIN' CHEYENNE:

GO HITCH UP YOUR HOSSES AND GIVE THEM SOME HAY
AND SEAT YOURSELF BY ME AS LONG AS YOU MAY.

MY HOSSES AIN'T HUNGRY, THEY WON'T EAT YOUR HAY
MY WAGON IS LOADED AND ROLLING AWAY.

MY FOOT'S IN THE STIRRUP, THE REINS IN MY HAND,
GOOD MORNIN', YOUNG LADY, MY HOSSES WON'T STAND.

THE POOR COWBOY

TRADITIONAL BALLAD

RECORDED BY: CAHALEN MORRISON & ELI WEST ON OUR LADY OF THE TALL TREES
AND BRUCE MOLESKY ON POOR MAN'S TROUBLES

OH THE POOR COWBOY, HE'S GOT NO HOME
HE'S HERE TODAY, AND TOMORROW GONE
HE'S GOT NO HOPE, HE'S FORCED TO ROAM
WHERE HE HANGS HIS HAT IS A HOME SWEET HOME

CHORUS:

ROLL ON BOYS, ROLL
DON'T YOU ROLL SO SLOW
ROLL ON BOYS, ROLL
DON'T YOU ROLL SO SLOW
HI, OH, HO, HO,
HI, OH, HO, HO
YOU ROLL LIKE COWS
NEVER ROLLED BEFORE

IF I WAS RICH AS DIAMOND JOE
I'D WORK TODAY, THEN I'D WORK NO MORE
FOR THE WORK DAY'S SO HARD AND THE PAY SO SLOW
THAT I DON'T GIVE A DURN IF I WORK OR NO

I'LL FOLLOW THE HERD TILL I REACH THE END
THEN I'LL DRAW MY TIME AND I'LL BLOW IT IN
JUST ONE MORE TREE AND ONE MORE JAIL
THEN I'LL HEAD STRAIGHT BACK TO THE TEXAS TRAIL

I'LL CROSS OLD RED AND THE TEXAS LINE
THEN I'LL HEAD STRAIGHT BACK TO THAT GAL OF MINE
I'LL SIT IN THE SHADE AND I'LL SING A SONG
AND I'LL WATCH THE HERDS AS THEY DRIFT ALONG

CHORUS & REPEAT

HI, OH, HO, HO,
HI, OH, HO, HO
YOU ROLL LIKE COWS
NEVER ROLLED BEFORE

J.D. DILLINGHAM, WHO WORKED FOR 50 YEARS AS A CONDUCTOR ON HOUSTON AND TEXAS CENTRAL TRAINS, RECORDED 'THE POOR COWBOY' FOR THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS IN 1935. HE SAID IT HAD BEEN A POPULAR IN CENTRAL TEXAS SOME 50 YEARS BEFORE THAT [1883].

GIT ALONG, LITTLE DOGIES

TRADITIONAL BALLAD

AS I WALKED OUT ONE MORNING FOR PLEASURE,
I SPIED A COW-PUNCHER COME ALL RIDING ALONG;
HIS HAT WAS THROWN BACK AND HIS SPURS WAS A-JINGLING,
AS HE APPROACHED ME A-SINGIN' THIS SONG,

CHORUS:

WHOOPEE TI YI YO, GIT ALONG, LITTLE DOGIES,
IT'S YOUR MISFORTUNE, AND NONE OF MY OWN.
WHOOPEE TI YI YO, GIT ALONG, LITTLE DOGIES,
FOR YOU KNOW WYOMING WILL BE YOUR NEW HOME.

EARLY IN THE SPRING WE ROUND UP THE DOGIES,
MARK 'EM AND BRAND 'EM AND BOB OFF THEIR TAILS;
DRIVE UP OUR HORSES, LOAD UP THE CHUCK-WAGON,
THEN THROW THE DOGIES OUT ON THE TRAIL.

IT'S WHOOPIN' AND YELLIN' AND A-DRIVIN' THEM DOGIES:
OH, HOW I WISH THAT YOU WOULD GO ON.
IT'S A-WHOOPIN' AND PUNCHIN' AND GO ON-A, LITTLE DOGIES
FOR YOU KNOW WYOMING IS TO BE YOUR NEW HOME.

SOME BOYS GOES UP THE TRAIL FOR PLEASURE,
BUT THAT'S WHERE YOU GET IT MOST AWFULLY WRONG:
FOR YOU HAVEN'T ANY IDEA THE TROUBLE THEY GIVE US
WHILE WE GO DRIVING THEM ALONG.

WHEN THE NIGHT COMES ON AND WE HOLD THEM ON THE BED-GROUND
THESE LITTLE DOGIES THAT ROLL ON SO SLOW:
ROUND UP THE HERD AND CUT OUT THE STRAYS,
AND ROLL THE LITTLE DOGIES THAT NEVER ROLLED BEFORE.

YOUR MOTHER SHE WAS RAISED WAY DOWN IN TEXAS,
WHERE THE JIMSON WEED AND SAND-BURRS GROW:
NOW WE'LL FIX YOU UP ON PRICKLY PEAR AND CHOLLA
TILL YOU'RE READY FOR THE TRAIL TO IDAHO.

OH, YOU'LL BE BEEF FOR UNCLE SAM'S INJUNS,
"LOT'S BEEF, HEAP BEEF," I HEAR THEM CRY.
GIT ALONG, GIT ALONG, GIT ALONG-A, LITTLE DOGIES,
YOU'RE GONNA BE BEEF STEERS BY AND BY.