Orme School and Camp Songbook

A labor of love from

Swingin' On A Star Productions

The Orme Alumni Association

This booklet includes campfire songs from a book that Buck put together in June 1961, as well as those known by students and campers since. In a few cases we added stanzas that we may not have sung all the time.

The following is a quote by Buck from the 1961 booklet:

"The campfire and the opportunity it affords to share songs and stories is often one of the fondest memories of a camping season.

This songbook has been compiled to record many of the songs that have become favorites around the Orme Ranch Campfires.

It is dedicated to the "Old Hands" who have shared this experience with us and to the many "New Hands" who will come and join in the wonderful fellowship of our campfire circle."

- Buck

This updated edition was provided by the Orme Alumni Council – 2024

♥ (>| Forever ♥

Contents

She'll be Comin' 'Round the Mountain

She'll be comin' 'round the mountain when she comes.

She'll be comin' 'round the mountain when she comes.

She'll be comin' 'round the mountain,

She'll be comin' 'round the mountain,

She'll be comin' 'round the mountain when she comes.

Toot, toot!

Oh, we'll all go out to meet her when she comes.

Oh, we'll all go out to meet her when she comes.

Oh, we'll all go out to meet her,

Oh, we'll all go out to meet her,

Oh, we'll all go out to meet her when she comes.

Hi, Babe! Toot, toot!

She'll be driving six white horses when she comes.

She'll be driving six white horses when she comes.

She'll be driving six white horses,

She'll be driving six white horses,

She'll be driving six white horses when she comes.

Whoa, back! Hi, Babe! Toot, toot!

Oh, we'll kill the old red rooster when she comes.

Oh, we'll kill the old red rooster when she comes.

Oh, we'll kill the old red rooster,

Oh, we'll kill the old red rooster,

Oh, we'll kill the old red rooster when she comes.

Hack, hack! Whoa, back! Hi, Babe! Toot, toot!

Oh, we'll have chicken and dumplin's when she comes,

Oh, we'll have chicken and dumplin's when she comes,

Oh, we'll have chicken and dumplin's,

Oh, we'll have chicken and dumplin's,

Oh, we'll have chicken and dumplin's when she comes,

Yum, yum! Hack, hack! Whoa, back! Hi, Babe! Toot, Toot!

Oh, she'll have to sleep with Grandma when she comes,

Oh, she'll have to sleep with Grandma when she comes,

Oh, she'll have to sleep with Grandma,

Oh, she'll have to sleep with Grandma,

Oh, she'll have to sleep with Grandma when she comes,

Snore, snore! Yum, yum! Hack, hack! Whoa, back! Hi Babe! Toot, toot!

Oh, she'll be wearin' red pajamas when she comes.

Oh, she'll be wearin' red pajamas when she comes.

Oh, she'll be wearin' red pajamas,

Oh, she'll be wearin' red pajamas,

Oh, she'll be wearin' red pajamas when she comes.

Scratch, scratch! Snore, snore! Yum, yum! Hack, hack!

Whoa, back! Hi, Babe! Toot, toot!

You are My Sunshine

You are my sunshine, my only sunshine.

You make me happy when skies are gray.

You'll never know, Dear,

How much I love you.

Please don't take my sunshine away.

The other night, Dear,

While I lay sleeping,

I dreamt I held you in my arms.

When I awoke, Dear,

I was mistaken,

So I hung my head and I cried.

You are my sunshine, my only sunshine.

You make me happy when skies are gray.

You'll never know, Dear,

How much I love you.

Please don't take my sunshine away.

The Harlem Goat

(leader) The Harlem goat

(echo) The Harlem goat

(leader) Was feelin' fine

(echo) Was feelin' fine

(leader) ate three red shirts

(echo) ate three red shirts

(leader) right off the line

(echo) right off the line

(leader) Bill took a stick

(echo) Bill took a stick

(leader) gave him a whack

(echo) gave him a whack

(leader) and tied him to

(echo) and tied him to

(leader) a railroad track

(echo) a railroad track

(leader) the whistle blew

(echo) the whistle blew

(leader) the train drew nigh

(echo) the train drew nigh

(leader) that Harlem goat

(echo) that Harlem goat

(leader) was doomed to die

(echo) was doomed to die

(leader) he gave three groans

(echo) he gave three groans

(leader) of awful pain

(echo) of awful pain

(leader) the train drew nigh

(echo) the train drew nigh

(leader) that Harlem goat

(echo) that Harlem goat

(leader) was doomed to die

(echo) was doomed to die

(leader) he gave three groans

(echo) he gave three groans

(leader) of awful pain

(echo) of awful pain

(leader) barfed up those shirts

(echo) barfed up those shirts

(everyone) …and flagged the train

… AND FLAGGGGGGED THEEEEE TRRRRRAINNNNNN

Nature Boy

There was a boy, a very strange, enchanted boy

and though he wandered very far, very far

Over land and sea, a little shy

and sad of eye, but very wise was he

and then one day, one magic day, he passed my way

and as we talked of many things,

Fools and kings, this he said to me.

The greatest thing you'll ever learn

Is just to love and be loved in return

The Cowboy's Lullaby (Desert Silvery Blue)

Desert silvery blue beneath the pale moonlight
Coyotes yappin' lazy on the hill
Sleepy winks of light across the far skyline
Time for millin' cattle to be still

So now, the lightnin's far away
The coyote's nothin' scary, just singin' to his dearie
Yea, ho, we're on a holiday
So settle down, you cattle 'til the mornin'

Nothin' out there on the range that you folks need
Nothin' out there seems to catch your eye
Still you gotta watch 'em or they'll all stampede
Plungin' down some 'roya bank to die

So now, the lightnin's far away
The coyote's nothin' scary, just singin' to his dearie
Yea, ho, we're on a holiday
So settle down, you cattle 'til the mornin'.

Today is Monday

Today is Monday. Today is Monday.
Monday, bread and butter
All you little cowboys, I wish the same to you.

Today is Tuesday. Today is Tuesday
Tuesday, string beans.
Monday, bread and butter
All you little cowboys, I wish the same to you.

Today is Wednesday. Today is Wednesday.
Wednesday, soup.
Tuesday, string beans.
Monday, bread and butter
All you little cowboys, I wish the same to you.

Today is Thursday. Today is Thursday.
Thursday, roast beef
Wednesday, soup.
Tuesday, string beans.
Monday, bread and butter
All you little cowboys, I wish the same to you.

Today is Friday. Today is Friday.
Friday, fish.
Thursday, roast beef
Wednesday, soup.

Tuesday, string beans.
Monday, bread and butter
All you little cowboys, I wish the same to you.

Today is Saturday. Today is Saturday.

Friday, fish.
Thursday, roast beef
Wednesday, soup.
Tuesday, string beans.

Monday, bread and butter
All you little cowboys, I wish the same to you.

Today is Sunday. Today is Sunday.
Friday, fish.
Thursday, roast beef
Wednesday, soup.
Tuesday, string beans.
Monday, bread and butter
All you little cowboys, I wish the same to you.

Swing Low

Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin' for to carry me home.
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin' for to carry me home.

I looked over Jordan and what did I see?
Comin' for to carry me home.
A band of angels comin' after me,
Comin' for to carry me home.

Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin' for to carry me home.
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin' for to carry me home.

Now if you get to Heaven before I do,
Comin' for to carry me home.
Tell all my friends I'm coming after you,
Comin' for to carry me home.

Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin' for to carry me home.
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin' for to carry me home.

I Ride an Old Paint

I ride an ole paint; I lead an old paint.
I'm goin' to Montana to throw the Houlihan,
They feed in the toolies,
They water in the draw,
Their tails are all matted,
Their backs are all raw.

Ride 'round little dogie,
Ride 'round them slow.
For the fiery and the snuffy are rarin' to go.

Now old Bill Jones had two daughters and a song.
The one went to Orme School, the other went wrong.
His wife, she died in a poolroom fight,
But still he kept singin' from mornin' til night.

Ride 'round little dogie,
Ride 'round them slow.
For the fiery and the snuffy are rarin' to go.

Now when I die, take my saddle from the wall.
Put it on my pony and lead him from his stall.
Tie my bones to the saddle and face him to the west,
And we'll ride the prairie that we love the best.

Ride 'round little dogie,
Ride 'round them slow.
For the fiery and the snuffy are rarin' to go.

Swingin' On a Star

Hey, would you like to swing on a star,
Carry moonbeams home in a jar,
And be better off than you are,
Or would you rather be a mule?

A mule is an animal with long, funny ears.
He kicks up at everything he hears.
His back is brawny, but his brain is weak.
He is just plain stupid with a stubborn streak.
So if you don't ever care to go to school,
You may grow up to be a mule.

Or would you rather swing on a star,
Carry moonbeams home in a jar,
And be better off than you are,
Or would you rather be a pig?

A pig is an animal with dirt on his face.
His feet are a terrible disgrace.
He has no manners when he eats his food.
And when he burps, he's extremely rude.
So if you don't care a feather or a fig,

You may grow up to be a pig.

Or would you rather swing on a star,
Carry moonbeams home in a jar,
And be better off than you are,
Or would you rather be a fish?

A fish is an animal that swims in a brook.
He can't write his name or read a book.
To fool the people is his only thought.
And though he's slippery, he still gets caught.
So if that's the kind of life that you wish,
You may grow up to be a fish.

Now all the monkeys aren't in a zoo.
Every day you meet quite a few.
So you see, it's all up to you,
You can be better than you are,
You can be swingin' on a star.

Boom Boom, Ain't it Great to be Crazy?

Boom boom, ain't it great to be crazy?
Boom boom, ain't it great to be crazy?
Silly and foolish the whole night through,
Boom boom, ain't it great to be crazy?

Way down South where bananas grow,
A flea stepped on an elephant's toe.
The elephant cried with tears in his eyes,
Why don't you pick on someone your own size?

Boom boom, ain't it great to be crazy?
Boom boom, ain't it great to be crazy?
Silly and foolish the whole night through,
Boom boom, ain't it great to be crazy?

Now, ole' Tom Horn was a swimin' man,
Struttin' 'round in his dusky tan.
One day he jumped off the board so high,
Only to find the pool was dry!

Boom boom, ain't it great to be crazy?
Boom boom, ain't it great to be crazy?
Silly and foolish the whole night through,
Boom boom, ain't it great to be crazy?

Now, ole' Charlie Orme was chased by a bear,
Chased him here, chased him there.
Everyone thought he was out of his mind,
Runnin' around with a bear behind!

Boom boom, ain't it great to be crazy?
Boom boom, ain't it great to be crazy?
Silly and foolish the whole night through,
Boom boom, ain't it great to be crazy?

A horse and a flea and three blind mice,
Sat on a curbstone shooting dice.
The horsey slipped and fell on the flea,
Oops! Said the flea,
There's a horsey on me!

Boom boom, ain't it great to be crazy?
Boom boom, ain't it great to be crazy?
Silly and foolish the whole night through,
Boom boom, ain't it great to be crazy?

The Redheaded Stranger

The redheaded stranger from Blue Rock, Montana
Rode into town one day.
Beneath his knees was a ragin' black stallion
And lopin' behind was a bay.
The redheaded stranger had eyes like the thunder
His lips, they were tight and still.
'Cause he was lamentin' his little lost darlin'
Who lay asleep on the hill.

Don't cross him, don't boss him, he's wild in his sorrow.
He's ridin' and hidin' his pain.
Don't fight him, don't spite him, just wait 'til tomorrow
And maybe he'll ride on again.

The yellow-haired woman looked down from her window.
And watched as he rode her way,
She drew back in fear from the ragin' black stallion,
And cast greedy eyes on the bay.
How could she know that this dancin' bay pony
Meant more to him than life?
For this was the horse that his little lost darlin'
Had ridden when she was his wife.

Don't cross him, don't boss him, he's wild in his sorrow.
He's ridin' and hidin' his pain.
Don't fight him, don't spite him, just wait 'til tomorrow
And maybe he'll ride on again.

The yellow-haired woman went down to the tavern
And looked up the stranger there.
He bought her some drinks and he gave her some money,
He just didn't seem to care.

She followed him out as he mounted the stallion
And laughed as she grabbed at the bay.
He shot her so quick they had no time to warn her.
She didn't hear nobody say….

Don't cross him, don't boss him, he's wild in his sorrow.
He's ridin' and hidin' his pain.
Don't fight him, don't spite him, just wait 'til tomorrow
And maybe he'll ride on again.

The yellow-haired woman was buried at sunset.
The stranger went free, of course,
'Cause you can't hang a man for shootin' a woman
Who tried to steal his horse.
Now this is the tale of the redheaded stranger
And if he should ride your way,
Get out of the way of the ragin' black stallion
And don't lay a hand on the bay.

Don't cross him, don't boss him, he's wild in his sorrow.
He's ridin' and hidin' his pain.
Don't fight him, don't spite him, just wait 'til tomorrow
And maybe he'll ride on again.

<u>Ich Bin Der Music Kantor</u> (Orme-style spelling)

(leader) Ich bin ein Musickantor, I come from Schwobenlau

(audience) Du bist ein Musickantor, you come from Schwobenlau

(leader) Ich con spielen

(audience) Du con spielen

(leader) Auf der viola

(audience) Auf der viola

(all) vio, vio, viola, viola, viola, vio, vio, viola, vio vio la, HEY!

(leader) Ich bin ein Musickantor, I come from Schwobenlau

(audience) Du bist ein Musickantor, you come from Schwobenlau

(leader) Ich con spielen

(audience) Du con spielen

(leader) Auf der tuba

(audience) Auf der tuba

(all) oompa oompa ommo pa pa, oom pa pa, oom pa pa, oompa oompa oompa pa pa, oompa oom pa pa, vio, vio, viola, viola, viola, vio, vio, viola, vio vio la, HEY!

(leader) Ich bin ein Musickantor, I come from Schwobenlau.

(audience) Du bist ein Musickantor, you come from Schwobenlau

(leader) Ich con spielen

(audience) Du con spielen

(leader) Auf der piano

(audience) Auf der piano

(all) plink plink plink plink plink plink plink, plink plink plink, plink plink plink, plink plink plink plink plink plink plink, plink plink plink plink, oompa oompa ommo pa pa, oom pa pa, oom pa pa, oompa oompa oompa pa pa, oompa oom pa pa, vio, vio, viola, viola, viola, vio, vio, viola, vio vio la, HEY!

(leader) Ich bin ein Musickantor, I come from Schwobenlau.

Du bist ein Musickantor, you come from Schwobenlau

(leader) Ich con spielen

Du con spielen

(leader) Auf der doodlesac fifer

Auf der doodlesac fifer

(all) na na na na na na, na na na, na na na, na na na na na na na, na na na na na, plink plink plink plink plink plink plink, plink plink plink, plink plink plink, plink plink plink plink plink plink plink, plink plink plink plink, oompa oompa ommo pa pa, oom pa pa, oom pa pa, oompa oompa oompa pa pa, oompa oom pa pa, vio, vio, viola, viola, viola, vio, vio, viola, vio vio la, HEY!

(leader) Ich bin ein Musickantor, I come from Schwobenlau.

Du bist ein Musickantor, you come from Schwobenlau

(leader) Ich con spielen

Du con spielen

(leader) Auf der orchestra

Auf der orchestra

(all) everyone picks their favorite instrument and play one refrain)

vio, vio, viola, viola, viola, vio, vio, viola, vio vio la, HEY!

Home on the Range

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.

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.

How often at night when the heavens are bright,
With the light of the glittering stars,
Have I stood there amazed and ask as I gaze,
If their glory exceeds that of ours?

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.

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.

Oh, My Darling Clementine

In a cavern, in a canyon, excavating for a mine,

Dwelt a miner, forty-niner and his daughter Clementine.

Oh my darling, oh my darling, oh my darling Clementine, you are lost and gone forever, dreadful sorry, Clementine.

Light she was and like a fairy, and her shoes were number nine,

Herring boxes without tops, sandals were for Clementine.

Oh my darling, oh my darling, oh my darling Clementine, you are lost and gone forever, dreadful sorry, Clementine.

Drove she ducklings to the water, every morning just at nine,

Hit her foot against a splinter, fell into the foaming brine.

Oh my darling, oh my darling, oh my darling Clementine, you are lost and gone forever, dreadful sorry, Clementine.

Ruby lips above the water, blowing bubbles soft and fine,

But Alas! I was no swimmer, so I lost my Clementine.

Oh my darling, oh my darling, oh my darling Clementine, you are lost and gone forever, dreadful sorry, Clementine.

In a corner of the churchyard, where they myrtle boughs entwine,

Grow the roses in their poses, fertilized by Clementine.

Oh my darling, oh my darling, oh my darling Clementine, you are lost and gone forever, dreadful sorry, Clementine.

Then the miner forty-niner, soon began to peak and pine,

Thought he oughter join his daughter, now he's with his Clementine.

Oh my darling, oh my darling, oh my darling Clementine, you are lost and gone forever, dreadful sorry, Clementine.

In my dreams she still doth haunt me, robed in garments soaked in brine,

Though in life I used to hug her, now she's dead, I'll draw the line.

Oh my darling, oh my darling, oh my darling Clementine, you are lost and gone forever, dreadful sorry, Clementine.

How I missed her, how I missed her, how I missed my Clementine,

So I kissed her little sister, and forgot my Clementine.

Oh my darling, oh my darling, oh my darling Clementine, you are lost and gone forever, dreadful sorry, Clementine.

Now you Boy Scouts, there's a moral to this little tale of mine,

Artificial respiration would have saved my Clementine.

Oh my darling, oh my darling, oh my darling Clementine, you are lost and gone forever, dreadful sorry, Clementine.

A Cowboy's Lament

As I walked out in the streets of Laredo,
As I walked out in Laredo one day,
I spied a dear cowboy wrapped up 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 say as I boldly stepped by,
Come sit down beside me and hear my sad story,
I'm shot in the breast and I know I must die.

It was once in the saddle I used to go dashing,
It was once in the saddle I used to go gay,
First to the dram house and then to the card house,
Got shot in the breast and I'm dying today.

Get six jolly cowboys to carry my coffin,
Get six pretty maidens to sing me a song.
Take me to the valley and lay the sod o'er me,
For I'm a young cowboy and know I've done wrong.

Oh, beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly,
Play the dead march as you carry me along,
Put bunches of roses all over my coffin,
Put roses to deaden the clots as they fall.

Do Lord

I've got a home in glory land that outshines the sun, Oh Lordy,
I've got a home in glory land that outshines the sun, Oh Lordy,
I've got a home in glory land that outshines the sun, look away beyond the blue.

Do Lord, or do Lord, oh please remember me.
Do Lord, or do Lord, oh please remember me.
Do Lord, or do Lord, oh please remember me.
Look away beyond the blue.

I took Jesus for my Savior, you take Him too,
I took Jesus for my Savior, you take Him too,
I took Jesus for my Savior, you take Him too,
Look away beyond the blue.

Do Lord, or do Lord, oh please remember me.
Do Lord, or do Lord, oh please remember me.
Do Lord, or do Lord, oh please remember me.
Look away beyond the blue.

If you can't bear the cross, then you can't wear the crown.
If you can't bear the cross, then you can't wear the crown.
If you can't bear the cross, then you can't wear the crown.
Look away beyond the blue.

The Closing Campfire Song

Each campfire lights anew, the flame of friendship true.

The joys we've had in knowing you, will last our whole life through.

And as the embers die away, we wish that we might ever stay,

but since we cannot have our way, we'll meet again some other day.

Good Night!