

Collection of some Favorite Songs

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Home In The Meadow

From: How The West Was Won

As sung by: Debbie Reynolds - Sung to the tune of *Greensleeves*

Away, away, come away with me
where the grass grows wild and the winds blow free
Away, away, come away with me
and I'll build you a home in the meadow

Come, come, there's a wondrous land
for the hopeful heart and the willing hand
Come, come, there's a wondrous land
where I'll build you a home in the meadow

The stars, the stars, oh how bright they'll shine
on a world the lord himself designed
The stars, the stars, oh how bright they'll shine
on the home we will build in the meadow

Come, come, there's a wondrous land
for the hopeful heart and the willing hand
Come, come, there's a wondrous land
where I'll build you a home in the meadow

Wildfire

Michael Martin Murphey

Written by M. Murphey & L. Cansler from the album "Blue Sky, Night Thunder"

She comes down from Yellow Mountain
On a dark, flat land she rides
On a pony she named Wildfire
Whirlwind by her side
On a cold Nebraska night.

Oh, they say she died one winter
When there came an early frost
And the pony she named Wildfire
Busted down its stall,
In a blizzard she was lost.
She ran calling Wild--fire
Calling Wild---fire
Calling Wi--i--ld--fi--i--re

By the dark of the moon I planted
But there came an early snow
Been a hoot owl howlin' outside my window now
For six nights in a row
She's comin' for me, I know
And on Wildfire we're both gonna go

We'll be ridin' Wildfire
Ridin' Wildfire
We'll be ridin' Wildfire
On Wildfire we're gonna ride
Gonna leave sodbustin' behind
Get these hard times right on out of our minds
Ridin' Wildfire

God Bless the USA

Lee Greenwood

If tomorrow all the things were gone
I'd worked for all my life,
And I had to start again
with just my children and my wife,
I'd thank my lucky stars
to be living here today,
'Cause the flag still stands for freedom
and they can't take that away.

I'm proud to be an American
where at least I know I'm free,
And I won't forget the men who died
who gave that right to me,
And I gladly stand up next to you
and defend her still today,
'Cause there ain't no doubt I love this land
God Bless the U.S.A.

From the lakes of Minnesota
to the hills of Tennessee,
Across the plains of Texas
from sea to shining sea.
From Detroit down to Houston
and New York to L.A.,
There's pride in every American heart
and it's time we stand and say:

I'm proud to be an American
where at least I know I'm free,
And I won't forget the men who died
who gave that right to me,
And I gladly stand up next to you
and defend her still today,
'Cause there ain't no doubt I love this land
God Bless the U.S.A.

I'm proud to be an American
where at least I know I'm free,
And I won't forget the men who died
who gave that right to me,
And I gladly stand up next to you
and defend her still today,
'Cause there ain't no doubt I love this land
God Bless the U.S.A.

Follow the Drinking Gourd

Folk Music - Underground Railroad

* Chorus *

Follow the drinking gourd,
Follow the drinking gourd,
For the old man is waiting
for to carry you to freedom
if you follow the drinking gourd.

When the sun comes back,
and the first Quail calls,
Follow the drinking gourd,
For the old man is waiting
for to carry you to freedom
If you follow the drinking gourd.

* Chorus *

The riverbank makes a mighty good road,
The dead trees show you the way.
Left foot, peg foot traveling on,
Following the drinking gourd.

* Chorus *

The river ends between two hills,
Follow the drinking gourd,
There's another river on the other side,
Follow the drinking gourd.

* Chorus *

When the great big river
meets the little river,
Follow the drinking gourd.
For the old man is waiting
for to carry you to freedom
If you follow the drinking gourd.

Impossible Dream

Lyrics by Joe Darion

From: *Man of La Mancha*

*In this song, Don Quixote explains his quest
and the reasons behind it... in doing so,
he captures the essence of the play
and its philosophical underpinnings.*

To dream... the impossible dream...
To fight... the unbeatable foe...
To bear... with unbearable sorrow...
To run... where the brave dare not go...
To right... the unrightable wrong...
To love... pure and chaste from afar...
To try... when your arms are too weary...
To reach... the unreachable star...

This is my quest, to follow that star...
No matter how hopeless, no matter how far...
To fight for the right, without question or pause...
To be willing to march into Hell, for a Heavenly cause...

And I know if I'll only be true, to this glorious quest,
That my heart will lie will lie peaceful and calm,
when I'm laid to my rest...
And the world will be better for this
That one man, scorned and covered with scars,
Still strove, with his last ounce of courage,
To reach... the unreachable star...

Air Force Song

U.S. Air Force

Off we go ~ into the wild blue yonder,
Climbing high, into the sun
Here they come zooming to meet our thunder,
At 'em boys, give 'em the gun!
Down we dive, spouting our flame from under,
Off with one Hell-uv-a roar!
We'll live in fame, or go down in flame,
Nothing can stop the U.S. Air Force!

*(Historical note: Prior to the founding of the U.S. Air Force in 1947, this line read:
"Nothing can stop the Army Air Corps")*

Minds of men fashioned a crate of thunder,
Set it HIGH into the blue;
Hands of men blasted the world asunder,
How they lived God only knew.
Souls of men dreaming of skies to conquer
Gave us wing ever to soar!
With scouts before and bombers galore,
Nothing can stop the U.S. Air Force!

There's a toast to the host
of those who love the vastness of the sky,
To a friend we send the message of his brother, men who fly
We drink to those who gave their all of old,
Then down we roar to score the rainbow's pot of gold.
A toast to the host of men we boast,
The U.S. Air Force.

Off we go into the wild sky yonder,
Keep the wings level and true,
If you've lived to be a gray-haired wonder,
Keep the nose out of the blue!
Flying men, guarding our nations borders,
We'll be there, followed by more.
In echelon we carry on!
Nothing'll stop the U.S. Air Force!

TV Western, Theme Song

Rawhide

Written by Ned Washington and Dimitri Tiomkin

Performed by Frankie Laine

Rollin', rollin', rollin'
Rollin', rollin', rollin'
Rollin', rollin', rollin'
Rollin', rollin', rollin'
Rawhide!

Rollin', rollin', rollin'
Though the streams are swollen
Keep them doggies rollin'
Rawhide

Rain and wind and weather
Hellbent for leather
Wishin' my gal was by my side
All the things I'm missin'
Good vittals, love and kissin'
Are waiting at the end of my ride

* CHORUS *

Rollin', rollin', rollin'
Rollin', rollin', rollin'
Hyaa!
Rollin', rollin', rollin'
Rollin', rollin', rollin'
Hyaa!
Rawhide!
Rawhide!

Move 'em on, head 'em up
Head 'em up, move 'em on
Move 'em on, head 'em up
Rawhide
Count 'em out, ride 'em in
Ride 'em in, count 'em out
Count 'em out, ride 'em in
Rawhide

Keep movin', movin', movin'
Though they're disapprovin'
Keep them doggies movin'
Rawhide
Don't try to understand 'em
Just rope 'em, pull and brand 'em
Soon we'll be living high and wide
My hearts calculatin'
My true love will be waitin'
Be waitin' at the end of my ride
Hyaa!

* CHORUS *

Ringo

Lorne Greene

He lay face down in the desert sand
Clutching his six-gun in his hand
Shot from behind, I thought he was dead
But under his heart was an ounce of lead
But a spark still burned so I used my knife
And late that night I saved the life of Ringo

(Ringo . . . Ringo . . .)

I nursed him till the danger passed
The days went by, he mended fast
Then from dawn till setting sun
He practiced with that deadly gun
And hour on hour I watched in awe
No human being could match the draw of Ringo

(Ringo . . . Ringo . . .)

One day we rode the mountain crest
And I went east and he went west
I took to law and wore a star
While he spread terror near and far
With lead and blood he gained such fame
All through the West they feared the name of Ringo

(Ringo . . . Ringo . . .)

I knew someday I'd face the test
Which one of us would be the best
And sure enough the word came down
That he was holed up in the town
I left the posse out in the street
And I went in alone to meet Ringo

(Ringo . . . Ringo . . .)

They said my speed was next to none
But my lightning draw had just begun
When I heard a blast that stung my wrist
The gun went flying from my fist
And I was looking down the bore
Of the deadly .44 of Ringo

(Ringo . . . Ringo . . .)

(Continued on next page)

They say that was the only time
That anyone had seen him smile
He slowly lowered his gun and then
He said to me "We're even, friend"
And so at last I understood
That there was still a spark of good in Ringo

(Ringo . . . Ringo . . .)

I blocked the path of his retreat
He turned and stepped into the street
A dozen guns spit fire and lead
A moment later, he lay dead
The town began to shout and cheer
Nowhere was there shed a tear for Ringo

(Ringo . . . Ringo . . .)

The story spread throughout the land
That I had beaten Ringo's hand
And it was just the years, they say
That made me put my guns away
But on his grave they can't explain
The tarnished star above the name of Ringo

(Ringo . . . Ringo . . .)
(Ringo . . . Ringo . . .)

Sixteen Tons

Written in 1947 by Merle Travis

Tennessee Ernie Ford

Some people say a man is made outta mud
A poor man's made outta muscle and blood
Muscle and blood and skin and bones
A mind that's a-weak and a back that's strong

You load sixteen tons, what do you get
Another day older and deeper in debt
Saint Peter don't you call me 'cause I can't go
I owe my soul to the company store

I was born one mornin' when the sun didn't shine
I picked up my shovel and I walked to the mine
I loaded sixteen tons of number nine coal
And the straw boss said "Well, a-bless my soul"

You load sixteen tons, what do you get
Another day older and deeper in debt
Saint Peter don't you call me 'cause I can't go
I owe my soul to the company store

I was born one mornin', it was drizzlin' rain
Fightin' and trouble are my middle name
I was raised in the *canebrake* by an ol' mama lion
Cain't no-a high-toned woman make me walk the line

You load sixteen tons, what do you get
Another day older and deeper in debt
Saint Peter don't you call me 'cause I can't go
I owe my soul to the company store

If you see me comin', better step aside
A lotta men didn't, a lotta men died
One fist of iron, the other of steel
If the right one don't a-get you
Then the left one will

You load sixteen tons, what do you get
Another day older and deeper in debt
Saint Peter don't you call me 'cause I can't go
I owe my soul to the company store

Canebrake - a thick growth of cane

Small Town Girl - Don't Stop Believin'

Journey

She's just a small town girl, living in a lonely world
She took the midnight train going anywhere
He's just a city boy, born and raised in south Detroit
He took the midnight train going anywhere

I seen her in a smoky room, the smell of wine and cheap perfume
For a smile they can share the night

It goes on and on and on and on...

Strangers, waiting... walking down the boulevard
Their shadows searching in the night...
Street lights... people...
Living just to find emotion
Hiding somewhere in the night...

Working hard to get my fill, everybody wants a thrill
Betting anything to roll the dice just one more time
Some will win, some will lose
Some are born to sing the blues... And the movie never ends

It goes on and on and on and on...

Strangers, waiting... walking down the boulevard
Their shadows searching in the night...
Street lights... people...
Living just to find emotion
Hiding somewhere in the night...

Don't stop...believing... hold on to that feeling...
Street light... people...

Don't stop... believing... hold on....
Street lights... people...

Don't stop believing... hold on to that feeling... (fading)
(Fading) Street lights... people...

The Bird Song

Lesley Nelson-Burns

Hi! says the blackbird, sitting on a chair,
Once I courted a lady fair;
She proved fickle and turned her back,
And ever since then I'm dressed in black.

Hi! says the blue-jay as he flew,
If I was a young man I'd have two;
If one proved fickle and chanced for to go,
I'd have a new string to my bow.

Hi! says the little leather winged bat,
I will tell you the reason that,
The reason that I fly in the night
Is because I lost my heart's delight.

Hi! says the little mourning dove,
I'll tell you how to gain her love;
Court her night and court her day,
Never give her time to say "O nay."

Hi! said the woodpecker sitting on a fence,
Once I courted a handsome wench;
She proved fickle and from me fled,
And ever since then my head's been red.

Hi! says the owl with my eyes so big,
If I had a hen I'd feed like a pig;
But here I sit on a frozen stake,
Which causes my poor heart to ache.

Hi! says the swallow, sitting in a barn,
Courting, I think, is no harm.
I pick my wings and sit up straight
And hope every young man will choose him a mate.

Hi! says the hawk unto the crow,
If you ain't black then I don't know.
Ever since old Adam was born,
You've been accused of stealing corn.

Hi! says the crow unto the hawk,
I understand your great, big talk;
You'd like to pounce and catch a hen,
But I hope the farmer will shoot you then.

Hi! says the robin, with a little squirm,
I wish I had a great, big worm;
I would fly away into my nest;
I have a wife I think is the best.

The House I Live In

Frank Sinatra

Frank Sinatra, and some other movie and music greats, won a special Academy Award in 1945.
Music Earl Robinson, Lyrics Lewis Allen

What is America to me?
A name, a map, or a flag I see;
A certain word, democracy.
What is America to me?

The house I live in,
A plot of earth, a street,
The grocer and the butcher,
Or the people that I meet;
The children in the playground,
The faces that I see,
All races and religions,
That's America to me.

The place I work in,
The worker by my side,
The little town or city
Where my people lived and died.
The howdy and the handshake,
The air and feeling free,
And the right to speak my mind out,
That's America to me.

The things I see about me,
The big things and the small,
The little corner newsstand,
And the house a mile tall;
The wedding and the churchyard,
The laughter and the tears,
And the dream that's been a growing
For more than two hundred years.

The town I live in,
The street, the house, the room,
The pavement of the city,
And the garden all in bloom;
The church, the school, the clubhouse,
The million lights I see,
But especially the people;
That's America to me.

(Continued on next page)

The house I live in,
My neighbors white and black,
The people who just came here,
Or from generations back;
The town hall and the soapbox,
The torch of liberty,
A home for all God's children;
That's America to me.

The words of old Abe Lincoln,
Of Jefferson and Paine,
Of Washington and Jackson
And the tasks that still remain;
The little bridge at Concord,
Where Freedom's fight began,
Our Gettysburg and Midway
And the story of Bataan.

The house I live in,
The goodness everywhere,
A land of wealth and beauty,
With enough for all to share;
A house that we call Freedom,
A home of Liberty,
And it belongs to fighting people
That's America to me.

*Sadly, there are too few recordings of "The House I Live In" out there.
But the ones that recorded it, in addition to Sinatra, are among the very best:
Earl Robinson, Mahalia Jackson, Josh White, Sonny Rollins, and the great Paul Robeson.*

Transfusion

Nervous Norvus

(ZZZZZOooooooooooooMMMMMMMMMMMM)

Tooling down the hightway doing 79
I'm a twin pipe papa and I'm feelin fine
Hey man dig that, was that a red stop sign-
(scrreeech-BANG!!tinkle)
Transfusion transfusion
I'm just a solid mess of contusions
Never never never gonna speed again
Slip the blood to me Bud

I jump in my rod about a quarter to nine
I gotta make a date with that chick of mine
I cross the center line, man you gotta make time-
(scrreeech-BANG!!tinkle)
Transfusion transfusion
Oh man I got the cotton pickin convolutions
Never never never gonna speed again
Shoot the juice to me Bruce

My foot's on the throttle and it's made of lead
But I'm a fast ridding daddy with a real cool head
I'm-a gonna pass a truck on the hill ahead-
(scrreeech-BANG!!tinkle)
Transfusion transfusion
My red corpsuckles (sic) are in mass confusion
Never never never gonna speed again
Pass the crimson to me Jimson

I took a little drink and I'm feelin right
I can fly right over everything everything in sight
There's a slow poking cat, I'm gonna pass him on the right-
(scrreeech-BANG!!tinkle)
Transfusion transfusion
I'm a real gone paleface and that's no illusion
I'm-a never never never gonna speed again
Pass the claret to me Barrett

A rollin down the mountain on a rainy day
Oh when you see me coming, better start to pray
I'm-a cuttin up the road and I'm the boss all the way-
(scrreeech-BANG!!tinkle)
Transfusion transfusion
Oh doc pardon me for this crazy intrusion
I'm never never never gonna speed again
Pump the fluid in me Louie

(Continued on next page)

I'm burning up the highway early this morn
I'm passing everybody oh nothing but corn
Man outa my way, I don't drive with my horn-
(*scrreeech-BANG!!tinkle*)
Transfusion transfusion
Oh nurse I'm gonna make a new resolution
I'm never never never gonna speed again
Put a gallon in me Alan

Oh barnyard drivers are found in two classes
Line crowding hogs and speeding jackasses
So remember to slow down today
Hey daddy-o
Make that type O huh
Atta-boy
(*scrreeech-BANG!!tinkle*)

Drunken Sailor

Traditional Sea Shanty

What do you do with a drunken sailor,
What do you do with a drunken sailor, earl-eye in the mornin'?

* CHOURS*

Way-hey, up she rises,
Way-hey, up she rises,
Way-hey, up she rises, earl-eye in the mornin'!

Shave his belly with a rusty razor,
Shave his belly with a rusty razor,
Shave his belly with a rusty razor, earl-eye in the mornin'!

* CHOURS*

Throw him in the back of the paddy wagon,
Throw him in the back of the paddy wagon,
Throw him in the back of the paddy wagon, earl-eye in the mornin'!

* CHOURS*

What do you do with a drunken sailor,
What do you do with a drunken sailor,
What do you do with a drunken sailor, earl-eye in the mornin'?

* CHOURS*

Keel-haul him, 'till he's sober
Keel-haul him, 'till he's sober
Keel-haul him, 'till he's sober, earl-eye in the mornin'!

* CHOURS*

Throw him in the lock-up 'till he's sober,
Throw him in the lock-up 'till he's sober,
Throw him in the lock-up 'till he's sober, earl-eye in the mornin'!

* CHOURS*

Hey!
(Piccolo solo)
Hey!

What do you do with a drunken sailor,
What do you do with a drunken sailor,
What do you do with a drunken sailor, earl-eye in the mornin'?

* CHOURS*

* CHOURS*

What do you do with a drunken sailor,
What do you do with a drunken sailor,
What do you do with a drunken sailor, earl-eye in the mornin'?

Where My Heart Will Take Me

Starship Enterprise

It's been a long road, getting from there to here.
It's been a long time, but my time is finally near.
And I can feel the change in the wind right now. Nothing's in my way.
And they're not gonna hold me down no more, no they're not gonna hold me down.

Cause I've got faith of the heart.
I'm going where my heart will take me.
I've got faith to believe. I can do anything.
I've got strength of the soul. And no one's gonna bend or break me.
I can reach any star. I've got faith, faith of the heart.

It's been a long night. Trying to find my way.
Been through the darkness. Now I finally have my day.
And I will see my dream come alive at last. I will touch the sky.
And they're not gonna hold me down no more, no they're not gonna change my mind.

Cause I've got faith of the heart.
I'm going where my heart will take me.
I've got faith to believe. I can do anything.
I've got strength of the soul. And no one's gonna bend or break me.
I can reach any star. I've got faith, faith of the heart.

I've known the wind so cold, I've seen the darkest days.
But now the winds I feel, are only winds of change.
I've been through the fire and I've been through the rain.
But I'll be fine ...

Cause I've got faith of the heart.
I'm going where my heart will take me.
I've got faith to believe. I can do anything.
I've got strength of the soul. And no one's gonna bend or break me.
I can reach any star. I've got faith, faith of the heart.

Cause I've got faith of the heart.
I'm going where my heart will take me.
I've got faith to believe. I can do anything.
I've got strength of the soul. And no one's gonna bend or break me.
I can reach any star. I've got faith, faith of the heart.

The Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald

Date: November 10, 1975

Gordon Lightfoot

The legend lives on from the Chippewa on down
Of the big lake they called Gitchi-gumi
The lake, it is said, never gives up her dead
When the skies of November turn gloomy

With a load of iron ore twenty-six thousand tons more
Than the Edmund Fitzgerald weighed empty.
That good ship and crew was a bone to be chewed
When the "Gales of November" came early.

The ship was the pride of the American side
Coming back from some mill in Wisconsin
As the big freighters go, it was bigger than most
With a crew and good captain well seasoned

Concluding some terms with a couple of steel firms
When they left fully loaded for Cleveland
And later that night when the ship's bell rang
Could it be the north wind they'd been feeling?

The wind in the wires made a tattle-tale sound
And a wave tumbled over the railing
And every man knew, as the captain did too,
T'was the witch of November come stealing.

The dawn came late and the breakfast had to wait
When the gales of November came slashing
When afternoon came it was freezing rain
In the face of a hurricane west wind.

When suppertime came, the old cook came on deck saying
"Fellas, it's too rough to feed ya."
At seven PM the main hatchway caved in, he said
"Fellas, it's been good to know ya"

The captain wired in he had water coming in
And the good ship and crew was in peril.
And later that night when his lights went out of sight
Came the wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald.

Does any one know where the love of God goes
When the waves turn the minutes to hours?
The searchers all say they'd have made Whitefish Bay
If they'd put fifteen more miles behind her.

(Continued on next page)

They might have split up or they might have capsized;
They may have broke deep and took water.
All that remains are the faces and the names
Of the wives and the sons and the daughters.

Lake Huron rolls, Superior sings
In the rooms of her icewater mansion.
Old Michigan steams like a young man's dreams;
The isles and bays are for sportsmen.

And farther below Lake Ontario
Takes in what Lake Erie can send her,
And the iron boats go as the mariners all know
With the gales of November remembered.

In a musty old hall in Detroit they prayed,
In the Maritime Sailors' Cathedral.
The church bell chimed till it rang twenty-nine times
For each man on the Edmund Fitzgerald.

The legend lives on from the Chippewa on down
Of the big lake they call Gitchi-gumi
Superior, they say, never gives up her dead
When the gales of November come early.

Background on the S.S. Edmund Fitzgerald

At the time it was launched in 1958, the 729-foot long, 75-foot wide freighter S.S. Edmund Fitzgerald was the largest ship to ply the Great Lakes. On November 10, 1975 the Fitzgerald left Superior, Wisconsin carrying 26,000 tons of tactionite, iron ore pellets, bound for Detroit. Though the day was bright, in her path lay a terrible storm with 60 MPH winds and waves in excess of 15 feet. As the storm built, her experienced Captain Ernest McSorley bore north across Lake Superior, seeking the relative shelter of the Canadian shore and Whitefish Bay.

Luck was not with the ship or the crew. The radar system and it's backup failed. The storm took out the power to Whitefish Point's light and radio beacon. Though the light was brought back on line, the radio beacon was not. The Arthur M. Anderson, within 10 miles of the Fitzgerald, received reports that the ship was listing to the starboard and of other structural damages to the vessel. At 7:10 PM, Captain McSorley delivered what was to be his final message:

"We're holding our own."

The Arthur M. Anderson lost the Fitzgerald's image on its radar screen at 7:25 PM. The ship and crew of 29 men, sank to the bottom of Lake Superior.

Several expeditions have been mounted to the wreck and have been the subject of some controversy. On July 4th, 1995 the ship's bell and stanchion were recovered from where they lay beneath 550 feet of Lake Superior. A replica of the bell, graven with the names of the crew, was left in its place. The bell was presented to the relatives of the crew and rung thirty times -- once for each member of the crew and a final time in honor of all those who have lost their lives at sea. The bell was given to the Great Lakes Shipwreck Museum at Whitefish Point to serve as a memorial to the ship and crew.

Finlandia

Jan Sibelius

Dear land of mine, my home my native country,
Now green before me spread thy fields of grain!
How blue thy lakes, with heavens blessing on them,
While freedoms light makes beautiful the plain!
Strong be thy son's to cherish and defend thee,
That ev'ry foe shall threaten in vain.

Through storm and stress, thy heroes shall not fail thee,
Though perils press them on hard on every hand!
God grant them strength and courage, when the need be,
Clear eyes to see and hearts to understand!
God lead thee on through nobleness to triumph,
God make thee great, my own native land.

This is my song oh God of all the nations
A song of peace for lands afar and mine.
This is my home the country where my heart is
Here are my hopes, my dreams, my holy shrine.
But other hearts in other lands are beating
With hopes and dreams as true and high as mine.

My countries skies are bluer than the ocean
And sunlight beams on clover leaf and pine.
But other lands have sunlight too and clover
And skies are everywhere as blue as mine.
Oh hear my song, oh God of all the nations
A song of peace for their land and for mine.

May truth and freedom come to every nation;
May peace abound where strife has raged so long;
That each may seek to love and build together,
A world united, righting every wrong.
A world united in its love for freedom,
Proclaiming peace, together in one song.

Send lyrics corrections, additions, or comments to:
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