

1. IF I NEVER SEE IRELAND AGAIN (STEVE SPURGIN / BUM'S RUSH MUSIC, BMI)

MOLLY STOOD CRYING, HER TEARS FALLING DOWN O LIKE A STORM ON THE COLD RISH SEA O SHE SAID, "MY DARLIN" BOY, ARE YOU JUST BOUND TO GO? O DON'T YOU CARE FOR YOUR MOTHER AND ME?" O I SAID, "MOLLY YOU KNOW YOU'RE THE LOVE OF BY LIFE O I'VE NO PLANS TO LEAVE YOU BEHIND O BUT I'M AMERICA BOUND, WHEN MY FORTUME IS FOUND O I'LL SEND FOR YOU BOTH IN GOOD TIME, O CHORUS: IF I NEVER SEE IRELAND AGAIN O I STILL HAVE THE LOVE OF BY FAMILY AND FRIENDS O TO CARRY ME SAFE TO THE FAR AWAY SHORE O WHERE I HAVE A NEW LIFE TO BEGIN O I'F I NEVER SEE IRELAND AGAIN O WITH A HANDFUL OF SOIL FROM MY DADDY'S COLD GRAVE O AND A BAG THAT HOLDS ALL THAT I OWN O I TRUST THAT THE LORD, THE WIND, AND THE WAYES O WILL GUIDE ME TOWARD A NEW HOME O THE POSTERS ALL SAY THE WEST IS THE WAY O TO THE LAND WHERE MY SOUL LONGS TO BE O WHERE THE SKY NEVER ENDS AND THE BIG RIVERS BEND O AND THE COUNTRY IS WILD, AND IT'S FREE O (CHORUS) O COLLIN'S LETTER SAID, "LAD I KNOW YOU'RE NEW WED O BUT COME JOIN ME, WE'LL BE HEADIN', WEST O A NEW WORLD TO BE FOUND AND IT'S GROUND O FOR A MAN WHO CAN JUST PASS THE TEST O CHORUS

2. WESTERN WAGONS (STEPHEN VINCENT BENET / TEXAS RED SONGS, BMI)

THEY WENT WITH AXE AND RIFLE, WHEN THE TRAIL WAS STILL TO BLAZE, OTHEY WENT WITH WIFE AND CHILDREN, IN THE PRAIRE-SCHOOKER DAYS

WITH BANJO AND WITH FRYING PAN-SUSANNA, DON'T YOU CRY! OF FOR I'M OFF TO CALIFORNIA TO GET RICH OUT THERE OR DIEL O WE'VE BROKEN
LAND AND CLEARED IT, BUT WE'RE TIRED OF WHERE WE ARE OTHEY SAY THAT WILD NEBRASKA IS A BETTER PLACE BY TAR OTHERE'S GOLD IN FAR
WYOMING, THERE' BLACK EARTH IN IOWAY O SO PACK UP THE KIDS AND BLANKETS, FOR WE'RE MOVING OUT TODAY! OF THE COWARDS NEVER STARTBO AND THE WEAK DIED ON THE ROAD O AND ALL ACROSS THE CONTINENT THE ENDLESS CAMPFIRES GOVER O WE'D TAKEN LAND AND SETTLED-BUT
A TRAVELER PASSED BY O AND WE'RE GOING WEST TOMORROW-LORDY, NEVER ASK US WHY! O WE'RE GOING WEST TOMORROW WHERE THE PROMISES CAN'T FAIL O OR THE HILLS IN LEGIONS BOYS AND CROWD THE DUSTY TRAIL O WE SHALL STARVE AND FREEZE AND SUFFER, WE SHALL DIE AND
TAME THE LANDS O BUT WE'RE GOING WEST TOMORROW WITH OUR FORTUME IN OUR HANDS.

- 3. THROUGH THE CUMBERLAND GAP (RED STEAGALL AND RICHARD E. O'BRIEN / TEXAS RED SONGS AND BADGER TRAX, BMI)
  I'M GETTING TIRED BUT I CAN'T STOP TO REST O MY WHOLE BEING YEARNS FOR A HOME IN THE WEST O I BOUGHT ME A RIFLE AND A NEW COONSKIN
  CAP O I'M OFF TO KENTUCKY THROUGH THE CUMBERLAND GAP OA FELLER NAMED BOONE LEFT HIS REKE ON THE TERES OF BLAZES TO FOLLOW FOR
  SETTLERS LIKE ME O HE SAYS THAT KENTUCKY'S THE PLACE WHERE IT'S AT O SO WE'LL FOLLOW THE BLAZES THROUGH THE CUMBERLAND GAP O CHORUS: THERE UP AHEAD IS A MARK ON A TREE O THEY'RE EASY TO FOLLOW, HE SAID THEY WOULD BE O THEY CALL IT KENTUCKY THE LAND OF THE FREE
  O WE'LL FIND IT BY WATCHING FOR MARKS ON THE TERES O THE READ AMAILAYS CLAIM TO THE WOOD AND THE STREAM O BUT THERE'S PLENTY OF
  COUNTRY FOR ALL OF OUR DREAMS O THE DAY I LEFT IRELAND IS WHEN I SET MY CAP O TO FOLLOW THE BLAZES THROUGH THE CUMBERLAND GAP O
  OTHERS WILL FOLLOW WHERE OUR FEET HAVE TROD O THEY'LL CUT DOWN THE TREES AND PLOW UP THE SOO O THEY'LL BUILD TOWNS AND CITIES
  WITH DANIEL BOONE'S HELP O'CAUSE HE BLAZED THE TRAIL TREDUGHE THE CUMBERLAND GAP O'CHORLS
- 4. GONE TO TEXAS (RED STEAGALL / TEXAS RED SONGS, BMI)

MY GRANDAD WAS THE RIGHT MAN Ø TO TAME THIS SAVAGE WILD LAND Ø THEN CARPETBAGGERS CAME AND STOLE Ø OUR VERY HEART AND SOUL Ø
THE LAND WE FOUGHT AND DIED FOR Ø THE HOME MY MOMMA CRIED FOR Ø WILD COLLIN'T PAY THE TAKES Ø SO THEY TOOK ALL WE OWN Ø THE YAKKEE
TAX COLLECTOR Ø WAS A DODGIN', DIVIN' ACTOR Ø WHEN HE OUTRAN THE BUCKSHOT Ø IN A HIGH LOPE HE WAS GONE Ø I'M SURE THEY'LL SEND
ANOTHER Ø THEY REALLY NEEDN'T BOTHER Ø 'CAUSE WHEN THEY COME A CALLIN' Ø THEY'LL BE NOBODY HOME Ø CHORUS: WE'RE ØFE TO TAME A
REW LAND Ø WHERE I CAN BE MY OWN MAN Ø AND THOSE CAPPETBAGGIN' SCALLYWAGS Ø WILL LEAVE BOY ALDE Ø VE'LL START ALL OVER BRAND
NEW Ø MY DADDY TAUGHT ME HOW TO Ø AND WE'LL BUILD THE CATTLE KINDDON Ø WE'LL CALL TEXAS HOME Ø THEY'LL SEN OLD FOLKS GRIEVIN'
O 'CAUSE THEY DON'T KNOW WE'RE LEAVIN' Ø THE CROSSES STILL REMIND US Ø OF THE SACRIFICE THEY MADGE WHEN THEY STOOD THEIR GROUND
AND FOUGHT 'EM Ø ALL THE UNION SOLDIERS BROUGHT 'EM Ø WAS DEATH AND FIRE AND ASHES Ø THAT'S THE PRICE THE OLD FOLKS PAID O'WE'LL
LOADED UP THE WAGON Ø WITH ALL THAT WE COULD PACK IN Ø A TEAM OF RIVE BRED HORSES Ø AND WE'RE FINALLY ON OUR WAY Ø WHERE LEAFY
LIVE OAK BRANCHES Ø SHELTER HEART AND SOUL AND FAMILT Ø WE'LL STAKE OUR CLAIM ON TEXAS Ø WE'LL CLEAR THE LAND AND TAY OF WAS ON THE WE AND THE WAS ON THE WAGON O WITH ALL THAT WE COULD PACK IN Ø A TEAM OF RIVE BRED HORSES Ø AND WE'RE FINALLY ON OUR WAY Ø WHERE LEAFY
LIVE OAK BRANCHES Ø SHELTER HEART AND SOUL AND FAMILT Ø WE'LL STAKE OUR CLAIM ON TEXAS Ø WE'LL CLEAR THE LAND AND AT O'C SHORUS')
O'CAUSE WE'RE OFT TO TAME A NEW LAND Ø WHERE I CAN BE MY OWN MAN O'THOSE CARPETBAGGIN' SCALLYWAGS Ø WILL LEAVE A BOY ALDRE Ø
AND WE'LL START ALL OVER BRAND REW Ø MY DADDY TAUGHT ME HOW TO Ø WE'LL BUILD A CATTLE KINGDOM O'AND WE'LL CALL TEXAS HOME
RED STEAGGALUZOO!

5. WE'LL STAND UP AND FIGHT (RED STEAGALL AND RICHARD E. O'BRIEN / TEXAS RED SONGS AND BADGER TRAX, BMI)

I THOUGHT WE WERE FINISHED WITH ALL OF OUR TROUBLES O AND LETT 'EM BACK HOME IN THE KAINTUCKY SAND O WE'D SURVIVED ALL THE BATTLES OF WAR, DEATH AND ASHES O WE WERE HOPING FOR PEACE IN THE GREAT TEXS LAND O BUT, KAINTUCKY CAN'T LAY CLAIM TO ALL OF THE BAD
ONES O WE CROSSED THE RED RIVER AT MOON YESTERDAY O TWO OUTLAWS STOPPED US, DEMANDED OUR HORSES O BUT THEY'RE THROUGH WITH
HUACKIN' AFTER TODAY O I GOT OFF THE WAGON TO QUIET THE HORSES O THEY DIDN'T SEE BESSIE, A DOUBLE TEN BORE O THEY FELL FROM THEIR
SADDLES, I GATHERED THEIR HORSES O A TWO BARREL SHOTEUN HAS EVENED THE SCORE O THE WIFE AND THE CHILDREN ARE STILL IN THE WAGON
OMOLLY CRIES SOFTLY BUT MUFFLES THE SOUND O THE CLAIK OF THE SHOVEL ATTRACTS NO ATTENTION O I BUTY THEM DEEP AND THEN SMOOTH
OUT THE GROUND O CHORUSS OUR ENTRY TO TEXAS WAS LESS THAN A WELCOME O BUT I'M STILL EXCITED WE'VE HABLLY ARRIVED O A CHANCE TO

START OVER AND NOTHING WILL STOP US O WE'LL CALL TEXAS HOME FOR THE REST OF OUR LIVES O WE DRIVE INTO TOWN AS IF NOTHIN' HAS HAPPENED

DEFFERSON'S QUIET ON A HOT AFFERNOON O WE WERE PLANNING TO STOP, SPEND A DAY OR TWO RESTIN' O BUT WE'LL SLEEP TONTIE' "NEATH A BIG

TEXAS MOON O A RIDER APPROACHED AS I REINED IN THE HORSES O WE SHOOK HANDS AND HOWDIED AND TALKED FOR A SPELL O MY ETE CAUGHT HIS

BADGE AS I READ U.S. MARSHALL O I WAS CHURNIN' INSIDE, I'M SURE HE COULD TELL O HE SAID THERE'S SOME BAD MEN THAT PREY ON NEW SETTLERS O I TOLD HIM WHAT HAPPENED AT NOON YESTERDAY O I WAS SURE HE'D ARREST ME, BUT HE JUST SMILED POLITELY O SAID THANKS FOR THE
HELP AND THEN BID US GOOD DAY O I'M SURE' SOME WILL THINK WHAT I DID WAS NOT PROPER O BUT I DID WHAT I HAD TO AND I'M SURE I WAS RIGHT
O WE'RE NOT HUNTIN' TROUBLE, WE'RE PEACE LOVING PEOPLE O BUT IF TROUBLE SHOULD FIND US, WE'LL STAND UP AND FIGHT O CHORUS. OUR GRASS
WILL BE STOCKED WITH THE GREAT LONGHORN CATTLE O OUR HORSES WILL COME FROM THE FINEST OF MARES O OUR CHILDREN WILL GROW LIKE A COTTONWOOD SAPLIN' O THEY'LL LEARN HOW TO STAND AND CONTRIBUTE THEIR SHARE. RED STEAGALL & RICHARD E. O'BRIENZOO!

### 6. OUT ON THE TEXAS PLAINS (RED STEAGALL / TEXAS RED SONGS, BMI)

WE HEADED WEST AS MARCY'S GUEST © OUT THROUGH THE VAST DOMAIN © TO FIND A WAY TO SANTA FE © ACROSS THE TEXAS PLAIN © I JOINED THE CROWD AND I WAS PROUD © BUT WHY I CAN'T EXPLAIN © WAS MID JULY, THE STAKES WERE HIGH OF OUT ON THE TEXAS PLAIN © CHORUS: THE PLAINS WERE FULL OF BUFFALO © AS FAR AS THE FYE COULD SEE © THEIR BELIEVINING MADE FOR A LITTHE BOYS AND ME OF AND WHEN THEY RAN THEIR RUMBLING GATE © SHOOK THE GROUND BENEATH O'THE PLAINS WERE FULL OF BUFFALO © AS FAR AS THE EYE COULD SEE O'THE INDIAN OWNED THE TEXAS PLAIN O'HE KNEW EYERY HILL AND DALE O'HE LED THE RACE BUT IN THE CHASE O'WE SELDOM FOUND HIS TRAIL O'THE SUN BURNED DOWN ON THE BOOKEN GROUND O'THE WATER HOLES WERE FEW O'HOW MANY DIED ON THAT DREADED O'O ONLY THE BUZZARDS KNEW O'CHORUS O'THE LIGHTNING FLASH AND THE THUNDER CRASH O' GAVE WAY TO COOLING RAIN O'AND NOW THE GRASS IS GREEN AT LAST O'OUT ON THE TEXAS PLAIN O' AND LONGHORNS GRAZE IN THE DUSTY HAZE O'BUT YOUR O'THE O'CHAPLOON.

### 7. THE LAST BUFFALO (RED STEAGALL / TEXAS RED SONGS, BMI)

I SIT AT MY DESC AND OCCASIONALLY GLANCE O AT A BUFFALO SKULL ON THE WALL O WAS PAINTED BY A HIDATA MEDICINE MAN O IF THE ASCIENT SKULL COULD TALK AT ALL O HE MISH T TELL ME TALES OF THE GREAT GRASSY SEA O ON THE BOUNTIFUL PANHANDLE PLAINS O OR REMEMBER THE NIGHTS "NEATH A MONTANA SKY O OR THE COLD OF THE WIND RIVER RAINS O OR HE MIGHT REMEMBER A YOUNG CHEVENNE WARRIOR O ON A SPOTTED HORSE, HOW HE COULD RIDE O STAYING ABREAST OF A BUNNING FAT COW O WITH A LANCE THAT LEFT DEATH IN IT'S STRIPE O'HE MIGHT REMEMBER THE HIDE HOUTRIN MEN O AND THE SOUND OF A BUFFALO GUN O OR THE SMELL OF FRESH BLOOD AS THEY DICE ONE BY ONE O WITH THERE WAS NO PLACE TO RUN O'THE YEARLY MIGRATION OF MILLIONS OF BEASTS O' MADE IT LOOK LIKE THE LAND WAS ALIVE O'THE WOLVES TOOK THE WEAK ONES, THE WINTER TOOK SOME O'AND THE INDIAN SOLE NOUNDED TO SURVIVE. O'THE INDIANS BOLLEVED THE BUFFALO WAS HIS BROTHER O'LIKE THE CATOOTE, THE EAGLE, THE WIND O'S OHE REVERCE HIM IN STORY, IN SONG AND IN DANCE O'HIS LANCE, HIS SHELFE, HIS FRIEND O'HIS BROWN HIDE WAS USED FOR THE TETPER AND ROBES O'A SHOULDER BLADE MADE A GOOD HOLE O'A FAUNCH HELD THE FOOD FOR THE WINTER SUPPLY O' AND A SINEW A STRING FOR A BOW O'THEN THE SHARP'S BIS SO ROARED OVER THE LAND O'N'THE RAILHEAD AT DODGE THE GREAT STACKS OF HIDES O' WERE LOADED ON RAIL-CARS AND THEN O'WHILE THE CARCASSES ROTTED AND WOLVES PICKED THE BONES O'COBBLERS MADE BOOTS FROM THE SKIN O'THE COMMANDE WENT OUT FROM THE FT. SILL STOCKADE

FOR ONE FINAL HUNT ON THE PLAIN O THEY RETURNED TO THE FORT, THEIR DESTRUCTION COMPLETE O THEY WOULD NEVER HUNT BUFFALD AGAIN O
THE STOUX AND THE CHEYENNE CAME INTO THE FORTS O THEY DIED FROM DISEASE BY THE SCORE O BUT THEY STILL BELIEVED THAT THE GREAT MAS-SIVE HEROS

● WOULD RETURN TO THE PLAINS AS BEFORE ● THE DREAM STILL SURVIVES AND IN MY MIND I SEE ● THE COMANCHE STILL LORD OF THE PLAIN ● BUT THIS ANCIENT OLD SKULL WITH IT'S DARK, EMPTY EYES ● IS THE PRAINLE SONG'S SADDEST REFRAIN.

### 8. TEXAS BEIN' TEXAS (RED STEAGALL AND R. W. HAMPTON / TEXAS RED SONGS AND CIMARRON SOUNDS, BMI)

A GOLDEN SUNRISE BRIGHTENS UP AN ASHEN MORNING SKY O A HAZY PURPLE SUNSET SAYS GOODBYE AT TWILIGHT TIME O THAT BIG OL YELLOW TEXAS MOON IS MINE AND ONLY MINE O IT'S JUST TEXAS BEIN' TEXAS, AIN'T SHE FINE O BLUE STEM GRASSES WEIGHTED DOWN BY EARLY MORNING DEW O INDIAN PAINT BRUSH, BLOKE-FEED SUNSING, BONNEYS PAINTED BLUE O HONEYSEES KY SWARMING (ROUND A HONEYSUCKE VINE O IT'S JUST TEXAS BEIN' TEXAS, IN HER PRIME O CHORUS: SHE'S JUST TEXAS BEIN' TEXAS, SHE'S THE PLACE! LOVE THE MOST O DRY WINDS OF THE WESTERN PLAINS OR SALT AIR OF THE COAST O FROM THE LAZT DAYS OF SUMMER TO THE CHILL OF WINTER THE OS SHE'S JUST TEXAS BEIN' TEXAS AND SHE'S MINE O A WHITE-TRIED DOE IS WATCHFUL AS A FAWN LAVS BY HER SIDE O A BABY RACCOON FINDS A HOLLOW TREE WHERE HE CAN HIDE O'THE SILENCE OF THE FOREST BROKEN BY A BRAVEN'S CRY O IT'S JUST TEXAS BEIN' TEXAS, SHE AIN'T SHY O! I HEAR VOICES OF THE SETTLERS WHO HAVE PASSED THIS WAS BEFORE O! I SEE GHOSTS OF HORSEMEN RIDING 'CROSS THE OPEN PLAINS ONCE MORE O'A SHEY TRAIL THE LONGRORN CATTLE FROM ANOTHER PLACE AND TIME O'IT'S JUST TEXAS BEIN' TEXAS, SHE NOT SHY O'S SHEY TRAIL THE LONGRORN CATTLE FROM ANOTHER PLACE AND TIME O'IT'S JUST TEXAS BEIN' TEXAS. SHE NOT SHY O'I HAVE SHE HOUSTON'S MEN AND I HAVE ALWAYS KNOWN O'HER GREAT-GRAND-DADDY DIED WITH TRAVIS AT THE ALMO O'S OWHEN I SEE THAT LONE STAR FLAG I JUST SWELL UP INSIDE O' MY HEART AND SOUL ARE FILLED WITH TEXAS PRIDE O' (CHORDES)

RED STEAGALL/R.W. HAMPTON/2001

- 9. THE YELLOWSTONE VALLEY (RED STEAGALL AND LUKE REED / TEXAS RED SONGS AND CHILOCCO MUSIC, BMI)
- WE'D HEARD OF THE RANGES OF THE YELLOWSTONE VALLEY O WHERE THE SUMMERS ARE SHORT AND THE GRASSES ARE HIGH O THO SWARMS OF MOSQUITOES WILL NEAR DRIVE YA CRAZY O STARS SHINE LIKE DIAMONDS IN A YELLOWSTONE SKY O WE GATHERED OUR HERD IN THE BRUSH OF SOUTH TEAS O TONIGHT WE'RE IN VIEW OF THE DDDGE CITY LIGHTS O BUCK SAYS WE'RE ONLY HALF WAY TO MONTANA O BUT WE'RE BOUND FOR COUNTRY THAT'S WELL WORTH THE RIDE O (CHORUS) O THE BIG SUMMER RANGE ON THE YELLOWSTONE RIVER O BUCK SAYS WE'RE ONLY HALF WAY TO MONTANA O BUT WE'RE BOUND FOR COUNTRY THAT'S WELL WORTH THE RIDE O (CHORUS) O THE BIG SUMMER RANGE ON THE YELLOWSTONE RIVER O AND THERE'S NOTHIN' AS BLUE AS A YELLOWSTONE SKY O THE MORNINS' ARE COOLER THAN THEY WERE IN TEXAS O THE HORSES ALL FEEL GOOD AND WANTIN' TO PLAY O I'VE GOT ONE OLD KNOTHEAD THAT BUCKS EVERY MORNIN' O BUT TO GET EVEN WITH HIM I'LL RIDE HIM TWO DAYS O I NEVER ONCE THOUGH I UNOULD BE LEAVIN' TEXAS O'M YEAMLIN'S BEEN DOWN THERE SINCE AFTER THE WAR O BUT JUST LIKE MY DOADLY AND HIS DAD BEFORE HIM O I LONG TO SEE COUNTRY I AIN'T SEEN BEFORE O (CHORUS) O AS WE RODE THROUGH NEBRASKA I SPOTTED A CABIN O A YOUNG GIRL IN CALLOO STOOD BY THE DOOR O A REDHEADED DREAM, SHE'S A FAIR GRANGER'S DAUGHTER O WHEN THIS DRIVE IS OVER, I'LL SEE HER ONCE MORE O WHO KNOWS I MIGHT HOMESTEAD AND MAKE HER AN OFFER O I'LE HER PAW ACCEPTS ME I'LL MAKE HER MY WIFE O OR SHE MIGHT LIKE MONTANA AND THE YELLOWSTONE VALLEY O EITHER WAY I'VE GOT. PLANS FOR THE REST OF HER LIFE O (CHORUS) RED STAFGALL/LUKE REED 2001
- 10. MY NEBRASKA HOMESTEAD (RED STEAGALL AND LUKE REED / TEXAS RED SONGS AND CHILOCCO MUSIC, BMI)

BACK IN 1882 WHEN THE HOMESTEAD ACT O MADE OREAMS COMETRUE O I HEADED DOWN NEBRASKA WAY O TO STAKE ME OUT A HOMESTEAD O MONTAINA GOT COLD IN '79, I LOST MY COWS O SO I HAD THE TIME O TO DO WHATEVER I HAD TO DO O TO PROVE UP ON A HOMESTEAD O CHORUS. WITH JUST MY TRUSTY MULE AND ME O A JOHN DEERE PLOW AND A SINGLETREE O I'VE RAISED A CROP AND A FAMILY ON MY REBRASKA HOMESTEAD O'THO THE WINTER'S LONG AND THE NORTH WINDS BLOW O WE'VE LOADED UP ON PRAIRIE COAL O WE'VE BUILT A HOUSE OF GRASS AND SOO O'IN THE SANDHILLS ON OUR HOMESTEAD O'THO THE CATTLEMEN ALL TAKE OFFENSE O'TO A JOHN DEPRE PLOW AND A SHITT-RAIL FENCE O WITH A SMITH AND WESSON FORTY-FOUR O'I WILL DEFEND MY HOMESTEAD O'CHORUS) O WITH JUST MY TRUSTY MULE AND ME O A JOHN DEERE PLOW AND A SINGLETREE O WE'VE WORKIN' HARD BUT WE'RE LIVIN' FREE O'N ON NEBRASKA HOMESTEAD O'THE WIFE AND I WILL HAVE A BALL O'ON SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE GRANGER HALL O WE'LL DANCE A WALTZ TO A FIDULE TIME O'WITH HE REIGHBORS OF DOUR HOMESTEAD O'THEY'RE BUILDIN' A VILLAGE DOWN THE ROAD O'WITH A CHURCH AND A SCHOOL AND A PLACE TO GO O'N AND SELL THE THINDS OUR LAND WILL GROW O'A GREAT PLACE FOR A HOMESTEAD O'CHORUS').

- 11. WE DANCED ON THE OREGON TRAIL (RED STEAGALL AND RICHARD E. O'BRIEN / TEXAS RED SONGS, BMI)
- WE CROSSED THE PLATTE RIVER, THE WAGONS WERE FULL OF OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN AND MEN OF TUNNED TO THE WEST AND A NEW LIFE OUT THERE OF WE'D NOT SEE NEBRASKA AGAIN O. THE DAYS TURNED TO WEEKS IN THE MUD AND THE RIN O. THE OVER GREW TIRED OF THE STORIES OF INDIANS, DEATH AND DISEASE O. CONSTANTLY WORKED ON MY MIND O. CHORUS-A BABY WAS BORN TO THE YOUNG SIMPSON GIRL O. I SMILED WHILE IN THE PLAY OF THE PLAYS OF THE FEVER STORIES OF THE PLAY OF THE PLAYS OF THE FEVER STORIES OF THE PLAY OF THE PLAYS OF THE FEVER STORIES OF THE AND O. WE DEFINED THE YOUNG SIMPSON GIRL O. THE WEATHER WAS KIND AS WE MOVED CROSS THAT ON THE CHILD O. ON A BLUFF WHERE FT. LARANIE STANDS O. FT. HALL ON THE STAND AND AND WE WERE THE AND O'VE DEFINED ON THE OWNER OF THE PLAYS OF THE FEVER STORIES OF THE PLAY OF THE PLAYS OF THE FEVER STORIES OF THE SAY OF THE PLAYS OF THE PLAYS OF THE PLAYS OF THE FEVER STORIES OF THE PLAY OF THE PLAYS OF THE PLAYS OF THE FEVER STORIES OF THE PLAY OF
- 12. MY AMERICA (RED STEAGALL AND DANNY STEAGALL / TEXAS RED SONGS, BMI)

SHE LIES ASLEEP IN THE SNOW CAPPED PEAKS © OF THE TETONS AND YELLOWSTONE © SHE SPEAKS TO ME OF SAD MEMORIES © OF THE DAYS WHEN THE BUFFALO ROAM © A WHITE FACE COW IS GRAZIN' NOW O'N THE PLAINS WHERE THE LONGHORN TROD © AND A REDSKINNED MAN HAS A CALOUSED HAND © FROM TURNIN' OKLAHOMA SOD © CHONES: AND NOW I LOVE TO BEE AT THE COLOR CHANGE © IN THE HILLS OF TENNESSEE © OR TO SMELL THE RAIN ON HER SUN-BAKED PLAINS © WITH A GOOD HORSE BETWEEN MY KNEES © THERE'S THE GHOSTLY STRAIN OF A WAGON TRAIN © AS THE DESERT TAKES IT'S TOLL O THE LIVES SHE GAVE WAS THE PICE SHE PAID OF FOR THE WALLS OF THE ALAMO © STEEL RAILS ROLL TOWARD HER WESTERN COAST © SHE'S MOVING HER PEOPLE ON © BUILDINGS HIGH DOT HER SUNSET SKIES © THE MOVING KEEPS HER PEOPLE STRONG © (CHORUS) O'I HEAR THE DEADLY SOUND OF A CANNON ROUND © AS SHE SETS HER PEOPLE FREE © WHERE BRAYE MEN DIED TO PROTECT HER RIGHTS © AND MAKE A HOME FOR YOU AND ME O'YES, BRAYE MEN MAKE AMERICA GREAT © JUST LOOK WHAT THEY HAVE DONE © AND I'M PROUD TO SAY THAT THE LOOK HAS MADE ME © ONE OF AMERICA'S SONS © (CHORUS).

HISTORY OF OUR GREAT NATION. "WESTERING", AS IT WAS CALLED, KINDLED THE FIRE IN OUR FOREFATHERS TO LOOK BEYOND THE NEXT HILL. IN DOING SO WE CREATED A SOCIETY THAT WELCOMES CHANGE AND EMBRACES IT'S NEW CHALLENGES AND ADVENTURES. IT GIVES OUR PEOPLE THE COURAGE TO

LOSE SIGHT OF THE SHORE AND THE INGENUITY AND DETERMINATION TO OVERCOME SEEMINGLY INSURMOUNTABLE ODDS TO ACHIEVE WHAT NO SOCIETY HAS EVER BEFORE ACHIEVED. SETTLEMENT OF NEW AND EXCITING TERRITORIES IGNITED FIRES OF HATED AND DISSENSION BUT ALSO CREATED HARMONY AND PRODUCTIVITY BETWEEN PEOPLES OF DIFFERENT RACES, CREEDS, AND COLORS IN AN EFFORT TO PURSUE A COMMON GOAL. ALTHOUGH WE HAVE A LONG WAY TO GO TO ESTABLISH PERFECT HARMONY AMONG ALL OF OUR CITIZENS, WE HAVE COME FARTHER IN THAT ENDEAVOR THAN ANY SOCIETY IN THE HISTORY OF MAKKIND.

THE WESTERN LANDSCAPE TO THIS DAY, STIRS THE HUMAN IMAGINATION AND SPIRIT. IT'S VASTICESS LETS US FEEL THAT OUR OPPORTUNITIES ARE BOUND-LESS AND MAKES US REALZE THAT WE ARE GOVERNED ONLY BY OUR INDIVIDUAL POTENTIAL, DETERMINATION, AND DESIRET OCHTEVE. IT'S BEALTY MAKES US FEEL A PART OF THE LORD'S CREATION, AND IT'S DIVERSITY REMINDS US OF THE MIX OF PEOPLE THAT MAKE THIS THE GREATEST COUNTRY ON EARTH.

THIS GROUP OF SONGS IS A MULTI-GENERATIONAL TRIP ACROSS OUR GREAT LAND. THE STORY IS TOLD IN FIRST PERSON SO THAT THE LISTENER CAN PUT HIMSELF IN THE PLACE OF THE STORYTELLER. I PURPOSELY MADE THE TRAVELER OF (RISH DESCENT BECAUSE MY LINEAGE IS PRIMARILY (RISH AND ENGLISH.

I THANK ALL THE FOIKS WHO WORKED ON THIS PROJECT AND ALL THE WRITERS WHO CONTRIBUTED THEIR TALENTS TO MAKING MY DREAM COME TRUE. STEVE SPURGIN BEGINS OUR JOURNEY WITH THE GREAT SOON, "HE I NEVER SEE RELAND AGAIN". RICH O'BRIEN AND I COLLABORATED ON "O'RECON TRAIL", "WE'LL STAND AND FIGHT", AND "THROUGH THE CUMBERLAND GAP". MY BROTHER DAINY AND I WORKED TOGETHER ON "MY AMERICA". R. W. HAMPTON COMPOSED THE MUSIC AND SOME OF THE LYTICS FOR "SHE'S JUST TEAS BEIN" TEXAS" AS WELL AS GIVING ME THE IDEA FOR THE SONG. AND LUKE REED, AS ALWAYS, LENT US HIS WONDERFULIDES AS HE AND I WROTE "THE YELDOWSTONE VALLEY" AND "MY NEBRASKA HOMESTEAD.

I FEEL EXTREMELY FORTUNATE TO WORK WITH SOME OF THE FINEST MUSICIANS ON EARTH. THEY ARE ALSO MY FAMILY. THANKS GUYS!

MY SPECIAL THANKS TO KEN HALFORD AND BLUE STEM STUDIOS IN WEATHERFORD, TEXAS FOR A FABULOUS JOB AND A GREAT RECORDING EXPERIENCE.
THE ART OF BRUCE GREENE WILL LIVE FOREVER. I AM SO PROUD OF THE MAP AND THE PRINTING ON THE FRONT COVER OF THIS CD PACKAGE. BRUCE,
THANKS TO BELIEVE MY 201

AND MY HEARTFELT APPRECIATION TO RICH O'BRIEN FOR HIS PRODUCTION GENIUS AND HIS UNWAVERING COMMITMENT IN THE PURSUIT OF MUSICAL PERFECTION. AND ALSO, FOR CONVINCING HIS BEAUTIFUL WIFE, VALERIE, TO INCLUDE SOME OF HER FIDDLE MAGIC. I AM IMPRESSED! RICH, YOU TRULY ARE MY HEED!

WELL, IT'S TIME TO BEGIN OUR JOURNEY. THANKS FOR MAKING TRACKS WITH US AND WE HOPE YOU FOLKS ENJOY THE RIDE.

## RED STEAGALL

PRODUCER: RICHARD E. O'BRIEN

MUSICIANS:

RICHARD E. O'BRIEN - GUITAR, BANJITAR, MANDOLIN, MOUTH HARP, BACKGROUND VOCALS, INDIAN FLUTE DANNY STEAGALL - GUITAR, BANJO GUITAR, AND

BACKGROUND VOCALS

MARK ABBOTT - UPRIGHT BASS

(MARK ABBOTT WOULD LIKE TO THANK ERIC ZUKOSKI FOR THE USE OF HIS BASS. )

KEVIN TAYLOR - DRUMS TOM MORRELL - DOBRO

REGGIE RUEFFER – FIDDLE
TIM ALEXANDER – SQUEEZE BOX

THANKS TO CRAIG'S MUSIC IN WEATHERFORD, TEXAS FOR ALL HIS HELP AND SUPPORT.

# WESTERN JUBILEE RECORDING COMPANYLL

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BOYS

BUNKHOUSE

BOYS

STEAGALL AND

ED



# RED STEAGALL

AND THE BOYS IN THE BUNKHOUSE

# WAGON TRACKS



- 1. IF I NEVER SEE IRELAND AGAIN (2:54)
- 2. WESTERN WAGONS (1:14)
- 3. THROUGH THE CUMBERLAND GAP (3:05)
- 4. GONE TO TEXAS (3:18)
- 5. WE'LL STAND UP AND FIGHT (4:02)
- 6. OUT ON THE TEXAS PLAINS (2:19)

- 7. THE LAST BUFFALO (2:28)
- 8. TEXAS BEIN' TEXAS (3:30)
- 9. THE YELLOWSTONE VALLEY (4:14)
- 10.MY NEBRASKA HOMESTEAD (2:18)
- 11.WE DANCED ON THE OREGON TRAIL (2:51)
- 12.MY AMERICA (3:23)



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