

Sons of the San Joaquin

Sing One for the Cowboy



WESTERN JUBILEE

SONS OF THE SAN JOAQUIN:
Jack Hannah, Joe Hannah, Lon Hannah

Executive Producers:

Scott O'Malley & Dane Scott

Producers:

Rich O'Brien & Scott O'Malley

Vocals: Joe, Lon and Jack Hannah

Lead and rhythm guitars: Rich O'Brien

Bass guitar: Mark Abbott

Fiddles: Richard Chon, Dale Morris

Accordion: Tim Alexander

Steel guitar: Tom "Wolf" Morrell

Harmonica: Ray Appleton

Clarinet: Bob Meyers

Banjo: Hereford Percy

Ensemble arrangements: Dave Hanson

Ensemble producer: Kathleen Fox Collins

The Remuda Ensemble:

Violin I: Vladimir Petrov

Violin II: Lydia Svyatolovskaya

Viola: Tim Adian

Cello: Dave Halvorsen

Flute: Paul Nagem

Oboe: Guy Dutra-Silveira

Clarinet: Ramon Kireilis

French Horn: Michael Yopp

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1. **TRAIL TO SAN ANTONE**
(Deuce Spriggins)
2. **STILL WATER POOL**
(Bob Nolan, Music of the West-BMI)
3. **CHARLIE AND THE BOYS**
(Jack Hannah, Great American Cowboy Music-BMI)
4. **SIERRA NEVADA**
(Jack Hannah, Great American Cowboy Music-BMI)
5. **SING ONE FOR THE COWBOY**
(Jack Hannah/Darrell Arnold, Great American Cowboy Music-BMI)
6. **ROUGH STRING RIDER**
(Music by Jack Hannah - Words by Homer Bryant)
7. **CALIFORNIA**
(Jack Hannah, Great American Cowboy Music-BMI)
8. **UNBROKE HOSS**
(Jack Hannah, Great American Cowboy Music-BMI)
9. **GOD GAVE THE COWBOY MONTANA**
(Jack Hannah, Great American Cowboy Music-BMI)
10. **WATCH HIM (DEMON DESERT)**
(Jack Hannah, Great American Cowboy Music-BMI)
11. **TEXAS PLAINS**
(Stuart Hamblen, Song of Universal, Inc. -BMI)
12. **THE WEST**
(Jack Hannah/Baxter Black, Great American Cowboy Music-BMI)

From Jack to Joe

Thank you, Brother Joe, for the inspiration you are to me, as a songwriter and as a singer. Your influence in my life and in the life of your son, Lon, has encouraged us to strive for excellence. Our harmony, both in singing and in life, is a testament to your ideas and to your patience. You are my best and most honest critic and your talents are a priceless gift.

Jack

SING ONE FOR THE COWBOY

Trail To San Antone

I'll hop up on my pony and I'll ride away
Down the trail to San Antone
I can see her standin' waitin' by the garden gate
And she waits for me alone
Through the hills and o'er the plains we'll ride,
ride, ride
I won't rest until I have her by my side
So roll on little pony, let that old wind moan
I'm headin' back to San Antonio
Down the trail to San Antone.

I just received a letter from my gal in San Antone
She said that she would be my bride
I know she'll always love me and her heart is true
So I'd guess I better take a ride
So I'll.....

Still Water Pool

I've been lonely for a long time, someday loneliness will end,
Mystical lagoon cradle of the moon, won't you tell me where and when?
Still water pool, wishing well of the moon, delve in your secretive deep lagoon
And tell me what's lying in store for me soon, still water pool
I ask you this because I never knew, high in the sky and reflected in you,
Instead of one heaven I find there are two, still water pool
Deep down in the depths of you, stars reclining there
They know a secret that I long to share
I only wish that when each day is through,
Someone will wait with a love deep as you,
Oh tell me that someday my wish will come true
Still water pool, still water pool

Charlie And The Boys

I started up the trail with Charlie and the boys, my heart was sadly grievin'
I started up the trail with Charlie and the boys, ol' San Antone a-leavin'
I started up the trail with Charlie and the boys, the prairie winds was-a-sighin'
But I couldn't look back at the one room shack where Ma and Sis was-a-cryin'
As the herd lined-out, I heard the shout of ol' Charlie Goodnight clearly
I turned my head just sick with dread from a home that I loved dearly
I hid my tears from Charlie and the boys my first drive to be makin'
A cain't say why, but I said goodbye to a mother's heart a-breakin'

Chorus:

And the cattle they bawled, and the herd just crawled
An we grazed 'em along the way
The rivers we crossed, and the stock we lost
And we watched 'em swept away
Each mile to me, an eternity, as I cursed the thirst and the weather
A wearisome strife is a cowboy's life on beans and poundin' leather

A headed up the trail with Charlie and the boys, ol' Blue was leadin' out steady
The scout rode out on a north-ward route to get the bed ground ready
As I lay that night in a campfire's light just memories to remind me
Of a mother's love, and the Lord above and the world I'd left behind me

As I rode along the trail with Charlie and the boys,
the dark skies set us a-prayin'
An eerie pyre, St. Elmo's fire, on the backs of the
Longhorns a-playin
And the heavens they riled, and the herd went
wild like a Devil had come to vex us
And I rode with dread and hatless head, just-a-
wishin' I'd stayed in Texas

As I rode along the trail with Charlie and the boys,
the Canadian's banks were-a-spillin'
The herd wouldn't go, so we pushed 'em slow 'till
we finally stopped 'em millin'
Then a rustler's raid was a visit paid with a lead
and hell to pay
And I rode that night, and I learned to fight, but
better how to pray

The trail was hard with Charlie and the boys, at
Dodge the rain kept falling
The cowboys all were fools to fall for every vice a-
callin'
And as the rain-drops splashed, and the lightning
flashed, as Sodom's flames were burnin'
I rode from town to the ol' bed ground just a
lookin' back a yearnin'

Started down the trail with Charlie and the boys,
back to good ol' Texas headed
Eatin' beans by the pale, and dyin' on the trail
were the only fears I dreaded
And if I ever get back to that one room shack I
swear that I will never
Go up that trail in the rain and the hail on beans
and poundin' leather

Sierra Nevada

The old cows are bawlin', their rarin' to go
It's hot in the San Joaquin Valley, you know
They're a headin' up high where the meadows are
green
Up where the air is both fragrant and clean
Up near the timberline spendin' my days
Keepin' an eye on the cattle that graze
Sierra Nevadas right now and always
I'm grazin' your high country range, grazin' your
high country range

Chorus:

Odle lay ee te o lay ee te, I'm, -a-headin' up high
Up where the tall mountain peaks kiss the sky
Sierra Nevadas I'll ride 'till I die
Grazin' your high country range, grazin' your high
country range

Your crags, cliffs, and canyons are snow-packed
and deep
Your grand sweepin' slopes are both rugged and
steep
Your cool meadows gleam, a meanderin' stream
Up here's a hard workin' cow-punchers dream

Up near the timberline here's where I'll stay
I'm feelin' guilty just a drawin' my pay
Feelin' your breeze, see the trees as they sway
Grazin' your high country range, grazin' your high
country range

When Autumn rolls in the scenes are so rare
The Sierras are grandest when Fall nips the air
There's frost on the ground, the grass has turned
brown
We've gathered the cows, and we're hazen' 'em
down

Up near the timberline stars shine so bright
Cliffs are a-glow in the moon's silver light
Sierra Nevada your world is so right
Grazin' your high country range, grazin' your high
country range

When the snow starts to fly it's back down I go
It's cold in the San Joaquin Valley you know
When Spring colors fade, and of' summer rolls in
It's back to my beckoning highlands again

Up near the timberline a hawk sailin' by
A coyote goes-a-slinkin' a bald eagle's cry
Sierra Nevadas there's a tear in my eye
Grazin' your high country range, grazin' your high
country range

Sing One For The Cowboy

Once there was a prairie where bison millions
stood
Lobo wolves sang to the moon that life was wild
and good
Once there was a hunter, his Gods, the sun the
sky
His prayers were lifted on the wings of eagles
soaring high
Kye yi yi

Once there was a pioneer who killed the buffalo
And drove the Red Man from the land and
thought God willed it so
Once there was an open range where longhorns
came to graze
Sunburned horsemen toiled hard, those were the
glory days
Kye yi yi

Chorus:
So sing one for the prairie sing lowly to the moon



The Remuda Ensemble

And sing out for the buffalo a lonely mournful tune
And sing one for the Cowboy and for the warrior
Sioux
Croon sadly for the lobo wolf who'll sing no more
for you

Once there was a settler, who worked behind a
plow
He farmed and fenced and built a church there
are no longhorns now
Once there was a cowboy he's riding from our
view
The open range is under wire the wagon days are
few
Kye yi yi

Rough String Rider

He is not one filled with humor, but is silent
around the fire
When the darkness brings the shadows and the
beauty of the stars
For he knows out in the darkness there's an out-
law he must ride
At the first grey-light of mornin' he must scratch
that horses hide
Rough String Rider

He is not one of the cowboys who will laugh and
talk and sing
He's a stranger there among them, rider of the
wild rough string
He's a legend on the cow-range, one rough hoss-
es dread to see
And he'll ride the treacherous outlaw like a
woman sippin' tea

Rough String Rider.....
Silent cowboy alone
Rough String Rider, is your heart of stone

All his actions are of beauty, like a swan upon
the lake
When his horse recoils like thunder, like a striking
rattlesnake
He is one that hides from nothing, not afraid of
man nor beast
And he rides the meanest horses, with the great-
est sort of ease

Rough String Rider.....bronco peeler of steel
Rough String Rider.....do you love do you feel

Early mornin' black as midnight, when the clouds
are over head
And the darkness brings no shadow, and the
lightnin' shakes your bed
When the slickers are all-a-flappin', in an icy kind
of breeze
And their catchin' mornin' horses, and each man
thinks he'll freeze

As each man calls for his day-mount, catch a gen-
tle one of course
Rough string rider holds no quarter, he don't have
a gentle horse
But he goes on like he did have, like it's not a job
just play
And he steps up on a bad one, before the light of
day

Rough String Rider....man without fear
Rough String Rider....have you ever shed a tear?

When each man comes to the cook fire, for coffee
black and thick
And the winds unearthly cryin', and the ground is
cold and slick
When the slickers are all-a-flappin', in an icy kind
of breeze

And their catchin' mornin' horses, and each man
thinks he'll freeze
Rough String Rider
He's a cool one when there's danger, Winter
Summer Fall and Spring
He's a stranger there among them, rider of the
wild rough string

Rough String Rider.....never has much to say
Rough String Rider....when will you ride away?

California

There's no place like California, no place can
compare
From the desert bleak to the snow-capped peak
She'll make you stop and stare
From the emerald stream to the lakes that gleam
To Big Sur's crashing scene
And nothin' compares to the mighty San Joaquin
And nothin' compares to the mighty San Joaquin

Chorus:

Where the sugar pine trees sway in the breeze
Where the tall peaks kiss the sky
Way up there with the deer and the bear
Where the great Bald eagles fly
Where the Redwoods stand like gods so grand
They thrill my soul to say, California's great
and She makes me shout Hooray
California's great and I can proudly say....

There's no place like California, history's pages
claim
Where the Red man danced he prayed and
pranced
Before the Spaniard came
Ask the dashing proud Vaquero, and the hand-
some buckaroo

They rode this land were the grass-fed cattle
grew
On the Lux, the Kern, the Tejon, the Tehachapi too

There's no place like California, see her grand review
Where the Merced flows and the dogwood grows
Yosemite beckons you
In a wonderland see El Capitan
Where the cataracts plunge and spray
I stand in awe of natures' grand display
California's great and great she's gonna' stay

Unbroke Hoss

Well I make my livin' on an unbroke hoss, in every
kind of weather
I pull my weight on the old Bar-J where I'm mostly
pullin' leather
Well I catch him up with my ol' lass-rope, sub him
and blindfold him
With my cinch pulled tight, I take my flight and I
earnestly grab hold him
Hold him, ay yea, I grab hold him

Well I rake my spurs from stem to stern and I
'lowed he's over-rated
Then he does a trick that was lightnin' quick and
then we separated
Well I hit the ground and I bounce right back
cause a rest boys he ain't gettin'
Then I spurred him hard and his jets he fired and
I sees that he ain't quittin'
Quittin' ay yea, he ain't quittin'

Well he bawls and bucks and the wind he sucks,
like a tick I'm stickin' to him
Then he spins around, and I'm skyward bound,
and cussin' that I drew him
Well I'm all broke up from a bustin' broncs' a-
stockin' your remuda

So I guess I'll quit and a ship I'll get, and sail off
for Bermuda
'Cause I'm just an old bronc buster boys, but I
ain't cracked or lazy
But atop a bronc the earth looks like the world is-
a-goin' crazy
Crazy, ay yea, ay yea, ay yea, goin crazy

Well I still drink up from an ol' tin cup and I chew
my 'baccer twisted
And my legs are bowed and my hide is tough, but
in Esquire I'm not listed
When the moon comes 'round I'm off to town, but
at drinkin' I'm no boozer
Cause a drunken hack on a bronco back is-a-
gonna-be-a loser
Loser, ay yea, be a loser

Well I still bed down on the prairie ground where
the whip-o-will sings for me
And the moon floats high in a prairie sky, where
the stars are watchin' o'er me
O'er me ay yea watchin' o'er me

When you bury me on the lone prairie, I will cross
that Great Divide
And I'll bust those broncs for the Boss up there,
for the cowboy saints to ride
Well I make my livin' on an unbroke hoss in every
kind-a-weather
I pull my weight on the ol' Bar-J where I'm mostly
pullin' leather
Leather ay yea ay yea ay yea pullin' leather.....
ay yea ay yea ay yea pullin' leather

God Gave The Cowboy Montana

Aspens are quakin' out there on the hills
Out on the slopes where the whip-o-will trills
I lay me down where the cataract spills
Rare is the air in Montana
Grand is the land called Montana

Grand are the vistas I see every day
Wild flowers dancin' like children at play
Deep in the saddle I swing and I sway
Along with the grass in Montana
Cause there ain't no grass like Montana's

But along in November ol' winter sets in
And I gotta admit that it's colder than sin
But I just stoke the fire and I lean back and grin
Firewood's pure gold in Montana
And I like it cold in Montana

Old Powder River is chalky and blue
It's there I punched cows with a mighty good crew
Out where the stars look all polished and new
No stars can shine like Montana's
And I claim them as mine in Montana

Well I rode to Miles City and jogged down the
street
The Girls in Miles City are easy to meet
They're all so good lookin' and O so darn sweet
I fell for the tall one named Anna
And I won her hand in Montana

Old Charlie Russell was gifted and good
And he came to Montana to stay
Painted her history like no one else could
And I think I can still hear him say

Livin' near Heaven is what it's about
Ridin' these slopes makes this old Cowboy shout

If you don't like the Cowboy then get the heck out
Or put on a hat and bandanna
Cause God gave the Cowboy Montana

Watch Him (Demon Desert)

Shimmerin' heat-waves risin', risin', silhouetted on
a bleak horizon- watch him
See the horseman a ridin' , Hot sweat coursin'
through his dusty whiskers,
Sunburned face pock-marked with blisters, watch
him
Lookin' for a shade to hide in

Chorus#1

Demon desert, wicked like a Jezebel, Demon
desert, bereft of grace
you're a trackless waste, leading your pray to hell

Merciless heat like a furnace blasting, desolate
waste, no shadows casting
Watch him, now his horse he's leading
Horse is down stretched-out and dying, horseman
kneels to the sky is crying
Watch him, hear the mournful pleading

Hope in the breast of the horseman dying, yet to
a God of Mercy crying,
Watch him, Heavens windows open
Gusting winds like angels calling, dark clouds
form sweet rain-drops falling
Watch him, a God of Mercy has spoken

Horse is up refreshed and going, breezes play
fresh rivulets flowing
Watch him, bright hope is-a-boomin'
Nearing home the horse moves faster, horse-
man's voice peals out with laughter
Watch him, The desert now is bloomin'

Chorus#2

Demon Desert, I rode your trackless waste,
and I'm hear to tell no Demon of hell is a match
for a God of grace
Watch Him, he's a God of grace

Texas Plains

Each night in my dreams somehow it seems
I am back where I belong
Just an old cowhand from the Rio Grande
back where I was born
Well your city lights and your city ways
Are driving me insane
I want to be alone I want to be back home
Back on those Texas plains

I want to drink my java from an old tin can
While the moon goes climbing high
I want to hear the song of the whippoorwill
I want to hear those coyotes cry
I want to feel my saddle horse between my
knees-
Ridin' him out on the range
Just to kick him in the side
Make him show his steppin' pride
Out on those western plains

I want to hear the thunder as she booms and rolls
I want to feel the rain in my face
A thousand miles from your city lights
Drawin' a cowhand's wage
I want to sleep at night beneath the stars above
With the full moon shinin' down
I want to cook my bacon over cactus coals
fifty miles from town

The West

They don't call it Death Valley for nothin'
And coyotes don't make a good pet
But when you're livin' out here with the 'griz and
the deer

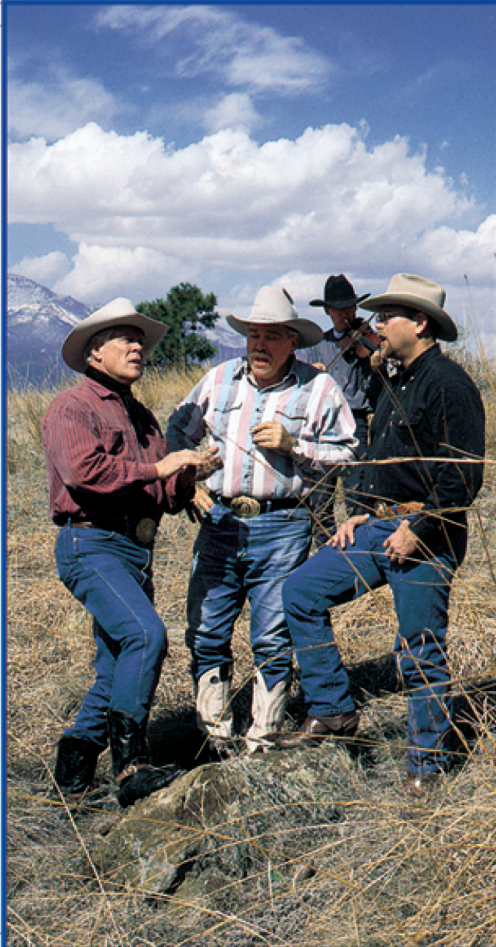
Your take pretty much what you get
O the Mountains have shoulders like granite
They're big and they make their own rules
So take what you need but you better pay heed
Cause the mountains don't tolerate fools

Chorus:

O the West is as big and as wild and as wide
As a ride on a comet that's never been tried
You may climb on her back if you do your best
Cause she's gonna put your true-grit to the test
For the West boys she ain't broke to ride
O the West boys she ain't broke to ride

O the wind is the moan of the prairie
It haunts and bedevils the brains
The soul stealin' kind that will fray a man's mind
'Till only a whimper remains
Your may stand on a canyon cathedral
Where water and wind never rest
And know in your bones that the meek on their
own
Will never inherit the West.

O she's wild and she's wide and she's lonesome
Where the dream of first blood still survives
And she beckons to those who can bid adios
To the comfort of eight to five lives
So come all you brave caballeros
Cinch-up and reach way down inside
'Till you're feelin' the heat so take a deep seat
Cause the West boys she ain't broke to ride



1. TRAIL TO SAN ANTONE 2:33
2. STILL WATER POOL 4:00
3. CHARLIE AND THE BOYS 5:30
4. SIERRA NEVADA 4:30
5. SING ONE FOR THE
COWBOY 4:14
6. ROUGH STRING RIDER 5:03
7. CALIFORNIA 3:48
8. UNBROKE HOSS 3:35
9. GOD GAVE THE COWBOY
MONTANA 4:23
10. WATCH HIM (DEMON
DESERT) 4:46
11. TEXAS PLAINS 3:21
12. THE WEST 3:57



....then the sweet harmonies of the
Sons of the San Joaquin began to touch those
Southwestern chords in all our souls.....

— FORT WORTH STAR TELEGRAM

...music that paints a portrait of life lived out under
the stars and in dusty corrals, a life of sand and
sagebrush and mines once veined with gold
and dreams. And nobody-NOBODY does it
better than the Sons of the San Joaquin.

— LAS VEGAS SHOW TIME



Sing One For The Cowboy
solidifies the Hannah family's
considerable influence on today's
Western music. Jack Hannah, 1999
Western Heritage Award winner for
Outstanding Original Composition
from the National Cowboy Hall of
Fame and Western Heritage Center,
has penned nine new songs, showcasing
the traditional and rich three-part
harmony that is the Son's hallmark.

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