



Lyrics to the CD

Singin' Sidesaddle

By
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Back in the Saddle Again (Gene Autry 1939)

Back in the saddle again
Out where a friend is a friend
Where the longhorn cattle feed
On that lowly jimsonweed
Back in the saddle again

Ridin' the range once more
Totin' my old forty-four
Where you sleep out every night
And the only law is right
Back in the saddle again

Whoop-ee-ti-yi-yo, rockin' to and fro
Back in the saddle again
Whoop-ee-ti-ya-yay,
I go my own way
Back in the saddle again

Buffalo Gals (US folk song 1880's)

Buffalo Gals won't you come out tonight?
Come out tonight, come out tonight?
Buffalo Gals won't you come out tonight
And dance by the light of the moon?

As I was walkin' down the street
Down the street, down the street
A pretty little girl I chanced to meet
And we danced by the light of the moon

I danced with the dolly with the hole in her stockin'
And her knees kept a knockin'
And her toes kept a rockin'
I danced with the dolly with the hole in her stockin'
And we danced by the light of the moon

Oh, Susanna (words & music: Stephen Foster 1848)

Oh, I come from Alabama
With my banjo on my knee
And I'm goin' to Louisiana
My Susanna for to see

It rained all night the day I left
The weather it was dry
The sun so hot I froze to death
Susanna don't you cry!

Oh, Susanna,
Oh, don't you cry for me!
For I come from Alabama
With my banjo on my knee!

I had a dream the other night
When everything was still
I thought I saw Susanna
She was comin' cross the hill

A buckwheat cake was in her mouth
A tear was in her eye
Says I, "I'm comin' from the South,
Susanna, don't you cry!"

Cows Are Cool (words & music: Nancy Stewart © 1995)

Cows are cool, cows are neat
Cows have tails and hooves on their feet
Cows hang around, chewing their cud
Standing in the pasture or standing in the mud

Oh, the Holstein is black and white
She's a very popular cow
She makes more milk than any other
Wouldn't you like a glass now?

Another dairy cow is the Jersey
And light brown is she
Her milk is very rich and good
For making butter and cheese

Now, another kind of dairy cow
Is the Guernsey and she may be
Red or yellow or brown and white
She's pretty as you can see

But the Aberdeen Angus
Is as black as the night
And if you see him in a pasture
Well, he's quite an impressive sight

I Am a Cowboy (words & music: MaryLee Sunseri © 1995)

I am a cowboy
Got my hat and my rope
I am a cowboy
We gallop and lope
Yippee-ay-ooooo, yip hah!

I am a cowboy
I throw my lasso
I tie up those doggies
And brand 'em just so
Yippee-ay-ooooo, yip hah!

I am a cowboy
My chaps are of leather
My spurs jingle, jingle
I sleep out in the weather
Yippee-ay-ooooo, yip hah!

I am a cowboy
I ride on the plains
I drink lots of coffee
I eat lots of beans
Yippee-ay-ooooo, yip hah!

I am a cowboy, I sing a cowboy song
I wear a bandana in the dust all day long

I am a cowboy
My saddle is my pillow
My blanket is the sky
I dream of rodeo
Yippee-ay-ooooo, yip hah!

I am a cowboy
Got my hat and my rope
I whistle and sing
I holler and whoop
Yippee-ay-ooooo, yip hah!

Down in the Valley (traditional American folk song)

Down in the valley
Valley so low
Hang your head over
Hear the wind blow
Hear the wind blow, dear
Hear the wind blow
Hang your head over
Hear the wind blow

Roses love sunshine
Violets love dew
Angels in heaven
Know I love you
Know I love you dear
Know I love you
Angels in heaven know I love you

Navajo Night Chant (The Pollen Path) traditional

May it be beautiful before me
May it be beautiful behind me
May it be beautiful below me
May it be beautiful all around me

Colors of the Wind (music by Alan Mencken, lyrics by Stephen Schwartz © 1995 Wonderland Music Co. Inc. BMI and Walt Disney Music Co ASCAP. Used by permission)

You think you own whatever land you land on
The earth is just a dead thing you can claim
But I know every rock and tree and creature
Has a life, has a spirit, has a name

You think the only people who are people
Are the people who look and think like you
But if you walk the footsteps of a stranger
You'll learn things you never knew you never knew

Have you ever heard the wolf cry to the blue corn moon?
Or asked the grinning bobcat why he grinned?
Can you sing with all the voices of the mountain?
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind?
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind?

Come run the hidden pine trails of the forest
Come taste the sun-sweet berries of the earth
Come roll in all the riches that surround you
And for once never wonder what they're worth

The rainstorm and the river are my brothers
The heron and the otter are my friends
And we are all connected to each other
In a circle, in a hoop that never ends

How high does the sycamore grow?
If you cut it down then you will never know
And you'll never hear the wolf cry to the blue corn moon
For whether we are white or copper skinned
We need to sing with all the voices of the mountain
We need to paint with all the colors of the wind
You can own the earth and still
All you own is earth until
You can paint with all the colors of the wind

Sweet Betsy From Pike (traditional American folk song)

Oh, don't you remember sweet Betsy from Pike
Who crossed the wide prairie with her lover, Ike?
With two yolk of oxen and an old yellow dog
A tall Shanghai rooster and one spotted hog
Singing, "Too ra lai, oo ra lai, oo ra lai ay."

Long Ike and sweet Betsy attended a dance
And Ike wore a pair of his Pike County pants
Sweet Betsy was dressed up in ribbon and rings
Says Ike, "You're an angel, but where are your wings?"
Singing, "Too ra lai, oo ra lai, oo ra lai ay."

The Shanghai ran off and the cattle all died
That morning the last piece of bacon was fried
Poor Ike got discouraged and Betsy got mad
The dog drooped his tail and looked wondrously sad
Singing, "Too ra lai, oo ra lai, oo ra lai ay."

The soon reached the desert where Betsy gave out
And down in the sand she lay rolling about
While Ike, half distracted, looked on in surprise
Saying, "Betsy, get up! You'll get sand in your eyes!"
Singing, "Too ra lai, oo ra lai, oo ra lai ay."

Sweet Betsy got up in a great deal of pain
Declared she's go back to Pike County again
But Ike gave a sigh and they fondly embraced
And they traveled along with his arm round her waist
Singing, "Too ra lai, oo ra lai, oo ra lai ay."

Oh, don't you remember sweet Betsy from Pike
Who crossed the wide prairie with her lover, Ike?
With two yolk of oxen and an old yellow dog
A tall Shanghai rooster and one spotted hog
Singing, "Too ra lai, oo ra lai, oo ra lai ay."

Red River Valley (traditional American folk song)

From this valley they say you are going
We will miss your bright eyes and sweet smile
For they say you are taking the sunshine that has brightened our pathway awhile

Come and sit my my side if you love me, do not hasten to bid me adieu
Just remember the Red River Valley, and the one who has loved you so true

Won't you think of this valley you're leaving
Oh how lonely, how sad it will be
Oh think of the fond heart that you're breaking
And the grief that you're causing me (chorus)

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, as I was sleeping, I dreamed I held you in my arms
When I awoke dear, I was mistaken, so I hung my head and cried (chorus)

You are My Sunshine (words and music by Jimmie Davis and Charles Mitchell ©1940 (renewed) by Peer International Corp. International copyright secured. Made in USA. All rights reserved. Used by permission of CPP Belwin Inc.)

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, as I was sleeping
I dreamed I held you in my arms
When I awoke, dear, I was mistaken
And I hung my head and 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!

I've Been Workin' On the Railroad (traditional American folk song - first appeared in print in Carmina Princetonia (1894)

I've been workin' in the railroad all the live-long day
I've been workin' on the railroad just to pass the time away
Can't you hear the whistle blowin?
Rise up so early in the morn!
Can't you hear the captain shouting,
"Dinah, blow your horn!"

Dinah, won't you blow, Dinah, won't you blow
Dinah, won't you blow your horn!
Dinah, won't you blow, Dinah, won't you blow
Dinah, won't you blow your horn!

Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah
Someone's in the kitchen I know
Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah
Strummin' on the old banjo and singin'
Fee fi fiddle-ay-oh, Fee fi fiddle-ay-oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
Fee fi fiddle-ay-oh! Strummin' on the old banjo!

My Darlin' Clementine (traditional American folk song - "Clementine" is a metaphor for the miner's gold claim)

In a cavern in a canyon
Excavating for a mine
Lived a miner, a forty-niner
And his daughter, Clementine

Oh, my darlin', oh my darlin',
Oh my darlin', Clementine
You were lost and gone forever
Dreadful sorry, Clementine

Light she was and like a fairy
And her shoes were number nine
Herring boxes without topses
Sandals were for Clementine

Drove she duckling to the water
Every morning just at nine
Hit her foot against a splinter
Fell in to the foaming brine

Ruby lips above the water
Blowing bubbles soft and fine
But, alas, she was no swimmer
So he lost his Clementine

Then the miner, the forty-niner
Soon began to peak and pine
Thought he ought'r join his daughter
Now he's with his Clementine

Scarlet Ribbons (words and music by E. Danzig & J. Segal ©1949 EMI Mills Music, Inc. All rights reserved. Used by permission.)

I peeked in to say goodnight
Then I heard a child in prayer
"And, for me, some scarlet ribbons,
Scarlet ribbons for my hair..."

All the stores were closed and shuttered
All the streets were dark and bare
In the town, no scarlet ribbons
Not one ribbon for her hair

Through the night my heart was aching
Just before the dawn was breaking
I peeked in and on her bed
In gay profusion lying there
Lovely ribbons, scarlet ribbons
Scarlet ribbons for her hair!

If I live to be two hundred
I will never know from where
Came those ribbons, scarlet ribbons
Scarlet ribbons for her hair!

Beautiful Dreamer (words and music by Stephen Foster - 1864)

Beautiful dreamer, wake unto me
Starlight and dew drops are waiting for thee
Sounds of the rude world heard in the day
Lulled by the moonlight have all passed away
Beautiful dreamer, queen of my song
List' while I woo thee with soft melody
Gone are the cares of life's busy throng
Beautiful dreamer awake unto me

Beautiful dreamer, out on the sea
Mermaids are chanting the wild "Lorelai"
Over the streamlet vapors are born
Waiting to fade at the bright coming morn
Beautiful dreamer, beam on my heart
E'en as the morn on the streamlet and sea
Then will all clouds of sorrow depart
Beautiful dreamer awake unto me
Beautiful dreamer awake unto me

Jingle, Jangle, Jingle (I've Got Spurs...) (words and music by Losser/Lilly ©1942 Paramount Music Corp. All rights reserved.
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I've got spurs that jingle, jangle, jingle
As I go ridin' merrily along
And they sing, "Oh, ain't you glad you're single?"
And that song ain't so very far from wrong

I've got my horse, I've got my rope
And I'm gonna hit the trail upon a lope

I've got spurs that jingle, jangle, jingle
As I go ridin' merrily along
And they sing, "Oh, ain't you glad you're single?"
And that song ain't so very far from wrong

I've got my chaps, I've got my hat
I'm a rootin' tootin' cowboy, now whaddya think of that?

I've got spurs that jingle, jangle, jingle
As I go ridin' merrily along
And they sing, "Oh, ain't you glad you're single?"
And that song ain't so very far from wrong

Got my guitar, I've got a song
And if you get a hankerin' come on and sing along!

I've got spurs that jingle, jangle, jingle
As I go ridin' merrily along
And they sing, "Oh, ain't you glad you're single?"
And that song ain't so very far from wrong

Skip To My Lou (traditional American play party game - 1800's)

Lou, lou, skip to my Lou,
Lou, lou, skip to my Lou,
Lou, lou, skip to my Lou,
Skip to my Lou, my darlin'.

Lost my partner, what'll I do?
Lost my partner, what'll I do?
Lost my partner, what'll I do?
Skip to my Lou, my darlin'.

I'll get another one, prettier than you!
I'll get another one, prettier than you!
I'll get another one, prettier than you!
Skip to my Lou, my darlin'.

Fly's in the buttermilk, shoo, fly, shoo,
Fly's in the buttermilk, shoo, fly, shoo,
Fly's in the buttermilk, shoo, fly, shoo,
Skip to my Lou, my darlin'.

A little red wagon, paint it blue
A little red wagon, paint it blue
A little red wagon, paint it blue
Skip to my Lou, my darlin'.

Old Texas / Sleep Little Cowboy (Old Texas - traditional, Sleep Little Cowboy © 1987 Nancy Stewart, Friends Street Music, BMI)

I'm gonna leave ol' Texas now
They've got no use for the Longhorn cow
They've plowed and fenced my cattle range
And the people there are all so strange
I'll take my horse, I'll take my rope
And hit the trail upon a lope

Sleep little cowboy, go to sleep
While the moon and the stars above your head
Their watch do keep
Dream, little cowboy, won't you dream
'Bout the moon and the stars above your head
And a clear blue stream

Say, "Adios," to the Alamo
And hit the trail toward Mexico

Sleep, little cowboy, go to sleep

Home On The Range (probable authors: Brewster Higley & Dan Kelly - 1800's)

Oh, give me 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 asked, as I gazed
If their beauty 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

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

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

Happy Trails (words and music by Dale Evans © 1951 Famous Music Corp. All rights reserved. Used by permission.)

Happy trails to you,
Until we meet again.
Happy trails to you,
Keep smilin' until then.
Who cares about the clouds when we're together?
Just sing a song and bring the sunny weather.
Happy trails to you,
'Till we meet again.