

Montana Melody

LeGrand Harvey

I long to be in the places that I see
In the pictures of my dreams,
Where there's mountains full of trees, meadows carpeted in green,
Silent snowfall, clear running streams.

Where the bear-grass blooms in the springtime of the year,
And the larch turns gold in the fall,
Where there's deer, elk, and antelope,
Beavers, bears, and birds; and the yippin' coyotes
Serenade them all.

Chorus:

Yes there's no place like Montana,
The Big Sky Country, my home.
A place to set my spirit free, a Rocky Mountain Melody,
These things are a part of me, Montana, Montana, my home.

Charlie Russell clouds paint sunsets in the West,
In colors of red, blue, and gold.
Snow-capped peaks reach endless to the sky,
And the grain fields with gentle breezes flow.

There's high mountain lakes, Missouri river breaks,
And open plains where buffalo used to roam.
It's a cowboy song, it's where Indians belong.
God's country, my home sweet home.

Chorus:

Yes there's no place like Montana,
The Big Sky Country, my home.
A place to set my spirit free, a Rocky Mountain Melody,
These things are a part of me, Montana, Montana, my home.

I had a dream of how Heaven's s'posed to be,
And when I die, that's where I want to go.
'Cause there's mountains full of trees, meadows carpeted in green,
Silent snowfall, clear running streams.

D.S. al fine:

Yes there's no place like Montana,
The Big Sky Country, my home.
A place to set my spirit free, a Rocky Mountain Melody,
These things are a part of me, Montana, Montana, my home.
Montana ____!

This is Our Home

(Intro – 4 bars drum, 4 bars flute)

This is our home, this is our land.
Hills and valleys, mountains and sand.
Generations lived here alone.
Strangers, this is our home.
Strangers, this is our home.

Welcome strangers, stay as our friends.
The beauty of our land never ends.
When you decide you need room to stand,
This will still be our land.
This will still be our land.

(Interlude – 4 bars flute)

This is our place, this is our dream.
Ev'ry river, every stream.
Snow-capped mountains, plains we can roam.
Strangers, this is our home.
Strangers, this is our home.

But We Love It

Pioneer 1: It's hard to make people understand the West. For one thing, it's too big!

Pioneer 2: I mean, while Davy Crocket and Jim Bowie were fighting Santa Anna at the Alamo in the *southwest*, we're fighting snowstorms in the *northwest*!

(Music begins) – 9 measures until singing

Pioneer 3: You've got snowstorms, we've got dirt! Living in a sod house, there's dirt everywhere.

Pioneer 4: Dirt's always falling from the ceiling. I have to cook holding an umbrella to keep dirt out of my pots!

All: But we love it, yes, we love it!
We love the life we're living out west.
We adore it, just adore it!
'Cause pioneer living is living at it's best!

Pioneer 5: You think sod houses are bad, you should try living in a dugout in the side of the hill!

Pioneer 6: We don't just have dirt falling through the ceiling—we have cows and wagons and anything else that happens to wonder onto the roof.

All: But we love it, yes, we love it!
We love the life we're living out west.
We adore it, just adore it!
'Cause pioneer living is living at it's best!

Pioneer 7: Don't forget about the snakes that crawl in through the dirt walls, and the dust storms and prairie fires and the swarms of insects...

Pioneer 8: ...And the wind that blows twenty-four hours a day across those wide open spaces!

All: But we love it, yes, we love it!
We love the life we're living out west.
We adore it, just adore it!
'Cause pioneer living is living at it's best!
Pioneer living is living at it's best!
Pioneer living is living at it's best!

All (spoken): And why do we love it? Because... we've also got...

Part 1 (girls): QUILT SEWIN'! (clap clap clap)

Part 2 (boys): CROP PICKIN'! (clap clap clap)

Part 1: HAY MAKIN'! (clap clap clap)

Part 2: HOG KILLIN'! (clap clap clap)

Part 1: BEAN STRINGIN'! (clap clap clap)

Part 2: CORN HUSKIN'! (clap clap clap)

Part 1: SYRUP MAKIN'! (clap clap clap)

Part 2: WOODS CLEARIN'! (clap clap clap)

Part 1: HOUSE WARMIN'! (clap clap clap)

Part 2: APPLE PICKIN'! (clap clap clap)

All: BARN RAISIN', AND SQUARE DANCIN'!

Square Dance

(from "How the West Was Really Won" by Grace Hawthorne/John Wilson)

Caller:

- (8) Bow to your partner, bow to your corner.
- (8) All join hands, and circle to the left...
- (8) Now circle to the right...
- (8) Square your sets, you're lookin' out of sight!

Dancers bow to partner & corner
Circle left
Circle right
Square sets & promenade handhold

Chorus:

- (8) "Promenade one and all together,
- (8) Promenade one and all with your partner by your side!
- (8) All join hands, and circle to the left,
- (8) OK now let's circle to the right!"

Promenade counter-clockwise
(couples face to right)
Circle left
Circle right

Caller:

- (8) Dosido your corner...
- (8) Dosido your partner...
- (8) With heel and toe, sashay one slow
- (8) Balance to your partner, then back let's go!

Dosido corner
Dosido partner
Sashay 4 steps out, 4 steps in
Balance (2 steps away, 2 steps close) and promenade handhold

Chorus:

- (8) "Promenade one and all together,
- (8) Promenade one and all with your partner by your side!
- (8) All join hands, and circle to the left,
- (8) OK now let's circle to the right!"

(repeat of chorus steps above)

- (8) Double-swing your corner, giving it your all.
- (8) Also swing your own, be careful now don't fall!
- (8) Give a circle left, to right hand star we call...
- (8) (dancers cheer, hoot, etc.)

Double-swing corner
Double-swing partner
Right hand star
(cheer, hoot, etc.)

Chorus:

- (8) "Promenade one and all together,
 - (8) Promenade one and all with your partner by your side!
 - (8) All join hands, and circle to the left,
 - (8) OK now let's circle to the right!"
- (Repeat Chorus)

(repeat chorus steps above 2x)

Caller:

- (8) Bow to your partner, and to your corner too.
- (8) Bow to the people, 'cause y'all are through!

Bow to partner & corner
Bow audience (& short cheer)

Home on the Range

1. 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.

Chorus:

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.

2. (Solo 1) Oh give me a land, where the bright diamond sand
Flows leisurely down the stream.
(Solo 2) Where the graceful white swan goes gliding along
Like a maid in a heavenly dream.

(Chorus – all sing)

3. (Solo 3) I love the wild flowers in this dear land of ours;
The breezes are balmy and bright.
(Solo 4) I would not exchange my dear home on the range
For all of the cities so bright.

(Chorus – all sing)

4. (Solo 5) How often at night, when the heavens are bright
With the light of the glittering stars,
(Solo 6) Have I stood there amazed, and asked as I gazed,
If their glory exceeds that of ours.

(Chorus – all sing)

My Home's in Montana

1. My home's in Montana, I wear a bandana,
My Spurs are silver, my pony's a gray.

While riding the ranges, my luck never changes.
With foot in my stirrup, I gallop away!

Yo-da-la-dee-yoo, yo-da-la-dee-yay,
With foot in my stirrup I gallop away!

2. The valleys are dusty, my pony is trusty,
He lopes through the blizzards with snow in his ears.

The cattle may scatter, but what does it matter?
My rope is a halter for pig-headed steers.

Yo-da-la-dee-yoo, yo-da-la-dee-yay,
My rope is a halter for pig-headed steers.

3. When far from the ranches, I chop the pine branches,
To heap on my campfire as daylight grows pale.

When I have partaken of beans and of bacon,
I'll whistle a merry old song of the trail.

Yo-da-la-dee-yoo, yo-da-la-dee-yay,
I'll whistle a merry old song of the trail.

4. My home's in Montana, I wear a bandana,
My Spurs are silver, my pony's a gray.

While riding the ranges, my luck never changes.
With foot in my stirrup, I gallop away!

Yo-da-la-dee-yoo, yo-da-la-dee-yay,
With foot in my stirrup I gallop away!

With foot in my stirrup I gallop away!

Montana

Tell me of that treasure state, story always new.
Tell of its beauties grand, and its heart so true.
Mountains of sunset fire, the land I love the best.
Let me grasp the hand of one from out the golden West.

Refrain:

Montana, Montana, glory of the West.
Of all the states from coast to coast, you're easily the best.
Montana, Montana, where skies are always blue.
M-O-N-T-A-N-A, Montana, I love you.

Each country has its flower, each one plays a part.
Each bloom brings a longing hope to some lonely heart.
Bitterroot to me is dear, growing in my land.
Sing then that glorious air, the one I understand.

Refrain:

Montana, Montana, glory of the West.
Of all the states from coast to coast, you're easily the best.
Montana, Montana, where skies are always blue.

slowing down:

M-O-N-T-A-N-A, Montana, I love you.