

1. Traveler

Jim Anglesey

Come share a journey with me.
Just for a while, let us travel together.
I cannot tell you all we will see and share,
For my eyes are not the windows to your soul.
Yet since we must be moving on,
(for it is written we cannot stand still)
Let us spend some time sharing this part of the journey.
We will drink from the same stream
And feast from the same loaf
Until we come to a parting of the ways,
And both of us will be richer for what we have shared.



2. Belle of Natrona County

Jim Logue

My heart knows a place it will ever call home
No matter where my journey leads me.
And if I am not blinded by my traveling
And lose my way,
I will once again know the joy of returning
To those who ever hold me in memory.
Then will be a time of great rejoicing.

3. June Apple / Kitchen Girl

arr. Theresa Ellis

Scurrying, hurrying, bustling, hustling,
At times the pace of the journey is frenzied,
Exploding with new life and energy,
Even as an apple tree bursting with new bloom,
And the buzz of the honeybees,
Or a busy maid with the rest of the day off
Once the dishes and dusting are done.



4. Dun Broke It (The Baroque Mix)

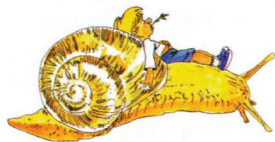
Jim Logue

My life's journey is a simple melody,
Weaving through my days.
As I meet and cross the paths of other travelers,
The music of our lives interweaves,
Twining in and out,
Creating a tapestry of rich and varied texture.
Gazing upon it, I follow my own thread,
And understand that its beauty is enhanced
By its connections with all others.

5. Cross Eyed Fiddler

arr. Theresa Ellis

Oft times a new perspective can change
How we see our journey,
Giving a dream substance,
Or reality more of the magic of a dream.
Like a cross eyed fiddler,
Who in despair over being unable
To read the notes on the page
Closes his eyes and plays the dream of music
He has always heard inside his head
And never thought he could ever give a voice.



6. New Prairie

Jim Logue

After wind and fire pass,
Leaving only the scorched earth in their wake,
The land is black and bare as far as the eye can see.
And yet, as I look more closely,
I see new shoots of green pushing up through the ashes
Like single notes of music.
Given time, the healing progresses,
And the prairie is renewed
Becoming a symphony of life and color.
Even so my life.

7. Celtic Adventure

Jim Anglesey



Over the meadow, high in the hills
Unfettered by the chains of the expected
I follow the carefree flight of the hawk
Spiraling upward until I gasp with the wonder
Of seeing my road from beginning to end
In one grand view.
Spiraling down again to resume my travels,
I learn as I come back to the road
That seeing it from afar is not the same.
As actually walking along it.

8. Si Bheag, Si Mhor

arr. Jim Anglesey

Two paths wind away from the road before me,
Each with its own trace of magic and mystery.
I must take my journey down one or the other,
I cannot travel both.
One dappled in sunlight, one deep in shade.
How can I know where this moment's choice will take me?
How can my heart not grieve for the road not taken?

9. Over the Waterfall / Liberty / Soldier's Joy

arr. Theresa Ellis

Oh to be young and free from care,
Immortal and invulnerable and forever youthful,
Whether careening over the falls in a barrel,
Or facing the guns of the first battle.
It is easier to die for a cause when you are young,
For the cause is clothed in passion,
And the dying always happens to someone else.
So dance and twirl down the journey's road
There is only the now, and it is very good.

11. Lazy Time With You

Jim Logue

Come share the road with me for a spell
And I will show you how sweet the new grass tastes.
We will sit in the shade of the forest trees,
Or roam the meadow picking daisies and clover.
We will cool our feet in the chuckling brook
And dance under the stars.
And when the sun rises new again,
We will say goodbye.

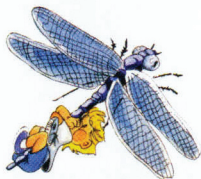
10. Star of County Down

arr. Jim Anglesey

There have been times on my journey
When my eyes have seen
That which they could not leave.
Strange, how this vision comes to assume
Such importance that I
Would abandon my quest to possess it.
And yet, oft times having a thing
Is not so wonderful as wanting it,
And that for which I quit the road
Becomes that which drives me back to it.

12. Limerock *arr. Theresa Ellis*

Stands a stone in the middle of the path,
Looking dark and immovable,
Until I place my hand upon it.
Wonder and amazement, how my eyes have deceived me,
For here is light and movement unimagined,
As if a stone could kick up its heels and dance.



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In memory of Frank M. Ellis who has traveled the long road home.