Supplemental Program: Lyrics



DUBUQUE CHORALE
growing musically since 1971

OCTOBER 24 7 PM
OCTOBER 25 2 PM

BREAD OF LIFE PRESBYTERIAN - HILLTOP CAMPUS

Lyrics

On the Road Again

It's time to go! Pack your bags it's time to go,
Where the lights are bright and nothing's slow
Won't you come with me and you'll be fine leave
all your worries behind!

On the road again just can't wait to get on the road
again.
The life I love is making music with my friends,
and I can't wait to get on the road again.

On the road again goin' places that I've never been
seein' things that I may never see again
And I can't wait to get on the road again!

On the road again, like true vagabonds we go down
the highway
We're the best of friends insisting that the world
keeps turning our way,
And our way is

On the road again, just can't wait wait to get on
the road again.
The life I love is making music with my friends,
and I can't wait to get on the road again!

But, What if this place isn't for me? What if I fail?
You can face it head on with a friend by your side
and the wind blowin' through your hair.

On the road again like true vagabonds we go down

the highway.
We're the best of friends just goin' round insisting that the world keeps turning our way, and our way,

On the road again I can't wait to get on the road again
Ringing chords in New York City with my friends.

And, I can't wait to get on the road again oh yeah
I can't wait to get on the road again right now!
I can't wait to get on the road again! Again!

Drive

Ah, ah
Ah-ah

Flyin' through the city with the speakers up loud
Speedin' by with the top down
Fast lane livin' till they put me in the ground
And I don't wanna stop now
I'll be gone with the click of a finger
Say the word, give a call, I'll be comin' back around

Flyin' through the city, I got God on my side
But the real world is not far
Push to the limit, I'll be burnin' all night
Gettin' tailed by a cop car
Pull away, wind blowin', now I'm cruisin'
Put the past in the past, a new day is comin'

Ha-la-lay-la, we can ride

Four wheels, you and I gotta get out of here
Ha-la-lay-la, my saviour
Ha-la-lay-la, we can fly
Out of this burnin' fire, just take me anywhere
Ha-la-lay-la, my saviour
Pedal down and drive
Drive
Pedal down and drive
Just drive

Out of the city, now we're switchin' four lanes
Got our eyes on a fresh start
The world as we knew it, that was caught up in flames
Get ready for the next part
You know I'm good if I'm back in the gutter
'Cause this life, it was never 'bout the money

Ha-la-lay-la, we can ride
Four wheels, you and I gotta get out of here
Ha-la-lay-la, my saviour
Ha-la-lay-la, we can ride
Four wheels, you and I gotta get out of here
Ha-la-lay-la, my saviour
Pedal down and drive
Drive
Pedal down and drive
Drive

Pedal down and drive
Just drive
Pedal down and drive
Just drive
Pedal down and drive

Travel Prayer

Peace be with you in ev'ry pass,
With you on ev'ry hill;
Peace be with you on ev'ry stream,
Ev'ry headland and ridge and lawn;
Peace be with you.

Each sea and land, each moor and meadow,
Each lying down, each rising up
In the crest of the billows, the trough of the waves,
Each step of the journey that you make.

Peace be with you in ev'ry pass
With you on ev'ry hill;
Peace be with you on ev'ry stream,
Ev'ry headland and ridge and lawn;
Peace be with you.
Peace be with you. Peace.

To the Road

Cool is the wind, for the summer is waning,
Who's for the road?
Sunflecked and soft, where the dead leaves are
raining,
Who's for the road?
Knapsack and alpenstock press hand and shoulder,
Prick of the brier and roll of the boulder;
This be your lot til the season grow older;
Who's for the road?

Up and away in the hush of the morning,
Who's for the road?
Vagabond he, all conventions ascorning,
Who's for the road?
Music of warblers so merrily singing,
Draughts from the rill from the roadside
upspringing,
Nectar of grapes from the vines lowly swinging,
These on the road.

Now ev'ry house is a hut or a hovel,
Come to the road!
Mankind and moles in the dark love to grovel,
But to the road.
Throw off the loads that are bending you double;
Love is for life, only labor is trouble;
Truce to the town, whose best gift is a bubble:
Come to the road! To the road!

Cool is the wind, for the summer is waning,
Who's for the road?
Sunflecked and soft, where the dead leaves are
raining,
Who's for the road?
Throw off the loads that are bending you double;
Love is for life, only labor is trouble;
Truce to the town, whose best gift is a bubble:
Come to the road!
Who's for the road?
These on the road.
Come to the road!

Song of the Open Road

Adapted from the poem by Walt Whitman

Hello, hello! Whoever you are,
Come, travel with me, whoever you are.
We will sail, pathless and wild seas,
We will go where waves dash and winds blow.
Oh! Hello, hello! Whoever you are,
Come, travel with me!

Come on! Come on! Wherever you are,
Look around! Look around!
You will find what never tires.
Come on! Come on and join hands.
Know what it is as you pass
to be loved by strangers.

Take to the open road, healthy and free,
Take the long path leading wherever I choose,
I travel with the wide world before me,
The earth expanding, the music sounding.
Hello! Hello! Whoever you are,
Wherever you are,
Come on! Come on! Whoever you are,
Join hands and travel with me.

I ordain myself loosed from imaginary limits.
From this hour I shall live as my own master,
Searching, receiving, searching and listening,
Breaking the bonds that would hold me.

Sing a song of the open road, for here is space and
here a great deed has room.

Sing a song of the highway I travel, for here is the test of a wisdom, a wisdom that is of the soul.

Take warning of those who would hold you.
The mocking and bat-eyed men.
Take your love on the road with you.
Gather the minds of men out of their brains, gather love out of men's hearts, the universe is a path that is endless, the universe itself is a road.

Come forth, my call is the call of battle.
Going with me you must go well armed.
Come forth and travel with me.

I give you my hand.
Oh! Hello! Hello!
I give you my love.
Oh! Hello! Hello!
Come on, come on and travel with me.
Oh! Hello! Hello!
Come on and travel with me.

I give you myself.
Will you give me yourself?
Will you travel with me?
The road is before us, I give you my hand.
Shall we stick by each other as long as we live,
Oh, as long as we live?

Whoever you are.
Wherever you are.

Hello, hello! Whoever you are,
Come, travel with me!

Come on! Come on! Wherever you are,
Come on and travel with me. Hello!

The Road Not Taken

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

—Robert Frost

Life Is a Highway

Life's like a road that travel on, when there's one day here and the next day gone.
Sometimes you bend, sometimes you stand, sometimes you turn your back to the wind.
There's a world outside ev'ry darkened door, where blues won't haunt you anymore.
Where the brave are free and lovers soar, come ride with me to the distant shore.
We won't hesitate to break down the garden gate.
There not much time left today.

Life is a highway; I wanna ride it all night long.
If you're goin' my way; I wanna drive it all night long.

Through all these cities and all these towns, it's in my blood and it's all around.
I love you now like I loved you then.
This is the road and these are the hands.
From Mozambique to these Memphis nights, the Khyber Pass to Vancouver's lights.
Knock me down, back up again; You're in my blood, I'm not a lonely man.
There's no load I can't hold. The road's so rough, this I know.
I'll be there when the light comes in. Tell 'em we're survivors.

Life is a highway; I wanna ride it all night long.
If you're goin' my way; I wanna drive it all night long.

There was a distance between you and I;
A misunderstanding once, but now we look it in the eye.
There's no load I can't hold. The road's so rough, this I know
I'll be there when the light comes in. Tell 'em we're survivors.

Life is a highway; I wanna ride it all night long.
If you're goin' my way; I wanna drive it all night long.
Gimme, gimme, gimme, gimme, gimme, yeah!
Life is a highway; I wanna ride it all night long.
If you're goin' my way; I wanna drive it all night long.
Gimme, gimme, gimme, gimme, gimme, yeah!

Ease on Down the Road from The Wiz

Come on and ease on down, ease on down the road
Come on, ease on down, ease on down the road
Don't you carry nothing that might be a load
Come on, ease on down, ease on down the road

Pick your left foot up
When your right foot's down
Come on legs keep movin'
Don't you lose no ground
You just keep on keepin'
On the road that you choose
Don't you give up walkin'
'Cause you gave up shoes, yeah (oh)

Come on and ease on down, ease on down the road
Come on, ease on down, ease on down the road
Don't you carry nothing that might be a load
Come on, ease on down, ease on down the road

There may be times
When you think you lost your mind
And the steps you're takin'
Leave you three, four steps behind
But the road you're walking
Might be long sometimes
You just keep on steppin'
And you'll be just fine, yeah

Come on and ease on down, ease on down the road
Come on, ease on down, ease on down the road
Don't you carry nothing that might be a load
Come on, ease on down, ease on down the road

Oh, there may be times
When you wish you wasn't born
And you wake one morning
Just to find your courage gone
But just know that feeling
Only last a little while
You just stick with us
And we'll show you how to smile

Get 'em up, get 'em up, ease on down the road
Get 'em up, on down, ease on down
Get 'em up, get 'em up, ease on down the road
ase on down, ease on down the road
Ease on down, ease on down the road

Don't you carry nothing that might be a load
Come on, ease on down, ease on down the road

Will Rogers Highway

There's a highway that goes from the coast to coast,
New York town down to Los Angeles;
It's named Will Rogers that traveled that road
From New York town down to Los Angeles.

That Sixty-Six highway, the Will Rogers road,
It's lined with jalopies as far as you can see;
With a mighty hard motor and a heavy ol' load
From New York town down to Los Angeles.

Ten thousand people you see every day
Camped under the bridges and under the trees;
With rattle-trapped cars that have come apart
From old Oklahoma to Los Angeles.

We loved Will Rogers, we loved his smile,
We went to the movies, Will Rogers to see;
We followed him now for a many a mile
From old Oklahoma to Los Angeles.

That Sixty-Six highway, it's mighty hard,
All day you're hot, all night you freeze;
But we got to have work so we're taking a chance
From old Oklahoma to Los Angeles.

Will Rogers was born in Oolagah,
In the nation of the Cherokee;
And a hundred thousand have followed him now
From old Oklahoma to Los Angeles.

That wind did blow and the dust got black
And now we're known as refugees
We're stranded now on the Sixty-Six highway
From old Oklahoma to Los Angeles.

The Road Home

Tell me where is the road
I can call my own,
That I left, that I lost,
So long ago?
All these years I have wandered,
Oh when will I know
There's a way, there's a road that will lead me
home?

After wind, after rain,
When the dark is done,
As I wake from a dream
In the gold of day,
Through the air there's a calling
From far away,
There's a voice I can hear that will lead me home.

Rise up, follow me.
Come away is the call,
With the love in your heart
As the only song;
There is no such beauty as where you belong,
Rise up, follow me, I will lead you home.

Movin' Right Along from The Muppet Movie

Movin' right along in search of good times and
good news
With good friends you can't lose
This could become a habit!
Opportunity knocks once let's reach out and grab it
Together we'll nab it
We'll hitchhike, bus or yellow cab it!

Movin' right along
Footloose and fancy-free
Getting there is half the fun, come share it with me
Moving right along (doog-a-doon doog-a-doon)
We'll learn to share the load
We don't need a map to keep this show on the road

Movin' right along, we've found a life on the
highway
And your way is my way
So trust my navigation
California here we come, the pie-in-the-sky-land
Palm trees, and warm sand
Though sadly we just left Rhode Island

Movin' right along (doog-a-doon doog-a-doon)
Hey LA, where've you gone?
Send someone to fetch us, we're in Sasketchewan!
Movin' right along (doog-a-doon doog-a-doon)
You take it, you know best
Hey, I've never seen the sun come up in the West?

Movin' right along we're truly birds of a feather
We're in this together

And we know where we're going
Movie stars with flashy cars and life with the top down
We're storming the big town
(Yeah, storm is right, should it be snowing?)

Moving right along, footloose and fancy-free
You're ready for the big time
Is it ready for me?
Movin' right along
Movin' right along
Movin' right along
Movin' right along

Route 66

If you ever plan to motor west: travel my way, take the highway that's the best.
Get your kicks on Route Sixty-Six!
It winds from Chicago to L.A. (Du doot du du du du bee du du)
More than two thousand miles all the way (Du doot du du du du ba du wee du dot!)
Get your kicks on Route Sixty-Six! (Du ba du wee du dot!)
Well you can go through St. Looey, Joplin, Missouri,
And Oklahoma City is mighty pretty.
You'll see Amarillo, Gallup, New Mexico; Flagstaff, Arizona,
don't forget Winona, Kingman, Barstow, San Bernadino.

Won't you get hip to this timely tip;
When you make that California trip,
Get your kicks on Route Sixty-Six!

Get your kicks, get your kicks on Sixty-Six!
Lose your blues, lose your blues on Sixty-Six!
You can cruise, you can cruise, you can't lose out on Route Sixty-Six!

Makin' my way 'cross the prairie down to New Mexico,
Gotta make Tucumcari, I got a long way to go
My love's wait'n up to meet me, so I'm movin' on, groovin' on down the road.

Get back, Amtrak! I've got to go.
Got my bags packed, I'm on the road
Highway's my way, I'm on my way back home.

Now you can go through St. Looey, Joplin, Missouri, and Oklahoma City looks might pretty.

You'll see Amarillo, Gallup, New Mexico;
Flagstaff, Arizona; don't forget Winona, Kingsman, Barstow, San Bernadino.
Won't you get hip to this timely tip; When you make that California trip.
Get your kicks on Route Six Six!
Get your kicks on Route Six Six!
Get your kicks on Route Sixty Six!
Get your kicks on Route Six Six! Oh yeah!