

IF YOU MISS ME FROM THE BACK OF THE BUS....
Civil Rights era song

If you miss me from the back of the bus and you can't find me nowhere
Come on up to the front of the bus; I'll be sittin' up there.
I'll be sittin' up there, I'll be sittin' up there,
Come on up to the front of the bus; I'll be sittin' up there.

If you miss me from the Mississippi River and you can't find me nowhere
Come on over to the swimming pool; I'll be swimmin' over there.
I'll be swimmin' over there, I'll be swimmin' over there,
Come on over to the swimming pool; I'll be swimmin' over there.

If you miss me from Jackson State and you can't find me nowhere
Come on over to Ol' Miss; I'll be learnin' right there.
I'll be learnin' right there, I'll be learnin' right there,
Come on over to Ol' Miss; I'll be learnin' right there.

If you miss me from the picket line and you can't find me nowhere
Come on down to the jailhouse; I'll be roomin' right there.
I'll be roomin' right there, I'll be roomin' right there,
Come on down to the jailhouse; I'll be roomin' right there.

If you miss me from the cotton fields and you can't find me nowhere
Come on down to the courthouse; I'll be votin' right there.
I'll be votin' right there, I'll be votin' right there,
Come on down to the courthouse; I'll be votin' right there.

If you miss me from the back of the bus and you can't find me nowhere
Come on up to the front of the bus; I'll be sittin' up there.
I'll be sittin' up there, I'll be sittin' up there,
Come on up to the front of the bus; I'll be sittin' up there.

Old Texas

American cowboy song

1. I'm going to leave old Texas now,
They've got no use for the long-horned cow.
2. They've plowed and fenced my cattle range
And the people there are all so strange.
3. I'll take my horse, I'll take my rope,
And hit the trail upon a lope.
4. I'll bid adios to the Alamo,
And turn my head toward Mexico.
5. I'll make my home on the wide, wide range,
The people there are not so strange.

Roll On, Columbia

by Woody Guthrie

Green Douglas fir where the waters cut through,
Down her wild mountains and canyons she flew,
Canadian Northwest to the ocean's blue,
Roll on, Columbia, roll on.

Roll on, Columbia, roll on.
Roll on, Columbia, roll on.
Your power is turning our darkness to dawn,
Roll on, Columbia, roll on.

Fifty Nifty United States

words and music by Ray Charles

**Fifty nifty United States from thirteen original colonies,
Fifty nifty stars in the flag that billows so beautifully in the breeze.
Each individual state contributes a quality that is great,
Each individual state deserves a bow:
Let's salute them now!
Fifty nifty United States from thirteen original colonies,
Shout 'em, scout 'em, tell all about 'em
One by one, 'til we've given a day to ev'ry state that's
in the U.S.A.... in the U.S.A.... in the U.S.A.**

**Alabama, Alaska, Arizona, Arkansas,
California, Colorado, Connecticut
Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Hawaii
Idaho, Illinois, Indiana.
Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine,
Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan.
Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana,
Nebraska, Nevada.
New Hampshire, New Jersey, New Mexico, New York.
North Carolina, North Dakota, Ohio.
Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania,
Rhode Island, South Carolina, South Dakota,
Tennessee, Texas.
Utah, Vermont, Virginia, Washington,
West Virginia, Wisconsin, Wyoming!**

**North, South, East, West,
In our cool, considered, objective, unprejudiced opinion,
Massachusetts is the best! of...the....**

**Fifty nifty United States from thirteen original colonies,
Fifty nifty stars in the flag that billows so beautifully in the breeze.
Each individual state contributes a quality that is great,
Each individual state deserves a bow:**

Let's salute them now!

Fifty nifty United States from thirteen original colonies,

Add up to U.....S.....A!