

Alaska

Dedicated to Tom Manuel, who I'll always love.

Jim Andrisse
copyright 1989

Allegro

I have a friend. His name is Tom. I really love him so. We Anch- or- age we went up to De- nal- i Na- tional Park, with went on up to Fair- banks where we thought we'd pan for gold. But, last place that we vis- it- ed is called Prince Will- iam Sound. The

mp

set out for the Great Land, oh, some sev- 'ral years a- go. In more a- maz- ing an- i- mals than were on No- ah's Ark. We for the last of Au- gust, it was get- ting might- y cold. We same place where that Ex- xon tank- er sad- ly ran a- ground. If

old down- town Se- at- tle first we bought some cheese and fruit; then saw a mom- ma griz- ley and a herd of car- i- bou, and head- ed south, but sum- mer snow, it made us turn a- round. And God is as we pict- ure Him, I'm sure that He would cry to

sailed the in- side pass- age on a ver- y scen- ic route. We
 high a- bove some back- pack- ers, a might- y eag- le flew. We
 that's when we dis- cov- ered us a bet- ter part of town. We
 see his child- ren give their Moth- er Na- ture a black eye. We

break- fast- ed at Ketch- i- kan and saw the sal- mon spawn. And
 dined that night on sal- mon, but the best was yet to come. The
 feast- ed at a sal- mon bake on ber- ries ver- y blue, and
 hitch- hiked the pen- in- su- la that's known as the Ken- ai. We

so- ur- dough and soup at Ju- neau we then supped up- on. The
 loft- i- est of moun- tain peaks would leave us stunned and dumb. Its
 then went out and found our- selves a honk- y tonk or two. That
 climbed a hill to a Rus- sian church whose steep- le brushed the sky. We

in- side pass- age glist- ened in its mist- y green- ish gray, and
 snow- y slopes were gleam- ing in the morn- ing's or- ange glow, and
 Rob- ert Ser- vice po- et- ry can make a fel- low smile and
 sailed the Hom- er Har- bour, and we knew we'd found a home, and

glac- iers of e- lect- ric blue we saw up- on our way.
 all of this re- flect- ed in the tun- dra lake be- low. A-
 dance hall girls and pi- an- ists can en- ter- tain in style.
 knew A- las- ka in our hearts we ev- er- more would roam.

sfz

las- ka, A- las- ka, they call ya' the Last Front- ier. Your moun- tains are might- y; your

riv- ers are fresh and clear. Where the eag- le soars and the or- cas play and the

wolf is free to roam. A- las- ka, A- las- ka, I'm call- ing you my new

1.

ho- me, ho- me. In We The

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written in a treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 4/4 time signature. It features a melodic line with a long phrase starting with a half note, followed by quarter notes, and ending with a quarter note. The piano accompaniment is written in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) and features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the right hand and quarter notes in the bass line.

4. call- ing you my new ho- me. *sfz*

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a measure rest followed by a quarter note, then a half note, and ends with a long note. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern as the first system, ending with a dynamic marking of *sfz* (sforzando).