

Tribute to Colorado Songs

By Eydie McDaniel

“Snowy peaks gleam in moonlight, above dark forests of pine,
Hear the scream of the bold mountain eagle in the purple robed land.
‘Tis the land where the columbines grow, overlooking the plains far below,
While the cool summer breeze in the evergreen trees
Softly sings where the columbines grow.”

“The bison is gone. Some deer have fled.
Now only a name, the Indians whoop war no longer.
But columbines bloom just the same.
Somewhere violet brighten up brook sides,
And clover still makes meadows green.
Golden rods puff autumn's hay fever,
Till great mountain rivers run dry.”

Worldwide, Colorado entices. A young man came west. On top of cathedral mountains, he saw silver clouds below. Through clear air he saw plains spread far and rivers shimmer. He saw it raining fire in the sky, the shadow from the starlight softer than a lullaby. So naturally he'd rather stay in Colorado.

"He'd rather spend his time out where the sky looks like a pearl after a rain."

Now stars can hear him sing and once more see him walkin', hear him talking. And play his banjo in the morning when the moon fades, scarcely gone.

His Colorado “Rocky Mountain High” in “The Land Where The Columbines Grow.”

Thank you to A.J. Flynn and John Denver.