

The Composition

Prairie Trail was composed to commemorate the many pioneers who ventured to the Far West during the 1800's to discover new land and seek a better life. It celebrates the energy and spirit of all who traversed the long, dusty, and often lonely trails.

Fur traders and trappers were important to early trailblazing in the 1820's. Several even created rough maps as guidelines, especially in the mountainous regions. Newly developed towns in Northeastern Kansas and Northwestern Missouri served as common resting and retooling places for many who had come from the East. From there, wagon trains filled with families would venture out on trails such as the Santa Fe or Oregon Trails. For some, it took as long as six months to reach their final destination. The discovery of gold in California in 1848 inspired the gold rush and quickly brought people onto the Oregon and California trails. By 1862, the approval of The Homestead Act promised free land to settlers in the West. Seven years later, America's first transcontinental rail system was completed. Towns and cities began to spring up along the trails and rail lines. America was beginning to grow up.

About Blazing New Trails

Blazing New Trails, a section featuring specially prepared historical information about Westward Expansion in 19th Century America, is located on pages 9-11 of this score and on pages 2-4 of all student parts.

Members of the 6th grade string orchestra at Prairie Star Middle School, Leawood, Kansas, under the direction of Amy Fear-Bishop wrote the materials found in **Blazing New Trails** as an enhancement to their orchestra experience. They used the internet and the library as resources for their research. Students prepared reports, wrote fictional stories, drew pictures, and made maps as part of their assignment. This assignment was intertwined with the rehearsal of **Prairie Trail**. With the students new-found knowledge about pioneer life and challenges on the trails, they approached the music with passion and respect.

The Neil A. Kjos Music Company is pleased to present these compositions written by this talented group of students. Many thanks are extended to Dr. Larry Shirk, Principal of Prairie Star Middle School and Ms. Amy Fear-Bishop, Orchestra Director for their support.

Amy Fear-Bishop teaches middle school and elementary orchestra in the Blue Valley school district in suburban Kansas City. She is also a freelance cellist and private studio teacher. She is a graduate of Wichita State University where she studied string pedagogy with Jacqueline Dillon. Ms. Fear-Bishop lives in Prairie Village with her husband, Jeffrey, two dogs, and three cats.

dedicated to the Prairie Star Middle School Orchestras
Amy Fear-Bishop, Director

Prairie Trail

Full Conductor Score
Approx. time – 1:20

Jeffrey S. Bishop

Allegro (♩ = 92)

Violins 1 & 2: *f*

Viola: *f*

Cello: *f*

String Bass: *f*

Measures 5-8: *mp*

Violins 1 & 2: *mp*

Viola: *mp*

Cello: *mp*

String Bass: *mp*

*A part for 3rd Violin (Viola T.C.) is included in this set.

©2000 Neil A. Kjos Music Company, 4380 Jutland Drive, San Diego, California, 92117.
International copyright secured. All rights reserved. Printed in U. S. A.

WARNING! The contents of this publication are protected by copyright law. To copy or reproduce them by any method is an infringement of the copyright law. Anyone who reproduces copyrighted matter is subject to substantial penalties and assessments for each infringement.

9 10 11 12 V □ V

1 Vlns.

2 Vlns.

Vla.

Cello

Str. Bass

13 14 15 16

1 Vlns.

2 Vlns.

Vla.

Cello

Str. Bass

f

17 18 19 20

Vlns. 1 *p*

Vlns. 2 *p*

Vla. *p*

Cello *f*

Str. Bass *f*

21 22 23 24

Vlns. 1

Vlns. 2

Vla.

Cello

Str. Bass

25 26 27 28

1 Vlns. *f* *mp*

2 Vlns. *f* *mp*

Vla. *f* *mp*

Cello *f*

Str. Bass *mp*

29 30 31 32

1 Vlns. *f*

2 Vlns. *f*

Vla. *f*

Cello *f*

Str. Bass *f*

33 34 35 36

Vlns. 1

Vlns. 2

Vla.

Cello

Str. Bass

37 38 39 40

Vlns. 1

Vlns. 2

Vla.

Cello

Str. Bass

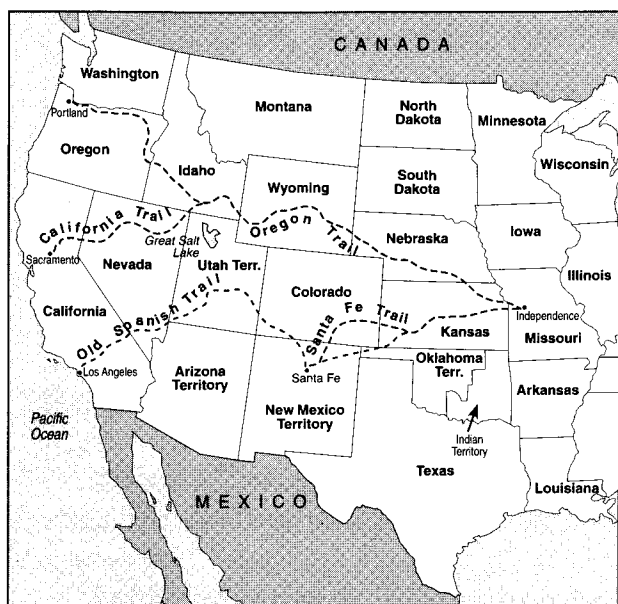
ff *mf* *f* *fff*

ff *mf* *f* *fff*

ff *mf* *f* *fff*

ff *fff*

ff *fff*



The Composition

Prairie Trail was composed to commemorate the many pioneers who ventured to the Far West during the 1800's to discover new land and seek a better life. It celebrates the energy and spirit of all who traversed the long, dusty, and often lonely trails.

Fur traders and trappers were important to early trailblazing in the 1820's. Several even created rough maps as guidelines, especially in the mountainous regions. Newly developed towns in Northeastern Kansas and Northwestern Missouri served as common resting and retooling places for many who had come from the East. From there, wagon trains filled with families would venture out on trails such as the Santa Fe or Oregon Trails. For some, it took as long as six months to reach their final destination. The discovery of gold in California in 1848 inspired the gold rush and quickly brought people onto the Oregon and California

trails. By 1862, the approval of The Homestead Act promised free land to settlers in the West. Seven years later, America's first transcontinental rail system was completed. Towns and cities began to spring up along the trails and rail lines. America was beginning to grow up.

Blazing New Trails

Blazing New Trails is a special section provided by members of the 6th grade string orchestra from Prairie Star Middle School in Leawood, Kansas. Their orchestra teacher, Ms. Amy Fear-Bishop asked them to use the internet and the library as resources to research life as a pioneer traveling on a trail to the Far West. Students prepared reports, wrote stories, drew pictures, and made maps as part of their assignment. The Neil A. Kjos Music Company is pleased to present these compositions by this talented group of students. Many thanks are extended to Dr. Larry Shirk, Principal of Prairie Star Middle School and Ms. Amy Fear-Bishop, Orchestra Director for their support.

The California Trail

by Christie Dickerson (Bass) and Heather Peck (Viola)

The California Trail was traveled by individuals or families who were searching for a new life or trying to get rich in the California gold rush. Individuals usually went with other people who were heading west as well. Very few people ever traveled alone. During the gold rush, the trail was utilized by thousands each year. Many of these people died from extreme heat or cold. The majority of the people who died were not given a proper burial because their families and friends did not have the time to stop. Wives of the men who traveled the trail were not always informed of their husbands' death. These and many other dangers and sacrifices were lived by people traveling the California Trail, looking for a new life.

The Prairie

by Ryan Forrest (Cello)

A prairie is a long, flat region of land with tall grass and no hills. The grass is usually taller than most people. The prairie tended to be very dangerous when pioneers passed through the area on trails. It was not a good idea to wander off the trail.

The Santa Fe Trail

by Tony Tonev (Violin)

The Santa Fe Trail was one of the longest trails in use before train travel became popular. The trail was used mainly for trade, at first. It was 780 miles long starting in Independence, Missouri and ending in Santa Fe, New Mexico. Most transportation was by horse-led wagons. In Council Grove, Kansas, the Santa Fe Trail split into two trails. The southern route cut across a dry plain making it faster but was more dangerous because of Indians living in the area. The other trail went around the same plain which was safer but also slower. On average about 80 wagons used the trail each year and that's about 150 people. By 1860 more than 5,000 wagons had traveled on it.

Hattie's Diary (A Fictional Account)

by Suzanne Emmert (Violin)

Dear Diary,

It's April 2nd, 1847 and I'm in a town called Independence, Missouri. We are all feeling sorrowful, leaving our friends and family- but most of all because of my ten year old brother Thomas. He died last week of pneumonia. Ma cried somethin' fierce and so did I. I'm still wiping away tears. Papa reassured us he's in Heaven and that made us all feel better, and told us again what riches lay ahead in Oregon. Fertile soil, wonderful crops, and everything we didn't have back in Connecticut.

We will start our journey on the long, long trail tomorrow morning, at dawn.

Love, Hattie Trudman

Dear Diary,

April 3.

Papa is angry because the 200 pounds of bacon we bought four days ago is already starting to rot! We've traveled too far to do anything now, though. Ma hums happy tunes as she cooks, gossips, and sews with the other women in the wagon train. I've met this one girl my age - Blessing Peterman. What a wonderful name! She's very pretty with a small face sprinkled delicately with freckles and a cute nose that turns up a bit. She has light red hair, and is very sweet. Rather a goody goody- Ma adores her- but I like her all the same.

Love, Hattie

Dear Diary,

April 25.

We are at Alcove Springs. It's near a small town called Marysville. It's beautiful. The oxen, horses, and people too, love the water. I fought to get my big brother Eddy's (who is 16) jack knife from him so I could carve my name on one of the large rocks. "Not on your life! You'll probably break it!" "When have I broken any of your stuff? The fishin' pole don't count because my friend stepped on it!" I still didn't win the argument. I have a reputation for being feisty, so I punched him in the stomach as hard as I could. The knife fell on the ground and I grabbed it. Unfortunately, Papa saw the whole thing and whipped me with his belt. It hurt, but I still got to carve my name.

With Victory and Pride, Hattie

P.S. Ma said that we will reach Oregon in around six months! Too long for me! This has been a strenuous trip even though we've haven't even traveled a whole month. Chores and dust, all day! Plus, there's not even any milk since we traded Sweetheart, our cow, for a horse.

Dear Diary,

March 14.

Today was most exciting! Some Indians- Sioux, or maybe Kaw- attacked us! The men got their guns, and I managed to find a pistol to fight with but it was taken away from me. The Indians shot Blessing's Pa with an arrow, and it looks bad. He might get an infection. Luckily, the Indians were so frightened by the gunshots that the only other damage was a tipped wagon. Everything was saved except for a couple of dented tin cups, and a tin plate folded in half. Except for Mr. Peterman, everyone went unharmed.

Even though I wanted to fight with the big men, I was really kind of scared. I don't understand why people have to fight. We don't want to hurt anyone. We are just passing through... Oh No! Here comes Papa- he'll get mad if he sees me writing after sundown!

Quickly saying goodbye, Hattie

Dear Diary,

May 30.

Blessing's Pa is fine now, but some people are getting sick. I want to be back home in the city so badly. I miss my school. I feel far away from the rest of the world.

Sadly, Hattie

Dear Diary,
July 1.

I have not written for awhile because of my grief, and I've had too many chores. The reason for my grief? Ma died. Of cholera. Papa was silent for days and so was the rest of our family. Nothing was the same without her smiling face. I have to cook now, but Josie, my 7 year old sister, helps. Papa says she is with Thomas. My best friend Blessing is so dear. She has comforted me and cheered me up. We have had so many adventures together! She turns fifteen tomorrow. I turn fifteen in two months. We're almost grown ladies! It's wonderful.

Love, Hattie

Dear Diary,
July 3

We had a "fandango" for Blessing yesterday! Much gaiety. It was wonderful! We had cake and our friend Jeff played fiddle while we danced under the stars. Not much else to say except that it's really hot and our shoes are wearing thin.

Love, Hattie

P.S. I think Pete Mardigra is sweet on Blessing! I told her this, and she blushed. I think maybe she fancies him as well!

Dear Diary,
July 13.

Dust. Boredom. Cooking. Chores. Hattie

Dear Diary,
July 21.

It's storming badly. The rain won't stop. A fur trader stopped us yesterday-told us about some flooding up ahead. We must wait 'til it dries up.

Somewhat soggy, Hattie

Dear Diary,
August 12.

Three weeks ago Pete started courting Blessing, if you can call it that on the trail. They hold hands, he sits by her while she cooks, she is somehow fascinated with him cleaning his rifle. Love is silly, isn't it?

Love, Hattie

P.S. I see beautiful mountains to the distance. Sometimes they are green, purple or pink. I hope we don't have to climb them!

Dear Diary
August 30.

It may seem a bit fast, but Pete and Blessing are getting married when we get to Oregon City! I am so happy for her!

Love, Hattie

Dear Diary,
September 24.

WE HAVE REACHED OREGON CITY! We made it, most of us, that is! I am a bit sorrowful thinking of Ma, but she wouldn't want me to be. I put on the beautiful dress that I saved for this day. It is the only clean clothing I have. I scrubbed with Ma's lavender soap, and washed my hair. Blessing and Pete will have their own little house on Pete's family farm, and will marry in three weeks. Such a joyful day! We will get our share of land tomorrow, or the next day. I can't believe we've reached our destination! Our fiddler named Jeff made up a song called "Prairie Trail" that tells of our troubles and determination on the trail. He played it on his fiddle, and it is a very sweet tune.

With Satisfaction, Happiness, and Great Joy, Hattie Trudman

SAMPLE

