



Rise Up and Dance was recorded partly in Payson Arizona and then finished in Fort Wayne Indiana in 2007.

All songs written by Terry and/or Darlene Wildman.

All Scripture Paraphrases by Terry M. Wildman

LIFT UP YOUR HEADS

Psalm 24:7-8

Lift up your heads Oh you gates—be lifted up you ancient doors (2x)
That the glorious Chief may come in (2x)

Lift up your heads O you gates—be lifted up you ancient doors (2x)
That the glorious Chief may come in (2x)
Who is this glorious Chief—who is this glorious One

Yahweh Way Hi Yah—strong and mighty
Yahweh Way Hi Yah—mighty in battle
Yahweh Way Hi Yah—You are... the Warrior

Yahweh—Way Hi Yah (2x)
Yahweh—Way Hi Yahweh
Yahweh—strong and mighty, Yahweh, mighty in battle
Yahweh—Way Hi Yahweh
Open up the gates—open up the gates—open up the gates—welcome Him (4x)

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GREAT SPIRIT GUIDE

Psalm 23 Retold by Terry M. Wildman

The Great-Spirit, He is the One who watches over me and walks with me on the road of life. My lodge will always have plenty. He gives me rest in fields of tender grass, and guides me near peaceful streams that refresh and strengthen me.

He shows me the good way to walk, on the road of life, to bring honor to His name. Even if my path takes me through the darkest valley, I will fear no curse. I walk in harmony because You are close by my side, keeping my eyes straight and my path safe.

You prepare a great feast for me, even in the sight of my enemies. You honor me with a headdress of many feathers. My water pouch overflows. I know that beauty and harmony, will walk with me, on the road of life, all of my days.

Creator's Sacred Lodge will always be my home.

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PRAYER DANCE

Way Yo Hay Yah Hay Yo Hay Yo Hay
Way Yo Hay Yah Hay Yo Hay
Way Yo Hay Yah Hay Yo Hay Yo Hay
Way Yo Hay Yah Hay Yo Hay
Way Yo Hay Yah Hay Yo Hay
Hay Yo, Way Yo Hay, Hay Yo

At the sound of the drum all the dancers come
Way Yo Hay Yah Hay Yo Hay
Moving our feet to the sound of the beat
Way Yo Hay Yah Hay Yo Hay (2x)
Hay Yo, Way Yo Hay, Hay Yo

A prayer in our hearts the singers start
Way Yo Hay Yah Hay Yo Hay
Every step in place we seek His face
Way Yo Hay Yah Hay Yo Hay (2x)
Hay Yo, Way Yo Hay Hay Yo

Representing all colors we dance in the round
Way Yo Hay Yah Hay Yo Hay
Heads held high our feet on the ground
Way Yo Hay Yah Hay Yo Hay (2x)
Hay Yo, Way Yo Hay Hay Yo

We honor Creator with unity
Way Yo Hay Yah Hay Yo Hay
Loving all people in dignity
Way Yo Hay Yah Hay Yo Hay (2x)
Hay Yo, Way Yo Hay Hay Yo

Leading the way our banners held high
Way Yo Hay Yah Hay Yo Hay
Warriors of honor like eagles we fly
Way Yo Hay Yah Hay Yo Hay (2x)
Hay Yo, Way Yo Hay Hay Yo

Rattles and bells tell stories and more
Way Yo Hay Yah Hay Yo Hay
Of ancestors brave who have gone on before
Way Yo Hay Yah Hay Yo Hay (2x)
Hay Yo, Way Yo Hay Hay Yo

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SACRED PLACE

Psalm 36:7

In the shadow of Your wings—in the sacred place
I have found my covering—beneath Your wings of grace
No more will I falter—no more will I fade
In the shadow of Your wings—in the sacred place

Way Yah Ha Way Yahweh—Ancient One
Way Yah Ha Way Yahweh—Sacred One
Holy—Worthy—awesome in power—are You Lord
Are You Lord

In the light of Your glory—in the morning sun
Creation tells a story—of all that You have done
No more walking in darkness—no more stumbling at night
I have found Your glory—in the morning light

Ending: Way Yah Ha Way Yahweh Hey Yahweh Hey (4x)

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BIG SMALL ONE

Isaiah 9:6-7 Retold by Terry M. Wildman

A small-one has been born for us—a son has been gifted to us. The guidance of all people will come to be on his shoulders.

He will be called—Wisest-of-elders—Great-and-powerful-Spirit—Grandfather-from-before-there-was-time—Grand-chief-of-peace.

His guidance of peace will reach as far as the eye can see and will last longer than the end of all days.

He will sit in the seat-of-honor of his ancestor Much-love-one.

From this honored place he will choose what is good and right for all people.

He will make sure all wrongs—from the beginning of time to the end—have been made right.

The burning desire of Yahweh-who-has-many-warriors will make this happen.

NOT BY MIGHT

Zechariah 4:6-7—Isaiah 42:3-4

Not by might—not by power—but by the Spirit of Yahweh
This mountain shall be removed—this mountain shall be removed
Not by might—not by power

We wrestle not—with human strength—but by the Spirit of Yahweh
We will overcome—we will overcome
Not by might—not by power

A bruised reed—You will not break—a smoldering fire You'll not put out
Till justice finds a way—till justice finds the way
Not by might, not by power

ALL COLORS TOGETHER

Acts 17:26

Weh Yah Hay Yah—Weh Yah Hay Yah—Hay Yo
Weh Yah Hay Yah—Weh Yah Hay Yah—Hay Yo

Color us blue—like the sky when it's new
Color us green—like the moss on a tree
Like the dirt on the ground—color us brown
Like leaves when they're old—color us gold

*With a rainbow of beauty—with paint from above
Color us Great-father—shaded with love
Paint us people of honor—tinted with grace
All colors together—one Sacred Race*

Color us red—with the blood Jesus shed
Color us pure—with hearts that are sure
Though our numbers be few—color us true
When the story is told—color us bold.

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HUMBLE ONE

Philippians 2:5-11

We should think about ourselves the way Jesus the Chosen-One, thought about Himself. Even though He considered himself to be who He was, the Creator, He lowered Himself to become a human being, like one of us.

He made Himself to be a humble servant of all. He always followed the Great-Spirit's guidance even though it led him to death, death on a tree-pole, the cross.

Because Jesus did this, Grandfather honored Him and gave Him a name greater than all other names. All who hear His name; sky people, earth people, and those under the ground, they will all come and bow down low before Him. They will tell Him that He is Grand-Chief.

This will bring great honor to Grandfather above.

HUMILITY

Philippians 2:6-7

Let us have the mind of Jesus
Creator's equal Grand-Father's only Son
Although He was high and lifted up—He humbled himself

*Humility is losing our lives—humility is paying the price
To bring to others resurrection life
Resurrection life*

Jesus taught us on the night He was betrayed
Humility is more than what we say
He washed the feet of those who should serve Him
He showed us how to begin

Shaped and molded by Creator's gentle hand
Made from earthen clay according to His plan
Chipped and cracked—we are pots made of clay
Walking on the Sacred Way

We humble ourselves in the shadow of Your wings
Bowing low before You—our lives the gift we bring
You will lift us up at the right time
And in You we'll find

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SORROW BECOMES DANCING

Psalm 30:11-12 Retold by Terry M. Wildman

Creator has changed my sorrow into a round dance.

He took away my grief and wrapped a sash of well being around me. He took off my garment of sadness and clothed me in regalia for dancing.

From deep within I will sing to you, O Great Father, I will not be silent, I will give thanks to you all my days.”

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RISE UP AND DANCE

The hand of the Creator
Is on the people of this land
Restoring hope and freedom
To help the warriors make their stand
The lies that have been spoken
To rob our pride and dignity
Were not the words of Jesus
He suffered shame to set us free

*Rise up and dance—our prayers
Let the warriors take their stand
Rise up and dance—our prayers
For the healing of our land
Rise up and dance—our prayers
To the pounding of the drum
To the rhythm—of His love
Rise up and dance—rise up and dance*

The Father's heart is beating
Like the pounding of a drum
The rhythms of His mercy—the heartbeat of His love
We'll take our stand together—in the circle of His life
We'll love each other—we will walk—in the light

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ECHOES OF LOST FOOTSTEPS

Walking on this road I'm wondering
What happened to the people of this land
Geronimo—Sitting Bull—Tecumseh
Echo's of lost footsteps in the sand
They are echoes of lost footsteps in the sand

*Crying out for justice—shaking like a leaf in the wind
Looking for the new day—trembling in the palm of Your hand
Yes we're trembling—in the palm of Your hand*

Walking down this road I'm asking

Will justice find a way in this land
Not that I require an answer
But I think I'll let the question stand
Yes, I think I'll let the question stand

*Crying out for mercy—shaking like a leaf in the wind
Waiting for the dawning—trembling in the palm of your hand
Yes we're trembling—in the palm of your hand*

Pausing on this road I'm pondering
Will a people who have faltered rise again
A Voice in the wind will answer
Echoes of lost footsteps in the sand
There are echoes of lost footsteps in the sand
Yes, there's echoes of lost footsteps in the sand

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FIRE BY NIGHT

Nehemiah 9:19-20

When my heart is sinking low—thinking there's no place to go
Condemnation rushes in like a flood
When my feelings drag me down—and discouragements all around
I will stand on the One who's solid ground

You're a cloud by day—and a fire by night
You show me the way—and teach me what's right
You lead me in truth—and keep me from wrong—my Lord
You are my strength—You are my song

When the battle lasts so long—and the enemy seems so strong
And the victory seems lost and gone
When my efforts to prevail—appear so weak and sure to fail
I will call on the One who makes me strong

When my eyes can't find the way—even in the light of day
And the darkness presses in—like the night
When I've lost the will to fight—even when I know what's right
I will look to the One who is my light

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GOTTA GET AWAY

Psalm 46:10

Gotta get away far from the noisy crowds
Gotta find a place away from the busy sounds
Where the river flows and the pine trees growing all around

Gotta get away far from the traffic jams
Gotta take a break away from my life's demands
Where the silence roars—eagles soaring in the sky

*With all my heart and all my soul
I will seek You I'll find you I know
With all my mind and all my strength
I'll worship You Lord with all my being*

Gotta get away far from the daily grind
Gotta find a way a place to unwind
Where the mountain peaks and the misty mornings call my name

Gotta get away to find the One I seek
Gotta find the time to let the quiet speak
Calling me away—where His still small voice beckons me

*Bridge: In the stillness—in the quiet place—I know
You are Creator—You are God*

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