

Mp3 Charles Murphy - Texas Style



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The classic tradition of the singer/songwriter - Alternate Country, Texas Americana, Roots 15 MP3 Songs

COUNTRY: Alt-Country, BLUES: Folk-Blues Show all album songs: Texas Style Songs Details: Charles Murphy welcomes you to Texas Style, a concert of one for the many! This is a new musical history at its wellspring. Here is a contagion of fun, catch it, have it, be thrilled by it and share it. Before I get into any Biographical material, I want to assure you that Texas Style is my personal celebration of over twenty years of songwriting. Ten of the sixteen songs on Texas Style were written before 1992, the other six were written in the last half of 2007. They are not ordered chronologically. Can you tell by listening which came first in creative order? Can you imagine their future sounding with a band of brilliant musicians and some world class crooners? Do you think some are really good, or even great songs, able to carry their own tune into wondrous infamy? Virtually hundreds of my musical treasures from the late eighties to present day impatiently await a sound recording, public performance, and a chorus of singing voices to celebrate them as a concert of one. I am really enjoying life whenever I am writing or singing a song! I hope that sounds through to you and you enjoy listening to them all. This is why I continue writing daily. But lately my heart has become heavy with the weight of responsibility. People, I confess I need to wake up and love you by making the good words I have written readily available to you. Publishing Texas Style has considerably lightened my heart. I hope it stirs a rapid, wondrous interest that demands a marketing of many follow up releases. For songs must be sung and received with interest to fully express and convey their intended benefit. I am a licensed Texas broker of commercial and residential real estate. The slowing of realty sales has become for me a blessing. It has permitted me the time and incentive to follow my bliss and record this music for publication. The first 1,150 copies of Texas Style have my personal cell phone number on them. God willing, the world will break out fast with the fun contagion of this album.

Anything I can do to help spread a very good and positive message or perform a good deed, I am available to get it done. The motto of my living struggle has been Not only are we meant to do good, we are meant to do good well. If you decide upon hearing Texas Style that there are people you love whom you want to share its message with, Thank you! Thats a good thing. That is the dream I long to share. My dream is that soon, and very soon, all people will be able to hear the many, many songs that are precisely penned for them by my hand. A magical number of notebooks, pages of lyrics and chord progressions, are calling out to the benevolent spirit of creation to be professionally recorded for the greater harmony of the music loving masses. A true dream is a blessed vision, too big for one to deliver to the world on ones own. I thank you in advance for your help! A few of us family and friends sharing our songs with other families and friends, unites us in spirit, eliminates degrees of separation, and inspires unity through expressive compassion and appreciation for each other. If you wake up happy singing I will wake up and love you when you come to me, do it, sing it, share it, and love it. Imagine the world wide community we are about to envelop by weaving our loving web of music and song. We will have fun telling everyone about Texas Style! We hype it because we like it. We share because we care. We buy it because we enjoy it. We will give the gift of music to our friends and families. United in song, we are deserving of every good thing! We realize we play an important part in making new musical history by sharing this recording at its break out point! Relish Texas Style, buy it now! Expect greater greatness to come and let us have fun making it happen. Together we will all be happy we did! It is the many little good things we do that are getting all the great things done. I am Charles James Murphy Who am I? I am a man who honors the steel milling community of Mingo Junction, Ohio, where I was raised. My spirit rejoices in Christ my Savior. I love my wife and son. I love my father and mother, my four brothers and my four sisters. I respect my ancestors and cherish the memories of my elders. I am grateful for the life of faith and perseverance I inherit from them. I will be happy if I mirror their zest for life and caring compassion for the many who follow in succeeding generations. I am thankful for Saint Agnes Parish, wow! What a tremendous house of blessings in our river town of stalwart steel, wood, and stone! It was this maiden martyrs bell tower that called our catholic families to come and be healed in worship as one. A holy place it is where we served many masses of prayer and learned forgiveness through forgiving and asking forgiveness. In whose school we learned to read, write, arithmetic, studied saints, religion, morality and scripture. Played soccer, football, baseball, tag, dodge ball, and frequently displayed our fighting skills

honed at home and on the streets. I enjoyed singing at church and school music classes. In eighth grade I sang in a lead role of Joseph and the Technicolor Dream Coat for school families. My older brother Michael played his Gibson guitar at Sunday Acoustic Mass in the early 1970s. In 1978, his funeral mass was held at Saint Agnes. I researched a book written about Fr. Coffee who was the church Pastor around 1920. It is titled; A Milltown Priest. I believe it would make a very interesting movie. Father Coffee was active pastor when my great uncle John Barrett was killed by a Mingo trolley. Father Coffee later died of a heart attack while attempting to catch that trolley in downtown Mingo on his way to Steubenville. Father Coffee is buried in Brooklyn, New York, Uncle John in Steubenville, Ohio. At home in Saint Agnes I learned the Twenty Third Psalm and memorized a Robert Frost poem This bit about a Bio is going to take a book and I hope to write it in the future, but for now, permit me to combine some verses very special to me. Their essence combined and so juxtaposed conveys a riddle that mysteriously resembles how I have come to live and love in Texas. The 23rd Psalm Old Testament Stopping By Woods on a Snowy Evening By Robert Frost Autumn Begins in Martins Ferry, Ohio By James Wright And Gods Grandeur By Gerard Manley Hopkins A Convergence in my Evolution: The Lord is my Shepherd: I shall not want. He makes me to lie down in green pastures; He leads me beside the still waters, He restores my soul: He leads me in the paths of righteousness for His names sake. Whose woods these are I think I know His house is in the village though: He will not see me stopping here To watch his woods fill up with snow. In the Shreve High football stadium, I think of Polacks nursing long beers in Tiltonsville And gray faces of Negroes in the blast furnace at Benwood, And the ruptured night watchman of Wheeling Steel, Dreaming of heroes. The world is charged with the grandeur of God. It will flame out like shining from shook foil; It gathers to a greatness like the ooze of oil Crushed. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: For thou art with me; Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me, Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of my enemies; My little horse must think it queer To stop without a farmhouse near Between the woods and frozen lake The darkest evening of the year He gives his harness bells a shake To ask if there is some mistake, The only other sounds the sweep Of snowy wind and downy flake. All the proud fathers are ashamed to go home, Their women cluck like starved pullets, Dying for love. Why do men then now not reck his rod? Generations have trod, have trod, have trod, And all is seared with trade; bleared, smeared with toil; And wears mans smudge and shares mans smell; the soil Is bare now, nor can foot feel, being shod. Thou annointest my head with oil; My cup runneth over, Surely goodness and

mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, And I will dwell in the House of the Lord forever. The woods are lovely, dark and deep, But I have promises to keep, And miles to go before I sleep, And miles to go before I sleep. Therefore, Their sons grow suicidally beautiful At the beginning of October, And gallop terribly against each others bodies. And for all this, nature is never spent; There lives the dearest freshness deep down things; And though the last lights off the black West went Oh, morning, at the brown brink eastward, springs- Because the Holy Ghost over the bent World broods with warm breast and with ah! bright wings. That is it--from beginning to end, each stanza appeared in the alternate order of Psalm23, Frost, Wright, and then Hopkins. Each of these poems deserves independent consideration in their entirety. Ok, all that and yet the question, Who Am I? remains to be answered I am a transplanted Ohioan growing deeply rooted and in love with Texas. The Texan author Ray Mitchner once said, A Texan is anybody who wants to be Texan. I highly suggest living in Texas if you want to experience the real pleasures and bragging rights of being a Texan. I moved to Texas after graduating from Catholic Central in Steubenville, Ohio. In Texas I began my struggle for sobriety, giving up my fight with alcohol at the age of twenty. This was just before final exams my first semester at the University of St. Thomas in Houston. Being sober enabled me to graduate from the University of St. Thomas. The love of wisdom is the greatest gift I have discovered and approach with my spirit of life to nurture. Friends are chosen because we perceive in them characters we would like to develop in ourselves. By the grace of God, with family, friends and compassionately caring souls we will unite and help create reality in which we all live well and prosper. This is in essence the truth the songs of my heart impulsively sing. Welcome to Texas Style! Enjoy. Charles James Murphy

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