

# A PHILMONT COLLECTION

## by Rod Taylor

The song lyrics on this page are from a CD that was issued at Philmont, and sold by the "[Tooth of Time Traders](#)".

The lyrics are: "As-sung on the CD's".

Send lyrics corrections, additions, or comments to:  
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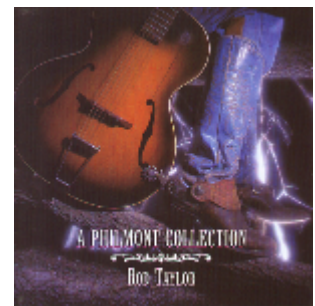
Note:  Denotes Philmont Staff Member

### Philmont Collection, Version 4.2.1

IWGBTP! IWGBTP! IWGBTP! IWGBTP! IWGBTP! IWGBTP! IWGBTP! IWGBTP! IWGBTP!

## A Philmont Collection - Rod Taylor 1995

- |                            | Original Artist      |
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IWGBTP! I Wana Go Back To PHILMONT! IWGBTP!

IWGBTP! IWGBTP! IWGBTP! IWGBTP! IWGBTP! IWGBTP! IWGBTP! IWGBTP! IWGBTP!

# (1) PHILMONT HYMN

Fr. John (J.B.) Westfall

Vocals; "The Philmont Chaplains":

Fr. Bob Guglielmone, Fr. Don Hammel, Cantor Charles Osborne, Fr. Mike Rieder

D G D D G D

Silver on the sage, starlit skies above

A D G D

Aspen covered hills, country that I love

D G D D G D

Philmont here's to thee, Scouting paradise

A D - G - D

Out in God's country, tonight.

Bm G D

Wind in whispering pines, eagles soaring high

A D G D

Purple mountains rise, against an azure sky

D G D D G D

Philmont here's to thee, Scouting paradise

A D - G - D

Out in God's country, tonight.

Wind in whispering pines, eagles soaring high

Purple mountains rise, against an azure sky

Philmont here's to thee, Scouting paradise

Out in God's country, tonight, tonight.

Note: 'J.B.' was incorrectly identified as Davy, ... which then became David

## (2) THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND

Woody Guthrie

Vocals: Bill Hearne, <sup>P2</sup>Todd Conklin, <sup>P2</sup>Rod Taylor

\* CHORUS \*

(C) F C

This land is your land, this land is my land

G7 C

From California to the New York Island

F C Am

From Redwood Forrest to the Gulf Stream waters

G7 C

This Land was made for you and me.

As I was walking that ribbon of highways

I saw above me that endless skyway

I saw a below me that golden valley

This land was made for you and me

\* CHORUS \*

I roamed and rambled and followed my footsteps

To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts

And all around me a voice was sounding

This land was made for you and me.

\* CHORUS \*

When the sun came shining and I was strolling

And the wheat fields waving and dust clouds rolling

A voice was chanting as the fog was lifting

This land was made for you and me.

\* CHORUS \*

( Final CHORUS )

(C) F C

This land is your land, this land is my land

G7 C

From Baldy Mountain to Rayado Canyon

F C Am

From Cimarroncito to the rugged Tooth of Time

G7 C

This Land was made for you and me.

### (3) PARADISE

John Prine

Vocals:  $\overline{P2}$ Ry Taylor,  $\overline{P2}$ Rod Taylor

\* note -- another way to play this tune is to use the "A" chord in instead of A7.

Like always, play it how you want.

D G D  
When I was a child, my family would travel

A7 D  
Down to Western Kentucky where my parents were born.

G D  
There's a backwoods old town that's often remembered

A7 D  
So many times that my memories are worn.

\* CHORUS \*

D G D  
And Daddy won't you take me back to Muehlenberg County,

A7 D  
Down by the Green River where Paradise lay.

G D  
Well, I'm sorry my son, but you're too late in asking

A7 D  
Mister Peabody's coal train has hauled it away.

Sometimes we'd travel right down the Green River.  
To the abandoned old prison down by Airdrie Hill  
Where the air smelled like snakes, and we'd shoot with our pistols  
But empty pop bottles is all we would kill.

\* CHORUS \*

Well the coal company came with the world's largest shovel  
And they tortured the timber and they stripped all the land.  
And they dug for their coal 'til the land was forsaken,  
And they wrote it all down as the progress of man.

\* CHORUS \*

When I die let my ashes float down the Green River  
Let my soul roll on up to the Rochester Dam.  
I'll be half way to heaven with Paradise waiting  
Just five miles away from wherever I am.

\* CHORUS \*

\* CHORUS \*

"Airdrie" is the proper spelling of the word, and generally pronounced: "a (long a) dre (long e)", but is named after a Scottish town, which is pronounced as: "air (as in the air we breathe) dre (long e)".  
It was established by Robert Alexander in 1854 and abandoned in 1857.  
The purpose was to have an iron furnace and run it in the manner of his native Scotland.  
A few ruins still remain, but are inaccessible to the public. The "prison" mentioned is actually not factual, but a local folk story. In actuality, according to local historian Bobby Anderson: "About 1884 when the Eddyville Prison was being built, arrangements had been made with General Buell (retired Civil War General living in the Airdrie community) to quarry stone on his place to be used in the new prison building. Some 15 prisoners were sent by the state for the purpose of getting out the rock, who while at Airdrie were quartered in the Stone House."  
"They remained only a few months, for in the meantime other stone had been discovered... and transferred the prisoners to the new quarry."  
This is accredited to local author Bobby Anderson and historian Otto Rothert.  
From: Annesse Williams, Librarian: Harbin Memorial Public Library, Greenville, Muhlenberg County, KY

#### (4) FOX ON THE RUN

Anthony Hazzard

This song is dedicated to the 1980 Activities Staff.

Vocals: 🎸 Rod Taylor, Michael Hearne

\* CHORUS \*

G D Am C  
She walks through the corn leading down to the river

Am C D G  
Her hair shown like gold in the hot morning sun.

G D Am C  
She took all the love that a poor boy could give her

Am C D G  
And left me to die like a fox on the run.

C G  
Like a fox, like a fox, like a fox... on the run.

C G D G  
Now everybody knows the reason for the fall.

C G A D  
When woman tempted man down Paradise Mall

C G D G  
Well woman tempted me and she took me for a ride.

C G D G  
And like a weary fox I need a place to hide.

\* CHORUS \*

Come take a cup of wine to fortify your soul  
We'll talk about the world and the friends I used to know.  
I'll illustrate a girl who threw me to the floor  
But now the game is up and the hounds are at my door.

\* CHORUS \* (final)

She walks through the corn leading down to the river  
Her hair shown like gold in the hot morning sun.  
She took all the love that a poor boy could give her  
And left me to die like a fox on the run.  
Like a fox, like a fox, like a fox...  
Like a fox, like a fox, like a fox... on the run.

## (5) BALLAD OF SPIDER JOHN

Willis Alan Ramsey

Vocals: 🎸 Rod Taylor

(Am) “Spider John” (C) is my name friends

(D) I’m in between freights, (Am) sure would be obliged

(C) If I could (G) share your company.

(Am) I’m on my way (C) to nowhere; been (D) running (C) from my past

(Am) Running from (C) the things (G) that I used to be

(Am) And I know that (C) my words sound strange to you

(D) But if you wait ‘til my song (Am) is sung, my Story’s told,

(C) You might (G) come to understand,

(Am) Why I’m old (C) and bent and Devil spent

(D) Runnin’ out (G) of time;

(Am) When now long ago (C) I held a (D) Royal Flush in my hand.

\* CHORUS \*

(Em) Well, I was a supermarket (Am) fool, I was a motor-bank stool

(Em) pigeon, robbin’ (Am) my own time,

(Em) Thought I’d lost my blues, (Am) Yes I thought I’d paid my dues,

(C) Thought I’d (D) found a life (Em) to suit my style.

(G prog.) And I was Spider (Am) John, (C prog.) a robber man, long (Em) tall, and handsome,

(G prog.) Yes, it was Spider John (C prog.) with the (Em) loaded hand, taking ransom.

Then one day, I met Diamond Lil’

She was the sweetest thing;

I declare that the summer wind had ever blown my way.

Lil’, she had no idea of my illustrious occupation.

She thought I was a saint, not a sinner gone astray.

Spider, he loved his Lily, so much, that he could not

confess his sins, for he knew if he did,

the lady would surely take her leave.

But you know the word got around, and Lily left town.

And he never saw her again,

Tossing and turning, ...causing his heart to grieve.

\* CHORUS

That is all my story

It’s been these thirty years since I took to the road

to find my precious jewel woman.

If you see my Lily, won’t you give her my regards

Tell her ole Spider got tangled in the black web that he spun.

You can tell her that Spider got tangled in the black web that he spun.

## (6) NEW MEXICO RAIN

Michael Hearne

Vocals: Michael Hearne, Bill Hearne, Bonnie Hearne, <sup>P2</sup>Todd Conklin, <sup>P2</sup>Rod Taylor

Smoke cuts the night, in this old campfire light  
And I'm thinking, where I'd rather be  
Maybe chasing senorita's, down in old Mexico  
Or standing at the edge of the sea  
If I had the money, well I'd tell ya honey  
We'd be on that first plane to Spain  
But as long as we're here, the answer is clear  
We'll dance, in the New Mexico rain.

\* CHORUS \* variation # 1

New Mexico rain – It's hot down in Texas  
New Mexico rain – Oh, and I call this my home  
If I ain't happy here, – I ain't happy nowhere  
New Mexico rain – When my mind starts to roam.

Oh the lights of the city, keep callin' my name  
And you know, I've been through that before  
It's just a giant hotel on a long four-lane street  
With a checkout time on the door.  
If I had the money, I'd tell ya honey  
We'd be, on the New Delhi train  
But as long as we're here, the answer is clear  
We'll waltz in the New Mexico rain.

\* CHORUS \* variation # 2

New Mexico rain – Well It's hot down in Texas  
New Mexico rain – I call this my home  
If I ain't happy here, – Then I ain't happy nowhere  
New Mexico rain – When my mind starts to roam.

I've been talkin' all day, with a man in town.  
And he sure seems unhappy to me  
He tells me he's going nowhere, he's goin' there fast  
And he envy's this life that I lead  
Oh, if I had the money, I'd tell ya honey  
I'd keep him from goin' insane  
You know there's one thing for sure, there just ain't no cure  
Like a walk in the New Mexico rain.

\* CHORUS \* variation # 3

New Mexico rain – Ya, it's hot down in Texas  
New Mexico rain – Oh and I call this my home  
If I ain't happy here, – Then I ain't happy nowhere  
New Mexico rain – When my mind starts to roam.  
If I ain't happy here, – I ain't happy nowhere  
New Mexico rain – When my mind starts to roam.

## (7) IN THE REAL WEST

Tish Hinojosa

Vocals:  Rod Taylor

It's the way of life in the real west  
'neath the prairie moon that's heaven blessed  
and a tall boot shuffle on a wooden floor.  
It's a clean white shirt on a Saturday night  
and a long cold beer that's pure delight  
and if you've heard me say it, there's a whole lot more.

\* CHORUS \*

It's the way of life in the real west  
I know a city girl who's gonna confess  
To be a cowboy's angel, and I know what for.  
It's the way of life in the real west  
Where your time is yours when the sun sets  
And the stars rise up light the western sky.

Laredo up north to Cimarron  
If I'm lost you know I've gone  
To where the spurs that jingle are the working kind.  
It's the way of life in the real west  
And if I have my way I guess  
I'd ride and rope and wrangle 'til the day I die.

\* CHORUS \*

\* CHORUS \*

And the stars rise up light the western sky.



## (8) GEORGETOWN

Gerry Spehar

Vocals: Michael Hearne, Bonnie Hearne, <sup>P2</sup>Todd Conklin, <sup>P2</sup>Rod Taylor

C Am

Sittin' on a white stone bridge

F G C

'bout a mile from Georgetown, Colorado.

C Am F

Looking at a mountain meadow that's

G C

changing, golden brown to shadow.

F C

Hundred yards behind my back is a bar

G Am

and I'd like to go and drown my sorrow

F C

Carry my mind to an easy time,

G Am - F - G

the far side of tomorrow.

\* CHORUS \*

GFC F G C

And the river, she flows on around the bend.

Am F G

On down to Denver, where she meets a friend,

F G C

And they sail together 'til they reach the sea.

Am F G C

I wish I was the river, Lord, and the river was me.

Now I heard there's a man away up the road

He knows just how to sing and play the guitar.

Sittin' on the edge of fame and fortune,

Could have made himself a very big star.

Ridding 'round cities in a big Cadillac

Showing all the ladies a smile.

But he took all the money and he gave it right back

Kept his happy heart awhile.

\* CHORUS \*

\* CHORUS \*

\* CHORUS \*

I wish I was the river, Lord, and the river was me.

## (9) SWEET BABY JAMES

James Taylor

Vocals: Michael Hearne,  Rod Taylor

G F# E A+ A

(D) There is (A) a young (G) cowboy (F#m) he lives on the range.

(Bm) His horse (G) and his (D) cattle are his (F#m) only companions.

(Bm) He works (G) in the (D) saddle and (F#m) he sleeps in the canyons.

(G) Waiting (D) for summer, (A) his (Em) pastures (A) to change.

(G) And as the (A) moon rises (D) he sits by his fire.

(Bm) Thinkin' (G) about (D) women (A) and glasses of beer.

(G) Closing his eyes (A) as the (D) dogies retire

(Bm) Sings out (G) a song (D) which is soft but it's clear

(Bm) As if (E) maybe (A) someone could hear.

\* CHORUS \*

(D) Sings, (G) good-(A)-night (D) moonlight ladies.

(Bm) Rock-a-bye (G) sweet (D) baby James.

(Bm) Deep greens (G) and blues (D) are the colors I choose.

(Bm) Won't you (E) let me (A+) go (A) down in my dreams.

(G) And rock-(A)-a-bye (D) sweet baby James.

(D) Now the (A) first of (G) December (F#m) was covered with snow.

(Bm) So was the (G) turnpike (D) from (F#m) Stockbridge to Boston.

(Bm) Though the (G) Berkshires (D) seemed (F#m) dreamlike on account of that frosting.

(G) With ten miles (D) behind (A) me and (Em) ten (A) thousand more to go.

(G) There's a song that (A) they (D) sing when they take to the highway.

(Bm) A song that (G) they sing (D) when (A) they take to the sea.

(G) A song that they sing (A) of their (D) home in the sky.

(Bm) Maybe (G) you can (D) believe it, if it helps you to sleep.

(Bm) But singing (E) works (A+) just (A) fine for me.

\* CHORUS \*

\* CHORUS \*

# (10) BLOWING IN THE WIND

Bob Dylan

Vocals:  Rod Taylor

D G D

How many roads must a man walk down

G A

Before you can call him a man?

D G D

Yes, and how many seas must a white dove sail

G A

Before she sleeps in the sand?

D G D

Yes, and how many times must the cannonball fly

G A

Before they are forever banned?

\* CHORUS \*

G A7 Bm

The answer my friends is blowing in the wind

G A7 D

The answer is blowing in the wind.

How many years must the mountain exist before it is washed to the sea?

Yes, and how many years must a people exist

Before they're allowed to be free?

Yes, and how many times can a man turn his head

And pretend that he just doesn't see?

\* CHORUS \*

How many times must a man look up

Before he can see the sky?

Yes, and how many ears must one man have

Before, he can hear people cry?

Yes, and how many deaths will it take 'til he knows

That too many people have died?

\* CHORUS \*

# (11) ONE OF THESE DAYS

Neil Young

Vocals: Michael Hearne,  Rod Taylor

One of these days,  
Gonna sit down and write a long letter  
To all the good friends I've known  
And I'm gonna try  
To thank them all for the good times together.  
Though so apart we've grown.

\* CHORUS \*

One of these days,  
Gonna sit down and write a long letter  
To all the good friends I've known  
One of these days, one of these days, one of these days,  
And it won't be long, it won't be long.

And I'm gonna thank,  
That old country fiddler  
And all those rough boys  
Who plays that rock 'n' roll  
I never tried to burn any bridges  
But I know I've let some good things go.

\* CHORUS \*

From down in L.A.  
All the way to Nashville,  
New York City  
To my Canadian prairie home  
My friends are scattered  
Like the leaves from a Rocky Mountain maple.  
Some are weak, some are strong.

\* CHORUS \*

One of these days, one of these days, one of these days,  
And it won't be long, it won't be long

## (12) GOODNIGHT IRENE

Huddie Ledbetter "Lead Belly"

Vocals: Michael Hearne, Steve Garry, P2 Todd Conklin, P2 Peter Crook, P2 Rod Taylor

\* CHORUS \*

C G C

Irene goodnight, Irene goodnight,

F

Goodnight Irene, goodnight Irene,

C G C

I'll kiss you in my dreams.

C G C

Sometimes I live in the country

C

Sometimes I live in town

F

Sometimes I get a great notion

C G C

To jump in the river and drown.

\* CHORUS \*

Last Saturday night I got married  
Me and my wife settled down,  
Now me and that sweet woman have parted  
Think I'll take a stroll uptown.

\* CHORUS \*

I loves Irene, God knows I do.  
I'll love her 'til the sea runs dry  
And if Irene turns her back on me,  
I'm gonna tear up my totin' chip and I'm gonna die.

\* CHORUS \*

With your ramblin' and a gamblin'  
With your stayin' out late at night  
Go home to your wife and children  
And sit by the fire so bright.

\* CHORUS \*

\* CHORUS \*

\* CHORUS \*

Visit the website: PHILMONT Philsongs Songbook  
HOmE page: <http://www.pineapplefish56.net/index>