



PHILMONT PHILSONGS “SING-ALONG” SONGBOOK

The songs listed in this book are from the first three CD's issued at Philmont,
and sold by the “Tooth of Time Traders”.

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

 Indicates a  PHILMONT Staff Member 

A BIG Thank You goes out to all the help I received on this project, especially to  Tom Coffee, who laid the groundwork for this document, and to  Laura Foster Voss, who always answered my queries for lyrics help.

It should be noted that **Michael Hearne** and the deceased **Bill & Bonnie Hearne** who were both sight impaired (she was completely blind most of her life while he had limited vision), while having never been on Staff, were amazing folk singers who were based out of Taos and who used to come play in the area and at the Ranch, almost every year.

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Project PhilSongs 2003 - 2011

My final comments are on the last three pages (47 to 49)

First in the “PhilSongs Sing-Along Songbook” series

This document is from: <https://www.pineapplefish56.net/Lyrics-Download.html>

PhilSongs (Graphics) Version 5.2

Philsongs Remembered Days

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

A Philmont Collection

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| (8) GEORGETOWN | Gerry Spehar |
| (9) SWEET BABY JAMES | James Taylor |
| (10) BLOWING IN THE WIND | Bob Dylan |
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| (12) GOODNIGHT IRENE | Huddie Ledbetter |

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

The Tobasco Donkeys

Sawin' On The Strings

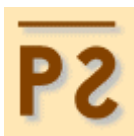
Original Artist

** INTRODUCTION

- | | |
|----------------------------------|--|
| (1) SAWIN' ON THE STRINGS | Jimmy Martin |
| (2) FIRE ON THE MOUNTAIN | Marshall Tucker Band |
| (3) SHADY GROVE | (Traditional) |
| (4) PARADISE | John Prine |
| (5) FOGGY MOUNTAIN BREAKDOWN | ** <i>Music Only</i> ** |
| (6) FRIEND OF THE DEVIL | Robert Hunter |
| (7) LEWIS AND CLARK | ** <i>Music Only</i> ** |
| (8) COAL TATTOO | Billy Edd Wheeler |
| (9) NIGHT RIDER'S LAMENT | Mike Burton |
| (10) COLFAX COUNTY JAIL | Front Range |
| (11) UGLY GIRL | Flatwoods String Band |
| (12) GEORGETOWN | Gary Spehar |
| (13) CATFISH JOHN | Bob McDill, Alan Reynolds |
| (14) REASON TO BELIEVE | Bruce Springsteen |
| (15) SWEET PEA |  Peter Bingen |
| (16) THE WEIGHT | The Band |
| (17) THEME TIME | ** <i>Music Only</i> ** |
| (18) THE BALLAD OF BILLY THE KID | Bob Dylan |
| (19) I DON'T MIND |  Peter Bingen |
| (20) ASHOKAN FAREWELL | ** <i>Music Only</i> ** |



IWGBTP! I Wana Go Back To PHILMONT! IWGBTP!





PhilSongs Remembered Days



(Goto the Top)

(1) INTRODUCTION

John Hughs

These are songs of Philmont, they're real, they're authentic, they were written, sung, and recorded by Philmont Staff Members, at Philmont and not by professional artists in a studio.

We think you will enjoy listening to the songs, and even perhaps singing along using the Philmont Song Book and chords to help you with your guitar playing.

This tape could not have been made without the help of a great many people, especially those who spent so many hours recording, under such primitive conditions, and of course we want to thank the Artists who gave us permission to use their songs.

For the final taping and reproducing we want to express our appreciation to **P2**Todd Conklin, **P2**Jim Foster, **P2**John Rudin, and John King. Where extra instruments are used, **P2**Bill Hittson, "Willy" of the 1981 Black Mt. Staff plays fiddle, and **P2**Jim Metcalf of the '81 Abreu Staff is on the banjo.

(2) MORENO VALLEY

P2Tom Munch

Tom Munch was on the Beaubian Staff in 1980, but he wrote Moreno Valley in 1976 at Christmastime.

Now here's Tom with, Moreno Valley.

A Bm/E C#m/A Bm7
Life in the mountains is living in paradise,
A Bm/E C#m/A Bm7
Their sunshine and pine trees are heaven on earth.
A Bm/E C#m/A Bm7
The magic that drifts on the wings of Mariah
A Bm/E C#m/A Dm
Fills up my soul and abounds it in mirth.

* CHORUS *

Am C Am G
Oh Mariah, voice of the mountains,
Am C
Take me on your whispered breath
Dm7 Am
To Moreno Valley.

A Bm/E C#m/A Bm7
The Sangre de Cristos explode in their grandeur,
A Bm/E C#m/A Bm7
They're rugged and towering, and yet graceful too.
A Bm/E C#m/A Bm7
I love Cimarron Canyon, I love Eagle Nest,
A Bm/E C#m/A Dm
I climb to the rocks and look out o'er the view.

* CHORUS *

3rd Verse instrumental and hum

* CHORUS *

(3) **BLACK MOUNTAIN CABIN SONG** P2 **George Michaels**

George Michaels wrote the Black Mountain Cabin Song, while he was Director of Black Mountain Camp, in 1980.

With P2 Molly Faulkner singing harmony,
and George singing the lead, here's George Michaels', Black Mountain Cabin Song.

G D
Sittin' in our cabin

C G
On a cold and rainy night

G D
Listenin' to the wind blow by

C D
Trees roll out of sight.

G D
Listen to the crackle

C G
Of the fire in the stove

G D
And watch the steam arisin'

C G
From the coffeepot it goes.

G D
Sittin' and a thinking'

C G
Of the things that we have done.

G D
Workin' and a playing'

C G
Singin' when it's done.

Listen to the wind blow by
Rustlin' through the trees
And listen to the clouds blow by
Hiddin' things from me.

I wish I had a lady
Sittin' by my side
Sittin' and a dreamin'
'Til the early mornin' light.

I was Sittin' in Black Mountain
On a cold and rainy night
Listenin' to the wind blow by
Trees roll out of sight.
Ya, listen to that old wind blow by
Trees roll out of sight.



(4) **BOY OF THE MOUNTAINS**

PZ Dave Goldfein

Dave Goldfein wrote Boy of the Mountains in 1980, while on the Ranger Staff.

Dave sings the lead in his song, and PZ Molly Faulkner provides the harmony.

Here's Dave & Molly now, with, Boy of the Mountain.

(We had some problems with this recording, but we think you will still enjoy
Boy of the Mountains, even if we did lose the first line.) (...from the cassette tape)

(Well he's sitting on a mountain in New Mexico.)

Wonderin' about his life and where he might go.
There's a bird floating past him so graceful and free.
He says boy of the mountains won't you listen to me.

* CHORUS *

If you're searchin' for tomorrow, then you'll never find today.
For life is for the living, you gotta live out each day.
If you worry about tomorrow and what the future may hold,
Then you'll just end up worrying 'til you grow very old.

Well, the boy said that's easy for you to say.
You just float through the mountains lookin' for prey.
No you don't have to worry 'cause you're so darn free.
But me, I got to find a job and raise a family.

Well, the bird floated on over and perched on a branch,
He looked at that boy and he started to laugh.
He said, kid you've got your needs and I've got mine, but one thing
We've in common is the passage of time.

* CHORUS *

Well, the bird started movin' his wings toward the sky.
Then the boy looked up to him with a tear in his eye.
He said bird, what you're saying, Ah, it makes so much sense,
For I'm crossing pastures 'for I even reach the fence.

And the bird floated eastward across the Great Plains.
And the boy started walkin' for it began to rain.
And he's thinking about the bird and as he looked o'er the land.
He heard boy of the mountains, now you're a man.



* CHORUS *



(5) FRENCH HENRY

 **Greg Walker**

“Doc” Walker was Camp Director at French Henry in 1975, when he wrote this song, about that camp.

 J.D. Robison &  Dave Goldfein help with the harmony, and Doc sings his own, French Henry.

On the summer of ninety three
me and my poor boys workin’ French Henry
diggin’ and a-blastin’ and a-drillin’ all the while.
Gold has caught my spirit and commands my whole life style,

* CHORUS *

But the waters of the South Ponil are flowin’ by.
The wind has caught the aspens and the sunlight fills the sky.
I can see the moonlight shining.
I can hear those miners mining.
Oh a miner’s life is full of charms,
It’s full of hardships too.
Days of workin’ underground a-way from skies of blue.

I’m just a miner, and life’s a simple thing
Poetry for me is made of mountains in the spring.
And I hear a blackbird cacklin’ in a rowdy kind of way.
Telling how the mountains live their life from day to day.

* CHORUS *

I hang my head with weariness, I hear the symphony.
The wind will whisper lyrics to the water’s melody.
Oh, the magic of this valley sings a simple song to me.
It lulls my soul and soothes away a miner’s misery.

* CHORUS *

Oh a miner’s life is full of charms,
It’s full of hardships too.
Days of workin’ underground a-way from skies of blue.

(6) ME & MY GUITAR

 **Ricky W. Maxey**

Ricky Maxy wrote Me and My Guitar in 1981, while he was a Member of the
News and Information Staff.

Here now Ricky sings his own song, Me and My Guitar.

Sittin’ here all alone, with no one else around,
I pick up my old guitar and I sit right down.
Think about the friends I’ve had, and folks I’ve never knew,
Places where I’ve been, and those I’m going to.

But I’m sittin’ here all alone, with no one else around,
Just me and this old guitar and the lonesome sounds.

And I fall into a dream ‘bout a place far, far away,
High above a mountaintop, slowly looking down.

But I’m sittin’ here all alone, with no one else around,
Just me and this old guitar and lonesome dreams.

Me, and this old guitar.

(7) BLACK MOUNTAIN

Mark Rom

While Mark Rom was Director of Black Mountain Camp in 1979, he wrote the song, Black Mountain. The Black Mountain Staff Members mentioned in the song are: **Mark Rom** as “Snake”, **Tom Thomas** as “Tom”, **Mark Rom** as “Zack”, **Peter Wienrick** as “Ise” short for Isaiah and **Roddy Hobbs** as “Early”. **Tom Munch** sings, Black Mountain

D=D MAJOR

D2=C played up 2 frets

G C D2 C
I love Black Mountain
G C
Cabin so right,
C D
Roof that's tight
G C D2
Make you my home, Black Mountain.
G C D
Put you in my pocket for the rest of my life.
G C D2 C
Sun's comin' up at Black Mountain
G D
Me and my coffee, we're walkin' the trails.
G D
Got the sourdough in the oven,
C D
Burro feed in the burro pail.

I love Black Mountain
Saws that sing and axes that bite.
Got you in my sights, Black Mountain.
Put you in my pocket for the rest of my life.

Ize hammerin', Early sawin'
Snake's tellin' stories about his bear.
Tom's shootin' rifles, Zach's a-jawin'
Sayin', "It'll shine, don't have a care".

I love Black Mountain
Strong stone arms, and soft spruce arms.
Fell for your charm, Black Mountain.
Put you in my pocket for the rest of my life.

Singin' the sun down at Black Mountain.
Dippin' wax candles, pourin' hot lead.
Tossin' our axes, cleanin' our rifles
Lay my head down; it's time for bed.

I love Black Mountain
Wrap your arms around me and hold me tight.
Make you my home Black Mountain
Put you in my pocket for the rest of my life.



Waite Phillips

Put you in my pocket for the rest of my life.

(8) MY MOUNTAIN LADY

Paul C. Tweed

Paul Tweed wrote My Mountain Lady at Beaubian, he was a Wrangler there in 1980.

Now Paul sings his own song, with **Doc Walker** doing the harmony and **Jack Clark** doing the percussion work.

Here's, My Mountain Lady.

D D1 D2
Well, I met her in the mountains of New Mexico
D D1 D2
Hair was as gold as the summer sun
D D1 D2
Makes me feel as high as the highest mountain
D D1 D2
And I hate to leave her when the summers done.
D D1 D2 D D1 D2
D D1 D2
Well, I was workin' as a cowboy in those mountains
I had everything I could ever want
A good ole horse to ride and a cabin to sleep in
Alone with my lady under the stars above.

* CHORUS *

G A D D1 D2
So fine, she's my mountain lady
G A D D1 D2
The most beautiful woman in the world.
G A D D1 D2
I must be the richest man under the skies of blue
G A G
Just to have her love and to hear her say, "babe I love you".

D D1 D2
Well, her blue eyes they shine in the moonlight
And her smile makes me feel so fine
Tellin' you boys, there ain't nothin' in this ole world
That can make me feel like my New Mexican girl.

* CHORUS *

D D1 D2
Well I'm leavin' when the autumn leaves start fallin'
Back to the north, and the cold and snow.
I have to leave her and these mountains,
But a part of me is stayin' just to let her know.

* CHORUS *

* CHORUS *

(9) THE NEW MEXICAN COWBOY P2 Curt Rom

When Curt Rom was on Beaubian Staff in 1978, he wrote The New Mexican Cowboy.

P2 J.D. Robison & P2 Dave Goldfein sing harmony, while P2 Doc Walker leads, in New Mexican Cowboy

D G D G
Sun comes up over the prairie, shinin' off the prairie ponds.
D Bm E A
Sittin' here on my pony watchin' the day start to move along.
G A D Bm
The wind blows though the pine trees and across the mountaintops.
G A G A D
And I know this is the life for me, and a good day never stops.

Philmont

* CHORUS *

D G D A D
Just a New Mexican cowboy, doing what I've always dreamed.
D G D D Bm G-A
Just a New Mexican cowboy, doin' life naturally it seems to me.
A D
Keep a-ridin' high.

In a high mountain grassland, I'm a-watchin' the cattle graze,
Riddin' across Burn meadow, working for my day's wage.
The sweat it rolls from under my hat and across my dusty brow.
Got to get along hoss, can't lope like that, got to chase another stray cow.

* CHORUS *

Kicked back at the trapper's lodge, I'm a-sitting on the front porch.
Smell the ole Majestic cooking what the cookie don't scorch.
I know that fence needs fixin' and that some of the chores ain't done.
But today is not right for doing them; see there will be another one.

* CHORUS *

Tomorrow I'm headed for Cimarron, to the local meeting place,
Gonna play some pool and see some friends and probably eat a steak.
And there will be piano singing, and a two-step dance, and a barroom fight.
It's a hard long work in a cowboy's life but you know it's really alright.

* CHORUS *

Sittin' around a campfire watching the flames leap from log to log,
Thinkin' the whole day through some cowboy songs.
I wish for you all around the best of peace and joy,
You got to keep riding high for all your life like the New Mexican boy.

* CHORUS *

Keep a-ridin' high.

(10) NEW MEXICO I'VE MISSED YOU P2 Ken Konopka

New Mexico I've Missed You was written by Ken Konopka at Pueblano, while he was working there as a Conservationist.

Here with P2 Molly Faulkner singing harmony, Ken sings his own, New Mexico I've Missed You

D C G
It's been a year since I've been away and I've missed it so;
D C G
The mountain streams, the rugged peaks all covered with snow;
D C G
Frosty mornings, chillin' breezes, wild flowers covered with dew;
D C G
Friendly people, smiling faces, New Mexico I've missed you.
C G C G G
New Mexico I've missed you, New Mexico-oh-ho I've missed you.

D C G
Many places rival the scenery, but the people are the best.
D C G
The spirit of the mountains is in everybody; it's the spirit of friendliness.
D C G
Not everywhere you can say hello and receive a warm reply;
D C G
But in New Mexico it happens every day. It's the New Mexico way of life,
C G C G D
It's the New Mexican way of life, it's the New Mexican-a-hen way of life.

D C G
Summer's endin', people leaving, sadness through and through.
D C G
Say good-bye to the people, the mountains, the sky's azure blue.
D C G
No one really wants to leave, but obligations do persist.
D C G
We'll leave with the spirit in our hearts, New Mexico you will be missed;
C G C G D
New Mexico you will be missed, New Mexico-a-ho will be missed,
C G D
New Mexico-a-ho will be missed.

Philmont

(11) RUNNIN' WITH THE WIND

P2 Greg (Doc) Walker

“Doc” Walker was attending Medical School in Boston in October of ‘79, when he wrote Runnin’ With the Wind.

It’s about a reunion with Staff Members **P2** Jason Mascitti and **P2** Ken Block.

Doc sings his own song now, here’s Runnin’ With the Wind.

Sittin’ in old Boston town lookin’ at the city lights
Rememberin’ those days gone by; those Rocky Mountain nights.
And I think of two young Philly boys, two aspens in the wind.
They walk along those trails again those Colfax county friends.

* CHORUS *

You gotta run with the wind, Follow tumblin’ streams.
Soar above the hills of green and live your mountain dreams.

They tell about the city life sittin’ around a campfires glow.
One sings forgotten miners’ songs, the others listens low.
And a quiet magic fills the air as the embers fade away.
For now there’s three young cowboys sharin’ memories of the day.

* CHORUS *

Friends are joined from all about, from all across this land.
A common memory binds us all, a place that’s truly grand.
And this moment always lives with us, as a smile begins to form.
On each young weary traveler’s face, and the hearts begin to warm.

* CHORUS *

So sing a song for special friends, and share a tear for old.
For here stand those two aspen trees, now their leaves have turned to gold.
As for me, I’m just an Ozark boy with a memory in my mind,
Of this summers night we all once shared in a place that’s lost in time.

* CHORUS *

* CHORUS *



Waite Phillips

(12) TENNESSEE RIVER

Jack Clark

Tennessee River was written by Jack Clark, a Member of Clarks Fork Staff in 1981.

Here now Jack sings his own, Tennessee River.

G7 G/F#m Em Em Am Am7 *
I think I'll head back home... where the Tennessee River flows.
G G/F#m Em Em Am Am7 *
The people there can be so warm ...I know that's where I want to go.

G G/F#m Em Am Am7 *
Going home... Where the river flows
G G/F#m * Am Am7 * G G/F#m Em Em Am Am7 *
Tennessee River... Oh... Tennessee... Goin' home.

G G/F#m Em Em Am Am7 *
I hear them play that song... Just about every day.
G G/F#m Em Em Am Am7 *
I can see her lovely face... And then I hear her say.
G G/F#m Em

Boy, come on home... Where the river flows
Tennessee River... Oh... Tennessee... Comin' home.

G G/F#m Em Em Am Am7 *
I traveled down her road... To see if she still was there
G G/F#m Em Em Am Am7 *
As my heart was filled with fear... She said just what I came to hear.

“Boy, you're home... Where the river flows
Tennessee River... Oh... Tennessee... Goin' home.



Waite Phillips

(13) WINTER OF '29

Steve Lewis

"Winter of '29" was written in 1973 by Steve Lewis, who was then a Staff Member at Cipher's Mine. It's become a traditional song at Clear Creek. **Doc Walker** and **J.D. Robison** sing, Winter of '29

G

'Twas the winter of '29

Me and Jake was a-riding the line,

C G

I'll tell you boys it was cold now.

Came across a bit of frost,

Nearly lost my beaver and hoss

F C G

A fine time dreamin' of the Texas sun.

G

Well, I wish I coulda' got a whole pocketful of Texas sun.

G

Looked around for a restin' spot,

Fingers so cold you couldn't tie a knot.

C G

We settled down for a long cold restless snooze, boys.

Came the time that the white moon rose,

Heard a sound, it nearly froze my toes

F C G

It was a big ole brown bear, a grizzly bear, Ole Griz!

D

So I jumped out there in the knee-deep snow,

C G

And I swung my rifle 'round.

D

Caught him in the chin just below the nose,

C D

He went a-bellowin' like a hound, ya.

G

Jake woke up from the noise outside,

Said he'd never had a better sleep in his life,

C G

We put on a pot of that coffee boiled black as night, boys.

Packed up the mules like we always do,

And headed on down to the rendezvous,

F C G

A fine time dreamin' of the Texas sun.

F C G

Well, I wish I coulda' got a whole pocketful of Texas sun.

And it was fine time dreamin' of the Texas sun.

It seem like friends are always talkin' 'bout the Texas sun.

A fine time dreamin' of the Texas sun.

Me, ya' know I'm always dreamin' of the Clear Creek sun.



Waite Phillips

(14) PHILMONT HYMN

 John (J.B.) Westfall

In 1947 J.B. Westfall wrote the Philmont Hymn.

Now, The "Chorale of the 1981 Training Center Staff " sings the Philmont Hymn

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.



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

Bonus Tracks:

(Not on original 1982 Cassette tape)

(15) CIMARRON WIND

PZ Rod Taylor & PZ Peter Crook

Stars up above could be the twinkle in her eye
To remind me of those big south western skies
My empty hearts a-waitin', my patience wearin' thin
When will love come ridin' that Cimarron wind

* CHORUS *

Cimarron wind blow true love to me
Down from the big sky, love from the sea
My empty hearts a-waitin', my patience is wearin' thin
When will love come ridin' that Cimarron wind

Stayed at lonely places, carried beauty seldom seen
But no one to see it with, this loneliness turns mean
Where are two eyes to see it with, love and soul my friend
When will love come ridin' that Cimarron wind

* CHORUS *

My empty hearts a-waitin', my patience is wearin' thin
When will love come ridin' that Cimarron wind

I curse the days I cried to the Cimarron wind

(16) BROKEN WING

PZ Peter Crook

The birds keep flyin' to that high wire,
When at the nest there makes new life.
Some stay longer when they shouldn't linger,
And play around with sparks that fly.

* CHORUS *

With a broken wing she comes and holds me,
She will not let me fall from the sky.
She says, "Together we will weather,
Whatever the storm may bring".

I would say I'm sorry but I know it's easy,
To make excuses to buy some time.
The simple truth is that I've hurt you,
'Cause with another I tried to fly.

* CHORUS *

She says, "Together we will weather,
Whatever the storm may bring".

(17) **HOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS**

 **Chris Standard**

* CHORUS *

They say home is where the heart is
Home is just where you want to be
My home is a place where the aspen trees sing
My home is in Phil Country

Just sitting here on rock, watchin' as the day goes by
And thinkin' to my self how happy I am here
Where the people are so warm and kind
So many I call friends of mine
And they all seem to be a part of me

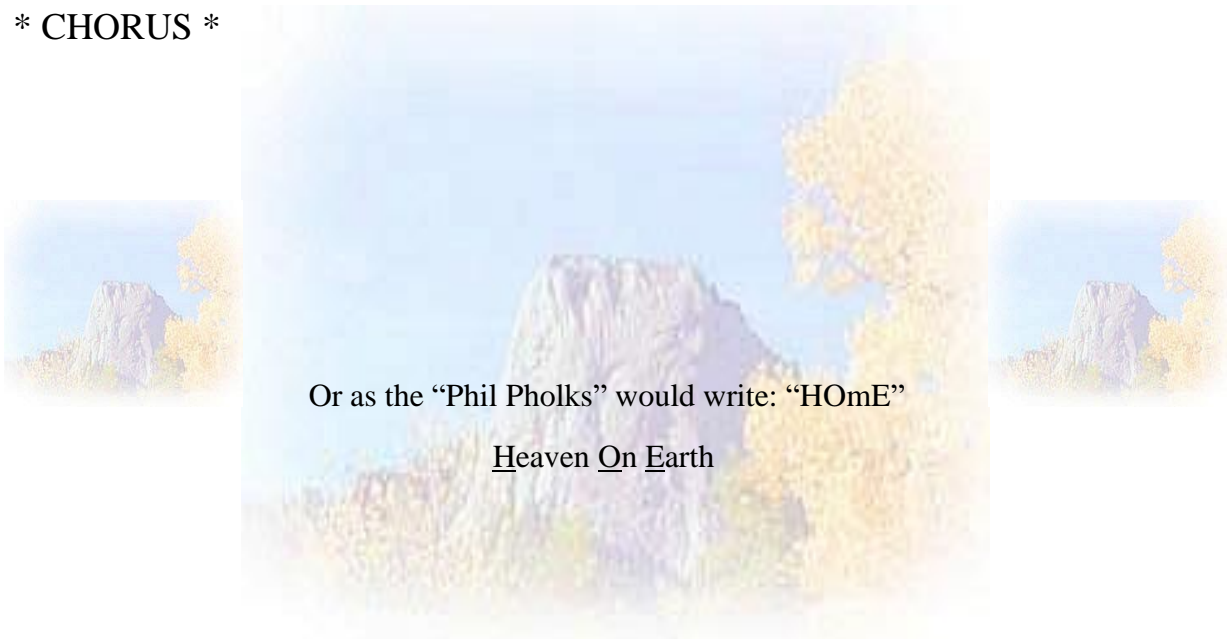
* CHORUS *

There're mountains, lakes and flowin' streams
And the birds I always hear them sing
And the wind as it whistles on through the trees
Where the valleys are so far below
And the mountaintops are touched with snow
And the skies above are so blue to me

* CHORUS *

There's no place I'd rather be
Than right here in God's Country
For it will always be home to me

* CHORUS *



Or as the "Phil Pholks" would write: "HOMe"

Heaven On Earth

I remember times when we would ride
From sunup to sundown under the clear blue sky
Workin' on the land side by side
Lookin' out for each other like brother after brother

* CHORUS *

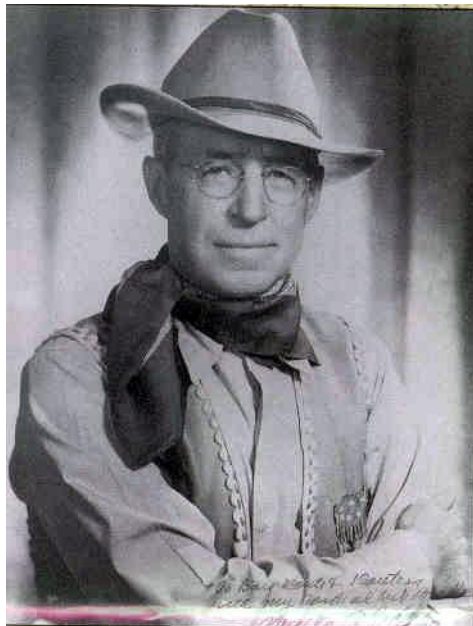
Have you seen the time flowin' by like a river
Have you seen the many moons go by
Have you seen the time flying on like an eagle
Goin' higher and higher in the sky

I remember watchin' folks come visit our old cabin
Stopping by the porch just to say hello
Seeing big ol' bears wander by
Wonder if they just stopped by to tell the boys hello

* CHORUS *

I got all these memories inside
From Horse Canyon to Bonita' fillin' me with pride
Some day we'll all come back again and ride
From sunup to sundown under the clear blue sky

I remember times when we would ride
From sunup to sundown under the clear blue sky
I remember times when we would ride
From sunup to sundown under the clear blue sky



Waite Phillips

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



A Philmont Collection

PZ Rod Taylor



[\(Goto the Top\)](#)

(1) PHILMONT HYMN

PZ John (J.B.) Westfall

Vocals; "The Philmont Chaplains":

PZ Fr. Bob Guglielmone, **PZ** Fr. Don Hammel, **PZ** Cantor Charles Osborne, **PZ** 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.

(2) THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND

Woody Guthrie

Vocals: Bill Hearne,  Todd Conklin,  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: P2 Ry Taylor, 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.

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: P2 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: PZ Rod Taylor

Am C
"Spider John" is my name friends
D Am
I'm in between freights, sure would be obliged
C G
If I could share your company.
Am C D C
I'm on my way to nowhere; been running from my past
Am C G
Running from the things that I used to be
Am C
And I know that my words sound strange to you
D Am
But if you wait 'til my song is sung, my Story's told,
C G
You might come to understand,
Am C
Why I'm old and bent and Devil spent
D G
Runnin' out of time;
Am C D
When now long ago I held a Royal Flush in my hand.

* CHORUS *

Em Am
Well, I was a supermarket fool, I was a motor-bank stool
Em Am
pigeon, robbin' my own time,
Em Am
Thought I'd lost my blues, Yes I thought I'd paid my dues,
C D Em
Thought I'd found a life to suit my style.
G (prog.) Am C (prog.) Em
And I was Spider John, a robber man, long tall, and handsome,
G (.prog) C (prog.) Em
Yes, it was Spider John with the 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, ^{P2}Todd Conklin, ^{P2}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.

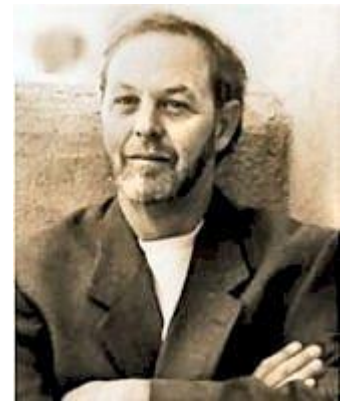
* CHORUS * variation # 2

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.



MICHAEL HEARNE



BILL and BONNIE HEARNE

(7) **IN THE REAL WEST**

Vocals: **P2**Rod Taylor

Tish Hinojosa

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, ^{P2}Todd Conklin, ^{P2}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 aways 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.



Villa

Philmonte

(9) SWEET BABY JAMES

Vocals: Michael Hearne, PZ Rod Taylor

James Taylor

G F# E A+ A
D A G F#m
There is a young cowboy he lives on the range.
Bm G D F#m
His horse and his cattle are his only companions.
Bm G D F#m
He works in the saddle and he sleeps in the canyons.
G D A Em A
Waiting for summer, his pastures to change.
G A D
And as the moon rises he sits by his fire.
Bm G D A
Thinkin' about women and glasses of beer.
G A D
Closing his eyes as the dogies retire
Bm G D
Sings out a song which is soft but it's clear
Bm E A
As if maybe someone could hear.

* CHORUS *

D G A D
Sings, goodnight moonlight ladies.
Bm G D
Rock-a-bye sweet baby James.
Bm G D
Deep greens and blues are the colors I choose.
Bm E A+ A
Won't you let me go down in my dreams.
G A D
And rock-a-bye sweet baby James.

D A G F#m
Now the first of December was covered with snow.
Bm G D F#m
So was the turnpike from Stockbridge to Boston.
Bm G D F#m
Though the Berkshires seemed dreamlike on account of that frosting.
G D A Em A
With ten miles behind me and ten thousand more to go.
G A D
There's a song that they sing when they take to the highway.
Bm G D A
A song that they sing when they take to the sea.
G A D
A song that they sing of their home in the sky.
Bm G D
Maybe you can believe it, if it helps you to sleep.
Bm E A+ A
But singing works just fine for me.

* CHORUS *

* CHORUS *



(10) BLOWING IN THE WIND

Bob Dylan

Vocals: P2 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 *

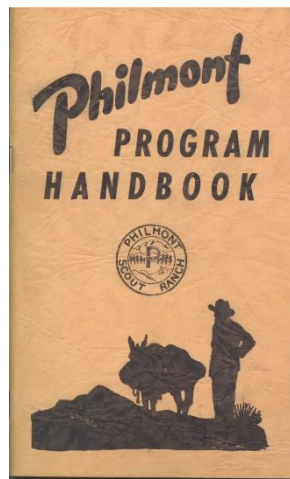
G A7 Bm
The answer my friends is blowing in the wind
G A7 D
The answer is blowing in the wind.

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, P2 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, P2 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 *

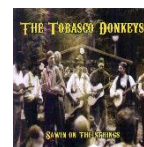


IWGBTP! IWGBTP! IWGBTP! IWGBTP! IWGBTP! IWGBTP! IWGBTP! IWGBTP! IWGBTP! IWGBTP!



The Tobasco Donkeys

Sawin' On The Strings



(Goto the Top)

INTRODUCTION

Hello every body, how do you do? We're here to sing and play for you.

(1) SAWIN' ON THE STRINGS

Jimmy Martin

Vocals: **P2**Andy Gerhart & **P2**Ron Power | Guitar: Andy | Fiddle: Ron | Banjo: **P2**Mike Griffis
Bass: **P2**Bob Brown | The Hello Boys: Andy, Ron & Mike

Capo at 2nd Fret:
A, D, E

Chording provided by Ben DiAnna

[A] Way back in the [D] mountains, [A] way back in the [E] hills
There [A] used to be a [D] mountaineer they [A] called him [E] Fiddlin' [A] Will
[A] Now he could play most [D] anything, and [A] some said he could [E] sing
But the [A] one thing that he [D] liked to best was [A] sawin' [E] on the [A] strings

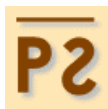
[A] So get out the fiddle and [D] rosin up the bow
[A] Look at old Will just a- [E] tappin' his toe
[A] We'll make music 'til the [D] rafters ring
[A] The old man pickin' and [E] sawin' on the [A] strings

So get out the fiddle and rosin up the bow
Look at old Will just a-tappin' his toe
We'll make music 'til the rafters ring
The old man pickin' and sawin' on the strings

When the neighbors had a shindig and they all had vittles to eat
They always had to wait on Will for the frolic to be complete
When he came down from the mountains, all the gals began to swing
Sometimes he'd pick that old five string until the break of day

So git out the five string and tighten up the hide
Tell all the old folks to get inside
We'll make music 'til the rafters ring
The old man pickin' and a-sawin' on the strings

So git out the five string and tighten up the hide
Tell all the old folks to get inside
We'll make music 'til the rafters ring
The old man pickin' and a-sawin' on the strings



(2) FIRE ON THE MOUNTAIN

Marshall Tucker Band

Vocals: P2 Eric Voss, P2 Andy Gerhart, P2 "Dirty Larry" McLaughlin & P2 Peter Bingen

Guitar: Larry & Andy | Harp: Voss | Bass: P2 Bob Brown

Em C
Took my family away from my Carolina home
Em C
Had dreams about the west and I started to roam
Em C
Six long months on that dust covered trail,
Em C
They say heaven's at the end but so far it's been hell.

* CHORUS *

G
And there's, Fire on the Mountain
D
Lightening in the air.
Am C
Gold in them hills and it's
Em C Em C
Waiting for me there.

We was diggin' and siftin' from five to five
Sellin' everything we had just to stay alive
Gold flowed free like the whiskey in the bar
Sinnin' was the best thing Lord, and Satan was the star.

* CHORUS *

Dance hall girls was the evenin' treat
Empty cartons and blood lined the gutters of the street
Men were shot down for the sake of fun
Or just to hear the noise of their black powder guns.

* CHORUS *

Now my widow she weeps by my grave
Tears flow free for her man, she couldn't save
Shot down in cold blood by a gun that carried fame
All for a useless and no good, worthless claim.

* CHORUS *

* CHORUS *

(softly)
..... waiting for me there.
..... waiting for me there.



pineapplefish



(3) SHADY GROVE

(Traditional)

Vocals: P2 Andy Gerhart & P2 “Dirty Larry” McLaughlin | Guitar: Andy

Solo Guitar: P2 Ron Power | Banjo: P2 Mike Griffis | Mandolin: Ron | Bass: P2 Bob Brown

Peaches in the summertime
Apples in the fall
If I can’t have the girl I love
I don’t want none at all.

* CHORUS *

Dm
Shady Grove, my little love
Shady Grove I know
C
Shady Grove my little love
Am Dm
I’m bound for Shady Grove

Wish I had a banjo string
Made of gold and twine
Every tune I’d play on it
Wish that girl was mine.

* CHORUS *

Wish I had a needle and thread
Fine as I could sew
I’d sew that pretty girl to my side
And down the road I’d go

* CHORUS *

Some come here to fiddle and dance
Some come here to tarry
Some come here to fiddle and dance
I come here to marry

* CHORUS *

* Final CHORUS *
Shady Grove, my little love
Shady Grove my darlin’
Shady Grove my little love
I’m bound for Shady Grove

SHADY GROVE (alternate lyrics)

(Not on the Tobasco Donkeys CD)

*As it is a traditional song, written in the 1830’s it has many lyrics
and variations, developed over its long history.*

Cheeks as red as the bloomin’ rose
Eyes of the pertiest brown
She’s the darling of my heart
Sweetest little girl in town.

(CHORUS) alternate variation

Dm
Shady Grove, my little love
Shady Grove I say
C
Shady Grove my little love
Am Dm
I’m bound to go away

Wish I had a glass of wine
Bread and meat for two
I’d set it out on a golden plate
And give it all to you.

(CHORUS)

Wish I had a big fine horse
And the corn to feed him on
Little Shady Grove to stay at home
And feed him while I’m gone.

(CHORUS)

When I was a little boy
I wanted a Barlow knife
Now I want little Shady Grove
To be my little wife.

(CHORUS)

A kiss from my little Shady Grove
Is sweet as brandy wine
And there ain’t no girl in this world
That’s prettier than mine.

(CHORUS)

Cheeks as red as the blooming rose,
Eyes of the deepest brown
You are the darling of my heart,
Stay until the sun goes down.

(CHORUS)

Wish I had a big, fine horse
And corn to feed him on,
Pretty little girl stay at home
To feed him when I’m gone.

(CHORUS)

I went to see little Shady Grove
She was standing’ in the door
Her shoes and stockings in her hand
And her little bare feet on the floor.

(CHORUS)

(Alternate lyrics to the one above)
Shady Grove, my little love,
Standing at the door
Shoes and stockings in her hand,
Bare feet on the floor.

(CHORUS)

(4) PARADISE

John Prine

Vocals: P2 Ron Power & P2 “Dirty Larry” McLaughlin | Guitar: Larry | Fiddle: P2 Ron Power

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 over 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.

We’ll, sometimes we’d travel right down the Green River.
To the abandoned old prison down by Airdrie Hill
Where the air smelled like snakes, we’d shoot with our pistols
And empty pop bottles is all we would kill.

* CHORUS *

Well the coal companies came with the world’s largest shovel
Now they tortured the timber, ya 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 *

Mister Peabody’s coal train has hauled it away.



“Airdrie” is the proper spelling of the word, generally pronounced: “a (long a) dre (long e)”, after sending out several queries, to people in Muehlenberg County

(5) FOGGY MOUNTAIN BREAKDOWN

**** Music Only ****

Earl Scruggs and Lester Flatt

Banjo: P2 Mike Griffis | Guitar: P2 Andy Gerhart | Fiddle: P2 Ron Power | Harp: P2 Eric Voss | Bass: P2 Bob Brown

(6) FRIEND OF THE DEVIL

Vocals: **PZ** Reid Templeton & **PZ** Alex Ave-Lallemant
Guitars: Alex & Reid | Bass: **PZ** Bob Brown

D, Am, G, C

[G] I lit out from Reno
I was [C] trailed by twenty hounds
[G] Didn't get to sleep that night
[C] 'Til the morning came around

* CHORUS *

[D] Set out running but I'll take my time
[Am] Friend of the Devil is a friend of mine
[D] If I get home before daylight
[Am] Just might get some sleep [D] tonight

Ran into the Devil, babe
He loaned me twenty bills
Spent that night in Utah
In a cave up in the hills

* CHORUS *

Ran down to the levee
But the Devil caught me there
He took my twenty-dollar bill
And he vanished in the air

* CHORUS *

I got two reasons why I cry
away each lonely night
First one's named sweet Anne Marie
and she's my heart's delight

Second one is prison, baby
Sheriff's on my trail
If he catches up with me
I'll spend my life in jail

Got a wife in Chino, babe
And one in Cherokee
First one says she's got my child
But it don't look like me

* CHORUS *

You can borrow from the devil
You can borrow from a friend
The devil give you twenty
When your friend got only ten

* CHORUS *

* CHORUS *

Robert Hunter

Music by Jerry Garcia and John Dawson

Copyright Ice Nine Publishing

Grateful Dead

Chording provided by Ben DiAnna



Tobasco Donkey

(7) LEWIS AND CLARK

**** Music Only ****

From the Ken Burns PBS Special "Lewis and Clark"

Mandolins: **PZ**Ron Power & **PZ**Andy Gerhart

(8) COAL TATTOO

Billy Edd Wheeler

Vocals & Guitar: **PZ**Andy Gerhart | Harp: **PZ**Eric Voss

Em, G, D, C

Chording provided by Ben DiAnna

[Em] Travelin' down that [G] coal [D] town [Em] road,
[G] Listenin' to my [D] rubber tires [Em] whine.
[Em] Goodbye to Buckeye and [G] White [D] Sycamore, [Em]
[G] I'm leavin' [D] you [Em] behind.
[G] I've been coal miner [C] all my [G] life,
[G] Layin' down tracks in the [C] hole. [D]
[G] Gotta back like an ironwood, [C] bent by the [G] wind,
[C] Blood veins [D] blue as the [Em] coal.
[C] Blood veins [D] blue as the [Em] coal.

Somebody said, "That's a strange tattoo you got on the side of your head".
I said, "That's the blueprint left by the coal. A little more and I'd been dead.
But, I love the rumble and I love the dark. I love the cool of the slate,
But, it's travelin' down this new road, lookin' for a job. Travelin' and looking I hate.
Travelin' and looking I hate.

Stood for the union, walked in the line, fought against the company.
Stood for the U. M. W. of A., who's gonna stand for me?
Got no house and I've got no pay, just got a worried soul
And this blue tattoo on the side of my head, left by the number nine coal.
Left by the number nine coal.

Some day when I'm dead and gone to heaven, the land of my dreams.
Not gonna worry on losin' my job, to bad times and big machines.
Not gonna pay my money away on bills and hospital plans.
I'm gonna pick coal while the blue heavens roll sing with the angel band.
Sing with the angel band.



(9) NIGHT RIDER'S LAMENT

Mike Burton

Vocals: **PZ** Mike Griffis | Back Vocals: **PZ** Peter Bingen, **PZ** Mike Griffis | Guitars: Mike & Peter | Bass: **PZ** Bob Brown

Capo at 2nd Fret

Chording provided by Ben DiAnna

Intro Guitar:

```
X-----|
B-----3---3-----3---3-----|
G-----0---4---4---6---6---0-----4---4---6---0---|
D-----4---7---4-----7---7---4---7---4---7-----7---7---4---|
A-----5---7-----7-----5---7-----7-----|
X-----|

X-----|
B-----3---3---5---7-----3-----|
G-----0---4---4---6---7---6---4---6---4-----0---4---0---|
D---7---4-----7-----7---5---7---7---4---5---4---7---C---|
A---7-----7---7-----7-----|
X-----|
```

Capo at 2nd Fret:

C, F, G, Am

[C] One night while I was out [F].riding
[C] The graveyard shift, midnight 'til [G] dawn
[F] The moon was [G] bright as a [C] readin' [Am] light
[F] For a letter from an [G] old friend back [C] home.

** CHORUS * variation # 1*

He asked me, [F] "Why do you [G] ride for your [C] money,
Tell me [F] why do you [G] rope for short [C] pay?"
"You ain't [F] getting no- [G] where and you're [C] losing your [Am] share. [G F]
Aw, you [F] must have gone [G] crazy out [C] there."

Well last night I ran onto Jenny
She's married and she has a good life
Oh you sure missed the track
When you never came back
She's a perfect professional's wife.

** CHORUS * variation # 2*

N' she asked me, "Why do you ride for your money,
Tell me why does he rope for short pay?"
"He ain't a-getting nowhere and he's losing his share.
Aw, he must have gone crazy out there."

Aw, but they've never seen the Northern Lights
They've never seen a hawk on the wing
They've never spent spring at the Great Divide
They've never heard old camp cookie sing.

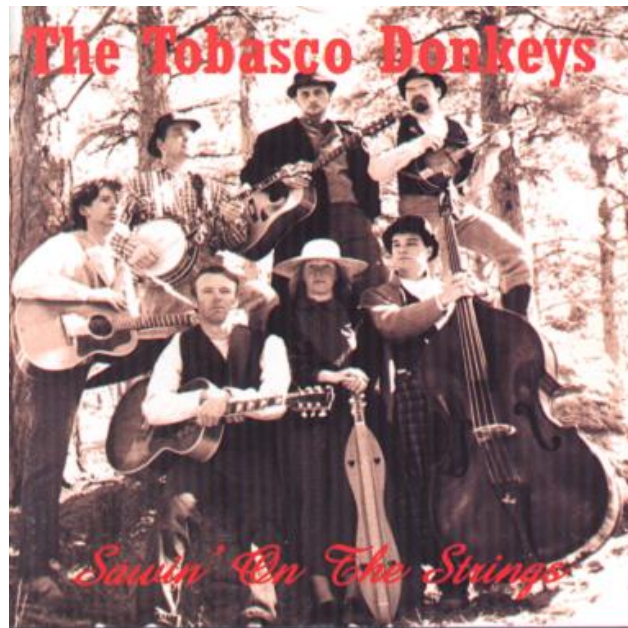
Well, I read up the last of my letter
And I tore off the stamp for "Black Jim"
And Billy rode up to relieve me
He just looked at my letter and he grinned.

* CHORUS * *variation # 3*

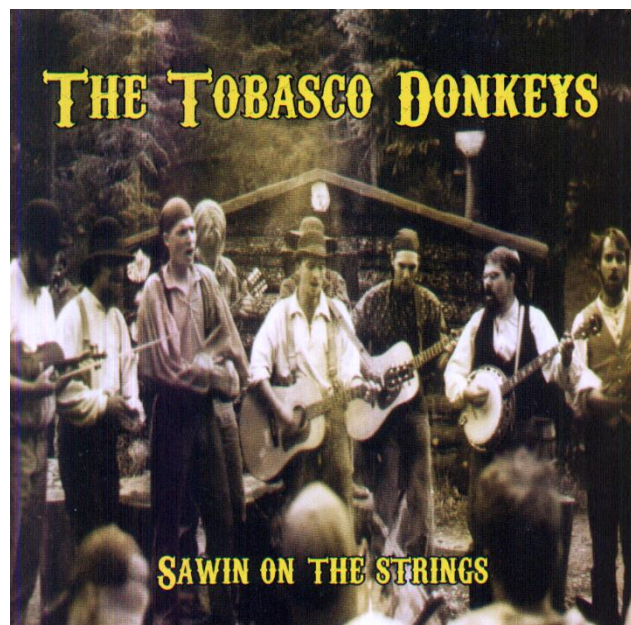
He asked me, "Why do they ride for their money,
Tell me why do they rope for short pay?"
"Ain't a-getting nowhere and they're losing their share.
Aw, they must have gone crazy out there."

Aw, but they've never seen the Northern Lights
They've never seen a hawk on the wing
They've never seen spring at the Great Divide
Aw, they've never heard old camp cookie sing.

According to Rod Taylor and
Andy Gerhart, it is properly sung as:
'camp cookie'.
However, on the "Donkeys" CD,
it definitely still sounds like 'Kankakee'
to me.
Pronounced: *can ka* (as in 'cup') *key*
or sometimes as: *kank-a-key*.
It is the name of a County, Town, and
a River in N-E Illinois.
But as always, sing it as you wish.



Tobasco Donkeys original album cover



Tobasco Donkeys new album cover

(10) COLFAX COUNTY JAIL

Em G
I was out a ridin' on a snowy winter's eve
D Em
comin' home from the Baldy Mountain Gold.
G D Em
In the tavern of the town while the sun was sinking down,
G D Em
I stopped to drive away the cold,
D Em
rye whiskey to drive away the cold.

Em G
In the corner of the room sat a man with hardened eyes,
D Em
and he called for to drink another round.
G D Em
But the whiskey came to slow and he turned as if to go
G D Em
and he dropped that ancient bar keep down,
D Em
he pistol-whipped that poor man to the ground.

Em G
Then he turned around to me with a smile still on his face
D Em
and he slowly started walking to the door.
G D Em
So I turned and asked him when he started beating helpless men
G D Em
and he paused in the middle of the floor,
D Em
and someone hollered, "Even up the score".

Em G
Then he turned around to me with that gun still in his hand
D Em
and I swear I saw the hammer coming down.
G D Em
And the next thing that I knew when the smoke had cleared the room
G D Em
he was lying still upon the ground,
D Em
and the lawman of the town was coming 'round.

* CHORUS *

Am Em
I wish that I was home in old Virginia on the farm
D Em
Whippoorwill singing on the rail. But the wind is blowing cold
G D Em
on the New Mexico plains and I'm lying in the Colfax County Jail.
Em G
Now I'm lying here tonight with these shackles on my feet and the
D Em G D
winter wind is screamin' past the moon. Well I know I should have run
Em G D Em
instead of fightin' with a gun. I'm much too young to die this soon,
D Em
this night in Colfax County's been my doom.

* CHORUS *

Front Range Adapted from "Fergus County Jail"

Vocals: P2 Ron Power

Harmony Vocals: P2 "Dirty Larry" McLaughlin,

P2 Mike Griffis & P2 Andy Gerhart

Guitar: Andy | Mandolin: Ron | Banjo: Mike

Bass: P2 Bob Brown



Whippoorwill

(11) UGLY GIRL

Flatwoods String Band

Vocals: PZ Andy Gerhart & PZ “Dirty Larry” McLaughlin | Guitar: Andy

HERE’S A SONG FOR ALL YOU LADIES
HIT IT !

* CHORUS *

So always marry an ugly girl ‘cause that’s the only kind
She’ll never ever leave you, and if she does you won’t mind

My daddy married an ugly girl and thought that she’d be true
Then came along the milk man, and I am living proof

* CHORUS *

My brother married an ugly girl; he thought he had it made
Every time she got undressed, the neighbors pulled the shades

* CHORUS *

My uncle married an ugly girl, the family got uptight
They had a formal wedding, so they painted the shotgun white

* CHORUS *

HERE’S MY FAVORITE ONE...
HERE’S THE CLINCHER, BOYS !
HIT IT !

My sister married an ugly girl, the family was surprised
They found out on that wedding night, that girl was an ugly guy

* CHORUS *



Philtower

Tulsa, OK

(12) GEORGETOWN

Gary Spehar

Vocals & Guitar: PZ “Dirty Larry” McLaughlin | Fiddle: PZ Ron Power | Bass: PZ Bob Brown

C Am
Sitting 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
I’d like to go and drown my sorrow
F C
Carry my mind to an easier time,
G Am - F - G
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
Then they sail together ‘til they reach the sea.
Am F G C
Wish I was the river, Lord, and the river was me.

Now I heard there’s a man aways up the road
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.
Now he’s 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 *

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

Gerry Spehar, the composer of the song, confirmed the bridge and the bar were near Empire Junction. The “man up the road” was Tom Campbell, and the bar was called “The Lift.” Gary P. Nunn and “other Texas stalwarts” used to play there.



Lucien B. Maxwell

(13) CATFISH JOHN

Bob McDill, Alan Reynolds

Vocals: P2 Ron Power, Chorus: P2 Andy Gerhart & P2 Mike Griffis | Guitar & Mandolin: Andy
Banjo: Mike | Fiddle: Ron | Bass: P2 Bob Brown

* CHORUS *

Mama said, "Don't go near that river,
Don't be hanging around old Catfish John."
Come the morning I'd always be there,
Walkin' in his footsteps in sweet Delta dawn.

Take me back to another home,
To a time so long ago,
Where the sweet magnolias blossomed
Cotton fields as white as snow.

Catfish John was a river hobo
Livin' down by the river's bend,
Looking back I still remember
I was proud to be his friend.

* CHORUS *

Born in slavery down in Richmond
Traded for a chestnut mare,
Though he never spoke in anger
His old soul was hard to bear.

* CHORUS *

* CHORUS *

Walkin' in his footsteps in sweet Delta dawn.



Sir Robert S. S. Baden Powell

(14) REASON TO BELIEVE

Bruce Springsteen

Vocals & Harmonica: 🎷 Eric Voss

G C G
Seen a man standin' over a dead dog, by the highway in a ditch
G C G D
He's got his car door flung open, pokin' that dog with a stick
G C G
He's lookin' down kind o' puzzled, he's standin' out on Highway Thirty One
G C G D G
Like if he stood there long enough, that dog get up and run
G C G D G
Man it struck me kind o' funny, seemed kind of funny sir to me
G C G D G
Now at the end of every hard-earned day, people find some reason to believe

Now, Mary Lou loved Johnny, with a love mean and true,
She said, "I'd work for you every day, and bring my money home to you".
One day he up and left her, and ever since-a then,
She waits at the end of that dirt road, for young Johnny to come back.
Man it struck me kind o' funny, seemed kind of funny sir to me
How at the end of every hard-earned day, people find some reason to believe.

Take the baby to the river. Kyle William they called him.
They wash the baby in the water; take away little Kyle's sins.
In a whitewash shotgun shack, an old man passes away.
They take his body to the graveyard, and over him they pray.
Oh, Man it's kind o' funny, seemed kind of funny sir to me
How at the end of every hard-earned day, people find some reason to believe.

The congregation gathers, down by the riverside.
The preacher stands with a Bible, groom stands waitin' for his bride.
The congregation gone and the sun sets behind a weepin' willow tree.
The groom stands alone and watches the river rush on, so effortlessly,
Oh, man now he's wonderin', where can his baby be.
How at the end of every hard-earned day, people find some reason to believe.



Daniel Carter Beard

(15) SWEET PEA

P2 Peter Bingen

Vocals: P2 Peter Bingen

You're my sweet pea, sweet pie, pookie pie,
potpie, pick-up truck, four by four.

You're my six-pack, dance floor, hound dog,
doublewide trailer, and my back door.

You're my tree farm, huntin' camp, sunset,
fishin' trip, tight jeans, saddle sore.

You're my boat hitch, line dance, Achey Brakey,
boogie-woogie, hock a loogie, one and only, two by four.

* CHORUS *

So come-on pretty pudgy mama and take my calloused hand.
We'll load up the Winnebago and drive across this land.
We'll take all the back roads from here to Yellowstone.
Stay at every Yogi Jellystone,
If you be my Good Sally, I'll be your Good Sam.

You're my corn pone, beauty queen, racetrack,
Valvoline, big screen, satellite dish.

You're my Cole slaw, gee gaw, golly gee,
fire wood, cowboy, casserole dish.

You're my bass boat, six gun Slim-Jim, mud flap,
Mary Kay, honky tonk queen.

You're my, cheap beer, work boot, chicken coop,
Scout Troop, engine hanging from my tree.

* CHORUS *

Note: Peter tells me:

The lyric "pretty pudgy mama" as on the CD, is now sung by Peter as: "pretty little mama".



Ernest Thompson-Seton

(16) THE WEIGHT

The Band

Vocals & Guitars: PZ Reid Templeton, PZ Alex Ave-Lallemant

Chorus: PZ Trish Dailey, Reid & Alex

Pulled into Nazareth, was a feeling 'bout half past dead
Just need a place where I can lay my head
Hey, mister, can you tell me, where a man might find a bed?
He just grinned and shook my hand, "No" was all he said.

Take a load off Annie, take a load for free
Take a load off Annie, and, and, and he put the load right on me

Picked up my bags, went lookin' for a place to hide
Now I saw Carmen and the Devil, walking side by side
Said, "Hey, Carmen, c'mon, let's go downtown"
She said, "I got to go, but my friend can stick around"

* CHORUS *

Crazy Chester followed me, and he caught me in the bar
Said, "I'll fix you right, if you'll take ol' Jack, my dog"
Said, "Hey, wait a minute Chester, you know, I'm a peaceful man"
Said, "That's ok, boy, just feed him when you can"

* CHORUS *

Oh, now, Miss Moses, there's nothin' that you can say
It's just old Luke, and Luke's waitin' on the judgment day
Well, Luke, my friend, what about young Anna Lee
Said, "Do me a favor, son, won't you stay and keep Anna Lee company"

* CHORUS *

Gonna catch the Cannonball, gonna take me on down the line
My bag is sinkin' lord, and I do believe it's time
To get back to Miss Annie, you know she's the only one
Who sent me here, with her regards for everyone

* CHORUS *



(17) THEME TIME

**** Music Only ****

Traditional

Banjo: PZ Mike Griffis | Guitar: PZ Andy Gerhart | Fiddle: PZ Ron Power | Bass: PZ Bob Brown

(18) THE BALLAD OF BILLY THE KID Bob Dylan

Vocals & Guitar:  “Dirty Larry” McLaughlin | Harp:  Eric Voss | Bass:  Bob Brown

There's guns across the river 'bout to pound you

A D

Lawman on your trail, like to surround you

D A E

Bounty hunters dancin' all around you

E A

Billy they don't like you to be so free

Campin' out all night on the veranda

Walkin' in streets down by the hacienda

Up to boot hill they'd like to send ya

Billy don't you turn your back on me

Businessmen from Taos want you to go down

So they hired Mr. Garret get you to slow down

Billy you don't act like you feelin' low down

Bein' hunted by the man who was your friend

So hang on to your woman if you've got one

I remember in El Paso once ya shot one

Up in Santa Fe they say you bought one

Billy you've been runnin' for so long

Gypsy queens will play your grand finale

Way down in some ol' Tularosa alley

Maybe in the Rio Pecos valley

Billy you're so far away from home

Billy you're so far away from home

Billy you've been runnin' for so long



(19) I DON'T MIND

Capo 3rd

C Em/C Am7
Well I am looking, I am searching, I have found
G G2 F (bar) G
Near the ground, my soul, myself, beneath this trail.
C Em/C
There's no other place I'd rather be.
Am7 G G2 F G
Can't you see me out here walkin' in the rain and hail.
C Em/C Am C
Purpose of life seems to me is
G2 F G
Not to take yourself too seriously.
C Em/C Am7
I wouldn't want to be an old man sittin' in an office
G F G
Building someplace far away, with worry on my face.
F C Em/C
Well you can take my car, my stereo, my little money.
F C
Leave me with nothin' but my trail family.
F
Take my dress up clothes, my cheap cologne,
Am/7 G
My college loans I don't mind, I don't mind.

Well if that taxman comes lookin' I'm at 10,000 feet
Cookin' up some oatmeal or some rice and beans.

I worship the Spirit who doesn't just look down
He looks up and through and all around,
Find Him in the rocks and trees. Cause there's no reason to pray
When you wake up every day to the sunrise over Cito Peak.

So find some ground lace up your boots start walkin'
And you will find reason, enough reason to believe.

Well you can drop your worries at the parking lot
Or way down in the city where the sun burns hot.
Although civilization is a nice place to visit,
I wouldn't want to live there.

Oh just one final paragraph of advice don't burn yourselves out.
Be as I am. It's not enough to fight for the land.
It's even more important to enjoy it while you can, while it's still here.

So get out there and hunt and fish and mess around.
Ramble out yonder explore the woods, encounter the grizz,
Climb the mountains, bag the peaks, run the rivers,
Breathe deep that yet sweet lucid air.

Sit quiet for awhile contemplate the precious stillness
That mystery and awesome space enjoy yourself.
Keep your brain in your head and your head attached to your body.
Body active and alive. And I promise you this much.

I promise you this one sweet victory, over our enemies.
Over those desk bound people with their hearts in a box
And their eyes hypnotized by calculators.
I promise you this one sweet victory...
YOU'LL OUTLIVE THE BASTARDS!

P2 Peter Bingen

Vocals & Guitar: P2 Peter Bingen

Solo Guitar: P2 Ron Power

From this line on is an adaption
of Edward Abbey's work.

Note: If you want, you may change that last word to "TURKEYS!" David

(20) ASHOKAN FAREWELL

**** Music Only ****

Jay Ungar

Fiddle, Solo Guitar & Mandolin **P2**Ron Power | Guitar: **P2**Andy Gerhart | Bass: **P2**Bob Brown

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

As a Scout in the 1960's, I could only dream of going to Philmont... I had read about it in my Boy Scout Handbook and in Boy's Life. I finally made it there in July of 1989, with my son Brian.

It was and still is the greatest thing I have ever done in Scouting, or anywhere else.

I have only done the one expedition in '89. However in June of '95 I was coming back to California, from Arkansas on Hwy 40. As long as "I was in the neighborhood"... I stopped by the Ranch to do some shopping at the **Tooth of Time Traders** and also took the **Villa Philmonte** tour.

I also wanted to climb the Tooth again, but there was a peregrine falcon nesting up there... so the Tooth was closed.

I have never been on the Philmont Staff, but would love to be able to do that.

I had purchased the "**Philmont Songbook**" in '89 when I was there; I had grown dissatisfied in the print quality, and all the "wrong words", but realized that it was fairly good for the times.

I rejoiced when they re-mastered the "**Philsongs – Remembered Days**" on CD.

I had been greatly saddened because my old cassette tape was getting worn out and aged; so of course I had to buy the new CD, and bought the two other CDs also!

I had started the "**PhilSongs Sing-along Songbook**" just for my self and soon realized that, this was too important and valuable a document to not share it with others.

So I decided to contact Philmont to get the permissions required ...They were **THRILLED!**

Not only did I get the permission, but they sent me some Philmont Staff Association goodies!

I had determined right from the start that the lyrics would be: "AS SUNG on the CDs".

< However I drew the line, when it came to the use of Proper Names >

I found that **P2Tom Coffee** used to have a web site that had a number of the songs from Philmont already in a downloadable format. So, I "Picked up the ball where I found it, and ran with it".

I found that I needed to do some extensive editing to his groundwork, to make it into the:

"As sung on the CDs" condition that I really wanted.

**I hope that someone sometime will make some more "improvements"
to this document and add some more guitar chords.**



May God Bless Waite Phillips
He certainly has Blessed us...



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

Back when I was in the 5th grade, there was a poem in our Reading Book that I loved immediately. It reflected the kind of man I aspired to be, however, at the time I did not copy it down, and many years later had almost forgotten it.

Years ago when I got my first computer, I did a search for this poem. Search engines were still something relatively new at the time. However not knowing the authors name and only remembering fragments of the poem, the search failed to come up with a direct hit.

Earlier on the same day that I received the E-mail from Sam Vivian granting permission to publish this website: The "PhilSongs" Songbook", I was finishing reading **Daniel Carter Beard's** autobiography, **Hardly a Man is Now Alive**, on the next to the last page... **there it was!**



As 'Uncle Dan' writes:

"A number of years ago, while sitting in front of the fire-place in my home in Flushing, (Long Island) Hamlin Garland took up a pencil and wrote..."



Hamlin Garland at Eagle's Rest Camp, Oregon 1901

DO YOU FEAR THE WIND ?
Do you fear the force of the wind,
The slash of the rain ?
Go face them and fight them,
Be savage again.
Go hungry and cold like the wolf,
Go wade like the crane.
The palms of your hands will thicken,
The skin of your cheek will tan--
You'll grow ragged and swarthy and weary,
But -- you'll walk like a man.

-- Hamlin Garland



Hamlin Garland

(written 1899)

"and pinned over the fire-place.
Consciously or unconsciously, Garland put a great truth into that verse,
the history and development of our race is there."



...Kind of reminds me of the Philmont Rangers.



P.S. And a BIG 'Thank You' to **P2 Wendy Post, Ranger**  **for Philmont Expedition # 701J, 1989**

Another BIG 'Thank You' goes out to **P2 Ad Turo, Ranger** **for Philmont Trek 9 # 728 02, 2006**

For GOD and Country and the BSA ...  **David**

Addendum

Well, in 2006, I finally made it back HOmE for Trek 9, 728 O1&2 was our Contingent numbers.

I got to meet three of the Tobasco Donkeys: Andy Gerhart, 'Dirty Larry' McLaughlin and Mike Griffis.

Spencer (Crater Lake 06) had just bought a new banjotar and received a lesson in the Advisors Lounge from Mike.

Then at Baldy Town, I met ROD TAYLOR !!!!

Rod was there to drop off some bales of hay for the horses that were coming in.

He seldom gets that far north.

I did not recognize him because he did not have his moustache, though I should have recognized him by his unique voice. I had been talking to him for some time, when I asked him, "What do you do here on the ranch?"

He modestly said, "I work for the Cattle Department."

-- Hey! I knew that is where Rod worked! --

So I said, "You know, the guy I would really like to meet is Rod Taylor"

He then said, "Well, I'm Rod Taylor."

I later met George Michaels at the W3b Conclave.

(He wrote, and sings the Black Mountain Cabin Song on the 'Philsongs - Remembered Days' album)

I had noticed he had a Philmont Staff Arrowhead on his uniform and had been talking to him for quite a while, about Philmont, and my website. I looked down at his ID card that we had all been given, when I recognized his name!

I guess he hadn't mentioned it before, or if he did, it didn't ring a bell!

George gave me some little known details about when and where he wrote the Black Mountain Cabin Song. It was originally written NOT AT or ABOUT Black Mountain! As I recall, he was working on Staff at (and it was about) French Henry when he wrote it, and first sung it, but it was late in the season.

The next year he was on Staff at Black Mountain - so he just changed the title.

Many more people heard it sung originally by him at Philmont as 'Black' then heard it sung as 'French'.

Getting back HOmE to Philmont and meeting some of my heroes,
Now I call THAT a really GREAT Summer!