

P2 Rod Taylor

Ridin' Down the Canyon

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- P2 John Abbott / P2 Rod Taylor**
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(1) THE REAL WEST

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

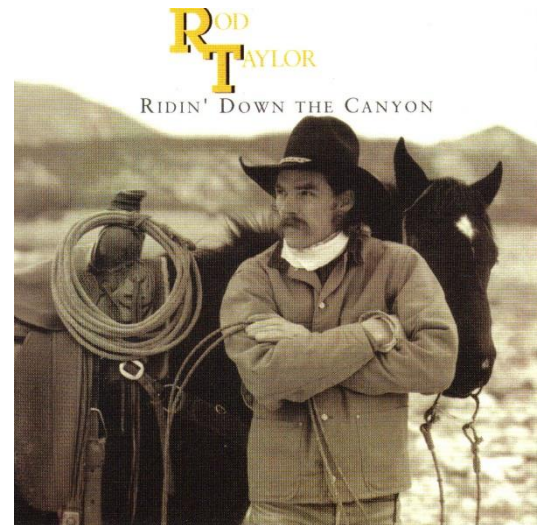
*** CHORUS ***

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
 Where the spurs that jingle, are the workin' kind.
 It's the way of life in the real west
 If I have my way, I guess
 I'll ride and rope and wrangle 'til the day I die.

*** CHORUS ***

And the stars rise up light the western sky.



Rod Taylor 'Ridin' Down the Canyon' CD Cover

(2) ME and MY UNCLE

John Phillips

Em

Me and my Uncle went ridin' down

G Em

From Colorado, West Texas bound,

We stopped off, in Santa Fe,

G Am

It bein' part, just about half way

C D Em

And besides it was the hottest part of the day.

We led our ponies into a stall,

Went to the bar boys, bought drinks for all,

Ten days in saddle, you know my body hurt,

It bein' summertime, took off my shirt,

And I tried to wash off some of that dust and dirt.

West Texas cowboys, all over town,

With gold and silver, they's loaded down,

Just in from roundup, don't seem a shame,

And so my Uncle starts a friendly game

High-Low Jacks and the winner takes the game.

Right from the first Uncle start to win,

West Texas cowboys, they's mad as sin,

Some say he's cheatin', but that can't be,

Cause my Uncle, 'bout as honest as me.

I was honest as a Cimarron boy can be.

One of them cowboys, he starts to draw,

I grabbed a bottle, cracked him on the jaw,

I shot another, he won't grow old,

And in the confusion, Uncle grabs the gold,

And we high-tail it down to Mexico.

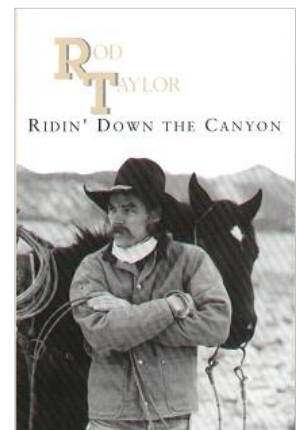
Well God Bless cowboys and God bless gold,

God bless my Uncle, God rest his soul,

He taught me well boys, taught me all I know,

Taught me so well, that I grabbed that gold,

And I left my Uncle lying dead by the side of the road.



Old Cassette tape cover picture

(3) THE OLD DOUBLE DIAMOND

Gary McMahan

The old Double Diamond, lay (Am) out east of Dubois
In the land (F) ...of the (G) buffalo
The (C) auctioneers gavel, how it rapped and it (Am) rattled
As I watched the old (F) Double Diamond (G) go

Won't you (C) listen to the (Am) wind blow
Mother natures (F) Vio (G) lin

When (C) I first signed on, to (Am) the old Double Diamond
Was a damn poor (F) excuse for a (G) man
(C) And learned how to aim, my spirit (Am) was tamed
Couldn't see all (F) the cards in my (G) hand

And the (C) wind whipped the granite (Am) above me
Blew the tumble weeds (F) clean through my (G) soul

(C) I've fought her winters and I've (Am) busted some hosses
And I took more (F) than I thought I could (G) stand
But (C) the battle with mountains and (Am) cattle
Can bring out (F) the best of a (G) man

Now (C) a sailor, he needs his (Am) ocean
And a mama (F) needs baby to (G) hold
But (C) I need the hills of (Am) Wyoming
In the land (F) ... of the (G) buffalo

Now (C) she's sellin' out, and (Am) I'm movin' on
But I'm leavin' (F) with more than I (G) came
(C) I've got this saddle and it ain't for (Am) sale
And I've got a new (F) song to (G) sing

Got (C) to find new range to ride and (Am) new knots to tie
In a country (F) where cowboys are (G) king
I turn (C) my tail to the (Am) old Double Diamond
Ride on down (F) to the (G) sea ... (C)



 Rod Taylor

(4) SWEET WYOMING HOME

Bill Stains

There's a silence on the prairie
A man can't help but feel;
Shadows growing longer now,
Nipping at my heels.
I know that soon that old four-lane
Runs beneath my wheels
Will take me home to my sweet Wyoming home.

Headed down the road last summer
With a few old friends of mine.
They all hit the money,
Lord, I didn't make a dime.
Entrance fees they took my dough,
Travelin' took my time,
I'm goin' home to my sweet Wyoming home.

* CHORUS *

Watch the moon shinin' in the sky
Hum a tune, prairie lullaby.
Peaceful wind, old coyote's cry
Song of home, my sweet Wyoming home.

* BRIDGE *

Rounders they all wish you luck
When they know you're in a jam.
Money's ridin' on that bronk,
But he don't give a damn.
There's a show in all the cities,
She's turned your heart to clay;
Well it takes all that man can muster
To try and get away.
The songs I'm used to hearin'
Ain't the kind that jukebox plays,
I'm goin' home to my sweet Wyoming home.

Well, I've always loved the ridin',
There ain't nothin' quite the same,
And another year may bring me luck
Of winning of the game.
There's a magpie on the fence rail,
He's callin' out my name,
I'm goin' home to my sweet Wyoming home.

* CHORUS *

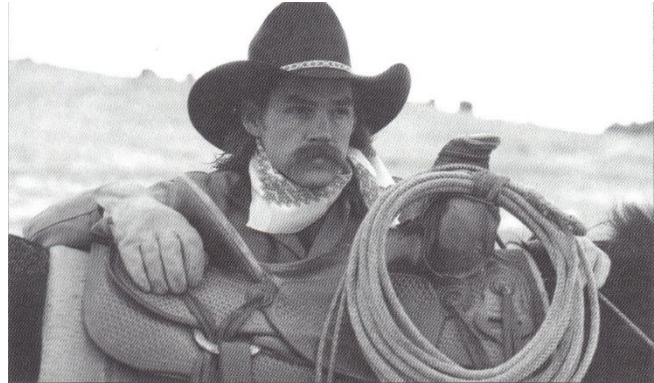
It's a song of home, sweet Wyoming home.

(5) WHAT REALLY MATTERS

P2 Rod Taylor

Oh little darlin', know that you love me
and you know I love you too
Meaning it truly, when I tell you
always wanting you.

Oh little darlin', I hate to say it
sometimes we fuss and fight.
I know that it ain't right
to treat my best friend
like she is guilty,
when it's me most every time.



* CHORUS * (next two verses)

I know that sometimes in this crazy world
There are so many things to bring you down
and money to buy the comforts
is so very hard to come by.

It doesn't matter, what really matters,
is that you'll always be by my side.
Oh little darlin', I love you darlin'
always you'll be mine.

* CHORUS *

Oh little darlin', I love you darlin'
always you'll be mine.

P2 P2 P2 P2 P2 P2 P2 P2 P2 P2 P2 P2

Since 1983, Rod Taylor has worked as a cowboy for the Philmont Scout Ranch in Cimarron, NM, where he takes care of 800 head of livestock. Rod has played music for over 25 years and has released 5 CD albums: *'A Philmont Collection'*, *'Ridin' Down the Canyon'*, *'Live From the Tooth - Philsongs II'*, *'The Rifters'* and *'Here, There, or Anywhere'* and he is also featured on the Tobasco Donkeys *'The Yarn Sessions'* CD.

Rod has performed in Alpine, Elko, the Cowboy Hall of Fame, and many of the other gatherings around the country. Rod has always joined in on Philmont's "Camp Fires" whenever he can.

Rod is the only full time BSA Staff employee with the job title of 'Cowboy'.

Rod Taylor is originally from Lubbock, Texas, where he studied agriculture science at Texas Tech.

He has worked at the C Bar ranch near Slaton, Texas, the Vermejo Park Ranch and the TO Ranch in Raton, New Mexico, the UU Bar Ranch outside of Cimarron, NM, and the Little Horn Ranch near Wyola, Montana.

Who better than Rod Taylor to record these songs which have been sung around Philmont Campfires for years? For over two decades, first as a camper, then as a summer staff member, and now as a ranch cowboy, Rod has ridden Philmont's trails on horseback helping take care of the Ranch's cows, horses, burros and buffalo. Over the years, Rod Taylor has spent countless summer evenings at Beaubien with guitar in hand, sharing with campers and staff not only his voice, but his insight into the ways of Philmont's mountains and canyons, a well.

Rod Taylor has also appeared in numerous videos, commercials, a television series, and a feature film. He is active in the Maverick Club, which presents rodeos and roping to benefit charity.

P2 P2 P2 P2 P2 P2 P2 P2 P2 P2 P2 P2

(6) OLE WILL

P2 John Abbott / P2 Rod Taylor

Do you see that old cowboy alone at the bar
 with sad eyes and a wrinkled up face
 was a time, sir when he was the life of the crowd, sir
 they gave him the run of the place
 But life has done worked cruel wrath with him
 she's shunned him and set him apart
 now every thing's gone
 and he's riding alone
 and the tears, they are in his heart
 For the good ol' days
 when he's riding haze
 never a worry or care
 when he'd take ten or twenty
 and say that's a plenty
 and headed for the ladies so fair
 Ole Will is his name, he was best at the game
 taming the wild ones for years
 now his legs are all shot and he rambles a lot
 as he swallows for his whiskeys and beers
 Ole Will is my dad, sir
 and B'for you might add, sir
 why I allow him a life like this one
 it's because of the heartbreak
 you know it would cause, sir
 if I told him his life was done
 for he talks to the cowboys as they come and go
 in his heart, he's a part of it still
 and his dreams would all shatter
 and life wouldn't matter
 if he knew, he was over the hill
 but his legs are all shot and he rambles a lot
 as he swallows for his whiskeys and beers
 bless his old heart; he's a part of it still
 as he dreams back over the years
 bless his old heart; he's a part of it still
 as he dreams back over the years

Lyrics Help by Art Collins
 -- Thanks Pard!



(7) MILK COW BLUES

Kokomo Arnold

Well, I woke up this morning
And looked out the door
I can tell that old milk cow
I can tell the way she lowed

Well, if you've seen my milk cow
Please drive her on home
I ain't had no milk an' butter
Since that good cow's been gone


Well, I tried to treat you right
Day by day
Get out your little prayer book
Get down on your knees and pray
'Cause you gonna need my lovin'
Need it someday
And you'll be sorry
For treating me this way

Sail on, sail on, sail on little girl sail on,
Sail on, sail on, sail on little girl sail on,
Gotta' keep right on sailin' till you lose your happy home
Well good evening, don't that sun look good going down?
Say good evening, don't that sun look good going down?
----Well, don't that old moon (?) look so lonesome----
When your lover ain't around

Well, I tried everything baby to get along with you
I'm gonna tell you what I'm going do
I'm gonna stop all my grieving, honey, gonna leave you alone
If you don't think I'm leaving,
you can count the days I'm gone

'Cause you gonna need my lovin'
Need it someday
And you'll be sorry
For treating me this way

Roots of this song:

Originally recorded as Milk Cow Blues Boogie in the 1930s by Kokomo Arnold,
and adapted by Robert Johnson as Milk Cow Calf's Blues.
Elvis's version was recorded as a single in January 1955 as part of The Sun Sessions.
It has also been recorded by Bob Wills, Eddie Cochran, numerous others, as well as
our very own  Rod Taylor.

(8) NIGHT RIDERS LAMENT

Mike Burton

While I was out a-riding
The graveyard shift, midnight 'til dawn
The moon was as bright as a readin' light
For a letter from an old friend back home.

He tells me last night I run onto Jenny
She's married and has a good life
Boy you sure missed the track
When you never came back
She's a perfect professional's wife.

* CHORUS * variation #1

She asked me, "Why does he ride for his money,
Tell me why does he rope for short pay?"
"He ain't getting nowhere and he's losing his share.
How he must have gone crazy out there."

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

* CHORUS * variation # 2

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

But they've never seen the Northern Lights
Never seen a hawk on the wing
Never seen spring hit the Great Divide
Now, they've never heard old camp cookie sing.

But they've never seen the Northern Lights
Never seen a hawk on the wing
Never seen spring hit the Great Divide
Now, 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 "Ridin' Down the Canyon" tape, 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.



Rod Taylor

(9) BORDER AFFAIR

Badger Clark

Spanish is the lovin' tongue,
Soft as music, light as spray.
'Twas a girl I learned it from,
Livin' down Sonora way.
I don't look much like a lover,
Yet I say her love words over
Often when I'm all alone -
"Mi amor, mi corazon."

Nights when she knew where I'd ride
She would listen for my spurs,
Fling the big door open wide,
Raise them laughin' eyes of hers
And my heart would nigh stop beatin'
When I heard her tender greetin',
Whispered soft for me alone
"Mi amor! Mi corazon!"

Moonlight in the patio,
Old Senora noddin' near,
Me and Juana talkin' low
So the Madre couldn't hear -
How those hours would go a-flyin'
And too soon I'd hear her sighin'
In her little sorry tone -
"Adios, mi corazon."

But one time I had to fly
For a foolish gamblin' fight,
And we said a swift goodbye
In that black, unlucky night.
When I'd loosed her arms from clingin'
With her words the hoofs kept ringin'
As I galloped north alone -
"Adios, mi corazon!"

Never seen her since that night,
I can't cross the Line, you know.
She was Mex and I was white;
Like as not it's better so.
Yet I've always sort of missed her
Since that last wild night I kissed her,
Left her heart, lost my own -
"Adios, mi corazon!"
Left her heart, lost my own -
"Mi amor! Mi corazon!"

(10) RIDIN' DOWN the CANYON

Gene Autry / Smiley Burnett
(for Miss Lillian and Woody Crumbo)

When evening chores are over, at our ranch house on the plain
And all I've got to do is lay around
I saddle up my pony and go ridin' down the trail
To watch the evenin' sun go down

Ridin' down the canyon to watch the sun go down
A picture that no artist 'ere could paint
White-faced cattle lowing, on the mountainside
I hear a coyote calling for its mate

Cactus plants are bloomin', sagebrush everywhere
Granite spires are standin' all around
I'll tell you folks it's heaven to be ridin' down the trail
When the evenin' sun goes down

Cactus plants are bloomin' sagebrush everywhere
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I'll tell you folks it's heaven to be ridin' down the trail
When the evenin' sun goes down
To watch the evenin' sun go down

PHILMONT PHILMONT PHILMONT PHILMONT PHILMONT PHILMONT PHILMONT PHILMONT PHILMONT PHILMONT PHILMONT PHILMONT PHILMONT

IWGBTP! I Wana Go Back To PHILMONT! IWGBTP!

PHILMONT PHILMONT PHILMONT PHILMONT PHILMONT PHILMONT PHILMONT PHILMONT PHILMONT PHILMONT PHILMONT PHILMONT PHILMONT

**The songs listed in this book are from the CD issued at Philmont,
by the "Tooth of Time Traders".
The lyrics are: "As-sung on the CD".**

PHILMONT Indicates a PHILMONT Staff Member PHILMONT

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Second in the "PhilSongs Sing-Along Songbook" series

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

Ridin' Down the Canyon Version 2.5

 pineapplefish56