

Tobasco Donkeys

'The Yarn Sessions'

The song lyrics are from a CD issued at Philmont, and sold by the www.tobascodonkeys.com as well as "[Tooth of Time Traders](#)".

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

Send lyrics corrections, additions, or comments to:

Lyrics Editor/Proofreader: [David Lagesse](#), (pineapplefish56) Project PhilSongs 2003 - 2011

Tobasco Donkeys - The Yarn Sessions CD, Version 2.1c

Some new talent!

Rod Taylor, Ellie Nickens, Tim Collver, Iron John, Greg Harper, Heath Shelton and Doug Cram.

Visit the **Tobasco Donkeys website!** www.tobascodonkeys.com you may purchase the CD there.

The Tobasco Donkeys

'The Yarn Sessions' 2008

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IWGBTP! 87714 IWGBTP! 87714 IWGBTP! 87714 IWGBTP! 87714 IWGBTP! 87714

Bonus Tracks (On CD)

- (22) I'VE BEEN EVERYWHERE (ala Philmont)**
- (23) COMIN' ON STRONG (at Philmont)**

Dirty Larry
Author unknown

IWGBTP! 87714 IWGBTP! 87714 IWGBTP! 87714 IWGBTP! 87714 IWGBTP! 87714

Music available For Free Download

From: www.tobascodonkeys.com/

- (24) GOT MY MOJO WORKIN'**
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- (28) CLUCK OL' HEN**
- (29) CAT'S IN THE CRADLE**
- (30) WILL THE CIRCLE BE UNBROKEN**
(with Rod Taylor)
- (31) OL' JACK CLARK / CRIPPLE CREEK**

Preston Foster
Bruce Springsteen
Marijohn Wilkin & Danny Dill
Peter Rowan
Wayne Erbsen
Harry & Sandra Chapin
Traditional
Traditional

IWGBTP! 87714 IWGBTP! 87714 IWGBTP! 87714 IWGBTP! 87714 IWGBTP! 87714

IWGBTP! I Wana Go Back To PHILMONT! IWGBTP!

IWGBTP! 87714 IWGBTP! 87714 IWGBTP! 87714 IWGBTP! 87714 IWGBTP! 87714

For the past nine years people have asked if we would make another album. The reply was always, "Probably Not." How could we? We were all living in different parts of the country; some of us were married, had kids, and working at least half respectable jobs. The Tobasco Donkeys was a beautiful memory. Just something we did for fun. We never imagined many people aside from our friends and family would even listen to Sawin' on the Strings.

In 2006, we returned to Philmont for the first time in years as part of a PSA trek. We were inspired by how amazingly talented and personable the staff at Philmont still is. We were touched by how many people had been listening to our music and knew the words by heart. And we here seduced once again by Philmont's beauty and history. While hiking along the trails we talked about all the songs we wished he had put on the last album. After the Cyphers' Stomp we stepped out of the back of Charlie's cabin and agreed to make another album and started to make plans right away. We all agreed it was important that me involve current staff and bring back some of our ol' friends.

In the summer of 2007 we came to Cimarron for one week to record in the Cimarron yarn shop. Thanks to the enormous talents of current staff members, Tim Collver, Ellie Nickens, Iron John, and Rod Taylor we had a full band. All told we recorded 30 songs for this album- 23 of which are included on this CD. The unpublished songs are available for free download at www.tobascodonkeys.com

Thanks to all of the Philmont staff and TD fans for being supportive and allowing us to spend time making music with our closest friends- both old and new. We hope this album makes you smile and helps you feel closer to Philmont when you're far away. Hope to see you soon.

-Dirty Larry, Andy Gerhart and Mike Griffis

IWGBTP! 87714 IWGBTP! 87714 IWGBTP! 87714 IWGBTP! 87714 IWGBTP! 87714

(1) PIG IN A PEN

Traditional

Andy: Vocals & Guitar Mike: Banjo & Bass Ellie: Fiddle Tim: Mandolin Voss: Harp

Chorus: Mike, Voss, Doug Cram, Larry, Peter

"A fun tune that has nothing to do with anything, but applies well at Rich Cabins. This is one of the songs that inspired a second Tobasco Donkeys album, because we wished we had included it on our first album and sang it throughout our PSA trek in 2006. It sounds a lot like 'Sawin' on the Strings' so we figured it would be a good start to this album." - Andy

* CHORUS *

I got a pig, home in a pen
Corn to feed him on
All I need is a pretty little girl
To feed him when I'm gone

Goin' on a mountain
Sow a little cane
Raise a barrel of sorghum
Sweet little Liza Jane

Yonder comes that gal of mine
How do you think I know
I know her by that gingham gown
Hanging down so low

* CHORUS *

Dark clouds are rising
Surely sign of rain
Get your grey bonnet on
Sweet little Liza Jane

Bake 'em biscuits, baby
Bake 'em good and brown
When you get them biscuits baked
We're Alabama bound

* CHORUS *

When she sees me comin'
Wrings her hands an cries
Yonder comes the sweetest boy
That ever lived or died

Now she sees me leaving
Wrings her hands an cries
Yonder goes the meanest boy
That ever lived or died

* CHORUS *

* CHORUS *

(2) SALTY DOG

Lester Flatt & Earl Scruggs

(Traditional) Mike: Vocals, Banjo, Bass Andy: Guitar & Chorus Ellie: Fiddle Tim: Mandolin

"This has been a favorite of Andy's and mine for years. I honestly didn't think about playing it at Philmont until I heard it at the '06 Crater Lake campfire. It's a great tune to hum in your head while you're struggling your way up the North Fork Uracca to Black Mountain Camp." - Mike

[G] Standin' on the corner with the low down blues

[A] Great big hole in the bottom of my shoes

[D] Honey let me be your Salty Dog.

* CHORUS *

[G] Let me be your [E] Salty Dog

Or [A] I won't be your man at all

[D] Honey let me be your Salty Dog.

[G] Look-it here Sal, well I know you

[A] Run down stockin' and a worn out shoe

[D] Honey let me be your Salty Dog.

* CHORUS *

[G] Down in the wildwood sitting on a log

[A] Finger on the trigger and eye on the hog

[D] Honey let me be your Salty Dog.

* CHORUS *

[G] Pulled the trigger and the gun set go

[A] Shot fell over in Mexico

[D] Honey let me be you Salty Dog.

* CHORUS *

* CHORUS *

(3) THE MOUNTAIN

Steve Earle, from "The Mountain"

Larry: Vocals Andy: Guitar Mike: Dobro & Bass Ellie: Viola & Fiddle Tim: Mandolin Peter: Chorus
"Along with the classic song 'Paradise', this song brings the images and passion of the mining lifestyle. When listening to this song, you can imagine that Charlie Cyphers, French Henry, or scores of other Cimarron country miners are singing." - Andy

D Bm
I was born on this mountain a long time ago
D Em G Bm
Before they knocked down the timber and strip-mined the coal
D Bm
When you rose in the mornin' before it was light
D Em G Bm A
Goin' down in that dark hole, come back up at night

* CHORUS *

D Bm
I was born on this mountain, this mountain's my home
D Em G A
And she holds me and keeps me from worry and woe
D Bm
Well, they took everything that she gave, now they're gone
D Em G D
But I'll die on this mountain, this mountain's my home

D Bm
I was young on this mountain, now I am old
D Em G Bm
And I knew every holler, every cool swimmin' hole
D Bm
One night I lay down and woke up to find
D Em G Bm A
That my childhood was over, went down in the mine

* CHORUS *

D Bm
There's a hole in this mountain, it's dark and it's deep
D Em G Bm
And God only knows all the secrets it keeps
D Bm
There's a chill in the air only miners can feel
D Em G Bm A
There's a ghost in the tunnels that the company sealed

* CHORUS *

(There is a lyrics change on final line of the chorus)

D Em G D
Well I'll die on this mountain, this mountain's my home

(4) TOOTH OF TIME (Been Chewin' On Me)

Peter Bingen

Peter Bingen: Vocals and Guitar Mike: Solo Guitar Chorus and shout outs: Larry, Voss, Mike
"This song is free-wheelin' wing-dang-doodle of a tune about the joys and pain of life in the mountains of Colfax County. Past and present sure do live side by side at Philmont. If you're stuck in the woods, this is a good one to have stuck in your head." - Peter

Capo on 3rd Fret

Lyrics help and chording provided by Ben DiAnna

The chord forms with the capo will look like:

C, F, E, G

C

Well I was on my way to Santa Fe back in 1883

F

Really had to go, so I stepped behind a tree

C E F C

The sky was clear, and so was my pee

C G C

And when I came back out, they'd all left me

Who left ya?

Hold on, I'll get to that!

C

The wagon train had done left and gone

F

So I stumbled through the brush 'til I came to Cimarron

C E F C

There was an ol' man underneath the cottonwood tree

C G C

Said, "Watch out son, don't get like me"

* CHORUS *

C

He said, "The Tooth of Times' been chewin' on me"

F

The Tooth of Time been chewin' on me

C E F C

I've been here 30 years, now I just can't leave

C G C

Cause the Tooth of Times' been chewin' on me

I said, "The Tooth of Time, old timer, what's that?"

He looked over yonder and he tipped his hat

It's that igneous intrusion of dacite porphyry

It's that molar in the sky, that just won't let you be

Well I looked through my pockets and I didn't have a dime

'Til I ran into a feller from the French Henry mine

Handed me a bucket and he handed me a spade

He said, "One's for the muck, and the others for your grave"

* CHORUS * *variation one*

That's when the Tooth of Time started chewin' on me"
The Tooth of Time started chewin' on me
Eight long months of hard work and hard luck
Yeah, I lost two fingers, but I made twenty bucks
Ten bucks a finger? Not bad!

Well the poker games down at the James was a rout
Ol' B.J. Ketchum done wiped my twenty bucks out
Sent me packin' back into the hills
If the outlaws don't get'ya then the lightning will
Never play cards with a guy named Black Jack!

Well I hiked 'til I fell down, and then I fell asleep
Forgot about the jerky in my back pocket of my seat
A black bear found it, around half past three
Now I'm known as the man with just one cheek

* CHORUS * *variation two*

Yes sir, the Tooth of Times' been chewin' on me"
The Tooth of Time been chewin' on me
Now I fall over sideways, every time I take a seat
Cause the Tooth of Times' been chewin' on me

[Breakdown]

Well I finally made it deep into the hills
An' I started cuttin' ties for the Continental Mill
Swingin' that ax and haulin' that line
Found my soul, but I lost my mind

There's nothing like a day in the woods
Workin' the way an honest man should
At night with all the stars in the sky
The Milky Way'll make a grown man cry

* CHORUS * *variation three*

I think, the Tooth of Times' been chewin' on me"
The Tooth of Time been chewin' on me
Fiddles and a campfire are all I need
Cause the Tooth of Times' been chewin' on me

(Vittles?)

Well I think I'll probably be out here, until I'm dead
And I remember back on what that old timer said
I ain't that smart, but this I know
The Tooth of Time is a damn good way to go

And you may come and you may leave
But 'round February she'll be in your dreams
A great big mountain and the sky so blue
Yeah, the Tooth of Time'll have its teeth in you

* CHORUS * *variation four*

Alright, the Tooth of Times' been chewin' on me"
The Tooth of Time been chewin' on me
I'm smelly and I'm dirty and it's plain to see
That the Tooth of Times' been chewin' on me

* CHORUS * *variation five*

One more, the Tooth of Times' been chewin' on me"
The Tooth of Time been chewin' on me
I hike so much, I got stumps for feet
Yeah, the Tooth of Times' been chewin' on me
Chewin' on me
Chewin' on me

(5) SIXTEEN TONS

Merle Travis

http://www.chordie.com/chord/pere/www.roughstock.com/cowpie/songs/plaintext.html/f/ford_tennessee_ernie/sixteen_tons-crd.html

This website has the ability to transpose chords for various instruments.

Larry: Vocals & Guitar Mike: Bass Voss: Harp Andy: Back Vocals

“This had been a standard at Cyphers’ mine while we worked out there. We played it all the time.

This version is a different take than what you may be used to. We were beginning to get, ‘studio happy’ and it felt good to just hit record and improvise and have fun.” - Dirty Larry

Em a cappella

Now some people say a man is made outta mud

Em C B7

A poor man’s made outta muscle and blood

Em Am

Muscle and blood and skin and bones

C7 a cappella B7 Em

With a mind that’s weak and a back that’s strong

* CHORUS *

Em C B7

You load sixteen tons, what do you get?

Em C B7

Another day older and deeper in debt

Em Am

Saint Peter don’t you call me ‘cause I can’t go

C7 a cappella B7 Em

I owe my soul to the company store

Em C B7

I was born one mornin’ when the sun didn’t shine

Em C B7

I picked up my shovel and-a walked to the mine

Em Am

I loaded sixteen tons of number nine coal

C7 a cappella B7 Em

And the straw boss hollered, “Well-a, bless my soul”

* CHORUS *

Em C B7

Now when you see me comin’, better step aside

Em C B7

A lotta men didn’t, and a lotta men died

Em Am

I got one fist of iron, the other of steel

C7 a cappella B7 Em

If the right one don’t get ya, then the left one will.

* CHORUS *

I owe my soul to the company store

I owe my soul to the company store

I owe my soul to the company store

(6) MONKEY AND THE ENGINEER

Jesse Fuller

Andy: Vocals Mike: Guitar & Bass Voss: Harp Chorus: Ellie, Doug Cram, Mike, Larry
"Performed in the past at Cyphers' mine, this song is silly and fits well in a Stomp. Considering that the Cimarron and Northwestern Railroad traveled up the Cimarron and Ponil canyons to support the logging industry, this song also fits well at Pueblano and perhaps Philmont's newest camp, Metcalf station." - Andy

G C G
Once upon a time there was an engineer
G A D
Who drove a locomotive both far and near
G C
Accompanied by a monkey who would sit on a stool
G A D G
A-watchin' everything the engineer would do

One day the engineer wanted a bite to eat
He left the monkey sittin' on the driver's seat
The monkey pulled the throttle, the locomotive jumped the gun
And did ninety miles an hour down the main line run

* CHORUS *

G C G
A big locomotive, right on time
G A D
A big locomotive, comin' down the line
G C
A big locomotive, number ninety-nine
G A D G
He left the engineer with a worried mind

The engineer called up the dispatcher on the phone
To tell him all about his locomotive was gone
Get on the wire, switch operator to write
'Cause the monkey's got the main line sewn up tight

Switch operator got the message in time
Said, "There's a north bound livin' on the same main line
Open up the switch, I'm gonna let him through the hole
'Cause the monkey's got the locomotive under control!"

* CHORUS *

* CHORUS *
He left the engineer with a worried mind

Tab Support

E---3-3-0---0-----0---2---3-----|
B-----3-----2---3---0-----|
G-----4-2-0-----2---2---0-----|
D-----2---2---0---0-----|
A-----0-----2-----|
E-----3-----|

(7) OL' SLEWFOOT

Traditional

Chords from: <http://www.geocities.com/philmontsongbook/pg002.html#slewfoot> Tom Coffee's 'Philmont Songbook' website.

Larry: Vocals Andy: Guitar Mike: Bass Voss: Harp Chorus: Doug Cram, Andy, Mike

"Originally about a pig-stealin' bear. I first heard this song played at the Pueblano campfire in 1989 with Voss and my brother. (Jag) This is meant to be a silly song- no bears were harmed during the recording of this song.

On that note, please take bear precautions at Philmont seriously. [A bear's life depends on it.](#)"

- Dirty Larry

See "Get the BEAR Facts! ...Save a bears life!" on link above.

G

High on a mountain tell me what do you see?

G C G

Bear tracks, bear tracks, looking back at me.

G

Better find a Ranger, boys, before it's too late.

C G

Cause that bear's got all our food and headin' for the gate.

* CHORUS *

G D G

Well, he's big around the middle and he's broad across the rump.

G D G

Running ninety miles an hour taking thirty feet a jump.

G

He ain't never been caught; he ain't never been treed.

C G

Some folks say he's a lot like me.

Freeze-dried pork chops, crackers and cheese,

We put 'em in a bear bag and hung 'em in a tree.

Looked in the trees and our rations were gone

Ole Slewfoot's gone made himself at home.

* CHORUS *

Well, I got me a Ranger and I got me a gun.

We found ole Slewfoot and got him on the run.

Chased him up a holler and down a well,

We shot him in the bottom just to listen to him yell.

* CHORUS *

(8) GOLD MININ' MAN

Jim Mills

Larry: Vocals Mike: Guitar & Vocals Andy: Bass Tim: Mandolin Ellie: Fiddle

"If you ever worked at, or visited, a Philmont mining camp, you can feel the history surrounding you. This song is becoming a regular around the campfires and stomps. It was originally scored to reflect mining life in Appalachia, but we think this song suitably illustrates the toils of everyday life for a Rocky Mountain gold miner." - Mike

Daylight or dark in rain or shine
It don't much matter down in the mine
Where the tunnel's deep Lord the air gets thin
That's the way of life for the minin' man

His lungs are weak his back is gone
His sixty years are plainly shown
Lived half his life down in the ground
A cold steel hammer rings a mournful sound

Daylight or dark in rain or shine...
It don't much matter down in the mine
Where the tunnel's deep Lord the air gets thin
That's the way of life for the minin' man

I'll tell you son he said to me
There's just two things I pray to see
That the day my Savior calls me home
And to see my son stop minin' gold

Oh daddy dear I'll tell you true
There's nothing else for me to do
But to make my livin' underneath this land
And live and die a gold minin' man

Daylight or dark in rain or shine
It don't much matter down in the mine
Where the tunnel's deep Lord the air gets thin
That's the way of life for the minin' man

I'll make my livin' underneath this land
And die like you... a gold minin' man

(9) ORANGE BLOSSOM SPECIAL Ervin T. Rouse

On the Yarn Sessions CD this is an instrumental only, without any lyrics. The lyrics have been included for your convenience.

Ellie: Fiddle Andy: Guitar Mike: Banjo and Bass

“The actual orange blossom special was a passenger train that ran between Miami and New York. We asked Ellie if she knew this song. She thought she might have heard it - once. She listened to it, practiced it a few times and then recorded it the next day. That’s pretty cool.” - Dirty Larry & Andy

Well look a-yonder comin’
Comin’ on down the track
Well look a-yonder comin’
Comin’ on down the track
It’s the Orange Blossom Special
Bringin’ my baby back

Well talk about her ramblin’
She’s the fastest train on the line
Well talk about her travellin’
She’s the fastest train on the line
She’s the Orange Blossom Special
Rollin’ down the seaboard line

Well, I’m going down to Florida
Get some sand in my shoes
Or maybe California
Get some sand in my shoes
I’ll ride the Orange Blossom Special
And lose those New York blues

(10) DON'T PET THE DOG

John Hadley

Andy: Vocals and Guitar Larry: Vocals Mike: Bass Voss: Harp

"This silly tune has been enjoyed around cabin porches for many years. For the record, we are not advising staff to play this at campfires. Some folks just don't find this song as funny as we do. They may even go as far as calling it gross and immature. And they say it like that's a bad thing. Anyhow, you've been warned." - Dirty Larry & Andy

Here's another song for all you ladies

Well, I'd much rather have a bug in my ear,
Then a porcupine stuck to my face.
Well, I'd much rather have a frog in my throat,
Than a dog makin' love to my leg.

A girl asked you home to meet momma and daddy
She says she thinks you're nice. *Yeah, right!*
Well, there's trouble ahead, you'll wish you were dead
If you don't take this friendly advice,

* CHORUS *

Don't pet the dog
Don't pet him whatever you do
'Cause he ain't been fixed, and he knows some tricks
That'll sure make a fool out of you. *Yeah, you!*

* CHORUS * *second stanza*

Don't pet the dog
He gets it confused with romance
Just leave him alone, or the next thing you know
He'll be askin' your ankle to dance.

Well, you say it's OK , try to push him away
You ask, "What's his name? Does he sit up and beg?"
Well, you try to stay cool, but you look like a fool
With a dog makin' love to your leg.

* CHORUS *

* CHORUS * *second stanza*

Everybody now

Don't pet the dog.

(11) THE FLY THAT RODE TO CITO Rick Miller

(Adapted by Dirty Larry.) Larry: Vocals Mike: Guitar Ellie: Vocals

“Just a fun ditty. I was a backcountry manager my last year on staff a Philmont. That meant I spent a lot of time driving in a big yellow truck all over the ranch. I think about that summer when I hear this song. You know this song is fictional because a Ranger would never be riding in a truck through the backcountry ...right?” - Dirty Larry

Intro:

Chords provided by Ben DiAnna

Slide

```
X-----|
B-----5-----7---5---3-----|
G---0--0--4--4--7-----7--4--4--(S)--7--5--4--G-----|
X-----|
X-----|
X-----|
```

[G] Was a fly that rode to Cito, he got in at Bal[D]dy
[D] Flew around the cab, lookin' for a place to land
And he landed on a Rangers [G] knee
[G] The Ranger took a swat, but air was all he got
That fly was too quick for [C] me
[C] Was a fly that rode to [G] Cito, he got [D] in at Bal[G]dy

He was rite plump, 'cause that truck was such a dump
There was plenty for him to eat
Power Bar wrappers and old snack crackers
And creme fries 'tween the seats

He just flew around, the windows were down
He didn't wana leave
Was a fly that rode to Cito, he got in at Baldy

[C] Shoo fly, shoo fly, won't you catch on that [G] breeze?
[C] Shoo fly, shoo fly, stay off my brick of [D] cheese
Get on out of here!

Shoo fly, shoo fly, won't you catch on that breeze?
Shoo fly, shoo fly, lay off my brick of cheese

When I got back, around past Black
You could smell that Beaubien moo
It makes grass grow, that fly knows
Somethin' in his blood

Thanks for the ride, but I'll say good-bye
Its been a lovely trip
Now he's flying around the Beaubien corral
Lookin' for a pile of... *Hooo!*

Was a fly that rode to Cito, he got in at Baldy
Flew around the cab, lookin' for a place to land
And he landed on a Rangers knee
The Ranger took a swat, but air was all he got
That fly was to quick for me

Was a fly that rode to Cito, he got in at Baldy
Fly that rode to Cito, he got in at Baldy
Get goin' now ye-hah!

(12) ICE CREAM MAN

John Brim

Voss: Vocals & Harp

“One summer Voss and I arrived a few weeks early to Philmont to help set up all those tents in base camp. One day during lunch he played Ice Cream Man. I'd forgotten all about it until we were kicking around the studio remembering the ol' days. We recorded this take about three minutes later.”

- Dirty Larry

Well, summertime's here babe, you need somethin' to keep you cool
Well, now summertime's here babe, you need somethin' to keep you cool
Better look out now 'cause Voss got somethin' for you

I'm your ice cream man, baby stop me when I'm passin' by
I'm your ice cream man, baby stop me when I'm passin' by
See now all my flavors are guaranteed to satisfy

Well, I'm usually passin' by just about eleven o'clock
Never stop, I'm usually passin' by, just around eleven o'clock
And if you let me cool you one time, you'll be my regular stop

I got pink lemonade, Dixie cups
All flavors, and push ups too
I'm your ice cream man, baby, stop me when I'm passin' by
See now all my flavors are guaranteed to satisfy

I'm your ice cream man, baby stop me when I'm passin' by
I'm your ice cream man, baby stop me when I'm passin' by
See now all my flavors are guaranteed to, ...to, ...to satisfy

(13) THE 5TH OF JULY

Peter Bingen & Mike Griffis

Original instrumental music

Peter: Guitar Mike: Dobro

“This is an instrumental that brings to life the sights and feelings of the high desert plains on an early summer evening. A little cowboy medicine for the achin' head and heart.” - Peter

(14) AM I BORN TO DIE?

Traditional

Iron John: Vocals & Old-Tyme Fiddle!

This tune goes back to the Civil War, capturing the hardships of a simple life in a simpler time.

When Iron John played this tune on the front porch of Rich Cabins, you were transported back to that simpler time. Close your eyes when you listen to this tune, and you'll know what I mean." - Tim Collver

And am I born to die
To lay this body down
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown

And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown

As soon as from Earth I go
What will become of me
Eternal happiness or woe
Must then my fortune be

Eternal happiness or woe
Must then my fortune be

A land of the deepest shade
Un-pierced by human thought
The dreary region of the dead
Where all things are forgot

The dreary region of the dead
Where all things are forgot

(15) NEW MEXICO RAIN

Michael Hearn

G.S. Harper: Vocals & Guitar.

Engineered and mixed by Rich Ellis at "The Bombshack" Parma, Ohio.

"I first heard 'New Mexico Rain' August 13th, 1987. I'd just completed my first trek, and a guy named Todd Conklin sang it at the closing campfire. It was perfect. I couldn't then imagine a better note to end my journey on, and all these years later, I still can't. I learned it as soon as I got home. When I was hired in 1991 for my first season on staff, it was my job to do the closing campfire every night. I always played 'New Mexico Rain', and I've been playing it ever since. I'm really glad we I got to put this song on the record. It means so much to me." - G.S. Harper

Smoke cuts the light, in this honky-tonk barroom
Thinking, where I'd rather be
Maybe chasing senorita's, down in old Mexico
Or standing at the edge of the sea
Well, if I had the money, I'm tellin' ya honey
We'd be on that first plane to Spain
But as long as we're here, the answer is clear
We'll waltz, in the New Mexico rain.

* CHORUS *

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

Well, the lights of the city, keep callin' my name
But you know, that I've been there before
It's like 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 *

I've been talkin' all day, with this man from downtown.
He sure seems unhappy to me
He said that he's going nowhere, goin' there fast
And he envy's the life that I lead
If I had the money, I'd promise ya honey
I'd keep him from goin' insane
One things for sure, just ain't no cure
Like a walk in the New Mexico rain.

* CHORUS *

If I ain't happy here, – Well, I ain't happy nowhere
New Mexico rain – When my mind starts to roam.

(16) POOR WAYFARING STRANGER Traditional

Ellie: Vocals & Viola Larry: Vocals Tim: Banjo Mike: Mandolin

"This is a traditional spiritual song and a personal favorite of mine. I love the tone of this song ...so sad yet hopeful. Ellie sets up that tone beautifully with her Viola". - Dirty Larry

I am a poor wayfaring stranger
Traveling through this world of woe
There is no sickness, nor toil, nor danger
In that fair land to which I go

I'm going home to see my Mother
I'm going home no more to roam
I am just going over Jordan
I am just going over home

I know dark clouds will harbor 'round me,
I know my pathway is rough and steep
But golden fields I have before me
Where weary eyes, no more will weep

I'm going home to see my Father
I'm going home no more to roam
I am just going over Jordan
I am just going over home

I'll soon be free of every trial
This form shall rest beneath the stars
I'll drop the cross of self-denial
And enter in that home with God

I'm going home to see my Savior
I'm going home no more to roam
I am just going over Jordan
I am just going over home

(17) HOW MOUNTAIN GIRLS CAN LOVE

Ralph Stanley

Andy: Vocals & Guitar Tim: Mandolin Ellie: Fiddle Mike: Banjo, Bass & Chorus

Larry: Chorus & Back Vocals

"The Philmont staff calls them "Phil-flings." Whatever they're called, many wonderful marriages have their roots at Philmont (including two of the Donkeys)." - Andy

* CHORUS *

D A
Get at 'em boys, go back home
E A
Back to the girl you love
D A
Treat her right, never wrong
E A
How mountain girls can love

A
Ridin' at night in the high cold wind
E A
On the trail of the old lonesome pine

Thinking of you, and feelin' so blue
E
Wondering why I left you behind

* CHORUS *

Remember the night when we strolled down the trail
Our hearts were gay and happy then.
You whispered to me as I held you close
I hope this night will never end.

* CHORUS *

* CHORUS *

(18) THE BALLAD OF WAGON WHEEL Bob Dylan & Ketch Secor Old Crow Medicine Show

(Written by Bob Dylan & Ketch Secor) Larry: Vocals & Guitar Ellie: Fiddle

"One day while the band made their daily pilgrimage to the Burrito Banquet, I stayed back and recorded this. Ellie put down the Fiddle when they got back. This is my take on a fantastic song."

- Dirty Larry (P.S. Support your local Burrito Banquet)

Intro: G D Em C G D C C

A E
Heading down south to the land of the pines.
Fm D
Thumbing my way to North Caroline.
A E D
Staring up the road, pray to God I see headlights.
A E
I made it down the coast in seventeen hours,
Fm D
Picking me a bouquet of dogwood flowers.
A E D C
And I'm a hopin' for Raleigh, I can see my baby tonight.

* CHORUS *

A E
Rock me momma like a wagon wheel,
Fm D
Rock me momma any way you feel.
A E D
Hey momma rock me.
A E
Rock me momma like the wind and rain,
Fm E
Rock me momma like a south bound train.
A E D
Hey momma rock me

G D
Running from the cold up in New England
Em C
I was born to be a fiddler in an old time string band
G D C
Baby plays the guitar... I pick the banjo now
G D
Now the North Country winters keep gettin' me now
Em C
Lost my money playing poker so I had to up and leave
G D C
I ain't turning back... To living that old life no more

(19) THE HILLS THAT I CALL HOME

**Robert Curtice Amos
Iris Dement**

Andy: Vocals & Guitar Ellie: harmony Vocals & Fiddle Mike: Bass

“Rangers have long been proclaiming that Philmont is HOmE. This song reminds campers and all staff that once you’ve hiked the trails, smelled the pines, and heard the rustle of the aspen leaves while surrounded by the best people on Earth, there is no place better to be than those “hills” in Northeastern New Mexico.” - Andy

Chords by Ben DiAnna

Chords:

A, D, F#m, E

[A] I have worked upon a hillside
Where the [D] pines sing in the [A] wind
[A] Where the Ranchers lived before [F#m] me
And the [E] miners before [A] them.

[A] We believe in simple livin’
It’s the [D] only life to [A] know
[A] All we need here is our [F#m] freedom
And a [E] place to call our [A] own

* CHORUS *

In the [F#m] land of Lucian [A] Maxwell
Where the [E] quaking aspen [A] grow
[A] Where the wild grass fills the [F#m] meadows
And the [E] rocky rivers [F#m] flow
By the [E] hills that I call [A] home

I have traveled ‘cross the country
And there is much that I have learned
Still I’ve felt no peace inside me
Till the day that I return

For there are two things you can count on
In this troubled world we face
Every season has an ending
Every person has a place.

* CHORUS *

(20) GREAT HIGH MOUNTAIN

Ralph Stanley

Larry: Vocal Ellie: Vocals & Fiddle Andy: Mandolin Mike: Banjo, Bass, Mandolin Solo, and Guitar
“Great High Mountain is a classic bluegrass song that fits Philmont perfectly on several layers.
Thanks, Ellie for adding class to this song. Mike played four instruments on this track.
I don’t care what all the girls say about you Mike ...you’re all right.” - Dirty Larry

Once I stood at the foot of a great high mountain
That I wanted so much to climb
And on top of this mountain was a beautiful fountain
That flows with the waters of life

I fell down on my knees at the foot of this mountain
I cried, “O Lord what must I do?”
I want to climb this mountain, I want to drink from this fountain
That flows so clear in my view

Then I heard a sweet voice from the top of this mountain
Saying, “Child put your hand in mine”
I started climbing slowly, watch your step at the edges
And take one step at a time

I started climbing upward taking one step at a time
The higher I got, the harder I climbed

I’m still climbing upwards and my journey’s almost ended
I’m nearing the top and you ought to see the view
Oh the water flows freely, there’s enough to make you free
So friend if you’re thirsty climb this mountain with me

(21) AUGUST DAY

Lyrics and music by G.S. Harper

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Written & performed by G.S. Harper

Engineered and mixed by Rich at "The Bombshack" Parma, Ohio.

"August Day was nearly twenty years in the making. It took me that long to realistically discover, assess and articulate exactly what Philmont did for me, and to me. The response has been overwhelming, seems lots of other folks are in the same boat. Here's hoping that at some point, the memories are no longer enough for us, and that we all find the ways and means to have one more high, clear, August Day."

- G.S. Harper

Passed a little stone house on a hill today
Set back from the road a ways
And I remembered, that old cabin in the Sangres

Weren't much to look at, it was
Even less to live in
But we were younger then,
Didn't stop to count the money
Or the days

Wish I could have stayed on
Just one more summer
I'm getting older now it slips back
A little further every day

And I need one more drink from a mason jar
One more wish, on one more falling star
One more high, clear, August day

There were five lost souls in five stacked bunks
Living out of old Navy trunks
But by the fourth of July
We'd learned to live and work like brothers

Then I found love at Kit Carson's bar
Kissed her 'neath a billion stars
And by August,
All we wanted was each other

Wish we could have stayed on
Just one more summer,
I'm getting older now it slips back
A little further every day

And I need one more drink from a mason jar
One more wish, on one more falling star
One more high, clear, August day

Now my friends pass you by and they barely know you
But I can still see who you are
It's hard to believe, we let ourselves just slip away
Even harder to believe we've come this far

But life's different in the Sangres
Than it is down on the sidewalk
Where you sweat the money matters
And you speak instead of talk

And the damndest thing I've seen
Is us here speaking to each other
Instead of talking like we're lovers
Though we still can walk the walk

Maybe we should go back
And steal one more summer
We're getting older now
I'd hate to think it might somehow slip away

Cause I need one more drink from a mason jar
One more wish, on one more falling star
One more high, clear, August day

So what would you say to,
Drinking from a mason jar
I'll kiss you 'neath the same bright billion stars
We saw that high, clear, August day

*Note: there is 1 minute of silence at the end of this track to create a separation between the album and the bonus tracks.

You may skip forward, stop or just enjoy the silence.

Bonus Tracks (On CD)

(22) I'VE BEEN EVERYWHERE (ala Philmont) Dirty Larry

(Written & Performed by Dirty Larry. Original version Written by Hank Snow)

"This song was a blast to come up with all the place names and a challenge to sing. It doesn't fit the style of the rest of the album so I decided to make it a bonus track. Have you been everywhere? Take the *IBE Challenge* to see if you have the bragging right to say you've been everywhere," - Dirty Larry.

Hurrah! – Dirty Larry – Gave me the Lyrics and chords!

I swore that I wouldn't work on this 'til Dirty Larry gave me the lyrics.

(I couldn't even attempt to decipher the lyrics myself.)

Thanks to some previous very welcome lyrics help from *Ben DiAnna*, then *Chas. Clifton*, both of whom gave us a good start on figuring out most of the lyrics.

Chas. said, "I must have listened to this freaking song 100 times last night, and I still can not get all of the words right. I am either going to hug or kick Dirty Larry next time I see him for all of this anguish. It's the best song of the Yarn Sessions CD in my opinion! Listen to the CD, and follow the words I've written.

THANKS Charles, for your help ...and the anguish! – *David paf56*

Kudos and congratulations to Dirty Larry on getting this one to have the same sound, feel and flavor as the original version. Plus given the fact that in the entire United States there are so MANY more large cities and place names that the original author could work with, then there are Philmont Camps, land features and place names around Philmont Scout Ranch in which Dirty Larry could choose and pick from. – David paf56

[C] I was totin' my pack along the dusty Comanche Contour road,
When along came a com truck with a high and canvas covered load,
"If your [F] going to Cypher's, Mack, with me you can ride."
So I [C] climbed into the cab, and then I settled down inside,
He [G] asked me if I'd seen a road with so much dust and sand,
I said, "Listen, Bud... I've traveled every road in this here land!"

* CHORUS *

[C] I've been everywhere, man
I've been everywhere, man
[F] 'Cross the base camp bare, man
I've [C] breathed the mountain air, man
[G] Travel had my share, man
[C] I've been [G] every- [C] where.

Been to [C] Ponil, Sawmill, Maxwell, Rayado,
Anasazi, Comanche, Porky, Pueblano,
[F] Clarks Fork, North Fork, Middle Fork, Cito,
[C] Hunting Lodge, Health Lodge, Sweat Lodge, Zastrow,
[G] Vaca, Urraca, Abreu, Aguilla,
[C] Valle Vidal, Dining Hall, took a tour at the Villa.

* CHORUS *

Change to [C#]:

[C#] Been to Head of Dean, Upper Dean, New Dean, Clear Creek,
Ute Park, Miners Park, Copper Park, Deer Creek,
[G#/Ab] Contention Mine, Porcupine, Bovine, Windmill,
[Eb] Thunder Mine, Garst Mine, Gold Mine, Grist Mill,
[G#/Ab] Ute Springs, Apache Springs, Hot Springs-hippieville,
[C#] Wilson Mesa, Coyote Mesa, Urraca Mesa- big mistake,
Deer Lake, Webster Lake, Crater Lake, for Pete's sake.

* CHORUS *

Change to [D]:

[D] Been to Baldy Camp, Fish Camp, Old Camp, New Camp,
Rich Cabins, Lost Cabin, Charlie's Cabin- haunted Camp,
[G] Wild Horse, Black Horse, Sawhorse, Baldy Mountain,
[D] Cathedral Rock, Rock Jock, Window Rock, Bear Mountain,
[A] Trail Peak, Tolby Peak, Lover's Leap, Muck Shack,
[D] Got my 'Arrowhead' patch, 'We All Did It' plaque, and snapshot with the T-Rex track,

* CHORUS *

Change to [Eb]:

[Eb] Been to Tooth Ridge, Thunder Ridge, Cypher's Bridge, Seally,
Raton, Cimarron, St. James, Cree-Mee,
[F#] Ring Place, Nairn Place, Palmer's Place, Black Mountain,
[C#] PJ, PTC, RO Water Fountain,
[Bb] Been a PC, CD, BCM, RT

(Cree-Mee Drive In)
31083 US-64, Cimarron
(575) 376-2480

Take me down to the 'Chick' Tent City, where the grass is green and the girls are pretty!

* CHORUS *

I know someplace you haven't been!

Hold on a second... I've been everywhere
I been-a... I been-a... Cimarron, Colfax County
Philmont Scout Ranch... I've been everywhere

Chas. tells me he was the Contingent Advisor for Three Rivers Council, Beaumont, Texas with 36 members in 708-01 Crew A, B, and C. His Eagle Scout son was a Staffer in 2002.

Chas. assisted the Backcountry Mangers for a few days in the North Country before the Staff Scatter. He served on PTC faculty in 2003, teaching NYLT. In 2006, he and his family attended the PSA reunion, and had the pleasure of listening to Dirty Larry, Mike Griffis, and Andy Gerhart live, as well as Rod Taylor, G.S. Harper, and Andrea Martin, she is a fabulous harmonica player who was filling in for Eric Voss.

He is currently serving at the High Adventure Adviser for his council, prepping three crews for a 2009 trek. He also plans to go on a trek in 2010 with our Venture Crew.

"I have used your site many times in the past, as I truly love and enjoy Philmont."

IWTGBTP!
Chas. Clifton
Port Neches, Texas

(23) COMIN' ON STRONG (at Philmont)

Author Unknown

This is from the old promotional video by Philmont in the 1970's *See text box to lower right*

(Author unknown) Heath Shelton: all instruments Dirty Larry: Vocals & Growls

"This is a variation of the theme song to a documentary made in the 1970's about Philmont. The original was folksy rock, very 70's- I loved it! I really wanted to record the song as an acoustic Donkeys song but we ran out of studio time. Instead I asked my friend and former Phil-staffer Heath Shelton if he could come up with some Rock instrumentation for me to sing to. He did and it rocks! This song holds special value to me. My dad would borrow the Comin' on Strong reel to reel from the local Scout office every year before and after taking a crew to Philmont. I must have seen it 10 times before I was ever able to go to Philmont myself. In fact my mother was at a particular showing when she went into labor with my older sister. My dad requested she wait it out until Comin' on Strong had finished. I dreamed of going to Philmont from the time I was about 7. I would sing this song at the school playground and riding' my bike around the neighborhood. When I finally was able to go to Philmont it was a dream come true for me. I continued to go onto 4 treks, 8 summers on staff and even fell in love and married a Phil-girl Philmont has been such an important part of my life. And this is the song that inspired it all... As silly as that may seem: - Dirty Larry

Verse 1:

Gonna leave this plastic world behind
Gonna stretch my legs and open my mind
Gonna see that place where the mountains are high
And look at the world from the top of the sky

* CHORUS *

Coming on strong at Philmont
Coming on strong at Philmont
Coming on strong, coming on strong, coming on strong

Verse 2:

Where the land is alive with elk and deer
And the water runs cold and fast and clear
With something great around every bend
And every stranger is a brand new friend

* CHORUS *

Verse 3:

Though I may not grow any bigger at all
When I leave, I'm feelin' ten feet tall
Gonna do a little more than I think I can
Gonna come a little closer to becoming a man

Fade out: [lines are dragged out]

I'm a man
I'm at Philmont
I'm coming on, I'm coming on
Cimarron New Mexico 87714
Mom won't you send me some cookies?

Lyrics provided by Ben DiAnna and Chas. Clifton

Philmont or Bust!

One DVD, Two Philmont Classics

Beyond the Tooth of Time – A 1963 film depicting the back country camps and activities that perpetuate the experience of scouting at Philmont. 23 minutes in length

Coming on Strong – A 1973 film which follows the escapades of one scout as he recalls his adventure, and misadventures, at Philmont. 30 minutes in length

Whether reliving history at Kit Carson's home, flint knapping, log rolling, or racing burros this film depicts the adventure and camaraderie built around the Scouting experience. It's great nostalgia and great fun as you compare your Scouting experience with those who hiked the trails before you!

Available: at the Tooth of Time Traders
6617 Price \$10.00
http://www.toothoftimetraders.com/philmont/dep_t.asp?dept_id=4173&

Music available for Free Download

From: www.tobascodonkeys.com/

On the "Free Download" page

(24) GOT MY MOJO WORKIN'

Preston Foster

1. [GOT MY MOJO WORKIN'](#): After a long day of recording at around 2am we were kicking around chatting about Philmont (of course). Mike had a guitar he was doodling with. Voss had a harmonica. I moved the microphones to where they were sitting asked them to record something. This is what came out. –Larry

Voss: Vocals, Harp Mike: Guitar

Got my mojo working, but it just don't work on you
Got my mojo working, but it just don't work on you

Down to Louisiana, to get me a mojo and...
I'm going down to Louisiana, to get me a mojo and...
I'm gonna have all you women bankin' on my command

* CHORUS *

Got my mojo working, *echo* got my mojo working,
Got my mojo working, *echo* got my mojo working,
Got my mojo working, *echo* got my mojo working,
Got my mojo working, *echo* got my mojo working,
Got my mojo working, but it just don't work on you

Got a gypsy woman, now giving me advice
I got a gypsy woman now, giving me advice
Got a whole bag of tricks; keep right here on ice

* CHORUS *

* CHORUS *

Got my mojo working, *echo* got my mojo working,
Got my mojo working, *echo* got my mojo working,
Got my hoosey working, *echo* got my hoosey working,
Got my mojo working, *echo* got my mojo working,
Got my mojo working, but it... just... don't... work... on you

Origins:

The song was originally recorded by Ann Cole in the 1957. She learned it from a demo record by the composer, Preston Foster. Muddy Waters toured with her and liked the song; he added some lyrics of his own and recorded it himself - at first claiming authorship as well.

(25) JOHNNY 99

Bruce Springsteen

2. [JOHNNY 99](#): We really wanted to put this one on the album because it's a great story song and it's from the same Bruce Springsteen album (Nebraska) as "*Reason To Believe*". In the end, we figured the content didn't really fit the rest of the album. A great song. 100% Voss. - Larry

Intro: B B F# B

Well they closed down the auto plant in Mahwah late last month
Ralph went out lookin' for a job, but he couldn't find none
He came home too drunk from mixin' Tanqueray and wine
He got a gun... shot a night clerk, now they call him Johnny 99

Down in the part of town, where when you hit a red light, you don't stop
He's wavin' his gun around and threatenin' to blow his top
When an off-duty cop snuck up on him from behind
Front of the club Tip Top he slapped the cuffs on Johnny 99

Well the city supplied a public defender, but the judge was mean John Brown
He came into the courtroom and he stared pour Johnny down
Well the evidence is clear gonna let the sentence son fit the crime
Prison 98 and a year and well call it even, Johnny 99

HARMONICA: B B E B B B F# B

A fist fight broke out in the courtroom, they had to drag Johnny's girl away
His mama stood up and shouted, judge don't take my boy this way
Well son you got any statement you'd like to make
Before the bailiff comes to forever take you away

Well judge, judge I got debts no honest man could pay

B

F#

They were holdin' my mortgage and they were gonna take my house away

B

Now I ain't sayin' that make me an innocent man

B

F#

B

But it was more 'n all this judge that put that gun in my hand

Now your honor I do believe I'd be better off dead

F#

So if you can take a mans life for the thoughts that's in his head

B

Then sit back in that chair and think it over judge one more time

B

F#

B

Let 'em shave off my hair and put me on that execution line

OUTRO: E B F# B B B F# B

(26) LONG BLACK VEIL

Marijohn Wilkin & Danny Dill

3. [LONG BLACK VEIL](#): This song should have been on the album but we felt we couldn't get the right sound.

- Larry

Andy: Vocals & Guitar, Ellie: Fiddle, Mike: Bass

Ten years ago on a cold dark night,
Stranger was killed 'neath the town hall lights.
There were few at the scene, but they all agreed,
The stranger who fled looked a lot like me.

The Judge said son, what is your alibi,
If you were somewhere else, you won't have to die.
I spoke not a word, though it meant my life,
For I'd been in the arms of my best friends wife.

* CHORUS *

She roams these hills, in a long black veil.
She visits my grave, when the night winds wale.
Nobody knows, nobody sees,
Nobody knows, but me

The scaffold is high, and eternity's near.
She stood in the crowd, and she shed not a tear.
But some times at night, when the night winds moan
She stands over my grave, and she cries over my bones

She walks these hills, in a long black veil.
She visits my grave when the night winds wail.
No body knows, no body sees.
No body knows, but me.

* CHORUS *

Nobody knows, but me

(27) LAND OF THE NAVAJO

Lyrics & Music: Peter Rowan

7. [LAND OF THE NAVAHO](#): Great story song and Andy played this for several years while he was out there.

We just couldn't find the right sound. - Larry

Andy: Vocals & Guitar, Ellie: Fiddle, Tim: Mandolin, Mike: Bass

* CHORUS *

Oh, the wind blows cold
On the trail of the buffalo
Oh, the wind blows cold
In the land of the Navajo
In the land of the Navajo

A hundred miles from nowhere out upon the desert sand
One-eyed Jack, the trader, held some turquoise in his hand
By his side sat Running Elk, his long-time Indian friend
Who swore that he would stay by Jack until the bitter end

Jack had gambled everything he owned to lead this wandering life
He might have had a happy home and a tender loving wife
But his hunger was for trading trapper's furs for turquoise stone
Anything that the Indians had, Jack wanted for his own

* CHORUS *

Said Jack to Running Elk, I'll gamble all my precious stones
Before I leave my body here among these bleaching bones
For see my time is drawing near and I'm filled with dark regret
My spirit longs to journey as the sun begins to set

For we raped and killed, we stole your land, we ruled with guns and knives
Fed whiskey to your warriors while we stole away your wives
Said Running Elk, what's done is done, you white men rule this land
So lay the cards face up and play your last broken-hearted hand

* CHORUS *

When you're dealing cards with death, the joker's wild, the ace is high
Jack bid the Mississippi River, Running Elk raised him the sky
Jack saw him with the sun and moon and upped him with the stars
Running Elk bet the Rocky Mountains, Jupiter, and Mars

The sun was sinking in the west when Jack drew the ace of spades
Running Elk just rolled his eyes, he smiled and passed away
Jack gathered up his turquoise stones and cast them to the sky
He stared into the setting sun and he made a mournful cry

* CHORUS *

(28) CLUCK OLD HEN

Traditional Wayne Erbsen

4. [CLUCK OL' HEN](#): This was the first song we played for this session to test out the mikes. We didn't get the best sound, but I LOVE what Iron John brings to this song. Old-time fiddle and I really like his singing style. - Larry
Iron John: Vocals & Fiddle, Andy: Guitar, Mike: Banjo, Tim: Mandolin

Traditional tune and lyrics. Old-Time, Breakdown
ARTIST: Wayne Erbsen from Back Porch Old-time Songbook

Cluck ol' hen cluck and squall
Hadn't laid an egg since late last fall
Cluck ol' hen cluck and sing
Hadn't laid an egg since late last spring

My old hen, is a good ol' hen
Lays her eggs for the railroad men
Sometimes one and sometimes two
That's enough for the whole damn crew

Cluck ol' hen cluck and squall
Hadn't laid an egg since late last fall
Cluck ol' hen cluck and sing
Hadn't laid an egg since late last spring

My old hen, she won't do
She lays eggs and taters too
Last time she cackled she cackled a lot
Next time she cackles, cackles in the pot

Cluck ol' hen cluck and squall
Hadn't laid an egg since late last fall
Cluck ol' hen cluck and sing
Hadn't laid an egg since late last spring

My old hen's a good ole hen,
Lays eggs for the railroad men
Sometimes eight and sometimes ten
That's enough for the whole damn crew

(29) CAT'S IN THE CRADLE

Harry & Sandra Chapin

5. [CATS IN THE CRADLE](#): I used to play this along with my staff at campfires. It had a lot of impact on the advisors. But more so it's a song about regret. Time wasted. Sometimes people might regret time wasted at Philmont. We just didn't need another ballad on the CD, especially one with me singing- and besides it's been done so well by so many people already. - Larry

Larry: Vocals, Mike: Guitar, Andy: Bass

Well, my child arrived just the other day
He came to the world in the usual way
But there were planes to catch and bills to pay
He learned to walk while I was away
And he was talkin' 'fore I knew it, and as he grew
He'd say "I'm gonna be like you, Dad
You know I'm gonna be like you"

And the cat's in the cradle and the silver spoon
Little boy blue and the man in the moon
When you comin' home Dad?
I don't know when, but we'll get together then, son
You know we'll have a good time then

Well, my son turned ten just the other day
He said, "Thanks for the ball, Dad, come on let's play
Can you teach me to throw", I said "Not today
Got a lot to do", he said, "That's OK "
And he walked away but his smile never dimmed
He said, "I'm gonna be like him, yeah
You know I'm gonna be like him"

And the cat's in the cradle and the silver spoon
Little boy blue and the man in the moon
When you comin' home Dad?
I don't know when, but we'll get together then, son
You know we'll have a good time then

Well, he came from college just the other day
So much like a man I just had to say
"Son, I'm proud of you, can you sit for a while?"
He shook his head and he said with a smile
"What I'd really like, Dad, is to borrow the car keys
See you later, can I have them please?"

And the cat's in the cradle and the silver spoon
Little boy blue and the man in the moon
When you comin' home son?
I don't know when, but we'll get together then, Dad
You know we'll have a good time then

Well, I've long since retired, my son's moved away
I called him up just the other day
I said, "I'd like to see you if you don't mind"
He said, "I'd love to, Dad, if I can find the time
You see my new job's a hassle and kids have the flu
But it's sure nice talking to you, Dad
It's been sure nice talking to you"

And as I hung up the phone it occurred to me
He'd grown up just like me, yeah
My boy was just like me

And the cat's in the cradle and the silver spoon
Little boy blue and the man in the moon
When you comin' home son?
I don't know when, but we'll get together then, Dad
You know we'll have a good time then

(30) WILL THE CIRCLE BE UNBROKEN (with Rod Taylor)

Traditional

8. *Unfinished* - [WILL THE CIRCLE BE UNBROKEN](#): We wanted this song to work- but it didn't. We were so excited to be recording with Rod Taylor and it's a shame we just couldn't pull it off. We never even finished the song so there's a lot of empty space for solos. Perhaps this would be a good practice track for someone learning an instrument? There is one beautiful shining moment to this song- when Rod sings. He's da man. - Larry

Vocals: Andy, Larry, Mike, Ellie, Rod Taylor and Anne Marie Kauffman on the chorus.

Andy: Guitar, Mike: Bass, Ellie: Fiddle, Rod: Guitar pickin' and solo.

* CHORUS *

G

Will the circle be unbroken

C G

Bye and bye lord, bye and bye,

There's a better home a-waiting

D G

In the sky lord, in the sky.

G

I was standing by my window

C G

On a cold December day

When I saw the hearse come rolling

D G

For to carry my mother away.

* CHORUS *

G

Lord, I told the undertaker,

C G

Undertaker please drive slow

For this body that you are takin'

D G

Lord, I hate to see her go.

* CHORUS *

G
Well, I followed close behind her
C G
Tried to hold up and be brave

But I could not hide my sorrow
D G
When they laid her in the grave.

* CHORUS *

G
Went back home now, it were empty
C G
One by one they went away

Now that family they are parted
D G
Will they meet again someday

* CHORUS *

G
I went home, my home was empty
C G
Now my mother she has gone

All my brothers, sisters crying
D G
What a home so sad and 'lone

* CHORUS *

* CHORUS *

(31) OL' JACK CLARK / CRIPPLE CREEK Traditional

6. [OL' JOE CLARK/CRIPPLE CREEK](#): OK- this is really opening up our mistakes to you. We had some good intentions with mixing these songs together but as Mike says, "Ol' Joe just got up and went to check his mail in the middle of the song". The reason we are putting it up is because our band members were mixed- some dislike it and are very embarrassed by it and wish it weren't on this site, some like it and think it should have been on the CD. Could this be the beginning of the end for the Donkeys? VH1 Behind the Music? - Larry

Ellie: Fiddle, Mike: Banjo, Andy: Guitar, Tim: Mandolin

IWGBTP! 87714 IWGBTP! 87714 IWGBTP! 87714 IWGBTP! 87714 IWGBTP! 87714 IWGBTP! 87714

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All songs engineered and mixed by Dirty Larry.
G.S. Harper's songs by Rich Ellis at "The Bombshack" Parma, Ohio
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