

ELIZA GILKYSON

SONGS FROM THE RIVER WIND



WANDERIN'

(Traditional/Gilkyson)

My daddy was a song-man
My mother broke his heart
And the road was always calling
From the very start
And it looks like I'm never gonna cease
My wanderin'

Oh I have been a wanderer
I roam from town to town
Singing for my supper
With no thoughts of settling down
And it looks like...

I had a guitar man in Austin
A friend in Santa Fe
And a cowboy up in Jackson
Who tempted me to stay
But it looks like...

From the Brazos to the Badlands
Along the Rio Grande I've roamed
Winding round the road bends
Rolling like a stone

Always a wanderer
Never a home
With all my days behind me
And a heart that's bound to roam
And it looks like...

BUFFALO GALS REDUX

(Traditional/Gilkyson)

I pulled outta Cheyenne with steam in my kettle
And my dancing shoes, pedal to the metal
Gotta get to Washakie before the sun settles
And I'll dance by the light of the moon
Buffalo gals and pony boys

Get to congregating down in old Dubois
Cowboys coming out to make some noise
At the Wind River Rendezvous

I danced with a guy with a hole in his sock
And his heels kept rockin and his knees kept
knockin

Tomorrow morn he better do some talkin
Cause we danced by the light of the moon

Buffalo Gals won't you come out tonight
Come out tonight
Come out tonight
Buffalo Gals won't you come out tonight
And dance by the light of the moon

I danced with a guy whose spurs were a-jinglin'
And the sparks were flying, elbows flinging
Tomorrow morn his head'll still be ringin'
Cause we danced by the light of the moon.

Buffalo Gals...

FARTHEST END

(Gilkyson)

Change in the weather, ridin' the range
He got caught in a late winter storm
He was up all night by the firelight
Keepin' his body warm
He had one cigarette, more than one regret
And questions he'd never forget
Where's the farthest end of the deepest sky
Why does my heart still cry

Well he ran away when he was just a kid
Joined up with the boys in the camp
And he roped and rode and he rodeo'd
Married the girl on the ranch
Now there's stock in the bank and stock on the
range

Questions that time cannot change
Where's the farthest end of the deepest sky
Why does my heart still cry

With the clouds overhead and his dreams far
behind
And the things that don't change over time
Where's the farthest end of the deepest sky
Why does my heart still cry

CHARLIE MOORE

(Gilkyson)

Up in old Wyoming just below the timberline
The River Wind comes roaring down
And takes me back through time
To where old Charlie Moore was born
'round 1884

The son of an Indian Trader at the
Reservation store

Brought up as a tribal Indian, he was an
old man when I met him

I was shy and unsure, a shadow of a girl
But I never will forget him

Silent and wise, mostly spoke with his eyes
And he knew the back country well
And before I could sleep it was Charlie I'd seek
And some animal story he'd tell

And oh Charlie I wonder now
Where did all the wise ones go
Did they leave us lie to live and die
Watching the big Wind River flow
Watching the big Wind River flow

My little brother and I went wanderin' way out
through the pines
Looking for stones and the angel bones that only
a young child finds

We got lost and scared as night fell in but old
Charlie tracked us down
And carried us safe home in his arms
With the moonlight on the ground

But oh Charlie I'm lost again,
Wont you come and track me down
Carry me back to the wilderness

Don't you let a good woman go down,
Don't you let a good woman go down

WIND RIVER AND YOU

(Gilkyson)

Down by the river in a little old trailer
That's where I first met you on a Wyoming Day
Children and stories, old dogs and ponies
Rodeo cronies and your gentle way

Wind River lover, sagebrush and grass grow
My heart has been lasso'd by a love that is true
Strong as a mountain, clear as spring water
Rock me with memories, Wind River and you

Two worlds apart we met for a moment
Sparkled like diamonds, finer than glass
Silence and sweetness, you can't try to hold them
Days that were golden slipped into the past

Wind River lover...

I took some sweet sage, I took some turquoise
Juniper berries, a small crystal stone
I buried them out on that far-away mountain
Cried like a baby, lost and alone

Wind River lover...

THE COLORADO TRAIL

(Traditional/Gilkyson)

Driving Colorado with with tomorrow
bought and sold

It seems like such a long time since

I left you for the road

Weep all ye little rains

Wail, winds, wail

All along along along the Colorado Trail

The nights are so lonely

When there's someone left behind

I think how hard I tried to make that

restless gambler mine

I live for times I reached him

And I cry for times I failed

All along along along the Colorado Trail

Stars fading in the sky, day's gonna break

Sun will be a-rising soon

Everything will wake

Weep all ye little rains

Wail, winds, wail

All along along along the Colorado Trail

THE HILL BEHIND THIS TOWN

(Gilkyson)

I like to walk up the hill behind this town

I like to watch the sun as it makes its

way on down

Shining on the clouds above the far horizon line

Lighting up the mountaintops and this heart

of mine

And I can't help but smile as I watch the
sun go down

After climbing up on the hill behind this town

At the end of the day when I watch the

sun go down

My cabin is warm and I'm feeling satisfied

The snow ain't so bad with all that wood

piled up outside

Winter is the season that will show you by and by

Everything is still alive although it seems to die

And I can't help but smile...

Sometimes I wake when that train comes

pounding through

And it throbs like my heart heading further

west to you

The whistle blasts the aching lasts until

the train sounds die

Cause I know you'll be sleeping where

that train will pass you by

But I can't help but smile...

BRISTLECONE PINE

(Prestwood)

Way up in the mountains on the high timberline

There's a twisted old tree called the

Bristlecone Pine

The wind there is bitter, it cuts like a knife

And it keeps that tree holding on for dear life

But hold on it does standing its ground

Standing as empires rise and fall down

When Jesus was gathering lambs to his fold

The tree was already a thousand years old

Now the way I have lived there ain't no way to tell

When I die if I'm going to heaven or hell

So when I'm laid to rest it would suit me just fine

To sleep at the feet of the Bristlecone Pine

For as I would slowly return to the earth

What little this body of mine might be worth

Would soon start to nourish the roots of that tree

And it would partake of the essence of me

And who knows but that as the centuries turn
A small spark of me might continue to burn
As long as the sun did continue to shine
Down on the limbs of the Bristlecone Pine

Now the way I have lived there ain't no way to tell
When I die if I'm going to heaven or hell
So I'd just as soon serve out eternity's time
Asleep at the feet of the Bristlecone Pine
Asleep at the feet of the Bristlecone Pine

BEFORE THE GREAT RIVER

WAS TAMED

(Richmond/Taylor/Bradley)

I like to walk down to the river
Sit and watch it flow
This thread of life from the mountains
To the desert down below
Its waters feed the farms and the people
in the towns
It's divided and conquered, low and beaten down

I sure wish I coulda seen it spread for miles wide
Flocks of birds a-flying, herds of game
on either side
I sure wish I coulda seen i before
the white men came
Before the reservoirs and ditches
Before the great river was tamed

I see the pastures and the fields
As I head back into town
A quilt of many colors
Emerald, gold and brown
And I know there's no returning to the way
it used to be
For time marches ever onward like a river
to the sea
But I wish I coulda seen it in a spring rage,

Bursting from the canyons like a lion from a cage
Yeah I wish I coulda seen it before
the conquerors came,
Before the dams and the diversions
Before the great river was tamed

AT THE FOOT OF THE MOUNTAIN

(Gilkyson/Gorka)

At the foot of the mountain the waters run down
In the streams and the ditches that flow through
the town

For the people who've lived there since time
was unknown

The mountain is their home

At the foot of the mountain they still work the land
And they live in their houses of mud and sand
And give thanks to the spirit of water and stone
Where the mountain is their home

At the foot of the mountain they rise in the morn
And they gather the apples and harvest the corn
And the circle's unbroken when their children
are born
Where the mountain is their home

At the foot of the mountain I'll lay me down
No tears to be counting for a soul unbound
Scatter my ashes forever to roam
Where the mountain is my home

DON'T STOP LOVIN' ME

(Gilkyson)

The sun has slipped its face below the hills in
the west

Here on the frontier this is the time we love best
The breeze ripples the trees along
the Rio Grande
Here is where we've made our last stand

Now don't stop lovin' me baby
Now don't stop

Your skin smells like the sage growing down
by the stream
Please don't try to wake me, let me stay
in this dream

We'll lie under the stars until
the full moon appears
Thankful for the wisdom of our years

Now don't stop lovin' me baby

Now I'm lying on our satin sheets like
Boney Maroney

Out there in the meadow stands my painted pony
Reminds me of a memory when I was a child
I'm gonna get up on that pony and ride, ride, ride

Now don't stop lovin' me baby...

TAOSENA LULLABYE *(McRae)*

Blanket of stars covers your bed
Sweet smell of piñon round your head
The crickets sing, coyote too
Taosena lullaby to you

Cottonwood blooms are drifting like snow
If I were to leave you where would I go
For where would I find the bluest of skies
And sing Taosena Lullabye

Taosena Lullabye
Taosena Lullabye

Close your eyes now, hear the Taos wind blow
Put your head on my shoulder, I won't let you go
We'll float with the clouds over mountaintops high
And sing Taosena Lullabye

Fair thee well now, I must be away

But I will return to my valley one day
And I'll send my love on wild wings it'll fly
And bring Taosena Lullabye

Taosena Lullabye
Taosena Lullabye

CM SCHOTTISCHE *(Traditiona)*

Traditional-unknown square dance tune springing
from a deep Wyoming childhood memory, sang
it to Don and he worked up a lovely old timey
re-creation of it.



Don Richmond, Eliza, Michael Hearne



*The Real Deal: Shep Shepherdson,
Les Shoemaker, Don Bleak, ca. 1956*



Up the Red Trail with Nancy, ca. 1954



Hanging out with Tommy & the calves, ca. 1956



Terry Gilkyson & Charlie Moore, ca. 1957



Charlie Moore photo courtesy of Dubois Museum