

A vibrant, surreal landscape painting. In the foreground, a field of large, bright red poppies with dark centers is interspersed with green leaves. A small stream flows through the middle ground, reflecting the colorful sky. A single tree with green foliage stands on the left bank of the stream. The sky is a dramatic mix of swirling reds, oranges, yellows, and blues, with long, flowing, ribbon-like shapes. Three butterflies are visible: one in flight over the stream, and two others on the flowers in the foreground. The overall style is expressive and colorful, with a dreamlike atmosphere.

The Rifters
The Enchanted World



The Circle

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This song sprang from a conversation with one of our ranching neighbors and is dedicated to the Lesters, the Olivers, and to ranchers everywhere.

I do the same thing every year, so the rancher said
But it's never twice the same, and I never get ahead
I was counting on the snow, that never came at all
To green up that pasture, I replanted in the fall

Chorus -

He stands at the center, while the circle spins around
While the calves get born, and the water runs down

The circle seems to spin, but it's still where he stands
Feeling the rhythm of the seasons, pass across his land

He don't get too up about the good years,
don't get too down about the bad
Only the cold wind brings a tear, only the old dog makes him sad
It's watching new life in his herd, spreadin' out at sunset
That keeps him rising in the dark, to see if that heifer's ready yet

Chorus

Prices are looking good this year, he just might make a buck
If the old tractor keeps running and the tires hold on the cattle truck
And maybe the San Juans will get some snow, and that Excelsior Ditch will fill
Maybe his hopes and dreams can hold on too, maybe they always will

Chorus, repeat

Watching winter, spring, summer and fall
pass across his land

Rod Taylor – acoustic guitar, lead vocals

Jim Bradley – bass, harmony vocals

Don Richmond – acoustic guitars, mandolin, pedal steel guitar, Weissenborn slide guitar, harmony vocals

The Greatest Mystery

© 2022 Andy Wilkinson BMI

This song, inspired by the late author Max Evans, speaks of the wonder of that implicit harmony that seems to surround us in the natural world. We heard Andy sing this song just after he wrote it, in the lobby of the Holland Hotel in Alpine, Texas while attending the Lone Star Cowboy Poetry Gathering, and immediately fell in love.

High rollers, blue northers, prairie fires,
hail and drought
Uncertain of our borders, our certainties,
our doubts
Without hymnals, without psalters, without
prayers or psalmistry
They carry out the orders of the greatest
mystery

Coyote, criollo, chaparral and rattlesnake
Wild horses, wild buffalo, blue grama,
purple sage
Shinoak mats and creosote, nary one needs
you or me
For each one holds the answer to the
greatest mystery

Chorus -

For the rangeland knows its business, what
to do and how it's done
The wisdom of the wilderness, is a kingdom
that is come
Without pity or forgiveness, for what was or
what will be
Bearing constant witness, to the greatest
mystery

The rangeland moves in circles, without
angles, without lines
Without questions, without searching,
without worrying what we'll find
Requiring no rehearsals to sing its harmony
To the choruses and verses of the greatest
mystery

Chorus

It offers constant witness to the greatest
mystery

Rod Taylor – acoustic guitar, lead vocals
Jim Bradley – bass, harmony vocals
Don Richmond – mandolin, accordion,
harmony vocals



Gonzalitos Mesa, UDBar Ranch

The Enchanted World

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Publishing BMI

*A song about the power we have to choose
how we see the world. Thanks to Paul Pearcy
for joining us on drums.*

You could say it's empty, hot and dry as dust
And there's nothing there worth seeing, just
yucca, sand and brush
But the cactus is in bloom, and the dew
catches the light
That breaks above the mesa. out on the edge
of sight
I want to live, in the enchanted world, in the
enchanted world

You could say it's cold, and you'd rather stay
there by the fire
And that drift across the gate makes you
wish you'd bought those tires
But the world's a giant crystal, with prisms
everywhere
With every path made new, waiting for your
footsteps there
I want to live, in the enchanted world, in
the enchanted world

Some say miracles can't happen, it's a
distance way too far
But in the enchanted world, it seems that's
all we are



You could say it's steep, and it's hard to find
your way
And the path is full of stones, and deadfall
every day
Or that your road is rising to a summit most
sublime
And you know your legs need strength to
deal with such a climb
I want to live, in the enchanted world, in the
enchanted world
In the enchanted world, in the enchanted
world

Rod Taylor – acoustic guitar, harmony vocals
Jim Bradley – bass, harmony vocals
Don Richmond – acoustic guitar, mandolin,
electric guitars, organ, lead vocal
Paul Pearcy – drums

The Perfect Dance

© 2022 T. McCartney, R. Taylor North River Road Publishing BMI

A song Teri and Rod wrote about the eternal dance of the yin and the yang and finding our way through the dichotomy of it all. With special guest Dexter Payne on clarinet, and Paul on drums and spoons.

There's too much rain in Louisiana, out in Utah there ain't enough
Lush green fields near Omaha, in Amarillo, they're a little rough
Seems it's either drought or flood, dry cracked earth or knee-deep mud
One thing's for sure, nothing is pure, not just dark or light, not just wrong or right...

Chorus -

Looking for a little balance, a little hard work, a little romance
Looking for a little balance, a little structure, a little freelance
We're looking for a safety net, every time we take a chance
Looking for a peaceful calm, longing for the perfect dance

One day you're mad as hell, the next in your golden place
One day you're dressed in burlap, the next it's all leather and lace
Seems it's either rain or shine, bull or bear

with the bottom line

One thing's for sure, it's all so obscure, not just left or right, not just black or white

Chorus

Rod Taylor – resonator guitar, lead vocals
Jim Bradley – bass, harmony vocals
Don Richmond – banjo, fiddle, accordion, harmony vocals
Dexter Payne – clarinet
Paul Pearcy – drums, spoons

It's Cause You Lived

© 2022 D. Richmond, R. Taylor, J. Bradley North River Road Publishing BMI

A song that is all too autobiographical, between the three of us! Like the saying goes, getting old ain't for sissies, but we think it's better than the alternative. Thanks to special guest Jimmy Stadler on piano, with Paul on drums.

You look in the mirror and wonder why
The hair is grey and the skin is lined
And the eyes are tired, from all they've seen
They've lost some vision, and some dream

Chorus -

It's cause you lived,
It's cause you took the chance and did the dance
It's cause you didn't shirk, the duty or the work

And though you couldn't guess, you said
yes,
And you gave everything you had to give,
It's cause you lived

Back talks back, as you get out of bed
And the knees speak of every chase you led
And you wonder why your heart, so steady
for so long,
Now is dancing to, some different song

Chorus

Wisdom knows, less and less
And more and more, you're unimpressed
Yet you still fall, for the eyes of a child
For that part of you, still young and wild

Chorus

Rod Taylor – acoustic guitar, harmony vocals
Jim Bradley – bass, harmony vocals
Don Richmond – acoustic guitar, mandolin,
pedal steel, lead vocal
Jimmy Stadler - piano
Paul Percy - drums



At the Foot of the Mountain

© 2021 E. Gillyson, J. Gorka Glikysongs/Bluewater BMI, Blues Palace
Music ASCAP

*We were honored to contribute to our friend
Eliza Gillyson's brilliant 2022 release "Songs
From the River Wind", and this song seemed
to speak to us as a Rifiers tune. It's Eliza's
love song to the Taos area, with music by
the great John Gorka.*

At the foot of the mountain, the waters run
down
Through 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 the 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 never to roam
Where the mountain is my home

At the foot of the mountain, the waters run
down
Through the streams and the ditches that
flow through the town
For the people who lived there since time
was unknown
The mountain is their home
Scatter my ashes never to roam
Where the mountain is my home

Rod Taylor – acoustic guitar, lead vocals
Jim Bradley – bass, harmony vocals
Don Richmond – acoustic guitar, mandolin,
banjo, fiddles, harmony vocals

The Dollar Worth of Mother Earth

© 2022 W. Mitchell, R. Taylor Waddie's Words Publishing BMI

This is a powerful plea from a couple of western voices, to love and honor this incredible enchanted world we live on. Thanks to Jimmy for joining us on piano, with Paul on drums.

We hate to leave this on you, it wasn't you
who dropped the ball
But it's crucial you get on it, if you want a
life at all
Your children and your grandkids won't
know earth as she should be
It's you who must take care of her, we just
showed apathy

Chorus -

And we wouldn't save a gallon, and we
wouldn't save a watt
Or take care of the one thing that gives us
everything we've got
It's you who'll pay our squander, so you
must clarify
The dollar worth of Mother Earth, it's time
mankind decides

We've made her waters toxic, we foul the
air we breathe
Plastic globs the size of Texas, the stars are
hard to see
We talked a lot of rubbish, but got nothing
of worth done

Sent money that did nothing, just made us
feel better some

Chorus

We wouldn't heed the warnings that the
scientists foresaw
We took it and abused it, no deposit just
withdraw
You're her steward or assassin, you're her
future or demise
We're leaving you with our debt, will man
perish or survive?

Chorus

Rod Taylor – acoustic guitars, lead vocals
Jim Bradley – bass, harmony vocals
Don Richmond – lap steel, electric guitar, 12 string
electric guitar, accordion, harmony vocals
Jimmy Stadler – piano
Paul Percy - drums

Tres Pies

© 2022 D. Richmond, R. Taylor, J. Bradley North River Road
Publishing BMI

*While experiencing some health challenges
and limitations in 2022, Don was inspired
by the memory of his old friend Buddy
Wilson's three-legged constant companion,
who always made the best of things. With
Paul on the brushes.*

Tres Pies didn't know no better, figured he
was just as good as any other critter



He'd be up in the truck at the break of day,
to check the herd or bale the hay

Cause there was work to do rabbits to chase,
it's a big job when you own the place
His tongue would flap and his tail would fly,
it was pedal to the metal, do or die

Chorus -

Tres Pies didn't pay no mind, if it was fair or
if it was kind
His paws were dealt, he played his cards,
when he laid 'em down, there was nothin'
but hearts

The coyotes would chase him, he couldn't
flee, he'd sit down and face 'em, and they'd
let him be

Guess they could see his heart deep inside,
that weren't scared of nothin', that would
never hide

He and his partner Piojo would run, chasing
the pheasants in the evening sun

Piojo would climb up the big haystacks, Tres
would bark until he came back

Chorus

Yeah life's gonna shoot some arrows, and
throw some stones your way
Tres Pies just went for the marrow in the
bones of every day

Chorus, repeat

He just played the paws that he had, in
three-four time, through the good and bad
Just waggin' his way, with everything he had

Rod Taylor – acoustic guitar, harmony vocals
Jim Bradley – bass, harmony vocals
Don Richmond – mandolin, banjo, lead vocals
Paul Pearcy – drums

The Wonder of You

© 2022 D. Richmond, T. McCartney North River Road Publishing BMI

*Yeah, it's an amazing world, but the purest
beauty we will ever find is in our dear loved
ones. Thanks to Don's brother Diamond Jim
Richmond for the sweet steel, and Michael
Hearne for the lovely guitar.*

I've walked under the full moon, Venus
rising in the east
Watched Orion fade, as the light slowly
increased
But nothing I've seen up there, can ever

quite compare
To the feeling of being right next to - the
wonder of you

I've hiked the tangled canyons, and climbed
the snowy peaks
To hear the voice of wisdom, that must
surely speak
I've pondered the mystery, and felt the touch
of light
But nothing like the sight of seeing through,
to the wonder of you

When I feel love's energy, flow through me
like electricity,
It's because you are next to me, right where
you'll always be

I've seen the Eiffel Tower, and the Mona Lisa
smile
Seen the ancient monuments, on the
Emerald Isle
But no work of craft or art, can even make
a start
When I touch the beating heart, of the
wonder of you
Nothing like the sight of seeing through, to
the wonder of you

Rod Taylor – acoustic guitar, harmony vocals
Jim Bradley – bass, harmony vocals
Don Richmond – mandolin, fiddle, lead vocals
Jim Richmond – pedal steel guitar
Michael Hearne – acoustic guitar

Nothing Is Free

J. Moors, K. McCumber A Little Bit Marvelous/Somewhere to Go
Music ASCAP

Jim came across this cool tune from the Colorado duo Moors and McCumber and thought it would make a fun Rifiers romp – and so it does! Featuring Jim on lead vocal and a couple of different basses, with Paul on hand drum.

I made myself a strong cup of coffee, to face
the light of the day
But my pantry is empty and the children are
hungry, I can't find a job that pays

Even if you've got a strong constitution, it
may not give you the right
To go out and get what you need, you better
be ready for a fight

Chorus -
Nothing is free anymore, nothing is free
anymore, nothing is free anymore, I just
can't win

And you can elect to follow the demons,
and watch them swallow you whole
You best watch out for that slippery slope,
or down down down you go

Chorus

Beware the man who comes making
promises, you know he cannot keep



Sunnyside Corrals, UUBar Ranch

Cause in this land of misfit toys, it's hard to
get a good night's sleep

Nothing is free anymore, nothing is free
anymore, nothing is free anymore, nothing
is free anymore
Nothing is free anymore, nothing is free
anymore, nothing is free anymore, you just
can't win

Rod Taylor – acoustic guitar, harmony vocals
Jim Bradley – electric bass, bowed string bass,
lead vocals
Don Richmond – mandolin, fiddle, harmony
vocals
Paul Pearcy - djembe



That Lucky Old Sun

H. Gillespie, B. Smith Beasley Smith Music ASCAP, Haven Gillespie Publishing ASCAP

Rod seems to have a dusty mental basement full of great old songs from who knows where – this classic spilled out one day in the studio when he just sat down to play it for us – and that was the take!

Up in the mornin', out on my job, work like the devil for my pay
Lucky old sun ain't got nothin' to do, just roll around heaven all day

Fuss with my woman, toil with my kids,
sweat till I'm wrinkled and gray
That lucky old sun ain't got nothin' to do,
just roll around heaven all day

Chorus -

Dear Lord above, can't you see that I'm pining
I've got these tears that are falling from my eyes
Send down that cloud with a silver lining,
lead me to Paradise

Show me that river, lead me across, wash all my troubles away
That lucky old sun, ain't got nothing to do,
but roll around heaven all day

Chorus

Show me that river, lead me across, wash all my troubles away
That lucky old sun, ain't got nothing to do,
but roll around heaven all day
just roll around heaven all day, just roll around heaven all day

Rod Taylor – acoustic guitar, lead vocals
Jim Bradley – string bass
Don Richmond – dobro, harmony vocal



Oliver Ranch, Alamosa, CO

So Many Different Things

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*"The world is so full of a number of things –
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings"
goes the old nursery rhyme – and so it is.
Thanks to Eliza Gilkyson for contributing the
harmony, and to Diamond Jim for the fiddle,
Michael Hearne for the lead guitar, and Paul
for the cool "hands on snare" drums.*

There's prayers that need prayin', and things
that need sayin',
And mysteries to leave undisturbed
There's paths that weren't taken, and rules
that need breakin'
And peace best left unperturbed
There's so many different things, so many
different things
So many different things, that make me want
to sing

There's dark nights and bright lights, red
eyes and sore sights,
A sunrise I needed so bad
Friends for the long haul, the out of the blue
phone call
Good days that make me feel glad
There's so many different things, so many
different things
So many different things, that make me want
to sing

I'll sing on the mountain, sing on the plain,
sing in the sunshine, sing in the rain

There's big rocks and hard times, bottom
line and thin dimes
And crimes against all that's good and true
But there's deep talk with company, the light
in your eye when you see me
And how I know I'm home when I'm with
you

There's so many different things, so many
different things
So many different things, so many different
things
There's so many different things, that make
me want to sing, that make me want to sing

Rod Taylor – acoustic guitar, harmony vocal
Jim Bradley – bass
Don Richmond – mandolin, lead vocal
Jim Richmond – fiddle
Michael Hearne – acoustic guitar
Eliza Gilkyson – harmony vocal
Paul Percy - drums

At the Rail

© 2022 J. Bradley, D. Richmond, R. Taylor, North River Road
Publishing BMI

*Too many have gone over it. Here's to those
we've lost, and those who've pulled back
from the edge.*

At the rail it all seems clearer, in the darkest
of all days
Eternity's the judge, will you jump or will
you stay
Will the span of a lifetime come down to
pass or fail
It can seem like the only way you'll ever get
out of jail
At the rail, at the rail

Moonlight on the water, swirls of silver shine
Seem so far away, like when I was feeling fine

Like when I wasn't feeling, that there's just no
way to climb
Back into the light that I once knew as mine
At the rail, at the rail

They say they've put in phones, so you can
call someone who cares
Someone who'll talk you out of ever going
there
Someone who'll say the words, you never got
to hear
Words of love and hope to take away the fear
To take you to some place, a different ending
to the tale
That got you here at midnight standing at
the rail

Rod Taylor – acoustic guitar, lead vocals
Jim Bradley – bass
Don Richmond – accordion



Gentle on My Mind

1. Hartford Sony/ATV Melody BMI

We're all fans of the great John Hartford, and thought his classic song would be a good way to end our journey through the enchanted world, with each of us trading off on lead vocals. Thanks to Pete Wernick on banjo and Michael Hearne on lead guitar for joining us on this great picking tune.

It's knowing that your door is always open
and your path is free to walk
That makes me tend to leave my sleep-
ing bag rolled up and stashed behind your
couch

And it's knowing I'm not shackled by
forgotten words and bonds
and the ink stains that are dried upon
some line

That keeps you in the backroads by the
rivers of my memory
That keeps you ever gentle on my mind

It's not clinging to the rocks and ivy planted
on their columns now that binds me
Or something that somebody said because
they thought we fit together walking
It's just knowing that the world will not be
cursing, or forgiving
when I walk along some railroad track and
find
That you're waving from the backroads by

the rivers of my memory
And for hours you're just gentle on my mind

Though the wheat fields and the clothes
lines and the junkyards and the highways
come between us
And some other woman's cryin' to her
mother 'cause she turned and I was gone
I still might run in silence, tears of joy might
stain my face,
and the summer sun might burn me 'til I'm
blind
But not to where I cannot see you walkin'
on the backroads
By the rivers flowing gentle on my mind

I dip my cup of soup back from a gurglin'
cracklin' caldron in some train yard
My heard a rustling coal pile and a dirty hat
pulled low across my face
Through cupped hands 'round the tin can I
pretend to hold you to my breast and find
That you're waving from the backroads by
the rivers of my memories
Ever smilin' ever gentle on my mind

Rod Taylor – acoustic guitar, lead and harmony
vocals
Jim Bradley – bass, lead and harmony vocals
Don Richmond – mandolin, fiddle, lead and
harmony vocals
Pete Wernick – banjo
Michael Hearne – lead acoustic guitar

Recorded and mixed by Don Richmond at Howlin' Dog Records, Alamosa, Colorado, except Jimmy Stadler piano tracks and Eliza Gilkyson vocal recorded by Omar Rane at Tone Palace Recording, Taos, New Mexico, Michael Hearne acoustic guitar tracks recorded by Bradley Kopp at Redboot Ranch Recording in Austin, Texas, and Jim Richmond tracks recorded by Jim at his home studio in North Richland Hills, Texas.

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www.earthandspiritgallery.com
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Rio Grande at Lester Ranch, Alamosa, CO



Philmont Ranch horse pasture, Cimarron, NM