WYLIE & THE WILD WEST



HOOVES OF THE HORSES

WYLIE & KIMBERLEY'S FAMILY PHOTOS



















I heard this poem recited at the 18th annual National Cowboy Gathering in Elko, NV. It was written in the early 1900's by Will Ogilvie. He was of Scottish descent and resided in Australia when he wrote this masterpiece. I don't know much more about Mr. Ogilvie except that he knew the horse in a profound way.

THE HOOVES OF THE HORSES

Words William H.Ogilvie/ Music W. Gustafson (Two Medicine Music, BMI)

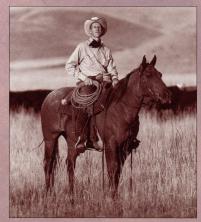
The hooves of the horses O' witching and sweet Is the music earth steals from the iron-shod feet No whisper of lover, no trilling of bird Can stir me as hooves of the horses have stirred

They spurn disappointment and trample despair And drown with their drum beats the challenge of care With scarlet and silk for their banners above They are swifter than fortune and sweeter than love

On the wings of the morning they gather and fly In the hush of the night-time I hear them go by The horses of memory thundering through With flashing white fetlocks all wet with the dew

When you lay me to slumber no spot you can choose But will ring to the rhythm of galloping shoes And under the daisies no grave be so deep For the hooves of the horses to sound in my sleep

One of my favorite tunesmiths is Bob Nolan, who was a founding member of the Sons of the Pioneers. He had a way with words and melodies that consistently catch my ear. He spoke the language of the cowboy so effortlessly and believably that I figure he must have stared at the back end of a few cows in his lifetime. My hat is off to this master of the Western song.



I GRAB MY SADDLE HORN AND BLOW

Bob Nolan (Unichappel Music ASCAP)

Anytime I get the urge to travel Anywhere the tumbleweeds blow Happy when the hooves are scratchin' gravel I grab my saddle horn and blow You may think a certain place has got me And from there I never will roam But you son of a gun I'll bet you a hundred to one I grab my saddle horn and blow

I've traveled all around this country I guess I've been most everywhere I've been from coast to coast and way down south I know the tang of frosty air I like the feel of saddle leather I love the way a pony sways As I ride along I'll sing this song And be happy the rest of my days

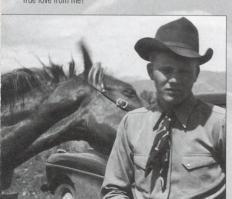
I have a habit for throwing an odd selection into the song mix that will keep folks guessing which way our music is headed. I like to bend the parameters of western music. The truth is, I know what working cowboys like to listen to and sometimes it will surprise a guy. Here's to good songs, great songwriting, and a Texan who made America smile with his great music.

EVERYDAY

B. Holly/ N. Petty (Peer Music BMI)

Everyday, it's a gettin' closer, Goin' faster than a roller coaster, Love like yours will surely come my way, (hey, hey, hey) Everyday, it's a gettin' faster, Everyone says go ahead and ask her, Love like yours will surely come my way, (hey, hey, hey)

Everyday seems a little longer, Every way, love's a little stronger, Come what may, do you ever long for True love from me?



Joel Nelson wrote this fine poem for the 2003 National Cowboy Gathering. The moment I read the first line I knew that Joel was speaking my lingo. Joel is a horseman whom I respect. I took a chance in asking him if I could have the honor of putting his profound words to music. Not knowing me very well, he reluctantly gave me the nod. There is sanctity in the bond between a horseman and his horse and I hope my music rises up to meet Joel's mighty words.

EQUUS CABALLUS

Words Joel Nelson/ Music Wylie Gustafson (Two Medicine Music, BMI)

I have run on middle fingernail through Eolithic morning And I've thundered down the coach road with Revolution's warning

I have carried countless errant knights who never found the grail
I have strained before the caissons. I've moved the nation's mail

I've made knights of lowly tribesmen, kings from ranks of peons I've given pride and arrogance to riding men for eons I've grazed among the lodges, teepees and the yurts Felt the sting of driving whips, lashes, spurs and quirts

I am roguish- I am flighty- inbred and lowly I'm a nightmare gone wild I am Gallant and exalted- stately and noble I'm awesome- I am grand I am

The Horse

I have suffered gross indignities from users and winners
I've felt the touch of kindness from losers and sinners
I have given for the cruel hand and given for the kind

Heaved a sigh at Appomattox when surrender had been signed
I can be as tough as hardened steel- fragile as a flower
I know not my endurance I know not my own power
I have died with heart exploded beneath the cheering stands

Calmly stood below the hanging noose of vigilante bands
So I'll run on middle fingernail until the curtain closes
I'll win for you your triple crown I'll wear for you your roses
Toward you who took my freedom I've no malice or remorse
I'll endure I'll last forever I am... The Horse

This song is an ode to the Buckaroo and his leather lovin' soul. For those of you who don't savvy Buckaroo lingo: "Houlihans" and "Johnny Blochers" are types of loops. A "Wade" is a type of saddle tree. A "mule skin wrap" is the leather used on the saddle horn. A "brush popper" is a cowboy who hunts cattle in the brush. A "frog walker" is a horse that likes to buck. A "shadow rider" is a vaquero who likes to admire his shadow while riding. You won't find most of these definitions in Websters.

LEATHER LOVER

Wylie Gustafson (Two Medicine Music. BMI)

He's a leather lover A rawhide man Throws a fifty foot houlihan Wears a flat brim hat And a mule skin wrap Ain't like no other He's a leather lover

He's a leather lover One cool cowhand Rolls a Johnny Blocher With a flick of a hand He's a brush popper Rides a frog walker El coyotes's brother He's a leather lover

Squinty eyes
Suntanned cheeks
Rides a rough out Wade
With a bucket seat
Hitched horse hair
Around his waist
He's a shadow ridin' fool

Stay out of his way

He's a leather lover A rawhide man Ain't like no other He's a leather lover My favorite riding hour is early in the morning when things are quiet and peaceful. Contentment is easy to find when you're on the back of a broomtail as the sun is peeking over the horizon. I wouldn't trade that rare feeling for anything... it's something money can't buy.

OUT HERE

Wylie Gustafson (Two Medicine Music. BMI)

I crack out my saddle at daylight, throw a leg over and ride The voice of the morning whispers and soothes me deep inside And hope is born in another day...

Out here

The rhythm of the trail gently rocks me like a baby in a mother's arms
A cool breeze kisses and caresses and nothing can do me any harm I'm as free as the hawk circlin' above...
Out here

The hills are washed in a deep, deep blue as they bask in the twilight's glow
The day is done and all is calm, my pony hangs his head low
My troubles are all behind me...
Out here

Outhere



Dust never collects on my Johnny Cash CDs. I never get tired of that oak hewn voice and those simple rhythms. To me, that is what country music is all about. In this great song Johnny pays homage to Luther Perkins, his great guitar player. We will miss Johnny but his music will live forever.

LUTHER PLAYED THE BOOGIE

Johnny Cash (House of Cash, Inc. BMI)

We were just an ol' hillbilly band with a plain ol' country style We never played the kind of songs that'd drive anybody wild Played a railroad song with a stomping beat We played a blues song, kinda slow and sweet But the thing that knocked them off of their feet was, ooh-wee

When Luther played the boogie woogie,

Luther played the boogie woogie, Luther played the boogie woogie, Luther played the boogie woogie, Luther played the boogie woogie, Luther played the boogie woogie, Luther played the boogie woogie, Luther played the boogie in the strangest kind of way Play it strange!

Well, we did our best to entertain everywhere we'd go We'd nearly wear our fingers off to give the folks a show Played jumping jive to make 'em get in the groove We played sad songs, real slow and smooth

I've been lucky and have had my share of "good ones" in my life. My #1 cow hoss Whiskey (Irish Whiskey Sugar) was the inspiration behind this song. He is solely responsible for my addiction to the cutting pen. He graces the cover of this album and will live the rest of his charmed life on the Cross 3 Ranch.

A GOOD ONE

Wylie Gustafson (Two Medicine Music, BMI)

There's nuthin like a good one between yer knees Light to the rein and willin' to please Together as one the day will be done On a good one I'll find my way home



The world looks better from up on a throne Strapped to the topside of muscle and bone Below me, a friend, on whom I depend On a good one I'll find my way home

Where luck is fickle and the days are long Danger is quick and the cattle are strong Married in movement, purpose and song On a good one I'll find my way home

When at last the angels call out my name And the trail is ended on this earthly plane Just send me away on a big honest bay On a good one I'll find my way home Yet another song about one of our cuttin' horses. Manny was born and raised on the Gerwein ranch in southern Alberta. We purchased him in '01 at the Canadian Supreme Horse Auction as a scrappy looking little yearling. He has matured into a beautiful and hard working cutter who can dance like Chuck Berry playing Johnny B. Goode. The "Ranch Spanish" terminology is a typical reflection of the blending of cultures that create the West.

MANOLITO

Wylie Gustafson (Two Medicine Music, BMI)

Manolito el caballo bonito, born to carry the saddle Manolito el caballo bonito, el gato at cuttin' the cattle Barely stands 14 hands, but he sabe the business bueno Manolito el caballo bonito, watch him dance to and fro

Manolito el caballo bonito, born on el llano de Canada Manolito el caballo bonito, the pride of el caballada When put to the test he'll give you his best, mi amigo m muchacho

Manolito el caballo bonito, watch him dance to and fro

Manolito el caballo bonito, el nieto of the great Travalena Manolito el caballo bonito, as quick as the wild javelina With his tail in the sand, he's in command, he sabe the business bueno

Manolito el caballo bonito, watch him dance to and fro Manalito el caballo bonito, watch him dance to and fro

Wylie winning 1998 Reba MacEntire Celebrity Roping



Tom Russell is one of the great folk artists alive today. I feel comfortable about stacking his cds on the top shelf next to Bob Dylan and Woody Guthrie. Tom consistently serves up American classics. The first time I heard Tom perform "The Sky Above, The Mud Below" he transported me to the dark and dank environs of the wild, untamed West. Tom sure can paint a picture with his words.

THE SKY ABOVE. THE MUD BELOW

Thomas G. Russell (Frontera Music, ASCAP, admin: Bug Music)

Two men rode in from the south, a rainy autumn night
The Sky above and the mud below
They walked into the Deacon's bar, they were Mexican by sight
The sky above and the mud below

They threw a horsehair bridle down, we trade this for whiskey rounds. The Deacon slams a bottle down, the two men start to drinkin'

Their hair was long and black, tied up behind their ears
Their faces were identical, like one man beside a mirror
Then someone whispered that beats all, their wanted posters on

Twin brothers name of Sandoval, horse thieves from Boquillas

Now the bridle and the belts they wore were braided gray and black The color of a roan horse once belonged to Deacon Black The fastest horse for miles around, he'd been stolen from the old fairground

A month ago outside of town we tracked and never found him

Now the Deacon was a preacher who had fallen hard from grace He owned the bar and a string of quarter horses that he'd race Yea, Deacon he could drink and curse, though he still quoted sacred verse

He was sheriff, judge: he owned the hearse, a man you did not anger

The sky above, the mud below, the wind and rain, the sleet and snow Two horse thieves from Mexico drinkin' hard and singin'

One brother he spoke English, Deac inquires as to their work The man says mister we braid horsehair bridles, ropes and quirts Yea, that fine bridle we did make, a roan horse killed by leq-bone break

He's horsehair rope now; horse-meat steak, we cleaned him to the bone

yours truly is presidin'

Well these gentlemen they were ignorant or didn't know just where they were The Deacon's face grew darker as he measured every word You horsehair braidin' sons o' witches stole my claim to earthly riches Someone go and die a ditch, there may well be a hangin'

One brother reached inside his shirt searching for his gun Too late, for Deac had whipped around his sawed off Remington The twins, they raised their hands and sneered, Deac was grinnin' ear to ear He says court's in session, hear ye hear,

Well the trial commenced and ended quick they didn't have a hope
Deac says we'll cut your hair now boys and you can braid yourselves a rope
The Old Testament, it says somewhere eye for eye and hair for hair
Covet not thy neighbors mare, I believe it's Revelations.

Now the fancy horsehair bridle, it hangs on Deacon's wall Next to that wanted poster of the brothers Sandoval And he twisted rope so shiny black, the artifact that broke their necks

Their craftsmanship he did respect, they should stuck to braidin'

The sky above the mud below, the wind and rain, the sleet and snow The Deacon's hearse is rollin' slow in the first blue light of mornin' I have had a love affair with my native state ever since I looked up and gazed into her big blue skies as a child. Every day is a good day in Montana.

MMM...MONTANA
Wylie Gustafson (Two Medicine Music, BMI)

Mountain waters meander down Coursing through her fertile ground Wild prairies, chokecherries Mmm Montana

Sweetgrass hills standing tall Endless skies, waterfalls Me oh my, she's got it all Mmm...Montana

> Wash me in her waters Roll me on her plains Take me to the one I love Montana is her name

Where neighbors greet ya with a smile A pretty picture every mile I think I'm gonna stay awhile Mmm...Montana

Kimberley winning at a Washington ranch cutting



I admire Paul Zarzyski a whole bunch for his trail blazing talent that has given cowboy poetry a breath of new life. His words are as welcome as a warm Chinook wind on a cold winter day. Paul is a true credit to the cowboy world.

SADDLE BRONCS AND SAGEBRUSH

Words Paul Zarzyski/ Music W. Gustafson (Bucking Horse Moon Music /Two Medicine Music, BMI)

A buckskin called Gold Rush Was the baddest caballo A cowboy could ride Shaggy manes and trail dust Grandsons of Pegasus Slip off the blinders And head for the sky

Saddle broncs and sagebrush Way back when they really bucked Today they call it a rodeo Shaggy manes and trail dust Fifty head from dawn to dusk When ridin' for 8 seconds Ain't what we called a show

Saddle broncs and sagebrush On the Rio de la Vacas Greasewood, chamiza Clouds thick as fur Shaggy manes and trail dust When the jack rabbits flushed They'd break right in two And give us three halves to spur

Saddle brones and sagebrush No bright lights of Vegas No ladies to love us Just because we rode Shaggy manes and trail dust A buckskin called Gold Rush Was the baddest caballo That I'll ever know



This fine tune is another Bob Nolan chestnut. It was Hank William Sr.'s theme song for live performances. The first time I heard this song it sure made me smile. I hope it works for you.

HAPPY ROVIN' COWBOY

Bob Nolan (Unichappel Music ASCAP)

Hear my song as I ride along I'm a Happy Rovin' Cowboy Herdin' the dark clouds out of the sky Keepin' the heavens blue.

No where to go nothing to do I'm a happy rovin' cowboy Let me ride that long trail down to the end Where the skies are always blue

I aint got a dime, I'm just spendin' my time I'm a Happy Rovin' Cowboy Let me sing my song till they call me home To the land beyond the blue



On the ranch where I grew up in Montana there is a sandstone marker planted in the prairie near the Two Medicine River. It is most likely from the late 1800's. A crude cross etched onto the surface reveals the stone's purpose. I have always wondered who lies below it.

MARIE

Wylie Gustafson (Two Medicine Music, BMI)

I loved a girl, her name was Marie But the hand of God took her from me Down by the river in her favorite dress Down by the river I laid her to rest

Marie, Marie the wind calls her name What I wouldn't give to hold her again

In the little old shack that once was our home In the little old shack where I wait alone The days pass by so empty and slow I try but I can't let her go

Down to the river with a rope in my hand Down to the river where the cottonwood stands Way up high I tie the knot to the bough Dear God, my God, take me to her now I wrote "76 with a Miss" while in the studio recording this album. The title refers to the score of a great but wild cutting run. Throughout the song you'll hear the terms that are used in the cutting pen. If you've never seen a cuttin' horse work, come out and see what the action is all about. You won't regret it!

76 WITH A MISS

W. Gustafson (Two Medicine Music, BMI) (Instrumental)

I have a soft spot in my heart for Iullabies. I hope that someday I will be able to sing this song to one of my own.

ROCKABYE LULLABY

Wylie Gustafson (Two Medicine Music, BMI)

Rockabye, Lullaby, Baby go to sleep Good night, close your eyes, sweet dreams are yours to keep May worlds of wonder fill your slumber And the sun shine when you wake Rockabye, Lullaby, baby go to sleep



RAY DOYLE- harmony vocals, guitar, baritone guitar DUANE BECKER- steel guitar, dobro

HOOT HESTER- fiddle, mandolin, harmony vocals and rhythm guitar

DENNIS CROUCH- acoustic bass

JOHN MCTIGUE- drums, percussion

MARK THORNTON- electric guitar, gut string guitar JIMMY CLARK- trumpet

WYLIE GALT GUSTAFSON- vocals, acoustic guitar

Produced by Wylie Galt Gustafson Engineered by Mark Thornton Mixed by Mark & Wylie

Recorded December 2003 Sidekick Sound Studios in Madison, TN

Official Website: www.wylieww.com E-mail: yodeler@pionnet.com

Past albums: Paradise, Ridin the Hi-Line, Total Yodel, Way Out West, Glory Trail, Cattle Call, Get Wild, Wylie & the Wild West Show (out of print)

For more info go to: www.wylieww.com/merch.html



Wylie winning 2003 British Columbia Aged Event

BOOKING:

Two Medicine Tours c/o Victoria Watt Warshaw, 1008 W. Bothwell St., Seattle, WA 98119, #206-285-4880 e-mail: vkwatt@aol.com or vodeler@pionnet.com

SPECIAL THANKS TO:

The Gustafson and Broeckel families, Victoria Watt Warshaw, Scott OMalley & Associates, Chris Jenkins Guitars, Mike Conklin Guitars, Crafters of Tennessee Guitars, Tacoma Guitars, Gore Elixir Strings, Lonesome Ace Boot Company, Tomkins Electric Guitars, and Carhartt.

This album is dedicated to my friend and fellow musician Ray Doyle. Thanks Ray.

Also, I would like to give a big nod to the other Wild West traveling minstrels, Dave Reynolds and Scot Wilburn. Thanks guys... it wouldn't be any fun without you!

FRONT COVER: *Montana Sons* by Joelle Smith CD design by Adwerks

PHOTO CREDITS:

Back Cover and CD: CJ Shelker, Wylie standing with guitar and horse eye: Mark MacLeod Group photo: Bob Inouve

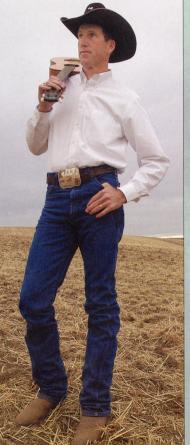
Wylie riding Cupcake: Bill Watts
Wylie Cutting in BC: Barbara Glazer

WESTERN JUBILEE RECORDING COMPANY

Post Office Box 9187 • Colorado Springs, CO 80932 Ph. 719.635.9975 • Fax 719.635.9789 E-Mail: custsvc@westernjubilee.com • westernjubilee.com

DUALTONE

©©2004 Two Medicine Music under exclusive license to Western Jubilee Recording Company/Dualrone Music Group, Inc., 1614 17th Avenue South, Nashville, TN 37212. All rights reserved. Unauthorized duplication is a violation of applicable laws. Printed in the USA. 80302-01163-2 dualtone.com



My life is good. I have a great family, a beautiful wife, the grace of God, and good horses. Horses seem to be the re-occuring theme in my life and on this recording. I first became attached to horses as a youngster. My dad's #1 rope horse was a sway-backed Quarter Horse mare we called "Becky." She had a talent for giving my dad a good shot every time. She also had a knack for babysitting, which made her a much loved partner around the Gustafson ranch. My favorite pastime was to hop on Becky's back for off-roading adventures around our rural home.

The more I'm around the equine species the more I am drawn to them. They have become the cornerstone of my happiness. When my wife Kimberley and I moved to her family homestead in the rolling Palouse hills of Eastern Washington in 1995, our first goal was to fill our pastures with a few good horses. We had the blessings of both sides of our "horse rich" families to help us get started. My father Rib was one of the first horsemen to bring Quarter Horses to Montana. Kimberley's grandfather Philip was one of the first to bring Quarter Horses to Washington State. It didn't take long to fill up our pastures. We jumped headfirst into riding, roping, cutting, and horsemanship clinics. Our life savings and earnings quickly disappeared into horseflesh, vet bills, pick-ups, trailers, an arena... and the list goes on. It has been worth every penny!

I enjoy writing about what inspires me. More and more it has been my friend equus caballus: the horse. When it comes time to chisel my tombstone, I hope the term "horseman" will be included to describe what I accomplished in this world. And more importantly, I hope it will be said that I was fair and kind to God's greatest beast.

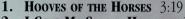
Enjoy!

THE WILD WEST

"Wylie and the Wild West have achieved absolute mastery in cowboy and western swing music. This CD is destined to become album of the year."

Joe Baker, MTD Radio, KNMB/KWMW, FM, Ruidoso, New Mexico "Wylie Gustafson is the coolest cowpoke around these parts. Forget everything you hate about modern country, this guy is all old school cool without being a tired period piece."

Winda Benedetti- Spokesman Review



- 2. I Grab My Saddle Horn and Blow 2:48
- 3. **EVERYDAY** 2:29
- 4. Equus Caballus 4:35
- 5. LEATHER LOVER 3:30
- **6. OUT HERE** 3:57
- 7. LUTHER PLAYED THE BOOGIE 2:48
- 8. A GOOD ONE 2:57
- **9. MANOLITO** 3:05
- 10. THE SKY ABOVE, THE MUD BELOW 6:57
- 11. Mmm...Montana 2:28
- 12. SADDLE BRONCS AND SAGEBRUSH 3:58
- 13. Happy Rovin' Cowboy 2:12
- 14. MARIE 3:34
- 15. 76 WITH A MISS 1:57
- 16. ROCKABYE LULIABY 3:15





