

## Version 2.1 (See Change Notes at the end for details)

Americana.....	12
Ain't Gonna Grieve My Lord No More (Unknown).....	12
All Of Me (Seymour Simons, Gerald Marks,1931).....	13
America The Beautiful (Katharine Lee Bates, 1913).....	14
Banks of the Ohio (American Traditional, 1800's) * .....	15
Battle Of New Orleans (Jimmy Driftwood, 1959).....	16
Beautiful Dreamer (Stephen Foster) * .....	17
Blue Moon of Kentucky (Bill Monroe, 1946).....	18
Blue Skies (Irving Berlin, 1926) * .....	19
Clementine (Percy Montrose 1884) * .....	20
Cool Water (Bob Nolan, 1936) .....	21
Cotton Fields (Huddie "Leadbelly" Ledbetter, 1940) .....	22
Cruel War (American Traditional 1700's/1800's) * .....	23
Down in the Valley (American Traditional) .....	24
Drill Ye Tarriers, Drill (Thomas F. Casey, 1888) .....	25
The Erie Canal (Originally "Low Bridge" by Thomas S. Allen – 1905) * .....	26
Faded Love (Bob Wills, 1950) .....	27
Frankie And Johnny (Hughie Cannon, 1904) .....	28
God Bless America (Irving Berlin, 1938) .....	29
Goodnight, Irene (Huddie "Leadbelly" Ledbetter, 1933) .....	30
Hard Times Come Again No More (Stephen Foster, 1854) .....	31
Hard Travellin' (Woody Guthrie, 1947) .....	32
Home on the Range (Lyrics: Dr. Brewster M. Higley, Music: Daniel E. Kelley) * .....	33
Hot Corn, Cold Corn (Collected by Alan Lomax, 1938).....	34
The Housewife's Lament (3:30) (Eliza S. Turner ~1870).....	35
House of the Rising Sun (Collected* by Alan Lomax, Early 1900's) .....	36
I was Born About Ten Thousand Years Ago (Traditional, Recorded 1925) .....	37
I've been working on the railroad* (American Traditional, 1800's) * .....	38
Jambalaya (Hank Williams, 1952).....	39
Lily of the West (American Traditional) * .....	40
Little Maggie (Appalachian Traditional) * .....	41
Mama Don't Allow ('low) (Traditional).....	42
Man of Constant Sorrow (Traditional, Prior to 1913) .....	43
Midnight Special (American Traditional) * .....	44

My Country, 'Tis of Thee (Samuel Francis Smith, (Traditional Melody*), 1831).....	45
My Grandfather's Clock (Henry Clay Work, 1876) * .....	46
Nobody Knows You When You're Down And Out (Jimmy Cox, 1923) .....	47
Oh, Dear! What Can The Matter Be? (English nursery rhyme, 1700's).....	48
Old Folks at Home (Swanee River) (Stephen Foster, 1851) .....	49
On Top of Old Smoky (American Traditional).....	50
One Meat Ball (Hy Zaret, 1944).....	51
Red River Valley (1800's) * .....	52
Roll In My Sweet Baby's Arms (American Traditional) *	53
Route 66 (Bobby Troup, 1946) .....	54
Salty Dog Blues (Zeke Morris, Wiley Morris) * .....	55
Scarlet Ribbons (Music: Evelyn Danzig Lyrics: Jack Segal, 1949) *	56
Shady Grove (Appalachian Traditional, 1700's) * .....	57
Shenandoah (Captain Robert Chamblet Adams, 1876).....	58
Skip to My Lou* (American Traditional, 1800's) .....	59
St. James Infirmary (American Traditional/Don Redmond/Joe Primrose) *	60
The Streets of Laredo (Frank H. Maynard. 1911) (2:45).....	61
Summertime (George Gershwin, 1934) .....	62
There Is A Tavern In The Town (F. J. Adams, 1891).....	63
Tom Dooley (Appalachian Traditional / Thomas Land, Late 1800's) *	64
Tumbling Tumbleweeds (Bob Nolan, 1934) .....	65
The Wabash Cannonball (American Traditional) *	66
Wildwood Flower (A.P. Carter, 1928) * .....	67
Wreck of the Old 97* (G. B. Grayson; Henry Whitter, 1924) .....	68
Yankee Doodle * (Traditional) .....	69
The Yellow Rose of Texas (American Traditional, 1836) * .....	70
You Are My Sunshine (Jimmie Davis and Charles Mitchell, 1940) .....	71
<b>English Traditional Songs .....</b>	<b>72</b>
Blow the Man Down (English Traditional) * .....	72
Jack Tarr The Sailor (British Traditional, 1700's) * .....	73
The Riddle Song (English Traditional, 1500's) .....	74
Scarborough Fair (English Traditional Derived from Childs ballad #2).....	75
The Fox (English Traditional) * .....	76
<b>Irish Songs.....</b>	<b>77</b>
Danny Boy (Frederic Weatherly, 1910) * .....	77
Mingulay Boat Song (Hugh S. Robertson, 1938) * .....	78

Molly Malone (w: James Yorkston, m: Edmund Forman) *	79
Parnell Square (Darby O'Gill, prior to 1991) *	80
The Rising Of The Moon (Irish Traditional, 1800's) *	81
Wearing Of The Green* ("Dion" Boucicault, 1798)	82
Whiskey In The Jar (Irish Traditional) *	83
<b>Scottish Songs</b>	<b>84</b>
Annie Laurie (William Douglas & Alicia (Lady John) Scott, 1835)	84
Caledonia (Dougie MacLean, 1977)	85
Dirty Old Town (Ewan McColl, 1949)	86
My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean (Traditional Scottish Song) *	87
The Water is Wide (Scottish Traditional, 1906) *	88
Wild Mountain Thyme (Will you go, lassie go?) (Robert Tannahill, 1700's)	89
<b>Australian Songs</b>	<b>90</b>
Tie Me Kangaroo Down Sport (Rolf Harris, 1960) *	90
Waltzing Mathilda (Banjo Paterson, 1895) *	91
<b>Other Traditional Songs (Various Origins)</b>	<b>92</b>
Dona Dona (Sholom Secunda, Jewish)	92
Hava Nagila (Abraham Zevi Idelsohn, Moshe Nathanson, 1918, Jewish) *	93
Tumbalalaika (Jewish Traditional) *	94
John B. Sails (aka Sloop John B.) (Bahamian Traditional) *	95
<b>Spiritual / Gospel</b>	<b>96</b>
Amazing Grace (John Newton, 1779) *	96
Give Me That Old-Time Religion	97
He's Got the Whole World In His Hands	98
I'll Fly Away (Albert E. Brumley, 1929) *	99
Lonesome Valley* (American Traditional, Civil War era) *	100
Michael Row the Boat Ashore (Post-Civil War) *	101
Take Your Shoes Off, Moses (J. D. Jarvis, 1967)	102
This Train (American Traditional 1800's) *	103
What a Friend We Have in Jesus (Joseph M. Scriven, 1855)	104
When the Saints Go Marching In (James M. Black, Katherine E. Purvis, 1896)	105
Will the Circle be Unbroken? (Ada R. Habershon, 1907) *	106
<b>Country-Western Songs</b>	<b>107</b>
Abilene (Buck Owens, Lester Brown & John D. Loudermilk)	107
Ain't Livin' Long Like This (Rodney Crowell, 1977)	108
Always Trust Your Cape (Guy Clark, 1995) *	109

Amarillo By Morning (Terry Stafford, Paul Fraser, 1973) .....	110
Boulder to Birmingham (Emmylou Harris, Bill Danoff, 1975) .....	111
Coat of Many Colors (Dolly Parton, 1971) (2P).....	112
Colleen Malone (Leroy Drumm, Pete Gobel, 1990) .....	114
Compadres of the Old Sierra Madre (Woody Paul, 1981).....	115
Crossing Muddy Waters (John Hiatt, 2000) .....	116
Don't This Road Look Rough and Rocky (Lester Flatt, Earl Scruggs, 1954) .....	117
Dublin Blues (Mad Dog Margaritas) (Guy Clark, 1995) .....	118
Easy From Now On (Carlene Carter, 1976) .....	119
Easy Silence (The Chicks: Martie McGuire, Emily Robison, Natalie Maines, Dan Wilson, 2006) .....	120
Eight More Miles to Louisville (Grandpa Jones, 2004)* .....	121
Fire On the Mountain (George McCorkle/Marshall Tucker Band, 1978).....	122
Folsom Prison Blues (Johnny Cash, 1953) .....	123
Ghost Riders In The Sky (Stan Jones, 1948).....	124
Glendale Train (John Dawson, 1971) * .....	125
Green Rolling Hills of West Virginia (Utah Phillips, 1971) .....	126
Gulf Coast Highway (Nanci Griffith, James Hooker, 1988).....	127
Help Me Make It Through the Night (Kris Kristofferson, 1970) .....	128
Hickory Wind (Gram Parsons, Bob Buchanan, 1968) .....	129
High Cotton (Scott Anders, Roger Murrah, 1989) .....	130
Homegrown Tomatoes (Guy Clark, 1981) .....	131
I Don't Love You Much, Do I? (Richard Leigh, 1992) .....	132
I Hear Them All (David Rawlings, Ketch Secor, 2006) .....	133
I Still Miss Someone (Roy Cash Jr., Johnny Cash, 1958) .....	134
I Never Promised You a Rose Garden (Joe South, 1967) * .....	135
I Walk the Line (Johnny Cash, 1956) * .....	136
If I Needed You (Townes Van Zandt, 1981).....	137
I'm An Old Cowhand (Johnny Mercer, 1936) .....	138
I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry (Hank Williams, 1949).....	139
Invitation to the Blues (Roger Miller, 1958).....	140
Jolene (Dolly Parton, 1973) .....	141
Kentucky Waltz (Bill Monroe, 1961).....	142
King of the Road (Roger Miller, 1964) .....	143
Live Forever (Billy Joe Shaver, Eddy Shaver, 1995) .....	144
Long Black Veil (Lefty Frizzell, Marijohn Wilkin, Danny Dill, 1959) .....	145
Long Haired Country Boy (Charlie Daniels, 1974) .....	146

Mama Tried (Merle Haggard, 1968).....	147
Mamas, Don't Let Your Babies Grow Up to Be Cowboys (Ed & Patsy Bruce, 1975) .....	148
Miner's Silver Ghost (Sterling Whipple, 1976) .....	149
Mountain Dew (Bascom Lamar Lunsford and Scotty Wiseman, 1928) * .....	150
Move It On Over (Hank Williams, 1947).....	151
Nellie Kane (Tim O'Brien, 1979) * .....	152
No Lonesome Tune (Townes Van Zandt, 1972) .....	153
Our Town (Iris DeMent, 1992) (2P) .....	154
Pancho and Lefty (Townes Van Zandt, 1972).....	156
Ring Of Fire (June Carter, Merle Kilgore, 1963) * .....	157
Red Dirt Girl (Emmylou Harris, 2000) (2P) .....	158
Rocky Top (Boudleaux & Felice Bryant, 1967) .....	160
Rose of My Heart (Hugh Moffatt, 1986) .....	161
Rye Whiskey (Traditional) .....	162
San Antonio Rose (Bob Wills (music) & His Texas Playboys (lyrics), 1938) * .....	163
Seeing Nellie Home (Patrick S. Gilmore, John Fletcher, 1850's) .....	164
Shame on the Moon (Rodney Crowell, 1982) .....	165
Silver Threads and Golden Needles (Jack Rhodes, Dick Reynolds, 1969) .....	166
Sing Me Back Home (Merle Haggard, 1967) .....	167
Six Days on the Road* (Carl Montgomery, Earl Green, 1961) * .....	168
Sixteen Tons (Merle Travis, 1946) * .....	169
Steel Rails (Louisa Branscomb, 1991).....	170
Stuff That Works (Guy Clark, Rodney Crowell, 19xx) .....	171
Swinging Doors (Merle Haggard, 1966).....	172
Tecumseh Valley (Townes Van Zandt, 1968) .....	173
Take 'Em Away (Ketch Secor, 1995) (2P) .....	174
Tennessee Stud (Jimmy Driftwood, 1959) (2P) .....	176
Tennessee Whiskey (Dean Dillon, Linda Hargrove, 1981).....	178
Tulsa Time (Danny Flowers, 1978) .....	179
Two More Bottles of Wine (Delbert McClinton, 1978) .....	180
Up on Cripple Creek (Robbie Robertson, 1969) * .....	181
Wagon Wheel (Rock Me Mama Like a) (Ketch Secor, Bob Dylan, 2003) .....	182
Walking After Midnight (Alan Block, Don Hecht, 1956) * .....	183
When You Say Nothing At All (Don Schiltz, Paul Overstreet, 1988) * .....	184
White Freightliner (Townes Van Zant, 1977) .....	185
Your Cheating Heart (Hank Williams, 1952).....	186

Folk Songs .....	187
Across the Great Divide (Kate Wolf 1981) *	187
Angel From Montgomery (John Prine, 1971) .....	188
Autumn To May (Noel Paul Stookey, Peter Yarrow, 1962) .....	189
Blowing in the Wind (Bob Dylan, 1962) .....	190
Bottle of Wine (Tom Paxton, 1967).....	191
Bury Me Beneath the Willow (Unknown, Prior to 1909) * .....	192
Buttermilk Hill (AKA Johnny Has Gone For a Soldier) , Unknown) *	193
Cold Missouri Waters (James Keelaghan, 2013) * (2P) .....	194
Can't Help but Wonder (Where I'm Bound) (Tom Paxton, 1964).....	196
Darcy Farrow (Steve Gillette, Tom Campbell, 1965) .....	197
Deportee (Woody Guthrie, 1961) * (2P).....	198
Dear Abby (John Prine, 1973).....	200
Don't Think Twice, It's All Right (Bob Dylan, 1962) * .....	201
Early in the Morning (Noel Paul Stookey, 1962) * .....	202
Five Hundred Miles (Hedy West, 1961).....	203
Forest Lawn (Tom Paxton, 1970) (2P).....	204
Four Strong Winds (Ian Tyson, 1961) .....	206
Freight Train (Elizabeth Cotten, 1904) .....	207
Frozen in Frobisher Bay (James Gordon, 1993).....	208
Give Yourself to Love (Kate Wolf, 1983) * .....	209
Green, Green (Barry McGuire, Randy Sparks, 1963).....	210
Greenback Dollar (Hoyt Axton, Ken Ramsey, 1962).....	211
The Gypsy Rover (The Whistling Gypsy) (Leo Maguire, 1950s).....	212
The Happy Wanderer (Friedrich-Wilhelm Möller, ~1953) * .....	213
Here in California (Kate Wolf, 1981) .....	214
Hobo's Lullaby (Goebel Reeves, 1934) .....	215
I Shall Be Released (Bob Dylan) .....	216
If I had a Hammer (Pete Seeger, Lee Hays, 1962) .....	217
I'll be Your Baby Tonight (Bob Dylan, 1988).....	218
I'm in Love with a Big Blue Frog (Leslie Braunstein, 1967).....	219
In Spite Of Ourselves (John Prine, 1997) .....	220
Johnny be Fair (Buffy St. Marie, 1965) .....	221
Lay Lady, Lay (Bob Dylan, 1969) (2P) .....	222
Leaving Louisiana in the Broad Daylight (2P).....	224
The Last Thing On My Mind (Tom Paxton, 1964).....	226

Leaving on a Jet Plane (John Denver, 1966) .....	227
Loving of the Game (Pat Garvey, 1971) .....	228
Make Me a Pallet on Your Floor (American Traditional 1800's) * .....	229
The Mary Ellen Carter (Stan Rogers, 1979) (2P) .....	230
The Marvelous Toy (Tom Paxton, 1968) .....	232
Mr. Bojangles (Jerry Jeff Walker, 1965) * .....	233
My Rambling Boy (Tom Paxton, 1964) .....	234
Old Home Place (Mitch F. Jayne, Dean Webb, 1963).....	235
Orphan Girl (Gillian Welch, 1995) .....	236
Puff, the magic dragon (Peter Yarrow, Leonard Lipton, 1962) * .....	237
Paradise (John Prine, 1971) (2P) .....	238
Red-Tailed Hawk (George Schroder, 1986) * .....	240
Rhymes and Reasons (John Denver, 1969) .....	241
Roll On, Columbia (Woodie Guthrie, 1941) * .....	242
Rutabaga Boogie (Paul Shelasky, 1974) .....	243
Spanish Pipedream (John Prine, 1971) (2P).....	244
Speed of the Sound of Loneliness (John Prine, 1986) .....	246
Summer's End (John Prine, 2018) .....	247
There Ain't No Ash Will Burn (James Walton Aldridge, 1989) .....	248
This Land Is Your Land (Woody Guthrie, 1940) .....	249
Times They Are A-Changing (Bob Dylan, 1964).....	250
Turn, Turn, Turn (Book of Ecclesiastes, Pete Seeger, 1965).....	251
Very Last Day (Noel Paul Stookey, Peter Yarrow, 1963) * .....	252
Wayfaring Stranger (American Traditional, early 1800's) * .....	253
Wedding Song (There is Love) (Noel Paul Stookey, 1972) * .....	254
Western Wind (Lou Gottlieb, Malvina Reynolds) * .....	255
What A Wonderful World (George David Weiss and Bob Thiele, 1967) * .....	256
Where Have All the Flowers Gone? (Pete Seeger, Joe Hickerson, 1955).....	257
You ain't going' nowhere (Bob Dylan, 1971) .....	258
<b>Popular Songs (1950-Present) .....</b>	<b>259</b>
A Summer Song (Chad Stuart, Clive Metcalf, Keith Noble, 1964) .....	259
Ain't No Sunshine (When She's Gone) (Bill Withers, 1971) (2P) .....	260
America (Paul Simon, 1968) .....	262
Amie (Craig Fuller, 1972) * .....	263
Annie's Song (John Denver, 1974).....	264
Another Saturday Night (Sam Cooke 1963) .....	265

Banana Boat Song (Alan Arkin, Bob Carey, Erik Darling, 1956) *	(2P).....	266
Bad Moon Rising (John Fogerty, 1969).....		268
Blue Bayou (Roy Orbison, 1963 (Recorded in 1961)) .....		269
Both Sides Now (Joni Mitchell, Hakan Hellstrom, 1969).....		270
Bring it on Home to Me (Sam Cooke, 1962).....		271
Brown Eyed Girl (Van Morrison, 1967) .....		272
Bye-Bye Love (Felice & Boudleaux Bryant, 1957) .....		273
City of New Orleans (Steve Goodman, 1971) *	.....	274
The Circle Game (Joni Mitchell, 1966).....		275
Come Monday (Jimmy Buffett, 1974) .....		276
Crazy (Willie Nelson, 1960) *	.....	277
Cupid (Sam Cooke, 1961) .....		278
The Dangling Conversation (Paul Simon) .....		279
Desperado (Glenn Frey, Don Henley, 1973) (2P).....		280
Diamonds and Rust (Joan Baez, 1974) (2P) .....		282
Dead Flowers (Mick Jagger, Keith Richards, 1971).....		284
Dimming of the Day (Richard Thompson, 1975) .....		285
Don't Let the Sun Catch You Crying.....		286
Draft Dodger Rag (Phil Ochs, 1965).....		287
Early Morning Rain (Gordon Lightfoot, 1964) .....		288
Elusive Butterfly (of Love) (Bob Lind, 1965) (C alternates with CM7).....		289
Fields of Gold (Sting, 1993) .....		290
Fire and Rain (James Taylor, 1968) *	.....	291
Five Foot Two (Ray Henderson, Sam M. Lewis, Joseph W. Young, 1925) *	.....	292
For What it's Worth (Stephen Stills, 1966).....		293
Friend of the Devil (Robert Hunter, 1970) .....		294
Gentle Arms of Eden (Tracy Grammar & Dave Carter, 2002) .....		295
Gentle On My Mind (John Hartford, 1967) .....		296
Get Together (Chet Powers (Dino Valenti), 1966).....		297
Good Time Charlie's Got the Blues (Danny O'Keefe, 1972) .....		298
Grandma's Feather Bed (Jim Connor, ~1973) *	.....	299
Hallelujah (Leonard Cohen, 1984) .....		300
Harvest Moon (Neil Young, 1992) .....		301
Have You Ever Seen the Rain? (John Fogerty, 1971).....		302
Helplessly Hoping (Stephen Stills, 1969) .....		303
Honey (Bobby Russell, 1968) * (2P).....		304

Homeward Bound (Paul Simon, 1965) *	306
I Can See Clearly Now (Johnny Nash, 1993) .....	307
I Sure Do Miss You Now (Craig Fuller, Irene Kelly, 2005) .....	308
I'll Never Find Another You (Tom Springfield, 1964) *	309
If I Were a Carpenter (Tim Hardin, 1966).....	310
Imagine (John Lennon, 1971) *	311
If You Could Read My Mind (Gordon Lightfoot, 1970) (2P) .....	312
It Doesn't Matter Any More (Buddy Holly, Paul Anka, 1959) *	314
It's All Over Now (Bobby Womack & Shirley Womack, 1964) *	315
It's All Right (Curtis Mayfield, 1963).....	316
Jamaica Farewell (Lord Burgess (Irving Burgie), 1956) *	317
Jump in the Line (Lord Kitchener (Aldwyn Roberts), 1961) * (2P) .....	318
Just Breathe (Eddie Vetter, Matt Donald, 2009) .....	320
Kisses Sweeter Than Wine (Pete Seeger, Lee Hays, 1950) *	321
The Living Years (Mike Rutherford, B.A. Robertson, 1989) (2P) .....	322
Let's Work Together (Wilbert Harrison, 1970).....	324
Lonely People (Dan Peek, Catherine Peek, 1974) .....	325
Long, Long Time (Gary B. White, 1970) *	326
Lookin' Out My Backdoor (John Fogerty, 1970) .....	327
Lucille (Roger Bowling, Hal Bynum, 1977) *	328
Margaritaville (Jimmy Buffett, 1977) .....	329
Me and Bobby McGee (Kris Kristofferson, 1969) (2P).....	330
Morningtown Ride (Malvina Reynolds, 1966).....	332
Mountain Of Love (Harold Dorman 1960) *	333
Mr. Tambourine Man (Bob Dylan, 1965) *	334
My Favorite Things (Rogers & Hammerstein, 1959) *	335
Navajo Rug (Ian Tyson, Tom Russell, 1986).....	336
Nineteenth Nervous Breakdown (Mick Jagger, Keith Richards, 1966) .....	337
North To Alaska (Johnny Horton, Tilman Franks, 1960) *	338
Oh Boy! (Sonny West, Bill Tilghman, Norman Petty, 1957) *	339
One Tin Soldier (Dennis Lambert & Brian Potter, 1966) *	340
Operator (Jim Croce, 1972) .....	341
Outside of a Small Circle of Friends (Phil Ochs - 1967)* .....	342
Pretty Woman (Roy Orbison, Bill Dees, 1964) .....	343
Proud Mary (John Fogerty, 1967).....	344
Put the Lime in the Coconut (Harry Nilsson, 1971).....	345

Queen Of Hearts (Hank DeVito, 1981) .....	346
Ramblin' Man (Dickie Betts, 1973) .....	347
Red Rubber Ball (Paul Simon, 1966) * .....	348
Ripple (Jerry Garcia, Robert Hunter, 1970) * .....	349
Runaway (Del Shannon, 1961) WAIT.....	350
San Francisco Bay Blues (Jesse Fuller - 1954).....	351
Save the Last Dance for Me (Doc Pomus, Mort Shuman, 1960) .....	352
Secret Agent Man (P.F. Sloan, 1966) * .....	353
Sittin' On The Dock Of The Bay (Steve Cropper, 1968) * .....	354
Snowbird (Gene MacLellan, 1969) .....	355
Someday Never Comes (John Fogerty, 1972) .....	356
Someday Soon (Ian Tyson, 1964) * .....	357
Sound Of Silence (Paul Simon, 1964) * .....	358
Squeeze Box (Pete Townshend, 1975) .....	359
Stand By Me (Ben E. King, Jerry Leiber, Mike Stoller, 1961) * .....	360
Streets of London (Ralph McTell, 1969, w/John Williams 2016) .....	361
Sundown (Gordon Lightfoot, 1974) (2P).....	362
Take Me Home, Country Roads (Bill Danoff, Taffy Nivert, 1971).....	364
Teach Your Children (Graham Nash, 1969) * .....	365
The Boxer (Paul Simon, 1968) * .....	366
The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down (Robbie Robertson, 1969).....	367
The Weight (Robbie Robertson, 1968) * .....	368
They Call the Wind Maria (Lerner & Loewe, 1951) * .....	369
Those Were the Days (Gene Raskin, 1968) * .....	370
Time to Move On (Ernie Sheldon, 1964) * .....	371
Touch of Grey (Jerry Garcia, Robert Hunter, 1987) (2P) .....	372
Truckin' (Robert Hunter, 1970) (2P).....	374
Try and Catch the Wind (Donovan, 1965) .....	376
Try To Remember (Harvey Schmidt, Tom Jones, 1962) * .....	377
Turn the Page (Bob Seger, 1973).....	378
Universal Soldier (Buffy Sainte-Marie, 1963) * .....	379
We'll Sing in the Sunshine (Gale Garnett, 1964) .....	380
When Will I Be Loved? (Phil Everly, 1960) * .....	381
Wild Horses (Mick Jagger, Keith Richards, 1971) .....	382
Wildfire (Michael Martin Murphey, Larry Cansler, 1975) * .....	383
Wildflowers (Tom Petty, 1994) .....	384

Will You Love Me Tomorrow? (Gerry Goffin & Carole King, 1960) *	385
Windsong (John Denver, 1975) (2P)	386
You Can't Hurry Love (Lamont Dozier, Brian Holland, Eddie Holland, 1966)	388
You Never Can Tell (Chuck Berry, 1964)	389
<b>Novelty / Silly / Funny Songs.....</b>	<b>390</b>
Away With Rum (Edward Harrigan, Dave Braham, 1882) *	390
Beep, Beep (Little Nash Rambler) (Claps & Chicchetti – 1958) *	391
Do Your Ears Hang Low (English Traditional, 1800's) *	392
Father's Whiskers (Unknown)	393
Found a Peanut (Children's Song, Date Unknown)	394
Grandma Got Run Over By a Reindeer (Randy Brooks, 1978)	395
Hello Muddah, Hello Faddah (Allan Sherman, 1963)	396
I'm My Own Grandpa (Dwight Latham & Moe Jaffe) *	397
I've Got a Lovely Bunch of Coconuts (Fred Heatherton*, Irwin Dash**, 1944)	398
Jenny Jenkins (American Traditional) *	399
MTA Song (Jacqueline Steiner and Bess Hawes) *	400
On Top of Spaghetti (Lyrics: Tom Glazer, 1963) *	401
Pollution (Tom Lehrer, 1964 – Public Domain as of 2020)	402
Polly Wolly Doodle (American Traditional) *	403
The Cat Came Back (Harry S. Miller, 1893) *	404
The Green Grass Grew All Around (Appalachian traditional, 1800's) *	405
They're Coming To Take Me Away Ha, Ha (Jerry Samuels, 1966)	406
This Old Man (English Traditional circa 1842) *	407
What Shall We Do With A Drunken Sailor? (Traditional Sea Chanty) *	408
When I First Came To this Land (Oscar Brand, 1957) *	409
With Her Head tucked underneath Her Arm (R. P. Weston and Bert Lee, 1934)	410

# Americana

## AIN'T GONNA GRIEVE MY LORD NO MORE (UNKNOWN)

F (Backup Singers)

Oh the deacon went down, (Oh the Deacon went down),

C

To the cellar to pray (To the cellar to pray),

C7

He found a jug (He found a jug),

F

And he stayed all day (And he stayed all day),

Bb

Oh the Deacon went down to the cellar to pray,

F

He found a jug and he stayed all day

---

Chorus:

C7 F Bb F

I ain't gonna grieve my Lord no more (my Lord no more)

F7 Bb

I ain't gonna grieve my Lord no more,

F

Ain't –a gonna grieve my Lord no more

C F

Ain't –a gonna grieve my Lord no more.

---

You can't get to heaven, on roller skates,

'Cause you'll roll right by, those pearly gates.

(chorus)

You can't get to heaven, In a rocking chair,

'Cause a rocking chair, don't go nowhere.

(chorus)

You can't get to heaven, In a rocking chair, 'Cause a rocking chair, Don't go nowhere.

You can't get to heaven, In a limousine, 'Cause the lord don't sell No gasoline.

If you get to Heaven before I do, Just drill a hole and pull me through.

If I get to Heaven before you do, I'll plug that hole with shavings and glue.

You can't get to Heaven with powder and paint, It makes you look like what you ain't.

"That's all there is, there ain't no more," Saint Peter said as he closed the door.

## All Of Me (Seymour Simons, Gerald Marks, 1931)

C E7  
All of me why not take all of me  
A7 Dm  
Can't you see I'm no good without you  
E7 Am  
Take my arms I wanna lose them  
D7 G7  
Take my lips I'll never use them

C E7  
Your goodbye left me with eyes that cry  
A7 Dm  
And I know that I'm no good without you  
F Fm C A7  
You took the part that once was my heart  
Fm G7 C  
So why not take all of me

(Optional Instrumental here – Above section)

E7  
All of me why not take all of me  
A7 Dm  
Can't you see I'm no good without you  
E7 Am  
Take my arms I wanna lose them  
D7 G7  
Take my lips I'll never use them

C E7  
Your good bye left me with eyes that cry  
A7 Dm  
And I know that I'm no good without you  
F Fm C A7  
You took the part that once was my heart  
Fm G7 C  
So why not take all of me

Fm C A7  
You took the part that once was my heart  
Fm G7 C  
So why not take all of me

## **AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL (KATHARINE LEE BATES, 1913)**

**G7 C                    G7                                      C**

**Oh Beautiful for spacious skies, For amber waves of grain,**

**G7 C                    G                                      D7     G     G7**

**For purple mountain majesties, Above the fruited plain,**

**C                    G7                                      C**

**America! America! God shed his grace on thee,**

**C7 F                    C                                      F     G7     C**

**And crown thy good with brotherhood, From sea to shining sea.**

**Oh beautiful for patriot dream, that sees beyond the years,**

**Thine alabaster cities gleam, Undimmed by human tears,**

**America! America! God shed his grace on thee,**

**And crown thy good with brotherhood, From sea to shining sea.**

**O beautiful for pilgrim feet, whose stern impassioned stress**

**A thoroughfare for freedom beat, Across the wilderness!**

**America! America! God mend thine every flaw,**

**Confirm thy soul in self-control, thy liberty in law!**

**O beautiful for heroes proved, in liberating strife,**

**Who more than self their country loved, And mercy more than life!**

**America! America! May God thy gold refine**

**Till all success be nobleness, And every gain divine!**

## BANKS OF THE OHIO (AMERICAN TRADITIONAL, 1800's)\*

D                    A7            D                    A7            D  
I asked my love to go with me, to take a walk a little way

G                    D                    A7                    D  
And as we walked and as we talked, about our golden wedding day

---

### Chorus:

Then only say that you'll be mine  
And in no other arms entwine.  
Down beside, where the waters flow,  
Down by the banks of the Ohio.

---

I asked your mother for you dear,  
And she said you were too young,  
Only say that you'll be mine,  
Happiness in my home, you'll find

(Chorus)

I held a knife against her breast  
As gently in my arms she pressed,  
Crying "Willie, Oh Willie! Don't murder me  
For I'm unprepared for eternity!"

(Chorus)

I took her by her lily-white hand  
And led her down where the waters stand;  
I picked her up and pitched her in  
And watched her as she floated down.

(Chorus)

I started home twixt twelve and one  
Crying "My God! What have I done?  
I've murdered the only woman I love  
Because she would not be my bride.

(Chorus)

The very next day at half past four  
The sheriff walked right to my door  
And he says "Young man, don't you try to run  
You will pay for this crime you've done".

(chorus)

\*"Banks of the Ohio" is a 19th century murder ballad, written by unknown authors – wikipedia.org

## BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS (JIMMY DRIFTWOOD, 1959)

G C

In 1814, we took a little trip

D7 G

A-long with Col. Jackson down the mighty mississip'

C

We took a little bacon and we took a little beans

D7 G

And we caught the bloody British in the town of New Orleans.

---

Chorus:

We fired our guns and the British kept a comin'

D7 G

There wasn't nigh as many as there was a while a-go

We fired once more and they began to runnin'

D7 G

On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico.

---

We looked down the river and we see'd the British come  
And there musta been a hundred of 'em beatin' on the drum  
They stepped so high and they made their bugles ring  
We stood beside our cotton bales and didn't say a thing.

(Chorus)

Old Hickory said we could take 'em by surprise  
If we didn't fire our muskets till we looked 'em in the eyes  
We held our fire till we see'd their faces well  
Then we opened up with squirrel guns and really gave 'em ... Well (Chorus)

Chorus2:

Yeah! they ran through the briars and they ran through the brambles

D7 G

And they ran through the bushes where a rabbit couldn't go

They ran so fast that the hounds couldn't catch 'em

D7 G

On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico.

We fired our cannon till the barrel melted down  
So we grabbed an alligator and we fought another round  
We filled his head with cannonballs and powdered his behind  
And when we touched the powder off, the 'gator lost his mind.

(Chorus2)

## **BEAUTIFUL DREAMER (STEPHEN FOSTER) \***

**C                      Dm**

**Beautiful dreamer, wake unto me,  
Beautiful dreamer, out on the sea**

**G7                      C**

**Starlight and dewdrops are waiting for thee.  
Mermaids are chanting the wild Lorelei,**

**Dm**

**Sounds of the ruse world heard in the day,  
Over the streamlet vapors are borne**

**G7                      C**

**Lulled by the moonlight have all passed away.  
Waiting to fade at the bright coming morn.**

**G7                      C**

**Beautiful dreamer, queen of my song,  
Beautiful dreamer, beam on my heart**

**Am                      D7                      G7**

**List while I woo thee with soft melody.  
E'en as the morn on the streamlet and sea,**

**C                      Dm**

**Gone are the cares of life's busy throng,  
Then will all clouds of sorrow depart.**

**G7                      C E7 Am**

**Beautiful dreamer, awake unto me,  
Beautiful dreamer, awake unto me,**

**F                      C                      G7                      C**

**Beautiful dreamer, awake unto me.  
Beautiful dreamer, awake unto me.**

\* "Beautiful Dreamer" is a parlor song by Stephen Foster (1826-1864). It was published posthumously in March 1864 by Wm. A. Pond & Co. of New York. The first edition declares on the title page that "Beautiful Dreamer" is "the last song ever written by Stephen C. Foster. Composed but a few days previous to his death". Carol Kimball, the author of 'Song', points out however that the copyright date on the first edition is 1862, and this suggests, she writes, that the song was composed and readied for publication two years before Foster's death. There are at least 20-odd songs, she observes, that all claim to be Foster's last, and it is unknown which is indeed his last. The song is set in a 9/8 rhythm with a broken chord accompaniment.  
[www.wikipedia.org](http://www.wikipedia.org).

## **BLUE MOON OF KENTUCKY (BILL MONROE, 1946)**

**Intro: C C7 F C G C**

---

C                    C7                    F  
Blue moon of Kentucky keep on shining

C                    C7                    G  
Shine on the one that's gone and proved untrue

C                    C7                    F  
Blue moon of Kentucky keep on shining

C                    G                    C  
Shine on the one that's gone and left me blue

F                    C  
It was on a moonlit night the stars were shining bright

F                    C                    G  
When they whispered from on high your love has said good-bye

C                    C7                    F  
Blue moon of Kentucky keep on shining

C                    G                    C  
Shine on the one that's gone and said good-bye

---

**Instrumental: C C7 F C C7 G C C7 F C G C (Verse Melody Line but MUCH faster)**

---

C                    C7                    F  
Blue moon of Kentucky keep on shining

C                    C7                    G  
Shine on the one that's gone and proved untrue

C                    C7                    F  
Blue moon of Kentucky keep on shining

C                    G                    C  
Shine on the one that's gone and left me blue

F                    C  
It was on a moonlight night the stars were shining bright

F                    C                    G  
When they whispered from on high your love has said good-bye

C                    C7                    F  
Blue moon of Kentucky keep on shining

C                    G                    C  
Shine on the one that's gone and said good-bye

## **BLUE SKIES (IRVING BERLIN, 1926) \***

**Em            Em/D#    Em7**

**Blue Skies, smiling at me**

**G            D7        G – B7**

**Nothing but blue skies    do I see**

**Em            Em/D#    Em7**

**Blue birds singin' a song**

**G            D7        G**

**Nothing but blue birds    from now on**

---

**Chorus:**

**G            Cm7        G**

**I never saw the sun shining so bright**

**Cm7        G        D7        G**

**Never saw things going so right**

**G            Cm7        G**

**Noticing the days hurrying by**

**Cm7        G        D7        G – B7**

**When you're in love, my how they fly by**

---

**Em            Em7/D#    Em7**

**Blue days, all of them gone**

**G            D7        G**

**Nothing but blue skies    from now on**

---

**(Instrumental – Uses verse chords & melody)**

---

**Blue skies smiling at me**

**Nothing but blue skies do I see**

**Blue days, all of them gone**

**Nothing but blue skies from now on**

**Blue skies smiling at me**

**Nothing but blue skies do I see**

**Blue days, all of them gone**

**Nothing but blue skies from now on**

**(Slow down)**

**Blue.....Skies smiling at me; Nothing but blue sky do I see.**

**Blue.....Days, all of them gone; Nothing but blue sky from now on.**

\* Chords simplified for singalong

**CLEMENTINE (PERCY MONTROSE 1884) \***

**C**

**G7**

**In a cavern, in a canyon, Excavating for a mine,**

**C**

**G7**

**C**

**Lived a miner, forty-niner. and his daughter Clementine.**

---

**Chorus:**

**Oh my darling, oh my darling, Oh my darling, Clementine  
You are lost and gone forever, Dreadful sorry, Clementine.**

---

**Light she was and like a fairy, and her shoes were number nine,  
Herring boxes without topses, Sandals were for Clementine      (Chorus)**

**Drove she ducklings to the water every morning just at nine,  
Hit her foot against a splinter, fell into the foaming brine      (Chorus)**

**Ruby lips above the water, Blowing bubbles soft and fine,  
But alas, I was no swimmer, So I lost my Clementine.      (Chorus)**

\***Oh My Darling, Clementine** is an American western folk ballad usually credited to Percy Montrose (1884), although it is sometimes credited to Barker Bradford. The song is believed to have been based on another song called *Down by the River Liv'd a Maiden* by H. S. Thompson (1863). [en.wikipedia.org](https://en.wikipedia.org)

## Cool Water (Bob Nolan, 1936)

D                      A7  
1. All day I face the barren waste  
2. The nights are cool and I'm a fool  
3. The shadows sway and seem to say  
4. Dan's feet are sore he's yearning for

D                      A7                      D  
With-out the taste of water, cool water  
Each star's a pool of water, cool water  
To - night we pray for water, cool water  
Just one thing more than water, cool water

G                      A7  
Old Dan and I with throats burned dry  
But with the dawn I'll wake and yawn  
And way up there He'll hear our prayer  
Like me I guess he'd like to rest

D                      G                      D                      A7                      D  
And souls that cry for water, cool, clear, water  
And car-ry on to water, cool, clear, water  
And show us where there's water, cool, clear, water  
Where there's no quest for water, cool, clear, water

---

### Chorus:

D                      A7  
Keep a-movin' Dan don't ya listen to him Dan

D                      A7                      D  
He's a devil not a man and he spreads the burning sand with water

G                      D  
Dan can you see that big green tree

G  
Where the water's running free

A7                      D  
And it's waiting there for you and me?

**COTTON FIELDS (HUDDIE "LEADBELLY" LEDBETTER, 1940)**

G | G | D C | G

(G)

C

G

When I was a little itty-bitty baby, my momma would rock me in the cradle

(G)

D

In them old cotton fields back home

G

C

G

It was down in Louisiana just about a mile from Texarkana

(G) D G C G

In them old cotton fields back home

---

C

When them cotton balls get rotten

G

You can't pick very much cotton

(G) D G C G

In them old cotton fields back home

G

C

G

It was down in Louisiana just about a mile from Texarkana

(G) D G C G

In them old cotton fields back home

(Repeat entire song twice with optional instrumental)

## **CRUEL WAR (AMERICAN TRADITIONAL 1700's/1800's) \***

**G Em Am D**  
The cruel war is raging; Johnny has to fight,  
To-morrow is Sunday, Monday is the day,  
I'll tie back my hair, men's clothing I'll put on,  
Oh Johnny, oh Johnny, I fear you are un-kind,

**C Am G C G D**  
I want to be to with him from mor-ning 'til night.  
That your captain will call you and you must o- bey.  
I'll pass as your comrade as we march a - long.  
I'll love you for better than all of man - kind.

**G Em Am D**  
I want to be with him, it grieves my heart so,  
Your captain will call you; it grieves my heart so,  
I'll pass as your comrade, no one will ever know.  
I'll love you for better than words can e'er ex-press,

**C Am G C G D**  
Won't you let me go with you, "No, my love, no".  
Won't you let me go with you, "No, my love, no".  
Won't you let me go with you, "No, my love, no".  
Won't you let me go with you, "Yes, my love, yes"

**(Hum last two lines then sing final), "Yes my love, yes"**

\*Recorded by Peter, Paul & Mary

## **DOWN IN THE VALLEY (AMERICAN TRADITIONAL)**

**D                      A7**

**Down in the valley, valley so low,**

**D              G    D**

**Hang your head over, hear the wind blow**

**A7**

**Hear the wind blow dear, hear the wind blow,**

**D        G    D**

**Hang your head over, hear the wind blow**

**Roses love sunshine, violets love dew, Angels in heaven, know I love you  
Know I love you dear, know I love you, Angels in heaven know I love you.**

**Build me a castle, forty feet high, So I can see him, as he rides by.  
As he rides by love, as he rides by, So I can see him, as he rides by.**

**Write me a letter, send it by mail, Send it in care of Birmingham jail.  
Birmingham jail dear, Birmingham jail, Send it in care of Birmingham jail.**

## DRILL YE TARRIERS, DRILL (THOMAS F. CASEY, 1888)

Dm                    Gm            Dm  
Early in the morning at seven o'clock

A7

There are twenty tanners a drilling at the rock,

Dm                    Gm            Dm  
And the boss comes around and he says "Keep still!"

A7

And come down heavy on your cast iron drill."

---

Chorus:

Dm      A7      Dm  
And drill ye tanners drill.

C            Dm  
Drill ye tanners drill.

Well you work all day for the sugar in your tay

Down behind the railway

Dm            A7      Dm  
And drill ye tanners drill, and blast and fire.

---

Now our new foreman was Jim McGann,  
By golly, he was, a blame mean man  
Last week a premature blast went off,  
And a mile in the sky went Big Jim Goff.

Now when next payday comes around,  
Jim Goff a dollar short was found,  
When asked the reason, came this reply,  
"You were docked for the time you were up in the sky."

Now the boss was a fine man down to the ground,  
And he married a lady, six feet round,  
She baked good bread, and she baked it well,  
But she baked it as hard as the holes in hell.

## THE ERIE CANAL (ORIGINALLY "LOW BRIDGE" BY THOMAS S. ALLEN – 1905) \*

Dm                    Gm                    Dm                    B<sub>b</sub>7 A7 Dm

I've got a mule and her name is Sal, fifteen miles on the Erie Canal.

                          Gm                    Dm                    B<sub>b</sub>7 A7 Dm

She's a good old worker and a good old pal, fifteen miles on the Erie Canal.

F                    C                    F                    C7 Dm                    Gm7                    A7

We've hauled some barges in our day, Filled with lumber, coal and hay,

Dm                    Gm                    Dm                    B<sub>b</sub>7 A7 Dm C7

And we know every inch of the way, from Albany to Buf – fa - lo.

**Chorus:**

F                    C7                    F                    C7                    F

Low bridge, everybody down, Low bridge, for we're going through a town,

                          C7                    F                    B<sub>b</sub>

And you'll always know your neighbor, You'll always know your pal,

Dm                    B<sub>b</sub>                    C7                    F

If you've ever navigated on the Erie Canal.

We'd better look around for a job, old gal, Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal.

'Cause you bet your life I'd never part with Sal, Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal.

Get up there mule, here comes a lock, We'll make Rome 'bout six o'clock,

One more trip and back we'll go, right back home to Buffalo. (Chorus)

Oh, where would I be if I lost my pal? Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal.

Oh, I'd like to see a mule as good as Sal Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal.

A friend of mine once got her sore, now he's got a broken jaw,

'Cause she let fly with her iron toe and kicked him in to Buffalo. (Chorus)

You'll soon hear them sing all about my gal, fifteen miles on the Erie Canal.

It's a darn fine ditty 'bout my darn mule Sal, fifteen miles on the Eric Canal.

Oh, any band will play it soon, darn fool words and darned fool tune,

You'll hear it sung before you go from Mexico to Buffalo. (Chorus)

\*The song memorializes the years from 1825 to 1880 when the mule barges made boomtowns out of Utica, Rome, Syracuse, Rochester, and Buffalo, and transformed New York into the Empire State. [www.wikipedia.org](http://www.wikipedia.org)

## FADING LOVE (BOB WILLS, 1950)

D                  D7                  G  
As I look at the letters that you wrote to me

D                  A7  
It's you that I am thinking of

D                  D7                  G  
As I read the lines that to me were so dear

D                  A7 D - G D  
I remember our faded love

---

Chorus:

D                  G  
I miss you, darling, more and more every day

D                  A7  
As heaven would miss the stars above

D                  G  
With every heartbeat, I still think of you

D                  A7    D - G D  
And remember our faded love

---

(Optional Instrumental D A7 D - G D

---

As I think of the past and all the pleasures we had  
As I watched the mating of the doves  
It was in the springtime that you said goodbye  
I remember our faded love

(Chorus)

## FRANKIE AND JOHNNY (HUGHIE CANNON, 1904)

C

C7

Frankie and Johnny were lovers. Oh Lordy how they could love.

F

C

They swore to be true to each other, true as the stars above,

G7

C

CMaj7 C

He was her man, but he was doing her wrong,

Frankie she was a good woman, as everybody knows,  
Spent a hundred dollars just to buy her man some clothes.  
He was her man, but he was doing her wrong.

Frankie went down to the corner to get a bucket of beer,  
Said: "Mr. Bartender has my loving Johnny been here?  
"He was my man, but he's a-doing me wrong."

"Now I don't want to tell you no stories and I don't want to tell you no lies  
I saw your man about and hour ago with a gal named Nellie Bly  
He was your man, but he's a-doing you wrong,"

Frankie she went down to the hotel didn't go there for fun,  
Underneath her kimono she carried a forty-four gun.  
He was her man, but he was doing her wrong,

Frankie looked over the transom to see what she could spy,  
There sat Johnny on the sofa just loving up Nellie Bly  
He was her man, but he was doing her wrong

Frankie, got down from that high stool she didn't want to see no more;  
Rooty-toot-toot three times she shot right through that hardwood door.  
He was her man, but he was doing her wrong.

Now the first time that Frankie shot Johnny He let out an awful yell,  
Second time she shot him there was a new man's face in hell.  
He was her man, but he was doing her wrong.

This story has no moral this story has no end  
This story only goes to show that there ain't no good in men!  
He was her man, but he was doing her wrong.

## GOD BLESS AMERICA (IRVING BERLIN, 1938)

G D  
God bless America,

D7 G  
land that I love

G7 C G  
Stand beside her and guide her,

G D7 G  
thru the night with a light from above

D D7 G  
From the mountains, to the prairies,

D D7 G G7  
to the oceans white with foam

C G  
God bless America,

C G D G G7  
my home, sweet home.

C G  
God bless America,

C G D G  
my home, sweet home.

## GOODNIGHT, IRENE (HUDDIE "LEADBELLY" LEDBETTER, 1933)

---

**Chorus:**

G D D7 G

Irene good-night, Irene good-night

G G7 C D7 G

Goodnight Ir-ene, good-night Ir-ene I'll see you in my dreams

---

G D7 G

Last Saturday night I got married me and my wife settled down

G G7 C D7 G

Now me and my wife have part-ed gonna take another stroll down town (Chorus)

---

G D7 G

Sometimes I live in the country sometimes I live in the town

G G7 C D7 G

Sometimes I have a great not-ion to jump into the river and drown (Chorus)

---

G D D7 G

Quit your ramblin' and quit your gamblin', quit stayin' out late at night

G7 C D7 G

Stay home with your wife and fam-ily sit down by the fireside bright (Chorus)

---

G D D7 G

I asked your mother for you, she told me that you were too young

G G7 C D D7 G

I wished to God I'd never seen your face, I'm sorry I'm such a disgrace (Chorus)

---

## HARD TIMES COME AGAIN NO MORE (STEPHEN FOSTER, 1854)

Intro: D G D G D A D

D G D  
Let us pause in life's pleasures and count its many tears,

A A7 D  
while we all sup sorrow with the poor

G D  
There's a song that will linger forever in our ears;

G D A D  
Oh, hard times come again no more.

---

Chorus:

D G D E7 A A7  
Tis the song, the sigh of the weary, hard times, hard times, come again no more

D G D  
Many days you have lingered around my cabin door;

G D A D  
Oh, hard times come again no more.

---

(D) G D  
While we seek mirth and beauty and music light and gay,

A A7 D  
there are frail forms fainting at the door

G D  
Though their voices are silent, their pleading looks will say;

G D A D  
Oh, hard times come again no more. (Chorus)

---

There's a pale sorrow maiden who toils her life away,  
with a worn heart who's better days are o'er:  
Though her voice would be merry, 'tis sighing all the day,  
Oh, hard times come again no more. (Chorus)

---

'Tis a sigh that is wafted across the troubled wave,  
'Tis a wail that is heard upon the shore  
'Tis a dirge that is murmured around the lowly grave;  
Oh, hard times come again no more. (Repeat last line)

## HARD TRAVELLIN' (WOODY GUTHRIE, 1947)

G C G

I been a-havin' some hard travellin', I thought you knowed,

D7

I been a-havin' some hard travellin', way down the road,

G G7 C C7

I been a-havin' some hard travellin', hard ramblin', hard gamblin',

D7 G

I been havin' some hard travellin', Lord.

I been a-workin' in a hard rock tunnel, I thought you knowed,  
I been a-leanin' on a pressure drill, way down the road,  
Hammer flyin', air hose suckin', six feet of mud, I sure been a-muckin'  
I been havin' some hard travellin', Lord.

I been a-workin' that Pittsburg steel, I thought you knowed,  
I been workin' that red-hot slag, way down the road,  
I been a-blastin', I been a-firin', I been a-duckin' red-hot iron,  
I been havin' some hard travellin', Lord.

I been hittin' some hard harvestin', I thought you knowed,  
I been hittin' some rough handlin', way down the road,  
Cut that wheat and stack that hay, tryin' to make about a dollar a day,  
I been havin' some hard travellin', Lord.

I been hittin' that Lincoln Highway, I thought you knowed,  
I been a-hittin' that sixty-six, way down the road,  
Heavy load and worried mind, lookin' for a woman that's hard to find,  
I been havin' some hard travellin', Lord.

I been a-havin' some hard travellin', I thought you knowed,  
I been a-havin' some hard travellin', way down the road,  
I been a-havin' some hard travellin', hard ramblin', hard gamblin',  
I been havin' some hard travellin', Lord.

**HOME ON THE RANGE (LYRICS: DR. BREWSTER M. HIGLEY, MUSIC: DANIEL E. KELLEY)\***  
**(Note: Key Changed from E to D from the original version of this book)**

D                            G  
Oh, give me a home where the buffalo roam

D            E            A7  
Where the deer and the antelope play

D            D7            G            Gm  
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word

D            A7            D  
And the skies are not cloudy all day

---

**Chorus:**

D        A7            D  
Home, home on the range

D                            E            A7  
Where the deer and the antelope play

D            D7            G            Gm  
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word

D            A7            D  
And the skies are not cloudy all day

---

Oh, give me a land where the bright diamond sand  
Flows leisurely down the stream  
Where the graceful white swan goes gliding along  
Like a maid in a heavenly dream

**(Chorus)**

Oh, often at night, when the heavens are bright  
From the light of the glittering stars  
Have I stood there amazed and asked as I gazed  
If their glory exceeds that of ours

**(Chorus)**

**(Repeat 1st Verse)**

\* "Home on the Range" Dr. Brewster M. Higley (1823–1911) originally wrote a poem called "My Western Home" in the early 1870s First published in a December 1873 issue of the Smith County Pioneer under the title "Oh, Give Me a Home Where the Buffalo Roam". Daniel E. Kelley wrote the music. Higley's original words are similar to those of the song today but during the early 20th century, it was arranged by Texas composer David Guion (1892–1981) who is often credited as the composer. Edited from [www.wikipedia.org](http://www.wikipedia.org).

## HOT CORN, COLD CORN (COLLECTED BY ALAN LOMAX, 1938)

Chorus:

G

Hot corn, cold corn, bring along a demijohn

D

Hot corn, cold corn, bring along a demijohn

G

Hot corn, cold corn, bring along a demijohn

D

G

Fare thee well, Uncle Bill, see you in the morning, Yes Sir

---

G

Well it's upstairs, downstairs, down in the kitchen

D

Upstairs, downstairs, down in the kitchen

G

Upstairs, downstairs, down in the kitchen

D

G

See Uncle Bill, just a raring and pitching, Yes Sir

(Chorus)

---

G

Well it's old Aunt Peggy won't you fill em up again

D

Old Aunt Peggy won't you fill em up again

G

Old Aunt Peggy won't you fill em up again

D

G

Ain't had a drink since I don't know when, Yes Sir

(Chorus)

---

G

Well yonder come the preacher and the children are crying

D

Yonder come the preacher and the children are crying

G

Yonder come the preacher and the children are crying

D

G

Chickens are a running and the toenails are a flying, Yes Sir

(Chorus)

## THE HOUSEWIFE'S LAMENT (3:30) (ELIZA S. TURNER ~1870)

G C

One day I was walking, I heard a complaining,

D7 G

And saw an old woman the picture of gloom.

C

She gazed at the mud on her doorstep ('twas raining),

D7 G

And this is what she cried as she wielded her broom:

---

Chorus:

B7

Oh, life is a toil, and love is a trouble,

Em D7

Beauty will fade and riches will flee.

G C

Pleasures they dwindle and prices they double,

D7 G

And nothing is as I would wish it to be.

---

In March it is mud, it is slush in December,  
The midsummer breezes are loaded with dust.  
In fall the leaves litter, in muddy September  
The wallpaper rots and the candlesticks rust.

With grease and with grime from corner to center,

Forever at war and forever alert.

No rest for a day lest the enemy enter,

I spend my whole life in struggle with dirt.

Last night in my dreams I was stationed forever

On a far little rock in the midst of the sea.

My one chance of life was a ceaseless endeavor,

To sweep off the waves as they swept over me.

Alas! 'Twas no dream; ahead I behold it,

I see I am helpless my fate to avert.

She lay down her broom, her apron she folded,

She lay down and died and was buried in dirt.

## **HOUSE OF THE RISING SUN (COLLECTED\* BY ALAN LOMAX, EARLY 1900's)**

**Am            C            D            F            Am            C            E**

**There is a house in New Orleans, they call the Rising Sun**

**Am            C            D            F            Am            E            Am**

**It's been the ruin of many a poor girl and me, Oh Lord, I'm one**

**My mother she's a tailor, she sewed those new blue jeans**

**My sweetheart, he's a gambler Lord, down in New Orleans**

**The only thing a gambler needs is a suitcase and a trunk**

**The only time he's satisfied is when he's on a drunk**

**I've got one foot on the platform and the other one on the train**

**I'm going back to New Orleans to wear that ball and chain**

**Go tell my baby sister, never do like I have done**

**To shun that house in New Orleans, they call the Rising Sun**

**I'm going back to New Orleans, my race is almost run**

**Going back to spend my life in the house of the Rising Sun**

\*The song might have been lost to obscurity had it not been collected by folklorist Alan Lomax, who, along with his father, was a curator of the Archive of American Folk Song for the Library of Congress – [en.wikipedia.org](https://en.wikipedia.org). Georgia Turner was the first person to record this in 1937 – [www.last.fm/music/Georgia+Turner](http://www.last.fm/music/Georgia+Turner)

# I WAS BORN ABOUT TEN THOUSAND YEARS AGO (TRADITIONAL, RECORDED 1925)

D A  
I was born about ten thousand years ago

D  
And there's nothing in this world that I don't know

G D  
I saw Peter, Paul, and Moses playing ring around the roses

A D  
And I'll lick the guy that say it isn't so

I saw Satan when he looked the garden o'er  
I saw Eve and Adam driven from the door  
And behind the bushes peepin', saw the apple they were eatin'  
And I swear that I'm the guy that ate the core

I saw Jonah when he was within the whale  
And thought he'd never live to tell the tale  
But old Jonah'd eaten garlic, and he gave the whale the colic  
So he coughed him up and let him out of jail

I saw Israel in the battle of the Nile  
The arrows were flying thick and fast and wild  
I saw David with his sling, pop Goliath on the wing  
I was doing forty seconds to the mile

I saw Sampson when he laid the village cold  
Saw Daniel tame the lions in their hold  
I helped build the Tower of Babel up as high as they were able  
And there's many other things I haven't told

I taught Solomon his little A-B-C's  
I helped Brigham Young to make limburger cheese  
And while sailing down the bay with Methuselah one day  
I saved his flowing whiskers from the breeze

I remember when the country had a king  
I saw Cleopatra pawn her wedding ring  
And I saw the flags a'flyin' when George Washington stopped lyin'  
On the night when Patty first begin to sing

I was born ten thousand years ago  
And there's nothing in this world that I don't know  
I saw Peter, Paul and Moses playing ring-around-the-roses  
And I can lick the guy that says it isn't so

I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THE RAILROAD\* (AMERICAN TRADITIONAL, 1800's) \*

G

C

G

I've been working on the railroad all the live long day.

A7

D7

I've been working on the railroad just to pass the time away.

G C

B7

Can't you hear the whistle blowing? Rise up so early in the morn.

C

G

D7

G

Can't you hear the captain shouting, "Dinah blow your horn."

G

C

Dinah won't you blow, Dinah won't you blow,

D7

G

Dinah won't you blow your horn?

G

C

Dinah won't you blow, Dinah won't you blow,

D7

G

Dinah won't you blow your horn?

D7

Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah. Someone's in the kitchen I know.

G

C

D7

G

Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah, strumming on the old banjo.

And singing fee fi fiddly-eye-oh,  
fee fi fiddly-eye-oh-oh-oh-oh.

Fee fi fiddly-eye-oh,  
strumming on the old banjo.

\*"I've Been Working on the Railroad" is an American folk song. The first published version appeared as "Levee Song" in *Carmina Princetonia*, a book of Princeton University songs published in 1894.  
[www.wikipedia.org](http://www.wikipedia.org)

## JAMBALAYA (HANK WILLIAMS, 1952)

Intro: G7 C

G7  
Goodbye, Joe, me gotta go, me oh my oh

C  
Me gotta go, pole the pirogue down the bayou

G7  
My Yvonne, the sweetest one, me oh my oh

C  
Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the bayou

---

Chorus:

G7  
Jambalaya and a crawfish pie and Filé gumbo

C  
Cause tonight I'm gonna see my ma cher amio

G7  
Pick guitar, fill fruit jar and be gay-o

C      G7 C G7 C  
Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the bayou

---

C                            G7  
Thibodaux, Fontaineaux, the place is buzzin'

C  
Kinfolk come to see Yvonne by the dozen

G7  
We dress in style and go hog wild, me oh my oh

C  
Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the bayou

(Chorus)

---

Settle down far from town get me a pirogue  
And I'll catch all the fish in the bayou  
Swap my mon to buy Yvonne what she need-oh  
Son of a gun we'll have big fun on the bayou

(Chorus Twice)

## LILY OF THE WEST (AMERICAN TRADITIONAL) \*

Em                    G     D              C                    Em

When first I came to Louisville, my fortune there to find.

G                    D                    C                    Em

A damsel there from Lexington was pleasing to my mind.

G                    D                    C                    Em

Her rosy cheeks, her ruby lips like arrows pierced my breast

      G    D        C                    Em

And the name she bore was Flora the Lily of the West.

I courted lovely Flora some pleasure there to find  
But she turned unto another man which sore distressed my mind  
She robbed me of my liberty, deprived me- of my rest  
Then go my lovely Flora, the Lily of the West.

Way down in yonder shady grove, a man of high degree,  
Conversing with my Flora there, it seemed so strange to me  
And the answer that she gave to him it sore did me oppress  
I was betrayed by Flora, the Lily of the West.

I stepped up to my rival, my dagger in my hand  
I seized him by the collar and I boldly bade him stand  
Being mad to desperation I pierced him in the breast  
I killed a man for Flora, the Lily of the West.

I had to stand my trial, I had to make my plea  
They placed me in a criminal box and there convicted me  
Although she swore my life away, deprived me of my rest,  
Still I love my faithless Flora, the Lily of the West.

"Lily of the West" is a traditional American folk song (there are older versions known in the west of Ireland, from which the US song was derived) about a man who travels to Louisville and falls in love with a woman named Mary, or Flora, the eponymous Lily of the West. [www.wikipedia.org](http://www.wikipedia.org). Roud Folk Song Index #957

## LITTLE MAGGIE (APPALACHIAN TRADITIONAL) \*

D C

Well yonder stands little Maggie,

D C D

With a dram glass in her hand,

C

And she's drinkin' down her troubles,

D C D

And she's foolin' some other man.

Tell me how can I ever stand it,

just to see those two blue eyes.

They're shining like a diamond,

Like a diamond in the sky.

Sometimes I have a nickel,

Sometimes I have a dime.

And it's sometimes I have ten dollars,

just to buy Little Maggie some wine.

Now she's marching down to the station,

Got a suitcase in her hand,

She's going for to leave me,

She is bound for some distant land.

Pretty flowers were made for blooming,

Pretty stars were meant to shine.

Pretty girls were made for boys to love,

And Little Maggie was made for mine.

Well the first time I seen Little Maggie,

She was sitting by the banks of the sea.

Had a forty-five strapped around her shoulder,

And a banjo on her knee.

\* Recorded by Dr. Ralph Stanley in 1946. As is common with folk music, verses vary.

## MAMA DON'T ALLOW ('LOW) (TRADITIONAL)

G

Mama don't allow no music playin' round here

(G)

D

Mama don't allow no music playin' round here

G

G7

Well, we don't care what Mama don't 'low

C

Gonna play that music anyhow

G

D

G

Mama don't allow no music playin' round here

Mama don't allow no guitar playin' round here

Mama don't allow no guitar playin' round here

Well, we don't care what Mama don't allow

Gonna play that guitar anyhow

Mama don't allow no guitar playin' round here

Mama don't allow no singin' round here

Mama don't allow no singin' round here

Well, we don't care what Mama don't allow

Gonna sing that song anyhow

Mama don't allow no singin' round here

Mama don't allow no hand clapping here

Mama don't allow no hand clapping here

Well, we don't care what mama don't allow

We're gonna clap our hands anyhow

Mama don't allow no hand clapping here

Mama don't allow no foot stompin' round here

Mama don't allow no foot stompin' round here

Well, we don't care what Mama don't allow

Gonna stomp my feet anyhow

Mama don't allow no foot stompin' round here

---

---

---

## MAN OF CONSTANT SORROW (TRADITIONAL, PRIOR TO 1913)

(Peter, Paul & Mary arrangement)

Intro: A D

A                    D                    Bm                    Em  
I am a man of constant sorrow; I've seen troubles all my days

A                    D                    Bm                    Em  
I'm goin' back to Cali-for-nia, \* place where I was partly raised

A                    D  
All through this world I'm bound to ramble

Bm                    Em  
Through storm and wind, through sleet and rain

A                    D                    Bm                    Em  
I'm bound to ride that northern railroad; Perhaps I'll take the very next train.

A                    D                    Bm                    Em  
Your friends, they say I am a stranger; You'll never see my face no more

A                    D                    Bm                    Em  
There is just one promise that's given; We'll sail on God's golden shore

A                    D                    Bm                    Em  
I am a man of constant sorrow; I've seen troubles all my days

A                    D                    Bm                    Em  
I'm goin' back to Cali-for-nia, \* Place where I was partly raised

\* Location is commonly changed to wherever this song is performed

## MIDNIGHT SPECIAL (AMERICAN TRADITIONAL) \*

G

C

G

Well, you wake up in the morning, hear the ding dong ring,

D7

G

You go a-marching to the table, see the same damn thing;

C

G

Well, it's on a one table, knife, a fork and a pan,

D7

G

And if you say anything about it, you're in trouble with the man.

---

**Chorus:**

C

G

Let the midnight special shine her light on me;

D7

C

D7

G

Let the midnight special Shine her ever-loving light on me.

---

If you ever go to Houston, you better walk right;  
You better not stagger; you better not fight;  
Sheriff Benson will arrest you; he'll carry you down,  
And if the jury finds you guilty, you're penitentiary bound.

Yonder come little Rosie, "How in the world do you know?",  
I can tell her by her apron, and the dress she wore.  
Umbrella on her shoulder, piece of paper in her hand,  
She goes a-marching to the captain, says, "I want my man."

"I don't believe that Rosie loves me" "Well tell me why"  
She ain't been to see me since last' July.  
She brought me little coffee, she brought me little tea  
Brought me damn near ever' thing but the jailhouse key.

Yonder comes Doctor Adams. "How in the world do you know?"  
Well, he gave me a tablet just the day before  
There ain't no doctor in all the land  
Can cure the fever of a convict man.

\*"Midnight Special" is a traditional folk song thought to have originated among prisoners in the American South. Lyrics appearing in the song were first recorded in print by Howard Odum in 1905. – [www.wikipedia.org](http://www.wikipedia.org)

**MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE (SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH, (TRADITIONAL MELODY\*), 1831)**

(Capo 1)

G Em Am D            G Em Am G Em Am G D G  
My country 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty, of thee I sing.

(G)                      D7  
Land where my fathers died, land of the pilgrim's pride.

G                        C G      D7 G  
From every mountain side let freedom ring!

---

G Em Am D            G Em Am G Em Am G D G  
My native country, thee, land of the noble free, Thy name I love.

(G)                      D7  
I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills.

G                        C G      D7 G  
My heart with rapture thrills, like that a - bove.

---

G Em Am D            G Em Am G Em Am G D G  
Let music swell the breeze, and ring from all the trees sweet freedom's song.

(G)                      D7  
Let mortal tongues awake, let all that breathe partake.

G                        C G      D7 G  
Let rocks their silence break, the sound pro-long.

---

G Em Am D            G Em Am G Em Am G D G  
Our fa - ther's God, to Thee, Author of liberty, to Thee we sing.

(G)                      D7  
Long may our land be bright with freedom's holy light.

G                        C G      D7 G  
Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

\* Melody is from the British National Anthem "God Save the King/Queen"

## MY GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK (HENRY CLAY WORK, 1876) \*

G D7 G C G D7 G  
My grandfather's clock was too big for the shelf, so it stood ninety years on the floor.

D7 G C G D7 G  
It was taller by half, than the old man himself, though it weighed not a pennyweight more.

D7 G A7 D7  
It was bought on the morn of the day that he was born & was always his treasure and pride

G D7 G C G D7 G  
But it stopped - short - never to go again, When the old man died.

---

Chorus:

G

Ninety years without slumbering; Tick-tock, tick tock

His life seconds numbering; Tick -tock, Tick-tock

D7 G C G D7 G  
But it stopped - short - never to go again, When the old man died.

---

In watching its pendulum swing to and fro, many hours had he spent as a boy.  
And in childhood & manhood the clock seemed to know & to share both his grief & his joy.  
For it struck twenty-four when he entered at the door with a blooming & beautiful bride;  
But it stopped - short - never to go again, When the old man died. (Chorus)

My grandfather said that of those he could hire, not a servant so faithful he found;  
For it wasted no time and had but one desire, at the end of each week to be wound.  
And it kept in its place, not a frown upon its face, and its' hands never hung by its side;  
But it stopped - short - never to go again, when the old man died. (Chorus)

It rang an alarm in the dead of the night, an alarm that for years had been dumb;  
And we knew that his spirit was pluming its flight, that his hour of departure had come.  
Still the clock kept the time, with a soft & muffled chime, as we quietly stood by his side  
But it stopped - short - never to go again When the old man died. (Chorus)

"My Grandfather's Clock" was written in 1876 by Henry Clay Work. Most accounts give the origin of the song as a wayfarers' inn in Piercebridge on the border of Yorkshire and County Durham called the George Hotel. The hotel was owned and operated by two brothers named Jenkins, and in the lobby was an upright long-case clock. The clock kept perfect time until one of the brothers died, after which it lost time at an increasing rate, despite the best efforts of the hotel staff and local clockmakers to repair it. When the other brother died, the clock stopped, never to go again. It is said that in 1875 Henry Clay Work visited the hotel and based "My Grandfather's Clock" on the stories he heard there. Edited from [www.wikipedia.org](http://www.wikipedia.org)

## NOBODY KNOWS YOU WHEN YOU'RE DOWN AND OUT (JIMMY Cox, 1923)

Intro: C E7 A A7 Dm A7 Dm F C A7 D7 G7

C                   E7           A           A7   Dm                   A7                   Dm

I once lived the life of a millionaire spent all my money, didn't have any cares

F                   C                   A7

Took all my friends out for a mighty good time

D7                   G7                   C           E7   A           A7

We bought bootleg liquor, champagne and wine, then I began to fall so low

Dm                   A7                   Dm                   F                           C           A7

Lost all my good friends had nowhere to go, if I get my hands on a dollar again

D7                   G7

I'll hang on it 'till that old eagle grins because...

---

Chorus:

C E7   A           A7 / Dm           A7           Dm

nobody knows you                   when you're down and out

F                   C           A7   D7                   G7

In your pocket, not one penny and as for friends, well, you ain't got any

C                   E7           A           / A7

When you get back on your feet again

Dm                   A7                   Dm

Everybody wants to be your long lost friend

F                   C           A7

I said it straight without any doubt

D7                   G7

Nobody knows you when you're down and out

Solo: C E7 A A7 Dm A7 Dm F C A7 D7 G7 C E7 A A7 Dm A7 Dm F C  
A7 D7 G7

"Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out" is a blues standard, written by Jimmy Cox in 1923. Its lyric, told from the point of view of a one-time millionaire during the Prohibition era, reflects on the fleeting nature of material wealth and the friendships that come and go with it. Wikipedia.org

## OH, DEAR! WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE? (ENGLISH NURSERY RHYME, 1700's)

**Chorus:**

C

G7

Oh, dear! What can the matter be? Dear, dear! What can the matter be?

C

Dm

G7

C

Oh, dear! What can the matter be? Johnny's so long at the fair.

---

**Verses:**

C

He promised he'd buy me a gift that would please me,

G7

And then for a kiss, oh, he vowed he would tease me;

C

G7

C

He promised he'd buy me a bunch of blue ribbons, to tie up my bonnie brown hair.

He promised he'd bring me a basket of posies, a garland of lilies, a garland of roses,  
A little straw hat to set off the blue ribbons, that tie up my bonnie brown hair.

---

## Oh Susanna (American Traditional)

D

A7

I come from Alabama with a banjo on my knee,

D

A7 D

I'm going to Lou'siana, my true love for to see,

D

A7

It rained all night the day I left, the weather it was dry,

D

A7 D

The sun so hot, I froze to death, Susanna don't you cry.

---

**Chorus:**

G

D

A7 D

A7 D

Oh Susanna, oh don't you cry for me, I come from Alabama with a banjo on my knee.

---

I had a dream the other night, when everything was still,  
I dreamed I saw Susanna a coming-down the hill.

(chorus)

A red, red rose was in her cheek, a tear was in her eye  
I said to her Susanna girl, Susanna don't you cry.

(chorus)

## OLD FOLKS AT HOME (SWANEE RIVER) (STEPHEN FOSTER, 1851)

C                    F                    C                    G  
Way down upon the Swanee River, far, far away

C                    F                    C                    G                    C  
That's where my heart is turning ever. That's where the old folks stay

F                    C                    G  
All up and down the whole creation, Sadly I roam.

C                    F                    C                    G                    C  
Still longing for the old plantation, and for the old folks at home

---

### Chorus:

G                    C                    F                    C                    G  
All the world is sad and dreary, everywhere I roam

C                    F                    C                    G                    C  
Oh, Lordy, how my heart grows weary, far from the old folks at home

---

All 'round the little farm I wandered, when I was young  
Then many happy days I squandered, many the songs I sung  
When I was playing with my brother, Happy was I  
Oh, take me to my kind old mother. There let me live and die (Chorus)

---

One little hut among the bushes, one that I love  
Still sadly to my memory rushes, no matter where I rove  
When shall I see the bees a humming, all 'round the comb  
When shall I hear the banjo strumming, down by my good old home (Chorus)

---

## ON TOP OF OLD SMOKY (AMERICAN TRADITIONAL)

C                  F                  C  
On top of old Smoky, all covered with snow,

G7                  C        F    C  
I lost my true lover, From courting too slow

F                  C  
Now courting is pleasure, and parting is grief,

G7                  C        F    C  
And a false-hearted lover, Is worse than a thief.

Say a thief will just rob you and take what you have  
But a false-hearted lover will lead you to the grave.  
And the grave will decay you and turn you to dust  
Not one boy in a hundred a poor girl can trust.

They'll hug you and kiss you and tell you more lies,  
than the cross-ties on the railroad or the stars in the skies.  
So come all you young maidens and listen to me  
Never place your affection on a green willow tree.

For the leaves they will wither and the roots they will die  
You'll all be forsaken And never know why.  
On top of Old Smoky All covered with snow  
I lost my true lover from courting too slow.

## ONE MEAT BALL (HY ZARET, 1944)

Am Am/G F7 E7

**(The tempo is slow and sad)**

**Am E7 Am**  
**A little man walked up and down, and found an eating place in town,**

**Am Dm E7**  
**He read the menu through and through, to see what fifteen cents could do.**

**Am F7 E7 Am F7 E7**  
**One meatball, one meatball,**

**Am F7 E7 Am F7 E7**  
**He could afford but one meatball.**

**He told the waiter near at hand, the simple dinner he had planned.  
The guests were startled one and all, to hear that waiter loudly call.  
One meatball, one meatball,  
He could afford but one meatball.**

Little man felt so ill at ease,  
He said: "Some bread Sir, if you please."  
The waiter hollered down the hall:  
You get no bread with your one meat ball.  
  
One meatball, one meatball,  
He could afford but one meatball.

**Little man felt so very bad,  
One meat ball was all he had.  
And in his dreams he can still hear that call  
You get no bread with your one meat ball.**

**One meatball, one meatball,  
He could afford but one meatball.**

## RED RIVER VALLEY (1800's) \*

E                    B7                    E

From this valley they say you are going,

B7

We will miss your bright eyes and sweet smile;

E                    E7                    A

For they say you are taking the sunshine

E                    B7                    E

That has brightened our pathways awhile.

---

Chorus:

B7                    E

Come and sit by my side, if you love me,

B7

Do not hasten to bid me adieu,

E                    E7                    A

Just remember the Red River Valley,

E                    B7                    E

And the cowboy who loved you so true.

---

I've been thinking a long time, my darling,  
Of the sweet words you never would say,  
Now, alas, must my fond hopes all vanish?  
For they say you on are going away.

Do you think of the valley you're leaving?

Oh how lonely and how dreary it will be.

Do you think of the kind hearts you're breaking?

And the pain you are causing to me?

They will bury me where you have wandered

Near the hills where the daffodils grow,

When you're gone from the Red River Valley,

For I can't live without you I know.

\* The earliest written manuscript of the lyrics, titled "Red River Valley", bears the notations 1879 and 1885 in locations Nemaha and Harlan in western Iowa, so it probably dates to at least that era. – [www.wikipedia.org](http://www.wikipedia.org)

## **ROLL IN MY SWEET BABY'S ARMS (AMERICAN TRADITIONAL) \***

**A**

**E**

I ain't gonna work on the railroad, ain't gonna work on the farm

**A**

**D**

Lay around the shack till the mail train comes back

**E**

**A**

And roll in my sweet baby's arms

---

**Chorus:**

**A**

**E**

Roll in my sweet baby's arms. Roll in my sweet baby's arms

**A**

**D**

Lay round the shack till the mail train comes back

**E**

**A**

And roll in my sweet baby's arms

---

Now where were you last Friday night while I was lying in jail?

Walking the streets with another man wouldn't even go my bail      (Chorus)

I know your parents don't like me, they turn me away from your door

Had my life to live over, I wouldn't go there any more      (Chorus)

If I was on some foggy mountaintop, I'd sail away to the west

I'd sail all around this whole wide world to the girl, I love the best      (Chorus)

If I had listened to what Mama said, I would not have been here today

A lyin' around this old jailhouse just weeping my sweet life away      (Chorus)

She caused me to weep, she caused me to mourn,

she caused me to leave my home

Oh, those lonesome pines and those good old times,

I'm on my way back home

(Chorus)

\*The Flatt & Scruggs version was first released as a single by Lester Flatt, Earl Scruggs and the Foggy Mountain Boys, on December 14, 1951

## ROUTE 66 (BOBBY TROUP, 1946)

A                    D                    A  
Well, if you ever plan to motor west

D                    A  
Jack, take my way, that's the highway, that's the best

E7            D            A                    D                    A  
Get your kicks on Route 66. Well, it winds from Chicago to L.A.

D                    A                    E7            D            A  
More than 2000 miles all the way. Get your kicks on Route 66

---

Chorus:

A  
Well, goes from St. Louie, Joplin, Missouri

(A)  
Oklahoma City, looks oh so pretty

D                    A  
You'll see Amarillo and Gallup, New Mexico

E7  
Flagstaff, Arizona, don't forget Winona Kingman, Barstow, San Bernadino

---

A            D                    A                    D                    A  
Would you get hip to this timely tip. And go take that California trip

E7            D            A  
Get your kicks on Route 66  
(Optional Solo) A D A E7 D A

---

(Chorus)

A            D                    A                    D                    A  
Would you get hip to this kindly tip? And go take that California trip

(Repeat three times:)  
E7            D            A  
Get your kicks on Route 66

## **SALTY DOG BLUES (ZEKE MORRIS, WILEY MORRIS) \***

**F                            D7**

**Standing on the corner with the low-down blues,**

**G7**

**A great big hole in the bottom of my shoes,**

**C7                            F**

**Honey let me be your salty dog.**

---

**Chorus:**

**F                            D7**

**Let me be your salty dog,**

**G7**

**Or I won't be your man at all,**

**C7                            F**

**Honey, let me be your salty dog.**

(Often a break after each chorus)

---

**Look here, Sal, I know you,  
Got a low-down slipper and a brogan shoe,  
Honey, let me be your salty dog.**

**Down in the wildwood sittin' on a log  
Finger on the trigger and eye on the hog  
Honey, let me be your salty dog**

**We pulled the trigger and the gun said go,  
The shot rang out over Mexico,  
Honey, let me be your salty dog,**

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\*"Salty Dog Blues" is an early 1900's folk song. It is in the public domain. [www.wikipedia.org](http://www.wikipedia.org)

**SCARLET RIBBONS (MUSIC: EVELYN DANZIG LYRICS: JACK SEGAL, 1949)\*  
(slow 3/4 time - waltz)**

A D E7 A D E7 D A

**I peeked in to say good night, when I heard my child in prayer,**

D E7 A D E7 D A

**And for me some scarlet ribbons, scarlet ribbons for my hair.**

E7 D

**All the stores were closed and shuttered**

E7 D A

**All the streets were dark and bare.**

A D E7 A D E7 D A

**In our town no scarlet ribbons, scarlet ribbons for her hair.**

E7 A D

**Through the night my heart was aching**

E7 D E7 A D E7 A

**Just before the dawn was breaking, I peeked in and, on her bed**

D E7 D A D E7 A

**In gay profusion lying there I saw ribbons scarlet ribbons**

D E7 D A

## **Scarlet ribbons for her hair.**

E7 A D E7 D E7

**If I live to be a hundred, I will never know from where**

A D E7 A

# Came those lovely scarlet ribbons

D E7 D E7 A

## **Scarlet ribbons for her hair.**

**"Scarlet Ribbons"** was written in only 15 minutes in 1949 at Danzig's home in Port Washington, New York after she invited lyricist Segal to hear her music - [www.wikipedia.org](http://www.wikipedia.org).

## **SHADY GROVE (APPALACHIAN TRADITIONAL, 1700's) \***

**Em D Em D Em**  
**Cheeks as red as the bloomin' rose, eyes of the deepest brown**

D Em D Em  
You are the darlin' of my heart, stay 'til the sun goes down

## **Chorus:**

**Shady Grove, my little love Shady Grove I say  
Shady Grove, my little love I'm bound to go away**

**I wish I had a big fine horse and corn to feed him on  
And Shady Grove to stay at home and feed him while I'm gone (Chorus)**

**Went to see my Shady Grove She was standing in the door  
Her shoes and stockings in her hand  
And her little bare feet on the floor** **(Chorus)**

**When I was a little boy, I wanted a Barlow knife  
And now I want little Shady Grove To say she'll be my wife** (Chorus)

**A kiss from pretty little Shady Grove Is sweet as brandy wine  
And there ain't no girl in this old world That's prettier than mine (Chorus)**

**\*Many variations on the lyrics. This uses Doc Watson's lyrics since they seem to be best known.**

**SHENANDOAH (CAPTAIN ROBERT CHAMBLETT ADAMS, 1876)**

D                    G    D  
Oh, Shenandoah, I long to hear you,

G                    D  
Away, you rolling river

G                    A      Bm    G  
Oh, Shenandoah, I long to hear you

D                    F#m         Bm      A    D  
Away, I'm bound away, cross the wide Missouri.

Oh, Shenandoah, I love your daughter,  
Away, you rolling river  
Oh, Shenandoah, I love your daughter  
Away, I'm bound away, cross the wide Missouri.

Oh, Shenandoah, I'm bound to leave you,  
Away, you rolling river  
Oh, Shenandoah, I'm bound to leave you  
Away, I'm bound away, cross the wide Missouri.

Oh, Shenandoah, I long to see you,  
Away, you rolling river  
Oh, Shenandoah, I long to see you  
Away, I'm bound away, cross the wide Missouri.

## **SKIP TO MY LOU\* (AMERICAN TRADITIONAL, 1800's)**

**A**

**Choose your partner, skip to my Lou,**

**E**

**Choose your partner, skip to my Lou,**

**A**

**Choose your partner, skip to my Lou,**

**E**

**A**

**Skip to my Lou my darling.**

---

**Chorus:**

**A**

**E**

**Lou, Lou, skip to my Lou, Lou, Lou, skip to my Lou,**

**A**

**E**

**A**

**Lou, Lou, skip to my Lou, Skip to my Lou my darling.**

---

**Fly's in the buttermilk, shoo, fly, shoo,  
Fly's in the buttermilk, shoo, fly, shoo,  
Fly's in the buttermilk, shoo, fly, shoo,  
Skip to my Lou my darling.**

**(Chorus)**

**Lost my partner, what'll I do?  
Lost my partner, what'll I do?  
Lost my partner, what'll I do?  
Skip to my Lou my darling.**

**(Chorus)**

**I'll get another one prettier than you,  
I'll get another one prettier than you,  
I'll get another one prettier than you,  
Skip to my Lou my darling.**

**(Chorus)**

\*Roud folk song index 3593. In early America, respectable folk in Protestant communities regarded the fiddle as the devil's instrument and dancing as sinful. Faced with such prejudice, young people developed the "play-party," where objectionable features of a square dance were removed so that their elders could approve. "Skip to My Lou" is a game of stealing partners. A number of couples hand in hand, skip around in a ring. A lone boy in the center of the moving circle of couples sings, "Lost my partner what'll I do?" as the girls whirl past him. The young man in the center hesitates while he decides on a girl, singing, "I'll get another one prettier than you.". Edited from wikipedia.org.

**ST. JAMES INFIRMARY (AMERICAN TRADITIONAL/DON REDMOND/JOE PRIMROSE) \***

E7 Am E7 Am Dm G7 C E7

It was down in old Joe's barroom. On the corner by the square,

Am E7 Am E7 Am

The drinks were served as usual, and the usual crowd was there.

Now on my left stood big Joe McKenna, and his eyes were bloodshot red,  
And he looked at the gang around him, and these were the very words he said.

I went down to the St. James Infirmary, I saw my baby there,  
She was stretched out on a long, white table, so cold, so pale, and fair.

Let her go, let her go, God bless her, wherever she may be.  
She can ramble this wide world over, and never find another man like me.

Now when I die, please bury me, in my high-top Stetson hat,  
Just put a twenty-dollar gold piece on my watch chain,  
So the gang will know I died standing pat.

I want six crap shooters for my pall bearers, and a chorus girl to sing me a  
song,  
Put a jazz band on my hearse wagon, just to raise hell as we roll along.

And now that you have heard my story, I'll take another shot of booze.  
If anyone should happen to ask you, well, I've got the gambler's blues

\* "St. James Infirmary Blues" is an American folksong of anonymous origin, though sometimes credited to the songwriter Joe Primrose (a pseudonym for Irving Mills). Louis Armstrong made it famous in his influential 1928 recording. It is based on an 18th century traditional English folk song called "The Unfortunate Rake" – [www.wikipedia.org](http://www.wikipedia.org)

## THE STREETS OF LAREDO (FRANK H. MAYNARD. 1911) (2:45)

D            A7            D            A7

As I walked out in the streets of Laredo,

D            A7            D            A7

As I walked out in Laredo one day,

D            A7            D            A7

I spied a poor cowboy wrapped up in white linen,

D            G            A7            D

All wrapped in white linen and cold as the clay.

"I see by your outfit that you are a cowboy,"

These words he did say as I proudly stepped by,

"Come sit down beside me and hear my sad story,

Got shot in the breast and I know I must die."

'Twas once in the saddle I used to go dashing,

'Twas once in the saddle I used to go gay;

'Twas first to drinkin', and then to card-playing,

Got shot in the breast and I'm dying today.

"Let six jolly cowboys come carry my coffin,

Let six pretty gals come carry my pall;

Throw bunches of roses all over my coffin,

Throw roses to deaden the clods as they fall.

"Oh, beat the drum slowly, and play the fife lowly,

And play the dead march as you carry me along,

Take me to the green valley and lay the earth o'er me,

For I'm a poor cowboy and I know I've done wrong."

Oh we beat the drum slowly and we played the fife lowly,

And bitterly wept as we carried him along,

For we all loved our comrade, so brave, young and handsome,

We all loved our comrade although he done wrong.

## SUMMERTIME (GEORGE GERSHWIN, 1934)

Em Am7 Em Am7

Em Am Em Am Em Am Em  
Summertime, and the living is easy

Am B7 C7 B7  
Fish are jumping and the cotton is high

Em Am Em Am Em Am Em  
Your daddy's rich, and your momma's good looking

G A7 B7 Em Am Em  
So hush little baby, don't you cry

Instrumental: (Use chords from one of the verses)

Em Am7 Em Am7 Em Am7 Em  
One of these mornings, you're gonna rise up singing

Am7 B7 C7 B7  
Then you'll spread your wings and you'll take to the sky

Em Am7 Em Am7 Em Am7 Em  
But till that morning, there's a nothing can harm you

G A7 B7 Em Am7 Em  
With daddy and mammy standing by

## THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN (F. J. ADAMS, 1891)

C

There is a tavern in the town, in the town,

G7

And there my true love sits him down, sits him down

C C7 F

And drinks his wine as merry as can be,

G7 C F C

And never, never thinks of me.

---

Chorus:

C G7

Fare thee well, for I must leave thee,

C

Do not let this parting grieve thee,

G7

C F C

And remember that the best of friends must part, Must part.

C

Adieu, adieu, kind friends adieu, yes adieu,

G7

I can no longer stay with you, stay with you;

C C7 F

I'll hang my heart on a weeping willow tree,

G7

C F C

And may the world go well with thee.

---

He left me for a damsel dark, damsel dark,  
Each Friday night they used to spark, used to spark,  
And now my love who once was true to me,  
Takes this dark damsel on his knee.

And now I see him nevermore, nevermore;  
He never knocks upon my door, on my door;  
Oh, woe is me; he pinned a little note,  
And these were all the words he wrote:

Oh, dig my grave both wide and deep, wide and deep  
Put tombstones at my head and feet, head and feet,  
And on my breast you may carve a turtledove,  
To signify I died for love.

## **TOM DOOLEY (APPALACHIAN TRADITIONAL / THOMAS LAND, LATE 1800'S) \***

---

**Chorus:**

**D**

**Hang down your head Tom Dooley,**

**A7**

**Hang down your head and cry. Hang down your head Tom Dooley,**

**D**

**Poor boy, you're bound to die,**

---

**D**

**A7**

**I met her on the mountain, swore she'd be my wife,**

**G D**

**But the gal refused me, so I stabbed her with my knife. (Chorus)**

**D**

**A7**

**This time come tomorrow, reckon' where I'd be,**

**If it hadn't been for Grayson, I'd been in Tennessee,**

**G D**

**(Chorus)**

**D**

**A7**

**This time come tomorrow, reckon' where I'll be,**

**G D**

**Down in some lonesome valley, hangin' from a white oak tree. (Chorus)**

\*Song is based on the murder of Laura Foster in North Carolina in 1844.. Also credited to Thomas Land

## TUMBLING TUMBLEWEEDS (BOB NOLAN, 1934)

F E E7  
See them tumbling down, Pledging their love to the ground,

F C  
Lonely but free I'll be found

G7 C  
Drifting along with the tumbling tumbleweeds.

F E E7  
Cares of the past are behind, nowhere to go but I'll find

F C  
Just where the trail will wind,

G7 C  
Drifting along with the tumbling tumbleweeds.

G7 C D7 G7  
I know, when night has gone, that a new world's born at dawn,

F E E7  
I'll keep rolling along. Deep in my heart is a song,

F C G7 C  
Here on the range, I belong, Drifting along with the tumbling tumbleweeds.

(Picked melody line)

(Repeat Song) (End 2nd time with C F C)

## THE WABASH CANNONBALL (AMERICAN TRADITIONAL) \*

G

C

From the Atlantic Ocean, to the wide Pacific shore,

D7

G

Heard the Queen of flowing mountains, To the South Belle by the door,

G7

C

She's long, tall and handsome; She's loved by one and all.

D7

G

She's a regular combination, Called the Wabash Cannonball

---

Chorus:

G

C

Listen to the jingle, the rumble and the roar,

D7

G

As we ride along the woodlands, through the hills and by the shore.

C

Hear the mighty rush of the engines; hear the lonesome hobo squall,

D7

G

While travelling through the jungles, on the Wabash Cannonball

---

Now the eastern states are dandies, So the western people say

From New York to St., Louis and Chicago by the way,

Through the hills of Minnesota where the rippling waters fall

No chances can be taken on the Wabash Cannonball.

Here's to Daddy Claxton, may his name forever stand

Will he be remembered through parts of all our land,

When his earthly race is over and the curtain round him falls

We'll carry him on to victory on the Wabash Cannonball.

"The Wabash Cannonball" is an American folk song about a fictional train, thought to have originated in the late nineteenth century. Its first documented appearance was on sheet music published in 1882, titled "The Great Rock Island Route" and credited to J. A. Roff. [www.wikipedia.org](http://www.wikipedia.org). There is also speculation that Roy Acuff may have added in the reference to "Daddy Claxton" – as a relative of his, but Internet sources are conflicting and inconclusive.

## WILDWOOD FLOWER (A.P. CARTER, 1928) \*

C G7 C  
I will twine and will mingle my raven black hair  
C G7 C  
With the roses so red and the lilies so fair  
C F C  
And the myrtle so green of an emerald hue  
C G7 C  
And the pale amanita and I-slip so blue

---

C G7 C  
Oh he promised to love me, he promised to love  
C G7 C  
And cherish me always all others above  
C F C  
I woke from my dream and my idol was clay  
C G7 C  
My passion for loving had vanished away

---

C G7 C  
Oh he taught me to love him, he called me his flower  
C G7 C  
A blossom to cheer him through life's weary hour  
C F C  
But now he has gone and left me alone  
C G7 C  
The wild flowers to weep and the wild birds to moan

---

C G7 C  
I'll dance and I'll sing and my life will be gay  
C G7 C  
I'll banish this weeping, drive troubles away  
C F C  
I'll live yet to see him regret this dark hour  
C G7 C  
When he won and neglected this frail wildwood flower.

\* "This is a variant of the song "I'll Twine 'Mid the Ringlets", [1] published in 1860 by composer Joseph Webster, with lyrics attributed to Maud Irving. (Wikipedia.org) Roud Index 757. Tune is same as The Reuben James

## **WRECK OF THE OLD 97\* (G. B. GRAYSON; HENRY WHITTER, 1924)**

**D G**

**Well they gave him his orders at Monroe Virginia**

**D A7**

**Saying Steve you're way behind time**

**D G D A7 D**

**This is not 38 it's old\*\* 97; you must put her into Danville on time**

**Well, he turned around and said to his black greasy fireman**

**Just shovel in a little more coal**

**And when we cross this big White Mountain, we'll watch old 97 roll**

**It's a mighty rough road from Lynchburg to Danville**

**On a line on with a three-mile grade**

**It was on that grade that he lost his airbrakes you see what a jump he made**

**They were going down the grade making 90 miles an hour.**

**When his whistle broke into a scream.**

**He was found in the wreck with his hand on the throttle.**

**He was scalded to death by the steam**

**Then the telegram come to Washington city And this is how it read**

**The brave engineer that run old 97 he's a-laying in old Danville dead**

**Now all you ladies heed this warning**

**From this time now and learn**

**Never speak harsh words to your true loving husband**

**He may leave you and never return.**

**\*\*"Old 97," was a Southern Railway train officially known as the Fast Mail. It ran from Washington DC to Atlanta, Georgia. On September 27, 1903 while enroute from Monroe, Virginia, to Spencer, North Carolina, the train derailed at Stillhouse Trestle near Danville, Virginia. The wreck inspired a famous railroad ballad, which was the focus of a convoluted copyright lawsuit but became seminal in the genre of country music. – [www.wikipedia.org](http://www.wikipedia.org)**

**\*\* Locomotive 1102, a ten wheeler (4-6-0) engine built by Baldwin Locomotive Works in Philadelphia, had rolled out of the factory in early 1903, less than a year before the wreck.– [www.wikipedia.org](http://www.wikipedia.org)**

## YANKEE DOODLE \* (TRADITIONAL)

G D7 G D7  
Yankee Doodle went to town, a - riding on a pony,  
Father and I went down to camp along with Captain Gooding  
And there we saw a thousand men as rich as Squire David,  
The molasses they eat every day, would keep a house a winter;  
And there I see a swamping gun large as a log of maple,

G C D7 G  
Stuck a feather in his hat, and called it macaroni.  
And there we saw the men and boys as thick as hasty pudding.  
And what they wasted every day, I wish it could be saved.  
They have so much, that I'll be bound, they eat it when they've mind ter.  
Upon a deuced little cart, a load for father's cattle.

---

### Chorus:

C  
Yankee Doodle keep it up,

G  
Yankee Doodle dandy,

C  
Mind the music and the step,

G D7 G  
And with the girls be handy.

---

\*"Yankee Doodle" is a well-known Anglo-American song, the origin of which dates back to the Seven Years' War. It is often sung patriotically in the United States today and is the state anthem of Connecticut. It has a Roud Folk Song Index number of 4501 – [www.wikipedia.org](http://www.wikipedia.org)

## THE YELLOW ROSE OF TEXAS (AMERICAN TRADITIONAL, 1836) \*

A

There's a yellow rose in Texas, that I am going to see,

E7

No other fellow knows her, nobody only me;

A

She cried so when I left her, it almost broke my heart,

E7

A      E7      A

And if we ever meet again, we never more will part.

---

Chorus:

A

She's the sweetest rose of Texas this fellow ever knew,

E7

Her eyes are bright as diamonds; they sparkle like the dew;

A

You may talk about your dearest love, and sing of Rosa Lee,

E7

A

E7

A

But the Yellow Rose of Texas beats the belles of Tennessee.

---

When the Rio Grande is flowing, the starry skies are bright,  
She walks along the river in the quiet summer night,  
She thinks if I remember, when we parted long ago,  
I promised to come back again, and never leave her so.

(Chorus)

Oh, now I'm going to find her, for my heart is full of woe,  
And we'll sing the songs together, that we sang so long ago  
We'll play the banjo gaily, and sing the songs of yore,  
And the Yellow Rose of Texas shall be mine forevermore.

(Chorus)

\*\* "The Yellow Rose of Texas" is a traditional folk song. The original love song has become associated with the legend of how an indentured servant named Emily Morgan "helped win the battle of San Jacinto, the decisive battle in the Texas Revolution." Circa 1836. [www.wikipedia.org](http://www.wikipedia.org)

## **YOU ARE MY SUNSHINE (JIMMIE DAVIS AND CHARLES MITCHELL, 1940)**

## **Chorus:**

D

**You are my sunshine, my only sunshine,**

G D

**You make me happy when skies are gray.**

G D

**You'll never know, dear, how much I love you,**

(D) A D

**Please don't take my sunshine away**

The other night, dear, as I lay sleeping,  
I dreamed I held you in my arms  
When I awoke, dear, I was mistaken,  
And I hung my head and cried

**(Chorus)**

I'll always love you and make you happy,  
If you will only say the same  
But if you leave me to love another,  
You'll regret it all someday

### (Chorus)

You told me once, dear, you really loved me,  
And no one else could come between  
But now you've left me and love another,  
You have shattered all my dreams

## (Chorus)

# English Traditional Songs

## Blow the Man Down (English Traditional) \*

D                    D6                    D                    D6                    D     D6     Em                    A7  
Oh blow the man down bullies, Blow the man down, To me way! hey! - Blow the man down,  
                            Em                    A7                    Em     A7    D  
Oh, Blow the man down bullies, Blow him away, Give me some time to blow the man down.

As I was a-walking down Paradise Street, To me way! hey! - Blow the man down!  
A pretty young damsel I chanced for to meet, Give me some time to blow the man down.

She hailed me with her flipper; I took her in tow, To me way! hey! - Blow the man down!  
Yard-arm to yard-arm away we did go, give me some time to blow the man down.

She was round in the counter and bluff in the bow, To me way! hey! - Blow the man down!  
So I took in all sail and cried "Way enough now." Give me some time to blow the man down.

I hailed her in English, she answered me clear, To me way! hey! - Blow the man down!  
I'm from the Black Arrow bound to the Shakespeare, give me some time to blow the man down.

But as we were going she said unto me, To me way! hey! - Blow the man down!  
There's a spanking full-rigger just ready for sea." Give me some time to blow the man down.

That spanking full-rigger to New York was bound To me way! hey! - Blow the man down!  
She was very well manned and very well found. Give me some time to blow the man down.

As soon as that Packet was clear of the bar, To me way! hey! - Blow the man down!  
The mate knocked me down with the end of a spar, give me some time to blow the man down.

Its yard-arm to yard-arm away you will sprawl, To me way! hey! - Blow the man down!  
For kicking Jack Rogers commands the Black Ball Give me some time to blow the man down.

And as soon as that packet was out on the sea, To me way! hey! - Blow the man down!  
'Twas devilish hard treatment of every degree. Give me some time to blow the man down.

So, I give you fair warning before we belay; To me way! hey! - Blow the man down!  
Don't never take heed of what pretty girls say. Give me some time to blow the man down.

\*Paradise Street is a street in Liverpool, England that was frequented by sailors whose ships had docked at the port. A traditional explanation of its origins is that the Black Ballers were fast packet ships of the American Black Ball Line that sailed between New York and Liverpool towards the end of the 19th century. Sailors were regularly beaten on these ships and being "blown down" was a man on the deck floor as a result. Edited from [www.wikipedia.org](http://www.wikipedia.org) Note: The previous note was from Wikipedia in 2019. If you look up the origins of the song now (2022), it tells a much different (less violent) story, which is not consistent with the verses of the song.

## JACK TARR THE SAILOR (BRITISH TRADITIONAL, 1700's) \*

(Intro) Dm C Dm C Dm

Dm C Dm C Dm

When first I come to Liverpool I went upon a spree

(Dm) C Dm C A

Me money at last I spent it fast got drunk as drunk could be

Dm C Dm C A

And when me money was all gone it was then that I wanted more

Dm C Dm C Dm

But a man must be blind to make up his mind to go to sea once more

Dm C Dm C Dm

I spent that night with Angeline too drunk to roll in bed

Me watch it was new and me money was too in the morning with them she fled

And as I roamed the streets of Bath, the whores they all would roar

There goes Jack Tarr that poor sailor he must go to sea once more

As I was walking down the street, I run into Rapper Brown

I asked him for to take me in and he looked at me with a frown

He said last time you was on board with me you job no score

But I'll take your advance & I'll give you the chance & I'll send you to sea once more

They shipped me aboard of a whaling ship bound for the Arctic Sea

Where the cold winds blow thru the frost and the snow and Jamaica rum would freeze

Alas I had no luck with me gear for I left all me money ashore

It was then that I wished that I was there safe with the girls ashore

Come all ye boat seafaring lads who listen to my song

And when ye come off them long trips pray that you don't go wrong

Take my advice drink no strong drink don't go sleeping with no whores

But get married lads and have all night in and go to sea no more

\*Based on The Byrds arrangement of this song.

## THE RIDDLE SONG (ENGLISH TRADITIONAL, 1500's)

D                    G                    D

I gave my love a cherry that had no stone  
How can there be a cherry that has no stone?  
A cherry when it's bloomin' it has no stone

A7                    D                    A

I gave my love a chicken that had no bone  
How can there be a chicken that has no bone?  
A chicken when it's pippin' it has no bone

A7                    D                    A

I gave my love a baby with no cryin'  
How can there be a baby with no cryin'?  
A baby when it's sleepin', it's no cryin'

Bm                    G                    D

I gave my love a story that had no end  
How can there be a story that has no end?  
The story of "I love you" has no end

## SCARBOROUGH FAIR (ENGLISH TRADITIONAL DERIVED FROM CHILDS BALLAD #2)

Dm       F       Em       Dm  
Are you going to Scarborough Fair?

Am       Dm       G       Dm  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme;

B♭       Dm       A7       Dm  
Remember me to one that lives there,

G       C       Dm  
For once she was a true love of mine.

Tell her to make me a cambric shirt,  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme;  
Without any seam or fine needlework,  
And then she'll be a true love of mine.

Tell her to wash it in yonder dry well,  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme;  
Where water ne'er sprung, nor drop of rain fell,  
And then she'll be a true love of mine.

Tell her to dry it on yonder thorn,  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme;  
Which never bore blossom since Adam was born,  
And then she'll be a true love of mine.

Oh, will you find me an acre of land,  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme;  
Between the sea foam and the sea sand  
Or never be a true lover of mine.

Oh, will you reap it with a sickle of leather,  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme;  
And tie it all up with a peacock's feather,  
Or never be a true lover of mine.

And when you have done and finished your work,  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme;  
Then come to me for your cambric shirt,  
And you shall be a true love of mine.

## THE FOX (ENGLISH TRADITIONAL) \*

D

The fox went out on a starry night,

A7

And prayed for the moon to give him light,

D

G

He had many a mile to go that night,

D A7

D A7 D

Before he reached the town-o, town-o, town-o

G

D

A7

D

He had many a mile to go that night, before he reached the town-o.

He ran till he came to the farmer's yard The ducks and tile geese were all a-feared  
He said, a couple of you will grease my beard before I leave this town-o, etc.

He grabbed the grey goose by the neck, and slung the duck across his back,  
Nor did he mind the quack-quack-quack and the legs all dangling down-o, etc.

The farmer woman jumped out of bed, ran to the window & stuck out her head  
Crying, John, John, the grey goose is gone and the fox is on the town-o, etc.

John, he went to the top of the hill Blew his horn both loud and shrill;  
The fox, he said, I better flee with my kill He'll soon be on my trail-o, etc.

The fox he ran till he came to his den There were the little ones, eight, nine, ten,  
They said daddy better go back again, 'Cause it must be a wonderful town-o, etc.

The fox and his wife without any strife cut up the goose without a fork or a knife,  
They never had such a feast in their life, and the little ones chewed on the bones-o,  
etc.

\*According to 'Bluegrass Picker's Tune Book' by Richard Matteson, the earliest version of this song appears to have been a Middle English poem, dating from the fifteenth century found in the British Museum – [www.wikipedia.org](http://www.wikipedia.org).

# Irish Songs

DANNY BOY (FREDERIC WEATHERLY, 1910) \*

C F  
Oh Danny, boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling,

C F G7  
From glen to glen and down the mountain side,

C C7 F  
The summer's gone and all the flowers are dying,

C G7 C F C  
'Tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bide.

C F C  
But come you back when summer's in the meadow,

F G7  
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow,

C F C  
'Tis I'll be there in sunshine or in shadow,

G7 C F C  
Oh Danny boy, oh Danny boy, I love you so.

And if you come when all the flowers are dying,  
And I am dead, as dead I well may be,  
You'll come and find the place where I am lying,  
And kneel and say an 'Ave' there for me.

And I shall hear, tho' soft you tread above me,  
And all my dreams will warm and sweeter be,  
If you will not fail to tell me that you love me,  
Then I simply sleep in peace, until you come to me.

"Danny Boy" is a ballad usually set to the tune of the "Londonderry Air" It is most closely associated with Irish communities. – wikipedia.org

## **MINGULAY BOAT SONG (HUGH S. ROBERTSON, 1938) \***

---

**Chorus:**

C                    F                    C  
**Heave ya ho, boys, let her go, boys**

G7                    F  
**Heave her head round and all together**

C  
**Heave ya ho, boys, let her go, boys**

G7                    C  
**Sailing homeward to Mingulay**

---

C  
**What care we how white the Minch is?**

G7                    F  
**What care we, boys, for windy weather?**

C  
**When we know that every inch is**

G7                    C  
**Close, so homeward to Mingulay**                    (Chorus)

---

**Wives are waiting at the pier head  
Gazing seaward from the heather  
Heave her head round and we'll anchor  
Ere the sun sets on Mingulay**                    (Chorus)

---

**When the wind is wild and shouting  
And the waves mount, ever higher  
Anxious eyes turn ever seaward  
To see us home boys, to Mingulay**                    (Chorus)

---

**Ships return now, heavy laden  
Mothers holdin' bairns a-cryin'  
They'll return, though, when the sun sets  
They'll return to Mingulay.**                    (Chorus)

\* The island of Mingulay has been uninhabited since 1912 (wikipedia.org)

**MOLLY MALONE (W: JAMES YORKSTON, M: EDMUND FORMAN) \***

C                  Am                  Dm                  G7

In Dublin's fair city, where the girls are so pretty,

C                  Am                  Dm                  G7

'Twas there that I first met sweet Molly Malone,

C                  Am                  Dm                  G7

She wheeled her wheelbarrow, through streets broad and narrow,

C                  Am                  G7                  C

Crying cockles and mussels, alive, alive-o

---

Chorus:

C                  Am    Dm                  G7

alive, alive-o, alive, alive-o

C                  Am                  G7                  C

Crying cockles and mussels, alive, alive-o

---

She was a fish monger, and sure 'twas no wonder,

For so were her father and mother before,

They each wheeled their barrow,

Through streets broad and narrow,

Crying cockles and mussels alive, alive-o.

(Chorus)

She died of a "faver", and no one could save her,

And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone,

Her ghost wheels her barrow,

Through streets broad and narrow,

Crying cockles and mussels, alive, alive-o.

(Chorus)

\* In fact, the song is not recorded earlier than 1883, when it was published in Cambridge, Massachusetts. It was also published by Francis Brothers and Day in London 1884 as a work written and composed by James Yorkston, of Edinburgh, with music arranged by Edmund Forman. The London edition states that it was reprinted by permission of Kohler and Son of Edinburgh, implying that the first edition was in Scotland, though no copies of it have been located. – [www.wikipedia.org](http://www.wikipedia.org).

## PARNELL SQUARE (DARBY O'GILL, PRIOR TO 1991) \*

D                            G                            D  
Mary, back in county Kerry, singin' songs in Dublin's all you talked about  
G                            A  
I sold everything I had to bring you here so you'd be famous, there's no doubt

G                            D  
Last night you knocked them all and gone with your kilkennies a-runnin' wild  
G  
Your new show on the telly isn't bad

D                            G                            A                            D    A  
But nae I'm livin' yet I'm dyin', starin' out at Parnell Square from me cab  
Traffic lights blink red & orange, Findlaters' church bells ring out, it's late alright  
They're comin' out of the Iron, and the National Ballroom's closin' for the night  
Two young Dublin punks with their safety pins streamin' bottles at me car  
These Jackeens here can make ya awful mad  
But nae I'm livin' yet I'm dyin', starin' out at Parnell Square from me cab

---

Chorus: (First two lines use the same chord pattern)

A                            G                            D  
Guitars, banjos, mandolins, oh how they play  
Pumping out the sound from every pub and club 'round Dublin Bay (same  
chords)

G                            D  
Well nae I know I lost you to the swingin' showbiz world  
A                            G  
I remember all the happy times we had  
D                            G                            A                            D    A  
But nae I'm livin' yet I'm dyin', starin' out at Parnell Square from me cab

---

I picked up a fellow culchie, he was starin' out at Dublin quite amazed  
In his hand he had a gateaux roll, said that he was just up for the day  
So, I showed the yob your picture and he made a curt remark  
So, I floored 'im, jeez was I mad  
But nae I'm livin' yet I'm dyin', starin' out at Parnell Square from me cab        (chorus)

Two young fellas told me how they hate the violence and the killin' in the North  
Then the big one pulled a gun, held me up, took everything except me shorts  
They said it wasn't for themselves, as they headed for the pawn  
But I know it wasn't for the Lads  
But nae I'm livin' yet I'm dyin', starin' out at Parnell Square from me cab  
But nae I'm livin' yet I'm dyin', starin' out at Parnell Square from me cab

\* Unable to find the release date for Darby O'Gill, but Sidesaddle released their cover of it in 1991.

## THE RISING OF THE MOON (IRISH TRADITIONAL, 1800's) \*

C

G7

Oh! then tell me, Sean O'Farrell, tell me why you hurry so."

F

C

F

C

"Hush, ma bouchal, hush and listen, and his cheeks were all aglow.

G7

"I bear orders from the captain, get you ready, quick and soon,

F

C

F

G7

C

For the pikes must be together, by the rising of the moon."

Chorus:

Am

G7

By the rising of the moon, by the rising of the moon,

F

C

F

G7

C

For the pikes must be together, by the rising of the moon.

Oh, then tell me Sean O'Farrell, where the gathering is to be;  
In the old spot by the river Right well known to you and me.  
One more word for signal token, whistle up the marching tune.  
With your pike upon your shoulder by The Rising Of The Moon.

By the rising of the moon, (twice)

With your pike upon your shoulder, By the rising of the moon.

Out of many a mud wall cabin, eyes were watching thru the night,  
Many a manly heart was throbbing for the coming morning light.  
Murmurs ran along the valley, like the banshees lonely, croon,  
And a thousand pikes were flashing by The Rising of the Moon.

By the rising of the moon, (twice)

And a thousand pikes were flashing by the rising of the moon.

There beside the singing river that dark mass of men were seen,  
Far above their shining weapons hung their own beloved green;  
Death to every, foe and traitor, forward strike the marching tune,  
And hurrah me boys for freedom, 'Tis the Rising Of The Moon.

Tis the rising of the moon, (twice)

And hurrah me boys for freedom, Tis the rising of the moon.

\* Based on the Irish Rebellion of 1798. Written at least 1865.

## WEARING OF THE GREEN\* ("DION" BOUCICAULT, 1798)

D

E7 A

Oh! Paddy dear and did you hear the news that's going round?

G

D

G

D

The shamrock is forbid by law to grow on Irish ground.

D

E7

A

Saint Patrick's day no more we'll keep, his color can't be seen,

G

D

G

D

For there's a cruel law agin' the wearing of the green.

D

A

I met with Napper Tandy, and he took me by the hand,

G

D

E

A

And he said how's poor ould Ireland, and how does she stand?

D

G E7

A

She's the most distressful country that ever you have seen;

G

D

G

D

They're hanging men and women there for wearin' of the green.

Then if the color we must wear is England's cruel red,  
Sure, Ireland's sons shall ne'er forget the blood that they have shed.  
You may take the shamrock from your hat and cast it on the sod,  
But 'twill take root and flourish there, though underfoot 'tis trod.

When laws can stop the blades of grass from growin' as they grow,  
And when the leaves in summertime, their verdure dare not show,  
Then I will change the color that I wear in my caubeen  
But till that day, please God, I'll stick to wearin' of the green.

\* "The Wearing of the Green" is an anonymously-penned Irish street ballad dating to 1798. The context of the song is the repression around the time of the Irish Rebellion of 1798. Wearing a shamrock in the "caubeen" (hat) was a sign of rebellion and green was the colour of the Society of the United Irishmen, a republican revolutionary organisation. During the period, displaying revolutionary insignia was made punishable by hanging. – en.wikipedia.org

## WHISKEY IN THE JAR (IRISH TRADITIONAL) \*

A

F#m

As I was going over the far-famed Kerry mountains,  
I counted out his money, & it made a pretty penny.  
I went up to my chamber, a-for to take my slumber,  
It was early in the morning, be-fore I rose to travel,  
If anyone can aid me , it's my brother in the army,

D

A

E

I met with captain Farrell and his money he was counting.  
I put it in my pocket and I took it home to Jenny.  
I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure it was no wonder.  
The guards were all around me and likewise Captain Farrell.  
If I can find his station in Cork or in Killarney.

A

F#m

I first produced my pistol, and I then produced my rapier.  
She sighed and she swore, that she never would deceive me,  
But Jenny drew me charges and she filled them up with water,  
I first produced my pistol, for she stole away me rapier,  
And if he'll come and save me, we'll go roving near Kilkenny,

D

A

E

Saying stand and deliver, for I am a bold deceiver,  
But the devil take the women, for they never can be easy  
Then sent for Captain Farrell to be ready for the slaughter.  
But I couldn't shoot the water so a prisoner I was taken.  
And I swear he'll treat me better than me darling sporting Jenny

---

Chorus

E

E, F#, G#, A (walk-up on bass)

Musha ringa dumma do damma dar

A

whack for the daddy 'ol

D

whack for the daddy 'ol

A      E      A

there's whiskey in the jar

\*Roud 533 with many variations. Arrangement is based on a recording by Off Kilter.

# Scottish Songs

**ANNIE LAURIE (WILLIAM DOUGLAS & ALICIA (LADY JOHN) SCOTT, 1835)**

C                    F                    C                    D7                    G  
Max--welton's braes are bonnie, where early      falls the dew,  
Her brow is like the snawdrift, her neck is like the swan,  
Like dew on the gowan lying, is the fall of her fairy      feet

G7                    C                    F                    C                    G7                    C  
And it's there that Annie Laurie, Gave me her promise true.  
Her face it is the fairest, that e'er the sun shone on.  
An' like winds in summer sighing, her voice is low and sweet.

G7                    C                    G7                    C  
Gave me her promise true, which ne'er forgot will be,  
That e'er the sun shone on, and dark blue is her ee,  
Her voice is low and sweet, an' she's all the world to me

Am                    F                    C                    G7                    C  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie, I'd lay me doon and dee.  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie, I'd lay me doon and dee.  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie, I'd lay me doon and dee.

## CALEDONIA (DOUGIE MACLEAN, 1977)

C G Am F  
I don't know if you can see, the changes that have come over me.

C G Am F  
In these last few days, I've been afraid, that I might drift away.

C G  
So I've been telling old stories, singing songs,

Am F  
That make me think about where I came from.

C G Am F  
That's the reason why I seem so far away today.

---

### Chorus:

C G Am F  
Let me tell you that I love you, that I think about you all the time.

C G C  
Caledonia you're calling me, now I'm going home.

(C) G Am F  
But if I should become a stranger, know that it would make me more than sad,

G C  
Caledonia's been everything I've ever had.

---

Oh, and I have moved and kept on moving, proved the points that I needed proving,  
Lost the friends that I needed losing, found others on the way.

Oh, and I have tried and kept on trying  
Stolen dreams, yes there's no denying,  
I have travelled hard sometimes with conscience flying,  
Somewhere with the wind.

(Chorus)

---

(Optional Instrumental)

Now I'm sitting here before the fire, the empty room, the forest choir,  
The flames that couldn't get any higher, they've withered now they've gone.  
But I'm steady thinking my way is clear,  
and I know what I will do tomorrow,  
When hands have shaken, and kisses flown,  
Then I will disappear.

(Chorus)

## DIRTY OLD TOWN (EWAN MCCOLL, 1949)

Intro: D G D Em Bm

G C G  
I met my love, by the gas works wall. Dreamed a dream, by the old canal

D Em  
I kissed my girl, by the factory wall. Dirty old town, dirty old town

G C G  
Clouds are drifting across the moon. Cats are prowling on their beats

D Em  
Springs a girl from the streets at night. Dirty old town, dirty old town

---

Instrumental; C C C C F F C C C C C C G G Am

---

G C G  
I heard a siren from the dock. Saw a train set the night on fire

D Em  
I smelled the spring on the smoky wind. Dirty old town, dirty old town

G C G  
I'm going to make me a big sharp axe. Shining steel tempered in the fire

D Em  
I'll chop you down like an old dead tree. Dirty old town, dirty old town

G C G  
I met my love, by the gas works wall. Dreamed a dream, by the old canal

D Em  
I kissed my girl, by the factory wall Dirty old town, dirty old town.

D Em D Em  
Dirty old town, dirty old town. Dirty old town, dirty old town.

## **MY BONNIE LIES OVER THE OCEAN (TRADITIONAL SCOTTISH SONG) \***

**G                  C                  G                  A7                  D7**

**My Bonnie lies over the ocean, My Bonnie lies over the sea**

**G                  C                  G                  C                  D7                  G**

**My Bonnie lies over the ocean, Oh bring back my Bonnie to me**

---

**Chorus:**

**G                  C                  D7                  G      D7    G**

**Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bonnie to me, to me**

**C                  D7                  G**

**Bring back, bring back, Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me.**

---

**Last night as I lay on my pillow, Last night as I lay on my bed**

**Last night as I lay on my pillow, I dreamed that my Bonnie was dead**

**(Chorus)**

**Oh blow ye the winds o'er the ocean, And blow ye the winds o'er the sea**

**Oh blow ye the winds o'er the ocean, And bring back my Bonnie to me**

**(Chorus)**

**The winds have blown over the ocean, The winds have blown over the sea**

**The winds have blown over the ocean, And brought back my Bonnie to me**

**(Chorus)**

\*The origin of the song is unknown, though it is often suggested that the subject of the song may be Charles Edward Stuart ('Bonnie Prince Charlie').

## THE WATER IS WIDE (SCOTTISH TRADITIONAL, 1906) \*

Intro:

D G F#m A7

D G D

The water is wide I can't cross over

Bm G A7sus4 A7

And neither have I wings to fly

F#m Am7 G Em

Build me a boat That can carry two

F#m A7sus4 D

And both shall row My love and I

---

D G D

There is a ship And she sails the sea

Bm G A

She's loaded deep As deep can be

F#m Am7 G Em

But not so deep As the love I'm in

F#m A7sus4 D Dsus4

I know not how I sink or swim

---

D G D

Oh love is handsome and love is fine

Bm G A

The sweetest flower When first it's new

F#m D G

But love grows old And waxes cold

F#m A7 G D

And fades away Like summer dew

---

F#m D G

Build me a boat That can carry two

F#m A7 G D

And both shall row My love and I

F#m A7 G D

And both shall row, my love and I

\*First published in 1906. Date written is unknown.

## WILD MOUNTAIN THYME (WILL YOU GO, LASSIE GO?) (ROBERT TANNAHILL, 1700's)

G C G C G  
Oh, the summer time has come, and the trees are sweetly bloomin'

C G G/F# Em C Am C  
And the wild mountain thyme grows around the bloomin' heather

---

Chorus:

G C G C G  
Will ye go lassie go? And we'll all go together

C G G/F# Em C Am C  
To pull wild mountain thyme all around the bloomin' heather

G C G  
Will ye go lassie go?

---

G C G C G  
I will build my love a bower by yon cool crystal fountain

C G G/F# Em C Am C  
And round it I will pile all the wild flowers o' the mountain (Chorus)

---

G C G C G  
I will range through the wilds and the deep glen sae dreary

C G G/F# Em C Am C  
And return wi' their spoils tae the bower o' my dearie (Chorus)

---

G C G C G  
If my true love she'll not come, then I'll surely find another

C G G/F# Em C Am C  
To pull wild mountain thyme all around the bloomin' heather (Chorus)

# Australian Songs

## TIE ME KANGAROO DOWN SPORT (ROLF HARRIS, 1960) \*

(Spoken Introduction)

There's an old Australian stockman, lying, dying. He gets himself up on one elbow, turns to his mates, who are gathered round him, and he says:

D                    G                    A                    D

Watch me wallaby's feed, mate, watch me wallaby's feed.

D                    G                    A                    D

They're a dangerous breed, mate, so watch me wallaby's feed.

All together now!

Chorus:

D                    G                    A                    D

Tie me kangaroo down, sport, Tie me kangaroo down.

D                    G                    A                    D

Tie me kangaroo down, sport, Tie me kangaroo down.

Keep me cockatoo cool, Curl, Keep me cockatoo cool.

Don't go acting the fool, Curl, Keep me cockatoo cool.

All together now!

(Chorus)

Take me koala back, Jack, take` me koala back.

He lives somewhere out on the track, Mac, So take me koala back.

All together now!

(Chorus)

Mind me platypus duck, Bill, Mind me platypus duck.

Don't let him go running amuck, Bill, Mind me platypus duck.

All together now!

(Chorus)

Play your didgeridoo, Blue, Play your didgeridoo.

Keep playing 'til I shoot through, Blue, Play your didgeridoo.

All together now!

(Chorus)

Tan me hide when I'm dead, Fred, Tan me hide when I'm dead.

So we tanned his hide when he died, Clyde,

(spoken) And that's it hanging on the shed. All together now!

(Chorus)

\*Recorded by Rolf Harris

## **WALTZING MATHILDA (BANJO PATERSON, 1895) \***

D              A7              Bm              Em  
Once a jolly swagman camped beside a billabong

D              A7  
Under the shade of a coolabah tree,

D              A7              D              G  
And he sang as he watched and waited till his billy boiled,

D              A7              D  
"You'll come a-waltzing Mathilda with me!"

---

**Chorus:**

D              G  
**Waltzing Mathilda, Waltzing Mathilda,**

D              A7  
**You'll come a-waltzing Mathilda with me.**

D              A7              D              G  
**And he sang as he watched and waited till his billy boiled.**  
(The chorus uses the third line of each verse)

D              A7              D  
"You'll come a-waltzing Mathilda with me!"

---

Down came a jumbuck to drink at the billabong,  
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee,  
And he sang as he stowed that jumbuck in his tucker bag,  
"You'll come a-waltzing Mathilda with me!"

Up rode the squatter, mounted on his thoroughbred,  
Down came the troopers, one, two three:  
"Where's that jolly jumbuck  
You've got in your tucker bag?"  
"You'll come a-waltzing Mathilda with me!"

Up jumped the swagman, sprang into the billabong.  
"You'll never catch me alive", said he.  
And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that billabong,  
"You'll come a-waltzing Mathilda with me!"

\*The original lyrics were written in 1895 by poet and nationalist Banjo Paterson. It was first published as sheet music in 1903 – en.wikipedia.org.

# Other Traditional Songs (Various Origins)

DONA DONA (SHOLOM SECUNDA, JEWISH)

(English Translation by Arthur Kevess and Teddi Schwartz, 1941)

Dm            C                      Dm            C  
On     a     wagon                  bound    for market,  
"Stop com-plaining,"               said       the farmer,  
Calves are easily                    bound    and slaughtered,

Dm            C                      Dm            E7  
There's a calf with a mournful eye.  
"Who told you a calf to be?  
Never       knowing the reason why.

Dm            C                      Dm            C  
High    a - bove him there's a swallow,  
Why don't you have wings to fly away,  
But who - ever                    treasures freedom,

Dm            C                      Dm            C            Dm  
Winging swiftly                    through the sky.  
Like the swallow so proud and free?"  
Like the swallow must learn to fly.

---

Chorus:

C                                      Dm            C                              Dm  
How the winds are laughing, They laugh with all their might

C                                      Dm    Gm Dm                              C            Dm    C  
Laugh and laugh the whole day through, And half the summer's night.

C                                      Dm    C                              Dm  
Dona dona dona dona, Dona dona dona doan

C                                      Dm                              C    Dm    C    Dm  
Dona dona dona dona    Dona dona dona doan

## HAVA NAGILA (ABRAHAM ZEVI IDELSOHN, MOSHE NATHANSON, 1918, JEWISH) \*

D            D7            Gm            D    Gm    D  
**Hava nagila, hava nagila, hava nagila Vay'nismi'cha**

D            D7            Gm            D    Gm    D  
**Hava nagila, hava nagila, hava nagila Vay'nismi'cha**

D            D7  
**Hava n'ran'na, hava n'ran'na**

D    Gm    D  
**Hava n'ranana vay'nismi'cha**

D            D7  
**Hava n'ran'na, hava n'ran'na**

D    Gm    D  
**Hava n'ranana vay'nism'cha**

Gm  
**Uru, Uru, uru a chim, uru a chim b'lev sa'me'ach,**

Gm  
**uru achim b'lev sa'me'ach**

D7  
**uru a chim b'lev sa'me'ach**

**uru a chim b'lev sa'me'ach**

D    D7    D            Gm  
**u 'r'achim u 'r'achim b'lev sa'me'ach**

\*The melody was taken from an Ukrainian folk dance-song from Bukovina (a variant of Horă). It uses the Phrygian dominant scale, common in music of Romania and Western Ukraine. The commonly used text was probably composed by Abraham Zevi (Zvi) Idelsohn in 1918 to celebrate the British victory in Palestine during World War I as well as the Balfour Declaration. [www.wikipedia.org](http://www.wikipedia.org)

## TUMBALALAIKA (JEWISH TRADITIONAL) \*

Em

B7

Em

Shtayt a bocher un er tracht, Tracht un tracht die gantze nacht

Am

B7

Em

Vemen tzu nemen un nit farshemen, Vemen tzu nemen un nit farshemen.

---

**Chorus:**

Em

B7

Tumbala, tumbala, tumbala-lai-ka.

Em

Tumbala tumbala, tumbala-lai-ka

Am Em

Tumbala lai-ka shpiel balalaika,

Am B7

Em

Tumbala-lai-ka, fraylach zol zain.

---

Maydl, maydl, 'chvel bai dir fregn, Vos ken vaksn, vaksn on regn,  
Vos ken brenen un nit oifhern, Vos ken benken, vaynen on trern.

Narishe bocher, vos darfst du fregn,  
A shtayn ken vaksn, vaksn on regn,  
A liebe ken brenen un nit oifhern,  
A hartz ken benken, vaynen on trern.

**Literal Translation.**

A youth worries all night long about whether he can overcome his shyness  
enough to find himself a girl.

(The youth speaks:) "Maiden, I would ask you: What can grow without rain;  
what can burn without burning itself out; and what can cry without tears?"

(The maiden replies:) "Foolish boy, how can you be so stupid? A stone  
(implying nothing) can grow without rain; love can burn without burning itself  
out; and a heart can cry without tears."

\* Tumbalalaika is a Russian Jewish folk and love song in the Yiddish language. "Tum" is the Yiddish word for noise and a balalaika is a stringed musical instrument of Russian origin.  
[www.wikipedia.org](http://www.wikipedia.org).

**JOHN B. SAILS (AKA SLOOP JOHN B.) (BAHAMIAN TRADITIONAL) \***

**D G D**  
**We came on the sloop John B.**

# G D

A7

'Round Nassau town we did roam  
D G  
Drinking all night, we got into a fight,

D A7 D  
I feel so break-up I want to go home.

**Chorus:**  
**So hoist up the John B.'s Sails,**  
**See how the mainsail sets,**  
**Send for the captain ashore, let me go home;**  
**Let me go home, I want to go home,**  
**I feel so break-up, I want to go home**

Well, the first mate, he got drunk,  
Broke up the people's trunk,  
The constable had to come and take him away,  
Sheriff John Stone, please leave me alone,  
I feel so break-up I want to go home.

**Well, the poor cook he got the fits,  
Threw away all the grits,  
Then he took and he ate up all of my corn,  
Let me go home, I want to go home,  
Oh, this is the worst trip I've ever been on.** **(Chorus)**

\*"The John B. Sails" is a folk song that first appeared in a 1917 American novel, *Pieces of Eight*, written by Richard Le Gallienne. en.wikipedia.org

# Spiritual / Gospel

## AMAZING GRACE (JOHN NEWTON, 1779) \*

C            C7            F            C  
Amazing grace, how sweet the sound,

C                            G  
that saved a wretch like me.

C            C7            F            C  
I once was lost but now am found,

C                            G            C  
was blind, but now I see

'Twas grace, that taught my heart to fear,  
And grace my fears relieved.  
How precious did that grace appear,  
The hour I first believed.

The Lord has promised good to me,  
His word my hope secures;  
He will my shield and portion be  
as long as life endures.

Through many dangers, toils and snares,  
I have already come.  
'Tis grace hath brought me safe, thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.

When we've been there ten thousand years,  
bright shining as the sun,  
We've no less days to sing God's praise,  
Than when we first begun.

Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound,  
That saved a wretch like me.  
I once was lost, but now am found,  
Was blind, but now I see.

\*Newton wrote the words from personal experience. He grew up without any particular religious conviction but his life's path was formed by a variety of twists and coincidences that were often put into motion by his recalcitrant insubordination. Wikipedia.org

**GIVE ME THAT OLD-TIME RELIGION**  
**(Popularized by Charles Tillman ~1889, Written 1873 or earlier)**

---

**Chorus:**

**G**

**D7**

**G**

**Give me that old-time religion. Give me that old-time religion**

**G7**

**C**

**G**

**D7**

**G**

**Give me that old-time religion, it's good enough for me**

---

**G**                           **D7**   **G**  
**It was good for the Hebrew children. It was good for the Hebrew children.**

**G7**

**C**

**G**

**D7**

**G**

**It was good for the Hebrew children, and it's good enough for me      (Chorus)**

---

**G**                           **D7**   **G**  
**It has served our fathers. It has served our fathers**

**G7**

**C**

**G**

**D7**

**G**

**It has served our fathers, and it's good enough for me      (Chorus)**

---

**G**                           **D7**   **G**  
**Makes me love everybody. Makes me love everybody**

**G7**

**C**

**G**

**D7**

**G**

**Makes me love everybody, and it's good enough for me      (Chorus)**

---

**G**                           **D7**   **G**  
**It will take us all to heaven. It will take us all to heaven**

**G7**

**C**

**G**

**D7**

**G**

**It will take us all to heaven, and it's good enough for me      (Chorus)**

**HE'S GOT THE WHOLE WORLD IN HIS HANDS**  
**(Pleasant Joseph (Cousin Joe), Alan W. Livingston, 1927) \***

**A**

**He's got the whole world in His hands,**

**E                  E7**

**He's got the whole world in His hands,**

**A**

**He's got the whole world in His hands,**

**E                  A**

**He's got the whole world in His hands.**

**He's got the wind and the rain in His hands,  
He's got the sun and the moon in His hands,  
He's got the wind and the rain in His hands,  
He's got the whole world in His hands.**

**He's got you and me, brother, in His hands,  
He's got you and me, sister, in His hands,  
He's got you and me, brother, in His hands,  
He's got the whole world in His hands.**

**He's got the little bitty baby in His hands,  
He's got the little bitty baby in His hands,  
He's got the little bitty baby in His hands,  
He's got the whole world in His hands.**

**He's got everybody in His hands,  
He's got everybody in His hands,  
He's got everybody in His hands,  
He's got the whole world in His hands.**

\* "He's Got the Whole World in His Hands" is a traditional American spiritual. It was first published in the paperbound hymnal *Spirituals Triumphant, Old and New*, in 1927. [www.wikipedia.org](http://www.wikipedia.org)

## I'LL FLY AWAY (ALBERT E. BRUMLEY, 1929) \*

G                    G7                    C        G  
Some glad morning when this life is over, I'll fly away;  
(G)                    D        G  
To a home on God's celestial shore, I'll - fly away

---

### Chorus:

G                    G7  
I'll fly away, Oh Glory  
C        G  
I'll fly away; (in the morning)  
(G)  
When I die, Hallelujah, by and by,  
D  
I'll - fly away

---

When the shadows of this life have gone, I'll fly away;  
Like a bird from prison bars has flown, I'll - fly away                    (Chorus)

Oh how glad and happy when we meet, I'll fly away;  
No more cold iron shackles on my feet, I'll - fly away.                    (Chorus)

(Full Verse and Chorus Instrumental (Optional))

Just a few more weary days and then, I'll fly away;  
To a land where joy shall never end, I'll - fly away                    (Chorus)

\*Brumley wrote that he'd written the song while picking cotton, and the labor of picking cotton was what he really wanted to fly away from.

## LONESOME VALLEY\* (AMERICAN TRADITIONAL, CIVIL WAR ERA) \*

A                    D                    A  
You got to walk that lonesome valley,

E7                    A  
You got to go there by yourself,

D                    A  
Ain't nobody here can go there for you,

E7                    A  
You got to go there by yourself.

If you cannot preach like Peter,  
if you cannot pray like  
Paul, You can tell the love of Jesus,  
You can say He died for all.

Your mother's got to walk that lonesome valley,  
She's got to go there by herself,  
Ain't nobody else can go there for her,  
She's got to go there by herself.

Your father's got to walk that lonesome valley, etc.

Your brother's got to walk that lonesome valley, etc.

\*An old American traditional gospel folk song, dating back to its first known recording in 1927 by old-time musician David Miller. – [www.wikisource.org](http://www.wikisource.org).

## **MICHAEL ROW THE BOAT ASHORE (POST-CIVIL WAR) \***

**D** **G D**

## **Michael, row the boat ashore, Alleluia,**

**F#m**      **Em**      **D A7 D**

Em

G D

**Michael, row the boat ashore, hallelujah,**

**Michael's boat is a music boat, hallelujah,**

**Sister help to trim the sails, hallelujah**

**Jordan's river is deep and wide hallelujah,  
Milk and honey on the other side, hallelujah.**

**Jordan's river is chilly and cold, hallelujah,  
Kills the body, but not the soul, hallelujah.**

**The trumpets sound the Jubilee, hallelujah  
Trumpets sound for you and me, hallelujah**

\*Sung by former slaves whose owners had abandoned St. Helena Island before the Union navy arrived to enforce a blockade. Charles Pickard Ware, an abolitionist and Harvard graduate who had come to supervise the plantations on St. Helena Island from 1862 to 1865, wrote the song down in music notation as he heard the freedmen sing it – [www.wikipedia.org](http://www.wikipedia.org)

## TAKE YOUR SHOES OFF, MOSES (J. D. JARVIS, 1967)

D

"I'm the Lord, thy God". God spoke to Moses at the burning bush.

G

D

Yeah, the Burning bush, Lord, the burning bush.

D

A

D

God spoke to Moses at the burning bush. Says- "I am the Lord thy God".

---

Chorus:

D

Take your shoes off Moses you're on holy ground,

G

D

Holy ground. Holy ground.

D

Take your shoes off Moses you're on holy ground.

A            D

For I am the Lord thy God.

---

D

G

D

Go yonder Moses. Smite that rock. Smite that rock. Smite that rock.

D

A            D

Go yonder Moses. Smite that rock. For I am the Lord thy God. (Chorus)

---

D

G

Stand still Moses. See salvation work. See Salvation work.

D

See salvation work. Stand still Moses. See salvation work.

A            D

For I am the Lord thy God.

(Chorus)

---

(Acapella Chorus)

(Chorus)

-Drop Tempo-

A    D

For I'm the Lord, thy God...

## **THIS TRAIN (AMERICAN TRADITIONAL 1800's) \***

**E**

**This train is bound for glory, this train,**

**B7**

**This train is bound for glory, this train.**

**E            E7**

**This train is bound for glory,**

**A**

**Don't ride nothing but the righteous and the holy.**

**E            B7            E**

**This train is bound for glory, this train.**

**This train don't carry no gamblers this train**

**This train don't carry no gamblers this train**

**This train don't carry no gamblers**

**No hypocrites no midnight ramblers**

**This train is bound for glory this train**

**This train is built for speed now this train**

**This train is built for speed now this train**

**This train is built for speed now**

**Fastest train you ever did see**

**This train is bound for glory this train**

**This train don't carry no liars this train**

**This train don't carry no liars this train**

**This train don't carry no liars**

**No hypocrites and no high flyers**

**This train is bound for glory this train**

**This train don't pay no transportation this train**

**This train don't pay no transportation this train**

**This train don't pay no transportation**

**No Jim Crow and no discrimination**

**This train is bound for glory this train**

**This train don't carry no rustlers this train**

**This train don't carry no rustlers this train**

**This train don't carry no rustlers**

**Side street walkers, two-bit hustlers**

**This train is bound for glory this train**

\* The spiritual, "This Train is Bound for Glory", was connected to the Underground Railroad, with "glory" meaning freedom. - <http://www.osblackhistory.com/songs.php>.

## WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS (JOSEPH M. SCRIVEN, 1855)

G

C G

D

What a friend we have in Jesus, All our sins and griefs to bear!

G

C G D G

What a privilege to carry, Everything to God in prayer

D

G C G

D

Oh, what peace we often forfeit, oh, what needless pain we bear

G

C G D G

all because we do not carry everything to God in prayer.

---

Have we trials and temptations? Is there trouble anywhere?  
We should never be discouraged; Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Can we find a friend so faithful? Who will all our sorrows share?  
Jesus knows our every weakness; Take it to the Lord in prayer.

---

Are we weak and heavy laden, cumbered with a load of care?  
Precious Savior, still our refuge, take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Do thy friends despise forsake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
In His arms He'll take and shield thee; Thou wilt find a solace there.

---

Blessed Savior, thou hast promised, thou wilt all our burdens bear;  
May we ever, Lord, be bringing all to Thee in earnest prayer.  
Soon in glory bright, unclouded, there will be no need for prayer—  
Rapture, praise, and endless worship will be our sweet portion there.

## WHEN THE SAINTS GO MARCHING IN (James M. Black, Katherine E. Purvis, 1896)

**Chorus:**

C

G7

Oh when the saints, go marching in. When the saints go marching in.

C

F

C

G7

C

I want to be, in that number. When the saints go marching in.

---

And when the sun, begins to shine, and when the sun begins to shine.

I still want to be, in that number, when the sun begins to shine. (Chorus)

Oh, when the trumpet, sounds its call, oh, when the trumpet, sounds its call,  
Lord, how I want to be in that number, When the trumpet sounds its call.

(Chorus)

Oh, when the trumpet sounds its call, oh, when the trumpet sounds its call,  
I want to be in that number, Oh, when the trumpet sound its call, (Chorus)

Oh, when the new world is revealed, oh, when the new world is revealed,  
I want to be in that number, when the new world is revealed, (Chorus)

Oh, when the drums begin to bang, oh when the drums begin to bang,  
I want to be in that number, When the drums begin to bang, (Chorus)

Oh, when the stars fall from the sky, oh when the stars fall from the sky,  
Oh Lord I want to be in that number, When the stars fall from the sky, (Chorus)

## **WILL THE CIRCLE BE UNBROKEN? (ADA R. HABERSHON, 1907)\***

**E**

**A**

**E**

**I was standing by the window, On one cold and cloudy day,**

**B7**

**E**

**And I saw the hearse come rolling, for to take my mother away.**

---

**Chorus:**

**E**

**A**

**E**

**Will the circle be unbroken, By and by, Lord, by and by,**

**B7 E**

**There's a better home awaiting, In the sky, Lord, in the sky.**

---

**Lord, I told the undertaker,  
'Undertaker, please drive slow,  
For the body you are taking,  
Lord, I hate to see her go**

**(Chorus)**

**I followed close behind her,  
Tried to hold up and be brave,  
But I could not hide my sorrow,  
When they laid her in the grave.**

**(Chorus)**

**Will the circle be unbroken,  
By and by, Lord, by and by,  
There's a better home awaiting  
In the sky, Lord, in the sky.**

**(Chorus)**

\*Ada Habershon wrote "Will the Circle Be Unbroken" in 1907. A.P. Carter reworked the song in the early 1920's as "Can the Circle Be Unbroken"

## **Country-Western Songs**

## **ABILENE (BUCK OWENS, LESTER BROWN & JOHN D. LOUDERMILK)**

## **Chorus:**

# C E7 F C Abilene, Abilene prettiest town I've ever seen

**D7 G7 C F C**  
**Women there don't treat you mean in Abilene, my Abilene**

E7

## **I sat alone most every night**

**F C**  
**Watch the trains pull out of si**

## D7 G7 Don't I wish they were carrying me back

C F C  
To Abilene, my Abilene (Chorus)

E7

# F C Nothing in this town for me

## D7 G7 Wish to the Lord that I could be back

**C      F      C**  
**In Abilene, Sweet Abilene**

## **AIN'T LIVIN' LONG LIKE THIS (RODNEY CROWELL, 1977)**

**Intro: D A**

---

**A**

I looked for trouble and I found it son. Straight down the barrel  
of a lawman's gun. Tried to run but I don't think I can  
You make one move and you're a dead man friend

---

**Chorus:**

**A            D**

**Ain't living long like this**

**A**

**Can't live at all like this, can I baby?**

---

**E**

He slipped the handcuffs on behind my back

**E**

And left me reeling on a steel reel rack

**D**

**They got 'em all in the jailhouse baby**

**(Chorus)**

---

**A**

Grew up in Houston off of Wayside Drive, son of a carhop and  
some all-night dives. Dad drove a stock car to an early death,  
All I remember was a drunk man's breath

**(Chorus)**

**E**

You know the story how the wheel goes 'round

**E**

Don't let them take you to the man down town

**D**

**Can't sleep at all in a jailhouse baby**

**(Chorus)**

I live with Angel she's a roadhouse queen,  
Makes Texas Ruby look like Sandra Dee  
I want to love her but I don't know how,  
I'm at the bottom in the jailhouse now

**(Chorus)**

You know the story about the jailhouse rock,  
Don't want to do it but just don't get caught  
They got 'em all in the jailhouse baby

**(Chorus)**

## ALWAYS TRUST YOUR CAPE (GUY CLARK, 1995) \*

C Am C F G C  
Eight years old with a flour sack cape tied all around his neck

C Am C F G  
He climbed up on the garage figuring what the heck

C Am C F G C  
He screwed his courage up so tight the whole thing came unwound

C Am C F G C  
He got a running start and bless his heart he headed for the ground

---

### Chorus:

Am C/G F C  
Well he's one of those who knows that life is just a leap of faith

C C/B Am C  
Spread your arms and hold your breath

F G C  
And always trust your cape

---

Now he's all grown up with a flour sack cape tied all around his dreams  
And he's full of piss and vinegar and he's busting at the seams  
So, he licked his finger and checked the wind  
It's gonna be do or die he wasn't scared of nothing, Boys  
He was pretty sure he could fly (Chorus)

---

(Optional Instrumental) C C/B Am/A C/G F G C  
C C/B Am/A C/G F G C

---

Now he's old and grey with a flour sack cape tied all around his head  
He's still jumping off the garage and will be 'till he's dead  
All these years the people said he's acting like a kid  
He did not know he could not fly, so he did (Chorus)

\*Chord structure simplified for singalongs

## AMARILLO BY MORNING (TERRY STAFFORD, PAUL FRASER, 1973)

Intro: D F#m G A                    D F#m G A

D                    F#m            G                    D  
Amarillo by morning up from San Anton

D                    F#m            G                    A  
Everything that I got is just what I've got on

                  G                    A                    D                    F#m            G  
When that sun is high in the Texas sky, I'll be buckin' at the county fair

D                    A                    G            A            D  
Amarillo by mornin', Amarillo I'll be there

Instrumental: D F#m G A

---

D                    F#m                    G                    D  
They took my saddle in Houston, broke my leg in Santa Fe

D                    F#m                    G                    A  
Lost my wife and a girlfriend somewhere along the way

                  G                            A  
But I'll be looking for eight when they pull that gate

D                    F#m                    G  
and I hope that judge ain't blind

D                    A                    G            A            D  
Amarillo by mornin', Amarillo's on my mind

Instrumental: D F#m G A

---

(key change)

E                    G#m            A                    E  
Amarillo by mornin' up from San Antone

E                    G#m            A                    B  
Everything that I got is just what I've got on

                  A                    B                    E                    G#m            A  
I ain't got a dime but what I got is mine I ain't rich but Lord I'm free

E                    B                    A            B                    E A B  
Amarillo by mornin', Amarillo's where I'll be

E                    B                    A            B                    E  
Amarillo by mornin', Amarillo's where I'll be

Outro: (E) G#m A B E G#m A B E

## BOULDER TO BIRMINGHAM (EMMYLOU HARRIS, BILL DANOFF, 1975)

Intro: G D

D                    G                    Em                    C                    G  
I don't want to hear a love song, I got on this airplane just to fly

D                    Dsus4 D  
And I know there's life below me, but all that you can show me

G                    (Gsus4 G \*)  
Is the prairie and the sky

D                    G  
And I don't want to hear a sad story

Em    C            G                    D  
Full of heartbreak and desire. The last time I felt like this

Dsus4            G                    (Gsus4 G \*)  
I was in the wilderness and the canyon was on fire

Em                    A                    C                    G  
And I stood on the mountain, . . . in the night and I watched it burn

D    D7            G  
I watched it burn, I watched it burn.

---

Chorus:

G                    C                    G  
I would rock my soul in the bosom of Abraham

D                    G  
I would hold my life in his saving grace.

C                    G  
I would walk all the way from Boulder to Birmingham

D    D7            G  
If I thought I could see, I could see your face.

---

D                    G                    Em                    C                    G  
Well, you really got me this time, and the hardest part is knowing I'll survive.

D                    Dsus4  
I have come to listen for the sound of the trucks as they move down

D    G            Em                    A  
Out on ninety five and pretend that it's the ocean

C                    G                    D    D7  
coming down to wash me clean, to wash me clean

G  
Baby do you know what I mean?                    (Chorus)

D    D7            G  
If I thought I could see, I could see your face.

(Capo 3)

Intro: G

Back through the years, I go wondering once again

C G

Back to the seasons of my youth. I recall a box of rags that someone gave us

C

And how my momma put the rags to use

---

G

There were rags of many colors, but every piece was small

D

And I didn't have a coat, and it was way down in the fall

G

C

Momma sewed the rags together, sewing every piece with love

G

D G

She made my coat of many colors, That I was so proud of

---

G

As she sewed, she told a story, From the bible, she had read

D

About a coat of many colors, Joseph wore and then she said

G

C

I hope this coat will bring you, good luck and happiness

G

D

G

And I just couldn't wait to wear it, and momma blessed it with a kiss

---

Chorus:

C G

My coat of many colors, that my momma made for me

C G D

Made only from rags, But I wore it so proudly

G

C

Although we had no money, well I was rich as I could be

G

D G E

In my coat of many colors, My momma made for me

---

A  
So with patches on my britches, and holes in both my shoes

E  
In my coat of many colors, I hurried off to school

A D  
Just to find the others laughing, and making fun of me

A E A  
in my coat of many colors, My momma made for me

---

E A  
And oh, I couldn't understand it, for I felt I was rich

E  
And I told them of the love, my momma sewed in every stitch

A D  
And I told them all the story, Momma told me while she sewed

A E A  
And how my coat of many colors was worth more than all their clothes

---

(Chorus 2)

D A  
But they didn't understand it, and I tried to make them see

D A E  
That one is only poor, only if they choose to be

A D  
Now I know we had no money but I was rich as I could be

A E D  
In my coat of many colors my momma made for me

A  
Made just for me

\*Let last note ring

## COLLEEN MALONE (LEROY DRUMM, PETE GOBEL, 1990)

Intro: C F F F G C

---

C F C

It's been ten years and three since I first went to sea

F D G

Since I've sailed from old Ireland and home

C F C

But those hills lush and green were a part of my dream

F G C

When I dreamed of my Colleen Malone

---

C F C

On the day I returned to my sorrow I learned

F D G C F C

That the angels had called her away; To a grave on a hill overlooking the mill

F G C

That's the place where she's sleeping today

---

Chorus:

G F C

As the soft breezes blow, through the meadow I go

F C G

Past the mill with the moss-covered stone

F C

Up the pathway I climb, through the woods and the vines

F G C

To be with my Colleen Malone

---

C F C

She was faithful each day as I sailed far away

F D G

There was no one but me that she loved

C F C

And I remember those eyes, soft and blue as the skies

F G C

And her heart was as pure as a dove

(Chorus)

---

(Optional Instrumental)

C F C F D G C F C F G C

---

F C F D G

All the years of my life I will not take a wife, I will live in this valley alone

C F C

Planting flowers around in the soft gentle ground

F G C

That's holding my Colleen Malone

(Chorus)

## COMPADRES OF THE OLD SIERRA MADRE (WOODY PAUL, 1981)

Em C7

There is a place I know way down in Mexico

Am B7 Em C7/B7

high in the old Sierra Madre

Em C7

Where many an outlaw band from across the Rio Grande

Am B7 Em

Have found a haven, a holdout, a hideaway

---

Chorus:

Am7 D7 G CMaj7

But danger rides with those who stray upon their secret hideaway

Am D7 Em / C7 / B7 (one beat apiece)

Where death is sure to welcome anyone within the law

Em C7

But if a man must run from any lawman's gun

Am B7 Em

He'll find compadres in the old Sierra Madre

---

Em C7

Deep in the dark of night, beside the campfire's light,

Am B7 Em C7/B7

They weave the tales of the lives, of the bandits.

Em C7

Of jewels rare and old, of coaches filled with gold,

Am B7 Em

Holdups pulled off just like they planned it. (Chorus)

(Instrumental – verse chord pattern)

---

Em C7

Deep in the dark of night, beside the campfire's light,

Am B7 Em C7/B7

They weave the tales of the lives, of the bandits.

Em C7

Of jewels rare and old, of coaches filled with gold,

Am B7 Em

Holdups pulled off just like they planned it. (Chorus)

---

(Instrumental)

(Repeat first verse, chorus and end very slowly on the last line of chorus)

## CROSSING MUDDY WATERS (JOHN HIATT, 2000)

Intro: G C D Em C D G

G C D Em  
Baby's gone and I don't know why, she headed out this morning  
Tobacco standing in the fields, be rotten come November  
Baby's crying and the daylight's gone, that big oak tree is groaning

C D G  
Like a rusty shot in a hollow sky, she left me without warning  
And a bitter heart will not reveal, a spring that love remembers  
In a rush of wind and a river song, I can hear my true love moaning

G C D Em  
sooner than the dogs could bark, faster than the sun rose  
when that sweet brown girl of mine, hair black as a raven  
Crying for her baby child, oh crying for her husband

C  
down to the banks in an old mule cart  
We broke the bread and drank the wine  
Crying for that rivers wild,

D G  
she took a flat boat 'cross the shallows  
from a jug that she'd been saving  
to take her from her loved ones

---

Chorus:

C D Em  
Left me in my tears to drown, she left a baby daughter

C D G  
Now the river's wide and deep and brown, she's crossing muddy waters

---

**DON'T THIS ROAD LOOK ROUGH AND ROCKY (LESTER FLATT, EARL SCRUGGS, 1954)**

G C G D7  
Darling I have come to tell you, though it almost breaks my heart

G C G D7 G  
But before the morning darling, we'll be many miles apart

---

**Chorus:**

C G  
Don't this road look rough and rocky

D7  
Don't that sea look wide and deep

G C G  
Don't my baby look the sweetest

D7 G  
When she's in my arms asleep

---

**(Optional Instrumental)**

---

C G D7  
Can't you hear the night birds crying, far across the deep blue sea

G C G D7 G  
While those others you are thinking, won't you sometimes think of me

(Chorus)

---

C G D7  
One more kiss before I leave you. One more kiss before we part

G C G D7 G  
You have caused me lots of trouble. Darling you have broke my heart

(Chorus)

## DUBLIN BLUES (MAD DOG MARGARITAS) (GUY CLARK, 1995)

D G D A  
I wish I was in Austin in the Chili Parlor Bar

D G D  
Drinkin' Mad Dog Margaritas and not carin' where you are

D G D A  
But here I sit in Dublin just rollin' cigarettes

D G D  
Holdin' back and chokin' back the shakes with every breath

---

### CHORUS:

A D  
Forgive me all my anger, forgive me all my faults

A D  
There's no need to forgive me for thinkin' what I thought

A D  
I loved you from the git go, and I'll love you till I die

A G D  
I loved you on the Spanish steps the day you said goodbye

---

D G D A  
I am just a poor boy, work's my middle name

D G D  
If money was a reason I would not be the same

D G D A  
I'll stand up and be counted, I'll face up to the truth

D G D  
I'll walk away from trouble, but I can't walk away from you (Chorus)  
(Instrumental)

---

D G D A  
I have been to Fort Worth I have been to Spain

D G D  
I have been too proud to come in out of the rain

D G D A  
I have seen the David I've seen the Mona Lisa too

D G D  
I have heard Doc Watson play Columbus Stockade Blues (Chorus)

Outro: (First verse, fading)

## EASY FROM Now On (CARLENE CARTER, 1976)

D                    G                    D                    A  
There he goes gone again. Same old story's gotta come to an end

D                    G  
Lovin' him was a one-way street

D                    A  
But I'm gettin' off where the crossroads meet

D                    G  
It's a quarter moon in a ten-cent town

D                    A  
Time for me to lay my heartaches down

D                    G  
Saturday night I'm gonna make myself a name

D                    A  
Take a month of Sundays to try and explain

---

Chorus:

G      D      Bm                    G  
It's gonna be easy to fill the heart of a thirsty woman

D      A  
Harder to kill the ghost of a no-good man

G      D      Bm      G  
And I'll be ridin' high in a fandangled sky

G F#m Em                    G F#m Em      A7   D  
It's gonna be easy;      it's gonna be easy      from now on

---

(Instrumental)

D                    G  
Raw as a whip but clean as bone

D                    A  
Soft to the touch when you take me home

D                    G  
When the mornin' comes and it's time for me to leave,

D                    A  
Don't worry about me; I got a wild card up my sleeve    (Chorus)

**Easy Silence (The Chicks: Martie McGuire, Emily Robison, Natalie Maines, Dan Wilson, 2006)**

## Intro: G D A Bm

**G D**  
**When the calls and conversations, accidents and accusations**

**A Bm**  
**Messages and misperceptions, paralyze my mind**

**G D**  
**Buses, cars, and airplanes leaving, burning fumes of gasoline**

**F#m** **Bm**  
**And everyone is running and I come to find a refuge in the...**

### **Chorus:**

G D

**Easy silence that you make for me**

**A G D**  
**It's okay when there's nothing more to say to me**

**G D**  
**And the peaceful quiet you create for me**

**A G D**  
**And the way you keep the world at bay for me**

A G D G D A Bm  
The way you keep the world at bay

**Monkeys on the barricades are warning us to back away  
They form commissions trying to find the next one they can crucify  
And anger plays on every station answers only make more questions  
I need something to believe in Breathe in sanctuary in the           (Chorus)**

**Children lose their youth too soon, watching war made us immune  
And I've got all the world to lose but I just want to hold on to the (Chorus)**

## G D A Bm G D A G-D

## EIGHT MORE MILES TO LOUISVILLE (GRANDPA JONES, 2004)\*

G D G C G D G

I've traveled o'er this country wide, seekin' fortune fair

G D G C A D

I've been down the two coast lines, I've traveled every where

C G D

From Portland East and Portland West, and back along the line

G D G C G D G

I'm goin' now to a place that's best, that old home town of mine.

---

Chorus:

G C G

Eight more miles and Louisville will come in to my view

G A D

Eight more miles on this old road, and I 'll never more be blue

C G D

I knew some day that I'd come back; I knew it from the start

G D G C G D G

Eight more miles to Louisville, the home town of my heart.

---

G D G C D G

There's sure to be a girl somewhere, that you like best of all

G D G D

Mine lives down in Louisville; She's long and she is tall

C G D

But she's the kind that you can't find, a rambling through the land

G D G C G D G

I'm on my way this very day to win her heart and hand.

(Chorus)

---

G D G C G D G

Now I can picture in my mind, a place we'll call our home

G D G C A D

A humble little hut for two; We'll never want to roam

C G D

The place that's right for that love site is in those bluegrass hills

G D G C G D G

Where gently flows the Ohio by a place called Louisville.

(Chorus)

\*Recorded by many artists, but now synonymous with Sam Bush

## FIRE ON THE MOUNTAIN (GEORGE McCORKLE/MARSHALL TUCKER BAND, 1978)

Em C  
Took my family away from my Carolina home  
We were diggin' and siftin' from five to five  
Dance hall girls were the evenin' treat  
Now my widow, she weeps by my grave

Em C  
Had dreams about the West and started to roam  
Sellin' everything we found just to stay alive  
Empty cartridges and blood lined the gutters of the street  
Tears flow free for her man she couldn't save

Em C  
Six long months on a dust covered trail  
Gold flowed free like the whiskey in the bars  
Men were shot down for the sake of fun,  
Shot down in cold blood by a gun that carried fame,

Em C  
They say heaven's at the end, but so far it's been hell  
Sinnin' was the big thing, Lord, and Satan was his star  
Or just to hear the noise of their forty four guns  
all for a useless and no good, worthless claim

---

Chorus:

G D  
And there's fire on the mountain, lightnin' in the air,

Am C Em C Em C  
Gold in them hills and it's waitin' for me there

---

(Instrumental after 2nd verse )

G D Am C G  
G D Am C  
Em C Em C  
Em C Em C

(Outro is extra chorus at the end and the line below)

C G  
..waitin' for me there..

## FOLSOM PRISON BLUES (JOHNNY CASH, 1953)

E

I hear the train a-coming, it's rolling round the bend

E7

and I ain't seen the sunshine since I don't know when

A

E

I'm stuck in Folsom Prison, and time keeps draggin' on

B7

E

But that train keeps a-rollin' on down to San Antone

---

E

When I was just a baby, my Mama told me 'Son,

E7

always be a good boy; don't ever play with guns.'

A

E

But I shot a man in Reno, just to watch him die

B7

E

when I hear that whistle blowin' I hang my head and cry

---

Solo Chords:

E | E7 | E | E7

A | A | E | E

B7| B7| E |

---

E

I bet there's rich folks eatin' in a fancy dining car

E7

They're probably drinking coffee and smoking big cigars

A

E

Well, I know I had it coming, I know I can't be free

B7

E

But those people keep a moving, and that's what tortures me

---

E

Well, if they freed me from this prison, if that railroad train was mine

E7

I bet I'd move it on a little farther down the line

A

E

Far from Folsom Prison, that's where I want to stay

B7

E

And I'd let that lonesome whistle blow my blues away

## GHOST RIDERS IN THE SKY (STAN JONES, 1948)

Em

G

An old cowpoke went riding out one dark and windy day,  
Their brands were still on fire and their hooves were made of steel,  
Their faces gaunt, their eyes were blurred, their shirts all soaked with sweat,  
The cowpokes loped on past him and he heard one call his name,

Em

G

Up - on a ridge he rested as he went along his way,  
Their horns were black and shiny and their hot breath he could feel,  
They're riding hard to catch that herd, but they ain't caught 'em yet,  
If you want to save your soul from hell a-riding on our range,

Em

G

Em

When all at once a mighty herd of red eyed cows he saw,  
A bolt of fear shot through him as he looked up in the sky,  
'cause they've got to ride forever on that range up in the sky,  
Then, cowboy, change your ways today, or with us you will ride,

C

Em

A - plowin' through the ragged skies and up a cloudy draw.  
For he saw the riders comin' hard and he heard their mournful cry:  
On horses snortin' fire, as they ride on hear their cry:  
A - trying to catch the devil's herd a-cross these endless skies.

---

Chorus:

Em G

Em C

Em

Yippee-yi-yay, yippee-yi-yo, Ghost riders in the sky.

---

Last Time:

Em G

Em C

Em

Yippee-yi-yay, yippee-yi-yo, Ghost riders in the sky.

## GLENDALE TRAIN (JOHN DAWSON, 1971)

---

**Chorus:**

G

C

G

Somebody robbed the Glendale train this morning at half past nine

G

A

D

Somebody robbed the Glendale train, And I swear, I ain't lyin'

G

C

G

They made clean off with sixteen gee's And left two men lyin' cold

G

D

G

Somebody robbed the Glendale train, and they made off with the gold

---

Charlie Jones was the engineer,  
he had twenty years on the line.  
He kissed his wife at the station dear,  
this morning at six thirty-five  
Everything went fine till half past nine  
When Charlie looked up and he saw.  
Men on horses, men with guns,  
And no sign of the law.

Chorus. (tag no words).

Amos White was the Luggage man,  
And dearly loved his job.  
The company rewarded him,  
With a golden watch and fob.  
Well Amos he was workin' time  
When the door blew off his car.  
The found Amos White in fifteen pieces  
Fifteen miles apart.

Chorus. (2x plus tag with words)

## GREEN ROLLING HILLS OF WEST VIRGINIA (UTAH PHILLIPS, 1971)

### Intro: G

#### Chorus:

D                    G  
Oh, the green rolling hills of West Virginia

C                    D  
Are the nearest thing to heaven that I know

G                    C  
Though the times are sad and drear, and I cannot linger here

G                    D                    G  
They'll keep me and never let me go

---

D                    G  
My daddy said, "Don't ever be a miner"

C                    D                    G  
For a miner's grave is all I'll ever own. There's hard times everywhere

C                    G                    D                    G  
I can't find a dime to spare. These are the worst times I've ever known (Chorus)

D                    G  
So, I'll move away into some crowded city

C                    D  
In some northern factory town, you'll find me there

G                    C  
Though I'll leave the past behind, I'll never change my mind

G                    D                    G  
These troubled times are more than I can bear                    (Chorus)  
(Optional Instrumental)

D                    G  
Someday, I'll go back to West Virginia

C                    D  
To those green, rolling hills I love so well

G                    C  
Oh, someday I'll go home, and I know I'll right the wrong

G                    D                    G  
These hard times will follow me no more                    (Chorus)

## GULF COAST HIGHWAY (NANCI GRIFFITH, JAMES HOOKER, 1988)

(Capo 2)

---

(Woman)

C

Gulf coast highway, he worked the rails

F

He worked the rice fields with their cool, dark wells

Am              G              C

He worked the oil rigs in the Gulf of Mexico

F              C              G              C

The only thing we've ever owned is this old house here by the road

Am              G              C

And when he dies, he says he'll catch some blackbird's wing

F              C              G              C

And he will fly away to heaven, come some sweet Bluebonnet spring.

---

(Man)

She walked through springtime when I was home

Our days were sweet, our nights were warm

The seasons changed, the jobs would come, the flowers fade

And this house felt so alone, when the work took me away

And when she dies he says she'll catch some blackbird's wing

And she will fly away to heaven, come some sweet Bluebonnet spring.

---

(Both)

Highway 90, the jobs are gone now

We tend our garden and we set the sun

This is the only place on earth Blue Bonnets grow

And once a year they come and go at this old house here by the road

And when we die we say we'll catch some blackbird's wing

And we will fly away to heaven, come some sweet Bluebonnet spring.

---

Outro:

Am              G              C

And when we die, we say we'll catch some blackbird's wing

F              C              G              C

And we will fly away together, come some sweet Bluebonnet spring.

## **HELP ME MAKE IT THROUGH THE NIGHT (KRIS KRISTOFFERSON, 1970)**

**Intro:**

**G C D G**

---

**G**

**C**

**Take the ribbon from your hair. Shake it loose and let it fall**

**D**

**G**

**Layin' soft against my skin, Like the shadows on the wall**

---

**(G)**

**C**

**Come and lay down by my side, 'til the early morning light**

**D**

**G**

**All I'm taking is your time. Help me make it through the night**

---

**Chorus:**

**G**

**C**

**G**

**I don't care what's right or wrong, I don't try to understand**

**A**

**D**

**Let the devil take tomorrow for tonight I need a friend**

---

**G**

**C**

**Yesterday is dead and gone, and tomorrow's out of sight**

**D**

**G**

**And it's bad to be alone. Help me make it through the night**

**(Chorus)**

---

**(Optional Instrumental)**

---

**G**

**C**

**Yesterday is dead and gone, and tomorrow's out of sight**

**D**

**G**

**And it's bad to be alone. Help me make it through the night**

**(Final Chorus)**

## HICKORY WIND (GRAM PARSONS, BOB BUCHANAN, 1968)

(Waltz Tempo ¾ time)

(Intro) | D | D | C | C | G | G | -

G D | D | C | C G | C | G |  
In South Carolina there are many tall pines

G D | D | C | C D | D | D7  
I remember the oak tree that we used to climb

D7 C | C | D | D G | C | G  
But now when I'm lonesome, I always pretend

G C | C | D | D G | C | G |  
That I'm getting the feel of hickory wind

G D | D | C | C G | C | G  
I started out younger had most every-thing

G D | D | C | C D | D | D7  
All the riches and pleasures, what else could life bring?

D7 C | C | D | D G | C | G  
But it makes me feel better each time it begins

G C | C | D | D G C G  
Calling me home, hickory wind

(Optional Instrumental) | D | D | C | C | G | G | G | -

G D | D | C | C G | C | G  
It's a hard way to find out that trouble is real

G D | D | C | C D | D | D7 |  
In a far away city, with a far away feel

D7 C | C | D | D G | C | G  
But it makes me feel better each time it begins

G C | C | D | D G | C | G  
Calling me home, hickory wind

[Coda]

G C | C | D | D G | C | G  
Keeps callin' me home, hickory wind

## HIGH COTTON (SCOTT ANDERS, ROGER MURRAH, 1989)

G

C

We didn't know the times were lean. Around our home the grass was green

G

D7 G

It didn't seem like things were all that bad. I bet we walked a thousand miles

C

G

D7

G

Chopping cotton and pushing plows and learning how to give it all we had

---

G

C

As life went on and years went by, I saw the light in daddy's eyes

G

D7 G

and felt the love in mama's hands. They kept us warm and kept us fed.

C

G

D7

G

Taught us how to look ahead. Now looking back, I understand

---

Chorus:

G

C

We were walking in High Cotton. Old times there are not forgotten

G

D7

G

Those fertile fields are never far away. We were walking in high cotton

C

Old times there are not forgotten

G

D7

G

Leaving home was the hardest thing we ever faced

---

(Optional Instrumental)

---

G

C

When Sunday morning rolled around, we dressed up in hand-me downs

G

D7

G

Just in time together with the church. Sometimes I think how long it's been

C

G

D7

G

And how it impressed me then It was the only day my daddy wouldn't work

(Final Chorus)

## **HOMEGROWN TOMATOES (GUY CLARK, 1981)**

**C**

**Ain't nothing in the world that I like better**

**F**

**Than bacon and lettuce and homegrown tomatoes**

**G7**

**C**

**Up in the morning out in the garden, get you a ripe one, don't get a hard 'un**

**C**

**Plant 'em in the spring, eat 'em in the summer**

**F**

**All winter without 'em's a culinary bummer**

**G7**

**I forget all about the sweatin' and the diggin'**

**C**

**Every time I go out and pick me a big 'un**

**Chorus: C**

**Homegrown tomatoes, homegrown tomatoes,**

**F**

**What'd life be without homegrown tomatoes,**

**G7**

**only two things that money can't buy:**

**C**

**And that's true love and homegrown tomatoes.**

**You can go out to eat, that's for sure**

**But there's nothin' a home-grown tomato won't cure**

**Put em in a salad, put 'em in a stew, you can make your very own tomato juice**

**You can eat 'em with eggs, you can eat 'em with gravy**

**You can eat 'em with beans, pinto or navy, put em on the side, put em in the middle**

**Put a Home-grown tomato on a hot cake griddle (Chorus)**

**Now if I could change this life I lead**

**I'd be a Johnny Tomato seed. I know what this country needs**

**It's home-grown tomatoes in every yard you see.**

**When I die don't bury me in a box in a cemetery**

**Out in the garden would be much better**

**Where I could be a pushin' up home-grown tomatoes.**

**(Chorus 2X)**

## I DON'T LOVE YOU MUCH, DO I? (RICHARD LEIGH, 1992)

C

I don't love you much, do I?

F

G

C

Just more than human time can tell that's all

C

I don't love you much, do I?

F

G

Remember how I kissed you in the hall

---

Chorus:

F

C

F

C

G

See how it sparkles in my eyes. I couldn't hide it if I tried and that's right

C

I don't love you much, do I?

F

G

C

Just more than anything else in this whole world

---

C

F

G

C

I don't love you much, do I? Just more than all the stars in the sky

C

F

G

I don't love you much, do I? I think you hung the moon and that's alright  
(Chorus)

---

(Optional Instrumental)

C

F

G

C

I don't love you much, do I? I can feel it all the way across the room

C

F

G

C

I don't love you much, do I? Like spring doesn't make the flowers bloom

C

F

G

C

I don't love you much, do I? I'd follow you to hell and back again

C

F

G

I don't love you much, do I? Just watch me light up when you walk in  
(End with 2 Choruses)

---

Outro:

F G C (Instrumental)

C

I don't love you much, do I?

# I HEAR THEM ALL (DAVID RAWLINGS, KETCH SECOR, 2006)

Intro: C, G, D, Em, C, G, D, G

C G

I hear the crying of the hungry in the deserts where they're wandering

D G

Hear they're crying out for heaven's own benevolence upon them

C G

Hear destructive power prevailing, I hear fools falsely hailing

G D Em C

To the crooked wits of tyrants when they call

G D G

I hear them all, I hear them all, I hear them all

---

C G

I hear the sounds of tearing pages and the roar of burning paper

D G

All the crimes and acquisition turn to air and ashen vapor

C G

And the rattle of the shackle far beyond emancipators

G D Em C

And the lowliest who gather in their stalls

G D G

I hear them all, I hear them all, I hear them all

(Optional Solo)

---

C G

So, while you sit and whistle Dixie with your money and your power

D G

I can hear the flowers a-growing in the rubble of the towers

C G

I hear leaders quit their lying; I hear babies quit their crying

G D Em C

I hear soldiers quit their dying one and all

G D G

I hear them all, I hear them all, I hear them all (Harmonica Solo)

---

C G

I hear the tender words from Zion, I hear Noah's waterfall

D G

Hear the gentle lamb of Judah sleeping at the feet of Buddha

C G

And the prophets from Elijah to the old Paiute Wovoka

G D Em C

Take their places at the table when they're called

G D G

I hear them all, I hear them all, I hear them all (Repeat 3 times and fade)

# I STILL MISS SOMEONE (ROY CASH JR., JOHNNY CASH, 1958)

(Capo 3)

G C D C D G  
At my door the leaves are falling. The cold wild wind will come

G C D C D G  
Sweethearts walk by together, and I still miss someone

G C D C D G  
I go out on a party and look for a little fun

G C D C D G  
But I find a darkened corner 'cause I still miss someone

---

Chorus:

C D G C D G  
No, I never got over those blue eyes. I see them everywhere

C D G C D G  
I miss those arms that held me when all the love was there

---

G C D C D G  
I wonder if she's sorry for leavin' what we'd begun

G C D C D G  
There's someone for me somewhere, and I still miss someone

---

(Optional Instrumental) (Chorus)

---

G C D C D G  
I wonder if she's sorry for leavin' what we'd begun

G C D C D G  
There's someone for me somewhere, and I still miss someone

(Outro) C D G

## I NEVER PROMISED YOU A ROSE GARDEN (JOE SOUTH, 1967) \*

---

### Chorus:

G Am D7

G

I beg your pardon, I never promised you a rose garden

Am D7

G

Along with the sunshine there's gotta be a little rain sometimes

C

Am

When you take you gotta give so live and let live or let go

Am D7

G

I beg your pardon, I never promised you a rose garden

---

G

I could promise you things like big diamond rings

Am

but you don't find roses growing on stalks of clover

D7

So you better think it over

G

When it's sweet-talking you could make it come true

Am

I would give you the world right now on a silver platter

D7

But what would it matter?

---

### Bridge:

Am D7

So smile for a while and let's be jolly

Dm E7

Love shouldn't be so melancholy

Am Cm D7

Come along and share the good times while we can

(Chorus)

---

I could sing you a tune and promise you the moon

But if that's what it takes to hold you,

I'd just as soon let you go.

But there's one thing I want you to know

You better look before you leap still waters run deep

And there won't always be someone there to pull you out

And you know what I'm talking about

(Bridge, Chorus)

## I WALK THE LINE (JOHNNY CASH, 1956) \*

E      B7

E

B7

E

I keep a close watch on this heart of mine. I keep my eyes wide open all the time

A      E

I keep the ends out for the tie that binds

B7      E

Because you're mine, I walk the line (Bass walks up to A)

---

A      E7

A

E7

A

I find it very, very easy to be true. I find myself alone when each day is through

D      A

Yes, I'll admit that I'm a fool for you

E7      A

Because you're mine, I walk the line (Bass walks up to D)

---

D      A7

D

A7

D

As sure as night is dark and day is light, I keep you on my mind both day and night

G      D

And happiness I've known proves that it's right

A7      D

Because you're mine, I walk the line (Bass walks down to A)

---

A      E7

A

E7

A

You've got a way to keep me on your side. You give me cause for love that I can't hide

D      A      E7      A

For you I know I'd even try to turn the tide. Because you're mine, I walk the line

(Bass walks down to E)

E      B7

E

B7

E

I keep a close watch on this heart of mine. I keep my eyes wide open all the time.

A      E      B7      E

I keep the ends out for the tie that binds. Because you're mine, I walk the line

(Note: Player or Bassist should be hitting the 1 and 5 notes for E, A, and D keys respectively. Johnny Cash hums to the 1-5 beat for a few seconds between verses to make sure he's singing in the right key)

## IF I NEEDED You (TOWNES VAN ZANDT, 1981)

D Dsus4 D

G A D

If I needed you, would you come to me? Would you come to me and ease my pain?

If you needed me, I would come to you

G A D

I'd swim the seas for to ease your pain

---

Dsus4 D

Well, in the night forlorn, oh, the morning's born

G A D

And the morning shines with the lights of love

And you will miss sunrise if you close your eyes

G A D

And that would break my heart in two

---

Instrumental: D | | G | D ||x2

Dsus4 D

The lady's with me now since I showed her how

G A D

To lay her lily hand in mine

Loop and Lil agree, she's a sight to see

G A D

A treasure for the poor to find

---

Dsus4 D

If I needed you, would you come to me?

G A D

Would you come to me and ease my pain?

If you needed me, I would come to you

G A D

I'd swim the seas for to ease your pain

Outro : D G A D

## I'M AN OLD COWHAND (JOHNNY MERCER, 1936)

Intro: Dm G C Am Dm G C

(C) Dm G7 C Am

I'm an old cowhand from the Rio Grande

Dm G7 C

But my legs ain't bowed and my cheeks ain't tanned

Am Em

I'm a cowboy who never saw a cow

Am Em

Never roped a steer 'cause I don't know how

Am Em

I sure ain't fixin' to start in now

Dm G7 C Am Dm G7 C Am

Yippee i Yi-oh ti-ay! Yippee Yi oh ti-ay!

I'm an old cowhand from the Rio Grande

And I learned to ride before I learned to stand

I'm a ridin' fool who is up to date

I know every trail in the Lone Star State

'Cause I ride the range in a Ford V-8

Yippee i oh ti-ay! Yippee i oh ti-ay!

We're old cowhands from the Rio Grande

And we come to town just to hear the band

We know all the songs that the cowboys know

'Bout the Big Corral where the dogies go

We learned them all on the radio

Yipee i oh ti-ay! Yippee i oh ti-ay!

I'm an old cowhand from the Rio Grande

Where the West is wild all around the borderland

Where the buffalo roam around the zoo

And the Indians run up a rug or two

And the old Bar X is just a barbecue

Yippee i oh ti-ay! Yippee i oh ti-ay!

**I'M SO LONESOME I COULD CRY (HANK WILLIAMS, 1949)**

**E**

**E7**

**Hear the lonesome whippoorwill. He sounds too blue to fly**

**A**

**E**

**B7**

**E**

**The midnight train is whining low, I'm so lonesome I could cry**

**I've never seen a night so long, when time goes crawling by  
The moon just went behind a cloud, to hide its face and cry**

**Did you ever see a robin weep when leaves begin to die  
That means he's lost the will to live, I'm so lonesome I could cry**

**The silence of a falling star lights up a purple sky  
And as I wonder where you are, I'm so lonesome I could cry.**

## INVITATION TO THE BLUES (ROGER MILLER, 1958)

A                    A7                    D  
I couldn't sleep last night just walked the floor

E7                    A    E7  
Don't know how I stand this anymore

A                    A7                    D  
Lonely all the time since I lost you

E7                    A  
Received your invitation to the blues

---

Chorus:

D                    E7                    A  
I don't know why you caused me such pain

B7                    E7  
I just hope I'll never go through this much again

A                    A7                    D  
Lonely me I don't know what to do

E7                    A  
Received your invitation to the blues

---

(Instrumental)

A                    A7                    D  
You took the laughter from this world of mine

E7                    A    E7  
Thanks to you the sun will never shine

A                    A7                    D  
Walk the floor so much wore out my shoes

E7                    A  
Received your invitation to the blues                    (Chorus)

---

# JOLENE (DOLLY PARTON, 1973)

(Capo 2)

Intro: Am (4 bars)

---

Chorus:

Am      C      G      Am      G      Am  
Jolene, Jolene, Jolene, Jolene, I'm begging of you, please don't take my man

Am      C      G      Am    G      Em      Am  
Jolene, Jolene, Jolene, Jolene, please don't take him just because you can

---

Am                    C                    G                    Am  
Your beauty is beyond compare, with flaming locks of auburn hair

G                    Em                    Am                    C  
With ivory skin and eyes of emerald green. Your smile is like a breath of spring

G                    Am                    G                    Em                    Am  
Your voice is soft like summer rain, and I cannot compete with you, Jolene

---

Am                    C                    G                    Am  
He talks about you in his sleep, there's nothing I can do to keep

G                    Em                    Am  
From crying when he calls your name, Jolene

Am                    C                    G                    Am  
And I can easily understand, how you could easily take my man

G                    Em                    Am  
But you don't know what he means to me, Jolene.                    (Chorus)

---

Am                    C                    G                    Am  
You could have your choice of men, But I could never love again

G                    Em                    Am  
He's the only one for me, Jolene

Am                    C                    G                    Am  
I had to have this talk with you, my happiness depends on you

G                    Em                    Am  
And whatever you decide you'll do, Jolene                    (Chorus)

## KENTUCKY WALTZ (BILL MONROE, 1961)

G

D7

We were waltzing that night in Kentucky, 'neath the beautiful harvest moon

G  
And I was the boy who was lucky, but it all ended too soon

---

(G) G7 C  
As I sit here alone in the moonlight, I can see your smiling face

(C) G E7 A7 D7 G  
And I long once more for your embrace, in that beautiful Kentucky waltz

---

(Instrumental)

---

(G) D7  
We were waltzing that night in Kentucky, 'neath the beautiful harvest moon

(D7) G  
And I was the boy who was lucky, but it all ended too soon

---

(G) G7 C  
As I sit here alone in the moonlight, I can see your smiling face

G E7 A7 D7 G  
And I long once more for your embrace, in that beautiful Kentucky waltz

## KING OF THE ROAD (ROGER MILLER, 1964)

D            G            A7            D

Trailer for sale or rent, rooms to let...fifty cents.

(D)            G            A7

No phone, no pool, no pets, I ain't got no cigarettes

(A7)        D            G            A7            D

Ah, but. two hours of pushin' broom buys an eight by twelve four-bit room

(D)            G            A7            D

I'm a man of means by no means, King of the road.

Third boxcar, midnight train, destination...Bangor, Maine.

Old worn out suits and shoes, I don't pay no union dues,

I smoke old stogies I have found, short, but not too big around

I'm a man of means by no means, King of the road.

D            G            A7            D

I know every engineer on every train, all of the children, and all of their names

(D)            G            A7

And every handout in every town, and every lock that ain't locked

(A7)

When no one's around, I sing

Trailers for sale or rent, Rooms to let, fifty cents

No phone, no pool, no pets. I ain't got no cigarettes

Ah, but, two hours of pushin' broom buys an eight by twelve four-bit room

I'm a man of means by no means, King of the road.

## LIVE FOREVER (BILLY JOE SHAVER, EDDY SHAVER, 1995)

Intro: G Em C D G x2

G Em  
I'm gonna live forever, I'm gonna cross that river

C D G  
I'm gonna catch tomorrow now. You're gonna want to hold me

Em C D G  
Just like I always told you, you're gonna miss me when I'm gone

---

C G D G  
Nobody here will ever find me, but I will always be around

C G D G  
Just like the songs I leave behind me, I'm gonna live forever now

---

(Optional Instrumental)

G Em  
You fathers and you mothers, be good to one another

C D G  
Please try to raise your children right. Don't let the darkness take 'em

Em C D G  
Don't make 'em feel forsaken. Just lead them safely to the light

---

C G D G  
When this old world is blown asunder, and all the stars fall from the sky

C G D G  
Remember someone really loves you, we'll live forever you and I

---

Outro:

G Em  
I'm gonna live forever. I'm gonna cross that river

C D G  
I'm gonna catch tomorrow now

G Em  
I'm gonna live forever, I'm gonna cross that river

C D G  
I'm gonna catch tomorrow now

G Em  
I'm gonna live forever. I'm gonna cross that river

C D G (G Em C D G)  
I'm gonna catch tomorrow now

**LONG BLACK VEIL (LEFTY FRIZZELL, MARIJOHN WILKIN, DANNY DILL, 1959)**

D

Ten years ago on a cold dark night,

A

G D

someone was killed 'neath the town hall lights.

There were few at the scene, but they all agreed,

A

G D

that the slayer who ran looked a lot like me.

---

**Chorus:**

G D G D

She walks these hills, in a long black veil.

G D G D

She visits my grave, when the night winds wail.

G D G A D

Nobody knows, nobody sees, nobody knows, but me

---

The Judge said son, what is your alibi,  
if you were somewhere else, then 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)

Now the scaffold is high, and eternity's near.

She stood in the crowd, and shed not a tear.

But sometimes at night, when the cold wind moans

In a long black veil, she cries over my bones

(Chorus)

Nobody knows, but me.

Nobody knows, but me.

## LONG HAIRRED COUNTRY BOY (CHARLIE DANIELS, 1974)

D

People say I'm no good and crazy as a loon

'Cause I get stoned in the mornin, get drunk in the afternoon

Kinda like my ole blue tick hound, I like to lay around in the shade

D7

I ain't got no money but I've damn sure got it made

---

Chorus:

G

And I ain't askin' nobody for nothing

D

If I can't get it on my own

A7

If you don't like the way I'm livin'

G

D

You just leave this long-haired country boy alone

---

Poor girl wants to marry and the rich girl wants to flirt

Rich man goes to college and the poor man goes to work

Drunkard wants another drink of wine and the politician wants a vote

I don't want much of nothing at all but I will take another toke

(Chorus)

Preacher man talkin' on the TV, puttin' down the rock and roll

He wants me to send a donation 'cause he's worried about my soul

He said Jesus walked on the water and I know that it's true

But sometimes I think that old preacher man needs to do a little walkin' too

(Chorus)

## MAMA TRIED (MERLE HAGGARD, 1968)

D G D G

The first thing I remember knowing, was a lonesome whistle blowin'

D A7

And a young un's dream of growing up to ride

D G D G

On a freight train leaving town, not knowing where I'm bound

D A7 D

And no one could change my mind, but Mama tried

---

D G D G

One and only rebel child, from a family meek and mild

D A7

My Mama seemed to know what lay in store

D G D G

'Spite of all my Sunday learning, toward the bad I kept on turning

D A7 D

'Til Mama couldn't hold me anymore

---

Chorus:

D G D

And I turned twenty-one in prison doing life without parole

Bm A7

No one could steer me right, but Mama tried, Mama tried

D G D

Mama tried to raise me better, but her pleading I denied,

A7 D

that leaves only me to blame, 'cause Mama tried

---

(Optional Instrumental)

---

D G D G

Dear old Daddy, rest his soul, he left my mom a heavy load

D A7

She tried so very hard to fill his shoes

D G D G

Working hours without rest, wanted me to have the best

D A7 D

She tried to raise me right, but I refused

(Chorus)

---

(Outro) D

## MAMAS, DON'T LET YOUR BABIES GROW UP TO BE COWBOYS (ED & PATSY BRUCE, 1975)

D

G

Cowboys ain't easy to love and they're harder to hold

A

D

They'd rather give you a song than diamonds or gold

(D)

G

Lone star belt buckles and old faded Levi's and each night begins a new day

A

D

If you don't understand him and he don't die young he'll probably just ride away

---

Chorus:

D

G

Mamas, don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys

A

Don't let 'em pick guitars and drive them old trucks

D

Let 'em be doctors and lawyers and such

(D)

G

Mamas, don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys

A

They'll never stay home and they're always alone

D

even with someone they love

---

Cowboys like smoky old pool rooms and clear mountain mornings

Little warm puppies and children and girls of the night

Them that don't know him won't like him and them that do,  
sometimes won't know how to take him

He ain't wrong, he's just different and his pride won't let him  
do things that make you think he's right

(Chorus)

## MINER'S SILVER GHOST (STERLING WHIPPLE, 1976)

Am C (Capo 3)

On a cold and rainy night I was sitting in the light  
At the other switch they tried to put her on the mountain side  
Lord, she's coming now, I see her round the bend and straight at me  
Now I heard the story how an engine went to glory (Spoken)

Am G Am

Of my switchman shack of mine post on the mountain  
But she kept on coming up the mountain grade  
And her boiler is glowin' red as coal in hell  
Over fifty years ago on the same line

(Spoken)

Am C

The storm was pretty bad and the telephone was dead  
But I quickly doused the light to try to see into the night  
The headlight switchin' wide searchin' all the mountain side  
It was steaming for the cave in there were men that needed saving

Am G Am

But it was just eleven hours till the dawn  
Maybe I could spot her headlight in the rain  
But the only sound she's making is a wail  
But it missed the curve and trestle near the mine.

C G

Then much to my surprise the telegraph jumped in the light  
She was poundin' down below I could hear her whistle blow  
Then I recognized the train by the number and the name  
And every now and then you'll hear a whistle on the wind

Dm Am

As I read the code I thought could this be true?  
And I thought Lord that's a high and mournful sound  
It's the Miners Silver Ghost Old Forty - One  
If a mountain slides and many men are lost

Am C

A train was on its way headed up the mountain grade  
Then the telegraph again; there's a cave in at the mine  
Then she vanished up the track by the lonely switchman shack  
It's a high and lonely wail and searching up and down the mountain

Am G Am

But she didn't have an engineer or crew  
And a hundred men are buried 'neath the ground  
Like a mother who was looking for her son  
It's the train they call the Miner's Silver Ghost

(Repeat this line and end)

**MOUNTAIN DEW (BASCOM LAMAR LUNSFORD AND SCOTTY WISEMAN, 1928) \***

G

There's a big hollow tree down the road here from me,

C

G

Where you lay down a dollar or two.

D7

G

You stroll 'round the bend and you come back again,

D7

G

There's a jug full of good old mountain dew.

---

Chorus:

G

G7

C

G

They call it that old mountain dew, and them that refuse it are few.

C G

I'll hush up my mug, if you'll fill up my jug

D7 G

With that good old mountain dew.

---

My uncle Nort, he's sawed-off and short,  
He measures about four-foot two,  
But he thinks he's a giant when you give him a pint  
Of that good old mountain dew.

Well, my old aunt June bought some brand-new perfume,  
It had such a sweet-smellin' pew.  
But to her surprise when she had it analyzed  
It was nothin' but good old mountain dew.

Well, the preacher rode by with his head histed high,  
Said his wife had been down with the flu.  
And he thought that I ort just to sell him a quart  
Of that good old mountain dew.

Well, my brother Bill's got a still on the hill  
Where he runs off a gallon or two.  
The buzzards in the sky get so drunk they can't fly  
From smellin' that good old mountain dew.

ROUD Index 18669, Possibly based on an older Irish song.

## MOVE IT ON OVER (HANK WILLIAMS, 1947)

(Backup Singers)

E

Came in last night at half past ten

E

That baby of mine wouldn't let me in

A

So move it on over (move it on over)

E

Move it on over (move it on over)

B7

A7

E

Move over little dog cause the big dog's moving in

---

She's changed the lock on my front door.

My door key don't fit no more.

So get it on over (move it on over). Scoot it on over (move it on over)

Move over skinny dog cause the fat dog's moving in

---

This dog house here is mighty small

But it's better than no house at all

So ease it on over (move it on over). Drag it on over (move it on over)

Move over old dog cause a new dog's moving in

---

Instrumental:

E E A E B7 A E

---

She told me not to play around

But I done let the deal go down

So, pack it on over (move it on over). Tote it on over (move it on over)

Move over nice dog cause a mad dog's moving in

---

She warned me once, she warned me twice

But I don't take no one's advice

So scratch it on over (move it on over). Shake it on over (move it on over)

Move over short dog cause the tall dog's moving in

---

She'll crawl back to me on her knees

I'll be busy scratching fleas

So, slide it on over (move it on over). Sneak it on over (move it on over)

Move over good dog cause a mad dog's moving in

---

Remember pup, before you whine

That side's yours and this side's mine

So, shove it on over (move it on over). Sweep it on over (move it on over)

Move over cold dog cause a hot dog's moving in

## NELLIE KANE (TIM O'BRIEN, 1979) \*

**Intro: C Am G C (Twice)**

C

As a young man I went riding out on the western plain

Am G C

In the state of North Dakota, I met my Nellie Kane, I met my Nellie Kane

C

She was livin' in a lonely cabin with a son by another man

Am G C

**For five years she had waited for him, just as long as a woman can, as long as a woman can**

**CHORUS:**

F C G C

I don't know what changed my mind, 'til then I was the ramblin' kind

F C G C

The kind of love I can't explain, that I have for Nellie Kane

---

**INSTRUMENTAL BREAK:**

C Am G C

---

C Am G C

C

She had took me on to work that day and helped me till the land

Am G C

In the afternoon we planted seeds, in the evenin' we held hands; In the evenin' we held hands

C

Her blue eyes told me everything a man could want to know

Am G C

It was then I realized that I would never know; I would never go

(Chorus)

---

**INSTRUMENTAL BREAK:**

C Am G C

---

C Am G C

C

Now many years have gone by and our son has grown up tall

Am G C

I became a father to him and she became my all; She became my all

(Chorus)

\* First recorded by Hot Rize and later by Tim O'Brien (on his own) and many others

## No LONESOME TUNE (TOWNES VAN ZANDT, 1972)

Intro: D A

---

D

I ain't going to sing no lonesome tune. Ah, babe, I'm a coming soon

A

D

I cannot believe I stayed so long away, but a man must look around

D

You're the sweetest thing I've found

A

D

And your lost high roller's rolling home today

---

Well, my Daddy said to me, "Son, it's hard as you will see  
To find someone upon whom to rely"

In the kitchen, Mama sneezed and he grinned big as you please  
Said, "Bless you" and a tear come to his eye

---

(Instrumental)

D A D A

---

I did decide that very day  
That I would like to live that way  
And now I know I just been wasting time  
It's with you that I should be  
And if you feel the same 'bout me  
Well I'm headed home along the straightest line

(Repeat first verse)

Intro: A D A E

A

D

And you know the sun's settin' fast,  
Up the street beside that red neon light,  
 It's here I had my babies and I had my first kiss.  
I buried my Mama and I buried my Pa.  
 Now I sit on the porch and watch the lightning-bugs fly.

A

E

And just like they say, nothing good ever lasts.  
That's where I met my baby on one hot summer night.  
 I've walked down Main Street in the cold morning mist  
They sleep up the street beside that pretty brick wall.  
 But I can't see too good, I've got tears in my eyes.

A

D

Well, go on now and kiss it goodbye,  
He was the tender and I ordered a beer,  
 Over there is where I bought my first car.  
I bring them flowers a-bout every day,  
 I'm leaving tomorrow but I don't want to go.

A

E

But hold on to your lover, 'Cause your heart's bound to die. (Chorus)  
It's been forty years and I'm still sitting here.  
 It turned over once but then it never went far.  
But I just gotta cry when I think what they'd say.  
 I love you, my town, you'll always live in my soul.

A

D

But you know the sun's settin' fast,  
 And I can see the sun's settin' fast,  
If they could see how the sun's settin' fast,  
 But I can see the sun's settin' fast,

A

E

And just like they say, nothing good ever lasts.

And just like they say, nothing good ever lasts.

And just like they say, nothing good ever lasts.

And just like they say, nothing good ever lasts.

A

D

Well, go on now and kiss it goodbye,

Well, go on now and kiss it goodbye,

Well, go on now and kiss it goodbye,

Well, go on now I gotta kiss you goodbye,

A

E

But hold on to your lover, 'Cause your heart's bound to die. (Chorus)

But hold on to your lover, 'Cause your heart's bound to die. (Chorus)

But hold on to your lover, 'Cause your heart's bound to die. (Chorus)

But hold on to your lover, 'Cause your heart's bound to die.

A

D

A

E

Go on now and say goodbye to my town, to my town.

A

D

A

E

I can see the sun has gone down on my town, on my town, (Chorus)

---

Chorus:

A

D

A

E

Go on now and say goodbye to our town, to our town.

A

D

A

E

Can't you see the sun's setting' down on our town, on our town,

A

Goodnight.

---

## PANCHO AND LEFTY (TOWNES VAN ZANDT, 1972)

Intro Solo:

(Capo 2)

/ C --- / ---- / G --- / ---- / F --- / ---- / Am --- / ---- /

C G

Living on the road my friend, is gonna keep you free and clean

F C G

Now you wear your skin like iron, Your breath as hard as kerosene

F C F

Weren't your mama's only boy, But her favorite one it seems

Am / F C / G F Am

She began to cry when you said good - bye, And sank into your dreams

Pancho was a bandit, boys, his horse was fast as polished steel

He wore his gun outside his pants For all the honest world to feel

Pancho met his match you know on the deserts down in Mexico

Nobody heard his dying words but that's the way it goes

---

Chorus:

F C F

All the Federales say they could have had him any day

Am / F C / G F Am

They only let him slip a - way out of kindness I suppose

---

Lefty he can't sing the blues all night long like he used to

The dust that Pancho bit down south ended up in Lefty's mouth

The day they laid poor Pancho low Lefty split for Ohio

Where he got the bread to go there ain't nobody knows (Chorus)

SOLO: / C --- / ---- / G --- / ---- / F --- / ---- / Am --- / ---- /

Poets tell how Pancho fell and Lefty's living in a cheap hotel

The desert's quiet and Cleveland's cold, And so the story ends we're told

Pancho needs your prayers it's true but save a few for Lefty too

He only did what he had to do, and now he's growing old

Outro Chorus:

All the Federales say could have had him any day

We only let him slip a - way out of kindness I suppose

A few gray Federales say we could have had him any day

We only let him go so long out of kindness I suppose (End on Am)

## RING OF FIRE (JUNE CARTER, MERLE KILGORE, 1963) \*

Intro: G C G (play twice)

G C G C G  
Love is a burning thing, and it makes a fiery ring

C G C G  
Bound by wild desire, I fell into a ring of fire

---

Chorus:

D C G  
I fell into a burning ring of fire

D  
I went down, down, down

C G  
And the flames went higher; and it burns, burns, burns

C G C G  
The ring of fire, the ring of fire

---

(Play Intro Twice here)

C G C G  
The taste of love is sweet, when hearts like ours meet

C G C G  
I fell for you like a child. Oh, but the fire went wild

(Play Chorus twice here)

And it burns, burns, burns

C G C G  
The ring of fire, the ring of fire

**RED DIRT GIRL (EMMYLOU HARRIS, 2000)  
(Capo 3)**

**(2P)**

**G**

**Me and my best friend Lillian, and her blue tick hound dog Gideon**

**C**

**Sittin' on the front porch' coolin' in the shade**

**G**

**Singin' every song that the radio played**

**D**

**Waitin' for the Alabama sun to go down**

**C**

**G**

**Two red dirt girls in a red dirt town, me and Lillian**

**G**

**D**

**C**

**G**

**Just across the line and a little southeast of Meridian**

---

**G**

**She loved her brother I remember back when He was fixin' up a '49 Indian**

**C**

**He told her "Little sister, gonna ride the wind**

**G**

**D**

**Up around the moon and back again" He never got farther than Vietnam**

**C**

**G**

**I was standin' there with her when the telegram come for Lillian**

**G**

**D**

**C**

**G**

**Now he's lyin' somewhere about a million miles from Meridian**

---

**D**

**She said "There's not much hope for a red dirt girl**

**C**

**G**

**Somewhere out there is a great big world, that's where I'm bound**

**D**

**C**

**And the stars might fall on Alabama, but one of these days**

**G**

**D**

**I'm gonna swing my hammer down; away from this red dirt town**

**G**

**I'm gonna make a joyful sound"**

---

**G**

**She grew up tall and she grew up thin. Buried that old dog Gideon**

**C**

**By a crepe myrtle bush at the back of the yard**

G  
Her daddy turned mean and her mama leaned hard

D  
Got in trouble with a boy from town

C G  
Figured that she might as well settle down, so she dug right in

G D C G  
Across a red dirt line just a little southeast of Meridian

---

D  
She tried hard to love him but it never did take

C G  
It was just another way for a heart to break, so she learned to bend

D  
But one thing they don't tell you 'bout the blues when you got 'em

C  
You keep on fallin' 'cause there ain't no bottom

G D G  
There ain't no end, at least not for Lillian

---

G  
Nobody knows when she started her skid. She was only 27 and she had 5 kids

C  
Coulda been the whiskey, coulda been the pills

G  
Coulda been the dream she was tryin' to kill

D  
But there won't be a mention in the news of the world

C G  
About the life and the death of a red dirt girl named Lillian

G D C G  
Who never got any farther across the line than Meridian

---

D  
Now the stars still fall on Alabama

C G  
The night she finally laid that hammer down

D G  
Without a sound, in the red dirt ground

## ROCKY TOP (BOUDLEAUX & FELICE BRYANT, 1967)

C              F              C              G7              C  
Wish that I was on old Rocky Top, down in the Tennessee Hills.

C              F              C              G7              C  
Ain't no smoggy smoke on Rocky Top, ain't no telephone bills.

C              F              C              G7              C  
Once I had a girl on Rocky Top, Half bear, other half cat;

C              F              C              G7              C  
Wild as a mink, but sweet as soda pop. I still dream about that.

---

### Chorus:

Am              G              B<sub>b</sub>              F  
Rocky Top, you'll always be Home Sweet Home to me.

C              G7              C              B<sub>b</sub>              C  
Good old Rocky top, Rocky Top Tennessee, Rocky Top Tennessee.

---

Once two strangers climbed old Rocky Top, looking for a moonshine still.  
Strangers ain't come down from Rocky Top, reckon they never will.  
Corn won't grow at all on Rocky Top, dirt's too rocky by far.  
That's why all the folks on Rocky Top get their corn from a jar.              (Chorus)

I've had years of cramped-up city life,  
Trapped like a duck in a pen.  
All I know is it's a pity life can't be simple again.              (Chorus)

## **ROSE OF MY HEART (HUGH MOFFATT, 1986)**

**(Capo 2)**

C              C7              F              C

We're the best partners this world's ever seen

G              C

Together we're as close as can be

C              C7              F

But sometimes it's hard to find time in between

C              G

To tell you what you mean to me

---

**Chorus:**

C              C7              F

You are the rose of my heart

G              C

You are the love of my life

C              C7              F

A flower not faded nor falling apart

C              G

If you're tired, rest your head on my arm

(After verse 1)

If you're cool, let my love make you warm

(After verses 2,3)

You're my harbor in life's restless storm

(For outro)

C

Rose of my Heart.

---

**When sorrow holds you in its arms of clay**

**It's raindrops that fall from your eyes**

**Your smile is the sun come to earth for a day**

**You brighten my blackest of skies**

**So hard times are easy times, what do I care**

**There's nothing I'd change if I could**

**The tears and the laughter are things that we share**

**Your hand in mine makes it good**

## **RYE WHISKEY (TRADITIONAL)**

**Chorus:**

D                      G                      D  
Rye whiskey, rye whiskey, rye whiskey I cry,  
                        G                      D  
If I don't get rye whiskey, I surely will die.

---

**Way up on Clinch Mountain I wander alone**  
**I'm drunk as the devil, just leave me alone.**

**I'll eat when I'm hungry, I'll drink when I'm dry,**  
**If a tree don't fall on me, I'll live till I die.**

**It's whiskey, rye whiskey, you're no friend to me,**  
**You killed my poor daddy, Goddamn you try me.**

**It's whiskey, you villain, you've been my downfall,**  
**You've kicked me, you've cuffed me, but I love you for all.**

**Oh baby, oh baby, I've told you before,**  
**To make me a pallet, I'll lay on the floor.**

**Your parents don't like me, they say I'm too poor,**  
**They say I'm not worthy to enter your door.**

**They say I drink whiskey, but my money's my own,**  
**And if they don't like me, they can leave me alone.**

**It's beefsteak when I'm hungry, rye whiskey when I'm dry,**  
**Greenbacks when I'm hard-up, and heaven when I die.**

**If the ocean was whiskey, and I was a duck,**  
**I would dive to the bottom to get one sweet sup.**

**But the ocean ain't whiskey, and I ain't no duck,**  
**So I'll play Jack Of Diamonds and try to change my luck.**

**Jack Of Diamonds, Jack Of Diamonds, I know you of old,**  
**You've robbed my poor pockets of silver and gold.**

## SAN ANTONIO ROSE (BOB WILLS (MUSIC) & HIS TEXAS PLAYBOYS (LYRICS), 1938)\*

A                  A7                  D                  B7  
1) Deep within my heart lies a mel - o - dy,  
2) Well it was there I found, be - side the Alamo,  
3) Broken song, empty words I know,

E7                  A  
A song of old San An-ton'.  
Enchantments strange as the blue up above.  
Still live in my heart all a-lone.

A7                  D                  B7  
Where in dreams I live with a mem - o - ry,  
For that moonlit pass, that only she would know,  
For that moonlit pass by the Al - a - mo,

E7                  A  
Be-neath the stars, all a-lone.  
Still hears my broken song of love.  
And rose, my rose of San An-ton'.

E                  B7    E                  B7                  A  
Moon in all your splen-dor, known only to my heart,

B7                  Gm   A                  E  
Call back my rose, rose of San Anton'.

B7   E                  B7                  A  
Lips so sweet and ten-der, like petals falling apart,

B7                  Gm   A                  E                  E7  
Speak once a - gain of my love, my own.

(Repeat 3rd verse and finish....)

E7                  A  
And rose, my rose of San Anton'.  
And rose, my rose of San Anton'.

\* "San Antonio Rose" was an instrumental song written by Bob Wills, who first recorded it with the Playboys in 1938. Band members added lyrics. – [www.wikipedia.org](http://www.wikipedia.org).

## **Seeing Nellie Home (PATRICK S. GILMORE, JOHN FLETCHER, 1850's)**

---

**A**

**In the sky the bright stars glittered**

**D**

**A**

**On the bank the pale moon shone**

**D**

**It was from Aunt Dinah's quilting party**

**E**

**A**

**I was seeing Nellie home**

---

**Chorus:**

**A**

**D**

**A**

**I was seeing Nellie home I was seeing Nellie home**

**D**

**E**

**A**

**And from Aunt Dinah's quilting party I was seeing Nellie home**

---

**A**

**Our lips were warm and tender**

**D**

**A**

**Now I'll never be alone**

**D**

**It was from Aunt Dinah's quilting party**

**E**

**A**

**I was seeing Nellie home**

**(Chorus)**

## SHAME ON THE MOON (RODNEY CROWELL, 1982)

Intro: G Em

G Em  
Till you've been beside a man - you don't know what he wants

G Em  
You don't know if he cries at night - You don't know if he don't

C G C G  
When nothing comes easy - All nightmares are real

Em G Em G  
Until you've been beside a man - You don't know how he feels

G Em  
Once inside a woman's heart - A man must keep his head

G Em  
Heaven opens up the door - Where angels fear to tread

C G C G  
Some men go crazy - Some men go slow

Em G Em G  
Some men go just where they want - Some men never go

---

Chorus:

Bb G Bb G  
Ohhhhh Blame it on midnight ooooh Shame on the moon

---

(Instrumental)

---

G Em  
Everywhere it's all around - comfort in a crowd

G Em  
Stranger's faces all abound - Laughing right out loud

C G C G  
Hey watch where you're going Step light on your toes

Em G Em G  
Until you've been beside a man - You don't know who he knows.

(Chorus Twice)

Instrumental ending

## SILVER THREADS AND GOLDEN NEEDLES (JACK RHODES, DICK REYNOLDS, 1969)

(Capo 4)

D G C  
I don't want your lonely mansion with a tear in every room

G F D  
All I want is the love you promised beneath the haloed moon

G C  
But you think I should be happy with your money and your name

G D G  
And hide myself in sorrow while you play your cheating game

---

Chorus:

C G  
Silver threads and golden needles cannot mend this heart of mine

G F D  
And I dare not drown my sorrows in the warm glow of your wine

G C  
You can't buy my love with money 'cause I never was that kind

C G D G  
Silver threads and golden needles cannot mend this heart of mine

---

Instrumental:

G C C G F D  
G C C G D G

(Final Chorus)

Outro:

C G F C G F C G  
Silver threads and golden needles cannot mend this heart of mine

## SING ME BACK HOME (MERLE HAGGARD, 1967)

A                    E                    D                    A  
The warden led a prisoner down the hallway to his doom

(A)                    E  
I stood up to say goodbye like all the rest

A                    E                    D                    A  
And I heard him tell the warden just before he reached my cell

(A)                    E                    A  
'Let my guitar playing friend do my request.' (Let him...)

---

Chorus:

A                    E                    D                    A  
Sing me back home with a song I used to hear

(A)                    E                    E7  
Make my old memories come alive

A                    E                    D                    A  
Take me away and turn back the years

A                    E                    A  
Sing me back home before I die

---

(A)                    E                    D                    A  
I recall last Sunday morning a choir from off the street

A                    E  
Came in to sing a few old gospel songs

A                    E                    D                    A  
And I heard him tell the singers 'There's a song my mama sang.'

(A)                    E                    A  
Could I hear it once before you move along?' (Won't you...) (Chorus)  
(Instrumental Break)

---

(Chorus)  
A                    E                    D                    A  
Sing me back home before I die

## SIX DAYS ON THE ROAD\* (CARL MONTGOMERY, EARL GREEN, 1961) \*

C

Well, I pulled out of Pittsburgh,

G7

C

Rollin' down the Eastern Seaboard.

I've got my diesel wound up,

G7

And she's running like never before.

F

G7

There's a speed zone ahead, all right,

C

F

I don't see a cop in sight.

C

G7

C

Six days on the road and I'm gonna make it home tonight.

I got ten forward gears, and a Georgia overdrive.

I'm taking little white pills, and my eyes are open wide.

I just passed a 'Jimmy' and a 'White', I've been passin' everything in sight.

Six days on the road and I'm gonna make it home tonight.

Well, it seems like a month, Since I kissed my baby good-bye.

I could have a lot of women, But I'm not like some other guys.

I could find one to hold me tight, But I could never make believe it's alright.

Six days on the road and I'm gonna make it home tonight.

I.C.C. is checking on down the line.

I'm a little overweight and my log's three days behind.

But nothing bothers me tonight. I can dodge all the scales all right,

Six days on the road and I'm gonna make it home tonight.

Well, my rig's a little old, But that don't mean she's slow.

There's a flame from her stack, And the smoke's rolling black as coal.

My hometown's coming in sight, If you think I'm happy you're right.

Six days on the road and I'm gonna make it home tonight.

Six days on the road and I'm gonna make it home tonight.

Six days on the road and I'm gonna make it home tonight.

\*Recorded by Dave Dudley. Best played with a "walking" bass

## SIXTEEN TONS (MERLE TRAVIS, 1946) \*

Am                    G        F        E  
Some people say a man is made outta mud

Am                    G        F        E  
A poor man's made outta muscle and blood

Am                    C        F        E  
Muscle and blood and skin and bones

Am                    E  
A mind that's a-weak and a back that's strong

---

Chorus:

Am     G     F                  E  
You load Sixteen Tons, what do you get?

Am                    G        F        E  
Another day older and deeper in debt

Am                    C                  Dm        E  
Saint Peter don't you call me 'cause I can't go

Am                    E                  Am  
I owe my soul to the company store

---

Born one morning it was drizzle and rain  
Fighting and Trouble are my middle name  
I was raised in a canebrake by an old mama lion  
Ain't no high-toned woman make me walk the line  
(Chorus)

If you see me coming better step aside  
A lot of men didn't and a lot of men died  
I got one fist of iron and the other of steel  
And if the right one don't get you, then the left one will                  (Chorus)

Born one morning when the sun didn't shine  
Picked up a shovel and I walked to the mine  
I hauled Sixteen Tons of number 9 coal  
And the straw-boss said, "Well, bless my soul"                  (Chorus)

\*Recorded by Tennessee Ernie Ford

## STEEL RAILS (LOUISA BRANSCOMB, 1991)

Intro: G Am C D C G

---

Chorus:

Am

Steel rails, chasing sunshine round the bend,

C

D

C

G

Winding through the trees like a ribbon in the wind

Am

I don't mind, not knowing what lies down the track

C

D

C

G

'Cause I'm looking out ahead to keep my mind from turning back.

---

Am

It's not the first time, I found myself alone at dawn

C

D

C

G

If I really had you once, then I'd have you when I'm gone,

Am

Whistle blowing, blowing lonesome in my mind

C

D

C

G

Calling me along that never ending metal line

(Chorus)

---

[Instrumental] G Am C D C G (x2)

---

Am

Sun is shining, through the open box car door

C

D

C

G

Lying in my mind with the things I've known before

Am

I've lost count of the hours days and times

C

D

C

G

Just the rhythm of the rails keeps the motion in my mind (Chorus)

---

(Outro) C

D

C

G

Because I'm looking out ahead ... to keep my mind from turning back



## SWINGING DOORS (MERLE HAGGARD, 1966)

D G  
This old smoke-filled bar is something I'm not used to

D A  
But I gave up my home to see you satisfied

D G  
And I just called to let you know where I'll be living

D A D  
It's not much but I feel welcome here inside

---

Chorus:

D G  
And I've got swinging doors a jukebox and a barstool

D A  
And my new home has a flashing neon sign

D G  
Stop by and see me anytime you want to

D A D  
Cause I'm always here at home till closing time

---

Break: D G D A D G D A D (Verse Chords)

---

D G  
I've got everything I need to drive me crazy

D A  
I've got everything it takes to lose my mind

D G  
And in here the atmosphere's just right for heartaches

D A D  
And thanks to you I'm always here till closing time (Chorus)

---

Outro:

D A D  
Yeah, I'm always here at home till closing time

**TECUMSEH VALLEY (TOWNES VAN ZANDT, 1968)**

C F C F C

**The name she gave was Caroline. The daughter of a miner**

F C G/B Am

**And her ways were free And it seemed to me**

G F C

**That sunshine walked beside her**

---

**She come from Spencer, across the hill; She said her pa had sent her  
Cause the coal was low and soon the snow  
Would turn the skies to winter.**

**She said she'd come to look for work  
She was not seeking favors, and for a dime a day  
And a place to stay, she'd turn those hands to labor**

**The times were hard Lord, and the jobs were few  
All through Tecumseh Valley. But she asked around  
And a job she found tending bar at Gypsy Sally's**

**She saved enough to get back home when spring replaced the winter  
But her dreams were denied, her pa had died  
The word come down from Spencer.**

**So she turned to whoring out on the streets with all the lust inside her  
And it was many a man who returned again  
To lay himself beside her.**

**The name she gave was Caroline. The daughter of a miner  
And her ways were free, and it seemed to me  
That sunshine walked beside her.**

**They found her down beneath the stairs that led to Gypsy Sally's  
And in her hand when she died was a note that cried  
Fare-thee-well, Tecumseh Valley**

**Chorus:**

G C

Take 'em away, take 'em away, Lord

G D

Take away these chains from me

G C

My heart is broken 'cause my spirit's not free

G D G

Lord, take away these chains from me

---

G C

Some bird feathers are too bright to be caged

G D

I know I'm not that colorful but a bird just the same

G C

Open up your gate now, let me put down my load

G D G

So I can feel at ease and go back to my home (Chorus)

---

G C

Sun beatin' down my legs can't seem to stand

G D

There's a boss man at a turnrow with a rifle in his hand

G C

I've got nine children, nothin' in the pan

G D G

My wife she died hungry while I was plowin' land (Chorus)

---

Instrumental: C G D G C G D G

---

G C  
Can't see when I go to work, can't see when I get off

G D  
How do you expect a man not to get lost

G C  
Every year I just keep getting deeper in debt

G D G  
If there's a happy day, Lord, I haven't seen one yet (Chorus)

---

G C  
Land that I love is the land that I'm workin'

G D  
But it's hard to love it all the time when your back is a-hurtin'

G C  
Gettin' too old now to push this here plow

G D G  
Please let me lay down so I can look at the clouds (Chorus)

---

(Instrumental: C G D G C G D G )

G C  
The land that I know is where two rivers collide

G D  
The Brazos, the Navaso and the big blue sky

G C  
Flood plains, freight trains, watermelon vines

G D G  
Of any place on God's green earth, this is where I choose to die (Chorus)

---

Outro: C G D G C G D G

D C D

Back about eighteen and twenty-five,

C

I left Tennessee very much alive

D

I never would have got through the Arkansas mud

C D

If I hadn't been a-ridin' on the Tennessee stud

D C D

I had some trouble with my sweetheart's pa,

C

One of her brothers was a bad outlaw

D

I sent her a letter by my Uncle Fud

C D

And I rode away on the Tennessee stud

---

Chorus:

D C D

The Tennessee Stud was long and lean,

G F E

the color of the sun and its eyes were green

D

He had the nerve & he had the blood,

C D

there never was a horse like the Tennessee Stud

---

We drifted on down into no-man's land,  
We crossed the river called the Rio Grande  
I raced my hoss with the Spaniards bold,  
'Til I got me a skin full of silver & gold  
Me & a gambler, we couldn't agree,  
We got in a fight over Tennessee  
We jerked our guns, he fell with a thud,  
And I got away on the Tennessee stud

Well, I got as lonesome as a man can be,  
Dreamin' of my girl in Tennessee  
The Tennessee stud's green eyes turned blue,  
Cuz he was a dreamin' of a sweetheart too  
We loped right on across Arkansas,  
I whipped her brother & I whipped her pa  
I found that girl with the golden hair,  
And she was ridin' on a Tennessee mare

Stirrup to stirrup & side by side,  
We crossed the mountains & the valleys wide  
We came to Big Muddy & we forded the flood,  
On the Tennessee mare & the Tennessee stud  
Pretty little baby on the cabin floor,  
Little hoss colt playin' round the door  
I love the girl with golden hair,  
And the Tennessee stud loves the Tennessee mare

# TENNESSEE WHISKEY (DEAN DILLON, LINDA HARGROVE, 1981)

**G Am  
Used to spend my nights at a barroom**

# C G C G Liquor was the only love I've known

**G** **Am**  
**But you rescued me from reaching for the bottom**

**C D G C G**  
**And brought me back from being too far gone**

## **Chorus:**

**G** Am  
**You're as smooth, as Tennessee whiskey**

**C G C G**  
**You're as sweet as strawberry wine**

C D G C G  
And honey I stay stoned on your love all the time

**G** **Am**  
**I've looked for love in all the same old places**

**C G C G**  
**Found the bottom of the bottle's always dry**

**G Am  
But when you poured out your heart, I didn't waste it**

C D G  
Cause there nothing like your love to get me high. (Chorus)

**(Instrumental) G Am C G C G G Am C D G CG**

## **(Final Chorus)**

## TULSA TIME (DANNY FLOWERS, 1978)

G

D

I left Oklahoma drivin' in a Pontiac, just about to lose my mind

I was goin' to Arizona, maybe on to California

G

Where the people all live so fine

My baby said I's crazy, my momma called me lazy

D

I was gonna show 'em all this time

'Cause you know I ain't no fool an' I don't need no more schoolin'

G

I was born to just walk the line

---

**Chorus:**

G

D

Livin' on Tulsa time, livin' on Tulsa time

Well you know I've been through it when I set my watch back to it

G

Livin' on Tulsa time

---

(Optional Instrumental)

G

Well, there I was in Hollywood, wishin' I was doin' good

D

Talkin' on the telephone line

But they don't need me in the movies and nobody sings my songs

G

Guess I'm just wastin' time. Well then, I got to thinkin', man I'm really sinkin'

D

And I really had a flash this time

I had no business leavin' and nobody would be grievin'

G

If I went on back to Tulsa time

(Chorus twice)

## Two MORE BOTTLES OF WINE (DELBERT McCLINTON, 1978)

D                    G                    D  
We came out west together with a common desire

D                    A7  
The fever we had might have set the west coast on fire.

D                    D7  
Two months later got a troublin' mind,

G7  
Oh, my baby moved out and left me behind.

---

### Chorus:

D                    G  
But it's all right, 'cause it's midnight

A7                    D  
And I got two more bottles of wine.

---

The way she left sure turned my head around  
Seemed like overnight she up and put me down  
Well, ain't gonna let it bother me today,  
I've been workin' and I'm too tired anyway.

(Chorus)

Well I'm sixteen hundred miles from the people I know  
I've been doin' all I can but opportunity sure comes slow  
Thought I'd be in the sun all day  
But I'm sweeping out a warehouse in west LA.

(Chorus)

### (Instrumental)

I'm sixteen hundred miles from the people I know  
I've been doin' all I can but opportunity sure comes slow  
Thought I'd be in the sun all day  
But I'm sweeping out a warehouse in west LA.

But it's all right, 'cause it's midnight and I got two more bottles of wine.  
Yes, it's all right, 'cause it's midnight and I got two more bottles of wine.

### [Outro]

G   D7   A7   D   A   D

## UP ON CRIPPLE CREEK (ROBBIE ROBERTSON, 1969) \*

A D

When I get off of this mountain, you know where I want to go?

A D E

Straight down the Mississippi River to the Gulf of Mexico.

A D

To Lake Charles, Louisiana, little Bessie, a girl who I once knew.

A D E

She told me just to come on by if there's anything that she could do.

---

Chorus:

A

Up on Cripple Creek, she sends me.

D

If I spring a leak, she mends me.

E

I don't have to speak, she defends me.

F#m

G

A drunkard's dream if I ever did see one.

---

Good luck had just stung me, to the race track I did go.

She bet on one horse to win and I bet on another to show.

The odds were in my favor, I had them five to one.

That nag to win came around the track, sure enough she had won. (Chorus)

I took up all of my winnings and I gave little Bessie half.

She tore it up and threw it in my face just for a laugh.

There's one thing in the whole wide world I sure would like to see.

That's when that little love of mine dips her doughnut in my tea. (Chorus)

Me and my mate we were back at the shack, we had Spike Jones on the box.

She says, "I can't take the way he sings, but I love to hear him talk."

Now that just gave my heart a throb to the bottom of my feet.

And I swore as I took another pull, my Bessie can't be beat. (Chorus)

There's a flood out in California and up north is freezing cold,

And this living off the road is getting pretty old.

You know I guess I'll call up my big mama, tell her I'll be rolling in

But you know deep down I'm kind of tempted to go and see my Bessie again.

\*Recorded by The Band

## WAGON WHEEL (ROCK ME MAMA LIKE A) (KETCH SECOR, BOB DYLAN, 2003)

Intro: G D Em C G D C C

G D  
Headed down south to the land of the pines

Em C  
I'm thumbing my way into North Caroline

G D C  
Staring down the road and I pray to God I see headlights

G D  
I made down the coast in seventeen hours

Em C  
picking me a bouquet of dog wood flowers and I'm

G D C  
Hoping for Raleigh, I can see my baby tonight

---

Chorus:

G D Em C  
Rock me mama like a wagon wheel, Rock me mama any way you feel

G D C  
Hey, mama rock me

G D Em C  
Rock me mama like the wind and the rain, Rock me mama like a south bound train

G D C  
Hey, mama rock me

---

Running from the cold up in new England  
I was born to be a fiddler in an old time string band  
My baby plays the guitar, I pick the banjo now  
Oh the north country winters keep getting me now  
I lost my money playing poker so I had to up and leave  
but I ain't turning back to live that old life no more

(Chorus)

Walking to the south out of Roanoke  
I caught a trucker out of Philly had a nice long toke  
but he's headed west from the Cumberland gap; Johnson city, Tennessee  
I gotta get a move on fit for the sun I hear my baby calling my name  
and I know she's the only one and if I die in Raleigh at least I will die free (Chorus)

## WALKING AFTER MIDNIGHT (ALAN BLOCK, DON HECHT, 1956) \*

C

I go out walking after midnight

F Dm G

out in the moonlight just like we used to do

C Fm G C

I'm always walking after midnight searching for you

(C)

I walk for miles along the highway

F Dm G

Well, that's just my way of saying I love you

C Fm G C

I'm always walking after midnight searching for you

F

I stopped to see a weeping willow

C C7

Crying on his pillow maybe he's crying for me

F

And as the skies turn gloomy

C G

Night winds will whisper to me I'm lonesome as I can be

C F

I go out walking after midnight out in the starlight

Dm G C Fm G C

Just hoping maybe you're somewhere walking after midnight searching for me

F C C7

I stopped to see a weeping willow, crying on his pillow maybe he's crying for me

F

And as the skies turn gloomy

C G

Night winds will whisper to me I'm lonesome as I can be

G C F

I'm out walking after midnight out in the starlight

Dm G C Fm G C

Just hoping maybe you're somewhere walking after midnight searching for me

\* Recorded by Patsy Cline and others. Key change NOT included for simplicity

## WHEN You SAY NOTHING AT ALL (DON SCHILTZ, PAUL OVERSTREET, 1988) \*

Intro: G D C D G D C D

G D C D G D C D  
It's amazing how you can speak right to my heart

G D C D G D C D  
Without saying a word, you can light up the dark

C D  
Try as I may, I can never explain

G D C D Dsus4 D Dsus4 D  
What I hear when you don't say a thing

---

### Chorus:

G D C D  
The smile on your face lets me know that you need me

G D C D  
There's a truth in your eyes saying you'll never leave me

G D C D C D  
The touch of your hand says you'll catch me where ever I fall

C D G  
You say it best, when you say nothing at all

---

Instrumental: G D C D G D C D

G D C D G D C D  
All day long I can hear people talking out loud

G D C D G D C D  
But when you hold me near, you drown out the crowd

C D  
Try as they may, they can never define

G D C D  
What's been said between your heart and mine (Chorus Twice)

## WHITE FREIGHTLINER (TOWNES VAN ZANT, 1977)

Intro: C F F C C G F C C

F C

I'm goin' out on the highway, listen to them big trucks whine

F C

I'm goin' out on the highway, listen to them big trucks whine

G F C

White freightliner won't you steal away my mind

---

F C

Ah, New Mexico ain't bad, Lord and the people there they treat you kind

F C

Ah, New Mexico ain't bad, Lord and the people there they treat you kind

G F C

White freightliner won't you steal away my mind

---

F C

Well, it's bad news from Houston, half my friends are dying

F C

Well, it's bad news from Houston, half my friends are dying

G F C

White freightliner, won't you steal away my mind

---

Instrumental: F F C C F F C C G F C C

---

F C

Ah, Lord, I'm gonna ramble, 'til I get back to where I came

F C

Ah, Lord, I'm gonna ramble, 'til I get back to where I came

G F C

White freightliner, won't you steal away my brain

---

F C

I'm goin' out on the highway, listen to them big trucks whine

F C

I'm goin' out on the highway, listen to them big trucks whine

G F C

White freightliner, won't you steal away my mind

G F C

White freightliner, won't you steal away my mind

## **YOUR CHEATING HEART (HANK WILLIAMS, 1952)**

**C F**  
**Your cheating heart will make you weep**

**G C**  
**You'll cry and cry and try to sleep**

**C F**  
**But sleep won't come the whole night through**

**G C**  
**Your cheating heart will tell on you**

---

**Chorus:**

**F C**  
**When tears come down like falling rain**

**D7 G**  
**You'll toss around and call my name**

**C F**  
**You'll walk the floor the way I do**

**G7 C**  
**Your cheating heart will tell on you**

---

**Break: C F G (x2)**

**Your cheating heart will pine some day**  
**And crave the love you threw away**  
**The time will come when you'll be blue**  
**Your cheating heart will tell on you**

# Folk Songs

ACROSS THE GREAT DIVIDE (KATE WOLF 1981) \*

A                    D        A                    F#m                    D  
I've been walking in my sleep Counting troubles 'stead of counting sheep

A                    F#m        D                    E                    A  
Where the years went I can't say I just turned around and they've gone away

I've been sifting through the layers Of dusty books and faded papers  
They tell a story I used to know, it was one that happened so long ago

---

Chorus:

(A)                    D        A                    F#m                    D  
It's gone away in yesterday and I find myself on the mountainside

A                    E        F#m        A                    D                    E        A  
Where the rivers change direction, across the Great Divide

---

Well, I heard the owl calling softly as the night was falling

With a question and I replied, but he's gone across the border line

(Chorus) (Riffs)

---

The finest hour that I have seen, is the one that comes between

The edge of night and the break of day, when the darkness rolls away

(Chorus Twice)

\* Written for Robbie Osmon's folk music show "Across the Great Divide" which preceded the song by about 10 years. Thanks to Nina Feldman.

## ANGEL FROM MONTGOMERY (JOHN PRINE, 1971)

G C G C

I am an old- woman named after my mother

G C D G

My old man is another child that's grown old

G C G C

If dreams were lightning, thunder were desire

G C D G

This old house would have burnt down a long time ago

---

### Chorus:

G F C G

Make me an angel that flies from Montgomery

G C D G

Make me a poster of an old rodeo

G F C G

Just give me one thing that I can hold on to

G C D G

To believe in this living is just a hard way to go

---

When I was a young girl, well I had me a cowboy  
He weren't much to look at just a free rambling man  
But that was a long time and no matter how I try  
The years just flow by like a broken-down dam

(Chorus)

There's flies in the kitchen I can hear 'em there buzzing  
And I ain't done nothing since I woke up today  
How the hell can a person go to work in the morning  
And come home in the evening and have nothing to say

(Chorus)

## AUTUMN TO MAY (NOEL PAUL STOOKEY, PETER YARROW, 1962)

C D C D  
Oh once I had a little dog, his color it was brown,

C D C D  
I taught him for to whistle, to sing and dance and run,

G C D G C D  
His legs, they were fourteen yards long, his ears so very wide,

G C D C D  
Around the world in half a day, up-on him I could ride

---

Chorus:

C D Em C D (G on finish only)  
Sing, tarry all day, sing autumn to May

---

Oh, once I had a little frog, He wore a vest of red,  
He'd lean upon his silver cane, a top hat on his head,  
He'd speak of far-off places, of things to see and do,  
And all the kings and queens he met, while sailing in a shoe

Oh, once I had a flock of sheep, they grazed upon a feather,  
I'd keep them in a music box, from wind and rainy weather,  
And every day the sun would shine, they'd fly all through the Town,  
And bring me back some golden rings, and candy by the pound

Oh, once I had a downy swan, she was so very frail,  
She sat upon an oyster shell, and hatched me out a snail,  
The snail it changed into a bird, the bird to butterfly,  
And he who tells a bigger tale would have to tell a lie

## BLOWING IN THE WIND (BOB DYLAN, 1962)

D            G            D

How many roads must a man walk down,  
How many times must a man look up,  
How many years can a mountain exist,

G            D            A

Before you call him a man?  
Before he can see the sky?  
Before it is washed to the sea?

A7            D            G            D

Yes, and how many seas must a white dove sail,  
Yes, and how many ears must one man have,  
Yes, and how many years can some people exist,

G            A            A7

Before she sleeps in the sand?  
Before he can hear people cry?  
Before they're allowed to be free?

D            G            D

Yes,'n' how many times must the cannon balls fly  
Yes,'n' how many deaths will it take 'til he knows  
Yes,'n' how many times can a man turn his head

G            A            A7

Before they're for-ever banned?  
That too many people have died?  
Pretending he just doesn't see?

G            A7            D

The answer my friend, is blowing in the wind,

G            A7            D

The answer is blowing in the wind.

(After last verse only)

G            A            D

The answer is blowing in the wind.

## BOTTLE OF WINE (TOM PAXTON, 1967)

---

**Chorus:**

D

A D

Bottle of wine, fruit of the vine, when you gonna let me get sober?

D

A D

Leave me alone, let me go home, let me go back and start o-ver

---

D A G D A D  
Ramblin' around this dirty old town, Singin' for nickels and dimes

D A G D A D  
Times are so rough, I ain't got enough, to buy a little bottle of wine (Chorus)

Little hotel, older than hell, Dark as the coal in a mine  
Blankets are thin, I lay there & grin, I got a little bottle of wine (Chorus)

Pain in my head, bugs in my bed. Pants are so old that they shine  
Out on the street, I tell the people I meet, won't you buy me a bottle of wine?  
(Chorus)

Preacher will preach, teacher will teach, Miner will dig in the mine  
I ride the rods, trusting in God, huggin' my bottle of wine. (Chorus)

## BURY ME BENEATH THE WILLOW (UNKNOWN, PRIOR TO 1909) \*

Intro:

D /// G /// D / A / D ///

D                    G                    D                    A  
Tonight I'm sad my heart is lonely for the only one I love

D                    G                    D / A7            /            D  
When will I see him, oh no never, 'til we meet in heaven above

---

Chorus:

(D)                    G                    D                    A / A7 /  
So bury me beneath the willow. Under the weeping willow tree

D                    G                    D / A            /            D  
So she will know where I am sleeping, and perhaps she'll weep for me

---

(D)                    G                    D                    A  
She told me that she dearly loved me; How could I believe it untrue

D                    G                    D / A7            /            D  
Until the angels softly whispered "She will prove untrue to you" (Chorus)

---

Instrumental Break:

D /// G /// D /// A ///  
D /// G /// D / A / D ///

---

(D)                    G                    D                    A  
Tomorrow was our wedding day. Oh God, oh God, where can he be

D                    G                    D / A7            /            D  
He's out a-courtin' with another, and no longer cares for me.            (Chorus)

Outro:

D / A / D ///

\* A.P. Carter, Alison Krause, Jimmy Davis and others have both recorded and added/supplemented lyrics.

## BUTTERMILK HILL (AKA JOHNNY HAS GONE FOR A SOLDIER) , UNKNOWN)\*

Intro: C Bm C G Bm C G Em G C D Em

---

(Em) Bm C G Bm C G  
There she sits on Buttermilk Hill. Oh, who could blame her crying her fill

Em G C D Em C D Em  
Every tear would turn a mill; Johnny has gone for a soldier

---

Bm C G Bm C G  
Me-oh-my she loved him so. It broke her heart just to see him go

Em G C D Em  
Only time will heal her woe. Johnny has gone for a soldier

---

INSTRUMENTAL: C Bm C G Bm C G Em G C D Em

(Em) Bm C G Bm C G  
She sold her rod and she sold her reel. She sold her only spinning wheel

Em G C D Em  
To buy her love a sword of steel. Johnny has gone for a soldier

---

(Em) Bm C G Bm C G  
She'll dye her dress, she'll dye it red, and in the streets go begging for bread

Em G C D Em  
The one she loves, from her has fled. Johnny has gone for a soldier

OUTRO: Bm C G Bm C G Em G C

D Em  
Johnny has gone for a soldier

\* As with many folk songs, numerous variations on lyrics and story line abound!

Intro: Bm

D    Bm  
 My name is Dodge but then you know that  
August Forty-Nine,                                      North Montana,  
Gauged the fire                                      I'd seen bigger  
Sky had turned red, smoke was boiling  
Then when I rose like the phoenix

G    D    A  
It's written on the chart there at the foot end of the bed  
the hottest day on record and the forest tinder dry  
So I ordered them to side hill we'd fight it from be-low  
Two hundred yards to safety; death was fifty yards be-hind  
In that world reduced to ashes, there were none but two sur-vived

D    Bm  
They think I'm blind that I can't read it  
Lightning strikes in the mountains  
We'd have our backs to the river  
I don't know why, I just thought it  
I stayed that night and one day after

G    D    A  
But I've read it every word and every word it says is death  
I was crew chief at the jump base I pre-pared the boys to fly.  
We'd have it licked by morning even if we took it slow  
I struck a match to waist high grass running out of time  
Carried bodies to the river wondering how I stayed a-live

Bm    G    D  
So con-fession, is that the reason that you came?  
Pick the drop zone; C forty seven comes in low  
But the fire crowned, jumped the valley just a-head  
Tried to tell them step in-to this fire I've set  
Thirteen stations of the cross to mark their fall

\*The song tells the story of the Mann Gulch Fire in 1949, North Montana from the point of view of "Dodge", the foreman – who is dying of Hodgkin's disease in a hospital bed about 5 years after the fire. He was blamed for the deaths of his men. Recorded by "Cry Cry Cry", as well as the author James Keelaghan.

Bm G A  
Get it off my chest before I check out of the game  
Feel the tap upon your leg that tells you go  
There was no way down headed for the ridge in-stead  
We can't make it this is the only chance you'll get  
I've had my say, I'll con-fess to nothing more

Bm G D  
Since you mention it, well there's thirteen things I'll name  
See the circle of the fire down be-low  
Too big to fight it, we'd have to fight that slope in-stead  
But they cursed me, ran for the rocks above in-stead  
I'll join them now, those they left me long be-fore

Em Em/F# G A Bm  
Thirteen crosses high above the cold Missouri waters  
Fifteen of us dropped above the cold Missouri waters  
Flames one step behind above the cold Missouri waters  
I lay face down and prayed above the cold Missouri waters ==>  
Thirteen crosses high above the cold Missouri waters - - - ->

Em Em/F# G A Bm D  
Thirteen crosses high above the cold Missouri shore

## CAN'T HELP BUT WONDER (WHERE I'M BOUND) (TOM PAXTON, 1964)

(Capo 2nd fret)

G C Am  
It's a long and dusty road. It's a hot and heavy load

D C G  
And the folks I meet ain't always kind

(G)  
Some are bad and some are good

C Am  
Some have done the best they could

D C G (Bass walk-up to C)  
Some have tried to ease my trouble in mind

---

Chorus:

C D G Em  
And I can't help but wonder where I'm bound, where I'm bound

C D G  
Can't help but wonder where I'm bound

---

I've been wandering through this land, just doing the best I can  
Trying to find what I was meant to do  
And the people that I see, look as worried as can be  
And it looks like they are wandering too

Now I had a little girl one time, she had lips like sherry wine,  
And she loved me 'til my head went plumb insane,  
But I was too blind to see, she was drifting away from me,  
And my good gal went off on a morning train.

And I had a buddy back home but he started off to roam  
And I hear he's out by Frisco Bay  
And sometimes when I've had a few, his old voice comes a- ringing through  
And I'm going out to see him some old day

If you see me passing by, and you sit and you wonder why  
And you wish that you were a rambler, too  
Nail your shoes to the kitchen floor, lace 'em up and bar the door  
Thank your stars for the roof that's over you

(Re-Formatted 8/31/2023)

## DARCY FARROW (STEVE GILLETTE, TOM CAMPBELL, 1965)

C F C  
Where the Walker runs down to the Carson Valley plain

C Em Dm7 G  
There lived a maiden, Darcy Farrow was her name

C F C  
The daughter of old Dundee and a fair one was she

F G C F C G C  
The sweetest flower that bloomed o'er the range

---

Her voice was sweet as the sugar candy  
Her touch was as soft as a bed of goose down  
Her eyes shone bright like the pretty lights  
That shine in the night out of Yerington town

---

She was courted by young Vandimeer  
And quite handsome was he as I hear  
He brought her silver rings and lacy things  
And she promised to wed before the snows fell that year

---

But her pony he did stumble and she did fall  
Her dyin' touched the hearts of us one and all  
Young Vandy, in his pain, put a bullet through his brain  
And we buried them together as the snows began to fall

---

They sing of Darcy Farrow where the Truckee runs through  
They sing of her beauty in Virginia City too  
At dusky sundown to her name they drink a round  
And to young Vandy whose love was true

---

( Optional Instrumental – Verse melody/chords)]

---

Where the Walker runs down to the Carson Valley plain  
There lived a maiden, Darcy Farrow was her name  
The daughter of old Dundee and a fair one was she  
The sweetest flower that bloomed o'er the range

[Outro]  
F G C F C G C

**DEPORTEE (WOODY GUTHRIE, 1961)\***

(2P)

D                    G                    D  
The crops are all in and the peaches are rotting

(D)                    A7                    D  
The oranges piled in their creosote dung

G                    D  
You're flying them back to the Mexican border

(D)                    A7                    D  
To pay all their money, to wade back again

---

**Chorus:**

G                    D  
Goodbye to my Juan, good-bye Rosalita

A7                    D  
Adios mis amigos, Jesus y Maria

G                    D  
You won't have your names when you ride the big airplane

A7                    D  
All they will call you will be deportee

---

D                    G                    D  
My Father's own father, he waded that river

A7                    D  
They took all the money he made in his life

G                    D  
My brothers and sisters come working the fruit trees

A7                    D  
And they rode the truck, till they took down and died                    (Chorus)

---

D                    G                    D  
Some of us are illegal, and some are not wanted

A7                    D  
Our work contracts out and we have to move on

G                    D  
Six hundred miles to that Mexican border

A7                    D  
They chase us like outlaws, like rustlers, like thieves                    (Chorus)

---

D                    G                    D  
We died in your hills, we died in your deserts

A7                    D  
We died in your valleys, and died on your plains

G                    D  
We died 'neath your trees, and we died in your bushes

A7                    D  
Both sides of the river, we died just the same

---

D                    G                    D  
The sky plane caught fire over Los Gatos canyon

A7                    D  
A fireball of lightning, and shook all our hills

G                    D  
Who are all these friends, all scattered like dry leaves?

A7                    D  
The radio says they are just deportees                    (Chorus)

---

D                    G                    D  
Is this the best way we can grow our big orchards?

A7                    D  
Is this the best way we can grow our good fruit?

G                    D  
To fall like dry leaves, to rot on my topsoil

A7                    D  
And to be called no name, except deportee.

\*Commemorates the 1948 crash of an airplane deporting Mexican workers. Written by Woody Guthrie as a poem, the melody was later written by a schoolteacher named "Martin Hoffman" Popularized by Pete Seeger.  
- [www.wikipedia.org](http://www.wikipedia.org).

## DEAR ABBY (JOHN PRINE, 1973)

G C G

Dear Abby, Dear Abby, my feet are too long

(G) D

My hair's falling out and my rights are all wrong

G C G

My friends they all tell me, that I've no friends at all

(G) D G

Won't you write me a letter, won't you give me a call

C D G

Signed Bewildered

---

Chorus:

G C G

Bewildered, Bewildered you have no complaint

(G) D

You are what you are and you ain't what you ain't

G C G

So listen up buster and listen up good

G D G

Stop wishing for bad luck and knocking on wood

C D G

signed Dear Abby

---

Dear Abby, Dear Abby, my fountain pen leaks  
My wife hollers at me and my kids are all freaks  
Every side I get up on is the wrong side of bed  
If it weren't so expensive, I'd wish I were dead

Signed Unhappy

(Chorus - Unhappy)

---

Dear Abby, Dear Abby, you won't believe this  
But my stomach makes noises whenever I kiss  
My girlfriend tells me it's all in my head  
But my stomach tells me to write you instead

Signed Noisemaker.

(Chorus - Noisemaker)

---

Dear Abby, Dear Abby, well I never thought  
That me and my girlfriend would ever get caught  
We were sittin' in the back seat just shootin' the breeze  
With her hair up in curlers and her pants to her knees

Signed Just Married

(Chorus – Just Married)

## DON'T THINK TWICE, IT'S ALL RIGHT (BOB DYLAN, 1962)

G D Em  
It ain't no use to sit and wonder why, babe,  
It ain't no use in turnin' on your light, babe,  
It ain't no use in callin' out my name, gal,  
I'm walkin' down that long, lonesome road babe,

C G D7  
It don't matter, any - how  
That light I never knowed  
Like you never did be-fore,  
Where I'm bound, I can't tell

G D Em  
An' it ain't no use to sit and wonder why, babe,  
An' it ain't no use in turnin' on your light, babe,  
It ain't no use in callin' out my name, gal,  
But good-bye's too good a word, gal,

A7 D D7  
If you don't know by now,  
I'm on the dark side of the road,  
I can't hear you any more,  
So I'll just say fare thee well,

D7 G G7  
When your rooster crows at the break of dawn,  
Still I wish there was somethin' you would do or say,  
I'm a - thinkin' and a-wond'r'in' all the way down the road,  
I ain't sayin' you treated me unkind,

C A7  
Look out your window and I'll be gone,  
To try and make me change my mind and stay,  
I once loved a woman, a child I'm told, I  
You could have done better but I don't mind, You

G Em C G D G  
You're the reason I'm trav'lin' on, Don't think twice, it's all right  
We never did too much talkin' any-way, So don't think twice, it's all right  
give her my heart but she wanted my soul, But don't think twice, it's all right  
just kinda wasted my precious time, But don't think twice, it's all right

## EARLY IN THE MORNING (NOEL PAUL STOOKEY, 1962)

(no chord)                    G C G                    GCG  
Well, early in the mornin'                    'bout the break of day  
When the new day is a-dawning,                bow my head in prayer,  
When the judgement comes,                      to find the world in shame,

G                            Bm                            Am – D7  
I asked the Lord help me find the way,  
I pray to the Lord won't you lead me there?  
When the trumpet blows, won't you call my name?

                                  G C G                            G C G  
Help me find the way                      to the Promised Land.  
Won't you guide me safely                to the golden stair,  
When the thunder rolls,                      and the heavens rain,

                                  Em                            A7  
This lonely body needs a helping hand,  
Won't you let this body your burden share?  
When the sun turns black, never shine a-gain,

                                  G                            Em                            Bm D7                            G C G  
I asked the Lord to help me please, Find the way.  
I pray to the Lord won't you lead me please, Lead me there.  
When the trumpet blows won't you call me please? Call my name.

## FIVE HUNDRED MILES (HEDY WEST, 1961)

G Em Am C  
If you miss the train I'm on, You will know that I am gone

Am D G Em  
You can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles. A hundred miles, A hundred miles,

Am D Am G  
A hundred miles, A hundred miles, You can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles

Em Am  
Lord I'm one, Lord I'm two, Lord I'm three, Lord I'm four,

D C G  
Lord, I'm five hundred miles from my home

Em Am D G  
500 miles, 500 miles, 500 miles, 500 miles, Lord, I'm 500 miles from my home.

Em Am D G  
Not a shirt on my back, not a penny to my name, Lord I can't go back home this a-way

Em Am D G  
This a-way, this a-way, this a-way, this a-way; Lord I can't go back home this a-way

Em Am  
Well, I'm walking these ties, with tears in my eyes

D C G  
Trying to read a letter from my home

Em Am  
From my home, from my home, from my home, from my home

D C G Em  
Trying to read a letter from my home. If this train's running right

Am D C G  
I'll be home by Saturday night. I'm five hundred miles away from home

Em Am  
Away from home, away from home, away from home. away from home

D G  
I'm five hundred miles away from home

D A7

Oh, lay me down in Forest Lawn in a silver casket

D

with golden flowers over my head in a silver basket.

G D B

Let the drum and bugle corps play taps while cannons roar.

E A7

While sixteen liveried employees sell souvenirs from the funeral store.

D A7 D F# Bm

I wanna go simply when I go. They'll give me a simple funeral there, I know.

G D B

With a casket lined in fleece and fireworks spelling out "Rest in Peace,"

E A7 D

Oh, take me when I'm gone to Forest Lawn.

---

D A7

Oh, lay me down in Forest Lawn, they understand there.

D

They have a heavenly choir in the military band there.

G D B

Just put me in their care, I'll find my comfort there.

E A7

With sixteen planes in a last salute, they'll drop a cross in a parachute.

D A7 D F# Bm

I wanna go simply when I go, they'll give me a simple funeral there I know

G D B

With a hundred strolling strings and topless dancers with golden wings,

E A7 D

Oh, take me when I'm gone to Forest Lawn.

---

A  
Oh, come, come, come, come, come to the church in the wild wood,

E7 A A7  
Kindly leave a contribution in the pail.

D A  
Be as simple and as trusting as a child would,

E A  
and we'll sell you the church in the dale.

---

D A7  
To find a simple resting place is my desire.

D  
To lay me down with a smiling face comes a little bit higher.

G D B  
My likeness cast in brass, will stand in plastic grass

E A7  
While hidden weights and springs tips its hat to the mourners filing past.

D A7 D F# Bm  
I wanna go simply when I go. They'll give me a simple funeral there I know.

G D B  
I'll lie beneath the sand with piped-in tapes of Billy Graham,

E A7 D  
Oh, take me when I'm gone to forest lawn.

---

D G D A7 D  
Rock of ages cleft for me for a slightly higher fee.

E A7 D  
Oh, take me when I'm gone to forest lawn.

## FOUR STRONG WINDS (IAN TYSON, 1961)

**Chorus:**

D            G              Am  
Four strong Winds that blow lonely,

D7            G  
Seven seas that run high,

G            Am              D    D7  
All those things that don't change, Come what may-----

G            Am  
But our good times are all gone,

D7            G  
And I'm bound for movin' on,

G     Am        C              D    G    D  
I'll look for you if I'm ever back this way.

---

G            Am  
I think I'll go out to Al - berta ---  
If     I     get there 'fore the snow flies,

D7            G  
Weather's good there in the fall,  
And if things are looking good,

D            G              Am              D    D7  
I got some friends that I can go to working for,  
You could meet me if I sent you down the fare,

G            Am              D7              G  
Still I wish you'd change your mind, if I asked you one more time,  
But by then it would be winter, not too much for you to do,

G     Am        C              D    G    D  
But we've been through that a hundred times or more.              (Chorus)  
And those winds sure can blow cold way out there.              (Chorus)

## FREIGHT TRAIN (ELIZABETH COTTEN, 1904)

---

**Chorus:**

C                      G                      G7  
**Freight train, freight train, runnin' so fast**

C  
**Freight train, freight train, runnin' so fast**

E7                      F  
**Please don't tell what train I'm on,**

C                      G7                      C  
**So they won't know where I've gone.**

---

**When I'm dead and in my grave,  
No more good times here, I'll crave,  
Place the stones at my head and feet,  
And tell them all I've gone to sleep.**                      (Chorus)

**Freight train, freight train, coming 'round the bend,  
Freight train, freight train, gone again,  
One of these days turn that train around,  
Go back to my home town.**                      (Chorus)

**One more place I'd like to be,  
One more place I'd love to see,  
To watch those old Blue Ridge Mountains climb,  
When I ride number nine.**                      (Chorus)

**When I die, please bury me deep,  
Down at the end of Bleeker Street,  
So I can hear old number nine,  
As she goes rolling by.**                      (Chorus)

## FROZEN IN FROBISHER BAY (JAMES GORDON, 1993)

**Chorus:**

C            F            C

**Cold is the arctic sea**

C            F            C

**Far are your arms from me**

Am    G            F            C

**Long will this winter be**

Am            G            C

**Frozen in Frobisher Bay**

C            G            C

**Frozen in Frobisher Bay**

---

Am                              C

**"One more whale," our captain cried**

**Deep    were    the    crashing waves**

**Strange    is    a    whaler's fate**

Am                              C            G

**"One more whale and we'll beat the ice."**

**That tore our whalers mast a-way**

**To be saved from the raging waves**

Am                              C

**But the winter star was in the sky**

**Dark    are    these    sunless days**

**Only                to                waste away**

Am    G

**The seas were rough the winds were high.**                      and    (Chorus)

**Waiting    for    the    ice    to    break.** and    (Chorus)

**Frozen    in    this    lonely    grave.** and    (Chorus)

## GIVE YOURSELF TO LOVE (KATE WOLF, 1983) \*

Intro: G Em C D G

---

G Em C G  
Kind friends all gathered round, there's something I would say

Em C D  
That what brings us together here has blessed us all today

G D C G  
Love has made a circle that holds us all inside

Em C D C  
Strangers are as family and loneliness can't hide

---

Chorus:

CMaj7 G Em C G  
You must give yourself to love, if love is what you're after

E m C D  
Open up your heart to the - tears and laughter

G Em C D G D7sus4 G D7sus4  
And give yourself to love, give your-self to love...

---

G Em C G  
I've walked these mountains in the rain, I've learned to love the wind

Em C D G  
I've been up before the sunrise to watch the day begin

G D C G  
And I always knew I'd find you, though I never did know how

Em C D C  
Like sunshine on a cloudy day, you stand before me now (Chorus)

---

(Optional Instrumental)

---

G Em C G  
Love is born in fire, - it's planted like a seed

G Em C D  
Love can't give you everything, but it gives you what you need

G D C G  
And love comes when you are ready, love comes when you're afraid

G Em C D C  
It will be your greatest teacher, the best friend you have made

(Chorus twice)

\*Chord structure simplified for singalongs

## GREEN, GREEN (BARRY McGUIRE, RANDY SPARKS, 1963)

---

### Chorus:

G C G D (riff)

Green, Green; It's green they say, on the far side of the hill,

G C G D G

Green, Green, I'm going away, to where the grass is greener still.

---

### Verses:

G D C G

Well, I told my mama on the day I was born,

No, there ain't no-body in this whole wide world,

Well, I don't care where the sun goes down,

C D G

Don't you cry when you see I'm gone,

Gonna tell me how to spend my time,

Where I lay my weary head,

D C G

You know there ain't no woman gonna settle me down,

Well I'm just a good - lovin' rambling man,

Green, green valley or rocky road,

C D G D

I just gotta keep traveling on.

Say Buddy could you spare me a dime? (Hear me crying, it's a...)

It's there I'm going to make my bed. (And it's a...)

Repeat last chorus twice

## **GREENBACK DOLLAR (HOYT AXTON, KEN RAMSEY, 1962) \***

**Em C G**  
Some people say I'm a no 'count, Others say I'm no good.  
When I was a little baby, My momma said, "Hey, son.  
Now that I'm a grown man, I've traveled here and there.  
Some people say I'm a no 'count, others say I'm no good.

**C G C**  
But I'm just a natural-born travelin' man,  
Travel where you will and grow to be a man  
I've learned that a bottle of brandy and a song,  
But I'm just a natural-born travelin' man,

**D Em**  
doing' what I think I should, O, yeah.  
And sing what must be sung, poor boy.  
The only ones who ever care, poor boy,  
doing' what I think I should, O, yeah.

**D Em**  
Doing' what I think I should.  
Sing what must be sung."  
The only ones who ever care.  
Doing' what I think I should.

---

### **Chorus:**

**G C G C**  
And I don't give a damn about a greenback dollar,

**G C G C**  
spend it as fast as I can.

**G C G C**  
For a wailing' song and a good guitar,

**D Em**  
the only things that I understand, poor boy,

**D Em**  
the only things that I understand.

\*Different sources attribute authorship to Hoyt Axton, Ken Ramsey, Ray Harris, Billy Grey.

## THE GYPSY ROVER (THE WHISTLING GYPSY) (LEO MAGUIRE, 1950s)

G D7 G D7

The gypsy rover came over the hill

G D7 G D7

Down through the valley so shady.

G D7 Bm Em

He whistled and he sang 'til the green woods rang

Bm Am G C G D7

And he won the heart of a l-a-dy.

---

Chorus:

G D7 G D7

Ah-dee-doo-ah-dee-doo-die-day

G D7 G D7

Ah-dee-doo-ah-dee-day-dee

G D7 Bm Em

He whistled and he sang 'til the green woods rang

Bm Am G C G D7

And he won the heart of a l-a-dy.

---

She left her father's castle gate.

She left her own true lover.

She left her servants and her estate

to follow her gypsy rover.

(Chorus)

Her father mounted his fastest steed  
and searched the valley all over.

He sought his daughter at great speed  
and the whistling' gypsy rover.

(Chorus)

At last, he came to a mansion fine  
down by the river Clayde,  
And there was music and there was wine  
for the gypsy and his lady.

(Chorus)

"He is no gypsy, my Father," said she  
"But Lord of these lands all over.  
And I shall stay 'til my dying day  
With my whistling' gypsy rover."

(Chorus)

## THE HAPPY WANDERER (FRIEDRICH-WILHELM MÖLLER, ~1953) \*

C

G7

I love to go a-wandering, Along the mountain track,

C

F

G7

C

And as I go, I love to sing, My knapsack on my back.

---

Chorus:

C

G7

C

G7

C

Val-deri, Val-derah, Val-deri, Val-dera-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha

G7

C

F

G7

C

Val-deri, Val-dera., My knapsack on my back.

---

I love to wander by the stream That dances in the sun,  
So joyously it calls to me, "Come! Join my happy song!"

I wave my hat to all I meet, and they wave back to me,  
And blackbirds call so loud and sweet from every green wood tree.

High overhead, the skylarks wing, They never rest at home  
But just like me, they love to sing, as o'er the world we roam.

Oh, may I go a-wandering until the day I die!  
Oh, may I always laugh and sing, beneath God's clear blue sky!

\* "The Happy Wanderer" ("Der fröhliche Wanderer" or "Mein Vater war ein Wandersmann") is a popular song by Friedrich-Wilhelm Möller written shortly after World War II. It is often mistaken for a German folk song, but it is actually an original composition. In 1953 a BBC radio broadcast of the choir's winning performance at the Llangollen International Musical Eisteddfod turned the cheerful encore into an instant hit. – [www.wikipedia.org](http://www.wikipedia.org).

## HERE IN CALIFORNIA (KATE WOLF, 1981)

G Am G D Em  
When I was young my mamma told me, she said child take your time

C G Am C  
Don't fall in love too quickly before you know your mind

G Am G D Em  
She held me round the shoulders in a voice so soft and kind

C G Am G  
She said love can make you happy And love can rob you blind

---

Chorus:

Am D G Am D7 Em  
Here in California fruit hangs heavy on the vine

C G  
And there's no gold I thought I'd warn ya

Am D G  
And the hills turn brown in the summertime

---

(G) Am G D Em  
Now I may learn to love you, but I can't say when

C G Am C  
This morning we were strangers and tonight we're only friends

G Am G D Em  
I'll take my time to know you, I'll take my time to see

C G Am G  
There's nothing I won't show you, if you take your time with me (Chorus)  
(Optional Instrumental)

---

(G) Am G D Em  
There's an old familiar story. An old familiar rhyme

C G Am C  
To everything there is a season. To every purpose there's a time

G Am G D Em  
A time to love and come together. A time when love longs for a name

C G Am G  
A time for questions we can't answer, though we ask them just the same  
(Final Chorus)

## **HOBO'S LULLABY (GOEBEL REEVES, 1934)**

D                    G      A7                    D  
Go to sleep, you weary hobo. Let the towns drift slowly by.

D                    D7      E7      A7                    D  
Listen to those steel rails humming. That's a hobo's lullaby

---

D                    G      A7                    D  
Don't you worry 'bout tomorrow, let tomorrow come and go;

D                    D7      E7      A7                    D  
Tonight you're in a nice warm box car, safe from all the wind and snow.

---

I know the brakemen cause you trouble;  
They cause you trouble everywhere.  
But when you die and go to heaven  
You'll find no brakemen there.

(Optional Instrumental)

I know your clothes are torn and ragged and your hair is turning gray  
Lift your head and smile at trouble, you'll find happiness someday.

---

So go to sleep, you weary hobo, let the towns drift slowly by.  
Listen to the steel rails humming. That's a hobo's lullaby.

---

**Outro:**

D      D7      E7  
Those steel rails humming...

A7                    D  
That's a hobo's lullaby.

A7                    D  
Yes, that's the hobo's lullaby.

## I Shall Be Released (Bob Dylan)

G Am Bm C G  
They say every man can be replaced; They say every distance is not near  
G Am Bm C G  
But I remember every face of every man who put me here

---

Chorus:

G Am Bm C G  
I see my light come shining, from the west down to the east

G Am Bm C G  
Any day now, any day now I shall be released

---

They say every man needs protection, They say every man must fall  
But I swear I see my reflection, Some place so high above the wall (Chorus)

Standing next to me in this lonely room, Is a man who swears he's not to blame  
All day long I hear him shout so loud, calling out that he's been framed (Chorus)

---

## I Still Miss Someone (J.R. Cash, R. Cash, Jr.)

A D E D E A  
At my door the leaves are falling, the cold wild wind will come

A D E D E A  
Sweethearts walk by together, And I still miss someone

I go out to wild parties, and look for a little fun  
But I find the darkened corner, 'Cause I still miss someone

---

Chorus:

A D E A  
Though I never got over those blue eyes  
D E A  
I see them everywhere  
D E A  
I miss those arms that held me  
D E A  
When all the love was there

---

I wonder if she's sorry for leaving what we had begun ,  
There's someone for me somewhere, And I Still Miss Someone (Chorus)

## **IF I HAD A HAMMER (PETE SEEGER, LEE HAYS, 1962)**

**Intro: G Bm C D (x2)**

(D)           G   Bm   C                   D                   G   Bm   C  
If I had a hammer,                         I'd hammer in the morning

D                   G   Bm   C                   D  
I'd hammer in the evening,                 All over this land

D                   G                           Em  
I'd hammer out danger, I'd hammer out a warning

Em                   C   G                   C                   G  
I'd hammer out love between my brothers and my sisters

**G C D      G Bm C D (x2)**

**All over this land**

---

If I had a bell, I'd ring it in the morning  
I'd ring it in the evening, All over this land  
I'd ring out danger, I'd ring out a warning  
I'd ring out love between my brothers and my sisters  
All over this land

---

If I had a song, I'd sing it in the morning  
I'd sing it in the evening, all over this land  
I'd sing out danger, I'd sing out a warning  
I'd sing out love between my brothers and my sisters  
All over this land

---

Well, I got a hammer, And I got a bell  
And I got a song to sing, all over this land  
It's the hammer of justice, It's the bell of freedom  
It's the song about love between my brothers and my sisters  
All over this land

---

D                   G   D                   Em  
It's the hammer of justice, It's the bell of freedom

Em                   C   G                   C                   G  
It's the song about love between my brothers and my sisters

**G C D      G Bm C D (x2)**

**All over this land**

## I'LL BE YOUR BABY TONIGHT (BOB DYLAN, 1988)

Intro: | F | F | G | G | B<sub>b</sub> | C | F | F

F

Close your eyes, close the door,

G

You don't have to worry anymore.

B<sub>b</sub> C F C

I'll be your baby tonight.

F

Shut the light, shut the shade,

G

You don't have to be afraid.

B<sub>b</sub> C F

I'll be your baby tonight.

B<sub>b</sub>

Well, that mockingbird's gonna sail away,

F

We're gonna forget it.

G

That big, fat moon is gonna shine like a spoon,

C N.C.

But we're gonna let it, You won't regret it.

F

Kick your shoes off, do not fear,

G

Bring that bottle over here.

B<sub>b</sub> C F

I'll be your baby tonight.

Outro | F | F | G | G | B<sub>b</sub> | C | F | F || (Fade out)

## I'M IN LOVE WITH A BIG BLUE FROG (LESLIE BRAUNSTEIN, 1967)

Intro:

A A7 D B<sub>b</sub> A D7 A D

---

Chorus:

A

E E7

I'm in love with a big blue frog; A big blue frog loves me

A A7 D B<sub>b</sub>

It's not as bad as it appears

(First/Second Chorus)

I've got it tattooed on my chest

(Third Chorus)

A E7 A D

He wears glasses and he's six foot three.

(First Chorus)

He's got rhythm and a Ph. D.

(Second Chorus)

It says P. H. R. O. G. (It's frog to me!)

(Third Chorus)

---

A

E7

Well I'm not worried about our kids, I know they'll turn out neat

A A7

D B<sub>b</sub>

They'll be great lookin' 'cause they'll have my face

A

E7 A

Great swimmers 'cause they'll have his feet!

(Chorus)

---

A

E7

Well I know we can make things work; He's got good fam'ly sense

A A7

D B<sub>b</sub> A

E7 A

His mother was a frog from Philadelphia; His daddy an enchanted prince

---

A

E E7

The neighbors are against it and it's clear to me, and it's prob'ly clear to you

A

A7

D B<sub>b</sub>

They think value on their property will go right down

A

E7

A

If the family next door is blue.

(Chorus)

## IN SPITE OF OURSELVES (JOHN PRINE, 1997)

(Man)

C

She don't like her eggs all runny. She thinks crossin' her legs is funny

F

C

She looks down her nose at money. She gets it on like the Easter bunny

G

C

She's my baby, I'm her honey, I'm never gonna let her go

(Woman)

C

He ain't got laid in a month of Sundays.

I caught him once and he was sniffin' my undies

F

C

He ain't too sharp but he gets things done. Drinks his beer like it's oxygen

G

C

He's my baby, and I'm his honey, never gonna let him go

---

Chorus:

C              F              C

In spite of ourselves, We'll end up a'sittin' on a rainbow

G              C

Against all odds, Honey, we're the big door prize

F              C

We're gonna spite our noses right off of our faces

C              G7              C

There won't be nothin' but big old hearts dancin' in our eyes

---

(Instrumental)

C F    C F    C F    C G

---

(Man) C

She thinks all my jokes are corny. Convict movies make her horny

F

She likes ketchup on her scrambled eggs

C

Swears like a sailor when she shaves her legs

G              C

She takes a lickin', and keeps on tickin'; I'm never gonna let her go

---

(Woman) C

He's got more balls than a big brass monkey

He's a wacked out weirdo and a love bug junkie

F

Sly as a fox and crazy as a loon

C

Payday comes and he's howlin' at the moon

G

C

He's my baby, I don't mean maybe, never gonna let him go    (Chorus)

---

## **JOHNNY BE FAIR (BUFFY ST. MARIE, 1965)**

**Am G Am**  
**Well, Johnny be fair and Johnny be fine and wants me for to wed**

**G E**  
**And I would marry Johnny, but my father up and said**

**Am G E Am**  
**I'm sad to tell you daughter what your mother never knew**

**Am G E Am**  
**Johnny is a son of mine and so he's kin to you**

**Am . . . / G . . . / E . . . / Am (Twice between each verse)**

**Well, Jimmy be fair and Jimmy be fine and wants me for to wed,**  
**And I would marry Jimmy, but my father up and said**  
**I'm sad to tell you daughter what your mother never knew**  
**But Jimmy, too, is a son of mine and so he's kin to you**

**Well, Billy be fair and Billy be fine and wants me for to wed,**  
**And I would marry Billy, but my father up and said**  
**I'm sad to tell you daughter what your mother never knew**  
**But Billy, too, is a son of mine and so he's kin to you .**

**You've never seen a girl so sad and sorry as I was,**  
**The boys in town are all my kin and my father is the cause**  
**If life should thus continue I shall die a single miss**  
**So I'll go to mother and complain to her of this .**

**Oh daughter, haven't I taught you to forgive and to forget**  
**Even if your father's sowing his oats, still you needn't fret**  
**Your father may be father to all the boys in town, still**  
**He's not the one who sired you, so marry whom you will.**

[Intro]

---

|A |C#m |G |Bm |A |C#m |G |Bm |

A            C#m    G                      Bm            A    C#m    G    Bm  
Lay lady lay,    lay across my big brass bed

A            C#m    G                      Bm            A    C#m    G    Bm  
Lay lady lay,    lay across my big brass bed

E               F#m                      A                      Asus4 A Asus4 A  
Whatever colors you have - in your mind

E               F#m    A                      Asus4 A Asus4 A  
I'll show them to you - and you'll see them shine

A            C#m    G                      Bm            A    C#m    G    Bm  
Lay lady lay,    lay across my big brass bed

---

A            C#m    G                      Bm            A    C#m    G    Bm  
Stay, lady, stay,    stay with your man awhile

A               C#m    G                      Bm            A    C#m    G    Bm  
Until the break of day,    let me see you make him smile

E               F#m    A                      Asus4 A Asus4 A  
His clothes are dirty but his hands are clean

E               F#m                      A                      Asus4 A Asus4 A  
And you're the best thing that he's - ever seen

A            C#m    G                      Bm            A    C#m    G    Bm  
Stay, lady, stay,    stay with your man awhile

---

---

**Bridge:**

C#m E A Asus4 A Asus4 A  
Why wait any longer for the world to begin

C#m A Asus4 A Asus4 A  
You can have your cake and eat it too

C#m E F#m A  
Why wait any longer for the one you love

C#m Bm  
When he's standing in front of you

---

A C#m G Bm A C#m G Bm  
Lay, lady, lay, lay across my big brass bed

A C#m G Bm A C#m G Bm  
Stay, lady, stay, stay while the night is still ahead

E F#m A Asus4 A Asus4 A  
I long to see you in the - morning light

E F#m A Asus4 A Asus4 A  
I long to reach for you - in the night

A C#m G Bm A C#m G Bm  
Stay, lady, stay, stay while the night is still ahead

---

[Outro]

A Bm C#m D A

**LEAVING LOUISIANA IN THE BROAD DAYLIGHT**  
**(Rodney Crowell, Donivan Cowart, 1979)**

**(2P)**

D  
Mary took to running with a traveling man

(D)  
Left her momma crying with her head in her hands

G D  
Such a sad case, so broken hearted

She say, momma, I got to go, gotta get outta here

I gotta get out of town, I'm tired of hanging around

G D  
I gotta roll on between the ditches

(D)  
It's just an ordinary story 'bout the way things go

G  
'Round and around nobody knows but the highway

D G D  
Goes on forever, that old highway rolls on forever.

Lord, she never would've done it if she hadn't got drunk  
If she hadn't started running with a traveling man  
If she hadn't started taking those crazy chances  
She said, daughter, let me tell you 'bout the traveling kind  
Everywhere he's going such a very short time  
He'll be long gone before you know it  
He'll be long gone before you know it.

---

Chorus:

G D  
She said, never have I known it when it felt so good  
A D G D  
Never have I knew it when I knew I could  
G D G D  
Never have I done it when it looked so right  
G  
Leaving Louisiana in the broad daylight.

---

This is down in the swampland, anything goes  
It's alligator bait and the bars don't close.  
It's the real thing down in Louisiana.  
Did you ever see a Cajun when he really gets mad,  
When he's really got trouble like a daughter gone bad  
It gets real hot down in Louisiana.  
The stranger better move it or he's gonna get killed  
He's gonna have to get it or a shotgun will.  
It ain't no time for lengthy speeches  
There ain't no time for lengthy speeches.

---

(Chorus)

D  
It's just an ordinary story 'bout the way things go

G

'Round and around nobody knows but the highway

D                    G                    D

Goes on forever, that old highway rolls on forever.

## THE LAST THING ON MY MIND (TOM PAXTON, 1964)

Intro: C F C F C G C

C F C F C G C

It's a lesson too late for the learning, made of sand, - made of sand

F C F C G C

In the wink of an eye my soul is turning, in your hand, - in your hand.

---

Chorus:

G F C

Are you going away with no word of farewell?

F C G G7

Will there be not a trace left behind?

C F C

Well, I could have loved you better, didn't mean to be unkind;

G G7 C

you know that was the last thing on my mind.

---

C F C F C G C

You've got reasons a-plenty for going, this I know, - this I know.

F C

For the weeds have been steadily growing,

F C G C

please don't go, - please don't go. (Chorus)

---

F C

As we walk on, my thoughts keep tumbling,

F C G C

round and round, - round and round

F C

Underneath our feet the subway's rumbling,

F C G C

underground, - underground

(Chorus)

---

C F C F C G C

As I lie in my bed in the morning, without you, without you.

C F C F C G C

Every song in my breast lies a-borning, without you, - without you.

(Chorus)

## LEAVING ON A JET PLANE (JOHN DENVER, 1966)

G C

All my bags are packed, I'm ready to go  
There's so many times I've played around,  
Now the time has come to leave you,

G C

I'm standing here, outside your door,  
So many times, I've let you down,  
One more time, let me kiss you,

G D D7

I hate to wake you up to say good-bye.  
I tell you now, they don't mean a thing,  
Hold me now, I'll be on my way,

G C

But the dawn is breaking, it's early morn'  
Every place I go, I dream of you,  
Dream about, the days to come,

G C

Taxi's waiting, he's blowin' his horn,  
Every song I sing, I sing for you,  
When I won't have to leave you alone,

G D D7

Al-ready, I'm so lonesome, I could cry. (So)  
When I come back, I'll wear your wedding ring. (So)  
A-bout the time when I won't have to say,

---

Chorus:

G C G C

Kiss me and smile for me, tell me that you'll wait for me

G C D

Hold me like you'll never let me go...

G C

'Cause I'm leavin' on a jet plane,

G C G

Don't know when I'll be back again,

C D

Oh Babe, I hate to go...

## LOVING OF THE GAME (PAT GARVEY, 1971)

Intro: C D F C

---

(NC) D F C

I saw the Feather River glide - over shining golden sand,

(C) D G C

Struck a silver ribbon wide, - held a million in my hand.

---

Choruses:

C Am C Am

- 1) But beside the lookin' for, Oh, the finding's always tame,
- 2) Still, I wouldn't trade my time for a solid diamond claim,
- 3) Where I'm goin' has no end. What I'm seekin' has no name,

C D F C

And there's nothin' drives a gambler like the lovin' of the game.

No, I would not trade a fortune for the lovin' of the game.

No, the treasure's not the takin', it's the lovin' of the game.

---

(NC) D F C

All my life I ran around, searchin' hard from town to town,

(C) D G C

But I never ever found anything to tie me down. (Chorus 2)

---

(Instrumental)

(NC) D F C

So long, darling, don't you cry, I hope that things pan out for you.

(C) D G C

All the good times going by, - got to have ourselves a few.(Chorus 3)

---

Outro:

C D F C

No, the treasure's not the takin', - It's the lovin' of the game.

## **MAKE ME A PALLET ON YOUR FLOOR (AMERICAN TRADITIONAL 1800's) \***

**C (Intro)**

F                            C     F                            C  
**Make me down a pallet on your floor, Make me down a pallet on your floor**

(C)        E        F                            C                            G                            C  
**Make me down a pallet soft and low, When I'm broke and I got nowhere to go**

**Been hangin' around with some good time friends of mine**  
**Hangin' around with some good time friends of mine**  
**Oh, they treat me very nice and kind**  
**When I've got a dollar and a dime**

**We're in blues everywhere I see**  
**We're in blues everywhere I see**  
**We're in blues, honey, everywhere I see**  
**No one ever had the blues like me**

**Way I'm sleepin', my back and shoulders tired**  
**Way I'm sleepin', my back and shoulders tired**  
**Come tomorrow, I'll be satisfied**  
**If I can catch that fast train and ride**

**So, make me down a pallet on your floor**  
**Make me down a pallet on your floor**  
**Make me down a pallet soft and low**  
**Babe, I'm broken, I got nowhere to go**

\*First published in 1911. First recorded in 1928 by Mississippi John Hurt.

Intro: G C D C D G G F# C D

---

G C D G  
She went down last October, in a pouring driving rain,  
Am C D  
The skipper he'd been drinking and the mate he felt no pain,  
G C G  
Too close to Three Mile Rock and she was dealt her mortal blow and  
Am D  
The Mary Ellen Carter settled low.

G C G  
There was just us five a-board her, when she finally was a-wash,  
Am C D  
We worked like hell to save her, all heedless of the cost, and  
G C G  
The groan she gave as she went down, it caused us to pro-claim,  
Am D G  
That the Mary Ellen Carter would rise a-gain. (Instrumental)

G C D G  
Well the owners wrote her off, not a nickel would they spend,  
Am C D  
"She gave twenty years of service, boys, then met her sorry end.

G C G  
But in-surance paid the loss to us, so let her rest be-low.",  
Am D  
Then they laughed at us, and, said we had to go.

---

G C G  
But we talked of her all winter, some days around the clock.  
Am C D  
She's worth a quarter million, a-floating at the dock and  
G C G  
With every jar that hit the bar, we swore we would re-main and  
Am D G  
Make the Mary Ellen Carter rise a-gain!

---

#### First & Second Choruses:

Am - D G C G  
Rise a-gain, rise a-gain. That her name not be lost,  
Rise a-gain, rise a-gain, Though your heart, It be broken, or

(G) D G  
To the knowledge of men, all those who loved her best and  
Life about to end, No matter what you've lost,  
C D G Am D G  
Were with her 'til the end, will make the Mary Ellen Carter, rise a - gain.  
Be it a home, a love, a friend, Like the Mary Ellen Carter, rise a - gain!

---

G C D G  
All spring now we've been with her, on a barge lent by a friend.

Am C D  
Three dives a day in a hardhat suit, and twice I've had the bends.

G C G  
Thank God it's only sixty feet, and the currents here are slow, or  
Am D  
I'd never have the strength, to go be - low.

G  
But we've patched her rents, stopped her vents,

C G Am  
Dogged hatch, and Portholes down, put cables to her, fore and aft and  
C D G  
Girded her a - round, to - morrow noon, we hit the air and

C G Am D G  
Then take up the strain, and make the Mary Ellen Carter rise a - gain!

(First Chorus & Instrumental)

---

G C D G  
For we couldn't leave her there, you see, to crumble into scale.

Am C D  
She'd saved our lives, so many times, living through the gale, and

G C G  
The laughing, drunken rats, who left her to a sorry grave,

Am D  
They won't be laughing in another day, and

G C D G  
You, to whom adversity, has dealt the final blow,

Am C D  
With smiling bastards lying to you, everywhere you go,

G C G  
Turn to, and put out all your strength, of arm, and heart and brain, and

Am D G  
Like the Mary Ellen Carter rise a - gain! (Second Chorus Twice)

## THE MARVELOUS TOY (TOM PAXTON, 1968)

D            A7            D            G

When I was just a wee little lad full of health and joy

G            D            E            A7

My father homeward came one night and gave to me a toy

D            A7            D            G

A wonder to behold it was with many colors bright

G            D            E7            A7

And the moment I laid eyes on it, it became my heart's delight

---

### Chorus:

D            A7

It went "Zip" when it moved and "Bop" when it stopped

It still goes "Zip" when it moves and "Bop" when it stops (Last Chorus)

D            G

and "whirr" when it stood still

and "whirr" when it stands still

G            D            A7            D

I never knew just what it was and I guess I never will

Neither one of us knows just what it is, and I guess we never will

---

The first time that I picked it up I had a big surprise

For right on its bottom were two big buttons that looked like big green eyes

I first pushed one and then the other and then I twisted its lid

And when I set it down again, here is what it did.

It first marched left and then marched right and then marched under a chair

And when I looked where it had gone it wasn't even there

I started to cry and my daddy laughed, for he knew that I would find

When I turned around, my marvelous toy chugging from behind

Well the years have gone by too quickly it seems and I have my own little boy

And yesterday I gave to him my marvelous little toy

His eyes nearly popped right out of his head and he gave a squeal of glee

Neither one of us knows just what it is but he loves it just like me

## MR. BOJANGLES (JERRY JEFF WALKER, 1965) \*

C

F

G

I knew a man Bojangles and he danced for you, in worn out shoes

C

F

G

With silver hair, a ragged shirt and baggy pants, the old soft shoe

F

C Am

G

He jumped so high, He jumped so high, then he lightly touched down

---

Chorus:

Am G Am G Am G C

Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles, dance!

---

I met him in a cell in New Orleans, I was - down and out

He looked at me to be the eyes of age as he spoke right out

He talked of life, He talked of life, he laughed, slapped his leg a step

(Chorus)

He said his name, Bojangles, then he danced a lick, across the cell

He grabbed his pants a better stance, oh, he jumped up high, he clicked his

heels He let go a laugh, He let go a laugh, shook back his clothes all around

(Chorus)

He danced for those at minstrel shows and county fairs throughout the south

He spoke with tears of fifteen years how his dog and he traveled about

His dog up and died, he up and dies, and after twenty years he still grieves

(Chorus)

He said "I dance now at every chance in honky-tonks, for drinks and tips.

But most of the time I spend behind these county bars" he said "I drinks a bit"

He shook his head and as he shook his head, I heard someone ask "Please:

(Chorus)

\*Recorded by Jerry Jeff Walker. Walker has said he was inspired to write the song after an encounter with a street performer in a New Orleans jail and does not refer to the famous stage and movie personality Bill "Bojangles" Robinson. Walker said while in jail for public intoxication in 1965, he met a homeless white man who called himself "Mr. Bojangles" to conceal his true identity from the police. The two men and others in the cell chatted about all manner of things, but when Mr. Bojangles told a story about his dog, the mood in the room turned heavy. Someone else in the cell asked for something to lighten the mood, and Mr. Bojangles obliged with a tap dance. Edited from [www.wikipedia.org](http://www.wikipedia.org).

## MY RAMBLING Boy (TOM PAXTON, 1964)

A E A E A  
He was a man and a friend always; He stuck with me in the hard old days

E A E A A  
He never cared if I had no dough; We rambled round in the rain and snow

**Chorus:** (sing twice between each verse)

A D A E A  
So here's to you my ramblin' boy; May all your ramblin' bring you joy

---

In Tulsa town we chanced to stray; We thought we'd try to work one day  
The boss says he had room for one; Says my old pal "We'd rather bum!"

(Chorus)

---

Late one night in a jungle camp; The weather it was cold and damp  
He got the chills, and he got 'em bad; They took the only friend I had

(Chorus)

---

He left me there to ramble on; My ramblin' pal is dead and gone  
If when we die, we go somewhere; I'll bet you a dollar he's ramblin' there

(Chorus)

\*Recorded by Tom Paxton and many other artists

## OLD HOME PLACE (MITCH F. JAYNE, DEAN WEBB, 1963)

G                  B7                  C                  G

It's been ten long years since I left my home

D

In the hollow where I was born.

G                  B7                  C                  G

Where the cool fall nights make the wood smoke rise,

D                  G

And a fox hunter blows his horn.

---

Chorus:

D                  G

What have they done to the old home place,

A                  D

why did they tear it down?

G                  B7                  C                  G

And why did I leave the plow in the field,

D                  G

And look for a job in the town.

---

I fell in love with a girl from the town

I thought that she would be true.

I ran away to Charlottesville

and worked in a sawmill or two.

Well, the girl ran off with somebody else  
the taverns took all my pay.

And here I stand where the old home stood  
before they took it away.

Now the geese fly south and the cold wind moans  
as I stand here and hang my head.  
I've lost my love, I've lost my home  
and now I wish that I was dead.

## **ORPHAN GIRL (GILLIAN WELCH, 1995)**

**C G**

**I am an orphan, on God's highway**

**C F**

**But I'll share my troubles, if you go my way**

**C G C F**

**I have no mother, no father, no sister, no brother**

**C G C**

**I am an orphan girl**

**I have had friendships, pure and golden**

**But the ties of kinship, I have not known them**

**I know no mother, no father, no sister, no brother**

**I am an orphan girl**

**(Solo 1)**

**But when he calls me, I will be able**

**To meet my family, at God's table**

**I'll meet my mother, my father, my sister, my brother**

**No more an orphan girl**

**(Solo 2)**

**Blessed savior, make me willing**

**And walk beside me, until I'm with them**

**Be my mother, my father, my sister, my brother**

**I am an orphan girl**

## PUFF, THE MAGIC DRAGON (PETER YARROW, LEONARD LIPTON, 1962)\*

G D C G  
Puff, the magic dragon lived by the sea  
Together they would travel on a boat with billowed sail  
A dragon lives for-ever but not so little boys\*\*  
His head was bent in sorrow, green scales fell like rain,

C G C D  
And frolicked in the autumn mist in a land called Honah Lee,  
Jackie kept a lookout perched on Puff's gi--gantic tail,  
Painted wings and giant's rings made way for other toys.  
Puff no longer went to play a-long the cherry lane.

G D C G  
Little Jackie Paper loved that rascal Puff,  
Noble kings and princes would bow whene'er they came,  
One gray night it happened, Jackie Paper came no more  
With-out his life-long friend, Puff could not be brave,

C G C D G D  
and brought him strings and sealing wax and other fancy stuff. Oh!  
Pirate ships would lower their flag when Puff roared out his name. Oh!  
And Puff that mighty dragon, he ceased his fearless roar.  
So Puff that mighty dragon sadly slipped in-to his cave. Oh!

---

**Chorus:** (No Chorus after 3rd verse)

G D C G  
Puff, the magic dragon lived by the sea

C G C D  
And frolicked in the autumn mist in a land called Honah Lee,

G D C G  
Puff, the magic dragon lived by the sea

C G C D G D  
And frolicked in the autumn mist in a land called Honah Lee.

\* Based on a poem written by Leonard Lipton in 1958 ([www.wikipedia.org](http://www.wikipedia.org))

\*\* Now sung by Peter Yarrow as "girls and boys" rather than "little boys".

---

Intro: C F C G7 C F C G7 C G7 C

---

C F C  
When I was a child my family would travel,

G7 C  
down to Western Kentucky where my parents were born

F C  
And there's a backwards old town that's often remembered,

G7 C  
so many times, that my memories are worn.

---

**Chorus:**

C F C  
And daddy won't you take me back to Muhlenberg County,

G7 C  
down by the Green River where Paradise lay

F C  
Well, I'm sorry my son, but you're too late in asking,

G7 C  
Mr. Peabody's coal train has hauled it away

---

C F C  
Well, sometimes we'd travel right down the Green River,

G7 C  
to the abandoned old prison down by Adrie Hill

F C  
Where the air smelled like snakes and we'd shoot with our pistols,

G7 C  
but empty pop bottles was all we would kill.

**(Chorus)**

---

---

(Optional Instrumental) C F C G7 C F C G7 C G7 C

---

C F C

Then the coal company came with the world's largest shovel,

G7 C

and they tortured the timber and stripped all the land

F C

Well, they dug for their coal till the land was forsaken,

G7 C

then they wrote it all down as the progress of man.

(Chorus)

---

C F C

When I die let my ashes float down the Green River,

G7 C

let my soul roll on up to the Rochester dam

F C

I'll be halfway to Heaven with Paradise waitin',

G7 C

just five miles away from wher-ever I am.

(Chorus)

---

---

(Optional Instrumental) C F C G7 C F C G7 C G7 C

---

## **RED-TAILED HAWK (GEORGE SCHRODER, 1986) \***

**(Intro) Am G Am**

**Am                    G                    Am**  
**The redtail hawk writes songs across the sky,**

**Am                    G                    Am**  
**There's music in the waters flowing by,**

**Am                    G                    Am**  
**And you can hear a song each time the wind sighs,**

**G                    Em Am**  
**In the golden rolling hills of California.**                    (Twice)

---

**Am                    G                    Am**  
**It's been so long love since you said goodbye,**

**Am                    G                    Am**  
**My cabin's been as lonesome as a cry,**

**Am                    G                    Am**  
**There's comfort in the clouds drifting by,**

**G                    Em Am**  
**In the golden rolling hills of California.**                    (Twice)

---

**Am                    G                    Am**  
**A neighbor came today to lend a hand,**

**Am                    G                    Am**  
**As I fixed the road as best as I can,**

**Am                    G                    Am**  
**It's just something that needs a man's hand,**

**G                    Em Am**  
**In the golden rolling hills of California,**                    (Twice)

**(Repeat first verse and fade out)**

\* Recorded by Kate Wolf and other artists

## RHYMES AND REASONS (JOHN DENVER, 1969)

C G F C

So you speak to me of sadness and the coming of the winter

Am C F G

Fear that is within you now, that seems to never end

C G F C

And the dreams that have escaped you and a hope that you've forgotten

Am C G

And you tell me that you need me now and you want to be my friend

F C G

And you wonder where we're going where's the rhyme and where's the reason

Am C G

And it's you cannot accept it is here we must begin

Dm

To seek the wisdom of the children

C F G

And the graceful way of flowers in the wind

---

Chorus:

C G F C

For the children and the flowers are my sisters and my brothers

Am C F G

Their laughter and their loveliness would clear a cloudy day

C F G C

Like the music of the mountain and the colors of the rainbow (1st Time)

And the song that I am singing is a prayer for non believers (2nd Time)

Am C G F

They're a promise of the future and a blessing for today

Come and stand beside us, we can find a better way.

---

### (Instrumental)

Though the cities start to crumble and the towers fall around us

The sun is slowly fading and it's colder than the sea

It is written from the desert to the mountains they shall lead us

By the hand and by the heart and they will comfort you and me

In their innocence and trusting they will teach us to be free

(Chorus)

## **ROLL ON, COLUMBIA (WOODIE GUTHRIE, 1941)\***

**Chorus:**

**G              D              G**  
**Roll on, Columbia, roll on Roll on, Columbia, roll on**

**(G)              G7              C**  
**Your power is turning our darkness to dawn**

**D              G**  
**So roll on, Columbia, roll on!**

---

**Green Douglas firs where the waters cut through  
Down her wild mountains and canyons she flew  
Canadian Northwest to the ocean, so blue / Roll on, Columbia, roll on**

**Other great rivers add power to you  
Yakima, Snake and the Klickitat too  
Sandy Willamette and Hood River too / Roll on, Columbia, roll on**

**Tom Jefferson's vision would not let him rest  
An empire he saw in the Pacific Northwest  
Sent Lewis and Clark and they did the rest / Roll on, Columbia, roll on**

**It's there on your banks that we fought many a fight  
Sheridan's boys in the blockhouse that night  
They saw us in death but never in flight / Roll on, Columbia, roll on**

**At Bonneville now there are ships in the locks  
The waters have risen and cleared all the rocks  
Shiploads of plenty will steam past the docks So roll on, Columbia, roll on**

**And on up the river is Grand Coulee Dam  
The mightiest thing ever built by a man  
To run the great factories and water the land It's roll on, Columbia, roll on**

**These mighty men labored by day and by night  
Matching their strength 'gainst the river's wild flight  
Through rapids and falls they won the hard fight / Roll on, Columbia, roll on**

\*Written to celebrate the harnessing of the Columbia River in the U.S. Pacific Northwest

## RUTABAGA BOOGIE (PAUL SHELASKY, 1974)

G

Well, I don't like veggies as a general rule,  
There's one little veggie makes me lose my cool,  
It ain't nothing like a turnip or a summer squash,  
It's a fresh rutabaga from the rutabaga bush

---

Chorus:

G                    C                    G

Do the rutabaga boogie, do it all the time,

D                    C                    G

With a fresh rutabaga pulled right off the vine,

(G)                    C                    G

Do the rutabaga boogie, come and dance with me,

D                    C                    G

With a fresh rutabaga pulled right off the tree

---

I eat rutabaga hot dogs and rutabaga stew,  
Rutabaga cornflakes and wonton soup,  
Rutabaga borscht and rutabaga cake,  
Rutabaga blintzes and layer cake

(Chorus)

I have rutabaga skins for the clothes I wear,  
Rutabaga extract to wash my hair,  
Rutabaga vapors instead of gas,  
Rutabaga paper to wipe my nose

(Chorus)

I've got rutabaga shakes for the top of my house,  
Rutabaga dentures all over my mouth,  
Rutabaga cheese and rutabaga bread  
Rutabaga skin for my banjo head.

(Chorus)

Well, I built my car out of rutabaga steel,  
Rutabaga hubcaps in every wheel,  
Rutabaga tires and rutabaga treads,  
Rutabagas growing in the cylinder heads

(Chorus)

I wear a rutabaga hat and a rutabaga tie,  
Zip my pants with a rutabaga fly,  
Rutabaga patches all over my knees,  
Rutabaga jock straps and BVD's      (for men)      (Chorus) (OR)  
Rutabaga bra straps and IUD's\*      (for women)      (Chorus)

\* Alternate ending added by the band Sidesaddle

G6/D            G                      C  
She was a level headed dancer on the road to alcohol.

D7                      G  
And I was just a soldier on my way to Montreal.

G  
Well she pressed her chest against me,

C  
About the time the jukebox broke.

D7  
Yeah, she gave me a peck on the back of the neck,

G  
And these are the words she spoke.

---

**Chorus:**

G

Blow up your T.V.. Throw away your paper.

D                      G  
Go to the country. Build you a home.

G  
Plant a little garden. Eat a lotta peaches.

D                      G  
Try and find Jesus, on your own.

---

G                      C  
Well, I sat there at the table, and I acted real naive.

D7                      G  
For I knew that topless lady, had something up her sleeve.

G

C

Well, she danced around the bar room, and she did the hoochy-coo.

D7

G

Yeah she sang her song all night long, telling me what to do.

(Chorus)

---

G

C

Well, I was young and hungry, and about to leave that place.

D7

G

When just as I was leavin', well she looked me in the face.

G

C

I said "You must know the answer". She said "No but I'll give it a try".

D7

And to this very day, we've been livin' our way.

G

And here is the reason why.

---

G

We blew up our T.V. Threw away our paper.

D

G

Went to the country, built us a home.

G

Had a lot of children, fed 'em on peaches.

D

G

C G

They all found Jesus, on their own.

## SPEED OF THE SOUND OF LONELINESS (JOHN PRINE, 1986)

Intro: G G C C D D G G

G C  
You come home late and you come home early

D G  
You come on big when you're feeling small

G C  
You come home straight and you come home curly

D D7 G  
Sometimes you don't come home at all.

---

Chorus:

G C  
So what in the world's come over you

D G  
And what in heaven's name have you done.

G C  
You've broken the speed of the sound of loneliness

D D7 G  
You're out there running just to be on the run. (Tag as last line)

---

Well, I got a heart that burns with a fever,  
And I got a worried and a jealous mind.  
How can a love that'll last forever,  
get left so far behind?

(Chorus)

---

(Instrumental, same chords as one verse)

---

It's a mighty mean and a dreadful sorrow,  
It's crossed the evil line today.  
How can you ask about tomorrow?  
We ain't got one word to say.

(Chorus)

## SUMMER'S END (JOHN PRINE, 2018)

(Capo 2)

C Em  
Summer's end's around the bend just flying

C Em  
The swimming suits are on the line just drying

F G  
I'll meet you there per our conver - sation

F G  
I hope I didn't ruin your whole va - cation

---

Well, you never know how far from home you're feeling  
Until you watch the shadows cross the ceiling  
Well I don't know, but I can see it - snowing  
In your car the windows are wide - open

---

Chorus:

C Am  
Just come on home come on home

F G  
No, you don't have to be alone

C  
Just come on home.

---

Valentines break hearts and minds at random  
That ol' Easter egg ain't got a leg to stand on  
Well I can see that you can't win for trying  
And New Year's Eve is bound to leave you - crying (Chorus)

---

The moon and stars hang out in bars just talking  
I still love that picture of us walking  
Just like that ol' house we thought was haunted  
Summer's end came faster than we - wanted (Chorus)

## **THERE AIN'T No ASH WILL BURN (JAMES WALTON ALDRIDGE, 1989)**

**(Man)**

C F G C

I have seen snow that fell in May

C F G C

And I have seen rain on cloudless days

F G Am Em

Some things in life are bound to change

F G C

There ain't no ash will burn

---

**Chorus:**

Love is a precious thing I'm told

It burns just like West Virginia coal

But when the fire dies down it's cold

There ain't no ash will burn

---

**(Woman)**

You say this life is not your lot

Well I can't be something that I'm not

We can't stoke a fire that we ain't got

There ain't no ash will burn

**(Chorus)**

**(Both)**

In every life there comes a time

Where there are no more tears to cry

We must leave something dear behind

There ain't no ash will burn

**(Chorus)**

If there is one lesson, I have learned,

It's that there ain't no ash will burn.

## THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND (WOODY GUTHRIE, 1940)

**Chorus:**

G                    C                    G  
This land is your land, this land is my land

D                    G  
From California, to the New York Island

C                    G  
From the redwood forest, to the gulf stream waters

D                    G C G  
This land was made for you and me

---

As I was walking that ribbon of highway  
I saw above me an endless skyway  
I saw below me a golden valley  
This land was made for you and me                    (Chorus)

I've roamed and rambled and I've followed my footsteps  
To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts  
And all around me a voice was sounding  
This land was made for you and me                    (Chorus)

The sun came shining as I was strolling  
With the wheat fields waving and the dust clouds rolling  
As the fog was lifting a voice come calling  
This land was made for you and me                    (Chorus)

(Optional Verse)

As I was walkin' - I saw a sign there  
And that sign said - no tress passin'  
But on the other side .... it didn't say nothin'  
Now that sign was made for you and me!                    (Chorus)

## **TIMES THEY ARE A-CHANGING (BOB DYLAN, 1964)**

G Em C G  
Come gather 'round people wherever you roam

(G) Am C D  
And admit that the waters around you have grown

G Em C G  
And accept it that soon you'll be drenched to the bone

(G) Am D  
If your time to you is worth savin'

(D) D7 D6 D  
Then you better start swimmin' or you'll sink like a stone,

G C D G  
For the times, they are a-changin'

---

Come writers and critics who prophesize with your pen  
And keep your eyes wide the chance won't come again  
And don't speak too soon for the wheel's still in spin  
And there's no tellin' who that it's namin'  
For the loser now will be later to win  
For the times they are a-changin'

---

Come senators, congressmen please heed the call  
Don't stand in the doorway, don't block up the hall  
For he that gets hurt will be he who has stalled  
There's a battle outside and it's ragin'  
It'll soon shake your windows and rattle your walls  
For the times they are a-changin'

---

Come mothers and fathers throughout the land  
And don't criticize what you can't understand  
Your sons and your daughters are beyond your command  
Your old road is rapidly agin'  
Please get out of the new one if you can't lend your hand  
For the times they are a-changin'

---

The line it is drawn the curse it is cast  
The slow one now will later be fast  
As the present now will later be past  
The order is rapidly fadin'  
And the first one now will later be last  
For the times they are a-changin'

## TURN, TURN, TURN (BOOK OF ECCLESIASTES, PETE SEEGER, 1965)

---

### Chorus:

C                F     Em   Dm   C                                      F     Em   Dm  
To everything - turn, turn, turn, there is a season - turn, turn, turn

Em   F                      G                              C     F C  
And a time for every purpose under heaven

---

(C)                G                              C                        G                              C  
A time to be born, a time to die; A time to plant, a time to reap

G                    C                              F                        G     C     F C  
A time to kill, a time to heal; A time to laugh, a time to weep              (Chorus)

A time to build up, a time to break down; A time to dance, a time to mourn  
A time to cast away stones; A time to gather stones together              (Chorus)

A time of war, a time of peace; A time of love, a time of hate  
A time you may embrace; A time to refrain from embracing              (Chorus)

A time to gain, a time to lose; A time to rend, a time to sew  
A time to love, a time to hate; A time of peace: I swear it's not too late!  
    (Chorus)

## VERY LAST DAY (NOEL PAUL STOOKEY, PETER YARROW, 1963) \*

---

Chorus (Intro 3 chords ONLY at beginning)

Em D Em (No chord)

Em D Em (No chord)

Em D Em

Everybody's gonna pray,

On the very last day,

(No chord)

G D C (No chord)

B7

When they hear that bell,

Ring the world away,

B7

Em D C

Em D Em

Everybody's gonna pray to the heavens on the Judgment Day.

---

Em G D C

Well you can sing about the great King David,

Well one day soon all men will stand,

Well the law is given and the law is known,

G D C

And you can preach about the wisdom of Saul,

His word will be heeded in all the land,

The tale is told and the seed is sown,

G D C

But the judgement falls on all mankind,

Men shall know and men shall see,

From dust we came and to dust we'll go,

G D B7

When the trum-pet sounds the call.

We all are brothers and we all are free,

You know the Lord once told us so,

Em D C Em D C

All equal, and the same, When the Lord he calls your name,

Man-kind was made of clay, Each of us in the very same way,

Each brother take his hand, Heed the meaning of the Lord's command,

Em D C B7

Get ready brother for that day.

Get ready brother for that day.

Get ready brother for that day.

\*Recorded by Peter, Paul & Mary

## WAYFARING STRANGER (AMERICAN TRADITIONAL, EARLY 1800's) \*

**Verse:**

Am                  E                  Am  
I'm just a poor wayfaring stranger  
(Am)              Dm                  E  
A-traveling through this world of woe  
(E)                  Am                  E                  Am  
But there's no sickness, no toil nor danger  
                    Dm    E                  Am  
In that bright land to which I go

(Capo1)

---

**Chorus:**

F                  C                  F                  E E7 E  
I'm going there to see my father, I'm going there no more to roam  
                    Am                  Dm    E                  Am  
I'm just a-going over Jordan, I'm just a-going over home

---

I know dark clouds will gather 'round me  
I know my way is rough & steep  
But beauteous fields lie just beyond me  
Where souls redeemed their vigil keep

I'm going there to meet my mother  
She said she'd meet me when I come  
I'm only going over Jordan  
I'm only going over home

(Verse chords)

(Chorus chords)

I want to wear a crown of glory.  
When I get home to that bright land  
I want to shout Salvation's story  
In concert with that blood-washed band

I'm going there to meet my Savior  
To sing His praises for evermore  
I'm only going over Jordan  
I'm only going over home –

(Verse chords)

(Chorus chords)

\*Roud index 3339. Many variations of verses and choruses exist for this.

## WEDDING SONG (THERE IS LOVE) (NOEL PAUL STOOKEY, 1972)\*

D                    A                    G

He is now to be among you at the calling of your hearts

D                    A

Rest assured this troubadour is acting on His part

D                    A                    G                    D

The union of your spirits here has caused Him to remain

D                    A

For whenever two or more of you are gathered in His name

G                    D                    E7                    G                    D

there is love, there is love

---

D                    A                    G                    D

Well, a man shall leave his mother and a woman leave her home

D                    A

They will travel on to where the two shall be as one

D                    A                    G                    D

As it was in the beginning, is now until the end

D                    A

Woman draws her life from man and gives it back again

G                    D                    E7                    G                    D

And there's love, oh, there's love

---

G                    D

Well then what's to be the reason for becoming man and wife

G                    D

Is it love that brings you here or love that brings you life

D                    A                    G                    D

For if loving is the answer, then who's the giving for?

D                    A

Do you believe in something that you've never seen before?

G                    D                    G                    E7                    D

There is love, oh, there is love

---

(Hum first two lines of Verse 3 using D A G D D A G D

D                    A                    G                    D

Oh the marriage of your spirits here has caused Him to remain

D                    A

For whenever two or more of you are gathered in His name

G                    D                    G                    E7                    D                    D                    G                    E7                    D

There is love, there is love

\*Written for the occasion of Peter Yarrow's wedding

## WESTERN WIND (LOU GOTTLIEB, MALVINA REYNOLDS) \*

Intro: Em Am Em (then start with chorus)

---

Chorus:

Am Em D Em  
Western wind, when willt thou blow,

Em D G B7  
The small rain down can rain,

Em D Am G  
Oh, if my love were in my arms,

Am D Em D C  
And I, in my bed again

---

Em D C D C D G  
East wind, over a foreign plain, out of an alien sky,  
Now once more on the highest hill, she stood to see his face,  
Far lands beckon, so strange and fair, they call a youth a-way,

Am D Am D Am D G  
This is the road she chose to go, when she kissed her love goodbye,  
But when she turned, the west wind came, and made her steps re-trace,  
But when the eastern wind blows cold and alien skies are grey,

G C D Em  
With the west wind blowing wild.  
And said this is your place.  
She dreams of a younger day.

Chorus again, and repeat the last two lines of the chorus.  
(Last repeated chorus line ends with Em D Em instead of Em D C)

\*Recorded by the Limeliters on the LP "The Slightly Fabulous Limeliters" Some lyrics confirmed by an email exchange with Ernie Sheldon of "The Limeliters". Based on Weston Wynde from the early 16th century.

## WHAT A WONDERFUL WORLD (GEORGE DAVID WEISS AND BOB THIELE, 1967) \*

D F#m G F#m Em7 D F#7 Bm  
I see trees of green, red roses too I see them bloom, for me and you,

Bb Em7 / A A7 D / D+ / Gmaj7 / A7 /  
And I think to myself, What a wonderful world.

D F#m G F#m  
I see skies of blue and clouds of white,

Em7 D F#7 Bm  
The bright blessed day, the dark sacred night,

Bb Em7 / A A7 D / G / G / D /  
And I think to myself, what a wonderful world

---

A7 D  
The colors of the rainbow, so pretty in the sky

A7 D  
Are also on the faces of people going by

Bm F#m Bm F#m  
I see friends shaking hands, saying, "How do you do?"

Em7 D7 Em7 D7 Em7  
They're really saying, "I love you."

---

A7 D F#m G F#m  
I hear babies cry, I watch them grow

Em7 D F# Bm  
They'll learn much more than I'll ever know,

Bb Em7 / A A7 D / D7 / B7  
And I think to myself what a wonderful world

Em7 Em7 / A A7 D G6 D  
Yes I think to myself, what a wonderful world.

\* Intended as an antidote for the increasingly racially and politically charged climate of everyday life in the United States, the song also has a hopeful, optimistic tone with regard to the future. The song was turned down by Tony Bennett, then offered to Louis Armstrong. The song was not initially a hit in the U.S., because the head of ABC Records did not like the song and so did not promote it, but was a major success in the United Kingdom, reaching number one on the UK Singles Chart. Edited from [www.wikipedia.org](http://www.wikipedia.org).

## WHERE HAVE ALL THE FLOWERS GONE? (PETE SEEGER, JOE HICKERSON, 1955)

G Em C D  
Where have all the flowers gone? Long time passing  
Where have all the young girls gone? Long time passing  
Where have all the young men gone? Long time passing  
Where have all the soldiers gone? Long time passing  
Where have all the graveyards gone? Long time passing

G Em C D  
Where have all the flowers gone? Long time ago  
Where have all the young girls gone? Long time ago  
Where have all the young men gone? Long time ago  
Where have all the soldiers gone? Long time ago  
Where have all the graveyards gone? Long time ago

G Em C D  
Where have all the flowers gone? Girls have picked them every one  
Where have all the young girls gone? Taken husbands every one  
Where have all the young men gone? Gone for soldiers every one  
Where have all the soldiers gone? Gone to graveyards every one  
Where have all the graveyards gone? Covered with flowers every one

C G C D G  
When will they ever learn? When will they ever learn? (All verses)  
When will we ever learn? When will we ever learn? (Last verse)

---

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---

---

---

---

## **YOU AIN'T GOING' NOWHERE (BOB DYLAN, 1971)**

**G                    Am**  
**Clouds so swift, Rain won't lift**

**C                    G**  
**Gate won't close, Railings froze**

**G                    Am**  
**Get your mind off wintertime**

**C                    G**  
**You ain't going' nowhere**

---

**Chorus:**

**G            Am            C**  
**Whoo-ee! Ride me high Tomorrow's the day**

**G                    Am**  
**My bride's gonna come, Oh, oh, are we gonna fly**

**C                    G**  
**Down in the easy chair!**

---

**I don't care how many letters they sent**  
**Morning came and morning went**  
**Pick up your money and pack up your tent**  
**You ain't going' nowhere.**

**(Chorus)**

**Buy me a flute, and a gun that shoots**  
**Tailgates and substitutes**  
**Strap yourself to the tree with roots**  
**You ain't going' nowhere.**

**(Chorus)**

**Genghis Khan He could not keep,**  
**All his kings supplied with sheep**  
**We'll climb that hill no matter how steep**  
**When we get up to it.**

**(Chorus)**

# Popular Songs (1950-Present)

A SUMMER SONG (CHAD STUART, CLIVE METCALF, KEITH NOBLE, 1964)

(Capo 3)

Intro: G Bm C D (x2)

G Bm C D                                    G Bm C  
Trees... swaying in the summer breeze,  
Soft ... kisses on a summer's day,  
Sweet ... sleepy warmth of summer nights,  
And when the rain ... beats against my window pane,

D G Bm C D                                    G Bm C D  
showing off their silver leaves as we walked by.  
laughing all our cares a-way, just you and I.  
gazing at the distant lights in the starry sky. (Chorus)  
I'll think of summer days a-gain and dream of you.  
(2nd time to outro)

---

Chorus:

C D G Em  
They say that all good things must end, some day,

C D Em  
autumn leaves must fall.

G Bm C Bm D  
But don't you know that it hurts me so, to say goodbye to you.

Em D Em D  
Wish you didn't have to go ... no, no, no, no.

---

OUTRO:

D G Bm C D F# G  
And dream of you..

**Am                          Am    Em G Am**  
**Ain't no sunshine when she's gone.**

**Am                          Am    Em G Am**  
**It's not warm when she's away.**

**Em                          Dm**  
**Ain't no sunshine when she's gone, and she's always gone too long,**

**Am    Em G Am**  
**Anytime she goes away.**

---

**Am                          Am    Em G Am**  
**Wonder this time where she's gone,**

**Am                          Am    Em G Am**  
**Wonder if she's gone to stay**

**Em                          Dm**  
**Ain't no sunshine when she's gone, and this house just ain't no home,**

**Am    Em G Am**  
**Anytime she goes away.**

---

**[Interlude]**

**N.C.**

**And I know, I know, I know, I know, I know**

**N.C.**

**I know, I know, I know, I know, I know, I know, I know**

**N.C.**

**I know, I know, I know, I know, I know, I know, I know**

**N.C.**

**I know, I know**

**N.C.**

**Hey, I ought to leave the young thing alone**

---

**Am Em G Am**

**But ain't no sunshine when she's gone**

**Am Em G Am**

**But ain't no sunshine when she's gone**

**Am Am Em G Am**

**only darkness everyday.**

**Em**

**Dm**

**Ain't no sunshine when she's gone, and this house just ain't no home**

**Am Em G Am**

**Anytime she goes away.**

## AMERICA (PAUL SIMON, 1968)

D F#m Bm D G  
Let us be lovers we'll marry our fortunes together

D F#m Bm  
I've got some real estate here in my bag

F#m7 B7 F#m  
So we bought a pack of cigarettes and Mrs. Wagner's pies

E D A D F#m Bm G (w/hammer-down)  
And walked off to look for A-mer-i-ca

D F#m Bm D G  
Kathy, I said as we boarded a greyhound in Pittsburgh

D F#m B7  
Michigan seems like a dream to me now

A E A E F#m D  
It took me four days to hitchhike from Saginaw; I've come to look for America

CMaj7 C D  
Laughing on the bus, playing games with the faces

CMaj7 D  
She said the man in the gabardine suit was a spy

G G7 D F#m B7 G7  
I said, "Be careful, his bowtie is really a camera"

D F#m Bm D G  
Toss me a cigarette, I think there's one in my raincoat,

D F#m Bm F#m  
We smoked the last one an hour ago, So I looked at the scenery, she read her magazine

E D A D F#m B7 D G  
And the moon rose over an o - pen field

D F#m Bm D G G7 Em G  
Kathy, I'm lost, I said, though I knew she was sleeping.

D F#m Bm  
I'm empty and aching and I don't know why

A E A E F#m D  
Counting the cars on the New Jersey turnpike, They've all come to look for America

E A E F#m D E A E F#m D  
All come to look for America, All come to look for America (repeat and fade)

## **AMIE (CRAIG FULLER, 1972) \***

(Intro twice) A / G D

A              G              D        A              G D

I can see why you think you be-long to me

A              G              D        A                      D

I never tried to make you think, or let you see one thing for yourself

C                              D

But now you're off with someone else and I'm alone

C                              E

You see I thought that I might keep you for my own

---

**Chorus:**

A        G              D        A              G              D  
Amie what you wanna do?              I think I could stay with you  
Bm                              E  
For a while, maybe longer if I do

---

Don't you think the time is right for us to find

All the things we thought weren't proper could be right in time, and can you see

Which way we should turn together or alone

I can never see what's right or what is wrong.

(will it take too long to see)              (Chorus)

Now it's come to what you want you've had your way

And all the things you thought before just faded into gray, and can you see

That I don't know if it's you or if it's me

If it's one of us I'm sure we'll both will see

Won't you look at me and tell me              (Chorus)

Yeah now                              (Chorus)

Falling in and out of love with you

Falling in and out of love with you

Don't know what I'm gonna do, I'd keep

Falling in and out of love - With you

\* Recorded by Pure Prairie League

## ANNIE'S SONG (JOHN DENVER, 1974)

Intro: D Dsus4 D Dsus4 D Dsus4

---

D Dsus4 G A Bm G D Bm

You fill up my senses like a night in a forest

A G F#m Em G A7

Like the mountains in springtime like a walk in the rain

G A Bm G D Bm

Like a storm in the desert like a sleepy blue ocean

A G F#m Em A7 D Dsus4

You fill up my senses come fill me again

---

D Dsus4 G A Bm G D Bm

Come let me love you, let me give my life to you

A G F#m Em G A7

Let me drown in your laughter, let me die in your arms

G A Bm G D Bm

Let me lay down beside you, let me always be with you

A G F#m Em A7 D Dsus4 D

Come let me love you, come love me again

---

Instrumental: D Dsus4 G A Bm G D Bm A G F#m Em G A7

---

A7 G A Bm G D Bm

let me give my life to you

A G F#m Em A7 D Dsus4

Come let me love you, come love me again

---

D Dsus4 G A Bm G D Bm

You fill up my senses like a night in a forest

A G F#m Em G A7

Like the mountains in springtime like a walk in the rain

G A Bm G D Bm

Like a storm in the desert like a sleepy blue ocean

A G F#m Em A7 D Dsus4

You fill up my senses come fill me again

---

Outro: D Dsus4 D Dsus4 D

## ANOTHER SATURDAY NIGHT (SAM COOKE 1963)

---

**Chorus:**

A D  
Another Saturday night and I ain't got nobody,

A E7  
I got some money, 'cause I just got paid.

A D E D A  
Now, how I wish I had someONE to talk to; I'm in an awful way. Dig this...

---

A E7 A D  
I got in town a month ago; I've seen a lot of girls since then.

A D  
If I can meet 'em, I can get 'em, but, as yet, I haven't met 'em,

E D A  
That's why I'm in the shape I'm in. Here... (Chorus)

---

A E7 A D  
Another feller told me; he had a sister who looked just fine.

A D  
Instead of being my deliverance, she had a strange resemblance,

E D A  
To a cat named Franken-stein. Here... (Chorus – chick instead of ONE)

---

Instrumental: A E7, A D, A D, E D A

---

A E7 A D  
It's hard on a feller, when he don't know his way a-round.

A D  
If I don't find me a honey, to help me spend my money,

E D A  
I'm gonna have to blow this town. Here, it's... (Chorus – chick instead of ONE)

---

**Final Chorus:**

A D  
Another Saturday night and I ain't got nobody,

A E7  
I got some money, 'cause I just got paid.

A D E D A  
Now, how I wish I had someone to talk to; I'm in an awful way...

**BANANA BOAT SONG (ALAN ARKIN, BOB CAREY, ERIK DARLING, 1956)\*** (2P)  
**(Note: Plain text is main lyric singer(s), (*Italic text*) is backup singers)**

D A D A D  
Day-o, Day-ay-ay-o (*Daylight come and me wan' go home*)

(D) A  
Day, me say day, me say day, me say day me say day, me say day-ay-ay-o

D A D  
(*Daylight come and me wan' go home*)

D A D  
Work all night on a drink a' rum. (*Daylight come and me wan' go home*)

(D) A D  
Stack banana till the mornin' come. (*Daylight come and me wan' go home*)

D A D A D  
Come, Mister tally man, tally me banana. (*Daylight come and me wan' go home*)

D A D A D  
Come, Mister tally man, tally me banana. (*Daylight come and me wan' go home*)

(D) A D  
It's six hand, seven hand, eight hand BUNCH! (*Daylight come and me wan' go home*)

(D) A D  
It's six hand, seven hand, eight hand BUNCH! (*Daylight come and me wan' go home*)

(D) A  
Day, me say day-ay-ay-o. (*Daylight come and me wan' go home*)

D A  
Day, me say day, me say day, me say day... (*Daylight come and me wan' go home*)

D

A D

A beautiful bunch a' ripe banana. (Daylight come and me wan' go home)

(D)

A D

Hide the deadly black tarantula. (Daylight come and me wan' go home)

---

(D)

A D

It's six hand, seven hand, eighth hand BUNCH! (Daylight come and me wan' go home)

(D)

A D

It's six hand, seven hand, eighth hand BUNCH! (Daylight come and me wan' go home)

---

D

A

D

A

D

Day, me say day-ay-ay-o. (Daylight come and me wan' go home)

---

D

A D

Day, me say day, me say day, me say day... (Daylight come and me wan' go home)

(D)

A

D

A D

Come, Mister tally man, tally me banana (Daylight come and me wan' go home)

(D)

A

D

A D

Come, Mister tally man, tally me banana (Daylight come and me wan' go home)

---

D

A D

Day-o, day-ay-ay-o (Daylight come and me wan' go home)

D

A

Day, me say day, me say day, me say day me say day, me say day-ay-ay-o

D

A D

(Daylight come and me wan' go home)

\* Originally a Jamaican work song. Recorded by Harry Belafonte.

## BAD MOON RISING (JOHN FOGERTY, 1969)

(Intro) D A G D

D            A                    D  
I see a bad moon rising,  
I hear hurricanes a blowing',  
Hope you got your things together,

D            A                    D  
I see trouble on the way,  
I know the end is coming' soon,  
Hope you are quite prepared to die,

D            A                    D  
I see earthquakes and lightnin',  
I fear rivers over - flowing,  
Looks like we're in for nasty weather,

D            A                    D  
I see bad times to-day.  
I hear the voice of rage and ruin.  
One eye is taken for an eye.

---

### Chorus

G  
Well, don't go 'round tonight

D  
It's bound to take your life

A            G                    D  
Hey! There's a bad moon on the rise.

## BLUE BAYOU (ROY ORBISON, 1963 (RECORDED IN 1961))

C G

I feel so bad, I got a worried mind; I'm so lonesome all the time

(G) C

Since I left my baby behind on Blue Bayou

C G

Saving nickels, saving dimes; working till the sun don't shine

(G) C

Looking forward to happier times on Blue Bayou

---

Chorus:

(C) G

I'm going back someday, come what may to Blue Bayou

(G) C

Where the folks are fine, and the world is mine on Blue Bayou

(C) C7 F Fm6

Where those fishing boats with their sails afloat, if I could only see

C G C

That familiar sunrise through sleepy eyes, how happy I'd be

---

(C) G

Gonna see my baby again; Gonna be with some of my friends

(G) C

Maybe I'll feel better again on Blue Bayou

(C) G

Saving nickels, saving dimes; working till the sun don't shine

(G) C

Looking forward to happier times on Blue Bayou (Chorus)

---

(Optional Instrumental Chords) C C G G G G C C

---

Outro:

(C) C7 F Fm6

Oh, that boy of mine by my side, the silver moon and the evening time

C G C

Oh, some sweet day, gonna take away this hurtin' inside

G G7 C

Well, I'd never be blue, my dreams come true on Blue Ba – you

## BOTH SIDES Now (JONI MITCHELL, HAKAN HELLSTROM, 1969)

(Capo 2)

C F C Em F C

Bows and flows of angel hair and ice cream castles in the air

F Dm F G

And feather canyons everywhere, I've looked at clouds that way

C F C Em F C

But now they only block the sun they rain and snow on everyone

F Dm F G

So many things I could have done, but clouds got in my way

C F C

I've looked at clouds from both sides now

(C) F C

From up and down and still somehow

Em F C F

It's clouds' illusions I recall

C G G7 C

I really don't know clouds at all

---

Moons and Junes and Ferris wheels, the dizzy dancing way you feel

As every fairy tale comes real, I've looked at love that way

But now it's just another show, you leave them laughing when you go

And if you care don't let them know, don't give yourself away

I've looked at love from both sides now

From give and take and still somehow

It's love's illusions I recall

I really don't know love at all

---

Tears and fears and feeling proud to say I love you right out loud

Dreams and schemes and circus crowds, I've looked at life that way

But now old friends are acting strange,

They shake their heads, they say I've changed

Something's lost, but something's gained in living every day

I've looked at life... win and lose...

I've looked at life from both sides now

From win and lose and still somehow

It's life's illusions I recall

I really don't know life at all

## BRING IT ON HOME TO ME (SAM COOKE, 1962)

Intro: | C G7 | F G | C F | C G | (Backup Singers)

---

C G7 C C7 F

If you ever.. change your mind, about leaving, leaving me behind

C G7 F

Baby, bring it to me, bring your sweet lovin',

G7 C F C G7

bring it on home to me. yeah, (yeah) yeah, (yeah) yeah. (yeah)

---

C G7 C C7 F

I know I laughed when you left. but now I know I only hurt myself.

C G7 F

Baby, bring it to me, bring your sweet lovin'.

G7 C F C G7

bring it on home to me. yeah, (yeah) yeah, (yeah) yeah. (yeah)

---

G7 C G7 C C7 F

I'll give you jewelry and money too. That ain't all, honey, all I'd do for you.

C G7 F

If you'd bring it to me, bring your sweet lovin'.

G7 C F C G7

bring it on home to me.. yeah, (yeah) yeah, (yeah) yeah. (yeah)

---

G7 C G7 C C7 F

You know I'll always, be your slave, 'til I'm buried, buried in my grave.

C G7 F

Oh, honey, bring it to me, bring your sweet lovin'..

G7 C F C G7

bring it on home to me. yeah, (yeah) yeah, (yeah) yeah. (yeah)

---

C G7 C C7 F F7

I try to treat you right, but you stayed out, stayed out 'til night. But I forgive you.

C G7 F

Bring it to me, bring your sweet lovin'..

G7 C F C G7

bring it on home to me. yeah, (yeah) yeah, (yeah) yeah. (yeah)

---

Outro:

C F C G7

yeah, (yeah) yeah, (yeah) yeah. (yeah) yeah, (yeah)

C F C G7

yeah, (yeah) yeah, (yeah) yeah (yeah)

## Brown Eyed Girl (Van Morrison, 1967)

G C G D7 G

Hey, where did we go, days when the rain came

C G D7 G

Down in the hollow - playing a new game

C G

Laughing, and a running, hey, hey

D7 G C

Skipping and a jumping, - in the misty morning fog,

G D7 C D7 G Em

with - our hearts a thumpin' and you, my brown eyed girl

C D7 G D7

You, my brown eyed girl

---

Whatever happened to Tuesday and so slow

Going down to the old mine; With a transistor radio

Standing in the sunlight laughing; Hiding behind a rainbow's wall

Slipping and a sliding; All along the waterfall

With you, my brown eyed girl; You, my brown eyed girl

---

Bridge:

D7

Do you remember when we used to sing

G C G D7

Sha la la la la la la la la te da Just like that

G C G D7 G

Sha la la la la la la la la te da la te da

---

So hard to find my way, Now that I'm all on my own;

I saw you just the other day, My, how you have grown;

Cast my memory back there Lord, Sometimes I'm overcome thinkin' 'bout;

Makin' love in the green grass, behind the stadium;

With you, my brown eyed girl; You, my brown eyed girl

---

Do you remember when we used to sing

D7 G C G (Fade out)

Sha la la la la la la...

## BYE-BYE LOVE (FELICE & BOUDLEAUX BRYANT, 1957)

---

**Chorus:**

D A D A  
Bye-bye love Bye-bye happiness

D A E A  
Hello loneliness, I think I'm-a gonna cry-y

D A D A  
Bye-bye love Bye-bye sweet caress

D A E A  
Hello emptiness, I feel like I could die-e

E A  
Bye-bye my love goodbye-eye

---

N.C. E A  
There goes my baby with someone new

E A A7  
She sure looks happy, I sure am blue

D E  
She was my baby till he stepped in

A  
Goodbye to romance that might have been (Chorus)

N.C. E A  
I'm through with romance, I'm through with love

E A7  
I'm through with counting the stars above

D E  
And here's the reason that I'm so free

A  
My loving baby is a through with me (Chorus)

**Outro:**

A E A E A  
Bye-bye my love goodbye-eye Bye-bye my love goodbye-eye  
(Repeat and fade)

## CITY OF NEW ORLEANS (STEVE GOODMAN, 1971)\*

C G C  
Riding on the City of New Orleans  
Dealing card games with the old men in the club car  
Night time on the City of New Orleans

Am F C G C G C  
Illinois Central Monday morning rail Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders  
Penny a point, ain't no one keeping score Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle  
Changing cars in Memphis Tennessee Half way home, we'll be there by morning

Am G C  
Three conductors and twenty-five sacks of mail.  
Feel the wheels rumbling 'neath the floor  
through the Mississippi darkness rolling down to the sea.

Am Em  
All a-long the south bound odyssey, the train pulls out of Kankakee  
And the sons of Pullman porters and the sons of engineers  
But all the towns and people seem to fade into a bad dream

G D  
And rolls along past houses farms and fields  
Ride their father's magic carpets made of steel  
And the steel rail still ain't heard the news

Am Em  
Passing trains that have no name, freight yards full of old black men  
Mothers with their babes asleep, are rocking to the gentle beat  
The conductor sings his songs again, passengers will please refrain

G G7 C  
And the graveyards of the rusted auto-mo-biles.  
And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel.  
This train got the disappearing railroad blues.

### Chorus:

F G7 C  
Good morning A-merica, how are you? (After Verses 1 & 2)  
night (After Verse 3)

Am F C G7  
Say, don't you know me, I'm your native son.

C G Am D7  
I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans

Bb F G G7 C  
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.

\* The songwriter royalties from this allowed Steve Goodman to further pursue his career in music.

## THE CIRCLE GAME (JONI MITCHELL, 1966)

C F C F G  
Yesterday a child came out to wonder, caught a dragonfly inside a jar

C F Em  
Fearful when the sky was full of thunder

F G C  
And tearful at the falling of a star

---

### Chorus:

C F C  
And the seasons they go round and round

C F C F C  
And the painted ponies go up and down. We're captive on the carousel of time  
F Em F  
We can't return we can only look behind from where we came

Em F G C  
And go round and round and round in the circle game

---

C F C  
Then the child moved ten times round the seasons

C F G  
Skated over ten clear frozen streams

C F Em  
Words like when you're older must appease him

F G C  
And promises of someday make his dreams (Chorus)

C F C  
Sixteen springs and sixteen summers gone now

C F G  
Cartwheels turn to car wheels thru the town

C F Em  
And they tell him take your time it won't be long now

F G C  
Till you drag your feet to slow the circles down (Chorus)

C F C  
So the years spin by and now the boy is twenty

C F G  
Though his dreams have lost some grandeur coming true

C F Em  
There'll be new dreams maybe better dreams and plenty

F G C  
Before the last revolving year is through (Chorus)

## COME MONDAY (JIMMY BUFFETT, 1974)

Capo 2

G

G C D G

Heading up to San Francisco, for the Labor Day weekend show

C

I've got my Hush Puppies on,

D

G

I guess I never was meant for glitter rock and roll

Am C D

And honey I didn't know, that I'd be missing you so

---

Chorus:

C G

Come Monday, it'll be all right;

C D

Come Monday, I'll be holding you tight

G Bm C D

I spent four lonely days in a brown L. A. haze, (Last 2 lines are outro)

C D G

and I just want you back by my side

---

G C D G

Yes, it's been quite a summer, rent-a-cars and west-bound trains

C D G

And now you're off on vacation, something you tried to explain

Am C D

And Darlin' it's I love you so, that's the reason I just let you go (Chorus)

---

Bridge:

AMaj7 DMaj7 AMaj7 DMaj7

I can't help it honey, you're that much a part of me now

Amaj7 Dmaj7 C D /F / C / G

Remember that night in Montana, when we said there'd be no room for doubt

---

G C D G

I hope you're enjoying the scenery; I know that it's pretty up there

C D G

We can go hiking on Tuesday, with you I'd walk anywhere

Am C D

California has worn me quite thin, I just can't wait to see you again (Chorus)

---

## CRAZY (WILLIE NELSON, 1960) \*

C F FMaj7 Em Dm G7

C A7 Dm Dm7 Dm  
Crazy, I'm crazy for feeling so lonely

G7 C Dm G  
I'm crazy, crazy for feeling so blue

C A7 Dm Dm7 Dm  
I knew you'd love me as long as you wanted

G7 C F C  
And then someday, you'd leave me for somebody new

---

F C  
Worry, why do I let myself worry?

D G Dm G  
Wond'ring what in the world did I do?

C A Dm Dm7 Dm  
Crazy for thinking that my love could hold you

F Em Dm CMaj7  
I'm crazy for trying and crazy for crying

Dm G C  
And I'm crazy for loving you

C A Dm  
Crazy for thinking that my love could hold you

F Em Dm C  
I'm crazy for trying and crazy for crying

Dm G C F C  
And I'm crazy for loving you.

\* Recorded by Patsy Cline. Key change eliminated for simplicity

## CUPID (SAM COOKE, 1961)

**Intro: G Em (x2)**

---

**Chorus:**

G Em G C

Cupid, draw back your bow, - and let your arrow go;

G D7 G D7

Straight to my lover's heart, for me, for me. (Alt: Nobody but me)

G Em G C

Cupid, please hear my cry, and let your arrow fly;

G D7 C G

Straight to my lover's heart, for me...

---

G D7

Now, I don't mean to bother you, but I'm in distress;

G

There's danger of me losin' all of my happiness.

C

For I love a girl who doesn't know I exist;

D7 G

And this you can fix. So...

(Chorus)

---

G D7

Now, Cupid, if your arrow makes her love strong for me,

G

I promise I will love her until eternity.

C

I know, between the two of us, her heart we can steal;

D7 G

Help me if you will. So...

(Chorus)

---

**Coda:**

G Em G Em

Cupid, don't you hear me, calling you? I need you.

G Em G Em G Em

Cupid, help me, I need you, Cupid, don't fail me...

## THE DANGLING CONVERSATION (PAUL SIMON)

(Intro in E)

D A E D A E  
It's a still life water color, Of a now late after - noon  
And you read your Emily Dickinson And I my Robert Frost  
Yes we speak of things that matter, With words that must be said

D A E A F#m  
As the sun shines through the curtained lace, And shadows wash the room  
And we note our place with bookmarkers, that measure what we've lost  
Can an- al - y - sis be worthwhile, Is the theatre really dead

(F#m) G  
And we sit and drink our coffee, couched in our indifference,  
Like a poem poorly written, we are verses out of rhythm,  
Now the room is softly faded, And I only kiss your shadow,

F# E  
Like shells upon the shore, You can hear the ocean roar,  
Couplets out of rhyme, In syncopated time,  
I cannot feel your hand. You're a stranger now unto me,

D A E A E D  
In the dangling conversation, and the superficial sighs  
And the dangling conversation, and the superficial sighs  
Lost in the dangling conversation, and the superficial sighs

A F#m  
The borders of our lives  
Are the borders of our lives  
In the borders of our lives

G G7 C Cm G Em A7 D7x

G G7 C Cm

Desperado, why don't you come to your senses

G Em A7 D7

You've been out riding fences, for so long - now.

G G7 C Cm

Oh, you're a hard one. I know that you've got your reasons.

G Em A7 D7 G D

These things that are pleasing you can hurt you somehow.

Em Bm C G

Don't you draw the queen of diamonds boy. She'll beat you if she's able.

Em C G D

You know the queen of hearts is always your best bet.

Em Bm C G

Now it seems to me, some fine things have been laid upon your table.

Em A7 Am D

But you only want the ones that you can't get.

G G7 C Cm

Desperado, Oh you ain't getting no younger.

G Em A7 D7

Your pain and your hunger, They're driving you home.

G G7

And freedom, oh freedom.

C Cm

Well, that's just some people talking.

G Em A7 D7 G D  
Your prison is walking through this world all alone.

Em Bm  
Don't your feet get cold in the winter time?

C G  
The sky won't snow and the sun won't shine.

Em C G D  
It's hard to tell the night time from the day.

Em Bm  
And you're losing all your highs and lows

C G Am D D7  
ain't it funny how the feeling goes away...?

G G7 C Cm  
Desperado, why don't you come to your senses?

G Em A7 D7  
come down from your fences, open the gate.

G G7 C Cm  
It may be raining, but there's a rainbow above you.

G Em  
You better let somebody love you.

C Am  
(let somebody love you)

G B7 Em  
You better let somebody love you...ohhh..ooo

Am D7 G G7 C Cm G  
before it's too..oooo.. late.

Capo 1

Em Em/G<sub>b</sub>\* Em 2x \*

Em	Em/G <sub>b</sub> *	Em	C
<u>Well I'll be damned</u>		<u>Here comes your ghost again</u>	
<u>And here I sit</u>		<u>Hand on the telephone</u>	
<u>As I remember your eyes</u>		<u>Were bluer than robin's eggs</u>	
<u>Ten years ago</u>		<u>I bought you some cufflinks</u>	
<u>Well you burst on the scene,</u>		<u>already a legend</u>	
<u>And there you stayed</u>		<u>Temporarily</u>	<u>lost at sea</u>

G    D

But that's not un-usual, it's just that the moon is full  
Hearing a voice I'd known, a couple of light years ago  
My poetry was lousy you said. Where are you calling from?  
You brought me something. We both know what memories can bring  
The unwashed phenomenon, the original vagabond  
The Madonna was yours for free. Yes the girl on the half-shell

Em   Em/G<sub>b</sub>\* Em

And you happened to call  
Heading straight for a fall  
A booth in the Midwest  
They bring diamonds and rust  
You strayed into my arms  
Would keep you unharmed

\* The Em/G<sub>b</sub> chord is done by using your little finger to pluck the G<sub>b</sub> on the second fret of the bottom E string.

---

**Bridge:**

Bm

**Now I see you standing with brown leaves falling around**

Am                    Bm

**And snow in your hair. Now you're smiling out the window**

Am

**of that crummy hotel over Washington Square**

C

G

**Our breath comes out white clouds mingles and hangs in the air**

Fmaj7

G      B7

**Speaking strictly for me we both could have died then and there**

---

**Em Em/Gb Em 2x**

Em

Em/Gb\* Em

**Now you're telling me**

**Because I need some of that vagueness now**

C

**You're not nos-talgic  
It's all come back too clearly**

G

D

**Then give me another word for it you who are so good with words**

**Yes I loved you dearly And if you're offering me diamonds and rust**

Em Em/Gb\* Em

**And at keeping things vague**

**I've already paid**

## DEAD FLOWERS (MICK JAGGER, KEITH RICHARDS, 1971)

Intro: Dsus2 D A G D

D A G D  
Well, when you're sittin' there, in your silk upholstered chair

D A G D  
Talkin' to some rich folk that you know

D A G D  
Well, I hope you won't see me, in my ragged company

D A G D  
cause you know I could never be alone

---

Chorus:

A D  
Take me down little Suzie, take me down

A D  
I know you think you're the queen of the underground

G D Dsus4 D Dsus2  
You can send me dead flowers every morning

G D Dsus4 D Dsus2  
Send me dead flowers by the mail

G D Dsus4 D Dsus2  
Send me dead flowers at my wedding

D A G D  
And I won't forget to put roses on your grave

---

D A G D  
Well, when you're sittin' back in your rose-pink Cadillac

D A G D  
Makin' bets on Kentucky Derby day

D A G D  
Well, I'll be in my basement room with a needle and a spoon

D A G D  
And another girl can take my pain away (Chorus)

---

(Optional Instrumental, followed by a final Chorus)

## DIMMING OF THE DAY (RICHARD THOMPSON, 1975)

G D  
This old house is falling down around my ears

C G D  
I'm drowning in a river of my tears

G D  
When all my will is gone, you hold me sway

C G D G  
I need you at the dimming of the day.

D A  
You pull me like the moon pulls on the tide

D A D G C  
You know just where I keep my better side-----

---

G D  
What days have come to keep us far apart?

C G D  
A broken promise or a broken heart

G D  
Now all the morning birds have wheeled away

C G D G  
I need you at the dimming of the day

D A  
Come the night you're only what I want

D A D G C  
Come the night you could be my confidant-----

---

G D  
I see you on the street and in company

C G D  
Why don't you come and ease your mind with me?

G D  
I'm living for the night we steal away

C G D G  
I need you at the dimming of the day

C G D G  
I need you at the dimming of the day

## DON'T LET THE SUN CATCH YOU CRYING

(Gerry Marsden, Freddie Marsden, Les Chadwick and Les Maguire, 1964)

Intro: CM7 FM7 2x

(Note: CM7 & FM7 mean CMaj7 & FMaj7)

---

CM7            FM7            CM7 FM7 CM7            FM7            G            G7

Don't let the sun catch you cryin'.        The night's the time for all your tears

Am            Em            Am            Em

Your heart may be broken tonight, but tomorrow in the morning light

FM7            G            CM7 FM7 CM7 FM7

Don't let the sun catch you cryin'

---

CM7            FM7            CM7 FM7 CM7            FM7            G            G7

The night-time shadows disappear,        and with them go all your tears

Am            Em            Am            Em

For the morning will bring joy for every girl and boy

FM7            G            CM7 FM7 CM7 FM7

So don't let the sun catch you cryin'

G            Am

We know that crying's not a bad thing,

FM7            G

but stop your cryin' when the birds sing

---

CM7            FM7            CM7 FM7 CM7            FM7            G            G7

It may be hard to discover,        that you've been left for another

Am            Em            Am            Em

But don't forget that love's a game, and it can always come again

FM7            G            CM7 FM7            G            CM7            FM7

Oh, don't let the sun catch you cryin'. Don't let the sun catch you cryin', oh no

CM7

Oh, oh, oh

## DRAFT DODGER RAG (PHIL OCHS, 1965)

D

E

I'm just a typical American boy from a typical American town.

A7

D

I believe in God and Senator Dodd and in keeping old Castro down.

D

E

And when it came my time to serve, I knew better dead than red.

A7

D

But when I got to my old draft board, buddy this is what I said:

Chorus:

D

E

Sarge, I'm only eighteen, I got a ruptured spleen, And I always carry a purse.

A7

D

I got eyes like a bat, and my feet are flat, and my asthma's getting worse.

D

E

Oh, think of my career, my sweetheart dear, my poor old invalid aunt.

A7

D

Besides, I ain't no fool, I'm going to school, And I'm working in a defense plant.

---

I got a dislocated disc, and a racked up back, I'm allergic to flowers and bugs,  
And when the bombshell hits, I get epileptic fits  
And I'm addicted to a thousand drugs.

I got the weakness woes, I can't touch my toes, I can hardly reach my knees.  
And if the enemy came close to me, I'd probably start to sneeze. (Chorus)

---

I hate Chou En Lai and I hope he dies, but one thing you gotta see,  
That someone's gotta go over there, and that someone isn't me.  
So, I wish you well, Sarge, give 'em hell, Yeah, kill me a thousand or so.  
And if you ever get a war without blood and gore,  
Well, I'll be the first to go. (Chorus)

## EARLY MORNING RAIN (GORDON LIGHTFOOT, 1964)

D                    A    G                    D

In the early morning rain with a dollar in my hand

(D)                    Em                    A    G            D

With an aching in my heart and my pockets full of sand

(D)                    A                    G                    D

I'm a long way from home and I miss my loved ones so

(D)                    A                    G                    D

In the early morning rain with no place to go

Out on runway number nine, big "707" set to go

But I'm stuck here on the grass where the cold wind blows

Well the liquor tasted good and the days flew by so fast

There she goes, my friend, she's rollin' now at last

Hear the mighty engines roar, see the silver wings on high

She's away and westward bound, far above the clouds she'll fly

Where the mornin' rain don't fall and the sun always shines

She'll be flyin' o'er my home in about three hours time

Well this old airport's got me down, it's no earthly good to me

'Cause I'm stuck here on the ground, cold and drunk as I can be

You can't jump a jet plane like you can a freight train

So I best be on my way in the early mornin' rain.

## Elusive Butterfly (of Love) (Bob Lind, 1965) (C alternates with CM7)

C G7

You might wake up some morning

C

To the sound of something moving past your window in the wind

G7 F

And if you're quick enough to rise,

G7 F C

you'll catch a fleeting glimpse of someone's fading shadow

G7 C

Out on the new horizon, you may see the floating motion of a distant pair of wings

G7 F

And if the sleep has left your ears,

G7 F C

you might hear footsteps running through an open meadow

---

Chorus:

C G7 F C

Don't be concerned, it will not harm you.

G7 F C

It's only me pursuing something I'm not sure of

G7 F C

Across my dreams - with nets of wonder,

G7 F C

I chase the bright elusive butterfly of love

You might have heard my footsteps,

Echo softly in the distance through the canyons of your mind.

I might have even called your name

As I ran searching after something to believe in.

You might have seen me running

Through the long-abandoned ruins of the dreams you left behind.

If you remember something there

That glided past you followed close by heavy breathing (Chorus)

Across my dreams with nets of wonder

I chase the bright elusive butterfly of love

## FIELDS OF GOLD (STING, 1993)

C Am F C  
You'll remember me when the west wind moves upon the fields of barley

Am F C F G Am7 F C  
You'll forget the sun in his jealous sky as we walk in the fields of gold

---

So, she took her love, for to gaze awhile, upon the fields of barley  
In his arms she fell as her hair came down, among the fields of gold

---

Will you stay with me, will you be my love among the fields of barley?  
We'll forget the sun in his jealous sky as we lie in the fields of gold

---

See the west wind move like a lover so upon the fields of barley  
Feel her body rise when you kiss her mouth among the fields of gold

---

Bridge:

F C F C  
I never made promises lightly. And there have been some that I've broken

F C F/A G C  
But I swear in the days still left we'll walk in fields of gold

F/A G C  
We'll walk in fields of gold

---

(Instrumental)

---

Many years have passed since those summer days among the fields of barley  
See the children run as the sun goes down Among the fields of gold

---

You'll remember me when the west wind moves Upon the fields of barley  
You can tell the sun in his jealous sky When we walked in fields of gold

---

F/A G C  
When we walked in fields of gold

F/A G  
When we walked in fields of gold

## FIRE AND RAIN (JAMES TAYLOR, 1968) \*

Intro: A G D A A E G A

Em D A

Just yesterday morning they let me know you were gone

E G

Suzanne, the plans they made put an end to you

A Em D A

I walked out this morning and I wrote down this song

E G D

I just can't remember who to send it to

---

Chorus:

D Bm A Asus2 A

I've seen fire and I've seen rain

D Bm A

I've seen sunny days that I thought would never end

D Bm A

I've seen lonely times when I could not find a friend

G Em A A7

But I always thought I'd see you again

---

Won't you look down upon me, Jesus, you've got to help me make a stand

You've just got to see me through another day

My body's aching and my time is at hand

And I just won't make it any other way (Chorus)

Now I'm walking my mind to an easy time, my back turned towards the sun

Lord knows when the cold wind blows, it'll turn your head around

There's hours of time in the telephone line to talk about things to come

Sweet dreams and flying machines in pieces on the ground (Chorus)

\*Taylor wrote "Fire and Rain" in 1968. The song has three verses. One is about a friend who committed suicide, another is about Taylor's addiction to heroin, the third refers to a mental hospital and a band Taylor started called The Flying Machine. From [www.npr.org](http://www.npr.org)

**FIVE FOOT TWO (RAY HENDERSON, SAM M. LEWIS, JOSEPH W. YOUNG, 1925) \***  
**(Public Domain)**

C                  E7

Five foot two, eyes of blue,

A7

Oh, what those five feet can do!

F                  G                  C    Dm7    G7

Has anybody seen my gal?

C                  E7

Turned up nose, turned down hose

A7

Flapper? Yes, sir, one of those.

---

**Chorus:**

F                  G                  C    F    C

Has anybody seen my gal?

---

**Bridge:**

E7                                      A7

Now, if you run into a five foot two, all covered with fur,

D7                                      G                              Dm7    G7  
Diamond rings and all those things, bet your life it isn't her.

C                  E7

But could she love, could she woo,

A7

Could she, could she, could she coo?

---

**Outro:**

F                  G                  C    A7

Has anybody seen my gal?

F                  G                  C    F    C

Has anybody seen my gal?

\*Chord structure simplified for singalongs

## FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH (STEPHEN STILLS, 1966)

Intro: E A E A

E A E A  
There's something happening here. What it is ain't exactly clear.

E A E A  
There's a man with a gun over there, A-tellin' me I've got to beware.

---

Chorus:

E D  
I think it's time we stop. Children, what's that sound?

A C  
Everybody look what's goin' down.

E A E A

---

E A E A  
There's battle lines being drawn. Nobody's right if everybody's wrong.

E A  
Young people speaking their minds

E A  
A-gettin' so much resistance from behind. (Chorus)

E A G E A G  
What a field day for the heat. A thousand people in the street

E A G  
Singin' songs and a-carrying signs,

E A G  
mostly saying hooray for our side. (Chorus)

E A E A  
Paranoia strikes deep. Into your life it will creep.

E A  
It starts when you're always afraid.

E A  
Step out of line, the men come and take you away. (Chorus)

## FRIEND OF THE DEVIL (ROBERT HUNTER, 1970)

G C  
I lit out from Reno, I was trailed by twenty hounds

G C  
Didn't get to sleep last night 'til the morning came around.

---

**Chorus:**

D Am  
Set out runnin' but I take my time; A friend of the devil is a friend of mine  
D Am C D  
If I get home before daylight, I just might get some sleep tonight.

---

G C  
Ran into the devil, babe, he loaned me twenty bills

G C  
I spent the night in Utah in a cave up in the hills. (Chorus)

G C  
I ran down to the levee but the devil caught me there

G C  
He took my twenty dollar bill and vanished in the air (Chorus)

D  
Got two reasons why I cry away each lonely night,  
C  
The first one's named Sweet Anne Marie, and she's my hearts delight.

D  
The second one is prison, babe, the sheriff's on my trail,

Am C D  
And if he catches up with me, I'll spend my life in jail.

G C  
Got a wife in Chino, babe, and one in Cherokee

G C  
The first one says she's got my child, but it don't look like me. (Chorus)

---

Solo: G C G C D Am D Am C D

(Repeat previous verse & Chorus)

## GENTLE ARMS OF EDEN (TRACY GRAMMAR & DAVE CARTER, 2002)

(Intro) A G D ... A G D . . . G D G A

A            G            D            A            G            D  
On        a    sleepy    endless    ocean    when the world lay    in    a dream  
Then      the    day shone    bright and rounder    'til    the    one turned into    two  
Then      all    the    sky    was buzzing, and the ground was carpet green  
Now there's smoke    a-cross the harbor and there's factories    on the shore

G            D            G            D            Em            G  
There was rhythm    in    the    splash and roll    but    not a voice to sing  
And the two    in -to ten thousand things and old things into new  
And the wary    children of the woods went dancing in be-tween  
And the world is ill with greed and will and enterprise of war

A            G            D            A            G            D  
So the moon fell on the breakers and the morning    warmed the waves  
And    on some virgin beach head one lone-some critter    crawled  
And the people    sang re-joicing when the fields were glad with grain  
But    I will    lay my burdens in the cradle    of    your grace

G            D            G            D            Bm            A  
'Til a single cell did jump and hum for joy as though to say  
And he looked a-bout and shouted out in his most astonished drawl  
This song of cele - bration from their cities on the plain  
And the shining beaches of your love and the sea of your em-brace

---

Chorus:

D            G            D  
This is my home. This is my only home

G            Bm            A  
This is the only sacred ground that I have ever known

D            G    D    Bm  
And should I stray, in the dark night alone

G            D    Bm    G    A    D  
Rock me Goddess in the gentle arms of Eden

(Repeat last chorus line on last chorus)

## GENTLE ON MY MIND (JOHN HARTFORD, 1967)

C CMaj7 C CMaj7 F G7 F G7

It's knowing that your door is always open, and your path is free to walk

F G7 F G7 C

That makes me tend to leave my sleeping bag rolled up and stashed behind your couch

CMaj7 C CMaj7

And it's knowing I'm not shackled, by forgotten words and bonds

C CMaj7 F G7 F G7

And the ink stains that have dried upon some line

F G7 F G7

That keeps you in the back roads, by the rivers of my memory

F G7 C

That keeps you ever gentle on my mind

It's not clinging to the rocks and ivy planted on their columns now that bind 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 moving on the back roads 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 crying 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 till I'm blind But not to where I cannot see

You walking on the back roads By the rivers flowing gentle on my mind

I dip my cup of soup back from a gurgling crackling cauldron in some train yard

My beard a rustling coal pile and a dirty hat pulled low across my face.

Through cupped hands 'round a tin can I pretend to hold you to my breast & find

That you're waiting in the back roads by the rivers of my memory

Ever smiling, ever gentle on my mind

## GET TOGETHER (CHET POWERS (DINO VALENTI), 1966)

Intro: A G (x3)

A G

Love is but the song we sing, fear's the way we die.

A G

You can make the mountains ring, or make the angels cry.

A G

Though the bird is on the wing, and you may not know why.

Chorus:

D E

C'mon people now, smile on your brother,

A D E A

everybody get together, try to love one another right now.

A G

Some may come and some may go, we will surely pass.

A G

When the one that left us here, returns for us at last.

A G

We are but a moments sunlight, fading in the grass. (Chorus)

(Instrumental Solo) (Chorus)

A G

If you hear the song I sing, you will understand... listen (whispered)

A G

You hold the key to love and fear, all in your trembling hand.

A G

Just one key unlocks them both; It's there at your command. (Chorus)

Outro:

D E

C'mon people now, smile on your brother,

A D

everybody get together, try to love one

E A

another right now.

A

Right now, right now...

## GOOD TIME CHARLIE'S GOT THE BLUES (DANNY O'KEEFE, 1972)

G

C

Everybody's gone away. Said they're moving' to L.A.

D7

G

There's not a soul I know around. Everybody's leaving' town!

(G)

C

Some caught a freight. Some caught a plane. Find the sunshine, leave the rain.

D7

They said "This town will waste your time".

G

I guess they're right, it's wasting mine!

---

Chorus:

G

CMaj7 Am

Some gotta win! Some gotta lose!

D7

G

Good time Charlie's got the blues!

---

G

C

You know my heart keeps telling me, You're not a kid at thirty-three.

D7

G

You play around you'll lose your wife. You play too long you'll lose your life!

G

C

I've got my pills to ease the pain, can't find a friend to ease the rain.

D7

G

I know I should try and settle down. Everybody's leaving town.

(Chorus)

## Grandma's Feather Bed (Jim Connor, ~1973) \*

G C G D  
When I was a little bitty boy just up off the floor,  
After supper we'd sit around the fire The old folks spit and chew  
Well, I love my ma, I love my pa, I love Granny and Grandpa too

G C  
We used to go down to Grandma's house  
Pa would talk about the farm and the war  
Been fishing with my uncle, wrestled with my cousin

G D G C  
Every month end or so. We'd have chicken pie, country ham  
And Grandma'd sing a ballad or two. I'd sit and listen and watch the fire  
And I even kissed aunt Sue (foo!) But if I ever had to make a choice

G D  
Homemade butter on the bread  
Till the cobwebs filled my head  
I think it oughta be said

G C  
But the best darn thing about Grandma's house  
Next thing I'd know I'd wake up in the morn'  
That I'd trade them all plus the gal down the road

D G  
Was the great big feather bed  
In the middle of the old feather bed  
For Grandma's feather bed

---

Chorus:

G C G  
It was nine feet high, six feet wide, soft as a downy chick

G C  
It was made of the feathers of forty-eleven geese

G D  
Took a whole bolt of cloth for the tick

G C  
It could hold eight kids, four hound dogs

G D  
And the piggy that we stole from the shed (oink, oink!)

G C  
Didn't get much sleep but we had a lot of fun

D G  
On Grandma's feather bed

---

\* Recorded by John Denver

## HALLELUJAH (LEONARD COHEN, 1984)

(Intro) C G C G

C Am C Am

Now I heard there was a secret chord, that David played and it pleased the Lord  
Your faith was strong but you needed proof You saw her bathing on the roof  
You say I took the name in vain, I don't even know the name  
Well, maybe there's a God above; as for me all I've ever learned from love  
There was a time you let me know what's really going on below  
I did my best, it wasn't much, I couldn't feel, so I tried to touch

F C F G

But you don't really care for music do ya? It goes like this the fourth the fifth  
Her beauty and the moonlight overthrew ya She tied you to a kitchen chair  
But if I did, well really, what's it to ya? There's a blaze of light in every word  
Is how to shoot somebody who outdrew you. But it's not a crime you're here tonight  
But now you never show it to me, do you? And I remember when I moved in you  
I've told the truth, I didn't come to fool ya, And even though it all went wrong

Am F G E Am

the minor fall and the major lift, the baffled king composing hallelujah  
She broke your throne, & she cut your hair & from your lips she drew the hallelujah  
It doesn't matter which you heard, The holy or the broken Hallelujah  
It's not some pilgrim who claims to have seen the Light;

No, it's a cold and it's a very broken Hallelujah  
& the holy dove she was moving too & every single breath we drew was Hallelujah  
I'll stand before the Lord of Song, With nothing on my tongue but Hallelujah

---

Chorus:

F Am F C G C G  
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah

Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah

## HARVEST MOON (NEIL YOUNG, 1992)

Intro: D Bm DM7 4x (DM7=DMaj7)  
(Capo 3)

---

G D Bm DM7 D Bm DM7  
Come a little bit closer, hear what I have to say

G D Bm DM7 D Bm DM7  
Just like children sleeping, we could dream this night away.

G D Bm DM7 D Bm DM7  
But there's a full moon rising; Let's go dancing in the light

G D Bm DM7 D Bm DM7  
We know where the music's playing; Let's go out and feel the night.

---

Chorus:

G A Em  
Because I'm still in love with you, I want to see you dance again

G A D Bm DM7 D Bm DM7  
Because I'm still in love with you, on this harvest moon.

---

G D Bm DM7 D Bm DM7  
When we were strangers, I watched you from afar

G D Bm DM7 D Bm DM7  
When we were lovers, I loved you with all my heart.

G D Bm DM7 D Bm DM7  
But now it's getting late, and the moon is climbing high

G D Bm DM7 D Bm DM7  
I want to celebrate, see it shining in your eye. (Chorus)  
(Harmonica Solo)

---

G A Em  
Because I'm still in love with you, I want to see you dance again

G A D Bm DM7 D Bm DM7  
Because I'm still in love with you, on this harvest moon.

## HAVE YOU EVER SEEN THE RAIN? (JOHN FOGERTY, 1971)

Intro: Am F/C C G C

C

Someone told me long ago

C G

There's a calm before the storm, I know

C

It's been coming for some time

C

When it's over, so they say

C G

It'll rain a sunny day, I know

C

Shining down like water

---

Chorus:

F G C Am

I wanna know, have you ever seen the rain

F G C Am

I wanna know, have you ever seen the rain

F G C

Coming down on a sunny day

---

C

Yesterday and days before

C G

Sun is cold and rain is hard, I know

C

Been that way for all my time 'til forever on it goes

C G

Through the circle fast and slow, I know

C

It can't stop, I wonder

(Chorus Twice)

---

## HELPLESSLY HOPING (STEPHEN STILLS, 1969)

Am7 C G D

Helplessly hoping, her harlequin hovers near-by, awaiting a word.

Am7 C G D

Gasping at glimpses of gentle true spirit he runs, wishing he could fly

Am7 C G C/G D

only to trip at the sound of good-bye...

---

Am7 C

Wordlessly watching he waits by the window

G D

and wonders at the empty place in-side

Am7 C G

Heartlessly helping him-self to her bad dreams he worries did he hear

D Am7 C G C/G

a goodbye or even... hel-lo?

---

Chorus:

G C/G G C/G G C/G

They are one person, they are two a-lone, they are three to-gether, they

G Dm/F C G C/G G

are for . . . each other

---

Am7 C G

Stand by the stairway you'll see something certain to tell you

D

confusion has its cost.

Am7 C G

Love isn't lying it's loose in a lady who lingers,

D Am7 C C/G

saying she is lost and choking . . . on hel-lo.

(Chorus)

Intro: Dm7 G7 C CMaj7 C6

C CMaj7 C7  
 See the tree, how big it's grown, but friend it hasn't been too long,  
 Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7  
 it wasn't big. I laughed at her and she got mad,

Dm7 G7 C CMaj7 C6  
the first day that she planted it, was just a twig.

C CMaj7 C7  
 Then the first snow came, and she ran out to brush the snow away,

Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7  
 so it wouldn't die. Came running in all excited,

Dm7 G7 C CMaj7 C6  
slipped and almost hurt herself, and I laughed till I cried.

C CMaj7 C7  
 She was always young at heart, kinda dumb and kinda smart,

Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7  
 and I loved her so. And I surprised her with a puppy,

Dm7 G7 C CMaj7 C6  
kept me up all Christmas Eve, two years ago.

C CMaj7 C7  
 And it would sure embarrass her, when I came in from workin' late,  
 Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7  
 'cause I would know. That she'd been sitting there and cryin',

Dm7 G7 C CMaj7  
Over some sad and silly, late, late show.

Chorus:

C6 Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7 C CMaj7  
 And honey, I miss you, and I'm being good.

C6 Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7 C CMaj7 C6  
 And I'd love to be with you, if only I could.

\* Recorded by Bobby Goldsboro. Key change eliminated for simplicity. You can substitute Am for C6

C CMaj7 C7  
She wrecked the car and she was sad, and so afraid that I'd be mad,

Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7  
but what the heck. Though I pretended hard to be,

Dm7 G7 C CMaj7 C6  
guess you could say she saw through me, and hugged my neck.

---

C CMaj7 C7  
I came home unexpectedly, and caught her cryin' needlessly,

Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7  
in the middle of the day. And it was in the early spring,

Dm7 G7 C CMaj7  
when flowers bloom and robins sing, she went away. (Chorus)

---

C CMaj7 C7  
One day while I was not at home, while she was there and all alone,

Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7  
the angels came. Now all I have is memories,

Dm7 G7 C CMaj7 C6  
of Honey and I wake up nights, and call her name.

---

C CMaj7 C7  
Now my life's an empty stage, where Honey lived and Honey played,

Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7  
and love grew up. And a small cloud passes overhead,

Dm7 G7 C CMaj7 C6  
and cries down on the flower bed, that Honey loved.

---

(Repeat first verse and fade out)

## HOMEWARD BOUND (PAUL SIMON. 1965) \*

C Em Gm6 A7

I'm sitting in the railway station, Got a ticket for my destination,

Dm B<sub>b</sub>

On a tour of one-night stands, my suitcase and guitar in hand

C G7 C

And every stop is neatly planned for a poet and a one-man band.

---

Chorus:

C F C

Homeward Bound, I wish I was,

(C) F C Dm C B<sub>b</sub> F

Homeward Bound, Home where my thought's es-cap-ing,

C Dm C B<sub>b</sub> F

Home where my mu-sic's playing,

C Dm C B<sub>b</sub> F G7 C

Home where my love lies waiting, silently for me.

---

Every day's an endless stream of cigarettes and magazines.

And each town looks the same to me, the movies and the factories

And every stranger's face I see reminds me that I long to be,

Homeward Bound, I wish I was,

Homeward Bound, Home where my thought's escaping,

Home where my music's playing, Home where my love lies waiting

Silently for me

---

Tonight I'll sing my songs again, I'll play the game and pretend.

But all my words come back to me in shades of mediocrity

Like emptiness in harmony I need someone to comfort me.

Homeward Bound I wish I was,

Homeward Bound, Home where my thought's escaping,

Home where my music's playing, Home where my love lies waiting

Silently for me

C7 C

Silently for me

## I CAN SEE CLEARLY Now (JOHNNY NASH, 1993)

D            G            D                                  (Backup Singers)

I can see clearly now the rain is gone

D            G            A

I can see all obstacles in my way

D            G            D

Gone are the dark clouds that had me blind

---

### Chorus:

C                      G                                      D  
It's gonna be a bright, (bright) bright, (bright) sun shiny day

C                      G                                      D  
It's gonna be a bright, (bright) bright, (bright) sun shiny day

---

D            G            D

I think I can make it now the pain is gone,

D            G            A

All of the bad feelings have disappeared.

D            G            D

Here is the rainbow I've been praying for.

D            C            G                                      D  
It's gonna be a bright, (bright) bright, (bright) sun shiny day

---

### Bridge:

F                              C

Look all around, there's nothing but blue skies

F                              A7                              C#m G C#m G C Bm A

Look straight ahead, there's nothing but blue skies

---

D            G            D

I can see clearly now the rain is gone

D            G            A

I can see all obstacles in my way

D            G            D

Gone are the dark clouds that had me blind

---

**End with two Choruses**

## I SURE Do Miss You Now (CRAIG FULLER, IRENE KELLY, 2005)

Intro: G D G Asus4 D

D Bm  
I used to be so certain back in my younger days

G Asus4  
That I would live forever, never have to change my ways  
D Bm  
I thought your love was something there at my beck and call  
G Asus4 D  
Nobody could have told me that was pride, right before the fall

---

Chorus:

G Asus4 D  
But I sure do miss you now

G Asus4\* Bm  
Morning 'til the sun goes down

G Asus4 D C D A G  
I believed beyond a doubt, when the time was right you'd be around

Em7 D G Asus4 D  
But the only thing I'm sure about tonight is I sure do miss you now

---

Instrumental:

D G Asus4

D Bm  
And I don't know why I left you, or what I thought I'd find

G Asus4  
But sad goodbyes and memories didn't fade away with time

D Bm  
'Cause even now I see you standing at your door

G Asus4 D  
You told me I was lying when I said, I don't love you anymore (Chorus)

---

Instrumental:

D G Asus4 D (Chorus)

Outro: G Asus4 D C D A G  
I believed beyond a doubt, when the time was right you'd be around

Em7 D G Asus4 D  
But the only thing I'm sure about tonight is I sure do miss you now

## I'LL NEVER FIND ANOTHER You (TOM SPRINGFIELD, 1964) \*

C F G x4

C F D7 G7

There's a new world somewhere, they call the promised land,  
If they gave me a fortune, my pleasure would be small,

C Em F G

And I'll be there someday, if you will hold my hand.  
I could lose it all tomorrow, and never mind at all.

Am F G F Em

I still need you there be-side me, no matter what I do,  
But if I should lose your love, dear, I don't know what I'd do,

F C F Dm G C F C

For I know I'll never find another you.

For I know I'll never find another you. (Go to Coda)

---

C F D7 G7

There is always someone for each of us they say,

C Em F G

And you'll be my someone forever and a day.

Am F G F Em

I could search the whole world over, until my life is through

F C F Dm G C F C

But I know I'll never find another you.

G Am F C F C

It's a long, long, journey, so stay by my side.

C Am G F C F G7

When I walk through the storm you'll be my guide, be my guide

---

Coda:

C F D7 G7 C Em F G (Break melody is first two lines of song )

Am F G F Em

But if I should lose your love, dear, I don't know what I'd do,

F C F Dm G7 C F G

For I know I'll never find another you.

C F G7 C F C

Another you . . . Another you

\*Recorded by The Seekers

## **IF I WERE A CARPENTER (TIM HARDIN, 1966)**

**Intro: D C G D 2x**

D            C            G            D  
If I were a carpenter, and you were a lady

C            G            D  
Would you marry me anyway? would you have my baby?

D            C            G            D  
If a tinker were my trade, would you still find me?

C            G            D  
Carrying the pots I made, following behind me?

C            D            C            D  
Save my love for loneliness, save my love for sorrow

C            G            D  
I give you my only-ness, come give me your tomorrow

D            C            G            D  
If I worked my hands in wood, would you still love me?

C            G            D  
Answer me, babe: yes I would, - I'd put you above me

D            C            G            D  
If I were a miller, - at a mill wheel grinding

C            G            D  
Would you miss your colored blouse, - your soft shoes shining

**Instrumental: D C G D C G D**

D            C            G            D  
If I were a carpenter, - and you were a lady

C            G            D  
Would you marry me anyway? - Would you have my baby?

C            G            D  
Would you marry me anyway? - would you have my baby?

## IMAGINE (JOHN LENNON, 1971)\*

Intro:

| C CM7 | F | (CM7 is CMaj7)  
| C CM7 | F |

---

C CM7 F C CM7 F  
Imagine there's no heaven; It's easy if you try

C CM7 F C CM7 F  
No hell below us, - above us only sky

---

Bridge1:

F Am Dm7 F/C G G7  
Imagine all the people - living for to - day a-hah

---

C CM7 F C CM7 F  
Imagine there's no countries; - It isn't hard to do

C CM7 F C CM7 F  
Nothing to kill or die for; And no religion too

---

Bridge2:

F Am/E Dm7 F/C G G7  
Imagine all the people, - living life in peace - you-hou-hou-ou-ou

---

Chorus:

F G C CM7 E7 F G C CM7 E7  
You may say I'm a dreamer But I'm not the only one

F G C CM7 E7 F G C  
I hope some day you'll join us; And the world will be as one

---

C CM7 F C CM7 F  
Imagine no pos - sessions. - I wonder if you can

C CM7 F C CM7 F  
No need for greed or hunger; - A brotherhood of man

---

Bridge3:

F Am/E Dm7 F/C G G7  
Imagine all the people - , sharing all the world - you-hou-hou-ou (Chorus)

\* Chord structure simplified for singalongs

G F

If you could read my mind love, what a tale my thoughts could tell

G F

Just like an old time movie, - 'bout a ghost from a wishin' well

G G7 C D Em

In a castle dark or a fortress strong, With chains upon my feet

C G C G/B

You know that ghost is me. And I will never be set free

Am7 D G

As long as I'm a ghost that you can't see

---

(Optional Instrumental in G)

G F

If I could read your mind love, - What a tale your thoughts could tell

G F

Just like a paperback novel, - the kind that drugstores sell

G G7 C

When you reach the part where the heartaches come

D Em C G

The hero would be me, but heroes often fail

C G/B Am7 D G

And you won't read that book again because the ending's just too hard to take

---

(Optional Instrumental: G F G F)

**Bridge:**

G            G7            C                      D                      Em  
I'd walk away like a movie star who gets burned in a three-way script

C            G            C                      G/B  
Enter number two: A movie queen to play the scene

Am7            D                      Em            C                      G/B  
Of bringing all the good things out in me. But for now, love, let's be real

C                      G/B                      Am7            D  
I never thought I could act this way and I've got to say that I just don't get it

C                      G/B                      Am7  
I don't know where we went wrong, but the feeling's gone

D                      G  
And I just can't get it back

---

G                      F  
If you could read my mind love, what a tale my thoughts could tell

G                      F                              G  
Just like an old time movie, 'bout a ghost from a wishing well

(G)            G7            C                      D                      Em  
In a castle dark or a fortress strong, with chains upon my feet

C                      G                    C                      G/B  
But stories always end. And if you read be-tween the lines

Am7            D                      Em            C                      G/B  
You'll know that I'm just trying to understand, the feelings that you lack

C                      G/B                      Am7            D  
I never thought I could feel this way, and I've got to say that I just don't get it

C                      G/B                      Am7  
I don't know where we went wrong, but the feelings gone

D                      G                    F                    G  
And I just can't get it back

## **IT DOESN'T MATTER ANY MORE (BUDDY HOLLY, PAUL ANKA, 1959) \***

**G**

**There you go and baby, here am I.**

**D**

**Well, you left me here so I could sit and cry.**

**G**

**Well, golly gee, what have you done to me?**

**D7**

**G**

**I guess it doesn't matter any more**

**Do you remember baby, last September?**

**How you held me tight, each and every night**

**Well, oh baby, how you drove me crazy**

**I guess it doesn't matter any more**

---

**Chorus:**

**Em**

**G**

**There's no use in me a-cryin'.**

**D7 G**

**D7 G**

**I've done everything and I'm sick of tryin'.**

**A7**

**I've thrown away my nights,**

**A7**

**D7 | D7 | D7 | D7**

**Wasted all my days over you**

---

**G**

**Now you go your way and I'll go mine**

**D7**

**Now and forever till the end of time**

**G**

**I'll find somebody new and baby, we'll say we're through**

**D7**

**G**

**And you won't matter anymore**

**(Chorus)**

**(Repeat last verse)**

---

**D7**

**G**

**And you won't matter anymore**

\*Released about a month before Buddy Holly's death in a plane crash. Paul Anka donated all his composer royalties to Buddy Holly's widow.

## IT'S ALL OVER Now (BOBBY WOMACK & SHIRLEY WOMACK, 1964) \*

Intro

G F C D G F C D

G

Well, baby used to stay out all night long,  
She made me cry, she done me wrong.  
She hurt my eyes open, that's no lie,  
Table's turned and now her turn to cry..

---

Chorus:

D                   C                   G

Because I used to love her, but it's all over now.

D                   C                   G

Because I used to love her, but it's all over now.

---

G

Well, she used to run around with every man in town,  
She spent all my money, playing her high class game.  
She put me out, it was a pity how I cried,  
Table's turnin' now it's her turn to cry...                   (Chorus)

---

Guitar solo (24 bars in G)

G

I used to wake in the morning, get my breakfast in bed.  
When I got worried, she would ease my aching head.  
But now she's here and there, with every man in town,  
still trying to take me for that same old clown.

D                   C                   G

Because I used to love her, but it's all over now.

D                   C                   G

Because I used to love her, but it's all over now.(x3)

(guitar chords only) D C G (repeated to end)

\*Recorded by The Rolling Stones

# IT'S ALL RIGHT (CURTIS MAYFIELD, 1963)

Intro:

(*backup singers*)

A D E A D E A D A D A D A      A D E A D E A D A D A D A

---

Chorus: A D E A

Say it's all right (*it's all right*)

D E A D E A

Say it's all right (*it's all right*)

D E A C#m Bm

It's all right, have a good time

E A D E A D E

'Cause it's all right, whoa, it's all right

---

A D E A D E A D E A D E

We're gonna move it slow, when lights are low

A D E C#m Bm

When you move it slow, it sounds like more

E A D E A D E

And it's all right, whoa, it's all right

---

A D E A D E A D E A D E

Now listen to the beat. Kinda pat your feet

A D E C#m Bm E A D E A

You got soul, and everybody knows that it's all right, whoa, it's all right

---

Bridge:

F#m C#m F#m C#m

When you wake up early in the morning, feelin' sad like so many of us do

F#m C#m F#m C#m

Hum a little soul. Make life your goal

Bm C#m Bm E

And surely something's got to come to you And say it's... (Chorus)

---

A A D E A A D E A

Now everybody clap your hands. Give yourself a chance

A C#m Bm E A D E A

You got soul, and everybody knows that it's all right, whoa, it's all right

---

Bridge:

F#m C#m F#m C#m

Someday I'll find me a woman who will love and treat me real nice

F#m C#m F#m C#m

Then my woe's got to go and my love, she will know

Bm C#m Bm E

From morning, noon, and night and she's got to say it's... (Chorus)

## JAMAICA FAREWELL (LORD BURGESS (IRVING BURGIE), 1956) \*

**Intro:** C F G C  
C F G C

---

C F  
Down the way where the nights are gay

C G C  
and the sun shines daily on the mountain top

C F C G C  
**I took a trip on a sailing ship and when I reached Jamaica, I made a stop**

---

**Chorus:**

C F G C  
**But I'm sad to say, I'm on my way; Won't be back for many a day**

C F  
**My heart is down, my head is turning around**

C G C  
**I had to leave a little girl in Kingston Town**

---

**Solo:** C F G C  
C F G C

---

C F C G C  
**Sounds of laughter everywhere and the dancing girls swaying to and fro**

C F C G C  
**I must declare my heart is there though I've been from Maine to Mexico (Chorus)**

---

C F C G C  
**Down at the market you can hear ladies cry out while on their heads they bear**

C F C G C  
**Ackee, rice, saltfish are nice and the rum is fine any time of year (Chorus)**

---

(Repeat first verse and final chorus)

---

**Outro:** C F G C

\* Lord Burgess acknowledges that the tune is borrowed from another Jamaican song. Many people, including Harry Belafonte say the song is older. (From Wikipedia.org)

**D – A (8x)**

(Starts with the second half of the Chorus)

**D** **A**  
**Shake, shake, shake, Senora, shake your body line**

**A7** **D**  
**Shake, shake, shake, Senora, shake it all the time**

**A**  
**Work, work, work, Senora, work your body line**

**A7** **D**  
**Work, work, work, Senora, work it all the time**

---

**D** **G** **D** **A**  
**My girl's name is Senora, I tell you friends, I adore her**

**D** **G**  
**And when she dances, oh brother!**

**D** **A**  
**She's a hurricane in all kinds of weather**

---

**Chorus:**

**D** **A** **D** **A**  
**Jump in de line, rock your body in time OK, I believe you!**

**D** **A** **D** **A**  
**Jump in de line, rock your body in time OK, I believe you!**

**D** **A** **D** **A**  
**Jump in de line, rock your body in time OK, I believe you!**

**D** **A** **D** **A**  
**Jump in de line, rock your body in time Whoa!**

\* Recorded by Harry Belafonte

D

A

Shake, shake, shake, Senora, shake your body line

A7

D

Shake, shake, shake, Senora, shake it all the time

A

Work, work, work, Senora, work your body line

A7

D

Work, work, work, Senora, work it all the time

---

D

G

D

A

You can talk about Cha-Cha. Tango, Waltz, or de Rumba

D

G

Senora's dance has no title.

D

A

You jump in the saddle Hold on to de bridle!

(Chorus)

---

D

G

D

A

Senora, she's a sensation. The reason for aviation

D

G

And fellas, you got to watch it.

D

A

When she wind up, she bottom, she go like a rocket!

(Chorus)

---

Instrumental Break

---

D

G

D

A

Senora dances Calypso. Left to right is de tempo

D

G

And when she gets the sensation

D

A

She go up in the air, come down in slow motion

(Chorus)

## JUST BREATHE (EDDIE VETTER, MATT DONALD, 2009)

C G  
Yes, I understand that every life must end, uh-huh

C G  
As we sit alone, I know someday we must go, uh-huh

C G  
Oh I'm a lucky man, to count on both hands the ones I love

C G  
Some folks just have one, yeah, others they've got none, uh-huh

Am F  
Stay with me... Lets just breathe...

C G C G  
Practiced all my sins, never gonna let me win, uh-huh

C G  
Under everything, just another human being, uh-huh

C G  
I don't wanna hurt, there's so much in this world to make me bleed

Am F  
Stay with me - - - You're all I see...

---

Chorus:

G Dm G Dm  
Did I say that I need you? Did I say that I want you?

F Am Dm C G  
Oh, if I didn't, I'm a fool you see. No one knows this more than me

G7  
As I come clean...

---

C G  
I wonder every day, as I look upon your face, uh-huh

C G  
Everything you gave and nothing you would take, uh-huh

Am F  
Nothing you would take, everything you gave... (Chorus)

C G C G

Outro:

Am F  
Nothing you would take, everything you gave

Am F  
Hold me 'till I die Meet you on the other side...

## KISSES SWEETER THAN WINE (PETE SEEGER, LEE HAYS, 1950) \*

Em

When I was a young man and never been kissed

Am Em

I got to thinking over what I had missed

Em

I got me a girl, I kissed her and then

Am Em

Oh Lord, I kissed her again, because

---

Chorus:

Em Am B7

She had - - - Kisses sweeter than wine

Em Am B7

She had Mmm Mmm - - - Kisses sweeter than wine

---

I asked her to marry and be my sweet wife

And we would be so happy the rest of our life

I begged and I pleaded like a natural man

And then, Oh Lord, she gave me her hand

I worked mighty hard and so did my wife

A-working hand in hand to make a good life

With corn in the fields and wheat in the bins

And then, Oh Lord, I was the father of twins

Our children they numbered just about four

And they all had sweethearts knocking at the door

They all got married and they didn't hesitate

I was, Oh Lord, the grandfather of eight

Now that I'm old and ready to go

I get to thinking what happened a long time ago

We had a lot of kids, trouble and pain

But, Oh Lord, I'd do it again

\*This uses the Jimmie Rodgers chord sequence, but does NOT do a half-step key change for simplicity.

(Intro) G F#m Am D G

---

G C  
Every generation, blames the one before

G C  
And all of their frustrations, come beating on your door

F  
I know that I'm a prisoner, to all my father held so dear

Am  
I know that I'm a hostage, to all his hopes and fears

D7 G  
I just wish I could have told him in the living years

---

G C  
Crumpled bits of paper, filled with imperfect thought

G C  
Stilted conversations, I'm afraid that's all we've got

F  
You say you just don't see it, he says it's perfect sense

Am  
You just can't get agreement, in this present tense

D7 G  
We all talk a different language, talking in defense

---

**Chorus:**

G C Am D G  
Say it loud, say it clear. You can listen as well as you hear

G C Am D G  
It's too late when we die, to admit we don't see eye to eye

---

**G**                           **C**  
**So we open up a quarrel, between the present and the past**

**G**                           **C**  
**We only sacrifice the future, it's the bitterness that lasts**

**F**  
**So don't yield to the fortunes, you sometimes see as fate**

**Am**  
**It may have a new perspective, on a different day**

**D7**                           **G**  
**And if you don't give up and don't give in, you may just be okay (Chorus)**

---

**G**                           **C**  
**I wasn't there that morning, when my father passed away**

**G**                           **C**  
**I didn't get to tell him, all the things I had to say**

**F**  
**I think I caught his spirit, later that same year**

**Am**  
**I'm sure I heard his echo, in my baby's new born tears**

**D7**                           **G**  
**I just wish I could have told him in the living years**                           **(Chorus)**

---

**Outro:**

**G**  
**So say it, say it, say it loud, (say it loud) say it loud**

**C**  
**(Say it clear) Come on, say it clear**

**G**  
**(Say it loud) Don't give up, don't give in**

**C**  
**(Say it clear) And don't look back 'til it's too late (Fade)**

## LET'S WORK TOGETHER (WILBERT HARRISON, 1970)

G

Together we'll stand, divided we'll fall.  
Come on now people, let's get on the ball

---

**Chorus:**

C7

G

Let's work together. Come on, come on, Let's work together  
(Now, now people)

D

C

G

Because together we will stand, every boy, every girl and man

---

People, when things go wrong, as they sometimes will  
And the road you travel it stays all uphill                   (Chorus)

---

Oh well now, two or three minutes, two or three hours  
What does it matter now in this life of ours                 (Chorus)

---

Well now, make someone happy, make someone smile  
Let's all work together and make life worthwhile (Chorus)

---

Oh well now, come on you people, walk hand in hand  
Let's make this world of ours a good place to stand       (Chorus)

---

## LONELY PEOPLE (DAN PEEK, CATHERINE PEEK, 1974)

**Intro: G Em Bm G Em Bm D C D G Em C D G**

---

G            Em            Bm            G            Em            Bm D

This is for all the lonely people, thinking that life has passed them by

C            D            G            Em

Don't give up until you drink from the silver cup

C            D            G            D

And ride that highway in the sky

---

G            Em            Bm            G            Em            Bm D

This is for all the single people, thinking that love has left them dry

C            D            G            Em

Don't give up until you drink from the silver cup

C            D            G

You never know until you try

---

**Chorus:**

C    G/B Am            C    G/B Am

Well, I'm on my way. Yes, I'm back to stay

C    G/B Am    D    G    D

Well, I'm on my way back home

---

**(Optional Instrumental) G Em Bm G Em Bm D C D G Em C D G**

---

G            Em            Bm

This is for all the lonely people

G            Em            Bm D

Thinking that life has passed them by

C            D            G            Em

Don't give up until you drink from the silver cup

C            D            G            Em

She'll never take you down or never give you up

C            D            Em

You'll never know until you try.

## LONG, LONG TIME (GARY B. WHITE, 1970) \*

(Capo 1)

F G Am F G C  
Love will a-bide, take things in stride,  
Caught in my fears, Blinking' back the tears,  
Wait for the day, you'll go a-way,

F E7 Am D7 G7  
Sounds like good advice, but there's no one at my side,  
I can't say you hurt me, when you never let me near  
Knowing that you warned me, of the price I'd have to pay,

F G Am F G C  
And time - washes clean, love's wounds un-seen  
And I - never drew, one re-sponse from you  
Life's - full of flaws, who knows the cause

F E7 Am D7 G7  
That's what someone told me, but I don't know what it means,  
All the while you fell, over men you never knew,  
Living in the memory of a love that never was,

F C E7 Am  
'Cause I've done everything I know to try and make you mine,  
'Cause I've done everything I know to try and make you mine,  
'Cause I've done everything I know to try and change your mind,

F C G Am F C G7 C  
And I think I'm - gonna love you - for a long, long time  
And I think it's - gonna hurt me - for a long, long time  
And I think I'm - gonna miss you - for a long, long time

(After third verse -> finish)

F C E7 Am F  
'Cause I've done every thing I know - to try and make you mine,

(F) C G Am F C G7 C  
And I think I'm - gonna love you - for a long, long time

## LOOKIN' OUT MY BACKDOOR (JOHN FOGERTY, 1970)

Intro: G Em C G D G

G Em  
Just got home from Illinois, lock the front door, oh boy

C G D  
Got to sit down, take a rest on the porch

G Em  
Imagination sets in, pretty soon I'm singing

C G D G  
Doo, doo, doo, lookin' out my back door

---

G Em  
There's a giant doing cartwheels, a statue wearing high heels

C G D  
Look at all the happy creatures dancing on the lawn

G Em  
Dinosaur Victrola listening to Buck Owens

C G D G  
Doo, doo, doo, lookin' out my back door

---

Bridge:

D C G  
Tambourines and elephants are playing in the band

Em D  
Won't you take a ride on the flyin' spoon, Doo, doo doo

G Em  
Wondrous apparition pro-vided by magician (First time)  
Bother me tomorrow, to-day I'll find no sorrow (Second time)

C G D G  
Doo, doo, doo, lookin' out my back door

---

Optional Solo (Verse Chords):

G Em C G D G Em C G D G

(Repeat Bridge) (Key change NOT included)

---

G Em  
Forward troubles Illinois, lock the front door, oh boy

C G D  
Look at all the happy creatures dancing on the lawn (Slow Down)

G Em  
Bother me tomorrow, to-day I'll find no sorrow

C G D G  
Doo, doo, doo, lookin' out my back door

## LUCILLE (Roger Bowling, Hal Bynum, 1977) \*

A

E7

In a bar in Toledo across from the depot on a bar stool she took off her ring

Bm

E7

Bm

E7

A

I thought I'd get closer so I walked on over, I sat down and asked her name

(A)

A7

D

When the drinks finally hit her, she said I'm no quitter but I finally quit livin' on dreams

E7

A

I'm hungry for laughter and here ever after I'm after whatever the other life brings

A

E7

In the mirror I saw him and I closely watched him I thought how he looked out of place

Bm

E7

Bm

E7

A

He came to the woman who sat there beside me, he had a strange look on his face

A7

D

The big hands were calloused, he looked like a mountain, for a minute I thought I was dead

E7

A

But he started shaking, his big heart was breaking, he turned to the woman and said:

---

Chorus:

A

D

A

You picked a fine time to leave me Lucille, with four hungry children & a crop in the field

D

I've had some bad times, lived through some sad times,

A

but this time your hurting won't heal

E7

A

You picked a fine time to leave me Lucille

---

A

E7

After he left us, I ordered more whisky, I thought how she'd made him look small

Bm

E7

From the lights of the bar room to a rented hotel room,

Bm

E7

A

we walked without talking at all

A7

D

She was a beauty but when she came to me, she must have thought I'd lost my mind

E7

A

I couldn't hold her 'cos the words that he told her kept coming back time after time (Chorus)

\* Key change omitted for simplicity.

## MARGARITAVILLE (JIMMY BUFFETT, 1977)

D

Nibblin' on sponge cake, watchin' the sun bake

A

All of those tourists covered with oil

A

Strummin' my six string, on my front porch swing

D D7

Smell those shrimp they're beginning to boil

---

**Chorus:**

G A D D7

Wastin' away again in Margaritaville,

G A D D7

searchin' for my lost shaker of salt

G A D A/C# G

Some people claim that there's a woman to blame,

A D (Different chorus end for each verse)

but I know, it's nobody's fault

now I think, hell it could be my fault

but I know, it's my own damn fault

---

Don't know the reason, I stayed here all season

Nothin' to show but this brand-new tattoo

But it's a real beauty, a Mexican cutie

How it got here I haven't a clue

(Chorus)

[Instrumental]

I blew out my flip flop, stepped on a pop top

Cut my heel had to cruise on back home

But there's booze in the blender, and soon it will render

That frozen concoction that helps me hang on

(Chorus)

G A D A/C# G

Yes and, some people claim that there's a woman to blame,

A D

and I know, it's my own damn fault

Outro: D G A D

Intro: G - C/G G - C/G G

G

Busted flat in Baton Rouge, waitin' for a train

(G) D7

When I's feelin' near as faded as my jeans

(D7)

Bobby thumbed a diesel down just before it rained

(D7) G - C/G G

And rode us all the way into New Orleans

(G)

I pulled my harpoon out of my dirty red bandana

(G) G7 C

I's playin' soft while Bobby sang the blues

(C) G

Windshield wipers slappin' time, I was holdin' Bobby's hand in mine

D7 G

We sang every song that driver knew

---

Chorus:

C G

Freedom's just another word for nothin' left to lose

D7 G

Nothin', it ain't nothin' honey, if it ain't free

C G

And feelin' good was easy, lord, oh, when he sang the blues

D7

You know feelin' good was good enough for me

(D7) G A (Key Change)

Good enough for me and my Bobby McGee

---

(A)

From the Kentucky coal mines to the California sun

(A) E7

Yeah Bobby shared the secrets of my soul

(E7)

Through all kinds of weather, through everything we done

(E7) A

Yeah Bobby baby kept me from the cold

(A)

One day up near Salinas, lord, I let him slip away

(A)

A7

D

He's lookin' for that home and I hope he finds it

(D)

A

Well I'd trade all my tomorrows for one single yesterday

E7

To be holdin' Bobby's body next to mine

(Chorus)

---

Bridge:

A

La da da, la da daa, la da daa da daa da daa

(A)

E7

La da da da daaa dadada Bobby McGee-ah

(E7)

Laa li daa da daa daa, la da daa da daa

(E7)

A

Laa la laa la daada Bobby McGee-ah yeah

(A)

La di da, ladida LA dida LA di daa, ladida LA dida LA di daa

(A)

E7

Hey now Bobby now now Bobby McGee yeah

(E7)

Lo lo LO lolo LO lo laa, lololo LO lolo LO lolo LO lolo LO la laa

E7

A

Hey now Bobby now now Bobby McGee yeah

---

(A)

Lord, I called him my lover, I called him my man

(A)

I said I called him my lover, did the best I can

(A)

E7

C'mon, hey now Bobby now, hey now Bobby McGee, yeah

(E7)

Lo lo lord, a lord, a lord, a lord, a lord, a lord, a lord oh

(E7)

A

Hey, hey, hey, Bobby McGee, lord

## MORNINGTOWN RIDE (MALVINA REYNOLDS, 1966)

G              G7            C              G    G7

Train whistle blowin', makes a sleepy noise.

C              G              Am              D

Underneath their blankets, go all the girls and boys.

---

**Chorus:**

G              G7            C              G    G7

Rockin', rollin', ridin', out along the bay,

C              G              Em            D        D7        G

All bound for Morningtown, many miles away.

---

G              G7            C              G    G7

Driver at the engine, fireman rings the bell,

C              G              Am              D

Sandman swings the lantern, to show that all is well. (Chorus)

---

G              G7            C              G    G7

Maybe it is raining, where our train will ride.

C              G              Am              D

All the little travelers, are warm and snug inside. (Chorus)

---

G              G7            C              G    G7

Somewhere there is sunshine, somewhere there is day.

C              G              Em            Am        D7        D

Somewhere there is Morningtown, many miles away. (Chorus twice)

## MOUNTAIN OF LOVE (HAROLD DORMAN 1960) \*

E

Standing on a mountain looking down on a city. The way I feel is a doggone pity

A

Teardrops falling down a mountainside,

E

many times I've been here, and many times I've cried

B7

A

E

B7

E

We used to be so happy when we were in love, high on a mountain of love

---

Night after night I'm a standing here alone,  
weeping my heart out till cold gray dawn

Hoping that you're lonely and you come here too,  
hoping just by chance that I'll get a glimpse of you

Trying hard to find you, somewhere up above, high on a mountain of love

---

Chorus:

A

G#m

A

B

The mountain of love, the mountain of love, you should be ashamed

A

G#m

A

B7

We used to be a mountain of love, but you just changed your name

---

Way down below there's a half a million people,  
somewhere there's a church with a big tall steeple  
Inside a church there's an altar filled with flowers,  
wedding bells are ringing and they should a been ours  
That's why I'm so lonely, my dreams gone above,  
high on a mountain of love

(Chorus)

(Instrumental, then repeat last verse and chorus)

E            B7            E

high on a mountain of love

B7            E

high on a mountain of love

B7            E

high on a mountain of love . . .

\* Covered by Johnny Rivers in 1965

## MR. TAMBOURINE MAN (BOB DYLAN, 1965) \*

Intro: D D Dsus2 Dsus2 D

---

**Chorus:**

G A D G  
Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,

D G A  
I'm not sleepy and there ain't no place I'm going to.

G A D G  
Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,

D G A D  
In the jingle jangle morning, I'll come following you.

---

G A D G  
Take me for a trip upon your magic swirling ship,

D G  
My senses have been stripped,

D G D G  
my hands can't feel to grip, my toes too numb to step,

D G A  
wait only for my boot heels to be wandering.

G A  
I'm ready to go anywhere,

D G  
I'm ready for to fade

D G D G  
In-to my own parade, cast your dancing spell my way,

A  
I promise to go under it. (Chorus)

\*The Byrds version is used here for simplicity, since Dylan's verses vary in length.

## MY FAVORITE THINGS (ROGERS & HAMMERSTEIN, 1959) \*

Em            C            Em            C  
Raindrops on roses and whiskers on kittens

Em            C            Em            C  
Bright copper kettles and warm woolen mittens

Am            D            G            C  
Brown paper packages tied up with strings

G            C            Am        B7  
These are a few of my favorite things

Cream colored ponies and crisp apple strudels  
Door bells and sleigh bells and schnitzel with noodles  
Wild geese that fly with the moon on their wings  
These are a few of my favorite things

Girls in white dresses with blue satin sashes  
Snowflakes that stay on my nose and eyelashes  
Silver white winters that melt into springs  
These are a few of my favorite things

Em            Am            B7  
When the dog bites, when the bee stings

Em            C  
When I'm feeling sad

(C)            A  
I simply remember my favorite things

G            C    Am D    G  
And then I don't feel - so bad

\* Recorded by Julie Andrews in the movie "The Sound of Music"

## NAVAJO RUG (IAN TYSON, TOM RUSSELL, 1986)

G Am

Well, it's two eggs up on whiskey toast, home fries on the side,

C D

Wash it down with the road house coffee, burns up your insides,

G Am

Just a canyon Colorado diner, and a waitress I did love,

C D

I sat in the back 'neath an old stuffed bear, and a worn-out Navajo rug.

---

Now old Jack, the boss, he left at six, and it's Katie bar the door,  
She'd pull down that Navajo rug, and she spread it across the floor,  
Hey I saw lightning cross, the sacred mountains, saw the woven turtle doves,  
I was lying next to Katie, on that old Navajo rug.

---

Chorus:

G Em C D

Aye, aye, aye, Katie, shades of red and blue,

G Em C D G

Aye, aye, aye, Katie, whatever became of the Navajo rug and you

Em C D

Katie, shades of red and blue.

---

Well, I saw old Jack, about a year ago, He said the place burned to the ground,  
And all he saved was this old bear tooth, and Katie, she left town,  
Ah, but Katie got her souvenir too; Jack spat a tobacco plug,  
Well you should have seen her comin' through the smoke,  
Draggin' that Navajo rug,

(Chorus)

---

So every time I cross the sacred mountains, and lightning breaks above,  
It always takes me back in time, to my long-lost Katie love,  
But everything keeps on moving, and everybody's on the go,  
Hey, you don't find things that last anymore, like an old woven Navajo,

(Chorus twice)

## NINETEENTH NERVOUS BREAKDOWN (MICK JAGGER, KEITH RICHARDS, 1966)

D

You're the kind of person, you meet at certain dismal dull affairs.

Center of a crowd, talking much too loud, running up and down the stairs.

G

Well, it seems to me that you have seen too much in too few years.

D

And though you've tried you just can't hide; your eyes are edged with tears.

---

Chorus:

A                  G                  D

You better stop, look a-round Here it comes, here it comes,

G                  D

here it comes, here it comes. Here comes your nineteenth nervous breakdown.

---

(D)

When you were a child, you were treated kind,

but you were never brought up right.

You were over-spoiled with a thousand toys, but still you cried all night.

G

Your mother who neglected you, owes a million dollars tax.

D

And your father's still perfecting ways of making sealing wax.

(Chorus)

---

Bridge:

A                  G                  A                  G                  A                  G

Oh, who's to blame, that girl's just insane. Well, nothing I do don't seem to work

A                  G                  D

it only seems to make matters worse, oh please.

---

(D)

You were still in school, when you had that fool, who really messed your mind.

And after that you turned your back, on treating people kind.

G

On our first trip, I tried so hard to rearrange your mind.

D

But after while I realized you were disarranging mine.

(Chorus)

**NORTH TO ALASKA (JOHNNY HORTON, TILMAN FRANKS, 1960) \***

C G C  
Big Sam left Seattle in the year of ninety-two  
George turned to Sam with his gold in his hand

F C  
With George Pratt his partner and brother Billy too  
Said Sam you're lookin' at a lonely, lonely man

F C  
They crossed the Yukon river and they found the bonanza gold  
I'd trade all the gold that's buried in this land

G7 C  
Below that old white mountain, just a little south-east of Nome  
For one small band of gold to place on sweet little Jenny's hand

G7 C  
Sam crossed the Majestic mountains to the valleys far below  
'Cause a man needs a woman to love him all the time

F C  
He talked to his team of huskies, As he mushed on through the snow  
Remember Sam, a true love is so hard to find

F C  
With the northern lights a-runnin' wild in the land of the midnight sun  
I'd build for my Jenny a honeymoon home

G7 C  
Yes Sam McCord was a mighty man In the year of nineteen one  
below that old white mountain just a little south-east of Nome

---

**Chorus:** C F  
Where the river is windin' big nuggets they're findin'

C G7 C  
North to Alaska go north the rush is on

C G7 C  
North to Alaska go north the rush is on

**OH BOY! (SONNY WEST, BILL TILGHMAN, NORMAN PETTY, 1957) \***

(Backup Singers)

**A**

All of my love, all of my kissing, you don't know what you been a missing

**D**

**A**

Oh Boy! (Oh boy) When you're with me, Oh boy (Oh boy) The world can see

**E7**

**A D A E**

that you were meant for me.

All of my life I been a-waitin' tonight there'll be no hesitatin'

Oh Boy! (Oh boy) When you're with me, Oh boy (Oh boy)

The world can see that you were meant for me.

---

**Chorus:**

**E7**

**A**

Stars appear and a shadows a-fallin' You can hear my heart A-callin'

**D**

little bit of lovin' makes a-everything right,

**E**

A-I'm gonna see my baby tonight

---

All my love all my kissin' you don't know what you been missing  
Oh boy, when you're with me, oh boy, the world can see that  
you were meant for me.

All of my life I been a-waitin', tonight there'll be no hesitatin', oh  
boy, when you're with me, oh boy, the world can see that  
you were meant for me

(Chorus)

\* Recorded by Buddy Holly

## ONE TIN SOLDIER (DENNIS LAMBERT & BRIAN POTTER, 1966) \*

C G Am  
Listen children to a story that was written long ago  
So the people of the valley sent a message up the hill  
Now the valley cried with anger, mount your horses, draw your swords

F C Dm7 G  
'Bout a kingdom on a mountain and the valley folk below  
Asking for the buried treasure tons of gold for which they'd kill  
and they killed the mountain people so they won their just re-ward

C G Am  
On the mountain was a treasure buried deep beneath a stone  
Came an answer from the kingdom "With our brothers we will share  
Now they stood beside the treasure on the mountain, dark and red

F C Dm7 C F C  
And the valley people swore they'd have it for their very own  
All the secrets of our mountain, all the riches buried there.  
turned the stone and looked beneath it, "Peace on Earth" was all it said.

Chorus:

Em F C  
Go ahead and hate your neighbor, go ahead and cheat a friend

Em F C  
Do it in the name of heaven, justify it in the end

Em F C  
There won't be any trumpets blowing, come the judgment day

F F C F C  
On the bloody morning after.....One tin soldier rides away.

\*Jinx Dawson of the band Coven sang the song at a 1971 session with the film's orchestra as part of the soundtrack for the Warner Brothers movie *Billy Jack*. Jinx asked that her band, Coven, be listed on the recording and film, not her name as a solo artist. This Warner release, titled as "One Tin Soldier: The Legend of Billy Jack," reached #26 on Billboard's Hot 100 in fall 1971, only to be pulled from the charts by the *Billy Jack* film producers as it was moving up due to legal squabbles over the rights to the recording.  
[www.wikipedia.org](http://www.wikipedia.org).

## OPERATOR (JIM CROCE, 1972)

Intro:

G Bm Am C Bm Am D7/F#

---

G Bm C Bm Am G C G

Operator oh could you help me place this call

Operator oh could you help me place this call

Operator let's for-get a-bout this call

Am D7 Em D

'See the number on the matchbook is old and faded

Cause I can't read the number that you just gave me

There's no one there I really wanted to talk to

G Bm C Bm Am G C G

She's living in L. A. with my best old ex - friend Ray

There's something in my eyes, you know it hap - pens every time

Thank you for your time, cause you've been so much more than kind

Am D7 Em D

A guy she said she knew well and sometimes hated (Chorus)

I think about the love that I thought would save me (Chorus)

You can keep the dime (Chorus)

---

Chorus:

G C/G G

Isn't that the way they say it goes

C D

But let's forget all that

G Am

And give me the number if you can find it

C D Em Bm D Am

So I can call just to tell 'em I'm fine and to show

D7 C

I've overcome the blow, I've learned to take it well

G/B Am C

I only wish my words could just convince myself

D C G

That it just wasn't real, but that's not the way it feels

---

## OUTSIDE OF A SMALL CIRCLE OF FRIENDS (PHIL OCHS - 1967)\*

C D C D  
Look outside the window, there's a woman being grabbed.  
Ridin' down the highway, yes my back is getting stiff.  
Sweating in the ghetto with the Panthers and the poor.  
There's a dirty paper using sex to make a sale  
Smoking Mari - juana is more fun than drinking beer,

C Am F G  
They dragged her to the bushes, and now she's being stabbed.  
Thirteen cars have piled up; they're hanging on a cliff.  
The rats have joined the babies who are sleeping on the floor.  
The Supreme Court was so upset they sent him off to jail  
But a friend of ours was captured; and they gave him thirty years.

E Am  
Maybe we should call the cops and try to stop the pain.  
Maybe we should pull them back with our towing-chain,  
Now wouldn't it be a riot if they really blew their tops,  
Maybe we should help the fiend and take away his fine,  
Maybe we should raise our voices, ask somebody why;

F Dm G  
But Monopoly is so much fun, I'd hate to blow the game,  
But we gotta move, & we might get sued, & it looks like it's gonna rain.  
But they got too much already, and be-sides we got the cops.  
But we're busy reading Playboy and The Sunday New York Times.  
But demonstrations are a drag, be-sides we're much too high.

---

Chorus:

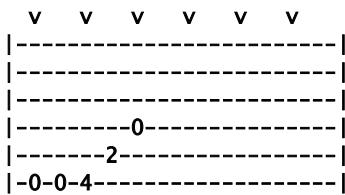
C Am Eb  
And I'm sure it wouldn't interest anybody

Cm F  
outside of a small circle of friends.

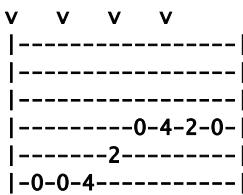
\*Inspired by the stabbing death of Kitty Genovese in 1964 in New York's Queens borough

## PRETTY WOMAN (ROY ORBISON, BILL DEES, 1964)

Riff 1:



Riff 2:



A F#m

A F#m

Pretty woman walking down the street Pretty woman the kind I'd like to meet  
Pretty woman won't you pardon me, Pretty woman I couldn't help but see  
Pretty woman don't walk on by, Pretty woman don't make me cry

D E

Pretty woman, I don't believe you, you're not the truth  
Pretty woman, that you look lovely as can be,  
Pretty woman, don't walk away, hey (go to coda)

No one could look as good as you (Mercy!)

Are you lonely just like me (Rrrrowrr...) (Go to Bridge)

(Riff 2, 4X) Pretty woman

Bridge:

Dm G7 C Am

Pretty woman stop a while, Pretty woman talk a while

Dm G7 C // Dm G7

Pretty woman give your smile to me, Pretty woman, yeah, yeah, yeah

C Am Dm G7 C A

Pretty woman look my way, Pretty woman say you'll stay with me

F#m Dm E A F#m Dm E

'Cause I need you I'll treat you right, Come with me baby Be mine to-night (Riff 2, 2X)

CODA: E

OK... if that's the way it must be, OK I guess I'll go on home, it's late

There'll be tomorrow night, but wait

(drums only)

What do I see (Riff 1, 2X) (Riff 2, 8X) Is she walking back to me?

Yes, she's walking back to me

(E) A

Oh, oh, pretty woman

## **PROUD MARY (JOHN FOGERTY, 1967)**

### **Guitar Chord Riff:**

**C A C A C A G F D (Best done as barred chords up the neck)**

**D**

**Left a good job in the city,  
Seen a lot of plates in Memphis,  
If you come down to the river,**

**D G D G**

**Workin' for the man, every night and day,  
Pumped a lot of pain, down in New Or---leans,  
Bet you're gonna find some people who live,**

**D**

**But I never lost a minute of sleepin',  
But I never saw the good side of a city,  
You don't have to worry, 'cause you got no money,**

**(D)**

**Worryin' about the way things might have been.  
'Til I hitched a ride on the riverboat Queen.  
People on a river are happy to give.**

---

### **Chorus:**

**A G**

**Big wheel keep on turnin', Proud Mary keep on burnin'**

**D G D**

**Rollin', Rollin', Rollin' on a river.**

---

**(Repeat Guitar Chord Riff)**

## PUT THE LIME IN THE COCONUT (HARRY NILSSON, 1971)

Intro: C7 C7/G

C7                   C7/G           C7                   C7/G  
Bruder bought a coconut, he bought it for a dime,

C7                   C7/G           C7                   C7/G  
His sister had a nudder one she paid it for de lime.

C7/G           C7           C7/G           C7                   C7/G  
She put de lime in de coconut, she drank 'em bot' up

C7/G           C7           C7/G           C7                   C7/G  
She put de lime in de coconut, she drank 'em bot' up  
She put de lime in de coconut, she drank 'em bot' up  
She put de lime in de coconut, she call de doctor, woke 'im up,

Said "doctor, ain't there nothin' I can take?"  
I said "Doctor, to relieve this belly ache,"  
I said "Doctor, ain't there nothin' I can take?"  
I said "Doctor, to relieve this belly ache."  
Now lemme get this straight,

You put de lime in de coconut, you drank 'em bot' up,  
You put de lime in de coconut, you drank 'em bot' up,  
You put de lime in de coconut, you drank 'em bot' up,  
You put de lime in de coconut, you call your doctor, woke 'im up,

Said " Doctor, ain't there nothing' I can take?"  
I said, "Doctor, to relieve this belly ache."  
I said "Doctor, ain't there nothin' I can take?"  
I said, "Doctor, to relieve this belly ache,"

You put de lime in de coconut, you drink 'em bot' togedder  
Put de lime in de coconut and you'll feel better,  
Put de lime in de coconut, drink 'em bot' up,  
Put de lime in de coconut and call me in the morning."

(During the song, you are moving back and forth with the third finger with the C bass note on the C7 chord, then left it to the G bass note, then back.)

## QUEEN OF HEARTS (HANK DEVITO, 1981)

A G D A D G G A D G A D

D

Midnight, and I'm awaiting on the 12:05,

G

hoping it'll take me just a little farther down the line

D

Moonlight, you're just a heartache in disguise;

G

won't you keep my heart from breaking if it's only for a very short time?

---

Chorus:

A                    G            D            A                    D        G

Playing with the queen of hearts, knowing it ain't really smart

    A     D            G            A            D

The joker ain't the only fool, who'll do anything for you

A                    G            D     A                    D        G

Laying out an-other lie, thinking about a life of crime;

    A     D            G            A            D

that's what I'll have to do, to keep me away from you

---

D

Honey, you know it makes you mad;

G

why is everybody telling everybody what you have done?

D

Baby, I know it makes you sad, but when they're handing out the heartaches

G

you know you got to have you some

(Chorus)

---

D

Lovers, I know you've had a few. But hide your heart beneath the covers

G

and tell 'em they're the only one.

D

And others, they know just what I'm going through

G

And it's a-hard to be a lover when you say you're only in it for fun

(Chorus)

---

B A E

(Repeat and fade)

B            A            E

Playing with the queen of hearts

## RAMBLIN' MAN (DICKIE BETTS, 1973)

(Capo 2)

Intro: G D C C/G

---

Chorus:

G F G

Lord, I was born a ramblin' man

C D

Trying to make a living and doing the best I can

C G Em C

But when it's time for leavin', I hope you'll understand

G D G

That I was born a ramblin' man

---

G C G

My father was a gambler down in Georgia

C D

And he wound up on the wrong end of a gun

C G Em C

And I was born in the back seat of a Greyhound bus

G D G

Rolling down highway forty-one (Chorus)

G C G

I'm on my way to New Orleans this morning

C D

Leaving out of Nashville, Tennessee

C G Em C

They're always having a good time down on the Bayou, Lord

G D G

Them delta women think the world of me. (Chorus)

G F G

Lord, I was born a ramblin' man (4 times and fade)

## **RED RUBBER BALL (PAUL SIMON, 1966) \***

**(Capo 2)**

C Em F C  
I should have known, you'd bid me fare well,  
You never cared for secrets I'd confide,  
The story's in the past, with nothing to re-call,

(C) Em  
There's a lesson to be learned from this,  
To you, I'm just an ornament,  
I've got my life to live,

F G  
And I learned it very well.  
Something for your pride,  
And I don't need you at all,

F G C Am  
Now I know you're not the only starfish in the sea  
Always running, never caring, that's the life you live,  
The roller coaster ride we took is nearly at an end,

Dm Em F E7  
If I never hear your name again, it's all the same to me.  
Stolen moments of your time were all you had to give.  
I bought my ticket with my tears, that's all I'm gonna spend.

---

**Chorus:**

Am  
And I think it's going to be alright,

Dm  
Yeah, the worst is over now,

G F C  
the morning sun is shining like a red rubber ball

\*Recorded by The Cyrkle. Simon & Garfunkel never recorded this in the studio although they have performed it in recorded concerts.

**RIPPLE (JERRY GARCIA, ROBERT HUNTER, 1970)\***

G C  
If my words did glow with the gold of sunshine,

G  
and my tunes were played on the harp unstrung,

C  
would you hear my voice come thru the music,

G D C G  
would you hold it near as it were your own?

It's a hand-me-down, the thoughts are broken,  
perhaps they're better left unsung.  
I don't know, don't really care,  
let there be songs to fill the air.

---

**Chorus:**

Am D C Am D  
Ripple in still water, when there is no pebble tossed, nor wind to blow.

---

Reach out your hand if your cup be empty,  
if your cup is full may it be again,  
let it be known there is a fountain,  
that was not made by the hands of men.

There is a road, no simple highway,  
Between the dawn and the dark of night,  
and if you go no one may follow,  
that path is for your steps alone.

(Chorus)

You who choose, to lead must follow,  
but if you fall, you fall alone,  
if you should stand, then who's to guide you?  
If I knew the way, I would take you home.

(Full verse pattern – with all la-de-da)

(Chorus)

\*Recorded by The Grateful Dead

## RUNAWAY (DEL SHANNON, 1961) WAIT

Am G  
As I walk along, I wonder what went wrong

F E7  
With our love, a love that was so strong.

Am G  
And as I still walk on, I think of, the things

F E7  
We've done together while our hearts were young.

---

### Chorus:

A F#m  
I'm walking in the rain - Tears are falling and I feel the pain

A F#m  
Wishing you were here by me - to end this misery.

A F#m  
I wonder I wa-wa-wa-wa-wonder?

A F#m  
Why? Wha, wha, wha, wha, why, she ran away?

D E7  
And I wonder, where she will stay-yay

A D A E7  
My little runaway run, run, run, run, runaway.

---

(Instrumental) Am G F E E7 Am G F E E7

(Chorus)

Outro:

D A  
Run, run, run, run, runaway

D A  
Run, run, run, run, runaway

## SAN FRANCISCO BAY BLUES (JESSE FULLER - 1954)

(Capo 2)

G C G  
I got the blues when my baby left me by the San Francisco Bay,

C B7  
Like an ocean liner, she's gone so far away,

C A7  
Well, I didn't mean to treat her so bad,

G A7  
She was the best gal a guy ever had, She said good-bye, gonna make me cry,

D  
I'm gonna lay down my head and die,

G C G  
Well I ain't got a nickel and I ain't got one lousy dime,

C B7  
If she don't come back, I think I'm gonna lose my mind,

C A7 G A7  
If she ever comes back to stay, It's gonna be another brand-new day,

C G  
Walkin' with my baby down beside the San Francisco Bay.

G C G  
Well I'm sittin' down lookin' through my back door, Just wonderin' which way to go,

C B7  
The woman I'm so crazy for, says she don't want me no more,

C A7 G A7  
Gonna take me a freight train, it's as big as I'm feeling blue,

D  
I'm going to ride all the way to the end of the line. Thinking only of you.

G  
Meanwhile, in another city, I'm just about to go insane,

C B7  
Seems I can hear my baby call, the way she used to call my name,

C A7 G A7  
If she ever comes back to stay, there's gonna be another brand-new day,

C G  
Walkin' with my baby down beside the San Francisco Bay.

## **SAVE THE LAST DANCE FOR ME (Doc Pomus, Mort Shuman, 1960)**

D  
Now you can dance every dance with the guy  
D   A  
Who gives you the eye, let him hold you tight  
A  
And you can smile every smile for the man  
A   D  
**Who held your hand beneath the pale moon light**

---

**Chorus:**

G  
But don't forget who's takin' you home  
D  
And in whose arms you're gonna be  
A   D  
**So darling, save the last dance for me**

---

Oh, I know that the music's fine  
Like sparkling wine, go and have your fun  
Laugh and sing, but while we're apart  
Don't give your heart to anyone

**(Chorus)**

---

**Bridge:**

D   A  
Baby, don't you know I love you so  
D  
Can't you feel it when we touch  
A  
I will never, never let you go  
D  
'Cause I love you oh, so much

---

You can dance, go and carry on  
'Til the night is gone and it's time to go  
If he asks if you're all alone  
Can he walk you home, you must tell him no

**(Chorus)**

## **SECRET AGENT MAN (P.F. SLOAN, 1966)\***

**E Em\c 4x**

**Em                  Am                  Em  
There's a man who leads a life of danger**

**Em                  B7  
To everyone he meets he stays a stranger**

**Em                  Am  
With every move he makes, another chance he takes**

**Em                  Am                  Em  
Odds are he won't live to see tomorrow**

---

**Chorus:**

**Bm    Em                  Bm    Em  
Secret agent man, secret agent man**

**C                  B7                  Em    Em\c E  
They've given you a number and taken away your name**

---

**Beware of pretty faces that you find  
A pretty face can hide an evil mind  
Ah, be careful what you say, Or you'll give yourself away  
Odds are you won't live to see tomorrow                  (Chorus)**

---

**(Instrumental)                  (Chorus)  
Swinging on the Riviera one day  
And then laying in a Bombay alley next day  
Oh no, you let the wrong word slip, while kissing persuasive lips  
The odds are you won't live to see tomorrow                  (Chorus)**

\* This was the theme song to the TV show "Secret Agent Man" starring Patrick McGoohan.

## SITTIN' ON THE DOCK OF THE BAY (STEVE CROPPER, 1968) \*

G                  B7                  C                  A

Sittin' in the mornin' sun, I'll be sittin' when the evenin' come

G                  B7                  C                  A

Watching the ships roll in. Then I'll watch 'em roll away again, yeah

---

Chorus:

G                  E                  G                  E

I'm sittin' on the dock of the bay; Watching the tide roll away

G                  A                  G                  E

Ooo, I'm just sittin' on the dock of the bay, wastin' time

---

G                  B7                  C                  A

I left my home in Georgia, headed for the 'Frisco Bay

G                  B7                  C                  A

I have nothing to live for. Look like nothin's gonna come my way    (Chorus)

---

Bridge:

G    D    C                  G                  D                  C                  G

Look like, nothing's gonna change. Everything still remains the same

G    D    C                  G                  F                  D

I can't do what ten people tell me to do, so I guess I'll remain the same, yes

---

G                  B7                  C                  A

Sittin' here resting my bones, and this loneliness won't leave me alone

G                  B7                  C                  A

It's two thousand miles I roam, just to make this dock my home

[Whistling]

G   E .....

\* Recorded by Otis Redding

## SNOWBIRD (GENE MACLELLAN, 1969)

Intro: G Bm Am D D7 G (Capo 3)

G Bm Am  
Beneath it's snowy mantle cold and clean,

D D7 G  
The unborn grass lies waiting for its coat to turn to green.

(G) Bm Am  
The snowbird sings the song he always sings,

D D7 G  
And speaks to me of flowers that will bloom again in spring.

(G) Bm Am  
When I was young my heart was young then, too.

D D7 G  
And anything that it would tell me, that's the thing that I would do.

(G) Bm Am  
But now I feel such emptiness with-in,

D D7 G  
For the thing that I want most in life's the thing that I can't win.

---

Chorus:

G Bm Am  
Spread your tiny wings and fly away,

D D7 G  
And take the snow back with you where it came from on that day.

(G) Bm Am  
The one I love for-ever is un-true,

D D7 G  
And if I could you know that I would fly away with you.  
D C G  
And if I could you know that I would fly away with you. (TAG)

---

G Bm Am  
The breeze along the river seems to say,

D D7 G  
That he'll only break my heart again should I decide to stay.

(G) Bm Am  
So, little snowbird, take me with you when you go

D D7 G  
To that land of gentle breezes where the peaceful waters flow. (Chorus)

## SOMEDAY NEVER COMES (JOHN FOGERTY, 1972)

A            E            F#m            Dm

First thing I remember was asking papa, why,

A            F            A

For there were many things I didn't know.

E            F#m            D

And daddy always smiled and took me by the hand,

A            E            A

Saying, someday you'll understand.

---

Chorus:

E                            A

Well, I'm here to tell you now, each and every mother's son,

E                            A

That you better learn it fast, you better learn it young,

Bm            D            A

'Cause someday never comes.

---

Well, time and tears went by and I collected dust.

For there were many things I didn't know.

When daddy went away, he said, try to be a man,

And someday you'll understand.

(Chorus)

---

And then one day in April, I wasn't even there,

For there were many things I didn't know.

A son was born to me. Mama held his hand,

Sayin' someday you'll understand.

(Chorus)

---

(Change Key:)

Bb            F            Gm            Ebm

Think it was September, the year I went away,

Bb            Gb            Bb

For there were many things I didn't know.

F            Gm            Eb

And still I see him standing tryin' to be a man,

Bb            F            Bb

I said, someday you'll understand.

(Chorus)

---

## SOMEDAY SOON (IAN TYSON, 1964) \*

G Em C G  
There's a young man that I know, his age is twenty-one

Bm C D  
He comes from down in southern Colorado

G Em C G  
Just out of the service and he's looking for some fun

Am7 D7 G  
Someday soon, going with him, someday soon

My parents cannot stand him 'cause he rides the rodeo  
My father says that he will leave me crying  
I would follow him right down the toughest road I know  
Someday soon going with him, someday soon

Bridge:

D C G  
And when he comes to call my pa ain't got a good word to say

Em A7 D7  
Guess it's 'cause he's just as wild in his younger days

So blow you old blue northern, blow my love to me  
He's driving in tonight from California  
He loves his damned old rodeo as much as he loves me  
Someday soon, going with him, someday soon

\*Recorded by Ian and Sylvia (among many other artists)

## SOUND OF SILENCE (PAUL SIMON, 1964) \*

Dm

C

Dm

Hello darkness, my old friend, I've come to talk with you again,

F

B<sub>b</sub>

F

B<sub>b</sub>

F

Because a vision softly creeping, left its seeds while I was sleeping,

B<sub>b</sub>

F

Dm

And the vision that was planted in my brain still remains

F C Dm

Within the sound of silence.

In restless dreams I walked alone; Narrow streets of cobblestone,  
'Neath the halo of a street lamp, I turned my collar to the cold and damp  
When my eyes were stabbed by the flash of a neon light  
That split the night, And touched the sound of silence.

And in the naked light I saw; Ten thousand people, maybe more.  
People talking without speaking, people hearing without listening,  
People writing songs that voices never share, And no one dared  
Disturb the sound of silence.

"Fools" said I, "You do not know; Silence like a cancer grows.  
Hear my words that I might teach you, Take my arms that I might reach you."  
But my words like silent raindrops fell,  
And echoed In the wells of silence.

And the people bowed and prayed To the neon god they made.  
And the sign flashed out its warning, In the words that it was forming.  
And the sign said, the words of the prophets are written on subway walls  
And tenement halls, And whispered in the sounds of silence.

\*Recorded by Simon & Garfunkel

## SQUEEZE Box (PETE TOWNSHEND, 1975)

G D 4x

G

Mama's got a squeeze box she wears on her chest

And when Daddy comes home, he never gets no rest

---

Chorus:

D                           C

'Cause she's playing all night, and the music's all right

D                           C                           G

Mama's got a squeeze box, Daddy never sleeps at night

---

G

Well, the kids don't eat and the dog can't sleep

There's no escape from the music in the whole damn street                                   (Chorus)

---

G

She goes in and out and in and out and in and out and in and out                                   (Chorus)

---

G

She goes, squeeze me, come on and squeeze me

D                           C

Come on and tease me like you do, I'm so in love with you

D                           C                           G

Mama's got a squeeze box, Daddy never sleeps at night                                   (Chorus)

---

G

She goes in and out, and in and out, and in and out, and in and out                                   (Chorus)

## **STAND BY ME (BEN E. KING, JERRY LEIBER, MIKE STOLLER, 1961) \***

**G**                   **Em**  
**When the night has come - and the land is dark**

**C**                   **D**                   **G**  
**And the moon is the only light we'll see**

**G**                   **Em**  
**No, I won't be afraid, no, I won't be afraid**

**C**                   **D**                   **G**  
**Just as long as you stand, stand by me. So darlin', darlin'**

---

**Chorus:**

**G**                   **Em**  
**stand by me, oh now, stand by me,**

**C**                   **D**                   **G**  
**stand by me, - stand by - me.**

---

**G**                   **Em**  
**If the sky that we look upon - should tumble and fall**

**C**                   **D**                   **G**  
**And the mountain should crumble to the sea**

**Em**  
**I won't cry, I won't cry, no, I won't shed a tear**

**C**                   **D**                   **G**  
**Just as long - as you stand, - stand by - me. And darling, darling**

**(Chorus)**

**(Solo uses same chord sequence as the first verse)**

**(Chorus Twice)**

\*Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller used the name "Elmo Glick" collectively - [www.wikipedia.org](http://www.wikipedia.org).

## STREETS OF LONDON (RALPH McTELL, 1969, w/JOHN WILLIAMS 2016)

Intro:

C G Am Em F C/G G C

C G Am Em (Verse Chords)

Have you seen the old man in the closed-down market?

F C/G Dm/F G

Kicking up the paper with his worn-out shoes?

C G Am Em

In his eyes you see no pride, and held loosely at his side

F C/G G7 C

Yesterday's paper telling yesterday's news

---

Chorus:

F Em C G/B Am Am/G

So how can you tell me you're lo - ne - ly

D7/F# G G7

and say for you that the sun don't shine?

C G Am Em

Let me take you by the hand and lead you through the streets of London,

F C/G G7 C

I'll show you something to make you change your mind

---

[Instrumental]

C G Am G

Have you seen the old girl who walks the streets of London?

Dirt in her hair and her clothes in rags?

She's no time for talking, she just keeps right on walking

Carrying her home in two carrier bags (Chorus)

---

[Instrumental]

C G Am Em F C/G G C

In the all-night cafe at a quarter past eleven

Same old man sitting there on his own

Looking at the world over the rim of his tea-cup

Each tea lasts an hour, and he wanders home alone

(Chorus)

---

Have you seen the old man outside the seaman's mission?

Memory fading with the medal ribbons that he wears

In our winter city the rain cries a little pity

For one more forgotten hero and a world that doesn't care

(Chorus)

E

I can see her lyin' back in her satin dress

B7

E

In a room where you do what you don't confess

E

A

Sundown you better take care

D

E

If I find you've been creepin' 'round my back stairs

E

A

Sundown you better take care

D

E

If I find you've been creepin' 'round my back stairs

---

E

She's been lookin' like a queen in a sailor's dream

B7

E

And she don't always say what she really means

E

A

Sometimes I think it's a shame

D

E

When I get feelin' better when I'm feelin' no pain

E

A

Sometimes I think it's a shame

D

E

When I get feelin' better when I'm feelin' no pain

---

E

I can picture every move that a man could make

B7

E

Getting lost in her lovin' is your first mistake

E                    A  
Sundown you better take care

D                    E  
If I find you've been creepin' 'round my back stairs

E                    A  
Sometimes I think it's a sin

D                    E  
When I feel like I'm winnin' when I'm losin' again

---

E  
I can see her lookin' fast in her faded jeans

B7                    E  
She's a hard lovin' woman, got me feelin' mean

E                    A  
Sometimes I think it's a shame

D                    E  
When I get feelin' better when I'm feelin' no pain

E                    A  
Sundown you'd better take care

D                    E  
If I find you've been creepin' 'round my back stairs

E                    A  
Sundown you better take care

D                    E  
If I find you've been creepin' 'round my back stairs

E                    A  
Sometimes I think it's a sin

D                    E  
When I feel like I'm winnin' when I'm losin' again

## **TAKE ME HOME, COUNTRY ROADS (BILL DANOFF, TAFFY NIVERT, 1971)**

**G                      Em**

**Almost heaven, West Virginia,**

**D                      C                      G**

**Blue Ridge Mountains, Shenandoah River.**

**G                      Em**

**Life is old there, older than the trees,**

**D                      C                      G**

**Younger than the mountains growin' like a breeze.**

---

**Chorus:**

**G                      D                      Em                      C**

**Country Roads, take me home to the place I belong;**

**G                      D                      C                      G**

**West Virginia, mountain momma, Take me home, Country Roads.**

---

**All my memories gather' round her.**

**Miner's lady, stranger to the water.**

**Dark and dusty, painted on the sky**

**Misty taste of moonshine, teardrop in my eye.**

**(Chorus)**

**Bridge:**

**Em                      D                      Em**

**I hear her voice, In the mornin' hours she calls me,**

**C                      G                      D**

**The radio reminds me of my home far away,**

**Em                      D                      C**

**And drivin' down the road I get a feelin',**

**D                      C**

**That I should have been home yesterday, yesterday.**

**(Chorus)**

\*Recorded by John Denver

## TEACH YOUR CHILDREN (GRAHAM NASH, 1969) \*

D                    G                    D                    A  
You who are on the road, must have a code that you can live by

D                    G                    D                    A  
And so become yourself because the past is just a good-bye

D                    G                    D                    A  
Teach your children well, their father's hell did slowly go by

D                    G                    D                    A  
And feed them on your dreams, the ones they pick, the one you'll know by.

D                    G                    D  
Don't you ever ask them why, if they told you, you would cry,

Bm   G   A                            D  
So just look at them and sigh,        and know they love you.

### (Interlude)

And you, of tender years,  
Can't know the fears that your elders grew by,  
And so please help them with your youth,  
They seek the truth before they can die.

Teach your parents well,  
Their children's hell will slowly go by,  
And feed them on your dreams  
The only ones they pick, the one you'll know by.

Don't you ever ask them why, if they told you, you would cry  
So just look at them and sigh and know they love you

\*Recorded by Crosby, Stills & Nash

## THE BOXER (PAUL SIMON, 1968) \*

C Am G  
I am just a poor boy though my story's seldom told. I have squandered my resistance

G7 G6 C  
For a pocket full of mumbles, such are promises

Am G F C G C  
All lies and jest, still a man hears what he wants to hear and disregards the rest

C Am  
When I left my home and my family, I was no more than a boy

G G7 G6 C  
In the company of strangers In the quiet of a railway station, running scared

Am G F C  
Laying low, seeking out the poorer quarters Where the ragged people go

G F G C  
Looking for the places only they would know

---

### Chorus:

(C) Am G Am G F C  
Lie-la-lie, Lie-la-lie la, Lie-la-lie, Lie-la-lie, Lie-la-lie la, la, la Lie-la-la la, la, lie

---

C Am G  
Asking only workman's wages I come looking for a job. But I get no offers

G7 G6 C  
Just a come-on from the whores on Seventh Avenue

Am G F C  
I do declare, there were times when I was so lonesome, I took some comfort there

G  
Ooh la, la, la, la, la, la

(Instrumental Interval) (Chorus)

Then I'm laying out my winter clothes and wishing I was gone  
Going home where the New York City winters aren't bleeding me  
Leading me, going home.

In the clearing stands a boxer and a fighter by his trade  
And he carries the reminders of every glove that laid him down  
Or cut him till he cried out in his anger and his shame  
I am leaving, I am leaving, But the fighter still remains

(Chorus thrice and fade)

\*Recorded by Simon & Garfunkel

## THE NIGHT THEY DROVE OLD DIXIE Down (ROBBIE ROBERTSON, 1969)

(Intro) Em G 2x G Em

Em                    G                    C                    Em  
Virgil                Caine is my name, and I drove on the Danville train  
Back with my wife in Tennessee, when one day she said to me  
Like my father before                me,                I'm a working man

G                    Em                    C                    Em  
'Til Stoneman's cavalry came, and tore up the tracks a-gain.  
"Virgil, quick, come see, there goes Robert E. Lee!"  
Like my brother above                me,                I took a rebel stand.

C                    G  
In the winter of sixty-five, we were  
Now I don't mind chopping wood, and I  
He was just eighteen, proud and brave, but a

Em                    C  
hungry, just barely alive.  
don't care if the money's no good.  
Yankee laid him in his grave

Em                    C  
By May the tenth, Richmond, had fell,  
Just take what you need, and leave the rest,  
I swear by the blood be-low my feet,  
G                    Em                    A  
it was a time        I        re-member, oh so well,  
but they should never        have        taken the very best.  
you can't raise the Caine back up when it's in defeat.

---

Chorus:

G                    C                    G                    Em  
The night they drove old Dixie down, and all the bells were ringing,

G                    C                    G                    Em  
The night they drove old Dixie down, and all the people were singin'.

G                    Em                    A                    C  
They went La, La

## THE WEIGHT (ROBBIE ROBERTSON, 1968) \*

A C#m D A  
I pulled into Nazareth, I was feelin' about half past dead;

(A) C#m D A  
I just need some place where I can lay my head.

(A) C#m D A  
"Hey, mister, can you tell me where a man might find a bed?"

(A) C#m D A  
He just grinned and shook my hand, and "No!" was all he said.

---

Chorus:

A D A D  
Take a load off Fannie, take a load for free;

A D Dsus4 D A  
Take a load off Fannie, And, and, and you can put the load right on me.

---

I picked up my bag, I went lookin' for a place to hide;  
When I saw Carmen and the Devil walkin' side by side.  
I said, "Hey, Carmen, come on, let's go downtown."  
She said, "I gotta go, but m'friend can stick around." (Chorus)

Go down, Miss Moses, there's nothin' you can say  
It's just old' Luke, and Luke's waitin' on the Judgment Day.  
"Well, Luke, my friend, what about young Anna Lee?"  
He said, "Do me a favor, son, won't you stay an' keep Anna Lee company?"  
(Chorus)

Crazy Chester followed me, and he caught me in the fog.  
He said, "I will fix your rags, if you'll take Jack, my dog."  
I said, "Wait a minute, Chester, you know I'm a peaceful man."  
He said, "That's okay, boy, won't you feed him when you can." (Chorus)

Catch a Cannonball, now, to take me down the line  
My bag is sinkin' low and I do believe it's time.  
To get back to Miss Annie, you know she's the only one.  
Who sent me here with her regards for everyone. (Chorus)

\* Recorded by The Band

## THEY CALL THE WIND MARIA (LERNER & LOEWE, 1951)\*

C                    Am                    C                    Am  
Way out here they've got a name for rain and wind and fire

C                    Em                    F                    G                    C  
The rain is Tess, the fire is Job and they call the wind Maria

C                    Am                    C                    Am  
Maria blows the stars around and sends the clouds a-flying

F                    Em                    F                    G                    C  
Maria makes the mountains sound like folks up there were dying

F        G        F        G        C  
Maria, Maria They call the wind Maria

Before I heard Maria's name and heard her wail and whining  
I had a gal and she had me and the sun was always shining  
But then one day I left that gal, I left her far behind me  
And now I'm lost, so goddamn lost, not even God can find me  
Maria, Maria They call the wind Maria

Out here they've got a name for rain, for wind and fire only  
But when you're lost and all alone, there ain't no word but lonely  
I feel just like the restless wind, without a star to guide me  
Maria blow my love to me, I need my love beside me  
Maria, Maria They call the wind Maria

\*From the musical "Paint Your Wagon"

## **THOSE WERE THE DAYS (GENE RASKIN, 1968) \***

**Am**

**Once upon a time there was a tavern**

**Am**

**Dm**

**Where we used to raise a glass or two**

**Dm**

**Am**

**Remember how we laughed away the hours**

**E**

**And dreamed of all the great things we would do**

---

**Chorus:**

**E**

**Am**

**Dm**

**Those were the days my friend, we thought they'd never end**

**G**

**C**

**We'd sing and dance forever and a day**

**Dm**

**Am**

**We'd live the life we choose; We'd fight and never lose**

**E**

**Am**

**For we were young and sure to have our way.**

**Am**

**Dm**

**La, la, la**

**E**

**Am**

**Those were the days, oh yes those were the days**

**Then the busy years went rushing by us**

**We lost our starry notions on the way**

**If by chance I'd see you in the tavern**

**We'd smile at one another and we'd say**

**Just tonight I stood before the tavern**

**Nothing seemed the way it used to be**

**In the glass I saw a strange reflection**

**Was that lonely woman really me**

**Through the door there came familiar laughter**

**I saw your face and heard you call my name**

**Oh my friend we're older but no wiser**

**For in our hearts the dreams are still the same**

\*Recorded by Mary Hopkin

## TIME TO MOVE ON (ERNIE SHELDON, 1964) \*

F                    Am                    Dm  
Well you know that it's time to move on babe,  
Bb                    Am  
Winter is fast coming on babe.

Bb                    Am                    Bb                    Dm  
It's been snowing all night, the black hills are white  
C                    F  
You know babe, it's time to move on.

All the dry days that turned into years babe.  
We watered them with our tears babe.  
Got no fruit from the trees, no honey from the bees,  
You know babe, it's time to move on.

F                    Am                    Dm  
The land is so empty and bare babe,  
Bb                    C                    F  
Can't see nothing green anywhere babe.  
Bb                    Am                    Bb                    Dm  
Just some flowers I saved, to lay on your grave.  
Bb                    C                    F  
You know babe, it's time to move on.

Only one thing, one thing I can give babe.  
Keep the promise I made you to live babe.  
So I'm going away, I'll die if I stay  
It's time babe, time to move on.

You know that it's time to move on babe  
Winter is fast coming on babe  
It's been snowing all night, the black hills are white  
You know babe; it's time to move on.

\* Recorded by Glenn Yarbrough. Ernie Sheldon was Glenn's replacement in the folk trio The Limeliters.

**Intro: A E A E G D G D (3 times)**

A                    E A    D                    G D

Must be getting early clocks are running late

E                    A                    D

Paint by number morning sky looks so phony

A                    E    A    D                    G                    D

Dawn is breaking everywhere, light a candle, curse the glare

E                    A                    D

Draw the curtains, I don't care, 'cause it's all right

---

**[Chorus]**

E A    D    E A    D    E A    G    D E    D E

I will get by, I will get by, I will get by, I will survive

---

A                    E    A    D                    G    D

I see you've got your list out Say your piece and get out

E                    A    D

Yes, I get the gist of it, but it's all right

A                    E    A    D                    G                    D

Sorry that you feel that way, The only thing there is to say

E                    A                    D

Every silver lining's got a touch of grey                    (Chorus)

---

**Bridge 1:**

Bm   B7            E                    Bm                    B7                    E

It's a lesson to me; The Ables and the Bakers and the C's

F#m   C#      B7                    E                    B7    A7    D    E

The ABC's we all must face To try to keep a little grace

---

**[Instrumental]**

---

## Bridge 2:

Bm B7 E Bm B7 E

It's a lesson to me, The Deltas and the East and the Freeze

F#m C# B7 E B7 A7 D E

The ABC's we all think of, to try to win a little love

---

A E A D G D

I know the rent is in arrears, The dog has not been fed in years

E A D

It's even worse than it appears, but it's all right

A E A D G D

Cow is giving kerosene, Kid can't read at seventeen

E A

The words he knows are all obscene, but

D

It's all right (Chorus)

---

A E A D G D

The shoe is on the hand it fits, there's really nothing much to it

E A D

Whistle through your teeth and spit, 'cause it's all right

A E A D G D

Oh well a touch of grey kinda suits you anyway,

E A D

That was all I had to say, and it's all right (Chorus)

---

## [Outro]

E A D E A D E A G D E D E

We will get by, we will get by, we will get by, we will survive

E A D E A D E A G D E D E

We will get by, we will get by, we will get by, we will survive .....

**Opening Riff: E E7 (x4)****Chorus Chords:**

E A

Truckin' got my chips cashed in. Keep truckin', like the do-dah man

B A E E7

Together, more or less in line, just keep truckin' on.

**Verse Chords:**

E E7 E E7

Arrows of neon and flashing marquees out on Main Street.

E E7 E E7

Chicago, New York, Detroit and it's all on the same street.

E E7 E E7

Your typical city involved in a typical daydream

E E7 E E7

Hang it up and see what tomorrow brings.

**(Chorus Chords)**Dallas, got a soft machine; Houston, too close to New Orleans;  
New York's got the ways and means; but just won't let you be.**(Verse Chords)**Most of the cats that you meet on the streets speak of true love,  
Most of the time they're sittin' and cryin' at home.  
One of these days they know they gotta get goin'  
Out of the door and down on the streets all alone.**(Chorus Chords)**Truckin', like the do-dah man. Once told me "You've got to play your hand"  
Sometimes your cards ain't worth a dime, if you don't lay'em down,

## **Bridge Chords:**

**E E7 (x4)**

**A**

**A G D A**

Sometimes the light's all shinin' on me;

**A                  D                  A G D A**

Other times I can barely see

**D                  Bm                  F#**

Lately it occurs to me

**A5**

**E**

what a long, strange trip it's been.

---

## **(Verse Chords)**

What in the world ever became of sweet Jane?

She lost her sparkle, you know she isn't the same

Livin' on reds, vitamin C, and cocaine,

All a friend can say is "Ain't it a shame?"

---

## **(Chorus Chords)**

Truckin', up to Buffalo. Been thinkin', you got to mellow slow

Takes time, to pick a place to go, and just keep truckin' on.

---

## **(Verse Chords)**

Sittin' and starin' out of the hotel window.

Got a tip they're gonna kick the door in again

I'd like to get some sleep before I travel,

But if you got a warrant, I guess you're gonna come in.

---

## **(Chorus Chords)**

Busted, down on Bourbon Street, Set up, like a bowlin' pin.

Knocked down, it gets to wearin' thin. They just won't let you be.

---

## **(Verse Chords)**

You're sick of hangin' around and you'd like to travel;

Get tired of travelin' and you want to settle down.

I guess they can't revoke your soul for tryin',

Get out of the door and light out and look all around.

---

## **(Chorus Chords)**

Truckin', I'm a goin' home. Whoa, whoa baby, back where I belong,

Back home, sit down and patch my bones, and get back truckin' on.

**E E7 (repeat until fade out.)**

## TRY AND CATCH THE WIND (DONOVAN, 1965)

C F G C F C G

C F C F

In the chilly hours and minutes of uncertainty, I want to be

C F G C G

In the warm hold of your loving mind

C F C F

To feel you all around me and to take your hand a-long the sand

C F G C F C G

Ah, but I may as well try and catch the wind

C F C F

When sundown pales the sky, I want to hide a while behind your smile

C F G C G C F

And everywhere I'd look, your eyes I'd find. For me to love you now

C F

Would be the sweetest thing, would make me sing

C F G C F C

Ah, but I may as well try and catch the wind.

---

C F

When rain has hung the leaves with tears

C F

I want you near to kill my fears

C F G C G

To help me to leave all my blues behind

C F C F

For standing in your heart is where I want to be and long to be

C F G C F C G

Ah, but I may as well try and catch the wind

Instrumental: C F C F C F C G C F C F C G C F C F

---

C F G C F C

Ah, but I may as well try and catch the wind

## TRY TO REMEMBER (HARVEY SCHMIDT, TOM JONES, 1962) \*

G Am 2x

(Capo 4)

G Em Am D7  
Try to remember, the kind of September,

G Em Am D7  
when life was slow and oh, so mellow.

G Em Am D7  
Try to remember, the kind of September,

G Em Am D7  
when grass was green and grain was yellow.

Try to remember, the kind of September,  
when you were a tender and callow fellow.  
Try to remember, and if you remember, then follow.

Try to remember, when life was so tender,  
that no one wept, except the willow.  
Try to remember, when life was so tender,  
that dreams were kept, beside your pillow.

Try to remember, when life was so tender,  
that love was an ember, about to billow.  
Try to remember, and if you remember, then follow.

Deep in December, it's nice to remember,  
although you know, the snow will follow.  
Deep in December, it's nice to remember,  
without a hurt, the heart is hollow.

Deep in December, it's nice to remember,  
the fire of September, that made us mellow.  
Deep in December, our hearts should remember,  
and follow, follow, follow, follow, follow . . .

\* From the 1960 musical Fantasticks

## TURN THE PAGE (BOB SEGER, 1973)

Em

On a long and lonesome highway, east of Omaha

D

You can listen to the engine moanin' out its one note song

A

Em

You can think about the woman, or the girl you knew the night before

(Em)

But your thoughts will soon be wandering the way they always do

D

When you're riding sixteen hours and there's nothing much to do

A

Em

And you don't feel much like riding, you just wish the trip was through

---

Chorus: Em D Em D Em

Say, here I am, on the road again. There I am, up on the stage

D A C D Em

Here I go, playing star again. There I go, turn the page.

---

Em

Well, you walk into a restaurant, strung out from the road

D

And you feel the eyes upon you as you're shaking off the cold

A

Em

You pretend it doesn't bother you, but you just want to explode

(Em)

Most times, you can't hear 'em talk, other times you can

D

All the same old clichés: "Is that a woman or a man?"

A

Em

And you always seem outnumbered, you don't dare make a stand (Chorus)

---

Bridge:

Em

Out there in the spotlight you're a million miles away

D

Every ounce of energy you try to give away

A

Em

As the sweat pours out your body like the music that you play

Em

Later in the evening as you lie awake in bed

D

With the echoes from the amplifiers ringin' in your head

A

Em

You smoke the day's last cigarette, remembering what she said (2X Chorus)

## UNIVERSAL SOLDIER (BUFFY SAINTE-MARIE, 1963) \*

(Capo 2)

Intro: G C | G D | D |D

C D G Em

He is five feet two, and he's six feet four,

C D G

he fights with missiles and with spears.

C D G Em

He is all of thirty-one, and he's only seventeen.

C Am D

He's been a soldier for thousand years.

He's a Catholic, a Hindu, an atheist, a Jain,  
a Buddhist and a Baptist and a Jew.

And he knows, he shouldn't kill, and he knows he always will,  
killing for me my friend and me for you.

And he's fighting for Canada, he's fighting for France.

He's fighting for the U.S.A.,

and he's fighting for the Russians, and he's fighting for Japan,  
and he thinks we put an end to war this way.

And he's fighting for democracy, he's fighting for the Reds.

He says it's for the peace of all.

He's the one who must decide, who's to live and who's to die,  
and he never sees the writing on the wall.

But without him, how would Hitler have condemned him at Liebau,  
without him Caesar would have stood alone.

He's the one who gives his body as a weapon of the war,  
and without him all this killing can't go on.

He's the universal soldier and he really is to blame,  
his orders come from far away, no more.

They come from here and there, and you and me,  
and brothers, can't you see,

this is not the way we put an end to war.

\*Most popular recording was by Donovan.

## WE'LL SING IN THE SUNSHINE (GALE GARNETT, 1964)

---

**Chorus:**

D      D7            G            A7            D  
We'll sing in the sunshine.      We'll laugh every day,

D7            G            A7            D  
We'll sing in the sunshine,      and I'll be on my way.

---

D      D7      G            A7            D  
I know I'll never love you, the cost of love's too dear.

D7            G            A7            D  
But though I'll never love you, I'll stay with you a year.      (Chorus)

---

My daddy he once told me, "Hey, don't you love any man.

Just take what they may give you, and give but what you can."      (Chorus)

---

I'll sing to you each morning, I'll kiss you every night.

But darlin' don't cling to me, I'll soon be out of sight.      (Chorus)

---

And when our year has ended, and I have gone away,

You'll often think about me, and this is what you'll say:

---

(Final Chorus)

We sang in the sunshine, we laughed every day,

We sang in the sunshine, and then went on our way.

## WHEN WILL I BE LOVED? (PHIL EVERLY, 1960) \*

CAPO 2

D G A D

I've been cheated

D G A D

Been mis-treated

D G A D G A

When will I be loved?

D G A D

I've been put down

D G A D

I've been pushed 'round

D G A D G A

When will I be loved?

Chorus:

G A

When I find a new man,

G D

That I want for mine

G A

He always breaks, my heart in two,

D A

It happens every time

D G A D

I've been made blue

D G A D

I've been lied to

D G A D G A

When will I be loved?

(Chorus)

Instrumental

D G A D

I've been cheated

D G A D

Been mistreated

D G A D G A

When will I be loved?

D G A D G A

When will I be loved?

D G A G D

Tell me, when will I be loved?

\* Released by The Everly Brothers in 1960. Released by Linda Ronstadt in 1974

## WILD HORSES (MICK JAGGER, KEITH RICHARDS, 1971)

Intro: G Am G Am G

Bm G Bm G

Childhood living is easy to do

Am C D G D C

The things that you wanted I bought them for you

Bm G Bm G

Graceless lady, you know who I am

Am C D G D

You know I can't let you slide through my hands

---

Chorus:

Am C D G F C Bm

Wild horses couldn't drag me away

Am C D G F C

Wild, wild horses couldn't drag me away

Wild, wild horses We'll ride them some day

(Final Chorus)

---

Bm G Bm G

I watched you suffer a dull aching pain

Am C D G D C

Now you've decided, to show me the same

Bm G Bm G

No sweeping exit or offstage lines

Am C D G D

Could make me feel bitter or treat you unkind

(Chorus)

---

Bm G Bm G

I know I dreamed you a sin and a lie

Am C D G D C

I have my freedom but I don't have much time

Bm G Bm G

Faith has been broken, tears must be cried

Am C D G D

Let's do some living, after we die

(Chorus)

(Final Chorus)

Either fade out or end with D (transitional) G

## WILDFIRE (MICHAEL MARTIN MURPHEY, LARRY CANSLER, 1975) \*

E A E A  
She comes down from Yellow Mountain, On a dark, flat land she rides

AMaj7 G#m7 Amaj7 G#m7  
On a pony she named Wildfire, With a whirlwind by her side

F#m7 G#m7  
On a cold Nebraska night.

E A E A  
Oh, they say she died one winter. When there came a killin' frost

Amaj7 G#m7 Amaj7 G#m7  
And the pony she named Wildfire, Busted down its stall,

F#m7 G#m7  
In a blizzard, he was lost.

---

### Chorus:

Amaj7 G#m7 Amaj7 G#m7  
1) She ran calling Wild - fire, Calling Wild - fire,  
2) We'll be riding Wild - fire, Riding Wild - fire,

Amaj7 G#m7 F#m7 G#m7 E  
Calling Wi - i - ld - fi - i - re...  
Riding Wi - i - ld - fi - i - re...

---

E A E A  
By the dark of the moon, I planted. But there came an early snow.

Amaj7 G#m7 Amaj7 G#m7  
There's been a hoot owl howlin' by my window now, for six nights in a row.

Amaj7 G#m7 F#m7 G#m7  
She's comin' for me, I know, And on Wildfire we're both gonna go. (Chorus)

Amaj7 G#m7 Amaj7 G#m7  
On Wildfire we're gonna ride, We're gonna lea - ve sod bustin' behind.

Amaj7 G#m7  
Get these hard times right on out of our minds,

Amaj7 G#m7 F#m7 G#m7 E  
Ridin' Wi - i - ld - fi - i - re...

\*Chord structure greatly simplified for singalongs

## WILDFLOWERS (TOM PETTY, 1994)

Intro: G D A D G D A D

G D A D G D A D  
You belong among the wild-flowers. You be-long in a boat out at sea  
You belong among the wild-flowers. You belong in a boat out at sea

G D A D  
Sail away, kill off the hours,  
You be - long with your love on your arm,

G D A D  
You belong somewhere you feel free ... (Skip the break this pass)  
You belong somewhere you feel free ... (Give it a 4 count after the D)

Break: G D Bm E A / G / D / Bm / G D Bm E A

G D A D G D A  
Run away, find you a lover, Go away some where all bright and new  
Run away, go find a lover, Run away, let your heart be your guide

G D A D G D A D  
I have se-en no other, who compa- ares with you  
You deserve the deepest of cover. You belong in that home by and by

---

Outro:

G D A D G D A  
You belong among the wildflowers. You belong somewhere close to me

G D A D G D A D  
Far away from your trouble and worry. You belong somewhere you feel free

G D A D G D A D  
You belong somewhere you feel free. You belong somewhere you feel free

(Again... Give it a 4 count after the D)

Break: G D Bm E A / G / D / Bm / G D Bm E A

## **WILL YOU LOVE ME TOMORROW? (GERRY GOFFIN & CAROLE KING, 1960) \***

**(Capo 2)**

C Dm G C F G

Tonight you're mine completely, You give your love so sweetly

Em E Am C F G C

Tonight the light of love is in your eyes. But will you love me tomorrow?

Is this a lasting treasure, Or just a moment's pleasure?

Can I believe the magic of your sighs? Will you still love me tomorrow?

**Bridge:**

F C F G C

Tonight, with words unspoken You say that I'm the only one

F C D G

But will my heart be broken, When the night meets the morning sun?

I'd like to know that your love

Is love I can be sure of

So tell me now and I won't ask again

Will you still love me tomorrow?

\*Recorded by The Shirelles

**D**

**The wind is the whisper of our mother the Earth**

**G**

**The wind is the hand of our father the sky**

**The wind watches over our struggles and pleasures**

**D A7**

**The wind is the goddess who first learned to fly**

---

**D**

**The wind is the bearer of bad and good tidings**

**G**

**Weaver of darkness, bringer of dawn**

**The wind gives the rain then builds us a rainbow**

**C**

**The wind is the singer who sang the first song**

**Am**

**D**

**The wind is the twister of anger and warning**

**G**

**Em**

**C**

**A7**

**The wind brings the fragrance of freshly mown hay**

**C**

**Am**

**D**

**The wind is a racer and a wild stallion running**

**C**

**G**

**Am**

**G**

**A**

**and the sweet taste of love on a slow summer's day**

---

D

The wind knows the songs of the cities and canyons,

G

the thunder of mountains, the roar of the sea

The wind is the taker and giver of mornings

D      A7

The wind is the symbol of all that is free

---

D

So welcome the wind and the wisdom she offers

G

Follow her summons when she calls again

In your heart and your spirit let the breezes surround you

C

Lift up your voice then and sing with the wind:

Am                    D

La, la

C    G    Am                    G    D

Dee, dee, dee, dee, dee, dee

G    C    G    C    G    Em    G    Em    C    G    C    G (Fade)

oooooooooooo oooooooo ooooooo oooooooo

## You CAN'T HURRY LOVE (LAMONT DOZIER, BRIAN HOLLAND, EDDIE HOLLAND, 1966)

G C G  
I need love, love, to ease my mind,  
Bm Em Am D  
I need to find, find, someone to call mine. But mama said: (Chorus 1)

---

Choruses:

G C G  
You can't hurry love, no, you just have to wait.

Bm Em Am D  
She said, love don't come easy, it's a game of give and take.

G C G  
You can't hurry love, no, you just have to wait,

- Bm Em Am D  
1) you got to trust, give it time, no matter how long it takes.  
2) before lonely-ness will cause my heart, heart to break?  
3) She said, love don't come easy, it's a game of give and take
- 

Bm Em  
But how many heartaches must I stand, before I find a love to let me live again.

Am  
Right now the only thing that keeps me hangin' on,

D D7  
when I feel my strength, yeah, it's almost gone.

I remember, (mama said) : (Chorus 2)

---

Bm Em  
No, I can't bear to live my life alone, I grow impatient for a love to call my own.

Am  
But when I feel that I, I can't go on,

D D7  
these precious words keep me hanging on. I remember,(mama said):(Chorus 1)

---

G C - G Bm Em Am D  
No, love, love, don't come easy, but I keep on waiting, anticipating

G C G  
for that soft voice, to talk to me at night,

Bm Em Am D  
for some tender arms, to hold me tight.

G C - G  
I keep waiting, I keep on waiting,  
Bm - Em Am D  
But it ain't easy, it ain't easy. But mama said : (Chorus 3)

---

## You NEVER CAN TELL (CHUCK BERRY, 1964)

C

It was a teenage wedding, and the old folks wished them well

G G7

You could see that Pierre did truly love the mademoiselle

G

G7

And now the young monsieur and madame have rung the chapel bell,

G

G7

C G7 C

"C'est la vie", say the old folks, it goes to show you never can tell

---

C

They furnished off an apartment with a Sears and Roebuck sale

G G7

The coolerator was crammed with TV dinners and ginger ale,

G

G7

But when Pierre found work, the little money coming worked out well

G

G7

C G7 C

"C'est la vie", say the old folks, it goes to show you never can tell

---

C

They had a hi-fi phono, boy, did they let it blast

G G7

Seven hundred little records, all rock, rhythm and jazz

G

G7

But when the sun went down, the rapid tempo of the music fell

G

G7

C G7 C

"C'est la vie", say the old folks, it goes to show you never can tell

---

C

They bought a souped-up jitney, 'twas a cherry red '53,

G G7

They drove it down to Orleans to celebrate the anniversary

G

G7

It was there that Pierre was married to the lovely mademoiselle

G

G7

C G7 C

"C'est la vie", say the old folks, it goes to show you never can tell

---

(Optional Instrumental) C G G7 G G7 C

---

(Repeat 1st Verse)

# Novelty / Silly / Funny Songs

**AWAY WITH RUM (EDWARD HARRIGAN, DAVE BRAHAM, 1882) \***

D                      A7                      D

We're coming, we're coming, our brave little band.

A7                      D

On the right side of temperance, we now take our stand.

A7                      D                      A7                      D

We don't use tobacco because we do think,

A7                      D

That the people who use it are likely to drink!

---

**Chorus:**

D                      A7                      D    G    D

Away, away with rum, by gum, with rum by gum with rum, by gum.

A7                      D

Away, away with rum by gum; The song of the Temperance Union

---

We never eat cookies because they have yeast,  
and one little bite turns a man to a beast.

Oh, can you imagine a sadder disgrace  
Than a man in the gutter with crumbs on his face.

We never eat fruitcake because it has rum,  
and one little slice puts a man on the bum.

Oh can you imagine a sorrier sight  
Than a man eating fruitcake until he gets tight.

We never drink coffee, it makes your eyes gleam,  
At least when you add Irish whiskey and cream,  
Can you imagine a fate more unkind,  
Than slugging down coffee and getting stone blind.

Shun girls who are pretty and witty and kind,  
There's nothing like love for corrupting your mind  
At least in our circle, it just isn't done,  
Our kids are adopted, we NEVER have fun.

\* This is one of those songs with a large number of verses added by people as time goes on.

## BEEP, BEEP (LITTLE NASH RAMBLER) (CLAPS & CHICCHETTI – 1958) \*

Chorus:

(Capo 1)

(Am) E7 Am E7 Am (beep beep), Beep, beep (beep beep), His horn went beep, beep, beep  
(beep beep)

---

E7 Am E7 Am E7 Am E7 Am

While riding in my Cadillac, what to my surprise,

Am E7 Am E7 Am E7 Am  
A little Nash Rambler was following me, about one-third my size.

F Am E7 Am  
The guy must have wanted to pass me out, As he kept on tooting his horn  
(beep beep).

(Am) E7 Am E7 Am E7 Am  
I'll show him that a Cadillac is not a car to scorn. (chorus)

I pushed my foot down to the floor to give the guy the shake,  
But the little Nash Rambler stayed right behind, he still had on his brake.  
He must have thought his car had more guts,  
As he kept on tooting his horn (beep beep).

I'll show him that a Cadillac is not a car to scorn. (chorus)

My car went in to passing gear and we took off with gust,  
And soon we were doing ninety, must have left him in the dust.  
When I peeked in the mirror of my car, I couldn't believe my eyes.  
The little Nash Rambler was right behind, I think that guy could fly. (chorus)

Now we're doing a hundred and ten, it certainly was a race,  
For a Rambler to pass a Caddy would be a big disgrace.  
The guy must have wanted to pass me out as he kept on tooting his horn.  
I'll show him that a Cadillac is not a car to scorn. (chorus)

Now we're doing a hundred and twenty, as fast as I could go.  
The Rambler pulled alongside of me as if we were going slow.  
The fellow rolled down his window, and yelled for me to hear:  
"Hey, buddy, how can I get this car out of second gear?"

\* This is supposedly based on the story of a race car driver who had retrofitted a Nash Rambler with a much more powerful engine – and played games on the road with some of his colleagues. I've seen the original site, but have been unable to find it again for proper attribution.

## **DO YOUR EARS HANG LOW (ENGLISH TRADITIONAL, 1800'S) \***

**G**

**Do your ears hang low? Do they wobble to and fro?**

**G**

**D**

**Can you tie them in a knot? Can you tie them in a bow**

**G**

**Can you throw them o'er your shoulder like a continental soldier ?**

**G**

**D      G**

**Do your ears hang low ?**

---

**Do your ears hang high? Do they reach up to the sky?**

**Do they droop when they are wet? Do they stiffen when they're dry?**

**Can you semaphore your neighbour with a minimum of labour?**

**Do your ears hang high?**

---

**Do your ears flip-flop? Can you use them for a mop?**

**Are they stringy at the bottom? Are they curly at the top?**

**Can you use them for a swatter? Can you use them for a blotter?**

**Do your ears flip-flop?**

---

**Do your ears hang out? Can you waggle them about?**

**Can you flip them up and down as you fly around the town?**

**Can you shut them up for sure When you hear an awful bore?**

**Do your ears hang out?**

\* Wikipedia's article speculates that the original song was "Do Your Balls Hang Low" and that this is a "sanitized" version.

## FATHER'S WHISKERS (UNKNOWN)

(Prelude to all verses:)

C

G7

We have a dear old daddy, For whom we daily pray,

C

He has a set of whiskers, that are always in the way,

---

Veres:

C C7 F

Father had a strong back, Now it's all caved in,

G

C

He stepped upon his whiskers, And walked up to his chin.

---

Chorus:

C F

They're always in the way, they're always in the way,

G7

Momma eats 'em in her sleep and thinks she's eating shredded wheat,

C F

They're always in the way, they're always in the way,

G

C

They hide the dirt on daddy's shirt, but they're always in the way.

---

Around the supper table, we make a merry group,

Until father's whiskers, get tangled in the soup.

---

Each morning during breakfast, the baby thinks it's nice,  
To climb up in his whiskers, and hear him chew his rice.

---

We have a dear old sister, it really is a laugh  
She sprinkles father's whiskers as bath salts in her bath

---

Father fought in Flanders, He wasn't killed, you see;  
His whiskers looked like bushes, And fooled the enemy.

---

When Father goes in swimming, No bathing suit for him,  
He ties his whiskers 'round his waist, And gaily plunges in.

---

Father went out sailing, The wind blew down the mast;  
He hoisted up his whiskers, And never went so fast.

---

Father went out skiing, He thought he'd try a schuss,  
He caught his whiskers on his skis And landed on his puss.

## FOUND A PEANUT (CHILDREN'S SONG, DATE UNKNOWN)

Tune: Clementine

Found a peanut, found a peanut, Found a peanut just now, Just now I found a peanut, Found a peanut just now.	Died anyway, died anyway, Died anyway just now, Just now I died anyway, Died anyway just now
Cracked it open, cracked it open, Cracked it open just now, Just now I cracked it open, Cracked it open just now.	Went to heaven, went to heaven, Went to heaven just now, Just now I went to heaven, Went to heaven just now.
It was rotten, it was rotten, It was rotten just now, Just now it was rotten, It was rotten just now.	Wouldn't take me, wouldn't take me, Wouldn't take me just now, Just now Heaven wouldn't take me, Wouldn't take me just now.
Ate it anyway, ate it anyway, Ate it anyway just now, Just now I ate it anyway, Ate it anyway just now.	Went the other way, went the other way, Went the other way just now, Just now I went the other way, Went the other way just now.
Got a tummy ache, got a tummy ache, Got a stomach ache just now, Just now I got a stomach ache, Got a stomach ache just now.	Didn't want me, didn't want me, Didn't want me just now, Just now they didn't want me, Didn't want me just now.
Called the doctor, called the doctor, Called the doctor just now, Just now I called the doctor, Called the doctor just now.	Was a dream, was a dream, Was a dream just now, Just now it was a dream, Was a dream, just now.
Penicillin, Penicillin, Penicillin just now, Just now I took Penicillin, Penicillin just now.	Then I woke up, then I woke up, Then I woke up just now, Just now I woke up, I woke up just now.
Operation, operation, Operation just now, Just now an operation, An operation just now.	Found a peanut, found a peanut, Found a peanut just now, Just now I found a peanut, Found a peanut just now.

## GRANDMA GOT RUN OVER BY A REINDEER (RANDY BROOKS, 1978)

---

Chorus:

E

A

Grandma got run over by a reindeer, walking home from our house Christmas Eve

E              B7

E

You can say there's no such thing as Santa but as for me and grandpa we believe

---

B7

E

She'd been drinking too much eggnog and we begged her not to go

E7

A

B7

E

but she forgot her medication and she staggered out the door into the snow

B7

E

When we found her Christmas morning at the scene of the attack

E7

A

B7

E

she had hoof prints on her forehead and incriminating Claus marks on her back

(Chorus)

---

B7

E

Now we're all so proud of grandpa; he's been taking this so well

E7

A

B7

E

see him in there watching football drinking beer & playing cards with cousin Mel

E

B7

E

It's not Christmas without grandma; all the family's dressed in black

E7

A

B7

E

and we just can't help but wonder should we open up her gifts or send them back! (Chorus)

---

(E)

B7

E

Now the goose is on the table and the pudding made of fig

E7

A

B7

E

and the blue & silver candles that would just have matched the hair in grandma's wig

B7

E

I've warned all my friends and neighbors, better watch out for yourselves

E7

A

B7

E

they should never give a license to a man who drives a sleigh and plays with elves!

(Chorus) (Final Chorus)

## HELLO MUDDAH, HELLO FADDAH (ALLAN SHERMAN, 1963)

A E E7 A

Hello Muddah hello Faddah here I am at Camp Grenada

C#7 D A E7 A

Camp is very entertaining and they say we'll have some fun if it stops raining

(A) E E7 A  
I went hiking with Joe Spivey; he developed poison ivy

(A) C#7 D A E A  
You remember Leonard Skinner he got ptomaine poisoning last night after dinner

(A) E E7 A  
All the counselors hate the waiters and the lake has alligators

C#7 D A E A  
& the head coach wants no sissies so he reads to us from something called Ulysses

(A) E E7 A  
Now I don't want this should scare ya, but my bunkmate has malaria

C#7 D A E A  
You remember Jeffrey Hardy they're about to organize a searching party

Bridge:

Am Em Am Em  
Take me home oh Muddah, Faddah. Take me home I hate Grenada

C G F E  
Don't leave me out in the forest where I might get eaten by a bear

Am Em Am Em  
Take me home I promise I will not make noise or mess the house

C G F E  
With other boys oh please don't make me stay I've been here one whole day

A E E7 A  
Dearest Faddah, darling Muddah how's my precious little bruddah?

C#7 D A E A  
Let me come home if you miss me; I would even let Aunt Bertha hug and kiss me

(A) E E7 A  
Wait a minute it's stopped hailing; guys are swimming, guys are sailing

C#7 D A E A  
Playing baseball gee that's better; Muddah, Faddah kindly disregard this letter

## I'M MY OWN GRANDPA (DWIGHT LATHAM & MOE JAFFE) \*

C                      7

Many, many years ago when I was twenty-three

(G7)                      C

I was married to a widow who was pretty as can be

C7                      F

This widow had a grown-up daughter who had hair of red

D7                      G

My father fell in love with her and soon they two were wed

This made my dad my son-in-law and changed my very life  
For my daughter was my mother 'cause she was my father's wife  
To complicate the matter even though it brought me joy  
I soon became the father of a bouncing baby boy

This bouncing baby boy became a brother-in-law to Dad  
And so became my uncle, though it made me very sad  
For if he was my uncle, then that also made him brother  
Of the widow's grown-up daughter who of course was my stepmother

---

Chorus:

C                      G     C    F                      D     G

Oh I'm my own grandpa; I'm my own grandpa

C                      C7                      F

It sounds funny I know, but it really is so

C                      G                      C

Oh I'm my own grandpa

---

Father's wife then had a son who kept them on the run  
And he became my grandchild, for he was my daughter's son  
My wife is now my mother's mother and it makes me blue  
Because although she is my wife, she's my grandmother too

Now if my wife is my grandmother, then I'm her grandchild  
And every time I think of it, it nearly drives me wild  
For now I have become the strangest case I ever saw  
As husband of my grandmother, I am my own grandpa

(Chorus)

In the 1930s, Latham had a group, the Jesters, on network radio; their specialties were bits of spoken humor and novelty songs. While reading a book of Mark Twain anecdotes, he once found a paragraph in which Twain proved it would be possible for a man to become his own grandfather. In 1947, Latham and Jaffe expanded the idea into a song, which became a hit for Lonzo and Oscar.

# I'VE GOT A LOVELY BUNCH OF COCONUTS (FRED HEATHERTON\*, IRWIN DASH\*\*, 1944)

Intro: G D A D

G D  
Down at an English fair one evening I was there

A D  
When I heard a showman shouting underneath the flair

---

(Verse 1) G  
I've got a lovely bunch of coconuts

G D  
There they are all standing in a row

D  
Big ones small ones some as big as your head

A  
Give them a twist a flick of the wrist

D  
That's what the showman said

---

(Verse 2) G  
I've got a lovely bunch of coconuts

G D  
Every ball you throw will make me rich

D  
There stands me wife, the idol of me life

D G  
Singing roll or bowl the ball a penny a pitch

---

Chorus: G  
Roll or bowl the ball a penny a pitch

G D  
Roll or bowl the ball a penny a pitch

D  
Roll or bowl a ball, roll or bowl a ball

D G  
Singing roll or bowl a ball a penny a pitch

(Repeat verse 1, Verse 2, Chorus as many times as you wish)

\* Fred Heatherton, a songwriting pseudonym for collaboration of English songwriters Harold Elton Box and Desmond Cox. Lewis Ilda (a pseudonym of American songwriter Irwin Dash).

## JENNY JENKINS (AMERICAN TRADITIONAL) \*

D                            A7

Oh, Will you wear white, oh my dear, oh my dear?

D                            A7

Oh, will you wear white, Jenny Jenkins?

D                            G

No, I won't wear white; the color's too bright...

---

Chorus:

D

I'll buy me a foldy roldy, tildy toldy,

seek a double use a cause a roll to find me.

A7                    D

Roll, Jenny Jenkins roll.

---

Brown	– It's all around town (alt: color of the ground)
Black	– It's the color of a sack
Purple	– It's the color of a turtle
Pink	– I'd rather drink ink
Yellow	– 'Cause I'd never get a fellow
Green	– It's a shame to be seen
Red	– It's the color of my head
Blue	– 'Cause it just won't do
Gold	– It makes me look bold
Orange	– No orange this time, 'cause the word won't rhyme

Then what will you wear oh my dear, oh my dear?

What will you wear, Jenny Jenkins?

Oh, what do you care if I just go bare?

\* “Jennie Jenkins” (as “Jane” Jenkins) is first found in the United States in the 1823 collection, The Green Mountain Songster, compiled by a Revolutionary War soldier from Sandgate, Vermont. [www.giamusic.com](http://www.giamusic.com)

## **MTA SONG (JACQUELINE STEINER AND BESS HAWES)**

**G**

**C**

**Let me tell you of the story of a man named Charlie**

**G**

**D**

**On this tragic and fateful day**

**G**

**C**

**He put ten cents in his pocket kissed his wife and family**

**G**

**D G**

**Went to ride on the MTA.**

---

**Chorus:**

**But did he ever return? no, he never returned**

**And his fate is still unlearned**

**He may ride forever 'neath the streets of Boston**

**He's the man who never returned**

---

**Charlie handed in his dime at the Kendall Square Station**

**And he changed for Jamaica Plain**

**When he got there the conductor told him "One more nickel!"**

**Charlie couldn't get off that train** (Chorus)

**Now all night long Charlie rides through the station**

**Crying "What will become of me?"**

**"How can I afford to see my sister in Chelsea ?"**

**"Or my cousin in Roxbury?"** (Chorus)

**Charlie's wife goes down to the Scully Square Station**

**Every day at a quarter past two**

**And through the open window she hands Charlie a sandwich**

**As the train comes rumblin' through** (Chorus)

**Now you citizens of Boston, don't you think it is a scandal**

**That the people have to pay and pay?**

**Fight the fare increase, vote for George O'Brien**

**And get poor Charlie off the M.T.A!** (Chorus)

**ON TOP OF SPAGHETTI (LYRICS: TOM GLAZER, 1963)\***

(Tune: On top of old smoky)

C                  F                  C

On top of spaghetti, All covered with cheese,

C                  G7                  C                  F C

I lost my poor meatball, When somebody sneezed.

C                  F                  C

It rolled off the table, And on to the floor,

C                  G7                  C                  F C

And then my poor meatball, Rolled out of the door.

C                  F                  C

It rolled in the garden, And under a bush,

C                  G7                  C                  F C

And then my poor meatball, was nothing but moosh.

C                  F                  C

The moosh was as tasty, as tasty could be,

C                  G7                  C                  F C

And early next summer, it grew into a tree.

C                  F                  C

The tree was all covered, with beautiful moss,

C                  G7                  C                  F C

It grew lovely meatballs, and tomato sauce.

C                  F                  C

So if you eat spaghetti, all covered with cheese,

C                  G7                  C                  F C

Hold on to your meatball, and don't ever sneeze.

**G7 C (Final flourish)**

\* "On Top of Spaghetti" is a ballad and children's song written and originally performed by folk singer Tom Glazer with the Do-Re-Mi Children's Chorus in 1963. [www.wikipedia.org](http://www.wikipedia.org).

**POLLUTION (TOM LEHRER, 1964 – PUBLIC DOMAIN AS OF 2020)**

C                    G                    C

If you visit American city, you will find it very pretty.

C7                    F

Just two things of which you must beware:

C                    G                    C

Don't drink the water and don't breathe the air.

Am                    G                    F                    E

Pollution, pollution, they got smog and sewage and mud.

F                    C                    G                    C

Turn on your tap and get hot and cold running crud.

See the halibuts and the sturgeons being wiped out by detergents.

Fish gotta swim and birds gotta fly, But they don't last long if they try.

Pollution, pollution, you can use the latest toothpaste,

And then rinse your mouth with industrial waste.

Just go out for a breath of air, and you'll be ready for Medicare.

The city streets are really quite a thrill,

if the hoods don't get you, the monoxide will.

Pollution, pollution, wear a gas mask and a veil.

Then you can breathe, long as you don't inhale.

Lots of things there that you can drink, But stay away from the kitchen sink.

The breakfast garbage that you throw in to the Bay,

They drink at lunch in San Jose.

So go to the city, see the crazy people there.

C    F      C Dm C      Am      F      C Dm    C      Am

Like lambs to the slaughter,

C      F      C   Dm C   Am      F      G      C   F   G7

They're drinking the water, And breathing (cough) the air.

## POLLY WOLLY DOODLE (AMERICAN TRADITIONAL) \*

<p>G Oh, I went down south for to see my Sal,  D7 Singing Polly Wolly Doodle all the day  My Sal she is a spunky gal.  G Singing Polly Wolly Doodle all the day</p> <hr/>	<p>Oh, a grasshopper sat on a railroad track Singing Polly Wolly Doodle all the day, Picking his teeth with a carpet tack Singing Polly Wolly Doodle all the day.</p> <p>(Chorus)</p>
<p>Chorus: G Fare thee well, fare thee well,  D7 Fare thee well my fairy fay,  For I'm gone to Louisiana  for to see my Susiana  G Singing Polly Wolly Doodle all the day</p> <hr/>	<p>Oh, I went to bed but it weren't no use Singing Polly Wolly Doodle all the day, 'cause my feet stuck out like a chicken's roost Singing Polly Wolly Doodle all the day.</p> <p>(Chorus)</p> <p>From behind the barn, down upon my knees Singing Polly Wolly Doodle all the day, I could swear I heard that chicken sneeze. Singing Polly Wolly Doodle all the day.</p> <p>(Chorus)</p>
<p>Oh, my Sal she is a maiden fair, Singing Polly Wolly Doodle all the day With curly eyes and laughing hair. Singing Polly Wolly Doodle all the day  (Chorus)</p>	<p>He sneezed so hard with the whooping cough Singing Polly Wolly Doodle all the day, That he sneezed his head and tail right off Singing Polly Wolly Doodle all the day.</p> <p>(Chorus)</p>

"Polly Wolly Doodle" is a song first published in a Harvard student songbook in 1880. It is sometimes credited to Dan Emmett. [www.wikipedia.org](http://www.wikipedia.org)

## THE CAT CAME BACK (HARRY S. MILLER, 1893) \*

Em D C B7

Old Mr. Johnson had troubles of his own.

Em D C B7

He had a yellow cat that wouldn't leave its home.

Em D C B7

He tried and he tried to give that cat away.

Em D C B7

He gave it to a man who was going far away.

---

Chorus:

Em D C B7

(Same chord pattern all lines)

But the cat came back the very next day.

The cat came back. They thought it was a goner,

But the cat came back; it just wouldn't stay away.

---

The man around the corner said he'd shoot the cat on sight.

He loaded up his shotgun with nails and dynamite.

He waited and he waited for that cat to come around.

Ninety-seven pieces of that man was all they found.

(Chorus)

He gave it to a man going up in a balloon.

He told him to give it to the man up in the moon.

The balloon came down about ninety miles away.

And where that man is now, well, I dare not say.

(Chorus)

He gave it to a feller who was going way out West.

Told him for to take it to the one he loved the best.

First the train hit the curve and then it jumped the rail.

Not a soul was left alive to tell the gruesome tale.

(Chorus)

Away across the ocean they did send the cat at last.

Vessel only out a day and taking water fast.

People all began to pray; the boat began to toss.

A great big gust of wind came by and every soul was lost.

(Chorus)

He gave it to a little boy with a dollar note.

He told the boy to take the cat up river on a boat.

They tied a rock around its neck - it must have weighed a pound.

And now they drag the river for a little boy who drowned.

(Chorus)

The A-bomb fell just the other day.

The H-bomb fell in the very same way.

Russia went! England went! And then the USA.

The human race was finished without a chance to pray.

(Chorus)

\*The last verse likely written in the 1950's or 1960's during the Cold War. Unknown author.

**THE GREEN GRASS GREW ALL AROUND (APPALACHIAN TRADITIONAL, 1800's)\*  
(Lyrics: William Jerome, Melody: Harry Von Tilzer, 1912)**

G                    D7

There once was a tree,

D7                    G

A pretty little tree,

G                    D7

The prettiest little tree,

D7                    G

That you ever did see,

G                    D7                    G                    D7

Oh! The tree in the hole and the hole in the ground,

G                    D7                    G                    C

And the green grass grew all a-round all around,

G                    D7                    G

And the green grass grew all around.

And on that tree...there was a limb etc.

And on that limb...there was a bough etc.

And on that bough...there was a branch etc.

And on that branch...there was a nest etc.

And in that nest...there was an egg etc.

And in that egg...there was a bird etc.

And on that bird...there was a wing etc.

And on that wing...there was a feather etc.

And on that feather...there was a flea etc.

\*Conflicting sources for attribution, so both are included.

## THEY'RE COMING TO TAKE ME AWAY HA, HA (JERRY SAMUELS, 1966)

(The only accompaniment to this song is a tambourine going “Ker-Chunk”)

Remember when you ran away, and I got on my knees  
And begged you not to leave because I'd go berserk  
Well, you left me anyhow and then the days got worse and worse  
And now you see I've gone completely out of my mind

And they're coming to take me away ha-haaa  
They're coming to take me away ho-ho hee-hee ha-haaa  
To the funny farm where life is beautiful all the time  
And I'll be happy to see those nice young men in their clean white coats  
And they're coming to take me away ha-haaa

You thought it was a joke and so you laughed, you laughed when I said  
That losing you would make me flip my lid, right?  
You know you laughed, I heard you laugh, you laughed  
You laughed and laughed and then you left  
But now you know I'm utterly mad

And they're coming to take me away ha-haaa  
They're coming to take me away ho-ho hee-hee ha-haaa  
To the happy home with trees and flowers and chirping birds  
And basket weavers who sit and smile and twiddle their thumbs and toes  
And they're coming to take me away ha-haaa

I cooked your food. I cleaned your house, and this is how you pay me back  
For all my kind unselfish, loving deeds. Ha! Well, you just wait  
They'll find you yet and when they do, they'll put you in the A.S.P.C.A.  
You mangy mutt

And, they're coming to take me away ha-haaa  
They're coming to take me away ha-haaa ho-ho hee-hee  
To the funny farm where life is beautiful all the time  
And I'll be happy to see those nice young men In their clean white coats  
And they're coming to take me away

To the happy home with trees and flowers and chirping birds  
And basket weavers who sit and smile and twiddle their thumbs and toes  
And they're coming to take me away ha-haaa!

**THIS OLD MAN (ENGLISH TRADITIONAL CIRCA 1842) \***

**C**

**This old man, he played one**

**F**

**G7**

**He played knick-knack on my thumb**

**C**

**With a knick-knack paddy whack, give the dog a bone**

**G7**

**C**

**This old man came rolling home**

**This old man, he played two**

**He played knick-knack on my shoe etc.**

**This old man, he played three**

**He played knick-knack on my knee etc.**

**This old man, he played four**

**He played knick-knack on my door etc.**

**This old man, he played five**

**He played knick-knack on my hive etc.**

**This old man, he played six**

**He played knick-knack on my sticks etc.**

**This old man, he played seven**

**He played knick-knack up in heaven etc.**

**This old man, he played eight**

**He played knick-knack on my gate etc.**

**This old man, he played nine**

**He played knick-knack on my spine etc.**

**This old man, he played ten**

**He played knick-knack once again etc.**

\* "This Old Man" is an English language children's song, counting and nursery rhyme with a Roud Folk Song Index number of 3550 - en.wikipedia.org

## **WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH A DRUNKEN SAILOR? (TRADITIONAL SEA CHANTY) \***

**Em**

**What shall we do with a drunken sailor?**

**D**

**What shall we do with a drunken sailor?**

**Em**

**What shall we do with a drunken sailor?**

**Em D Em**

**Early in the morning.**

---

**Chorus:**

**Way, hey, and up she rises, (3 times)**

**Early in the morning.**

---

**Put him in the longboat till he's sober, etc.**

**Pull out the plug and wet him all over, etc.**

**Put him in the scuppers with a hose pipe on him, etc.**

**Heave him by the leg in a running bowline, etc.**

**Shave his belly with a rusty razor, etc.**

**Put him in bed with the captain's daughter, etc.**

---

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\*Roud index 322. The music was first reproduced in printed form in 1824–25 in "Cole's Selection of Favourite Cotillions" published in Baltimore. However, the lyrics were first published in 1891 under the title "What to do with a Drunken Sailor?". [www.wikipedia.org](http://www.wikipedia.org)

## WHEN I FIRST CAME TO THIS LAND (OSCAR BRAND, 1957) \*

D                    G       D       G       D       A       D

When I first came to this land, I was not a wealthy man

            G       D     Em     A7       D

So I got myself a farm, I did what I could

            G       D     A7                  D

And I called my farm, "Muscle in my arm". But the land was sweet and good,

            Em       A7       D

And I did what I could

When I first came to this land, I was not a wealthy man,

So I built myself a shack, I did what I could.

And I called my shack, "Break my back",

And I called my shack, "Break my back"

But the land was sweet and good and I did what I could

When I first came to this land, I was not a wealthy man,

So I got myself a cow, I did what I could

And I called my cow, "No milk now"              (repeat previous verse endings)

When I first came to this land, I was not a wealthy man,

So I got myself a duck, I did what I could

And I called my duck, "Out of luck"              (repeat previous verse endings)

When I first came to this land, I was not a wealthy man,

So I got myself a donkey, I did what I could

And I called my donkey "Horse gone wonky" (repeat previous verse endings)

When I first came to this land, I was not a wealthy man,

So I got myself a wife, I did what I could

And I called my wife, "Run for your life"      (repeat previous verse endings)

When I first came to this land, I was not a wealthy man

So I got myself a son, I did what I could

And I called my son, "My work's done"      (repeat previous verse endings)

\* Thanks to [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk) for the "Donkey/Horse gone wonky" verse

## WITH HER HEAD TUCKED UNDERNEATH HER ARM (R. P. WESTON AND BERT LEE, 1934)

Am                    E                    Am                    E                    Am  
Now in the Tower of London large as life, the ghost of Anne Boleyn walks, I declare,

                        E                    Am  
Now Anne Boleyn was once King Henry's wife,

                        E                    Am  
until he made the headsman bob her hair

Dm                    Am                    Dm                    E  
Oh yes, he did her wrong, long years ago, and she comes back at night to tell him so.

Chorus:

(E)                    Am                    Dm                    Am                    Dm                    Am  
With her head tucked, underneath her arm, she walks the bloody tower,

Dm                    Am                    E                    Am  
With her head tucked, underneath her arm, at the midnight hour

---

She comes to old King Henry, she's giving him what-for  
She seems to want to tell him off for having spilt her gore,  
Oh, and just in case the headsman wants to give her an encore,  
She has her head tucked underneath her arm.

(Chorus)

Nowsometimes old King Henry gives a spread, for all his gals & pals, a ghastly crew,  
Now the headsman carves the joint and cuts the bread,  
'Til in comes Anne Boleyn to queer the do.  
She holds her head up with a wild war whoop,  
And Henry says "Don't drop it in the soup, the soup, the soup"

(Chorus)

She walks the drafty corridors for miles and miles she goes  
She often catches cold poor dear, it's drafty when it blows  
And it's awfully, awfully awkward for the queen to blow her nose,  
With her head tucked underneath her arm.

(Chorus)

Now sometimes the sentries think she's hauling 'round a rugby ball,  
When dinner's done they'll push the chairs and tables to the wall,  
Oh and then they'll choose up sides and kick the queen around the hall,  
With her head tucked underneath her arm.

(Chorus)

## Alphabetical Index

<a href="#">A Summer Song (Chad Stuart, Clive Metcalf, Keith Noble, 1964)</a>	259
<a href="#">Abilene (Buck Owens, Lester Brown &amp; John D. Loudermilk)</a>	107
<a href="#">Across the Great Divide (Kate Wolf 1981) *</a>	187
<a href="#">Ain't Gonna Grieve My Lord No More (Unknown)</a>	12
<a href="#">Ain't Livin' Long Like This (Rodney Crowell, 1977)</a>	108
<a href="#">Ain't No Sunshine (When She's Gone) (Bill Withers, 1971) (2P)</a>	260
<a href="#">All Of Me (Seymour Simons, Gerald Marks, 1931)</a>	13
<a href="#">Always Trust Your Cape (Guy Clark, 1995) *</a>	109
<a href="#">Amarillo By Morning (Terry Stafford, Paul Fraser, 1973)</a>	110
<a href="#">Amazing Grace (John Newton, 1779) *</a>	96
<a href="#">America (Paul Simon, 1968)</a>	262
<a href="#">America The Beautiful (Katharine Lee Bates, 1913)</a>	14
<a href="#">Amie (Craig Fuller, 1972) *</a>	263
<a href="#">Angel From Montgomery (John Prine, 1971)</a>	188
<a href="#">Annie Laurie (William Douglas &amp; Alicia (Lady John) Scott, 1835)</a>	84
<a href="#">Annie's Song (John Denver, 1974)</a>	264
<a href="#">Another Saturday Night (Sam Cooke 1963)</a>	265
<a href="#">Autumn To May (Noel Paul Stookey, Peter Yarrow, 1962)</a>	189
<a href="#">Away With Rum (Edward Harrigan, Dave Braham, 1882) *</a>	390
<a href="#">Bad Moon Rising (John Fogerty, 1969)</a>	268
<a href="#">Banana Boat Song (Alan Arkin, Bob Carey, Erik Darling, 1956) * (2P)</a>	266
<a href="#">Banks of the Ohio (American Traditional, 1800's) *</a>	15
<a href="#">Battle Of New Orleans (Jimmy Driftwood, 1959)</a>	16
<a href="#">Beautiful Dreamer (Stephen Foster) *</a>	17
<a href="#">Beep, Beep (Little Nash Rambler) (Claps &amp; Chicchetti – 1958) *</a>	391
<a href="#">Blow the Man Down (English Traditional) *</a>	72
<a href="#">Blowing in the Wind (Bob Dylan, 1962)</a>	190
<a href="#">Blue Bayou (Roy Orbison, 1963 (Recorded in 1961))</a>	269
<a href="#">Blue Moon of Kentucky (Bill Monroe, 1946)</a>	18
<a href="#">Blue Skies (Irving Berlin, 1926) *</a>	19
<a href="#">Both Sides Now (Joni Mitchell, Hakan Hellstrom, 1969)</a>	270
<a href="#">Bottle of Wine (Tom Paxton, 1967)</a>	191
<a href="#">Boulder to Birmingham (Emmylou Harris, Bill Danoff, 1975)</a>	111
<a href="#">Bring it on Home to Me (Sam Cooke, 1962)</a>	271

<a href="#">Brown Eyed Girl (Van Morrison, 1967)</a>	272
<a href="#">Bury Me Beneath the Willow (Unknown, Prior to 1909) *</a>	192
<a href="#">Buttermilk Hill (AKA Johnny Has Gone For a Soldier) , Unknown) *</a>	193
<a href="#">Bye-Bye Love (Felice &amp; Boudleaux Bryant, 1957)</a>	273
<a href="#">Caledonia (Dougie MacLean, 1977)</a>	85
<a href="#">Can't Help but Wonder (Where I'm Bound) (Tom Paxton, 1964)</a>	196
<a href="#">City of New Orleans (Steve Goodman, 1971) *</a>	274
<a href="#">Clementine (Percy Montrose 1884) *</a>	20
<a href="#">Coat of Many Colors (Dolly Parton, 1971) (2P)</a>	112
<a href="#">Cold Missouri Waters (James Keelaghan, 2013) * (2P)</a>	194
<a href="#">Colleen Malone (Leroy Drumm, Pete Gobel, 1990)</a>	114
<a href="#">Come Monday (Jimmy Buffett, 1974)</a>	276
<a href="#">Compadres of the Old Sierra Madre (Woody Paul, 1981)</a>	115
<a href="#">Cool Water (Bob Nolan, 1936)</a>	21
<a href="#">Cotton Fields (Huddie "Leadbelly" Ledbetter, 1940)</a>	22
<a href="#">Crazy (Willie Nelson, 1960) *</a>	277
<a href="#">Crossing Muddy Waters (John Hiatt, 2000)</a>	116
<a href="#">Cruel War (American Traditional 1700's/1800's) *</a>	23
<a href="#">Cupid (Sam Cooke, 1961)</a>	278
<a href="#">Danny Boy (Frederic Weatherly, 1910) *</a>	77
<a href="#">Darcy Farrow (Steve Gillette, Tom Campbell, 1965)</a>	197
<a href="#">Dead Flowers (Mick Jagger, Keith Richards, 1971)</a>	284
<a href="#">Dear Abby (John Prine, 1973)</a>	200
<a href="#">Deportee (Woody Guthrie, 1961) * (2P)</a>	198
<a href="#">Desperado (Glenn Frey, Don Henley, 1973) (2P)</a>	280
<a href="#">Diamonds and Rust (Joan Baez, 1974) (2P)</a>	282
<a href="#">Dimming of the Day (Richard Thompson, 1975)</a>	285
<a href="#">Dirty Old Town (Ewan McColl, 1949)</a>	86
<a href="#">Do Your Ears Hang Low (English Traditional, 1800's) *</a>	392
<a href="#">Don't Let the Sun Catch You Crying</a>	286
<a href="#">Don't This Road Look Rough and Rocky (Lester Flatt, Earl Scruggs, 1954)</a>	117
<a href="#">Dona Dona (Sholom Secunda, Jewish)</a>	92
<a href="#">Don't Think Twice, It's All Right (Bob Dylan, 1962) *</a>	201
<a href="#">Down in the Valley (American Traditional)</a>	24
<a href="#">Draft Dodger Rag (Phil Ochs, 1965)</a>	287
<a href="#">Drill Ye Tarriers, Drill (Thomas F. Casey, 1888)</a>	25

<a href="#">Dublin Blues (Mad Dog Margaritas) (Guy Clark, 1995)</a>	118
<a href="#">Early in the Morning (Noel Paul Stookey, 1962) *</a>	202
<a href="#">Early Morning Rain (Gordon Lightfoot, 1964)</a>	288
<a href="#">Easy From Now On (Carlene Carter, 1976)</a>	119
<a href="#">Easy Silence (The Chicks: Martie McGuire, Emily Robison, Natalie Maines, Dan Wilson, 2006)</a>	120
<a href="#">Eight More Miles to Louisville (Grandpa Jones, 2004)*</a>	121
<a href="#">Elusive Butterfly (of Love) (Bob Lind, 1965) (C alternates with CM7)</a>	289
<a href="#">Faded Love (Bob Wills, 1950)</a>	27
<a href="#">Father's Whiskers (Unknown)</a>	393
<a href="#">Fields of Gold (Sting, 1993)</a>	290
<a href="#">Fire and Rain (James Taylor, 1968) *</a>	291
<a href="#">Fire On the Mountain (George McCorkle/Marshall Tucker Band, 1978)</a>	122
<a href="#">Five Foot Two (Ray Henderson, Sam M. Lewis, Joseph W. Young, 1925) *</a>	292
<a href="#">Five Hundred Miles (Hedy West, 1961)</a>	203
<a href="#">Folsom Prison Blues (Johnny Cash, 1953)</a>	123
<a href="#">For What it's Worth (Stephen Stills, 1966)</a>	293
<a href="#">Forest Lawn (Tom Paxton, 1970) (2P)</a>	204
<a href="#">Found a Peanut (Children's Song, Date Unknown)</a>	394
<a href="#">Four Strong Winds (Ian Tyson, 1961)</a>	206
<a href="#">Frankie And Johnny (Hughie Cannon, 1904)</a>	28
<a href="#">Freight Train (Elizabeth Cotten, 1904)</a>	207
<a href="#">Friend of the Devil (Robert Hunter, 1970)</a>	294
<a href="#">Frozen in Frobisher Bay (James Gordon, 1993)</a>	208
<a href="#">Gentle Arms of Eden (Tracy Grammar &amp; Dave Carter, 2002)</a>	295
<a href="#">Gentle On My Mind (John Hartford, 1967)</a>	296
<a href="#">Get Together (Chet Powers (Dino Valenti), 1966)</a>	297
<a href="#">Ghost Riders In The Sky (Stan Jones, 1948)</a>	124
<a href="#">Give Me That Old-Time Religion</a>	97
<a href="#">Give Yourself to Love (Kate Wolf, 1983) *</a>	209
<a href="#">Glendale Train (John Dawson, 1971) *</a>	125
<a href="#">God Bless America (Irving Berlin, 1938)</a>	29
<a href="#">Good Time Charlie's Got the Blues (Danny O'Keefe, 1972)</a>	298
<a href="#">Goodnight, Irene (Huddie "Leadbelly" Ledbetter, 1933)</a>	30
<a href="#">Grandma Got Run Over By a Reindeer (Randy Brooks, 1978)</a>	395
<a href="#">Grandma's Feather Bed (Jim Connor, ~1973) *</a>	299
<a href="#">Green Rolling Hills of West Virginia (Utah Phillips, 1971)</a>	126

<a href="#">Green, Green (Barry McGuire, Randy Sparks, 1963)</a>	210
<a href="#">Greenback Dollar (Hoyt Axton, Ken Ramsey, 1962)</a>	211
<a href="#">Gulf Coast Highway (Nanci Griffith, James Hooker, 1988)</a>	127
<a href="#">Hallelujah (Leonard Cohen, 1984)</a>	300
<a href="#">Hard Times Come Again No More (Stephen Foster, 1854)</a>	31
<a href="#">Hard Travellin' (Woody Guthrie, 1947)</a>	32
<a href="#">Harvest Moon (Neil Young, 1992)</a>	301
<a href="#">Hava Nagila (Abraham Zevi Idelsohn, Moshe Nathanson, 1918, Jewish) *</a>	93
<a href="#">Have You Ever Seen the Rain? (John Fogerty, 1971)</a>	302
<a href="#">Hello Muddah, Hello Faddah (Allan Sherman, 1963)</a>	396
<a href="#">Help Me Make It Through the Night (Kris Kristofferson, 1970)</a>	128
<a href="#">Helplessly Hoping (Stephen Stills, 1969)</a>	303
<a href="#">Here in California (Kate Wolf, 1981)</a>	214
<a href="#">He's Got the Whole World In His Hands</a>	98
<a href="#">Hickory Wind (Gram Parsons, Bob Buchanan, 1968)</a>	129
<a href="#">High Cotton (Scott Anders, Roger Murrah, 1989)</a>	130
<a href="#">Hobo's Lullaby (Goebel Reeves, 1934)</a>	215
<a href="#">Home on the Range (Lyrics: Dr. Brewster M. Higley, Music: Daniel E. Kelley) *</a>	33
<a href="#">Homegrown Tomatoes (Guy Clark, 1981)</a>	131
<a href="#">Homeward Bound (Paul Simon, 1965) *</a>	306
<a href="#">Honey (Bobby Russell, 1968) * (2P)</a>	304
<a href="#">Hot Corn, Cold Corn (Collected by Alan Lomax, 1938)</a>	34
<a href="#">House of the Rising Sun (Collected* by Alan Lomax, Early 1900's)</a>	36
<a href="#">I Can See Clearly Now (Johnny Nash, 1993)</a>	307
<a href="#">I Don't Love You Much, Do I? (Richard Leigh, 1992)</a>	132
<a href="#">I Hear Them All (David Rawlings, Ketch Secor, 2006)</a>	133
<a href="#">I Never Promised You a Rose Garden (Joe South, 1967) *</a>	135
<a href="#">I Shall Be Released (Bob Dylan)</a>	216
<a href="#">I Still Miss Someone (Roy Cash Jr., Johnny Cash, 1958)</a>	134
<a href="#">I Sure Do Miss You Now (Craig Fuller, Irene Kelly, 2005)</a>	308
<a href="#">I Walk the Line (Johnny Cash, 1956) *</a>	136
<a href="#">I was Born About Ten Thousand Years Ago (Traditional, Recorded 1925)</a>	37
<a href="#">I'll be Your Baby Tonight (Bob Dylan, 1988)</a>	218
<a href="#">I'll Fly Away (Albert E. Brumley, 1929) *</a>	99
<a href="#">I'll Never Find Another You (Tom Springfield, 1964) *</a>	309
<a href="#">I'm An Old Cowhand (Johnny Mercer, 1936)</a>	138

<a href="#">I'm in Love with a Big Blue Frog (Leslie Braunstein, 1967)</a>	219
<a href="#">I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry (Hank Williams, 1949)</a>	139
<a href="#">I've Got a Lovely Bunch of Coconuts (Fred Heatherton*, Irwin Dash**, 1944)</a>	398
<a href="#">If I had a Hammer (Pete Seeger, Lee Hays, 1962)</a>	217
<a href="#">If I Needed You (Townes Van Zandt, 1981)</a>	137
<a href="#">If I Were a Carpenter (Tim Hardin, 1966)</a>	310
<a href="#">If You Could Read My Mind (Gordon Lightfoot, 1970) (2P)</a>	312
<a href="#">I'm My Own Grandpa (Dwight Latham &amp; Moe Jaffe) *</a>	397
<a href="#">Imagine (John Lennon, 1971) *</a>	311
<a href="#">In Spite Of Ourselves (John Prine, 1997)</a>	220
<a href="#">Invitation to the Blues (Roger Miller, 1958)</a>	140
<a href="#">It Doesn't Matter Any More (Buddy Holly, Paul Anka, 1959) *</a>	314
<a href="#">It's All Over Now (Bobby Womack &amp; Shirley Womack, 1964) *</a>	315
<a href="#">It's All Right (Curtis Mayfield, 1963)</a>	316
<a href="#">I've been working on the railroad* (American Traditional, 1800's) *</a>	38
<a href="#">Jack Tarr The Sailor (British Traditional, 1700's) *</a>	73
<a href="#">Jamaica Farewell (Lord Burgess (Irving Burgie), 1956) *</a>	317
<a href="#">Jambalaya (Hank Williams, 1952)</a>	39
<a href="#">Jenny Jenkins (American Traditional) *</a>	399
<a href="#">John B. Sails (aka Sloop John B.) (Bahamian Traditional) *</a>	95
<a href="#">Johnny be Fair (Buffy St. Marie, 1965)</a>	221
<a href="#">Jolene (Dolly Parton, 1973)</a>	141
<a href="#">Jump in the Line (Lord Kitchener (Aldwyn Roberts), 1961) (2P)</a>	318
<a href="#">Just Breathe (Eddie Vetter, Matt Donald, 2009)</a>	320
<a href="#">Kentucky Waltz (Bill Monroe, 1961)</a>	142
<a href="#">King of the Road (Roger Miller, 1964)</a>	143
<a href="#">Kisses Sweeter Than Wine (Pete Seeger, Lee Hays, 1950) *</a>	321
<a href="#">Lay Lady, Lay (Bob Dylan, 1969) (2P)</a>	222
<a href="#">Leaving Louisiana in the Broad Daylight (2P)</a>	224
<a href="#">Leaving on a Jet Plane (John Denver, 1966)</a>	227
<a href="#">Let's Work Together (Wilbert Harrison, 1970)</a>	324
<a href="#">Lily of the West (American Traditional) *</a>	40
<a href="#">Little Maggie (Appalachian Traditional) *</a>	41
<a href="#">Live Forever (Billy Joe Shaver, Eddy Shaver, 1995)</a>	144
<a href="#">Lonely People (Dan Peek, Catherine Peek, 1974)</a>	325
<a href="#">Lonesome Valley* (American Traditional, Civil War era) *</a>	100

<a href="#">Long Black Veil (Lefty Frizzell, Marijohn Wilkin, Danny Dill, 1959)</a>	145
<a href="#">Long Haired Country Boy (Charlie Daniels, 1974)</a>	146
<a href="#">Long, Long Time (Gary B. White, 1970) *</a>	326
<a href="#">Lookin' Out My Backdoor (John Fogerty, 1970)</a>	327
<a href="#">Loving of the Game (Pat Garvey, 1971)</a>	228
<a href="#">Lucille (Roger Bowling, Hal Bynum, 1977) *</a>	328
<a href="#">Make Me a Pallet on Your Floor (American Traditional 1800's) *</a>	229
<a href="#">Mama Don't Allow ('low) (Traditional)</a>	42
<a href="#">Mama Tried (Merle Haggard, 1968)</a>	147
<a href="#">Mamas, Don't Let Your Babies Grow Up to Be Cowboys (Ed &amp; Patsy Bruce, 1975)</a>	148
<a href="#">Man of Constant Sorrow (Traditional, Prior to 1913)</a>	43
<a href="#">Margaritaville (Jimmy Buffett, 1977)</a>	329
<a href="#">Me and Bobby McGee (Kris Kristofferson, 1969) (2P)</a>	330
<a href="#">Michael Row the Boat Ashore (Post-Civil War) *</a>	101
<a href="#">Midnight Special (American Traditional) *</a>	44
<a href="#">Miner's Silver Ghost (Sterling Whipple, 1976)</a>	149
<a href="#">Mingulay Boat Song (Hugh S. Robertson, 1938) *</a>	78
<a href="#">Molly Malone (w: James Yorkston, m: Edmund Forman) *</a>	79
<a href="#">Morningtown Ride (Malvina Reynolds, 1966)</a>	332
<a href="#">Mountain Dew (Bascom Lamar Lunsford and Scotty Wiseman, 1928) *</a>	150
<a href="#">Mountain Of Love (Harold Dorman 1960) *</a>	333
<a href="#">Move It On Over (Hank Williams, 1947)</a>	151
<a href="#">Mr. Bojangles (Jerry Jeff Walker, 1965) *</a>	233
<a href="#">Mr. Tambourine Man (Bob Dylan, 1965) *</a>	334
<a href="#">MTA Song (Jacqueline Steiner and Bess Hawes) *</a>	400
<a href="#">My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean (Traditional Scottish Song) *</a>	87
<a href="#">My Country, 'Tis of Thee (Samuel Francis Smith, (Traditional Melody*), 1831)</a>	45
<a href="#">My Favorite Things (Rogers &amp; Hammerstein, 1959) *</a>	335
<a href="#">My Grandfather's Clock (Henry Clay Work, 1876) *</a>	46
<a href="#">My Rambling Boy (Tom Paxton, 1964)</a>	234
<a href="#">Navajo Rug (Ian Tyson, Tom Russell, 1986)</a>	336
<a href="#">Nellie Kane (Tim O'Brien, 1979) *</a>	152
<a href="#">Nineteenth Nervous Breakdown (Mick Jagger, Keith Richards, 1966)</a>	337
<a href="#">No Lonesome Tune (Townes Van Zandt, 1972)</a>	153
<a href="#">Nobody Knows You When You're Down And Out (Jimmy Cox, 1923)</a>	47
<a href="#">North To Alaska (Johnny Horton, Tilman Franks, 1960) *</a>	338

<a href="#">Oh Boy! (Sonny West, Bill Tilghman, Norman Petty, 1957) *</a>	339
<a href="#">Oh, Dear! What Can The Matter Be? (English nursery rhyme, 1700's)</a>	48
<a href="#">Old Folks at Home (Swanee River) (Stephen Foster, 1851)</a>	49
<a href="#">Old Home Place (Mitch F. Jayne, Dean Webb, 1963)</a>	235
<a href="#">On Top of Old Smoky (American Traditional)</a>	50
<a href="#">On Top of Spaghetti (Lyrics: Tom Glazer, 1963) *</a>	401
<a href="#">One Meat Ball (Hy Zaret, 1944)</a>	51
<a href="#">One Tin Soldier (Dennis Lambert &amp; Brian Potter, 1966) *</a>	340
<a href="#">Operator (Jim Croce, 1972)</a>	341
<a href="#">Orphan Girl (Gillian Welch, 1995)</a>	236
<a href="#">Our Town (Iris DeMent, 1992) (2P)</a>	154
<a href="#">Outside of a Small Circle of Friends (Phil Ochs - 1967)*</a>	342
<a href="#">Pancho and Lefty (Townes Van Zandt, 1972)</a>	156
<a href="#">Paradise (John Prine, 1971) (2P)</a>	238
<a href="#">Parnell Square (Darby O'Gill, prior to 1991) *</a>	80
<a href="#">Pollution (Tom Lehrer, 1964 – Public Domain as of 2020)</a>	402
<a href="#">Polly Wolly Doodle (American Traditional) *</a>	403
<a href="#">Pretty Woman (Roy Orbison, Bill Dees, 1964)</a>	343
<a href="#">Proud Mary (John Fogerty, 1967)</a>	344
<a href="#">Puff, the magic dragon (Peter Yarrow, Leonard Lipton, 1962) *</a>	237
<a href="#">Put the Lime in the Coconut (Harry Nilsson, 1971)</a>	345
<a href="#">Queen Of Hearts (Hank DeVito, 1981)</a>	346
<a href="#">Ramblin' Man (Dickie Betts, 1973)</a>	347
<a href="#">Red Dirt Girl (Emmylou Harris, 2000) (2P)</a>	158
<a href="#">Red River Valley (1800's) *</a>	52
<a href="#">Red Rubber Ball (Paul Simon, 1966) *</a>	348
<a href="#">Red-Tailed Hawk (George Schroder, 1986) *</a>	240
<a href="#">Rhymes and Reasons (John Denver, 1969)</a>	241
<a href="#">Ring Of Fire (June Carter, Merle Kilgore, 1963) *</a>	157
<a href="#">Ripple (Jerry Garcia, Robert Hunter, 1970) *</a>	349
<a href="#">Rocky Top (Boudleaux &amp; Felice Bryant, 1967)</a>	160
<a href="#">Roll In My Sweet Baby's Arms (American Traditional) *</a>	53
<a href="#">Roll On, Columbia (Woodie Guthrie, 1941) *</a>	242
<a href="#">Rose of My Heart (Hugh Moffatt, 1986)</a>	161
<a href="#">Route 66 (Bobby Troup, 1946)</a>	54
<a href="#">Runaway (Del Shannon, 1961) WAIT</a>	350

<a href="#">Rutabaga Boogie (Paul Shelasky, 1974)</a>	243
<a href="#">Rye Whiskey (Traditional)</a>	162
<a href="#">Salty Dog Blues (Zeke Morris, Wiley Morris) *</a>	55
<a href="#">San Antonio Rose (Bob Wills (music) &amp; His Texas Playboys (lyrics), 1938) *</a>	163
<a href="#">San Francisco Bay Blues (Jesse Fuller - 1954)</a>	351
<a href="#">Save the Last Dance for Me (Doc Pomus, Mort Shuman, 1960)</a>	352
<a href="#">Scarborough Fair (English Traditional Derived from Childs ballad #2)</a>	75
<a href="#">Scarlet Ribbons (Music: Evelyn Danzig Lyrics: Jack Segal, 1949) *</a>	56
<a href="#">Secret Agent Man (P.F. Sloan, 1966) *</a>	353
<a href="#">Seeing Nellie Home (Patrick S. Gilmore, John Fletcher, 1850's)</a>	164
<a href="#">Shady Grove (Appalachian Traditional, 1700's) *</a>	57
<a href="#">Shame on the Moon (Rodney Crowell, 1982)</a>	165
<a href="#">Shenandoah (Captain Robert Chamblet Adams, 1876)</a>	58
<a href="#">Silver Threads and Golden Needles (Jack Rhodes, Dick Reynolds, 1969)</a>	166
<a href="#">Sing Me Back Home (Merle Haggard, 1967)</a>	167
<a href="#">Sittin' On The Dock Of The Bay (Steve Cropper, 1968) *</a>	354
<a href="#">Six Days on the Road* (Carl Montgomery, Earl Green, 1961) *</a>	168
<a href="#">Sixteen Tons (Merle Travis, 1946) *</a>	169
<a href="#">Skip to My Lou* (American Traditional, 1800's)</a>	59
<a href="#">Snowbird (Gene MacLellan, 1969)</a>	355
<a href="#">Someday Never Comes (John Fogerty, 1972)</a>	356
<a href="#">Someday Soon (Ian Tyson, 1964) *</a>	357
<a href="#">Sound Of Silence (Paul Simon, 1964) *</a>	358
<a href="#">Spanish Pipedream (John Prine, 1971) (2P)</a>	244
<a href="#">Speed of the Sound of Loneliness (John Prine, 1986)</a>	246
<a href="#">Squeeze Box (Pete Townshend, 1975)</a>	359
<a href="#">St. James Infirmary (American Traditional/Don Redmond/Joe Primrose) *</a>	60
<a href="#">Stand By Me (Ben E. King, Jerry Leiber, Mike Stoller, 1961) *</a>	360
<a href="#">Steel Rails (Louisa Branscomb, 1991)</a>	170
<a href="#">Streets of London (Ralph McTell, 1969, w/John Williams 2016)</a>	361
<a href="#">Stuff That Works (Guy Clark, Rodney Crowell, 19xx)</a>	171
<a href="#">Summer's End (John Prine, 2018)</a>	247
<a href="#">Summertime (George Gershwin, 1934)</a>	62
<a href="#">Sundown (Gordon Lightfoot, 1974) (2P)</a>	362
<a href="#">Swinging Doors (Merle Haggard, 1966)</a>	172
<a href="#">Take 'Em Away (Ketch Secor, 1995) (2P)</a>	174

<a href="#">Take Me Home, Country Roads (Bill Danoff, Taffy Nivert, 1971)</a>	364
<a href="#">Take Your Shoes Off, Moses (J. D. Jarvis, 1967)</a>	102
<a href="#">Teach Your Children (Graham Nash, 1969) *</a>	365
<a href="#">Tecumseh Valley (Townes Van Zandt, 1968)</a>	173
<a href="#">Tennessee Stud (Jimmy Driftwood, 1959) (2P)</a>	176
<a href="#">Tennessee Whiskey (Dean Dillon, Linda Hargrove, 1981)</a>	178
<a href="#">The Boxer (Paul Simon, 1968) *</a>	366
<a href="#">The Cat Came Back (Harry S. Miller, 1893) *</a>	404
<a href="#">The Circle Game (Joni Mitchell, 1966)</a>	275
<a href="#">The Dangling Conversation (Paul Simon)</a>	279
<a href="#">The Erie Canal (Originally "Low Bridge" by Thomas S. Allen – 1905) *</a>	26
<a href="#">The Fox (English Traditional) *</a>	76
<a href="#">The Green Grass Grew All Around (Appalachian traditional, 1800's) *</a>	405
<a href="#">The Gypsy Rover (The Whistling Gypsy) (Leo Maguire, 1950s)</a>	212
<a href="#">The Happy Wanderer (Friedrich-Wilhelm Möller, ~1953) *</a>	213
<a href="#">The Housewife's Lament (3:30) (Eliza S. Turner ~1870)</a>	35
<a href="#">The Last Thing On My Mind (Tom Paxton, 1964)</a>	226
<a href="#">The Living Years (Mike Rutherford, B.A. Robertson, 1989) (2P)</a>	322
<a href="#">The Marvelous Toy (Tom Paxton, 1968)</a>	232
<a href="#">The Mary Ellen Carter (Stan Rogers, 1979) (2P)</a>	230
<a href="#">The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down (Robbie Robertson, 1969)</a>	367
<a href="#">The Riddle Song (English Traditional, 1500's)</a>	74
<a href="#">The Rising Of The Moon (Irish Traditional, 1800's) *</a>	81
<a href="#">The Streets of Laredo (Frank H. Maynard, 1911) (2:45)</a>	61
<a href="#">The Wabash Cannonball (American Traditional) *</a>	66
<a href="#">The Water is Wide (Scottish Traditional, 1906) *</a>	88
<a href="#">The Weight (Robbie Robertson, 1968) *</a>	368
<a href="#">The Yellow Rose of Texas (American Traditional, 1836) *</a>	70
<a href="#">There Ain't No Ash Will Burn (James Walton Aldridge, 1989)</a>	248
<a href="#">There Is A Tavern In The Town (F. J. Adams, 1891)</a>	63
<a href="#">They Call the Wind Maria (Lerner &amp; Loewe, 1951) *</a>	369
<a href="#">They're Coming To Take Me Away Ha, Ha (Jerry Samuels, 1966)</a>	406
<a href="#">This Land Is Your Land (Woody Guthrie, 1940)</a>	249
<a href="#">This Old Man (English Traditional circa 1842) *</a>	407
<a href="#">This Train (American Traditional 1800's) *</a>	103
<a href="#">Those Were the Days (Gene Raskin, 1968) *</a>	370

<a href="#">Tie Me Kangaroo Down Sport (Rolf Harris, 1960) *</a>	90
<a href="#">Time to Move On (Ernie Sheldon, 1964) *</a>	371
<a href="#">Times They Are A-Changing (Bob Dylan, 1964)</a>	250
<a href="#">Tom Dooley (Appalachian Traditional / Thomas Land, Late 1800's) *</a>	64
<a href="#">Touch of Grey (Jerry Garcia, Robert Hunter, 1987) (2P)</a>	372
<a href="#">Truckin' (Robert Hunter, 1970) (2P)</a>	374
<a href="#">Try and Catch the Wind (Donovan, 1965)</a>	376
<a href="#">Try To Remember (Harvey Schmidt, Tom Jones, 1962) *</a>	377
<a href="#">Tulsa Time (Danny Flowers, 1978)</a>	179
<a href="#">Tumbalalaika (Jewish Traditional) *</a>	94
<a href="#">Tumbling Tumbleweeds (Bob Nolan, 1934)</a>	65
<a href="#">Turn the Page (Bob Seger, 1973)</a>	378
<a href="#">Turn, Turn, Turn (Book of Ecclesiastes, Pete Seeger, 1965)</a>	251
<a href="#">Two More Bottles of Wine (Delbert McClinton, 1978)</a>	180
<a href="#">Universal Soldier (Buffy Sainte-Marie, 1963) *</a>	379
<a href="#">Up on Cripple Creek (Robbie Robertson, 1969) *</a>	181
<a href="#">Very Last Day (Noel Paul Stookey, Peter Yarrow, 1963) *</a>	252
<a href="#">Wagon Wheel (Rock Me Mama Like a) (Ketch Secor, Bob Dylan, 2003)</a>	182
<a href="#">Walking After Midnight (Alan Block, Don Hecht, 1956) *</a>	183
<a href="#">Waltzing Mathilda (Banjo Paterson, 1895) *</a>	91
<a href="#">Wayfaring Stranger (American Traditional, early 1800's) *</a>	253
<a href="#">Wearing Of The Green* ("Dion" Boucicault, 1798)</a>	82
<a href="#">Wedding Song (There is Love) (Noel Paul Stookey, 1972) *</a>	254
<a href="#">We'll Sing in the Sunshine (Gale Garnett, 1964)</a>	380
<a href="#">Western Wind (Lou Gottlieb, Malvina Reynolds) *</a>	255
<a href="#">What a Friend We Have in Jesus (Joseph M. Scriven, 1855)</a>	104
<a href="#">What A Wonderful World (George David Weiss and Bob Thiele, 1967) *</a>	256
<a href="#">What Shall We Do With A Drunken Sailor? (Traditional Sea Chanty) *</a>	408
<a href="#">When I First Came To this Land (Oscar Brand, 1957) *</a>	409
<a href="#">When the Saints Go Marching In (James M. Black, Katherine E. Purvis, 1896)</a>	105
<a href="#">When Will I Be Loved? (Phil Everly, 1960) *</a>	381
<a href="#">When You Say Nothing At All (Don Schiltz, Paul Overstreet, 1988) *</a>	184
<a href="#">Where Have All the Flowers Gone? (Pete Seeger, Joe Hickerson, 1955)</a>	257
<a href="#">Whiskey In The Jar (Irish Traditional) *</a>	83
<a href="#">White Freightliner (Townes Van Zant, 1977)</a>	185
<a href="#">Wild Horses (Mick Jagger, Keith Richards, 1971)</a>	382

<a href="#">Wild Mountain Thyme (Will you go, lassie go?) (Robert Tannahill, 1700's)</a> .....	89
<a href="#">Wildfire (Michael Martin Murphey, Larry Cansler, 1975) *</a> .....	383
<a href="#">Wildflowers (Tom Petty, 1994)</a> .....	384
<a href="#">Wildwood Flower (A.P. Carter, 1928) *</a> .....	67
<a href="#">Will the Circle be Unbroken? (Ada R. Habershon, 1907) *</a> .....	106
<a href="#">Will You Love Me Tomorrow? (Gerry Goffin &amp; Carole King, 1960) *</a> .....	385
<a href="#">Windsong (John Denver, 1975) (2P)</a> .....	386
<a href="#">With Her Head tucked underneath Her Arm (R. P. Weston and Bert Lee, 1934)</a> .....	410
<a href="#">Wreck of the Old 97* (G. B. Grayson; Henry Whitter, 1924)</a> .....	68
<a href="#">Yankee Doodle * (Traditional)</a> .....	69
<a href="#">You ain't going' nowhere (Bob Dylan, 1971)</a> .....	258
<a href="#">You Are My Sunshine (Jimmie Davis and Charles Mitchell, 1940)</a> .....	71
<a href="#">You Can't Hurry Love (Lamont Dozier, Brian Holland, Eddie Holland, 1966)</a> .....	388
<a href="#">You Never Can Tell (Chuck Berry, 1964)</a> .....	389
<a href="#">Your Cheating Heart (Hank Williams, 1952)</a> .....	186

## Change Notes for version 2.1

- Changed book to Upper/Lower case for song content (Titles stay big/small caps)
- Battle of New Orleans – Minor lyric corrections
- Cool Water – Chord placement corrections
- Cruel War – Minor punctuation changes
- Home on the Range – Changed key to D Major
- Jambalaya – Added missing verse(s)
- My Country 'Tis of Thee -Added melody source
- Summertime – White space improvements
- Wreck of the Old '97 – Footnote corrections
- Waltzing Mathilda – Note corrections
- He's Got the Whole World in His Hands – Capitalization corrections
- Michael Row the Boat Ashore (Origin note)
- Abilene – Chorus marked out properly
- Ain't Livin' Long Like This – Minor chord placement corrections
- Dublin Blues – Minor corrections
- Easy Silence – Artist changed from Dixie Chicks to The Chicks
- Hickory Wind – Added missing chord changes
- I Hear Them All – Corrected chord placements
- I'm an Old Cowhand – Minor formatting
- Jolene – Minor lyric correction
- Mama's Don't Let Your Babies Grow Up to be Cowboys – punctuation corrections
- Move it On Over – Minor chord placement
- Red Dirt Girl – Missing chord changes added
- Shame on the Moon – Minor chord placement
- Take 'Em Away – punctuation
- Two More Bottles of Wine – Chord placement corrections
- Cold Missouri Waters – punctuation
- Numerous \* for non-existent footnotes removed.
- Give Yourself to Love – Chord placement and punctuation
- Greenback Dollar – Footnote correction
- Lay Lady, Lay – Chords corrected
- Leaving Louisiana in the Broad Daylight -Chord placement
- The Last Thing on My Mind – Chord placement and punctuation
- Leaving on a Jet Plane – Chord placement
- Loving of the Game – Chord placement, formatting
- The Marvelous Toy – Minor lyric correction
- Old Home Place – Minor chord placement
- Puff the Magic Dragon – Text formatting
- Times They Are A-Changing – Minor chord placement
- Western Wind – Lyric layout
- Banana Boat Song – Backup Singer lyric formatting
- Both Sides Now – Chord placement
- Bring it on Home to Me - Backup Singer lyric formatting
- Brown Eyed Girl – Minor lyric corrections
- City of New Orleans – Footnote added

- Desperado – Text and punctuation
- Diamonds and Rust – Added footnote for description of the picking pattern
- Don't Let the Sun Catch You Crying – Chord abbreviation footnote
- Fields of Gold – Punctuation, capitalization
- For What it's Worth – Minor chord placement
- Gentle Arms of Eden – Minor chord placement
- Get Together – Minor chord placement
- Grandma's Feather Bed – Improved multi-verse chord alignment
- Harvest Moon – Chord error correction
- I sure Do Miss You Now – Chord placement corrections
- Imagine – Chorus indented to match general formatting
- If You Could Read My Mind – Minor formatting
- It's All Over Now – Minor chord placement
- Kisses Sweeter Than Wine – Minor chord placement
- The Living Years – Chord placement corrections
- Long, Long Time - Improved multi-verse chord alignment
- Margaritaville – Text formatting
- Me and Bobby McGee – Chord placement corrections
- Mr. Tambourine Man – Overall formatting cleanup
- Operator – Improved multi-verse chord alignment
- Queen of Hearts – Chord placement
- Ramblin' Man – General formatting
- The Boxer – Chord and lyric placement corrections
- The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down – Chord placement, minor lyric corrections
- Touch of Grey – Minor chord, lyric corrections
- We'll Sing in the Sunshine – Minor formatting
- When Will I Be Loved – Added Song
- Wild Horses – Chord corrections (Am7 to Am)
- Will You Love Me Tomorrow – Minor format change

<b>POTENTIAL SONGS TO ADD</b>		You're No Good
		I Can't Help Falling in Love
		It Had to be You
		Under the Boardwalk
		Angel of the Morning
		Blue Eyes Crying in the Rain
		A Pirate Looks at 40
		Do You Believe in Magic
		Up On the Roof
		Unchain My Heart
		Walkin' After Midnight
		Hit the Road, Jack
		California Dreaming
		I Fall to Pieces
		Louise
		American Pie

