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# Barbara Allen

## Traditional

, Capo: 3

**G** **G/F#** **Em**  
 Twas in the merry month of May  
**C** **D**  
 When green buds all were swelling,  
**C** **G** **G/F#** **Em**  
 Sweet William on his death bed lay  
**G** **D** **G**  
 For the love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his servant to the town  
To the place where she was dwelling,  
Saying you must come to my master dear  
If your name is Barbara Allen.

So slowly, slowly she got up  
And slowly she drew near him,  
And the only words to him she said  
Oh young man I think you're dying.

He turned his face unto the wall  
And death was in him welling,  
Good-bye, good-bye, to you my friends  
And be good to Barbara Allen.

When he was dead and laid in grave  
She heard the death bells knelling  
And every stroke to her did say  
Hard hearted Barbara Allen.

Oh mother, mother dig my grave  
And make it long and narrow,  
Sweet William died of love for me  
And I will die of sorrow.

And father, father dig my grave  
And make it long and narrow,  
Sweet William, he died yesterday  
And I will die tomorrow.

And she was buried in the old churchyard  
Sweet William layed beside her,  
Out of William's heart, there grew a rose  
Out of Barbara Allen's a briar.

They grew and grew in the old churchyard  
Till they could grow no higher  
At the end they formed, a true lover's knot  
The rose around the briar.

# Delia

Traditional

, Capo: 2

**C/G**

Delia was a gambling' girl,

**F C/G F**

Delia was a gambling' girl,

**F**

but she's laid her money down,

**C/G G C/G**

she's all I got and gone

**C/G**

Delia, Delia, why didn't you run

**F C/G F**

When Cooney come chasing after you

**F**

with that flaming fourtyfoursix gun

**C/G G C/G**

she's all I got and gone

**C/G**

Delia's mamma weep and Delia's daddy moan,

**F C/G F**

they wouldn't hated it quite so bad

**F**

if only Delia had died at home

**C/G G C/G**

she's all I got and gone

**C/G**

A rubber tired buggy and a double seated hack,

**F C/G F**

carried Delia down to the graveyard

**F**

but they didn't bring her back

**C/G G C/G**

she's all I got and gone

**C/G**

Delia, oh how could it be

**F C/G F**

you wanted all of those gambling men

**F**

but you never had time for me

**C/G G C/G**

she's all I got and gone

# Hang Me

Traditional

, Capo: 2

**C** **F** **C**  
Hang me, oh, hang me, I'll be dead and gone

**Am** **F** **C**  
Hang me, oh, hang me, I'll be dead and gone  
**Am**

Wouldn't mind the hangin'

**C** **Am**  
But, layin' in the grave so long, poor boy

**G# G** **C**  
I been all around this world

**C** **F** **C**  
Went all around the country and I ain't no place to go

**Am** **F** **C**  
Went all around the country and I ain't no place to go

**Am**  
Got so goddamned hungry

**C** **Am**  
Could hide behind a straw, poor boy

**G# G** **C**  
I been all around this world

**C** **F** **C**  
Went up on a mountain and there I made my stand

**Am** **F** **C**  
Went up on a mountain and there I made my stand

**Am**  
Rifle on my shoulder

**C** **Am**  
And a dagger in my hand, poor boy

**G# G** **C**  
I been all around this world

**C** **F** **C**  
Put the rope around my neck and hang me up so high

**Am** **F** **C**  
Put the rope around my neck and hang me up so high

**Am**  
Last words I heard 'em say

**G# G** **C**  
I been all around this world

**C** **F** **C**  
Hang me, oh, hang me, I'll be dead and gone

**Am** **F** **C**  
Hang me, oh, hang me, I'll be dead and gone

**Am**  
Wouldn't mind the hangin'

**C** **Am**  
But, layin' in the grave so long, poor boy

**G# G** **C**  
I been all around this world

# House Of The Rising Sun

Traditional

, Capo: 2

Am C D F  
There is a house in New Orleans  
Am C E  
they call the Rising Sun  
Am C D F  
And it's been the ruin of many poor boys  
Am E Am E7  
And me oh Lord I'm one

Am C D F  
My mother was a tailor  
Am C E  
She sewed those new blue jeans  
Am C D F  
My father was a gamblin' man  
Am E Am C D F Am C E7  
Down in New Orleans

Am C D F  
The only thing a gambler needs  
Am C E  
is a suitcase and a trunk  
Am C D F  
And the only time that he's satisfied  
Am E Am E  
is when he's on a drunk

Am C D F  
Oh, mother, tell your children  
Am C E  
not to do what I have done  
Am C D F  
not to spend your lives in sin and misery  
Am E Am  
in the house of the Rising Sun

Am C D F  
I got one foot on the platform  
Am C E  
and the other on the train  
Am C D F  
I'm going back to New Orleans  
Am E Am  
to wear that ball and chain

Am C D F  
There is a house in New Orleans  
Am C E  
they call the Rising Sun  
Am C D F  
And it's been the ruin of many poor boys  
Am E Am  
And, me oh Lord I'm one

# Johny Henry

Traditional

, Capo: 2

## G

John Henry, was a steel-driving man  
And now he's dead, and now he's dead  
John Henry, was a steel-driving man

John Henry, he left his hammer  
Layin' 'side the road, layin' 'side the road  
John Henry, he left his hammer

This old hammer it killed John Henry  
But it won't kill me, but it won't kill me  
This old hammer it killed John Henry

Take this hammer and carry it to my captain  
Tell him I'm gone, won't you tell him I'm gone  
Take this hammer and carry it to my captain

John Henry, he left his hammer  
Painted in red, all painted in red  
John Henry, he left his hammer



# Lakes of Pontchartrain

Traditional

, Capo: 5

**G D C G**  
It was one fine March morning  
**G D G**  
I bid New Orleans adieu.  
**G D C Em**  
I was on the road to Jackson town,  
**G C**  
my fortune to renew,  
**G D C G**  
I cursed all foreign money,  
**G D C**  
no credit could I gain,  
**G D C Em**  
Which filled my heart with longing for  
**G D G**  
the lakes of Pontchartrain.

I sat on board of a railway car,  
beneath the morning sun,  
and I road the roads till the evening,  
and I laid my body down,  
All strangers there no friends to me,  
till a dark girl towards me came,  
And I fell in love with a Creole girl,  
by the lakes of Pontchartrain.

I said, "My pretty Creole girl,  
my money here's no good,  
If it wasn't for the alligators,  
I would sleep out in the woods".  
"You're welcome here kind stranger,  
our house is very plain.  
But we never turn a stranger out,  
From the lakes of Pontchartrain."

She took me to her momma's house,  
and treated me right well,  
The hair upon her shoulder  
in jet black ringlets fell.  
To try and paint her beauty,  
I'm sure it'd be in vain,  
So handsome was my Creole girl,  
By the lakes of Pontchartrain.

I asked her would she would marry me,  
she said it could never be,  
For she had got another man,  
how was out at the sea.  
She said that she would wait for him  
and faithful she'd remain.  
Waiting for her sailor man,  
By the lakes of Pontchartrain.

So fare you well my Bonny ol girl,  
I'll never see you no more,  
I wont forget your kindness  
in the cottage by the shore.  
at every social gathering  
a flowing glass I'll raise,  
to the health of my Creole girl,  
And the lakes of Pontchartrain.

# Lily of the West

Traditional

, Capo: 4

**Am**                      **C**              **C/G#**              **Am**  
When I first came to Louisville, my fortune there to find  
                         **F**              **C**              **Em**              **Am**  
I met a fair young maiden there, her beauty filled my mind  
                         **C**              **C/G#**              **Am**  
Her rosy cheek and ruby lips, they gave my heart no rest  
                         **F**      **C**              **Em**              **Am**  
The name she bore was Flora, the lily of the west

I courted lovely Flora, she promised ne'er to go  
But soon a tale was told to me that filled my heart with woe  
They said she meets another man who holds my love in jest  
And yet I trusted Flora, the lily of the west

Way down in yonder shady grove, a man of low degree  
He spoke unto my Flora there and kissed her 'neath a tree  
The answers that she gave to him like arrows pierced my breast  
I was betrayed by Flora, the lily of the west

I stepped up to my rival there, my dagger in my hand  
And seized him by his collar and ordered him to stand  
All in my desperation I stabbed him in his chest  
I killed a man for Flora, the lily of the west

And then I had to stand my trial, I had to make my plea.  
They put me in a pris'ner's dock and then commenced on me  
Although she swore my life away, deprived me of my rest  
Still I love my Flora, the lily of the west

# Little Sadie

Traditional

, Capo: 5

**Dm**

Went out one night to take a look around

**C**

I met little Sadie and I shot her down

**Am C Am C**

Run back home and got to bed

**Am C Dm**

Forty-four smoking under my head

Woke up in the morning 'bout a half past nine,

The hacks and buggies standing in line,

The gents and gamblers standing all round,

Taking little Sadie to her burying ground

Begin to think what a deed I'd done

Grabbed my hat and away I run,

Made a good run, but a little too slow

They overtook me down in Jericho

Standin' in the corner ringin' a bell

Along came the sheriff from Thomasville

Says "Young man, your name is Brown,

Remember the night you shot Sadie down?"

Oh, yes sir, my name is Lee,

I murdered little Sadie in the first degree

First degree, second degree

Got any papers to read 'em to me

They took me downtown, dressed me in black

Put me on a train and sent me back

Sent me back to the county jail

Got nobody to go for my bail

The judge and jury they took the stand

The judge had the paper in his right hand

Forty-one days, forty-one nights,

Forty-one years to wear the ball and stripes

# Matty Groves

Traditional

, Capo: 3

**Am**

A holiday, a holiday

**G Am**

The first one of the year

**Dm**

**Am**

Lord Donald's wife came into church

**Em**

**Am**

The Gospel for to hear

And when the meeting it was done

She cast her eyes about

And there she saw little Matty Groves

Walking in the crowd

"Come home with me, little Matty Groves

Come home with me tonight

Come home with me, little Matty Groves

And lie down by my side"

And Matty Groves he lay down

And took a little sleep

When he awoke, Lord Donald was

Standing at his feet

Saying, "How do you like my feather bed

How do you like my sheets

How do you like my lady

Lying in your arms asleep?"

"Oh, well I like your feather bed

And well I like your sheets

But better I like your lady

Lying in my arms asleep"

"Oh, get up, get up", Lord Donald cried

"Get up as quick as you can

It'll never be said in fair England

I slew a naked man"

And Matty struck the very first blow

And hurt Lord Donald sore

Lord Donald struck the very next blow

And Matty struck no more

And then Lord Donald he took his wife

And he put her on his knee

Saying, "Who do you like the best of us

Matty Groves or me?"

And then up spoke his own dear wife

She never spoke so free

"I'd rather kiss dead Matty's lips

Than you or your finery"

And then Lord Donald, he jumped up

And loudly he did bawl

And struck his wife right through the heart

And pinned her against the wall

"A grave, a grave," Lord Donald cried

"To put these lovers in

But bury milady at the top

For she was of noble kin"

# Moonshiner

Traditional

, Capo: 2

**Am F C**  
I' m a moonshiner  
**Am F C**  
For seventeen long years  
**Am F C**  
And I spent all my money  
**Am F C**  
On whiskey and beer  
**Am F C**  
And I go to some hollow  
**Am F C**  
And set up my still  
**Am F C**  
And if whiskey won't kill me  
**Am F C**  
Lord, I don't know what will

And I go to some barroom  
To drink with my friends  
Where the women they can't follow  
To see what I spend  
God bless them, pretty women  
I wish they were mine  
With breath as sweet as  
The dew on the vine

Let me eat when I'm hungry  
Let me drink when I'm dry  
Two dollars when I'm hard up  
Religion when I die

**G G7**  
And the whole world is a bottle  
**C F**  
And life is but a dram  
**Am F C**  
When the bottle gets empty  
**Am F C**  
Life ain't worth a damn

## Traditional

**Am** **G**  
Oh, listen to my story, I'll tell you no lies,  
**Am** **E** **Am**  
How John Lewis did murder poor little Omie Wise.



# Stackerlee

Traditional

, Capo: 2

**D**  
I remember one September,  
**D**  
On one Friday night,  
**G**  
Stackerlee and Billy Lyon,  
**G**  
Had a great big fight,  
**G** **D**  
He's a bad man, oh, cruel Stackerlee

Stack, he says to Billy  
You can't play like that,  
First you won my money,  
Now you're trying to get my hat,  
He's a bad man, oh, cruel Stackerlee

And Billy shot six bits,  
And Stack, he bet he passed,  
Stack, out with a forty-five,  
Said you've shot your last,  
He's a bad man, oh, cruel Stackerlee

Oh Mister Stackerlee,  
Please don't take my life,  
At home I got three children,  
And a darlin' lovin' wife,  
He's a bad man, oh, cruel Stackerlee

God will take your children,  
I'll take care of your wife,  
First you took my money,  
Now I'm gonna take your life,  
He's a bad man, oh, cruel Stackerlee

A woman there came a running,  
She fell down on her knees,  
Crying, Oh Mister Lee,  
Don't shoot my brother please,  
He's a bad man, oh, cruel Stackerlee

Woman to the sheriff,  
Oh how can that be,  
You can arrest everybody,  
But you're afraid of Stackerlee,  
He's a bad man, oh, cruel Stackerlee

Sheriff walked up to Stackerlee,  
He was lying there asleep,  
The sheriff he got Stackerlee,  
When he jumped up on his feet,  
He's a bad man, oh, cruel Stackerlee

Stack says to the jailer,  
Jailer, I can't sleep,  
Cause all around my bedside,  
Billy Lyon begins to creep,  
He's a bad man, oh, cruel Stackerlee

Two o'clock next Tuesday,  
On a scaffold high,  
People coming from miles all around,  
Just to watch old Stackerlee die,  
He's a bad man, oh, cruel Stackerlee

Down in New Orleans,  
There's a place called Lions Club,  
Where every step you take,  
You're stepping in Billy Lyon's blood,  
He's a bad man, oh, cruel Stackerlee

Remember one September,  
On one Friday night,  
Stackerlee and Billy Lyon,  
Had a great big fight,  
He's a bad man, oh, cruel Stackerlee

# St. James Infirmary

Traditional

, Capo: 4

**Am**                    **E7**                    **Am**  
It was down in old Joe's barroom  
                         **F**            **C**            **E7**  
On the corner of the square.  
                         **Am**            **E7**            **Am**    **D7**  
They were serving the drinks as usual,  
                 **F**            **E7**            **Am**  
And the usual crowd was there.

To my left stood big Joe McKennedy  
His eyes were bloodshot red.  
Turned his head to the crowd around him  
And these were the words he said:

I went down to St. James infirmary,  
To see my baby there,  
Stretched out on a long white table,  
So cold, so sweet, so fair.

Let her go, let her go, God bless her,  
                 **F**    **G**    **C**    **E7**  
Wherever she may be,  
She may search the whole wide world over  
Never find a man like me.

And it was down in old Joe's barroom  
On the corner of the square.  
They were serving the drinks as usual,  
And the usual crowd was there.

# Wayfaring Stranger

Traditional

, Capo: 4

**Em**  
I am a poor wayfaring stranger  
**Am Em**  
Travelling through this world below  
**Em**  
There is no sickness, no toil nor danger  
**Am Em**  
In that bright land to where I go

**C G**  
I'm going there to see my Father  
**C B7**  
I'm going there no more to roam  
**Em**  
I'm only going over Jordan  
**Am B7 C B7 Em**  
I'm only going going over home

**Em**  
I know dark clouds will gather around me  
**Am Em**  
I know my way is hard and steep  
**Em**  
But beautiful fields arise before me  
**Am Em**  
Where God's redeemed their vigils keep

**C G**  
I'm going there to see my Mother  
**C B7**  
She said she'd meet me when I come  
**Em**  
I'm only going over Jordan  
**Am B7 C B7 Em**  
I'm only going going over home