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# Ain't No Grave

Traditional

There ain't no grave can hold my body down  
There ain't no grave can hold my body down

Well, look way down the river  
What do you think I see?  
I see a band of angels,  
And they're coming after me

Ain't no grave can hold my body down  
There ain't no grave can hold my body down

Well, look down yonder, Gabriel  
Put your feet on the land and sea  
But don't you blow your trumpet  
Until you hear from me

There ain't no grave can hold my body down  
Ain't no grave can hold my body down

Well, meet me, Jesus, meet me  
Meet me in the air  
And if these wings don't fail me  
I'll meet you anywhere

Ain't no grave can hold my body down  
There ain't no grave can hold my body down

Well, meet me, mother, meet me  
Down by the river road  
You know that I will be there  
Checking in my load

Ain't no grave can hold my body down  
There aint no grave can hold my body down

# 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

Delia, Delia, why didn't you run

When Cooney come chasing after you

With that flaming fourtyfoursix gun

She's all I got and gone

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

They wouldn't hated it quite so bad

If only Delia had died at home

She's all I got and gone

A rubber tired buggy and a double seated hack,

Carried Delia down to the graveyard

But they didn't bring her back

She's all I got and gone

Delia, oh how could it be

You wanted all of those gambling men

But you never had time for me

She's all I got and gone

# Fare Thee Well

Traditional

, Capo: 2

**C**  
If I had wings like Noah's dove  
          **Am G Am F**  
I'd fly the river to the one I love  
          **C Am**  
Oh fare thee well, my honey  
**G C**  
Fare thee well

I had a man, he was long and tall  
And he moved his body like a cannon ball  
Oh fare thee well, my honey  
Fare thee well

Remember one evening in the pouring rain  
And in my heart just an aching pain  
Oh fare thee well, my honey  
Fare thee well

And muddy rivers run muddy and wild  
Can't give my body for my unborn child  
Oh fare thee well, my honey  
Fare thee well

Just as sure as the birds fly high above  
Life ain't worth living without the one you love  
Oh fare thee well, my honey  
Fare thee well

If I had wings like Noah's dove  
I'd fly the river to the one I love  
Oh fare thee well, my honey  
Fare thee well



## Traditional

Am  
Oh slack your rope hangman slack it for a while  
Am  
Think I saw my father coming riding many a mile  
Am  
Oh father have you brought me hope  
Am  
Or have you paid my fee  
Am F G Am  
Or have you come to see me hanging  
F C E7 Am  
From the gallows tree

Oh slack your rope hangman slack it for a while  
Think I saw my brother coming riding many a mile  
Oh brother have you brought me hope  
Or have you paid my fee  
Or have you come to see me hanging  
From the gallows tree

Oh slack your rope hangman slack it for a while  
Think I saw my mother coming riding many a mile  
Oh mother have you brought me hope  
Or have you paid my fee  
Or have you come to see me hanging  
From the gallows tree

Oh slack your rope hangman slack it for a while  
Think I saw my sister coming riding many a mile  
Oh sister have you brought me hope  
Or have you paid my fee  
Or have you come to see me hanging  
From the gallows tree

**F** **C**  
I have not brought you hope

**F** **C**  
I have not paid your fee

**D7/F#** **G** **E7** **Am**  
Yes I have come to see you hanging

Oh slack your rope hangman slack it for a while  
Think I saw my true love coming riding many a mile  
Oh true love have you brought me hope  
Or have you paid my fee  
Or have you come to see me hanging  
From the gallows tree

Yes I have brought you hope  
And I have paid your fee  
I have not come to see you hanging

# 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

Went all around the country and I ain't no place to go  
Went all around the country and I ain't no place to go  
Got so goddamned hungry  
Could hide behind a straw, poor boy  
I been all around this world

Went up on a mountain and there I made my stand  
Went up on a mountain and there I made my stand  
Rifle on my shoulder  
And a dagger in my hand, poor boy  
I been all around this world

Put the rope around my neck and hang me up so high  
Put the rope around my neck and hang me up so high  
Last words I heard 'em say, poor boy  
I been all around this world

Hang me, oh, hang me, I'll be dead and gone  
Hang me, oh, hang me, I'll be dead and gone  
Wouldn't mind the hangin'  
But, layin' in the grave so long, poor boy  
I been all around this world

# House Carpenter

Traditional

, Capo: 3

**Am G Am**  
"Well met, well met, my own true love,  
**G Am**  
Well met, well met," cried he.  
**C G Em**  
"I've just returned from the salt, salt sea  
**Am G Am**  
All for the love of thee".

I could have married the king's daughter dear  
She would have married me  
But I have forsaken her crowns of gold  
All for the love of thee

If you could have married the king's daughter  
dear  
I'm sure you are to blame  
For I am married to a house carpenter  
And find him a nice young man

Oh, will you forsake your house carpenter  
And go along with me?  
I'll take you to where the grass grows green  
To the banks of the salt, salt sea

If I should forsake my house carpenter  
And go along with thee  
What have you got to maintain me on  
And keep me from poverty?

I own six ships out on the sea  
Seven more upon dry land  
One hundred and ten brave sailor men  
Will be at your command

So she picked up her own wee babe  
And kisses gave him three  
"Stay right here with my house carpenter  
And keep him good company"

They had not been gone about two weeks  
I know it was not three  
When this fair lady began to weep  
She wept most bitterly

Oh, why do you weep, my fair young maid  
Weep it for your golden store?  
Or do you weep for your house carpenter  
Who never you shall see no more?

I do not weep for my house carpenter  
And not for any golden store  
I do weep for my own wee babe  
Who never I shall see no more

They had not been gone about three weeks  
I'm sure it was not four  
When their gallant ship leaked and sank  
Never to rise anymore

What hills, what hills are those, my love  
That rise so fair and high?  
Those are the hills of heaven, my love  
But not for you and I

And what hills, what hills are those, my love  
Those hills so dark and low?  
Those are the hills of hell, my love  
Where you and I must go

# 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

My mother was a tailor  
She sewed those new blue jeans  
My father was a gamblin' man  
Down in New Orleans

The only thing a gambler needs  
Is a suitcase and a trunk  
And the only time that he's satisfied  
Is when he's on a drunk

Oh, mother, tell your children  
Not to do what I have done  
Not to spend your lives in sin and misery  
In the house of the Rising Sun

I got one foot on the platform  
And the other on the train  
I'm going back to New Orleans  
To wear that ball and chain

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

# John Barleycorn

Traditional

, Capo: 3

**D Am C G Am A5 Am A5**  
There were three men came out of the west

**D C G Am A5 Am A5**  
Their fortunes for to try

**D Am C G Am A5 Am A5**  
And these three men made a solemn vow

**D C G Am A5 Am A5**  
John Barleycorn must die .

**C Am**  
They've ploughed, they've sown, they've harrowed him in

**C D Esus E Esus E**  
Threw clods at Barley's head

**Dm Am C G Am A5 Am A5**  
And these three men made a solemn vow

**D C G Am A5 Am A5**  
John Barleycorn was dead

They've let him lie for a very long time  
Till the rains from heaven did fall  
And little Sir John sprung up his head  
And so amazed them all  
They've let him stand till Midsummer's Day  
Till he looked both pale and wan  
And little Sir John's grown a long, long beard  
And so become a man

They've hired men with the scythes so sharp  
To cut him off at the knee  
They've rolled him and tied him by the way  
Serving him most barbarously  
They've hired men with the sharp pitchforks  
Who pricked him to the heart  
And the loader he has served him worse than that  
For he's bound him to the cart

They've wheeled him around and around the field  
Till they came unto a barn  
And there they made a solemn oath  
On poor John Barleycorn  
They've hired men with the crab-tree sticks  
To cut him skin from bone  
And the miller he has served him worse than that  
For he's ground him between two stones

And little Sir John and the nut-brown bowl  
And his brandy in the glass  
And little Sir John and the nut-brown bowl  
Proved the strongest man at last  
The huntsman, he can't hunt the fox  
Nor so loudly blow his horn  
And the tinker he can't mend kettle nor pot  
Without a little Barleycorn

# John Henry

Traditional

, Capo: 2

## G

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

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

This old hammer it killed John Henry  
But it won't kill me, no it won't kill me  
This old hammer it killed John Henry

Take this hammer, carry it to the captain  
Tell him that I'm gone, tell him that I'm gone  
Take this hammer, carry it to the captain

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

And John Henry, he left his hammer  
All painted in red, all painted in red  
Yes, 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.

He made no confession but they carried him to jail,  
No friends or relations would go on his bail.



# Shady Grove

Traditional

**Dm**                    **C**  
Shady Grove, my little love

**Dm**  
Shady Grove I say

**C**  
Shady Grove, my little love

**Dm**            **Am Dm**  
I'm bound to go away

Cheeks as red as a blooming rose  
Eyes of prettiest brown  
She's the darling of my heart  
Sweetest girl in town

Wish I had a big brown horse  
Corn to feed him on  
Shady Grove to stay at home  
Feed him while I'm gone

Went to see my Shady Grove  
She was standing in the door  
Shoes and stockings in her hand  
Little bare feet on the floor

When I was a little boy  
I wanted a Barlow knife  
Now I want my Shady Grove  
To say she'll be my wife

A kiss from my Shady Grove  
Sweet as brandy wine  
There ain't no girl in this whole wide world  
Prettier than mine

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

# 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.

# The Boy Who Wouldn't Hoe Corn

## Traditional

, Capo: 7

**Dm** **Bb**  
Tell you a story, it won't take long,  
**C** **Dm**  
'Bout a lazy farmer who wouldn't hoe his corn.  
**Bb**  
The reason why I never could tell,  
**C** **Dm**  
That young man was always well.

He planted his corn in the month of June.  
By July it was up to his eyes.  
Come September, came a big frost.  
And all the young man's corn was lost.

His courtship had just begun.  
Said: "Young man, have you hoed some corn?"  
"Well, I tried and I tried, but I tried in vain.  
And I don't believe I raised one grain."

He went down to his neighbour's door.  
Where he had often been before.  
Sayin': "Little miss, will you marry me?  
Little miss what do you say?"

"Why do you come for me to wed?  
You can't even make your own corn grain.  
"Single I am, single I will remain.  
A lazy man, I won't maintain."

So he turned his back and walked away.  
Saying: "Little miss, you will rue the day.  
You will rue the day that you were born.  
For givin' me the devil 'cos I wouldn't hoe corn."

# Trail Of The Buffalo

Traditional

**Am**

Come all you old time cowboys

**Am**

And listen to my song

**C**

Please do not grow weary

**C**

I won't detain you long

**Am**

Concerning some wild cowboys

**Am**

Who did agree to go

**F**

And spend the summer pleasant

**E**

**Am**

On the trail of the buffalo

I found myself in Texas

In the year of '83

A well known famous drover

Came walking up to me

Saying, "How do you do, young fellow

How would you like to go

And spend the summer pleasant

On the trail of the buffalo?"

Being out of work right then

To the drover I did say

"Going out on the buffalo trail

Depends on the pay"

But if you'll pay good wages

Transportation to and fro

I think I might go with you

On the trail of the buffalo

Of course I'll pay good wages

And transportation too

If you agree to work for me

Until the season's through

But if you do get homesick

And try to run away

You will starve to death

And also lose your pay

**C**

**Am**

On the trail, on the trail

**C**

**Am**

On the trail, on the trail

**F**

**E**

**Am**

On the trail

With all his flattering talking

He signed up quite a train

Some ten or twelve in number

Some able bodied men

Our trip it was a pleasant one

Through good old Mexico

Until we crossed Pease River

On the trail of the buffalo

There our pleasures ended

The troubles all began

A lightening storm came on us

And made the cattle run

And we got full of stickers

From the cactus that did grow

All along the path

On the trail of the buffalo

When our season ended

The drover would not pay

He said you lost your money boys

You're all in debt to me

But the cowboys they had never heard

Of a thing like bankrupt law

So they left the bastard's bones to bleach

On the trail of the Buffalo

On the trail, on the trail

On the trail, on the trail

On the trail

# 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

I know dark clouds will gather around me

I know my way is hard and steep

But beautiful fields arise before me

**Am**

**B7**

**C**

**B7**

**Em**

Where God's redeemed their vigils keep

I'm going there to see my Mother

She said she'd meet me when I come

I'm only going over Jordan

I'm only going going over home



### III BOOTHILL SOCIETY

# Cowboy Man

Boothill Society

, Capo: 2

Bring me my cowboy, tell him I'm waiting  
Or else my heart will go insane

Bring me my cowboy, he's such a fine guy  
It does me harm no words could tell

And ever since the day he rode off  
When our hearts and herds were split in two  
And ever since the day he rode off  
I am waiting for my cowboy man

Bring me my cowboy, tell him I'm waiting  
Or else my heart's expecting rain

Bring me my cowboy, he's such a fine guy  
It does me harm no words could tell

And ever since the day he rode off  
When our hearts and herds were split in two  
And ever since the day he rode off  
I am waiting for my cowboy man

With his cattle he keeps trekking  
From California to Ohio  
And the sand of endless valleys  
Keeps sticking to his boots

And ever since the day he rode off  
When our hearts and herds were split in two  
And ever since the day he rode off  
I am waiting for my cowboy man  
I am waiting for my cowboy  
Waiting for my cowboy  
Waiting for my cowboy man

# Flying Shoes

Boothill Society

, Capo: 2

**C**

Mile by mile I walked this road

**C**

Mile by mile I have been told

**F**

You have to wait for her

**F** **C** **Am**

You have to wait till she's back again

**G6**

Bring me my flying shoes

**F** **G** **C**

I have to see her again

Turn by turn I rolled a dice

Turn by turn I lost the price

Cannot not think of her

Cannot wait till she's back again

Bring me my flying shoes

I have to see her again

Letter by letter I wrote to her

Letter by letter my ink got blurred

Can't hold this goddamn pen

Can't hold it till she's back again

Bring me my flying shoes

I have to see her again

Song by song I sang to her

Song by song my voice got furred

Can't sing this song no more

Can't sing it till she's back again

Bring me my flying shoes

I have to see her again

Bring me my flying shoes

I have to see her again

# Good Bye Honey

Boothill Society

, Capo: 2

**C** **F**  
Hand me my bag I gotta go

**C** **G**  
Hand me my bag I open up the door

**C** **F**  
Hand me my bag I gotta go

**C** **G** **C**  
Good bye honey, so long

Oh all the good times that we have had  
Oh all the good times they make me sad  
Oh all the good times that we have had  
Good bye honey, so long

None of your crying can call me back  
None of your crying will open up the sack  
None of your crying can call me back  
Good bye honey, so long

Just one more kiss before you go  
Just one more kiss don't want no more  
Just one more kiss before you go  
Good bye honey, so long

You've got your kiss the road is calling  
You've got your kiss I love you darlin'  
You've got your kiss the road is calling  
Good bye honey, so long

Well, here's your bag and there's the door  
Well, here's your bag go go go go  
Well, here's your bag and there's the door

**C** **G** **F**  
Good bye honey, so long

**G** **C**  
Good bye honey, so long

# He Was A Friend

Boothill Society

, Capo: 4

**G B7 Em C**

**G C/G G**  
He was a friend, he was a friend  
**G C/G G**  
He was a friend, he was a friend  
**G C/G G**  
One day the sheriff he shot him dead  
**G C/G G**  
One day the sheriff put a bullet in his head  
**B7 Em C**  
He was a friend, he was a friend

Next day I took my forty-five  
Next day I took my forty-five  
Went to the sheriff and shot him dead  
Went to the sheriff, put a bullet in his head  
He was no friend, he was no friend

And then I took off to the hills  
And then I took off to the hills  
And there I hid inside a tree  
Where no man can ever find me  
Ain't got no friend, ain't got no friend

But someone dropped a dime on me  
But someone dropped a dime on me  
And so they caught me in my tree  
And I had to answer for my deed  
He was a friend, my only friend

**G C**  
**G B7 Em C**

And now they've dressed me all in black  
And now they've dressed me all in black  
And they gonna hang me up so high  
Until my body is dead and dry

# I Ain't Be That Person

Boothill Society

, Capo: 4

**C**  
For ten years I've been rambling

**F** **C**  
From town to town I go

**C**  
For ten years I've been rambling

**D7** **G** **G7**  
Now I'm rambling home

**C**  
And I'm calling out your name

**Em** **Am**  
And I'm knocking at your door

**Dm** **G** **F** **C**  
For I ain't be that person no more

For no reason I've been travelling  
Nowhere I stayed for long  
For no reason I've been travelling  
Now I'm travelling home  
Cause a wayfare needs an ending  
And now I'm knocking at your door  
For I ain't be that person no more

Many houses I stopped by  
Many pretty girls I met  
Many houses I stopped by  
Disremember what they said  
But now those days are over  
And I'm knocking at your door  
For I ain't be that person no more

I've never been no rich man  
Not a penny to my name  
I've never been no rich man  
What I own I spend  
Last dollars on a ticket  
And now I'm knocking at your door  
For I ain't be that person no more

I know you deserve better  
I know a fool I am  
I know you deserve better  
Let's start all over again  
So I hope you will forgive me  
While I'm knocking at your door  
For I ain't be that person no more  
For I ain't be that person no more



# Leave Them Where They Die

Boothill Society

, Capo: 2

**Am**  
My bunch of wild boys  
**E7**  
Always on the run  
**F**  
Never get caught  
**C**  
They're never too far  
**Dm** **Am**  
When there's a bank to rob  
**F** **E7** **Am**  
Another train to stop

The sheriff of the town  
Down in Bittercreek  
He told us these boys are indeed  
The worst kind of men he had ever met  
He soon had a hole in his head

**Am** **G** **Am**  
There is an unwritten law  
**Am** **G** **C**  
Says "Leave them where they die"  
**Dm** **Am**  
Cause everybody in town knows  
**F** **E7** **Am**  
The boothill's about to overflow

My bunch of wild boys  
Always on the run  
Dead or alive  
They stick to their guns  
When there's a bank to rob  
Another train to stop

**G** **C** **G** **C** **E7** **Am** **E7** **Am** **F#** **F** **E7** **Am**

The priest of the town  
Down in Table Rock  
He told us these boys are indeed  
The worst greedy bunch he had ever met  
He soon a hole in his head

There is an unwritten law  
Says "Leave them where they die"  
Cause everybody in town knows  
The boothill's about to overflow

**C**  
What if they never get caught?  
**Dm**  
The sheriff cries  
**E7**  
"O Lord", "O Lord", "O Lord"

**C**  
What if they never get caught?  
**Dm**  
The reverend cries  
**E7**  
"O Lord", "O Lord", "O Lord"

**C**  
What if they never get caught?  
**Dm**  
The widow she cries  
**E7**  
"O Lord", "O Lord", "O Lord"

**C**  
What if they never get caught?  
**F**  
Everyone cries  
**E7** **Am**  
"O Lord"

# Oh Johnny

Boothill Society

C

G

The rivers they carry

F

C

A lot of stories

G

And Johnny oh Johnny

F

C

Tell them to me

Am

All the rivers are floating

F

C

Towards the sea

G

F

C

But Johnny stay here with me

How many tears

Can the sea take?

How many more stories

Can Johnny tell?

All the rivers are floating

Towards the sea

But Johnny stay here with me

My darling, my darling

Oh please won't you cry

The dreams of the rivers

Just middle-class lies

All the rivers are floating

Towards the sea

But Johnny stay here with me

G

F

C

But Johnny stay here with me

G

F

C

But Johnny stay here with me

# One Day

Boothill Society

, Capo: 4

**Am**  
One day, I'm gonna shoot you down  
**D7** **Am**  
One day, I'm gonna shoot you down  
**D7**  
Cause you've been out here too long  
**G** **E** **Am**  
And nobody's gonna miss you when you're gone  
**F** **E** **Am**  
When you're gone, gone, gone  
**F** **E** **Am**  
When you're gone, gone, gone  
**G** **E7**  
When you're gone

One day, you'll wake up in your blood  
One day, you'll wake up in your blood  
Cause you've been out here too long  
And nobody's gonna miss you when you're gone  
When you're gone, when you're gone  
When you're gone, when you're gone  
When you're gone

One day, I'm gonna lay you low  
One day, I'm gonna lay you low  
Cause you've been out here too long  
And nobody's gonna miss you when you're gone  
When you're gone, when you're gone  
When you're gone, when you're gone  
When you're gone

# One Too Many

Boothill Society

, Capo: 2

**C**  
There's always one too many car

**F** **C**  
And one too many train

**C**  
One too many aircraft

**G7**  
One too many lane

**F**  
There's one too many factory  
**Am** **F G C**

And one too many stack

There's always one too many soldier  
And one too many tank  
One too many fighter  
One too many combat plane  
There's one too many weapon  
And one too many war

**Am** **E** **Am**  
And it's a shame, oh it's a shame  
**C** **G** **C**  
That nothing seems to change  
**Am** **E** **Am**  
Oh what a shame, oh what a shame  
**C** **G** **C** **F G Am F G C**  
Oh brother break the chains

There's always one too many misery  
And one too many fear  
One too many oppression  
One too many tear  
There's one too many bondage  
And one too many harm

And it's a shame, oh it's a shame  
That nothing seems to change  
Oh what a shame, oh what a shame  
Oh brother break the chains

There's always one too many prophet  
And one too many god  
One too many politician  
One too many filthy talk  
There's one too many penny  
And one too many stock

And it's a shame, oh it's a shame  
That nothing seems to change  
Oh what a shame, oh what a shame  
Oh brother break the chains

**F** **G** **Am** **F G C**  
Everybody break the chains

# Plans For My 31St Birthday

Boothill Society

**C** **F** **C**  
They say I should pray to god  
**C** **Am** **G**  
They say I should pray to god  
**F** **C**  
But if he's never there  
**G** **Am**  
When I'm in trouble  
**C** **G** **C**  
I don't think i should pray to god

They say I should save my money  
They say I should save my money  
But as long as I don't know  
What I'm saving for  
I don't think I should save my money

They say I should go to school  
They say I should go to school  
But if all I wanna learn  
Is taught on the streets  
I don't think i should go to school

**Am** **G**  
And for my thirty-first birthday  
**C** **F**  
I'll get myself a bell  
**Am** **G**  
A bell that rings out freedom  
**C** **F**  
Freedom to relax and chill  
**Am** **G**  
Where noone has to hide  
**C** **F**  
And noone ever has to burn  
**C** **G** **Am** **F**  
Yes for my thirtyfirst birthday  
**C** **G** **C**  
Darling, get yourself a bell

They say I should settle down  
They say I should settle down  
But if all what I need  
Is a blanket on the floor  
I don't think I should settle down

They say I should hail the king  
They say I should hail the king  
But if he is nothing  
But a stupid old jerk  
I don't think I should hail the king

And for my thirty-first birthday  
I'll get myself a bell  
A bell that rings out freedom  
Freedom to relax and chill  
Where noone has to hide  
And noone ever has to burn  
Yes for my thirtyfirst birthday  
Darling, get yourself a bell

They say I'm too old to sing this song  
They say I'm too old to sing this song  
But as long as i don't see  
A reason to quit  
I continue to sing this song

# The Day I Found The Blues

Boothill Society

, Capo: 2

**C** **G**  
I met a girl in Colorado  
**Am** **E7**  
Daughter of a desperado  
**F** **C**  
Stole my heart and let me loose  
**F** **G** **C**  
On the day I found the blues

I met a girl in Carolina  
She was the daughter of a miner  
Mined my heart and let me loose  
On the day I found the blues

**F** **Am**  
And the day she let me loose  
**F** **G** **C**  
Was the day I found the blues  
**F** **Am**  
And the day she let me loose  
**F** **G** **C**  
Was the day I found the blues

I met a girl she was so pretty  
I took her with me to the city  
Broke my heart and let me loose  
On the day I found the blues

I met a girl she was so funky  
I took her with me to the country  
Yoked my heart and let me loose  
On the day I found the blues

And the day she let me loose  
Was the day I found the blues  
And the day she let me loose  
Was the day I found the blues

**C** **G**  
I met a girl from the West  
**Am** **E7**  
They really are the best  
**F** **C** **G** **G7**  
All the angels cried when she left

I met a girl from the East  
She was the daughter of a priest  
Sold my soul and let me loose  
On the day I found the blues

And the day she let me loose  
Was the day I found the blues  
And the day she let me loose  
Was the day I found the blues

I met a girl in Oklahoma  
She was the daughter of a farmer  
Plowed my heart and let me loose  
On the day I found the blues

I met a girl down in Texas  
She was the daughter of a ranger  
Roped my heart and let me loose  
On the day I found the blues

And the day she let me loose  
Was the day I found the blues  
And the day she let me loose  
Was the day I found the blues