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Barbara Allen

Traditional

A# **Bb/A** **Gm**
Twas in the merry month of May
 D# **F**
When green buds all were swelling,
 D# **A#** **Bb/A Gm**
Sweet William on his death bed lay
 A# **F** **A#**
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

D/A

Delia was a gambling' girl,

G D/A G

Delia was a gambling' girl,

G

but she's laid her money down,

D/A A D/A

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

Hang Me

Traditional

D **G** **D**
Hang me, oh, hang me, I'll be dead and gone

Bm **G** **D**
Hang me, oh, hang me, I'll be dead and gone

Bm
Wouldn't mind the hangin'

D **Bm**
But, layin' in the grave so long, poor boy

A# **A** **D**
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
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 Of The Rising Sun

Traditional

Bm D E G
There is a house in New Orleans
Bm D F#
they call the Rising Sun
Bm D E G
And it's been the ruin of many poor boys
Bm F# Bm F#7
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

Johny Henry

Traditional

A

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

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

C#m **E** **E/C** **C#m**
When I first came to Louisville, my fortune there to find
 A **E** **G#m** **C#m**
I met a fair young maiden there, her beauty filled my mind
 E **E/C** **C#m**
Her rosy cheek and ruby lips, they gave my heart no rest
 A **E** **G#m** **C#m**
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

Gm

Went out one night to take a look around

F

I met little Sadie and I shot her down

Dm F Dm F

Run back home and got to bed

Dm F Gm

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

Cm

A holiday, a holiday

A# Cm

The first one of the year

Fm

Cm

Lord Donald's wife came into church

Gm

Cm

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

Bm G D
I' m a moonshiner
Bm G D
For seventeen long years
Bm G D
And I spent all my money
Bm G D
On whiskey and beer
Bm G D
And I go to some hollow
Bm G D
And set up my still
Bm G D
And if whiskey won't kill me
Bm G D
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

A A7
And the whole world is a bottle
D G
And life is but a dram
Bm G D
When the bottle gets empty
Bm G D
Life ain't worth a damn

Traditional

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

Stackerlee

Traditional

E
I remember one September,
E
On one Friday night,
A
Stackerlee and Billy Lyon,
A
Had a great big fight,
A
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

C#m **G#7** **C#m**
It was down in old Joe's barroom
 A **E** **G#7**
On the corner of the square.
 C#m **G#7** **C#m** **F#7**
They were serving the drinks as usual,
 A **G#7** **C#m**
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,
 A **B** **E** **G#7**
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

Gm **D#**
Tell you a story, it won't take long,
F **Gm**
'Bout a lazy farmer who wouldn't hoe his corn.
D#
The reason why I never could tell,
F **Gm**
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."

Wayfaring Stranger

Traditional

G#m

I am a poor wayfaring stranger

C#m

G#m

Travelling through this world below

G#m

There is no sickness, no toil nor danger

C#m

G#m

In that bright land to where I go

E

B

I'm going there to see my Father

E

D#7

I'm going there no more to roam

G#m

I'm only going over Jordan

C#m D#7 E D#7

G#m

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

C#m

D#7 E D#7

G#m

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