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## I TRADITIONAL

# Ain't No Grave

Traditional

C#m

There ain't no grave can hold my body down

F#m

C#m

There ain't no grave can hold my body down

F#m

C#m

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

There 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

There 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

There 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

There ain't no grave can hold my body down

There ain't no grave can hold my body down

# Banks Of The Ohio

Traditional

C G  
I asked my love to take a walk

G7 C  
To take a walk, just a little walk

C7 F  
And as we walked, along we talked  
C G C  
Of when would be our wedding day

I asked her if she would marry me  
And my wife forever be  
She only turned her head away  
And had no other words to say

And only say that you'll be mine  
In no others' arms entwine  
Down beside where the waters flow  
Down by the banks of the Ohio

I held a knife against her brest  
As into my arms she pressed  
She cried, "Oh, please, don't murder me  
I'm not prepared for eternity."

And only say that you'll be mine  
In no others' arms entwine  
Down beside where the waters flow  
Down by the banks of the Ohio

I took her by her golden curls  
Drug her down to the river side  
And there I threw her into drown  
And then I watched her as she floated down

I started home between twelve and one  
I cried, "My god, what have I done?  
I've killed the only girl I love  
Because she would not be my braid."

# 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.

# Cocaine Blues

Traditional

F/C A# F/C A# C F/C

F/C

Every time me and my baby we go downtown

A#

Police come in and they knock me down

F/C A# C F/C

Cocaine run all 'round my brain

Yonder comes my baby, dressed in red

She's got a shot-gun, says she's gonna kill me dead

Cocaine run all 'round my brain

A7

Oh baby baby, come here quick

A#

This old cocaine 'bout to make me sick

F/C A# C F/C

Cocaine run all 'round my brain

Early one morning, half past four

Cocaine come knocking at my door

Cocaine run all 'round my brain

You take Mary and I'll take Sue

There ain't no difference between them two

Cocaine run all 'round my brain

Oh baby baby, come here quick

This old cocaine 'bout to make me sick

Cocaine run all 'round my brain

Last night I sat down, I sang a song

When I woke up in the morning my nose was gone

Cocaine run all 'round my brain

I reached into my pocket, grabbed my poke

Note in my pocket says no more coke

Cocaine run all 'round my brain

A7 A# F/C A# C F/C

Cocaine's for horses, not for men

They say it kills but they don't say when

Cocaine run all 'round my brain

Oh baby baby, come here quick

This old cocaine 'bout to make me sick

Cocaine run all 'round my brain

Oh baby baby, come here quick

This old cocaine 'bout to make me sick

Cocaine run all 'round my brain

# Death Of Queen Jane

Traditional

D F#7 Bm G D G D

Queen Jane lay in lab or for nine days or more

Em A D A D G

'Til her women grew so tired, they could no longer there

D G D A9 D F#7 Bm G D A D

They could no longer there

"Good women, good women, will you do one thing for me?

Will you open up my right side and find my baby?

And find my baby

"Oh no", cried the women, "That's a thing that never can be

We will call on King Henry and hear what he may say

And hear what he may say"

So King Henry was sent for, King Henry he did come

Saying, "What does ail you my lady? Your eyes, they look so dim

Your eyes, they look so dim"

"King Henry, King Henry, will you do one thing for me?

Will you open up my right side and find my baby

And find my baby"

"Oh no", cried King Henry, "That's a thing that never can be

If I lose the flower of England, I shall lose the branch too

I shall lose the branch too"

There was fiddling, aye, and dancing on the day the babe was born

But poor Queen Jane beloved lay cold as a stone

Lay cold as a stone

# 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 fourtysix gun

She's all I got and gone

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

They wouldn't hate 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

# **Death Don't Have No Mercy**

Traditional

**Em B7 Em**

**Em**                   **Am**    **B7**      **Em**  
Well, death don't have no mercy in this land  
**G**                   **D**           **G**      **B7**  
Oh, death don't have no mercy in this land  
**Em**                   **D**           **Em**  
Oh well, it'll come to your house and it won't stay long  
**Am**                   **C**  
Look in the corner and somebody's gone  
**Em**                   **C**        **Em**    **B7 Em**  
Oh, death don't have no mercy

Oh, death never go on vacation in this land  
Oh, death never go on vacation in this land  
Oh well, it'll come to your house and it won't stay long  
Look in the corner and your brother's gone  
Oh, death don't have no mercy

Oh, death never walk alone in this land  
Oh, death never walk alone in this land  
Oh well, it'll come to your house and it won't stay long  
Look in the bed and your sister's gone  
Oh, death don't have no mercy

**Em Am B7 Em G D G B7**  
**Em D Em Am C Em C Em B7 Em**

Oh, death always is in a hurry in this land  
Oh, death always is in a hurry in this land  
Oh well, it'll come to your house and it won't stay long  
Look in the bed and your mother's gone  
Oh, death don't have no mercy

# Fare Thee Well

Traditional

D

If I had wings like Noah's dove

Bm A Bm G

I'd fly the river to the one I love

D Bm

Oh fare thee well, my honey

A D  
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

# Green Green Rocky Road

Traditional

E

When I go to Baltimore

A E

Ain't no carpet on the floor

E

Come along and follow me

A E

We'll go down to Galilee

E A E

Green, green rocky road

A E

Promenade in green

E

Tell me who you love

E

Tell me who you love

See that crow up in the sky

She don't walk, she just fly

She don't walk, and she don't run

Keeps on flappin' to the sun

Green, green rocky road

Promenade in green

Tell me who you love

Tell me who you love

Little Jane running to the wall

Don't you stumble, don't you fall

Don't you stumble, and don't you shout

When I sing come runnin' out

Green, green rocky road

Promenade in green

Tell me who you love

Tell me who you love

Ooka, Dooka, soda cracker

Does your mamma chew tobacco?

If your mama chews tobacco

Ooka, Dooka, soda cracker

When I go to Baltimore

Ain't no carpet on the floor

Come along and follow me

We'll go down to Galilee

Green, green rocky road

Promenade in green

Tell me who you love

Tell me who you love

# **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, 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

# Hangman

Traditional

Bm

Oh slack your rope hangman slack it for a while

Bm

Think I saw my father coming riding many a mile

Bm

Oh father have you brought me hope

Bm

Or have you paid my fee

Bm G A Bm

Or have you come to see me hanging

G D F#7 Bm

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

G D

I have not brought you hope

G D

I have not paid your fee

E7/G# A F#7 Bm

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

# House Carpenter

Traditional

Cm      A#      Cm

"Well met, well met, my own true love,  
A#      Cm

Well met, well met," cried he.

D#      A#      Gm

"I've just returned from the salt, salt sea

Cm      A#      Cm

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?

Well I have six ships waiting 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"

And they had been gone for about two weeks  
I'm sure 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

Nor for any golden store

I do weep for my own wee babe

Who never I shall see no more

And they had been gone for about three  
weeks

I'm sure it was not four

When their gallant ship leaked and sank  
Never to rise no more

What hills, what hills are those, my love  
Those hills 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

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

# In The Pines

Traditional

Dm                    G      F  
My girl, my girl, don't lie to me

A                    Dm  
Tell me where did you sleep last night?

Dm  
In the pines, in the pines

G                    F  
Where the sun don't ever shine  
A                    Dm  
I would shiver the whole night through

Dm G A

My girl, my girl, where will you go?  
I'm going where the cold wind blows  
In the pines, in the pines  
Where the sun don't ever shine  
I would shiver the whole night through

Her husband was a hard working man  
Just 'bout a mile from here  
His head was found in a driving wheel  
His body never was found

My girl, my girl, don't lie to me  
Tell me where did you sleep last night?  
In the pines, in the pines  
Where the sun don't ever shine  
I would shiver the whole night through

# John Barleycorn

Traditional

E Bm D A Bm B5 Bm B5

There were three men came out of the west

E D A Bm B5 Bm B5

Their fortunes for to try

E Bm D A Bm B5 Bm B5

And these three men made a solemn vow

E D A Bm B5 Bm B5

John Barleycorn must die .

D Bm

They've ploughed, they've sown, they've harrowed him in

D E F#sus F# F#sus F#

Threw clods at Barley's head

Em Bm D A Bm B5 Bm B5

And these three men made a solemn vow

E D A Bm B5 Bm B5

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

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 loudly blow his horn

And the tinker he can't mend kettle nor pot

Without a little Barleycorn

## **John Henry**

Traditional

A

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

# Keep Your Lamps Trimmed And Burning

Traditional

**Em B7 C Em G B7 Em**

**Em**

Mother keep on prayin'

**B7**

Father don't you stop prayin'

**Em**

Mother keep on prayin'

**G B7 Em**

For this old world is almost done

Brother keep on prayin'

Sister don't you stop prayin'

Brother keep on prayin'

For this old world is almost done

**Em D/F# G**

Keep your lamps trimmed and burning

**Em**

Keep your lamps trimmed and burning

**G B7 Em**

For this old world is almost done

**Em B7 C Em G B7 Em D7/F# G Em C7 B7 Em D7 Em G B7 Em**

Priester keep on prayin'

Priester don't you stop prayin'

Priester keep on prayin'

For this old world is almost done

Keep your lamps trimmed and burning

Keep your lamps trimmed and burning

For this old world is almost done

# 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

# Omie Wise

Traditional

Bm A  
Oh, listen to my story, I'll tell you no lies,  
Bm F# Bm  
How John Lewis did murder poor little Omie Wise.

He told her to meet him at Adam's Springs.  
He promised her money and other fine things.

So, fool-like she met him at Adam's Springs.  
No money he brought her nor other fine things.

She climbed up behind him and away they did go.  
Off to the river where deep waters flow.

"John Lewis, John Lewis, please tell me no lie.  
Do you intend to marry me or leave me behind?"

"Oh Omie, oh Omie, I'll tell you my mind.  
My mind is to drown you and leave you behind."

"Have mercy on my baby and spare me my life,  
I'll go home as a beggar and never be your wife."

He kissed her and hugged her and turned her around,  
Then pushed her in deep waters where he knew that she would drown.

Two boys went a-fishin' one fine summer day,  
Whey they saw Omie's body go floating away.

They threw their net around her and drew her to the bank.  
Her clothes all wet and muddy, they laid her on a plank.

Then sent for John Lewis to come to that place  
That he could see her body and they could see his face.

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

And 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

E  
Remember one September,  
E  
On one Friday night,  
A  
Stackerlee and Billy Lyon,  
A  
Had a great big fight,  
A                                    E  
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 went to Stackerlee,  
He was lying there asleep,  
And 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

And 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 McKenna

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."

# 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

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

**C**              **Am**

On the trail, on the trail

**C**              **Am**

On the trail, on the trail

**F E Am**

On the trail

# 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 beautious 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

# Whiskey In The Jar

Traditional

B G#m  
As I was goin' over the Cork and Kerry mountains  
E B G#m  
I saw Captain Farrell and his money he was countin'  
B G#m  
I first produced my pistol and then produced my rapier  
E B G#m  
I said, "Stand and deliver, or the devil, he may take you"

F#  
Mush-a ring, dam-a-doo dam-a-da  
B  
Whack for my daddy-o  
E  
Whack for my daddy-o  
B F# B  
There's whiskey in the jar

I took all of his money and it was a pretty penny  
I took all of his money and I brought it home to Molly  
She swore that she'd love me, never would she leave me  
But the devil take that woman, for you know she tricked me easy

Mush-a ring, dam-a-doo dam-a-da  
Whack for my daddy-o  
Whack for my daddy-o  
There's whiskey in the jar

Being drunk and weary, I went to Molly's chamber  
Takin' Molly with me and I never knew the danger  
For about six, maybe seven, in walked Captain Farrell  
I fired off my pistols, and I shot him with both barrels

Mush-a ring, dam-a-doo dam-a-da  
Whack for my daddy-o  
Whack for my daddy-o  
There's whiskey in the jar

Some men like the fishin' and some men like the fowlin'  
Some men like to hear the cannon ball a-roarin'  
Me, I like sleepin', 'specially in my Molly's chamber  
But here I am in prison, here I am with a ball and chain yeah

Mush-a ring, dam-a-doo dam-a-da  
Whack for my daddy-o  
Whack for my daddy-o  
There's whiskey in the jar

# Will The Circle Be Unbroken

Traditional

D#

I was standing by my window

G#

D#

On one cold and cloudy day

Cm

When I saw that hearse come rolling

D#

A#

D#

For to carry my mother away

Will the circle be unbroken

By and by, Lord, by and by

There's a better home a-waiting

In the sky, Lord, in the sky

I said to that undertaker

Undertaker please drive slow

For this lady you are carrying

Lord, I hate to see her go

Will the circle be unbroken

By and by, Lord, by and by

There's a better home a-waiting

In the sky, Lord, in the sky

Oh, 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

Will the circle be unbroken

By and by, Lord, by and by

There's a better home a-waiting

In the sky, Lord, in the sky

When I got home, that home was lonesome

Missed my mother, she was gone

All of my brothers and sisters crying

What a home so sad and lone

Will the circle be unbroken

By and by, Lord, by and by

There's a better home a-waiting

In the sky, Lord, in the sky

## **Will The Circle Be Unbroken (alternate Lyrics)**

Traditional

There are loved ones in the glory  
Whose dear forms you often miss  
When you close your earthly story  
Will you join them in their bliss?

Will the circle be unbroken  
By and by, Lord, by and by  
There's a better home a-waiting  
In the sky, Lord, in the sky

In the joyous days of childhood  
Oft they told of wondrous love  
Pointed to the dying saviour  
Now they dwell with him above

Will the circle be unbroken  
By and by, Lord, by and by  
There's a better home a-waiting  
In the sky, Lord, in the sky

You remember songs of heaven  
Which you sang with childish voice  
Do you love the hymns they taught you  
Or are songs of earth your choice?

Will the circle be unbroken  
By and by, Lord, by and by  
There's a better home a-waiting  
In the sky, Lord, in the sky

You can picture happy gath'rings  
'Round the fireside long ago  
And you think of tearful partings  
When they left you here below

Will the circle be unbroken  
By and by, Lord, by and by  
There's a better home a-waiting  
In the sky, Lord, in the sky

One by one their seats were emptied  
And one by one they went away  
Now the family is parted  
Will it be complete one day?

Will the circle be unbroken  
By and by, Lord, by and by  
There's a better home a-waiting  
In the sky, Lord, in the sky

## **II BOOTHILL SOCIETY**

# Cowboy Man

Boothill Society

Bm G Bm  
Bring me my cowboy, tell him I'm waiting  
D A F#  
Or else my heart will go insane

Bm G G  
Bring me my cowboy, he's such a fine guy  
F# Bm A  
It does me harm no words could tell

D A  
And ever since the day he rode off  
Bm G D A  
When our hearts and herds were split in two  
Bm G Bm  
And ever since the day he rode off  
G F# Bm  
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

A D  
With his cattle he keeps trekking  
G C Bm  
From California to Ohio  
A D  
And the sand of endless valleys  
Em F# Bm  
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  
G F#  
I am waiting for my cowboy  
G F#  
Waiting for my cowboy  
G F# C Bm  
Waiting for my cowboy man

# Flying Shoes

Boothill Society

D

Mile by mile I walked this road

D

Mile by mile I have been told

G

You have to wait for her

G

D Bm

You have to wait till she's back again

A6

Bring me my flying shoes

G

A

D

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

D G

Hand me my bag I gotta go

D A

Hand me my bag ]open up the door

D G

Hand me my bag I gotta go

D A D

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

D A G

Good bye honey, so long

A D

Good bye honey, so long

# **He Was A Friend**

Boothill Society

**B D#7 G#m E**

**B E/B B**

He was a friend, he was a friend

**B E/B B**

He was a friend, he was a friend

**B E/B B**

One day the sheriff he shot him dead

**B E/B B**

One day the sheriff put a bullet in his head

**D#7 G#m E**

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

**B E**

**B D#7 G#m E**

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

E

For ten years I've been rambling

A E

From town to town I go

E

For ten years I've been rambling

F#7 B B7

Now I'm rambling home

E

And I'm calling out your name

G#m C#m

And I'm knocking at your door

F#m B A E

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

Bm

My bunch of wild boys

F#7

Always on the run

G

Never get caught

D

They're never too far

Em

Bm

When there's a bank to rob

G F#7 Bm

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

Bm A Bm

There is an unwritten law

Bm A

D

Says "Leave them where they die"

Em

Bm

Cause everybody in town knows

G F#7 Bm

The booothill'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

A D A D F#7 Bm F#7 Bm G# G F#7 Bm

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 booothill's about to overflow

D

What if they never get caught?

Em

The sheriff cries

F#7

"O Lord", "O Lord", "O Lord"

D

What if they never get caught?

Em

The reverend cries

F#7

"O Lord", "O Lord", "O Lord"

D

What if they never get caught?

Em

The widow she cries

F#7

"O Lord", "O Lord", "O Lord"

D

What if they never get caught?

G

Everyone cries

F#7 Bm

"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

C#m

One day, I'm gonna shoot you down

F#7

C#m

One day, I'm gonna shoot you down

F#7

Cause you've been out here too long

B

G#

C#m

And nobody's gonna miss you when you're gone

A G# C#m

When you're gone, gone, gone

A G# C#m

When you're gone, gone, gone

B G#7

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

D

There's always one too many car

G D

And one too many train

D

One too many aircraft

A7

One too many lane

G

There's one too many factory

Bm G A D

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

Bm F# Bm

And it's a shame, oh it's a shame

D A D

That nothing seems to change

Bm F# Bm

Oh what a shame, oh what a shame

D A D G A Bm G A D

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

G A Bm G A D

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 tought 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

D A

I met a girl in Colorado

Bm F#7

Daughter of a desperado

G D

Stole my heart and let me loose

G A D

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

G Bm

And the day she let me loose

G A D

Was the day I found the blues

G Bm

And the day she let me loose

G A D

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

D A

I met a girl from the West

Bm F#7

They really are the best

G D A A7

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

### **III CONTEMPORARY**

# 500 Miles

Hedy West

Bm D Em G

If you miss the train I'm on, you will know that I am gone

Em G A7

You can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles,

Bm D Em G

A hundred miles, a hundred miles, a hundred miles, a hundred miles,

Em A7 Bm

You can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles.

Not a shirt on my back, not a penny to my name

And the land that I once loved is not my own

Lord I'm one, Lord I'm two, Lord I'm three, Lord I'm four

Lord I'm five hundred miles away from home

A hundred tanks along the square, one man stands and stops them there

Some day soon the tide will turn and I'll be free

I'll be free, I'll be free, I'll come home to my country

Some day soon the tide will turn and I'll be free

If you miss the train I'm on, you will know that I am gone

You can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles

# Death Of Emmett Till

Bob Dylan

Bm Bm7/A Bm/G# G

It was down in Mississippi no so long ago,

Bm Bm7/A Bm/G# F#

When a young boy from Chicago town walked in a Southern door.

Bm Bm7/A Bm/G# G

This boy's frightful tragedy you should all remember well,

Bm Bm7/A Bm/G# F# Bm

The color of his skin was black his name was Emmett Till.

Some men they dragged him to a barn and there they beat him up.

They said they had a reason, but I disremember what.

They tortured him and did some things too evil to repeat.

There was screaming sounds inside the barn, there was laughter on the street.

They rolled his body down a gulf amidst the blood-red rain

And they threw him in the waters wide to cease his screaming pain.

The reason that they killed him there, I'm sure it ain't no lie,

The color of his skin was black, so he was born to die.

To stop the United States of yelling for a trial,

Two brothers they confessed that they had killed poor Emmett Till.

But on the jury there were men who helped commit this awful crime,

So this trial was a mockery, but nobody seemed to mind.

I saw the morning papers but I could not bear

To see the smiling brothers walkin' down the courthouse stairs.

For the jury found them innocent, the brothers they went free,

While Emmett's body floats the foam of a Jim Crow southern sea.

This song's just a reminder to remind your fellow man

That this kind of thing still lives today in that ghost-robed Ku Klux Klan.

But if all we folks who think alike, if we gave all we could give,

We can make this great land of ours a greater place to live.

# Dollar Bill Blues

Townes Van Zandt

Cm Fm

If I had a dollar bill

Cm

Yes, I believe, I surely will

Gm

Go to town and drink my fill

Gm

Early in the morning

Little darling, she's a red-haired thing

Man, she makes my legs to sing

Going to buy her a diamond ring

Early in the morning

It's a long way down the Harlan Road

Busted back and a heavy load

Won't get through to save my soul

Early in the morning

I've always been a gambling man

I've rolled them bones with either hand

Seven is the promised land

Early in the morning

Whiskey'd be my dying bed

Tell me where to lay my head

Not with me is all she said

Early in the morning

If I had a dollar bill

Yes, I believe, I surely will

Go to town and drink my fill

Early in the morning

# Freight Train

Elizabeth Cotten

D                            A7  
Freight train, freight train, goin' so fast,

A                            D  
Freight train, freight train, goin' so fast

F#7                        G  
Please don't tell what train I'm on,

D                            A7                    D  
So they won't know where I'm gone

When I'm dead and in my grave  
No more good times here I crave  
Place the stones at my head and feet  
And tell them all I've gone to sleep

When I die, oh bury me deep  
Down at the end of old Chestnut Street  
So I can hear old Number Nine  
As she comes rolling by

When I die, oh bury me deep  
Down at the end of old Chestnut Street  
Place the stones at my head and feet  
And tell them all I've gone to sleep

Freight train, freight train, run so fast  
Freight train, freight train, run so fast  
Please don't tell what train I'm on  
They won't know what route I'm going

# **Further On Up The Road**

Bruce Springsteen

Am C  
Where the road is dark and the seed is sown  
Am C  
Where the gun is cocked as the bullet's cold  
Am G Am G  
Where the miles are marked in the blood and the gold  
F G Am  
I'll meet you further on up the road

Got on my dead man's suit and my smilin' skull ring  
My lucky graveyard boots and a song to sing  
I got a song to sing to keep me out of the cold  
And I'll meet you further on up the road

C Am  
Further on up the road further on up the road  
C E7  
Where the way is dark and the night is cold  
Am G Am G  
One sunny mornin' we'll rise I know  
F G Am  
And I'll meet you further on up the road}

Now I been out in the desert just doin' my time  
Searchin' through the dust lookin' for a sign  
If there's a light up ahead well brother I don't know  
But I got this fever burnin' in my soul

Further on up the road further on up the road  
Further on up the road further on up the road  
One sunny mornin' we'll rise I know  
And I'll meet you further on up the road

# Louis Collins

Mississippi John Hurt

C

G7

C

Miss Collins weeped, Miss Collins moaned,

F

To see her son Louis leavin' home

C F G C

The angels laid him away

G7

C

The angels laid him away,

F

They laid him six feet under the clay

C F G C

The angels laid him away

Bob shot once and Louis shot too,

Shot poor Collins, shot him through and through

The angels laid him away

The angels laid him away,

They laid him six feet under the clay

The angels laid him away

Oh, kind friends, oh, ain't it hard?

To see poor Louis in a new graveyard

The angels laid him away

The angels laid him away,

They laid him six feet under the clay

The angels laid him away

Oh, when they heard that Louis was dead

All the people they dressed in red

The angels laid him away

The angels laid him away,

They laid him six feet under the clay

The angels laid him away

# Harrisburg

Josh Ritter

Bm G D

Romero got married on the Fifth of July,

A

In our Lady of Immaculate Dawn.

Bm

G

D

He could've got married in the revival man's tent,

A

Bm

There ain't no revivin' what's gone.

Slipped like a shadow from the family he made,

In a little white house by the woods

Dropped the kids at the mission with a rose for the virgin,

She knew he was gone for good.

D

A

Its a long way to heaven, its closer to Harrisburg,

G

D

A

But that's still a long way from the place where we are.

Bm

G

D

And if evil exists, its a pair of train tracks,

A

Bm

And the devil's a railroad car.

Could have stayed somewhere but the train tracks kept going

And it seems like they always left soon

And the wolves that he ran with they moaned low and painful

Sang sad misereres to the moon

Its a long way to heaven, its closer to Harrisburg,

But that's still a long way from the place where we are.

And if evil exists, its a pair of train tracks,

And the devil's a railroad car.

Rose at the altar withered and wilted

Romero sank into a dream

He didn't make Heaven, he didn't make Harrisburg

He died in a hole in between

Some say that man is the root of all evil

Others say God's a drunkard for pain

Me I believe that the Garden of Eden

Was burned to make way for a train, for a train.

Its a long way to heaven, its closer to Harrisburg,

But that's still a long way from the place where we are.

And if evil exists, its a pair of train tracks,

And the devil's a railroad car.

# If I Needed You

Townes Van Zandt

**B**

If I needed you, would you come to me?

E F# B

Would you come to me for to ease my pain?

**B**

If you needed me, I would come to you

E F# B

I would swim the seas for to ease your pain

In the night forlorn, in the morning born

And the morning shines with the lights of love

You will miss sunrise if you close your eyes

And that would break my heart in two

The lady's with me now since I showed her how

To lay her lily hand in mine

Who would not agree, she's a sight to see

And a treasure for the poor to find

If I needed you, would you come to me?

Would you come to me for to ease my pain?

# **Jesus, Etc.**

Wilco

**Am            Em Am            F**

Jesus, don't cry, you can rely on me honey

**C            Dm            G**

You can combine anything you want

**Am            Em Am            F**

I'll be around, you were right about the stars

**C            Dm            G F**

Each one is a setting sun

**C C/B            Am            Ammaj7 F            C**

Tall buildings shake, voices escape singing sad sad songs

**G**

Tuned to chords

**C            C/B            Am E            F            C**

Strung down your cheeks, bitter melodies turning your orbit around

Don't cry, you can rely on me honey

You can come by any time you want

I'll be around, you were right about the stars

Each one is a setting sun

Tall buildings shake, voices escape singing sad sad songs

Tuned to chords

Strung down your cheeks, bitter melodies turning your orbit around

**F            C            F            C            C/B**

Voices whine, skyscrapers are scraping together

**F**

Your voice is smoking

**C            C/B            Am            Ammaj7 F            C**

Last cigarettes are all you can get, turning your orbit around

Our love, our love

Our love is all we have

Our love, our love is all of God's money

Everyone is a burning sun

Tall buildings shake, voices escape singing sad sad songs

Tuned to chords

Strung down your cheeks, bitter melodies turning your orbit around

**F            C            F            C            C/B**

Voices whine, skyscrapers are scraping together

**F**

Your voice is smoking

**C            C/B            Am            Ammaj7 F            C C/B**

Last cigarettes are all you can get, turning your orbit around

**F            C            C/B F            C            C/B**

Last cigarettes are all you can get, turning your orbit around

**F            Em            F            C**

Last cigarettes are all you can get, turning your orbit around

# **Jimmy**

Moriarty

**Am C G F**

**Am C**

Jimmy won't you please come home

**G F**

Where the grass is green and the buffaloes roam

**Am C**

Come see Jimmy your uncle Jim

**G F**

Your auntie Jimmie and your cousin Jim

**Am C**

Come home Jimmy because you need a bath

**G F**

And your grandpa Jimmy is still gone daft

**Am C G Em E7**

Now there's buffalo Jim and buffalo Jim

And Jim buffalo now didn't you know

Jim Jim Jimmy its your last cigarette

But there's buffalo piss and it's all kind of wet

Jambo Jimmy you'd better hold your nose

All roads lead to roam with the buffaloes

**Am F G Am**

And the Buffaloes used to say be proud of your name

**F G Am**

The Buffaloes used to say be what you are

**F G Am**

The Buffaloes used to say roam where you roam

**F G Am**

The Buffaloes used to say do what you do

Well you've gotta have a wash but you can't clean your name

You're now called Jimmy you'll be Jimmy just the same

The keys are in a bag in a chest by the door

One of Jimmy's friends has taken the floor

Jimmy won't you please come home

Where the grass is green and the buffaloes roam

Dear old Jimmy you've forgotten you're young

But you can't ignore the buffalo song

And the Buffaloes used to say be proud of your name

The Buffaloes used to say be what you are

The Buffaloes used to say roam where you roam

The Buffaloes used to say do what you do

If you remember you're unkown

Buffaloland will be your home



# Pancho And Lefty

Townes Van Zandt

C  
Living on the road my friend  
G  
Is gonna keep you free and clean  
F  
Now you wear your skin like iron  
C G  
Your breath as hard as kerosene  
F  
Weren't your mama's only boy  
C F  
But her favorite one it seems  
Am F C G  
She began to cry when you said good - bye  
F Am  
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 see  
Pancho met his match you know on the  
Deserts down in Mexico  
Nobody heard his dying words  
But that's the way it goes

F  
All the Federales say they  
C F  
Could have had him any day  
Am F C G  
They only let him slip away  
F Am  
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

All the Federales say they  
Could have had him any day  
They only let him slip away  
Out of kindness I suppose

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

All the Federales say  
Could have had him any day  
We only let him slip away  
Out of kindness I suppose  
A few gray Federales say  
Could have had him any day  
We only only let him go so long  
Out of of kindness I suppose

## Pretty Boy Floyd

Woody Guthrie

E                      A                      E  
If you gather 'rou-nd me, children, a story I will tell  
A                      B7                      E      A  
Bout Pretty Boy Floyd, the outlaw, Oklahoma knew him well.

It was in the to-wn of Shawnee it was Saturday afternoon,  
His wife beside him in his wagon, as into town they rode.

A deputy she-riff approached him in a manner rather rude,  
Using vulgar words of anger and his wife she overheard.

Pretty Boy grabbed a log chain and the deputy grabbed his gun,  
And in the fight that followed he laid that deputy down.

He took to the hi-ls and woodland to live a life of shame,  
Every crime in Oklahoma was added to his name.

There's many a sta-rving farmer the same old story told,  
How the outlaw paid their mortgage and saved their little home.

Others tell of a stranger come to beg a meal,  
And underneath his napkin left a thousand-dollar bill.

It was in Oklaho-ma City, it was on a Christmas Day,  
There came a whole carload of groceries with a note to say:

'You say that I'm an outlaw, you say that I'm a thief,  
Now here's a Christmas dinner for the families on relief.

Yes, as through this wo-rld I've rambled I've seen lots of funny men,  
Some rob you with a six gun and some with a fountain pen.

And as through your life you travel, wherever you may roam,  
You won't never see no outlaw drive a family from their home.

# The River St. Johns

Jake Xerxes Fussell

**Am F Am F Am F Am F**

**Am** **F**

I've got fresh fish this morning, ladies

**Am**

They are gilded with gold

**F** **C**

And you may find a diamond in their mouths

**Am** **Am/G F**

They are just from the River Saint Johns, Saint Johns

**Am** **Am/G F**

They are just from the River Saint Johns

**Am** **Am/G F**

They are just from the River Saint Johns, Saint Johns

**Am** **Am/G F**

They are just from the River Saint Johns

**C** **F**

I've got mullets this morning, ladies

**C**

They are fresh and fine

**F**

You can buy 'em all for a dime

They are just from the River Saint Johns, Saint Johns

They are just from the River Saint Johns

They are just from the River Saint Johns, Saint Johns

They are just from the River Saint Johns

**Am F Am F Am F Am F**

I've got fresh fish this morning, ladies

They are gilded with gold

And you may find a diamond in your mouths

They are just from the River Saint Johns, Saint Johns

They are just from the River Saint Johns

They are just from the River Saint Johns, Saint Johns

They are just from the River Saint Johns

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

# The Shoals Of Herring

Ewan MacColl

A D E A  
Oh it was a fine and a pleasant day  
A/G# A/F# E E/F# E/G#  
Out of Yarmouth harbor I was faring  
A E/G# D F#m  
As a cabin boy on a sailing lugger  
A D E A  
For to hunt the bonny shoals of herring

Now you're up on deck, you're a fisherman  
You can swear and show a manly bearing  
Take your turn on watch with the other fellows  
As you're hunting for the shoals of herring

Well I earned my keep and I paid my way  
And I earned the gear that I was wearing  
Sailed a million miles, caught ten million fish  
We were hunting after shoals of herring

A D A  
Night and day the seas were daring  
A D E  
Come wind oh come more winter gale  
A D A D E F#m  
Sweating or cold, growing up, growing old, or dying  
A D E A  
As we dream about the shoals of herring

# Vigilante Man

Sammy Walker

Am                    E7                    Am  
Have you seen that vigilante man?  
                        Am/G                F                    E7  
Well, have you seen that vigilante man?  
                        Am                    Am/G                F                    Am  
Now, have you seen that vigilante man?  
                        E7                    Am  
I've heard his name all over this land.

Am                    E7                    Am  
Tell me what is a vigilante man?  
                        Am/G F                    E7  
Tell me what is a vigilante man?  
                        Am                    Am/G                F                    Am  
Does he carry a club and a pistol in his hand?  
                        E7                    Am  
Is that a vigilante man?

Am                    E7                    Am  
Rainy night down at the engine house,  
                        Am/G F                    E7  
Sleepin' just as warm as a mouse,  
                        Am                    Am/G                F                    Am  
Well, a man come around and he through us out in the rain.  
                        E7                    Am  
Was that your vigilante man?

Am                    E7                    Am  
Preacher Casey was just a workin' man,  
                        Am/G F                    E7  
He said, "Unite all you working men."  
                        Am                    Am/G                F                    Am  
Well, they killed him in the river some strange man.  
                        E7                    Am  
Was that a vigilante man?

Am                    E7                    Am  
Tell me what does a vigilante man?  
                        Am/G F                    E7  
Tell me what does a vigilante man?  
                        Am                    Am/G                F                    Am  
Carry that sawed-off shot-gun right down in his hand?  
                        E7                    Am  
Would he shoot his brother and sister down?

Am                    E7  
Now, have you seen that vigilante man?  
                        Am/G                F                    E7  
Well, have you seen that vigilante man?  
                        Am/G                F                    Am  
Well, have you seen that vigilante man?  
                        E7                    Am  
I've heard his name all over this land.

# **Waiting Around To Die**

Townes Van Zandt

**C#m**

**F#m**

Sometimes I don't know where this dirty road is taking me

**C#m**

**G#**

Sometimes I don't even know the reason why

**C#m**

I guess I'll keep a'gambling

**F#m**

Lots of booze and lots of rambling

**C#m**

**G#**

**C#m**

It's easier than just a-waitin' around to die

Once I had a Ma, once I had a Pa

He hit her with a belt once 'cause she cried

She told him to take care of me

Headed back to Tennessee

It was easier 'n just waitin around to die.

I came of age and I met a girl in a Tuscaloosa bar

She cleaned me out and hid it on the sly

I tried to kill the pain

I bought some wine and hopped a train

It was easier than just waiting around to die

My friend said he knew where some easy money was

We robbed a man and brother did we fly

The police caught up with me

Drug me back to muskogee

Now it's two long years of waiting around to die.

Now I'm out of prison I got me a friend at last

He don't drink, or cheat, or steal, or lie

His name's codeine

He's the finest thing I've seen

And together we're gonna wait around to die.

# Where Have All The Flowers Gone

Pete Seeger

C                    Am

Where have all the flowers gone?

F                    G

Long time passing

C                    Am

Where have all the flowers gone?

F                    G

Long time ago

C                    Am

Where have all the flowers gone?

F                    G

Young girls picked them every one

F                    C

When will they ever learn?

F                    G      C

When will they ever learn?

Where have all the young girls gone?

Long time passing

Where have all the young girls gone?

Long time ago

Where have all the young girls gone?

Gone for husbands every one

When will they ever learn?

When will they ever learn?

Where have all the husbands gone?

Long time passing

Where have all the husbands gone?

Long time ago

Where have all the husbands gone?

Gone for soldiers every one

When will they ever learn?

When will they ever learn?

Where have all the soldiers gone?

Long time passing

Where have all the soldiers gone?

Long time ago

Where have all the soldiers gone?

Gone to graveyards every one

When will they ever learn?

When will they ever learn?

Where have all the graveyards gone?

Long time passing

Where have all the graveyards gone?

Long time ago

Where have all the graveyards gone?

Gone to flowers everyone

When will they ever learn?

When will they ever learn?



Decapo

