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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

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

, Capo: 2

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

Fare Thee Well

Traditional

, Capo: 2

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
Oh fare thee well

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

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

Hangman

Traditional

, Capo: 2

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

Hang Me

Traditional

, Capo: 2

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

House Carpenter

Traditional

, Capo: 3

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?

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

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

John Barleycorn

Traditional

, Capo: 3

F Cm D# A# Cm C5 Cm C5

There were three men came out of the west

F D# A# Cm C5 Cm C5

Their fortunes for to try

F Cm D# A# Cm C5 Cm C5

And these three men made a so lemn vow

F D# A# Cm C5 Cm C5

John Barleycorn must die .

D# Cm

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

D# F Gsus G Gsus G

Threw clods at Barley's head

Fm Cm D# A# Cm C5 Cm C5

And these three men made a so lemn vow

F D# A# Cm C5 Cm C5

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

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

Lakes Of Pontchartrain

Traditional

, Capo: 5

 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

, Capo: 4

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

, Capo: 5

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

, Capo: 3

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

, Capo: 2

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

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.

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

E
I 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 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

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

, Capo: 7

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

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

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

D
Mile by mile I walked this road

D
Mile by mile I have been told

G
You have to wait for her

G You have to wait till she's back again **D** **Bm**

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

, Capo: 2

D **G**
Hand me my bag I gotta go

D **A**
Hand me my bag I 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

, Capo: 4

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 bullett 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

, Capo: 4

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

, Capo: 2

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 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

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 boothill'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

, Capo: 4

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

, Capo: 2

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 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

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