

CAMP NOR'WESTER
OFFICIAL SONGBOOK



Disclaimer: The Nor'wester songbook is currently under deep renovation in order to not only be current with chords, acknowledgment and lyrics, but also to reflect the context of the songs we sing and educate our community about changes that are made. We are applying a C5 lens (Creating Cultural Competency in our Camp Community) to all songs and have a committee that is looking at appropriateness of all songs as well as vetting new material. Thank you for your patience as we go through this process. The new songbook will be ready for Summer 2021.

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ABILENE

- - - CHORUS- - -

E G#7
ABILENE, ABILENE

A7 E
PRETTIEST TOWN THAT I'VE EVER SEEN

F#7 B7
PEOPLE THERE DON'T TREAT YOU MEAN

E A7 E B7
IN ABILENE, MY ABILENE

Sit alone most every night
Watch those trains roll out of sight
Wish that one of them would carry me
Back to Abilene, my Abilene.

- - -CHORUS- - -

Crowded city, ain't nothing free
Ain't nothing in this place for me
Wish to God that I might be
Back in Abilene, my Abilene

- - -CHORUS- - -

ACROSS THE GREAT DIVIDE

- Kate Wolf (source: Nanci Griffith)

C F C
I'VE BEEN WALKING IN MY SLEEP
Am F
COUNTING TROUBLES 'STEAD OF COUNTING SHEEP
C Am
WHERE THE YEARS WENT I CAN'T SAY
F G C
I JUST TURNED AROUND AND THEY'VE GONE AWAY

I've been sifting through the layers
Of dusty books and faded papers
They tell a story I used to know
It was one that happened so long ago

- - -CHORUS- - -

F C F C
IT'S GONE AWAY IN YESTERDAY
Am F
NOW I FIND MYSELF ON THE MOUNTAINSIDE
C G Am C
WHERE THE RIVERS CHANGE DIRECTION
F G C
ACROSS THE GREAT DIVIDE

Now I heard the owl a-callin'
Softly as the night was fallin'
With a question and I replied
But he's gone across the borderline

- - -CHORUS- - -

The finest hour that I have seen
Is the one that comes between
The edge of night and the break of day
It's when the darkness rolls away
- - -CHORUS- - - (x 2, different melody last line)

ACRES OF CLAMS

C
I'VE TRAVELED ALL OVER THIS COUNTRY

Am
PROSPECTING AND MINING FOR GOLD

C
I'VE TUNNELED, HYDRAULICKED AND CRADLED

F C G7 C
AND I HAVE BEEN FREQUENTLY SOLD

- - -CHORUS- - - (Last line of each verse twice, then last two lines.)

C F
AND I HAVE BEEN FREQUENTLY SOLD

C Am
AND I HAVE BEEN FREQUENTLY SOLD

C
I'VE TUNNELED, HYDRAULICKED AND CRADLED

F C G7 C
AND I HAVE BEEN FREQUENTLY SOLD

For one who gains riches by mining
Perceiving that hundreds grow poor
I made up my mind to try farming
The only pursuit that is sure
- - -CHORUS- - -

I tried to get out of the country
But poverty forced me to stay
Until I became an old settler
Now you couldn't drive me away
- - -CHORUS- - -

So wrapping my grub in a blanket
I left all my tools on the ground
And started one morning to shank it
For a country they call Puget Sound
- - -CHORUS- - -

And now that I'm used to the climate
I think that if man ever found
A place to live easy and happy
That Eden is on Puget Sound
-- -CHORUS- - -

Arriving dead broke in the winter
I found it enveloped in fog
And covered all over with timber
Thick as the hair on the back of a dog
- - -CHORUS- - -

No longer the slave of ambition
I scorn all the world and its shams
And think on my happy condition
Surrounded by acres of clams.
- - -CHORUS- - -

I took up a claim in the forest
And settled myself to hard toil
For two years I chopped and I logged
But I couldn't get down to the soil.
- - -CHORUS- - -

(A late 19th century song about the Pacific Northwest; words by Judge Francis B. Henry, music "Old Rosin the Beau.")

ANGEL FROM MONTGOMERY- John Prine

G C G C
I AM AN OLD WOMAN, NAMED AFTER MY MOTHER
G C D G
MY OLD MAN IS ANOTHER, CHILD THAT'S GROWN OLD
G C G C
IF DREAMS WERE LIGHTNING, THUNDER WERE DESIRE
G C D G
THIS OLD HOUSE WOULD HAVE BURNT DOWN SUCH A LONG TIME AGO

-- -CHORUS-- - -

G F C G
MAKE ME AN ANGEL THAT FLIES FROM MONTGOMERY
G F C G
MAKE ME A POSTER OF AN OLD RODEO
G F C G
JUST GIVE ME ONE THING THAT I CAN HOLD ON TO
G F C D G
TO BELIEVE IN THIS LIVING IS JUST A HARD WAY TO GO

When I was a young girl, well I had me a cowboy
He weren't much to look at, just a free rambling man
But that was a long time, and no matter how hard I try
The years just flow by like a broken down dam

-- -CHORUS-- - -

There's flies in the kitchen, I can hear them buzzing
And I ain't done nothing since I woke up today
How the hell can a person go to work in the morning
Come home in the evening, and still have nothing to say?

-- -CHORUS-- - -

AWAY RIO

C G C FC
I'LL SING YOU A SONG OF THE FISH OF THE SEA - 'WAY RIO
F C G C
I'LL SING YOU A SONG IF YOU'LL SING IT WITH ME!
AM G C
OH, WE'RE BOUND FOR THE RIO GRANDE!

-- -CHORUS-- - -

C G C FC
AND AWAY, HAUL AWAY - 'WAY RIO
F C G C
SO FARE YOU WELL MY PRETTY YOUNG GAL
AM G C
OH, WE'RE BOUND FOR THE RIO GRANDE

It's goodbye to Sally and goodbye to Sue, 'Way Rio
And you who are listening, it's goodbye to you
Oh, we're bound for the Rio Grande.

-- -CHORUS-- - -

Man the good capstan and run it around, 'Way Rio.
We'll heave up the anchor to this jolly sound.
Oh, we're bound for the Rio Grande.

-- -CHORUS-- - -

The anchor is weighed and the sails they are set,
'Way Rio
The maids that we're leaving we'll never forget.
Oh, we're bound for the Rio Grande.

-- -CHORUS-- - -

Our ship went a sailing out over the bar, 'Way Rio
We pointed her nose for the Southern star.
Oh, we're bound for Rio Grande

-- -CHORUS-- - -

(A variation of a popular British shanty referring to the Rio Grande do Sul in southern Brazil, where gold was discovered in the 1700s. This version is from the early 19th century days of running contraband into the Republic of Texas.)

BA DOO WA

C **E**
EVERYONE'S WALKIN DOWN THAT SAME ROAD
F **C** **G**
BUT YOU NOTICE SOME FALL AWAY
C **E**
YOU GOTTA USE YOUR TIME TO YOUR BEST ADVANTAGE
F **C** **G**
CAUSE THOSE HOURS SLIP INTO DAYS
E **F**
AND YOU GOTTA KEEP YOUR CHIN UP, KEEP YOUR NOSE CLEAN
E **F**
KEEP A CLEAR HEAD, IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU
F# **G**
IT'S AS SIMPLE AS TWO PLUS TWO

-- -CHORUS- --

C **E**
BA DOO WA, BA DOO WA
F **C** **G**
BA DOO WA, BA DOO WA

May you always be a winner, may you never be a quitter
You gotta keep your eyes peeled for what's goin' on around
Keep your shoulder to the wheel, and always remember
That the idle brain is the devil's playground

And you gotta keep your chin up . . .
-- -CHORUS- --

There's a land of milk and honey at the end of the road
Lord, but sometimes we can't see from here
Ya know everybody's singing BA DOO WA and it's always sunny
And you're gonna find, find your rainbow there

Written in the 1970s by Ned Neltner and Buck Ormsby of the Seattle band Jr. Cadillac.

BLACKJACK DAVID

D **G** **D**
BLACKJACK DAVID IS THE NAME THAT I BEAR
A
BEEN ALONE IN THE FOREST FOR A LONG TIME
D **G** **D**
NOW THE TIME HAS COME TO FIND MY LADY FAIR
G **D** **A** **D**
AND I'LL LOVE HER, HOLD HER, SINGING THROUGH THE GREEN, GREEN TREES

CHORUS (Last line of each verse.) Example:

G **D** **A** **D**
I'LL LOVE HER, HOLD HER, SINGING THROUGH THE GREEN, GREEN TREES

Well the skin on my hands is like the leather that I ride
And my face is hard from the cold wind
But my heart is warm from the song that I sing
I'll charm her, fair lady, singing through the green, green trees.
-- -CHORUS- - -

Now fair Eloise rode up that day
From her fine, fine home in the morning
In a flash of dawn came a song to her ear
Drifting, floating, singing through the green, green trees
-- -CHORUS- - -

Fifteen summers was all that she'd seen
And her skin was soft as velvet
Now she's forsaken her fine, fine home for
Blackjack David, singing through the green, green trees
-- -CHORUS- - -

Last night she slept on a fine feather bed
Far, far from Blackjack David
But tonight she's sleeping on the cold, cold ground and
Love him, hold him, singing through the green, green trees
-- -CHORUS- - -

Now saddle me up my fine gray mare
Said the lord of the house next morning
For my servants tell me that my daughter's gone with
Blackjack David, singing through the green, green trees
-- -CHORUS- - -

Well he rode all day and he rode all night
But he never did find his daughter
Till he heard from afar come drift on the wind
Two voices, laughing, singing through the green, green trees
-- -CHORUS- - -

(Repeat 1st verse.)

(One of many songs of gypsy heroes, lords and fair ladies. Source: Incredible String Band.)

BLOWIN' IN THE WIND – Bob Dylan

D **G** **D**
HOW MANY ROADS MUST A MAN WALK DOWN
 G **A**
BEFORE YOU CAN CALL HIM A MAN?
 D **G** **D**
YES, AND HOW MANY SEAS MUST A WHITE DOVE SAIL
 G **A**
BEFORE SHE SLEEPS IN THE SAND?
 D **G** **D**
YES, AND HOW MANY TIMES MUST A CANNONBALL FLY
 G **A**
BEFORE THEY'RE FOREVER BANNED?

-- -CHORUS- --

G A D Bm
THE ANSWER MY FRIEND IS BLOWIN' IN THE WIND
G A D
THE ANSWER IS BLOWIN' IN THE WIND

How many times must a man look up
Before he can see the sky?
Yes, and how many ears must one man have
Before he can hear people cry?
Yes, and how many deaths will it take till he knows
That too many people have died?

-- -CHORUS- --

How many years can a mountain exist
Before it's washed to the sea?
Yes, and how many years can some people exist
Before they're allowed to be free?
Yes, and how many times can a man turn his head
Pretending he just doesn't see?

-- -CHORUS- --

BLOW YE WINDS IN THE MORNING

D G
'TIS ADVERTISED IN BOSTON, NEW YORK AND BUFFALO
D G Em A
FIVE HUNDRED BRAVE AMERICANS A-WHALING FOR TO GO, SINGING

-- -CHORUS- --

D G
BLOW YE WINDS IN THE MORNING, BLOW YE WINDS, HIGH HO
D G Em A D
HAUL AWAY YOUR RUNNING GEAR AND BLOW, BOYS, BLOW

They send you to New Bedford town
That famous whaling port
And hand you to some land sharks there
To board and fit you out, Singing...

-- -CHORUS- --

The skipper's on the afterdeck
A-squinting at the sails
When up aloft the lookout sights
A heaving school of whales, Singing...

-- -CHORUS- --

They tell you of the clipper ships
A-going in and out
And say you'll take 500 whale
Before you're 6 months out, Singing...

-- -CHORUS- --

Now lower down your boats, my boys
And after him we'll travel
And if you get too near his flukes
He'll kick you to the devil, Singing...

-- -CHORUS- --

It's now we're out to sea, my boys
The winds come on to blow
One half the watch is sick on deck
The other half's below, Singing...

-- -CHORUS- --

And now that he is ours, my boys
We'll bring him along side
Then over with our blubber hooks
And rob him of his hide, Singing...

-- -CHORUS- --

But as for the provisions, boys
We don't get half enough
A little piece of stinking beef
And a damn small bag of duff, Singing...

-- -CHORUS- --

When we get home, our ship made fast
And we get through our sailing
A burning glass around we'll pass
And hang this blubber whaling, Singing...

-- -CHORUS- --

(New Bedford, Massachusetts, in its day, was the chief whaling port of the world. This foc'sle chantey is a well-known sea song.)

BRAMBLE AND THE ROSE – Barbara Keith

A **E**
WE HAVE BEEN SO CLOSE TOGETHER

D **E** **A**
EACH A CANDLE, EACH A FLAME

E
ALL THE DANGERS WERE OUTSIDE US

D **E** **A**
AND WE KNEW THEM ALL BY NAME

CHORUS- - -

A **E** **D** **A** **D** **E**
SEE HOW THE BRAMBLE AND THE ROSE INTERTWINE

A **E** **D** **A**
LOVE GROWS LIKE THE BRAMBLE AND THE ROSE

D **E** **A**
'ROUND EACH OTHER WE WILL TWINE

Now I've hurt you and its hurt me
Just to see what we can do
To ourselves and to each other
Without really meaning to
- - -CHORUS- - -

So put your arms around me
And we'll sing a true love song
We will learn to sing together
Sing and laugh the whole night long
- - -CHORUS- - -

E
OH, BRANDY LEAVE ME ALONE
A
OH, BRANDY LEAVE ME ALONE
F# **B7**
OH, BRANDY LEAVE ME ALONE
E
REMEMBER I MUST GO HOME

BRANDY

Oh, Brandy you broke my heart
Oh, Brandy you broke my heart
Oh, Brandy you broke my heart
And remember I must go home

(Hum one verse)

Repeat 1st Verse

This appears to be a South African folk song, probably adapted by Josef Marais who recorded it in 1939. Re-added to the Songbook in 2011 to celebrate Lyle Summers' 70th birthday.

CAROLINA IN MY MIND – James Taylor

-- -CHORUS- --

D **G** **A**
IN MY MIND I'M GOING TO CAROLINA
G **A**
CAN'T YOU SEE THE SUNSHINE
G **A**
CAN'T YOU JUST FEEL THE MOONSHINE
D **Bm**
AIN'T IS JUST LIKE A FRIEND OF MINE
G **A**
A-HITTIN' ME FROM BEHIND
 D **G** **A** **D**
AND I'M GOIN' TO CAROLINA IN MY MIND

D **C**
KAREN SHE'S A SILVER SUN
 G **A**
YOU BEST WALK HER WAY AND WATCH HER SHINE
Bm **G** **A**
WATCH HER WATCH THE MORNING COME
G **A** **D** **C** **G** **A**
SILVER TEAR APPEARIN' NOW I'M CRYIN', AIN'T I
D **G** **A** **D**
GOIN' TO CAROLINA IN MY MIND
-- -CHORUS- --

There ain't no doubt in no one's mind
That love's the finest thing around
Whisper something soft and kind
Hey babe, the sky's on fire, I'm dyin', ain't I
Goin' to Carolina in my mind
-- -CHORUS- --

Dark and silent late last night
I think I might have heard the highway call
Geese in flight and dogs that bite
Signs that might be omens say I'm goin', goin'
Goin' to Carolina in my mind
-- -CHORUS- --

CARRY IT ON – Gil Turner

D **G** **D**
THERE'S A MAN BY MY SIDE WALKIN'
 A **D**
THERE'S A VOICE WITHIN ME TALKIN'
 G **D**
THERE'S A WORD THAT NEEDS A SAYIN'

-- -CHORUS- --

D **A** **D**
CARRY IT ON, CARRY IT ON
 A **D**
CARRY IT ON, CARRY IT ON

(Additional verses by Marion Wade.)

If you can't go on any longer
Take the hand held by your brother
Every victory's gonna bring another
-- -CHORUS- --

For the dream never-ending
You can hear the voices blending
Loud and clear, their echoes sending
-- -CHORUS- --

Through the air, the song is winging
Down the years, hope keeps springing
No more tears, we're still singing
-- -CHORUS- --

A
 IT SEEMS LIKE I'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE, I CAN'T REMEMBER WHEN **Bm**
E **A**
 BUT I'VE GOT THIS FUNNY FEELING THAT I'LL BE BACK ONCE AGAIN
D
 THERE'S NO STRAIGHT LINES MAKE UP MY LIFE, AND ALL MY ROADS HAVE BENDS
E **D** **E** **A**
 THERE'S NO CLEAR CUT BEGINNINGS, AND SO FAR NO DEAD ENDS
 - - -CHORUS- - -

I've found you a thousand times; I guess you've done the same
 But then we lose each other, it's just like a children's game
 But as I see you here again, the thought runs through by mind
 Our love is like a circle, let's go around one more time
 - - - CHORUS - - -

CIRCLE GAME – Joni Mitchell

C **F** **C**
 YESTERDAY A CHILD CAME OUT TO WONDER
F **G**
 CAUGHT A DRAGONFLY INSIDE A JAR
C **F** **Em**
 FEARFUL WHEN THE SKY WAS FULL OF THUNDER
F **G** **C**
 AND TEARFUL AT THE FALLING OF A STAR

- - -CHORUS- - -

C **G** **F** **C**
 AND THE SEASONS THEY GO ROUND AND ROUND
G **F** **C**
 AND THE PAINTED PONIES GO UP AND DOWN
F **C**
 WE'RE CAPTIVE ON A CAROUSEL OF TIME
F
 WE CAN'T RETURN, WE CAN ONLY LOOK
Em **F**
 BEHIND FROM WHERE WE CAME
Em **F** **G** **C**
 AND GO ROUND AND ROUND AND ROUND IN THE CIRCLE GAME

Then the child moved ten times round the seasons
 Skated over ten clear frozen streams
 Words like "when you're older" must appease him
 And promises of someday make his dreams
 - - -CHORUS- - -

Years spin by and now the child is twenty
 Though his dreams have lost some grandeur
 coming true
 There'll be new dreams, maybe better dreams and
 plenty
 Before the last revolving year is through
 - - -CHORUS- - -

Sixteen springs and sixteen summers gone now
 Cartwheels turn to carwheels through the town
 And they tell him, "take your time, it won't be long now
 Till you drag your feet to slow the circle down."
 - - -CHORUS- - -

DEEP RIVER BLUES – adapted and arranged by Doc Watson

-- -CHORUS- --

E7 B7(6) C7

LET IT RAIN, LET IT POUR

E7 B7(6) A7

LET IT RAIN A WHOLE LOT MORE

E

B7

`CAUSE I'VE GOT THEM DEEP RIVER BLUES

E7 B7(6) C7

LET THE RAIN DRIVE RIGHT ON

E7 B7(6) A7

LET THOSE WAVES JUST SWEEP ALONG

E

B7

E

B7

`CAUSE I'VE GOT THOSE DEEP RIVER BLUES

Give me back my old boat

I'm gonna sail her if she'll float

`Cause I've got them deep river blues

I'm goin' back to Mussel Shoals

Times are better there I'm told

`Cause I've got them deep river blues

-- -CHORUS- --

My old gal's a good old pal
But she looks like a water fowl
When I've got them deep river blues
There ain't no one to cry for me
And the fish all go out on a spree
When I've got them deep river blues
-- -CHORUS- --

If my boat sinks with me
I'll go down now don't you see
`Cause I've got them deep river blues
Now I'm goin' to say goodbye
And if I sink just let me die
`Cause I've got them deep river blues
-- -CHORUS- --

DONA – Sholem Secunda

Am E7 Am E7 Am Dm Am E7

ON A WAGON, BOUND FOR MARKET, THERE'S A CALF WITH A MOURNFUL EYE

Am E7 Am E7 Am Dm E7 Am G

HIGH ABOVE HIM THERE'S A SWALLOW, WINGING SWIFTLY THROUGH THE SKY

-- -CHORUS- --

G

C

HOW THE WINDS ARE LAUGHING,

G

C

THEY LAUGH WITH ALL THEIR MIGHT

G

C

E

Am

LAUGH AND LAUGH THE WHOLE DAY THROUGH

E7

Am

AND (pause) HALF THE SUMMER'S NIGHT (DONA DONA)

E7 Am
DONA, DONA, DONA, DONA

G C
DONA, DONA, DONA, DOH

E7 Am
DONA, DONA, DONA, DONA

E7 Am
DONA, DONA, DONA DOH

"Stop complaining," says the farmer,
"Who told you a calf to be?"

Why don't you have wings to fly with
Like the swallow so proud and free?"

-- -CHORUS- --

Calves are easily bound and slaughtered,
Never knowing the reason why;
But whoever treasures freedom,
Like the swallow, has learned to fly.

-- -CHORUS- --

(Translation of Yiddish text by Schwartz and Ke vess.)

THE DRUNKEN SAILOR

Am
WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE DRUNKEN SAILOR
G
WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE DRUNKEN SAILOR
Am
WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE DRUNKEN SAILOR
C G Am
EARLYE IN THE MORNING

-- -CHORUS- --

Am
HOO-RAY AND UP SHE RISES
G
HOO-RAY AND UP SHE RISES
Am
HOO-RAY AND UP SHE RISES
C G Am
EARLYE IN THE MORNING.

Put him in the long-boat 'till he's sober
Earlye in the morning. -- -CHORUS- --

Pull out the plug and wet him all over
-- -CHORUS- --

Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on
him -- -CHORUS- --

Heave him by the leg in a runnin' bow-lin
-- -CHORUS- --

Shave his belly with a rusty razor
-- -CHORUS- --

Make him chip paint with a rubber hammer
-- -CHORUS- --

Make him scrub decks with the captain's
toothbrush -- -CHORUS- --

Hang him from the yardarm till he's sober
-- -CHORUS- --

Write on his face with a permanent marker
-- -CHORUS- --

That's what we do with a drunken sailor
-- -CHORUS- --

A short-haul chantey, sung to coordinate the crew's hauling on the halyard to raise the heavy sails on a square-rigged ship.

DURHAM TOWN – Roger Whittaker

-- -CHORUS- --

C G7 F G7
I'VE GOT TO LEAVE OLD DURHAM TOWN,
C F G7 C
I'VE GOT TO LEAVE OLD DURHAM TOWN,
C E Am F
I'VE GOT TO LEAVE OLD DURHAM TOWN
C G7 C
AND THAT LEAVIN'S GONNA GET ME DOWN.

C G7 F G7
 BACK IN NINETEEN-FORTY-FOUR
Am E Am E
 I REMEMBER DADDY WALKIN' OUT THE DOOR
C G7 F G7 Am
 MAMMA SAID HE WAS GOIN' TO WAR, HE WAS LEAVIN'
E
 LEAVIN', LEAVIN', LEAVIN', LEAVIN', LEAVIN' ME.
 - - -CHORUS- - -

When I was a lad I spent my time
 Sitting on the banks of the River Tyne
 Watching all the ships goin' down the line,
 they were leavin'
 Leavin', leavin', leavin', leavin', leavin' me.
 - - -CHORUS- - -

Now one day Mamma she passed away,
 "Goodbye son," was all she'd say
 There's no cause for me to stay, so I'm leavin'
 Leavin', leavin', leavin', leavin', leavin' free.
 - - -CHORUS- - -

EXPANDING UNIVERSE – Eric Idle

G
 REMEMBER THAT YOU'RE STANDING ON A PLANET THAT'S EVOLVING
D7
 REVOLVING AT NINE HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR
Am D7 Am
 IT'S ORBITING AT NINETEEN MILES A SECOND, SO IT'S RECKONED
D7 G
 A SUN THAT IS THE SOURCE OF ALL OUR POWER

 THE SUN AND YOU AND ME AND ALL THE STARS THAT YOU CAN SEE
E7 Am
 ARE MOVING AT A MILLION MILES A DAY
C G E7
 IN AN OUTER SPIRAL ARM AT FORTY THOUSAND MILES AN HOUR
A7 D7 G
 IN A GALAXY WE CALL THE MILKY WAY

Our galaxy itself contains a hundred billion stars
 It's a hundred thousand light years side to side
 It bulges in the middle sixteen thousand light years
 thick
 But out by us it's just three thousand light years
 wide
 We're thirty thousand light years from galactic
 central point
 We go 'round every two hundred million years
 And this galaxy is only one of millions of billions
 In this amazing and expanding universe

The universe itself keeps on expanding and
 expanding
 In all of the directions it can whiz
 As fast as it can go, the speed of light you know
 Twelve million miles a minute, that's the fastest
 speed there is
 So remember when you're feeling very small and
 insecure
 How amazingly unlikely is your birth
 And pray that there's intelligent life somewhere up
 in space,
 Because there's precious little down here on earth.

FIDDLER'S GREEN – John Conolly

D **G** **D** **Bm**
I WAS DOWN BY THE DOCKSIDE ONE EVENING SO FAIR
D **G** **D** **A**
TO VIEW THE STILL WATERS AND TASTE THE SALT AIR
G **F#m**
I HEARD AN OLD FISHERMAN SINGIN' THIS SONG
Em **G** **A**
SAYIN' "TAKE ME AWAY LADS, ME TIME IS NOT LONG"

-- -CHORUS- --

D **A7** **D** **D7**
WRAP ME UP IN ME OILSKINS AND JUMPERS
G **D** **A**
NO MORE ON THE DOCKS I'LL BE SEEN
G **F#m**
JUST TELL ME OLD SHIPMATES I'M TAKING A TRIP, MATES
Em **A** **D**
AND I'LL SEE YOU SOMEDAY IN FIDDLER'S GREEN

Now Fiddler's Green is a place I've heard tell
Where fishermen go when they don't go to hell
Where the weather is fair and the dolphins do play
And the cold coast of Greenland is far, far away
-- -CHORUS- --

Well the weather is fair and there's never a gale
And the fish jump aboard with one swish of their tail
You just lie in your hammock, there's no work to do
And the skipper's below makin' tea for the crew
-- -CHORUS- --

I don't need a harp nor a halo, not me
Just give me a breeze and a bright rolling sea
I'll play me old squeezebox as we roll along
With the wind in the rigging to sing me a song
-- -CHORUS- --

THE FINAL TRAWL – Archie Fisher

C **Am**
BEEN THREE LONG YEARS SINCE WE MADE HER PAY
F **G** **C**
HAUL AWAY, MY LADDIE - O
G **C** **Am**
AND WE CAN'T GET BY ON THE SUBSIDY
Dm **F** **G**
HAUL AWAY MY LADDIE – O

Then heave away for the final trawl
Haul away, my laddie-o
It's an easy pull, for the catch is small
Haul away, my laddie-o

So stow your gear, lads, and batten down
(Haul away...)
And I'll take the wheel, lads, and turn her round
(Haul away...)

And we'll join the Venture and the Morning Star...
Riding high and empty towards the bar...
For I'd rather beach her on the skerry rock...

Than to see her torched on the breakers' dock...

And when I die, you can stow me down...
In her rusty hold, where the breakers sound...

Then I'd make my haven the Fiddlers' Green...
Where the grub is good and the bunks are clean...

For I've fished a lifetime boy and man...
And the final trawl scarcely nets a cran...

"Archie Fisher said he wrote this song after seeing a couple of perfectly good steel trawlers rusting away on the ledges – skerries – outside a harbor in northern Scotland, and was told by the fishermen that they were driven there by their owners because, even with the government subsidy to help, the fishing was so poor they still couldn't make a living, and the men didn't want to see them cut into scrap by the ship-breaker." Gordon Bok, from The Ways of Man.
Cran – a measure of herring from the net, avg. 750 lbs

FIVE HUNDRED MILES – Hedy West

D **Bm** **Em** **G**
IF YOU MISS THE TRAIN I'M ON YOU WILL KNOW THAT I AM GONE
Em **F#m** **G** **A**
YOU CAN HEAR THE WHISTLE BLOW A HUNDRED MILES
D **Bm** **Em** **G**
A HUNDRED MILES, A HUNDRED MILES, A HUNDRED MILES, A HUNDRED MILES
Em **F#m** **G** **D**
YOU CAN HEAR THE WHISTLE BLOW A HUNDRED MILES.

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
Away from home, away from home
Away from home, away from home
Lord, I'm five hundred miles away from home

Not a shirt on by back
Not a penny to my name
Lord, I can't go back home this-a way
This-a way, this-a way
This-a way, this-a way
Lord, I can't go back home this-a way
(Repeat first verse.)

FOUR STRONG WINDS – Ian Tyson

- - -CHORUS- - -

D **G**
FOUR STRONG WINDS THAT BLOW LONELY
A **D**
SEVEN SEAS THAT RUN HIGH
G **A & A7**
ALL THESE THINGS THAT DON'T CHANGE COME WHAT MAY
D **Em** **A** **D**
BUT OUR GOOD TIMES ARE ALL GONE, AND I'M BOUND FOR MOVIN' ON
Em **G** **A**
I'LL LOOK FOR YOU IF I'M EVER BACK THIS WAY

Think I'll go out to Alberta
Weather's good there in the fall
Got some friends that I can go to workin' for
But I wish you'd change your mind
If I'd ask you one more time
But we've been through this a hundred times or more

- - -CHORUS- - -

If I get there 'fore the snow flies
And if things are goin' good
I could meet you if I sent you down the fare
But by then it would be winter
Not much for you to do
And the wind it sure blows cold a-way out there

- - -CHORUS- - -

THE FOX

D
THE FOX WENT OUT ON A CHILLY NIGHT
A7
PRAYED FOR THE MOON FOR TO GIVE HIM LIGHT
D G
FOR HE'D MANY A MILE TO GO THAT NIGHT
D A7 D A7 D
BEFORE HE REACHED THE TOWN-O, TOWN-O, TOWN-O
G D A7 D
HE'D MANY A MILE TO GO THAT NIGHT, BEFORE HE REACHED THE TOWN-O.

He ran till he came to a great big pen
Where the ducks and the geese were kept therein,
"A couple of you will grease my chin
Before I leave this town-o (town-o...)

He grabbed the grey goose by the neck
Threw a duck across his back
He didn't mind the "Quack-quack-quack"
Or the legs all dangling down-o (down-o...)

Then old mother Flipper-flopper jumped out of bed
Out of the window she cocked her head
Crying "John, John! The gray goose is gone
And the fox is on the town-o!" (town-o...)

(A children's song, probably of English Origin.)

Then John he ran to the top of the hill
Blowed his horn both loud and shrill
The fox he said "I better flee with my kill
Or they'll soon be on my trail-o." (trail-o...)

He ran till he came to his cozy den
There were the little ones- eight, nine, ten
They said, "Daddy, better go back again
Cause it must be a mighty fine town-o." (town-o...)

Then the fox and his wife without any strife
Cut up the goose with a fork and knife
They never had such a supper in their life
And the little ones chewed on the bones-o (bones-o...)

FREIGHT TRAIN – Elizabeth Cotton

--CHORUS--

C G G7
FREIGHT TRAIN, FREIGHT TRAIN, RUN SO FAST
C
FREIGHT TRAIN, FREIGHT TRAIN, RUN SO FAST
E7 F
PLEASE DON'T TELL WHAT TRAIN I'M ON
C G C
SO THEY WON'T KNOW WHAT ROUTE I'VE 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
--CHORUS--

When I die, Lord, bury me deep
Way down on old Chestnut Street
So I can hear old "Number 9"
As she come rolling by
--CHORUS--

THE FROZEN LOGGER – James Stevens

D **A7**
AS I SAT DOWN ONE EVENING
D
WITHIN A SMALL CAFE
Em
A FORTY YEAR OLD WAITRESS
A7 **D**
THESE WORDS TO ME DID SAY

I see that you are a logger
And not just a common bum
For nobody but a logger
Stirs his coffee with his thumb

My lover was a logger
There's none like him today
If you'd put whiskey on it
He'd eat a bale of hay

He never shaved his whiskers
From off his horny hide
He'd pound them in with a hammer
And bite them off inside

My lover came to see me
Upon a freezing day
He held me in a fond embrace
And broke three vertebrae

He kissed me when we parted
So hard that he broke my jaw
I could not speak to tell him
He forgot his mackinaw

I saw my lover leaving
Staggerin' through the snow
Going gaily homeward
At forty eight below

The weather it tried to freeze him
It tried its level best
At a hundred degrees below zero
He buttoned up his vest

It froze clear down to China
It froze to the stars above
At a thousand degrees below zero
It froze my logger love

They tried in vain to thaw him
And would you believe it, Sir
They made him into axe blades
To chop the Douglas Fir

And so I lost my lover
And to this cafe I come
And here I wait till someone
Stirs his coffee with his thumb

(Typical of the exaggerations surrounding such folk heroes as Paul Bunyan. Source: The Weavers.)

THE GOLDEN DAY IS DYING

G **D7** **G** **C** **G**
THE GOLDEN DAY IS DYING BEYOND THE PURPLE HILL
D7 **G** **C** **G**
THE GOLDEN DAY IS DYING BEYOND THE PURPLE HILL
D7 **G** **D7** **G**
THE LARK THAT SANG AT MORNING IN DUSKY WOOD IS STILL
D7 **Em** **D7** **G**
THE LARK THAT SANG AT MORNING IN DUSKY WOOD IS STILL

But soon above the meadows the silver moon will swing
But soon above the meadows the silver moon will swing
And where the wood is darkest the varied thrush will sing
And where the wood is darkest the varied thrush will sing

(A Finnish folk song, traditionally sung to close campfires at the Henderson Camps.)

THE GOLDEN VANITY

C **D** **C** **D** **G**
THERE WAS A LOFTY SHIP, AND THEY PUT HER OUT TO SEA
Em **C** **D**
AND THE NAME OF THE SHIP WAS THE GOLDEN VANITY
G **D** **C** **G**
AND THEY SAILED HER ON THE LOWLAND, LOWLAND, LOW
D **C** **G**
THEY SAILED HER ON THE LOWLAND SEA

And she had not been sailing but two weeks or three

When she was overtaken by a Turkish Revelry
As she sailed along the lowland, lowland low
As she sailed along the lowland sea

Then boldly up spoke our little cabin boy
Saying, "What would you give me if the galley
I destroy
If I sink her in the lowland, lowland low
If I sink her in the lowland sea."

"To the man that them destroys," our Captain
then replied
"Five thousand pounds and my daughter for
his bride
If he'll sink her in the lowland, lowland low
If he'll sink her in the lowland sea."

So the boy, he made ready, and overboard
went he
And he swam to the side of the Turkish enemy
As she lay along the lowland, lowland low
As she lay along the lowland sea

And he had a brace and auger made for the
use
And he bored nine holes in her hull all at once
As she lay along the lowland, lowland, low
As she lay along the lowland sea.

And some were playing poker, and some were
playing dice

And some were in their hammocks, and the
sea as cold as ice

And the water rushed in, and it dazzled to their
eyes

They were sinking the in the lowland sea

Well, he swam back to his ship, and he beat
upon the side

Crying, "Shipmates, take me up, for I'm weary
with the tide

And I'm weary of the lowland, lowland low
I'm weary of the lowland sea."

"No, I'll not pick you up," the Captain then
replied

"I'll shoot you, I'll drown you, I'll sink you in
the tide

I will sink you in the lowland, lowland, low
I will sink you in the lowland sea

"If it was not for the love that I bear for your
men

I'd do unto you as I did unto them

I would sink you in the lowland, lowland low
I would sink you in the lowland sea."

So the boy bowed his head, and down sank he
And he said farewell to the Golden Vanity
As she lay along the lowland, lowland low
As she lay along the lowland sea.

(Repeat first verse.)

(Source: Gordon Bok. One of many versions of this song.)

THE GREENLAND FISHERY

E A E
HEAVE HO, HEAVE HO (Every verse begins with "Heave ho, heave ho.")

WE SAILED FOR GREENLAND'S DREARY SHORES

B7

A LAND THAT'S NEVER GREEN

E

A

F#m

B7

WHERE THERE'S ICE AND SNOW AND THE WHALE FISHES BLOW

E

B7

E

AND DAYLIGHT'S SELDOM SEEN, BRAVE BOYS

B7

E

AND DAYLIGHT'S SELDOM SEEN

The lookout in the crosstrees stood
With his spyglass in his hand,
"Oh thar she blows! Oh, thar she blows!
She blows at every span, brave boys
She blows at every span."

The captain stood upon the quarterdeck
And a brave little man was he
"Overhaul, overhaul, let your davit tackles fall
And lower your boats for the sea, brave boys
And lower your boats for the sea

The boats were lowered and the men aboard
And the whale was in full view
Resolved was each seaman bold
To steer where the whale fish blew, brave boys
To steer where the whale fish blew

We struck the whale, the line paid out
But she gave a flourish with her tail
Four men went down to a watery grave
All for the sake of the whale, brave boys
All for the sake of the whale

"To lose the whale," the captain cried
"It grieves my heart full sore
But oh, to lose four gallant men
It grieves me ten times more, brave boys
It grieves me ten times more."

The winter star doth now appear
So boys, we'll anchor weigh
Once more to leave this cold country
And homeward bear away, brave boys
And homeward bear away.

(Variant of a song in Melville's Moby Dick showing the hardship and danger of whaling in the North Atlantic in the early 19th century.)

THE HAPPY WANDERER – Fredrich Moller

C

I LOVE TO GO A WANDERING

G7

ALONG THE MOUNTAIN TRACK

C

AND AS I GO I LOVE TO SING,

F

G7

C

MY KNAPSACK ON MY BACK.

-- -CHORUS- --

G7 C G7

VALDEREE (echo), VALDERAA (echo), VALDEREE (echo)

C

VALDERA-HA-HA-HA-HA-HA

G7 C F G7 C

VALDEREE, VALDERAA, MY KNAPSACK ON MY BACK (Use the last line in every verse.)

I love to wander by the stream
That dances in the sun
So joyously it calls to me
Come join my happy song
-- -CHORUS- --

High overhead the sky-larks wing
They never rest at home
For just like me they love to sing
As over the world they roam
-- -CHORUS- --

I wave my hand to all I meet
And they wave back to me
And black-birds call so loud and sweet
From every green-wood tree
-- -CHORUS- --

Oh, may I go a-wandering
Until the day I die
And may I always laugh and sing
Beneath God's clear blue sky
-- -CHORUS- --

(English words – Antonia Ridge. A Swiss yodeling tune made popular in the 1950s.)

HANGMAN

Em C7 D7 Em
HANGMAN, HANGMAN, SLACK YOUR ROPE

C7 Em
SLACK YOUR ROPE AWHILE

Em E A Am
FOR I SEE MY FATHER COMIN'

B7 Em
COMIN' OVER MANY A MILE

Father did you bring me silver?
Father did you bring me gold?
Or did you come for to see me hang
Hangin' from the gallows pole?

(Of Scottish origin, with many variants in America.)

No, I didn't bring you silver
No, I didn't bring you gold
And yes, I came for to see you hang
Hangin' from the gallows pole

Etc., substitutions: Mother, Sister, Brother,
Sweetheart

(Last verse)
Yes, I brought you silver
Yes, I brought you gold
No, I didn't come for to see you hang
Hangin' from the gallows pole

HAUL AWAY JOE

(Sing a capella.)

Am **Em** **Dm** **Em**
WHEN I WAS A LITTLE LAD, AND SO MY MOTHER TOLD ME
Am **Em** **Dm** **Em** **Am**
WAY, HAUL AWAY, WE'LL HAUL AWAY, JOE
Am **Em** **Dm** **Em**
THAT IF I DID NOT KISS THE GIRLS MY LIPS WOULD GROW ALL MOULDY
Am **Em** **Dm** **Em** **Am**
WAY, HAUL AWAY, WE'LL HAUL AWAY, JOE.

- - -CHORUS- - -

Way, haul away, we'll haul away together...
Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe
Way, haul away, we'll haul for better weather...
Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe

King Louis was the King of France, before the revolution.
Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe
But then he got his head cut off, which spoiled his constitution.
Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe
- - -CHORUS- - -

Way, haul away, I'll sing to you of Nancy
Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe
Way, haul away, she's just my cut and fancy
Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe
- - -CHORUS- - -

Oh, once I was in Ireland, a-digging turf and praties...
But now I'm in a Yankee ship, a-hauling on sheets and braces...
- - -CHORUS- - -

The cook is in the galley, making duff so handy...
And the captain's in his cabin, drinkin' wine and brandy...
- - -CHORUS- - -

Way, haul away, the good ship is a-bowling...
Way, haul away, the sheet is now a-blowing...
- - -CHORUS- - -

(A chantey, or work song for sailors, traditionally sung a capella.)

HE'S MY ROCK

-- -CHORUS- --

G **G7**
HE'S MY ROCK, HE'S MY SHIELD

C7
HE'S MY WHEEL IN THE MIDDLE OF THE (PAUSE) WHEEL.

G **D7**
HE'S MY LILY OF THE VALLEY HE'S MY PRIDE IN THE MORNIN' (PAUSE) STAR

G **G7**
MAKES NO DIFFERENCE WHAT YOU SAY

C7
I'M GOIN ON MY KNEES TO PRAY

G **E**
PRAISE THE LORD, GONNA WAIT RIGHT HERE

A7 **D7** **G**
MY JESUS TIL HE COMES.

G **G7** **C7**
The prophet Isaiah said he saw Him with His diamonds in His hand

G **D7**
Comin' from the land of Boah spreadin' the wine, praise the Lord

G **G7**
Then old Daniel said he saw Him

C7
Hezekeah's corner stone

G **E**
Praise the Lord, gonna wait right here

A7 **D7** **G**
My Jesus, 'til he comes

-- -CHORUS- --

Then Rebecca said she saw Him just as she knelt
down in prayer

He was riding through the elements and His glory
filled the air

With a rainbow 'round His shoulder

And the government in His hand

Praise the Lord, gonna wait right here

My Jesus, 'til he comes

-- -CHORUS- --

A gospel rock from the pre-rock-'n-roll period. Source: Ma Rainey.

THE HILLS OF ISLE AU HAUT – Gordon Bok

A
AWAY AND TO THE WESTWARD

G **D**
IS A PLACE A MAN SHOULD GO

A
WHERE THE FISHIN'S ALWAYS EASY

G **A** **D**
THEY GOT NO ICE OR SNOW

-- -CHORUS- --

G **D**
BUT I'LL HAUL DOWN THE SAIL

G **D**
WHERE THE BAYS RUN TOGETHER

G **D**
BIDE AWAY THE DAYS

G **A** **D**
ON THE HILLS OF ISLE AU HAUT

Now, the Plymouth girls are fine
They put their hearts in your hand
And the Plymouth boys are able
First-class sailor, every man

-- -CHORUS- --

Now, the trouble with old Martir
You don't try her in the trawler
For those Bay of Biscay swells
Will roll your head from off your shoulder

-- -CHORUS- --

Away and to the westward
Is a place a man should go
Where the fishin's always easy
They got no ice or snow

-- -CHORUS- --

Now, the winters drive you crazy
And the fishin's hard and slow
You're a damn fool if you stay
But there's no better place to go
-- -CHORUS- --

The girls of Cascais
They are strong across the shoulder
They don't give a man advice
They don't want to cook his supper
-- -CHORUS- --

(Repeat first verse.)
--- CHORUS ---

HOME ON THE RANGE - Brewster Higley and Dan Kelly

D **G**
OH, GIVE ME A HOME WHERE THE BUFFALO ROAM
D **A**
WHERE THE DEER AND THE ANTELOPE PLAY
D **G**
WHERE SELDOM IS HEARD, A DISCOURAGING WORD
D **A** **D**
AND THE SKIES ARE NOT CLOUDY ALL DAY

-- -CHORUS- --

D **A** **D**
HOME, HOME ON THE RANGE
Bm **E** **A**
WHERE THE DEER AND THE ANTELOPE PLAY
D **G**
WHERE SELDOM IS HEARD, A DISCOURAGING WORD
D **A** **D**
AND THE SKIES ARE NOT CLOUDY ALL DAY

Where the air is so pure and the zephyrs so free
And the breezes so balmy and light
That I would not exchange my home on the range
For all of the cities so bright
-- -CHORUS- --

How often at night when the heavens are bright
With the light of the glittering stars
I stand there amazed and I ask as I gaze
Does their glory exceed that of ours?
-- -CHORUS- --

HOW LONG BLUES

G **G7**
I WOKE UP THIS MORNIN'
C7
WITH THE BLUES ALL 'ROUND MY HEAD
G
HADN'T BEEN A GOOD MAN
D7 **G** **D7**
THE BLUES WOULD'VE HAD ME DEAD

I went down to the delta
To the delta, I done been tried
I can stand more trouble
Than any other man my size

-- -CHORUS- --

G **G7**
HOW LONG, TELL ME HOW LONG
C7
HOW LONG, BABY WILL IT BE
G
BEFORE YOU LEARN
D7 **G** **D7**
TO QUIT MISTREATIN' ME

I'm takin' you, I'm takin' you baby
And I'm puttin' you by my side
Tired of carryin' you, honey
It's time to let you ride
- - -CHORUS- - -

I walked and I talked
Baby, by myself
But I love you, honey
I just can't help myself
- - -CHORUS- - -

You will not, you will not do
Nothin' I try to tell you to
Now I'm sick and tired
And getting' it away from you
- - -CHORUS- - -

(Probably from New Orleans, where blues as a folk idiom had its origins.)

IF I HAD A HAMMER – Pete Seeger

(Vamp: **C Em F G**)

G C Em F G C Em F
IF I HAD A HAMMER, I'D HAMMER IN THE MORNIN'
G C Em F G G7
I'D HAMMER IN THE EVENIN', ALL OVER THIS LAND
C Am
I'D HAMMER OUT DANGER, I'D HAMMER OUT WARNIN'
F C F C
I'D HAMMER OUT LOVE BETWEEN MY BROTHERS AND MY SISTERS
F C G C Em F G
ALL OVER THIS LAND

If I had a bell, I'd ring it in . . .

If I had a song, I'd sing it in . . .

Now I've got a hammer, and I've got a bell
And I've got a song to sing all over this land
It's a hammer of justice, it's a bell of freedom
It's a song about love between my brothers and my sisters
All over this land

This version sung at Camp is the one made popular by Peter, Paul and Mary.

I KNOW AN OLD LADY WHO SWALLOWED A FLY – Rose Bonne and Alan Mills

D
I KNOW AN OLD LADY WHO SWALLOWED A FLY
E7 A7
I DON'T KNOW WHY SHE SWALLOWED THE FLY
D
PERHAPS SHE'LL DIE

D
 I KNOW AN OLD LADY WHO SWALLOWED A SPIDER
E7 **A7**
 THAT WRIGGLED AND GIGGLED AND TICKLED INSIDE HER
D
 SHE SWALLOWED THE SPIDER TO CATCH THE FLY
E7 **A7**
 BUT I DON'T KNOW WHY SHE SWALLOWED THE FLY
D
 PERHAPS SHE'LL DIE.

I know an old lady who swallowed a bird
 How absurd, she swallowed a bird
 She swallowed a bird to catch the spider, etc...

I know an old lady that swallowed a cat
 Imagine that, she swallowed a cat, etc...

...a dog... What a hog, she swallowed a dog, etc.

...a goat... She opened her throat, and swallowed a goat...

...a cow...I don't know how she swallowed a cow...

...a horse...She died of course!!!
 (Alternate ending: ...a minister...How sinister, it finished her!!!)

I KNOW YOU RIDER – The Grateful Dead

-- -CHORUS- --

D **C** **G** **D**
 I KNOW YOU RIDER GONNA MISS ME WHEN I'M GONE
D **C** **G** **D**
 I KNOW YOU RIDER GONNA MISS ME WHEN I'M GONE
F **C** **F** **C** **F** **D**
 GONNA MISS YOUR BABY FROM ROLLING IN YOUR ARMS

LAY DOWN LAST NIGHT, LORD I COULD NOT TAKE MY REST

LAY DOWN LAST NIGHT, LORD I COULD NOT TAKE MY REST

MY MIND WAS WANDERING LIKE THE WILD GEESE IN THE WEST -- -CHORUS- --

The sun's gonna shine on my backdoor someday
 The sun's gonna shine on my backdoor someday
 North wind's gonna come and blow all my troubles
 away
 -- -CHORUS- --

I wish I was a headlight on a northbound train
 I wish I was a headlight on a northbound train
 I'd shine my light through the cool Colorado rain
 -- -CHORUS- --

Additional Lyrics:

I'm going down the road where I can get more
 decent care...
 Goin' back to my used-to-be rider 'cause I don't
 feel welcome here

I'm goin' down the river, set in my rockin' chair...
 And if the blues don't find me, gonna rock away
 from here

I know my baby sure is bound to love me some...
 'Cause he throws his arms around me like a circle
 round the sun

Lovin' you baby, just as easy as rollin' off a log...
 But if I can't be your woman, I sure ain't gonna be
 your dog.

I LOVE MY ROOSTER

C
I LOVE MY ROOSTER, MY ROOSTER LOVES ME
G7
I LOVE MY ROOSTER BY THE COTTONWOOD TREE
C **F**
MY LITTLE OLD ROOSTER GOES COCK-A-DOODLE-
DO
C **Am** **G7** **C**
DEE DOODLE-DEE DOODLE-DEE DOODLE-DEE
DOO

(Pick an animal for each verse, making the appropriate noise.)

One of many songs about animal noises, used to entertain children. Appalachian origin.

I love my cat, my cat loves me.
I love my cat by the cottonwood tree.
My little old cat goes mi-a-ow,
My little old rooster goes cock-a-doodle-doo
Dee doodle dee doodle dee doodle dee doo.

(Last Verse)

I love my barnyard, my barnyard loves me.
I love my barnyard by the cottonwood tree.
My little old barnyard goes . . . (all animals)
My little old rooster goes cock-a-doodle-doo,
Dee doodle dee doodle dee doodle dee doo.

I'M A-GOIN' FISHIN'

D
I WALKED DOWN THE HILL ABOUT TWELVE O'CLOCK
G **D**
I SAT RIGHT DOWN ON A GREAT BIG ROCK
G **D**
I LOOKED DOWN IN THE WATER AND BLESS MY SOUL
E7 **A7**
I SEEN A GREAT BIG CATFISH JUMP IN THAT HOLE

-- -CHORUS- --

D
I'M A-GOIN' FISHIN', 'CAUSE EVERYBODY'S FISHIN'
G **D**
I'M A-GOIN' FISHIN' TOO

YOU CAN BET YOUR LIFE THAT YOUR LOVIN' WIFE
E7 **A7**

MIGHT CATCH MORE FISH THAN YOU

D
ANY FISH'LL BITE IF YOU GOT GOOD BAIT

G **Gm**
AND HERE'S A LITTLE SOMETHIN' THAT I'D LIKE TO RELATE

D
WHEN IT'S TIME TO BITE, LORD, THE FISH DON'T WAIT

E7 **G**
SO I'M A-GOIN' FISHIN, 'CAUSE EVERYBODY'S FISHIN'

A7 **D**
AND I'M A-GOIN' FISHIN' TOO

I went to the store and I took a look
Got a pole and some line and a triple hook
Then an old man smiled as he said to me
"Son, catch a big catfish for me."

-- -CHORUS- --

I leaned right back against an old dead tree
Then a big old bass took a look at me
He took my bait when I throwed my line
When I got him to the bank, Lord, he sure looked
fine

-- -CHORUS- --

I'M ON MY WAY

E **B7**
 I'M ON MY WAY (echo) TO FREEDOM LAND (echo)
E
 I'M ON MY WAY (echo) TO FREEDOM LAND (echo)
(E7) **A Am**
 I'M ON MY WAY (echo) TO FREEDOM LAND (Lord, Lord)
E **B7** **E**
 (All together) I'M ON MY WAY, GREAT GOD, I'M ON MY WAY

I asked my brother, to come with me... (x3)
 I'm on my way, great God, I'm on my way

If he says no, I'll go alone... x3)
 I'm on my way, great God, I'm on my way

I asked my boss, to let me go... (x3)
 I'm on my way, great God, I'm on my way

If he says no, I'll go anyhow... (x3)
 I'm on my way, great God, I'm on my way

I'm on my way, and I won't turn back... (x3)
 I'm on my way, great God, I'm on my way

A fairly recent protest song, useful with large groups because of the leader/echo style.

I SHALL BE RELEASED – Bob Dylan

C **Dm**
 THEY SAY EVERYTHING CAN BE REPLACED
Em **Dm** **C**
 YET EVERY DISTANCE IS NOT NEAR
C **Dm**
 SO I REMEMBER EVERY FACE
Em **Dm** **C**
 OF EVERY MAN WHO PUT ME HERE

-- -CHORUS- --

C **Dm**
 I SEE MY LIGHT COME SHINING
Em **Dm** **C**
 FROM THE WEST UNTO THE EAST
C **Dm**
 ANY DAY NOW, ANY DAY NOW
Em **Dm** **C**
 I SHALL BE RELEASED

(alt: every "man")

Well yonder stands a man in this lonely crowd
 A man who swears he's not to blame
 All day long I hear him shout so loud
 Calling out that he's been framed
 -- -CHORUS- --

(Alternate words)
 They say every man needs protection
 They say every distance is not near
 But I remember every face
 Of every man who put me here

They say every man needs protection
 They say every man must fall
 Yet I swear I see my reflection
 Somewhere so high above the wall
 -- -CHORUS- --

Standing next to me in this lonely room
 Is a man who swears he's not to blame
 All day long I hear him shout so loud
 Calling out that he's been framed

I'M SO LONESOME I COULD CRY- Hank Williams

C **C7**
HEAR THE LONESOME WHIPPOORWILL
C **C7**
HE SOUNDS TOO BLUE TO FLY
F **C** **Am**
THE MIDNIGHT TRAIN IS MOANING LOW
C7 **G** **C**
I'M SO LONESOME I COULD CRY

Did you ever see a night so long
When time goes driftin' by
The moon just went behind some clouds
To hide its face and cry

The silence of a falling star
Lights up the purple sky
As I wonder where you are tonight
I'm so lonesome I could cry

Have you ever heard a robin grieve
When leaves begin to die
That means he's lost the will to live
I'm so lonesome I could cry

I RIDE AN OLD PAINT

D
I RIDE AN OLD PAINT, I LEAD AN OLD DAN
A7 **D**
I'M GOIN' TO MONTANA TO THROW THE HOOLIHAN
A7 **D**
FEED 'EM IN THE COOLIES AND WATER IN THE DRAW
A7 **D**
THEIR TAILS ARE ALL MATTED, THEIR BACKS ARE ALL RAW

- - -CHORUS- - -

A7 **D**
RIDE AROUND LITTLE DOGIES, RIDE AROUND THEM SLOW
A7 **D**
FOR THE FIERY AND THE SNUFFY ARE RARIN' TO GO

I've worked in the town, I've worked on the farm
And all I got to show is this muscle in my arm
Blisters on my feet and callous on my hand
I'm goin' to Montana to throw the hoolihan
- - -CHORUS- - -

When I die, take my saddle from the wall
Put it on to my pony and lead him from the stall
Tie my bones to his back, turn our faces to the west
And we'll ride the prairies that we love the best

Old Bill Jones had a daughter and a son
The son went to college and the daughter went wrong
His wife was killed in a free-for-all fight
But still he keeps singin' from mornin' to night
- - -CHORUS- - -

Author unknown. Recorded By Woody Guthrie.

I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THE RAILROAD

D
I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THE RAILROAD, ALL THE LIVE LONG DAY
G
D
I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THE RAILROAD, JUST TO PASS THE TIME AWAY
E7
A
A7
D
G
F#7
CAN'T YOU HEAR THE WHISTLE BLOWIN', RISE UP SO EARLY IN THE MORN
G
D
A7
D
CAN'T YOU HEAR THE CAPTAIN SHOUTING, "DINAH BLOW YOUR HORN!"

D
DINAH WON'T YOU BLOW, DINAH WON'T YOU BLOW
G
A7
D
DINAH WON'T YOU BLOW YOUR HORN
D
G
DINAH WON'T YOU BLOW, DINAH WON'T YOU
BLOW
A7
D
DINAH WON'T YOU BLOW YOUR HORN

D
SOMEONE'S IN THE KITCHEN WITH DINAH
A7
SOMEONE'S IN THE KITCHEN I KNOW
D
G
SOMEONE'S IN THE KITCHEN WITH DINAH
A7
D
STRUMMIN' ON THE OLD BANJO

A PLAYIN' FEE FI FIDDLE-Y-I-O
FEE FI FIDDLE-Y-I-O-O-O-O
FEE FI FIDDLE-Y-I-O
STRUMMIN' ON THE OLD BANJO

(First appeared in print in Carmina Princetonia in 1894.)

(Repeat 1st verse)

JAMAICA FAREWELL – Irving Burgie

C
DOWN THE WAY WHERE THE NIGHTS ARE GAY
F
G7
C
AND THE SUN SHINES DAILY ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP
F
I TOOK A TRIP ON A SAILING SHIP
G7
C
AND WHEN I REACHED JAMAICA I MADE A STOP

(Sailors' song from the West Indies.
Source: Henry Belafonte.)

- - -CHORUS- - -

C
Dm
BUT I'M SAD TO SAY I'M ON MY WAY
G7
C
WON'T BE BACK FOR MANY A DAY
Dm
MY HEART IS DOWN, MY HEAD IS TURNING AROUND
G7
C
I HAD TO LEAVE A LITTLE GIRL IN KINGSTON TOWN

Sounds of laughter everywhere
And the dancing girls sway to and fro
I must declare my heart is there
Though I've been from Maine to Mexico

- - -CHORUS- - -

Down at the market, you can hear
Ladies cry out while on their heads they bear
"Ake rice, salt fish are nice
And the rum is fine any time of year."

- - -CHORUS- - -

(Repeat Chorus, with alternate melody.)

JOHN HARDY

A D E
JOHN HARDY WAS A DESPERATE MAN
A D E
HE CARRIED TWO GUNS EVERY DAY
G C D
HE SHOT DOWN A MAN ON THE WEST VIRGINIA LINE
E
YOU OUGHT TO SEE JOHN HARDY GET AWAY LORD, LORD
E B E
YOU OUGHT TO SEE JOHN HARDY GET AWAY

John Hardy sat in the Echo Bar
So drunk that he could not see
Up stepped a man and took him by the arm
Said, "Johnny, better come along with me,
Lord, Lord
Johnny, better come along with me."

John Hardy sat in the old jail cell
With tears streaming down from his eyes
Said, "I didn't mean to kill that man
But my six-shooter never told a lie, Lord, Lord
My six-shooter never told a lie."

The first one to visit John Hardy in his cell
Was a little girl dressed in blue
She came down to that old jail cell
Said, "Johnny, I'll be true to you, Lord, Lord
Johnny, I'll be true to you."

The next one to visit John Hardy in his cell
Was a little girl dressed in red.
She came down to that old jail cell
Said, "Johnny, I would rather see you dead,
Lord, Lord
Johnny, I would rather see you dead."

The night John Hardy was to be hung
There came a storm and hail
The winds they blew that scaffold down
So they threw John Hardy back in jail, Lord,
Lord
They threw John Hardy back in jail

I've been to the east and I've been to the west
I've traveled this whole world round
I've been to the river and I've been baptized
So take me to my burying ground, Lord, Lord
Take me to my burying ground

(Repeat 1st Verse.)

JOHN HENRY

C
WHEN JOHN HENRY WAS A LITTLE BABY
G7
SITTIN' ON HIS MAMMY'S KNEE
C **Am**
HE STUCK OUT HIS HAND AND GRABBED A PIECE OF STEEL
C **Am**
SAID "STEEL'S GOING TO BE THE DEATH OF ME, LORD GOD,
C **G** **C**
STEEL'S GOING TO BE THE DEATH OF ME."

Now some say he was born in Texas
Some say he was born in Maine
But I say he was born in North Carolina
He was a steel drivin' man, Lord God
He was a steel drivin' man
The captain said to John Henry
"Gonna bring my steam drill around."
John Henry said, "I'd rather be dead
Than let a steam drill beat me down..."

John Henry said to his captain
"A man ain't nothin' but a man
But before I let that steam drill beat me down
I'd die with a hammer in my hand..."

John Henry said to his shaker
"Shaker, you'd better sing
For I'm swinging nine pounds from my hips on
down
Just listen to the cold steel ring..."

John Henry said to his shaker
"Shaker, you'd better pray
For if this old hammer miss that little piece of steel
Tomorrow'll be your buryin' day..."

John Henry drove steel on the Southern
Drove it on the C.B. & Q.
The old Rock Island and the Santa Fe
The Baltimore, Ohio, too, Lord God... etc.

John Henry was hammerin' on the mountain
His hammer was strikin' fire
He hammered so hard he broke his poor heart
And he laid down his hammer and died, Lord God,
He laid down his hammer and he died

Oh, John Henry, Oh, John Henry
Blood am runnin red
He dropped his hammer and he fell to the ground
Said, "I beat him to the bottom but I'm dead..."

The man that invented the steam drill
Thought it was mighty fine
John Henry drove his fifteen feet
And the steam drill only drove nine...

They buried John Henry on the mountain
Buried him down in the sand
And every locomotive comes roarin' by
Says, "There lies a steel drivin' man..."

This song can apparently be traced to a real event, which took place in the Swannanoa Tunnel in West Virginia in the 1870s. It tells of a contest to replace hand drilling of deep holes in the mountain rock to set the dynamite for making a tunnel.

JOHN KANAKA NAKA

(Around F#)

I THOUGHT I HEARD THE OLD MAN SAY

JOHN KANAKA NAKA TOO-RAH-EH

TODAY, TODAY IS A HOLIDAY

JOHN KANAKA NAKA TOO-RAH-EH

- - -CHORUS- - -

TOO-RA-EH, OOOHHH

TOO-RA-EH HEY!

JOHN KANAKA NAKA TOO-RAH-EH

I'm Liverpool born and Liverpool bred
JOHN KANAKA NAKA etc...

I'm thick in the arm and thick in the head
JOHN KANAKA NAKA

- - - CHORUS - - -

When I get back to Liverpool town
I'll raise the roof and lower it down

- - - CHORUS - - -

There's one more thing we've got to do
And we're the gang to run her through

- - - CHORUS - - -

It's one more pull and then belay
It's one more pull to the end of day

- - - CHORUS - - -

A chantey of English origin.

JOSHUA

- - -CHORUS- - -

Am **Dm** **Am E7**
JOSHUA FIT THE BATTLE OF JERICHO, JERICHO, JERICHO

Am
JOSHUA FIT THE BATTLE OF JERICHO

E7 **Am**
AND THE WALLS CAME TUMBLING DOWN

Am **E7**
"GOOD MORNING BROTHER PILGRIM
Am **E7**
PRAY TELL ME WHERE YOU'RE BOUND?"

Am **C**
"I'M TRAVELING THROUGH THIS WILDERNESS
E7 **Am**
OVER THIS ENCHANTED GROUND."
- - -CHORUS- - -

"Now, my name it is Bold Pilgrim
To Canaan I am bound
I'm traveling through this wilderness
Over this enchanted ground."
- - -CHORUS- - -

Up to the walls of Jericho
He marched with spear in hand
"Go blow them ram horns," Joshua cried
"For the battle am in my hand."
- - -CHORUS- - -

When the lamb-ram sheephorns began to blow
And the trumpets began to sound
Old Joshua commanded the children to shout
And the walls came tumbling down
- - -CHORUS- - -

(SLOW.) Now there's no man like Joshua
There's no man like Saul
There's no man like Joshua
At the battle of Jericho
- - -CHORUS- - -

A 19th century Negro spiritual/protest song.

-- -CHORUS- - -

D **C** **G**
ARE YOU GOING AWAY WITH NO WORD OF FAREWELL
Em **Bm** **D**
WILL THERE BE NOT A TRACE LEFT BEHIND
G **C** **G**
I COULD HAVE LOVED YOU BETTER, DIDN'T MEAN TO BE UNKIND
D **G**
YOU KNOW THAT WAS THE LAST THING ON MY MIND

You got reasons a-plenty for goin'
This I know, this I know
For the weeds have been steadily growin'
Please don't go, please don't go
-- -CHORUS- - -

As I walk around the streets my thoughts are
tumbling
Round and round, round and round
Underneath my feet the subway's rumbling
Underground, underground
-- -CHORUS- - -

As I lie in my bed in the mornin'
Without you, without you
Every song in my heart dies a-bornin'
Without you, without you
-- -CHORUS- - -

LEAVING ON A JET PLANE – John Denver

D **G**
ALL MY BAGS ARE PACKED, I'M READY TO GO
D **G**
I'M STANDING HERE OUTSIDE YOUR DOOR
D **Bm** **A** **A7**
I HATE TO WAKE YOU UP TO SAY GOODBYE
D **G**
BUT THE DAWN IS BREAKING, IT'S EARLY MORN
D **G**
THE TAXI'S WAITING, HE'S BLOWING HIS HORN
D **Bm** **A** **A7**
ALREADY I'M SO LONESOME I COULD CRY

-- -CHORUS- - -

D **G**
SO KISS ME AND SMILE FOR ME
D **G**
TELL ME THAT YOU'LL WAIT FOR ME
D **G** **A** **A7**
HOLD ME LIKE YOU'LL NEVER LET ME GO
D **G**
'CAUSE I'M LEAVIN' ON A JET PLANE
D **G**
DON'T KNOW WHEN I'LL BE BACK AGAIN
D **G** **A**
OH BABE, I HATE TO GO

There's so many times I've let you down
So many times I've played around
I tell you now, they don't mean a thing
Every place I go, I'll think of you
Every song I sing, I'll sing for you
When I come back I'll bring your wedding ring
-- -CHORUS- - -

Now the time has come to leave you
One more time, let me kiss you
Then close your eyes and I'll be on my way
Dream about the days to come
When I won't have to leave alone
About the times that I won't have to say
-- -CHORUS- - -

(Popularized by Peter, Paul and Mary.)

LONG JOHN

E

HE'S LONG JOHN (echo)

A7

HE'S LONG GONE (echo)

E

LIKE A TURKEY THROUGH THE CORN (echo)

B7

WITH HIS LONG CLOTHES ON (echo)

Echo continues on each verse.

Well, John he made
A pair of shoes
The funniest shoes
That you ever did see
Had a heel in front
And a heel behind
So you couldn't tell where
That boy was gwine
- - -CHORUS- - -

Well, hurry up gal
Better shut that door
The dogs are comin'
And I've got to go
Just two or three minutes
Let me catch my wind
Two or three minutes
And I'm gone again
- - -CHORUS- - -

If I had listened
To what Rosie said
I'd have been sleepin'
In Rosie's bed
But I didn't listen
Just rambled about
And now I'm in jail
With my teeth poked out
- - -CHORUS- - -

Leader/echo style song of a prisoner's unsuccessful escape attempt.

LORD FRANKLIN

D

G

It was homeward bound one night on the deep

Em **A**

Swinging in my hammock I fell asleep

D **G** **D**

I dreamed a dream and I thought it true

Em **A** **G** **D**

Concerning Franklin and his gallant crew

With a hundred seamen he sailed away
To the frozen ocean in the month of May
To seek a passage around the pole
Where we poor seamen do sometimes go

Through cruel hardships they mainly strove
Their ship on mountains of ice was drove
Only the fisherman* in his skin canoe
Was the only one who ever came through

In Baffin Bay where the whale fish blow
The fate of Franklin no man may know
The fate of Franklin no tongue can tell
Lord Franklin along with his sailors do dwell

And now my burden it gives me pain
For my long lost Franklin I'd cross the main
Ten thousand pounds I would freely give
To say on earth that my Franklin do live

Repeat first verse

*The word fisherman is replacing 'Eskimo', which is predominantly seen as offensive or "non-preferred."

"Also known as Lady Franklin's Lament: on his second attempt to find the fabled Northwest Passage, Franklin set out with two ships loaded with luxuries instead of extra food and was never heard from again. Lady Franklin mounted 5 rescue operations herself after the Admiralty washed its hands of the affair. Remains (discovered frozen in the ice more than a century later) indicated that the crew died of lead poisoning from badly canned food." – Rise Up Singing.

THE MARY ELLEN CARTER - Stan Rogers

G SHE WENT DOWN LAST OCTOBER IN A POURIN', DRIVIN' RAIN
Am THE SKIPPER HE'D BEEN DRINKIN' AND THE MATE FELT NO PAIN
G TOO CLOSE TO THREE MILE ROCK AND SHE WAS DEALT HER MORTAL BLOW
Am AND THE MARY ELLEN CARTER SETTLED LOW

There was just us five aboard her when she finally was awash
 We worked like hell to save her, all heedless of the cost
 And the groan she gave as she went down, it caused us to proclaim

Am **D** **G**
 That the Mary Ellen Carter would rise again.

Well the owners wrote her off, not a nickel would they spend
 "She gave twenty years of service boys, then met her sorry end

But insurance paid the loss to us so let her rest below"

Am **D**
 And they laughed at us and said we had to go

We talked of her all winter, some days around the clock
 For she's worth a quarter million afloat and at the dock
 And with every jar that hit the bar we swore we would remain

Am **D** **G**
 And make the Mary Ellen Carter rise again

-- -CHORUS- --

Am **G**
 RISE AGAIN, RISE AGAIN

Am **C** **D**
 THAT HER NAME WOULD NOT BE LOST TO THE KNOWLEDGE OF MEN
G **C** **D** **G**
 AND THOSE WHO LOVED HER BEST AND WERE WITH HER TIL THE END
Am **D** **G**
 WILL MAKE THE MARY ELLEN CARTER RISE AGAIN

All spring now we've been with her on a barge lent by a friend
 Three dives a day in hard-hat suits and twice I've had the bends
 Thank God it's only sixty feet and the currents here are slow
 Or I'd never have the strength to go below

We've patched her rents, stopped her vents, dogged hatch and portholed down
 Put cables to her fore and aft and girded her around
 Tomorrow noon we hit the air and then take up the strain

Am **D** **G**
 And watch the Mary Ellen Carter rise again

For we wouldn't leave her there, you see, to crumble into scale
 She'd saved our lives so many times, coming through the gale
 And the laughin', drunken rats who left her to a sorry grave

Am **D**
 They won't be laughing in another day

And you to whom adversity has dealt the final blow
 With smilin' bastards lyin' to you everywhere you go
 Turn to and give out all your strength of heart and arm and brain

Am **D** **G**
 And like the Mary Ellen Carter rise again

-- -SECOND CHORUS- --

Rise again, rise again
 Though your heart may be broken or life about to end
 No matter what you've lost, be it a home, a love, a friend
 Like the Mary Ellen Carter rise again

-- -CHORUS- --

THE MERMAID

G **C** **G**
T WAS FRIDAY MORN WHEN WE SET SAIL
C **D** **G**
AND WE WERE NOT FAR FROM THE LAND
C **G**
WHEN OUR CAPTAIN HE SPIED A FISHY MERMAID
C **D** **G**
WITH A COMB AND A GLASS IN HER HAND

-- -CHORUS- --

G **D**
AND THE OCEAN WAVES DO ROLL AND THE STORMY WINDS DO BLOW
G **C** **G**
AND WE POOR SAILORS ARE SKIPPING AT THE TOP
C **D** **G**
WHILE THE LANDLUBBERS LIE DOWN BELOW, BELOW, BELOW
C **D** **G**
WHILE THE LANDLUBBERS LIE DOWN BELOW

Then up spoke the captain of our gallant ship
And a fine old man was he
Said, "This fishy mermaid has warned us of our
doom
We shall sink to the bottom of the sea."
-- -CHORUS- --

Then up spoke the mate of our gallant ship
And a fine young man was he
Said, "I have a wife in Salem by the sea
And tonight a widow she will be."
-- -CHORUS- --

A sailing song of Irish origin.

Then up spoke the cabin boy of our gallant ship
And a fine young laddie was he
Said "I have a sweetheart in Salem by the sea
And tonight she'll be grieving for me."
-- -CHORUS- --

Then up spoke the cook of our gallant ship
And a crazy old butcher was he
Said, "I care much more for me pots and me pans
Than I do for the bottom of the sea."
-- -CHORUS- --

Then one time around spun our gallant ship
And two times around spun she
Then three times around spun our gallant ship
And she sank to the bottom of the sea."
-- -CHORUS- --

MICHAEL ROW THE BOAT

D **G D**
MICHAEL ROW THE BOAT ASHORE, HALLELUJAH
F#m **Em** **A D**
MICHAEL ROW THE BOAT ASHORE, HALLELUJAH

Sister, help to trim the sails, Hallelujah,
Sister help to trim the sails, Hallelujah.

Michael's boat is a music boat, Hallelujah,
Michael's boat is a music boat, Hallelujah.

Jordan's waters are deep and wide, Hallelujah,
Milk and Honey on the other side, Hallelujah.

Jordan's waters are chilly and cold, Hallelujah,
Chills the body but not the soul, Hallelujah.

Repeat 1st verse.

A traditional spiritual from the islands off the Virginia coast.

THE MIDNIGHT SPECIAL – Huddie Ledbetter

G7 **C7** **G**
YONDER COME-A MISS ROSIE. HOW THE WORLD DO YOU KNOW?
D7 **G** **G7**
WELL, I KNOWED HER BY THE APRON AND THE DRESS SHE WORE
G7 **C7** **G**
UMBRELLA ON HER SHOULDER, PIECE OF PAPER IN HER HAND
D7 **G** **G7**
"WELL, I'M GONNA ASK THE GOV'NER TURN'A LOOSE MY MAN"

- - -CHORUS- - -

G7 **C7** **G**
LET THE MIDNIGHT SPECIAL SHINE HER LIGHT ON ME
D7 **G**
LET THE MIDNIGHT SPECIAL SHINE HER EVER-LOVIN' LIGHT ON ME

When you get up in the mornin', When that big bell ring
You go marchin' to the table, see the same old thing
Knife and fork are on the table, and there's nothing in the pan
If you says a thing about it. you got trouble with the man
- - - CHORUS - - -

If you ever go to Houston, boys, you better walk right
And you better not squabble and you better not fight
Bass and Brockner will arrest you, Peyton and Boone will take you down
You can bet your bottom dollar, penitentiary bound
- - - CHORUS - - -

Well, jumpin' little Judy, she was a might fine girl
Well, Judy brought jumpin' to this whole wide world
Well, she brought it in the mornin' just a while before day
When she brought me the news that my wife was dead
That set me to grievin' whoopin', hollerin' and cryin'
Then I began to worry 'bout my great long time
- - - CHORUS - - -

Repeat final chorus with last line SLOW.

Adapted by John and Alan Lomax. Source: Leadbelly. "The Midnight Special refers to an imaginary train which prisoners associated with their longings for freedom. As they lay in their cells at night they hoped the train's headlight would fall on them and they would be freed." – Rise Up Singing.

MOUNTAIN DEW - Scott Wiesman and Bascomb L. Lunsford

E **E7**
OH, YOU GO DOWN THE ROAD TO THE OLD HOLLER TREE
A **E**
AND YOU PUT IN A DOLLAR OR TWO

AND YOU GO ROUND THE BEND, WHEN YOU COME BACK AGAIN,
B7 **E**
THERE'S A JUG OF THAT GOOD OLD MOUNTAIN DEW

-- -CHORUS- --

E A E E7
OH, THEY CALL IT THAT GOOD OLD MOUNTAIN DEW
A E
AND THEM THAT REFUSES IT ARE FEW

I'LL HUSH UP MY MUG IF YOU'LL FILL UP MY JUG
B7 E
WITH THAT GOOD OLD MOUNTAIN DEW

My brother Bill has a still on the hill
Where he brews up a gallon or two
The buzzards in the sky get so drunk they cannot fly
Just from smellin' that good old mountain dew
-- -CHORUS- --

My uncle Nort is sawed-off and short
He measures about four foot two
But he thinks he's a giant when he gets him a "pi-ant"
Of that good old mountain dew
-- -CHORUS- --

My sister June had a bottle of perfume
That had a most peculiar pew
Imagine her surprise when she had it analyzed
It was nothin' but good old mountain dew
-- -CHORUS- --

Grandma McSledge was hauled before the judge
For shootin' a revenuer or two
But the sentence was commuted and the jury
executed
And the judge got a pint of mountain dew
-- -CHORUS- --

Mountain dew is the Irish and American name for illegally distilled corn whiskey.

THE MONKEY AND THE ENGINEER – Jesse Fuller

G C/G
ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS AN ENGINEER
A D
WHO DROVE A LOCOMOTIVE BOTH FAR AND NEAR
G C/G
ACCOMPANIED BY A MONKEY WHO WOULD SIT ON A STOOL
A D G
WATCHING EVERYTHING THE ENGINEER WOULD DO

One day the engineer wanted a bite to eat
He left the monkey sitting on the driver's seat
The Monkey pulled the throttle, locomotive jumped the gun
Did 90 miles per hour down the main line run

The engineer called up the dispatcher on the phone
Told him all about his locomotive being gone
Get on the wire, switch-operator to ride
Cause the monkey's got the main line sewed up
tight

Alternative to third line in second verse: "start dispatching `em right"

-- -CHORUS- --
G C G
BIG LOCOMOTIVE, RIGHT ON TIME
A D
BIG LOCOMOTIVE, RUNNING DOWN THE LINE
G C/G
BIG LOCOMOTIVE, ENGINE 99
A D G
LEFT THE ENGINEER WITH A WORRIED MIND

Switch-operator got the message in time
Said there's a Northbound heading up the same main
line
I'm pulling the switch, Ya know I'm gonna let her roll
Cause the monkey's got the locomotive under control
-- -CHORUS- --

NIGHT RIDER'S LAMENT – Mike Burton

C **F**
WHILE I WAS OUT A'RIDIN'
C **G**
GRAVEYARD SHIFT, MIDNIGHT TILL DAWN
F **C** **Am**
THE MOON WAS AS BRIGHT AS A READING LIGHT
Dm **G7** **C**
FOR A LETTER FROM AN OLD FRIEND BACK HOME
F **G** **C**
(Play Notes c,d,e) AND HE ASKED ME, "WHY DO YOU RIDE FOR YOUR MONEY?
F **G** **C**
(c,d,e) TELL ME WHY DO YOU ROPE FOR SHORT PAY?
F **G** **C** **F Em Dm**
YOU AIN'T GETTING' NOWHERE, AND YOU'RE LOSIN' YOUR SHARE (e,d,c)
G7 **C**
SON, YOU MUST HAVE GONE CRAZY OUT THERE."

He tells me, "Last night I run on to Jenny
She's married and has a good life
You sure missed the track when you never came back
She's the perfect professional and wife." *

- - -CHORUS- - -

And she asked me, "Why does he ride for his money?
Tell me why does he rope for short pay?
He ain't gettin' nowhere, and he's losin' his share
Son, he must have gone crazy out there."

F **G** **C**
But they've never seen the northern lights
F **G** **C**
They've never seen a hawk on the wing
F **G** **C** **F Em Dm**
They've never seen the spring hit the great divide
G7 **C**
Oh, they've never heard ol'camp cookie sing

So I read up the last of my letter
Tore off the stamp for Black Jim
When Billy rode up to relieve me
He just looked at my letter and grinned

- - -CHORUS- - -

And he asked me, "Why do they ride for their money?
Tell me why do they rope for short pay?
They ain't gettin' nowhere, and their losin' their share
Son, they must have gone crazy out there."
But they've never seen the northern lights
They've never seen a hawk on the wing
They've never seen the spring hit the great divide
Oh, they've never heard ol' camp cookie sing

*Changed from 'She's the perfect professional's wife' in order to reflect a more current empowering portrayal of women.

OH SUSANNA – Stephen Foster

D **A7**
I COME FROM ALABAMA WITH A BANJO ON MY KNEE
D **A7** **D**
I'M GOIN' TO LOU'SIANA MY TRUE LOVE FOR TO SEE
D **A7**
IT RAINED ALL NIGHT THE DAY I LEFT, THE WEATHER IT WAS DRY
D **A7** **D**
THE SUN SO HOT I FROZE TO DEATH, SUSANNA DON'T YOU CRY

CHORUS- - -

G **D** **A7**
OH, SUSANNA, OH DON'T YOU CRY FOR ME
D **A7** **D**
FOR I COME FROM ALABAMA WITH A BANJO ON MY KNEE

I had a dream the other night when everything was still
I dreamed I saw Susanna a-coming down the hill
A buckwheat cake was in her mouth, a tear was in her eye
Says I, "I'm coming from the South, Susanna don't you cry."
- - -CHORUS- - -

(Repeat 1st verse.)
- - -CHORUS- - -

OLD JOE CLARK

D **C** **D**
I CAN'T GO DOWN TO OLD JOE'S HOUSE
D **C** **D**
I TOLD YOU HERE BEFORE
D **C** **D**
HE FED ME IN HIS HOG TROUGH
D **A7** **D**
AND I WON'T GO THERE NO MORE
- - -CHORUS- - -
D **G** **D**
'ROUND AND AROUND WITH OLD JOE CLARK
A7
'ROUND AND AROUND I SAY
D **G** **D**
HE'D FOLLOW ME TEN THOUSAND MILES
A7 **D**
TO HEAR MY FIDDLE PLAY.

Oh, I went down to old Joe's house
And he was eating supper
I stubbed my toe on the table leg
And rammed my nose in the butter - - -CHORUS- - -

Oh, I went down to old Joe's house
And he was sick in bed
I rammed my fingers down his throat
And pulled out a chicken head - - -CHORUS- - -

Old Joe Clark he had a house
Sixteen stories high
And every room in that old house
Was filled with chicken pie - - -CHORUS- - -

Old Joe Clark he had a horse
Her name was Morgan Brown
And every tooth in her old head
Was fifteen inches round - - -CHORUS- - -

Oh, I went down to old Joe's house
And old Joe wasn't home
I et up all of Joe's ham meat
And throwed away the bone - - -CHORUS- - -

Old Joe Clark is dead and gone
He ain't round here no more
Old Joe Clark is dead and gone
And now our hearts are sore - - -CHORUS- - -

A square dance tune with accumulated verses.

ONE TIN SOLDIER - Dennis Lambert and Brian Pitter

C **G** **Am** **Em**
LISTEN CHILDREN TO A STORY THAT WAS WRITTEN LONG AGO
F **C** **Dm** **G**
'BOUT A KINGDOM ON A MOUNTAIN, AND THE VALLEY FOLK BELOW
C **G** **Am** **Em**
ON THE MOUNTAIN WAS A TREASURE BURIED DEEP BENEATH A STONE
F **C** **Dm** **G** **C**
AND THE VALLEY PEOPLE SWORE THEY'D HAVE IT FOR THEIR VERY OWN

-- -CHORUS- --

C **Em** **F** **C**
GO AHEAD AND HATE YOUR NEIGHBOR, GO AHEAD AND CHEAT A FRIEND
 Em **F** **C**
DO IT IN THE NAME OF HEAVEN, YOU CAN JUSTIFY IT IN THE END
 Em **F** **C**
THERE WON'T BE ANY TRUMPETS BLOWIN' COME THE JUDGEMENT DAY
 Am **F** **G** **C**
ON THE BLOODY MORNING AFTER . . . ONE TIN SOLDIER RIDES AWAY

So the people of the valley sent a message up the hill
Asking for the buried treasure, tons of gold for which they'd kill
Came an answer from the mountain, "With our brothers we will share
All the secrets of the mountain, all the riches buried there."

-- -CHORUS- --

Now the valley cried with anger, "Mount your horses, draw your sword."
And they killed the mountain people, so they won their just reward
Now they stood beside the treasure on the mountain dark and red
Turned the stone and looked beneath it, (pause)
"Peace on earth," was all it said

-- -CHORUS- --

ON ILKY MOOR BAR TAT

A Yorkshire folk song

G
WHERE HAST THOU BEEN SINCE I SAW THEE, I SAW THEE

D
ON ILKY MOOR BAR TAT

Em
WHERE HAST THOU BEEN SINCE I SAW THEE (echo)

A7 **D7**
WHERE HAST THOU BEEN SINCE I SAW THEE (echo)

G
ON ILKY MOOR BAR TAT, BAR TAT

ON ILKY MOOR BAR TAT, BAR TAT

C **D7** **G**
ON ILKY MOOR BAR TAT

I've been a-courtin' Mary Jane, Mary Jane ... etc.

There wilt thou catch thy death of cold ...

Then us shall have to bury thee, bury thee ...

Then worms will come and eat thee up, eat thee up...

Then ducks will come and eat up worms, eat up worms...

Then us will come and eat up ducks, eat up ducks ...

Then us will all have et up thee, et up thee ... etc.

PACK UP YOUR SORROWS - Richard Farina

C **F**
NO USE CRYING, TALKING TO A STRANGER
C **G**
NAMING THE SORROWS YOU'VE SEEN
C **F**
TOO MANY BAD TIMES, TOO MANY SAD TIMES
C **G** **C**
AND NOBODY KNOWS WHAT YOU MEAN

-- -CHORUS- --

C **F**
BUT IF SOMEHOW YOU COULD PACK UP YOUR SORROWS
C **G**
AND GIVE THEM ALL TO ME
C **F**
YOU WOULD LOSE THEM, I KNOW HOW TO USE THEM
C **G** **C**
GIVE THEM ALL TO ME

No use ramblin', walking in the shadows
Trailing a wandering star
No one beside you, no one to guide you
And nobody knows where you are
-- -CHORUS- --
No use gambling, running in the darkness
Looking for a spirit that's free
Too many long times, too many wrong times
And nobody knows what you see
-- -CHORUS- --

No use wandering, walking by the roadside
Seeking a satisfied mind
Too many highways, too many byways
And nobody's walking behind
-- -CHORUS- --

PARADISE

D **G** **D**
WHEN I WAS A CHILD MY FAMILY WOULD TRAVEL
A **D**
DOWN TO WESTERN KENTUCKY WHERE MY PARENTS WERE BORN
G **D**
AND THERE'S A BACKWOODS OLD TOWN THAT'S OFTEN REMEMBERED
A **D**
SO MANY TIMES THAT MY MEM'RIES ARE WORN

-- -CHORUS- --

D **G** **D**
AND DADDY WON'T YOU TAKE ME BACK TO MUHLENBERG COUNTY
A **D**
DOWN BY THE GREEN RIVER WHERE PARADISE LAY
G **D**
WELL, I'M SORRY MY SON BUT YOU'RE TOO LATE IN ASKING
A **D**
MR. PEABODY'S COAL TRAIN HAS HAULED IT AWAY

Well sometimes we'd travel right down the Green River
To the abandoned old prison down by Adrie Hill
Where the air smelled like snakes, and we'd shoot with
our pistols
But empty pop bottles was all we would kill
-- -CHORUS- --

Then the coal company came with the world's largest
shovel
And they tortured the timber and stripped all the land
Well, they dug for the coal till the land was forsaken
Then they wrote it all down as the progress of man

-- -CHORUS- --

When I die, let my ashes float down the Green River
Let my soul roll on up to the Rochester Dam
I'll be halfway to heaven with Paradise waiting
Just five miles away from wherever I am
-- -CHORUS- --

Written by John Prine. "Paradise was an actual town in E. Kentucky before the area was completely demolished by the Peabody Coal Co.'s stripping operations." – Rise Up Singing

PINEY WOOD HILLS – Buffy Sainte Marie

Intro G-C, G-C, G-C G

G-C-G **C Am**
 I'M A RAMBLER AND A ROVER AND A DRIFTER IT SEEMS
G-C-G **C Am**
 I'VE TRAVELED ALL OVER SEARCHING AFTER MY DREAMS
C-F-C **D D7**
 AND A DREAM SHOULD COME TRUE AND A HEART SHOULD BE FILLED
G-C-G C G-C-G
 AND A LIFE SHOULD BE LIVED ON A PINEY WOOD HILL

- - -CHORUS- - -

C Am
 I WAS RAISED ON A SONG THERE
G CG
 I'VE DONE RIGHT I'VE DONE WRONG THERE
C Am
 AND IT'S TRUE I BELONG THERE
D D7
 AND IT'S TRUE IT'S MY HOME

I'll return to the woodlands
 I'll return to the snow
 I'll return to the hills
 And the valleys below
 I'll return as a poor man
 Or a king if God wills
 But I'm on my way home
 To those Piney Wood Hills

From ocean to ocean
 I've rambled and roamed
 And now I'll return
 To my Piney wood home.
 Maybe someday I'll find
 Someone who will
 Love as I love
 My Piney Wood Hills.

- - -CHORUS- - -

PROUD MARY – John Fogarty

Intro Riff: FF D FF D FF D CCC A C D

D
 LEFT A GOOD JOB IN THE CITY
 WORKIN' FOR THE MAN EVERY NIGHT AND DAY
 BUT I NEVER LOST A MINUTE OF SLEEP, LORD
 WORRYIN' 'BOUT THE WAY THINGS MIGHT HAVE BEEN

- - -CHORUS- - -

A Bm
 BIG WHEEL KEEP ON TURNIN', PROUD MARY KEEP ON BURNIN'
D F D F D C C A C D
 ROLLIN', ROLLIN', ROLLIN' ON THE RIVER

Cleaned a lot of plates in Memphis
Pumped a lot of `pane down in New Orleans
But I never saw the good side of a city
Till I hitched a ride on the riverboat queen
-- -CHORUS- --

If you go down to the river
Betcha gonna find some people who live
You don't have to worry cause you got no money
People on the river are happy to give
-- -CHORUS- --

RAMBLING BOY – Tom Paxton

-- -CHORUS- --

G **C** **G**
SO HERE'S TO YOU MY RAMBLING BOY
 D **G**
MAY ALL YOUR RAMBLING BRING YOU JOY
 C **G**
SO HERE'S TO YOU MY RAMBLING BOY
 D **G**
MAY ALL YOUR RAMBLING BRING YOU JOY

D **G**
HE WAS A PAL AND A FRIEND ALWAYS
 D **G**
WE RAMBLED 'ROUND IN THE GOOD OLE DAYS
 C **G**
HE NEVER CARED IF WE HAD NO DOUGH
 D **G**
WE'D RAMBLE 'ROUND IN THE RAIN AND SNOW

-- -CHORUS- --

In Tulsa town we chanced to stray
We thought we'd try to work one day
The boss said he had room for one
Said my old pal "I'd rather bum"
-- -CHORUS- --

Late one night in a jungle camp
The weather it was cold and damp
He caught the chills and he caught `em bad
They took the only friend I had
-- -CHORUS- --

My ramblin' pal is dead and gone
He left me here to ramble on
If when we die we go somewhere
I'll bet you a dollar he's ramblin' there
-- - CHORUS - - - (x2)

RECYCLE

E

TAKING OUT THE GARBAGE CAN BE SUCH A DRAG

THERE'S CRUSTY OLD GRISTLE HANGING OFF A DISHRAG

A

AND SITTING RIGHT ON TOP OF SOME MOLDY OLD BEANS

E

THERE'S A LONG GREEN TUBER THAT SMELLS REALLY MEAN

B7

ALUMINUM CANS FULL OF YELLOWISH GOO

E

OOZING OVER PLASTIC CAKED WITH MILDEW

Well, last nights' news mixed veggie glue
Was pasted to a melon and some doggie doo
Aluminum foil lying in a big blob of something green and fuzzy
I started to sob
If I hadn't mixed it all in this bag
Taking out the garbage wouldn't be such a drag

-- -CHORUS--

E

RECYCLE, IT'S A BETTER WAY, UH-HUH

RECYCLE, IT'S A BETTER WAY, UH-HUH

A

B7

A

REEEE-CYCLE, I'M NEEDING A SOLUTION TO THIS THROW AWAY POLLUTION

E

WHAT CAN I DO, I GOT THE GARBAGE BLUES, UH-HUH

There's an old beer bottle that I can see,
Sitting right next to a nasty tuna can.
You know I looked inside, something shriveled in my eye,
It was brown and lumpy, I started to cry.
Dealing with the garbage is such a terrible task,
There's got to be something I can do with this trash.

-- -CHORUS--

Well I held my nose and I dumped out the bag,
Separated what I could from the plastic dishrag.
The long green tuber to the popcorn seeds,
Thrashing in the trash, I was knee deep.
All the paper and the cans, every bit of the glass,
Got recycled right out of that trash.

-- -CHORUS--

From Tickletoon Typhoon.

RELAX YOUR MIND – Lead Belly

-- -CHORUS--

G

G7

RELAX YOUR MIND, RELAX YOUR MIND

C7

MAKES YOU FEEL SO FINE SOMETIMES

G

D7

G D7

SOMETIMES YOU'VE GOT TO RELAX YOUR MIND

When the light turns green
Put your foot on the gasoline
Sometimes you've got to relax your mind
-- -CHORUS-- - -

When the light turns blue
What in the world are you gonna to do
Sometimes you've got to relax your mind
-- -CHORUS-- - -

When the light turns red
Put your foot on the brake instead
Sometimes you've got to relax your mind
-- -CHORUS-- - -

RIPPLE – Jerry Garcia

G **C**
IF MY WORDS DID GLOW WITH THE GOLD OF SUNSHINE
G
AND MY TUNES WERE PLAYED ON THE HARP UNSTRUNG
C
WOULD YOU HEAR MY VOICE COME THROUGH THE MUSIC
G **D** **C** **G**
WOULD YOU HOLD IT NEAR, AS IF IT WERE YOUR OWN

It's a hand-me-down, the thoughts are broken
Perhaps they're better left unsung
I don't know, don't really care
Let there be songs to fill the air

-- -CHORUS-- - -

Am **D**
RIPPLE IN STILL WATER
G **C** **A** **D**
WHERE THERE IS NO PEBBLE TOSSED, NOR WIND TO BLOW

Reach out your hand if your cup be empty
If your cup is full, may it be again
Let it be known there is a fountain
That was not made by the hands of men

You who choose to lead must follow
But if you fall, you fall alone
If you should stand, then who's to guide you
If I knew the way, I would take you home

There is a road, no simple highway
Between the dawn and the dark of night
And if you go, no one may follow
That path is for your steps alone
-- -CHORUS-- - -

La la la...

Words by Robert Hunter.

RIVERS OF BABYLON

D
BY THE RIVERS OF BABYLON, WHERE HE SAT DOWN
A **D**
AND THERE HE WEPT WHEN HE REMEMBERED ZION

G **D**
OH, FOR THE WICKED CARRY US AWAY CAPTIVITY
REQUIRE FROM US A SONG

A
HOW CAN WE SING KING ALFA'S SONG IN A STRANGE LAND?

D **A**
So let the words of our mouth
D **A**
And the meditation of our heart
D **A**
Be acceptable in thy sight
D
Over I

By the rivers of Babylon, where we sat down
And there he wept when he remembered Zion
Oh, for the wicked carry us away captivity
Require from us a song
How can we sing King Alfa's song in a strange land?
How can we sing King Alfa's song in a strange land?

Origin unknown. Lyrics and melody taken from version by Sublime.

ROLL ON, COLUMBIA – Woodie Guthrie

E **B7**
GREEN DOUGLAS FIR WHERE THE WATERS CUT THROUGH
E
DOWN HER WILD MOUNTAINS AND CANYONS SHE FLEW
E7 **A**
CANADIAN NORTHWEST TO OCEAN SO BLUE
B7 **E**
ROLL, ON COLUMBIA, ROLL ON

Other great rivers add power to you
The Yakima, Snake, and the Klickitat, too
Sandy, Willamette, and Hood River, too
Roll on, Columbia, roll on

-- -CHORUS- --

E **B7**
ROLL ON, COLUMBIA, ROLL ON

E
ROLL ON, COLUMBIA, ROLL ON

E7 **A**
YOUR POWER IS TURNING THE DARKNESS TO DAWN

B7 **E**
SO ROLL ON, COLUMBIA, ROLL ON

Tom Jefferson's vision would not let him rest
An empire he saw in the Pacific Northwest
Sent Lewis and Clark and they did the rest
Roll on, Columbia, roll on

At Bonneville dam there are ships in the locks
The waters have risen and covered the rocks
Shiploads of plenty will steam past the docks
Roll on, Columbia, roll on

These mighty men labored by day and by night
Matching their strength 'gainst the river's wild flight
Through rapids and falls they won the hard fight
Roll on, Columbia, roll on -- -CHORUS- --

And far up the river is Grand Coulee Dam
The mightiest thing ever built by a man
To run the great factories and water the land
Roll on, Columbia, roll on -- -CHORUS- --

Music based on "Goodnight Irene" by Huddie Ledbetter and John Lomax. "A uniquely creative moment in U.S. history was the decision of the Bonneville Power Administration to hire Woody as a research assistant in 1940, leading to the creation of a batch of songs." – Rise Up Singing.

ROSEANNA

A Sailors Song

D

MY ROSEANNE, SWEET ROSEANNE

A7
BYE-BYE MY ROSEANNA

I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN BUT I DON'T KNOW WHEN

D
NO I WON'T BE HOME TOMORROW.

-- -CHORUS- --

D
BYE-BYE, BYE-BYE, BYE-BYE, BYE-BYE

A7
BYE-BYE MY ROSEANNA

I'M GOING AWAY, BUT NOT TO STAY

D
NO I WON'T BE HOME TOMORROW.

I thought I heard the ocean say
"Bye-Bye my Roseanna"
I'll see you again by the next pay day
No I won't be home tomorrow
-- -CHORUS- --

A dollar a day is a sailor's pay
Bye-Bye my Roseanna
It's easy come and they blow it all away
No, I won't be home tomorrow
-- -CHORUS- --

ROW, BULLIES, ROW!

E **A**
FROM LIVERPOOL TO FRISCO A-ROVING I WENT
E **D** **B7**
TO STAY IN THAT COUNTRY IT WAS MY INTENT
E **A**
BOUGHT GIRLS AND STRONG WHISKEY, LIKE OTHER DAMN FOOLS
E **D** **B7**
AND I SOON WAS TRANSPORTED BACK TO LIVERPOOL

-- -CHORUS- --

E **A** **B7**
SINGING ROW! ROW, BULLIES, ROW!
E **(A-E)** **D**
THEM LIVERPOOL LASSIES HAVE GOT US IN TOW
E **A** **B7**
SINGING ROW! ROW, BULLIES, ROW!
E **(A-E)** **B7** **E**
THEM LIVERPOOL LASSIES HAVE GOT US IN TOW

We sailed on the Alaska, lying out in the bay
A-waiting for fair winds to get underway
The sailors all wet and their backs is all sore
Their whiskey's all gone and they can't get no more
-- -CHORUS- --

And aye for the captain, a fine man was he
A friend to the seaman, on land and on sea
But blast to the first mate, alas such a brute
I'm sure when he dies it's to hell he'll skyhoot
-- -CHORUS- --

A sailing song of Irish origin.

I remember one night we were crossing the line
When I think of it now we sure had a good time
We were running bows under, the sailors all wet
We were doing twelve knots with the main topsail
set
-- -CHORUS- --

And now we've arrived at the Bramley Moor dock
All the fair maids and lassies around us do flock
Our whiskey's all gone and our six quid advance
And I think it's high time for to get up and dance.
-- -CHORUS- --

RUN RIVER RUN

-- -CHORUS- --

D7 **G** **A**
AND SO IT GOES ON AND ON
D **Bm**
WATCHING THE RIVER RUN
G **A**
FURTHER AND FURTHER FROM THINGS THAT WE'VE DONE
D **Bm**
LEAVING THEM ONE BY ONE
G **A**
AND WE HAVE JUST BEGUN
D **Bm**
WATCHING THE RIVER RUN
G **A**
LISTENING, LEARNING AND YEARNING
D
RUN RIVER RUN

D IF YOU'VE BEEN THINKING YOU'RE ALL THAT YOU GOT
A WELL, DON'T FEEL ALONE ANYMORE
D
G WHEN WE'RE TOGETHER YOU'VE GOT A LOT
A 'CAUSE I AM THE RIVER AND YOU ARE THE SHORE
D
 - - -CHORUS- - -

Winding and swirling as we dance along
 We pass by the old willow tree
 Two lovers caress as we sing them our song
 And we sing together when we reach the sea
 - - -CHORUS- - -

Source: Kenny Loggins and Jim Messina.

SALLY BROWN

G I SHIPPED ON BOARD OF A LIVERPOOL LINER
C
G
 - - -CHORUS- - -
G **Am** **D7** **G**
 WAY, HEY, ROLL AND GO
C **G**
 AND WE GO ALL NIGHT AND WE GO TIL MORNING
D7 **G**
 I SPEND MY MONEY ALONG WITH SALLY BROWN

Sally Brown is a nice young lady...
 - - -CHORUS- - -

She's tall and dark and not too shady...
 - - -CHORUS- - -

Her mother don't like a tarry sailor...
 - - -CHORUS- - -

She wants her to marry a one-legged captain...
 - - -CHORUS- - -

A capstan shanty. Source: John and Alan Lomax.

SANTY ANNA

Em G D
OH, SANTY ANNA WON THE DAY

Em D
HOORAY! SANTY ANNA

Em D Em D
OH SANTY ANNA WON THE DAY

Em D Em
ALL ON THE PLAINS OF MEXICO

- - -CHORUS- - -

Em
OH, SANTY ANNA (echo)

OH, SANTY ANNA (echo)

OH, SANTY ANNA (echo)

B7
O-O-O-O-O

O Santy Anna fought for fame,
Hooray! Santy Anna,
O Santy Anna made his name
All on the plains of Mexico.

- - -CHORUS- - -

O Santy Anna's dead and gone,
Hooray! Santy Anna,
When all the fighting he had done
All on the plains of Mexico.

- - - CHORUS- - -

They buried him with a golden spade,
Hooray! Santy Anna,
And marked the place where he was laid
All on the plains of Mexico.

- - -CHORUS- - -

Shout: Santy Anna! (at the end)

A satire about the death of General Santa Anna who was victorious at the Alamo.

SCARBOROUGH FAIR

Am G Am
ARE YOU GOING TO SCARBOROUGH FAIR?

C Am C D Am
PARSLEY, SAGE, ROSEMARY AND THYME

C G
REMEMBER ME TO THE ONE WHO LIVES THERE

Am G Am
SHE ONCE WAS A TRUE LOVE OF MINE.

Tell her to make me a cambric shirt
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
Without any seam or needlework
Then she'll be a true love of mine

Tell her to find me an acre of land
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
Between the sea water and the sea sand
Then she'll be a true love of mine

Tell her to reap it with a sickle of leather
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
And gather it all in a bunch of heather
Then she'll be a true love of mine

Repeat first verse.

Part of the verses to the traditional English "Ballad of the Cambric Shirt"

SHADY GROVE

-- -CHORUS- --

Dm **C** **Dm**
SHADY GROVE, MY LITTLE LOVE, SHADY GROVE, MY DEAR
F **C** **Am** **Dm**
SHADY GROVE, MY LITTLE LOVE, I'M GONNA LEAVE YOU HERE

Cheeks as red as the bloomin' rose, eyes of the deepest brown
You are my darlin' of my heart, stay 'til the sun goes down -- -CHORUS- --

Went to see my Shady Grove, she was standin' in the door
Shoes and socks was in her hand, little bare feet on the floor -- -CHORUS- --

Wish I had a big, fine horse, corn to feed him on
Pretty little girl to stay at home, feed him when I'm gone -- -CHORUS- --

Shady Grove, my little love, Shady Grove, I say
Shady Grove, my little love, don't wait 'til Judgment Day

SHE'LL BE COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN

D
SHE'LL BE COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN WHEN SHE COMES, TOOT, TOOT
A
SHE'LL BE COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN WHEN SHE COMES, TOOT, TOOT
D **D7** **G**
SHE'LL BE COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN, SHE'LL BE COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN
A **(A7)** **D**
SHE'LL BE COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN WHEN SHE COMES, TOOT, TOOT

She'll be drivin' six white horses when she comes, Whoa, back!
(cont. as in first stanza, ending with: Whoa back, toot, toot)

Oh, we'll all go out to meet her when she comes, Hi, babe!
(Hi babe, Whoa back, Toot, toot)

Oh, we'll kill the old red rooster when she comes, Hack, hack!
(Hack, hack, Hi babe, Whoa back, Toot, toot)

Oh, we'll all have chicken and dumplings when she comes, Yum, yum!...

She'll be wearing silk pajamas when she comes, (whistle)...

Oh, she'll have to sleep with grandma when she comes, Oh no!...

She'll be singin' "Hallelujah" when she comes, A-men!...

Repeat first stanza.

"A parody of the old camp meeting song, Old Ship of Zion, which goes back to the 1830's or earlier, adapted by mountaineers and then spread to railroad work crews in the west." - Rise Up Singing.

SKI SONGS FROM HENDERSON SKI LODGE (1935-1955)

Olla and Sven

Oh, Olla had a cousin from the wild and woolly west
While Olla like the skiing, Sven liked snowshoeing the best
So they joined up with the mountain troops to see which one was best
And everywhere they went they gave their war-whoops

-- -CHORUS- --

Oh, give me skis and some poles and klister, and let me ski way up on Alta Vista
You can take your snowshoes and burn 'em sister, and everywhere I go I give my war-whoop

Everyone was keen to see how it come work out
The winter-warfare board was standing anxiously about
Even Axis agents had been sent up there to scout
And everyone was waiting for his war-whoop

-- -CHORUS- --

The Colonel pulled the trigger and they started out to race
Sven got an early lead and set a most terrific pace
But Olla whipped right by him with a smile upon his face
And when he reached the top he gave his war-whoop

-- -CHORUS- --

Two seconds later Olla finished with a mighty schoosh
Passing on his way poor Sven – a-lying on his puss
The moral of this story is that snowshoes have no use...
And poor old Sven no longer gives his war-whoop

-- -CHORUS- --

Two Boards

OH THE YEARS MAY HAVE MORE THAN ONE SEASON, BUT I CAN REMEMBER BUT ONE!

THE TIMES WHEN THE RIVERS ARE FREEZIN', THE MOUNTAIN WITH WHITENESS ARE SPUN

THE SNOWFLAKES ARE FALLING FAST, AND WINTER HAS COME NOW AT LAST

-- -CHORUS- --

TWO BOARDS ON COLD POWDERED SNOW, YO HO! THAT'S ALL THAT A MAN NEEDS TO KNOW!

TWO BOARDS ON COLD POWDERED SNOW, YO HO! THAT'S ALL THAT A MAN NEEDS TO KNOW!

The hiss of your skis is a passion; you cannot imagine a spill
When BANG there's a big gosh-awful gash in that smooth shining track in the snow
What's happened you can't understand; there's two splintered boards in your hand!

Underneath The Takeoff

Early in the morning, every Sunday 'morn, a bunch of jolly skiers come to jump and show their form
The big and small, the small and big, all dressed up in their skier's rig
They Jump until they are blue, take on a rosy hue
The president pulls the string, and they all begin to sing:

-- -CHORUS- --

Yah, yah, ve ska ha, lutefisk and lefse, lutefisk and lefse
Yah, yah, ve ska ha, lutefisk and lefse, brandy-wine and snooze

When the day is over and the jumpin's done, they hurry from the mountain tops to have a little fun
The small and big, the big and small, congregate in the Svenska Hall
They drink their foaming brew, take on a rosy hue
The president pulls the string, and they all begin to sing:

-- -CHORUS- --

(Ski Songs compiled by Donn Charnley in 2013.)

SONG FOR JUDITH – Judy Collins

G

SOMETIMES I REMEMBER THE OLD DAYS

D

WHEN THE WORLD WAS FILLED WITH SORROW

C

G

YOU MIGHT HAVE THOUGHT I WAS LIVING BUT I WAS ALL ALONE

IN MY HEART THE RAIN WAS FALLING

D

THE WIND BLEW, THE NIGHT WAS CALLING

C

G

COME BACK, COME BACK, I'M ALL YOU'VE EVER KNOWN

-- -CHORUS- --

D

OPEN THE DOOR AND COME ON IN

C

G

I'M SO GLAD TO SEE YOU MY FRIEND

C

G

D

YOU'RE LIKE A RAINBOW COMING 'ROUND THE BEND

C

G

C

G

D

AND WHEN I SEE YOU HAPPY WELL, IT SETS MY HEART FREE

C

G

I'D LIKE TO BE AS GOOD A FRIEND TO YOU AS YOU ARE TO ME.

There were friends who could always see me
Through the haze their smiles would reach me
Saying OK, saying goodbye, saying hello
Soon I knew that what I was after
Was life and love and tears and laughter
Hello my good friend, hello my darling
What do you know?

-- -CHORUS- --

I used to think it was only me
Feeling alone, not feeling free
To be alive, to be friend
Now I know we all have stormy weather
The sun shines through when we're together
I'll be your friend right through to the end

-- -CHORUS- --

SPANISH LADIES

Em
FAREWELL AND ADIEU TO YOU, SPANISH LADIES
B7
FAREWELL AND ADIEU TO YOU, LADIES OF SPAIN
Em Am Em
FOR WE'VE RECEIVED ORDERS FOR TO SAIL FOR OLD ENGLAND
G B7 Em
BUT WE HOPE IN A SHORT TIME TO SEE YOU AGAIN

-- -CHORUS- --

Em
WE'LL RANT AND WE'LL ROAR LIKE TRUE BRITISH SAILORS
D
WE'LL RANT AND WE'LL ROAR ALL ON THE SALT SEAS
G D Em
UNTIL WE STRIKE SOUNDINGS IN THE CHANNEL OF OLD ENGLAND
G B7 Em
FROM USHANT TO SCILLY IS THIRTY FIVE LEAGUES

We hove our ship to with the wind from Sou'west, boys
We hove our ship to, deep soundings to take
'Twas forty-five fathoms with a white sandy bottom
So we squared our mainyard and up-channel did make -- -CHORUS- --

Then the signal was made for the grand fleet to anchor
And all in the Downs that night for to lie
Let go your shankpainter, let go your cat-stopper
Haul up your clewgarnets, let tacks and sheets fly -- -CHORUS- --

(Song of the English fleet returning home after the Napoleonic Wars. Ushant is the NW tip of France; the Scilly Isles off the coast of southern England. The last two verses outline the actual steps taken to secure a good anchorage.)

"hove our ship to"- in a square rigger meant to swing some yard arms (in this case, the mainyard) so that some sails drove the ship backwards while others continued pushing it forward, essentially holding it in place.

"deep soundings to take"- a line with a lead weight which had a hole in it containing tallow (a sticky substance) was dropped overboard to determine depth and nature of the bottom – sand or mud would hold the anchor, rocks would not.

"square our mainyard"- returned it to its normal position to drive the ship forward and continue up the English Channel.

"all in the Downs that night for to lie"- refers to a sheltered place of anchorage off the SE coast of England.

"shankpainter"- line which secured the anchor against the ship's side.

"Catstopper"- peg placed through a link in the anchor chain, thus preventing the anchor from lowering.

"Clegarnets"- lines attached to the lower corners of the squaresails – when hauled upon, the bottoms of the sails moved up, where they could be gathered and lashed to the yardarms.

"Let tacks and sheets fly"- let go the lines that trim the sails, so that they luff.

Source for nautical terminology and bad puns – Jack Helsell.

STEWBALL (SLOW)

D OL' STEWBALL WAS A RACEHORSE
G
Am
 AND I WISH HE WERE MINE
D
 HE NEVER DRANK WATER
G-C-D
 HE ALWAYS DRANK WINE

His bridle was silver
 And his mane it was gold
 And the worth of his saddle
 Has never been told

The fairgrounds were crowded
 And Stewball was there
 But the betting was heavy
 On the bay and the mare

And away out yonder
 Ahead of them all
 Came a-prancin' and a-dancin'
 My noble Stewball

I bet on the gray mare
 I bet on the bay
 If I'd bet on ol' Stewball
 I'd be a free man today

Oh, the hoot owl she hollered
 And the turtledove moaned
 I'm a poor boy in trouble
 And a long way from home

(Repeat 1st verse – Final chord is G instead of D.)

Source: Peter, Paul and Mary. An earlier, traditional version of Stewball is "based on a race which occurred in Ireland in 1873. A skewbaled horse is one that is brown and white." – Rise Up Singing

STEWBALL (FAST)

D
 WAY OUT IN (UN-HUNH) CALIFORNIA (UN-HUNH)
A D A D
 WHERE STEWBALL (UN-HUNH) WAS BORN, WAS BORN
A D A D
 ALL THE JOCKEY'S (UN-HUNH) IN THE COUNTRY (UN-HUNH)
A D A D
 SAY HE BLOWED THERE (UN-HUNH) IN A STORM, IN A STORM

-- -CHORUS- --

D
 YOU BET ON STEWBALL AND YOU MIGHT WIN WIN WIN
A D
 YOU BET ON STEWBALL AND YOU MIGHT WIN

Was a big day ... in Dallas
 Don't you wish... you was there?
 You could bet ... your last dollar
 On the iron- ... grey mare
 -- -CHORUS- --

When the horses ... were saddled
 And the word was ... given, "GO"
 All the horses ... they shot off
 Like an arrow ... from a bow
 -- -CHORUS- --

The old folks ... they hollered
 And the young folks ... they
 bawled
 The children ... said "Look-a-look
 At that noble ... Stewball"

The Kettledrum ... was a-bangin'
 And the word was ... given',
 "Run".
 Old Stewball ... was a-tremblin'
 Like a criminal ... to be hung.
 -- -CHORUS- --

Old Stewball ... was a race horse
 Old Molly ... was too
 Old Stewball ... runned old Molly
 Right out of ... her shoe
 -- -CHORUS- --

(Originally an Irish ballad, this
 version introduced by Leadbelly in
 the 1930s.)

STREETS OF LONDON – Ralph McTell

C **G** **Am** **Em**
HAVE YOU HEARD THE OLD MAN IN THE CLOSED DOWN MARKET?
F **C** **G** **G7**
KICKING UP THE PAPERS WITH HIS WORN OUT SHOES
C **G** **Am** **Em**
IN HIS EYES YOU SEE NO PRIDE, AND HELD LOOSELY BY HIS SIDE
F **C** **G** **C**
YESTERDAY'S PAPER TELLING YESTERDAY'S NEWS

-- -CHORUS- --

F **Em** **G** **Am**
SO HOW CAN YOU TELL ME YOU'RE LONELY?
D **G** **G7**
YOU SAY THAT FOR YOU THE SUN DON'T SHINE
C **G**
LET ME TAKE YOU BY THE HAND
Am **Em**
AND LEAD YOU THROUGH THE STREETS OF LONDON
F **C** **G** **C**
I'LL SHOW YOU SOMETHING TO MAKE YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND

Have you seen the old girl who walks the streets of
London?
Dirt in her hair and her clothes all in rags
She's no time for talking, she just keeps right on
walking
Carrying her home in two carrier bags
-- -CHORUS- --

In the all-night café at a quarter past eleven
Same old man is sitting all on his own
Looking at the world over the rim of his teacup
Each tea lasts an hour and he wanders home alone
-- -CHORUS- --

Have you seen the old man outside the seaman's
mission?
Memory fading like the medals that he wears
In our winter city the rain cries a little pity
For one more forgotten hero and a world that doesn't
care
-- -CHORUS- --

SWALLOW SONG – Richard Farina

Em **B**
COME WANDER QUIETLY AND LISTEN TO THE WIND
Em **B**
COME NEAR AND LISTEN TO THE SKY
Am **Em** **B**
COME WALKING HIGH ABOVE THE ROLLING OF THE SEAS
Am **B**
COME HEAR THE SWALLOWS AS THEY FLY

There is no sorrow like the murmur of their wings
There is no choir like their song
There is no power like the freedom of their flight
As the swallows roam along

Do you hear the calling of a hundred thousand
voices
Do you hear the trembling in the stone
Do you hear the angry bells ringing in the night
Do you hear the swallows when they've flown

And will the breezes blow the petals from your hand
And will some loving ease your pain
And will the silence drive confusion from you soul
And will the swallows come again

Repeat 1st verse

SWEET WYOMING HOME – Bill Staines

--CHORUS--

G **C** **Am**
WATCH THE MOON (ECHO) SMILING IN THE SKY
D **C** **G**
HUM A TUNE (ECHO), PRAIRIE LULLABY
C **Am**
PEACEFUL WIND (ECHO) THE OLD COYOTES CRY
D **G**
SONG OF HOME, MY SWEET WYOMING HOME

G **Am**
THERE'S A SILENCE ON THE PRAIRIE THAT A MAN CAN'T HELP BUT FEEL
D **C** **G**
THE SILENT SHADOWS GROWIN' LONGER, NOW NIPPIN' AT MY HEELS
Am
AND I KNOW THAT SOON THE OLD 4-LANE THAT RUNS BENEATH MY WHEELS
D **G**
WILL TAKE ME HOME, TO MY SWEET WYOMING HOME
--CHORUS--

Well, I started out last summer with a few old friends of mine
They all hit the big time, but I didn't make a dime
The entrance fees they took my dough and the taverns took my time
So I'm headed home, to my sweet Wyoming home
--CHORUS--

Now I always have loved ridin', there's nothin' quite the same
A few more years might bring the luck, the winnin' of the game
But there's a magpie on the fencerail and he's callin' out my name
So I'm headed home, to my sweet Wyoming home
--CHORUS--

Well, the rounders they all wish you luck, when they know you're in a jam
But your money's ridin' on the bull, and he don't give a damn
I've played shows in all the cities, the cities turn your heart to clay
It takes all a man can muster, just to try and get away.
And the songs I'm used to hearin' ain't the kind the jukebox plays,
And now I'm headed home, to my sweet Wyoming home.
--CHORUS--

Final verse added 2013

TAKE THIS HAMMER

E **B7**
TAKE THIS HAMMER, CARRY IT TO THE CAPTAIN
E
TAKE THIS HAMMER, CARRY IT TO THE CAPTAIN
A A7
TAKE THIS HAMMER, CARRY IT TO THE CAPTAIN
E B7 E
TELL HIM I'M GONE, LORD, TELL HIM I'M GONE

If he asks you, was I laughin' (x3)
Tell him, oh, no, Lord,
Tell him I was cryin'.

I don't want no cold iron and
shackles (x3)
Hurts my pride, Lord,
Hurts my pride.

If he asks you, was I runnin' (x3)
Tell him, oh, no, Lord,
Tell him I was flyin'.
Repeat 1st verse

A song about a dying prisoner on a chain gang after long, hard years of rock breaking for road construction.

TAKE ME HOME, COUNTRY ROADS - Bill Danoff, Taffy Nivert, and John Denver

C Am
ALMOST HEAVEN, WEST VIRGINIA
G F C
BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS, SHENANDOAH RIVER
Am
LIFE IS OLD THERE, OLDER THAN THE TREES
G F C
YOUNGER THAN THE MOUNTAINS, GROWIN' LIKE A BREEZE

- - -CHORUS- - -

C G
COUNTRY ROADS, TAKE ME HOME
Am F
TO THE PLACE I BELONG:
C G
WEST VIRGINIA, MOUNTAIN MOMMA
F C
TAKE ME HOME, COUNTRY ROADS

All my mem'ries gather 'round her
Miner's lady, stranger to blue water
Dark and dusty, painted on the sky
Misty taste of moonshine
Teardrop in my eye
- - -CHORUS- - -

Am G C
I hear her voice, in the mornin' hours she calls to me
F C G
Radio reminds me of my home far away
Am G F
And drivin' down the road I get a feeling that I
C G G7
Should have been home yesterday, yesterday - - -CHORUS- - -

THE TENNESSEE STUD – Jimmy Driftwood

D **Am** **C**
ALONG ABOUT 1825 I LEFT TENNESSEE VERY MUCH ALIVE

D
I NEVER WOULD HAVE MADE IT THROUGH THE ARKANSAS MUD
Am **D**
IF I HADN'T BEEN A RIDIN' ON THE TENNESSEE STUD

I had a little trouble with my sweetheart's pa
And one of her brothers was a bad outlaw
I sent her a letter by my Uncle Fud
And I rode away on the Tennessee stud

- - -CHORUS- - -

D **C** **D**
THE TENNESSEE STUD WAS LONG AND LEAN,
G **Bb** **A7**
THE COLOR OF THE SUN AND HIS EYES WERE GREEN
D **C** **D**
HE HAD THE NERVE AND HE HAD THE BLOOD

AND THERE NEVER WAS A HORSE LIKE THE TENNESSEE STUD

I drifted on down into no-man's land
crossed that river called the Rio Grande
I raced my horse with the Spaniard's foal
and I got a purse full of silver and gold

Me and the gambler, we couldn't agree
We got in a fight over Tennessee
We jerked our guns and he fell with a thud
And I got away on the Tennessee stud
- - -CHORUS- - -

Well, I got just as lonesome as a man can be
Dreamin' of my girl in Tennessee
The Tennessee stud's green eyes turned blue
'Cause he was a dreamin' of his sweetheart,
too

I rode right back across Arkansas
I whipped her brother and I whipped her paw
I found that girl with the golden hair
And she was a-ridin' on the Tennessee mare
- - -CHORUS- - -

Stirrup to stirrup and side by side
We crossed those mountains and the valleys
wide
We came to Big Muddy and we forded the
flood
On the Tennessee mare and the Tennessee
stud

There's a pretty little baby on the cabin floor
A little horse colt playin' round the door
I love that girl with the golden hair
And the Tennessee Stud loves the Tennessee
mare

Source: Doc Watson

THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND – Woody Guthrie

-- -CHORUS- --

G **D**
THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND, THIS LAND IS MY LAND
A **D**
FROM CALIFORNIA TO THE NEW YORK ISLAND
G **D**
FROM THE REDWOOD FORESTS TO THE GULFSTREAM WATERS
A **D**
THIS LAND WAS MADE FOR YOU AND ME

As I was walkin' that ribbon of highway
I saw above me that endless skyway
I saw below me that golden valley
This land was made for you and me
-- -CHORUS- --

When the sun came shining and I was strolling
And the wheat fields waving, and the dust
clouds rolling
A voice was chanting as the fog was lifting
This land was made for you and me
-- -CHORUS- --

I roamed and rambled
And I followed my footsteps
To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts
And all around me a voice was sounding
This land was made for you and me
-- -CHORUS- --

THIS TRAIN

Em **Am** **Em**
THIS TRAIN IS BOUND FOR GLORY, THIS TRAIN
Am **B7**
THIS TRAIN IS BOUND FOR GLORY, THIS TRAIN
Em
THIS TRAIN IS BOUND FOR GLORY
Am
DON'T RIDE NOTHIN' BUT THE RIGHTEOUS AND HOLY
Em **B7** **Em**
THIS TRAIN IS BOUND FOR GLORY, THIS TRAIN

This train don't carry no gamblers, this train (x2)
This train don't carry no gamblers
No hot town women, no midnight ramblers
(Repeat 1st line)

This train don't pay no transportation ...
No Jim Crow, no discrimination ...

This train is built for speed now ...
Fastest train you ever did see ...

This train don't carry no liars ...
No hypocrites and no high flyers ...

Take my bible from the bed
 Shotgun from the wall
 Take Old Sal and hitch her up
 The wagon for to haul
 Pile the chairs and beds up high
 Let nothin' drag the ground
 Sal can pull and we can push
 We're bound to leave this town
 - - -CHORUS- - -

Made a crop a year ago
 It withered to the ground
 Tried to get some credit but
 The banker turned me down
 Goin' to Califo-ni-ay
 Where everything is green
 Goin' to have the best old farm
 That you have ever seen
 - - -CHORUS- - -

A song reflecting the Great Depression of the 1930's. Lee Hays was a member of the Weavers.

TODAY – Randy Sparks

- - -CHORUS- - -

D **Bm** **Em** **A**
 TODAY WHILE THE BLOSSOMS STILL CLING TO THE VINE
D **Bm** **Em** **A**
 I'LL TASTE YOUR STRAWBERRIES, I'LL DRINK YOUR SWEET WINE
D **D7** **G** **Gm**
 A MILLION TOMORROWS SHALL ALL PASS AWAY
D **Bm** **Em** **A** **D**
 'ERE I FORGET ALL THE JOYS THAT ARE MINE TODAY

D **Bm** **Em** **A**
 I'LL BE A DANDY AND I'LL BE A ROVER
D **Bm** **Em** **A**
 YOU'LL KNOW WHO I AM BY THE SONG THAT I SING
D **Bm** **Em** **A**
 I'LL FEAST AT YOUR TABLE, I'LL SLEEP IN YOUR CLOVER
G **A** **D**
 WHO CARES WHAT TOMORROW MAY BRING?

- - -CHORUS- - -

I can't be contented with yesterday's glories
 I can't live on promises winter to spring
 Today is my moment and now is my story
 I'll laugh and I'll cry and I'll sing
 - - -CHORUS- - -

TOM DOOLEY

--CHORUS--

D
HANG DOWN YOUR HEAD, TOM DOOLEY

A7
HANG DOWN YOUR HEAD AND CRY

HANG DOWN YOUR HEAD, TOM DOOLEY

D
POOR BOY, YOU'RE BOUND TO DIE

D **A7**
MET HER ON THE MOUNTAIN, THERE I TOOK HER LIFE.

D
MET HER ON THE MOUNTAIN, STABBED HER WITH MY KNIFE
--CHORUS--

By this time tomorrow
Reckon where I'll be
Hadn't-a been for Grayson
I'd-a been in Tennessee
--CHORUS--

By this time tomorrow
Reckon where I'll be
Down in some lonesome valley
Hangin' from a white oak tree
--CHORUS--

The true story of Tom Doolah, who killed Miss Laura Foster out of jealousy for Sheriff Grayson.

THE TREES THEY DO GROW HIGH

Em **Am** **Em** **G**
THE TREES, THEY GROW HIGH AND THE LEAVES, THEY DO GROW GREEN
Bm **D** **Em**
MANY ARE THE TIMES MY TRUE LOVE THAT I'VE SEEN
Em **Am** **Em** **G**
MANY ARE THE TIMES I'VE WATCHED HIM ALL ALONE
Bm **Am Bm Em**
HE'S YOUNG, BUT HE'S DAILY GROWING

Father, dear Father, you've done me great wrong
You have married me to a boy who is too young
I'm twice 12 and he is but 14
He's young, but he's daily growin'

Daughter, dear Daughter, I've done you no wrong
I have married you to a great lord's son
He'll make a lord for you to wait upon
He's young but he's daily growin'

Father, dear Father, if you see fit
We'll send my love to college for one year yet
I'll tie blue ribbons all round his head
To let the maidens know that he's married

One day I was lookin' o'er my father's castle wall
I spied all the boys a playin' with the ball
My own true love was the flower of them all
He's young but he's daily growin'

At the age of 14, he was a married man
At the age of 15, the father of a son
At the age of 16, on his grave the grass was green
And death has put an end to his growin'

Make my love a shroud of my finest gown
And every stitch I put in it, the tears come tricklin'
down
Once I had a true love, and now I have a son
He's young but he's daily growin'

Repeat 1st verse

Traditional English story. Source: Joan Baez.

TUMBALALAIKA

Am **E7**
 A YOUTH SAT THINKING ALL THE DAY THROUGH
Am
 THINKING, THINKING WHAT HE SHOULD DO
Dm **Am**
 WHOSE HEART TO TAKE WHOSE HEART NOT TO BREAK
C **E7** **Am**
 WHOSE HEART TO TAKE WHOSE HEART NOT TO BREAK

-- -CHORUS- --

Am **E7**
 TUMBALA, TUMBALA, TUMBALALAIKA
Am
 TUMBALA, TUMBALA, TUMBALALAIKA
Dm **Am**
 TUMBALALAIKA, SPIEL BALALAIKA
C **E7** **Am**
 TUMBALALAIKA, FRAY LICH ZOHL ZEIN

Maiden, maiden, tell me true
 What can grow, grow without dew
 What can burn through years and years
 What can cry, cry without tears
 -- -CHORUS- --

Oh, silly youth, I'll tell you true
 A stone can grow, grow without dew
 Love can burn through years and years
 A heart can cry, cry without tears
 -- -CHORUS- --

A translation from the Yiddish, and a variation of the riddle song.

TWELVE GATES TO THE CITY

-- -CHORUS- --

G **Bb** **Am7** **G** **D** **C** **D**
 OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL CITY, OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL CITY
G **Bb** **Am7** **G** **Bb** **Am** **G** **D7** **G-F-C-G-D7**
 OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL CITY, TWELVE GATES TO THE CITY, HALLELU-IA

G **Em** **G** **Em**
 THERE'S THREE GATES TO THE EAST, THREE GATES TO THE WEST
G **Em** **G** **Em**
 THREE GATES TO THE NORTH, THREE GATES TO THE SOUTH
Bb **Am** **G** **D7** **G-F-C-G**
 THERE'S TWELVE GATES TO THE CITY, HALLELU--IA

G **Em** **G** **Em**
 WHO ARE THOSE CHILDREN ALL DRESSED IN RED?
Bb **Am** **G** **D7** **G-F-C-G**
 TWELVE GATES TO THE CITY, HALLELU--IA
G **Em** **G** **Em**
 MUST BE THE CHILDREN THAT MOSES LED
Bb **Am** **G** **D7** **G-F-C-G**
 TWELVE GATES TO THE CITY, HALLELU--IA
 -- -CHORUS- --

Who are those children all dressed in white?
 Twelve gates to the city, Halleluia
 Must be the children of the Israelites
 Twelve gates to the city, Halleluia
 -- -CHORUS- --

When I get to heaven gonna sing and shout
 Twelve gates to the city, Halleluia
 Ain't nobody there gonna keep me out
 Twelve gates to the city, Halleluia
 -- -CHORUS- --

Who are those children all dressed in black?
 Twelve gates to the city, Halleluia
 Must be the hypocrites turnin' back
 Twelve gates to the city, Halleluia
 -- -CHORUS- --

A traditional spiritual, this version was collected from Marion Hicks, a café cook in Brooklyn, N.Y., by the Seeger family.

VAGABOND SONG – Ruth Brown

G
FAR I LONG TO GO TODAY
 C **D**
WHERE MY HEART IS EVER TURNING
Em **Am**
FAR TO WHERE THE SEAGULLS CRY
 D **G**
TO THE HILLS WITH SUNSET BURNING

There bright shines the starry sky
Soft the wind with salt-spray blowing
There along the friendly shore
Full and free the tide is flowing

Fair the lands that round me lie
But fairer lands I'm knowing
Hill and sea are calling me
And one day I shall be going

Em **Am**
Hill and sea are calling me
 D **G**
And one day I shall be going

Words written to a traditional Scandinavian melody.

VAN DIEMEN'S LAND – U2

D G **D (G-D)**
HOLD ME NOW, OH HOLD ME NOW
 Bm G **A**
TILL THIS HOUR HAS GONE AROUND
 Bm **G**
AND I'M GONE ON THE RISING TIDE
 D A **D (A-D)**
FOR TO FACE VAN DIEMEN'S LAND

It's a bitter pill I swallow here
To be ran from one so dear
We fought for justice and not for pay
But the magistrate sent me away

Now kings will rule, and the poor will toil
And tear their hands as they tear the soil
But a day will come in this dawning age
When an honest man sees an honest wage

Still the gunman rules and the widows pay
A scarlet coat now a black beret
They thought that blood and sacrifice
Could out of death bring forth a life

Repeat 1st verse

THE WABASH CANNONBALL

E **A**
FROM THE GREAT ATLANTIC OCEAN TO THE WIDE PACIFIC SHORE
B7 **E**
FROM THE GREEN AND FLOWING MOUNTAINS TO THE SOUTH BELLE BY THE SHORE
A
SHE'S LONG, TALL AND HANDSOME, SHE'S LOVED BY ONE AND ALL
B7 **E**
SHE'S A MODERN COMBINATION CALLED THE WABASH CANNONBALL

- - -CHORUS- - -

E **A**
LISTEN TO THE JINGLE, THE RUMBLE AND THE ROAR
B7 **E**
RIDING THRU THE WOODLANDS, THRU THE HILL AND BY THE SHORE
A
HEAR THE MIGHTY RUSH OF ENGINES, HEAR THE LONESOME HOBO'S CALL
B7 **E**
RIDING THRU THE JUNGLES ON THE WABASH CANNONBALL

Now the eastern states are dandies, so the western people say
From New York to St. Louis and Chicago by the way
Thru the hills of Minnesota where the rippling waters fall
No chances can be taken on the Wabash Cannonball

- - -CHORUS- - -

Here's to Daddy Claxton, may his name forever stand
And will he be remembered thru parts of all our land
When his earthly race is over and the curtain round him falls
We'll carry him on to victory on the Wabash Cannonball

- - -CHORUS- - -

A traditional American hobo song.

WHERE HAVE ALL THE FLOWERS GONE – Pete Seeger

A **F#m**
WHERE HAVE ALL THE FLOWERS GONE
D **E**
LONG TIME PASSING
A **F#m**
WHERE HAVE ALL THE FLOWERS GONE
D **E**
LONG TIME AGO
A **F#m**
WHERE HAVE ALL THE FLOWERS GONE
D **E**
GONE TO YOUNG GIRLS EVERY ONE
D **A**
WHEN WILL THEY EVER LEARN?
D **E** **A**
WHEN WILL THEY EVER LEARN?

Where have all the young girls gone ... gone to young men
Where have all the young men gone ... gone to soldiers
Where have all the soldiers gone ... gone to graveyards
Where have all the graveyards gone ... gone to flowers
Where have all the flowers gone, long time passing
Where have all the flowers gone, long time ago
Where have all the flowers gone
Gone to the young girls every one
When will we ever learn?
When will we ever learn?

Source: the Kingston Trio. "Inspired by 3 lines of an old Ukranian folksong in Mikhail Sholokhov's And Quiet Flows the Don." - Rise Up Singing.

WHISKEY IN THE JAR

C **Am**
AS I WAS GOING OVER THE CORK AND KERRY MOUNTAINS
F **C** **Am**
I MET WITH CAPTAIN FARRELL AND HIS MONEY HE WAS COUNTING
C **Am**
I FIRST PRODUCED MY PISTOL, I THEN PRODUCED MY RAPIER
F **C** **Am**
SAID "STAND AND DELIVER, FOR YOU ARE A BOLD DECEIVER"

-- -CHORUS- --

G
MUSH MA RING DI ME DOO, DI ME DA (4 CLAPS)
C
WHACK FOL DI DA DIO (2 CLAPS)
F
WHACK FOL DI DA DIO
C **G** **C**
THERE'S WHISKEY IN THE JAR.

He counted out his money and it made a pretty penny
I put it in my pocket and I gave it to my Jenny
She sighed and she swore that she never would betray me
But the devil take the women for they never can be easy
-- -CHORUS- --

Traditional Irish folk song about Highwaymen in the SW of Ireland collected in O'Flaherty's Pub in Dingle, Ireland by Rich Carter.

I went into my chamber all for to take a slumber
I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure it was no wonder
But Jenny drew my charges and she filled them up with water
And sent for Captain Farrell to be ready for the slaughter
-- -CHORUS- --

'Twas early in the morning before I rose to travel
Up comes a band of footmen and likewise Captain Farrell
I then produced my pistol, for she stole away my rapier
But I couldn't shoot the water so a prisoner I was taken
-- -CHORUS- --

And if anyone can aid me, it's my brother in the army
If I could learn his station, in Cork or in Killarney
And if he'd come and join me we'd go roving in Kilkenny
I'll engage he'd treat one fairer than my darling, sporting Jenny.
-- -CHORUS- --

WILD MOUNTAIN THYME

D **Bm**
OH, THE SUMMERTIME IS COMING
G **D**
AND THE TREES ARE SWEETLY BLOOMIN'
G **A** **Bm**
AND THE WILD MOUNTAIN THYME
Em **G**
BLOOMS AROUND THE PURPLE HEATHER
D **G** **D**
WILL YOU GO, LASSIE, WILL YOU GO?

-- -CHORUS-- --

G **D**
AND WE'LL ALL GO TOGETHER
G **A** **Bm**
TO PULL WILD MOUNTAIN THYME
Em **G**
ALL AROUND THE PURPLE HEATHER
D **G** **D**
WILL YOU GO, LASSIE, WILL YOU GO?

I'll build my love a bower
By yon' clear and crystal fountain
And upon it I will place
All the flowers of the mountain
Will you go, lassie, will you go?
-- -CHORUS-- --

If my true love will not go
I would surely find another
To pull wild mountain thyme
All around the purple heather
Will you go, lassie, will you go?

-- -CHORUS-- --

A traditional love song of Scottish origin, usually sung a Capella or with very simple accompaniment.

WILD HORSES – The Rolling Stones

Bm **G** **Bm** **G**
CHILDHOOD LIVING IS EASY TO DO
Am **C** **D** **G** **D**
THE THINGS YOU WANTED, I BOUGHT THEM FOR YOU.
Bm **G** **Bm** **G**
GRACELESS LADY, YOU KNOW WHO I AM
Am **C** **D** **G** **D**
YOU KNOW I CAN'T LET YOU SLIDE THROUGH MY HANDS

-- -CHORUS-- --

Am **C** **D** **G** **F** **C** (walk down A string to Am)
WILD HORSES COULDN'T DRAG ME AWAY
Am **C** **D** **G** **F** **C**
WILD HORSES COULDN'T DRAG ME AWAY

I watched you suffer a dull aching pain
Now you've decided to show me the same
No sweeping exits; no offstage lines
Will make me feel bitter or treat you unkind
-- -CHORUS-- --

I know I dreamed you a sin and a lie
I've had my freedom but I don't have much time
Faith has been broken, tears must be cried
Let's do some livin', after we'll die
-- -CHORUS-- --

Final line added: Wild wild horses, we'll ride them
some day.

WILL THE CIRCLE BE UNBROKEN

G **G7** **C** **G**
I WAS STANDING BY MY WINDOW ON A COLD AND CLOUDY DAY
Em **C** **D7** **G**
WHEN I SAW THE HEARSE COME ROLLING FOR TO CARRY MY MOTHER AWAY

- -CHORUS- - -

G **G7** **C** **G**
WILL THE CIRCLE BE UNBROKEN BY AND BY, LORD, BY AND BY
Em **C** **D7** **G**
THERE'S A BETTER HOME A-WAITIN', IN THE SKY, LORD, IN THE SKY

Lord, I told that undertaker
"Undertaker, please drive slow
For this body you're a-hauling
Lord, I hate to see her go."

- - -CHORUS- - -

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

- - -CHORUS- - -

Went back home, Lord, my home was lonesome
Cause my mother, she was gone
All by brothers, sisters, cryin'
What a home, so sad and 'lone

- - -CHORUS- - -

I was singing with my sisters
I was singing with my friends
And we all can sing together
'Cause the circle never ends

- - -CHORUS- - -

I was born down in the valley
Where the sun refused to shine
But I'm climbing up to the highland
Gonna make that mountain mine

- - -CHORUS- - -

Original version by Charles H. Gabriel. Additional verses by Cathy Winter, Betsy Rose, and Marcia Taylor.

THE WORRIED MAN BLUES

-- -CHORUS- --

E

IT TAKES A WORRIED MAN TO SING A WORRIED SONG

A

IT TAKES A WORRIED MAN TO SING A WORRIED SONG

E

G#

C#m

IT TAKES A WORRIED MAN TO SING A WORRIED SONG

B7

E

I'M WORRIED NOW BUT I WON'T BE WORRIED LONG

I went across the river, and I lay down to sleep
(x3)

When I woke up there were shackles on my feet

-- -CHORUS- --

Twenty-nine links of chain around my leg
And on each link the initials of my name

-- -CHORUS- --

I asked the judge, what might be my fine
"Twenty-one years on the R.C. Mountain Line."

-- -CHORUS- --

The train arrived sixteen coaches long
The gal I loved is on that train and gone

-- -CHORUS- --

I looked down the track as far as I could see
Little bitty hand was a-wavin' after me

-- -CHORUS- --

If anyone should ask you who composed this song
Tell him it was I, and I sing it all day long

-- -CHORUS- --

A prison song from the southern Appalachians.

THE WRECK OF THE JOHN B – Lee Hays

D

WE COME ON THE SLOOP, JOHN B, MY GRANDFATHER AND ME

F#m

A7

AROUND NASSAU TOWN WE DID ROAM

D

G

(Gm)

DRINKIN ALL NIGHT, GOT INTO A FIGHT

D

A7

D

WELL, I FEEL SO BREAK-UP, I WANT TO GO HOME

-- -CHORUS- --

D

SO HOIST UP THE JOHN B SAILS, SEE HOW THE MAINSAIL SETS

F#m

A7

CALL FOR THE CAPTAIN ASHORE, LET ME GO HOME

D

D7

G

Gm

LET ME GO HOME, I WANT TO GO HOME

D

A7

D

WELL, I FEEL SO BREAK-UP (CLAP) I WANT TO GO HOME

The first mate he got drunk
Broke up the people's trunk
Constable had to come and take him away
Sheriff John Stone, please let me alone
Well, I feel so break-up, I want to go home

-- -CHORUS- --

The poor cook, he got the fits
Threw away all my grits
Then he took and he ate up all of my corn
Let me go home, I want to go home
Well, this is the worst trip since I've been born

A calypso song, the "wreck" here is of the crew rather than the ship.

YOU AIN'T GOIN' NOWHERE – Bob Dylan

--CHORUS--

G Am

OO-EE RIDE ME HIGH

C

G

TOMORROW'S THE DAY MY BRIDE'S GONNA COME (echo "GONNA COME")

Am

C

G

OH, WE'RE GONNA FLY DOWN IN MY EASY CHAIR

G

Am

CLOUDS SO SWIFT THE RAIN WON'T LIFT

C

G

GATE WON'T CLOSE, RAILING'S FROZE

Am

GET YOUR MIND OFF WINTER TIME

C

G

YOU AIN'T GOIN' NOWHERE

--CHORUS--

I don't care how many letters you sent
The morning came and the morning went
Pick up your money and pack up your tent
You ain't goin nowhere

--CHORUS--

Genghis Kahn he could not keep
All his men supplied with sleep
Climb that mountain no matter how steep
You ain't goin nowhere

--CHORUS--

Buy me a flute and a gun that shoots
Tailgates and substitutes
Strap yourself to a tree with roots
You ain't goin nowhere

--CHORUS--

Rumored that Dylan has never sung the same verses twice.)

YOU'VE GOT A FRIEND – Carole King

Em B7
WHEN YOU'RE DOWN AND TROUBLED
Em B7 Em
AND YOU NEED SOME LOVING CARE
C D G
AND NOTHIN', NOTHIN' IS GOIN' RIGHT
B7
CLOSE YOUR EYES AND THINK OF ME
Em B7 Em
AND SOON I WILL BE THERE
C Bm Am D
TO BRIGHTEN UP EVEN YOUR DARKEST NIGHT

-- -CHORUS- --

G C Am
YOU JUST CALL OUT MY NAME, AND YOU KNOW WHEREVER I AM
G Am D
I'LL COME RUNNING TO SEE YOU AGAIN
G Bm
WINTER, SPRING, SUMMER OR FALL
C Am
ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS CALL
C Bm-Am G
AND I'LL BE THERE, YOU'VE GOT A FRIEND

If the sky above you grows dark and full of clouds
And that old north wind begins to blow
Keep your head together and call my name out loud
Soon you'll hear me knockin' at your door
-- -CHORUS- --

C Cm
Ain't it good to know that you've got a friend
G Bm
When people can be so cold
C Cm
They'll hurt you and they'll desert you
Em A7
And take your soul if you let them
Am D
Oh, but don't you let them
-- -CHORUS- --